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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—Sermon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by rgymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes, etc.—Also, once month, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Price, Single Copies, Four Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1878.

12th Year. No. 1—New Series.

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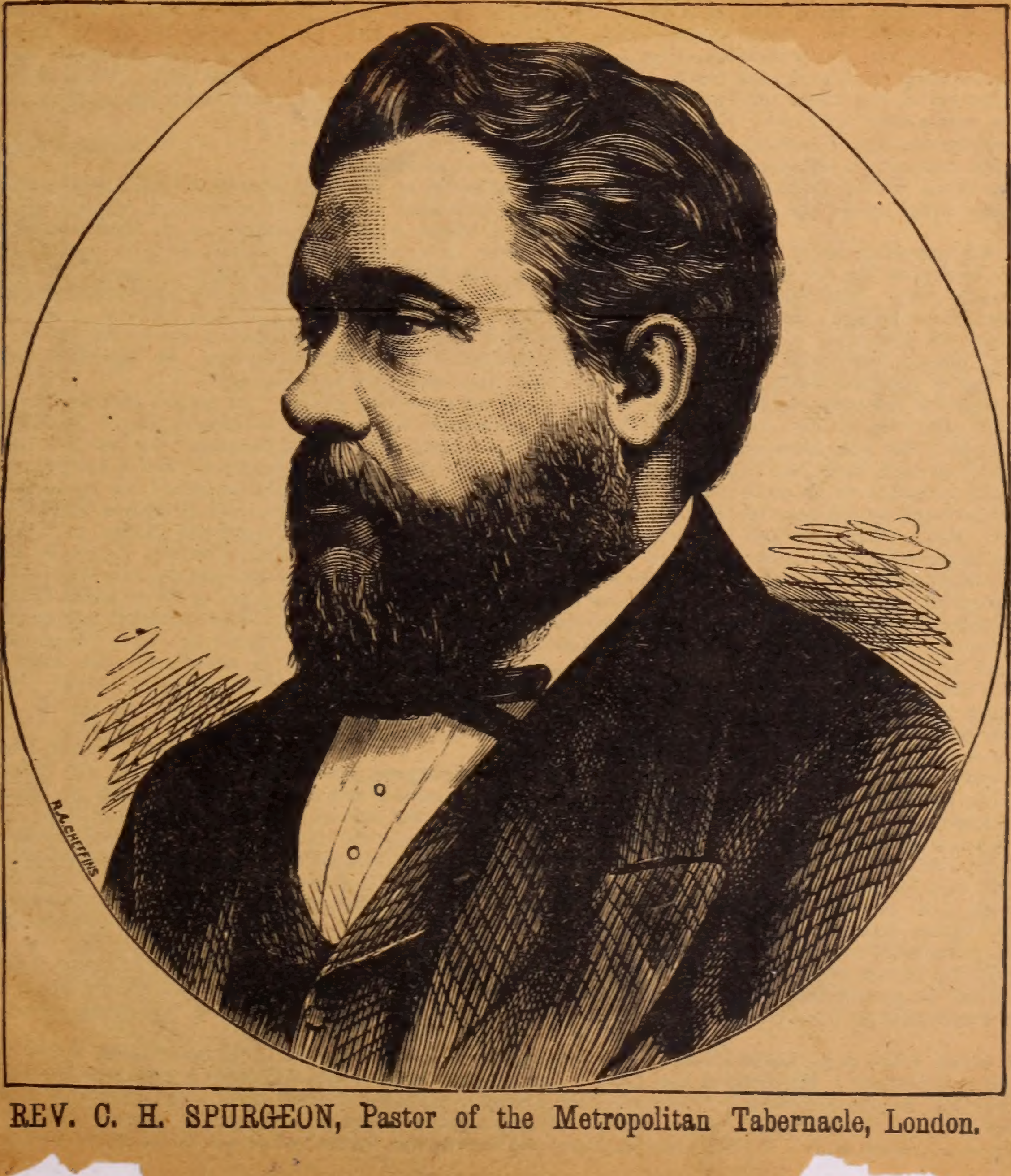

REV. C. H. SPURGEON, Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON,

Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

A VISITOR to England during his explorations of London may have noticed in that part of the city south of the Thames, known to Londoners as the Surrey side, a place of worship called the Metropolitan Tabernacle — a plain, unornamented building, with no pretensions to architectural beauty, but capable of accommodating a large congregation.

On Sunday morning or evening, a long time before the hour of commencing service, a crowd of people may be seen awaiting admission. After a time the entrance gates are thrown open, a rush is made to secure seats, and in a few minutes every place in the galleries, aisles, even on the platform stairs, is occupied.

Entering with the throng, a most impressive sight meets the eye. There is an area 150 feet long and 80 wide, a gallery running all round the building, and another gallery above that, all densely packed with a congregation reverent and motionless. Some 6500 persons have met in the Tabernacle for worship. The building is an oval, and at one end, on a level with the lower gallery, is a platform with a table and chairs for the preacher and his deacons. Punctually to the minute the platform is occupied, the preacher walks to the railing in front, and in clear, distinct tones opens the service.

We now have an opportunity of seeing what Pastor Spurgeon (as he styles himself) is outwardly like. His appear- ce is by no means prepossessing. Short, stout, and ungainly, he has none of the graces that attract the admiration of the artistic eye. His face in repose is dull and heavy. The lower part of the countenance is hidden by a thick, short beard; his forehead is low, but wide; his head covered with a large quantity of dark hair. As he speaks, however, the attention of an auditor is immediately arrested by the peculiar power of his voice. Rich, clear, and bell-like, it fills that large edifice and penetrates to the most remote pews. Without any apparent effort on Mr. Spurgeon's part, every word is distinctly heard, and even when in uttering something peculiarly solemn and impressive he drops his voice to what appears to be little more than a whisper, the hearer never loses a word, no matter how far he may be from the platform.

he regular seat-holders (who are admit- by ticket) number over 5000, and at in intervals the pastor makes the re- : that as a special favor to himself they bsent themselves from the Tabernacle, ler that on that evening "a strangers' tors' service" may be held. On these ons, although 5000 persons are de- from the regular attendance, the acle is always crowded to its utmost y, and even the lecture-rooms surg it are filled by people listening the open windows to the preacher's

y well be asked, What is the secret xtraordinary popularity? For that a mere transient, evanescent excite- clear from the fact that it has al- sted more than twenty years. The answer is, that in simple, vigorous language, of the purest Saxon English, the preacher tells his hearers how they may be saved. And like his great Master, the common people hear him gladly.

The great preacher, though often solicited to cross the Atlantic and gladden the hearts of his American admirers with the tones of his voice, has never been able to accept the cordial invitation.

Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the events of his life, but to others the following details will be interesting.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born at the little English village of Kelvedon, in Essex, June 19th, 1834. He is descended from an ancient family, who, when the persecutions of Alva raged against the Church of God, fled from Holland and sought a refuge on English shores.

The sturdy, uncompromising religious principles that made them prefer expatriation to submission lived in their descendants, for we find the name of one Job Spurgeon mentioned in a musty old record of the English courts in the year 1677. It appears that Job had got himself into trouble with the civil authorities and was haled before the magistrates. He was charged with the heinous offence of preaching at a Quakers' meeting. Pardon was offered him and his fellow-offenders if they would undertake not to repeat their offence; but, as became good men and true, they preferred to suffer for conscience sake, and they were subjected to an imprisonment of fifteen weeks, during the depth of winter, in a prison cold and damp, with no bed but a litter of straw.

Again, in the reign of George III., public chronicles mention the family; and here again the representative of the family is no soldier nor politician, but a man noted only for his piety and his eminently godly life. In the next generation the head of the family was the Rev. James Spurgeon, eminent amongst the Nonconformist ministers of the day, and who for over fifty years ministered to the same congregation. His son was the father of Charles, and he also devoted himself to the service of Jesus. For some years he was pastor of a church at Cranbrook in Kent, but subsequently accepted an invitation to a large church in the north of London.

Of such a stock comes the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, a pedigree as noble as the lines of ancestors whose coats of mail are treasured relics in the halls of the English nobles.

In his early years Mr. Spurgeon was remarkable for his strong passions and determined will, which were the cause of much anxiety to his parents, and the subject of their supplications to the Throne of Grace, where they entreated that power would be given him to subdue those passions and direct his energies into the service of God—a prayer which has been fully and graciously answered.

Much of his youthful time was passed with his grandfather, the worthy Nonconformist pastor. While at his house he made the acquaintance of Richard Knill, of the London Missionary Society, whose conversation left a deep impression on the boy's mind. Mr. Spurgeon relates how, as the good man was leaving the house on one occasion he seemed to have enjoy for a moment something like a prophe inspiration, for "calling the family toget er he took me on his knee, and I distinct remember his saying, 'I do not know ho it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment th this child will preach the Gospel to thou ands, and God will bless him to many soul So sure am I of this, that when my litt man preaches in Rowland Hill's chapel, he will do one day, I should like him promise me that he will give out the hyn commencing—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'"

This promise was of course made, and w followed by another, namely, that at h express desire I would learn the hymn question, and think of what he had said.

"The prophetic declaration was fulfille When I had the pleasure of preaching t word of life in Surrey Chapel, and al when I preached in Mr. Hill's first pul at Wootton-under-Edge, the hymn w sung in both places."

But a trying ordeal was before you Spurgeon before that time came. He w one of those who enter the strait gate b stormy path. Those who like the wri have heard him narrate the circumsta of

HIS CONVERSION,

retain a vivid recollection of the sto Convinced of his sins, he could for a lc time see no light nor obtain peace. wandered from one place of worship another, longing to hear from so preacher's lips an intelligible answer to question which absorbed all his soul, W shall I do to be saved? For above months he agonized and prayed sought.

At length one day he set off to wall a distant chapel to hear some emin preacher, but on his way a snow-st came on, and it snowed so heavily that relinquished his intention and turned a little Primitive Methodist chapel, wl stood half hidden in a court down an scure street. There he heard the seri that was used by the Holy Spirit to b peace to the troubled heart.

The preacher announced as his Isaiah 45 : 22 : "Look unto Me, anc ye saved, all the ends of the ear Mr. Spurgeon says: "Just setting eyes upon me, as if he knew m by heart, he said, 'Young man, are in trouble.' Well, I was, sure eno Says he, 'You will never get out unless you look to Christ.' And lifting up his hands he cried out, 'L look, look!' '*It is only look,*' said he. at once the way of salvation. I know what else he said: I did not take much tice of it, I was so possessed with that thought. Like as when the brazen ser was lifted up, *they only looked* and healed. I had been waiting to DO things, but when I heard this word 'L what a charming word it seemed me!

"I now think I am bound neve preach a sermon without preaching to ners. I do think that a minister who preach a sermon without addressing ners does not know how to preach."

This interesting event occurred when Mr. Spurgeon was fifteen years of age.

Twenty-five years afterwards, in relating the story to an audience of boys, he made the following characteristic remarks: "I have never been sorry for what I then did; no, not even once. I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had found out that I had been deceived, or had made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion. I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus, to be His servant, was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy; then I found out the secret of living; and had a worthy object for my life's exertions, and an unfailing comfort for life's troubles. Because I would wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light tread, a joyful heart, and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience."

Such a soul could not keep silence, and accordingly before two years were over he was regularly employed preaching the word.

In the year 1873 Mr. Spurgeon preached from 1 Peter 2:7: "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious," and he commenced his sermon by saying: "I remember well that, more than twenty-two years ago,

THE FIRST SERMON

that I ever made was from this text. I had been asked to walk out to the village of Paversham, about four miles from Cambridge, where I then lived, to accompany a young man whom I supposed to be the preacher for the evening, and on the way I said to him that I trusted God would bless him in his labors. 'Oh! dear,' said he, 'I never preached in my life; I never thought of doing such a thing. I was asked to walk with you, and I sincerely hope God will bless YOU in YOUR preaching.' 'Nay,' said I, 'but I never preached, and I don't know that I could do any thing of the sort.' We walked together till we came to the place, my inmost soul being all in a trouble as to what would happen. When we found the congregation assembled, and no one else there to speak of Jesus, though I was only sixteen years of age, as I found that I was expected to preach, I did preach, and the text was that just given."

During the two years following this event, while preaching every Sunday, young Spurgeon worked assiduously as usher in a school at Newmarket. But supplying the pulpit on one occasion at the little church at Waterbeach, in Cambridgeshire, the hearers were greatly impressed with the powers of "the boy preacher," as he was then called, and eventually invited him to become their pastor. This invitation was accepted, and for a period of two years Mr. Spurgeon labored there, during which time the number of communicants was more than doubled.

While at Waterbeach the course of his future life seemed so clearly indicated that his father and other friends advised him to enter himself for a course of study at Stepney College, in order to prepare himself for his career. Mr. Spurgeon, holding learning in high appreciation, accepted the advice, and Dr. Angus, principal of his college, made an appointment with him for a preliminary interview at the house of a friend. Mr. Spurgeon arrived punctually at the rendezvous, and a servant showed him into a room, where he waited two hours for the college magnate. At the end of that time he made inquiries, and found that Dr. Angus had just left for London, having waited all the time in another room for Mr. Spurgeon, the clumsy mistake of a simple girl having thwarted the design of the two men.

Mr. Spurgeon still clung to the idea of a college course, and decided on making application to the authorities for admission. He made it the subject of earnest and continual prayer, and one day, with his mind full of the thought, he set out to walk to a neighboring village where he had to preach, and as he pursued his lonely path he heard what seemed to him a loud voice, saying, Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not. In this utterance he thought he saw a new light, and resolved to desist from any further efforts to enter college, although he believed at the time that in so deciding he was choosing a life of poverty and obscurity.

Towards the close of 1853 Mr. Spurgeon (then nineteen years of age) received an invitation to preach at New Park Street Chapel, London, a church which had at one time been a very important one, and had enjoyed the ministrations of Dr. Gill, Dr. Rippon, and other eminent men, but from various causes had dwindled down to a very small body, and even that torn by internal dissensions. Mr. Spurgeon went and ultimately received an invitation to become pastor of the church. To the mere stripling of nineteen the undertaking seemed too great, and he compromised with the church by an arrangement to take the duties for a period of six months, at the end of which time either pastor or people were at liberty to close the engagement.

Long before the end of that six months the matter was settled by the distinct and emphatic voice of the London people. His fame spread rapidly through the metropolis, and one asked another, Have you heard the boy preacher?

Those who went to hear confirmed the good report and came again, until the building, which contained less than 200 when he first preached in it, but which would hold 1200, was filled to its utmost capacity. He himself tells us that "the congregation so multiplied as to make the chapel, in the evening, when the gas was burning, like the Black Hole of Calcutta." One evening in 1854 the preacher exclaimed, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, and by faith this wall at the back shall come down too." An aged and prudent deacon, in somewhat domineering terms, observed to him, at the close of the sermon, "Let us never hear of that again." "What do you mean?" said the preacher. "You will hear no more about it *when it is done*, and therefore the sooner you set about doing it the better."

In due course the "wall at the back" came down, and an enlargement took place, the young preacher meanwhile occupying Exeter Hall for about three months. But although enlarged, New Park Street "resembled," as Mr. Spurgeon remarks, "the attempt to put the sea into a teap and there was literally no room for hundreds desirous of obtaining a sion.

The chapel could not be further enla for the very sufficient reason that th ing then covered every inch of available. It was therefore re chase land elsewhere and build a new e fice. Until that could be built a large co cert-hall in the Surrey Gardens was hir and filled with hearers at every servic In this building occurred the terrib catastrophe that shattered Mr. Spurgeon nervous system and left a permanent effec on his health. It was in October 19t 1856, that just as the pastor was engage in prayer and the hall was densely crowded some mischievous person raised the alar of Fire! A general panic ensued, whic the pastor ineffectually endeavored to cal by assurances that there was no fire. stampede followed, in which several peo ople lost their lives and others were severe ly injured.

The work connected with the New Tabernacle was pressed forward, and in May, 1861, Mr. Spurgeon had the satisfaction o preaching in the new building, which ha cost $156,661, and which had all been con tributed.

During the years from 1856 to 1861 Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit labors were almost incessant. He preached on an average twelve sermons a week. His health could not long endure so great a strain, and eventually he was induced to take a sho period of repose. His brother James (al a Baptist minister) came to his aid and b came his co-pastor. Of late years he been under the necessity of economizing strength by curtailing his exertions, b even now he is admonished by frequent a tacks of illness that he is overtasking h strength.

Mr. Spurgeon's labors are by no me confined to his pulpit. The Metropoli Tabernacle is the centre and nucleus o wide circle of work, and the pastor's c ful and minute attention is given to every detail. Prominent among the institutions which have sprung from the Tabernacle is the *Pastor's College*, in which a large number of young men are educated for the minis try. A second institution is the *Stockwell Orphanage*, in which over 260 orphans are boarded, clothed, and educated. In connection with the Tabernacle is also a c portage association, an organization f home and foreign missions, and a variet of other societies for effecting spiritual an material good.

The origin of these benevolent and eva gelistic institutions, with their history an method of management, though a subjec full of interest, cannot be pursued here fo lack of space, but we hope to give an account of it in a future number.

(These charitable institutions are supported by voluntary contributions. Should any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES, feeling the importance of a work which is effecting so large an amount of good, desire to aid in supporting them, they may forward a subscription for the purpose to the manager, Mr. J. Spurgeon, 63 Bible House, New York, who will than fully receive and transmit them to Rev H. Spurgeon in London.)

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NEW YORK.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

> Then said he unto me, Son of man, dig now in ll ; and when I had digged in the wall, behold And he said unto me, Go in, and behold the nations that they do here. So I went in behold every form of creeping things, nd abominable beasts."—EZEKIEL 8 : 8, 9, 10.

zekiel's Personal Exploration—The Divine Commission — Infatuation Visible, but the Visible Causes for it Inadequate—Conjectures as to the Bait of the Deadly Snare—The Gate of the Cemetery where Lost Souls Lie—The Dead—The Leprous—The Naturalist's Daughter and the Serpent — The Bait Seen—Its Poor and Paltry Nature—The Power of Music—The Rural Victims—A Mother's Blood—Prayers hovering about—The Sleep-walker—The Awakening — What the Thunder said—Lost.

So this minister of religion, Ezekiel, was commanded to the exploration of the sin of his day. He was not to stand outside the door guessing what it was, but was to go in and see for himself. He did not in vision say : "O Lord ! I don't want to go in ; I dare not go in ; if I go in I might be criticised. O Lord ! please let me off !" When God told Ezekiel to go in he went in, "and saw, and behold all manner of creeping things, and abominable beasts." I, as a minister of religion, felt I had a Divine commission to explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not ask counsel of my session, or my Presbytery, or of the newspapers, but, asking the companionship of three prominent police officials and two of the elders of my church, I unrolled my commission, and it said : "Son of man, dig into he wall ; and when I had digged into he wall, behold a door. And he said, Go and see the wicked abominations that are ne here ; and I went in, and saw, and beeld !"

Brought up in the country and surrounded by much parental care, I had not until is autumn seen the haunts of iniquity. y the grace of God defended, I had never wed any "wild-oats." I had somehow en able to tell from various sources someing about the iniquities of the great cities, and to preach against them ; but I saw, in the destruction of a great multitude of the people, that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and I said, "I will explore."

I saw tens of thousands of men going down, and if there had been a spiritual percussion answering to the physical percusion, the whole air would have been full of he rumble and roar, and crack, and thuner of the emolition ; and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should ear the crash, crash ! Just as in the sickly season you sometimes hear the bell at the gate of the cemetery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the bell at the gate of

THE CEMETERY WHERE LOST SOULS ARE BURIED

was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, "I will explore." I went as a physician goes into a small-pox hospital, or a fever lazaretto, to see what practical and useful information I might get. That would be a foolish doctor who would stand outside the door of an invalid writing a Latin prescription. When the lecturer in a medical college is done with his lecture takes the students into the dissectingom, and he shows them the reality. I am here this morning to report a plague, and to tell you how sin dissects the body, and dissects the mind, and dissects the soul.

"Oh !" say you, "are you not afraid that in consequence of your exploration of the iniquities of the city other persons may make exploration, and do themselves damage ?" Wellington, standing in the battle of Waterloo when the bullets were buzzing around his head, saw a civilian on the field. He said to him, "Sir, what are you doing here ? Be off." "Why," replied the civilian, "there is no more danger here for me than there is for you." Then Wellington flushed up, and said, "God and my country demand that I be here, but you have no errand here." Now I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on this exploration, and on to this battlefield. If you bear a like commission, go ; if not, stay away.

But, you say, "Don't you think that somehow your description of these places will induce people to go and see for themselves ?" I answer, Yes, just as much as the description of the yellow-fever at Grenada would induce people to go down there and get the pestilence. It was told us there were hardly enough people alive to bury the dead, and I am going to tell you a story in these Sabbath-morning sermons of places where they are all dead or dying. And I shall not gild iniquities. I shall play a dirge and not an anthem, and while I shall not put faintest blush on fairest cheek, I will kindle the cheeks of many a man into a conflagration, and I will make his ears tingle.

But you say, "Don't you know that the papers are criticising you for the position you take ?" I say, Yes ; and do you know how I feel about it ? There is no man who is more indebted to the newspaper press than I am. My business is to preach the truth, and the wider the audience the newspaper press gives me, the wider my field is. As the secular and religious press of the United States and the Canadas, and of England and Ireland and Scotland and Australia and New Zealand, are giving me every week nearly three million souls for an audience, I say I am indebted to the press, anyhow. Go on ! To the day of my death I cannot pay them what I owe them. So slash away, gentlemen. The more the merrier. If there is any thing I despise, it is a dull time. Brisk criticism is a coarse Turkish towel, with which every public man needs every day to be rubbed down, in order to keep healthful circulation. Give my love to all the secular and religious editors, and full permission to run their steel pens clear through my sermons, from introduction to application.

THE EXPLORATION.

It was ten o'clock of a calm, clear, starlighted night when the carriage rolled with us from the bright part of the city down into the region where gambling and crime and death hold high carnival. When I speak of houses of dissipation, I do not refer to one sin, or five sins, but to all sins.

As the horses halted, and, escorted by the officers of the law, we went in, we moved into a world of which we were as practically ignorant as though it had swung as far off from us as Mercury is from Saturn. No shout of revelry, no guffaw of laughter, but comparative silence. Not many signs of death, but

THE DEAD WERE THERE.

As I moved through this place I said "This is the home of lost souls." It wa a Dante's Inferno ; nothing to stir th mirth, but many things to fill the eyes wit tears of pity. Ah ! there were mora corpses. There were corpses on the stair way, corpses in the gallery, corpses in the gardens. Leper met leper, but no bandaged mouth kept back the breath.

I was reading of an incident that occurred in Pennsylvania a few weeks ago, where a naturalist had presented to him a deadly serpent, and he put it in a bottle and stood it in his studio, and one evening, while in the studio with his daughter, a bat flew in the window, extinguished the light, struck the bottle containing the deadly serpent, and in a few moments there was a shriek from the daughter, and in a few hours she was dead. She had been bitten of the serpent.

Amid these haunts of death, in that midnight exploration, I saw that there were lions and eagles and doves for insignia ; but I thought to myself how inappropriate. Better the insignia of an adder and a bat.

First of all, I have to report as a result of this midnight exploration that all the sacred rhetoric about the costly magnificence of the haunts of iniquity is apocryphal. We were shown what was called the costliest and most magnificent specimen. I had often heard that the walls were adorned with masterpieces ; that the fountains were bewitching in the gaslight ; that the music was like the touch of a Thalberg or a Gottschalk ; that the upholstery was imperial ; that the furniture in some places was like the throne-room of the Tuileries. *It is all false.*

Masterpieces ! There was not a painting worth $5, leaving aside the frame. Great daubs of color that no intelligent mechanic would put on his wall. A crossbreed between a chromo and a splash of poor paint ! Music ! Some of the homeliest creatures I ever saw squawked discord, accompanied by pianos out of tune ! Upholstery ! Two characteristics : red and cheap. You have heard so much about the wonderful lights—blue and green and yellow and orange flashing across the dancers and the gay groups. Seventy-five cents' worth of chemicals would produce all that in one night. Tinsel, gewgaws, tawdriness, frippery, seemingly much of it bought at a second-hand furniture store and never paid for !

For the most part, the inhabitants were repulsive. Here and there a soul on whom God had put the crown of beauty, but nothing comparable with the Christian loveliness and purity which you may see any pleasant afternoon on any of the thoroughfares of our great cities. Young man, you are a stark fool if you go to places of dissipation to see pictures, and hear music, and admire beautiful and gracious countenances. In Thomas's, or Dodworth's, or Gilmore's Band, in ten minutes you will hear more harmony than in a whole year of the racket and bang of the cheap orchestras of the dissolute.

But, my friends, I noticed in all the haunts of dissipation that there was an attempt at music, however poor. The door swung open and shut to music ; they pped to music ; they danced to music ; ey attempted

NOTHING WITHOUT MUSIC ;

d I said to myself, " If such inferior mu- has such power, and drum and fife and hestra are enlisted in the service of the il, what multipotent power there must in music ! and is it not high time that in our churches and reform associations we ted how much power there is in music to ng men off the wrong road to the right ad ?" Fifty times that night I said with- myself, " If poor music is so powerful in bad direction, why cannot good music be nost omnipotent in a good direction ?"

h ! my friends, we want to drive men o the kingdom of God with a musical ff. We want to shut off the path of ath with a musical bar. We want to atch all the musical instruments from the vice of the devil, and with organ, and net, and bass viol, and piano, and or- stra praise the Lord.

ood Richard Cecil, when seated in the pit, said that when Doctor Wargan was he organ, he, Mr. Cecil, was so over- vered with the music that he found him- looking for the first chapter of Isaiah in prayer-book, wondering he could not d it. Oh ! holy bewilderment.

et us send such men as Philip Phillips, Christian vocalist, all around the world, G. W. Morgan, with his Hallelujah rus, and ten thousand Christian men h uplifted hosannas to capture this le earth for God.

h ! my friends, we have had enough or strains in the church ; give us major ins. We have had enough dead hes in the church ; play us those tunes h are played when an army is on a run to overtake an enemy. Give us double-quick. We are in full gallop of lry charge. Forward, the whole line ! y a man who is unmoved by Christian ment surrenders to a Christian song. y a man under the power of Christian ic has had a change take place in his and in his life equal to that which took in the life of

A MAN IN SCOTLAND,

for fourteen years had been a drunk- Coming home late at night, as he ed the door-sill his wife trembled at oming. Telling the story afterward, aid, " I didn't dare to go to bed lest lently drag me forth. When he came there was only about the half inch of ndle in the socket. When he entered d, 'Where are the children ?' and I They are upstairs in bed.' He said, nd fetch them ;' and I went up and I own and I prayed God to defend me children from their cruel father. en I brought them down.

took up the eldest in his arms and her and said, 'My dear lass, the th sent thee a father home to-night.' he did with the second, and then he the third of the children, and said, ar boy, the Lord hath sent thee father to-night.' And then he took abe and said, 'My darling babe, hath sent thee home a father to- And then he put his arm around ssed me, and said, 'My dear lass, ath sent thee home a husband to-night.' Why, sir, I had na' heard any thing like that for fourteen years. And he prayed and he was comforted, and my soul was restored, for I didn't live as I ought to have lived—close to God. My trouble had broken me down."

Oh ! for such a transformation in some of the homes of Brooklyn to-day. By holy conspiracy, in the last song of the morning, let us sweep every prodigal into the kingdom of our God. Oh ! ye chanters above Bethlehem, come hover this morning and give us a snatch of the old tune about "good-will to men."

RURAL VICTIMS.

But I have, my friends, also to report of that midnight exploration, that I saw something that amazed me more than I can tell. I do not want to tell it, for it will take pain to many hearts far away, and I cannot comfort them. But I must tell it. In all these haunts of iniquity I found young men with the ruddy color of country health on their cheek, evidently just come to town for business, entering stores, and shops, and offices. They had helped gather the summer grain. There they were in haunts of iniquity, the look on their cheek which is never on the cheek except when there has been hard work on the farm and in the open air. Here were these young men, who had heard how gayly a boat dances on the edge of a maëlstrom, and they were venturing.

O God ! will a few weeks do such an awful work for a young man ? O Lord ! hast Thou forgotten what transpired when they knelt at the family altar that morning when he came away, and how father's voice trembled in the prayer, and mother and sister sobbed as they lay on the floor ? I saw that young man when he first confronted evil. I saw it was the first night there. I saw on him a defiant look, as much as to say, "I am mightier than sin." Then I saw him consult with iniquity. Then I saw him waver and doubt. Then I saw going over his countenance the shadow of sad reflections, and I knew from his looks there was a powerful memory stirring his soul. I think there was a whisper going out from the gaudy upholstery, saying, "My son, go home." I think there was a hand tremulous with anxiety, a hand that had been worn with work, a hand partly wrinkled with age, that seemed to beckon him away, and so goodness and sin seemed to struggle in that young man's soul ; but sin triumphed, and he surrendered to darkness and to death—an ox to the slaughter.

Oh ! my soul, is this the end of all the good advice ? Is this the end of all the prayers that have been made ? Have the clusters of the country vineyard been thrown into this great winepress where Despair and Anguish and Death trample, and the vintage is a vintage of blood ? I do not feel so sorry for that young man who, brought up in city life, knows beforehand what are all the surrounding temptations ; but God pity the country lad, unsuspecting and easily betrayed.

Oh ! young man from the farm-house among the hills, what have your parents done that you should do this against them ? Why are you bent on killing with trouble her who gave you birth ? Look at her fingers—what makes them so distort ? Working for you. Do you prefer to that honest old face the berouged cheek of sin ? Oh ! write home to-morrow morning by the first mail, cursing your mother's white hair, cursing her stooped shoulder, cursing her old arm-chair, cursing the cradle in which she rocked you. "Oh !" you say, "I can't, I can't." You are doing it already. There is something on your hands, on your forehead, on your feet. It is red. What is it ? *The blood of a mother's broken heart!*

When you were thrashing the harvest apples from that tree at the corner of the field last summer, did you think you would ever come to this ? Did you think that the sharp sickle of death would cut you down so soon ? Oh ! if I thought I could break the infatuation I would come down from the pulpit and throw my arms around you and beg you to stop.

Perhaps I am a little more sympathetic with such because I was a country lad. It was not until fifteen years of age that I saw a great city. I remember how stupendous New York looked as I arrived at Cortlandt Ferry. And now that I look back and remember that I had a nature all awake to hilarities and amusements, it is a wonder that I escaped. I was saying this to a gentleman in New York a few days ago, and he said, "*Ah! sir, I guess there were some prayers hovering about.*"

When I see a young man coming from the tame life of the country and going down in the city ruin I am not surprised. My only surprise is that any escape, considering the allurements. I was a few days ago on the St. Lawrence River, and I said to the captain, "What a swift stream this is !" "Oh !" he replied, "seventy-five miles from here it is ten times swifter. Why, we have to employ an Indian pilot, and we give him $1000 for his summer's work, just to conduct our boats through between the rocks and the islands, so swift are the rapids." Well, my friends, every man that comes into New York and Brooklyn life comes into the rapids, and the only question is whether he shall have safe or unsafe pilotage.

Young man, your bad habits will be reported at the homestead. You cannot hide them. There are people who love to carry bad news, and there will be some busy old gossip who will wend her hasty step toward the old homestead, and she will sit down, and, after she has a while wriggled in the chair, she will say to your old parents, "Do you know your son drinks ?" Then your parents will get white about the lips, and your mother will ask to have the door set a little open for the fresh air, and before that old gossip leaves the place she will have told your parents all about the places where you are accustomed to go. Then your mother will come out, and she will sit down on the step where you used to play, and she will cry and cry. Then she will be sick, and the gig of the country doctor will come up the country lane, and the horse will be tied at the swing-gate, and the prescription will fail, and she will get worse and worse, and in her delirium she will talk about nothing but you.

Then the farmers will come to the funeral, and tie the horses at the rail face about the house, and they will talk about what ailed the one that died, and one will say it was intermittent, and another will say it was congestion, and another will say it was premature old age; but it will be neither intermittent, nor congestion, nor old age. In the ponderous book of Almighty God it will be recorded for everlasting ages to read that you killed her. Our language is very fertile in describing different kinds of crime. Slaying a man is homicide. Slaying a brother is fratricide. Slaying a father is patricide. Slaying a mother is matricide. It takes two words to describe your crime—patricide and matricide.

But I was going to tell you of

AN INCIDENT.

I said to the officer, "Well, let us go; I am tired of this scene;" and as we passed out of the haunts of iniquity into the fresh air, a soul passed in. What a face that was! Sorrow only half covered up with an assumed joy. It was a woman's face. I saw as plainly as on the page of a book the tragedy.

You know that there is such a thing as somnambulism, or walking in one's sleep. Well, in a fatal somnambulism, a soul started off from her father's house. It was very dark, and her feet were cut of the rocks; but on she went until she came to the verge of a chasm, and she began to descend from boulder to boulder down over the rattling shelving—for you know while walking in sleep people will go where they would not go when awake. Further on down, [illegible]d further, where no owl of the night or [illegible]wk of the day would venture. On down [illegible]til she touched the depth of the chasm.

Then, in walking asleep, she began to as[illegible]d the other side the chasm, rock above [illegible]k, as the roe boundeth. Without having her head to swim with the awful steep, she [illegible]led the height. No eye but the sleepless eye of God watched her as she went down one side the chasm and came up the other [illegible] the chasm.

It was an August night, and a storm was gathering, and a loud burst of thunder awoke her from her somnambulism, and she said, "Whither shall I fly?" and with an affrighted eye she looked back upon the chasm she had crossed, and she looked in front, and there was a deeper chasm before her. She said, "What shall I do? Must I die here?" And as she bent over the one chasm, she heard the sighing of the past; and as she bent over the other chasm, she heard the portents of the future.

Then she sat down on the granite crag, and cried: "Oh for my father's house! Oh for the cottage, where I might die amid embowering honeysuckle! Oh! the past! Oh! the future! O father! O mother! O God!" But the storm that had been gathering culminated, and wrote with finger of lightning on the sky just above the horizon, "The way of the transgressor is hard." And then thunder-peal after thunder-peal uttered it: "Which forsaketh the guide of her youth and forgetteth the covenant of her God. *Destroyed without remedy!*" And the cavern behind echoed it, "Destroyed without remedy!" And the chasm before echoed it, "Destroyed without remedy!" There she perished, her cut and bleeding feet on the edge of one chasm, her long locks washed of the storm dripping over the other chasm.

But by this time our carriage had reached the curbstone of my dwelling, and I awoke, and behold it was a dream!

PROPHETIC SIGNS IN THE EAST.

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., OF EDINBURGH.

Israel and Jerusalem the Solution of the Eastern Problem—Lord Beaconsfield, a Jew, the Guiding Spirit in Recent Eastern Affairs—Yet he has Acted by means of Gentile and not Jewish Resources—The Bag-and-Baggage Policy—The British Protectorate a Boon to Palestine—Russia's Designs on Jerusalem—In Ezekiel 38 Britain Predicted to Checkmate Russia—England's Responsibility toward Palestine.

IT is to the *East* that God is now turning the eyes of His Church. It is in connection with the *East* that His people are now asking the question, "Watchman, what of the night?" and it is in answer to this that the watchman's voice is heard saying,

"THE MORNING COMETH"

—adding the solemn words of warning, lest men should too eagerly anticipate the dawn and forget the darkness that still lies between,

"BUT ALSO THE NIGHT;"

for though the announcement of coming dawn should cheer us with the brilliant prospect of the brightest day that ever dawned upon the earth, yet we are not to lose sight of the judgments that lie between us, and that glorious consummation.

And the watchman does not discourage the question; rather he commends it, and bids us ask it again and again, until he can tell us "It is done: the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ." For thus He speaks: "If ye will inquire, inquire ye; return, come."

In the events of the last two years we hear the prophetic voice bidding us look *Eastward*. Not as if the West were no more to occupy our attention, but the long-neglected East is now emerging from its obscurity; and God is now, in His own way, about to settle the "Eastern Question," and to bring Jerusalem "into remembrance." And this before both the Church and the world, for He is speaking to both.

The statesmen of earth have been trying to settle this question so as to preserve the balance of power in Europe and in the Mediterranean, according to their own ideas of Eastern or Western supremacy. God now steps in, and presents His own solution of it, introducing a new element, to which earthly potentates have hitherto paid no regard—Israel and Jerusalem; for *in them* lies the final settlement of the great problem which they have been working at so long in vain.

One of the most remarkable features of the case is, that the arrangement of Eastern affairs should have been in the hands of a JEW—Lord Beaconsfield. I do not touch the politics of the question. It is time that these were set aside, and that Eastern affairs were no longer judged or misjudged by imperial ambition or English partisanship. For nearly two years the noise of angry and one-sided politics has drowned the voice of prophecy, and Christian men have shrunk from speaking out, lest they should be set down as mere political debaters; the canvassers for a party in the state, instead of the expositors of the divine Word.

But now, when the ritualistic admirers of the Greek Church have said their say; when the defenders of Turkish weakness and misrule have cooled down; when the "Liberal" supporters of the greatest despotism which the world contains are beginning to admit that Russian professions of benevolence and religious zeal look rather suspicious, if not thoroughly insincere, we can speak out more boldly, and hope for an impartial hearing.

A Jew, then, in the person of the Prime Minister of England, has been the moving, guiding, controlling power throughout these confusions and complications. The rightness or wrongness of what he has done is not to us, just now, the question. It is *the fact* that in the providence of God he should have been at the helm of England when these difficulties came up, and that he should have been made use of to settle them.

The question is ultimately *a Jewish* one, a
Jew has been called in to solve it, and to s
it as only *a Jew* could do.

It is a Jew that is now Premier of the grea
monarchy which the world ever saw, and
practically commands its fleets and armies.
a Jew that is virtually at the head, not on
the ten kingdoms of the Roman earth, but o
whole four monarchies of Daniel. It is a
that, when the great northern power was p
ing down its squadrons upon Europe, Asia
Syria, ready to occupy not Constantinople
but Jerusalem, interposed and bridled back
mighty hosts without the shedding of one
of blood.

But the instruments through which *this*
has done this Eastern work have not been
ish. They have been altogether *Gentile*.
through *Gentile* resources that he has carrie
plans to a successful consummation; takin
highest place in *Gentile* cabinets, moulding
tile statesmen, wielding *Gentile* armies and
ies, and employing *Gentile* gold and silver.

He has arrested the aggressor; he has se
peace; he has obtained the protectorate of
Minor, and specially of Palestine. Thes
gions now lie at the feet of England, an
moral influence *alone* of what has been
will operate with prodigious power for the
throw of Mohammedan misrule.

The cry was raised a year ago, "Sen
Turks out of Europe!" If so, where wou
send them? The Turks do more harm in
than they do in Europe, and any one wh
travelled in Syria and lived in Jerusalem
be inclined to raise a counter cry, "Send
out of Asia! expel them from Jerusa
But would either cry be of any avail? or is
either justice or humanity in the proposa
is no doubt Turkish misgovernment that
Palestine degraded and barren; but som
relief must be thought of than the mere
sion of the oppressor. Nor is there any
more likely to accomplish the resuscitat
the land and the restoration of good g
ment than

A BRITISH PROTECTORATE.

They who know the East know th
which the British name exercises there
they can tell that British rule, imperfec
may be, is yet identified, in the oriental
with honesty, strength, firmness, and a b
lent will. Speaking not prophetically, bu
ply according to human calculation, the
open for the resuscitation of Syria and t
toration of the waste places of Palestine.
will be *protection* now as well as governme
this the protection, not of a selfish rac
ambitious nation, but of one which si
seeks the welfare of the people which it p
to protect.

For years, Russia has been seeking to
nate in Jerusalem. She sends her swarm
grims annually thither; and within t
twenty years she has built outside t
gate what is *nominally* a hospice, but
really a fort. "The Russian hospice,"
Condor in his recent work, "comma
whole town, and is thought by many to
position designedly of military strength"
p. 27). She has been making preparat
occupying Palestine as soon as her opp
occurs. Once and again she has been
in her attempt; the last check has bee
hands of a Jew. Her time is not yet co
till that time does come, the hooks a
put into her jaw (Ezekiel 38 : 4) to restr
When it does come, she will be perm
pour down like a flood upon the land of
villages, and having thus far achieved
bitious plan of ages, and carried out t
national idea, she will perish on the mou
of Israel (Ezekiel 39 : 4).

The 38th and 39th chapters of Ezek
to be studied in connection with the
Question. The subject is too large fo
exposition. One thing only we wou
now: the checks given to this great no
vader are predicted to come from so

h, power, a power which has a twofold char-
r: first maritime; and, second, mercantile.

"THE MERCHANTS OF TARSHISH,

all the young lions thereof," that arrest the
llant's progress with the words of resolute
rposition, "Art thou come to take a spoil?"
ekiel 38 : 13).
is "the ships of Tarshish" (Isaiah 60 : 9)
are *to wait* on Jehovah, and be ready to
nsport His Israel home, in the day when their
of scattering and exile shall have ended. At
rus the ships of Tarshish are now at anchor,
ting to do their errand for Israel. How soon
may be required, we say not. But one step
been taken for the deliverance of the forsak-
and and the wandering tribes.
urkey has for ages been the oppressor of the
, and its religion the curse of Palestine; and
re is something profoundly solemn in seeing
t it is to this vile empire that God has given
ver to tread down His holy city Jerusalem
ke 21 : 24). To be trodden under the foot of
Gentiles is sad enough, whether these be
ylonians, Greeks, or Romans; but to be
dden down by Turkey is the very depth of
radation and shame. Such has been God's
pose regarding that people that crucified the
d of glory, and that city where he was nailed
he tree. It is the bitterest cup of woe that
ever given to a nation to drink.
ut the times of the Gentiles are fast running
a close; and then Israel comes into remem-
nce, Babylon falls, and Jerusalem rises. Ba-
on's river is dried up, and the blessed river
Jerusalem begins to swell and flow (Ezekiel
6–12).
o calamity could have been greater to Syria
n a Russian possession or protectorate.
erican and British missionaries enjoy the full-
liberty under Turkish rule. Under Russian
ninion this would have been at an end. It is
ll known to many of us, that just before the
break of the war our missionaries wrote home
ressing their dread at the possibility of Rus-
n success and a Russian possession of Asia
nor. *They* knew that they would be expelled,
d their work scattered to the winds. They un-
stood, in *this* respect at least, the difference
ween Turkish *misrule* and Russian *tyranny*.
ey knew that there could be always influence
ought to bear at Constantinople more than at
Petersburg.
Hope for Palestine, save as a Russian province
Poland or Siberia, would have been at an
d. The heel of the Gentile would only have
n more effectually planted on Jerusalem.
e influence already too greatly exercised in
ria by Russia would have been utterly disas-
us. The hatred of the Greek Church to the
w is quite as ferocious as that of the Turk,
d Israel would soon have had no place in Pal-
ine. We wonder so many evangelical men
ould have taken the part of the Greek Church,
d allowed themselves to be the dupes of ritual-
n. They might have known better, and at least
od aloof from the zeal of Russian partisan-
ip, and abstained from praises of Muscovite
nevolence. The Rhodope Commission has no
ubt opened the eyes of many; but why were
ey not *from the first* suspicious of the friendly
ngratulations of ritualism?
But apart from all this, let the Christian now
rn his eye to Palestine. It is to England that
ery eye in Palestine will now be turned; and
is will be the question added, What are you
ing to do for us? Is the connection between
gland and Syria to be a barren one; or is
gland to rise up to her responsibilities and do
mething worthy of her name and power?
That England has undertaken responsibilities
a simple fact; and it is a position from which no
ave man need shrink. This is the age of re-
onsibilities, personal and national, and it is
wardly to turn away from them. Her respon-
ilities are before her, whether she understand
em or not; and the fact that a nation and a
werful government has undertaken responsi-
ities should not be a matter for reproach or
alarm. Only let her go forward to redeem them, by acting boldly as a nation that loves the truth, honors justice, prizes the Bible, and recognizes the position which God has marked out for Israel in the latter days.

That the time of Israel's trouble has come to an end, we do not believe. There are days of evil in store for that unbelieving nation, sadder, it may be, than any heretofore. For the fourteenth chapter of Zechariah remains yet to be fulfilled, and the events predicted there are likely not only to startle the world, but to disarrange many a scheme of human calculation, political and religious.

Still, the events of the present day are calling the attention of men to the East, and especially to Israel. The predictions of God's Word will ere-long unfold themselves, perhaps more rapidly than we think; the ten tribes, still, like Judah, under the curse of scattering and unbelief, will be brought into view in some way that we know not; and, it may be in various sections and at different times, the whole nation will reappear and claim their ancient heritage.

Meanwhile we rejoice that it is given to England to keep the Jew and to deliver his land. Hitherto, for many a century, the foot of the Gentile has been upon Jerusalem to tread her down; now the hand of the Gentile comes forward to lift up her head. Already we seem to realize the words of prophetic peace:

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins" (Isaiah 40 : 2).

Let political partisanship wrangle over the Eastern Question, and the Turkish convention, and the Syrian protectorate; but let *the Christian rejoice* that we are swiftly approaching the redemption of Israel, and the second advent of Christ, even though the latter-day glory will have to be introduced with darkness and terror and war.

[It is understood that the ministers whose gospel sermons are printed every week in this journal do not necessarily agree with all the views that may be expressed in its articles from week to week upon prophecy, a subject in connection with which there is sometimes great diversity of opinion amongst pious and studious people.]

A LONDON CHILD'S CONVERSION.

In one of the wealthy homes of London lived a little girl named Laura. She had parents to educate her, servants to wait upon her, and carriages to ride in. There seemed a great deal around her to make her happy; but Laura was not pleased and satisfied with those things that please and satisfy other little ones.

She knew she often did those things which she ought not to do; and her heart was filled with fear and trembling. What could save her, she asked herself, from God's displeasure?

Before she could read, she treasured up passages of the Bible which others read to her, and went away by herself to ponder them over. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart," Laura often heard from the sacred volume. "But I *don't* love Him," she said to herself; "I don't know how to love Him; and I don't love my neighbor as myself. I love papa, mamma, and my sister *best* of all. Did ever anybody love God with all their heart, and their neighbor as themselves? Did God *really mean* so?" She was required to be Christ's faithful servant and soldier, and fight manfully under His banner. This amazed her greatly. "I am sure I do not fight; and I don't know what to fight against," thought she.

Laura asked many questions upon these perplexing subjects; but she was bid not to trouble herself upon such matters. "The Bible is not so strict as it seems to be," she was told. This eased her mind for a little while; but the Holy Spirit was stirring up Laura's heart. It was forgotten by Laura's friends, that as children sin and do often bitterly feel the weight of their ill-deserts, they must seek forgiveness and peace through Him "who was bruised for our transgressions, and by whose stripes we are healed."

When Laura was seven a pious servant-girl came into the family, who, observing her serious turn, sometimes spoke to her upon the subjects which so perplexed her. As soon as this was known she was sent away; but she left some little books behind, which the child hid away and read. "If I could only be a Methodist, I should be sure of salvation," Laura thought; but as she read she found it was not joining any particular people that could save her, but it was believing in Jesus Christ.

One day as she pondered she read the words of the hymn,

"Who on Jesus relies, without money or price
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys,"

and the Holy Spirit opened her eyes to behold and her heart to embrace its precious truth. 'Rely on Jesus; I do, I *will*, rely on Jesus," she cried aloud; "I will *trust* Him as my Saviour, and God will count me good for what He has done and suffered, and He will forgive all my sins for His sake." Joy and gratitude filled her bosom.

Before, every thing seemed easier than to believe; now, the way of believing seemed easier than any thing else. Thus the light of the glorious Gospel broke upon Laura's mind; she became a lovely disciple of the Lord Jesus, and grew up a devoted Christian woman.

A RUSSIAN COUNCILLOR AND HIS WIFE CONVERTED.

BY J. VENNING, OF ST. PETERSBURG.

One winter I was surprised to see a handsome, well-dressed young man of the rank of Statsky Swetnik (Councillor of State) brought into prison for breaking open a packet, and embezzling 40,000 roubles, connected with one of the public departments. He and his wife had lived in unwarranted extravagance; money was wanted by them just at that time; the means of obtaining it was regarded as a matter of indifference, and he unlawfully seized what fell within his grasp.

When I first visited him he had no sense of his guilt. On my expressing regret that he should have committed such a deed, he said, with tears, "Do not pity *me*; but oh! sir, go and see my wife, who is on the point of confinement, and destitute of the very necessaries of life. Will you go? will you go now, immediately?" It was in the midst of winter. I went and knocked at the door; no one came. Went upstairs. In the front room not an atom of furniture was to be seen—nothing but an old flower-pot in the window with frozen wall-flowers. Knocked at the door of the adjoining room.

On entering it, saw a beautiful young woman sitting up in bed, her dishevelled hair giving her a wild and frantic appearance. On the cold peetch lay her new-born infant, covered up in blankets, and an old haggard woman watching it. The room was as cold as ice. The stoves had not been lighted for several days, for want of wood. There was no fuel in the house. I instantly went to the adjoining sugar-manufactory, and procured wood and wine. I reported the case, and through Mr. Schwerin obtained from the empress 200 roubles, and the attendance of a medical man.

The Lord restored to the young woman her reason and her health. I presented her with a New Testament, and frequently visited her. She told me her history. "I was brought up," she said, "with every advantage of connection and education; I was taught in one of the Empress Mother's institutions; but after marriage we lived in vanity and folly, went beyond our means, accumulated debts, and you know the rest." I said, "What can you do?" "I can paint on velvet." I purchased some velvet, and she began.

Then I asked the husband whether he could fit it up for fire-screens. This he did admirably. The first pair was presented to the Empress Elizabeth. One I presented to the late Duke of Gloucester, with the history of the maker, which much affected his Royal Highness.

For years I visited him weekly in the town-prison. Being noble, he could not be knouted, but he could be sent to Siberia. His humble and penitent deportment was such, and he was so beloved by all the prisoners, especially by the sick for his attentions to them, that I laid his whole case before the Government, and he was sentenced to only five years' imprisonment.

On his liberation he was appointed to a new situation, and was an honor to it. His lovely and amiable wife became, I trust, a changed character. Her French letters to me were full of interest. One day her husband came to me, announcing her death; he said her last words were, 'Take my blessing and my thanks to him who gave me the New Testament, which has been and is now my hope and joy.'"

TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

In publishing The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times in New York we are not introducing a new paper to your notice, but one that for the last twelve years has been before the English public, by whom it has been so cordially received that its circulation for a considerable period past has averaged 115,000 copies per week.

Emboldened by this evident appreciation as well as the very favorable reception of the few hundred copies circulated in this country for the past six months, we have concluded to publish an American edition, with such alterations and additions as may seem befitting for the American public.

The Christian Herald is the organ of no sect or class, does not advocate the interests of any denomination or party, and has no pecuniary gain in view, as its low price ($1.50 per annum) clearly evidences.

We enter into no competition with existing periodicals in this country, but are ready to give the right hand of fellowship to all engaged in the circulation of a pure Gospel, and hope from all such the recognition and greeting usually accorded a fellow-laborer in the same field.

The Christian Herald will contain every week a portrait and memoir of some person eminent in the religious world, and information about religious revivals. It will contain each week a sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London; a new sermon by the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn; and occasionally a sermon by other noted American and English preachers.

Also, prophetic articles by clergymen and others on the Eastern crisis, and the second advent of Christ; ably written sto[illegible] and religious sketches, narratives, anecdotes, brief biographies, and a serial story of thrilling interest, will be among its weekly contents.

The annual subscription will be $1.50; balance of the year sent free. Subscriptions should be sent to Jos. Spurgeon, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon desires strongly to commend to the American public and readers of his sermons the Christian Herald which is the only paper publishing his sermons in America from which his institutions derive any aid. His Orphanage, containing 260 orphans, his Pastor's College, and his Colportage Society cost over $1500 every week, and the American readers of his sermons, by helping to circulate the Christian Herald, will be co-operating in rendering assistance to these institutions. Any pecuniary donations for them may also be forwarded to his cousin, Mr. Joseph Spurgeon, manager of The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York, who will transmit them to London.

Dr. Talmage says, in reference to The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times: "I am in constant receipt;—almost every mail brings me, letters from readers in Great Britain to whom my sermons published in the Herald have been the means of comfort and salvation. From my knowledge of what the Herald has accomplished in Great Britain in behalf of evangelical religion, I heartily commend it to the American public."

Mr. Spurgeon will be much obliged to any ministers who will receive for distribution among their congregations copies of The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times. Upon receipt of application at the office, 63 Bible House, New York, from any minister in the United States, a number of gratuitous copies will be forwarded, charges paid.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Political Horizon is so overcast that any prediction as to the future of the two great leading parties, Republican and Democratic, would just now seem presumptuous. Party lines are broken with impunity, and thoughtful men on either side seem to be in a kind of incertitude—a half-expectant looking for of something better. It would not be very surprising if in the near future a general defection in both parties would result in the birth of a new organization. Something of the kind was shadowed forth in the opening days of the administration of President Hayes, but the little cloud failed to assume due proportions, and soon passed from view. Lately, the Greenback element seemed likely to obtain a very large following, but recent elections have demonstrated its inability to meet the present need.

The Cipher Telegrams published in the *Tribune*, and in the translation of which that paper has displayed considerable ingenuity, have caused much speculation in the minds of all classes of politicians. The questions asked are, Were such dispatches really sent? If so, has the *Tribune* correctly deciphered them? If so, who is responsible for the instructions they contained? Republicans taunt Democrats with the revelations of the *Tribune*, and Democrats retort by charging Republicans with fraudulent practices; meanwhile the Christian patriot mourns over the sin which is "a reproach to any nation," and looks anxiously forward to the time when Christ shall take to Himself His great power and reign; to that day when all men shall have but one aim in life—to glorify God and extend His kingdom on the earth.

The Yellow Fever, though somewhat abated in the larger cities, such as New Orleans, Memphis, and Vicksburg, still rages with great intensity, considering its duration—now about three months.

The deaths in New Orleans last week averaged nearly fifty a day. In Memphis the mortality last week reached a total of one hundred and fifty-seven, making the whole number of deaths in that city, since the commencement of the epidemic in August, close on to three thousand. In Vicksburg the abatement is most noticeable, the death-list for the week being but thirty-three.

The latest development of this terrible scourge is its rapid and deadly spread from the cities and large towns to the small settlements and habitations on the plantations of the lower Mississippi Valley. From Memphis to New Orleans every plantation has furnished its quota to swell the death-lists of this fearful epidemic. At last accounts from about Port Gibson, Miss., at least thirty plantations were affected; and in Warren County, outside of Vicksburg, ninety-six deaths have occurred.

Impending War with Afghanistan.—The dark and threatening clouds which have for some time been gathering on the north-west frontier of India seem about to burst in a storm of blood and fire. Shere Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, has long been exceedingly hostile to the British Government, and recently in open durbar uttered these words, "I have seven crores of rupees by me, every one of which I will hurl at the head of the British Government, and I will roll the border tribes against them like blasts of fire." Nor was this an idle boast, as subsequent events have proved. The present position of the quarrel is briefly this:

Russia having sent an envoy to Cabul, where she was supposed to be plotting against England, the Indian Government determined to send a friendly mission to the Afghan capital, with Sir Neville Chamberlain at its head, to point out to the Ameer the danger of lending himself to promote any aggressive designs of Russia. The expedition started from Peshawur on September 21st, and included about 1000 armed men. It proceeded to Jumrood, a station in British territory, close to the Afghan frontier, from whence Major Cavagnari, one of the leading members of the mission, rode forward, a small escort, to Ali Musjid, a station in Afg territory. Here it was found that the Ame commandant had advanced an outpost to centre of the pass, and was prepared to disp the passage; and that this was no idle thr was apparent from the fact that his troops l both sides of the pass. The embassage wa once withdrawn, the expedition has been bro up, and already English preparations are b made for a powerful military demonstrat against Afghanistan. Altogether 20,000 Ang Indian soldiers are to march against the Am It is questionable, however, whether it will possible to accomplish the conquest of the co try till the spring.

This Afghan crisis has caused considera sensation at Berlin and Vienna. Profes Vambéry, the great Hungarian traveller, written pointing out the necessity of Engla energetically resenting the insult offered to flag, and warning Austria-Hungary that this m lead to a fresh crisis in the Eastern Questi He regards a war between England and Rus as inevitable. Meanwhile, Professor Fawc and Lord Lawrence, both acknowledged auth ities on Indian affairs, have written protesti against the action of the British Government.

A Disastrous Bank Failure has occurred Scotland. The City of Glasgow Bank, wi above one hundred branches in different parts the country, has suspended payment with a li bility of nearly fifty millions of dollars. Th circumstances of the failure are unusually di graceful to the directors and managers. The have loaned the money intrusted to them to few rotten firms, and have made false reports the position of the bank, both to the Gover ment and their own shareholders. So con pletely had they deceived the public, that a fe days before the bank closed its doors, the $5 shares in the concern were bought and sold fre ly at $1100. The depositors and holders of note will suffer no loss, as it was an unlimited com pany, and every individual shareholder is liabl for the whole amount of the bank's indebte ness. The number of shareholders is nearl 1300, and each of them is required, as a fir step, to pay $2500. This, in addition to th loss of their shares, will prove a serious matter t many who had invested their savings in thi way. We are glad to see that the British Government is prosecuting the directors and managers for fraud.

"Kin Beyond the Sea," the able article b Mr. Gladstone in the *North American Review* has brought a perfect torrent of abuse on his devoted head. Mr. Gladstone sees farther ahea than most of his contemporaries; he recognize the manifest destiny of the United States, an he has had the moral courage to tell the English public some very unpalatable truths, and the English public, like an animal frequently mentioned in Scripture, has turned upon him to ren him. He compared the position and prospects of this country with those of England, not at all to the advantage of the latter; and he has in consequence been accused of a want of patriotism, and of rejoicing in the prospect of England's decline and fall. Mr. Gladstone was doubtless prepared when he wrote his article for such a reception of it, for prophets of evil have never been popular in their generation, and we have read of some who even ran a risk of their lives because the messages they delivered were more truthful than pleasant to their fellows. Time will show who is right, and John Bull will, in the mean time, be none the worse for hearing a little plain speaking on his position.

A Curious Memento, presented by the British and Foreign Bible Society, has been placed in a cavity of the pedestal supporting Cleopatra's Needle, which has been recently set up on the banks of the Thames. It consisted of a jar, taining a French and an English Bible, an A bic Genesis, a Hebrew Pentateuch, and the ei eenth verse from the third chapter of St. J Gospel in 215 different languages. A stan [illegible] measure, pound weight, some coins, a bronze plate representing the various stages of the removal and erection of the Needle, with a variety of small articles in everyday use in England, had previously been placed in the cavity.

Mr. J. B. Gough, the well-known temperance orator, has received a very cordial reception in England. An enthusiastic meeting assembled in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London on Tuesday, September 23d, to whom he delivered one of his eloquent addresses. It is twenty-five years since Mr. Gough first spoke on temperance before an English audience, and his popularity has in no way declined since that time. He has made arrangements to deliver orations in different parts of the country almost every day during the present month.

A notorious haunt of vice in London has, we notice with much pleasure, lost the sanction of the magistrates. We refer to the Argyll Rooms. For several years that place has been the rendezvous for vicious women and their dissolute patrons. It is stated that the attendance every night usually exceeded two thousand persons, amongst whom were to be seen men belonging to all ranks of the peerage. That such a place should have been tolerated so long, in a land calling itself Christian, seems almost incomprehensible, and that it should have been annually licensed by the magistrates was a disgrace to the whole bench; we congratulate them on having at last removed that stigma from their names by refusing to renew the license.

THE APPROACHING PROPHETIC CONFERENCE.

THE doctrine of the second coming of our Lord, and kindred topics connected with that doctrine, have been the subject of conferences at Mildmay Park, in London, and at the little English village of Addlestone, in Surrey. These meetings were attended by believers from all parts of the world, and the experience of those present was, that a more happy and blessed time had seldom been spent than while interchanging views on this precious doctrine, and in listening to men who had devoted much study to the subject of unfulfilled prophecy.

It is proposed to hold a conference of a similar character in New York on the 30th and 31st inst., and on November 1st. We trust our readers will pray that the blessing promised (Revelation 1 : 3) may descend on the meetings, and that they may be the means of strengthening the faith of believers, and of extending to those Christians who have not yet laid hold of this blessed doctrine the comfort and joy it affords.

It is hoped that Dr. Tyng, Rector Emeritus, St. George's Episcopal Church, New York, will preside, and that addresses will be delivered by several eminent ministers, including the Rev. W. P. Mackay, D.D., author of "Grace and Truth," of the Presbyterian Church, Hull, England.

The following is announced as the programme:

1st. "Christ's Coming; is it Personal and Visible?" Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D.D., of Episcopal Church, New York City.

2d. "Christ's Coming; is it Pre-Millennial?" Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., Professor of Theology, Presbyterian Seminary, Alleghany, Pa.

3d. "The First Resurrection." Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

4th. "The Rapture of the Church." Rev. W. P. Mackay, D.D., Presbyterian Church, Hull, England.

5th. "Times of the Gentiles." Rev. Jno. T. Duffield, D.D., Professor in Princeton College.

6th. "The Kingdom and the Church." Prof. H. Lummis, Methodist Church.

7th. "The Present Age and Development of Anti-Christ." Rev. H. M. Parsons, Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

8th. "The Gathering of Israel." Bishop W. R. Nicholson, Reformed Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.

9th. "The Judgment, or Judgments." Rev. J. T. Cooper, D.D., Professor of Theology, United Presbyterian Seminary, Alleghany, Pa.

10th. "History of the Doctrine of the Pre-Millennial Coming of Christ." Rev N. West, D.D., Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, O.

11th. "The Coming of the Lord in its Relation to Christian Doctrine." Paper by Rev. Jas. H. Brookes, D.D., Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Mo.

Addresses by Rev. Dr. Craven, Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.; Rev. L. W. Bancroft, D.D., Rector Christ's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

12th. "That Blessed Hope as a Motive to Holy Living and Active Labor." Paper by Rev. Rufus W. Clarke, D.D., Dutch Reformed Church, Albany, N.Y.

Addresses by E. P. Goodwin, D.D., Pastor First Congregational Church, Chicago; Rev. L. Osler, Advent Church, Providence, R. I.; and Dr. Mackay, of England.

The following

INVITATION,

indorsed by a long list of bishops, professors, and ministers, has been issued:

PROPHETIC CONFERENCE.

Dear Brethren in Christ: When from any cause some vital doctrine of God's Word has fallen into neglect or suffered contradiction and reproach, it becomes the serious duty of those who hold it not only strongly and constantly to reaffirm it, but to seek by all means in their power to bring back the Lord's people to its apprehension and acceptance. The precious doctrine of Christ's second personal appearing has, we are constrained to believe, long lain under such neglect and misapprehension.

In the Word of God we find it holding a most conspicuous place. It is there strongly and constantly emphasized as a personal and imminent event, the great object of the Church's hope, the powerful motive to holy living and watchful service, the inspiring ground of confidence amid the sorrows and sins of the present evil world, and the event that is to end the reign of Death, cast down Satan from his throne, and establish the Kingdom of God on earth. So vital, indeed, is this truth represented to be, that the denial of it is pointed out as one of the conspicuous signs of the apostacy of the last days.

Now, while casting no word of reproach upon those who may differ from us, we cannot be insensible to the fact that there has been a sad decline in our times from the clear, vivid, ardent faith of the early Church in regard to this doctrine. Very many Christians have been taught to think of the coming of Christ as equivalent to their own death; others regard it as synonymous with the gradual diffusion of Christianity. Many, satisfied with this present world, have little desire for the return of the absent Lord; while here and there are those who boldly speak of such an event as only a "fascinating dream," destined never to be realized. But while we lament all this, and can but regard it as an alarming symptom of the present state of religion, it is an occasion for the profoundest gratitude that there has within the last few years been such a powerful and wide-spread revival of this ancient faith. Looking over the Church of God in all its branches, and listening to the clear and decisive testimony to this truth that is coming up in such volumes from teachers and pastors, expositors and lay workers, evangelists and missionaries, it can but appear to us, that after the long sleep of the Church, the wise are at last rising up, and trimming their lamps, in preparation for the coming of the Bridegroom.

In view of these facts it has seemed desirable that those who hold to the *personal pre-Millennial advent of Jesus Christ*, and who are "looking for that blessed hope," should meet together in conference, as our honored brethren in England have recently done, to set forth, in clear terms, the grounds of their hope, to give mutual encouragement in the maintenance of what they believe to be a most vital truth for the present times, and in response to our Lord's "Behold, I come quickly," to voice the answer by their prayers and hymns and testimony, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

We, the undersigned, therefore cordially invite you to meet with us at Church of Holy Trinity, Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street (Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., Rector), in the city of New York, on the 30th and 31st of October and 1st of November, 1878, to listen to a series of carefully-prepared papers on the pre-Millennial advent of the Lord Jesus Christ and connected truths, and to participate in such discussions as the topics may suggest.

JAMES H. BROOKES,
A. J. GORDON,
S. H. TYNG, JR.,
MAURICE BALDWIN,
W. R. NICHOLSON,
H. M. PARSONS,
W. Y. MOOREHEAD,
RUFUS W. CLARKE,
Committee.

The proceedings will be fully reported in this journal.

TAKE NO THOUGHT.

A SERMON BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things" (MATT. 6 : 31, 32).

1. This Precept forbids anxious Thought, but does not encourage Idleness or Prodigality—The Pious Monk—The White Ones—Slaves by Work and Worry—Mary at the Wedding Feast—Our Crosses—Avoid Hoarding. 2. This Precept commands Thought—Our Father's Banner—Christ's Forethought for His People—The Hen and Her Chickens—What we should Care for—Eruption of Vesuvius upon Pompeii, etc.

THESE are soothing words to read, but hard words to practise. Had any other man spoken them, we should have replied, "Physician, heal thyself;" for scarcely shall we find a teacher who is himself free from care. But Jesus Christ is not only a giver of precepts, but His life is the exposition of them; and if ever you want to know what Christ means by His precepts,

LOOK AT HIS LIFE.

You may rest assured that He never gave us a command that He was not Himself prepared to exhibit in His life. We are servants of God, and he Himself condescended to be a servant for our sakes. He was a model servant; and the service He requires of us He himself shows us how to perform.

I do not intend, therefore, to explain the text so much by words of my own as by the life of Jesus Christ; and it will be more profitable and fresher to take the words and say, If you would know their meaning, look upon Him whom ye call Master; you shall understand His sayings by His actings. And see in the text, *first*, a precept forbidding thought; *second*, a precept commanding thought; and then in the two precepts, if we are able to keep them, I see a frame of mind admirably fitted for all believers on coming to the table of communion.

First, then, we have a precept *forbidding* thought: "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? for after all these things do the Gentiles seek." How are we to understand this? Certainly not in the sense of the idler, who says, "God will provide, and therefore there is no need to labor. God's providence is mine inheritance, and therefore I will fold my arms and sit still." The inheritance of the man who says this will be

THISTLES ON HIS LAND, EMPTINESS IN HIS STORE.

and ruin to his character. Holy Scripture says, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat;" and it would, perhaps, be the best way of treating some men if they were never allowed to eat except when they had earned—of course excusing those incapacitated by old age or sickness—work being the duty of all, and work being a benefit to all. You have, perhaps, heard of

THE VERY PIOUS MAN WHO ENTERED A MONASTERY,

that he might spend his life in devotion; and when the brethren went into the fields to work, he remained in his cell, too spiritual to labor, and fitted only for communion with angels. When the time for meals approached he was astonished to find that he was not called to the refectory ; and at last, the demands of his stomach overcoming the claims of that spiritual heart, he inquired why he was not called to meals ; and he was informed that as he was too spiritual to work he was probably too spiritual to eat, and that the laws of the house did not allow him to consume any thing until he had earned it.

Now our Lord Jesus Christ was not one of those who had nothing to do. Point to one empty hour, to one day, in which he was a sluggard. There is the life before you ; put you finger on the spot in which he could be accused of being idle or sluggish. If it were so we could interpret the text according to the lazy man's version of it.

Neither did our Lord intend here prodigality, when he used the words, " Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat ? or, What shall we drink ? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed ?" That is too often what a young man does when

HE COMES INTO HIS ESTATE.

Take no thought ? No, not he ; as long as the gold lasts, he will scatter without stint ; and so with extravagance he brings himself speedily to poverty. But our Lord Jesus Christ never meant that, for He never practised it. With what singular economy did our Saviour always behave—generous to the last degree. He fed five thousand [illegible] women, but with the strictest economy, He said, " Gather up the fragments [illegible] remain, that nothing be lost." Jesus Christ would have us take care of what we have ; we are only stewards, and a steward must not waste. Extravagance—that is, suffering any thing to perish which should be used—must not be allowed.

Neither did our Lord forbid a certain kind of forethought. One kind He does forbid—that anxious care about the future which is centred on mere earthly things, such as food and clothing. But He Himself —who, as I have said, is His own expositor, and the key to His own teaching—exercised forethought often, even from the very commencement of His work. For instance, He looked forward in regard to the death of Lazarus ; and when He might have gone at once and healed him, He stayed until the time had come for displaying His resurrection power.

AND AS TO HIS OWN DEATH,

He looked forward to that, even at the very opening of His ministry, and perhaps long before. He knew he had a baptism to be baptized with ; and how was He straitened until it was accomplished ? He steadfastly set His face towards Jerusalem all His life long, and His whole career was a preparation for that sacrifice for the sins of men.

Hence He does not forbid us to take thought in regard to the end of life, and to be prepared for it ; for if we did not so our life would be all confusion, and could not be well directed.

WHAT, THEN, DID HE MEAN

by " Take no thought "? He meant, *first*, let no provision for your temporal wants be the great aim of life ; for this is what the heathen Gentiles do. They live to eat, and drink, and clothe themselves. This is what the savage does. Give him food to eat, shelter from the storm, and a covering from the inclement weather, and he cares for nothing beyond. " After all these things do the heathen seek." But you are not to make this the end of life. You are made for something better. For this the ox may live, for this the ass may live and die, but not the Christian ; it is utterly beneath the dignity of an immortal spirit to be living alone, or chiefly for the satisfying of their earthly appetites. It is true these things will require some thought, for God has made us akin to the dust, and the appetites of animals are shared by us. But the Saviour says : " Take no thought for these things as compared with service of God and the honor of His name, which should be the great object and aim of your being." And He says that His disciple is required to hate even his own life, and to be prepared to regard it as a mere trifle, if it should stand in the way of the glory of Christ.

Remember, if it should ever come to this that you should lose your place, your livelihood, or your property, rather than do wrong, you must lose every thing rather than commit the smallest sin ; and if it should ever come to this, that you should lie in a prison rather than deny the faith, then lie in prison rather than accept the traitor's opportunity of denying your Master.

Remember the martyrs, who, when they could have purchased life on these terms, chose rather to die; who could burn, though they could not turn ; and they took no thought how they should live, but regarded such matters as mere insignificant trifles, seeking first and chiefly the kingdom of God and His righteousness. And who will say that they were unwise ? If any should think thus, open yonder pearly portals, and see them there made

WHITE ONES DOUBLY WHITE,

who took no thought whatever for themselves, but who followed the Lamb whithersoever He led the way.

But still further, to open up the subject, remember what Christ did. You cannot say that Jesus Christ considered what He should eat or what He should drink. You cannot say that His life was any thing to Him, for He laid it down for our sakes. When the devil offered Him all the kingdoms of this world, He rebuked him ; and when Peter chided Him about dying, He regarded that disciple as Satan—" Get thee behind me, Satan ; for thou art an offence unto me ; for thou savourest not the things of God, but those that be of men." He counted nothing that he had worthy of preserving ; but taking no thought of any thing, He surrendered all to God for the good of His people.

These words teach us we are not to make ourselves

SLAVES BY WORK AND WORRY.

I see some Christians who appear as if they meant to grasp all the world. They have plenty of money and plenty of business, but they must have more. They are up with the lark, and the day is not long enough for them. They have long had property enough, but still they have not enough, and never will have, unless the grace of God should take its proper place in their heart. See how wearied they are ! I have seen

A POOR MAN

with only a piece of dry bread, yet quite happy ; and I have seen a rich man with plenty of luxuries, but yet perfectly miserable ; the one thankful and contented with his little, the other discontented.

The Christian should not be worried and wearied so as not to have time for devotion. God should not have the mere scraps, the odds and ends, the cheese-parings and candle-ends of life, as I have known to be His only portion in some men's houses ; but He should have the chief of our time, and all our time should be consecrated to Him. But while it is right to be diligent in business, let all be done for His glory and in His name. When did our Lord worry about gold and silver ? Did a cloud ever rest on Him from anxiety about these things ? Enough was given to Him for worldly matters, and that was entrusted to Judas, His treasurer ; but He took things calmly and quietly, and we should do the same. He meant also that

NO CHRISTIAN MAN SHOULD BE OVER-ANXIOUS

about any thing. He Himself never was. You never read about His being in a great state of fret and anxiety. Look at the mother of our Lord at the wedding-feast. There was no wine, or it was all used. She was in a fret. " They have no wine ;" and the good mother is all concern about the matter. But He simply says, " Woman, what have I to do with thee ? Mine hour is not yet come." But His time would come when He would let them have what was needed for the wedding-feast, and till then the Saviour was calm and quiet about it. And this is what we should do. Having done all we can by honest labor and prayer, we should leave the result to God, for He would not have His people cumbered with much service or vexed with earthly care.

Do not murmur, and say my cross is heavier than yours. Well, I would not have you to change with me, for no man can take another's cross, for each cross is specially adapted to its bearer ; and if we could all

PUT DOWN OUR CROSSES IN THIS TABERNACLE

this morning, and if each could take up one which he liked better than his own, we should all come back in an hour, crying to have our own crosses back again ; for our cross has got fitted to our back, and if we had a trial of our own choosing, mayhap the needed grace would not come.

Christ did not murmur though He was a poor man, and His food was not delicate, nor His drink and clothing of the choicest but He was a joyous man—a man of sorrows for our sakes, but yet, personally, the happiest of mankind.

And we should never let these earthly things drive us to despair. Possibly there is in this large audience one who says " Things are very hard with me ; I canno get on, and my troubles thicken around me. I think I shall be obliged to throw i up altogether."

Throw it up ? When did your Lord throw it up ? You can carry well enough the load which God appoints ; but if you let the devil sit on the top of it, in the form of anxieties and cares, the burden will crush you to the earth. Imitate your bless ed Master, and cry, like Him, "My God, my God!" even when that God appeared to have forsaken him.

Upon this point I will only say one other thing. We must not so cultivate thrift as to get into the habit of hoarding. There are some Christians who are so anxious to save that they save every thing. The poor get nothing and the church nothing, or rather less than nothing; for they occupy the place which others have paid for, and put others to the expense which they never help to bear.

SAVING IS WELL,
but the first thing is the saving of the soul; and there are some who are looking so much to saving that their souls seldom get saved at all. "To get and to hold, to get and to hold," seem to be the end and object of their being. But it was not so with Christ, "who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be made rich;" whose riches lay in giving, and who was the richest man that ever lived, because He gave more than any one else, for He gave Himself; and so, in the largeness of His infinite bounty, He exalted all that lived.

I urge you, my dear brothers and sisters, by the wounds of Jesus, to get rid of care, by believing that His heart beats true to you in the little things as well as in the great affairs of life; numbering all our trials and sorrows, counting even the very hairs of our heads, according to that gracious word, "In all our afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them." Let us then cast all our care upon Him, that we may cease to care.

Second. We have also in the text a precept commanding thought: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Call back your care from the things of this life, and send them forth in the things of the life to come. What ought we to care about? What did Christ care about? His Father's glory. For this He lived and for this He died.

GOD'S GLORY WAS THE END OF EVERY ACTION OF HIS LIFE.
Brethren, sisters, bought with the blood of Christ, we cannot say this of ourselves; but let it be our constant aim to live in all things, even eating and drinking, to the glory of God.

Next to this, Christ's great care was to do the work which God had given Him to accomplish. When sitting hungry on the well, His disciples wondered why He did not ask for meat. "Master, eat," they said; but He replied, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." He was absorbed in the work which was given Him to do. And how early He commenced! What a lesson for you lads and lasses here this morning! You remember when only a child He was missing from the company, and He replied on his return, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

And the same description was equally descriptive of the end as of the beginning of His life. When they led Him forth from the garden of Gethsemane, he might have said the same. He never served Himself, or sought for honor or pleasure; His life was one of self-denial; and when people wished to thrust honors upon him He withdrew Himself. He did not seek for riches, but His whole life was spent among the poor; and among them there were none poorer than He. Oh, if we lived like that we should live happy lives! We should, it is true, multiply our sorrows as He did; but a deep happiness would fill our souls.

Never let us be content till we can say, "for me to live is Christ." And although God should hurl me like a thunderbolt forward and onward, until I reach the point to which He would have me go, I must never swerve, but must go cheerfully and faithfully onward. So must it be with us all.

Another thing our Lord took thought about was *His people.* From the very first day when He had disciples, to the day on which He was taken up, He was always thinking about them. Read the Gospels and you will be struck with the tender care which He manifests for them. There was Peter, for instance. Christ knew that

SATAN HAD DESIRED TO HAVE PETER,
that he might sift him as wheat; but Christ stepped before the devil and said to Peter, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." He did not say I *will* pray for thee, but I *have* prayed for thee; I have intercepted the temptation. And when they took Christ away to crucify Him He said, "If ye seek me, let these go their way." It was just so at the table of His last supper. He was about to die, but He never asked comfort for Himself, but thought only of giving the disciples comfort: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me;" and at such a time, when He might very reasonably have asked them to refresh him, He thought only of them, and took a basin and towel and began to wash His disciples' feet; because for them He lived and for them He died.

Oh! it was a beautiful simile, when Christ, looking over Jerusalem and thinking of its sinners, soon to be destroyed, exclaimed, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." It is a beautiful picture of care. The poor bird seems

OBLIVIOUS OF HERSELF ALTOGETHER,
if she can but get her wings over her chicks, which nestle down into her bosom. And thus Christ looked upon sinners, whom He saw going down to destruction; and He longs to gather even these sinners with wings of love. Nay, it was not a mere expression; for when a crowd gathered—although surely it is not a preacher's duty to feed his congregation—and when His compassionate eye saw that they were hungry, He did care for them—the women and children especially, who had come so far and looked so weary. He said in effect, What shall we do for these people? "I have compassion on the multitude;" and like a prince with boundless munificence, He cared for the poor and fed them.

And thus the man who is like Christ lives for others. It has been said that there are some people whose *first* care is for themselves; and their *second* care is for themselves; and their *third* care is for themselves; and so on as many times as you like to say it: and perhaps somewhere down there is a little possible care for somebody else, but it is too far down to come to any thing. And it is sometimes so with Christians; but it ought not to be so. For themselves the heathen care, the brute beasts care for themselves; but the Christian should care for others.

Now, "He that spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all," and has given us His flesh to be our meat, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? What! will God deny you bread when He has given you the bread of heaven? Deny you clothing, when He has given you a robe of righteousness? Will He withhold from you an earthly dwelling, when He has provided for you a mansion in the skies which fadeth not away? If there is any place where more than any other

WE SHOULD FORGET OUR CARES,
it is at the communion. Cares! Why do we carry them? Have they ever put a single sixpence into your purse? Our sighs and our groans make truly sorry music. The man who will carry a bundle of staves, and hundreds of staves, may do so if he likes; but if he will give me one to walk with I will be content. He that has enough is a rich man, and he that loads himself with the thick clay will have to lay it aside, like the beast of burden, when he gets to the journey's end.

But I address some who are not Christians, and who may say, 'You may let us care about the world, for we have nothing else to care for." Well, I reply, when I see

A PIG IN A STYE,
and I see the farmer coming to give him some swill from his house, I say, "Let the creature have it—I don't want it, but if he likes it let him have it;" and if I see a man running after this or that amusement, this or that fleshly enjoyment, I say, "I don't envy him—I don't want these things." And, taking these good things, as you call them, you take the devil and all his works, and the casting away from the presence of God forever.

WHEN MOUNT VESUVIUS BEGAN TO POUR ITS LAVA
upon Pompeii many of the people were in the theatre enjoying themselves; I don't know what the play was, but this I know—there was not a man who saw the danger who did not run as hard as he could to the fields, in order to make his escape. A few remained in their houses, and there they are to this day, just as the lava found them, and they have only lately been exhumed. Ah! if men were wise, the richest gains and the choicest pleasures which have ever tempted the human mind would never tempt them to tarry; they would never rest till they had "escaped from the wrath to come." Oh! if you knew your danger, you would cry for mercy, and would not wait till you reached your chamber, but would fall now on your knees, and ask, "Lord, what must I do to be saved?"

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Trust Him whose teaching I have tried to explain; trust Him who did more than teach, for He lived out his precepts; trust Him who did more than live, for He died; trust Him who did more than die, for He rose again.

The Lord bless you! Amen.

BRIAN GALLAGHER'S EXPELLED SON AND DAUGHTER.

A TRUE STORY, BY MR. HENRY MARTIN.

"No, niver! Mane swadlin' turncoats, even though me own flesh and blood, shall niver put head ondher me roof—no, not iv the heavens this minnit war black as a raven's wing and rainin' down a second deluge, let alone its bein' the bright and smilin' day that it is this blessed June mornin'. No, niver shall it be sed that Brian Gallagher put his own heart's feelin's afore the commands uv his Church. Iv it cost me me life from a broken heart, I'd dhrive ye from me dure."

Brian Gallagher was a skilful pilot and fisherman—and these strong and passionate words of his were addressed to his son Phil and his daughter Rose, as they stood at the door of his little cottage, pale and agitated from his refusal to receive them.

The "head and front of their offending" was, they had got possession from a Christian neighbor of the Holy Scriptures, and had come to love their doctrine and follow their rule; but the Bible was a forbidden book in the parish, and Father Hennessy, a severe man—who as a celibate did not know the strength of parental feeling, nor the agony of heart produced by violence done to it—had insisted that unless the two young people surrendered to him the heretical volume, they should be expelled from their home as incorrigible children, to save the parish from the poison of their opinions.

"I'd do any thing, father, to plaze ye," answered Phil; "that is, any thing that wasn't agin the Lord's will—even though it war to go on me two bare knees round the kingdom. But, [illegible] darlint, how could I give up the Word o' God, that has been the light o' salvation to me sowl?—and that to be burnt too—for Father Hennessy swore he'd put the sacred book with the tongs in the flames, scornin' to touch it with his fingers. Oh, father, how could I give up [illegible]ed Word for such an ind as that? No, I'd sooner give up me own body to be burnt.

"Shure 'the Book' is the Lord's own livin' voice to us, father, which He has towld us to hear, love, and obey, and which He wishes us to guard and cherish as our very life; and anyhow it wouldn't do you nor the priest much good to take the precious volume from me, for its texts by hundreds are deep down in me heart, and as lodged there no power o' man can touch them. Nor is it in me own power, even if I would, to give up what I've larnt, for no wan can jist remimber and forget as it plazes him."

Further details of this painful interview between the father and his children might be given, but suffice it to say, that Phil kept his resolve to stand firm by the Bible, and his sister Rose, encouraged by his example, did the same. Their father Brian also was steadfast to his declared purpose, so that the young Irish lad of seventeen and his sister, two years his junior, were fain to look for a home other than that in which they had drawn their first breath and passed their childhood. Amid the sneers and jeers of unsympathizing onlookers, they had, weeping bitterly, to leave their native village.

Such incidents, alas! have not been uncommon in Ireland. The Celtic nature is deeply religious—using the phrase in its broadest sense—and the commands of what is called "the Church" are regarded as absolutely binding by such men as Brian Gallagher. The warm Irish heart, it is true, with its strong family affections, rises up rebellious against this disowning and casting out of children; but the demands of an ignorant conscience, blinded by superstition, and goaded by clerical authority, are inexorable, and even though the heart break, as Brian Gallagher himself expressed it, the son or daughter, deemed a heretic, is banished from the home, as accursed of Heaven.

"Think not I am come to send peace on the earth," said the Saviour; "I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance with his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; and a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Phil and Rose Gallagher, however, were given to know the fulfilment of another Divine prediction, "No man hath left father or mother, for My sake and the Gospel's, but shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, and in the world to come eternal life." The Christian friend who had in love to their souls given them the Scriptures, interested other friends like-minded in the young refugees' behalf, so that soon another home, far superior in the highest respects to that they had been driven from, was opened to them, and "father and mother, brothers and sisters," of the household of faith were likewise soon added. They were for a season kindly cared for in a neighboring town, and afterwards were sent to friends in England.

After the departure of his children, Brian Gallagher was a man to be pitied. While his temper was up, no sacrifice seemed too great for him to make at the call of supposed religious duty; but when upon seeing Phil and Rose vanish from his sight, he turned to his accustomed seat in the chimney-corner, and his passion had time to cool, things appeared in a somewhat different light, and an irrepressible yearning for his loved ones arose and struggled in his bosom.

The tears of his wife, too, though she was but the stepmother of his children, added to his painful emotions. He relented and wavered, and would have gone after the banished ones to recall them, had not his spiritual guide suddenly made his appearance, and, stepping into the house, commended his obedience to the injunction laid upon him, and fanned anew his blind and angry zeal for "the thrue Church."

"The highest authority—the Pope himself—has put his ban upon the cursed heretical book," said Father Hennessy, "and upon the Society that prints and circulates it; and it must not be found in my parish, I've made up my mind to that; and you, Brian Gallagher, have my best priestly benediction for backing me up in this determination."

"Thank yer riverence," answered Brian. "I'm proud to stand by me religious shupayryers; and yit, Father Mat (this was the priest's baptismal name), it's crushin' the very heart in me; for oh, God help me, it's the sorest throuble I've had in all me life."

"Tut, tut!" cried the stern priest, "let us hear no more o' that. It's foolish, and a mortal sin, me man. Hear what the Church (?) says, and take a warning from it,—'He that loveth wife or child more than me, is not worthy of me.' Be thankful it's your children and not your life you're asked to give up, Brian Gallagher, for you'd be bound to give your life if I asked it."

"Oh, how I wish it war my life you asked for," responded poor Brian, "and not me childer! It's me belief I'd resign it aisier; but as it's the Lord's will that Phil and Rose should go, in His holy name I'll bow to me lot, though it brings me to the grave."

Deluded man! It was not the Lord's will that his children should be exiled, and least of all because of their love for the Holy Scriptures. To teach such a doctrine was a wicked libel upon God's sacred name and character, and this the miserable parent, if he had but true insight, might have found out.

To continue in the house brooding over his thoughts and feelings was impossible—he could not endure the torment of his own reflections. To relieve his mind, he busied himself with unwonted zeal, and yet withal with an absent mind, in his calling.

"What on airth has cum over Brian?" said one of his comrades to another one day. "He used to be wan you could rely on. No wan knew betther whin to howld and whin to venthur—as sinsible and raysonable a man he was as any in the disthrict. But, 'pon me conshuns, of late I can tell ye he has becum a caution; why you'd imagine he was for ever and a day in a drame, or was half his time lookin' at a ghost. Last Tuesday he'd have sent us all, clean as a whistle, to the bottom, had not Andy Maguire forced the tiller from his hand, and brought the Polly Hopkins's bow as it should be to a whapper of a wave that, as Brian was steerin', would as shure as day in a twinklin' have swamped us, and landed every mother's sowl ov uz at the bottom of the say."

Brian's comrade was right. The wretched man was ever as in a haunted dream, and existence had become a burden to him. Almost reckless, he would also risk any danger and dare any consequences to become lost to himself in the excitement of a perilous moment.

All attempts, however, thus to drown reflection proved unavailing; or, if successful for a time, the misery within quickly returned. Amid all his forced and fevered employment, a voice from his inner self never ceased to call for the return of the loved ones he had so cruelly banished—the brave son and fair daughter once the light and pride of his dwelling.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that after a while he began to lose faith in the rectitude of his unnatural conduct—felt that perhaps he had been too hasty and unrelenting. Words, too, which his daughter Rose spoke in his ear with sobs and tears, as he spurned her from his door, came with a power to his remembrance that would not be resisted.

"Father," she said, "though the baste o' the field wouldn't thrate its offspring as you are me, may the Lord in heaven, who will take me up, forgive and bless you. I blame not you for this unnattheral act, but thim that has set you on it, and who ought to know betther. In place of wantin' to get the livin' Word of the Lord from me, ye ought to be the furst to put it in me hand. Oh! whin will it be that the blessed St. Paul would be able to say of every boy and girl in this so-called Christian land what he did of a young Christian—Timothy—in the early times of the Gospel, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation, by faith that is in Christ Jesus'? But good-by, father; and may the Lord whom I have found in the Book guide ye to what is right!"

At the time Brian Gallagher flung back with scorn the remonstrance and prayer of his child but now the words she spoke came back with burning sting to his conscience, and evoked remorse that filled him with sore disquietud and pain.

And yet he could not bring himself to und his evil work. A cowardly shrinking from wha he considered would be an act of self-humiliatio held him in suspense. That some time or othe he would recall the banished ones was his settle intention, but precisely when he could not brin himself to determine. And thus it ever is wit poor human nature, when it is the prey of contending passions. When we would do good, ev is present with us; and the virtuous decision a most made to-day is sent back again into the region of uncertainty and doubt to-morrow.

The extraordinary and tragical circumstance under which he was soon to meet them he littl imagined.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE LAST HOURS OF SIR DONALD McLEOD.

THE following account of the death of Sir McLeod is furnished by one of his friends, wh on hearing of his injury, went to St. George Hospital in search of him. He found him in th accident ward, laid upon a bed, awaiting an examination by the surgeon.

"There had been little or no hemorrhag and, owing to the shock, there was no pai while the mind was clear. He suffered mere from discomfort and prostration of strengt On seeing me he smiled, and asked me to t him what had happened to him.

"His left arm, which was much crushed, w then removed while he was under the influence of ether. He was then placed in a bed in a small room, the surgeon pronouncing the case hopeless, and that he was sinking rapidly, and could not survive more than half an hour. (He lived more than two hours after this.) While the operation was being performed, I had gone to fetch his sister, Mrs. Hawkins; and, on returning to the hospital with her, we received this dreadful announcement. On being conducted to his room, we found him lying quietly in bed with his eyes closed, surrounded by his father-in-law, Sir Robert Montgomery, a young friend who was staying with him, the lady superintendent, a nurse, and the surgeon.

"He was told, as quietly as possible, that he was dying, to which he only replied, 'Is it really so? I don't feel very ill.' He was asked if we might engage in prayer to God, to which he said he should like it as far as he could collect his thoughts. We then knelt, commending him in earnest prayer to God, to which he gave a hearty 'Amen.' He lay silent for some time; not a murmur escaped his lips; and he retained the same placid countenance throughout.

"Presently I said, 'I have no doubt you can say, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."' He replied, 'MOST CERTAINLY!' 'And you can say,

"COME, LORD JESUS, COME QUICKLY"?'

He repeated the text, adding, 'I shall then be free from sin and sorrow, and forever with the Lord,' or words to that effect. He then engaged in prayer, almost inaudibly; but the last sentence was, 'Praised be His holy name forever and ever.' These were his last words. He now rapidly sank. Presently he drew a long, deep sigh, as if his spirit was departing, and then the breathing became feebler; then a pause; then a few more breathings. Another pause, longer than before; again a few more gentle respirations; and then he simply ceased to breathe, at twenty minutes to ten—a little less than five hours after the accident.

"We held our breath, overawed. I shall never forget the silence, the solemnity, the holy calm of that dying hour of the believer. 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'"

Thus passed away suddenly, from the midst of loving friends, one of whom it has been justly remarked, that "Wherever he went his presence was like sunshine; and the sunshine was the reflection of another Presence—even of Him of whom it is said, 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy.'" The peace of God which passeth all understanding, and which had sustained him in bereavement, kept him calm and serene in the dark hours of the mutiny in India, and upheld him in the difficulties and trials of life, enabled him now to triumph over the last enemy—death.

THE BRIDE AND HER DOWRY.

A CLERGYMAN was sent for to visit a girl who was seriously ill. The illness proved fatal, and the mother was left bereaved of her child as well as husband. A few days after her child's funeral the widow called and requested to see the clergyman. She put into his hand a small packet, containing money, which she begged he would give to some society which was sending the Gospel to the heathen world. He opened the parcel, and to his amazement counted out $20. He at once remonstrated with the widow, told her that, gaining her precarious living as a laundress, she surely ought not to give so large a sum. With firmness she urged him to take it, and then said, "How I come to have this large sum is just this: When my child was born, I thought, 'She'll live to get married some of these days,' and I thought I would begin to put by a little sum to be a store for her then, and I began that day with sixpence. You know what happened last week. Well, I thought to myself, 'The heavenly Bridegroom has come, and He has called her home to be His bride; and as He has taken the bride, it is only right He should have the dowry.'"

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 27th.—Luke 16 : 19-31. Golden Text, Prov. 14 : 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text for to-day tell us that "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath *hope* in his death." The Hebrew word is much more expressive, "a just claim," because he is justified by faith. Our subject presents to us two men—the one lost, the other saved. No positive sin is recorded of the lost man, and no righteous action of the saved man. Our Lord, in continuing his discourse of the prodigal son and the elder brother, "said *also* unto His disciples" the parable of the steward, in which He teaches, through this prudent but unprincipled man, the great necessity of making provision for the future. He had done *wisely*, though he had not done *well;* "for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light" (verse 8).

Then He shows the utter impossibility of serving two masters, God and mammon. And the Pharisees, *who were covetous*, heard all these things; and they derided Him. And it was to them this parable was addressed: "There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." The Lord does not condemn either his food or his clothing. Every rich man has a better coat than a poor man, and better food upon his table. This was not his sin; he paid for what he had, and encouraged trade; and no doubt it was better than hoarding up his money.

He seems to have been a religious man, for Abraham calls him "Son," and he calls Abraham "Father." He was more than usually kind-hearted, for even in hell, where his own case was hopeless, he wants to warn his brethren from following him. Most men when in pain have no thought for others; and here, amidst the agonizing torment which makes him besiege heaven for one drop of water, he can think of the lost state of his brethren. What, then, was his sin? That of tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands in our land—perhaps your sin, dear reader: he lived for time, when God had created him for eternity. The sumptuous fare and clothing, the ease and the comfort, the success of business—these were the things he lived for.

Perhaps for one thought he gave to God he would give five hundred to his business or his pleasure. The fashion of his clothing was an object to him. No doubt the invitations to his sumptuous feasts were given to the great and noble; the world was in his heart, and in all this his calculations were for time, not for eternity; for himself, and not for God.

A business engagement could not be postponed, but prayer-meeting *might be.* As a man of business, no doubt every transaction was definite in the extreme, clear, unmistakable; but in his private devotions there was nothing of the kind. A few hurried prayers to appease his conscience, without aim or end—this was all. And in his public devotions it was the same thing. Regular at the synagogue, of course—it was "the thing," he was not a heathen; but in the secret of his soul there was no intercourse between him and God; the ominous silence between him and his Creator had never been broken—it was the stillness of a soul dead in trespasses and sins. And *this* was a man living under the avowed obligation to love the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength, and with all his mind (Luke 10 : 27).

The beggar who lay at his gate had but one earthly desire: it was, "to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table." He did not so much as ask for the broken bread and meat from the table. His calculations were small indeed for time, because he was living for eternity. It was no hardship to him to take his place among the dogs here on earth, because he knew that it was not forever; for he would "enter in through the gates into the city," where "*without* are dogs," etc. (Rev. 22 : 14, 15).

"And it came to pass that the beggar died." Perhaps the dogs missed him more than any one upon earth; but he was not unknown in heaven, for he was "carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." Though he had no one to minister to him on earth, they who "minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation" (Heb. 1 : 14) were waiting for him. "The rich man also died, and was buried." Probably there was a magnificent funeral to celebrate the entry of this ruined soul into its endless misery and desolation. And God lifts the curtain and shows us the great hereafter. We see the rich man in hell—not *because* he was rich, for David was rich, Abraham, Joseph, and many others were rich, who nevertheless faithfully served God.

Why, then, was he found in hell? He was no murderer, no thief, no adulterer, no swearer, as far as we know; but he was guilty of the loss of his own soul. And so are you, my reader, if your soul is not saved. Some one must be guilty of your lost state; either God has been unwilling to save you, or you must be unwilling to be saved, for the Bible is witness that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1 : 15), and "He is the propitiation . . . for the sins of the whole world" (1 John 2 : 2). *Can* you, *do* you, judge it possible that He should make a perfect provision for your salvation and yet be unwilling to save? *Why* then are you not saved? Where can the fault lie but in your own guilty indifference to the claims upon you of that God who formed you for Himself? (Isa. 43 : 21.)

The rich man in hell "lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me." Not knowing God, he made no formal prayers to Him: now all was too real. "And send Lazarus," he said, "that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." Poor unhappy soul, he had made his choice for mammon, and there could be now no reverse. "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst *thy* good things." This is *all* the accusation Abraham lays to his charge. He had wholly, deliberately, and with perfect freedom of choice, chosen to live for time, and the consequences were irreversible. "And likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."

Lazarus was not saved because he was a poor man, but because he honored his God and his own soul. If it is a piteous thing to see a rich man despise his own immortality by living only for time, how much more mad does a poor man seem, who, having so little on earth, yet throws away his chance of heaven!

"And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf FIXED: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence." Here is so clear a declaration from the Lord Jesus Himself, that it is marvellous how men can doubt the eternity of punishment which is the inevitable consequence of deliberately refusing eternal life through Jesus Christ. A man who believes that he is possessed of an immortal soul, and who by his own free will, for most unworthy considerations, refuses, with his eyes open, that salvation which has cost God so much, has proved himself the suicide of his own soul, and unworthy of everlasting life (Acts 13 : 46).

Then most touchingly the unhappy spirit thinks of his brethren: If Lazarus cannot come to me, send him to them. Abraham said, "They *have* Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent." And the answer, how solemn is it! "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." If this was true of them, what must be the condemnation of such as refuse the Son of God speaking from heaven? O reader! if you are unsaved, "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh" (Heb. 12 : 25)

INCIDENTS OF THE PRINCESS ALICE DISASTER.

THE accounts of the terrible calamity which occurred on the Thames, September 3d, have produced a thrill of horror in the breast of every reader. The sad fact that above 800 persons were on the Princess Alice boat when she was struck by the Bywell Castle, and that of that number above 600 perished, is appalling enough; but the narratives of the survivors, as elicited at the inquest and by reporters to the English press, give a realistic picture of individual suffering scarcely ever equalled in the case of any similar catastrophe. The following details may interest our readers:

Mr. H. Drew, manager of the packing department of Messrs. Leaf, silk merchants, Old Change, in the city of London, made the following statement: "I was seated about two or three seats abaft the paddle-box, when I saw a large screw-steamer bearing straight down upon us. When I first saw her she was about three hundred yards off. Our captain gave orders to stop our engines, and I believe they were stopped at the time we were struck; but the ship seemed to come down upon us without altering her course, and struck us on the side of the paddle-box, cutting us nearly in halves. In three or four minutes the vessel went down. My wife and three children were on board, but I don't know what became of them. I suppose they were drowned. (Here the poor fellow burst into tears.) I laid hold of a piece of wood, which I pushed before me, and it kept me up. I was afraid every moment some of the poor people would snatch it from me, for I was surrounded by hundreds—men, women, and children—struggling for life, and shrieking in their agony. It is a sight which I shall never forget if I live for a hundred years. I looked for my wife and children, but could see nothing of them, and I was very nearly done myself when two good fellows, who I found belonged to the barge Charity, caught hold of me, saying, 'All right, old fellow,' and dragged me into their boat."

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon writes in regard to the [illegible] "Mr George Linnecar, 65 Heaton Road, [illegible] a student of my college, escaped by climbing up the funnel of the Princess Alice and [illegible] the Bywell Castle. Having been for years accustomed to the sea, his opportunity of escape was [illegible] than that of the many who knew nothing of climbing and grasping ropes. Yet at the same time [illegible] Providence may rescue a person who is utterly helpless in the water, for one of my esteemed matrons of the Stockwell Orphanage, Miss Fairey, is also among the saved."

Another passenger was Mr. Charlton Harrison, a well-known Good Templar. He had formed the acquaintance of Miss Hanbury, a lovely American girl staying with her brother in London, and had been betrothed to her. Both of them were on board the Princess Alice on that mournful Tuesday, and both lost their lives. Mr. Harrison's brother Arthur, who was on a visit to London, persuaded him and Miss Hanbury to take a day's outing to Rosherville, and, noth ing loth, they had gone together. A pleasant day was spent, and by and by they returned on the Princess Alice. They were together when the fatal collision took place, and we can well imagine the sudden anxiety and grief which seized all as, in a moment, they found what had been a scene of pleasure suddenly transformed into one of unutterable horror. Death was staring every one in the face, and escape seemed impossible.

When the sinking vessel left them both struggling in the river he is said to have kissed her affectionately as the waves beat around them, and exclaimed, "Good-by, dearest, we shall meet in heaven." She supported him in the water for nearly half an hour, and he only sank as she was being lifted into a boat. Although rescued, she died from the general shock to her system ten days afterwards, on September 13th.

The Rev. A. S. Herring, the almoner of the Disaster fund, says that of the 400 families directly involved in the direful calamity there cannot be less than 80 families who have lost both parents, and probably leaving 170 to 200 completely orphans, mostly young. To this terrible catalogue must be added 80 left widows—all but four with families—ranging in their households from one to ten children, and 85 left widowers, only seven without families. The fatherless and motherless children will probably be nigh upon 300. There are, too, some 150 general cases, and the parents on both sides need something for garments of mourning, etc. What a mass of human woe and misery is involved in this one collision, and what a weight of anguish and self-reproach must rest upon the heart of the person or persons for the want of foresight, or perhaps neglect, that caused it!

EVANGELICAL WORK AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THOSE of our readers who visited the Paris Exhibition may have noticed opposite the principal entrance the Salle Evangélique, and the kiosk where Bibles and tracts were distributed.

The efforts made in these buildings to spread the knowledge of the truth among the crowds attracted from all parts of the world by the Exhibition have been greatly blessed. The scenes witnessed at the doors day by day are full of interest. A visitor thus describes some of the applicants for the books and tracts:

DAILY SCENES AT THE PARIS BIBLE AND TRACT KIOSK.

Here come two olive-skinned young Mexicans. Perhaps we may never see them again until we stand together before the judgment-seat of Christ. How delighted they depart with a selection of tracts, and each with a New Testament!

The features of these two picturesquely-dressed men are unmistakably Indian. "We are Gauchos, sir. We show how to lasso wild horses, and nobble them with bolas, or two balls attached to a cord, which is thrown at full gallop, and entangles the animal's legs. Never heard of such a thing as the Bible. As you say it is the Word of God, we will take it home, preserve it, and carefully read it. I never heard before that Jesus died for me; that His blood was shed to put away sin. I shall be astonished to find One loves me so much as to have suffered on my behalf."

Look at this *young negro in sailor's costume*. His jetty face is not unpleasing, and how it beams with animation! "From Senegal," he replies. "I speak and read French, and talk a little Ingaleeze. I do not think I can call again, but if you give me a few more my messmates will gladly accept of them."

Another says, "*Polish*, sir. Oh, thank you! I little thought I should receive such a nice present in my own language on my first visit to the Exhibition."

Another, "I am from *Venezuela*. My object in coming to France is to be cured of a painful disease. I have read Padre Scio's version of the Bible. Ah! you have no idea what a comfort your tracts have been to me. I once stepped into the Salle Evangélique to see if the preaching corresponded with your teaching, and, understanding French, I have endeavored to attend a service every day since. Unworthy of mercy, I have found it through faith in Christ Jesus, my Lord and Saviour."

Another says, "I am *a Hebrew*, and go to the synagogue twice a year, when I confess my sins. I am liberal-minded, and esteem one religion pretty much the same as another. Well, you have your way of thinking and I mine. Yes, I will read this tract and Gospel according to St. John, but I don't think I shall ever be a Christian. What would be the use? Philosophy is my religion."

A schoolmaster comes up and asks if his pupils may each receive a present. "Will they be permitted to read what is given?" "Oh! yes. I have perused some myself, and think them most excellent." "Well, let them come." And a hundred lads eagerly stretch forth their hands, fearing to exhaust our stock; but commending them to patience and good order, all soon depart with happy hearts and faces. May the message of salvation be blessed to every one!

As successive trams and 'busses halt near the kiosk the stream of passers-by swells in volume, and occasionally our energies are fully taxed to meet demands, a thousand or more tracts being delivered as fast as we can give. A large proportion of applicants are French, country visitors being less easy in bearing and graceful in dress than Parisians. The former, too, are generally sunburnt, those engaged in agricultural pursuits wearing the stiffest of new blue blouses, or white starched caps and short skirts.

"For my poor dear mother," a young *female worker* asks, opening her satchel on the window-sill. "She is confined to her bed, and is alone most of the day. Yes, I have had several tracts before, but I have promised to obtain for her any new one you may have. Poor mamma! she has your tracts and the Evangels on the bed, and reads about Jesus, and shuts her eyes, and prays, and thinks; then takes her medicine and goes to sleep, and she says she is very happy. Yes, I am thankful I can earn enough to support us, and when I come home at night I tell her of things in the Exhibition, then read awhile, thank God, and go to rest. How kind of you! If you will let me have a dozen, I will give them to young ladies in the Exhibition, who often ask me to bring them something, but I have not liked to trespass on your generosity." She looked so pleased, and as I watched her run tip-toe across the road, I prayed to God to bless her and her dear mother.

Artillery, cavalry, and infantry soldiers, together with civil, military, and naval officers of all ranks and varied uniforms; police, cab, car, coach, van, and draymen apply; friars of orders white and brown, priests, sisters of charity; ladies and gentlemen on foot, in vehicles, and on horseback accept, and none of the ever-moving, changing, living throng of immortal souls need go away unsupplied.

A Spanish priest, the principal of a college of high standing in one of the chief cities in Spain, after conversing with friends of the kiosk, has become convinced of the truth of the Gospel, but hesitates to give up his position and incur the enmity of his relations.

THE ROUGH DIAMOND.

A Temperance Story of Lancashire Life.

BY MRS. RIGG, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ENGLISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

THE village of Oakham, situated about three miles distant from Manchester, boasted two mills, one large, the other somewhat smaller in its dimensions, and belonging respectively to two wealthy families; the name of the owner of the large mill was Marsden; that of the smaller, Leigh.

The population of the village of Oakham was essentially a mill population, and the houses, or rather cottages, were such as befitted the workers in the mills, having nothing pretty or inviting in their appearance. Besides these, and a few shops—chiefly provision shops—the two manisions belonging to the proprietors of the mills, the house occupied by the parish doctor, the vicarage, the curate's small dwelling, and the unostentatious house of red brick occupied by the Wesleyan minister, with three or four other houses of similar size, were all the buildings besides the church and chapel, at the time of which we write, that the village of Oakham could boast.

One of these houses of red brick, with green shutters, some distance from the Wesleyan minister's—for they were not placed together in a row, but were scattered here and there about the village, as though Oakham thought it desirable that people of the same rank in life should not have too much companionship—was tenanted by a very respectable family (though their means were very limited) of the name of Cookson. They were from the South of England, and the husband was merely a clerk in an office in Manchester, his entire income not amounting to more than seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum.

Mr. Cookson was a very prepossessing and, indeed, a very handsome man, the son of a clergyman, and one of six brothers, all of them handsome; but the father had no means, so one by one, as is the case with too many in similar circumstances, they were sent into offices, when James Cookson soon obtained an income of five hundred dollars a year, then seven hundred and fifty—as we have before stated—but never got beyond.

In early life he became attached to a young and beautiful girl, one of nature's gentlewomen, lovely and delicate in mind and in form. He had no difficulty in pursuading her to be true to him; and so, contrary to the advice of friends, this somewhat imprudent marriage—for the lady had no property worth naming—was contracted. Only one child was the fruit of this union, and at the time at which our story begins he was fourteen years of age, had always been delicate, and was now far advanced in consumption.

Mrs. Cookson did not like Lancashire nor Lancashire ways. Four years ago she had removed with her husband and child from a pretty sea side place not far from London, to this land of smoke and chimneys—removed with the hope of bettering their condition; but the result had not proved satisfactory; their income was scarcely increased at all. Manchester air did not agree with her, and necessitated a removal to Oakham. Here her refinement was continually shocked by the manners of the clogged and hooded denizen of the mills. At certain hours of the day, when, to use their own expression, "the mill was loosed," they turned out by hundreds into the streets hurrying to their homes. Their direct gaze discomforted her, their rudeness terrified her, and she experienced at all times a vague feeling of alarm and distrust of the character of the Lancashire weavers. No doubt this was partially owing to a lack of acquaintance with them, for she made no friends and seldom ventured beyond the streets where the shops were situated. Who was there amongst them, she asked herself, suitable for her to associate with? So she shut herself up in her solitary little dwelling, there to sigh after the sunny skies and the softer manners of her beloved spot—the South of England.

Had her heart been filled with the love of Jesus she would have found an interest in every face she saw, as one redeemed by the blood of Christ and one whom she might win to the knowledge of salvation. The ugly, uniform streets of plain, dirty-looking houses would have been forgotten in the thought of the eternal destinies of those who lived in them; and the very denseness of the population would have made her heart thrill with joy that there were so many around her whom she might bear on her heart in prayer.

When she had been a few weeks resident at Oakham, she hurried one day into one of the little general shops of the village, where bread, butter, groceries, oaten cake, and the Lancashire bannock were temptingly displayed in the window. The owner of the shop was a Mrs. Carson, a tall, gaunt woman, who wore a rough blue linsey-woolsey gown, a large, white, coarse apron, and a clean starched calico cap without trimmings. Mrs. Carson's husband and her two sons were weavers in Marsden's Mill at Oakham. Mrs. Cookson purchased several parcels, together with a large piece of bacon and a few eggs; she paid for them, and was about to direct Mrs. Carson where to send them to, when the latter surprised her with the query, "Yo' gotten a basket to put 'em in?"

"No," said Mrs. Cookson, with some dignity; "I must trouble you to send them; I think I could not carry them myself."

"Where to?" demanded Mrs. Carson, bluntly.

"To Elm Cottage; it is not very far down the road."

"Oh! You be the strangers as has just come to live in the village. Well, yes, I'll send 'em when my lads have done their work."

"If it is inconvenient for you to send them, my servant shall call for them."

"Well," said Mrs. Carson deliberately, and fixing a searching gaze on Mrs. Cookson, "folks as keep a servant do mostly send for their things, or carry them themselves; my lads are always busy, and measter's seldom at home; but I'll send these by and by, never fear." This was intended to be encouraging and pleasant, but poor Mrs. Cookson, in her ignorance of the country and the ways of the people, went away with an almost utter detestation of Oakham generally and of Mrs. Carson in particular. Time and circumstances, however, were destined to show her the value of this rough Lancashire woman.

"Strangers," reflected Mrs. Cookson, bitterly remembering Mrs. Carson's words; "yes, and you hate the sight of strangers." It must be admitted that years ago there was too much truth in this accusation of Mrs. Cookson's, as far at least as the working classes were concerned.

Mrs. Cookson's dislike of this worthy shopkeeper did not diminish with the lapse of time. But reports reached her through the medium of her servant, a faithful young Irish lass, who had lived with her many years and had followed them into Lancashire, which to some extent explained the brusque independence which had annoyed Mrs. Cookson. It appears that the Carsons were well off in the world—being worth some hundreds of pounds—although Mrs. Carson worked and looked, as Maggie, the Irish girl, remarked, "as if she were not worth a five-pound note in the world, except on Sundays, when she comes out quite grand in her black-silk dress, that is so good and stiff that it would almost stand alone, and her black satin coal-scuttle bonnet; but then it is always black, and no doubt she has had them many years, for she scorns the fashions, and things like them would not wear out easily."

"Oh! I think I must have seen her," said Mrs. Cookson to Maggie. "She attends the chapel, does she not? I saw some one as I was coming out, dressed as you describe, and thought I ought to know the face, for she looked hard at me, but I could not remember who it was."

"Yes, ma'am, that was her! She has such peeping, gray eyes, and seems to look you through and through."

"She is a very good woman, I believe, although she is so peculiar."

"Oh, yes! I saw her staying to the sacrament, and she has got some sort of a class on a Sunday afternoon."

"How strong she must be, for she is not a young woman! One would think she needed a little rest on a Sunday."

"Strong, I should think she is: but these Lancashire people, some of them, do seem to be made of iron."

So the years passed somewhat drearily with Mrs. Cookson; she sought no society, and none she had. Had she and her husband been members of a Christian church, that must have brought them into contact with a few worthy people at least, however humble; but though often solicited by the minister and his wife, whose place of worship they attended, to cast in their lot with them, they yet chose to keep outside the pale of the church, for we grieve to say they were not of that happy number who have "chosen the good part," and made sure of "the one thing needful."

The Cooksons were, however, well known and respected in the village. They were quiet, educated, moral people, and though their means were so limited they were unquestionably gentlefolks. Mrs. Cookson was a great reader and an accomplished woman, quite capable of educating and forming the tastes of her son up to a certain age, and between mother and son there existed the purest sympathy, the most untiring affection. But the boy, Allan, was smitten with an insidious and almost hopeless disease, and the poor mother beheld, with a sinking heart, this cherished idol of her soul about to be snatched from her.

Trials seldom come singly, and now while death threatened them on the one hand poverty came on them on the other. Their little savings—the savings of many years—were scattered to the winds by a bad investment, and Mr. and Mrs. Cookson had nothing left to them but their little furniture and their love for each other. This was a great blow, for their little hoard had been got together so slowly, it was the fruit of so many economies and of so much self-denial, that the loss of this little provision for the future seemed doubly hard.

The worst, however, was not over as far as Mrs. Cookson was concerned, for her husband grew sour and morose, took to hard drinking in a vain effort to forget his sorrows, and not unfrequently murmured against Providence.

As was to be expected, difficulties came upon them; sickness brings with it many cares and expenses. This might have been met by ordinary care despite the money loss; but the cost of the brandy that Mr. Cookson was consuming, both at home and in the office at Manchester, was a sad drain on their small income; so that one dreadful morning Mrs. Cookson found herself without money to carry on with, and the poor child needing delicacies which she was wholly unable to procure for him.

"What will Master Allan have for dinner today, ma'am?" asked Maggie. "He won't be able to touch the cold meat."

"No," said Mrs. Cookson; "and whatever I get him it seems to be all the same. He eats nothing, yet I should like to tempt him with something; but, oh! Maggie, things are going against us sadly. We have lost so much money, and—and—" here Mrs. Cookson quite broke down, and sobbed violently.

"Don't, don't, missis," cried Maggie, going close up to her mistress, and touching her hand kindly; then, as though a new light broke in upon her, she asked, "Is it that you are short of money?"

"Oh, yes; and worse. My poor heart will break. When all is over—when what we dread has come to pass, and my poor boy is gone, you will have to leave me, Maggie, for, as things are, I could never pay you your wages."

"Then I will stay with you for nothing," said the girl, vehemently; "but I see what you mean, it is the brandy that master has taken to drink."

"Hush, hush! Maggie, not a word. It is trouble that has done it. He takes it to drown care; a sad, a fatal mistake."

But before Maggie could answer there came a rap at the door, and the girl, drawing aside the curtain, said, with that sudden change of manner from grave to gay, so peculiar to the Irish, "Oh! I do believe it is Mrs. Carson. I just caught sight of her bonnet. What can she want?"

"Run," said her mistress, "and open the door."

It was Mrs. Carson: on her arm she carried a small basket; she wore the famous black bonnet and linsey gown. She asked kindly after Mrs. Cookson.

"Please to walk in," said Maggie, all smiles and sunshine.

Mrs. Carson cast a quick glance round the little drawing-room, and noticed the many little tokens of refinement and good taste, of which her own house was quite innocent. The result was a little embarrassing to her; she felt that she was in the presence of an educated person and a lady, and seemed to fear whether her freedom in calling might not be taken amiss. Mrs. Cookson's tear-stained face, however, recalled her to herself, and the object of her visit.

"How is young measter? Very ill, I fear. I have brought him a few new-laid eggs, and a pot of preserve; perhaps he might like one with his tea sometimes. I would have brought some before, but they are scarce, and the fowls have but just begun to lay."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Carson, and I am extremely obliged to you. My son is gradually sinking—getting worse day by day."

"So they tell me; and yo'—yo' look but sadly. It is grief, I fear. Can I do nought to help yo'?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Carson; mine is a sorrow of the heart."

"Well, yo' know where to look for comfort, I hope?—

'In every sorrow of the heart
Eternal mercy bears a part.'

He is waiting to comfort you. The gre't, loving heart of God feels for yo' in yer sorrow."

Mrs. Cookson looked at her visitor in unfeigned astonishment. She could not understand her. God waiting to comfort her; sympathizing with her in her sorrows, and yet taking her boy; permitting the money loss and the poverty, and worse than poverty, that seemed to be coming upon her; no. He was no God of comfort to her.

"I know nothing of the comfort you speak of, or the love. I only feel that my boy is dying, and that I have other heavy troubles besides. Some people see sunshine through every thing; I see nothing but clouds."

An uneasy movement and a suppressed sigh showed how much this rough Lancashire woman sympathized with this lady in her trouble, and how difficult she found it to say words which would really comfort her.

"I can but advise you to pray and believe that there is mercy in this; the comfort will come. Behind a frowning Providence God hides a smiling face. Perhaps He wants to draw you nearer to Himself. How is the dear laddie? Will yo' let me see him? or would he rather not see an old rough body like me?"

"Oh, no! You shall see him. Come this way. Allan, my dear, here is Mrs. Carson come to see you. I think you know Mrs. Carson."

(*To be continued.*)

STRANGE SCENES AMONG THE HINDOOS.

BY REV. DR. FIELD.

THERE are holy shrines in different countries, which are held sacred by the devotees of different religions ; but there are four chief holy cities —Rome, Jerusalem, Mecca, and Benares. As the devout Catholic makes a pilgrimage to Rome, to receive the blessing of the Holy Father ; as the Jew traverses land and sea, that his feet may stand within the gates of Jerusalem, where he weeps at the place of wailing under the walls of the ancient temple ; as the caravan of the Arab still crosses the desert to Mecca ; so does the devout Hindoo come to Benares, and count it his supreme joy if he can but see its domes and towers, and eternal felicity to die on the banks of the sacred river.

In our recent visit to India we found the appearance of Benares very striking. For two miles it presents a succession of palaces and temples, which are built not only on, but almost *in*, the river Ganges, as Venice is built in the sea ; the huge structures crowding each other on the bank, and flights of steps going down into the water, as if they would receive the baptism of the sacred river as it flowed gently by. It is peculiarly an Indian city, with every feature of Asiatic and of Indian life strongly marked. Its bazaars are as curious and as rich as any in Asia, with shawls of Cashmere, and silks wrought by fine needle-work into every article of costly array. It has also cunning workmen in precious metals and precious stones—in gold and silver and diamonds. One special industry is workmanship in brass.

While rambling about the city, we had an opportunity to see something of *the*

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

of the Hindoos, as we met in the streets a number of wedding processions. The heavenly influences were favorable to such unions. The Hindoos are great astrologers, and give high [illegible] to the conjunction of the stars, and do not marry except when Jupiter is in the ascendant. Just now he rides high in the heavens, and this is the favored time of love. The processions were very curious. The bridegroom was mounted on horseback, tricked out in the dress of a harlequin, with a crowd on horses and on foot, going before and following after, waving flags, beating drums, and making all manner of noises, to testify their joy ; while the bride, who was commonly a mere child, was borne in a palanquin, covered with ribbons and trinkets and jewelry, looking, as she sat upright in her doll's house, much more as if she were a piece of frosted cake being carried to the wedding, than a living piece of flesh and blood that had any part therein.

Altogether the scene was more like a Punch-and-Judy show than any part of the serious business of life. Engagements are often made when the parties are in childhood, or even in infancy, and the marriage consummated at twelve. These child-marriages are a great curse to the country, as they fill the land with their puny offspring, that wither like weeds in the hot sun of India. It is a pity that they could not be prohibited ; that marriages could not be forbidden until the parties had reached at least sixteen years of age.

The people were very polite in hastening to make way for us wherever we came. But we found that it was to avoid pollution ; that if they but touched the hem of our garments, they would have had to run to the Ganges to wash away the stain !

It is always interesting to study a country or a religion in its capital. As we go to Rome to see Romanism, we come to Benares to see Hindooism, or Buddhism, which rules a larger part of mankind than any other religion. Benares is full of temples and shrines. Of course we can only visit a few of the more sacred. The first that we entered was like a menagerie. It was called

THE MONKEY TEMPLE ;

and rightly so, for the place was full of the little creatures—it fairly swarmed with them ; they were overhead and all around us, chattering as if they were holding a council in the heart of a tropical forest. The place was for all the world like the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens in London, or in the Central Park in New York, and would be an amusing resort for children were it not regarded as a holy place—one for religious worship. But a glance shows the stranger that the monkeys are here, not to worship, but to be *worshipped*. According to the *Pantheism* of the Hindoos, all things are a part of God. Not only is He the Author of life, but He lives in His creatures, so that they partake of His divinity ; and therefore whatsoever thing liveth and moveth on the earth—beast, or bird, or reptile—is a proper object of worship.

But the monkeys were respectable compared with *the hideous idol* which is enthroned in this place. In the court of the Temple is a shrine, a Holy of Holies, where, as the gilded doors are swung open, one sees a black divinity, with thick, sensual lips, that are red with blood, and eyes that glare fiendishly. This is *the goddess Doorgha*, whose sacred presence is guarded by Brahmin priests, so that no profane foot may come near her. While they kept us back with holy horror from approaching, they had no scruples about reaching out their hands to receive our money. It is the habit of strangers to drop some small coin in the outstretched palms, but I was too much disgusted to give to the beggars. They were importunate, and said the Prince of Wales, who was there recently, had given them a hundred rupees.

In another part of the city is

THE GOLDEN TEMPLE,

devoted to *the god Shiva*, which divides with that of the monkeys the homage of the Hindoos. Here are no chattering apes, though the place is profaned with the presence of beasts and birds. Some dozen cows were standing or lying down in the court, making it seem more like a stable or a barn-yard than a holy place. Yet here was *a fakir* rapt in the ecstasies of devotion, with one arm uplifted, rigid as a pillar of iron. He was looked upon with awe by the faithful who crowded around him, and who rewarded his sanctity by giving him money ; but to our profane eyes he was a figure (though disguised under the pretence of spirituality) as palpable to the sight as the peacock who spread his tail and strutted about in the filthy inclosure.

The great sight of Benares is the bathing in the Ganges. This takes place in the morning. We rose early the next day, and drove down to the river, and, getting a boat, were rowed slowly for hours up and down the stream. It is lined with temples and palaces, which descend to the water by flights of steps, or *ghauts*, which at this hour are thronged with devout Hindoos. By hundreds and thousands they come down to the river's brink, men, women, and children, and wade in, not swimming, but standing in the water, plunging their heads and mumbling their prayers, and performing their libations, by taking the water in their hands and casting it towards the points of the compass, as an act of worship to the celestial powers, especially to the sun.

As the boatmen rested on their oars that we might observe the strange scene, we started with horror to see a corpse in the water. It was already half decayed, and obscene birds were fluttering over it. But this is too common a sight in Benares to raise any emotion in the breast of the Hindoo, whose prayer is that he may die on the banks of the Ganges. As the body drifts down with the stream, or becomes food for the fowls of the air, he imagines that the soul floats to its final rest in the Deity, as surely as the Ganges rolls onward to the sea.

But, look ! here is another scene. We are approaching the Burning Ghaut, and I see piles of wood, and human bodies, and smoke and flame. I bade the boatmen draw to the shore, that we might have a clearer view of this strange sight. Walking along the bank, we came close to the

FUNERAL PILES.

Several were ready, waiting to be lighted. It is the custom of the Hindoos that the nearest male relative applies the torch. Here was a body just dressed for the last rites. It was wrapped in coarse garments, perhaps all that affection could give. Beside it stood a woman, watching it with eager eyes, lest any rude hand should touch the form which, though dead, was still beloved. I looked with pity into her sad, sorrowful face What a tale of affection was there !—of love fo the life that was ended, and the form that wa cherished, that was soon to be but ashes, and t float away upon the bosom of the sacred river.

What the river Nile, which the ancient Egyptians worshipped, is to Egypt, the Ganges is t a part of India, giving life and verdure t plains that but for it were a desert. As it burst through the gates of the Himalayas, and sweep along with resistless current, cooling with its ic breath the hot plains of India, and giving fertility to the rice-fields of Bengal, it may well see to the Hindoo the greatest visible emblem Almighty power and Infinite beneficence.

In the Hindoo creed the Ganges has all th virtue and the divine power that belongs in th Christian system to the blood of Christ. makes atonement for sins that are past. " H that but looks on the Ganges," says the Hindo proverb, " or that drinks of it, washes away th stains of a hundred births ; but he that bathe in it washes away the stains of a thousan births."

The spectacle of such superstition produced strong revulsion of feeling, and made me tu away from these waters, that cannot cleanse th guilty soul nor save the dying, to the Migh Sufferer, whose blood was shed for the sins the world and cleanses from all sin, and I seemed to hear voices in far-off Christian lands sing :

" E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming blood has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

As we passed along the banks of the Gange I thought what tales that stream could te Could we but listen in the dead of night, wh sounds we might hear ! Hush ! hark ! The is a footstep on the shore. The rushes on t bank are parted, and a Hindoo mother comes the water's edge. Look ! she holds a child her arms. She starts back, and with a shri casts it to the river monsters. Such scenes a not frequent now, because the Government h repressed them by law, though infanticide fearfully common in other ways. But even secretly—" darkly, at dead of night"—does f aticism sometimes pay its offering to the ri which is worshipped as a god.

This is what Hindooism does for the mot and for her child. Thus it wrongs at once ch hood and motherhood and womanhood. W that thinks of such scenes can but pray tha better faith may be given to the women of dia, that the mother may no longer look w anguish into the face of her own child, as doomed to destruction, but, like any Christ mother, clasp her baby to her breast, thank God who has given it to her, and bidden keep it, and train it up for life, for virtue, for happiness ?

At Benares we observed, in sailing up down the Ganges, that the river had undermi a number of temples built upon its banks, that they had fallen with their huge colu and massive architecture, and were lying in ken and shapeless masses, half covered by water. What a spectacle of ruin and deca the Holy City of the Hindoos ! This is a f lustration of the process which has been g on for the last half century in regard to I dooism. The waters of education and Gos preaching and civilization are washing it a and by and by the whole colossal fabric, b up in ages of ignorance and superstition, come crashing to the earth. Hindooism fall, and great will be the fall of it.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1878.

12th Year. No. 6—New Series.

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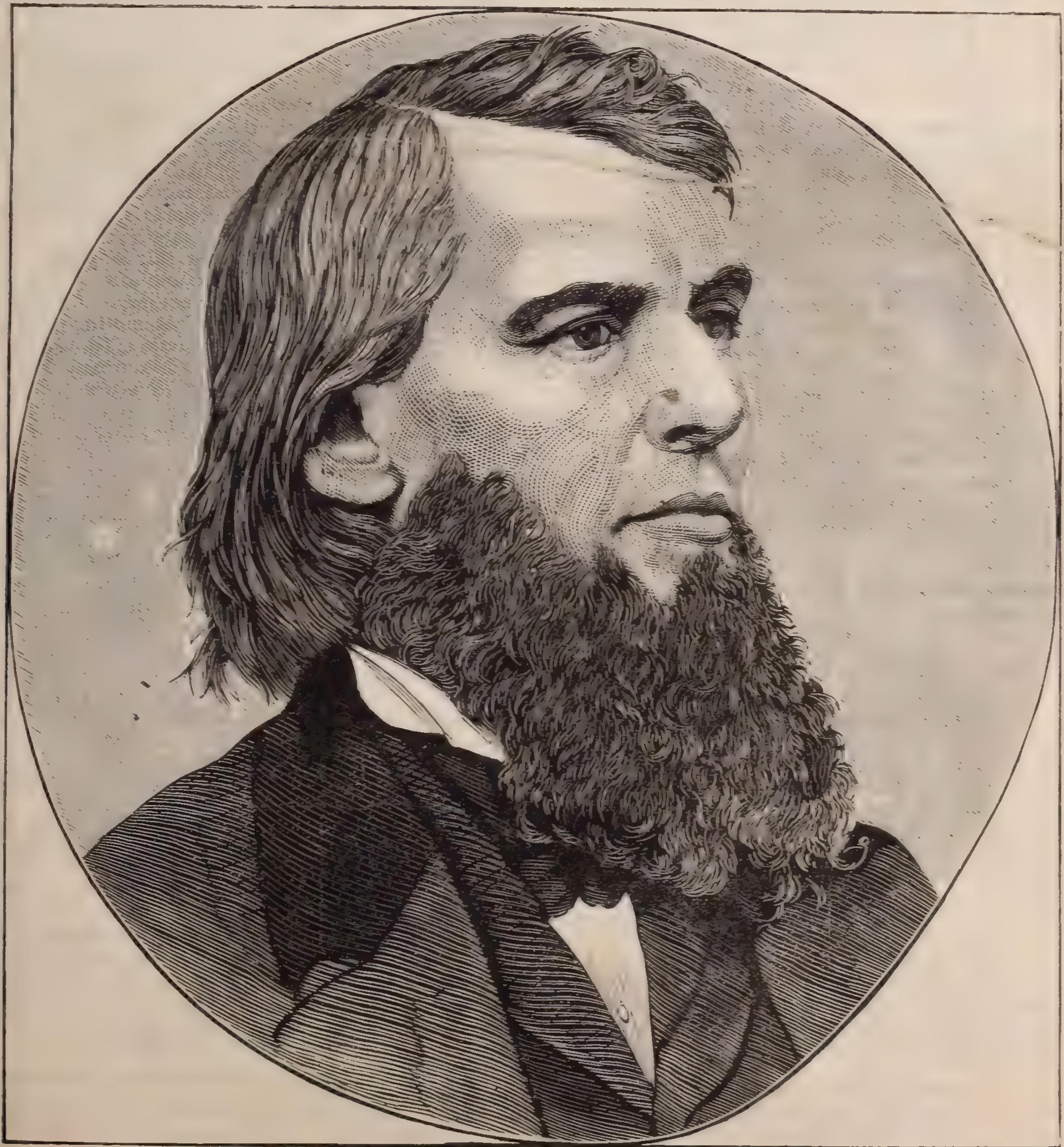

JOHN B. GOUGH, the Temperance Orator.

JOHN B. GOUGH,

The Temperance Orator.

His Early Life in England, and Emigration to New York—Hardships and Privations—Sends for His Family—His Mother's Death—His former Intemperance and Hair-breadth Escapes—His Marriage—Attacked by Delirium Tremens—His Reformation—Visits to England, etc.

John Bartholomew Gough was born at Sandgate, near Folkestone, in the county of Kent, on August 22d, 1817. *His father* had been a soldier, and fought in the Peninsular War, obtaining a medal with six clasps, with which he retired from active service, on a pension of twenty pounds per annum. The old pensioner was evidently pleased to avail himself of every opportunity to tell the graphic stories of his battles and glorious victories, to which his young son listened with deepest interest; but beyond the fascination of his military history there was not much in the stern old soldier to draw forth the lad's affections. But he writes of his *mother*—"Her heart was a fountain whence the true waters of affection never ceased to flow. Her very being seemed entwined with mine, and ardently did I return her love. For the long space of twenty years she had occupied the humble position of schoolmistress in the village."

John was early sent to school at Folkestone, and made good progress, so that he was able to help in the instruction of younger lads before he left school, which happened soon after he reached the age of ten years. About this time an *accident nearly put an end to his life.* As he was [illegible] excavated [illegible] roadside, when running home from school one day, the man who was working threw up a spadeful of the earth, and unfortunately struck the lad on the head with the sharp edge of the spade. He fell insensible, and for many days his life was despaired of; and though after long and anxious waiting his parents had the joy of seeing the greater danger pass away, the dreadful fear that his reason was permanently impaired still remained. However, this fear also was removed; but the effects of that terrible blow remain to the present day, and are specially felt during the excitement of public speaking.

The venerable and devoted *William Wilberforce* resided, during a few of the summer months, at Sandgate, for the benefit of his health. Young Gough had heard much of the great philanthropist, and was not a little delighted when his father took him to the only gentleman's lodgings, where a prayer-meeting was held. How it was the lad could not tell, but he attracted Mr. Wilberforce's attention, who patted him on the head, said many kind things, and expressed wishes for his welfare. He also presented him with a book, and wrote with his own hand his name on the fly-leaf. Young Gough, for his age, was considered to be a very good reader, and Mr. Wilberforce requested him to read to him. He did so, and called forth an expression of pleasure from the venerable listener. The lad never forgot the old man's kindly words.

Gough's *mother's circumstances* were very much *straitened* at times, although, in addition to school-keeping, she worked industriously at making a kind of lace, then very fashionable, and in the manufacture of which she excelled. On one occasion, when their necessities absolutely required extra exertion, she took her basket of work and travelled eight miles and a half to the town of Dover. Arriving there, footsore and heart-weary, she threaded the streets and lanes with her lace, seeking vainly for customers; and after reluctantly abandoning the pursuit, she turned her face supperless towards home. During her absence, a gentleman had sent for John to the library, and was so pleased with his reading that he made him a *present of five shillings* ($1.25), and Mr. Purday, the librarian, in addition, gave him sixpence. Soon afterwards, on entering the house, he found his mother sitting in her chair, bathed in tears. On asking her what was the matter she drew him close to her, and, with a mournful expression, told him that all her weary journey had been fruitless—she had sold nothing. With joy he drew *the crown* piece and the sixpence from his pocket, and placed them in her hand; and then with feelings of delight they knelt down, whilst she poured out her heart in thankfulness to God for the relief so seasonably provided.

It is remarkable that the first money we hear of the young orator possessing should have come into his hands as the result of the exercise of his elocutionary powers.

When young Gough was twelve years of age, his father, finding himself unable to furnish the premium necessary to provide a trade, agreed with a Sandgate family, who were about *emigrating to America*, to take his son for a consideration of ten guineas, which he paid them, and teach him a trade, and provide for him until he was of age. After a long and painful struggle, his mother yielded to the arrangement. John was in high glee at the prospect before him, and on the 4th of June, 1829, he left his native village. The parting from his mother was most affecting; he says: "My poor mother folded me to her bosom; then she would hold me off at arm's length, and gaze fondly on my face, through her tearful eyes, reading—as only a mother could—the book of futurity for me."

During his brief stay in London he was gratified and excited by many of the great attractions of the city. On the 10th June the little company in which John had found this new life left the Thames in the ship Helen, and on the 3d of August, *fifty-four* days after sailing (a voyage which now only takes *nine* days), the ship stood off Sandy Hook. The party stayed two months in New York City, when they started for the *farm in Oneida county*—their goal. John remained here two years; but it was a dull, unprofitable kind of life to him. During that time he was never sent either to day or Sunday school, and his thirst for knowledge grew intense in the barren waste to which he seemed banished. All his letters home had been read by his master before they were posted; John now determined, however, to communicate with his father without interference, and to ask permission to go to New York and learn a trade. To do this he sold his jack-knife to find money for the postage. As soon as reply was possible he obtained the permission that he sought; and on December 12th, 1831, he quitted Oneida county for New York City.

He reached New York with but fifty cents in his pocket; and with but a few things, his all in the world, in a little trunk which he carried. He obtained employment at the Methodist Book Concern as errand-boy, and to learn the book-binding business, for which he was to receive two dollars and a quarter per week. He obtained lodgings, with board, at a cheap boarding-house, at two dollars per week. Thus the lonely lad, at the age of fourteen, *entered upon his life in New York City.*

A deep sense of his loneliness often oppressed him. Thus he writes: "As I was working, I fell into a train of thought respecting my desolate situation; and, as I mused, the scalding tears fell in large drops on the paper I was using. Into the very depths of my sorrow a kind heart looked; for, whilst I was weeping, *a young lady came to me*, and asked me what was the matter? Her tone of kindness and look of sympathy won my confidence, and I informed her of the particulars of my little history. When I had finished my tale she said, 'Poor distressed child! you shall go home with me to-night.' I did so; and, when I arrived at her house, I saw her mother, who was engaged in frying cakes on the stove. The young girl took her mother aside into an inner room, and presently the latter came out and said to me, '*Poor boy, I will be a mother to you.*' These words fell like refreshing dew on my young heart; and mother and sister, indeed, did the benevolent Mrs. Egbert and her daughter prove to me."

Soon after this he joined the church in Allen Street, and after a time sent home for his father, mother, and sister, and in August, 1833, his mother and sister joined him, but his father, fearing to lose his pension, did not accompany them. John's income at this time was three dollars per week, not a luxurious sum on which to support the trio, but love made amends for all their wants.

They lived comfortably together until November following, when, owing to a want of business, John lost his situation. This was a severe blow, and it was followed by another misfortune, for his sister, who had obtained employment as a straw-bonnet maker, lost her situation soon after. Finding it necessary to retrench in expenditure, they gave up their two rooms, and occupied only one, dividing it into compartments at night by hanging up a temporary curtain. The rent was now reduced to fifty cents a week, and all their goods and chattels were contained in the garret whch they continued to occupy untll his mother's death.

On the 8th of July, 1834, Mrs. Gough who had for some time been in a condition of great bodily weakness, was seized with apoplexy while cooking a meal, and suddenly expired. When John came home a 8 P.M. his sister met him at the door and exclaimed, "John, mother's dead!"

Her funeral was very humble; but th only two mourners, her son and daughter shed tears of more genuine sorrow tha frequently fall when

"Some proud child of earth returns to dust."

J. B. Gough says: "She was buried without a shroud, her shoes on her feet. Her

THE RESCUED SON OF FARMER O'SHAUGHNESSY.

By Henry Martin.

(*Continued from page* 80.)

THEN said Mrs. Boland, "Mr. Moran replied to me, 'Your sons nobly risked their lives to save Farmer O'Shaugnessy and his family from the burning house; but Christ Jesus actually gave up His. He drank the bitter cup of death, and shed His blood for the remission of sins; endured the Cross, despising the shame; died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God.'

"'But,' I inquired, 'how am I to get to God by Jesus Christ? What am I to do? Surely something is necessary on our part. I have my own notions, Mr. Moran, on the matter, notions received in our own Church, which is the thrue one.'

"'I am aware, Mrs. Boland,' he replied, 'that you have your ideas upon these things, and they differ a good deal from mine. But I will simply state to you what God's own true book says. These are its words: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16 : 31). "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4 : 5); "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life"' (John 3 : 16).

At this stage of Mrs. Boland's account of the conversation, a friend dropped in on a visit to Mrs. Dogherty; indeed she was known to Mrs. Boland also. She was a widow, clad in her mourning weeds, and though she bowed her head, and thus contrived to partly conceal her face, it was not difficult to discover that her eyes were inflamed with weeping.

"What," said Mrs. Dogherty, "cannot you forgive the great Lord yet for taking your husband to Himself? I am ashamed of you, Mrs. Moriarty—you ought to have more sense. Shure and we're all in the Lord's hands, and should take kindly what He's plazed to send us."

Mrs. Dogherty was another example of how much easier it is to give rebuke against murmuring at bereavement than to take it. She proved but as one of Job's comforters, who "broke him in pieces" with their words. At her admonition the poor woman, lately widowed, broke out into a loud burst of weeping. After some time, commanding her voice so as to be able to speak, she said:

"My tears now are not so much caused by the loss of my husband, as from my utter want of power to do any thing to help him."

"Why, then, what in the world do you mane?" ejaculated Mrs. Dogherty: "why the Lord has taken him to Himself, and what can you now have to do with him?"

"Would to God," sobbed out Mrs. Moriarty, "that I could believe what you say! but you well know, Mrs. Dogherty, that our Church holds and teaches that there is a Purgatory—a 'little hell,' as some of our books call it—a place of fire, where souls are in trial for a season to fit them for the presence of the Lord; and Father Burke himself told me this very morning that for ages untold they may be there, before the purifying process is complete; for that to his knowledge 'indulgences' for reducing the time by a hundred thousand years have been often granted by our Holy Father the Pope to those who could and were willing to pay for them.

"Oh dear, only think of it! this hour my husband, my dear Peter Moriarty, may be in pain such as has no likeness in this world—may be writhing in torture, which is to continue it may be for centuries, and I can't hinder it! My blood runs cold at the thought of it, and I am ready to weep out my very eyes with sorrow!"

"But, Mrs. Moriarty, ma'am," broke in Mrs. Boland, "cannot you get masses said for his repose? that would shorten his pain and imprisonment, you know; for the mass, you understand, is an oblation both 'for the living and the dead.'"

"So Father Burke reminded me this morning," answered the widow; "and, moreover, told me the fees that were to be paid—but here lies the very ground of my trouble. My poor husband, as you are aware, wasn't a prosperous man, and died in debt, and I haven't the money that our good priest says it is the custom to pay, and which indeed he requires. I asked him wouldn't my own prayers and penances do something for Peter—that I would be willing to spend my life in mortification and fasting if it would get him release.

"His reply was that it might indeed be of some little avail; but that as he was a man in holy orders, holding 'the keys,' able to bind and loose—having, by 'vartue' of his office, special divine and sacramental powers—one mass said by him would effect more in my husband's behalf than ten thousand prayers and penances by any one merely belonging to the laity.

"Upon this, I went down upon my knees before him, and clasping my hands, while the tears streamed down my cheeks, I besought him in the name of the Virgin and all the saints—as a friend of our own in the Church, who had long known my husband, and had often and often eaten and drank the best in our house—to say a few private masses, to ease my mind and to relieve the soul of my beloved Peter, for that I couldn't bear the thought of his enduring countless years of agony that might be prevented. He seemed a good deal surprised at my intensity of feeling, and was plainly touched at my sorrow.

"He gave me a momentary look of pity, but then said, 'Mrs. Moriarty, you make a strange request—I never heard the like. Ma'am, it is quite unreasonable: those who serve at the altar should live by the altar. There are regular fees laid down by the Church for these things. I feel for you, ma'am, but we must keep to rules, for no one can tell where it may stop if once they are broken. But, Mrs. Moriarty, your husband, you know, will have the benefit of the regular and ordinary services of the Church, for in every mass said, the world over, the faithful, both living and dead, have an interest.'

"'Yes, Father Burke,' I replied, 'I am fully sinsible of that—it has been taught me from childhood; but is it not the case that special masses have special power, and help to shorten the sojourn of a soul in Limbo, else why are they said? Why, when Bishop Nagle died, High Mass was said for the repose of his soul, at which dozens of priests assisted; and the same was done for the soul of Lord M——, who died a good Catholic, and by the same token you then took part in the Office for the dead yourself, for I was in the chapel and saw you there.

"'I know well that a poor body like me can't have High Masses said for Peter, and I don't ask it. It's a privilege which God and the Virgin, I suppose, from its high cost, must have only intended for the very good and the very rich; but couldn't you, as my husband's priest for years, say, as I have besought you, a few private masses for him? I'd pay if I had the money; but God knows me and my husband's poor childer are in a sore case, for if all we have was sold off it wouldn't leave a five-pound note behind after paying what's owing.

"'Why,' I added—for I felt that indignant I couldn't keep it in, though he was a priest—'if *I* had the power which you say *you* have, and could by any thing that I could do save a human soul, and especially the soul of a friend, from one hour's fiery pain, not to spake of scores of years, I feel sartin in myself I'd never bate an effort, paid or onpaid, to accomplish it. Think of it, sir. My husband's soul is in torturing fire.'"

At this last assertion of Mrs. Moriarty—as if the words suggested to her mind the occurrences of the past night at the fire, and forgetting at the moment the slur which her remark would cast upon the priests of her Church, who so stand upon their declared rights—Mrs. Dogherty cried out, "That's what your good man and his brave sons, Mrs. Boland, did at the burnin', as you told us. They rushed to the rescue, and never rested effort until they were safe from the flames. They weren't content with ordinary endeavors, but put forth their highest efforts to keep from pain their fellow-creatures."

"Ah! but, friends," replied Mrs. Boland, "they couldn't help it; the farmer's case was visible, and all before their eyes, and they forgot themselves at the sight. Your husband's case, however, Mrs. Moriarty, is different. Father Burke doesn't see your husband's soul in purgatory, and therefore can't so feel for him. You know they say 'seein' is believin',' and, I should think is feelin' too;" that it was

"Aye, but when he thought I had come to engage his priestly offices for payment," responded Mrs. Moriarty—"that is when I first cum into his house—he so described to me the pains of souls in purgatorial flames, that you'd think he was actually looking on at them. Oh dear, dear! can he have believed all he said? If he does, it passes all understanding how he can rest one hour from doing his highest endeavor to relieve and release them;" and at these words poor Mrs. Moriarty again burst passionately into tears.

Looking at her in sympathy, both the friends present kept for a time silent; but after a while Mrs. Boland, as though thinking aloud, said, "Ah! but isn't it a fine thing to be rich—fine for this world and fine for the next! With plenty of money in your purse, there's nothing to hinder you from having the best to eat and drink in this life, and then, when you die, from having but a short lodgin' of it in the 'little hell' called Purgatory, in the next. Aye, both the world and the Church will be your humble servant if you only have the money.

"But then," added Mrs. Boland, after a little reflection, "that, too, seems 'quare,' for Mr. Moran told me this morning that God's own book said, 'Woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation;' that it was 'easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God;' but that 'blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;' that all the blessings of Christ's Gospel were offered to us 'without money and without price;' that the last promise in the Book said (Rev. 22 : 17) 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life *freely*.'

"Can it be," she continued, "that what Mr. Moran said, too, about this Purgatory, is true, that there is no such place, but that with the faithful to be 'absent from the body' is to be 'present with the Lord'—that it is only an invention of our priests to get money from us? It looks like it, though; for while living we have to pay for absolutions, christenings, churchings, and marryings; and when dead for burials and masses; the rule is—'no pay, no priestly work.' Even when the body is in the grave, and the soul in Limbo, they put their hands into our pockets, which last they couldn't do if there was no Purgatory.

"Thank God," she added, "it 'is not said 'that the man whose priest shall call upon the Lord for him shall be saved,' but that he may do all the calling his own self, and find it effectual. God give me grace to receive His offer! In His holy name I think I'll thry it." With these words she left her seat, and bidding her friends, Mrs. Dogherty and Mrs. Moriarty, good-day, departed to fulfil her intended business in the town.

We have since found out that her declared purpose to call upon God for herself was not a mere temporary impulse. She did call upon Him, casting her soul by faith into the strong and loving and saving arms of her crucified Saviour. As every one experiences who acts thus, she found salvation, peace, and pardon—obtained deliverance for her soul's life, just as Leonard O'Shaugnessy, the lad, did for his bodily life: who, simply dropping from the window of the burning house into his father's embrace, became "saved; yet so as by fire."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Thanksgiving Day marks the nation's acknowledgment of the Divine Being "from whom all blessings flow." It will, we trust, be devoutly observed by our readers, and we hope it will prove, for all, a day of spiritual blessing. We have, as individuals, and as a nation, innumerable blessings, for which we should render thanks, and as a Christian people it becomes us to take advantage of the opportunity of doing so in a public and solemn manner, prostrating ourselves in spirit before our Father, "from whom descends every good and every perfect gift."

The British Quarrel with Afghanistan has at last developed into hostilities. A column of English troops has marched into the Khyber Pass, and on Thursday, November 21st, opened fire on Fort Alimusjid. The cannonading continued through the day, the Afghan guns being well served and aimed. As night closed the firing ceased, and on Friday morning the Afghans evacuated the fort, alarmed, it is conjectured, by the appearance of a second British column which had advanced up the bed of a stream to attack them in the rear. The British force then took possession of the fort.

A fact of ominous significance is announced—viz., that the Russian General Kaufman has sent the Ameer of Afghanistan a present of a sword, with an address of sympathy, wishing him a speedy victory over his enemies. The address also speaks of the present as a pledge of friendship and unchanging affection, and boasting that "whoever sides with Russia need not fear that a hair of his head will be injured." If Russia intends protecting her interesting *protégé's hair*, she should lose no time in sending him help, for it is most assuredly in imminent danger; but if the Ameer is wise he will read a little of the history of those nations who in former times have put their trust in Russia before he follows their example.

In the Political World the period of quiescence which usually intervenes between the elections and the meeting of Congress has set in. Until Congress assembles politics may to a certain extent be considered a stagnant theme. Meanwhile Republican journals are loud in their denunciation of the manner in which the elections in the South are said to have been conducted. They contend that the *solid* South was *solidified* into Democratic shape by very unconstitutional methods; that intimidation and fraud operated at the polls, and that the same forces are being used to prevent a thorough investigation of the alleged malpractices. Democratic journals, on the other hand, assert that the charges are mere romance; that the issue of the elections in the South was such as might have been anticipated from the conduct of the late and present administrations; and that this year's marvellous crop shows that the white and colored populations are not actuated by the antagonism the Republican journals would have us believe.

The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise made their formal entry into Halifax on Monday last, November 25th. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested, and a hearty reception was given them. For three miles the houses were festooned with evergreens and decorated with flags. As the Sarmatian, with the vice-regal party, steamed into the harbor, the fleet formed in double line, and the crews manned the yards and cheered lustily, and a royal salute was fired from the batteries. Presently boats put out from the vessel, and as they neared the quay the crowds on the shore gazed eagerly at the occupants. In a few minutes the Marquis of Lorne was seen lightly springing on shore and handing out the lady who had been sitting next him, and the ringing cheers that resounded from the crowd proclaimed that the new Governor-General had landed. A procession was formed, and the party proceeded to the Provincial Building, where the Marquis was duly sworn in as Governor-General. Congratulatory addresses followed, to which Lord Lorne gracefully replied.

The Voyage of the Marquis of Lorne from Liverpool to Canada was an unusually tempestuous one. The vessel encountered several very severe storms, and nearly every one on board suffered from sea-sickness. On one occasion a billow that must have weighed twenty tons descended on the vessel, crushing in the smoking-room and deluging the decks and some of the berths with water. The Princess Louise suffered sadly with sea-sickness, and to the disappointment of the officers and crew was unable to appear on deck during the voyage. The patent swinging berths, which it was hoped would neutralize the motion of the vessel, were found to be useless and were made firm. The Marquis of Lorne made a brave stand against the elements, and when not down below encouraging his wife spent most of his time on deck. Whatever show of homage is offered to royalty on land, it is manifest that on the ocean a very decided equality is in force, and the sea and the winds are no respecters of persons.

The commencement of the train of circumstances which have led to the Afghan war is traced, in a remarkable article which the Conservative *Globe* published lately, to *Queen Victoria's assumption of the title of Empress of India*—the perilous bit of stage effect by which Lord Beaconsfield inaugurated his "Imperial policy." In the autumn of 1876 Lord Lytton sent an invitation to the Ameer Shere Ali to attend the great Delhi assembly, when the Queen of England was proclaimed Empress of India. Shere Ali, however, saw clearly that to accept such an invitation would be to give up his position as an independent monarch.

It was scarcely to be expected that an independent ruler, with an army of 60,000 men, would voluntarily reduce himself to the position of a British satrap. Accordingly no answer was sent to the invitation. Thus began the unfriendly relations between the Anglo-Indian Government and the Ameer of Afghanistan, which have grown worse and worse, till they have issued in what is likely to prove a bloody, costly, and useless war.

The Depression in English Trade seems to become more marked every day. At Todmorden the mills are either working on short time or have been stopped altogether. A great deal of distress already prevails. At a meeting at Oldham the operatives resolved to resist the proposed reduction of ten per cent in wages. The reduction will affect 20,000 hands and 8,000,000 spindles. Ten thousand persons are already on strike. At Preston there are 205 pairs of mules, containing nearly 315,000 spindles, idle, besides which many mills are working short time. The short-time movement is extending in Burnley. The cotton trade in Chorley is very depressed.

In the shipbuilding yard of Elder & Co., Govan, where 3000 men are engaged, the workmen are to be employed only forty-five hours per week instead of fifty-one. Coming so close upon the seven and a half per cent reduction, this has caused some sensation among the men in the trade. The men at several firms on the Clyde have struck against the reduction. Between 6000 and 7000 hands engaged in the engine works at Crewe have just had notice of resumption of short time, the reduction consisting of seven and a half hours per week. Notices have been posted at most of the Carnarvonshire slate quarries announcing a reduction of seven per cent in the wages of the quarrymen. The notice of a reduction of wages given by the farmers of Kent and Sussex to their men expired on Saturday, and was followed by a strike. The most trying part for the laborers and their Unio is the question of lodgings, for the farmers hav in most instances told the laborers that if the leave their employ they must also leave thei cottages. In many districts of England, th landowners, when they let a farm to a tenant place at his disposal for the use of his employé a number of cottages, which he "underlets" a he chooses.

enough with him in the bar-room, were the very individuals who seemed most *ashamed of his acquaintance*—by no means a new or exceptional experience. He says, "I felt that I was shunned by the respectable portion of the community also; and once, on asking a lad to accompany me in a walk, he informed me that his father had cautioned him against associating with me. This was a cutting reproof, and I felt it more deeply than words can express. And could I wonder at it? No!"

To drown the sense of mortification thus aroused, Gough would drink, not so much from love of the liquor as to become stupefied by its fumes and so steep his sorrows in a half oblivion; and, as might be expected, from this miserable stupor he would wake to a fuller consciousness of his situation, which he again would banish by drinking. This continued for some months.

"I was now," he says, "the slave of a habit which had become completely my master, and which fastened its remorseless fangs in my very vitals. Thought was a torturing thing. When I looked back, memory drew fearful pictures, in lines of lurid flame; and, whenever I dared anticipate the future, hope refused to illumine my onward path. I dwelt in one awful present; nothing to solace me—nothing to beckon me onwards to a better state." Even the sudden death of a companion drunkard made no impression on him.

At this extremity Gough went to hear a lecture delivered by the first reformed drunkard, Mr. J. J. Johnson, who visited Newburyport. He stood for ten minutes at the door, and heard the speaker, in graphic and forcible terms, depict the misery of the drunkard, and the awful consequences of his conduct. He says, "I knew he was right, and I turned to leave the church, when a young man offered me the pledge to sign. I actually turned to sign it; but at that critical moment the appetite for strong drink, as if determined to have the mastery over me, came in all its force. Oh, how I craved it! and, remembering that I had a pint of brandy at home, I deferred signing, and let the golden opportunity pass away."

Soon after this he set his bed on fire while intoxicated, and was rescued by neighbors discovering the fire in time. Not long afterwards his drinking brought on

DELIRIUM TREMENS

with all its horrors. "For three days," he says, "I endured more agony than pen could describe. Hideous faces appeared on the walls, and on the ceiling, and on the floors; foul things crept along the bedclothes, and glaring eyes peered into mine. I was at one time surrounded by millions of monstrous spiders, that crawled slowly over every limb, whilst the beaded drops of perspiration would start to my brow, and my limbs would shiver until the bed rattled again. Strange lights would dance before my eyes, and then suddenly the very blackness of darkness would appal me by its dense gloom. All at once, whilst gazing at a frightful creation of my distempered mind, I seemed struck with sudden blindness. And then the scene would change: I was *falling*—*falling* swiftly as an arrow—far down into some terrible abyss; and so like reality was it that, as I fell, I could see the rocky sides of the horrible shaft, where mocking, gibing, mowing, fiend-like forms were perched; and I could feel the air rushing past me, making my hair stream out by the force of the unwholesome blast."

God spared him yet again; and he rose, a weak, broken-down man. Thoughts of his mother now haunted him, and he asked himself how had he obeyed the instructions received from her lips, and to what advantage had he turned the lessons she taught him. Her countless prayers and tears were recalled—thoughts of what he had been but a few short months before in contrast to his present situation; and, in the excitement of the moment, he resolved to lead a better life, and abstain from the accursed cup. This he did *for about a month;* then his wife came home, and, in his joy at her return, he flung his good resolutions to the wind, and, unwisely fancying that he could restrain his appetite, he took a glass of brandy. That glass aroused the slumbering demon. Another and another succeeded, until he was again far advanced in the career of intemperance. The night of his wife's return he went to bed intoxicated. Thus from bad to worse he fell.

He soon left his situation, and joined a travelling panorama, and, leaving his wife behind, went from town to town with the show. Lower and lower he sank, often being utterly unfit, through drink, to perform his parts in the entertainment.

From this point in his career we briefly summarize the remainder of his eventful life to the present period. On the last Sunday of October, 1842, as he was walking in a street in Worcester, U. S., in a state of wretchedness and degradation, he was accosted by Joel Stratton, a waiter in a Temperance Hotel, who in kindly tones entreated him to sign the pledge. He did so the next evening, and from that time there dates a new epoch in his career.

He then began to lecture at teetotal meetings, and his success as a public speaker led to his addressing large audiences in many towns of the United States. In 1852 he received an urgent invitation from the London Temperance League to lecture in England. He arrived on July 31st, 1853, at Liverpool, with the intention of returning to America after ten weeks' lecturing. But so enthusiastically was he received, and such was the effect of his unequalled oratory, that he was induced to remain for two years, and to deliver 438 lectures in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

He again visited England for three years, from 1857 to 1860, and delivered 605 lectures.

He is now in England again, and is attracting immense audiences.

Mr. John Bright on the Whiskey Question.—At a meeting of the Haddington Established Presbytery, the Rev. Dr. Whitelaw read a letter from Mr. John Bright, the eminent English statesman, in which the following passages occurred: "The *great whiskey question* is one which your friends may consider with some advantage. *If all the ministers of the Scotch churches* were to banish whiskey from their houses, and the consumption of it from their customs or social habits, they would do much to discredit and to withdraw one fertile source of poverty and suffering in Scotland. Many of what you term 'virtuous poor' suffer much from the evil of whiskey in connection with members of their families."

THE NIGHT OF THEFT.

A Sermon preached November 24th, by Dr. Talmage.

THE RESULT OF A MIDNIGHT EXPLORATION OF THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

> "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."—ST. LUKE, 10:30.

The Scene of the Outrage—Who are our Neighbors—Brooklyn Criminal Statistics—New York a Great Depot of Crime—A Den of Thieves—Whispering at the Tables—The Inevitable Rum—The Apprenticeship of Crime—The Boss Thieves—Adroit Workmen—Who gets the Proceeds—Blackmailers—Water Thieves—A Pitiable Class—Where does Crime come from—Roguery's Day of Prosperity—The Practical Significance of the Subject—What Crime costs—Criminals can be Reformed—Jerry McAuley's Work—Three Things Anyone can do—Two Young Men in Trouble—The Deluge of Mercy.

THIS attack of highwaymen was in a rocky ravine, which gives to robbers a first-rate chance. So late as 1820, on that very road, an English traveller was shot and robbed. This wayfarer of the text not only lost his money and his apparel, but nearly lost his life. His assailants were not only thieves, but assassins. The scene of this lonely road from Jerusalem to Jericho is repeated every night in our great cities—men falling among thieves, getting wounded, and left half dead.

In this series of Sabbath-morning discourses on the night side of city life, as I have recently explored it, I have spoken to you of *the night of pauperism, the night of debauchery and shame, the night of official neglect and bribery, and now I come to speak to you of the night of theft*, the night of burglary, the night of assassination, the night of pistol and dirk and bludgeon. You say, What can there be in such a subject for me? Then you remind me of the man who asked Christ the question, "Who is my neighbor?" and in the reply of the text Christ is setting forth the idea that wherever there is a man in trouble, there is your neighbor; and before I get through this morning, if the Lord will help me, I will show you that you have some very dangerous neighbors, and I will show you also what is your moral responsibility before God in regard to them.

I said to the chief official, "Give me two stout detectives for this night's work—men who are not only muscular, but who look muscular." I said to these detectives before we started on our midnight exploration, "Have you loaded pistols?" and they brought forth their firearms and their clubs, showing they were ready for any thing. Then

I SAID, "SHOW ME CRIME;

show me crime in the worst shape, the most villanous and outrageous crime. In other words, show me the worst classes of people to be saved by the power of Christ's Gospel."

I took with me only two officers of the law, for I want no one to run any risk in my behalf, and, having undertaken to show up the lowest depths of society, I felt I must go on until I had completed the work. One of the officers proposed to me that I take a disguise lest I be assailed. I said, "No; *I am going on a mission of Christian work, and I am going to take the risks*, and I shall go as I am." And so I went.

You say to me, "Why didn't you first look after the criminal classes of Brooklyn?" I answer, it was not for any lack of material. Last year, in the city of Brooklyn, there were nearly 27,000 arrests for crime. Two hundred burglaries. Thirteen homicides. Twenty-seven highway robberies. Forty thousand lodgers in the station-houses. Three hundred and thirty-six scoundrels who had their pictures taken for the Rogues' Gallery, without any expense to those who sat for the pictures! Two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property stolen. Every kind of crime, from manslaughter to chicken thief. Indeed, I do not think there is any place in the land where you can more easily get your pocket she ended a long life of faithful work for others—a life of patient struggle, fighting nobly, lovingly, and hopefully the battle of life. Her worn body rests in hope, and He who wept at the grave of Lazarus watches the sleeping dust of his servant. Yes, life and immortality are brought to light through the Gospel. My poor mother sleeps as sweetly as if entombed in a marble sarcophagus ; and, thank God, she will rise as gloriously when 'He who became the first-fruits of them that slept' shall call His humble disciple to come and 'be forever with the Lord.' "

After this J. B. Gough got employment in New York, and his sister obtained a situation elsewhere. John was therefore alone, and was consequently subject to temptations from which he might have been saved if a loving sister only had been at hand to watch over him. Being *a good singer*, and having the imitative faculty largely developed, his company was sought after by young men, whose thoughtless and drinking habits were all too soon adopted by the lonely youth. *The theatre was now his frequent resort ;* and to be an actor soon became the one sole ambition of his life.

His efforts to procure a situation in a theatre were not, however, successful, though he obtained some encouragement for his hope of ultimately doing so by the applause with which a comic song which he sang at the Franklin Theatre was received.

During this period Gough worked pretty steadily at his business ; but such were his growing habits of dissipation, that, although receiving five dollars a week, he squandered every penny, and was continually in debt. His proceedings, too, became characterized by a hitherto unfelt recklessness. One morning a young man came to him, and informed him that a great fire had broken out down the street. (Gough had belonged to a volunteer fire-engine company, and also to a dramatic society, and these had greatly tended to increase his habits of irregularity.) He passed by the information lightly, saying, "Let it burn on, it won't hurt me."

He was then at breakfast, and, when he had finished it, some one informed him that the fire was in the neighborhood of the shop where he worked. This, of course, alarmed him, and he proceeded toward his place of business, where he arrived just in time to see the flames bursting through the workshop windows. By this disaster he lost what he could ill afford—an overcoat and some books ; and, worse than this, he was thrown out of employment, so that, as he says, "I *was* injured by the fire, which I had so confidently thought could not hurt me."

Mr. Gladding, after the fire, removed to Bristol, Rhode Island, where he set up in business, and Gough went again into his employ for about a year ; at the end of that time, however, Mr. Gladding failed, and John was again obliged to seek for occupation. He proceeded to Providence, Rhode Island. Here he succeeded in procuring work at Mr. Brown's, in Market Row, and experienced much kindness at his hands.

Alas ! the dissipated habits that he had formed followed him, and grew upon him. Business was distasteful ; and a company of actors coming at that time to perform in Providence, Gough made their acquaintance, and, following their counsel, gave himself up to the stage. Very short-lived was the gratification. The theatre was closed, Gough and the other members of the company were discharged, and received no payment of the salaries due to them, and, worse still for him, his reputation was injured, and he was unable to obtain employment. His drinking habits now became more uncontrollable, and he was soon reduced to absolute want.

At this extremity he was found by a person named Barry, who wanted to engage some actors for a theatre in Boston, and who took him back to Boston, where he obtained an engagement as low comedy actor. This, like the former engagement, soon terminated ; and, like the former again, left him without his hard-earned remuneration.

Through the kindness of a woman, Gough was kept from starvation until he again obtained some employment. This he at last did, at Mr. Benjamin Bradley's ; and in his employ he continued until the month of January, 1838, when he was discharged. The reason assigned by Mr. Bradley for his dismissal was what might have been expected from a knowledge of his habits. Mr. Bradley said Gough was too shabby in appearance for a shop, and it was his opinion, as well as that of others, that he drank too much.

Gough again obtained employment, but at very small wages, at Newburyport ; and for a few weeks managed to keep free from the intoxicating cup. As he was now comparatively steady, he gave great satisfaction to his employer ; but this state of things, unhappily, did not last long, for he had such a longing for convivial society that he soon formed an acquaintance with companions who were calculated to destroy any resolutions of amendment which he had formed ; and, before long, he again neglected his business, and still further injured both his reputation and health.

As work fell off, and its wages became insufficient, Gough embraced another occupation, and entered into *an arrangement with the captain of a fishing-boat* to go a voyage with him down Chaleur Bay. His sea experiences were somewhat severe ; but, as there was no rum on board, he was forced to keep sober. When, however, he went on shore, he made up for forced abstinence, and a visit to another vessel was generally accompanied by a carousal, if rum was by any means to be obtained. In consequence of what is commonly called a "spree," *his life* was, at one time, placed in considerable *jeopardy*. .

He, with others, had been on board a neighboring vessel, and, on returning at night, he was intoxicated. The boat was rowed to the side of their craft, and he was so much under the influence of drink that he lay unnoticed at the bottom of the boat. When the rest of the crew got on board, the hook was fastened in the bow of the boat, which was drawn up. In consequence of this, as the bow was hoisted with a jerk, Gough was *flung violently to the stern*, and the force of the blow effectually awakened him. He called out just in time to avoid *being thrown overboard*, and was soon rescued from his perilous position. So was his life again saved by a merciful God.

"And yet," he writes, "at this time I did not consider myself to be —what in reality I was—*a drunkard*. Well enough did I know, from bitter experience, that character, situations, and health had been lost in consequence of my love of ardent spirits. I felt, too, an aching void in my breast, and conscience frequently told me that I was on the broad road to ruin ; but that I was what all men despised—and I among them detested—viz., *a drunkard*, I could not bring myself to believe."

On their return voyage they were in imminent danger of drifting on the rocks through a violent storm, and were only saved by the wind suddenly shifting. Wrecks strewed the coast ; a vessel went down with all on board but a short distance from them ; and the schooner that started in their company from the Bay went on shore and every man perished.

On arriving at Newburyport, after being at sea, Mr. Gough engaged to work at his own business again with Mr. Tilton. "Not long afterwards," he says, "I entered into the matrimonial state, and commenced housekeeping, having earned money sufficient by my fishing voyage to purchase some neat furniture. In my new condition I might have done well, for I had every prospect of success, had it not been for my craving after convivial society, which, in spite of having a home of my own, I still felt."

But, unfortunately, he soon became involved in *a dissipated social network*, whose fatal meshes too surely entangled and unfitted him for the active exertion now rendered doubly necessary. He continued at his work for a few months, when, business becoming slack, he again went on a fishing excursion for six weeks, with his wife's brother.

While at Newburyport, Mr. Gough for some time attended the church of which Mr. Campbell was the minister ; and he speaks well of the kindness both of the pastor and of several of the members. It seemed a favorable opportunity to return to the impressions and resolves of his earlier years, an opportunity which surely would not be neglected ; but he says, "My desire for strong liquors and company seemed to present an insuperable barrier to all improvement ; and after a few weeks every aspiration after better things had ceased, every bud of promised comfort was crushed. Again I grieved the Holy Spirit that had been striving with my spirit, and ere long became even more addicted to the use of the infernal draughts, which had already wrought me so much woe, than at any previous period of my existence."

And now his circumstances began to be desperate indeed. His efforts to obtain work failed ; and at last he became so reduced that at times he did not know, when one meal was ended, where he should find another. Further mortification awaited him. The young men with whom he had associated in bar-rooms and parlors, and who wore a little better clothing than he could afford, one after another *shunned him*. The cold look, the averted eye, the half recognition, to a sensitive spirit such as his, was treatment almost past endurance. To add to this mortification, it happened that those who had laughed the loudest at his songs and stories, and who had been social picked, or your house burglarized, or your signature counterfeited, or your estate swindled, than in Brooklyn; but crime here is on a comparatively small scale, because we are a smaller city. *The great depots of crime for this cluster of cities are in New York.* It is a better hiding-place, the city is so vast, and all officers tell us that when a crime is committed in Jersey City, or is committed in Brooklyn, the villain attempts immediately to cross the ferry. While Brooklyn's sin is as enterprising as is possible for the number of inhabitants, crowd one million people on an island, and you have a stage and an audience on which and before whom crime may enact its worst tragedies.

There was nothing that more impressed me on that terrible night of exploration than *the respect which crime pays to law when it is really confronted.* Why do those eight or ten desperadoes immediately stop their blasphemy and their uproar and their wrangling? It is because an officer of the law calmly throws back the lappel of his coat and shows the badge of authority. The fact is that government is ordained of Heaven, and just so far as the police officer does his duty, just so far is he a deputy of the Lord Almighty. That is the reason Inspector Murray, of New York, sometimes goes in and arrests four or five desperadoes. He is a man of comparatively slight stature, yet when one is backed up by omnipotent justice he can do any thing.

I said, "What is this glazed window, and who are these mysterious people going in and then coming out and passing down the street, looking to the pavement, and keeping a regular step until they hear a quick step behind them, and then darting down an alley?" This place, in the night of our exploration, was what the Bible calls "A DEN OF THIEVES."

They will not admit it. You cannot prove it against them, for the reason that the keeper and the patrons are the acutest men in the city. No sign of stolen goods, no loud talk about misdemeanors, but here a table surrounded by three or four persons whispering; yonder a table surrounded by three or four more persons whispering; before each man a mug of beer or stronger intoxicant. He will not drink to unconsciousness; he will only drink to get his courage up to the point of recklessness, all the while managing to keep his eye clear and his hand steady.

These men around this table are talking over last night's exploit; their narrow escape from the basement door; how nearly they fell from the window-ledge of the second story; how the bullet grazed the hair. What is this bandaged hand you see in that room? That was cut by the window glass as the burglar thrust his hand through to the inside fastening. How did that man lose his eye? It was destroyed three years ago by a premature flash of gunpowder in a store lock.

Who are these three or four surrounding this other table? *They are planning for to-night's villany.* They know just what hour the last member of the family will retire. They are in collusion with the servant, who has promised to leave one of the back windows open. They know at what time the man of wealth will leave his place of dissipation and start for home, and they are arranging it how they shall come out of the dark alley and bring him down with a slung-shot. No sign of desperation in this room of thieves, and yet how many false keys, how many ugly pocket-knives, how many brass knuckles, how many revolvers!

A few vulgar pictures on the wall, *and the inevitable bar.* Rum they must have to rest them after the exciting marauding. Rum they must have before they start on the new expedition of arson and larceny and murder. But not ordinary rum. It is poisoned four times. Poisoned first by the manufacturer; poisoned secondly by the wholesale dealer; poisoned thirdly by the retail dealer; poisoned fourthly by the saloon-keeper. Poisoned four times, it is just right to fit one for cruelty and desperation. Those men have calculated to the last quarter of a glass how much they need to take to qualify them for their work. They must not take a drop too much, nor a drop too little.

These are the PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS of the city, between twenty-three and twenty-four hundred of them in this cluster of cities. They are as *thoroughly drilled in crime* as for good purposes medical colleges train doctors, law colleges train lawyers, theological seminaries train clergymen. These criminals have been apprentices and journeymen; *but now they are boss workmen.* They have gone through the freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior classes of the great university of crime, and have graduated with diplomas signed by all the faculty of darkness. They have no ambition for an easy theft, or an unskilled murder, or a blundering blackmail. They must have something difficult. They must have in their enterprise the excitement of peril. They must have something that will give them an opportunity of bravado. They must do something which amateurs in crime dare not do.

These are the men who come in to examine the directory in the back part of your store while their accomplices are in the front engaging you in conversation, then dropping the directory and *investigating the money-safe.* These are the forgers who get one of your cancelled checks and one of your blank checks, and practise on the writing of your name until the deception is as perfect as the counterfeit check of Cornelius Vanderbilt, indorsed by Henry Keep, in 1870, for $75,000, which check was immediately cashed at the City Bank.

These are the pickpockets, six hundred of them in this cluster of cities who sit beside you in the stage and help you pass up the change! They stand beside you when you are shopping, and help you examine the goods, and weep beside you at the funeral, and sometimes bow their heads beside you in the house of God, doing their work with such adroitness that your affliction at the loss of the money is somewhat mitigated by your appreciation of the skill of the operator!

The most successful of these are females, and, I suppose, on the theory that if a woman is good she is better than man, and if she is bad she is worse. *She stands so much higher up than man that when she falls she falls farther.*

Some of these criminals, pickpockets, and thieves also take the garb of clergymen. They look like doctors of divinity. With coats buttoned clear up to the chin, and white-cravated, they look as if they were just going to pronounce the benediction, while they are all the time wondering where your watch is, or your portmonnaie is. A thousand of the professional criminals do nothing but snatch things. They go in pairs, one of them keeping your attention in one part of the store, the other doing a lively business in another part of the store. At one end of the establishment the proprietor is smiling graciously on one who seems to be an exquisite lady, while in another part of the same establishment a roll of goods is taken up by a copartner in crime and put in a crocodile pocket, large enough to swallow every thing.

These professional criminals are the men who break in the windows of jewelry stores and snatch the jewels, and before the clerks have an opportunity of knowing what is the excitement, are a block away, looking innocent, ready to come back and join in the pursuit of the offender, shouting with stentorian voice "Stop thief!"

You wonder whether these people get large accumulation? No. Of the largest haul they get only a fifth, or a sixth, or a seventh part. *It is the receiver of stolen goods that gets the profit.* If these men during the course of their lives should get $50,000, they will live poor, and die poor, and be poor to all eternity.

Among these professional criminals in our cities are THE BLACKMAILERS— those who would have you pay a certain amount of money or have your character tarnished. If you are guilty I have no counsel to give in this matter; but if you are innocent let me say that no one of integrity need ever fear the blackmailer. All you have to do is to put the case immediately in the hands of Superintendent Walling of the New York police, or Superintendent Campbell of the Brooklyn police, and you will be vindicated. Depend upon it, however, that every dollar you pay to a blackmailer is toward your own everlasting enthralment. A man in a cavern fighting a tigress might as well consent to give the tigress his right hand, letting her eat it up, with the supposition that she would let him off with the rest of his body, as for you to pay any thing to a blackmailer with the idea of getting your character cleared. The thing to be done is to have the tigress shot, and that the law is willing to do. Let me lay down a principle you can put in your memorandum-books, and put in the front part of your Bible, and in the back part of your Bible, and put in your day-book, and put in your ledger—this principle: that *no man's character is ever sacrificed until he sacrifices it himself.* But you surrender your reputation, your fortune, your home, and your immortal soul when you pay a farthing to a blackmailer.

Who are these men in this room at Hook Dock, or at the foot of Roosevelt Street? They are professional criminals. Under the cover of the night they go down through the bay, or up and down the rivers. Finding two men in a rowboat going to some steamer, or to one of the adjoining islands, they board the boat, rob the two men of their money, and if they seem unreasonably opposed to giving up their money, taking their lives, and giving them watery graves. These are the men who lounge around the solitary pier at night, and who clamber up on the side of the vessel lying at wharf, and, finding the captain asleep, give him chloroform to help him sleep, and then knock the watchman overboard, and take the valuables. Of this class were Howlett and Saul, who by twenty-one years of age had become the terror of the twenty-one miles of New York City water-front, and who wound up their piracy by a murder on the bark Thomas Watson, and crossed the gallows, relieving the world of their existence.

But in all these dens of thieves we find THOSE WHO EXCITE ONLY OUR PITY— people flung off the steeps of decent society. Having done wrong once, in despair they went to the bottom. Of such was that man who last Wednesday, in New York, stole a roll of goods, went to the station-house, said he was hungry, and asked to be sent to prison. Of such are those young men who make false entries in the account-book, resolved to "fix it up," or who surreptitiously borrow from the commercial establishment, expecting to "fix it up;" but sickness comes, or accident comes, or a conjunction of unexpected circumstances, and they never fix it up." *In disgrace they go down.* Oh! how many, by force of circumstances, and at the start with no very bad idea, get off the track and perish!

A gentleman sitting in this assemblage this morning told me of an incident which occurred in a large commercial establishment—I believe the fourth in size in the whole country. The employer said to a young lady in the establishment, "You must dress better." She said, "I cannot dress better; I get $6 a week, and I pay $4 for my board, and I have $2 for dress and for my car fare; I cannot dress better." Then he said, "You must get it in some other way." Well, I suppose she could steal. I do not know how that incident affects you; but when it was told to me it made every drop of my blood, from scalp to heel, tingle with indignation. The fact is that there are thousands of men and women dropping into dishonesty and crime by force of circumstances and by their destitution. Under the same kind of pressure you and I would have perished.

It is despicable to stand on shore laughing at the shipwrecked struggling in the breakers when we ought to be getting out the rockets and the lifeboat and the ropes from the wrecking establishment. How much have *you* ever done to get this class ashore? In our city of Brooklyn we grip them of the police. Then we hustle them into a court-room amid a great crowd of gaping spectators. Then we throw them into the worst jail on the continent—Raymond Street Jail. We put them in there with three or four confirmed criminals, and then actually deny $500 to the chaplain, who is giving his time for the alleviation of their condition, and putting our refusal of the $500 on the ground that if we support that thing in the penitentiary, and if we have religious services there, it will be so much like uniting Church and State.

But, says some one at this point in my discourse:

"WHERE DOES ALL THIS CRIME COME FROM?"

Let me tell you that New York is now paying for the political dishonesties of ten years ago. Do you believe that the political iniquities of 1868, 1869, 1870, and 1871 could be enacted in any city without demoralizing the community from top to bottom? Look at the sham elections of 1868 and 1869. Think of those times when *a criminal was auditor* of public accounts, and honorable gentlemen in the legal profession were put out of sight by shyster lawyers, and some of the *police magistrates were worse than the criminals arraigned before them*, and when the most notorious thief since the creation of the world was a State Senator, holding princely levee in the Delavan House at Albany. Ah! my friends, those were the times when thousands of men were put on the wrong track. They said: "Why, what's the use of honest work when knavery declares such large dividends? What's the use of my going afoot in shoes I have to pay for myself, when I can have gilded livery sweeping through Broadway supported by public funds?" The rule was, as far as I remember it: Get an office with a large salary; if you cannot get an office with a large salary, get an office with a small salary, and then steal all you can lay your hands on, and call them "perquisites;" and then give subordinate offices to your friends and let them help you on with the universal swindle, and get more "perquisites."

Many of the young men of the cities were then eighteen years of age. They saw their parents hard at work with trowel and yard-stick and pen, getting only a cramped living, while those men who were throwing themselves on their political wits had plenty of money and no work. Do you wonder that thousands adopted a life of dissipated indolence? Ten years having passed, they are now twenty-eight years of age, and in full swing of vagabondism. The putrid politics of ten years ago sowed much of the crop which is now being harvested by the almshouse and the penitentiary.

But you say,

"WHAT IS THE PRACTICAL USE OF THIS SUBJECT?

Have I any relation to it?" You have; in the last judgment you will have to give answer for your relation to it. Through all eternity you will feel the consequences of your relation to it. I could not waste my time nor your time in a discussion if there were not some practical significance to it.

First of all, I give you a statistic which ought to make every office table, and every counting-room desk, and every money-safe quake and tremble. It is the statistic that larcenies in New York City, directly and indirectly, cost that city $6,000,000 per year. There are all the moneys taken, in the first place. Then there are the prisons and the station-houses. Then there are the courts. Then there is the vast machinery of municipal government for the arraignment and treatment of villany. Why, the Court of Sessions and the police courts cost the City of New York about $200,000 per year. The police force directly and indirectly costs the City of New York over $2,000,000 a year, and all that expenditure puts its tax on every bill of lading, on every yard of goods, on every parlor, every nursery, every store, every shop, every brick from foundation to capstone, every foot of ground from the south side of Castle Garden to the north side of Central Park, and upon all Brooklyn, and upon all Jersey City, for the reason that the interests of these cities are so interlocked that what is the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all, and what is the calamity of one is the calamity of all.

But I do not, this morning, address you as financiers: I address you as moralists and Christian men and women, who before God have a responsibility for all this turpitude and scoundrelism, unless in every possible way you try to stop it and redeem it. "Oh!" says some one in the house, "such criminals as that cannot be reformed." I reply: Then you are stupidly ignorant of Christianity. Who was the man on the right-hand cross when Jesus was expiring? A thief—a dying thief. Where did he go to? To heaven. Christ said to him: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." In that most conspicuous moment of the world's history, Christ demonstrating to all ages that *the worst criminal can be saved!*

Who is that man in the Fourth Ward, New York, preaching the Gospel every night of the week, and preaching it all the year round, and bringing more drunkards and thieves and criminals to the heart of a pardoning God than any twenty churches in Brooklyn or New York? Jerry McAuley, the converted river thief. That man took me to his front window the other evening, and he said, "Do you see that grog-shop over there?" I said, "Yes; I see it." "Well," he said, "I once was pitched out of that by the proprietor for being drunken and noisy. The grace of God has done a great deal for me. I was going along the street the other day, and that man who owned that groggery then, and who owns it now, wanted a favor of me, and he called to me. He did not call me drunken Jerry; but he said *Mister* McAuley—*Mister* McAuley!" Oh! if the grace of God could do as much for that man, it can save any outcast. If not, then what is the use of Paul's address when he says, "Let him that stole steal no more?"

I will tell you something—I do not care whether you like it or not—that at last, in heaven, there will be five hundred thousand converted thieves, pickpockets, gamblers, debauchees, murderers, and outcasts, all saved by the grace of God, washed clean and prepared for glory. That exquisite out there gives a twitch to his kid glove, and that lady brings the skirt of her silk dress nearer her, as though she were afraid of having that truth tarnish her.

"Why," says some one in the house, "are you going to make heaven such a common place as that?" I do not make it common. God makes it common. *It is to be the most common place in the whole universe.* By that I mean they are going to come up from all classes and conditions, and from the very lowest depths of society, washed clean by the grace of God, and entering heaven.

But, say some people, "What am I to do?" I will tell you three things, anyhow, you can do. *First, avoid putting people in your employ amid too great temptation.* You can take a young man in your employ and put him in a position where nine hundred and ninety-nine chances out of a thousand are that he will do wrong. Now, I say you have no right to do that. If you have any mercy on the criminal classes, and if you do not want to multiply their number, look out how you put people under temptation.

In the second place, you can do this: *you can speak a cheerful word when a man wants to reform.* What chance is there for those who have gone astray? Here they are in the lowest depths of society, first of all, with their evil proclivities; then, with their evil associations. But suppose they conquer these evil proclivities, and break away from them. Now, they have come up to the door of society. Who will let them in? Will you? No; you dare not. They will go all around these doors of decent society, and find five hundred, and knock—no admittance; and knock—no admittance; and knock—no admittance. Now, I say it is your duty as a Christian man to help these people when the
want to come up and come back.

There is *a third thing* you can do, and that is
be the stanch friends of prison reform associations, home missionary societies, children's ai
societies, and all those beneficent institution
which are trying to save our cities. But perhap
I ought to do my own work now, leaving your
for you to do some other time. I will now d
that work. Very probably there is not in al
this house one person who is known as a criminal, and yet I suppose there are scores of persons in this house who have done wrong.

Now perhaps I may meet their case healthfully and encouragingly when I tell them wha
I said to

TWO YOUNG MEN.

One young man said to me: "I have take
from my employer $2500 in small amounts, bu
amounting to that. What shall I do?" I sai
"Pay it back." He said, "I can't pay it back.
Then I said, "Get your friends to help you pa
it." He said, "I have no friends that will hel
me." Then I said, "I will give you two item
of advice: First, go home and kneel down before God and ask His pardon. Then, to-morro
morning, when you go over to the store, get th
head men of the firm in the private office, an
tell them you have something very important t
communicate, and let the door be locked. The
tell the whole story and ask their pardon.
they are decent men—not to say any thing abou
their being Christians or not Christians—if the
are decent men, they will forgive you and hel
you to start again." "But," he said, "suppos
they don't?" "Then," I said, "you have th
Lord Almighty to see you through, and no ma
ever flung himself at Christ's feet but he wa
helped and delivered."

Another young man came to me and said, "
have taken money from my employer. Wh
shall I do?" I said, "Pay it back." "Well,
he said, "I took a very large amount—I near
paid it all back." I said, "Now, how long b
fore you can pay it all back?" "Well," he sai
"I can in two weeks, but my conscience distur
me very much, and I want your counsel."
was a delicate case. I said to him, "You a
sure you can pay it in two weeks?" "Ye
but," he said, "suppose I die?" I said to hi
"If you can pay that all up, every farthi
of it, in two weeks, pay it, and God don
ask you to disgrace yourself or your family, a
you won't die in two weeks. I see by the wa
you have been paying this up that you are goi
to be delivered. Ask God's pardon for what y
have done, and never do so again."

It is very easy to be hard in making a rule, b
I say the *Gospel of Jesus Christ is a Gospel*
mercy, and wherever you find anybody in troub
get him out. "Let the wicked forsake his wa
and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and
him turn unto the Lord."

The fact is, *these cities are going to be redeem*
You know there is going to be another delug
"Why," you say, "I thought the rainbow at t
end of the great deluge, and the rainbow aft
every shower, was a sign that there would nev
be a deluge again?" But there will be anoth
deluge. It will rain more than forty days a
forty nights. The ark that will float that delu
will be immeasurably larger than Noah's ark,
it will hold a quadrillion of passengers. It w
be the deluge of mercy, and the ark that flo
that deluge will have five doors—one at t
north, to let in the frozen populations; one
the south, to let in the sweltering and the s
burned; one at the east, to let all China co
in; one at the west, to let America in; one
the top, to let Christ, with all His flashing tr
of cherubim and archangel, enter. O ship
salvation! sail on. With all thy countless frei
of immortals, put for the eternal shore.
thunders of the last day shall be the cannon
that will greet you into the harbor. Church
umphant, stretch down your arms of light ac
the gangway to welcome into port church m
tant. "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omni
tent reigneth." Hallelujah! Amen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the kiosk of the Crystal Palace Bible Stand at the Paris Exhibition on October 2d. They expressed great interest in the work, particulars of which were given them by Mr. James Alexander, who has had the superintendence of it, and accepted a copy of the smallest Bible in the world, a book printed at Oxford, England, in minute type and on very thin, silky paper. On leaving, the Prince and Princess each made a handsome contribution to the fund. The kiosk is now closed. Nearly a million and a half of Gospels and New Testaments in 22 languages have been given to applicants at its wickets, the number last Sunday alone being 41,000, and English, French, and other influential visitors have evinced cordial sympathy with the undertaking, which is regarded as having been highly successful.

The Author of "Home, Sweet Home," Howard Payne, a genial-hearted, kind little man, was walking with a friend in the great city of London, and pointing to one of the aristocratic streets in Mayfair, where wealth and luxury had the windows closed and curtained lest the least warmth and light should go out, or the smallest air of cold winter come in, where isolated exclusive English comfort was guarded by a practical dragon of gold, he, this tiny man with a big heart, said: "Under those windows I composed the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as I wandered about without food, or a semblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote those words that issued out of my heart by absolute want of a home have I passed and repassed in this locality, and heard a sweet voice coming from within these gilded, fur-lined, comfortable walls, in the depth of a dim, cold London winter, warbling 'Home, Sweet Home,' while I, the author of them, knew no bed to call my own."

The Girl and the King.—The King of Prussia, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them the king thanked them. Then taking an orange from a plate he asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?" "The *vegetable* kingdom, sire," replied a little girl. The king took a gold coin from his pocket, and, holding it up, asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the *mineral* kingdom," said the little girl. "And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the king. The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the *animal* kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his majesty should be offended. Just then it flashed into her mind that "God made man in His own image," and, looking up with a brightening eye, she said, "To *God's* kingdom, sire." The king was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom." Thus did the words of a child move the heart of a king.

Sabbath Rest.—It is a well-established fact that more real work is performed by those who labor only for six days than those who devote all the seven to unremitting toil. It has been proved in the case of the overwrought statesman and professional man, as well as in that of the 'bus-driver, who works for sixteen hours from one week's end to the other. In this occupation few pass the age of fifty years. The celebrated Mr. William Wilberforce, so well acquainted with all the great statesmen at the beginning of this century—with Pitt, Fox, and the other giants of those days—has recorded that "he could name several of his contemporaries in the vortex of political cares whose minds have entirely given way under the stress of intellectual labor, so as to bring on premature death." Sir David Wilkie's experience was that "the artists who wrought on Sabbath were soon disqualified from working at all." Lord Chancellor Bacon, Sir Matthew Hale, and Sir William Blackstone, amongst our judges, contribute the same testimony, and give their experience of the moral injury caused by the practice. The latter says "that a corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath."

Ruth Elliott's Heavenly Vision.—One of the most rising of our young authoresses died last week. She was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Peck, a Wesleyan minister of Chelmsford, England. Although only twenty-eight years of age, she had written a large number of excellent religious tales.

She was fragile in health, and of a highly nervous temperament, which makes the experience of her closing hours very noteworthy. She seemed to feel a great dread of the estate of death the very day before she departed; but in her last hour this quiet, calm, meditative spirit was alive with joy. She had taken no stimulant, no narcotic; nothing to create from the physical side such an experience. These were her words at one o'clock at night:

"I am going—going home. Yes, I know I am, and Jesus is near—close by me in this room. You can't see Him, but I can *clearly*, and He is touching me. He is holding me up, and so strongly, I fear *nothing*. I have no terror. Don't be afraid for me. Oh, I can see it all now! I can see inside, and it is lovely, it is *lovely*. Oh, I never saw any thing *so* lovely! It is so easy to die, so easy, so very easy. There is nothing in the world easier than to die. I wish I'd gone long ago for *such* happiness as this is." "The Everlasting Arms are around you," said one. "Yes, and *under* me too," she said. "Jesus is so close. All of you believe me. Oh, it is most lovely! I want to go; it won't be very long, will it? No pain, no pain; not any more pain. O Jesus, keep me close till I get *right* in! There's nothing like this beautiful heaven! I am nearly there! I see Jesus!" And with a last look of ineffable peace she closed her eyes.

Cardinal Manning, referring in a sermon the other day to the recent death of Cardinal Cullen, of Dublin, said: "He was a great cardinal—a pious, devoted bishop of the Catholic Church. He has gone from this evil world to his Divine Master. Remember him, then, in your prayers, for we shall all need the prayers of the faithful when we go hence into another and a better world. *There is not one of us, however holy may be our lives, who will not stand in need, when he has departed this life, of the prayers of those living on earth, and of every saint in heaven, before we can pass through that great ordeal which is before us all.*" What a miserable prospect would this be for a Christian if it were true!

MR. SPURGEON AND HIS SONS.

We regret to learn that the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is again laid aside through illness. He was at the college as usual on Friday, November 8th, but on his return home he became so unwell that it was feared he would be unable to preach on Sunday. These fears proved to be only too well founded, and the congregation that assembled in the Tabernacle on Sunday morning had to be content with a sermon from the pastor's son Thomas, who had arrived from Australia on the 1st inst. It is but bare justice to say that they were not only contented but delighted with the youthful preacher who was thus unexpectedly called upon to fill his father's place. At the prayer-meeting on the Monday previous Mr. Wm. Olney expressed the hope that they would soon have the opportunity of hearing him preach to the great congregation, little thinking at the time how soon his wish would be realized.

The evening service, as had been previously announced, was free to all comers, and notwithstanding the stormy weather, the great building was crowded to its utmost capacity, the number of men in working garb being especially noticeable. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon again preached, if possible, with greater power than in the morning.

At the same hour his brother, Mr. Charles Spurgeon, was preaching to part of the regular Tabernacle congregation at the Stockwell Orphanage, and we understand that he acquitted himself equally well. It must be a great consolation to Mr. Spurgeon, especially in this time of affliction, to see his sons thus following in his footsteps.

THE ANGELS HASTENING LOT.

By the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"The angels hastened Lot."—GENESIS 19: 15.

Lot's Irresolution—What has been spent on us—Saltash Bridge—The Covenant Angel—Ministrations of Angels—Angel of Death and Judgment—Balaklava Charge—A Scotch Fisherman—Ezekiel and the Dry Bones—Satan's Net of Procrastination—Importance of Concord, etc.

ONE cannot help observing, before going to the point which will constitute our main drift this afternoon, how careful God is to save His own. Here is Lot: what business had he in Sodom? He was on unlawful ground, for unlawful reasons, about unlawful business. He had already been warned, for he had been carried captive. He had received notice that God was displeased with him, but still he did not heed the warning. He continued still to live in the midst of filthy Sodom; and though he was vexed with the conversation of the Sodomites he had no business to be there.

We can hardly pity him for suffering the vexation, since he brought it upon himself; and although the circumstances were such that had he been left to perish we might have said that it served him right, and a jury might have returned a verdict of *felo de se* against him, yet God would not let Lot perish. Lot must be saved, and yet it happened that the time had come for Sodom and Gomorrah to be destroyed. The sluices of God's justice were to be drawn up so that His vengeance should flow in fiery streams down upon the city; but not one single drop of the fire-shower must descend till Lot is safe. "I can not do any thing," is the voice of the angel girt with power—"I can not do any thing till thou be come thither."

When God shall come at last to destroy the world there will be seen that wondrous sight of THE FOUR ANGELS HOLDING THE FOUR WINDS in their hands, that the wind shall not blow on the earth or on the sea, or on any tree, till the servants of God are sealed in their foreheads. Even in those dire days when the pillars of the earth shall tremble, and the day of mercy shall be over, God will take care that His own people shall be preserved. Glory be to His name for this! Let His faithful love be reverently adored by us.

Yet this doctrine ought never to be preached without the mention of the fact that Lot, though saved out of Sodom,

WAS NOT SAVED WITHOUT GOING OUT.

He was not saved *in* Sodom, but *from* it. Neither did the angels take him up and bear him as on eagle's wings, and carry him out of the place; but he had to get out of Sodom;

HE HAD TO RUN FOR IT;

he had to turn his eye towards the mountain, and not dare to look back, and to speed on his way till he reached a place of safety. And this is ever to be noticed, because there are some who seem to fancy that God will save man as woodmen split timber—that, after all, God saves us not as men but as creatures devoid of will and responsibility. To save beings that are not responsible seems to me to be a very easy and simple matter; but to save men who are responsible and are free agents, and to accomplish His eternal purpose without the shrinking of a hair, and yet never to touch the free agency of men, but to treat man as man from the first to the last—this is the commingling of two things which look so much like two opposites, that I suppose we shall never, this side of heaven, understand how it is done. But done it is, to the praise of the glory of the mighty grace of God.

But now I shall come to our main subject, which is this: "The angels hastened Lot." We need, brethren, I think, a pressure put upon ourselves. Lot was a gracious man, with all his faults. It is very probable that he was about as good as the average of us. Lot needed a pressure put upon him. Well, many of us do; all of us do. We will speak upon the pressure put upon ourselves. Then, secondly, we will change the view of Lot, and regard him, as many a time we have done in sermons, and I think rightly, as the type of the escaping sinner. And then, we may be the angels, and I trust many of the angels of the churches are here; and we will speak upon the pressure that we are to put upon sinners in order that they may escape from destruction.

1. And first—and the first is essential to the second—we have to speak of the pressure to be put upon ourselves.

But are we slow, then? Lot is so slow that the angels have to hasten him, to press him, to constrain him. Are *we* slow, then? Redeemed with the blood of Jesus, and called into Christ's work by His Spirit, with a blessed inheritance reserved for us, are we slow, then? Are we slow? It is to be feared that we are. Wherein are we slow, then? I think slow in the same things in which Lot was slow—slow to obey commands, slow to complete a separation, slow to save others.

(1) Slow, I said, first, *in keeping the commands of Christ;* and I want to speak it very solemnly and very sorrowfully, referring as much to myself as to anybody here. Commands of Christ. Why, there are some brethren that do not even know those commands yet. They have never given an intelligent reading to the Scriptures. There are some—I am half afraid it is so—that do not want to know all of Christ's commands—who are a little afraid of knowing too much. I have known some that did not like to read certain portions of Scripture. They might have had to feel something to be a duty that they were prejudiced against. They might have had to believe something to be true that from their childhood they had been taught was not true.

Dear friend, if ever a text of Scripture quarrels with you, you had better make it up. You had better make it up by giving way, for that text will not. Is it not written, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot or one tittle of the law shall fail?" And if you have been afraid to look in the face one solitary text of God's Word, is it not due to your Master, due to your Redeemer's wounds, that you should go at once and sit at His feet, and say, "Lord, what is Thy will? Do teach me, for I desire in every thing to do Thy will."

I know some of our friends who say, if you point to a duty which they know to be one which they have neglected, that they want to have it "laid home" to them. I am constantly meeting with that sort of excuse—that it is not impressed upon them. It is the very essence of disobedience to talk in that way. Do you that are good parents allow your children to do so? For instance, when you tell your little girl, "Go, my child, into such a room," do you allow her to stand and tell you that she will not go till she fells it laid home to her? I think it is probable that you might "lay it home" to her in a sense that might not be altogether pleasant to her. And I do believe that some of God's children have provoked chastisement from God by the use of such expressions.

DO YOU THINK THAT A SOLDIER IN THE HOUR OF BATTLE

might reply to his chieftain, when ordered to march in a particular direction, "It has never been impressed upon me." Why, sirs, he shall be taken by drumhead court-martial and shot at once. He is not fit to be in the army at all. It is the very essence of malignity of disobedience that leads men to say, "That is my Lord's will, but I am not going to do it till my Lord does something more than let me know His will. He shall go out of His way, and do my will first, before I will do his will." Why, even when at last you come to the doing of His will, you have robbed the action of all its sweetness and all its charms. Oh! look to that, brethren and sisters! Do look to it! Is there any part of Christ's commands that you have been shirking—that you have been putting aside with this excuse or that?

I do believe that the blessed Spirit comes upon His servants sometimes with Divine monitions and suggests to them that such a field of labor would be worth their breaking up—that such and such a pious and gracious attempt would be useful to many souls. Have we, my brethren, never said, "I have enough to do?" Have we never said, "I do not feel strong enough for it?" Have we never, on some pretext or other, put aside the heavenly Word, and remained still idle while we might have reaped great harvests for the Lord? If we have, then on this point we want quickening. We need that the angels should come again, or some force such as angels use, that we may be hastened to perform the service of the Lord.

(2) Again, I fear we must confess that, like Lot, we have been *slow to separate from sinners.* Lot could not be saved from the devouring fire until he got out of Sodom. He must get out of it. How happy are those of God's servants who, like Abraham, have maintained the separated life for years without a break.

Oh! there are some of you who, when you get a little wealth, can not be trusted with it. If you prosper in business, straightway you are not seen at the prayer-meeting as you used to be. Oh! I know some in London. Some of our brethren around me have got some in their congregations. Poor bricklayers and carpenters, you know, that do not work very hard, of course they can come to the prayer-meeting of an evening; but those poor men that go to the city and deal with their thousands, and spend three or four hours a day in business, are so tired when they get home that they have their dinner, and are unable to go to prayer-meeting. That is growing in our churches daily.

One of the things which I almost dread for a Christian man is to see him get on in business. I am glad that he does, when I see him consecrate his wealth to the Master. I would that some of my brethren had millions poured into their coffers if they would use them well; but there are some who go down in the matter of spirituality, of love to Christ, just in proportion as the money pile goes up. These things ought not so to be. Oh! ye Lots, ye need to be quickened, and all of us need to be stirred up to seek a higher degree of holiness than that to which we have attained.

Brethren, if there is any thing in this world that can make any of us holier, let us go in for it; and if there be some brethren that do not put things exactly in our shape, but yet have any thing to communicate, let us have it. In the name of God there are enough influences abroad to drive us away from Christ, and drive us into the world. We need to have something—some loud voice, even if it sometime be a creaking and discordant voice—that should call us up and away into the clearer atmosphere of the mountain-life where men dwell nearer to God than they do in the steamy, smoky plains of doubt and unbelief and worldliness in which some men seem so glad to linger. Fain would I, if I could, act the part of angel, and press my brethren and myself to get away as far as ever we can from the low life, and get into the highest life that is possible to us this side heaven.

(3) But I am afraid we want to be hastened about another matter—namely, *that of saving others.* The way by which God saves men in this world is for the saved ones to be the means of bringing the unsaved ones to Christ. Brethren and sisters, I speak to you personally. Are you all clear in this matter as to doing all that lies in you for the conversion of all about you?

Lot had to be stirred up to get his wife and his children out of Sodom. Have we seen to our households? Are we clear there? Are all ministers clear there? Are all deacons of the church clear there? Are all mothers and all fathers who are present here quite sure that they have done all that they ought for their children? Have you prayed with every one of them separately, and distinctly, with your arms about their necks, not simply for them, but with them—with them apart? Have you done it again and again? I do not believe there is an instance under heaven in which this has been often done

WITHOUT THE CONVERSION OF THE CHILD.

I believe you may pray for children in a fashion, but if you never use the means by speaking to them privately and personally, your prayer may not succeed, for God does not promise us answers to prayers which come only from our lips, but are not backed up by our actions; but whenever this has been done I should like to see an instance in which it has failed, and I think it will be a long time before I shall hear of such a thing.

I do occasionally get little children coming to me to speak about their souls, and they ask me, "Please, sir, don't tell father." I said to one, "But I must tell your father; I see him every day nearly." She said, "Please, sir, don't." "Why?" I asked. "Oh, I will speak to him one day. Father is very good—very good indeed, but I could not speak to him." These things should not be, should they? We want waking up. Even those of us who are earnest about other people's children want to be made earnest about our own; and we that go about and preach, perhaps in the streets, want to be a little more earnest about our preaching at home. If there be any here to whom this would apply, may God apply it.

What makes us slow, brethren? Whereby are we hindered? Lot, I dare say, would have said it was the atmosphere of Sodom. I should not wonder; and the atmosphere of this present age, the atmosphere of some towns, the atmosphere of some villages, is enough to make a man go to sleep. I do not marvel that some men are not so earnest as others, because their surroundings are not propitious. Dear brothers and sisters, it won't do for us to lay any thing on the atmosphere. It belongs to ourselves. Perhaps Lot might have said that he was so slow because he had not any Christian associations. He had got away from Abraham. I think if Lot had stopped longer with Abraham he would have made a far finer character; but he got away, and got alone. Some brother may say, "Ah, if you lived where I live, where I do not see a brother minister for six or eight months together, you would value the Union meetings, I warrant. If I go out to speak to anybody, I can not meet with any one who would elevate me, but every one seems as though he would draw me down to a lower level. I know it is so, brother; but it won't do for Lot to lay it on being isolated. It won't do for you or me to put our slowness on any thing but ourselves. It is in ourselves after all that it lies.

There was no doubt an irresoluteness about Lot's disposition. He was a man of the type that wanted to do it, and meant to do it, and didn't do it; and it is very easy to get yourself into that condition. I remember a tombstone to the memory of a celebrated prince whose name has been rather notorious by reason of a book, the Prince of Monaco, a mighty prince of a little rock. On the tombstone is—"Here lies so-and-so, and so-and-so, and so-and-so"—any quantity of names—"Prince of Monaco. He was a man of excellent intentions." I copied the epitaph for use at home for some of my friends. "He was a man of excellent intentions"—not that he ever did any thing in all his life—no, but he was a man of excellent intentions; not that he ever did one mortal thing for which a soul ever blessed his memory, but he always intended to do it, and that is a good thing. Perhaps some of us might have been very useful if our intentions had only developed into facts, but, somehow, they have never done so. A certain irresoluteness of character springs up among us, so that we are for ever wishing, planning, scheming, and yet it comes to nothing.

Once more on this point. Whereby are we hastened? What, are there any angels to hasten us as they hastened Lot? Are there any forces under heaven that can stir us up to greater diligence, and get us out of Sodom into separateness with Christ? It seems to me that an angel is but a messenger, and we have a thousand messengers, all of them beckoning us to come nearer to God, and to serve Him with greater force. Every mercy that comes from God seems to me to be an angel that hastens us.

Look back upon your election, my brethren; look back upon your redemption; look back upon your effectual calling; remember how you have been pardoned, and how you have been sanctified. What manner of people ought you to be in all conversation and godliness? Every single one of these unspeakably precious blessings cries to you, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and serve your Lord, under the force of such love as this." Let us look at ourselves for one single moment, and then look at what has been spent upon us. They tell me they have spent

SO MANY THOUSANDS IN BUILDING THE SALTASH BRIDGE.

Very well, I can understand it. I can see something for the money. But here is a man of whom I am told that the everlasting purposes of God were concerned about him, that infinite wisdom bent its strength in the formation of him, and the production of such an one as he is; I am told that Jesus shed his blood for him, that to make him what he is the bloody sweat poured down the Saviour's face, and that the blessed Spirit had to come in and regenerate him with as much power put forth as was needed for the making of a world. Well, I look at him, and when I hear all this I am expecting something from him; I do not know what I do not expect; but, I tell you, I expect what I do not often see, and for all this, and this, and this, and this, such a little product; such ploughing, such sowing, such watering, and in such a field, and then such a result! Oh! dear brethren, do let us live in a way somewhat more drawn to the scale of infinite love, and eternal purpose, and atoning blood. It seems to come from the mountain to the mouse when it comes from God's eternal purpose down to our poor little shrivelled lives. It ought not so to be. We ought to be quickened by this.

The text tells us that the *angels* hastened Lot. I know one whose name is the Covenant Angel, and I would God He stood before us this afternoon; and as He will not do so in His flesh, let Him do so in spirit to you. He of the thorn crown—do you see Him yonder? He of the face battered with bruises, and stained with spittle; He of the scourged shoulder, and the pierced hand, and the open side—He looks upon you. Oh! can you look in His face and remember what He did for you and how He loves you, and not be hastened in your service of Him? I must confess this afternoon, if my Lord were here, my first impulse would be to ask Him to forget my life; I dare scarcely ask Him any more than to cover its good and its evil alike in the seas of His love, and help me to begin again. The Angel of the Covenant hastens you. Oh! my brethren, will you not be hastened by His touch? His pierced hand touches you now.

If you are a master, and have been employing a servant to do something for you, and he has done it in such a style that as you looked at him you have felt your very flesh creep, and you have wanted to go and do it yourself, and send him a-packing—I really think the angels, when they see some of us ministers, must feel inclined to say, "Get out of the pulpit, and let us come and do it."

Might not they say so to some of us who are slow; and who of us must not confess a measure of it? It would not be so very wonderful if an angel were to come and say, "Friend, what are you at? If I could only get into your skin and bone, and work for Jesus Christ as you have the privilege of doing, I should be delighted to throw all my energy into it."

Brethren, I believe the angels are hastening us at this very moment. It is not a dream of mine; it is being done. There are many things which have happened in the past about them that should all tend to quicken us. Did not they stand around the mercy seat, the golden cherubs looking always downwards, desiring to look into the secrets of the Covenant; and do they not chide us when they see us neglecting to search the Scripture, and giving our minds to trivial subjects instead of to the weighty matters of the law?

They came when Christ was born, and sang "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men," and that midnight cry rebukes us that we do not sing and preach and teach more clearly of God's glory and God's mercy to the sons of men. They stood in the wilderness, they ministered to Christ after His combat with Satan, and they saw His separateness from all temptation, and methinks they must wonder at us that we should call ourselves His followers, and yet perhaps fall under each of the three temptations in which Christ overcame. They came into the garden, they helped Him when the bloody sweat was on Him, and they must look at us to-day and say, "Ye have not resisted unto blood, striving against sin." And do you hold back? Do you dread self-denials, and do you spare yourselves when your Master thus sweated, "great drops of blood falling to the ground?"

On the second head the subject will be this:

THE PRESSURE WHICH WE WHO ARE SAVED MUST NOW PUT UPON OTHERS.

I think these angels were model ministers. God had sent them to do exactly what they did do. They were sent to get Lot out of Sodom. He has sent us to fetch His chosen ones out of a guilty world. See what the angels did. They went down to Sodom. They were not non-resident clergy; though there was not a manse there, they went down, and when they got to Sodom they found out Lot, and got hold of Lot, and kept close to Lot. One fault of some who would be soul-winners is this: they do not get down to the people. Brothers and sisters, some of you are too respectable ever to win souls.

I SAW A MAN IN SCOTLAND THE OTHER DAY FISHING,

I think for salmon, but he was standing in big boots right in the river. That is the way to fish, right down among the fishes. We want to get down among the people just as these angels went down to Sodom to talk to Lot. And when they got close to Lot, and got his ear, they told him his danger. That is what we must do—tell men of their danger. Then they told him his remedy, how he must escape. We must be very particular about the way and plan of salvation; and here you will accompany me. But perhaps some brother will differ from me when I say that then they persuaded Lot to escape; they entreated and at last constrained him; while he lingered, the men laid hold of his hand, and upon the hands of his wife and his daughters.

It is not enough to warn sinners, you must bid them believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; it is not enough to tell them the way of salvation, you must command them that they believe in Jesus Christ, whom God has sent. But a brother says to me, "It is of no use doing so, they are dead." One said to me the other day, "It is as ridiculous to bid a dead sinner live as it is to shake a pocket handkerchief over a grave and expect the dead to rise." I looked him in the face and said, "My brother, I never expect you to do what God did not send you to do, and you were not sent, evidently, to address dead sinners because you think it ridiculous to do so; therefore, let those of us do it who are sent to."

When Ezekiel was going to preach to the dry bones somebody might have said, "Where are your congregation?" "Over there, in the valley." "Well, there are plenty of them, but a very dry wind has gone across the plain, and taken all the moisture from the bones, and the hot sun has scorched them and turned them white as pipe-clay. Can these dry bones live?" "Yes," says Ezekiel, "they can." "Have they got any innate force in themselves to receive your message?" "No, I know they have not; they are as dead as can be." "What are you going to do?" "Going to tell them to live." "That is ridiculous," says the other, "to tell dry bones to live."

"What am I to do?" says Ezekiel. "Oh! you may warn them." That is not ridiculous, I suppose—to warn dead bones. "You may teach them." "Why," says Ezekiel, "it does look ridiculous to you because you have not got any faith; but I have, and God has sent me to say, Thus saith the Lord, 'Let these dry bones live.'" "Ah, you are not sound, Ezekiel; there are not sixteen ounces to the pound in you." "Well," says Ezekiel, "Come along. Thus saith the Lord, 'Ye dry bones live.'" Ah, what is that? They are beginning to stir. You never saw that under the sound minister. And now they begin to stir; presently they come together, bone to his bone; presently the flesh comes upon them, and the same voice that commanded bones now commands the winds, for faith lays hold on God Himself, and commands the blessed Spirit, for Ezekiel says, "Come from the four winds, oh! breathe, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." And it comes at Ezekiel's commands, and there are the living men, and the valley is filled with them.

It is Satan's business, as far as ever he can, to make sinners delay. I see the old fisherman; look at his nets; they are all around his infernal den. But what is that big net there that looks as if it could take the whole Atlantic in at a sweep? It has done awful work. See how he has mended it up. That big net is called Procrastination. He does not like unbelievers to say they won't repent; for when they come honestly to that, there is something in them; but he likes them to say, "Well, we will by-and-by." "I go, sir, and went not"—that is the devil's best disciple. He knows he is safe enough there; and what we have to do nowadays is not merely to preach Jesus Christ to make people understand the Gospel—for at the present day the doctrine of "Believe and live" I hope is pretty commonly understood; but what is wanted is that blessed heave that shall just shove them over the border ground; that argument, that strong pleading, that mighty persuasion which, through the efficacy of the Holy Spirit, shall bring them to decision now and on the spot. They want a deal of hastening.

Suppose those two angels that had to get Lot out of Sodom had differed in opinion; suppose one of them said, "The proper way to lead him out of Sodom is to go in front of him and let him come after us;" and the other had said, "I do not think so; the proper way is to go behind him and drive him on in front;" suppose they had gone to a very great argument about it—it is a very grave point, which shall have the precedence, men or angels; suppose they had taken up all the morning having that out, where would poor Lot have been? I have heard a good deal about a discussion we are likely to have, how much good has been done by certain brethren and how much has not been done. Never mind how much they have done or have not done; let us go and do more; let us work for Christ with all our might, and then for all these questions that may be brought up we will appoint a meeting a little after the Day of Judgment and have it out; but just now Lot has to be got out of Sodom, and let us do it somehow in the name of the blessed God.

I shall say no more but this: If at this very moment the heavens were split with thunder, and the Last Day were come, what sort of an account could you give in now? You believe in Christ, you say; you say you have been born again, you are a Church member—what have you done for Jesus? Take your book now and sit down quickly and make out your account; give account of your stewardship, for the time cometh when you must be no more steward. Will you make out that account now? for a man that is afraid to make his account out at any time must surely be doing bad in business. If a man is afraid of his books, it is generally because his books are afraid of him. Oh! I pray you take stock this afternoon, and, when you have done it, may God grant that that process may hasten you, so that you may be able to go forth and hasten sinners to lay hold on eternal life. May God bless every one of you, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Further Proceedings of

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

at Holy Trinity, New York.

DR. MACKAY'S SPEECH.

PREFACING the real discussion of his subject—"The Translation of the Saints"—by a few quickly-spoken words of the pleasure and encouragement he felt to see how widely represented the Christians of all denominations were in the call for the Conference, Dr. Mackay said :

We are here not to move a finger for denominational advancement in one way or another, or to bring a man from one denomination ; but we would cross the Atlantic to bring a man nearer to Christ : hence it cheers our heart to see here represented among the churches one Lutheran, one Dutch Reformed, one Reformed, six Methodist, ten Congregationalist, fifteen Episcopalian, ten undenominational, twenty-seven Baptist, and forty-three Presbyterian. On this basis, let me say concerning the brethren who do not agree with us that there should not be the slightest bitterness among Christians. I believe as good Christians as I am may differ form me on this point of belief, since it is not a question of Christianity at all. Let us pursue the study with that grace and likeness to Christ that becomes humble students of the Word.

The doctor then read with expression and emphasis the fiftieth Psalm, dwelling on the picture there presented of a "silent God," and remarking that there was no more awful thought than that of a silent God and a sinning world. The speaker said that he found among Christians a disinclination to inquire into or study mysteries, which was, in fact, disliking to study what God had made known to mankind—"the mystery of His will" (Ephesians 1 : 6, 7). It has come to this, said he, that the last book of the New Testament, called the "Apocalypse," which is the "unveiling and revealing," instead of being the revelation is the mystification of Christendom. It used to be a mystification to me. I remember the first time I ever thought of the book. When I was a little boy in Scotland we were compelled by our mothers to read it, but I remember when I was evangelizing in Ireland in the midst of much opposition, one day I was walking out and I turned to my pocket Testament at Revelations and read along to these words : "Blessed is he that *readeth.*" There was a new light come to me, and I said : "Blessed Lord, this book is Thine, and it says it is the Revelation of Jesus Christ, and You have said, 'Blessed is he that *readeth.*' Thank God, you do not say, 'Blessed is he that *understandeth.*'" There is not a word about understanding there, and I said, "Now, Lord, if I have never really read it before, here goes," and I got down. Now this chapter reading, such as reading a chapter in the morning, and a chapter at night, etc., is a great snare to Bible readers. We don't read part of a letter from an absent friend, but the whole of it at once. So I began with the first chapter of this Lord's "letter," and finished the book of Revelations, and I arose from it with such an idea of my Lord as I never had before. I didn't understand any more about the book, but I found that whatever I read about, Christ was the centre. In discussing our position here, scoffers say : "You say the Lord is coming ; where is the promise of it?" It is a matter of heart more than of head. It is not so much a clear view of these points as of a heart waiting for the return of the blessed Lord.

A paper was then read on

THE KINGDOM AND THE CHURCH.

By Professor H. Lummis, Methodist, Monson, Mass.

THERE are, doubtless, words in the Sacred Scriptures that are very imperfectly understood, some that are not understood at all. The meaning given in our version, for example, may be the best that is known, and yet no careful student of the Bible can safely accept these temporary substitutes as the strict equivalents of the original words. The words whch name the theme now presented are not of ths obscure class. They are used so often and in so many different connections that it is not a little surprising to find such divergences of opinion as to their real meaning. And yet no more so perhaps than in a score of kindred cases where differences depend less on the data than on the point of observation, and on the wishes that fashion results. I do not believe that differing views are both right where they antagonize, but I think I do see why differences and antagonisms exist, and also that they have a ground less in truth itself than in circumstances. If the Spirit of truth direct us, there is no good reason why we should not arrive at substantial agreement.

A KINGDOM OF THIS WORLD.

If there were but a single Old Testament prophecy of this kingdom, one made definite by passing from its picture form in which it was at first given to the great King of Babylon, and afterward to that prince among the seers, Daniel, of the Children of the Captivity, it would establish on a foundation not to be shaken, the doctrine of the kingdom—a kingdom in this world, a kingdom embracing the globe and to be possessed by the saints. A king, a realm, a multitude of subjects, are requisite to a kingdom in the strict sense. I give the outline.

Nebuchadnezzar dreams a dream. It troubles him. He wishes to know its signification, but before he can state it to his magicians and astrologers and sorcerers and to the Chaldeans, it escapes his memory. He requires these men to tell the dream and its interpretation. With good reason they reply to this strange demand, that the requirement is beyond human power. In anger the monarch gives orders that all the wise men of the kingdom be slain. As one of them, Daniel is threatened by the decree. He seeks the king and asks time, giving assurance that both dream and interpretation will be given. God reveals the dream to the prophet, and he, acknowledging the Most High as the source of his wisdom, states before the king the dream and its signification. In the dream is seen a great image of gold and silver and copper and iron and clay. A stone cut out of a mountain without hands smites the image upon the feet. The shock pulverizes the image, and the dust is carried away by the wind, like chaff blown from the summer threshing-floor. The stone becomes a mountain and fills the earth.

In telling the meaning of the dream Daniel declares that the different parts of the image represent successive kingdoms, the four metals and the clay indicating four great empires, the iron mingled with the clay signifying the strength, and at the same time the weakness, of the last of the four sovereignties. Daniel closes his interpretation with these remarkable words : "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never (to eternity shall not) be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left (transferred) to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume (grind up and make an end of) all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the copper, the clay, the silver, and the gold ; the great God hath made known what shall come to pass hereafter, and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure," or trustworthy, rendered "faithful" in Dan. 6 : 4. The prophet declares to the king that God has made known to him (not that something shall come to pass, but) what shall come to pass.

A parallel to this dream picture and its simple prophetic meaning is given us in the first book of the Bible. Pharaoh dreams of seven fat and of seven very lean kine that come up out of the great river of Egypt. The lean kine, after devouring the fat kine, are still as lean as before. In his perplexity Pharaoh summons Joseph, the Jewish captive, who at once interprets the dream. The seven fat kine mean seven years of great plenty. The seven lean kine, seven following years of very grievous famine, which shall exhaust the abundance of the years of plenty, and leave the people greatly straitened by want. One advantage is found here. The history in which the prophecy is fulfilled is recorded, and no completer evidence could be given that the prophetic meaning given to the dream was in the strictest and most literal sense of the words realized. Any intelligent grammar-school boy could understand Joseph's interpretation, and could understand that the succeeding history records the fulfilment of what Joseph foretold, what Pharaoh understood ; and therefore appointed Joseph to superintend the storing of the abundance of the years of plenty to provide for the coming famine.

Just so the interpretation given by Daniel to Nebuchadnezzar. It avails not to say the passage occurs in a confessedly obscure and difficult book—this part of the book is no more obscure than the following chapter, which tells of the image of gold set up on the plain of Dura, and of the three Hebrew children thrown into the fiery furnace. Nebuchadnezzar's dream, like that of Pharaoh, was a picture prophecy, and without a key could not be understood, could not be explained. The God of heaven gives the dream and the key to its meaning to Daniel, and Daniel gives them to the king. If the king understood what kingdom meant when applied to his own empire and sovereignty, he understood what it meant when applied to the kingdom that the God of heaven should set up. To maintain that kingdom, as used in the latter case, meant an entirely different thing, is worthy the charge of tergiversation.

The implication in the interpretation, and this has been generally admitted by commentators, is that these great empires represent universal world empires, each successive one merging its predecessor in its own sovereignty.

With even greater force the explanation of Daniel implies the forcible reduction of all other political power to zero, and the occupation of absolutely universal world dominion. There is to be—it has not yet come—breaking with a rod of iron—shivering to pieces as a potter's vessel is shivered. The clang of the stone striking the feet of the huge image has not yet been heard ; the crumbling of dynasties and the sweeping away of their débris, as with the breath of a tempest has not yet been seen. But it approacheth ! When the history, whether it be seen but not written, or seen and then written, shall transpire, there will not be need of 1550 years to know whether the crushing stroke from the catapult missile has smitten temporal thrones out of existence. He who witnesses the downward sweep of that stone cut out of the mountain will hear the last cry of human woe under human oppression before its shivering shock takes place, and see every shackle that human greed has forged and locked on the limbs of cringing slaves shattered forever under the earthquake convulsion of that approaching hour. Thereafter, under the sway of the Son of God, will the gates of commerce be forced by the enginery of war to thrust into a resisting nation's throat and against a monarch's loud protest a drug that dwarfs and poisons the body and degrades the soul? Will liquor-leagues control legislators and bribe judges, after a mightier bolt than Vulcan ever forged or Jove ever brandished shall have been hurled? Reason answers no ; and prophecy, from the shores of the Euphrates, thunders down along the centuries, over crumbling dynasties and regal dust, an authoritative no. Christ's kingdom established, iniquity cannot triumph !

Objections have been filed against this view of the kingdom. Some are entitled to consideration more from the position and real ability of those who offer them, than for any Bible support that has ever been found or even offered for them.

HAS CHRIST'S KINGDOM COME?

It is maintained by some that Christ's kingdom has come, that it is already established. If this be true, was John the Baptist mistaken when he declared to the thronging multitudes from Judea and Jerusalem and the region around about Jordan, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand"? Was Joseph, of Arimathea wrong *in waiting* for the Kingdom of God? He was a good man, and doubtless shared in the common earnest looking for and expecting of the Kingdom. Had no apostle, had no word from the Son of man, enlightened his darkness? Was Paul wrong when he declared, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption"? He spoke as if the Kingdom of God was immutable, and as if the mortal and perishable could not enter into it.

CONTRASTS BETWEEN CHURCH AND KINGDOM.

To see the Kingdom of God is spoken of as a privilege in the Gospel. But an important prerequisite to the privilege is named by Christ himself. "Except a man be born from above he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3). But Annanias and Sapphira found their way into the early Christian Church, as we have every reason to believe, without spiritual regeneration. Not born from above, they saw the church. To one who for the first time carefully examines, in a good concordance, the contrasts and the correspondence between the Church and Kingdom, I venture to predict some feeling of surprise, and a conviction that these words are further separated therethan in ordinary parlance.

The Kingdom a unit; the Church an aggregate of churches; the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Christ, is never once used in the plural. Wherever Kingdoms is found reference is made to the Kingdoms of this World, always recognized as transient. The churches is a common New Testament expression. Luke writes: "Then had the churches rest" (Acts 9 : 31). Paul sends thanks to all the churches of the Gentiles (Rom. 16 : 4), and writes to the brethren at Rome, "The churches of Christ salute you" (Rom. 16 : 16), showing that churches were local.

The Kingdom embraces the whole earth, and hence so far as the world or man is concerned, is universal. Common usage here accords with Scripture usage. We are wont to say: The Episcopal Church, the Lutheran Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Church, the Greek Church, the Catholic Church; and I suppose we properly say Congregational Churches, and Baptist Churches, and Unitarian Churches. But does any one venture to speak of the Methodist Kingdom, or the Lutheran Kingdom? Do we ever say Kingdoms of Christ, Kingdoms of God? Many of the best thinkers and profoundest scholars of the age incline to the position that the radical meaning of *ekktasia* limits it to a single thing, and that the comprehensive sense is a figurative one.

Dr. Christian Frederic Kling, in his commentary on Corinthians, which is a part of Lange's great work, gives us what is requisite to constitute a true church thus: 1. "An assemblage before God and for God." 2. "It consists of those who are consecrated to God in Jesus Christ." 3. "It is thus consecrated through the mighty creative will of God." 4. "Its members are such as call upon the name of Jesus Christ." "These things may exist in connection with many glaring faults in true professing believers, and with many false professions (articles?) of faith, which yet do not necessarily vitiate the claim to be called a true Church of God." Many among the masses escape some at least of the errors of clerical theorizers. Few, perhaps, of the common people identify the Church and the Kingdom. They speak of their becoming united with the Church as a thing of the past, but they talk about their entrance into the Kingdom as a thing of the future.

I recall in my ministry an excellent English brother, a man whose good sense and fluent, admirable use of quaint Anglo-Saxon always interested and often amazed me. Many a time have I been astonished at his marvellous combinations of strong expressive monosyllables, from ten to twenty in number, with scarcely a dissyllable among them, perhaps not a single one. He used to say: "I mean by the grace of God to find a home in the Kingdom." He was right. To him it is a thing of the future. I sincerely trust that he will at least realize his aim and join the ransomed host in the Kingdom of our God. But he had been in the Church forty years.

The Kingdom is everlasting, the Church temporary. If, as has been maintained and we think proved, the Kingdom is an end, as such it is to be everlasting. On the other hand, the Church, as means to an end, cannot be supposed to continue when it has accomplished its design. Gabriel declared to Mary in reference to her Son: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David: and He shall *reign* over the house of Jacob forever, and of His Kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke 1 : 32, 33). Every Christian believer admits that the first part of the prediction is literally true. He is great. He has been, and is now throughout Christendom, called the Son of the Highest by all who accept the testimony of the Scriptures as trustworthy. It is conceded, also, that of His kingdom in the strictest and most literal sense there shall be no end. Is it legitimate to pare the prophecy all around, and insist that the part thus taken off is strictly literal, and then demand that the very heart of the prediction be made figurative, or rather mystical, or, if figurative, in a figure refusing analysis and leaving one utterly at loss for its real meaning? Not quite! Language has rights that intelligent men are bound to respect.

The proof that the Kingdom is contrasted with the Church rather than identified with it is a great step toward the removal of the claim that the Kingdom is already set up in the world. If it is in the world and is not in the Church, what is it? Where is it? A fair answer to these questions will show that if the Kingdom be in the world at all, it must be subjectively rather than objectively—in a figurative rather than in a literal sense. A few quotations may help us. "For the Kingdom of God is not food and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 14 : 17), is definitely stated by St. Paul. None will incline to deny that righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost exist on earth. Will any maintain that this is the Kingdom into which the Lord Jesus will bid His saints enter after the judgment? Or that this is the Kingdom which Joseph of Arimathea waited for? or that this is the throne of David?

Men do not enter into righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. These are within them. Of this subjective Kingdom, or fitness of spirit for the objective Kingdom, Christ could probably say the Kingdom of God is within you, or as the margin suggests, is among you (Luke 17 : 21).

LITERAL MEANING OF KINGDOM AND CHURCH.

Without doubt, the Kingdom of God and the Church are in a few cases used figuratively, but even then one is never put for the other. And these figurative uses, fewer than in most words employed as many times, cannot militate against those cases which treat unmistakably of an objective kingdom in space, and time, and on the earth.

Another claim as to the meaning of the Kingdom, is held by a considerable class. These deny that the Kingdom is the Church, or that it is or will be on the earth. They hold that it is heaven itself, and that the righteous pass into it at death. There are fewer difficulties in this than in the church-kingdom hypothesis. And yet it has insuperable difficulties. It completely reverses the terms of that prayer which is upon more lips every day than all other prayers together: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven" (Matt. 6 : 10). These theorists would need to remodel the prayer thus: "Let us go into Thy kingdom in heaven, and there do Thy will as the angels do." If this is really the meaning of this paragraph, which has been repeated by thousands ever since the early days of the Christian Church, and by tens of millions in later times, we have not yet learned the alphabet of Scripture truth, for who, soberly and thoughtfully, ever inferred that this was what Christ designed by this sentence? "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Alone it constitutes a sublime prayer. Has it been answered? If so, *it need not be our prayer longer*. In the mind of the great Christian church it is not yet answered. Some sanguine souls are sure that the present economy of Christian work will soon secure that "consummation devoutly to be wished."

About 300,000,000 of the earth's 1,350,000,000 are nominally Christians. But nominal Christianity is not the genuine Christianity. A generous estimate of the number of actual Christians would not go beyond 30,000,000. And more than eighteen centuries have been spent in reaching this. At such a rate through how many scores of centuries is the slow work to drag on? How long! Lord, how long! The missionary spirit of earnest men and women is noble. God be thanked for it. God bless it. But alas! this Christ-like purpose of theirs seems like a skiff urged up mighty rapids and scarcely stemming the torrent. I heard Dr. Macaulay say in Boston, a few years ago, that not three per cent of the working-men of London attended any church regularly on the Lord's day. It is better than that in New York; but what multitudes never enter a church even here, and what is more to be deplored, what multitudes are as destitute of religious teaching as if they were in Central Africa!

And while a few noble spirits are toiling and praying for the success of mission work, what profound apathy possesses the Church as a whole in regard to this vast enterprise. I said just now that a generous estimate of the actual Christians in the world would not be above 30,000,000. What do these do on this line, counting to their credit all that is done fitfully and without method, and without high religious motive among the other 290,000,000 of merely nominal Christians.

Some have deprecated the proclamation of the imminent coming of the Son of man in His kingdom as paralyzing missionary effort. Would it enervate or stimulate the servant who had heard and was heeding the words of his master, "Occupy till I come," to learn that the master was already on his return to take account with him? The danger lies always in the other direction. When men say and believe that the Lord delayeth His coming as Christ shows in one of His parables, why begin to eat and drink with the drunken, and to neglect every duty? Some have been embarrassed to reconcile the text, "My Kingdom is not of this world," with the doctrine that Christ's Kingdom is to be in this world. There is no conflict between them. The Church of Christ is not of the world, but it is in the world. And there is not a hint that the Church will ever be transferred elsewhere. Christ, in that most wonderful prayer (John 17), says, as he prays for His disciples, "They are not of this world, even as I am not of this world." Yet they and Christ were in this world. The declaration, "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him," does not make it criminal to admire and love the globe as the handiwork of God. You and I may as legitimately delight in the wonders of hill and vale, of forest and plain, of spring and rivulet, as did the Psalmist in the splendors of the firmament. Christ's Kingdom is not to be of the world which we may not love, but is to be on this world which He himself made and declared very good.

Another class of texts has occasioned trouble in the minds of some. John the Baptist and Jesus declared, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." "How," it is asked with some force certainly, "could the kingdom be said to be at hand then, if eighteen hundred years have gone, and it is still not here?" If the word rendered is at hand had been rendered "draweth near," as it is in Luke 21 : 8, and some dozen other passages, it would have relieved the apparent difficulty somewhat. If it had been rendered "approacheth," that is "approaching," as in Luke 12 : 33, Hebrews 10 : 25, the difficulty would have hardly appeared at all. Since the same expression is used of events then expected, which have not yet transpired, it shows that the word may have a wider scope than we naturally give to the first of these translations, Paul says in speaking to the church at Rome, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." If Paul used the word understandingly, either in reference to the disappearance of heathenism or of the resurrection day, it is certain that "is at hand" was eighteen hundred years distant.

James uses the definite expression, the coming of the Lord is at hand, or, as our translators have rendered it, here draweth nigh. The meaning of the original word is the same in both places. If it be said that James must have meant "death is at hand," a just reply is: "No such sense of the phrase has ever been established, nor ever can be." It is in violation of every principle of interpretation to suppose that James could mean "death" by the coming of the Lord.

We ought, indeed, to recollect that we are little skilled in celestial arithmetic. The term which applied to terrestrial distances may seem a great measure, when applied to stellar distances may appear very small. A year, which is to many a child a long period, and is long enough for our earth to journey 578,000,000 miles, is relatively to the vast reach of centuries that measures the period of some of the sextuple stars like one vibration of a pendulum to a lifetime.

The true attitude of the Church must be one of expectancy of the coming Kingdom. In the best days of her history such has been her attitude. The fear of weakening feeble hands by preaching the Kingdom of Heaven is drawing near, is a needless if not a foolish fear. "Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find watching" (Matt. 24 : 46). Watching for what? For the Master's return. Almost two thousand years must have made some difference in the proximity of the Kingdom. If James could urge as a motive to diligence and an incentive to watchfulness, "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh," how much more we! If Paul was right in preaching, "the night is far spent, the day is at hand," surely the night is farther spent, the day is nearer. Is it unwarrantable to watch eagerly for the first gray of the morning, the spring of the day? In nature God gives us some indications of coming spring besides the calendar, and some note of approaching day besides the clock that has told the passing hours. Disappearing stars and appearing stars tell that the earth still rolls on, and unless they make an unwonted halt the day must soon burst in the East. Are we looking thither? There are heralds upon the mountain-tops; they will see the dawn before those who abide in the valleys. Watchman, what of the night? Let not the unbelief — intense as that that shadowed the world on the eve of the deluge, when the current jest about the old fool that had been waiting for a flood one hundred years, and yet it had never come, passed from lip to lip to evoke a scornful laugh, as it finds expression now—dishearten you. Watch till the light streams up, and shout "the morning cometh."

THE CROSS.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 8th.—Luke 23 : 33-49.
Golden Text, Gal. 6 : 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE are on holy ground in our lesson for to-day. Let us put off the shoes from off our feet, and take our stand by those who were immediately around Him, as we behold the Son of God upon the cross for us. "And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left." And this was the Son of God. He had counted the cost, and steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem (Luke 10 : 51). "I gave my back to the smiters, and My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not My face from shame and spitting. . . . Therefore have I set My face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed" (Isa. 50 : 6, 7). "Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again" (John 10 : 17, 18).

So spake our beloved Lord. He knew what He was doing; He had seen beforehand the awful cloud of a world's sin as it neared Him. When in Gethsemane the dread reality had wrung tears of blood from every pore. Still He did not draw back, and the words were fulfilled (Isa. 53 : 4–6, literal translation), "Surely He hath borne our sicknesses and carried our pains: yet we did esteem Him smitten, stricken of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and by His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

In all the mighty universe could there be found no other righteous offering for sin? Had a mere man died for others' sin, God would have been unjust to permit such a transaction. But "*God was in Christ*, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. 5 : 19). He that was sinned against became the willing and the perfect Sin-bearer. Oh, how comes it to pass that every man's heart is not conquered by this nobility—this majesty of love!

On Him, as on the head of the goat on the great day of atonement, our sin was laid. "And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness. And *the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities* unto a land not inhabited" (Lev. 16 : 21, 22). He made Himself answerable for all our sins, and the consequences of our sins, and made provision for the destruction in full and in detail of all the works of the devil (1 John 3 : 8; Heb. 1 : 14).

And there between two thieves, numbered with the transgressors, His first word upon the cross is this, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." It was the right of the redemption price He was then paying, and the purchase of the life-blood which was then ebbing out, that sinners should obtain pardon. And so eager was thy Lord, reader, to set thee free from sin, that He claimed thy pardon before the last dregs of His cup of agony were drunk, and before the breath which claimed it had been fully spent. How comes it, then, that they who stand in such unspeakable need of a pardon obtained so hardly should esteem it as hardly worth the while to think about seriously, and put off until the last moment the consideration of a blood-bought salvation?

The chief priests were there, mocking Him and saying, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save" (Matt. 27 : 42), and some cried, "Save Thyself and us" (Luke 23 : 39). *Suppose He had* saved Himself, what would have become of our cause? But neither the fearful mockery of those for whom He died, nor yet the incomprehensible suffering to Him who "knew no sin" of resting under sin's curse, moved Him from His purpose. One of the very malefactors who were crucified with Him, railed on Him, thinking, perhaps, that it was the only religious act of which he, as a Jew, was capable.

"But the other thief, answering, rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." What is this? A thief witnessing for the Christ that Peter had denied, and whom all the apostles had forsaken and had fled from? Had it come to this? Was there not one cleansed leper of all the many that had received healing at His hands who could speak a word for Him now? Not one of the many blind and sick and lame whom He had cured that would take up His cause? Was the guilty thief the only one who was found in earth or heaven at such a moment to bear witness, "This man hath done nothing amiss?"

And He who came to be the friend of sinners found a friend in this sinner in His hour of anguish, and there, upon the cross, He received and heard the prayer, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." And He answered it, and said, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." Our blessed Lord was not so disheartened with the discouragement of His disciples as to be unwilling to add to their number, and it must have been a joy to His breaking heart to win one soul in His dying hours.

And what a description of His suffering at this moment have we in Ps. 22 : 14, 15, "I am poured out like water‘ all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels. My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws." He bore our sins and our sicknesses, and became for the time the embodiment of all the work of the enemy of souls. And when at the sixth hour there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour, it seems as though the heaviest weight of this mighty burden came upon Him, for the light also of His Father's face was hidden, and He cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Matt. 27 : 46).

The Man of sorrows had always hitherto experienced one joy, the light of His Father's countenance. Now for our sakes it was withdrawn. We may be called to participate in His sufferings in many other ways, but never in this one. The Man of sorrows alone bore a sorrow which had no counterpoise. But even under such a weight He could think of others. "There stood by the cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw His mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother!" (John 19 : 25, 27). Thus in all the intensity of His agony He could think of others. Oh, brethren, do we resemble Him?

"After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst" (John 19 : 28). The vinegar they gave Him did not slake His thirst. "*He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied*" (Isa. 53 : 11). His satisfaction, beloved reader, is in you and in me. What has the travail of His soul accomplished *for* us and *in* us which can bring *Him* satisfaction? One other word He spoke, but oh, how important (John 19 : 30)!—"It is finished." "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do," He had said in His sacrificial prayer (John 17 : 4). He had completed the work of our redemption. All the malice of the devil and all his might was met upon his own ground, that of death, and "through death He destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. 2 : 14). Reader, if all is finished that was needful for thy salvation, what hinders thee from being saved? The death of the Son of God is His witness that He was provided a ransom for thee; what hast thou done with this provision? Shall the Lord of glory suffer all this for thee in vain? Finally the dying Saviour recovered the light of His Father's countenance. It was then no more "My God," but "*Father*, into Thy hands I commend My spirit: and having said thus, He gave up the ghost." Besides those who stood around His cross on that day were many of His acquaintances, but they stood *afar off*. Oh, reader, where do *you* stand with regard to a crucified Saviour? Can you say with our golden text, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world?"

THE VOYAGE OF THE SHIP EGLANTINE.

—WHO SAILED IN HER—AND WHY.

A Story of an English Merchant Vessel.

(Continued from page 77.)

IT was a cold, dreary morning, with a drizzling rain falling fast and thick on land and sea. A group of sailors stood at the corner of one of the narrow streets leading up from the docks to the town—men of the ordinary sailor type, rough and easy and good-humored. But the good-humored element was not so conspicuous as usual; most of them looked excited, some angry.

A handsome carriage, drawn by a couple of bays, came down the street, and they stood aside as it passed, its wheels splashing mud and water over them.

"There he goes!" said one of the men; "look at him sitting in his grand carriage, dashing the dirt over us! A great deal he cares about rotten timber, so long as he gets his money. I should like to send you out in the Eglantine, Richard Hilliard! I wonder how you'd feel?"

"Look you here, Ned Cairns," said another, "I haven't got much faith in your young Hilliard—like father, like son."

"Nothing of the sort. Mr. Christian Hilliard is a good man, and one who keeps his word. I'll trust him, if you won't," replied Cairns; "I knew him when he was a boy, and a better-hearted youngster never breathed."

The occupant of the carriage, ignorant of the remarks, though not unobservant of the unfriendly glances of the men, alighted at his office door. Captain Thorpe stood inside the doorway chaffing the clerks. As Mr. Hilliard came in he stood on one side, and exchanging the ordinary greeting, followed him into his private room.

"I am glad you have been able to come, Mr. Hilliard," he said, as that gentleman motioned him to a seat; "writing isn't a satisfactory way of settling business, especially of this sort."

"What sort?" demanded Mr. Hilliard sharply.

"About the Eglantine," replied Captain Thorpe, opening his eyes at the shipowner's tone; "the men are in open rebellion. Have you got Grant's letter handy?"

"Did you receive *my* letter this morning?"

"Yes."

"I think I told you in it that Grant's letter merely contained a list of the necessary repairs."

Captain Thorpe shook his head.

"I told the men so, sir, but they won't take my unsupported word. Perhaps if *you* were to speak to them—"

It was only a suggestion thrown out as a feeler, but Mr. Hilliard ignored it.

"The men are a set of fools!" he said angrily; "don't give way to them."

"They are not all fools. Cairns is a sensible man, and a trustworthy seaman."

"If they are not fools, they are probably worse. You must make them go; the ship is ready to sail, and sail she shall."

Captain Thorpe's anger rose.

"I can not force them to go, Mr. Hilliard."

"Indeed!" was the significant reply.

"I suppose such things have been done," went on the captain; "but I for one should not care to put out to sea with a forced crew. If they come willingly, well and good; if not, get another crew?"

"Where?" asked Mr Hilliard sarcastically.

"Ah, that's the difficulty; sailors fight shy of a ship with a bad name."

"I should like to know who gave the Eglantine a bad name."

"Well, Mr. Hilliard, she is very old, and some of the men who were with her on her last voyage remember in what a dilapidated condition she was, and how rotten some of the timbers were."

"What has that got to do with her now? hasn't she been well repaired?"

Captain Thorpe made no reply, and at that moment the door opened, and Christian Hilliard came in. Young and handsome, with the unmistakable impress of his upright, honorable nature on his face, he formed a striking contrast to his father and the weather-beaten captain.

"You are engaged, sir?" he said, glancing at his father's preoccupied face.

"No, I am not," was the quick reply. "Captain Thorpe, will you kindly obey my instructions to the letter. I have nothing more to say about it."

"I will come and tell you the result," said the captain, rising reluctantly. "I am afraid it will be different from what you expect, sir."

"Do your part, and if that is not sufficient, I will do mine," said the shipowner coldly.

"Well, Christian."

"That's Captain Thorpe, isn't it?" said his son, gazing out of the window after the departing captain. "Has he been about that row?"

"What row?" asked Mr. Hilliard, wondering what he knew about it.

"Among the crew of the Eglantine. They say the ship isn't seaworthy, and he gave his father an account of his interview on the previous night—gave it in a half-laughing, half-serious way, which was little guide to his real feeling.

Mr. Hilliard listened in silence. A slight frown crossed his face as his son spoke of his promise to show Grant's letter to the men, and Christian's quick eye caught it.

"You will have no objection, sir, will you?" he asked, pausing in some surprise.

"Certainly! I should not think of showing it to them. Things have come to a pretty pass if I m always to show written proof of the truth of my word. You should not have promised."

Christian whistled: it was a habit of his when he was perplexed or annoyed.

"That's awkward," he said at last, seating himself on the table. "Where is the letter?"

"At home," said Mr. Hilliard, off his guard. The next moment he would have given much to recall the words.

"Look here, sir; it won't compromise your dignity in the least if I take the letter and just read it to the men. You can not possibly object to my reading it to them on my own responsibility; your name shall not be brought into the affair at all."

"I do object most strongly, Christian; the letter is in my possession, and the fact of your reading it to them proves that I must have given it to you, therefore I am bound to be brought in."

"Well, sir, there is but one way out of the difficulty that I can see," said Christian suddenly, after a short silence; "I must read the letter myself, and then repeat the contents to the men. I think they will take my word for its correctness."

"Why should they take your word when they refuse to take Thorpe's?"

"Because, as I learned in the days of old, familiarity breeds contempt," was the good-humored rejoinder. "They know Thorpe; they don't know me personally—at least not much. It's the way of the world. I promised to see the men to-day. What time are you going home?"

"I can not stay long; my leg is painful to-day. I shall return before noon."

"That will suit me well. I'll come with you, see the letter, and ride back in the evening."

"You can come with me if you like, but as to seeing the letter, that's another thing."

The last words Christian did not hear: catching sight of a friend passing he dashed out in pursuit, heedless of the fast-falling rain, and in his haste nearly tumbled over Captain Thorpe.

"Hullo!" he cried, stopping short; "I'm coming to pay you a visit this evening, Captain Thorpe. I'm going to speechify to your men."

"What about, Mr. Christian?"

"I shall take the Eglantine for a subject, and discourse about rigging, and spars, and planks, and masts," was the laughing reply. "I'm going to hunt up a nautical dictionary, and make sure of my sea terms."

"I wonder what he has to say to the men?" thought the captain, as he walked on. "Mr. Hilliard will give him Grant's letter to read to them, I suppose."

The rain was still falling fast when Christian returned to the office. The carriage was waiting at the door, but Mr. Hilliard was engaged. Two or three sailors were lounging near, watching the action of the bays, and commenting on the livery of the servants.

"I say, mate, what'll you take for your petticoats?" said one, touching the footman's long coat with his stick. "Uncommon comfortable thing in a nor'-wester."

The man, who was a Londoner, vouchsafed no reply, but moved nearer the carriage door with a look of supreme contempt.

The next moment Cairns caught sight of Christian Hilliard standing near, and touched his cap. "Beg your pardon: didn't know you were there, sir."

"All right," said Christian, stepping into the outer office, which was empty, the clerks having gone to their dinner; "just step this way a moment, I want to speak to you."

Cairns followed him, looking somewhat embarrassed.

"You are the man who spoke to me last night. How is it you are not on board?"

"Nothing to do, sir. The Eglantine is ready for sea, and unless something is done, she will sail in a day or two."

"Why have you not spoken before? Why have you left it to the last minute in this way?"

"We didn't leave it, Mr. Christian. As soon as we knew the repairs hadn't gone far enough, we spoke to Captain Thorpe, and he promised to see Mr. Hilliard, and have it attended to at once. He's been keeping us on and off these last few weeks, just playing with us, and at last we got desperate, and took the affair into our own hands. I've been waiting about for you all the morning."

"Well, I have nothing to say to you now. I am coming down to the docks this evening, and will put things to rights then. I thought you'd be on the look-out all day."

One of the inner doors opened, and Mr. Hilliard came out. He glanced at Cairns, and paused as if he would have spoken, but changed his mind and passed on.

"I'm going to have a talk over it with my father, and see Grant's letter," said Christian.

"I shall ride down to the docks this evening, so look out for me, and don't run off to the 'Three Sails.'"

He spoke the last words in jest, and Cairns laughed.

"No fear, sir; we are too anxious for that."

Mr. Hilliard was twice as long as usual over the dinner-table that evening. Christian yawned, and stretched his long limbs, and gave various other signs of weariness, but still his father deliberately sipped his old port and took no notice. At last he pushed back his chair, and Christian sprang to his feet.

"Now for this Eglantine affair," he said, opening the door. "Come along, sir, into your sanctum sanctorum."

"I've told you all there is to tell about the Eglantine," replied his father, coolly taking up the evening paper.

"Yes, but Grant's letter, you know; I want to see it. It is here, somewhere, I suppose; can I get it?"

There was no help for it; the moment had come either for an evasion of the question or for a direct refusal to show the letter.

To this pass had Richard Hilliard's avaricious plot brought him. He must reveal his wicked design to his own son or deliberately deceive him. The surveyor's letter condemned the ship in unequivocal terms, and if Christian read it he would protest against her being sent out, and would denounce his father for entertaining such a project. Mr. Hilliard knew his son's spirit, and was conscious Christian would never respect him again if he knew. Low as he had sunk he could not bear to lose the respect of his son, and he resolved Christian should not see the letter. He must be deceived as to its purport, as the Captain had been deceived. So many falsehoods would have disgusted many men, but when the passion of avarice once takes possession of the soul, it blunts the finer feelings, and renders the man impervious to the prickings of conscience, and capable of any depth of villainy. As St. Paul has warned us (1 Tim. 6 : 10), "*The love* of money is the root of all evil."

"It is strange, Christian," he said petulantly, "that you can not understand my objection to have that letter read or repeated to those men. I tell you again it contains a list of repairs necessary to make the Eglantine seaworthy; let that be sufficient."

"But I have given my word," said Christian, a shade of annoyance crossing his handsome face. "What on earth can I say to the men? They are expecting me to give them proof as to the ship's seaworthiness, and I must do it."

Mr. Hilliard made no reply.

"Surely you can not object to give me the letter to read, if I merely repeat the contents to them."

"I utterly refuse to have any thing at all to do with it. If you choose to encourage the men in their rebellion, do so; I shall be no party in the matter."

"It is not rebellion, sir; they think the ship is rotten, and surely they have a right to demand proof that she is not so. I am sorry if I have acted contrary to your judgment, but it is too late to speak of that now. As I have given them my word, they are depending upon me, and I feel bound in honor to satisfy them."

Mr. Hilliard continued reading the paper.

"It is very annoying," continued Christian, with irritation. "If I had had the slightest idea that you would object, I would not have promised."

"You know nothing of the business, and should not have interfered."

The word "interfered" jarred on Christian's ear.

"It was scarcely that, sir," he answered coldly. "The men asked me to prove the truth of my father's word, and is it likely I should refuse?"

"I can take care of my own honor."

"Certainly, when you know it is at stake, which I presume you did not in this case."

"My honor is not in the keeping of a rascally crew."

"I can not understand you," said Christian, rising and pacing the floor. "These men risk their lives in a perfectly sound vessel, and it is natural that they should wish to have their safety guaranteed as far as possible. What am I to say to them to-night?"

"Just what you please."

"Shall I, on your authority, tell them that Grant's letter was an assurance of the Eglantine's seaworthiness, under certain conditions, *which have been fulfilled?*"

"If you like."

Christian grew impatient. "Will you, as a personal favor to me, your son, let me read Grant's letter?"

"I have already said no."

"Is that your final decision?"

"It is."

Christian opened the door and left the room. "Confound it!" he exclaimed angrily, "here's a nice fix for a fellow to be in. How am I to keep my word to these men?"—a question which kept his thoughts fully occupied on his way to the docks. Cairns was leaning over the side of the Eglantine, evidently on the look-out.

"Where's Captain Thorpe?" asked Christian.

"Down below, sir; shall I call him?"

"No, I'll go down." Diving into the cabin, he found the Captain busy with his chart. "Captain Thorpe," he said abruptly, "are you aware of the contents of Grant's letter to my father?"

Captain Thorpe opened his eyes. "I only know what your father told me. I have not seen it, I wish I had; the men would be satisfied then, perhaps."

"You have every confidence in the vessel's soundness, I suppose."

"I have your father's word for it."

"And that satisfies you?"

"Yes."

"Will you come on deck while I speak to the men?" Captain Thorpe rose and followed him in silence. The men were gathered together, quietly talking, but as Christian appeared they turned towards him with expectant looks.

"My men," he began in the cool, deliberate way habitual to him, "I made a promise to one of you last night which I am unable to keep. I promised to repeat the contents of a certain letter to you, but it is not in my power to do so. Not one of you regrets this as I do. Nevertheless, I have something to tell you about this ship. Are you prepared to believe my word?"

There was a whispered consultation among them, and some altercation. At last Cairns stepped forward, cap in hand. "Sir, Mr. Christian, they want to know who is your authority for what you are going to say."

"My father's word is my authority," said Christian proudly, a flush rising to his face. "I am prepared to pledge my honor as to the truth of all I say."

"It ain't no use, sir," said another of the men, sullenly. "We would take your word for any thing you had seen yourself, but if you only tell us what Mr. Hilliard tells you, we won't, and there's an end of it."

"Haven't you seen the letter, sir?" asked Cairns, respectfully.

"No; my father thinks his word ought to be sufficient."

"He said the Pearly Spray was sound," cried a voice from behind Cairns, "and she went down. No, no, sir, we ain't going to take Mr. Hilliard's word. It's an easy thing to send a rotten ship to sea. Sailors' lives ain't worth counting, so as the masters get their money. If you believe the ship is sound, go in her yourself."

"Ay, let him go in her himself," murmured the men, with lowering looks. "He'll take precious good care he don't tread her planks."

"If I do go, will you trust my father's and Captain Thorpe's word? Will you do your part, and take your places like men?" asked Christian, with the light of a sudden resolve in his honest eyes.

"Ay, ay, sir. If you will trust your life, we can trust ours."

"*Then I will go!*" said Christian, and the men looked at each other in silence.

(*To be continued.*)

SUNDAY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE Rev. John Gritton writes from Paris, October 28th:

"It was my duty to spend yesterday (Sunday) afternoon in the various sections of the Paris Exhibition, to see for myself the amount of reverence for the Lord's day manifested by the English-speaking exhibitors. Permit me to lay the results of my observations before your readers. It may influence the progress of thought and the course of events in relation to the pressing questions as to bands, art collections, museums, theatres, and general amusements on the Lord's day.

"Yesterday was the last Sunday but one on which the Exposition will be open. The crowds were immense. The bustle of sight-seeing, of buying and selling, of inspection and display in the foreign sections was amazing. The noise of moving machinery incessant, and the babble of tongues endless. I passed through some of the foreign sections that I might realize the actual extent of French disregard of Sunday as a day of repose. One fact was everywhere patent. English visitors were very few. I did not detect fifty in all, and I made careful observation, looking earnestly and listening attentively.

"At one time I took my stand with an American exhibitor, in a busy avenue, and helped him in the distribution of 3000 Gospels and 600 Gospel tracts, such as 'Venez à Jésus' and 'Mort à son Poste.' The people passed by in a continual stream till our stock was exhausted. Not more than five English people were among them. The abstinence from Sunday attendance on the part of Englishmen was notable, very encouraging and in full accord with my own observation and with reports made to me as to former Sundays.

"When I passed into the sections devoted to exhibits from Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States, and the Colonies of England, a marked quiet was everywhere evident. The immense ranges of machinery were still, many hundreds of exhibits were covered up, attendants were absent, and the stillness seemed to affect the streams of people passing by, for they too moved along quietly, and mostly in silence.

"Standing at the entrance to the machinery annex, I listened attentively to the remarks of those passing in. I saw marks of displeasure in two or three instances, and some shrugged their shoulders, as only French people can, in evident pity for English eccentricities; but the very general tone of remark was not antagonistic to the protest made for Sabbath rest. I was specially interested in hearing several parents reply to the inquiries of their children that the English people thought it right to pay strict and religious regard to the Sunday.

"At the English refreshment buffets the English were conspicuously absent, and the very bill of fare testified that on this one day of the week the money of Messrs. Ind & Coope and the enterprise of their French managers provided for the tastes and wishes of Frenchmen.

"Such, then, is the evidence afforded by the Exhibition to the high estimation in which our English reverence for the Lord's day is held among the most successful merchants and tradespeople of the whole world. Temptations to imitate the conduct of their Continental rivals have been many and great; but they have 'remembered the Sabbath day to keep it *separate*,' and in doing so have done honor to God, to themselves, and to the great Anglo-Saxon race whose supremacy in the world can be traced to the open Bible and to the reverent keeping of Sabbath law.

"Permit me some remarks as to Paris itself. This city of Sunday gaiety is also the city of Sunday toil. Museums, art collections, and theatres are open. So are the shops and the factories. There are bands discoursing sweet music, and there is the cry of unrelieved toil. I saw yesterday, far into the afternoon, the ordinary business of life in full energy. Shops everywhere open, stone-masons, carpenters, painters, glaziers at work on municipal and private buildings; road-makers and scavengers at their daily toil; dealers in coal and wood cutting up and carrying on their merchandise; carts and wagons moving about with their heavy burdens; hundreds of wretched horses evidently in the last stage of endurance; and, crown—fitting crown of the whole—I saw the vast stream of people issuing at five o'clock from the Exhibition by the Porte de la Seine, cut in two by the passage of contractors' carts laden with bricks.

"Here then are Sunday amusements and Sunday toil; the open theatre and the toiling workman; the trifler, dying with *ennui* if he be kept an hour from sinful vanities, and the worker near to perishing—slave of the capitalist and more wretched slave of the more tyrannous pleasure-seeker.

"May all statesmen learn the lesson!"

John Wesley at York.—As he travelled to and from odd mistakes sometimes happened. Arrived at York, he went into the church in St. Saviour's Gate. The rector, one Mr. Cordeau, had often warned his congregatio against going to hear "that vagabond Wesley' preach. It was usual in that day for minister of the Establishment to wear the cassock o gown, just as we everywhere in France see th French abbé. Wesley had on his gown, like university man in a university town. Mr. Cordeau, not knowing who he was, offered him hi pulpit. Wesley was quite willing, and alway ready. Sermons leaped impromptu from hi lips, and this sermon was an impressive one. A its close the clerk asked the rector if he kne who the preacher was. "No." "Why, sir, was that vagabond Wesley!" "Ah, indeed! said the astonished clergyman. "Well, nev mind, we have had a good sermon."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—Sermon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by ergymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes, etc.—Also, once month, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Price, Single Copies, Four Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1878.

12th Year. No. 7—New Series.

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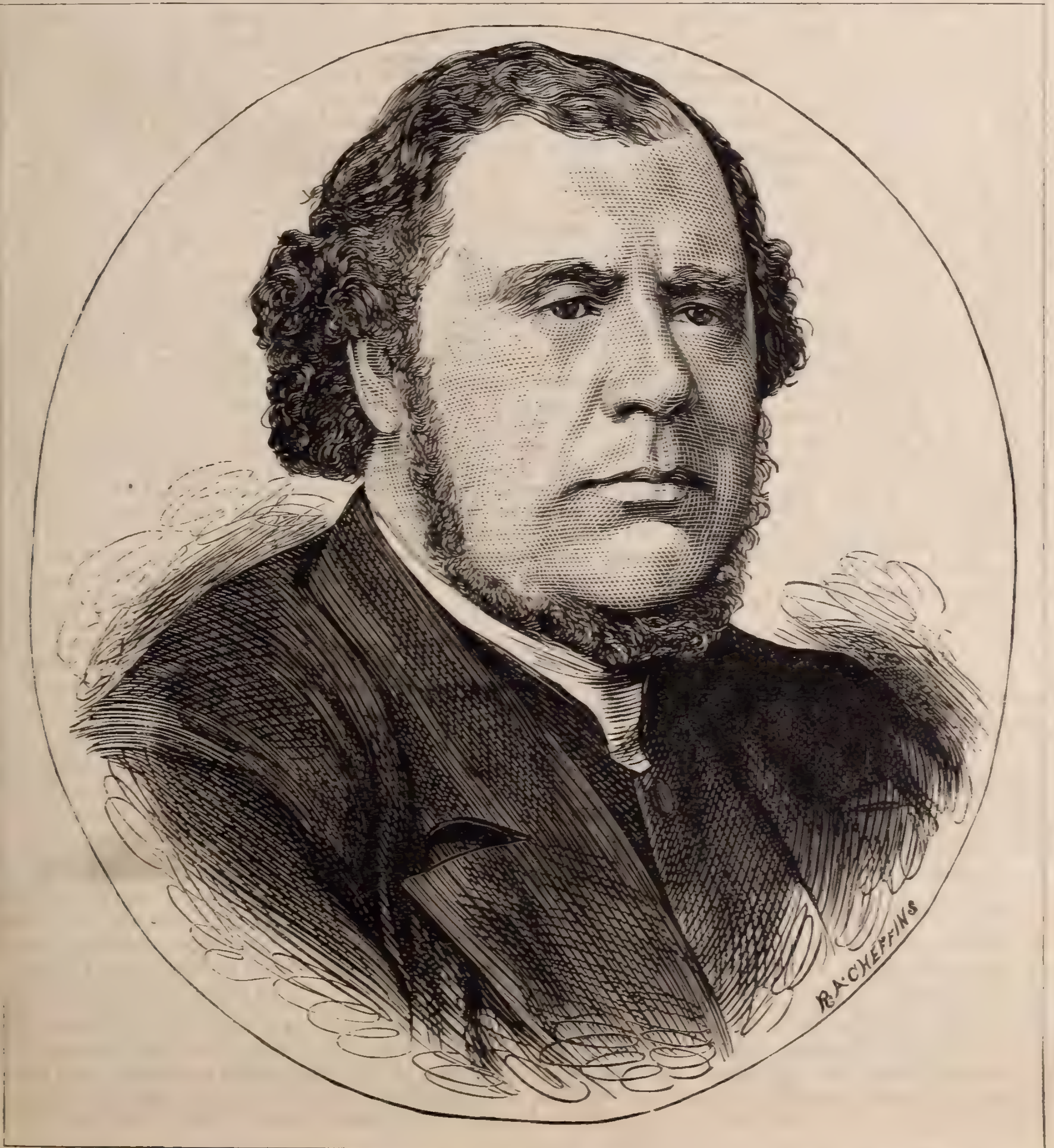

REV. WM. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., The Distinguished Methodist Minister.
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REV. DR. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Parentage — Education — Pious Uncles — Enters the Ministry—Sudden Popularity in London —His Missionary Services—Extract from his Lecture on John Bunyan — His Energy in Erecting new Churches—Visits America—An old English Law—Personal Matters.

William Morley Punshon was born in Doncaster, England, in the year 1824, and has added another name to the already numerous list of distinguished Yorkshiremen. His father was a successful man of business, occupying a good social position, and very highly esteemed as a valuable and influential member of the Wesleyan Connection. It may be said in passing that his uncle, Sir Isaac Morley, was a gentleman of position in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and he certainly had every reason to be gratified as he watched the growing honor brought by his nephew to the old family name.

Before he was twelve years old he was sent to be educated at Heanor, Derbyshire, and HIS SCHOOL DAYS, under judicious care, appear to have been an admirable preparation for the larger education of riper years. At this time, and while afterwards at the Doncaster Grammar School, "he was a stiff, chubby lad, with fresh, curly hair, a full proportion of the love of sport, and, above all, a most extraordinary memory. He would commit to memory, for the mere pleasure of the effort, long passages from 'The Speaker,' and recite them to his schoolfellows; and it is said that he could repeat the names of all the British constituencies, with the names of all the members representing them, without a mistake."

In his fifteenth year he entered the business establishment of his grandfather, a timber merchant, at Hull, and spent some time as a clerk both there and at Sunderland. When about twenty years of age he went to reside beneath the roof of another uncle—a man of some mark both as a missionary and a Cingalese scholar, in his day—the Rev. Benjamin Clough, who at that time was living at Woolwich. There was not a minister in the town more highly respected than Mr. Clough; and when the excitement in those years was rising almost to fever-heat in consequence of connectional heart-burnings and disputes, his influence and example as an able scholar, earnest preacher, and Christian gentleman were of the best and most healing character.

Whether his nephew, upon his conversion, had formed the purpose of devoting his life to the work of the Christian ministry, we are not informed; but there is no doubt that within twelve months afterwards this purpose had become distinct and clear. After a brief course of college training, he passed the necessary examination, was ACCEPTED BY THE CONFERENCE, and completed the regular period of probation in arduous circuit work, chiefly in the North of England. We should like to have heard some of those early sermons of his. His later efforts thousands in Great Britain, America, and Canada are acquainted with, and we all know the marks they exhibit of the most painstaking care as well as of brilliant oratorical power. But from the wilds of Cumberland to, let us say, for example, the Corn Exchange, Oxford, where he delivered the fervent address which excited so much attention, the leap could not have been sudden.

To have seen and heard the youth, Morley Punshon, when there could be no mistaking his Yorkshire proclivities and pronunciation, to have seen and heard him when he was preparing for the eminence which now fairly belongs to him both as preacher and public orator, would have enabled one to trace the growth, if not of the poet's, at least of the preacher's mind.

To many in London, after seven years' ministry in Whitehaven, Carlisle, and Newcastle, he seemed suddenly to spring, fully armed, into A BLAZE OF POPULARITY that was well-nigh dazzling. He could not be announced to preach or to lecture without chapels and halls being filled to overflowing. It would be difficult to say whether his preaching or lecturing excited the deeper interest. He had but to be announced to preach or speak, and, comparatively speaking, every inch of sitting or standing room became valuable.

One of his earliest efforts in the metropolis was his sermon in the old tabernacle, Tottenham-Court Road, on behalf of the London Missionary Society. The large building was usually well filled on these anniversaries, but on this occasion it really could not make room for the crowd desirous of getting any kind of place. Several years have passed since that memorable evening, but the writer sees once more the chapel as it then appeared with the front galleries packed with ministers from all parts of the kingdom, with the pulpit stairs thronged with listeners, conspicuous amongst whom was the late Dr. John Campbell, busily taking notes to be used afterwards in a manner peculiar to himself.

How few who heard that marvellous discourse on "Largeness of Heart" remain now! His comparatively recent sermon on behalf of the same Society at Surrey Chapel will be fresh in the recollection of many; but that grand piece of eloquence years ago has firmly held its ground in our memory against all subsequent sermons and lectures, though they may have been greater and more successful.

His lectures at Exeter Hall before the Young Men's Christian Association, some of which were delivered while he was in Sheffield and in Leeds (in each of which he spent the customary three years), were amongst the most attractive that have been given before the members of that Society. This is no slight praise, when we remember the brilliant array of able men who in the course of years have done the Young Men's Christian Association good service by the topics which they selected, and by their masterly treatment of them.

His first lecture was upon "The Prophet of Horeb," and three years afterwards this was followed by one upon "John Bunyan," which some are disposed to regard as his greatest oration. We shall pronounce no opinion on the matter. We think nothing equal to "John Bunyan" while we are under its spell, but when we open "The Huguenots" we find its influence quite as thrilling and subduing. As the first was delivered twenty years ago, many of our readers will be pleased to read an extract from it:

"Rare times they were, the times of that stirring and romantic era. How much was crowded into the sixty years of Bunyan's eventful life! There were embraced in it the turbulent reign of the first Charles—the Star-Chamber, and the High Commission, names of hate and shuddering—Laud with his Papistry, and Stafford with his scheme of Thorough, the long intestine war, Edgehill and Naseby and Marston, memories of sorrowful renown, a discrowned monarch, a royal title, and a royal execution. He saw all that was venerable and all that was novel changing places; like the scene-shifting of a drama; bluff cavaliers in seclusion and in exile; douce burghers acting history and moulded into men. Then followed the Protectorate of the many-sided and wondrous Cromwell; brief years of grandeur and progress, during which an Englishman became a power and a name. Then came the Restoration, with its reaction of excesses—the absolution of courtiers and courtezans—the madness which seized upon the nation when vampires like Oates and Dangerfield were gorged with perjury and drunk with blood; the Act of Uniformity, framed in true succession to take effect on St. Bartholomew's day, by which 'at one fell swoop' were ejected two thousand ministers of Christ's holy Gospel; the Conventicle Act, two years later, which hounded the ejected ones from the copse and from the glen; the Great Plague, fitting sequel to enactments so foul, when the silenced clergy, gathering in pestilence immunity from law, made the Red Cross the sad badge of their second ordination, and taught the anxious, and cheered the timid at the altars from which hirelings had fled . . . What a rush of history compressed into a less period than threescore years an ten! These were, indeed, times for th development of character—times for th birth of men."

From 1858 we find Mr. Punshon for som years residing in London, first in Bay water, and next at Islington. His popularit was well established, and he used it for t Master he served. It is well known th he was able to present the sumn of 100 ($5000) towards a Wesleyan chapel in Sp tal fields, both from the delivery and t sale of his lecture on "The Huguenots."

The help thus given to the Lond chapel was followed by efforts on behalf of erecting places of worship in other directions, and for five or six years his labors may have been said to have been almost incessant. His friends justly feared that a break-down in health would inevitably result from this chapel-building work. He had, however, firmly resolved to raise ten thousand pounds towards the erection of chapels in the chief watering-places on the coast of England, and though failure of health came at last, he would have been the first to fervently thank God that this did not happen until the work he had set himself to do was fairly done.

Any sketch of Dr. Punshon would be imperfect which contained no reference to his interest in missionary work. It has seemed to many that his speeches on missionary platforms were as carefully prepared as any of his great sermons or lectures. None that heard it can forget the dream which he told about ten years ago in a speech delivered in

EXETER HALL.

He described the insidious spread of Popery as the stealthy rising of waters, until the devoted country was engulfed as in another deluge. After picturing the havoc made by the silent, black, deceitful, treacherous water, he said :

"I should like to know if there is any interpreter here who can read the moral of my dream ? I have wondered whether it were possible that it had any reference to England. I have wondered whether there is any thing in the midst of us at this moment like that stealthy, snake-like, rising, creeping water ! I have wondered whether any of you know any thing like it ; whether there is a system in the midst of us, which for years has been clamoring, and which has always obtained what is clamored for, which has secured its own close houses from inspection, while it has wormed itself into yours ; which has got into your work-houses, into your prisons, which has granted an indulgence for twelve months to people who will only pray for you—pray that you may be converted to what they consider to be the true faith, and which yet is a system which has been a curse and a mildew to every country where it has prevailed !

"Privileged once more to stand on this missionary platform, one of whose duties I humbly think is to bear testimony to the truth, I have wondered whether it was not my duty to tell this dream to you ; and, waking out of it as men do from unsightly visions, with a sense of shuddering and of fear, I have wondered whether I ought not to summon you, though my words be of the feeblest, to arouse yourselves as the heart of one man, and to let your manifesto ring out upon the world. Away with gags, and jails, and proscriptions, and penalties. Our sufferings have taught us charity, and we will not steal *the sword of persecution from her to whom it of right belongs ;* but to us has been committed a stewardship of truth and freedom, and we will not be faithless to our trust. In sight of the rising tide and of the fatuous warders we will do our duty, and, speaking with a voice too stern for trifling, and too sad for passion, we announce our resolve to-day. In the name of our martyred forefathers, and in the name of the country that we love, and in the name of the sanctities that are habitually violated and of the liberties which are put in peril, and in the name of the slaves that are enthralled, in the name of the souls that are deluded, and in the name of the Gospel of Jesus, which is hindered, and in the holy name of God '*A barred door to Popery, and no peace with Rome.*' "

In 1868 Dr. Punshon transferred his ministerial labors to Canada, being at the same time deputed by the British Conference to visit fraternally the Canadian and United States Conferences. It need scarcely be said his reception was as genial and enthusiastic as warm-hearted Americans and Canadians know how to give. While in Toronto he permitted the publication of a volume of lectures and sermons as a memorial volume, and these recall to many Trans-atlantic friends the voice of the speaker now that he is far away.

Although not native to the Dominion of Canada, he learned to identify himself loyally with its interests, and cherishes an unwavering attachment to its people and its fortunes. In 1874 Dr. Punshon filled the honorable post of President of the Conference, and his present position in the Wesleyan Mission House in London is that of Deputy Treasurer and Senior Secretary. His health is not so robust now as it once was, and he only preaches occasionally, and often delivers the same sermon in different Wesleyan chapels, his health and arduous work at the Mission House apparently precluding any frequent preparation of new discourses.

Dr. Punshon has been thrice married ; in the first instance to Miss Vickers, of Gateshead, while laboring in the Newcastle Circuit, whom he lost about ten years afterwards, during his first sojourn in London.

When in Canada, shortly after settling in Toronto, he married his first wife's sister, who for years had, with the utmost devotedness, discharged all motherly duties towards his bereaved children. The law of England still prohibits these marriages, but in Canada they are valid. Strenuous efforts have been made to legalize them in England, but hitherto without success. Session after session, with patient persistency, a bill has been introduced into Parliament for the purpose, but bigotry and narrow-minded prejudice, sometimes on the part of the Bishops, sometimes of laymen, have procured its rejection. A man who finds in the sister of his deceased wife a congenial partner, with no natural bar to render a marriage injudicious, is separated from her by a musty ecclesiastical prejudice, a relic of mediæval superstition. Dr. Punshon had the courage to set it at defiance, and his coadjutors in the Wesleyan ministry, to their own disgrace, marked their disapprobation of his conduct by striking his name off the roll of the "legal hundred."

The union, hallowed as it was by ardent affection on both sides and fraught as it was with happiness, was not of long duration. Mrs. Punshon died October, 1871, after only three years of wedded life. After Dr. Punshon resumed his position in the English Wesleyan ministry he married the daughter of the late William Foster, Esq., of Sheffield.

THE CONVERSION OF D'AUBIGNÉ.

Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, the well-known historian of the Reformation, was a student at Geneva at a time when the Gospel was openly ridiculed by the professors as well as the students. In 1816 he presided at a meeting which indignantly protested against a pamphlet defending the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ. In 1817 Mr. Robert Haldane was honored of God to renew a testimony to the despised Gospel among those students. During his stay at Geneva, Merle d'Aubigné met him at a private house, and heard him read a chapter from the Epistle to the Romans concerning the natural corruption of man. The student of theology was astonished to hear of men being corrupt by nature ; but, being clearly convinced by the passage read to him, he said to Mr. Haldane, "Now I do indeed see this doctrine in the Bible." "Yes," replied Mr. Haldane, "but do you see it in your heart ?" It was a simple question, but it came home to the young man's conscience. From that time he saw and felt himself to be indeed a sinner, and learned that he could be saved by grace alone, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

CLUB-HOUSES LEGITIMATE AND ILLEGITIMATE.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached December 1st.

THE RESULT OF A MIDNIGHT EXPLORATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

"Let the young men now arise and play before us."—II. Samuel 2 : 14.

How Innocent Sport became Destructive—Historical Clubs—The Club an English Importation—Clubs for a Purpose—The Interior by Night—The Habitues—Disreputable Clubs—Haunts of Gambling and Dissipation—How shall we estimate Club-Houses—Three Principles—I. What is the Club's Influence on Home ?—Unwise Jealousy of a Wife—Fatal Clubs—Dividing the Evenings—The Funeral and Epitaph of the Club Victim—II. What is the Club's Effect on Business ?—Clubs that shipwreck Business—III. What is the Club's Effect on the Soul ?—A Daughter's Death—A Stout Rope for the Rescue—The Strands it is made with—Where it shall be fastened—Pull for Life.

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip, or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair, and then with the sword thrusting him in the side ; so that, that which opened in innocent, fun ended in the massacre of all the twenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then, and is true now, *that that which is innocent may be made destructive ?*

In my exploration of the night side of city life, I have found out that there is *a legitimate and an illegitimate* use of the club-house. In the one case, it may become a healthful recreation like the contest of the twenty-four men in the text when they began their play. In the other case, it becomes the massacre of body, mind, and soul, as in the case of the contestants in the text when they had gone too far with their sport. All intelligent ages have had their gatherings for political, social, artistic, literary purposes—gatherings characterized by the blunt old Anglo-Saxon designation of "club." If you have read history, you know that there was a King's Head Club, a Ben Jonson Club, a Brothers' Club to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged, a Literary Club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell made immortal, a Jacobin Club, a Benjamin Franklin Yankee Club. Some of these to vindicate justice, some to favor the arts, some to promote good manners, some to despoil the habits, some to destroy the soul.

If one will write an honest history of the clubs of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and the United States for the last hundred years, he will write *the history of the world.*

The club was an institution born on English soil, but it has thrived well in American atmosphere. We have in this cluster of cities a great number of them, with seventy thousand members, so called, so known ; but who shall tell how many belong to that kind of club where men put purses together and open house, apportioning the expense of caterer and servants and room, and having a sort of domestic establishment—a style of club-house which, in my opinion, is far better than the ordinary hotel or boarding-house ?

LEGITIMATE CLUB-HOUSES.

But my object now is to speak of club-houses of *a different sort,* such as the Union League, which was established during the war, having patriotic purposes, which has now between thirteen and fourteen hundred members, which is now, also, the headquarters of Republicanism ; likewise, the Manhattan, with large admission-fee, four or five hundred members, the headquarters of the Democracy; like the Union Club, established in 1836, when New York had only a little over three hundred thousand inhabitants, their present building having cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (they have a membership of between eight and nine hundred people, among them some of the leading merchant princes of the land); like the Lotos, the latest rival of the Arcadian, where journalists, dramatists, sculptors, painters, and artists from all branches gather together to discuss newspapers, theatres, and elaborate art; like the Americus, which camps out in summer-time, dimpling the pool with their hook and arousing the forest with their stag-hunt; like the Century Club, which has its large group of venerable lawyers and poets; like the Army and Navy Club, where those who engaged in warlike service once on the land or the sea now come together to talk over the days of carnage; like the New York Yacht Club, with its floating palaces of beauty embroidered with velvet, panelled with ebony, having all the advantages of electric bell and of gaslight and of king's pantry, one pleasure-boat costing three thousand, another fifteen thousand, another thirty thousand, another sixty-five thousand dollars, the fleet of pleasure-boats belnoging to the club having cost over two million dollars; like the American Jockey Club, to which belong men who have a passionate fondness for horses, fine horses as had Job when, in the Scriptures, he gives us a sketch of that king of beasts, the arch of its neck, the nervousness of its foot, the majesty of its gait, the whirlwind of its power, crying out, "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? the glory of his nostrils is terrrible, he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength, he saith among the trumpets ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting;" like the travellers' club, the Blossom Club, the Palette Club, the Commercial Club, the Liberal Club, the Stable Gang Club, the Amateur Boat Club, the gambling clubs, the wine clubs, the clubs of all sizes, the clubs of all morals, *clubs as good as good can be, and clubs as bad as bad can be*—clubs innumerable.

No series of sermons on the night side of city life would be complete without a sketch of the clubs, which after dark are in full blast. During the day they are comparatively lazy places. Here and there, an aged man reading a newspaper, or an employé dusting a sofa, or a clerk writing up the accounts; but when the curtain of the night falls on the natural day, then the curtain of the club-house hoists for the entertainment.

A CLUB-HOUSE INTERIOR.

Let us hasten up now the marble stairs. What an imperial hallway! See, here are parlors on this side, with the upholstery of the Kremlin and the Tuileries; and here are dining-halls that challenge you to mention any luxury that they cannot afford; and here are galleries with sculpture and paintings and lithographs and drawings from the best of artists, Cropsey and Bierstadt and Church and Hart and Gifford—pictures for your every mood, whether you are impassioned or placid; shipwreck or sunlight over the sea; Sheridan's Ride, or the noonday party of the farmers under the tree; foaming deer pursued by the hounds through the Adirondacks, or the sheep on the lawn. On this side there are reading-rooms, where you find all newspapers and magazines. On that side there is a library, where you find all books from hermeneutics to the fairy tale.

Coming in and out, there are gentlemen, some of whom stay ten minutes, others stay many hours. Some of these are from luxuriant homes, and they have excused themselves for a while from the domestic circle that they may enjoy the larger sociability of the club-house. These are from dismembered households, and they have a plain lodging somewhere, but they come to this place, this club-room, to have their chief enjoyment. One black-ball amid ten votes will defeat a man's becoming a member. For rowdyism, for drunkenness, for gambling, for any kind of misdemeanor, a member is dropped out. Brilliant club-house from top to bottom. The chandeliers, the plate, the furniture, the companionship, the literature, the social prestige—a complete enchantment.

But the evening is passing on, and so we hasten through the hall and down the steps and into the street, and from block to block until we come to another style of club-house.

Opening the door, we find the fumes of strong drink and tobacco something almost intolerable. These men, these young men at this table, it is easy to understand what they are at, from the flushed cheek, the intent look, the almost angry way of tossing the dice or of moving the "chips." They are gambling! At another table are men who are telling vile stories. They are three fourths intoxicated, and between twelve and one o'clock they will go staggering, hooting, swearing, shouting on their way home.

That is an only son. On him all kindness, all care, all culture has been bestowed. He is paying his parents this way for their kindness. *That is a young married man*, who, only a few months ago, at the altar made promises of kindness and fidelity, every one of which he has broken.

Walk through and see for yourself. Here are all the implements of dissipation and of quick death. As the hours of the night go away, the conversation becomes imbecile and more debasing. Now it is time to shut up. Those who are able to stand will get out on the pavement and balance themselves against the lamp-post or against the railings of the fence. Those who are not able to stand will have a bed improvized for them in the club-house, or two not quite so overcome with liquor will conduct him to his father's house, and they will ring the door-bell, and the door will open, and the two imbecile escorts will introduce into the hallway the ghastliest and most hellish spectacle that ever enters a front door—*a drunken son!*

If the dissipating club-houses of this country would make a contract with Inferno to provide it ten thousand men a year and for twenty years, on the condition that no more would be asked of them, the club-houses could afford to make that contract, for they would save homesteads, save fortunes, save bodies, minds, and souls. The ten thousand men who would be sacrificed by that contract would be but a small part of the multitude sacrificed without the contract.

But I make a vast difference between clubs. I have belonged to four clubs: a theological club, a ball club, and two literary clubs. I got from them physical rejuvenation and moral health. What shall we do? What shall be the principle? If God will help me, I will lay down *three principles* by which you may judge whether the club where you are a member or the club to which you have been invited is a legitimate or an illegitimate club-house.

First of all, I want you to test the club by

ITS INFLUENCE ON HOME,

if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent gentleman in club life that *three fourths of the members of the great clubs of these cities are married men!*

That wife soon loses all her influence who nervously and foolishly looks upon all absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art and literature and beneficence and public weal to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by the front-door step and on the other side by the back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic and nothing lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attentions to art, or literature, or religion, or charity, is breaking her own sceptre of conjugal power. I knew in this church an instance where a wife thought that her husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer-meetings, and to religious convocation. She systematically decoyed him away until now he attends neither this nor any other church, and is on rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone, and *I fear his soul gone.*

Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of God, or to charity, or to art, or to anything elevated; *but let not men sacrifice home life to club life.*

I have the rolls of the members of a great many of the prominent clubs of these cities, and I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the club-house, and as ugly as sin at home! They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers and yachts and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wife's dress and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a heathful recreation, a usurper of his affections, and *he has married it*, and he is guilty of moral bigamy.

Under this process, the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is annoyed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. She is always wanting money, money, when she ought to be discussing Eclipse, and Dexter, and Derby Day, and English drag with six horses all answering the pull of one "ribbon"! I tell you there are *thousands of homes in Brooklyn and New York being clubbed to death!* There are club-houses in these cities where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain club, tell me nothing about him for ten years, and I will write his history. Just let me know he is still alive and still a member, and I will write his history. The man is a wine-guzzler, his wife broken-hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced, and his home a mere name in a directory.

Here are six secular nights in the week. "What shall I do with them?" says the father and the husband. "I will give four of those nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in a good neighborhood; I will devote one to charitable institutions; I will devote one to the club." *I congratulate you.*

Here is a man who says, "I will make a different division of the six nights; I will take three for the club and I will take three for other purposes." *I tremble.*

Here is a man who says, "Out of the six secular nights of the week, I will devote five to th club-house and one to the home, which night will spend in scowling like a March squall, wishing I was out spending it as I had spent th other five." *That man's obituary is written* Not one out of ten thousand that gets so far a the wrong road stops. Gradually his health wil fail; through late hours and through too muc stimulants he will be the prey of erysipelas an rheumatism of the heart. The doctor comin in will see at a glance it is not only present diseas he must fight, but years of fast living. Th clergyman, for the sake of the feelings of th family, on the funeral-day will only talk in r ligious generalities. The men who got his yacl in the eternal rapids will not be at the obs quies. They will have pressing engagemen that day. They will send flowers to the coffi lid, and send their wives to use words of syr pathy; but they will have engagements els where. They never come. Bring me mall and chisel, and I will cut on the tombstone th man's epitaph, "Blessed are the dead who d in the Lord." "No," you say, "that wou not be appropriate." Let me die the death the righteous, and let my last end be like his "No," you say, "that would not be approp ate." Then give me the mallet and the chis and I will cut an honest epitaph: "Here li the victim of a dissipating club-house!"

I think that damage is often done by the sci of some aristocratic family who belongs to o of these dissipating club-houses. People co ing up from humbler classes feel it an honor belong to the same club, forgetting the fact th many of the sons and grandsons of the comm cial establishments, the large commercial establishments of the last generation, are now, as to mind, imbecile; as to body, diseased; as to morals, rotten. They would have got through their property long ago if they had had full possession of it; but the wily ancestors who got the money by hard knocks foresaw how it was to be, and they tied up every thing hard in the will. Now, there is nothing of that man, that unworthy descendant, but his grandfather's name and roast-beef rotundity. And yet how many steamers there are which feel honored to lash fast that worm-eaten tug, though it drags them straight into the breakers!

2. Another test by which you can find whether your club is legitimate or illegitimate:

ITS EFFECT ON YOUR OCCUPATION.

I can understand how through such an institution a man can make a commercial success. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such channels. If the club has advantaged you in an honorable calling, *it is a legitimate club.*

But has your credit failed? are bargain-makers more cautious how they trust you with a bill of goods? have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency A1 before they entered the club been going down since in commercial standing? Then, look out! You and I, every day, know of commercial establishments going to ruin through the social excesses of one or two members—their fortunes beaten to death with ball-player's bat, or cut amidships of the front prow of the regatta, or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses, or drowned in large potations of Cogniac and Monongahela. Their club-house was the Loch Earn. Their business-house was the Ville du Havre. They struck, and the Ville du Havre went under; or, to take illustration from last Monday night's disaster, their club-house was the Eilian and their business-house was the Pommerania. They struck, and the Pommerania went under.

3. Another test by which you may know whether the club to which you belong, or the club to whose membership you are invited, is a legitimate club or an illegitimate club is this:

ITS EFFECT ON RELIGION.

What is its effect on your sense of moral and religious obligation? Now, if I should take the names of all the people in this audience this morning, and put them on a roll, and then I should lay that roll back of this organ, and a hundred years from now some one should take that roll and call it from A to Z, there would not one of you answer. Now, I say that any association that makes me forget that fact is a bad association. When I go to Chicago, I am sometimes perplexed at Buffalo, as I suppose many travellers are, as to whether they had better not take the Lake Shore route or the Michigan Central, equally expeditious and equally safe, getting there at the destination at the same time; but suppose I hear that on one route the track is torn up, and the bridges are torn down, and the switches are unlocked? it will not take me a great while to decide which road to take. Now, here are two roads into the future, the Christian and the unchristian, the safe and the unsafe. Any institution or any association that confuses my idea in regard to that fact *is a bad institution* and a bad association.

I had prayers before I joined the club. Did I have them after? I attended the house of God where my parents used to take me, and I stood amid Christian influences before I connected myself with the club. Since that union with the club, do I absent myself from religious influences?

Which would you rather have in your hand when you come to die, *a pack of cards or a Bible?* Which would you rather have pressed to your lips in the closing moment, the cup of Belshazzarean wassail or the chalice of Christian communion? Who would you rather have for your pall-bearers, the elders of a Christian church or the companions whose conversation was full of slang and innuendo? Who would you rather have for your eternal companions, those men who spend all their evening betting, gambling, swearing, carousing and telling vile stories, or

YOUR LITTLE CHILD,

that bright girl who loved you so and whom the Lord took? Oh! you would not have been away so much nights, would you, if you had known she was going away so soon? Dear me, your house has never been the same place since. Your wife has never brightened up, she has not got over it; she never will get over it. How long the evenings are with none to put to bed, and none to tell the beautiful Bible story! What a pity it is that you cannot spend more evenings at home in trying to help her bear that sorrow! You can never drown that grief in the wine-cup, you can never break away from the little arms that used to be flung around your neck when she used to say: "Papa, do stay home, to-night—do stay home to-night." You will never be able to wipe from your lips the dying kiss of your little girl. The fascination of a dissipating club-house is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was dying of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at midnight, the eyes had been closed, and the undertaker had done his work, and the wife, worn out with three weeks' watching, lay unconscious in the next room. Then there is a rattling of the night-key in the door, and the returned father comes upstairs, and he sees the cradle gone and the windows up, and says, "What's the matter?" In eternity, aye, before that, in the judgment-day, he will find out what was the matter.

O man astray, God help you! I am going to make

A VERY STOUT ROPE.

You know that sometimes a rope-maker will take very small threads, and wind them together until after a while they become ship-cable. And I am going to take some very small delicate threads, and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage-day, a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded and a thread of the light that followed, and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection. And then I twist all these threads together, and I have another strand. Then I take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp cherubic, and a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh!" you say, "either strand is strong enough to hold fast a world." No. I will take the three strands and will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten not to the communion-table, for it shall be removed—not to a pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages; but I wind it round and round the end of that rope, *round the cross* of a pardoning and sympathizing Christ; and having fastened one end of the rope to the cross, I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for heaven! Oh! choose to-day between the two banquets—the banquet of sin with tankards of death, spirits of darkness the cupbearers, and the banquet of grace, the King of heaven and earth sitting at the table! Room on all sides for the chief of sinners!

The sermons by Dr. Talmage which are published from week to week in this journal are verbatim and unabridged reports. They are published by special arrangement with Dr. Talmage, and are revised by him.

SECOND PART OF THE FIFTH TEMPERANCE ORATION,

By J. B. Gough,

At the Standard Theatre, on October 30th.

A Haunt of the Dangerous Classes—Their Sins of Commission and ours of Omission—Happy Colored People—Thrilling Speech by a Man in Fustian and Corduroy—His Telling Recital of His Reclamation from Drunkenness—What Dick and Tom did—A Scotch Cabman's Gratitude—The Door to Knock at—Killed by Moderate Drinking—A Colonel's Death through Intoxicating Common Wine—The Mouse and the Cat—Do Your Duty.

COME with me, and I will show you a scene I once witnessed. Turn out of this magnificent street of palaces, and look at a new world. Every grade of existence as you advance becomes darker, filthier, fouler, and more degraded: sickening odors, heavy with disease, come from open cellars; oaths ring out from subterranean dens. Here, thronging the filthy sidewalks, are children with no sunshine on their brow—children who are a walking heap of rags—children who often hear a mother swear, but who have never heard her pray—children who will occupy prisons, penitentiaries, poorhouses, or worse. *Can they be rescued?*

Here they are—bad, precocious. In banter, sarcasm, and bold repartee—your child is a fool to them. What if all these sharp intellects, this acuteness, this strange intelligence, were trained for humanity, for God, for Christ, and for heaven—instead of being trained to inevitably prey on society—for crime, for Satan, and for perdition.

Do we not blunder fearfully as Christians if we do nothing for their rescue? and shall we not pay a terrible price for our neglect? Come and see where they live. Come from your pleasant home, where children trained for purity and heaven climb your knee. Come from your family altar. Come from the comforts and luxuries that God has given you, and see where these children live. Jesus loved little children, and whosoever shall give to one of these little ones a cup of cold water shall not lose His reward. This broken door hangs by a single hinge. No fear of burglars here.

Enter! Is this a cage of wild animals? No, these are men, and women, and children—not beasts and their cubs. Every square foot of the filthy floor has some occupant; the wretched in rags, the drunken in their debauches, gray hair and auburn locks, old and young, black and white, the sick and suffering, the innocent and guilty—all herding together.

Here the robber brings his plunder, the beggar his refuse food; here too the shameless girl—God help her!—brings her horrible earnings. Here they sleep and grovel. Here they drug conscience with poisoned liquors. Here they spend their lives; and here, in the dark, many die. Such scenes are to be witnessed in nearly every large city to-day, within sound of the church bells. Oh! they are a hard set. They drink, and swear, and lie, and resist control. True, *their* sins of commission are awful: but what of

OUR SINS OF OMISSION?

As we gaze with horror into the abyss where they lie, and shudder at their degradation, must not some of us say, "I am verily guilty concerning my brother?" Do you wish to repair the blunder of indifference and neglect? Read "Haste to the Rescue," "Annals of the Rescued," "Ragged Homes, and How to Mend Them;" read the Reports of Homes of Industry, Homes for the Friendless, Homes for the Magdalens, Night Refuges for the Destitute, Newsboys' Lodging houses, and kindred enterprises of benevolence.

Then see what is being accomplished in the mission schools, and like institutions. But we want something more than mere institutions. Let the rich men, out of their abundance, invest in clean, well-ordered, and cheap lodging-houses. Open parks, where the poor can have the liberty of the rich. Provide for them cheap and wholesome recreation, pleasure excursions, and the like.

HAPPY COLORED PEOPLE.

An *old colored servant* was asked—although I don't know why we should call them "*colored*" people, for a negro was once asked whether he was a colored man, and he said, "No, I was *born so ;* I never was '*colored*' "—well, some one went to see this colored woman in her wretched little hut, and said, "I don't see how you can manage to live in such a smoke." What did she say? "Why, honey, I say, thanks to the Lord that I have got any thing to make a smoke with."

Another poor creature said, when some one talked to her about her pains, "Oh, honey! dat is nothing. Don't you know dat is just in de hands of de Lord; and sometimes He whips us. But, bless your heart, just as soon as we cries like a baby, He takes us up and comforts us." Why, we have some of the most magnificent experiences of Christian faith and trust and devotedness among the poor—I think sometimes more than among the rich. There is no degradation in poverty; but oh! my friends, there is degradation in sin. Every thing that defiles the spirit is a degradation; and there is no degradation like the degradation of drunkenness—none in this wide world.

THRILLING SPEECH BY A MAN IN FUSTIAN AND CORDUROY.

I once heard a speech, and it is a much better one than I can give to you, and therefore I will repeat it. I spoke to an audience of eight hundred of the hardest men I ever came across in my life. Well, it was just like, if you threw a joke at them—oh, dear me!—it was like a stone in a bed of mud. You could not move them to laughter, or tears, or any thing else. There they sat, as much as to say, What are you going to do next? All were alike. I sat down very much discouraged, and the chairman said to me:

"Now, Mr. Gough, if you have no objection, I should like to ask a man to come on this platform. You think these people have no enthusiasm, but you will find that they have. You have not yet seen them. There is a man here who can not read or write, but who knows a great deal of the Scriptures, and who preaches wonderfully—hundreds go to hear him. If you have no objection, and would like him to come on the platform, you will see how he can move the audience."

I said, "Objection! I should be delighted to hear him." So up he came, in fustian jacket and corduroy trousers. He had not washed the dirt from his eyes—he had been in the mine—he had just given himself a splash and a dash. He had a good honest eye. And what do you suppose was the first thing he said?

"How do ye do, lads? The gentleman asked me to come on the platform because he thought you would like to have a look at me, and I have come so that you may look at me. I have no objection; you may look at me. Don't you see how fat I am getting? I doesn't drink no beer neither, like you. Look at me. I bean't ashamed. My elbows bean't sticking out of my jacket, and my toes bean't sticking out of my boots. And I wi' tell you, I have got a clean shirt on, and I gets one once a week; and, by the look of some of you, you don't get one once a week.

"You may look at me, if you like. I bean't ashamed if you do. I say, lads, I have made a change. I have changed beer for bread, and brandy for beef, and I have changed gin for good clothes—they are pretty good ones, though they be short-skirted—and I have changed rum for a happy wife and a comfortable home. My wife does not lie no longer on a lot of rotten rags, and my children don't run no more in the streets, learning devils' tricks. I have made a change. You remember the old song we used to sing—

> 'When a man buys beef, he buys bones;
> When a man buys plums, he buys stones;
> When a man buys eggs, he buys shells;
> When a man buys drink, he buys nothing else.'

Ain't it true?

"Ay, lads, that's all true, and every one of you knows it," and they began to shout, "Hurrah! hurrah!"—every one of them. "I don't want you to hurrah. I didn't come here for any hollering. I will tell you what I did the first night, when I put my name on the temperance pledge. I went home and told my missis, and that brightened her up a bit. Then I took my children out of the gutter. Then I got out of the den I was living in, and took a house—a two-roomed house. I am a 'householder' now.

"My children goes to school, and I pays a penny a week for each of them, and they are going to be better educated than their father was. And then I thought I was going to cut a dash, and I did, but I'll never do it again. I got a black pair of trousers, a canary-colored waistcoat and jacket to match, and then I got a stiff hat. And I'll be blowed if it wasn't a stiff 'un; and then I strutted up and down, and when the people that knowed me afore seed me, blowed if they was not putrified, every one of them."

WHAT DICK AND TOM DID.

"Now, look here, I don't want none of your hollering; I want to make this here speech—what some of the learned gentlemen call a practical speech. There's *Dick over there.* Go it, Dick. He bobbed his head down when I said 'Dick.' Everybody knows Dick. He has just the hand of a man and the heart of a woman. Dick! Everybody knows Dick. Why, he would share his last crust with a brother pitman, and lend his tools to his brother workman if he knowed he'd pawn them the next day. Dick knows it. He is an honest, big-hearted man. But why did Dick bob his head down when I said 'Dick?'

"Dick, my lad, you knows me and I knows you. I want to ask you a question. Do you remember that bitter November night, when the wind was driving the sleet through the thick clothes of a man, and you sent your little girl out, and she had but one garment, and that was hanging about her bare legs, and you sent her with a blacking bottle, and she could hardly stand and put the blacking bottle on the counter, and you sent her with a silver sixpence for gin; and there was your half-starving wife lying on the floor with a new-born babe wailing at her side? Ah, Dick, that was bad. I say 'bad.' Was it Dick did it that night? No, *it was the cursed drink.* Down with the drink and up with the man! That's my motto.

"And there's *Tom there*, just like Dick. Tom bobbed his head down when I said 'Tom.' Ah, Tom! he's just such another as Dick. Everybody knows him. I want to ask you a question, Tom. What did you promise the lassie when you took her away from her mother's home? Did not you promise to love her, and cherish her, and protect her? Have you done it, Tom? Who gied her two black eyes three weeks since? Who thrust her down the stairs, and tore the flesh from wrist to elbow, and she covered the place over with her apron, and told people lies to shield you?

"Ah, that's bad, lads. Was it Tom that struck a woman? Was it Tom that threw his wife down the stairs? No, *it was the cursed drink* that did it. Down with the drink and up with the man! That's my doctrine. I say, lads, do you want to smooth the wrinkles out of your wife's face, like you smooth out the wrinkles in a sheet with a smoothing iron? I have! Put your name on the pledge! That will do it. I say, Dick! Dick is coming! Dick is coming! Tom! Tom! look here! Ah, that's right, Tom! Now, lads, follow a good example!"

And *fifty-eight men came* tramp, tramp, tramp on the platform. They seized the pen as if it were a pen of iron, and they were 'graving their names into stone.

That man did more work in ten minutes than I could do in ten hours, because his discourse was adapted to the character of his audience. Now, I have been working among such men, and I say again, there is no power on earth that brutalizes a man like the power of the drink. These men are warm-hearted men.

A SCOTCH CABMAN'S GRATITUDE.

Why, I remember riding once in Scotland to a place—I can not pronounce it; I pronounced it once, and they laughed at me: I can spell it—A-u-c-h-t-e-r-m-u-c-h-t-y. A man came to meet me at the Ladybank Junction, and took me six miles in a fly—a one-horse cab. As we sat together I noticed the man was leaning forward very strangely: I saw him take a handkerchief—that was the beginning of it—and tie it round his face.

Then he would sit a little and shake it out, and then tie it another way, still leaning his head forward. Said I, "Have you the toothache?" "No." "Have you taken cold?" "No." "Then will you be good enough to tell me why you lean forward with the handkerchief if you are not cold and have not the toothache?" "Well," he said, "the window of the fly is broken, and the wind is pretty cold this morning, and I am trying to keep it from you." "Why," I said, "you don't mean to tell me you are sticking your head in that hole to keep the wind off me?" "Yes, I am." I said, "Well, I thank you, my dear fellow. I never saw you before."

"No? I saw you; I was *a ballad singer*, and used to go round with a half-starved wife and a baby in her arms, my wife oftentimes with a black eye. Somehow or another I got to hear you in Edinburgh in 1853, and you told me I 'WAS A MAN;' and I went out of the place, and said, 'By the help of God, whatever it costs, *I'll be a man;*' and now I have a happy home, and wife and children gathered around me. God bless you, sir! I would stick me head in any hole under heaven if I could do you any good. God bless you!"

Now, call them brutes, will you? Ah, snatching them from the damning influences of drink, and they are MEN. I ask the women, and I ask you, who are the wives of reformed drunkards—men who have drunk for years—to testify if, when your husbands are sober, they are not kind and considerate; and if, when drunk, they are not just what the drink is likely to make every man—insane, mad, and sometimes devilish.

THE DOOR TO KNOCK AT.

Dickens says in one of his novels, "Mrs. Todgers was a very hard woman. Yet, in her heart, away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a very remote corner, there was a door, and on that door was written *woman.*" So in the heart of the worst drunkard that ever stepped on this earth—away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, covered with cobwebs, there is a door. It is our business to find that door. It is our business to seek for it, and, when we have found it, knock! Yes; and wait, and not go away and say, "It is no use!"

Remember *Him who knocks at the door* of our hearts till His hair is wet with the dew; and remember this is one for whom He died, and that he is your brother. Knock on! And by and by the quivering lip, and faltering tongue, and starting tear, will tell you you have been knocking at the heart of *a man*—a heart that can be touched by tenderness and love. In my experience of five-and-thirty years I have found that it is the drink that debases and degrades men.

Now, then, I want to say to these, if there are any here who are in bondage, "we come to offer you freedom from the drink. We have a 'Declaration of Independence' for you to sign; and if you sign it, you declare, not that you *ar* free, but that you *will be* free." That is it However, there is a fight. I never go to a man and tell him that he can leave off drinking as easily as he can turn over his hand. *It is no true.* He has to fight. I love a fighter. Som men never fight.

Now WE MUST FIGHT. There is one thing want to say to you who belong to the Gospe Temperance Society, and it is treading on delicate ground, but it is a matter that sometimes troubles us in the United States. I hav heard men say that the love of Jesus or the grac of God has taken away their appetite. Now, have a letter from a gentleman, who says, " had prayed earnestly, and God took from me *all desire* for drink." Granted that He may do so. But beware! The appetite is physical; and the appetite is produced by the immoderate use of alcohol. And the first drop of alcohol that touches that *mysterious something* it will respond to.

And there is not one of you who has been a drunkard who *can* touch it, who *can* safely take to moderate drinking. I do not care if you call yourselves fifty times a Christian. The grace of God will keep you from the drink; but it will not keep you from THE EFFECTS if you drink. And I say to you, if you think the appetite is gone, Beware how you tamper with the devil that lies there quiet and dormant! for the demon will be ready to rouse into fury at the first drop of alcohol you put in your system.

KILLED BY MODERATE DRINKING.

A man said just before I sailed, "There is John B. Gough, thirty-five years a teetotaller, and he is in bonds, and dare not say the appetite is dead; and I came out of jail six months ago, and I am safe in Jesus." In less than a month *he was in an inebriate asylum.* He had been *mistaken,* and thought the grace of God had taken away the appetite; and he had taken to drink a little, supposing he could be a moderate drinker. The appetite is a physical disease, that the grace of God does not cure unless by a miracle, and then it is a miracle, and not what we call the grace of God.

INTOXICATING COMMUNION WINE LEADING TO A RECLAIMED COLONEL'S DEATH.

I knew a man, *a colonel in our army,* in the regular army—a graduate of West Point. He had been an awful drunkard, but he became a Christian, and was united with the church. On the morning of the communion day, the first Sunday in May, a gentleman said, "Colonel So-and-so communes with you to-day." "Yes, this is the first time in his life." "Well, I am very glad to hear it—very glad indeed." "It is a great change, a wonderful change, and we all rejoice." "What kind of wine do you use at your communion?" "Well, we buy it at the stores." "What! you don't mean to tell me that you use the common wine of commerce at the communion!" "Well, we get it at the stores." "Then I am afraid for the Colonel." "Oh, nonsense!"

That man sat at the communion table, as honest a Christian as ever sat down to show forth the Lord's death till he come—honest, true, and sincere. The wine came to him; he swallowed a portion of it, and it was noticed that he kept the cup to his lips longer than is usual. He went out, got drunk; in ten days was dead, and in less than two weeks from his first communion they buried him.

The one draught, or the one drop, roused the demon into fury; and that is a disease, and he could not help it—could not help it. The drinking he could help, but the results he could not help. You can not help it if you take the drink into your system.

The grace of God did not take away the appetite. That was there; and I tell you, those church members ought to have been careful before they offered him intoxicating drink, especially when you can get the pure, unadulterated juice of the grape. That is *wine,* and not the wretched, trashy, so-called "wines" of commerce.

In the city of Boston we determined that we would settle this question about *the purity of wines.* I remember I subscribed for the examination. They engaged the best chemist, the best scientist, I believe, from Harvard College, in Faneuil Hall, to analyze the wines. We procured wines from fourteen different churches, and in ten specimens there was not one particle of the juice of the grape to be discovered by the closest chemical analysis, and in the other four so little that it was hardly worth mentioning.

The common *made* wine of commerce, the horrible adulterated stuff that men drink and call wine, is not wine at all. A lady wrote to me, calling me rabid and crazy because I spoke about the wines. She said, "The Saviour came eating and drinking. The Saviour, *my God,*" she said —I thought it was blasphemy—"drank intoxicating wine all the days of His life."

At some time or other a time comes to all of us when we have certain opportunities. Opportunities are passing day by day—opportunities of helping others, of doing good, of serving God, of girding ourselves in all the strength of Christian manhood. Duty! Is it your duty to make a sacrifice for others? DO IT. Is it your duty to give up that which is debasing and degrading you, and is bringing your family to poverty, wretchedness, and ruin? DO IT. DO IT. Ah, young men, if I could but prevail upon you in the morning of your life to DO IT!

Young men, thirty-five years ago—nearly thirty-six—I began to speak on the subject of temperance. I was a young man then. I had thirty-six years of life before me. Now those thirty-six years are behind me, and there is not a word I have spoken, not a whisper I have uttered; there is not a line I have written, there is not a mark I have made, that I can change to save my soul. It is my record. And *you* are making *your* record.

Some of you turned over a clean, clear page this morning. Look at it now! Are there no blots on it—no marks on it—no stains on it, so that to-night, as you look at your record, you hurriedly close it up? Ah, my friend, you can not close it. You can never remove one single stain from your record. It is *there!* Sixty years of life! It is an awful thing to live—no good done—a mere life of self-indulgence and sin, leaving the very dregs to be drunk at last, and those dregs bitter beyond description.

Young men, we want you in the strength of your manhood to declare war against this fearful evil. We want all of you. Young ladies, we want you. What a mighty power a woman has! Oh, you ought to help us! Women, you ought to help us. It is an awful thing to see women go into a public-house, and stand up drinking, as I have seen them in this city of London. It shocks us Americans, because we do not see it in America. Women do not go into gin-shops or into public-houses in America. It is awful to see it. And this, too, when we consider what women have to suffer all through the drink.

PARABLE OF A MOUSE AND A CAT.

I remember a little parable—you must not think it out of place—of *a mouse that fell into a beer-vat,* poor thing! and a cat, passing by, saw the poor mouse struggling. "The mouse said to the cat, 'Help me out of my difficulty.' 'If I do, I shall eat you.' 'Very well: I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this is.' It was a sensible cat, and said, 'I *certainly* shall eat you; and you must promise me, on your word of honor, that I may eat you.' 'Very well, I will give you the promise. I promise.'

"So the cat fished the mouse out, and, trusting to the promise, began to clean its mouth of the abomination, thinking she had better do so before she took a decent meal off the mouse. Meanwhile the mouse darted away, and got into a hole in the corner, where the cat could not get him. 'But didn't you promise me I might eat you?' 'Yes, I did; but don't you know that *when I made the promise I was in liquor?*'" And how many promises made in liquor have been broken!

I wish young women of this country would be as sensible as one of our own young ladies of whom I spoke at Exeter Hall, who was engaged to a young man to be married. He had promised that he would give up drinking. As they were about being married, she noticed his breath, which smelt of drink, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she looked him in the face, and said, "No. You have told me a lie. You promised to give up drinking, and I smell by your breath you have not. And the futue is so black to me if I become your wife, that I take the risk of saying No."

We want all classes to help us. There is a time coming, and coming to us all, when duty is plain. Perhaps some of you will feel it your duty to-night to join in this work and help us. Duty first! DUTY! Your hand in the hand of duty. Let her lead you, whether through storm or sunshine, light or darkness, life or death—DUTY.

Gentlemen and ladies, friends and fellow-citizens, it pays to do your duty—to take the hand of duty in storm or sunshine. It will pay for all time to do duty in the fear of God. DO IT TO-NIGHT, if you clearly see your way.

THE INFIDEL KING FREDERICK AND THE PASTOR.

JOHN VENNING, the celebrated Prussian philanthropist, relates that on one occasion he was in company with the pious pastor Jaenicke at a friend's house. One of the party was endeavoring to palliate the infidelity of Frederick the Great of Prussia, when the good old Jaenicke related the following fact:

King Frederick having invited Voltaire, the noted infidel, to Berlin to propagate his atheistic teachings, a pious clergyman in one of the churches of that town protested against that "viper" and his poisonous doctrines, exhorting his hearers to be on their guard. The king, hearing of it, sent a general to take the clergyman to the State prison of Spandau. The general came and told his errand, and then asked, "What is it you have said in your sermon to offend the king?" The good man spoke to the general with such power of the love of that Saviour whom Voltaire denied, that he declined taking him to prison.

On returning to the king he was asked, "Why, how is it you are so soon back?" The general replied, "If it cost me my life I could not touch a hair of the head of that good man." The king said, "Go back, then, and tell him never to touch on that subject again."

The following Sunday the good pastor again exhorted his congregation to beware of the spreading poison of unbelief that was diffusing its baneful influence over all Germany. The king sent another general on the Monday, with strict injunctions not to enter into any conversation with his prisoner, but to take him to Spandau direct. They set out; but as the road thither is full of deep sand, they travelled slowly. The general at length disobeyed orders, and expressed sorrow at taking him from his family.

The good pastor preached to *him* likewise Christ crucified; and his great Master gave him power to so deeply impress these important truths on the general's heart that, when about half-way, the latter ordered the driver to turn back to Berlin, set his prisoner free, and went to his majesty, saying, "Order me on any service you please, but I will not touch that good man; I cannot!" The king then contented himself with ordering the faithful preacher to quit Prussia, which he did.

A WHITE FLAG.

THOSE familiar with railway service are glad to see a white flag flung out at the crossings and stations. It tells of safety, and proclaims that all is well. Not so the green flag; that speaks of doubt and uncertainty, and warns the engine-driver to be on his guard; while the red flag tells of danger, collision, and wreck, and arrests the train in its course. One evening, the wife of an old flag-man at a railway station said to her husband, "John, there will be a flag held out to-night—a flag in the hand of Jesus. It will not be a red flag, for there is no danger; it will not be a green one, for, thank God, there is no doubt; but it will be a pure white flag, for all is perfect safety and peace, and I am very nearly at my journey's end." That night she died. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Reader, would there be a white flag or a red flag held out to-night if you were called to your journey's end? "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

This journal is undenominational, the organ of no sect or party, but is devoted to the propagation of the pure Gospel as it is in Jesus. It contains every week a portrait and biography of some eminent person; a sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London; a sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn; and occasionally a sermon by some other well-known preacher. It gives likewise information about religious revivals, prophetic articles by clergymen and others, social and religious sketches, narratives, anecdotes, etc.

The annual subscription is $1.50, and should be sent to Joseph Spurgeon at above address.

The Christian Herald will be mailed to any address from this date till the end of next year, 1879, on receipt of one yearly subscription, the balance of this year being sent free to subscribers.

The Christian Herald is strongly recommended to American readers by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of England, by Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, and by many other eminent ministers of Christ. An English edition of it has been published for more than twelve years, and has attained a circulation of above 130,000 copies weekly.

Any minister desiring to introduce it to his church and congregation will receive, charges paid, a number of specimen copies on application to Mr. Joseph Spurgeon, 63 Bible House, New York.

The publishers cannot be responsible for money sent, except it be by post-office order, registered letter, check or draft, payable to Joseph Spurgeon as above.

We append a few further commendatory extracts from letters received, in addition to those inserted last week. Hundreds of similar letters reach us every week.

"Feeling a great interest in the study of the prophetic Scriptures and signs of the times I gladly embrace the opportunity of extending the knowledge the Bible imparts on these very important themes."—Mr. A. A. Partridge, Jamestown, N. Y.

"You may consider me a lifelong subscriber."—Rev. I. W. Wells, Georgetown, Ky.

"May God speed the advance of the glorious 'Herald.'"—John Singer, Jr., Esq., Cadiz, Ohio.

"I have read with much interest The Christian Herald you sent me, and I purpose to do what I can to introduce it among my people. May the Master crown all your efforts with great success!"—Rev. I. Duncan, D.D., Essex, Ct.

"I should be happy to aid in pushing the 'C. H.' I will recommend it from the pulpit."—Rev. T. Harwood, Pattison, Newhaven, Ct.

"I am much pleased with the paper and have commended it to my congregation."—Rev. G. W. Elliot, Lexington, Va.

"Permit me to say I am very much pleased with the 'C. H.,' and will mention it to my people. I should be glad to have Mr. Spurgeon to preach to them through your paper."—Rev. B. F. Robb, Stockton, N. J.

"Your paper cannot be beaten."—Thomas Jones, Esq., Rockport, Ind.

Rev. H. Petty, Chatham, Va., writes: "I like your paper very much and hope it will have a wide circulation. I will do all I can to help you."

J. A. Thompson, Esq., Hannibal, Mo.: "Just such a paper is much needed."

"It is indeed a rich gem of religious truth."—L. Stilson, Jefferson, Iowa.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress Assembled on Monday, December 2d, for the transaction of public business. The President's message was moderate in tone, and does not suggest any extraordinary measures for legislation. He commenced with a reference to the yellow fever and to the measures he had taken to alleviate the distress it had produced, and recommended Congress to make inquiries as to the best measures to be adopted for averting a recurrence of the plague. He then adverts to the reported intimidations of electors in the Southern States, and announced his intention of taking such steps as would insure to every citizen his just and equal rights. The foreign relations of the Government were stated to be peaceable and generally satisfactory. Mr. Hayes advises that no radical changes be attempted in the existing financial legislation. These points, with comments on the reports from the various Government departments, make up the Presidential message for this session.

The Presidential Campaign.—Although outwardly there is a political calm, yet in the private gathering of our leading politicians there is quite a ferment. The Presidential campaign of 1880 at this early day is being mapped out. Already steps have been taken to secure the Southern delegations to the next National Republican Convention by the friends of the three prominent Republican candidates, General Grant, Senator Conkling, and Mr. Blaine. Notwithstanding many shrewd politicians deny the possibility of General Grant receiving the nomination, it is a fact that he is a great favorite with a large number of the party. At every convention during the fall campaign the mention of his name was greeted with most enthusiastic cheering. Many prominent leaders have declared him to be their first choice, and it may be confidently asserted that if Senator Conkling finds he cannot secure the nomination himself he will throw the whole weight of his influence for General Grant. Some of the leading Republicans do not hesitate to say that Mr. Blaine's day has passed, and that the nomination lies between General Grant and Senator Conkling.

Among the Democrats there is a strong movement in favor of Samuel Tilden, and it cannot be denied that for a few weeks past quite a change in his favor has developed itself not only in a few prominent leaders, but largely among the rank and file of Democracy.

The Greenbackers, so far, have but the one candidate—the indomitable General Butler, who, altogether undismayed by his defeat as their Gubernatorial candidate for Massachusetts, is quietly laying his plans and marshalling his forces for the higher position of the Presidency of the United States.

One Kiss.—In a recent murder trial at Vermont, a certain guilty deacon admitted that he first made the acquaintance of his paramour at a "sociable" at his own house. While old and young were playing an old-fashioned game, the deacon, as a forfeit, was sentenced to kiss Mrs. C. He lays all his troubles to that kiss. After his arrest he stated that until that fatal forfeit he had been true in thought as well as in deed to his wife. The *Evangelical Messenger* remarks on this that the devil will rejoice to have social evening parties and festivals take the place of prayer meetings and revival meetings.

Mrs. Tait, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, died on Monday, December 2d. The deceased lady was married to Dr. Tait in 1843. Sincere sympathy will be felt for the bereaved prelate, who has previously lost so many members of his family. While head master of Rugby School, in 1856, five of his daughters were attacked with scarlet fever and died in a very short space of time, and only last May his only son, the Rev. Crawford Tait, vicar of St. John's Church, Notting Hill, London, a most earnest and devoted servant of Christ, was carried to his grave.

The loss of the Pommerania, a German steamer, in the English Channel on Monday, November 25th, is another of those terrible disasters with which we are becoming so sadly familiar. The doomed vessel left New York, bound for Hamburg, November 14th, with 109 passengers and a crew numbering 111. She arrived at Plymouth November 24th, where she landed the English passengers and mails; she then proceeded to Cherbourg, where more passengers were landed, after which, in steering towards the English coast, she was enveloped in a dense fog off Folkestone. Suddenly, without any warning, a dense black mass, that afterwards turned out to be the large iron bark Moel Elain, was seen bearing down on her in the darkness, and almost in an instant, while the Pommerania was low in a trough of the sea, the Elain's bow crashed into her side, making a huge rent through which the water poured in such a deluge as sent her to the bottom in twenty minutes. The captain of the Pommerania was on the bridge when the accident occurred, and di all in his power to save the passengers. Hi coolness and presence of mind are said to hav been wonderful. The boats were promptly lowered and filled with the half-dressed, frightene passengers and crew. Rocket signals were fired and a steamer called the Glengarry, which wa providentially near at hand, lowered her boat and rescued many poor creatures who wer struggling with the waves. The captain wa seen at his post when the devoted vessel sank and it was supposed for some time that he wa drowned, but later intelligence stated that h had been picked up by a passing vessel and ca ried to Rotterdam, where he lay dangerously i from the effects of the shock to his nervous sy tem. He is considered an exceedingly able ca tain, and had made 126 voyages in safety betwe New York and Hamburg. It is thought th fifty-six lives must have been lost in the disaste

The British force in Afghanistan is said be in a critical position. It will be recollect that the invasion was made through the Khyb Pass; it is now rumored that the native troo have made a circuitous movement on the fla of the English army, and have occupied the pa in their rear, thus cutting off the invading for from its base and intercepting its supplies. present this is merely a rumor, and *à priori* mu be regarded as untrustworthy, inasmuch as su a disaster implies culpable negligence so gr on the part of a general as to be almost incre ble. The merest tyro in the art of war would that the protection of his line of communicati was of the first importance. It is probable th the English general relies for his supplies on t Quettah route, or that the reported occupati of the Khyber Pass is untrue.

The members of the American Public Hea Association in session at Richmond do not ag either to as the origin of the late yellow-fe epidemic, or as to the means that should be ployed to prevent a recurrence of the fever. majority of the doctors believe that yellow-fe is always of foreign derivation, and that present epidemic was brought to New Orle by the ship Emily Souder, which arrived th on May 23d, two of whose crew died of yell fever a few days after landing. They also that the only true preventive is absolute n intercourse with infected countries from Apri November, a partial quarantine not being su cient to prevent the disease.

A minority of physicians, including som those who have become most familiar with disease, present a contrary view, almost ide cal with the one reached by the celebrated E lish Yellow Fever Commission many years namely, that yellow-fever is invariably a h product, and not a foreign importation, therefore quarantine regulations are unavai to keep it away from a port where the co tions are peculiarly favorable to its spread. T is, however, no difference of opinion am them as to the value of general sanitary pre tions, and especial attention to drainage and removal of filthy accumulations.

Queen Victoria has cabled a message to her daughter in Canada expressing her satisfaction with the reception given by the loyal Canadians. The message is a model of concise English. It ran, "Delighted with reception. Say so." It would be difficult to express so much meaning in fewer words. The viceregal progress through the dominion has been apparently of the most pleasant character. Everywhere the party have been received with enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty and respect. Addresses of welcome have poured in, and flags and decorative arches have been displayed with a lavish disregard of expense. Certainly, whatever Lord Lorne's position may have been in his own land, it is clear he is not "*de trôp*" in the New World. His reception has been characterized by a welcome not to be surpassed for its warmth and enthusiasm in any country on earth.

The dispute between this country and England anent the Fishery Question was the subject of comment in the London *Times* of November 15th. That organ stated that it was "believed a satisfactory agreement would be effected." The British Government has since then received the $5,500,000 awarded by the commission, so we may presume an agreement has been effected, *satisfactory* to at least one of the parties to the dispute. It is seldom that both litigants in a suit are *satisfied* with the result, but Christians of both countries must rejoice that this peaceable mode of settling differences is superseding the mode of arbitration by the sword. Arbitration may from a variety of causes fail in doing justice; the court may be packed with partial judges, it may be incompetent, or may be prejudiced by preconceived ideas, or biassed by the superior eloquence of the representatives of one of the disputants; but with all its faults it is a step in the right direction, for it is in the direction of civilization and Christianity, and however it may err it saves bloodshed and contrasts favorably with the arbitrament of the sword, which ignores right and adjudges the victory to the strongest.

The famine in China, one of the most terrible calamities that ever visited any country, has at length come to an end, the long-looked-for rain having at last descended in copious showers on the parched ground. The number who died from this awful visitation will never be ascertained, but the reports speak of populous towns wholly depopulated, of roads strewn with human skeletons, of frequent cases of cannibalism, and of whole families having no means of subsistence but the bark of trees. Christian philanthropists of all nations contributed liberally to the assistance of the starving millions while the famine lasted, and the Chinese Ministers of State have sent a graceful and grateful acknowledgment of this assistance. The communication has been sent to the Marquis of Salisbury, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, to be by him transmitted to the donors to the fund. Let us hope that the Chinese people may be led by this act of Christian benevolence, which they appear to highly appreciate, to see also the value of the Christian religion, the principles of which were the motives which actuated the donors in sending the sorely needed help.

Persecution in Spain.—Don Jorge Simeon Bonettiel Tanti, Protestant pastor of Alcoy, has, by the municipal judge of Alcoy, been thrown into the common jail to suffer two months' imprisonment. His offence was that he interfered to prevent the parish priest of the Church of Rome from molesting a dying woman who was a Protestant during her last years. The priest, when the dying woman was all but unconscious, pretended that he had reconciled her to Rome. Then over her remains alcalde and priest struggled against the will of the family, against the entreaties and protests of the pastor, to convey the coffin to a Roman Catholic cemetery. Benottiel was, therefore, accused of having been wanting in proper deference to the alcalde. His cell is a horrible, dark, damp, foul-smelling den, which would not be tolerated in England for the worst criminal.

Rev. Richard H. Storrs, D.D., completed the thirty-second year of his pastorage of the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, on Sunday, November 24th. There was no special service commemorative of the anniversary, and possibly very many of the congregation were unaware of the fact until referred to by the Doctor in the course of his sermon. He is universally respected as a Christian gentleman, and his efficiency in the pulpit is attested to by the fact that his church is one of the most prosperous in the city. He has had no other pastorate, and the church has had no other pastor.

A Committee of the English House of Lords has been sitting for some time to inquire into the subject of intemperance. Among the eminent medical men who have been summoned before it to give testimony is Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., who unhesitatingly condemned the use of intoxicating liquors. After he had given his evidence the following examination took place:

"LORD ABERDARE—I presume it is distinctly your opinion that if all the alcoholic liquor in the world could be tapped and let flow and disappear, the world would be much the better for it?

"I think the world would be much the better.

"And that we should be stronger and healthier?

"I think we should be stronger, healthier, and better.

"And the spirits more cheerful?

"The spirits would be more regular.

"And that life would be lengthened?

"Yes, life would be lengthened; I can come to no other conclusion."

Such an opinion from such an authority needs no comment.

How He got a Situation.—A colporteur in a country district says: "I stopped one morning at a blacksmith's shop. The forge was glowing brightly, and the anvil ringing merrily. But as soon as I opened my bundle and showed them the beautiful new books, the men left their work and gathered round me. One was a young man of twenty-five. He told me that when he first left home to earn a living for himself his mother gave him a Bible. He put it into his pocket and started. He went to shop after shop, but without success; all were full. Not discouraged, he determined to try yet once more; but here came the same cold answer, 'We have enough.' Tired out and disheartened, he sat down upon a block in this shop, and, having nothing else to do, pulled out his mother's Bible and commenced reading. Soon the owner came up, and, observing him, asked, 'What book are you reading?' 'The Bible,' was the reply. 'You can go to work,' said the owner; 'I will give you employment.'" Reader, never be ashamed to read your Bible. "Them that honor Me I will honor, saith the Lord."

Another English Temperance Restaurant was opened at 61 Gracechurch Street, London, by the People's Café Company on November 12th. Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., presided. Mr. M'Dougal, the manager, mentioned the following encouraging facts: "To the coffee-house near the Victoria Docks as many as four hundred workmen go every morning to obtain a cup of tea or coffee before going to work. The Drummond Street house has proved a great success. On Saturday 7*l.* ($35) was taken in halfpence for cups of coffee, etc. Another place for working-men was being fitted up at Rotherhithe. At the Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Churchyard establishments the charges were extremely moderate, and the quality unexceptionable, and none of the female waiters were allowed to receive fees. They had found it profitable to divide one fourth of the net profits every month amongst their *employés*. That evening he had to divide 80*l.* amongst the *employés* at these establishments. At St. Paul's Churchyard restaurant 4000*l.*, and at Ludgate Circus 10,000*l.* per annum was taken, the former being attended on the average by 2200 persons daily. The shareholders of the past as well as the future would receive a good dividend."

PROSTRATE ONES LIFTED UP.

A Discourse by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Jesus came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them."—MARK 1:31.

Healing of the Fever of Peter's Wife's Mother—(1). Christ Similarly Comes in Contact with us by Having Taken the Nature of Man, and by Coming near to Sinful Men, even the Worst, and also by the Preaching of the Gospel—(2). Christ Lifts us up by the Encouraging Facts that He has Saved Others as Bad as we are, and that His Salvation is all of Grace, that He has Cured the Worst Cases, etc.—Anecdote of the Ambassador and the Galley-Slave—The Skilful Physician, etc.

PETER'S wife's mother was sick of a very terrible fever. It was no ordinary fever; but it is called by the evangelist a great fever. Now it is of the nature of fevers to lay their patients very prostrate, weak, and helpless; and Simon's wife's mother was in a state of extreme prostration. Even after the fever departs the patient is generally in this feeble state; but it is clear that our Lord, with the thoroughness which ever distinguished all His miracles, not only intended to heal her and to heal her at once; but He meant that she should have no lingering weakness after the fever had departed—no period of partial convalescence.

I dare say the poor patient had almost given up all hope; and it is very likely that those round about her would also have despaired but for their faith in the Great Physician to heal. It was, therefore, for her encouragement that our Lord stooped over the bed and took the poor patient by the hand, giving her confidence in His powers by showing her that, however malignant the fever might be, He was not afraid.

HE TOOK HER HAND,

and she, yielding to the kindly pressure, sat up, not in the prostrate weakness so common after fever has left the sick, but in strength—for she began at once to minister to them, as the good housewife seeking their comfort.

Now I believe there are many in every congregation, and therefore that there are also many here on this occasion, whom Jesus Christ means to bless and to heal of the spritual weakness and prostration under which they are laboring. Like Peter's wife's mother, their hope may be gone, their spirit sinks within them, they can not believe there is healing for them, or that mercy is waiting to go forth on their behalf. They have relinquished all hope, their faith is all gone, and they are full of despair.

Now there are two things which Jesus did in connection with this fever-stricken woman, which I hope He will do for you to-night—*He came in contact with her, and then He healed her:* and by the word of His servant who now speaks to you, may He show you that He *comes in contact with you;* and then may He *lift you up with some cheering word* out of His gospel!

(1) My first point, then, is to tell you prostrate souls that *Jesus Christ comes into contact with you.* You think, distressed friend, that Christ will have nothing to do with you. You have read and heard about Him, but He seems to you to be a very long way off—

SO FAR THAT YOU CAN NOT REACH HIM.

Neither is it at all probable, as you think, that He will ever come this way and look upon you in your weak and helpless and prostrate condition. Now listen! In the first place, *Jesus Christ has come into contact with you, for you are one of the race of men; and Jesus Christ became a man for the sake of men.* Do not forget that He is God—"God over all, God, blessed for ever"—and yet He deigned to be born into this world an infant, and to live here under the same conditions as the rest of us—bearing the same sickness, and weakness, and sorrow, and death for our sakes. Now, do not think of Jesus, I pray you, as though He were a spirit, but think of Him as a man like yourselves, eating and drinking as others did; not a recluse, shutting Himself up, BUT A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF OUR MANHOOD ;

and so, in this manner *He has come near to you.* You would not be afraid of speaking to a man : then come to Jesus and speak to Him now. He was not a man of haughty spirit who said] to men, " Stand by, for I am holier than thou !" But He was full of love and affection for men. Even little children came and clustered at His feet ; and, instead of driving them away, He said, " Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

HE NEVER REPELLED EVEN THE WORST OF MANKIND

when they approached Him, but drew them nearer to Himself ; and even to the wicked and rebellious ones in Jerusalem He said, " How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Come, then, distressed spirit ; see, in the very fact that Jesus was man, incarnate God—see, I say, in that very fact, that He has come near to you, and laid His hand upon you ! " Ah," say you, " I can understand that He has come near to men ; but I am a *sinful* man, and He will not come near to such as me." Listen ; won't you be lifted up when I tell you *that he has come near to sinful men ?* His name is Jesus, the Saviour of sinners ; and His object was not to seek saints, but to seek out lost sinners. My Master's errand was not to the good, to the excellent, to the righteous ; no ! It was exactly to the evil and the unrighteous. As He said Himself, " They that be whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick. I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." Ah, friend, if He did not come to sinners,

WHY CAME HE AS A SACRIFICE ?

A sacrifice is only wanted for sin ; an atonement is only needed for guilt ; and *to you as a guilty one* He comes, and puts His hand upon you to-night. He is not far off from you because of your sin, but it was precisely because you were a sinner that He came to save you.

Do I hear you say, as in a whisper, afraid that any should hear you, " I am not only a sinner, but a *great one ;* beyond the ordinary standard of sin ; and there are points in which the crimson of my guilt is of a deeper dye than that of other men ?" Listen ! Jesus came to save the *chief of sinners.* Do you see Him on the Cross, suffering those intolerable pangs ? Do you hear Him in His death's agony cry out, " My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me ?" Do you think that all this meant

THAT HE WAS ONLY DYING FOR LITTLE SINS

—that such a death was endured only for trifling offences, for mere peccadilloes and insignificant mistakes ? The grandeur of the atonement was that its object was to remove sin, however great it might be. *The Son of God was the Saviour*, and there must have been

SOME GREATNESS ABOUT SIN

to need the Son of God to remove it. The records of His life make it clear that Jesus came in contact with great sinners and His hearers were largely composed of such characters.

Did not the Pharisees say, " This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them ?" They put it on record that Jesus drew sinners unto Him ; they wished it to be known that His preaching attracted such characters ; and Jesus Himself never seems to have been surprised that He did, and He never appears to have expressed disgust that He should have fallen into what the world regarded as such a low and vulgar line of things.

O NO ; HE SWEPT THE HOUSE

for the lost piece of money ; He was ready to receive the wandering son ; He it was who sought the lost sheep ; He came into contact with the very worst of sinners. I want you to feel this : that my Lord Jesus Christ was a man who came

NOT TO LOOK AFTER CONGENIAL ACQUAINTANCES

to do Him good ; " not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." He came not to seek benefits for Himself, but to bestow blessings upon others ; not to seek out here and there a distinguished chraracter, but to seek sin-stricken souls and to bless them. So in this respect, also, He is come near to men. Remember this, that His last thought, as He went up into heaven, was for others, for sinners—" Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature ;" and He said further, " beginning at Jerusalem, where those lived that crucified Me, where they live who have stained their hands with My blood. Begin with them, and then go into all the world to every creature, and say, ' Whosoever believeth on Me shall have everlasting life.' "

And there is one solemn thought to-night which I want you to ponder. Having entered this house of prayer to-night, and heard the sermon, Christ is come into contact with you in such a way that you will never lose the impress of that contact, whether you are lost or saved. If you are lost, you will have the guilt of having rejected Him ; neither can you shake it off, do what you may. For, to every one who hears the Gospel there is a saviour in it—to some it is a saviour of life unto life ; to others it is a saviour of death unto death. You can not go out of this house of prayer as you came in ; either the word will heal and save you, or it will be with you as with the Jews, who said, " His blood be on our own heads." To you who reject it, it will be a perpetual curse.

You shall either be cleansed from the guilt of sin by the blood of Christ, or you shall be in the same category with those who nailed Him to the accursed tree. Oh ! be assured of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

(2) AFTER JESUS GRASPED THAT WOMAN'S HAND

He began gently to lift her up. She sat upright, and was perfectly healed. Now there are here to-night some prostrate souls who want some one to give them a hand ; and my object is to mention a few things which, if you will consider them, may give you a lift.

You say you want to be saved, but you fear you never will be, and despair and fear paralyze your heart.

Well, remember that others who were much in the same condition as you have been saved. Look round, and find some Christian friend, and tell him your peculiar experience ; and he will say, " That is nothing peculiar, it is just as I was myself." Try whether you can not find some who have been just like yourself, who have nevertheless been saved ; and hence the reasoning for you is very clear indeed. For if A is saved, and B is just like A, then why can not B expect also to be saved in the same way ?

" Ah," you say, " I have very few acquaintances, and so I can not expect to find any one like myself."

Then I will give you another test. Take up your Bible, and see if any of the instances of conversion given in it were not very much like your own case. And if that does not do, *turn to the promises of Christ* and see if there is not one that seems made for such as you are ; and I think you can not go far without saying, " I think that looks as if it were even written entirely for me. It is such an accurate description that it must mean me." And if you find that Christ has known such, and saved such, then why not you ?

HAVE YOU BEEN A THIEF ? REMEMBER

" The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my guilt away."

Have you been a sinner in a very immodest sense ? Remember there was a woman who was such a sinner, who washed His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head.

HAVE YOU BEEN A SWEARER ?

I think that Simon Peter probably had been a big swearer before his conversion, or he would not have used such words afterwards. It must have been an old habit breaking out afresh ; and yet he was not only saved, but he became one of the very chief of the Apostles. I could mention no sin, but I could also say " Such a one was received and saved, then why not you ? Hence be of good courage, poor sinner, for why should not you also be saved ?"

Let me try to give you another lift up. *Salvation is all of Grace*—that is to say, it is altogether of God's free favor. God does not save any man because there is any thing in the man that deserves salvation. He saves whom He *will* save, for this is one of his grand prerogatives, of which he is very tenacious. He says : " I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy ; and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

Well now, if it be God's will that He bestows mercy upon whom He will, even upon the vilest of sinners, why may He not save you ? Is not that a lift up for you ? Why should not He show mercy upon *you ?* You have been reasoning wrongly, and saying, " Why should He save me ?" But God has always saved,

FOR REASONS WHICH HE ALONE KNEW ;

and why should He not save *you* for reasons outside of yourself ? He never has revealed His reasons, and He never will. He says : " Shall I not do what I will with mine own ?" We have all forfeited every particle of claim on the ground of merit ; and when the Lord bestows His mercy, He bestows it where He pleases. And why should He not therefore bestow it upon you and save you ?

I once heard of an ambassador who was

SHOWN OVER THE FRENCH GALLEYS ;

and as the soveregin wished to do him honor, he said that any convict he liked to select should be released from being a galley-salve. So the ambassador took the following plan of finding out whom he would release : He went to one and asked, " Why are you here ? What have you done that is wrong ?" " I was led into it," was the reply ; " I was led on by other people." " Ah," said the ambassador, " I must leave you here." On another convict being similarly asked, he replied, " I was perfectly innocent, and never did any crime at all, but was condemned through the evidence of perjured witnesses." He too was passed over. At last the ambassador came to a man who, on being asked why he was there, said he was there because he deserved it. He said he had committed many crimes, and richly merited even a more severe punishment. " Indeed," he said, " I count myself happy that I was not condemned to die." The ambassador at once selected him to be released, saying to him, " You are a great deal too bad a fellow to be in the company of these innocent men." He received a free pardon without delay.

Similarly, when the Lord gives pardon to anybody, it generally is to the man who feels he does not deserve it. " You are the man for me," he says, and at once gives him a free pardon. I wish that might be a lift for you to-night. If there is nothing in you but utter badness ; if you can not say one good word for yourself, you are the man ; for salvation is all of grace, and freely comes from the hand of God. I think that ought to lift you up ! God grant that it may !

If that does not do, we will try again. *Faith in Jesus Christ always does save the soul.* Nothing but simple trust is needed. Nay, as we were saying,

" He will save you,
He will save you
Just now."

Many souls have tried it, and it has always saved them.

But some people tell us that this is immoral teaching, and that we ought to preach good works. But we say that faith in Jesus Christ saves men from living in sin ; and that we do not act as children who take flowers and stick them in their little gardens, and say, " Come and look what pretty flowers we have got." No, but

WE GIVE THE SEEDS AND ROOTS ;

your faith in Jesus is the seed of all virtue. Faith in Christ saves from the power of sin as well as from the guilt of sin, the habit of sin as well as from its pollution. This can not be an immoral doctrine which has brought millions to Christ and to heaven. You will never perform any good works without they spring from faith in Christ.

But let me yet give you another lift up. You may say, "*I know what believing is, but I can not get to it ;* I know what praying is, but I can not pray ; I know what repentance is, but I can not repent." Well, here is a text which will be a lift for you : "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought !" Oh ! can you not look up, and ask that blessed Spirit to come and help you now? What if your heart be hard ; the Spirit of God can make it soft in a moment. What if it seems impossible? What if now you seem to be the very reverse of what you ought to be? Look to Jesus Christ, and the blessed Spirit can change your nature, opening the blind eye and unstopping the deaf ear, taking away the stony heart, and giving you a heart of flesh. Oh, poor soul ! I know you can not help yourself, but my Lord the Holy Ghost can help you. Oh ! thou Holy Spirit, breathe upon these dry bones, and quicken them into life and activity.

But let me try to give you another lift. If you are ultimately lost your punishment will only show the justice of God. But *your being saved will show forth the mercy of God ;* and "He delighteth in mercy." Jesus loves to do big things, and to show great mercy ; and if there is here an odd man, a corner man, a renowned sinner, let me tell you that the Lord will save you ; for the very devils in hell will know about it, and be vexed and annoyed. "What, old Jack, old Harry, brought to know the Lord?" We like to have such converts, they make such noise among the Philistines, and they ask, "Who next will go?"

When a doctor gets a great name, and patients have to wait from hour to hour to see him, do you think he got his fame by slight cures, such as of sore fingers and warts and chapped hands? Why, there was

A MAN AFFLICTED WITH CANCER, NEAR DEATH,

who was given up by all the others, and his leg had to be amputated. A doctor said, "I understand that case, and will cure it." And he did cure it, and everybody heard about it. Yes, one bad case goes farther than a thousand little ones. And you, big sinner, who have tried all the forms of sin, and run into all the webs and tangles of crime, you don't understand your case yourself, but my blessed Lord and Master has a sacred way of healing ; and heaven and earth and hell shall hear of it, and proclaim His fame.

Again, *Jesus Christ has pardoned sinners in an instant ;* black as midnight one moment, they are white as noon the next. Have you seen the Laocoon and his sons, with monstrous snakes twisted about their limbs? It was impossible to uncoil the monsters, and it was impossible to drag them off. But look to Jesus, just now, and the monstrous snakes of sin shall drop off at your feet. Neither shall they molest you any more ; for "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." He shall set his foot upon the serpent's head ; and that fearful foot shall crush the life out of your sins, and they shall trouble you no more. Christ will give you light, deliverance, pardon ; and you need not, should not despair. Only trust Him, only trust Him, and He will save you just now.

THE philanthropic institutions connected with Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's work in London cost $1500 every week. They are supported by voluntary contributions. Any reader desiring to aid in their support may send a donation to the office of this paper, and it will be forwarded to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in London.

THE VOYAGE OF THE SHIP EGLANTINE.

Who Sailed in Her—And Why.

(Continued from page 96.)

CHRISTIAN HILLIARD'S announcement to the sailors that he would go with them in the ship caused a profound sensation among them. The rain had ceased, and the low west was a sea of golden glory. The dark clouds flushed into rosy beauty, and the cold, grey waves grew warm in the glowing brightness. In the fulness of the evening light stood Christian Hilliard, the gleams from the setting sun shining on his rich brown hair and sunburnt face. The rough sailors looked at him in astonishment, and then a murmur of satisfaction rose from their midst. "It ain't likely he'd go if he knew the planks were rotten," they said. "Old Hilliard would take good care he didn't send his only son to sea in any but a safe ship."

Cairns stepped forward, his face glowing with honest admiration. "Do you really mean that, Mr. Christian?"

"I do ; if my presence will be any guarantee of the soundness of the vessel, you shall have it."

It was not without an effort that he said the words. A voyage in this uncomfortable, disreputable looking vessel was not at all to his fastidious taste, and his unconquerable dislike to all the unpleasant evils of a small merchant ship was stronger than ever ; but he was not one to let inclination take predecence of duty. He had promised to give some satisfactory proof of the Eglantine's seaworthiness, and this was absolutely the only means left him of doing so. At one moment the thought had crossed him of doing to Grant, and asking the result of his survey ; but he was in London, and there was no time to write to him, even if he had made up his mind to do so. The course of action he had adopted was the only one that would have the desired effect, to prove to the crew that he thoroughly believed the Eglantine to be seaworthy.

"What do you say, mates?" said Cairns, turning towards them. "Will you go if the young master goes with us?"

"He don't know anything about vessels," shouted the man who had expressed his wish to send Mr. Hilliard to sea with Old Nick. "He don't know a rotten plank from a sound one."

"That is not the question," said Christian calmly. "I do not know much about such things, I confess, but the question is this : Will my presence be sufficient proof that my father has good reason to believe the ship to be seaworthy? Yes or no."

"Yes," was the ready answer.

"Then I shall go with you, and let us hope for a quick voyage, for I'm not fond of the sea, my men. It hasn't served me well in my time. There was a comical look in his brown eyes as he spoke, and the men laughed outright. "Three cheers for the young master!" they cried, and the air rang with the shout.

"He won't go, not he!" said the only one who had refused to join in the cheer. "Wait till he gets home and tells his father what he's done! he'll hear some'ut more about the Eglantine. His father ain't told him everything."

At the insulting words Christian's hot blood was roused. "Who is that man?" he asked imperatively. "Step here a moment."

The man came forward, with a look of dogged resolution on his rugged face.

"Do you wish for a discharge?" asked Christian quietly. The cool, self-possessed tone had its effect, and the man was subdued.

"Not if you really do go 'long with us," he answered, after a moment's pause ; "I reckon we may trust the old ship then. Your father knows what he's about."

The man was right ; Richard Hilliard *did* know what he was about, but this decision of his son's was not one of the results he had calculated upon ; it was one, however, eminently fitted to bring home to him, and force him to realize, the true nature of his transactions. When he sent his ships to sea, he had calculated what his pecuniary position would be if they were lost, and had insured accordingly ; but he had never taken into his reckoning the tears of parents made childless, the agony of the widow, and the desolation of the orphan which resulted from the foundering of a ship. No insurance covered those ; but with the callous indifference of avarice Mr. Hilliard "cared for none of these things." Intent on making money, he overlooked minor matters, as he considered them. It had seemed as if he would go on until the end and know no awakening of consicence till the dread day when God demanded of him an account of his sailors' deaths, and he vainly asked, as the first murderer did, Am I my brother's keeper? (Genesis 4, 9.) It remained now to be seen whether his son's resolve to go in an unseaworthy ship would open his eyes.

To Christian also this matter was serious. He was staking his life on his father's assurance, and even if the voyage ended safely it could bring him no pleasure, and it involved separation from his friends and from one he loved very dearly.

He was meditating on these things, as he rode slowly up the pleasant road leading to the open country. "I'm booked for a voyage!" he thought. "I wonder what Maud will say to it." A smile lightened the thoughtfulness of his face as he turned up a narrow carriage-drive leading to a pretty rose-covered villa. At one of the low windows stood a girl, with a face lovely as a poet's dream. Rich masses of soft brown hair swept back from the low, white forehead, and large, dreamy eyes, of almost Southern light and warmth, looked up from beneath the long lashes with a glad welcome at the approaching visitor.

"Late again, sir!" she said, with a sunny smile. "I was just going to put on my hat and go out."

"Were you?" said Christian, sceptically ; "I wonder which way you would have gone ; down the Limerick Road, I suppose."

"Indeed, I should not," was the instant reply. "I should have gone in exactly the opposite direction."

Christian laughed : Limerick Road was the one he usually came by. Riding round to the side of the house, he gave his horse in charge of a boy, and returned to the window. "Are you alone, Maud?" he asked, stepping into the pretty little room. "Your father is out, of course, but where is your mother?"

"They are all out," said Maud, the rich bloom mounting to her beautiful face as, laying his hands on her bare white shoulders, he held her at a little distance, looking at her with undisguised admiration. "Mamma has not been well all day, and papa thought a drive would do her good. They have gone to Westbrook."

"So much the better ; I shall have you all to myself for an hour."

"What is the matter, Christian? You look as if something had annoyed you."

"So it has, dear. I don't know what you will say when I tell you."

"Be quick!" she said, raising her laughing eyes to his handsome face. "I was always famous for my impatience ; don't keep me in suspense, there's a dear boy. What is it? Has your favorite horse broke his leg, or has Tycho gone mad? Nothing less could bring that cloud to your face."

"It's less in one way, because nobody is hurt, but in its consequences it may be more to you and me. I'm going abroad, little one—going to Quebec. What say you to that?"

"Christian! then it is you, not Tycho, who has gone mad! What you do mean?"

"I'm sorry to say my meaning is only too plain. I have been down to the docks and booked myself for a voyage in the Eglantine—a dirty, black, tarry hulk," he replied, with a look of disgust at the recollection. "I think I've been a fool, Maud, but as usual I acted on impulse, and of course did the very thing I ought to have avoided."

Drawing her down by his side he told her of his promise to the men, and of his father's refusal to let him see the all-important letter. "What else could I do under the circumstances, darling?" he said, in conclusion. "I was bound to satisfy the men, and that was the only way left. You and I have cause to know what my father is: he never changes his mind."

For three years Christian Hilliard had loved this brown-haired Maud with a passionate love such as few men are capable of feeling. Three long years they had been, and now at the end of them the future looked no brighter, for Mr. Hilliard still withheld his consent, and Mr. Ingleton, Maud's father, angry and indignant, spoke seriously of breaking off the engagement entirely. But Christian had pleaded for a little longer grace. "I will try my father again," he said, "and if he still refuses, I will leave him, and get some employment, and win a home for my wife. It shall not go on like this much longer." They were no idle words, Mr. Ingleton knew, and so he held his peace, waiting for Christian to act. And Christian waited a propitious moment. "I must take my father in a good mood," he said; "I must speak when a vessel has made an extra lucrative voyage." The time had come, he thought, when this unfortunate affair of the Eglantine had turned up, and now Mr. Hilliard was in one of his worst possible moods; angry with Christian, with Captain Thorpe, and with the men of the Eglantine.

"What will he say about this new scheme of yours?—it cannot be called scheme, though," said Maud; "this Quixotic attempt to protect his honor, I ought to say."

"Quixotic?" echoed Christian, reproachfully. "Maud, is that what you call it? I own I was hasty in the first place in promising to show them Grant's letter, and yet even now I cannot blame myself for doing so. It seems the most natural thing I could do under those circumstances. That my father would object never once entered into my head; why should he object? It is only that confounded pride of his that comes in the way. My darling, don't you think with me, that something ought to be done to set those poor fellows' minds at rest? Do you think we, as shipowners, have a right to force men to go in a ship which they fear is not seaworthy?"

"Certainly not, Christian, and yet I cannot bear for you to go in the Eglantine. If anything is wrong——"

"Maud!" interrupted Christian, hastily, "do you think what you are saying? What can be wrong with the Eglantine? Has not Grant, a man who thoroughly understands his business, pronounced her perfectly safe?"

Maud was silent; she could not bear to speak the thought that would force itself upon her reluctant mind—"But you have only your father's word as to the contents of Grant's letter."

"Must you go?" she said at last. "Is there no other way of settling it all? I wish you had not promised."

"My dear, I was obliged to. I could not hear all they were saying about my father, and not take some step in the matter. I could not show them the letter, so I did the sole remaining thing—said I'd go with them. It was the only way of protecting my father's good name and keeping my own word."

"Yes, I suppose it was, but it is not right, Christian: your father ought to have given them the proof they asked; it was a little enough thing."

"Yes," he answered reluctantly, "I suppose he ought, dear." It went against the grain to condemn his father, even to her, for he had always been kind and indulgent to him, humoring his whims, and giving way to his capricious fancies as few parents would have done. Only in this one matter of his engagement to Maud Ingleton had he ever crossed him, and Christian was not without hope that even in this he would yield.

It was later than usual when he left Mr. Ingleton's house that night. He rode quickly along the deserted roads, his thoughts dwelling anxiously upon the impending interview with his father.

"I wonder what he'll say," he murmured. "Surely he cannot object to what I have done now. I cannot help it if he does: I have given my word."

That was enough, he had given his word. People sometimes wondered where Christian Hilliard had got his chivalrous ideas of honor. Not from his father, certainly, for he proverbially believed in being all things to all men, that is to say, among his equals and in the way of business. Few men knew better how to look after his own interests than he. and he looked with a contemptuous pity upon men who would allow an over-strained sense of honor to stand in the way of some lucrative business transaction. The fact was, he could not understand such men; they were out of his world.

His son Christian was often a soucre of wonderment to him, and yet in him he could trace the characteristics of his mother's house; for the rich shipowner had married out of his own rank, and had placed at the head of his establishment the fair-haired patrician daughter of an ancient but impoverished house, and from her Christian had inherited not only his personal beauty, and the indolent grace and ease of manner peculiar to her order, but the high integrity and sense of honor which stamped his character, and won for him universal respect.

Mr. Hilliard sat at his desk, busy with calculations and accounts. It was an anxious time just then, and he gave up most of his evenings to business. He did not look up as his son entered, and Christian silently drew a chair to the table and sat down. He was in no hurry to speak, though he felt that it would be a relief to have the interview over. At last Mr. Hilliard closed his book and looked up.

"Rather late, isn't it?" he said, pushing back his chair, and glancing at the clock. This was the usual signal for going to bed. Christian refused to recognize it.

"It is late, but I have been detained. Well, father, don't you wish to know the result of my visit to the docks?"

For a moment Mr. Hilliard hesitated: he did wish very much to know what course the men were taking; not that he feared much trouble in the matter, for he knew he should have already received notice from Captain Thorpe had the men proved obstinate, but he wanted to know how Christian had quieted them. With concealed anxiety he replied, "I suppose the crew have come to their senses."

"I don't know about that; some of them are not over-burdened with sense at the best of times, and some of them seem to have a pretty fair share; but I don't think either have returned to their senses, for the simple reason that they have never left them. They are all in their right mind now, at any rate."

"Did Thorpe send any message to me?"

"No: he seems a good sort of fellow; we shall get on all right together, I think. What is the etiquette of merchant ships, sir? The captain stands first, I suppose, no matter who is on board? Well, we shan't quarrel about that."

"Who won't quarrel?"

"Thorpe and I. I am going with the Eglantine to Quebec; it was the only way of satisfying the men."

"You are going to Quebec in the Eglantine!" repeated Mr. Hilliard slowly, gazing at his son like a man in a dream.

"Yes; pleasant prospect, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

Christian looked up in surprise at the tone. "I was bound in honor to satisfy the crew," he answered quietly. "You refused to let me do so in the way I wished and intended, so I was forced to accept the only alternative. The crew said my presence would be a sufficient guarantee of the vessel's soundness, and that if I went they would trust themselves with me."

"On what grounds? You know nothing of ships."

"No, but you do. My going proves that I believe the ship to be seaworthy, and they know that you are my warrant for the belief. Is not that sufficient security? Why, it is really more satisfactory than showing them Grant's letter. They know I would not trust my precious life to rotten planks."

"Christian, are you mad?" cried his father angrily. "I never heard such a wild, insane idea in my life."

"Nevertheless it was absolutely the only thing left for me to do."

"It was nothing of the kind. The men would have gone fast enough without that. They would not be the first crew who have rebelled and learned to their cost that ships are not playthings, and shipowners children. I would have taught them a lesson."

"How?"

"How! why by putting the law in force against them. The choice lay between that or the prison, and you would have seen fast enough then how much their fears amounted to."

"I cannot agree with you, sir. It is entirely against my principles to force men into actions which their judgment condemns."

"You will not go on board the Eglantine with my consent," returned his father, growing pale with anger.

"Excuse me," said Christian, with the quiet courtesy he never lost, even though his father tried his patience sorely, "I must go: it is no matter of choice now, unless, indeed, you prefer showing Grant's letter. I suppose that would serve them."

"No!" retorted his father furiously; "they shall never see it, and you shall not go."

Christian rose. "It is worse than useless to argue, sir," he said gravely; "I am not accustomed to break my word."

They stood opposite each other, the father and son, both equally determined and resolute. For some moments they were silent, for a fearful suspicion was forcing itself on Christian's mind. Scarcely daring to face his father, he turned his head in another direction. "What is your reason for objecting so strongly to my going?" he asked.

"Reason enough. It is encouraging the men, it is defying my authority," replied Mr. Hilliard, almost beside himself with mingled terror and anger. "Once more, I forbid your going: do you hear?"

"*Is there anything wrong with the Eglantine?*" said Christian, under his breath, feeling like a traitor as he spoke, yet forced into speech by the overwhelming dread.

"Wrong with the Eglantine? What should be wrong with her?" answered his father, his voice sinking from its pitch of excitement, as he felt the necessity for self-control.

"Is she perfectly seaworthy?" asked Christian, looking full at his father's drooping eyes with his own honest, fearless ones.

"*She is seaworthy.*"

"Then I shall go."

(*To be continued.*)

A TRUE CHINESE CONVERT.

KO-SAN-LONE, a converted Chinese, when in America on a visit, was deeply impressed with the little difference he saw between the style of living of many professing Christians and the people of the world. Adverting to the matter on one occasion, he said, making at the same time a large sweep with his arm, "When the disciples in my country come out from the world, *they come clear out.*"

The Thessalonians, too, *came clear out;* for the Apostle Paul said of them, "Ye were ensamples to all that believed in Macedonia and Achaia" (1 Thessalonians 1 : 7). They did not separate themselves from gross idolaters, and remain united with others less vicious and sinful; but "they turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven."

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE.

REMARKS OF THE REV. DR. TYNG, SR.

I HOPE I may be excused in the opening of the interesting service of this afternoon—a sight so new to me, circumstances so remarkable in my experience—for saying a few simple words in reference to the whole subject now before us. November will finish the fifty-ninth year of my poor laboring in the preaching of the Lord's Gospel. Well do I remember more than fifty years ago when the great truth of a Saviour's pre-millennial coming burst upon my mind. As a young man in the South, travelling long distances to preach His Word, I was met with much—I will not say ridicule, but with kind and affectionate remonstrance. The world was unprepared around me for any such enunciation, and yet it seemed to me to be the clearest sunlight of the page of Scripture, involved in every real promise of the Gospel, and making the one great foundation upon which all the truth and all the hope of that Gospel rested. I looked at it then entirely alone. I scarcely knew a minister of any class around me that would believe it at all. It seemed to them to be an undervaluing of all the efforts of that which they called the Christian Church. I was ready, and I have always been ready, to love those whom my Master loves, and wherever I find the temple in which He dwells. I find the Church which I acknowledge, older in its establishment than Apostolic authority, and grander and wider in its extent than any denominational organization.

In the full conviction that the divine election manifests itself in those whom God had chosen in complete conversion of the soul to Himself, in a Saviour's love, my heart and hand went out as a youthful minister to every servant of Jesus, wherever I met him. Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, all seemed to me like brothers of another name, as I had brothers of almost every name in the large family in which I was born. I looked at them as brothers. They were not less my brothers because not called by my name; not less near to me because called by names which no one around me would seem to acknowledge. They were my brethren. They loved the same Saviour. They had found their peace at the same foot-stool of grace and mercy. They had been created anew with the same power of the Holy Ghost, and they came to me as face answereth face in the waters. I have known no church on earth so absolute as the Church of God's elect. I have known no family of the children of God but that which bears in their very forehead and character the mark of Divine acceptance, the work of Divine power, and the fruits of Divine holiness.

The languages of earth are multiplied, the language of Heaven is but one. I meet my brethren here on that basis. Nothing can be sacrificed. There is nothing to be sacrificed when we come together as the servants of one God—I will not say under the shadow, but the sunlight of our glorious hope. I believe as fully in the personal advent of my blessed Saviour in His own time as in the sunrise of to-morrow morning, and look for it as confidently. It may come in my time. Many things have come within this period. It certainly will come within somebody's time; but anybody's generation in which it does come will find multitudes still doubting, Pharisees still questioning, Sadducees still opposing, and I trust many children of Israel looking for deliverance, and rejoicing in the fulness of the salvation which is presented. Dear brethren, after listening to the brethren who read to us this morning, I went home and felt as if eagle's wings were put upon me; a new flight, a new purpose. I cannot tell you the joy that comes to my lonely mind upon this subject, in hearing such asseverations of the truth. The Lord be praised for this meeting. I freely believe its results will be most important and precious to look at for the blessing to come upon all churches who will receive the truth, while darkness and sadness must rest upon those who will refuse it. The Lord of Heaven be with us and bless us, and in the fulness of His grace accept us and make part and portion with His own presence, when in glory He shall return to gather His flock into one and to set up a dominion that shall be without end forevermore.

The Rev. H. M. Parsons, Presbyterian, Buffalo, N. Y., then read a paper on

THE PRESENT AGE AND DEVELOPMENT OF ANTICHRIST.

Prevalent Delusions as to Antichrist—His Various Forms and Titles—The Beast, the Little Horn—Personality of Antichrist—His Power and Destruction.

IT is quite usual to regard Antichrist as a personification of any thing that opposes Christ. As it is the great power on which Satan relies to forward his cause in this age, he has continued to throw around the word a speculative or mystical or spiritualized sense that takes away the literal and personal power of this mighty adversary. As against this confusion of Satan, let us look at the Antichrist of prophecy. Antichrist is not an abstract principle of evil. Many talk of the fact and thought of evil, and deny the personality of Satan, the grand and subtle enemy of God. So as the Devil has invented many works for the Son of God to destroy, his last masterpiece is this Antichrist, who fills up the prophetic outline of Satan's campaign in this age. The first feature of the prophetic account of Antichrist we notice is suggested by the name itself—in Greek, for, or in place of, Christ; and in Latin, against Christ. If he is predicted as opposing Christ, we may expect that there will be an adroit and plausible attempt to imitate Christ, in order to deceive if possible His own disciples. In the finished work of Christ, wherein He defeated Satan and all his hosts, as arrayed against Himself, He so obtained victory as to furnish us with all needed defence against the future attacks of the same foe on His Church.

Prophecy reveals Antichrist under various forms and separate titles. Just as our Lord is predicted by prophets and priests of the Old Testament, each one presenting some significant trait of His character, some form of His office, some distinct picture of His person, of His coming, and His reign—all of which are completed and compacted in His incarnation—so the pen of inspiration sketches the portrait of this adverse and opposing person, Antichrist, under various forms and separate titles. The Apostle John, in his epistle, speaks of the spirit of Antichrist as then prevailing, and that whoever denies that Christ is come in the flesh is Antichrist (1 John 2 : 18; 4 : 3). He does not call any name, in thus describing the spirit of Antichrist.

It will be more suggestive than any labored exposition, to reveal the truth of Scripture on this subject to turn our attention to several inspired portraits, and see how they fit the thought we are arguing that under separate names and titles the same person is always meant. Thus, in Revelation 13 the Beast is described; in 7th and 8th of Daniel the Little Horn; in 11th of Daniel, King of Fierce Countenance, and in 9th the Prince that shall come; the King of Assyria of 10th, and Lucifer of 14th of Isaiah. The Man of Sin and Son of Perdition (2 Thess. 2). Without explanation let us compare a few of the accents of these separate titles:

Thus as the Beast.	*As the Little Horn.*
Revelations 13 : 6 : "He opens his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme His name, and His Tabernacle, and them that dwell in Heaven"; 13 : 7 : "He makes war with the saints and overcomes them."	Daniel 7 : 25 : "He speaks great words against the Most High." Daniel 7 : 21 : "He makes war with the saints and prevails."
Revelations 13 : 5 : "Authority was given unto him forty and two months," *i.e.*, 1260 days.	Daniel 7 : 25 : "The saints are given into His hand until a time and times and the dividing of time," *i.e.*, 1260 days.

Of these separate symbols the same things are declared—and thus, presumably, one person is identified by both. Again we read Antichrist:

As the Little Horn.	*As the King of Fierce Countenance.*
Dan. 7 : 25 : "Speaks great words against the Most High."	Dan. 11 : 36 : "Speak marvellous things against the God of gods."
7 : 22 : "Shall prevail until the Ancient of days come, and judgment is given to the saints of the Most High; and the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom."	Dan. 11 : 36 : "Shall prosper till the indignation (against Israel and Jerusalem) be accomplished."

Here we observe a similar identity in symbols—and further:

As the King of Fierce Countenance.	*As Second Little Horn.*
Dan. 11 : 4 : "He shall enter also into the glorious land."	Dan. 8 : 9 : "He waxes great toward the pleasant land."
Dan. 11 : 40 : "Enters the glorious land at the time of the end"	Dan. 8 : 17 : "At the time of the end shall be the vision."
11 : 36 : "He shall prosper till the indignation (against Israel and Jerusalem) be accomplished."	Dan. 8 : 19 : "He shall prosper in the last end of the indignation" (against Israel and Jerusalem."

And again:

The Second Little Horn.	*The Prince that shall come.*
Dan. 8 : 11 : "Takes away the daily sacrifice."	Dan. 9 : 27 : "Causes the sacrifice and oblation to cease."
Dan. 8 : 19 : "Shall prosper in the last end of the indignation."	Dan. 9 : 27 : "Till that determined is poured upon the desolator."

These prophetic statements seem conclusive against the theory of a growing increase of holiness, and peace, and purity, that shall be universal, previous to the coming again of the Lord. For instead of a gradual victory over the foe, they describe his vaunted resumption of power, until a given time—when the "indignation" against Israel shall be accomplished, and the end of the age be at hand.

Another prophetic statement in 2 Thess. 2 : 4 describes Antichrist "as exalting himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped." And this has currently been applied to the apostate Roman Church, in the assumptions claimed and exercised by the Pope. Without doubt there is here an illustrious and conspicuous and continued representation of the spirit of Antichrist manifesting itself through the age, within the Christian Church, and in the name of Christ. For we must look for this manifestation not outside but within the organized Christian fold. Yet in the prophetic statement of the final anti-Christ, in Daniel 11 : 45, it is said, "he shall plant the tabernacle of his palace between the seas in the glorious Holy Mountain," and in 2 Thess. 2 : 4 he is represented as "sitting in the Temple of God, showing himself that he is God." While this last feature of the reign of Antichrist finds its shadow in the pretensions of the Papacy, we still believe that a more literal and future fulfilment, springing out of present and patent channels of blasphemy and corruption, will be seen in the very temple yet to be built in Jerusalem.

There is another prophecy in the vision of John which bears upon this view, Rev. 17 : 12–14: the ten kings which are to come receive power one hour with the beast, or Antichrist, and they give all their power and strength to him. And then occurs the war with the Lamb and His victory.

THE PERSONALITY OF THIS ANTICHRIST,

who has been predicted and foreshadowed by many persons as types, is seen to be real and finally visible in human form, from noting the contrast of personal and moral qualities in Christ, the true Prophet and Victor King.

Christ.	*Antichrist.*
John 3 : 31 : "Comes from above."	Rev. 11 : 7 : "Comes from below."
John 5 : 43 : "Comes in His Father's name."	John 5 : 43 : "Comes in his own."
Phil. 2 : 8 : "Humbled Himself and became obedient."	2 Thess. 2 : 4 : "Exalts himself above all."
Isa. 53 : 3 : "Was despised and rejected, and we esteemed Him not."	Rev. 13 : 3, 4 : "All the world wonder after the beast, saying, Who is like unto him?"
John 6 : 38 : "Comes to do His Father's will."	Dan. 11 : 3 : "Does according to his own."
John 17 : 4 : "Glorifies God on earth."	Rev. 13 : 6 : "Blasphemes the name of God."
John 10 : 14, 15 : "The Good Shepherd that giveth His life for the sheep."	Zech. 11 : 16, 17 : "The evil shepherd or idle shepherd, who shall tear the flesh."

Christ.	*Antichrist.*
Phil. 2 : 9, 10 : "God highly exalts Him, and gives Him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."	Isaiah 14 : 14, 15 : "Exalteth himself above the heights of the clouds, yet is brought down to hell."
Matt. 24 : 30 : "Shall be seen coming in the clouds, with power and great glory."	Isaiah 14 : 16 : "They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake the kingdoms ?"
Rev. 11 : 15 : "Shall reign for-ever and ever."	
Heb. 1 : 2 : "The Heir of all things."	Dan. 7 : 26 : "They shall take away his dominion, to consume and destroy it to the end."
	2 Thess. 2 : 3 : "The Son of Perdition."

Antichrist is not a mere principle, nor a myth. If Christ be a real person in human form, so is he. If Christ is declared and spoken of as endowed with all grace and humility and glory, and having a glorious retinue of the saved and glorified ones—Antichrist is the embodied reality of the very opposite principle, and their malignant supporters, which shall be utterly destroyed in all their usurped empire, and in the very person of their boastful and blasphemous king, in that day when the Faithful and True shall ride forth from the opened heaven with His armies to "judge and make war" (Rev. 19 : 11–14). There is a preparation now going on for this grand and glorious issue, on the part of the enemies of God. In Rev. 16 : 13, 14 we have a description of three unclean spirits, like frogs, coming out of the mouth of the dragon, the beast and the false prophet. There are spirits of demons making miracles, going forth to the kings of the earth and of the world to gather them to the great battle of which we have spoken.

We must remember that the analogy of the ages bids us expect an interval of time in the preparation for the closing and opening of the age. One spirit came out of the mouth of the dragon. This may be infidelity, in its various forms, now so fashionably prevalent—atheism, pantheism, scepticism, rationalism, and all the forms and phases of intellectual speculation which deny the word of the living God to-dav. These are recruiting the forces for Antichrist. Satan's stronghold of delusion from the first has been denial of God's word. "Ye shall not surely die."

The next demon comes out of the mouth of the Antichrist, and represents that alienation from God, independence of God, and opposition to Him, which in these days is so manifest, a worldly spirit, secretly or openly infusing itself in the Church ; that lawlessness spoken of in 2 Thess. 2 : 7, which is so rapidly developing in this and other lands as a lawless and godless Socialism. And then a third demon from the mouth of the false prophet. When men cast off the superstitions of the harlot they will have some religion. When men throw off the external garb of a formal godliness they will seek some refuge of lies. And so Spiritualism is a widely extended phase of modern infidelity.

Then these unclean spirits are recognized by all the children of God. We cannot, my brethren, reason them down, or coax them with the flatterers of a miscalled Christian charity, to cease their dreadful work of preparation for the empire of Antichrist. The sword of the Spirit, the word of God, used in faith—not with superstitious fear—is the only weapon that can prosper against them. And with this in hand we shall not lean upon the arm of flesh, and cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, but a radical hate, and determined warfare upon the Son of God.

The duties of our age are plainly declared, as one has well said : "When this our Gentile dispensation will have run the vast round of earth, and have reached again its starting-point, the land of its nativity, and, returning home in grief as it were to die, its cradle will become its grave."

But "in these days the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed." Thus will set in divided glory and gloom the Saturday evening's sun of the present dispensation, briefly preceding the millennial dawn of the new Judaic dispensation, when Jerusalem shall at last dwell safely at rest from her Gentile foes ; when "her light shall go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth "to all the families of the earth, with none to molest or make afraid in all God's Holy Mountain.

Thus shall Antichrist arise and prosper and practise and pass away, and the groaning and travailing earth, now at last relieved, enter upon a Sabbath of peaceful and blessed rest, and Satan be bound for a thousand years.

A paper was then read on

THE GATHERING OF ISRAEL,

BY BISHOP W. R. NICHOLSON,

Of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.

The Promises are to all the Twelve Tribes—I. The Prophetical Fact—It is yet Future—Why Israel has been Preserved—On Purpose to restore Them —II. The Gathering will be in Two Instalments —The First Prior to Christ's Second Coming—The Final Instalment Subsequent to that Event —III. The Method of the First Gathering—Those Who Return will be Numerous, Unconverted—The Temple will have been Rebuilt by Them—Gathered for Chastisement—Who will Form the Elect Remnant—IV. Method of the Second Gathering—1. Divine and Human Agencies will Combine—2. They also will Return Unconverted—3. Their Conversion will Occur on their Restoration—4. The Blessed—5. Spiritual Blessings will be Outpoured.

By Israel is here meant, as the Scriptures speak, "*Both the houses* of Israel" (Isa. viii., 14) ; by the gathering of Israel is meant the gathering back *of all the twelve tribes* of Jacob from their dispersion, continued through so many ages, to their own covenanted land, Palestine, and the resettlement of them there as one nation. Is this restoration of Israel a foreshown fact in prophecy ? And if so, what circumstances of the regathering, if any, are at the same time predicted ? This is our subject.

I. As regards the prophetical fact of the restoration. In giving answer to this question, I find myself in the midst of an embarrassment of riches. It is impossible to exhibit within the limits of this paper the full strength of the prophetical proof, since in that case I should have to quote an immense proportion of the Bible. We can consider but a very few references, a mere sample of the whole ; these, however, shall be in themselves exhaustive and all-sufficient.

We turn to Ezekiel 36, 22 : 28 ; "Say unto the house of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God . . . I will take you from among the heathen and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land." Here how positively stated is the purposed fact of their restoration. But this restoration cannot be the return from the captivity in Babylon ; for, besides that it takes place "*out of all countries*," instead of only one, it is attended with the converting power of the Holy Spirit, giving new hearts to the restored ones, and causing them to walk in all obedience to God ; blessings of the Spirit, which were *not* fulfilled at the return from Babylon.

Nor is it the setting forth, whether typically, symbolically, or otherwise, of the conversion of the Gentiles and their restoration from Satan to God, or the establishment of the Christian Church among the Gentiles and its spiritual prosperity ; for it is expressly "the *house* of Israel" whom God here addresses, and the land to which restoration is effected is identically that which "God gave to the fathers" of that house, a land which, as God goes on to say in the subsequent verses, has been "waste and desolate," and filled with "ruined cities," but which is now to be "tilled," and to abound in "corn, and the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field ;" *literally* the land of Israel then, and not typically or symbolically something else.

Thus the gathering of Israel spoken of in this passage can possibly refer only to the literal Israel, and to their restoration to Palestine. And since, as we have seen, it did not take place at the return from Babylon, by the same token, there never having been any other restoration of that people, it has as yet never taken place at all. It is yet in the future.

Ezekiel 37 : 15–22 : "The word of the Lord came again unto me, saying, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land ; and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel ; and one king shall be king to them all ; and they shall be *no more two nations*, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all." Anything more conclusive than this it is not possible to put into language, or even to conceive of. *Both divisions of Israel are expressly mentioned*, Judah and his companions, and Ephraim and his companions ; they shall be taken "from among the heathen (the nations)" and be gathered "on every side," (out of all nations) ; they shall be "brought into their own land, the land upon the mountains of Israel," and in that land the two divisions shall be made "one nation," and never more shall they become "two nations," or be "divided into two kingdoms." Reference to *literal Israel* could not be more demonstrated, nor the fact of their restoration to Palestine more positively stated ; meanwhile the impressive effect of both the literalness and the positiveness is made superlative, by means of the symbolism of *the two sticks*, bearing each the name of one of the two houses of Israel respectively, and joined together in the hand of the prophet. And that this restoration is not the return from Babylon is beyond question from what follows in the chapter ; for God immediately proceeds to say that, upon the occurring of this restoration of Israel to their own land, He "will make a covenant of peace with them, an everlasting covenant with them," and "will set His sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore," and "they shall walk in His judgments and observe His statutes," and "they shall dwell in the land that He has given unto Jacob, wherein their fathers have dwelt, they and their children, and their children's children *forever* ;" none of which things were true of their going back from Babylon. Both houses of Israel are *yet to be* regathered out of all nations to their own land.

WHY HAVE THEY BEEN PRESERVED ?

In the sixth chapter of the prophecy of Amos, at the ninth verse, the Lord says : "For, lo I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth"—a vigorous description of their divinely wrought marvellous preservation as a people, although scattered through all nations during all those terrible ages of suffering. Now for what purpose have they been so preserved ? The Lord Himself answers in the fourteenth verse, "And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them ; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof ; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them ;" that is, He would preserve them in their national identity *on purpose to return them* to their national territory ; to a land, their entrance into which would be His "bringing them *again* ;" a land whose soil they should cultivate into vineyards and gardens, and whose grapes and vegetables they should enjoy ; *literally* a land, then, and their own land, *literally* the tribes of Jacob gathered back to where they had nationally dwelt along centuries before.

Has this restoration of that people ever been effected ? Nay, for the Lord continues, "And I will plant them upon their land, and *they shall no more be pulled up* out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God." But their dispersion among the nations is a living experience before our eyes to-day ; therefore, never did occur their restoration as spoken of in this passage from Amos : they have *yet* to be so planted in their land, as that they shall no more be pulled up out of it. The land is still waiting for them, and they are being kept of God for the land.

So far we have but *tasted* of Old Testament teachings on the point before us. Isaiah and Jeremiah are full of testimonies every whit as strong as the ones we have examined; and so are many others of the prophets. But we now pass to the New Testament Scriptures, wherein is clearly recognized that there is yet to be a re-gathering of Israel to their own land; although, consistently with the purpose and character of what we call the Christian dispensation, it is not so pervasively there as in the Old Testament.

In Romans : 9 4, 5, St. Paul, having mentioned the "Israelites," says that to them appertain "the adoption, and the covenants, and the promises; and the fathers." He expressly identifies the Israelites of whom he is speaking as "his kinsmen according to the flesh;" therefore literal national Israel. There is "the adoption," he says. But if their adoption or sonship as a people be only a past fact, having no influence for the yet future, how can it still be to them, as a people, a matter of privilege and blessing? Theirs are "the covenants," he says. But one of those covenants—is it not God's arrangement with Abraham to give to him and his seed "all the land of Canaan for an *everlasting* possession"? (Gen. xvii.) Must they not, therefore, be reinstated in that land? Theirs are "the promises," he says. But what promises can belong to them as a distinct people, save such as those of which we have had a sample from the Old Testament?

Theirs are "the fathers," he says. But what are Abraham and Isaac and Jacob to them as a people, if they, the descendants of those fathers, are forever nationally defunct? So inevitably implied in St. Paul's enumeration of the privileges of his kinsmen according to the flesh is the prophetical fact of the gathering of them back to their own land. And did not the Lord Jesus advert to the same prophetical fact, when he said to His Apostles (Matt. 19 : 28), "In the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel"? For how shall the Apostles rule over the twelve tribes, if, as twelve tribes, they shall then have no existence, or if they be not gathered together as a nationality?

Let these instances suffice, as regards the New Testament, for the prophetical fact of Israel's yet future restoration. Other citations might be given; especially, almost the whole of one entire book, the great prophetical Apocalypse, in which this fact is the underlying element, the very centre around which revolve its terrors and its grandeurs. As, however, I shall have occasion to refer to that book in another part of our subject, I here conclude the direct argument for the general fact. Limited though our selections of proof have been, they yet are ample. Undeniably, *both houses of Israel*, as one nationality, shall yet be re-established in Palestine, the land of their ancient inheritance. Moreover, the argument for the fact will be continually expanding and strengthening, while we shall be considering the predicted circumstances of the fact.

THE GATHERING OF ISRAEL.

II. The gathering of Israel will be accomplished in two instalments.

1. One movement in the process of their restoration will have taken place *previously* to the Lord's Second Coming. "Behold," saith God in Zechariah (xiv.), "the day of the Lord cometh. For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle; and the city shall be taken, and half of the city shall go forth into captivity, and the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city." Now, if Israel be not there, why are the nations there to fight against them? For that it is Israel against whom this battle is waged is sufficiently suggested by the word "nations," as designating the attacking party; in fact, however, the whole chapter is express as to the presence of Israel. But it is in connection with this battle that "the day of the Lord cometh." And the prophecy proceeds, "Then shall the Lord go forth, and fight against those nations. And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east." This is the Second Coming, and, lo, Israel are *already* in their own land. Nor, as it would seem, will it be more than a very few years before the Lord's coming that this restoration of Israel will have been effected. It is in the last of Daniel's Seventy Weeks that they are presented to our view as nationally established in their own land; and that seventieth week is the seven years immediately preceding the Advent. It must be borne in mind, however, that some several years may be required before the beginning of that last week, in order to their regular settlement as a State.

2. But all Israel will not have been gathered back to their land before the Advent; a second and finally complete movement in their restoration will occur subsequently to that great event. Isaiah 11 : 11, 12, 15, 16: "And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall set His hand again *the second time* to recover the remnant of His people, which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea." At what time is it appointed for this magnificent description of Israel's restoration to be realized? We learn from the fourth verse, *After* the Lord with the breath of His lips shall have slain the wicked one. Now from II. Thess. ii. 8, we learn that "the Lord shall destroy that wicked with the brightness of His coming." *After the coming, then*, shall this restoration of Israel have place.

Thus there will be two distinct stages in the process of their gathering; the first, before the great Epiphany of the Lord Jesus; the second, after it: the first, partial; the second, complete. How utterly vain to atempt to make the passges which describe this second gathering apply to the return from the Babylonish captivity.

METHOD OF THE FIRST GATHERING.

III. Particulars of the first gathering.

The number of them will be considerable. This is indicated by the immense armies which Antichrist will bring together for the siege of Jerusalem (Joel 3, 1, 2, 9, 14). But also Ezekiel describes the land as being, by reason of this first gathering back of the people, a land of villages, and the people as having silver and gold, and cattle and goods (38, 11–13).

They will be gathered back *in their unconverted* state. According to Zechariah 12, 10, it will be only at the Lord's coming, only in connection with "their looking upon Him whom they pierced," that "the spirit of grace and of supplications" shall be poured out upon them. Previously to the coming of the Lord, therefore, it will be still as rejectors of Christ and rebellious to God that they will occpuy their land. And it is as speaking of them at that very time, that Isaiah ascribes to them pride and haughtiness, the loftiness of the cedar of Lebanon, and the stiff sturdiness of the oak of Bashan (2).

They will have *rebuilt their temple* and re-established their temple services, before the coming of the Lord. For, according to the words of Jesus in the 24th of Matthew, they will "see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory," *only after* "the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet," shall have stood "*in the holy place.*"

The object of their gathering is ultimately their conversion, but, primarily, their chastisement and suffering. In connection with the setting up of the abomination of desolation in the temple, Jesus said (Matt. 24), "Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be." "Therefore thus saith the Lord God (Ezekiel 22, 19 : 22), Because ye are all become dross, behold, therefore, I will gather you *into the midst of Jerusalem.* And ye shall know that I the Lord have poured out my fury upon you."

Their terrible sufferings, when ended, will have reduced them to a remnant. "Except those days should be shortened," said Jesus (Matt. 24), "there should no flesh (no Israelite) be saved; but for the elects sake those days shall be shortened." Those elect ones will be but a remnant. Only "*the third part* shall be brought through, the fire, and be refined as silver is refined" (Zech. 13, 9). This elect remnant, is identical with the "hundred and forty and four thousand sealed" ones of the seventh of the Revelation. For those sealed ones *are all Israelites*; it being expressly said that they are taken from among "the tribes of the children of Israel," and, besides, the twelve tribes being all enumerated by their names, as "the tribe of Judah," "the tribe of Reuben."

And now comes to pass their conversion to God. "They will have witnessed the terrors of the reign of Antichrist, will have seen the plagues of the Revelation poured out upon the nations under his control, will have beheld the heavens darkened, the Lord descend in glory, the graves open, the saints taken, the Day of the Lord come upon Jerusalem, the heavens and the earth shaken. They will see, and yet find themselves protected through all these things." "They will look on Him whom they have pierced;" God will pour upon them "the spirit of grace and supplications;" they shall mourn for their sins; and "there shall be a fountain opened to them for sin and for uncleanness." They will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and they shall be forgiven; and not forgiven only, but accepted in all the preciousness of that Name, which they and their nation had rejected and abhorred.

IV. Particulars of

THE SECOND GATHERING,

the gathering subsequent to the Advent.

1. It will be effected by both human and Divine agency. Partly by human : Isaiah 10, 9, 22, 23; 16, 19, 20. Partly by Divine : Isaiah 11, 15, 16. In this latter circumstance it *will contrast with the first gathering*, for it is the unvarying implication of Scripture that Israel's recovery before the Advent will come about in a natural and ordinary way. The conviction of its expediency, and the stroke of a pen, on the part of one or two of the leading continental powers, and the deed would be done." Even now we may almost speak of England's protectorate of the Holy Land. God's providence is moving apace, and evidently is rapidly nearing the crisis of Israel's first recovery. But *their second restoration* will be effected as well *by miracle* as by human agency.

2. In this second gathering, as in the first, returning Israel will as yet be unconverted. Ezekiel 36, 24–38,

3. Immediately upon their restoration, however, they will be converted. "And so," exclaims Paul, "all Israel shall be saved." Then it is that that glorious anthem, the 12th of Isaiah, will peal from the lips of an entirely converted nation.

4. And Israel's land in that day shall answer back to the Gospel holiness of its inhabitants. In extent it will be according to the covenant with Abraham (Gen. 15, 18). As to fertility and beauty, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose" (Isa. 35). As to universal harmony: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them" (Isa. 11, 6–9). And as to duration, God said to Abraham, "I will give to thee and to thy seed after thee all the land of Canaan for an *everlasting possession*" (Gen. 18, 8).

5. The spiritual blessings of millennial Israel will be the same as are ours now.

Dr. Nicholson closed with a brief resumé of the fearful persecutions and sufferings to which Israel has been subjected, and through which they have been so marvellously preserved, and earnestly appealed to his hearers to "pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 15th.—Luke 24 : 13–32. Golden Text, Luke 24 : 32.

"THAT same day," writes the evangelist, "two of them went to a village called Emmaus." What an eventful Sunday was that for the little flock of bereaved Christians! It is difficult to realize, even faintly, what their feelings must have been that day. The recent events had followed each other with startling rapidity. Only a few evenings before, their revered Master had been amongst them, talking familiarly with them, had supped with His most intimate associates, and had walked out with them to a garden, as He often did, to meditate and pray. Then He had been betrayed to His enemies by one of themselves, had been hurried from one court of justice to another, finally condemned, and speedily executed. What consternation must have filled their hearts, for they obviously hoped to the last, that in some way He would be delivered from death! Then came the Sunday's surprise; for Mary Magdalene and the other women had come to the little company with extraordinary news. They had been to the vault with the last tribute of their love and had found it empty, and they professed that angels were there, who told them that their dead Teacher had risen; they had reminded them, too, of certain words He had spoken in His lifetime (which they recollected), predicting that He would rise. Upon this Peter and John had run to the spot, and they also found the tomb empty. Here was perplexity upon perplexity. No wonder that, with *their* material ideas of Christ's mission, they were lost in amazement, and knew not what to expect or hope.

With the mystery still unravelled, two of them, Cleopas and another (probably Luke himself) start for a walk to Emmaus, talking as they went of the subject which filled their minds. The village was about eight miles from Jerusalem, and the two men as they walked pondered over the strange events and *reasoned* about them. Their reasoning seems to have brought them no light (reasoning on matters of faith seldom does bring light), for, when they are joined by One who is apparently a stranger, they are unable to furnish any thing more than a narrative of the events as they had occurred, and a statement of their own futile hopes. They lay before Him the disjointed fragments of the puzzle in utter perplexity and hopelessness, when, to their surprise, the stranger takes up the scattered pieces, and with marvellous wisdom shows them the key to the whole. Nothing had occurred that should cause their faith to stagger; nothing had transpired that had not been foretold; their Master's work had been *consummated*, not frustrated, by His death; and that which they thought so untimely, had really come in the appointed fulness of time. He openly upbraids them for their folly and their sluggish hearts, and tells them these things that perplexed them appeared dark only because of their own defects of heart and understanding. Light had come to them from a passing Stranger; no wonder that when they arrive at their destination, they urge Him to enter with them. He complies, and now, as He sits and breaks the bread and blesses it, they suddenly see with whom they have been conversing. But before they can salute Him He is gone, and with eager steps they hasten back to the city, to tell their friends the wonderful news and give them, too, the key to the mystery—to them a mystery no longer; Jesus Himself had taught them, and as they pace that road to the city they trod but a short time before, they remind each other of the heartburning they had felt as their difficulties and perplexities vanished in the presence of their divine Teacher. Such are the circumstances of the narrative to which our attention is called by the lesson of the day. What practical lessons can we draw from it?

I. That difficulties in matters of Providence and religion are not to be accounted insuperable because our minds fail to find the clue for their disentanglement. When scientists demonstrate conclusively (as they think) that this or that portion of the Bible must be false, because *they*, in their wisdom, have discovered some truth which appears to controvert it, we may safely cling to our Book and our God, for the key to the apparent discrepancy is in our Lord's hands, and we shall have it in the fulness of time. When mysteries of Providence arise in our experience, and we see the righteous in trouble, the pious poor in adversity, and the good man bereaved and desolate, while "the wicked flourish as a green bay tree," we need not lose our confidence in our Father's love, for some day we may learn that the chastened ones "*ought to have suffered these things before entering into glory.*" If we listen to the teachings of this lesson there seems to strike our ears a voice like that of

"A sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that *all is well.*"

II. That in Christian company and in Christian conversation where Jesus is the theme He is often present Himself to open the Scriptures, though our "eyes are holden that we cannot see Him." Many a time has the child of God, feeling his heart cold, his love failing, his faith growing weak, entered a meeting of believers, and has come away refreshed and invigorated, his heart burning within him," for Jesus has been there with him, and has shown him "things concerning Himself."

III. The question of Jesus, "what things?" is an incentive to prayer. Our Lord would have us *tell Him* what our difficulties are. True, they are already fully known to Him, as are all our needs, our faults, and all that concerns us, but He asks now as He asked the two sorrowful wayfarers then, "What manner of communication are these that ye have one to another, and are sad?" He invites our confidence; He would draw us into communion with Himself; and who that has accepted His invitation has come away without a blessing? Even the world recognizes the influence that has been exercised on the Christian who avails himself of his privilege and spends much time in prayer. His character reflects the divine attributes, as the face of Moses reflected the refulgent light on which he had gazed on the top of the Mount, as Cowper sings:

"When one who holds communion with the skies
Has filled his wine where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

IV. Jesus should be invited by those who desire His prolonged stay. He made as if He would have gone further, but His hearers longed for more communion and begged Him to abide with them. He accepted their invitation, and then, and not till then, was He recognized and known as their dear, precious Saviour. So now does He accept the Christian's invitation as he cries to Him—

"I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my light and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh! abide with me."

The Traveller and the Torn Book.—Mr. S. A. Blackwood, an official in the London Post-Office, relates an instance in which a word was made efficacious to the saving of a soul. He was travelling on the top of a coach from London to Croydon, and after discussing the topics of the day with one who sat beside him, he turned the conversation to the things of heaven, to the disgust of another passenger sitting near, who talked of "canting hypocrites," etc., and when the coach stopped left his seat. In descending, the pocket of his coat opened, and Mr. B. dropped in it the little book, "Eternal Life." When the gentlemen reached home and emptied his pockets he at once guessed who had placed it there, and in his rage he tore it in pieces and threw it inside the fender. When he returned from town the next day his ire was increased by finding the pieces placed on his toilet table. He immediately rung the bell and asked the servant "Why they had not been destroyed." And when she replied that in gathering them up she had seen the word "Eternity," and did not like to burn them, she was in anger ordered from his presence.

When the servant was gone he began to look for the word that had so arrested her attention, and then he sought to connect sentences by strips of paper that one buys round postage stamps, and managed in this way to fasten the book together, and became converted by reading it.

One day, when Mr. Blackwood was walking in Cheapside, he was statrled by the exclamation, "You are the man! You are the man!" and a ragged book was held up to his astonished gaze. He disclaimed all knowledge of that particular book, and was then informed of the circumstances related above, and of the spiritual change in the heart of the gentleman that had taken place by means of it.

THE BEREAVED SHOE-BLACK.

A TOUCHING story comes to us from Detroit. A poor shoeblack, who was generally supposed to be as innocent of any thing sentimental as a stone, walked into a group of his acquaintance a few days ago, and offered his stock of tools for sale. They consisted only of two brushes, a box, and a pot of blacking, and they realized twenty-five cents. Some curiosity was evinced as to the object he had in view, and what he was going to do with the quarter-dollar. But Tim said nothing then; he started off with his money to the newspaper office and had the following notice inserted, for which he paid the quarter his effects had produced:

"Died — Litul Ted—of scarlet fever; aiged three yeres. Funeral to morrer, gone up to Hevin; left won bruther."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter and gasped:

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Numerous and very interesting letters have lately appeared in the London *Standard* from employers and servants who are daily swindled by many registry offices in London, which make them pay a fee and never satisfy their requirements — being, in fact, nothing but establishments living by fraud. One lady writes as follows:

"Nineteen years ago I found myself an orphan through the sudden death of my father, who had only just gone to London to live from Canada, and after his funeral I was nearly penniless and sixteen years of age. I could not indulge in sorrow, but had at once to begin my weary tramp after work of some kind, so day after day I walked the streets trying shops, asking them if they wanted a sewer (it was all I knew), without success; they all wanted experienced hands.

"At last I went into an imposing-looking office with 'Registry Office for Servants' in large letters in the window. I went in and inquired of the man if he knew of a vacancy for me, when he told me I must have my name on the books, and the fee was *2s. 6d.*, without which he could not tell me any thing. With a sob I handed him my last half-crown, leaving myself literally penniless, and begged him to be quick to tell me of some one who wanted a nurse-girl, or any thing, I did not care what, so long as it was work.

"The villain, with a leer, told me to call again in a few days, and perhaps he could do something for me. I with tears begged for the return of my money, telling him I had not tasted food that day, but he affected not to believe me, and told me he should call in the police unless I left quietly, which had the desired effect, for I went out, but I do not remember how or any thing else until some weeks afterwards, when I found myself in bed with a dear old lady nursing me.

It seems I had wandered unconsciously into a gentleman's office—who since married me—and he seeing me took pity on me, and took me at once to his mother's, where I was ill of brain fever brought on by anxiety and want of food. I need not trouble you with any comment; the Registry Office is nothing but a trap to get money. I trust my experience will benefit some poor child similarly circumstanced."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—A Sermon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by Clergymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes, etc.—Also, once a month, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Price, Single Copies, Four Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1878.

12th Year. No. 8—New Series.

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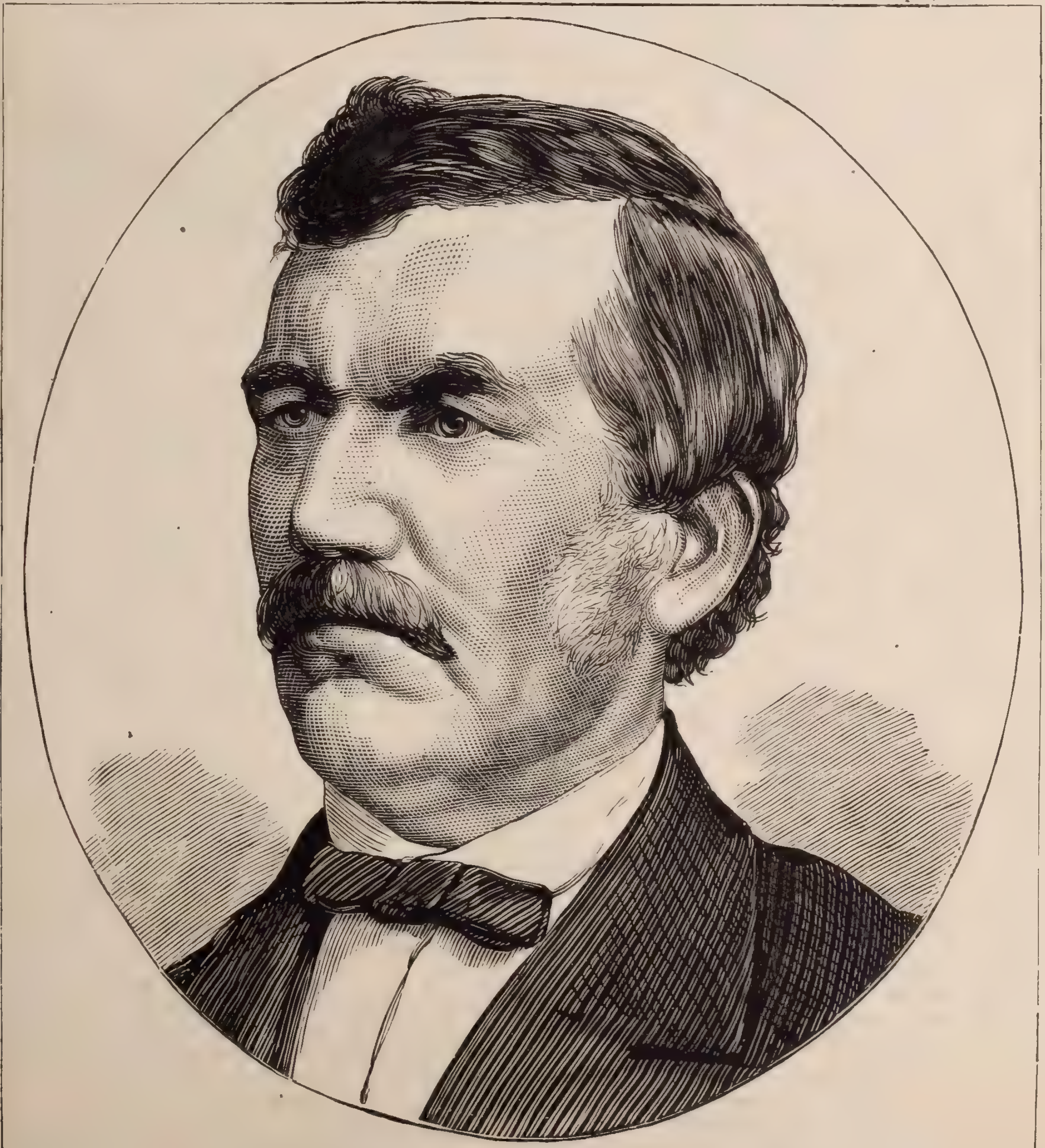

DR. LIVINGSTONE, The Great Christian Explorer.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, a village on the Clyde, a few miles above Glasgow, in Scotland, on the 19th of March, 1813. His father and mother were poor, and found it hard to make both ends meet in the support of their family; and so their boy was taken from the village school and sent to the cotton factory as a "piecer." He was then only 10 years of age. And as those were not the days when beneficent acts of Parliament regulated the hours of children's labor in factories, he was at work from 6 o'clock in the morning till 8 o'clock at night. Happily, even at that early age he had received a sound elementary education, and the love of learning was strong within him. The pride with which his anxious mother saw his first week's wages was not greater than the joy with which a part of them was given to the purchase of Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin" for him.

The fatigues of the long day he spent in the mill did not abate the ardor with which he went to learn Latin at evening school from 8 till 10 o'clock. Even during the day he contrived to join the labor of his hands to the labor of his head; for by fixing the book he read on the spinning-jenny he had to work at, he picked up sentence after sentence, and made steady progress in knowledge, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. When opportunity offered, he read with an eager eye some of the leaves of the book of nature as they lay before him in the woods and rocks and valleys of his native Clydesdale, with special reference to botany and geology. Thus the poor boy toiled on and on, hard and long, until his 19th year, when his acquirements would have reflected credit on a youth spent under the most careful scholastic training.

In that year he became a cotton-spinner in the works at Blantyre, in which he had been for years one of the humbler "hands," and presently, on the savings of a summer's work at Blantyre, and on the foundation of the knowledge which he had so laboriously gained, he passed into a winter's session at Glasgow College, and continued doing so from year to year till he finished his course as a medical student, and was admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. His real conversion of heart and experience of becoming "born again" was in his 17th year, of which he wrote: "Great pains had been taken by my parents to instill the doctrines of Christianity into my mind, and I had no difficulty in understanding the theory of our free salvation by the atonement of our Saviour; but it was only about this time that I really began to feel the necessity and value of a personal application of the provisions of that atonement to my own case. The change was like what may be supposed would take place were it possible to cure a case of color blindness. The perfect freeness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book drew forth feelings of affectinate love to Him who bought us with His blood; and a deep sense of obligation to Him for His mercy has influenced, in some small measure, my conduct ever since. . . . In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery. Turning this idea over in my mind, I felt that to be a pioneer of Christianity in China might lead to the material benefit of some portions of that immense empire; and therefore set myself to obtain a medical education in order to be qualified for that enterprise."

His fondly cherished Chinese plans were frustrated by the outbreak of the Opium War. But under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, he was ordained as a missionary in Albion Chapel, London, and embarked for Africa in 1840, in the 27th year of his age. His destination was a mission station called Kuruman, in the Bechuana country, about 700 miles from Cape Town. After a voyage of three months he reached Cape Town, and then made the long overland journey thence to Kuruman, where he found himself associated with tried and honored missionaries like Hamilton and Moffat. Retiring from Kuruman, the chief station, to a place called Lepelóle, he shut himself out from European society for six months, in order to learn for himself the language, the laws, the ways of thinking, the habits and customs of that section of the Bechuanas, the Bakwains, among whom he intended to live and labor. But, as he was taking steps to settle amongst them, an outbreak of war drove them from Lepelóle. After some delay he planted a mission station in the valley of Mabotsa, amongst the Bakatla tribe of the Bechuanas, in 1843.

Here an incident occurred by which the life of Livingstone was nearly lost. He went out with a party of the tribe to help them to drive away the lions by which their herds were attacked. As they were returning without success to the village, Livingstone saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock. Being about thirty yards off, he says, "I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot! he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man, too. Let us go to him.' I said, 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. Besides crushing the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm."

Among the various African tribes with whom Dr. Livingstone tarried in his missionary labors from time to time, he wrought with his own hands in the building of dwelling-houses, schools, and churches, in cutting down trees, in welding iron, in carpentering, in gardening, and in other forms of out-door labor. He kept school for them from day to day, and taught them the first simple elements of Christian truth. He visited them in their sickness, and prescribed for them. He gave food and help to their poor and wretched. He spared no available means of ministering to their wants, and showing them kindness and friendship. Thus did he push forward the outposts of missionary enterprise in South Africa. Thus did he secure for himself the affection and respect which led the tribes of Africa to speak of him in their own simple but significant way as "the right sort of white man."

In 1849 Dr. Livingstone began a series of journeys further into the interior of Africa, and in the course of his travels frequently underwent unparalleled hardships.

It was not the mere love of adventure that prompted Livingstone thus to travel. It was the true missionary spirit. It was the deep conviction that he was called to seek out the children of Africa in their utter heathenism, to go after them into their furthest retreats, to make known to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to do all he could to raise them from the sore evils under which they groaned.

On one occasion he wrote, "I have been recently in closer contact with heathenism than I had ever been before, and though all, including the Chief, were as kind and attentive to me as possible, and there was no want of food (oxen being slaughtered daily, sometimes ten at a time, more than sufficient for the wants of all), yet to endure the dancing, roaring and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of missionary exertion."

On the 12th of December, 1856, Livingstone "was once more in dear old England." By his laborious explorations he had found a pathway from Central Africa to the Indian Ocean on the East Coast, and also to the Atlantic Ocean on the West Coast, and thus had opened a way for missionary enterprise. The newspapers hailed his return. Learned societies, headed by the Royal Geographical Society, were proud to do him honor. London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other cities vie with each other in the expression of their interest in himself and his labors. The friends of Christian missions, and those who had long specially labored for the suppression of slavery and the slave-trade, were glad to learn of him, and to take counsel with him concerning the new fields of work which his travels had opened to them. Admiration and gratitude towards him spread from the highest to the hum blest classes of the people.

His stay at home was brief, from 12t December, 1856, to 10th March, 1858 During that time he wrote his "Missionar Travels in South Africa." As to the labo of writing it, he said, "I think I woul rather cross the African continent agai than undertake to write another book. In that book, he poured out a treasury information such as the world never r ceived before concerning the tribes, th features, the products, the resources, an the capabilities of Africa. Already ha that information been turned in many pra tical ways to the good of Africa, and othe are sure to follow.

On the 10th of March, 1858, Dr. Livin stone sailed from England on an exped tion which occupied the next five years is life. He undertook it at the request of he government, and with the active assistnce of the Geographical Society. Its obect was to explore the whole region of the ambesi, with a view to obtaining information as to the condition of the natives, heir industrial pursuits, their commercial elations, and to promote their elevation rom barbarism and slavery, and the introuction among them of the knowledge and he blessings of the Gospel. A full and nteresting account of it has been given in "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." This expedition was saddened on the 27th f April, 1862, by the death of Mrs. Livngstone, the daughter of Dr. Moffat, the minent missionary, whose devotion to the welfare of down-trodden Africa was no less ntense than that of her husband.

Livingstone returned to London on the oth of July, 1864. On the 14th of August, 865, he left England on another expedion, which proved to be his last. His feelngs on setting out may be gathered from he following entry in his journal, March 6th, 1866 :

"The mere animal pleasure of travelling n a wild unexplored country is very great. When on land of a couple of thousand eet elevation, brisk exercise imparts elasicity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step s firm, and a day's exertion always makes he evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable.

"We have usually the stimulus of remote hances of danger either from beasts or men. Our sympathies are drawn out toward our humble, hardy companions, by a community of interests, and it may be of perils, which make us all friends.

"The effect of travel on a man whose heart is in the right place is that the mind s made more self-reliant ; it becomes more onfident of its own resources—there is greater presence of mind. The body is oon well knit ; the muscles of the limbs grow as hard as a board, and seem to have no fat ; the countenance is bronzed, and here is no dyspepsia. Africa is a most wonderful country for appetite ; and it is only when one gloats over marrow-bones or elephant's feet that indigestion is possible. No doubt much toil is involved, and fatigue of which travellers in the more temperate climes can form but a faint conception ; but the sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God : it proves a tonic to the system, and is actually a blessing. No one can truly appreciate the charm of repose unless he has undergone severe exertion."

Such were Dr. Livingstone's emotions as he expressed them on starting on his last exploration in Africa, the journey that terminated with his death, May 4th, 1873. His journals, with their daily entries, scrupuously and regularly written up, have been almost miraculously preserved, and are full of details of the most interesting character. They describe adventures over which the reader pores with breathless interest ; dangers and difficulties from which ordinary men would have shrunk appalled, but over which the indomitable courage and unwavering determination of this devoted servant of Christ gloriously triumphed.

In December, 1866, he was at great straits for food, and the whole party were very faint and weak from hunger ; a famine prevailed everywhere, and grain was not to be had. In this plight, matters were made worse by the loss of the goats Dr. Livingstone had with him : he had found their milk very refreshing, and felt much depressed by their loss. He subsequently found they had been stolen by a native to whom he had been kind. He met some men January 10th who had killed an elephant, and who sold him some of the dried meat at a high price, and this formed their Christmas dinner, which had been postponed from the proper day through lack of the necessary materials. The next day another danger was near the intrepid traveller, from which he had a narrow escape. Sitting down to rest under a large tree, he fell asleep, and on waking found, to his horror, that a huge cobra (one of the most deadly of the serpent tribe) was coiled up in the sprouts at its root, within a foot or two of his head. Fortunately the creature was benumbed by the cold or that sleep might have ended fatally for Dr. Livingstone.

One of the most harassing featues of Dr. Livingstone's journey, and the cause of serious inconvenience and loss to him, was the desertion of his men : they deserted in small parties without assigning any reason for doing so, and as each party generally contrived to steal some part of the explorer's property he found his losses from this cause a serious matter. The most terrible loss was the medicine-chest ; this was stolen by two natives who deserted him in January, 1867. They had noticed the great care that had always been taken of the package containing the chest, and they doubtless thought it held some treasure of a marketable character. To be deprived of the precious quinine in such a climate was a grievous thing, and Dr. Livingstone writes in his journal, "The loss gnaws at my heart terribly."

The country traversed was of a very marshy character, and several times a halt had to be made in consequence of Dr. Livingstone's illness. Fever and dysentry attacked him, and as he had no medicines his recovery was very slow. He still persevered, however, resolved to complete his journey, if it were possible. During the early part of 1869 he was unable to walk, and was carried in a kind of litter, suffering tortures all the way. In March, however, he was better, and pours out grateful thanks to the great Father in heaven.

In August, 1871, Dr. Livingstone was in imminent danger from the hostility of the natives, who were under a misapprehension of the objects of his expedition. On one occasion, passing through a wood, he writes, "As we went along a narrow path with a wall of dense vegetation touching each hand, we came to a point where an ambush had been placed, and peering through the foliage a dark shade could sometimes be seen ; this was an infuriated savage, and a slight rustle meant a spear ; the trees had been cut down to obstruct us while they speared us. A large spear from my right lunged past, and almost grazed my back, and stuck firmly into the soil. I do not know how it missed, for they are very expert with the spear, but the good hand of God was upon me and I was saved." In another part of the vast forest the natives had placed fire to the root of a large tree which they calculated would fall on the party led by the white man. "It came to the ground," writes Dr. Livingstone, "only one yard behind me, and, breaking into several lengths, covered me with a cloud of dust. Three times in one day was I delivered from impending death."

In October, 1871, he was ill, dispirited, and destitute, and compared himself to the man who, going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves ; and his plight was almost as bad, when, to his delight, he met a party bearing the American flag and carrying a store of supplies which gladdened his heart to witness. This was Mr. H. M. Stanley, who had been sent out to discover him. The effect on Livingstone was marvellous. He writes, "Appetite returned, and instead of the spare, tasteless two meals a day I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong."

Mr. Stanley found Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, on the 10th of November, 1871. To the great traveller himself, shut out for five years from all the pleasant ways of civilized man, this meeting with Mr. Stanley was an unspeakable relief. The sympathy, the help which it gave him, revived his sinking strength and restored the gladness of his heart. In the new and favorable circumstances in which it placed him, he resolved to go back on the westward course of exploration in which he had been arrested. He thought that a few months would suffice to finish his work, and to "sum up the whole discovery" as to the fountains or sources of the Nile, and that he would then be free to set his face towards home. He parted with Mr. Stanley at Unyanyembe on the 14th of March, 1872 ; and on the 24th of August, of the same year, having received the men whom Mr. Stanley sent him from the coast, he set out in the face of great difficulties to finish his work.

After travelling for nine months, his strength gave way, and he said to his attendants in Ilala, on the shores of Lake Bangweolo, "Build me a hut to die in ; I am going home." On the third day he said, "I am very cold ; put more grass over the hut." And there, in the very heart of Africa, on the 4th of May, 1873, he died. No Christian friend was with him to speak to him a word of comfort. Only He was with him who had been his Shepherd, and who had promised to make His grace sufficient for him. And so, falling asleep in Him, he entered into rest, made perfect from sin and fear, from conflict and pain. His death amongst the people whom he pitied and loved was in keeping with the life which he had spent.

His faithful African followers carried his corpse to the sea-coast, whence it was sent to England, and buried in Westminster Abbey on the 18th of April, 1874.

The devotion with which Livingstone went to Africa burned in him till he died, the devotion of a missionary of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Whether he travelled, or explored, or discovered, or wrote, he was true to his first desire and first consecration to be a pioneer of Christianity in the dark places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty, and to benefit and save the benighted Africans.

THE THIRD WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

An "Exploration" Sermon Preached by Dr. Talmage, December 8.

"And the darkness he called night."—GENESIS I : 5.

The Lord's Divisions of Time—The Baptism of Darkness—The Blessed Result of the Exploration Sermons—The Third Watch of the Night—The Sounds Heard—People Met—Those who do not Sleep—The Vicious Poor—I. The Criminal's Watch—II. The Gambler's Watch—Suicides at Baden-Baden—Terrible Incident at Philadelphia—III. The Drunkard's Watch—Fearful Scene in a Drunkard's Home—Something Radical Needed—Practical Piety Wanted—The Tract Distribution at the Battle of Antietam—Affecting Incident of a Dying Friend—His Obsequies—The Mourners—A Man who will not Reform—A Tragedy in Five Acts—The Curtain Falls.

Two grand divisions of time. The one of sunlight, the other of shadow; the one for work, the other for rest; the one a type of everything glad and beautiful, the other used in all languages as a type of sadness, and affliction, and sin.

These two divisions were made by the Lord Himself. Other divisions of time may have nomenclature of human invention, but the darkness held up its dusky brow to the Lord and *He baptized* it, the dew dripping from His fingers as He gave it a name—"and the darkness He called night."

I have spoken to you in this series of sermons about the first watch of the night and the second watch of the night in our great cities. I propose now to speak to you of

THE THIRD WATCH OF THE NIGHT,

or from twelve o'clock to three o'clock in the morning.

I am encouraged to go on with this series of sermons because the Lord has greatly blessed it in the salvation of many young men not only in this city but in other cities, and this week, travelling at the far West, I found in every direction that God had blessed this series of discourses, and so I proceed, speaking to you this morning more especially about the third watch of the night.

The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance, and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam-whistle five miles away. Oh! how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the night!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first-born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste, the messenger a few steps ahead hurrying on to the household.

Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh! the third watch of the night! What a stupendous thought—

A WHOLE CITY AT REST!

Weary arm preparing for to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night! God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care, and anxiety, and worriment, and pain.

Let the city sleep. But, my friends, be not deceived. *There will be thousands to-night who will not sleep at all.* Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread, lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own door-step. Look about you, lest you feel the garroter's hug. Look through the broken window-pane, and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twenty-four hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah! you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse.

"Oh!" you say, "*they are*

VICIOUS POOR,

and, therefore, they do not demand our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, *God helps them.* Through their night there twinkles the round, merry star of hope, and through the broken window-pane they see the crystals of heaven; but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying they are so bad, they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, where I give ten prayers for the innocent who are suffering I will give twenty prayers for the guilty who are suffering.

The fisherman, when he sees a vessel dashing into the breakers, comes out from his hut and wraps the warmest flannels around those who are most chilled and most bruised and most battered in the wreck; and I want you to know that these vicious poor have had *two shipwrecks*—shipwreck of the body, shipwreck of the soul—shipwreck for time, shipwreck for eternity. Pity, by all means, the innocent who are suffering, but pity more the guilty.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked." No, it is not locked; it has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now, look. Beastliness and rags. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand!

Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come near you, your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah! this is a babe, not like those beautiful children this morning presented in baptism. *This little one never smiled*; it never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. Oh! Heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in Thy arms. Wrap around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the December wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah! is it possible that that young woman's scarred and bruised face ever was looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities of Brooklyn and New York and all our great cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the third watch of the night.

Do you know it is in this third watch of the night that criminals do their worst work?

IT IS THE CRIMINAL'S WATCH.

At half-past eight o'clock you will find them in the drinking-saloon, but toward twelve o'clock they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light on the sky, and cry of "Fire! fire!" This is an assassin, and to-morrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eye keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to fly or pursue, they are ready.

Many of these poor creatures were brought up in that way. They were born in a thieves' garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's dark-lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They began by robbing boys' pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank, and are preparing to blast the gold-vault.

Just so long as there are neglected children of the street, just so long we will have these desperadoes. Some one, wishing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of Scripture, expecting to get a scriptural passage in answer, said to one of these poor lads, cast out and wretched, "When your father and your mother forsake you, who then will take you up?" and the boy said, "*The perlice, the perlice!*"

THE GAMBLER'S WATCH.

In the third watch of the night gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away, and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring o more drinks. Put up more stakes. That commercial house that only a little while ago pu out sign of copartnership will this winter b wrecked on a gamblers' table. There will b many a money-till that will spring a leak. member of Congress gambled with a membe elect and won $120,000. The old way of gettin a living is so slow. The old way of getting fortune is so stupid. Come, let us toss up an see who shall have it. And so the work goe on, from the wheezing wretches pitching pe nies in a rum-grocery up to the millionnaire gan bler in the stock market.

In the third watch of the night, pass down th streets of these cities, and you hear the click the dice and the sharp, keen stroke of the ba on the billiard-table. At these places mercha princes dismount, and legislators, tired of ma ing laws, take a respite in breaking them. classes of people are robbed by this crime, t importer of foreign silks and the dealer Chatham Street pocket-handkerchiefs. T clerks of the store take a hand after the shutte are put up, and the officers of the court whi away their time while the jury is out.

In Baden-Baden, when that city was the gre est of all gambling-places on earth, it was unusual thing the next morning, in the woo around about the city, to find the suspend bodies of suicides. Whatever be the splen of surroundings, there is no excuse for t crime. The thunders of eternal destructi roll in the deep rumble of that gambling tenp alley, and as men come out to join the long p cession of sin, all the drums of war beat the de march of the thousand souls.

In one year, in the city of New York, th were seven million dollars sacrificed at gaming-table. Perhaps some of your frie have been smitten of this sin. Perhaps so of you have been smitten by it.

Perhaps there may be a stranger in the ho this morning come from some of the hotels. Look out for those agents of iniquity who tarry around about the hotels, and ask you, "Would you like to see the city?" Yes. "Have you ever seen that splendid building up town?" No. Then the villain will undertake to show you what he calls the "lions" and the "elephants," and after a young man, through morbid curiosity or through badness of soul, has seen the "lions" and the "elephants," he will be on enchanted ground. Look out for these men who move around the hotels with sleek hats—always sleek hats—and patronizing air, and unaccountable interest about your welfare and entertainment. You are a fool if you cannot see through it. *They want your money.*

In Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, while I was living in that city, an incident occurred which was familiar to us there. In Chestnut Street a young man went into a gambling-saloon, lost all his property, then blew his brains out, and before the blood was washed from the floor by the maid the comrades were shuffling cards again. You see there is more mercy in the highwayman for the belated traveller on whose body he heaps the stones, there is more mercy in the frost for the flower that it kills, there is more mercy in the hurricane that shivers the steamer on the Long Island coast, than there is mercy in the heart of a gambler for his victim.

THE DRUNKARD'S WATCH.

In the third watch of the night, also, drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at eight o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at nine, talkative and garrulous at ten, at eleven blasphemous, at twelve the hat falls off, at one the man falls to the floor asking for more drink. Strewn through the drinking-saloons of the city, fathers, brothers, husbands, sons as good as you are by nature, perhaps better.

In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince, if he gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his fellow-revellers, who try to get him to bed, or take him home, where he falls flat in the entry. Do not wake up the children. They have had disgrace enough. Do not let them know it. Hush it up. But sometimes it cannot be hushed up, when the rum touches the brain and the man becomes thoroughly frenzied. Such an one came home, having been absent for some time, and during his absence his wife had died, and she lay in the next room prepared for the obsequies, and he went in and dragged her by the locks, and shook her out of the shroud, and pitched her out of the window.

Oh! when rum touches the brain you cannot hush it up. My friends, you see all around about you the need that something radical be done. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings at London a great multitude have been saved. We want a few hundred Christian men and women to come down from the highest circles of society to toil amid these wandering and destitute ones, and kindle up a light in the dark alley, even the gladness of heaven.

Do not go wrapped in your fine furs and from your well-filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing of an empty stomach or to warm stockingless feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine as well as take prayer. There is a great deal of common-sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she ought to love God and serve Him. "Oh!" she said, "if you were as poor and cold as I am, and as hungry, you could think of nothing else."

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing for the simple reason it is not practical; as after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him, "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are three thousand men bleeding to death. *Bind up their wounds, and then distribute the tracts.*"

We want more common-sense in Christian work, taking the bread of this life in one hand, and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work as that done by the Christian man who, during the last war, went into a hospital with tracts, and coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract *on the sin of dancing!* I rejoice before God that never are sympathetic words uttered, never a prayer offered, never a Christian almsgiving indulged in but it is blessed.

There is a place in Switzerland, I have been told where the utterance of one word will bring back a score of echoes; and I have to tell you this morning that a sympathetic word, a kind word, a generous word, a helpful word uttered in the dark places of the town will bring back ten thousand echoes from all the thrones of heaven.

Are there in this assemblage this morning those who know by experience the tragedies in the third watch of the night? I am not here to thrust you back with one hard word. Take the bandage from your bruised soul, and put on it the soothing salve of Christ's Gospel and of God's compassion. *Many have come.* I see others coming to God this morning, tired of the sinful life. Cry up the news to heaven. Set all the bells ringing. Spread the banquet under the arches. Let the crowned heads come down and sit at the jubilee. I tell you there is more delight in heaven over one man that gets reformed by the grace of God than over ninety and nine that never got off the track.

I could give you the history, in a minute, of

ONE OF THE BEST FRIENDS I EVER HAD.

Outside of my own family, I never had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home at the West. He was of splendid personal appearance, but he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother. I saw men coming out of the saloons and gambling-hells, and they surrounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point, his social nature, and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him—for I never yet saw a man you could not talk with on the subject of his habits, *if you talked with him in the right way.* I said to him, "Why don't you give up your bad habits and become a Christian?" I remember now just how he looked, leaning over his counter, as he replied: "I wish I could. Oh! sir, I should like to be a Christian, but I have gone so far astray I can't get back."

So the time went on. After a while the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sick-bed. I hastened. It took me but a very few moments to get there. I was surprised as I went in. I saw him in his ordinary dress, fully dressed, lying on the top of the bed. I gave him my hand, and he seized it convulsively, and said: "Oh! how glad I am to see you. Sit down there." I sat down, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, just where you sit now my mother sat last night. She has been dead twenty years. Now, I don't want you to think I am out of my mind, or that I am superstitious; but, sir, she sat there last night just as certainly as you sit there now—the same cap, and apron, and spectacles. It was my old mother—she sat there." Then he turned to his wife, and said, "I wish you would take these strings off the bed; somebody is wrapping strings around me all the time. I wish you would stop that annoyance." She said, "There is nothing here."

THEN I SAW IT WAS DELIRIUM.

He said: "Just where you sit now my mother sat, and she said, 'Roswell, I wish you would do better—I wish you would do better.' I said, 'Mother, I wish I could do better; I try to do better, but I can't. Mother, you used to help me; why can't you help me now?' And, sir, I got out of bed, for it was reality, and I went to her, and threw my arms around her neck, and I said, 'Mother, I will do better, but you must help; I can't do this alone!'" I knelt down and prayed. That night his soul went to the Lord that made it.

Arrangements were made for the obsequies. The question was raised whether they should bring him to the church. Somebody said, "You can't bring such a dissolute man as that into the church." I said, "You will bring him in church; *he stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when he is dead.* Bring him." As I stood in the pulpit and saw them carrying the body up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep

TEARS OF BLOOD.

On one side the pulpit sat his little child of eight years, a sweet, beautiful little girl that I had seen him hug convulsively in his better moments. He put on her all jewels, all diamonds, and gave her all pictures and toys, and then he would go away as if hounded by an evil spirit, to his cups and the house of shame—a fool to the correction of the stocks. She looked up wonderingly. She knew not what it all meant. She was not old enough to understand the sorrow of an orphan child.

On the other side the pulpit sat the men who had ruined him; they were the men who had poured wormwood into the orphan's cup; they were the men who had bound him hand and foot. I knew them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say, "What a pity that so generous a man should be destroyed?" No. Did they sigh repentingly over what they had done? No; *they sat there, looking as vultures* look at the carcass of the lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin-lid, and I told them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows. Did they reform? I was told they were in the places of iniquity *that night* after my friend was laid in Oakwood Cemetery, and they blasphemed, and they drank. Oh! how merciless men are, especially after they have destroyed you! Do not look to men for comfort or help. Look to God.

But there is a man who will not reform. He says, "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there in a tragedy? I believe five.

ACT THE FIRST

of the tragedy: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

ACT THE SECOND:

The marriage altar. Full organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamation of "How well she looks!"

ACT THE THIRD:

A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window-pane. Marks of hardship on the face. The biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, and cruelty, and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

ACT THE FOURTH:

Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh! what a blasted heath with three graves! Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

ACT THE FIFTH:

A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. No hope. Anguish coiling its serpents around the heart. Blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. Woe! woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man! in thy youth, and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring you into judgment." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

The sermons by Dr. Talmage which are published from week to week in this journal are verbatim and unabridged reports. They are published by special arrangement with Dr. Talmage, and are revised by him.

OUR SOCIAL DUTIES.

An Oration in London by J. B. Gough.

We are our Brother's Keeper—Scene of a Slave Sold at Auction—The Slavery of Drunkenness Worse—The Cobbler of Portsmouth—How to Elevate the Masses—Sunday Excursion Trains—How they were Stopped in New England—Schools of Vice—Evil of Music Halls and Dancing Rooms—A Scotch Castle, "Nae Hope"—Mr. Gough's Recollections of Poverty and of his Mother.

THERE is a social responsibility that is recognized by society everywhere. The law of the land holds men responsible for the loss or injury to life, or limb, or property, by malice, carelessness, or ignorance. If a chemist gives poison instead of the right prescription, through ignorance, you hold him responsible for the results. If a man throws a stone at a passing railway train, it will not do for him to say, "I did not think."

It is *every man's duty to think what may be the consequences of his acts.* If a sentry sleeps at his post, and owing to his carelessness and want of watchfulness mischief ensues, that sentry is held responsible. I might go on to illustrate this by the case of engineers, of light-house keepers, and of all those occupying positions in which their carelessness or want of thought may cause harm and damage to others. But there is a social responsibility recognized and enforced by the higher law of God, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

It is of this responsibility that I would speak more particularly to-night. Men of the world are generally opposed to the recognition of this responsibility, and they cry out with Cain, "*Am I my brother's keeper?*" But I address myself to-night to those who I trust profess to acknowledge God's law as supreme and paramount to all others; therefore I speak with some degree of encouragement, and hope that I shall receive sympathy while endeavoring to illustrate and enforce this responsibility.

And yet, among Christians, we find sometimes this question still asked—"And who is my neighbor?" I hold it to be a truth that *every human being on the face of this earth, whom God .has made in His own image, is my brother.* We justly feel indignation against those who do not choose to call the black man their brother. I spoke in Quincy in Illinois, one winter, some years ago, and I said, "I look upon every man, whether black or white, bond or free, *as my brother*," and they hissed me. It was on the borders of the Mississippi River, within a stone's throw of Missouri. You feel indignation at this want of recognition of the colored people as brethren; but, gentlemen, if you please, look not quite so loftily as only to see across some twenty-five hundred miles of ocean and a thousand miles of land, but look about you and around you, in this metropolis, at those who are the slaves of strong drink.

A SLAVE SOLD AT AUCTION.

Ah! I once *saw a colored man sold*, and I stood by the auction-block, while my wife, at a hundred yards' distance, was trying to comfort a little mulatto woman, because her master would not let her see her husband again. A trader from the south wanted to take the man down the river, and a benevolent man in the vicinity wanted to buy him to keep him with his wife and child. I shall never forget the look of agony with which he gazed upon the trader, and then the ray of hope that seemed to illumine his face as he looked upon his friend; but, presently, the trader offered a sum that shut out all hope, for his friend turned upon his heel and departed.

Then that man folded his arms, and I saw the twitching of the fingers, and I saw the convulsive workings of the throat; I saw the white tooth brought upon the lip, as if he would press the blood from under it; I saw the eyelids swollen with unshed tears; I saw the veins standing out like whipcords upon his brow, and the drops like beads upon his forehead—and I pitied him. It was human agony—and I pitied him. But as I looked at him, occasionally from his bloodshot eye there flashed a light that told of a wild, free spirit there—that told me there was a soul there that no human power could enslave; and then, black as he was, bought and sold as he was, he loomed up before me in the glorious attitude of *a free man*, compared with the miserable tobacco-chewing, whiskey-drinking, blaspheming slaves of lust that were bidding for their human brother.

THE SLAVERY OF DRUNKENNESS WORSE.

The most pitiful slave on the face of God's footstool is the man that is "bound by the cords of his own sin," that has sold himself for naught. There are many of your brethren in this city that are festering in the moral pool of degradation, and the question is, what shall we do for them? They are *your* brethren. Ay, *see that poor miserable creature staggering* through your street, the image of God wiped out, and the die of the devil stamped there; the body smitten with disease from head to heel, till he is as loathsome as Lazarus when he lay at the rich man's door. Though ye gather your garments about you as ye pass him, he is your brother, and you have a responsibility resting upon you in reference to him and his degradation.

See *that heap of rags* lying in that corner, with the bonnet pressed upon the face, covered with the mire of the streets; there lies your sister.

"But," you say, "she is drunk."

Ah! madam, I do not say it would be so, but *perhaps* if you had been brought up with all the horrible surroundings that she has, if you had been exposed to the temptations that she has, *you* would be drunk too.

I ask you, is there not something noble and glorious in the fact of seeking out our brethren, not amid the circle of society in which we move, not looking at our visiting-lists to find them, not looking around the pews in our places of worship to see them, but seeking for them in the midst of the haunts of vice and misery, making inquiries not only as to the fact of their degradation, but as to our responsibility in reference to that degradation? The most glorious men and women on the face of the earth have sought for their neighbors and their brethren out of their own circle.

JOHN POUNDS, THE COBBLER IN PORTSMOUTH,

that used to go down upon the wharf to find his neighbors among the wretched, ragged, miserable children, and bribe them with two or three roasted potatoes to come into his little shop, eighteen feet by six, that he might teach them to read, and mend their clothes, and cook their food—he was a noble man, and John Pounds was the founder of ragged, schools. John Howard found his neighbors in lazar-houses of Europe; William Wilberforce and his glorious compeers found their neighbors among the negroes of the West India plantations.

Elizabeth Fry found her neighbors among the half-mad women of Newgate; and the heroine of the nineteenth century found her neighbors among the bruised, battered soldiers of the Crimea, and many a soldier in the hospitals of Scutari died with his glazed eye fixed with love and reverence on the angel-face of *Florence Nightingale.* These are your noble men and women—these are God's heroes. And when we would bring the matter right down to our own personal responsibilities, the question arises, and I have asked it many times myself—and there is not probably a benevolent man or a philanthropist but has asked the question—What shall be done to elevate the degraded masses?

That is the point—what is doing? *Ragged schools*—good! with all my heart I say good! And God bless their patrons! *Model lodging-houses*—good, as far as they go. But you cannot make a model man by putting him in a model house. You have got to elevate the man to the house, or he will bring the house down to his level. It must be by *elevating the man* that the work will be done; and the working classes of this country must elevate themselves. Oh, if we could only inspire them with that! The glory of it!

TO ELEVATE THEMSELVES!

Men of the world look with contempt on what is doing to elevate the degraded classes in a moral point of view. Some of our philanthropists, who "do love the working classes so much," propose to elevate them by excursion trains on the Sabbath. Now, I say you can never elevate a man nor a race by violating the law of God. "Remember the Sabbath-day, and keep it holy," is God's command. "But," they say, "these working classes, pent up in their wretched homes, need recreation and fresh air." Did you ever see

A SUNDAY RETURN EXCURSION TRAIN?

I went one Sabbath evening in the summer for the purpose of seeing a company of men and women return from "rational recreation"—and such a sight it was! There you would see a man with his hat brought down over his eyes, and a thorn stick under his arm that he had cut from the hedges, tottering along in a most pitiable state; then you would see a woman wih a child fastened upon her back with a shawl, and two or three more little ones coming along after her, crying, and dirty, and miserable. I never saw a set of men returning from twelve hours' hard labor that looked as jaded, as dispirited, and as miserable as that whole excursion party.

Now, I say that is not the way to elevate the working classes. Look at New England. And when I say New England, I point you to a portion of the United States that is standing up in all its glory with the principles of the good old Puritans; and to those that sneer at Puritanism I say, God send us more of it, if it teaches men to honor the Sabbath.

HOW SUNDAY TRAINS WERE STOPPED NEAR BOSTON.

In New England there is not an excursion train running on the Sabbath-day. I remember on one occasion, when an immense quantity of freight was to be brought from New York to Boston, they undertook to run on the Sabbath-day. They came up with a large load of cotton, and on coming near to M—— a bale caught fire, and there were not hands enough to roll it off; they then drove up to M——, and rang the bells, and the people came down to the number of three hundred. "Help us," said the railway people, "to put out the fire." "No, you have no business to run that train on the Sabbath." They then sent up to one of the directors, and said, "If you speak a word, these men will bring us water; there is property being destroyed." "I voted in the board of directors," he replied, "against this running on the Sabbath, and if you burn the whole freight I will not raise a finger." And the two car-loads of cotton were destroyed; the company had to pay for it, but they ran no more trains on the Sabbath.

I remember when they started a train from New York to Boston, and from Boston to New York, at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, to satisfy those wonderfully busy merchants that wanted their letters early on Monday morning. Indignation meetings were held all along the line; and in New Haven they decided on three things—first, to petition the government to send no mail that day; next, to petition the directors to send no train that day; and then, if that did not answer, they resolved on taking advantage of an old clause in their city charter, to attach the locomotive as a nuisance, and not let it pass through their city.

Now look at our American working classes! I tell you, gentlemen, there is scarcely a country on the face of the earth—I believe there is none—that can show such a mass of honest, moral workingmen as native Americans. I am not speaking of imported monstrosities. Do not imagine I am saying a word against emigration to the United States: but let me say this, in regard to it, that it goes through a sifting process in our cities, so that the dregs are left there and in the vicinity, while the best emigrants go west and get land and work. Whatever the foreign emigrants may do, the born citizen, the peasantry, the working classes, are in favor of a strict Sabbath observance.

There are many ways of morally elevating the lower classes; but we will look, if you please—for I want to speak plainly—at the schools for the lower classes in this metropolis; and I say this, whether you believe me or not, that every man is responsible for the existence of these *schools of vice* who does not with all his heart and voice protest against them. If you please, let us rend asunder and expose to view some, perhaps to you, secrets of these charnel-houses.

EVIL OF MUSIC HALLS.

Let us have a protest against sinks of iniquity, "licensed by Act of Parliament." If you enter modern *music halls*, immediately on your entrance you will see persons looking like gentlemen (for they all wear white neckerchiefs, like a minister), and they will come to you with, "Your orders, gentlemen; your orders, gentlemen!" Drink. Ay, and over there they could not sustain the place without the drink. Drink everywhere. What do you see? Young men, boys and girls, seated with their ale, their porter, or their spirits and water before them, looking at a place called a stage, from whence comes forth some individual to sing a comic song to the horribly discordant thrum of an old pianoforte; and if you have patience to listen to that song, will find such a strain of immorality running through it that you put your hand to your ear and walk out, and thank God if you can get a breath of fresh, pure air.

Enter *another place*—licensed again! To be sure, all these places are licensed, they are according to law, and I maintain, therefore, the nation is responsible for them. We will not go into every corner of it; but there will be found a girl dressed in boy's clothes holding a dialogue with another girl, so impure that I say, gentlemen, if your daughter heard the words you would shudder for the consequences; and yet there are men and women and girls, and babes in arms, breathing in a horrible atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, drink, and impurity. Licensed!

Go, if you please, to another of these places; it is very magnificent, and I understand that a public speaker, at its opening, rejoiced that such a building was erected for the amusement and instruction of the working classes. You will see perhaps a thousand persons seated there. Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink! all the way through. "Your orders, gentlemen; your orders!" Young girls are there, not fifteen years of age, and the matron who brings her children with her. Then some one comes forth to sing a comic song, as it is called, but a song, when I hear it, that would make me weep as bitterly as I should weep if the singer was my own brother and I followed him to the grave.

ASSEMBLY ROOMS FOR DANCING.

Visit another, just of the same kind; and then go lower, and lower, and lower, and lower down, until the disgusting exhibitions are enough to make a man mad. Then, as a wind-up, we will go and see young men—young men! Where are their mothers? Where are their sisters? Oh, young men! I hardly suppose there is one here that flaunts and dances upon an open floor in sight of the spectators in the gallery with women he would not dare to speak of in the home circle. Ah! when that young man lays his impure hand on that vile woman, does he think of his sister? does he think of his mother. at whose knee he has knelt and felt her warm hand on his head as she taught him his prayers? And does he think of this, "Thou, God, seest me"?

Oh, if young men that are dancing the dance of death, while they whirl their painted partners round that room, could realize the awful presence of Him who is the Eternal Present, it seems to me they would sink upon their knees, and fall upon their face and cry, "Woe is me!"

But this is licensed! licensed! And as you pass out of that, what do you see? A drunken brawl; fighting and quarrelling; a poor wretched heap of rags, that looks like a woman, taken away upon a stretcher. Ah, yes! it is a sliding scale down, down, down, and here is the degradation.

Now I say this, gentlemen, that the degradation is not to be attributed to birth or to blood, but to education. Birth! A man may have a pedigree as long as the Irishman's who said he was "perfectly independent of Misther Noah;" for, said he, "in the time of the deluge, one of my ancesthers saved himself in a boat of his own kinsthruction." I hope I shall not be misunderstood as throwing any slight upon the nobility or the aristocracy of this land. When I went once to Manchester, and saw 7,000,000*l.* sterling worth of art treasures exhibited that the workingman might look at for a shilling or sixpence, I felt that the nobility of Great Britain were noble more than in name to do that for the benefit of the poor.

But I do say—and you will excuse me for saying it, for I want to go as high as I dare—you may take a boy, born to ducal honors, in a ducal palace; he shall be baptized by the archbishop, and you shall take him at three weeks of age, and give him into the hands of one of the drunken hags in the slums of your city, and let him be brought up with all these horrible surroundings; let him be educated as those children are educated, and the son of a duke will become a thief as quickly as the boy born in the slums.

There is as much human depravity in the one as in the other; but here is a hotbed in which the seeds of original sin sown in our mortal body take root, and spring up, and fructify, and bring forth, and we are shocked at the harvest. Let us look at the cause of it; let us drain these horrible hotbeds, and go to work like men to remove the cause. I know we speak of the lower classes as being degraded; so they are, and it seems to me, sometimes, as if there was a gulf between them and respectability, over which they never could leap, and society has broken down the bridge.

I WAS ONCE IN A CASTLE, IN SCOTLAND,

and they told me that in a dungeon, a hundred feet below me, on the walls, were scratched these words, "*Nae hope.*" And may not many who are in the debased and degraded classes of this city grave upon the walls that society has built up between them and respectability the words, "*Nae hope*"? Now I say, brethren, if you are all the children of one common Father, help us in this work. I asked, Was it birth, or was it blood, or is it poverty, that makes this degradation? I thank God there can be poverty with no degradation.

Yes, my earliest recollections are recollections of poverty—hard, bitter, grinding poverty. When, arriving from America, I revisited my native village, Sandgate in Kent, in 1853, I went in the midst of a glorious English harvest, and I went out into the wheat-fields; it seemed as though the hedges were the same that they were twenty-three years ago—as if the farm-houses were the same; and, for the pleasure it afforded me, I selected one wheat-field, and walked up and down eight or ten times. Why? Because I remembered a little old woman, the schoolmistress of the village, with her hand upon her weary back, and her two children, my sister Mary and myself, who gleaned in that field the ears left by the reapers; and we were to have a half-holiday to thrash our wheat and take it to the mill.

And I remember the face of *that blessed mother of mine*, who, though she was poor, was never degraded; she was one of the Lord Jesus Christ's nobility; she had the patent signed and sealed in His blood. When He saw fit to try her, He put her in the crucible, and when He saw His image reflected in the gold, He took her home. Oh, there was no degradation there! I remember how her face has brightened, and she would thank God, when I used to come in and say, "Mother! good news; flour is down, and the loaf has fallen a penny."

Ah, yes, poverty! but, thank God, no degradation. I grant you that the *poor man's lot* is a hard one, from the beginning to the end; struggling to gain the meat that perisheth; living from day to day, fighting for food in a rough and heartless world; it is a hard lot. But the poor have this honor, that they are Christ's legacy to His Church: "*The poor ye have always with you.*" And His mission was to the poor.

Now you will allow me, if you please, to state what I consider to be the great cause of the degradation of those who are termed the lower classes; and I express my own opinion freely and fully.

I BELIEVE THAT INTEMPERANCE IS THE GREAT DEGRADING CURSE OF THE COUNTRY;

the very vice itself is debasing and degrading. Drunkenness—what is it? I have attempted sometimes to describe it, but I always feel that I have made a great failure of it. A drunkard—a man, with a man's capacities, with a man's sources of enjoyment, with a man's intellect and a man's reason, a man's heart and a man's soul, lowering himself below the level of the beasts, over whom God gave him dominion—is a most pitiful sight.

Mr. Gough, in speaking at Sheffield on October 22d, said: "William Noble is doing great work at Hoxton Hall, in London (hear, hear). I went there to one of his meetings, and took with me Dr. Taylor, of New York. I never shall forget it—one thousand debased, ragged, wretched beings. The gallery filled with those who probably came just to look on out of curiosity. Dr. Taylor had asked me where I could take him that night. I said to the Hoxton Music Hall. 'Oh, dear me,' said he, 'you don't go to such places as that, do you?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I will go to night.' 'What do they do?' 'They sing.' 'Well,' he said, 'I will go with you.' When we stood on the platform, and they sang 'Oh, I am so weary of sin,' my heart went out to them. Then Mr. Noble said, 'Let us sing our favorite hymn;' they sang 'When I survey the wondrous cross.'

"Dr. Taylor could not restrain his feelings of emotion at the scene. And when Mr. Noble said, 'Those who will sign the pledge come forward,' many eagerly advanced. 'Now,' he said, 'before you take the pledge we will have two minutes of silent prayer.' I said to myself, 'This is a risky business with many rough-looking characters.' But you could have heard a whisper during the whole two minutes; you heard some sighs and some soft aspirations, and that was all. Well, I never had my heart so stirred in my life as I did when I looked upon them, and realized the work that was being accomplished by the means of Mr. William Noble (hear, hear), and the whole country ought to help him and support him in that grand, noble work. It reminded me of similar scenes that I had witnessed in America."

Knocking away Props.—"See, father," said a lad who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge; what are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?" "They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers, which are now finished."

So God often takes away our earthly props that we may rest more firmly upon Divine supports. God sometimes takes away a man's health that he may rest upon Him for his daily bread. Before his health failed, though he perhaps repeated daily the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," he looked to his own industry for that which he asked of God. That prop being taken away, he rests wholly upon God's Providential bounty. He receives his bread; he receives it as a gift of God.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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WE append a few further commendatory extracts from letters received, in addition to those inserted last week. Hundreds of similar letters reach us every week.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress seems almost at a stand-still. Instead of despatching the large amount of work left over from last session, each party is busy laying plans to control the organization of the next session.

Besides the bills preparing or already offered, there were four hundred and thirty-two bills left over from the previous session in the House, besides three special orders, nine resolutions, and one hundred and sixty-four bills from the Senate.

Among the bills to be considered by both houses are some which are very important—a bill to provide for the survey of the land and water route, and canal, from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean; to amend the Texas Pacific Railroad Act; to establish the Territory of Lincoln, and provide a temporary government therefor; to repeal all that part of the Resumption Act which authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to dispose of United States bonds and redeem and cancel the greenback currency; to provide for and regulate the counting of the votes for the President and Vice-President; and many other bills of vital interest to the people. It would be well if party interests could be laid aside and the real interests of the country attended to.

Socialism.—The German Government is determined in its opposition to Socialism. Active measures have been commenced for the purification of their country from this insidious evil. They have begun the enforcement of the new laws against it by banishing all the leading Socialists from Berlin, and by suppressing every newspaper of Socialistic views or tendencies. The consequences will be a greatly increased immigration of that class to this country, and a further degradation of public sentiment by the admixture. In Europe the great object of Socialistic attack is the monarchy; in this country its efforts are directed against the rights of property in any and all its vested forms, against a strong government in any shape, and against those customs and habits of society that have conduced to the growth of civilization. Their actions are calculated (whatever their designs may be) to reduce the upper classes to the level of the lower, not to assist the lower classes to rise to a higher level.

The Subjugation of the Cuban Insurgents.—Notwithstanding the declaration by the Spanish Government that order is completely restored, it is not yet effected; peace in that island is far from being a settled fact. A large body of Cuban republicans are again in arms, and the prospect of a renewal of the war for independence seems imminent. A number of secret meetings of the exiled patriots have been held in this city, where plans have been perfected, material aid raised, and promised co-operation given to an extent indicative of a hope of success. Meanwhile, active hostilities have commenced in Cuba. In Cinco Villas, on the 15th of November, an encounter took place between the Cuban forces under Col. Bonachea and a Spanish cavalry force under Col. Machin. Col. Machin and seven men were killed and thirteen others wounded. Also from St. Jago de Cuba telegrams received at headquarters in Havana report a fierce encounter in the Eastern Department, on the 17th, between the insurrectionary forces under Brig.-Gen. Jose Maceo and a detachment of Spanish troops. The Spanish column had forty-five men and two officers killed and wounded.

Gen. Campos was despatched from Havana to inaugurate a vigorous campaign against Col. Bonachen, and Gen. Dabau has taken the field to organize the pursuit of Maceo and his band.

Don Manuel Pardo, ex-President of Peru and President of the Peruvian Senate, was assassinated at 2 P.M. on November 19th, as he was about entering the Senate Chamber, by Sergeant Melchor, of the Guard of Honor, who, it is conjectured, was actuated by motives of personal animosity. Although a young man, barely forty-four years of age, he had attained great prominence in the political affairs of his country, to whom his death will prove a severe loss.

At the time of the war between the Peruvians and Spain Señor Pardo was appointed Provisional Dictator of Peru; at the close of his second year in office a revolution broke out against him, and he resigned his office and embarked for Chili. For four years the country remained in a disturbed condition. On the restoration of order, Señor Pardo was recalled from exile and almost unanimously elected President. Under his administration confidence was restored and every branch of national industry prospered. Railroads were built, river navigation begun, education placed within the reach of all, telegraph lines constructed, and the finances reorganized. While Mayor of Lima, some years ago, the yellow-fever became epidemic in the city. While all the wealthy inhabitants fled, he remained at his post, preserved order in the city, and visited the hospital and the poor sufferers daily, and was able to alleviate much suffering. This conduct endeared him to the people, who loudly call for vengeance upon his murderer.

Another English Bank has succumbed to the prevailing depression of trade. This time it is the West of England and South Wales District Bank, having its headquarters at Bristol, that has closed its doors. The bank paid a dividend last year of eight per cent on its shares. It will cause a widespread calamity, as the shares were of small amount and are principally held by the middle classes. such as professional men and tradesmen, and it is precisely these persons who, in the present position of English society, are least able to bear such a loss. They find retrenchment more difficult than any other class, and they are less able to increase their incomes to meet a sudden strain. The failure of the bank is attributed to the depression of business long prevailing in the *iron districts* of South Wales.

Mr. Mapleson, the Operatic Manager, is again in trouble with his artistes. Miss Minnie Hauk, his principal vocalist, writes to the press in justification of herself, and claiming the sympathy of the public. It appears that Mr. Mapleson required her to sing at a Sunday concert, and Miss Hauk refused. A threat that if she persisted in her refusal she would be fined a week's salary failed to move the lady, and the concert took place minus the principal attraction. Miss Hauk claims, in her letter, the Sunday as her own, for the purposes of "rest and devotion," and considers that whatever country she may be required by her manager to visit, she has an inalienable claim to that day. It is not for us to decide as to the sincerity of the lady's motives, but we are glad to see that a protest is made against the desecration of the Lord's day by these notorious Sunday concerts. They are a disgrace to a Christian city, and are preparing the way for Sunday theatrical representations and the other abominations that go to make up a Parisian Sunday. We trust New York will never be seen following the pernicious example of her dissolute sister-city in making Sunday a day of amusement and frivolity.

Distress in Sheffield.—The distress and destitution among the working people in Sheffield, England, are now far more serious and more extensive than was the case last year. To give an idea of the scarcity of work, it may be stated that at one place where formerly 1200 men were engaged only 40 are now employed. It is also feared that the government contracts for plates have left the town, inasmuch as the large firms cannot compete with Barrow, Middlesbrough, Swansea, and Newport houses, who have the advantage of carriage by sea. The last contract for 20,000 tons of plates went into South Wales, and thus $1,500,000 is lost to Sheffield. The destitution among the working people is appalling. Hundreds are living in houses stripped of furniture, without fire, and are dependent upon the generosity of the neighbors. Prompt measures of relief are being taken. Soup-kitchens will be opened and children's dinners supplied in a few days.

Ladies' dress has unexpectedly become a subject of unpleasant prominence in the Viceregal Court of Canada. The Princess Louise has requested the ladies attending her receptions to appear in a costume of the same kind as that in vogue at her mother's drawing-rooms in England. This fashion consists, so far as the shoulders and chest are concerned, in a state of nudity, relieved by a jewelled necklace, which, however costly and ornamental it may be, is not of much utility when worn as an article of dress. Something more than this is needed to protect the delicate vessels of the throat and breast from the sharp, nipping blasts of a Canadian winter. If the Princess persists in her absurd command, it may issue in an alarming outbreak of bronchial and pulmonary diseases among the fair daughters of the Canadian aristocracy, and may cause many a sad and untimely death. It will be sad indeed if the unwise introduction of the punctilio and ceremony of English Court life into Canada should carry sorrow and mourning into the homes of the people. That would be a gloomy reminiscence for the Canadians to preserve of a régime so heartily and loyally welcomed. It is to be hoped that those gentlemen who will be the advisers of the illustrious pair, and who, if report speaks truly, are familiar with English customs as well as with Canadian life, will dissuade the royal lady from her foolish notions of court etiquette, which will be very unwelcome if not ridiculous on this side the Atlantic. There are moral and social reasons also why the innovation should not be introduced into Canada.

The English Parliament met December 5th. It is not usually summoned until nearly the close of February, but the outbreak of the Afghan war has this year rendered a winter session necessary. According to the English Constitution, the monarch possesses the sole right of making war and concluding peace; but as money is one of the essential necessaries of war, and as that cannot be raised except by the authority of the House of Commons, a declaration of war and a meeting of Parliament are closely connected. The Queen's speech at the opening ceremony simply stated the circumstances which had involved the necessity of summoning Parliament, and the usual formal address in reply was voted by the houses. It is expected that the session will be short and occupied almost exclusively with the questions relating to the Afghan war. The leaders of the Liberal party expressed their intention not to embarrass the government in the prosecution of the war, but a notice of motion hostile to the Afghan policy was subsequently given by an independent member of the Liberal party. The government propose to draw the expenses of the war from the Indian exchequer; a protest was, however, made against that course by Henry Fawcett, the faithful friend of India, who opposes it on the ground that it places a heavy burden unjustly on the shoulders of a poor and an already overtaxed people. Lords Derby and Carnarvon criticised the government with the vigor and animosity which usually characterizes the attacks of friends who have become enemies.

A Praying Sailor Boy.—When Sir James Anderson, commander of the Great Eastern, went to sea in early life, his mother made him promise to say his prayers on shipboard, no matter what opposition or ridicule he might meet with. One sailor boxed the boy's ears and affected to regard him as a hypocrite, whereon another, one of the saddest scapegraces on board, championed the boy, invited the bully on deck and gave him a tremendous thrashing, adding a grim warning that he would serve any one else in the same way who would prevent the boy from saying his prayers. Next night the gentle-hearted boy, to avoid strife, undertook to say his prayers in his hammock, whereon his protector lugged him out by the back of the neck and gave him plainly to understand that he was not to shirk his duty; that when his champion did the fighting his *protégé* would have to do the praying; and he kept him duly to his task.

Mr. D. L. Moody, in connection with ministers of various denominations in Baltimore, has issued a request to the Christian churches of this country that special prayer may be offered during the month of January next for a revival of God's work in our midst. The call is signed by seventeen prominent clergymen of different evangelical bodies, and asks that a general and united effort may be made, by intercession with God, for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the churches of our land.

Already a large number of clergymen and laymen in New York, Philadelphia, and other places have given a hearty response to this appeal, and every day the expectation strengthens that the ensuing month will be consecrated by all Christians, publicly and privately, to earnest pleading at the throne of Heavenly Grace for a general revival throughout the length and breadth of our land. A project so hallowed will surely find favor in every Christian's heart, and will be remembered in the closet and in the sanctuary. United, earnest prayer for such a blessing never failed yet, and we are justified in expecting from a widespread effort such as this the most glorious results.

Mrs. M. Baxter writes from Stuttgart, which is the capital of Würtemberg: "God was with us in the women's meetings at Heilbronn. We have a room here in Stuttgart which has been used for the meetings of the Social Democrats. It is blessed to sing God's praises where meetings of such an opposite character have been held. Pray for us, we have women's meetings every evening this week."

A Calamitous Flood occurred at Norwich, Eng., on Sunday, Nov. 17th. It rained for several days, and the river Wensum burst its banks and overflowed the greater part of the city. Four or five miles of streets were converted into rivers. Hundreds of houses, besides factories, mills, warehouses, breweries, ironworks, and churches and chapels having been flooded with a great depth of water, and the destruction to property is estimated at 50,000*l*. The distress is so great that many schoolrooms and chapels have had to be appropriated as temporary places of refuge for the large number of people who have had to turn out of their homes. Measures have been adopted for giving food and shelter to the families who had to be removed by boats from the upper windows of the houses.

Pathetic Yellow Fever Incident.—The *Chicago News* relates that recently a bright-eyed, pretty little fellow, of four years of age, was taken by the conductor of a train to the Palmer House, Chicago. The child was quiet and obedient, but occasionally the tears would stream down his cheeks, and though he did not cry aloud, the heavy sobs shook him him while the tiny hands tried vainly to hide the baby face. He was all alone in the world, and the love and kindness of strangers were all that comforted him. About his neck was a ribbon, to which was attached a card with the following inscription: "To the Masonic Fraternity—Forward the orphan to San Francisco.—Howard Association, New Orleans." Very tenderly did the ladies at the hotel care for the child, petting and caressing him until he forgot his sorrow. He was the last survivor of the family of Henry E. Wilcox, of New Orleans. In the past three weeks his father, mother, four sisters and brothers had died of yellow fever. The association, learning that he had relations in San Francisco, telegraphed as to the disposal of the child. The answer was prompt. He would be fondly loved by friends in that city, and they wanted him at once. There was but one way to send him, so the poor little fellow was committed to strangers for the long trip of nearly 4000 miles. Everywhere he had met with the greatest attention, passengers on the various cars taking entire charge of him and attending to all his wants. Ladies in Chicago took him to the west-bound train, and after giving him a bountiful supply of toys and dainties, left him to the kindly care of the conductor.

SEEKING AND FINDING GOD.

A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee."—I. CHRON. 28 : 9.

1. Our Greatest Need, God—This World Unsatisfying—2. How that Need may be Supplied—Not by Money or Good Works, but by Believing in Christ—Unbelief makes God a Liar—London and its Provisions—Praying not always Believing—The Sunday Beggar—Faith the Cup of the Fountain—The Blind Man at the Bank Crossing—The Dog in the Garden—3. Success of the Search after the Supply of that Need—The Ship in the Amazon—The Magnet—The Remarkable Prediction of Mr. Knill about Mr. Spurgeon—Jane and her Mother—The Caravan in Arabia, etc.

THESE were among the last words of David—weighty words, the words of a great man, when he came to die. There was a special emphasis in them; and David is speaking them to you and to me from his dying bed to-night, and saying, "If thou seek him, he will be found of thee."

These words were spoken to his son—one of the wisest of men, and David would not give him instruction in what was commonplace or in that which was at all doubtful; but speaking to his son and heir, in whom he took much pride, he said solemnly, My son, if thou seek him, he will be found of thee." He knew that sometimes he wanted God, and he was glad to be able to tell him that the mercy of God was to be had for the seeking.

THERE ARE SOME HERE TO-NIGHT WHO NEED THE LORD,

and I trust have begun to seek him. My object and desire is that God the Holy Spirit may help me to find these people out, and that they will find the Saviour or be found of him. May God grant it, and he shall have the glory.

There are three or four things which I wish to speak to you about. *First, our text indicates our greatest need—God.* What we need above everything else in this world is God. We are creatures of God, and we are so created that we cannot get on without him. We may try, but God has so constituted us that if we live at all without him it cannot be life—it is only a wretched existence. Just as the branch separated from the vine cannot bring forth fruit, so, separated from God, our nature can never rise to its true standard, and never can enjoy true and perfect happiness. We want God. Possibly there are some here that used to be satisfied with the pleasures of the world, but a little something has come over them, they don't know what; they have got discontented—unrest has taken possession of them.

YOU USED TO ATTEND SCENES OF GAYETY,

you used to be perfectly satisfied with your business, and the income which you derived from it, but now you want something further. There is in your heart an aching void which the world can never fill. I believe that what you want to fill you is God, nothing else will do it, and I trust you will to-night say, "The peace of God overflows my soul, and now can I rest and be at peace." You want God the Father. You want the Father's love, the Father's care, the Father's provision, and you must have it or else you will be like the prodigal—far away, unable to fill yourself with the swine husks, and die of starvation.

You want Jesus Christ, the Son of God. You may not know it, but your greatest want is his blood to wash you, and then his righteousness to clothe you. You can never be what you should be till you get Jesus Christ. You want the third person of the blessed Trinity, namely, the Holy Spirit, to come and soften your hard heart and work repentance and faith in you. You want him to come and lift those eyes upward that have been looking downward like the beasts that perish. You want him to give you noble aspirations, chaste desires, pure longings, and to make you like Jesus Christ, in the image of God. In a word, you want Father, Son, and

Holy Spirit, and you can't be right until you get these three persons of the Divine Unity.

Thou, O Lord, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.

Secondly, our text, after indicating our need, *tells us how it may be supplied.* "If thou seek him, he will be found of thee." Now we cannot get God by any process except that of seeking. It is not said, "If thou earn his favor, he will be found of thee." No money payments could possibly be of any value to God. If you gave all you possessed to the cause of God, it would be idle to dream that it would be anything to him; for what does he say? "If I were hungry I would not tell thee, for the cattle on a thousand hills are mine." It is also said of him that Lebanon, covered with forests as it was, would not be sufficient to furnish the wood for a sacrifice, and if the whole mountain were to be an altar, the beasts thereof, though there were flocks of sheep and cattle, all of them put together would not be sufficient for a burnt-offering for him. There is nothing to bring to God with which we can sue for his favor. Let not the rich man glory in his wealth, for in that city

WHERE EVERY PAVEMENT-STONE IS OF PURE GOLD,

like unto transparent glass, you cannot imagine that your paltry money would be worth anything to such a King as that. The text does not say anything about buying it, nor does it say anything about trying to deserve the favor of God. Nor does it say it is to be secured by the sacraments, or anything of the sort.

The New Testament teaches us the true seeking of the Lord, and that *it is to be found in believing.* A man has rebelled against God, and God says to him, "I have given my Son to die. He has forfeited for you his life, notwithstanding all your sins. Will you trust me now, will you believe in him? Will you repose upon the love of my heart as I show it in his bleeding wounds?" As soon as the man does trust God it begets a change in his entire nature. The way of truly seeking the Lord is to take what he says to be true, and believe it, especially to take what he says about Jesus Christ to be true.

I meet with some who say, "I cannot believe I have tried to do it, but I cannot." Now, if I were your neighbor and you knew me, and whenever I propounded a statement you always shook your head and said, "I don't believe you," I do not know anything more insulting, for it is calling a man a liar. Supposing you say "Now I have tried to believe you and I cannot," that is to say, "You are such an awful liar that, although I try sometimes to think you do speak the truth, I really cannot." Would that be reasonable? And although some of you may smile, I ask you to apply that to yourselves; for you really mean it when you have said to God, "I cannot believe it. I have tried to believe it and I cannot."

What says the Apostle John? "He that believeth not hath made him a liar because he hath not believed in the Son of God." An unbeliever does, in the bottom of his heart, make God a liar. If a person sits down and says, "I want to believe a thing," he cannot make himself believe it without an effort. Sitting still won't make you believe it. I want you to consider from this Book, and from the testimony it contains, whether Jesus Christ be not worthy of your trust. To those who have sat at the foot of the Cross and are saved, it seems harder to doubt than to believe, and I will show you why.

IN LONDON WE HAVE ABOUT FOUR MILLION INHABITANTS.

When you ride through those miles of streets which cross and intersect it everywhere, you very likely say at the end of the day, ".I am so tired by riding about this big city, and I can't make out how all these people get sufficient bread and meat to eat. It seems impossible that they should be supported from day to day." When, the next morning, you are up, and take a walk to the cattle, vegetable, and corn markets, you say, "I can't make out where the people come from to eat all this."

Don't you see you have altered your views because you have changed the subject of consideration? If you consider your sins, you will say, "I can't understand how an atonement sufficient can ever be made for this guilt," and the more you investigate sin the more you will marvel how an adequate atonement could be provided to put away such sin. But when you come to look at Christ, and see him there, God over all, blessed forever, whom angels worshipped and loved, ere sun and moon and stars were born, the blessed God veiled in human flesh, which he took of the Virgin,

SEE HIM HANGING ON THE CROSS,

and hear him cry in the weakness of manhood, "I thirst," and "My God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" in the strength of awful agony, and when you see him at last bow his head and give up the ghost, you say, "Lord, I can trust thee with my soul, and if I had a thousand souls I could trust them all, and I understand how thou couldst save a perishing world, for the atonement offered by one so august in character, so perfect in motives, and so disinterested must have merit in it that will blot out ten thousand times ten thousand sins." You now believe the Saviour's precious blood can not only put out the flame of sin in this one world, but in thousands of worlds, if God see fit to use it so.

Thus you see that *seeking the Lord is believing in him.* Well, says one, "I understand that, but I thought we were to pray." Yes, it is a good thing to pray, but I do believe some people put prayer in the place of believing.

I WAS TALKING TO A MAN IN A ROOM ALONE, and putting the Gospel before him. I said, "My friend, you understand that Jesus Christ has offered an atonement for sin to all those who trust in him, and if you trust him now, you will have present salvation. "Well, sir," he said, "will you pray for me?" I started back and said, "No, I have put this before you, that Jesus Christ has made atonement for sin, and I bid you trust in him. If you refuse to do that, what do you want me to ask God to give you? Am I to ask God to alter his plan of salvation to please you? Am I to ask him to do more than he has done in giving his own Son?" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Praying unbelieving prayers won't help any one a bit. At the same time, if any of you have a little spark of faith, and want to get nearer to God, I would say: "Be much in earnest prayer, for you cannot pray too much." One way in which a man can pray is to do what very often beggars in London do. They must not beg.

I SEE A MAN EVERY SUNDAY WHO NEVER BEGS, but who sits down against a crossing, holding a broom. I never saw him use it. He shows his toe through his boot, a piece of his knee through his trousers, and his elbow through his coat. He never begs, he only shows his poverty, and that is the very finest begging. There is more got in that way than in any other. If you cannot do anything better than that, go and show with all your poverty what a poor soul you are. An excellent prayer is: "I am a poor ragged sinner, and do not know how to pray." Jacob's ladder reached to heaven, but the bottom rested on the earth, and it is just so with the sinner. God's mercy is within reach, and stretches all the way to heaven. Whatever your state and condition may be, the love of God is prepared to deal with you just where you are. "If thou seek him, he will be found of thee." Our prayer becomes a blessed help in the matter of faith. Remember that faith is the main thing, and it is that which saves the soul.

FAITH IS TO CHRIST WHAT THE CUP IS TO THE FOUNTAIN.

For instance, there is a fountain, but the thirsty man cannot drink of it because he cannot get the water to his lips. The cup does not quench his thirst, but he gets the water to his lips by means of the cup, and drinks. So with faith: it holds the cup of the fountain of divine love, and so the soul drinks. Hast thou no faith to-night, poor soul? Canst thou venture to trust Christ? Canst thou, with much timidity and fear, believe and drink away? As an illustration of what faith is, I will give you another anecdote.

I WAS ONCE AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND, and wanted to get across the street. There are six or seven streets just there, and a person cannot cross without great inconvenience. As I stood there, I heard

A POOR BLIND MAN REPEATING, "PLEASE LEAD ME ACROSS."

Nobody seemed anxious to undertake the task. But he caught hold of me, and said, "I feel sure you will lead me across, kind gentleman." I was in for it, and could not help it. I was bound to take him across, because he trusted me. I, perhaps, did not like to be selected, but I was bound to get him across somehow. And whenever a poor soul comes and says, "Lord, I am a poor wicked soul, and trust in thee to save me," he will do it, and will never let faith outstrip him. If thou canst believe a little, God will do great things for thee, and if thou canst believe greater things, God will do greater things for thee. Another story may show you in a very broad light the power which faith exercises over us even in the case of the lower animals.

I WALKED DOWN MY GARDEN SOME TIME AGO, WHEN THE FLOWERS WERE NICELY OUT, AND SAW A BIG DOG,

and as I was sure he knew nothing of gardening, I threw my walking-stick at him, and gave him some recommendations to go home. To my intense surprise and shame, the dog picked up my stick, and, wagging his tail, dropped the stick down at my feet. He beat me altogether. I said to him, "Good dog!" and I told him he could come when he liked, if he was a dog of that sort. I felt I was the worst dog of the two. He quite conquered me by trusting me, and it came across my mind in a moment—dog as I am compared with my great and gracious God, I'm sure if I trust Him I shall be more than a match for him. He will be sure to deal gently, kindly, and tenderly with me if I can but believe in him. How the dog should trust me after I threw the stick at him, I do not know, and when the Lord has been smiting you, when you have been sick and ill and lost your property, it is just as if the stick had been thrown at you. Bring it to him and say, with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Thirdly, the text assures us of *the success of the search*—"If thou seek him, he will be found of thee." I believe that to be true because God has said so, and has said, "Seek ye the Lord when he may be found, call upon him while he is near." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought. Let him turn to the Lord, he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Again: "Whosoever believeth in him shall be saved, but whosoever believeth not is condemned. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And he said further to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Now, if you have God's word and faith, it is all you want; believe him and you must be saved. If you seek the Lord, you will find him, first because he is really near to you. Sinner, he is near to you.

I HAVE HEARD OF A VESSEL THAT CROSSED THE SEA AND SAILED UP THE RIVER AMAZON,

which is so broad as to seem like the sea itself. The vessel was short of water, and they watched till another vessel went by, and hav ing hailed her through a speaking trumpet said that they were in want of water. Th answer came back, "Dip it up, you are in th river." All around you is fresh water, whic you thought was the briny sea. You have noth ing to do but dip the bucket over. Now yo poor sinner, say, "O that I could find God !" Here he is in this very place. You have not t feel this for months, or years, but believe now for God is here, present, waiting to be graciou Well may seekers find him when he is so nea

Another reason is that God delights to be found, and if you want to find him you are pretty sure to meet him. Moreover, if you are seeking him, it is because he is seeking you.

DID YOU EVER HAVE YOUR BOY BRINGING A MAGNET HOME, and thinking he is showing you great wonders when he is drawing a needle with the magnet under the table? So it is with our Father's love. The needle moves, but there is a sacred magnet underneath, and a poor soul seeks the Lord because he is seeking him. But few understand the secret why they are drawn towards him. I am sure you will find him for one more reason. There never was a sinner who sought the Lord in vain, and who sought him by faith in Jesus.

I REMEMBER HEARING MY MOTHER SAY, when I was seeking the Saviour—she did not know I was—that she did not believe that there was ever a man lived who dared say, "I sought the Lord with all my heart through Jesus Christ, and he refused me." When she said that, I exclaimed, "I know I have sought him with all my heart and cannot find him, and I shall be the man who will say that." But I never did, for ere long I found the Lord to my heart's content. I do not believe there is a soul in hell who can say, "I did believingly seek the Lord, and yet could not be found of him."

I will close with the last point, which is to take my text, and use it as a finger beckoning to reach unconverted persons in this place to-night, one by one. I cannot go round to you and take you all by the hand, but I would say to each one present, "If thou wilt seek him, he will be found of thee." I should like to pick out first of all the young people now present. It is a great mercy to see a number of young men and young women coming to hear the Gospel, and I would say to you, you have a promise of your own in the text which says, "They who seek me early shall find me." You old people who love the Lord, always think of the young people, and try to cheer and encourage them.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY, ABOUT NINE OR TEN YEARS OF AGE, and lived with my grandfather, who was a minister, Mr. Knill came round and preached in his chapel, and made collections for the missionary society. I used to read at family prayers, and in the evening Mr. Knill called me to him and said, "Where do you sleep?" He asked me if I would get up in the morning, and I was of course delighted. He said, "I shall come at six o'clock and call you up, and you must go with me." I remember our walking down my grandfather's garden, and his talking to me about Jesus Christ. My grandfather had two arbors made of yew-trees, trimmed like sugar-loaves, and Mr. Knill put his arms round me and urged me to love the Lord Jesus Christ. On Sunday morning he did the same thing, and again on Monday morning. (If old people would do this with young people, what a blessing would come of it.) And when Mr. Knill called upon my grandfather, before leaving, he said,

"THIS LITTLE CHILD WILL PREACH TO MORE PEOPLE IN MODERN TIMES THAN ANY OTHER MAN. HE WILL PREACH IN SURREY CHAPEL AND WOOTTON-UNDER-EDGE."

He gave me sixpence to learn the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way," and he said, "When you preach there, give that hymn to the people to sing." I did preach in those chapels, and we sang that hymn, and Mr. Knill lived to hear me, and to rejoice at what he had done. Look after the young people, ministers, for you don't know what may come of it.

The other Sunday evening I said I was afraid that some Christians never prayed for their children. I said, "Mother, did you never pray for Jane? if she is alone and asleep, wake her up to-night and go and pray with her." Next Lord's-day there was a good woman in the vestry with her daughter; she said, "I have brought my daughter to our church;

HER NAME IS JANE, AND YOU SAID LAST NIGHT, SPEAKING OF JANE, 'Go home and wake her up.' I went home and woke her up, and spoke to her about her soul. I had not been speaking to her many minutes when she said, 'I have loved the Lord Jesus Christ this six months, and I should have told you, but I thought you did not want to speak to me about such a thing?'" Parents, you don't know what influence God has given you in your own home. If you find your child unconverted, begin to pray for that child from this very moment.

And now lastly, to you who have found him, I will set you at work. If you have found the Lord, go and tell him to others. As soon as you have found grace, your first business is to tell your brother and sister where Jesus is to be found. Let us try and carry this out, and I will close with this simple illustration.

IN THE DESERT OF ARABIA, WHEN A CARAVAN is threading its way across the sand, and they run short of water and are likely to perish miserably beneath the burning sun, they will sometimes select the quickest dromedary and put a man upon its back who will go in front seeking after water. The camel's instinct leads him onward. Another man is placed on a camel at a sufficient distance behind him to hear his voice so as to be within reach as soon as the first has found water. He stoops down and drinks to make quite sure it is not the mirage. When he has freely drunk he turns directly and says "Come!" The man on the camel behind says "Come!" and the one behind him cries "Come!" till they make the whole wilderness echo with the sound of "Come!" and they come and rush to the water, and they all drink.

NOW WE ARE ALL A CARAVAN HERE, travelling over the sands of life, and the blessed Spirit has found the water, and He says "Come!" Then the Bride, the Church of Christ, has found the water, and her daily cry by her ministers and servants is "Come!" and "Whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely." But the moment he has taken it, let him begin also to cry "Come!" and never cease crying "Come!" till he has made the deaf to hear, and God Almighty's power has made even the dead to start beneath the voice of his invitation. May you all come to Christ and live! Amen.

THE VOYAGE OF THE EGLANTINE.

WHO SAILED IN HER—AND WHY.

A Story of an English Merchant Vessel.

(Continued from page 108.)

CHRISTIAN HILLIARD stated his intention to sail in the Eglantine clearly, firmly, and resolutely although very respectfully, for he recollected that he was speaking to his father. True, his voyage was, he considered, necessitated by his father's incomprehensible obstinacy in not producing Mr. Grant's certificate, which would have settled the matter, though not in the way Christian thought it would; yet obstinate as Christian considered his father to be, he was still his father, and as such was entitled to his respect. Having said he should go, and said it in a way that could leave no doubt in his father's mind that he went on the faith of his father's assertion that the Eglantine was seaworthy, and that he went to prove his confidence in his father's honor, he turned round and without another word went upstairs to his own room.

Long after his son had retired, Mr. Hilliard sat in utter silence, his mind a chaos of conflicting feelings: rage, fear, doubt, indecision. One thing was certain—Christian would go in the Eglantine unless he took some instant step to prevent him. What could he do? Protest, argument, entreaty, would all go for nothing he knew full well, and it was too late for diplomacy or stratagem.

From his heart he cursed the "meddling sailor" who had stopped his son that dark night and told him the story of rotten planks and over-heavy cargo. For one moment the thought occurred to tell him the truth and bind him to silence, but it instantly sank in the knowledge of its utter futility.

To tell Christian the truth would be to unload the Eglantine, and probably break her into pieces, besides exposing himself as an unscrupulous. dishonorable master, worse than careless of the heavy responsibilty resting upon him.

His imagination pictured the universal hatred and execration that would follow him all the days of his life; all the contempt and abhorrence that would be his portion forever after; and regardless as he was of the opinion of others, he shrank with pitiable cowardice from the picture. Even had he the wish, he had not the moral courage to face the undisguised horror which a revelation of the truth would create; he *dared not* attempt to retrieve the past. Bitterly now he regretted not *selling* the Eglantine; breaking her up never once entered his mind, for his fears only, not his conscience, were touched.

He had been a shipowner for nearly forty years, and had never yet broken up one of his vessels. The rotten ones had been caught by the fierce cyclone and scattered over the mad waters, or had been dashed upon rough Norwegian rocks or far-off coral reefs, or had been sold to some equally unscrupulous but poorer shipowner, who had sent them out again, to take their chance, with their freight of human lives, on the mighty deep, amid the wild storms of wind and wave.

Plan after plan suggested itself, but only to be rejected as useless. The wild thought of bribing Grant to write a reassuring letter was dismissed, as he remembered the man's dangerous illness and absence from home. To hire another surveyor who would guarantee a favorable verdict (he knew where such men were to be found) would also be of no avail, as the ship was loaded, and the men knew no thorough examination could be effected.

Slowly passed the weary hours as the wretched man fought against the fatal truth: *He must sacrifice either his son's life or his own good name.* Look which way he would, there was no other alternative. If he quietly ordered the Eglantine to be unloaded and repaired or sold —supposing any one would dare to buy her under such notorious circumstances — what would that be but a tacit acknowledgment that he had been on the point of sending to sea a vessel which he *knew* to be unseaworthy? It meant loss of commercial reputation, loss of moral character, or rather of the semblance of it, loss of influence and social position, and, what he dreaded more than all, *the loss of his son's respect.*

He could not do it. Large drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead, and his cold damp hands wandered nervously among the papers on the table. His face grew haggard, and worn, and old in the agony of mental conflict, and even Christian would hardly have recognized his usually stern, self-possessed father.

He rose at last and went upstairs. At his son's door he paused and listened. Not a sound was to be heard, and, turning the handle softly, he stole quietly in. Drawing the curtain noiselessly aside, he let the cold gray light of early dawn fall on the bed. Christian lay asleep, his beautiful classic profile showing clear against the white pillow. There was a restful repose about the whole attitude that his father envied with a keen and bitter envy.

Never before had he so painfully realized the gulf between them; the impassable barrier separating his old age, of dark deeds upon which the light of uprightness had never shone, from this young life with its stainless honor and truth.

There rose before him the vision of past years. He saw the boy in his happy childhood, when his grave, innocent eyes had touched the fount of feeling and brought to his father's heart resolves for a better, truer future, a higher and nobler aim.

He saw him at school, standing prominent among three hundred boys; winning from them love and friendship, and from his masters respect and thorough regard. He remembered well his own pride in the boy's handsome patrician face and bearing; his exultation on hearing the murmur of admiration among the visitors to the school, as, in answer to his name, Christian Hilliard walked forward, time after time, amid the plaudits of his companions, to receive from the hands of some well-known statesman or noble lord the prizes which fell to his share. Then he thought of his college days, when his name had appeared high in the list of wranglers, and when still his character for chivalrous honor had won for him the knightly nickname, *Sans peur et sans reproche.*

He had always been proud of the boy, always loved him in a fashion of his own. He could scarcely believe that he might in a day or two look his last upon the one face his stern, hard nature had learned to love; touch for the last time the hand whose cordial grasp he had that night spurned in anger. If the struggle had been hot and fierce downstairs, it was hotter and fiercer as he stood by that silent, motionless form, with the peace of a conscience at rest on the quiet, dreaming face. Must his be the hand to seal the death-warrant? Must he be the one to voluntarily surrender to the pitiless waves this life so full of promise? What was the alternative? Disgrace and ignominy.

At that moment Mr. Hilliard stood at the crisis of his life. Would he turn and retrace his steps, braving the shame and the ignominy, or would he go on to the bitter end? Such moments come to every sinner at some time in his life, as if God were resolved that he should not go to his doom unwarned. The loss of property; the illness or death of some dearly loved relative; some crushing calamity falling at their right hand and only just missing them—all these things are trumpet-calls from the throne of grace, saying, "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" They are the messages of mercy from a merciful God who "has no pleasure in the death of a sinner; but that he should turn from his wickedness and live" (Ezekiel 33 : 11). God does not coerce men; he does not drive them into his fold; and when the Holy Spirit strives with the sinner and he resists him, how fearful is the risk he incurs! These strivings are not prolonged indefinitely, and some day the last time comes, and then there is no hope left, nothing but "a fearful looking for of judgment."

Mr. Hilliard hesitated at this critical moment, and as he contemplated the results of repentance in his tarnished name and honor, he drew back and looked about him for a middle way. "Was the Eglantine doomed?" he said to himself. "Was her wreck a certainty? The thought brought a gleam of hope. She might weather the waves yet; worse than she had done it. He could remember vessels whose condition was a disgrace to their owners, yet which had braved many a wild storm and reached their haven in safety; then why not the Eglantine? His anxiety for Christian was making him weak and fearful in his old age. Eagerly he clung to the hope as a wrecked sailor from one of his own rotten ships might have clung to a floating spar. Surely the vessel might go safely to her destination, and if she sustained much damage on the voyage out Christian would not let her come back. Heavy loss to himself there would be, of course, but for once the sense of it would sink in the presence of his son's safety; he could put up with a heavy pecuniary loss better than with the loss of his only son or the forfeiture of the world's respect.

"So be it, then," he murmured to himself; "*he must go and risk it.*" Slowly he turned and left the silent room. As he closed the door, it seemed as if he shut out all light and wrapped himself in the gloom of a dark and heavy shadow. He had made up his mind to let the Eglantine go, and what her fate would be *he knew not.*

The next morning Christian rode down to the docks. The sun was shining brightly, and the morning air was fresh, and pleasant, and inspiriting. There was little time to spare, and there were many things to be seen to before the Eglantine sailed. His cabin must be fitted up somewhat more in accordance with the luxurious style to which he was accustomed. His rooms were marvels of artistic taste. In his wanderings in foreign lands he had gathered together many an almost priceless bit of statuary and rare old carving. His walls were hung with gems of the old masters, and lovely little modern landscapes, and idyls, and poems on canvas.

And yet he was no Sybarite; his inherent love for the beautiful led him to surround himself with all that charms the eye and suggests to an artist or poet mind ideal loveliness and grace; but he could at will throw it all aside, and delight in the freedom of a Bohemian life; in the charm of a bivouac on the banks of the Amazon, or the wild excitement of a chase on the western prairie. He was no slave to an effeminate love of ease and indolence, though the *dolce far niente* had a certain attraction and charm.

In the matter of a voyage in his father's black-looking craft he resolved to make the best of the necessary evils, and render them as endurable as possible. Near his father's office he met Captain Thorpe.

"Well, Thorpe, how goes the world with you this morning?" he asked, reining in his horse. "I am coming to look at my quarters: I suppose you have some sort of a nook in which I can stow myself and my belongings."

"Then you really mean to come with us, Mr. Christian?" replied Thorpe in a slight tone of incredulity.

"I suppose you won't believe it till we have fairly started," said Christan, "and then you will expect me to hail the first homeward-bound vessel and come back."

Captain Thorpe laughed. "Not you, sir! you are not the sort to turn back, once you have really taken anything in hand. The men are all on the look-out this morning."

"What for? Me? I'll go and show myself, then. Are they all right?"

"Well," said the captain, dubiously, "some of them have been grumbling and growling this morning. The fact is, they think you will back out at the last moment. Lucas has put the idea into their heads that your going is all a ruse to quiet them; that you never intended to go. He and Cairns pretty nearly came to blows over it last night."

"I'll soon show them whether it's a ruse or not. How long before you come down?"

"I'll follow you at once. I'm just going to leave a message here for Mr. Hilliard." Christian rode on, and Thorpe went into the office. As he came out some one touched his elbow. It was a shabby, nervous-looking little man, who had been standing at the office door for the last twenty minutes.

"Do you want me?" asked the captain, in his blunt, straightforward manner.

"Is Mr. Christian Hilliard going to Quebec in the Eglantine?" said the man, with nervous, trembling eagerness.

Thorpe looked at him curiously: "What do you want to know for?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," was the humble reply. "Mr. Christian has been very good to me, and—and—" He stopped, evidently not knowing how to excuse his apparent curiosity.

"Then why didn't you ask him yourself? you must have seen him talking to me a few minutes ago."

"But he didn't see me, sir, and I didn't like to force myself upon his notice, because he—he always gives me something," stammered the man, confusedly.

"Well, you are something out of the common!" exclaimed the captain. "That would be most men's reason for doing the other thing. Yes, he's going in the Eglantine, sure enough: young men take strange whims into their heads nowadays."

"But he has some reason, he must have some reason!" said the man, with growing excitement.

(To be continued.)

Further Proceedings of
THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE
at Holy Trinity, New York.

REMARKS OF REV. DR. E. P. GOODWIN.

DR. E. P. GOODWIN, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Chicago, delivered an extempore address on the foundations of prophetic belief, and related some of his own experiences in coming to the convictions he now had in the matter. In the course of a long and eloquent address he said: It cannot but occur to me that in such a gathering as this there should be a good many in the attitude where I was a few years ago raising sincerely the question in their own minds with reference to the interpretation of the Word. If any such are here, troubled as I was troubled, let me say *out of my experience* one simple thing: In the olden time when these views first came before me they came as matters of *theological opinion* largely, matters of theory, and I, rather to my surprise, found when I became acquainted with the individuals holding them that they were matters implanted *in their hearts*, matters that had been born in the cause of convicion, faith that had been rooted into them by their prayerful and earnest studies of the Word of God; that *theories* were to them as nothing, *opinions* to them as nothing; the one grand question of all questions ruling them by day and by night, holding them steadfastly in their inquiries and in their beliefs, was *supreme loyalty to the Word* of the living God. On that plan of inquiry let me suggest to you that these brethren who are here, and they who hold like precious faith with us in my conviction and in theirs, do earnestly stand. I confess to you that for myself I have no care about whether men shall accept this theory or that theory, I have no anxiety or thought as to whether the feeling upon this question shall be a mighty feeling. I take it into *my heart* and into *my life* because, above all things else, I have been driven on my knees in spite of the most resolute and determined antagonisms bred of the head and bred of the blood not to accept; because it is to me the clear unmistakable truth of God; because it carries in it the vitals of Christianity, the hopes of the Church, the glory of God and of the ages. These are the reasons why I accepted the faith. I simply took their Scriptures, and went to the book and tested over and over again, for I was reluctant to yield a hair's breadth to any such view as a theory.

Two principles, therefore, have obtained, and the one was this: *Supreme loyalty to the Word*, cost what it may. And the other conviction born of it was this—*the self-sufficiency of the Scriptures to explain themselves.* It seemed to me that the Word was the Word of God; that the command to me was to search the Scriptures; that they were able by the help of the same spirit that wrote them to make me thoroughly furnished unto every good work, and I said, "Why shall I not expect, on a question that runs to the very heart of the Lord Jesus Christ, and grasps all the future of His Kingdoms—why shall I not ask Him sincerely, with humbleness of mind and willingness to accept and to use, that there may be shed in upon my mind the light of the truth as God knows it, as God desires it to be seen and to be wrought out in the hearts of His people, and in the development of His Church? Those have been my principles, and along the lines of inquiry suggested by those principles the truth has come, so far as I know it.

A paper was then read by DR. JAMES H. BROOKES, pastor of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, on

THE COMING OF THE LORD IN ITS RELATION TO CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Christ's Second Coming a Prominent Doctrine in both Old and New Testaments—Passages connecting this with all Doctrines—A Golden Cord —I. It is an Illustration of Unity—II. It indicates the Divine Honor and Sovereignty.

AFTER replying to some strictures of Dr. David

Brown in his well-known book against Pre-Millennialsim, he said: In the Old Testament certainly more than one hundred verses announce the second coming of Christ, to every verse that proclaims His first coming; and while the second is often mentioned without any allusion to the first, the first is never revealed without ample reference to the second, as if the Holy Ghost wished to hasten over the humiliation and sufferings of the former, and rejoiced to dwell upon the glory and grandeur of the later.

It is impossible within a brief hour even to notice the important connections in which the second advent of our Lord is presented in the Old Testament, and only a glance can be given at its relation to the general teachings of the New Testament. But only a glance is needed to convince the attentive reader that no other truth whatever is so largely and so variously used to strengthen the faith and quicken the interest of God's dear children in all that He has been pleased to make known to them of doctrine and of duty. It may almost be said to form the basis of every argument, to give direction to every appeal, to fill out every exhortation, to terminate every warning; so that it is to other truth as a foundation to the building, as a feather to the arrow, as ripened fruit to the bud and blossom, as eternity to time.

Are ministers reminded that they must present something more than professions and brilliant achievements to commend them to the Master's favor? "Many will say to Me *in that day*, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? And in Thy name have we not cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." (Matt. 7 : 22, 23.)

Are the disciples, when they resume their special mission to Israel, cheered amid the trials to which they shall be exposed? "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another: for verily I say unto you, ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel *till the Son of Man be come*." (Matt. 10 : 23.)

Are His servants put on their guard against the pleasing delusion of expecting the triumph of His cause during the interval of His absence in the heavens? "The tares grow with the wheat *until the harvest*, at the end of the age; the birds of the air, which He Himself explains as meaning the wicked one, lodge in the branches of the great tree; a woman conceals that which is incipient putrefaction in three measures of meal, until the whole is leavened: *and not until the coming of Christ* will the wicked be severed from the just." (Matt. 13.)

Is the gain of the whole world worse than worthless if purchased at the price of losing the soul? "*The Son of Man shall come* in the glory of His father, with His angels, and then He shall reward every man according to his works." (Matt. 16 : 27.)

Are the Apostles told of the dignity that awaits them? "Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed Me, in the regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." (Matt. 19 : 28.)

Is the moral condition of the world at His coming described? "As the days of Noe were, so shall also *the coming of the Son of Man* be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." (Matt. 24 : 37–39.)

Is a warning uttered against the error, now so common in the Church, of saying, "My Lord delayeth His coming," with its consequent worldliness? "*The Lord of that servant shall come* in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites." (Matt. 24 : 50, 51.)

Is the spiritual state of the Church at the second advent portrayed? "Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. . . . While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." (Matt. 25 : 1–13.)

Is an account to be rendered of all the talents received by the followers of Christ? "After a long time, *the lord of those servants cometh*, and reckoneth with them." (Matt. 25 : 19.)

Is judgment in store for the nations, as the result of their conduct toward those designated as the brethren of Christ? "*When the Son of Man shall come* in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: and before Him shall be gathered all nations." (Matt. 25 : 31–36.)

Does Jesus, before the high-priest, and in the face of death, assert His claim as the Christ, the Son of God? "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of Power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." (Matt. 26 : 64.)

Does He warn men of the danger of being ashamed of Himself and of His words, including, of course, His words about His second advent? "Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed *when He cometh* in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." (Mark 8 : 38.)

Does He urge the necessity of unwearying watchfulness? "Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all—Watch." (Mark 13 : 33, 37.)

Does He teach the universal prevalence of worldliness at His appearing? "As it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day *when the Son of Man is revealed*." (Luke 17 : 28, 30.)

Does He predict universal apostasy as the consequence of the failure of the Church to watch for Him, according to His repeated commands? 'When *the Son of Man cometh* shall He find [the] faith on the earth." (Luke 18 : 8.)

Does He charge us to be occupied with Himself, and for Himself, till He come? "A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return. And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy *till I come*." (Luke 19 : 12–27.)

Does He distinctly inform us of the events that shall follow, when the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled? "There shall be signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after these things which are coming on the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they all see *the Son of Man coming* in a cloud, with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." (Luke 21 : 25–28.)

Does he cheer the hearts of His disciples, saddened by the announcement of His departure? "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, *I will come again*, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." (John 14 : 2, 3.)

Does He give an intimation, as a powerful stiumlus to what is called missionary effort, when the age of conflict and cross-bearing, so dark without the light of his manifested presence, shall close? "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then *shall the end come*." (Matt. 24 : 14.)

Meanwhile, were the disciples to be animated in the midst of their toil by an assurance that would gladden their hearts and nerve their energies? "While they looked steadfastly toward heaven, as He went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? *This same Jesus* which is taken up from you into heaven *shall so come* in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." (Acts 1 : 10, 11.)

Did the whole college of apostles announce the divine purpose with respect to the times of the Gentiles, and the order of His procedure in the conversion of the world? "God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for His name. [This is all He intends to do in the present dispensation.] And to this agree the words of the prophets, as it is written. After this I will return [that is, after He has taken out of the Gentiles a people for His name], and will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down; and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set it up. [So He takes Israel again into national and covenant relation to Himself after His personal return; and then the grand and ultimate purpose is stated :] That the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles, upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things." (Acts 15 : 14–17.)

Do we desire to reach the climax and crown of Christian attainments in grace and in knowledge? It is declared by the Holy Ghost to be "waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. 1 : 4–8.)

Are we forbidden to judge one another, and commanded to be indifferent to the decision of man's day? "Therefore judge nothing before the time, *until the Lord come*." (1 Cor. 4 : 5.)

Is it the privilege of believers to come to the Lord's table, and are all believers there at least the witnesses, consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly, to the truth of His second coming? "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death *till he come*." (1 Cor. 11 : 26.)

Is the resurrection of the body a cardinal article of their belief? "Every man in his own order; Christ the fruits; afterward they that are Christ's *at His coming*." (1 Cor. 15 : 23.)

Is the dark cloud of sorrow hanging over the grave that hides our precious dead tinged with the golden light of hope? "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." (1 Thess. 4 : 14.)

Have we the assurance of being with them again in a bright and happy day? "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." (1 Thess. 14 : 16–18.)

Were recently converted heathen taught by the inspired apostle, during his brief visit among them, what to expect? "Of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober." (1 Thess. 5 : 1–6.)

Is practical and entire holiness to be sought with unceasing diligence? "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly ; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto *the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" (1 Thess. 5 : 23.)

Is the note of warning again sounded against the error of expecting the triumph of good till he comes? "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils ; speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron. . . . If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ." (1 Tim. 4 : 1–6.)

Is steadfast obedience enforced by the most solemn considerations? "I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Jesus Christ, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession ; that they keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable, *until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" (1 Tim. 6 : 13, 14.)

Are the characteristic features of the last days as unlike the common anticipation of the progress of truth and righteousness, as darkness is unlike light? "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, . . . lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God ; having a form of godliness, but denying the power. But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and thereof being deceived." (2 Tim. 3 : 1–5.)

Is there something left to cheer the heart of the faithful witness for Christ, even when the people will no longer "endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables? I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them *also that love his appearing.*" (2 Tim. 4 : 7, 8.)

Are ministers told what to preach? "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, *looking for that blessed hope*, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. . . . These things speak." (Tit. 2 : 11 15.)

Has it pleased the Comforter to console His people in the midst of reproaches and afflictions and despised companionships and the spoiling of their goods? "Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." (Heb. 10 : 37.)

Do we desire the reward which our returning Lord will delight to bestow upon His faithful servants? "Behold, *I come quickly ;* and my reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be." (Rev. 22 : 12.)

Above all, do we desire Himself? "Surely I come quickly : Amen." And surely He expects to hear from every heart that is true to Him the eager response, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." (Rev. 22 : 20.) With these sweet words of promise falling from His lips, His voice is heard no more on earth, and the Sacred Scriptures are sealed as complete.

Very many similar texts might be quoted, but enough has been said to show that this great truth runs like

A GOLDEN CORD

through the entire New Testament from beginning to end, touching every doctrine, binding every duty, arousing, consoling, directing, guarding, inspiring the believer at every step of his pilgrimage. As a motive, an incentive, and an end, it has a prominence assigned to no other thought. Wherever we turn it arrests the eye ; whatever the subject of inquiry, it engages the attention by its commanding presence. In the fine language of the Rev. John Ker, it is "in the New Testament the great event that towers above every other. The heaven, that gives back Christ, gives back all we have loved and lost, solves all doubts and ends all sorrows. His coming looks in upon the whole life of His Church as a lofty mountain peak looks in upon every little valley and sequestered home around its base, and belongs to them all alike. Every generation lies under the shadow of it, for whatever is transcendently great is constantly near, and in moments of high conviction it absorbs petty interests and annihilates intervals. It may surely be for us to consider whether our removal of Christ's coming further from us in feeling does not arise from a less vivid impression of its reality and surpassing moment."

It is one purpose of this conference, with His blessing, to change these "moments of high conviction" into the life-time posture of the soul ; and, as far as He may be pleased, to own our testimony for the good of other Christians, in the words of Professor Hackett, to "bring both their conduct and their style of religious instruction into nearer correspondence with the lives and teaching of the primitive examples of our faith."

Again he says, referring to the return of Christ at the end of the age, "that event was always near to the feelings and consciousness of the first believers. It was the great consummation on which the strongest desires of their souls were fixed, to which their thoughts and hopes were habitually turned. They lived in expectation of it ; they labored to be prepared for it ; they were constantly, in the expressive language of Peter, "looking for and hastening unto it."

The apostles, the first Christians in general, comprehended the grandeur of that occasion ; it filled their circle of view, stood forth to their contemplations as the point of culminating interest in their own and the world's history, threw into comparative insignificance the present time, death, all intermediate events, and made them feel that the manifestation of Christ, with its consequences of indescribable moment to all true believers, was the grand object which they were to keep in view as the end of their toils, the commencement and perfection of their glorious immortality. In such a state of intimate sympathy with an event so habitually present to their thoughts, they derived, they must have derived, their chief incentives to action from the prospect of that future glory ; they hold it up to the people of God to encourage them in affliction, to awaken them to fidelity, zeal, and perseverance, and appeal to it to warn the wicked and impress upon them the necessity of preparation for the revelations of that day."

That it was indeed "always near to the feelings and consciousness of the first believers" is admitted by all Post-Millennial writers ; that the Lord Jesus and the Holy Ghost presented it as an object of hope to those who lived in the days of the Apostles, must be also apparent to the careful reader of the New Testament ; and this is the fact that sets forth in the clearest and strongest light the relations of Christ's coming to Christian doctrine.

It is a profound remark of Trench, speaking of the tarrying of the bridegroom, that "we may number this among the many hints which were given by our Lord, that it was possible the time of His return might be delayed beyond the expectation of His first disciples. It was a hint, and no more ; if more had been given, if the Lord had said plainly that He would not come for many centuries, then the first ages of the Church would have been placed in a disadvantageous position, being deprived of that powerful motive to holiness and diligence supplied to each generation of the faithful by the possibility of the Lord's return in their time.

"It is not that He desires each succeeding generation to believe that He will certainly return in their time, for He does not desire our faith and our practice to be founded on an error, as, in that case, the faith and practice of all generations except the last would be. But it is a necessary element of the doctrine concerning the second coming of Christ that it should be possible at any time that no generation should consider it impossible in theirs."

First, then, it illustrates and manifests

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH

with a distinctness to which the Post-Millennial theory can lay no claim. It is not our province to *make* this unity, but we are responsible to *keep* and to exhibit it amid the distractions and divisions of the world. But of what does the Church on earth consist? Not simply of the number in any one generation who have been linked by the Holy Ghost to the risen Christ, but of the entire number of believers between the ascension and return of our Lord ; "for as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body ; so also is [He] Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free ; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit." (1 Cor. 12 : 12, 13.)

Christ is exalted to be "the Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all" (Eph. 1 : 22, 23) ; and if His second coming is the hope of one member of that body, it is the hope of all the members. It did not please God to reveal the time of His coming, because He would set it as a beautiful bow in the dark cloud, overshadowing the entire interval of His Son's absence from the earth, that from one end to the other of the dispensation all faces might be turned up in faith and expectation. Hence our Saviour could bid His immediate followers watch for Him, and Paul could say, "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together" with the risen dead, and all of the Apostles could represent the advent as nigh ; for its nearness to one believer is the measure of its nearness to the entire body, viewed in its unity. Moreover, the conviction of its nearness necessarily sinks out of sight the minor differences that separate Christians, and as Saul of Tarsus, dazzled by the brightness that flashed upon him on the road to Damascus, declares, "I could not see for the glory of that light," so we can not see the motes in the eyes of our brethren, while gazing upon the splendor of that approaching advent. The assembly now convened furnishes striking evidence of its power to bring believers together on a common ground, to be as a common testimony to the blessedness of a common hope.

Second—The Pre-Millennial coming of our Lord alone *indicates the divine honor and sovereignty*. Those who reject the doctrine constantly affirm that it disparages the Gospel by representing it as a failure, and the work of the Holy Spirit by intimating that it is inadequate to the conversion of the world. But a moment's reflection is sufficient to show that it exalts the Gospel by proving that it accomplishes all it was designed to effect, and the work of the Holy Spirit by demonstrating that He saves all He intended to save during the present dispensation. It has already been seen, as announced by the Apostles, that God's purpose is not to convert all the Gentiles before the return of Christ, but to take out of them a people for His name ; and if one verse of Scripture from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation can be found to assert the conversion of the world previous to that return, pre-millennialists will agree to hold their peace forever after.

On the other hand, the post-millennial heresy disparages the Gospel and the work of the Spirit by forcing the conclusion that they are unable to reach the end they were ordained to attain. If it was God's purpose to bring in the millennium by agencies now employed, the most careless observer can see that it has been signally defeated for more than eighteen hundred years, and, judging the future by the past, the only way of judging a past from prophetic testimony.

There is little prospect of achieving greater success in the time to come.

Where are the churches planted by apostolic hands and watered with the blood of martyrs? They have long since perished. Where are the countries over which the disciples of Jesus, in the first and second centuries, swept as an army with banners? Under the black pall of spiritual death. Where is the city or town or village in the most highly favored position of Christendom, all of whose inhabitants even *profess to believe* in the Son of God? According to Professor Hitchcock's statistics in his Analysis of the Holy Bible, of the earth's population there are 195,000,000 Roman Catholics, 160,000,000 Mohammedans, 340,000,000 Buddhists, 460,000,000 pagans and other heathen religionists, and 97,139,000 Protestants in name. Of these last, so few comparatively, what a "little flock" follow the Good Shepherd; what an overwhelming majority remain utterly indifferent to His voice, or fiercely oppose His claims!

The remainder of Dr. Brookes' paper will appear in our next issue.

FINANCIAL TROUBLE IN SCOTLAND.

THE Glasgow Bank sufferers have already had nearly $1,250,000 raised for their relief. The *Times* says, "Numerous stories of terrible distress, many of them harrowing in their details, are current. The startling feature is not merely the extent of the diaster, but the fact that it will ruin hundreds of rich men who, in the case of a less tremendous failure, might have weathered the storm. Such men are peculiarly entitled to sympathy, and not less so are their wives and families."

A well-known Edinburgh solicitor, who is heavily involved in consequence of the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, has absconded, and it is understood that a warrant has been issued for his apprehension for misapplying money which he was intrusted with by clients to invest. A Glasgow banker estimates the ultimate call on the solvent shareholders to be at least $25,000 per $500 share, if the debts are to be paid in full. The common belief in Glasgow is that, if they ever are, every single shareholder will be ruined.

Great consternation has been caused through the country by another bank suspension, that of the Caledonian Bank, which was announced on Thursday, December 5th. The Caledonian held four shares in the City of Glasgow Bank, and when this fact became known the public confidence in the former institution rapidly declined. Its shares fell in price from $50 to $7.50, at which sum they stood when the bank closed its doors. This bank was extensively trusted by the most aristocratic portion of Scottish society, and its failure will bring sorrow and distress into many an ancient castle and manse.

An unprecedented number of failures have taken place in Scotland, forty leading firms and upwards of a hundred smaller ones having collapsed, nearly all directly or indirectly owing to the failure of the bank. The total liabilities of these firms may be estimated at one hundred and twenty-five millions, while the depreciation in the stock of other banks arising from the bank failure is equal to a loss to the shareholders of other banks of upwards of twenty-five millions.

A melancholy case of suicide arising from depressed circumstances through the bank failure has taken place near Inverness. Mrs. Ross, widow of a draper in Dingwall, who had her whole dependence in the City of Glasgow Bank, in the form of a deposit receipt, has been found suspended from a tree in Lentran Wood, with her child, twenty months old, also strangled beside her. An analysis of the 1300 shareholders of the bank shows that about one fourth are ladies, 174 trustees and executors mostly representing ladies and children, 67 clergymen, and 61 members of various professions. Many ladies had already gone to situations, some as telegraph clerks, others as governesses.

THE SAVIOUR'S LAST WORDS.

S. S. Lesson for December 22d.—Luke 24:44-53.
Golden Text, Matthew 28:20.

OUR attention is again called, by the lesson, to the Sunday succeeding our Lord's death, the Sunday that witnessed His glorious resurrection. The two wayfarers to whom He had appeared on their way to Emmaus found, on reaching Jerusalem, the eleven disciples assembled, and with them a number of those who loved the Lord Jesus, and who, though they were not apostles, had been witnesses of that wondrous life and death. Scattered on that dreadful Thursday night when they all forsook Him and fled, they sought each other on the Sunday, for the thoughts that filled their hearts must have made any other society utterly uncongenial to them.

Gathered together thus, they received the startling intelligence of the women; then Peter had returned, declaring that *he* had seen the Lord; and now to them enter the travellers from Emmaus, with their wonderful account of the converse Jesus had held with *them*.

It is impossible to realize what their emotions must have been. Their trembling spirits, oppressed with their recent bereavement, would be slow to credit intelligence so extraordinary yet so welcome. The feeling we express in the words "too good to be true" must have been something like *their* feeling at that moment. We can understand how question would follow question from those who had not seen the Lord to those who had been thus privileged. And then, while they were yet speaking, Jesus Himself appears in their midst, with the blessing on His lips He, as the Prince of peace, had the power to bestow, "Peace be with you."

Where now are the joy and gladness we should expect them to manifest? Instead, they display terror and dismay, superstitious fears take possession of them, and they think that they behold a spirit. So incredulous were these men that even the evidence of their own senses fails to convince them that the prediction they had heard from the Lord's own lips had been fulfilled, and that He had burst the bonds of the grave. They had distrusted the testimony of Mary and the women; of Peter and the two who had talked with Him as they walked. Now Jesus Himself stands before them, and they are still in doubt. It seemed as if they foresaw the ages of doubt that were coming on the earth, and by their very incredulity were providing irrefutable evidence for this cardinal truth of the Christian belief, the truth of a risen, glorified Saviour.

With gentle kindness, with patient condescension, Jesus appeals to them, "Why are ye troubled? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself," quietly implying that there was no need for alarm where their Master was. And then, as if to add proof to proof, he calls for food and eats before them.

But Jesus has another object in appearing to them besides that of convincing them of *the fact* of His resurrection; He has to say to them His last words, words of reminder, of enlightenment, of instruction, and of encouragement. He sees the trials that are coming on them; His eagle gaze penetrates the thick veil of the future, and there revealed to Him are their cruel persecutions and the crown of martyrdom that awaited many of them; and He would not leave them comfortless.

These last words are the subject of our lesson; and when we consider the circumstances under which they were spoken, whose words they were, and to whom they were spoken, it is impossible to overestimate their importance. They were not the only words Jesus addressed to His little flock during the forty days that elapsed between His resurrection and ascension; we read in the other parts of the New Testament of six other appearances of Jesus during that period not recounted by Luke, and in the passage before us occurs a break, somewhere between the 44th and the 50th verses, of several days. Luke, according to the custom he adopted in other parts of his gospel, summarizes, as it were, the events of several occasions into one connected narrative; and thus it would appear from *thi* gospel that the day which had witnessed the resurrection of Jesus was also the day of His ascension, yet we know from the other accounts that for forty days Jesus went in and out among His followers, completing their preparation for the arduous mission before them.

The last words of Jesus comprise:

I. A legacy—"Peace be unto you." Could He have given a more precious gift? The human heart, unregenerate, aches for peace. It is the one cardinal want of our souls. A mind ill at ease with itself is in perpetual turmoil, it knows no rest, it is never satisfied. A succession of desires and wants rises before the vision, and each one when it is attained leaves the possessor as far from content as he was before. "There is no peace for the wicked." Had Jesus left His followers riches, they must have been conscious that the time was near at hand when they must depart and leave all behind. But He left them *the one thing that above all others* was essential to their happiness, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." Peace on earth was the announcement that heralded His advent, and peace was the precious legacy He left behind Him as he ascended into Heaven.

II. Comfort—"Why are ye troubled?" He would not have His people bear a burden alone. He asks our confidence, and none have ever confided in Him without obtaining relief. Sometimes the trouble is removed, sometimes He helps the sinking soul to bear the heavy burden, but invariably, in one form or the other, relief always follows confidence in Him. Therefore let no one bear his burden alone. However small or trivial, it is not too small to carry to Him. See how patiently He listened to the questions of His disciples and of those who, like Nicodemus, came to Him on earth. With the same gentle patience He listens now, and is as ready to help the sufferer. Our *heavy* troubles we often carry to Him in prayer, while the little ones that wear and worry and irritate our spirits, chaining them down to earth when they should be on the higher ground of communion, we try to bear ourselves, and we suffer by our folly.

> "With boldness, therefore, at the throne
> Let us make *all our sorrows* known,
> And ask the aid of heavenly Power
> To help us in the evil hour."

III. Enlightenment—"Then opened He their understandings." He showed His people how all things were moving in God's own way. "All things *must* be fulfilled." There was no need for disappointment, or distress, or anxiety. All things were in God's hand and were moving in their preordained channel. They might apprehend danger, but when He opened their understandings as God opened the eyes of the prophet's servant (2 Kings 6:17) they saw their doubts and fears were groundless. They saw, too, that Jesus was *the central figure* of the Bible. Round Him clustered as round a focus the words of historians, poets, and prophets, for they had all written "things concerning Him." Even this last dark page of His history was the fulfilment of their predictions, and was part of the great plan. For "it behoved Christ to suffer, that repentance and remission of sins might be preached" to the sin-stained race of man.

IV. A promise—"Behold, I send the promise of my Father." They were to tarry for the fulfilment of this promise, but they had not long to wait. The day of Pentecost saw the descent of the Holy Ghost, and proved to the little flock that their Master had been received into the Heaven of heavens, where He remains unto the day of the restitution of all things; that "He had ascended to His Father and their Father, to His God and their God." Then they knew of a surety that He still lived and had found His place at the right hand of God, there to plead and mediate for evermore, until, in the fulness of the times, He shall return to take to Himself His great power and reign.

Then they returned to Jerusalem praising and blessing God, their sorrow turned into exceeding joy.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Condition of the Emperor of Russia is said to cause serious uneasiness. Though his bodily health is good, he dreads going outside his palace, lest the assassin's bullet should lay him low. This has long been one of his brooding fears, and during his visit to London he lived in constant dread of the Pole's revenge. It is not now the avenging Pole, but the Nihilist, who is his terror, and the recent attempts on the life of his uncle, the German Emperor, and on King Alfonso of Spain have brought on a renewal of this monomania. There is too much fear that his terror is well founded. Nihilism is spreading with incredible rapidity. It is becoming a religion, and the more severe the repression the more eager are new fanatics to court martyrdom. The Bismarckian stamping-out is having the same effect on German Socialism. If things remain as they are, Europe may expect some morning to hear of the eruption of a terrible volcano.

Russian Soldiers and the Bible.—Rev. J. A. Tonjoroff, who recently arrived safely at Constantinople, writes: "I have been for two weeks in the interior, and have seen fearful suffering and distress among the Christian populations and also among the Turks. The Bosnian Government here is helping the distribution of the Bible. Our booksellers are distributing the Word of God most freely. I preached my first sermon in Bulgaria last week to more than fifty joyful hearers. How the Russian soldiers look upon the Bible the following fact will show. The Protestants that escaped to Sistova for their lives from the Turks, and were saved with the Russians, wished to show their gratitude to their protectors, the Russian soldiers. One day they opened a little shop in the street, bought some tea and some New Testaments to distribute among the soldiers. They distributed some hundreds of them, and the soldiers were most delighted. After they were finished, some more soliders came and asked for this precious book. But when they were told that not one was left some of them burst in tears, saying, 'How shall we go back now to our friends in Russia without this precious token and recognition of our help to you?' The scene was very touching. I have seen our bookseller often surrounded with longing soldiers in the streets of Philippopolis. We had five at our meeting. We hear of much bloodshed in Macedonia, and some of our friends have escaped here for their lives."

The Grapes and the Church Choir.—The Rev. C. Marshall, rector of Harpurhey, England, writes: "The wise man said, 'Stolen waters are sweet.' Eve evidently thought that stolen fruit was sweet. Some of her children have thought the same. In a country church the other day (as the vicar's wife herself related to me) great preparations were made, after the manner of Jewish traditional worship, for a *harvest festival* to be held on Thursday and Sunday, October 10th and 13th. The church, being a country church, potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbages, celery, apples, pears, wheat, etc., could be had in abundance for decorating the edifice. But *the grapes* were the difficulty. However, the vicar's wife went by train a journey of miles to beg the coveted grapes to give the grand fashionable finish to the festival show. They were obtained, and duly took their prominent position on the opening day, Thursday, October 10th. Of course the vicar's wife considered that she had an especial right in the grapes, and that after they had done their part to gratify the eye in church they were to gratify another of the five senses at the vicarage table. Alas for human calculations! The church had to be opened on Friday for the practice of the choir, and when the church was inspected on Saturday to ascertain that all was right for Sunday's harvest festival, *the grapes were gone!* *From a consecrated church consecrated grapes abstracted by a consecrated choir.* Perhaps they thought that they had as much right to the grapes as the priests of old to the shewbred in the temple."

Opium-selling Licensed in China.—A momentous announcement is made from Canton that the monopoly of preparing and selling opium in the province of Kwang Chowfu has been farmed to a contractor for three years, for $140,000 a year. The Hong Kong *Daily Express* comments as follows on this unprecedented measure: "This action of the Kwangtung authorities cannot be regarded as otherwise than a formal recognition of opium-smoking, and it is a significant fact of which the Anglo-Oriental Society for the suppression of the opium traffic and its friends will do well to take note. The Chinese Government have hitherto strenuously prohibited the use of opium in China, but as they have been unable to prevent its importation and use, they have come to look upon onium-smoking as a necessary evil, and no longer attempt to suppress the habit." It is certain that the present state of things would never have come about had not the Anglo-Indian Government cultivated the taste for opium in China by annually exporting seven million pounds sterling of it in value in order to gain a revenue from the pernicious drug. Tens of thousands of Chinese are killed by it every year.

Baptism of Two Jews.—On Sunday evening, November 3d, a large congregation gathered in the Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, London, to witness the baptism of two Jewish converts. Many Jews were present, having been invited by advertisement and placard to hear the Rev J. Wilkinson preach on the Messiahship of Jesus from Isaiah 9:6, 7. After the sermon, special prayer was offered for the two converts, and after they had very clearly answered some questions regarding their faith in Christ, Mr Wilkinson proceeded to baptize them, and several Christian friends gave them the right hand of fellowship. The congregation then sang "Ring the Bells of Heaven." The two converts, with nine other Christian Israelites and a few Christian friends, then took the "Supper of the Lord" in the house of the Rev. J. Wilkinson.

John Wesley and Beau Nash.—Once, when Wesley was preaching in the open air at Bath, in England, "the king of Bath," as he was called—Beau Nash—attempted to put down the great preacher. Nash's character was bad; it was that of an idle, heartless, licentious dangler on the skirts of high society. He appeared in the crowd, and authoritatively asked Wesley by what right he dared to stand there. The congregation was not wholly of the poor; there were a number of fashionable and noble persons present, and among them many with whom this attack had been prearranged, and who expected to see the discomfiture of the Methodist by the courtly and fashionable old dandy.

Wesley replied to the question simply and quietly that he stood there by the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to him "by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid hands on me and said, 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.'" Nash began to bustle and to be turbulent, and he exclaimed, "This is contrary to Act of Parliament; this is a conventicle!" "Sir," said Wesley, "the Act you refer to applies to seditious meetings. Here is no sedition, no shadow of sedition; the meeting is not, therefore, contrary to the Act." Nash stormed. "I say it is; besides, your preaching frightens people out of their wits."

"Sir," said Wesley, "give me leave to ask, did you ever hear me preach?"—"No."—"How, then, can you judge of what you have never heard?"—"Sir, by common report."—"Common report is not enough," said Wesley; "again, give me leave to ask is your name not Nash?"—"My name is Nash." And then the reader must imagine Wesley's thin, clear, piercing voice, cutting through the crowd: "Sir, I dare not judge of *you* by common report."

There does not seem much in it, but the effect was overwhelming. Nash tried to bully it out a little; but, to make his discomfiture complete, the people took up the case, and especially one old woman, whose daughter had come to grief through the fop, in her way so set forth his sins that the fopling was glad to retreat in dismay.

The Abolition of Itinerancy in the pastoral system is a question now agitating the Methodist Church, and is attracting very grave attention throughout the entire body. Methodist clergymen, at their weekly gatherings, freely discuss the merits and demerits of the system, and as a rule (in the well-settled districts) agree that the latter outweigh the former. Laymen, in their official as well as private capacity, are constant and importunate in expression of opinions against the continuance of the triennial pastorate.

When Methodism first entered the religious field in this country, the itinerancy was its great tower of strength; through it ministers could at once be sent to the most available as well as most needed points, and thus new fields were constantly entered upon and secured to the Church. But now times have changed; Methodism has spread all over the land, and is an assured fact; her policy is no longer aggressive, but defensive, hence the great-felt need of a settled pastorate of such duration as efficiency and acceptability shall determine.

The *Methodist* makes the statement that one thousand families have been found in Brooklyn nearly all of whom left the Methodist Church owing to the "changeableness and uncertainty of the pastorate." The partial if not entire demolition of the itinerancy seems to be one of those coming events that cast their shadows before.

Prayer Answered in a Lump.—The Rev. Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, had a hearer—a good and converted man as everybody but himself judged—though troubled with doubt as to his own salvation. The doctor said to him one day, "Well, Thomas, how long have you been praying?" "For forty years." "And what have you got?" "I canna say I ha'e gotten onything." "I wonder you are not tired, then, and don't give up that kind of hopeless work." "Nay, sir, we mauna dee that." Well, when Thomas lay dying—was very near his end—Dr. Kidd called, and asked, as he always did when he was going to pray, "What shall I pray for?" "Give thanks," said Thomas, "give thanks, for my forty years' prayer is answered *in a lump*."

A Little Bird's Sermon.—The Rev. Mr. Nosworthy, who died in 1677, had, from the persecuting spirit of his times, been imprisoned ir Winchester, where he met with much crue usage. After his release he was several time reduced to great straits. Once, when he an his family had breakfasted, and had nothing lef for another meal, his wife, lamenting her condition, exclaimed, "What shall I do with my poo children?" He persuaded her to walk abroa with him, and seeing a little bird chirping merrily, he said, "Take notice how that little bir sits and chirps, though we can not tell whethe it has been at breakfast; and if it has it know not whither to go for a dinner. Therefore b of good cheer, and do not mistrust the prov dence of God; for are we not better than man sparrows?" Before dinner they had plenty provisions brought them. Thus was the pron ise fulfilled, "They who trust in the Lord sha not want any good thing."

An Old General Officer, a veteran in the se vice both of his Queen and of the King of King when he was dying (early in 1878) seemed almo too languid and exhausted to reply to his son tender inquiry, "Is there any thing you wis dearest father?" save in the feebly-whispere words, "*Only to die.*" But suddenly this o man, in the last moments of mortal weaknes sprang to his feet from his bed, and clasping h hands, whilst a transport of joy illumined his fac exclaimed, "I HAVE SEEN HIM!" and the ne moment went away with his Lord, to "look Hi in the face with joy—for ever." A glimpse "the King in His beauty and of the land that very far off" was vouchsafed to the aged gener even before his immortal spirit had quitted tabernacle of clay—reminding us of Stepher dying utterance, "Behold I see the heave opened and the Son of man standing at the rig hand of God."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—A Sermon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by Clergymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes, etc.—Also, once a month, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Price, Single Copies, Four Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1878.

12th Year. No. 9—New Series.

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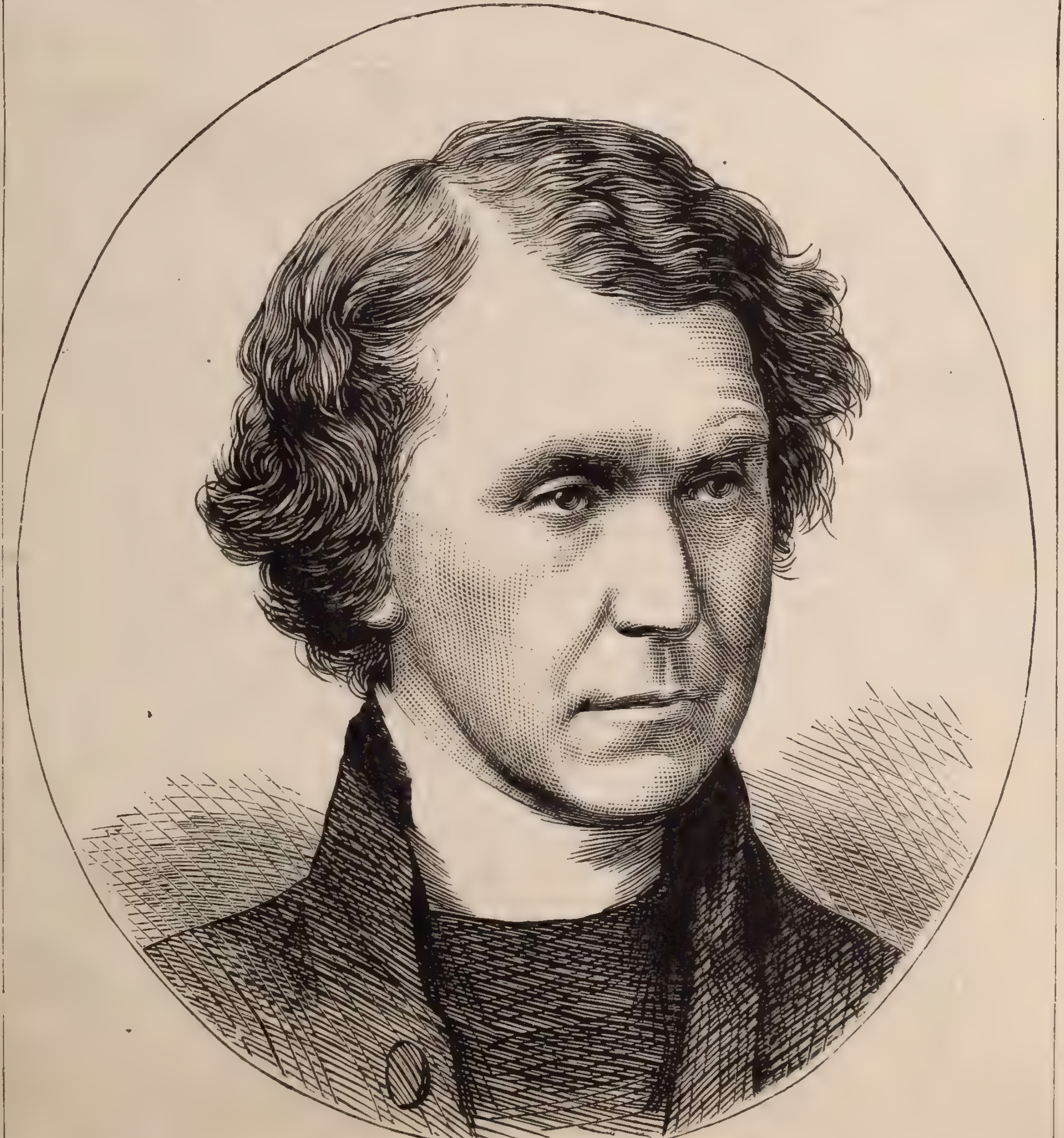

DR. TAIT, The Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

His Birth in 1811, and Early Life at Glasgow and Oxford—His Opposition to the Puseyite Movement—Becomes Head-Master of Rugby School in 1842—and Dean of Carlisle in 1849—and Bishop of London in 1856—His Charge to the Clergy—His Strong Advocacy of Open-air Preaching, and Visiting the Poor, and Mission Clergy, and Mission Services—Becomes Archbishop of Canterbury in 1868—Bereavements.

DR. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of all England, was born in the year 1811, in Edinburgh. His grandfather had been a Lord of Session, and his father both lawyer and country gentleman. He was educated at a famous school and a famous university in Scotland—the Edinburgh Academy and the University of Glasgow.

A number of young men annually proceed from the Scottish to the English universities. There is especially a close connection between Baliol College, Oxford, and Glasgow University. The Glasgow professors have in their gift ten wealthy exhibitions to Oxford the annual product of capitalized sums of money, and which constitute a prize, called an Exhibition, giving the winner an income and the means wherewith to pay his expenses at the university during his academial course. Each Exhibition is sufficient for a fair academical subsistence, and is tenable for an unusual number of years. These Exhibitions have been the means of recruiting Oxford with some of its best scholars, and of introducing into public life many able and some celebrated men.

The Glasgow career of Mr. Tait was of a very unusual kind, remarkable for its great industry, and the great success with which that industry was rewarded. His Oxford course was equally remarkable. He became scholar of Baliol, a first-class man, and in due course Fellow of Baliol, college tutor, and public examiner. He, also for some time, became a member of a third university—that of Bonn, on the Rhine. He has since protested against the notion that all German theology is necessarily tainted with rationalism. 'It is of much importance," he has written, "that English readers, if they do not know it already, should learn that Germany has to boast of writers in almost every department of theology who unite the deepest learning with a sound and earnest Christian faith."

Mr. Tait was one of the most prominent members of that famous institution, the Oxford Union Society, where, in common with many illustrious statesmen, he gained a clear, accurate, forcible debating style, which has never since deserted him on the platform and in Parliament. In due course he took holy orders, and the curacy of Baldon, near Oxford. On the death of Sir Daniel Sandford, the learned and most eloquent professor of Greek at Glasgow, Mr. Tait, who had been one of his favorite pupils, became a candidate for the chair. There was, however, a legal difficulty in a clergyman of the Church of England holding a professorship in a Scotch university; and in this way Glasgow lost and London obtained the services of Dr. Tait, who was to employ himself in a different and a higher way.

For some time in Dr. Tait's career his course as a scholar and his course as a working clergyman ran parallel, until, finally, the first was absorbed in the graver responsibilities and multiplied duties of the latter. His first public work was as tutor to his college, and it is well known how the Baliol tutors have placed their ancient and renowned college in the van of all the other colleges of Oxford. Seeking the general good of the university as well as that of his own college, and anxious that all the appliances of Oxford should be turn to the best account, in conjunction with the present Dean Stanley of Westminster he published a pamphlet on the "Revival of the Professorial System." When the famous "Tracts for the Times" threw all Oxford, and then the whole country, into commotion, and excited the deep-grounded apprehension that many were abandoning the good old paths, and retracing their steps towards the bondage of Rome, Mr. Tait came prominently into the conflict. He was one of the "four Oxford tutors" who drew the attention of the university to Tract No. 90, and procured the condemnation of its doctrines. The author of that tract was John Henry Newman, who, by his own perversion to Rome and the perversion of many, unhappily justified the apprehensions of those who firmly adhered to the integrity of the Reformed Church.

In the midsummer of 1842, Dr. Arnold, the head-master of Rugby School, suddenly died. It was necessary that a new head-master should be chosen by the time that the school should reassemble. This important appointment was obtained by Mr. Tait in the same way that Dr. Arnold had previously obtained it—simply by the excellence of his testimonials.

The great reputation to which Rugby had attained under Dr. Arnold was maintained and confirmed by his successor. He continued to be head-master until 1849—a period of seven years. In 1846 he published some theological writings, which have since been reprinted with additions, under the title of "Dangers and Safeguards." In 1850 he was one of the commissioners for inquiring into the state of the University of Oxford. The commission worked hard for two years, and very extensive legislation was founded on their reports.

In the year 1849 he suffered a severe illness, and resigned his appointment. In the same year he was appointed by Lord John Russell, who was then premier, to the deanery of Carlisle. The parting from Rugby took place with many manifestations of affection and honor. Dr. Tait took his leave of the school by publishing a volume of the sermons which he had preached in the chapel, entitled "Lessons for School Life." "The chief reason for my publishing the sermons is that I may leave some memorial of my teaching to those for whose training, during so long a time, I know that I must be called to account. Almost all I have to leave to them has been better said before, and will, I have every reason to hope, continue to be urged upon them, Sunday after Sunday, for many years to come; but still, perhaps, after our separation, the words of an absent friend may not be useless. . . . For all connected with the school I can scarcely have a better prayer than that they may be enabled to love Christ, and truth, and goodness with the simplicity of Dr. Arnold."

Dr. Tait has elsewhere said: "As it is sometimes imlplied that Dr. Arnold favored a view of the *unimportance of correct belief*, I think it right to record my conviction that, had that great man been now living, he would have been in many ways admirably suited to destroy this most mistaken system. . . . His whole soul would have revolted from a Christianity which was to furnish no positive Christian truth."

Whatever a deanery may be to some deans, it was certainly no sinecure to Dr. Archibald Tait. Dr. Close, the present Dean, has declared that he found it hard work to keep pace with all that his predecessor had been doing in the place. A dean's chief ostensible duty lies with the fabric of his cathedral. There was here much to be done. He did a great work of restoration for that venerable pile, which, although it will not bear a comparison with some other cathedrals, possesses many beauties of detail, especially in the choir. He was also active in labors for the spiritual good of the people of Carlisle.

In 1856 a bill was passed which enabled Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, and Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham, to retire upon pensions. Dean Tait of Carlisle was promoted to the See of London. This was the first time in the history of the diocese that a bishop, consecrated to the metropolitan See, was not previously a bishop.

The position of Bishop of London is considered so dignified and the duties involved so important, that it is customary to offer the appointment to a bishop of some other see, and the offer is always considered as a promotion. The annual income of the Bishop of London is $50,000—the largest stipend paid to any bishop on the English bench. These are two English archbishoprics, one of York with the same stipend of $50,000, and the other of Canterbury with $75,000. When either of these falls vacant the appointment is usually offered to the then Bishop of London.

The great employments which Dr. Tait had so successfully filled naturally prepared the way for this elevation, while grievous family calamities, in the loss of various children by malignant fever, had obtained for him the sympathies of the Queen and country, and made his appointment peculiarly acceptable.

In 1858 the bishop delivered his primary charge. It attracted very great attention at the time, and passed through various editions. It occupied five hours during the delivery, and the scene in the cathedral was a memorable one. The bishop earnestly argued against any exaggerations in ceremonials, and against the danger of not possessing large-hearted and comprehensive love. The rest of the charge was chiefly engaged with the practical work of the diocese. In the charge of 1861 he chiefly spoke of the difficulties of the time under three classes: (1) The difficulties connected with the unrestrained spirit of free inquiry; (2) The difficulties of the Church of England in connection with other religious bodies; (3) difficulties from the ever-growing population. He dwelt much on the importance of

OPEN-AIR PREACHING,

and the bishop has himself repeatedly preached in the open air. Thus we find him preaching to weavers at Bethnal Green, and to drivers of cabs and omnibuses at Islington. In his episcopate the two great London cathedrals were thrown open for evening services on Sunday. In the charge of 1862 the bishop spoke on a subject than which none can be more important—the duty of the rich in visiting the poor. In a crowded metropolis like our own, where the differences between the classes of the rich and the poor are drawn with such sharp antagonism, obedience to the Divine injunction to visit the poor blesses both the giver and the recipient of the kindness and goes far to ameliorate the evils of our complex civilization. But to show the spirit by which he is influenced, we select a passage from the primary charge, in which he dwells ver forcibly on the subject of home missions:

"I could not but remember how, when a curate in a small village in Oxfordshire, I had marvelled at the excitement raised in a quiet an dull place by the gathering of the Methodists o a fine summer's day on the common, under th shadow of the old trees; how the voice of the preacher, sounding through the stillness of listening crowd, and the burst of their hymn pealing far and wide through the village, ha seemed well suited to attract and rouse th hearts of many who never entered within th church to join in its measured devotion, and li ten to its calm teaching. . . . I knew th hearts had been yearning to have this truth pr claimed for many years; that it had been pr claimed; that the day when there was gre fear of the Church of England dying of her di nity was, thank God, past; and that in almo all our great towns the parochial clergy, wi the full concurrence of their bishops, had n for several years been trying on the summ evenings to add such missionary labors to th settled work. But it was obvious that, if t work was to be done thoroughly, we must ha new machinery, and men must be led to lo upon the work as one to which to direct th chief efforts. The ordinary parochial minis was already tasked up to his strength, and th must be *missionary services* to supplement efforts. *Missionary clergy* were wanted for overwhelming population of this diocese. in the distant valleys and hill-sides of other ceses, where rough men are drawn togethe hundreds, to have their dwelling-place at mouth of some mine, while it is being work —or, more fleeting still, an army of railwa rers passes along a line of railway in the course its formation, making their encampment now this parish, now in that,—and the parochial rgy in both cases will, to meet the wants of is sudden influx of sojourners, rejoice if they n be aided by men sent to do a missionary's rk in the temporary encampment ; so in our ndon parishes, in Whitechapel, in Spitalfields, Deptford,—indeed everywhere, there is simi- work to be done. Part of the population is ry fluctuating, and that which is stationary nnot wait till churches are built and parishes rmed. Let missionary efforts be directed to is work at once, and churches, and parishes, d all their due appliances for regular worship d instruction will follow in God's good time."

On the death of Bishop Blomfield, Dr. Tait me into possession of Fulham Palace, which d been settled on that prelate for his life. In 60, when confined to a sick room by illness, ought on by over-exertion, the bishop issued address to the laity, on the subject of provid- g additional church accommodation, especially r the poor. This led the way for the Bishop London's Fund. This was a noble scheme for oning for the neglect of ages by creating a re- gious organization fit to cope with the enor- ous wants of modern London. The plan was to ise a million of money in ten years. In the st year more than the first hundred thousand ounds was raised ; but unless incessant exer- ons are made, succeeding years will hardly ep pace with this.

"Every effort must be made," said the bishop one occasion to his clergy, "and nothing ore is wanting for the work than that they ould be earnest in prayer to God that He would ess it. Let every man resolve to give himself prayer, and in the spirit of prayer to devote mself to this great work ; and it is wonderful w much difference of opinion disappears when eir hearts were fixed upon the service of the ue God."

In 1868, on the death of Dr. Longley, Dr. ait was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. e frequently speaks in the House of Lords, but enerally only on ecclesiastical questions, and is admirable debating qualities always secure im an attentive audience. He is an effective reacher, earnest rather than eloquent, and eems to use or omit to use his manuscript at leasure. Some of his sermons, especially those reached at the special services, are exceedingly fective. As an administrator he has very much ork to do also, which he does effectively and ell, and he ably fills his responsible position s the highest ecclesiastical dignitary in the hurch of England. Dr. Tait married in 1843 daughter of Archdeacon Spooner, and a family f seven children have been the issue of the mar- age. Of these five daughters died within a few ays of each other, of scarlet-fever, while Dr. ait was at Rugby. In May last his beloved and ly son, who was rector of a large church in ondon, died ; and on Monday the 2d instant Dr. Tait was bereaved of his wife, whom he early loved. Though so successful in his min- stry and so honored in the church, few men have uffered domestic afflictions more severe.

A GOOD TEST.

THE question is often asked, what amusements may a Christian consistently indulge in? The following incident supplies an answer:

THE Rev. W. Romaine was one evening invited to a friend's house to tea. After the tea-things had been removed, the lady of the house asked him to play cards, to which he made no objection. When they were produced, however, and all present were ready to commence play, the venerable minister said, "Let us ask the blessing of God." "Ask the blessing of God!" said the lady in great surprise: "I never heard of such a thing before a game of cards." Mr. Romaine then inquired, "Ought we to engage in any thing on which we cannot ask His blessing?" This gentle reproof put an end to the card-playing.

HELP FOR THOSE OFF THE TRACK.

"An Exploration Sermon," by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday morning, December 15.

"When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."—PROV. 23:35.

Those who having Gone Astray Desire to Return—I. The Obstacles in the Way—1st. The Force of Moral Gravitation—The Evil always Easier than the Good—Moral like Physical Gravitation may be Overcome—2d Obstacle: The Power of Evil Habits—The Votaries of Drink and Tobacco—A Futile Struggle for Emancipation—The Ship on Fire at Niagara—A Student's Death while Skating—3d Obstacle: Social Prejudices—The Returning Prodigal's Reception at Church—Pharisees in the Church—4th Obstacle: The Competition of the Sects—II. How to Surmount the Obstacles—1. Reliance on God—"Cut the Slices Thin"—Distinctions Sunk in the Hospital—2. Quitting Bad Associations—3. Seek Christian Advice—The Best News for Parents—A Country Picture.

I HAVE thought, in the midst of this series of sermons which I am preaching on the night side of city life, it would be well for me to address a sermon of help to the multitude of people who have got on the wrong track. In the nights of my exploration I found a great multitude of men who had gone astray, and nothing more impressed me than *the fact of their great multitude.*

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better, he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by uneradicated habit, and forced down-hill by his passions, he cries out: "*I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more.*"

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwrecks; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray *how is he to get back?* That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this morning to such.

There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear such a discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incarcerated. Now, if there be any in this house, come with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand and call them brother. Look up. There is glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of Gospel deliverance. The church is ready to spread a banquet at your return, and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are

THE OBSTACLES IN THE WAY

of your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles.

1. The first difficulty in the way of your return is *the force of moral gravitation.* Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth any thing you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier *to go down than it is to go up;* it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right.

Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad. *Which most affected you?* Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years—some of them pure, some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain courses of conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield?

Ah! my friends, we have to take but a moment of self-inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation. *But that gravitation may be resisted.* Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation in every one of us, but power in God's grace to overcome that force of moral gravitation.

2. The next thing in the way of your return is

THE POWER OF EVIL HABIT.

I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, ruining him body, mind, and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves it is hard to give it up.

It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our hearts, and our bad habits, we are sailing down stream; but the moment we try to turn, we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream.

Take a man given to the habit of using tobacco, *as most of you do!* and let him resolve to stop, and he finds it very difficult. Seventeen years ago I quit that habit, and I would as soon dare to put my right hand in the fire as once to indulge in it. Why? *Because it was such a terrific struggle to get over it.* Now, let a man be advised by his physician to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a line of figures. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging, he is scalding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth, and shaken a portent in the heavens? *He has tried to stop smoking!*

After a while he says: "Well, I am going to do as I please. The doctor doesn't understand my case. I am going back to my old habit." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky and greenness into mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to smoking.

Oh! the fact is, as we all know in our own experience, that *habit is a taskmaster;* as longs we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips, and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Juggernauts.

During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night and tossed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit coming down through the rapids and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. Oh! how hard it is to arrest them. God only can arrest them.

Suppose a man after five, or ten, or twenty years of evil-doing resolves to do right? Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clinches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine-store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive hand-to-hand fight with in flamed.

tantalizing, and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer.

In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh! how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but he is riding a monster wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death-leap. How many there are who resolve on a better life, and say, "When shall I awake?" but, seized on by their old habits, cry, "I will try it once more; I will seek it yet again!"

Years ago, there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from the air-hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place. But one young man with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out, "One round more!" He swept around, and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. *It is the one round more.*

3. I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices,

SOCIETY REPULSES HIM.

Desiring to reform, he says: "Now I will shake off my old associates, and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath-day, and the usher greets him with a look as much as to say, "Why, you here! You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door!" Instead of saying, "Good-morning; I am glad you are here. Come; I will give you a first-rate seat, right up by the pulpit."

Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer-meeting, and some Christian man, with more zeal than common-sense, says: "Glad to see you; the dying thief was saved, and I suppose there is mercy for you!" The young man, disgusted, chilled, throws himself back on his dignity, resolved he will never enter the house of God again.

Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about reformation, he sides up by some highly respectable man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street!

Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand, offers him the tip end of the long fingers of the left hand, *which is equal to striking a man in the face.* Oh! how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good, honest handshaking.

Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind, and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know any thing at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against *repulsions innumerable.*

We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church. There are people in Brooklyn and New York who live a thousand miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there came to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people almost threw up their hands in horror, as much as to say, "Isn't it shocking?"

How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself! They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. Oh! ye who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured and the refined and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination. It is not because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are *you* that *you* should be so hard on the fallen?

THE SECTS.

4. I think men also are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership, and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God, and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of church he is going to join. O my friends! it is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechisms, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist love-feasts, and baptistries to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the Gospel.

Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a life-boat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man out of the boat, "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live on my street?" *First get him ashore*, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven?

Oh! you ought to have, my brother, an illumined face and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way. Take hold the same book with him though his dissipations shake the book, remembering that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins.

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and

HOW THE SHACKLES MAY BE UNRIVETED,

and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. *First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God.* Go to Him frankly and earnestly, and tell Him these habits you have, and ask Him, if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you.

Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs" and "ahs," and "forever and forever, amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot cry for help, just look and live.

I remember, in the late war, I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle, and I said to a man, "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound.

Oh! it is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around him, and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts His right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Blessed be God for such a Gospel as this.

"Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God there is a full loaf for every one that wants it. Bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table.

I remember when the Master Street Hospital, in Philadelphia, was opened during the war, a telegram came, saying, "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night; be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows.

As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was *how to take off the rags the most gently*, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

2. Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to ge back, to

QUIT ALL YOUR BAD ASSOCIATIONS.

One unholy intimacy will fill your soul wit moral distemper. In all the ages of the churc there has not been an instance where a ma kept one evil associate and was reformed Among the twelve hundred thousand of th race, not one instance.

Go home to-day, open your desk, take o letter-paper, stamp an envelope, and then writ a letter something like this:

> "My Old Companions: I start this day for heave Until I am persuaded you will join me in this, farewell."

Then sign your name, and send the letter wi the first post. Give up your bad companio or give up heaven. It is not ten bad compa ions that destroy a man, nor five bad compa ions, nor three bad companions, nor two b companions, *but one.* What chance is there f that young man I saw along the street, four five young men with him, halting in front of grogshop, urging him to go in, he resisting, v lently resisting, until after a while they forc him to go in? It was a summer night and t door was left open, and I saw the process. Th held him fast, and they put the cup to his li and they forced down the strong drink. Wh chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also,

SEEK CHRISTIAN ADVICE.

Every Christian man is bound to help you. I you find no other human ear willing to lis to your story of struggle, *come to me* and I by every sympathy of my heart, and ev prayer, and every toil of my hand, stand bes you in the struggle for reformation; and hope to have my own sins forgiven and hop be acquitted at the judgment-seat of Chris *will not betray you.*

First of all, seek God, then seek Chris counsel. Gather up all the energies of bo mind, and soul, and, appealing to God for s cess, declare this day everlasting war agains drinking habits, all gaming practices, all hc of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to n ing; it must be

A WATERLOO.

Shrink back now and you are lost. on and you are saved. A Spartan general fe the very moment of victory, but he dipped finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock which he was dying, "Sparta has conquer Though your struggle to get rid of sin seem to be almost a death struggle, you ca your finger in your own blood and write on Rock of Ages, "Victory through our Jesus Christ."

Oh! what glorious news it would be for of these young men to send home to their ents in the country these holidays which are ing. They go to the post-office every d two to see whether there are any letters you. How anxious they are to hear! might send them for a holiday present this son a book from one of our best publi houses, or a complete wardrobe from th porter's palace; it would not please them h much as the news you might send home to that you had given your heart to God. I ow

HOW IT IS IN THE COUNTRY.

he night comes on. The cattle stand under rack through which burst the trusses of hay. horses, just having frisked up from the adow at the night-fall, stand knee-deep in bright straw that invites them to lie down rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, r feet warm under the feathers.

n the old farm-house at night no candle is ted, for the flames clap their hands about great back log, and shake the shadow of the up up and down the wall. Father and mo- sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. onder what they are thinking of. After a le the father breaks the silence and says, ell, I wonder where our boy is in town to- ht!" and the mother answers, "In no bad ce, I warrant you; we always could trust him n he was home, and since he has been away re have been so many prayers offered for we can trust him still." Then at eight lock—for they retire early in the country— eight o'clock they kneel down and commend to that God who watches in country and in n, on the land and on the sea.

ome one said to a Grecian general, "What the proudest moment in your life?" He ught a moment, and said: "The proudest ment in my life was when I sent word home my parents that I had gained the victory." d the proudest and most brilliant moment in r life will be the moment when you can send rd to your parents in the country that you e conquered your evil habits by the grace of , and become eternal victor.

h! despise not parental anxiety. The time come when you will have neither father nor ther, and you will go around the place where y used to watch you and find them gone from house, and gone from the field, and gone m the neighborhood. Cry as loud for for- eness as you may over the mound in the rchyard, they will not answer.

DEAD! DEAD!

And then you will take out the white lock of r that was cut from your mother's brow t before they buried her, and you will take cane with which your father used to walk, l you will think and think, and wish that you l done just as they wanted you to, and uld give the world if you had never thrust ang through their dear old hearts.

od pity the young man who has brought dis- ce on his father's name. God pity the young n who has broken his mother's heart. Bet- if he had never been born—better if in the t hour of his life, instead of being laid inst the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, had been coffined and sepulchred. There no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of who has brought parents to a sorrowful ve, and who wanders about through the dis- cemetery, rending the hair and wringing hands, and crying, "Mother! mother!"

h that to-day, by all the memories of the t, and by all the hopes of the future, you uld yield your heart to God. May your fa- r's God and your mother's God be your God ever!

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he sermons by Dr. Talmage which are publiched n week to week in this journal are verbatim and bridged reports. They are published by special angement with Dr. Talmage, and are revised by .

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r. Spurgeon's Silver Wedding.—The ap- aching twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Spur- n's marriage is to be commemorated in a y which will enlist the sympathy of the ristian public at large. It is proposed to e a sum of $25,000 as a testimonial to the re- wned pastor of the Tabernacle. But as Mr. rgeon, with characteristic unselfishness, de- es to accept it for his own use, the money is be devoted to the support of almshouses for d women.

Further Proceedings of

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

at Holy Trinity, New York.

Conclusion of Dr. Brooke's Paper on "The Coming of the Lord in Relation to Christian Doctrine." III. Its Relation to the Removal of the Curse—IV. Its Purifying Influence—V. The Point at which Sanctification is Complete—VI. Relation of this Doctrine to that of the Inspiration of the Scriptures—VII. To the Doctrine of the Resurrection—An Incident in Ancient History—The Sea, the Sea!

Wars and rumors of wars, famines and pestilences, anxiety and unrest everywhere, scientific men burning incense to their own vanity, the masses upheaving with mad efforts to destroy the foundations of all government, appalling crimes and shocking villanies loading the columns of our daily journals, infidelity garrisoned within the Church, the world blaspheming in its rage and pain, the virgins asleep—such is the picture our Lord Himself drew of the course of the present age, "till He come." It is a picture true to the facts of human experience and observation, and it is submitted to the consideration of the candid inquirer, whether the hope of His coming to quiet this confusion and to quell this turbulence does not glorify Him more than the boast of a religious progress, which even ungodly men can see is a delusion and a snare, and a mirage of the desert.

Third—This leads us to glance at His coming in relation to

THE PROMISED REMOVAL OF THE CURSE

from the face and bosom of suffering creation. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rev. 5:12). To fallen Adam it was said, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee" (Gen. 3:17, 18). From that day to this the curse has smitten the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the king and the peasant, the philosopher and the savage alike, and diffused its virulent poison through the whole system of nature. The winds with their ominous moan, the lower animals that once crouched lovingly at man's feet, the dumb earth reluctantly yielding her riches to his toil, and the waves with their resistless might, seem to have conspired against the destroyer of their peace, as if they would hurry him into the grave. But the Word of God that liveth and abideth forever tells of a time, and that, too, while nations exist, when "there shall be no more curse" (Rev. 22:3); when "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them" (Isaiah 11:6).

It is obvious that the spread of Christianity, however widely extended, personal devotedness to the Saviour, however fervent, the suppression of moral evils, however thorough, can never arrest disease and decay and death, nor extract malaria from the soil, nor cause the fir-tree to grow instead of the thorns, and the myrtle-tree in place of the brier. If, however, post-millennialists insist that the cow and the bear feeding together, the lion eating straw like an ox, the sucking child playing unharmed on the hole of the asp, the desert rejoicing and blossoming as the rose, and the thirsty land becoming springs of water, are to be understood spiritually, being nothing more than poetical metaphors to show the transforming power of the Gospel, they are forced to conclude that the curse will rush onward in its desolating career through the entire period of their anticipated millennium. Storms will continue to burst in unsparing fury upon earth and sea; creation will continue to groan in her travailing throes, plague and pestilence will continue their work of destruction; sickness and pain will continue to invade every household; death will continue to lay his ruffian grasp on every quivering form, hard labor, corroding care, bitter poverty, darkened homes, blighted hopes,

> "The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to,"

will continue to harass and waste and kill, as the thousand years roll on, until a great cry would ascend to God to bring such a millennium to a speedy end.

But He is better than men think, for "He shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you: whom the heaven must receive until the times of *restitution of all things*, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began." It is reserved for the second man in person, and on the very earth that held His cross, to remove the curse inflicted by the first man; and it is strange that one loyal to Him can wish it to be otherwise.

When the expectation of His personal coming dropped out of the faith and hope of the Church after three hundred years of blessed testimony and successful service, she did little through the dark ages to bear His name to the perishing millions; and this was dishonoring to Him as the Prophet and Priest of His people. But since the era of modern missions, she boasts that she can and will repair the ruins of the fall, and reign on the earth, while He has gone into a far country to receive for Himself a kingdom, and to return; and this is no less dishonoring to Him as the anointed king of the nations. Some at least, thank God, do not desire her coronation until His own royal hand shall seat her beside Him on the throne, for they are singing day by day, with full intelligence of its meaning,

> "Bring forth the royal diadem
> And crown HIM Lord of all!"

Fourth—His pre-millennial coming sustains a relation *to the doctrine of purification* equally direct and important. Owing to the prevalence of the unscriptural theory that by the combined efforts of civilization and religion the world grows better as it grows older, not only is the sovereignty of God in the bestowal of His grace banished from the emasculated theology of the day, but men are thrown upon their own resources for salvation. According to the preaching too frequently heard, even when there is no bold denial of the plain statements of Scripture concerning the future punishment of the wicked, conversion is represented as a long and laborious process, a result of culture under self-imposed restraints, or a conformity to ecclesiastical rules and regulations, with a vague and indefinite hope that all this may purchase a title to heaven.

According to the Gospel, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3:36); "By Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13:39); "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" Romans 4:5); and "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Romans 5:1). All is simple, clear, and pressing, as if there were urgent need of haste in delivering the message, and of haste no less urgent, on the part of those who listen, to receive it, and straightway to rejoice.

Those who spoke knew that Christ might come while they were speaking, and they would have those who heard to know it likewise, that they might lay hold of eternal life without a moment's delay. They must be like the dying thief, who had no time to make himself better, but was shut up to the necessity of believing the promise of Jesus; they must be like multitudes of Christians on a dying bed, of whom it is said they received dying grace, because at last they are forced to turn from trying to trusting, when it ought to have been *living grace* all along; they must be like those of whom the Master spoke in view of His coming, "He which shall be upon the house-top, and his stuff in the house, let him not come down to take it away: and he that is in the field, let him likewise not return back" (Luke 17:31). No one can really look for His advent as possible every day, as not improbable any day, without being cast upon His finished work alone for justification, and upon His faithful word alone for assurance.

Nor will it answer to substitute death for His personal coming, because death is not mentioned in Scripture as that which is set before the believers, and because it is notoriously the most powerless and the most fruitless argument that can be addressed to men. It is something far more impressive than a solitary death that demands immediate attention, and that sends out the stirring words, "Come; for all things are now ready" (Luke 14 : 17).

Fifth—His second coming has a bearing on the doctrine of sanctification as indicating

THE POINT AT WHICH SANCTIFICATION IS COMPLETED.

There is a sense in which believers are *already* sanctified, for we read, "To them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus" (1 Cor. 1 : 2). But using the term at present in its commonly accepted sense, as implying progressive holiness, or the increasing ascendency of the new man over the old man, of the spirit over the flesh, what thoughts cluster about it in the light of our Lord's second advent!

Post-millennialists invariably make it end at death, and thus turn our attention to that which is the curse, the consequence and the conquest of sin, to the clammy sweat, the glazing eye, the labored breathing, the coffin, the grave, the worm and corruption, as the goal to which the Holy Spirit's discipline and teachings conduct the believer. It is needless to say that no such view is presented in Scripture. There a far higher and nobler object is set before us: "To the end He may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father, *at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ* with all his saints" (1 Thess. 3 : 13); "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless *unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ*" (1 Thess. 5 : 23).

This, and not death, is the appropriate and glorious termination of our growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that coming accounts for the twofold form in which sanctification and other doctrines of God's Word are revealed. We are sanctified now through the cleansing blood, should He come to-day; should He be pleased to tarry yet a little longer, and will have larger and still larger experiences of His sustaining and sanctifying grace amid trials and conflicts here below.

Sixth—The relation of the Second Coming *to the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures* must not be entirely overlooked, even in so imperfect an outline of the connections in which the great truth stands in the New Testament. Those who witness for this truth have fought the battle with its enemies on the ground of ecclesiastical history, and on the ground of biblical exegesis, and have triumphantly carried both points, that the early disciples looked for the advent of Christ, and that this advent was nothing but His *literal and personal* return to the earth. Forced to abandon their former position, Post-Millennial ministers and writers are now taking a new stand, far more dangerous to the souls of men, and far more dishonoring to the Lord. They are boldly asserting that holy men of old, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, were mistaken when they taught the people to look for His coming.

How could they be mistaken in that which was not a subject of revelation? They were not taught that He would, or would not, come at any fixed time, but they were taught to look for [illegible] and, should they die before His advent, to [illegible] their believing expectation of it as the most precious legacy they [illegible] that so His coming might be the one radiant star of hope in the firmament of revealed truth for the entire [illegible].

But if it "would introduce a dangerous license in interpretation, and one which might be employed to subvert the principal doctrines of the Christian system," to refer the numerous statements of Scripture on this subject to anything else than the second advent of the Lord, it is a much more dangerous license to say that the Apostles were mistaken in their teachings.

If they were mistaken on this point, they may have been mistaken on other points, and infidelity is the logical and inevitable result of affirming either one or the other. It is becoming quite the fashion to treat lightly and irreverently the authority of the Bible, whenever it runs counter to some popular theory, or scientific assertion, or humanitarian scheme; and to one who knows that the very words of Scripture were given by the Holy Ghost the tendency of the pulpit in this direction is exceedingly alarming.

Seventh—The relation of our Lord's second coming to

THE DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION

is too well known to require extended remark, even if time permitted. The two are intimately and indissolubly associated in the Scriptures, though the fatal habit of spiritualizing away the one has, to a fearful extent, led to the denial of the literality of the other. Nor is this result surprising, painful as it is to see the abandonment of a doctrine so prominent in the Word of God, and so peculiar to Christian faith.

If the frequent allusions to the advent of Christ, running all through the New Testament, can be perverted to mean a thousand different things, it is not strange that those who are perplexed by scientific argument against the reality of the resurrection would seek to explain it as referring only to some spiritual change at death. But one is as literal as the other, and both stand or fall together: "Christ the first-fruits; afterward, they that are Christ's, at His coming" (1 Cor. 15 : 23).

Hence, too, there is nothing, and in the very nature of the scheme of redemption there can be nothing, between believers and that promised advent, with its attendant resurrection of the righteous dead. The first step is to be in Christ, of whom it is said, "Ye are complete in Him" (Col. 2 : 10); the next step is to be with Christ in the glory. The first step is to receive Christ by faith, the next step is to wait for Christ from heaven. There is no need of delay either to secure additional title to the incomplete inheritance or to acquire fitness for its possession, since the cry that shook earth and hell was heard ascending from the dying Saviour, "It is finished" (John 19 : 30).

It was to be expected, therefore, that even the first pagan converts having turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, would be taught "to wait for his Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus which delivered us from the wrath to come" (1 Thess. 1 : 10). There was nothing else, there could have been nothing else, set before them as the hope of the Gospel; for if the grave intervened, it was only in the touching words of the inscription on Dean Alford's tomb—"*The inn of a traveller on his way to the New Jerusalem.*"

Should the objection be raised that they waited in vain, and that their hope met with a cruel disappointment, the reply is, their bodies are waiting still in the assurance of a glorious resurrection at His coming. They laid their dead to rest, comforted with the thought that before they left the place of burial the Lord Himself might descend from heaven with a kingly and conquering shout to His own sleeping and living saints to awaken the former and to change the latter; for had He not in the last chapter of the Bible three times repeated the promise, "I come quickly"? There is no revolution of the earth upon its axis in that bright world of which it is said, "there shall be no night there" (Rev. 21 : 25), and ages fly swiftly where all is glory and gladness. When the voice sounds from the celestial city, "Surely I come quickly," it is counting time as it is reckoned by Him with whom a thousand years are as one day (2 Pet. 3 : 8).

Brethren in the Lord, we are not prophets, we are only humble students of the prophetic Word; and while it is not for us "to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power" (Acts 1 : 7), it certainly becomes us, after the lapse of more than 1800 years, to shout with increased earnestness and urgency to the midnight cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

THE SEA—THE SEA!

Xenophon relates that the Greeks, after the death of Cyrus, were exposed to innumerable hardships in their retreat through hostile countries. They were forced to face the bitter blasts of winter, and marched through snows, and were scorched by the burning sun, and crossed pestilential marshes, and scaled steep mountains, and stormed forts and citadels, and were harassed at every step by their wary and relentless foes. At last the vanguard ascended a mountain and gave a great shout, "which when Xenophon and those in the rear heard, they concluded that some other enemies attacked them in front. . . . The noise still increasing as they came nearer, and the men, as fast as they came up, running to those who still continued shouting, their cries swelled with their numbers so that Xenophon, thinking that somethin more than ordinary had happened, mounted o horseback, and, taking with him Lycius and hi horse, rode up to their assistance, and pres ently they heard all the soldiers calling ou 'Sea, sea!' and cheering one another. At th time they all set a running, the rear-guard a well as the rest, and the beasts of burden an horses were driven forward. When they we all come up to the top of the mountain th embraced one another, and also their genera and captains, with tears in their eyes."

Courage, fellow-soldiers, for we shall soon b hold the sea, with its placid bosom kept in m lennial repose by the commanding "Peace, still" of Jesus; and upon its "shining shor we shall ever be with the Lord.

"Brother! up to the breach,
For Christ's coming and truth;
Let us act as we teach,
With the wisdom of age, and the vigor of youth
Heed not their cannon-balls;
Ask not who stands or falls·
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And—forward!"

Dr. E. R. Craven, of Newark, read the lowing paper on

THE COMING OF THE LORD IN ITS R- LATIONS TO CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE

The Infant Class in Theology—A Central Doct e —The Second Advent Ever Imminent—Supp s- ed Inconsistency of that with the Doctrine of the Spirit's Continued Work—or with His I nity—The Question is one of Purpose, not on of Power—Nature of the Trinity—The Doct e Agrees with the one Defining the Offices of e Spirit—The King and the Mountain—The In ence of the Doctrine on Missionary Energy.

I have heard that it has been said that e- Millenarians constitute the infant class in e- ology. Most willingly, gladly, do I take e place thus assigned me, for I have not *now* to learn that the Master often hides the g at things of His Kingdom from the wise and u- dent and reveals them unto babes. I can n- ceive of no higher honor, no greater blessedness, on earth or in heaven, than to sit as a chil at the feet of Jesus and drink in the words o n- struction as they fall from His lips. God g nt that with the simplicity of a child I may l rn the truth from Him to-day, and that with ke simplicity I may recite it.

I have been requested not to read a forma pa per, but to deliver an address on the Relatio of the Coming of Christ to Christian Doctrine It cannot, of course, be expected or desired t t I should retraverse the subject so fully and bly presented by Dr. Brookes. I shall, there re, your understanding to contrive, to invent, to fashion the ideal of something that should be inimitable—ay (to utter a paradox) if you could labor to conceive something which should be inconceivably lovely, yet still you would not reach to the perfection of Christ Jesus. He is above, not only all we think, but all we dream of. Do you all believe this? Dear hearers, do you think of Jesus in this fashion? We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen. But no man among you will receive our witness until he can say, "I also have seen Him, and having seen Him, I set to my seal that He is altogther lovely."

II. And now, secondly, as this is rare praise, so likewise

IT IS PERPETUAL PRAISE.

You may say of Christ whenever you look at Him, "Yea, He is altogether lovely." He always was so. As God over all, He is blessed for ever, Amen. When in addition to His Godhead, He assumed our mortal clay, was He not inimitably lovely then? The babe in Bethlehem was the most beautiful sight that ever the world beheld. No fairer flower ever bloomed in the garden of creation than the mind of that youth of Nazareth gradually unfolding, as He "grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon Him." All the while He lived on earth, what moral perfections, what noble qualities, what spiritual charms were about His sacred person! His life among men is a succession of charming pictures.

And He was lovely in his bitter passion, when as the thick darkness overshadowed His soul He prayed, in an agony of desire, "Not My will, but Thine, be done." The bloody sweat did not disfigure, but adorn Him. And oh, was He not lovely when He died? Without resentment, He interceded for His murderers. His patience, His self-possession, His piety, as "the faithful martyr," have fixed as the meridian of time the hour when He said, "It is finished," and bowed His head, and "cried with a loud voice, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He is lovely in His resurrection from the dead; beyond description lovely. Not a word of accusation did He utter against His cruel persecutors, though He had risen clothed with all power in heaven and in earth. With such tender sympathy did He make Himself known to His sorrowing disciples, that despite the waywardness of their unbelief their hearts' instinct told them it was "*the same Jesus.*" *He is altogether lovely.*

He will be lovely *when He comes with solemn pomp*, and sound of trumpet, and escort of mighty angels, and brings all His saints who have departed with Him, *and calls up those that are alive and remain on the earth till His advent, to meet Him in the air.* Oh, how lovely He will appear to the two throngs who will presently join in one company! How admirable will His appearance be! How eyes, ears, hearts, and voices will greet Him! With what unanimity the host redeemed by blood will account their highest acclamations as a trivial tribute to His honor and glory! "He is altogether lovely." Yea, and He shall be lovely forever and ever when your eyes and mine shall eternally find their heaven in beholding Him. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," is always worthy of this word of praise—"altogether lovely."

Let us retrace our steps for a minute. The more we study the four gospels, the more charmed we are with the *gospel;* for as a modern author has well said, "The gospels, like the gospel, are most divine because they are most human." As followers of Jesus, rank yourselves with those men who companied with Him all the time that He went in and out among them; and you shall find Him *lovely in all conditions.* Lovely when He talks to a leper, and touches and heals him; lovely by the bedside when He takes the fever-stricken patient by the hand and heals her; lovely by the wayside, when He greets the blind beggar, puts His finger on his eyes and bids him see; lovely when He stands on the sinking vessel and rebukes the waves; lovely when He meets the bier and rekindles the life that had expired; lovely when He visits the mourners, goes with the sisters of Bethany to the new-made grave, and weeps, and groans, and—majestically lovely—bids the dead come forth.

Lovely is He when He rides through the streets of Jerusalem upon a colt, the foal of an ass. Oh, had we been there, we would have plucked the palm branches, and we would have taken off our garments to strew the way. Hosannah, lovely Prince of Peace! But He was just as lovely when He came from the garden with His face all besmeared with bloody sweat; just as lovely when they said, "Crucify Him, crucify Him;" ay, and loveliest, to my eyes loveliest of all, when mangled, wounded, fainting, bruised, dying, He said, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" uttering a plaintive cry of utmost grief from the felon's gibbet whereon he died.

He is lovely in all His offices. What an entrancing sight to see the king in His beauty, with His diadem upon His head, as He now sits in yonder world of brightness! How charming to view Him as a priest, with the Urim and Thummim, wearing the names of his people bejewelled on His breastplate! And what a vision of simple beauty, to see Him as a prophet teaching his people in touching parables of homely interest, of whom they said, "Never man spake like this man"! The very tones of His voice, and the glance of his eyes, made His eloquence so supreme that it enthralled men's hearts. Yes, He is lovely, altogether lovely in any and every character. We know not which best beseems him, the highest or the lowliest positions. Let Him be what He may—Lamb or Shepherd, Brother or King, Saviour or Master, Foot-washer or Lord—in every relation He is altogether lovely.

Get a view of Him, my brethren, *from any point*, and see whether he is not lovely. Do you recollect the first sight you ever had of Him? It was on a day when your eyes were red with weeping over sin, and you expected to see the Lord dressed in anger coming forth to destroy you. Oh, it was the happiest sight I ever saw when I beheld my sins rolling into His sepulchre, and when looking up I beheld Him my Substitute bleeding on the tree. Altogether lovely was he that day. Since then Providence has given us a varied experience, and taken us to different points of view that we might look at Christ, and see Him under many aspects.

We look at *statues* from several standpoints if we would criticise them. A great many in London are hideous from all points of view—others are very well if you look at them this way, but if you go over yonder and look from another point the artist appears to have utterly failed. Now, beloved, look at Jesus from any point you like, and He is at his best from each and every corner. You have been in prosperity: God multiplied your children and blessed your basket and your store—was Jesus lovely then? Assuredly He was the light of your delights. Nothing he had given you vied with Himself. He rose in your hearts superior to His own best gifts. But you tell me that you have been very sick, and you have lost one after another of your dear ones; your means have been reduced; you have come down in the world: say, then, is Jesus lovely now? I know that you will reply "Yes, more than ever is Christ delightful in mine eyes." Well, you have had very happy times, and you have been on the mount of hallowed friendship.

The other Sunday morning many of us were up there, and thought like Peter that we should like to stay there forever; and is not Jesus lovely when He is transfigured and we are with Him? Yes, but at another time you are down in the depths with Jonah, at the bottom of the sea. Is not Christ lovely then? Yes, even there He hears our prayer out of His holy temple, and brings us again from the deep abyss. We shall soon lie dying. Oh, my brethren, what brave talk God's people have often given us about their Lord when they have been on the edge of the grave! That seems to be a time when the Well-beloved takes the veil off His face altogether and sits by the bedside, and lets His children look into His face, and see him as He is. I warrant you the saints forget the ghastliness of death when their hearts are ravished with the loveliness of Christ.

Christ is altogether lovely in this respect—that, when men reproach Him and rail at Him, he is often all the lovelier in His people's eyes. I warrant you Christ has been better known by the burn-side in Scotland by His covenanting people than ever He has been seen under the fretted roof of cathedral architecture. Away there in lonely glens, amid the mosses and the hills, where Covenanters met for fear of Claverhouse and his dragoons, the Lord Jesus has shone forth like the sun in his strength. We have nowadays to be satisfied with His moonlight face, but in persecuting days His children have seen His sun face, and oh! how glad they have been. Hear how the saints sing in prison! Listen to their charming notes, even on the rack, when the glory of His presence fills their souls with heaven on earth, and makes them defy the torments of the flesh.

The Lord Jesus is more lovely to the soul that can bear reproach for Him than He is to any other. Put the cross on His back if you will, but we love Him all the better for that. Nail up His hands, but we love Him all the better for that. Now fasten His feet; ay, but our soul melteth with love to Him, and she feels new reasons for loving Him when she beholds the nails. Now stand ye around the cross, ye worldlings, and mock Him if ye will. Taunt and jest, and jeer and jibe—these do but make us love the better the great and glorious One, who "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Beloved, you shall keep on looking at Christ from all these points of view till you get to heaven, and each time you shall be more enamoured of Him. When you reach the celestial city and see Him face to face, then shall you say, "The half has not been told us," but even here below Christ is altogether lovely to His people.

III. I leave that head just to notice, in the third place, that though this praise is rare praise and perpetual praise, yet also IT IS TOTALLY INSUFFICIENT PRAISE.

Say ye that He is altogether lovely? It is not enough. It is not a thousandth part enough. No tongue of man, no tongue of angel, can ever set forth His unutterable beauties. "Oh," say you, "but it is a great word, though short; very full of meaning though soon spoken—*altogether lovely.*" I tell you it is a poor word. It is a word of despair. It is a word which the spouse uttered, because she had been trying to describe her Lord and she could not do it, and so she put this down in very desperation: as much as to say, "There, the task is too great for me. I will end it. This is all I can say. 'Yea, He is altogether lovely.'" I am sure John Berridge was right when he said—

> "Living tongues are dumb at best,
> We must die to speak of Christ."

Brethren, the praise of the text is insufficient praise, I know, because it is praise given by one who had never seen Him in His glory. It is Old Testament praise this, that He is altogether lovely: praise uttered upon report rather than upon actual view of Him. Truly I know not how to bring better, but *I shall know* one day. Till then I will speak His praise as best I can, though it fall far short of His infinite excellence. Our text is cloth of gold, but it is not fit for our Beloved to put the sole of His foot upon.

He deserves better than this, for this is only the praise of a church that had not seen Him die, and had not seen Him rise, and had not seen Him in the splendor at the divine right hand. "Well," say you, "try if you can do better." No, I will not, because I if did praise Him better, the style would not last long, for He is coming quickly, and the best thing the best speaker could ever say of Him will be put out of date by the majesty of His appearing. His chariot is waiting at His door now, and He may soon come forth from His secret chambers and be among us, and oh! the glory—oh! the glory! Paul, you know, stole a glance through the lattices one day when he was caught up into the third heaven.

Somebody said to me, "I wonder Paul did not tell us what he saw." Ay, but what he saw he might not tell, and the words he heard were words which it were not lawful for a man to utter, and yet to live among this evil generation. We shall hear those words ourselves soon, and see those sights not many days hence, so let it stand as it does, "He is altogether lovely." But when you have thus summed up all that our poor tongues can express, you must not say, "Now we have described Him." Oh no, sirs, ye have but held a candle to this glorious sun, for He is such an one as thoughts cannot compass, much less language describe.

I leave this point with the reflection that *God intends to describe Him and set Him forth one day.* He is waiting patiently, for long-suffering is part of Christ's character; and God is setting forth the long-suffering of Christ in the patient waiting of these eighteen hundred years. But the day shall presently dawn and usher in the everlasting age when Christ shall be better seen, for every eye shall see Him, and every tongue confess that He is Lord. The whole earth will one day be sweet with the praise of Jesus. Earth, did I say? This alabaster box of Christ's sweetness has too much fragrance in it for the world to keep it all to itself; the sweetness of our Lord's person will rise above the stars, and perfume worlds unknown.

It will fill heaven itself. Eternity shall be occupied with declaring the praises of Jesus. Seraphs shall sing of it; angels shall harp it; the redeemed shall declare it. He is altogether lovely. The cycles of eternity as they revolve shall only confirm the statement of the blood-redeemed that He is altogether lovely. O that the day were come when we shall bow with them and sing with them! Wait a little while and be not weary, and you shall be at home, and then you shall know that I spoke the truth when I said that this was insufficient praise. Earth is too narrow to contain Him, heaven is too little to hold Him, eternity itself too short for the utterance of all His praises.

IV. So I close with this last thought, which may God bless for practical uses. This praise is

VERY SUGGESTIVE.

Do you not love Christ? Then let me ask you why you do not? There was never a man yet that knew Christ that could give a reason for not loving Him, neither is there such a reason to be discovered. He is altogether lovely. In nothing is He unlovable. Oh I wish that the good Spirit of God would whisper in your heart, and incline you to say, "I will see about this Christ. I will read of Him. I will look at the four portraits of Him painted by the evangelists and if He be indeed thus lovely, no doubt He will win my heart, as He appears to have won the hearts of others." I pray He may. But do not, I pray you, continue to deny Christ your love. It is all you can give Him. It is a poor thing, but He values it. He would sooner have your heart than all the gold in Europe.

Now, the praise is suggestive still further. "Is Christ altogether lovely? Then do I love Him? As a child of God, do I love Him, as much as I ought? I do love Him. Yes, blessed be His name, I do love Him. But what a poor, cold, chill love it is. How few are the sacrifices I make for Him. How few are the offerings that I present to Him. How little is the fellowship that I maintain with Him." Brother, is there a rival in your heart? Do you allow any one to come in between you and the "altogether lovely." If so, chase out the intruder. Christ must have all your heart, and let me tell you the more we love Him the more bliss we shall have. A soul that is altogether given up to the love of Christ lives above care and sorrow.

It has care and sorrow, but the love of Christ kills all the bitterness by its inexpressible sweetness. I cannot tell you how near a man may live to heaven, but I am persuaded that a very large proportion of the bliss of heaven may be enjoyed before we come there. There is one conduit pipe through which heavenly joy will flow, and if you draw from it you may have as much as you will. "Abide in Me," says Christ; and if you do abide in His love you shall have His joy fulfilled in yourselves, that your joy may be full. You will have more capacious vessels in heaven, but even now the little vessel that you have can be filled up to the brim by knowing the inexpressible loveliness of Jesus and surrendering your hearts to it.

Oh that I could rise to something better than myself. I often feel like a chick in the egg; I am picking my way out, and I cannot get clear of my prison. Fain would I chip the shell, come forth to freedom, develop wings, and soar heavenward, singing on the road. Would God that were our portion. If any thing can help us to get out of the shell, and to begin to rise and sing, it must be a full and clear perception that Jesus is altogether lovely. Come, let us be married to him afresh to-night.

Come, believing hearts, yield again to His charms; again surrender yourselves to the supremacy of His affection. Let us have the love of our espousals renewed. As you come to his table bethink you of the lips of Christ, of which the spouse had been speaking before she uttered my text—"His mouth is most sweet." There are *three things about Christ's mouth that are very sweet.* The first is *His word,* you have heard that. The second is *His breath.* Come, Holy Spirit, make Thy people feel that. And the third is *His kiss.* May every believing soul have that sweet token of His eternal love.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ARE REVISED BY HIM.

THE VOYAGE OF THE EGLANTINE.

WHO SAILED IN HER—AND WHY.

A Story of an English Merchant Vessel.

(Continued from page 124.)

CAPTAIN THORPE replied curtly to his queer questioner, for when he asked what could be Christian's reason for sailing in the Eglantine he implied that there must be some very pressing reason for his doing so or he would not venture. The captain did not wish to give any wider publicity to the floating rumors concerning the Eglantine. The man turned and walked away.

Meanwhile Christian made his way to the docks, and on reaching the Eglantine found the men, as Thorpe had said, on the lookout for him. Many of them thought he would not go; and one, a man named Lucas, had openly said he was sure Christian would find some excuse for staying behind. Taking no notice, he chatted with them till Captain Thorpe came, and then went to make his arrangements in the cabin.

"There, you see!" said Lucas, as he disappeared, "he ain't coming; he never said a word about it."

The men looked at Cairns, expecting him to answer; but he either did not hear, or, hearing, did not heed, and continued leaning idly over the side.

"Do you think he's coming, Cairns?" asked a boy about fourteen, the youngest of the crew.

"If you wait you'll see," was the only answer he got. They had not to wait long. Calling Cairns, the captain ordered him and another man to accompany Mr. Hilliard and bring down some of his things to the vessel. For the life of him Cairns could not resist the opportunity for a cut at Lucas.

"Come with us, mate," he said in an undertone, for Christian was close at hand, "The young master will likely give us the slip round some corner, and it's as well you kept your eye on him. I shouldn't wonder but there's a balloon waiting for him outside the harbor."

Lucas muttered something under his breath, and turned sullenly away.

Nearly all day Christian was busily engaged superintending the arrangement of his various belongings. He took Maud down to show her his new quarters, and was much amused at the critical remarks freely made in rough sailor terms upon her beauty. It was not often they saw any thing so fair as "Mr. Christian's sweetheart." He had taken her home, and returned for the last time to the docks, when he overtook his father slowly making his way toward the Eglantine. In answer to his son's pleasant greeting he merely nodded, keeping on his way in silence. Christian walked by his side, wondering what on earth brought him there. Surely he was not going to order Captain Thorpe not to sail with him on board! he was capable of even that in his present state of mind.

Close to the Eglantine they were forced to stop while the way was cleared. A truck had broken down, depositing its load of coal on the road, and men were rapidly shovelling it away. To go round it was out of the question, the mud being so thick. Close by stood Cairns, with a little girl in his arms—a delicate, fragile-looking child, with a sweet, patient little face.

"That's father's ship, Nannie," he was saying, pointing to the Eglantine. "Her with the red flag."

The child looked at it earnestly.

"It isn't very pretty, father," she said, hesitatingly, and Christian could not help smiling at the word.

Pretty, indeed! it was one of the ugliest craft in the docks.

"Pretty is as pretty does: if she takes father out to Quebec, and brings him safe home again, you won't mind her being a bit black and ugly, will you, Nannie?"

"Will you come home soon, father?"

"That depends on a many things, dear; I'll come back to my little maid as soon as the winds and waves will let me."

"Which way are you going, father?"

"Right out yonder, where the sun is setting."

"It's so bright I can scarcely look at it," said the child, raising herself in her father's arms, and shading her eyes with her hand. "Are you going right out into the light? Will you go far enough to see the gate?"

"What gate, Nannie?"

"It's out there, isn't it? The Gate of Glory, you know, father."

"Where did you hear talk of such a gate, Nannie?" said Cairns, with a somewhat puzzled look on his face.

"Why, it is in my hymn, father—'When sun sets in the West.' I should like to go with you into all that gold! isn't it lovely!"

"Shall I cut a piece out as I go through, and bring it home for you?" asked Cairns, jokingly.

"You can't," said the child regretfully. "Besides, it would spoil the look."

Christian stepped forward.

"Is this your little girl, Cairns?"

"Yes, sir; she's the only one at home now. I've brought her to see father's ship."

"Take her on board and show her every thing there is to be seen. You would like to know in what sort of a vessel father's going, wouldn't you?" said Christian, with a pleasant smile, which always won a child's heart.

"She's a little bit of a coward about the sea," said Cairns; "every time I go away she has a bit of a cry, because she thinks the big waves'll swallow me up. Never you fear, Nannie; father 'll come back safe to his little maid, please God."

With a sudden movement Mr. Hilliard stepped over the coal and walked on, out of hearing. He could not bear to hear another word. He began to see now that his ships were freighted with something more than cargo; and he was realizing in his own person what that *something* was. Would he have sent the Eglantine to sea at all, he asked himself, had he known his own son's life would have been risked in her? Circumstances seemed to have worked in spite of him to concentrate his hopes on that craft, which he well knew was not fit for the voyage. Now his avarice, his reckless struggle for wealth in which he had sacrificed the lives of brave men, stood revealed to him in glaring colors. His son, on whom his hopes were centred, was to sail in that wretched hull *to save his father's honor*. Going in reliance on his father's word, which was a conscious lie.

Here, now, in Cairns he saw his own position, only in this case the relations were reversed—the child remained and the father ventured his life. Knowing what he knew, Mr. Hilliard groaned in spirit as he heard the childish prattle and thought of the sorrow in the man's home that would follow a wreck. Of course these things had happened before, and had happened, too, by his own actions; but until now he had never realized what fearful issues were staked on his ventures and how sad the results had only too often been. Now when his boy, the pride and joy of his life, might be sacrificed, he saw it all and *he suffered*. So to every sinner a time comes, when the sins he committed carelessly and thoughtlessly enough stand out before him, traced in characters of fire, and they appall him. Sin is always hideous, but sometimes it is so disguised by money or pleasure that its ugliness is unrecognized until some sudden turn of life's kaleidoscope, or the influence of the Holy Spirit of God, strips off the mask and reveals the curse.

With a few words to Cairns, and a bright, new half-crown to the child, Christian followed his father and met Captain Thorpe, who was just coming off the vessel, but turned and went back with his employer.

"I have come to have a look round before you sail," said Mr. Hilliard, in a strangely quiet tone. "I suppose you are all ready to start."

"Yes," replied the skipper; "we shall weigh anchor to-morrow morning, all being well, sir."

With a cold, impenetrable face, Mr. Hiiliard went over the vessel. Every thing was in order, and he had occasion for not one suggestion. Why he had come he scarcely knew; he had felt impelled by some resistless force, to see, it might be for the last time, the ill-fated Eglantine, and now he had regretted yielding to it.

The sun had sunk deep into the west, leaving the ship cold, and dark, and lifeless, as he left the docks. Turning, he saw it lying in the shadow, and with a shudder looked away.

Was it his son's coffin lying there?

Christian had soon hurried away, for that being his last night in England he must spend it with Maud. It was a bright, clear, moonlight night, and they walked to the garden gate for the last good-by. Leaning on Christian's arm, Maud looked up with eyes not entirely undimmed with tears.

"Do you believe in presentiments, Christian?" she asked, with a slight quiver in her voice.

"Presentiments!" he echoed. "Not I. What have you got in that dear funny little head now?"

"Don't laugh at me," she entreated; "I cannot help it, Christian. I have had such a strange feeling on me all day."

"About this voyage of mine? Do you think any thing is going to happen to me? Cheer up, my darling; I have been pretty nearly all over the world, and have come to no harm yet."

"Christian, why wouldn't your father show you that letter?" she cried, passionately. "Why did he forbid your going? I know something is going to happen—I can feel it."

"My dear, what is likely to happen? It is the best season of the year for such a voyage, and Thorpe anticipates a capital sail. You get your crochet and tatting, or whatever it is that comes under the head of trousseau, and the time will pass away quickly enough. I shall expect you to be quite ready for me by the time I come back. Mind, Maud, I shall not wait any longer then. Come, dry up those tears, dear one, and give me a good-by that I shall remember and think about every daytill I see you again."

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 29th. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR lessons for the past quarter contain many of the precious teachings of our blessed Lord by parable and precept. We began with the *improvement of privileges* in Luke 13, and most solemn is our blessed Master's summing up of His teaching on this subject (verse 34). Our next lessons (are taken from what seems to have been a continuous discourse of our Lord's, begun in the Pharisee's house, and only ending with the ninth verse of the seventeenth chapter.

The Lord was ever full of matter. With a mind and heart free from all selfish occupation, and anointed with the Holy Ghost, there was room for the interests of a world; and wherever He went, light, power, love, and healing followed in His steps. In answer to a religious remark made by one who sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, who seemed to be little aware of the eternal realities of which he was speaking, the Lord Jesus preached the free full offer of salvation in the parable of *the Gospel feast*. It would seem that, on leaving the Pharisee's house, great multitudes followed Him, and now He shows that, though sinners are invited to receive salvation without money and without price—yet in order to *discipleship* there is a price to pay.

We receive Christ's offered pardon freely, for "Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe;" but to be a *follower*, a representative of Jesus (*and we are saved that we may be disciples*), a man must hate father, mother, etc., must bear his cross and come after Christ, and must forsake all that he hath, as Jesus forsook all that He had (chap. 14: 26, 27, 33). We can have no part in saving ourselves, but He allows us the blessed part of following Him at a cost, that there may be a real outlet to our love.

He adds: Salt is good: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be seasoned? It is neither fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill; but men cast it out;" for they who are converted, and do not go on to discipleship, must fall back. Every backslider is as savorless salt, "*men cast it out*." Men have a contempt for one who has known the good part and turned like "the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire" (2 Pet. 2: 22). This practical teaching did not frighten sinners away from Jesus, for "then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." And the blessed Lord went on to show them that what man casts out, God does not cast out, but He makes a way of return for the lost sheep, the lost silver, and *the prodigal son*. "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for Mine anger is turned away from him" (Hos. 14: 4). "Return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee" (Isa. 44: 22).

But although our beloved Lord stretches out His arms as widely and as freely to the backslider as to the sinner, he too must be taught his responsibility. The elder son could not understand the father's joy in his prodigal son's return. And perhaps the disciples could not understand how Jesus could place discipleship at so high a level, and yet represent God as receiving back instantaneously and freely one who had failed in the spirit of discipleship. The father said to the elder brother, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." This He could not say to the prodigal; and the unjust steward teaches a lesson of prudence. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," etc. "If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?" All we have on earth is another man's, it is God's, and not ours; we are stewards, and our work is to do all in time with a view to eternity, since we have in charge a life as eternal as God's own, and in view of our co-existence with God our beloved Lord warns us we *cannot* do what most men are trying to do—We "*cannot* serve God and mammon." The covetous Pharisees "heard all these things: and they derided Him;" and *then*, for the first and only time, Jesus lifted the veil which hides lost spirits from us, and He showeth us in torment no murderer, thief, adulterer, or drunkard, but a man whose like may be found by thousands in every land, in every city, in every watering-place. It is the strange exception to be unlike him. He lived for time when God had created him for eternity, and for this sin against his own soul is he in the torments of hell, and if God's Word means any thing it is forever that he is there.

Next we have the incident of the ten lepers all cleansed, but only one of whom returned to give God the glory. Nine submitted to the outward consecration of the blood and the oil by the high-priest, but only with the one was this a reality. The most solemn ordinance can only be real so far as it is made so by the apprehension of our faith and the renunciation of our will to God. And our next lesson is on acceptable prayer, and we have learnt by the parables of the unjust judge and the Pharisee and publican to be real in our approaches to God.

After this we have been led to reflect on our Lord's return, and the judgments which must precede and accompany it. "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober" (1 Thess. 5: 6). Yea, for our Lord has said, "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man." It is of the utmost importance that we should understand the times in which we live. The children of Israel gave no heed to the warnings of God by His prophets about the Babylonish captivity, nor yet later about the destruction of Jerusalem. Shall we resemble them? The Apostle Peter says (2 Pet. 3: 11), "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting the coming [see margin] of the day of God?"

Next we have thought of the Lord's Supper, the breaking of bread in remembrance of Him who is our Passover. We must not forget that it was immediately afterwards that He gave the always deepening teaching to His disciples which is contained in John 14: 31—16, when also He prayed His sacerdotal prayer (John 17), and gave to His disciples in all ages to see what is His heart in intercession.

Then we have been led to the Cross, and oh! it were well for us to find out our place is beneath it. There were many classes represented on Calvary. Just immediately around Him were His mother and His mother's sister Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene, beside whom was one other who was not ashamed to be found amongst the women, or by the side of his crucified Lord—it was the disciple whom Jesus loved. These had no eyes for any other than Him, no thoughts, no words for others. Are we to be found amongst them? Farther away a group of disciples and of women may be seen, but standing "afar off." Alas! with them the world was not crucified, nor they unto the world, by the cross of Jesus (Gal. 6: 14). And they are representatives of too large a number of His followers. Such as have been saved by Him, taught by Him, healed by Him, loved by Him, but who have not learned to "suffer with Him."

There were around the cross those who mocked at Him; there were the soldiers. Both classes were against Jesus, even as now there are those who do evil with the fullest intention of doing it, while others allow themselves to be led into it for earthly gain, ignoring their own responsibility.

Finally, we have the glimpses of our Lord's resurrection life on earth in the walk to Emmaus, and in the last words of our blessed Lord in Luke 24. And how large a proportion of these last words is taken up with His instruction in the Scriptures! In order to be witnesses for Him throughout the world, His disciples needed then, and we need now, an understanding heart to understand all that is written of Him.

MAN AND HIS MASTERS.

An Oration by J. B. Gough.

Man Created a Noble Being—His Sublime Capacities—Slaves Sold for Alabama—The Blessing of Freedom and of a Sound Intellect—The Tyrant Master, Strong Drink—What the Drunkard Barters Away—The Livery of the Drunkard—He Incurs Physical Suffering—A Lunatic's Experience—Horrors of Delirium Tremens—Sad Cases of Mania for Drink—He incurs the Scorn of his Fellows and Self-Contempt—His Memory a Source of Misery.

THE subject of "Man and his Masters" is one that seems to open before us a mine of thought, and I hardly know where to begin or what to say. I have not come before you to give you a literary entertainment or an intellectual feast. I have come before you to say something, if I may be able, God helping me, to inspire the young men present with some higher idea of the dignity of their manhood than they had when they came into the house.

"Man and his Masters!" *What is man as God has made him*—the Triune God—giving him a body fearfully and wonderfully made, and which He alone can purify, till it shall be the fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; a mind capable of appreciating the greatness of the infinite God in the atoms through the microscope, and in the rolling worlds through the telescope; and a soul capable of loving Him, "and with the strong wings of faith and love building its nest under the very eaves of heaven!"

Man, standing up in the godlike attitude of a man, lifting his forehead to the stars—to whom power and dominion have been given—who has been crowned *nature's king;* man, with the faculty of looking right up into the heavens; man, with a destiny set before him vast as eternity and large as infinity; man, glorious in the image of God, what is he, fallen and debased as he is by sin?

As he stands upright, in the freedom and the dignity of his manhood, he is a glorious being, but "little lower than the angels;" but, in the weakness of his humanity, he is exposed to influences which may debase him below the level of the brute creation. The very gifts and endowments which dignify his nature may be the sources of his degradation. Man, glorious man, may live only as a minister of evil. Man, born for immortality, may find his end in "the blackness of darkness forever."

Then we contemplate, if you please, man and his masters. And in the whole history of the world, how have we seen man, glorious man, debasing himself to servitude! What servitude! We pity the abject beings who are reduced to slavery by the power of a master: oh! how we pity them! How the flood of our sympathy seems to pour forth in behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed!

I remember how my heart ached, in going down the James River, and seeing a company of men—yes, *men*, but made *chattels* by man's agency—as they clustered together on the forward *deck of the canal-boat*. They were singing in a low tone, and I came up near them. It was one of the negro refrains. One of them said, "Whar we going? Whar we going?" The other said, "Ah! we're sold, we're sold, and we're going away to Alabama;" and my eyes filled with tears as I looked upon them, debased and degraded by slavery, ay, the slavery of a master.

And when you hear of the wild free spirit of such an one that will not be tamed,—when you hear of the man bursting his shackles, and through trial and misfortune, and pain, and anguish, hunted, bayed at, persecuted, peeled, standing up again free from the fetters which have galled him, when he once reaches a free shore—how your heart exults with gladness, and how you are ready to clap your hands with the true and rare enjoyment you feel in seeing a man lifting himself up from the degradation of the foot that has pressed him in the earth, and standing up as God made him, a free man!

Ah! yes, *physical slavery* is something to be dreaded. The children of Israel in the land of Egypt were slaves; in Babylon they were slaves; but there was a vast difference,—in Egypt they were sold, in Babylon they had sold themselves, and there is a vast difference in the two. The man may be bought and sold in the market by his brother man, and reduced to abject bondage, even having no will of his own; but he who is bound by the cords of his sins, he who has sold himself for naught, is in a more pitiable condition far; and it is this slavery that I would speak upon to-night.

And how many, many *masters has man made for himself!* and to how many masters has he subjected himself, bowing down before them and worshipping them! Oh! the slavery of the man who has lifted up his hands that the wreath might be entwined round his wrists, and the band of flowers round his brow, and who has, by and by, found these flowers twined round rusty iron bands, that have eaten into the marrow and burnt out his brain, till his wreath of honor has become a band of everlasting infamy, and he lifts up his galled, shackled hands to heaven, and cries, "Who shall deliver me from this horrible slavery?"

Oh! the slavery *of evil passion*. What is it? Go, if you please, into *a lunatic asylum* and see one man picking an imaginary thing from the sleeve of his coat, hour after hour; another gazing listlessly upon nothing, another, with lack-lustre eye and retreating brow, telling the story of complete idiocy. If you have witnessed such a sight as that, you will feel, if you are in the habit of thanking God for His mercies night and morning, the first thought that rises in your heart and finds utterance upon your tongue to be, "I thank Thee, O my Father, that Thou hast made me a man with reasoning powers, that Thou hast given me an *intellect*, that Thou hast given me *reason*, that Thou hast given me light, that Thou hast made me what I am."

You walk over God's beautiful earth, and feel it is a magnificent thing to "look through nature up to nature's God;" and you look at *the idiot*, you look at the insane, and feel it is terrible that the light of reason should be extinguished, and that a crushing power should rest upon the intellect—paralyzing it. What is it the mother speaks of when she speaks of her boy? Does she speak of his bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, and pearly teeth, and ruby lips, and rounded limb? No. If she is an intelligent mother she will tell you what the boy knows, how he imitates, how he understands.

It is the *budding of the mind* that she loves to discover in the child, scintillations which tell that intellect is being developed. What if she were to dream her child in his cradle were to be *an idiot*, would it be any compensation, think you, to know that he would grow up in all the wondrous beauty of an Antinous, or the glorious proportions of an Apollo? What is it that makes the man? The mind! And when the man brings that mind down into abject slavery and bondage to an evil passion, how much more pitiable is he than he upon whose head God has laid His hand, and in His providence deprived of the wonderful power of *unimpaired reason* that you possess?

OH! it is pitiful, it is pitiful, the appetite for intoxicating liquor, when it becomes a master-passion; one of the most fearful that man was ever subject to. It is so among the high as well as the low, as we call them, and the illiterate—those whose first words they heard were words of blasphemy, whose first words they uttered were words of cursing; it holds the man a slave who stands in front of the counter, and pleads for drink.

"Give me drink! I will give you my hard earnings for it. Give me drink! I will pay for it. I will give you more than that. I married a wife; I took her from her girlhood's home, and promised to love her, and cherish her, and protect her—ah! ah! and I have driven her out to work for me, and I have stolen her wages, and I have brought them to you—give me drink, and I will give you them. More yet: I have snatched the bit of bread from the white lips of my famished child—I will give you that if you will give me drink. More yet: I will give you my health. More yet: I will give you my manliness. More yet: I will give you my hopes of heaven—body and soul; I will barter jewels worth all the kingdoms of the earth—for 'what will a man give in exchange for his soul?'—for a dram. Give it me!"

THE LIVERY OF DRUNKENNESS.

As one man said to me, not a week ago: "I felt under the power of the appetite, as the rich man in hell must have felt when he longed for the drop of water; I longed for the stimulating influences upon my system, until I shrieked in my agony." Not only among these, but among others. Oh! what a pitiful sight it is to see men who have fallen from positions of respectability into this fearful debasing habit! Have you ever seen them? I have—clinging, as with a death-grip, to the last remnants of their respectability.

You see them, perhaps, going through your streets in the faded black coat, well inked at the seams, buttoned up close in the neck, to hide the paucity of the nether-garment—with perhaps an old rusty pair of gloves, and a couple of inches of wrist between the tops of the glove and the cuffs of the once fashionable coat—the trousers positively shining with old age—the last penny that can be spared from the drink expended in blacking for the miserable boots—the hat so dilapidated, broken, and greasy, that they go into mock-mourning and hide it with crape, and walk through the streets miserable slaves to a habit which has stripped them of every thing worth having under heaven.

The *livery of their master* has become to them like a garment of burning poison, eating up all that is bright, and green, and beautiful about them. And when we consider what slaves to this appetite have been called upon, and are called upon, continually to endure, we shall have some idea of the mighty power of its influence. The intemperate man, it seems to me, is above all others a *suffering* man: cramps and pains rack his bones; his physical suffering can scarcely be comprehended—it cannot be described; and yet, with his eyes wide open—knowing the cause that produces the effect—he will clutch his bloated fingers round the cup, and raise it to his blistered lips, and drink it, though he knows that every drop of it is like another nail driven and clinched in his coffin.

HIS PHYSICAL SUFFERING.

The *physical suffering* of the intemperate man—you must excuse me, young men, if I speak of it. *Many years of my life* have been spent in visiting homes of wretchedness, and talking with victims of vice. I have held the swollen, hot smooth hand of the intemperate man in mine; I have looked him in his face; I have pleaded with him to give up the drink. I have stood by the bedside of one who, having wrecked all the hope of his friends, was dying in agony, and who knew, every step of his way down to his death that he was taking rapid strides to a fearfu eternity. It is pitiful when [illegible]e look upon such an one; and you must excuse me, then, I say, i I speak of such sufferings, to show you the terrible power of the master-passion, when it reduces the man to abject slavery.

Did you ever see any man in that most fearfu of all diseases, *delirium tremens?* Did you eve see him beat his clinched fists, and bite his lips Did you ever see him with his eyes as if the would start from the socket; with the beade drops standing out upon his brow; rolling, ar shrieking, and cursing in his agony? What that? Is it caused by physical pain? Is caused by the cramps that rack the bones? N it is caused by the terrific disease that only intemperance will produce upon a man—*delirium tremens*, trembling madness, *mania a potu;* and, G pity them, there are men dying from the age twenty up to fifty to-day, raving mad under influence.

And when I look upon it in the light of a ther world, and when I look upon it in my reospective view of the past, I feel as if I could rostrate myself before God, and pray that He ould give me a voice like thunder, that I might ng in the ears of the young men of this city and verywhere, "Look not upon the wine when it red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when moveth itself aright," for "at the last it teth like a serpent, and stingeth like an ader." And yet, to show the power of this pas-on, what does all this suffering avail? You see man enduring all this agony; and that I may, possible, give you some idea of it, I would say, at while it is a species of insanity, there are peculiarities about it.

A LUNATIC'S EXPERIENCE.

I conversed with an individual who had been onfined in a *lunatic asylum for two years.* I sked him what he remembered. "Nothing ut an indistinct recollection of something, I ardly know what." And when he was released e was astonished to find he had been there two ears. Now, let a man endure this disease, and t is burnt into his brain, stamped upon his nemory—he will never forget it—never, long as e may live. And there is another peculiarity. You see that man startled at visions that seem o rise up before him. There is the terrible gony! He pleads with you: "Wipe out that ace; drive out that horrible thing that sits grinning in mockery at my agony!" There is nothng there: you know it, and (horrible thought!) e knows it too. If it was a palpable object beore him he could battle it.

If in your room at night, with heavy foot-fall, ome fearful thing should come into that apartment, you see it, you feel its hot breath, you know there is a living thing there—something you can fight; you arm yourself, and into the struggle you walk, and every blow you strike it does you good; you feel as if you had something to strike, something to battle with. But suppose again that fearful thing comes into your apartment, with maliciously gleaming eyes fixed upon you; you look upon it, and the terrible conviction fills your whole frame with horror—there s nothing there!

You go to it to wipe it away; your hand goes through it, and it is there again, gibing, mowing, gibbering. Then it assumes the appearance of a man's face, with such a diabolical expression that you never dreamed you could have looked upon it and lived. There it is before you; you cannot fight that, you cannot struggle with that; it is a phantom of your imagination there, as if in palpable reality.

I knew a man who was startled with a face peering out at him from the wall; he went to it and wiped it out, and stood back again, and still it was there; he went up to it again and wiped it out, and stood back—it was there yet. His very hair seemed to stand with horror as he went up to it, and with a terrible blow of his fist struck the wall and left it marked with blood. He stood back again—it was there; he went and beat, and beat, and beat, till he had broken the bones of his hand with beating out that which was palpable to him; and yet he was conscious, and the consciousness thrilled through his frame with horror, that it was but a phantom of his imagination.

Let a man suffer that six days and six nights, let the physician sit by his side, and tell him, "Now, sir, if you drink again you will suffer it again." "But, doctor, I will never drink again; doctor, the thought is too horrible; I shall never suffer it, for I will never take drink again." And once more healthy blood courses in that man's veins, and in the emphatic language of Scripture he "seeks it yet again;" and again he is brought down, again he endures it all, again the physician sits by his side. "You remember that which I told you." "Yes." "If you drink again you will have it again, and do not send for me, for you will die; your constitution will never endure another such struggle; you will die." "Doctor, I will never drink it again."

And yet he rises from his couch of agony, "seeks it yet again," and again he is brought down; and his poor shrieking spirit flies in disgust into eternity from the loathsome carcass that he has made of the glorious body "so fearfully and wonderfully made" by his God. He knew all the way along it must be so. Such is the terrible slavery of intemperance.

SAD CASES OF THE POWER OF THE DRINK.

With drink, on some temperaments, one glass will mount to the brain instantly, weakening the power of will, affecting the self-control, and the man is not the same. The appetite being then roused, takes hold of him and drags him down in its fearful embrace. The only safety for such a man is *total* abstinence; and to a man who has been a victim, bound by the cords of this fierce desire, it will be a life-struggle, when at times the old appetite comes over him like a wave. Let him do any thing but drink, let him even *run,*—it is not cowardly to run.

I knew *a man who was strongly tempted,* and escaped. He was a *printer,* and working near a window opposite which was the "Shades," he saw persons coming out wiping their lips, having taken their "eleven o'clock." He began to want it, and grew nervous; the desire increased; every fibre of his system seemed to cry out for it, when he dropped his form of type; and, in his vexation at the accident, took off his apron, put on his coat, with the intention of getting a drink; when, as he said, he thought of wife and children, of former ruin and disgrace, and present prosperity and reputation, and rushed out, and ran hatless through the streets till he reached home.

"Wife, shut me up! for mercy's sake, shut me up, and don't let me out. Ask no questions, but shut me up!"

She was a wise wife, and locked him in a room, and there he remained for thirty hours before he dare venture out to his work again.

A lawyer who had been intemperate told me, "I have been obliged to forego all light literature. I can hardly read a newspaper." "Why?" I replied.

"I have not tasted drink for two years, but if I only *read* of drinking I want it. I have paced my office with hands clinched, and the sweat standing in beads on my forehead, as I battled the horrible desire to get drink when I have read of a man drinking a glass of wine."

Another gentleman told me that he had not drank for twenty-eight years; but, said he, "I have some fifty men working for me, and when I take the breath of a man who has been drinking I want it—yes, sometimes want it so that I have ridden ten miles on horseback to rid myself of the desire that seemed to cry through my whole system, *Give! give!* when I have taken the breath of a man who has been drinking."

HE INCURS THE SCORN OF HIS FELLOWS AND SELF-CONTEMPT.

The intemperate man endures more than physical suffering—he has to endure the *scorn and contempt of his fellow-men.* Ah! the slow-moving finger of scorn stings the heart sometimes like a burning brand pressed into the quivering flesh; the scorn and contempt of your fellows is hard to bear. You find it so. It is very pleasant to be respected; it is very pleasant, for a young man especially, to walk through the streets and meet those who recognize him as an acquaintance.

One of you young gentlemen meets a lady in the street; she receives your salutation with a very polite bow. Why, some of you walk about two inches taller than you did before. There is something pleasant in being respected. Now, the very loss of that respect is a bitter thing; and the result of it upon a man that is unrenewed and unsanctified by the grace of God is to induce him to lift up his hand against others, because he believes that the hand of others is lifted against him.

But the slave to intemperance has more yet to endure. The scorn and contempt of your fellows is easy to bear compared with the load of *scorn and contempt* you seem to be burdened with *for yourself.* When a man disgusts himself, when a man loathes himself, when a man feels a creeping of abhorrence for himself, when it seems as if he had bound a livid corpse to his breathing body, face to face, foot to foot, hand to hand, heart to heart, one beating with life and the other rotting with putrefaction, but face to face with him always—it is *a horrible thing:* and there is not an intemperate man in the land except when soul and senses are steeped in the drink, but whose better nature revolts at the fearful degradation he has *brought upon himself.*

HIS MEMORY BECOMES A SOURCE OF MISERY.

And then, again, the slave to intemperance seems as if he had *thwarted all the designs of the Almighty.* What is his memory? *Memory* to us is pleasant; the remembrance of the past is pleasant—ah! yes, though it may be a remembrance connected with sorrow, and suffering, and pain and anguish, though it may be the remembrance of a fearful contest; yet the remembrance of that conflict and its after triumph is pleasant. As *the shipwrecked mariner,* seated by his own hearth, recounts his toils and trials, tells of the wreck at sea, tells of his clinging to the spar, tells of the gnawing of hunger and the fearful fever of thirst, he tells it all with *satisfaction;* for it is a trial passed away; it is the recounting of a conflict that is ended.

Memory, unconnected with sin, is like the *painter's studio*—the light shining into it from above—full of pleasant pictures. But the memory of the slave to intemperance, what is it? what is it? He is like an instrument all out of tune; every string when touched jars through every nerve in his system—and with a love for purest harmony he would fain stand so alone that not the very winds of the morning should touch those chords, lest they should vibrate with horrible discord. And by his side stands a performer. She is a *weird sister;* her name is Memory; and she strikes every chord with her fingers, and she knows how to strike, jarring through him with terrible discord, and making him mad; and he hates to remember, because the past has been pleasant, while the present is a fearful settling down under a storm of curse that his own evil passions have brewed for him.

A THEATRICAL TEA-MEETING IN LONDON.

It was a happy inspiration which first moved Mr. W. Forbes to invite to a friendly tea a number of the young people engaged at the London theatres as dancers, choristers, dressers, etc. We used to think that everybody connected with a theatre was almost beyond the pale of Christian effort; and, as a matter of fact, scarcely any one seemed to care for their souls. All that, however, has gone by, and the reproach of neglect cannot now be sustained. This movement, inaugurated some months ago by Mr. Forbes, is, of course, still on a small scale, when we think of the immense number of young women employed at theatres throughout London. But there were some 130 who responded to the invitation issued for Thursday evening last, and there is every sign that the numbers will increase rather than diminish.

On these occasions tea is laid in the Lower Room of Exeter Hall by half-past four. On Thursday evening the cheering cup, with its substantial accompaniments, was evidently appreciated and enjoyed. No wonder, when many of these young people had just come from a five-hours' rehearsal at the Alhambra Theatre and Covent Garden. After the tea there was some singing, and it was really a treat to hear such a hymn as "The Sweet By-and-by" heartily sung by these fresh, and in many cases trained. young voices. We were gratified to notice that no one attempted to leave at the close of the repast, but all instinctively took their places on the rearranged seats, as if they anticipated with interest the more serious part of the evening's work. The tea, of course, is only a means to an end; the great object of the gatherings is to set before the guests that Bread which is the Life of the World, that Water of which if any one drink he will never thirst.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Princess Alice of England, the second daughter of Queen Victoria, died of diphtheria on Saturday December, 14th. She was a general favorite in London society, and her death will be widely and sincerely mourned. She was born in 1843, and as a child was remarkable for her beauty and the amiability of her disposition. When her father, Prince Albert, was attacked by the illness which proved fatal to him, she nursed him with a tenderness and devotion rarely equalled, and to the last, remained in constant attendance at his bedside. It is a remarkable coincidence that her own death should have occurred on the same day of the month and week as that of her lamented father seventeen years ago. In 1862 she was married to Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the union is said to have been a very happy one. She was the mother of seven children, one of whom was accidentally killed by a fall from a window in 1873, and another died last month from the disease which has now proved fatal to herself. The position of Prince Louis was not such as to necessitate his residence in Germany, and accordingly much of the Princess's married life has been spent in England. The young couple had a villa residence in the Isle of Wight, and there, in the near neighborhood of Osborne, the Queen's favorite residence, she was able to be a companion to her royal mother and do much to alleviate the despondency and gloom which since the death of Prince Albert has encompassed her.

It seems extraordinary that the death of the Princess Alice and her daughter, the death of Prince Albert, and the illness that so nearly proved fatal to the Prince of Wales, should have arisen from causes which are ranked amongst the preventible ills that afflict the human race. Both diphtheria and typhoid fever are considered to be the result of living in places where the drainage is imperfect or neglected altogether. It would seem that if the laws of health could be observed perfectly in any station it would be among those so highly placed as the royal family of England; yet here we find them suffering from maladies which infest the filthiest and most crowded dens of city life. The cause is said to be, that the palaces inhabited by these royal personages are ancient edifices, erected at a time when sanitary laws were ignored by architests and builders.

Death levels all ranks alike, and strikes with indifference the highest and the lowest in the strata of society. We can only pray that the potentates of the earth may learn *that*, and the parallel lesson, that one divine Saviour has died for *all men*, and the entrance to eternal life is the same, with the same conditions, for the prince as the pauper.

The English campaign of Afghanistan is still attended with success, and a rumor is circulated, but at present needing confirmation, that the Ameer is suing for peace. The inhabitants and notables of Jelalabad, an important city on the line of the British advance, have sought to propitiate the invaders by tendering their submission and services. The British general is busy making roads and fortifying weak points in his rear, and reports that he receives the assistance of the natives, who are generally friendly to him.

It seems probable under these circumstances the [illegible] will be reached without much difficulty, and the whole of Afghanistan reduced to submission. The questions which will then come up for decision will be of a delicate character, involving British relations with a more formidable antagonist in the person of the Emperor of Russia. The quarrel arose from jealousy of Russia, and the complaint against the Ameer was, that he received a Russian embassy and declined one from England. If the Ameer is overcome, will Britain annex his territory, or leave him a nominal sovereignty under British tutelage? Neither position is one acceptable to Russia. Anyhow the quarrel can scarcely be concluded without hurting Russian susceptibilities, if not provoking a Russian war. The observations of Sir Stafford Northcote tend to excite apprehension on this point, for he said "England could not acquiesce in Russian interference in Afghanistan in any form"—a mode of expression having a strong taint of arrogant bluster, not likely to be palatable to so powerful a state as Russia.

The debate in the English Parliament on the Afghan policy of the government has ended, as was anticipated, in a vote of confidence in Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues. The majority was much greater than was expected; it amounted to 101 votes, while the Liberal organs had predicted that it would not exceed 70. This result has demonstrated the emptiness of Lord Lawrence's demand for the summoning of Parliament, and has shown how solid are the Conservative ranks and how disorganized is the whole Liberal party. The position of Liberals in England is a very strange one. In the last Parliament they had a large majority, and the name of Gladstone was a tower of strength in the country. At the next general election this state of parties was decisively reversed, and Lord Beaconsfield was carried into power by a large and compact majority. Since then, amid great turmoil and anxiety on questions of foreign policy, he has maintained if he has not consolidated his position, and the Liberal party has become more and more disorganized. They have a nominal leader who does not lead, and an ex-leader whose actions serve only to divide the ranks he was wont to lead.

A general election must, according to the constitution, soon take place, and it will then be seen whether "the great lubber"—as Lord Beaconsfield in his young days irreverently nicknamed the British Public—will indorse the decision of the last election, or will place the reins of power in the hands of the Liberals. At present there are no indications sufficiently decided to show which will be the issue.

The German Anti-Socialist Law is being put in force with extreme severity. Since its promulgation, 102 societies, 28 newspapers, and 88 books and pamphlets have been prohibited. In Northern Germany there is but one journal of Socialist proclivities left, in Central and Southern Germany there still remain eleven. All these have changed their names since the new law, and try to conceal their bias as much as possible.

The German Government have also issued an order that persons from whom danger to public safety is apprehended may be refused the right to reside in the city of Berlin and other German towns. The carrying of all kinds of arms, as well as the possession of them, and the sale of explosive projectiles, is also prohibited. A volcanic explosion of revolutionism cannot, however, be long averted.

A Fatal Collision on the Mersey, near Liverpool, took place on the morning of Tuesday, November 26th,—a dense fog prevailing at the time,—between a Seacombe ferryboat, the Gem, proceeding to Liverpool, and a ship named the Bowfell, at anchor in the river. A scene of indescribable confusion and panic ensued amongst the passengers, which was intensified by an idea that the steamer was sinking under them. Those who were in the cabin rushed on to the deck; many made a rush up the bows of the Bowfell, frantically clutching at every rope and spar that they could lay hold of in the attempt to save their lives; whilst one or two gentlemen, losing all self-control, actually leapt into the river and were almost immediately lost to sight. In the crush to the side of the Gem some persons were pushed over into the water. The steamer was as quickly as possible brought to a standstill, and efforts were made to rescue the drowning by life-buoys, etc., but owing to the fog it was difficult to render any assistance or to effect a rescue. The ladies were more composed than the gentlemen, and were uninjured. Six corpses have been found, but fourteen persons are still missing and it is feared, are not alive.

Mrs. M. Baxter writes from Stuttgart, she is preaching in German: "W blessed experience the last week of those words, 'To the poor the preached.' It has been our endea those who are ashamed from want to go into any church or other meet who from long habit do not atten worship, and God has been plea rc bless our efforts. Many who wer o. streets, the houses of the poc in markets, have come and continue. ry ev ing. One poor woman said to me, ce has forgiven me all my sins, I am always in peace, although my bed and bed-clothing, my dress and all I possess, are in the pawnshop on account of my husband's illness and my own. It is now that I see how great a sinner I am.' Another, who was not poor, but utterly ungodly, told me that, previously, she used to spend her evenings in the theatre when she could leave her shop, and she had no idea that the Word of God was so precious; now she is longing for the souls of her husband and children. This is a ver blessed case; her whole face is changed in it expression, and she is never absent from th meetings. Many of the women are most anxiou about their husbands' souls since they themselves have found peace with God, and some o our friends who help in the meetings are visitin them in their houses. I know that many o our readers bear us up in prayer. Pray als for the godly pastors of this city, whos churches are crowded, and for the converte men who do much good among the sick, an also for the deaconesses, whose unremittin attentions to the bodily necessities of the sic are most praiseworthy."

The Opium Traffic.—Dr. Legge, the missionary to China, said at the recent Missions Confe ence at Mildmay Park, London, England: " called on the Chinese Ambassador soon after h arrival in England. His Excellency said, 'Yc know China and England: which do you thir is the best?' I said, 'England.' 'Well,' said, 'England is the cleaner; you have fi streets, and better engineering, but look at the from the moral standpoint, and then say which I said still, 'England.' I never saw a man loc more surprised; at last he said, 'If England the better, why do you force on us *opium?* take this opportunity of expressing my de sorrow that the character of England should so compromised in China by this opium traff When I read of recent atrocities, I felt that Er land had no right to cast a stone at Turkey long as this traffic continued. I have no p posal to make as to how the revenue deriv from opium is to be gained otherwise. I content to address to the British Governm the message of Isaiah to the men of Judah a Jerusalem: 'Cease to do evil; learn to well.'"

Burial of George Cruikshank in St. Paul's thedral.—On Friday afternoon, November the remains of this distinguished artist were moved from Kensal Green Cemetery to Paul's Cathedral in London. In complia with a generally-expressed public wish, the D of St. Paul's gave his consent to the buria the Cathedral immediately after the death of George Cruikshank, but owing to repairs wh were in progress in the crypt the reception of remains was deferred until Friday last. ceremony of removal was of the simplest k (under the direction of Mr. Garstin). The cc containing the remains was brought in a hea and on reaching the well-known residence in Hampstead Road, at four o'clock, after stayi short time the widow, Mrs. George Cruiksh entered a mourning coach and followed. sergeants of the volunteer corps of which deceased artist was formerly lieutenant-colc who had followed his funeral to the Kensal G Cemetery, joined the procession, which rea the Cathedral at half-past five o'clock, and coffin was lowered into the place assigned immediately after the afternoon service.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. **SPURGEON**, of London—Sermon by the Rev. T. **DE WITT TALMAGE**, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by rgymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes, etc.—Also, once onth, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. **MORLEY PUNSHON**.

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Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1878.

12th Year. No. 10—New Series.

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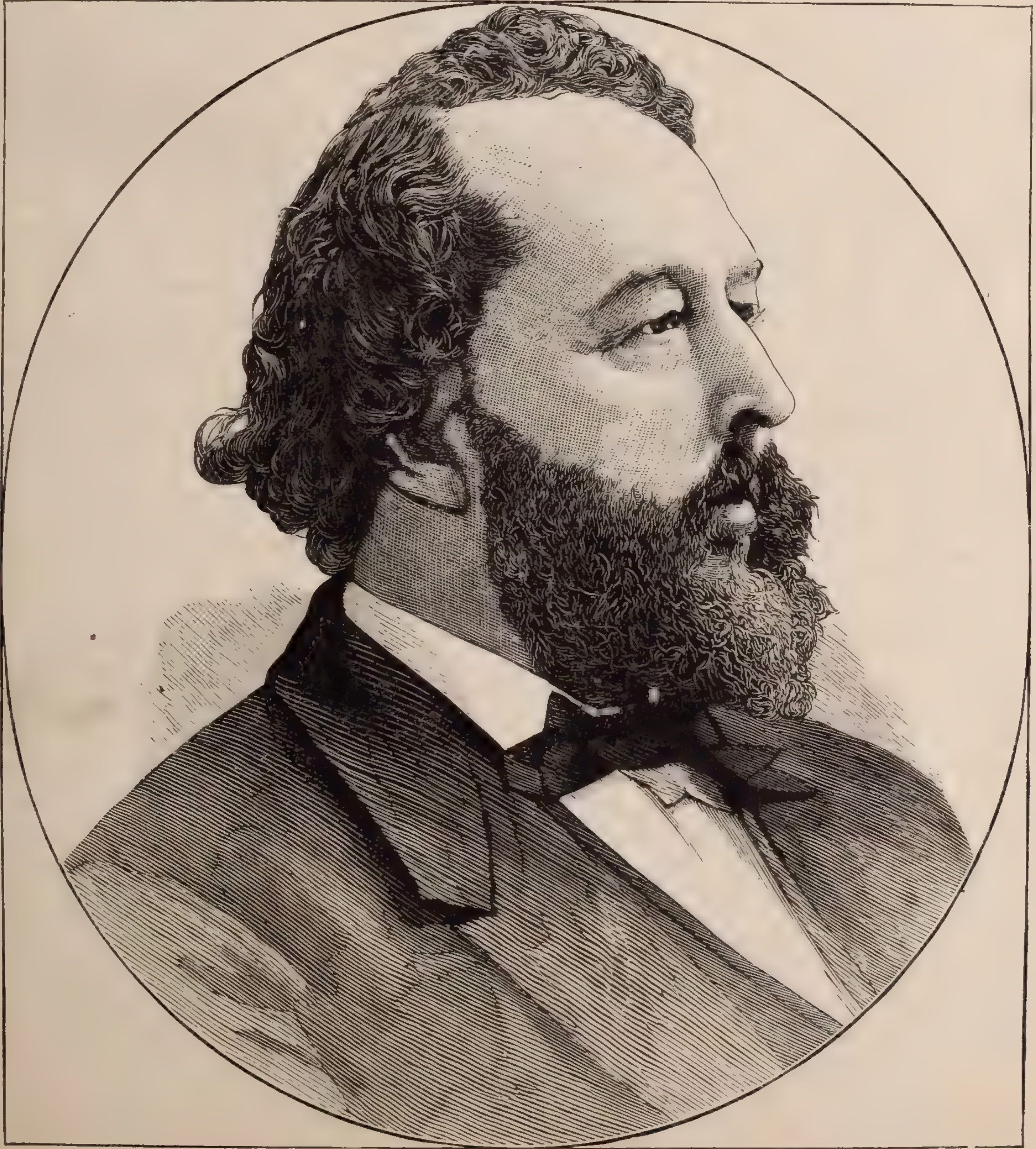

BAYARD TAYLOR, Journalist, Traveller, Ambassador.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Journalist—Traveller—Ambassador.

IN the death of Mr. Bayard Taylor, every citizen of the Republic seems to have sustained a personal loss. It is not that a brave and true man has dropped out of the ranks of the army of progress, though our bereavement includes that, too; but we feel that we have lost a personal friend. Mr. Taylor had become, through his works, one of our chosen companions, and one of the chattiest and most genial of companions. We could take down from the shelf one of his volumes, and—presto! the room vanishes, and we are thousands of miles away, tramping along by his side through strange lands, out of ordinary guide-book routes, and meeting something novel and instructive every minute. He has gone; and though we may roam along the old highways over again, we are sadly conscious, as we read, that the termination is fixed and the last journey has been taken. He has gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns. The hand that has led us in imagination through scenes of historical, and hallowed interest lies cold in death; and the voice that was wont in cheerful, modest accents, to describe his strange and romantic adventures is silent in the grave. No wonder that a genuine feeling of personal bereavement has been spread over the nation by the sad intelligence.

The following details of Mr. Taylor's eventful life, collected from information furnished by friends, from his works, and from the obituary notices in the New York *Tribune* and *Herald*, will be of interest to our readers:

James Bayard Taylor (he relinquished his first name after he became a regular newspaper writer) was born upon a country farm at Kennett Square, Chester County, Pa., January 11th, 1825. His parents, who are both living, and recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage, are descended from the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania, and are persons of note in the quiet township where they have always lived.

The future traveller received the usual advantages of a common-school education, and, like so many other men of eminence, obtained his first impulse to a literary career through his connection with the press. At the age of seventeen years he was regularly apprenticed in a newspaper printing-office in West Chester, and employed his leisure in the study of Latin and French. His first published compositions were verses which he wrote for the columns of the newspaper in question, and were probably "set up" *by his own hand.*

The approval of his friends soon induced him to send specimens of his poetic skill to the two recognized autocrats of American criticism, Nathaniel P. Willis and Rufus Wilmot Griswold, then respectively conducting the New York *Mirror* and *Graham's Magazine.* They were well received, both by those gentlemen and by the reading public in the columns of those periodicals, and others of his compositions were accepted by more than one of the metropolitan newspapers. In 1844 he collected his scattered verses into a small volume entitled "Ximena; or, The Battle of the Sierra Morena, and Other Poems," which is now one of the scarcest of modern American books.

One of his objects in this early appearance as an author was to gain a sufficient status in literature to procure him an engagement as correspondent for some prominent journal during a tour in Europe which he was eagerly planning, although the expenses had yet to be provided. This was a bold project for a youth of nineteen, but it succeeded in every respect. His local fame in Chester County easily reached the city of Philadelphia, where his book had been printed, and he obtained from Mr. Joseph R. Chandler of the *United States Gazette*, and Mr. Patterson of the *Saturday Evening Post*, an advance of $100 for letters to be written from Europe. This sum, with the addition of $40 received from *Graham's Magazine* for some accepted poems, was enough to pay his passage and his expenses for a few weeks abroad, and he was encouraged by Horace Greeley, who promised to pay for such letters as should prove readable.

With this $140 he set out on

HIS FIRST JOURNEY

July 1st, 1844, and did not return for two years.

During that period he regularly corresponded with his friends in New York, and contributed, as he had undertaken to do with the *Tribune* and other publications. His letters were, as he tells us, written during his wanderings,—"partly by the wayside when resting at mid-day, and partly on the rough tables of peasant inns, in the stillness of deserted ruins, or amid the sublime solitude of the mountain-top." Such letters from such a pen were, it is needless to say, eagerly read.

His object in setting out he thus states: "It was not simply the desire for a roving life which impelled me; it was the wish to become acquainted with other languages and other races; to behold the wonders of classic and mediæval art; to look upon renowned landscapes and feel the magic of grand historical associations; in short, to educate myself more completely and variously than my situation and circumstances enabled me to do at home."

He was accompanied by his cousin, Dr. Frank Taylor, and Mr. Barclay Pennock, author of "Religion of the Northmen;" and the plan of the trio of friends was to spend a year or a year and a half in wandering over Europe, and especially exploring Germany—a land whose language and literature even at that age had a great charm for him, which lasted and increased through the remainder of his life.

A steerage passage across the Atlantic in a sailing vessel was in those days a dreary experience; but his high spirits and exultant pleasure in the near realization of his boyhood's dreams made light of privations, and gave a rose-colored tint even to the steerage.

At last, the voyage over, he landed at Liverpool, and having some time to spare, went to Londonderry to have "just a sight" of Irish soil. From there he went to Scotland, where he was enchanted with the scenery of the lakes. Thence by steamer to London, where he spent a week exploring the historic scenes of England's metropolis. Here, with the true literary instinct, he was not attracted by the theatres, or the royal palaces, or general show sights of the city, but made haste to that mausoleum of the great, the wise, and the good of past centuries of English life,

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Here his enthusiasm was kindled afresh. He wrote:

"We approached by the general entrance, Poet's Corner. I hardly stopped to look at the elaborate exterior of Henry VII.'s Chapel, but passed on to the door. On entering, the first thing that met my eyes were the words, 'O RARE BEN JONSON,' under his bust. Near by stood the monuments of Spenser and Gay, and a few paces further looked down the sublime countenance of Milton. Never was a spot so full of intense interest. The light was just dim enough to give it a solemn, religious air, making the marble forms of poets and philosophers so shadowy and impressive that I felt as if standing in their living presence. Every step called up some mind linked with the associations of my childhood. There was the gentle feminine countenance of Thomson, and the majestic head of Dryden; Addison with his classic features, and Gray, full of the fire of lofty thought. In another chamber I paused long before the tablet to Shakspeare; and while looking at the monument of Garrick, started to find that I stood upon his grave. What a glorious galaxy of genius is here collected—what a constellation of stars whose light is immortal! The mind is fettered by their spirit, every thing is forgotten but the mighty dead, who still 'rule us from their urns.'

"How can I convey an idea of the scene! Notwithstanding all the descriptions I have read, I was totally unprepared for the reality, nor could I have anticipated the hushed and breathless interest with which I paced the dim aisles, gazing, at every step, on the last resting-place of some great and familiar name. A place so sacred to all who inherit the English tongue is worthy of a special pilgrimage across the deep. So far does any description fall short of the scene itself, that if I thought it would induce a few of our wealthy idlers, or even those who, like myself, must travel with toil and privation, to come hither, I would write till the pen dropped from my hand."

The party lodged during their stay in London at a cheap lodging-house at the east end, and conducted all their explorations with the strictest regard to economy. That they must have done so is clear from the fact that up to the time of leaving London from the day of departure from New York their expenses amounted t only $25 each.

From London the party proceeded to Belgium, and then on to the country on which Mr Taylor had centred his expectations.

GERMANY.

Here a halt was proclaimed, and at Heidelberg a stay of one month was made for study o the language and literature. Mr. Taylor labore here with great assiduity, and made rapid prog ress, keeping up at the same time a regular co respondence with the journals at home. H descriptions of student life are full of interes and he appears to have entered with genuin abandon into its labors and pleasures.

From Germany Mr. Taylor proceeded to e plore Switzerland and the Tyrol. He climbed th Alps, and his emotions at the sight of that glo ous range may be imagined. His description very graphic, but want of space precludes its i sertion here.

Florence, with its matchless art galleries, fill him with delight, and he would gladly have e tended his stay there had it been possible.

A monetary difficulty occurred here mo amusing to read of than to experience. Th members of the party had gone to Leghorn get a draft cashed by a banker there, and M Taylor waited behind at Florence; during th absence he made the acquaintance of

THE WOLF—HUNGER.

"They were to be absent three or four da s, and had left me money enough to live upo n the meantime, but the next morning our bill or washing came in, and consumed nearly the wh le of it. I had about four crazie (three cent s a day left for my meals, and by spending on of these for bread, and the remainder for ripe f of which one crazie will purchase fifteen or twenty, and roasted chestnuts, I manage to make a diminutive breakfast and dinner, ut was careful not to take much exercise, on c count of the increase of hunger. As it p pened, my friends remained two days lo ger than I had expected, and the last two craz had were expended for one day's provision I then decided to try the next day without ny thing, and actually felt a curiosity to know hat one's sensations would be, on experiencing wo or three days of starvation. I knew that i he feeling should become insupportable, I c ld easily walk out to the mountain of Fie le, where a fine fig orchard shades the old Ro an amphitheatre. But the experiment was br ken off in its commencement, by the arrival o the absent ones, in the middle of the following r ht. Such is the weaknes of human nature, th on finding I should not want for breakfast, I ose from bed, and ate the two or three remainin figs which, by a strong exertion, I had saved fro the scanty allowance of the day. I began to e eri ence a powerful feeling of weakness and va ity and my breakfast the next day—the most de cious meal I ever ate—cost me at least ten c ts

Leaving Florence he passed on to Ro e city he had long eagerly desired to visit r its historical associations. He wrote:

"One day's walk through Rome—ho hall I describe it? The Capitol, the Foru St eter's, the Coliseum—what few hours' ramble ver took in places so hallowed by poetry, history, and art? It was a golden leaf in my calendar of life."

After a stay all too short in the city of the Seven Hills, he embarked for Marseilles, and so n to Paris.

In Paris, Mr. Taylor, still bent on making the most of his pecuniary resources, managed to ve on twenty cents a day and gave a cheerful count of the result. A walk through Normandy brought him to the coast, whence he embarked for London.

In London he endeavored to procure work as compositor, but though he had strong letters recommendation to leading firms there who ere willing to employ him, he was unable to nter their offices owing to the operation of the ules of the Trades-Unions. He wrote: "I was bliged to walk the raw, misty thoroughfares for hree hours before I could find the master-printers n their offices. I called on the third and last rinter addressed by Mr. Willis, who gave me the ame answer, but referred me to another estabshment, where he thought I might be accepted. went thither, and after some conversation with he foreman, was told I might go to work. I ook off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and was etting a case in order, when I noticed that the orkmen, of whom there were a number, were ooking at me and whispering among themselves. resently the foreman came up to me and said: I am very sorry but you can't work here. The men won't allow it, because you cannot show that you have served the usual term of apprenceship.' I thereupon put on my coat and went nto the street again, and that was all the typesetting I ever did in Europe."

Mr. Taylor remained some short time in Lonon and made many hearty and sincere friends n that city. But he had been away from home wo years and was now anxious to return. He ailed in the Victoria, April 27th, 1846, and after hirty-seven days tossing on the Atlantic landed afely on these shores.

On his return to America he had little trouble n arranging his materials into a volume, which was published in December, 1846, at New York, nder the title "Views a-Foot; or, Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff." The volume had an mmediate success, receiving the heartiest praise ot only from R. W. Griswold, but from that terner censor, the London *Athenæum*. It passed hrough a dozen editions.

For a year after his return Mr. Taylor edited nd published a country paper at Phœnixville, Pa., with an unsatisfactory pecuniary result. In 847 he came to New York to seek his fortune y literature, and a number of his sketches and oems were accepted by the *Literary World*, which, under the management of the late Evert A. Duyckinck, was then the leading critical journal of the metropolis. His ambition was still chiefly directed to poetic fame, and at the Christmas season of 1847 he issued (with the date of 848) a new volume of "Rhymes of Travel, Ballads and other Poems," which did not meet the ommendation of the *Literary World*, but was warmly praised by Edgar Allan Poe. In February, 848, Mr. Taylor secured employment upon the New York *Tribune*, with which paper he has ver since been connected in some capacity. ust at that time, however, the Eastern States were agog with the California excitement, and hither young Taylor proceeded by way of Panma, returning a few months later through Mexco. His letters to the *Tribune*, collected under he title "El Dorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire," had within a few weeks a circuation of 10,000 copies, and of the English reprint 30,000 were sold. More than twenty ediions have since been issued of this, the most profitable of all Mr. Taylor's works.

The chief incentive to his longest series of journeys—those begun in 1851—was the death, rom consumption, of a beautiful and amiable young lady to whom he was long engaged, and who had inspired many pathetic lyrics in his earlier verse. The marriage ceremony was performed almost on her deathbed, and after her burial he felt the need of protracted change of scene.

In the summer of 1851 Mr. Taylor set out for a long tour in Eastern lands, leaving in the hands of his publisher a third volume of poems, "A Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs" (Boston, 1851), which included "The American Legend," a poem delivered the previous year before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, and separately printed. Mr. Taylor's journey conducted him by way of England, the Rhine, Vienna, Trieste, and Smyrna to Egypt, reaching Cairo early in November. He spent the whole winter in a voyage up the Nile, penetrating through Nubia and the Soudan to the Kingdom of the Shillook negroes, on the White Nile, and when he reached Cairo in April, 1852, he had travelled 4000 miles in Central Africa.

He then made the Oriental tour of Palestine and Syria, visited Antioch and Aleppo and crossed Asia Minor diagonally from Tarsus, through the passes of the Taurus range, the forests of ancient Phrygia and the Bithynian Olympus to Constantinople, visiting also the Troad. He then spent several months in Southern Europe, especially Malta and Sicily, where he witnessed the eruption of Etna, and returned to England by way of the Tyrol and Germany.

After a brief sojourn in England he took a new departure for the extreme East in October, 1852; tarried a month in Southern Spain, proceeded to Bombay by the "Overland" route, and made a journey of 2200 miles, chiefly on horseback, in Central India, reaching Calcutta February 22d, 1853. He soon proceeded to Hong Kong, by way of Penang and Singapore; resided some time at Shanghai as an attaché of the American Legation, then in charge of Colonel Marshall, and on May 17th embarked for Japan, on board the squadron of Commodore Perry.

He was thus a witness of one of the most memorable events of modern times—the opening of Japan to intercourse with civilized countries—but his diary was not allowed to be separately published, it being used in preparing the official narrative of the expedition. Returning to Canton in August, Mr. Taylor sailed in September for New York and reached this port December 20th, 1853, after an absence of two years and four months, during which he had travelled about fifty thousand miles. "A Journey to Central Africa; or, Life and Landscape from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the White Nile" (New York, 1854); "The Lands of the Saracen; or, Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain" (1854), and "A Visit to India, China, and Japan in the Year 1853" (1855)—all of which were widely popular both in America and England, and ran through numerous editions.

Mr. Taylor settled down to quiet journalistic work for a few years, but the passion for novelty was still strong within him, and in 1862 he accepted the post of Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, where he resided nearly two years, acting for a short time in 1863 as Chargé d'Affaires *ad interim*. At this time he pursued with earnestness his studies of German literature, comenced many years before, and married Miss Marie Hansen, a German lady of distinguished family, who is herself a linguist and author of rare talents. During the winter of 1869–70 he delivered a course of lectures on "German Literature" at Cornell University. He was well beloved by all the students at Ithaca. His chief occupation for several years consisted in lecturing and his recreation in translating Goethe's "Faust," two volumes (1870–71). He traversed in 1871 the entire route of the Northern Pacific Railway, making a by visit to the British province of Manitoba, and in 1874 revisited Egypt and Iceland, publishing his letters thereupon in a single volume.

A complete account of his literary activity would comprise scores of uncollected contributions to miscellaneous publications, many unpublished lectures, and a vast number of literary reviews and general articles which were published in the columns of the New York *Tribune*. One of his most marvellous feats of literary labor was in preparing for the *Tribune*, a few years ago, *within forty-eight hours* a complete account of two new volumes of poems by Victor Hugo. This was done from advance-sheets by working day and night, and the account, which filled several columns, was largely composed of metrical translations from Hugo.

Mr. Taylor was not an ardent politician, but he sympathized heartily with the Union cause during the civil war, and was always identified with the fortunes of the Republican party. When it fell to the lot of President Hayes early in the present year to fill the post of Minister to the German Empire, it was generally felt that it would be not merely a welcome tribute to literature and to journalistic success, but a fitting satisfaction of the joint interests of two great States, could the position be tendered to Mr. Taylor.

The appointment was made and was more satisfactory to the public than government appointments usually are. When the news of his death was telegraphed to Washington it elicited the following

TRIBUTE FROM THE PRESIDENT:

"His appointment as Minister to Germany was one of the few appointments I have made where no especial pressure was exerted by any one in the appointee's behalf. His fitness for the position because of his standing as a journalist, his familiarity with German literature, and his ability as an educated and talented gentleman, were well known to me, and as soon as I mentioned his name to Secretary Evarts his appointment was virtually decided upon. Mr. Taylor was a native of Pennsylvania. Mr. Welsh, our Minister to Great Britain, is also a Pennsylvanian, and the fact that two gentlemen from one State had been selected to fill important missions in Europe was suggested to me when the appointment of Mr. Taylor was made. But I felt that in some respects Mr. Taylor was more *a representative of the United States at large than of one locality in particular*. He was better known perhaps in New York than in Pennsylvania, and his fame as a literary man was almost world-wide."

Mr. Taylor had suffered latterly from dropsy, and had been for some time under medical treatment. The last news of his condition had been more reassuring, and his friends hoped he would yet be spared for many years, but on Thursday, December 19th, at four o'clock, he calmly passed away.

The following beautiful prayer, which we extract from Mr. Taylor's volume of poems on the Orient, must close our notice of this truly representative man:

God, who kindlest aspiration,
  Kindlest hope the heart within;
God, who promisest Thy mercy,
  Wiping out the debt of sin,—

God, protect me, in the darkness,
  When the awful thunders roll:
Evil walks the world unsleeping,
  Evil sleeps within my soul.

Keep my mind from every impulse
  Which from Thee may turn aside;
Keep my heart from every passion
  By Thy breath unsanctified.

God, preserve me from a spirit
  Which Thy knowledge cannot claim;
From a knee that bendeth never
  In the worship of Thy name;

From a heart whose every feeling
  Is not wholly vowed to Thee;
From an eye that, through its weeping,
  Thy compassion cannot see;

From a prayer that goes not upward,
  In the darkness and the fear,
From the soul's impassioned centre,
  Seeking access at Thy ear!

When the might of Evil threatens,
  Throw Thy shelter over me:
Let my spirit feel Thy presence,
  And my days be full of Thee!

KEEPING BAD COMPANY.

A "Midnight Exploration" Sermon, by Dr. Talmage, preached December 22d.

"A companion of fools shall be destroyed."—PROVERBS 13 : 20.

No Man Goes to Ruin Unaccompanied—Sin is Infectious—The Innocent Young Man in a Great City—Who Looks after Him—Who Pays Expenses—I. Avoid the Sceptic—He has "got over it"—II. Avoid the Idler—Where Idlers Resort—How They do Harm—Ashbel Green's Reply—III. Avoid the Pleasure-Seeker—Nature is Beautiful, yet it is Constantly in Work—The Career of Brummell—How a Quaker made His Money—The Feast of God.

IN all the nights of city exploration I discovered that hardly any man goes into a place of dissipation or sin *alone.* He almost always goes accompanied. Indeed, I will put the case stronger, and say, no one ever goes to ruin alone. He always takes some one with him. So that when I estimate the calamity of one man's destruction, I not only take into account the loss of his body, mind, and soul, and the ruin of his household, but perhaps the ruin of ten, or twenty, or thirty souls, ten, or twenty, or thirty households.

"May it please the Court," said a convicted criminal, when asked by the judge what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, "May it please the Court, bad company has been my destruction; I received the blessing of good parents, and in return therefor promised to avoid all evil associates; had I kept my promise I should have avoided this shame, and the burden of guilt which like a vulture threatens to drag me to justice for my many crimes. Although I once moved in high circles and was entertained by distinguished men, *I am lost; bad company did the work for me.*" Only one out of a thousand illustrations was that of the fact that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed." *It is an invariable rule.*

Here is a hospital with a hundred men down with the ship-fever. Here is a healthy man who goes into it. He does not so certainly catch *the disease* as a good man will catch *moral distemper* if he consents to be shut up with the vicious and the abandoned. In the prisons of the olden time it was the custom to put the prisoners in a cell together, and I sorry to say it is the custom still in some of our prisons; so that when the day of liberation comes, the men, instead of being reformed, are turned out brutes, not men, each one having learned the vice of all the rest.

We may, my friends, in our worldly occupation be obliged to talk to and commingle with bad people; but he who *voluntarily* chooses that kind of associations is carrying on a courtship with a Delilah which will shear the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition.

Look over all the millions of the race, and you cannot show me a single instance where a man *voluntarily* associated with the bad for one year and maintained his integrity. Sin is catching; it is infectious; it is epidemic.

A young man wakes up in one of our great cities, knowing only the gentlemen of the firm into whose service he has entered. In the morning he enters the store, and all the clerks mark him, measure him, discuss him. The bad clerks of that establishment, the good clerks of that establishment, stand in some relation to him. The good clerks will wish him well, but they will wait for a formal introduction; and even after they have had the introduction they are very cautious as to whether they shall call him into their association before they know him very well.

But the bad young men in that establishment all gather around him, they patronize him, they offer to show him every thing that there is in the city, on one condition—that he will pay the expenses; for it always happens so when a good young man and a bad young man go together to a place of evil entertainment *the good young man always has to pay the charges.* Just at the time the ticket is to be paid for, or the champagne bill is to be settled, the bad young man will affect embarrassment and feel around in his pockets, and say, "Well, well, really I have forgotten my pocket-book."

In forty-eight hours after this young man has entered the store—this innocent young man—the bad young men will gather around him, slap him on the shoulder with familiarity, and at his stupidity in not being able to take certain allusions, will say: "Ah! my young friend, you will have to be broken in." And forthwith they go to work *to "break him in."*

O young man! let no fallen young man slap you on the shoulder familiarly. Turn around and give a withering glance that will make the wretch cower in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand before the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of heaven in His own scabbard, and no human arm may reach them; but God gives to every young man a lightning which he may use, and that is *the lightning of an honest eye.* Anybody that understands the temptations of our great cities knows the use of a sermon like this, in which I try to enforce by thought that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

And *first*, I charge you,

AVOID THE SCEPTIC.

That is, the young man who puts his thumb in his vest, and swaggers about, scoffing at your old-fashioned religion; then taking out the Bible and turning over to some mysterious passage, and saying, "Explain that, my friend—explain that. I used to think just as you do; my father and mother used to think just as you do; but you can't scare me about the future; I used to believe in those things, but I've got over it." Yes; he has *got over it*, and you will *get over it* if you stay in his companionship much longer; for while he may not bring one argument against our holy Christianity, he will by scoffs and jeers and caricatures destroy your faith in that religion which was the comfort of your father in his declining years, and the pillow on which your old mother lay a-dying.

That brilliant young sceptic will after a while have to die, and his diamond will flash no splendor into the eye of Death. His hair will lie uncombed on the pillow. Death will come up, and he will say—this sceptic will say, "I cannot die, I cannot die." Death will say, "You must die; you have but ten seconds more to live. Your soul—*give it to me right away.* Your soul!" "Oh no!" says the sceptic, "don't breathe that cold air into my face; you crowd me too hard; it is getting dark in the room; here—take my rings, and take all the pictures in the room, but let me off." "No," says Death; "your soul! your soul!" Then the dying sceptic begins to say, "O God!" Death says, "You declared there was no God." Then the dying sceptic says, "Pray for me;" and Death says, "It is *too late to pray;* you have only three seconds more to live, and I will count them off—one, two, three. Gone!" *Where? Where?* Carry him out and lay him down beside his old father and mother, who died under the delusions of the Christian religion, singing the songs of victory. He died saying: "Don't breathe that cold air in my face; you crowd me too hard; it is getting dark in the room."

Again,

AVOID THE IDLER.

That is, those people who gather around the store, or the shop, or the factory, and try to induce you away from your worldly calling, and in your business house try to induce you away. There is nothing that would please them so well as to have you give up your employment and consort with them.

These idlers you will find standing around the engine-houses, or standing at noonday, or about noon, on the steps of some hotel or fashionable restaurant, giving the idea they have dined there. They have not dined there. They never dined there. They never will dine there. Before you invite a young man into your association ask him plainly: "What do you do for a living? If he says "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out for him." I care not how soft his hand, or how elegant his apparel, or how high-sounding his family name, *his touch is death.*

These people who have nothing to do will come around you in your busy hours, and they will ask you to ride with them to Coney Island or to Central Park, and they will tell you of some excursion that you must make, of some wine that you must drink, of some beautiful dancer that you must see. They will try to take you away from your regular work. Associate with these men, and first of all you will become ashamed of your apparel; then you will lose your place, then you will lose your respectability, then you will lose your soul.

Idleness is the next door *to villany.* When the police go to find criminals, where do they go to find them? They find them *among the idle*—those who have nothing to do, or, having something to do, refuse to engage in their daily work. Some one came to good old Ashbel Green and asked him why he worked at eighty years of age when it was time for him to rest. "Oh," he replied, "I work to keep out of mischief." And no man *can afford* to be idle I care not how strong his moral character, h cannot afford to be idle.

But you say, "A great many people ar suffering from enforced idleness. During th hard times there are a great many people out o employment." I know it; but the times o dulness in business are the times when me ought to be thoroughly engaged in improvin their minds and enlarging their hearts. Th fortunes to be made twenty years from now wi be made by the young men who are now i these days of dulness in business culturing the intellect and improving their nature. They wi get the fortunes after a while, while those me who hang around their stores, never engaging i any useful occupation, will be as poor then a they are now. It is absurd for a Christian ma to say he has nothing to do.

I went into a store in New York where the were five Christian men, and they said they ha nothing to do. The whole world lying in si Poverty to be comforted, sickness to be allev ated, a Bible in the back office, every opportuni of mental culture, spiritual culture, every i ducement to work, yet a Chrstian man, swo before High heaven to consecrate his whole l to usefulness, has nothing to do! If you ha not any business for this world, my Christi friend, then you ought to be doing business eternity.

People go to Florence and to Venice and Rome to see one of the works of the great m ters. I thing I can show you the picture one of the great masters: "I went by the fi of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the m void of understanding; and, lo, it was all gro over with thorns. and nettles had covered face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was br en down. Then I saw. and considered it well. looked upon it. and received instruction. Ye little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come one that travelleth; and thy want as an arm man." There is no more explosive passage all the Bible than that. It first begins to like the fuse of a cannon, and then bursts lik fifty-four-pounder. The old proverb was t "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil!" Therefore seek something to If no worldly business offers, then, in the nam of the Lord Jesus Christ, go out on Christian and the Lord will bless you and the Lord will help you.

Again, I counsel you,

AVOID THE PLEASURE-SEEKER,

—the man whose entire business it is to seek for recreation and amusement. I believe in the amusements of the world so far as they are innocent. I could not live without them. Any man of sanguine temperament must have recreation or die. And yet the amusements and recreations of life must administer to vork ; they are only preparative for the occuation to which God has called us.

God would not have given us the capacity to augh if He did not sometimes intend us to inlulge it. God hath hung in sky and set in wave nd printed on grass many a roundelay. But all he music and the brightness of the natural world vas merely intended to fit us for the earnest vork of life. The thundercloud has edges exuisitely purpled, but it jars the mountain as it ays, "I come down to water the fields." The lowers standing under the fence look gay and eautiful, but they say : "We stand here to reresh the husbandmen at the nooning." The rook frolics and sparkles and foams, but it ays, "I go to baptize the moss ; I go to slake he thirst of the bird ; I turn the wheel of the nill ; in my crystal cradle I rock muckshaw and vater-lily ; I play, but I work."

Look out for the man who plays and never vorks. Look out for that man whose entire usiness it is to play ball or sail a yacht, or enage in any kind of merriment. These things re all beautiful and grand in their places, but vhen they became *the chief work* of life they beome a man's destruction.

George Brummell was admired of all England. Ie danced with peeresses and went a round of nirth and folly, until after a while, exhausted of urse, ruined of reputation, blasted of soul, he egged a crust from a grocer, declaring as his eliberate opinion that he thought that a dog's ife was better than a man's.

These mere pleasurists will come around you vhile you are engaged in your work and they will ry to take you away. They want you to lose our place. They have lost their place ; why not ou lose your place ? Then you will be one with hem. O my friends ! before you go with these leasure-seekers, these men whose entire life it s to fun and amusement and recreation, remember while after a man has lived a life of integrity nd Christian consecration, kind to the poor nd elevating to the world's condition, when he omes to die he has a glorious reminiscence lying n his death pillow, the mere pleasurist has othing by way of review but a torn play-bill, a icket for the race, an empty tankard, or the castout rhymes of a carousal ; and as in delirium of his awful death he clutches the goblet and resses it to his lips, the dregs falling on his ongue will begin to uncoil and hiss with the aders of an eternal poison.

Oh ! turn your back upon these men, shake off he sceptic. Shake off the idler. Shake off the leasurist. You may do this work of ejection in oliteness, but you may do it firmly. You are ot, under any circumstances, to lose all the renembrance of the fact that you are a gentleman nd must always act the gentleman.

A young man said to a Christian Quaker : 'Old chap, how did you get your money ?" Well," said the Quaker, "I got it by dealing n an article in which thou mayst deal if thou vilt—civility."

Be courteous, be polite, but be firm. Say no s if you meant it. Do not say "No." If you ay "No," they will keep on with their imploraion and their temptation, and after a while you vill stand in silence, and then you will say, after hey have gone on a little longer, "Yes." And hen they will go on with their temptation until ou will say "Yes," and then you are lost.

Oh ! turn your back upon the banquet of sin. I all you to a better feast to-day. The promises f God are the fruits. The harps of heaven are he music. The clusters of Eshcol are pressed nto the tankards. The sons and daughters of he Lord Almighty are the guests. While standng at the banquet to pour the wine, and divide he clusters, and command the music, and welome the guests, is a daughter of God, on her row the blossoms of Paradise, and in her cheek he flush of celestial summer. And her name is Religion. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, nd all her paths are peace."

So far I have come in this series of sermons, nd two weeks from to-day I shall turn a chapter, and I will go on to speak of what is being done in the other cities of this land. I have recived from every city in this country, and from almost every city in Great Britain and Ireland, assurances that God has blessed this series of sermons to the salvation of many people ; and now from this time I shall look off upon the other cities of the land, not forgetting, however, at the same time, our own cluster of cities, and I shall try to show the people what are the evils to be cured and what are the signs of encouragement. O my friends ! let us toil on. Do not let us live lives of selfishness ; there is so much sin and suffering all around about. May God help us in our work !

You have a work to do which I cannot accomplish. I have a work that you cannot do. The great harvest day comes when we must give an account for our faithfulness, or our unfaithfulness. Oh that it might be in the last day that Christ would say to us : "I was hungry and ye fed me ; I was naked and ye clothed me ; I was sick and in prison and ye visited me ; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it to me." Time goes rapidly by, and soon the books will be opened, and you and I must answer not only for our own treatment of the Gospel of Christ, but for the manner in which we have brought that Gospel to others. "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and amen !

The above is a verbatim and unabridged report of Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning sermon.

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

at the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York.

"THE JUDGMENT, OR JUDGMENTS."

A Paper read by the Rev. Dr. J. T. Cooper, of the Presbyterian Seminary, Allegheny, Penn.

I. The Import of the Word Judgment—1. Rule or Government—2. Final Determination—II. Who will be the Judge ?—III. The Duration of the Judgment—IV. The Persons Judged—1. True Believers—2. Both Houses of Israel—3. The Gentile Nations—V. The Order of the Judgments —1. The Nations—2. Exaltation of the Pious Dead—3. The Formation of the Millennial Kingdom—4. The Apostacy—5. The Judgment of the Apostacy—6. Judgment of the Dead.

In my inquiries on this subject I have sought to be guided by the Word of God, *and by that alone.* Experience and observation show that there is no accurate proportion at present maintained between conduct and condition—that the wicked often triumph in their iniquity, while virtue is despised ; her humble votaries borne down by the gloom of adversity, or reared in the midst of sorrows and tears. These facts, taken in connection with the suggestions of reason, seem to justify the conclusion that a crisis is before our world, in which there will be a *glorious vindication* of the justice of the moral Governor of the Universe, or, in other words, a last judgment. But, while it becomes us thus far to listen to the voice of reason, she has nothing to say as to the mode of God's procedure in this judgment, the time of its occurrence, and the circumstances or events connected with it. For information on these topics, as well as for a confirmation of the fact itself, we must look to the Word of God, and to that word alone. Let us, then, with reverence, open this word and hear what it has to say on this all-important theme.

I. What do the Scriptures teach us in relation to

THE IMPORT OF THE WORD JUDGMENT

or judgments, viewed as an act or series of acts performed by the God of Heaven ? It is a matter of importance that we have Scriptural ideas on this subject. In answer to the question just propounded, the following facts are clearly indicated :

1. The word is sometimes used where *the prominent idea is that of rule or government.* Thus we speak of the "Judges of Israel" as Gideon, Samson, Jephthah, Samuel, etc. Of each of these persons it is said "he judged Israel." Here the idea of rule or government must be regarded as prominent, with, perhaps, a special reference to the condition of those judged as exposed to enemies. When Israel wanted a king they said : "We will have a king over us, that we also may be like all the nations ; and that our king may judge us and fight our battles."

These passages, and they are only specimens of what might be adduced, clearly show that the word judgment is employed in the Scriptures not simply to denote a single act in which a sentence is passed upon a culprit, either in the way of acquittal or condemnation, but a series of acts in which are involved the exercise of lordship in the way of ruling, governing, saving, vindicating, protecting, and taking vengeance.

2. In harmony with the foregoing, the term judgment is sometimes employed to express those dealings of God with the children of men in which there will be *a revelation of their fixed character and a determination of their everlasting destiny.* In the language of the author of Christian Dogmatics, we may say : "That the history of the world is a continued judgment of the world, is acknowledged by all who attentively and believingly observe it. But it is equally manifest that it can by no means yet be termed *a final judgment,* although it is unceasingly preparing the way for this last. This awfully momentous fact has been made the subject of repeated prophetic announcements, and is no doubt to be identified with that which, in almost all the prophetic writings, is spoken of as "the day of the Lord." Not, indeed, that judgment is the *only scene* which that day is to disclose ; but it will doubtless constitute one of its characteristic features. The impression must be made upon the mind of every reader of the Bible that this "day of judgment" is to be *final to the party or parties judged.*

THE JUDGE.

II. To whom does the work of judgment belong ? I answer, it is to none other than the Lord Jesus Christ, the God-man Redeemer. This matter is indisputably settled by the Spirit of God, in the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to John. Two actions in that chapter are ascribed to our Lord. One of these, namely, that of raising the dead, He is said to perform in conjunction with the Father. Thus it is said in verse twenty-first : "As the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom He will." The other action, ascribed to Him in the next verse, is that of judging ; but this is declared to be His work to *the evclusion* of the Father. See how explicit is the statement there: "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son."

III. *How long shall the work of judgment last ?* "There seems much rationality in the interpretation given by Mede, that the time of judgment is a thousand human years, than in that of those who, without a shred of Scriptural authority, restrict it to a human day, or some such little span of secular time. 'One day,' says Peter, 'is with the Lord as a thousand years.' The very minimum of meaning that can be taken from this is, that a day in God's reckoning of His own works is as a thousand years of human reckoning." It seems to me that it is in perfect accord with the Scriptures to represent the whole of the millennial dispensation as "the last day," "the day of the Lord," and "the day of judgment," just as the present dispensation is called "the day of salvation" (1 Cor. 6 : 6). One of the distinguishing features of "that day" is judgment. It opens with judgment, it has judgment running through it, and it closes with the judgment of the great white throne. The parousia or coming of the Lord introduces that day, but there is no authority for confounding it with it, and it should by no means be done.

WHO ARE THE PERSONS JUDGED?

IV. Who, according to the Scriptures, are the persons or parties judged? These I shall proceed to specify.

We have the judgment of Christians or true believers. To this the apostle refers in 2 Cor. 5 : 10 : " For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." This passage has been regarded by both pre-millenarians and post-millenarians as indicating simply a general judgment without reference to any particular class of persons. My opinion is that the apostle here has an exclusive reference to believers.

2. There is a crisis or hour of judgment awaiting *both the houses of Israel* in the latter days. The ten tribes are at present hidden from view, but under the judicial wrath of God. The awful extent of this wrath, as it has rested and still continues to rest upon the house of Judah, has been the theme of historians without number.

To what extent they shall share in the judgments of which we have been speaking I am not prepared to say. It is clear, however, that a day of fearful reckoning is before them also, though the scene of this judgment will most probably not be their own land. In proof of this read Ezek. 20 : 32-38. Here, after assuring them that He would rule over them " with a mighty hand, and with a stretched out arm, and with fury poured out," Jehovah solemnly declares to them " and I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face. Like as I pleaded with your fathers in the wilderness of the land of Egypt, so will I plead with you, saith the Lord God."

3. The Scriptures speak of a judgment of the Nations. A description of that judgment we have in Matt. 25 : 31-46. It is there said: " When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory : and before Him shall be gathered all Nations, and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left." Our Lord has been giving a series of parables—that of the fig-tree, the ten virgins, and the talents. Some have, therefore, thought that this might with propriety be called the parable of the sheep and the goats. However that may be, it would be certainly improper to subject the imagery here employed to a rigidly literal exegesis. The whole scene is doubtless designed to set before us the solemn fact that there is a day of reckoning before the nations of the earth, and that that day is the time of our Lord's glorious advent.

The separation which is here represented as being made by the King, the words addressed by Him to the two parties before Him, and the replies which they respectively make, are each designed to set before us the characteristics and the issues of that judgment scene which is here so impressively described. How sublime, how majestic the scene! The popular and prevalent idea attached to this scene is that it is descriptive of a grand assize in which not only those who shall be alive at the time, but all who have died and who will yet die, shall be judged, they, of course, having been raised to life. It is, therefore, in their belief a judgment of the quick and the dead. This view cannot be maintained.

The following considerations are sufficient to show that the judgment scene does not embrace any of the resurrection, but only

THOSE WHO ARE ALIVE

at that epoch :

(1) The passage contains no reference whatever to a resurrection. The presumption is that an event so important and calculated to add so much interest to the scene would have been mentioned had our Lord intended to include the dead as well as the living. We have here, then, a mere assumption, and that, too, against a strong presumption.

(2) The fact that these here judged are called " nations," is conclusive against the admission of any others but the living. There is no instance in all the Scriptures in which the word *ethnos*, nation, is employed with any reference, direct or indirect, to those who have died. There are upward of 150 texts in which this word occurs in the New Testament, and among all these there is not one instance of its denoting any who were not or are not to be the inhabitants of the earth at the time to which the passage refers.

(3) There are other places in the Scriptures in which similar expressions are employed in connection with the infliction of terrible judgments, and which probably point to the same events, which are universally admitted to have no reference to a judgment of any but those who are alive.

(4) Another consideration which shows that the persons here judged are not all the dead, as well as those who may be alive at that time, is the reasons given by the Judge for His decision in relation to the two respective classes into which He has arranged them, namely, the sheep and the goats. These reasons were the kindness shown by the one class and the kindness not shown by the other class to His brethren, even the least of them. It requires no words to show that, not to mention infants, there are millions upon millions who have died, to whom these reasons would have been wholly inapplicable. What multitudes, in the ages of the past, have passed away who never heard of the name of Jesus or His brethren!

(5) The form in which this judgment is presented seems to be altogether distinct from the one contained in Rev. 20 : 11-15. Here there is no mention, as in that case, of a formal trial—no opening of books and judging out of those things that were written in the books, according to their works. We have here a " King" sitting upon " the throne of His glory," and calling up rebellious or obedient subjects, upon whom a sentence of reward or punishment is passed. They are divided into classes in a wav which presupposes their previous guilt or innocence, and then the sentence is pronounced with a declaration of the ground on which it is based.

The foregoing considerations, it is thought, demonstrate that, whatever may or may not be the reference in the solemn scene brought before us, that reference cannot be to a universal judgment both of the living and the dead.

I now proceed to remark that there is a strong probability that Jesus by all the nations refers simply to all

GENTILE NATIONS,

that is, to all those among the Gentiles who had shown kindness or had failed to show kindness to the brethren of Christ.

In favor of this view may be urged the fact that it brings this passage into striking harmony with numerous other prophecies. Some of these have already been quoted, and, therefore, need not be restated. In them we are assured that there would be a day, spoken of repeatedly as " that day," and as " the day of the Lord," in which He would " gather all nations and bring them down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and plead with them there for My people and for My heritage, Israel ;" and that he would there " sit and judge all the heathen round about." What have we here in Matthew, but another solemn warning from " the Shepherd and Judge of Israel " as to this " day of vengeance" that was before the nations.

If we read the 25th chapter of Jeremiah we shall find a description of desolating judgments under the figure of a " wine-cup," which the prophet is directed to present to the nations in succession. In the 25th verse it is said : " And all the Kings of the North, far and near, one with another, and all the Kingdoms of the world, which are upon the face of the earth," shall drink of this cup.

In connection with these passages let Daniel 2 : 31-45 be considered. Here we have the four successive Kingdoms of the earth represented as being broken in pieces and consumed by that Kingdom which the God of Heaven shall set up. So also in the 7th chapter the world-powers, including the kings of the earth and their adherents, are symbolized by four beasts. The last of these makes war with the saints and prevails against them " until the Ancient of Days came and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High," when it is said, verse 26, " the judgment shall sit and they shall take away his dominion to consume and destroy it unto the end."

In correspondence with these Old Testament prophecies we have in Rev. 19 : 1-21, a vivid representation of the same terrific scene of judgment upon the nations, where we are told that " The beast was taken, and with him the fals prophet, etc., and cast alive into a lake of fir burning with brimstone"—a punishment simila to that to which those who are on the left hand o the King are doomed. In connection with thes passages it would be well carefully to ponde 2 Thess. 1 : 7-9 ; Judges 14 : 15 ; 2 Thess. 2 : 8

In view, therefore, of the fact that the scen described in the 25th chapter of Matthew, if understood to be a prophecy of a judgment t which the Gentiles are to be subjected at th coming of the Lord, harmonizes with numerou other prophecies, both of the Old and the Ne Testament Scriptures, it is, with deference, su mitted that this is most probably the idea th is to be attached to it.

There appear to be three distinct classes r ferred to—the " sheep," the " goats," and, distinguished from both these, the " brethren of Christ. Some have thought that by H brethren, as distinguished from the others, are to understand His brethren according to t flesh—the Jews. And these passages seem afford sufficient ground for the application Christ to the covenant people of the endeari name of brethren.

This view we have no disposition to press, pecially when we recall the words of Jesu " My brethren are these who hear the word God and keep it."

But though this is a judgment of Gentiles, a is to take place here on earth, it does not foll that the punishment inflicted or the reward c ferred is merely of a temporal character. T issues of the judgment are final in the case both those on the right hand and the left ha of the judge. The last verse declares : " Th shall go away into *everlasting* punishment ; the righteous ino life *eternal*." The former made the heirs of a kingdom, while the lat are banished into everlasting fire prepared the devil and his angels.

Some have doubtless been led by a superfic view of the language employed by the king this sentence to identify this judgment with t of the great white throne which takes place ter the millennium, when the " dead, small a great," are said to appear before God. If, ho ever, we refer to Jude 7, we shall find that " S om and Gomorrah, and the cities about the are said to be " set forth for an example, suf ing the vengeance of eternal fire."

Notwithstanding the most fearful judgme shall thus be visited upon the nations of earth, the result, it would appear, is not a to destruction. On the contrary, we are told Isa. 66 : 18, 19, that " it shall come that I gather all nations and tongues ; and they s come and see my glory. And I will set a s among them, and I will send those that esc of them (mark the words) unto the nations Tarshish, Pul, and Lud, that draw the bow Tubal and Javan, to the isles afar off, that h not heard my fame, neither have seen my g among the Gentiles." Thus there is a remn both of Jews and Gentiles.

In the destruction of those nations that s then be found in rebellion against the Lord against His Christ are brought to a final summation the overthrow of every wicked ganization, whether of a religious or civil c acter. Then, too, will come to end all t Christless associations that have been beg and nurtured by the dark spirit of secrecy.

es ! they will vanish amid the blazing fires of hat "great and terrible day of the Lord." The ragon, the beast, and the false prophet, with he unclean spirits that went forth from their mouths, have met their final doom.

The Scriptures speak of a *judgment of the dead.* An account of this we have in Rev. 20 : 11, 15. This judgment takes place after the thousand ears are expired. The apostle tells us that he "saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened ; and another book was opened, which is the book of life ; and he dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Here you will notice that the dead are wice specifically mentioned. But that is not all. In the very next verse it is said : "And the ea gave up the dead which are in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in hem ; and they were judged every man according to their works."

Those who introduce the dead among "all the nations," in Matt. 25, do not hesitate to introduce the living as among the number that are udged on this occasion. The one is as unauhorized as the other. This results from an identification of these two judgments. As before shown, however, they are clearly distinct as well as separated from each other by a thousand years. At all events, whether separated by such a period or not, they are not the same.

The very place of the judgment here is altogether different from that in the Gospel. There he judgment is on the earth ; for now according to the universal belief of Christians, "when he Son of Man shall come in His glory," it shall be from heaven to earth. Here, however, "the earth and the heaven" are said to have "fled away ; and there was no place found for them." The great White Throne, therefore, is not on the earth at all. As expressly predicted by the Apostle Peter, they have been "dissolved, and their elements have melted with fervent heat." We have here symbolically set before us an assize in which there is a strict judicial trial, in which there is a trial made and a sentence given according to the law and the evidence. The design of the whole scene is evidently to bring before us in an impressive manner the idea that the claims of justice will at last be vindicated.

The question here presents itself : Are there any believers among those who are judged on this occasion ? We do not wish to dogmatize on this point ; yet, to us, the presumption appears to be against the admission of this idea. This opinion is based on the following reasons : There is no reference to any as having been rewarded, while there is express mention of the dreadful doom that falls upon such as "were not found written in the Book of Life." How account for such a remarkable omission ? The analogy of faith, the union of believers with Christ, the fact that they are exhibited in this Apocalypse as "the Bride, the Lamb's wife," their acknowledged state of freedom from the law as a covenant of life, and above all the express declaration of Jesus himself in John 5 : 24, would seem to indicate that they would not appear in such a judgment as the one here described, that is, a judgment to eternal life or death.

The fact that the "Book of Life" is represented as being consulted, led me for some time to entertain the idea that believers are to be included among "the dead" who were judged. The following statement, however, has had the effect of lessening, if not entirely removing, the difficulty founded on the reference here to the boon of life : "We need scarcely say," observes the writer, "that previous to all investigation, God knows that the names of the wicked are not there, even as without any trial He knows the character of their works. But according to His gracious dealings with men, none are necessarily condemned for evil works, pardon being offered to the guilty. For this reason, there are two solemn stages in this judgment. First, a reference to the 'other books,' to show that the works of the wicked deserve death. Secondly, the opening of 'the Book of Life,' to show that by unbelief they have rejected life. And then, their names not being there, the execution of the sentence follows—which is 'the second death.'"

Prior to this we have an account of the casting of the devil, at the close of the thousand years, into the "lake of fire and brimstone." This appears to be that final judgment that is in reserve for "Diabolos," the leader of those "angels that kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation," and who are said to be "reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." Into this "lake of fire, burning with brimstone," the beast and the false prophet are said, before the thousand years begin, to be both cast alive. This was consequent upon the descent of Him "who hath on His vesture and on His thigh the name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS," and who was followed by "the armies which were in heaven, clothed in fine linen, white and clean." That scene may, therefore, be identified with the judgment of the "nations" depicted in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. It is worthy of notice that the everlasting fire into which those on the left hand of "the King" are sent is said to be "prepared for the devil and his angels." Here it is said "the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night forever and ever." How striking the harmony here !

We have thus specified

SEVERAL DISTINCT JUDGMENTS.

These judgments, however, may all be regarded as one, the whole period being called the Day of Judgment. Those which we have been considering may be viewed as different acts or scenes in that one judgment.

V. *What is the order of these judgments?* Here, brethren, it becomes me to speak with the greatest deference and caution. A spirit of dogmatism is especially unbecoming here.

Impressed deeply with the difficulties attending the subject, and my own inability to solve them to the satisfaction of myself or others, I shall try to bring before you the order of these judgments and the relation they sustain to each other. 1. *The judgment of the nations* is expressly declared to be at the coming of the Son of Man. It is then "that He sits upon the throne of His glory and gathers all nations before Him." 2. *Before* proceeding to the work of judgment the Lord Jesus exalts to thrones and associates with Himself in the judgment *those who had fallen asleep in Him* and those who are alive and waiting for Him, but who are changed by the same power as that by which the dead are raised, 1 Thess. 4 : 17. Hence He is represented as "coming with them."

THE MILLENNIAL KINGDOM.

3. By means of those that pass through these great tribulations that will overtake both Jews and Gentiles *the Lord Jesus Christ will form His Millennial Kingdom* on the earth, over which Christ and His risen saints shall reign ; the kingdom will be on earth, but it does not follow that the seat of that kingdom will be there. Queen Victoria reigns over India and the Canadas, but she has never seen, and probably never will see, these countries. The discussion of this subject does not, however, fall within our range. What we affirm is that there are to be nations on the earth during the Millennial period. These terrific judgments of which we have been speaking have not resulted in a total destruction of its population. It is true that "the Lord will come with fire, and with His chariots, like a whirlwind, to render His anger with fury and his rebuke with flames of fire. For by fire and by His sword will the Lord plead with all flesh ; and the slain of the Lord shall be many." This is true ; but the same chapter that records this solemn truth assures that there are those who escape these judgments and who are to be employed as missionaries to those who had not heard His fame nor seen His glory, and who will assist in the restoration of the Israelites to their own land.

As for the Jews, though they shall be fearfully wasted and subjected to the most appalling sufferings, yet a "third part" even of those in the land shall escape, as we have seen, and will doubtless herald forth the glory of the Lord.

The question may be asked—after the saints are caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and judgment is given to them, are there any regenerate persons left on the earth ? Here is a question, brethren, which I cannot satisfactorily answer. It has been to me the most serious difficulty in the way of accepting the Pre-Millenarian system. It would greatly stumble me were there not on the other side difficulties incomparably more serious. I wait for light on this, as on many other subjects, if it please the Lord to give it.

How long the interval may be between the rapture of the saints and the judgment of the nations we are not informed. It will doubtless be long enough for many souls to be converted and called out into active testimony. The matter of this testimony will be of such a character and the work of the Spirit of God upon the heart so powerful, that it may not be long before the whole earth is vocal with the praises of Jehovah. Thus that bright and glorious state of things so often depicted in the Word of God will be maintained for one thousand years.

4. At the expiration of the thousand years, *a sad apostacy* takes place. If our first parents, though made in the image of God, fell by transgression, shall this last apostacy be thought incredible, especially when we take into consideration the fact that man, though greatly advanced in holiness, will still be but imperfectly sanctified. We have only to suppose that a new generation has come into existence ; that the Spirit of God has been withdrawn ; and that Satan, the deceiver, has been let loose, to find a solution of this awful fact which stands recorded in the page of prophecy.

5. This is followed by the infliction of *an awful judgment* upon the revolters and their leader. Fire descends from heaven upon them, while Satan is cast into the lake of fire, to be forever tormented.

6. Then we have the judgment of *the dead, small and great*, the nature, character, and issues of which we have already considered. Here the work of judgment ends, and with it must end the discussion of this solemn subject.

Dear brethren in the Lord, some of you have perhaps read that most interesting work entitled "John Knox and the Church of England, by Dr. Lorimer, Professor of Theology in the English Presbyterian Church." Among the many deeply interesting letters of this illustrious Scottish reformer which that work contains, there is one written by him in 1554, in one of the darkest hours of his wonderful career. It is addressed "to the faithful in London, New-Castle, and Berwick, and to all others within the realm of England that love the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Hear how this valiant soldier of Christ draws courage and comfort as he anticipates by faith the coming of the Lord as a judge to vindicate the cause of His oppressed people. He says, in those burning words which he knew so well how to use : "Has not the Lord Jesus, in despite of Satan's malice, carried up our flesh into heaven ? And shall He not return ? We know that He shall return, and that with expedition. Flee from idolatry and stand with Christ Jesus in this day of His battle, which shall be short and the victory everlasting, for the Lord Himself shall come in our defence with His mighty power. He shall give us the victory when the battle is maist strong ; and He shall turn our tears into everlasting joy. He shall consume our enemies with the breath of His mouth, and He shall let us see the destruction of them that are now maist proud, and that maist pretended to molest us. From God alone we abide redemption."

Surely a faith and hope that could thus inspire the heart of this brave old reformer in the day of battle may be of use to you and me. Let us hold fast to it.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

In commencing the publication of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times in America, it was impossible to form an accurate or even an approximate idea of the extent to which it would enjoy the favor of the Religious Public. The price was therefore fixed at four cents per single copy, that being the lowest sum deemed prudent under the circumstances.

Now, however, after the issue of only nine numbers, the journal has attained a circulation which, in connection with the numbers of commendatory letters daily received, justifies a

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

We have accordingly much pleasure in announcing that on and after January 2d, 1879, the price of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times will be

THREE CENTS

for single copies. Annual subscription, $1.50.

Though but a few weeks have elapsed since the issue of the first number of the American edition of The Christian Herald, we feel constrained thus early to express our grateful thanks for the numerous friendly greetings and kind expressions of appreciation that have reached us from every quarter.

While thankful to all who have aided us, we have at this time especially to acknowledge the aid and sympathy of hundreds of ministers from all parts of the country, and of every denomination.

It has been the occasion of surprise that while we have received hundreds of letters commendatory of the appearance and character of the paper *in detail*, there has been not one objection, either to particular articles or to the general course of the paper.

We ask a continuance of the sympathy and co-operation of our brethren of every name. We greatly desire that The Christian Herald shall reach every family in the United States, and believe that the above reduction in price ought to effect that object.

From among the letters we receive we extract the following, as showing the evident appreciation The Christian Herald has met with throughout the country.

"I have cordially commended your paper to my people, and have spoken of the ability with which it is edited, etc."—T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn.

"I think it an interesting and beneficial paper; I cannot do without it. The sermons in each issue are worth the price of the paper."—Rev. L. F. Whitten, Madison, Ala.

"I am an enthusiastic admirer of your paper."—Rev. H. M. Burr, Plymouth, Ill.

"I will gladly do all I can to give it publicity and aid you in your undertaking."—Rev. E. F. Appling, Spring Hill, Ark.

"Among the latest, I think it will prove to be among the most, if not *the most*, valuable contributions to the religious press of our times."—Rev. H. S. Radfield, Westfield, N. Y.

"I think it one of the best papers I ever came across."—Chas. S. Albany, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I am pleased that the publication of so valuable a paper has been undertaken in this country. Allow me to bespeak for it and you abundant success and signal tokens of divine favor."—Rev. Wm. Aitchison, Jr., Farley, Iowa.

"Such good, solid reading, so cheap, is seldom found."—Rev. H. R. Hicks, Paw Paw Grove, Ill.

"It is the best Christian paper I have ever read."—A. Taylor, Elmville, Ontario, Canada.

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"We all like your excellent paper. Other religious papers are good, but The Herald excels them all."—Horatio Mack, Montezuma, N. Y.

"I was struck with the fulness of valuable instruction and information. I will use every influence to circulate this valuable paper."—Rev. W. Mundhenke, Danville, Ky.

A lady in West Virginia writes: "By a fortunate accident your journal of October 24th has come to me, and I have read every word with more exquisite pleasure than I can express."

"I will take it myself and do all I can to circulate it."—Rev. W. C. Hall, Gold Hill, Va.

"Having examined The Christian Herald, am fully persuaded of its great merit as a religous paper, and accordingly shall use my influence in trying to promote its circulation."—Rev. W. C. Lee, D.D., Benton, Pa.

"I think it the best paper yet."—Rev. D. L. James, Blount Springs, Ala.

"It's just the paper every family needs."—E. F. Richter, Cairo, Ga.

"I have just seen a copy of first number, and am delighted with it."—Rev. C. L. Long, A.B., Candler College, Asheville, N. C.

"You have met a want never yet filled by any American journal."—Rev. John Marsland, Mill River, Mass.

"I would do without one meal per day, but what I would have your paper."—Rev. L. F. Whitten, Munford, Ala.

"I will circulate cheerfully your paper; I am pleased with it."—Rev. Wm. A. Overton, Union Point, Georgia.

"I believe they will do much good at the present time, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon your efforts."—Rev. A. Snashall, Red Creek, N. Y.

"I have long been wanting just such a paper as this, so well filled with excellent reading matter."—Rev. T. B. Cooper, Ogeechee, Ga.

"I received a specimen copy of your paper, and was glad to get a chance to read the best religious journal published."—C. Wesley Stokes, Camden, N. J.

"I welcome The Christian Herald this side of the water."—Rev. J. H. Stockton, Thompson, Ga.

"We should like to see it in every Christian's hands."—S. A. Rote, Ridgway, Pa.

"I feel that it is just such an instrument for good as is needed."—Rev. J. C. Caldwell, Chambersburg, Pa.

"The Christian Herald takes the lead of all other religious weeklies in my family, and is a most welcome visitor."—John Worthy, Smithfield, O.

Mr. John C. King, Valdosta, Ga., writes: "Am satisfied the paper will be popular here. . . . I do not wish to miss a single copy."

"I will take pleasure in distributing it and give the paper a hearty recommendation elsewhere."—Rev. W. B. Preston, Rice, Tex.

"May God speed the advance of the glorious 'Herald.'"—John Singer, Jr., Esq., Cadiz, Ohio.

"I have read with much interest The Christian Herald you sent me, and I purpose to do what I can to introduce it among my people. May the Master crown all your efforts with great success!"—Rev. I. Duncan, D.D., Essex, Ct.

"I should be happy to aid in pushing the 'C. H.' I will recommend it from the pulpit."—Rev. T. Harwood, Pattison, Newhaven, Ct.

"I am much pleased with the paper and have commended it to my congregation."—Rev. G. W. Elliot, Lexington, Va.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Blaine resolutions, as amended, were adopted by the Senate on Tuesday, December 17th, by fifty-three yeas to six nays. The debate was very tame. Blaine was left to himself by his Republican associates, and had to champion and defend, unaided, his propositions. The substance of the resolutions as passed are as follows:

That a committee, to consist of nine Senators, be appointed by the chair, to inquire and report to the Senate whether, at the recent election, the constitutional rights of citizens were violated in any of the States of the Union. Whether any citizen of any State has been dismissed or threatened with dismissal from employment, or deprivation of any right or privilege, by reason of his vote or intention to vote at the recent elections, or has been otherwise interfered with.

Whether in the year 1878 money was raised by assessment or otherwise upon Federal officeholders or employés for election purposes, and under what circumstances and by what means. And that the committee be instructed to inquire and report whether it is within the competency of Congress to provide by additional legislation for the more perfect security of the right of suffrage to citizens of the United States in all States of the Union.

In the Senate, on Wednesday the 18th inst., the House resolution appropriating $50,000 to pay the expenses of the Yellow Fever Commission was passed. The Pension Appropriation bill was passed, as also the bill amending the *posse comitatus* clause of the Army Appropriation bill, so that it shall not apply to any part of the army protecting life and property in the Indian country. The committee of investigation provided for by Senator Blaine's resolution, as at present constituted, will consist of the following Senators: Messrs. Teller, Hoar, McMillan, Kirkwood, and Cameron of Wisconsin, Republicans; and Messrs. Bayard, Bailey Wallace, and Garland, Democrats.

On Friday the 20th, after a listless, unproductive day, with scarcely a quorum present, bot houses adjourned to January 7th, 1879.

The Price of Gold was quoted at par o Tuesday, December 17th. That is to say, th greenback was worth exactly its nominal valu in gold. It is now seventeen years since th state of the money market existed last, and th quotation proves that the financial policy of th government is a wise and a sound policy.

Mr. Moody's Work at Baltimore continues be blessed in the conversion of souls. Next we he will speak at Dr. Leyburn's Associate R formed Church on Fayette Street. One eveni of each week Mr. Moody devotes to colored pe ple exclusively, and amongst this class he h done great good. All the churches of the ci are feeling the effect of his labors, and additio are daily being made to the churches as a resu The Young Men's Christian Association has b gun to realize his influence very perceptibly by livelier interest in their work, a quickened pu lic appreciation of its value, and constant crease in the membership.

A great deal of religious work is going on cially in business circles and in homes.

The movement started by Mr. Moody to ha the regular week of prayer followed up by a s son of religious activity all over the Unit States, is meeting with favor elsewhere. The following despatch was received by the Associated Press last night from Cleveland:

"The meeting of clergymen of the evangelical churches in this city to-day heartily and unanimously indorsed the proposal lately made by Mr. Moody and the clergy of Baltimore, that a united effort be made by all the churches in the United States, in the month of January following the week of prayer, toward a general revival throughout the land, and expresses a hope that the responses be general."

The Baltimore *American* says, "It is thought that this movement will be one of the most thorough and widespread of any of its kind that has taken place of late years in this country

American Missionaries, their trials and privations, are thus described by the special correspondent of the London *Times*, who was lately their guest at Cæsarea: "After seven more days of hard travelling, and seven days of hard fare and hard beds, I find myself, I scarcely know how or why, in a warm, clean, comfortable house, the residence of the Rev. D. Staver and his young wife, both of them lately arrived from America. It is not without pity, and I must add regret, that one hears this young couple say that they propose to spend their lives in this miserable country, subjected to endless annoyances, and unable—at least as far as the lady is concerned—to go outside their own doors without being insulted and stoned. This they readily and cheerfully undergo in order to carry the Gospel to the natives of these parts, to educate them and raise them, if possible, to higher and nobler thoughts and aspirations than they have yet dreamt of. It is a noble self-sacrifice, and I only wish I could feel a hope that it would be successful." We daresay Mr. Staver would simply remark—"Duties are ours, events are God's." What motive-power short of Christianity has ever prompted true missionary work?"

Dr. Talmage, in mentioning the cities in which he had made or intended making personal explorations, to discover matter for the series of sermons he commenced with the night side of New York, omitted to mention Baltimore. Some of the citizens of that place feel aggrieved at being thus "left out in the cold," and the editor of the local paper grimly assures him that their Causeway would "furnish some attractions to a connoisseur of such things." It is sadly true that few of our cities are without those so-called *attractions*; it is to be regretted that there are so few preachers with the wisdom to see and the courage to denounce the deadly allurements to sin thus lavishly furnished.

Mr. Moody's Work at Baltimore is having a visible influence on society. The Baltimore *American* says: "A good many who have never held religion as a subject of much consequence—matter-of-fact business men who felt that the faithful and honest performance of the avocations of their daily life, according to accepted principles of human morality, was of greater importance than any theoretical plan of reliance upon invisible spiritual aids, and who regarded preaching and churches as good for women and children alone—have gone to hear Mr. Moody, moved by varying motives, and cases are known where they have shown a complete change of mind on this question.

"If nothing more, they have acknowledged that, viewed from a practical standpoint, the conscientious practice of almost any form of Christian religion makes life sweeter and easier, and sorrow and death less dreadful to meet, or even to contemplate. The consequence has been, to use the words of a prominent furniture dealer on Charles Street, who expresses himself freely on this subject, that 'a great many men have got into the habit of going to church on Sundays who used to think it a bore, preferring to stay at home and smoke and read the papers.'

"The fact of their going to church is not of so much importance as the fact that their minds have been moved to religious inquiry, although there are very few who will deny that simply attending divine service is elevating, and a very good thing in itself. It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Moody has failed utterly in reaching the class of persons called unregenerate, in contradistinction to professors of religion."

From a Ball to a Fast.—A contemporary, speaking of the recent perversions to Rome from a well-known ritualistic church in Brighton, accounts in part for the Romeward movement thus: "Often enough fashion and flirtation are elements in this parody on religion. Thus, for instance, we hear of the young lady who comes home from the ball in time for an early fasting communion. In this way the smooth swift current bears the unwary over the rapids of Ritualism into the Dead Sea of the Roman despotism."

The Conversion of a Prominent Politician is announced in connection with Mr. Moody's meetings at Baltimore. It is said that one who has been in politics nearly all his life has undergone a bonâ-fide conversion and change of heart through attending several of the Gospel meetings. As Mr. Moody expressed it in speaking of this particular case, "he was completely broken up," and in the opinion of his friends is "a changed man." Although Mr. Moody would not reveal the name of the penitent politician, or give any particulars about him, his identity was established in other quarters, and there is no mistake about his being greatly stirred up on the subject of salvation.

For the benefit of those who know nothing about this "stirring up" that Mr. Moody brings about in so many instances, it may be explained as something very different from the excitement attending most of the so-called revivals. The person affected shows a great anxiety to go to churches and to talk with ministers and with religious friends about spiritual affairs. They usually commence reading the Bible most assiduously. They proceed to break off drinking and swearing, and such habits, and show a disposition to curb their temper. They form good resolutions, and generally keep them. Young ladies generally give up balls and parties, and cut the acquaintance of the young men they know who are religious scoffers. These are but a few instances of changed conduct witnessed in numerous individuals since the Moody meetings began.

An Aching Soul.—Ralph Wells, in closing his address before the Missionary Society of Dr. Crosby's church, Fourth Avenue, New York, related the following touching incident: "Forty years ago, when I was a school-boy in Boston, close by our school was the Asylum for the Blind, of which Laura Bridgeman was an inmate. One day, when the noble preceptor was trying to teach her, little Laura spelled out on his fingers the question 'What is the soul?' He answered her in the same mute language on her fingers: 'The soul is that which thinks and feels and hopes.' And she spelled back, with a look of rare intelligence on her countenance 'And *aches* so!' Oh," said Mr. Wells, "I often think of her words—the soul is that which 'aches so;' and the thought of the soul's capacity for 'aching' often comes to me and urges me on to work with increased zeal to bring such the Gospel, the only means of cure possible for the millions of 'aching' souls."

Peter's Pence, and other offerings from France to the Pope are much diminishing, to the dismay of the authorities at the Vatican. On making up accounts it is found that during the month of August in the present year 500,000 lire were received, as against 5,000,000 in August last year.

A Minister's Escape.—Some years ago, a clergyman from New Haven was on a visit to Boston one winter. He was stopping at the Marlborough Hotel, and was sitting in his room writing a lecture that he was going to deliver. A very severe gale was blowing that day. He stopped in his writing, being at a loss for a word. He clasped his hands over his head, and tilted his chair back, while hesitating about the word he wished to make use of. Just while he was doing this the storm blew down a chimney, and a great mass of bricks and mortar came tearing through the roof and the ceiling, and crushed the table on which he had been writing. If he had not leaned back on his chair at that very moment he would have been killed instantly. The hole made in the roof was from ten to fourteen feet in width. What was it which led this minister to lean back at that very moment, and so to save his life? It was not an accident or chance that happened to him. In a world where God is always present everywhere there can be no such thing as accident or chance to the children of God. It was perhaps one of His ministering angels who led him to tip back his chair and thus to save his life.

THREE CROSSES.

A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world,"—GALATIANS 6:14.

Paul's Jealousy for the Prominence of the Cross—Three Crucifixions—I. Christ Crucified—Paul Gloried in the Doctrine, not the Material—Reasons for Glorying in the Cross—1. It Exhibits the Attributes of God—2. It Manifests the Love of Jesus—3. It Makes an End of Sin—4. It is the Greatest Moral Power—II. The World Crucified—Paul Despised the World's Judgment and its Pleasures—The World's Treasures—III. The Christian Crucified—The Consequences of Becoming a Christian.

THE apostle warms with emotion at the thought of anybody presuming to set a carnal ordinance in front of the cross, by wishing to glory in circumcision or any other outward institution. The idea of a ceremony claiming to be made more of than faith in Jesus provoked him, till his heart presently grew hot with indignation, and he thundered forth the words, "God forbid!" He never used the sacred name with lightness; but when the fire was hot within him he called God to witness that he did not, and could not, glory in any thing but the cross. Indeed, there is to every true-hearted believer something shocking and revolting in the putting of any thing before Jesus Christ, be it what it may—whether it be an idol of superstition or a toy of scepticism, whether it be the fruit of tradition or the flower of philosophy.

Do you want new Scriptures to supplement the true sayings of God? Do you want a new Saviour who can surpass Him whom the Father hath sealed? Do you want a new sacrifice that can save you from sins which His atoning blood could not expiate? Do you want a modern song to supersede the new song of "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"? "O foolish Galatians!" said Paul. *O silly Protestants!* I am inclined to say. We might go on in these times to speak warmly to many of the parties around us—the doting Ritualists, the puffed-up Rationalists, and the self-exalting school of modern thought. I marvel not to Paul's warmth. I only wish that some who think so little of doctrinal discrepancies, as they call them, could but sympathize a little with his holy indignation when he saw the first symptoms of departure from godly simplicity and sincerity. Do you not notice that a little dissembling of a dear brother made him withstand him to his face?

When a whole company turned the cold shoulder to the cross of Christ it made him burn with indignation. He could not brook it. The cross was the centre of his hopes; around it his affections twined; there he had found peace to his troubled conscience. God forbid that he should allow it to be trampled on. Besides, it was the theme of his ministry. "Christ crucified" had already proved the power of God to salvation to every soul who had believed the life-giving message as he proclaimed it in every city. Would any of you, he asks, cast a slur on the cross—you who have been converted—you before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth crucified among you? How his eyes flash; how his lips quiver, how his heart grows hot within him; with what vehemence he protests: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." He spreads his eagle wing, and rises into eloquence at once, while still his keen eye looks fiercely upon every enemy of the cross whom he leaves far behind.

Oftentimes in his epistles you observe this. He burns, he glows, he mounts, he soars, he is carried clean away as soon as his thoughts are in fellowship with his Lord Jesus, that meek and patient sufferer, who offered Himself a sacrifice for our sins. When His tongue begins to speak of the glorious work which the Christ of God has done for the sons of men it finds a sudden liberty, and he becomes as "a hind let loose; he giveth goodly words." May we have something of that glow within our breasts to-night, and whenever we think of our Lord. God forbid that we should be cold-hearted when we come near to Jesus; God forbid that we should ever view with heartless eye and lethargic soul the sweet wonders of that cross on which our Saviour loved and died. Let us, then, in that spirit, approach our text; and we notice at once three crucifixions. These are the summary of the text. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ;" that is, *Christ crucified*. "By whom," or, "by which" (read it whichever way you like), "the world is crucified unto me;" that is, *a crucified world*. "And I unto the world;" that is, *Paul himself, or the believer, crucified with Christ*. I see, again, Calvary before me with its three crosses—Christ in the centre, and on either side of Him a crucified person: one who dies to feel the second death, and another who dies to be with Him in Paradise. At these three crosses let us proceed to look.

I. First, then, the main part of our subject lies in

CHRIST CRUCIFIED,

in whom Paul glorified. I call your attention to the language; "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross." Some popular authors and public speakers, when they have to state a truth, count it necessary to clothe it in *very delicate language*. They, perhaps, do not quite intend to conceal its point and edge; but, at any rate, they do not want the projecting angles and bare surfaces of the truth to be too observable, and therefore they cast a cloak around it; they are careful to scabbard the sword of the Spirit.

The Apostle Paul might have done so here, if he had chosen, but he disdains the artifice. He presents the truth "in the worst possible form," as his opponents say—"in all its naked hideousness," as the Jew would have it; for he does not say, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the *death* of Christ;" but in the *cross*. *You* do not realize, I think—we cannot do so in these days—how the use of that word "cross" would grate on ears refined in Galatia and elsewhere. In those days it meant *the felon's tree*, the hangman's gibbet; and the apostle, therefore, does not hesitate to put it just so: "Save in that gibbet on which my Master died."

We have become so accustomed to associate the name of the "cross" with other sentiments that it does not convey to us that sense of disgrace which it would inflict upon those who heard Paul speak. A family sensitively shrinks if one of its members has been hanged; and much the same would be the natural feeling of one who was told that his leader was crucified. Paul puts it thus baldly, he lets it jar thus harshly, though it may prove to some a stumbling-block, and to others foolishness; but he will not cloak it, he glories in *the cross!*"

On the other hand, I earnestly entreat you to observe how he seems *to contrast* the glory of the person with the shame of the suffering; for it is not simply the death of Christ, nor of Jesus, nor of Jesus Christ, nor of *the* Lord Jesus Christ, but of "*our Lord Jesus Christ.*" Every word tends to set forth the excellence of His person, the majesty of His character, and the interest which all the saints have in Him. It *was* a cross, but it was the cross of our Lord: let us worship Him! It was the cross of our Lord Jesus the Saviour: let us love Him! It was the cross of our Jesus Christ, the anointed Messiah: let us reverence Him! Let us sit at His feet and learn of Him!

What did He mean, however, by the cross? Of course He cared nothing for the particular piece of wood to which those blessed hands and feet were nailed, for that was *mere materialism*, and has perished out of mind. He means the glorious doctrine of substitution—free justification through the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ. This is what He means by the cross—the expiation for sin which our Lord Jesus Christ made by His death, and the gift of eternal life freely bestowed on all those who by grace are led to trust in Him. To Paul the cross means just what the brazen serpent meant to Moses. As the brazen serpent in the wilderness was the hope of the sin-bitten, and all that Moses had to do was to bid them look and live, so to-day the cross of Christ—the atonement of Jesus Christ—is the hope of mankind, and our mission is continually to cry, "Look and live! Look and live!"

It is this doctrine, this Gospel of Christ crucified, at which the present age, with all its vaunted culture and all its vain philosophies, sneers so broadly—it is this doctrine wherein we glory. We are not ashamed to put it very definitely: we glory in substitution, in the vicarious sacrifice of Jesus in our stead. He was "made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." We believe in the imputation of sin to the innocent person of our covenant Head and Representative, in the bearing of the penalty by that substituted One, and the clearing by faith of those for whom He bore the punishment of sin.

Now we glory in this. We glory in it, not as men sometimes boast in a creed which they have received by tradition from their forefathers, for we have learned this truth, each one for himself by the inward teaching of the Holy Ghost, and therefore it is very dear to us. We glory in it with no empty boast, but to the inward satisfaction of our own hearts; we prove that satisfaction by the devout consecration of our lives to make it known. *We have trusted our souls to its truth*. If it be a fable our hopes are forever shipwrecked, our all is embarked in that venture.

We are quite prepared to run that risk, content to perish if this salvation should fail us. We live upon this faith. It is our meat and our drink. Take this away there is nothing left us in the Bible worth the having. It has become to us the head and front of our confidence, our hope, our rest, our joy. Instead of being ashamed to preach it, we wish that we could stand somewhere where all the inhabitants of the earth should hear us, and we would thunder it out day and night. So far from being ashamed of acknowledging it, we count it to be our highest honor and our greatest delight to tell it abroad, as we have opportunity, among the sons of men.

But why do we rejoice in it? Why do we glory in it? The answer is so large that I cannot do more than glance at its manifold claims on our gratitude. We glory in it for *a thousand reasons*. We fail to see any thing in the doctrine of atonement that we should not glory in. We have heard a great many dogs bark against it, but dogs will bay the moon in her brightness, and therefore we mind not their howlings. Their noise has sometimes disturbed, though never yet has it frightened us.

We have not yet heard a cavil against our Lord or an argument against His atoning blood which has affected our faith the *turn of a hair*. The Scriptures affirm it, the Holy Ghost bears witness to it, and its effect upon our inner life assures us of it. The analogy between Jewish fasts and festivals and our Christian faith indorses it; there is a chasm that no man yet has been able to bridge without it; it lightens our conscience, gladdens our hearts, inspires our devotion, and elevates our aspirations; we are wedded to it, and *we do glory in it*.

1. In the cross of Christ we glory, because we regard it as a matchless exhibition of the attributes of God. We see there the love of God desiring a way by which he might save mankind, aided by his wisdom, so that a plan is perfected by which the deed can be done without violation of truth and justice. In the cross we see a strange conjunction of what once appeared to be two opposite qualities—justice and mercy. We see how God is supremely just; as just as if He had no mercy, and yet infinitely merciful in the gift of His Son. Mercy and justice in fact become counsel upon the same side, and irresistibly plead for the acquittal of the believing sinner. We can never tell which of the attributes of God shines most glorious in the sacrifice of Christ; they each one find a glorious high throne in the person and work of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

2. We glory in it, next, as the manifestation of the love of Jesus. He was loving inasmuch as He came to earth at all; loving in feeding the hungry, in healing the sick, in raising the dead. He was loving in His whole life: He was embodied charity, the Prince of philanthropists, the King of kindly souls. But oh, His death!—His cruel and shameful death—bearing, as we believe He did, the wrath due to sin, subjecting Himself to the curse, though in Him was no sin—this shows the love of Christ at its highest altitude, and therefore do we glory in it, and will never be ashamed to do so.

We glory in the cross, moreover, because it is the putting away of sin. There was no other way of making an end of sin, and making reconciliation for iniquity. To forgive the transgressions without exacting the penalty would have been contrary to all the threatenings of God. It would not have appeased the claims of justice, nor satisfied the conscience of the sinner. No peace of mind can be enjoyed without pardon, and conscience declares that no pardon can be obtained without an atonement. We should have distracted ourselves with the fear that it was only a reprieve, and not a remission, even if the most comforting promises had been given unsealed with the atoning blood. The instincts of nature have convinced men of this truth, for all the world over religion has been associated with sacrifice.

Almost every kind of worship that has ever sprung up among the sons of man has had sacrifice for its most prominent feature; crime must be avenged, evil and sin cry from the ground, and a victim is sought to avert the vengeance. The heart craves for something that can calm the conscience: that craving is a relic of the ancient truth learned by man in primeval ages. Now, Christ did make His soul an offering for sin, when His own self He bear our sins in His own body on the tree. With His expiring breath He said, "It is finished!" O wondrous grace! Pardon is now freely published among the sons of men, pardon of which we see the justice and validity. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath God removed our transgressions from us by the death of Christ. This and this alone will put away sin, therefore in this cross of Christ we glory; yea, and in it alone will we glory evermore.

Yet we should not glory so much in the cross, were we not convinced that it is the greatest moral power in all the world. We glory in the cross because it gets at men's hearts when nothing else can reach them. The story of the dying Saviour's love has often impressed those whom all the *moral lectures* in the world could neve have moved. Judged and condemned by th unanswerable reasonings of their own consciences, they have not had control enough over thei passions to shake off the captivity in which the were held by the temptations that assailed the at every turn till they have drawn near to th cross of Jesus, and from pardon have gathere hope, and from hope have gained strength t master sin.

When they have seen their sin laid on Jesus they have loved Him, and hated the sin th made Him to suffer so grievously as their subst tute. Then the Holy Ghost has come upo them, and they have resolved, with divin strength, to drive out the sin for which the Sa iour died; they have begun a new life, ay, an they have continued in it, sustained by th same sacred power which first constrained the and now they look forward to be perfected by through the power of God. Where are the t umphs of infidelity in rescuing men from sin? Where are the trophies of philosophy in conquering human pride? Will you bring us harlots that have been made chaste; thieves that have been reclaimed; angry men, of bear-like temper, who have become harmless as lambs, through scientific lectures?

Let our *amateur philanthropists*, who suggest so much and do so little, produce some instances of the moral transformations that have been wrought by their sophistries. Nay; they curl their lips, and leave the lower orders to the City Missionary and the Bible Woman. It is the cross that humbles the haughty, lifts up the fallen, refines the polluted, and gives a fresh start to those who are forlorn and desperate. Nothing else can do it. The world sinks lower and lower into the bog of its own selfishness and sin. Only this wondrous lever of the atonement, symbolized by the cross of Christ, can lift our abject race to the place of virtue and honor which it ought to occupy.

II. The second cross exhibits

THE WORLD CRUCIFIED.

The apostle says that the world was crucified to him. What does he mean by this? He regarded the world as nailed up like a felon, and hanged upon a cross to die. Well, I suppose he means that its character was condemned. He looked out upon the world which thought so much of itself, and said, "I do not think much of thee, poor world! Thou art like a doomed malefactor." He knew that the world had crucified its Saviour—crucified its God. It had gone to such a length of sin that it had hounded perfect innocence through the streets. Infinite benevolence it had scoffed at and maligned. Eternal truth it had rejected, and preferred a lie; and the Son of God, who was love incarnate, it had put to the death of the cross.

"Now," says Paul, "I know thy character, O world! I know thee! and I hold thee in no more esteem than the wretch abhorred for his crimes, who is condemned to hang upon the gibbet and so end his detested life." This led Paul, since he condemned its character, utterly to despise its judgment. The world said, "This Paul is a fool. His Gospel is foolishness, and he himself is a mere babbler." "Yes," thought Paul, "a deal you know of it!" In this we unite with him. What is your judgment worth? You did not know the Son of God, poor blind world! We are sure that he was perfect, and yet you hunted him to death. Your judgment is a poor thing, O world! You are crucified to us. Now, there are a great many people who could hardly endure to live if they should happen to be misjudged by the world or what is called "society." Oh yes! we must be respectable. We must have every man's good word, or we are ready to faint.

Paul was of another mind. What cared he for aught the world might say? How could he wish to please a world so abominable that it had put his Lord to death. He would sooner have its bad opinion than its good. It were better to be frowned at than to be smiled upon by a world that crucified Christ. Certainly, its condemnation is more worth having than its approbation if it can put Christ to death: so Paul utterly despised its judgment, and it was crucified to him. Now, we are told to think a great deal about "public opinion," "popular belief," "the growing feeling of the age," "the sentiment of the period," and "the spirit of the age." I should like Paul to *read some of our* (so-called) *religious newspapers;* and yet I could not wish the good man so distasteful a task, for I dare say he would sooner pine in the Mamertine prison than do so; but, still, I should like to see how he would look after he had read some of those expressions about the necessity of keeping ourselves abreast with the sentiment of the period. "What," he would say, "the sentiment of the world! It is crucified to me! What can it matter what its opinion is? We are of God, little children, and the whole world lieth in the wicked one; would ye heed what the world, that is lying in the wicked one, thinks of you or of the truth of your Lord? Are you going to smooth your tongue, and soften your speech, to please the world that lieth in the wicked one!" Paul would be indignant with such a proposition. He said, "The world is crucified to me." Hence he looked upon all the world's pleasures as so much rottenness, a carcass nailed to a cross. Can you fancy Paul being taken to the Coliseum at Rome? I try to imagine him made to sit on one of those benches to watch a combat of gladiators. There is the emperor: there are all the great peers of Rome and the senators; and there are those cruel eyes all gazing down upon men who shed each others' blood.

Can you picture how Paul would have felt if he had been forced to occupy a seat at that spectacle? It would have been martyrdom to him. He would have closed his eyes and ears against the sight of what Rome thought to be the choicest pleasure of the day. They thronged the imperial city; they poured in mighty streams into the theatre each day to see poor beasts tortured, or men murdering one another: that was the world of Paul's day; and he rightly judged it to be a crucified felon. If he was compelled to see the popular pleasures of to-day, upon which I will say but little, would he not be wellnigh as sick of them as he would have been of the amusements of the amphitheatre at Rome?

To Paul, too, all the honors of the age must have been crucified in like manner. Suppose that Paul settled his mind to think of the wretches who were reigning as emperors in his day! I use the word advisedly, for I would not speak evil of dignities; but really I speak too well of them when I call them wretches. They seem to have been inhuman monsters—"tyrants whose capricious folly violated every law of nature and decency," to whom every kind of lust was a daily habit, and who even sought out new inventions of sensuality, calling them new pleasures. As Paul thought of the iniquities of Napoli, and all the great towns to which the Romans went in their holidays—Pompeii and the like—oh, how he loathed them!

And I doubt not that if the apostle were to come here now, if he knew how often rank and title are wont to sink all true dignity in shameful dissipation, and what flagrant profligacy is to be found in high quarters, he might as justly consider all the pomps and dignities and honors of the world that now is to be as little worth as a putrid carcass hanging on a tree and rotting in the sun. He says, "The world is crucified to me: it is hanging on the gallows to me, I think so little of its pleasures and of its pomps."

Alike contemptuously did Paul judge of all the treasures of the world. Paul never spent as much time as it would take to wink his eye in thinking of how much money he was worth. Having food and raiment he was therewith content. Sometimes he had scarcely that. He casually thanks the Philippians for ministering to his necessities, but he never sought to store any thing, nor did he live with even half a thought of aggrandizing himself with gold and silver. "No," he said, "this will all perish with the using," and so he treated the world as a thing crucified to him. Now, Christian man, can you say as much as this—that the world, in its mercantile aspect, as well as in its motley vices and its manifold frivolities, is a crucified thing to you?

Now, look what the world says. "*Make money*, young man, make money! Honestly if you can, but by all means make money. Look about you, for if you are not sharp you will not succeed. Keep your own counsel, and rather play the double than be the dupe. Your character will rise with the credit you get on 'Change." Now, suppose that you get the money, what is the result? The net result, as I often find it, is a paragraph in one of the newspapers to say that So-and-so Esquire's will was proved in the Probate Court under so many thousands. Then follows a grand squabble among all his relatives which shall eat him up. That is the consummation of a life of toil and care and scheming. He has lived for lucre, and he has to leave it behind. There is the end of that folly.

I have sometimes thought of the contrast between the poor man's funeral and the rich man's funeral. When the poor man dies there are his sons and daughters weeping with real distress, for the death of the father brings sadness and sympathy into that house. The poor man is to be buried, but it can only be managed by the united self-denials of all his sons and daughters. There is Mary out at service; she, perhaps, contributes more than the others towards the funeral, for she has no family of her own. The elder son and the younger brothers all pinch themselves to pay a little; and the tears that are shed that evening when they come home from the grave are very genuine: they *do* suffer, and they prove their sorrow by rivalling one another in the respect they pay to their parent.

Now you shall see the rich man die. Of course everybody laments the sad loss: it is the proper thing. Empty carriages swell the procession to the grave by way of empty compliment. The mourners return, and there is the reading of that blessed document, the will; when that is read the time for tears is over in almost every case. Few are pleased; the one whom fortune favors is the envy of all the rest. Sad thoughts and sullen looks float on the surface, not in respect to the man's departure, but concerning the *means* he has left and the mode in which he has disposed of them.

Oh! it is a poor thing to live for, the making of money and the hoarding of it. But still the genius of rightly getting money can be consecrated to the glory of God. You can use the wealth of this world in the service of the Master. To gain is not wrong. It is only wrong when grasping becomes the main object of life, and grudging grows into covetousness which is idolatry. To every Christian that and every other form of worldliness ought to be crucified, so that we can say, "For me to live is not myself, but it is Christ; I live that I may honor and glorify Him."

When the apostle said that the world was crucified to him, he meant just this: "I am not enslaved by any of its pursuits. I care nothing for its maxims. I am not governed by its spirit. I do not court its smiles. I do not fear its threatenings. It is not my master, nor am I its slave. The whole world cannot force Paul to lie, or to sin, but Paul will tell the world the truth, come what may." You recollect the words of

PALISSY THE POTTER,

when the King of France said to him that if he did not change his religion, and cease to be a Huguenot, he was afraid that he should have to deliver him up to his enemies. "Sire," said the potter, "I am sorry to hear you say, 'I am afraid,' for all the men in the world could not make Palissy talk like that. I am afraid of nobody, and I *must* do nothing but what is right."

Oh, yes; the man that fears God and loves the cross has a moral backbone which enables him to stand, and he snaps his fingers at the world. "Dead felon!" says he, "dead felon! Crucifier of Christ! Cosmos thou callest thyself. By comely names thou wouldst fain be greeted. Paul is nothing in thine esteem; but Paul is a match for thee, for he thinks as much of thee as thou dost of him, and no more." Hear him as he cries, "The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." To live to serve men is one thing, to live to bless them is another; and this we will do, God helping us, making sacrifices for their good. But to fear men, to ask their leave to think, to ask their instructions as to what we shall speak, and how we shall say it—that is a baseness we cannot brock. By the grace of God, we have not so degraded ourselves, and never shall. "The world is crucified to me," says the apostle, "by the cross of Christ."

III. Then he finishes up with the third crucifixion, which is,

I AM CRUCIFIED TO THE WORLD.

We shall soon see the evidence of this crucifixion if we notice how they poured contempt upon him. Once Saul was a great rabbi, a man profoundly versed in Hebrew lore, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, and much admired. He was also a classic scholar and a philosophic thinker, a man of great mental powers, and fit to take the lead in learned circles. But when Paul began to preach Christ crucified—"Bah," they said, "he is an utter fool! Heed him not!" Or else they said, "Down with him! He is an apostate!" They cursed him. His name brought wrath into the face of all Jews that mentioned it, and all intelligent Greeks likewise. "Paul? He is nobody!" He was everybody when he thought their way: he is nobody now that he thinks in God's way.

And then they put him to open shame by suspecting all his motives, and by misrepresenting all his actions. It did not matter what Paul did, they were quite certain that he was self-seeking; that he was endeavoring to make a fine thing of it for himself. When he acted so that they were forced to own that he was right, they put it in such a light that they made it out to be wrong. There were some who denied his apostleship, and said that he was never sent of God; and others questioned his ability to preach the Gospel. So they crucified poor Paul one way and another to the full.

They went further still. They despised, they shunned him. His old friends forsook him. Some got out of the way, others pointed at him the finger of scorn in the streets. His persecutors showed their rancor against him, now stoning him with lynch-law, and anon with a semblance of legality dragging him before the magistrates. Paul was crucified to them. As for his teaching, they decried him as a babbler—a setter-forth of strange gods. I dare say they often sneered at the cross of Christ which he preached as a nine days' wonder, an almost exploded doctrine, and said, "If you do but shut the mouths of such men as Paul, it will soon be forgotten." I have heard them say in modern times to lesser men, "Your old-fashioned Puritanism is nearly dead; ere-long it will be utterly extinct!" But we preach Christ crucified; the same old doctrine as the apostles preached, and for this by the contempt of the worldly wise we are crucified.

Now, dear Christian friends, if you keep to the cross of Christ you must expect to have this for your portion. The world will be crucified to you, and you will be crucified to the world. You will get the cold shoulder. Old friends will become open foes. They will begin to hate you more than they loved you before. At home your foes will be the men of your own household. You will hardly be able to do any thing right.

When you joined in their revels you were a fine fellow; when you could drink, and sing *a lascivious song*, you were a jolly good fellow; but now they rate you as a fool; they scout you as a hypocrite; and slanderously blacken your character. Let their dislike be a badge of your discipleship, and say, "Now also the world is crucified to me and I unto the world. Whatever the world says against me for Christ's sake is the maundering of a doomed malefactor, and what do I care for that? And, on the other hand, if I be rejected and despised, I am only taking what I always expected—my crucifixion—in my poor, humble way, after the manner of Christ himself, who was despised and rejected of men."

The moral and the lesson of it all is this: Whatever comes of it, still glory in Christ. Go in for this, dear friends, that whether ye be in honor or in dishonor, in good report or in evil report, whether God multiply your substance and make you rich, or diminish it and make you poor, you [illegible] still glory in the cross of Christ. If you have health, and strength and vigor to work for Him, or if you have to lie upon a bed of languishing and bear in patience all your heavenly Father's will, resolve that you will still glory in the cross. Let this be the point of your glorying throughout our lives. Go down the steeps of Jordan, and go through Jordan itself, still glorying in the cross, for in the heaven of glory you will find that the blood-bought hosts celebrate the cross as the trophy of their redemption.

Are you trusting in the cross? Are you resting in Jesus? If not, may the Lord teach you this blessed privilege. There is no joy like it. There is no strength like it. There is no life like it. There is no peace like it. At the cross we find our heaven. While upon the cross we gaze, all heavenly, holy things abound within our hearts. If you have never been there, the Lord lead you there at this very hour; so shall you be pardoned, accepted, and blest for aye. The Lord grant that you all may be partakers of this grace for Christ's sake. Amen.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

THE VOYAGE OF THE EGLANTINE.

WHO SAILED IN HER—AND WHY.

A Story of an English Merchant Vessel.

(*Continued from page* 141.)

WHILE the parting interview between the two lovers was taking place within, a weary man with a letter in his hand stood without, anxiously awaiting Christian's appearance. One by one the lights went out in the windows; one by one the passers-by disappeared from the quiet street. The moon rose over the distant hills like a huge ball of fire; rose higher and higher in the clear heavens with a gradually silvering light, and still he waited.

The city clocks struck out the passing hours; the low fall of the waves on the shore was the only sound of the silent night, for it was past midnight, and the city was asleep.

In the distance at last was heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and the almost wearied-out watcher roused himself.

"Here he is at last!" he murmured; "I thought he'd never come."

With quick, hurried steps, Christian Hilliard came up the street, and stopped at one of the doors. Taking out his latch-key, he was about to let himself in, when a timid touch on his arm made him turn quickly.

"What on earth are you doing here this time of night?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Is any thing the matter?"

"I beg your pardon for intruding, sir," was the low, tremulous answer. "Will you please to read this when you get in? It won't take you long," he added, entreatingly.

"What is it? Here, Milby, where are you off in such a hurry?" cried Christian, as the man began to move away.

"I only wanted to give you that, Mr. Christian. I've been waiting here since dark. You will read it, won't you, sir?"

"Read it! of course I will. It was written to be read, I suppose. Come in and have a glass of something—wine, ale, any thing you like."

"I'd rather not, sir; indeed I'd rather not. If you'd please to let me go, Mr. Christian."

"Go on, then," said Christian, good-humoredly. "I believe you're afraid I shall make you drunk. You are a teetotaler, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir; good-night, sir," said Milby, looking round with fearful eyes. "You won't let anyone know I wrote that, will you, Mr. Christian?"

"Of course not. There, make haste home to bed; I'm sure that is the best place for you." He put his hand in his pocket as he spoke, with the ready generosity which was always prompting him to give of his abundance to those who had need. Seeing him do it, Milby hurried down the street, and in a few moments was out of sight round the corner.

Christian went in and shut the door. Turning up the gas, he found a whole budget of letters lying on the table. They had come by the late evening post, and among them were some he had been anxiously expecting for days.

The sight of these banished all thought of the letter he had just received, and thrusting it with his gloves into his pocket, he sat down, and was soon absorbed in their contents, forgetting the lateness of the hour. In vain the clock warned him that morning was drawing near; there were answers to be written, and he must write them; there would be no time in the morning. Wearied out at last, he rose and swept the letters aside.

"That's done!" he murmured, still forgetting Milby's letter. If he had read that he would not have gone on his voyage; probably the ship itself would not have gone, and a world of sorrow and agony would have been prevented. It was one of those little oversights which so often occur in our lives—the little thing on which so great issues hang.

"Now for bed," said Christian, "and my last sleep on shore."

He slept heavily and late. The sun was shining high in the heavens when he drew aside his curtains the next morning, and for a few minutes he stood in silence, watching the busy world below. A knock at the door roused him from the reverie into which he had fallen. One of the sailors had come for his portmanteau. He hurried down, and found Cairns waiting in the hall.

"The skipper sent me for your portmanteau, or any thing else you wish to send on board, sir," he said, in an absent, preoccupied tone. There was a tired look about him which attracted Christian's attention.

"What is the matter, Cairns?" he asked, kindly; "you look as if you had been up all night."

"So I have, sir. It's the little maid; she has been very ill, and the doctor seemed rather queer about her. I asked him if she was going to die, but he said he hoped not yet."

"But it's very sudden, isn't it, Cairns? Is it the one I saw last night?"

"Yes, sir; it's Nannie. No, it ain't what you may call really sudden. You see, she've been in a sort of decline for the last year or two; just quietly fading away from us; and I suppose nothing can save her. I don't think she'll last much longer."

"Don't you think she will live till you come back?" asked Christian, with sympathy.

"Well, sir, the doctor says he thinks she will, and he ought to know more than me. She sticks to it that she's going: that's the queer part of it! —the child seems to know."

"Would you rather not go, Cairns?" said Christian. "Would you like to give up this voyage."

Cairns shook his head. "No sir, thank you. I should have to do something, get another ship, you see, and I mightn't find a berth on any of them short voyagers. I've had such a many frights about Nannie afore now."

He shouldered the portmanteau and went off, his usually bluff, hearty face subdued and saddened.

"Everybody has some trouble," though Christian. "No one escapes in this world.' He sat down at the breakfast-table, debatin within him whether he should go and see his father or not. He had resolved not to go, feelin only too sure of the manner of his reception; bu now that the starting-day had really come, h hesitated, his resolution wavering.

"I have plenty of time to ride over," he murmured. "It doesn't seem the right sort of thin to sail, for no one knows how long a voyag without a word from him. I think I will go."

Mr. Hilliard sat at his lonely breakfast-tabl reading the paper. At every sound outside th house he started, looking up with anxious, expectant eyes. He looked haggard and worn, an the breakfast before him was untouched, th coffee and steak rapidly getting cold.

Up the drive, at last, dashed Christian's beautiful mare, her glossy coat gleaming in the su shine. At the hall-door she stopped of her ow accord, arching her slender neck as if proud the firm, cool hand on her rein. Giving her pat, and an injunction to stand still till he can out again, Christian entered the house.

"Good-morning, sir," he said, frankly extending his hand. "I have run over to wish you good-by. The Eglantine sails this afternoon."

Mr. Hilliard looked coldly up. "You have given yourself needless trouble," he answered, ignoring his son's outstretched hand.

"I have still several things to see to before I go on board," said Christian, restraining a strong inclination to walk out of the room; "but I knew Lucrece would bring me here and back in a few minutes, so I had the saddle put on."

He stood before his father in his stately, gracious manhood, waiting with quiet dignity for the word or look of reconciliation, but waited in vain.

"If you can spare a few minutes, sir, I should like to speak to you on one or two subjects before I go," he said, patiently. "My time is very valuable."

"So is mine," was the brief reply.

"I know it, and I will not trespass upon it. What I have to say will only occupy a few minutes."

"Which I have not to spare," said Mr. Hilliard, rising from his seat.

"Then I will wish you good-morning. I am sorry if I have disturbed you," said Christian, with an expression half of annoyance, half of pain. Again he stretched out his hand, and after a moment's hesitation Mr. Hilliard touched it with the tips of his fingers.

The door closed, and then he heard Lucrece galloping down the drive, and he was once more alone. Alone! and his only son on his way to a watery grave. Do what he would, he could not banish the thought. In vain he strove to comfort himself with the recollection of other vessels which had safely weathered the wild storms of the Atlantic, and reached home unharmed, although they had been as unseaworthy as the Eglantine.

Taking his telescope, he went upstairs to a little room, from which he was accustomed to watch his vessels sail out of the docks. Slowly passed the weary hours as he waited and watched—watched for the black-hulled ship which was taking his son out among the dread perils of the deep. He knew she would not sail till late in the afternoon, and yet he sat at the open window, straining his eyes, tormented by the vague fear that she might in some unguarded minute pass, and he not see her.

She came at last; her sails idly flapping in the scarcely perceptible breeze, her black hull blacker than ever, her dingy, battered figure-head giving flat contradiction to the sweet suggestiveness of her graceful name. Lower in the western sky sank the setting sun, shedding its flood of light upon the tranquil sea. And into the golden glory sailed the Eglantine, a fresh wind catching her sails and speeding her over the glittering waves. Like a dark speck she appeared, and was then gradually lost in the glowing west.

Then he went to his office and sought by unceasing attention to business to banish the thought of what he had done. The first to arrive in the morning, the last to leave at night, his energy seemed untiring; his desire was to get continuous occupation, not to leave a moment free, for he found that if he did so, in that moment a vision of the Eglantine with her precious freight rose before his mind. He imagined her in all kinds of circumstances—wallowing in the trough of the sea, her rotten timbers parting asunder, or going down with all on board; then he saw her in a gale at night, pitching and tossing for a time, and at last sinking stern foremost. His thoughts seemed to be filled with a powerful spring which, when released from business, always flew to the ship and always painted her in distress ending in wreck. He dreaded the night most, for there in his solitary home, with no business matters to fill his mind, he was attacked with horrible presentiments. Remorse if not repentance took possession of him, and he yearned, as he had never yearned for any thing before in his life, once more to see his son and to press him to his heart.

But even yet repentance toward God he experienced not; his sin had led him into a difficulty, and having done that he hated it, was sorry for it in that light, but apart from its consequences he did not abhor it. God, the avenger of widows and orphans, was angry with him, but Richard Hilliard thought not of *that*. With him the perpetual bemoaning of himself was, that his sin was coming home to him, that he had been compelled by his position to sacrifice his son; but that he had sinned against God and thereby wronged his own soul (Prov. 9: 36), occasioned him no distress.

That was an anxious time for the merchant, and his anxiety affected the whole man. People observed that he was growing more and more morose as the weeks went on. His clerks grew restive beneath the iron hand which held so stern a check upon them, and secretly hated the cold impenetrable face which only appeared to herald reproof and withering sarcasm.

The bright warm days gave place to wintry winds and biting frosts or dreary fogs. At last news came that the Eglantine had reached her port in safety, after a quick and easy voyage, and was busy unloading. Richard Hilliard's heart grew lighter. "If she got there safely, why shouldn't she come back with equal safety?" he thought, and comforted himself with the thought. To one thing he made up his mind—he would sell the Eglantine, and never run such a risk again. Once let him see her safe in the docks again, and she should never sail out again claiming him for her owner.

So he said to himself, and as the time passed he passed under a fresh influence. He blamed himself for his forebodings, and chid himself as he would have done a nervous child for his fright. He hardened himself more and more against the son who, to use his own words, had set his authority at defiance, and abetted the crew in their rebellion. More determinedly than ever he resolved to give no countenance to his engagement with Maud Ingleton, and to disown and disinherit him if he persisted in marrying an almost penniless girl.

(*To be continued.*)

MAN AND HIS MASTERS.

A London Oration by J. B. Gough.

(*Continued from page* 143.)

Slaves to Sin and their Memories—Cowardly Men—Divers after Pearls—Mr. Gough's Affecting Interview with a Hard Case—Luke the Drunkard and his Patient Wife—Blight of Intemperance—True Love to Our Neighbor—A Plague-stricken Vessel—Christ's Example—Enthusiastic Excitement about the Missing Steamship Atlantic.

Oh! let me recount to you one day in my own life—just but one day. It was a bitter day to me—the most miserable day I ever witnessed; and God in His mercy save me from such another! It was the 4th of July, 1842, in the city of Worcester, in the State of Massachusetts. I was then working at my trade as a bookbinder, and the morning dawned bright and beautiful, and others were enjoying themselves. I had no friend. I had plenty of acquaintances, but not a friend. Acquaintances are not always friends. It is easy to say "no friends"—it is hard to feel it; to be like a waif upon life's wave, like a bubble upon the breaker, no man caring for your soul. And therefore I worked at my trade, for I cared not to enjoy all that was to be enjoyed by others that day.

I was hammering away at my books, and I heard music. I am passionately fond of music; I heard it, and I started. It came nearer and nearer, and I took off my apron, and put on my jacket, and said, "I'll go and hear the music at any rate." I went to the door, and some one said, "A very beautiful sight! beautiful sight!" "Yes," said a gentleman, "it is; what is it?" "Oh! it is the Temperance Society that is going forth at the back of the hospital to a sort of picnic there; some ministers are to speak to them." The moment I heard the word temperance I said to myself, "Temperance Society! oh! I have got nothing to do with them;" and off went my coat, and on went my apron, and I hammered away again. But the music came nearer, and nearer, and nearer; and the beating of the drum and the sounds of the instruments came full upon my ear; and I said to myself, "I don't care whether it is a temperance band or not—I'll go and hear the music."

Off went my apron again, and on went my jacket, and I went and leaned against the post of the hotel; and I looked as a great many affect to look at the temperance movement. I put a sneer on my lip, as much as to say, "Oh! a parcel of old women and children! a lot of people that can't take care of themselves! ah! ah!" I intended that those who passed should see and admire my utter contempt of the whole movement. I looked at them—the sneer on my lip, bad thoughts in my heart; and when the last little boy had turned the corner, it seemed as if a beautiful picture had been hidden from me suddenly, and I straightened myself up to go back again. But I wiped away the tears; I struggled to keep down the sobs that seemed as if they would choke me.

Why? I had been, in spite of the sneer, involuntarily thinking — thinking of what? Thinking of *happy, care-free days*—thinking of the time when I was a boy—thinking of that bright Sabbath of the year when I stood up in the Sunday-school, and repeated two lines of a hymn for the children to sing; thinking too of another time, when William Wilberforce, in the village of Sandgate, my native village, gave me a prayer-book, on my reading to him while I sat upon his knee, and wrote his own name in it with mine. I remembered that; and every pleasant thought and every pleasant reminiscence were there—all distinct, but distant—all clear, but very, very cold; and I contrasted all that with the horrible present, and it seemed as if my heart would break. I bowed my head when I went back to my place of business, and wept like a broken-hearted child.

OH! *the memory of a man that is a slave to sin*—a slave to any sin; his memory is not pleasant. The memory of the past, unconnected with sin, is pleasant; but contrasted with a present condition of bondage to an evil passion, oh! it is terrible suffering; and yet, in spite of all this, men go on, and on, and on. And not only is this a bondage that brings these qualities down into subjection, but it seems to dry up all the freshness of feeling, and whilst it wipes from a man's face the last lingering trace of human beauty, it seems to dry up the fountain of his affection, and make him a pitiful, selfish being. We often look upon the drunkard as a being altogether naturally our inferior.

We hear of brutal deeds committed by men under its influence, and we look at them and we say, "Oh! the brutes!" So I say; and yet sometimes I am sorry when I say it. When I hear of a man dashing his fist into the face of the woman he has sworn to love, cherish, and protect, I feel the blood tingle at the tips of my fingers.

I believe a man who will strike a woman is a coward—a coward whether drunk or sober: whether it is the long-fingered, soft-handed slave-holder, who will lay the lash by proxy on the back of his black sister, or the man who strikes his wife in the face—he is a coward,—a poor, miserable, pitiable, contemptible coward, and no matter what the provocation may be either—how long her tongue may be or how fast she may talk; it makes no difference at all how aggravating she may be—if a wife should make a man's home a perfect pandemonium for him, until the cloud blows off let him act like a man and run away. If I should see a man running through the streets to-morrow with a woman after him, I should say, "You are a brave fellow!" the very moment he turned and knocked her down I should say, "Ah! you coward!"

But now let us look at the matter for a moment. I do not wish to thrust these opinions upon you; but I wish simply and briefly to bring before you the *temperance* enterprise. We have in our ranks thousands of reformed drunkards—bright and beautiful *pearls* some of them, washed by the foul tide of drunkenness under the black rocks of oblivion, and we have been sending *divers* after them, and bringing some of them up, flashing forth the fire of intellect to-day, and some of them radiant and glowing with the hues of the Christian graces; and among the number of our reformed men you cannot find me a man that is a brute, in this sense of the word, to his family.

There is no power on earth will make a man a fiend like the power of the drink. One circumstance in my own reminiscences I will give to you.

AFFECTING INTERVIEW WITH A VERY HARD CASE.

LUKE THE DRUNKARD AND HIS PATIENT WIFE.

I was asked by an individual to go and see *the hardest case there was in the town*. I said, "I have no right to go and see him; he will say to me, 'Who sent you to me? who told you I was a drunkard? You mind your business and I will mind mine; you wait until you are sent for; and when I want you I will send for you.'—I have no right," I said, "to go to him." "Well," said he, "he is a hard case; he *beat a daughter* of his, fourteen years of age, with a bootmaker's strap, so that she will carry the marks to the grave. His *wife is very ill* now with a bilious fever, and the doctor says he thinks she cannot get over it; the man has not been drinking for some days, and if you can get at him now, I think you might do him good."

I thought I would go. I knocked at the door; he came to open it. He had been to one or two of our meetings. The moment he saw me he knew me. Said he, "Mr. Gough, I believe." "Yes, that is my name: would you be good enough to give me a glass of water, if you please?" "Certainly," said he; "come in." So I got in. I sat on one side of the table, and he sat on the other. There were two children in the room playing together, and a door half-way open that led into the room where the wife was ill. I sat and talked with him about every thing I could think of but *the* subject; I talked of trade, and crops, and railroads, and money matters; and then I got on to public-houses, and then drinking, and he headed me off in a moment.

I began again; talked of the rising of the river and the badness of the roads, and then drinking, and he headed me off again. I looked, and I thought I saw a malicious twinkle in his eye, as much as to say, "Young man, you are not up to your business yet." I was about to give it up; but, I think providentially, I saw the children. I said to him, "You've got two bright-looking children there, sir." "Oh! yes, yes, bright little things!" Said I, "You love your children, don't you?" "Bless the children, to be sure I love them." Said I, "Wouldn't you do any thing to benefit your children?" He looked at me, as if he thought something else was coming after that. "Well, to be sure, sir," said he, "a man ought to do every thing to benefit his children."

Then I stood up, so that I might get out of the door as speedily as possible, and said, "Don't be angry with me; I am going to ask you a plain and simple question; you know who I am, therefore you won't be angry. Suppose you never used any more intoxicating liquor, don't you think those children would be better off?" "Well, well," said he, "you have got me this time." Said I, "You have got a good wife, haven't you?" "Yes, sir, as good a woman as ever a man had for a wife!" "And you love your wife?" "To be sure I do; it is natural that a man should love his wife." "And you would do any thing you could to *please your wife?*" "Well, I ought to."

"Suppose you were to sign a temperance pledge, would that please her?" "By thunder, I rather think it would! I could not do a thing that would please my wife like that. If I was to put my name down there, why, the old woman would be up and about her business in two weeks, sick as she is now." Said I, "Then you will do it?" "Yes, I guess I will do it." And he at once opened a closet, took out pen and ink, and I spread out *the pledge*, and he *wrote his name*. The children had been listening with eyes, ears, and mouths wide open, while we were talking about temperance. They knew what a drunken father was; they knew what the principle of abstinence would do for him; and when he had signed, one said to the other, "*Father has signed the pledge!*" "Oh! my!" said the other; "now I'll go and tell my mother;" and away she ran into the other room.

But the mother had heard it; and I listened to her calling, "Luke! Luke! come in here a moment." Said he, "Come in here along with me; come in and see my wife." I went and stood by her bedside. The face was ghastly pale, the eye large and sunk deep in the socket; and with her long, thin, bony fingers, she gripped my hand, and with the other took the hand of her husband, and began to tell me what a good husband she had. "Luke," said she, "is a kind husband and a good father; he takes care of the children and is very kind to them; but the drink, oh! the drink makes terrible difficulty." That difficulty! God only and the crushed wife of the intemperate man know any thing about it.

The man shook like a leaf; he snatched his hand from the grasp of his wife, tore down her night-dress from her shoulder, and said, "Look at that!" and on her white, thin neck, close to the shoulder, was a bad mark. Said he, "Look at that!" and when I saw the mark of a bruise, I felt my flesh creep. Said he, "Look at that, sir! I did it three days before she was taken down upon the bed; and she has told you she has a good husband. Am I? Am I a good husband to her? God Almighty forgive me!" and he bowed over that woman and wept like a child, gripped the bed-clothes in his hand, and hid his face in them. And she laid her thin hand upon his head, and said, "Don't cry, Luke; don't, please don't; you wouldn't have struck me if it had not been for the drink. Mr. Gough, don't believe him; he is as good a man as ever lived. Don't cry, Luke!"

These are the men we call brutes and fiends; strip them from the accursed power of the drink, and they are men, with hearts as warm, and feelings as tender, and sensibilities as keen as yours. Oh! the terrific power of this fearful habit in enslaving the man, in reducing him below the level of the brutes that perish. Oh! when I think of intemperance, the curse of the land; intemperance, that wipes out God's image, and stamps it with the counterfeit die of the devil; intemperance, that smites a healthy body with disease from head to heel, and makes it more loathsome than the leprosy of Naaman or the sores of Lazarus;

INTEMPERANCE,

that dethrones man's reason, and hides her bright beams in the mystic clouds that roll round the shattered temple of the human soul, curtained with midnight; intemperance, that has sent its thousands and tens of thousands into the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's eternity; intemperance, filling your gaols, and your almshouses, and your lunatic asylums;—oh! we might ask the very dead, the drunken dead, to lift the turf above their mouldering bones, and stalk forth, in tattered shrouds and bony whiteness, to testify against the sin of intemperance! It is rolling over the land like a burning tide of desolation; and we plead with young men that they may never subject themselves to this bondage, and that they may do what in them lies to build the wall of prevention between it and their fellows.

Every man is in a degree a slave who is not in entire and constant subjection to righteous law. Every man is a free man, in the highest and truest sense of that term, who renders swift, steadfast, constant obedience to righteous law. "This is the first and the great commandment, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul, and strength: and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself: on these two"—not on one or the other—"hang all the law and the prophets." My professions of

LOVE TO GOD

are utterly worthless unless they beget in me *love to my neighbor;* and while we would ask young men especially to see to it that they themselves are free, we would ask them, in love and benevolence, in the spirit of sympathy for their brother, to help in freeing him.

And remember, young men, that when you stoop to help a weak brother, you do not make yourselves partakers of his weakness, but you impart to him a portion of your own strength. God supplies to you a double quantity for every portion that you give to a falling, a weak, an erring brother; and therefore we consider the highest position of freedom a man can occupy is not only to be free from vices and evil passions himself, but free to help the oppressed. Ah! the very names you love are the names of those who labored for others, such as *Elizabeth Fry*, for example, whose name is as familiar as a household word—one of whom many said, "I was sick, and in prison, and she ministered unto me"—one who went to lift up the oppressed—one whom we loved in our heart of hearts, and pray God to raise up others like unto her—a true mother in Israel.

Yes, we speak of those who have labored for others; and young men, those of you who profess to be, those of you who desire to be, followers of Christ, remember *Christ pleased not Himself;* and we must be prepared, if we would labor for others, and follow Him, and enjoy that true, that perfect liberty which every man may enjoy, we must come in the spirit of self-denial, and with some degree of moral courage, to help our falling and our erring brother. How many are there that need your aid and need your assistance? Oh! if every one in this assembly could but put his arms round one other one, and save him from perdition, it would be worth a lifetime—a lifetime of exertion.

If you can lie down upon the bed of death, and ask, Of what avail has been my living? and *only one* redeemed by your agency, only one, could stand before you—only one of whom, with your dying eyes fixed upon him, you might feel "God has given me that as a seal to my ministry:" feeble though it may be, it should be enough. It should be enough—for the redemption of one man, when we consider what man is, worth all God's material universe, is worth a lifetime of toil and self-denial to accomplish; and in this we ask you to help your neighbor.

"*Who is your neighbor?*" Ah! go with me into the lowest dens of vice in this city; go with me into yon garret; go into that damp, filthy cellar, and see a man upon a heap of rotting rags, and his head pillowed with a bundle of mouldering straw, covered, perhaps, as one I knew of was, with an old soldier's coat, and clasping his fingers, that look like the claws of an unclean bird, with his thin lips drawn tight across his teeth, the rattle in the throat telling that the cold fingers of death were feeling for his heart-strings! That debased, degraded, miserable, filthy, pitiable, dying man is your brother—is your neighbor. God has made him, and in one sense he is as much an own child of God Almighty then as on the day when he was carried to be baptized. Oh! we look at man as he has made himself, and we say, with reference to the debased and the degraded, "They have brought it upon themselves, they are unworthy of sympathy," and we pass them by. Oh, how often have we passed them by for fear of contamination!

I remember reading that in mid-ocean *a ship* was ploughing her way through the sea, and a vessel was spied in the distance, appearing to be in distress; they made all sail to come up to her, and there they saw some miserable, haggard, emaciated, *tattered wretches clinging to the shrouds*, with scarce strength enough to hold themselves in the position to look over the bulwarks, and they let down the boat, and manned t to go to the rescue of their brethren. When within a boat's length they discovered that the plague was on board; "Hard up the helm, hoist the sail!" and they speed away, *to leave* their *plague-stricken* brethren *to die* in mid-ocean.

So have we left the scenes of degradation; so have we left the poor creatures who are slaves to a fearful habit; and excused ourselves by the thought, "*They have brought it all on themselves.*" Young men, if He who "spake as never man spake"—if He who loved His erring creatures with an unbounded love, had said thus of us, where should we be to-day?—if He had said, "Let them alone, shut them up in the prison-house of dark despair; let them alone, they have brought it on themselves!" But was it so? Oh no!

See Him toiling at the foot of yon hill, with the cross upon His shoulder; see the blood standing upon His forehead; see Him bowed down under the weight of His own cross; see Him again suspended between the heavens and the earth, a malefactor on either side of Him; see Him there; not a groan, not one word of agony, until, in the moment when He "bore our sins in His own body on the tree," He cried out, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!" *for you for me*, to redeem us from the terrible curse we had brought upon ourselves.

He did it; and if we are followers of Him, let us stoop to lift the debased, and the degraded, and the low, though we put our hands down deep to our elbows in the slime in which they lie. We may be instrumental in saving our brother, by exercising the self-denial which is required, and the moral courage which every man should have, who goes out to do good to his neighbor, to his brother, to his friend.

A DYING WOMAN'S FAITH.

THE simplicity of faith, says an eminent American minister, was once strikingly illustrated to me in this manner.

I had been preaching my ordinary week-day sermon in the evening, when I was sent for in great haste to visit a woman who was said to be dying, and who very much wished to see me. I went almost immediately to her house, for she was a member of my church, whom I had known for years. When I entered the room where she lay, I found it filled with her friends, who had gathered around her to see her die.

Making my way through the midst of them, I reached the side of her bed, and found her apparently in the last agonies of death. She was bolstered up in her bed, painfully gasping for breath, almost suffocated by the asthma; and the whole bed shook with the palpitation of her heart, which seemed to be shaking her to pieces. It appeared to me that she could not live an hour. I said to her, "Mrs. M., you seem to be very ill?"

"Yes," said she, "I am dying."

"And are you ready to die?"

She lifted her eyes upon me, with a solemn look, and speaking with difficulty, said:

"Sir, God knows—*I have taken him—at his word*—and I am not afraid—to die."

It was a new and striking definition of faith. "I have taken him at his word." It struck me in an instant as the triumph of faith. "God knows, I have taken him, at his word, and I am not afraid to die." It was just the thing for her to say. I have often since tried to think what else she could have said that would have expressed so much in so few words. I prayed some minutes by her bedside, read some passages of God's Word, and was about to leave her for a moment to her friends, whom she seemed anxious to address. She held me by the hand, and uttering a word at a time, as she gasped for breath, she said to me: "I wanted to tell you—that I can—trust—in God—while—I am dying.—You have—often told me—he would not—forsake me.—And now—I find it true—he does not—forsake me.—I am—at peace—I die willingly—and happy."

THE SECOND TEMPLE.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 5th.—Ezra 3. Golden Text, Verse 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN our lesson for June 30th of last year, we learnt of the wondrous intervention of God for His people in fulfilment of prophecy, and in answer to Daniel's prayer. We learnt how God can arrange the means for the doing of His work when He wills it to be done, and that with Him all things are possible. In the same book of Ezra the Scribe are given the names and the numbers of the different families which came up out of Babylon "unto Jerusalem and Judah, every one unto his city" (Ezra 2:1). There were amongst them some who "could not show their father's house, and their seed, whether they were of Israel" (Ezra 2:59).

Oh, how important is it for every man to know assuredly whether He is one of God's people or not! Any thing may be left undecided rather than this. There were even some who took their place among the priests without having a right to the office. "These sought their register among those that were reckoned by genealogy, but they were not found: therefore were they, as polluted, put from the priesthood" (Ezra 2:62). When the external Church of Christ in a country or in a town is cold and lifeless, many find their way as members into the church whom God has not reckoned as such. The register which man has made is not confirmed in heaven, and when a time of spiritual awakening comes, then comes the searching for the register of God's children. A lifeless ministry is easily discovered; when there is spiritual life around, lifeless members can no longer retain a name to live while they are dead (Rev. 3:1).

In the chapter from which our lesson is taken, we find that the children of Israel "gathered themselves together as one man to Jerusalem." Here was unity, and without unity amongst Christians little real glory can be brought to God. It is our vocation to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." It was the Lord's special prayer for His followers, "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." The only real possibility of unity among God's children is when the more advanced Christians practise loving forbearance with younger and weaker ones. Harsh judgments of others never come from those who live near to the heart of Jesus. We do not judge, but we yearn over those for whom we pray.

The first act of the priests after they were separated from strangers and bound together in unity was to build "the altar of the God of Israel, to offer burnt-offerings thereon." And so God's claim was recognized. Christ "died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." There must be no reserve. "I am crucified with Christ. As He laid His will on God's altar, and gave to His Father all choice about every thing, so I as His representative will have no will, no choice."

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. This is the spirit of the burnt-offering, and Paul supposes that we only need to know the will of God in order to do it. Our mind can only be renewed by the coming of another mind into ours (Isa. 50:4, 5; John 5:30).

These children of Israel, who had returned from the Babylonish captivity, set the altar upon his bases (for fear was upon them because of the people of those countries). It appears that it did not occur to them to arm themselves for their defence against their enemies. They would take refuge in their God, as though to say, "We will honor God, and then He will not fail us." "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty" (Ps. 91:1; see also verses 2, 7, 9–16). They re-established the daily burnt-offering, just as we with Paul must die daily; yesterday's consecration will not avail for to-day. And we find the result in the offering also of "every one that willingly offered a freewill offering unto the Lord." When the whole is given to God in a life of self-renouncement, the details follow, and every thought, and act, and word becomes a freewill offering.

"They kept also the feast of tabernacles." It was in remembrance of their pilgrimage in the desert (Lev. 23:43) that they were to dwell in booths during seven days.

"But the foundation of the temple of the Lord was not yet laid." The temple of Solomon was God's one place of witness upon earth; and, while the temple lay in ruins, there was no open witness before the world for the honor of His name. Another and an everlasting temple is now in building. "Ye are the temple of the living God" (2 Cor. 6:16), "Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom we also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. 2:20–22). The witness for God which must vindicate His honor eternally is the bride of the Lamb, who is now making herself ready. It is the new Jerusalem, built "of lively (living) stones" (1 Pet. 2:5), which out of many is made one.

The great triumph of Christ over Satan is not only that He has redeemed our souls from death, but also that He has created anew a people in whom His divine unselfish nature dwells and manifests itself—a people who are supernatural. For as it is our nature to seek our own (Phil. 2:21), so it is Christ's nature to seek not His own (1 Cor. 13:5); and He triumphs when Christ is "formed in us" (Gal. 4:19)—*i.e.*, when His nature supersedes and takes the place of our nature. Our nature is to make every thing revolve around ourselves, and, in order to be one in Him, self must cease to exist. While we are sensitive as to the words or opinions of others, and while we consider what is due to us, the self life is there, and the Christ life is wanting, and we are not doing Christ's work. Every thought of self is one thought less for Him, and it weakens the cause for which He died for us.

But the time came when these returned captives began to think of setting forward "the work of the house of the Lord." And it was with joy. Although no personal benefit should accrue to them by the existence of God's temple, yet that God should be glorified lay near to His servants' hearts. So when the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord, they "set the priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites the sons of Asaph with cymbals to praise the name of the Lord," etc. "And all the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid." But some who remembered the first temple wept; they remembered their sin and their punishment, and the singing and the weeping could hardly be distinguished.

Perhaps they called to mind the great awakening in Josiah's time, and were then themselves converted, and perhaps they would remember how in their youthful zeal they and Daniel had borne witness for God. They would remember the declension of the people, the sinfulness of Jehoiakim and Zedekiah, the weeping of Jeremiah, etc.; and it may be they had been so accustomed by the waters of Babylon to sit down and weep, that it was not easy now to forget the past and to mingle with the joy of the younger believer. But they wept unto God as the others shouted unto the Lord. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep" (Rom. 12:15). This is our privilege as those who are set free from the slavery of living unto ourselves; and there is one who says of His joy (John 15:11), "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

FOREIGN EVENTS.

The Marriage of the Princess Thyra, third daughter of the King of Denmark, to the Duke of Cumberland, son of the late ex-King of Hanover, was celebrated on Saturday, December 21st, at the royal palace in Copenhagen.

The marriage can scarcely be considered so brilliant, financially or socially, as those made by the other children of the Danish King, who has a son already on the Greek throne, a son who will sit on the Danish throne, a daughter who will sit on the royal and imperial throne of England and India, while another daughter will wear the diadem of Czarina of all the Russias. But as the New York *Herald* observes, the Duke of Cumberland is respectable. If he is not a king, he is one of the next best things to it—namely, the son of a dethroned monarch. Such a young man is handy to have in the family if any fresh kings are wanted, as in Greece, or not long since in Spain, and at present in Bulgaria.

The Duke and his father-in-law will at any rate have one sentiment in common—they both hate Bismarck, who has despoiled them both, and keeps his iron hand on his prey. The kingdom of Hanover is in his keeping.

The Emperor of Germany appears to have been set a-thinking by his almost miraculous escape in the recent desperate attempt on his life. The veteran monarch, in an interview he held with the members of the Berlin Corporation, confessed that the expression of the exuberant loyalty of his people on his return to Berlin had entirely removed the painful impression made upon him by the Socialist outrages, and he piously added: "In being rescued, I perceived a warning to examine myself as to whether in my career of life I had fulfilled my duties in such a manner as to be worthy to be saved." While still insisting, though much more mildly, on the necessity for corrective measures, he indicated a reviving preference for preventive rather than for repressive legislation. "Human foresight," he wisely said, "against such things as happened to me is powerless;" and, therefore, although increasedly stringent laws may be desirable as a means of protection, the real and best security is [illegible] be found in bringing home to the people a conviction of the evils of Socialism.

If the Emperor's opinions are lasting, we may hope to see more free and enlightened principles operating in the government of the German people, and a less rigorous insistance on such exploded fallacies as "the right divine of kings to govern wrong." So God may have brought good for a whole people out of the act of a lawless assassin.

Prince Bismarck's Religion.—From Dr. Busch's book on Prince Bismarck, just published, we learn some interesting particulars of the great statesman's religious opinions. He has expressed himself as follows: "But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity; but for my acceptance of the miraculous groundwork of Christianity, you would not have lived to see the sort of chancellor I am. Take away my faith, and you destroy my patriotism." Nay, the only thing, as he affirms, that keeps him at his post is the fact that there is no Christian to take his place as chancellor. "Find me a successor who is as firm a Christian believer as myself, and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans."

It appears that Prince Bismarck's religion is very different from the gaseous rationalism of the German universities. His favorite books of devotion teach that humanity is guided by continuous inspiration; that miracles of Providence are wrought every day; that each thought and act is dictated by divine influence, even going so far as to believe, with the Moravian brethren, whose devotional books he peculiarly sympathizes with, that the guiding hand of Providence is to be discerned in the first verse the eye may light upon on opening the Bible for counsel. Some of their books were found in his bed-room when he was hastily summoned to receive Napoleon III. at Sedan.

In Afghanistan internal dissension among the followers of the Ameer is said to be fighting on the side of the British arms. Important despatches have reached the English Government, which have not yet been made public; but newspaper correspondents report that the Ameer has fled from Cabul, and that his son Kakoob Khan has been proclaimed in his stead. The sections of the Afghan notables are variously affected, some advocating submission and alliance with England, and others that overtures be made to Russia. Afghan troops in considerable numbers are said to have deserted from the Ameer and joined the British forces. England may therefore be said to have practically acquired possession of Afghanistan; the question for her to decide now—and it is one that will demand all the wisdom of her statesmen—is, *what shall be done with it?*

The Relations between the Governments of England and Russia are, according to the latest reports, somewhat less strained than formerly. Russia professes herself anxious for the friendship of England, and to be desirous of removing the feeling of distrust that prevails in that country. She has withdrawn her mission from Cabul, as a proof of this amicable desire; but sceptical people in England say, that measure is one of timely precaution, rather than of gracious concession; and that Russia, seeing the rapid and successful advance of the British forces towards Cabul, was desirous of avoiding disagreeable complications, and withdrew her representatives voluntarily to avoid a forced ejection.

Commercial Distress is very prevalent in England, and all classes of society are affected. The upper classes who have suffered by bank failures and reduced dividends on shares, are retrenching, and in doing so necessarily curtail the business of the tradesmen; who, reducing expenses in their turn, affect the class below them who depend for their subsistence on the remuneration the tradesmen pay them for their labor. When a stone is cast into a placid lake the circles widen and widen until the whole surface is perturbed; so in English society, pecuniary trouble has spread from rank to rank until an universal depression has settled on the community.

The London Workhouses and the reports of charitable organizations prove how wide-spread and deep-seated is the prevailing poverty and distress in that city. The applicants for relief are so numerous that the accommodation of the workhouses is totally inadequate to meet the demand; and while the funds of the various charities are nearly exhausted, pressing and urgent cases for relief are continually being presented to them, in which to refuse help would frequently involve death from privation. The severity of the winter is being severely felt, especially in the Eastern districts of London, where the poorer classes reside. Poplar, Spitalfields, Milwall, Limehouse, and Haggerston are said to be in a most deplorable state.

Cruel Treatment of Bosnian Refugees.—Miss Johnston writes, under date Pakratz, November 12th: "We only arrived here yesterday. The order for the sending back of the Bosnian fugitives has come, and go they must. No matter that the late autumn weather is already bitterly cold, that rain is pouring, the roads almost impassable from mud, every brook and river overflowed worst of all, that there is nothing to go to, only the ruins of burnt homes and waste fields. Three women now come to our door they are in charge of a soldier, who is to see them over the Save and into desert Bosnia, to watch that they don't creep into some hut by the way, or perchance lie down to die before they get there. All three are in tears. Two have babies in their arms—little pallid creatures, quiet from cold and weakness; one is only two weeks old. Will that soldier get it and its poor tottering mother even as far as the river? Three more tiny children are of the party. Our stores of blankets and clothes are very low, but we are making them reach as far as possible for the poor travellers, and we are buying 'opankés' (their hide shoes), and giving each a little supply of money for the way. Some, too, who are now on the journey, making this a stopping place, must have a good hot meal. I happened, while we were hearing some of the sad tales, to take up a Serbian Testament, and my eye rested on verses 19, 20, 21 of Matthew 24. What a terrible, clear light is now thrown on those prophetic words of our tender, pitying Lord! We hear 'all the fugitives are to be in Bosnia before the end of November.' How many of them will be alive at Christmas?"

Lord Selborne, who held the office of Lord High Chancellor of England in Mr. Gladstone's Administration, has recently been elected rector of St. Andrew's University. In his address at his installation he made some remarks which, coming from so high an authority, are worthy of every young man's attention. He said: "If I were asked what I thought the first, second, and third requisite of a successful and noble life, I should say, and I should reiterate, a good conscience. *There is no lever like this* to overcome the difficulties of life; and, on the other hand, those who contract bad habits in their youth can never be the same men afterwards as if they had not done so. They may recover themselves so far as to escape from total debasement; they may follow in later life the calls of honor and virtue, but they are handicapped in the race, and they would probably be glad to sacrifice any object of worldly desire in order to undo the past, if that were possible."

A Useful Dog.—The other day a small dog, belonging to a gentleman in Bank Street, Preston, England, was fighting with another dog rather larger than himself, when he came to grief, and was struggling in the mud with his antagonist on the top of him. A large mastiff, belonging to the same gentleman, and a companion of the small dog, came up, and with his massive jaws took the conquering dog up by the back of his neck and lifted him quietly off his opponent. He then took the small dog by the ear and quietly led him over the road, and in canine language bade him haste home. He performed a valuable service to the canine community, and if some like powerful functionary existed among nations and individuals he would find many opportunities for the exercise of his capacities.

A curious mode of raising funds for a charitable purpose is in operation in Germany. It is organized by an association called a "Society of Collectors of Cigar Cuttings." The unsmoked portions of cigars are collected, remanufactured into snuff, and sold; the proceeds being devoted to the support of orphan children, of whom thirty were provided for from this source alone in 1876. It is estimated that there are ten millions of smokers in Germany, and if they could all be persuaded to forward their cigar-ends to the receptacle of the charity an income of $162,000 per annum would result.

A Lady Enriched by being Robbed.—The following singular fact relating to the Glasgow Bank failure is related by the *Pall Mall Gazette:* "A. B., an old lady with a fair fortune of 8000*l*. or 10,000*l*., had a legacy left her of 2000*l*. This, after much cogitation, she, following her Free Church clergyman and other religious authorities, invested in the Glasgow Bank, and for some years drew the dividends satisfactorily. Then came the failure, and the old lady was distracted by the thought of future beggary. Her neighbors got their calls, but she (as it seemed from the special hard-heartedness of the liquidators) did not get even the notice vouchsafed to others anxious to make arrangements and prepare a retreat from the wreck. She went to Edinburgh to cunsult lawyers as to the failure of notice, and after inquiry found that her agent is at present eluding the police; in fact that, in addition to other frauds, he has pocketed her 2000*l*., and has been paying her interest out of the capital. She is thus free of all responsibility as regards the rest of her fortune, and will legally be able to sue the agent, should he turn up, for the repayment of her 2000*l*."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—Sermon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by ergymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes, etc.—Also, once month, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

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Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1879.

12th Year. No. 11—New Series.

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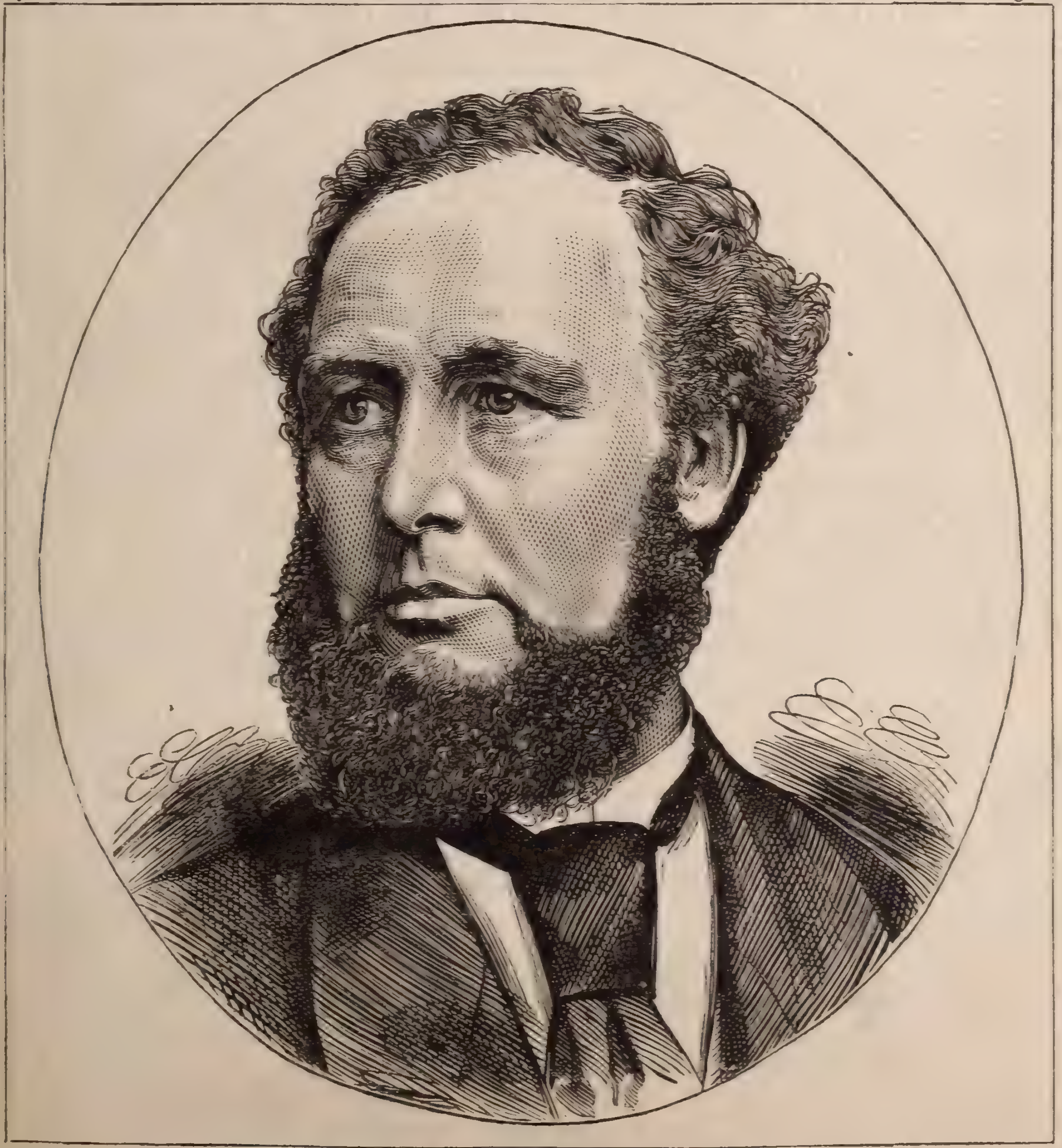

CAPTAIN J. E. DUTTON, the Christian Sailor.

CAPTAIN DUTTON.

Early Fondness for the Sea—Emigrates to New York — His Conversion — Mockings — Little Meetings on Board—Marriage—His Labors in the Forecastle—Services in New York—Anecdote of Mr. Müller.

TO many Christian people, who have had occasion to cross the Atlantic during the past few years, the name of Captain Dutton is familiar. The Transatlantic steamer of the Allan line which is commanded by him is especially sought after on account of the religious privileges enjoyed on board, and for this reason Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Mr. George Müller and Miss Macpherson and other prominent Christian workers have preferred to make their voyages in it. While he is captain in the mercantile navy, his rank in the British Royal Naval Reserve is Lieutenant.

Lieut. J. E. Dutton, R.N.R., son of J. T. Dutton, manufacturing chemist, scion of an old Cheshire family, was born at Harrington, near Whitehaven, England, February 8th, 1828. He had an ardent love for the sea, from a boy, and was of a fearless disposition. When only seven years of age he would often be found at the masthead of the collier brigs in the harbor.

After leaving school, the family removed to New York, where he was apprenticed to a celebrated architect; but, his health failing, he went to sea, in 1845, in an American whaler, bound for the South Sea in search of sperm whales. While on board this vessel, about a year afterwards, when it was off the coast of New Zealand, a tract fell into his hands, entitled "The Swearer's Prayer." It convinced him of the sinfulness of that habit, and he tried to shake it off, but without avail. Gradually he was led by the Holy Spirit to see himself a lost sinner, and he began to cry for mercy, but there was no one on board who could point him to Jesus.

He commenced, however, to read the Bible perseveringly, and to seek the salvation of his soul; and at the masthead or on the watch at night his constant cry was, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." At last light broke into his soul, and he was enabled to cast himself entirely on the finished work of Jesus, and to find rest and peace in Him. He had no book but the Bible, which became his constant companion and study.

The rest of the crew could scarcely understand what was the matter when he began to tell them what the Lord had done for his soul, and to urge them to flee from the wrath to come. Some laughed, others were vexed; some scoffed, but still he persevered. Just at this time he met one like himself on board another ship, who had found Christ, and they were mutually helpful to each other; the Master was, indeed, present as these two walked the deck and held sweet communion with each other: "Jesus himself drew near."

When next the two ships met, Lieut. Dutton inquired for his new-found brother, and was told that while catching a whale the rope got foul and drew him over the bow of the boat, and he was never seen any more. For two years after this Lieut. Dutton, during his voyages, did not come in contact with any Christian with whom he could converse on the matters nearest to his heart. Subsequently he stayed a short time in the Island of Vauvan, Friendly Islands, and there met some of the crew of the John Wesley, missionary brig, and was much blessed and encouraged by intercourse with them. Soon afterwards, four of the crew becoming anxious about their souls, he was able to lead them to Jesus. Many were the sweet communings these five had during their voyage, whenever their duties would permit, and then they would sing and pray and talk of Jesus together. They continued these meetings, and enjoyed them in spite of the jeers of the other sailors, who nicknamed them "Psalm-singers."

After many hairbreadth escapes he arrived at home and joined the Methodist Church. After staying at home six months he sailed again in American ships in various capacities, as carpenter, and, subsequently, as third to first mate, mostly between New York or New Orleans and Liverpool, and in this capacity endeavored to speak for Jesus as opportunity offered.

In 1854 he sailed from Lake Ontario to London, in command of the first ship ever built on the Canadian lakes. In 1855 he joined the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, in which he has continued ever since.

Soon after, he married a lady with whom he had formed an acquaintance years before when at school. She was like-minded with himself, and, like him, an earnest, sincere lover of Jesus.

At this time he felt oppressed by the condition of the common sailors on the vessels, and desirous of aiding them he began to teach the men in the forecastle navigation, and to urge them to self-improvement. He also formed a library on board especially for their use. Many availed themselves of the opportunity, and are now able navigators. He also held religious meetings with the men on Sunday evenings.

In 1860 he commanded one of the Montreal Ocean Company's steamers out of Glasgow. In that year he also joined the Rev. Andrew Bonar's church, and was greatly blessed under his ministry. About this time he began to hold a daily Bible reading with the men, which has been continued to the present time; and numbers of the sailors have been converted through the reading of God's Word.

In 1868 he began to mark the Bible, to enable him to see what truths were spoken of in each page. The mark for redemption and salvation was +; for resurrection, V; for the Lord's coming, +, etc. He soon found, in the reading and study of the word, how often the +s occurred, sometimes five or six times on a page. He found the Epistles to be full of this truth; the more he looked into it, the more he saw that the Lord's speedy Second Advent was the glorious hope of God's people.

For example, when the apostle wished to stir up the saints at Corinth to *diligence*, he speaks of the Lord's coming in 1 Cor. 1:7; he urges it as a *comforting* hope in 1 Thess. 4:16, etc.; to commend them, 1 Thess. 1:9, 10; for purifying, 1 John 3:2, 3; for watchfulness, Mark 13:32–37, Rev. 22:12.

Second Advent truth came to his mind like a new conversion. God's Word seemed a new book. This truth seemed to stir him up afresh to fresh consecration. He now began to speak more earnestly for Jesus, knowing "the night is far spent, the day is at hand," and to urge this truth on Christians as an incentive to faithfulness.

In 1870 he became acquainted with Miss Macpherson and her work, and received great help and encouragement from that esteemed lady: about 2000 of her children have crossed in the ship commanded by him. As opportunities offered, he held meetings in the steerage, when God's power has been manifested; as many as thirty souls have been saved in one passage, and hardly a trip but some one is brought into the light of the Gospel.

For a number of years he has been Commodore of the Allan line of the Transatlantic steamers, and has altogether made over 360 trips across the Atlantic. He has also given lectures to Sunday-schools on "The Tabernacle in the Wilderness," of which he made a model and explained it to the sailors, that they might see the truths it so clearly taught. Many have seen the way of salvation by these talks on the Tabernacle, and been enabled to rest on Christ. He felt that nothing shows how God justifies the sinner and purifies the saint more than these truths. He has organized a church on board, and they regularly break bread together in the name of the Lord, and many of the passengers of all denominations are delighted to join them. Many look back to times of blessing on board. When ashore he is actively engaged in evangelistic work.

The following extract from a New York newspaper gives a specimen of his evangelistic addresses: "The services at the M. E. Church were especially interesting yesterday, from the fact that they were conducted both morning and evening by Captain Joseph C. Dutton, of the Allan line steamship Sardinian, now lying at Locust Point. Last summer Captain Dutton, whilst in command of the Nestorian, officiated at an afternoon service at the Emory Grove Camp Meeting, and his remarks on that occasion are held in most favorable recollection. In the sermon which he preached yesterday morning he took his text from the 29th verse of the 10th chapter of Numbers: 'We are journeying into the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.'

"The speaker said that the exodus of the people of Israel from Egypt, and their protracted journey towards the land of promise, attended by peril and privation, is typical of the struggle of the Christian in reaching the heavenly Canaan. We all are journeying; we are on a pilgrimage beset with dangers and temptations, and as the Israelites separated themselves entirely from Egypt, so should the Christian leave behind him all that is worldly in his journey through life.

"The sermon was profusely interspersed with anecdotes and quotations, and in making citations of Scriptural passages the speaker displaye a most remarkable power of memory. He re ferred perhaps some fifty or sixty times to th words of the Bible, always giving the number c the chapter and verse without hesitation, and re peating the language with entire correctnes He is very earnest and forcible in all his utte ances, eschewing elaborate diction, and flights rhetoric, and has an irresistible way of carryin truth home to the minds of his hearers that is pleasing as it is effective. Captain Dutton is man of about middle age, and is a typical Brit in appearance.

"He has religious service on his vessel eve day, generally conducted by himself, and thou attendance is wholly optional, the sailors a generally nearly all present."

Captain Dutton relates an interesting an dote in regard to Mr. George Müller, who cross the Atlantic in his steam-vessel in the autu of this year, 1877. One day the steamer w obliged to slacken its pace on account of a den fog, which involved a certain degree of risk, they were in the vicinity of icebergs. About noo Mr. Müller asked the captain if he had a f minutes to spare for prayer. They accordingly tired into a room and kneeled down, and M Müller prayed to God as the God of love and mighty power to remove the fog for the sake His dear Son Jesus Christ; and in his prayer expressed confident trust that God would gr that request. They then both went on de and found that while they had been praying dense fog had completely disappeared, and vessel was enabled to proceed at full speed.

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S NURSE.

IT is said that when John Wesley was told th his congregation consisted largely of serv girls, he replied he was glad of it, as they the care of the children, and if the servant-g were converted they would train the chil in the fear of the Lord.

A notable illustration of this truth is found in the case of the Earl of Shaftesbury, one of Eng land's most honored noblemen, whose father as by no means a religious man. A half a cen ry or more ago his mother had a servant-maid nd housekeeper, named Mary Millas. She had he care of this child, and trained him up unt he was seven years of age, when she died. But he seed which she had sown was not lost. She ad set an indelible mark upon the tender mi of the young nobleman, and her example, prec ts, and prayers, remembered by him, fixed nd formed his character for good at that early ge. To-day that little child is known and hon ed throughout England by every class, from he beggar to the prince, and his name is graven on the hearts of the poor throughout the length nd breadth of the land.

CROSSIXG JORDAN.

Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached December 22d.

'And as they that bare the ark were come unto dan," etc.—JOSHUA 3 : 15–17.

e Lessons of the Crossing—I. Difficulties Vansh when Touched—Apprehensions of Death —John Livingston in a Storm—The Christian Prepared for Death at the Right Time—Theolore Freylinheusen's Fears—II. The Completeess of Every Thing God Does—Superior to Natral Law—He Makes a Perfect Bible—A Complete Saviour—III. A River of Difficulty Intervenes between Us and All that is Worth Having —The Principle Admitted in Financial Matters —In Literature—True in Grace—IV. A River to be passed in the Way to Heaven—The Death of a Little Child.

I HAVE spoken to you of the passage of the raelites across the Red Sea ; but now I will eak to you of that passage across the river rdan which was on a different wise, and show u the great disaster to human life on the occaon when the Israelites went through the Red a, and their enemes were destroyed in the purit ; but there was no damage done at that ne to the Israelites, not so much as the loss of lynch-pin. The priests came ahead, and havg reached the brink of the river they lifted eir foot, and no sooner had they planted it on e margin of the river than the waters fled ; on e side rolling off toward the sea, on the other de halting and rearing into a great mountain crystal. Immediately after the priests came e armed hosts. After them came the wives, e children, the flocks, the herds, and passing dry-shod across the river I see some of them atching these walls of crystal, and fearing lest efore they reach the opposite bank of Tamond and Oleander the walls of crystal will fall n them ; and so they hasten, hurry, to get them p the other bank and reach the armed hosts, e wives, the children, the flocks, the herds, and et the complete story be told of the passage of he river Jordan.

Seated to-night on a shelving limestone, lookng off upon that historical river, famous for the assage of the Jordan, when on one hand was he triumphal arch of the rainbow woven out of he spray, famous for the fact that the axe-head niraculously swam upon it, and memorable in istory as being associated with many demontrations of heroic faithfulness and Christian fortitude, at the same time being a type of somehing that is yet to take place in your lifetime nd in mine, our souls ought to tingle with ininite gladness.

I have to learn from this subject of the passage of the river Jordan : I. that difficulties ouched vanish. I have no doubt in the disance this river having overflown in a freshet was very alarming. There was not one man in all that host that could understand how he could get through. But they marched on. The priests lifted their feet and planted them on the margin of the river, and lo ! the river was gone. These men of God did not wade in chin deep, or waist deep, or knee deep, or ankle deep, but *they touched the river and it fled ;* they went through dry-shod.

Why, that is true in all our histories : difficulties touched vanish. It is obstacles in the distance, great anxieties about something ahead, troubles to come, that worry your life out. But you approach trouble, you touch it, it is gone.

I have been told by travellers in Africa that when they were assaulted of wild beasts, or about to be, if they could only get their eyes firmly fixed upon the wild beast it would cower and slink away. And so it is in all the troubles and anxieties of this life ; once put your eye of Christian courage upon them and they are gone.

There is

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND

among the American Indians that Marathon was travelling in the invisible world, and that going along his journey he saw a barrier of briers, and then wild beasts glaring on from the thicket, and then an impassable river ; but as Marathon went on, determined to proceed, he found that the barrier of briers was only a phantom, that the wild beasts were powerless ghosts, and that the impassable river which forbade him rushing into the arms of his loved one was only a phantom river. So it is in all our lives. Trouble in the distance reached disappears, marched upon vanishes. Jordan touched, gone.

You say there is some great difficulty in the future, some great work to be performed for God or the Church ; you say it is impossible, I can never go through it, and you worry and worry. Why don't you start ? If God tells you to start it is safe to start, only start. Plant your foot on the margin of the river, and it is gone. Difficulties touched vanish.

So it is with a great many Christians in regard to the hour of their death. They look upon that moment of death as something horrible. Why ? because it is in the distance. Did you ever see a Christian who is abont to confront death, and afraid ? No. Good John Livingston was sailing in a sloop from Elizabethport, N.J., for New York. A squall came upon the river, and there was some prospect of the boat being lost, and it was a surprise among a great many good people on that boat that John Livingston, so well prepared to die, should be afraid and affrighted in the storm. You know the reason ? My friends, it was because his death hour was far away. God never prepares a man for death *until he comes up to it.* Years passed along in the history of John Livingston's useful life, and when the hour of his departure came he went sweetly and peacefully into the kingdom of heaven. No doubt, no fear. The high-priest of his profession with bruised foot went ahead, and having touched the margin of the river it was gone.

> " Oh ! could we make our doubt remove,
> These gloomy doubts that rise,
> And see the Canaan that we love,
> With unbeclouded eyes ;
> Could we but climb where Moses stood,
> And view the landscape o'er,
> Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
> Could fright us from the shore."

Theodore Freylinheusen, one of the best men New Jersey ever produced, famous in the senate, his name forever associated in the memory of these aged men in this house with the charmed name of Henry Clay—Theodore Freylinheusen, passing all his life near to God, his name associated with every grand and benevolent enterprise, president of the American Bible Society, his heart enlisted in all that was good and glorious for Christ—all his days was afraid of the last hour, talked with every clergyman he met in regard to it, and shivered at the thought of leaving this world ; but when the hour of departure came, in the history of all the ten thousands of Christian death-beds in Christendom, not one went away more grandly than Theodore Freylinheusen. The river dark and wide and terrible in the distance, no sooner had he touched it than it was gone.

II. So I learn also from this passage of the river Jordan

THE COMPLETENESS OF EVERY THING THAT GOD DOES.

Now when God stopped that river Jordan, natural law would have overflowed all the region round about, to its destruction ; but when God planted a dam at the head of that river, He planted one also on the east side, and one on the west side of the river, and so when it stopped on this side it stopped on that side, and heaved a great mountain of crystal. Oh ! the completeness of every thing that God does. One would have thought that after the water had been drawn off the bed of Jordan there would have been mud and slime so much that the army of Israel would have trouble to pass. No, in one instant it was dry. If now the waters of the Hudson or the Connecticut should be drawn off from their bed it would take days and weeks for the ground to become solid, and yet one moment Jordan is flowing fast, the next moment Jordan halts, the next moment the ground is dry.

Oh ! the completeness of every thing that God does. Does he make a universe ? It is a perfect clock, running with no need of being wound up, the fixed stars the pivot, coonstellations the interjoining wheels, and ponderous laws the mighty swinging pendulum. A perfect universe. I never heard an astronomer suggest an improvement.

If God makes a Bible, *it is a perfect and complete Bible.* Standing amid its dreadful and sublime truths you seem in the midst of a great orchestra, while wailings over sin, rejoicings over pardon, and martial strains of victory make a chorus like the anthem of Heaven. A complete book. You cannot make a single suggestion of improvement ; complete miracles, complete parables, complete history, complete from Genesis to Revelation, complete in style, complete in every thing.

Does God provide a Saviour ? He is a complete Saviour. God, man—human, divine. He it was who furnished the sardonyx and the crystal for the walls of heaven, putting down jasper for the foundation, and heaving up amethysts for the capital, swinging the twelve gates which are twelve peals, yet a child in a manger, His mother teaching Him to walk ; one year old,.five years old, ten year sold, fifteen years old ; omnipotence sheathed in a child's arm, omniscience strung on the optic nerve of a child's eye, infinite love beating in a child's heart. God, man, human, so he can sympathize ; Almighty, so he can deliver ; a complete Saviour. And so it is in all the round, complete ; complete universe, complete Bible, complete Christ, complete passage of the Jordan. All that God does is complete.

III. But I go further in my subject and learn from it that between us and every thing that is worth having there is a

A RIVER OF DIFFICULTY TO BE CROSSED.

I suppose some of these soldiers in the army of Joshua might have said, " Oh ! I wish I could have some of those grapes on the other bank." " Well," says Joshua, " if you want the grapes, go and get them ; cross over and get them. We can't get them here." Between men and every thing that is worth having there is a river of difficulty. That is beause

NOTHING IS WORTH HAVING WITHOUT DIFFICULTY.

Why does God make every thing valuable difficult to get at ? For the same reason that He put gold down in the mountain, and pearl down in the sea, and we must dig and dive for them.

We all recognize this in worldly relations. We all understand that between a man and *financial success* there is a river of difficulty. We are not surprised when we read the story that Cornelius Vanderbilt had his hand blistered with the oar of his own ferry-boat. We are not surprised that A. T. Stewart swept out his own store. We get accustomed to these men who have risen and through great struggle have achieved great financial success. They have beautiful houses, walls abloom with pictures, horses neighing and pawing at the doorway, the harness tinkling with silver, and the black carriage moving through that sea of New York life a wave of beauty, of beauty and splendor. The summer air coming through the window stirs tapestry fit for a Turkish sultan. Who is this man with great and grand success ? Why he was the lad that came to New York with a dollar in his pocket and all his estate flung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. He started from the very bottom, he went to the very top. We all understand that between financial success and every man there is a river of difficulty to be crossed.

So it is in *attaining knowledge.* What a wide river between Shakespeare the boy holding horses at the London Theatre, and Shakespeare the dramatist writing tragedies for all the ages, applauded of all lands ! What a wide river of difficulty between Benjamin Franklin, the boy with a loaf of bread under his arm walking through the streets of Philadelphia, and that same Benjamin Franklin the philosopher, just outside of Boston, playing kite with a thunder-storm! What a vast difference, what a river of difficulty to be crossed!

Now, my friends, I want you to recognize that what is true in the world is *true in grace.* You see a man strong for Christ, faithful, valiant, stalwart in Christian experience, how did he get all that? Just happened so accidentally? Did he glide into it? No. It was in a great Solferino he learned to fight, it was in shipwreck that he learned to swim. These men who have achieved any thing for God or the Church have invariably gone through strong difficulty.

Who were those men in olden times who were bowed in sheepskin and wandered in goatskin, of whom the world was not worthy (Hebrews 11:37), and yet it was through that very discipline of hardship and trial that they achieved the mission for which God had called them. So I say to all of you, be faithful to God, though there may be a river of difficulty between you and grand Christian achievement cross the river; then you will be able to say with the Apostle: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Romans 8:38.

And so I say to all young men in this audience who have worldly trouble; I say to all those people who have any kind of trouble, financial struggle, mental struggle, literary struggle, artistic struggle, whatever be your struggle in life, be encouraged when I tell you that it has been the history of all those who have gone before you that between them and great success there was a river of difficulty, but God gave them grace to cross. But I cannot give you an idea of my subject unless I show you (IV.) also that between us and

THE HAVEN OF ETERNAL REST

there is a river to be passed. Have you never sat at your table with your family all around you, wishing that you might just take them all up with you, and pass over into the glories that God has provided for His children? I think there are hundreds of people in this house who have been weary of temptation and every thing of this earth, and if they could really gather up all their family, and take them with them into the eternal rest of heaven, they would not take two minutes to make up their mind about their departure. But it is the going here of one, and here another that breaks the heart, and brings the wrinkles to the face, and whitens the hair; and yet be not discouraged, be not despondent, be not gloomy at the thought God is going to help you through.

Those of us who were brought up in the country remember how, as the summer approached, we used to ask our parents and beg them to let us go barefoot, and we remember how the cool grass and the dry dust felt to our uncovered foot. Well, my friends, the day will come when we will have to go through the Jordan of death; then the shoes we wear, lest we be cut of the sharp places of this life, will be laid aside, and we will put our uncovered foot on the bed of the river, one foot in the bed of the river, the other foot on the other bank; we will spring upward, and that will be heaven.

Oh! there is something exquisitely beautiful in the expression of the husband, when dying, who said to his wife: "How the candles flicker, Nellie. Put them out. I shall sleep soundly to night, and wake in the morning." Oh! that was beautiful, passing through Jordan dry-shod. And so it was in my parish in Philadelphia. I went in to see

A SWEET LITTLE CHILD

depart. She had suffered all her days, she never had a well day. But oh! how they did struggle to keep her, she was so beautiful, so sweet. About twelve o'clock at noonday she thought the evening was coming on because the world was fading from her sight, and she threw up her hand to her father, and said, "Good-night, papa." She threw up her hand to her mother, and said, "Good-night, mamma." And so it was that then she went away from us, the poor crippled child that she was, so still, with a face so beautiful; heaven had already dawned before she left that family of my congregation. *Good-night!* She could never be well. *Good-night!* She had no fear. *Good-night* to all sorrow; but it was good-morning to heaven, good-morning to Christ, good-morning to the companionship of angels, *good-morning!*

That was the same style of experience which Hugh McAll had when he was crossing Jordan, although it seemed a bloody river, and his soul shuddered at the start, yet standing on the scaffold of martyrdom, he turned to one side of that scaffold and said, "Farewell, father and mother; farewell, sun, moon, and stars; farewell all earthly delights." Then turning to the other side of the platform of the scaffold he said, "Welcome, Lord Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant; " welcome the society of angels welcome death; welcome glory." Oh! what rapture passing Jordan.

Now, my friends, it seemed to me there would be great comfort for all the bereaved in this subject. You see our departed friends have not been submerged, not extinguished, not blotted out, but they have crossed over. These Israelites were just as certainly alive when they got to the eastern bank of the Jordan as when they stood on the western bank of the Jordan; and our friends are just as certainly alive in heaven as they were alive on earth; better reconstruction in all their vigor, mightier pulsation, brighter prospects; crossed over; they left all their sins behind them on this side, all their temptations this side, all their troubles this side, and all human and satanic assaults which may pursue them will come up to that river, but they cannot cross; God divides the Jordan only for His children. So our dear friends who have left us have only crossed over, and I give congratulation to all of you to-night who have loved ones in heaven.

You may remember a year or two ago there was a great excitement in New York, and great joy. Why was it? Why it was because the news came that the City of Brussels had arrived at Liverpool. That vessel had been gone from her port I think three weeks, the probability was it had gone to the bottom of the sea; there was great anxiety among friends in our cities here about their friends on board the City of Brussels; but when that vessel sailed up the Liverpool harbor, and it was found that no damage had been done, that she had only been detained by broken machinery, when the City of Brussels went up Liverpool harbor, and the oceanic cable telegraphed to these lands, "The City of Brussels safe, all hands well," oh! what a congratulation of friends in New York over their friends arrived in Liverpool.

Am I not right in congratulating those whose friends are safe in heaven? They have arrived on the other side; they have escaped all the perils of the voyage. There they are safe forever, and I congratulate you. Oh! would you have them back? Would you have your parents back? Didn't they struggle long enough? You know how many hardships they had, would you have them back? You know in the heat of the summer weather how hard it was for them to breathe; you know in the chill winds of the winter how they suffered, and they were so weak, and they were so full of ailments, would you take the responsibility of calling them back if you could? Would you make them cross the river of Jordan three times, in addition to the crossing already made? Would you have them cross back again to greet you, and then in a few years, at the longest, cross again into the skies? For you certainly would not want to keep them here forever, and forever. Would you want to make them cross three times? I ask the question, and the answer comes back in celestial echo: What! will you never be sick again? Never sick again. What! will you never be weary again? *Never weary again.* What, will you never sin again? Never sin again. What! will you never die again? Never die again. Oh! ye army of the redeemed, we hail you from bank to bank. Wait for us. When we come to the river it will part for us as it used to part for you, then come down and meet us half way between the walled banks of earth and the palm-groves of heaven. Come half way. Hail, ye redeemed of the Lord, hail. God grant that when we come down to the river to cross, that our High-Priest, with his bruised foot, may touch the water, and that then over beds of coral, and flowers of heaven, and paths of pearl we shall go in.

If I should ask this audience with what hymn to close to-night I think a thousand voices would suggest one hymn, the old hymn that comforted so many going across through the valley and across the river, the old hymn to the old tune:

> "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
> And cast a wistful eye,
> To Canaan's fair and happy land,
> Where my possessions lie.
>
> "Oh the transporting, rapturous scene,
> That rises on my sight,
> Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
> And rivers of delight."

[Dr. Talmage did not occupy his pulpit last Lord's day, we therefore publish the above sermon, preached by him December 22d, and specially reported for this journal.]

AN ENGLISH YOUNG LADY'S DAY.

THE London *Spectator* states that Dr. Fraser, the Bishop of Manchester, was recently urging a young lady of his acquaintance to engage in some Christian work when he was met with the reply that she already found her time fully occupied. Sceptical on this point he pressed her for an account of her work, and received the following reply:

We breakfast about ten. Breakfast occupies the best part of an hour, during which we read our letters, and pick up the latest news in the papers. After that we have to go and answer our letters and my mother expects me to write her notes of invitation, or to reply to such. Then I have to go into the conservatory and feed the canaries and parrots, and cut off the dead leaves and faded flowers from the plants. Then it is time to dress for lunch, and at two o'clock we lunch. At three my mother likes me to go with her when she makes her calls, and we then come home to a five-o'clock tea, when some friends drop in. After that we get ready to take our drive in the park, and then we go home to dinner, and after dinner we go to the theatre or the opera, and then when we get home I am so dreadfully tired that I don't know what to do."

Tennyson's words,

> "A life of nothings nothing worth,"

may fitly be applied to such an existence; but what words can express the dreadful position of such an one when called upon by the All-seeing Judge to give an account of her stewardship!

$5000 FOR A DAY'S LIFE.

THERE was a rich man dying in Cornwall— man who lived for the world and without God As he lay upon his deathbed the doctor said to him, "I am sorry to have to tell you, sir, your hours are numbered." The dying man started up in his bed with a look of despair, and, grasp ing the doctor's hand, said, "You don't mean that, doctor!" "I do," said the doctor. "But doctor, I must live!" "I can't make you live my dear sir; you have only got a few hours be fore you." "Doctor, I must live another day!" "You are past my power, sir." "Doctor, I wil give you a thousand pounds for one more day' life." But it was no use. It would have been a grand bargain if he could only have had it Fancy one day more being worth a thousand pounds to him! But he couldn't get it. Th value of money, then, is what it brings. Wha has it brought you? Has it brought you peace Has it brought you hope? Has it brought yo calm? If not, it has not done much for you.

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

At the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York.

HISTORY OF THE PRE-MILLENARIAN DOCTRINE.

By the Rev. Dr. N. West, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Doctrine a Protest against Unbroken Evolution—Grounded on the Visions of Daniel—Daniel's Visions Identical with those of John—The Opening and Closing Events of the 1000 Years—The Doctrine in Abeyance as the Church became Prosperous—Errors of the Fourth Century—Progress of the Doctrine in the Present Century—Eminent Advocates of the Doctrine Dead and Living—The Ordeals it has Survived—Persecutors always Anti-Chiliasts.

CHRISTIAN Chiliasm, or Pre-Millenarianism, is the doctrine of the personal reign of Christ upon earth 1000 years after Beast, False Prophet, and Apostate Christendom have been judged and perished in a common doom. It is the doctrine of a visible and external sovereignty of Christ upon earth as the outcome of history, the redeemed Church of all ages rejoicing in the fulness of a resurrection-life, in the actual presence of Him who is the "Prince of the Kings of the earth," a kingdom of outward glory, established upon the ruin of the polities of all nations, wide as the canopy of heaven.

It is a kingdom spiritual, in which carnal beatitudes have no place, the beggarly elements of Judaism no honor; a kingdom terrestrial and yet celestial, not of this world but of heaven; one in which Jew and Gentile, incorporated together, share the victory, blessedness, holiness, dominion, and communion of their Lord.

Redeemed humanity has another goal on earth than common zoology, and that goal is the kingdom of the resurrection. As Dörner has beautifully said: "*Complete victory* Christianity *never can* be, until nature has become an organ of its service, a willing instrument of the perfect man, that is, of the righteous who are raised from the dead."

As to the history of our earth, it looks upon the old Genesis as an apocalypse of the past given to Moses, the new genesis as an apocalypse of the future given to John, crowned with redemption. Its eye sweeps the whole field of development from Paradise lost to Paradise restored. The relation of the dispensation of the Promise to that of the Law is the analogue of the relation of the present dispensation to that of the Millennium. As the first was succeeded by a new age and a visible Kingdom of God on earth, so the present shall be succeeded by a new age, and the visible Kingdom of Christ; after which is the final consummation and eternal glory. "God may be all in all."

Pre-Millenialism *is a protest* against the doctrine of the unbroken evolution of the Kingdom of God to absolute perfection on earth, apart from the visible and miraculous intervention of Christ. It is an equal protest against that vapid idealism which volatilizes the perfect kingdom into a spiritual abstraction apart from the regenesis of the earth. It asserts that "glorified corporeity is the end of the ways of God," working from within outward, from the spirit to the body of the believer, and from both to the renovation of the planet. The Millennium is the transition stage in this process, succeeded by the everlasting state.

The evolution and history of the doctrine run parallel with the development and progress of all revelation. It does not rest upon an isolated passage in the Apocalypse, as many suppose; but upon the whole covenant of God in Christ for the redemption of man and earth from sin and its curse, and is the central point of eschatology. The circumstance that John, six times, in six consecutive verses of the same chapter, emphasizes the Kingdom as the reign of "a thousand years," vacates not the fact that, in connection with the sufferings of Christ, it was a chief part in the burden of "all that God has spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began." (Acts 3: 21.) And the circumstances that some, who, in ancient as in modern times, have abused the doctrine to a carnal sense, have been called "Chiliasts," or "Millenarians," vacates not the fact that a true Christian Chîliasm was the orthodox faith of the primitive Church in its purest days.

"Christian Chiliasm showed no favor to the fleshly Israel, nor even to its holy city." "So far from being derivable from it, it may in part be more justly regarded as a polemic *against* Judaism, on the part of Christianity. Pre-Millenarianism is no device of "later Jews" sighing for temporal deliverance from a Syrian or Roman yoke. They never admitted a "Second Advent" in any case. They knew no Millennium save a perpetual kingdom of Solomonic and carnal splendor, under a temporal prince, with the Levitical cultures revived. Their motto was, "Moses forever!"

It is no Gnostic conceit nor Patristic invention. Not Cerintheus nor Papias were its authors, but John the Apostle. Not John the Apostle alone, but Peter and Paul, Isaiah and Ezekiel, Daniel and Zechariah, Moses and David and Enoch, "holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (2 Pet. 1: 21.) That it has thus an inspired Jewish origin, so far from being a prejudice against it, only entitles it to universal acceptance, for "salvation is of the Jews." That it should be denied because traduced or perverted, or that it should be held responsible for the misrepresentations of its enemies, or the indiscretion of its friends, is a method of estimation that files us at once, in funeral procession, to the grave of all Christian doctrine.

That it is beset with difficulties and suggestive of questions none may resolve, and productive, at times, of seemingly irreconcilable contradictions, is only what is common to *all the doctrines of grace*, cherished by the whole Church as the inspired word of God. The question, "How can these things be?" is not of faith, but of puny reason baffled by a mystery of glory no less than by a mystery of grace. Nicodemus would have been an Anti-Pre-Millenarian. As the doctrine stands in the Scripture, it is the doctrine of the "Day-Dawn," and "Phospher" of eternal glory, more sure than the vision on Tabor's height or audible voice from heaven, part of the "Sabbatism" that remains for the people of God, the earthly bloom of "a Kingdom that cannot be moved," when the Voice that once shook the earth shall shake, once more, "not the earth only, but also heaven. (Heb. 12: 26.)

The history of the Pre-Millenial Doctrine grounds itself eminently in

THE VISIONS OF DANIEL,

and so far as inspired record of it goes, completes itself in the visions of John. The prophetic page of Daniel was regarded as a sacred calendar of the future, measuring the range of successive Gentile empires from the captivity date to the finishing of the mystery of God under the seventh trumpet, embracing the conversion of the Jews or recall of Israel to the covenant, the overthrow of Antichrist, and the first resurrection, a course of history spanning 490 years of the later Jewish dispensation, all the Christian dispensations closing with the overthrow of the Beast and Little Horn, and the erection of Daniel's fifth and everlasting kingdom as an external polity, upon the extinct polities of all nations. The whole time thus coverd by this scope was the long period of Israel's expectation, running parallel with the Captivity, Restoration, Rejection, the times of the Antichristian Apostacy, and the time of the end.

The prophetic page of John, too, was regarded by the early Church as a compend, not of the details but of the chief events and results of history in their relation to the coming Kingdom, a further development of the vision of Daniel, depicting the rise and progress of Antichrist, the final overthrow of the ten-partite Roman Empire, and the judgment on Antichrist at the end of the mystic 1260 days—the Great Image no longer standing on its feet, Beast and False Prophet no longer existing, the Millennial Kingdom coming with One who comes in the clouds of heaven. With such a view it was impossible for the early Church not to be Pre-Millenarian, *for the visions of Daniel* (7) *and John* (*Apoc.* 4: 22) *were one.*

The carnal hope of a Jewish Kingdom having perished with the death of Christ, the Apostolic Church addressed itself to the work of winning souls to Christ, in a present spiritual kingdom of inward hidden virtue, a life with Christ in God, yet destined hereafter to bloom into glorious visible dominions, at the manifestation of the sons of God. The certainty of the "Appearing and Kingdom" coming both together, in outward splendor on earth, was never doubted by any save such as Hymeneus and Philetus, who denied the resurrection. The whole dispute in the early Church centred around the order and relation of certain events and the time of their occurrence—a dispute terminated by the declarations of Paul and the visions of John.

PARALLELISM OF DANIEL AND JOHN.

The early Church saw a complete identification between the vision of Daniel 7, and the Apocalypse of John 4, and onward. It was impossible to avoid the conviction that Daniel 7: 9–15, 18, 22, 26, 27, described the scenes attending *the second advent*, and was parallel with Apoc. 19: 11, 21; 20: 1, 7, the Apostle simply introducing the one thousand years, and separating certain events, according to their relations, in the remainder of the chapter. This is manifest if we compare the parallel expressions of the two visions—a parallelism that has attracted the notice of so many critics, and which is here explained more fully than is usually done:

Daniel says:	*John says:*
7: 13: "I gazed in the night visions, and behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven."	1: 7: "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him."
7: 9, 10: "I went on gazing till the thrones were set."—"The judgment was set, and the books were opened."	20: 4: "I saw thrones and they sat upon them." 20: 11: "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it." 20: 12: "The books were opened."
7: 22: "And judgment was given to the saints of the Most High."	20: 4: "And judgment was given unto them."
7: 22-27: "And the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom. And the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven was given to the people of the saints of the Most High."	20: 4, 5, 6: "And they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. This is the first resurrection. They shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years."

And as to the duration of the dominancy of the persecuting Antichrist, or ten horned beast, with its ruling head developed from the horns, and its final ruin,

Daniel says:	*John says:*
7: 25: "It was to be for a time, times, and the dividing of a time."	11: 2, 3; 12: 14. "It was to be a time, times, and half a time."
7: 11: "I gazed on till the beast was slain and his body destroyed and given to the burning flame."	19: 20: "And the beast was taken, and the false prophet, and both were cast alive into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone. And the remnant were slain." etc

Nothing is clearer than that the announcement of the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven relates to His "*Second Advent*," and not to his first, and that the early Church was not in error when identifying these visions as one—the latter only an expression of the former, developed under the higher light of a later eschatology. Certain events, combined in one and the same scene in Daniel, are sundered, by the revealing spirit in John's vision, 1000 years apart. A new vista is opened in the bosom of the later Apocalyptic. But Daniel's vision takes in all at both ends of the 1000 years in John's vision. It is that very vision to which Christ alluded familiarly to the Sanhedrim, when in solemn utterance, and on trial before Caiaphas, on the morning of his crucifixion, He said: "Hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of Power, and coming in the clouds of Heaven." (Matt. 26: 64.)

Another Sanhedrim of the Holy Ones should sit, God the Father, not Caiphas, presiding, the Son of Man coming with His saints to receive the Kingdom forever. It settles the question that the vision of Daniel refers to the second advent, and that the earthly kingdom he describes as set up "under the whole heaven," and "given to the saints of the Most High," and received by Christ, is a kingdom given Him, not upon His ascension into heaven, but upon His return to earth for judgment of the Antichristian Beast and the persecuting Horn, at the end of the 1260 days, in other words, the millennial kingdom named by John.

I may add in vindication of this harmony, which the primitive Church clearly saw, that if, as Dr. David Brown holds, in his work on the "Second Advent," the vision of Daniel, chapter 7, "has nothing to do with the second advent of Christ," then the vision of John has nothing to do with the Second Advent, for both are confessed to be the same vision alike by himself and Dr. Fairbairn. But if the vision of Daniel does relate to the Second Advent, as Christ's words to Caiaphas clearly show, then John's vision relates to the same, and the outward kingdom described by both is the same, "erected" at the same time—the time of the smiting of the Image on the Toes, and of the Judicial Verdict on Beast and False Prophet ; the time of the second coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven. The "Blow" and the "Verdict" fall together. The "Stone of Israel" is the "Judge."

Nor was the early Church in error, when regarding the 1000 years of John as a measure of time, more or less, dividing the great events of a vast transition-age between the close of the present age, or "last time," and the age that is ended ; clearly it noted the vivid contrast between the four great events marking the opening, and the four corresponding, but contrasted events, marking the close of the 1000 years. They are :

At the opening.	*At the close.*
1. Satan bound for 1000 years, and cast into the abyss.	1. Satan loosed out of his prison when the 1000 years are expired.
2. The nations deceived no more till the 1000 years are fulfilled.	2. The nations deceived which are in the four corners of the earth, Gog and Magog.
3. Thrones and judgment given to the saints living and reigning with Christ a thousand years.	3. The camp of the saints and the beloved city compassed about.
4. The first resurrection of the blessed dead, who are priests of God and of Christ.	4. The resurrection of the rest of the dead, after the thousand years are finished.

The antithesis is perfect as possible. The apparent contradiction—arising from the intercalation of the 1000 years between the representations of the Apocalypse which divide events bound together in other Scriptures, or seemingly so bound, or spoken together in one breath, or combined in one scene on the same plane, and tied to the same hour of fulfilment—presented no difficulty either to the faith or the understanding of the early Church. . . .

I come now to speak of the period succeeding the politico-religious triumph of Constantine, the period of THE TEMPORAL SUPREMACY OF CHRISTIANITY in the Roman Empire. The martyr-age had pased away. "As the aspect of outward affairs changed under Constantine, these views lost their hold on men's minds. The Church now prepared for a long-continued period of temporal prosperity, and the State Church of that time forgot the millennial glory of the future." "When Christianity became a worldly power by Constantine, the hope of the future was weakened by the joy over the present success." "Chiliasm disappeared in proportion as Roman Papal Catholicism advanced. The Papacy took to itself, as a robbery, that glory which is an object of hope, and can only be reached by obedience and humility of the cross. *When the Church became a harlot she ceased to be a bride* who goes to meet her bridegroom ; and thus Chiliasm disappeared. This is the deep truth that lies at the bottom of the Protestant, antipapistic interpretation of the Apocalypse."

A new theory of the Millennium was the result of the fabled Labarum and the batle of Saxa Rubra and the Milvian Bridge. It is that the Millennium is a present fact. Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones, flesh-covered and erect, a standing army, is realized. Baptism is regeneration. Crowned neophytes, arrayed in white robes, with palm branches in their hands, surround the altar, while priests and elders chant the new song. The martyrs become intercessors. All the Old Testament prophecies respecting Israel are claimed for the Empire of the fourth century, and "New Jerusalem" shines beneath the sceptre of an unbaptized imperial Roman catechumen, dazzling in purple and gold. The 1000 years, beginning with the second advent, are ingeniously slipped back, by "recapitulation," over the whole line of the Christian dispensation, and dated from the Birth and Ministry of Christ. Satan is seized, chained, bound, shut up, sealed in the "abyss," which now turns out to be the "non-Christian nations," or the "hearts of the wicked." The Church militant is the Church triumphant, the thrones of judgment are the ecclesiastical benches of the unseen Twelve Apostles ruling in the Church by virtue of their living work. The 1000 years' reign is partly ecclesiastical, in so far as relates to the church establishment ; partly temporal, in so far as relates to the empire ; partly spiritual, in so far as relates to regeneration ; partly ceremonial, in so far as relates to baptism ; partly celestial, in so far as relates to the blessedness of the righteous in heaven. This is the "First Resurrection."

The spiritual view proposed by way of substitute for the primitive Chiliasm, deemed "gross" because of its kingdom "on earth !" Such was the theory of the great Augustine, by which the future Millennium, the hope of the martyrs, was spiritualized into a present politico-religious fact, and whose name did more to fasten it upon the Church for thirten centuries than all other names besides.

Primitive Chiliasm could not flourish under the Christianized purple of Cæsar any more than under the papal tiara and the scarlet. The fatal blow to the doctrine of Polycarp and Irenæus was given, first of all, by a Roman Pope at the close of the fourth century, who condemned the martyr-faith as a "heresy," . . . .

[Dr. West then traced the history of the doctrine through the successive centuries in a manner which displayed profound learning and must have been the result of considerable labor and research. The limits of space at our disposal precludes our publishing this part of Dr. West's able paper.]

As we look back upon three quarters of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, now passed, and mark the progress of the doctrine of the Pre-Millennial Advent of Christ, by what a galaxy of illustrious names it is adorned, by what piety commended, by what unquestioned orthodoxy and scholarship supported, and how the Church seems to be rallying around it, as in the martyr-age, we are filled with gratitude and amazement. What an All-Wise Providence means to to intimate, it is well to consider.

Amid many difficulties and diversities of interpretation, inseparable from a theme so great, spanning as it does the whole Kingdom of God, and which none but a sciolist would expect the Church to completely solve at the present day, *the main doctrine holds on its way*, ever achieving new victories in which both "continuist" and "futurist" expositors rejoice.

The progress of history only confirms the Protestant interpretation, without, however, limiting the development of Antichrist to the Papacy or spiritual Babylon to Rome. It is enough to know that Antichrist arises and comes to his end in the very bosom of apostate Christendom ; enough to know that the Infidelity of our times is located under the sixth and seventh vials, according to the continuist expositors, who, in company with the futurists, believe we are approaching the "time of the end."

Pre-Millenarian voices have come, sounding deep and sublime, in his century, from the bosom of the Papacy itself. Pierre Lambert, a scholar of great learning, a French Dominican, renounced the Papal theory while yet in the Papal Church, and published an eloquent defence of Christian Chiliasm.

The great Chalmers said : "Of this I am satisfied, that the next coming of Christ will be a coming not to final judgment, but a coming to usher in the Millennium. *I utterly despair* of the universal prevalence of Christianity as the result of a missionary process. I look for its conclusive establishment through a widening passage of desolations and judgments, with the demolition of our civil and ecclesiastical structure. Overturn, Overturn, Overturn, is the watchword of our approaching Lord. I desire to cherish a more habitual and practical faith than heretofore in that coming which even the first Christians were called to hope for with all earnestness, even though many centuries were to elapse ere the hope could be realized ; and how much more we, who are so much nearer this great fulfilment than at the time when they believed."

In the same hope stood Dr. Candlish an many others gone to meet the Bridegroom already and accompany Him in His return ; whil Robert Hall lamented to the Rev. Mr. Thorp "that he had not preached the Millenarian views he entertained."

It is simply impossible to catalogue all th names in the present century that cluster roun the doctrine to give it their support. I ca mention only a few of them. Among Presbyterians abroad we find the names of Cha mers, Irving, Candlish, Hewitson, Anderson Begg, the three Bonars, McCheyne, Burns Gilfillan, Hamilton, Cumming, Mackay, Adolp Saphir, Frazer, Jamieson, Faussett, Cochran specimens of many more equally eminent fo their learning, scholarship, orthodoxy and Chri tian zeal. In the United States such names a George Duffield, Robt. J. Breckenridge, Kreb Lillie, Shimeall—all gone to their reward—ar followed in this testimony by living ministers the word, Duffield, of Princeton, Willis Lor Brookes, Craven, Imbrie, Poor, Van Dore Blauvelt, Kellogg, R. D. Morris, Laird, Wilso Parsons, Wyckoff, Congdon, Lee, Whittlese Cooper. Moorehead, Flint, Adams, Pierce, Sa key, Stewart, Foote, Baker, Gillespie, Frenc Reed, Davis, Sample, Marvin, Reynolds, War maker, Wallace, Patterson, Erdman, Matthew Galloway, Bar, Ashurst, Bacon, Mack, Ed Paxon, Pitzer, Dinwiddie, Marquis, and mul tudes more have enrolled on the list of Chiliar

The Church of England abroad is like Josep a fruitful vine whose branches run over the wa Elliott and Maitland, Birks, Bickersteth, Aur and Freemantle. Ryle, Hoare, Rainsford, Wo Molynaux, Kelley, Cox, Wilson, Noel, Bro Smith, Trotter, Stevenson, Shephard, Newt Alford, Ellicott, Brooks, Pym, Dalton, Gresw Burgh, Todd—men of the first culture and sition—are only instances of a multitude m among the Anglican Bishops, Prebendari Canons, Deans, and Rectors who assert the F Millenial Advent of Christ and a literal f resurrection. Noble names in the Episco Church of the United States stand by their si McIlvaine, Henshaw, Niles, the two Tyn Winthrop, Morgan, Johnson, Nicholson, V Bancroft, Perkins, Hastings, Farrer, Boc Ward, Grammer, Feltwell, Dobbs, Smith, N ton, Trenwith.

Among the Congregationalists who hold e same faith are Lorimer, Wild, Adams, Mort, Milton, Goodwin, Kingman, Bancroft, Burt, Andrews, Clarke, Russel, Cunningham.

Among the Baptists are Gordon, Herr, Sa ders, Harris, Evans, Stifler, Barralle, Pet, Tower, Jones, Brown, Beckley, Miller, Wh, Jacobs, Cameron, Titus, Cordo, Stone.

In the Methodist denomination : Parker, bert, Hall, Harvey, Foster, Blackstone, Lum s.

In the Reformed Dutch Church : Thomps n, Demarest, Gorden, R. F. Clarke, Merrit, W. Clark, Ballagh, Bishop, Brown.

All these are unanimous on the two main o sitions of the Pre-Millenarians' doctrine, the Pre-Millennial Advent and the literal st resurrection.

Nor has it been the least noticeable fact that, in is century, eminent laymen like Cunningham, bine, Hugh Miller, the Duke of Manchester, ord, Jones, Habershen, Alexander, and others, e Sir Isaac Newton, Tycho Brahe, and Lord apier, before them, have not disdained to udy or write on the prophecies, and declare emselves convinced of the Pre-Millenarian ctrine.

Nor is it possible to enumerate all the various gencies by which, in the present century, as ilwarks of support, Chiliasm is defended in the arious nations of Christendom; public lectures. itical works—the mere titles of which would fill volume—magazines, reviews, discourses, tracts, ssertations, expositions, and productions on vaous portions of the all-absorbing theme. Never, nce the martyr-age, has Christian Chiliasm atined such distinction. Ere long the *early aith will be general again*, nor will it need either creed or a council to tell the Church that it is cumenical. Intelligent textual criticism is on s side, resting alone on a grammatical and hisorical basis. The structure of the Apocalypse on its side. The "Recapitulation" theory is oomed. The laws of prophetic interpretation, etter understood, are on its side, as are the ws of symbolism and apocalytic. The compreension of history, in its scope, progress, relaions, and unity, converging to one end, is on its ide.

THE ORDEALS OF THE DOCTRINE.

When we consider but one moment again what earful odds this precious doctrine of the peronal appearing of the Incarnate Redeemer on arth, to unite the heirs and the inheritance in a lorious visible Kingdom, has had to force its way through the centuries, we shall stand amazed, and confess that only because it is an mperishable truth of God has it been able to survive the ordeal which it has passed.

The debasement of the doctrine by intermixtures of Jewish fables and carnal conceits; the reproach that attended it because confessed by the martyrs of Jesus whom the whole power of the empire was invoked to destroy; its offensiveness to the national feelings of Greeks and Romans; the hostility of the Samaritan Magus, and the whole prolific brood of his Gnostic sects for three centuries, with their idealistic and Sadducean creed; the excesses of the Phrygian Montanus; the false principles of the Alexandrian school; the delusive charm of a Church and State theory, so potent and plausible after two centuries and a half of martyrdom; the splendor of Constantine's establishment; the open repudiation of the Apocalypse and Gospel of John; the Eusebian perversion of the Old Testament prophecies; the false theory of Recapitulation, and the force of Augustine's great name; the stumbling-block that the Divine promises of God in Christ to the Church relate only to spiritual things, and to nothing earthly: the miscalculations of time-reckoners; the false panics in history as to the end of the world; the injury of the doctrine by fanatical and revolutionary sects proclaiming war against all human government; the want of a true conception of the structure of the Apocalypse, and of the laws of the prophetic and symbolic utterances; the application of Old Testament predictions concerning Israel to the spiritual Gentile Church; the general indisposition of men to take any interest in the study of the Kingdom, except the selfish one that relates to their own personal salvation; all these *are only a part* of the encircling and mountain-like obstacles by which the pre-millennial doctrine has been besieged, and against which it has had to contend.

But it still lives, instinct with immortal vigor. Like the olive tree sung by Sophocles, a plant of divine growth, not set by human hands, it still grows stronger by every blast; a plant destructive to its foes, and which none in earlier or later times have been able to uproot or destroy. Yea, more, when we consider what it has borne and suffered, and how it has triumphed over Jewish perversion, Imperial persecution, Papal hatred, and Protestant indifference, and to-day enjoys a resurrection, ascension, and reign more glorious then ever since it went to the dungeon and flame, then do we know that it is itself a true child of the martyrs, whose future is assured, whose final victory is pledged, and the lustre of whose truth shall blaze in the splendor of the righteous when they shall "shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father."

Nor let it be objected to the doctrine of the personal reign of Christ on earth, that it has been espoused by men who ill understood the genius of the Gospel, and that fanatical leaders have at times made it their watchword and cry. Deep in the heart of sin-stricken humanity rests the sense of its oppression and helplessness. The turning of man, maddened by despotic power, regenerate or unregenerate, to the magic virtue of this one and only hope of reform, the Kingdom of Christ on earth, has been a tribute in every age to Him who clothed Himself in human flesh for man's deliverance.

Sounding along the ages, in one form or other, alike from the lips of those who ill understand and well understood the Gospel, "Maranatha" has waked its thrilling echoes; from Daniel in the lions' den and the Hebrew children in the furnace, to the days of Maccabean valor, and the times of Judas the Gaulonite, and Thendas boasting himself to be some one. *It has been humanity's hope*, as well as the Church's hope, *when all other hopes have failed;* from martyrs in the Pagan amphitheatre and flame, to martyrs marching in auto-da-fe to Papal scaffolds, fagots, and death; from Ignatius and Polycarp, to Olivia and Ubertins, and on to Latimer cheering Ridley at the stake. In the bosom of the apostasy itself this hope was the hope that broke through the gloom upon eyes that watched for the coming day. It graved the silver tablets of Cyril on Mount Carmel, and sent them to Rome presaging the doom of Antichrist and the rise of a Kingdom to follow. The enchantment of this hope has been felt; the only hope of a ruined world, ill understood indeed by some, but well understood by others, to whom the grace of faith is given to behold in Christ its substance and its sum.

Little has he weighed the relation of that coming Kingdom to the present creation "groaning and travailing in pain," and outstretching its neck for deliverance, who objects to the pre-millennial doctrine because it has been embraced in a distorted form by some who but poorly understood the Gospel. Christ is the "Desire of all nations." If pagan altars and victims and the unconscious prophecy of heathendom are an argument for the truth of the First Advent to atone for sin, much more the appeal in apostate Christendom to the millennial hope, by oppressed humanity driven to despair, is an argument for the truth of the Second Advent to begin the personal reign of Christ on earth.

And equally powerless is the attempt to stigmatize the holders of this hope as aiders and abettors of "heresy." That is a weapon which cuts fearfully in the opposite direction. Never has there existed a persecutor of God's saints on earth, since the dawn of Christianity, who was not an Anti-Chiliast. The apostate Church of Rome, idolatrous corrupter of every truth of God, and red with the blood of God's saints, was built and nurtured on an Anti-Chiliastic creed. The first perversion of this hope was by a heretic, Cerinthus or Montanus. The first assault upon it was by the rationalizing Origen, who became a Universalist. The next was by Dionysius, who denied the Apocalypse of John.

If in days to come a personal Antichrist more God-defying and blaspheming than him who sits in Rome shall rise, one of the marks that will signalize him as the concentration of satanic energy and hate will be that he is a pronounced Anti-Chiliast. And just in proportion as such time shall approach, will this glorious martyr-truth revive, as all history shows, and to suffering saints will it be given again to witness for that same hope under which the first confessors of Jesus, comforted, supported, and strengthened, sank singing to their tombs.

THE SAILOR AND THE CATECHIST.

In a small town in the north of Scotland there lived a venerable-looking man, who was catechist of the parish, and esteemed by all as a most excellent Christian.

A young sailor belonging to the same town, who came home on a visit to his parents, had been converted to God in Aberdeen. It was told around that a great change for the better had come over the young man, as was very manifest in all he said and did.

Shortly after his return the converted sailor and the old catechist met in the house of sorrow, where they, with many others, had come to sympathize with the bereaved. The night was spent in devotional exercises, according to the custom of the country.

During the evening the young sailor was requested to take the Bible and conduct worship. After reading he thought he would speak to the people, and, in the simplicity of his heartfelt gratitude to God, he was moved to tell them what the Lord had done for his soul; and so he told them how God had awakened him, and for Christ's sake had freely pardoned all his sins. As soon as he had finished, the old catechist inquired if he understood him to mean that his sins were forgiven?

"Oh yes," replied the young man, "I know that God for Christ's sake has pardoned all my sins."

"Well, well," said the old man, trembling with emotion and indignation, "I have been more than twenty years following after righteousness, and I would not presume to say that yet."

The youth, not at all discouraged by this intended rebuke at his supposed presumption, replied, "Dear friend, it is quite reasonable and scriptural that I should obtain forgiveness, and not you."

"Why so?" said the old professor.

"You know, my dear sir, when I was a scholar in your school you could manage the whole school easier than you could me. I was thoughtless and wicked. I had no goodness nor righteousness. But," holding out his hands as if they contained the things he spoke of, he said, "I come to God through the righteousness and death of the Lord Jesus Christ: you come through *your own* twenty years' righteousness. Now, tell me, which will God look at? His own Son's finished work, or your twenty years' righteousness."

When these two parted at the house of mourning the Scripture was fulfilled: "He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away" (Luke 1 : 53).

KINDNESS TO A POOR APPRENTICE.

At Wichern's Institution for poor boys in Germany (similar to Dr. Barnardo's in London), one evening, when a boy, had repeated aloud the pious grace, "*Come, Lord Jesus,* be our guest, and bless what thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up, and said, "Do tell me why the Lord Jesus *never comes*. We ask him every day to sit with us, but He never comes." "I shall set him a seat," said the little fellow, and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome; the chair stood empty for him; every child wanted him to have his plate; and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched by such uncommon attentions.

The little one had been thinking hard all the time, "Jesus could not come, and so he sent this poor man in his place; is that it?" "Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and drink of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'" The children sang a hymn of the love of God to their guest before they parted for the night, and neither he nor they were likely to forget this simple Bible comment on Matthew 25.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT

IN commencing the publication of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES IN AMERICA, it was impossible to form an accurate or even an approximate idea of the extent to which it would enjoy the favor of the Religious Public. The price was therefore fixed at four cents per single copy, that being the lowest sum deemed prudent under the circumstances.

Now, however, after the issue of only ten numbers, the journal has attained a circulation which, in connection with the numbers of commendatory letters daily received, justifies a

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

We have accordingly much pleasure in announcing that the price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES is now reduced to

THREE CENTS

for single copies. Annual subscription, postage paid, $1.50.

THOUGH but a few weeks have elapsed since the issue of the first number of the American edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we feel constrained thus early to express our grateful thanks for the numerous friendly greetings and kind expressions of appreciation that have reached us from every quarter.

While thankful to all who have aided us, we have at this time especially to acknowledge the aid and sympathy of hundreds of ministers from all parts of the country, and of every denomination.

It has been the occasion of surprise that while we have received hundreds of letters commendatory of the appearance and character of the paper *in detail*, there has been not one objection, either to particular articles or to the general course of the paper.

We ask a continuance of the sympathy and co-operation of our brethren of every name. We greatly desire that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shall reach every family in the United States, and believe that the above reduction in price ought to effect that object.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

We shall be happy to forward, postage paid, a packet of specimen copies to any minister desiring them for distribution among his congregation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Yellow-Fever subscription-list for New York has been made up by Mayor Ely, and has just been published. It appears that he received in all $68,253.33, which was forwarded to the infected districts in eighty-nine remittances as the money came in, and in varying proportions according to the needs of the different localities. The amount sent to Memphis was $24,860.39, and to New Orleans $19,323.18. This is a creditable record for New York, and shows that though there is a "rarity of Christian charity under the sun," there are occasions that prove it is not by any means extinct.

The Coinage.—A bill is to be introduced into Congress after the holidays providing for the coinage of silver dollars. It is proposed to make them 480 grains troy, 900 fine, and to impress a stamp upon them like the trade dollar, so unpopular just now, but omitting the word trade and inserting in its place the word *one*. They are to be legal tender and exchangeable at the Treasury for gold. The Secretary of the Treasury is also empowered by the bill to continue printing the small denominations of the currency of the value of twenty-five, and fifty cents, for the convenience of transmission by post.

The Interests of the Southern States would be materially forwarded by the establishment of factories for the manufacture of cotton goods; and ex-Governor Rufus B. Bullock, of Georgia, in a letter to the *Tribune*, draws attention to the advantages to be derived by Northern capitalists who might employ their money in this enterprise. He says: "It is just coming to be realized that the cheap abundance of steam-making coal, almost in the very fields where the lint is produced, together with the superior climate and superabundance of that class of people who make the most efficient mill operatives, renders the Central South the most favored section for the successful operation of cotton mills. The mills in Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama have been uniformly profitable. Georgia exempts from taxation for either State, municipal, or county purposes for ten years all capital invested in cotton manufacturing enterprises, and we will welcome with open arms and fair dealing all who choose to come among us for purposes of business enterprise."

The Mexican Tragedy, in which the ill-fated Maxmilian lost his life, has had fresh light thrown upon it during the last few days. It is now stated on authority which appears to be reliable, that Mr. Seward was anxious to save the life of the Emperor, and even caused steps to be taken to effect that object; but unfortunately the United States minister at the court of Mexico was absent at the critical time, and the representations of Mr. Seward were not pressed with the authority the gravity of the occasion demanded. Somebody must have been to blame, but whoever it may have been it is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Seward's fame is not sullied by any reflection of negligence in that terrible crime.

Mr. Sankey, at the Y. M. C. A., London, related the following anecdote: Shortly before slavery was abolished in America, a number of slaves were sold by auction in one of the Southern States. The sale-room was thronged, and among the slaves for sale was a most beautiful young girl, fair and lovely, with scarce a drop of negro blood in her veins, but her mother had been a slave and so was she. The sale commenced, and one after another the slaves were knocked down. At last this beautiful girl was put up for sale. The bidding was very spirited, and what seemed to give much annoyance to the poor girl was the fact that the one who was bidding the highest was a Northerner, and the Northern States had discountenanced slavery. At last the young girl was knocked down to this bidder. He gave instructions to the auctioneer to take charge of her till the morning and he would fetch her. On the morrow "Mary" was called for. She opened the door, and her purchaser then said: "Yesterday I bought you, but here are your free papers bearing the seal of the Court; you are now free to go where you like." Looking up in his face, the poor girl said: "Will you allow me to go with you?" This young girl has grown up with his family, and become as one of them. In like manner Jesus has paid for us; He has died to set us free. Are we, like this young girl who followed her purchaser, going to follow Jesus? These poor slaves, when forsaken by man and the world, were accustomed to gather in their cabins and sing, "Stealing away to Jesus." Let us also seek to steal away to Jesus.

"**One more Unfortunate**" met with a terrible death on Christmas eve. She was found frost-bitten on the road near Roger's City, Michigan, and being carried to the hospital it was deemed necessary to amputate both her legs; but she died under the operation. She was a native of Cleveland, but had been living at Alpena, where she had led an immoral life, and she said that the inhabitants had driven her out of the place, in the bitterly cold winter night, insufficiently clad, and overcome with cold and weariness she had laid herself down to die. Verily "the way of the transgressor is hard," and it is never so hard as when self-righteous Pharisees have the making of it. It is to be hoped some exculpation will come from Alpena, or the stigma of gross inhumanity and fiendish cruelty will be perpetually allied to its name for this outrage. I was not thus the Master dealt with "the woma who was a sinner." The existence of this clas of women cannot be too greatly deplored, bu be their sins what they may, they are no excus for cruelty like this. Many of that class woul gladly return to paths of virtue if they were encouraged to do so, and the crying injustice c society is, that the scorn and repudiation of respectable people falls exclusively on the woman while the man who is partaker of her sin escape with impunity.

The Wrong End of the Switch.—*A father an daughter* at Wellesley, Mass., were mutually recalling incidents of the latter's childhood. " shall never forget," said the young lady, "ho you took me out of church one Sabbath, when was about three years old, and punished me f playing in meeting. I can remember the ti gling of that peach-tree switch to this day." "Very strange, very strange," said the father "I don't recollect the circumstance at all." "Ah, well, papa, you were *at the other end the switch!*"

The Fulton-Street Prayer-Meeting has bee the source of good to many of God's childre through the country, and letters come in dai bearing witness to the efficacy of believing ar united prayer. From its records we extract t following:

A brother requested thanksgiving to-da Some months since he asked prayer for a po miserable, dissipated man, whose home was t abode of wretchedness and desolation, a whose heart was a cave of hissing serpents stinging, soul-poisoning serpents of appetite a lust. To-day that man's home is a picture Paradise, and his heart the home of Jesus. T speaker relating the incident had follow prayer with effort, and accompanied continue persistent effort with persevering prayer t God's heart of love responded, and the sinne heart of adamant melted and yielded to Christ

A friend in Westchester County, New Yor says: "Some time ago I wrote you requesti prayer for my only child's conversion. Th prayer has been answered, for which I tha the Lord daily." Another returns thanks prayer answered in connection with the temp ance work in Plainfield, N. J.

An interesting acknowledgment of answe prayer was made by a young man. "I sent a l ter to you last March," he said, "asking you pray that my mother and I might be convert I was then under deep conviction of sin. I joice now to be able to tell you that I ha found peace with God through faith in Lord Jesus Christ. But my mother is not ye Christian. Do not forget my mother."

The Chinaman and his Finger.—The Rev. W. Muirhead, Missionary in China, relates the following: A curious case occurred one day in the hospital. A Chinaman came and begged to have *his finger cut off*. There was nothing whatever the matter with it, so he was asked what he meant. He replied, "I must lose this finger. If I burn it off with a candle it will be far more painful than if you cut it off skilfully with your knife." "But why do you want it cut off?" "Oh! I have been a great sinner, and I must atone for my sins in this way." He afterwards explained what his sins were. It seems he had been connected with a foreigner, at Ningpo, in making a road, which necessitated the removal of a grave. This is an awful desecration in Chinese eyes, and he had been troubled eversince by the sense of his sin and the fear of punishment.

He said the foreigner had been punished severely; for, some time after, he was riding over a small stone bridge, and the stone gave way, so that he and his horse were pitched below, and he was killed. All the natives agreed this was the vengeance of the unseen world on his crime. As for himself, trouble had followed him ever since, and he was now old, and dreaded worse evil after death. He was anxious to become a Buddhist priest, and work off his sin by gaining merit; but this was a necessary condition—that he must first *part with his finger*.

Mr. Muirhead took the man, and explained to him a better way of obtaining the pardon he sought. After he had spent some time in showing him that Christ had died for our sins, the man replied, "Well, I have heard all that before. I am now not so anxious to become a Buddhist priest. I am quite as willing to become a Christian; only, if I do so, how much *will you give me?*" He did not see any reason why he should not live by the one religion as much as the other. Buddhism is a livelihood as well as a faith to its priests, why not Christianity also?

Suddenly Called.—A few weeks ago Mr. Sherman, an earnest Christian man, was seated at his desk in Albany Street, Boston, America, engaged at figures, when a chance rifle ball from some distant point entered the window and buried itself in his lungs. He was at once conveyed to the city hospital. On seeing the item in the newspaper that afternoon, a friend hurried to his bedside and found him calm and natural; the ball had not been found, and he was not expecting to live. "I have a peace which passeth understanding," was his testimony, and his calm smiling face bore out the statement. Within three days he died. A little mission chapel which he helped to carry on will sadly miss him, for he was a faithful, godly, prayerful laborer, and one who rejoiced in his Saviour's love. So sudden a death suggests the inquiry to each of us, "Am I equally ready to meet my God?"

Setting Out for Death and Finding Life.—Twenty-five years ago, several dozens of miles from Osaka, in Japan, in a large place called Tango, a death occurred in an important family of ability and wealth. The Japanese divide the years into cycles of twelve, each one called after an animal, "rat, bull, tiger, hare," etc., and it is written over the dead that he was separated from this world in the *tiger* year. Well, nothing more was thought of it until the tiger year came round again, and then the husband and father sickened and died. The widow, a woman of energy and directing power, carried on the silk business, and prosperity followed her plans until the dreaded and fatal tiger year again came along with January, 1878. "Whose turn is it to die this year?" was the question opened. The old lady, with the hopeless resignation that Buddhism often gives its followers, volunteered to *consecrate herself to death*, that the younger ones of the family might live on as was fitting.

When this was agreed to, though no doubt with earnest protestations of horror from all the rest, she determined to make a pilgrimage to the centre of idolatry—the province of Ise—visiting celebrated temples by the way, and scattering generous gifts to the gods, that thereby, with a clean heart, she might meet her fate. Attended by a single servant, she stopped in Osaka about three months, and put up at the house of old friends. That night, for the first time, she heard about the Christian religion from a believer. She listened to Christian instruction for a week, and gave a dollar to the church. After another two weeks, she felt she must buy dozens of parts of the Bible and other religious books to take back home as presents. After another week she gave a dollar to the girls' school, and another to the church; and she gave still another towards supporting a coolie whom the Christians had found dying some twenty miles from there, and had put in their hospital. After another week it was arranged that, since she hardly dared go home and face all the questions that would multiply upon her, the old couple with whom she was staying would return with her, and help her to tell the new *old* story of her conversion to Christ.

Another Steamboat Disaster is reported, with a loss it is feared of thirty-six lives. A telegram from Jamaica, bearing date December 27th, states that two seaman had arrived there belonging to the Emily B. Souder, which left New York for San Domingo December 8th, having on board a crew of twenty-nine and nine passengers. The two men report that the steamer foundered on December 10th, but at present no details are known. The two men saved were picked up from a life raft by a Boston schooner, the Abbot Devereux.

Light the Candles.—The 19th of May, 1780, was remarkably dark in Connecticut. Candles were lighted in many houses, the birds were silent and disappeared, and domestic fowls retired to roost. The people were impressed by the idea that the day of judgment was at hand. This opinion was entertained by the Legislature, at that time sitting at Hartford. The House of Representatives adjourned; the Council proposed to follow the example. Colonel Davenport objected. "The day of judgment," he said, "*is* either approaching, or it *is not*. If it *is not*, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it *is*, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that *candles may be brought*." This is the attitude in which Christ warned His disciples to be found. "Watch, therefore, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

The Burning of Bethesda Church, Dublin, during a great storm on January 6th, 1839, was an eventful incident in the life of its pastor, the late Bishop Gregg. This seeming disaster led, however, to the erection of a larger church for him to preach in, and one, too, which was in a more suitable locality—Trinity Church, Lower Gardiner Street. Here he continued his ministrations until his appointment as Bishop of Cork in 1862. The late Earl of Carlisle, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was one of his most regular and attentive hearers at Trinity Church. Many hallowed associations were connected with Bethesda Church, which was long the scene of the celebrated Rev. B. W. Mathias's ministrations, and under his preaching Bishop Gregg, when a student at Trinity College, Dublin, became converted to a saving knowledge of Christ.

John Ashworth, "Tradesman and Evangelist," was the author of the widely-read "Strange Tales." In an excellent sketch of his life, which appears in a contemporary, we are told—"With our drinking customs he would have nothing to do. He would drink no 'healths,' and 'a twenty-shilling dinner to celebrate the opening of a public building was no place for him;' he walked in the procession with his fellow-townsmen, but left them at the hotel door. The following words from his diary may be commended to the notice of all Christian workers: 'September 22d, 1871.—Feel very tired with the last four days' work, and am thankful that I can rest. I believe if I were to take stimulants to stir me up at these exhausting meetings and journeys it would be fatal to my health, and *jeopardize my religious life and peace with God.*'"

FORGIVENESS MADE EASY.

A Sermon delivered by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." —EPHESIANS 4 : 32.

A Noble Motive to Forgiveness—The Example of God Himself—I. For Christ's Sake—1. For the Sake of the Great Atonement—2. Because of the Representative Character of Christ—3. For the Deep Love the Father bears Him—4. God Forgives Sin that His Son may be Glorified—II. What it is that God does for Christ's Sake—He Forgives Sin—1. He has done it Certainly—2. He does it Continuously—3. He does it Freely—4. He does it Fully—5. He does it Eternally—6. He does it Divinely—III. Points of Practice—Forgiving One Another a Co-operative Service—A Man may be Judged by his Words—In all Quarrels he who Provokes to Wrath is a Partner in the Guilt—Do not be Ready to take Offence—Do not Publish Offences—Nor Avenge them.

THE heathen moralists, when they wished to teach virtue, could not point to the example of their gods, for, according to their mythologists, the gods were a compound of every imaginable, and, I had almost said, unimaginable vice. Many of the classic deities surpassed the worst of men in their crimes: they were as much greater in iniquity as they were supposed to be superior in power. *It is an ill day for a people when their gods are worse than themselves.*

The blessed purity of our holy faith is conspicuous, not only in its precepts, but in the character of the God whom it reveals. There is no excellency which we can propose but we can *see it brightly shining* in the Lord our God: there is no line of conduct in which a believer should excel but we can point to Christ Jesus our Lord and Master as the pattern of it. In the highest places of the Christian faith you have the highest virtue, and unto God our Father and the Lord Jesus be the highest praise.

We can urge you to the tenderest spirit of forgiveness by pointing to God who for Christ's sake has forgiven you. What nobler motive can you require for forgiving one another? With such high examples, brethren, what manner of people ought we to be? We have sometimes heard of men who were better than their religion, but that is quite impossible with us: we can never, in spirit or in act, rise to the sublime elevation of our divine religion. We should constantly be rising above ourselves, and above the most gracious of our fellow-Christians, and yet above us we shall still behold our God and Saviour. We may go from strength to strength in thoughts of goodness and duties of piety, but Jesus is higher still, and evermore we must be looking up to Him as we climb the sacred hill of grace.

At this time we wish to speak a little concerning the duties of love and forgiveness; and here we note at once that the apostle sets before us *the example of God Himself*. Upon that bright example we shall spend most of our time, but I hope not quite so much as to forget the practical part, which is so much needed in these days by certain unforgiving spirits, who nevertheless assume the Christian name. The theme of God's forgiving love is so fascinating that we may linger awhile, and a long while too, upon that bright example of forgiveness which God has set before us, but from it all I hope we shall be gathering grace by which to forgive others even to seventy times seven.

We shall take the text word by word, and so we shall obtain the clearest divisions.

I. The first word to think about is

"FOR CHRIST'S SAKE."

We use these words very often; but probably we have never thought of their force, and even at this time we cannot bring forth the whole of their meaning. Let us touch thereon with thoughtfulness, praying the good Spirit to instruct us. "*For Christ's sake;*" all the good things which God has bestowed upon us have come to us "for Christ's sake," but especially the forgiveness of our sins has come "for Christ's sake." This is the plain assertion of the text. What does it mean?

1. It means, surely, first, *for the sake of the great atonement which Christ has offered.* The great God can, as a just Lawgiver and King, readily pass by our offences because of the expiation for sin which Christ has offered. If sin were merely a personal affront toward God, we have abundant evidence that He would be ready enough to pass it by without exacting vengeance; but it is a great deal more than that.

Those who view it as a mere personal affront against God are but very shallow thinkers. Sin is an attack upon the moral government of God; it undermines the foundations of society, and were it permitted to have its way it would reduce every thing to anarchy, and even destroy the governing power and the Ruler Himself.

It is His very love as well as His holiness and His justice which, if I may use such a term, compels Him to severity of judgment, so thats in *cannot and must not* be blotted out till atonement has been presented. There must first of all be a sacrifice for sin, which, mark you, the great Father, to show his love, himself supplies; for it is His own Son who is given to die, and so the Father Himself supplies the ransom through His Son, that Son being also one with Himself by bonds of essential unity, mysterious but most intense. If God demands the penalty in justice, he Himself supplies it in love. 'Tis a wondrous mystery, this mystery of the way of salvation by an atoning sacrifice; but this much is clear, that now God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us, because satisfaction has been made to the injured honor of the divine government, and justice is satisfied.

I want you to consider for a moment how readily God may now blot out sin since Christ hath died. The blotting out of sin seems hard till we see the cross, and then it appears easy enough. I have looked at sin till it seemed to blind me with its horror, and I said in myself, "This vile spot can never be washed out; *no fuller's soap can change its hue;* sooner might the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots. O sin, thou deep, eternal evil, what can remove thee?" And then I have seen the Son of God dying on the cross, and read the anguish of His soul, and heard the cries which showed the torment of His spirit when God His Father had forsaken Him, and it has seemed to me as if the blotting out of sin were the easiest thing under heaven.

When I have seen Jesus die I have not been able to understand how any sin could be difficult to remove. Let a man stand on Calvary and look on Him whom He hath pierced, and believe and accept the atonement made, and it becomes the simplest thing possible that his debt should be discharged now that it is paid, that his freedom should be given now that the ransom is found, and that he should be no longer under condemnation, since the guilt that condemned him has been carried away by his great Substitute and Lord. It is then because of what Jesus Christ has suffered in our stead that God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us.

2. The second rendering of the text would be this, that God has forgiven us *because of the representative character of Christ.* It should never be forgotten that we originally fell by a representative. Adam stood for us, and he was our federal head. We did not fall personally at the first, but in our representative. Had he kept the conditions of the covenant we had stood through him, but, inasmuch as he fell, we fell in him. I pray you cavil not at the arrangement, because *there* lay the hope of our race. The angels probably fell individually, one by one, and hence they fell irretrievably,—there was no restoring them: but as we fell in one Adam, there remained the possibility of our rising in another Adam; and therefore in the fulness of time God sent forth His Son Jesus Christ, born of a woman, made under the law to become the second Adam. He undertook to remove our burdens and to fulfil the conditions of our restoration.

3. Now go a little further. When we read "for Christ's sake" it surely means *for the deep love which the Father bears Him.* My brethren, can you guess a little of the love which the Father hath toward the Only-begotten? if thou canst ask forgiveness for the sake of Jesus, God will do any thing for Jesus, and He will do any thing for Thee for His dear sake.

4. So we read our text once more in the light of a truth which grows out of the love of God; namely, that *God does forgive sin for the sake of glorifying Christ.* Christ took the shame that he might magnify His Father, and now His Father delights to magnify Him by blotting out the sin. If you can prove that any gift to you would reflect glory upon Christ, you may depend upon it you will have it. If there is any thing under heaven that would make Christ more illustrious the Father would not spare it for a moment. If thou seest that for thee to have thy sin forgiven would raise the fame of the Saviour, go and plead that argument with God, and thou shalt surely prevail. Will it not make Christ glad if He saves such a sinner as thou art? Then go with this argument in thy mouth, "Father, glorify Thy Son by exalting Him as a glorious Saviour in saving me."

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR US.

II. Now, secondly, we pass on to observe what it is which we are told in the text has been done for us, and to us, for Christ's sake. "*God for Christ's sake* HATH FORGIVEN YOU."

1. First notice, that He has done this *certainly.* The apostle does not say he hopes so, but he says, "God for Christ's sake *hath* forgiven you." Are you in the number of the forgiven, my dear hearer? Hast thou believed in the Lord Jesus Christ? Then, as sure as you have believed, God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Have you put your trust in the atoning sacrifice? Then God for Christ's sake *hath* forgiven you. You have not begun to be a Christian, I hope, with the idea that one day, at some future period, you may obtain forgiveness. No. "God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Pardon is not a prize to be run for, but a blessing received at the first step of the race. If you have believed in Jesus your sin has all gone—all gone; all your sin has been erased from the records of the past, never to be mentioned against you forever. The moment a sinner looks to Christ, the burden of his sin rolls from off his shoulders never to return.

If Christ hath washed thee (and He has if thou hast believed in Him), then thou art clean every whit, and before the Lord thou standest delivered from every trace of guilt. Pardon is not a matter of hope, but a matter of fact. Expectation looks for many a blessing, but pardon is a realized favor which faith holds in her hand even now. If Christ took thy load, thy load cannot remain on thine own back: if Christ paid thy debts, then they do not stand in God's books against thee. How can they? It stands to reason that if thy Substitute has taken thy sin and put it away, thy sin lies no more on thee. God for Christ's sake hath forgiven thee. Get hold of that grand truth, and hold it, though all the devils in hell roar at thee. Grasp it as with a hand of steel; grip it as for life: "God for Christ's sake hath forgiven *me*,"—may each one of us be able to say that. We shall not feel the divine sweetness and force of the text unless we can make a personal matter of it by the Holy Ghost.

2. Then notice that God has forgiven us *continuously.* He not only forgave us at the first all our sins, but He continues daily to forgive, for the act of forgiveness is a continuous one. I have sometimes heard it said that we were so forgiven when we first believed that there is no need to ask for further forgiveness; to which I reply, We were so completely forgiven when we first believed that we ought continually to ask for the perpetuity of that one far-reaching act, that the Lord may continue to exert towards us that fulness of forgiving grace which absolved us perfectly at the first, that we may continue to walk before Him with a sense of that complete forgiveness, clear and unquestioned.

I know I was forgiven when first I believed in Christ; and I am equally sure of it now: the one absolution continues to ring in my ears like joy-bells which never cease. Pardon once given continues to be given. When through doubt and anxiety I was not sure of my pardon, yet it was still true; for he that believeth on Him is not condemned, even though he may write bitter things against himself. Beloved friend, catch hold of that, and do not let it go. Divine pardon is a continuous act.

3. And this forgiveness on God's part was *most free.* We did nothing to obtain it by merit, and we brought nothing wherewith to purchase it. He forgave us for Christ's sake, not for aught that we had done. True, we did repent, and did believe; but repentance and faith He gave us, so that He did not forgive us for the sake of them, but purely of His own dear love, because He delighted in mercy, and is never more like Himself than when He passeth by transgression, iniquity, and sin.

4. Remember, also, that he forgave us *fully.* It was not here and there a sin that He blotted out, but the whole horrible list and catalogue of our offences He destroyed at once. All our transgressions are swept away, carried off as by a flood, and so completely removed from us that no guilty trace of them remains. They are all gone!

5. And let it be remembered that this forgiveness which God has given us for Christ's sake is an *eternal* forgiveness. He will never rake up our past offences and a second time impute them. He will not find us on an evil day, and say, "I have had great patience with you, but now will I deal with you after your sins." Far otherwise; he that believeth in Jesus hath everlasting life, and shall never come into condemnation. Irreversible is the pardon of heaven. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." He never repents what He has given, or forgiven. 'Tis done, 'tis done forever: Jehovah absolves and the sentence stands fast forever. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Jesus Christ." "Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?" Blessed be God for eternal pardon!

6. And since I could not find a word to finish with but this one, I will use it: He hath *divinely* pardoned us. There is such a truth, reality, and emphasis in the pardon of God as you can never find in the pardon of man; for though a man should forgive all you have done against him, i you have treated him very badly, yet it is mor than you could expect that he should quite *forget* it, but the Lord says, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more forever." If man has played you false, although you have forgiven him, you are not likely to trust him again It is an old proverb, "Never ride a broken-knee' horse," and it is not a bad proverb either.

But see how the Lord deals with His peopl When Peter was set on his legs again he was broken-knee'd horse enough, and yet see ho gloriously the Lord rode that charger on th day of Pentecost. Did He not go forth co quering and to conquer? The Lord lets bygon be bygones so completely that He trusts pa doned souls with His secrets, for "the secret the Lord is with them that fear Him;" and H intrusts some of us with His choicest treasure for Paul said, "He hath put me in trust wi the Gospel, though I was a blasphemer." commits to our keeping that priceless cask which incloses the best hope of men, namel the Gospel of Jesus. "We have this treasury earthen vessels." This shows how perfect our forgiveness,—nay, I must put it, how *divi* is the forgiveness which we have received.

Let us rejoice in that grand promise whi comes to us by the mouth of Jeremiah of ol "In those days, and in that time, saith t Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought f and there shall be none; and the sins of Juda and they shall not be found: for I will pardon them whom I reserve." Here is annihilation—the only annihilation I know of—the absolute annihilation of sin through the pardon which the Lord gives to His people. Let us sing it as though it were a choice hymn—"The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none."

III. Now, if you have drank into the spirit of our subject you will be strengthened to bear what I have to say to you upon

A POINT OF PRACTICE.

"FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER, *even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.*" Let me say, at the commencement, that I do not know of any one here present who has fallen out with anybody else, and therefore I shall make no personal allusions. If I did know of quarrels and bickerings it is very likely that *I should say about the same*, but I do not happen to know of any, and if, therefore, my remarks should come home, I would earnestly beg each one so affected to believe that what I say is intended for him, and to receive it as a pointed, personal message from God.

"Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Now observe how the apostle puts it. Does he say "forgiving another"? No, that is not the text, if you look at it. It is "forgiving *one another*." One another! Ah! then that means that if you have to forgive to-day, it is very likely that you will yourself need to be forgiven to-morrow, for it is "forgiving *one another*." It is turn and turn about, a mutual operation, a co-operative service. In fact, it is a joint-stock business of mutual forgiveness, and members of Christian churches should take large shares in this concern. "Forgiving one another." You forgive me, and I forgive you, and we forgive them, and they forgive us, and so a circle of unlimited forbearance and love goes round the world.

There is something wrong about me that needs to be forgiven by my brother, but there is also something wrong about my brother which needs to be forgiven by me, and this is what the apostle means—that we are all of us mutually to be exercising the sacred art and mystery of forgiving one another. If we always did this we should not endure those who have a special faculty for spying out faults. There are some who, whatever church they are in, always bring an ill report of it. I have heard this sort of thing from many—"There is no love among Christians at all." I will tell you the character of the gentleman who makes that observation; he is both unloving and unlovely, and so he is out of the track of the pilgrims of love.

Another cries, "There is no sincerity in the world now." That man is a hypocrite: be you quite sure of that. Judge a bird by its song and a man by his utterance. The censorious measure our corn, but they use their own bushels. You may know very well what a man is *by what he says of others*. It is a gauge of character which very seldom will deceive you, to judge other men by their own judgment of their fellows. Their speech betrays their heart. Show me *your tongue, sir!* Now I know whether you are sick or well. He that speaketh with an ill tongue of his neighbor hath an ill heart; rest assured of that. Let us begin our Christian career with the full assurance that we shall have a great deal to forgive in other people, but that there will be a great deal more to be forgiven in ourselves, and let us set our account upon having to exercise gentleness, and needing its exercise from others, "Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Note again. When we forgive, it is a poor and humble business compared with God's forgiving us, because we are only forgiving one another, that is, forgiving fellow-servants; whereas when God forgives us it is the Judge of all the earth forgiving, not His fellows, but His rebel subjects, guilty of treason against His majesty. For God to forgive is something great; for us to forgive, though some think it great, should be regarded as a very small matter.

Then reflect upon the matter to be forgiven. Our Lord in His parable tells us that the fellow-servant owed a few pence, but the servant himself was debtor to his master many talents. What we owe to God is infinite, but what our fellow-creature owes to us is a very small sum. What did he do which has so much offended you? "He said a very shameful thing about me." It was very bad of him, no doubt. "Then he played me a very nasty trick, and acted very ungraciously; in fact, he behaved scandalously, and if you hear the story you will be quite indignant." Well, I am indignant. He is a bad fellow, there is no doubt about it; *and so are you.* So were you certainly when you first came to God; bad as he is to you, you have been much worse to the Lord. I will warrant that his blacks towards you are whites compared with your blacks in the presence of God.

"Oh! but you would not believe how basely he acted." No, and I dare say I should hardly believe it if I heard how base you have been to the Lord; at any rate, it should make our eyes fill with tears to think how we have grieved our God and vexed His Spirit. Some of us have had so much manifest forgiveness, so much outward sin forgiven, that for us to forgive ought to be as natural as to open our hands. After such forgiveness as the Lord has bestowed on some of us, we should be wicked servants indeed if we were to take our brother by the throat and say, "Pay me what thou owest." We should deserve to be given over to the tormentors by our angry Master if we did not count it joy to pass by a brother's fault.

If any one here who is a Christian finds a difficulty in forgiveness, I am going to give him three words which will help him wonderfully. I would put them into the good man's mouth. I gave them to you just now, and prayed you to get the sweetness of them; here they are again! "*For Christ's sake.*" Cannot you forgive an offender on that ground? Ah! the girl has acted very shamefully, and you, her father, have said some strong things, but I beg you to forgive her for Christ's sake. Cannot you do it with that motive? It is true your son has behaved very wrongly, and nothing hurts a father's heart more than the wicked conduct of a son. You did in a fit of anger say a very stern thing, and deny him your house forever. I entreat you to eat your words up for Christ's sake. Sometimes when I have been pleading a case like that, the person I have been persuading has kindly said, "I will do it for you, sir." I have said, "I will thank you if you will do it at all, but I would rather you would have said you would do it for my Master, for what a blessed Master He has been to you! Do it for His sake." I may be speaking very plainly home to some of you. I hope I am. If there be any of you who have got into a bad state of heart and have said you never will forgive a rebellious son, do not say so again till you have looked at the matter, for Christ's sake. Not for the boy's sake, not for your neighbor's sake who has offended you, not for any other reason do I urge you to mercy, but for Christ's sake. Come, you two brothers, who have fallen out, love each other for Christ's sake; come, you two sisters, come you two friends who have been alienated, get together directly, and end all your ill-feeling for Christ's sake. You must not keep a drop of malice in your soul, for Christ's sake. O charming word! how it melts us, and as it melts it seems to leave no trace of anger behind it: for Christ's sake our love suffers long and never fails.

I do not know how to put this next word I am going to say. It is a paradox. You must forgive or you cannot be saved; at the same time you must not do it from compulsion; you must do it freely. There is a way of carrying this into practice, though I cannot explain it in words. You must forgive, not because you are forced to, but because you heartily do it. Remember, it is of no use for you to put your money into that offering box as you go out unless you remember first to forgive your brother. God will not accept the gifts, prayers, or praises of an unrelenting heart. Though you leave all your substance to His cause, He will not accept a penny of it if you die in an unforgiving temper. There is no grace where there is no willingness to overlook faults. John saith, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" The very prayer that teaches you to ask for mercy bids you say "forgive us, as we forgive our debtors." Unless you have forgiven others you read your own death-warrant when you repeat the Lord's Prayer.

A friend wrote me a short while ago a letter of serious

COMPLAINT AGAINST A BROTHER

who had been very angry with him, and had *spoken very sharply* while excited to passion. I felt bound to hear the other side of the story, and I was obliged to say, "Now, you two brothers are both wrong. You, my brother, lost your temper; but you, my other brother, irritated him, so that I do not wonder he did lose his temper. And when you saw he had lost his temper

WHY DID YOU NOT GO AWAY,

or do something to quiet him? No, but *you remained to increase the wrath*, and then wrote to expose him." I blame the wood for burning, but *what shall I say of the bellows?* It was wrong to blaze, but was it right to fan the flame? Very often when a man is angry he may not be the only one to blame. Therefore, brothers and sisters, if we are to forgive each other, do not let us provoke each other to offend.

In the next place, *do not make offences.* Oftentimes a man has been offended at another for no reason at all. One person has said of another as he passed him in the street, "He will not even nod to me. He is too proud to own me, because I am a poor man." Now, that beloved friend who was thus blamed could not see much further than his hand, for he was shortsighted. Another has been censured for not hearing, though he was deaf; and another for not shaking hands when his arm was crippled. Do not imagine offences when they are not intended.

Next, *do not take offences* where they are intended. It is a splendid thing if you will not be offended. Nothing makes a man feel so small as when you accept what he intended for an insult as if it were a compliment, and thank him for it. Can you master yourself to that point? Remember, when you have conquered yourself you have conquered the world. You have overcome everybody when you have so fully overcome your own spirit that you remain content with that which naturally would excite your wrath.

Then, if you must be offended, dear brother, *do not exaggerate an offence.* Some good *women,* I was about to say, and *men* also, when they come as tale-bearers with a charge, make a great many flourishes and additions. They go a long way round, and they bring innumerable beliefs, and suggestions, and hints, and hearsays into the business, until a midge's egg becomes as huge as ever was laid by an ostrich. I begin coolly to strip off the feathers and the paint, and I say, "Now, I do not see what that point had to do with it, or what that remark has in it: all I can see when I come to look at the bare fact is so-and-so, and that was not much, was it?" "Oh! but there was more intended." Do not believe that, dear brother, dear sister. If there must be something wrong, let it be as little as you can. If you have a telescope, look through the large hole and minify instead of magnifying, or, better still, do not look at it at all.

A blind eye is often the best eye a man can have, and a deaf ear is better by far than one which hears too much. "Also take no heed," says Solomon, "unto all words that are spoken, lest thou hear thy servant curse thee." Something you have done may irritate a servant, and he may make remarks which are unbecoming and impertinent. Don't hear what he is muttering. Keep out of hearing. He will be sorry to-morrow, and if he thinks you did not hear him he will continue in your service and be faithful to you. What would *you* do if *your* master picked you up for every word, and if he caught up every sentence that you uttered? How would you live at all if he reckoned sharply with you? No, dear friends, as you have to forgive one another, do not take offence, and when offence is given do not exaggerate it, and, if you can, do not even observe it.

Then, again, *do not publish offences*. There has been something very offensive said. What then? Do not repeat it. Do not go first to one, and then to another, and say, "Now this is quite private, and mind you keep it a secret; So-and-so has spoken shamefully." Better that you should let your heart break than go up and down with a firebrand in this fashion. If a brother has done wrong why should you do wrong? You will be doing wrong if you publish his fault. Remember how the curse came upon Noah's son for exposing his father; and how much better it is for us all when there is any thing wrong to go backward and cover it, without even looking at it ourselves, if we can help it. Cover it up: cover it up. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Not only one, two, three sins will charity cover, but she carries a cloak which covereth a whole host of faults.

Above all, my brethren, and with this I close, *never in any way*, directly or indirectly, *avenge yourselves*. For any fault that is ever done to you, the Master says unto you—resist not evil. In all things bend, bow, yield, submit. "If you tread on a worm it will turn," says somebody. And is a worm *your* example? Christ shall be mine. It is a shocking thing when a Christian man forgets his Lord to find an excuse for himself among the poor creatures under his feet. But if it must be so, what does a worm do when it turns? When you have trodden on a worm, does it bite? Does the worm hurt any one? Ah no! It has turned, but it has turned in its agony and writhed before you, that is all. You may do that, if you must. Brother, the most splendid vengeance you can ever have is to do good to them that do you evil, and to speak well of them that speak ill of you. They will be ashamed to look at you; they will never hurt you again if they see that you cannot be provoked except it be to greater love and larger kindness.

This ought to be the mark of Christians; not "I will have the law of you," or "I will avenge myself," but "I will bear and forbear even to the end." "Vengeance is mine. I will repay it, saith the Lord." Do not take that into your hand which God says belongs to Him, but as He for Christ's sake has forgiven you, so also forgive all those who do you wrong. "How long am I to do that?" says one. "I would not mind doing it three or four times." There was one of old who would go the length of six or seven, but Jesus Christ said "unto seventy times seven." That is a very considerable number. You may count whether you have yet reached that amount, and if you have you will now be glad to begin again, still forgiving, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you. God help us to be patient to the end.

Though I have not just now been preaching Christ Jesus as the object of the sinner's trust, yet remember that He must also be the object of our imitation. This is the kind of doctrine which Christ Himself preached, and therefore, since He preached continually this love to our neighbor, and forgiveness of our enemies, we ought both to preach and to practise it. Go ye and believe in Him, and be imitators of Him, remembering that He forgave His murderers upon the cross whereon he wrought out our redemption. May His Spirit rest upon you evermore. Amen.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

THE VOYAGE OF THE EGLANTINE.

WHO SAILED IN HER—AND WHY.

A Story of an English Merchant Vessel.

(*Continued from page 157.*)

WHILE Mr. Hilliard was alternately softening and hardening his heart towards his son, and planning what he would do in respect to him after his return, Christian was on his way home, impatiently looking for the day when he should once more set foot on British soil.

"It is incomprehensible to me how any one can deliberately chose a seafaring life," he said one day to Cairns. "Now, I suppose you really like it, and would rather be on sea than land."

"Well; yes, sir, I think I would: we sailors get to look on the salt water as a sort of home, and a grand big one it is. I don't know but what we are better off than them who live in some of those little houses in towns. Sir, you haven't such a thing as a map with you, have you?"

"A map? What sort of one?"

"One of them round 'uns that shows both sides of the earth; I'd like to have a look at old England, and see how she lies to America."

"Let me see," mused Christian, "I ought to have one somewhere. I have an indistinct recollection of seeing it among my things. I'll have a look, Cairns."

"Thank'ee, sir; don't trouble about it now, any time'll do."

"No time like the present; if I don't look now I shall forget it."

He went down into the cabin and opened his chest, turning out all the contents pell-mell on the floor.

"There's confusion!" he exclaimed; "I want Maud here to put my things straight for me: women always manage that sort of thing better than we men. I don't know how it is, but I cannot keep my places tidy."

Folding one thing here and another there, in a hopeless indefinite sort of way, he came across a letter sealed and addressed to himself.

"A letter for me, and not even opened!" he thought, in some surprise. "Where in the world did it come from?"

Instantaneously there flashed across his mind the recollection of that last night in England, and of the *rencontre* with Milby after midnight.

"What a shame!" he exclaimed aloud; "I promised the poor fellow to read it, and here it is unopened now. What must he think of me!"

He tore it open, and glanced hastily down the page, and as he read a sudden change came over his face. Turning to the door, he shut and locked it, and then sitting down by the table, rested his elbows upon it, and read the letter from beginning to end.

It ran as follows:

"I beg your pardon for writing to you, sir, but when I heard you were going out in the Eglantine I felt I must tell you. I know it is as much as my place is worth to do it, and if Mr. Grant knew, he would send me off without any character, or with even worse—a bad one. It is betraying his private business and violating his confidence, and yet I must tell you, for you have been truly good and kind to me. When I had no friend in the world, you came forward and got me this place, and always when you see me you have a cheering word, and often you put your hand in your pocket to give me what your kindness prompts. I shall never forget all you have done for a poor, friendless old man, and now that it is in my power to tell you what you ought to know, I feel that I must do it.

"This morning I was standing near Mr. Hilliard's office, when you met Captain Thorpe and stopped to speak to him. From what was said I gathered that you were going to Quebec in that wretched Eglantine, and that she was to sail immediately. I followed you down to the docks and tried to catch you alone, but could not do it, and I was forced to go back to my work without speaking to you. Then I determined to write and wait at your door till you came home, and give you the letter. I heard you say you were not going to your father's house. What will you say when I tell you? Will you think I am telling a tale made up to answer some end of my own? I cannot help it if you do.

"Some months ago, nearly a year now, Mr. Grant surveyed the Eglantine. She had come to grief in her last voyage, and was brought into the dry docks for repairs. He made a careful survey, and wrote the result to Mr. Hilliard, your father, giving me the letter to put in the copying-press. When I took it out I glanced down to see if a fair copy were taken; it was very fair, more so than usual. I remember noticing it. This is what he wrote, or the substance of it: 'I have made a thorough and careful examination of the Eglantine, and find her in a very bad condition, *rotten almost to the core*. The butts for mainstays and maintop stays are rotten, endangering the mainmast; the mizzenmast is unsafe; the planks, in many places, so rotten as to come to pieces with a touch.' I cannot remember all the ship terms used; I don't understand them, but I remember Mr. Grant's sum up: 'In her present state the Eglantine is certainly not fit for sea; indeed I doubt if any repairs will make her seaworthy; that is to say, for a long voyage. As a *coaster* she will be safe enough, if thoroughly repaired.'

"There was a long list of necessary repairs, and a full account of the ship's present condition; but, as I said before, I cannot remember them. Mr. Grant never knew I saw the letter—that is to say, read it. It was my place to put letters in the copying-press, but not to read them. When the vessel was repaired he went over it again, and sent a further report to Mr. Hilliard, confirming what he had previously said: She was safe as a coaster, *but certainly not fit for a long voyage*.

"At first I wondered that Mr. Hilliard dared send her out after that verdict, but then I remembered that he was a rich shipowner, and Grant a poor man with an elastic conscience and a large family, and the mystery was explained. You will forgive me writing thus, Mr. Christian; my conscience would not let me be silent. I rely upon your generosity not to betray me; if you do, I shall lose my place."

Christian Hilliard's first indignant impulse was to tear the letter in shreds; but as he read, the truth of the plain, straightforward statement forced itself upon him, and he sat overwhelmed with bitter shame!—shame, in the knowledge that his father had voluntarily, and for the sake of gain, sent out the unfortunate Eglantine to risk an almost certain destruction.

His eyes were opened now. The mystery of the sailors' distrust of his father's word; his father's refusal to show Grant's letter; all was clear now, and what a frightful crime stood revealed! How his soul loathed it, and here he was in the doomed ship, the son and the representative of the criminal. How would he fee towards these men if the Eglantine came to grief

A thousand thoughts rushed through his brain as he sat and meditated. Regret at his careles neglect of the warning, while there was time to have prevented the voyage, among the number But Christian was not the man to waste his energies in useless regrets; he felt he must do wha he could to remedy the fatal mistake, and t counteract the evil that might result from hi father's cupidity. But what could he do now i mid Atlantic? He must, he felt, think it out and much as it pained him to do so, must consult with Captain Thorpe.

At last, weary and sick at heart, he went o deck. There was a hush upon the waters, and deep calm, for there had been no wind for day In the quiet stillness of the night the Eglanti floated lazily over the smooth surface, leaving her wake a path of shining phosphor-light.

"That's a pretty enough sight," said the ca tain, pausing by Christian's side as he lean over the rail; "but I'd rather see the foam ome good-sized waves just now. We've h enough of this lazy weather."

"Do you think this calm will last?" ask Christian, his quiet voice betraying nothing the inward storm of bitter shame and grief.

"Not long now, sir; the barometer has fallen low, and I expect a change soon. The wind is rising a little now, I fancy."

As he spoke the murmur of the wind was heard among the rigging, and the sails flapped noisily.

"Yes, it's coming sure enough; I thought all this calm wasn't for nothing. We shall have a gale now, Mr. Christian."

"That means a storm, I suppose."

"Well, as likely as not we shall have some pretty roughish weather. The sea always reminds me of a cat: she keeps her claws well hidden till the last minute, and then gives a smart scratch. It's a treacherous sort of thing, is the sea."

"Thorpe, in case of a storm what would you do with the cargo?" asked Christian, abruptly.

"All depends, sir; the cargo's pretty heavy, but it won't hurt in an ordinary gale."

"That is to say if the vessel is sound," replied Christian, quietly.

"Of course, sir."

"And if it is not?"

"But the Eglantine is," replied Captain Thorpe, emphatically.

"No, she is not!" said Christian, in sharp, bitter tones, wrung from him by the terrible anguish of his heart. "Don't you know when a vessel is seaworthy?"

"No, that I do not, without examining her; neither does any other man. I have never examined the Eglantine, but Grant has, and he says she's sound enough."

"There has been some fatal mistake," answered Christian, striving to calm the ceaseless whirl of thought; "the Eglantine is *not* seaworthy."

Captain Thorpe stared at him in speechless amazement.

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Christian?" he exclaimed at last.

"It has only just come to my knowledge," went on Christian, cut to the very heart by the necessity for telling this man anything that might throw suspicion upon his father's name. But there was no help for it; the lives of the crew must be saved if possible, even at the expense of his father's honor. The rising wind, and now rapidly gathering clouds, warned him that there was no time to be lost, and that any precautions that could be taken should not be delayed a moment.

"A letter was given me, before I left England, and I slipped it in my pocket and forgot it. Now I have come across it and have read it," he said, mechanically. "It tells me that the Eglantine is not fit for a long voyage, that no repairs could make her so."

"Who's the letter from?" asked Captain Thorpe, unbelievingly.

"One who knows," answered Christian, with a gesture of mingled pain and impatience.

"But who could know save Grant and Mr. Hilliard?" persisted the captain, still incredulous.

"I cannot tell you who my informant is; it is enough that I *know* his statement to be correct," said Christian, wearily. "I was forced to tell you in order that all necessary precautions might be taken. Have no thought for the cargo; I authorize you to throw every shred overboard the moment there appears the least necessity. Do not wait till the last moment, but if the gale rises pretty fast, do it at once. I not only authorize, but, in my father's name, command it."

What his father might say Christian cared not; he was resolved that no consideration of profit or loss should stand in the way of these men's lives and his own. The cargo should be sacrificed, and Mr. Hilliard might blame him if he pleased; the guilt, the enormity of the crime were too glaring to allow any consideration for him to have weight in such a crisis. So much he might do, to contribute to the safety of the vessel; and by all that was right and just he resolved it should be done. Meanwhile the wind continued rising, and the sky became darker every minute.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEDICATION.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 12th.—Ezra 6. Golden Text, Hagg. 2:9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE joy of the children of Israel when the foundation of the second temple was laid was not of long duration. Satan is always busy when the work of God prospers, and he was not long in finding adversaries of God's people whom he stirred up against them. Their first essay was to do away the difference which existed between them and the children of God. This is generally the enemy's first endeavor, and oh, how often is it successful! They said, "Let us build with you: for we seek your God, as ye do." But history tells us, "They *feared* the Lord, and *served* their own gods" (2 Kings 17: 33). Thus the fathers of Israel said unto them, "Ye have nothing to do with us to build an house unto our God." "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness" (Eph. 5:2). "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" (2 Cor. 6:14).

Then persecution began, as it always will when God's people are separate enough from the world to become a living reproof to the worldly. "Then the people of the land weakened the hands of the people of Judah, and troubled them in building, and hired counsellors against them, to frustrate their purpose." The lawyers seem to have hit upon a stratagem which proved successful for the time. They wrote to the king to examine the past records of Judah, that he might see how dangerous it was to rebuild "the rebellious and the bad city" (Ezra. 4: 12). The king's answer was in accordance with their wishes, and the enemies of God's people "went up in haste to Jerusalem unto the Jews, and made them to cease by force and power. Then ceased the work of the house of God which is at Jerusalem."

But the triumph of their enemies was but short; God had fixed the limit of their captivity, and none could hinder their return to their own land, and God had said, "I will build them as at the first" (Jer. 33: 7). The prophets Haggai and Zechariah saw things in the light of God, and they feared not to prophesy on behalf of God and of His temple. God said to Haggai, "This people say, The time is not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built." Oh, how many in this day say the same, and they lay the blame of their own indifference upon God, and say, "Such a one will be converted in God's good time, or such and such a church will be revived in God's good time"—as though it were the plan of God to keep men in their sins, and to keep a church in a state of spiritual death. Haggai speaks but openly and says, "Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste?" (Hagg. 1: 2, 4).

And while Haggai thus stirred up the people Zechariah encouraged their leaders, "This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts;" and again, "The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it; and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you" (see Zech. 4: 6–9). Then rose up Zerubbabel and Joshua, "and began to build the house of God which is at Jerusalem; and with them were the prophets of God helping them." The enemies were not silent, they came and required to know their authority for what they were doing. "But the eye of their God was upon the elders of the Jews, that they could not cause them to cease."

Again their enemies wrote to the king. But the only answer which His people gave to their enemies was as follows: "We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago, which a great king of Israel builded and set up," etc.; and they gave as their authority the decree of Cyrus. So their enemies demanded of the king to search for this decree of Cyrus which they had named. And Darius the king commanded that search should be made, and the document was found, commanding that the house of God should be built at Jerusalem, and all the gold and silver vessels restored that they might be placed in the house of God.

"Let the work of this house of God alone," was the heathen king's commandment to these quasi-worshippers, who in their own half-heartedness were at enmity with such as sought to honor God. "Let the governor of the Jews and the elders of the Jews build this house of God in His place. Moreover, I make a decree what ye shall do to the elders of these Jews for the building of this house of God: that of the king's goods, even of the tribute beyond the river, forthwith expences be given unto these men, that they be not hindered. And that which they have need of, ... let it be given them day by day without fail: that they may offer sacrifices of sweet savors unto the God of heaven, and pray for the life of the king, and of his sons."

We have nothing to do with the probability of a thing which God has said it is as sure as His own existence. It is absolute loss of time to look at ourselves or our circumstances; a walk of faith in and obedience to God must be a walk of triumph over ourselves and our circumstances, and one of power over others, because we can be little enough to let God do every thing. When we regard either the favor or the blame of other men, the probability of such and such a circumstance, the weakness or strength which we think to be in ourselves, our eye is off God, and we are not in complete dependence upon Him. One look off is like Peter's looking on the waves: we can only walk upon the water while we are looking unto Jesus.

The king was perhaps in ignorance of how God made use of him to answer prayer, to fulfil His promises, and also to frustrate to the very full the designs of the enemies of His people. He said, "Also I have made a decree, that whosoever shall alter this word, let timber be pulled down from his house, and being set up, let him be hanged thereon; and let his house be made a dunghill for this. . . . . . And the God that hath caused His name to dwell there destroy all things and people that shall put to their hand to alter and to destroy this house of God which is at Jerusalem. I Darius have made a decree; let it be done with speed." (This was not the Darius of Daniel's time.) And so they who had so hindered the work became the greatest helpers in it, and they who had trusted God for the simple permission to build in peace had also a full supply of all they needed, for God giveth liberally to all men (James 1:5). Thus every hindrance being done away, the house of God was finished.

"And the children of Israel, the priests, and the Levites, and the rest of the children of the captivity, kept the dedication of this house of God with joy." But their first action must be to bring a sin-offering, in which every tribe must be represented, and so twelve he goats were sacrificed. The elders of every tribe took their places around the victims, and laid their hands in confession of their sin upon them. And when we are conscious of any sin, there must be a personal and individual confession, and faith in the blood of Christ once offered, which alone can cleanse us from all unrighteousness. There is so often among believers a lack of solidity, because they are afraid to go to the bottom of any evil by confessing it.

"And they set the priests in their divisions and the Levites in their courses." Compare Num. 8:6, 7. We, too, have the privilege of a royal priesthood towards God and men; the service of the altar and the bearing of the names of our brethren upon our hearts; this is our service of gift, and oh, how little is it understood! We hardly take even the place of Levites, who are given to God's Church as a gift *for Him*, we live as though all were for us.

And there they kept the passover, and it seems to have been a real time of reconsecration to God.

EVIL OF INTEMPERANCE.

By J. B. Gough.

Selfishness—What Gratification is there in Drinking?—Wagner's Music—Beauty of Nature—The Scotch Laird and Sandy—Brewers' Vested Interests—Sale of a Negress—Shallow Arguments of Objectors—Barley Bread—Two Wines in the Bible—Pins Saving Lives—Clean Linen a means of Grace.

THE cause of Temperance in which we are engaged in the field of mighty moral conflict is a good cause. It needs, I know, some self-denial and some moral courage. There are a great many persons who say, "Well, but you know, I do not see why I should be called upon to give up that which is a *gratification* to me, because other people are foolish enough to make a bad use of it; I do not see that I should be called upon to give up that which is lawful to me, simply because other people cannot govern themselves, or will not govern themselves. '*Everybody for himself;*' that is my motto. I can take care of myself." Now, *that is not a Christian spirit;* it is the pure spirit of selfishness; and this is opposed directly to every thing that is benevolent; selfishness is altogether opposed to the spirit of the Gospel; and when a man wraps himself up in the *cloak of his selfishness* he can be of no benefit in any good enterprise.

Gratification! But what comes after? Did you ever lie in your bed in the morning, tossing from side to side, with aching head and throbbing pulse, and a hot fevered tongue? Did you ever lie there in the morning and try to think what you did over night, and how you got into your bed, and then ground your teeth and said, "What a fool I was?" "What a fool I made of myself last night, and now I am suffering like this—what a fool I am?" Is that enjoyment—enjoyment that doesn't last twenty-four hours—worth a man's seeking? I tell you, if the reaction came first, and the fun afterwards, there would be no drinking. If delirium tremens came first, and the pleasant excitement came last—no, not for all the prospective enjoyment a man can have in this world would he go through what he has to endure when the reaction comes.

Enjoyment! I am one of those who believe in enjoyment. People talk about ascetic teetotallers, eh! Why, we are the jolliest set of fellows alive. I believe if we do not laugh heartier, our laugh has more of mirth in it than that of the drinker. They laugh at nothing, but when we laugh we want something to laugh at. When a company of drinking young men sit around the table, one says, "I say, Jemmy, look here (making a grimace)—ha, ha, ha." And they all laugh, but for the life of them they don't know what they are laughing at. Enjoyment! Young men! we have wonderful capacities for enjoyment, and wonderful sources of enjoyment; but I have come to this conclusion, that there is no enjoyment worth having that you can't thank God for; and if you can get drunk and thank God for it the next morning, then I have nothing more to say to you. But we have sources of enjoyment all around us, and about us, and beneath us, and above us everywhere.

I remember a lady asking me if I would like to hear a sonata, and if so, she would introduce me to Herr Wagner. She did, and he said he would play for me as long as I chose to sit and listen, and he gave those wonderful, weird, wailing discords of Chopin, resolved into those wonderful harmonies. And all I could say was, like Oliver Twist, "More." And he gave me more. For nearly two hours he played, and then he stood up, and twisting his fingers through his hair, he said, "You fill me full of music, you are such a grand listener; I will give you a sonata of Beethoven's." When I went out I said to the lady, "I thank God for such a capacity for enjoyment."

Go to the Alps and see the wonderful range of mountains that clusters about Chamouni and Mont Blanc. How deeply, darkly beautiful is the sky above you. How clear the atmosphere. Ah! Is that distant thunder? No, it is the ice cracking miles away in yon glacier. Listen! It is the soft sound of falling water sweetly breaking the hush and stillness of nature in repose. How grand, and sublime, and awful. Your eyes fill with tears. Your nerves quiver. Your heart thrills, and your whole soul seems to be absorbed by the wonderful grandeur, sublimity, and beauty, and you feel as if you must kneel down and thank God that you were created a man in His own image. Oh! there is gratification all around us and about us, worthy of a God to give, worthy of a man to receive. And this is above all the gratification you can get from drink. Why, if there was no gratification there would be no danger. It is the gratification to the man of nervous susceptibility, and the effect produced upon the brain and nervous system, that is the very source of his danger. In whatever phase it may present itself to you it is always harmful—whether you are very jolly and outrageously merry, or dull and stupid, it makes but very little difference. We are told very funny stories about the drunkard, but that at which we laugh is only one phase of a terrible fact.

THE LAIRD AND HIS MAN SANDY.

When I was in Glasgow I heard a man tell a story that made me laugh till my sides ached, and keep my mouth open so that I could not shut it. I am one of those who think that as man is the only animal that can laugh, he should enjoy his privilege, and I mean to. I cannot tell you this story as it was told to me, but I can give you the idea. He said a laird and his man Sandy went to pay rent to the squire, and they got drunk on whisky. However, they managed to get on their horses, which proceeded to jog home. On their way they had to pass a stream. The laird's horse jerking away, drew the laird over the pommel of the saddle, then over his neck, and finally sent him with a splash into the water. "Sandy, Sandy," he called, "something has fallen off." "Na, na, laird, nothing has fallen off." "Sandy, I heard a splash."

Sandy got off his horse and said, "It's yourself, laird, that's got into the water." "It canna be me, Sandy, for I'm here." Sandy got his master on his horse—the wrong side before. "Now, Sandy, give me the bridle." "Wait, laird, till I find the bridle; there's nae place for the bridle here." "Sandy, I must have the bridle." "Hae, laird, here's the horse's head off, and I canna find the place where it was, and there's nothing left but a long piece of his mane." "Well, Sandy, gie me the mane. He's going the wrong way, but it canna be helped!"

Now we laugh at this, but it's just one phase of a terrible fact. It's just as disgraceful, it's just as degrading, just as debasing to be silly drunk as it is to be mad drunk. Now I will give a fact I have in my own possession.

The very fact of intoxication is debasing and degrading to the man, whether he gets enjoyment for it or whether it brings upon him the horrors of delirium tremens. Then, if there is no good in drink, why should we not wage war against it? You are the men to do that to the end—yes, to the end.

BREWERS' VESTED INTERESTS.

People say sometimes, "Do you ever think you will succeed?" We succeed? Thank the dear Lord, it is not our work; ours is the labor, in His hands are the results. We have nothing to do with them. "Am I right?". That is the great question, and then go steadily on and work for it. When I passed by *Allsop's Brewery* the other day in the train, it seemed to be an interminable mass of warehouses and stacks of chimneys. I said to myself, "Is it not very much like knocking your head against a stone wall to undertake to talk against all this invested capital, all the public-house interest, the brewery interest, and the distilling interest of Great Britain?" Well, it would seem so. Before I left America, a gentleman said to me, "Are you going to talk in England?" "Perhaps I shall. I am going for rest; but I suppose they will ask me to do something. But I do not mean they shall work me as they have done this week."

"What are you going to do?" he said. "What can you do? Look at the vested interests, look at the millions of property invested in this business, and then look at the social life of the people—the old-fashioned, time-honored observances of the house." I was in 1846 and 1847 in Virginia, in the "palmy days," as they called them, of slavery. I saw *a woman sold*—I had seen men, women, and children sold before; but nothing roused me as that did. The woman was perhaps thirty years of age, and very well formed. She stood on a hogshead. Her bare arms were folded over her bare breast, and they were handling her as you would handle the flanks of a horse, asking her to put out her arm that they might feel the muscles, and one fellow lifted her lip to see her teeth. I said right straight in the street, and William Reid was with me, "That is the most abominable sight that was ever seen in a Christian country."

One said, "Stop, stop talking like that, or you won't talk on any other subject." When we got together he said, "What are you going to do? What is all this agitation in the North? What do you expect to accomplish? Why you talk about the English freeing their slaves, and so they did—bought them for so many millions; but here our slaves are born in our houses, they are part of our families. It is a family relationship. It is a patriarchial institution. It is woven into the very domestic life of the people of the South. You can't tear it out. Just look at it. Here are servants I have had since they were babies—grown up. I raised them and treat them well. You can't break it. Those are the manners of the people, and are you ready to pay five hundred million dollars?" the estimated value of the slaves at the time. "Where are you going to get it? It's no use your agitating. As long as the United States endure so long will slavery be its peculiar institution, and I believe the corner-stone of our institutions. So you may as well hold your tongue." But we didn't hold our tongues. It is our privilege to protest against the wrong, if the wrong sits on the throne. It doesn't make any difference. Well, we fought the battle in Kansas, and Nebraska, and California, and won it. They determined to enlarge the boundaries of slavery, and we fought that, as you all know. There came on the war.

Five hundred million dollars! God took it out of men's hands altogether. The cry of the oppressed entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, and at a sacrifice of half a million lives, and millions of treasure, in blood, and fire, and smoke, and tears, slavery was extinguished for ever!

And now, I say, what are millions in His sigh when He wills? And I would say this, I believ He wills that every wrong shall cease, for He ha told us to pray, "Thy will be done on earth as i is in heaven," and there is a promise involved i that command. We never are bidden to pra for that which is not to be, and His will is t come. His will is to be done, and all wrong i to be trampled under foot of the right. He will when we will. Woe be to the man who stand in defence of wrong against God's will. On hi the responsibility must rest, and it is an awf one. We seek to remove that which produc untold misery. We want the young men i their manly strength and vigor to help us. W want the respectability, the intelligence, t piety of the country to help us, and give us standing. We want the ladies to help us their soft and winning influence to bring men this point.

SHALLOW ARGUMENTS OF OPPONENTS.

Oh, I am sorry to find so many good wom against us. Since I have been here I have r ceived some letters that make me think that the fools in the world are not dead yet. I nev saw such ridiculous arguments in favor of m erate drinking as I have had in writing with the last two or three weeks. They write ve well in regard to every thing else save this. O says, "Now, Mr. Gough, fight drunkenness, t don't be so rabid as to attack the drink, for it a good thing." Drink is a good thing; a then comes the argument that so many Christ women bring against us—Scriptural argumen am not able to meet them, because I do not know whether the Saviour drank intoxicating wine or non-intoxicating wine.

I know that He made wine by a miracle, and a gentleman told me that because he made it by a miracle he felt that he could drink it because it was a sanctified article of diet. He was honest n his convictions, and I said to him, "Well, why don't you eat *barley bread?* The Saviour manufactured barley bread by a miracle, and that s a sanctified article of diet, as much as wine." He replied, "Well, but you see I do not like barley bread." "Ah! now we have got it! That is just it. Well ,you won't eat barley bread because you don't like it. Now, I ask you to put away the wine that you may bear the infirmity of a weaker brother, and so fulfil the law of Christ by example as well as by precept." I say, again, I cannot tell you any thing about the wines of Scripture. But we are not fighting the wines of Scripture. You have got them in London. We have the wines of commerce, and the beers of commerce, but not of Scripture. I do not understand Hebrew or Greek, therefore I am not able to meet you.

TWO WINES IN THE BIBLE.

I got once into a little bit of a trap, and I earned a lesson never to advocate a question beyond my knowledge of it. It was at a lunch. A gentleman asked me to lunch with him, and I had refused. But the temperance men said, 'No, no, don't do that. We never get an invitation from that house that ought to be refused. Go, for the sake of the cause." So I went for the sake of the cause; and there was wine on the table, and they began upon me (I was the only teetotaller), and good-humoredly they badgered me out of my wits. At last I said 'There are two kinds of wine in the Bible." "How do you know?" "I know very well." "How do you know?" "Well, I do know." "But how do you know? There must be a reason. We don't deny it. But how do you know?" "Well, I don't know." "Then why did you say you did?" And then the thought came into my mind. "Yes, I do know. I know that the *wine* that is being drunk now in the kingdom of heaven cannot be the *wine* of the wrath of God." But we will give you all that you claim, and then all I ask is that I may be allowed to maintain the lawfulness of my principle.

Now, we want you all to help us in this movement. Just as far as you can, but do a little. That is just what we want. If you can do ever so little, do it in His name.

THE HEROIC MINER AND HIS SON.

The Perils of a Miner's Life—The Mine Flooded—Goffin's Courage—A Heroic Boy—The Terrified Miners Rescued—The Emperor's Reward

IN the little village of Aus, near Liege, there lived a miner by the name of Hubert Goffin. Out of his six children there was but one who had a taste for mining, and that was his third child, Matthew, and but twelve years of age.

His father took great pride in teaching him to extricate the ore from the rock, seeing that he liked it, and worked with wonderful spirit and interest always.

The life of miners, away down 500 feet below the surface of the ground, is a perilous one. From the time they step into the bucket-like basket which sinks them into a pit, a pall of danger enshrouds them, and all that sustains them is hope and faith. The suffocating vapors, the explosive gases, and the masses of earth overhead they seem to give no thought to, but work on as much at their ease as if they were digging in their own garden, with wife and children within sight and sound.

One day in the month of February, Hubert Goffin descended the shaft with his son and over 200 men under his command. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. All were at work, and none more interested and happy than young Matthew, who whistled and sang to the motion of his pick.

Suddenly all were startled by the bursting of water through an old cutting. The gush was immense; it rushed and flowed in upon them in every direction so speedily that the shaft was inundated before any thought could be given for commands or preparation.

The courageous Goffin did all in his power to encourage and pacify his men; but a panic was inevitable, and many in their hurry to ascend ran and stumbled over one another, falling and rolling into the stream and perishing.

Goffin took his young son in his arms, and exclaimed, "Come, my brave men, let us to work. We'll soon work a passage to the light; we have food and lights enough for at least three days. Nothing but faith and courage is needed."

All for a time set to work diligently; but after two days and nights' hard labor, and no sign of a reward, the men lost strength and courage.

Poor Goffin was overwhelmed. His young son, seeing this, took heart anew, and turning to the men said: "If you would all work as you ought, and not stop to cry and scold, something might be done. As long as there's life there's hope. Come, father! don't let us give up until our strength gives out."

His example stimulated them all to action again, and for a while they worked steadily. Some were constructing a dyke to oppose the torrent, others sounding with their compasses the neighboring mines, while many were spending their strength on rocks that resisted every blow. Is it any wonder, then, that hope a second time died out, and terror and confusion reigned?

But our little hero was still undismayed, and although there was no reason—for they had heard not a sound—to hope for any help from the surface, yet something said to Matthew, "Keep up, young lad, deliverance is at hand." He feared death, but he did not feel its approach; and again when the men threw down their implements with insults and threats he silenced them with his boldness and courage.

As he took his father's hand affectionately, with the whispering words, "Courage, father, all is going well," an indistinct sound pierced the rock. Oh! joy, it grows upon them—it approaches. At last they hear stroke upon stroke, and in shouting receive an answering shout. "Saved! saved!" they shriek in their excitement; ere the words have fallen from their lips the great barrier which separates day from night gives way with a thundering noise, and light streams in upon them. "Saved! saved!" was echoed and re-echoed, while tears of joy were shed, and prayers and thanksgiving were offered up.

Goffin and his son were the last to leave the mine.

The Emperor Napoleon presented to Goffin the Cross of Honor, and placed his son at the Lyceum of Liège. The lad died three years afterwards, and his father lost his life by the explosion of a mine on June 11th, 1821.

THE GRAND NATIONAL PARK.

By an Act of Congress, passed by a unanimous vote of both Houses, and approved March 1st, 1872, there was "withdrawn from sale and set apart for a perpetual public pleasure-ground" an area of 2,290,000 acres, or nearly one half the size of Massachusetts. It is located in the north-west corner of Wyoming Territory, and embraces the country about the head-waters of the Madison and Gallatin rivers, the Shoshone Fork of the Snake River, and also a part of the upper valley of the Yellowstone River, and is about sixty-five by forty-five miles in extent.

It is a volcanic district and therefore contains no metals or minerals of sufficient value to pay for their transportation out of so rugged a country, and its high altitude and latitude make it worthless for agricultural purposes. It has an elevation above the sea of from 6000 to 13,000 feet, and lies between forty-four and forty-five degrees north latitude. Nevertheless at no distant day this region is destined to become the most famous, as it is now the most marvellous, of all known countries.

Among the characteristic features of this remarkable region are, first, the Geyser basins. There are three of these basins, containing more geysers than are known in the world besides—one situated on the west side of the main range, on the Shoshone Fork of the Snake River, and the other two on the Fire Hole Fork of the Madison. These geysers spout columns of clear boiling-hot water, varying with the different sizes of their orifices from a few inches to twenty feet in diameter, and ranging in height from fifteen to two hundred and seventy-five feet; the eruptions being accompanied by a constant shaking of the ground, by a terrible noise as of subterranean thunder, and by the evolution of immense masses of steam, which tower aloft hundreds of feet above the water.

These indescribably beautiful displays occur with some geysers at set periods, as in the case of one of the largest called Old Faithful, which spouts with unfailing regularity every sixty-five minutes, and lasts from four to six minutes. With most of the geysers, however, the eruptions occur at irregular intervals, varying from three or four hours to several days, and sometimes even weeks, the eruptions lasting from fifteen or twenty minutes to two or three hours, and occasionally as long as nine hours.

Second. The solfataras, fumaroles, and salses, from out which there boils and spouts, with much roaring of steam and shaking of ground, mud thick as hasty-pudding or thin as mush; steam charged with sulphuretted hydrogen, and various other substances commonly emitted from volcanic craters. All about these vents are deposited beautiful incrustations of sulphur and silica, of a light buff color, or delicate, feathery, frost-like crystals of bright yellow sulphur, with alum and other volcanic products.

Third. The Yellowstone Lake, 7780 feet above the sea, covering nearly 300 square miles, adorned with islands, and surrounded with some of the grandest mountains in North America. This lake is well worthy a place among the most remarkable lakes in the world; its waters, in some places 300 feet deep, swarm with trout; its shores, sometimes grassy but more generally timbered, abound with game; and wonderful groups of hot springs and mud geysers are scattered all along its banks. In one place a hot spring flows out of a rock in the lake, and one standing on it may catch trout from the cool water of the lake, and turn around and cook them in the boiling spring without moving from his tracks, or taking them from the hook.

Fourth. The falls and Grand Canon of the Yellowstone River. There are two falls, only a short half mile apart, the upper fall 120 feet high, the lower fall 397 feet high, leaping into a chasm twenty-seven miles long, whose sides, ranging in height from 1500 to 2500 feet, are fantastic and picturesque in form above description, and wonderful for the gorgeous magnificence and brilliancy of their coloring. All along the length of the canon these mighty cliffs are dyed through and through with every variety of color; red, yellow, brown, orange, pink, green, black, gray, and white in constant succession fascinate and bewilder every beholder.

Fifth. The Mammoth Hot Springs on Gardner's River, whose steaming waters, apparently clear as crystal, yet carry in solution quantities of calcite, which deposits in forms of great delicacy and beauty, boiling up on the steep sides of the mountains terrace above terrace of curved pools of glistening stone, mostly white, but often colored yellow, green, orange, pink, and brown, looking just like marble bath-tubs adorned with rare mosaics.

Besides these there are cascades and cataracts, gorges and canons, sombre forests and pleasant meadows, shady dells and sunny glades, numerous lakes hidden in the woods and among the mountains, hundreds of mountains whose bases are above the level of the loftiest peaks of the Alleghanies, and from whose tops may be viewed the most magnificent panoramas of Rocky Mountain scenery; and countless other charms will soon make this a favorite resort of all the lovers of the sublime and beautiful.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Anglo-Afghan Difficulty appears to be tending to a peaceful issue. The son of the Ameer who was left in command at Cabul after his father's departure has paid a visit to the British head-quarters at Jellalabad. Although this visit cannot be considered as a conclusion of the war, it implies that the section of Afghan leaders is in the ascendant who counsel submission and treating for peace with England. It is said that the Ameer has fled in company with the Russian embassy formerly at his court. If this be so, it would appear that he regards Russia as a protector, and suggests grave difficulties in the way of a settlement of the difficulty. Russia's interference in the settlement is likely to be resented by England, and if the two nations quarrel the Ameer will probably be ground to powder between them.

English Operatives, one would think, must be considering seriously their condition and prospects. Both have reached a condition demanding thoughtful attention. It is difficult to imagine any thing more gloomy than they are at the present moment. Every department of trade and manufacture is under a cloud. The iron trade is depressed and large numbers of men are out of employ; in the coal mines other gloom, besides the natural, weighs on the miner's spirits, for it is reckoned that by the middle of January 80,000 persons will be discharged; the agricultural laborers are "on strike" in some districts, and in others are working at reduced pay; and as to the cotton trade the *Daily News* of December 28th says: "Instead of Christmas turning the tide of events, or reviving the cotton trade at Blackburn, the markets have gradually dwindled, and this week there has been less employment than ever. Six mills are at a standstill through bankruptcy, and others are definitely closed for three weeks."

Such a state of things might be borne patiently, if not cheerfully, if the hope could be held out to the sufferers that their privations were only of a temporary character; but unfortunately the indications are in the direction of increased depression rather than the revival of trade. The foreign markets where English goods are in demand are continually diminishing in number, and England with all her wealth cannot afford to live on herself. The crisis calls for the immediate attention of all classes, from laborers to statesmen, and he who discovers a remedy will deserve well of his country.

With the enormus tracts of unoccupied land in this country and in Canada, it seems marvellous that so many thousands of agricultural laborers should be content to work like slaves for $3 a week, on which some of them have to support a family of young children.

The Regicidal Mania seems still to be an epidemic in Europe. A plot to murder the Emperor of Austria is reported to have been discovered by the police only just in time to prevent the perpretration of the crime. The Czar of Russia shuts himself up in his palace and lives in continual dread of assassination. He has abundant reason for his fears, for Russia is honeycombed with secret societies whose design is to rid the country of the despotic irresponsible government under whose oppression the nation groans. A costly army of police, stringent laws rigorously enforced, and wholesale expatriations to Siberia are the measures adopted to keep down the aspirations of the people. They are successful in repressing open rebellion, as tying down of the safety-valve of an engine is a successful device for preventing the exudation of steam; but in both cases there is considerable risk in the experiment. It is impossible for the best and wisest rulers to avoid the risk of assassination in this world where fanatics abound; but in Russia and Austria a few measures giving relief to the people, and establishing the throne in righteousness and justice would be the best protection the monarchs could have. As it is, the heads that wear crowns in Europe just now lie very uneasily indeed.

An English Bishop has delivered his opinion on the Afghan war; an opinion which, whatever the English Government may think or say, is widely indorsed by thinking men on this side the Atlantic. Dr. Fraser, the Bishop of Manchester, is the boldest and most outspoken occupant of the English episcopal bench, and on political and social questions his opinion is usually right.

On this subject he says: "It may or may not be desirable to rectify our north-western frontier in India—military authorities are divided on the point; but can any Englishman in his conscience think that the rectification of an unscientific frontier or the desire of avenging an insult, if insult was offered, of which we have no evidence, is a sufficient reason in the sight of God and mankind for plunging it into the unspeakable horrors and incalculable consequences of war? I, at least, as a minister of Him who came to preach good-will among men, cannot think so, and I desire thus to liberate my conscience in the matter."

A Humane Tradesman.—A few days ago in Manchester, England, a woman, whose dress by no means betokened extreme poverty, was seen to steal a piece of cat's meat, of offal unfit for human food, from a stall. The stall-keeper followed her out of curiosity, saw her enter her house, and found her husband and children *greedily devouring* the garbage, all raw and loathsome as it was. They were relieved for the time by the kindness of the tradesman whom the unfortunate woman had robbed. This is an example of the distress that exists at present among the working classes in many places in England. In Salford it is said that "famine has taken possession, and the sights in the poorer quarters, women and children with their pinched faces, and their poor rags, are enough to make the heart bleed. It is no exaggeration to say that we have seen swine better housed." Three or four families are huddled together in one cottage, without a particle of food in the house, or an idea whence their next meal is to come from —or when.

Mrs. M. Baxter writes from Goeppinigen, Wurtemberg: "God continued to bless our meetings among the poor women in Stuttgart to the last. Many of them are most anxious over husbands who are total unbelievers; for unbelief is exceedingly prevalent amongst the men, and is, indeed, taught in many of the public schools. But, on the other hand, there is a schoolmasters' prayer union among the evangelical preceptors, which is a blessed bond for those who believe.

"We have had several Catholics, and have reason to believe that the light of God's truth has broken upon some of them. The gratitude of these dear people has been most touching. We had no collection or box for offerings, but they requested to be allowed to give something towards the expenses of the room, and we gave them an opportunity one evening, when some of the very poor gave as much as a shilling."

A "John Pounds Memorial Building," in honor of the founder of the ragged-schools, who was born at Portsmouth, England, was opened in that town recently in the form of a *coffee tavern* by Lord Shaftesbury, who said that it was impossible for any thoughtful man to doubt that *the drink traffic* was sapping the life-blood of the country, and that much of the present commercial depression might be fairly attributed to it. His Lordship earnestly counselled the Committee of Management to make the institution self-supporting, which he considered as a *sine qua non* for its success, and impressed upon the meeting that there was no one too humble to help forward the cause of temperance and religion. The spirit of the times was becoming more and more Democratic, and organic constitutional changes were imminent, but with the cultivation of high principles and moral control on the part of the people he was not afraid of a still further extension of political power.

The Earl of Shaftesbury has given utterance to his opinion on the English war now being waged against the Ameer of Afghanistan and on the way in which England governs India. He says: "There is but one way of governing India, and that way is in the exercise of justice all round. The observance of justice by an absolute Power would be a grand spectacle even to Western nations, but to Eastern nations (so little used are they to that sort of thing) it would appear to be a mission directly from heaven."

If England decided to govern India as his lordship suggests she would have to make very extensive changes in her system. But as a Christian nation she ought to see what could be done in that way. But then it might not be so profitable just at first—and profit is, after all, the main thing with many English politicians.

Making a Saint is the work just now to which the Jesuits in Rome are devoting their energies. Great pressure is being brought to bear on the Pope to canonize his predecessor, Pope Pius IX. Leo XIII. is no great admirer of Pius, and knows better than any one else what were the faults of his policy. He has rather snubbed the Jesuits lately, and has given them to understand that he will not yield to their pressure, and the celestial process will have to be put aside until he has settled some of the terrestrial difficulties which Pius created for him in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Russia.

What is a Wooden Leg?—The question seems simple enough, but "our kin beyond the sea" are in difficulty about it. During the past few weeks or months a very considerable quantity of "red tape" has been used up for disentangling the difficulty, as it presented itself to the Local Government Auditor in dealing with the accounts of the Greenwich Union. The guardians of the poor had spent $5 in providing a wooden leg for an inmate of their workhouse; and, strange to say, the auditor refused to pass the item, on the ground that a wooden leg was "furniture," and not, as described in the accounts, a "surgical appliance"! The auditor must surely have some sort of "wooden understanding" himself, to have raised such a question! If not a surgical appliance, then why not pass it as "furniture"? for if it were a kitchen table or a three-legged stool that wanted re-legging, would it not have been allowed? Then, why make a bother about rehabilitating a fellow-man in that very essential limb? The upshot of the affair is, that the said "leg" is to be charged on the "Metropolitan Common Poor Fund!" So that this one leg is the gift of the whole metropolis to its present owner! "All's well that ends well," even though it be such an extremity as a wooden leg.

Chance or Providence?—We noticed this question recently, in connexion with the hair-breadth escape of a minister from being crushed to death. It now appears that a similarly casual circumstance led to King Humbert's escape from the attempt that was made on his life. Signor Cairoli, who saved his Majesty's life by seizing the assassin at imminent risk to himself, had made a mistake in getting into the carriage, and taken his seat opposite the king, leaving the young prince to sit opposite the queen. He saw his mistake at once, and wished to change places with the prince, but King Humbert said the matter of ceremony was of no consequence, and bade him remain where he was. Cairoli, through this seeming accident, was at hand to save the king's life.

Mr. J. W. C. Fegan's Boys' Home, High Street, Deptford, London, is now maintaining and educating 130 boys for the battle of life. Some are being thoroughly taught such useful trades as printing, carpentry, shoemaking, and tailoring, with education at night; others are under the careful instruction of our schoolmaster. The Word of God is read and explained, and many boys have been led to Jesus. Many street wanderers crave for shelter in these Homes from rain and frost, who have no better bed at night than an empty van or packing-case.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—A Sermon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by Clergymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes etc.—Also once a month, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Price, Single Copies, Three Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1879.

12th Year. No. 12—New Series.

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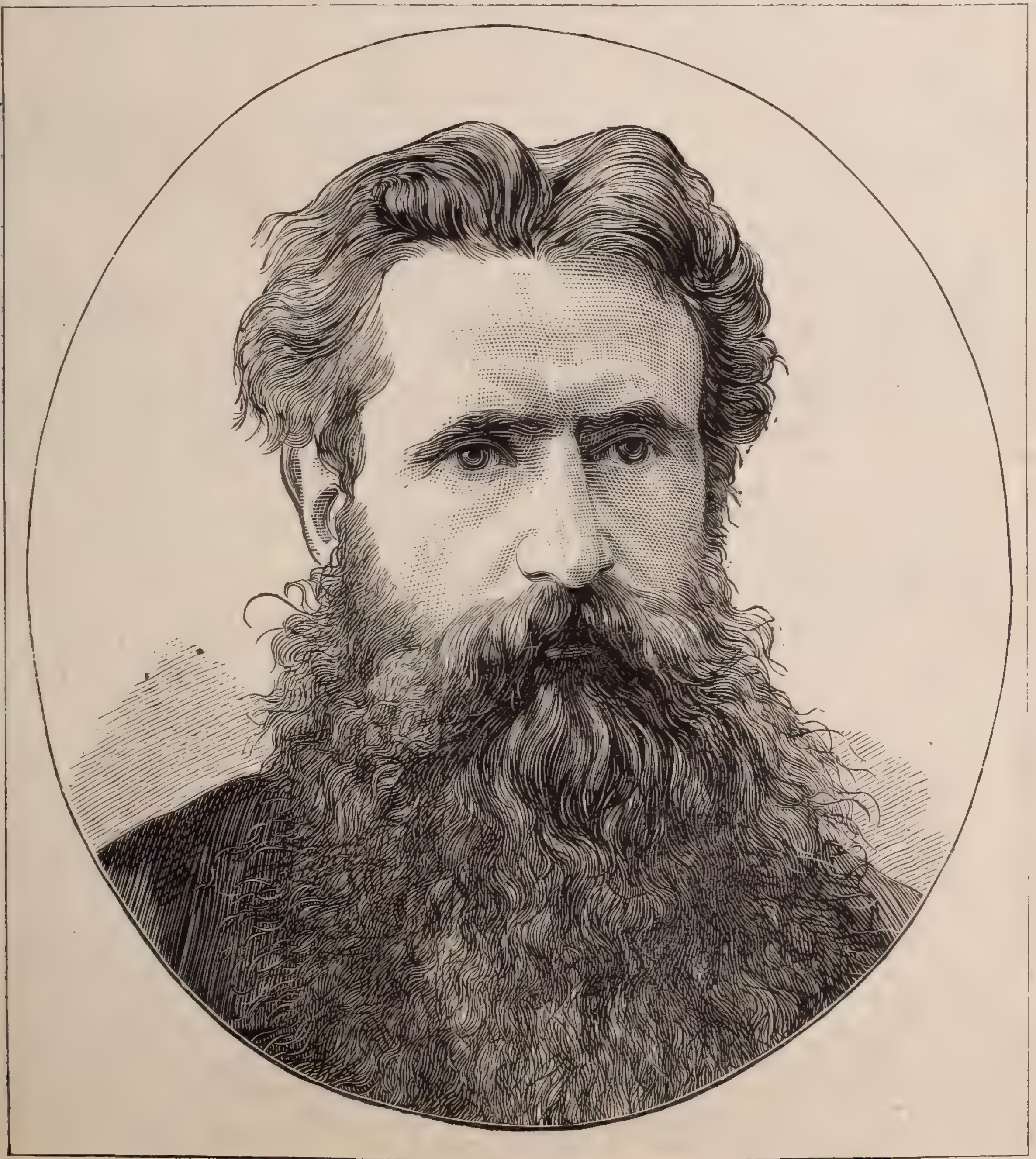

The late Mr. GEORGE SMITH, the Eminent Assyriologist.

MR. GEORGE SMITH, THE EMINENT ASSYRIOLOGIST.

In surveying the records of human achievement and success, it is observable how often the inspiration of genius passes by the ranks of the wealthy, and descends upon some one in the humbler walks of life. We find those who, from their intellectual culture and wealth and ability, might be expected to take the lead, surpassed by some native genius from amongst the less favored sons of toil. The subject of the present sketch is an instance of this.

On the 16th of March, 1840, Mr. George Smith was born in Chelsea, London; and as his parents were in humble circumstances, his early education was only such as their limited means could afford. At the age of fifteen he ended his school career, and entered on a life of industrial activity, as apprentice to the well-known firm of Bradbury & Evans, to learn the art of bank-note engraving and printing. He there served the full term of apprenticeship with honor and credit.

His amiable disposition, cheerful temper, and studious habits attracted attention, and made him a general favorite with his fellow-*employés*. His eager appetite for knowledge was apparent before half the term of his apprenticeship had expired; for, during the time allowed for dinner, he would frequently be seen gazing upon the sculptures, and studying the inscriptions in the Assyrian collection in the British Museum. Though, no doubt, much impressed with the gigantic human-headed winged bulls and lions, and other Assyrian sculptures, the inscriptions appear to have excited his deepest interest, and to the study of these he devoted himself for some time.

Previous to this he employed his leisure time in the perusal of works relating to Eastern travels and Biblical lands. At first, when attempting the study of Assyriology, he made so little progress that he abandoned it for a time. But in 1865, while following the discoveries of Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Hincks, and Norris, and others, it became apparent to his penetrating genius that the fragmentary and unarranged condition of the Assyrian annals relating to Tiglath-pileser the Second formed a great hindrance to the comparative study of the Biblical and monumental chronologies and also of Assyriology.

He wrote to Sir Henry Rawlinson, who had charge of the Assyrian Antiquities in our national Museum, and obtained permission to examine the paper impressions of the inscriptions containing the annals of Tiglath-pileser, which had been brought from the mound of Nimroud. Although, as Assyriologists inform us, it was a very difficult undertaking, yet Mr. Smith made considerable progress in the arrangement of these broken tablets. And, moreover, he discovered a valuable inscription, giving the exact date of the payment of tribute by Jehu to Shalmaneser the Second. These discoveries he wrote and published in the *Athenæum* and other scientific journals.

In 1866 Mr. Smith altogether gave up the profession of bank-note engraving and printing which he had learned, and, through the kindness of Sir Henry Rawlinson, was engaged by the Trustees of the British Museum to assist that great scholar in the preparation of the third volume of the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," and in the arrangements of the tablets in the Assyrian collection in the Museum. In this year also he discovered and published an Assyrian tablet, containing the record of a solar eclipse in the month Sivan, B.C. 763. The date of this eclipse being thus fixed, formed an important point around which Assyriologists grouped their chronological systems. He also discovered the date of an invasion of Babylonia by the Elamite power, B. C. 2280. These discoveries threw a flood of light upon Assyrian history and upon the political relations of the period.

About 1867 Mr. Smith discovered a very curious inscription relating to the sacred feasts of the Assyrians, which showed that they religiously observed the days of the quarters of the moon—the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th; thus shedding light upon the observance of the Sabbath of their brother-Semites, the Hebrews.

In 1870 the famous volume of "Assyrian Texts" was published, upon which Mr. Smith had been engaged, together with Sir Henry Rawlinson, ever since 1867. It was published as their joint production. In this year also he commenced his official life in the British Museum in London, having, through the kind exertions of Sir Henry Rawlinson and Dr. S. Birch, received from the Trustees of that establishment the appointment of senior assistant of the lower section in the department of Egyptian and Oriental Antiquities.

In 1871 he published another book, which is considered to be one of his greatest works, "The Annals of Assurbanipal," the Greek Sardanapalus. The work occupied several years, and is published in a tri-literal form: first, it gives the Assyrian character, then underneath it the equivalent in English letters, and again, underneath the latter, the translation in English. This appears to have been the result of great labor and difficulty. An Assyrian scholar describes it "as having done more than any other work to place the decipherment of the texts on a firm and accurate footing." In the same year he published a very able work, "Phonetic Value of the Characters of the Cuneiform Syllabary," and also "The Early History of Babylonia," from the inscriptions on the early Babylonian bricks.

In 1872 he made another remarkable discovery. While occupied in examining the mythological portion of the tablets from the ruined libraries and palaces of the Assyrian monarchs, he found, on the eleventh of the series, a legend of the Flood that was current in Babylonia.

This he translated and read at the meeting of the Society of Biblical Archæology, on December 3d. before a large and learned audience, at whch Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, was present, and who, in a warm speech, eulogized the discoverer and spoke highly of his work. Sir Henry Rawlinson, who presided, also placed the highest Assyriological crown on Mr. Smith's brow, by publicly declaring that he was the first Assyrian scholar of his day. The next day there appeared in the columns of the London *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* nearly the whole of the paper read by Mr. Smith, and it became a great topic of interest at the time.

Soon afterwards the *Daily Tegleraph* undertook to defray the expense of a journey by Mr, Smith to the mounds of Assyria, in order to make what discoveries he could amongst them. The Trustees of the British Museum and the Lords of the Treasury having accepted the proposal of the *Daily Telegraph*, our Assyriologist set out for the East. On his way he visited and described the first treasures gathered from the plains of Assyria by the French Consul, M. Botta, from Korsabad, and which are contained in the collection of antiquities in the Louvre at Paris. The *Daily Telegraph*, from time to time during the year 1873, contained interesting letters from Mr. Smith, giving accounts of his adventures, explorations, and discoveries, and of his return with his antiquities, wnich the proprietors of that newspaper generously presented to the British nation, to form a portion of the great Assyrian collection in our National Museum.

In 1874 the firman granted by the Turkish Government being unexpired, Mr. Smith went on a second expedition to the East to continue excavations for the Trustees of the British Museum. The details of this interesting journey are given in his learned work, "Assyrian Discoveries," and the ancient tablets and other objects which he acquired in this expedition are now exhibited in the British Museum.

In 1875 he wrote his learned "Eponessian Canon," which Messrs. Bagster published, and also occupied himself in piecing and translating the famous Babylonish fragments relating to the Creation, the Fall, the Tower of Babel, etc. The result of these labors he embodied in his work called the "Chaldean Legends of Genesis." In this year he also published his "History of Assyria;" it was written for the Christian Knowledge Society, and is published in their series of "Monumental Histories."

In March, 1876, Mr. Smith went on his third and last journey for exploration to the plains of Assyria. He was accompanied by a Finnish Assyriological student. The outbreak of the plague in the district he intended to visit delayed his visit to that locality, but, with his wonted enthusiasm, he seized the opportunity of exploring the banks of the river Euphrates, from Balis northward. At Yerabolus he obtained fresh evidence of the abundant archæological and historical treasures which exist unknown in the plains of the East; for he discovered the site and ruins of the ancient Hittite capital, *Carchemish*. This is supposed to be as remarkable as the discovery of Nineveh itself.

After visiting several other sites of importance he went to Bagdad, where he purchased some 3000 tablets, which had been taken by the wandering Arabs from the ancient Babylonish library near Hillah. But, meanwhile, his Finnish companion had died of the hardships of the journey and the unhealthy climate; and Mr. Smith himself was taken ill from fatigue and the heat, at a small village named Tkisji, sixty miles from Aleppo. Here, in a rude hut, away from friends and home, and without prope food, at the end of his life's journey, lay England's great Assyriological scholar and discoverer. Providentially, there were present i those last hours a fellow-countryman and a English lady, to cheer him and accompany hin to Aleppo, where, soothed by their Christia ministrations, he breathed his last on Augus 19th, and his spirit returned to God who gave it That Bible, the truths of which he had endeav ored to confirm and fortify by Assyriology an Eastern explorations, was his stay when a proaching the valley of the shadow of death.

The news of his death was telegraphed to En land, and received with profound regret. N tices of his life and labors appeared in vario journals, and Queen Victoria generously gav his wife a pension of 120*l.* ($600) a year. It is sa to think that otherwise his wife and six you children are left unprovided for. His histo of Babylonia and Annals of Sennacherib are b ing prepared for publication.

[We are indebted to Mr. Turpin, of the Briti Museum, for the above sketch.]

A CHURCH-GOING HORSE.

He was owned by a good deacon, a pillar the Congregational church of the place. Fr the time of his colthood the deacon accuston him to go to church. Year in and year o through all seasons, and in storm and sunshi the deacon's seat was filled in the sanctuary, a the place of the horse was occupied withc Each had his appointed place for Sabbath mc ing, and each was always found in it. Old confirmed the habit upon both. At last deacon died quite suddenly. He atten church one Sabbath, and was in his coffin be the next. On that Sabbath, when the hour worship arrived, the old horse grew restl He heard the church bell, but felt no ge hand harnessing him for the carriage. waited until patience ceased to be a vir and then he undid the stable door, and his accustomed serious pace took his way to house of the Lord, and stood in the appoi place—his head lifted to the tree, where for y he had been tied every Sunday morning. he remained through the service, and whe was over, he was seen accompanying the reti congregation to his abode, into which wit difficulty he made his way. This is a fact.

We have often wondered what proportio people go to church as that old horse did, m from THE FORCE OF HABIT.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

irst of a Series of Sermons by Dr. Talmage o " Our American Cities," preached January 5t 1879.

" ıe streets of the city shall be full of boys and laying in the streets thereof."—ZECHARIAH 8 : 5.

Plaster will not Cure Moral Disease—The y Certain Cure—The Influence of the Cities the Provinces—God gives every City a Mis- —The Capital of a Country its Heart— shington a City of Palaces—A City of Wide trasts—The Morals of the City Worse while gress is Sitting—A Body of Men away from Healthy Home Influence—A Marked Im- vement in the City—A Purer Influence from White House—The Lessons of the City— Men of Good Morals Alone Fit for Legisla- —The Fit Monument for a Rake—2. We d a National Religion—The Pivot on which Nation Turns—The Best Purifier: God in the rts of the People—2. Worldly Greatness Un- sfactory—American Politics Harmful and Un- —A Shameful Record—The Lost Chord— World's Lost Chord Found in Christ.

AVE laughed for six weeks to see some men ng about with their hands full of court- r to cover up the sins that I have been ng. A little green court-plaster for this, a white court-plaster for that, a little blue -plaster for something else. Ah! my ls, court-plaster can cover up, *but it cannot* Not saying what my theory is in regard treatment of physical disease, *in morals* I allopathist; and I believe in giving a good dose to throw the ulcers to the surface, and put on the salve of the old-fashioned Gospel Christ mixed to cure Bartimeus's blind and the young man who had fits, and the epers, and the miseries of all generations. is no man on earth who has more exhil- hope in regard to the moral condition and erity of our great American cities, but that is not based on apology or covering up, but exploration, exposure, and almighty medi- nt.

ter as thorough an examination as was pos- I come to tell you what I consider to be moral condition of this country, as inferred Washington, the city of official power; on, the city of culture; Philadelphia, the of beautiful order; Chicago, the city of mi- ous growth; New York, the city of com- supremacy; Brooklyn, the city of s, and so on, only stopping next Sunday to a few words with my critics in regard to is the mission of a minister of the Gospel. he cities go, so goes the land. Who has barometer mighty enough to tell the in- ce of Cincinnati upon Ohio, or of Balti- upon Maryland, or of Charleston upon h Carolina, or of New Orleans upon Louisi- or of Louisville upon Kentucky, or of San cisco upon California? Let me feel the of the cities, and I will tell you the pulse e land.

d gives to every city, as to every individual, *ission.* As our physical and mental char- istics show what our personal sphere is, so graphical and historical facts show

THE MISSION OF A CITY.

y city comes to be known for certain cteristics: Babylon for pride, Sparta for ary prowess, Dresden for pictures, Rome pontifical rule, Venice for architecture in s. Glasgow for shipbuilding, Edinburgh for ng, and London for being the mightiest opolis of the world. Our American cities, urse, are younger, and therefore their char- istics are not so easily defined; but I think ve struck the right word in designation of

rapped up and interlocked with the welfare the very existence of this nation stands the of Washington, on the Potomac—planted by way of compromise. At the dining- of Alexander Hamilton it was decided that e South would agree that the National Gov- nent should assume the State debts, then the h would agree to have the capital on the Potomac instead of on the Delaware. So the capital went from Annapolis to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Trenton, and from Trenton to New York, and then passed from New York to the Potomac, where it will stay until within a century it shall be planted on the banks of the Mississippi, or the Missouri, just as soon as the nation shall find out from the law of national growth that it is better to have the hub of a wheel at the centre rather than at the rim of the tire.

"Well," you say, "what's all that to me?" You have just as much to do with the city of Washington as your heart has to do with your body. Washington is the heart of the nation. If it send out good blood, good national health. If it send out bad blood, bad national sickness. It is to me one of the most fascinating cities in the world, and I believe I shall show you before I get through that it has come to a higher condition of morality than it has ever before reached.

It is a city of palaces. He who has seen the Treasury buildings, and the National Post Office, and the Capitol, and the departments of State, has seen the grandest triumphs of masonry, architecture, painting, and sculpture. I put the eight panels of the bronze door of the Capitol against the door of the Church of the Madeleine at Paris. You talk so much about the works of the old masters. Go to Washington and see the works of the new masters: Leutz's "Westward Ho," Brumidi's frescoes, Greenough's Washington, Crawford's statue of Freedom. I put the white marble mountain of magnificence in which our Congress assembles against the Tuileries and the Parliament Houses of London. It is a city laid out more grandly than any city in the land. Mr. Ellicott by astronomical observations running the great boulevards from north to south, and from east to west. Every inch of its Pennsylvania Avenue historical with the footsteps of Webster, and Clay, and Jackson, and Calhoun, and Washington. Hundreds of thousands of people along those streets vociferating at the inaugurations. Streets along which Charles Sumner moved out toward Mount Auburn, and Abraham Lincoln toward Springfield, the bells of the nation tolling at the obsequies, and the organs of the continent throbbing with the Dead March. City of huzza and requiem. City of patriotism and debauchery. City of national sacrifice and back pay. City of Senatorial dignity and corrupt lobby. City of Emancipation Proclamation and Credit Mobilier. City of the best men and the worst. City of Washington.

Now I have watched that city when Congress was in session, and when Congress was away. *The morals of the city are fifty per cent better when Congress is away.* Then, at that time, piety becomes more dominant. It is one of the woes of this country that so many national legislators leave their families at home. These distinguished men coming to Washington show the need of domestic supervisal. A man entirely absent from elevated female society is naturally a bear. Men are better at home than they are away from home. It is said that some members of Congress, faithful to their religious duties during vacation, during term time give the vacation to their religion. There are iniquities in Washington, however, not associated with office—iniquities that stay all the year round. Plenty of drinking establishments, plenty of hells of infamy, and the police in their attempts to keep order do not get as much encouragement as they ought from the courts and churches. On Christmas Day ten men in contest on Pennsylvania Avenue; one of them shot dead, others bruised and mangled; the culprits brought before the District Attorney and let go. The sins rampant in New York and Brooklyn rampant in Washington. Two thousand dramshops and grocery stores and apothecary shops where they sell strong drink—two thousand in Washington. Twelve thousand nine hundred and eighty-three arrests during last year. Over four thousand people in that city who can neither read nor write. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars of stolen property captured by the police last year. All this suggestive to every intelligent mind. Washington wants more police. The beat of each policeman in Washington and Georgetown is on an average ten miles. Only nine mounted police in that vast city, which has rushed up in population and more than doubled in nine years—rushing up from 61,000 to 131,000.

But oh! what

AN IMPROVEMENT

since the day when the most flourishing liquor establishments were under the National Capitol, and Congressmen and Senators went there to get inspiration before they made their speeches, and went there to get recuperation afterward. Thanks to Henry Wilson and a few men like him for the overthrow of that abomination. During the war there were one hundred gambling-houses in the city of Washington; there were over five hundred professional gamblers there. One gambling-house boasted that in one year it had cleared over half a million of dollars. During one session of Congress the keeper of a gambling-house went to the Sergeant-at-Arms at the Capitol and presented an order for the greater part of the salary of many of the members, who had lost so heavily at the faro-table that they had thus to mortgage their salaries.

If now, when there are about twenty gambling-houses remaining in the city of Washington, you should go, you would find in those places clerks of departments, bookkeepers, confidential and private secretaries; and if you should go to some of the more expensive establishments, near Pennsylvania Avenue and Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, you would find in those gambling-houses members of Congress, officers of the army, gentlemen distinguished all the land over. It seems to me that the reporters of Washington are not as wide-awake as our reporters, or they would give to the different States of the Union the names of the places where some of their great representatives in Congress are accustomed to spend their evenings.

But what a vast improvement *in the morals* of that city! Duelling abolished. No more clubbing of Senators for opposite opinion. Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, no more brandishes a weapon over the head of Barksdale, of Mississippi. Grow and Heitt no more take each other by the throat. Griswold no more pounds Lyon, Lyon snatching the tongs and striking back until the two members in a scuffle roll on the floor of the great American Congress. Oh! there has been a vast improvement.

Is it not a matter of great congratulation that there are to-day more thoroughly Christian men at the heads of departments of State in Washington than at any time since the foundation of the Government; and that the queen of American society, by her simplicity of wardrobe in the White House, has put condemnation upon that extravagance of wardrobe which wellnigh shipwrecked some other administrations, and by the banishment of the wine-cup from state dinners has shown to people in this country in high position that people may be jolly and yet be sober? Whatever may be your opinion in regard to the politics of the Presidential mansion—and I know there is a great difference of opinion among you—I have to tell you that *there has never been a purer White House,* less rum and tobacco, more Methodist hymn-books, or a higher style of personal morality, than to-day.

I came back from my observations of the city of Washington impressed with two or three things.

I. And *first*, while I would not have the question of a man's being a Christian or not a Christian brought into the political contest, I do demand that every man sent to Washington, or to any other place of authority, be *a man of good morals.* Will you send a blasphemer, as you have sometimes? Blasphemy is an indictable offence against the State. Will you send to Washington a man to make laws who breaks laws? Will you send an atheist? How can he swear to support the Constitution of the United States when there is no solemnity in an oath if there be no God? Will you send a man who indulges in games of chance, whether the amount be $500 or five cents? No. Gambling is denounced by the statute of every State. Will you send a libertine? Then you insult every family in the United States.

Before you send a man to your City Hall, or your State Legislature, or to your national council, go through him with a lighted candle, and find if he swear, if he lie, if he cheat, if he dishonor the family relation, if he keep bad company. If he do, let him stay at home. Scratch his name off your ticket with the blackest ink, and put on a blot after. How dare you send such a man to a Congress where John Quincy Adams died, or to a Senate Chamber where Theodore Frelinghuysen sat, his face illumined with charity and heaven? No religious test, *but a moral test is demanded* for every ballot-box in the city, State, and national elections.

Years ago some men were sent to Congress—and I am sorry to say there are some of them left—who were walking charnel-houses. Nothing but a gravedigger's spade could free the world from their corruption. Some of them died of delirium tremens, and in a brothel. After they had been dead a little while, some member, for the purpose of giving a stone-cutter a lucrative job, moved that a large sum of city, State, or national funds be appropriated for building a monument. Now, I have no objections to such

A MONUMENT

to such a man if you put on it the right kind of epitaph and uncover it in the right way. Let the uncovering of that monument be when an August thunder-storm is approaching. Let the blocks of marble of that monument be cut in the shape of the ivory "chips" in which the deceased patriot used to gamble. On the four corners of the pedestal of the monument, cut in marble, let there be wine-cup, flask, decanter, demijohn. Then gather around for the dedication of this monument the fragments of families whom he despoiled, and let them come, and on each block of marble let them drop a bitter tear; and then when the blackest fold of that August thunder-storm has wrapped the top of the monument in darkness, and when some man high in church or State, recreant to the truth, stands there delivering the eulogium, let the black cloud open and a bolt strike into dust the monumental infamy with a thunder which shall make all our American capitals quake with the reverberation. "*The name of the wicked shall rot.*"

II. Again: I came back from Washington with the impression that

WE NEED A GREAT NATIONAL RELIGION.

I do not mean a religion controlled by State officials, but I mean a religion dictated by a nation gospelized. I meah a religion mighty enough to control the morals of a nation. Old politicians will not be reformed. The undertakers must hurry up the funerals in these cases of political mortification. They will never be any better, those men. But gospelize the voters and then you will have gospelized officers of government. The pivot on which this nation turns is the ballot-box. Set that pivot on the Rock of Ages. There is only one Being who can save this nation, and that is God. We talk a great deal about putting the name of God more thoroughly into the Constitution of the United States. Ah, my friends! it is not God in the Constitution that we want; it is God in the hearts of the people. That test is going to come, if not in our time, then in the time of our children.

There has been a good deal of discussion of late as to whether the battle of Lookout Mountain was really fought above the clouds. General Grant says no. General Hooker says yes. We will not go into that discussion; but I tell you that every battle in this country for ninety-eight years has been fought above the clouds, God and angels on our side. First came the war of the American revolution. That was the birth-throe that ushered this nation into life. Then came the war of 1812. That was the infantile disease through which every child must go. Then came the war of 1861. That was the great typhoid which was to revolutionize the national system; and when, last Wednesday, this nation resumed specie payments, that was the settlement of the doctor's bill! Now let the nation march on in its grand career.

Lord God of Joshua, bring down the walls of opposition to this nation, at the blast of the Gospel trumpet. Lord God of Daniel, move around about us amid the leonine despotisms that growl for our destruction. Lord God of our fathers, make us worthy descendants of a brave ancestry. Lord God of our children, bring forth from the cradles of the rising generation a race to do better than we, when our hand and voice are still. Then let all the rivers of this land flowing into the gulf, or into the Atlantic and Pacific seas, be rivers of salvation, and all the mountains Olivets of truth and Pisgahs of prospect, and the mists rising from the lakes will be the incense of holy praise, and our cities will be so thoroughly evangelized that boys and girls, according to the teaching of my text, will be found playing in the streets thereof.

WHERE ARE THEY?

I learn once more, from my observation in the city of Washington, that worldly greatness is a very transitory and unsatisfactory thing. Great men, I noticed in Washington, are great only a little while. The majority of those men whom you saw there ten or fifteen years ago are either in the grave or in political disgrace. How rapidly the wheel turns! Call the roll of Jefferson's Cabinet. Dead. Call the roll of Madison's Cabinet. Dead. Call the roll of Monroe's Cabinet. Dead. Call the roll of Pierce's Cabinet. Dead. Of Abraham Lincoln's Cabinet, if I remember right, all dead but one, and he as good as dead. Call the roll of Grant's Cabinet. One or more of them worse than dead. The Congressional burying-ground in the city of Washington has one hundred and sixty cenotaphs planted in honor of members who died while in office; but they are only suggestive of a vaster congress departed.

What is political honor in this country? As far as I can judge, it is the privilege of being away from home amid temptations that have slain the mightiest, bored to death by office-seekers, assaulted of meanest acrimony, and kicked into obscurity, with your health gone when your time is out.

One of the Senators of the United States dying in Flatbush Hospital, idiotic from his dissipations. One member of Congress I saw, years ago, seated drunk on the curbstone in Philadelphia, his wife trying to coax him home. A Congressman from New York, years ago, on a cold day, picked out of the Potomac, into which he had dropped through his intoxication, the only time when he ever came so near losing his life by too much cold water. Delaware had a Senator whose chief characteristic was he was always drunk. Illinois had a Senator celebrated in the same direction. Oh! my friends—and I say this especially to the young men in my audience—there are so many temptations coming around all political honors, that before you seek them you had better *see whether your morals are incorruptible.*

I also point out to you the fact that American politics *are most unfair* to the most faithful and self-sacrificing men. I will never forgive American politics for the fact that it slew Horace Greeley. This country never saw a better patriot. His whole life given to reform, making a magnificent record for his country, all his deeds of self-sacrifice and his brilliant, intellectual achievements forgotten in one hour. There came a time when he felt that he, better than any other man in the Presidential chair, could adjust the difficulties between the sections, and while he was talking about the North and the South "clasping hands across the bloody chasm," American politics pushed him into it. When American politics did that, it committed the greatest outrage of the century, and proved itself guilty of patricide in the fact that it murdered a father, and of regicide in the fact that it sle king. O young men! look not for the hon of this world; look only for the honors t come from God. They never intoxicate. T never destroy. Crowns, thrones, sceptres, minions—will you have them?

Did you ever hear Florence Rice Knox sin

"THE LOST CHORD"?

That song is founded on this beautiful i Some one sat at a piano or organ in reverie, gers wandering among the keys, when touched a chord of infinite sweetness that se her soul vibrating with comfort and with But she kept that lost chord of music or moment. While she played she lost it, an years she sought for that lost chord of m but found it not. But one day she betho herself in a better country—in heaven; an the minstrelsy of the saved she would get a that lost chord. If you have heard Flor Rice Knox sing "The Lost Chord," pian one side, organ on the other side accom ing, then you have heard something most r orable.

Our first parents in Paradise had happ for a little while, and then missed it. Men gone searching it through fame and app and riches and emolument, but found it In all the ages it has eluded their grasp. the lost chord. Blessed be God, in Chris peace we find again that which we coul nowhere else. He is the lost chord found. symphony begins here amid our sorrows, we must have comforted, and our sins, whi must have slain; but it will come to its m est music in the day when the baton of the nal orchestra shall begin to swing, and we like St. John in apocalyptic vision, hea harpers harping with their harps. That *the lost chord found.*

The sermons by Dr. Talmage which ar lished from week to week in this journal a batim and unabridged reports. They ar lished by special arrangement with Dr. Ta and are revised by him.

THE PROPHETIC CONFERE

at the Church of the Holy Trinity, New rk.

HOPE OF CHRIST'S COMING AS TIVE TO HOLY LIVING AND A LABOR.

By the Rev. Dr. Rufus W. Clark, Re Church, Albany, N. Y.

The Influence of the Premillenarian Doct the Doctrines and Duties of the Christian pentance—Internal and External Effects Hope—Love is Quickened—Patience Enf Sobriety Enjoined—Holiness Urged—En of Suffering Encouraged—An Incentive therly Love—Fidelity to the Outward A of Christian Life—The Parables of the and the Talents—Those who Wait an who Work—The Elements of Watchf Paul's Shout of Victory—The Upmost —The Promised Reward—The New Na

ST. PAUL, in his Epistle to Titus, says 13): "For the grace of God, that bring vation, hath appeared to all men, teach training) us, that denying ungodline worldly lusts, we shall live soberly, righ and godly in this present world, looking waiting with joy) for that blessed hope rious appearing of the great God, and o our Jesus Christ."

We have here set forth *the attitude* and hope of the Church, in expectation of coming. First, the grace of God, that source and foundation of the work of tion, has already appeared or been ma in the incarnation and atoning sacrifice c for the sins of mankind. This grace manifestations are to teach, train, or d us that we deny ungodliness and world and should live soberly, justly, and god present world: soberly, comprising fait to ourselves; justly, in our dealings with en ; and godly, embracing our duties to

ving received divine grace to our hearts, and ng to conform our lives to the will of God the requirements of the Gospel, Chris- are required to be in the attitude of look- nd joyfully expecting that blessed hope, he manifestation of the glory of the great and of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

is passage from the Epistle to Titus may garded as an epitome of the exhortations, ines, duties, and hopes, that abound in the Scriptures, in connection with the coming r blessed Lord. There is not a doctrine of tianity upon which the light of this great does not shine, and render more impor- and luminous by its radiance. There is not ty pertaining to the Christian life that is uickened and rendered more imperative by wer. There is not a virtue that it does not nto the highest exercise ; not a motive in human heart that it does not purify and gthen ; not a hope for the future that it not kindle with a new and celestial fire.

may begin with the duty of *repentance*, which the coming kingdom of heaven was ded at the time of the First Advent, and along in their natural or logical order the us duties and obligations that are pressed the followers of Christ, up to that pre- d in Rev. 3 : 11 : "Behold I come quickly ; that fast that thou hast, that no man take crown," and we shall find them enforced rendered if possible more sacred and bind- by the truth that bursts upon us from so pages of the New Testament, that "The cometh."

REPENTANCE.

Acts 3 : 19–21 we find the call, "Repent ye, efore, and be converted, that your sins may lotted out, when the times of refreshing come from the presence of the Lord ; and hall send Jesus Christ, which before was ched unto you ; whom the heavens must ve until the times of the restitution of all gs, which God hath spoken by the mouth His holy prophets since the world began." e word translated "when" in the 19th e should, according to eminent commenta- Dr. Lange, Dean Alford, Dr. J. A. Alexan- and others, be rendered "in order that," so that." It can have no other meaning. call, therefore, of the Apostle upon the to repent, and have their sins blotted out, "*in order that* the times of refreshing may e from the presence of the Lord." He ed forward to the happy period, at the close the present dispensation, when the Lord ld again appear, and he desired *to have it ened* by the repentance of the people.

t the ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ the vens had received Him, and He would re- n there until the times of restitution of all gs—times wherein all things will be restored, which all God's holy prophets had spoken the world began. When those times be- "Jesus Christ, which before was preached o you," or rather "the Messiah Jesus, who before appointed unto you," will be sent n heaven, and in view of this blessed truth, to hasten the coming of the Lord, the sum- s goes forth to the Jews, and with more hasis now to all mankind, as we "see the approaching," to repent, and be converted have their sins blotted out."

LOVE.

e pass next to consider the inward Christian ues that are enveloped in the atmosphere light and quickening power of the day of the d. In Philippians 1 : 9, 10, St. Paul says : nd this I pray, that your love may abound more and more in knowledge and in all judg- t, that ye may approve things that are ex- ent, that ye may be sincere and without nce till the day of Christ," or, more cor- ly, "against the day of Christ." Love having n planted in the heart of the believer, and erity and purity being elements of the new these are to be cultivated and made to abound more and more, for the day of the Lord, when a character thus formed will be made manifest.

The eye, ever directed to the end "the coming of the Lord," annunciates this love, thus progressive to the final day of Christ.

PATIENCE.

Next, this doctrine calls for the exercise of patience and endurance. "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient ; establish your hearts ; *for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh*" (James 5 : 7, 8). Long-suffering patience is a virtue that enters so largely into the Christian life and character ; that is so vitally connected with all the other virtues, love, faith, steadfastness, and hope ; and is so intimately associated with present and final success in every department of Christian service—that it needs to be constantly nourished and strengthened. Especially should it be maintained and exercised to the highest degree in reference to the coming of the Lord.

And, let me ask, what is there better calculated to promote in a Christian soul patient endurance than the thought that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." With our eyes steadily fixed upon the fact ; with an intense love of His appearing ; with an abiding faith in the exceeding great and precious promises that cluster around this doctrine ; and with those promises already taking root and germinating in our spiritual nature, we shall find it easy to practise Christian patience, and to look to the Lord to establish our "hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all His saints."

It is not necessary that we should know the precise day or hour of His coming. It is not essential that we should be infallible in discerning the signs of the times of His near approach ; *though it is our privilege and duty to study these signs*, and gather from them all the light we can upon the period of His probable appearance. But it is essential that we should be patient, and that we should listen to every injunction, and obey every command that our Lord has given in connection with the event in His history, that, *in His estimation*, at least, towers above all others.

It is essential that we keep our eyes open to what is transpiring around us, as possibly prophetic of stupendous changes near at hand in the divine administration of the Kingdom of Christ on the earth. By doing thus, we shall meet all the solemn obligations that the Second Coming imposes upon us ; and if we die before the heavens are lighted up with the splendors of His appearing, we shall reap all the benefits, in the first resurrection, that will accrue to those who are alive, and remain to hear the shout, the voice of the Archangel, and the trump of God.

This truth is used as

A MOTIVE TO SOBRIETY.

St. Paul says (1 Thess. 5 : 1, 2, 6) : "Of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. . . . Therefore let us not sleep, as do others ; but let us watch and be sober." As to the precise time of Christ's coming, there was no need that the Apostle should discuss that, for it could not be determined, though we are required to notice the signs of the time. The great fact ever to be kept in view is that the day of the Lord will come suddenly, unexpectedly, as a thief in the night. It is possible for Him to come at any hour, hence the children of the light should watch and be sober.

Sobriety is frequently joined with watchfulness, as in 1 Peter 4 : 7 : "But the end of all things is at hand ; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer." Upon this passage Calvin remarks : "The end he speaks of is not merely that of each several individual, but the entire renovation of the world : as if he had said that Christ will shortly come, and put an end to all things. It is not strange, therefore, if we are overwhelmed by worldly cares, and held in slumber, or if the sight of present things dazzles our eyes ; because we do all commonly promise ourselves an eternity in this world ; never, at least, does the end come into mind. Whereas did the trump of God sound in our ears it would keenly smite all our senses, nor suffer them to be thus torpid.

"It might be objected, however, that a long series of ages has elapsed since Peter wrote this, and still the end is not yet seen. I answer that to us the time seems long for this reason, that we measure its length by the spaces of the present life, but that, could we have respect to the perpetuity of the life to come, many generations would be for us as it were a moment (2 Peter 3 : 8). Moreover it must be held as a first principle, that ever since the appearing of Christ there is nothing left to the faithful but with wakeful minds to be always intent on His Second Advent."

HOLINESS.

In view of our appearing with Christ in glory, we are required to mortify or put to death the lusts of the flesh. "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory. Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth ; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry" (Col. 3 : 3–5). More literally and freely rendered : For ye died to this world, and your life, the resurrection and eternal life, is hidden, is at present concealed, with Christ in God—with Christ who is in the bosom of the Father. When Christ, who is our life, the essence and impersonation of our life, is manifested, then shall ye also with Him be manifested in glory. Though we now appear to be dead, yet then our true and real life will bloom out in its wondrous spiritual elements, its heavenly beauty, and its likeness to Christ.

Animated by this sublime hope, favored by heaven with such a glorious destiny, the Apostle exhorts the believer to put to death the members which are upon the earth, which are earthly and sensual, and such as belong to the old nature ; and preparatory to meeting Christ and sharing the splendors and honors of His second coming, to put on, as God-elect, kindness, meekness, long-suffering, and love, which is the bond of perfection. We are required to cultivate and practise the virtues that Christ manifested in His earthly career, that we may share in the glories of His heavenly appearing.

The Apostle John inculcates this purity in language most sublime and thrilling. His words have for years rung through my soul with an eloquence and power that I cannot express. "Every man that hath this hope in him (the hope of seeing Christ and of being like Him at His appearing) purifieth himself, even as He, that is Christ, is pure" (1 John 3 : 23). We are now at this moment the sons or children of God, just as truly as we ever shall be, although the full blessedness and glory of our sonship is still concealed. This moral likeness to Christ must begin here ; and we know of nothing better calculated to produce it than keeping the eye steadily fixed upon our coming Lord, and the heart warm with the love of His appearing.

ENDURANCE.

This doctrine is presented by the Apostle Peter as the great support under trials and persecution. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you ; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings ; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy" (1 Peter 4 : 12, 13).

In the opening chapter of this epistle the Apostle indulges in the same strain of warm sympathy and exulting hope, directing the thoughts of his suffering fellow Christians to the appearing of the Lord, as the event of transcendant interest and inconceivable splendor which, "in the last time," at the close of the present dispensation, is to burst upon the Church, bringing unspeakable joy and rapture.

So penetrating and absorbing was the power of this event, that he was led, as he desired his brethren to be led, to rejoice in being made partakers of Christ's sufferings. It mattered not how great or long continued those sufferings were, he would have them cheerfully endured. He would have them welcome them and rejoice in them as the greatest advantages they could possibly receive, as far more to them than all the treasures and honors and pleasures of earth. And for this reason, "That when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." The joy now in partaking of His suffering is the germ of an exultant and boundless joy that will be experienced at the moment of His appearing.

Peter, sharing with the other apostles in the expectation that Christ's second advent was near at hand, thus speaks of this salvation upon which his heart is fixed, as ready to be revealed, or fully disclosed in the last time, the period that will begin with Christ's return. In the words of Luther, "The inheritance to which you are ordained has been acquired long since, and prepared from the beginning of the world, but lies as yet concealed, covered, and sealed; but in a short time it will be opened in a moment and disclosed so that we may see it." In this fact, that great treasures are reserved for believers, soon to be revealed, they should greatly rejoice.

The possessor of this faith will be praised for his fidelity, for his power of endurance for Christ's sake, and for his faithfulness unto death. He will receive the honor promised by Christ to His faithful servants, as expressed in John 12 : 26 : "If any man serve Me, him will My Father honor." He will share in the glory which the Father hath given to His Son, and which He will communicate to all that are His. "To them who, by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life" (Romans 2 : 7). The preciousness of this faith, and the splendor of its fruits, will also appear in the praise and honor and glory it will bring to the blessed Trinity: praise to the Father for so loving the world as to give His only-begotten Son to die for it; honor to the Lord Jesus Christ for His great redemption; and glory to the Holy Ghost for the completion of the work of grace in the hearts of believers.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

In Paul's first epistle to the Thessalonians we have this great event placed before believers, as a motive to increase in brotherly love, and as a reason for their entire sanctification. In the first chapter the apostle commends the Thessalonians for their strong faith and their readiness to "turn from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven" (1 : 10). He thus presents in these two particulars the life-aim of converts to Christianity—the service of God, and waiting for the return of His Son from heaven.

In the third chapter, twelfth and thirteenth verses, the apostle writes: "And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men, even as we do toward you; to the end he may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints."

The aim and end of increasing and abounding in brotherly love, and in affectionate interest in all mankind, is, as here set forth, the establishment of our hearts in holiness, that when we pass under the scrutinizing gaze of God, at the coming of our Lord, we may be found unblamable in holiness before Him. The tendency of love is to promote holiness and give to the heart a steadfastness in obeying the will of God, for "love is the fulfilling of the law" (Rom. 13 : 10). Thus we see how brotherly love, like every other Christian virtue, points to the second coming, and is stimulated by it and made tributary to that "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12 : 14).

Who is there that rightly apprehends the doctrine we are considering and is alive to its importance; whose heart is open to the exhortations and appeals that the Holy Ghost makes to us, in view of our Lord's declaration, "Behold, I come quickly," who will not offer for himself the prayer that the God of peace, the Author and Source of peace, may sanctify him wholly; and that his spirit and soul, the seat of animal life, with its powers and interests; and body, that is the whole being, "may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ"?

Our doctrine is a powerful incentive to *fidelity in the outward activities of the Christian life.* It is thus presented in several of the parables of our Lord. In the 25th chapter of Matthew we have the parables of the ten virgins and of the talents distributed by the Lord to His servants. The first represents *those who are waiting* for the Lord, and the second *those who are working* for Him. The disappointment of the foolish virgins is a warning against the absence or decay of the inward spiritual life while the forms of religion are observed. The talents refer to the capacities and gifts given to us, with the means and opportunities afforded for increase and usefulness in the Kingdom of God. The rewards held out are to stimulate us to diligence and fidelity in laboring for the Master, and the doom of the wicked and slothful servant is a warning against sluggishness and the neglect of the outward work committed to us.

The Lord Jesus Christ has gone into a far country. Previous to His departure, or ascension, He delivered to His servants, His Apostles, whom He particularly addressed, and to all His followers, His goods. He made over to them the interests of His Kingdom, and furnished them with the means for carrying forward the good work which He had begun. "Unto one He gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several (or his own) ability," according to his capacity to use the gifts, spiritual or material, given to him. Every one has his endowments and gifts and a sacred mission to fulfil, during the Lord's absence.

The fact that gives sacredness to our work, and is calculated to stimulate us to the greatest fidelity in the use of our power, acquisitions, time, wealth, influences, and opportunities, is the certainty that our Lord will return and reckon with us. As expressed in the parable, "After a long time the Lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them. And so he that had received five talents brought other five talents, saying, Lord, Thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more. His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matt. 25 : 19–21).

This we must regard as the judgment of the Pre-Millennial Advent when the saints will be judged and rewarded according to their works. The parable recorded in Luke 19 : 12, 13, is similar in many points to this: "He said therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return. And he called His ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come."

"This parable of the Pounds," says Lange, "places visibly before our eyes not only the life calling of the apostles, but also that of all believers. From the fact that here ten servants appear who all receive the same, the diversity recedes before the unity. As bondservants for their Lord they are called to wait for His return, and that not in inactive rest, but in jealous activity. They have not to contend with carnal weapons against His enemies, but in the midst of all opposition quietly to proceed with their labors. In the humble position of witnesses to
the faith, they must seek with word and d
to spread abroad God's kingdom, and exp
their share in the government of the world,
before, but only *after* the personal return of
Lord.

The success of their endeavors is differe
modified according to the diversity of time,
ents, and energies; but the reward is suite
the different deserts. In every case it is in
portion to that which is demanded and acc
plished.

We pass next to consider a duty, in con
tion with our Lord's coming, which He Him
presents to His Church in various forms, ca
lated to awaken attention in language indica
the deepest earnestness and solicitude; an
appeals that should sweep over Christen
and arouse the most indifferent to the start
and stupendous events that at any momen
the twinkling of an eye, may burst upon
Our Lord Jesus Christ, as recorded in M
24 : 42–44, said: "Watch, therefore; fo
know not what hour your Lord doth co
But know this, that if the good man of the h
had known in what watch the thief would
he would not have suffered his house t
broken up. Therefore, be ye also ready; f
such an hour as ye think not the Son of
cometh." At the close of the parable of th
virgins Christ adds, "Watch, therefore, fo
know neither the day nor the hour wherei
Son of Man cometh" (Matt. 25 : 13).

The elements of Christian watchfulness
wakefulness, alertness, activity, and cir
spection. The motives for it are the cert
of Christ's coming, the suddenness of His
ing, and its decisive character in determinin
destiny of the whole human family.

But whether He comes sooner or later, al
are found fully awake to His coming and
ful at their posts will be rewarded, and s
reward! He in turn will gird Himself, an
open to His servants a splendid banquet
nished with the most costly viands, in imit
of the ancient Hebrews who gave their ser
a share in the sacred feasts. "And He
come forth and serve them!" What hono
implied and promised here to those who
shall find watching. Majus says: "Th
an instant on which eternity hangs; in a
stant all may be squandered and lost; the
must we ever watch—all should watch,
cially ministers, whose business it is to qu
others to watchfulness."

St. Paul thus addresses his brethren o
point: "Ye, brethren, are not in darkness
that day should overtake you as a thief.
all the children of light, and the children
day; we are not of the night, nor of dar
Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; l
us watch and be sober" (1 Thess. 5 : 4, 6).

Children of the light should not sleep
is, be in a dull, sluggish state, unsuscept
the influence of spiritual things, and esp
of those pertaining to the day of the
They should be awake, and thoroughly
to what is transpiring around them. Th
not called to be prophets, *but diligent stud*
the prophecies. They are not called to cur
inquire into the day and hour of the com
the Lord, but to notice the signs of his a
ing, and be prepared for the grand event.
are to listen to every sound, every bugl
that heralds the approach of the Great
They are to watch the march of provi
events, and carefully weighing their i
are not to be carried away by delusive spec

Children of the light occupy the heig
observation, and see afar beyond the pon
pride of ecclesiastical formalism, beyon
camps of the enemy, to the distant, wide h
that at any moment may be lighted up
the splendors of Him who is coming to ta
great power and rule among the nations.
commotions and evils in society do not
them, for *they have been told "that in t*
days perilous times shall come;" and fo
own safety they have the assurance given
redeemed, "He shall dwell on high; hi

of defence shall be the munitions of rocks. . . . Thine eyes *shall* see the King in His beauty ; they *shall* behold the land that is very far off."

The Apostle Paul, after obeying himself every injunction of his Lord relating to His second coming, and after unfolding this truth with a clearness and power that Divine inspiration alone could give him, associated it with THE SHOUT OF VICTORY with which he greets the hour of his departure from earth, and sends forth a promise to cheer all those who "love His appearing." While solemnly exhorting the beloved Timothy to fidelity in his ministerial work, he says : "For I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing" (2 Tim. 4 : 6–8).

"That day," the day of the personal coming of the Lord, is still *the theme upmost in his mind.* It sheds its lustre over the last hours of his earthly career. It pours its brightness upon the valley of the shadow of death. It fills him with the spirit of exultation and triumph. It holds for him a crown of righteousness, not indeed merited, but his, as a full partaker of the righteousness which is by faith in Christ. He has fought the good fight, and obtained the victory, and the prize is laid up for him. It is there already, to be publicly given to him by the Lord, the righteous Judge, at that day.

"And not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." To all who look forward with affectionate longing to His coming, who anticipate the event with delight, a crown of righteousness will be given in the presence of saints and angels by the glorious Lord Himself. This state of mind presupposes obedience to all the injunctions and exhortations from Christ and His apostles that we have considered ; and through these the attainment of the highest degree of spiritual life. And on the other hand, to love His appearing is fitted more than any thing else to promote Christian activity, brotherly love, and holy living, "to the end He may stablish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints" (1 Thess. 3 : 13). Hear, in conclusion, the words of the King of kings, who is already on his way with the heavenly hosts : "Behold, I come quickly ; hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh, or conquereth, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall nevermore go out ; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God." When upon the earth his citizenship was in heaven. But then it was latent, now it is manifested, and He is known as an inhabitant of the city of the Living God, and is free to enter it according to the promise in Rev. 22 : 12–14 :

"Behold, I come quickly ; and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." "And I will write upon him my new name ;" that wonderful, mysterious name, that at present is uncommunicable. It is referred to in that most sublime vision of the coming King in the 19th chapter of Revelations, "and He had a name written, that no man knew but Himself." It was none of the names or titles by which He was known on earth. He calls it "My new name," a name, doubtless, indicative of His final triumph and complete union with His saints, who henceforth are to share with Him the glories of His Kingdom.

Twice in the closing chapter of the Bible does Christ say, "*Behold*, I come quickly." The third time He says, "*Surely* I come quickly." Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

THE MISSION OF NEHEMIAH.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 19th.—Neh. 1 : 4–11 ; 2 : 1–8. Golden Text, 2 : 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR lesson for to-day brings before us a man who knew what *the burden of the Lord* meant. Nehemiah was one of the captive Israelites in Babylon ; his position was good, and his circumstances easy as cup-bearer to the King of Babylon. But it happened that some of the Jews which had escaped came to the palace, and told Nehemiah concerning Jerusalem. "The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach : the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire." Had Nehemiah been a man who lived only for himself, he might have said, "I have enough to do with my own duties ; I am sorry for my brethren, but it is not my affair." Had he been an enthusiast and full of self, he might have taken upon *himself* to go to the king and plead the cause of his people.

But he did neither. "And it came to pass, when I heard these words, that I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, *and prayed* before the God of heaven." Here was his resource. The cause of Jerusalem was God's cause, and God's cause was Nehemiah's.

Nehemiah reminded God of *His character*—the God "that keepeth covenant and mercy." And he confessed "the sins of the children of Israel, which we have sinned against Thee : both I and my father's house have sinned." So he, who had perhaps sinned the least, specified himself and his father's house particularly in his confession. Was it an exaggeration ? No, for the conscience becomes even more delicate with those who live in the presence of God. This man of God seeks in no way to palliate the sins of his people, and he recognizes the righteousness of God in His chastening as the fulfilment of His word ; but he uses this very fact as his argument with God in pleading for His mercy.

And lastly he claims their right by covenant. "Now these are Thy servants and Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy great power, and by Thy strong hand," and he requests an immediate interference on their behalf : "O Lord, I beseech Thee, let *now* Thine ear be attentive to the prayer of Thy servant, and to the prayer of Thy servants, who desire to fear Thy name : and prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant *this day*, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man." "Now," "this day"—this was something definite. It was no vague prayer to discharge an uncomfortable sense of duty : the matter lay on the man's heart ; his life, his joys and sorrows were all bound up with God and God's city, Jerusalem.

So prepared in the presence of God, Nehemiah goes into the presence of the king. Something in his manner struck his royal master. "Now I had not been beforetime sad in his presence." Nehemiah had made no plan that a sad exterior should attract the king's attention ; he had committed all to God without himself making any plan as to how he was to bring the matter before the king. God was equal to the occasion—this he knew. "Wherefore the king said unto me, Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick ? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart." For a moment he quailed, the opening was made, but a false step just now, and the cause so dear to him would be lost. "Then I was very sore afraid, and said unto the king, Let the king live forever : why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire ?"

It was a moment of crisis. He had said no more and no less than the truth, and he had already counted upon God for the result. And how he must have adored God for His faithfulness when the king said unto him, "For what dost thou make request ?" Had he specified in his prayer the very words he would have wished the king to speak, they would have been probably these very words. But we see no sign of elation, nothing to make us think he could now quit his position of dependence upon God. On the contrary, he says, "So I prayed to the God of heaven." A man who leads a prayer-life becomes so accustomed to God's guidance in every detail of his life that his very thoughts become prayer, and the very atmosphere which his soul breathes is that of prayer. His life is lived between him and God ; it is a partnership in every thing. "So I prayed to the God of heaven. And I said unto the king," etc.

Some men make plans or act, and then afterwards ask God's blessing ; so did *not* Nehemiah. And his request to man, made under the cover of prayer to God, was a bold one : "If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favor in thy sight, that thou wouldest send me unto Judah, unto the city of my fathers' sepulchres, that I may build it." A man of prayer is a man who is also ready for action where God has opened his way. And the king asked him, "For how long shall thy journey be ? and when wilt thou return ? So it pleased the king to send me, and I set him a time." But had Nehemiah no thought of the expense of such an undertaking ? Yes, and, emboldened by God, he goes on to urge his request still further in detail. "Moreover I said unto the king, If it please the king, let letters be given me to the governors beyond the river, that they may convey me over till I come into Judah ; and a letter unto Asaph the keeper of the king's forest, that he may give me timber to make beams for the gates of the palace which appertained to the house."

How came it that on the spur of the moment Nehemiah could think of all these needful details, just when he was sore afraid ? Every thing had been thought over and prayed over alone with God first, so that He who had all in His hand was present, reminding His servant of what was needful and reassuring him, so that he feared not to ask what God put into his heart to ask. And so he testified, "And the king granted me, according to the good hand of my God upon me." He says nothing of the king's liberality, but traces every thing straight up to its source, in the God that heareth prayer.

But is this man of God to have an uninterrupted career of success ? Even Christ, the Captain of our salvation, was made "perfect through sufferings" (Heb. 2 : 10). And we also, if need be, are "in heaviness through manifold temptations," etc. (1 Pet. 1 : 6, 7). And Nehemiah had his trials. The governors beyond the river who dwelt in the land of Judah were grieved exceedingly that "there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel." So that at the outset Nehemiah saw that he had nothing to hope for from them. The people were under subjection to them ; how could he arouse them to a trust in God and to a true spirit of patriotism ? He came to Jerusalem, and the project burned in his heart, but he told no man ; he made a survey of the city, but he did it by night, and the secret of his mission was as yet between him and God,—"neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem." Oh ! if every worker for God would make sure of his work thus in the stillness of God's presence before he speaks of it abroad, how much truer and surer it would be ! There would be fewer mistakes made, fewer occasions for the enemy to speak reproachfully.

Thus prepared alone in silence with his God, he came from His presence to that of the people, and said unto them, "Ye see the distress that we are in, how Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire : come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach. Then I told them of the hand of my God which was good upon me ; as also the king's words that he had spoken unto me." Thus in the first place he aroused them to see their responsibility, and then showed them how possible it was, and how God had made the way plain for them. And a profound impression was produced, for they said, "Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for this good work."

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

In commencing the publication of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times in America, it was impossible to form an accurate or even an approximate idea of the extent to which it would enjoy the favor of the Religious Public. The price was therefore fixed at four cents per single copy, that being the lowest sum deemed prudent under the circumstances.

Now, however, after the issue of only a few numbers, the journal has attained a circulation which, in connection with the numbers of commendatory letters daily received, justifies a

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

We have accordingly much pleasure in announcing that the price of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now reduced to

THREE CENTS

for single copies. Annual subscription, postage paid, $1.50. Remittances should be by check or post-office order or registered letter, and be made payable to Joseph Spurgeon, 63 Bible House, New York.

Though but a few weeks have elapsed since the issue of the first number of the American edition of The Christian Herald, we feel constrained thus early to express our grateful thanks for the numerous friendly greetings and kind expressions of appreciation that have reached us from every quarter.

While thankful to all who have aided us, we have at this time especially to acknowledge the aid and sympathy of hundreds of ministers from all parts of the country, and of every denomination.

It has been the occasion of surprise that while we have received hundreds of letters commendatory of the appearance and character of the paper *in detail*, there has been not one objection, either to particular articles or to the general course of the paper.

We ask a continuance of the sympathy and co-operation of our brethren of every name. We greatly desire that The Christian Herald shall reach every family in the United States, and believe that the above reduction in price ought to effect that object.

The Christian Herald is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

We shall be happy to forward, postage paid, a packet of specimen copies to any minister desiring them for distribution among his congregation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Resumption day, notwithstanding the numerous predictions to the contrary, passed off without excitement. In New York, as in other centres of commerce through the country, no great desire was manifested to obtain hard money in exchange for greenbacks. It had been said that so great a crowd would besiege the Treasury doors on Thursday, January 2d, 1879, that the first place in the line would be worth $50,000, and it was expected by some persons that the demand for gold would far exceed the supply held by the Government. The fact was that there was really no demand for gold worth mentioning, and numbers of people at the bank counters declined to receive the glittering coins, and asked for paper. So easily has the task that appeared so stupendous a few years ago, notably in September, 1870, when one day gold stood at 165, been completed, and with so little effect on the habits of the people. The stars and stripes were run up over the banks and financial houses on Broadway and Wall Street, in honor of the day when "Uncle Sam" declared himself ready to fulfil his engagements, but, as in the case of more puny dealers in promises to pay, the fact of that readiness removed the desire of creditors to present their claims.

It is believed by sound thinkers that the resumption of specie payments will bring a new life into all classes of business, and that in a short time a general trade revival will take the place of the present dearth and stagnation.

Yellow-Fever Conference.—The convention of homœopathic doctors at New Orleans investigating the yellow-fever has adopted a report which says: "Yellow-fever is a specific disease caused by a morbific germ, which requires for its generation and diffusion a combination of factors, among which are the aggregation of human beings in a foul atmosphere; high temperature, long-continued calm weather, humidity, pestilential exhalations from the earth, and a deficiency of ozone in the air. Yellow-fever is both imported and indigenous, and the most perfect quarantine against the former variety will not protect us in the least from the ravages of the latter." The report also recommends the burning of garbage in the streets of Southern cities and the use of ozone as a disinfectant, and says that it will probably not be long before the people of New Orleans will burn their dead bodies rather than bury them.

A noble gift has just been made to the Trustees of Princeton College by Messrs. R. L. & A. Stuart, formerly the leading sugar-refiners of New York, who a few years ago retired from business. The gift consists of the property known as the Potter estate which adjoins the College, and comprises a fine Italian villa built of brown stone, with all the modern improvements, suitable for the residence of the President of the College; and thirty acres of ground which may be used as a botanical garden, or as building sites for the professors' houses, or may possibly serve for both purposes. The Messrs. Stuarts are greatly adding to the value of the gift by putting the house and its surroundings in perfect order at their own expense.

The intense cold which prevailed through the country on January 3d has caused several fatalities. The mercury began sinking on Thursday morning, January 2d, at six o'clock, when it stood in New York at thirty degrees above zero, and continued falling until Friday evening, when it registered four degrees below zero; that being fourteen degrees lower than it stood any time last winter, and the lowest point it has reached since January 10th, 1875. At Pittsburg the fall was even more sudden, being thirty-seven degrees in 24 hours; and at Richmond, Va., it fell forty degrees in the same period. Trains were delayed by the snow on some routes, and on others had to be abandoned. At Elizabeth, N. J., a brakeman was frozen to death; at Mill Hollow, Pa., another man died from the effects of the cold; and several other cases are reported, besides those who, being in delicate health, may have had their deaths accelerated by so sudden a change in temperature. Any wealthy Christian who has been studying the Epistle of James lately, and is desirous of showing the results of study, may find opportunity in the abodes of the poor just now. Charity in the form of fuel would be a seasonable form in many homes at this bitter time.

Bishop Simpson, in his recent Yale lecture, thus describes his own entrance into the ministry: "My mother was a widow; I was her only son, and the only child remaining at home. It seemed impossible to leave her. I feared it might almost break her heart to propose it. But as I saw the church would probably call me, and as I had promised God to follow His openings, I one day, with great embarrassment, introduced the subject to my mother. After I had told her my mental struggles, and what I believed God required, I paused. I shall never forget how she turned to me with a smile on her countenance, and her eyes suffused with tears, as she said: 'My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born.' She then told me how she and my dying father, who left me an infant, consecrated me to God, and prayed that if it were His will I might become a minister. And yet that mother had never dropped a word or intimation in my hearing that she ever desired me to be a preacher. That conversation settled my mind. What a blessing is a sainted mother! I can even now feel her hand upon my head, and I can hear the intonations of her voice in prayer. I entered the pulpit immediately. Through divine mercy some souls were awakened and converted; and, by the grace of God, I have continued to this day."

Healing by prayer is chronicled in a Massachusetts daily paper in the following paragraph:

"The miraculous cure of Mrs. Charles A. Bemis, of Holliston, by prayer, after thirty years of suffering from chronic diseases, is reported. During her illness she was unable to perform her household duties without aid, and at no time was she free from pain, while frequently she was confined to her bed, and under the care of doctors for periods of three or four months. She was unable to attend the church near by except as she was carried, and she had been to but two prayer-meetings in years. Hearing of Dr. Charles Cullis, of Boston, however, she visited him last month, to obtain what relief she could. After an introduction, the doctor repeated passages of Scripture relative to faith in God, all present knelt in prayer, the doctor having dipped his finger in oil and placed it on the patient's forehead. At the conclusion of these exercises Mrs. Bemis says she felt like a new woman, all pain having left her, and she has been perfectly well ever since, being able to walk to church, and even longer distances, without fatigue."

Work while it is called To-day.—The Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, at his recent lecture related the following incident, which is worthy the attention of many Christians in our churches. Mr. Cook said:

"There is a story now in circulation in New York City concerning the younger Tyng, to the effect that his habit of making all the members of his church work, is occasionally distasteful to individuals among them. Not long ago a rich gentleman called upon Dr. Tyng in his study and told this valiant servant of reform that he wished to pay his church dues and to have a good pew, but that he did not care to be put down on any committee, and that he was especially averse to having his wife and daughters sent into the slums to visit the poor and degraded. 'Yes,' said Dr. Tyng, '*I see what you want, but you have come to the wrong place.* Just around the corner is what you are looking for. There is the Church of the Heavenly Rest.'"

In this world of sin and misery, of men perishing daily for lack of knowledge; unsaved men near at hand, and in distant lands; who is there surveying a harvest-field so wide in which so few laborers are at work, can *think of rest* until the Lord of the harvest summons him to his reward

Contagious diseases are more easily checked at their first appearance than in their later manifestations, and we therefore join with the daily journals in drawing public attention to the sudden outbreak of scarlet-fever in New York. Fifty deaths occurred from that cause alone in the city last week, and 644 cases were reported during the month of December last, against 296 in the previous December, and 199 in December of 1875. One preventive measure recommended by physicians is to have all rooms thoroughly ventilated by opening windows and doors at some time every day. The disease is intensified by people sitting during these cold days in close rooms. It is also stated that one of the most common modes of spreading contagion is by persons bearing bundles of soiled linen travelling in the cars. This practice is prohibited by law, and it is to be hoped the law in such cases will be rigorously enforced.

The thin end of the wedge is an old enemy of which it becomes us to be on our guard. We alluded recently to Sunday concerts in New York theatres, and expressed a fear as to whereunto it might lead. A report from Chicago adds force to our expression, for it states that there are now but two theatres in Chicago in which regular performances do not take place on Sunday. The custom began by first introducing Sunday concerts. Then followed Sunday-evening performances by travelling combinations sent out from New York, and now the regular home companies have taken it up. It will be sad indeed if the Parisian Sunday is introduced generally into American society. Christians of all denominations should band together in one strong army to resist the first attempts in the direction of the desecration of the Lord's day.

P's and Q's.—Certain English critics, prominent among whom was the *London Times*, took Mr. Gladstone severely to task because in his article on "Kin Beyond the Sea," in the *North American Review*, the word Queen was initialled with a small q, and the word President with a large P. It now appears that Mr. Gladstone should not be held responsible for this "tremendous blunder." Mr. Rice, the editor of the *North American Review*, has written to *The Times* that "a careless proof-reader is entirely responsible for this piece of purely typographical impropriety." Mr. Gladstone, he says, "had nothing whatever to do with it." Mr. Rice begs to assure *The Times*, if it "will pardon so obvious a jest," that he has taken measures to insure hereafter on the part of proof-readers "a more careful attention to their p's and their q's."

A confession of crime has been made at Norwich, Conn., so shameless and heartless as to give the criminal the unenviable notoriety of being the nearest approach yet known to the idea of consummate depravity. If the law should spare his life, such a man should be exhibited as a warning to every one how vile human nature is capable of becoming, and to what depths of infamy it is possible for a man to sink, who has not the restraining grace of God in his heart.

The confession was made on Friday, January 3d, in what is popularly known as the "Cobb murder case." The question involved is, How one Charles Cobb came to his death, and if, as was suspected, he died by poison, who were the guilty administrators? The evidence referred to was given by Wesley W. Bishop, a married man, and one suspected of participation in the crime under investigation. He deposed to having had a guilty love for Mrs. Cobb, and with having conspired with her to murder her husband. He acknowledged to having supplied her with poison for the purpose, in large quantities at intervals from December 31st, 1877, to June 4th, two days before the victim died. During that period repeated attempts, he says, were made to "finish the man," but failed.

Bishop stated Mrs. Cobb had told him "the first arsenic she gave her husband she put in his coffee; it had no apparent effect; she said she would give him more; every two or three days she gave it to him, and sometimes three times daily. She once said to me, 'Charles must be poison proof, but I think I can get enough down him by and by to get an effect.'" He said, "I bought more arsenic for her about the first of May; I think Charles Cobb took the whole of that; toward the last of May she told me she was getting out of arsenic, and I bought her some more; I got strychnine twice, and then I got more arsenic; on the night of June 4th I got strychnine, and Charles H. Cobb, Jr., died on the 6th, at noon." The naïve confession reveals a crime which, if it appeared on the pages of fiction, would be denounced as a gross exaggeration, and which would, if told *anywhere*, be incredible from its very heartlessness, were it told by any other lips than those of the perpetrator himself.

"**Exhibitions not entertaining**," was the phrase wherewith the Justice of a New York police court characterized certain cases brought before him the other morning. Our readers will think a stronger expression might have been used when they are told that the cases alluded to were of over fifty women, representing almost every class of society in the city, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Truly this reveals a state of things calling for earnest and untiring work in the cause of temperance.

The Fruits of Bible-Burning.—Many years ago, in Clinton County, N. Y., a French Roman Catholic priest from Canada instigated a mob and burned a quantity of Bibles and Testaments in the French language, which had been sent into that county to supply the destitute among this class of our population. At the anniversary of the Clinton County Bible Society, held in Plattsburgh on September 24th, the agent of that Society reported that he had recently visited the place where the Bible had been burned, and found, on either side of the Catholic Church, French families, who requested him to rank them as Protestants, as they no longer had anything to do with the Catholic Church. The church itself has no longer a priest, nor even occasional services.

A Converted Romanist thus related his experience at the Bowery meeting, New York: "I was brought up a strict Catholic, and found it easy work to pray to the Virgin Mary and the saints in my times of trouble Every thing seemed to be going smoothly until, one day, I heard two men, entire strangers to me, talking about the death of an acquaintance. Their remarks led me to think very seriously about the eternal world, and to ask myself the question, 'Where am I to spend eternity?' The question became an all-absorbing one, and I could not get rid of it. In God's great mercy the light of His truth dawned upon me, and I saw the one only way of peace through *simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ*. Then I saw the uselessness of the superstitious mummeries of the Romish Church, that I had thought so much of before, and united with a church where Christ is preached as an all-sufficient Saviour, who can so fully meet all our need that no appeal has to be made to any other for help."

Thankful for small mercies may be the maxim of a Methodist brother who was lately solicited by a collector for subscriptions to the missionary work. He said:

"I have not made a cent this year." "I know it," was the reply, "but I came to ask, knowing that you had not broke, while many who were much better off than you or I have gone under." "That is so!" said the brother, and he cheerfully made a subscription.

Equality at the Lord's Supper.—It is related of the Duke of Wellington, that once when he remained to take the sacrament at his parish church a very poor old man went up the opposite aisle, and, reaching the communion table, knelt down close by the side of the duke. Some one came and touched him, whispering to him to move aside till the duke had partaken. But the great hero saw the motion, and, taking the old man's hand in his, said reverently, but distinctly, "Do not move; we are all equal here."

CHRIST'S MANIFESTATION TO MARY MAGDALENE.

A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to My Father: but go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God."—John 20: 17.

I. Encouraging Fact that the Risen Saviour first Appeared to Mary—The Greatest Sinners may have the Greatest Honor—II. Reasons for the Prohibition, "Touch Me not"—Active Work for Mary to do—III. Lessons from this Incident—1. The higher Christ's Dignity, the lower His Condescension, even to increasingly Unfaithful Disciples—2. The Sweetest Promises are for the most erring—3. The fuller Christ's Communications the more our Need of Faith—4. Our Union with Christ.

THIS was the first appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ after His resurrection. In sundry places and at divers times during the ensuing forty days He appeared to the different disciples, showed Himself openly to them when they were assembled for worship, and at other times; but this was the first occasion of His being seen by any of His followers.

The whole occurrence is very full of comfort, and we, who are poor weary pilgrims through this wilderness, need some words of comfort every now and then to cheer us on our way. May the Holy Spirit sweetly assist us in addressing you now on the things of Christ, and may your hearts burn within you by the way!

I. First, IT IS PECULIARLY ENCOURAGING TO REMEMBER THAT THE FIRST PERSON TO WHOM JESUS CHRIST APPEARED AFTER HIS RESURRECTION WAS MARY MAGDALENE. Romanists will have it that Jesus Christ first of all appeared to the Virgin Mary, His mother, and they have invented some curious stories in order to give her this peculiar honor. Now this shows that in their opinion there was a peculiar honor conferred upon the person who first beheld the risen Saviour.

But Mary Magdalene was the first of the disciples who had the honor of seeing the Saviour after His resurrection, for the guards, who may have seen Him when they fled away, were not His disciples. It was a woman, then, that first saw the risen Saviour. It was a woman that was first in the transgression, and a woman must be the first to behold Jesus Christ when He rose from the dead.

If there be some degree of opprobrium connected with womanhood, because Eve first of all touched the fruit, there is a far greater degree of glory now connected with it, because Mary Magdalene first of all beheld the Saviour at the tomb. Not only was it a woman, but

IT WAS A SINNER.

A woman out of whom had been cast seven devils. She had been a sinner once, and then she became a demoniac, and afterwards became a saint. How strange it was that Jesus should appear to her! What, *give the most honor to her who had the most of sin!* Sweet thought! Then if "I the chief of sinners am," if I have an interest in the blood of Christ, there is no reason why I should not climb to the greatest heights of fellowship, and enjoy the best of the good things which the Lord has prepared for them that love Him.

When Jesus takes a sinner to Himself, His pardon is so complete—so totally does He overlook all previous sin—that that chief of sinners, although he may not be as great a saint as the very chief of the apostles, who formerly did most grievously rebel, may yet be the most highly favored of the servants of the Lord, and may have revelations made to him above measure. Mary Magdalene *should comfort you who, after years of sin, have lately found a Saviour*. Oh think not that those years that you have spent in folly, though they must ever make you weep, will be the means of robbing you of fellowship with Christ! Oh no; He will restore to you the hours that the locusts have eaten, and He will not take away from you the pleasure of enjoying the bliss of God on earth, and certainly He will not diminish your glorious happiness when you shall stand before the throne.

Methinks, however, that Mary was selected to see Christ first *because she loved Jesus most.* John loved Jesus much, but Mary loved Him better; John went away when he saw an empty sepulchre, but Mary stood without and wept. Love, you know, is a keen-eyed thing. They say love is blind. In one sense it is true; but there never were such good eyes as those which love can carry in its head. Love will look after Jesus, and discover Him where none else can. If I set the unloving heart to read a chapter, it finds no Jesus there; but if I set a Christian to read that same portion of Scripture, he finds in it the name of Jesus from beginning to end. If I set a critical scholar to read a Psalm, he sees no Messiah there; but if I set an enthusiastic lover of the Saviour to read it, he sees Him, if not in every verse, still here and there he sees glimpses of His glory.

IF YOU WANT TO SEE JESUS,
and have sweet revelations of His glory, you *must love Him;* methinks you must add to that —you must seek Him diligently, seek Him in the darkness and the twilight, seek Him when the sun is risen, seek Him at the tomb before the stone is rolled away; you must seek Him when you behold that the stone is gone; you must seek Him in the hollow tomb; you must seek Him in the garden; you must seek Him in life; you must seek Him in death; and then, the more diligent you are in seeking, the more probability there is that Christ will manifest Himself to you, and you shall rejoice on finding Him.

Mary was one of those who went forth bearing precious seed; she went forth weeping, but she returned to the disciples rejoicing, bringing her sheaves with her, for she had a good message for them. She had sown in tears when she went to seek her Lord, but she wept with joy when she found Him in the garden. Happy was that woman who found Jesus and believed; truly she might rejoice in Him, for she was highly favored among women. You see, then, that there is much sweetness, more than I can tell you, in the thought that Mary Magdalene was the first person who was chosen to see the Lord Jesus Christ.

II. We will notice, secondly, SOME REASONS FOR THE PROHIBITION GIVEN IN THE TEXT.

Why was it that Jesus said,
"TOUCH ME NOT"?
And why was it that He gave this apparently strange reason.—"For I am not yet ascended to my Father?" There seems to me to be very great comfort in this. I know it has comforted me, if I understand it aright. When Mary Magdalene saw her Master, and had called Him Rabboni, her next impulse was to cast herself adoringly before Him, and embrace Him. But Jesus Christ said, "No; embrace Me not"—for that is the fuller meaning of the word—"I have got something for you to do. I cannot allow you to stop to do that. I must send you to My disciples with a message; therefore, cling not to Me. The strengthening of My disciples is preferable even to the embracing of your Lord. Cling not to Me: for I am not yet ascended."

It strikes me that Mary was half afraid that her Master would go directly; and she thought, "That is Him—I know His voice. But He will go; I know He will vanish; the Spirit of God will take Him away." She thought just as Obadiah did of Elijah, to whom he said, "Now thou sayest, Go, tell the king, Behold, Elijah is here, and it shall come to pass as soon as I am gone from thee that the Spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not."

So Mary thought, "Oh, He will be gone!" And she thought, "But I will hold Him fast. This may be my only opportunity." But He said, "I am not going; I shall be here a little time longer; there will be time enough for touching Me. The first thing I want you to do is to go to my disciples, and tell them that I am about to ascend to heaven."

If you ask, "Why should Jesus tell her that?" let me suppose some of you have said, "I will have an hour of contemplation; I will cast myself upon my knees; I will open the Word of God; I will seek the Spirit to rest upon me; and I will hope that I shall be able to see Jesus, and to embrace Him with the arms of faith."

Then at that very time perhaps you are called to attend a prayer-meeting, or to visit the sick, or to see some inquirer, or to do something for the Lord's cause, and you say, "There, now! I expected to have had that evening for contemplation! Oh! I wish I had not so much to do with Church matters; I see that it robs me of my quiet hours. I love those sweet seasons of retirement when I can touch the Saviour, and embrace Him to my heart. Why is it that I am to go out and feed the flock, and not find more time for fellowship and communion as long and frequently as I desire?"

Oh! when you think that, then imagine you hear your Master saying, "Embrace Me not, for
THERE IS TIME IN HEAVEN FOR THAT.
Go thou to My brethren, and tell them some sweet words of consolation; for while it is sweet for you to embrace Me, it is sweeter to Me for thee to go and embrace My poor brother, and show him the way to the kingdom." God forbid that we should not give enough time to the high joy of contemplation; it is a sweet thing. But sometimes work is as necessary as worship, or, rather, *work is worship in its best form.* Sometimes it is a better service to go to see the sick than to be at home on your knees.

Sometimes it is a more devout serving of God to be busy for the Church, even in what seem to be temporal matters, than to be seated at home, like Mary of old, at the feet of the Saviour, listening to His words, and doing nothing. I believe Martha is sometimes better than Mary. If Mary had always sat at the Saviour's feet, she would have deserved no commendation. It was well for Mary that she sat there then, for it was a proper occasion; but if she had sat there always, and left Martha to attend to the serving, then it would have been an abuse of her privilege. There are times when the Master must say, "Embrace Me not, but go to My brethren, and tell them that I ascend to My Father, and your Father; to My God and your God."

III. And now, having just noticed these incidents on the surface of our text, which I think after all are full of comfort—if not to you, they certainly have been to me—I will now endeavor to draw some lessons from this subject.

1. Jesus says, "*Go and tell My brethren.*" Now, it is a remarkable fact that *the higher Jesus Christ gets in glory, the more sweet are His expressions of love.* You know when He was on earth He said, "Henceforth, I call you not servants, but friends." But He never called them "brethren" until after He had risen from the dead. "Friends" He called them when He was a suffering man; and I dare say some of them thought, "If He should rise from the dead He will be ashamed of us poor fishermen; He called us friends when He was in His poverty; will He not return to that word 'servants' when He rises in majesty from the tomb?" No; when we should have expected Christ to relax His love, when He had risen in dignity, it was just the reverse. *The higher His dignity, the lower His condescension.* "Go and tell My *brethren.*"

And there is another thing about that sweet word "brethren." The *disciples were never in a more sinful condition* than they were at this very time; or rather they had never so grossly sinned as just before the Saviour's resurrection. Before the Saviour died, they were with Him every day; they were, all of them, in a measure, faithful, never forsook their Master, never denied Him that I hear of, till He came to die. And yet all the time they were true and faithful, He never called them any thing better than friends; He never called them "*brethren.*"

You would have thought that when they ran away from Him, that when three of them slept in the garden during His agony, when all forsook Him and fled, and when Peter especially denied Him, the Saviour would have said, "No, I called you friends when you were faithful; I will now see whether I can stretch a point, even to call you servants." But we see *the blacker their sin, the stronger His love.* The more defiled they were, the more sweetly did He talk to them. He said to them in deeds, though not in words, "Henceforth I call you not friends, for a friend is no relation necessarily to his friend; but I call you brethren, for My Father is your Father."

Now carry those
TWO SWEET THOUGHTS
away with you, for sweet they are if the Spirit leads you into them—that *the higher the Saviour gets, the more free is He in the expression of His love,* and that other thought, that *the further the disciples ran away from their Master, the more lovingly did He call them back again.* Marvellous and strange, but nevertheless true. Who cannot derive comfort from such a thought as this? Ye feeble followers of Jesus, if ye have sometimes thought that He loved His people when He was on earth, but that now, when He reigns exalted on high, He has forgotten such of them as you —oh! be assured, inasmuch as He has reached the summit of His glory, He doth now manifest the summit of His love. *The more He is exalted the more doth He manifest Himself.*

2. And I know again, you are saying that yo have so greatly sinned that you cannot expec Him to love you. Do again appropriate thi thought, that *the sweetest promises in the Bib are for the very people that deserve them the leas* There are promises for those who follow clos to their Saviour, and very sweet ones too; bu some of the tenderest promises in the Word God are for those who have wandered away th most. Take for instance that sweet word, "H will not quench the smoking flax nor break th bruised reed." A Christian is nothing bett than a smoking flax. It is very likely throu simple neglect that the believer does not bu brightly; and if he is a bruised reed the bruise the effect of some great backsliding.

There is sweet comfort in the promise, "I will not quench the smoking flax nor break t bruised reed." Blessed Jesus, when we shou have thought that our sins would cause Thee speak harshly, we find that Thou hast the soft words for those who have most erred; and th our sins that would seem to make Thee an seem to make Thee only to invite us back ag with sweeter words than to those who have erred so much as ourselves.

3. Now note here again—*every time J Christ says any thing to His brethren, it is al something that requires faith on their part.* W did He not say "Go and tell My brethren I risen?" Because they did not want any f for that. He was risen; that was a fact they could discover by their eyesight and s of them by their touch. "No," He said, "I will only make large drafts upon My peop faith. Go and tell them that I am abou ascend. Do not tell them I am risen; t will be nothing for their faith to lay hold o that. Tell them that I ascend; that is so thing for them to believe."

Now do you know this, Christian—the more thou hast of the manifest presence of Christ the more faith do you require. Have you not often asked to have a promise brought home to your heart by the special influences of the Spirit? Now recollect the more promises you have the more faith you will require. The words of Christ demand faith at our hands. A manifestation from Christ is as truly a demand upon our faith as when He hides His face from us. When He hides His face He requires us to believe, even when He says nothing; but when He speaks He requires us to believe something that He says.

The more manifestations, the more your need of faith. "I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God." Oh Luther was right when he said that all
THE PITH OF DIVINITY
lay in the pronouns—"*My* Father and your Father." It is as if Christ said of the Father,

"He is 'My Father' by eternal generation. I was begotten of My Father from before all worlds. He is 'our Father' by regeneration. He hath begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of His Son from the dead. He is 'my Father,' as I am the Head of the Church,—man and God, Christ—I call Him Father in my Christhood, and I stand as your representative and say it; and inasmuch as you are all gathered up in Me, He is your Father too—My Father and your Father."

How sweet the word *Father!* He is your Father, because He has the deepest love to protect you; and if you doubt whether His power is equal to His love, hear what Jesus says,—"I am going to my God and to your God." And inasmuch as God is omnipotent, and the Father is love, you have all the love you want, and all the power equal to that love. It seems sweet to hear Christ calling His Father God. As He was a man, the Father was His God; as He was Christ, He calls the Father God over Him,—"My Father is greater than I," speaking as a man; God being greater than a Mediator. "As man, I worship Him as you worship Him; as man I look up to Him as My Father the same as you do. He is My Father, as He is your Father."

4. This leads us to make only one other remark—*How beautifully the Saviour refers to the believer's union with Himself.* The whole Bible, when it is rightly understood, points to union with Christ; and this sweet verse is just full of it. Christ and His people have united interests. When Christ calls God His Father, we may call God "our Father," too. In His property we have

A JOINT INTEREST;

He is heir of all things, and we are joint-heirs with Him. In relationship Christ and His people are united. His brethren are our brethren; His Father is our Father.

Even in service, as Christ was man, as He was the servant of God for our sakes, so the Master whom He served is the Master whom we serve, and we together take the same service upon ourselves, believing that we together shall have the same kingdom conferred upon us, and shall reign with Him,—"Tell My brethren that I ascend to My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God."

An old divine calls Mary Magdalene *apostolorum apostola*, that is, the greatest apostle of the apostles; for she was sent to be the apostle to the apostles. An *apostle* is *one sent*, and Mary Magdalene was sent to those whom afterwards Christ sent to the ends of the earth. So may a poor humble woman be an apostle to one who shall afterwards be a great divine. Let us hear what this great apostle says to us.

Once more, she does not tell *us* that Jesus Christ is about to ascend; she tells us that He has ascended; and whenever we draw around the table of our Lord, let us derive sweet influence from the fact that Jesus Christ has ascended. He has ascended—hence He has ascended as a Conqueror, leading captivity captive. Now he has ascended—it is as a Forerunner for us, entering within the veil. He has ascended—then He has ascended as one to make preparation,—"I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go away, I will come again to receive you to Myself."

He has gone as an Intercessor. There He sits and there he stands, forever interceding before the throne of God for us, His children, His friends, His brethren. Oh! that we may now put our unfeigned and constant trust in Him who died, putting equal trust in Him that rose again, making this our glory, both in His dying and in His rising, that He hath ascended up on high, and sitteth at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us!

Oh! that those who are dead in sin may be quickened by God, that they may know something of the preciousness of having a Father in heaven, the same Father that Jesus Christ had! Sinner, I pray the Lord to make thee believe in Jesus Christ; and if thou hast sinned with Mary Magdalene, may He help thee to believe with her, that thou mayest share in her sweet manifestations, and have a sweet message some day to tell the rest of the brethren!

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

A PROFESSOR TAUGHT BY A COBBLER.

SOME TIME since there resided in Paris a gentleman, highly distinguished in the literary world, whom we shall call Mons. T——. At the time to which this narrative refers he was professor of history in the University of Paris, and a journalist of wide-spread celebrity. Like many other reflecting unbelievers, he sat in the midst of so many cross-lights of the intellect, that he could see nothing distinctly in the spiritual world.

He was paying a visit at the château of a lady near Lyons, where he frequently met Pastor Fisch. One day, as he was walking in the grounds of the château, he met the pastor, who was reading the Scriptures. Stopping in his walk he remarked to the pastor: "I have had great admiration of your conduct as a Christian, and have long wished to know what are the principles that seem to produce such an effect on your life. I have greatly desired to become religious, as I heartily believe in the truth of Christianity, and have tried various systems of religion, with the result of becoming confirmed in a philosophic neutrality from which nothing can move me. Yet, if you have any book which states the doctrines *you* profess, and the principles by which *you* live, I should be glad to read it."

"I have," replied the pastor, "an admirable treatise written by one of the early converts to the Christian faith. It is the letter of the Apostle Paul to Christians at Rome."

"Nonsense!" said the professor; "I beg your pardon for the expression, but I have read it many times, and found it an unintelligible jargon."

"Well," said the pastor, "this is the only systematic, as well as authoritative, exposition of our faith; and if you really desire to understand it, I beg you read the Epistle again carefully."

A few days after they again met, and in answer to Pastor Fisch's inquiry if he had read Paul's Epistle to the Romans once more, Mons. T—— said: "I have, but to me it is perfect nonsense. I read the first chapter—it was unintelligible; the second was worse; and when I reached the third I threw away the book in disgust, as incomprehensible and full of contradictions. I once thought it might do very well for old women and peasants, but now I know that it is impossible for them to understand it; for I, who have been all my life engaged in intellectual pursuits, and who have been elevated to a professor's chair in the first university of Europe, can make nothing of it."

To this the pastor replied: "Human learning as well as human ignorance is opposed to a real spiritual understanding of the Scriptures—the former more positively than the latter—and in any case the Spirit of God must enlighten the understanding before any man can receive the word of life; this is what the Scriptures themselves teach, and I sometimes find that, under this teaching, the illiterate understand the Bible better than I do. I will give you positive proof of this if you will go with me to the workshop of the poorest and most unlettered of my flock—a poor cobbler in Lyons."

"A good joke, truly!" said the self-confident professor; "I shall be glad to see one of these wonderful ignoramuses, who understand the Epistle to the Romans. You may be sure I shall put him to the test most thoroughly." And accordingly the Christian pastor and the sceptic scholar set out on a visit to the poor cobbler's abode.

On introducing the scholar to the stall and its occupant, Pastor Fisch left them to confer together.

"Well, my friend," said Mons. T——, when they were left alone, "Pastor Fisch tells me you profess to know something of the Scriptures. We are alone here, and I will tell no one of what may pass, so just confess that you do not understand that book, for it stands to reason that if I, an educated man and a teacher in the university, can make nothing of it, still less can you, whom I perceive to be an illiterate man."

"Ah! sir, but I have something that you have not, with all your learning," said the cobbler. "And what is that, pray?" "The Holy Spirit," said the Christian solemnly; "and if you are ever brought to ask for light from Him, you too will understand the Scriptures."

He then told, in his own simple way, the story of God's dealings with his soul: how He had showed him that he was a ruined and helpless sinner; and how when he saw this he was led to see in Jesus a perfect Saviour, just such as he needed; and how, in looking to Jesus, he found all his sins washed away, received a new nature, and became a temple of the Holy Ghost, who taught him the things of God out of the Scriptures.

The great scholar remained all that morning in earnest conversation with his humble instructor. On entering the dining-room at the château at a late hour, he exclaimed to Pastor Fisch, with an emotion which he could not conceal, "I have had a lesson in theology to-day such as I never had before."

In truth the Lord had enlightened his understanding in the poor cobbler's stall, and from that hour the Scriptures became his study and delight. A complete change was effected in his mind and heart. The Spirit revealed to him Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners, and he was a new man.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus, he ever after placed himself on the lowest form, willingly learning of the spiritual, whether among the high or the low. He became fellow-laborer with Pastor Fisch in the church at Paris, and was ever found unweariedly among the poor, the sick, and the dying, teaching the faith which he once scorned. Although he was regarded with contemptuous pity in circles where he was once distinguished and honored, he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all that he relinquished for Him.

A REFORMED RUM-DRINKER AND HIS FIVE PENNIES.

I AM ashamed to tell you I was an awful drunkard once. I'll tell you what turned me round. I was terribly dry one morning, and I wanted some rum. I handed my youngest boy, only six years old, some coppers and a jug, and told him to go and get me some rum. Willie didn't want to go; but I scolded him, and he started a few steps, and then stopped and said,

"Father, I wish you would give me a cent to buy a stick of candy."

I told him go along, and not bother me about a stick of candy. The little fellow began to cry, and stammered out,

"Father, you never gave me any money to buy candy. Tommy Jones (he was the *rum-seller's boy*) has candy every day, and he says I can't have any because *my father is a drunkard.*"

I felt as though lightning had struck me. "Good heavens!" said I, "has it come to this? Have I been paying my money to support the rum-seller and his family in luxury, while my own little boy could not have a single cent for candy? Yes, I *am* a drunkard. But old Jones's children won't sneer at Willie or me any more."

I called my boy back, and took the jug and the money. Here are the pennies—five of them. I will keep them as long as I live, and when I die leave them as a secret legacy to my children. I have got six children and a good wife besides. Thank God I am saved, and my home is happy. I will do what I can to save others. That jug don't go to Jones's now, and my boy is as smart as his!

THE VOYAGE OF THE EGLANTINE.

WHO SAILED IN HER—AND WHY.

A Story of an English Merchant Vessel.

(*Continued from page 173*)

THE darkness of the horizon, the rising wind, and the heavy seas which began to dash against the Eglantine, were to Christian Hilliard's mind so many warnings to sacrifice every thing on board rather than risk a life. He was resolved that here, as in that perilous voyage of the Apostle Paul (Acts 27), the very tacklings of the ship should be thrown overboard, if that would reduce the danger.

Captain Thorpe had seen many storms, and not knowing what Christian now knew of the unsafe condition of the ship, was disposed to laugh at his wish as the result of a landsman's fears, and besides he feared Mr. Hilliard's anger when he should return and have to tell him that he had sacrificed his property, so he said:

"What! throw the whole cargo overboard for a bit of a gale! Excuse me, but you must be off your head, Mr. Christian! What would your father say if I were to go back and tell him I had pitched every thing overboard without real necessity?"

"There is real necessity! If the vessel sprang a leak in a storm, would she stand a better chance with or without a heavy cargo?"

"Without it, of course. But who says the Eglantine will spring a leak?"

"I say there is every fear of it. Why will you not believe me?" answered Christian, sharply. Little used as he was to opposition, coming at such a time, it irritated him almost beyond endurance. "I will exonerate you from all blame."

"Mr. Christian," said the captain, slowly, "if what you say is true, there has been a great and shameful wickedness committed."

They stood looking at each other in silence: the one with the darkness of a gathering suspicion on his face, and the gleam of a righteous anger in his eyes; the other overshadowed by the dull, heavy stupor of an unutterable grief and shame.

"I know it!" came the low answer, forced by an effort from the reluctant lips. "But what I say *is* true."

"And the Eglantine is unseaworrthy?"

"She is."

The captain burst into a fit of rage, bringing his clinched fist with a heavy blow on the rail. "And I persuaded the poor fellows to come to their death!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "I'd rather have chopped off my right hand than do such wicked work. What am I to say to them, sir?"

"Is there need to tell them what I have told you? They will obey your orders without knowing the why and wherefore. Would it be wise to tell them all?"

The captain pondered. "No, it would not be wise," he said. "It would dishearten them, and take away perhaps their only chance. Let them work on, hoping for the best. Tell me all you know, Mr. Christian; it may guide me somewhat."

He spoke gently, from his heart pitying the proud head bowed with a weight of dishonor far worse than death. At the same time, a suspicion that a hoax had been played upon Christian would force itself upon him; but as he listened to some extracts from the letter it faded away, leaving him convinced of the truth of the statement.

"Why didn't the writer of that letter, whoever he may be, give warning before? Why did he wait till the very last moment, and then tell you in that way? There has been foul work, Mr. Christian."

"Not on his part; he is honest enough. I fancy he knew nothing of the Eglantine's destination till he chanced to hear I was going with her. At any rate, it is too late now; we can only do our best for the men. I can trust you to lose sight of every thing but their safety, Captain Thorpe."

"I will do all I can, sir: no mortal man can say more than that."

"I have only one comfort," said Christian, with a ring of passionate feeling in his voice; "if they die, I am here to die with them."

"That's poor comfort," said the captain, grimly. "Most men would have felt it more comforting if they had stayed on shore. You are one of the right sort, Mr. Christian."

He turned away to give some orders to the men, and Cairns, who had been standing near, came and took his place.

"We are not going to have such a quiet voyage home as we had coming, Mr. Christian. Look at them clouds, and hark at the wind, sir! that means mischief. It'll be something more than a gale."

"What makes you think so?" asked Christian, with forced composure.

Cairns shook his head. "I know the signs, sir; this long calm hasn't been for nothing. I'm blessed if I can understand the winds! they're for all the world as if they had life in 'em, and knew what they were up to. Here they've been keeping quiet all this time, just to come down upon us with a swoop at last! Aggravating things they are!"

The sea was rising rapidly, and overhead the black clouds gathered in heavy piles. As midnight drew near the wind grew louder and more boisterous, coming in fitful gusts; and the sullen thunder muttered in the distance.

Coming up from the cabin, Christian found the crew busily engaged in lightening the vessel of her heavy cargo, and murmuring among themselves at the task.

"The skipper's clean gone off his head!" grumbled one of the men. "The cargo ain't nothing like so heavy as what we brought out, and yet he goes and flings it overboard!"

"You hold your tongue," said Cairns; "the skipper knows what he's about. You don't know any thing about these latitudes, and we do; this ain't a gale such as you get in the Channel, I can tell you."

The wind had increased in fury, and the waves were running mountains high, breaking into white foaming crests on every side. The heavens were of pitchy darkness, save when a vivid lightning flash darted through the masses of black cloud, illuminating for one moment the wild confusion above and below.

"I have done all I can, sir," said Captain Thorpe. "The men are lightening the ship, and all we can do now is to wait for results. She may weather it yet."

The morning dawned cold and gray, but still the storm raged fiercely. Toward noon the wind subsided, and Christian's hopes began to rise. Every thought of his heart was a prayer that the lives of these men might be saved. In the solitude of his cabin he wrestled hard with an almost overwhelming sense of helplessness and self-condemnation.

"I brought them into this death," he groaned. "O God! will the responsibility lie with me?" But even as he uttered these words they were answered. He saw himself standing before his father, and heard the question, "Is the Eglantine seaworthy?" And the reply rose up before him with torturing distinctness—"*She is seaworthy.*" No; the responsibility did not lie with him.

Where the responsibility did lie was only too clear. Mr. Hilliard had sent these men to their death, as many other English merchants are doing to this day. The withering denunciations of Mr. Plimsoll and a few other devoted friends of the sailors have done but little to check the shameful practice. Day after day vessels well insured leave English ports, laden with precious lives, and are never heard of again. Homes are desolated, women are made widows, and children fatherless in order that these wealthy merchants may increase their accursed gains. What matters a wreck to them? They calculate that the vessel may return safely, and then a large profit results; and if it is lost, they are indemnified from loss by the insurance companies. And so, being safe themselves from pecuniary loss, they keep up their vile traffic in which men's lives count for nothing in the reckoning. The voice of these sailors' blood cries to heaven from every sea, and surely a day of reckoning will yet come.

Night again closed around the Eglantine and her crew, and still the winds were lulled; but at ten o'clock they suddenly burst upon the vessel from another quarter, splitting the foresail into fragments, and carrying it far away in the darkness. If the wind and waves had run riot before, they ran wilder riot now. Every moment the heavy cross seas swept over the deck, carrying every thing before them.

"Hold hard, sir! hold hard!" shouted the captain; "don't let go for your life."

Christian turned and saw a vast mountain of white crested water looming above them; and then down it came with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When he came to himself, a strong arm was holding him firmly round the waist. "You were nearly done for then, Mr. Christian," said Cairns' familiar voice. "It's a good thing I was close behind you, sir, or you'd have stood no chance of seeing old England again. One of the boats is gone, worse luck!" It had been swinging by the iron davits close to them the minute before, but the mighty strength of the wave had snapped its holdings, and carried it far to leeward.

Then as if the wind were satisfied for a time, there was a lull, and the waters grew a little calmer. Cairns still stood close to Christian.

"We haven't seen the end yet," he said. "I feel a sort of care about you, Mr. Christian, because it was 'long of me you came. Won't you go down a bit, sir? You ain't used to this sort of thing, and maybe you'll want all your strength by and by."

"Ay, do," said the captain's voice close at hand; "I want a word with you, sir."

They went down and the captain shut the door. "Do you know that one of the boats is gone?" he asked. "That last wave snapped the davits as clean as a newly-cut carrot. I never saw such a thing in my life before. There is only one now, and that the small one."

"Well?" said Christian.

"Well, sir, just this. If what you tell me is true, the ship cannot hold out much longer, and will probably spring a leak. In that case the boats were our only chance, and now the biggest is gone. The litle one cannot hold us all."

Christian looked at him in dull, mute horror.

"Some *must* be left here to die," went on the captain.

"How many?"

"At least two, besides myself," he answered briefly.

"'*Besides yourself!*' Do you mean to stop?"

"Could I ask any one to stay instead? I can ask them to stop *with* me. Mr. Christian, as sure as we live God's vengeance will fall on him who sent the Eglantine out to meet her doom!"

"It will," said Christian, hoarsely. "God is just!"

"Sir, it is a foul, cold-blooded murder!"

"It is!" groaned Christian. "God help us!"

"Do not think I am blaming you, sir. You have acted the part of an honest man, and I honor you for it. Very few would have troubled themselves about a few poor sailors as you have done. I must go on deck now, but there is no knowing what may happen, and I may never see you again, so good-by, sir."

His rough voice trembled as he wrung Christian's hand, and his eye lingered upon the bronzed face, which he had in those few short weeks learned to love.

The wind was gradually falling, and the mountainous waves rolling less wildly round the vessel when he reached the deck. "She may weather it yet," he thought, with a gleam of hope springing up; but the next moment it was dashed out forever. There came a sudden cry in the darkness, piercing the tumult of the boisterous waves and filling every heart with dread:

"*She has sprung a leak!*"

(*To be continued.*)

HEAVENLY CITIZENSHIP.

A Sermon by Rev. W. M. Punshon, D.D.

"For our conversation is in heaven."—PHIL. 3 : 20.

The Apostle's Argument—I. The Source of this Heavenly Citizenship—Methods of Attaining Roman Citizenship—1. By Birth—2. By Manumission—3. By Redemption—This the only Source of Heavenly Citizenship—II. The Duties which this Citizenship Involves—1. Loyalty and Patriotism — Responsibility — 2. Obedience to Laws.

IN the chapter before us Paul has been warning the Philippians against the worthlessness of personal merit, and of ecclesiastical privilege, without Christ. He has been showing them the necessity for their growth in knowledge and attainment, which should be painstaking and continued. He has reminded them of their greater obligations to consistency, because of the prevalent ungodliness around ; and then he sums up and enforces the whole in the words of the text, with its glorious presentation of Christian heritage and hope—"For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."

As if he had said : "We are Christians ; it doth not beseem us, therfore, to act as worldlings do. The world is their theatre—their treasure-house ; they look and live no higher ; but we of nobler birth and higher expectations, listeners to a holy calling, waiters for the fruition of a cherished hope—let us free ourselves as we ought to do from the trammels of a sensual bondage, mindful of our own rank and of our destiny ; let us beseem ourselves comely, for our conversation is in heaven." Brethren, the need for a warning like this, an exhortation like this, based upon the memory of such privilege, has not certainly ceased.

The world in which many of you mingle in six days' passionate toil, the ordinary cares of labor, made a very drudgery by the fierce competitions of the time, has yet, unhappily, a power on the seventh, when another lordship should take the possession of your soul ; and there are none of you, perhaps, that are so free from its influences of distraction or depression, that you are above the chance of taint, and above the need of warning. It cannot be amiss, therefore, for us to-day to remind you of your heavenly citizenship, that you may be grateful as you think upon its source, that you may be stimulated to discharge its duties, and that you may be comforted amid life's perils and sorrows by the thought of the immunities which it confers—"For our conversation is in heaven."

I. Whence, then, is *the source of this heavenly citizenship?* At the time these words were written the Roman Empire had attained the culmination of its power. By successive conquests its territorial possessions had been extended. Its arms were acknowledged and dreaded in all lands where its triumphant eagles flew. The long clamor of battle had been hushed in the time of Augustus. The arts and sciences flourished ; the warriors who had conquered Greece had captured not her sons only, but her art, her architecture, and her gods. The Emperor seemed to reign over a consolidated and prosperous Empire ; and through each subject province, or far-off Archipelago of Isles, the man who could say, "I am a Roman citizen," found in the utterance his surest talisman of safety, and his speediest redress from wrong.

1. *The first and highest method* of attaining the Roman citizenship was, of course, *by birth.* The sons and daughters of the family, when the parents were citizens, were free by hereditary transmission of privilege. So soon as they assumed the garb and entered upon the responsibilities of the man or the matron, they entered at once, as a right, and without effort or ceremony, upon the civic freedom. They were "free-born." I need hardly remind you that this is not the charter by whose high prescription men come to be citizens of heaven. The race to which we belong has, indeed, *a glorious heraldry.* Our forefathers were of royal birth ; and there are stray glances even upon the countenances which sin has marred most foully, which give us a shadow and a memory of the divine original ; but we have been long ago disinherited in anger.

Our first parents sold their birthright, and its estates have never been recovered, and we who, if that test of Eden had been borne, and the righteous entail transmitted, might have stood up in native strength, and heired the heavens by reason of our purity of blood, are now naturally homeless and poor, the children of trampled and unhappy slaves. We cannot say as the Jews did to Jesus, "We be Abraham's children, which were never in bondage to any man." Serfs in a thrall baser than of Egypt—banished ones in an exile more hopeless than of Babylon—we cry because of the disquietude of our spirits, and cease from the music of our former joy. We are by nature children of wrath, not heirs of unsearchable riches ; and if we anticipate this heavenly citizenship by virtue of our birth, we do but mock ourselves as with a cruel dream ; to be dispersed like other dreams by the cold awakening light of morning.

2. *And then the second way* in which the citizens came into possession of their citizenship was *by manumission.* After faithful servitude and as a reward for it, it was in the power of the master to confer by a public ceremony, in the presence of the officers of the state, the boon of freedom on the slave. The principle is recognized in the initiation by servitude into the corporations of modern times. I need not remind you, I suppose, that neither is this the method by which the sinner comes to be a citizen of heaven. It might have been achieved possibly under the first covenant, when the heart was biased, if at all, to godliness ; when the temptations were all from without, and no headstrong passion coerced the wavering will ; but the sin which closed Eden to humanity inflicted upon humanity a moral feebleness from which no human healer can recover it.

Personal righteousness, justification by works, acceptance by patient but unaided merit, the propitiation of deed, or of suffering—they have been the attempt, and they have been the failure of each successive age. From the time when Cain reared his altar, glossy with its fresh offering of fruits and flowers, and from the time when Jezebel fasted in the intervals of her cruelty, and from the time when the priests of Baal stained with their own blood the russet turf of Carmel, and from the time when the Pharisee swept scornfully into the temple, gathering from the contrite publican, as he passed him, the materials for his haughty prayer—from that time down to the present men having clung lingeringly to this same notion of personal merit, and have bribed themselves to believe that, in another sense than Scriptural, they could work out their own salvation.

But surely, brethren, they have had poor conceptions of the breadth of the commandment, and the very scantiest knowledge of their own deceitful hearts, who could thus vainly feel and teach. What ! man, with this taint of naked vileness, and with his feebleness of moral power—man living in a revolted province, pressed hard on every side by banded foes, his own nature in traitorous collusion with the enemy—man to resist bravely the aggressions of evil, and to earn by stern and strong will the citizenship of heaven ! *The thing were hopeless*—hopeless and impossible. Blot the sun out of the firmament ; tame the chainless wind ; put an interdict upon the laughing spring ; melt the old mountains by a glance ; draw a film of gossamer across the strand, and bid the raging surf respect it ; bind the sweet influences of Pleiades by a silken cord to an infant's finger ; but hope not, until the Ethiop change his skin, and the leopard his spots, that those who have been accustomed to do evil can charm themselves into holiness and heaven.

Were it possible to surround a man with every condition of advantage, and to seclude him from the contagion of vicious companionships, and to impress him with the sincerities of an earnest, heavenly desire, and then to leave him to himself, unaided, without the presence and agency of the Divine, there would be that within him—a native warp, an inborn dislocation of soul, that would thwart his upward efforts, and enslave him perpetually beneath a tyranny from which he panted to be free. And if you ask the holiest of your fellows, as he gasps in difficult life amid the struggles of the last enemy, to give you before he dies his testimony as to the foundation of his hope, his cheek will kindle with a glow, which will for the moment master his convulsions and make him insensible to pain, as he tells you, "It is not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to His mercy that He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and by the renewing of the Holy Ghost."

3. If, then, the source of this heavenly citizenship is not by birth, and if it is not by manumission, *it can only be by redemption*, purchased for us by One who loves us, who has paid the satisfying price, and who has exerted the needed power ; and this is the marvel of love, which has actually been wrought on our behalf. We were sinners and Christ died for us. There is the whole matter lying helplessly struggling against a might too strong for us, crying passionately and almost hopelessly for deliverance—Christ came by with His Gospel ; it was the power of God unto our salvation. We were sold under sin, prostrate and agonized in the shame and bitterness of our slavery ; Christ ransomed us by dying, and rose again to welcome us as the free. And there is nothing surely, brethren, which can possibly make the citizenship a more precious privilege, or invest it to the believer with a dearer charm. Let the worldling, if he pleases, erect himself in the haughtiest stature of his pride, and refuse to accept a blessing for which he is indebted to the merit of another. The Christian is thrilled with a very different and more grateful feeling. He sees the love of Jesus in the gifts which He confers, and therefore prizes them the more.

"We love Him because He first loved us." The citizenship was purchased for us by the Saviour Jesus, and the gift is all the dearer for the Giver's sake. We feel burdened by no oppressive sense of obligation when we take gifts from Him. We feel that it is right that He should give them, and it is right that we should take them without murmuring and without dependence. The all-conquering and all-trusting love receives gifts from the loved one just as matters of course ; and a Christian feels, as he takes the blessing from above, that it could not come from dearer, and that it would not come from other hands. The peace of the Christian is a sweeter peace than it would otherwise be, because Christ has conferred it. His hope kindles into a rarer brightness because he knows that Jesus has inspired it, and even as he thinks of the landscapes and the fountains, and the melody in which human fancy may not unlawfully image forth the promised heaven, when he striks his harp, he sings not of these, but

"These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to Thy dying love;
Oh ! may we bless Thy grace below,
And feel Thy power above"

"For our conversation is in heaven."

II. I come, in the second place, to notice *the duties which this citizenshipi nvolves.* I remind you of your citizenship that you may be stimulated to the discharge of the duties which it involves. That this citizenship entails duties, is a consequence which each Christian heart of you will very cheerfully recognize, as indeed it follows from every principle of right.

1. Those whom the state protects, whom the state advances, owe to it *loyalty and patriotism ;* and if they fail in the discharge of their duty, they forfeit all claim upon their privilege. He

has no true political or social teaching whose talk is frequent of rights and seldom of obligations.

To a well-balanced, right-thinking mind, the thought of *responsibility* will be co-ordinate with the thought of benefit, and the pulse of the commonwealth will beat, not in the palace or the senate only, but in every hamlet and every homestead of the land. It is a great error to suppose that a state is bound to grant privilege equally to all who dwell within its borders—a great error to suppose that the state is bound to grant privilege equally to the rebel and to the loyal ; to the traitorous, who breath, disloyalty to its government ; or to the selfish, who are alien from its interests ; as to the real-hearted, who have its weal at heart ; and to the volunteers, who arm for its defence. We meet with some, sometimes, big in words, but small in value ; fluent in the utterance of sedition, fertile in plots that only want a sort of dignity and livelihood to entitle them to be called conspiracies ; who claim still that the state they libel should succor them in their need ; and that the country which they traduce should furnish them with the wherewithal to propagate their slanders.

It would be well for them to remember that they are suffered just because they are despised, because in their efforts to be dangerous they only succeed in making themselves thoroughly and universally contemptible' and that the toleration that is given to their licentiousness of speech and deed is the best refutation of the allegations of their mischievous tongues. As in human politics, so it is in reference to the realm that is divine ; there are many of us, alas ! that would fain inherit the blessing, while we are indifferent to the obligation of the covenant which God, in His Son Christ Jesus, has made with the childern of men. The ministers of Christian citizenship follow upon the consistencies of Christian service ; "if ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land ;" and so deeply grateful is the heart of the believer, that he seeks for opportunities where his gratitude may be displayed, and is never so happy as when he wears the badge, ay, and publicly too, so that all men may read it—wears the badge and bears the yoke of Jesus, in a captivity, a willing bondage more blessed than anarch's maddest dream.

THE TWO STRONG ARMS.

A GREAT scholar in Germany, who was anxious to find the right way to heaven, but for all his learning could not succeed, went one day to church. On his way he met a poor old man, to whom he wished "Good-morning." The poor man thanked him, but added, he did not exactly remember ever having a bad one. "Well, then, I wish you much luck." "I thank you, sir ; but to tell the truth, I never yet have had bad luck." The scholar did not know what to make of the man, so he requested him to explain his meaning. "With pleasure," said the poor man. "I have never yet had a sorrowful morning ; for if I am hungry, I praise God ; if I am cold, I praise God ; if it rain or snow, thunder or lighten—let the weather be what it may, I praise God ; and am always joyful. And I have never had a bad week. I resign myself to my dear Lord and Saviour, and am sure He does nothing wrong. What He permits, whether sweet or sour, joy or grief, I know is all for the best, and accept it with thanks and joy. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' "

The scholar was astonished at the faith of the poor man, and asked again what he would do if God should thrust him into hell at last. "Thrust me into hell ? *that* He will never do," answered the poor man ; "but if He should, I have two arms—the arm of *faith* and the arm of *love*—with them I would grasp Him, and hold Him so fast that He must go with me ; and where my Lord and my God is, there is my heaven."

THE BRAVE.

They are brave who dare to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are brave who dare to be
In the right with two or three.

SEASONABLE COUNSELS.

An Oration by Mr. J. B. Gough,

Delivered at the Head-quarters of the Blue Ribbon Army, Hoxton Music Hall, London, on Saturday, Dec. 14.

Actual Experiences Wanted—Memorable Interview in Glasgow with an old Fellow-workman—A Bedridden Woman Grateful for the Use of Her Thumb—Mr. Gough's First Glass—The Drinker's Fancied Wealth—Dogs Eating up their Directions—A Little Afraid of Christmas—A Troy Tailor Ruined and Killed Through a Single Glass of Liquor—Do not ask People to Drink—Tragical Scene at Niagara Falls.

SOME few weks ago I told Mr. Noble that I would like to come to you, and wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year before I left, as I shall not be here at Christmas time. (Responses from the audience, "Same to you.") That is my desire—a strong desire I had ever since I came into this hall some months ago, for I gave you the first speech I gave in England on this visit, except the short speech at the garden party at Westminster on my reception,—and it was my desire to hear some of the experiences of the people in this district.

For it is the *experience* that we want, because in stating experience we know what we are talking about, and our words have power. A man may talk of the theory of a thing, as a physician can tell, I suppose very eloquently, how an amputation is performed, how he first makes an incision into the skin, and lays it back, and all this sort of thing,—how he takes off the leg and ties up the arteries : he can describe every movement very minutely, but he cannot describe how the man felt when the saw touched the marrow. It is only the man who has experienced it can begin to tell what the feeling is. Now we come to you with experience. Let me give you some of my own experience.

MEMORABLE INTERVIEW WITH A FALLEN FELLOW-WORKMAN IN GLASGOW.

My experience was brought before me, or the contrast was brought home to me, when I was in this country before. I had been speaking in the Glasgow City Hall to about 2500 people. I was the guest of one of the merchant princes of that city. I do not mention this to convey the idea that I was often the guest of merchant princes in that or any other city ; it was only once in a while, and this was the once in the while. There was a carriage waiting to take me to the residence of my host, with footmen in livery, a pair of horses, and silver-mounted harness—a tip-top turn out.

It was a drizzly, wretched night, and the gentleman said to me, "You had better get into the carriage, Mr. Gough, the ladies will be down directly." I got into the carriage, and many crowded round to shake hands with me, for it was my last speech but one previous to my departure for America, when a wretched, haggard, ragged, forlorn, *miserable-looking creature* came trembling and shuffling up to the side of the carriage. I saw his rags, I saw his naked shoulder, I saw his hair a little grayer than my own, matted and hanging over his face. He held out a shaking hand, and it was fearfully dirty, and he said, "Wi ye shake hands wi me ?"

I laid my hand in his, and as I closed my fingers over it he said, "Don't ye know me ?" "Is your name Aitken ?" "Yes." "Harry Aitken ?" "Yes." "Why you worked with me in a bookbinder's shop, Alexander Hutchinson's, of Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1842." "I did." "What is the matter with you ?" "I am desperate poor ;" and he looked like it. I gave him some money, and got some friend to ascertain what he was doing—picking up bits of bones and rags in the streets, and lodging in one of the horrible dens in that city.

As I sat there in that carriage, surrounded by wealth, and luxuries, and refinement, and beauty, with the ring of the audience in that hall, my hand aching with the grasp of friendship from hundreds, and when I saw that miserable wretch shivering, hungry, forlorn, starving, friendless, I remembered he was a better workman than I, his prospects brighter than mine, when he was my boon companion in the drink : there is he and here am I ; but what an awful gulf between us ! And yet there is what I might have been, shivering in the streets that wretched night, but for one little circumstance, the signing of the temperance pledge some fifteen years before.

A RHEUMATIC BEDRIDDEN WOMAN GRATEFUL FOR THE USE OF ONE THUMB.

Now I am constantly meeting day by day with these contrasts—what it is, what it might have been ; and that is why I have been so extremely interested to-night in hearing the experiences of these men. It is the same thing, the same leading into temptation, the same aptitude for drink. Why, I started in life when I was twelve years old. My father was an old soldier, and when he came back from his soldiering he lived in the little village of Sandgate.

We were very poor. Now I have said before, and I say here, poverty is no degradation. It is nothing wrong to be poor. If it was, there would be a great many sinners in London tonight. Poverty is an affliction or an infliction, take it as you will. But there are those who are poor who are far happier than those who are rich.

You come with me up that stairway ; it is broken and filthy. But go up to the top of the house, and knock at the door. A feeble voice bids you enter. There you see on the bed *a woman* who has lain for *twenty-eight years racked*, and crippled, and cramped with *rheumatism*. She is suffering day and night. For twelve years she has never looked out of the window. She lies there a constant sufferer. Now hear her tale.

She says she is thankful. *Thankful?* Oh yes ! she is very thankful. Thankful for what ? *For the use of one thumb*, because she has got an old fork fixed upon the end of that thumb, and with it she can turn over the leaves of her Bible as she lays there, and so she says, "I am thankful for that." Oh ! let the rich people who have so much money that they don't know what to do with it learn a lesson from that patient sufferer.

I heard the other day that Truman, Hanbury & Buxton are making so much money out of the drink they don't know what do to with it, and so they build churches. The Lord help the ministers who preach under such circumstances in churches built by the money obtained from brewers.

MR. GOUGH'S FIRST GLASS.

But to come back again. I said poverty was no degradation—there is no degradation in poverty. I started life when I was twelve years old, and went to America. I went with a family that promised to take care of me. I was a pure-hearted boy, full of life, and full of elasticity. When I grew to be a young man I was a famous singer, and used to tell stories. Well, I used to stand upon a table and imitate people, for I had that gift, that faculty ; and when a man has it, it may be an exceedingly valuable, but it is an exceedingly dangerous qualification for a man to possess.

I will not give you my life at length ; but I went into the city of New York. There I was alone in that large city, full of temptation, full of wickedness. I remember very well the *first glass* of liquor I *drank*. It was in the social circle, and I remember, just as well as if it were yesterday, the young lady that asked me to have a glass of wine. I went there to sing—went there to practise sacred music, for they wanted me to sing in the choir. We sang hymns, and the wine and the biscuits were passed round.

I remember that first glass just as well as I remember what happened yesterday ; and as one of those men said to-night, I had then no intention of becoming a drunkard—certainly not; that never entered into my calculation. I drank as young men now drink, thinking it was jolly and manly, and because I thought it did a great deal of good, when at the same time it was laying the foundation of that which was to me years of misery, years of suffering, and years of retchedness. How we who have experienced can come to others and tell them of the re-lt of our experience and suffering!

THE DRINKER'S FANCIED WEALTH.

Young men, I say to you, I ask you what bene-t did you ever derive from the drink? Has ever done you any good? Oh! I know very ell many persons will tell us there is a gratifiation about it, a jollification about it, and all nat sort of thing. To be sure there is. No-ody knows that better than I do. A glass of quor working upon a man's brain and nervous ystem, if he is of a nervous temperament, will nake him jolly, and perhaps make him seem ery rich. "Oh! if you want to borrow a ouple of hundred pounds any time to help you n business, just call on *me;* I'll let you have it n your own note of hand."

Then you call in the morning and tell him ou would like to have a little money to help ou on in your business, and that he promised o let you have £200. He'll say, "Did I?" 'Yes." "Oh, well, I haven't got it now, but robably shall have it by twelve o'clock." Now hen a man drinks his brain becomes affected, nd it makes a very poor man feel rich. Rich! Have you never seen a man strut with his toes ut of his boots, and the sleeves out of the acket, and trousers shining with old age, his oat buttoned up close to make believe that he as a garment beneath of which he is entirely estitute,—have you never seen him strut about he street as big as you please while there is a ittle drink in him?—but when the recollection omes then comes the wretchedness and misery. Ah! how foolish it is for men to put that into their system that will take away their brains, as Shakespeare says.

DOGS EATING UP THEIR DIRECTIONS.

I remember reading a little incident that amused me very much some years ago, of a couple of dogs that were being taken by rail. They were given into the charge of the guard, and put into the dog box. When they started they had a piece of parchment fixed to their collars, with their directions written upon it. On putting them out of the train a porter was leading them along, and some one said, "Where are those dogs going to?" "I don't know where the dogs are going to—nobody knows where the dogs are going to, and the dogs don't know themselves where they're going to. You see they came in by the rail; they started all right, but *the silly creatures have been and eaten up their directions.*" While we laugh at the dogs who eat up their directions, what do we say of the men who will *drink* up their directions?

Now, then, if there is a sort of gratification in it, there is an awful degradation in it—a fearful degradation in it. But I want to speak to you more particularly, first for a few minutes in view of the temptations that are assailing some of our reformed men just about this time. A lady here on the platform said she was

A LITTLE AFRAID OF CHRISTMAS.

I would say to her, "Don't be afraid, my good lady; stand firm to the principle of total abstinence. And remember this, any man or woman who will offer you a glass of liquor who knows your pledge, offers you the grossest insult. It is *a simple outrage.* It is just as bad as calling you to your face *a liar;* and that is a thing no man or woman should stand in Great Britain. And I would say to any here who intend going into festivities, and who will drink themselves, Drink, if you will, but don't you offer it to others. "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hung about his neck, and he cast into the depths of the sea." That is not my word—it is the word of One greater than I.

And I tell you, men and women, before you dare to put a stumbling-block in the way of one of those who are trying to rise above the appetite, remember God is the judge, and in His hands must we leave it. It may seem but a little thing, a small affair, to give a man a glass of liquor, but what is the result from a single glass of liquor sometimes?

A TROY TAILOR RUINED AND KILLED THROUGH A SINGLE GLASS OF LIQUOR.

Let me give you just one fact. In the town of Troy, New York State, was a tailor with his wife and four children: he was a native of Pittsfield, but he moved from there because he was not getting along in business very well, and he thought he might do a better business in Troy. His wife died in Troy, and he made up his mind to go back to Pittsfield. He had been a sad drunkard, but signed the pledge, and during the few years that he remained in Troy he had accumulated a little money, and was worth, perhaps, £1000.

He sold out his business and got £150 for it. Then he put his four little children in the care of a neighbor and went to Pittsfield, to look out a new home in his native place. He arrived there one evening; it was a festive occasion, and put up at a hotel. A gentleman who saw the whole transaction said, "I never was more moved in my life, but I could not interfere, for I did not know the man." They were having what they call "a hop," and he was looking in at the door, when some of the young men saw him and caught hold of him. "Ah! how do you do? Why, I haven't seen you for a long time. Won't you take something to drink?—something in remembrance of old times, you know?"

This gentleman told that he never in his life saw a man so badgered, and so worried, and so irritated by these men. They got him by the collar and pulled him about, and pestered him to have something to drink; but he steadily refused. At last he said, "Well, I'll take *one glass* just to satisfy you, and then I'll go to bed." He took that one glass; and many of you who have been in the habit of drinking, you who have been intemperate men, you who are reformed men, know what was the result.

For three weeks that man staggered round from public-house to public-house, squandering his money, and giving it away, and at the end of three weeks he had not a penny left of the whole £150. Then he awoke to the consciousness of his children. "My children are in Troy." He began to come to himself, but he had not a penny. He went down to the railway station and asked them to give him a passage on an engine. They refused. He tried to get on a freight train while the train was in motion, the wheels went diagonally across his chest and crushed out all the life in him.

The gentleman said to me it was the most awful funeral he ever saw in his life. That man was buried by the parish, and four little orphan children stood by the side of the grave, to be taken away to the poorhouse.

DO NOT ASK PEOPLE TO DRINK.

All through one glass! Oh! it is nothing to give a man a glass; only one, that is all. You know not where the result of that one glass may end. And so I say to you, if there are any here attending what is called a festive occasion at Christmas or any other time, or giving wine to your friends, *be careful you give not to those who are trying to reform,* for it is a fearful thing to lay any burden upon another, or to put a stumbling-block in the way of your brother.

With regard to my own experience, men may say to me, "Well, and would you be afraid to drink a glass of liquor to-night?" That has nothing to do with it, whether I'd be afraid or not. I would not do it; that is all. But they say sometimes, "Ah, you're afraid!" Every man ought to be afraid to do what is wrong, and for me to drink a glass of liquor would be a sin. I do not say it would be for you. I judge no man; but for me to drink a glass of liquor to-night would be a sin, with my principle, and with my pledge, and with my views and experience with regard to it.

When you tempt a man to drink, I do not suppose you intend to do him any particular harm. When the mother gives a glass of ale to her child, or a glass of wine, or a little sup of gin, she does not intend to harm it. She loves that child. It is natural for a mother to love her child. What will not a mother do to save that child from suffering, to save it from pain? She will do any thing, make any sacrifice, will not she? But certainly, when she gives a glass of ale, or a little drop of spirit, or a sip of wine, she never intends to do the child any mischief. Certainly not. But what is she doing? She is giving the child that which by no possibility can do the child any good, and which may do that child much harm, like

THE FOOLHARDY ACT THAT OCCURRED AT NIAGARA FALLS.

There is one part of the river, within, perhaps, 100 feet of the great Niagara Fall, where you can lie on your face and touch the water with your finger; and many persons were in the habit of doing that because there was something a little risky about it—to put your hands into the water within a few yards of the cataract, covered with the spray that came up from that awful depth. And the people who had charge of it had established some precaution—they had made a little slip noose that a person could put round his ankle, and that was fastened to sticks driven in the earth.

Thus people could dabble in the water without any danger, because there was a tendency for persons to be drawn in with the rush of water just before it went over the Falls. Well, there was a party there, among them a young student named Addleton, and a very beautiful child, a sweet little creature. While they were at the Falls the young student began to play with the water without taking the precaution, and his friend called out, "Don't do that; there is a risk." "Oh! there's no risk; it only wants a little nerve; it's all very well for women and children to be afraid, but it only wants a little nerve."

Presently he leant over a little further, and took off his cap, and shouted, "It only wants a little nerve; there is no absclute danger." Catching hold of the child, he said, "Look here, my dear; I will hold you where no child has ever been held before;" and, seeing no danger at all, he held her right over the rapids. He might have held her there for a hour, for he was a strong man and had a firm grip on both sides of the waist of that child; but she was a nervous little creature; she saw the water and got frightened, gave a sudden cry and a twist, and he dropped her.

Over she went and he after her, and the last words were, "God have mercy upon us," as he went over, and not a thread of his clothing or a trace of the bodies of either of them was ever discovered.

Now, I say, you may give that child the drink and it may be in safety, but when you give that boy a glass of beer you are

HOLDING HIM OVER THE RAPIDS.

You may hold him there safe. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred men may hold their children there safe, but in the hundredth there may be a power, an influence, that you have no control over; and if that boy goes over to destruction are your skirts clear of his blood? That is a question you must ask of God; ask yourself that question, and you cannot get away from it by saying,

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

Riding on an Ass.—It is related of the Reverend Rowland Hill that he once disposed of a censorious critic in the following fashion: It happened that Mr. Hill, who was in comfortable circumstances, rode in a brougham. For this conduct he received an anonymous letter rebuking him as a lover of ease and display, and commending to him as a pattern his great Master, who went about doing good, but only on one occasion condescending to assume any sort of state, when He entered Jerusalem, riding upon *an ass.* Rowland Hill read this epistle from the pulpit on the following Sunday, and then observed that there was really a great deal of truth in the remarks, and that if his anonymous correspondent would come to the vestry next Sunday with a saddle and bridle he would be most happy to ride him home after service.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Commercial distress in England is commented upon by the *London Times* in its issue of December 31st. The number of insolvencies in that country in 1878 is set down at not less than 5000 greater than that of last year. The artisan population is in a miserable condition, many thousands being *in actual want* or unpleasantly near to it, and the distress particularly affects what is designated as the "lower middle class." Of course, labor complications continue to be numerous, intricate, and troublesome. The mechanical societies are preparing to resist any experiment of increasing the hours of labor. The newspapers discuss many schemes for the bettering of business, and assign various causes for the present depression; but meanwhile trade and production are in a highly embarrassed condition, with no bright prospect of improvement.

The Czar of Russia has, it is stated, finally refused to interfere in behalf of the Ameer of Afghanistan. The New York *Herald* announces that one of its correspondents has travelled to the camp of the Russian General Kaufman at Tashkend, Turkestan, and was present when the Czar's answer was given to the emissaries of the Ameer.

He writes: "It was impossible for the emissaries wholly to conceal their disappointment, suppress its outward manifestation how they would. They and their suite, immediately upon withdrawing from the Russian commander's presence, left the city of Tashkend. On the 15th of January they will rejoin Shere Ali, the Ameer, at Mazar-i-Sharif, in the north of Afghanistan, some four hundred and fifty miles south by west of Tashkend." He will, no doubt, also feel greatly disappointed at the decision of Russia, and will be sadly conscious of the soundness of the Psalmist's advice: "Put not your trust in princes" (Psalm 146 : 3).

Russia is probably *also* disappointed that she does not see her way to effectual interference, for such undertakings have usually ended profitably for her in the past. Had not the Afghan ruler collapsed so suddenly, something might have been done; but as it is, Russia feels it her duty to leave him to his enemies. On the whole, probably, the Ameer will fare quite as well at the hands of his enemies, the English, as he would at the hands of his friends the Russians, had they protected him. In the past, it has usually gone badly with the weak nations Russia has "protected."

A strike among the English ironworkers is apprehended. The employers propose increasing the number of hours which constitute a week's work to fifty-seven and a half hours, which was formerly the custom in the trade. This proposal the workmen are resolved to resist, and if it is persisted in, will probably issue in a strike. The trades-union to which the men belong—that of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers—is the wealthiest in the United Kingdom, and the fund in reserve for an emergency like the present is said to amount to $1,250,000. If this estimate be correct, as it probably is, it shows that the men must have had "good times" pretty recently, and it should be seriously considered by their leaders whether, in view of the deplorable state of English trade, it would not be better to concede a little to the demand of the employers than expend their funds in a protracted contest with them; especially as the proposal is not to diminish wages, except as reckoned by the hour rate.

Mr. Spurgeon's Twin Sons.—On Sunday, December 15th, the two sons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon were both preaching in London—the Rev. Charles Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, who appears the more eloquent of the two, at the Highbury Hill Chapel, formerly the scene of the labors of the Rev. Dr. Culross, to local congregations. It may be remembered that, on the occasion of his son Thomas delivering an address at the Tabernacle in 1875, Mr. Spurgeon in writing of it said that he proved by his cool, clear delivery, and lively, warm-hearted manner, that he would worthily sustain the family name. Those who have heard Mr. Thomas Spurgeon will be most heartily of the same opinion. The quality of his voice resembles his father's, and it is evident that without effort his clear, deep, resonant tones can make themselves heard in a large building.

His evening text was Jeremiah 3 : 22, 23, "Return, ye backsliding children." He divided his sermon into three particulars—invitation, acceptation, obligation, and in connection with each of these points made many loving, earnest appeals to heart and conscience. He quoted appropriate verses of hymns and poetry. Many prayers will doubtless be offered that he may be a much-blessed winner of souls. We shall give a sermon and portrait of him and his brother soon.

The great iron-clad vessels of the European navies are formidable engines of destruction, which in naval warfare would be no mean adversaries to encounter. Even in times of peace their destructive powers unfortunately do not remain idle. A terrible disaster occurred on board the Thunderer, one of the largest of the English iron-clads, on Thursday, January 2d. In firing one of the 38-ton guns with which the ship is armed, it exploded, blowing the muzzle into the sea, and disabling the turret in which it was fixed. Ten men were killed and thirty-three badly wounded by the explosion. This vessel has been peculiarly unfortunate, for on her trial trip in July, 1876, one of her boilers burst, doing still greater damage than resulted from the recent accident. The total loss of the Vanguard in 1875, and the German iron-clad, Grosser Kurfurst last year, prove that these costly vessels are a source of peril to their possessors as well as to their foes.

Bigotry in religious matters is said to be displayed by an Englishman so highly placed as the Marquis of Salisbury, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. A visitor to Hatfield, where his lordship resides, thus describes the condition of Methodists in that locality: "There was only room for a few short forms, on which about half the congregation found seats. The atmosphere was almost insufferable, and the outer air, at the close of a service of an hour long, was quite a boon. At night the crush was worse, and a considerable time was spent in enabling the congregation so to adjust themselves as to give accommodation to the greatest number. When they were seated it was a matter for wonder how the people would get up, and when they were up, it was equally a riddle to see how they were to sit down again. The heat was intense. Perspiration was running down the faces of all present." The writer adds: "Naturally I put the question, 'Why don't you get a larger place?' The reply was: 'We often get the room filled like that, and if we had room we could get some 300. But we can't go anywhere, nor get a bit of land. Every thing here belongs to the Marquis. Some time back we thought of having the service in a work-room—there's one just across, that would accommodate 300 or 400 people—but the steward found it out, and now no one on the estate is allowed to let any building for a religious service.'" Lord Salisbury is by no means the only English nobleman of whom a similar complaint is made.

Constitutional ministers often seem to the statesmen of a despotic or semi-despotic government to be like "reeds shaken by the wind." The great power called Public Opinion is a power of which they are cognizant, but of which they are unable to estimate the force. The ease with which *they* are able to force unpopular measures on the countries they rule renders them incapable of justly estimating the difficulties of a minister in a country possessing a free constitution. Prince Bismarck's is a case in point. Speaking recently of English ministers, he is reported to have said: "Whenever I come to close quarters with the English Government and feel its pulse the more I am struck with its complete want of systematic and consistent ideas. They waver, and you find that there has been an election or a meeting or a newspaper articl which has thrown them into a panic. It is jus the same whether Lord Beaconsfield or Mr Gladstone is Minister. No Turkish Pachas ar more afraid of the Sultan than are these Englisl Grand Viziers of public opinion, and, unfortunately, this Sultan is not less capricious or les uninformed than the other. Some one havin observed that Lord Beaconsfield was a grea party leader, and that Mr. Gladstone was a grea financier, the Prince added: "If Lord Beaconsfield really deserves that reputation he must lea his party much better than he does his countr and if Mr. Gladstone's finance is so admirable must be conducted upon very different principl from those of his foreign policy."

Prince Bismarck may deride the statesmen free countries like England and the Unite States, and we know that every form of gover ment has its imperfections; but we have yet meet with an enlightened citizen of either la who would prefer living under a governme such as Germany is blessed with.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Illness continue The following letter from him was read at t Tabernacle by Mr. C. Spurgeon, on Decemb 15th: "I am very ill or I would be in my plac I am ready to weep at being still away. T the people that night and day I am full of pai These three Sundays I have hoped to be wi them and failed, but they will be all assured th it will be my highest joy to be back among the to see their loving faces and to speak to them t good word. I am an exiled prisoner, and t iron enters into my soul; but the Lord is Go and in His name do I hope."

Three Ritualistic High Church Ladies. f merly connected with a sisterhood at Folkesto in connection with the Church of England, we received as nuns into the Roman Catholic S ond Order of St. Dominick, at the Priory, Car brooke, Isle of Wight, on November 21st. Th entered the Roman Catholic nunnery, wh they will, under the Popish "law of inclosur be confined for life, and never allowed to cr the threshold of their living tomb, "bringi with them a quantity of altar plate and ve ments formerly used in Ritualistic worshi At the ceremony of their reception "the th aspirants were in bridal array, and with lights their hands."

Russians and the Bible.—There is no coun in the world where the people are so ready receive the Word of God as in Russia. In provinces, if a pedler goes to sell books, th which are not religious are not often boug whereas any thing of a religious character greatly valued. Last winter in St. Petersbur boy heard a New Testament read by an istv chik who had just received it. When the istv chik went to bed, the boy began to read it at at night, and read on without stopping till ei the next morning. If you give your sled driver a few tracts he is as grateful as if gave him extra fare, and often if he meets again he will tell you that he has sent them his family in the country.

A Miller's Wife and Auricular Confessio The Rev. Canon Ryle, speaking at the Chu Conference at Derby, England, last month, t the following story: "Not long ago, wit fifteen miles of his own church, a certain cle man tried to introduce the detestable, abon ble, and truly mischievous thing, *private con sion.* Happily many of his parishioners w not to be caught with such chaff. A wo who lived in the parish, the wife of a mil who supplied the clergyman with flour, was treated by her rector to confess to him sev times. She, however, refused. At length wrote a letter to her saying he should like to her at his rectory on the following day. went, and on her arrival he again urged he private confession. She said, 'I came here nothing of the sort. I came here with my l bill for flour, and I thought you would pay i.' That clergyman has now gone to his own p —to the Church of Rome."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—Sermon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by rgymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes etc.—Also once onth, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

rice, Single Copies, Three Cents.
ubscription, $1.50. including Postage.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1879.

13th Year. No. 13—New Series.

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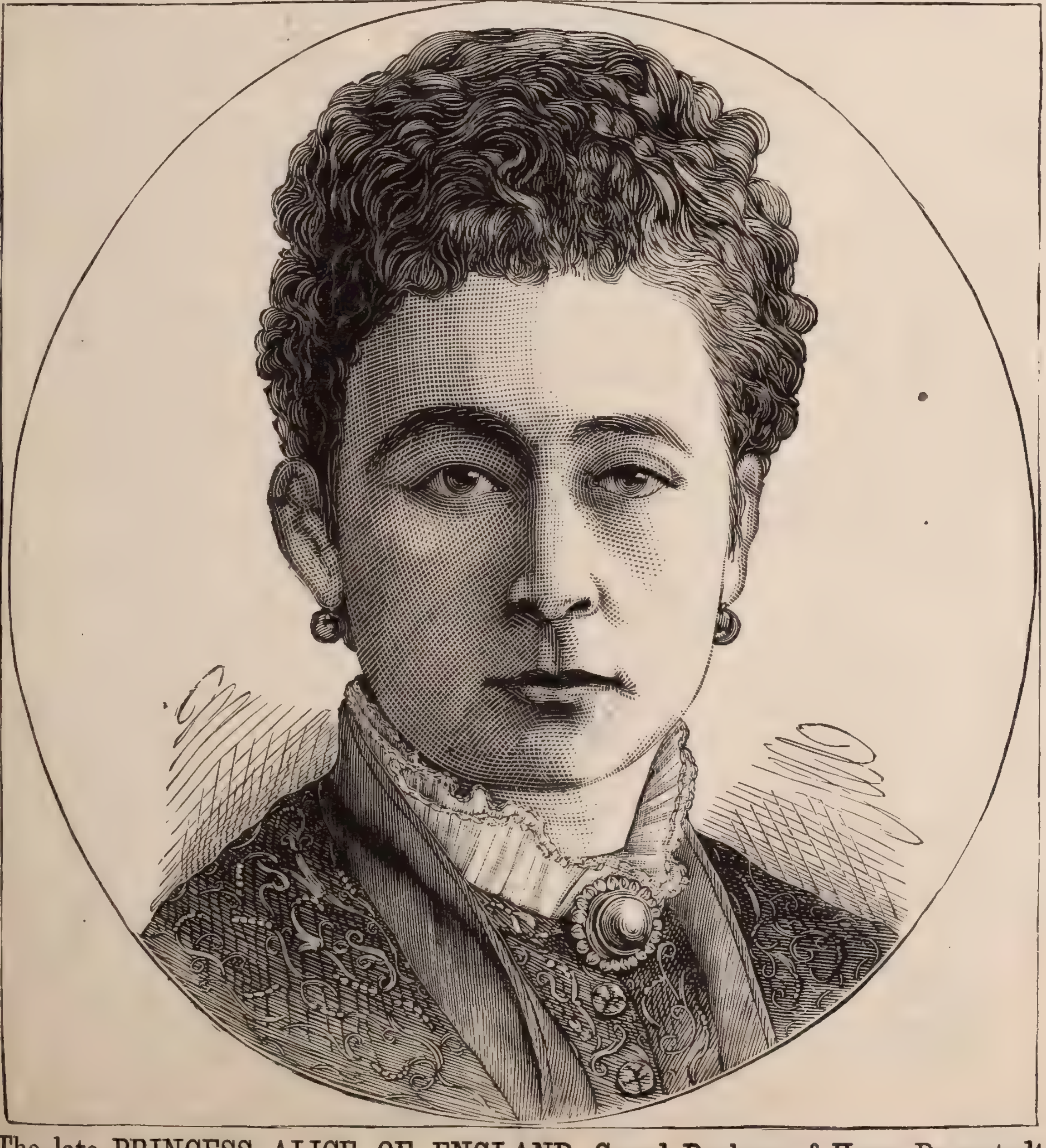

The late PRINCESS ALICE OF ENGLAND, Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt.

THE PRINCESS ALICE, OF ENGLAND,

Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Interesting Reference to the Birth of the Princess in "The Life of the Prince Consort"—Remarkable Affection between Father and Daughter—His Influence in the Formation of her Character—Her Marriage with the Grand Duke of Hesse—Birth of her Children—Attendance on the Prince of Wales in his Illness—Sympathy with the Poor and Suffering—Her Painful Experiences during the Franco-German War—Death of Prince Frederick William—Terrible Visitation of Diphtheria—Death of Princess Marie—The Character of the Princess Alice—Her Illness and Death—Canon Protheroe's Sermon at the Abbey.

ALICE MAUD MARY, second daughter of Victoria, Queen of England, was born on April 25th, 1843, and was consequently in her thirty-sixth year at the time of her death. The following reference to her birth, extracted from "The Life of the Prince Consort," possesses now a painful interest:

"On the 25th of April, 1843, another Princess was added to the Royal Family. The Queen wrote to her uncle, the King of the Belgians: "Our little baby is to be called Alice, an old English name, and the other names are to be Maud (another old English name, and the same as Matilda), and Mary, as she was born on Aunt Gloucester's birthday. The sponsors are to be the King of Hanover, Ernestus Primus (now the Duke of Coburg), poor Princess Sophia Matilda, and Feodore, and the christening to be on the 2d of June.' The King of Hanover arrived too late to be present at the ceremony. Nevertheless, as the Queen reports to her uncle (6th June), it went off very brilliantly. Nothing could be more *anständig*, and little Alice behaved extremely well."

THE EARLY YEARS

of the Princess's life present few features of importance. At the date of the marriage of the Princess Royal she was only a girl of fifteen, but she had already developed qualities of mind and heart of no ordinary kind, and thus was able to fill up in some measure the vacancy created by the removal of her gifted elder sister to Berlin. Naturally, she was drawn nearer to her father, the lamented Prince Consort, and the influence of his pure and lofty character and pious teaching made its deep and lasting impression on her receptive nature. He looked upon her with a loving appreciation, and she, on her part, loved him with a devotion only tempered by a profound reverence for those great qualities which her subsequent experience enabled her accurately to measure. When in later years she spoke of the Prince all could see that, as an old writer said of Shakespeare, "She honored his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any."

"The teaching of that beloved father was put to the proof," observes a writer in one of the newspapers, "in those sad days of *patient watching which preceded his death.* Things were told at the time of the devotion and the marvellous self-control of the young girl, called so sternly and so suddenly to face death in the person of a much-loved father." A few days after the Prince's death, she was spoken of in these noticeable words:

"Of the devotion and strength of mind shown by the Princess Alice all through these trying scenes it is impossible to speak too highly. Her Royal Highness has, indeed, felt that it was her place to be a comfort and a support to her mother in her affliction, and to her dutiful care we may perhaps owe it that the Queen has borne her loss with exemplary resignation, and a composure which under so sudden and terrible a bereavement could not have been anticipated."

The knowledge of this fact—and it was a fact—sank deeply into people's minds. It was never forgotten, and from that day the name of the Princess Alice has been a cherished household word to all her countrymen and countrywomen.

HER MARRIAGE

with Prince Louis, Grand Duke of Hesse, which had been postponed in consequence of the Prince Consort's death, took place at Osborne on the 1st of July, 1861, the ceremony being of a quiet and unostentatious character, the Queen attending it in deep mourning.

The fruit of this marriage, which was truly one of affection, was a somewhat large family, five daughters and two sons—Victoria Alberta Elizabeth Matilda Mary, born in 1863; Elizabeth Alexandrine Louise Alice, born in 1864; Irene Marie Louise Anna, born in 1866; Ernest Louis Charles Albert William, born in 1868; Frederick William Augustus Victor Leopold Louis, born in 1870; Victoria Alice Helena Louise Beatrice, born June 6th, 1872; Marie Victoria Feodore Leopoldine, born in 1874.

Meanwhile she had acquired a further title on the esteem and affection of her country by reason of the affectionate promptitude with which she left her German home when in 1871 the *Prince of Wales* was struck down by the same malady which killed his father, and the Royal Family was threatened with another great sorrow, and the English nation with what might have been a great political calamity. Again did the Princess Alice take her place *by the side of the sufferer*, nursing him with the same care as she had bestowed on her father. In that year the 14th of December was a day of much anxiety throughout Great Britain. That day had come to be associated in the minds of the people with a fatal connection for the reigning family. The Prince of Wales lay sick, and it had been said the crisis of his disease would be reached on that day. The nation, though not superstitious, regarded it as an ill omen. But it brought life, not death. It has come round once more, and this time it has taken away the illustrious lady who was the chief solace of her English home in the darkest hours of its sorrow, and whose latest days of health were passed in the relief of suffering.

In Germany the Princess, by her kindly interest in, and sympathy with, the people of the land of her adoption, soon won the same respect and love she had long enjoyed in the land of her birth. She never ceased, however, to take a lively and intelligent interest in England, and English affairs. More especially, any thing that concerned the working classes attracted her attention, and any effort of a philanthropic character, tending to an increase of their comforts, always won her hearty sympathy. How much of their misery, nay, of their evil ways, was due to their wretched habitations, she felt most keenly, and she gave her support to every effort for their improvement.

The experiments of Miss Octavia Hill in this direction had no warmer supporter. She made herself acquainted with the details of that lady's work, and translated into German two or three of her admirable papers, that appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* some years ago, on "The Homes of the Poor," and published them, with a brief but pregnant preface of her own (to which only her initial A. was prefixed), commending to the attention of German philanthropists the methods which had been practised so successfully in London by Miss Hill and her followers.

Naturally full of spirit, and possessing a cheerful interest in the thousand topics which life offers to a young and ardent intelligence, those who observed the Princess Alice closely were conscious that her mind had a pensiveness somewhat akin to that of the Prince Consort in his later years, and not unnatural in one on whose mind and heart a severe strain had been so early put

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

deepened this earnestness—for sadness it was not. Those *long months of separation from her husband*, who was in the very heart of the hard work and dangers of the campaign, would of themselves have told on her finely strung and sensitive nature.

But she was brought face to face with *the ghastly horrors of maimed and suffering men*, by which the honors of the greatest victories seem at times to be too dearly bought. In the *crowded hospital* for the wounded at Darmstadt no one was more active, more hopeful with kind thought and gentle hand, than the Princess Alice. To many a brave and suffering heart she brought solace beyond all that the skill of the most skilful surgeon could have wrought.

To herself, however, the memory of what had then to be endured from actual contemplation of the havoc wrought on the human frame by war, as well as by the thick-coming fancies of a loving heart, living in hourly apprehension for the life that was dearest to it, was ever afterwards a visible pain, despite the gratitude which she felt that that life had been spared, and that her father's dream of a united Germany hac been made a reality.

The first breach made by death in the rank of the Princess's family was under peculiarl painful circumstances. On the 29th of May 1873, *Prince Frederick William*, then a littl more than two years and a half old, *fell from a open window* in the palace at Darmstadt, an received such injuries that he died. The ne bereavement of Her Royal Highness was mo recent, and immediately preceded the sad eve which has startled the English people with painful shock.

The Princess, with her husband and childre spent some weeks in England in the last a tumn, the greater part of their time being pass at Eastbourne. They were in England on the of September, when the terrible catastrop occurred of the steamer *bearing the name of H Royal Highness* being run down in the Thame and the sympathetic message sent by the Pri cess to the London Steamboat Company, pressing a fervent hope that the loss of life w not so great as had been reported, is still fre in the memory of thousands.

Soon after returning to Darmstadt, the fi indications of the terrible malady (diphther were manifested, which carried off first t youngest child and now the mother. It was the 6th of November that the first outbre occurred, and on that day the Princess Victo in her sixteenth year, was attacked. Five d later her little sister, Princess Alice, was pla under medical care. She was immediately lowed by the Princess Marie, aged four; within the next three days the Princess Ire aged twelve, the Hereditary Grand Duke, a ten, and the Grand Duke himself, were suc sively prostrated.

All recovered except the Princess Marie. whose case from the beginning the disease assumed a most malignant form. She early on the morning of the 16th of Novem two days after the departure of the Marqui Lorne and Princess Louise for Canada.

HER DEATH.

The condition of the Grand Duchess became critical about December 10th, s which date the bulletins of her health came daily more and more alarming. Queen, whose own health now inspires ous anxiety, was very much affected by loss of the little Princess, who was on her chief favorites among her grandchil and upon the news of the critical conditio her daughter would have hastened to her side but that her medical adviser deemed it gerous to take such a step. She, however spatched to Darmstadt Sir William Jenner eminent physician, to whose skill the reco of the Prince of Wales in 1872 was attrib and thus procured for her dying daughter a alleviation possible under the circumsta On Friday morning the bulletins report slightly favorable change in her symptoms fever having somewhat abated, but it ret toward night; and by ten o'clock she be unconscious, her pulse ran up to one hu and forty and breathing ceased, and at an hour on Saturday, December 14th, she c and placidly passed away. She had express ardent wish to see her mother, to whom sh fondly and devotedly attached, but that co was, unfortunately, impracticable.

The direct cause of her seizure is a mo

: one, and touchingly reveals the tender in-
s of the maternal nature to which she in
ng sacrificed her life. "The physicians
permitted her to watch over her suffering
y enjoined her under no circumstances
ever to be tempted into an embrace. Her
rable self-restraint guarded her through the
of this terrible complaint in safety. She
mbered and observed the injunctions of her
cians. But it became her lot to break to
on, quite a youth, the death of his youngest
, to whom he was devotedly attached.
boy was so overcome with misery that the
ted mother clasped him in her arms, and
she received the kiss of death."

HER NATURAL ABILITY.

om her earliest years the Princess Alice was
rkable for the quickness of her intellect and
weetness of her disposition. Long ere she
into maidenhood. it was noted that she in-
ed in a very remarkable manner the mental
acteristics of her illustrious father—a cir-
stance which may possibly account for the
ng bond of affection that always seemed to
her to him. She was ever his favorite
hter, and it is well known that he viewed
no little pride the rapid development of her
lties and her growing taste for intellectual
artistic pursuits. Her education was to him
bject of anxious thought and tender solici-
. He gave it his personal attention, and the
fully justified the high estimate he had
ed of her mental powers, and proved that
care with which they had been trained was
bestowed.

hen in her teens the Princess was one of
most accomplished young ladies in Eng-
. Her mind was well stored, without being
-burdened, with knowledge, and what she
w she knew thoroughly. There was nothing
sy or superficial about her acquirements,
, in conversation with persons of distinction,
ning, and long experience of the world, she
her part modestly and intelligently, demean-
herself with becoming grace and great good
se. Her virtues were her praise alike in Eng-
d and the land of her adoption. She wore—

"The white flower of a blameless life."

her sweet character, her rare gifts, her self-
otion to others, her exquisite womanly graces,
eared to all who knew her. Foremost in
ry philanthropic enterprise, and specially in-
sted in every new method and detail in hos-
l management, she was no less distinguished
patroness of science and literature; and in
stions of philosophy and theology she took
deepest interest. She touched with quick,
sitive sympathy many points of modern in-
ectual and spiritual life, and illustrated that
rit of practical piety which is confined to no
and no country.

et strangely enough, although a lady of
ong intellectual ability, and a thoughtful,
dious temperament, the Princess was the most
nesticated of all the queen's daughters. It
med to be her ideal not to play a brilliant
t in the world's history, but rather to live
the love of those nearest and dearest to her.
sickness it was to her that her family almost
tinctively turned for help.

During the long, weary days of watching at her
her's bedside she was his chosen attendant,
npanion, and confidant, and seemed to be en-
wed with a preternatural calmness and forti-
le. Her father used to speak with her open-
of his dying condition and of his desires for
future, even when he did not deem it expe-
nt to speak with the same certitude of im-
nding death to the Queen herself. Day by
she sat at his bedside, nerving herself to
k cheerful, and whenever the agitation of the
ment proved too strong for her emotions she
uld repress her tears until she could gain the
ietude of her own apartments. All this time
was her trying task to display her usual cheer-
ness to her royal mother, to brothers and sis-
s, and when all was over it fell to her lot to
the chief stay and consolation to the widowed
een.

In a word, the character of the lamented Princess was truly and without exaggeration summed up by the Earl of Beaconsfield, when he spoke of her as "one of the most noble-minded and gifted of women, and endeared to the people of England by her rich intelligence and life of perfect domestic bliss and duty." Nor must we omit to add that it is our joy to know that she possessed that pearl of great price—a saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—without which the noblest of earth's crowns lacks its brightest and only enduring splendor.

"We are enabled to state, on the authority of those who had the opportunity of conversing with the Princess Alice very recently, that whatever temptations might in former years have beguiled Her Royal Highness to admire the writings of Strauss, the author of the infidel 'Life of Christ,' a complete change had passed over her mind. At first the terrible calamity which deprived her of her little son seemed to have produced only 'the sorrow of the world, that worketh death.' But gradually it became, by God's mercy, the means of leading her to think, so that she finally came to seek and find peace in a firm faith in Jesus Christ revealed in the Scriptures of truth as the Saviour for sinners."

In the House of Lords, Earl Granville read part of a letter in which the Prince of Wales, in language of tender simplicity, writes of the death of his sister. The Earl concluded his address thus: "I trust that neither the writer of the letter I am about to read nor your lordships will think it indiscreet in me if, instead of trusting to my own language to express what your lordships feel of the loss which occurred on the 14th December to the royal families of England and Hesse-Darmstadt, I read a very few words extracted from a letter written on the very day of the sad tragedy of the Princess Alice's death, by her brother, who was so passionately attached to his sister, and who left England yesterday for the purpose of paying the last tribute of affection and regard to her beloved memory: 'So good, so kind, so clever. We had gone through so much together—my father's illness and then my own—and she has succumbed to the pernicious malady which laid low her husband and children, whom she nursed and watched with unceasing care and attention.' I will add nothing to this last tribute of respect."

The English Chancellor of the Exchequer, in moving an address of condolence to the Queen on December 17th, said: "I feel it would be superfluous on my part to speak of one so well known to us all, and so highly appreciated for the nobleness, tenderness, and true womanliness of her character. Apart altogether from her royal birth and her exalted station, Princess Alice had qualities to command love and admiration, whether we think of her as a daughter ministering at the dying bed of her father, as a sister exerting herself as a careful, affectionate, and skilful nurse to her brother when he lay almost at the point of death, as a tender mother who may be said to have sacrificed her life in her affectionate care of her own children, or whether we recall the time when she came forward to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded of her adopted country, we recognize that combination of qualities—warmth of heart, soundness of judgment, and practical energy—which go to make up the type of a perfect woman."

The Rev. Canon Prothero, rector of Whippingham, and one of the Queen's chaplains, preached to a crowded congregation in Westminster Abbey on Sunday, December 15th. The Rev. Canon took his text from Malachi 3: 1, 2, and thus alluded to the death of the Princess:

"In the world vast is the crowd of mourners; but at this moment there is one whose grief is great and poignant, with whom the nation with one voice wishes to express its sympathy. After seventeen years of happy married life her child has closed her brilliant career of usefulness and charity, strangely and mysteriously, on the same day in which her noble father breathed his last amid the loving ministrations of his family, in which our late Princess then took a prominent part, and on the same day, too, in which her brother, then lying on the brink of the grave, was given back to his mother.

"Truly this Advent time has witnessed much sorrow in the house of our Queen—may it also bring to her widowed heart the truest and best consolations of the Christian's hope! But now in her new-born grief it must needs be a source of comfort to reflect on the useful, honored, spotless life just closed—a life which from early days (and having known her from her twelfth year the Rev. Canon could speak from personal knowledge) was devoted to ministrations to the sick, and which never ceased its efforts for the relief of suffering wherever it could be found.

"Even in childhood the poor and the sick ever found in her a true and sympathizing friend; but at her dying father's bedside her life may be said to have been consecrated to that high and blessed calling which reflects on all who walk in it, but perhaps especially on the great ones of the earth, so much honor and glory and enduring fame. In time of peace and equally amidst the distracting miseries of war, the great aim of her life was the improvement of hospitals, the alleviation of pain, and the comforting of the sick; whilst the condition of the habitations of the poor was ever a subject of her care and of her deepest interest.

"Not a hospital or asylum of this great city but has been visited and inspected by her, for the purpose of carrying back to her adopted home the latest aids to nursing, as well as the most modern contrivances for the advantageous treatment of the sick. Although engaged in good works outside her own home, that home was watched over in a true Christian spirit—the mother's heart was always bent on bringing up her children in the fear and nurture of the Lord. Her desire was that those who were born to greatness should be examples of good and virtuous life, and by their conduct should win and maintain the honors which they inherited.

"But whilst every duty of her life was performed with the eagerness and vigor which belonged to her character, fatal disease entered her home, seizing with its deadly grasp on every member of her loved family, and having taken one dear child, finally fell on her tired and weakened frame, and made an easy prey. In that devoted attendance on the sick of her own home that gallant life sacrificed itself under the call of duty and of love. To a life so womanly, so unselfish, so devoted, death could be but gain—for one who followed Christ death could have no terrors!"

The London *Record* says: "It was her noble aspiration not to lead a 'useless life.' The visitors and the residents at Eastbourne, where she was seen in the *Sunday-schools* and in the homes of the poor, will not soon forget the simple domestic happiness of her life in the midst of them last autumn. She and her husband often drove out in a carriage, with the *sweet child* who has since been gathered into the fold above. Of late at least it has been made known that, notwithstanding all the rationalistic influences to which she was exposed in Germany, Princess Alice had become *a simple believer in the Lord Jesus*, 'and was not ashamed' to confess Him.

"She was the patroness of the Home for Fallen Women at Brighton, which she visited. The work of that institution interested her deeply, as she was herself thinking of establishing one on a like model in Germany. It had become her desire, as those in every rank who had the privilege of personal intimacy with her could tell, to *live and work for Christ*.

"To our limited apprehension it may seem strange that such an influence should have been removed; that the sun of so sweet a life should have gone down while it was yet day. For the explanation of this and many similar occurrences we must be content to wait till the fulfilment of the Divine Word, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'"

MINISTERS AND THEIR SLANDERERS.

An Autobiographical Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached Sunday morning, January 12, 1879.

"To every man his work."—MARK 13 : 34.

Early Reminiscences—The Legal Profession Admired—The Christian Ministry a Glorious Profession—The Chief Ambition of My Ministry—Bruising the Serpent's Head—Ministerial Attacks—Advice to Critical Brethren—Individual Missions—A Blessing for Each—The World's Criticism and Misrepresentation—No Preacher Escapes—Instances of False Stories—All the World made Curious—The Great Power of the Press—A Cruel Falsehood—The True History of the Affair—The Future Aim; how to Help the People.

THERE are now in the world one thousand three hundred and seventy-seven millions of people, and consequently there are one thousand three hundred and seventy-seven million fields of usefulness. No individual can do the work of any one else. If a man neglects his work *it is undone forever.* "To every man his work."

You may not know that this is a double anniversary. It is nearly ten years since I became pastor of this church. Besides that, last Wednesday, January 7th, I was forty-seven years of age. This being a double anniversary, you will not be surprised if my sermon this morning is autobiographical. I started life in an old-fashioned Christian family, where they had prayers morning and night, and always asked a blessing at the table; and there was no exception to the rule, for, if my father was sick or away, my mother led, and while sometimes, when my father led, we found it hard to repress childish restlessness, there was something in the tones of my mother, and there was something in the tears which always choked her utterance before she got through with the prayer, that was irresistible.

The fact is that mothers get their hearts so wound around their children, that when they think of their future, and the trials and temptations to which they may be subjected, they cannot control their emotions as easily as men do. While he had a very sympathetic nature, I never saw my father cry but once, and that was when they put the lid over my mother. Her hair was white as the snow, and her face was very much wrinkled, for she had worked very hard for us all and had had many sicknesses and bereavements. I do not know how she appeared to the world, nor what artists may have thought of her features, but to us she was perfectly beautiful.

There were twelve of us children, but six of them are in heaven. I started for the legal profession with an admiration for it which has never cooled, for I cannot now walk along by a court-house, or hear an attorney address a jury, without having all my pulses accelerated and my enthusiasm aroused. I cannot express my admiration for a profession adorned with the names of Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Rufus Choate, and John McLean.

But God converted my soul and put me into the ministry by a variety of circumstances, shutting me up to that glorious profession. *And what a work it is!* I thank God every day for the honor of being associated with what I consider the most elevated, educated, refined, and consecrated band of men on this planet—

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

of America. I know, I think, about five thousand of them personally, and they are as near perfection as human nature ever gets to be. Some of them on starvation salaries, and with worn health and amid ten thousand disadvantages, trying to bring comfort and pardon to the race. I am proud to have my name on the roll with them, though my name may be at the very bottom of the roll, and am willing to be their servant for Jesus' sake. But we all have a work. "*To every man his work.*"

I will not hide the fact that it has been the *chief ambition of my ministry* to apply a religion six thousand years old to the present day—a religion of four thousand years B.C. to 1869 and 1879 A.D. So I went to work to find the oldest religion I could see. I sought for it in my Bible, and I found it in the Garden of Eden, where the serpent's head is promised a bruising by the heel of Christ. I said, "*That is the religion,*" and I went to work to see what kind of men that religion made, and I found Joshua, and Moses, and Paul, and John the Evangelist, and John Bunyan, and John Wesley, and John Summerfield, and others.

I said: "Ah! that is the religion I want to preach—the Edenic religion that bruises the serpent's head." That is what I have been trying to do. The serpent's head must be bruised. I hate him. I never see his head but I throw something at it. That is what I have been trying to do during these courses of sermons—to bruise the serpent's head, and every time I bruised him he hissed, and the harder I bruised him the harder he hissed. You never trod on a serpent but he hissed. But I trod on him with only one foot. Before I get through I shall tread on him *with both feet.*

If God will help me I shall bruise the oppression, and the fraud, and the impurity coiled up amid our great cities. Come now, God helping me, I declare a war of twenty-five years against iniquity and for Christ, if God will let me live so long. To this conflict I bring every muscle of my body, every faculty of my mind, every passion of my soul. Between here and my bed in Greenwood there shall not be an inch of retreat, of indifference, or of compromise. After I am dead, I ask of the world and of the church only one thing—not for a marble slab, not for a draped chair, not for a long funeral procession, not for a flattering ovation. A plain box in a plain wagon will be enough, if the elders of the church will stand here and say that I never compromised with evil, and always presented Christ to the people. Then let Father Pearson, if he be still alive, pronounce the benediction, and the mourners go home.

I do not forget that my style of preaching and my work in general have been sometimes severely criticised by some of

MY CLERICAL BRETHREN.

It has come to be understood that at installations and at dedications I shall be assailed. I have sometimes said to prominent men in my church, "Go down to such and such an installation, and hear them excoriate Talmage." And they go, and they are always gratified! I have heard that sometimes in Brooklyn, when an audience gets dull through lack of ventilation in the church, the pastor will look over toward Brooklyn Tabernacle and say something that will wake all the people up, and they will hunch each other and say, "That's Talmage!"

You see, there are some ministers who want me to do just the way they do; and, as I cannot see my duty in their direction, they sometimes call me all sorts of names. Some of them call me one thing, and some call me another thing; but I think the three words that are most glibly used in this connection are "mountebanks," "sensationalism," "buffoonery," and a variety of phrases showing that some of my dear clerical brethren are not happy. Now, I have the advantage of all such critical brethren in the fact that *I never assault them* though they assault me. The dear souls! I wish them all the good I can think of. I rub my hands all over their heads in benediction. You never heard me say one word against any Christian worker, *and you never will.* The fact is, that I am so busy in assaulting the powers of darkness that I have no time to stop and stab any of my own regiment in the back.

Now, there are two ways in which I might answer some of the critical clergy. I might answer them by the same bitterness and acrimony and caricature with which some of them have assaulted me; but would that advance our holy religion? Do you not know that there is nothing that so prejudices people against Christianity as to see *ministers fighting?* It takes two to make a battle, so I will let them go on. It relieves them and does not hurt me!

There is another way, and that is by giving them kindly, loving, and brotherly advice. "Ah!" you say, "that's the way; that's a Christian way."

Then I advise my critical brethren of th clergy to remember what every layman knows whether in the church or in the world, that yo never build yourself up by trying to pull anybod else down. You see, my dear critical brethre —and I hope the audience will make no respons to wh[illegible] I am saying—you see, my dear critica brethren, you fail in two respects when you tr to do that; first, you do not build yourselve up, and secondly, you do not pull anybody els down. Show me the case in five hundred year where any pulpit, or any church, has been bui up by bombarding some other pulpit.

The fact is, we have an immense membershi in this church, and they are all my person friends. Then we have a great many regular a tendants who are not church-members, and great many occasional attendants from all par of the land, and these people know that I nev give any bad advice in this place, and that always give good advice.

Now, my dear critical brethren of the clerg why assault all these homes throughout t world? When you assault me, you assault the Beside that, "to every man his work." I wi you all prosperity, critical brethren. *You*, f instance, are metaphysical. May you succe in driving people into heaven by raising a gre fog on earth. *You* are severely logical. Ho the people into glory by the horns of a dilemm *You* are anecdotal. Charm the people to tru by capital stories well told. *You* are illustrati Twist all the flowers of the field and all the st of heaven into your sermon. *You* are classic Wield the club of Hercules for the truth, a make Parnassus bow to Calvary. *Your* work not so much in the pulpit as from house to hou by pastoral visitation. The Lord go with you you go to take tea with the old ladies, and h the children on your lap and tell them how mu they look like their father and mother! prosperity to you in this pastoral work, and m you by that means get the whole family into t kingdom of God. You will reach people I ne will reach, and I will reach people you never reach.

GO AHEAD.

In every possible way, my dear critical bre ren of the clergy, will I help you. If you h any thing going on in your church—lecture, c cert, religious meeting—send me the notice I will read it here with complimentary rema and when you call me a hard name I will call a blessed fellow, and when you throw a brick at me, an ecclesiastical brickbat, then I will p holy oil on your head until it runs clear d on your coat-collar! There is nothing tha invigorates and inspires me as the opportu to say pleasant things about my clerical breth God prosper you, my critical brethren of ministry, and put a blessing on your head, a blessing in your gown—if you wear one—a blessing before you, and a blessing behind y and a blessing under you, and a blessing on top of you, so that you cannot get out until mount into heaven, where I appoint a mee with you on the north side of the river, u the Tree of Life, to talk over the honor we on earth of working each one in his own w "*To every man his work.*"

We ought to be an example, my critical br ren, to other occupations. How often we ar lawyers talking against lawyers, and doctors t king against doctors, and merchants tal g against merchants. You would hardly go o a store on one side of the street to get a r chant's opinion of a merchant on the other le of the street in the same line of business. e ought, in the ministry, to be examples to all other occupations. If we have spites and l ousies, let us hide them forever. If we have ot enough divine grace to do it, let common wor ly prudence dictate.

But during these ten years in which I ve preached to you, I have not only received he criticism of the world, but I have often receive its

MISREPRESENTATION,

I do not suppose any man of any age escapes i be trying to do a particular work for God a the church. It was said that Rowland Hill ertised he would on the following Sabbath e a pair of shoes in his pulpit, in the pres- of his audience, and that he came into the it with a pair of boots and a knife, and having d off the top of the boots, presented the pair hoes. It was said that Whitefield was preach- one summer day, and a fly buzzed around his d, and that he said, "The sinner will be de- yed as certainly as I catch that fly." He ched at the fly and missed it. The story that then he said that after all perhaps the er might escape through salvation.

wenty years ago the pictorials of London full of pictures of Charles Spurgeon, astride rail of the pulpit, riding down in the pres- of the audience to show how easy it was to into sin; and then the pictorials represented as climbing up the railing of the pulpit to w how hard it was to get to heaven. Mr. B cher was said to have entered his pulpit one m day, and, wiping the perspiration from forehead, to have said, "It's hot!" with an letive more emphatic than devotional!

LIES! LIES!

of them lies. No minister of the Gospel pes. Certainly I have not escaped!

few years ago, when I was living in Phila- phia, I came on to unite in holy marriage Dr. ynton, the eloquent geological lecturer, with dy of New York. I solemnized the marriage emony in the parlors of the Fifth Avenue tel. The couple made their wedding excur- n in a balloon that left Central Park within the sence of five thousand people. When I got k to Philadelphia I saw in the papers that I disgraced the holy ordinance of marriage by forming it a mile high, above the earth, in a loon! And there are thousands of people to s day who believe that I solemnized that rriage above the clouds.

About eight or nine years ago, in our chapel, a Christmas festival, one week night, amid six eight hundred children roaring happy, with dies and oranges and corn-balls, and with the resentation of a star in Christmas-greens ht before me, I said: "Boys, I feel like a rning-star." It so happened that that phrase to be found in a negro song, and two days af- wards it appeared over the name of a man o said he was "a member of a neighboring urch," that I had the previous Sunday night, my pulpit, quoted two or three verses from Shoo Fly!" And, moreover, it went on to y that we sang that every Sunday in our Sun- y-school! And as it was supposed that "a ember of a neighboring church" would not lie, ave editorials appeared in prominent newspa- rs deploring the fact that the pulpit should be desecrated, and that the Sabbath-schools of is country seemed to be going to ruin.

Some years ago I wrote an article denouncing e exclusiveness of churches, and making a plea r the working-classes. In the midst of that ticle there were two ironical sentences, in hich I expressed the disgust which some peo- e have for anybody that works for a living. ome enemy took those two ironical sentences d sent them all around the world as my senti- ents of disgust with the working-classes; and popular magazine of the country, taking those wo ironical sentences as a text, went on to say at I preached every Sunday with kid gloves nd swallow-tail coat (!), and that I ought to member that if I ever got to heaven I should ave to be associated with the working-classes, nd be with the fishermen apostles, and Paul, e tent-maker. To this very day, I get letters om all parts of the earth containing little news- aper scraps, saying, "*Did* you really say that? ow is it possible you can so hate the work- g-classes? How can you make that accord ith the words of sympathy you have recently een uttering in behalf of their sorrows?"

A few years ago I preached a series of sermons ere on good and bad amusements. There appeared a sermon as mine, denouncing all amusements, representing that all actors, play-actors, and actresses were dissolute without any exception, and that all theatrical places were indecent, and that every man who went to a theatre lost his soul, and that it was wrong even to go to a zoological garden, and a sin to look at a zebra. I never preached one word of the sermon. Every word of that sermon was written in a printing-office, by a man who had never seen me, or seen Brooklyn Tabernacle—every word of it except the text, and *that he got by sending to another printing-office.*

In the State of Maine a religious paper has a letter from a clergyman who says that I came into this pulpit on Sabbath morning with Indian dress, feathers on my head, and scalping-knife in my hand, and that the pulpit was appropriately adorned with arrows, and Indian blankets, and buffalo-skins; and the clergyman, in that letter, goes on, with tears, to ask, "What is the world coming to?" and asks if ecclesiastical authority somehow cannot be evoked to stop such an outrage.

Why do I state these things? To stop them? Oh no! But for public information. *I do not want to stop them. They make things spicy!* Beside that, my enemies do more for me than my friends can. I long ago learned to harness the falsehood and abuse of the world for Christian service. I thought it would be

A GREAT PRIVILEGE

if I could preach the Gospel through the secular press beyond these two cities. The secular press of these two cities, as a matter of good neighborhood and of home news, have more than done me justice; and I thank them for it. If they put the Gospel as I preach it in their reportorial columns, I should be very mean and ungrateful if I objected to any thing in the editorial columns.

I have felt if this world is ever brought to God, it will be by the printing-press; and while I have for many years been allowed the privilege of preaching the Gospel through the religious press all around the world, I wanted to preach the Gospel through the secular press beyond these cities, to people who do not go to church and who dislike churches. My enemies have given me the chance. They have told such monstrous lies about this pulpit and about this church that they have made all the world curious to know what really is said here. They have opened the way before me everywhere, in all the cities of this land, so that now the very best, the most conscientious, and the most leading papers of the country allow me, week by week, to preach repentance and Christ to the people. And first of all, now, I thank the secular press of these two cities for their kindness, and after that I publicly thank—for I shall never have any opportunity of doing so save this—the religious press, who have published my sermons all around the world.

And I want to tell you that when I was called here to this place, while I received the call from nineteen people, my enemies now give me the opportunity every week of preaching the Gospel to between seven and eight million souls. They have made the curiosity to see and hear what I would say, and then the leading, the honorable newspapers of the country have gratified that curiosity. Go on, mine enemies! If you can afford it in your soul I can. So God makes the wrath of men to praise Him, and while I thank my friends I thank my enemies.

But, while the falsehoods to which I have referred may somewhat have stirred your humor, there is

A FALSEHOOD WHICH

strikes a different key, for it

INVADES THE SANCTITY OF MY HOME;

and, when I tell the story, the fair-minded men and women and children of the land will be indignant. I will read it, so that if any one may want to copy it they can afterward. (Reading from manuscript.) It has been stated over and over again in private circles, and in newspapers hinted, until tens of thousands of people have heard the report, that sixteen or seventeen years ago I went sailing on the Schuylkill River with my wife and her sister (who was my sister-in-law); that the boat capsized, and that having the opportunity of saving either my wife or her sister, I let my wife drown and saved her sister, I marrying her in sixty days! I propose to nail that infamous lie on the forehead of every villain, man or woman, who shall utter it again, and to invoke the law to help me.

One beautiful morning, *my own sister* by blood relation, Sarah Talmage Whiteknack, and her daughter Mary, being on a visit to us in Philadelphia, I proposed that we go to Fairmount Park and make it pleasant for them. With my wife and my only daughter—she being a little child—and my sister Sarah and her daughter, I started for Fairmount. Having just moved to Philadelphia, I was ignorant of the topography of the suburbs. Passing along by the river I saw a boat and proposed a row. I hired the boat and we got in, and not knowing any thing of the dam across the river, and unwarned by the keeper of the boat of any danger, I pulled straight for the brink, suspecting nothing until we saw some one wildly waving on the shore as though there were danger. I looked back, and lo! we were already in the current of the dam. With a terror that you cannot imagine I tried to back the boat, but in vain. We went over. The boat capsized. My wife instantly disappeared and was drawn under the dam, from which her body was not brought until days after; I, not able to swim a stroke, hanging on the bottom of the boat, my niece hanging on to me, my sister Sarah clinging to the other side of the boat. A boat from shore rescued us.

After an hour of effort to resuscitate my child, who was nine-tenths dead—and I can see her blackened body yet, rolling over the barrel, such as is used for restoring the drowned—she breathed again. A carriage came up, and leaving my wife in the bottom of the Schuylkill River, and with my little girl in semi-unconsciousness, and blood issuing from nostril and lip, wrapped in a shawl, on my lap, and with my sister Sarah and her child in the carriage, we rode to our desolated home.

And that is the scene over which some ministers of the Gospel, and men and women pretending to be decent, have made sport. My present wife was not within a hundred miles of the place. So far from being sisters, the *two were entire strangers.* They never heard of each other, and not until nine months after that tragedy on the Schuylkill did I ever know of the existence of my present wife. Nine months after that calamity on the Schuylkill, she was introduced to me by my brother, her pastor, Rev. Goyn Talmage, nor of Paramus, New Jersey. My first wife's name was Mary R. Avery, a member of the Reformed Church on Harrison Street, South Brooklyn, where there are many hundreds of people who could tell the story. My present wife, I say, was not within a hundred miles of the spot. Her name was Susie Whittemore, and she was a member of the church in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, where multitudes could tell the story.

With multitudes of people on the bank of the Schuylkill who witnessed my landing on that awful day of calamity, and hundreds of people within half an hour's walk of this place who knew Mary Avery, and hundreds of people in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, who knew my present wife, Susie Whittemore—what do you think, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, editors and reporters, of a lie like that manufactured out of the whole cloth? I never have spoken of this subject before, and I never shall again; but I give fair notice that, if any two responsible witnesses will give me the name of any responsible person after this affirming this slander, I will pay the informant $100, and I will put upon the criminal vagabond who utters it the full force of the law.

But while I have thus referred to falsehoods and criticisms, I want to tell you that in the upturned faces of my congregation, and in the sympathy of a church always indulgent, and in the perpetual blessing of God, my ten years here in Brooklyn have been a rapture. Now,

AS TO THE FUTURE—

for I am preaching my anniversary sermon—as to the future, I want to be of more service. My ideas of a sermon have all changed. My entire theology has condensed into one word, and that a word of four letters, and that word is "help." Before I select my text when I come to this pulpit, when I rise to preach, the one thought is:

HOW SHALL I HELP THE PEOPLE?

And this coming year I mean, if God will give me His Spirit, to help young men. They have an awful struggle, and I want to put my arm through their arm with a tight grip, such as an older brother has a right to give a younger brother, and I want to help them through. Many of them have magnificent promise and hope. I am going to cheer them on up the steps of usefulness and honor. God help the young men! I get letters every week from somebody in the country, saying: "My son has gone to the city; he is in such a bank, or store, or shop. Will you look after him? He was a good boy at home, but there are many temptations in the city. Pray for him, and counsel him."

I want to help the old. They begin to feel in the way; they begin to feel neglected, perhaps. I want, at the edge of the snow-bank of old age, to show them the crocus. I want to put in their hands the staff and the rod of the Gospel. God bless your gray hairs.

I want to help these *wives and mothers* in the struggle of housekeeping, and in the training of their children for God and for heaven. I want to preach a Gospel as appropriate to Martha as to Mary. God help the martyrs of the kitchen, and the martyrs of the drawing-room, and the martyrs of the nursery, and the martyrs of the sewing-machine.

I want to help *merchants;* whether the times are good or bad, they have a struggle. I want to preach a sermon that will last them all the week; when they have notes to pay, and no money to pay them with; when they are abused and assaulted. I want to give them a Gospel as appropriate for Wall Street, and Broadway, and Chestnut Street, and State Street, as for the communion-table.

I want to help *dissipated men* who are trying to reform. Instead of coming to them with a patronizing air that seems to say, "How high I am up, and how low you are down!" I want to come to them with a manner which seems to say, "If I had been in the same kind of temptation I would have done worse." I have more interest in the lost sheep that bleats on the mountain than in the ninety-nine sheep asleep in the fold.

I want to help *the bereft.* Oh! they are all around us. It seems as if the cry of orphanage and childlessness and widowhood would never end. Only last Wednesday we carried out a beautiful girl of twenty years. Fond parents could not cure her. Doctors could not cure her. Oceanic voyage to Europe could not cure her. She went out over that road over which so many of your loved ones have gone. Oh! we want comfort. This is a world of graves. God makes me the sun of consolation to the troubled. Help for one. Help for all. Help now. While this moment the sun rides mid-heaven, may the eternal noon of God's pardon and comfort flood your soul!

I was reading this morning, that when Richard Baxter was preaching on a certain occasion in England, the shock of arms was heard in the distance. Twenty-five thousand men were in combat, but he went on preaching, and the audience sat and listened, though they knew that a great conflict was raging. While I preach this morning, I know there is a mightier contest—all heaven and hell in battle array, contending for the mastery of your immortal spirit. Who shall have it?

TEACHING THE DUMB TO SPEAK.

BY THE REV. DAVID MACRAE.

SOME say the age of miracles is past. One might rather say, in view of the railway, telegraph, telephone, printing press, phonograph, and electric light, that the age of miracles is only beginning.

Making the dumb speak used to be miraculous. It is now reduced to a system; schools and colleges have been opened for its practice; and thousands who were deemed hoplessly mute are being delivered from their bondage.

I went one day recently to see the class opened by Professor Graham Bell in the Greenock Academy, and now taught by one of his teachers (Mr. Jones) from America. I was the more interested in seeing the method, because I had met with deaf-mutes who had been trained under it, and who were able, in consequence, and without the use of any manual signs, to understand all I said, and to speak, I cannot say musically, but in a perfectly intelligible style.

On reaching the academy I was directed to school-room No. 12, opening off one of the galleries upstairs. There I found Mr. Jones busy with a class of three little girls, deaf-mutes. The first thing that struck me was the wonderful spirit with which the work of the little class was kept up. The exercises were, as far as possible, arranged so as to interest and delight the children while instructing them. The exercise they were at when I entered was connected with postures. On the blackboard was written "Stand up," "Raise your hands," "Put down your hands," "Walk," "Sit down," etc. These words the children were taught, not only to understand as written, but to understand when spoken, from watching the motions of the teacher's lips. This is called lip-reading. They are also taught to articulate the words themselves. This is done by Professor Melville Bell's system of "Visible speech," which has a beautifully constructed alphabet of its own, based on the various positions of the organs of speech required for articulation. Each word on the chart is practically a picture of the successive positions and movements of the organs of speech required for the pronunciation of the word. It is a beautiful and perfectly scientific system, at the same time so simple that a child can readily understand it. The deaf-mutes I saw had only been three weeks under Mr. Jones's tuition, and yet they were learning to articulate by it, and were rapidly coming to understand what was said to them from the mere motion of the lips. Deaf-mutes as they are by nature, they will soon, under this training, be able to converse with any one, and mingle on almost equal terms with their fellow-creatures. The great advantage of this system over the system of manual signs is at once apparent. The deaf-mute who depends on the system of manual signs—the "dumb alphabet," as it is called—can only have correspondence with the very few who can read and also use these signs. Whereas the deaf-mute taught "visible speech" needs no special sign, but understands what is being said from the ordinary motions of the lips always accompanying speech. His language is also the same as ours, and is therefore intelligible to all.

The fact of this class being opened—the only one of the kind, as far as I am aware, yet opened in Scotland—will interest many. It not only brings the best training for deaf-mutes within the reach of many who cannot afford to send their children out of Scotland, but it makes it possible for those who have hitherto been compelled to do so to have their children at or nearer home, and better as well as more cheaply taught. The teacher in the Greenock Academy is, I understand, supported by two Greenock gentlemen, who have deaf and dumb children themselves, and who, at great expense, kept them at a deaf and dumb institution in London. They find it almost as cheap now to maintain a teacher in Greenock between them, besides having the children under a much better system, having them at home, and having them taught writing, sewing, etc., with other children, in the u classes. These gentlemen, however, have ki made the class for their children a public c so that the deaf and dumb children of ot may, at a moderate fee, have the same ad tages as their own. The system itself, howe on scientific and other grounds is exceedi interesting.

SEASONABLE COUNSELS.

An Oration by Mr. J. B. Gough at the Ho Hall, December 14, 1878.

(Continued from page 191

A Merry Time at Christmas—Sea-Sicknes the Voyage to Jersey—Mr. Gough's Pers Experience—Effect of Sympathy—The Fr Count's Story—Breakdown of Bill, the St Man of Newbury.

NOW we do not want to be always grave strait-laced in this world—pulling long, faces. We teetotalers are about as jolly a s people as ever lived. We have the me time in the world. You ask Mr. Noble, has been to my house, if we don't have times there. We don't need to drink. Wh the use of that? If a man cannot find e ment in life without getting it by stimul his system by drink, he had better go wit enjoyment.

We believe in enjoyment, and in a ly. hearty, rollicking laugh. Man is the only ni- mal that can laugh, and he ought to enjo is privilege. But if we don't drink any thin we shall be thought wonderfully ascetic and Talk about Christmas time, having a m jolly Christmas without taking a glass of to drink! Why, to be sure, we seek for e oy- ment that is rational, and we get it. We ca sit down and tell stories, and when we somet ies begin, we say, "That reminds me of—and the other reminds me of;" and one will tell a s ry, and another will tell a story, and tell them on- secutively and with some sense in them ten they have not drink on the brain. Did you ver hear a man undertake to tell a story whe he was drunk? How he got tangled over it and how he went forth and back and back and or- ward? When we tell a story we tell it cle ly, and make it laughable without any stimul ion of the brain.

There are some persons who never lau h— very sour-faced people. They never laugh and they don't understand a joke. They are ery curious people.

SEA-SICKNESS ON THE VOYAGE TO JERS .

Will you allow me to tell you this? You nay say it has nothing to do with temperance. ap- tain De Carteret reminded me of it. I nce went from Jersey to Southampton; if you ave been on that trip when it is very rough you know that going across the English Channe t a nasty sea. It is a short, chopping sea. ou do not go down a legitimate depth and ise gradually, but go about half as far as you wa to and then back again, and you make the pa age in a sort of tubs of boats.

There was a poor fellow leaning over th ide of the vessel "Oh dear! oh, dear!" And me one said to him very sympathizingly, "Ar you sick?"—"What? Sick? Why, confoun ye, you don't think I'm doing this for fun, do y ?" I was up on deck, holding on with all my m ht. the vessel was pitching and rolling, and I f as the poor Frenchman must have felt whe the waiter came to him and wanted his boots. He said, "You may have my boots; you may ave every ting; you may have all I possess; I all never want noting no more."

And while I was holding on, struggling ag nst the motion of the vessel, a gentleman came om the other side of the deck, and said, She pitches a good deal; don't she?" I said, ' es, sir."—"I believe this is Mr. Gough?" " s" —"You have been a great traveller, I believe Mr Gough? She pitches a good deal, don't he? Travelled a good deal in England and in A eri-

?" "Yes." "Well, I have often thought if I ver met you, Mr. Gough, I would ask you what our opinion is in reference to—pitches a good al, don't she?—in reference to the distinctive eculiarity of the Anglo-Saxon race, as devel- ped in the immense emigration to the European ties and the United States?"

All I could say to him was, "Sir, if I was as ell as I ever was in my life it would take me wo weeks to answer such a question as you put to e." He could not understand it at all. Every ing seemed to him perfectly straight and reg- lar; and there are persons who, in such a ludicrous scene as that, at such a description as hat, will sit with their faces as stiff as if they ere afraid of cracking something, with a cast- ron countenance, that they never laugh at all.

Now we believe in a good hearty, rollicking augh; and teetotalers are not an ascetic people. We believe in taking all the pleasure God has given us. I want to say to you there is no en- oyment worth having that you cannot thank God for.

You may say to me, you have travelled over a good amount of ground. I do not intend to make a connected sort of speech. I do not care the snap of my finger whether my speeches have unity in them if I can hold the people. I do not care whether it is eloquence or oratory, or any thing of the kind. Now, with regard to experience, I have known as much as any man, except, perhaps, one or two.

MR. GOUGH'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

I stopped drinking when I was twenty-five years of age; if I had continued it, perhaps till I was thirty-five, my experience would have been more terrible. When Joel Stratton put his hand on my shoulder, I was pretty well reduced; I believe I had one shirt left, and I was afraid to put that on. I cannot describe it to you exactly. I had not a stocking in the world. I am suffering now with tender feet from the fact that I had no shoes; and instead of going barefoot I got an old pair of india-rubbers, which drew my feet so fearfully that I am suffering, thirty-six years after signing the temperance pledge, with tender feet. I had a coat without any front to it. I had an old stock, but nothing ever appeared above that black stock.

I just give you these particulars to show you how utterly destitute I was; but I could always get liquor. I could go down to a grog-shop, and go in and commence singing some comic song. (Here Mr. Gough sang a verse of some song.) I could always do that, or else strike an attitude and go through some theatrical performances. "Here you are, old fellow; what will you have to drink?" I could always get drink when I could not get clothes.

When you see an intemperate man jolly and merry and singing songs, you say, "What a jolly sort of fellow he is!" But go and see him at night alone, when he puts his hands to his face and remembers the time when he knelt at his mother's knee, and her soft warm hand rested on his head and she taught him his first little prayer, and when the fumes of the drink had gone off he thinks of his mother, and the little prayer comes ringing in his ears or whispering in his ears, as if the soft lips of the mother were breathing it there; he sits there poor and wretched, drumming his feet and grinding his teeth, and saying, "What a cursed fool I am! I am a lost, lost, man,"—and so on until morning; and then into a dramshop again, and after one or two glasses, "Ha! ha! ha! Throw care to the wind! Who cares for any thing? I care for nobody!" And that is *life*, —the most awful life a man can lead.

EFFECT OF SYMPATHY.

Before Joel Stratton spoke to me one Sunday night in Worcester, Massachusetts, and persuaded me to sign the pledge, a few others had given me advice, but they never came to me in the right way. They looked upon me as if I was beneath them. They would talk to me sometimes like a Dutch uncle. Why, a man can't stand that. But as soon as a man comes right down to your level and lays his hand on your shoulder, what then? Why, there were men there, Christian men, members of churches, ministers of the Gospel, who knew me, who knew what I was, who knew I was wretched, and knew there were better things for me if I could be redeemed from the power of the drink; and I know of no time during the last five years or three years of my drinking, if any man laid his hand on my shoulder and spoke to me as a man and a brother, I believe I should have gone with him as readily as a child goes for its food. But no one ever spoke to me. I tell you what it is, there are some ministers of the Gospel that know some of these men who stand up and speak as they do here, and what do they do?

They need treating by these men as the costermonger treated his donkey. The donkey would not go, and stood perfectly firm and obstinate. What did the costermonger do? He just took the donkey out of the barrow and wheeled it off himself. Somebody asked what did he do that for? Said he, "I wanted to shame him into it." So some of these men that related their experience here to-night will shame some of those who set themselves up as being so much better than we.

I did some wicked things—some naughty things. What will not a man do when he is in drink? I remember once going into a Methodist meeting, and taking up a spittoon, and saying "We'll now take up a collection,"—and the spittoon had been passed along before the joke was noticed. There is no knowing what they would not set me to do. I used to find a place where there was a meeting and some men would stand to keep the door. I would say to a lot of boys, "Stand right behind me, and follow me up close,"—and then in would I go with a rush, and say, "Who's that pushing behind?" These young men thought there would be some fun. Such is the folly of drinkers.

I remember meeting *a French count*—he called himself a count, I don't know whether he was any account or not—he was a teetotaler, in the city of Troy, and he said to me, "You will tink it vas very strange I am a teetotaler. I do not drink ale, wine, spirits, or anytink of dat kind. Me goes to a party and dey say, 'Vill you take a glass of vine vid us?' Dey say, 'You had betaire take von glass vid us.' I say, 'No, tank you.' 'Well, jez take *von* vid us.' I say again, 'Tank you; I do not take vine.' Soon another says, 'Oh, but do take only von glass to keep us company.' I repeat again, 'No; I don't vish to.' I forget to put on de 'tank you.' Den presently dey ask me again, 'Do take jez a little vine vith us,' and I say, 'I DON'T VONT TO' (shouting), just like dat. Suppose dey ask me to take von ongyong (onion); I don't like ongyongs. 'Oh, jez take von ongyon.' What biznez dey ask me to take von ongyong any more dan ask me to take von glass of vine?

"By and by dey say, 'Oh, jez take von glass vid us jez to be comfortable vith your companions, for good vill, you jez take von.' I put my foot down jez like dat (stamping), and I say 'I WILL NOT,' and I look like dat (frowning), and then they say, 'You great *big fool*.' Ah! very well. By and by they get drunk, everybody drunk, drunk, drunk. I call on dem next morning. Dey are in dere bed. Ha! ha! ha! I say, 'Vat is de mattare vid you?' 'Oh, such a bad headache; my headache like to be cracked. Oh! I have such a bad headache.' 'Vy, vat is de mattare?' 'Oh! dat vine.' 'Ah!' I say, 'who is de *big fool* now, eh? Is it you or is it me who will not drink de vine? It is you dat is the *big fool*.'"

BREAKDOWN OF BILL, THE STRONG MAN OF NEWBURY.

We abstain from the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, because we believe it to be utterly useless. "Well," you say, "don't a little drop of beer do a man a little good occasionally?" Now, we will look at the good, if you please. What does it do for a man? You know as well as I do that a man is not stronger after drinking beer than he was before. You say a man can do a harder day's work after taking a little drop of beer or a little drop of spirits—a harder day's work than he could if he did not take it.

Well, as regards such a notion as that, I remember once, when I was a young man, *I went fishing* at a Bay off the Labrador coast. We were drinking people then. There was a young man there, said to be one of the strongest men in the States. He was the strongest I ever saw. I have seen him stand with three men, one on his shoulders, and another on his, and another on his, and he would just step round the deck with that weight upon him. We came to an anchor that was marked 750—whether it was pounds or not I do not know—but the fluke of the anchor was buried in the sand.

Some one said to him, "*Bill, you can't lift that anchor.*" "Can't I?" he said; "I will try it." So he got astride of the anchor, and, laying firmly hold of it he drew himself up, but he could not move it. After trying again he said, "I'll give it up; that is a little too much for me." We went for a ramble up the country that day, and all had some whiskey—not enough to get drunk, but a little, and were just fit for any thing. As we came back, one said to him, "Bill, there is your old enemy; you won't lift it now." He said, "*I will lift it.*"

He brought himself over the anchor, and, passing some ropes over his shoulder, he lifted with all his might. You could see the veins stand on his forehead and the great drops of sweat stand out on his face as he strained himself, but he lifted the fluke out of the sand. "I have done it," he exclaimed, "but" (placing his hands to his stomach) "*I have hurt myself.*" That man in the city of Newbury goes walking just like this (imitating the movement of a cripple), and has never been able to do a day's work since. Did that whiskey help him? Yes, it gave him *stimulus*, but it gave him no additional strength, no power, no muscle.

Just as if you have *a horse with a heavy load* and it cannot start it, and the horse ought not to start it; and while it is doing its best with its shoulder to the wheel, the driver takes his black whip and whips him, and it is able to start the load. The horse ought not to have that heavy load. But did the whip give him any strength? Did it give him any power? No, it gave him *stimulus*, and you made him do what he had no right to do; and that man that does a day's work under the influence of stimulus that he could not do without it, owes it to the damage of his constitution. Pay-day will come by and by, and Nature's a hard creditor. We find men who have reduced their capital by stimulus, broken at forty, fifty, or sixty years of age, when they might have lived ten or fifteen years longer.

If you would keep yourselves, tide yourselves over this Christmas time and the New Year, *use continued prayer* to God and you will be perfectly safe, and you will look back upon this Christmas as the merriest and best Christmas you ever experienced in your life. And why should it not be? It is in commemoration of the birth of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost and to do it by giving Himself a sacrifice for others; and if He came into the world to save you and me, He has pledged Himself to save us if we are willing to be saved, and it is our own fault if we are not.

After all the condescension—infinite condescension—that led Him to come here and take up His abode with us to save us, I say to you, in the coming festivities—for they should be festivities, festivities without drink, reasonable festivities—in the coming festivities keep yourselves well gathered up in the attitude of prayer, and trust in God, and not one of the Hoxton members who have signed the pledge in this hall will break it, or even be tempted to break it, if we keep in the attitude of prayer.

I did not intend to make a speech to you, for I am told I must not make a speech just yet; but I felt a deep interest in this ever since I came here with Dr. Taylor, of New York, and thought I would like to come and wish you "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

In commencing the publication of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times in America, it was impossible to form an accurate or even an approximate idea of the extent to which it would enjoy the favor of the Religious Public. The price was therefore fixed at four cents per single copy, that being the lowest sum deemed prudent under the circumstances.

Now, however, after the issue of only a few numbers, the journal has attained a circulation which, in connection with the numbers of commendatory letters daily received, justifies a

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

We have accordingly much pleasure in announcing that the price of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now reduced to

THREE CENTS

for single copies. Annual subscription, postage paid, $1.50. Remittances should be by check or post-office order or registered letter, and be made payable to Joseph Spurgeon, 63 Bible House, New York.

Though but a few weeks have elapsed since the issue of the first number of the American edition of The Christian Herald, we feel constrained thus early to express our grateful thanks for the numerous friendly greetings and kind expressions of appreciation that have reached us from every quarter.

While thankful to all who have aided us, we have at this time especially to acknowledge the aid and sympathy of hundreds of ministers from all parts of the country, and of every denomination.

It has been the occasion of surprise that while we have received hundreds of letters commendatory of the appearance and character of the paper *in detail*, there has been not one objection, either to particular articles or to the general course of the paper.

We ask a continuance of the sympathy and co-operation of our brethren of every name. We greatly desire that The Christian Herald shall reach every family in the United States, and believe that the above reduction in price ought to effect that object.

The Christian Herald is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

We shall be happy to forward, postage paid, a packet of specimen copies to any minister desiring them for distribution among his congregation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress met again on Tuesday, January 7th, but little business except of a routine character was transacted. On Thursday both Houses attended the funeral of Representative Hartridge, the services being held in the hall of the House.

The investigation in the matter of the cipher telegrams goes forward in a languid manner. The Republicans are not urgent in the business; and Democrats allege that the want of enthusiasm is owing to the fear that a thorough investigation will reveal matters the Republicans would prefer remaining concealed. The Democrats press for an investigation, and it is said their object in doing so is to destroy Mr. Tilden's prospects in the next Presidential election, and enhance the chances of another candidate of the party.

Dr. Talmage's sermon which we publish this week deserves to be widely read. His assailants have attacked him with merciless severity, and have not even refrained from libelling him in relation to his private affairs. These scurrilous attacks have hitherto been borne patiently, but now their subject has wisely broken silence, and refuted them. It has ever been the manner of the world to fulfil one prediction of our Saviour's, namely, to speak against Christian teachers "all manner of evil falsely," and Dr. Talmage and other preachers whom he mentions have not escaped. We shall see whether those who have maligned them will make his contradiction as public as they made their false charges.

Mr. Moody has closed his work in the Northwestern section of Baltimore. After preaching daily for several consecutive weeks at the Eutaw Place Baptist Church in the afternoon, and at Grace M. E. Church at night, he has transferred his labors to the north-eastern portion of the city. He preached twice on Sabbath last and the Sabbath preceding, and once during the interval between. On each occasion he addressed crowded and deeply interested audiences, and a number of persons repaired to the Inquiry Room for religious conversation and counsel.

Some idea may be formed of the effect of his efforts, writes a correspondent in Baltimore, by the characters reached and impressed by them. At one time we noticed *five professional gamblers and two avowed skeptics among the inquirers*; at another, *an atheist, an infidel, a Unitarian, and two Universalists.* This shows that the extreme classes among the unconverted do not escape the edge of the Spirit's sword as wielded by this faithful minister of God. Every type of sinners comes under the power of his searching, practical presentations of truth. We are satisfied that he has already accomplished a vast deal of good among us, and that his work has not been superficial, but deep, genuine, and thorough.

The Chicago Post-Office was burned again on Saturday evening, January 4th. It was burned in the great fire of 1871, and then took refuge in a church on Wabash Avenue just below the fire limits. It was driven out of that by the fire of 1874, and then occupied the splendid Honore Block, corner of Dearborn and Adams streets. On Saturday evening that building took fire and was damaged to the amount of about $100,000. It was dreadfully cold, and the firemen had a hard battle of it, but they conquered. The *water froze in the burning building*, and when the fire was extinguished it stood *a palace of ice*—entirely covered with a glazing of ice and enormous icicles hanging from every sill, cornice, and projection of any kind.

Diphtheria is of all diseases at once the most terrible and the one of which we know the least. The laws which regulate the course of typhoid, of cholera, of scarlatina, and of most other epidemic maladies are to a certain extent ascertained. Diphtheria remains, as in old times did the plague, beyond the range of medical science. It is a putrid fever, and apt to be epidemic. It commences with ordinary febrile symptoms, which soon assume a specific character. The throat and fauces begin to swell, and then there spreads from the roof of the mouth, downward and back almost into the lungs, an inflammation of the most sudden and malignant kind, coupled with a characteristic exudation of a thick, leathery, white, malignant growth, like some unwholesome fungus or confervoid. Only too often the patient succumbs, partly from exhaustion and partly from absolute suffocation. All attempts to reduce the local symptoms have in the great majority of cases hitherto proved ineffectual. The strongest applications fail to give relief, and if the foul, sporadic growth is mechanically removed—a desperate experiment, which has before now been essayed—it only leaves a raw, bleeding surface, upon which the putrid miasma almost immediately gathers itself together with renewed strength. Even should the natural strength and vigor of the patient ultimately prove superior to the poison, the danger is not yet past. The patient who has escaped with his life remains liable to *sequelæ* of the most serious kind, not the least frequent of which is general paralysis, with all the many distressing symptoms which usually accompany that most painful of all nervous derangements. Its origin has been ascribed to the inhalation of sewer gas, to the use of impure milk, to malarious poison in the atmosphere derived from the immediate neighborhood of expanses of swamp and morass.

The Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting in its reports continues to furnish an answer to the question so often raised, What profit shall we have if we pray unto Him?

One of three thanksgiving friends writes: "About three weeks ago I wrote to you asking your prayers for God's blessing and the pouring out of His Holy Spirit upon the people here. *Now* I write asking you to *rejoice with us* in, as we hope, the conversion and addition to the church of sixteen persons and the restoration of backsliders. My brother and one of my Sunday scholars were of those added to the church. We have a list of about one hundred for whom we have covenanted to pray. Remember these in your prayers."

Says another: "On Monday of last week a wife asked prayers for a much-loved husband who was estranged from her, and who seemed to have forgotten the vows he once made as a follower of his Heavenly Father. The same week I received a letter from my husband asking for reconciliation, and expressing a desire to lead a more consistent Christian life. What shall I render to my God for His loving-kindness toward us? I now ask your prayers that my husband and myself may give ourselves to God and His service—may be entirely His and be faithful till death."

The last friend writes: "I desire to thank God for an answer to your prayers in my behalf. God has been very merciful to me, and is healing me of my sickness. Do pray for me that my faith may be strengthened, and that the Lord will continue His healing mercy to me."

Anecdote of Garibaldi.—One evening in 1861 as General Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff and announced his intention of scouring the mountain in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was organized. Lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off full of zeal to hunt the fugitive. But no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. He was surprised at this, for the General was always up before anybody else. The attendant went off softly and returned in half an hour. Garibaldi still slept. After another delay the attendant waked him. The General rubbed his eyes, and so did his attendant, when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The General had kept up the search through the night until he had found it. Even so doth the Good Shepherd go in search of His lost sheep until He finds them.

Miss Linda Gilbert, the discharged criminals' friend, so well known out West, has written a letter which has been published in the *New York Herald* giving an account of some results of her labors. She has devoted much of her time and attention to the work of aiding prisoners whose terms of confinement have expired to lead better lives, and in securing places for them where they could earn an honest living. During the last four years of labor in this cause honorable employment has been provided for 375 discharged convicts. Of this number 200 are upon farms in the West, concerning whom the lady says: "Their employers do not know that they ever saw the inside of a prison, and I am free to say that, of the whole number I have aided, not 15 per cent have disappointed me in this my plan." This is indeed a noble record in favor of a class of persons who very much need friendly advice and help.

Sunday-Schools.—The year 1880 will be the hundredth since the establishment of Robert Raikes' Sunday-schools, and the Committee of the Church of England Sunday-school Institute propose commemorating the event by a series of services, conferences, and meetings of an unusually important character. The proceedings will extend from June 28th to July 4th of that year. It is impossible to form any estimate of the good effected by Sunday-schools in the hundred years. Every day furnishes some evidence of their usefulness. The reports of the past year's work in one or two places show the progress they are making here. In the Northwest alone during the past eight months 276 new schools have been established and 985 others have been assisted by the American Union; besides this, 1383 persons were supplied with the Scriptures, and nearly $4000 worth of religious juvenile reading was put into the hands of children. In London the schools number 814, with 19,681 teachers and 230,084 scholars. The churches in Illinois during the year just passed received 18,182 additions through the Sunday-schools, and in the past eight years 126,024. In Newark, N. J., the eighteen schools have 5123 scholars and 617 teachers. The first school was organized in 1819.

The snow-storms which prevailed last week have seriously interfered with commercial transactions. Some idea of their violence can be gathered from the fact that there were at the end of the week between New York and the West no less than 5000 car-loads of grain blockaded. "The beautiful snow," so lauded by poets, is in this case very inconvenient and embarrassing, and *a beautiful thaw* would be welcomed.

A California Sand-Storm.—About two weeks ago, as the train which left Los Angeles in the afternoon approached Cucamonga Station it encountered a sand-storm of extraordinary violence. The train was soon obliged to stop. Superintendent Hewit was at once informed of the occurrence, and immediately dispatched a strong force of men to clear the track, but entirely without avail. The train was delayed about fifteen hours. The simoom, or sirocco, came whistling through the Cajou Pass as though it was discharged from a funnel. Something of the force of the wind may be conjectured from the fact that the rails for a distance of three or four miles were covered with sand to depths ranging from one to three feet. Fortunately these sand-storms are not of very frequent occurrence. A number of years ago a whirlwind poured out of the Cajou Pass which took substantially the same course as this one, but of a more violent character.

Newburgh, N. Y., a city of 20,000 inhabitants, containing many public and private educational institutions, and a number of churches of various denominations, was recently canvassed by an agent of the City Bible Society with the following result: "383 families were found entirely destitute of Bibles and Testaments; 215 of these families refused to accept of either a Bible or Testament from the agent; to the balance, 168 families, the agent gave 158 Bibles, 60 small Testaments, and one large one."

Mr. Charles E. Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher and Professor Calvin Stowe, was ordained an evangelist by a Congregationalist council recently. Mr. Stowe is a graduate of Harvard College, and has studied theology in Germany, mostly at Bonn. He began his preparations for the ministry in connection with the Episcopal Church, but withdrew from it some time since. It is understood that he has offered himself for home-missionary service in a remote settlement of Northern Maine.

Rev. Dr. Budington has resigned the pastorate of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, a position which he has occupied since the organization of the church in 1855. The reasons given by the doctor for his desire to sever his relations with the church are his long cessation from active work, as advised by his physicians on account of cancer in the mouth, from which he has been suffering since May last, and his conviction that the church and congregation really need a pastor at once. Thus far no action has been taken by the church.

Providence, Rhode Island, is just now the scene of the labors of Messrs. Pentecost & Stebbins. All those who witnessed the blessings which attended their work at Fall River will pray that a similar result may attend them in their new sphere. Those who know most of the Fall River locality tell us that a vast amount of real and permanent good has been done.

Saved under the Sea.—A professional diver said he had in his house what would probably strike a visitor as a very strange chimney ornament—the shells of an oyster holding fast a piece of printed paper. The possessor of this ornament was diving on the coast, when he observed at the bottom of the sea this oyster on a rock, with a piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached, and commenced to read through the goggles of his head-dress. It was a Gospel tract, and, coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his unconverted heart, that he said, "I can hold out against God's mercy in Christ no longer, since it pursues me thus." He became, whilst in the ocean's depths, a repentant, converted, and (as he was assured) sin-forgiven man—"saved at the bottom of the sea."

The Young Man and Noah's Ark.—A young man, who had been a drunken, blaspheming, fighting man, reckless of all considerations of right, stumbled, accidentally, as he supposed at the time, but providentially as the results proved, into a prayer-meeting. As he entered, the leader of the meeting was reading the account of the Flood and the deliverance of Noah and his family so safely housed in the ark. "And the Lord shut him in," were the words that fell upon the young man's ear as he took his seat. "And the rest of the world were shut out," something seemed to say to him; and then he thought of the day when the storm of God's wrath against sin should fall on all not safe in the spiritual ark the Lord Jesus Christ. He remembered his past life so crowded with sin, and it seemed to him as though the door of mercy were already closed against him. "*Outside, Outside,*" every thing around him seemed to say; but God had not forsaken him—mercy was in store for him. He sought pardon through the blood of the atoning Lamb, and found it.

A Wayside Courtesy.—A minister says: "I was once walking a short distance behind a well-dressed young lady, and thinking, as I looked at her becoming apparel, 'I wonder if she takes as much pains with her heart as she does with her body.' An old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get through. 'Wait,' said the young girl, springing lightly forward, 'I'll hold the gate open.' And she held the gate open until he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on. 'She deserves to have graceful attire,' I thought, 'for a beautiful disposition dwells in her breast.'"

A VILE WEED AND A FAIR FLOWER.

A Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."—HEBREWS 13: 5, 6.

Is it Possible for the Consecrated to become Covetous?— I. A Vice to be Shunned—1. Covetousness should not be in Conversation—2. Nor in Action—3. Nor in Desire—How Covetousness shows Itself—I. In Repining—2. In Envy—3. In Craving—4. In Fretful Fears—Covetous Men Self-Deceivers—II. A Virtue to be Sought—The Way to be Cheerful—Live by the Day—Look Ahead — God's Presence Glorifies a Garret—III. Confidence to Produce Courage.

Is it not deeply humiliating, beloved friends, that the best of Christians should need to be cautioned against the worst of sins? *May the consecrated become covetous?* Is it possible that the regenerate may drivel into misers? Alas, what perils surround us, what tendencies are within us! Although a man may be a sincere believer in the self-sacrificing Jesus, yet it is needful to say to him, "Let your conversation be without covetousness." Covetousness is a vice of a very degrading kind, and it is therefore the more surprising that those who have a renewed nature, and in whom the Spirit of God dwells, should require to be warned against bowing down their souls before it, and yet such is the necessity that once and again the saints are warned against "covetousness, *which is idolatry.*"

As long as Israel is in the wilderness she is not out of danger from the golden calf. There is no superfluous text in the Bible; had there been no peril, there would have been no precept; but, alas! the best of saints may be betrayed into the basest sins. Moreover, the common talk of the people, with whom we daily mingle in business, is so much about buying and selling and getting gain, that we are apt to be entangled in their nets and find ourselves in *the meshes of their craft* before we are well aware of it. *It is hard to live where greed grasps all, and not try to save a little for ourselves out of the wreck.* "Take heed and beware of covetousness," is a needful caution for these latitudes.

It appears from our text that the children of God need also to be exhorted to cherish that most simple and natural of virtues—contentment. One would think that, at least in some instances, *they would have this good thing as a matter of course.* Among our villagers we have met with persons so well satisfied with their lowly lot that they would not cross the sea to gain an empire. Yet their contentment has sprung up wild as the daisies and buttercups of their own meadows, for they have not been acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus, or the blessed hope which makes trials light to bear. Do Christians, then, need to be admonished with precepts, and stimulated with promises, to make them yield the commonplace virtues of life?

Do their fields refuse to grow "the herb called heartsease," which simple folk have *gathered unsown* from their little garden plots? Must believers be exhorted with earnestness if you would have them contented? It is even so. Against the worst of vices they need to be warned, and towards the humblest of virtues they need to be exhorted. O Lord! thou knowest us better than we know ourselves, for thou understandest what poor, faulty things even Thine own children are. *The best of men are men at the best.* Unless the grace of God had engaged to keep them every moment, and to defend them from the temptations of their many foes, they would long ago have utterly perished from the way. Great need have they to say, "The Lord is my helper," for if He be not so, they will fall a prey to covetousness and discontent.

Our discourse, like the text which dictates it, must run out in *three distinct branches.* There is a *covetousness* to be eschewed, a *contentment* to be entertained, and a *confidence* to be established.

A VICE TO BE SHUNNED.

I. First, I shall have to say a little about COVETOUSNESS. We are told that our conversation is to be "without covetousness." The term "conversation" includes, as you know, *the whole of our lives.* It is true that we are not to *talk* covetously, but conversation means far more than speech ; it includes thoughts, words, and actions : in fact, the whole of life.

1. Taking the first meaning of conversation, namely, *talk*, we ought not in our words to be on the side of those who *grip for wealth or growl for wage*, who grasp for power or grind the poor. We ought not in our talk to take part with the churl and the illiberal. If we hear of a mean transaction, and it is called a sharp stroke of business and commended as something clever, we are not to sanction it even with a smile ; but make our looks and our language alike *discountenance overreaching* and oppression. The skinning of flints and the driving of screws are practised by many people as if they were positively meritorious, and there are those who, while they would shrink from doing aught so questionable themselves, will smile at the crooked policy of others, perhaps feebly blaming the fraud, but all the while admiring the cuteness which carried it out and pocketed the result.

With satiric praise instead of severe censure, they will say, "Wonderful man that ! Nobody can ever get on the blind side of his head. He can get blood out of gateposts, and profits out of losses." Those who praise sharpers are the patrons of thieves. Never think that dexterity will condone deceit, or cleverness excuse a lie. Let your *conversation* savor of grace and generosity, and of kindness altogether unselfish ; and never let it flatter the successful trickster or the greedy grinder of the needy. Never let your language be such as might help to sharpen the cunning of a Laban or sanction the churlishness of a Nabal. This be far from you. "Let your *conversation* be without covetousness."

2. But our conversation has to do with our *actions* as well as our words. The sugar of words is sickening if it be not attended with the honey of deeds. Let our whole life in our dealings with our fellow-men be moved by liberal principles, and enriched with a generous spirit. Let us be full of kindness, full of thoughtfulness, full of a desire that others may live as well as ourselves—that our coming into a country may not be like *the coming of the Tartar's horse*, of which it is said that no grass will grow where once it sets its foot. The miser is a creature too hungry, too greedy, too ravenous, to allow any other cattle to feed after him ; he makes the land barren, by gnawing the very roots out of the ground. There are some whose whole life is the use of the rake *to scrape every thing to themselves*, and these men leave nothing for others, however honest and industrious they may be. This is not Christlike, nor will Christ own one who thus lives to himself. Let your actions, then, in trade and labor, as well as your words, be without covetousness.

3. But this will not do unless the word "conversation" takes in our *desires*, our projects, our plans, our thoughts. We must be without covetousness within, for if that vice reigns in the soul *it is sure to rule* in the life. Our prayer should be that of David, "Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies, and not to covetousness." Why is a man miserly in his actions ? Why, because he is miserable in his thoughts. If the inner man were right, the outer man could not be wrong. Beloved, may God cleanse our way, both in private and in public, from any thing like greed, that we may be obedient to the text, "Let your conversation be without covetousness."

It is so very easy a thing to be covetous, that no class of society is free from it. A man may be very poor and covetous withal, and a man may be exceedingly rich and still may think that he is *not half rich enough.* It is not possible to satisfy the greedy. If God gave them one whole world to themselves they would cry for another ; and if it were possible for them to possess heaven as they now are, they would feel themselves in hell, because others were in heaven too, for their greed is such that they must have every thing or else they have nothing. Unless they can call all things theirs, they are as miserable as Haman, who, although all Shushan bowed before him, was not content, because one poor Jew who sat in the gate would not pay him homage.

A covetous spirit can enter anywhere, and can live any where. It is necessary that we search ourselves, lest the wretched lust of greed should fix itself upon us ; for, remember, it can live in one room in a back street, but it can also live in the most sumptuous mansion of Belgravia ; it can starve itself to save a shilling, and it can indulge itself in all manner of extravagance to grasp a fortune. Covetousness has many ways of manifesting itself ; and the text does not warn us against one of those ways, but against them all. "Let your conversation be without covetousness."

HOW THE VICE SHOWS ITSELF.

I have said that covetousness has many ways of showing itself ; let me mention some of them.

1. In some it is most seen in *repining and complaining* against their lot. God has so circumstanced them that they scarcely ever have more than barely enough. They have struggled to rise, but they have never succeeded ; probably because they have not the capacity for so doing. There must be people in the world to take the rough side of it, and these men are evidently of the number, for although they are anxious to make headway in the world, yet they never rise an inch. Now, *if we know our lot, it is idle to refuse it.* If we do so, our conversation is not without covetousness ; we are not satisfied with the things that we have. We are not satisfied with our heavenly Father's will, nor willing that He should be Father and that we should be children. We have not learned to say, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Here is the neglected part of our education, and we must go to school again to the Holy Spirit.

There are some complaining ones who would be no happier if their lot were changed. If they were *lifted from a cottage to a palace* they would repine still, for repining is far more a matter of the heart than of the condition ; and a mind that has not bowed to the will of God in one place would be rebellious also in another, and would rebel still. There be some who have all that heart could wish who still murmur, and still think that God deals hardly with them. This disease is born and bred in our very bones, and it needs the grace of God to get it out of us. It is ill when it shows itself in a perpetual fault-finding with all that providence appoints, in always grumbling that we are left out in the cold, as if in every distribution of divine love we came in for the last portion and the least share, and were doomed to be *the forgotten ones of the family.* Shake off that spirit, beloved. God help us all to get rid of every particle of it, for it savors not of grace, but it is earthly, sensual, devilish.

2. In some others this covetous principle shows itself *in envying others.* If others are better off, or more esteemed, they straightway seem to regard them as enemies, cannot think well of them, cannot wish them well, would almost rejoice to see them dragged down. I have known some rich persons that were very proud ; I have known some poor people who were prouder still ; and their envying of those who were better off has developed in them a pride of an almost ferocious character, akin to the fury of savages. Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous, but who is able to stand before envy ? Now, if I envy a man, I am clearly guilty of covetousness, for I wish that something which he has were not his, but mine. And that may happen to you when you do not think about his property. *You may be covetous of his gifts.* Somebody in the little school to which you belong can address the children better than you : do you ever catch yourself feeling jealous of him ? Go before God and weep over it, and pray the feeling down.

Possibly you are a minister, and alas ! even with us this wretched feeling will come in. Some star outshines ours, and we are likely to be eclipsed, and straightway we are covetous of our honor. We do not like it, brethren, but if we were right at heart with God as we ought to be we should *glory in being excelled* by our fellow-servants ; we should be glad for our heavenly Father to be better served than we can serve Him, and for the Church of God to have more valued servants in it than we are ever likely to be. This is not easy, because envy preys upon us, that compound of meanness and malice, that vilest reptile of the old serpent's brood.

This ill-natured vice shows itself generally in finding fault. Of course our brethren are not perfect ; but why should we take a delight in pointing out their peculiarities, their eccentricities, or their shortcomings ? If they win a great many to Christ the question is sceptically mooted, "*But how will their converts wear ?*" What makes us raise the question ? Is it brotherly love ? If throngs gather around them, we say, "Ah ! they are a nine days' wonder : that little excitement will soon pass off." Is it grace or envy which makes us hope so ? Perhaps we complain that they are very young. This, I suppose, they cannot help ; we were once young ourselves, and would like to be so still. Or else we say, on the other hand, they have passed their meridian, and if they flourish for a little while, their sun is setting, and it is not much they will ever achieve.

Ah, greed of honor ! what is there which thou wilt not say ? Would God that Christians would cease from tearing one another ! Let your conversation be without that covetousness which shows itself in envy. If the Lord has given you one talent, use it ; but do not waste your time in finding fault with him who has five talents. I your Master makes you a hewer of wood, throw your strength into your felling and cleaving, *d not throw the axe at your fellow-servant ;* and i he makes you a drawer of water, do not empt your buckets on your neighbor, but do your ow service well, and bring what you have done an lay it at your Master's feet. This will be thank worthy ; this will be Christlike. You will the be obeying the injunction, "Let your convers tion be without covetousness."

3. And covetousness may show itself in a other way, namely, by *perpetually craving an desiring that which we have not.* The old mora ists used to say that the man who would be tru rich had better retrench his appetites than i crease his fortune. Some men seem as if the never could fix their thoughts on what they *hav* but they are always in the other tense and moo thinking of what they could, would, or shou have. They have swallowed *the two daughters Solomon's horseleech*, and these continually cr "Give, give." They must have somethi more : their desires are boundless, the sea is n more ready to swallow up all that it can co at. A little more they told us would conte them some years ago, and a great deal more h been added to their stores, but still they want little more now. Let your conversation be wit out covetousness in that respect, and be conte with such things as ye have.

4. In many—perhaps in the most numer class—this anxiety for acquisition betrays itself *fretful fears about the future ;* and I must in honesty grant that this form of the vice h sometimes the appearance of being the most cusable of the whole. "What shall I do," are apt to say, "in case I should be laid asi and a pecarious income should suddenly come an end ? It is not for myself alone : it is for wife and numerous family that I am chiefly c cerned—how could they be provided for ?" M a man lies awake at night desiring to incre his income, not because he is ambitious to rich, but because he is haunted with the fea being poor.

Gifted, perhaps, for the present with com tency, he is still scared with dire foreboding

"What will become of my family if I die?" "Or should such and such a source of income be dried up, and it is very precarious, what then will become of my household? What then?" Full many are not content with such things as they have because the dread of a distant season of trial is constantly harassing them. They cannot be happy in the present sunshine because *mayhap a storm is brewing* out of sight. They cannot lie down in peace because they want to lay up against a rainy day. In vain for them their table is bountifully spread unless they have a store in hand against every contingency that may happen.

Do you notice how precious is that promise which provides for all possible casualties that may befall you? "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The censure, therefore, falls where this sacred pledge is unheeded; and *he is accounted covetous* who walks after the cravings of the flesh, rather than after the counsel of the Spirit of God. If God would have thee live by the day, why dost thou want to gather enough for seven days at once?

If thy Father bids thee trust Him, why dost thou distrust His paternal care? Use prudent thrift by all means; do not waste what He gives, nor heedlessly forget that you will have wants on the morrow as well as to-day; but abstain from fretfulness, abjure murmuring, and abhor every tendency to unbelief, lest you provoke Him to anger:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways unto His hands;
To His sure truth, and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands."

He would not have you careful about those earthly things after which the Gentiles seek. "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." "Let your conversation be without covetousness."

This covetousness is a great and crying evil. It is expressly forbidden in the law. *It has a commandment all to itself:* "Thou shalt not covet." O brother! wouldst thou wish to fly into an evil which the Lord Himself accounts so gross that He has branded it across the brow with one of the ten commands of the Decalogue: "Thou shalt not covet?"

God is not selfish, God is love: God hoards not, He giveth liberally; He refuses not the poor, He delighteth in mercy. He spreads abroad in the midst of His creatures the good things which belong to Him, and He bids them freely gather what He freely gives; even thus would He have us *distribute generously and disperse freely* without covetousness.

I scarcely know any other vice which can more effectually damn its victim; and I speak the more earnestly about it because covetousness can readily enter into a man's heart, and *he may not know it.* St. Francis de Sales said that many came to him to confess all manner of sins, and many of them of a glaring nature; but that all his life long he never knew anybody acknowledge covetousness. Do you exclaim, "I wonder why this is?" Well, it is because a man does not like to think that he can be covetous; he cannot bring himself to acknowledge that he has quite gone that length. When his avarice is the most heartless he generally calls it by a prettier name, such as prudence, thrift, or carefulness, so as to make it look more respectable. There is a great propensity about gold and silver, and houses and lands, to stick to one's heart and blind the judgment. It is difficult for those who have much to do with wealth to be quite clear of self. Some men, by divine grace, get much, and give much, and use the world, and do not abuse it: but it is *of the earth earthy after all*, and when it comes into contact with these hearts of ours it will corrupt and corrode.

II. Secondly, as there is a vice to be shunned so there is

A VIRTUE TO BE SOUGHT.

The theme is much more pleasing now that we speak upon CONTENTMENT. "Be content with such things as ye have."

It is, after all, no very great virtue if we should attain it: the more pity, therefore, if we should miss it. The old moralists constantly twit us with the fact that we may have the necessaries of life upon very easy terms, whereas we put ourselves to great pains for its luxuries. *There have been contented persons* whose heads have been clear, their hearts simple, and their habits temperate, though they have not known the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. We ought surely then to rise to that low average of sanctity in which our moderation shall be known unto all men.

To be content with such things as we have should be specially easy to us, because we have so much *to be thankful for*, such constant communications from the great Benefactor, and so certain an assurance that He will withhold no good thing from those that walk uprightly. I am not speaking now of those who have houses and land and goods in abundance, for their repinings are *discord indeed;* but I speak of all Christians.

This world is ours, and worlds to come. Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home. It ought to be easy for us to be contented since all things are ordered for our good. Arranged by our own dear Father's hand, His appointments ought not to be difficult for a loving child to approve. The trial of our faith will soon be over; a long life of affliction is but a pin's point of time. Be it never so painful, we ought to be willing to bear the light affliction, which is but for a moment. We know that God loves us, for we feel His love shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. Should not contentment be easy under such circumstances?

I believe that contentment depends very much upon taking right views of things. There is, to wit, a *short view. To live by the day is the way to be cheerful.* If you try to live by the month you will bring home *a month's troubles to eat up a day's meat.* God has not constructed His people to live by the month: their souls, *like their bodies*, are fashioned to live by the day. His supplies, His promises, the very prayers He puts into our mouths, all deal with days: "Give us this day our daily bread." "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Live by the day, then, and you will be content

Take also *long views* as well as short views. Take the view which says, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." Take the view which says, "We shall soon laugh at this present little vexation." Take that distant view which says, "When I get to heaven, this great trial will seem very small: when I look from the hill-tops of glory at my present dilemma, it will probably cause me many a smile, to think that I should have been so vexed and tormented by it." *Take this view of things*—that a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things that he possesses. Full often the more your goods increase the more your cares multiply; the care to keep is often greater than the care to win; while, after all, the care rightly to use ought to be the most weighty care of all.

If thy God has loaded a neighbor with ten thousand a year, thank God that He has not burdened thee in that way. Be glad if He has given thee as much as thou canst carry easily, and no more. When I go for a walk, I like a staff—just one, but I should not like to be compelled *to carry a hundred.* Some men appear to me to have a hundred times as much as they can possibly want, and so they are hampered with what might, in moderation, have been their help. Be not eager for great riches, nor seek after large domains in this world, lest thou wallow in wealth, stick in it as in a bog, and drown thy soul. Why load thyself with more clay when thou hast as much to carry now as thou canst well get along with? Be not surprised, therefore, any of you, but rather be thankful if God doth sometimes lighten your load a little to quicken your pace in the heavenly journey.

The secret of true contentment, and the way to get at it, is admirably expressed in these words, "Be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Some of the most easy-going people in the world are those who have *a government pension* of so much a month. It is little, but it is sure. If all the banks break, they will get it. They have no trouble as to how the markets fluctuate, or how different stocks rise and fall in value; or what dividends they might derive from investments. It is not a large income that falls to their lot, 'tis true; but then it is all they require, and it is always sure. You say to such a person, "You may set your heart at rest, because your supplies come from a sure source."

Now, then, that is *exactly where the child of God stands;* for ye know who hath said, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." Between now and heaven I do not know who may starve; but I never shall, because the Lord is my Shepherd, and I shall not want. Those clever lawyers, those sharp-teethed schemers, those greedy oppressors, those young lions, may lack and suffer hunger; but they that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing *The Christian man's fortune is made.* "Oh! but he may be in great straits." Yes, but he shall be supplied in due time. All that he needs in this time state his heavenly Father will give him. He wants but faith to believe this, and he shall find it to be really so: "for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

God's word ought to be taken as truth itself. A promise from the mouth of God is *better than a bond* signed and sealed by the wealthiest of men. No negotiable securities can be comparable in value to this declaration of the Lord, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." It is put very strongly. In the original there are five negatives, as in the verse you sang just now:

"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll *never, no never, no never* forsake."

The *five negatives* in the last line of that verse correspond with the five placed in this text—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

It means that in no one single *instance* will the Lord leave thee, nor in any one *particular* will He leave thee, nor for any *reason* will He leave thee. If thou hast cast thyself upon His infinite power and grace, He will carry thee to the end. Not only will He not desert thee altogether, but He will not leave thee even for a little while. He may seem *for a small moment* to hide His face from thee, but He will still love thee and still supply thy needs. Behind the wall He will pour oil upon the flame if in the front of the wall He permits Satan to throw water upon it. He will feed thee somehow—by the back door, if not by the front—by the ravens, if not by the doves. If the brook Cherith fails, He shall find a widow woman, even in a distant land, who in all her straits shall, nevertheless, feed the servant of God.

Buckingham Palace has not a drawing-room to compare with that *little room upstairs* against the thatch, or with that garret where you cannot stand upright, where the stars peep in at night between the tiles. If God be there, I would sooner live in the worst cottage's worst room, on the pittance of the parish, than where the floor was paved with marble and the richest hangings adorned the ample chambers but the divine glory was unknown. If God be there—("I will never leave thee")—then wherever the child of God is cast, there is a glory round about him which makes him sublime in the midst of his poverty.

III. Our last point, upon which our time will only admit of a word or two, is the CONFIDENCE with which we may encourage ourselves and bid defiance to a frowning world. "So that we may *boldly* say, The Lord is my helper, and

I WILL NOT FEAR

what man can do unto me."

This promise of the Lord is fitted to nerve us with courage, as well as to solace us with contentment. *Chicken-hearted and craven fears ill become the disciples of Christ.* If we are oppressed, or if we have to encounter opposition, we may just go straight ahead in the strength of our text, and say, "What can man do unto me?" If God be our helper, dear brethren, why should we shrink or falter; why should we droop or look dismayed; why should we hold our peace or speak with bated breath? Are there any of you who are afraid to confess my Lord's name before men, to enlist in His service, to buckle on His armor, to avow yourselves His followers? Parley no longer, I beseech you, with such ungracious fears.

Great thoughts have stirred within your breasts while we have presented the consoling word, and the Spirit of God has rested upon it. Be great in act as you have been in thought. Since He has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," why are you ashamed to come and own Him? "I am afraid I might dishonor His name," say you. But He has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "I am very weak," say you. He has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "I might bring dishonor upon the church to which I should unite myself." Very likely you would if He left you, but He has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." It is always safe to do what God bids. There can be *no sound policy* in neglecting a divine precept. So come forward and say boldly, "The Lord is my helper."

Possibly some of you have been persecuted. Hard names have been hurled at you: I hope you did not cry because of that. Poor child of God, thy strength is very small if thou art afraid of an ugly name. We have had a good many in our time; they have not broken any of *our* bones, nor will they injure *you*. "Oh! but you do not know what the chaff of the shop is." No, but give them some of your *wheat* in return. Let them see *how a Christian can bear and forbear* when their fun grows foul; how he can endure reproach for righteousness' sake.

"Alas, sir! but I am threatened with the loss of my situation unless I will go contrary to divine commands." Then do not flinch, but tell your heavenly Father all about it. Commit your cause to Him. Let not *fifty places or five hundred people* make you swerve from the course that faith dictates and duty demands. Appeal to God, and He will provide for you. Any temporary loss you may sustain will be much more than made up in the prosperity He awards you: or if not in that way, in the peace He vouchsafes you and the honor He confers on you in suffering for Christ's sake.

Oh that this very night the veil might be taken off many faces, the burden unloaded from many shoulders, and fear dispelled from many hearts! If you have cast off your grievous disquietudes while I have been talking, *do not put them on again* when you get outside. I have known many a poor tried child of God forget his trouble when he was sitting here, but he looked it up before he reached his home, and so he returned to his old condition. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He will never suffer the righteous to be moved."

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

TAKE HOLD AND HELP.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER relates the following incident as observed from her window: "Two colored men were engaged in loading cotton bales. One of the men shirked. Although he went through all the motions, he did not help much in the work, while the other used all his strength. Finally, he turned to his fellow-laborer, and surveying him from head to foot, said, '*Sambo, are you a Christian?*' 'Yes.' '*Then take hold and help.*'"

There are many who make a profession of Christianity but do nothing to help the cause of Christ in the world. Their common excuse is, "I am poor, I am weak, I am unlearned—what can I do?" If you are a Christian you can *do something*. Think of the widow and her two mites.

THE VOYAGE OF THE EGLANTINE.

WHO SAILED IN HER—AND WHY.

A Story of an English Merchant Vessel.

(*Continued from page* 188)

THE intelligence that the Eglantine had sprung a leak spread rapidly through the ship. Every man knew what that meant. It sounded in their ears like a death-knell, and all knew that the last enemy had come terribly near them.

For a moment Captain Thorpe was stupefied into silence; then he gave orders mechanically to man the pumps.

Christian, in the cabin below, knew nothing of the dismay above. The roar of the tempest was all that he could hear; but the falling of the wind was bringing with it hope, when the captain's hand fell on his shoulder, and in his face he read the fatal truth.

"The men are hard at work with the pumps, Mr. Christian, but it is of no use; the water is rising rapidly, and the hold is filling!"

Slowly Christian seemed to comprehend his meaning.

"And the pumps are our last chance!" he said.

"Our last chance, and it is failing!"

He went back to the deck, and Christian rose to follow. But his head swam, and he sank back into his seat. Until that moment he had not entirely given up hope. Now the fiat had gone forth and he knew what was coming.

"Lost!" he murmured, "lost! God forgive *him!*"

How long a time had passed he did not know when he heard the captain's voice in his ear.

"Come, sir; the boat is ready."

They went up and found the men waiting for their captain. It was early morning dawn, and their faces were haggard with suspense and fear. They were no cowards; but death was staring them in the face, and they dared not look at it.

"The boat won't hold all, sir," said one, with eager, pleading eyes. He was only a boy, and a widowed mother waited his coming in the little cottage-home, and—life was sweet.

"I know it," was the calm reply. "My men, some must stay behind! Who shall it be? Who will stay with me?"

"And me?" said Christian, stepping to his side.

There rose a murmur from the men. Not one among them but loved and respected the man who had voluntarily undergone discomfort and inconvenience for their sake, and they revolted against leaving him there to die.

"Not you, sir! not you!" said Cairns, imploringly. "Let me stay instead. There is room for all but two, Captain," he said, turning to Thorpe. "Jackson was washed away by that last wave! Mr. Christian can go in his place!"

The captain stretched out his hand. "You are a brave man to die with, Cairns," he said, simply.

"Now, sir, if you please; there is no time to spare."

"What do you take me for?" cried Christian, his eyes gleaming with passionate anger and indignation. "Get in this moment, Cairns!"

"But, sir!" he pleaded.

"Do you hear what I say?" came the stern, peremptory words, for it was no time for gentle persuasion. "Do as I command you."

A strange lull had fallen on the fury of the storm, and the Eglantine was filling fast. The men had crowded into the boat, and were waiting for the word to push off.

"Go," repeated Christian, "and take this for my father. Give it him from me." He placed a letter in his hand as he spoke, and pushed him towards the boat. For one moment Cairns hesitated, and then he threw up his arms passionately.

"What! go and leave you here to die! when I was the one as made you come? Dash it all, sir, am I a brute? Why, the very dogs stay by their drowning master. Push off, mates; I'm going to stay. Here, Ned, take this letter for Mr. Hilliard. Good-by, mates!"

With his own hand he unfastened the rope, and the next minute the boat was far from the fast-sinking ship. The young boy cowered down in his seat, and hid his face with a shuddering gasp. "I wish I'd stayed!" he moaned. "I'd rather have died with them; they're good men."

"Don't talk of dying, lad," said one, kindly. "We'll get home yet."

And so they left the Eglantine to find her last resting-place in the shadowless depths of the wild Atlantic; while they pulled hard in the forlorn hope that their frail bark might even yet carry them to their homes in England. A forlorn hope indeed, but they knew that so long as they could keep afloat there was always the chance that they might be seen by some passing steamer, and be rescued from their perilous position.

But what hope was there for the three men left behind on the sinking ship? Oh! it was hard to stand there helpless to meet death. It was a brave and a noble act, but what a fate was theirs, to be cut off in health and strength, the victims of that merchant's lust of gain. It was a murder, a cowardly murder, and the conviction that it was so, was the indignant thought in every mind on board the boat, as on board the wretched and fast-sinking Eglantine. But while they grieved for their comrades left behind, it was of no use for that boat's crew to waste their time and energies in idle sorrow. This was no time for sentiment, and sailors are not the men to indulge in it to any extent at any time, and least of all when their lives depend on their most strenuous exertions. So, banishing the thought of their friends, they bent to their oars, while Ned Wright sat in the stern, the tiller ropes in his hand and Christian Hilliard's letter to his father in his pocket.

Meantime, news of the Eglantine was being eagerly looked for in England. Not only in the merchant's office by the clerks, who had all learned to like Christian, with his frank, manly ways and his ready sympathy and consideration for any, even the humblest among them, but by gentle eyes that had never ceased to yearn for the sight of his beloved face. Maud Ingleton had for months shown an interest in the newspapers she had never felt before; but it was no general interest, as any one could see who watched her, for a very few minutes sufficed to exhaust her interest in the voluminous intelligence. The Eglantine was not in the list of ships arrived—that was all she learned day by day. That was the name for which she sought, and not finding that, she looked no further; for that name was related to all she held dearest, and to which her earthly happiness was bound.

Many were the prayers she offered for her lover's safety, and many a night when the wind was blowing hard round her house she would toss uneasily in her sleep and awake to listen to its howling. Then her thoughts would fly to the dear one for whom she yearned, and rising from her couch she would spend hours in wrestling in prayer for his life with Him whose the sea is, "for He made it."

In the merchant's solitary mansion, too, the first news of the Eglantine was eagerly looked for. Mr. Hilliard never mentioned the ship, but those who saw most of him knew how anxiously he anticipated her arrival. As the time when she was due drew nearer, the tension on his mind became almost intolerable to him, and it was only by a strong effort he could maintain the outward serenity of his usual manner.

He had more cause for anxiety than any other, for he alone knew how terrible was the risk he ran; and now he knew that if that ship was lost and his only son in it, his loss and the grief that would result to him would be a just retribution for his sins. His hopes built on his son's future would be shattered; the ambition of his life had been to leave that boy in a position to take a high rank among the merchant princes of the land; he had done his best to prepare him for such a position, had spent large sums on his education, and now all his hopes were embarked on a crazy vessel in mid-Atlantic. Such folly in a worldly point of view seemed besotted, and he trembled as he ruminated upon it.

The time came when the Eglantine might be expected, but no news came. Mr. Hilliard did not despond, for contrary winds might have delayed her, and many ships had arrived safely which were far longer overdue. Still no news came, and every morning as he went to his office he wondered whether *this day* would bring any tidings. The anxiety was preying upon him, and the clerks noticed that he was more querulous and irritable than heretofore.

At last the news came—the dread news of the loss of the vessel. It came one morning early. Mr. Hilliard had not arrived, and Mr. Headson, the chief clerk, had seized the telegram and perused it eagerly as soon as delivered. With deep and sincere emotion he proclaimed the sad intelligence to his fellow-clerks, and then all work was suspended, and they gathered around him with eager questioning.

"You'll send to Mr. Hilliard at once, won't you?" said one. "How do you think he'll take it?"

A sudden silence fell upon the group, as, at the mention of his name, Mr. Hilliard appeared in the doorway.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," he said, with icy coldness. "I am glad to find your time so well employed. Perhaps, however, if you have had sufficient recreation, you will oblige me by returning to your desks."

They took their seats in perfect silence, for the first time untouched by his hated sarcasm; and he passed on into his private office, Headson following. As he shut the door, Mr. Hilliard turned sharply round.

"What do you want?" he asked, with the quick accent of irritation. "When I wish for your presence, I will ring."

"An important telegram has just come, sir," was the hesitating reply. "I thought it best to tell you at once."

There was something in his tone, something in his face, which drew Mr. Hilliard's attention. "What is it?" he asked.

"Bad news of one of the vessels, sir. I fear it is lost," answered the clerk, wishing himself anywhere but where he was.

An awful suspicion began to dawn upon Mr. Hilliard's mind, and he stood gazing before him with paling face. "Is it——?" He paused, unable to frame the name, while the cold, damp perspiration broke out upon his forehead.

"Is it the—Eglantine?" With stern determination he forced his lips to utter the words, clasping with iron grasp the back of the chair by which he stood.

"Yes, sir; she sprang a leak, and—"

"Are they saved?"

Headson started; the voice was so strange and dull.

"Some of them, sir," he answered, reluctantly. "Most of them, I may say, but—"

He *could* not tell the fated truth, *could* not utter the words which Mr. Hilliard was waiting to hear.

"And my son is dead?" came the slow, forced words.

"I fear so, sir; and the captain and Cairns. The rest are saved."

"Let me see the telegram."

Silently he laid it on the table, and went out, leaving him alone in the strange stupor of an overwhelming horror.

"*The* Eglantine *was lost, and his son was dead.*"

None knew what he suffered then; it was a horrible agony, and it seemed like a deathblow. He had fought with a stronger than himself and was worsted. For a long time he had disregarded God's laws with impunity. It had seemed to him as to thousands of other sinners, as if God were "altogether such an one as themselves;" but now sudden destruction seemed to have come upon him, and there "was none to deliver."

For a long time he sat there motionless, overwhelmed with the calamity. At last he arose, took up the fatal telegram, and left the office. He would go home and bear his trouble there, he thought; and so, without a word to his employés, he passed out, a weary, broken-hearted man. He reached the handsome mansion at last, and entering, went straight to his own room and shut himself in, alone with his sorrow.

Later in the evening a roughly-clad boy approached the same doors, and knocked. The footman opened the door, and fancying from the lad's dress he was some tramp applying for relief, was about to bid him begone, when he said boldly and in a voice unlike a beggar's:

"Can I see Mr. Hilliard?"

"What do you want him for? He won't see you," was the supercilious reply.

"Yes, he will, if you tell him I have something to tell him about Mr. Christian. I belonged to the Eglantine."

The footman drew back instantly, his look and tone changing. "Come in and sit down. I'll tell master you're here," he said, leading the way to the housekeeper's room. "He's over his wine now, and don't like to be disturbed."

The boy drew back. "I can't wait long. Just you tell him it's Ned Wright, who went to sea 'long with Mr. Christian, will you? I've got something for him."

"What is it?" asked the man, his curiosity excited. "Let me see."

"You can't see nothing but an envelope, and that won't satisfy you," replied the boy. "I must see Mr. Hilliard himself, and I will give the letter to no one else."

Mr. Hilliard sat alone in his luxuriously furnished room, gazing with vacant eyes into the blazing fire. His glass of wine stood by his hand untouched, and for the last hour he had not moved. At the sound of the opening door he started, turning his head with a shrinking fear.

"If you please, sir, here's a boy who was on board the Eglantine: he's got a letter for you," said the man, apologetically.

Mr. Hilliard stared at him with dull, lustreless eyes. "The Eglantine—a letter," he repeated mechanically.

"From Mr. Christian, sir," was the subdued reply. "May he come in?"

At a sign from his master he beckoned the boy to enter, and then went out, shutting the door.

(To be continued.)

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

at the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York.

CLOSING SESSION.

Mr. W. Reynolds, the president of the Conference, in opening the last meeting, started the well-known hymn "When Jesus comes," and in doing so related the following

INTERESTING INCIDENT

connected with its composition. He said:

"I never sing this hymn without thinking of the circumstances under which it was written. The late Mr. P. P. Bliss was my guest one evening, and after sitting in my parlor and talking about the Lord Jesus Christ, he retired about eleven o'clock to his room. The next morning he went down, opened the piano, and went to singing this hymn. He said when he retired his soul was so full of the subject he had been talking about, that he lay awake nearly all night, just composing this hymn. It gained its birth at that place, and I never sing it without thinking of that glorious man. They said he was not a believer in this doctrine. I know he was a firm believer in it, and looked for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ."

It had been felt that the Conference should not be concluded without some permanent and tangible result being effected which should remain as a record of the conclusions arrived at by the distinguished and able men assembled at its sessions. A committee was therefore appointed, and instructed to prepare a body of resolutions which should express, in a concise form, the doctrines held and agreed upon by the divines who had attended and taken part in the conference.

The following

RESOLUTIONS

were submitted by the committee, and carried *nem.-con.* in the crowded meeting.

I. We affirm our belief in the supreme and absolute authority of the written Word of God on all questions of doctrine and duty.

II. The prophetic words of the Old Testament Scriptures, concerning the first coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, were literally fulfilled in His birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension; and so the prophetic words of both the Old and the New Testaments concerning His second coming will be literally fulfilled in His visible bodily return to this earth in like manner as He went up into Heaven; and this glorious Epiphany of the great God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, is the blessed hope of the believer and of the Church during this entire dispensation.

III. This second coming of the Lord Jesus is everywhere in the Scriptures represented as imminent, and may occur at any moment; yet the precise day and hour thereof is unknown to man and known only to God.

IV. The Scriptures nowhere teach that the whole world will be converted to God, and that there will be a reign of universal righteousness and peace before the return of our blessed Lord, but that only at and by His coming in power and glory will the prophecies concerning the progress of evil and the development of Antichrist, the times of the Gentiles, and the ingathering of Israel, the resurrection of the dead in Christ and the transfiguration of His living saints, receive their fulfilment, and the period of millennial blessedness its inauguration.

V. The duty of the Church during the absence of the Bridegroom is to watch and pray, to work and wait, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, and thus hasten the coming of the day of God; and to His latest promise, "Surely I come quickly," to respond, in joyous hope, "Even so; come, Lord Jesus."

(Signed,) Willis Lord, A. W. Pitzer,
B. B. Leacock, W. R. Gordon,
J. M. Haldeman, J. E. Grammer,
D. C. H. Marquis, J. J. Miller.

The Rev. Dr. S. H. Kellogg, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, made the following remarks on the influence of the doctrine on Foreign Missionary labor:

We hear this said constantly: "If you don't look for the conversion of the world, then there is an end of the foreign missions." One of the most venerable and beloved missionaries of the Church of God—his name well known in all the churches—said to me within a fortnight, with the tears in his eyes, in reference to this convention, that he dreaded the effect of it upon the foreign mission work. I told him it filled me with hope.

Look at the early age of the Church, as you have heard it already. The one age of the Church in which that faith was absolutely universal was an age in which the zeal of the Church in spreading abroad the Gospel among the nations of the earth was such as has never been seen, even in the nineteenth century. In my own case personally, a change of view upon the subject, from the doctrine of the universal conversion of the world to the faith of the Advent of the Lord Jesus to the hope of the world, was one of the most effectual and immediate motives of the occasion of my deciding I could not afford to stay at home; that if the Lord were possibly at hand, *I had better be about my Master's business.* Woe to that servant who neglects his Lord's commission if that Lord be at hand.

And let me go further. It has not always happened so, but there are many in the mission work who think differently from us on this matter; but in my own class in the Theological Seminary, where this doctrine was not taught, but the contrary, there were in all seven men who offered to go as foreign missionaries. They were *every one of them Pre-Millenarians*, and there was not a single other one in that class that so much as offered to go. They felt interest in the mission, but did not offer to go.

I can only say in regard to the mission of our Church in India—the Presbyterian Church—that a few years ago there I was curious to take a census of the Indian views upon this subject. I don't know how they stand at present, but I know at that time the Pre-Millenarians, as proportioned to the others, were about *two to one*; and I am happy to remark that two of those honored comrades of mine I have seen in this house to-day—missionary brethren, both Pre-Millenarians.

The Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, delivered an address on the "Imminence of the Appearing as an Incentive to Watchfulness:"

I was speaking not long ago to a number of people, not one of whom had any sympathy with this truth, and they asked me if I would say something about it, in order that they might hear what these people believed. So in my simple way I undertook to tell them, when a gentleman rising up in the audience said, "Do you say"—for it was what I had been saying—"Do you say that the Lord taught His disciples and left such an impression upon their minds that they were to be watching every day for His return?" "Yes, that is what I said." "Well, He didn't come every day, and hasn't come yet," said one; "were they not grossly deceived?" "Ah!" I said, "my friend, you don't understand it exactly. I will tell you how it is.

"This summer I was up in the country among the hills of New Hampshire, with my wife and children, and being called down to the city, I said to the children. 'I don't know when I may be back—to-morrow or the next day. You may be looking for me any day.' I did not think of the significance of what I said, but when I came back I confess I was somewhat startled and delighted to be told that every night the children had insisted upon being washed up and having on their best clothes and coming down to the depot to meet me. I did not do any harm by telling them what I did tell them. I simply said, 'Be looking for me.' What was the consequence of this?—simply that they had their faces washed and clean garments put on. *That is what He meant*—that we might be washed and have our garments always white, not knowing at what moment the Lord might overtake us and require of us our account."

Blessed be God, those who have felt the power of this truth know what it does. We know what power there is in this world to make a man feel the imperative necessity every moment of keeping his garments unspotted from the world and ready to meet his God.

I touch on this question, and there is another, not in its bearing especially upon pastors, but upon all Christians, in that wonderful account of Jewish worship by Dr. Eggleston. He tells something I never knew before. He said in a Jewish temple there were the night watchmen. They were set on guard to keep the temple. At hours of the night the overseer of the temple under whom they acted went about, just as is the case among us, to see that the men are at their duty, at their post watching; and said he: "It was not certain at what time he might come; at the first part of the night or at any moment he might suddenly come and surprise them; and it was a law of the temple if any man was found sleeping his garment should be stripped from him and burned."

Then I understood what the Lord meant when He spoke to us about having His watchmen keeping guard over the city at night. "Behold I come as a thief in the night, and blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments." God grant that we may keep our garments, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming and Kingdom.

But, says some one, "This is not a practical doctrine, is it?" One gentleman, very eminent for learning and piety, said: "Why, you are making altogether too much of such a thing, to have a convention like this, are you not? Are you not exalting it too much? Is it so very important?" My dear friends, what would you think if—for instance, I appeal to the wife and daughter—the father starts to-morrow on a voyage for Europe. He embarks on the steamer, you see him off, and watch with straining vision as he disappears on the water. But as you are straining your eye to watch the last view of the ship, you see a boat put off from her side with three men in it. You wonder what they are coming back for, and you wait for the message that is to come. He simply sends back to say once more to "Be sure and not forget what he said when he went away."

Well, the disciples stood watching Jesus as He disappeared, and upon their straining vision, as at last the sight of that Blessed One was lost, don't you remember how those shining ones came back and said once again, lest we should forget it, "This same Jesus that is taken up into Heaven *shall so come in like manner* as ye have seen Him go into Heaven?" Don't you think that post-ascension Gospel was very important?

"But," says some one, "how in regard to *its practical bearing* upon Christian life?" Dear friends, I wish I could speak of my own experience in this matter. I have sometimes, I confess, been almost startled when I have heard the noise and seen the opposition—that which we especially see to-day—that I am found in such a company; and I am inquiring of my brethren, here and there, "How did it happen that you got into this light and this special way of believing?" Every man says: "I did not mean to do it, but somehow or other my attention was called to it, and I could not help believing it." That was the way with me.

A few years after I came out of the seminary I had a deacon who gave me a great deal of trouble on this question, and I confess I was very bitter, as many people are, because he would be constantly talking about this subject. He wanted me to argue with him, and I took my Bible for the purpose, and, dear friends, to my astonishment I was convinced he was right and I was wrong. Ever since I have owned it, and I do say in the presence of God and the angels to-night, that it has made a different man of me, and if God has helped me to do any work for Him from that hour to this, I can say with all good conscience, *I owe it more to that one revelation that burst upon my eyes* at that time, than to all other truths I ever apprehended. Why should it not be so?

If the thought is real to us, as it is to me, that before the sun rises or sets at any day my work may be ended; and it is a very real thought to me, and it makes me feel that every hour and moment should be used for calling out from among the people those that have been ordained unto eternal life, and making them a part, and giving them a portion as the bride of Christ.

Major D. W. Whittle, of Chicago, the well-known evangelist, made the following remarks:

I would rather have been silent in this Conference, and yet it is a matter of joy and rejoicing to add my testimony here to the truth as I understand it of God's blessed Word concerning our hope in the Lord Jesus Christ. I feel like just giving a word of testimony very much as I felt

ONE NIGHT IN THE ARMY.

It was near Mobile, and all day long the artillery had been concentrated upon the works in front of us, and a hundred cannons had been pouring shot and shell into those works. About midnight the order came for the infantry to which I was attached to make a flank movement and go into the works. Well, we did, and there we had nothing to do. The enemy had retired, and it has seemed to me, as we have heard these Methodist catapults and Baptist guns and Presbyterian artillery here during the last three days, as though they felt it was about in that condition, and that there was very little left for the infantry to do in this matter except to rejoice and take their places as under the flag to which they would be loyal.

Eight years ago the only call I ever had to preach the Gospel came to me. I did not know it was a call then, I did not know what it meant then, but it was the call of God to me, and I never got it out of my heart until I went out to preach the Gospel of the Son of God. On the streets of Chicago between ten and eleven o'clock at night, coming home from a Gospel meeting

WITH MR. MOODY

—and we had not been very successful, and we were talking together about what we would do just to try and get hold of souls and lead them to Christ—he stopped under a gaslight, opened his Bible, and pointing to this verse, said, in his earnest, unconscious way of speaking: "Well, Whittle, this is all that you and I have to do." He then read: "I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom, go preach the Word."

That came into my soul, and it never got out of my soul, as being a sort of charge from God to preach the Word. I did not understand then the "appearing of Christ and His kingdom." But years after it did come to me very clearly, the full force of it.

Dear friends, it was no seeking of my own I am sure, no influence of any man upon me in any presentation of this theory that led me to accept the doctrine of the Pre-Millennial coming of Christ. I went to preach the Gospel, to lift up Christ before sinners, to give them the glad message of forgiveness of sin, and as I tried to preach that Gospel faith, believing in the forgiveness of sin, and that eternal life was offered to all that would accept Christ, it could not be avoided.

When I understood the judgment of Christ in its aspect of the living nations, when He should appear on this earth; when I understood the aspect of the Judgment Day—a period of a thousand years, not one literal day, but a long period, ending with the great white throne to judge the dead—the Gospel became a new power, and these Gospel messages had a meaning that I could give to all that would believe.

When I came more and more to understand the Gospel—that it is not believing doctrines about Christ, but believing in a personal Christ; that it is the apprehension of that living, glorified Son of God, and the laying hold of Him by faith that gives eternal life—then, dear friends, more and more I saw that faith in Christ is that which lays hold of Him as being up there in the glory, *that which looks for the manifestation of Him as a living person*, and it is very questionable to my mind about people having faith that do not look forward to Christ as in the future manifestation. What is your faith?—that He died on the cross and rose again? Why, that is a matter of history, simply historic faith.

The faith in the Bible from beginning to en is faith in the Word of God for that which is t come, looking to the living God to fulfil Hi promises. God reveals these things which ar to come. Does your faith lay hold of a livin Christ who is to come? Why a person become alive and real to us when we are looking for future manifestation.

If we are occupied with a past history he be comes without power to us. To-night the name of Lincoln and Stanton, while they woul awaken memories, would awaken no such thri in the hearts of the American people as the thir one of the number that we looked to during o war. Mention the name of Grant to-night ar a thrill goes through many a heart. Why? B cause he is alive. He is in Europe, and is cor ing home, and with many there is expectation his being with us, and of that which may cor in future. Aye! It becomes alive. It becom very real, and there is a power in His name to hose who look for His appearing.

So, dear friends, in these things, it seems to ome as a natural sequence of preaching the Gospel, and as I know the beloved brethren in he Lord, whom I feebly represent—those that have gone out as Evangelists, those that have been preaching the Gospel—they have had no onsultation, have been to no particular school of theology, haven't taken any man's especial doctrine, have never come together to compare views in the sense of regulating one another's views; but as our paths crossed we found we were in accord; that all were led in the same path of truth—Henry, Varley, Moorehouse, Moody, and Needham, and all these beloved brethren in Christ through all the country so far as I know them. Certainly I must protest in heir name and in my own name against the statement that accepting the truths of the coming of Christ paralyzes missionary effort or evangelistic effort. *It was that which sent me out in the field*; it is that which has kept me in the ield when oppressed by the flesh, and the world are led perhaps sometimes to think of turning away from it. It has been the thought of a personal Jesus, the Son of God in glory.

FAREWELL WORDS OF THE ENGLISH DELEGATE.

Dr. W. P. Mackay, Presbyterian, of Hull, Eng.

MR. CHAIRMAN: As I have been asked to speak the last words at this solemn meeting, I feel I need the prayers of God's people, because it is the last meeting that can ever be held of the same people gathered together. We can never all meet again at a convention on the earth; may we all meet at the great conference, the gathering to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, which may be the next conference at which any of us meet.

A brother has well said, "Heaven would be no Heaven without Him, and with Him earth is Heaven." It is a remarkable thing that the fact of people talking about dying and going to Heaven is not found in the New Testament at all. Good people dying and going to Heaven is not in the Bible. I never heard of the phrase "going to Heaven" at all in the New Testament. What is it? Absent from the body, present in the Lord, if it is in the disembodied state. I desire to die and go to Heaven? Not a bit; nothing of the kind. I desire to depart and be with Christ. That is far better. It is Christ that makes the Heaven.

And how often do you find this talk at the gravesides of departed ones? "The Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout. . . . And the dead shall rise first, and we shall all be caught up to meet Him in the air." The Lord has given us a hope that the dead in Christ shall rise first, and that we that are alive shall be caught up to meet them in the air, and we are to comfort one another with the thought that our dear departed ones go away to be with the Lord before us.

Now we are going to separate, and the question is, What are we going to do? Is the Conference over and done? No. The speeches have been spoken, but the work of the Conference is now to begin. What the Conference has inculcated is now to be done, done in England, done in the United States, done throughout the world, done in your increased missionary collections, done in your renewed efforts. Let us go to our lonely standpoints, then, and testify for the Lord with all our might. We may not be able to work in the bright sunlight, but it is grand to be down in the shade working for the Lord alone. You may not command success, but you can do one thing better, and that is, you can be faithful unto death, and when He comes He will never ask about your success, but He will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

The closing hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," was here sung, and the chairman declared the Prophetic Conference of 1878 dissolved.

THE BUILDERS INTERRUPTED.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 26th.—Neh. 4: 7-23. Golden Text, verse 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text for to-day is an illustration of our Lord's precept (Luke 21 : 36): "Watch ye therefore, and pray always." Blessed and true is the work which is carried on in a practical dependence upon God, where every step has been gone over first alone with Him. Many a fault is made when men act first and then pray afterwards.

The building of Jerusalem was not carried on without much annoyance from the enemies of the Jews. They sought by ridicule to hinder the work, as many do nowadays. "What do these feeble Jews? Will they fortify themselves? Will they sacrifice? Will they make an end in a day? Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned?" The human heart is the same in all ages; it is words like these which God's children hear continually. Nehemiah was wise with God's wisdom, and he knew it was useless to answer them, so he took the matter to God, and never attempted to prove to man the reality of the work he undertook. "Hear, O our God; for we are despised," etc. (verse 4).

Nehemiah relates, "So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof; for the people had a mind to work." But it was just when all seemed so satisfactory that persecution began. Why was this? God is carrying on the education of His children, and they have much to learn. Often when the work of God is prospering in a parish, there comes at that very moment some division among the children of God, some sectarian question, something that divides.

The enemies of Judah "conspired all of them together to come and to fight against Jerusalem, and to hinder it. Nevertheless we made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night." They did not trust in their watch, however, but in the living God, for "The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him" (Nahum 1 : 7). Oh that God's children would learn how real it is to trust in Him, how safe and how sure, for it puts an end to anxiety and worry, and all the forethought which wears out the nerves of so many Christians.

There seems to have been some discouragement among the builders, for Judah said, "The strength of the bearers of burdens is decayed, and there is much rubbish; so that we are not able to build the wall." When we look at difficulties, and become bearers of burdens, then no work of God can go forward in our hands.

Their enemies plotted to make a secret attack, but the Jews which dwelt by them warned their brethren, for God was nearer than their foes. So Nehemiah set the people by their families ready armed behind the wall, and then he addressed them in the name of God and said, "Be not ye afraid of them: remember the Lord." Here is a remedy for the fear of man, and for the fear of the devil and his temptations: "Be not ye afraid of them: remember the Lord." Ready to fight if needful, but with our eye on God, no enemy dares assail us, for our position is impregnable. "Nothing shall by any means hurt you" (Luke 10 : 19). And God was faithful. "It came to pass, when our enemies heard that it was known unto us, and God had brought their counsel to nought, that we returned all of us to the wall, every one unto his work."

But the watching was not abandoned. They worked on in the consciousness that an enemy was at hand, and at the same time in the consciousness that the living God was at hand. Nehemiah divided his servants into two bands—the one to work, the other to hold the weapons. And "they which builded on the wall" (in the most exposed and dangerous position), "and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side." "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" (2 Cor. 10 : 4); and well were it for us if we had our arms ever in hand; the girding of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God (Eph. 6 : 14–17). No true work for God can be done in an enemy's land, such as is the world we live in, if the armor of God be not appropriated as a defence against the enemy.

One more provision was made by Nehemiah. He said, "The work is great and large, and we are separated upon the wall, one far from another. In what place therefore ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us: our God shall fight for us." And our work also among the sick, among the children, in our Bible-classes, etc., is "great and large;" and so often is it true that we are so taken up with our own little corner in the vineyard that we are separated the one from the other. And this contrary to the spirit of our Lord's sacerdotal prayer (John 17). It is His will that we all should be one.

But we find from the sixth chapter that abuses crept in; self was not extinct, and there were usurers among the Jews then, as there haye been in more recent times. But let us not think that every Jew is a bad Jew. Nehemiah, on the contrary, not only put down this wrongdoing from the high motive that it would bring them into reproach among their enemies, but he was noble enough to refuse the tribute which was his due as governor, and to give free hospitality to the rulers, and to the Jews which came from other lands.

All this while, their enemies, Sanballat, Tobiah, Geshem, and the rest continued their plotting against God's people, and in chapter sixth we read of their making renewed attempts to hinder God's people. Now their attack was directed against the ruler in person. They sent to him saying, "Come and let us meet together in some one of the villages in the plain of Ono. But they thought to do me mischief." How did Nehemiah know this? Surely God had revealed it to him. His answer was worthy of such a man: "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" Oh that every Christian would thus answer those who would seek to lead him into compromise, or to live at a lower level! Four times they sent to him, but he had no other answer to give.

They next attempted to put him in fear, by raising and spreading a false report. Oh how many Christians have fallen by this snare, and in attempting to justify themselves have failed in Christ-likeness of spirit! God can defend us better, and it is wise to leave it in His hands. So Nehemiah prayed, "Now therefore, O God! strengthen my hands." They next hired a false prophet to warn Nehemiah to take refuge in the temple of God to escape the malice of his foes. His first instinct as one relying on the mighty power of God was to answer, 'Should such a man as I flee? and who is there, that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in." And then he perceived that God had not sent him, but that it was a plot to make him appear afraid before his enemies, that they might reproach him.

Let us be careful how the words of man lead us to look to our own safety in any position in which we may be placed. If we treat God as though He were not trustworthy, we are taking our cause out of His hands. So in spite of all the malice of their enemies "the wall was finished." "And it came to pass, that when all our enemies heard thereof, and all the heathen that were about us saw these things, they were much cast down in their own eyes: for they perceived that this work was wrought of our God." And so will it be with us if we go steadily forward with any work to which God has called us, deaf to every other voice but His, undismayed by the threats and unmoved by the flatteries of man—then no power on earth or in hell can hinder us.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The French Elections.—A Republican victory was looked for in the elections for the French Senate, but not the splendid triumph that has been achieved. It was expected that the present Conservative majority in that body of about a score would be reversed, but the Republicans have outdone prophecy, gaining a majority of nearly sixty in the Chamber. One third of the 225 elective members of the French Senate retire every three years, and this election was to choose the successors of one such retiring section. In all, there were 82 retiring Senators, and more than three fourths were Conservatives —only nineteen being Republicans. The election has almost exactly reversed these figures. This secures the splendid majority in the Chamber already mentioned, and gives overwhelming assurances, not only of the wonderful vitality of the Republican party, but of the stability of the Republic itself.

The dispatches afford some striking proofs of the growth of Republican sentiment in France, in spite of the intrigues of the Monarchists. The returns already received indicate what amounts to a quiet revolution in the sentiment of the country, and it strengthens the Republican idea everywhere to have it proved again that the people of France have learned *to make their revolutions in this way*.

The Funeral of the Princess Alice of England, Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt, was an occasion of sorrow more genuine and sincere than is often produced by royal obsequies. One of the European papers says: "The most sincere sorrow has been shown by the people of Darmstadt at the death of their Grand Duchess. The ladies of the Princess Alice Union, who, dressed in deep mourning, occupied the gallery of the chapel during the funeral service, wept bitterly as they remembered that they had lost their leader in all benevolent enterprises. Tears stood, too, in the eyes of veteran soldiers, who thought of 1866 and 1870, and knew how the Grand Duchess had been the Florence Nightingale of Germany."

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, after an absence of six weeks, was able to meet with his congregation on Sunday morning, December 22d. He was, however, far from well, and walked to the platform with extreme difficulty. Throughout the service the pastor leant upon a stick, and during the devotions was enveloped in a greatcoat. Her bore up bravely, but showed signs of fatigue when half-way through his sermon, and found it necessary to become seated while the congregation sang a hymn. In the course of the service Mr. Spurgeon made several direct and indirect allusions to his illness. "Our infirmity," he said in his opening petition, "makes us to be but a poor wooden thing; but let the wood burn, and we will glory in infirmity. We thank Thee, Lord, that we can again look upon this house of prayer—once more hear the voice of general song and join in it."

During his illness, though suffering excruciating pain, he revised a sermon every week for the press.

The Pope's Latest Encyclical must be an interesting document when read in its entirety, for it deals with Socialism—a subject that is just now perplexing some of the most powerful minds in the world. Leo has propounded a theory of his own in connection with the difficult problem. He states that "Socialism, Communism, and Nihilism are the product of the Reformation, and its natural development;" that the operations of the evil constitute a serious danger to the community, for "they militate against the civil state, rupturing the matrimonial tie, ignoring the rights of property, claiming every thing, however legally inherited or honestly acquired, and attempting even the lives of kings." And he announces that the only effectual remedy for the evil is, that "all the Principalities and Powers at once accept the church," *i.e.*, the Church of Rome.

However correctly this social physician may have diagnosed the disease, most men will demur to his views of its origin and remedy. History is against the former, for the Reformation was notoriously the harbinger of light and liberty, and Socialism is the offspring of darkness and tyranny. The most terrible manifestation of it the world has ever seen was in 1789–92, in France, a country in which the principles of the Reformation never found congenial soil, and where its advocates, the Huguenots, had previously been exterminated.

The remedy the Pope prescribes will, by the majority of people, be thought worse than the disease. To accept the Church of Rome, as he recommends, is to submit to a tyranny of priests, always the most deadly form of tyranny, and one from which all free peoples shrink. The Pope claims infallibility, and may therefore think his *ipse dixit* sufficient authority, without reasons; but he will find "the Powers and Principalities" will require something more ere they take a potion so dangerous to the common weal; a quack nostrum as powerless against Socialism as were the celebrated pills formerly recommended by their compounder as "good against earthquake."

Mission Work in Paris and throughout France continues to make rapid progress; the blessing of God being manifest in the labors of Mr. McAll, who has for many years worked most assiduously in that country. In Paris alone Mr. McAll reports that there are now 22 missions with accommodations for 5000 persons. The weekly attendance is about 8000. Branches of mission work have been established in Marseilles and Lyons.

Restoration of the Jews.—Every line of prophecy in the sacred writings points to the restoration of God's chosen people, and it is singular to note how many signs there now are in the East of the speedy fulfilment of this prediction. And in keeping with this view, the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* stated the other day, "as a fact, and not as a mere rumor," that "a syndicate is actually in process of consolidation which has for its sole object the purchase of Palestine from the Turkish Government, and its restoration to the Jews in some form."

Distress in Europe is still the prevailing cry from the East. From every country the complaint of poverty and want is heard. Decline of trade and stagnation in all departments of industry is generally felt. Since America ceased her fratricidal strife, and betook herself to economy and industry, as General Grant pointed out in his speech the other day at Dublin, she has appeared in European markets as a formidable rival, instead of an extensive purchaser; a change which to some extent has produced the collapse in Europe, and there are other causes not far to seek.

The present condition of English cities grows daily more serious. In Sheffield, it seems, there are at least 12,000 persons, belonging to a class who have been in the habit of earning good wages and have lived in comparative comfort, who are now face to face with starvation. In order to make up decreasing resources, furniture and clothing, bit by bit, has passed to the pawnbroker, and thousands of families are now crowding small rooms which present scarcely any thing but bare walls, bare floors, and bare cupboards to the unhappy inmates.

In Manchester a similar state of things exists, with the difference that in this city the impoverishment seems also to have reached a somewhat higher grade in the social scale than at Sheffield. Owing to recent great failures, large numbers of clerks, stock-keepers, commercial travellers, and others have been thrown out of situations, and many of them are reduced to the direst straits. Poor women and children, pinched and wan with hunger, shiver in their summer dresses, and husbands and fathers, in dumb anguish, look upon the necessities which they cannot supply. We fear that these sad details from Manchester and Sheffield are only specimens of what may be gathered all over Lancashire, in the Potteries, and many other districts.

The Earl of Derby, one of the most sensible and practical of English statesmen, in dealing with the subject at Liverpool on January 2d, took an exhaustive review of the condition of England's trade, and of the obstacles which stood in the way of its revival. He showed how the increased ability of other nations to manufacture for themselves was constantly diminishing the market for English goods, and how difficult it would be for England to keep on paying large sums of money in return for articles of food which she was compelled to purchase from America and other countries. The only remedy, his Lordship said, which suggested itself to his mind, after long and anxious reflection, was wholesale emigration to America and Australia, and he urged this with great earnestness.

A Father's Prayer Answered.—At a meeting in London, "for special prayer for the children of Christian parents," the Rev. Marcus Rainsford delivered an address on the encouragements to parental prayers. In the course of his address he related the following circumstance as happening in Ireland: At a meeting for united prayer, an aged gentleman was pleading very earnestly for his own son, an abandoned prodigal. While in the act of prayer a drunken brawl was heard outside, which occasioned a temporary interruption of the service. After the audience had dispersed, and the minister of the chapel was alone in the vestry, a stranger knocked at the door; on being admitted he asked for advice and prayer, saying that, in company with six riotous companions, he was passing the church, when his attention was attracted by a loud voice within, and, after listening awhile, he exclaimed with an oath, "There's my old father preaching." Presently he heard the earnest prayer for himself. Even in the midst of his drunken revelry the arrow of conviction pierced his heart. He quitted his companions, and now came to seek the minister's aid, exclaiming, "My mother's prayers of long ago are answered, as well as that prayer of my father." Under God's blessing this young man has become a converted man.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and Neal Dow.—In a letter to a friend in America, Mr. Spurgeon thus deals with the statements of Neal Dow:

NIGHTINGALE LANE, BALHAM,
SURREY, Dec. 24, 1878.

DEAR SIR: If Mr. Neal Dow knew the truth, he would not make such charges against me. My manner of life is before the world. Ask them that know me. Whatever faults I may haye, I have been preserved at all times from excess, and I have given no ground for any one to accuse me of it. I use *no* alcoholic drink as a beverage, but I am an habitual abstainer, and as a rule, a *total* abstainer. "Beer," of which Mr. Dow speaks, I never touch, and I neve thought, much less said, that I could not keep up to my work without brandy and beer. I do not believe that these or any other stimulant are a help to any man.

Yours truly, C. H. SPURGEON.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Johnson, of Brooklyn, at th invitation of a few Christian friends, recentl held a series of meetings in Bristol and Clifton The most important part of the work was in th drawing-room meetings for ladies, which wer held day by day in the houses of influential fam ilies in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Johnson's addresses at these meeting were of great and varied interest, and as th spirit-stirring history of what God had wrough by her and by other Christian ladies in Americ was listened to, it is believed that the questio went up from many hearts, "Lord, what wi Thou have me to do?" Mrs. Johnson, whi speaking with great moderation, and showin much sympathy with those who do not yet s their way to work in the cause of temperanc strongly urged upon Christian ladies that th should come out boldly on the right side of t question.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—Sermon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by rgymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes etc.—Also once month, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

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Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1879.

13th Year. No. 14—New Series.

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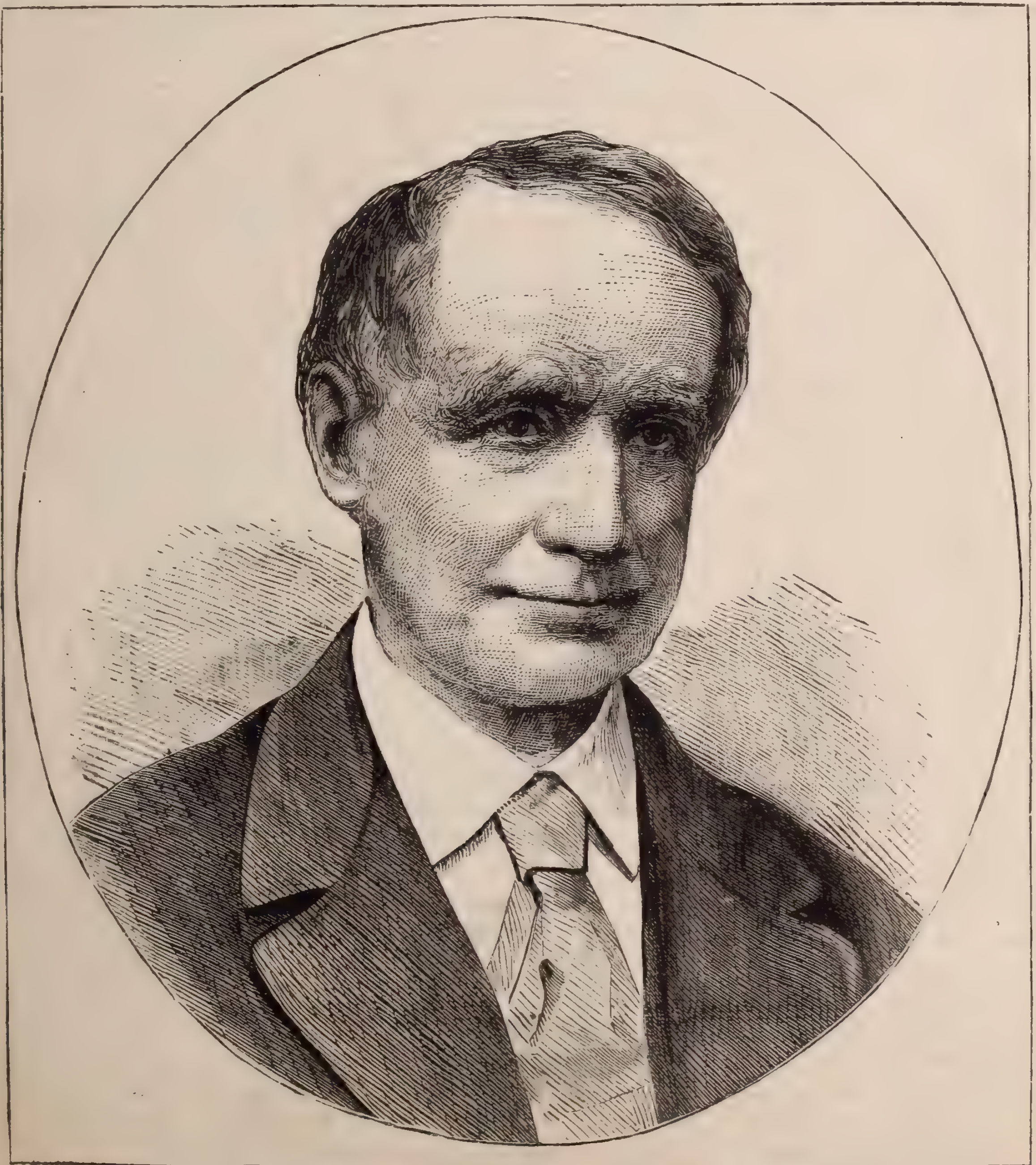

CALEB CUSHING, Scholar, Diplomatist, and Statesman.

CALEB CUSHING.

THE announcement of the death of Caleb Cushing on January 2d, in his seventy-ninth year, recalls to the mind a whole series of prominent events in our history, with which his name is associated and which seem to this generation separated from us by a long interval of time. The truth is, that the magnitude of the struggle of 1861–5 has dwarfed into comparative insignificance the events immediately preceding it. To us they appear remote, though in reality comparatively recent. It is only when such an announcement as the death of Cushing occurs, that we realize how rapidly we have lived, and how many important events have been crowded into a single lifetime.

Caleb Cushing was born January 17th, 1800, at Salisbury, Essex County, Massachusetts, where his father was a prosperous shipowner. The name, says the New York *Tribune*, in that part of the State is both a common and a good one. He was fitted for college at a public school, graduated at Harvard College, second in his class, at the age of seventeen. Two years after he delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and upon graduating A.M., an oration on the preservation of the Federal Union. In 1819 he was appointed tutor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Harvard College, an office which he retained until 1821.

He studied law and began practice in 1822, his professional success being great and immediate. Newburyport, of which he had become a citizen, sent him to the State House of Representatives in 1825, and in 1826 Essex County elected him to the State Senate. Politics were not at this time very sharply defined, but Mr. Cushing is on record as a Republican. He printed in 1826 a local history of Newburyport and a treatise on the Practical Principles of Political Economy.

In 1824, he married a daughter of Judge Wilde, of Boston, a very clever woman, who in 1832 privately printed an interesting book of travels in France and Spain. In 1826 Mr. Cushing was a candidate for Congress, but failed of an election. He went abroad in 1829, and was engaged in foreign travel until 1832. Upon his return in 1833, he published his "Reminiscences of Spain." This contained several poems translated from the Spanish. It was followed in the same year by "A Review, Historical and Political, of the Late Revolution in France," in two volumes.

In 1833 and 1834 the town of Newburyport again sent Mr. Cushing to the State Legislature. It was at a period of great public interest in financial quarters, and Mr. Cushing's speech on currency and the public deposits was received by the Whigs with much approbation. In 1835 he was elected to the National House of Representatives, and being a great favorite with his constituents, he retained his seat until 1843, when President Tyler sent him as Commissioner to China for the negotiation of a commercial treaty, which was signed July 3d, 1844.

In Congress Mr. Cushing showed all the great powers of thought and perseverance he had exhibited in the Massachusetts Legislature.

He could make no decided mark as a statesman, however, for his party did not come into power till the assembling of the Twenty-seventh Congress, and then he chose to go with Tyler and the minority. When Mr. Cushing entered Congress John Quincy Adams was among his colleagues, and two men who were afterward to be President had seats on the floor—Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, and James K. Polk, of Tennessee (the latter being Speaker of the House). Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Silas Wright, James Buchanan, Thomas H. Benton, and others almost as eminent were then in the Senate, and claimed almost the exclusive attention of the country. At no time during the history of the country was the Senate more disposed to rule than during this period, for, though the House was an able one, it was no match for the Senate. In the next Congress (the Twenty-fifth) Mr. Fillmore was added to the list of eminent names which form the record of the time, and it so happened that he was to close his Congressional career at the same time with Mr. Cushing—the one as leader of the House in the Twenty-seventh Congress and the other as the leader of the administration revolt.

The Whigs had a majority in the Senate and elected a Whig Speaker and a Whig Clerk in the House with ease, but still there was no complete organization for many days. At last Mr. Cushing endeavored to push legislation, without committees and without rules, appealing to the majority, as the friends of the administration, to come to the rescue of the country and organize the House.

At the very outset Mr. Clay submitted a programme of measures in the Senate for his party in opposition to the recommendations of the President's Message. But Tyler was as anxious for a break with the Whig party as the Whig party was desirous of breaking with the President. When the rupture finally came Cushing was the champion of the administration, the Massachusetts Representative justifying the President in his veto of the National Bank bill and appealing to the Whigs to sustain the Executive. But the Whig party went with Mr. Clay and the Whig Congress and against Mr. Cushing and the "Whig President."

The natural result of the break between the Whig Congress and the President was the resignation of the President's Whig Cabinet. In the reorganization of the Council of State Mr. Tyler nominated him for Secretary of the Treasury—a nomination rejected by the Senate.

Newburyport once more sent him to the Legislature in 1846. He was one of the few men in that body who sustained the Mexican War. So strongly did he feel on this subject, that when with his most eloquent advocacy he was unable to get through a bill appropriating $20,000 for the benefit of the Massachusetts volunteers, he furnished that sum from his private means. The regiment gratefully made him its colonel, and in the spring of 1847 he went with it to Mexico, where he was soon raised to the rank of brigadier-general, being attached to the army of General Taylor, and taking part in the battle of Buena Vista. He was afterward transferred to the army of General Scott, under whom he served for the remainder of the war.

While still in Mexico, the Democrats of Massachusetts nominated him for Governor, but he was, as a matter of course, defeated. On his return, in 1850, Newburyport, equally as a matter of course, sent him to the State Legislature again, and elected him Mayor of the city. In 1852 he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, but in March, 1853, was selected for the office of United States Attorney-General, which he held until 1857.

He was president of the Democratic National Convention which met in Charleston, S. C., in April, 1860. He joined the seceders from that body, and when they met at Baltimore in June following, he presided over their convention, which nominated Breckenridge.

When President Buchanan, still hoping for a peaceful solution of difficulties, bethought himself of sending a confidential agent to Charleston, S. C., to make some agreement respecting Fort Sumter, he selected Mr. Cushing for the duty; but, clever as he was, his mission amounted to nothing.

During the progress of the war he was not in any way engaged in the public service, but all his sympathies were with the maintenance of the Union.

Mr. Cushing was in 1866 appointed one of the board to codify and revise the laws of the United States—a work of considerable responsibility and difficulty. He was one of the counsel for the United States at the Geneva Conference, for settling the Alabama Claims. Dissatisfied with the course of Sir Alexander Cockburn, the British arbitrator, he criticized it severely in a volume published in 1873.

In December of that year he was appointed Minister to Spain, and while at that court di played great skill and good judgment in the a justment of difficulties arising out of the deter tion of the Virginius. He succeeded not on in securing the surrender of the vessel, but als in obtaining indemnity to all sufferers by the legal proceedings of the Cuban Government, to the heirs of those who were executed.

Since that time Mr. Cushing did not take a prominent part in political affairs, and duri the [illegible]st five years of his life lived in comparati retirement.

His last illness was a very painful one, and expired January 2d, 1879. He was unconscio during his last hours, and he had spoken duri the day only when he required attendance. P vious to last July Mr. Cushing had enjoyed cellent health for a man of his years, and he peared as vigorous as ever. In July he had attack of erysipelas, which broke him down parently, but he seemed to rally again, and made his preparations for returning to Washi ton after the recess of Congress. He had accepted an invitation to deliver an oration his home in this city on the 22d of February, the occasion of unveiling the new Washing Monument lately presented to the city by Da I. Tenney, of New York. About two weeks he began to fail rapidly, and on New Year's it was manifest that the end was near. He been perfectly conscious, and though he tal little he evidently realized his condition.

He had spent a very busy life, and many of services he rendered to his country were most valuable character. When there was to be done of a laborious and difficult natur was ready to undertake it, and never spared exertion or labor to do it well and thoroug A jurist, a diplomatist, a political manager, tor and oracle, a writer of rare powers of dic a learned historical investigator, a traveller comprehended at sight the situation of land he visited, he was also distinguished linguist and might have made his fortune wit or as a poet. As a representative and a ju he was eminently successful, and deserve gratitude of the people.

As a student, he was a most industrious painstaking man, and the knowledge he acq was probably more extensive than is poss by the majority of bookmen. What he he knew thoroughly; and he never lost poss of it, for his memory was retentive to a re able degree.

Yet, notwithstanding his many brilliant ties, Mr. Cushing was never a man popula the mass of the nation. By his conduct in when he deserted his party during the dency of Mr. Tyler, and by subsequent ac similar character, he earned the reputat being a clever but not a consistent man after all, consistency and sincerity cou much in the popular estimation of a poli Mr. Cushing may have had conscientio sons for his actions, but if so, they were appreciated, and he was generally regarded reliable. A politician *less able*, but with st moral forces would probably have comm far greater popularity than Mr. Cushin drew around him. Men with only a tithe abilities have climbed into the presidentia —a place for which Mr. Cushing was neve tioned. Great men are never perfect m while intellectual gifts are duly valued people, the defect they are peculiarly ind to overlook is the one, rightly or wrong puted to Mr. Cushing—that of inconsiste a want of moral principle.

He is gone; and just now we are m posed to dwell on the important and services he performed in the interests of tion than on the deficiencies of his ch Those services he probably performed m ciently than any other man of the day co performed them, and it is well for a natic it possesses men fitted for the work it have done. May our land always find su among her sons, whatever may be her the future!

SENSATION VERSUS STAGNATION.

An Anniversary Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached January 19.

"There arose no small stir about that way."—Acts 19 : 23.

Paul was in His Day called a Sensational Preacher—Sensation is Life—The Churches Turned into Sunday Dormitories—The Fault with the Preachers—Somnolence in a Service where All was Beautiful—Resolutions Formed Ten Years Ago and Kept—1. Never to be Dull—A Reminiscence of the War—Ministers Overloaded with Theology—2. Not to Attempt to Explain what I do not Understand—Many Things Known by Experience—The Pulpit should be a Great Fireplace—3. To Smite Sin Without Fear—The Reason Sin Triumphs, Ministers are Intimidated—Preaching After Actual Observation—4. To Preach a Religion that Would not Leave a Man in the Lurch—The Best Religion, a Through Train—The Road to Heaven all Tracked Up.

What was the matter? Paul had been preaching some sermons that seemed to upset every thing. People wondered what he would do next. What is that great bonfire in the streets of Ephesus? Why, Paul has been preaching against the iniquities of the day, until the people have brought out nine thousand dollars' worth of bad books and tumbled them into the fire. There seemed to be no end to his impertinence, for now he is assaulting the Temple of Diana, a building twice as large as St. Paul's Cathedral, London; its roof supported by columns of green jasper; its sculptured altars of Praxiteles; its paintings of Parthasius, and its audience-room capable of holding fifty thousand idolators.

In the month of May, when there were a great many strangers in the city, come there to buy medallion representations of that temple, Paul is thundering against it, until he completely ruins the stock of trinkets and spoils the medallion business, and the merchants gather together in a great indignation mass-meeting to denounce him, and say this thing must stop. Never before or since was there such a sensation.

Paul was

THE GREAT DISTURBER OF THE DAY.

He went to Iconium, and made a sensation. He went to Corinth, and made a sensation. He went to Jerusalem, and made a sensation. In other words, wherever he went, "there was no small stir about that way."

What is a sensation? Noah Webster says it is "an excited state of thought or feeling," and I cannot see any thing more valuable than that, if the excitement of thought and feeling be in the right direction. But as the word "conservatism" has been twisted from its noble sense to mean a stupid do-nothingism, and as "liberalism" has been twisted from meaning generous treatment of opinions of others to mean a surrender of Christianity, so the word "sensation" has sometimes been twisted to mean every thing erratic and reprehensible. But this I do declare: No one ever accomplished any good for church or state without exciting a sensation. Sensation is life. Stagnation is death. When sometimes I have been charged with making a sensation I have taken it as complimentary, and I have wished that the charge were more thoroughly true, and I promise, if God will help me, in the future I will make it more accurate!

I go on in this anniversary discourse, begun last Sabbath, and to-day speak to you chiefly of sensation *versus* stagnation. When I was a layman, worshipping in the pews, I noticed that religion was very often associated with dulness. I noticed in political conventions where the Governor of the State was to be nominated, all the people were wide-awake; but when they came into religious assemblages where Christ was to get coronation, many were somnolent. I saw that in assemblages where financial questions were being discussed people were all attention; but when, in religious assemblages, the question was whether men should be forever mansioned or forever pauperized, there was little alertness. I noticed in the court-room that when one man was on trial for his life, there was agitation and enthusiasm; but when in religious assemblage the eternal life of five hundred was being discussed, then there was somnolence.

I noticed what every layman notices and remarks, that there is something radically wrong in the Church of God at this day. In our boyhood days we tried every kind of art to keep awake in church. We ate caraway-seed, and cloves, and cinnamon, and held up one foot until it began to ache, and pinched ourselves until we were black and blue, or got stimulus from an older brother who stuck us with a pin, or saw the reproving look of some older sister that filled us with a sense of self-abnegation, until we looked up to the elders' and deacons' pew in the old Dutch church, and saw the seven sleepers (!) these consecrated men having lost their hold at the end of the second head of the discourse, and then we felt encouraged to think that, after all, there might be some chance for us when such very good men got asleep.

What is the use of hiding the fact that there is more sleeping done in the churches than in any other kind of buildings? Many of our churches are great Sunday dormitories. Men who are troubled at home with insomnia and cannot sleep on the pillow at night, find in churches sometimes the needed anodyne. What morphine and chloral and pillow of hops cannot do, sometimes the sermon and the long prayer accomplish. Said the old Puritan clergyman, "And now, to be brief, eighteenthly!" Oh, how many arts to appear awake in church! You have seen men put their heads down on the pew in front, pretending they are overcome with emotion, when they are really overcome with drowsiness. I tell you if we do not keep our audiences awake, it is the fault of us, the clergy, and not the fault of the people.

AN OLD SCOTCH MINISTER,

preaching, saw one of his hearers sound asleep, and he said: "Donald, wake up; if you can't keep awake in any other way, take a pinch of snuff." "Ah!" said Donald, "Doctor, put the pinch of snuff *in the sermon!*" With all the artillery of eternity at hand, if a man cannot keep his audience awake, it is because he has missed his calling. When men keep taking out their watches during religious services, it is evidence of the fact that they are bored. What would you think of a man at a banquet taking out his watch every few minutes to see how soon he could stop eating a cream meringue? The Gospel is a banquet, and our populations are starving for it, and their souls must have something to eat, and they have no patience with an entertainment which is all made up of napkin-ring, finger-bowl, and red tape. I put the complaint that the people do not come to church where it belongs.

I say to the young men who are entering the ministry, If you want an audience, do as Paul did in my text—make a big stir. "There arose no small stir about that way." Men want help. Give them help, and they will come again. What do they care about the conventionalities of religion. How much of your Latin do they understand? What do they know about those sesquipedalian words that crawl through your senses like thousand-legged worms? They know that your chief anxiety is lest you lose your place in your notes. They know it is all a matter of calculation that the soap-lock curl comes down half-way on your forehead, so that at the right moment you may brush it away with a hand delicate and diamonded. What do they care about your Arian controversy, when the controversy with them is how they can pay a note of $500 with $200, and how they can get comfort for the child they buried yesterday in Greenwood.

I judge other people by myself. I cannot keep awake in a religious service where there is no practicality. I went into

A BEAUTIFUL CHURCH

for worship. I sat down. The church was not only beautiful, but the singing was beautiful, the sermon was beautiful, the organ was beautiful, the minister was beautiful; but there came over me a spirit of somnolence, and I made manful resistance, and after a while I said to my companions, "No use, I can hold out no longer," and I put my head down on the pew in front, and had one of the most refreshing slumbers in all my life! I committed no sin. The man who stood there for three quarters of an hour with posies, and didactics heavy as lead, was the criminal. As long as we stick to the mere technicalities of religion in our churches, a few people may come because it has been eternally decreed that they should come; but the great masses of the people will not come any more than they would come and sit down in an icehouse, or accept an invitation to spend an evening in the vault of a cemetery.

My friends, the great battle in this country is to be fought not between Christianity and infidelity, but it is to be fought between honest Christian sensation and putrid stagnation. It is high time we fetched up the cavalry. The big guns are stuck in the mud. The great danger for the Church of God in this day is not sensation, but stagnation. Sensation is life. Stagnation is death.

As I told you in the beginning of this discourse last Sabbath, that

MY FIRST RESOLUTION

had been to preach a religion six thousand years old appropriate to the present time, so I now tell you, in the second place, that it has been my resolution, God helping me, *never to be dull*. There is something in our health, there is something in our lack of ventilation that makes us dull. The reason that ministers are the most merciless critics in all the world is not because their hearts are any worse, but because so many of them are troubled with indigestion. The entire draft is on the nervous system, and much of their life is a sedentary life, and it is almost impossible for some of them to keep well.

When I was editor of a religious newspaper and a book came in that I thought ought to be cut to pieces, I always handed it over to a clerical critic who had the worst dyspepsia, and he always cut it to pieces, and cut it to pieces enough. Let us, however, whatever the state of our health be, always fight against dulness, whether in the pew or in the pulpit—whether in the Sunday-school or in the prayer-meeting, and for that reason let us marshal all our faculties. If we have logical faculty, harness that. If imagination, harness that. If humor, harness that. If physical exuberance, harness that. There is not any thing that is available in a parlor, or on a lecturing platform, in the art of persuading people to right feeling and right action, that is not appropriate for the pulpit.

I shall before long preach a sermon on the sarcasm of the Bible. Elijah used it. Paul used it. Christ used it. If a man say a thing in church merely to make people laugh, he is reprehensible; but if he say a thing so strikingly true that people do laugh, that is another thing. I do not care whether they cry, or laugh, or hiss, or applaud, or get up and go out, or what they do, if they only quit sin and with fleet foot start for heaven. For this purpose we must ransack the mineral, the botanical, the agricultural, the æsthetic, the scientific, the poetic, the literary, the historical, the astronomical worlds for illustation. If we can not get any thing better than two flints, we must smite them together and strike fire. In vain the gold chasing on the hilt of the sword, if the edge of it is not sharp enough to cut. In vain the $100 rod and reel from Conroy's, with fly of gold pheasant or gray drake, if we cannot catch any thing. In vain the expense of the collegiate and theological education of seven or ten years, if we get hopelessly buried in our own armor.

DURING THE LAST WAR

I was chaplain for a few weeks in a Pennsylvania regiment, and I was told one day that there was a cavalryman sick and wounded, and perhaps dying, in a barn four or five miles away. I walked over to see if I could be of any service to him. He asked me to take his horse, which was suffering from lack of attention, and his entire equipment up to headquarters at Hagerstown. I consented, but knew not what I was undertaking, for I had on and around me on the horse a heavy sword, a carbine, pistols, saddle-bags, and a great many other things I knew not the names of, and I was so overloaded I had to go on a slow walk and hold fast to the pommel of the McClellan saddle, and when I got half way up to headquarters the girth broke, and I went off, and it was a great job to get loaded up again. In the woods all around about there were stragglers from the Confederate army, but they did not seem at all affrighted at my warlike appearance! When I rode up to the encampment, and the boys gave three cheers for the chaplain who had been so brave as to capture a horse, my embarrassment exceeded my exhilaration.

But I was then in the condition in which a multitude of us are in the ministry to-day—loaded up with equipment enough to slay Apollyon, yet we cannot wield it, and we go along on a slow walk, afraid that our system of didactic theology will fall off on one side, or our church history or homiletics will fall off on the other side—carefully guarding to keep our theology right side up, while David felled Goliath with a shepherd-boy's sling, and Shamgar slew six hundred men with an ox-goad. I believe in the day of eternity it will be found out that some backwoods Methodist minister who never had but three months' education in his life, but set all the prairies on fire with zeal for God, and in the summer preached to his audience in his shirt-sleeves, that he will be found to have done more for the race than some of us who have all the titles of the schools, and who wrap around us the gowns and the bands and the surplices, which are not enough to keep us from freezing to death in an ecclesiasticism twenty degrees below zero!

2. But I go further, and tell you in this anniversary sermon that in the decade through which we have passed I have tried to carry out the resolution *of never explaining to you what I do not understand myself*. I believe in God's sovereignty and man's free agency. Harmonize them I cannot. I believe God is one, and yet in three persons. How that can be I know not. I believe that Christ had in His nature the divine and the human. How they were interjoined I cannot explain. For years I tried to explain these things, but I found that

THE GREATEST UNDERTAKING OF MY LIFE

was to make other people understand that which was beyond my comprehension. Sometimes when I had preached on the subject and hoped that it was plainer to the people than it was to myself, and pronounced the benediction, some plain man at the foot of the pulpit would ask me a question which would confound me, and I would have to tell him I would see him some other time!

Now, there are some things that I do know. Sin is wrong; that I know. Christ came to help us out of it; that I know. Christ has a sympathy compared with which fatherly and mother compassion is cruelty; that I know. His grace is mighty for mightiest calamity; that I know. The religion of Jesus Christ kindles in the soul great expectations amounting to a supernatural glee; that I know. That religion is a sedative to soothe all nervous perturbation, that it is a stimulus to arouse inertia, that it pulls up by the root the red dahlia of war, and plants instead thereof the white lily of peace—that I know. That it hangs around the dying couch of the Christian the saffron, and orange, and purple clouds of a heavenly sunrise, and swings back the gates of glory so wide that they shiver the gates of the sepulchre—that I know.

Now, knowing these things beyond all controversy, knowing them beyond all mistake, knowing them from my own experience, or from my own observation, what is the use of my taking your precious time and my precious time in telling you what I do not know

We had a great fire at my house the other day. I burned up five hundred manuscript sermons, for when I began to preach I wrote out all my sermons, word for word. In those sermons that I burned up I explained all the mysteries of religion, and the doctrine of election was as clear as a Scotch mist or a San Francisco fog. As I stood by the kitchen fire where these manuscripts were burning, I really thought they threw out more warmth than they had ever thrown out before! Really, the best thing you can do with any style of Christian work that has not warmth in it is to burn it. The pulpit and the church ought to be

A GREAT FIREPLACE

around which the people, benumbed of the cold world, can come and warm their entire nature. Stir up the fire around the great back-log and bring all the chairs up closer. There is a severe irony in the usual term descriptive of a minister's notes when they are called a minister's skeleton. Cold statements of truth are skeletons that weed round them the warmth, the life, and the eternal sympathy of Christ's Gospel. There is nothing in romance or novel so enchanting as the religion of Christ, if you see it fairly; but put it down on the dissecting-table of sharp analysis and rip its heart out, and you have made it loathsome and a corpse.

Again, in this decade in which it has been my happiness to administer to you, it has been my resolution (3) *to smite sin wherever I see it*, reckless of the consequences. *The reason sin triumphs* in the country is because we do not call it by the right name. Ministers of the Gospel were intended to be the Lord's artillerymen, and to fire away at iniquity wherever they see it, and let other people provide the ambulances. What has been the cause of the excitement over the sermons I have been preaching for the last three or four months? *Because they were awfully true.* You see a group of dogs fighting on the commons, and you throw a stone at them. Which one howls? The one that is hit.

The worst sign of the times is that the public make so many ministers hush up. You might as well try to stop Asiatic cholera, or yellow-fever at Grenada and New Orleans, by saying nothing about them. In order that I might take straighter aim at iniquity

I WENT AND EXPLORED

the dark places of our cities. The common-sense of the church and of the State approved what I had done. Any man's common sense, if he allowed his common-sense to come up, said: "You cannot forcibly assault iniquity until you see it." But there were some who did not like the way. They thought I ought to have gone down on Brooklyn Heights, and loaded my gun with blank cartridges, and then aimed over at the Fourth Ward, New York, and then turned my head the other way, and shut my eyes and pulled the trigger, and then started for South Bushwick!

Because I did not do that way there were some ministers almost frantic about my exploration of city life. They believed in the exploration of Africa by Stanley, and the exploration of the heart of the North American continent by Fremont, but were afraid of the exploration of worse heathenism within five minutes of the City Hall of Brooklyn, and within five minutes of Broadway, New York.

To hear some of my dear brethren talk, you would have supposed I had been the first clergyman that had ever made an exploration of underground life in our great cities. Why, I could call off the names of scores of ministers and evangelists in the country who have made the same tour. The police who took me around those nights told me they had taken them around on the same rounds. I could make a big disturbance, if I had the heart, in a great many churches in Brooklyn and New York; but I never make any disturbance! The difference between my exploration and the exploration of these other dear brethren was, that *they said nothing about it*, except among ministerial brethren, while I uttered it in the hearing of my people, announcing the thunders of the Lord God Almighty against the crimes, and warning the young men of this country to look out. The bar of God will decide *which was the better plan*—to look at iniquity and say nothing about it, or to look at iniquity and give the warning, not only so far as I may reach from this platform, but through these journalists, whom I shall to the day of my death thank for their kindness.

I preached some years ago in this place, about the average American theatre, and the people all over said: "Why, you are talking about the theatre, the historical theatre as it was two or three hundred years ago; if you want to see the theatre as it is now, or know about it, go and look for yourself." I saw there was force in the criticism, and I tell you if I ever treat those subjects again I shall first personally make a tour of the theatres, and I will see who is there, and I shall see what kind of plays they have. *I am done looking through other people's spectacles!* God has given me two first-rate eyes, and I am going to use them! But whether I denounce sin, or commend Christ to you, my dear congregation, I will always choose the most startling and arousing theme I can find, and bring to it the most startling and arousing illustrations I can think of, trying to produce the most startling and arousing results, willing, if I can save men, to be called by all the world a sensationalist. In this great lawsuit between Sensation the plaintiff *vs.* Stagnation, the defendant, I appear as attorney for the plaintiff.

But once more, and this will close these anniversary thoughts which I have been presentin for two Sabbaths. (4.) I have tried to presen to you a *religion which would not leave a man i the lurch*. What has the trouble with thos trains that came out from Chicago a week ag last Thursday? They started out beautifully an swiftly, but they came to the snow-banks an stopped, and the trains were disbanded. Oh my friends, we want to get on

A THROUGH TRAIN.

We do not want a religion which takes smoothly through this life, merely for a fe miles on earth, and then puts us out at th snow-bank of a cheerless grave. No! You ma take that train. I will not take it. I will sta on a highway where the marble of the tomb only the milestone on a road always brighteni and improving.

"Come with us, and we will do you good; f the Lord hath promised concerning Israel." have told the men who feel themselves to be t worst, that Christ died for them, and they ha come. And now this morning I want you all join me on this path to heaven. It is all track up. Examine these tracks in the dust of t road. Ah! those are little feet that have be tracking the road. Have you lost childre They went up this way. I see their tracks the road. But here there are larger footste but footsteps that were very short—very sh steps, as though they were the steps of the ag Is your father gone? Is your mother go They went up this way. And behold! in track of the road I see the mark of a foot t was bare, and a scar in the hollow of the fo Oh! it was the footstep of a wounded Chr This is the way—walk ye in it.

Edward Irving and the Glasgow Shoemak —Mrs. Oliphant, in her "Life of the Rev. Edw Irving," relates the following: "A shoema was a thoroughgoing infidel, and could not induced to speak on religious things. All sought to engage him were met by a cold sh der and a '*Humph!*' Irving, in the course of parochial visitation, called on him, and know his man, took up a piece of patent-leather expatiated on it. This he could do admira as his father was a tanner, and he knew the cess well. The shoemaker did not look up, said, roughly, 'What do you ken about ther?' Irving, unabashed, went on, and des ed how shoes were being made by machin then the shoemaker slackened up his work, looked up, and said, 'Od, you're a decent o' a fellow; do you preach?' Next Sabbat shoemaker was at church. On the Monda ving met him in the Gallow Gate, and walked in-arm with him along the street. He was come, and became a friend instead of a fo Christianity; and ever after, when taunted his change, justified himself by saying, 'H sensible man, yon; he kens about leather.'

ARRATIVES FROM THE DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

“Was Lost, and is Found.”

Original Story by Mr. Henry Martin, Author of “Stories of Irish Life.”

arriage of a Priest with a Nun at Dublin—Excitement of the Roman Catholics—The History of the Case—Marriage of the Roman Catholic Mr. Cuffe and the Protestant Miss Kennedy—The Bridegroom's Sisters—Issue of the Marriage, Felicia Cuffe—Death of Mr. Cuffe—Plots against his Daughter Felicia.

On September 18th, ——, the parish church n which I was incumbent, was the scene of a ry interesting wedding ceremony, in which an -Roman Catholic priest was united in marriage r an ex-Roman Catholic nun. As is well known, similar union in the bonds of holy matrimony s witnessed in the early days of the great Geran Protestant Reformation. Martin Luther, e undaunted champion of a pure Scriptural th, whose invectives, fired with a heavenspired zeal, scorched and withered before all rope the corruptions of the Papacy, married atherine, a nun whom he had been the means delivering from the superstition, degradation, d misery of a monastic life.

The opponents of the emancipated Gospel, adocates of the old and tottering creed, affected to old up their hands in sanctimonious horror. It as, they declared, an outrage upon all that was cred and becoming for two vowed celibates, Luther and Catherine had been, to enter upon e married state. “Not so,” however replied e Reformer, always, as armed with the truth, crushing antagonist for his foes. “A false, eaven-unsanctioned vow, alien to the nature hich God has given us, is, ten times over, betr in the breach than in the observance.”

“And ye yourselves, O priests of Rome,” he lded, “are unwitting witnesses to the truth of ais; for ye have sanctified even to superstition ie nuptial tie. Ye have exalted matrimony to Sacrament, the seventh in order of your Aposte Church. Denunciation, therefore, of an initution not only founded on nature, but orained by God Himself in Paradise, is, from ou, of all things inconsistent and absurd. Marriage is honorable in all.’ Cease, then, O riests, your shameless speech! Set on fire your vil thoughts. ‘Whom God hath joined ogether, let not man put asunder.’”

The excitement and evil clamor which the marage of Luther and his Catherine stirred up in ermany had their counterpart, though of course ithin a narrower sphere, in Dublin, in conseuence of the wedding which has been menioned at the beginning of this narrative. The whole Roman Catholic population of the city was moved, while a flutter of winged words and thoughts disturbed many a monkish brotherhood. *nnuendo* and defamatory criticism were rife; mpure motives upon the part of the ex-priest nd ex-nun with unsparing prodigality were imputed, and that the more in order to weaken the force of certain most damaging rumors against he whole conventual system which the history f the nun-bride, as revealed at the time, had brought to the ear of the public.

“Marriages,” it is said, “are made in heaven;” and if ever the words were true, we beieve they were in the marriage which was thus called in question by an ignorant fanaticism and an interested priesthood; which opinion we hink will be confirmed in the judgment of every reader of the following narrative.

During the incumbency of my predecessor, a ady, whom we will call Alice Kennedy, of great personal attractions and of superior social position, was married to a gentleman whom we will name Walter Cuffe. He was a solicitor in good and increasing practice, of manly bearing and intelligent face; but as he was of the Roman Catholic faith, Miss Kennedy's friends were not favorable to the match. It was their conviction that mixed marriages were condemned by the Gospel of Christ, and seldom resulted in happiness. Her spiritual adviser also counselled her to beware; but, led on by an ardent passion, and trusting to her lover's sworn pledge of full liberty of conscience, she contracted with him that bond which only in death knows parting.

To do Mr. Cuffe justice, he faithfully kept, during his life, the promise of non-interference in religious matters which he had given to his wife. Well educated, and liberalized in opinion from contact with the world, and naturally honest-minded, he was more or less free from the bigotry of ignorance and the intolerance of priestcraft, and felt himself bound by his solemn word. It was not thus, however, with the members of his family, who, moving solely in a Roman Catholic social circle, were devotees in feeling, and prejudiced to their heart's core against Protestantism. His sisters, faithful to their Ultramontane sympathies, showed even at their brother's wedding the uncompromising character of their creed. They would not enter the Protestant church where the wedding took place, but sat in their carriage at the church door while the ceremony was being performed; and when remonstrated with for their conduct, replied that “they could not conscientiously enter a heretic church, nor patronize by their presence a nuptial rite which in their view could scarcely, indeed, be considered a marriage at all.”

When, however, the bridal party betook themselves afterwards to the Roman Catholic chapel to have the marriage ceremony, as is not unusual in these cases, performed a second time there, and some of the Protestant friends of the bride threatened to retaliate by remaining outside the chapel door, the Misses Cuffe professed to be shocked and indignant, and declared they would regard such a procedure as an unpardonable insult. So blind is bigotry, and so incapable of justifying in others the conduct which, with even a smiling conscience, it can pursue itself.

As years passed on, Mr. Cuffe grew in influence and wealth; his wife, too, although her husband's connections never acted cordially toward her, passed a tranquil and, as this world goes, a happy life; the laughter and prattle of childhood likewise enlivened the home — one little daughter by its presence enriched and *blessed* the household: we use the words advisedly, for how poor and dull the world would be without the sunshine of children! They are the charm and the poetry of life. Well has Victor Hugo, who has been called the poet of childhood, written—

“Beeless the hive, birdless the wire-woven bowers—
The home without a child.”

Mrs. Cuffe was permitted to bring up her child in the reformed faith, for such was the understanding before marriage with her husband in regard to any female children that might issue; and well and faithfully, even from the tenderest years, did she accomplish her task. Shortly after her marriage, she came under the influence of an earnest evangelical ministry; her spiritual life was thus awakened and deepened, and her intense desire was to see the peace and joy which pure religion had brought into her own bosom reproduced in the bosom of her child.

Her Roman Catholic relatives, however, were anxious, on the other hand, to rescue a soul from heresy, and the dread peril of those who, at best, must be relegated, in their view, to “the uncovenanted mercies of God.” Mr. Cuffe's sisters especially were in alarm about the eternal risk of their brother's child. They remonstrated with him, protested against the engagement which he had entered into, pronounced it most irreligious, and urged him, with passionate entreaty, to break it. When he refused, they resolved to lessen, as far as in them lay, the awful consequences which, in their belief, must overtake their brother's offspring should it live and die an alien to the Catholic Church. Consequently, before their pretty little niece was a year old, they managed, through the nurse, who was of their creed, to have it baptized a second time secretly by their own parish priest.

Such a practice, we are assured, has not been uncommon upon the part of the Roman Catholic nurses in Ireland; it is done generally from true affection. Attached to the children which they tend, they wish them to escape the evil of dying out of “the true Church”—that is, of passing, in death, not to heaven, but to “limbo.”

Such a revolution of the course of time, it is true, is not at all likely to come round, as the whole spirit of our age is set dead against the Papacy; but the fact of a child having been baptized into the Romish Church, even though the rite was performed without the consent of its parents, may be deemed warrant for a transaction unrighteous and cruel, such as it is one purpose of our narrative to record.

When Felicia Cuffe (such was the name of the child) was six years old, dreadful tidings came to her father's house. She was not of an age fully to comprehend their meaning; but the blank horror which, with instinctive perception, she noticed on her mother's face at the news, lived for many years in her remembrance—*her father had been murdered.* Through the influence of his wife's friends Mr. Cuffe had been appointed agent of a gentleman's estate in the South of Ireland. The whole country at the time was in a most disturbed condition, and lawlessness had its climax in the South. Landlords could not get in their rents, and the agents of those landowners who required the ejectment or distraint of their tenants enforced either measure at their peril.

Mr. Cuffe, when on a visit to the estate under his legal care, was waylaid and assassinated. Where the bodies of himself and of the driver of his vehicle were discovered, the road showed signs of a maddened encounter. It was known that Mr. Cuffe was resolute; but, taken unawares and overpowered by numbers, courage and personal strength had proved of little avail. The only result was a corpse more blood-stained, gashed, and torn, scaring the sunlight, and a highway more deeply indented by footmarks, as of those who meet in a last and desperate struggle.

Mr. Cuffe's sisters shared in the sorrow and the horror of their brother's wife, for they were really attached to the wretched man who had been ruthlessly hurried from existence. They at the same time, however, ascribed the terrible event to a judgment upon him for marrying a contumacious heretic, and supported their view by the indisputable fact that had he not formed a Protestant connection he would not have been the agent of a landlord the support of whose interests had brought upon him the hatred of his poorer compatriots and co-religionists.

Their whole aim ever after was by any method to get their brother's child from the tutelage of its mother. They were fully aware the success of such a scheme would, in all probability, break their sister-in-law's heart; saw that the presence of the child was the only pleasure that rendered life endurable to the grieving widow; but to minds under a fanatical spell this was of little moment. Were the rights of a parent to be respected when the interests of the “old religion” were to be advanced? for their niece was not only a member of “the true Church” by baptism, but an heiress in her own right; and besides, were they to risk a further descent of judgment from Heaven upon their family by respecting too nicely claims which, after all, were only based, in their mature maidenly notions, upon mere sentiment?

Their wishes and reasonings in this matter soon ended in a fixed determination; but how was a separation of the poor child from its fond and clinging parent to be effected? Persuasion with their sister-in-law would, they well knew, be utterly useless. Never would she consent to part with the only remaining light of her home and the darling of her bosom, and more especially for education in a creed which they heard her often pronounce both unscriptural and untrue. The law, they were aware, would neither enforce nor sanction such an arrangement as the one they longed for. One method of carrying out their purpose remained, and it seemed feasible—namely, *to hide their niece in a nunnery!*

(To be continued.)

PROPHETIC PROSPECT FOR 1879.

By Rev. M. Baxter, Author of "Coming Wars," etc., etc.

What will the New Year bring forth?—Modern Progress will not Culminate in the Millennium—Four Distinguishing Characteristics of the Last Year of this Dispensation Socialism, its Character, Actions, Resources, and Final Destruction—How Antichrist may be Recognized—Ominous Signs of the Times—A Computation of Prophetical Dates.

To students of prophecy and all others who know that the course of this world is not one of chance, but has been foreordained by God, and that the leading features of each dispensation have been clearly indicated beforehand in His revealed Word, a natural question at the present time is, What may the New Year bring forth?

Such an inquiry is reasonably prompted by the fact that the world is manifestly in a state of busy preparation for the great events that are to lead to the final catastrophe. The annual increase of armaments, and the unceasing invention of new and more deadly engines of war, and the general spread of a spirit of unrest, are a sufficient refutation of the idea that modern progress and the boasted march of intellect are tending to bring on the predicted time when the nations will not learn war any more, but will beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks (Isaiah 2 : 4).

Among the numerous events which, according to Daniel and Revelation, are to transpire in the closing year of the present dispensation, the following four occurrences are generally agreed by prophetic expositors to be clearly foretold to accompany the reappearance of Christ on this earth:

1. The restoration of the Jews as a nation to Palestine.

2. A state of general anarchy, characterized by excesses such as would not be believed possible amid modern civilization, and described by our Lord as a "great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world, no, nor ever shall be" (Matthew 24 : 21).

3. The supremacy of a despot called "the Antichrist," whose severity will be more atrocious, and his ungodliness more blasphemous, than those of the worst tyrant of ancient times.

4. A persecution of religion so extreme, that the Christian Church will appear for three and a half years to be almost extirpated from the face of the earth.

With reference to the *first* point, the prospects of the national restoration of the Jews to Palestine, or rather of Palestine to the Jews, appear more hopeful than they ever yet have been. Asia Minor, which includes Palestine, was placed by the Treaty of Berlin, in July, 1878, under the protectorate of Britain, which is now responsible for its defence from foreign invasion, and for the institution of reforms in its government.

It is obvious that this arrangement is calculated to lead to the re-possession of their fatherland by the Jews, and also to the political independence of Syria, which is an event foretold in Daniel 8. In that chapter Alexander's ancient Macedonian empire is foreshown to exist in the last days in its former subdivided state of *four horns* or distinct kingdoms, namely, *Greece, Egypt, Central Turkey* (Thrace), and *Syria*, and therefore the separation of Syria from Turkey must in due time take place.

Daniel's eighth chapter further states that *at the time of the End* a Little Horn or monarch, who afterwards becomes the Latter-day Antichrist, will *grow out of* one of the four *horn* kingdoms, by which we understand that he will first arise as monarch of a *little kingdom* carved and parcelled out of one of the four kingdoms of Greece, or Egypt, or Central Turkey, or Syria. And subsequently he will, according to Daniel 7, subdue three of the ten kingdoms (the ten consisting of those four and six others—Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Hungary),—and gradually develop into the universally despotic Antichrist.

As regards the *second* point, we see increasing foretokens of the predicted anarchy and tribulation of the last days in the present *development of Socialism* on the Continent, and in a less degree in this country. The *aims* of Socialism as well of Nihilism in Russia are—1, to abolish the idea of a future state; 2, to subvert authority; 3, to level all classes of society; 4, to allow no man a right apart from the will of his fellows.

Their *character* was signally illustrated in the first French Revolution in 1793, and during the Commune in Paris in 1871. On the former occasion the people, besides committing barbarities which would degrade Turks, solemnly bowed down and worshipped a woman whom they had installed to represent the Goddess of Reason—a proof that will stand to the end of the world that civilization is no guarantee against the most heathenish follies when men surrender themselves to the devil. "As they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind [*marg.*, a mind void of judgment] to do those things which are not convenient" (Rom. 1 : 28).

The *measures* of the Socialists are exemplified in the unprecedented fact of four attempted murders of crowned kings during 1878. Such a conjunction of infamy never occurred before during all the political rivalries and religious strifes that have convulsed Europe since the days of Charlemagne. Further exemplifications of these measures are to be found in the explosion of bombshells among gatherings of work-people at Florence and Pisa, and at an august assembly at Pesth, when the Prime Minister of Hungary was present; also in the daring language used in the press organs of the party, which are scattered broadcast among the population for the purpose of fomenting discontent.

The *means* at their disposal are such as will probably insure the success of their aims sooner or later. They have a certain number of able leaders, competent to resist with steady skill the best efforts of statesmen to employ the resources of law against them. They can command the services of semi-idiotic creatures, reckless what risk they run, to assassinate a sovereign or blow up a meeting; they have an unlimited supply of money; and they are organized into a system scarcely less close, complex, and permeating than the *Jesuit* organization.

It is much to be regretted that the spread of education, designed to advance the poorer classes in all that was socially and morally good, has also had the opposite effect of giving those classes access to a vast ocean of poisonous literature, by which their worst passions are roused, while their weak points are worked upon by false statements and fallacious arguments. It is even the fact that there are influences within the Church of Christ quietly undermining the foundations of truth and godliness; for in the immense popularity of "broad" views, and in the high names associated with doctrines th atattribute to man's inherent nature the noble features that can be his only through the redemptive work of the Saviour, there is a dangerous power for evil.

Socialism will not *die* without a tremendous struggle, for it is the second of the three unclean spirits in Revelation 16 which are to gather the nations to the war of Armageddon, with which the reign of Christ is to be ushered in. This is in accordance with Hebrews 12 : 26, 27, "Whose voice then shook the earth; but now He hath promised, saying, Yet once more *I shake not the earth only, but also heaven.* And this word, yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain."

Many predictions of Scripture teach us that we are to look for an outbreak of evil more furious than that of Noah's time, when "the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." The Flood proved that the destruction of the works of creation was not enough to prevent evil from again becoming predominant, if the seeds of it were left in the earth; and the experiment of the calling of Abraham showed that the attempt was equally vain to preserve a pure people from the corruption of sin by isolating them. The purification of the Church, like gold, is to be effected by the fire of devastation.

At the two prophetic conferences which were held in London and New York in 1878, and in which many eminent clergymen took part, there was a general consensus of testimony that the world's measure of iniquity is nearly full, and that a crisis is imminent in which there will be no hope for the Church until the Lord suddenly comes to its rescue. A tide of monstrous iniquity is already invading the world—irresistible and overwhelming.

The approaching close of this dispensation will find the civilized world convulsed with wa and revolution; much-vaunted liberty trodde down as it never was before; education, reason and morality mocked by the outright professio and open practice of idolatry; *Spiritualism* i startling forms largely accepted; religious freedom crushed under a persecution exceeding al that history has recorded; moralists and philanthropists making heroic struggles to rally peo ple's hope in "the ultimate triumph of truth;" the Christian Church overwhelmed with a floo of persecution; the cry, "Behold the Bride groom cometh" (Matt. 25 : 10), raised ever where with unprecedented energy; and man Christians *at the point of despair.* But at th juncture Jesus of Nazareth will come personall to this earth, and the vexing problem of philoso phers as to the possible end of the world will b solved.

The *third* point—the development of the pe sonal Antichrist—will be the inevitable cons quence of the second point we have mentione History teaches no conclusion of a popular re olution except its being crushed through th ascendency of a master mind. Regarding th *character* of the future Antichrist, it may be o served that he will be a mixture of monarch absolutism and lawless democracy. Nearly o hundred expositors believe that he will be a re resentative of the *Napoleonic dynasty,* "woun ed to death at Waterloo and Sedan, and destin to be healed of its deadly wound" (Revelati 13 : 3). Some persons believe that Jerome N poleon may be the man. The Antichrist w gain over by flatteries the turbulent mass whom he eventually subdues and rules. Fr the very circumstances of his position he will one who "fears not God, neither regards man and when his elevation has turned his head, th will be no assignable limit to the length he w go in glorifying himself and giving the rein his passions.

Of the approach of the *fourth* event—a u versal religious persecution—there is no parti lar indication yet. But we can point to the e dences of a spirit that only wants opportunity develop into a madness which will rest satis with nothing less than bloodshed and exti tion.

There is, for instance, the remarkable *ani ity* which the Nihilists and Socialists exhibit any form of religion. They are not conten hold their own opinions, nor to confine t professed reforms to the political sphere; apparently impelled by the spirit of the One, they go out of their way to display an availing resentment against all professors o ligion. When we consider the selfishness, obliteration of conscientiousness, the wan human feeling, and the implacable bitter that seem inseparable from the Socialist sp it will be seen how little is required to turn t resentment into active persecution of C tians.

A singular sign may be observed in the p ress of Ritualism in the most enlightened c try of Europe. Fifty years ago it would been pronounced improbable that in Protes English churches auricular confession shou established and nunneries set up in our m and that crosses and other images shoul openly worshipped in our churches, and pra cered to so-called saints. Yet we see that all ts has actually happened.

The predicted reign of lawlessness is already in i incipiency. Whether the movement in that cection is to be fast or slow, no one can deny tat it has already begun with a steady force, ed in the continual *strikes* and the increase of mocratic agitation its movements are clearly nifested.

The widespread distress and depression of ude are ominous signs of the times, and accord th our Saviour's prediction that before His cond coming there shall be "distress of na-ons with perplexity, men's hearts failing them r fear of these things coming on the earth," d "there shall be a time of trouble such as ver was since there was a nation even to that me time" (Daniel 12 : 1).

The prophetical dates of 6000 years from the eation of Adam, and of 1260 years (Rev. 11 : 3, 6) from the full establishment of the tempo-l power of Popery and Mohammedanism in D. 606 to 622, are computed to terminate about D. 1882, and the final seven years of this dis-nsation (Daniel's seventieth week, Dan. 9 :) may commence about that time with the edicted seven years' covenant between the apoleonic Antichrist and the Jews for their re-ttlement in Palestine and establishment of eir temple worship in Jerusalem.

Whether 1879 is destined to be a year of peace of war, we may at least rest assured that it ill witness the progressive unfolding of events troductory to the development of those occur-nces which, as just mentioned, are foretold in e prophetic page to introduce, probably in a w years' time, the Second Coming of our Sa-our Jesus Christ.

THE SEASIDE SANITARIUM.

AMONG all the excellent charitable organiza-ons of New York none is more deserving of pport than the West Side Relief Association d Seaside Sanitarium for Destitute and Sick hildren of the city, whose third annual report as just been issued. It is sustained entirely by luntary contributions, which are certain to in-ease in amount as the good fruits of this noble arity become known. The Seaside Sanitarium Rockaway Beach was started under the au-pices of the West Side Association some three ears ago.

The number of mothers and children taken own and cared for at the Sanitarium during the ast season far exceeds either previous one. The tal receipts for the year were $8155.99, meet-ng all the expenses of the society, and leaving a alance in the treasury of $688. What the asso-iation now needs is $5000 to complete their new uilding at the beach. Finding that the old uilding was inadequate to meet the growing de-ands made upon it, a large hotel has been se-ured for future operations, and it is hoped to ave it in readiness by next summer.

This large-hearted charity is entirely unde-ominational. It never questions about creed r nationality. It asks for no recommenda-ions. These children are sick, needy, crippled, oor; that is enough. On one day thirteen lit-le cripples from Bellevue Hospital were sent own. Their ages ranged from six to fourteen ears. Nearly all were suffering from hip dis-ase, and were encased in plaster of Paris cor-ets. Some little limbs were held in place by ron braces. But at the seaside they seemed to orget their miseries, and played in the sand nd bathed in the surf and gathered shells and eaweed and made sand pies till they grew quite rown and fat. On another day 150 Hebrew hildren were sent down. So also at times large umbers of colored children and mothers were ared for. The doors were open to all, the only ondition being poverty and sickness.

"Inasmuch," said our Lord, "as ye have lone it unto one of the least of these My breth-en, ye have done it unto Me." If any of our eaders desire to aid in so good a work the ed-tor will be pleased to receive any contributions ent, and will forward them to the treasurer.

WHY REV. C. H. SPURGEON IS POPULAR IN AMERICA.

THE following critique of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is supplied to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by the Rev. John Stanford Holme, D.D., who in the course of his literary labors has had better opportunities than the majority of readers to form a fair estimate of the real value of sermons, and to discover the causes which render those of any particular preacher serviceable to the masses and a means of usefulness in the great cause of the advancement of Christ's kingdom of the world.

IT is a fact worthy of especial notice that the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon have had a circulation in this country entirely without precedent. There has been sold of the American edition of his sermons not less than 500,000 copies. And when to this is added the almost innumerable republications of single sermons in the transient periodicals of the day, it is safe to say that no other preacher has had so extensive a hearing in America as Charles H. Spurgeon.

Many of the causes of the wonderful popularity of this distinguished preacher are not difficult to discover. In freshness and vigor of thought, in simplicity and purity of language, in grasp of gospel truth, and in tact and force in its presentation, he is perhaps without a peer in the pulpit.

When in early life Mr. Spurgeon commenced his ministrations in the New Park Street Church, in London, he quickly filled the old house to overflowing. Soon he attracted the attention of all England. But he was regarded by many as a brilliant meteor that would soon fade away. Yet Mr. Spurgeon is to-day a vastly more effective and even a more brilliant preacher than he was twenty years ago. He continues to grow in brilliancy as well as in efficiency year by year. No one can yet point to the slightest indication of exhaustion in either his faculties or his resources.

This doubtless is attributable in a measure to his industry and well-directed application, as well as to natural ability and great personal piety. But Mr. Spurgeon's peculiar views of the Word of God and his manner of preparation for the pulpit also tend in no small degree to secure the *inexhaustible variety* which so strikingly characterizes his sermons. It is not his manner to spin his web out of himself. The resources from which he draws are not measured by the strength and the store of his own faculties, but rather by the infinite fulness of the Divine Word. He never preaches from a topic. He always has a text. His text is not a mere motto, but *in it* he finds his sermon. He uses his text with as much apparent reverence and appreciation as if those few words were the only words that God had ever spoken. The text is the germ which furnishes the life—the spirit and the substance of the discourse. Every sermon has the peculiar flavor and fragrance and color of the divine seed-truth of which it is the growth. Thus as the Bible is a storehouse of seed-truths inexhaustible and of infinite variety, so Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are never alike. "Every seed yields its fruit after its kind." If he brings you up again and again to the same old truths it is always on a different side, or in a new light or with new surroundings.

A very strong confirmation of this view has been afforded to the author in the preparation of an edition of his works.

In making up the index of subjects, it was necessary to go carefully through the entire fourteen volumes page by page, and to note the different topics discussed, and then to arrange them in alphabetical order. When this work was done such was the wonderful variety of subject, of thought and of illustration, that in many thousand references no two subjects or thoughts or illustrations were found exactly to correspond. The preacher is discussing essentially the same familiar truths over and over again. He is presenting the same great Saviour to lost sinners, with what might seem slavish fidelity to the spirit and even to the letter of the written Word. And yet his setting forth of truth, his shades of thought and his modes of illustration, always arrange themselves in new forms and colors with wellnigh the endless variety of the combinations and tints of the clouds at setting sun.

It is not surprising, therefore, that sermons so varied, fresh, and evangelical should have so large a circulation in this country, nor that a newspaper, one of the special attractions of which is the weekly sermon of Mr. Spurgeon, should have the reception which is already accorded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

JOHN STANFORD HOLME.

[In connection with the above we may state that by arrangement with Mr. Spurgeon, advance sheets of his latest Sunday-morning sermon are now forwarded to us, and we are thus enabled to publish them before they can appear in any other journal in this country.]

A DOCTOR'S VISIT TO DIPSOMANIACS.

IN a lecture before the British National Temperance League, Dr. Norman Kerr, a well-known writer and practitioner, said, "In the practice of my profession I have had under my care large numbers of dipsomaniacs in every rank and condition of life. Intemperance seems to me to have slightly decreased amongst men, but this decrease has been more than equalized by a *decided increase* of drunkenness amongst women.

"Not many weeks since I was called to attend to *a man of seventy*, who had nearly bled to death from a wound of the temporal artery, caused by a blow from a boot hurled at him by his wife, *a woman of sixty-five*, in a fit of drunken frenzy. He survived the injury, but a few days thereafter *she strangled herself* in the police cell. The same day I was sent for to *a lady* of advanced years, the mother of a large family, for an illness brought on by *secret intoxication*.

"A little later a summons from a terrified family brought me to an elegant and accomplished *lady of independent fortune*, lying on her face on the floor of her room, not dead, as the terror-stricken children thought, but *drunk!* Then came the earnest request to hasten to the death-bed of *another lady*, whom I found surrounded by her disconsolate family, bidding them all adieu forever, who was not dying, but *drunk*, and is alive to this day. But why go through the sickening catalogue of a single day's professional experience of female intemperance?

"Let me ask you to come with me on another occasion to the bedside of a missionary, who was laid aside by a severe illness; and amongst the comforters there, behold a lady of position, who has been at once a *Christian worker* and a *drunkard* many years. In every public-house are to be seen women, old and young, treating each other to liquor, where ten years ago scarce a woman could be seen; and in how few families in the land are there not lamentation and mourning and woe for some loved female member of the domestic circle slain through drink!"

Pernicious Juvenile Literature.—The youth of the lower classes are flooded with this literature, and even when it does not lead to crime it debases the moral sense of its readers. Take a case which was brought before the magistrate at the Wandsworth Police Court, England, lately. A boy, aged thirteen, was charged by his mother with stealing half a sovereign from her. It was not his first offence of the same kind. The constable who took him into custody found a number of illustrated papers upon him, which Mr. Bridge, the magistrate, examined. They were *The Boys of London and Boys of New York*. The youth had made such progress in the sort of heroism which these productions glorify, that his mother was afraid to touch him, as he had threatened her with a knife. This is not the only example of the pernicious effects of such reading. It is one out of many, nor can any one be surprised that from so evil a source the worst results should come.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

In commencing the publication of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times in America, it was impossible to form an accurate or even an approximate idea of the extent to which it would enjoy the favor of the Religious Public. The price was therefore fixed at four cents per single copy, that being the lowest sum deemed prudent under the circumstances.

Now, however, after the issue of only a few numbers, the journal has attained a circulation which, in connection with the numbers of commendatory letters daily received, justifies a

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

We have accordingly much pleasure in announcing that the price of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now reduced to

THREE CENTS

for single copies. Annual subscription, postage paid, $1.50. Remittances should be by check or post-office order or registered letter, and be made payable to Joseph Spurgeon, 63 Bible House, New York.

Though but a few weeks have elapsed since the issue of the first number of the American edition of The Christian Herald, we feel constrained thus early to express our grateful thanks for the numerous friendly greetings and kind expressions of appreciation that have reached us from every quarter.

While thankful to all who have aided us, we have at this time especially to acknowledge the aid and sympathy of hundreds of ministers from all parts of the country, and of every denomination.

It has been the occasion of surprise that while we have received hundreds of letters commendatory of the appearance and character of the paper *in detail*, there has been not one objection, either to particular articles or to the general course of the paper.

We ask a continuance of the sympathy and co-operation of our brethren of every name. We greatly desire that The Christian Herald shall reach every family in the United States, and believe that the above reduction in price ought to effect that object.

The Christian Herald is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

We shall be happy to forward, postage paid, a packet of specimen copies to any minister desiring them for distribution among his congregation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Chinese question has for a long time been the cause of serious disturbances in California, and it has at last been brought fairly before Congress by the presentation of a report by the House Committee on Education and Labor, in reference to House bill No. 2423.

This bill provides that no master of a vessel shall take on board at any point in China or elsewhere more than fifteen Chinese passengers with intent to bring them, or shall bring them, within the United States. The violation of this provision is made a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of $100 for each passenger, and imprisonment for six months. The master is required, under like penalties, to report on his arrival a sworn list of all Chinese passengers. The penalty is made a lien upon the vessel. The bill becomes operative on the first day of July, 1879.

The report of the committee consists principally of a discussion of the constitutional right of Congress to enact such a law, and a statement of the necessity of such restrictive legislation, and concludes by recommending the passage of the bill accompanying the report.

The Chinese question has been taken up in a Christian spirit by Rev. David Jones, a Congregational minister recently ordained, who is attempting to bring about a more thorough and systematic instruction of the Chinese in Boston. Miss Harriette Carter, one of the city missionaries, has had Chinese scholars for some two or three years, to the number of 80 in all, in connection with the Chambers Street Sabbath-school.

Polygamy in Utah has, it is hoped, received its death-blow by a recent decision in the Supreme Court. It states clearly and decisively that the practice has no claim to be considered in the light of a religious custom, and as such to be beyond the control of the law. It is satisfactory to find that the legal quibble which would have relegated it to the condition of a theological problem has failed, and that the custom is denounced for what it is—a great and intolerable social scandal. The law having been clearly defined by the highest authority in the nation, it remains now to be seen whether the proper officers will have the courage to put it in operation against the offenders.

A delegation of ladies from Utah had a special audience with Mrs. Hayes January 14th. They laid their case before her, saying that if the anti-polygamy law was enforced it would make outcasts of 50,000 women of Utah who now have happy homes and are honored wives. One of the ladies said she is the mother of two boys, and, being a second wife, she would be deprived of name, and her boys would not be able to bear their father's name nor inherit from him. Mrs. Hayes said she sympathized with every thing that had for its object the bettering of the condition of women. She had received all the petitions that had been sent to her from Utah and elsewhere, and while she was unable to do any thing she appreciated the spirit in which they were sent.

The evil is too serious to allow sympathy to interfere with remedial measures, and the Mormon ladies will probably discover that, while cases of individual hardship are deplored, those persons who have set the laws of God and man at defiance have sooner or later to suffer the consequences of their sin.

Mr. Moody's work at Baltimore is still progressing with great success. He is accompanied by a choir collected from the different churches of the city. Great regret was expressed when Mr. Moody first commenced his operations in Baltimore, that he was not accompanied by Mr. Sankey. All desire to hear this "Sweet Singer of Israel," who elsewhere had proved so important an auxiliary to the great evangelist. But Mr. Moody wisely sought an early substitute for his missing companion. Before beginning to work, he called together volunteer singers from a number of city choirs; thus securing a band of select choristers who have gone with him from place to place, and under the skilful leadership of Professor Sanders have formed a most interesting and attractive feature in all his public services. They use No. 3 of the Gospel Hymns—a collection far in advance of its predecessors both in musical and literary merit, and containing a class of hymns generally more elevated and dignified in tone.

The Socialistic platform in this country varies from that professed in Europe, and as it may not be generally known what are the objects Socialists have in view in the United States, we quote from a manifesto in *The Socialist*, the organ of the society:

"We demand that the resources of life—the means of production, public transportation and communication—(land, machinery, railroads, telegraph lines, canals, etc.)—become, as fast as practicable, the common property of the whole people through the Government, thus to abolish the wages system and substitute in its stead co-operative production, with a just distribution of its rewards."

A scheme more Utopian could scarcely be found, but it is no less dangerous on that account. The spread of the doctrines of Christianity, combined with the advantages of education, will, it is hoped, counteract doctrines so ominous and revolutionary.

Bayard Taylor.—The poet Longfellow has written the following beautiful lines on the death of our lamented countryman. They were read by Dr. Holmes at a memorial meeting in Boston:

Dead he lay among his books;
The peace of God was in his looks,
As the statues* in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,
So those volumes, from their shelves,
Watched him, silent as themselves,
Ah! his hand will nevermore
Turn their storied pages o'er;
Nevermore his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest;
He is gone who was its guest;
Gone as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller, in what realms afar—
In what planet, in what star,
In what vast aërial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?
In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet, thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse,
Thou hast sung with organ tone
In Deukalion's life thine own.
On the ruins of the past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend, but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells;
And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea—
Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks.

Practical Sympathy.—"A traveller passing over a bad road, the wheel of his carriage stuck in a deep rut. He labored with all his might to extricate it; but in vain. Presently some one passing said to him: 'You are in an awkward situation, sir: pray, how did the accident happen?' Another came up: 'Dear, dear! what is the matter? Well, what a good thing your neck is not broken! but this road ought to be indicted; there are continual accidents of one kind or another.' A third addressed him: 'I'm really sorry to see you so much heated and fatigued, sir; I fear, too, your horse and carriage are injured. I am very sorry.' 'Come, then,' replied the unfortunate traveller, 'if you really are sorry, be so good as to put a shoulder to the wheel; a grain of help is worth a bushel of pity.'"

The Sunday theatrical concerts cannot be too often or too loudly the subject of protest by all Christian speakers and writers. They are becoming a serious menace to the decent observance of the Lord's Day in New York, and are openly appearing in a guise which at first was covered by a flimsy pretence of religion. These so-called sacred concerts, as we have previously urged, are preparing the way for regular Sunday theatrical representations, such as are held in Paris. They are also in themselves a scandal, for the epithet *sacred* is used in irony by many of the managers. At the Tivoli Theatre the sacred concert lasts until twelve o'clock on Sunday night, when the regular performance of the company at once commences. At another downtown resort the *sacred concert* comprises comic songs, clog dances, and acrobatic performances; and at Booth's Theatre the concert consists of pieces which no Christian would consider sacred. The citizens of Philadelphia promptly suppressed the innovation in *their* city, and it must surely be as easy to stop them in New York as in Pennsylvania. They must be denounced as a serious and ominous menace to the morals of the community in their existence and in their tendency.

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* In the Hofkirche at Innesbruk.

Dr. Howard Crosby thus summarizes the work of the society of which he is the president, having for its object the prevention of crime and the liquor traffic:

1. Shaping and sharpening public opinion.
2. The vertebrating of officers and judges.
3. The snubbing of the insolent rum power.
4. The shutting up of the lewd theatres.
5. The closing of 1739 groggeries, so that there are in New York City to-day 1739 groggeries less than there were twelve months ago.
6. The laying bare of the source of the trouble; the cause of difficulty in enforcing law, to wit: (*a*) Weakness of judges inflicting the least penalties; and (*b*) wickedness of excise commissioners licensing all the dens of infamy as "hotels."
7. The formation of a rallying centre for law and order.

The income of the society last year was $4000. Surely a society which has accomplished so much in the way of social reform deserves the support and the prayers of every Christian.

Journalistic Modesty.—The following paragraph is a cutting from a contemporary, who warns its subscribers of last year of the danger they incur in not renewing their subscriptions.

"Before you shut your door in the face of the great company of worthies which we bring to your house, carefully survey the field. They come for a consideration so small that it would hardly entertain one of them for a single night. Beyond, *without these great men of the spiritual church, is darkness.* Look before you leap into it."

Surely these shining lights, however brilliant they are, would not leave *darkness* behind them in the world if they were summoned away. *The field* has been *carefully surveyed* in the past, and it has been found that God always raised up men fitted to carry on His work on the earth.

The treatment of habitual drunkards is commented upon by Dr. Bucknill, of London, in a recent treatise. He emphatically condemns the inebriate asylums of this country, and in fact all treatment of the vice as a disease. He says:

"My own impressions of the inebriate asylums of America, and I visited six of them, are most unfavorable, I believe the treatment of habitual drunkards for the cure of their supposed disease to be unsound from top to bottom. I make no exception, for the only institution in which I find good, honest, earnest work being done was the Inebriate Reformatory at Philadelphia, in the management of which the idea of curing a disease is steadfastly put on one side."

Notwithstanding the opinion of so eminent an authority, it is notorious that there are many drunkards who are the victims of a periodical craving, almost uncontrollable, who if at those times could be restrained are convinced they would ultimately gain a mastery over themselves.

On this point Mr. Goodwin relates an incident which shows how the great privilege we possess of access to the throne of grace may be used in this, as in every other trouble. A reformed drunkard experienced a return of his former craving for liquor and turned into his home, which had been for four weeks a home of unusual hope and happiness. When he entered his wife was engaged in her domestic duties, singing from a happy heart one of the revival hymns which had been much used during the meeting. He sat down without saying a word. In an instant the wifely instinct saw that something dreadful was preying upon him, and she started towards him, saying: "John, what is the matter?" "O Mary," said he, "I'm ruined." "What, John, you have not been drinking again, have you?" she said, as the memory of his former lapses rushed upon her. "No, Mary, I have not; but it seems to me that I must or die, and I am sure I must die if I do. That old appetite is upon me; and now, Mary, there is but one thing that can save me, and that is the grace of God. I want you to get down right here and pray God to take away this cursed longing for drink." Mary was a woman of faith, and she did not need one word further. They kneeled together, and prayed together, until, at last, he said: "Mary, I have it—I have the victory. God is giving me strength. He will save me." And they arose and shouted together.

He went back to his shop, told his experience, went to work, and remained a sober and useful man until the day of his death.

Mr. Frank Pocock, whose death in the Stanley expedition was so universally mourned, was, it appears, not unprepared for the sad event that so prematurely ended his days. Mr. Stanley, in his "Dark Continent," relates that the party had been in great danger, and had passed through severe fighting. Frank Pocock, the sunniest of them all, and the best loved, broke into a strain of singing:

"The home-land! I long to meet
Those who have gone before;
The weeping eyes and weary feet
Rest on that happy shore."

Mr. Stanley said, "Frank, you will make every boy cry with such tunes as that. Choose some heroic tune." "All right, sir," he replied, with a bright face, and struck up—

"Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high."

"Ah! Frank," said Mr. Stanley, "it isn't the heavenward way you mean, is it? I should think you would prefer the homeward way."

"How do you like this, sir?—

"'My God, My Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say
"Thy will be done!"'"

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lately lost. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song." He responded by singing—

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before."

An Emperor Overcoming Enemies.—A Chinese emperor once heard that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces. "Come, my friends," said he to those about him, "follow me and I promise you that we shall destroy our enemies." He marched forward and the rebels submitted on his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge. Instead of this, however, they were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "What!" cried one of his officers, "is this the way in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and, behold, you have pardoned them all, and even shown special favor to some of them!"

"I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my *enemies.* This I have done. For see, they are enemies no longer; I have made them my *friends.*"

How well might Christian people learn to imitate so noble an example and learn to "overcome evil with good!"

THE IMMOVABILITY OF THE BELIEVER.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."
—PSALM 125 : 1.

Spiritual Graces the Result of Great Trials—I. A Lowly People—They Trust in the Lord—That is: 1. A Simple Matter—2. A very Right Matter—3. A Wise Course—4. A Matter of Necessity—5. It has a Great Side to it—II. The Security of Believers—Where are Believers—1. In the Place of Justification—2. In the Place of Regeneration—3. In Divine Love—Story of Martin Luther—III The Evident Reason of the Security of Believers—1. They Trust in the Lord—2. Their Trust is Welcomed—3. The Nature of God a Guarantee—4. The Promises are their Pledges.

THIS is the first verse of one of the *Songs of degrees.* These Songs were probably sung by the pilgrims as they went up to Jerusalem, when they halted at the various stations or passed certain places of interest. It is very possible that this psalm burst forth from joyful lips at the moment when Zion first came into sight, and the worshippers gazed upon the city of their solemnities. Happy pilgrims! They had left behind them many a dreary glen and dangerous wood, and now they saw full in their view their journey's end, and therefore they sang with all the gathered joy of days gone by. They could not so have exulted if they had not previously sorrowed. The same truth may be learned from the use of the term "Song of degrees;" it warns us that this psalm rises out of that which preceded it, one as step of a staircase rises above its fellow.

David had not sung the one hundred and twenty-fifth psalm if he had not first learned to sing the one hundred and twenty-fourth: if he had not been where men threatened to swallow him up quick, and found in such a case that the Lord was on his side, he could not have been quite so sure that "they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed." Our experiences are our instructors even concerning themselves: *they shed light upon each other*, and we learn enough from one trial to begin to unfold the mysteries of another. The one hundred and twenty-fourth psalm must first to some extent be passed through, so that we see that all our help lies in the Lord, or we shall never reach to the grand positiveness of this one hundred and twenty-fifth, and sing, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion."

We have heard some of the brave expressions of Christian heroes, and we have thought, "I wish I could speak with that man's faith." Brother, to possess such faith you must take with it its owner's trials. You may rest assured that God never gave a pennyworth of faith to any man that it might be hoarded in a cupboard; *faith is sure to be used*, and what is more, great faith is not possessed by those who are untrained in its need and use; it is a sword which is not girt upon a man till he hath come to years and strength to use it. I do greatly joy in that utterance of Luther when going to Worms. Some of his friends told him that he would be burned to powder, as Huss had been before him, but he laughed, and said he had no fear. "If," said he, "they shall build a fire between Wittenberg and Worms that should reach to heaven, in the Lord's name I would appear, and step into behemoth's mouth, between his great teeth, and confess Christ, and let him do his pleasure." His joy at that time seems to have been overflowing, though his danger was manifest to all.

Now, this holy boasting sounds well, but it is not to be imitated by every babe in grace; this man had passed through *a preparatory process* which brought his mind into a triumphant state, in which he was a king of men, a lion among a pack of dogs. It is not to be forgotten that there was a subsequent sinking of his soul, as in the case of Elijah, to prevent his being exalted above measure at the recollection of his own courage. For this, also, he who would have a right royal faith must stand prepared. They that do business in great waters must sail in ships fitted for stormy seas. You and I, perhaps, paddle around the shores of a quiet lake, where our little boat is large enough for most purposes; we are not tested by great storms, neither is our boat held by great anchors; our needs are not of the greatest, and therefore our supplies are not like those of the larger craft, which sail upon greater waters.

Still, one would wish to be among the Lord's *most useful servants*, and to that end would cheerfully accept the great risk. We would not wish to remain babes, but we desire to become full-grown men, and surely he is one who has drank up the one hundred and twenty-fourth psalm as a somewhat bitter cup, and then feels that he can dine upon the one hundred and twenty-fifth, and rise to bless the Lord, who makes his people to "be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."

Note that the *metaphor* which is used in the text was drawn by the pilgrims from the hill before them; or, if the psalm does not belong to pilgrims, but to all Israel, they took the comparison from that mountain with which they were best acquainted. If they might not all see Lebanon, which lay at the northern extremity of the land, if they might not all behold the excellency of Carmel, or gaze upon the heights of Hermon, yet once in the year they must all look upon Zion, "whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel." The emblem was therefore a familiar one, and I wish sometimes that we were more apt at *sanctifying to holy uses* the common objects which are round about us: these streets and houses, our own country, and our own home.

I am afraid our eyes are open when we seek emblems of sadness and we find them on every hedge and in any garden-plot; but we should also look at home when we want metaphors of thanksgiving with which to set forth our security and our comfort in the Lord. *To have a house at all is something.* Cold blows the wind, but warm is our own fireside; and even so, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." All you who love your homes may see in them the figure and representation of your dwelling in God in peace forever.

Faith, when she is active and observant, finds illustrations of her own blessedness all around. Amid the descending snows of this cheerless wintry day she says, "Did He not say that *cold* and heat, and summer and *winter* should never cease?" Have we not His covenant with the earth still fulfilled before our eyes, and may we not rest certain therefore that the covenant with His people will not fail? Are not these snowflakes tokens of His word which cometh not forth in vain? Does not this bitter chill assure us of His omnipotence of whom we read, "He casteth forth His ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold?" Open your eyes, my brethren, and look about, and as the believing Israelite saw Zion and began to sing about it, so shall you also "go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing."

Now, to come to the text,—I have merely touched its angles in this rough preface. We have in the verse before us, first of all, *a lowly people*—"They that trust in the Lord;" one talks a good deal about them, yet they are of no reputation among men: secondly, *a singular stability* in them—"they shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever;" and then, thirdly, we shall for a while consider *the evident reason* for this stability of theirs.

I. First, here we read of

A LOWLY PEOPLE.

That which is said of them is nothing very great in the judgment of human reason, they are merely said to "*trust in the Lord.*" This is *a very simple thing* to do. God gives promises, and they believe them. God is at work in providence, and they trust Him: God invites them to the mercy-seat, and they approach it; God gives them His Son as their salvation, and they believe in Him; God grants His Holy Spirit as their teacher, and they learn of Him and obey Him. To sum up all in one, they "trust in the Lord." "That is a small matter," cries one; "any fool can do that." Just so: perhaps more would do so if the most of men were not foolishly wise. Any child can trust; and more would trust in the Lord if more men were childlike. "Trust in the Lord."

It needs no effort of intellect to trust, and it needs no laborious education to learn the way; trusting in the Lord is simply depending where there is unquestionable reason for reliance, believing what is assuredly true, and acting upon it. Trusting in the Lord is taking at His word one who cannot lie, or change, or fail; and certainly this is no great feat if we look at it from the carnal man's own point of view. These trusters in the Lord *cannot plume themselves* upon the feat they have performed, for to trust in the Lord would naturally seem to be one of the commonplaces of human thought.

To trust in the Lord we have admitted to be a very simple matter, but at the same time (2) *it is very right.* Is it not? Poor simpletons that we are, we can appeal even to the wise ones of the earth and let them be judges in this matter. Should not a man trust in his own Creator? Is it possible for us to discover a being more worthy of confidence than our own God? Does he not deserve to be trusted? In what one respect has he ever played us false? Is there a single instance in which the word of the Lord, once given, has been found to fail? When have thirsty mouths resorted to this fountain and found it dry? If there be any thing against the veracity of God, let us hear it. Evidence is invited. The Lord Himself bids any testify against Him who have aught to declare.

Lo, *these thousand of years* have rolled along, and Jehovah has challenged men to bring forth their strong arguments against Him if they could, but they have found no cause why He should be distrusted, and His word dishonored. If then there be new evidence, O unbelievers! ye are here to declare it. Let us hear it. There is none; ye know that there is none. Surely it is a matter of clear honesty and right to any man to trust Him till he has deceived us or afforded us cause for suspicion. We always say we will trust the bridge that has carried us safely over. Has not the Lord been faithful to those who have trusted Him? What say the trusters of former times, or of this present? Lives there one who will come forward and say, "I have trusted in the Lord and have been confounded; I have stayed myself upon the Eternal and I have found Him false?" No, hell itself contains not one adversary of God who dares to utter such a calumny against His divine faithfulness. Well, brethren, if we be told that our trust is simple, we will be reconciled to the statement by the equally manifest fact that it is right.

(3) Moreover, is it not *wise?* What can be wiser? Those of us who have tried trusting in God have never found it fail, whereas when we have trusted in men we have been disappointed. You who have been self-reliant must have found self-reliance to be, at certain times, a terrible mistake; but those who are God-reliant have never found an instance in which their rest in the Lord has been a questionable policy. Would it not be an *awfully grand fact* if a man should make a failure of his life, and could then turn round and truly say, "O God! the cause of my failure was that I trusted alone in Thee, and Thou couldst not, or wouldst not help me?" As there is a terrible grandeur in the infamous wickedness of Milton's Satan, so much of grandeur that sometimes the reader has been made forgetful of the vileness of the fiend in the greatness of the rebel, so there would be a sort of appalling splendor about a being who should have implicitly lived to God and depended upon Him, and then should have failed. The idea is next door to blasphemous, and tremblingly I let it pass before you that you may perceive that it can have no real existence.

Let us speak further about these simple people,—these *half fools*, as the world thinks them to be. They came to trust in God (4) as

A MATTER OF NECESSITY;

they could do no otherwise. Why is it that numbers of people deal with their friends on trust? It is because no other way is open to them. Matthew Henry says, "All that deal with God must deal upon trust, and He will give comfort to those only that give credit to Him." We cannot bring the Lord our merits, but let us give Him our confidence. Because we are poor, let us appeal to His riches; because we cannot help ourselves, let us cast ourselves upon His power. What else can we do? God is to be trusted: let us trust Him with all our hearts. Do other trusts invite us? Let us reject them, for we remember the past heartbreaks which they have caused us. Lord, we trust in Thee, and come to cast ourselves upon Thee! To whom else can we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.

Oftentimes trust is to a believer his only path: he is shut up to faith; he must believe or die. He is pushed up in a corner, he is bewildered, he can scarce pray, he cannot comprehend himself, nor lift a finger; and now, trusting is the resort of his desperation; it is not his choice, but the fruit of compulsion. Brethren, I feel it a sweet thing *to faint away into faith.* Did you ever do that? Were you ever so far gone that at last you have melted right away from yourself, and sunk into God? I believe that this swooning faintness is the door of faith to multitudes of souls; they enter into peace, not by strength, but by sheer weakness: they do not run into the arms of God, but they fall there. There are doubtless some who run to Christ, for we read of one who came running unto Him; but there are others who must needs be dropped down before Him upon a bed. It matters not how they come to Jesus, so long as they do come to Him; yet it is worthy of note that faith in many cases is a child of weakness: on its human side it is a Jabez, borne with sorrow, *the birth of self's expiring pang.*

Yet faith which thus arises out of very weakness, like the phœnix from its own ashes, *has* (5) *a great side to it.* It is, in some respects, the sublimest effort of the human mind. If ever the bright spirits which stand before the throne test their own faculties upon the mysteries of providence, foreknowledge, predestination, and the free will of man; if they ever inquire where the agency of the created ends and where the divine is found alone,—if ever, I say, they try the edge of their intellect upon themes like these, they make an end by declaring, "We are lost, our spirits cannot comprehend the infinite, but we believe in God, and are sure that He ordereth all things aright."

They doff their coronets before the throne of their superior King, in reverent confidence in His eternal goodness; *this is their grandest worship*, their truest adoration,—they do believe. Brethren, faith is not of earth alone, but saints and angels in heaven believe in the Eternal God. It were a crime to suspect them of the contrary. The mystery of Jehovah's dealings still manifests their faith; they remember His unfulfilled promises, and they look for their accomplishment, for they have not as yet seen the Bridegroom coming to His bride, nor the earth subdued unto His sway, nor the full manifestation of the creation, when the sons of God shall be revealed, and the creature itself shall cease from its groaning. Trust is the simplicity of a babe, but it is the glory of a genius; it is grand in seraph or in saint, and while it befits a child it is worthy of an archangel. Poor fools these trusters are, yet are they near akin to nobler beings.

Now, can you tell me why it is that if a man trusts in God he is generally despised by his fellows? If a person were to say, "As for my getting on in the world, I am trusting to a friend of mine who is influential with the government;" or if another said, "My father was born before me and he will see me provided for," nobody would condemn either of such persons as an idiot, but would treat his confidence as quite legitimate ; but *if any one of us were to say,* "Our confidence, as for our future in this world, is resting in our heavenly Father," there would be a shrugging of the shoulders, a knowing look of the eyes, and when they got far enough away our critics would say, "That man is a fool, or a cant." Alas ! God is *nobody* to the bulk of mankind, and it seems a ridiculous thing to them to trust in Him.

To trust in God is to the worldly man the next thing to building castles in the air. The unbelieving laugh, because they cannot understand us : but what is the reason why they become angry with us ? Why do they turn again and rend us ? *Other simpletons* they let alone, but those who trust in God become objects of scorn. The believer finds that a jest is made upon his faith, and mirth is excited by his confidence : what he says is widely retailed, and more than a little distorted, and he is looked upon as little better than a natural fool. This always was so, and always will be so till the Lord cometh. He that is born after the flesh persecuteth him that is born after the Spirit. The man who walks by sight cannot understand the man who walks by faith ; how should he ? And if we get to trust in God, and that trust becomes the great motive-power of our life, as I earnestly hope it may be with each one of us, then the worldly man will not know how to make head or tail of our conduct, and he will first of all ridicule, and then oppose. Care nothing for the opposition ; he who is right has conquered.

Some of you may have been so sweetly taught to trust in the Lord that you can say, "Yes, blessed be His name, I do trust Him, altogether, unreservedly, and without a suspicion." Be you abundantly sure that the text is your portion this day. I hope there are some of us who can now trust our Lord in any case. If we do but see the Lord's word in any teaching, however mysterious or obnoxious to flesh and blood, our questions are at an end. We accept unhesitatingly the hard and the deep things of God. If we see any attribute, or promise, or half a promise of our Lord to be on our side, we feel more than safe.

A GOOD OLD SAINT

who lately lay dying told her pastor that she was resting upon *the justice* of God. The good divine thought that she had chosen a strange point of the divine character to rest on ; but it was not at all so, for she explained herself. "I rest in His justice to my great Surety and Substitute, that He would not let Him die for me in vain." Thus hard, stern justice becomes a blessed pillow for our confidence, and none can be softer for a dying head. Though justice be as a stone, yet he that can use it as Jacob used the stone at Bethel shall see the ladder which reached to heaven, and angels trooping upon its rounds. Awkward providences, too, like stern attributes, we have learned to use for helps in our trusting.

It happened that Rabbi Joshua was walking up Mount Zion one day with his brother, Rabbi Eliezer, and as they walked along *they started a fox,* which ran out from among the rubbish. "Alas ! my brother," said Joshua, "this is a sad sign ; does it not show us the anger of the Lord against Israel ? He hath given Zion to be a desolation, and the foxes walk about her." Eliezer replied, "True, my brother ; but doth it not also prove the faithfulness of Jehovah towards Zion, for inasmuch as He said that the foxes should go about her when she sinned, hath He not also said that He will build her walls again ? If He is thus faithful to His threatening, will He not in due time fulfil His promise ?" Brethren, you must trust the Lord wholly and entirely, in every thing and concerning every thing. "Trust in Him at all times." You must trust the dark side of Him, you must trust in the shadow of His wings as well as in the light of His countenance. Some of you have only learned to trust to the smile of His face ; you must learn to trust in the blows of His fist. God bring us to that ! "No," say you, "we can never come to that." Surely we can, for did not one of old say, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him ?" That is precisely what we mean.

II. Under our second head we shall consider the grand privilege of the text,

THE SECURITY OF BELIEVERS—

"*They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever.*" Mount Zion had in David's day undergone a great many changes, and it has seen many more since, but it has never been removed. There it was when the Jebusite defied David, there it was when Araunah threshed his wheat, there it was when the Temple gleamed in the sun, there it was when the *Roman soldier* cast the firebrand into the holy place ; and it is there now : it has never been removed, and it never will be. God's children undergo a variety of experiences. To-day their hearts are a place of sacrifice, and to-morrow a battle-field ; by turns their soul is a temple and a threshing-floor ; but whatever their ups and downs may be, they shall never be removed from their ordained and appointed place : by the grace of God they are where they are, and where they shall be.

They shall never be effectually removed from that place before the Lord in which infinite love has fixed them. Where, then, are believers ? We answer, first, they are in the place of *justification.* As soon as they believed in the Lord Jesus Christ they were justified by faith. How many years have passed since then ? Never, mind,—"there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." They have not fallen into the place of condemnation ; they have not been driven from the honorable position of justified men, for "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." The Lord has covered them with the righteousness of Christ, and cast all their sins into the depths of the sea, and therefore they must and they shall stand in His favor as long as Zion's famous rock abides in its place. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." "He that believeth on Him is not condemned." The sheep of Christ shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of His hand.

2. "The believer is also in the place of *regeneration,* and out of that condition he shall never be removed. He was born again ; prove that fact, and *there is no reversing it.* He that is born again *is* born again. You cannot take from a man his first birth, neither can you take from a man his second birth : the thought is ridiculous, the fact is impossible. Art thou a child of God ? Thou art a child of God, and thou canst never be other than a child of God, either in time or in eternity. Hast thou a child ? Thou mayest disown him, but he is thine none the less. Your child may be rebellious, and his character may make thee sorrowful, but he is thy child for all that. Unchild him thou canst not. Even so, if God be my Father, which I know He is, since He has taught me to trust in Him, then I may not question the perpetuity of my sonship, since it is an abiding thing, and I shall no more be removed from it than Mount Zion from its ancient seat.

3. Thou art also in the place of *divine love,* dear to the heart of God, for the Father Himself loveth you, and nothing shall make Him cease to love you. He did not love you because of any thing good in you. When He chose you He knew what you would be ; you will never surprise Him whatever evil you fall into, for He has foreseen and provided for it all, and He hath said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee ; for the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed ; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

Beloved, if thou be indeed trusting in God thou art in the stronghold of *the covenant.* God hath entered into bonds with thee to bless thee. By oath and promise, by two immutable things in which it is impossible for Him to lie, He hath given thee strong consolation concerning everlasting salvation in Christ Jesus ; and thou art like Mount Zion—thou shalt never be removed from thy place in the covenant. Although thy house be not so with God as thou mightest desire, yet hath He made with thee an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which can never be removed, but which abideth forever." This shall not only be a matter of fact as to the believer's actual position with God, but to a large extent this shall be true in his own consciousness as he advances in the life and walk of faith. Believers are too often *tossed about* in their minds, and suffer great shakings and movings of heart because they do not trust in the Lord as they should. These things ought not to be, for we ought to be steadfast and immovable ; but by reason of infirmity and immaturity many are tossed to and fro as with a tempest. Still, even in these, deep in their soul their faith is earnestly keeping its hold, and does not permit them altogether to drift. At the back of a great deal of grievous unbelief, when we are in a depressed condition, there lives a faith which is not moved, but *in secret takes hold* as for dear life, biding its time till better days shall come.

I remember *another*

STORY OF MARTIN LUTHER,

which may fitly be told in this place. Great-souled Martin Luther could believe and doubt against any man of his time ; in believing he could excel the angels, and in horrible thoughts of doubting he could almost match the devils. Great-hearted men are subject to horrible fits of faintness and despair, unknown to minds of smaller calibre. One day he fell so low in spirit that his friends were frightened at what he might say or do. Things were going ill with the great cause, and the Reformer might in his dreadful condition have upset every thing. So his friends got him out of the way, saying to themselves, "The man must be alone, his brain is overworked ; he must be quiet." He rested a bit, and came back, looking as sour and gloomy as ever. Rest and seclusion had not stilled the winds nor lulled the waves. Luther was still in a storm, and judged that the good cause was shipwrecked. I will now give you my own version of the method adopted for the great man's care.

He went home, but when he came to the door nobody welcomed him. He entered their best room, and there sat Catherine his wife, all dressed in black, weeping as from a death in the house. By her side lay a mourning cloak, such as ladies wear at funerals. "Ah !" says he, "Kate, what matters now, is the child dead ?" She shook her head and said the little ones were alive, but something much worse than that had happened. Luther cried "Oh ! what has befallen us ? Tell me quick ! I am sad enough as it is. Tell me quick !" "Good man," said she, "have you not heard ? Is it possible that the terrible news has not reached you ?" This made the Reformer the more inquisitive and ardent, and he pressed to be immediately told of the cause of sorrow. "Why," said Kate, "have you not been told that *our heavenly Father is dead,* and His cause in the world is therefore overturned ?" Martin stood and looked at her, and at last burst into such a laugh that he could not possibly contain himself, but cried, "Kate, I read thy riddle,—what a fool I am ! God is not dead ; He ever lives ; but I have acted as if He were. Thou hast taught me a good lesson."

It is only by realizing the everlasting, abiding love of God that they that trust in the Lord shall come to feel steadfast as Mount Zion, which shall never be removed. The man of God may know that he is safe, and yet there may be such a rush and tumult in his experience that he may not be able to *understand himself* or realize his true position. This may happen even to more advanced believers ; but as we grow in grace the tendency is to reach a more even and equable condition. Experienced believers are not to be put about by every puff of wind ; nay, they come at last to hold on their way in the teeth of all ill weathers, and like hardy mariners, make small account of the lesser storms of life. It is grand to gaze into the face of a patriarch who wears written on his placid brow the words, "He shall not be moved forever. His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Such men are the *pillars of society*, and help poor trembling, doubting hearts to hope that there is something stable yet. Let it be our object and desire to grow into such confirmed and established believers. The promise of God deserves unwavering faith, and why should we not render it, and thus become fixed in our repose of soul.

III. Now I have to finish. In the third place, let us consider

THE EVIDENT REASON

for all this. Why is it that they that trust in the Lord shall not be moved?

Why, *first*, because *they are trusting in the truth*. They have not believed a lie, and therefore they shall not be swept from their foundation. They are trusting in One who will not deceive them and cannot fail them. They have laid their foundation on a rock, have they not? If they had trusted to man, man would fail or change, but, lo! they are trusting to One who is truth, power, immutability, holiness, justice—why should they be moved? I cannot imagine a reason. I say again, why should they be moved?

2. *They are trusting where their reliance is observed and welcomed.* God loveth to have many dependents about Him. It is His way of revealing Himself and manifesting His glory. In these later ages, know you not what the Lord has been doing? He dwelt up yonder self-contained—God, Father, Son, Holy Ghost, within His own supreme Person, self-sufficient. He wanted nothing more, and if He willed aught beyond it was that there might be creatures that could trust Him, love Him, hang upon Him, depend upon Him. He went about in creation and in providence and in grace to make dependents. *A great nobleman* with a big house in a wide country is not content to be all alone ; he needs servants and tenantry ; and if he be of a generous spirit he seeks the poor. He wants poor neighbors to help, and he says, "This Christmas-time I must give something away—is there nobody wanting a round of beef? Is there nobody wanting their chimney set alight with a joint? Is there nobody needing a blanket in this cold season?" Thus God must have dependents ; He must have those about Him who need Him. He loves dependents, and I do not see why He should cast them away. Why should He? If this is what He desireth, if He seeketh such to worship Him, who believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, why should He reject their suit?

3. *It is not the nature of God to cast away any who rely upon Him ;* on the contrary, He is very careful that faith should never have less than she has expected. He respects the courage of faith : He never confounds it. If you open your back door, and a robin comes bravely in out of the cold, do you drive him out? No, you are pleased with his assurance, and give him a hearty welcome. Even so doth God deal with poor trembling souls when they come to him. We read of Charles V., the German Emperor, that when a pair of birds had *built their nest* among the poles and lines of his pavilion he would not allow it to be removed though the time was come for the camp to be on the march. The birds had trusted to him, and they should not be disappointed. The like zealous care doth the Lord exhibit towards the trembling hopes and feeble confidences of poor souls that trust in Him. There is, therefore, no reason why they should be removed, since it is not like the Lord to cast them away.

4. Once more, *for a true believer to be suffered to perish would be a violation of all the promises of God.* He hath said to such, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." His own word is, "the righteous shall hold on his way," "he that believeth in Him shall not be ashamed nor confounded, world without end." Now then, if these promises could fail, the child of God would be removed ; but it is not possible so long as God is God that he who trusts in the Lord shall ever be removed. As long as there is a God in heaven every believer is safe. Let him go and rejoice in this : because it will bring glory to God to save him, but for him to be lost would put a slur upon the name of the Most High. The Lord bring us to a simple faith in Jesus, and keep us fixed there. Amen.

THE VOYAGE OF THE EGLANTINE.

A Story of an English Merchant Vessel.

(*Continued from page* 205.)

MR. HILLIARD turned round as Ned Wright entered the room with Christian's letter in his hand. It was a sad face the boy saw there and one that did not say much for the power of wealth and luxury to confer happiness on their possessor. He looked the very image of misery—that old man sitting in that magnificently furnished room. There stood the boy, poor in the world's estimation, scarcely a coin to call his own, yet his mind was more at ease and he knew more of true happiness than the wealthy sinner he confronted. If the faces of men were indexes of their thoughts, Mr. Hilliard's countenance would have been blazoned with the words "vanity of vanities ; all is vanity. What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?" (Ecclesiastes 1 : 2.) It seemed to him now a sorry result to end his life with, and as he turned to the boy, young and healthy with all his life and its possibilities before him, and thought of his own miserable position, lonely and bereaved, the contrast smote him painfully, and as if he had received a blow or an affront. At last he said gruffly, almost angrily :

"You have a letter for me."

"Yes, sir," said the lad, nervously twisting his cap. "Mr. Christian he give it Cairns, and Cairns give it me. I was to be sure and give it you myself, sir."

He advanced towards the table as he spoke, and laid the missive down. It was crumpled and dirty, bearing evident signs of salt water.

"How came you all to leave *him* there to die? Was there not one among you to lift a finger to save *him?*" said Mr. Hilliard, vainly striving to steady his trembling hands.

"He wouldn't come, sir! Cairns stayed too, when there was room for one in the boat. They wouldn't leave the ship."

"And she went down. You saw her?" came the scarcely audible words.

"We didn't see her sink, sir ; but she was filling fast. We dared not stay another minute.

"That will do ; you may go."

In speechless amazement the boy went out.

"He never asked one question about Mr. Christian!" he exclaimed, finding his voice outside ; "he didn't even look at the letter!"

With an anguish too terrible and strong for utterance, Richard Hilliard stood looking at the silent messenger on the table. Go near it, touch it, he dared not. What did it contain? If he opened it, upon what words, what dreaded sentence, would his eyes rest? In those last hours of life, had some strange, mysterious instinct revealed to his son that one secret? Would he find reproach and bitter scorn within the folded paper? "Open it and know the worst. How could he learn the fatal truth?" urged his stronger will. "What have you to fear?" What had he to fear? He scarcely knew, and yet the dread that was upon him was almost more than he could bear.

Again and again he approached the table, and again and again he turned from it with failing courage. The wish to know what message had come to him from the son who was now lying cold and dead in the depths of the sea became absolute torture in its intensity.

Slowly, wearily dragged on the heavy hours, and still he paced the room with restless steps. Midnight came at last, and the clock chimed out the hour. He stood still and listened till the last sound died away, and then with desperate resolution drew near once more and took up the crumpled envelope.

So saturated had it been with salt water, that it needed scarcely a touch to unfasten, and he held the letter in his hand. For some moments the lines swam and intermingled, and then stood out with sudden and startling clearness.

This is what he read :

"FATHER,—It is probably the last time I shall ever take up my pen to write to you. When you receive this the hand that wrote it will be still forever in the quiet depths of the sea. There is a fierce storm raging around us, and *you know* what our chances are of weathering it. How can I write to you—what can I say? It has come upon me with an awful force, crushing me to the ground with the bitterest shame!

"No matter how I know. I *do* know, and can understand now your refusal to show me Grant's letter. '*As a coaster she is safe enough, but she is certainly not fit for a long voyage. Nothing can make her so.*' Do you recognize the words? I would rather that you had died than that you should have done this deed!

"My own death I am not speaking of, not thinking of ; it fades into utter insignificance before the fact that you, my father, sent these poor fellows to their doom ; that you let me in my ignorance lead them to their graves! That is the bitter overwhelming thought ; *they trusted me*, they gave their lives into my keeping, and I brought them here to die.

"O God! it is hard to bear—that you, my father, whom I have loved and honored, should have done this thing! You, whom I looked up to, and trusted as the very soul of honor! You, whom my mother——"

Here the lines were blurred and smeared, rendered unreadable by the running of the ink. Lower down they again became distinct.

"But I do not wish to reproach you ; there is time for only a few words, and I have other things to say. Will you let your son's death be the last ever laid to your account? Will you promise me that never again shall your hand cause the sound of mourning to be heard in the homes of widows and fatherless children?

"I have heard some words about you this nigh that I dare not gainsay, that I *cannot* repeat Father, it is a fearful thing to live with th curses of drowning men upon your head! It i a fearful thing to die with the memory of thos curses in your heart! God help you"—agai the lines fading into indistinctness—"and f the last time, *good-by.*"

The letter dropped from Richard Hilliard hand, and he sank into his arm-chair, his hea falling on the table. How long he lay in utt insensibility he knew not, and at last came r turning consciousness with its torturing memo ies. Picking up the letter, he folded it, a glancing round with fearful eyes, opened h desk and placed it in a private drawer.

With slow and faltering steps he went upstai to bed, but not to sleep. The wind was howli round the house, now rising, now falling, sha ing the shutters, and dashing the bare boug of the trees outside against the windows. the darkness he lay and listened till his excit imagination called forth voices from the tumu

He heard the plaintive cries of little waili children, calling in vain for the rough hands th would never more be laid in tenderness up their sunny curls. He heard the sobs of chi less mothers, the moans of broken-hearted w ows! Then in a wild burst came passion curses and imprecations from the lips of m struggling for life in the seething sea, and c ing down God's wrath upon the hand that h sent them to their death.

And clear and low through all ran a ceasel undercurrent—"*It is a fearful thing to die w the memory of those curses in your heart!*"

In vain he got up and paced the floor a tried to think of other things ; nothing co banish the haunting words. At last, wear out, he sank into a fitful, troubled sleep, and in his sleep an unutterable horror fell upon him. Round him, on every hand, gathered the cold dark waters, filling his eyes and mouth and ears, yet letting him hear and see. Long bands of slimy seaweed wound round him from head to oot, almost stifling him in their close embrace; and at his feet lay the bodies of dead men, cold and stiff, with their glassy eyes fixed and open.

He tried to shout, but his voice was choked; he tried to move, but the swathes of seaweed held him fast. In an agony he struggled, while the contact with dead hands chilled his blood with loathing, when suddenly through the silent waters came the sound of a voice he knew full well—"*It is a fearful thing to die with the memory of those curses in your heart.*"

Then the pale lips round him opened, and innumerable voices called upon his name in tones of passionate rage and reproach. Louder and louder they grew, closer and closer gathered the bands of seaweed, dragging him down, down; and with a cry that rang through the house, he awoke.

Bathed in perspiration, and trembling in every limb, he lay and listened to the storm. Stimulated by his dream, his busy imagination pictured his son lying in the stillness of death among the ghastly company of drowned men. He saw the beautiful classic face, with the fair hair washed from its sunburnt forehead, and seaweeds clinging round. He saw the fall of the eyelashes on the bronzed cheek, the quiet grace of the folded hands, the statuesque repose of the stately form!

"O God!" he groaned, in the anguish of his heart. "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

The night passed, giving place to day. Once more he mingled with the busy world; but go where he would there followed that never-ceasing voice from the sea—"*It is a fearful thing to die with the memory of those curses in your heart.*"

In his office and in the streets, in solitude or mixing with the busy throng, an invisible presence seemed to him to be dogging his steps and reminding him of his loss and of his sin. In the early days of the Eglantine's disastrous voyage he had thrust his anxieties from him and had occupied his mind with business, but now business had lost its charm; it had no longer the fascination it once possessed to hold his thoughts, and if they were diverted for a few minutes, they returned to the one enthralling subject as surely as the needle of the compass returns to its position however its course may be temporarily diverted.

The evil was, he felt, beyond remedy, and its very hopelessness weighed on him with crushing severity. Where could he turn for consolation? He had no one to comfort him on earth and he dared not look to God. The heavens seemed to him to reverberate with the curses of those drowning men, and he could ask no mercy or forgiveness there. This was no new crime, nor his first transgression of that nature. Vessels like the Eglantine had gone out at his bidding before her, and been lost, and the sin had been as great then; but now had come *the punishment*, and it was his punishment under which he groaned. The sin was yet unanswered for, still unrepented of; but, as he had cried in the first hours of his trouble, his punishment was greater than he could bear.

Many a sinner has felt a like grief when smarting under chastisement, who knew nothing of true repentance. The repentance that works salvation accepts the punishment as just and mourns for sin apart from its consequences. To such a soul the balm of consolation is soon administered; it learns that the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin (1 John 1: 7), and that knowledge, while it does not diminish grief over sin, brings a peace into the soul the world cannot give nor take away—the peace of God, which passes understanding.

But of this peace, as yet, Richard Hilliard had no experience. He lamented over his condition, he grieved over the loss of his son, and in his anguish he cursed his folly. This was his state day and night, and under the mental agony his frame sank. Day by day those about him saw him growing gradually more enfeebled, and the powers of his constitution withering away. It was clear that unless he obtained relief and consolation soon he would speedily pass mourning to a premature grave.

One day he failed to appear at his office, and on sending to his house for instructions, the clerk was told Mr. Hilliard was too ill to transact business. He was stretched on a bed of sickness, suffering from a malady no physician could alleviate — a broken heart. The days passed by, and there was no improvement in his condition; the golden cord was obviously loosed, and the strings of his life were parting. The news of his state was carried to his business haunts. His face, once so familiar in the city, was missed, and his absence noted. It must be no ordinary, no slight ailment, that kept him away from the place where money might be gathered in, and inquiries were made.

"So old Richard Hilliard is dying! They say he cannot get over the loss of his son, who went down with the Eglantine. An unfortunate piece of business that."

So spake the busy crowd, and then the subject was forgotten.

In his lonely chamber he lay reaping the reward of his ill-spent past. Utterly alone—for he would admit no acquaintance, and friend he had none—he lay on what seemed to be his dying bed, uncared for and unloved. All his physical wants were attended to by his servants, but the only one who would have given him the loving service of the heart was no longer there. Day and night the old man lay in what seemed to be a stupor, unheeding all that passed around, and drawing nearer the end of life. The doctor shook his head as he felt the feeble pulse, and tried in vain to rouse him.

"Has he no relative, no friend to care for him?" he asked.

But they looked at each other doubtfully, answering: "No; they had never heard him mention any. Mr. Christian was all he had."

And in his solitude strange visions haunted both waking and sleeping hours. Visions of the past filling him with remorse; visions of the present thrilling his heart with anguish; visions of *what might have been*, teaching him the bitter lesson of a ruined, wasted life. Vivid memories were ever present of doubtful deeds; and *worse*—of things done, and things left undone; of words he would fain have recalled. But it was too late! the irrevocable past lay far beyond his reach; he could but lie and look at it with the fruitless repentance of an aching heart.

(To be continued.)

Every-Day Heroes.—It is a curious and painful thing to think of the tens of thousands of men who start out for their daily toil with the certain knowledge that the trade they are following is dangerous and injurious, and will sooner or later in all probability cause them to die a violent death, or cut them off by premature decay. No man can visit the mining districts, for instance, or dwell in the Black Country, England, without becoming aware that in every house the same kind of skeleton is to be found—the fear that "something may happen." Think of those who go to their trade of *lucifer match-making*—or rather, who went some years ago, for science has abolished many of the evils attending this and other trades—and were almost certain to be attacked with the most terrible disorder that ever assailed humanity, "necrosis of the jaw;" of *artificial flower-makers*, almost certain to suffer in health by inhaling the coloring-matter of the flowers, and not unfrequently becoming afflicted with blindness; of *metal miners*, the average of whose lives throughout the kingdom was not long since only thirty-three years; of *glass manufacturers; of cartridge and percussion-cap makers; of paper-stainers;* and innumerable other occupations in which the work meant death.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

By. J. B Gough.

A Connecticut Man's Story—The Intoxicated Father—The Drink in Seven Dials—Truman, Hanbury & Buxton—A Colored Congregation—A Slave Christ's Freeman—So-called Fanaticism—Rescue of a Child from a Fire—The Bible First—Abstinence the Handmaid of Religion—Glorious Iconoclasts—Persecution of Pioneer Abstainers—The Glorious Final Triumph.

I REMEMBER once I was asked to allow a man to drive me from Stafford, Connecticut, to Wellington, and when I got into the "buggy," as we call it in America, with a silver-mounted harness and a tiptop turn-out—we were going in very fine style—the *driver* said:

"This is the *happiest* day in my life. When I found you were going to Wellington to lecture, I asked the committee to give me the privilege of driving you over. That is my native place, and the last day I was there I was carted out of it. I was a poor miserable drunkard then, and everybody discarded me, and I was carted out of it. One man lent me a horse, and such a horse! I never drove such a horse in my life. I could not see its head for a long time. There was I with my wife and my children, every thing I had in the world, in that one-horse cart. Now I am driving you back with a pair of horses. Mine! I own them! A *pair* of horses; good travellers, ain't they?

"The happiest day in my life, sir. Why, there is my old father, who lives there, and my mother who has prayed for me for years, she lives there, and the people have asked me to bring you." So he was very cheery as he went along. Presently he said, "Mr. Gough, do you think I'm a brute?" "No." "Well, I may not look like a brute, still I was a brute. I was in my house, sir, I had been drinking pretty heavily, I was just ripe for mischief, and a boy of mine opened the door, and as soon as he saw me he turned right off and ran. I said, 'Jack, *Jack, come here!* come out here!' He knew better than to run when I talked like that. He came back.

"His face was all bruised, and blood was running down from a little cut over the eye. 'What have you been doing?' 'Been fighting.' 'What have you been fighting for?' 'Don't want to tell you, father!' 'Don't want to tell me; come here?' I took him right by the collar of his little jacket. 'Now tell me what you have been fighting for.' 'I don't want to!' 'Tell me, or I will cut the life out of you; tell me what you have been fighting for?' 'I don't want to, father!' I drew my fist and struck him a tremendous blow on the face.

"Wiping away the blood and tears with his hand, 'Don't beat me like that; if you don't beat me, I'll tell you.' 'What is it?' 'There was a boy told me my father was a poor old drunkard and I licked him, and if he says so again I will lick him again, though you beat me for it, father.' Did I not love that boy? I could have worshipped him, and yet for years I cursed him by my drunkenness. The love of the drink was stronger than the love for my child."

This is the reason why we battle it. It is not because it takes a few coppers out of your pocket. It is not because it makes you a little poorer. It is not because it is no use for you physically. It is for the debasing, degrading, damning influence of drink upon all that is noble, and bright, and manly, and beautiful.

What did Canon Farrar tell us the other day, of a man in Manchester drunk and a little creature only two years old was crying—only two years old? "Stop that noise," shouted the father. The little creature did not know it was doing any harm, and continued crying, and what did that father do? *Took her up and put her on the fire.* Now I say no man but a drunken man or a madman would do such a thing as that.

You know as well as I do of the brutalities caused by the drink, and I could tell you of instances that would make your hair stand on end and your flesh creep. And because of this we fight it.

Another thing is that it *gains such a hold* upon a man. Now no man intended to become a drunkard. There are young men here, there are boys here, when they take their little drop of beer they do not suppose they are going to become drunkards. They argue in this way—I am not going into the argument—"I can let it alone when I please; I have got a mind of my own, and I can drink a glass of ale without its doing me any particular injury." Well, but you must remember this, that every man who has become an intemperate man has become so in trying to drink moderately, in trying to take a glass with his friends. And when a man finds out it is injuring him, he says he will quit it. But that is the very time when a man will not quit it.

THE DRINK IN SEVEN DIALS.

I went out one Sunday between twelve and one o'clock—half-past twelve and one—down Seven Dials. I went to see what was to be seen there. There were crowds of people—quite a large crowd. One man was telling some pretty strong temperance truths: but I looked at the people. There was one woman, it seemed to me she had but one garment on her, and it was a bitter cold day, as you know. She stood shivering in the cold, but she had threepence in her hand and was watching the door of "The Grapes." I saw men licking their white lips, and their tongues were as white as their lips, waiting for the door to open at one o'clock.

I saw boys and girls of sixteen years of age, in such a wretched state of poverty. Now I do not believe such poverty need exist. My heart bled for them, waiting in crowds for those doors to open at one o'clock with a few pence. And that man who spoke to them said:

"Why some of you have not got a shirt on, and yet you are going to pay money that ought to buy you a shirt into the brewery and into the public-house. The consequence is there is a lot of shirting in the factories, trade is bad, and people cannot get employment because the factories are overstocked. Why don't you go and buy linen and shirting and leather instead of making away with your money in beer, and you get nothing for it."

I stood and looked—I speak my own sentiments, not yours—I looked at the name on that public-house, "*Truman, Hanbury & Buxton.*" I shall answer for what I say in the day of judgment, but, so help me God, in the hour of extremity I would not have my name on such a house as that for all the money spent in drink, and that is 140 million pounds sterling a year. I could not sleep at night; and to me it is the most astounding thing in this country that men should get their living, make money and grow rich out of the pence of the poor squandered in intoxicating drink. It seems to me a fearful business.

Oh, the infatuation of men who love the drink! We sing

"Britons never shall be slaves."

I spoke once to 500 *slaves.* I suppose there was not a dozen free people in the house. It was in 1847, in Virginia. They were obliged to have a certain number of white persons there to form what they called a legal assembly, because the negroes, the slaves, were not allowed to come together unless they had a certain number of white people to constitute a lawful or legal assembly. Nearly all the audience were slaves. To be sure some of them were as white as you or I. I asked a gentleman sitting by my side why they had so many white girls. I said, "There is a girl with blue eyes and straight hair." "She is a slave," he replied, "and has some taint of the negro." It was an awful sight. I spoke and said something about heaven, and one man got up and commenced a song, and before he had sung two words the whole company joined in chorus—

"I'm bound for the land of Canaan,
Come go along with me:
We'll all pass over Jordan
And sing the jubilee.

"Dar we shall see Jesus,
Come go along with me,
We'll all pass over Jordan
And sing the jubilee."

They sang some fifteen verses with that chorus.

When I got up to speak, a man stepped from the foot of the pulpit, and said, "Before Massa Gough begins, I want you just to look at me, bredren. Bredren, here's a nigger doesn't own hisself. My massa owns me; he bought me in the market-place—paid dollars for me. Yes, bredren, here's a nigger doesn't own hisself, bless the Lord! Ah, yes, bredren, this poor old body of mine, the bones and the sinews of this old body of mine, is massa's slave; but, glory to God, bredren, *my soul is the free man of the Lord Jesus.*

Ah! there is not a drunkard in England can say that. There is not a drunkard in England can say that he is not a meaner slave than the slave who is bought and sold for dollars. Why? Because he has *sold himself.* And what does he get? Wretchedness, misery, raggedness, destitution, and poverty. "Who hath woes? who hath contentions? He that tarries long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine."

Therefore, because there is no good in it we wage war against it, and we want to sweep it out of existence. But you say, it's going to be a hard job. Well, we know it is.

And shall we appeal to Christian men to practise self-denial, and shall we appeal to them in vain? Oh! you that have hearts to feel, with heads to plan and hands to work for the good of your fellows—shall we appeal to you in vain? There is not one of you here but if there was

A FIRE IN THIS CITY TO-NIGHT,

and you should be standing in the crowd, and you should see on looking up at that window something that you thought was a child, but would say, "What is that?" "It is a boy—a boy in the fire." "So it is; it is a child there."

Now, will you hesitate? Will you ask questions concerning the *parentage* of that child? Will you ask if he belongs to *your* class in society? Will you talk of the parents being so injudicious as to leave a child there exposed? No! If that was the child of the meanest thief that ever cursed this metropolis, there are very few young men here who would wait a moment. A ladder would be raised; there would be a rivalry; "hand over hand, hand over hand." Some noble fellow would climb. He reaches the threshold.

The child is gone. Does he stop? No, he plunges through the window; and the shower of cinders, and the cloud of smoke, and he sheet of flame tell he is taking a leap. Every eye is fixed on the window; your tongue grows stiff; your lips grow dry; you cling to your next neighbor for support; the crackling of the timbers, and the falling of the beams, and the roaring of the flames, only convey to your minds the horrible idea, "There is *a child in that fire!*" and you stand looking, and some one cries, "He is coming!" "No, no, it is not him, it is but a cloud of smoke;" and your heart sinks within you, and you feel as if you should faint; and some one cries out again, "He is coming now!" "Yes, I see him; he has got the boy with him." "So he has, so he has! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! he has got the boy; he has saved the boy!" That is glorious.

Next morning in the newspapers—"Heroic daring of a noble fellow, who at the peril of his own life plunged into the fire to save a child." All this is right. But let me tell you, young men, that if you exert an influence to *save one man* only from the slavery and bondage of *evil passion*, that is as much more than the other as the soul is worth more than the body. Yet all this is before the eyes of your fellow-men, and it does not require quite so much moral courage to save a child from the fire as it does quietly aud unostentatiously to deny self on all occasions for the good of others, having faith that the Father that seeth in secret shall, in His own good time, reward you openly, and you must wait for your reward till then.

I speak not in the spirit of dictation, not as a teacher or instructor, but simply for the cause I love, for the cause which I believe to be a good one, for the cause which I maintain to be the cause of Him who loveth the creatures He hath made. Not, oh! not as putting my cause before the Gospel! Oh, no! The Bible, the blessed Bible, first always and every thing else in subservience to it. That is my doctrine—*the Bible first.* Yes, the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation," and the principles I advocate are but human principles, human agencies, to do a certain work; and every child in this assembly will know, that *if intemperance is produced by the use of an article, the disuse of that article cures intemperance,* though it may not cure a man of any other sin under heaven; and if a young man practises the principle of total abstinence he cannot be a drunkard, though he may be a thief, a liar, a Sabbath-breaker, or a profane swearer.

I look upon total abstinence as in numerous cases removing the hindrance to a man's reception of religious truth. Thus I feel that in bringing him up from the ditch and drawing him by a pure human agency to the threshold of the church he is better prepared to understand and appreciate religious truth than when he is a drunkard, and I can ask God to sanctify my cause to a higher end than the mere lifting a man from the ditch—of ruin and degradation; and I pray God that when I die I may die right in the harness, battling against the instrumentalities that have tended so much to keep young men out of the Church of God, to build a barrier between them and the sanctuary, and a hindrance between them and the *religious truth* which they must receive through the understanding that is darkened by the power of this fearful habit.

And I say, then, I believe our movement has claims upon your sympathy, upon your co-operation—at any rate upon your careful, prayerful investigation. I know very well that the movement I advocate is in advance of public sentiment; and the truest men, the freest men that ever lived, men that were their own masters, that were serving God, and rendering Hin swift obedience—these have been men who hav been in advance of the public sentiment of thei age, and have labored for others.

Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth and I will show you men who stood alone—wh came out like *glorious iconoclasts,* to beat dow the Dagon worshipped by their fathers. They wer persecuted, they were hooted, they were maltreated but they stood firm. They looked into the futur and they saw the golden beam inclining to the sid of perfect justice; they believed in the future; the had faith in God, and they worked, and this gener tion is rejoicing in the fruits of their labors, and honoring the men that were despised, because the were in advance of the public sentiment of the ag And this movement is in advance of public sent ment; but I thank God it is a progressive mov ment.

Yes, I remember reading the first constitution the *first temperance society* formed in Americ This movement was born in the Church of Chri and that which is born there will never die—neve They were men of God that first raised the barri They were *persecuted;* their cattle were mutilate their fruit-trees were injured; their houses we blackened; they were hooted and pelted throu the streets; strings were passed across the pav ment, and when they came by, the strings we stretched, and they were thrown down. Th suffered, and suffered what no man suffers to-d for this cause at any rate, But it was like remo ing the first turf to prepare a bed on which to l the corner-stone; and it was laid by men of fa and prayer, and the building has been in progr till now, each stone being cemented to its fellow love, and truth, and sympathy, and good-will.

Ah, it is a *glorious superstructure* to-day! Pil after pillar, tower after tower, column after colun, with the capitals emblazoned with emblems of lo truth, sympathy, good-will to man. It rises bef us. Old men gaze upon it; their hearts swell in ticipation of the day when the capstone shall be upon it, though they will not live to see it. Me eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers, and bind wreaths around their brows. We do not see its beauty, we do not see its magnificence yet. Why! Because it is in course of erection. The scaffolding is all around it; ropes, and poles, and ladders, and workmen, ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the superstructure.

But by and by the heads of those who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle-fields, waving with bright grain, never to be crushed in the accursed distillery—through vineyards, under trellis-vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never to be pressed into that which shall debase a man—shall come up through orchards, under trees hanging thick with their golden pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and degrade humanity—shall come to the last fire in the last distillery and put it out; to the last stream of liquid death, and seal it up forever; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where the Creator meant he should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst his burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains.

Then, then, the capstone will be set upon the building; the pale horse, with death for his rider, shall receive a check upon his bridle that shall bring him back on his haunches; the last shout shall be heard; the last drunkard shall go into the building, leaving his broken fetters behind him; and rejoicing shall be heard in heaven, when the triumphs of this and every great moral enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ.

I believe it, on my soul I believe it! For this I am laboring. Will you, my hearers, individually give your influence to this movement, in the spirit of self-denial, showing yourselves to be true men, who seek others' and not your own good altogether? And remember that in this fleeting world of change, with its fashion passing away, you may be privileged to exert an influence that can never die. In the language of Thomas Knox, of Edinburgh,—

> "Though scoffers ask, where is your gain?
> And mocking say your work is vain,
> Such scoffers die, and are forgot,
> Work done for God, it dieth not.
>
> "Press on! press on! nor doubt, nor fear,
> From age to age this voice shall cheer,
> Whate'er may die and be forgot,
> Work done for God, it dieth not."

Miss Weston, who is doing such a great work amongst the sailors of the English navy, not long ago at the close of a meeting, when some men were being urged to give their hearts to Christ and become total abstainers, was accosted by a sweep, a man of notoriously drunken habits. She was persuading him to sign the pledge. He took the pen in his hand, placed his hand on the book, and as he was about to write his name he looked up: "*Please, miss, be you a teetotaler?*" "Well," she said, "no, not exactly, but I take it in moderation." "Then," said he, throwing down the pen, "I'll do as the lady does; I'll take it in moderation." Nothing would make that man sign. Back he went! This decided her to become a total abstainer.

Suits of mourning and expensive funerals are often a serious tax entailed by custom on bereaved families, and many a widow and her fatherless children have increased the privations of their condition by an effort in *this way* to express their reverence for the deceased. The Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Philadephia, in the course of an able and vigorous protest against this waste of resources, suggests that in place of full mourning a bit of black ribbon on coat or cloak should be worn, which would effect the desired object as well as the most expensive and complete suit. He quaintly suggests that if it is necessary to spend the sum of money usually devoted to these habiliments of woe they might be sent to the heathen, "who in *their* sorrow at the grave have no hope."

THE READING OF THE LAW.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 2d.—Neh. 8. Golden Text, Ps. 119:130. By Mrs. M Baxter.

THE building of the wall of Jerusalem was finished, in spite of all the hindrances which the enemies of God and His people had placed in the way. Nehemiah had appointed a man over Jerusalem who was "a faithful man, and feared God above many." He appointed watches also in the city, "every one to be over against his house" (chap. 7 : 2, 3). Oh that we might learn also this lesson! How many Christian parents forget to keep a watch over their own households for the Lord! and thus it happens that many earnest Christians have unconverted and even worldly children, which bring scandal and distrust upon the name of Christian.

Just at this time it would seem that a thirst for Bible knowledge broke out among the people. They "gathered themselves together as one man into the street that was before the water gate [for the feast of the seventh month (Lev. 23 : 24–36)]; and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel." This is blessed. The demand came from the people, and it was not the vain, hopeless effort of the priest to force attention upon an unwilling people. And the real thirst for the Word of God exists much more widely than we are aware of, but few are honest enough to speak to their ministers what they think about it.

Ezra the priest was ready enough to comply with such a request, and he gave them such a Bible reading as had not been known in Jerusalem since the time of Josiah. There stood the congregation in the open street, where no traffic took place, for the people were all at the Bible reading; and Ezra began as soon as it was light in the morning, and read straight on till midday.

And it was done with great solemnity. Ezra stood upon a pulpit of wood, and beside him were the Levites, and he "opened the book in the sight of all the people; . . . and when he opened it all the people stood up: and Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God. And all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with lifting up their hands; and they bowed their heads, and worshipped the Lord with their faces to the ground." Thus they listened with intense reverence to God's Word, and as those who knew they stood in His presence. We may learn a lesson from them. The people were there with bowed heads, and it is both unbecoming and useless for us to read God's Word otherwise than with understanding and will bowed before Him to be instructed and directed. If we come to God's Word as critics, we forget ourselves and who it is that speaks to us; if we come to the Word as those who understand it all beforehand, we are not come to learn, and the Book will be closed to our understanding.

Ezra was not alone; the Levites caused the people to understand the law. Probably there was a large after-meeting, in which the Levites had plenty of work with individual inquirers—for it is not said they explained the law: they went a step further, and made them understand it. It is the marvel of all who work in after-meetings how very little the people have understood of what was said. For instance, perhaps the preacher has proved with the utmost clearness that by the works of the law no flesh is justified before God, and nevertheless the first answer we receive in the after-meeting is, "I do try all I can." Again, perhaps he has been saying that it is by faith and not by feeling that we are saved and assured of our salvation, and that God's written Word is enough for us to rest upon without any emotion. To every believer present it is so clear that he could almost wish he were unconverted that he might accept so easy a salvation, but you will hear again and again in the after-meeting, "I cannot feel I believe."

"So they read in the book in the law of God *distinctly*"—this is a great and important point, and well would it be for every young minister to lay stress upon it and do likewise—"and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." When the Bible is thus read, it is not human, it is all divine. Oh! how true is our golden text, "The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."

Nehemiah, Ezra, and the Levites were exceedingly happy, and they said unto all the people, "This day is holy unto the Lord your God; mourn not, nor weep. For all the people wept, when they heard the words of the law. Then he [Nehemiah] said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." No doubt they had seen their great responsibility as a people called to be holy unto the Lord, and they felt it was impossible, but Nehemiah pointed them to the source of strength which should still all their doubts and fears. Not their own joy, but the joy of the Lord. In hearing His word and seeking to take it fully in they were giving joy to the heart of God, and His joy in them was their strength. Our strength is the assurance that we please God. Without such an assurance it is impossible to be strong in Him. "So the Levites stilled all the people, saying, Hold your peace, for the day is holy; neither be ye grieved."

It would seem that they were all comforted. Doubtless many have been unforgiven sinners up to this time, and God gave them His peace; others had sins of omission or commission upon their consciences, and it may be, and probably was so, that the Levites showed them the way of return by confession and by faith in Him who had said many years before (Job 33 : 24), "I have found a ransom." In both cases there would be the question, But how about the future? How can I break through long-formed habits of sin and unfaithfulness? And they learned the blessed truth, "I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song" (Isaiah 12 : 2).

"And all the people went their way to eat and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them." "The *entrance* of Thy words giveth light," not the mere hearing of them. "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John 15 : 7). The long reading of the first day had not tired the people, and on the second day there they were, ready again, and the heads of the people especially, to understand the words of the law. Then they discovered a long-neglected command, that they should dwell in booths in the feast of the seventh month. They were well prepared to do any thing which they should find to be the will of God, and without any reasoning, because the habit had been so long in disuse, they set to work immediately to go forth into the woods to bring olive-branches and pine-branches, and they made themselves booths wherever they had an available space. This would seem a small matter to rejoice about, but nevertheless they did rejoice. And it is ever so. When a willing heart discovers the smallest thing to be the will of God, and does it, then a sweetness, a sense of understanding between him and God creeps over him. "And there was very great gladness."

"Also day by day, from the first day unto the last day, he read in the book of the law of God." This was the wellspring of their joy: God was speaking to them through His word. Moses, speaking of the words of God's law, said, "For it is not a vain thing for you, for it is your life." No knowledge is so precious as the knowledge of what God hath said. Oh, how deeply may we pity those who have not this sure foundation! The wretched uncertainty of mere ideas and opinions, with no certain guarantee as to their truth—how different from the Word which the eternal God has given to us to unveil His mind and heart, and to lead us in His ways!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Queen of England has published a letter saying she desires to "express publicly her heartfelt thanks for the universal and most touching sympathy shown to her by all classes of her loyal and faithful subjects on the present occasion, when it has pleased God to call away from this world her dearly-beloved daughter, the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse. Overwhelmed with grief at the loss of a dear child, who was a bright example of loving tenderness, courageous devtion, and self-sacrifice to duty, it is most soothing to the Queen's feelings to see how entirely her grief is shared by her people.

"Seventeen years ago, at this very time, when a similar bereavement crushed the Queen's happiness, and this beloved and lamented daughter was her great comfort and support, the nation evinced the same touching sympathy, as well as when, in December, 1871, the Prince of Wales was at the point of death. Such an exhibition of true and tender feeling will ever remain engraven on the Queen's heart, and is the more to be valued at this moment of great distress in the country, which no one more deeply deplores than the Queen herself."

A Pentecost in Southern India.—The Rev. J. E. Clough, of the American Baptist Mission among the Teloogoos of Southern India, writes that in six weeks he and his assistants have baptized 8691 converts. These are the men and women who dug the three and a half miles of the Buckingham Canal during the late famine, thereby earning the means to save their families from great suffering, and even from death. At least one half of all the baptized date their conversion or conviction to that time and place. There are many candidates for baptism waiting to be examined, and Mr. Clough believes that 5000 more converts will be brought in by the end of the year. Mr. Williams writes that he found Mr. Clough and helpers "literally crowded upon by the people who were pressing into the kingdom of God. I saw what few missionaries have seen. More than a thousand people from one of the Ongole Pallums came into the compound and gave up their idols. They showed how they had worshipped them in former times with music and dancing around the idols, and then said that henceforth they would worship the living God, who had helped them in time of trouble. They declared that they believed in Christ, the only Saviour of the world."

Bismarck's latest action has caused widespread consternation in Germany. He has prepared a bill which, under his auspices, will probably become law, nominally to enforce order in the Reichstag, but really designed as a check on the right of free speech. It empowers a committee of two vice-presidents and ten members of the House to punish any member who may use "unbecoming language" in the course of the debates. The phrase defining the offence is so vague and elastic that it will form a dangerous element in political life, and may, in unscrupulous hands, be used for the purpose of crushing out free speech and honest criticism in the representative houses. It is doubtless very convenient for a minister to have the opposition put to silence; but this method of performing the operation is more "high-handed" than safe. It is very much like fastening down the safety valve of an engine and sitting on it; if it were tried in some countries we know of it would have a similar result. Germany must have become very tame if she suffers so tight a muzzle to be quietly affixed.

A British merchant, who had taken his passage in a Turkish vessel on the Levant, had his attention directed during the voyage to an interesting slave, a Mussulman, with whom he soon fell into conversation. He found him intelligent, quick, and of strong, lively affections. He drew from him some particulars of his history, and found that he had been free-born, but had been made captive in war. His misfortunes fell heavily on his spirit; and he felt the weight of the miserable yoke he was doomed to bear.

The merchant was touched with sympathy for this helpless captive. The more he knew of him the deeper was the interest he felt in his welfare; and he actually began to entertain the thought of effecting his release. Cautiously inquiring as to the sum requisite for this purpose, he found that it was considerably greater than the mercantile profits of his entire voyage. Still he could not abandon the thought. He spoke to the captain, to whom this interesting Mussulman belonged, and offered him a price for his ransom. His offer was accepted; but the slave having overheard part of the conversation between the captain and the merchant, and mistaking the design of the latter, supposing, in fact, that he was purchasing him to retain him in slavery for his own use, he sprang forward, his eyes gleaming with indignation, and cried out, "And do you call yourself a free-born Briton, and an enemy to slavery wherever it exists, and yet purchase me!"

He was proceeding on in a strain of burning, indignant invective, when the merchant turned his eyes affectionately upon him, and said: "*I have bought you to set you free.*" Instantly the storm of passion was hushed; the slave burst into tears; and, falling at the feet of his deliverer, he exclaimed, "*You have taken my heart captive! I am your slave forever.*"

A new missionary field is opened in Central Africa, to which our missionary societies cannot too promptly give their attention. The discoveries of Livingstone and Stanley must be utilized for Christ and that great unknown land claimed for Him, as a part of His spiritual kingdom. Preparations are already being made to sow the seeds of error there, as is shown by the news from Rome that the Pope has sent ten Jesuits to Central Africa to *evangelize* the countries comprised in that vast continent. The mission will cost $40,000.

Those who know the earnestness and self-denying energies of the Society of Jesus will recognize the danger menaced by their expedition.

Lord Beaconsfield has always made a boast of his Jewish origin, and has, in season and out of season, proclaimed the superiority of the Jewish race to all others. It is he who said, "The Jews might well be satisfied with their position in the Christian world, for one half of that world worshipped a Jew and the other half a Jewess;" and in a passage recently quoted by a London paper he says: "In this enlightened age the pupil of Moses may ask himself whether all the princes of the house of David have done so much for the Jews as that Prince who was crucified on Calvary. Had it not been for Him the Jews would have been comparatively unknown. Has not He made their history the most famous of the world? What successes did they anticipate from their Messiah? The wildest dreams of their rabbins have been far exceeded. Has not Jesus conquered Europe, and changed its name into Christendom? All countries that refuse the Cross *wither*, while the whole of the New World is devoted to the Semitic principle and its most glorious offspring, the Jewish faith; and the time will come when the vast communities and countless myriads of America and Australia, looking upon Europe as Europe now looks upon Greece, and wondering how so small a space could have achieved such great deeds, will still find music in the songs of Zion, and still seek solace in the parables of Galilee."

Begging Nuns in England.—The action taken by Mr. Rayner Wood in recently arresting two "Sisters of Charity" on a charge of begging has been made the subject of severe criticism. The Manchester magistrates discharged these sisters on the ground that they were connected with a charitable institution. But the magistrates of Derby, in a similar case (reported in the *Derby Mercury* of September 1st, 1875), came to a different conclusion. The sisters arrested by the chief constable were only discharged upon the understanding that they would *discontinue the practice* within the jurisdiction of that district. If the decision of the Manchester magistrates is to be upheld, it would countenance the solicitation of alms by beggars on the plea that it is for their starving families at home; and what is to prevent a house-to-house visitation by the emissaries of the several bodies who may "ask alms" for fictitious benefit societies or clubs? These begging nuns are themselves a nuisance; no house, no office is free from them, and their solicitations are preferred with so great importunity and persistency, that many are induced to yield to their requests in order to free themselves of their intrusions. It is evident, from the report in the *Derby Mercury*, that large sums of money are obtained in this way, and the distribution of these sums must prove influential for purposes of proselytism to Popery.

Anecdotes of Princess Alice.—The Rev. C. Keen, Baptist minister of Redhill, in a memorial sermon for the Princess Alice, related the following instance of the Princess's geniality of heart and sympathy with the suffering. One of the members of his church, who was for a short time during last summer an inmate of the Convalescent Home at Eastbourne, told him,—"The late Princess Alice visited the Home while I was there, and won all our hearts. She came into the room, and spoke so kindly to every one. No other visitor ever came inside the sitting-room door. There was a *poor child, a cripple*, in the room, whose cushions she moved with her own hands to make her more comfortable; and of every one who seemed to be suffering she asked so kindly what was the matter, and if they had been long ill. On the bed of a poor *Irishwoman* she sat and read to her. I saw much of her, and was much impressed with her simplicity of manner, additionally shown at a school treat to which she and her whole party went, and joined in the recreations of the children." "Truly," said the preacher, "the late Princess rests from her labors, and her works do follow her."

Trust.—

Say not, my soul, "From whence
Can God relieve my care?"
Remember that Omnipotence
Hath servants everywhere.—*Lynch.*

Cinchona Rubra is asserted, by Dr. D'Unger, to be a specific for drunkenness. Its action is defended on the alleged fact that alcohol and sugar, or, what is the same, alcohol and any food containing starch, produces in the human system something akin to yeast germs or spores, which spores are the inciting stimuli of the appetite for alcohol. The Cinchona destroys these spores, and thus eradicates the cause of the appetite. The remedy is worthy trying. Numerous cures are claimed for it, some of them certified by eminent names. Moreover, if the effect of Cinchona Rubra thus demonstrates that alcoholism is an organic poison, we shall have gained more than the benefit of the antidote. We shall have the fact that liquor-sellers are public-poisoners, scattering the spores of organic disease. This view places liquor-prohibitory laws in the category of laws protective of public health, such as sanitary legislation.

Nihilism in Russia.—By the accounts which are published in the Russian papers it is evident, says the *Evening Standard*, that Nihilism is spreading with great rapidity, and that the authorities are becoming exceedingly alarmed at its threatening aspects. It manifests itself in all classes of society, and has its agents among *the secret police and in the court* itself; the army is permeated with it; and the students and the younger professional men appear to be *Nihilist to a man*, and, with the fervor and enthusiasm of youth, are reckless in the betrayal of thei sentiments. In some of the universities all discipline appears to be at an end; the professor are hissed and hooted, and are altogether powerless to keep order. Assassinations continue threatening letters are the terror abroad, inflammatory pamphlets are circulated broadcast, an authority appears to be helpless against this recent and ubiquitous enemy. There can be n doubt that Russia is approaching an intern crisis of the most serious kind.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1879.

13th Year. No. 15—New Series.

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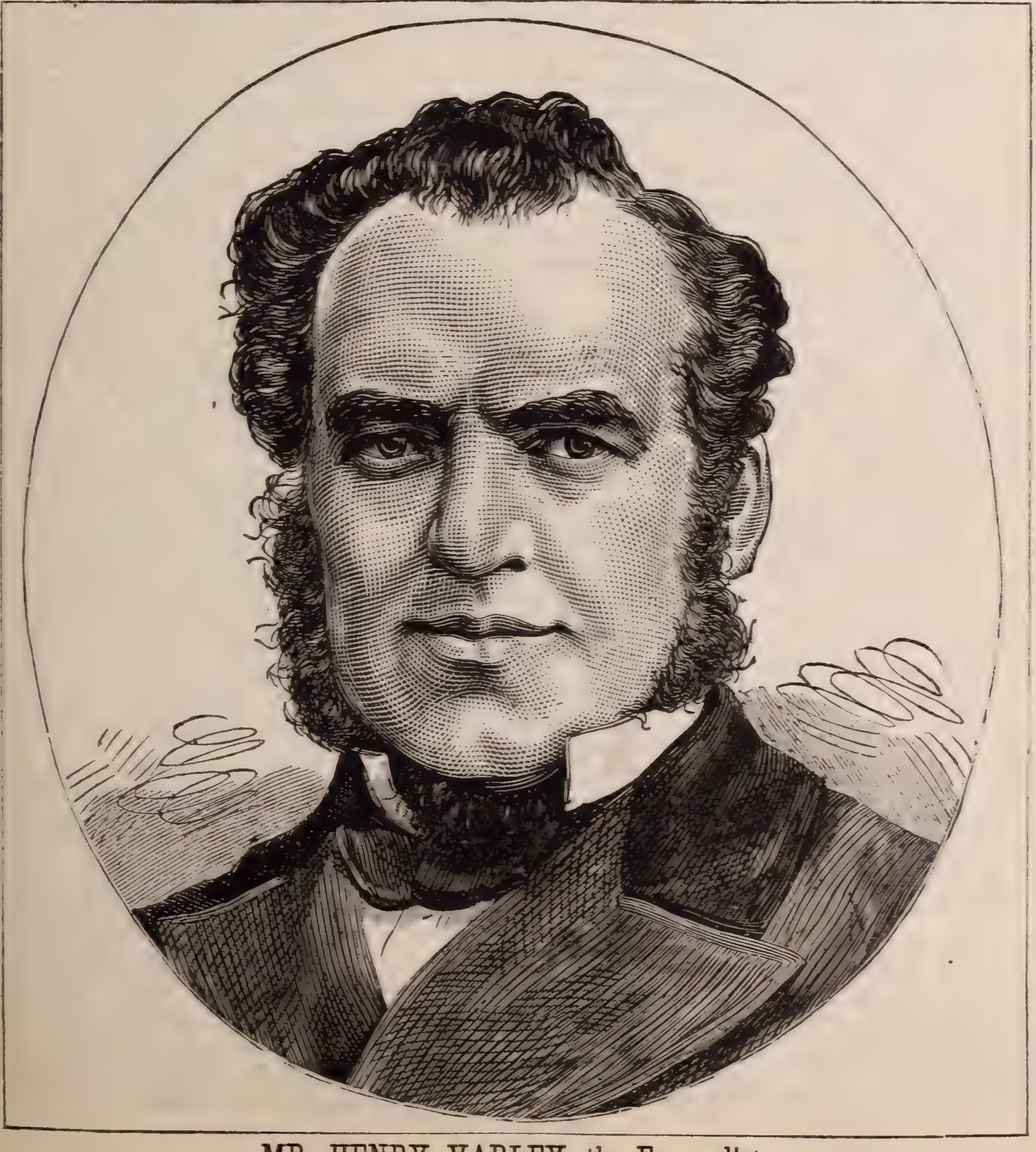

MR. HENRY VARLEY, the Evangelist.

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HENRY VARLEY is a native of Lincolnshire, England, having been born at Tattershall in 1835, and is therefore now forty-four years old. His earliest religious impressions were the result of a pious mother's watchful care. His parents were both well educated, but his mother especially so, and for some years she was at the head of a large ladies' boarding-school in Lincoln. She died while he was a boy; but amongst the most precious memories of his life are the hours when he would sit by her bedside and read her favorite hymns to her, especially Toplady's "Rock of Ages." Her influence over her boy had been so sweet and holy, and his young life was so bound up in hers, that when death called her home he felt for the time as if life in this world had lost all its attraction for him.

His school-days were spent in Tattershall, under the tuition of an able mathematical scholar, Mr. Boole. He made his mark in the school in two directions: he was sharp at figures, and was a capital elocutionist. Leaving school at about thirteen years of age, he entered his father's business in Lincoln, and a year later came to London at pursue the same trade. One Sunday afternoon when he was out for a walk he happened to pass through Trafalgar Square when Mr. Kirton was engaged in distributing tracts in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Kirton, placing a tract in the youth's hand, kindly asked him whether he would accompany him to Mr. Baptist Noel's Chapel in John Street, Bedford Row. He needed no pressing to comply with the invitation, and his acceptance of it was the beginning of his devoting himself to the service of his Redeemer.

At John Street Chapel he had the privilege of becoming a member of the class conducted by the well-known John Roberts, who has but recently exchanged earth for heaven. Over Henry Varley his influence, perhaps, can hardly be estimated at too high a value, he was so deep and thorough, so elevating and sanctifying. This is Henry Varley's description of him when, as a boy of fifteen, he first became a member of Mr. Roberts's class in Calthorpe Street Schools: "There, upon the slightly raised stool, sat this man of God, surrounded by about one hundred and thirty members and visitors. To see him at once secured attention; you felt that that class had a centre and a head of no mean order. He might have been a descendant of one of the old Puritans, such massive firmness couched in the quiet of the placid face, and yet so tender that at times the voice seemed almost inadequate to express the exquisite gentleness that the sympathy and love of Christ had imparted to him. Somehow he possessed our hearts, heads, and lives, and shaped them to a divine fashioning."

It was to the instructions of this friend and teacher that Mr. Varley attributed his conversion, and in 1853 he was baptized by Mr. Baptist Noel, and admitted as a member of the church at John Street. His business as a vendor of meat soon afterwards took him to Australia; but he retained his membership with the church where he had received such spiritual profit until he returned in 1857. It was, at his return, his fixed resolve to prepare for the work of the ministry, and to go back to settle in Australia; but the providence of God had ordered otherwise. He was now a married man—married, we may say in passing, to one who has been his true helpmeet in all godly work, and but for whom, as his friends have often heard him say, he never could have accomplished what he has been enabled to do.

He relinquished all thoughts of leaving England, and set up in business in Holland Park, Notting Hill. Meeting his old teacher, Mr. Roberts, in those days, he said to him, "Notting Hill seems so dark, and everybody so strange; I am not sure I have not made a mistake in going there."—"Dark, is it?" characteristically replied his old friend. "Well, as London increases westward, the authorities don't multiply the lamps in Oxford Street, but they carry the main pipes down the principal roads, and extend the lamps. Go, my young friend, down there, and *shine* for Christ."

He had not been there more than twelve months before it became evident that, notwithstanding his business success, he had a higher calling, to which he was devoting himself heart and soul. He never regretted being engaged in business, because it gave him a position of unquestionable disinterestedness from which to speak to men of business of the importance of seeking, first of all, "the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Often as we have heard our friend address large gatherings, we think he has never been more truly at home than when he has been speaking faithful and loving words to the journeymen butchers of London.

Perhaps his first regular preaching efforts began in 1860, when he became superintendent of the Kensington Potteries' School. Certain it was that these efforts eventually resulted in the erection of the West London Tabernacle, St. James's Square, Notting Hill. It should be known that the cost of this building, capable of holding two thousand persons, was met by Mr. Varley and his father-in-law. It should also be understood that he chooses to be known as a "Lay Evangelist," and used to be absent from Notting Hill several times during a month, engaged in evangelistic labors in various parts of England. He would sometimes have in one week between forty and fifty applications to conduct services in neighborhoods where a harvest of precious souls might be reaped; and we are glad to know that during his absence the services of his son, a youth of great promise, have been highly valued.

As regards his characteristics as a preacher, which are so well known to many, he has a remarkable gift in the expounding of Holy Scripture, and ever aims to understand, and clearly to make known, what the mind of the Spirit is. He is also a fervent believer in

THE SPEEDY COMING OF THE LORD,

and it is the deep impression which this truth has made upon his mind that has led him almost to deem "the world as his parish." No one can be in his company long without feeling that his belief in the speedy Advent of Christ is one of the deepest convictions of his nature, and the effect of this belief upon him is that it gives a solemn, yet gladsome, glow of feeling to all his words upon any subject. His preaching abounds in illustrations and pithy anecdotes, which are always introduced at the right moment, not for the mere embellishment of a discourse, but to carry it home to heart and conscience with more telling and more convincing power.

A West of England paper, speaking of some meetings at Plymouth, when the Guildhall was crowded by an immense congregation, expressed itself somewhat to this effect: "Mr. Varley is more polished than Mr. Moody; almost as solid, if not as smartly epigrammatic, as Mr. Spurgeon, and free from the gloominess that sometimes hung about the discourses of the Rev. William Taylor." In the Christian wholeness of the man, in the godly vitality of all his powers, may be found one of the causes of his growing popularity and usefulness.

What Dr. Tyng said of Mr. Varley's addresses in the city of New York can with equal propriety be applied to his sermons in the West London Tabernacle and throughout England. "I have no room," said Dr. Tyng, "to speak in terms befitting the cordial interest awakened in the minds of those ministerial brethren of various denominations who shared with me the opportunity of hearing him. The simplicity and directness of his expositions of Scripture, the vividness of his illustrations, the vigor of his personal appeals, may be judged of somewhat by the printed reports of his sermons; but no reader can supply the impressions made by voice and manner, by emphasis and tone, and it was these impressions that gave insight as to his calm resting upon God for strength and guidance, and noble longing for success as a servant of Jesus Christ."

To gain even an inkling of the stirring character of the circumstances under which Mr. Varley's sermons were given in New York, we have to read the newspapers of 1875. It was not at all unusual to see twenty thousand people filling every seat in the Hippodrome on a Sunday evening. On one of these occasions, when the Hippodrome was so densely packed as scarcely to leave standing room, he preached a solemn sermon on the parable of the five foolish virgins who took no oil in their lamps. Taking as his text the words, "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him," he said:

"The doctrine that the present dispensation is to continue until all nations are converted t the kingdom of Christ has long been given up b thousands of the most thoughtful students o the Word of God, and now the speedy end c this economy is anticipated as a period of mos solemn judgment. I believe that final crisis i near at hand. As it was in the days of Noah so shall it be in the coming of the Son of Man they were eating and drinking, marrying an giving in marriage, and knew not till the floo came and destroyed them all. Look at the citi over which the Dead Sea flows to-day—a testi mony of the literal fulfilment of God's proph ecies and warnings. Mark, too, that the proph ecies require that the Lord Jesus shall com before the world is converted; and so close believe, is that coming, that I should not be su prised to see Him before my hair grows gray."

In the Association Hall in New York M Varley's addresses attracted immense au ences, while drawing-room meetings gather together the upper class of society. The eff of his preaching was to kindle an enthusiasm the breasts of Christians generally, which hundreds of them seeking out their friends a relatives, and urging them to come and hear t Gospel. About a hundred ministers met h at the close of the month which he had engag to spend in the city, and begged him to rem at least another month, while at the same ti from Boston and Philadelphia the cry ca "Come over and help us."

Immense audiences everywhere atten throughout the country, at his various addr es, which the Rev. Theodore Cuyler said w delivered "in familiar, John-Bunyan-like E lish, and which held the large congregation tight as in a vice." It is believed that imme good resulted from his unceasing efforts, esp ally in New York and in Boston. For s weeks in New York he held continuous m ings six days of each week, always twice a and often three times. Those who watched work the most closely could not but say tha last discourses were the most powerful and pressive of all. In the course of these m ings he addressed audiences aggregating al 200,000 souls, hundreds of whom were verted; while thousands of professing Christians were edified, and lifted up to a life of sweeter restfulness in Christ than they had ever enjoyed before.

His tour in Canada in 1875 also must not be forgotten. During his visit to Toronto, where he went as a stranger, comparatively speaking, his friends at home were cheered from time to time by hearing of the city becoming a scene of wondrous working power. A correspondent wrote at the time: "Our brother Henry Varley and his dear wife have come to us in the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus, having been greatly blessed at Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, and Belleville, to the salvation of many souls. Already this country has beheld what God can do by a man 'wholly surrendered.' He has witnessed to thousands daily of an adorable Lord. Aldermen, professors, merchants, drunkards, young and old, educated, unlearned are daily testifying of the wondrous love of Jesus. Christians have been led to realize the riches of their inheritance, and awake out of the h-like sleep growing out of mere formalism ceremonialism.''

glancing once more at his English work, it be confidently affirmed that, during the last years, about one thousand persons have brought annually to religious decision as result of his labors. In connection with West London Tabernacle we may also state in addition to the several institutions usu- found in connection with a Christian rch, Mr. Varley opened, in September, 1876, 'Industrial Home for the Blind,'' where a iderable number of this afflicted class are dy engaged, and which promises to be a blessing to many of the poor blind and children.

r Mr. Varley's ''Annual Butchers' Festi- Mr. Spurgeon usually lends the Metropoli- Tabernacle, and it is a social gathering of al interest. At the first meeting of the held in 1864, it was attended by twenty- journeymen butchers, employed chiefly in Metropolitan Meat Market; but in last s gathering there were no less than 1550, es 250 visitors and friends.

is shows that although ''market-men'' are upposed to care very much about social re- s of such a character, they do care about Varley, and accept with pleasure the an- invitation which he and his good wife—his uable helper in all Christian work—kindly them.

will be ready to say that to undertake work large a scale Mr. Varley must be a man o ordinary physical strength. Perhaps, ver, the true secret of his getting through ich is the intense enjoyment he finds in his utmost ''while it is called to-day.'' rinks from no toil which promises to be l, and in a very noble sense will compass nd land to win souls for Christ. He has ar greater encouragements in his work many who have enjoyed much higher edu- al advantages, but we do not know any nore ready very cordially to rejoice in the ss of others.

Varley has recently announced his inten- f residing permanently in Australia, where e building is being prepared for evangeli- rvices. He is still in the vigor of his age; hat he may, in his new home be increasing- ful will, we trust, be the earnest prayer of reader of these lines.

aar at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.— Rev. C. H. Spurgeon having completed the y-fifth year of his pastorate, it has for time past been contemplated by the con- tion to present him with a testimonial on ccasion of what they term his ''pastoral wedding.'' Subscriptions have been re- d for this object, and a bazaar was held in cture-hall and school-room of the Taberna- Dec. 31st to Jan. 3d. Mr. Spurgeon hav- eclined to receive any thing for himself, it ecided that the proceeds should be devoted endowment of the almshouses in connec- with the Tabernacle. It was originally pro- to present Mr. Spurgeon with £5000 ,00), of which about £3000 ($14,580) has subscribed or promised. There were thirty among the contributors of which were the ns, who themselves supplied four or five, ders, the ministers and students of the Col- the Sunday-school, the Orphanage, the rtage, the College Evangelists, the Flower on, the Bible Classes, the Mothers' Meet- ass, the Evangelists' Association, the Evan- Choir, the Mansfield Street Sunday-school, utchers' Festival Committee, etc. The r was formally opened at two o'clock by ev. J. A. Spurgeon, brother of the Rev. Spurgeon, whose illness precluded his ice. The hymn, ''Let us with a gladsome '' was sung, and prayer was offered by the J. P. Chown, of Bloomsbury Chapel. The r was crowded, and was very successful. eceipts on each of the four days averaged en £600 and £700.

CHRISTMAS AT MR. SPURGEON'S ORPHANAGE AT STOCKWELL.

On the morning of Christmas Day, when the severe frost reached its acme of intensity, the sentiment uppermost in the minds of Londoners, whose enjoyments were not curtailed by cold and gloom, was that of ''seasonable weather.'' In the main thoroughfares the signs were few indeed that told of the hard times which have come upon the country. The dense fog of the preceding night having risen, large numbers of people were early abroad making their way into the suburbs, and the tramway cars, as well as the omnibuses, commanded a traffic all the more brisk because the trains were running ''as on Sundays.''

At the Stockwell Orphanage the preparations for the festive season were in keeping with the precedents of former years. When, in the early morning, the boys rose from their beds to peep at the frost-bound garden, and the mantle of crisp snow covering the housetops, they did so with a delightful consciousness that they had not been forgotten by their generous friend the Public.

The tables were spread for a feast; and in addition to an unstinted supply of beef and pudding, there were placed at every seat a box of figs an ornamental box of sweets, an orange, a costume cracker, and a new shilling. In honor of the friends who provided these special gifts the boys gave several hearty cheers. The chief source of regret was the absence of the President, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, who, notwithstanding a marked improvement in health on Christmas Eve, was confined to his room with a return of pain.

At half-past one o'clock, shortly before the dinner was brought into the hall, Mr. Thomas Olney told the boys that he was sorry Mr. Spurgeon would be unable to be present; but the pastor had sent a message, and hoped all would enjoy themselves. In return, the orphans sent their best love to the President, and hoped he would soon be well again.

The dinner was now served out by various friends who had come for that purpose, and, to judge from appearances, no repast in the wide area of London on the great festive day was more heartily enjoyed. After the boys had departed to the play-hall with their dessert, the working staff, with a number of friends and ''old boys,'' dined together, the joint chairmen of the day being Messrs. C. and T. Spurgeon, the twin sons of the President. The former brought a message from his father, who was sometimes afraid that he would never again be among his friends at the Orphanage on Christmas Day. This was a source of grief, and particularly so because others were grieved. Mr. C. Spurgeon closed by proposing ''The Health of the Visitors,'' which he hoped would *be drunk in water*, coupling with the toast the name of his brother Thomas.

Mr. T. Spurgeon said he was glad to be among the visitors; but even last year, on Christmas Day, he was with his friends at the Orphanage in spirit while rambling about a strawberry-garden in Australia. He had found that the people in the colonies were much interested in the Stockwell Orphans. On one occasion a congregation who had cleared their chapel of debt made a collection for Mr. Spurgeon's institution, and that large sum he (the speaker) had had the pleasure of bringing home. This showed the interest of the colonists, for they had plenty of similar institutions of their own to look after.

Some touching allusions were made to the illness of both Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon. The pastor was grieved on account of his sick wife, grieved to be himself laid aside when so much needed to be done, and yet he was happy in spirit, knowing that all things were working together for good. While glad to have such able substitutes for the absent President, Mr. Charlesworth, the master of the Orphanage, said that Mr. Spurgeon's empty chair was an eloquent speaker; for he who should have filled it was enshrined in the hearts' affection of the staff, and of all the ''old boys.'' It was something to be thankful for that there were two sons who could so ably assist their father in the pastoral office.

It should be stated that one of the speeches was made by Mr. Latymer, *a former scholar*, and now pastor of the Baptist church at Willingham, in Cambridgeshire. The young men who have passed through the institution are now rapidly increasing in number, and as all are welcomed to the feast on Christmas Day, the second dinner promises in the course of a few years to become as extensive as that of the boys. An additional large table—three in all—was required on the last occasion.

Mr. Spurgeon will proceed to Mentone directly he has sufficiently regained his strength to permit of his travelling, and will, it is expected, be absent for at least three months. During his absence—probably during the month of February—a repetition of the special evangelistic services held at the beginning of last year, and conducted by Messrs. Clarke and Smith, will take place for a period of about four weeks.

THE DYING BOY'S BORROWED SHILLING.

On December 28th, Dean Stanley addressed a number of children in Westminster Abbey, and in the course of his remarks he told the following story: Not long ago, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of an hotel one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, ''Please, sir, buy some matches.'' ''No; don't want any,'' the gentleman said. ''But they are only a penny a box,'' the poor little fellow pleaded. ''Yes, but you see we don't want a box,'' the gentleman said again. ''Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny,'' the boy said at last, and so to get rid of him, the gentleman who tells the story says—

''I bought a box; but then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them to-night, if you please!' the boy pleaded again; 'I will run and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Late in the evening I was told a little boy wanted to see me; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but if possible still more ragged and poor and thin.

''He stood a moment, diving into his rags as if he was seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shilling; Sandie cannot come; he's very ill; a cart ran ower him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die; and that's a'.' And then, putting the fourpence on the table, the child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man, and I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived alone, their father and mother being dead.

''Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings; he knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs were broken; and, O Reuby! little Reuby! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will ye do, Reuby?' Then I took his hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look up at me as if to thank me; the light went out of his blue eyes. In a moment

''He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.' ''

WHAT THE CITIES TEACH.

An Exploration Sermon by Dr. Talmage preached January 26, 1879.

"My cities through prosperity shall yet be spread abroad."—ZECHARIAH 1 : 17.

Cities are not More Corrupt than Villages—Cities are Influenced by the Character of their Founders—The Cities should Form a Confraternity—The Lessons of the Cities—The World is a Scene of Toil and Struggle—The Best Places to Study Man—City Life is the Scene of Pretension and Double Dealing—There are Many Fields for Christian Work—Poverty and Squalor Intensified in the Cities—"God Don't Want me to Read and Write"—City Life is Full of Temptations—Getting Over Puritanical Notions—Charity does not Consecrate Unlawful Gains—The Temptations of a Political Character—Bad Literature at Work in Our Cities—No Man Safe without the Grace of God—God has put Warnings over all the Places of Temptation—Two Pillars of Light.

THE city is no worse than the country. The vices of the metropolis are more evident than the vices of the rural districts, because there are more people to be bad, if they wish to be. The merchant is as good as the farmer. There is no more cheating in town than out of town—no worse cheating; it is only on a larger scale. The countryman sometimes prevaricates about the age of the horse that he sells, about the size of the bushel with which he measures the grain, about the peaches at the bottom of the basket as being as large as those at the top, about the quarter of beef as being tender when it is tough; and to as bad an extent as the citizen, the merchant, ever prevaricates about calicoes, or silks, or hardware.

And as to villages, I think that in some respects they are worse than the cities, because they copy the vices of the cities in the meanest shape; and as to gossip, its heaven is a country village! Everybody knows everybody's business better than he knows it himself. The grocery store or the blacksmith shop by day and night is the grand depot for masculine tittle-tattle; and there are always in the village a half dozen women who have their sun-bonnets hanging near so that at the first item of news derogatory they can fly out and cackle it all over the town. Countrymen must not be too hard in their criticisms of the citizen, nor must the plough run too sharply against the yardstick.

Cain was the founder of the first city, and I suppose it took after him in morals. It takes a city a long while to escape from the character of a founder. Where the founders of a city are criminal exiles, the filth, the vice, the prisons, are the shadow of those founders. It will take centuries for New York to get over the good influence of the pious founders of that city—the founders whose prayers went up in the streets where now banks discount and brokers shave, and companies declare dividends, and smugglers swear Custom House lies; and above the roar of the wheels and the crack of the auctioneer's mallet ascends the ascription, "*We worship thee, O thou almighty dollar!*"

The old church that used to stand on Wall Street is to this day throwing its blessing on the scene of traffic, and on all the ships folding their white wings in the harbor. In other days people gathered in cities for defence—none but the poor, who had nothing to be stolen, lived in the country; but in these times, when through civilization and Christianity it is safe to live anywhere, people gather in the cities for purposes of rapid gain.

Cities are not evil necessarily, as some have argued. They have been the birthplace of civilization. In them, popular liberty has lifted its voice. Witness Genoa and Pisa and Venice. After the death of Alexander the Great, among his papers were found extensive plans of cities, some to be built in Europe, some to be built in Asia. The cities in Europe were to be occupied by Asiatics; the cities in Asia were to be occupied, according to his plans, by Europeans, and so there should be a commingling and a fraternity, and a kindness and a good will between the continents and between the cities. *So there always ought to be.* The strangest thing in my comprehension is that there should be bickerings and rivalries among our American cities. New York must stop caricaturing Philadelphia, and Philadelphia must stop picking at New York; and certainly the continent is large enough for St. Louis and Chicago. What is good for one city is good for all the cities. Here is the great highway of our national prosperity. On that highway of national prosperity walk the cities.

A city with large forehead and great brain—that is Boston; a city with deliberate step and calm manner—that is Philadelphia; a city with its pocket full of change—that is New York; two cities going with a rush that astounds the continent—they are St. Louis and Chicago; a city that takes its wife and children along with it—that is Brooklyn. Cincinnati, Louisville, Pittsburg, all the cities of the North, and all the cities of the South, some distinguished for one thing, some for another, one for professional ability, another for affluence, another for fashion, *but not one to be spared*. What advantages one, advantages all. What damages Boston Common damages Washington Square. Laurel Hill, Mount Auburn, Greenwood, weep over the same grief. New York helping to pay for the obsequies of plague-stricken New Orleans. The fires of Chicago and Boston a sore burn on the whole land. The statue of Benjamin Franklin in New York greeting the bronze statue of Edward Everett in Boston. *All the cities a confraternity.*

I cannot understand how there should go on bickerings and rivalries. I plead this morning for a higher style of brotherhood or sisterhood among the cities of this country. But while there are great differences in some respects, I have to tell you this morning that all these cities impress upon me, and ought to impress upon you, three or four very important lessons, all of them agreeing in the same thing. It does not make any difference in what part of the country we walk the streets of a great city, there is one lesson I think which ought to strike every intelligent Christian man, and that is, that the world is

A SCENE OF TOIL AND STRUGGLE.

Here and there you find a man in the street who has his arms folded and who seems to have no particular errand; but if you will stand at the corner of the street and watch the countenances of these who go by, you will see in most instances there is an intimation that they are on an errand which must be executed at the earliest moment possible; so you are jostled hither and thither by business men, up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, digging a cellar, shingling a roof, binding a book, mending a watch. Work, with its thousand eyes and thousand feet and thousand arms, goes on singing its song: "Work! work! work!" while the drums of the mill beat it, and the steam whistles fife it; the music of a groan, as you choose to call it, ever going on.

In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place *to study man.*

Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you look about: see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement; and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all-sympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word, will rise up and call you blessed; and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying, "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry, and sick, and wandering, and lost, and heart-broken. That is the man, that is the woman;" and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry and ye fed me, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of th streets, ye did it to me."

Again, in all these cities I am impressed wit the fact that all classes and conditions of societ must commingle. We sometimes culture wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises igno ance. Refinement will have nothing to do wit boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand and the high forehead despises the flat head and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to d with the wild copsewood; and the Athens hat Nazareth. *This ought not so to be.*

I like *this democratic principle* of the Gospel Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that stand before God on one and the same platfor Do not take on any airs. Whatever positio you have gained in society, you are nothi but a man, born of the same parent, regenerat by the same spirit, cleansed in the same blood, lie down in the same dust, to get up in the san resurrection. It is high time that we all a knowledged not only the Fatherhood of Go but the brotherhood of man.

Again in all these cities I am impressed wi the fact that it is a very hard thing for a m to keep his heart right and to get to heave Infinite temptations spring upon us from pl ces of public concourse. Amid so much aff ence, how much temptation to covetousness a to be discontented with our humble lot! Am so many opportunities for over-reaching, wh temptation to extortion! Amid so much d play, what temptation to vanity! Amid many saloons of strong drink, what allurem to dissipation! In the maelstroms and h gates of the street, how many make quick a eternal shipwreck.

If a man-of-war comes back from a battle, a is towed into the navy-yard, we go down to lo at the splintered spars and count the bull holes, and look with patriotic admiration on t flag that floated in victory from the masthe But that man is more of a curiosity who h gone through thirty years of the sharpshoot of business life, and yet sails on, victor over temptations of the street. *Oh! how many h gone down* under the pressure, leaving not much as the patch of canvas to tell where th perished. They never had any peace. Their honesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had axe, and could split open the beams of that house, perhaps I would find in the very heart it a skeleton. In his very best wine there smack of poor man's sweat.

Oh! is it strange that when a man has voured widows' houses he is disturbed with i gestion. All the forces of nature are agai him. The floods are ready to drown him, the earthquake to swallow him, and the fire consume him, and the lightning to smite h Aye, all the armies of God are on the str and in the day when the crowns of heaven distributed some of the brightest of them be given to those men who were faithful to and faithful to the souls of others amid marts of business, proving themselves the he of the street. Mighty were their temptati mighty was their deliverance, and mighty s be their triumph.

Again, in all these cities I am impressed the fact that life is full of

PRETENSION AND SHAM.

What subterfuge, what double-dealing, two-facedness! Do all people who wish good-morning really hope for you a happy Do all the people who shake hands love other? Are all those anxious about your he who inquire concerning it? Do all want to you who ask you to call? Does all the w know half as much as it pretends to know there not many a wretched stock of goods a brilliant store window? Passing up and d these streets to your business and your work you not impressed with the fact that socie hollow, and that there are subterfuges and tensions? Oh! how many there are who s ger and strut, and how few people who are ral and walk. While fops simper, and cackle, and simpletons giggle, how few people natural and laugh! The courtesan and the ertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, ile within he heart there are volcanoes of ssion consuming their life away. I say these ngs not to create in you incredulity or misan-opy, nor do I forget there are thousands of ople a great deal better than they seem; but I not think any man so prepared for the con-t of this life until he knows this particular il. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to ng Eglon, and, while he stands in front of the ng, stabs him through with a dagger until the ft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot sed Christ.

Again, in all these cities I am impressed with e fact that there is

A GREAT FIELD FOR CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

ere are hunger and suffering and want and etchedness in the country; but these evils efly congregate in our great cities. On every eet crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, d shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its nd asking for alms. Here want is most ualid and hunger is most lean.

A Christian man going along a street in New rk saw a poor lad, and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" e boy made no answer. The man asked the estion twice and thrice: "Can you read and ite?" and then the boy answered, with a tear ushing on the back of his hand. He said in de-nce: "No, sir; I can't read, nor write neither. od, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't e take away my father so long ago I never re-ember to have seen him? And haven't I had go along the streets to get something to ch home to eat for the folks? And didn't I, soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out d pick up cinders, and never have no school-g, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I n't read nor write neither."

Oh! these poor wanderers. *They have no ance.* Born in degradation, as they get up om their hands and knees to walk they take eir first step on the road to despair. Let us forth, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, rescue them. Let us ministers not be afraid soiling our black clothes while we go down on at mission. While we are tying an elaborate ot in our cravat, or while we are in the study unding off some period rhetorically, we might saving a soul from death, and hiding a multi-de of sins. O Christmas laymen! go out on is work. If you are not willing to go forth urself, then give of your means; and if you e too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to lp, then get out of the way and hide yourself the dens and caves of the earth.

In all our cities, East, West, North, South, I otice

REAT TEMPTATIONS TO COMMERCIAL FRAUD.

Here is a man who starts in business. He ys, "I'm going to be honest;" but on the me street, on the same block, in the same busi-ss are Shylocks. Those men, to get the pat-nage of any one, will break all understandings th other merchants, and will sell at ruinous st, putting their neighbors at great disadvan-ge, expecting to make up the deficit in some-ing else. If an honest principle could creep to that man's soul *it would die of sheer loneli-ss!* The man twists about, trying to escape e penalty of the law, and despises God while is just a little anxious about the sheriff. The nest man looks about him and says: "Well, is rivalry is awful. Perhaps I am more scrup-ous than I need be. This little bargain I am out to enter is a little doubtful; but then I all only do as the rest." And so

I HAD A FRIEND

ho started in commercial life, and as a book erchant, with a high resolve. He said: "In y store there shall be no books that I would t have my family read." Time passed on, and e day I went into his store and found some in-uitous books on the shelf, and I said to him, How is it possible that you can consent to sell ch books as these?" "Oh!" he replied, "I have got over those puritanical notions. A man cannot do business in this day unless he does it in the way other people do it." To make a long story short, he lost his hope of heaven, and in a little while he lost his morality, and then he went into a madhouse. In other words, when a man casts off God, God casts him off.

One of the mightiest temptations in commercial life in all our cities to-day is in the fact that many professed Christian men are not square in their bargains. Such men are in Baptist and Methodist and Congregational churches, and our own denomination is as largely represented as any of them. Our good merchants are foremost in Christian enterprises; they are patronizers of art, philanthropic, and patriotic. God will attend to them in the day of His coronation. I am not speaking of them, but of those in commercial life who are setting a ruinous example to our young merchants. Go through all the stores and offices in our cities, and tell me in how many of those stores and offices are the principles of Christ's religion dominant. In three fourths of them? No. In half of them? No. In one tenth of them? No. Decide for yourself.

The impression is abroad somehow that charity can consecrate iniquitous gains, and that if a man give to God a portion of an unrighteous bargain then the Lord will forgive him the rest. The secretary of a benevolent society came to me and said: "Mr. So-and-So has given a large amount of money to the missionary cause," mentioning the sum. I said: "I can't believe it." He said: "It is so." Well, I went home, staggered and confounded. I never knew the man to give any thing. But after a while I found out that he had been engaged in the most infamous kind of a swindle, and then he promised to compromise the matter with the Lord, saying: "Now, here is so much for Thee, Lord. Please to let me off!"

I want to tell you that the Church of God is not a shop for receiving stolen goods, and that, if you have taken any thing from your fellows, you had better return it to the men to whom it belongs.

IN A DRUG-STORE IN PHILADELPHIA

a young man was told that he must sell blacking on the Lord's Day. He said to the head man of the firm: "I can't possibly do that. I am willing to sell medicines on the Lord's Day, for I think that is right and necessary; but I can't sell this patent blacking." He was discharged from the place. A Christian man hearing of it took him into his employ, and he went on from one success to another until he was known all over the land for his faith in God and his good works as for his worldly success. When a man has sacrificed any temporal, financial good for the sake of his spiritual interests the Lord is on his side, and one with God is a majority.

But if you have been much among the cities you have also noticed that they are full of

TEMPTATIONS OF A POLITICAL CHARACTER.

It is not so more in one city than in all the cities. Hundreds of men going down in our cities every year, through the pressure of politics. Once in a while a man will come out in a sort of missionary spirit and say: "I am going into politics now to reform them, and I am going to reform the ballot-box, and I am going to reform all the people I come in contact with." That man in the fear and love of God goes into politics with that idea, and with a resolution that he will come out uncontaminated, and as good as when he went in. But generally the case is, when a man steps into politics, many of the newspapers try to blacken his character, and to distort all his past history, and after a little while has gone by, instead of considering himself an honorable citizen, he is lost in contemplation and in admiration of the fact that he has so long been kept out of jail! If a man shall go into politics to reform politics and with the right spirit, he will come out with the right spirit, and unhurt. That was Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. That was George Briggs, of Massachusetts. That was John McLean, of Ohio.

Then look around and see *the allurements to dissipated life.* Bad books, unknown to father and mother, vile as the lice of Egypt, creeping into some of the best of families of the community; and boys read them while the teacher is looking the other way, or at recess, or on the corner of the street when the groups are gathered. These books are read late at night. Satan finds them a smooth plank on which he can slide down into perdition some of your sons and daughters. Reading bad books—one never gets over it. The books may be burned, but there is not enough power in all the apothecary's preparations to wash out the stain from the soul. Fathers' hands, mothers' hands, sisters' hands will not wash it out; none but the hand of the Lord can wash it out.

And what is more perilous in regard to these temptations we may not mention them. While God in His Bible from chapter to chapter thunders his denunciations against these crimes, people expect the pulpit and the printing-press to be silent on the subject, and just in proportion as people are impure are they fastidious on the theme. They are so full of decay and death they do not want their sepulchres opened. But I shall not be hindered by them. I shall go on in the name of the Lord Almighty, before whom you and I must at last come in judgment, and I shall pursue that vile sin and thrust it with the two-edged sword of God's truth, though I find it sheltered under the chandeliers of some of your beautiful parlors. God will turn into destruction all the unclean, and no splendors of surrounding can make decent that which He has smitten. God will not excuse sin merely because it has costly array and beautiful tapestry, and palatial residence, any more than He will excuse that which crawls, a blotch of sores, through the lowest cellar.

Ever and anon through some lawsuit there flashes upon the people of our great cities what is transpiring in seemingly respectable circles. You call it "High Life," you call it "Fast Living," you call it "People's Eccentricity." And while we kick off the sidewalk the poor wretch who has not the means to garnish his iniquity, these lords and ladies, wrapped in purple and linen, go unwhipped of public justice. Ah! the most dreadful part of the whole thing is, that there are persons abroad whose whole business it is to despoil the young.

Ah! what an eternity such a man will have! As the door opens to receive him, thousands of voices will cry out: "See here what you have done;" and the wretch will wrap himself with fiercer flame and leap into deeper darkness, and the multitude he has destroyed will pursue him and hurl at him the long, bitter, relentless, everlasting curse of their own anguish. If there be one cup of eternal darkness more bitter than another, they will have to drink it to the dregs. If, in all the ocean of the lost world that comes billowing up there be one wave more fierce than another, it will dash over them.

I stood one day at Niagara Falls, and I saw what you may have seen there—six rainbows bending over that tremendous plunge. I never saw any thing like it before or since. Six beautiful rainbows arching that great cataract! And so over the rapids and angry precipices of sin, where so many have been dashed down, God's beautiful admonitions hover, a warning arching each peril—six of them, fifty of them—a thousand of them. Beware! beware! beware!

This afternoon, young men, while you have time to reflect upon these things, and before the duties of the office and the store and the shop come upon you again, look over this whole subject, and after the day has passed, and you hear in the nightfall the voices and footsteps of the city dying from your ear, and it gets so silent that you can hear distinctly your watch under your pillow going "tick, tick," then open your eyes and look out upon the darkness and see two pillars of light, one horizontal, the other perpendicular, but changing their direction until they come together, and your enraptured vision beholds it—the cross.

THE VOYAGE OF THE EGLANTINE.

Who sailed in her—and why.

A Story of an English Merchant Vessel.

(Continued from page 205.)

WHEN the boat containing the sailors of the Eglantine left the sinking ship on that fatal day, Christian Hilliard and his two brave companions stood calmly together on the deck, prepared to meet death as brave men and Christians alone can do. There was no repining; they felt, and felt bitterly, that their death was cruel, and that they were the victims of a cowardly murder; yet they knew this was no fit time for indignation nor for vain regrets: there might still be a chance of life, and they consulted what they should do.

Precious as the moments were, for every minute the vessel seemed to get nearer the water's edge, they willingly agreed to Christian's suggestion that they should kneel down, then and there, and supplicate God for help in their extremity. So they knelt down, and Christian prayed to Him who is Lord of the sea as well as of the land. It was a sight for a painter to make immortal on his canvas: the wide expanse of the sea around them; the waves rolling and seething like hungry monsters thirsting for their prey; the heavens above them almost black, with only an angry lurid glare on the horizon; and on the ill-fated ship three devoted men on their knees praying, as it seemed, for their last time.

An earnest beseeching prayer was that which Christian put up, crying as men cry when pleading for life, and concluding with a petition that if the cup of death should not pass from them without they drank it, that He would be with them in the valley of death, would prepare them by His grace for the mighty change, and receive them into the mansions prepared above.

As he rose from his knees, his mind soothed and calmed by communion with God, he felt he could die peacefully if the will of God had so ordained it, relying on Him who is able to keep what we commit unto Him against that day. He was strengthened and purified by the exercise, and felt an inward conviction that his prayer had been heard.

He turned and looked around; no sign of help was near; the winds still raged, but now they seemed to his spiritual ear to bring him a message, and as he listened to their moaning he believed he heard the words he had read in the grand old Book that contains a message for men in all conditions, but for none so many as for those in trouble and with none to help; "they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven" (Psalm 107 : 28). As he listened hope revived within him and he spoke cheerfully to the brave men at his side. They too were cheered, and Captain Thorpe told them a plan he had in his mind that had occurred to him as Christian prayed.

He knew there was no hope of keeping the vessel afloat long, but he thought she might be kept up long enough for them to make a raft. He and Cairns found a spare sail to which they fastened heavy weights and lowered it over the side of the ship so that the force of the water jammed it tightly against the place where the leak had been sprung, and so checked the inflow of water into the vessel. Meanwhile, Christian under his directions was busy tearing up, with all his might, planks from the deck, and soon all were working—as men do when their lives are at stake, lashing these securely together and binding them with cross pieces into a raft, on which when the vessel went down they might float for days, and so prolong their chances of meeting with help from some passing ship.

Soon all was finished, the final instructions given, and the three watched for the moment when it should be necessary to venture on the raft.

"She will not hold up another half hour," said the captain; "we have no timeto spare;" and then one by one they slid down on to the raft and cut loose from the wretched Eglantine.

They had not drifted more than half a mile away when they saw how well timed had been their departure. The doomed ship rolled heavily to leeward and sank under the waves; had they waited but a short time they would certainly have been sucked into the whirlpool made by the wreck.

Their position now was perilous in the extreme. They had neither rudder nor oar, and only drifted with the tide. They had collected all the food and water they were able to get out of the ship, but with the utmost care it could not last them more than a week; and as they well knew they might float unseen by any ship until they died of starvation; but they placed their trust in God and calmly awaited events.

Three weary days and nights they lay there, and no signs of succor. On the morning of the fourth day Cairns complained of illness, and on Christian looking at him he was alarmed to notice the deadly pallor of his face. With all the tenderness of a woman, Christian nursed him through that day and the following night, doing all it was possible in such a position to do to relieve his suffering and to ease his pain. On the fourth morning Christian and the captain both saw that Cairns' brave life was near its close. As he lay in uneasy slumber, the daybreak resting on his face, it was easy to see the signs of approaching death written there.

Nearly all that day he slumbered fitfully, and when he was awake seemed to understand nothing of his surroundings. Sometimes he fancied he was on the Eglantine and nearing home; again he was on land and speaking to Christian about going on the Eglantine; then he was wishing his little girl good-bye and cheering her with promises of a speedy return. Towards evening he awoke, and looking up at Christian, on whose lap his head rested, while from the other end of the raft Captain Thorpe looked on in moody silence, he said faintly:

"It's getting very dark, Mr. Christian. About what time may it be, do you think, sir?"

"Nearly four, by the light, I should say. Do you feel a little stronger, Cairns?"

"Nearly four," he repeated dreamily, not heeding the question. "I wonder what my little maid is doing now. She thinks I'm dead; no, no, not yet. They haven't got home to tell. Poor little maid! I wonder what she'll say!"

"Cheer up, Cairns," said Thorpe, huskily; "you'll see the child again soon, please God."

Cairns shook his head faintly. "I shall never see old England again, captain. My time's up."

They made no reply, for they felt the words were true. Gradually the deepening darkness gathered round, and the clouds overhead grew thick and black.

"Mr. Christian," said Cairns, suddenly; "what did the little maid mean about the gate?"

"What gate?" said Christian, starting.

"In the west; she said, 'When sunset's in the west." It was all gold and rose color, with little flaky clouds."

"I know; she was quoting a hymn; 'Jerusalem the Golden.' Do you know what that means, Cairns?"

"Aye, aye, sir: the city with the golden streets. What about—the gate—sir?"

His voice was failing fast, and Christian bent low to listen.

"'When sunset's in the west, it seems thy gate of glory, thou city of the blest.' That is what Nannie meant, Cairns."

"She wanted to know if father would go far enough to see the gate. Bless her! I'm far enough for that already. It ain't a very long way off, Mr. Christian."

"Are you going through, Cairns?" asked Christian, gently.

"Aye, sir. *He'll* take me through. He's stood my friend—this many a long year. I've been weak and often—sinful, Mr. Christian, but —I always——"

His voice was lost in the low roll of the thunder, and a few heavy drops of rain began to fal Christian drew the coat closely up round the d ing man's throat.

"Never mind, sir; I don't feel the col Was that thunder?"

"Yes; a storm is coming on. Is there a thing you would like me to do if——"

"If you get safe—to land, you mean, s Only the little maid."

"She shall be my especial care all my life said Christian, hastily. "She shall want f nothing."

The cold wind rose higher and higher, tossi the raft to and fro. Suddenly Cairns began talk, and Christian again bent low; but he w not speaking to him.

"Father's going right out into the lig Nannie; maybe his little maid won't be long coming after. Out into the gold, Nannie; ri through the gate."

"What's that he's saying, sir?" asl Thorpe.

"Hush! he's talking to the child," answe Christian, a mist gathering before his eyes.

"Father always loved his little maid! H bring her home something pretty from—the g —no, Quebec; which is it? Where's Mr. Ch tian?"

"I'm here, Cairns."

"Sir, don't fret about it: it weren't your ing. It'll all come right in the—West. Wh that?"

A vivid lightning flash, followed by a crasl thunder, lighted up the dark scene.

"A bit of the gold, Nannie, shining to l me through. Did you hear the gate roll bac

"Is it peace, Cairns?" asked Christian, s ing to steady his voice.

"It's all light in the West, sir. Bright a beautiful light! I'm going home through storm!"

Another flash, and then a roar of thunder the rain came down in torrents.

"Cairns!" said Christian, laying his han the cold forehead; "Cairns, speak!"

But there was no answer, for the spirit passed away, 'mid the noise of the storm, the Golden West. They laid him silently d covering the still dead face, and then waite the morn. It came at last, and Thorpe spo a low, subdued tone:

"Mr. Christian, won't you say somet over the poor fellow?"

They knelt down by the motionless form bowed their heads in prayer. Then, 'mi the tumult of the waves, rose the words of the l ial service:

"I am the resurrection and the life, sait the Lord: he that believeth on Me, though he ere dead, yet shall he live."

And down into the deep water sank the form, there to await a sure and certain res tion unto eternal life.

Very gloomy were the two remaining co ions that day, for both had learned to lil the strong and cheerful man who had gone them. A brave man, faithful to his post unto death, he was worthy their admiratic their love. On their own account too the abundant reason for desponding. They had been now five days exposed to the col winds, and the waves, not knowing any m but their frail support might become a hc wreck. Their provisions were getting lo their hopes of relief apparently no nearer ment.

As the night closed in upon them, bot looked gloomily at the horizon, doubting would ever see it illumined by the sun Christian spent the next hour in prayer, had now more than ever become his sola support. He prayed for himself, for hi panion—for Maud: he shed tears at *her* and he prayed very earnestly that st might be given her to support her under t row he knew his untimely death would o her. Then his thoughts flew to his father, had a severe struggle with himself. But he prayed for him too, and besought God to give him; for had not his Saviour with His ng breath prayed for His murderers, "Father, give them." He raised his head at last, the ter for the struggle and the victory. He ked, as he always did now, all round the hori-, but all seemed dark and hopeless. Watch- a short time after, he thought he detected away, so far as scarcely to be perceptible, a t glimmer of light. Instantly, with a cry of , he called to the captain, whose more practis- eye would settle the doubt he had whether it ant hope.

Yes, Mr. Christian," said Thorpe confidently, at is a vessel, sure enough; but it may mean hope for us. She is far away, and in the rning may be out of sight altogether. But re is of course hope that we may cross her h and be rescued at last."

hat a night of anxiety that was! But the t became more and more distinct, and they w she was nearing them. How the two erable men longed for morning, now that they the light would bring them relief.

t last the day broke, and to their delight they within a very short distance of them an erican brig. It was clear, too, that they were n from her deck; for Captain Thorpe told ristian they were lowering a boat, which was doubt being sent for them.

n another hour they were safe on board the g, and most hospitably welcomed by her cap- n and his crew. She was on her way to Eng- d, and with grateful hearts the two men nked God for His wonderful mercy and loving- dness.

A short and pleasant voyage brought them hin sight of the familiar shores they had de- ired of ever gazing on again. As Christian d Captain Thorpe walked up and down the k on that last day of their voyage, Christian d:

'We shall seem like ghosts to our friends, shall not, captain?"

'Yes," said the captain, "but very welcome osts, I trust. At any rate your presence will ng joy into some eyes, and your father will be erjoyed to see you; he does not deserve to ve that pleasure. No more rotten ships will sent out from that office, I think, Mr. Chris- n."

"No," said Christian, "there shall be an end that. I am afraid I neglected my duty before. vill, with the help of God, stop that for the ure."

The next evening the two men, after render- heartfelt thanks to their preservers, stepped hore, looking, as Christian had said, more like osts than men. No one noticed them as they ssed quickly through the busy yard, and they ther shunned than courted observation. At e entrance of a quiet by-street they paused, d Captain Thorpe pointed to a house a few rds down.

"That's where *he* lived, Mr. Christian," he id, in the low, subdued tone with which men- on is always made of those who are gone.

"I suppose the child is still there?"

Hesitating for one moment, Christian Hilliard rang up the steps and knocked at the door. A ean, tidy-looking woman in a widow's cap ened it, and looked at him in some astonish- ent. It was not often they had such a visitor.

"Is this where Edward Cairns used to live?"

"Yes, sir; he used to lodge here."

"Is his little girl still here?"

"Little Nannie! Lor, sir, she's dead this six eeks or more!"

"Dead!" cried Christian, sharply; "what as the matter with her? What did she die ?"

"She'd been ailing a long time, sir," an- ered the woman, wondering what interest he uld possibly have in the child. "The doctor id she was in a decline."

"Did she have every thing that was needful? id she want for any thing?"

She shook her head.

"No, sir; that she didn't want for any thing. Cairns, he was a good father, and left me plenty of money to buy things for her. She had wine and grapes—hot-house grapes, sir; not many, you know; she never eat much, didn't Nannie."

"When did she die?"

"Let me see; six, no, seven weeks ago come Friday."

"Next Friday!" echoed Thorpe, with a sudden start. "Why, that was the very night *he* died, Mr. Christian."

"The very night," repeated Christian, quietly. "Perhaps he knew."

(To be concluded.)

A GYPSY RECLAIMED THROUGH HIS CHILD.

By Miss E. R. Cotton.

ONE Sunday afternoon some gypsy boys came into the mission school that I conducted. After singing the hymn, "Oh! come to Jesus now—Jesus is here," the subject that followed was "Tell me some of the kind things that Jesus Christ did when He was upon earth." The answers were bright and lively, and full of interest, as some of the other boys, once so ignorant, seemed to vie with each other in relating incidents of the Saviour's life and death.

The gypsy boys seemed charmed; the tears stood in their eyes as we concluded with prayer and another hymn. At the end I asked,

"Which of you will do me a kindness today?" All hands went up.

"Will you take this message to your fathers and mothers—'Father, Jesus loves you. Mother, Jesus loves you?'"

"Yes, miss!" cried every voice; and the little crowd dispersed, but not before the gypsy boys had asked, "When may we come again?"

They now attended every class regularly, and showed the greatest interest in learning.

Some weeks passed, when one Saturday evening, as I was sitting writing at home, a man of the name of Stephen F—— was announced. He was not an unfrequent visitor, and generally came for a Scripture lesson; but on this occasion he introduced himself thus—"You know Master B——, don't you, Miss?"

"No," I replied, "I never heard of him."

"Well, he knows *you*; he owns the vans in the O——, and has been a travelling man in these parts for more than thirty years. He always was a public-house man, drinking, and swearing, and that. But he is a changed man now; yes, I think he is *quite* a changed man; and he says it is through something you said to him."

"No, there is some mistake," I said; "but I am *very* glad to hear this good news."

"No! there is *no* mistake," said my visitor most eagerly. "He wants to see you."

"To-morrow I could see him at the room, when the boys' class is over," was my reply.

To-morrow came, and at the appointed hour, the boys having been dismissed, a man dressed in a smock-frock, with a walking-stick in his hand, stood in the doorway. On being invited to enter, he bowed very low, taking off his hat, and saying as he did so, "Thank God for this room!"

"This is very strange," I said, "you surely never were in this room before."

"No, miss, I never was here. But I wanted to come and tell you about myself to-day. A wicked sinner I am. Oh! yes, a wicked sinner all my days—*fifty years!*—but, thank God, I have now become a *little child*. He has forgiven all my sins—all the past! Shall I tell you about it?" Looking round the room, he repeated more than once, "Thank God for this room!"

He then proceeded with the following story, most of which I can give in his own words:

"A few Sundays ago, my boys was out playing on this road. When they came in for their tea, they said, 'We've been to a school, such a pretty school; and we sang hymns, and a young lady talked to us.' Then my little Freddy—he isn't but four year old, you know, Miss—he climbed up on my knee, and he said, 'Father, the lady sent you a message: she said, 'Jesus loves you, father.'

"'Sent *me* a message,' I said. "'Yes,' she said, 'Father, Jesus loves you.'

"I was just going to push the child off my knee. What! that name! I knowed nothin' about it, except to take it in vain. Now, to hear it like this from the child: when he put his little arm round my neck, and he began to sing—'Oh, come to Jesus now,—Jesus is here.' . . . . I went straight out of the van. I walked about. I could eat no food. I could get no rest. All my sins came straight before me. I could think of nothing else. I could get no relief. *Fifty years of sin!* FIFTY YEARS OF SIN! Just think of that! I couldn't go to the public-house to forget it: I went to every church and chapel in the place, but I got no comfort: every thing I heard made me worse. Yes! I was *miserable*.

"But last Thursday, as I was travelling to G——, to get my hawking license, my load was very heavy, Miss, *very* heavy—my *sins*, I mean. . . . I kept saying to myself, 'Twelve miles I am walking to get my earthly bread, but I have never yet tasted *one crumb* of the "Bread of Life" (referring to a sermon he had heard the night before on that text). Oh! where shall I go to get life for my poor soul? I'd walk furder than this, to get *that* life, indeed I would; but I don't know where to go'—when all of a sudden Freddy's hymn came into my mind, 'Jesus is *here*, Jesus is HERE.'

"Take on the vans, I cried, never mind me; and I went right off the road, away into the common—there I knelt down for a long time. Jesus *here!* Jesus HERE!' that was all I could think of. Jesus says, 'I am the Bread of Life,' and 'Jesus is here.' When I got up from my knees, I was shouting with joy—yets, I was praising God with all my heart! I went after the vans, and we all came back from G—— together; but I was shouting and singing all the way—couldn't help it. My missus, and all *they*, said, 'He's gone mad; B——, you have gone mad.' When I came home I went straight to Steve, and told him all about it. 'Steve,' I said, 'will this *go off?*' 'Go off, man!' he said, 'no; you have got Christ, and He will never go away from you.'"

This dear old man has ever since—a period of about four years—continued a bright and happy Christian. For some time he continued to "travel" every summer, always returning in winter to his "home," as he called the green plot in the O——, where in his van he first received the message of a Saviour's love. "It is my *birth-place*, you see!" he would say, "so I love it." But this year he has given up his roaming life, rented a cottage, placed his boys at the parish school, attending the church regularly himself, and bringing his grown-up sons regularly to the night-school.

Immediately after his conversion he took up msisionary work, saying, "You see I have such lots of opportunities of speaking for the Master when I am going about. I ought to be very thankful, for there's not many that have such chances as I have;" and it is quite true—he glorifies his beloved Master in every step of his pilgrim life. While selling his wares, he will speak of Christ to the buyer; while in the train, to the passengers; by the road-side, to the children, or the aimless lounger at the corner; and in the small prayer-meetings held among the working-men he will, with an overflowing heart, raise his humble testimony to the happiness "laid up" in store for "them that believe."

Mr. George C. Needham, the well-known evangelist, whose labors through the country have been so signally blessed, is now at Indianapolis, where he has been holding very successful services. Early in February he hopes to visit St. Louis.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

In commencing the publication of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times in America, it was impossible to form an accurate or even an approximate idea of the extent to which it would enjoy the favor of the Religious Public. The price was therefore fixed at four cents per single copy, that being the lowest sum deemed prudent under the circumstances.

Now, however, after the issue of only a few numbers, the journal has attained a circulation which, in connection with the numbers of commendatory letters daily received, justifies a

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

We have accordingly much pleasure in announcing that the price of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now reduced to

THREE CENTS

for single copies. Annual subscription, postage paid, $1.50. Remittances should be by check or post-office order or registered letter, and be made payable to Joseph Spurgeon, 63 Bible House, New York.

Though but a few weeks have elapsed since the issue of the first number of the American edition of The Christian Herald, we feel constrained thus early to express our grateful thanks for the numerous friendly greetings and kind expressions of appreciation that have reached us from every quarter.

While thankful to all who have aided us, we have at this time especially to acknowledge the aid and sympathy of hundreds of ministers from all parts of the country, and of every denomination.

It has been the occasion of surprise that while we have received hundreds of letters commendatory of the appearance and character of the paper *in detail*, there has been not one objection, either to particular articles or to the general course of the paper.

We ask a continuance of the sympathy and co-operation of our brethren of every name. We greatly desire that The Christian Herald shall reach every family in the United States, and believe that the above reduction in price ought to effect that object.

The Christian Herald is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

We shall be happy to forward, postage paid, a packet of specimen copies to any minister desiring them for distribution among his congregation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate Committee on Commerce, as previously foreshadowed, voted unanimously to report adversely on the New York Custom-House nominations. The three Democratic members of the Committee refrained from voting, but it was understood that they agreed with their Republican colleagues. Their report will at once be sent to the Senate and an effort made to remove the pledge of secrecy, and allow the charges against Messrs. Arthur and Cornell, and their answers thereto, to be made public. If the seal of secrecy should be removed, the action of the Committee will undoubtedly meet with general approval.

The Cipher Telegram Inquiry in Congress seems likely to produce considerable disquietude in both Democratic and Republican parties. The production by General Butler of a bundle of 641 of these ingenious documents has excited great curiosity as to which of the political parties they implicate. The gentlemen who deciphered those published in the *Tribune* will examine these, and communicate the result to the Potter Committee. General Butler advised that the matter be allowed to drop, as the inquiry might result in disclosures inconvenient to both parties; but his advice was not taken. The general feeling is, that whatever fraudulent proceedings were taken, or attempted, in the presidential election shall see the light of day. It is most devoutly hoped that the result, no matter who suffers, will lead to a purification of the moral atmosphere of politics, which those who know most about it aver is in a most immoral condition. "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

In Salt Lake City the Presbyterian, Congregationalist, and Methodist churches have just closed a series of union meetings during the Week of Prayer. These meetings were so pleasant and so profitable that they have decided to continue them, hoping that God will hear their prayers, and pour out His Spirit upon them. The city has never witnessed a true revival. There are many earnest Christian people in the evangelical churches, and many earnest prayers have gone up continually that God would come by His power and be honored in that city of blasphemy. The late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States is in favor of right and morality, but without the aid of the Holy Spirit this system of error can never be permanently checked. The brethren ask for prayer for the twenty evangelical ministers and twenty-five Christian teachers who are, amid great toil and discouragements, earnestly laboring to fight the battle of Christian truth in that mountain land.

Messrs. Pentecost and Stebbins have begun a series of meetings at the First Congregational Church, Chicago, where they will be held in the afternoon and evening. The noon prayer-meetings in Farwell Hall are conducted by them, the procedure being in all respects similar to that of Messrs. Moody and Sankey when they were in charge of those meetings. A number of the ministers of the city take an active interest in the noon meetings.

"The Infidel attack on Property" is the designation under which Mr. Joseph Cook discoursed on Socialism recently to a large audience in New York. His remarks deserve the careful attention of every citizen of this great country, for they describe a very dangerous element which is rapidly developing in our midst. "Socialism," he said, "must be tracked back to its lair in Europe, if we wished to see its legitimate manifestations. Communism is nothing but a development of Socialism, and what that is may be seen in Paris, where the Tuileries lies in ruins; in Berlin, and St. Petersburg, whose streets echo with the shots of the assassin." Fichte, he said, was the apostle of the diabolical creed; and Fichte has said "the right to labor is property: if society cannot guard that right, then all who are injured by its weakness must make reprisals, and *theft becomes a duty*." The early English economists of this century strengthened this heresy by their see-saw theory that, as
wages rose, profit fell, and that there was a
diametrical antagonism between capital and labor. Ferdinand Lascelle fanned the flame by
preaching that religion was used as opium for
the people, and that there was in man no divin
spark. Karl Marx during his exile in Londo
resuscitated the defunct "International" Society, which gave birth to the Paris Commune.

It is, Mr. Cook argued, a serious matter fo
this country, that all these incendiary elements
all these germs of social plague and ruin, ar
being steadily blown across the Atlantic into th
United States. Already New York contains a
organized Commune led by Frenchmen staine
with an Archbishop's blood and Germans hol
ing pernicious doctrines, ready to cry "bread
lead"—only another form of the alternative o
fered by the highwaymen of by-gone days, "Yo
money or your life." There are leagues whos
members dub themselves "knights of labor;
societies of Socialists, political liberals, and lab
reformers. And these are all explosive el
ments.

Those men who plot against the stability
American society should be warned in time le
they deceive themselves. Our land is held fr
sea to sea by hardy agriculturists, who, if t
need arose, would drive back Socialism at t
cannon's mouth. American history has ne
yet seen a day so red with blood as that d
will be on which spoliation is attempted. Pr
erty has already caught the alarm, and has co
menced to arm. The United States will be t
battle-field for the world, on which the strug
between Communism and society will be fou
out, and New York will be the battle-field of
United States. On all sides are heard the r
blings of the coming storm. May God save
from the maelstrom!

Inebriate Asylums have been stigmatized
failures in some influential quarters lately.
connection with the question, an extract fro
letter by Dr. Willard Parker, one of the hig
authorities in this country on the subject,
be of interest. Dr. Parker says: "I have
hesitation in avowing my belief, based on
most accurate statistics obtainable, that full
per cent of the inebriates scientifically tre
are permanently restored."

An important religious awakening is
ported from the City of Mexico. It origin
in the Presbyterian mission, and all the Pr
tant churches in the city are stated to be
listed in earnest work. A number of promi
citizens are among the converts.

Destitution in Texas.—Captain Morton
a reporter of the *Dallas Herald* in the early
of this month made a visit of inspection an
the poor and destitute of Dallas, Texas.
account of the destitution and suffering wit
ed by them is heartrending in the extr
"Men and women were found who were
from exposure to the severe spell of weathe
experienced there, who had not a stick of
or one ounce of any thing to eat. They
had no physician or medicine. One famil
found where the poor women had sold th
dress they had to obtain provisions. C
still were found in tents, or rather rags sev
gether, with the frozen earth for a floor.
little children and nursling babes were see
no other means of obtaining warmth sa
nestling around the body of their mothe
that mother with hollow, sunken cheeks
hands, dishevelled hair, and misery and d
written in letters of fire all over her c
nance. Everywhere frost-bitten feet were
for the reason they had no shoes to put
travel through ice and snow to look for
crumbs to keep starvation from their h
hovels. And still others were found wi
manners of refinement, who refused to ac
edge their destitution, and yet were wit
single comfort or a necessary of life, or w
the means of obtaining them. The ne
steps have been taken by the Christian la
Dallas since the facts became known to
instant relief.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond, the evangelist, has been engaged for a series of meetings to be held jointly with the pastors of the Walton M. E. Church, Southside, Pittsburg, Pa., Rev. W. K. Brown, and of the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. C. Ely. The congregations of these two churches are harmonious in the union. Meetings have been in progress in both churches, and much spiritual interest manifested in the Walton Church for several weeks. This evangelist will be supported in his labors by various pastors of other churches, and Chancellor Wood, of the Pittsburg University, besides earnest laymen, as Wm. Thaw and Florence Kramer, together with a number of earnest women ever ready to work for Christ's cause. Prayer and faith is ripe with expectation that a great revival will result.

Captain Crossby's prayer answered. Some years since, during one voyage, his ship was for days enveloped in mist, and he became rather anxious respecting her safety. He went down to his cabin and prayed. The thought suddenly entered his mind, if he had with confidence committed his soul to God he might certainly commit his ship to Him: and so, accordingly, he gave all into the hands of God, and felt at perfect peace; but still he prayed that if He would be pleased to give a cloudless sky at twelve o'clock he should like to take an observation to ascertain their real position, and whether they were on the right course.

He came on deck at eleven o'clock, with the quadrant under his coat. As it was thick and drizzling the men looked at him with amazement. He went down to his cabin, prayed, and came up. There seemed still to be no hope. Again he went down and prayed, and again he appeared on deck with his quadrant in his hand. It was now ten minutes to twelve o'clock, and still there was no sign of a change; but he stood on the deck, waiting upon the Lord, when, suddenly, the mist seemed to be folded up and rolled away as by an omnipotent and invisible hand; the sun shone clearly from the blue vault of heaven, and there stood the man of prayer with the quadrant in his hand; but so awe-struck did he feel, and so "dreadful" was that place, that he could scarcely take advantage of the answer to his prayer. He however succeeded, although with trembling hands, and found to his comfort that all was well. There were no doubt natural reasons to account for the sudden dispersion of the mist, but the true theory of prayer is that in answering it God works by natural means.

Bible Society Statistics.—During the past year the American and British and Foreign Bible Societies have issued 3,850,376 copies of the Scriptures, an increase of nearly 300,000 over the previous year. The two societies also sent out the Bible, in whole or in part, in 64 new translations. In Russia 740,023 volumes, in 60 different languages, were distributed; and in Turkey 64,508 volumes, in nine languages. Following are the figures of the distribution carried on by the two societies in Roman Catholic countries and heathen lands: India, 343,616 volumes; China, 159,103; Japan, 61,398; Italy, 52,828; France, 133,160; Servia and Roumania, 128,170; Spain, 68,393; Austria, 274,362; Germany, 468,108; South America, 35,348; Mexico, about 30,000.

The value of a tract is shown in the following incident: A lady belonging to the Society of Friends was travelling by railroad, when a man in a state of intoxication came into the carriage and threw himself on the seat immediately in front of her. After some pitiable displays of folly he dropped asleep. Her heart was drawn out in pity for the wretched man, and lifting up a silent prayer to Him who giveth the increase, she gently slipped a Gospel tract into the pocket of his overcoat. Years after she paid a visit to a friend at a village in a Western State, and, as was her custom, she took a handful of tracts and went out one evening to walk, with a design of scattering the truth as she had opportunity. In the outskirts of the village she saw a man seated at the door of a small farmhouse reading a tract. She went up to him and asked if he would accept one of those she was distributing. "Gladly," he said, "for under God I owe my salvation to a tract which told me of the grace of God in Christ. This is the tract," he added, presenting that which he had been reading. "It is very precious to me, and once in a while I take it out of my desk and read it over again." As she took the tract out of his hand she read her own name upon it. "Where did you get this tract?" she asked. "I might well be ashamed to tell you," he said; "and yet I am willing to take shame to myself that my Lord may be glorified." And then he related to her what his manner of life had been, and how when returning from a visit, he had become so intoxicated as to be oblivious of all that passed on the way. His wife, in attending to his soiled clothes, had found that tract in the pocket of his overcoat. How it came there he could not tell. But, mortified and filled with remorse at the thought of his folly, he had read the tract, which made known to him the faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. "And," said he, "He has saved me, the chief of them."

The Cobb murder trial, in which Mrs. K. M. Cobb was tried for the murder of her husband, has ended in a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. Such an issue is incomprehensible, except on the supposition that the jurymen were influenced by the fact of the accused being a woman, and being desirous of saving her from the death penalty. The object of making different degrees in the crime was to discriminate between homicides committed in a moment of ungovernable frenzy and under circumstances of extreme provocation, from those done deliberately with premeditation, either from motives of gain or some other mean incentive. It is difficult to see, if the jury believed Mrs. Cobb to be guilty of the crime with which she was charged, what extenuating circumstances they discerned justifying a verdict of murder in the *second* degree. If the slow and deliberate poisoning to death of a husband by his wife constitutes murder in the *second* degree, it may well be asked what are the peculiarities of the horrible crime which can constitute a murder in the *first* degree.

Erena, the Russian Maid-servant.—While the Rev. Richard Knill resided in Russia he engaged a Russian young woman named Erena as servant; and the following is the account he gives of her: "When she first came to us she could read a little, and my wife encouraged her to persevere, and for this purpose a Psalter and Testament were given to her. She seemed to take great delight in reading, and we were gratified to perceive how she improved every spare moment for this sacred employ. The first time she evinced any emotion was one evening when she had been reading the history of Cornelius. She came to my wife with an anxious and inquiring look, and said, 'Please to explain this to me: Cornelius fasted, prayed to God always, and gave much alms to the people; yet he was commanded to send for Peter to obtain information what he ought to do. Pray how is this? What could he do more? Is any more required of us than to pray, give alms, and keep the fast?'

"Mrs. Knill answered, 'If something more had not been necessary, the angel would not have commanded it; therefore proceed with the narrative, and mark what Peter said.' She proceeded; and when she read these words, 'To Him gave all the prophets witness, that through His name, *whosoever believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins,*' the young woman was overcome. She burst into a flood of tears, and soon exclaimed, 'Now I see it! *it is by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ that we obtain forgiveness of sins.*' From that day to this her delight was in the Scriptures. Her diligence in business, and her zeal for the salvation of her relatives, made her very highly esteemed by us; and, as far as we can judge, she adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things. She proved a great treasure in the family."

THE COVENANT PLEADED.

A Sermon delivered by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Have respect unto the covenant."—PSALM 74:20.

Successful Prayer Based on the Science of Pleading—The Strongest Plea is the Covenant of Grace—I. What is Meant by Pleading the Covenant—1. That it may be Fulfilled—2. That its Promises may be Fulfilled—3. That Nothing may Intervene to Thwart Them—4. That the Means may be Arranged and made Subservient—II. Whence the Plea derives its Force—1. From the Veracity of God—2. From His Sacred Jealousy—3. From the Venerable Character of the Covenant—4. From the Solemn Indorsement it Bears—5. From its Seal of Blood—6. From its Record of Invariable Fulfilment—7. From the Believer's God-given Confidence—III. When the Covenant may be Pleaded—1. When Oppressed with a Sense of Sin—2. When Struggling to Overcome Inward Corruption—3. When Assailed by Temptation—4. Practical Inferences—The Covenant should be Held in Grateful Respect—In Believing Respect—In Joyful Respect—In Jealous Respect—In Practical Respect.

HE will succeed in prayer who understands *the science* of pleading with God. "Put me in remembrance: let us plead together," is a divine command. "Come now, let us reason together" is a sacred invitation. "Bring forth your strong reasons, saith the Lord," is a condescending direction as to the way of becoming victorious in supplication. Pleading is wrestling: arguments are the grips, the feints, the throes, the struggles with which we hold and vanquish the covenant angel. The humble statement of our wants is not without its value, but to be able to give reasons and arguments why God should hear us is to offer potent, prevalent prayer.

Among all *the arguments* that can be used in pleading with God, perhaps there is none stronger than this—"Have respect unto the covenant." Like Goliath's sword, we may say of it, "There is none like it." If we have God's word for a thing we may well pray, "Do as thou hast said, for as a good man only needs to be reminded of his own word in order to be brought to keep it, even so is it with our faithful God; He only needs that for these things we put Him in remembrance to do them for us." If He has given us more than His word, namely, His covenant, His solemn compact, we may then with the greatest composure of spirit cry to Him, "Have respect unto the covenant," and then we may both hope and quietly wait for his salvation.

I need not tell you, for you are, I trust, well-grounded in that matter, that the covenant here spoken of is *the covenant of grace.* There is a covenant which we could not plead in prayer, the covenant of works, a covenant which destroys us, for we have broken it. Our first father sinned, and the covenant was broken; we have continued in his perverseness, and that covenant condemns us. By the covenant of works can none of us be justified, for we continue still to break our portion of it, and to bring upon ourselves wrath to the uttermost.

The Lord hath made *a new covenant* with the second Adam, our federal head, Jesus Christ our Lord,—a covenant without conditions, except such conditions as Christ has already fulfilled, a covenant, ordered in all things and sure, which now consists of promises only, which run after this fashion—"I will be to them a God, and they shall be to Me a people;" "A new heart also will I give them, and a right spirit will I put within them;" "From all their transgressions will I cleanse them;"—a covenant, I say, which had once conditions in it, all of which our Lord Jesus fulfilled when He finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness; and now the covenant is all of promise, and consists of infallible and eternal shalls and wills, which shall abide the same forever.

We shall talk of the text thus, *What is meant by the plea before us*—"Have respect unto the covenant?" Then we will think a little *of whence it derives its force;* thirdly, we will consider *how and when we may plead it;* and we will close by noticing *what are the practical inferences from it.*

I. Let us begin by this—

WHAT IS MEANT BY THE PLEA

"Have respect unto the covenant?"

1. It means this, does it not? "*Fulfil thy cove-*

nant. O God! let it not be a dead letter. Thou hast said this and that; now do as Thou hast said. Thou hast been pleased by solemn sanction of oath and blood to make this covenant with Thy people. Now be pleased to keep it. Hast Thou said, and wilt Thou not do it? We are persuaded of Thy faithfulness, let our eyes behold Thy covenant engagements fulfilled.

2. It means again, "*Fulfil all the promises of Thy covenant,*" for indeed all the promises are now in the covenant. They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus, to the glory of God by us; and I may say without being unscriptural that the covenant contains within its sacred charter every gracious word that has come from the Most High, either by the mouth of prophets or apostles, or by the lips of Jesus Christ Himself. The meaning in this case would be: "Lord, keep Thy promises concerning Thy people. We are in want: now, O Lord! fulfil Thy promise that we shall not want any good thing.

"Here is another of Thy promises: 'When Thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' We are in rivers of trouble. Be with us now. *Redeem thy promises to Thy servants.* Let them not stand on the book as letters that mock us, but prove that Thou didst mean what Thou didst write and say, and let us see that Thou hast power and will to make every jot and tittle good of all Thou hast spoken. For hast Thou not said, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my world shall not pass away'? Oh then have respect unto the promises of Thy covenant."

3. In the connection of our text there is no doubt that the suppliant meant, "O Lord! prevent any thing from *turning aside* Thy promises." The church was then in a very terrible state. The temple was burnt, and the assemblage broken up, the worship of God had ceased, and idolatrous emblems stood even in the holy place where once the glory of God shone forth. The *plea* is, "Do not suffer the power of the enemy to be so great as to frustrate thy purposes, or to make Thy promises void." So may we pray, "O Lord! do not suffer me to endure such temptation that I shall fall. Do not suffer such affliction to come upon me that I shall be destroyed; for hast Thou not promised that no temptation shall happen to us but such as we are able to bear, and that with the temptation there shall be a way of escape? Now have respect unto Thy covenant, and so order Thy providence that nothing shall happen to us contrary to that divine agreement."

4. And it means also, "So order *every thing around us* that the covenant may be fulfilled. Is Thy church low? Raise up again in her midst men who preach the Gospel with power, who shall be the means of her uplifting. Creator of men, Master of human hearts, Thou who canst circumcise human lips to speak Thy word with power, do this, and let Thy covenant with Thy church that Thou wilt never leave her be fulfilled. The kings of the earth are in Thy hand. All events are controlled by Thee. Thou orderest all things, from the minute to the immense. Nothing, however small, is too small for Thy purpose: nothing, however great, is too great for Thy rule. *Manage every thing* so that in the end each promise of Thy covenant shall be fulfilled to all Thy chosen people."

That, I think, is the meaning of the plea, "Have respect unto the covenant." Keep it and see it kept. Fulfil the promise, and prevent Thy foes from doing evil to Thy children. Precious plea, assuredly.

II. And now let us see

WHENCE THE PLEA DERIVES ITS FORCE.

"Have respect unto the covenant."

1. It derives its force, first, from *the veracity of God.* If it be a covenant of man's making we expect a man to keep it; and a man who does not keep his covenant is not esteemed amongst his fellows. If a man has given his word, that word is his bond. If a thing be solemnly signed and sealed it becomes even more binding, and he that would run back from a covenant would be thought to have forfeited his character among men. God forbid that we should ever think the Most High could be *false* to His word. It is not possible. He can do all things except this—He cannot lie; it is not possible that He should ever be untrue. He cannot even change: the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. He will not alter the thing that hath gone out of His lips.

When then we come before God in prayer for a covenant mercy we have His truthfulness to support us. "O God! Thou must do this. Thou art a sovereign: Thou canst do as Thou wilt, but Thou hast bound Thyself by bonds that hold Thy majesty; Thou hast said it, and it is not possible that Thou shouldst go back from Thine own word." *How strong our faith ought to be* when we have God's truth to lean upon. What dishonor we do to our God by our weak faith; for it is virtually a suspicion of the fidelity of our covenant God.

2. Next, to support us in using this plea we have God's sacred *jealousy for His honor.* He has told us himself that He is a jealous God; His name is jealousy; He has great respect unto His honor among the sons of men. Hence this was *Moses' plea*—"What will the enemy say? And what wilt Thou do unto Thy great name?" Now, if God's covenant could be trifled with, and if it could be proved that He had not kept the promise that He made to His creatures, it would not only be a dreadful thing for us, but it would brings grievous dishonor upon His name; and that shall never be. God is too pure and holy, and He is withal too honorable ever to run back from the word that He has given to His servants.

If I feel that my feet have almost gone, I may still be assured that He will not suffer me wholly to perish, else were His honor stained, for He hath said, "They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand." He might give me up to mine enemies so far as my deserts are concerned, for I deserve to be destroyed by them—but then His honor is engaged to save the meanest of His people, and He has said, "I give unto them eternal life." He will not, therefore, for His honor's sake, suffer me to be the prey of the adversary; but will preserve me, even me, unto the day of His appearing. Here is good foothold for faith.

3. The next reflection that should greatly strengthen us is *the venerable character of the covenant.* This covenant was no transaction of yesterday: or ever the earth was, this covenant was made. We may not speak of first or last with God, but speaking after the manner of men the covenant of grace is God's first thought. Though we usually put the covenant of works first in order of time as revealed, yet in very deed the covenant of grace is *the older* of the two. God's people were not chosen yesterday, but before the foundations of the world; and the Lamb slain to ratify that covenant, though slain eighteen hundred years ago, was in the divine purpose slain from before the foundations of the world. It is an ancient covenant: there is nothing so ancient. It is to God a covenant which He holds in high esteem.

It is not one of His light thoughts, not one of those thoughts which lead Him to create the morning dew that melts ere the day has run its course, or to make the clouds that light up the setting sun with glory but which soon have lost their radiance; but it is *one of His great thoughts,* yea, it is His eternal thought, the thought out of His own inmost soul—this covenant of grace. And because it is so ancient, and to God a matter so important, when we come to Him with this plea in our mouths we must not think of being staggered by unbelief, but may open our mouths wide, for he will assuredly fill them. Here is Thy covenant, O God! which of Thy own spontaneous sovereign will Thou didst ordain of old, a covenant in which Thy very heart is laid bare, and Thy love which is Thyself is manifested. O God! have respect unto it, and do as Thou hast said, and fulfil Thy promise to Thy people.

4. Nor is this all. It is but the beginning. In one sermon I should not have time to show you all the reasons that give force to the plea; but here is one. The covenant has upon it *a solemn indorsement.* There was the stamp of God's own word—that is enough. The very word that created the universe is the word that spake the covenant. But as if that were not sufficient, seeing we are unbelieving, God has added to it His oath, and because He could swear by no greater, He has sworn by Himself. It were blasphemy to dream that the Eternal could be perjured, and He has set His oath to His covenant, in order that, by two immutable things wherein it is impossible for God to lie, he might give to the heirs of grace strong consolation.

5. But more, that venerable covenant thus confirmed by oath was *sealed with blood.* Jesus died to ratify it. His heart's blood bedewed that Magna Charta of the grace of God to His people. It is a covenant now which God the just *must* keep. Jesus has fulfilled our side of it—has executed to the letter all the demands of God upon man. Our Surety and our Substitute has at once kept the law and suffered all that was due by His people on account of their breach of it; and now shall not the Lord be true and the everlasting Father be faithful to His own Son? How can He refuse to His Son the joy which He set before Him and the reward which He promised Him? "He shall see His seed: He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied."

My soul, the faithfulness of God to His covenant is not so much a matter between Thee and God as between Christ and God, for now it so stands—Christ as their representative puts in His claim before the throne of infinite justice for the salvation of every soul for whom He shed His blood, and He must have what He has purchased. *Oh what confidence is here!* The rights of the Son, blended with the love and the veracity of the Father, makes the covenant to be ordered in all things and sure.

6. Moreover, remember, and I will not detain you much longer with this, that up till now *nothing in the covenant has ever failed.* The Lord has been tried by ten thousand times ten thousand of His people, and they have been in trying emergencies and serious difficulties; but it has never been reported in the gates of Zion that the promise has become naught, neither have any said that the covenant is null and void. Ask ye those before you who passed through deeper waters than yourselves. *Ask the martyrs* who gave their lives up for thei Master, "Was He with them to the end?" Th placid smiles upon their countenances while en during the most painful death were evident testi monies that God is true. Their joyous songs the clapping of their hands amidst the fire, an their exultation even on the rack, or when rot ting in some loathsome dungeon—all these hav proved how faithful the Lord has been.

And have you not heard *with your own ear* the testimony of God's dying people? The were in conditions in which they could not hav been sustained by mere imagination, nor buoye up by frenzy, and yet they have been as joyful a if their dying day had been their wedding da Death is too solemn a matter for a man to pla a masquerade there. But what did your wi say in death? or your mother now with God? c what your child, who had learnt the Saviour love? Can you not recall their testimonies eve now? I think I hear some of them, and among the things of earth that are like to the joys heaven, I think this is one of the foremost,—t joy of departed saints when they already hear t voices of angels hovering near, and turn roun and tell us in broken language of the joys that a bursting in upon them—their sight blinded the excess of brightness, and their hearts ra ished with the bliss that floods them. Oh it h been sweet to see the saints depart!

I mention these things now, not merely to r fresh your memories, but *to establish your faith* God. He has been true so many times and fa never, and shall we now experience any difficul in resting on His covenant? No, by all the many years in which the faithfulness of God h been put to the test, and has never failed, us be confident that He will still regard us, a let us pray boldly, "Have respect unto the covenant." For, mark you, as it has been in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be, world without end. It shall be to the last saint as it was with the first. The testimony of the last soldier of the host shall be, "Not one good thing hath failed of all that the Lord God hath promised."

7. Only one more reflection here. Our God has *taught* many of us to trust in His name. We were long in learning the lesson, and nothing but Omnipotence could have made us willing to walk by faith, and not by sight; but with much patience the Lord has brought us at last to have no reliance but on Himself, and now we are depending on His faithfulness and His truth. Is that thy case, brother? What then? Thinkest thou that God has given thee this faith to mock thee? Believest thou that He has taught thee to trust in His name, and thus far has brought thee to put thee to shame? Has His Holy Spirit given thee confidence in a lie; and has He brought in thee faith in a fiction? God forbid! Our God is no demon who would delight in the misery which *a groundless confidence* would be sure to bring to us. If thou hast faith, He gave it to thee, and He that gave it to thee knows His own gift, and will honor it.

He was never false yet, even to the feeblest faith, and if thy faith is great, thou shalt find him greater than thy faith, even when thy faith is at its greatest; therefore be of good cheer. The fact that thou believest should *encourage* thee to say, "Now, O Lord, I have come to rest upon Thee, canst Thou fail me? I, a poor worm, know no confidence but Thy dear name, wilt Thou forsake me? I have no refuge but Thy wounds, O Jesus! no hope but in Thy atoning sacrifice, no light but in Thy light: canst Thou cast me off? It is not possible that the Lord should cast off one who thus trusts Him. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Can any of us forget our children when they fondly trust us in the days of their weakness? No, the Lord is no monster: He is tender and full of compassion, faithful and true; and Jesus is a friend which sticketh closer than a brother. The very fact that he has given us faith in His covenant should help us to plead, "Have respect unto the covenant."

III. Having thus shown you, dear friends, the meaning of the plea, and whence it derives its force, we will now pause a minute and observe

WHEN THAT COVENANT MAY BE PLEADED.

1. First, it may be pleaded *under a sense of sin*—when the soul feels its guiltiness. Let me read to you the words of our apostle, in the eighth chapter of the Hebrews, where He is speaking of this covenant at the tenth verse. "For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. And they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Now, dear hearer, suppose that thou art under a sense of sin; something has revived in thee a recollection of past guilt, or it may be that Thou hast sadly stumbled this very day, and Satan whispers, "Thou wilt surely be destroyed, for thou hast sinned." Now go to the great Father, and open this page, putting thy finger on that twelfth verse, and say, "Lord, Thou hast in infinite, boundless, inconceivable mercy entered into covenant with me, a poor sinner, seeing I believe in the name of Jesus, and now I beseech Thee have respect unto Thy covenant. Thou hast said, *I will be merciful to their unrighteousness:* O God be merciful to mine. *Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more:* Lord, remember no more my sins; forget forever my iniquity." That is the way to use the covenant: when under a sense of sin, run to that clause which meets your case.

2. But suppose, beloved brother or sister, you are *laboring to overcome inward corruption*, with intense desire that holiness should be wrought in you. Then read the covenant again as you find it in the thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah at the thirty-third verse. It is the same covenant, only we are reading *another version* of it. "This shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; after those days, saith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." Now, can you not plead that and say, "Lord, Thy commandments upon stone are holy, but I forget them, and break them; but, O my God! write them on the fleshly tablets of my heart. Come now and make me holy; transform me; write Thy will upon my very soul, that I may live it out, and from the warm impulses of my heart serve Thee as Thou wouldst be served. Have respect unto Thy covenant and sanctify Thy servant."

3. Or suppose you desire to be *upheld under strong temptation*, lest you should go back and return to your old ways. Take the covenant as you find it in Jeremiah at the thirty-second chapter at the fortieth verse. Note these verses and learn them by heart, for they may be a great help to you some of these days. Read the fortieth verse of the thirty-second chapter of Jeremiah. "And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from Me." Now go and say, "O Lord, I am almost gone, and they tell me I shall finally fall, but, O my Lord and Master, there stands Thy word. Put Thy fear in my heart and fulfil Thy promise, that I shall not depart from Thee." *This is the sure road to final perseverance.*

Thus I might take you through all the various needs of God's people, and show that in seeking to have them supplied they may fitly cry, "Have respect unto the covenant." For instance, suppose you were in great distress of mind and needed comfort, you could go to Him with that covenant promise, "As a mother comforteth her children, even so will I comfort thee,—out of Zion will I comfort thee." Go to Him with that and say, "Lord, comfort Thy servant." Or if there should happen to be a trouble upon us, not for yourselves, but for the church; how sweet it is to go to the Lord and say, "Thy covenant runs thus—'the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.' O Lord! it seems as though they would prevail. Interpose thy strength and save Thy church."

If it ever should happen that you are looking for the conversion of the ungodly, and desiring to see sinners saved, and the world seems so dark, look at our text again—the whole verse: "Have respect unto the covenant, for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," to which you may add, "but Thou hast said that Thy glory shall cover the earth, and that all flesh shall see the salvation of God. Lord, have respect unto Thy covenant. Help our missionaries, speed Thy Gospel, bid the mighty angel fly through the midst of heaven to preach the everlasting Gospel to every creature. Why, it is *a grand missionary prayer*. "Have respect unto the covenant." Beloved, it is a two-edged sword, to be used in all conditions of strife, and it is a holy balm of Gilead, that will heal in all conditions of suffering.

IV. And so I close with this last question, WHAT ARE THE

PRACTICAL INFERENCES

FROM ALL THIS? "Have respect unto the covenant. Why, that if we ask God to have respect unto it *we* ought to have respect unto it ourselves, and in this way.

Have a grateful respect for it. Bless the Lord that He ever condescended to enter into covenant with you. What could He see in you even to give you a promise, much more to make a covenant with you? Blessed be His dear name, this is the sweet theme of our hymns on earth, and shall be the subject of our songs in heaven.

Next, *have a believing respect for it.* If it is God's covenant do not dishonor it. It stands sure. Why do you stagger at it through unbelief?

"His every work of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises."

Next, *have a joyful respect for it.* Wake your harps, and join in praise with David: "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant." Here is enough to make a heaven in our hearts while yet we are below—the Lord hath entered into a covenant of grace and peace with us, and He will bless us forever,

Then have a jealous respect for it. Never suffer the covenant of works to be mixed with it. Hate that preaching—I say not less than that—hate that preaching which does not discriminate between the covenant of works and the covenant of grace, for it is deadly preaching and damning preaching. You must always have a straight, clear line here between what is of man and what is of God, for cursed is he that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm; and if you have begun with the Spirit under this covenant do not think of being made perfect in the flesh under another covenant. Be ye holy under the precepts of the heavenly Father; but be ye not legal under the taskmaster's lash. Return not to the bondage of the law, for ye are not under law, but under grace.

Lastly, *have a practical respect for it.* Let all see that the covenant of grace, while it is your reliance, is also your delight. Be ready to speak of it to others. Be ready to show that the effect of its grace upon you is one that is worthy of God, since it has a purifying effect upon your life. He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure. Have respect unto the covenant by walking as such people should who can say that God is to them a God; and they are to Him a people. *The covenant says,* "From all their idols will I cleanse them." Don't love idols then. *The covenant says,* "I will sprinkle pure water upon them, and they shall be clean." Be ye clean then, ye covenanted ones, and may the Lord preserve you and make His covenant to be your boast on earth and your song forever in heaven. Oh that the Lord may bring us into the bonds of His coveuant, and give us a simple faith in His dear Son, for that is the mark of the covenanted ones. Amen and Amen.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

The Value of Dr. Barnardo's Homes in London is shown in the instance of an orphan. His father, a sailor, was drowned at sea about nine years ago, and his mother, a charwoman, died of consumption nearly six years ago. At this time he was about ten years old, and was left in the charge of an aunt. This woman treated the poor lad so heartlessly as to drive him out upon the streets, much to the indignation of the neighbors. For some years he led a miserable life, picking up a few halfpence for running errands, carrying parcels, washing pewter-pots for a publican, etc. At night he slept out as a rule, but sometimes in a lodging-house. He applied to get into a Boys' Home, but was refused admission, as he had no relative or friend to vouch for his story, or any subscriber's letter to recommend his case. At length he got to London on board a schooner, but seems to have fared very poorly for a year. He earned a very scanty livelihood by pushing costermongers' barrows, and carrying boxes of fish at Billingsgate Market, sometimes sleeping out, or walking about the streets *all night*, for three or four nights consecutively. At last he was accidentally directed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, where, after battling with so many hardships, he will be safely sheltered, till he is better fitted to launch out into the ocean of life.

WAS LOST AND IS FOUND, OR THE STORY OF FELICIA CUFFE.

An Original Story by Mr. Henry Martin.

A NARRATIVE FROM A CLERGYMAN'S DIARY.

(*Continued from page* 213.)

An Eventful Walk—Felicia's Disappearance—A Mother's Agony—Maternal Suspicions—The Visit to the Convents—The Watcher in the Chapel—Aunt Barbara's Treachery—Tempted by Flowers—The Capture Effected—The Living Dead—A Convent Prison.

WHEN the ninth summer of her childhood was come, and her widowed mother had in some measure recovered from the shock and stupor of her terrible bereavement, little Felicia Cuffe was sent for a walk upon a bright sunny day under the care of the same nurse who had watched her in infancy. Though a devotee and ignorant, the Irish domestic was of a kind and affectionate nature.

Their walk, one often taken by them before, was along a road which leads to one of the entrances of that finest of all public demesnes, the Phœnix Park. What really occurred upon the way can now never be completely ascertained. Perhaps the nurse's tale was substantially true. She stated that upon a wide and grass-bordered part of the road she had permitted her darlin' young mistress to lag behind to gather wild flowers, while she herself sauntered on, speaking to a companion (the companion, it afterwards transpired, was a sweetheart). She did not thus leave her charge alone, she averred, for more than a minute (but under the circumstances could she be supposed to exactly measure time?). "Not for more than a single little minute," she reiterated, "had she her eyes off her," when, upon looking round, "Miss Felicia" was gone; and she ran back with all haste to see what had become of her, but searching on every hand nowhere could either she or her companion find trace of the child—"only far on, upon a by-road that turned off the main one, a vehicle was seen driving on fast in the distance."

When Peggy, out of breath and distracted, and with face ghastly pale and almost convulsed, brought this tidings to her mistress, the distress it wrought may be imagined. Mrs. Cuffe swooned! her bloodless face was as of one that was dead, and consciousness only returned to be lost again in unconsciousness.

Her Protestant relatives hastened to her side upon the report of the calamity, and aided her all in their power, and, for the matter of that, her Roman Catholic connections did likewise; but it was observed that the late Mr. Cuffe's sisters only made their appearance among the last to come, and that the attentions which they offered seemed more forced than natural.

It was suspected that they had some, if not the principal, part in the affair, and that the child had been ensconced in some nunnery. An order from the Lord Chancellor would have enforced a search, but where was it to be made? Several so-called religious houses both were in and around the city. To which of them the child had been borne was all a secret, and no legal authority would be granted to explore in turn each nunnery of the entire district. It would be a severe and impracticable measure, and would outrage the religious sentiments of the Roman Catholic population of the city. Besides, it was not altogether certain that the child had been secreted in a nunnery, and the law is rightfully cautious of acting upon mere suspicion. All which, under the circumstances, could be done was to make every possible inquiry.

With frenzied entreaty the widowed and now bereft mother besought her connections and neighbors to assist her in the search for her child. Unable herself for bodily exertion, as paralyzed with grief she urged the sympathizing group around her, some of them in tears, to hasten to the locality where the kidnapping act had been perpetrated, and to gather up any hint that might furnish a clue to the place where the treasure of her heart, now, she doubted not, as wretched as herself, was kept hidden. "Offer any reward; all I am worth," she cried; "I will give it freely to him that brings me back my child. Oh you that can pity the greatest trial of a human heart, in God's name help me!"

Turning to her Roman Catholic relatives, she wildly exclaimed, "Take me, bind me, torture me, if ye will, but if you know the place of her concealment get me back my child. No agony of rack or screw can equal that which her loss wrings from me." These, and such expressions as would be spoken by a mother in such a bereavement, were, with infinite pathos, uttered. In that home "there was a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her *child*, and would not be comforted, because *she* was not."

Every attempt at discovery of little Felicia Cuffe's hiding-place proved, however, fruitless. All the scraps of information which could be gathered of her involuntary flight it was found would lead to nothing; few persons were on the road at the time of her disappearance. Indeed it was not a much-frequented thoroughfare, at least at the hour of the child's walk. Those who had been near declared they had observed nothing. It was as though the little girl had been spirited away, and had vanished from the earth, as a golden gleam of sunlight from the darkness of heaven.

Mr. Cuffe's connections could bring themselves, though reluctantly, to make this circumstance a ground for abandoning all further effort; but it was not thus with that lady herself. Her mother's heart could not settle down to the dull rest of hopelessness; her child lived, she doubted not, and so long as that was the case restoration was possible. She resolved to visit personally every convent in and around the city, and to demand from each Lady Superior, until she demanded from the right one, her beloved child. It was a weary and unpromising pilgrimage. Women who themselves had never known the rapture of a mother could be little expected to enter into the feelings of a mother bereaved.

She was, for the most part, coldly received. In many cases her inquiry was declared to be an insult, as involving the indictment of a cheat "Your child, madam, is not here," it would be replied; "it has not that good-fortune. But if she had you would do it eternal wrong to take it from the shelter of our roof. You talk of a mother's right and fostering care, but what mother has greater right than holy Mother Church, and whose maternal care can equal hers? Let it be that what you suppose is the truth—that in some such religious house as this she has the happiness to live—should you wish to take her from salvation and blast her eternal hopes? Widow and doubly mourning though you be, it is my duty to tell you, madam, that you are without the Church, and until you enter it should not have the training of your child."

All this and the like would be said with a cold and bitter calmness and a dreadful self-possession, that gave the desolate seeker to feel that, as a rule, the so-called sister before her, as tamed by a severe regimen, worn by fast and vigil, narrowed by a superstitious and fanatical belief, and with a bosom eliminated of all natural affection, had a heart chill as frost and insensible as steel.

When direct inquiry led to nothing the mother's hungering heart cast itself upon another method—she would frequent each convent chapel of the city and environs open to the public. Peradventure she might, through screen or veil, catch a glimpse some day of her lost one, or the lost one of her; recognition on either side would be sure to issue in audible announcement—demonstration could not be suppressed. The very mothers in the chapel would come to her help, she believed, and, in spite of probable opposition from the celibate sisterhood present would aid her to the rescue of her child.

Month after month was this project put in execution. Every Sabbath, and often on the weekday, two human eyes, gleaming from a sad, pale, and earnest face, might be seen fixed, long and steadily, upon some one of those large, close, and mysterious-looking lattices which are to be seen in the side wall, toward the altar end, of every convent chapel. The owner of those ardent and mournful, yet beautiful, eyes seemed to take no part in the religious service. The human figure, draped in black, never changed its posture, bowed not when others bowed, nor kneeled when others prayed. Even the tinkle of the service bell at the so-called elevation of the host did not for a moment distract the piercing gaze of the mother in quest of her child. What to her was Latin chant or deep-toned recitation, wreathing smoke of incense or dramatic ritual? What she wanted, and with an unspeakable yearning, was her child, and, right or wrong, she could not put aside the thought that those who postured on the altar steps as ministers of God were in a dark and cruel conspiracy to rob her of her child.

We shall not pursue to any greater length this portion of our narrative. Let it be sufficient to say that as with the former expedient so with this, it failed in its object. To recover the vanished one appeared impossible. And yet Felicia Cuffe was in a nunnery and near the city, as transpired in years long after, and from the lips of Felicia Cuffe herself. She could relate that upon the day the warm-hearted Irish nurse Peggy missed her, she had hastened up a portion of the by-road already mentioned in the confused recital of that distracted domestic. The alluring object was a cluster of bright flowers glowing on one of its banks. The finest of these gathered and in her possession, she was led to a further advance up the road to carry out the same delightful act of innocent plunder upon a yet more tempting bunch of fairy blossoms.

While thus engaged, lost in childish glee, her hand was seized and her name was called, and upon looking up she saw it was her aunt, who, as she could afterwards remember, appeared excited, flurried. Her aunt had never been a favorite of hers, but yet she could not exactly say why. Aunt Barbara had ever spoken kindly to her, had made her many presents, and had sought to win her regard. But still her child's quick perception ever seemed to see something sinister behind all these friendly demonstrations. They did not seem to spring from a true love to herself, but from some indirect motive. It was an effort, she felt, to gain her love, not for the joy of having it, but that i might put into the hands of the aunt a power t be used over the actions of the niece.

"Come, dear," said Aunt Barbara, "come with me to where there are far more beautifu flowers than these."

"But, auntie," said the child, "nurse is on the high-road out of sight. Let me go and tell her or she will be awfully frightened."

"Oh! never mind, my love," was the answer "It's all right; I have made it so with Peggy' (which, as we have seen, was not true). "Jus take my hand, dear, and see what a lovely plac I will take you to. Those blossoms in you hand. Throw them away. They're not wort keeping compared with the beauties I'll put yo in possession of."

"I hesitated to follow this advice," said Felici Cuffe afterwards, when giving her account; "bu my auntie smiled at me, and cajoled me, an gently yet eagerly pressed me. So that at last consented to walk by her side, my hand in hers We moved farther away from the main highwa and up the pretty, high-banked country road o which my aunt had found me. Alas! in so d ing I was passing away from liberty and a m ther's loving voice and tender care, to be immured for years among those whose natural affe tion was dead in a veritable prison.

"When we had advanced some distance a v hicle drove up, into which I was lifted, and the my aunt took her seat beside me. There seeme something a little strange about all this, and n mind glanced towards home and my mothe but, kept in chat by my aunt, I made neither r mark upon it nor resistance. A bunch of bea tiful flowers lay upon the carriage seat, opposi to us. Taking it up, my aunt said, 'Look, Felici at these. *There* is something worth looking hey grew, my love, in the garden which I am aking you to see.' And then, perceiving how uch I admired them, she added, 'You may ave them. I'll give you them in payment for hose which, at my bidding, you threw away.'

"This was all the compensation I ever got om my aunt, not only for my bunch of wild-owers (who cares to speak of them ?), but for my eedom—my natural rights as a thinking and oral being, and for all the love and happiness om which she so cruelly tore me that fatal our. O ye wild flowers! how often in after ays did I think of you and of your God-given eedom! How often have I craved, and with a asping heart, to share your outside sunshine, athed in the free air of the open heaven.

"The convent my aunt had me taken to was the environs of the city. We passed through a uge wooden gate, which had to be unbarred to s, and up a fine avenue of trees, and then the arriage stopped at a large, white-colored build-g. The outer door was closed, but upon nocking it was speedily opened. I had never all my previous childhood seen a nun. The rst my eyes ever beheld was she who, as servitor r the day, now stood before us in the spacious nd bare-looking hall into which we had entered; p to that same time, also, I had never seen a orpse. My poor dead father had been brought ome in his screwed-down coffin. The costume f the grave is certainly, as a piece of rueful art, ell devised for ghastliness; it gives an added rimness to the ugliness of death; but grave-loths are the type and pattern of a nun's attire. hink, then, how my child's heart recoiled and hrunk from the pale face, half covered with hite bands, and the sable-robed apparition hich flitted before us.

"After a short time my aunt was shown into n inner room. I wished to follow her, but she old me to remain for a little with the lady in the all, and that she would soon come back to me. alse words," relates Miss Cuffe; "I have never een her from that hour, for before *my* resurrec-ion from this living tomb *she* had passed away to nother world.

"Lonely and nervous in the presence of my pectral companion, my eyes often turned to the oor within which my aunt had vanished, and y ears keenly listened for any sound of her re-urn; but I looked and waited in vain. I began o weep, and my friend in white and black, it ust be said, kindly sought to comfort me. She aid, 'Don't cry, dear; your aunt, no doubt, will oon be here; something has detained her lon-er than she expected.' It may be she knew her ords were false. Who can tell? But let us in harity believe she spoke in ignorance.

"My aunt did not appear, but another nun ame from the door which my eyes were intent pon. She was more aged than the servitor un, which nun, it was plain, stood in great awe f her. Gravely speaking to me, the senior nun ade me follow her, for she was about to take ne, she said, to the beautiful place my aunt had romised me. I obeyed, and, after walking down ome passages, we entered the nunnery garden. n it there were some long beds of flowers, and rom end to end four paths stretched without a urve, on each of which a nun paced up and own, with sober step and upright mien, and ands crossed upon the bosom. Not one of them urned head to right or left, not even to see ho had entered the garden. Silent as the grave, nd emotionless—ghosts, not of the night, but f the day—they moved up and down before us. describe it now, for I took it all in at the time; t struck my young mind as altogether unearth-y, strange, and unassuring. I observed, too, hat a great high wall had been built quite round he garden, shutting out of view the branch-tops f even the highest trees; the only thing to be een from the inclosure was a patch of the over-anging sky. How often did I look up at it in fter days, to see the snowy cloudlets passing y, and oh! how I envied their freedom as they assed from vision beyond the convent garden all into the azure sea of the outer heaven!"

(To be continued.)

THE KEEPING OF THE SABBATH.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 9th.—Neh. 13:10-22. Golden Text, Ex. 20:8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text for to-day consists of the fourth commandment, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." In our day, when men are questioning the authenticity of God's Word, and seeking to overthrow the authority of His commandments, it behoves believers to look well to the Scripture ground for the observance of them, and at the same time to search out the effects of disobedience to them.

With regard to the Sabbath, it was in the first instance a *gift* to man before the institution of the law. Gen. 2: 3, "And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." And again (Ex. 16: 28, 29), when some of the people of Israel went out to gather manna on the Sabbath-day (before the giving of the law), the Lord said unto Moses, "How long refuse ye to keep My commandments and My laws? See for that the Lord *hath given you the Sabbath*, therefore He giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days; abide ye every man in his place, let no man go out of his place on the seventh-day."

In the second place it was to be to the children of Israel a remembrance of creation and of redemption. Of creation (Ex. 20: 11): "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: *wherefore* the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it." Of redemption (Deut. 5: 15): "And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence, through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm: *therefore* the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath-day."

In the third place, the Sabbath was to be the special sign between God and His people Israel. The last charge God gave to Moses when he was with Him on Mount Sinai was concerning the Sabbath. "Speak thou also into the children of Israel, saying, Verily my sabbaths ye shall keep: for *it is a sign between Me and you* throughout your generations.

In Ezek. 20: 12, 20, the Lord speaks of two reasons why the Sabbath is to be a sign, "that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them," and "that ye may know that I am the Lord your God."

In Isaiah 58: 13, 14, a special blessing is promised to the observance of the Sabbath. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

With all this solemn teaching before them, of which the priests and Levites at any rate were aware, the children of Israel in Nehemiah's time were guilty of breaking the Sabbath. Nehemiah saw "in Judah some treading wine-presses on the Sabbath, and bringing in sheaves, and loading asses; as also wine, grapes, and figs, and all manner of burdens, which they brought into Jerusalem on the Sabbath-day." Only about a century and a half previous to this time, the prophet Jeremiah was sent of God to "stand in the gate of the children of the people, whereby the kings of Judah come in, and by the which they go out, and in *all* the gates of Jerusalem," to say, "Thus saith the Lord: Take heed to yourselves, and bear no burden on the Sabbath-day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem; neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the Sabbath-day, neither "do ye any work, but hallow ye the Sabbath-day, as I commanded your fathers" (Jer. 17: 20–22). It is probable that the old men of Nehemiah's time had heard their fathers tell how the old, sorrowful, weeping man of God went forth with his warning words from one gate to another, and may be they followed him as children, and so the constant repetition was stamped upon the memory.

How came it, then, that they were doing now in Jerusalem the very identical thing which they had been commanded not to do? No doubt these Jews said, "Others do it, and we only do it in self-defence. Others will get their wheat and their wine into the market before ours, and so secure a better price, and we cannot afford thus to lose." This is how men speak nowadays. But how few say, "I cannot afford to lose my soul eternally!" Men live as though they had no souls. The practical unbelief in an eternity is awful. This bad example told upon the heathen; the latitude with which the Jews regarded the Sabbath emboldened the fishermen of Tyre and other heathen costermongers to come and drive their traffic in Jerusalem on the Sabbath-day.

But Nehemiah had God's cause at heart, and he was not to be daunted by the spectre of common custom or the necessities of commerce. He knew that when God had given a command there was a way of obeying that command, and he went straight to the nobles, as being the responsible party, and said to them, "What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath-day?"

This man of God took the matter in hand energetically, and he carried it through. He knew that His people had been chastised for this very sin. So on the eve of the Sabbath he commanded that the city gates should be shut until the Sabbath was over. The costermongers came as usual, but they found the city gates closed against them. Then, with an obstinate persistency, they lodged without the gates. And Nehemiah went and addressed them, threatening to lay hands on them if they continued to do so. He was known well to be a man of his word, and so they discontinued the practice. And he "commanded the Levites that they should cleanse themselves, and that they should come and keep the gates, to sanctify the Sabbath-day." Would that there were Nehemiahs amongst us now!

But there are some who profess and call themselves Christians, and who argue that the Sabbath is not binding upon us because we are not under the law, because the day with us is changed from the seventh to the first day of the week, and because Jesus so often healed on the Sabbath-day, and His disciples plucked the ears of corn and did eat on the Sabbath-day. To which the Lord answers in His Word, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I amnot come to destroy, but to fulfil. . . . Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven, etc." (Matt. 5: 17–19). The change of day is not commanded in Scripture, but in Acts 20: 7, 1 Cor. 16: 2, Rev. 1: 10, it would seem as though the first day of the week were already in use as the day of rest, instead of the seventh, and the great matter is surely giving the seventh part of our time as holy and as set apart for God.

One other objection is often made, that with God's children, who seek His glory, every day is a Sabbath, and every work is holy. This is one of a class of objections which faithfully discovers the shallowness of the conceptions of God's truth in so many. We are not little units, for whom the world was created, and for whom God exists. We were created for Him, and not He for us, and the Sabbath, given *before the law*, is a *sign* between us and God which the unconverted can read and understand. Every infidel knows that a Christian believes so fully in the God that he denies, that he thinks it worth his while to spend a seventh part of his time in the service of that God, and this is a sign that he cannot forget during an endless eternity. Let us not also forget that there remaineth, when Jesus comes, a "keeping of a Sabbath for the people of God" (Heb. 4: 9, margin).

THE PROPHECY IN THE GREAT PYRAMID ABOUT THE COMING YEARS 1881-2.

By Thomas W. Greenwell, M.R.S.L., Author of "The Death and Resurrection of the Witnesses, a Future Event," etc.

Views about the Great Pyramid—Is its Architecture on a Divine Plan?—Professor Piazzi Smyth's great Book upon it—The Length of its Galleries in "Inches" represents the Length of the Jewish, Christian, and Millennial Dispensations in "Years"—The First Gallery—The Second or Grand Gallery—The Revolutionary Era of 1815 A.D.—Was Melchisedec the Architect?

It seems to be the intention of Providence, in these latter days when men are beginning to doubt, and even deny, the interference of Divine guidance in human affairs, that fresh light shall gradually dawn on mankind; that, in fact, *to those that have, more shall be given.* We take this view of the extraordinary discoveries that have recently been made in connection with *the Great Pyramid of Upper Egypt*, by which some light is thrown on unfulfilled prophecy. As every one knows, there has been much discussion about this subject for the last two centuries. The generally accepted idea has been that it (the Pyramid) was built as a mausoleum. The abortive attempt, however, of Al Mamoum (A.D. 820) to find the remains or treasures of Cheops has lately done much to dissipate this delusion.

Sir Isaac Newton, whose subtle and capacious intellect seems to have penetrated many diverse subjects, may be said to have originated the modern theory of the Great Pyramid being a sort of storehouse or repository of science and scientific truths; but within the last twenty or thirty years *Pyramidal research* may be said to have taken an entirely new departure, through the discoveries of the late Mr. John Taylor and

PROFESSOR PIAZZI SMYTH

(Astronomer Royal of Scotland). The last-mentioned writer has enunciated his views with singular clearness in his well-known work, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid." Briefly they may be summed up as follows:

(1) The Great Pyramid is a mathematical structure and in the land-centre of the earth. It is of supernatural origin.

(2) It is a standard of creation and astronomical science;

(3) Of weights and measures;

(4) Of time and heat;

(5) Of squaring the circle.

To the foregoing may also be added the remark that certain proportions of the Pyramid represent the world's mean distance from the sun. The pyramid inch is 1.001 of that at present in use, and the profane measures of heathen Egypt are in no way represented in the structure.

The strangest part, however, yet remains to be told. Some twenty years ago it was given to Mr. John Taylor, author of "*The Great Pyramid: Why was it Built and Wha Built It?*" to suggest that the interior architecture was carried out on a Divine plan, and intended to be *confirmatory of certain Biblical and prophetic periods.* The world, of course, laughed at this, as indeed it always does laugh when any thing out of the common appears.

But it yet remains to be seen whether that publisher of Gower Street, London, was, or was not, the pioneer of one of the most startling truths of modern times. Fortunately he had an able coadjutor in Professor Smyth; and it is to that gentleman's exertions in 1864–5 in Egypt that we owe the three volumes entitled "*Life and Work at the Great Pyramid.*"

Since that time the theory has been taken up by writers all over the world. Amongst them we may mention Professor Hamilton L. Smith, in America; the Rev. F. Glover, India; S. Russell, Canada; Archdeacon Stock, New Zealand; J. Pitcher, South Australia; the Abbé Moigno, France; Dr. Grant, Cairo; and besides many others in England, Vincent Day, Mackenzie, Taylor Goodin, Alexander Mackay, Osburn, Casey, Tracy, Habershon, etc.

THIS "SACRED THEORY,"

as it is now called, is also advocated by some periodicals.

The view is briefly this: that the Pyramid was Divinely constructed; perhaps by Melchisedec as its architect. The *length* of the interior galleries of the Pyramid measure out continuously *in inches* the length of the Jewish, Christian, and millennial dispensations *in years.* Thus, the first gallery, which is 2528 *inches* long, represents the 2528 *years* from the dispersion of mankind at the Tower of Babel, to the first advent of Christ. Then the second, or Grand Gallery, 1881–2 inches long, represents the 1882 years of the Christian dispensation; then the third gallery symbolizes the subsequent millennial dispensation.

THE FIRST GALLERY REPRESENTING THE JEWISH DISPENSATION..

According to the Pyramid astronomy the *Flood* took place B.C. 2790. The *first entrance-passage or gallery* commences with the symbolic date answering to B.C. 2528—the era of the first dispersion of mankind. On the scale of an inch to a year, the passage gradually descends to a point B.C. 2170, which was the date of the erection of the Pyramid. This is singularly marked by two fine lines ruled on the stone on the east and west sides of the gallery. The descent then continues 628 inches (representing, of course 628 years), to what is called "the granite portcullis" (B.C. 1542); this is a junction or new departure in the Pyramid's symbolism.

This "granite portcullis" is very important; it indicates the separation of a "peculiar people" to the service of God. The Hebrew passage, or gallery, consequently commences B.C. 1542 (the exodus from Egypt under Moses), and, of course, extends to the birth of Christ. The various phases of Hebrew history are, it appears, in some manner symbolized on the stone facings of this passage, and its height is only 53 inches. This is apparently in contradistinction to the commanding proportions of the following Grand Gallery, or Christian dispensation (28 feet high).

THE SECOND OR GRAND GALLERY, SYMBOLIZING THE CHRISTIAN DISPENSATION.

We are further told by Professor Smyth that *thirty-three inches* (signifying *years*) after the commencement of this Grand Gallery there is a "well," or dark aperture, leading to a subterranean chamber in the rock, and ultimately into a profound depth called the "bottomless pit." The stone which once covered the aperture has long since been torn away.

This seems intended to be a startling symbolism of the death and descent into the grave of our Lord, prefigured by the descent into the Hades Chamber.

As we are merely giving an outline of the theory, we pass on to notice that the length of the *Grand Gallery* is 1881 Pyramid inches and a fraction; this has been ascertained by the most careful measurements. There is nothing particular in its whole course until a remarkable change takes place at the point of 1815 inches from its commencement, corresponding, of course, with the year A.D. 1815. It will, perhaps, be best to give this in the Professor's own words:

"' We had traced up that gallery's remarkable course from where it begins at its north end with the date of the birth of the Saviour of mankind; and, excepting only certain limited features in that neighborhood already alluded to, had met with no break or interruption to our continued ascent along the enormous length of its sloping floor, until, at the rate of a Pyramid inch to a year, we had arrived at the point indicating A.D. 1813–14.

"At that point, however, begins the grand step of the end, a step crossing all the breadth of the gallery, and rising from its floor almost exactly a British yard in vertical height, yet forming from there a continued level right on to the very end.

"That end, nevertheless, we had not actually reached, even by going on to the 1875 date point, though it comes very soon afterwards, viz., in A.D. 1881–2; for there, in all its solidity and overhanging imminence, is the southern wall or practical termination of the Grand Gallery. Whatever, therefore, that feature symbolizes, terminates there too—viz., in A.D. 1881–2."

THE ERA OF 1815 A.D. PREFIGURED.

This elevation in the floor-level, corresponding to the date 1815, is a very remarkable feature. It is admitted that the events occurring from A.D. 1800 to 1815, ushered in, as it were, a new era in the history of mankind.

At that era France, the leading nation of Europe, shook off religion for a season, and endeavored to introduce new creeds, new times, laws, seasons, and even measures (the metric system). It is now supposed that the *future Antichrist* will do these things on a more extended scale in the future.

After the end of the Grand Gallery, at the distance of 1881 inches, we find that a very *low passage*, forty-four inches in height and fifty-three in length, commences. This evidently indicates the period of antichristian troubles. Then comes the Antechamber, or Millennium, where the previous limestone floor is changed for more enduring granite.

The concluding portion of the pyramid's interior is taken up with another passage (the *Final Judgment*), and the mystic King's Chamber (or *Heavenly State*). In this King's Chamber there is the "coffer," the proportions of which exactly answer to the Ark of the Covenant.

If, therefore, all this symbolism be correctly interpreted, *there exists in Upper Egypt at the present day a complete record in stone of the world's history, from shortly after the Flood to the end of all time.*

It is further to be added that at the end of the Grand Gallery, denoting the Christian Dispensation, there is what is termed a way of escape—a sort of trap-door, twenty-eight feet high, and only to be approached by a select body. Strange to say, the Book of Revelation constantly points to the "elect" who will escape the antichristian troubles by being translated to meet Christ in the air at His second coming.

It will be as well, however, to return to some of the facts and arguments on which these extraordinary hypotheses are based. The question must naturally occur to many minds, What data are there for all this? What proofs that the Great Pyramid is *supernatural in its origin*, or that *its building was Divinely inspired?*

The theory advanced is that no less a personage than *Melchisedec* was the architect—the mysterious Being of whom it is said in Hebrews that he being "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest continually."

It is thought that Philition or Philitis, the shepherd-prince mentioned in Herodotus' ancient history as having presided over the building of the Great Pyramid, is one and the sam with the High Priest so graphically described i Hebrews.

After a careful examination of the various theories propounded, we would much rather suppose that Melchisedec was an angelic being, o other supernatural personage, than, as has latel been advanced, the actual "Son of God." Bu even this latter hypothesis would seem to be no impossible, as there are several "appearances" in the Old Testament which would imply tha the Second Person of the Trinity has actuall taken human or semi-human form for especia reasons—as, for example, the fourth figure i Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.

The following passage from the prophet Isaiah is, together with many similar statements frequently quoted as containing a prophecy o the Great Pyramid. It runs: "In that day shal there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of th land of Egypt, and *a pillar* at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign an for a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the lan of Egypt" (Isaiah 19: 19, 20).

Altogether the subject may be said to be extremely important, and it is evident that muc remains to be cleared up before even the religious world can receive the SACRED PYRAMIDA THEORY. In the meantime, in the words of ou author, "*The Biblical evidence touching thi mighty and most unique monument of sacred an* *prophetic purport is deserving of more intimate and peculiar study than we have yet bestowed upon it.*”

The thoughtful mind cannot but see in the portentous aspect of the modern world—in the way every thing shifts and changes—in the wars and rumors of wars—in the strifes of Church and State—in the incipient outbreaks of revolution—n the famines, earthquakes, and pestilences—hat convulsions of an unparalleled nature are not only approaching, but actually in our midst. Professor Smyth, in his work, is of opinion that t the close of the dispensation some other instiution of an entirely opposite character, having ntered into Christianity, and, as it were, eaten out it very vitals, will suddenly overpower it. He further leads us to expect a military antihrist or antichrist of “Cæsarism.” We, on he contrary, have always looked for a spiritualstic one; but this question on which great diergence of opinion exists, will be treated of in a uture article on unfulfilled prophecy.

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SPIRITUALISM AND THE FUTURE ANTICHRIST.

Rationalism and *Socialism* are ripening the world for a climax. Recent writers assure us hat in Protestant Germany “reason proudly its in the chair of faith, and the natural powers of man are endued with the attributes of Divinty.” What does this point to but the elevaion or *pantheising* of our race? “*Ye are as ods,*” says Satan, as preparatory to placing *one man* above every god. What more common han to hear such expressions as the following: “The divine ideality of man;” “the exploded dea of God;” “the coming new development;” “the higher theology of the future;” “Chrisianity is doomed,” etc.?

It is perhaps no wonder that, taking advanage of such sentiments as these, a well-known writer in the *Westminster Review* should reently have asserted that Spiritualism, or the “*new revelation,*” is the only religion of the fuure. This brings us to the consideration of this ast sign of the times, as it affects the question of unfulfilled prophecy. The apostle distinctly mentions that at the close of the age, or dispenation, there shall be a revival of what in all ages of the world has been termed necromancy, or dealing with familiar spirits. “Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times ome shall depart from the faith, giving heed to educing spirits, and doctrines of devils or *eachings of demons*” (1 Tim. 4).

The fact cannot be too distinctly insisted upon, that Spiritualism contains in itself the germ of the Antichristian system. The slow and tealthy strides by which it has crept into the world have been the ruin of thousands; and if o-day the “new delusion” counts its votaries by tens of thousands, we have only ourselves to blame. Rightly or wrongly, the majority of people have hitherto mocked and underrated its laims to attention.

The *future Antichrist* will arise on the world as he *apostle of progress*—the prophet of humanity; he will appeal to all classes and to all religions. Moreover, it is probable that a distracted and chaotic world will be found ripe and ready to bow down to his claims and worship him as the Saviour of mankind. For this supreme moment Satan has apparently been long preparing. The *Spiritualists* boldly assert that, in the “coming egeneration,” the present state of society, and all existing creeds and religions, will be swept away by a personage whom they call the “Comorter,” who is shortly to appear in order to heal he wounds of our afflicted race.

In proportion as men are able and willing to bear it, the thin edge of the wedge of this new evelation is being introduced into various places and circles. A Spiritualistic medium, speaking under supernatural, or rather infranatural, influences said:

“There will be great and astounding manifestations within the next few years; innumerable sorrows are in reserve for earth's inhabitants; but beyond is the prospect of a brighter day, when among the blessings not the least shall be communion with the spirits of the pure and the good. Some years will pass before a great change; but another century will not commence before this great change will be wrought. I may not reveal more now. The spirit manifestations will astound the world. Day after day spirits continually watch the progress of the new light—then will the great day of jubilee come, and all the sorrows of the past be done away. These things presage the coming of a glorious future—the coming of a ‘new Messiah.’” (!)

The reason why the religious world has been so slow to recognize the fearful nature and origin of modern Spiritualism is because the phenomena have been kept, for the most part, confined to certain strict and select circles. In this may be seen the manifest finger of the Evil One. Under cover of silly and profane phenomena (table.turnings, rappings, levitations, and the like), this last—and most accursed—delusion has been foisted on mankind. It has silently but surely crept into the remotest villages and hamlets; and there is not a considerable town in this country where the “cause,” as it is termed, has not its adherents, its circles, and its seance-chambers. Not long ago it was heard of in the Azores.

The most distant colonies have their organs, their lyceums, and their travelling Spiritualistic missionaries. In fact, there is a constant machinery at work advocating the novel doctrines which the world as yet little dreams of.

We affirm that this hideous mockery of a new religion is gathering together its forces, unknown to the multitude, for a world-wide upheaval—a gigantic confederacy—the excesses and blasphemies of which what tongue can tell, what pen describe, but which will be an accompaniment of the latter-day Great Tribulation foretold in Daniel 12: 1, and Matthew 24: 21, to be associated with the Second Advent of *Christ and* the millennium.

“**Commercial Dishonesty results from the** growth of our large cities,” said Mr. Joseph Cook in his lecture in New York on January 23d. “Society in those great centres usually loses the master's whip of small cords, and the loss is felt in political, commercial, and in religious matters. In politics the influence of the cities has prevented the passing of an effective bankruptcy law. In commerce, cities easily forget how to hiss vice. It is true *the laws of trade* are understood in the cities better than in the country side; but so many dishonest things are done in the great towns that the tone of public discussion is relaxed. When honesty is unexacting, there comes into existence what I call a flabby commercial liberalism, the most costly mood that commerce can put on. We are suspicious of each other in proportion to the number of frauds and dishonest bankruptcies: distrust makes necessary a higher rate of interest. ‘The costliest unclean beast,’ Thorold Rogers says, ‘that society can keep in its menagerie is an unpunished commercial rogue.’

In religious circles this extravagance of ours in ecclesiastical palaces, this feeling of ours that social prestige is more to be regarded in certain churches than right standing before Almighty God, this using our houses of God as social preserves to keep families in good position, and this tendency of cities to give to the church itself commercial measuring tapes, that the churches that set the fashions for the land are more often in cities than elsewhere—all these are circumstances pointing to peril in time to come, and already big with disaster!” It is a sad fact that a lax code of morality is every day becoming more prevalent, and in pointing out the evil and suggesting its possible source Mr. Cook does a valuable service to the community.

THE HEROIC LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER.

THE New York *World* relates an incident in the life of a humble man worthy of being written in the annals of fame alongside of deeds which have shed a lustre on names familiar in our mouths as household words.

In August, 1865, the family of Edward Pope, keeper of the Ellis Bay light-house, was stricken down by typhoid fever, and, to add to his misfortunes, the revolving apparatus of his light broke. The government steamer had gone, and Pope had no means of communicating with the Marine Department at Quebec or elsewhere.

The light revolved, or flashed, as the technical phrase, is every minute and a half; and if it flashed no more it would probably be mistaken by passing vessels in that region of fog for the stationary light at the west point of the island, and thus lead to dire loss of life. Pope found that, with a little exertion, he could turn it and make it flash, and at once determined to fill the place of the automatic gear. Accordingly, this humble hero sat in the turret, with his watch by his side, turning the light regularly at the allotted time every night, from 7 P.M. until 7 A.M., from the middle of August until the 1st of December, and from the 1st of April until the end of June, when the government steamer came to his relief with a new apparatus.

All through the first season Pope's daughter and grandchildren were ill unto death, with nobody save him to nurse them. He waited on them tenderly during the day, but as night fell on the iron-bound coast he hastened to his vigil in the turret, doing his duty to the Canadian Government and to humanity with unflinching devotion. In the second season his daughter, who had lived through the fever, took turns with him in the light-room.

This man may have saved a thousand lives. He died in 1872, and his deed has never until this day been chronicled. Well would it be for the world if the followers of Jesus were as anxious to save souls from perdition as this man was to prevent the loss of life. He knew that to keep his light burning properly was the only safeguard for the storm-tossed mariner, and he spared no pains to do that. “Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven” (Matt. 5: 16).

“RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.”

A WAITER at a large tavern in Bishopsgate Street, London, was won to a saving knowledge of “the truth,” and became a member of a Christian church. Soon afterwards his wife also gave her heart to the Saviour, and together they united in prayers for the salvation of their children. At a recent meeting he relates how other souls were blessed through his influence. He said: “Some time ago I bought a concertina, and learnt to play ‘*Ring the Bells of Heaven.*’ One Sunday night we all struck up with our music and singing, when, to our sorrow, our lodger and his wife came down stairs, and said, ‘If you're going to kick up that row with the concertina, we shall give you a week's notice on Monday, as we won't stand it.’ This was a disappointment to us, and so we tried to make things smooth, and shut our doors and windows to keep in the sound. But the lodger's wife opened the door to listen, the singing brought conviction to her heart, and to ease her conscience she felt obliged to go to a place of worship. Her husband quarrelled with her for doing this, and went to a public-house to spite her. However, they did not leave the house, as they had threatened to do. Many importunate prayers were offered for them; and now they are *both communicants and tract-distributors.*”

On the Lord's Day the concertina is still played, and instead of being interrupted, all in the house unite together in singing,—

> “Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
> For a soul returning from the wild.”

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Political Crisis in France ended on Monday, January 20th, with a vote of confidence in the Ministry, as modified by President MacMahon. The majority was a decisive one; no less than one hundred and two in a house of three hundred and forty-four. The event has produced a feeling of profound satisfaction throughout the country, and it is believed it indicates a period of quiet and moderate measures. The deputies were inundated with despatches from their constituents, previous to the division, urging them to support the Government. It is thought that M. Gambetta is averse to taking office, as he refrained from taking an active part in the attack on the Government. Had he done so and the Ministry have been defeated, he would have been expected to form a Ministry himself; an attempt for which he considers the state of the country is not yet ripe. M. Gambetta, by his patience, prudence, and moderation, is winning for himself a name and a reputation that will give him great power in France.

Don Espartero, Duke of Vittoria, whose death was lately announced in the cable dispatches, was one of the remarkable men of this age. For the past forty years he has played an important part in the affairs of Spain, and is inseparably identified with her history. His career is remarkable. He was of obscure origin, being the youngest of the nine children of a cartwright of La Mancha, in which province he was born. At the time of Napoleon's invasion of Spain in 1808 he was studying for the priesthood; that event caused him to change his avocation, and he became a soldier. He rose rapidly through all the various grades of promotion to be a marshal of Spain, and in 1841 he became the Regent of the Kingdom. In 1854, in conjunction with Marshal O'Donnell, he was intrusted by Queen Isabella with the formation of a ministry. The two military chieftains could not agree, and Espartero was dismissed in 1856. After a retirement of about ten years he was again brought into prominence by the proposal of his name as King of Spain, and although he was not chosen he continued to exercise more or less influence upon the politics of Spain, and at his death was reckoned one of the foremost men of the nation.

The Battle for Universal Dominion.—Under this heading a contemporary asks: "To whom is Afghanistan ultimately to belong? If it is, as some of our *savants* tell us, not worth our keeping, Russia will certainly absorb it sooner or later. All the larger states are either absorbing their smaller neighbors or being absorbed themselves; while no small states are being created. Meanwhile, as the *Standard* points out, the disease of Social Democracy is eating out the very life of most of the large European states. Nihilism is at work in Russia, Socialism in Germany; Austria, if not a sick man, is certainly not a healthy one; France may be said to be always ready for revolution at a week's notice; Italy, the spoilt child of Europe, is fretting for a toy she cannot get, and the symptoms of the throes of 1848 are everywhere discernible."

A Chinawoman's Dying Vision.—A missionary of the London Missionary Society in China in a recent report relates the following circumstance: "One of our female converts, who had been long sick, was evidently drawing near to death. About the middle of the night she awoke her husband by saying, 'Rise and pray. the Lord is calling me.' He rose and prayed, then asked her if she saw any thing, as her eyes were looking in a fixed manner in one direction. 'Yes,' she said; 'oh, how beautiful! don't you see it? I never saw any thing so lovely! *They are all clad in white!* Look at them!' She continued in this state during the day, full of happiness, and asked her little boy to repeat the hymn, 'All hail the power of Jesu's Name,' being particularly pleased with the lines, 'Lift up the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of All.' She died in the evening. The manner of her death, as may be supposed, made a happy impression on the members of the Mission Church.

Mrs. M. Baxter in Germany.—One of the places at which she recently had large meetings was *Heilbronn*, a large manufacturing town, and one of its leading pastors is a nephew of the well-known missionary, Rev. J. Weitbrecht. The healing of the sick by the prayer of faith (James 5) has been long practised in this neighborhood. At the town of Canstatt, the late Baroness Sochendorf's Institution for healing by faith is still carried on.

At *Stuttgart* Mrs. Baxter's meetings were held in a large hall, which had been used by the Social Democrats; most who came were the working classes. It is hoped many found peace in Christ, and among others a father, mother, son, and daughter. Meetings were also held in December in *Goeppingen*, a manufacturing town of 11,000. The journey thence to *Wilhelmsdorf*, a Moravian settlement, was in intense cold—by train, and three hours of a freezing carriage drive. Here the welcome was most hearty, and meetings were held twice every day.

Wilhelmsdorf is a cruciform village, with the church in the middle of the square from which four streets branch off. There is a large girls' school in it, and it is believed that almost every pupil has previously or recently found peace. The whole school came out to say farewell at her departure on December 18th. The journey was then made over the Lakes of Constance and Zurich to *Gurzelen*, in Switzerland, and meetings were held there, and also at Thun and Berne, in January. Prayer is asked for a blessing on these meetings.

A woman died from destitution in the streets of London on Christmas Day—Matilda Cole, an industrious woman, the widow of an artisan. The deceased could not earn a remunerative livelihood, and losing her home bit by bit gradually sank under extreme penury and exposure, and at last was without a settled home. Mrs. Wyld, needle-woman, of 23 Princes Row, Newport Market, her mother, sometimes relieved her as well as her straitened circumstances would allow; but deceased would not accept relief from the Union. On Christmas morning she was found lying in the snow, dead.

Another Theatrical Tea Meeting was given at Exeter Hall, London, by Mr. Forbes, of Holloway, on Jan. 2d. The attendance was larger than on any previous occasion, about 150 ballet-girls and theatrical employés being present. The hour of meeting was four o'clock, and that of departure seven. During tea several hymns were sung. After tea the assembly was addressed by the Rev. Denham Smith, who related an interesting circumstance in connection with the life of *the Princess Alice*, whose loss they so much deplored. The Princess not very long ago called on a friend, and was informed of a social gathering of persons beneath their own rank. She expressed a desire to see them, and went. On their way the lady asked her if she felt she would like to speak to them. The Princess said, "Yes; but don't tell them who I am." The lady during the conversation said, "Would your Royal Highness excuse me if I asked when you first felt that you were saved?" "Well," the Princess replied, "*a poor Scotch Christian talked to me about the Gospel, and since then I have been able to say I am saved.*" And so he trusted that, by talking to them of the Gospel, they might also feel that they were saved. He trusted that God's blessing might rest upon them, and that they might come, like their own Princess, to feel that they were saved. He concluded by expressing a wish that God might give them a happy new year.

The Dancing Festival at the tomb of St. Willibrord (whose special forte is supposed to be effectual intercession for sufferers from epilepsy and St. Vitus's dance) takes place annually on Whit Tuesday at Echternach, a town and railway station in Luxembourg. It has been described as "one of the most extraordinary spectacles that religious fervor could devise, or ignorant fanaticism perpetuate.' It begins with an open-air sermon; then follows a procession all round the town, headed by the clergy, followed, first, by several hundred men singing the Litany of St. Willibrord, and then by all the boys, and after them the girls, of Echternach, from the age of ten to fourteen, *dancing three steps forward and one backward*, or five steps forward and three backward. Most, if not all, of these youngsters act a vicarious part, being hired to dance for the benefit of other persons. Then comes an endless crowd of men, women, and children—five or six or more deep—holding a stick, or umbrella, or pocket-handkerchief between them, and dancing or hopping to a jig tune, played by numerous bands of wind instruments, or by drums and fifes, which at intervals form part of the procession. The affair finishes by the processionists dancing up the sixty-four steps which lead to the church, hopping round the altar (where their chaplets or crucifixes are brought in contact with the statute of the saint, to be thus endowed with special virtue), and then emerging into the churchyard." A spectator of

The concluding portion of the pyramid's inte-
ior is taken up with another passage (the *Final*
Judgment), and the mystic King's Chamber (or
Heavenly State). In this King's Chamber there
s the "coffer," the proportions of which exact-
y answer to the Ark of the Covenant.
t If, therefore, all this symbolism be correctly
[illegible] the devotees
of St. Willibrord.

Testimony of Reclaimed Inebriates.—Dr. Walter Moxon, a physician of some eminence, having remarked lately, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, that "Experienced persons say that they have never known a drunkard permanently reclaimed," the Rev. G. M. Murphy resolved to refute the statement. So on Christmas Day he called a meeting of *reclaimed drunkards* at the Lambeth Baths, London, and gathered from them, as a daily paper puts it, so much evidence of the kind desired that a good deal might be taken from it, as a measure of caution, without affecting the result." Mr. Murphy read *fourteen* written testimonials from reclaimed men, and gave the names and addresses of *fifty* persons whom in his capacity as minister of Borough Road Chapel he knew to have permanently emancipated themselves from the slavery of intemperance. But this was not all. Out of the congregation present *thirty-five* men came forward to declare the abiding strength of their resolution to avoid the drunkenness into which they once fell, and it was further discovered, on show of hands, that *thirty-nine*, in addition to the speakers, had abstained over ten years, *thirty-two* over five years, and *twenty-eight* over two years.

Effect of a Few Words on Two Lads.—The Rev. Richard Knill was once preaching at Bideford, after his return from Russia, and he observed two lads lingering behind the rest of the congregation. Taking them aside, he spoke to them with great earnestness about their pe sonal salvation. When they became much a fected, he summed up his instruction by requesting them to repeat the prayer, "*O Lord, conver my soul to Thyself, for the sake of Jesus Chris Amen,*" until it was impressed on their memor and then charged them to continue to offer tha prayer until it was answered. They did so; an both became ministers of extensive usefulnes One of them, when preaching in the same tow after Mr. Knill's death, made known the circun stance.

Sitting under His Shadow.—One stormy wi ter day the Rev. Mr. Young was visiting one his people—an old man—who lived in poverty a lonely cottage a few miles from Jedburgh, En land. He found him sitting with the Bible op upon his knees, but in outward circumstances great discomfort—the snow drifting through t roof and under the door, and scarcely an emb of fire upon the hearth. "What are you abo to-day, John?" was Mr. Young's question entering. "Ah, sir," said the happy saint, " am sitting under His shadow with great d light." Oh! wondrous consolation in Christ, t river which, from the beginning of time to t end, "maketh glad the city of our God!"

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Benj. Jas. Fernie and Joseph Spurgeon, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

his Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—A rmon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by Cl ymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes etc.—Also once a nth, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

ice, Single Copies, Three Cents.
bscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1879.

13th Year. No. 16—New Series.

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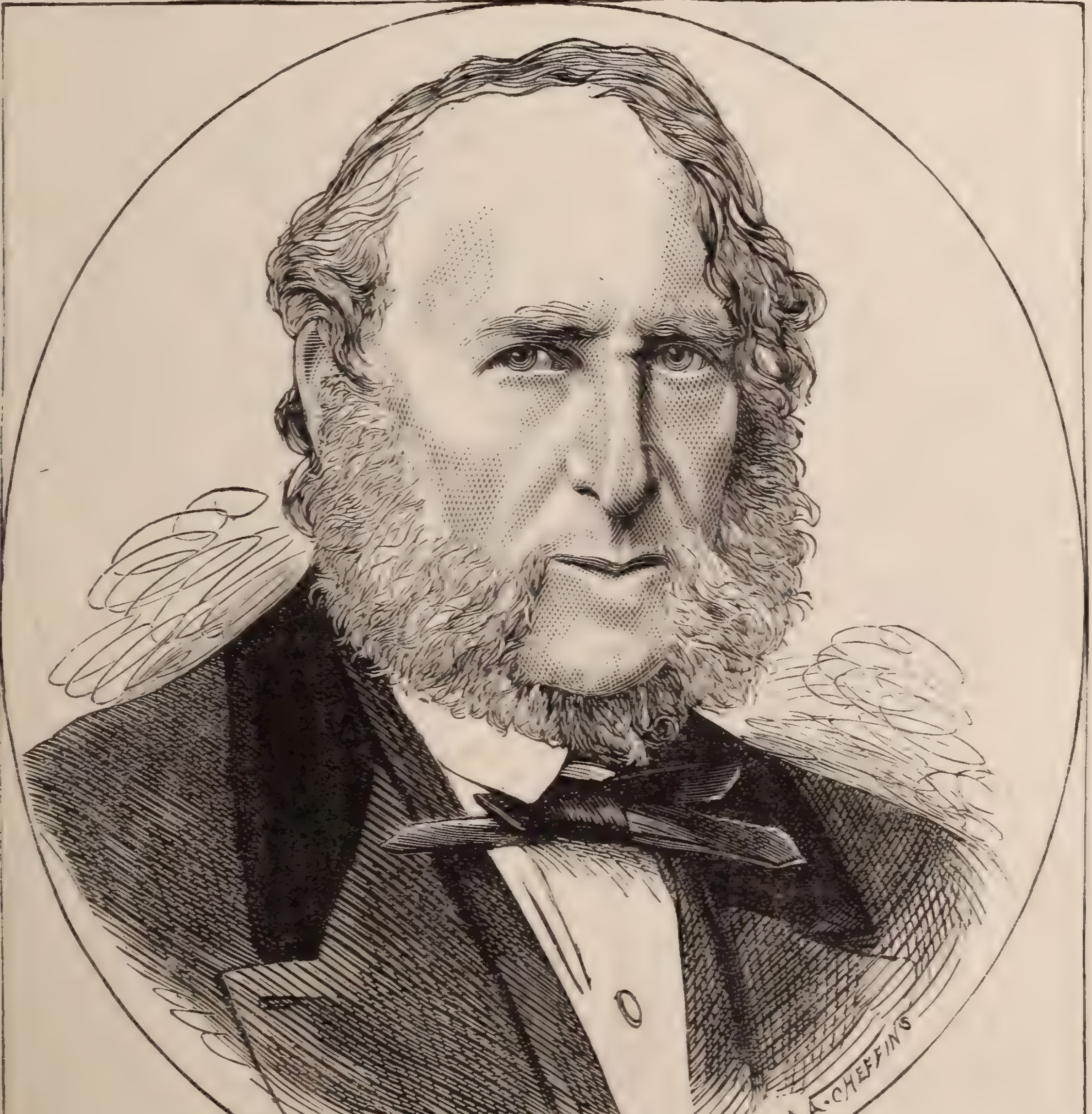

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the famous Artist and Moralist.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the world-famed artist, who died February 1st, 1878, at his residence in the Hampstead Road, London, was of Scotch parentage, but born in London in the year 1792. His father was also an artist.

He commenced his artistic studies early in life, and so numerous have been his drawings that in 1863 a "Cruikshank Gallery" was opened at Exeter Hall, London, and the title of the catalogue ran,—"A Catalogue of a Selection from the Works of George Cruikshank, extending over a Period of Upwards of sixty years, from 1799 to 1863."

George Cruikshank grew up to manhood during the fever of the French Revolution, while George the Third was king. Through his father's connections he had no difficulty in obtaining work. His pencil became rapidly famous as a scourge of fashionable vices and political corruption. The earnestness which had taken a patriotic turn during the Napoleonic wars now grew didactic; as soon as Cruikshank was able to think and draw for himself, the follies, the miseries, the meannesses of "London life" became the quarry that he hunted down through their Protean forms with unsparing severity and unsleeping vigilance.

He applied for admission to the Royal Academy, but the school at that time was so restricted for space that Fuseli, to whom young Cruikshank sent his application, though conceiving a high opinion of his abilities, was unable to extend the privileges of the institution to him. "The young man might attend," Fuseli said, "but he would have to fight for a seat." George Cruikshank was not of the kind that fights for seats, and so he never attended the famous school of painting.

He first became known to the public through his caricatures, which were published in the various periodicals of the day, and were brimful of wit and humor. At the same time he occupied himself with the production of a series of plates to illustrate life in London, with the object of warning young men against the consequences of what is called seeing life. Among the more celebrated of the works he produced in these days were pictures of "Mornings at Bow Street," one of the police-courts of London where some of the most eccentric characters of the city are to be seen in the persons both of prosecutors and defendants. These the artist depicted with a fidelity to life recognized by every one who had witnessed one of these matinees, and they at once made the fame of the young genius.

In 1838 he acquired fresh fame by illustrating Charles Dickens's popular publications. He smote vice with a deadly hail of blows, and the vice that he struck at most hotly and incessantly was *drunkenness*. In this vehement campaign he ranged himself side by side with the Total Abstinence party, who were very proud of finding such an ally.

He was a late convert to teetotalism, which he so enthusiastically upheld. For a good fifty years of his life George Cruikshank, although he had long "spells" of abstemiousness, was certainly not a total abstainer; yet long before he became one of the most conspicuous of English temperance confessors he preached occasional pictorial sermons against drinking. His forcible etchings of the "Gin Trap," the "Gin Juggernaut," and the "Devil's Frying-Pan" were only the preludes to his well-known series of eight prints, executed by the glyphographic process—a kind of etching in relief—called "The Bottle." Impressions from these prints were sold by tens of thousands.

It has surely not been equalled since the publication of the plates of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress." The foundation of the Magdalen Hospital has been ascribed to the last-named work; and it is to be hoped that some practical results have followed George Cruikshank's powerful attack on the Demon of Drink. "The Drunkard's Children" was a sequel to "The Bottle." The veteran, however, stuck bravely to his text, and during nearly a score of years poured forth teetotal etchings, drawings, and writings. He even pressed into the cause of total abstinence our old friends Cinderella, Jack the Giant Killer, and Hop o' my Thumb, and wrote and illustrated a series of temperance fairy tales.

As a painter in oils George Cruikshank was by no means undistinguished. At the Academy, as at the British Institution, he frequently, within his later years, put in a creditable appearance. Among his oil pictures may be mentioned with applause "Disturbing the Congregation," a deliciously racy picture of a little boy in church dropping his pegtop, and catching at the same moment the minatory eye of the beadle, from whom, in another sense, he is certain to "catch it" before he is many hours older.

In this department his *chef-d'œuvre* was the gigantic picture of the "Worship of Bacchus"—it might more appropriately be styled a cartoon, slightly colored in oils—now at South Kensington. This work, on which he bestowed an immensity of time, labor, and thought, was submitted to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, in 1863. Nor was Her Majesty, on beholding it, chary of words of gracious encouragement to the aged artist. An engraving from it has been published.

Looking at the amount of sheer labor in the picture, the wellnigh incredible multiplicity of figures, and the extreme care with which the minutest details have been delineated by a hand following the eye of a man past threescore years and ten, the "Worship of Bacchus" must be regarded as a phenomenon, when we remember the painter's purpose, and the tremendous moral lesson he sought to teach. It is an eloquent protest against the drinking customs of society, and a no less eloquent—and terribly ghastly—exposition of the evils wrought on that same society by the vice of drunkenness.

So far as physical health went, George Cruikshank for at least a quarter of a century seemed to thrive marvellously well on teetotalism. He neither smoked tobacco nor drank fermented liquors in his old age; but he was a hearty eater, an early riser, and a vigorous walker.

During the frenzy of the Paris Commune in 1871, he published a cartoon denunciatory of the ferocious democratic license of the Parisians, with which his stern morality admitted no sympathy. The pictures he has left behind him are enormous in amount and wonderfully various in quality. Nowhere in them is there any thing base, any thing loose, anything in the largest sense of the word immoral. It is something remarkable that a satirist who chastised fashionable and popular vice for more than sixty years almost without intermission should have left not one drawing behind him that might not be handed round in the family circle of any Christian household. He maintained a noble stand against strong drink, which he justly conceived to be the curse of his country.

George Cruikshank was as true a Londoner as John Gilpin, and, like him, "a trainband captain eke was he." He was a volunteer among the numerous battalions enrolled to resist a very seriously-meant invasion of these isles by "Boney," that "Corsican Ogre" he detested so heartily. Fifty years afterwards he again became a volunteer; the object of the English preparations in 1859 being to withstand an invasion on the part of the Corsican's nephew, Napoleon III., and which invasion was, in all probability, never meant at all. For some years Cruikshank occupied the proud position of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Havelock, or 48th Middlesex rifles. He and his officers did not, unfortunately, agree; and at length the veteran was persuaded, to sheathe his sword, and in retirement make of his helmet "a hive for bees."

He was very benevolent and liberal in giving away money, and has not left much property behind him. In his latter days he was poorly pensioned by the State, and a small annual stipend was allowed him by the Royal Academy; but a subscription started for his benefit scarcely produced as many hundreds as it should have alized thousands. A new generation had aris and they knew not Cruikshank; but to such man poverty was as noble as that of Capt Coram, "who had spent all he had in doi good, and in his old age was not ashamed confess that he was poor."

In personal appearance Cruikshank was a markable man no less than in his works. Ra er below the middle stature, and thick-set, w an aquiline nose, piercing eyes, a mouth ful lurking humor, and wild elf-locks flowing ab his face, he at once attracted attention and nounced the presence of a man of genius, ener and character. Up to a late age he was a muscular man, and was always famous for c age and spirit. In his earlier years he had tured alone into the worst dens of criminal L don, and when quite elderly he captured a bur on his premises with his own hand.

As an artist his name will live in the est of the world. He drew low life to perfec whether in its ludicrous aspects, or in its s or, violence, pathos, or tragedy. He wa admirable illustrator of stories, seizing the dramatic incidents for realization, and crow the design with life and action. He must be remembered as one of the finest etche his time. In many other ways he contrib to the public amusement and the public g and the gratitude of his countrymen wi everlastingly associated with his memory.

THE HAPPY MAN.—The happy man was orn in the city of Regeneration, in the parish Re-pentance unto life. He was educated the school of Obedience, and now lives in Per ver-ance Road. He works at the factory o Dili-gence, is noted for his large estate in the un-try of Christian Contentment, and does a little business of self-denial. He wears th dain attire of Humility, but goes to the court the Great King—"the holiest of all"—in a g ment called the Robe of Christ's Righteousnes At the close of the day he is found in the va y of Self-Abasement as he reviews its occur nces, and invariably climbs afterward the ght-visioned mountains of Spiritual-mindedne He breakfasts every morning on Spiritual ayer, and sups every evening on the same; ha me to eat the world knows not of, and his nk s the Sincere Milk of the Word.

"Spent, but Charged."—Upon a su dial, two hundred years old, in All Souls' llege, Oxford, England, is the Latin motto, *Pe nt et Imputantur*, of which the English is *Sp t, but charged*. The shadow glides over the fac of dial silently; there is no pendulum beat whir of wheels; the hours have been spent, b they are recorded, charged, in the books of lasting remembrance. That record whi God keeps must one day be faced. *Young m*, you spend your hours carelessly, as the spe thrift flings away his money. You make no count of them. But God does. He charges e y one of them, down to their last golden ment. What will you have to say when you e that record on the last day? *Young woman* life to you seems a life of gayety, of wild en ment. The hours go by you on winged feet. y follows day, and your thought is of not g but the pleasure that can be got from a passi Ah! these hours are all charged to your count. You will meet them one day.

A Gravedigger Buried Alive.—The p ers recently recorded a melancholy accident having occurred at Dagenham, in South Essex. A named Palmer, the clerk and sexton o ish, was buried alive while digging a ave in the churchyard. His daughter goin to c him to dinner, heard him groaning und of earth. She ran to the vicarage, anc old the Rev. Dr. Moore, who, with his coacl an others, at once went to the spot, and p to remove the earth. This operation, ow occupied half an hour, from a ton to on a half of earth having caved in, and hen unfortunate man was extricated he was ound be dead.

SUNRISE OVER THE CITIES.

An Exploration Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached February 2d.

"Joseph laid up the food in the cities."—GEN. 41 : 48.
"And pitched toward the sunrising."—NUM. 21 : 11.

The Cities are Granaries of Blessings—What the Cities Spend in Education—Hope in the Gospelization of the Masses—The Stupendous Tread—The Cities to be Saved by Religion—The Best Sermon ever Preached—The Couple St. James Married—The Churches should be spiritual Apothecaries—There have been Great Improvements—But not yet on the Right Track—The Morning Cometh—Louisville's Heroism in the Yellow-Fever Trouble—The Church must Swing Open Wide its Doors.

JOSEPH gathered the food in the cities, because the best way to supply a country with any thing worth having is to make the city the channel. In this case they were the granaries of corn, but now the cities are the granaries of thought, of religious expedition, of educational force, and of world-wide beneficence. If this country is ever brought to God, saved for morals and religion, it will be by a grand movement on the part of the cities. They will open a fire all around the sky, and then move in toward the centre until all the forces of iniquity now rampant will surrender to law and order and Christianity.

While preparing this sermon I had in my room the maps and histories of all our great cities, the police reports, and the sketches of charitable institutions; and I come from that investigation with a heart full of exhilerant hope, and my sermon this morning, like the tent spoken of in the text, is "pitched toward the sunrising."

The long night is going away to the pallor that precedes the dawn, and the pallor is flushing into crimson, and the crimson reddening into a conflagration that will hoist all its banners of flame on the spires of our cities, until the sun shall rise so high it can pour illumination into darkest cellar of poverty and deepest haunt of crime.

If you present me the statistic that in Boston in one year there were twenty-six thousand arrests for crime, I only make that statement the background to a beautiful picture in which I see that that city last year gave one million seven hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars for common-school education, and through the power which Horace Mann, the chief apostle of education in this country, projected, has exerted upon every school-house in the land an elevating influence. Do you tell me that in one year in Philadelphia there were forty-six thousand arrests for crime? I only make that statement the background to a beautiful picture in which there are improved academies, and large churches, and magnificent charities, which make that city in some respects the most delightful residence on this continent.

People laugh at what they call the Quaker guns; but those Quaker guns are loaded with an ammunition with which all guns will yet be loaded—"Peace on earth, good-will to men." I know by blissful experience what is residence among her happy homes, and to her cemeteries I have committed a charge for the resurrection. Beautiful Philadelphia! I cannot pronounce her name without arousal of deepest and best emotion.

Oh! what a high hope for our great cities in the sublime statistic that Chicago spends annually in education $604,000; Baltimore spends in the common-school education of the people $702,000; San Francisco expends $732,000; Cincinnati expends in the common school education of the people $775,000; New York expends in common-school education $3,518,000. Some have said that St. Louis increases more rapidly in population than in morals; but such persons forget that she has some of the most remarkable charitable institutions in all the world, and that she is making almost unprecedented effort for the evangelization of that city, which is *the prospective capital of this nation.*

It may not be in our day, but in the days of our children, when the cities on the Pacific coast will balance the cities on the Atlantic coast, and the table-lands of the West will be as populous as are the farm fields of New Jersey and Pennsylvania—then the President of the United States may write his message on the banks of the Mississippi, and members of Congress, before the opening of the day's session, take a morning walk on that almost miraculous bridge which hovers over the great Father of Waters.

But, my friends, my hope is not so much in the mental culture of the schools, and the advancement of the arts, and in the worldly enterprise of the people: my hope for the cities is not so much in these things as in the gospelization of the masses that go tramping on through the great thoroughfares of these cities.

HARK TO THE STUPENDOUS TREAD!

Two hundred and sixty-five thousand people in San Francisco; two hundred and seventy-five thousand in Cincinnati; three hundred and thirty thousand in Baltimore; three hundred and fifty thousand in Boston; four hundred and twenty thousand in St. Louis; four hundred and twenty-five thousand in Chicago; five hundred thousand in Brooklyn; seven hundred thousand in Philadelphia; one million sixty thousand in New York—marching on, marching whither! Eternal God! help us in this theme.

When I say to you that these cities are to be saved by religion, I want to make a distinction. There are two kinds of religion which will never save these cities. One is a humanitarian religion, which makes a man honest and pure for this life only, and does not propose any inward reconstruction by which he shall be prepared for the life to come; and the other is a dead orthodoxy which puts every thing on belief and *nothing on practice.* The one religion proposes every thing for this life; the other religion proposes every thing for the next life. I would not give a paper of pins for either religion, for who wants a religion that stops midstream, or starts midstream? What you and I want is a bridge of two spans—one arching this life, the other arching the life to come. The humanitarian religion is a bridge too short, for it stops at this side the grave. The dead orthodoxy of the Church is bridge too short, because it proposes to start at the other side the stream.

The best sermon that was ever preached was reported in the book of Matthew. In that sermon Christ denounced uncleanness, hypocrisy, pharisaism; told how to treat one's enemies, by ornithological and botanical illustration; promised plenty to eat and plenty to wear; and wound up by telling the importance of a belief which shall be a rock to hold you up instead of the sand to let you down.

My recent reading of that Sermon on the Mount reconstructs my theology in one point. I used to have the theory that if a man believed right, his life would be right. Every day demonstrates that fallacy. During the past few years, some of the most notorious counterfeiters and defrauders in all the land have believed in the Heidelberg and Westminster Catechisms, or had sat down at the Methodist love-feasts, or have gone clear under the wave in the baptistries. On the other hand, you will find men whose lives are pure and whose behavior is a model of good citizenship yet making no preparation for the eternal world. The one bridge too short, because it stops at the grave; the other bridge too short, because it proposes to start at the other side the grave. Now, a man may have Calvin's Institutes in one pocket, and John Wesey's sermons in another pocket, and an Episcopal liturgy in one hand, and a Bible in the other hand, and walk straight into perdition; an accurate belief does not put a man one inch heavenward. A communion table and a church record are a poor plank to swim on when the floods of death come in.

St. James, in his Epistle, married a couple that ought never to be divorced. The one he called Faith, and the other he called Works. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." It is this practical religion for two lives and for two worlds that is the religion that is to save our cities.

Sometimes I am asked how long I will continue in this style of preaching. Well, about forty years, if I live so long. That is, I am going to devote the rest of my life to preaching

A PRACTICAL RELIGION

for both worlds, for this life and the life to come. We must keep things in the Church of God stirred up. It may be very beautiful for two or three hundred people, well dressed, to come into a beautiful church, and have a choir at one end of the church to furnish the music, and a minister at the other end of the church to do the praying, while they for an hour and a half are filled with dreams about heaven. But what right has a gilded yacht to go sailing ahead, singing "Life on the ocean wave" when there is an awful shipwreck near by, and all hands are going down? The Church of God must save the people for both worlds, or it has no excuse for existence. If it does not do that, turn it into a lyceum, or a reading-room, or a ten-pin alley, or a bakery. If our churches are to bring the people to Christ, it will be because they are *spiritual apothecaries affording medicine for every kind of sickness of soul.* The simple fact is that the vast majority of people have trouble. Take a thousand of this audience, or out of any audience, and nine hundred and ninety-nine of them want consolation and encouragement. They get abused, get set upon, get flayed, get excoriated, get found fault with, get kicked, but do not get blessed. Some of them are physicians, and they are denounced because they cannot effect a cure, when the simple fact is that through parsimony they were not called in until it was too late.

They are mechanics, and are everlastingly found fault with about their style of work. They are merchants, and their goods are maligned by customers who expect through that depreciation to get twenty per cent off. They are journalists, who work until their nervous system is shattered and their eyesight fails, and get no thanks. They are workingwomen like Ann Follet, in New York, who made crochet work for $2.10 a week, and then got cheated out of that, until Christian philanthropy took the case into the courts; like Eunice Winters, of Fourteenth Street, New York, who made four fashionable hats for $8, but could not get her money until long after those hats had been admired in the churches and in the theatres—aye, never would have got the money if it had not been for the Protective Women's Association of New York that came to the rescue. O my friends! there are a great many people who look placid in church who are making a supernatural struggle to hide their woes; and the Church of Jesus Christ, if it proposes to save our cities, must perform omnipotent panacea.

If our churches are to bring the great masses of the people into the kingdom of God we must make them more attractive than any other buildings. Bring flowers. Bring the best of music. Bring the brightest of good cheer. The churches of Christ must be brighter than concert-halls and opera-houses. In order to that, we need some Martin Luther to come forth and smash the frigid conventionalities of the churches. Why is it that people leave their naturalness behind when they come into church, or into prayer-meeting, or into the pew, or the pulpit? Why are you so lugubrious when you talk religion? Why do you whine when you make religious exhortation? Why not have the churches of God the brightest places on earth, where you will give a hearty grip and enthusiastic welcome to a man when he comes in, and have your religion shine out through your face, and have the churches the sunshiniest buildings in all the world. Why do you stand on the shore of some hymn or song in the church, dipping the tip of your foot in the wave, when you ought to wade into the Atlantic Ocean of hosanna, and have the eternal surges roll over you?

But there have been

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.

One was the demolition of the box pulpit—the old-style box pulpit—reached by a long flight of stairs, up which the minister went, height above height, until he got into another climate, opened a door, locked it, and then sat down out of sight. Great improvement [illegible] the fact that there is no pew door. What an absurdity, a pew door. What do you want a pew door for? To keep people out? [illegible] do not want to keep them out. The absurdest thing on earth is a pew door. Let there be no door at all, and let the people come in when they want to come in. And so there has been [illegible]t advancement in the building of circular churches. Why build a square church? God builds almost every thing in a curved line; the [illegible] branch bent, the wave curved, the sky arched, the world round, God Himself, according to the Scriptures, seated on the circle of the heavens. Why then defy the Divine intimation and build a square church?

The time will come when the churches will be the most attractive buildings in all the world. A man will say, "I am tired; I must go to church and get rested." A man will say, "I have been so lonely since the funeral hour, I must go to church and hear of the day when the grave will surrender; I have lost my property and I must go to church and hear of the palaces I am going to inherit; here are my children coming up; I must go to church and have them consecrated." And the Church of God will be placed in glorious rivalry with other institutions, and eclipse them. Its architecture more grand. Its music more inspiring. Its gladness more uplifted. Its audiences more tremendous. Its outlook more ecstatic. Its sympathies more enfolding.

But, my friends, if the church saves the cities, she will have to take a different tack. Eighteen hundred and seventy-nine years since the church organized, and yet we have only ninety million professed Christians to one hundred and fifty million Mahommedans, three hundred and forty million Buddhists, and four hundred and fifty million Pagans. The Gospel is mighty enough, but we do not give it a fair chance. The banquet is large enough, but we are busy engraving the gilt-edged cards of invitation while the people are starving for a slice of the Gospel loaf. [illegible] is sharp enough; but we spend our time in trying to swing it gracefully, or in cut- [illegible] men that do not cut the way we cut. [illegible] friends,

[illegible]URCH WILL HAVE TO WAKE UP [illegible] I tell you what will happen after a while. If we ministers do not [illegible] enthusiasm and fire into our work, [illegible]an doctors, Christian lawyers, Christian [illegible]ters, Christian masons, Christian plumbers, Christian shoemakers, will get a bap[illegible] of the Holy Ghost, and they will go forth to save their own occupation and profession; and it will be as in the late war when the militia [illegible]sed the West Pointers, and these Christian laymen will outpreach and outpray and outsave the multitudes. The time will come when it will be acknowledged in the churches that any man who *can* preach *may* preach.

Oh! what improvement, however, in this di[illegible] the time when there was a book writ[illegible] "Pulpit Guard *against* Lawrence Williams, the Tailor, preacher; Thomas Palmer, the baker, preacher; James Hine, the plough[illegible]her; Humphrey Rodgers, the baker's boy, popular preacher." I do not know so much difference between the old-fashioned stage[illegible]e modern lightning-express train; [illegible] much difference in war between the clumsy [illegible]-axe and the modern needle-gun, or Hotch[illegible]; not so much difference in husbandry [illegible]a's crooked stick as a plough and the modern steam plough, as there will be a [illegible]ween the way things are done now [illegible]e churches, and the way they will be.

The wheel of Christian work now turns once a [illegible]. The time will come when the wheel of Christian work will make a thousand revolutions [illegible]nute. Mark you, no new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new uses. Just as there is no [illegible] the same that broke at the creation, but now it paints photographs; just as [illegible] new style of electricity the same that which thundered over Mount Sinai, but now through the electric wire it becomes the optic nerve of the nations; no new style of fire or water, but now they are harnessed into the steam-power; so no new Gospel, but the old Gospel through new processes for new uses of speed and power and grandeur and glory and salvation. Do we recognize these facts?

The best thing we can do with our old sermons is to burn them. The best thing we can do with our old prayers is to forget them. The best thing we can do with our conventionality is to bury it. Get out of the way with your sanctified stupidity and your holy dulness and your snivelling cant, and let the Gospel of Christ have full swing, and pure as the water, clear as the light, arousing as the archangel's trumpet, until it bathe and irradiate and resurrect all these great cities. As far as I can tell it is about five o'clock in the morning.

THE NIGHT OF CRIME AND SIN IS GOING AWAY, and I pitch my tent toward the sunrising. The tears yet on the eyelids of the suffering are only the morning dew. The croaking of the owl of the night will soon be hushed, and the lark will dip its wing in the daybreak. The morning cometh. All our cities are to be saved. Why was it that the telegraph wires were put down all over this land and all under the sea? You say, for commercial purposes. I do not believe it. I think the grand idea was that the whole world might celebrate the final jubilee in deliverance from sin and death and hell. There will be sometime great excitement at the telegraphic centres, and the news will come some morning: Cincinnati, and Chicago, and New Orleans, and Charleston, and San Francisco, and Boston, and London, and Paris, and Rome, and Madras, and St. Petersburg, and Canton, and Peking, are all evangelized. Nations born in a day. It is no whim of mine, but a statement of the Lord God Almighty.

A gentleman on board the cars near Pittsburg said to me the other day, that

THE BEHAVIOR OF THE CITY OF LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, was very remarkable this last summer, while the yellow-fever was raging at the South. It is a story more thrilling to me than any thing I have seen in romance or in history. You know all our cities were quarantined against the South. You know how we watched every vessel that came up through the Narrows. All the cities of this land watchful to keep back infection and keep back the victims of that dreadful disease. Louisville, Kentucky, assembled in mass meeting, and resolved to swing open her doors and let the sufferers come in. In her resolution she practically said: "Come in, and we will nurse you while you are sick, and we will bury you if you die, and we will mother your children after you are gone." And all the trains coming in came loaded with the victims. Some came in wild delirium. Some lay on the floor of the car. Some were in coaches. Some died at the depot. Others lifted into wagons and taken to the hospitals and private residences.

They came so fast, thousand by thousand, that the baggage was sometimes piled up in the street. All the doctors busy. All the sisters of charity at work. All the ministers of religion giving comfort and condolence. The mothers, the wives, the daughters of beautiful Louisville bending day and night over the sick and the dying and the dead. Not one sufferer thrust out. Not one orphan unsheltered. Not one bereaved soul uncomforted. Great surges of pain beating in hour after hour, day after day, week after week, until the city became one great groan of distress, and one great benediction of charity. The blessing of God Almighty will be on that city forever.

Well, now, my friends, the Church of God must swing open its doors, and swing them open very widely, to let all the plague-stricken nations come in, come in to be nursed of Gospel comfort and to be saved. Room for all. Come in, ye sick. Come in, ye suffering. Come in, ye lost. Come in—ye dying. Come in! Come in! The great heart of a sympathetic God waits for you like an illumined palace for a weary guest.

A STREET ARAB.

JOHN BRADY was a street Arab, dirty, frowzy, and ragged. By day he wandered about New York, picking up a living by hook or crook, and keeping clear of the policeman. At night he slept under a cart, or in a doorway, always on the alert lest his perambulating enemy should carry him off to the station-house.

One day John was taken by a policeman, and the magistrate sent him to Blackwell's Island, as a street vagrant. John didn't know it, but that was his first step to a better life.

An agent of the Children's Aid Society, going to the island to do good to the vagabonds there confined, saw John. Something about the stree Arab attracted his attention.

"There's the making of a man in that boy," said he, "if he can have a fair chance."

John was sent out West to work on a farm That was his second step in the right directio His good work won the confidence of the farme and he was sent to the district school thre months in a year.

In that school-house John's vocation dawne upon him. He became ambitious to become scholar. To study was to gratify a passion f learning. Even mathematics, so hard and u attractive to ordinary boys, seemed to whet h mental appetite.

He continued to do good work for the farme while doing better work for himself. When h time of service was out, he wrote to Preside Porter, asking if there was any method by whi a poor boy, anxious for an education, could p his way through Yale College. The Presiden reply brought John to Yale. He rang the colle bell to pay for his tuition and board.

John made friends by hard work and brillia success. Under the religious influences in whi he was placed, he was led to give himself to t service of a divine Master. When he graduat he had determined to become a minister, a support was offered him for three years at Un Theological Seminary, New York. He went the city where he had been a ragged vagabo as a student of theology.

Last summer, twelve years from the day agent of the Children's Aid Society found h on Blackwell's Island, John Brady left N York as the first Presbyterian missionary to Eskimos of Alaska.

So much for benevolent Christian work. waif saved from a life of shame and made a me of untold good to others! Who will say t this will not repay all the time and money sp by the noble men who were the agents in godlike work?

The Death of Mr. J. Blair Scribner, the h d of the eminent publishing house of New Yor at the early age of twenty-eight years, has caus a sensation of profound regret throughout the ty and the country generally. The house of S b-ner is known all over the world as a firm o sought to disseminate pure and wholesome l r-ature, and who were exceedingly careful n to allow a book of the opposite tendency to e from their press. The deceased gentleman as universally respected, and is sincerely lame d. His great-grandfather was a Presbyterian pa r, and he graduated at Yale College in 1775, st before the outbreak of the Revolution.

The Question of Wages is ust now a tal question with the community in every cou try of the world. On this subject a leading so ty journal in England remarks: "This questi of the legitimate rate of wages is one of the st difficult of the age. In Germany it has l to the spread of Socialism, in America it has l to attempts to crush out Chinese labor, and is now brought home to our own doors. C an English artisan live for what supports a fo gn artisan? Without attempting to answer his question, I limit myself to asserting the elf-evident truth that if he cannot he shall b n-dersold by foreign nations, and, as an inev ble result, we shall be driven out of all open ar-kets and cease to manufacture."

THE VOYAGE OF THE EGLANTINE.

Who sailed in her—and why.

A Story of an English Merchant Vessel.

(*Concluded.*)

CHRISTIAN HILLIARD and Captain Thorpe t ned away from the door of the house where C irns had lived, feeling solemnized by the tid-is they had learned there of his little girl's c ath.

They could not feel grieved, for they had a indistinct sensation of pleasure in the t ught that Cairns was with her beyond the r er. Had he returned with them what grief v uld have filled his heart to hear of her death. it was, she had probably stood on the shining s re ready to welcome with outstretched arms t storm-tossed traveller from life's troubled s.

'It is all for the best," said Christian, as t y walked away. "He is with her now, and was at least spared that sorrow."

'Yes," said the Captain, "that would have most broken his heart. He was a brave man d a strong, but his heart had that weak place. e all have one somewhere. I hope it will not wrenched to-night in our case; we are going me like men risen from the grave, and to tell e truth I feel a little nervous as to what the xt hour will bring forth."

'So do I," said Christian, "but I learned a son of faith and cheerful confidence when I s on that raft that I think will drive away ute anxiety from my breast for the rest of my e."

They passed on, and at the cross-roads parted; orpe going towards his own home, Christian wards Mr. Ingleton's. There was a light in e little sitting-room, and he stopped and looked rough the venetians. By the fireplace sat aud, with her hands idly folded on her lap. e was in deep black, and the sweet face looked rer than ever in its quiet sadness.

For a few minutes he stood and watched, de-ting within himself whether he should go in once, or break the news in some other way st; but the temptation to see for himself the ightening of the wistful eyes was too strong, d he went in. He knew the ways of the use, and where everybody was likely to be at at time. The door of the room was not osed, and with a gentle push it opened noise-ssly.

As he stepped across the floor she looked up quick surprise, wondering at the heavy foot-ll. There was one moment of agonizing doubt, d then the light of a joy too great for words. ever till then had Christian known and realized w dear she was to him.

The wondering family soon gathered round, arcely able to believe that it was really Chris-an in the body.

"But I don't understand," said Mr. Ingleton, his bewilderment. "Didn't the Eglantine ring a leak and go down? That's what they ld us."

"Papa, don't you understand?" said Maud, r face glowing with proud happiness. "Tell m from the beginning, Christian."

"Yes, sir, the vessel sprang a leak, and we nt the men off in a boat. Then we got a spare il, and weighted it, and passed it over the side, d that partially kept out the influx of water. hen we made a raft and ventured our lives on at, and by the kind providence of God floated til we sighted the American brig and were ought home safely. We have only just landed, d I feel as one brought from death to life."

"Did the Eglantine go down, do you think?" ked a younger sister, with breathless interest.

"Yes," said Christian, "we were only just in ne. She went down like a stone while we were sight of her."

"And you floated about on that raft for five ys?"

"For five long weary days."

He then in simple but pathetic words told the ory of Cairns. He spoke of his love for his little girl, and described the scene on the quay before the voyage, when Cairns had carried the wee little thing down "to see father's ship." The picture Christian drew of the death on the raft touched the hearts of the listeners and the hot tears fell freely.

"Christian," whispered Maud, as she wished him good-night at the door; "perhaps he was really talking to his little girl."

"Perhaps so, darling; we cannot tell. We cannot know at what moment the veil was lifted."

He turned away from the brightness and light into the cold dark night. They had told him of his father's illness, and he could not stay away from him. Mr. Ingleton overtook him at the gate.

"I'll walk with you, Christian," he said; "it's a dreary walk alone." They walked on, talking of the unfortunate Eglantine, till they came to the lodge gate.

"Miles will think it's your ghost: he'll have a fit," said Mr. Ingleton, as the old gate-keeper appeared with his lamp.

"Be it the doctor," he said, peering into the darkness. "Be the master worse?"

"Don't you know me, Miles?"

At the sound of the familiar voice, the old man started.

"Who be you?" he asked fearfully. "Not—— why, it is! Mr. Christian!"

"Are you sure it isn't his ghost, Mr. Miles?" said Mr. Ingleton, jokingly.

"Ghost, sir! not it, sir! I know him too well. Come in, Mr. Christian! bless you, sir! This is a night, sure-ly!"

In his delight he seized Christian by the arm and held him fast.

"Then you wasn't drowned, after all? I can't scarcely believe my old eyes. Won't the old master be glad."

"How is he, Miles?"

"He was sinking fast the last time as I heard, sir. Do'ee come in and let my old 'oman see you, sir; it'll do her such a power o' good."

"I'll come and see her to-morrow," answered Christian, kindly. "I will bring her something that will cheer her up. Go in and go to bed, Miles: you will increase your rheumatism out in this cold."

Wishing Mr. Ingleton good-night, he went up to the house. The man who opened the door almost shrieked in his fear. Like many of his class, he was superstitious, and thought it was a ghost. The other servants came flocking round, overwhelming him with their simple, honest joy. Not one among them but loved Mr. Christian, and they could scarcely realize that he was once more amongst them in perfect health and strength.

He spoke to all and each, and then passed on up the broad staircase. At his father's door he paused. "Go in," he said to the housekeeper, who had followed him. "Go in and see if he is awake."

She went in, and in a minute returned. "Am I to tell him you are here, sir?" she whispered.

"Yes, you had better. Tell him very gently."

She went back, and he heard the low murmur of her voice within. But though he listened intently, he could not hear his father's. After what seemed to him an interminable time, she again appeared.

"He don't seem to understand, Mr. Christian! I've told him over and over, but he only looks at me as if he didn't hear. Will you come and speak to him yourself, please?"

He went into the silent, darkened room, with a curious sensation, as if he were walking in a dream, and would by and by awake to a reality. How would his father meet him? There came over him with a rush the memory of that last meeting, when he had been so curtly refused an interview. Would he meet with similar treatment now? He advanced to the bedside, and stood looking down upon the worn, haggard face on the pillow. So altered—so strangely altered, he scarcely knew it.

The sunken eyes looked up into his with a glaring, questioning gaze, but the pale lips made no movement.

"Father," he said gently, bending low; "I have come safely back, you see." He did not know what to say, so spoke the first words that presented themselves. Mr. Hilliard made no reply.

"The brig Columbus—picked us up——"

"Whom?" interrupted his father, in a low whisper.

"Thorpe and me," answered Christian, with painful reluctance.

A sharp spasm of pain caused his father's face to darken.

"Where is *he*—Cairns?"

"He died at sea."

"Did he—did he curse me first?"

"Father!" cried Christian, unutterably shocked, more by the tone than the words. "He died at peace with all, both God and man."

"Ah! he didn't know?"

"You did not know Cairns, father! he was so true, and good, and brave. If he had known all he would have forgiven you."

"Why?"

"Because he also had had much forgiven."

Mr. Hilliard closed his eyes with an impatient frown.

With weary, saddened heart, Christian sat in the desolate room. Glad of an excuse to get down among the servants, the nurse had gone out when he came in, and he was alone with the dying man. That he was dying he could not doubt; there was the seal of death on the sunken mouth and in the dimmed eyes. He spoke to him several times, but there was no response, and at last he sank into a reverie.

There came before him a striking, painful contrast—that of Cairns' last hours with their glad *going home*, and the sad and hopeless *waiting* now before him. His heart ached as he recalled the peaceful words, "*All is bright, beautiful light in the West*," and pictured the opening of the "Gate of Glory." He would gladly, freely have given up all his father's wealth to insure for him such an entrance into the hereafter. But while that entrance is so free as to be without money and without price, no money, no sacrifice of money, can purchase the right for those who have it not.

The night passed away, and daylight came once more, bringing with it the congratulations of friends and acquaintances. They crowded round him, as he rode into town on Lucrece, shaking his hand as if they would shake it off. People he had never spoken to before came up to him with welcoming looks and words.

"It is really worth being drowned, to come back and find how kindly disposed one's neighbors are," he said.

"Ah! yes, *if* we could only come to life again, sir," said a man, standing near.

"What, Lucas! is that you?" cried Christian. "When did you get here?"

"We got picked up, and brought straight away home, sir. Is it true, sir, about Cairns?" he added, hesitatingly.

"Only too true, Lucas! he died a noble death."

"Will you tell us all about it some day, sir? Me and my mates wants to put up a stone or some'ut, about it, and perhaps you'll tell us what to put on it."

"I'll help you, certainly," said Christian, sadly.

"How's the old master, sir? He ain't agoing too, is he?"

"I'm afraid so, Lucas."

The news of Christian's safety spread like wildfire over the town, and people flocked to the doors to see him as he passed. It was very pleasant to him to hear the many heartfelt congratulations on his escape from an ocean grave, and to see the smiling faces of those who rejoiced in his return to home and his friends. He had not known till then how many knew and loved him. On his way home he met the doctor who attended his father, and stopped to speak to him.

"Well, Mr. Christian, this is good news I hear; the place is full of it," said the old man, heartily. "I am only sorry you find your father so ill; the shock was too great, too severe, for his nervous system."

"The nurse tells me you give no hope, is it so?" asked Christian, anxiously. "I have been to your house to see you; but, of course, you were out. I could not gét back sooner; so many have waylaid me. You have seen my father?"

"Just come from him. No, Mr. Christian, I'm afraid to give you any hope; he is sinking fast," answered the doctor gravely, and with evident sympathy. "If you had come back sooner, he might—but I don't know; he was never strong, you know. I will call again this evening."

Still lying in half-unconsciousness, Christian found his father. Even in that short time there was a change in the pallid face; a deeper sinking of the eyes and mouth.

"The end cannot be far off," he thought, as he stood and watched with heavy heart. "If he would but speak!—if he would but give some sign of repentance for the past!"

But the hours slowly wore away, and still he lay in silence. Now and then Christian thought he was going to speak, and bent over him with eager waiting, but each time he was deceived, and returned to his seat in bitter disappointment.

At last, night came once more with its darkness, and the quiet moaning of the wintry wind. Within the sick-chamber, all was mournful desolateness; without all was dreary, melancholy blackness. Within was no ray of glorious light from the golden gate, shining upon the dying eyes; without, no star shone out from the cloud-covered sky.

"Father," said Christian, touching the cold hand on the coverlet; "Father, can you hear me? Can you speak one word?"

The old man slowly opened his eyes, gazing with dull, meaningless expression into the anxious face above him.

"Father, tell me one thing! you did not knowingly send the Eglantine out——"

He stopped suddenly, startled by the rush of life into the haggard face.

"It—it—" The repeated word came in heavy gasps from the parched lips.

"It is what?" asked Christian, soothingly. "What do you mean, father?"

The sunken eyes full of agony looked up to him in mute entreaty.

"*It is a—fearful thing—to die.*"

Again the gasp for breath, the struggle for speech.

"*With the memory of those curses.*" A deep silence fell upon the night. There came no sound from wind or sea, no sound from the cold, dead lips.

"Father!" cried Christian, with a shuddering recollection of how and where he had written those words. "There came no curse from the Eglantine."

Too late! Silent and motionless, in the quiet sleep of death, lay Richard Hilliard, gone to his final account. A sad, a terrible death-bed. One never to be forgotten by the eyes that looked on it. Retribution sat there in awful guise, and the wealth won by sin and treachery had no power to drive away the dread visitant.

. . . . . .

A change came over the associations of the name of Hilliard under the new *régime*. It was no longer a synonym for hard bargains and unscrupulous practices; in fairness and considerate kindness, uprightness and high principle, the house held its course under its young leader and prospered.

In his private life he was equally happy, and no table was surrounded by a circle of more sincere and faithful friends than those that surrounded the table of Christian Hilliard and his gentle wife.

THE END.

THE DAYS OF NOAH AND THE DAYS OF THE SECOND COMING OF THE SON OF MAN.

By the Rev. Horatius Bonar.

The False Cry of Progress—The World is Advancing Downward and not Upward—The Last Days to be Evil—Their Similarity to Noah's Days—God's Method the Same at Both Periods—Coming Fiery Deluge—Job's Reference to Noah's Flood—Intense Wickedness of those Days—God's Long-suffering—The Spirits Striving with Man—We are to Testify of a Coming Judgment as Well as of Christ—The Eastern Question.

YOU remember the solemn words of the beloved disciple, "We are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." I introduce the subject which I have undertaken to speak upon today—"the days of Noah"—in these words, because they seem exceedingly suitable. Noah might well have used them—"I am of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." But, brethren, one special object which I have in view in speaking of those days of Noah is this—that we may have a right apprehension of the present condition of our world.

We are so apt to underrate the evil, and exaggerate the good—not that I would for a moment be unthankful for the way in which God is working in the midst of us, by gathering in thousands, tens of thousands everywhere; yet still we find evil advancing, infidelity advancing; we find atheism growing bold; we find men telling us that all religions are equally right, or equally wrong; we find philosophic men levelling up the false religion and levelling down the true, in order to make one vast plain of all religions together. We find men calling the good evil, and the evil good—the sweet bitter, and the bitter sweet; putting light for darkness, and the darkness for the light. We find men alive to the gross crimes and immoralities around us, but not in the least alive to the fountain-head of all these evils—the want of the knowledge of the true God; for, by want of understanding the people perish.

We actually find many amongst Christians congratulating themselves upon *the progression* the human race is making, and imagining that now by means of civilization, science, and the like we shall succeed erelong in regenerating our race and in regenerating the earth. We find amongst Christians men with strange forms of faith and strange forms of unbelief—men professing to believe in Christ, and yet there seems to be very much of Antichrist in their creed. We find men believing in science, believing in philosophy, believing in literature, believing in the illimitable power and progress of our race,—we find them believing in all this, but setting aside the Gospel of the grace of God, setting aside the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, by means of which God purposes, in His own time and way, regenerating this fallen world. We are apt to be deceived as to progress. The cry of modern times is, *Progress, progress.*

Brethren, what can the progress of a man who knows not God be? It must be *downward, not upward;* and in all this we see Satan, as an angel of light, deceiving the sons of man. In some parts of the world, and in many parts of our land, we see him in his grosser forms as an angel of darkness, the prince of the power of the air,—we see him as such, exercising dominion, and leading men into all the grossness of lust and sin; and we see him in other parts leading men captive. He is still far more subtle as an angel of light, putting on a fair appearance, making error so like truth that it deceives the sons of man, and so leading them on, step by step, till they have left the cross behind them, and left Christ behind them, left the blood behind them, all the while proclaiming there is no religion like Christianity, and never was there a character upon the earth like Christ. *Satan as an angel of light* is doing all this.

I mention these particulars as an illustration of what is taking place in our own day, and as bringing out some of the characteristics of the evil by which our own times are assimilated to the days of Noah. It was our Lord Himself who gave us the comparison between the two, and we take the words, then, we take the comparison as we find it given by His own self: "As the days of Noe were, so shall the coming of the Son of man be." The days before the flood and the days before the coming of the Son of man are to resemble each other, and if the days before the flood were evil—only evil—if men's hearts during that time were evil—only evil—and that continually, we are quite sure that that same huma heart will be found speaking out to the last, an that the days before the Son of man—the day in which we live—these days will be found evil *wholly evil,* like the days of Noah, or like th days of Lot; and our Lord distinctly lays dow the comparison between those two periods That which gave such prominence and such i terest, we may say, to the days of Noah, H said Himself was their termination—they term nated in the flood. That which gives such in portance and such solemn interest to our day this,—that it is to terminate in the coming the Son of man. The similarity of *the two te minations* mark the likeness of the two period

What a profound solemnity the deluge thro over the days of Noah, as we read in past h tory! what a profound solemnity the prosp of the coming of the Son of man throws over o days as we read of that coming, and of the days in the record—the sure prophetic wor for as certain as that the days of Noah ended the drowning deluge which swept all men aw from the face of the earth, so surely shall days end in that more terrible consummatio not a deluge of water again, but a flood of fir *a fiery deluge* in which this earth and its wo of wickedness are to be destroyed; for "He co eth in flaming fire, taking vengeance upon th that know not God, and obey not His Gos who shall be banished with everlasting dest tion from the presence of the Lord and from e glory of His power." The days of Noah, th we may say, were exclusively evil and not go and they ended in that day of judgment. Th e is one remarkable passage in the Book of which I fear we may often overlook, to whi should like to turn your attention before ceeding further (22d chapter). You will how it refers most manifestly to the day of Noah.

There are various references in the Boo of Job which show that when that was writter flood had not long since gone by. There are erences to the patriarchal time before the fl d; as, for example, at the 15th verse of this chapter. What were the two characteristi of these men? They said together, "Depart us!" They said to the feeble remnant of N "What can the Almighty do for them—that remnant?" You see the two characterist of Noah's days given out in this very passage nd they are very remarkable. The scoffer is the despiser of the good is here. They sa to God, "Depart from us." They said to and his believing remnant, "What can th Almighty do for them?" Then these wer the days of Noah as remembered in patriarcha tradition in the days of Job—evil, thoroughly vil. And in connection with all this, I would r mind you of one or two passages which bring ou this. "When the Son of man cometh, shall H find faith on the earth?"

And you remember the 3d chapter of 2 Imothy, "In the last days *perilous times* hall come." That whole chapter is just a reca ulation of the evil of the days of Noah, as c ried out in the last days. Then in the 24th c pter of Isaiah you have a similar scene—darkne and desolation, and crime and judgment—th days of Noah repeated upon a larger scale. Th have in the 3d chapter of 2 Peter a scene: "Scoffers shall come, walking afte th own lusts, and saying, Where is the pro se His coming?"

These passages—and there are several ilar ones—bring out the likeness in the two t es—the days of Noah and the days immediat before the coming of the Son of man. ask now, What were the characteristics of t days of Noah which assimilate them to ours nd I ct your attention briefly to the following things. I want to show you how, in reference t men, the two periods are like each other ; and ten, secondly, how, in reference to God, the to periods are like each other.

First, in reference to *man*. On man's side we e evil, as I have noticed already. We see increasing worldliness ; we see forgetfulness of od ; we see crime and violence multiplied. We ar the voice of the scoffer speaking. We see od set at naught ; we see righteous men despised ; we see the judgments of God set aside. nd whereas in our day they say, "Where is e promise of His coming?" so, doubtless, in ah's days they said, "Where is the flood that u are speaking of, and for which you are preparing by this ark?"

There were many characteristics of special evil emplified in the days of Noah which have repeated themselves in our days ; and I do not ow a more profitable study—a study by which ght is cast upon modern times, modern scenes, odern habits, and modern principles—than the udy of the days of Noah. You see, in the rm or in the root, all the evils which are now lly expending themselves, especially in the rge cities, throughout England and throughout Europe. There you see the days of Noah on a far larger scale than it was possible r them to have been exemplified in the days efore the flood ; evil multiplying ; evil ripening, and ripening to a most alarming extent ; il refusing to be checked ; evil which not only keeping pace with all the good that is done, ut evil rapidly increasing and outstripping and ermastering all efforts for good.

I do not mean to dwell upon these characteristics of evil further. I wish you to study them r yourselves ; and if you will study them in onnection with 2 Timothy 3, you will understand more fully what I mean. But it is not erely on the part of man that the characteristics of the days of Noah are exhibited. We find ome very striking characteristics of those days rought out in the way in which God dealt with ll this evil in those days. We find on the part f God, for instance, this most strikingly manifested forbearance and long-suffering—"his days hall be a hundred and twenty years." The ng-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, hereunto eight souls were saved. It was a period of *long-suffering* on the part of God—long-suffering which has only found its parallel in our wn day. Noah's hundred and twenty years of ng-suffering on the part of God are, we may ay, lengthened out largely in our day.

We in England have not only had a hundred nd twenty years, but we may say twice that already, since the Reformation, when God seemed more especially to manifest His power and His ong-suffering ; and it is still long-suffering to he sons of men.

What keeps God from executing judgment? What keeps Him from letting loose His anger, and whetting His glittering sword and bringing it down upon the inhabitants of earth? It is His long-suffering—not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

What stayed His vengeance for one hundred and twenty years in the days of Noah? It was ong-suffering ; and it is the same long-suffering hat is staying His vengeance still. And then, along with this long-suffering, we see His striving with the sons of men.

What a memorable passage this is: "My spirit shall not always strive with man"! Here s one of the characteristics of the days of Noah. It was the period of *God's striving with man*—doing battle with men in order to win them over ; doing battle with men, and at last retiring from the conflict and allowing Himself to be defeated! God striving with the sons of men, His spirit striving with the sons of men is a very remarkable feature of Noah's day, and it is just the same in our own.

As wickedness increases it seems as though this striving increases—God's striving with the sons of men, God pleading with them and saying, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Then, again, the days of Noah were days of testimony for God. God sent out His witnesses in a most remarkable way. He sent out, first of all, Enoch. "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints," and then He sent righteous Noah.

He sent him to proclaim grace and to proclaim judgment, and thus His testimony was presented to the sons of man in the most forcible manner during that long period. And it is thus still. God in these last days is sending out His testimony in a new form. He is bringing out His truth more strikingly than He has done for many a day ; and I do not know that ever the Gospel was preached more fully and freely than in these last days.

I do not know that God ever had so many faithful witnesses, so many *Noahs and Enochs*, because before God proceeds to smite, He sends His message that men may take warning and repent. And this is the day of testimony on the part of God. It is the day in which He is sending out His ambassadors of peace. "As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." And then it is not merely of Christ that these witnesses are to testify, but also of a coming judgment ; and do we not often lose sight of this?

We forget that grace is indeeed only a part of our testimony. We forget that in Enoch's testimony there was not grace only, but judgment. "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints." But in our days we begin to think God is so (if I may use the expression) soft-hearted that He has departed from His purposed judgments, and that we have, therefore, only to proclaim grace, not the coming judgment. O brethren! if judgment be really coming, if the Lord be really coming, if fire be really coming, if the last trumpet is to sound, and in such a way as shall alarm and awaken the whole earth, then it is time for those who believe to *proclaim that coming judgment ;* and is not Satan specially engaged in putting it aside?

He is telling us that there is no future punishment, and no hell. He is telling us there is no judge—no judgment—that God is far too kind to punish the sins of man, at least for any lengthened period of time. He is telling us these things—in other words he is putting away that which God raised up Enoch to proclaim in the days of Noah, "Behold, the Lord cometh to execute judgment." We shall be unfaithful to our testimony if we only proclaim the grace, and forget the coming judgment. We shall be unfaithful to ourselves ; we shall be unfaithful to the Gospel ; we shall be unfaithful to our God ; we shall be unfaithful to our testimony ; and, above all, we shall be unfaithful to the dying souls of men. We shall allow the world to go down to hell with a lie in its right hand, so that it shall say to us in the day of judgment, "You never told us of the coming judgment. You never told us of the devouring fire. You never said, 'Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints.' You told us of a Christ that had come to die, but you never told us of a Christ that was coming to execute judgment."

Brethren, shall we not seek to be faithful in all points—in these two things, the grace on the one hand, and the judgment on the other? That on that day when we shall be asked an account of the testimony we exhibited in these last days, we shall be able to say, "Lord, I preached Christ unto them, and I preached judgment unto them. I told men that there was grace to the uttermost, salvation to the uttermost, pardon to the uttermost. And I told them also to flee from the wrath to come."

And now, brethren, I would close with just reminding you of another similarity between the periods in this very termination. The flood came and took them all away. "They were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, . . . until the flood came, and took them all away." Eating and drinking. Now our Lord does not specify any crimes against them in that statement of his. They were eating and drinking—quite harmless things—marrying and giving in marriage. I suppose He referred to the Book of Genesis that "When the sons of God saw that the daughters of men were fair, they took to themselves wives." They were doing these things until the flood came, and took them all away. The flood came suddenly—the flood came overwhelmingly—the flood came after a long warning, the flood came in terrible power: so is the coming of the Son of man to be (Gen. 6 : 2).

As a thief He is to come, and as a thief comes upon a slumbering house, all unawares, so upon a slumbering world shall its Judge and Redeemer come. When men are saying peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh, and they shall not escape. When statesmen are trying to build together, or to weld together the iron and the clay, then the end shall come, and the stone shall descend and break the image in pieces. When men, trying by diplomacy to settle the Eastern Question,—to settle it finally, so that it shall disturb Europe no more, they are oblivious of the fact that that question contains elements, both in east and west, which can only be settled by the coming of the Lord, which can only be settled by the restoration of His own Israel and the rebuilding of His own Jerusalem, for there is no settlement of the Eastern Question till then. Read the word of prophecy—there is no settlement till then.

No settlement till Gog and Magog, let loose, rush down upon Israel, overflow the land, and are made to perish upon the mountains of Israel. Not till then is the Eastern Question settled. Then Gog and Magog will have a hook put into their jaws—till then Gog will not be able to descend and overflow Israel ; but then the overflow will not be over Turkey, but all Syria ; but then after that a greater than he comes, and he perishes in his own ambitious invasion—and then the Eastern Question is settled, settled by the arrival of the great King. And when statesmen are thinking to settle the question they little know what God has in His purpose concerning these nations with which they are dealing—they little look unto this sure word of prophecy, and know what is coming on the earth. They do not know the world's wants, the world's desire, the world's deep sickness, that is wasting away.

They do not know what evil means, what sin means, what all this misrule, this Socialism, this infidelity, this atheism arise for. They do not know that the departure of the heart from God is the real root of all the evil that they are trying to repress before God. They do not know, and they take no remedy accordingly. They see little evil in the departure of the human heart from God. What does that mean? It is nothing to them ; nothing to statesmen or kings, or the great captains of the earth, that the heart is gone away from God ; but the departure of the heart from God is sufficient to account for all the evil.

It will account for the days of Noah, for the days of the Son of Man, for the loss of Paradise, for the miseries that have overflowed the earth, for death, for the grave, for judgment, for hell ; and I say that statesmen at present, in their ambitious aims, take no notice of this. We know it, "For we are of God, and the world lieth in wickedness." We know that the Son of God hath come and given us understanding, that we may see the truth and believe in His Son, Jesus Christ. We know that this is the only cure for the wicked world, and it is for this cure, believing our days to be as the days of Noah, it is with this cure that we go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the name of Him who is the Lord of heaven and earth, to bring to dying souls everlasting life, which can be the only remedy for its diseases.

Brethren, as the days of Noah were, so are the days of the Son of Man now ; and it is believing this that adds energy to our belief, that makes us feel that whatever our hand findeth to do we must do it with our might, "for the night cometh when no man can work," and the judge who is to arrest the works of the sons of men,

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS

Among the Bills now before Congress is one, a bill to reform the Gregorian Calendar, which provides as follows: Beginning with the first day of January, 1882, each year will consist as now of 365 days, except every fiftieth year, which will contain 377 days, and be called "a year of jubilee" until the five hundredth year arrives, which will be called "the great jubilee," and contain 378 days. The second section provides that the third, sixth, and ninth months of every year shall each contain 35 days, the twelfth month 36 days, and the other months 28 days each, except in the years of "jubilee," when one day shall be added to each month, and in the year of "great jubilee," when the last month shall have 38 days. The third section prescribes that the twelve extra days of the "years of jubilee" and the thirteen extra days of the "great jubilee" shall be Sabbath-days, and that in these years every month shall begin and end with a Sabbath-day. It is remarkable that the year 1882 should have been the date fixed upon, as many prophetical students believe that all the lines of the prophetical writings converge on that year.

The Board of Experts, authorized by Congress to investigate the yellow-fever epidemic of 1878, submitted their report to the Joint Congressional Committee at its meeting on January 30th.

After quoting the several questions which were laid before them by the joint committee, upon which they were to base their inquiries, the report sets forth that a great number of facts have been gathered respecting the history of the late epidemic of yellow-fever, which have guided the board in arriving at the conclusions they submitted in reply to questions of the Congressional committees on epidemic diseases.

It is recommended that the necessary steps be taken by Congress to secure the co-operation of the Spanish and other foreign governments in an earnest effort to ascertain the cause or causes which perpetuate yellow-fever from year to year in the West India Islands, and to devise ways to remove the causes, or to lessen the chances of transporting the poison to the United States or other countries. Yellow-fever should be dealt with as an enemy which imperils life and cripples commerce and industry. The committee suggest the appointment of—

First. Medical officers of health to serve in foreign ports from which we receive importations of yellow-fever and cholera.

Second. Medical officers of health to have charge of quarantine stations, and to supervise inter-State travel and traffic from infected places in times of epidemic.

It is now known that the poison is not susceptible of long vitality when exposed to open air, but it is not yet determined how long its infectious properties may be preserved in closely-shut chambers, or in compartments of vessels, or when confined in the folds of clothing or goods. It consequently follows that ships are especially dangerous carriers of these diseases, and also that they remain sources of infection for months after having been infected with the poison.

Dr. Talmage, in his review of the week at the Friday-evening prayer-meeting, said:

"But the most startling event of the week is national—the remnant of a tribe of Indians swept off the continent into eternity. As near as I can tell, the Indians were fighting against the outrages of the infamous white man's Indian Bureau. Our hottest indignation is for the infernal politics which have allowed the perpetual swindle and exasperation of the red men. The negro slaves of this country were never so mercilessly treated as have been the Indians. The fight was to keep the negro in bondage, but here the fight is to annihilate and exterminate the Indian. The fact is that the Indians have as much right to live in this country as you and I. There is something awfully rotten in that state of American politics which exterminates Indians but fosters Mormonism by allowing its representatives to sit in the councils of the nation."

A Remarkable Deliverance from suicide as related last week at the Fulton Street pra r-meeting. We were asked to pray for a fr id who, from want of work to provide himsel in honest support, has become greatly discoura d. A few days since he was wellnigh in despair, id though a Christian (for he found Christ in is chapel three years ago), he resolved to th w himself off the docks and so end his life. ut the Lord prevented such a sin on the pa of one professing His name. The man some w wandered through the streets till he cam to Fulton Street, and turning into it, he cam on down till he had reached the prayer-mee ng building. He entered, and taking up one o he Bibles, to be found in the seats, he open it and caught sight of a promise of God that d ve away his despair and made him happy.

The Report of the Prophetic Conference ld last October in the Church of the Holy Tri y, New York, is about to be published in ok form. Each minister who took part in the o-ceedings has, we understand, had an opport ty of revising his work; and in some cases w e owing to the lack of time, the papers were b-ridged at the meetings, the entire paper i n-serted in the book. It is edited by Dr. N. W st, of Cincinnati; published by F. H. Revel of Chicago. The price is $1.50.

The Governor in the Cell.—The followin n-cident is related by Mr. Moody: "When Ir. Pollock was Governor of Pennsylvania, re was a man whose death-warrant he had sig d. He felt that he could not let him die, bei a Christian man himself, without going dow to tell him of a Saviour's love,. He went t he prison where the man was that was to be hu , a few days before the time fixed for the execu n. He said to the sheriff, 'I wish you would tal ne to his cell; do not tell him who I am.' He nt in, and talked and prayed with the man. He told him of Christ and heaven; how Goc ad sent His Son into the world to save sin rs. He read him some portions of the Word of d, and got down and prayed with him, and m-mended him to the God of all grace. me little time after that, the sheriff was passi by the condemned man's cell, and he said: ' ho was that man that talked with me so ki ly, and prayed with me?' The sheriff answ ed, 'That was Governor Pollock.' The cond n-ed man turned deadly pale, and lifting up th hands he said: 'O sheriff! was that G er-nor Pollock? Why didn't you tell me? h, if I had known it I would have fallen at hi et and cried Mercy! I would have asked h to save me. Why didn't you tell me that wa he Governor?' He wept and swung his har in agony to think that the Governor had been ght in his cell, and the sheriff did not tell him i was the Governor.

"Sinner, I bring you good news to-r ht. There is one greater than any Governor. e is here to-night, and He is here for a purpose. He is here to save sinners. He is here to pa lon you; He does not want you to perish and be st. He came to give you a pardon. Do you w t a pardon? Take it. It is for every one."— L. *Moody*.

Mr. Moody's Work at Baltimore is thu de-scribed by one who has assisted in the v k: "There are now being held six religious et-ings where all denominations can go and eel that it is their meetings—one at 12 M. an an-other at 4 P.M., at Dr. Leyburn's; a reli ous temperance meeting, conducted mostly b he ladies of the Orthodox Friends; a meetin for women exclusively, held at the First M E. Church. The first meeting of the eveni is held at the High Street Baptist Church, an the last is held at Monument M. E. Church. he first and last two are conducted by Mr. M dy. When we say that all these meetings are c wd-ed, we are only using the ordinary expres n; but they are all crowded to overflowing. or is it idle curiosity that takes people ther for they feel that their souls' salvation is at s ke, and are asking the Lord, 'What shall we d to be saved?'"

Aaron Burr's Irreligion.—During a revival many years ago in Princeton College, one of the students was deeply impressed with the importance of religion. He sought religious advice, and his friend told him that the interest in the College was fanatical, and not truly religious. He went away relieved, and his anxiety about his soul ceased altogether. That youth left college, became a conspicuous man in the nation, nd occupied prominent offices. He fought a uel, in which his antagonist lost his life, and from that day his influence and happiness were one.

At the age of seventy he was a resident of New York City, where he practised law. A society of hristian ladies made the condition of this old man the subject of conversation and special rayer. As he had descended from an ancestry ho had been prominent in the Christian Church, hey came hopefully with his case to the God of rayer. They secured the services of a minister o converse with him, and to assure him of the nterest of the Christian ladies in his salvation.

After all these efforts he remained in his hard- ned condition, and after a few years died in ob- curity. That old man was *Aaron Burr*, and he key to his apostate career, it is said, were he few words spoken in disparagement of the evival which impressed him so much in his outh. A few words may bring joy or sorrow to whole lifetime—yea, for all eternity.

"Go out into the highways and hedges and ompel them to come in," was the instruction ven by the lord in the parable to his servants. Christians generally obeyed the injunction, ow many a miserable home might be made appy! An instance of what a timely invitation ay effect is among the records of the Fulton treet prayer-meeting this week:

"I must tell what my Master has done for e," exclaimed a very happy-looking brother. It will be a month to-morrow since I found rist. I was wandering through the streets hen a gentleman invited me to a mission meet- g. I said yes, I would come, though I did not tend to. But conviction of sin seized me, and could not stay away. At that mission meeting sus revealed His saving mercy to me. Now want you to pray for the conversion of my wife d child. They left me two years ago, because my rascality and drunkenness. I think God ll let me find them."

Missionary Success in Japan.—At a recent ssionary meeting at Worcester (U. S.), Bishop oster said: "I did not expect to live to see a tion born in a day; yet that seems to be out the case with Japan. I know of no other se in the history of nations where a nation s so turned around, in a manner which is ore than a revolution, as has Japan. The ster of a school under royal patronage came the prince and said, 'We must teach moral ilosophy.' 'What is that?' On being in- med, he said, 'We will teach it.' 'The best xt-book,' said the teacher, 'is the Christian's ew Testament.' 'Get it, then.' 'I cannot ch it.' 'Then get a Christian teacher.' And Methodist man, converted under Methodist ssionaries, is teaching the Bible there to-day. is is only one of the facts which might be oted. When we remember that the four hun- d million pagans of China, and the two hun- d millions of India, and the thirty-five mil- ns of Japan are open to receive the grace of d, and that we can, in preaching the Gospel, almost as much protected there as anywhere, re comes to us the call to help in this great tle of God with the powers of darkness."

Brownlow North as a Tract Distributor.— arly a year after his conversion at Dallas, he ongly felt impelled to do some work for the d. For two months before this he had shut nself up in his own room reading the Bible and ying. He then said to himself that he must something for God, but felt that he could . The thought suggested itself to his mind t he might at least distribute tracts. So put- g a number of tracts into his pocket, he went o the most secluded part of Elgin, where he was then living. The first person he met with was an old woman, who amazed him by accepting his tract without laughing at him. To another old woman, whom he saw coming down the road, he presented another tract, and she received it with thanks. The third he gave to a policeman, who said, "Thank you, Mr. North." He always continued the practice of tract distribution, although to the last he often found it a trial to do so. After he had served the Lord for years, it sometimes cost him half an hour's internal struggle before he could muster courage to offer a tract to a gentleman travelling in a railway carriage with him. Once, on arriving at Ramornie, to visit his friend Sheriff Maitland Heriot, in crossing the ferry to Tayport in the steamer he saw a group of gentlemen talking. His conscience told him that he ought to embrace the opportunity and speak, or give a tract to them; but then it would be much more pleasant and easy to do nothing. This went on for some time, but at last the feeling that it might be a matter of eternal life or death gained the victory. Approaching them, he offered each of them a tract, which was accepted quite politely; and he found that some of the company had recognized him, and would rather have been surprised if he had remained quiet.

A Woman's "No Surrender."—A few years ago the Presbyterian Church at Quincy, Illinois, had so run down that it was considered dead, and the Presbytery sent a committee to disband it. The committee arrived at Quincy and inquired for the church—there was none; for the elders—there were none; for the deacons—there were none; for the male members—there were none; for the female members—there was *but one*. They searched her out, and told her their business. She fired up, and gave them a piece of her mind, somewhat as follows: "I am ashamed of you. You go back and tell the Presbytery I will not be disbanded, and that what it should do is to send a man here to preach and build up the church." They expostulated with her, but she was firm, and returned but one answer: "I will not be disbanded." They returned and reported, and Presbytery had the wisdom to see the hand of the Lord in it, and sent a man to preach. The results were a blessed revival of religion and the reorganization of the church. It is now a self-supporting church, with a settled pastor and one hundred and thirty-three members.

A Child's Faith.—A little boy sat beside his mother, repeating the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and when he came to the verse,

> "The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day,
> And there have thousands, vile as he,
> Washed all their sins away,"

his mother asked: "Have you washed all your sins away, my dear son?" "No, mamma, I have not, but the dear Lord Jesus has washed all my sins away." He saw his mother's lips move, and said: "Whom are you talking to, mamma?" She replied: "I was asking the Lord to bless the word your papa is now preaching." "I will ask Him too," he said; and kneeling down he prayed: "Dear Lord Jesus, bless the words papa is speaking about *you* to poor sinners." Is it too much to believe that the Lord heard that simple prayer? This much is certain—the word spoken that evening was blessed in a very remarkable manner, and souls were saved.

"How Great a Matter a Little Fire Kindleth."—Some fifty years ago a gang of Belgian miners angry with another set of underground workers, set a mass of coal on fire to smoke out their comrades. How well they succeeded let the record of half a century tell. Years have passed away, a generation has faded, the angry passion of those who thus sought revenge has become a thing of the past; but the fire started in that mine long ago blazes on, and no earthly skill has yet found the way to extinguish it. Burning on, ever consuming, it is a fitting type of the unceasing power of sin and passion, and of the never-ending fire which they kindle.

"THIS YEAR ALSO."

A Short Sermon for the New Year, from the Sick Chamber of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"This year also."—Luke 13:8.

The Shot of a Wounded Soldier—The Lapse of a Year—I. A Retrospect—Youthful Years—Early Manhood—Prime of Life—Past Mercies—Opportunities for Usefulness—II. A Merciful Delay—To the Wicked—To the Believer—III. A Limit Implied—The Certainty of Death—Christ's Second Coming.

THE following short address was *written* by Mr. Spurgeon on his sick-bed. He sat up to write when he was able, but some of it was written with his head on his pillow.

At the opening of another year, and at the commencement of another volume of sermons, we earnestly desire to utter the word of exhortation: but, alas! at this present the preacher is a prisoner, and must speak from his pillow instead of his pulpit. Let not the few words which we can put together come with diminished power from a sick man, for the musket fired by *a wounded soldier* sends forth the bullet with none the less force. Our desire is to speak with living words, or not at all. He who enables us to sit up and compose these trembling sentences is entreated to clothe them with His Spirit, that they may be according to His own mind.

The interceding vine-dresser pleaded for the fruitless fig-tree, "let it alone *this year also*," dating as it were a year from the time wherein He spoke. Trees and fruit-bearing plants have a natural measurement for their lives: evidently a year came to its close when it was time to seek fruit on the fig-tree, and another year commenced when the vine-dresser began again his digging and pruning work. Men are such *barren* things that their fruitage marks *no certain periods*, and it becomes needful to make artificial divisions of time for them; there seems to be no set period for man's spiritual harvest or vintage, or if there be, the sheaves and the clusters come not in their season, and hence we have to say one to another, "This shall be the beginning of a new year." Be it so, then. Let us congratulate each other upon seeing the dawn of "this year also," and let us unitedly pray that we may enter upon it, continue in it, and come to its close under the unfailing blessing of the Lord to whom all years belong.

I. The beginning of a new year SUGGESTS A RETROSPECT. Let us take it, deliberately and honestly. "*This year also;*"—then there had been former years of grace. The dresser of the vineyard was not for the first time aware of the fig-tree's failure, neither had the owner come for the first time seeking figs in vain. God, who gives us "this year also," has given us others before it; His sparing mercy is no novelty, His patience has already been taxed by our provocations.

First came our *youthful* years, when even a little fruit unto God is peculiarly sweet to Him. How did we spend them? Did our strength run all into wild wood and wanton branch? If so we may well bewail that wasted vigor, that life misspent, that sin exceedingly multiplied. He who saw us misuse those golden months of youth nevertheless affords us "this year also," and we should enter upon it with a holy jealousy, lest what of strength and ardor may be left to us should be allowed to run away into the same wasteful courses as aforetime.

Upon the heels of our youthful years came those of *early manhood*, when we began to muster a household, and to become as a tree fixed in its place; then also fruit would have been precious. Did we bear any? Did we present unto the Lord a basket of summer fruit? Did we offer Him the firstling of our strength? If we did so, we may well adore the grace which so early saved us; but if not, the past chides us, and, lifting an admonitory finger, it warns us not to let "this year also" follow the way of the rest of our lives. He who has wasted youth and the morning of manhood has surely had enough of fooling: the time past may well suffice him to have wrought the will of the flesh: it will be a superfluity of naughtiness to suffer 'this year also" to be trodden down in the service of sin.

Many of us are now in *the prime of life*, and our years already spent are not few. Have we still need to confess that our years are eaten up by the grasshopper and the canker-worm? Have we reached the half-way house, and still know not whither we are going? Are we fools at forty? Are we half a century old by the calendar, and yet far off from years of discretion? Alas! great God, that there should be men past this age who are still without knowledge! Unsaved at sixty, unregenerate at seventy, unawakened at eighty, unrenewed at ninety! These are each and all startling. Yet, peradventure, they will each one fall upon ears which they should make to tingle, but they will hear them as though they heard them not. *Continuance in evil breeds callousness of heart*, and when the soul has long been sleeping in indifference it is hard to arouse it from the deadly slumber.

The sound of the words "this year also" makes some of us remember *years of great mercy*, sparkling and flashing with delight. Were those years laid at the Lord's feet? They were comparable to the silver bells upon the horses—were they "holiness unto the Lord"? If not, how shall we answer for it if "this year also" should be musical with merry mercy and yet be spent in the ways of carelessness?

The same words recall to some of us our *years of sharp affliction* when we were, indeed, digged about and dunged. How went those years? God was doing great things for us, exercising careful and expensive husbandry, caring for us with exceeding great and wise care,—did we render according to the benefit received? Did we rise from the bed more patient and gentle, weaned from the world, and welded to Christ? Did we bring forth clusters to reward the dresser of the vineyard? Let us not refuse these questions of self-examination, for it may be this is to be another of these years of captivity, another season of the furnace and the fining-pot. The Lord grant that the coming tribulation may take more chaff out of us than any of its predecessors, and leave the wheat cleaner and better.

The new year also reminds us of *opportunities for usefulness*, which have come and gone, and of *unfulfilled resolutions* which have blossomed only to fade; shall "this year also" be as those which have gone before? May we not hope for grace to advance upon grace already gained, and should we not seek for power to turn our poor sickly promises into robust action?

Looking back on the past we *lament the follies* by which we would not willingly be held captive "this year also," and we adore the forgiving mercy, the preserving providence, the boundless liberality, the divine love, of which we hope to be partakers "this year also."

II. If the preacher could think freely he could wherry the text at his pleasure in many directions, *but he is feeble*, and so must let it drive with the current which bears it on to a second consideration: the text MENTIONS A MERCY. It was in great goodness that the tree which cumbered the soil was allowed to stand for another year, and prolonged life should always be regarded as a boon of mercy. We must view "this year also" as a grant from infinite grace. It is wrong to speak as if we cared nothing for life, and looked upon our being here as an evil or a punishment; we are here "this year also" as the result of love's pleadings, and in pursuance of love's designs.

The wicked man should count that the Lord's longsuffering points to his salvation, and he should permit the cords of love to draw him to it. O that the Holy Spirit would make the blasphemer, the Sabbath-breaker, and the openly vicious to feel what a wonder it is that their lives are prolonged "this year also"! Are they spared to curse, and riot, and defy their Maker? Shall this be the only fruit of patient mercy? The procrastinator who has put off the messenger of heaven with his delays and half promises, ought he not to wonder that he is allowed to see "this year also"? How is it that the Lord has borne with him and put up with his vacillations and hesitations? Is this year of grace to be spent in the same manner? Transient impressions, hasty resolves, and speedy apostasies—are these to be the weary story over and over again? The startled conscience, the tyrant passion, the smothered emotion! Are these to be the tokens of yet another year?

May God forbid that any one of us should hesitate and delay through "this year also"! Infinite pity *holds back the axe of justice*, shall it be insulted by the repetition of the sins which caused the uplifting of the instrument of wrath? What can be more tantalizing to the heart of goodness than indecision? Well might the Lord's prophet become impatient and cry, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Well may God Himself push for a decision and demand an immediate reply. O undecided soul! wilt thou swing much longer between heaven and hell, and act as if it were hard to choose between the slavery of Satan and the liberty of the Great Father's home of love? "This year also" wilt thou sport in defiance of justice, and pervert the generosity of mercy into a license for still further rebellion? "This year also" must divine love be made an occasion for continued sin? Oh do not act so basely, so contrary to every noble instinct, so injuriously to thine own best interests.

The believer is kept out of heaven "this year also" in love, and not in anger. There are some for whose sake it is needful he should abide in the flesh, some to be helped by him on their heavenward way, and others to be led to the Redeemer's feet by his instruction. The heaven o-many saints is not yet prepared for them, because their nearest companions have not yet arrived, and their spiritual children have not yet gathered in glory in sufficient number to give them a thoroughly heavenly welcome; they must wait "this year also" that their rest may be the more glorious, and that the sheaves which they will bring with them may afford them greater joy. Surely, for the sake of souls, for the delight of glorifying our Lord, and for the increase of the jewels of our crown, we may be glad to wait below "this year also." This is a wide field, but we may not linger in it, for our space is little, and our strength is even less.

III. Our last feeble utterance shall remind you that the expression, "This year also," IMPLIES A LIMIT. The vine-dresser asked *no longer a reprieve* than one year. If his digging and manuring should not then prove successful he would plead no more, but the tree should fall. Even when Jesus is the pleader, the request of mercy has its bounds and times. It is not forever that we shall be let alone, and allowed to cumber the ground; if we will not repent we must perish, if we will not be benefited by the spade we must fall by the axe.

There will come a last year to each one of us: therefore let each one say to himself—*Is this my last?* If it should be the last with the preacher, he would gird up his loins to deliver the Lord's message with all his soul, and bid his fellow-men be reconciled to God. Dear friend, is "this year also" to be *your* last? Are you ready to see the curtain rise upon eternity? Are you now prepared to hear the midnight cry, and to enter into the marriage supper? The judgment and all that will follow upon it are most surely the heritage of every living man, blessed are they who by faith in Jesus are able to face the bar of God without a thought of terror.

If we live to be counted among *the oldest inhabitants* we must depart at last: there must be an end, and the voice must be heard—"Thus saith the Lord, this year thou shalt die." So many have gone before us, and are going every hour, that no man should need any other *memento mori*, and yet man is so eager to forget his own mortality, and thereby to forfeit his hopes of bliss, that we cannot too often bring it before the mind's eye. O mortal man, bethink thee! Prepare to meet thy God; for thou must meet Him. Seek the Saviour, yea, seek Him ere another sun sinks to his rest.

Once more, "this year also," and it may be for this year only, the cross is uplifted as the *pharos* of the world, the one light to which no eye can look in vain. Oh that millions woul look that way and live! *Soon the Lord Jesu will come a second time*, and then the blaze of Hi throne will supplant the mild radiance of Hi cross: the Judge will be seen rather than th Redeemer. Now He saves, but then He will destroy. Let us hear His voice at this moment He hath limited a day, let us be eager to avai ourselves of the gracious season. Let us believ in Jesus this day, seeing it may be our last These are the pleadings of one who now fall back on his pillow in very weakness. Hear ther for your souls' sakes and live.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WIT HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

WAS LOST AND IS FOUND, OR TH STORY OF FELICIA CUFFE.

An Original Story by Mr. Henry Martin.

(*Continued from page 237.*)

A Captive in the Nunnery—The Lady Superior—Conve Treatment—Felicia Grows up as a Nun—The Narrat Shifted to a Distant Catholic Church—Reason why R mish Church Buildings Often Remain Uncompleted—T Priest, Father Kirby, his Scholarship and Eloquence, h Perusal and Reproduction of Dr. Chalmers' Sermons.

AND this nunnery was the paradise I ha left my honest nurse Peggy to see, and f which I had thrown away my charming bun of wild flowers. I lifted up my voice and cri aloud, and asked the grave nun beside me (t Convent Superior, as I soon was made to kno to take me home at once to my mother. would not do for loud weeping to be heard any outside the garden wall; therefore, though she were about to meet my request, t Lady Superior, taking me by the hand, led back into the building. With a lightened he I accompanied her. My mother's welcome ho beamed up before me in a rosy hue, and I seem to feel already her warm kisses.

My aunt had deceived me, but all would so be put to rights; the carriage at the outer co vent door would soon bear me back to my eartl heaven. Vain delusion! I was in the grip of c inexorable as fate. The Lady Superior took to the innermost room of the establishment, a then coolly told me that where I was I must fr that hour consider my new abode; that my au was gone, leaving me in charge of her, the La Superior, for education and religious trainin and that under the roof of St. A——'s Nunne overshadowed as it was with angel wings, I to know privileges unknown to the highest b in the land.

Child though I was, I felt at once that aunt, if these words were true, had far excee her powers, and I firmly protested. "But mother," I cried; "I have a mother; she given, I am certain, no such injunction; would never put me under the care of such you, madam. Let me go back to her arm I said, weeping. And I loudly declared I wo not submit to the will of another.

The Lady Superior was tall and self-possess with close-set lips and black-beaded eyes, c and pitiless, and I was but a little child, yet l and hard was the struggle between us. She c told me that my mother had given her cons to what had been done by my aunt. That, father dead, she felt the charge of me to be great a responsibility, and besides, in hono his memory, she wished me to be brought "Catholic."

It was a lie—my conscience instinctively me that it was. I could feign believe, howe that she only reported what my aunt had s In aunt's soul the wish would be father to thought, and would prompt the falsehood in interview with this woman. When her Ch could be advantaged she had no scruples.

It would occupy too much space to giv our readers all the details of Miss Cuffe's na tive; all we can here state is, that, whee and threatened by turns, she was out-manoeu nd conquered. By a studied system of dealing, ometimes kind, but oftener stern—a system ounded upon a long observation of female huan nature—she was gradually brought under he yoke of the convent *régime*. All impulse to pontaneous action was held in check; the inellect as a thinking power was kept in abeyance, nd by every means was sought to be weakened; deed, it was declared a sin to think, that is, to ink independently; to question was to doubt, nd to doubt was to be "damned." Inane leends of male and female saints, many of them ot much more than dreaming idiots, was the nly pabulum in the way of reading her mind and eart were given to feed upon.

As she grew up menial tasks of the convent ousehold were imposed upon her; her diet as of the scantiest measure and of the most ninviting kind; she lay at night, even in winer, under a single covering; and sleep was roken each day at midnight and again three ours after to attend service in the chapel below. n existence the most unnatural and useless, d in its essence the most intensely selfish, was orced upon her. To save her own soul, to esape purgatorial fire or eternal woe, to reach a lorious and ambitious place in heaven—that is, o benefit and exalt *self*, forgetful of all the orld beside—was the central idea ever held beore her. Jesus Christ came to heal and help the orld, to bless and gladden it by His pure and eautiful presence; and David, whose Son He as, "according to the flesh," served his generion.

But Miss Cuffe was instructed to consider at she had no duties towards her fellows, no arthly relationships to fill, no home affections cherish; that she was to live as one dead, to ove in a fixed, severe, and mechanical routine, nd, save of the ecstatic kind, was to keep down her breast any kindling emotion. Nuns are eclared to be the brides of Christ; can those ho say so believe it? If so, what blasphemous otions they must have of the heavenly Brideroom, for as pleasing to him they enforce upon is brides a rule of life more cruel than the civil ower enforces on its felons.

As a matter of course, Felicia Cuffe's name as changed, and she was forbidden ever to ention that of her mother. "It was the Virin Mother, the Divine Mary," she was told, that now bore to her that relation." "Vain ommand," said Miss Cuffe afterwards. "They ight suppress my darling mother's name upon y lips, but it was spoken within at almost every ulse-beat.

"At morning, noon, and night, at midnight ass and early vigil, amid the notes of matin ng or vesper hymn, oh! how that dear name ould come forth to memory before me! Even my acts of adoration would her beloved face ine forth among the angels as in glorious een they bowed around the throne of God."

Catholic doctrine, as it is called, formed for ng a regimen hard of digestion to the Protstant child. Between direct access to God rough Christ, and of simple trust in Jesus the aviour alone for eternal life, and the Romish stem, and priestcraft, there was such a differce that it struck with surprise and questioning e mind of the nine years' old child. Her other had never insulted her dawning reason putting such incredible dogmas before her for od's living truth. The Bible, too, had been e lesson book of her earliest years, and a soul d upon its wholesome verities will find the usks of superstition unpalatable food.

Time, however, works wonders. Unable sine-handed to resist the influences around her, onstantly in the presence of a power that was o strong for her, shown the helplessness of y thought of escape from the convent walls, erceiving that now for its own sake "the sisrhood" must keep her capture forever a seet, she bowed to her fate. Seeing, too, that y show of rebellion upon her part only renered more harsh her treatment, she gradually ccumbed to be ruled by those about her. As ars passed on, her whole nature, indeed, became more passive—she yielded to the subtle manipulation of her ghostly advisers.

Breathing year after year the atmosphere of a convent life, she at last was pervaded with something of the convent spirit. She became a novice, and in due time a professed nun, putting off reunion with her mother, whom she never ceased to love, to another and a better world. A nun we must leave her for a while, to introduce upon the scene another actor.

L—— Street is the main thoroughfare in the town of ——, in the North of Ireland, and were you to walk down it you would observe, after a time, upon your left hand a fine ecclesiastical structure. It stands in some distance from the public pavement, from which it is divided by a high and massive railing. The building is *not completed*—as are few *Roman Catholic chapels* in Ireland. These structures are erected by means of subscriptions, gathered for the most part from the many and the poor, who over all the sister-land, to their honor be it told, are very generous towards their church.

Working-men and small traders, and servant-maids in thousands, devote week after week and month after month considerable sums of their hard-won earnings for the erection of, not seldom, superb Gothic churches. Since, however, the money wherewith to pay the artificers comes slowly in as to sum, after the roof is on and worship within the edifice is possible, slowly, too, are completed mouldings and gargoyles, spires and pinnacles. In fact, all is put off to a more convenient time that can be looked upon as mere ornamental "addenda" to the building.

It has been asserted that *another reason* obtains for delaying the finishing strokes upon these structures, and if the assertion be true, it is not a little curious. It seems that it is a law of "the Church" that *every completed chapel*, and we suppose also free from debt, shall *pay an annual impost* to His Holiness the Pope. So long, however, as an ecclesiastical building is unfinished and in the workman's hands, it is of course exempt from this tribute; and to keep thus free, hundreds of fine church buildings are kept year after year with some portion of them all encumbered and unsightly from a roughly constructed and weather-worn scaffold.

Could any practice more loudly proclaim the strange inconsistency of poor human nature? No adherents of so-called Mother Church are more devoted to the Papacy than the Romanists of Ireland, both priests and people. Witness the purses frequently made up for His Holiness in addition to the regular tribute remitted every year to the Vatican treasury. And yet the above practice is an underhand manœuvre to keep from the same pocket annually large sums of money. Perhaps one sees in it an effort of the principle of "will" to maintain for itself a field of action free from the principle of "must" in the iron kingdom of obligation.

North of the fine chapel in —— which has been mentioned stands the priests' house; it is a plain, but solid and comfortable-looking building. It accommodates several ecclesiastics, for the parish is large and densely populous. Many sermons have to be conducted both on Sabbath and during the week. Countless confessions have also to be heard, and daily some have to be anointed for death and others buried.

Could you have looked, upon a certain day, into an upper room of the chapel home, you would have seen a *Father Kirby* sitting pensively on his study chair. He is a young man, tall, clear-complexioned, with dark hair and open brow; his lips are finely cut, his nose slightly aquiline, and his head sits well upon his shoulders. He is a thinker and a scholar; that he is fond of books you may see from the well-filled shelves which line the walls of his chamber. A glance at their titles, too, would show you that he does not confine himself to patristic lore; not only has he at hand the writings of St. Jerome and Augustine, Tertullian and Ambrose, but the works of general historians and philosophers, men of science, and of poets.

He is also a fine preacher; the natural gifts of a clear and sonorous voice and of a commanding presence have been enhanced and improved by careful elocutionary training. He has stirred the emotions of thousands by his eloquent and fervid appeals in the adjoining chapel; but his own soul is moved to its depths now, and by the words he has just been reading—words some of which he had uttered lately in the hearing of a vast congregation in the adjoining church building.

The fact is, certain volumes of the renowned preacher, *Robert Hall*, and of *Dr. Chalmers*, especially of the latter, have got into his hands, and the thoughts he has found there are penetrating his whole being. Ambitious to be a great preacher, he had studied and largely used many of the famous pulpit orators of his own Church —the great sermons of Fénelon, Bossuet, Massillon, and others he had recourse to. But when a good deal of the material for his own sermonizing found there had been pretty well used up, and his mind was on the stretch for new pastures, his attention was called to the fame of Chalmers, whose reputation at that period was blazed forth in the newspaper press in connection with the Free Church movement.

It is true Chalmers was a Protestant divine, and of that most heretical of sects, the Presbyterian; but still his genius was great, and one day, when on a visit to his bishop, the young priest had seen among the books in the library of his diocesan a volume of the heretical divine. It was, he could remember afterwards, a copy of Chalmers's great astronomical discourses. The difficulty was to get the volume into his possession without much notice from his fellow-clergymen in the house. He managed, however, to succeed in this, for none of them took much interest in books, and were no readers.

As the young priest followed with his eye the glowing sentences of the eloquent Scotch divine, he was arrested, absorbed, and penetrated. Uplifted and awed by the sublime and massive thoughts, and enraptured by the splendor of Chalmers's imagination, and subdued at times by his infinite pathos, the young man's soul was all taken captive. Vistas of truth were opened up to his mental vision such as hitherto he had never as much as dreamt of; principles which once he had rejected were enforced with a logic which there was no resisting. His preconceptions were put to flight and his convictions were taken as by storm.

He found out how the theological professors in his college had misstated, misconstrued, and caricatured the reformed doctrine. That Luther's great postulate of justification by faith in Christ alone—his criticism of a standing or a falling Church—was not that absurd and unattainable dogma which it was pronounced to be by the so-called "irrefragable" doctors of his Church; but that, on the contrary, it was instinct with "sweetness and light," and lay at the very core of the Gospel system.

All this, in its complete form, came upon Father Kirby's mind by degrees—indeed, he was led to give an especial attention to Chalmers's words by noticing their effect upon others. He had used on two or three occasions certain passages from his work which had caught his attention when perusing them in his own room, and he observed that the rolling sentences of Chalmers, uttered with his own powerful voice, electrified, as it were, the people in the chapel. He often failed to give the great Scotchman's exact words—it was not his object—sometimes to do so would put too great a strain upon his physical powers; but oftener memory would fail him.

Yet, however modified his rendering might be, well delivered the thoughts embodied ever seemed to produce a marvellous consequence. The crowd in the chapel swayed to and fro as a field of corn, every breath was hushed, while at times the thing seemed as though it would break forth into audible expressions of delight and admiration.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHRISTIAN'S MARK AND PRIZE.

Sermon by Rev. W. M. Punshon, D.D.

"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—PHILIPP. 3: 13, 14.

Teaching by Example—Examples must be Perfect—Jesus—Paul—Their Grace Ours—I. The Image of the Text—The Christian must Aim at Continual Progress—Grow if he would Live—Approximate to Perfection—A Selfish and Dishonorable Policy—The Fruit of the Spirit—II. "This One Thing I Do"—Necessity for a Determinate Purpose in Life—You Need Never Pause—All Events of Life may be Helpful—III. "In Christ Jesus"—Life and the Capacity for Growth.

THE best teaching is the *teaching of example.* Exhortations look well on paper and sound well in eloquence; but they are most forcible when accompanied by the exhibition of a consistent life. But certain conditions are required before our minds can acknowledge an example. There must, for instance, be *sympathy of nature.* It were of very little use for us to read the diary of an angel. He knows nothing of our infirmities, and therefore can sympathize neither with our trials nor with our joys. There must also be *similarity of circumstance.* He who has only seen the ocean from the cliffs of a watering-place can have but a very sentimental sympathy with the seaman's hazards. He who has only seen a battle on canvas or in letterpress is no authority on matters of war.

If an example is to be put before us then, and if our minds are to be prevailed upon to follow it, these two conditions are indispensable; but even where these conditions exist we are apt to shrink back when *a spotless character* is presented for our imitation, and to deem it a mark too high for us. Partly from an erroneous notion that high moral purity is inconsistent with common life, and partly from a morbid aversion to the effort necessary to obtain it, we fail to be influenced by the pattern as we ought.

But this is quite wrong—a part of our yet remaining perverseness and depravity; and if we would evolve for ourselves *the lustre of a better character*, and obtain the mastery over our corruptions, we must look, not at those examples which are blemished and unworthy, but at those which display consistency in a full-orbed brightness, and holiness that is altogether lovely. And Scripture certainly has done its best to reassure us by presenting all its characters, even the Divine Man Himself, in circumstances and conditions of experience which can hardly fail to happen to ourselves.

Hence *Jesus* was in all points tempted like as we are; and if we shrink as we think of His superiority to all worldly motive, of the constancy and closeness of His fellowship with the Father, and of the mysterious divinity enshrined in His human soul, we see Him, for our sakes, involved in *very different surroundings*—coming in contact with abhorred evil, enduring the contradiction of sinners, wrung by the desertion of traitors, agonized by the loss of friends, and groaning beneath the mysterious bitterness of the soul's winter when the light of the Father's countenance forbore to shine.

In like manner, when we look at *Paul* there is something in the first sight which seems to dishearten us utterly in our attempts to follow him. He seems so fast wedded to the right, and so nobly scornful of the wrong, so self-forgetful, so brave, so superior to the prides and jealousies which sweep through common human bosoms, that our eyeballs ache with gazing at him—just as we cannot bear to look upon the sun—and it seems as if our utmost efforts to overtake his purity were as impotent as the tyrant's to lash the ocean, or the child's to grasp the sky; and yet this holy man was a blasphemer once.

Of all the revilers of Christianity you could not have found one consumed with a madder rage or scorn. He had *no natural advantage*, no original superiority, by which he shot a league ahead of us in the Christian race. Not only was he a man of like passions with yourselves, but his passions were fiercer and more untamable than any that have possessed you. He did not glide, in almost imperceptible transition from the good and amiable up into the Christ-like and the godly. With him the struggle was something terrible. He had to wrench himself away from habits which had been tyrannous over him for years. His conversion was a crucifixion to the quivering flesh of the old man that would leave scars for life.

He does not hesitate, in his deep conviction of personal guiltiness, to call himself *the chief of sinners*, and many a time did the remembrance of his impiety haunt him in his after-life, stimulating him to diligence if haply he might atone for his former wrong, and subduing him, even in his most ecstatic moments, down into a pensiveness of spirit. You cannot, therefore, refuse to acknowledge Paul as an example, because he inherited the same nature and strayed into the same perverse practices as all sinners.

By the same grace—*your grace and mine*, if we like to ask for it—he obtained mercy; by the same grace he was strengthened for self-conquest, and was elevated into heavenly communion; and he presents himself before us to-day as on our own level, still a wrestler against evil, still a pilgrim toward Zion. "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; . . . but this one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling, which is of God in Christ Jesus."

I. *The image of the text*, as I need not remind you, is taken from the Grecian games. The course is thronged with gazers; the prize for the fleetest glitters full and bright in the runners' view; the judge waits to crown and to welcome the winner. But the runner must be free from every incumbrance; he must lay aside every weight; he must not look behind him; he must persevere with integrity of purpose and with unflagging steps unto the end.

And so, if a man would be a Christian after Christ's type of Christianity, he must *aim at making progress continually.* His life must be a continual endeavor from the well to the better, from the better to the best. The summit of his attainment of yesterday must be but the starting-point for his venture of to-morrow. He must not go to his rest upon the reputation of old victories, or beneath laurels won so long ago as to have absolutely faded from their greenness by the lapse of time. Every morning of his life must light him to a fresh battle-field; every evening of his life must set upon some vanquished lust or slain desire. He must fix his eye on Jesus, and long and strive to be like Him. He must trample upon every sin, and he must exhibit every grace which was formerly lacking, until he stands out as the new creature in Christ Jesus the Lord.

Brethren, this must of necessity be the aim of every Christian's life. *He must grow if he would live.* If he would ascertain his sense of the Divine favor, he must constantly aim at conformity to the Divine image. The mark which the Apostle set before him, and at which, during a protracted lifetime, he aimed with untiring ardor, was *perfection in the knowledge and in the fellowship of Christ.* "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect"—do not be frightened at it; it is his word, not mine—why should I be ashamed of it, when he has chosen to use it? "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect."

If we follow him, therefore, we must follow him as he followed Christ. If nothing short of perfection would satisfy him, nothing short of *perfection must be the ideal standard* after which we aim. And we cannot possibly select a finer or more inspiring one. In the world around us, you know, the selectest models are uniformly chosen. The young sculptor and the embryo poet are thrilled with high emulation; but it is to wield a Phidias's mallet, or to sweep a Homer's lyre. The young soldier gazes at reverent distance upon some hero of a hundred fights; but it is that he may be brave and honored as he. Visions of fame and fortune flit before the young aspirant's eye, only to be embodied in some renowned statesman or some wealthy millionaire.

And why are all these models chosen but tha each, in his own sphere, *may reach or approximate to perfection?* Worldlings would scorn t aim at a mark less high, or to set before them standard inferior to themselves. Let then shame you, Christians, into a holier ambition to day. What is that you say? That, for you part, you will be content with just as much religion as will ward off from you the curse, an bring upon you the recompense of the reward that in your mock humility you will be satisfie if you get just within the portals of heaven that you would have the lowest and most meni place by the threshold there; that, rejoicing i your sense of the Divine favor, you will be car less about your life's entire holiness, and abo your heart's complete renewal?

Surely I have mistaken you! A Christia would never lend himself to such a *selfish a dishonorable policy*—a policy which must be disastrous as it is confessedly unworthy.

What! gather all the benefit from the dea of Christ you can, and yet not be consecrated God's service, and conformed to God's imag Oh how miserably do we belie our profession we harbor such thoughts as these! How f have we fallen from apostolic precept and pa tern, and how surely do we entail upon ourselv disappointment here, and a heritage of wra and shame hereafter! But I hope better thin of you, and things that accompany salvatic though I thus speak. You have taken t great Apostle of the Gentiles as your mod and his aim you know was to be perfect Christ Jesus.

THE PRIZE GLITTERED BEFORE HIM; during a long lifetime it was never absent fr his thoughts, but during that long lifetime never once lost sight of the *mark. It was h ness he wanted;* not to be delivered from righteous consequences of his sins, but to delivered from the sins themselves; not be screened beneath the wing of the cov ing cherub from deserved condemnation, to have the lambent fire coming down, shre ing off the paralysis from his moral manho and uplifting him into the fulness of the stat of a man in Christ Jesus the Lord.

He was not satisfied with going immeasur beyond the foremost man of his time; he not satisfied with going far ahead of the hig standard of the age in which he lived; he not satisfied with being surpassingly beyond former self; *nothing would satisfy him but like Christ.* "Let that mind be in you"— other, no, not even an archangel's—"let mind be in you which was also in Christ J the Lord." To this his every struggle tend to this every circumstance of his life was m subservient.

Just as the bee distils only one essence f its bright, wild wanderings amid a thous flowers, so every struggle of his nature every journey of his spirit only filled the of his soul with *the fruits of the Spirit,* w were by Jesus Christ unto the glory and the praise of God. My brother, thou that anxious to be right, it is this to which I sum thee to-day; there is the mark—*holiness;* t is the prize—*heaven.* If thou press toward mark, thou shalt not be disappointed of prize. Not as in the earthly race, where one can win; all who start in this heav course, and who persevere to the end, can g and wear the crown.

We know, then, so far, what was the Apo object; let us look for a moment or two at effort which he made to attain it. The mea this attainment, as they are presented in the before us, are these—determinate singlene thought, and determinate looking forwa the future.

II. Take this one grand thought for a ment. "*This one thing I do;*" not ings. There is no fretting away of the soul on a multitude of discordant objects, to the s of concentration, and the consequent loss power. "This one thing I do." Here is the itude of a soul that is determined after a rthy purpose; the attitude of quiet strength, ich will suffer nothing to deter it from the complishment of its deliberately-planned de- n.

"THIS ONE THING I DO."

nd *thus alone can excellence be attained* in any rsuit which may invite the attention of men. the man be but faintly impressed with desire, if he hesitate between rival claims, or if he rsue the object which is chosen only in spasms activity, the result will inevitably be disap- intment and shame. "A double-minded an," it is true all the world over, "is unstable all his ways"—like a wave upon the streamlet, sed hither and thither with every eddy of its le. The recognition of *a determinate purpose* *life*, and a sturdy adhesion to it through all sadvantages, are indispensable conditions of ccess.

The outside world understands this matter ll. Hence, in the great life-race, the vacillat- g are outrun by the steady, although the for- r may be fleet of foor as Asahel upon the ountains of Israel. Hence, also, setting aside ose contingencies which make all mortal ings uncertain, the battle is not to the strong, cept his determination and his perseverance e at all events equal to his bravery. There st be no contradictory play of purpose in the nd, if there is to be the symmetry of the per- t character.

If a man follows after *many and different* *rposes* he may pile up, in course of years, a ad of gold, a breast of silver, thighs of brass, d feet of clay; but it is nothing but a great age after all. There must be one worthy pur- se, and that worthy purpose fully carried out constitute the man. Those great names ich the church has canonized, your Howards, thers, Wesleys, Pauls, were their hearts, m recreant or traitor faculties within them, sloyal to the great purposes of their lives?

Did Howard blanch in his circumnavigations charity because of the curl of the official lip the shrug of the official shoulder? Did Wes- turn cowardly because the scorn of mobs as- iled him? Did Luther linger after Rome, as t's wife lingered after Sodom, enamored of the auty that he had left behind? Did Paul swerve hair after he had once plighted his troth to e Redeemer? These men, world-uplifters as ey were, had one purpose, and kept at it rough the hazards and the ventures of years. *nce their heroism;* hence their success; hence eir immortality.

Brethren, if you would emulate their attain- ents, you must emulate their singleness of aim. —I know what your hearts are saying, and I just going to answer it—no, emphatically *no*, ey are not marks too high for you. *There is not e of them that is a mark too high for you.* In any respects you have a mighty advantage over em, such as they knew not how to possess.

The most laborious worldling must pause some- nes in his work. The warrior must come into nter quarters now and then; he cannot al- ys be on the offensive, manifesting the strata- m and the skill of war. The student cannot ways—though, by the way, he ought not to it—let the rays of the morning sun fall aslant the fevered brow that has been at work all ght. The most laborious worldling must use now and then. The merchant may rise early and sit up late, and eat the bread of refulness for a number of years, but he must st at some time; if he does not, the maddened ain will take it into its own hands, and, like a ntic slave, work a terrible, terrible revenge. it

YOU NEED NEVER PAUSE;

the work you are doing you may go on con- ually. You are not to achieve a task, you are *grow into a character;* you are not to do many ings, you are to become like Christ. Your work may be carried on as well, and sometimes a great deal better, when weariness seizes upon the limbs and sorrow darkens upon the house, as when strength couches in the frame and joy sparkles in the dwelling. Every circumstance of your life may be made subservient to this great purpose. You cannot pass a solitary day without the experience of something either to help or to hinder you. Every temptation as it is tampered with or trampled on makes it likelier whether in the long-run you will be the conqueror or the conquered.

The *least noteworthy of the events of daily history are worth something in the great record of your life.* In your work you may show your bravery as well in the closet as in the camp; as well when the principalities and powers are marshalled without as when the combatants are fighting within Nay, every vicissitude of your history, the joy that makes the spirit jubilant, the anguish that wrings the soul, the blighted harvest, the grief-inspiring stroke, the slanderer's lie, and agony's fierce baptism and fire—all by God's grace can be made subservient to this one grand design.

It is impossible that you should pass through life without *subordinating every thing*, either to the shaping of your character for evil or the shaping of your character for good. There is not a scorned trifle in the common routine of daily life which does not tell the likelihood of the issue of the contest in which you are engaged, whether you shall remain the trembling vassals of impiety forever, or whether, imperial in your conquest, you shall rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free. There does not need, then, to be either pause or interval in your pressing forward to the mark.

III. Just another thought, for I can read your hearts here again. It is the mark of the prize which is *in Christ Jesus*—in Christ Jesus, and that is enough to answer all the misgivings of your hesitating and your rebellious spirit. This it is to which you are called, but you are called

IN CHRIST JESUS.

You have been saying, "Ah! but it is too high for me; it is something to which I shall never attain; there are oppositions, inveterate and terrible, with which I have to grapple; my flesh lusteth against my spirit; my passions are strong and powerful tempters; all the strength has been taken out of me by that paralysis under which I totter; and I shall strive vainly if I strive ever so much: that crown glitters very brilliantly, but it glitters all hopelessly for me." Well, any thing more? You have written many bitter things against yourself,—have you done? You have not said too much at all. It is hardly possible to put poor human nature so low as it is by nature and in itself; but all this that you have been talking about is in yourself as you used to be—is it not?—before you were in Jesus.

Ah! but God did not call you to this loftiness of attainment then, for the very simple reason that He knew you could not come, and God never calls any individual when He knows he cannot come. *If there is a call there is power to obey it always and at all times.* You were buried then; you were chained to the body of death then, as the living soldier to the dead one. Your Easter had not come then. The cocoon must be burst asunder before the buoyant wings can spread themselves and fly. The death-frost must be thawed away from the heart of Lazarus before Christ says, "Loose him, and let him go."

But you are in Jesus now, and in Jesus you live, and *where there is life there is the capacity for growth;* where there is life there is the susceptibility of expansion and of increase, to an almost unlimited degree. Swathed in death too long, you may arise and clear yourself from every vestige of the sepulchre; there may be the fetid and unwholesome odor of it about you, but you may rise up the first-born angel's peer and the Lamb's unspotted bride. "But temptation is adapted and incesssant:" I know that. "The world is a siren to seduce, and a tyrant to persecute:" I know that. "The flesh within lusteth against the spirit very sorely:" I know that, "Hosts of demons crowd and darken the air:" I know that.

But you are in Christ Jesus, and *in Christ Jesus you have a captain of your salvation* who is more than all that can be against you. Poor tempted heart, do not be frightened by this. Thou art like the young man of Elisha's, when the Syrian armies were round about the city; he saw the sheen of their spears glistening in the sun; his knees smote together, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; and when at last it was partially loosened, he said, "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" Calm, kingly, high-souled, trustful, all the prophet prayed about it was, "Lord, open his eyes;" and as soon as his eyes were opened, he saw that round about him on the mountains there were chariots and horses of fire.

And *is it not so with us?* "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who are the heirs of salvation?" Above all, isn't He with us who "knows what sore temptations mean, for He has felt the same" Press forward to the mark; it is nbo eyond you; press forwar dto the mark, and as sure as? God lives you shall grasp and realize the prize.

Pantomime Children's Tea Meeting.—Mr. Forbes, who has lately entertained numerous parties of ballet-dancers, chorus ladies, and theatrical dressers at tea at Exeter Hall, has taken a further step in this direction, and on January 9th he invited 200 or more of the children who are at present engaged at the London theatres to a tea-meeting at the same place at half-past four. The invitations were delivered in some instances with the assistance and co-operation of the managers of the theatres. The response was appreciative, and even grateful. The children, whose ages might range from five and six years to twelve or fourteen, came in for the most part very punctually, and were speedily ranged at four long tables. Some of them came alone, notably the little boys, and some were accompanied by their mothers or other relatives. It cannot be said that there was any appearance of want or hardship, or even discomfort, among these small persons. The behavior of the children was exemplary, despite the fact that no stern ballet-master was present to enforce discipline. Mr. Forbes's formidable threat, that the invitation would not be repeated unless the conduct of his little visitors warranted it, was quite sufficient to secure quiet and order, even when the tongues had been loosened and the spirits raised by the substantial meal that he had provided

Another noteworthy feature was the excellence of the singing of the hymns. This is explained by the fact that almost all of them attend either Board, Ragged, or Sunday schools. Several Gospel addresses were given by Mr. Forbes, who has a pleasant colloquial style, and who relates anecdotes in a manner well calculated to attract children, and, indeed, adults as well; by Alderman Sir R. Carden, Mrs. Eli Johnson, from America, and Miss Varney, of the Young Women's Christian Association. At seven o'clock the assembly dispersed, having previously received an invitation from Mr. Forbes to come again on another evening.

A Clown Converted.—A minister who was much in love with preaching in the open air, and who preached so pointedly as to incur the hostility of some hearers, whose special sins he denounced, once mounted the preaching-chair close to a show or caravan in the public marketplace, and was challenged to a wordy combat by the *painted clown*, who lavished upon him all his coarse wit and vulgar humor, the preacher, meanwhile, waiting patiently. At the right moment, in a most solemn tone, the preacher sonorously said, "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." The bow was drawn at a venture and the arrow was directed by the hand of the Lord. The clown became converted, and for many years was a most acceptable and useful minister of the Gospel. A word spoken in season, how good it is!

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

An Oration by J. B. Gough.

The Noblest Work of God—Man a Social Being—Our Influence—Andrew's Call of Peter—Power of Light—A Landd lord and Traveller—The Woodsman's Family Prayer anthe Infidel—Cato the Negro and Sunday Work—An Orange Girl, etc.

A GOOD old New England deacon once said, "Brethren, I should like to make a few remarks before I begin;" and I should like to make a remark or two before *I* begin, by informing you that I almost hesitated in coming before you, as I am laboring under a severe cold. I come to you to-night, not with stores of learning, not with power to interest you in the literature of the country or in science, but with an intense desire to benefit those who listen to me.

My aim is not just to make a speech or give a lecture, but to say that which I believe is calculated to benefit you; and to endeavor, by God's grace, to glorify Him by addressing you as a man to his fellow-men on an important and practical subject.

A celebrated writer has said, "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" it is a sentence which is quoted, and quoted as being a very fine one. Now, if we mean honesty in the common acceptation of that term, it is not true; an honest man—a merely honest man in the common acceptation of the term—is *not* the noblest work of God; but the man who is honest towards God and towards his fellow-men—in short, a *Christian* man—is the *noblest work of God.*

I believe that many of us are too much in the habit of looking at the duties of a Christian as confined to mere religious ordinances, and forget or lose sight of the fact that *man is a social being*, and that his religion does not render him less a social being. In the Bible, duties, commendations, promises, constantly refer to the social life, walking with God and before God, as having to live with and before men in all the necessary associations of life, family relations, business relations, the social compact in which the Christian is not to be a mere cipher, but to bring into society a new element, a power, leaven, salt, "Ye are the salt of the earth."

As Christian men, we are bound to make our religion the active governing *principle of life*, carrying it with us in the workshop, in the daily employment, in the social circle, in our politics, wherever we are called in the Providence of God to move or to act—being "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

I desire to speak to-night more particularly of the example of Christian men, and of the power of that example. Now, there are some persons who, if we talk to them about their influence, will tell us, "*I have no influence.*" I have heard men say, "I do not think I have any influence; if I thought I had any influence, I would do thus and so." Now, the idea of any man or woman without influence is an absurdity. You exert an influence, and you cannot help it. If you stand still, fold your arms, shut your eyes, close your lips, you exert an influence by the position you occupy—you cannot help it.

Some persons have an idea that to exert an influence they must make a great noise, or they must do some great thing. We read in the Bible of *Andrew*, and we read that when Jesus called Andrew he followed Him; but we do not read of many things that Andrew did. We do not read that he preached long sermons, or gave magnificent speeches, or gathered large crowds about him; but we read of one thing he did, "*Andrew went and called Peter*," and Peter stood up, and three thousand were converted in one day.

I remember hearing that on *the lake of Geneva* they placed *a bell* on the surface of the lake, close to the water's edge, for some experiment, and at every stroke of the bell there was a ripple and a vibration on the other side of the lake. Just so it is with you. There is a *moral electricity* connecting heart with heart, as the electric wire connects island with island. You cannot make a motion without exerting an influence. It is not, I say, the noisiest of us who exert the most influence; it is not those who are the most prominent that exert the most influence; there have been *silent quiet influences* that have told more than all the force and power that could be put forth.

Professor Horsford tells us that the granite *pile on Bunker's Hill*, on a cloudy day, stands solid, upright, and immovable; but on a bright sunny day, by the expansive *power of the light*, that mighty monument moves. It moves slightly, but it moves sufficiently to be detected by the sweep of a pendulum hanging from the inner centre of its apex to the stone floors, something over two hundred feet below. Now I think we may use that as an illustration of your influence—*quiet, silent influence*, like the soft rays of light, will do that which a thousand men with heavy ropes, pulling and hauling with a great noise, never would have been able to accomplish.

A LANDLORD AND TRAVELLER.

We, I say again, cannot live without exerting an influence upon our fellow-men every day; and to exert a good influence, or set a right example, there must be *Christian consistency*. The world expects it—the world looks for it; and while it may despise your religion, honors those who are consistent in the practice of that which they profess. In the United States, in some portions of the West, on the steamboats, and at hotels, they *reduce the charge upon ministers of the Gospel.* Ministers who are travelling will go to the captain, sometimes, and say, "I am a minister of the Gospel," and they either refund his fare or take something from it. At the wayside inns, he will say, "I am a minister of the Gospel," and they will make him pay accordingly.

One minister travelling put up at a wayside inn, and when he came to pay his bill in the morning, he said to the landlord, "I am a minister of the Gospel." "What!" he said, "a minister of the Gospel!" "Yes," he said, "I am." "Well," he said, "when you sat down to your food, you gave no sign of being a Christian; when you retired to your bedroom you gave no sign of being a Christian by offering up a prayer. No, my friend, you have ate like a heathen, you have drank like a heathen, you have slept like a heathen—now *pay like a heathen.*"

THE WOODSMAN'S FAMILY PRAYER AND THE INFIDEL.

Now I say that the world expects consistency, and when it does not find it, to all the hatred and bitterness against the principle is added a contempt for the professor. A young man, *an infidel, was travelling* in the western part of the United States with a very large sum of money upon him, and he was conveying it from one town to another, across a very desolate district. He was much in hopes of reaching a certain town before night;—night came on when he was five miles away. He saw a light, and went to a log hut, and asked if he could find shelter for the night.

A woman came, and said she guessed he could, that her old man was away, but that if he would put his horse up on the lee side of the cabin he might come in. He came in, looked about him, was very suspicious—thought of his money—"What a place to rob me in!—what a place to murder me, and nobody the wiser of it." And he sat there very uneasy till the man came in—*a rough-looking woodsman*, a pioneer, or trapper. He gave him a sort of rough welcome; but looking, as these men will, furtively out of the corner of his eye, he seemed to take the measure of the young chap, and then talked with him, and gave him something to eat.

He ate in fear and trembling, kept his hand on his treasure, very nervous, very anxious, very tremulous. The man said to him, "I will show you where you can sleep, sir." He rose, all timid and trembling; he did not like the looks of it. "What a place that would be to murder a man! Oh dear!—my money and my life are in danger." So he came and sat by the fire, and made up his mind that he would not go to bed that night. The man urged him to retire. "It's time to go to bed." "Ah!" he thought, "time for you, but not for me." He was going to sit up all night.

"Very well," said he, "young man, if you choose to sit here all night I shall not, and you certainly will have no objection to my doing that which I have been accustomed to do for many years—reading a psalm out of the best of all books, and asking God's blessing upon us." That very moment, infidel as he was, his fears were gone; he went to bed, and never thought of his money. And he was so impressed with it, that he wrote a letter to the newspapers renouncing his infidelity, because of the power of Christian example upon him on that occasion.

No amount of eloquence, talent, or profession will compensate for the want of a good example. Now I find a great many persons who engage in reforms, and consider that they are engaging in them heartily; but if you watch them you will find that they go into these reforms just so far as it does not touch them *personally*. Now we will take, if you please, the *Sabbath question.* There are those who are in favor of upholding the sanctity of the Sabbath day. But some of these men—Christian men, too—seem to me sometimes to be preparing—or you will allow me, if you please, to illustrate what I mean by an anecdote of a negro—and we get some of our best illustrations from homely life.

CATO THE NEGRO AND SUNDAY WORK.

A *negro* was hired by a Christian man as an assistant on his farm. This man was one of those who are always in favor of keeping the Sabbath, except when works of necessity demanded that there should be something done, and then he always quoted Scripture. But it was noticed that he was always preparing for Sunday work; and in haying time he would always cut down a lot of grass on Saturday night, so that he could have an excuse for tossing the hay about in the morning, and shaking the dew off it.

So he called this negro one Sunday morning. "Come, Cato, get up!" "Don't want to get up; Sunday morning, massa; always lay a-bed Sunday morning." "But get up, and get your breakfast." "Don't want no breakfast on Sunday morning, massa: rather lay a-bed than breakfast." "But you must get up, and help us shake the dew off the grass." "Don't do no work on Sundays, massa; I didn't hire out to work Sundays." "Oh! but this is a work of necessity." "Don't see that, massa, at all; don't see that it's no work of no necessity." "Well, but would you not pull your ox out of the pit on the Sabbath day?" "Oh yes! massa; but *not if I shoved him in on Saturday night.*"

You know I am very much afraid there is a good deal of this shoving in on Saturday night. And let me tell you the world looks at this, and the world makes its comments upon it. Are there none of you who would speak out bravely against that man's using an excursion train to go into the fields on the Sabbath day, while you use the same agency to go from your own place of worship to hear a popular preacher? Now, is that consistent? You will oppose the general use of cabs on the Sabbath day; and yet you will take a cabman from one end of the city to the other to hear a favorite preacher. Is this consistent?

AN ORANGE GIRL AND. SUNDAY TRADING.

You are opposed to *Sunday trading*. So am I. I saw a *poor girl* selling oranges last night; she was crying very bitterly; she had spread her oranges out, and was wiping the tears from her eyes—you know it was bitterly cold last night. As I passed her, I thought to myself, "There is trouble;" so I turned and said, "Well, my girl, what is the matter?" She said, "I have lost eighteen pence, and it is all I have taken to-day." I said, "How much do you take generally?" "Sometimes I take half-a-crown; last Saturday I was out from nine o'clock in the morning till ten at night, and I took two and fourpence halfpenny."

I said, "How much did you make?" "I made sevenpence, sir." I said, "Do you make a shilling a day?" "Oh sir! I wish I did; a shilling a day, sir! I do not make sixpence a day." I said, "It is rather a hard case how did you lose your money?" She told me, and a very natural way it was. I gave her half-a-crown, and I said, "Have you had any dinner?" She said, "I never have any dinner; I never get any thing to eat from the time I go out till the time I come home; but I will have some dinner to-day," although it was about seven o'clock in the evening.

Now here is a girl twelve years of age, cold, shivering, and scantily clad, selling her oranges, buying them at three shillings a hundred and selling them at two for three-halfpence, and a halfpenny or a penny a piece. Now, shall we sweep these poor creatures out of the streets on Sunday while we do nothing to stop the traffic of the dram-shops, the gin-shops, and the beer-shops on Sunday? Now, to be consistent, if we would crush the one, we should seek with all the power we have to crush out the other.

(*To be continuea*)

The Consumptive; or, "I'm going to Jesus."—I called to see a little girl who was dying of consumption. She was sitting in an arm-chair. I reminded her of giving her some little books, and we spoke of her young companion having died since that time. "Well, I'm come as an ambassador to you to-day," I said. "You know when the Queen sends a message to the Emperor of China she sends an ambassador?" "Yes, sir," she replied. "Well, I am an ambassador from Jesus to-day, and His message is, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Do you believe on Him?" "Yes, sir." "And are you willing that He should save your soul, and wash all your sins away?"—Yes, sir." She answered me in such artless, childlike sincerity, that I burst into tears. I then knelt beside her in prayer. Then, at my request, she repeated after me the following earnest words to the Saviour: "Dear Lord Jesus, do thou save my soul; wash all my sins away, and take me to glory when I die, for Jesus' sake. Amen." She sat in the chair all the time, very weak and still, with a sweet smile on her face—a real picture of waiting on the Lord!

Friends like Shadows.—The Rev. J. Wright, Rector of Falmouth, Cornwall, preaching on January 5th, referred to the failure of Tweedy's Bank. His text was Judges 24:15, "But as for me and my household, we will serve the Lord." He spoke of the value of a religious life amid the thousand cares and calamities of life, and referred to Job's conduct when afflicted as a bright example to those of our own day, and to the help under misfortunes which men had who lived a godly life. Then he traced the various calamities of the past year—the war, the explosions, the foundering of the Eurydice, the Princess Alice collision, by which so many lives were lost, then the late bank failures, and then the recent failure of Tweedy & Williams's Bank, founded 110 years since, the proprietors being men who were known for their strict attention to religious duties and their moral qualities, and who were now brought to sorrow, grief, and anguish, together with many of their neighbors; and he finished by observing that *friends were like shadows*—when the sun shone on a man, a shadow followed him, but when he was under a cloud the shadow vanished.

Preachers and Sunday-school Teachers anxious to keep their flocks together may take a suggestion from the following incident:

A Christian man, whilst travelling in Dorsetshire, England, overtook a large flock of sheep following, not preceding, their shepherd. Struck by the somewhat unusual incident, he accosted the man, asking how he accounted for the circumstance; to which he replied, "I lead them by their teeth." As this answer was unintelligible to the questioner, the shepherd explained, "I give them good fodder, and therefore find no difficulty in keeping them together." Let this be a hint to those who teach in the Sunday-school, or in more public and responsible positions, and we may then hear less complaint concerning the lack of interest in our various religious assemblies.

THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 16th.—Psalm 1. Golden Text, Prov. 4:18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text for to-day teaches us that "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." But every path must have a beginning, and so it is with this one. "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Matt. 3:13, 14).

"The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way" (Prov. 14:8). Every sailor knows it is madness to steer without a compass on board, and yet, how many immortal souls are there who understand business, pleasure, science, art, literature, any thing which will end with time, but they do not understand their way.

Our Psalm begins with the word "Blessed." "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity" (Psa. 32:1, 2). So says David by the Holy Ghost, and so quotes Paul, Rom. 4:6–8. And in our Psalm we see the fruits of this blessedness. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." Where then does he walk? "They shall walk, O Lord! in the light of thy countenance" (Psa. 89:15). "Nor standeth in the way of sinners," for they "stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God" (Psa. 135:2); "nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful," for God hath "made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (Eph. 2:6).

Here we see the *counsel*, the *way*, and the *seat* of the wicked are all to be avoided by the man whom God calls blessed. O how many have erred through evil counsel! Solomon, although he was the wisest man who ever lived, fell away from God through the evil counsel of his wives; Aaron made the golden calf through the counsel of the people. Eve fell through the counsel of the serpent. What is the counsel of the ungodly? Don't go to extremes in your religion, don't make yourself peculiar. Keep your religion to yourself, and don't intrude it upon other people, and avoid, above all, committing yourself to a decision.

Such is the counsel of the ungodly, and what saith the Lord? As to extremes, he tells us, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God *with all thy heart*, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind" (Luke 10:27). If this is not extreme, I don't know what is. As to peculiarity, he says (1 Pet. 2:9), ye are "a peculiar people," and, moreover, in Tit. 2:14, we read that Jesus gave Himself for us with the express object that He might "redeem us from all iniquity and purify to Himself a peculiar people." Instead of exhorting us to keep our religion to ourselves, He says, "Preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15); and, again, "What ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops" (Matt. 10:27). God calls to a decision, and says, "The Holy Ghost saith, *To-day* if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3:7, 8). And the Apostle John (1 Epistle 5:13) says, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life." Here is the fullest assurance.

But not alone in following the counsel of the ungodly is there danger. To stand needlessly in the way of sinners is dangerous. When we are on a mission for the Master, then can we seek sinners without being contaminated; but when it is for the pleasure of their society, or for the honor or profit which may occur to us through such or such an unconverted person, we are on dangerous ground; the Word of God gives us no standing place there. We have a mission from God to sinners, but we have no warrant from God to better ourselves in an earthly sense by them, and when we do, sometimes we are let into sitting in the seat of the scornful before we are aware of it, and we have got into such a position of obligation to an ungodly man that it is out of our power to speak to him about his soul.

This is the negative side, the positive is very lovely. "But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night." Here is the safety of a true man of God, "The law of his God is in his heart, none of his steps shall slide" (Ps. 37:31). No man can be truly blessed who is not a lover of God's word, not of the letter, but of the Spirit. "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," etc. (Col. 3:16). A Christian who lives in his Bible is always full of fresh thoughts to help others; he can teach and admonish. What we know soon becomes exhausted if there is not a fresh supply from the fountain. Then, too, the Word of God is our means of communication with God.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season." Now, what is fruit? It is the husbandman's reward for the labor which he bestows upon his trees, the fruit is yielded back to him. And our fruit is that which we yield to Christ, the outcome of what we have first received from Him. But does it mean Christian graces, or does it mean Christian work and the souls won thereby. Surely both. In Gal. 5:22 we read, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Here it is distinctly the Christian graces ,and how lovely they are; the blessed man brings them forth, and they are ever riper, love becomes less fitful, and more universal towards man and more intense and deep towards God. Joy becomes a settled habit which is not dependent upon outward circumstances; peace, which was first peace with God, ripens into the peace of God which passeth all understanding; and thus God's character becomes reflected from him, and he learns to be longsuffering with others as God has been with him; a wondrous gentleness pervades a nature which was once rugged, and thus the fruit accumulates in the spiritual autumn of the blessed man's life. But "Israel shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit;" and Paul writes to the Romans, "I purposed to come unto you," "that I might have some fruit among you also, even as mong other Gentiles" (Rom. 1:13). This is the conversion of souls.

"His leaf also shall not wither." The child of God whose delight is in God's law shall be "like a green olive tree in the house of God" (Ps. 52:8). There is a freshness and verdure about those who draw their spiritual strength constantly from God, and when our prayers wither, or our strength to work for Him fails, then it is very clear that we are not at the source of our strength. And look, "Whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper." So was it with Joseph in the most disadvantageous circumstances, "and his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hands" (Gen. 39:3); and it was so also with the keeper of the prison. He saw also that the Lord was with Joseph, and we have abundant evidence in the lives of Abraham, Moses, David, Daniel, Paul, etc., how God makes His people to prosper.

"*The ungodly are not so.*" Were nothing more said about the ungodly this would be enough. They are "like the chaff which the wind driveth away," of no value and no weight. This is awful, but it is true. Therefore "the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment." When He sits upon the great white throne, from whose face the heaven and the earth shall flee away, where is there standing ground for such as have no foothold upon the Rock of ages? Oh that every reader would enter this day, if he has not done so before, in at the strait gate, which, blessed be God, is not closed yet! For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous—the shining, light-giving way—and the way of the ungodly shall perish. His hopes, his plans, his provisions, all come to nought.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Resignation of Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic, is another illustration of the paradox that "nothing is so likely to occur in France as the unlikely." Last week the vote of confidence in the ministry seemed to have settled political difficulties on a permanent and satisfactory basis. The President had yielded in the matter of certain administrative and judicial appointments, and it was supposed that the other questions in abeyance would be also harmoniously arranged. It was, however, considered by the Republican party in the Congress that certain important military appointments being in the hands of men who avowedly dislike the Republic constituted an element of danger to the stability of the Government. A demand was, therefore, made for their removal, but the President said he would rather resign than desert his friends, who were tried and able men. It was the alternative that had been offered MacMahon before—submission or resignation; he had chosen the former in the past, but now he has chosen the latter, and his resignation has been accepted.

Mons. Jules Grevy, who has been elected President of the Republic in the room of Marshal MacMahon, has, until his election, filled the post of President of the Assembly. He is a firm but moderate republican. He was a member of the House at the time of Napoleon's *coup-d'état* in 1851, and with difficulty escaped imprisonment. During the early years of the Empire he took no part in politics, but towards the close of that epoch he was elected to the House, and while there was a strenuous opponent of Imperialism. After Sedan he was a supporter of M. Thiers, and was in 1871 elected President of the Assembly by an almost unanimous vote, and he has held the post ever since. In choosing him as successor to MacMahon the Houses have displayed great wisdom and the appointment is popular throughout the country.

M. Gambetta succeeds M. Grevy as President of the Assembly, and in doing so has shown his moderation; there is no doubt that had he desired it he might have been chosen President of the Republic.

A Terrible Pestilence, resembling the plague or "Black Death" of the Middle Ages, is raging among the Cossacks of Astrachan, and seems to be spreading into other parts of Russia. Nearly all those who are attacked die. At a place called Stanitza, among a population of only six hundred, fifteen or twenty people have died every day. In one village two hundred and ninety-two persons were attacked up to January 6th, of whom two hundred and forty-six died. The Cossack population is described as in a state of complete panic; they will not approach the sick or bury the dead. It is supposed that the disease has been brought from Turkey in the clothes of soldiers returning home. It seems nearly the same plague as that which almost depopulated London in 1666.

The Afghan War.—The unopposed occupation of Candahar by the British troops under General Stewart on January 16th is the last news of importance from the seat of war. The entry took place about noon, the whole of the troops entering the city, escorted by the principal inhabitants, and the Ghilzai, Seistan, and other chiefs. All the shops were closed, and the people of the city collected together in great crowds to view the entry of the British, but their attitude was apathetic. The camp was pitched to the north-east of Candahar. Great quantities of powder, shell, and small-arm ammunition have been found, besides one howitzer and a gun. The rest of the artillery has evidently been carried off.

Thus it appears that whilst Sir Samuel Brown with his brigadiers, Macpherson and Tytler, have cleared their way to Jellalabad on the road to Cabul, General Donald Stewart has reached the former Afghan capital almost without the loss of a man.

Only eight weeks have elapsed since the British forces, in three columns, received orders to advance into Afghanistan, and already we are in possession of all the strategical positions on which the Indian Government had set their heart. With a list of casualties which do not reach two hundred we have established ourselves at Jellalabad and Candahar, while in front of us is a nation given over to anarchy, the ruler of which has fled. Surely never in our military history has a more satisfactory—shall we add a more inglorious—campaign been waged. From the present position of affairs it seems almost certain that little more can be done till spring, unless, indeed, Yakoob Khan should take the advice of the Ghilzie chiefs and make terms with the British.

Mr. Spurgeon.—The Spurgeon Bazaar Testimonial, which came to a close on Thursday, January 9th, has been a magnificent success. The sum accruing from sales at the Bazaar reached about 3500*l.*; while the amount received towards the Testimonial from private sources does not fall short of 3000*l.* Thus the entire proceeds will reach 6500*l.* The movement, which professedly started to compliment Mr. Spurgeon, has resulted in securing a permanent source of income to be devoted to the comfort and happiness of aged and deserving people. The entire amount goes in investment for the benefit of those of whom Mr. Spurgeon writes: "The objects of our care are not far to seek; there they are at our gates—widows worn down with labor, often pale, emaciated, delicate, and even consumptive—boys half famished, growing up neglected, surrounded with temptation. Can you look at them without pity? We cannot. We will work for them as long as our brain can think and our pen can write and our heart can love; neither sickness nor weariness shall tempt us to flag in this sacred enterprise."

Mr. Spurgeon, whose health we rejoice to learn has much improved, though he is still weak, has yielded to the earnest solicitations of his flock to take a repose of three months, and accordingly left home for Mentone on Thursday last. He was unable to preach the previous Sunday. His son Thomas, and Mr. Passmore, his publisher, accompany him.

The first sermon of his twenty-fifth volume, the 1450th of the whole series, was issued just before he left. Beside the fact of their continuance throughout each consecutive week for twenty-four years, the wonderful thing is their continued freshness and force. The last issued is "from the sick chamber of C. H. Spurgeon," and is marked by the wonted style and power. May our beloved friend soon be restored in health, and live in harness to celebrate his *golden wedding!*

Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, is said to be anxious to enter the Christian ministry. He is said to be the most refined, and to bear most resemblance to his father in mental qualities of the whole family. He is popular with all who have met him on the continent, and great French ladies who found themselves in his society last year at Nice are never tired of speaking of this Prince Charming. He is an excellent musician, like his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, and has an agreeable tenor voice, which he is perfectly willing to exercise when asked to sing. But the latest rumor is that Prince Leopold desires to turn his powers to the singing of anthems, and is pressing his mother to allow him to take orders.

Lord Derby as a Temperance Advocate.—In a speech of considerable value and importance at Rochdale, England, recently, Lord Derby paid a well-deserved tribute to the "silent, uncomplaining endurance" with which the people had borne the sufferings caused by the present depression of trade, while acknowledging that "there was no use in denying the fact that we are face to face with an *industrial crisis* such as we have not seen since the days of the cotton famine." Lord Derby advises all to live as economically as possible in hopes of better times, and with respect to the drinking customs of the people said:

"I am not going to give you a lecture on what is called *teetotalism*. If that rule of life be a duty for one class it is equally a duty for all. I honor those who, for the sake of example and social usefulness, sacrifice a lawful indulgence But not the less the fact remains that if the quantity of liquor and tobacco consumed in the British islands were reduced by one half, besides all other incidental advantages, you would effect a reduction in taxation mainly for the benefit of the working classes to the amount of *twenty million pounds sterling*. You pay forty and a half millions of taxes in Customs and Excise for liquor and tobacco. If we could only manage that little reduction of one half—which, after all, does not imply the adoption of very ascetic habits by our people—do not you think that besides the gain in comfort and health, besides having fewer paupers and less work for the police, we shall have done something for public economy and something for the cause of peace?"

Mr. Sankey, who has been holding Gospel meetings at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, writes, under date January 13th: "We are having very interesting meetings here. Perhaps not less than eight thousand men attended two meetings yesterday (Sunday). We have had the *Circus* for the last two Sabbaths, it being the largest audience-room in the town. During the week we have the *Chapels*, and always an overflow, filling a second chapel. We have had some inquirers every service."

The Present Distress.—A Painful evidence of the wide-spread distress which at present exists, not only in the country, but London itself, is afforded by the poverty-stricken crowds which besieged the premises of the Tower Hamlets Mission in the Mile End Road, London, on an intimation that *a piece of dry bread* and cup of cocoa would be given to every applicant. Last week, on Wednesday evening, between five hundred and six hundred men, women, and children gathered in front of the mission premises, some of them neat and clean, though obviously poor—many dirty, ragged, and repulsive. Young mothers were there with infants in arms, and older matrons with squalid children at their feet. The great proportion of the visitors—at least ten to one—were men, of whom many wore no shirts, and probably not one had such a thing as a collar. For the most part they had the look of men dispirited by compulsory idleness, and strangers to a substantial meal. One mechanic said he had been idle for ten weeks, and he added, "there are plenty more of us." The crowd was as dense as at the door of a theatre, but an almost absolute silence prevailed. A weight as of lead seemed to hang on every head, and gayety would have seemed as much out of place as at a funeral.

An Italian Premier on the Hope of the World.—The recent utterances of Signor Lanza, who has been more than once Prime Minister of Italy, deserve to be recorded. He writes, in a popular newspaper: "I hold strongly that the *Gospel* contains the germs of almost unlimited *progress*, political and moral. The Divine Book which proclaims the abolition of slavery, universal brotherhood, peace on earth, the duty of giving to our poor brethren of our superabundance, etc., ought to have power to meet the utmost needs of our commonwealth, and to be the *credo* of our entire humanity. There is only wanting an *apostle* who would know how to bring back freshness to the holy dogmas of the Christian faith, and to revive the religious enthusiasm of the people for them. I am confident that when the time is ripe he will appear."

Stretch It.—A little girl and her younger brother were on their way to the store one windy, frosty morning. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of cloak over her. As they walked briskly along she drew the boy closer to her, and said, "Come under my cloak, Johnny." "It isn't big enough for both," said he. "Then I will try to stretch it a little." And they were soon closely nestled together. What a lesson! How many shivering bodies and sad hearts there are, just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves.

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Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1879.

13th Year. No. 17—New Series.

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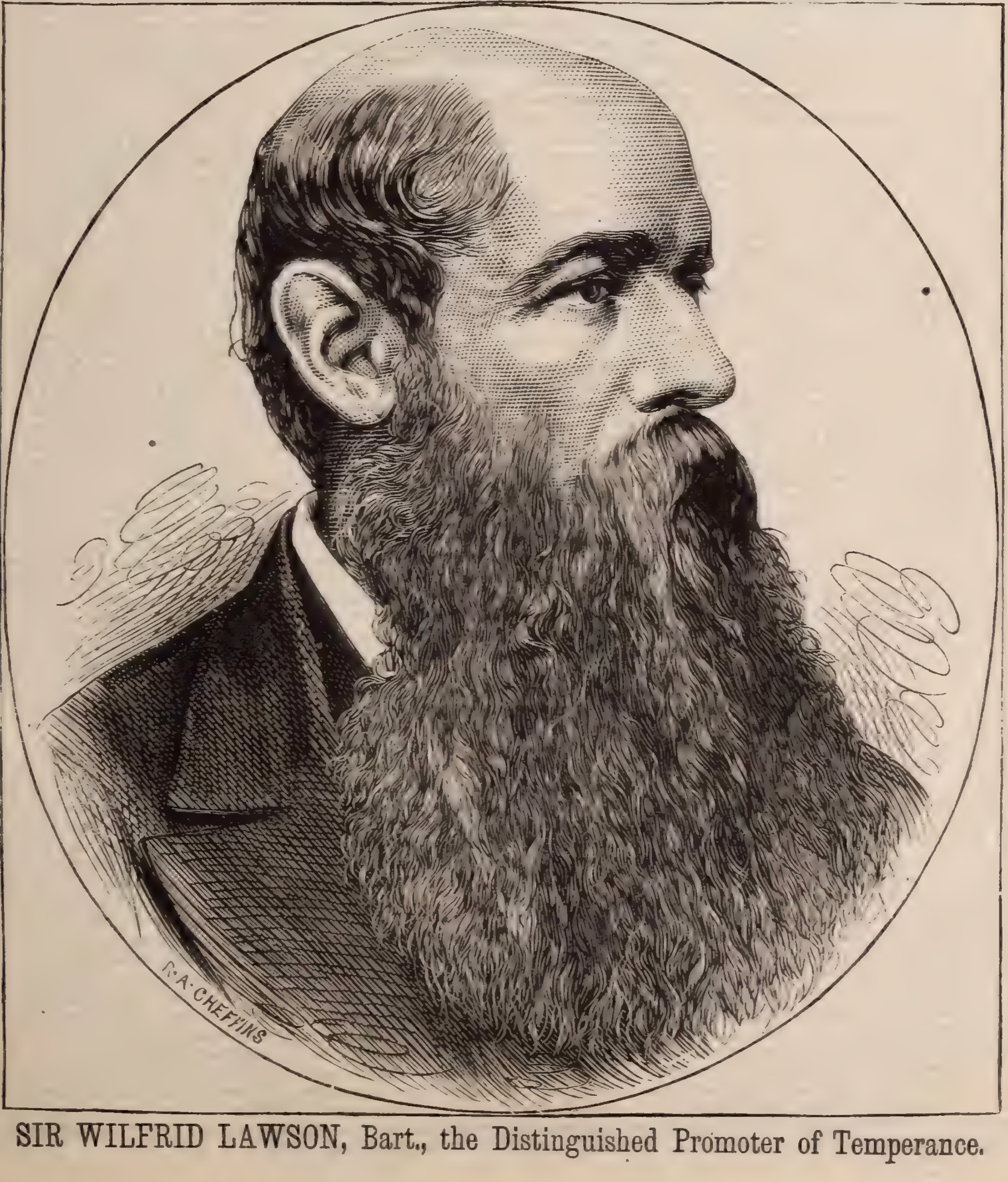

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, Bart., the Distinguished Promoter of Temperance.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART.

The Leader of the Temperance Party—The Design of the Permissive Bill—His Ancient Family—Early Years—Enters the House of Commons—First Introduction of the Permissive Bill—Extract from his Great Speech on the Liquor Traffic—His Denunciation of the Infamous Opium Trade—Sir Wilfrid's Wit and Humor—His Liberality in the Cause of Temperance.

THIS distinguished English Baronet holds the proud position of leader of the Temperance Party in Great Britain, and is the recognized representative of the United Kingdom Alliance in the House of Commons. He is an independent member, but usually votes with the Liberals on general questions. On all social topics and measures that have for their object the moral welfare of the people, his voice is always heard on the right side. But the principal object of his efforts is the passing of a bill through the houses of Parliament, which is known as the Permissive Bill, and to this object he may be said to have consecrated his life.

The aim of the Permissive Bill is to confer on owners and occupiers of property in any district the right of deciding by vote whether any intoxicating liquors shall be sold within that district. So that in any neighborhood where the majority of the inhabitants are total abstainers they would be enabled, should the Permissive Bill ever become law, to close all places licensed for the sale of alcohol in any form, and to exclude from their borders all dealers in intoxicants. The task of introducing this measure and fighting it in a house of which so many brewers are members, is no easy work, and that task has been voluntarily undertaken and enthusiastically pressed by Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

The family of this amiable and renowned champion of the Permissive Bill derive their name from John Lawson, who in the first year of Henry the Third (1216) was lord of the manor of Fawlisgrave, Yorkshire. One of his descendants was Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Kt., who acquired the estate of Isell, in Cumberland, by marriage with the widow of Thomas Leigh. Sir Wilfrid having no children, the estate passed to his nephew, William Lawson, whose son William was created a baronet by James the Second. Sir Wilfred Lawson, tenth baronet, died childless in 1806, when the title became extinct; but by Sir Wilfrid's will the estates were bequeathed to his wife's nephew, Thomas Wybergh, who thereupon assumed the name and arms of Lawson, and, dying childless in 1812, was succeeded by his brother Wilfrid, who thereupon likewise assumed the name and arms of Lawson; and in 1831 was created a baronet. He was an able advocate of the Temperance movement, and, dying in 1867, was succeeded in the baronetage by his son, the present Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

The subject of our memoir was born at Brayton Hall, near Carlisle, England, on September 4th, 1829, his mother being a sister of the late Sir James Graham. In 1857 he entered the electoral field as Liberal candidate for West Cumberland; and, though defeated, stood for Carlisle in conjunction with his uncle, Sir James Graham, at the election of April, 1859, when he was successful by a small majority.

In the following year he married Mary, daughter of J. Pocklington-Senhouse, Esq. For five years he made but little figure in the House of Commons, but on March 4th, 1864, first moved for leave to bring in the Permissive Bill. Mr. H. A. Bruce, on behalf of the Ministry, said: "The Government does not object to the introduction of the Bill, but, in taking that course they do not pledge themselves to assent to its further progress." Great meetings were held and petitions sent in, in favor of the measure; and on the day appointed for the second reading a deputation, among the members of which were Mr. Pope, Q.C., the Rev. W. N. Molesworth, and Prof. F. W. Newman, introduced by Lord Calthorpe, waited on the late Lord Palmerston, then First Lord of the Treasury, and used arguments in its favor. On that day, Mr. Lawson made an able speech in favor of the second reading of the Bill, the rejection of which was moved by Captain Jervis, and seconded by Mr. Roebuck in a sarcastic speech, the latter gentleman having ever since continued a bitter opponent of the Permissive measure; and after a three hours' debate the House divided, the numbers being 292 *against*, and 35 *for* the Bill.

Mr. Lawson also showed himself an able opponent of unnecessary warlike expenditure, and in March, 1865, moved for the reduction of the Yeomanry vote, which is a vote of money to support a species of mounted militia, composed principally of farmers and country gentlemen. The sum proposed to be voted was 91,000*l.* ($441,350), and he proposed to reduce it to 43,117*l.* ($209,118), but did not press it to a division; and about this time asked Sir George Grey, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, whether the Government intended to introduce any public measure for remedying the evils produced by the Licensing Laws, since they refused to deal with them by any private Bill; on which Sir George curtly declined to do any thing of the kind during that session.

In the same year the rejection of the Liverpool Licensing Bill was moved by Mr. Lawson, and after a sharp debate the proposition was carried, and the Bill thrown out. In April of the same year, Mr. Cox, M.P. for Finsbury, moved an amendment to the Public House Closing Act, passed the previous year, which provided for the early closing of public-houses, asserting that various classes, such as market-gardeners, salesmen, compositors, etc., were inconvenienced by the provisions of the Act. He was opposed by Mr. Lawson, who contended that the Act had worked well on the whole, and had been productive of much good, though he admitted it was a grievance to those whose avocations took them out very early or very late to have ordinary refreshments classed with intoxicating drinks, and he thought that the sale of non-spirituous liquors might have been permitted; but this remark was met with loud cries of "No, no!"

In the same year he also opposed in the Committee of Ways and Means any reduction of the Malt Tax, suggesting in its place a reduction of the duty on tea.

At the election of 1865, Mr. Lawson was defeated by his Conservative opponent, Mr. Hodgson, and thus lost his seat for Carlisle, but continued with untiring zeal his exertions outside the House in favor of the good cause of temperance. In 1867 he succeeded to the title and estates on the death of his father, and at the general election of 1868 again stood for Carlisle, and this time with success.

Sir Wilfrid now resumed his able efforts in the House, and on May 12th, 1869, moved the second reading of the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill. He said: "I cannot tell the entire number of petitions which have been presented in favor of this Bill, but up to last night they amounted to no fewer than 2337, and that number has been greatly augmented during the last few hours. . . . . All the prominent speakers against the measure base their arguments for the repression of drunkenness upon education—and I also believe in that—but it must be education of the right sort; but whilst an army of clergymen and schoolmasters are engaged in instructing the people in what is good and virtuous, there is an army of 150,000 publicans and beer-sellers teaching the people to indulge in drinking habits—*men who are paid by results*, and who are licensed and empowered by the State to promote as large a sale of drink as possible, and by that means increase the revenue, of the National Exchequer."

He also commented on the fact that publicans' licenses are granted by the judges, notices having first been given to the overseers and chief constable of the parish, and also posted on the doors of the church, and of the house for which the license was applied, thus showing that it was the intention of the original framers of the licensing laws that the wishes of the inhabitants should be consulted. The motion was ably seconded by Mr. Bazley, M.P. for Manchester, while its rejection was moved by Colonel Jervis, M.P. for Harwich. Mr. G. O. Morgan ably supported the Bill, and the Home Secretary (Mr. Bruce) complimented Sir Wilfred on his manner of introducing the measure, observing, "I heartily join in the numerous congratulations which have been bestowed upon the honorable baronet on the manner in which he has introduced his Bill to the House. I have never heard *so extreme a measure* brought forward with *so much moderation*."

Sir George Grey appealed to Sir Wilfrid not to press for a division, but the latter considering that it was his duty to do so, the result was that 87 voted for the second reading, and 193 against it.

In the debate on the East India Revenue Accounts, on August 3d, 1869, Sir Wilfrid spoke out manfully on the question of the *opium traffi* in China; and, remarking that Mr. Grant Duf had said he would not allude to the moral aspects of the question, added, "He was right, fo there is no defence, on moral grounds, to th raising of revenue by such means. He told u that about 9,000,000*l.* ($43,650,000) of the India revenue (nearly one-fifth) *was derived from opium* What does that mean? It means that a larg portion of the most fertile soil in India is diverted from the production of food for the peopl and devoted to the production of a deleteriou drug. This drug is employed to pauperize an demoralize hundreds of thousands, if not mi lions, of the inhabitants of China.

Every year since 1868 Sir Wilfrid has presse for a division on his Bill. In 1871 the vote were, Ayes, 124; Noes, 196; and in 1872, Aye 81; Noes, 321. In that year Mr. Bruce, then Se retary of State for home affairs in Mr. Gladstone government, introduced the Intoxicating Liqu (Licensing) Bill, to which Sir Wilfrid gave hearty support, especially to what he consider "the very jewel of the Bill," by which the hou of the liquor traffic were shortened, observin "If he will stick to that we will stick to hi and carry the Bill through the House; but if wavers in this course we will throw him ove and never believe in him again." At the parli mentary election of 1874 Sir Wilfrid was succe ful, beating his highest opponent by 300 votes

Sir Wilfrid's speeches are strongly mark with wit and humor, as, for instance, when, i speech delivered in 1875, he said: "This cou try is in point of fact governed just now by t heathen deities—by Bacchus and by Mars— in other words, by the god of battles, and t god of bottles." In the same speech he fai convulsed the House by one argument advan with great apparent gravity. "England," protested, "had at that moment but two e mies—the Pope, and the Colorado beetle."

On September 1st, 1875, while addressing open-air gathering at Brayton Hall, compris some 12,000 persons, he said, "I don't bla the publicans. They are carrying on a law trade. The queen, lords, and commons h said to them, 'Go and sell drink, and m money by it,' and away they go. They are gent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the drink.

"Don't you people go away and imagine t I shall ever say a word against my good frie the publicans. They are the picked men of country. It has been decided by competent thorities that a man who has been convicte felony in former days may be returned to Pa ment and take his seat there, but he cannot k a public-house. We are far more strict at entering the public-house trade than we about entering Parliament. I will tell yo very curious thing that is going on, for aug know at this moment, in the town of Wi There is a clergyman applying for a license. he gets it, it will be a great day for the public and it will be a great day for them if he does get it, because it will show that they are s rior to the clergy, and that the magistrates w let a clergyman into their worshipful compa

In conclusion, we may notice the fact tha Wilfrid Lawson has subscribed 1000*l.* ($48 year for five years to the United Kingdom ance.

"SUNSHINE."

Sermon by Dr. Talmage; preached February 9th, 1879.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."—PROVERBS . 17.

ligion God's Daughter—Experience Shortens a Creed—irst Leaf of my Theology: Sunshine—I. Christian Society has a Great Deal of Sunshine—Laughter is no Sign f Happiness—Amusing Description of a Worldly Party -II. Sunshine in Christian and Divine Explanation—he Mysteries of Life—Ciphers, the Key to which God upplies—The Philosophy of Contentment—III. Sunshine 1 Climacteric Joys to Come—The Joy of Discovery—eath Only a Matriculation—The Joy of Association—eparted Friends are Only Away for their Health—No raves in Heaven.

YOU have all heard of God's only-begotten n. Have you heard of *God's daughter?* She s born in heaven. She came down over the ls of our world. She had queenly step. On r brow was celestial radiance. Her voice s music. Her name is RELIGION. My text roduces her. "Her ways are ways of asantness, and all her paths are peace."

There has been some recent discussion in re- d to my theories of religion. Am I orthodox heterodox? In my sermon this morning, d in sermons at different times, I shall set be- e you what are my theories in regard to the ristian religion.

The fact is that theological study has had a dif- ent effect upon me from the effect sometimes duced. Every year I tear out another leaf m my theology until I have only three or four ves left. In other words, a very brief and in statement of Christian belief.

An aged Christian minister said: "When I s a young man, I knew every thing; when I to be thirty-five years of age in my ministry had only a hundred doctrines of religion; en I got to be forty years of age, I had only y doctrines of religion; when I got to be six- years of age, I had only ten doctrines of relig- ; and now I am dying at seventy-five years of , and

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING I KNOW,

that is, that Christ Jesus came into the ld to save sinners." And so I have noticed he study of God's Word, and in my contem- tion of the character of God and of the eter- world, that it is necessary for me to drop part of my belief and that part of my belief eing non-essential, while I cling to the one at doctrine that man is a sinner, and Christ is Almighty and Divine Saviour.

ow, I take these three or four leaves of my ology, and I find that in the *first place*, and inant above all others, is the sunshine of re- on. When I go into a room I have a passion throwing open all the shutters. That is what nt to do this morning. We are apt to throw much of the sepulchral into our religion, and close the shutters, and to pull down the blinds, it is only through here and there a crevice the light streams. The religion of the Lord s Christ is a religion of joy indescribable unutterable. *Wherever I can find a bell I n to ring it.*

there are any in this house this morning are disposed to hold on to their melancholy their gloom, let them now depart this ser- before the fairest and the brightest and the t radiant being of all the universe comes in. 's Son has left our world, but God's daugh- s here. Give her room! Hail! Princess of ven. Hail! daughter of the Lord God Al- hty. Come in and make this house thy ne-room.

setting forth this idea, the dominant theory eligion is one of sunshine. I hardly know re to begin, for there are so many thoughts rush upon my soul. A mother saw her lit- hild seated on the floor in the sunshine, and a spoon in her hand. She said: "My dar- what are you doing there?" "Oh," replied hild, "I'm getting a spoonful of this sun- ." Would God that to-day I might present a gleaming chalice of this glorious, everlast- Gospel sunshine!

rst of all, I find a great deal of

SUNSHINE IN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

I do not know of any thing more doleful than the companionship of the mere fun-makers of the world—the Thomas Hoods, the Charles Lambs, the Artemus Wards, the Charles Matthews of the world—the men whose entire business it is to make sport. They made others laugh, but if you will examine their autobiography, or biography, you will find that down in their soul there was a terrific disquietude. Laughter is no sign of happiness. The maniac laughs. The hyena laughs. The loon among the Adirondacks laughs. The drunkard dashing his decanter against the wall laughs.

There is a terrible reaction from all sinful amusement and sinful merriment. Such men are cross the next day. They snap at you on exchange, or they pass you, not recognizing you. Long ago I quit mere worldly society *for the reason it was so dull*, so inane, and so stupid. My nature is voracious of joy. I must have it.

I always walk on the sunny side of the street, and for that reason I have crossed over into Chrstian society. I like their mode of repartee better. I like their style of amusement better. They live longer. Christian people, I sometimes notice, live on when by all natural law they ought to have died. I have known persons who have continued in their existence when the doctor said they ought to have been dead ten years. Every day of their existence was a defiance of the laws of anatomy and physiology; but they had this supernatural vivacity of the Gospel in their soul, and that kept them alive. Put ten or twelve Christian people in a room for Christian conversation, and you will from eight to ten o'clock hear more resounding glee, see more bright strokes of wit, and find more thought and profound satisfaction, than in any merely worldly party.

Now, when I say

A "WORLDLY PARTY,"

I mean that to which you are invited because under all the circumstances of the case it is best for you to be invited, and to which you go because under all the circumstances of the case it is better that you go; and leaving the shawls on the second floor, and the hats on the third floor, you go to the parlor to give formal salutation to the host and the hostess, and then move around, spending the whole evening in the discussion of the weather, and in apology for treading on long trails, and in effort to keep the corners of the mouth up to the sign of pleasure, and going around with an idiotic he-he about nothing until the collation is served, and then after the collation is served going back again into the parlor to resume the weather, and then at the close going at a very late hour to the host and hostess and assuring them that you have had a most delightful evening, and then passing down off the front steps, the slam of the door the only satisfaction of the evening.

O young man! come from the country to spend your days in city life, *where are you going to spend your evenings?* Let me tell you, while there are many places of innocent worldly amusement, it is most wise for you to throw your body, mind, and soul into Christian society. Come to me at the close of five years and tell me what has been the result of this advice. Bring with you the young man who refused to take the advice, and who went into sinful amusement. He will come dissipated, shabby in apparel, indisposed to look any one in the eyes, moral character eighty-five per cent off. You will come with principle settled, countenance frank, habits good, soul saved, and all the inhabitants of heaven, from the lowest angel up to the archangel and clear past him to the Lord God Almighty, your coadjutors.

This is not the advice of a misanthrope. There is no man in the house to whom the world is brighter than it is to me. It is not the advice of a dyspeptic—my digestion is perfect; it is not the advice of a man who cannot understand a joke, or who prefers a funeral; it is not the advice of an old man, but the advice of a man who can see this world in all its brightness; and considering myself competent in judging what is good-cheer, I tell the multitudes of young men in this house this morning that there is nothing in worldly association so grand and so beautiful and so exhilarant as in Christian society.

I know there is a great deal of talk about the self-denials of the Christian. I have to tell you that where the Christian has one self-denial the man of the world has a thousand self-denials. *The Christian is not commanded to surrender any thing that is worth keeping.* But what does a man deny himself who denies himself the religion of Christ. He denies himself pardon for sin; he denies himself peace of conscience; he denies himself the joy of the Holy Ghost; he denies himself a comfortable death pillow; he denies himself the glories of heaven. Do not talk to me about the self-denials of the Christian life. Where there is one in the Christian life there are a thousand in the life of the world. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Again (2), I find a great deal of religious

SUNSHINE IN CHRISTIAN AND DIVINE EXPLANATION.

To a great many people life is an inexplicable tangle. Things turn out differently from what was supposed. There is a useless woman in perfect health. There is an industrious and consecrated woman a complete invalid. Explain that. There is a bad man with thirty thousand dollars of income. There is a good man with eight hundred dollars of income. Why is that? There is a foe of society who lives on, doing all the damage he can, to seventy-five years of age; and here is a Christian father, faithful in every department of life, at thirty-five years of age taken away by death, his family left helpless. Explain that. Oh! there is no sentence that oftener drops from your lips than this: "I cannot understand it. *I cannot understand it.*"

Well, now, religion comes in just at that point with its illumination and its explanation. There is a business man who has lost his entire fortune. The week before he lost his fortune there were twenty carriages that stopped at the door of his mansion. The week after he lost his fortune, all the carriages you could count on one finger. The week before his financial trouble began people all took off their hats to him as he passed down the street. The week his financial prospects were under discussion, people just touched their hats without anywise bending the rim. The week that he was pronounced insolvent, people just jolted their heads as they passed, not tipping their hats at all, and the week the sheriff sold him out all his friends were looking in the store windows as they went down past him.

Now, while the world goes away from a man when he is in financial distress, the religion of Christ comes to him and says, "You are sick, and your sickness is to be moral purification; you are bereaved: God wanted in some way to take your family to heaven, and He must begin somewhere, and so He took the one that was most beautiful and was most ready to go." I do not say that religion explains every thing in this life, but I do say it lays down certain principles which are grandly consolatory. You know business men often telegraph in

CIPHERS.

The merchant in Chicago telegraphs to the merchant in New York certain information in ciphers which no other man in that line of business can understand; but the merchant in Chicago has the key to the cipher, and the merchant in New York has the key to the cipher, and on that information transmitted there are enterprises involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now the providences of life sometimes seem to be a senseless rigmarole, a mysterious cipher; but God has a key to that cipher, and the Christian a key to that cipher, and though he may hardly be able to spell out the meaning, he gets enough of the meaning to understand that it is for the best. Now is there not sunshine in that? Is there not pleasure in that? Far beyond laughter, it is nearer the fountain of tears than boisterous demonstration. Have you never cried for joy? There are tears which are eternal rapture in distillation.

There are hundreds of people in this house who are walking day by day in the sublime satisfaction that all is for the best, all things working together for good for their soul. How a man can get along through this life without the explanation of religion, is to me a mystery. What! is that child gone forever? Are you never to get it back? Is your property gone forever? Is your soul to be bruised and to be tried forever? Have you no explanation, no Christian explanation, and yet not a maniac? But when you have the religion of Jesus Christ in your soul, it explains every thing so far as it is best for you to understand. You look off in life, and your soul is full of thanksgiving to God that you are so much better off than you might be. A man passed down the street without any shoes, and said:

"I HAVE NO SHOES;

isn't it a hardship that I have no shoes? Other people have shoes; no shoes, no shoes," until he saw a man who had no feet. Then he learned a lesson. You ought to thank God for what He does, instead of grumbling for what He does not.

God arranges all the weather in this world—the spiritual weather, the moral weather, as well as the natural weather. "What kind of weather will it be to-day?" said some one to a farmer. The farmer replied, "It will be such weather as I like." "What do you mean by that?" asked the other. "Well," said the farmer, "it will be such weather as pleases the Lord, and what pleases the Lord pleases me."

Oh! the sunshine, the sunshine of Christian explanation. Here is some one bending over the grave of the dead. What is going to be the consolation? The flowers you strew upon the tomb? Oh no! The services read at the grave? Oh no! The chief consolation on that grave is what falls from the throne of God. Sunshine, glorious sunshine. Resurrection sunshine.

(3.) Again: I find a great deal of the sunshine of this Bible and of our religion in the climacteric

JOYS THAT ARE TO COME.

A man who gets up and goes out from a concert right after the opening voluntary has been played, and before the *prima donna* sings, or before the orchestra begins, has a better idea of that concert than that man has who supposes that the chief joys of religion are in this world. We here have *only the first note of the eternal orchestra.* We shall in that world—we get an antepast of it now.

We shall have *the joy of discovery.* We will in five minutes catch up with the astronomers, the geologists, the scientists, the philosophers of all ages, who so far surpassed us in this world. We can afford to adjourn astronomy and geology and many of the sciences to the next world, because we shall there have better apparatus and better opportunity. I must study these sciences so far as to help me in my work; but beyond that I must give myself to saving my own soul and saving the souls of others, knowing that in one flash of eternity we will catch it all. Oh! what an observatory in which to study astronomy heaven will be—not by power of telescope, but by supernatural vision; and if there be something doubtful ten million miles away, by one stroke of the wing you are there, by another stroke of the wing you are back again, and all in less time than I tell you, catching it all in one flash of eternity.

And geology! What a place that will be to study geology, when the world is being picked to pieces as easily as a school-girl in botanical lesson pulls the leaf from the corolla! What a place to study architecture, amid the thrones and the palaces and the cathedrals—St. Mark's and St. Paul's rookeries in comparison!

Sometimes you wish you could make the tour of the whole earth, going around as others have gone; but you have not the time, you have not the means. You will make that tour yet, during one musical pause in the eternal anthem. I say these things for the comfort of those people who are abridged in their opportunities—those people to whom life is a hum-drum, who toil and work, and toil and work, and aspire after knowledge but have no time to get it, and say, "If I had the opportunities which other people have, how I would fill my mind and soul with grand thoughts!" Be not discouraged, my friends. *You are going to the university yet.*

DEATH WILL ONLY MATRICULATE YOU

into the royal college of the universe.

What a sublime thing it was that Doctor Thornwell, of South Carolina, uttered in his last dying moments! As he looked up he said, "It opens; it expands, it expands." Or as Mr. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," in his last moment, or during his last hours, looked up and said, as though he saw something supernatural, "Light!" and then as he came on nearer the dying moment, his countenance more luminous, he cried, "Light!" and at the very moment of his departure lifted both hands, something supernatural in his countenance as he cried, "Light!" Only another name for sunshine.

Besides that, we shall have all the *pleasures of association.* We will go right up in the front of God without any fright. All our sins gone, there will be nothing to be frightened about. There our old Christian friends will troop around us. Just as now one of your sick friends goes away to Florida, the land of flowers, or to the South of France, and you do not see him for a long while, and after a while you meet him, and the hollows under the eyes are all filled, and the appetite has come back, and the crutch has been thrown away, and he is so changed you hardly know him; you say, "Why, I never saw you look so well." He says, "I couldn't help but be well. I have been sailing these rivers and climbing these mountains, and that's how I got this elasticity. I never was so well." O my friends! your departed loved ones are only away for their health in a better climate, and when you meet them they will be so changed you will hardly know them; they will be so very much changed, and after a while, when you are assured that they are your friends, your departed friends, you will say, "Why, where is that cough? Where is that paralysis? Where is that pneumonia? Where is that consumption?" and he will say, "Oh! I am entirely well; there are no sick ones in this country; I have been ranging these hills, and hence this elasticity. I have been here now twenty years, and not one sick one have I seen; we are all well in this climate."

And then I stand at the gate of the celestial city to see the processions come out, and I see a long procession of little children with their arms full of flowers, and then I see a procession of kings and priests moving in celestial pageantry—

A LONG PROCESSION,

but no black-tasselled vehicle, no mourning group; and I say, "How strange it is! where is your Greenwood? where is your Laurel Hill? where is your Westminster Abbey?" And they shall cry, "*There are no graves here.*" And then I listen for the tolling of the old belfries of heaven, the old belfries of eternity. I listen to hear them toll for the dead; but they toll not for the dead: they only strike up a silvery chime, tower to tower, east gate to west gate, as they ring out, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Oh! unglove your hand and give it to me in congratulation on that scene. I feel as if I could shout. I will shout. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Dear Lord, forgive me I ever complained about any thing. If all this is before us, who cares for any thing but God and heaven and eternal brotherhood? Take the crape off the door-bell. Your loved ones are only away for their health in a land ambrosial. Come, Lowell Mason; come, Isaac Watts; and give us your best hymn about joy celestial.

What is the use of postponing our heaven any longer? Let it begin now; and whosoever hath a harp, let her thrum it; and whosoever hath a trumpet, let him blow it; and whosoever hath an organ, let him give us a full diapason. They crowd down the air, spirits blest, moving in cavalcade of triumph. Their chariot wheels whirl in the Sabbath sunlight. They come so near, perhaps they wish us to shout out, "Halt armies of God! Halt! until we are ready to joi the battalion of pleasures that never die."

O my friends! it would take a sermon as lon as eternity to tell the joys that are coming to us I just set open the sunshiny door. Come in, all y dicsiples of the world who have found the worl a mockery. Come in, all ye disciples of the danc and see the bounding feet of this heavenly gla ness. Come in, ye disciples of worldly amusemen and see the stage where kings are the actors, an burning worlds the footlights, and thrones tl spectacular. Arise ye, dead in sin, for this is tl morning of resurrection. The joys of heav submerge our soul. I pull out the trumpet sto In Thy presence there is fulness of joy; at Tl right hand, there are pleasures forever more.

"Blessed are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories splendid and sublime.

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wing and soar away;
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there."

Oh the sunshine, the glorious sunshine, t everlasting sunshine!

THE SERMONS OF DR. TALMAGE, PUBLISH WEEK BY WEEK IN THIS JOURNAL, ARE VERBAT REPORTS AND UNABRIDGED. DR. TALMAGE KIND ENOUGH TO REVISE THEM PRIOR TO PUB CATION.

Conversion of an Afghan Robber.—One *Colonel Wheeler* was preaching to a few peo in the street in Peshawur, when *Dildwar Kh* who had formerly been chief of a band of b ands, passed by. The sight was a novel He had never seen an Englishman preach bef He stopped to listen. There was an earnest in the "preaching colonel's" manner which rested his attention, but as he heard the exp sion "Son of God" his anger was arou against one who could boldly assert a doct so contrary to the teaching of the Koran. invited discussion, but the good old col told him that he was not a man educated in schools, nor used to discuss the sacred myst of God's Eternal Being, but that he would him a book in which the verities of our were carefully explained. He gave him Pfander's "Mizan-ul-Haqq," or "Balanc Truth."

Soon afterwards *Dilâwar Khan* went wit regiment to the siege of Delhi. During th dian Mutiny his bravery was conspicuous. manliness of Dilâwar's demeanor and his doubted loyalty to the English made him a favorite amongst the British officers of his ment. Some days after the capture of the Dilâwar came to the Adjutant and told him he thought of leaving the service. "W "Oh! because the reason I came into the se was that the British had the reputation o killing women in war, and I hear that thre men were killed in the assault."

The officer took the trouble to make inqu and was able to assure Dilâwar that the case of this kind that happened was a w dressed in man's clothes, who was killed bullet. The comparative purity of the Europeans, their honesty and love of justi served to convince Dilâwar of the superior the claims of Christianity to that of Mohan anism. Dilâwar at length declared him Christian, and was baptized at Peshaw 1858. He proved very able in confuting t guments of the Mohammedan priests. I he died from cold in a mountain pass, wh duty in the British service.

NE JACKSON ; or, THE BROKEN HEART.

By a Clergyman.

isit to Cornwall—Meeting Jane Jackson on the Cliff—er Evident Sorrow—Conversation and Walk to her Cot- ge Home—Her Crippled Mother—Sad Story of Jane's isnarement while in Domestic Service—Her Former ety.

URING my visit to the little watering place o —, a brother clergyman who was suddenly ed away on urgent business invited me to e Sunday duty for him. His church was iated in the neighboring village of E——, ong the wild and romantic scenery of Corn- l.

he day from which my narrative commences been one of unusual warmth and brilliancy, after the conclusion of the afternoon service as returning home, and leisurely pursuing my along the beaten track, which skirted the rocky cliffs, thankful to have escaped the re and heat of a dusty road in the middle of y for the pleasant turf and cool breezes of wide ocean.

iewed from that dizzy height,—

> "Calm as a crystalline lake the sea lay,
> Stretching in measureless vastness away."

re and there white sails, scarcely distinguish- e in the distance from sea-fowl, relieved the from the unbroken expanse of blue, and drew th a wondering conjecture as to their mission destination.

ttracted by the still beauty of this scene, ich seemed in unison with the sacred day of t, I almost forgot the lapse of time, and lin- ed at each step to enjoy the prospect, and nk in fresh draughts of the invigorating sea . Never had I beheld such a Sabbath evening, ended with all the glad accessories of charm- scenery and fair weather. Every thing und seemed to kindle admiration, and to par- e of a Sabbath spirit, affording a painful con- st to the dull lethargy of human devotion,— nced by the scantily-attended church in which had been conducting the service,—and recall- forcibly the words of Bishop Heber's mis- nary hymn,—

> "While every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

ickening my steps, I was reluctantly about to n from the sea, and to pursue a branch path ich would, I believed, lead me again in the di- tion of the main road, when my attention was oused by the figure of

A YOUNG GIRL

the lower rank of life, reclining on a ledge of ck at a little distance. I was about to pass on, ien it occurred to me that it would be well to in some information as to the direction of the ad I was in search of.

Her face being turned from me, and resting on r hand, she was wholly unconscious of my ap- oach, and started, apparently much confused, I inquired whether the path before me would ad to R——. As she rose from her seat, and rned her head to reply to my question, I was ruck by the expression of deep suffering on her untenance, which consorted strangely with her uthful appearance, but told too plainly of some ward struggle or heavy affliction. Unwilling to se the opportunity of throwing out a word of nsolation, and having thanked her for the in- rmation she had afforded me, I said, "You em unhappy. Will you tell me what has dis- essed you? Perhaps I may be able to help you."

She raised her head, looked at me for a mo- ent, as if striving to frame a reply, and then, vering her face with her hands, burst into a od of tears. Long she wept, at times almost nvulsively; and, thinking that this effort ight perhaps relieve her and restore calmness, waited till her grief had a little subsided before suming the conversation. "Do you live any- here near here?" I inquired, wishing to di- rt her thoughts into another channel. "Yes, r, just over those fields," pointing to a small hite cottage in the distance. "And is not ur home a happy one?"

My inquiry appeared to recall her former train thought, for she turned away her head, and I observed that she struggled to suppress her tears, as she answered hastily, "Not now, sir; it was once." "And what," I asked, "has occurred to make your home an unhappy one?" I waited for an answer, but as she appeared to hesitate, I added, "Are your parents living?" "Yes, sir." "And are they not kind to you?" I asked, fearing that the cause of her grief would soon be explained. "Oh, yes, sir!—too kind." "Parents both living and too kind!—why, surely you cannot have much cause for unhappiness at your early age?" I said. "It is not that, sir," she answered, "but I can't bear to see father and mother grieving so about me, and to know that I have done it! Oh, I wish I were dead and buried!"

"To murmur, and to wish yourself dead, is not the way to find peace," I replied. "Your troubles may be very heavy, but you must pray for grace to bear them patiently; and you know the Lord Jesus has promised to give rest to the weary and heavy laden, who come to Him?" "O sir!" she said, as a thought seemed to strike her, "if you would only come and talk to father a bit, and tell him that, it might help him to bear it better." "Certainly," I said, "if you wish it; I will see your father, and have some conversation with him. Shall we find him at home now?" "Yes, sir; father has just got back from church."

We now descended from the cliff, and crossed some fields in the direction of the cottage. "Do your parents attend the church at E——?" I asked. "Mother is a cripple, sir, and can't walk; but father and me used to go there before I went to service." "And your father, what occupation has he?" "He used to be a miner, sir, but now he works for Farmer Stephenson."

We had now approached the cottage, a small thatched building, prettily surrounded by trees, and inclosed in a small patch of garden. As we drew near the door, my companion stopped, and seemed reluctant to advance; then added, "Perhaps, sir, it would be best for you to see father alone, if you would please to walk in." To this I readily assented; and having reached reached the door, and knocked, it was opened for me by an elderly man of quiet and respectable appearance, whom I immediately recognized as one of the most attentive members of my afternoon's congregation.

Having invited me in, and requested me to be seated, he commenced the conversation thus: "A stranger, sir, in these parts?" "Yes," I replied; "I am on a visit to R——, and have engaged to help your minister for a few weeks during his absence." "Indeed, sir; very glad to see you, sir. Our clergyman is in bad health, sir, and does not often get up as far as this." "I should scarcely have found my way to your cottage now," I said, "but for your daughter, whom I met upon the cliffs, and it is by her wish that I have called to see you."

As I mentioned his daughter, I noticed an expression of sadness steal over his face as he answered quietly, "Poor Jane! has she told you then, sir?" "No," I said, "your daughter has told me nothing; but I found her apparently in great distress, and put some questions to her, which ended in her wishing me to call and see you."

"Ah! sir, hers is a sad story for one so young, —such a promising, well-spoken girl, too. I never thought I should ha' lived to see the day when my child would come home to her father a poor, ruined, broken-hearted creature. I can't a bear to look on her now, sir,"—the tears trickling down his furrowed cheeks,—"and think of what she was, and what she is now. I would rather ha' seen her dead beneath my feet than see her as she is. O sir!" he added, "it is not for a poor man like me to complain against the laws; but it is very hard, sir, that there is no justice for such as me!"

I was enabled to gather from what followed that, two years ago, his daughter had been permitted to accompany a lady to London as nurse to her children. Her new home not proving a comfortable one, she was anxious to leave, and in an evil moment she was persuaded, by a gentleman then visiting the family, to go away under the deceitful protection which he offered. Child as she was, and unskilled in the base deceptions of the world, she fell an easy victim to his wiles; and after being cruelly deserted at the end of a few months, and turned out of doors to seek a livelihood, she had wandered about, erring, homeless, and friendless, and not daring to communicate with her parents, until a kind lady, hearing her sad story, undertook to write to her friends, and had her restored to them.

It was some moments before I could sufficiently regain my composure to be able to answer. I felt as though any mere expression of human sympathy would be out of place while listening to details so intensely painful and distressing. It was one of those occasions when the earthly comforter is at fault, and where the minister of Christ, feeling his own inability to meet the case, is glad to have recourse to that unfailing treasury for every broken heart—the Word of God.

Taking from the cupboard a large family Bible, I opened almost mechanically at the thirteenth chapter of John, and my eye fell upon the words, "*What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter*." Pointing to the passage I said, "Here is the explanation which God gives us of His dealings with us." "Sir," said the man, "that was our minister's text the Sunday afore our Jane left her home. She found it when she came from church for her poor old mother, and put a mark again it, as she said it might help to cheer her up a bit when she was all alone."

"Yes," I said, "these words have been the comfort of many a perplexed and troubled servant of God, and they should prevent our repining under what appears to us a grievous and overwhelming chastisement. God's ways are often dark and mysterious; but if, like Job, we can learn to say, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,' He will in the end make it plain. Yours has, indeed, been a heavy affliction, but God has, I hope, given you strength to bear it patiently."

"Well, sir, I don't know but what He has. At first it seemed as though I were all for murmuring, and then I was for seeking out and bringing in that villain to justice; ay, and I would ha' spent every penny I had saved to ha' done it. Sir, what right had he to mislead my poor little daughter? Was there no grand folks like hisself bad enough to please him, but must he needs go and rob a poor man of his only treasure, and break an old woman's heart by stealing away the peace of her child, and then to turn her away as he did just when the poor little thing had begun to trust him like?

"She, who was the best-conducted girl at the Sunday-school, and used to come home and tell her old mother how the minister had praised her for saying her verses so pretty. A quiet modest girl she was too; and then to think that she ha' come to that. But, then, we know that arn't enough to keep any one safe.

"How old is your daughter?" I inquired. "She appears very young." "Sixteen come next August, sir. She was fourteen when she went to place, and as been gone near two years." "And how," I asked, "does she seem to feel her position? Is she, do you think, truly sorry for the past? or is she merely distressed at the trouble she has brought upon herself and her friends?"

"Well, sir, you see the first night she came home her poor mother and me could say nothing to her for crying. Ah! sir, you might ha' heard us, all that long night through, sobbing over our poor lost Jane. I often think it wasn't right for us to treat her so, and a few kind words might ha' cheered her up a bit; but it seemed like such a blow to us—and even now I'm so weak, I ain't able to look her straight in the face without the tears starting up. She ha' never forgotten that night, and I fear she never will. She keeps on so fretting and worrying that we think it will be almost too much for her.

(To be continued.)

SHADOWS OF COMING NIGHT.

By Thomas W. Greenwell, M.R.S.L.

The Apocalypse and its Expositors—Mr. Guinness's Book—A.D. 1882—Futurist and Year-Day Interpretations—666—Signs in the East—Lord Beaconsfield—Rome's Dying Struggles.

THE prophetic intimation, which Professor Piazzi Smyth believes he has discovered in the Egyptian Pyramid, as to the end of the present age about or soon after 1882, agrees with the deductions of expositors from Daniel and the Apocalypse.

The Apocalypse was no doubt originally intended to be a guide for the true Church of Christ in all ages, and it will not fail when most required. At the era of the Reformation, such writers and thinkers as Luther, Zwingle, Melanchthon, Calvin, Bale, Foxe, and, after them, Brightman, Mede, Sir I. Newton, Bishop Newton, Vitringa, Daubuz, Whiston, Cressener, all adopted what has since been termed the historical year-day system of interpretation. During the struggles of the sixteenth century, the solemn denunciations of the Book of Revelation respecting Antichrist, Babylon, and Papal Rome were found to be the most powerful weapons in the hands of the Reformers.

The cry raised at the Reformation against the Church of Rome has never died away. The most conspicuous Protestant commentators of the present century are Faber, Scott, Cunninghame, Frere, Birks, Garratt, Elliott, Dr. Seiss, Dr. Cumming, and B. W. Newton, not to mention many others who adopt the Futurist system of interpretation.

Mr. Grattan Guinness's last book, entitled "The Approaching End of the Age," is a most valuable exposition of the historical interpretation. It brings out many singular facts, such as that the wonderful period of the 1260 years is an accurate astronomical *soli-lunar cycle.* M. de Cheseaux, the Swiss astronomer, first discovered this, and the fact goes far to confirm the truth of the year-day system of interpretation.

The eleventh chapter of Revelation informs us that the "holy city" is to be trodden under foot for forty-two months, *i.e.*, 1260 days, which in the yearly historical fulfilment is 1260 years. This period, dated from the Saracen conquest, A.D. 637, would—if Jewish months are to be understood—run out about A.D. 1880. It is probable that the two great apostasies commence as follows: The Papacy, A.D. 533—606—621–2; and the Mohammedan, A.D. 621–2. If we add 1260 years to these dates, we get 1793—1866—1881–2. This agrees with the Pyramidal theory, as we showed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for January 30th.

At this juncture the reader may be inclined to ask, What is expected to happen at the close—or partial close—of the dispensation in 1881–2?

The Futurist school of expositors expect, when the "times of the Gentiles" shall be fulfilled, the complete accomplishment of Daniel's seventieth, or last, week of years, and the *literal* fulfilment of the Book of Revelation—the breaking of the seals, the sounding of the trumpets, the outpouring of the vials, together with the silencing of the witnesses for the three and a half years. Moses and Elijah are to appear at Jerusalem to warn mankind against worshipping Antichrist—supernatural men as against a supernatural man. Antichrist will endeavor to restore the apostate Jews, rebuild the temple, change times, laws, and seasons, and thus set up a false or counterfeit Millennium.

The *historical* or *year-day* school of expositors see in past history the partial or complete fulfilment of the three great septenaries. In the present year of grace (1878) it is assumed that the sixth vial is nearly finished. The Euphratean stream or Ottoman Empire is wellnigh dried up; the "unclean spirits" (Rev. 16 : 13) are already in the world on their Antichristian mission; and the Second Advent is believed to be at the doors.

We think that both the Historical and Futurist schemes of interpretation contain the elements of truth.

It is probable that the sixth seal, the sixth trumpet, and the sixth vial are all three in their historical fulfilment now in action. *Six* is always the number of incompleteness, *seven* of completion.

Again: 666 is the number of Antichrist or the "false prophet." This singular triad of incompleteness, mystery, and sin (Dragon, Beast, and False Prophet united) seems also intended to give us a hint as to the solution of the three septenaries. Antichrist arises whilst the *sixes* (the sixth seal, trumpet, and vial) are in operation. The *sevens*, or mystery completed, contain, concentrated as it were in epitome, the whole of the previous judgments.

The solemn warning under the seventh vial, "It is done," points to a closing dispensation, whilst the contents poured out on the "air," or atmosphere, would lead us to expect an accession to the Powers of Darkness—a fearful augmentation to the "Prince of the Power of the Air."

If we turn to the world around us, what a galaxy of signs of the *approaching end of the age* it affords! In the East we behold the dying struggles of what was once the great Ottoman Empire, the stronghold of the Mohammedan apostacy, which, like the rival apostacy of Rome, has waned, step by step, until to-day but a shred of former grandeur remains. In these events the hand of Divine Providence is distinctly visible; and whilst kings, statesmen, and congresses are meeting, events outstrip diplomacy, and the world hurries on to its destiny.

Under the statesmanship of Lord Beaconsfield—a man raised up apparently for the important mission of emancipating his race—England, as it is now generally considered, has assumed the Protectorate of a great portion of Asia Minor. With a Jewish Prime Minister at the head of affairs, an influential portion of the press in Jewish hands, and a Jewish family controlling the moneyed interests of the world, what is to prevent the setting up of a "Jewish Republic," or "United States of Judea," by the favored people? If, as some persons think, the British people in any sense represent the literal or spiritual Israel, they have an additional incentive for facilitating the return of our elder brother. Some who hold the opinion that the English are representatives of the Ten Tribes think that they should take possession of Palestine for the purposes of colonization; it is thought that if this were done a step towards the Millennium would at once be made. Looking at the matter from a practical point of view, it would seem that in the present overcrowded state of Great Britain an exodus of such a kind would have a very beneficial effect in clearing out the redundant population.

The events occurring at the close of the last century (French Revolution) probably bear but a faint analogy to what the world is yet to witness. Prophetic students are constantly insisting, and rightly, that this was the mere *first outbreak* of an era of convulsion and change; the curtain only rose and fell, as it were, on the great drama of events, in order to let the nations have a foreshadowing of a far greater outbreak that is yet to come.

During the present century Europe has, more or less, been in a constant state of agitation. To-day *western* Christendom presents a similar aspect to the *eastern* world. Lawlessness is rife; this is exemplified alike in Church and State. It is a fact that cannot be too often insisted upon—viz., that the temporal power of the western apostacy (the Papacy) stands at this moment wasted and consumed. The last Pope-king has passed away, and his successor is a mere priest—a king without a kingdom.

It is a knowledge of this portentous fact that is at the bottom of the terrible struggles now being made by the spiritual power of the Church of Rome for supremacy. During the last decade three distinct formations have been observable in European politics, and these point to a tri-partition; Pan-Latinism, or the amalgamation of the Latin nations; Pan-Teutonism of the German States; and Pan-Slavism, as exemplified in the action of Russia and the nations of the Slavonic world. Thus the "great city" seems "dividing into three parts" preparatory to the pouring out of the seventh and last vial and the end of the age (Rev. 16 : 18).

ENGLAND AND EZEKIEL'S PROPHECY.

By the Rev. J. R. Purcell.

The Land of the Sails of Ships—Meaning of Cush—What Country does Tarshish Represent—Sir E. Tennant's Opinion—Two other Remarkable Passages—England's Possession of Cyprus—Are the Afghans part of the Ten Lost Tribes—Turkey Irreclaimable.

WE find in Isaiah 18 a call to a *maritime power*. The word translated "Woe" ought to be rendered "*Ho* to the land shadowing with wings." Scholars are much puzzled about this rendering. Lowth renders it, "Ho to the land of *the winged cymbal,*" explaining that the *winged cymbal* is given in a medal of Adrian as the proper attribute of Egypt.

Such is *Bishop Lowth's* idea of the passage Others translate it thus: "Ho to the land o the winged *tsetse,*" the gad-fly spoken of by Dr Livingstone and others as so injurious to cattle It is worthy of remark that the Septuagint which so rarely helps one in a difficulty, translates thus, "The land of *the sails of ships.*" I need not be remarked how close this renderin comes to that of the Authorized Version. Supposing it to stand, it will agree entirely with th other references to this maritime nation "sending ambassadors by the sea," in vessels of papyrus on the waters: "Go ye swift messengers. These allusions to some maritime power canno be misunderstood.

The great difficulty is the word "*cush,*" tha borders on the rivers of Cush. Dr. Keith, in recent contribution to the *Sunday at Hom* says: "The name of Cush survives only in Hi du Kush, where the Oxus has its source.' Whether, then, India or Egypt be pointed seems to me of little moment. England is no the power that controls India, and sooner later must control Egypt. This power is i trusted with the mission of restoring the Jew "Go ye swift messengers to a nation scatter and peeled." This verse is parallel with Isai 61 : 9: "Surely the city shall wait for me a the ships of Tarshish, first to bring thy so from far, their silver and gold with them."

The question thus forces itself upon us, whe is and what country does *Tarshish* represen for remember we are dealing with a country the latter days described under an ancient nam I cannot help thinking that there are three d ferent localities of the name of Tarshish point out in the Bible: 1st. In Spain, not far fr the English fortress Gibraltar. 2d. Cornwa England, to which the Phenicians sailed for t 3d. As has been suggested by *Sir Emerson T nant*, Ceylon and the Coromandel coast. It w be observed that all three localities are conne ed with *England;* and, as perhaps India is t most likely, I shall make no apology for quoti at length the remarks of this industrious auth

He says, in his "History of Ceylon" (vol. p. 109): "It seems more probable that the lo sought locality of *Tarshish* may be found to identical with that of *Point de Galle.* Boch was not the first who rejected the idea of Tar ish having been a Phenician colony, situated the mouth of the Guadalquiver; and intimat that Ophir must be sought for in the directi of India; but he was the first who conjectu that Ophir was Kondramalie, on the north-w of Ceylon, and that Tarshish must have be somewhere in the vicinity of Cape Comorin.

"Subsequent investigations have served establish the claim of Malacca to be the gol land of Solomon (Ophir, in the language of Malays, is the generic term for any 'gold mine and Tarshish, which lay in the track betw the Arabian Gulf and Ophir, is recognizable the great emporium of Ceylon. The ships tended for the voyage were built by Solomon Ezion-Geber, on the shores of the Red Sea. T voyage occupied three years in going and retu g from the Red Sea, and the cargoes brought ome to Ezion-Geber consisted of gold and sil-er, ivory, apes, and peacocks. Gold could ave been shipped at Galle from the vessels hich brought it from Ophir. 'Silver spread to plates,' which is particularized by Jeremiah an export of Tarshish, is one of the sub-ances on which the sacred books of the Sin-halese are even now inscribed. Ivory is found *Ceylon*, and must have been both abundant nd full-grown before the discovery of gunpow-er led to the wanton destruction of the ele-hants. Apes are indigenous to the island, and eafowl are found there in numbers.

"It is very remarkable, too, that the terms y which these articles are designated in the Hebrew Scriptures are identical with the *Tamil ames* by which some of them are called in Cey-on to the present day. Thus *tukeyim*, which is endered 'peacocks' in our version, may be re-cognized in *tokei*, the modern name for these irds. *Kapi*, apes, is the same in both lan-uages; and the Sanscrit *iblia*, ivory, is identi-al with the Tamil *ibam*. Thus by geographi-al position, by indigenous productions, and by he fact of its having been from time immemo-al the resort of merchant ships from Egypt, Arabia, Persia on the one side, and India, Java, nd China on the other, *Galle* seems to present combination of every particular essential to etermine the problem so long undecided in Biblical dialectics, and to establish its own iden-ty with the Tarshish of the sacred historians, he mart so long frequented by the ships of Tyre nd Judæa."

There are *two more passages* to which I would all the attention of my readers: one is to be ound in Ezekiel 38 : 13, the other in Dan. 1 : 30. The first of these refers, no doubt, to he great *Russian onslaught* against Palestine—n onslaught quite distinct from that of the Antichrist. "Sheba, Dedan, and the merchants f Tarshish, with all the young lions thereof, hall say unto thee, Art thou come to take a poil? Hast thou gathered thy company to ake a prey, to carry away silver and gold, to ake away cattle and goods, to take a great poil?" It will be remarked that in this verse he same power is spoken of, viz., the mer-hants of Tarshish in alliance with Dedan and Sheba. *Dedan* is probably the modern *Aden*, which is now a British possession. It is not quite certain where *Sheba* is—whether, as some hink, in *Abyssinia*, or, as others, in *Arabia*; but at any rate, the alliance is an Eastern one, made with reference to that special danger which the Anglo-Indian and English press have been so ong discussing—the *advance of Russia on Asia Minor*.

It is most remarable that just at this very ime, when "the signs of the times" all point to some imminent crisis, there should be found one at the head of the English Council who, both by his policy and by his nationality, has placed Great Britain exactly *in the position she is destined to occupy with reference to the great crisis about to break upon the world. Cyprus* has been acquired by England, and, as a watch-tower over Palestine, is destined to play a part in the conflict with the Antichrist. "The ships of *Chittim* shall come against him" (Dan. 2). Was this the great conflict that Balaam scanned on the prophetic horizon when he exclaimed, "Alas! who shall live when God doeth this? Ships shall come from the coast of Chittim"? It may be so, but at any rate it is no work of chance that in the *same year* England should lay one hand on *Cyprus* and the other on *Afghanistan*.

Are the Afghans, as some imagine, part of or a *remnant of the lost tribes?*

"The whole race of the Afghans," says *Stanley Faber*, "denominate themselves 'Melchini'—in English, kings. If, then, they be of Hebrew extraction, the drying up of the mystic Euphrates or the *subversion of the Ottoman Empire* would undoubtedly prepare a way for them both naturally and morally; a power would be removed whose dominions now stretch between Persia and Palestine; and one great branch of that false religion by which the Afghans are at present deluded would be broken off."

"*Sahib*," said a young Morlah to an Indian officer, "this is not a matter in which there can be any doubt. The English Government has no choice in its future action, for it is written that you have to go to Cabul." Again have the words been heard, "regeneration of Turkey." That cabalistic phrase, "the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire," has vanished forever. Whatever gloss statesman may put upon recent transactions, the *Treaty of Berlin* has been at once the partition and death-knell of the Ottoman Empire.

The *regeneration of Turkey!* One might as well imagine that a corpse could be called back to life by a process of galvanism. The thing is impossible. The handwriting is on the wall; nothing can arrest the process of disintegration. There may come a lull for a very few years. Palestine under English auspices will recover in some measure her fertility, and the Jews gather one by one; but when that is done the *Eastern Question* will be still undecided. It can only be resolved finally when *Jesus appears in glory*, and when "the name of the city shall be called from that day forward *Jehovah Shammah*, the Lord is thine." And in the mean time it is no small privilege for us to believe that God has called the English nation to a high and honorable mission, and that He has given her unbounded commerce and Eastern possessions, that her arms may become a backwater to His people against the swarms of their invaders, and that she may bring in her vessels from the uttermost ends of the earth—"from beyond the rivers of Ethiopia, his suppliants even the daughters of His dispersed, a present to the Lord in Mount Zion."

"Yet, ere the vision fades before my eyes,
See the regenerating dawn arise!
Before the radiance of the gospel beam
Down baffled Crescent! shrink Euphrates' stream.
Return, ye ransomed, to your promised home!
Feet that are beauteous on the mountain come!
Foul Bigotry avaunt! fierce Discord cease!
Earth, sea, and sky be glad before the Prince of Peace!"

THE JEWISH DOCTOR AND RICH MERCHANT.

NOT many years ago there lived in a large city in Holland a Jewish doctor who, like Paul, had lived a Pharisee. Like Paul, too, he had been, by the power of the Holy Spirit, turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan to God; and, like Paul, his heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel was that they might be saved.

With this object the doctor went day after day into the part of the city inhabited by the lowest class of Jews, and from house to house did he preach and teach Jesus Christ. In reaching this suburb he had to pass the magnificent house of a rich Jewish merchant, who had a house of business also in the mercantile part of the city.

It had often happened to the doctor to pass this house; but it was not until he had done so many times that a new thought struck him. Why was it that he was ready to go day after day and speak of the Lord Jesus to the poor Jews in the back streets, and yet he had never felt how accountable he was to God for not making Christ known to the rich Jew in the great house? The doctor was not one of those who could assent to a matter as being right without at once proceeding to act upon his conviction.

He knew that the merchant was often engaged in the city till a late hour, and he therefore determined to call upon him one evening at about ten o'clock, thinking that by that time he would be sure to find him at home. He was surprised at being at once admitted and shown upstairs, just as though he had been expected. But this was explained when he was ushered suddenly into a large ball-room, already filled with company. The music was playing and the dancing had begun. The appearance of the little doctor, so unlike the rest of the company, caused many eyes to be fixed upon him. He at once made out the master of the house, and, advancing towards him, apologized for his untimely visit. "I was not aware," said he, "that you were engaged this evening, but as I have called upon a matter of great importance, I would ask if you would kindly appoint a time when I may call again without inconvenience to you."

"Certainly," replied the merchant. "May I ask if the business is pressing?"

"It is a matter of life and death," replied the doctor. "I will call again at your earliest convenience."

"Allow me to ask one more question," said the merchant. "Whom does the business concern?"

"It concerns the Lord Jesus Christ, Jesus of Nazareth," replied the honest doctor. "It is concerning Him and Him only that I came to speak to you, and I am glad that you will kindly allow me the opportunity of doing so another day."

"Stay," said the merchant, with a strange expression of joy and astonishment. "This is wonderful," he continued, now speaking so as to be heard by the doctor only. "My friend, I have been miserable for many months past. How or why I know not; but one thought has continually haunted me by day and by night. Whether in business or at home it has never been absent from my mind. I have tried to put it from me, but I could not. It is a thought which left me no peace, and it was this, 'Who and what was Jesus of Nazareth?' I have asked God in His mercy to help me, and to send me some one who could speak to me and tell me the truth about this great question. Now He has heard my prayer. I cannot let you go. There is no time like the present."

Then calling for the music to stop, the merchant addressed his astonished visitors: "This gentleman," he said, "has kindly come to speak to us on a matter of great importance—a matter in which each one of us is personally concerned. May I ask you to take your seats, and to give him your attention? And you, dear sir," he said to the doctor, "will you now speak fully and plainly? Tell us all you have to say, and keep back nothing."

And at once, standing in the middle of the ball-room, the doctor began to preach that wonderful Gospel of God concerning His Son, which is indeed the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

It was not long after this memorable evening that the merchant made a public confession of Christ, and remained a consistent believer, helping forward the Gospel he had once blasphemed. I cannot now remember whether others in the ball-room also received the truth into their hearts. It is my impression that some of them did; but as this story is strictly true, it is well to add nothing which is of doubtful authority.

And now, reader, what are your thoughts of it? Was the earnest doctor wrong or right in his characterizing this as a matter of life and death? And if it was so for this man and his guests, what is it for you?

Farinaceous Food is recommended by an English scientist as a counteraction to intemperance. The experiment was tried upon twenty-seven liquor-drinking persons, with results substantiating the theory. Among the more striking instances of reform brought about by a change of diet was that of a gentleman of sixty, who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbursts averaging once a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months.

He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but at the close of the period named had gained twenty-eight pounds, being then about the normal weight for a person of his height.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to disseminate the glorious truths of the Word of God, and thus to aid in carrying on the work of the Saviour on the earth.

It contains every week a sermon by Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached the Sunday morning previous to the day of publication.

By arrangement with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a report of his Sunday-morning sermons is taken every week, and after it has been revised by him, is mailed in advance sheets and published in this journal prior to its publication in any other paper in the United States.

Articles by eminent ministers and others who have made the subject of prophecy their especial study also appear week by week, and review current events in the light of prophecy.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a packet of specimen copies to any minister desiring them for distribution among his congregation.

The REV. C. H. SPURGEON desires strongly to commend to the American public and readers of his sermons THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is the only paper publishing his sermons in America from which his institutions derive any aid. His Orphanage, containing 260 orphans, his Pastor's College, and his Colportage Society cost over $1500 every week, and the American readers of his sermons, by helping to circulate THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be co-operating in rendering assistance to these institutions. Any pecuniary donations for them may also be forwarded to the manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, who will transmit them to London.

Dr. Talmage says, in reference to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES: "I am in constant receipt — almost every mail brings me, letters from readers in Great Britain to whom my sermons published in the HERALD have been the means of comfort and salvation. From my knowledge of what the HERALD has accomplished in Great Britain in behalf of evangelical religion, I heartily commend it to the American public."

The subscription price is $1.50, payable in advance.

Our readers will share our regret that Mr. Joseph Spurgeon, the Manager of the office of this journal, has returned to England on urgent domestic affairs. Remittances should therefore be made payable to *MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN*, 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The cipher-telegram inquiry has been removed to New York, where the committee is now taking evidence. The most important witness so far has been Colonel William T. Pelton, who, according to the reports in the *Tribune*, was the principal person implicated by the cipher telegrams. In his evidence he acknowledged that he had treated with agents in Florida and South Carolina for the purchase of the Presidential vote of those States. According to Colonel Pelton's statement, the vote of Florida was offered to him, as the representative of Mr. Tilden, for the sum of $200,000, and subsequently for $50,000, which latter offer he accepted. The vote of South Carolina was also offered for money, the sum asked in that case being $80,000, which offer he also accepted. As a matter of fact, he said the money was never paid, and the negotiations for the purchase of the votes fell through.

Colonel Pelton stated that Mr. Tilden was not cognizant of the proposed purchases, and had he known of them he would at once have stopped the proceedings. When asked the source from which he expected to obtain such large sums of money, he said he had made no arrangements to raise them, but had they been needed he should have laid the whole matter before the Democratic National Committee, and have adopted whatever course was there decided npon.

A Serious Blot on our political character, which has lowered us as a nation in the estimation of the whole world, is the subject of comment in a contribution to a contemporary by a writer under the *non de plume* of "Freeman." He describes a recent election to an office worth less than five hundred dollars, in which the successful candidate expended more than ten thousand dollars. The defeated candidate early in the contest offended a very influential politician, a man of considerable property, by refusing to give him a bribe of five dollars, and to that conscientious act, in all probability, was to be attributed his defeat at the polls. Many other cases of a like character are mentioned, showing that the evil is not confined to one city or State, but is extended over the entire nation. This is not a question of politics: it belongs to a higher sphere; it is a question of morality. The candidate who buys votes at the polls is a man prone to sell his vote after he is elected, and with his vote sell the interests of his constituents. Such practices drive out of public life the men we can least afford to spare—men of honor, principle, and integrity. No patriot would be willing to see the conduct of his country's affairs handed over to men who would accept a bribe as the reward of treachery. Yet this is the result which inevitably follows from the venality of the constituency. It is time Christian men spoke out on this subject, for the best interests of the country are staked upon the increase or suppression of this gigantic evil.

Dr. R. W. Dale, who recently visited this country, has expressed in strong terms his admiration of the American people, and especially the people of New England. In a lecture delivered at Harecourt Chapel, London, he said:

"The New England farmer had from the first adopted the belief that the way to fight the devil was *by the school and the Church*, and that belief had been thoroughly and consistently acted upon. The influence of this vigorous race upon the United States, as a whole, had been immense. It was they who had been the great pioneers in the development of the resources of the country. It was they, chiefly, who had built Chicago, and who rebuilt it, after it had been destroyed by fire, with a quickness and splendor which rivalled the achievements described in the pages of romance.

"From the farmhouses of New England had sprung many of America's noblest orators, most learned theologians, and greatest statesmen and philanthropists; and in the future the same people would contribute largely to the stability and greatness of their country. The history of these colonies, as contrasted with the history of other colonies, was an illustration of the true path of national greatness.

"America had many great problems to solve, but he trusted, by God's good help, these problems would receive a wise and equitable solution. He trusted that the great Republic on the other side of the sea, with all its vast material wealth, intellectual vigor, its matchless courage and indomitable energy, might preserve through all generations the spirit and traditions of the noblest of their fathers."

The Pope intends to establish several new bishoprics in the United States, instituting at the same time a new Catholic hierarchy different from that already existing. The Pope has sent a circular to the bishops holding sees beyond the confines of Europe, with the view of collecting Peter's pence in all countries of the world. According to the *Italie*, the serious decrease in Peter's pence is attributed by the bishops in France and other countries to the Antonelli litigation, and the fear that other scandals may exist among the Vatican functionaries. Another reason is, that people rebuked by the priests for niggardliness reply that the Pope and the Cardinals must retrench their expenditure, as they themselves are forced to do in these hard times.

Novel Express Freight.—A contemporary says: "It is becoming common to send children by express, and a number of boys and girls in different parts of the country have been transferred safely in this novel way. The express agents care for their human freight, giving them meals at hotels along the road and accommodations in the express car. When a transfer is made from one line to another, the lad or lassie, properly billed, is handed over to the expressman of that line. A girl was last week thus transferred from St. Paul to a village in Northern Michigan, and she made the trip safely."

Testifying for Christ often brings a blessing when it is least expected. An instance occurred very recently which was used of God. A young factory-girl had found the Saviour, and on going to her work her companions marked the change, inquired the reason, and on learning the cause a titter ran through the large work-room. The foreman, who was in the room, asked the reason of the merriment, and was told that "Mary has turned religious." He came up to the girl, and said, "Is it true that you have found Christ?" "Yes, it is." "Ah!" he said, "*I knew Him once;* will you pray for me?" This she did and had eventually the joy of seeing him restored to his God and Saviour. The same girl had to bear the most bitter persecution at home on account of her Christianity.

There's the Lord's Answer.—A devoted minister in Scotland recently related the following in cident as an illustration of the way our Father answers prayer: "Many years ago, when in m country charge, I returned one afternoon from a funeral, fatigued with the day's work. Afte a long ride, I had accompanied the mourners t the churchyard. As I neared my stable doo I felt a strange prompting to visit a poor wido who, with her invalid daughter, lived in a lone cottage in an outlying part of the parish. M natural reluctance to make another visit wa overcome by a feeling which I could not resis and I turned my horse's head towards the co tage. I was thinking only of the poor widow spiritual needs; but when I reached her litt house I was struck with its look of unwont bareness and poverty.

"After putting a little money into her hand began to inquire into their circumstances, an found that their supplies had been utterly e hausted since the night before. I asked the what they had done. 'I just spread it out befo the Lord!' 'Did you tell your case to a friend?' Oh no, sir; naebody kens but Hi sel' and me! I kent He wadna forget, but didna ken hoo He wad help me till I saw you co riding ower the brae, and then I said, "Ther the Lord's answer!"' Many a time has the r ollection of this incident encouraged me trust in the loving care of my heavenly Father

Bribed by a Kiss.—A temperance lecturer who has been at work in the towns up the Hudson has been giving a reporter of the Kingston *Courier* a page from his early experience in Michigan. Previous to his arrival in a small town where he intended to do some work, the boys had agreed among themselves to go to the meeting, but not to sign the pledge. He appealed in vain for recruits in the temperance cause. Not a man would move. At this stage of the proceedings the belle of the town sprang to her feet and cried out: "Boys, this is really too bad. Won't you sign the pledge?" Not a soul moved from his seat. Again the fair belle appealed to the men's better nature, but it was of no avail; they had promised they wouldn't sign. Finally the lady said: "Boys, I'll kiss the first man who signs the pledge." At this juncture up jumped a tall backwoodsman and drawlingly exclaimed: "Whar's yer pledge?" The brave girl kissed the fellow, and the cheering which followed was loud and enthusiastic. This incident broke the ice, and before the reformer had left the town nearly every one had donned the ribbon.

The pursuit of evil ending in death (Proverbs 11 : 19) was sadly illustrated in Brooklyn last week. One short year ago a young gentleman held an honored position in society, and down to the day of his suicide but few knew of the one false step which caused his sudden fall. With commanding presence, and with more than an ordinary share of manly beauty stamped upon his features, he was looked upon as one destined to fill some high position in the future; but in an evil hour, when idleness was pressing heavily upon him, he sought the companionship of the dissolute, and fell a victim to vicious courses, and in a short time drank the cup of vice to the dregs. Then in satiety he saw his ruin, and he was so appalled by his condition that he became a prey to despair, and in a moment of unbearable anguish and remorse he committed suicide. So terrible an end is a warning that cannot be too loudly sounded in the ears of the young.

The Variety Theatre, that fruitful source of evil to the morals of the young, is being vigorously dealt with in Philadelphia. The proprietor of one of the worst class attempted to open it lately on Sunday evening on the pretence of a necessary "dress rehearsal." Mayor Stokely, who years ago declared that two thirds of the juvenile criminals in the prisons of that city were sent there by the influence of these shows and the flash literature of the day, and who has waged an incessant and energetic war against both, promptly ordered the arrest of the proprietor.

Among the witnesses against him was a leading politician, who, in great distress, stated that his only son, a young lad of sixteen, had been led to visit this infamous theatre, and in consequence had become a drunkard, vicious and dissolute in every way. The Mayor heard him in silence, and then replied:

"I am sorry for your son, but I have small sympathy for you. Five years ago I introduced into our Legislature a bill to utterly abolish these places. It passed the Senate, and was defeated in the House—*by your single interposition.*"

When this man interfered in behalf of these vile resorts, his own son was but a child. "He made a pit," says David, "and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch that he made" (Ps. 7 : 15).

The Bitter and Sweet Apples of Religion.—A gentleman said to a friend, "I wish you would come down to my garden and taste my apples." He asked him about a dozen times, but the friend did not come, and at last the fruit-grower said, "I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them." "Well, to tell the truth," said the friend, "I have tasted them. As I went along the road I picked up one that fell over the wall, and I never tasted any thing so sour in all my life; and I do not particularly wish to have any more of your fruit." "Oh," said the owner of the garden, "I thought it must be so! Those apples around the outside are for the special *benefit of the boys.* I went fifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all around the orchard, so the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but if you will come inside, you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey."

Now, you will find that on the outskirts of religion there are a number of "Thou shalt nots," and "Thou shalts," and conviction, and alarms; but these are only the bitter fruits with which this wondrous Eden is guarded from thievish hypocrites. If you can pass by the exterior bitters, and *give yourself up to Christ* and live for Him, your peace shall be like the waves of the sea; and you shall find that the fruits of "this apple-tree among the trees of the wood" are the most delicious fruit that can be enjoyed on this side of our eternal home.

Where Wages Go.—The following incident was related at a revival service, and the principal actor is a gentleman now living in New York: "A laboring man, coming out of one of the gin-shops of London, a few years ago, saw a carriage and a pair of horses standing near the door, and two women richly dressed came out of the building and were handed into the carriage. The laborer stepped back into the bar-room and asked the owner:

"'Whose is that establishment?'

"The man of gin replied:

"'It is mine, and my wife and daughter have gone out to ride.'

"The laboring man bowed his head for a moment, and then he looked up and said with an energy that made the man of gin think his customer had a sudden attack of delirium:

"'I see it! I see it!'

"'See what?'

"'See where my wages for years have gone. I helped pay for that carriage, and for those horses, and for the silks and laces and jewelry for your family; the money that I have earned, that I should have used to furnish my wife and children a good home and good food and clothing, I have paid to you, and with my wages and the wages of other laboring men you have supported your family in elegance and luxury. Hereafter my wife and my children shall have the benefit of my labor, and I will endeavor to persuade my fellow-workmen to do as I intend, with the help of Heaven, to hereafter give up entirely the use of intoxicating liquors and care for my own; remove them into a comfortable home as soon as possible, and save my wages. I see it! I see it! The curse and the remedy, the poison and the antidote.'

"And that poor drunkard of the past is living in his own house to-day, blessing the day when he and the poisoned cup parted forever."

Bishop Simpson in his recent Yale lecture said: "Last summer I passed over the great mountains and plains which lie between us and the Pacific Ocean. I frequently watched the shepherds, with their immense flocks, and marked their constant diligence and care. I saw the herders, with their numerous herds of cattle, and was surprised to observe the constant vigilance which they exercised. The herder was always in the saddle, his eyes were continually on the cattle. If one wandered toward a precipice or became separated from the herd, it was immediately followed and brought back in safety. How much more responsible is the office of the Christian pastor? If he expects to gain the affection of all the members of his congregation, if he desires to realize the full fruit of his sermons, his eye must be upon them, and he must exercise over them a sleepless vigilance."

A Home for Dipsomaniacs, called the Spelthorne Sanatorium, for the reformation of women who have fallen into habits of intemperance, was opened in England on New Year's Day, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. The house, situated about a mile from the Feltham station between Hounslow and Staines, is well suited for the object for which it has been secured. An adequate and experienced staff for the management of the establishment has been engaged.

THE RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE AND THE ARMIES WITH HIM.

A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood; and his name is called The Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS."—REVELATION 19 : 11–16.

St. John more Familiar than any one else with the Saviour—Through Heaven's Open Gate John had a View of the Scene as God sees it—I. He Saw our Captain—His Glorious State—Mounted on a White Horse—Denoting Honor—Power—Swiftness—Victory—John noticed his Master's Person—His Eyes like a Flame—His Head Crowned with Many Crowns—His Vesture Dipped in Blood—His Name Faithful and True—II. John saw the Saviour's Followers—A Great Number—All Mounted—Armed with Purity—III. The Warfare—The Gospel the Sword of Christ—He has a Hand to Rule—An Instance of his Power seen in the Present Condition of Spain.

THE beloved John was, above all other men, familiar with the humble Saviour. He had leaned his head upon his bosom, and better knew than any other of the apostles the painful beatings of his Lord's sorrowful heart. Never from his mind could be effaced the likeness of Christ, the visage more marred than that of any man. He had seen the dear sufferer on that dreadful night when he was covered with gory sweat in Gethsemane; he had seen him after he had been buffeted and scourged in Herod's palace and Pilate's hall; he had even stood at the foot of the cross and seen his divine Master in the extreme agonies of death; and therefore the tender, affectionate heart of John would never permit his Master's suffering image to fade from his memory.

Truly, if he had spoken to us in vision—in symbolic terms—concerning what he had seen of his Lord and Master here below, he would have described him as a footman going forth to the fight alone, with no armies following him, for all his disciples forsook him and fled; himself wearing no glittering armor, but with his garments dipped in blood and with his face smeared with shame. He would have told you how the solitary champion fought alone amid the dust and smother of the battle, and how he fell, and bit the dust, so that his foe set his foot upon him, and for a moment rejoiced over him. He would have told you how he leaped again from the grave, and trod down his adversaries, and led captivity captive. Such would have been, only in far nobler terms, John's description of his first sight of his wrestling warrior Lord.

But now in the passage before us a door was opened in heaven, and that disciple whom Jesus loved saw what else he had never seen—what else he had never imagined. He saw the same warrior Lord, but after quite another fashion. If John had continued to look with the eye of sense at Christ and his followers even to this day, and had viewed the battle as it is to be seen in history upon earth, he would have said that he saw the same despised and rejected One at the head of a band equally despised and rejected leading them to prison and to death. He would have told you how to this very day the banner of the Gospel is borne aloft amid smoke and dust, and Christ crucified is proclaimed amid contention and ridicule. He would have drawn in black colors the scene of the battle, the great battle which is raging among the sons of men at this very hour.

But now a door was opened in heaven, and John saw

THE SCENE AS GOD SEES IT.

He looked upon it from heaven's point of view, and saw the conflict between good and evil, between Christ and Satan, between truth and error;

saw it in heaven's own clear view, and he then wrote the vision that we also might see it. Oh! if we are sharers in this conflict, if we are following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, if we are pledged to the truth and to the right, if we are sworn to the precious blood of atonement, and to the grand doctrines of the Gospel, it will do us good and stir our blood to stand on one of the serene hill-tops of heaven, above the mists of earth, and look upon the battle which rages still upon the earth, and will rage on till Armageddon shall conclude the war. If we can behold the scene, God strengthening our eyes, it may strengthen our hands for the conflict, our hearts for the fray.

When the door was opened in heaven, the first thing that the seer of Patmos noticed was *our Captain:* let us look at him, first. Afterwards he saw *his followers;* and then he marked *the mode of warfare, and caught a glimpse of the great defeat of the foe.*

I. First, then, JOHN SAW OUR CAPTAIN, the King of kings.

Let us notice his glorious state. He says, "I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him." Whilst Jesus was here, as we have already said, he was a foot-soldier; he had to plunge knee-deep through mire and dirt, and walk as wearily as any of the rest of the warrior company; but now that he has ascended, though he continues still to fight, it is in another fashion. Of course, the terms are symbolical, and none will take them literally; but our Lord is here described as sitting upon a gallant steed, charging his foes upon a snow-white horse. This means that Christ is *honored* now. He is no weary, dusty, fainting footman now, I warrant you.

Time was when Solomon said that he saw servants upon horses and princes walking in the dust: and so it was with Christ; Pilate and Herod rode the high horse, and Jesus must walk in pain and dishonor. But now, like a greater Mordecai, he rides on the King's horse, for this is the man whom the King delighteth to honor. In royal state our Jesus goeth forth to war, not as a common soldier, but as a glorious prince, royally mounted.

By a horse is denoted, not only honor, but *power*. To the Jews the employment of the horse in warfare was unusual, so that when it was used by their adversaries they imputed to it great force. Jesus Christ has a mighty power to-day, a power which none can measure. He was crucified in weakness, but where is the weakness now? He gave his hands to the nail, and his feet to be fastened to the wood, but he does so no longer. Now has he mounted on the horse of his exceeding great power, and he ruleth in heaven and in earth, and none can stay his hand, or put him to dishonor, or dispute his will. O you that love him! feast your eyes upon him this day. It is not for me to speak; to do so were but to hold a candle to the sun; but gaze upon him for yourselves, and let your eyes be satiated with the image, as you see him, once despised and rejected, now taking to himself his great power.

Here is symbolized *swiftness*, too. Christ must walk when he was here, and go from city to city, scarcely getting through them all till his time was accomplished; but now his word runneth very swiftly. He has but to will it and the voice of his Gospel is heard to the utmost ends of the earth; their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. Everywhere is the Gospel preached, if it be but for a testimony against them, and to-day is fulfilled before your eyes the words of the prophet Zechariah, "The Lord of hosts hath visited his flock, the house of Judah, and hath made them as his goodly horse in the battle, and they shall fight because the Lord is with them."

The color of the horse is meant to denote *victory*. The Roman conqueror, when he enjoyed a triumph, on returning from a campaign, rode up the Via Sacra on a white horse, and the Romans crowded to the house-tops to gaze upon the hero as he exhibited his spoils. Now Jesus Christ is admired of angels and elect spirits, who throng the windows of heaven to gaze upon him who is glorified by his Father. There is a pale horse, and his name that sits on him is Death, and there is a horse red with blood, and yet another black with judgment; but his is a white horse, significant of comfort and of joy to all that know and love him. He comes to fight, but the fight is for peace; he comes to smite, but it is to smite his people's enemies; he comes as a conqueror, but it is as a delivering conqueror who scattereth flowers and roses where he rides, breaking only the oppressor, but blessing the citizens whom he emancipates.

Again, I say, I scarcely like to speak upon this theme; it seems too great for me, but I would bid the saints of God who have wept at Gethsemane now lift up their eyes and smile as they see that same Redeemer who once lay grovelling beneath the olive-trees now riding on the white horse. Your Lord at this moment is no more despised, but all the glory that heaven itself can devise is lavished upon him.

John looked into the open vault of heaven, and he had time, not only to see the horse, but to mark the character of him that sat upon it. He says that he that sat upon him was *called Faithful and True.* By this you may know your Lord. He has been a faithful and true friend to you. O soldiers of the cross, when has he ever deceived you? When has he failed you, or forgotten you? Faithful? Ah! that he is, faithful to every word that he has spoken.

And true? Do you not recognize him, for is he not the truth—the very truth of God? Has he not kept every promise that he has made you, and have you not found his teachings to be everlastingly settled upon divine veracity? And faithful and true has he been to the great Father. The work he undertook to do he has accomplished. He has in nothing drawn back from the covenant engagements under which he laid himself of old. He stood as the surety of his people, and he has been faithful and true to that smarting suretyship. He came to be the deliverer of his elect, and he has wrought the deliverance.

He has not turned either to the right hand or to the left, but he has been faithful and true to every pledge which he gave to his Father for the deliverance of his chosen. Ay, and even his enemies, though they give him many a black word, cannot say that he is not faithful and true. He has not played false, even to the basest devil in hell, nor has he deceived, in any respect, the basest man that lives. Nor will he, for when the day comes to keep his word of terror, he will make the penalty tally to every syllable of the threatening, and mete out vengeance with a line and judgment with a plummet, and even his adversaries, though they shall forever rue the fact, shall confess that his name is Faithful and True. They called him many ill names when he was here: they said he had a devil and was mad; but now it is acknowledged that his name is Faithful and True. *We* acknowledge it with intense delight, and are glad to think that he leads the troops of heaven to the fight.

John still looked, and as he gazed with opened eye he marked

THE MODE OF ACTION AND OF WARFARE

which the Champion employed, for he says, "In righteousness he doth judge and make war." Jesus is the only king who always wars in this fashion. There have been brilliant exceptions to the general rule, but war is usually as deceitful as it is bloody, and the words of diplomatists are a mass of lies. It seems impossible that men should deliberate about peace and war without straightway forgetting the meaning of words and the bonds of honesty. War still seems to be a piece of business in which truth would be out of place; it is a matter so accursed that falsehood is there most at home, and righteousness quits the plain. But as for our King, it is in righteousness that he doth judge and make war. Christ's kingdom needs no deception: the plainest speech and the clearest truth—these are the weapons of our warfare.

The Jesuitical craft which speaks not what it means, the priestcraft which undermines the faith of men in God to teach them faith in their fellow-men, the falsehood which does not teach a doctrine at the first but gradually insinuates it into feeble minds, the craft which creeps into houses and leads astray silly women, who are in bondage to their lusts—this has nothing to do with the kingdom of Christ. *"In righteousness doth* HE *judge and make war."*

He bids his champions come forth with nothing but his word, and speak that word faithfully, as they receive it, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. He tells his people, wherever they are, to live righteously, soberly, and in all integrity, and he himself shakes off, as a man shakes off a viper from his hand, any thing that is unrighteous, every thing that is contrary to truth and holiness. This is our champion, and I warrant you are right glad that he sits on the white horse, and has the upper hand. Since he fights after this fashion, the more of such warfare the better for mankind.

John, gazing still into the open door, saw a little—not much—of

THE PERSON OF HIS BLESSED MASTER.

And, of course, he looked, first, into *those eyes*, those dear eyes which had so oft been filled with tears, and that at the last were even red with weeping. John gazed into them, or wished to do so, but he had to cover his own eyes, for they were dazzled. He says, "His eyes were as a flame of fire."

Think of your Master on the white horse with such eyes as these to-night. Why are they like flames of fire? Why, first, to discern the secrets of all hearts. There are no secrets here that Christ does not see. There is no lewd thought, there is no unbelieving scepticism, that Christ does not read. There is no hypocrisy, no formalism, no deceit, that he does not scan as easily as a man reads a page in a book. His eyes are like a flame of fire to read us through and through, and know us to our inmost soul. Oh! think of this, and if ye have aught of deceit tremble before him in whose spirit there is no guile.

Those eyes like a flame of fire belong to our Champion that he may understand all the plots and crafts of all our foes. We are sometimes alarmed; we say that the machinations of Rome are very deep, and that the plots of infidelity dive very low. But what mattereth it? *His* eyes are like a flame of fire: he knows what they are at. He will confound their politics, he will expose their knavish tricks, and still lead on his host conquering and to conquer. Let us never fear while he is on the white horse with such eyes as his.

It was natural that John should carry his glance from the eyes to *the brow;* and as he looked at our champion on the white horse he saw that on his head *were many crowns.* The last he had seen there was a crown of thorns; but that was gone, and in the place of the one crown of the briars of the earth he saw many crowns of the jewels of heaven. There rests the crown of *creation*, for this Word made heaven and earth; the crown of *providence*, for this man now rules the nations with a rod of iron; the crown of *grace*, for it is from his royal hand that blessings are bestowed; the crown of *the church* for be it known to all men that there is no head of the church but Christ, and woe unto those who steal the title. He is head over all things to his church, and king in the midst of her.

Yes, on his head are many crowns, placed there by individual souls that he has saved. We have each one tried to crown him in our poo way, and we will do so as long as we live. Al power is given unto him in heaven and in earth and therefore well may multitudes of diadem fillet that august brow which once was belte with thorns. Glory be unto thee, O Son o God! Our hearts adore thee to-night as w contemplate thee on thy white horse.

Looking at him still, John saw one thin more, namely,

HIS VESTURE.

He says that his vesture was dipped in blood

Oh ! but this is the grandest thought about our Master wherever he may be, that he is ever a red man wearing the bloody garment. As the atoning sacrifice he is at his best. We love him as we see the white lily of his perfect nature, but the rose of Sharon is the flower for us, for its sweet perfume breathes life to our fainting souls. Yes, he bled, and this is the greatest thing we can say of him. His life was glorious, but his death transcends it.

A living Christ, a reigning Christ—we are charmed as we think of this ; but oh, the bleeding Christ, the bleeding Christ for me ! As the blood is the life, so is his blood life to us—the life of the Gospel, the life of our hopes : and one delights to think of him that, though he rides the white horse, he has never stript off the bloody shirt in which he won our redemption. He looks like a Lamb that has been slain, and wears his priesthood still. Whenever he goes out to conquer it is with this harness on, this vesture dipped in blood. Oh ! preach him, ye his servants, preach him in his blood-red vesture. Ye shall never see souls saved if ye portray him in any other kind of coat. Ye take his own garment from him, and put on that of another, and ye pretend that ye are making him more illustrious as ye put on him a scarlet robe ; but his own blood is his beauty and his triumph. Let him come before us in thatl, and our hearts shall crown him with loudest acclaim.

One other thing John saw, and that was

HIS NAME.

But here he seems to contradict himself. He says that he had a name which no man knoweth ; yet he says that his name was the Word of God. Oh ! but it is all true ; for in such a one as our Master there must be paradoxes. No man knoweth his name. None of you know all his nature. His love passes all knowledge ; his goodness, his majesty, his humiliation, his glory, all these transcend your ken. You cannot know him. Oh, the depths ! If you plunge deepest into the mystery of the incarnate God you can never reach the bottom of it.

"No man knoweth the Son but the Father." And yet you do know his name, for you know that he is "the Word of God." And what means that ? Why, when a man would show himself, he speaks. "Speak," said the philosopher, "that I may see you." A man's speech is the embodiment of his thought. You know his thought when you hear his word, if he be a truth-speaking man. Now, Christ is God's word. That is his heart, spoken out to you. His inmost thoughts of love are printed in great capital letters, and set before you in the living, loving, bleeding, dying person of the incarnate Son of God. Thus is he called the Word of God, and in that capacity it becomes us to delight ourselves exceedingly in him, and to exult because he is now riding triumphantly upon his white horse.

II. Thus have I bidden you gaze at what John saw. Time chides me, however, and I can only ask you next, if you have seen the brightest One of all upon the white horse, just to look at

HIS FOLLOWERS.

"The armies whch were in heaven followed him upon white horses."

See, then, that *Christ has a great following*—not one army, but "armies," whole hosts of them—numbers that cannot be counted. My Lord is not the chief of a small band, but he has a great host. There be some who think that all Christ's followers go to their little Bethel, and so they all sit down on the top of their own Mount Zion, and sweetly bless the Lord who shuts out the rest of mankind. But I tell you your little Bethel would not make a stable for the horses of his lieutenants. He has great armies following him, for a countless number out of every people and nation and tongue has he redeemed with his most precious blood.

And these that follow him, you notice, are *all mounted*. They followed him on white horses. They are mounted on the same sort of horses as himself, for they fare as he fares : when he walks, they must walk ; when he bears a cross, they must carry crosses, too ; but if ever he gets a crown, he cries, "They shall be crowned, too." If ever he gets on horseback, he will have his saints on horseback with him, for it is not like him that he should ride and they should walk.

Remember Alexander, and how he kept up the spirit of his soldiers. Whenever the troops were thirsty, Alexander would not drink ; and when they marched on foot, Alexander footed it with them. So it is with our Master—he has been marching here in the rough ways with us, and he will let us ride in the glory-ways with him when the time shall come.

The armies of Christ followed him on white horses. Look ye a little steadily at these white horses, for I want you to observe the armor of their riders. Cromwell's men wore at their side long iron scabbards, in which they carried swords, which oftentimes they wiped across the manes of their horses, when they were red with blood. A dreadful story that to read, brave as were those Ironsides. But if you look at these troops there is not a sword amongst them. Not a scabbard dangles ; not a piece of metal flashes back the sunlight. Neither helmet nor cuirass is there, nor does there seem to be a pistol at the holster.

They are not armed with lance or pike, and yet they are riding forth to war. Do you want to know the armor of that war ? I will tell you. They are clothed in white linen, white and clean. Strange battle array this ! And yet this is how they conquer, and how you must conquer, too. This is both armor and weapon. Holiness is our sword and our shield. This is pike and gun. If we but live as Christ lives and follow him, we shall conquer, for no sword can come at him that lives to God,—since, should it slay his body, it cannot touch his soul : he lives and conquers still. Think of this, and never ask for any other harness but this in the day of battle.

Yet I have said they were all on horses, which show you that the saints of God have a strength that they sometimes forget. You know not that you ride on a horse, O child of God ! but there is a supreme invisible power which helps you in contending for Christ and for his truth. You are mightier than you know of, and you are riding more swiftly to the battle and more rapidly over the heads of your foes than ever you dream. When a door shall be opened in heaven to you, and you get to the battle's end, you will say, "Bless the Lord, I, too, rode on a white horse. I, too, conquered when I thought I was defeated. I, too, by simple obedience to his will, and keeping the faith, and walking in his truth, have been more than conqueror through him that loved me."

And is not this a grand sight, this man—this bonny man,as Rutherford calls him—on his white horse, and all these bright ones following after him in all their glorious array.

III. And now we must close, for the bell has tolled just now to show that the hour is up, but we cannot end till we have spoken of

THE WARFARE.

What is this warfare ? There cannot be war without a sword, yet if you look all along the ranks of the white-robed armies there is not a sword amongst them all. Who carries the sword ? There is one who bears it for them all. It is he, the King, who comes to marshal us. He bears a sword. But where ? It is in his mouth ! Strange place ! A sword in his mouth. Yet this is the only sword my Lord and Master wields. Mahomet subdued men with the scimetar, but Christ subdues men with the Gospel.

We have but to tell out the glad tidings of the love of God, for this is the sword of Christ with which he smites the nations. Be his mouths, my brethren ; be his mouths, my sisters. Tell to your children in your Sunday-school classes, tell to the poor in the corners of the streets, tell by your little printed pamphlets if you cannot by your voices, all the story of how he loved us and gave himself for us ; for this is the sword of our warfare ; it goeth forth from the mouth of Christ. Let us be content to fight with this and nothing else.

But for those who will not yield to it, our Leader has a hand as well as a tongue, and he says that he will rule the nations with a rod of iron ; and if you will read history through you will find that all nations that reject the Gospel have to suffer for it. I select one instance. The gospel came to Spain years ago, and multitudes of the nobility were converted ; but they had their *auto-da-fés*, and burnt the saints, and the accursed Inquisition stamped out the Gospel in Spain ; and to this day the nation cannot rise. It will, I trust, by God's forgiving mercy ; but for centuries she that ruled the nations and covered the deep with her armadas has been sitting grovelling in her poverty and sloth, for Christ has ruled her with a rod of iron, and so will he rule all nations that reject the testimony of his mouth. If the sword of his mouth be not heeded, then cometh the last of this dread warfare—and may God grant that we may never know it—when his foot shall do it, for he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.

Ah ! what a crush must that be which will come upon the clusters of Gomorrah from the foot which once was nailed to the tree ! Who stamped that sinner's soul and crushed it down ? Was he an angry angel with a sword of fire ? It was the Christ of God, the man of love ; rejected and despised. Fiercer than a lion on his prey is love when once provoked. When love turns to jealousy its fires are like coals of juniper, which have a violent flame. Beware, ye despisers, lest ye continue to despise. Submit to the sword of his mouth, lest ye be smitten by his hand. Be wise when once his hand begins to smite you lest you have to feel his foot, for it is all over then.

May you and I have a white horse each with which to follow Christ ! But we never shall, unless we are his followers *here*. We must put on the snow-white garments now. Here they are ready for you. The righteousness of Christ will be given to any man who accepts him and believes on him ; and when your snow-white garments once are on, he will give you the horse of his sacred strength, and you, even you, following in the track of your gallant leader, shall ride on shouting "Victory, victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb." The Lord bless you, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

Italian organ-grinders in England do not always deserve the pity lavished on them by people who look upon them only as foreigners in a strange land. In a case on January 2d, in London, an inspector said, the place where the prisoners lived was a regular colony of Italian organ-grinders, where proceedings were carried on of the most degrading and disgusting description. It was the practice of the elder Italians who resorted to this den of infamy to inveigle amongst them young English girls of from thirteen to eighteen years of age, who had been previously engaged as domestic servants, and then send them about the streets, dressed up as Italian peasants, with organ-men. The girl in this case had been enticed away from service in this manner about two years ago. The public sympathized with the girls, believing them to be foreigners, instead of which they were all English girls, who sometimes obtained as much as 10*s*., 14*s*., or 16*s*. a day. There were about thirty Italians at this place, and they and the girls were all mixed up together. Mr. Serjeant Cox, the presiding judge, sentenced the Italian organ-grinders to four months' hard labor. It is well that these facts have been published, both to warn young girls against the organ-grinders, and to make the public less liberal with their pennies.

WAS LOST AND IS FOUND; OR, THE STORY OF FELICIA CUFFE.

An Original Narrative by Henry Martin.

(*Continued from page* 251.)

The Young Priest, Father Kirby, Affected by Chalmers' Discourses—A Protestant Unconsciously Betrays Him—Summoned by his Bishop—Their Interview—Father Kirby Suspended—Recants and Joins the Anglican Church.

THE oratory of Father Kirby produced an immense sensation in the parish; the people talked about him both in public and in private, were morally and spiritually moved, and felt proud of their "clargyman;" increasing throngs each time he preached pressed into the sacred building, and hung spell-bound upon his lips.

Observing all this, Father Kirby's own mind became somewhat excited, and his inquiry was more *intently drawn* to the truths which Chalmers had written. It was the glowing and gorgeous style of Chalmers which had, in the first instance, caught his attention. Now his mind kindled at the subject-matter itself of his discourses. What Chalmers himself used to call "the jurisprudence of the Gospel scheme," or "the science of salvation," dawned upon his mental perceptions, became more clearly seen, and was, measure by measure, more completely grasped by his awed conscience and consenting intellect. Doubtless, too, the Spirit of God moved over the depths of his soul—long, as vexed with error, the home of chaotic darkness. "God, who commandeth the light to shine out of darkness, shined into his heart to give him the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

About the same time, *suspicion* began to be aroused in the minds of some of Father Kirby's clerical coadjutors. His utterances did not sound in their ears as in harmony with what they had been taught to consider as alone genuine Catholic doctrine—it had an unaccustomed flavor about it, did not fit in nicely with their other accepted principles, jarred upon their sacerdotal claims and assumptions. There was a smell of heresy about the fervid declamation of their talented brother which they could not stomach, and they resolved they would keep their eye upon him.

An incident which shortly afterwards occurred proved that their suspicions were justified. A Roman Catholic gentleman, delighted with the oratory of the young priest, boasted of it to a *Protestant acquaintance*, and invited him to test with his own ears his matchless power. "I tell you what it is, my friend," he would say; "it beats all the telling; never was heard the like." And when the Protestant friend on his side would have it that no priest could preach as well as a parson, his words were warmly resented, and he was challenged to come next Sunday to the chapel himself and find out with his own ears the ridiculousness of his statement.

The Protestant friend, Mr. MacAlpine, a sober *elder* of the Presbyterian Church, did not relish the idea of entering what he rather rudely named "a Popish chapel." Schooled in the crystallized system handed down from John Knox, he had a good deal of John Knox's dislike of the whole Romish confraternity. Several well-known and unflattering epithets from the Book of Revelation were often on his lips as descriptive of the poor old Pope and his hierarchy.

Besides, it would not do for him, an elder of his Church, to be seen patronizing a "mass house." What would his brother elders say?—and as for his Roman Catholic neighbors, it would be soon buzzed about that "Sandy MacAlpine had got sick o' the kirk," and was about to turn Papist. "No, no, Mr. O'Keefe," he said to his Roman Catholic friend; "it will never do. It's against my principles, sir—and you're not going to get me, if I know it, into a hornet's nest from an incensed Presbytery."

Mr. O'Keefe, however, did not give up his point. "To enter a chapel once," he said, "could not do even Satan himself any harm." As to his Roman Catholic neighbors, he would be unnoticed in the crowd, for the crush was "just awful," and Father Kirby was going to deliver his next sermon in the evening; it would be dark, therefore, for the time of the year was October. "The short and the long of it is," he added, "you know your words can't hold true. Your scruples are all bosh, my man, and you want to escape havin' your Protestant pride tuk out o' ye."

Mr. MacAlpine, of course, would not admit a particle of all this—stoutly stood up for what he called his principles. Yet the result of the controversy was that he consented to accompany Mr. O'Keefe on the next Sunday evening, to hear the highly-lauded Roman Catholic preacher. It was arranged, however, that they should not go to the chancel, where, upon paying a fee, the respectable Roman Catholics of the town would be seated, but that, *wearing a disguise*, they would press in with the general crowd into a meaner part of the chapel.

Many things at the beginning of the service that evening struck elder MacAlpine as strange and unedifying. It was not mass that was sung—that is a service which belongs to an early part of the day—but *muslin-robed* and tawdry tinselled priests postured and flitted, intoned and chanted before a richly-ornamented altar. "It was like a play-house," he said afterwards, "or a pantomime; and I began to feel awful queer, for it was the Sawbath."

The people around him, however, were steeped in religious emotion. The chapel floor was covered inch deep with a coating of unsavory mud, carried in by the feet of the thronging worshippers, and Mr. MacAlpine saw, with a half-sick feeling, many poor creatures around him, whenever the shelter of a pillar or other obstruction gave opportunity, kneel down and, in their superstitious reverence for the consecrated ground, bend their heads to the very earth and passionately kiss the black and unctuous compound. The words of Hamlet, as he handled Yorick's skull, came to Mr. MacAlpine's mind as he witnessed it—

> "My gorge rises at it."

When Father Kirby ascended the pulpit (when ever he preached earlier in the day he spoke from the altar), Mr. MacAlpine noticed the *hushed suspense* and suppressed excitement of the people. The young priest's ringing voice and graceful mien also struck him. But as the preacher went on he made a discovery. Dr. Chalmers had been a favorite author of his; he had read most of his books, especially his discourses, and he at once detected the source of Father Kirby's most telling passages. As they were delivered his Roman Catholic friend beside him would nudge his arm and give a knowing wink, and at the close of a more than usually powerful oratorical burst would ask, in a whisper, "Isn't that your style—and what do ye think of it?"

The friend interrogated, however, kept during the time of the discourse his counsel to his own bosom; but when the two friends reached the street it need scarcely be told how the exultant Mr. O'Keefe was totally unprepared for the information given him. It was a rude shock to his triumphant condition of mind. He got into *a temper*, declared the elder's speech a "confounded heretical libel," and when Mr. MacAlpine repeated his assertion and said he was prepared to prove its truth, Mr. O'Keefe, in high dudgeon, turned on his heel, and without even a "Good-night," walked off in another direction.

Happening, however, on the following day to receive a visit from a certain *Father Delany*, resident with Father Kirby in the chapel-house, he poured into his ear the statement which his Protestant friend had made to him. It was listened to with a secret throb of malicious pleasure. Father Delany was a far different type of man from the eloquent young priest. He took no pleasure in books, professed a holy dread of all intellectual activity, spent his leisure hours in cards and dice, and when he could get it, which was often at the table of well-to-do parishioners, indulged in good living. He was jealous of the popularity of Father Kirby, hated his self-devouring zeal in his sacred office, and despised his devoutness.

Communicating his tidings to some brother priests in the chapel-house like-minded with himself, they resolved to *watch* both the reading and the utterances of the young priest, to take down what savored of heterodoxy, and make their report to the bishop.

It was not long before that "most reverend father in God" had a matter put before him which seemed to call for the most serious exercise of his episcopal powers. In a couple of days Father Kirby, to his surprise, had *a mandate* to appear before his diocesan. The bishop was really sorry to hear of any thing disparaging to the young priest. His fame as a preacher had reached his ears; powerful orators were scarce in his see, and he had hoped for great things to "Holy Mother Church" from the talents of Father Kirby. He therefore resolved, before taking severe measures, to have a little private talk between himself and his under shepherd, who it too plainly seemed had become tainted with heresy.

The interview between the bishop and his subordinate took place in the bishop's library. "Is it true, Father Kirby," said his so-called lordship, "that you have been a student of *heretical books*, and not only so, but a preacher of heretical doctrine? I am told as much; and some of your poisonous words have even been reported to me. Take care, young man, take care! The Church is rightly jealous over the teaching of her pastors, and, as you know, I am responsible to the Holy Father at Rome for what is taught in my diocese."

Father Kirby, as may be supposed, was taken quite aback at these words of his bishop. He had no idea that his utterances in his public ministrations had been so watched, and conscious of the use he had made of Dr. Chalmers's writings, he felt no little confusion in the presence of his ecclesiastical superior.

He had, however too sacred a regard for truth to prevaricate, or to deny that there was some ground for the bishop's accusation; and at the moment the book of Chalmers's, which on a former occasion he had seen among the bishop's own books, flashed upon his remembrance. "My lord," he said, "I am not conscious of having uttered any thing in non-accordance with truth to my part of the flock in your lordship's diocese. What I have spoken I believe. I admit, however, that of late I have been a student of writers beyond the circle of our Church's theologians. I have read some of Dr. Chalmers' works, which surely cannot be very wrong, as I see that you, my lord, yourself have given a book of his a place among your literary treasures;'" and as he said this he pointed to the volume of Dr. Chalmers's "Astronomical Discourses" on a shelf near him.

It was now the bishop's turn to feel confused. The blood rushed to his face, he fidgeted uneasily in his chair, blew his nose, hummed and hawed, looked a little fiercely at the young priest standing in front of him, and then stole glance at the unlucky volume which had bee referred to.

"Oh, ah, yes," he at length said, with hesitating voice and broken syllables; "but *my* having pestiferous books, young man, and *you* studying and uttering them, you will please understand, are *quite different things*. It's my dut Father Kirby, to know what the enemies of o Holy Church have to say against her. I ca thus find out the fitting antidote, you know, their poison. But you, young man, should ke at a safe distance—at a safe distance, I repeat from these deadly swamps. As King Solom says of the wicked, 'Avoid them, pass not them, and turn away.'

"As to the book you have pointed to on yo der shelf," he added, "a moment's thoug would enable you to perceive that it gives warrant at all for your conduct. See the natu of its contents, Father Kirby—'Astronomi Discourses'—that is, of course, it has nothi whatever to do with *religion*, but is taken with dissertations upon the sun and stars, comets' tails and moonshine."

Whether the bishop said this from ignorance or craft, who can tell? It is certain, however, that his description of Dr. Chalmers's book was absurdly and laughably incorrect. Let us suppose, however, that his words were *a shot in the dark;* and if so, he is not the first person who has given a fine work a place on his bookshelves, but who has only given it a place there. To have the material book is deemed enough by many persons—it looks studious to one's friends, you know, but—a plague upon the notion of mastering it.

After considerable stroke and fence upon either side—on the bishop's part in a style proud and authoritative, and on the young priest's part modest and respectful—the bishop endeavored to get from Father Kirby a solemn *promise* to burn every Protestant book in his possession and to make a sworn engagement never again to utter any sentiment he had found in them, and also publicly to recall and repudiate any anti-Catholic notion he had been tempted to enunciate.

Had Father Kirby known the *words of Luther* before the Diet of Worms at this moment, he no doubt would have uttered them. "Jesus Christ said (spoke the reformer),' If I have spoken evil, bear witness against Me.' How much more should I, who am but dust and ashes, and so prone to error, desire that any should bring forward what he can against the doctrine I have preached? As soon as I shall be convinced that they are erroneous, I will seize my false books and commit them to the flames. But if I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scripture or by cogent reasons—if I am not satisfied as to the texts I have cited—if my judgment is not brought into subjection, I neither can nor will retract any thing, for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his conscience."

These, however, were not his words, but others their equivalent. "Bishop," he said, "truth is truth, wherever it may be stated or found, and nowhere has it come home to my soul with such demonstration as while perusing the writings you forbid me. *My conscience* tells me that it is light, light from Heaven, which from thence has beamed upon me, and by no possibility can I bring myself now to call it darkness. The reason God has given us cannot ignore itself: the very attempt would degrade and debase it. Once grasping truth, the mind must hold to it forever."

"Very well, young man," said his lordship, and in a very lordly way; "you have declared the course you mean to take, and now I will declare mine. I *suspend* you from your office as priest this hour, and I silence you from preaching in my diocese." With this deliverance he haughtily waved his hand, and dismissed the young man from his presence.

It was not to be supposed, however, that Father Kirby would consent to be thus extinguished. The light which had come into his soul was not only an illumination, but *a fire:* he felt that God had intrusted to him mental and moral gifts for the benefit of his fellows, and that he was responsible for their exercise. Were he in Spain, the *Inquisition*, no doubt, could bury him and his talent fathoms deep in a dungeon; but under the banner of British freedom none could do him personal violence. The Protestant Episcopal Church would, perhaps, afford him a sphere for uttering the truth that was in him. Primate Beresford, at Armagh, was, he had heard, a princely, liberal-minded, and thoroughly Christian man; he would make his case known to him, and offer himself for orders in the *Anglican Church.*

His application was received with all the consideration and sympathy that he could wish. Strict inquiry, of course, was made into the young priest's antecedents and character. But as even his worst foes, though eager to do so, could not point to a single stain upon his life, after a *public recantation* of his early religious errors he was *accepted to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church,* and that with open arms, for it was hoped his oratorical powers would much subserve the cause of scriptural truth among his countrymen.

The primate was anxious to give him an important sphere, but as at the time none such was vacant, he placed him *pro tem.* in a *country parish*—one, however, not distant from the primatical city, so that on extraordinary occasions his services there would be available

(To be continued.)

MR. SPURGEON'S FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

A Sunday Walk—Invitation to London—A Supposed Mistake—A Bloomsbury Boarding-house—A Cupboard Bedroom—First Sight of Park Street Chapel—A Small Audience—Grateful Recollections.

THE following account of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's first visit to London, from his own pen, will be read with interest by his friends on this side the Atlantic:

"Twenty-five years ago we walked on a Sabbath morning, according to our wont, from Cambridge to the village of Waterbeach, in order to occupy the pulpit of the little Baptist chapel. It was a country road, and there were four or five honest miles of it, which we usually measured each Sunday foot by foot, unless we happened to be met by a certain little pony and cart which came half way, but could not by any possibility venture further because of the enormous expense which would have been incurred by driving through the toll-gate at Milton.

"That winter's morning we were all aglow with our walk, and ready for our pulpit exercises. Sitting down in the table-pew, a letter was passed to us bearing the post-mark of London. It was an unusual missive, and was opened with curiosity. It contained an *invitation to preach* at New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, the pulpit of which had formerly been occupied by Dr. Rippon—the very Dr. Rippon whose hymn-book was then before us upon the table, the great Dr. Rippon, out of whose Selection we were about to choose hymns for our worship. The late Dr. Rippon seemed to hover over us as an immeasurably great man, the glory of whose name covered New Park Street Chapel and its pulpit with awe unspeakable.

"On the following Monday an answer was sent to London, informing the deacon of the church at Park Street that he had fallen into *an error* in directing his letter to Waterbeach, for the Baptist minister of that village was very little more than nineteen years of age, and quite unqualified to occupy a London pulpit. In due time came another epistle, setting forth that the former letter had been written in perfect knowledge of the young preacher's age, and had been intended for him, and him alone. The request of the former letter was repeated and pressed, a date mentioned for the journey to London, and a place appointed at which the preacher would find lodging. That invitation was accepted, and as the result thereof the boy preacher of the Fens took his post in London.

"Twenty-five years ago—and yet it seems but yesterday—we lodged for the night at a boarding-house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, to which the worthy deacon directed us. As we wore a huge black-satin stock, and used a blue handkerchief with white spots, the young gentlemen of that boarding-house marvelled greatly at the youth from the country who had come up to preach in London, but who was evidently in the condition known as *verdant green.* They were mainly of the Evangelical Church persuasion, and seemed greatly tickled that the country lad should be a preacher. They did not propose to go and hear the youth, but they seemed to tacitly agree to encourage him after their own fashion, and we were encouraged accordingly.

"What tales were narrated of the great divines of the metropolis and their congregations! One, we remember, had a thousand City men to hear him; another had his church filled with thoughtful people, such as could hardly be matched all over England; while a third had an immense audience, almost entirely composed of the young men of London, who were spellbound by his eloquence. The study which these men underwent in composing their sermons, their herculean toils in keeping up their congregations, and the matchless oratory which they exhibited on all occasions, were duly rehearsed in our hearing, and when we were shown to bed in *a cupboard over the front door*, we were not in an advantageous condition for pleasant dreams.

"Park Street hospitality never sent the young minister to that far-away hired room again, but assuredly the Saturday evening in a London boarding-house was about the most depressing agency which could have been brought to bear upon our spirit. On the narrow bed we tossed in solitary misery, and found no pity. Pitiless was the grind of the cabs in the street, pitiless the recollection of the young city clerks whose grim propriety had gazed upon our rusticity with such amusement, pitiless the spare room, which scarce afforded space to kneel, pitiless even the gas-lamps, which seemed to wink at us as they flickered amid the December darkness. *We had no friend* in all that city full of human beings, but we felt among strangers and foreigners, hoped to be helped through the scrape into which we had been brought, and to escape safely to the serene abodes of Cambridge and Waterbeach, which then seemed to be Eden itself.

"Twenty-five years ago it was a clear, cold morning, and we wended our way along Holborn Hill towards Blackfriars and certain tortuous lanes and alleys at the foot of Southwark Bridge. Wondering, praying, fearing, hoping, believing, we felt *all alone and yet not alone.* Expectant of Divine help, and inwardly borne down by our sense of the need of it, we traversed a dreary wilderness of brick to find the spot where our message must needs be delivered. One word rose to our lips many times, we scarce know why,—'He must needs go through Samaria.' The necessity of our Lord's journeying in a certain direction is no doubt repeated in His servants, and as our present journey was not of our seeking, and had been by no means pleasing so far as it had gone, the one thought of a 'needs be' for it seemed to overtop every other. At sight of *Park Street Chapel* we felt for a moment amazed at our own temerity, for it seemed to our eyes to be a large, ornate, and imposing structure, suggesting an audience wealthy and critical, and far removed from the humble folk to whom our ministry had been sweetness and light.

"It was early, so there were no persons entering, and when the set time was fully come there were no signs to support the suggestion raised by the exterior of the building, and we felt that by God's help we were not yet out of our depth, and were not likely to be with so small an audience. The Lord helped us very graciously, we had a happy Sabbath in the pulpit, and spent the intervals with warm-hearted friends; and when at night we trudged back to the Queen Square narrow lodging we were not alone, and we no longer looked on Londoners as *flinty-hearted barbarians.* Our tone was altered, we wanted no pity of any one, we did not care a penny for the young gentlemen lodgers and their miraculous ministers, nor for the grind of the cabs, nor for any thing else under the sun. The lion had been looked at all round, and his majesty did not appear to be a tenth as majestic as when we had only heard his roar miles away.

"These are small matters, but they rise before us as we look over the twenty-five years' space which has intervened: they are the haze of that other shore between which rolls a quarter of a century of mercy. At the review we are lost in a rush of mingled feelings. '*With my staff I crossed this Jordan, and now*——.' Our ill-health at this moment scarcely permits us either to hold a pen or to dictate words to another; we must, therefore, leave till another season such utterances of gratitude as the fulness of our heart may permit us. Common blessings may find a tongue at any moment, but favors such as we have received of the Lord throughout this semi-jubilee are not to be acknowledged fitly with the tongues of men or of angels.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

An Oration by J. B. Gough.

(*Continued from page* 255.)

The Frenchman in the Omnibus on Sabbath Observance—An English Distiller—Condemning Parisian Sabbath-breakers—Avoid Levity about Holy Things—Dr. Armstrong in the Storm at Sea—A Brave Volunteer in a Shipwreck — A Dangerous Bridge — Following a Moderate Drinker's Example — Difference of Temperament Illustrated.

I WAS *riding in an omnibus* from Edinburgh to Dunfermline one day, and a city missionary took his seat by my side. I said to him, "Now, please don't say any thing to me—please don't talk to me, for I am tired. I spoke in Edinburgh last night, and I have to speak in Dunfermline to-night; please don't talk to me or introduce me to anybody." A *Frenchman* came in; it was no use to tell him not to talk. So he began, and his conversation was about religion, and I saw at once that he was a sceptic. The missionary said, "But you must acknowledge that now we are emphatically in a religious country." "Yes," he said, "there is very much religion, very much religion, but very little Christianity." "Why, what do you mean by that?"

"Oh! I will tell you, sare. You have associations, you have ragged school—very good! You have missionary associations—very good! You have association for the better observance of the Lord's Day. Oh! now, sare, I go to the meeting for the better observance of the Lord's Day, and there was one very big large gentleman there, very big large he was, and he made one very big large speech, sare; and I will tell you what he said"—and I saw the Frenchman began to get excited—"he said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, look at France!' Now France is my country, sare, and what for he tell the people look at France?

"He said, 'Look at France; God has *trod France under His foot*.' What for he say that? He say He have trode him under His foot, sare—what for he say that? Because he say France have trod under his foot the Sabbath-day. I know very well the people of Paris go for their amusement; they go for their recreation, they go to theatre, to ball, to Versailles, and go into the garden; they go to dance, they go to have their grand amusement and enjoyment, sare. I know that; but what business had that man to tell the people that because the Frenchman seek his enjoyment on Sunday that God had cursed him, sare; when that very man that say that keeps twelve men to work in his distillery all day Sunday? You may call that man very religious, but I do not understand it; in my opinion, sare, he is one very, von *vare big hypocrite*.

"Because he says it may be very bad to go into the fields on Sunday; it may be very bad to go to the theatre; but which is the worst, to take God's beautiful grain, what He give us for nourishment, and kill him, and take all the good out of him, and make him all rotten, and then when he putrefy, make an agency, sare, that burns men's bodies and souls? Sare, I am not a teetotaler, I drinks my wine; but whiskey!—and he make whiskey on Sunday—any man that do that, and then tell the people that France is trod under foot because it does not keep the Sunday, is, in my opinion, a very *great hypocrite*."

AVOID LEVITY ABOUT HOLY THINGS.

Now the world will judge of these things; what we want, then, as Christian men, is *consistency*. There is another point that I should like to bring before you. It is just this. As Christian men we should be careful that we use *no levity in speaking of the Word of God*. The world expects that the Christian man will treat the Word of God with reverence, and all jesting and joking on passages of Scripture are exerting an influence that will work perhaps when you have forgotten all about them. When I was a boy I remember this:

I was thrown into the society of those who I won't say ridiculed the Bible, but who related such comical stories and made up such curious conundrums out of the Bible, that there are many passages to-day that I cannot read without the whole thing being brought before me, and making me feel uneasy and annoyed at it. If the Bible is God's revelation to man, let us handle it reverently, let us handle it tenderly. Young men, whatever you may do, treat not the Word of God with levity, nor make a joke on sacred things. This point I mention as it might be by the way.

My address was to be, as you know, upon the power of example, and you may say, perhaps, "Well, you have not spoken much about that; you have been talking to us about the power of our influence." Well, it is the power of influence, or the influence of example, that I would speak upon. *Who is the hero?* Who, in trouble, in disaster, is the hero? It is the *Christian man;* and there his example shines out. It is the Christian man.

DR. ARMSTRONG ON BOARD THE "ATLANTIC."

In the *steamer Atlantic*, plying between Norwich and New York, whilst tossed about one long night between Norwich and New London, with the steam-chest exploded, and all in confusion, the rudder-ropes burnt away, and she drifting without a particle of sail on board, or any thing to help her—there were sceptical men there; there were ungodly men there; there were men of business there; wealthy men were there, and some of them were offering thousands and thousands of dollars to any who would save their lives—they gave no comfort to any; they gave no strength to any.

But there was one gray-haired man there, a feeble man, *Dr. Armstrong*, of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and while he worked with all his might when there was any hope, when they felt that they must drive on shore and the ship must go to pieces, *that gray-haired man* stood calm and quiet, not like a Stoic, but with the strong faith of the Christian. And they came to him for comfort; every eye was fixed on him; he was the example; they clung to him in that hour of danger.

And when he said, "Let us pray," women sobbed, and strong men bowed themselves, while the Christian hero, who had been first in working for safety while hope remained, lifted up his voice in prayer, and then, as a noble example of an heroic faith and confidence, waited the dread result with the patient quietness of a Christian. It is the Christian man that the infidel looks to in time of trouble or in time of distress. It is he—ay, look to him; he becomes the hero. Why?—by the power and force of his example.

A BRAVE VOLUNTEER IN A SHIPWRECK.

Let us *suppose a shipwreck;* a terrific sea, a mighty hurricane; and those in the village are full of alarm; they hear the gun that tells of the distress; they go down to the beach, it is an awful night—it is a terrific night; they see the blue lights, that reveal to them the ship in distress, with men clinging to the masts and to the shrouds, and hear the cry of passengers upon the deck. They bring down the boat, but it such a terrific surf that no one will venture: one thinks of his wife and children, another of his old mother, another thinks of his brothers and sisters. There is the boat—there is the wreck—*no one dares to launch that boat*, there is so much danger.

Another gun—another blue light—there! there! It is too much for them; *one young man steps forward* and leaps into the boat. "I will go—who will follow me?" At that moment there is a press forward, and every man is ready to take the oar. Who is leader of those men? The volunteer. The volunteer by the tacit consent of all stands at the helm; he orders them to pull at the starboard oars and at the larboard oars; his eye is fixed upon the wreck. He is the master of the expedition, and when the passengers are safe, and all brought ashore again, he, the hero in that fearful strife with the elements, is the most modest man of the company. Just so with the Christian man; he is the hero in the struggle, he is the modest man when earthly rewards are to be showered upon those who have done services for their fellow-men.

There are some persons who think they set a good example when they are setting an example that other men cannot follow. Now to illustrate the point, if you please. With regard to intoxicating liquor as a beverage, there are a great many good men who say they are setting *a good example by their moderation*. People generally, who are not fully acquainted with the philosophy of the temperance movement, do not understand, or they seem to be troubled by this fact, that drunkenness is a moral evil, but it is produced by physical agency.

A DANGEROUS BRIDGE.

Now you may say to me if you please as a man, "Mr. Gough, I am a moderate drinker; I use these things in moderation, and therefore I set you a good example." I say at once, "Sir, you do not." "Well, but if I drink one glass and there stop, is not that an example for others?" "No, sir; no, sir; no more than if there was *a bridge built over a gulf*, to fall into which was utter ruin, and that bridge will bear 150 lbs., and you weigh 150 lbs., you say to that young man (and he weighs 200 lbs.), 'Follow my example.' 'I don't like the look of that bridge.' 'Don't be a fool. I have walked it forty years; proved it perfectly safe; it is a good example; perfectly safe; never cracked with me; never sprung with me; perfectly safe.' 'But I don't like it.' 'Don't be foolish; you can do that which I can do; now I am setting you a good example; follow me step by step.'

"That young man attempts to follow it; he sets his foot on the centre; crash! crash! down *he goes, with a shriek, into destruction*. Now, did you set a good example? No, because you didn't take into consideration the difference of weight." Before you can say to a young man, "I set you a good example," you must take into consideration the difference between his temperament and yours, his susceptibility and yours. There are some men who cannot drink moderately, who never did and never will. Well, you say, "They are weak-minded if they cannot." I say you cannot judge of a man's strength of mind by his ability to take large quantities of intoxicating stimulant. Why, is it any evidence of strength of mind, that a man can get up in a morning a beer-barrel, and go to bed a barrel of beer? Is it any evidence of strength of mind that a man can drink large quantities of beer?

The stupidest dolt of an agricultural laborer I think I ever saw in my life, they told me could drink fifteen quarts of cider in a day—and *stand*. It is no evidence of a man's strength of mind that he can stand the influence of intoxicating drinks. To make it a little plainer I will give you an illustration. You say you set a good example. Do you set a good example to the drunkard? Some persons say they do, because if he drinks just as they do he will never become a drunkard—he will be a moderate drinker.

FOLLOWING A MODERATE DRINKER'S EXAMPLE.

Now we will take the *drunkard*, if you please. Here he is. "Follow my example." "Very well, sir." "I take it twice a day." "Very well, sir." "I take it at noon and I take it at my dinner at four or five o'clock." "Very well, sir." "Now follow my example." "Yes, sir." "You drink just when I do, and only when I do." "Yes, sir." "Well now, we come together at twelve to take the first glass—you and I." "Yes, sir." "Pour it out. I drink it; you drink it." The moderate drinker has drunk it, and this poor man has drunk it. They go away. You go to your business; you have no thoughts about the wine or the drink—not at all. You attend to your business, go and see your business connections—here you are.

Four o'clock comes—you have been spending your time as usual. What has he been doing? He has been getting nervous; he could not help it. He has felt strange sensations—cannot help it. Those sensations have grown into a longing—he cannot help it. He has been thinking there never was such a long afternoon; he has been looking at his watch—if he has got one; he is irritable, he is going to get a certain good when four o'clock comes. You quietly come to your glass; there stands the nervous man; he looks at it; his eye gleams like a tiger's that has once tasted blood, and sees it again. You take yours, sip it quietly; he takes his, clutches it, looks at you, looks round wildly, drinks it at a draught, and before you are ready to go to bed *he is drunk*.

He cannot help it—to save his life he cannot help it. Why? Because his system is diseased, and it is utterly impossible for that man to drink moderately—as impossible as it is to blow up a powder-magazine moderately, or fire a gun off a little at a time. You might as well undertake to *wash a negro white* as to make a moderate drinker out of a drunkard. Now there is one case where I deny that you set that man a good example. There are some so exceedingly susceptible to the influence of drink, and these are cases where you do not set men a good example. What is moderation, and what is excess? You do not judge of excess by the quantity a man drinks—not at all. It is by the effect of that quantity upon the brain and nervous system.

One gentleman may come upon this platform who has drunk a bottle of wine, and he may sit there and he may talk to me and talk to you, and it would be a libel to say he is drunk. Another shall come up on that side who has drunk half-a-bottle, and he shall reel and stagger, and look at you with a laugh—"Ha! ha!" There is a man that is absolutely drunk with half the quantity of the other man, who it would be a libel to say was drunk. Now, while drunkenness is a sin against God, a sin against man's body, a sin against his intellect, while it is belittling and lowering and debasing and degrading, it is produced not by the quantity a man drinks, but by the effect of that quantity upon the nervous system.

I believe there are some men in this assembly *who cannot drink moderately* in the strictest sense of that term. If I give you a glass to-night you will say what you would not say without it, and do what you would not do without it, and go where you would not go without it. It has affected your brain so slightly, yet enough to disturb your self-control, to weaken the power of the will, and warp the judgment.

(*To be continued.*)

Annie Gale.—In a sweet spot in one of the Western States lives little Annie Gale. Not long ago she was led to embrace Christ as her Saviour. The news of her conversion soon spread through the place. One day a friend called on her father, and said, "It's all nonsense for your Annie to think she has been converted. She was just like a little angel always; she was good enough before. If *Dan Hunter*, now, could be turned around and made a Christian of, I'd believe in it." Annie heard the conversation, and her heart beat with pity for poor Dan. She knew him to be one of the *worst* and *vilest* of characters. Impelled with love for his soul, she went to his wretched dwelling and began to talk to him in tender tones about Jesus, and God's love to the chief of sinners. After referring to her own conversion, she asked him if he was not a sinner, and if he did not need the same Saviour whom she had found? Poor old Dan's heart was touched; he wept, he fell upon his face, and cried, "Lord, ha' mercy on the worst of sinners!" God heard that earnest, penitent cry, and Annie left the old man praising the mercy which could save a wretch like him. It was Dan's business now to tell to all the story of God's love. He would say, "*It's the same Gospel*, the very same Gospel, that so blessed little Annie Gale. You wouldn't think it could be, such a dreadful sinner as I've been; but the same good Lord who takes little children in His arms and *blesses* 'em, *saves the chief of sinners too*. It's true! Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6 : 37).

THE KING IN ZION.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 23d.—Ps. 2. Golden Text, Acts 2 : 36. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text for to-day is a part of Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, when he said by the Holy Ghost, "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." This is God's declaration to every man. God demands allegiance to Him, "Whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds" (Heb. 1 : 2). He tells us all things were created not only *by* Him, but *for* Him (Col. 1 : 16), and thus the Father claims our homage to His Son. But God has given us His only-begotten Son to be our Saviour, and the majority of mankind neither believe in nor accept this "unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. 9 : 15). God has given Him also to rule over us, and the majority of men say by their independence of God in every-day life, "We will not have this man to reign over us" (Luke 19 : 14).

The wide-spread insurrection against God, which is prevalent everywhere, will culminate soon in the last great struggle, when the future Antichrist will be developed for whom all the antichristian element in this dispensation has been making way. Then there will be open war declared against Christ Himself. "These" (the ten kings) "shall make war with the Lamb" (Rev. 17 : 14). "And I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against Him that sat on the horse, and against His army" (Rev. 19 : 19). And it is this time of "great tribulation" of which the Psalmist says, "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against His anointed" (or His Christ), "saying, Let us break their bands asunder and cast away their cords from us."

What do the kings and rulers? They set themselves "and take counsel against the Lord and against His Christ." So did Herod when he sent into all the coasts of Bethlehem and slew all the infant children with the intent to destroy the new-born Son of God. So did Pilate when he gave sentence that Jesus should be crucified.

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." We do not often hear of God laughing. Once in the Book of Proverbs (1 : 24–26): "Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all My counsel, and would none of My reproof: I will also laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." When the God of love, of patience, and consolation has exhausted all His resources with sinners, then, and then only, can He laugh at their calamity; it is a side of our God that we do not know, but there fore is it all the more awful. "Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure" (Psalm 2 : 5); and again, verse 9, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel." It is then that the last great prayer-meeting of unheard prayers shall be made. "And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. 6 : 15–17).

"Yet have I set My King upon My holy hill of Zion." The Son of God is anointed King by God His Father, although, like David of old, He is rejected by the world. His sceptre is a sceptre of love to all who do not force Him to make it a sceptre of judgment. What, then, is our position relative to God's anointed? Are we taking the part of the world and doing as most men do, *i.e.*, repudiating the rightful claims of Christ? Or are we taking the place He has left us to keep for Him, "not of the world, even as He was not of the world" (John 17 : 14–16); hated, persecuted, enduring evil, suffering wrongfully, pleasing not ourselves and seeking not our own—is this our true position?

In business, for instance, are you ever a party to a transaction which, although it is become a custom with the world, could never have been transacted by Christ? Is the ring of truth in your advertisements, or do you exaggerate because others do, and then excuse yourself upon the plea that it is customary, and every one will understand? Is this according to the laws of Christ's kingdom? "Let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil" (Matt. 5 : 37). Is He king in your shop and office? Then do you sometimes give invitations when you are not able to bear the expense, because you say, "It is expected of me"? Who expects it—Christ? Do you sometimes seek in dress to imitate those who are in another station of society because, as you say, they will think I am nobody if I do not dress better? Is this according to the laws of Christ's kingdom, where we learn, in lowliness of mind, each to esteem others better than themselves? (Phil. 2 : 3.) Alas! how little is Jesus known as King!

But God has anointed Him, and either willingly here, out of love and gratitude, or by force hereafter, "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth; and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Philipp. 2 : 10, 11). Lord, but not their Lord; Jesus, the Saviour, but they everlastingly unsaved—such is the future acknowledgment of those who in this life own not willingly Christ as Lord. Like Balaam, who said by the Spirit of God, "I shall see Him, but *not now:* I shall behold Him, but *not nigh*" (Num. 24 : 17).

"I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto Me, Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee." Paul tells us (Acts 13 : 32, 33) that this prediction was fulfilled in the resurrection of Christ. "And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that He hath raised up Jesus again; as it is also written in the second Psalm, "Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee." It is He who is "the first begotten of the dead and the Prince of the kings of the earth" (Rev. 1 : 5). The Father says, "Ask of Me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." And the promise is repeated Isa. 49 : 6, "It is a light thing that Thou shouldest be My servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give Thee for a light to the Gentiles, that Thou mayest be My salvation unto the end of the earth." Yes, our King shall reign, and He who with His followers is now despised and rejected shall "be great unto the ends of the earth" (Micah 5 : 4).

Our Psalm next gives a counsel, "Be wise *now* therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth." Now is ever God's time, to-morrow is that of our great enemy. "The Holy Ghost saith, To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3 : 7, 8). "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6 : 2). Therefore, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord" (Isa. 1 : 18). "Come, for all things are now ready, saith the Lord" (Luke 14 : 17). "Kiss the Son lest He be angry." Come to Him while His arms are open, and while He invites sinners. "Kiss the Son lest He be angry, and ye perish from the right way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." Yes, blessed, for "He knoweth them that trust in Him" (Nahum 1 : 7).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Mons. Grevy, the new President of the French Republic, has announced in his first message to the Chambers the principles by which he intends to conduct his administration. On the crucial question of his own position in relation to the Assembly, he speaks unequivocally, and with a wise recognition of the principles of Republican Government. He announces that he is "sincerely submissive to the great law of Parliamentary Government, and shall never enter into conflict with the national will conveyed through its constitutional organs." Such a resolution so emphatically stated is a good augury for the peace and prosperity of the Republic, and will do much to establish confidence in the stability of the government. By his statement Mons. Grévy acknowledges himself the servant of the people, and the executive officer of their behests as expressed by their representatives. If he adhere to that line of conduct, France will be spared the spectacle of the executive jarring with the legislative authority, and will probably make a rapid advance in national prosperity.

The expenses of the Afghan war the English Government propose to defray out of the Indian revenue. Lord Cranbrook, the Secretary of State for India, states that this estimated surplus, £1,245,000, will accrue from extra receipts from opium. This is startling news. Of late years the opium revenue has fallen more than $5,000,000 short of what it realized in 1871–72. The sudden increase now announced is probably due to drought having cut off the supply from the poppy-fields of Shansi. But, whatever its cause, the fact deserves the most serious attention.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in the House of Commons, put the case in plain English, telling the country that "that surplus was derived from the opium monopoly; and, having got the money by poisoning the Chinese, they were going to spend it in killing the Afghans."

Invitations to a Prophetic Conference at Mildmay Park, London, have been issued. They are signed by Dr. Horatius Bonar, J. Denham Smith, Captain Moreton, and others. The following is an extract from them :

It was, we believe, generally felt that our gathering together last year was a means of much blessing to many, and that it was graciously used of our God both to cheer those who are waiting for the dawn of day, and to spread more widely among His servants the hope of our Lord's speedy return.

Certainly, His hand was upon us for good. There was vouchsafed to us a real unity of heart, and a true spirit of forbearance and brotherly love; and those who differed widely in their method of interpretation of prophecy were thoroughly of one mind in seeking to stir up each other to more believing hope, and to prayer for the hastening of the day of God.

As the lapse of another year brings our blessed Lord's advent so much the nearer, as "on earth perplexity and distress of nations" seem to grow more intense, as new doors open for the preaching of the everlasting Gospel which is to precede "the end," and as in Christendom the voice of infidelity waxes louder and bolder, it cannot but be right that the servants of God should "speak often one to another," and "so much the more as (they) see the day approaching."

Whatever views of prophetic interpretation are held, it is felt by most who look for our Lord's pre-millennial advent that the signs of the times are such as to encourage His servants to "look up, and to lift up (their) heads, for (their) redemption draweth nigh;" and that it is both the privilege and duty of the Church, while the taunt, "Where is the promise of His coming?" is in the lips of a scoffing world, to testify that "the Lord is at hand."

And if it be indeed true, if our once crucified and now glorified Saviour is on the point of fulfilling His parting promise to return to claim His bride, and to close this dispensation, what a solemn responsibility rests upon those who believe that they almost hear His footfall to sound a word of comfort to their waiting brethren, and a startling note of warning to the perishing multitude around.

Beloved brethren, we do believe (and our belief is shared by many) that "the time of the end" is upon us, that the Bridegroom will speedily come, and the door be shut. Thus believing, is it not ours to speak, and, so far as in us lies, to help each other and our fellow-Christians to realize more and more distinctly our privileges and duties at such an unspeakably solemn period?

The following subjects are set down for discussion: The duty of taking heed to the more sure Word of Prophecy; Christ's own testimony with regard to His Second Coming; Old Testament saints always waiting—trace from the patriarchs up to Simeon and Anna; The two Advents often combined in Scripture; The teaching of the Apostles concerning the Second Coming of Christ; The Conversion of the World—is it to be accomplished by the preaching of the Word in this dispensation, or subsequently to the coming of Christ? The Times of the Gentiles; The Gathering of Israel; The Millennial Reign of Christ; The Two Resurrections; The Two Judgments; The Present Dispensation (Acts 15); the Eternal State—Rev. 21 : 5, "Behold I make all things new;" Practical Influence of the Blessed Hope.

Reports of these meetings will appear in this journal.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, passing through Paris on his way to Mentone in the South of France, wrote thence the following letter to the church at the Tabernacle. It was read from the pulpit by the Rev. Jackson Wray, a Wesleyan minister who conducted the services in Mr. Spurgeon's absence.

"Beloved friends,—By God's gracious care I have journeyed thus far, and feel already that pain and sickness are losing their dominion over me. The weather has been extremely favorable, and if it continues so a few days longer I hope I shall reach my destination with comparative ease. This is enough about myself. Now, may every blessing rest upon you all in my absence, and may the esteemed brother, who in an emergency so generously consented to fill my place, have your hearty prayers, that his ministry among you may win many souls to Jesus. You have just lately brought all the tithes into the store-house, and now you may look for a great blessing. Does not the promise so run? My love with you all.—Yours, for Christ's sake, C. H. SPURGEON."

Mr. Sankey's work in England is being widely felt. A correspondent writes: "In the religious effort which is at present in progress in Newcastle, Mr. Sankey is, of course, only the central figure of a large number of workers. Ministers of various denominations are assisting him in his labors, and the Rev. T. Champness, of London, has been brought down for the purpose of filling the place which on a previous occasion was occupied by Mr. Moody. Mr. Champness does not cultivate the graces of oratory, nor sacrifice effectiveness to beauty of method. Starting from the very intelligible principle that men have souls to be saved, he lays himself out in an earnest way to assist in the work of saving them. A clear-minded, plain-speaking man, he enforces religious truths by *homely illustrations*, and uses language 'easily understood of the people.'

"The influence of the singing of Mr. Sankey and the preaching of Mr. Champness was to be seen in the fact that some hnndred and fifty persons remained for a prayer-meeting *when the ordinary service was over*, and in the further circumstance that, when the question was asked, many young men held up their hands in token that they were desirous of a change of life. Mr. Sankey proposes after leaving Newcastle to continue his labors in the North of England, and intends visiting nearly all the principal towns. He has received invitations from the ministers of the various Evangelical churches.

"A Hardworking Woman."—A gentleman writing to the *Times* of January 9th gives the following account of "A Gloucestershire woman, whose life was well-known to his family and himself. She married at eighteen, her husband being about the same age. His wages as an agricultural laborer were 15*s.* ($3.75) a week. She worked in the fields from 8 till 6, earning 10*d.* (20 cts.) a day. She brought up nine children, made and mended all the clothes worn by them, her husband, and herself, until her sons and daughters were old enough to get their own. She was always up at five; on washing days at four. Went to bed between nine and ten. In harvest time she would get the children up at two, be off with them to any field within walking distance, and begin gleaning as soon as it was light. On Saturdays her field work was over at one, after which she would walk to Bristol, three miles, carrying often a basket of clothes for a neighboring laundress, buy her 'marketing,' as she called it, and carry home, with the rest of her little parcels, two pecks of flour. On Saturday evenings she baked, and would sometimes make a pair of trousers or a smock-frock, besides washing and ironing a few things that the children wanted for Sunday, and often working till midnight. She was a very regular attendant at the church services, which were a real pleasure to her. There were few gifts in her days; her only ones were, on the 30th of January in each year, a loaf of bread and material for one shirt. Her children began to work 'almost as soon as they could toddle.' She was a strong, handsome, cheerful woman to the last, and lived to a good old age. Her children grew up respectable men and women, and her now numerous grandchildren are some of them in good positions, and all with a great capacity for work."

Giving Brandy in Hospitals.—On Jan. 8 an inquest was held in London, on Honorah Rock, aged sixty-four. The deceased had amassed a large amount of money by keeping over one hundred lodging-houses in different parts of London, but, drinking to excess, she lost nearly all her money. Her sister and her husband took her to live with them, and after a time, as they were both total abstainers, the deceased was induced to become so also. For four years she continued so, when for a time she became an inmate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. *There she was given some brandy*, the old appetite revived, and she took to habits of intoxication again in spite of all her kind relatives could do. On the evening of the 7th she went out and bought two bottles of gin, the whole of one of which she drank before going to rest. *The nex morning she was found dead* in her bed. Th medical man in attendance said that death resulted from a rupture of a bloodvessel on th brain, accelerated by drink, and the jury returne a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

Another terrible example of the ruinous effect of drink was mentioned recently by Mr. Josep Weatherley at a "Sunday Morning Breakfast" given to a number of poor people. He had som time ago picked off the streets, in rags, a youn man whose father was a man of enormou wealth, and willing to do any thing for his son he would but live respectably, while his sister wa the wife of an Earl; this young man had sinc died horribly, a victim to intemperance.

"Take your Seats for Jerusalem," or its equivalent in Arabic, will soon be heard at Jaffa fro railway guards, for at last there seems to be chance for a railway between those two place The French company which obtained a firma several years ago for its construction has ju sent out four engineers to go over the final su vey. Travellers say that the line will not on be a great comfort, but that something of th kind is rendered absolutely necessary by th present wretched state of the road. The journ from Jaffa to Jerusalem now occupies ten hou on horseback. All merchandise is carried eith on camels or mules. Ten thousand strange including the Eastern pilgrims, now annua visit Jerusalem.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Circulation, 135,000.

This Journal contains every week the following items: A Portrait and Biography of some eminent person—A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London—ermon by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, or some other American Preacher—An Article elucidatory of the Prophecies of Holy Writ, written by gymen who have made the subject their especial study—A Summary of Current Events and Religious Intelligence—A Serial Tale and Short Anecdotes etc.—Also once onth, a Sermon by the Eminent Methodist Minister, Dr. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

rice, Single Copies, Three Cents.
ubscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1879.

13th Year. No. 18—New Series.

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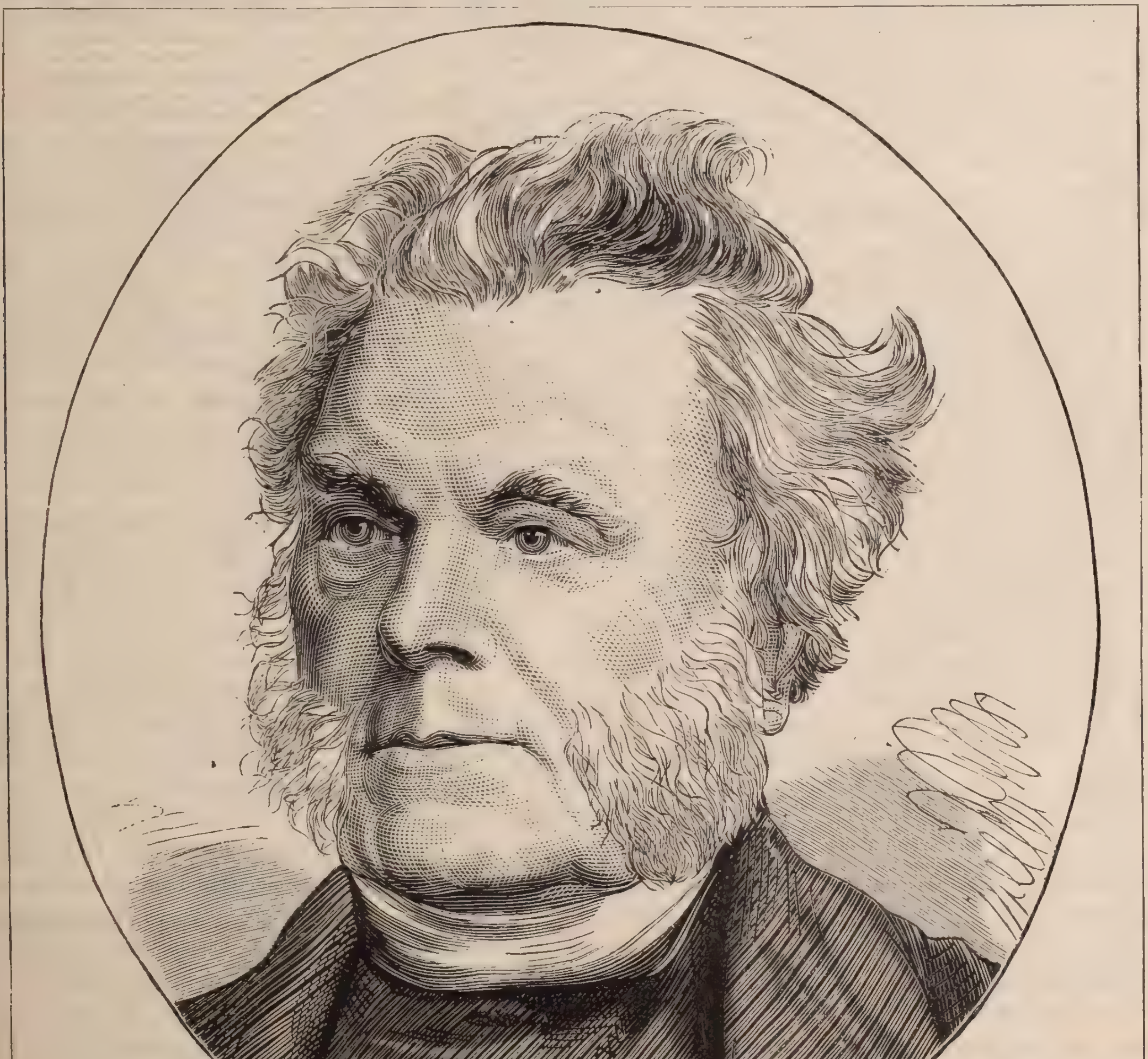

REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES, Author of "The Anxious Inquirer," etc., etc.

THE REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

The Influence of a Pious Mother—The Example of a Fellow-Apprentice—The Anxious Inquirer in the Shoemaker's Shop—Studies for the Ministry—His First Services in Birmingham—Great Success—Failing Health—His Last Literary Labor—His Death—Extract from his Addresses—His Testimony about Total Abstinence.

It may be said without exaggeration that no Christian preacher of this century has achieved so wide a reputation as the late John Angell James, pastor of Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham, England, the author of "The Anxious Inquirer" and a large number of religious works of a like valuable and useful character.

His name is written on the hearts of the British churches, along with the names of Wickliffe and Latimer, Ridley and Hooper, Owen and Flavel, Baxter and Howe, Henry and Doddridge, Watts and Whitefield, and a long list of illustrious men of whom the world was not worthy.

John Angell James was born at Blandford, England, on the 6th of June, 1785. His father was an honorable and an upright man, but did not till late in life profess faith and love toward the Lord Jesus Christ. His mother was a woman of eminent godliness, and to her care and her prayers, to his very latest years, he constantly expressed the most grateful acknowledgments. *His mother used to take the children one by one to her chamber and pray with them there*, and earnestly beseech God to take them into His family, and make them forever His own. The blessed result of this maternal piety was, that all her children who lived became truly Christian people.

When school life was over John was apprenticed to a Mr. Bailey, a draper at Poole, in Dorsetshire. This was a trying hour for

"THE YOUNG MAN FROM HOME."

Under the influence of a false shame, he discontinued the habit of morning and evening prayer. A new apprentice, however, came, who slept in the same room with him, and the first night the newcomer *knelt by his bedside* before retiring to rest. The susceptible heart and conscience of John were struck with self-reproach ; and that solitary act of fidelity in a fellow-apprentice, without a single word to sustain it, was made by God to sink into his heart, and become the spring of all his future usefulness.

There lived in Poole at that time a humble but most useful Christian, an old shoemaker, who was always on the watch for the appearance of religious thoughtfulness in young people, and was accustomed to invite them to his house. Night after night the young apprentice went to the shoemaker's shop, an "anxious inquirer." In that cottage were first heard the tones of that voice in prayer, which has since awakened the devotions of thousands. At this time one of John's elder sisters was visiting some relations at Romsey, and as she had already been brought to Christ, she and her brother used to correspond on religious topics.

She showed some of his letters to Mr. Bennett, afterwards Dr. Bennett, of Falcon Square Chapel, London ; and he, being struck by the evidence they presented of the fervor and ability of the writer, thought he might become an effective minister of the Gospel. This was followed by correspondence, and, through Mr. Bennett's influence, John was led to look to the ministry as his future calling. His father was extremely unwilling that his son should abandon business ; but at length these difficulties were surmounted, and the youth became a pupil of Dr. Bogue, at Gosport.

He was there received into the Christian church ; his mother being a Baptist, none of the children had been baptized in infancy, and he was therefore baptized while there. Dr. Bogue's academy was supported by Mr. Robert Haldane and the London Missionary Society ; some of the students were destined for missionary work, and some for the ministry at home. It was on this foundation that Mr. James received his education. Among his associates at Gosport was Morrison, the famous Chinese missionary.

The urgent demand then existing for Evangelical preaching induced the conductors of Dissenting colleges to encourage early attempts at public speaking. Mr. James was accordingly much engaged in such services, and before the termination of his studies several churches sought his permanent settlement with them, and amongst these was

THE CHURCH AT CARR'S LANE,

Birmingham, of which Dr. R. W. Dale is now the pastor. In August, 1804, Mr. James, then only nineteen years of age, entered Birmingham to preach to the church temporarily, and with no conception that he would be chosen its pastor. He had not, however, preached to them more than four times, when a deputation waited upon him with a request that he would become their minister as soon as he might be permitted to leave Gosport.

He returned to the academy, and, after another year spent there, came back to Birmingham to enter upon the duties of the pastorate. On the 8th of May he was ordained, the Revs. Drs. Bogue and Jay (of Bath), and other eminent ministers, taking part in the services of that auspicious day. Mr. James said of this day of his ordination : "It was a solemn and delightful day. The church had gone through much trouble, but now seemed to see happier days approaching. The old men wept for joy ; the young men rejoiced in hope."

At that time Carr's Lane congregation was far from being the numerous, wealthy, and influential body it now is. It consisted of not more than 200 persons, and the church itself of only about forty members. The pulpit ministrations of the young minister for nearly seven years did not increase the number of his hearers, and this season was one of trial and anxiety, but evidently also one of spiritual improvement ; for to such a minister it could not fail to prove a season of self-examination and earnest wrestling with God.

If already he had learned to preach, now he learned to pray—to pray in faith, and wait for blessing. The answer to those prayers was not long delayed ; for in the eighth year of his pastorate an alteration and improvement of his chapel was needed and effected ; and when, at its reopening, he returned to it with his congregation, it proved insufficient to hold the numbers that gathered there. Six years only elapsed from this period before it was determined to take this chapel down, and erect another which should seat 2000. The new building continued to be crowded Sunday by Sunday till the day of his death, and is so still under the Rev. Mr. Dale's ministry.

After a ministry of *fifty-four* years over this congregation, marked by many interesting experiences, and varied by occasionally preaching and speaking in other places, Mr. James's health began to fail, chiefly through

THE INFIRMITIES OF AGE,

accelerated, no doubt, by a long course of constant labor, and intensified by the wearing force of the "care of all the churches." His own consciousness of an exhausted constitution had been often betrayed by declared anticipations of coming death during his more recent public appearances. When the Evangelical Alliance, of which he was the first President, met in Belfast, he, by the following letter, requested an interest in the prayers of its assembled members :

"I shall be with you in spirit at the holy gathering this week ; but, instead of being with you as God's *active* servant, I must remain at home God's *suffering* one. Perhaps the dear brethren will think of me as they approach the Throne of Grace ; and, that it may not be forgotten, I will enclose in this letter a written supplication to that effect, which you will be kind enough to present at one of your devotional meetings. Such a prayer from such an assembly will perhaps *have power with God and prevail:* 'Mr. James sends his fraternal love to the brethren assembled at the annual meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, and, while praying that the great Lord, who is the centre of Christian unity, may be in their midst, earnestly solicits their prayers on his behalf, that, if the cup of personal and relative suffering, which is now put into his hand, may not pass from him, he may be favored with bright manifestations of the presence and power of Christ, and be enabled to bear present and future affliction with all long-suffering and joyfulness, and be thus assisted to glorify God in the fires.' "

MR. JAMES'S DEATH

was, at the last, very sudden and unexpected. He had been indisposed and feeble for some ten days, and his physical infirmities were perceptibly and rapidly increasing. But on the Sunday morning previous to his death he had preachec an eminently characteristic and vigorous discourse at Edgbaston Chapel ; and in the evenin he was present at Carr's lane. Indeed, in th midst of all his physical weakness, his ment power seemed to remain unimpaired, and h wrote and studied as usual up to the hour of h last seizure. The sermon he intended to preac at Carr's Lane Chapel on the next Sunday eve ing was prepared. He was cheerful and happ under the consciousness that his end was a proaching. He talked much of heaven, ar seemed to anticipate, with great satisfactic "*the rest that remaineth for the people of God.*'

The gloom which had previously sometim clouded his mind, especially when he thought leaving his afflicted daughter, had been who dissipated. During the week his friends we struck with the elevation of his religious j and were not without their fears that the e could not be far off. On the Friday, howev he seemed stronger, and a lady, who happen to be staying with him, read to him in the ev ing the whole of the *Missionary Chronicle* the month, to which he listened with great terest, as it referred largely to China. He th wrote to his brother :

"My condition just now is very low, *not* *spirit.* I thank my Heavenly Father I peaceful, I may say happy, quietly and cont edly waiting to see how it will go with me. appetite entirely fails. Through mercy I tolerable nights ; but I believe it is the beginr of the end."

On that day, also, Mr. James corrected proofs of

THE LAST PRODUCTION OF HIS PEN,

a review of the life and labors of the Rev. Ric Knill, and forwarded it, accompanied by the lowing letter :

"I think it probable that with these few r on dear Knill's life and labors I shall lay my pen, which has written much ; *would G had written better!* But, while I say this, I not without hope, yea, I may add convic that it has in some degree written *usefully.* some humble degree I have aimed at usefu both in my preaching and writing, and Goc to an amount which utterly astonishes an most overwhelms me, given me what I sought. Usefulness is within the reach all : the man who intensely desires to be u and takes the proper means, *will be useful.* will not withhold His grace from such d and such labors. Oh ! my brother, how de ful is it, notwithstanding the humbling an rowful consciousness of defects and sins, tc back upon a life spent for Christ. I tha sovereign God I am not without some deg this."

As he was about to retire to rest he becar in- disposed, having apparently been attack indigestion, and Dr. Evans was called his aid. He prescribed for his venerable frienc and assured his family there was no need for a When Mr. James was about to go to his room, Dr. Evans wished to assist him upst a trouble which Mr. James was very unwill to give ; but when the doctor persisted in prof ring his aid, he turned to him affectionatel and quoted the text, "Inasmuch as thou hast unto one of the least of these, thou hast unto Me."

During the night he was restless, and freq sick, but slept from half-past four till six c in the morning. Then he awoke, and plain that the time of his departure was at

He lay calmly for a little while, held out his hand o his son, who, with his medical advisers, was tanding at his bedside, and then again sank into a slumber which in a few minutes became the sleep of death. So peacefully passed away this honored servant of Christ.

Had he lived much longer, it is almost certain hat he would have been destined to protracted martyrdom, as latterly he had been afflicted with a most distressing malady, which time would have aggravated to torture. All this he was mercifully saved. A *post-mortem* examination disclosed partial ossification of the heart, and proved that death was actually caused by the rupture of a small vessel in that organ.

A few hours before he died, which was at seven o'clock in the morning, the previous hours of the night had been much disturbed. His servant, Ann ——, who heard the violence of his cough, went into his room to offer assistance, which he declined, unwilling that anybody should lose rest on his account. Before he died, he engaged in prayer, and repeated portions of Scripture and hymns. He was heard to utter,—

"Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide.
His path was much rougher
And darker than mine:
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer,
And shall I repine?"

In one of his last pastoral letters he said: "When I became pastor of the Carr's Lane Church, more than fifty-three years ago, the only object of congregational benevolence and action was the Sunday-school, which was then conducted in a private house hired for the purpose. There was nothing else we set our hands to. But there are now nearly 2000 children in our Sunday and day schools. We also raise annually about 500*l.* for the London Missionary Society and 200*l.* for two town-missionaries, and have helped to form six other Independent churches, and have ninety tract-distributors." There were, besides, a Dorcas, Maternal, Female Benevolent, Village Preachers', and Young Men's Christian Societies in connection with his church.

HIS ELOQUENCE AND EARNESTNESS.

Mr. James's literary labors were most abundant. Besides his "Anxious Inquirer," by which his name is best known, and of which more than *half a million copies have been sold*, he published "Pastoral Addresses," of which one million copies have been sold, and the "Young Man from Home" (about 100,000 copies).—"Christian Progress," the sequel of "The Anxious Inquirer"—"The Family Monitor"—"The Young Man's Friend"—"Christian Father's Present to his Children"—"Female Piety, or the Young Woman's Friend"—"The Earnest Ministry," and several other books, besides numerous essays and articles in periodicals. More than a million copies of various tracts by him have also been circulated. The following are brief speciments of his style:

IN A SPEECH ON THE BIBLE SOCIETY,

he said, "There are a few persons who would have this Society dissolved, and its supporters out of various denominations act only each within the pale of his distinct and separate communion. No! Let them dissolve the Hallelujah chorus of Handel, and send the performers each to sing his own part in his own separate abode; this, though an outrage upon harmony, would be a venial offence compared with the breaking up of an Institution which, to the delight of angels and the joy of God's own heart, is performing the noblest concert that ever rolled its sublime tones from earth to heaven. Let them speculate with gratification upon the scene that would present itself, were the rainbow divided, and the heavens striped with its distinct and separate colors; but let them not attempt to persuade us to separate the mingled beauties of this interesting Society, which now throws its noble arch across the hemisphere of Christendom, the symbol of retiring storms and the fair pledge of future tranquillity."

IN AN ADDRESS TO STUDENTS,

he said: "Preach Christ, my brethren, and for Christ's own sake. Exalt Christ, not yourselves. Exhibit Christ in the divinity of His person, the efficacy of His atonement, the prevalence of His intercession, the fulness of His grace, the freeness of His invitations, the perfection of His example; in all His mediatorial offices, and Scripture characters; and as the Alpha and Omega of your whole ministry. Let your sermons be fragrant with the odors of His name: carry this precious unguent to the pulpit, break the alabaster box, and let the precious perfume fill the house in which you minister.

Christ has Himself told you the secret of popularity and success, where He said, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me. With this divine loadstone magnetize your sermons: here lies the attraction. Preach as in full view of all the wonders of Calvary, and let it be as if, while you spoke, you felt the Saviour's grace flowing into and filling your soul, and as if at that moment you were sympathizing with the apostle in His sublime raptures—'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' When Popery and Puseyism are lifting so extensively the *crucifix*, or at any rate a mere ceremonial religion, let us exhibit the *Cross* in all its grandeur and attraction."

Mr. James earnestly recommended

TOTAL ABSTINENCE,

as follows: "Begin life, young men, with an extreme dread of intoxicating drink. There is ground for alarm. Drunkenness is fearfully prevalent. Myriads and myriads sink every year into the drunkard's grave, and, lower still, into the drunkard's hell. One half of the lunacy, two thirds of the pauperism, and three fourths of the crime of society are said to spring from this desolating habit. Beware, then, of this dreadful appetite and propensity. Be afraid of it. *Consider yourselves liable to it.* Abandon all self-confidence. Avoid every thing that leads to drinking.

Abjure tobacco in every shape. Shun bad company. Never cross the threshold of the tavern for the purpose of conviviality. Practise total abstinence. All the drunkards that are, or ever have been, *were moderate men once.* I do most earnestly entreat you to abstain from all intoxicating drinks. You do not need them for health, *and to take them for gratification is the germ of inebriety.* Total abstinence will conduce to health—to economy—and to prosperity.

I reflect with unutterable grief upon many young men who entered life with the brightest prospects. But they went to the tavern and theatre, and then to the brothel. They became dissipated, extravagant, idle. Unhappy youths! I know what they might have been—respectable tradesmen, prosperous merchants, honorable members of society. I know what they are—bloated rakes, discarded partners, uncertificated bankrupts, miserable vagrants, a burden to their friends, a nuisance to the community, and a torment to themselves."

Teaching a King.—Lately King Humbert of Italy, who is a Roman Catholic, received a deputation of members of the Evangelical Alliance. After the address had been read, the King asked them to what Church they belonged. Each one answered for himself. His Majesty, on hearing certain names, exclaimed, "I don't understand what that means. What a number of different shades!" It was explained to his Majesty that as in his army there were various uniforms and many regiments, but only one standard and one chief. The King then asked the pastor who was first presented to him who he was, to which he replied, "I am a pastor of the *Waldensian Church*, your Majesty." "Now," said the King, "I know where I am," and with this gave the pastor a hearty shake of the hand. Joyous and hopeful this, though strange, as occurring on Italian soil.

THE WORLDLY STUDENT AND THE LEFT-HAND LETTER.

A STUDENT in a college one day received a letter, and as he glanced at the postmark and the handwriting, he was startled. He had been expecting a letter from his mother, but the one he received, although it bore the postmark of home, was certainly not directed in his mother's familiar hand. Had anything happened to his dearly loved parent? In that moment of suspense, it seemed as if all her incessant love and many admonitions had rushed to his mind. Through his whole life he had been surrounded by her influence and her prayers.

His mother had, with deep earnestness, told him, when he was leaving home, that she believed the crisis of his life had come, and she implored him to choose Christ for his portion. But his heart was full of worldly ambition. His studies engrossed his whole attention, and he turned a deaf ear to religious truth. She continually wrote lettter after letter to him at college, urging him, with all the intensity of her love, not to make the fatal delay; but the letters were put carelessly aside, and he turned to his absorbing studies. Her faithful pleadings were unheeded. There was a revival in the school, but he did not attend the meetings. His classmates went, and were saved; but he had no time to spare, so completely was he immersed in his books. Would anything arouse him? It would seem as if everything had failed. But God's ways are not our ways. That letter did the work. The question, Has anything happened to mother? Is she dead, and all her tearful prayers unanswered?—the inquiry, so full of fear, prepared the heart for what was to follow.

With trembling fingers he tore open the envelope. No, his mother was not dead; but a serious accident had deprived her of her right hand. The hardest thing for the mother was the thought that she could not write to her absent son, and still entreat him to be wise in time.

Immediately she began a letter with her untaught left hand. But when the awkward hand had finished its unaccustomed task, it was so different from the fair writing of former days, that the poor mother could not restrain her tears over the crooked, miserable-looking letter. But it was the best that the faithful mother could do, and, weeping, she knelt and implored God to accept her offering and "make the crooked straight."

How little she thought that even the address that she penned with her trembling left hand was to awaken conscience. Slowly and thoughtfully her son deciphered the contents of the scarcely legible letter. It was full of the one theme—his salvation—and as he read the earnest appeal that had been written with such difficulty, every word touched the chords of his heart. He said, "If my salvation makes my dear mother so anxious, I will attend to it now."

That night he was found in a revival meeting; and from among the many who were converted at that time, he became one of the brightest lights of the Christian Church.

A Dream of being Burned to Death.—Solomon tells us that the multitude of dreams are vanities, and experience confirms the testimony. Nevertheless there are exceptional dreams wherein, as Elihu told Job, "God openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instructions." In the memoir of the Rev. W. Bull—a noted Nonconformist minister—such a dream is mentioned in connection with the burning down of the Haymarket Theatre in London, when fifteen or sixteen persons lost their lives. Among them was a young lady who had gone to the theatre, against the rebukes of her conscience, to oblige some country cousins, and who told her maid before she went that she should never return alive, for she had dreamed the night before that if she went she should die. This dream was awfully fulfilled. Her mother on the same night had a similar dream, so that in this case there was a double fulfilment.

"TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE."

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage; preached February 16th, 1879.

"Is the young man Absalom safe?"—2 SAMUEL 18 : 32.

Two Great Characteristics of Absalom: Worldly Ambition and Splendid Hair—The Safety of Young Men—Crises in Life when Men Must Have God or Perish—1. The Choice of an Occupation—A Career of Vacillation—God Knows for what you are Fitted—Ask Him—2. The Time when a Man Builds his Home—Marry a Heroine—"She's Been the Same to Me all Through"—3. The First Success in Life—Different Effects of Success—4. The First Sorrow—Life is a Conflict—The First Sorrow is perhaps Bereavement—Why the First-born Dies—Sickness will Come—5. The Tremendous Crisis of the Last Hour—Deathbed of a Nobleman—Come back to God—An Excursion Steamer at Niagara.

A FEW weeks ago, in discoursing to you upon this text, I spoke of the safeguards of young men. I use the text this morning for a different object, while I speak of the turning-points in our life. Two great characteristics of Absalom were worldly ambition and splendid hair. By the one he was debased; by the other, hung. He was a bad boy and broke his father's heart. He wanted to get his father's throne before the decease of the father. He wanted to get it *immediately*. He got an army. He started out in a great insurrection. David, the father, sits at the palace waiting for the news of the battle to come, not so anxious about whether Absalom's hosts won the day, or whether his own hosts won the day, as he is anxious about *the safety of his boy*. The father in him mightier than the king.

While he sits there watching and waiting for the coming of a messenger from the battle-field, he sees the dust rising in the highway, and long before the messenger comes up, bringing the swift dispatch, David cries out to him, "Is Absalom alive? Is Absalom dead? Is the boy wounded? Tell me quickly, is the young man Absalom safe?" But as the messenger had no very decisive intelligence to give, he stood aside. There David sat waiting for another messenger, and after a while he saw the dust rising on the highway, and long before the messenger had come up, David shouted to him again—shouts to this one as he had to the other, "Have you heard any thing from my boy? Is he wounded? Is he alive? Is he dead? Is the young man Absalom safe?"

Alas! he was not safe. Absalom riding on a mule—the meanest animal in all the world on which to ride, the hardest at the bit and the stiffest at the neck—Absalom riding on a mule, had gone under a tree branch and his hair had caught on the tree branch, and the mule, true to its characteristics, had gone on, he not able to stop it, and Absalom was suspended, and so he died. With an awful negative, the words of my text were answered, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" No, he was not safe. *Destroyed for this life. Destroyed for the life to come.*

I want to utter a few words this morning, in regard to the safety of young men—indeed of all men. While men may get along tolerably well without the religion of Christ, in some circumstances of life, there are three or four turning-points where a man *must have God or perish*; or, if he does not come to such a crisis as that, to such an extreme as that, he must have God or make a mistake that will last forever. I propose this morning to speak to you of three or four of these turning-points in life.

The first turning-point is

THE CHOICE OF AN OCCUPATION OR PROFESSION.

It is a very serious time when a young man comes from the school or the college and has completed his education, or has received all the education from the schools he will receive, and says, "Now, what shall I be? For what occupation, for what profession, am I prepared?" Mechanism will spread before him a hundred different occupations. Professional life will spread before him seven or eight callings. Indeed, perhaps in all there may be five hundred different callings and occupations. For only one of those five hundred is he fitted and prepared. If he does not have divine direction, four hundred and ninety-nine chances to one he will get in the wrong business. In other words, the most tremendous crisis perhaps in a man's life, or one of the most tremendous, is the time when he chooses his occupation or profession, and he wants God to tell him how to choose.

I knew a man who started in commercial life with bright prospects. He crossed over from commercial life into the medical profession; he went from the general medical profession into specific surgery; he went from surgery into the ministry; he went from the ministry into the army during the last war; he came out and entered the ministry again; then he passed from the ministry into surgery, and so his life has been a complete vacillation, and with the most wonderful talents his life is going to be a failure. How much better it would have been if that man could have got the right profession or occupation at the start. He was particularly qualified for surgery, and I believe if he had gone before God and asked for His direction he would have received it; and instead of going from one occupation to another, and making his life a mistake and a failure, he would have gone on to great usefulness and success.

You ask your father what you had better do: he will give you one kind of advice, he will advise you one style of occupation or profession, your mother will give you other advice, your sister other advice, while you will be in doubt as to whether you have physical endurance for this, or mental acumen for that, or tact for some other business. At such a time *one needs to go to God*. God built your body, and He knows what your physical endurance. God constructed your mind and He knows for what occupation you have particular adaptation. Go to Him and ask the question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

I meet many young men in this house this morning who have not, perhaps, thoroughly decided upon the work or occupation for which the Lord has fitted them. Before you leave the house to-day ask God's direction that you may make no mistake. Blunder here and you blunder forever. You know a great many men who have been ruined for two worlds, because they got in the wrong business.

2. Another important pass in one's life, a turning-point in one's history, is

THE TIME WHEN HE ESTABLISHES HIS OWN HOME.

When a man builds his home, he builds for eternity. Is it not amazing that affiancing in life is so often a matter of merriment and of joke, when it decides so much for this world and the world to come? I do not put the case too strongly when I say that when a man marries *he marries for heaven or for hell!* Oh! build not your home on earth upon the sparkle of a bright eye or the color of a fair cheek. The time will come in your history when you will want in your home *not a pet, or a toy, but a heroine*, and you will find that life is not a gay romance, but a tremendous reality; and coming home from your store, or office, or shop, or factory, or studio, most of all you will need some one in your home with a face cheerful but sympathetic.

There is an aged man who looks back to a crisis in life when his fortune went away and reason almost left the throne. He knew not what to do. He remembers a particular evening when he came home from the store, he hardly dared break the news to the wife; he could not bear to tell her he had suspended in business, that he had stopped payment, that his fortune had gone. He went into the house, he closed the door upon the world, and in domestic peace found a foretaste of that heaven where panics never come. Ah! if it had not been for that help that you had, what would have been the result when you told her of your financial embarrassment and misfortune? She was cheerful, she was sympathetic, she was helpful, she helped you all through those dark days of trial, and after the piano went, she could sing without the accompaniment just as well as she ever sang with the accompaniment—

There have been Christian women who have so had their domestic troubles sanctified that they could get more music out of a Wheeler & Wilson sewing-machine than ever in the days of their prosperity they got out of a Chickering grand or a Steinway.

A Christian minister in England called upon a home of great destitution. There were the husband, the wife, and there were the children. No comfort in the household. Every thing indicative of want and struggle. The minister of the Gospel said to this young man: "Your mistake was in marrying so early. Do you not think that was the mistake of your life?" The man had been told that that had been the mistake of his life, before. The minister said: "It would have been a great deal better for you to have gone on and get something of a property before you entered into the marriage state. Don't you think it would have been better?" And then the man looked around, and his eyes filled with tears, and he looked to his poorly-clad wife and said: "No, sir; *she's been the same to me all through.*"

Ah! there are some of you who would never have known what your homes were worth if trouble had not come. Perhaps your companion in life may have been too fond of the world and its gayeties; but one touch of misfortune turned her into a Miriam shouting the triumph on the banks of the Red Sea. If you have spoken of frivolity and fondness of display as the chief characteristics of woman, you may have to correct your mistake in some bitter pass of life, when, all other resources having failed, you are upheld by a wife's hand, suddenly armed of the Lord God Almighty for that emergency. Oh! in this tremendous pass of your earthly existence, cry unto God and ask His direction. Make a mistake here, and *you make it forever*. Walter Scott wrote something, half of which I do not like, for it is sarcastic, but the other half I do like, for it is so true:

> O woman! in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please:
> When pain and anguish wring the brow
> A ministering angel thou."

lessed that home in which the newly-marrie couple dedicate their souls to Christ. Blesse the family Bible in which their names have jus been written. Blessed the hour of morning an evening prayer. Blessed the angels of God wh join wing tip to wing tip over that home, mak ing a canopy of light and love and blessednes It may be only yesterday that they claspe hands, but they have clasped hands forever The orange-blossoms may fail and the fragranc may die on the air; but they who marry i Christ shall walk together on that day when th Church, which is the Lamb's wife, shall take th hand of her Lord and King amid the swinging the golden censers.

3. Again I remark: It is a tremendous pa in life

WHEN A MAN COMES TO HIS FIRST GREAT SUCCESS.

You get in the cars some evening. Everybo that looks at you knows there has somethi glad happened. You sit down in the car, yo face illuminated, and a lady comes in. There no place for her to sit, and you get up with gre hilarity, and you say "Take my place," and s with great courtesy says, "I thank you," a everybody that sees you sees that great goo fortune has happened to you. What is the ma ter? Why, you have been taken into partne ship, or through a turn of business there h been some good-fortune happened to yo Now, *that is your trial*, that is your test ho At such a crisis a man says, "Now, what sh I invest in? what kind of a house shall I bu what shall be the library? what shall be my wardrobe? what shall I do with my money?"

At that point hundreds of men make a fatal mistake. Some go into dissipation. Some take on great arrogance, try to make everybody feel how small they are. Whole caravans of camels going through the needle's eye of their meanness. They walk through the street with an air as much as to say, "Get out of the way! here comes three hundred thousand dollars!" That is the crisis in life where so many fail, *because they have no God to direct them.*

There are men who before their success are kind and amiable and genial and useful who after their success are arrogant and unbearable and unchristian. Here is a man who was once very useful in society, but great success comes, and he gets in his equipage, and he drives on, he lashes the fiery steeds, he goes faster and faster, eight miles the hour, twenty miles the hour, one hundred miles the hour, faster and faster, until in his last moments he rouses up to find that he is drawn by the fiery hoofs of eternal disaster as they come clattering down on the pavement of hell. O young man, or man in mid-life! you want God in your great success, your first great success.

4. Another tremendous pass in our life is when we get

OUR FIRST SORROW.

It would be foolish for me to talk to the young men of this day as though their life was going to be smooth all the way. You might as well start a sea-captain in a vessel, without a carpenter and without any tools, and without any extra cordage. That would do very well while the sea was smooth, but when the ship gets caught in the teeth of a northeaster and the waves dash clear over the hurricane deck, then the captain cries out, "Where's the carpenter? where are the tools? where are the ropes?" The young men of this day would understand that I misrepresented the matter if I told them their life was always to be smooth. They know better. They know from what they see of the life of others that life cannot always be smooth. Many men came home from the late war without a scratch or a bruise; but in the conflict of life it is not so; we all get wounded—wounded in the head, in the hands, in the feet, in the heart.

LIFE IS A CONFLICT.

The Bible over and over again states *that.* Paul states it, and he writes himself as in a war with the world, a war with the flesh and a war with the devil, and war all the way through. Now, how are you going to meet the first trouble? That is the question. Show me how you are to meet your first trouble, and I will show you how you meet all the other troubles. It is the first blow that sends a man to drinking to drown his troubles, that knocks the fire out of him so he spends the rest of his life cowed down.

Who is that weigher in that large commercial establishment in New York? *He once owned the store.* Who is that underling in a large manufacturing establishment, getting one or two thousand a year? He once owned the factory, but misfortune came, the first blow brought him to the dust, and he never had the courage to rise. Oh, how important is the manner in which we receive the first sorrow!

Perhaps the first trouble is *bereavement.* I suppose you know—I suppose you have recognized the fact that so often the first-born is taken. I have seven brothers and sisters. Each one lost the first-born. And I suppose that in hundreds of cases in this house it was the first-born that was taken. Some people give what is to me a very absurd reason for that. They say it is because the child is loved too much. I do not think that is possible. I do not believe any father or mother ever loved a child too much. You cannot love your child too much. God did not take your child because you loved it too much. I think this is the reason why God so often takes the first-born: it is to transfer your affections to Heaven and make that place the more grand and blessed—at the beginning of your life making Heaven blessed, so that you keep thinking of that place, and so be elevated and lifted on toward it. I think that is the reason. Perhaps I am wrong. I am sure the other reason is wrong, that so many people give when they say it is because you love your child too much.

Now suppose the first trial comes and you have no God. What then? Have you ever tried to see one go through bereavement without any God? I have witnessed that sad spectacle. But we want grace, we want divine grace when bereavement comes into the home which erst was full of sunny locks and greetings at the door, and kisses flung by little hands from the window as you went down the front steps, and the doves in the nest cry because the hawk swoops, and the cheek pales, and the eyes close and the heart stops. Oh! to put away garments that never will be worn again, to gather up from the floor toys that never again will strew the carpet, and to go with a sense of suffocation through the desolated household that once rang with childish merriment—O my God! who can stand that without Thy grace to help, without Thy grace to soothe, without Thy grace to comfort? Oh! you will want Christ in your first trouble; *whatever it is,* whatever it may be, you will want Christ in your first trouble, and so I beg of you this morning to take Him as yours.

You say you are strong and well. So am I. You say that life is buoyant and beautiful. So it is to me. But sickness will come to you, and it will come to me. We will be told we cannot go out, the door will be closed against the world, there will be two watches, and some one will order silence on the stairs, saying: "Hush, hush!" and in your dream you will hear the dash of water which you will take to be the beating of the wave of the Jordan against your pillow, and you will hear a sound at the gate which you will take to be the pawing of the pale horse. Oh! then you and I will want a physician, a divine physician; we will want Christ to come in, and put His arms around us, and say, "Fear not, all is well—all is well."

5. But there is one more pass of great importance of which I must speak—one tremendous crisis, when we will want God. I say that not more to you than I do to myself. We will want God in that crisis. And that pass is

THE LAST HOUR.

I suppose we all would like to expire at home. We want our friends in the room, some to recite the promises, some to sing, one to hold the hand. We want to look up in faces that have been familiar to us a good while, and we will have messages to give. If we are parents, we will want to tell our children how they ought to act when we are gone, what principles they ought to adopt, how near they ought to live to God.

And if we have aged parents living, we will want to tell our children how they ought to act toward the old people, how they ought to care for them after we are gone. I think when we leave this world we will all have a message to give to somebody. When that hour comes we will want Christ, we will want a divine friend to stand by us, and to say that all shall be well in the future. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." But you know very well that if we go out of this world, my brother, without Christ, we take a leap into the dark. Have you ever read what the nobleman wrote to his friend—wrote on his dying bed to his friend?

THE DYING NOBLEMAN,

writing to his friend, said: "I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important issue. O my friend! with what horror do I recall the hours of vanity we have wasted together; but I have a splendid passage to the grave. I die in state and languish under a gilt canopy. I am expiring on soft and downy pillows. My dependents sigh; my sisters weep; my father bends beneath the load of years and of grief; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs and leaves me to hide his grief; but oh! which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me? Adieu, until me meet in the world of spirits."

Who would want to go out of the world like that, when he can go in triumph indescribable? Like Paul, saying, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me." Or that other battle shout: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ." Well, there are a good many men in this house who say, "What you have declared this morning is the truth, but I am so far gone in sin, there's no hope for me." O my brother! *there you make a great mistake.*

I stand here this morning to declare there is hope for any man who wants to come to God. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought, and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon. Come, this morning. "Oh!" you say, "if you knew my history you wouldn't invite me." I do not care what your history; is come to God to-day. "Whosoever will." That word "*whosoever*" covers all cases of wandering, of iniquity. "Whosoever will, let him come." But says some one in the house: "I have started in the line of iniquity, and I am going on; I will risk the future; I haven't much faith in Christianity; I am going to have an easy time in this world, get all out of it I can, go into all kinds of sin, taking the risk for the future." Oh! will you not be diverted from that course? will you not now realize the fact that you want God? Oh! how much you need Him! It may take a great struggle to bring you back; but come back you may and you will; this morning some of you will. May God by His Holy Spirit move upon your heart!

I have sometimes heard people say it is as easy for them to become Christians as to turn their hands. Oh what a misrepresentation that is! It takes the blood. It is the mightiest struggle in all the world when a man who has been doing wrong tries to do right. It is a mightier struggle than I would ask any man to go into unless he lays hold of the strong arm of God, who will help him and who will deliver him.

Some years ago there was

AN EXCURSION STEAMER

some miles above Niagara Falls. There were many on the excursion, many passengers, and the boat floated on down toward the rapids; but the captain expected to return in time to avoid all danger, and they were laughing on the deck, when some one said to the captain, "Are you not going too far down?" He said, "No; I know what I am about." After a while he told the engineer to turn and go up stream; but lo! the captain found they were farther down toward the rapids than he thought for. He cried to the engineer, "Put on more steam!" More steam was applied, but still the steamer with its freight of life kept going on towards the rapids. The captain cried out to the engineer, "Put on more steam!" More steam was applied, but still the vessel made no headway up stream. The captain cried out, "Put on more steam, or we are lost!" The engineer said, "We can't put on any more steam; if we do, we'll blow the boat to atoms." "Put on more steam," cried the captain. More steam was applied and the vessel floated up and out into safety, and some fainted, and all were thankful that God has rescued them from so great peril. Oh! are there not some here to-day who are floating on down towards the rapids, aye, they are in the rapids going on towards the eternal plunge? Put back! In God's name, put back. You say it takes a greater struggle. Lay hold the oars with both hands, and pull, pull, if need be, until the blood starts, pull for Heaven. Now or never!

JANE JACKSON; or, THE BROKEN HEART.

By a Clergyman.

(Continued from page 440.)

Another Visit to the Cottage—A picturesque Landscape—Intercourse with the Mother and Daughter—Called away by a Sister's Illness—Long Delay before revisiting the Jacksons.

PURSUING my conversation with Jane Jackson's father, I asked, "How long has she been back?" "Three weeks to-morrow, sir; but it ha' seemed more like three months, for she ha' done nothing but cough at nights, and cry all day long."—"Does her health seem to be much affected?" "Oh, yes, sir; very much. She ain't like the same creature. What life and spirit she had to be sure! and now she seems quite withered and broken up like—and I fear, sir, she ain't long for this world. Her mother wanted me to have a doctor to her, but she won't hear of that, and keeps on saying her cough, and the pain in her side, will soon be well."

Drawing out my watch, I perceived that the time had imperceptibly slipped away, and that unless I hastened home I should be too late for the evening service at R——. So adding a few simple words of comfort, and directing this poor man to bring his grief before the Lord, and seek His strength to enable him to bear it aright, I shook his weather-beaten hand, and left him, with a promise to call again on the morrow.

True to my promise, I set out on the following morning to keep my appointment at the cottage where poor Jane and her parents lived. The sun had risen with unclouded splendor, and would have been oppressive but for the fresh and cooling breeze which rippled the surface of the water, and came up charged with the healthy odor of seaweed.

I followed the course of the shore for about two miles, until I caught sight of a landmark I had noticed on the previous day, which indicated the direction of the cottage. And now commenced a difficult ascent of the steep and rugged cliffs before me, which I only surmounted by clinging to the patches of long grass and stunted shrubs which grew upon the edges. On gaining the summit I sat down to rest, and prepare myself for the interview before me.

I could not but be struck by the contrast between the peaceful scene which lay at my feet, and the mournful and desolate state of that home where the serpent-trail of sin had left such deadly impression. How humbling the comparison of nature's loveliness with man's deformity! The one as fresh and fair as when first it sprung from the hand of the Divine Workman, still mirroring His infinite perfections, and proclaiming, in the face of every jarring contradiction, the immortal truth that God is love; the other, with every trace of the Divine Architect effaced, exhibiting in endless succession the phases of a heart rotten at the core, a mind debased into hell, and a will perverted in its every channel.

With such chastened reflections as these, forced upon me by the still beauty of the scene, so strangely contrasting with the painful transition before me, I turned to fulfil my engagement at the cottage. Before doing so, however, I offered up a silent prayer for the Divine guidance, and for a blessing on that spiritual consolation which I desired to be made the humble instrument of communicating.

The door was opened for me by Jane herself, who informed me that her father had gone to work, leaving a civil message to account for his absence, and expressing a hope that I would step upstairs and see his wife, who had been for some months confined to her room with a paralytic stroke.

Before proceeding to comply with this request, I determined to avail myself of the present opportunity of speaking a few words in private to this erring and afflicted girl, whose looks might have afforded, even to a less practised eye, the premonitory symptoms of consumption. Avoiding as much as possible any allusion to the details of her sad history, which I saw must prevent her from listening to what I had to say with any degree of calmness, I endeavored to show her the heinousness of all sin, as committed against God, and the fearful condemnation resting upon those who have not repented of and forsaken their sins; pointing out, at the same time, the full and free salvation to be obtained through faith in Christ, and assuring her of a gracious reception and an abundant pardon if she would but seek it in the way appointed.

I concluded by requesting her to kneel with me in prayer, and join in repeating the words of the 51st Psalm. As I came to the part, "My sin is ever before me," I noticed her trembling with strong emotion, and before I could conclude she was sobbing violently. Thankful to perceive these traces of deep and tender feeling, I added a few words of kindly sympathy, offering, at the same time, to renew my visit for reading and prayer with her as opportunity offered, a proposal which she gratefully accepted.

At the close of our conversation she led the way to her mother's apartment, a tidy, cheerful little room overhead, commanding an extensive view of the sea. Though furnished in the most humble manner, there was evidently a care and tastefulness in the arrangements which showed a due regard to cleanliness and comfort.

Mrs. Jackson—for that was the name of the family—was a woman of much intelligence, and of pleasing appearance and manners. Her age was probably about sixty, although the traces of bodily infirmity and mental anxiety under which she was now laboring gave her a much older appearance. She was seated in a reclining posture near the window, with her Bible open before her. As I entered she laid it aside, and received me with much apparent cordiality and thankfulness.

"I hope, sir," she said, as she shook the hand which I offered her, "you will excuse me rising to speak to you. I'm so crippled in my limbs that I ain't able to stand or walk."

"I am sorry," I said, "to find you such a sufferer, but I see you have got the right medicine for all earthly sorrows and troubles—the Word of God."

"Ah, sir!" she replied, looking at me earnestly, "what should we do without that? I don't know where I could get comfort, now that my poor heart has been so broken, if I had not got that blessed Book to go to. Janie, dear," she said, turning to her daughter, who was leaving the room, "take your father's dinner to the farm; he won't be back till evening, as they be busy with the hay."

"Poor thing!" she added, as the door closed, "she will never be herself again;" and then, as if gathering eloquence from this allusion to her wrongs, she said, appealingly, "Oh, sir, she was my only child! I loved her as a mother only can love; and now see what she has come to."

The tears were already coursing down her pallid cheeks, and were dimming my own eyes, as I replied, "Yes, I know it all, and can fully sympathize with you. Your trial has been a dreadfully severe one, and yet you must not forget by whose providence it has been ordered. The time may come when you will see the mercy and the wisdom of this affliction, and when you will be able to say, even with regard to this stroke 'He doeth all things well.'"

"Oh, sir," she said, "if you can do any thing for my poor Jane—if you would pray with her, and try and lead her, as I have tried to do, to the Saviour of sinners, we may perhaps be happy together in another world."

"Yes," I said, "it will give me pleasure to see her often during my stay in R——; and, if I may judge from the way in which your daughter appeared to feel what I said to her this morning, there is good hope that this trouble may be greatly blessed to her, and that she may be led by it to seek her happiness in God."

"I hope she may, sir, I hope she may; but somehow I ain't comfortable about her. I don't think she looks at her sin as much as she do at the punishment. She frets as if her heart would break at being deceived, as she says, by one she had loved and trusted, and because she has brought this disgrace upon her home, but she don't seem to feel her sins as she ought."

"Yes," I said, "this is too often the case; but if, by depriving her of every other hope and comfort, God should at last lead her to yield her heart to Him we shall have reason to bless Him for this discipline, painful though it be."

At length I said, "I must be going, as I have several other engagements before me. I hope, however, in a day or two to see you again. In the mean time here are some little books and tracts which will be nice for your daughter to read, and may perhaps prevent her dwelling much on her troubles."

"Thank you, sir, and may the Lord bless you for your kindness to my child!"

As I left the cottage I looked forward with glad anticipation to further opportunities of bringing the consolations of the Gospel in all their healing efficacy to this desolate and afflicted home.

On reaching home I found a letter informing me of the sudden and alarming illness of a very dear and only sister, and requesting my immediate attendance. Overwhelmed with anxiety at this distressing intelligence, I had scarcely time to collect my thoughts and finish my arrangements before I took my seat in the train which was to bear me away from R——. It was not until I was actually on my way that my thoughts, which had been so painfully occupied, reverted to the dwelling which I had bu lately left; and I seemed to anticipate the surprise which my absence would occasion its inmates.

There was much in the circumstances whicl had led to my acquaintance with Jane Jackson' family to call forth my deepest interest, and t awaken my earnest desires to heal the ranklin wound which had just disturbed its peace wit the application of the Gospel remedy. It is a such times that hearts which are naturally inaccessible to religious influences may be easil won, and the soldier of Christ should be ever o the alert to take advantage of such favorable ci cumstances, in order to press home the grea truths of salvation.

This is one of God's usual methods for d stroying the outworks which bar the entrance His Spirit to the soul of man. In vain do H ministers sometimes attempt to scale the impe etrable fortress of the human heart, until, co passed with afflictions, the walls of pride and se love are razed to the ground, and the citadel the soul, thus exposed and vulnerable at eve point, fall an easy prey to the faithful minist of the Word. Strange that external influenc should be allowed such weight in the econor of Providence, and should become conducive such vast results! If it be true that "There a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at t flood leads on to fortune," it is equally true tl there are events in each of our lives which, if i proved, might, by God's blessing, result in salvation; and at such times it is remarka that the Holy Spirit often achieves the w without our instrumentality, as if to convi us that he that planteth and he that watereth alike nothing, but "God that giveth the crease."

God, who in His ordinary dealings loves work by means, shows Himself at times un tered by laws, and independent of the chann which He Himself has consecrated. This peculiarly the case with the subject of this n rative. Gladly would I have been the inst ment of imparting saving knowledge to wounded spirit; joyfully would I have rai this "bruised reed," and bound up this brol heart with the "exceeding precious promis of Divine forgiveness and reconciliation; an was no small part of my present trial that promised mission of usefulness had been t suddenly interrupted.

And though I indulged the hope of find

r sister so far recovered as to enable me to re-
n after a few days, there was an undefined
ad upon my mind that I was hastening to
at might prove the chamber of death. Avail-
myself of a short detention on the road, I
ote a few hasty lines to my friends at the cot-
e, informing them of the occasion which
ed for my abrupt departure, and expressing
ope of seeing them again if my sister's health
uld allow of my return to R——.

ly apprehensions were not unfounded; I was
ch shocked at the change which had taken
ce in my beloved sister's appearance, and the
timony of her medical man soon prepared me
the worst. For five weeks I watched over
with painful anxiety, marking the startling al-
nations of her symptoms, which by turn elicit-
hope and fear. At length the ransomed spirit,
ich had been so long hovering between earth
heaven, took its flight, and passed away to
the company of the just made perfect.

After my sister's death, I had to return to my
ish without revisiting R——, and thus lost
opportunity of visiting the Jacksons' cot-
e; a circumstance which gave me much pain,
I had too much reason to believe that pasto-
visitation occupied but a small share of their
rgyman's attention. I failed not, however,
inform him of the peculiar circumstances at-
ding this case, and mentioned that my inter-
urse with the family had been suddenly arrested
my abrupt departure, adding that, from what I
d been able to gather, it would be a great com-
t to them to receive the visits of their minis-
, and that the opportunity appeared to be
st favorable for the inculcation of Divine
th. It was not until the next year that I had
opportunity of seeing Jane Jackson again.

(To be concluded.)

AREER OF THE COMING MAN OF SIN.

By the late Rev. Capel Molyneux.

**e Man of Sin will be a Literal Man—He will
ossess Supernatural Powers—His Companion
he False Prophet—He will Delude Israel—He
will make a Covenant with Them and Break It—
His Destruction—1. His Individual Humanity—
2. His Character and Assumption—3. His Supernatural Constitution—4. His World-wide Influence—5. The Duration of His Reign and Power.**

WHEN Israel shall be partially restored to Pal-
tine, dwelling at peace in their rebuilt cities
d villages, a *man*, emphatically denominated,
d emphatically being the MAN OF SIN, will
pear; he will be a literal man, an individual
man being, energized by Satan and possessed
erefore of supernatural powers, urged with
arvellous pretensions (2 Thess. 2). He will be
companied by another individual, a false pro-
et, and this false prophet will cause an image
be made to the Man of Sin, which image will
made to speak, and be almost universally
orshipped (Rev. 13: 11–18).

By flatteries and address he will ingratiate
mself with the world at large, and be recognized
d obeyed as the great head of the Gentile na-
ons. Israel also will be deluded by his seduc-
on and lying wonders, and receive him for a
ason as the promised Messiah. Thus received
d recognized, he will make a covenant for a
eek of seven years with Israel, which stands for
ree and a half years, but at the close of that
alf-week he will work deceitfully, break the
ovenant, and become their deadly enemy (Dan-
l 9: 27).

At this time—the time when he breaks the
ovenant—he will set himself up in the temple
f God at Jerusalem, showing himself that he is
od, arrogating the very perfections, attributes,
nd glory of God, and claiming universal hom-
ge and adoration. He will then commence a
ystem of persecution against Israel, and all in
e world who refuse to acknowledge his preten-
ons, unprecedented in the history of man,
hich terminates at last in what is called "Ja-
ob's trouble," or, "the great tribulation"
Jerem. 30:7; Dan. 12:1; Matt. 24:21; Rev.
: 14).

About this time, and while these persecutions are raging, two other remarkable individuals will appear, denominated "the witnesses." They will be just what their name imports—*Witnesses;* but witnesses for God and His cause against Antichrist and his cause. They will complete their testimony and accomplish their work during the latter three and a half years, and, having so done, will be overcome by Antichrist and put to death. They will lie dead for three and a half days, and then will rise up on their feet, and ascend up in a cloud to heaven (Rev. 11: 3–13). About the same time, or immediately afterwards, there will be a gathering of all nations, under Antichrist their head (for the nations will cleave to him though Israel at last reject him), against Israel and Jerusalem, in order to the siege of the city, the accomplishment of the battle of Armageddon, and the events of the great day of God Almighty. At the close of this battle the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, will personally appear in power and great glory, to overwhelm with utter destruction Antichrist and his host, and take to Himself the kingdoms of this world forever and ever (Zech. 14, Rev. 19, Ezek. 39).

I will now proceed to elucidate some points in regard to the Coming Man of Sin.

1. His *individual humanity*. He will be an individual human being.

Taking the Bible as our guide, it really seems strange that any other idea should be entertained of him. All the passages referring to the Man of Sin, his character, his actings, and his end, with one accord proclaim him to be *an individual man*. All the attributes, circumstances, as well as appellations of individual humanity, are addressed and ascribed to him. He is distinctly called and declared to be a *man*, "that Man of Sin" (2 Thess. 2: 3), which itself, and in the absence of any positive contradiction to it elsewhere in Scripture, ought to be conclusive; or if not, it is difficult to know on what principle we are to understand the Bible, and arrive at fixed conclusions at all about its meaning.

In Rev. 13: 18, again, he is called *a man:* "Here is wisdom. Let Him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of *a man;* and his number is six hundred threescore and six." Also he is called "the son of perdition" (2 Thess. 2: 3); and so was Judas, but Judas was a man, and the natural inference is, that such also will be his antitype. John says (1 John 2: 18), "Ye have heard that Antichrist (or, as it ought to be rendered, *the* Antichrist (shall come, even now there are many Antichrists." But who were these many Antichrists? Who but men—Christ-denying, ungodly men—but *men!* And who, then, or what would be *the* Antichrist yet to come, but *a man* too? Also he is denominated the "vile person" (Dan. 11: 21), than which no clearer assertion of individuality could well be made.

But, in fact, that Antichrist would be an individual man was never questioned in the first and purer ages of the Church; no other opinion then obtained or existed on the matter. The idea of a *power* or *system*, or even *series of individuals*, being symbolized by *the Man of Sin* was utterly unknown. This sprang up in after ages, not from clearer understanding or closer investigation of the prophetic word, but from straining the prophetic word to meet the circumstances of the times.

2. His *character and assumption*.

A few quotations out of the multiplicity with which Scripture abounds on this point must suffice. Daniel's description of Him as "a king of fierce countenance" (viii. 23: 24) shows that he will be a king of vast knowledge and mighty power, but *not his own;* it will be derived from Satan; he will persecute the holy people, Israel, and destroy them wonderfully; he stands up at last, magnifying himself in his heart against the Prince of princes, but is broken without hand,—because destroyed by that Prince, even by the brightness of His coming.

Again, mark his assumption, as portrayed Daniel 11: 36, "And the king shall do according to his will; and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak marvellous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation be accomplished; for that, that is determined, shall be done." Isâiah 14: 9–14, is also particularly deserving our notice here. What a description is given in the ninth and following verses, contemplating indeed his descent, and reception, into hell, but describing his character and assumption, which will have made his entrance thither so notorious.

And to the same effect we read (2 Thess. 2), "Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." We need no more to demonstrate His character, or His assumption; inconceivable this! were it not written—but so it is written, and so it shall be—"He as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

The "temple of God" is the term applied in the Bible to the temple at Jerusalem, and never to any other building, such as St. Peter's at Rome. And that temple is to be built again; and inside it the Man of Sin will sit, and in awful and daring assumption "exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped."

3. His *supernatural constitution*.

The assumption of the Man of Sin, daring and blasphemous as it is, is, however, little to be wondered at, when we remember not only who he is, but what he is, and whence his power and energy are derived. Antichrist, though a mortal human being, an individual man, will be no common mortal, no ordinary man. A terrible peculiarity belongs to him. In addition to the sinful nature common to man, in him will dwell and operate all that can be communicated of the evil and energy of Satan; "whose coming," says Paul, "is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders" (2 Thess. 2). Moreover, it is stated that the dragon—the devil—will give the Antichrist "his power, and seat, and great authority" (Rev. 13: 2). And it is evident that "the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet" (Rev. 16: 13) will be a blasphemous parody of the Trinity of heaven.

4. His *world-wide influence*.

In Daniel 7: 21–25, and Rev. 13: 16, we read that he is to prevail against the saints everywhere, and that all but God's elect are to be seduced by him, and the whole world to bow to his yoke.

The "abomination of desolation" will be the literal image of Man of Sin which will be set up in the rebuilt Jewish temple at the beginning of the final three and a half years, and will be the sequel for the commencement of universal persecution and desolation.

5. *The duration of his reign and power?*

Daniel's last week of the seventy weeks (9: 27) in connection with Antichrist determines this point. His career seems to last, in a certain sense and degree, for that whole week, or seven years. At the beginning he makes a covenant with Israel and is received by them, which implies considerable influence and dominion; but his great power and kingly assumption must be supposed to date from the middle of the week—when he breaks with Israel and sets himself up in the temple—and to continue to the end.

The *three and a half years*, as the duration of his great power, is determined also by other passages; in Rev. 13: 5, it is declared "power was given unto him to continue forty *and* two months." In Rev. 12: 6, the woman is sustained in the wilderness for the same period, which implies her persecution by Antichrist during his power; and in Rev. 11: 2, the holy city, Jerusalem, is also represented as trodden under foot forty and two months, the same period again.

After the close of that three and a half years, Antichrist will be destroyed at the personal descent of Christ at the battle of Armageddon.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to disseminate the glorious truths of the Word of God, and thus to aid in carrying on the work of the Saviour on the earth.

It contains every week a sermon by Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached the Sunday morning previous to the day of publication.

By arrangement with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a report of his Sunday-morning sermons is taken every week, and after it has been revised by him, is mailed in advance sheets and published in this journal prior to its publication in any other paper in the United States.

Articles by eminent ministers and others who have made the subject of prophecy their especial study also appear week by week, and review current events in the light of prophecy.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

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Our readers will share our regret that Mr. Joseph Spurgeon, the Manager of the office of this journal, has returned to England on urgent domestic affairs. Remittances should therefore be made payable to *MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN*, 63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

President Hayes' letter to General Merritt, congratulating him on the confirmation of his appointment by the Senate to the collectorship of New York, has just been published. In it the President states his desire that General Merritt will make no unnecessary changes amongst the officials, and especially hopes that no one will be discharged simply because he happened to be a friend of the late collector; and that in making new appointments, regard may be paid *to the business qualifications* of the candidate, and that recommendations from *any quarter*, even from the White House, will not be allowed to weigh in favor of any one, but that all appointments will be made exclusively with a view of promoting the efficiency of the public service. Truly a much-needed reform this, and one that might advantageously be extended to other departments of Government.

Mr. Tilden's evidence before the committee appointed to investigate the cipher telegrams has given rise to a great difference of opinion. He swore positively that he was utterly ignorant of the negotiations to purchase the presidential votes of Florida and South Carolina. He never saw the telegrams to Col. Pelton, or a translation of them, till they appeared in the *Tribune*. They were delivered at his residence to his nephew, Col. Pelton, but personally he knew nothing of them. He knew that the votes of the two States were for sale, but he was resolved that if the presidency went by auction, he "for one would not be amongst the bidders."

This evidence is naturally considered in the light it casts on the chances of the next presidential election. The Democratic party believe that Mr. Tilden has cleared his character, and that he is secure of the nomination, and will be the strongest candidate the Democratic party can put forward. The Republican party, on the other hand, contend that Mr. Tilden's evidence places him on the horns of a dilemma. If his evidence is true, they urge, it shows that Mr. Tilden has displayed a want of care and watchfulness which proves him unfit to be intrusted with the responsibilities of the presidency. If he was unable in his own house to prevent members of his own family plotting and compromising him, he would be in a much worse plight at the White House, which is naturally the focus of political plotters; and as he could not take care of himself and his own interests when he was only a candidate, he would inevitably fall a victim to fraud and duplicity when exposed to the wiles of those who would assail him as president. The other horn of the dilemma is, that if his evidence was false, and he knew of the negotiations and sanctioned them, or connived at them, he planned a gross fraud against his country and blundered in its execution, and is therefore unworthy of the high position to which he aspires.

The feeling of Christian men on the subject is one of profound sorrow that any party in the State should have plotted so gigantic a fraud, and while charges and counter-charges are bandied about from one side to the other, the godly man looks anxiously for the time when Jesus shall appear to rule "the earth in righteousness and the people with equity."

Among the records of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting for the past week are the following instances of God's prayer-answering faithfulness:

A friend rose to thank God for answering prayers offered in this room some time since. His son-in-law, a useful Sabbath-school worker, was sick, and laid aside from his work. The physician said it was only a case of a few months, and then the young man must die. Friends turned from the physicians to God. A day was set apart for prayer in his behalf. Friends in this room, friends in Colorado, and others in Jersey, and others in Bristol, England, prayed specially on that day. God heard those prayers, and to the astonishment of the medical men, the young man is fast recovering.

"God does hear prayer," said an old sea-captain. "He heard my prayer when I sought mercy, but not till I gave up the world and forsook the service of the devil did I get the answer to my prayer and know that my soul was saved. God heard prayer for my son. He died recently, but ere he died he was brought to Jesus. God is hearing prayer for my other son too, and he is under deep conviction of sin. Hallelujah to God!"

The leader said he was under great obligation to the meeting, for the prayers they had repeatedly offered in behalf of his mission work in Brooklyn. He was under greater obligation to God, however, for having answered those prayers. For two months his church, small though it was, had been greatly revived. The work was such that he did not know when it was going to stop; he hoped never. God had brought about some wonderful cases of conversion, and all this was in answer to prayer.

Is this a civilized community? might be a not inappropriate question by a foreigner visitin New York, who read in the New York *Heral* of Monday a description of the particulars o thirteen cock-fighting contests, held at New town, L. I., last week, probably on Saturda night. The "sport," as it is called, was between the two Long Island counties, Kings an Queens. It begun at ten o'clock in the evening and lasted until six o'clock in the morning, th betting on both sides being very heavy Twenty-eight birds were engaged in it, and al were either killed or horribly maimed. Thes things are a disgrace to any people.

A new sect of Mormons has sprung up i Southern Indiana, and two evangelists of Latte Day Saints are preaching there. The peculia tenets of this wing of Mormonism are ant Polygamy, healing by the laying on of hand immersion, the second coming of Christ in th near future, intervention of God in tempor and spiritual affairs, and belief in miracles spiritual providence in the interests of the saint The sect numbers about sixty members in Floy Washington, and Clark counties, made up of r spectable farmers.

A sad story has recently been told in th garret of a house in Twenty-seventh Street, Ne York. It cannot be too widely published, f young people may learn from it that the end sin is disgrace and death. A young lady, bare over twenty years of age, died in that garret, a she concluded the relation of her sad histo with her dying breath.

She was the daughter of respectable and pio parents, who occupied a farm at Northport, Lo Island. In this quiet retreat, embosomed trees and rural beauty, she passed her ea years and received a careful religious trainin Three years ago she formed the acquaintance a fellow, having the manners and appearance a gentleman, whose name was Cosgrove, a who, though living in Brooklyn, was at that ti visiting Northport. He took advantage of t girl's innocence and affection for him to betr her, and when the result became known brou her to New York and consigned her to one the vile dens of the city. There she gradua sank, and intelligence having reached the pol of the circumstances, they raided the house a found the poor girl, neglected and alone, dyi She had only sufficient strength to tell what career had been and then expired. The keep of the den and young Cosgrove have been rested and held to bail. When will the you daughters of our land learn "That the end the of are the ways of death"? (Proverbs 14 : 1

The attendance at the special meetings h by the Rev. Dr. Tyng at the Church of Reformation, Stanton Street, near Essex, is creasing in a very encouraging proportion. importance of this evangelical enterprise can easily be estimated. Christian friends who in sympathy with such a movement—especi those in the vicinity—should aid it by their p ence and co-operation.

Contempt for aristocratic titles was humorously displayed by President Lincoln in an interview with an Austrian count who applied to him for a position in the army. Being introduced by the Austrian Minister, he needed, of course, no further recommendation; but, as if fearing that his importance might not be duly appreciated, he proceeded to explain that he was a count; that his family were ancient and highly respectable; when Lincoln, with a merry twinkle in his eye, tapping the aristocratic lover of titles on the shoulder in a fatherly way, as if the man had confessed to some wrong, interrupted in a soothing tone, "Never mind, you shall be treated with just as much consideration for all that!" Likewise in the service of the King of kings will the humble and devout follower who consecrates his life to his Master be honored as highly as the most illustrious of the world's potentates. "There are last which shall be first, and the first last" when He cometh in His kingdom.

Revivals are now in progress in the neighborhood of Madison, N. J., and the students of Drew Theological Seminary are taking an active part in the work.

Mr. Castles, who has just returned from Middletown, N. Y., reports that, since the week of prayer, meetings of this nature have been conducted at the St. Paul's M. E. Church, in that town. Great results have come of the efforts put forth by those who had charge of the services; many persons have turned into the path of righteousness, and have found peace in believing. One interesting feature of these meetings is, that a number of those who found peace are of an advanced age.

The work is still in progress, and the Lord's arm is being made manifest; it is His work, and therefore must prosper. The pastor, Dr. Wardle, was also assisted by Mr. Samuel Halsted, of New York, and Rev. W. S. Boulton, pastor of Grace Church, Newburgh.

Revival work at Rossville, Staten Island, N. Y.—Rev. S. D. Jones, pastor of the St. John's M. E. Church at Rossville, has for the past three weeks held protracted meetings which have resulted in a great awakening interest among the members of the church, as well as in the conversion of many precious souls. He has had the assistance of three students from Drew Theological Seminary, Rev. Thos. H. Oakes from India, Rev. Henry C. Langley of Colorado, and Rev. Gustave Laas, of Syracuse, N. Y. The meetings were attended by the entire community, and a great feeling of interest has been manifested. Over twenty conversions have already resulted from the meetings, and many sinners are inquiring the way to be saved. Prayer is solicited by the friends engaged in the work for a continued outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The conversion of a Chinaman who first heard the Gospel through a hole in the wall, is thus described in the reports of the China Inland Mission, of which Mr. Hudson Taylor, of London, is the manager: A native preacher of the Mission was speaking in a hall in China from the words, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He spoke of the love of God, and spoke of God as a Father delighting to save, and delighting to welcome sinners. A Chinaman, who was present from curiosity, afterwards in his own home repeated the words which he had heard from the preacher, mimicking and perhaps exaggerating his gestures. In the next house to the one in which this mocker lived there was *a young man, an orphan*, at work. He was a worker in cotton. There was a very thin partition between the two houses, only a few boards, and those boards were not very close to each other, and many of the knots had dropped out. Hearing a good deal of laughter in the adjoining house, the young man got up from his work and first put his eye to a whole in one of the boards. He saw the people highly amused, and laughing exceedingly while the young man was gesturing and repeating something to them.

The same hole which had served for the eye next served for the ear, and he listened; and as he listened the words that he heard struck a cord that responded in the heart of that fatherless and motherless young man. "*Oh*," he thought, "*that I had a Father! Oh that I had some one to welcome me and to give me rest of heart!*" And when the speaker stopped he put his mouth to the same hole, and shouting through it said, "Tell us more of these good words." This caused increasing laughter. But he was not to be daunted. He went outside and ascertained where these words had been heard. He found his way to the chapel, and was *converted to God*. He has since suffered very much persecution. During the following winter he was put to perhaps the most severe trial he was capable of. After patient endurance of much ill-usage, the people he lived with, and whom he had long served—as Jacob did with Laban—*for a wife*, determined to bring matters to a crisis.

He was called up one night and told that he must either *give up his hopes of marriage*, and all his labor, or *Christ*. By God's grace he was faithful. He was further told that he must either there and then give up his home and be thrust shelterless and moneyless into the snow or give up Christ; but God's grace triumphed. He was thrust out, heard the doors barred, saw the lights put out, felt the cold sleet penetrate his thin garments, and had no refuge but God. He cried to Him, and not in vain. He got shelter elsewhere, and a week or two later the family found they could not do without him, and, after trying again in vain to induce him to renounce Christ, they took him back, and there has since arisen hope of the conversion of several of the members of the family. The Gospel proves in China, as elsewhere, still to be the power of God unto salvation.

A Husband's Society.—A lady was once asked how she could be happy so far away from all her old friends and relations, away from the privileges of the city and its pleasures, in a small country village. "Well," she said, "I once thought I never could live here, it looked to be such a dull, lonely place, and so little society; but now I am married I can live anywhere so long as I have my husband with me." So will it be with the true Christian. Wherever our Husband Jesus is, there will heaven be, even if not one other friend is there, and there were no other source of happiness there. "Thy Maker is thy husband" (Isaiah 54: 5).

Garrison Fare.—A thoughtful scholar of a generation that is passing away was once asked if he would take some bread and a glass of wine. His answer was, "No; I will take some bread and a glass of water." His friend smilingly answered, "Bread and water—that is prison fare." —"No," said he, "not prison fare, but garrison fare,"—and, dear friends, it is *garrison time* down here. We can't afford to be off. Our watch, not keeping a constant lookout for dangers that are very real and imminent. "What I say unto you I say unto *all*, Watch!"

In the Episcopal Church in Mexico the little company of sixty disciples has now become 7000, with 3500 communicants. Over 500 children are under instruction in different parts of Mexico, and there are also eleven theological students.

An English journal makes a suggestion for the evangelization of the world by this generation. The *conversion* of the world, or of a single soul, is beyond the Church's power, but its *evangelization* is quite practicable, and could easily be accomplished were there a tithe of the energy and enterprise in the Church to do the will of God that there is in the world to carry out the inventions of men. To preach the Gospel of the Kingdom to all nations would probably cost less in men and money, skill and labor, than to connect all nations by the electric telegraph.

Mr. Moody is now in Baltimore preparing some new sermons for next season's work. He is not sure where he will go on leaving that city—he may perhaps visit Cleveland, where a tabernacle has been built in anticipation of his coming.

EVERY MAN'S NECESSITY.

A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Ye must be born again."—JOHN 3: 7.

Regeneration an Urgent Need—I. The New Birth a Most Thorough Change—Not a mere Change of Opinion—1. A New Life—2. A New Experience—3. A New World—4. A New Force—II. A Most Wonderful Change—1. In the Manner of it—2. Its Supernaturalness—3. An Introduction to New Relationships—III. The New Birth a Manifest Change—Baptismal Regeneration a Transparent Falsehood—Certain Signs that always Attest the New Birth—IV. A Most Imperative Change—1. Without it there is no Spiritual Life—2. No Spiritual Capacity—3. Nor Spiritual Inheritance—V. The New Birth Eminently Personal—Men who Ought to be Discouraged.

WHEN men are perishing all around you it would be cruel to waste time in attempting to interest their minds or to amuse their fancies. We must do something more practical, and give earnest heed to their pressing necessities. Is it famine which slays them? Let us feed them. Is it cold? Let us supply them with covering. Is it disease? Let us administer medicine. When the case is urgent we confine ourselves to necessaries, and attend with our whole heart to that which *must* have our attention. That which *may be* can wait, but that which *must be* demands our immediate care. Now, the spiritual needs of men are urgent, and among them the most pressing is their regeneration: they must be born again, or they are lost. Therefore, at this time, we will dwell on this topic and give it our whole consideration, letting other interesting matters wait till this most weighty business is happily over. This is a *must*, and we must press it upon you at once with our whole heart.

Our earnest desire is for a great ingathering of souls to the garner of salvation, but in order to this they must be born again. We have had many of you hovering round about us like birds around the fowler, but you are not as yet taken in the Gospel net; this state of things cannot content us; we want to see you decided for Christ, and truly born again. You have been hearers long, but, alas! you remain hearers only, and are not "doers of the word." We mean that the fault shall not lie with us; if you continue unsaved it shall not be because we have not preached the Gospel and kept to preaching it, and preached it as a matter of life and death. Again, then, do we aim at the one point, the point of absolute necessity—"Ye *must* be born again." We trust that if one arrow does not reach the mark another may; at any rate, we will continue driving at the one target—the conversion of your souls. Oh you who as yet have not been brought to know the Lord, may the Holy Spirit guide the arrow at this hour!

And now we will have a little simple talk about the great experience called regeneration, or the new birth, without which no man can *see* the kingdom of heaven, much less enter it.

A THOROUGH CHANGE.

I. And we shall remark concerning it in the first place that the change which is wrought in us by the new birth is MOST THOROUGH: "Ye must be *born again*." A new birth is the most sweeping and entire process conceivable. It is, in fact, more than a change, it is a creation. Regeneration is a great deal more than reformation of life, or a becoming religion; for it is not "Ye must be *washed*, ye must be improved, ye must be elevated;" but "ye must be *born*." It is not enough that the present life, as already possessed, should be renovated, that the existing nature should receive fresh vigor and new tone, but "ye must be *born again*:" a new life must be received, and no improving the present life will suffice in its stead.

It is a great deal more also than any change of opinion. I am always afraid of those persons who glory in being converted from one set of religious opinions to another. The best converts to a church are those who are brought into it from the world: those who migrate from other sections of Christianity are not often the most valuable acquisitions. Sometimes, like the convicts, who leave their country for their country's good, they benefit their party best by leaving it, and do not come to the newly-adopted section of the church as an unmixed gain.

The text says not "Ye must change your opinions, and drink in new notions," but "Ye must have a new nature; ye must be born again." Notions may be altered again and again, and yet the man may be no nearer being a child of God; but let the nature be changed by the Holy Spirit, and then the matter is accomplished. This it is, and nothing short of this, that can land a man in heaven; he must become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

The process of the new birth is so thorough that it is a great deal more than an alteration of a man's way of thinking, even upon the best of topics. A man may now think it his duty to be religious, whereas once he was debauched; he may now conceive it to be his duty to be sober, whereas before he was drunken; he may feel it his duty now to be diligent, whereas before he was a sluggard; but all these put together would not amount to a new birth. We rejoice in reformation of any sort. The less sin there is in the world the better, but, for all that, the vital point will not have been reached with all the alterations of thought, and even of life, of which a man is capable; for the text remains in force after all the renovations, conversions, and reformations that are possible to unaided flesh and blood, and it cries with stern, unchanging voice, "*Ye must be born again.*"

1. Do not the words evidently mean that *a new nature* must be created in us? For a life, a nature is the production of a birth. At a birth there comes into the world a life which was not there before. There must come into us *a new life* to which by nature we are perfect strangers; something far beyond that which belongs to us as we are born after the flesh, a life that was not latent in the infant, to be gradually developed in the training of the child, but a life which is altogether absent till divine grace implants it there. "Ye must be born again"—ye must be created again, or as the Scriptures say, "Begotten again unto a lively hope." The life within you must be as fresh a creation as was the light when God spoke it, or as the world when God formed it out of nothing. A work of divine power must be exercised upon you equal to that which raised the Lord Jesus from the dead and gave Him glory.

2. With a new life in the matter of our ordinary birth there begins *a new experience*. To the new-born child every thing is new. Every pain, every sensation of pleasure, is all novel to him—he has known nothing of all this before. And though we may have attained to manhood, or even to old age, when we are born again the spiritual life is all a fresh experience. There are new feelings of contrition, there is a new faith, there is a new joy, a new hope, every thing is new—"Old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

Though the man may have traversed many paths, and experienced many sensations, yet the moment he is born again he is a stranger in a strange land, and he is led in a way which he knows not, and in paths which he has not seen. All young souls just born to God, however old they may be as to the bodily reckoning, rejoice in the sacred novelty of the new life, and they thank and bless God who has put His hand a second time to the work and quickened them into newness of life.

3. Now, as there is a new life, and a new nature, and a new experience, so is there to the child born and the man regenerated *a new world*. It is all new to the child—its brothers and sisters surprise it. When it is taken into the open air, and sees the green fields for the first time, it marvels at them. To the little one every thing is fresh. It lives in a museum, it is surrounded with wonders. Even the toys which grown-up people look upon with so much contempt are quite marvels to the little one, it is charmed with them all.

Now, a Christian, a man born again, lives in a new world. It is all new to him now, as I remember to have heard a young girl say when first she found the Saviour. When she came to confess her faith in Christ she said, "Either I am altogether changed, or else the world is:" and I could not help telling her I hoped it was both—I hoped she herself was changed, and that this change had produced the other, so that all things had become new. There is a new heaven and a new earth reserved for us by and by, and even now, while we are in this world, it is no longer to us what it is to the carnal man.

4. Note that every birth brings into operation *a new force*. A new worker is born; he is feeble as yet, but those little feet will yet be strong for running, and those tiny hands will yet become dexterous at some useful craft. And so, when a soul is born to God it feels a new power within, and itself becomes a new force. It is obedient to a power which it never recognized before, and a power is put forth from it which it had not been able to exercise before, and did not even understand. A new power has come among men when another soul is born to God: the spiritual world is stronger, and the carnal world is all the weaker for the birth of another spiritual man.

A MOST WONDERFUL CHANGE.

II. In the second place it is *most wonderful*. It is most wonderful in the sense of mystery—1. As to *the manner of it*. It is not easy to preach from this text and attempt to go minutely into details; for, if we did so, we might venture too far. I have read treatises upon the subject which were far too destitute of delicacy, and calculated to disgust rather than to impress. We do not pry and must not pry into a divine secret. "Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Who shall know how the Holy Ghost works? That He works by means of the word of God we know; that He blesses the truth read in a book or heard from the minister—this we know; but how it is He enters into the heart, how it is He creates a spirit within us, how He begets in us the spiritual life—who shall tell but God only?

2. It is a mystery as to *the supernaturalness of the operation*, for evermore true regeneration is always supernatural. There is no doubt that moral suasion does much with men, that the influence of association will often improve men's manners and habits; that great results may flow from education, especially if it be of the right kind; and that much may be developed in mankind that is admirable, honest, lovely, and of good repute. But this is nothing to the purpose, since it is not what our Saviour meant—it falls short of the new birth, and is indeed quite another thing.

The Holy Spirit, the third person in the blessed Trinity, must as much come to work upon us as God came forth to work upon this world in its creation, or else we are not born again. It is not enough that we of our own selves and in the energy of our old nature begin to pray, repent, and so on; for all that which can come of our flesh will still be flesh; but in regeneration it is the Spirit who begins by infusing the life, and then the new nature begins to pray and repent. That which is born of the Spirit is spirit, and hence the new birth must be a spiritual operation in order to produce that spiritual nature without which we cannot see and enter into the things of God.

3. This work is wonderful because of *the grandeur of the relationship into which it introduces us*. The child that is born has a father from the very fact of its birth, and we that are born from above cry "Abba, Father," from the very fact that we are regenerated. Adoption gives us the *rights* of children, but regeneration alone gives us the *nature* of children. Because we are sons God sendeth forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts, whereby we cry "Abba, Father."

If I have been born again, no matter what my station in life or position in society, then God is my Father, and it follows that Jesus Christ is my brother; and this not merely in form and in name, as men call each other brethren when there is no actual relationship, but there is a real relationship between us and Christ Jesus and the divine Father, for we are made "*partakers of the divine nature.*" We are the sons of God, and if sons of God, then are we brethren of Christ. It must be so, and it follows from this that, if children, then heirs, and if Christ is the heir, we are joint-heirs with Him.

My brethren, what privileges spring out of the relationship which arises from the new birth, for our Father then pledges Himself for our support, for our comfort, for our education, for all that is necessary for our perfection in the day of the home-bringing when we shall see Him face to face. What can happen to a man so great as to be born again? Suppose some of the poorest of the earth who have swept the streets for a paltry pittance should suddenly be elevated by royal favor to the peerage, or imagine that by some revolution of the wheel of providence they should become emperors and kings themselves; yet what of that? The change would be extraordinary, and men would wonder at it; for the passages in history which have been thought most noteworthy have been those wherein paupers have mounted from the dunghill to the throne, and fishermen have cast aside their rough garments to put on the imperial purple. But these strides from nothingness to greatness are inconsiderable and trifling compared with rising from being a slave of Satan to become a son of God.

A MOST MANIFEST CHANGE.

III. Now, let us remark, in the third place, that, wonderful and mysterious as the new birth must always be, it is MOST MANIFEST. The house knows when a child is born. There are mysteries surrounding its birth, but the fact is apparent enough. You shall soon hear its cry in the nursery, and erelong its prattle in the parlor; you shall see the joy of the parents as they clasp their offspring, and the care with which they watch for its good. So in the new birth, we know not how the Spirit works, but we know that He does work, and we soon see that a marvellous change has come over those whom He has made possessors of the heavenly seed, creatures of the new life.

Those who know converted persons best are among the first to perceive the transforming miracle of grace. Do you not think that Elstow knew when John Bunyan had found the Saviour? The bell-ringers knew it, there was n more Sabbath-breaking: and the few poor, godly people that used to meet at Bedford knew it for he crept into their midst and began to as them about the things which had become th delight of his soul.

We sometimes hear of a person being bor again and not knowing it—a somewhat singula matter. Yet I suppose that such an event, afte a fashion, very commonly happens in the Episcopalian denomination, because if persons ar born again in infant baptism there are thousand in London who have undergone the change, bu I am sure that they cannot be sure of it, for thei own lives would not tell them so, and their ow emotions and feelings would not lead them t any such belief. Regeneration is a poor bus ness if these baptized rebels are regenerat Why, at that rate, our prisons swarm with r generated thieves, and our streets are infeste with regenerated harlots, and occasionally w have regenerate murderers—all born again i their baptism, and made children of God, men bers of Christ, and inheritors of the kingdom heaven. The lie is sickening: *the devil himse laughs at it.*

Of all transparent falsehoods surely that baptismal regeneration is the grossest. It is marvel that men who live and walk among sa persons should ever fall into it. Ah! sirs, whe the true heaven-given life is found there is som thing to show for it.

The heavenly life is very manifest: and it all the more so from the fact that there are c tain signs which always attend and attest t new birth. Persons may be born again, and yet hey may not be able to see with us in certain points of doctrine; but there are some things which all the regenerate agree about.

For first, *every soul that is born again repents f its sin.* If a man lives in his sin as he used o do, he must not pretend that he is a twice-born man, or he will mightily deceive himself. f he can look upon sin in the same light as he did before, if he can find pleasure in it, yea, if he does not unfeignedly turn from it with loathng and seek the mercy of God to blot it out, he knows nothing of what regeneration is.

Again *all the regenerate have faith:* they all gree in finding all the sole ground of their hope n the blood and merit of Jesus. Meet them nywhere and they will tell you they have no confidence except in the Saviour's precious blood; he is all their salvation and all their deire. They rest upon this rock, every one of hem; and no matter what high professors they may be, nor what lofty offices they hold in the church, if Christ is not their one and only trust, hey know not what it is to be born again.

In addition to this *all that have passed from death unto life pray.* If it really rises from the heart, prayer is an infallible mark of the new birth; and if it can be said of a man "He does not pray," then he is still dead in his sins, the Spirit of God has not renewed his soul. I might mention some other holy signs which are nvariable accompaniments of the new birth, but hese three will suffice for all practical purposes. You can test yourselves, beloved, by them. Have you repented? Have you faith towards God? Do you rejoice to draw near to God in prayer? If these things be in you they are marks of the new life, for they were never yet found in the spiritually dead.

Do you groan over sin? A corpse does not groan: gracious mourning over transgression is one of the surest proofs of inward spiritual ife. Trust in Jesus is an equally clear sign of spiritual life, for the dead man does not know what it is to trust; and genuine prayer is equaly a certain token of life received from above. A pang of penitential grief, a thought of holy trust, and a yearning of inward prayer are more than all the unregenerate upon earth can compass, even though they should be doctors of divinity or cardinals of the church.

This new life, the new birth, is a very manifest thing from the power that it puts into men after it has had time to develop itself. At first converts are trembling and weak, but if they have received the new life they gather strength, and there is a power in it which the church soon rejoices in, and which *the devil trembles at.* This power of course can be kept under restraint by unbelief and other follies, but it ought to have full range, and should never be repressed.

I read the other day of a good Bible Christian brother who sometimes, when his heart was merry within him with joy in the Holy Ghost, would even leap for joy as he went to the pit to work. Why should he not do so? Yet you do not like the look of it; do you? I would a good deal sooner a man should be as nimble as David before the ark than be as sleepy as some Christians are, who, if they have any joy, repress it and never tell it out: they are afraid of expressing their joy for fear they should be misjudged. Let it not be so with you. If you let the new life within you have its own course, you may be thought eccentric, but in those eccentricities will lie your force.

I cannot linger longer. Regeneration is a thorough change, and a wonderful change; but it is a manifest change, and in some men it is especially so. Be it our aim to prove to a demonstration that we are born from above.

IV. But now, very briefly, regeneration is

A MOST IMPERATIVE CHANGE.

Ye *must*, ye *must*, ye *must* be born again. Ye may be rich or ye may be poor, but "ye *must* be born again." Ye may be intelligent, ye may be educated, ye may be talented, but "ye *must*, ye *must* be born again." Many things are desirable, but one thing is needful, imperatively needful—ye *must*, ye *must*, ye *must* be born again. This imperative necessity may be seen from many points of view. We cannot mention them all, but just one or two.

1. *If you are not born again, you have no life,* no spiritual life. The first birth gave you bodily life and mental life, but it did not give you spiritual life—it could not do so, for that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and no more. Now you must have spiritual life or else you are dead in trespasses and sins, and to all that has to do with spiritual blessings—to a spiritual Gospel, a spiritual salvation, a spiritual heaven, to all these things you are dead as the corpses in their graves are dead to the business of to-day.

There may be great changes taking place in politics; trade may be very prosperous, or it may be depressed, but the dead man has no interest in the nation or its commerce—how can he have? So is it with you; until you are born again, the spiritual world is shut to you, and you are indifferent to it. Angels may be rejoicing, and believers may be rejoicing over saved souls, but you care nothing about it. The Lord Jesus Himself may be seeing of the travail of His soul, but it is nothing to you, and it *must be* nothing to you because you are dead.

Oh if our bodies could take the shape of our souls, there would be many carcasses sitting before me in these pews. Ah, strange and ghastly sight! We thank God that He conceals the spiritual from our eyes, else might we in horror leave the places where we sit, because we should find ourselves in close companionship with the dead. What a horrible thing a dead soul must be, if our spirits could now perceive it as our senses would perceive a corpse!

2. Furthermore, remember that a man who is not born again *has no spiritual capacity.* We must be receivers first in the spiritual life, and the dead sinner as yet, until God quickens him, can receive nothing. How often are the saints of God spiritually comforted, instructed, enriched under the preaching and hearing of the word; but it is their spiritual nature that receives the enrichment. The unregenerate have no spiritual nature: they are carnal, sold under sin, and their mental powers, as well as their bodily appetites, are enslaved: hence they have no power to receive the blessing. The gracious and ever blessed rain of the Spirit comes, but they are not like Gideon's fleece ready to drink it in, but like an hard stone upon which the drops may descend, but it cannot be saturated with the mosture, nor softened by it. Unregenerate men are broken cisterns, which it is vain to attempt to fill. Even if God's own grace were to come to them it could not be retained, for they have not the capacity to hold it. Only the spiritual can receive the spiritual. You must then be born again to have a spirit by which spiritual things are discerned and received. Do you not see that you must be born again?

3. Once more, ye must be born again, because *without the Spirit of God you are not the children of God, and consequently you have no spiritual inheritance.* The Spirit causes us to be born; that birth makes us children, and our being children makes us heirs. If we are not born again we are not children, therefore we are not heirs, and we are out of the heritage, for God's heritage of glory is for the heirs of grace and for none others; and none shall come into the eternal portion but those who are born in his house and are his true sons and daughters.

Universal fatherhood, whatever that may be, brings us common mercies; but it is the special fatherhood which God hath towards the living in Zion which brings us special blessings. Ye must, then, be born again or lose all share in the divine inheritance. No soul can ever cross the threshold of heaven that has not received the new life. No matter how abundant its prayers, nor how multiplied its acts of religiousness, unless it has been born again, the gates of paradise are forever fastened against it. Banished from the presence of Jehovah's glory, there is only one other place where it can dwell, and that must be where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched. "Ye must be born again."

V. I will finish my discourse by saying that

THIS NEW BIRTH IS EMINENTLY PERSONAL.

"*Ye* must be born again." The idea of proxy is quite apart from the figure of the text. A man is born himself, *in propria persona:* no other can be born for him; so here the change which must be wrought in us must be personally experienced and individually known and felt.

Now, I think I hear passing through the congregation at this moment the whisper of many hearts who are saying, "This is very discouraging. We like to hear 'Only believe, and you shall be saved.' We are glad to be told that 'whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ hath everlasting life,' but this distresses us, for it does not open the door so wide as we could wish." Believe me, I am very glad to tell you of the free and wide Gospel of grace. It is joyful work to me to bring that welcome message

But at the same time God forbid that you should be built up upon a false foundation, or that your faith and confidence should stand apart from the truth as it is in Jesus. It will be found to be wood, and hay, and stubble if it be so. But you say my sermon is discouraging: had you not better ask, "Is it true?" A person has been building a house, and we see him piling up the stones, but he has never digged out the foundation. It is certainly discouraging to him to tell him that it is not the right way to build a house, but it will be a great mercy for him to be discouraged in a work which is so foolish. It will be a great saving to him in the long-run if all that he has already built should come down at once, and he should even now begin at the beginning once more, and lay a good foundation and make sure work of it. It would be foolish to cry out, "Do not discourage him:" *he ought to be discouraged.* Yes, indeed, we would discourage all that will end in disappointment. The fact is your efforts, and your doings, and your merits, all of them, at their very best, must be a failure, and it is a good thing for us to tell you so.

"But what am I to do?" saith one. That, permit me to remind you, is not the best question for you to ask, for if the work of salvation were what *you* must do, surely it would be left undone. You may put the question, "What must I do to be saved?" but we will point you away from *doing*, and we will tell you to *believe* in the Lord Jesus Christ, that you may be saved.

"Oh! but you tell me I must have divine power working in me. We do tell you that; we can tell you nothing less, and if that power is ever at work in your soul, its first effect will be to bring you to confess this, and you will fall down before the footstool of divine mercy and say, "Lord, save me, or I perish. God be merciful to me a sinner."

I do not want to rouse your activity, you unconverted people: I want to rouse you to the conviction that you are lost, and I pray God the Holy Spirit may so convince you. I wish, not to make you think "we can cure ourselves," but oh! that you would feel that you are diseased, and that, though you have destroyed yourselves, your remedy lies in a higher hand—that you must look to Jesus only for healing.

To get the supernatural element into the matter is that which we would strive for, and may God the Holy Spirit help us in it! We would have you look away from what is in you or can come from you, and trust to what Christ did on the cross, to what the gracious Father is waiting still to do, and what the Holy Spirit is sent on purpose to work in you that you may be saved. Oh that you may begin to pray for the divine power! May you never rest in any thing short of the divine working in your spirit. It is to this we would bring you.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

THE STORY OF FELICIA CUFFE,

The Long-Lost but Rescued Nun.

An Original Narrative, by Henry Martin.

(*Continued from page 269.*)

Deathbed Confession of Felicia Cuffe's Aunt about her Inveiglement of her Niece into the Convent—Felicia's Mother consulted about her Long-lost Daughter—She goes to the Convent and recognizes Her—Thrilling Scene—Mrs. Cuffe's Visit next day legally to demand her Daughter—Her Abduction.

ONE morning I was surprised to receive in *Dublin* a visit from this converted priest, Father Kirby, and more surprised still at the purport of his coming. It was to inform me of the place of *Miss Cuffe's* imprisonment. It came to his knowledge that her mother was one of my parishioners. His first thought had been to go direct to herself, but upon reflection he deemed it better to use my mediation, for he feared the effect upon a parent, long bereaved, of the sudden intelligence of the more than probable existence of her child.

It came out in our interview that Mr. Kirby himself had once resided in Dublin as a Roman Catholic clergyman, and that Miss Barbara Cuffe, who was Felicia's aunt (as has been previously stated), had used his priestly ministrations. He, in fact, had been her *father confessor*. When she lay dying it was he that shrived her, and "gave her the last rites of the church." When it came to the closing scene of her life's drama her past deeds stood out in the light of eternity, and her conduct toward her niece rose up before her conscience in something of its true colors.

She confessed to him what she had done—how she had *inveigled her niece*, when a mere child, into St. A——'s convent. She felt, now as in the presence of death, troubled at the deed, yet sought to palliate it by urging her motive, namely, to rescue the child from the fangs and claws of heresy, and to gain a new and wealthy subject for Holy Church. "To ease my mind I tell you this," she said; "but, Father Kirby, you must on no account make known to her mother her hiding-place. My niece has now become reconciled to her lot,—is, in fact, a professed nun, which, as you are aware, supposes her own consent. She has therefore given up all earthly relationships, and is the spouse of Jesus Christ. Her mother can never regain her as a daughter, and since by this time she has given her up as dead, it would be worse than useless to renew old yearnings, which, as things now stand, can never be satisfied."

"At that period," said Mr. Kirby to me, "I was fanatically zealous for my Church—approved of the so-called 'religious life'—would, indeed, have every well-to-do and handsome young woman in the land a nun if I could—yet I *remonstrated* with the dying woman; my natural sense of right revolted at her act, and I urged her to permit me to make known to the parent that her child still lived. But all my exhortations went for nought. 'It would breed a grievous scandal against all the convents in the kingdom,' she exclaimed. 'Your oath of secrecy as confessor, Father Kirby, binds you to silence; and besides this, you now must see that the interests of Holy Church put a double seal upon your lips concerning this matter forever.'"

"Her excitement," added Mr. Kirby, "hastened the burning out of the flickering lamp of life; exhausted, her head fell back upon her pillow, there was an agonizing sob, the emaciated countenance fell, the spirit went to its solemn account, and the worn and ghastly tenement of clay mutely supplicated burial.

"About that period," continued Mr. Kirby, "some pressing matters of business required my attention, my thoughts were very much engaged, and after a little the case of Miss Cuffe *faded* from my remembrance. The other day, however, an incident that came before me in my course of reading brought up the whole affair again before my mind, and now, absolved from my *unrighteous oath*—an oath which is a crying wrong to society at large—I have come to you to see if something cannot be done to bring together the long broken-hearted mother and the kidnapped child."

MRS. CUFFE CONSULTED ABOUT HER LONG-LOST DAUGHTER.

Since it was uncertain, however, whether Felicia Cuffe was still in St. A——'s convent, and as neither Mr. Kirby nor myself, if she were brought before us, could recognize her, it became necessary to use the services of Mrs. Cuffe. It would never do to get a *search warrant* and go at a peradventure. Before any outward action should be taken, it must be ascertained with all certainty where the stolen girl was. It was therefore arranged between Mr. Kirby and myself that I should break the matter to the mother, and in a cautious way.

While proceeding to Mrs. Cuffe's home, I asked Mr. Kirby (for he accompanied me) how he could account for the nunnery officials being content to retain Miss Cuffe so long without a *financial consideration*, "for, of course, though she is a considerable heiress from her father, the manner of her concealment has prevented a demand at law for her money."

His reply was, that he had no positive knowledge of how the affair had been managed, but his suspicion was that the aunt, as long as she lived, must have given an annual and handsome sum for the support of her niece; and that as to the portion which every professed nun is required to bring to her (so-called) divine bridegroom, which, in reality, is a *bonus* to the convent funds, his idea was that a claim upon it from the legal trustees had been deferred until the mother's death should remove any difficulty. Meanwhile the money would accumulate, and patience would have its reward in the clutching of a good round sum from compound interest in the future.

One feels anxiety when the bearer of evil tidings, but not less apprehension filled my heart at the task I had undertaken of making known to Mrs. Cuffe the very joyful tidings I had to bring her. Perhaps as many have died from over gladness as from over grief.

Mrs. Cuffe received us quietly; much sorrow had subdued her—a desolated heart had for years given her to live as in a wilderness of gloom. Seating ourselves, at her request, Mr. Kirby and myself gradually led up the conversation to the subject of her long-lost daughter. "If it were possible that she lived, do you think you would know her?" Mr. Kirby inquired, with as great an appearance of inadvertence as he could manage, but Mrs. Cuffe at the question gave him a piercing look—it told her there was something behind his words—and, gasping with excitement, while the blood fled from her lips, she entreated him to no longer keep her in suspense, but to tell her all he knew of her dear one.

What he could convey shed a gleam of light upon a long and horrid mystery, but of course did not make certain the recovery of her child. That depended upon suitable action.

Upon certain days, at most convents, relatives are permitted to visit, under surveillance, a relative who is a nun; often the arrangement is that the interview shall be through a grating, the friend at one side of it and the nun at the other, with an elder sister, to watch every word that passes, close at hand.

SHE DISCOVERS HER DAUGHTER IN A CONVENT.

Mrs. Cuffe, after some mutual counsel, proposed that on the next day for visits at St. A——'s convent she should make her appearance and ask to see sister Agnes. Mr. Kirby could inform her, from what Barbara, her aunt, had told him, that such had been the new name given to Felicia Cuffe upon her taking the veil.

We hesitated to sanction this plan. We feared that Mrs. Cuffe would not have nerve enough, and would betray herself before gaining an interview. She herself, however, felt confident of retaining the necessary self-possession, and insisted that she must be the first to set eyes upon her long-bewailed darling.

The difficulty, in the next place, was to invent a plea for getting to the lost one. Mrs. Cuffe had been to this convent, among the rest, in her personal inquiries about her child. She would very likely be recognized, and the virtual gaolers of her daughter were wary as wolves. It so happened, however, that a Miss Cuffe, cousin of her dead husband and a Roman Catholic, was of similar stature to Mrs. Cuffe, and had something of her general appearance. It was resolved by Mrs. Cuffe to personate this lady,—to purchase an attire as like hers as possible, and in this disguise, stating the cousin's relationship, to ask to see sister Agnes.

The servitor at the convent door, upon this request from the trembling mother, gave her a searching look. Some reminiscence seemed to pass before her mind; she paused, and Mrs. Cuffe's hopes sank to zero within her. The hesitation of the servitor nun, however, was only momentary. She told Mrs. Cuffe to wait for a little on a seat in the hall, and, saying she would soon return, passed from sight through the door at the upper part of the hall already mentioned in our narrative. The moment of her absence was a season of intense suspense to the yearning mother, and in the multitude of her thoughts within her, seemed an age. It ended, however satisfactorily—the mother's heart leaped to he throat as she was told by the servitor nun to follow her to the reception-room.

Felicia Cuffe was greatly changed since she and her mother, thirteen years before, had been ruthlessly parted; from a mere child she ha grown to be a woman; a nun's raiment, too, i an efficient disguise of lineament and featur Mrs. Cuffe herself, likewise, was greatly altere for sorrow mars the face. If then, it were th case that sister Agnes was the lost one, woul mutual recognition be possible? The proble was soon solved.

Mrs. Cuffe, with palpitating heart, took h stand near the grating, which reached fro floor to ceiling in the room, and severed th "*religieuse*" from the outer and "profane world. Soon a dark-robed young female forn with an older female dark-robed form beside he moved towards the expectant visitor. O glance of the mother into her child's face w sufficient—the lost one was found. The name F licia, in the old tender tone, passed aloud fro her lips as she pushed her hands far as ar would reach through the grating.

THRILLING SCENE.

The word was as an electric flash to the n addressed. With a bound and a raptur shriek she rushed to the embrace held out her. Mother and child were locked in e other's arms, lip met lip in a delirium of kiss and bosom all but lay close to bosom—we say but lay—for the cruel iron bars rose up strai and strong between them.

Soon the whole convent was in a tum Some of the elder nuns rushed to that port of the apartment where Mrs. Cuffe stood, others to that part where, pressed to her he was her discovered daughter. It soon bec evident that these spiritual recluses would scruple to resort to physical force when deemed a heretic invaded their sanctu Rude hands were laid upon Mrs. Cuffe and daughter, and strenuous efforts were made separate them. On their part a brave and e est resistance was made, but numbers at len prevailed. Felicia Cuffe was torn from her ther, was violently pushed back in the room, finally, in a swoon, was carried to a distant of the convent.

Long did the mother, holding on to the b and making as though she would tear them as beseech those around her, as women, to pity on her, and restore to her her child. addressed herself to those who, as steepe bigotry and austere in their fanatical zeal, no compassion. Alas! so-called mothers, yet had never been mothers, could not be pected to know any thing of a mother's She too, was drawn back from her position ainting state—was hustled to the outer door, vhich with a slam was closed behind her.

Mr. Kirby and myself were not far off; we rere standing half-way down the great avenue f trees that led to the convent. We hastened p, and took hurried counsel. We concluded hat to ask for readmittance to Miss Cuffe was ow utterly useless. The superior of the conent and her auxiliary sisterhood were "masers" of the situation, and so far we had been affled. It was, however, now certain that the ong-lost one lived, and the place of her conealment was known. A "mandamus" could e obtained from the civil authorities, which ould compel her production.

HE MOTHER'S LEGAL CLAIM FOR HER DAUGHTER.

Next day—the soonest period possible from he law's proverbial delay—Mr. Kirby and Mrs. uffe and myself, with the necessary legal officls, presented ourselves at St. A——'s convent oor. We were all received with a studied coursy and ceremoniousness. Making known the bject of our coming, regret was expressed at ne hasty removal of Mrs. Cuffe from the premses on the day previous, but it was declared with bland smile to be rendered necessary by Mrs. uffe's outrageous conduct. She had, as one emented, laid hold upon a young sister in the stablishment, an utter stranger to her, and had nsisted, in a most unladylike way, that she was lost child of hers.

They would prove the truth of this statement, it were desired, by producing the young nun nat had been assaulted. They could not acount for the wild mistake which the lady had nade, except by supposing that—poor thing!—he was a little crazed upon the subject of her aughter; and perhaps the young sister she had ushed upon had some distant resemblance in ge and features to her child.

The effect of this speech, as may be supposed, as maddening upon Mrs. Cuffe, while it excited n Mr. Kirby and myself the warmest indignation. he law officers, however, who accompanied s, and who were Roman Catholics, felt quite isposed to accept the lady superior's words as rue. They said, "They would like to see the un that was spoken of, and perhaps a look at er by Mrs. Cuffe would dissipate the fancy that he had seen her daughter." We all, on our ide, protested against the performance of any uch farce. Mrs. Cuffe firmly asserted her absoate certainty of having seen her child, and we nsisted upon having a search made throughout he premises.

The sisters in black declaimed against any uch insult being offered to their privacy, but t length consented, and, changing their tone, ven ostentatiously offered every facility for havng it thoroughly done. Every room and closet nd cell and recess was therefore explored; but hey were explored in vain. No Felicia Cuffe as to be found; and, finally, the nun said to be nistaken for her was set before us. But Mrs. Cuffe ridiculed the idea of her being the person he had seen the day before; yet I must confess began to feel it might be that the lady superir's representation of the matter had some truth n it, and a glance at my friend Mr. Kirby gave ne to see that he had something of the same idea.

There was such a seeming candor about the lder inmates of the convent. We had, using heir help and guidance, carefully ransacked very hole and corner of the building. Mrs. Cuffe, we knew, was in a state of mental fever concerning her daughter. The person she had dentified as her lost one was seen by her only or a few moments, and delusion was possible. We pressed this fact upon her attention; but—poor woman!—she would not heed it for an nstant. She declared a mother, in such a case, could not be mistaken; and with a heart cast lown from the highest hope to the deepest sorrow and despair, she returned to her dwelling.

HER ABDUCTION INTO ANOTHER CONVENT.

Mrs. Cuffe was right in her conviction that sister Agnes was her long-lost daughter, and the heads of the St. A——'s consent were fully in accord with her in this belief. Therefore, after the mother's expulsion from the convent door, an anxious conference was held as to what should be done under the circumstances.

It was felt that sister Agnes must be removed. It was true that since she was torn from her mother's bosom she had passed from one swoon into another—that her life, in fact, was in jeopardy—still the good name of the convent was more precious even than that. Therefore, though transference to another "religious house" in the city might entail risk to the young nun, transferred she must be, and as soon as possible.

(To be continued.)

PROBABLE POLICY OF THE POPE.

By Rev. C. H. Hamilton, Rector of Horne, England.

The Recent Revival of Papal Power a Fulfilment of Prophecy—The Loss of Temporal Power has Resulted in an Increase of Spiritual Power—A Probable Change of Front—Ultramontanism the Third of the Unclean Spirits under the Sixth Vial—Antichrist will Probably Rise by Ultramontane Influences.

FEW things have been more surprising than the revival of the power of the Papacy within the last ten years. Shorn of its strength, and apparently doomed to speedy decay, it has nevertheless taken a new lease of life. To the student of prophecy this has not, however, been an unlooked-for event, because a temporary revival of the Papal power, though under singularly altered conditions from the time when Rome dictated her laws to the nations of the earth, has been clearly foretold in the Apocalypse (Rev. 13 and 17).

The Papacy dream of universal dominion has been steadily maintained, notwithstanding the loss of its temporal sovereignty over the Eternal City, in 1870, when the Pope became the self-styled "prisoner of the Vatican." The Church of Rome still indulges in visions of the time when the kingdoms of the world shall be brought under her sway.

Strange to relate, the loss of the temporal power has resulted in a vast increase of the spiritual power of the Pope. The power of the Papacy is more unlimited than that of any absolute monarchy. What seemed at first sight an irreparable disaster has been the means of rallying the tens of thousands of spiritual subjects of the Pope around his throne, in a more blind and unreasoning allegiance than ever.

The most striking proof of this autocratic power was afforded at the Vatican Council in 1870. It is well known that an influential minority, of which Bishop Strossmeyer may be regarded as the leader, was strongly opposed to the monstrous dogma of Infallibility, then imposed upon the Roman Church; but the remonstrants were not only silenced, but compelled to give in their adhesion to a dogma which conscience and reason alike condemned. Never was the right of private judgment so rigorously denied to the subjects of the Church of Rome; never was the spiritual dictatorship of the Papacy so despotic and triumphant.

It is certain that the late Pontiff—whether from the dislike of old age to engage in acrimonious warfare, or perhaps owing to a revival of the liberal spirit that had made the inauguration of his Pontificate so remarkable—desired to relax the fierceness of the conflict he had so long waged with the kingdom of Italy. We do not think that this policy of moderation will be *really* pursued by Leo XIII., however much it may possibly be professed in honeyed phrases. It is far more likely that the famous "*non possumus*" of Pius IX. will be repeated in terms of equal, if not increased, hostility.

We must also be prepared before long for a startling change of front in the attitude of the Papacy. In past times it has been allied to governments: it has bestowed its patronage on kings and princes in exchange for the recognition of its spiritual supremacy, and has shown itself the uncompromising foe of democratic aspirations. But its present sore need will make it willing to use any instruments, however ignoble, by which it may regain the sceptre of the world.

Disowned by the Governments of Europe, its Concordats with Austria, and even with Catholic Spain, rescinded, deprived of this auxiliary power of influencing the destinies of the world, it will in due time throw itself into the arms of the people, and strengthen itself by an alliance with democracy. The Scarlet Woman, for a short season just before her destruction, is again to be seated in temporal power upon the seven hills of Rome, and to ride triumphantly upon the crownless red-republicanized nations of Cæsar's Roman Empire, represented by scarlet wild-beasts with ten uncrowned horns (see Rev. 17: 3, 9).

The Papacy has ever been ready to adapt itself to altered times and conditions. It can suit itself either to monarchical or republican Governments. A glance at the present state of Europe will find what a formidable weapon it may find in Communism. Every day the power of government is becoming more and more vested in the hands of the people. In every State where free institutions exist there are busy agitators laboring to spread the doctrines of Socialism, Communism, and Internationalism. The dread of Internationalism is the nightmare of politicians. The English Prime Minister long ago sounded the note of warning touching this new cause of danger, and far-seeing statesmen regard it as an omen of grave import to the liberties of Europe.

There is even reason to believe that it was the fear of concerted action between the Catholics of South Germany and the Ultra-Radical party, leagued together by a community of interest, that induced Prince Bismarck to withdraw, in a great measure, from his memorable struggle with the Papal See. His present policy may delay for a while, but cannot ultimately prevent, the realization of his fears; the separation of the South German States from Bismarck's German empire being a necessity for the complete reconstitution of the ten kingdoms of Cæsar's Roman Empire.

The dethroned Babylonish queen of nations, in her extremity, will ally herself with the despised populaces, and ride back again to power on the shoulders of Revolution and Demagoguism, as foreshown in the expositions of Mr. Hyslop, Mr. Jenour, and other writers upon Revelations 17.

Ultramontanism, or Popish fanaticism, together with Mohammedan fanaticism, is clearly the third of the unclean spirits which are predicted to gather the nations to war during the sixth vial under which we are now living. The sixth vial is drying up the Euphrates or Turkish Empire in order that the way may be prepared for the return of the Jews to Palestine.

It will be by Ultramontane and Democratic influences that the predicted Napoleonic Antichrist will presently rise to this predestined universal dominion (Rev. 13: 3, 7), and the next ten or fifteen years will probably witness all these and other concluding events of this dispensation connected with the Second Coming of Christ.

Casting a mighty spell over the minds of the nations by her withcrafts, and sorceries, and miracles, wrought through Satanic agency, the Church of Rome under her final Pontiff (who will most probably be a more active man than Leo XIII., who is sixty-eight years old) will seem at last to have reached the summit of her ambition—universal dominion. But in the midst of her exaltation, while she exclaims, "I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow," and exalts herself boastfully over the nations, shall sudden destruction come upon her, and her power shall be utterly cast down. "In one day shall her plagues come upon her," and her kingdom broken, so that it shall be found no more forever. Then shall He come "whose right it is to reign,"—the Sovereign Prince of Peace,—and "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

An Oration by J. B. Gough.

(Continued from page 271.)

A Sea-captain Half-seas over—Intoxicated Engine Driver and Stoker—Casinos Promoted by Drink—A Dying Magdalen Repaying a Debt of Half-a-crown—A Glasgow Minister Reclaiming a Fierce Drunkard.

A FRIEND of mine told me that *the captain of a packet-ship* plying between Liverpool and New York said to him, "I always considered myself a moderate drinker. I drank a glass of brandy-and-water at my dinner when at sea, nothing more. And I always felt better for my brandy-and-water. I came on deck slightly exhilarated." A heavy sea rolling, or a terrific gale of wind blowing, he would say, "This is magnificent, this is glorious to manage a fine ship! How she pitches into it—she works like a beauty! Mate, send the men aloft, and shake the reefs out of that main-top-sail; ay, ay, shake them out of the fore-topsail; let us have a little more sail, we will make a fine passage."

The mate looks at him in surprise; the sailors would obey his orders; the vessel felt the press of the sail and quivered in every timber—the bows driving under water, and the mate standing with blanched cheeks clinching the stanchions, looking at the masts bending like whip-stocks in the wind, the captain feeling it was glorious and magnificent. "This is the kind of weather we want; isn't she flying along; we shall make a magnificent passage." By and by, when the influence of that single glass passed away, he would look up aloft, then he would look out to windward. "Getting dirty weather, mate; better make things snug up there. I say, men, clew up that main-topsail, close reef that fore-topsail; make things snug."

The very same sea rolling, under the influence of one glass of brandy-and-water he would clap on sail enough to spring the masts and drive the vessel's bows under water; but when that influence passed away he would prudently take in sail. "Now," he said, "I am a sea-faring man, and I believe that many a good ship, with passengers and crew, has foundered at sea through the influence of a glass of brandy on the brain of a captain in a gale of wind." Now, I say, is that one glass moderation? You may say so to me sitting here, but you would not say so if you were on the deck of that ship. Circumstances would alter your opinion of the same fact. And you would probably say, if you were on board that ship, "I wish he had not taken that brandy." "But he daily drank one glass." "Ay, but that one glass was not moderation."

INTOXICATED ENGINE-DRIVER AND STOKER.

Two men were brought up at Liverpool, an engineer and a stoker, and were tried, and they proved that they were sober when they went on the locomotive, and they proved that they had only been taking a drop or two with some friends at Christmas. But the guard finding, when they came near to Warrington that they were going at the rate of some sixty miles an hour, felt that there was something wrong, climbed over the carriages, and found the engineer and the stoker stupidly drowsing on the engine with a full head of steam on. Do you call that moderation?

I care not what a man drinks—I care not whether it is a thimbleful or a quart—if it acts upon the brain so as to induce him to neglect his duty—if its effects are such that life is sacrificed—God save those who travel from moderation. We say that the moderate drink of one man is not a safe example for another man to follow, and what we want specially with regard to young men is this. Young men are exposed in this city to terrible temptations; it is a city of snares: some of you, perhaps, do not know it, and God forbid that you should. But there are men here who could take you on a six-hours' exploration in this metropolis and show you scenes—well, I cannot tell you—I cannot tell you what the effect would be upon you. I know what it has been upon me.

CASINOS PROMOTED BY DRINK.

I have not slept at night for them—I have not eaten any food for them—scenes so horrible when we think of them in a Christian land, they won't bear repeating. You cannot describe them. While you are sitting here to-night, they are there, in full force and in full play, and not one of them can be sustained without drink. *Drink is the beginning, the middle, and the end of it.* Young men cannot be induced to enter these horrible dens until they are first induced to drink. It is drink that is the beginning; drink is the first step; you find among those who are whirling their partners in *the giddy dance to-night in the casinos*, and will be till to-morrow morning—that some of them have been Sabbath-school scholars, some of them Sabbath-school teachers!

Ask them the cause of this; ask them the first step, and nine out of ten will tell you *drink—drink—drink.* And there is no power on earth that debases and degrades and embrutes a man as the power and influence of drink. Drink—ah! young men, when you look at debased men and women, I know you call them brutes. I know that. I know very well when you see a man that will abuse his mother you call him a brute; when you see a young man that will, as *a young man* did that I know very well, *steal money from his sick sister*, and as she said, "I have no friends; I am all alone, I have been saving money for my sickness, and my death, and my burial, and he has left me without a penny." "Ah!" you say, "a man like that is a brute."

No, he is not; no, he is not. I tell you if we had a stronger faith in this fact, that there is no man or woman so debased and so degraded, but *they are human yet;* there is a spot in their hearts, if we can only get at it; it would go right through them like electricity; if we only had more faith in that fact we should be doing more good. But we get so weary in well-doing—don't we? We get so weary in setting the example of patience in bearing with the errors and faults of our brother. But remember God's long-suffering to you.

Remember that when you see an *erring brother*, when you see a faint and *erring sister*, have mercy on her, as Christian men; have mercy on such, they are human. Did you ever work among them? Did you ever go among them? Did you ever find a human being that persevering kindness cannot reach, would not touch? Did you? I never did; never—never—never: I care not who they are.

A DYING MAGDALEN PAYING A DEBT OF HALF-A-CROWN.

A friend of Hugh Miller related this fact. He received *a letter from a poor woman*, he knew not who it was till he went, inviting him to call and see her in her wretched den in Edinburgh. He went, and found the woman on her death-bed and destitute. She was a townswoman of his. For eight years and more she had been a *flaunting street-walker.* But she was a woman, and she had a woman's heart; and she lay down to die. He had no money with him but *half-a-crown;* it was *Saturday night.* He gave her that, and said, "I will call in the morning." He did; but she was dead. At the funeral Mr. Miller saw a woman evidently affected, and he said to her, "Is that any relation of yours?"

"Oh, no!" she said; "no relation, poor thing. When she was a gay, flaunting girl, with her ribbons, and her furbelows, and her flounces, she purchased things of me, and she owed me half-a-crown, and I could never get it; she would laugh at me when I asked her for it, and evidently seemed bent upon cheating me. Last *Saturday night* I was astonished to see that poor creature come into my shop: she only had one garment on her; it was a drizzly night; her cheeks were hollow, her eyes sunk down deep in the sockets, her fingers like the claws of a bird; and she came tottering in and laid down *the half-crown* and said, 'There is your money, ma'am; it lies heavily on my conscience; it is your due—I owe it to you, and I did not mean to cheat you; I must pay you before I die,'—and went back to her wretched rags to die."

They have hearts. Did you ever try it? Oh, these poor outcasts! I could sometimes bow my head and weep floods of tears when I see the horrible oppression of man to his fellow erring man. "Oh, yes; beat him, give it him, John; he has got no friends!" this is very much the doctrine of the world; and it should not be so with Christian men. They are our brethren; and remember Jesus our Saviour, in His ministry on earth, never said a harsh word to the outcast—never, never. To the self-righteous Pharisees He said, "O generation of vipers! how shall ye escape the damnation of hell?" But to the woman, the sorrowing woman, He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Oh, the might and power of example! Do not these poor creatures look for it from you? Would to God the time was come when, if we should say to any of these erring, wretched, vile outcasts, "Friend, that is a Chrsitian man," he would spring to him, and know that the Christian man, like the good Samaritan, would pour in oil and bind up his wounds. Did you ever try consistent, persevering kindness with the erring?

A GLASGOW MINISTER RECLAIMING A FIERCE DRUNKARD.

A minister of the Gospel, *a parish minister in Scotland*, told me that when he first went to Glasgow he made up his mind that he would call on every individual in his parish—every one; but there was one man he was afraid of. His friends said to him, "I would not go and see him, he will do you a mischief probably; I would not go to see him; it is no use going to see him—he is a brute," they said. Well, the minister said, "I was ashamed of myself, to find day after day, week after week pass away, and I did not see this man. I visited everybody else but him. One morning I got up, feeling exceedingly well; the sky was bright, the sun shining, the trees were looking green; just that sort of a morning when a man feels the blood running through his system, and I said, I will go up and see that man; I am just in the right trim for it."

He went up three or four pairs of stairs, and knocked at the door—no answer; he knocked again—no answer; he knocked again—no answer: he opened the door and went in; and h said, when he saw *that poor creature crouched b the fire-place*, he began to feel a little frightened he began to feel a sort of sickness in his throat—that sort of feeling, I wish I wasn't here. Hi hair was matted and tangled, his clothing i rags, and filthy; a four-weeks' beard on his face and his cheeks cadaverous; and, as he looke around him, there was a glare like that of a ma beast, and he felt timid and frightened.

The first word the poor creature said wa "*Who are you?*"—"I am a minister." "Min ister; what do you want?"—"Well, I hav called to see you." He rose upon his feet, ar the minister said, "Then I began to think whe I should take him; I expected a struggle, and was determined I would not give him up. H came up pretty close to me, and stretched o his hand and said, 'You have come to see m have you; then see me. How do you like t looks of me—I'm a bit of a beauty, ain't Come to see me, did you?"

Then he came a pace or two nearer, and he f the pestiferous breath on his face hot, as said, "Now, I will *kick you downstairs.*" "Stop," he said; "don't—don't, don't kick downstairs now, because I have a call to make above; and, if you kick me down, I shall obliged to come all the way up again, don't y see. Now, if it is any gratification to you kick the minister downstairs, who has come call upon you out of pure good-will, let me and make my visit upstairs and then I will pl myself at your disposal." "Well, *you ar rum 'un,*" said the man, and shuffled back to seat.

The minister made his call upstairs, ca down, opened the door, and said, "Well, man, here I am. I told you I would call aga

Now, if it is any gratification to you to kick the minister downstairs, I am at your disposal."—"Did you come to see me?" the man asks. "Yes, I did." "Well, then, sit down;" and he began to talk to him, not as if he was a brute, but as if he was a brother; as if he was a man. And by and by the poor creature cried out, "O sir! I am the most God-forsaken wretch on earth!" and then he spoke of a wife and six children, of sorrow and sin, and degradation and despair.

Well, the minister prayed with that man, and eft him, came back again, and the result was hat man, with his wife and five children, sat in God's house on the Sabbath, clothed and in his right mind, under the influence of the truth.

(*To be continued.*)

CONTRASTED DEATHS OF TWO AUSTRALIANS.

An interesting story has been told by the Rev. Dr. Cameron, whose lamented decease took place at Melbourne on December 17th, 1877. It orcibly illustrates the saying of our Lord that many who seem first in their chances of reaching the kingdom fail of finally entering there, while others who might be supposed to have no chance at all are, like the thief on the cross, gathered in at the eleventh hour. The first two servants that Dr. Cameron had when he went out to Australia as a young man had both been convicts, and when he became acquainted with them were still condemned sinners in God's sight (John 3: 18).

One of the two, whose name was Mitchell, had been in a clergyman's household, where he had the privilege of joining every day in the family devotions, and of receiving regular religious instruction, and of worshipping on the Sabbath in the house of God. To all appearances he seemed to feel no repugnance at these things, but rather to appreciate and relish them.

The other man had been in circumstances of the very opposite kind. In that part of the country where he had lived there were none of the ordinary means of grace—no minister of the Gospel, no Christian fellowship, nothing to remind him of heaven. But this man was arrested in his ungodliness by the power of God's Spirit, turned aside into a new path, continued steadfast to the end, and died leaving a clear testimony to the thoroughness of his regeneration by God's Holy Spirit.

The end of Mitchell, however, was as melancholy as the other's was satisfactory. After he left Mr. Cameron's service he went to reside with a settler in a remote part of the bush. A young gold-digger, with gold in his possession, happened to lodge for the night at the house where he was living. Shortly after, Mitchell was found in possession of the horse which the digger had been riding, and he was arrested on suspicion of having stolen it.

Then, as the young gold-digger never reached his destination, a worse suspicion was aroused, and a search was instituted. In a shady and secluded spot, close to the road along which the missing man had been travelling, the remains of a large fire were discovered. Among the ashes were found certain articles, which were identified as having belonged to him. That he had been foully murdered, and his remains burned up, was evident.

Further investigation brought to light additional circumstantial evidence against Mitchell of the clearest kind. To crown all, a watch was found on him which was proved to be one which the gold-digger had worn. Mitchell was accordingly tried and sentenced to be hanged, and without confessing his crime, or giving any sign of penitence, he was executed.

The strangely contrasted ends of these two Australian servants show how vain are hopes built merely on favorable associations and religious influences, and how necessary it is to seek a changed heart and a new nature through earnestly seeking Christ and coming to Him in fervent prayer and faith.

THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

S. S. Lesson for March 2d.—Psalm 51; Golden Text, verse 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The prayer of the penitent in our Psalm for to-day is not the prayer of an unconverted man. David had long known the Lord when he fell into his grievous sin through indolence and want of watchfulness. In 2 Sam. 11: 1, 2, we find the King of Israel sending Joab to fight his battles "at the time when kings go forth." "But David tarried still at Jerusalem." David was on his bed instead of in the field, and thus the enemy got advantage over him. The whole tone of the prayer is that of one who knows the Lord, and knows himself too. Nathan had made a personal application of the parable of the ewe lamb (2 Sam. 12: 1-14), and in the name of God he had said to the king, "Thou art the man;" and David bowed before God and said, "I have sinned against the Lord," and received the blessed answer, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin."

But the king sought not pardon only, *but a cure* and an inward cleansing from his impurity, and so he appeals to the wondrous greatness of God's mercy, and says, "Have mercy upon me, O God! according to Thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." What multitude of mercies has God for us? David would say, according to what Thou art, and not according to what I am, blot out my transgressions.

Then he desired a radical cure, so that the sin might not occur again even in thought. "Wash me *thoroughly* from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." Only when we know God and love His holiness do we make this prayer from the depths of our hearts. Then sin to us becomes exceeding sinful, and the very thought of an excuse is impossible. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1: 9). At first David made an attempt to hide his sin. "Thou didst it secretly." He thought of his reputation as a man of God; and while he was under the power of the sin, he so far forgot his integrity that he planned the death of Uriah, and lent himself to a course of guilty deception. Oh, how hard a master Satan is, and how bitter is this horrible bondage of attempting to keep up appearances when the heart is wrong all the time!

But, blessed be our most gracious God, there is a way of return. And should any of my readers be under the power of a secret sin, of whatever nature it may be, I would urge you, my reader, to out with it tooth and nail. Where sin is concealed, it is still loved; remorse may be present, bitter shame, despair, but sin is still loved where it is unconfessed. "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." (Heb. 12: 4). Confession may be like the cutting off of a right hand or the plucking out of a right eye, but it is worth the while to be fully cleansed and separated from the uncleanness. There is a want of true nobility in those who shrink from acknowledging their sin. The slavery of confession to a priest is not what is meant here; but confession of sins against one another, or the frank acknowledgment to one who esteems us above that which is our real spiritual state when we know we have fallen into sin.

David felt the slime of his sin clinging about him, and he felt it was due to the people whom he ruled over, and from whom he had so carefully concealed his sin, that they should know his guilt, and thus he wrote this Psalm about himself and sent in to the chief musician; and all Israel knew that their king had sinned, and that he took the place of a penitent.

Beloved friends, no efforts of our own can produce in us a clean heart; sin dwelleth in us, and cannot but fructify if a stronger power does not keep it down. A clean heart is none other than Jesus' heart beating in us, loving in us, shunning all that is impure; it is "the divine nature" (2 Pet. 1: 4); God dwelling in us; "newness of life" (Rom. 6: 4). If we cry unto God to create such a heart in us, we acknowledge that there is no material ready prepared for it; that it is Him who says, "Behold, I make all things new" (Rev. 21: 5), that alone can create a clean heart.

The Psalmist got down to the very depth of the reality about himself. While he claimed cleansing on the ground of his confession, "For I acknowledge my transgression," yet he saw the complete ruin of his human nature. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." But he *made no excuse on this ground.* And then he who had written of the king's daughter, "the Lamb's Bride" (Ps. 45: 13), that she is "all glorious within," says, "Behold, Thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom." He knew well that an outward change was not sufficient for a holy God; that the abstinence from the commission of sin was not reformation deep enough for Him who knoweth all the secrets of the heart. And he who had sinned so grievously against Uriah, against Bathsheba, and against his people in the guilt which might make them think lightly of sin, yet saw above all the sin which he had committed in its relation to God; so that he said, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and clear when Thou art judged."

Then He requests God to give him joy. He does not think that the shame for his sin necessitates his always being miserable; always humbled he must be. "Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice;" and again, ver. 12, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation." It had been lost, but he believes in the power of God to restore it; and then he asks for the Holy Spirit. First, "Renew a right spirit within me;" then, "Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me;" and, lastly, "Uphold me with Thy free Spirit." He was deeply conscious of his utter inability to walk alone. But he counted the more upon the Spirit of God. He needed constant renewing by the Holy Ghost; he needed the certainty that God would not leave him to himself, which he feared now more than ever, and consequently the upholding of the Spirit of God; and not alone for himself; he had another object in view: "Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto Thee."

David saw, perhaps, as never before the wondrous mercy and love of the heart of God; and as one who had tested by the vileness of his sin what kind of God he had to deal with, he could translate to sinners that unknown heart of love which was yearning over them; he could say to sinners, "I have been as low down in sin as you, but the Lord has raised me up." And then he says, "Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God! Thou God of my salvation;" the blood of Uriah lay upon his conscience and the blood of souls also. "And my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness," not of Thy mercy, but Thy righteousness. For God hath set forth Jesus "to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His *righteousness* for the remission of sins that are past," "that He might be just and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3: 25, 26).

Then he speaks as though his sin had robbed him of all liberty and freedom. "O Lord! open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise." The very Psalmist's lips had been closed while sin had bound him. "For Thou desirest not sacrifice," etc. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." This is not a heart which prides itself upon its own penitence, but which is helpless and hopeless in itself. And then again the king pleads for his people: "Do good in Thy good pleasure unto Zion; build Thou the walls of Jerusalem. Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness," etc. He contemplated a life henceforth which should be a freewill and a thank-offering to his Saviour God.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British Parliament reassembled on Thursday, February 13th, for the dispatch of business. The ministerial leaders of both Houses made important speeches. That of Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Lords was listened to with intense interest, owing to the sad news of the Cape disaster which had just been published. He frankly admitted the gravity of the situation, and stated what measures had been taken to remedy the evil. In reference to the Afghan war he said: "The object of the Government's interference in Afghanistan has been completely accomplished. We now hold the three great highways connecting Afghanistan and India, and I hope we shall always retain them. We have secured a frontier which I hope and believe will render India invulnerable in a way which will trench as little as possible on the independence of Afghanistan."

In the lower House the policy of the Government was severely criticised by the Marquis of Hartington, the leader of the Opposition. The Irish members loudly complained that the interests of their country were being neglected by the Ministry.

A severe disaster has befallen the British forces in Southern Africa. During the absence of the British commander, Lord Chelmsford, and a strong reconnoitring party, the Zulus in large numbers surrounded the camp, and in spite of a vigorous defence by the soldiers left to guard it, the savages succeeded in capturing the guns, stores, and ammunition. Very few of the gallant English troops escaped. The fight must have been very desperate, for it is computed that the loss of the Zulus amounts to upwards of 2000 men killed. The British loss is set down at *thirty commissioned officers*, and *five hundred and seventy* rank and file. The details of the engagement have not yet come to hand, but it would appear, from such intelligence as we have, that the British force was enticed out of their camp and surrounded by an overwhelming Zulu force. The Zulus are the most warlike of the Caffir tribes, and in their tactics and mode of warfare closely resemble our own enemies, the Cheyennes and Sioux. The British Government appears to have underestimated the power of the Zulus and to have sent a force totally inadequate to cope with them. When the news of the defeat reached London, a Cabinet council was summoned at once, and prompt measures adopted for the protection of the colony. Upwards of seven thousand men are to be dispatched to the Cape within a week, with a full complement of artillery. Telegrams have also been sent to the Viceroy of India and the Governor of Mauritius, directing them to render what aid they may be able in the emergency.

The President of the French Republic is rapidly completing his arrangements with the view of intrusting the chief appointments, military, civil, and diplomatic, to men who are sincerely in sympathy with his administration, and who are known to be of sound Republican principles. The military changes at present made known affect eighteen generals and twelve commanders of troops. An amnesty bill has been presented by the Government to the Chambers. It grants amnesty to all offenders except those who have transgressed the common law. It condones all political offences committed subsequent to 1870. General tranquillity prevails throughout the country, and a more hopeful feeling is noticed among all classes of society.

The distress in London, as well as in other parts of England, continues very great, and the sufferings of the poor are much increased by the extreme severity of the season. Mr. E. Clifford, writing to the *Echo*, says of his visit to a poor man's house: "He and his family were all together in a dark room. A little girl, wearing only a boy's waistcoat, with one button, came out. She did not know her name. A miserable boy, about thirteen years old, came out. He earned eighteenpence a week. The woman was ashamed to come out because of her nakedness. I went into the dark room. On a horrible bed lay another little boy, because he and his brother had only one suit of clothes between them. The woman said, 'I am wretched; if it wasn't for that child I should be dead; but she is such a little cricket, and sings all day. Nobody has spoken a kind word to us till now all the years we have been here. There is no water here, and the neighbors are tired of lending it to us. So we cannot wash." The man said, 'My employment was washing bodies of people that had died. In the small-pox time I thought that if I drank it would keep away the infection, and that was how I came to drink. But I brought the small-pox home to my little girl. It's not all drink that has brought me down to this."

We regret to observe that the contemptible and worthless self-styled *Charity Organization Society* objects to the "indiscriminate charity" of feeding the starving poor, even to the extent of giving them a cup of cocoa and a piece of dry bread. There was ONE who two thousand years ago, in the most "indiscriminate" manner distributed not only *bread* but *fish* to multitudes on the shores of the Sea of Galilee; but, fortunately for these, there was no Charity Organization Society in those days, nor had that equivocal creation of our modern civilization the "Guardian of the Poor" been evolved out of the selfishness of human nature.

The German Reichstag was opened on February 12th by the Emperor William in person. In his speech from the throne he said he thanked the members for assisting in the suppression of the Socialist agitation, and hoped they would continue to support the Government as far as was necessary for the care of the Socialist evil. He announced the abolition of Article 5 of the Treaty of Prague, and referred with pleasure to the friendly relations with Austria, and the results of the Berlin Congress. He declared that the relations between Germany and all other powers are satisfactory, and that she would continue to use her influence in behalf of European peace.

Scientific Faith of the Prince of Wales.—A fact is related about the Prince of Wales and Dr. Lyon Playfair which is worth recording. Both were standing near a cauldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat. "Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" said the doctor. "Certainly," replied the Prince. "Will you, then, place your hand in the boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it?" "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the Prince. "I do," replied the doctor. The Prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury. It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand may be placed uninjured in *lead boiling at white heat*, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, a dreadful burn would result. After this let no one underrate the courage of the Prince of Wales.

The Death of Mr. Henry Vincent, who has been known for many years as a popular lecturer in the United States and England, took place on December 29th. He was an eloquent orator. Until a few weeks before his death he was fully engaged in a course of lectures. The labor thus entailed had been augmented by his earnest desire to preach the Gospel, so that he usually preached twice on Sunday, in addition to exhaustive lectures during the week. A short while before he breathed his last he uttered, as the expression of his confidence, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." His portrait and a sketch of his life will appear in an early number of this journal.

Money in Answer to Prayer.—The Rev. Hudson Taylor, who is manager of the China Inland Mission, says: "On October 11th, 1878, we wrote from London to our brethren, Mr. S. B. Drake and Mr. W. L. Elliston, telling them that we were able to receive them with a view to their early departure for China. We mentioned that we had not a penny in hand towards the expenses of their going out, but reckoned, as heretofore, on the faithfulness of God to supply all that was needed. These letters were posted at 5.15. By the 9 o'clock delivery of that same night a letter reached us from a distant European capital, containing donations for several objects. And amongst them one hundred pounds *to pay the passages of two new missionaries* to the very districts to which we had designated the above-named brethren. The kind donor knew nothing of the circumstances in which we were placed; but God, who knew all, had anticipated the prayers of that very day, and had laid several needs, which were met by that letter, on the heart of His servant. In writing to these two brethren, whom he had known as desirous of serving the Lord in China for two or three years, we had, as usual, to act in faith; but the Lord justified that faith, which rested on His own sure word of promise."

English labor troubles show no sign of abatement. The most serious struggle between employers and employed will probably arise in the iron trade, as the men employed in that branch of industry belong to a union which holds a large reserve fund, and is able to support its members during a protracted struggle. The employers in this trade have postponed for a week action on the notice which is the occasion of the dispute, in hope that during that time a compromise may be effected and a strike averted. A general strike in the English iron trade would be a most disastrous event for the English nation, for while masters and men are measuring their strength against each other and trying which side can afford to remain idle for the longest time, other nations will supply the markets, and trade once diverted into new channels is slow to return to the former ones, if it ever does.

The dock laborers at Liverpool and othe English ports have united in a strike, and severa vessels waiting for their cargoes have had to be detained because men could not be found t carry them on board. A number of laborer from other districts have been sent to Liverpool to take the place of the men "on strike," bu have been driven away by the threats of the strik ers. Extra police were on duty to protect th new men, but by the latest accounts a grea deal of intimidation was still being employed It is estimated that 35,000 men are on strike i Liverpool alone, and there is some apprehensio that if they ally themselves with the idle sailors of whom there are always a large number loafin about the port, a serious riot might ensue.

A Royal Madman.—The eccentricities of th King of Bavaria are multiplying in a strang manner. Last summer he caused a wonderf sort of water chariot to be constructed an launched on Lake Chiemsee, among the Bava rian Alps, and in this fantastic barque he w drawn about by trained swans, to an accompan ment of Wagner's music. Later on, he was r ported to have been heard, by the people of Mu nich, playing the violin by midnight on the ro of his own palace. Still more recently, he o dered the *building of a new palace* on an island i the same mountain lake, Chiemsee. It is to b on the plan of Versailles, though far surpassin that in extent and splendor, with a court full statues of warriors, statesmen, and musicians, i marble and bronze, and gardens containing a entire mythology of sculpture.

Pastor Oncken, of Hamburg, the veter pioneer evangelist of Germany, is seriously fa ing in health. In a recent letter he speaks himself as growing daily weaker and weake and unable to attend public worship—a gre deprivation for him—adding, "Nor am I a longer able to take an active part in the spre of the glorious Gospel of Christ—the only gre work in which a Christian can be employed "On earth," he continues, "we shall probab meet no more, but how glorious the prospect meeting where we shall see the King—our glo fied Saviour in all His glory, and be like Him Mr. Oncken enters his eightieth year on t 26th of January. His old friends will not forg to bear him in mind—praying that all bless may rest on him in his declining years.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

shed at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

is Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. IAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other ent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

ce, Single Copies, Three Cents.
scription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1879.

13th Year. No. 20—New Series.

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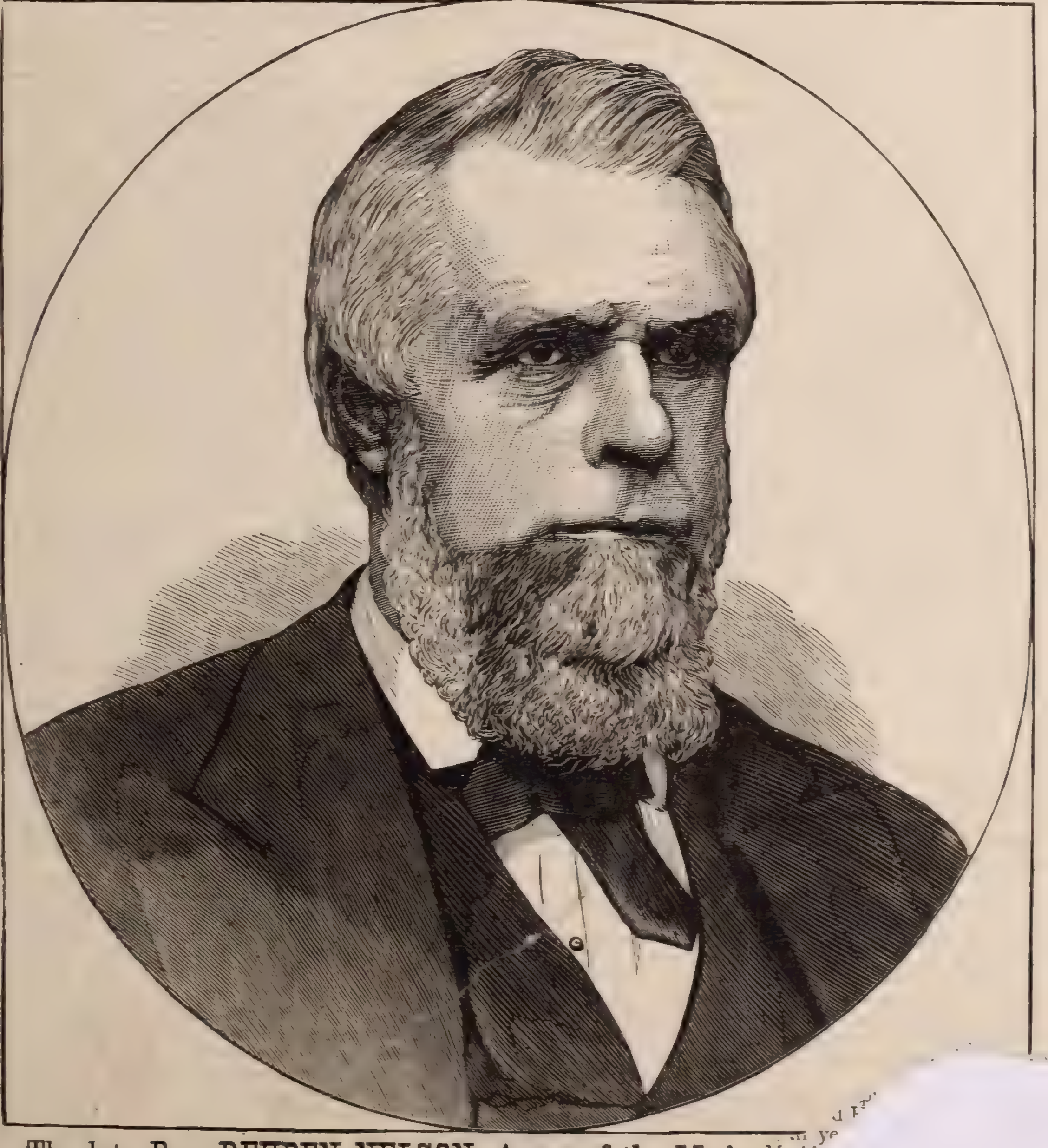

The late Rev. REUBEN NELSON, Agent of the Me

THE LATE REV. REUBEN NELSON, D.D., AGENT OF THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

Birth and Early Conversion.—Ordained a Local Preacher—His Zeal—Obtains an Education through Losing his Arm—His Happy Marriage—Admitted to Oneida Conference—Temporary Loss of his Voice—Twenty-eight Years Principal of Wyoming Seminary—His Brilliant Success—His High Honors—How he Corrected a Young Lady—Appointed Agent of the Book Concern—His Indefatigable Labors—His Illness and Sudden Death—Exalted Character of Dr. Nelson.

IN this eminent minster of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the well-known Book Concern at 805 Broadway has, for the first time in its history, which extends over more than *ninety years*, lost an agent by death.

The late Dr. Nelson was born in Andes, in the State of New York, on December 13th, 1818, so that at the time of his death he had just entered on the sixty-first year of his age. He was converted to God when *fifteen years old*, and immediately joined the M. E. Church, and from that time till the close of his life he was a devout, earnest, and active Christian. At the early age of seventeen he was licensed as an *exhorter*, and in that capacity he evinced such intelligence and faith, and so much zeal for the kingdom of God and the immortal welfare of men, that only a year later he received a *local preacher's* license. This was a remarkable testimony to the work of the young man, and a promise of the dignity that was to crown his mature age.

Believing himself to be called by his Master to the holy ministry, he had the judgment to realize the importance of having a thorough education, and although there seemed at that time no prospect of his getting it, he adhered to the idea with the tenacity of a strong will. He was then a worker in a wool-carding mill, and, by one of the wonderful compensating providences of God, *he lost an arm*, which got caught in some part of the machinery. It is related of him that one of his first remarks under this terrible affliction was that his friends would now be obliged to send him to school. That remark betrayed the steadfast purpose and "the immense power of vital energy," as one of the speakers at his funeral called it, which characterized Dr. Nelson through the whole of his active life.

In August, 1840, being then in the twenty-third year of his age, the subject of this notice was admitted on trial into the *Oneida Annual Conference*, and was appointed as the third preacher on Otsego Circuit, having for his senior colleagues Martin Marvin and William Bixby. Next year he was removed to the Westford Circuit, and about that time he married Miss Eddy, a Christian lady whose character and culture abundantly fitted her to be the companion and helpmeet of him to whom she was united for nearly forty years.

In 1842 Dr. Nelson was admitted into full connection in the Conference, ordained to the order of Deacon, and appointed Principal of the Otsego Academy at Cooperstown, N. Y., which had been already under his supervision for the two preceding years. Near the close of that year a *partial paralysis* of the vocal organs rendered it impossible for him to speak aloud, and he was compelled for one year to resign his place as Principal of the Academy, while his name was placed for the same time in the list of superannuated preachers. During a portion of that year (1843) he employed himself as a private tutor to teach Latin and Greek to some young men who were preparing for college, though he was gener-
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Pennsylvania, and Reuben Nelson was appointed its first principal. He held his position at the head of this school, and conducted its affairs with distinguished success for a period of *twenty-eight years*, excepting two years, when he was *presiding elder* of the Wyoming District. During the Conference year of 1868–69 he did double duty, being at the same time presiding elder of the District and Principal of the Seminary.

Bishop Harris, in a eulogy to his memory last week, said, "As a preacher and as a teacher, in the pulpit and in the class-room, his duties were exacting and incessant; still, he met to the full all reasonable demands upon his time and strength, and did it with an unfaltering devotion to all the interests confided to him by the church. Under his wise and vigorous administration, the Wyoming Seminary came to be the *chief educational centre* in the Wyoming Valley. It stands to-day a monument of his patient toil and unflagging energy, one of the best institutions of its grade in the land. It may be said truthfully, of Dr. Nelson, that as an educator he had few equals, and perhaps no superiors, in his chosen field."

In acknowledgment of his liberal scholarship, and of his success in the line of his profession, Union College conferred upon him the degree of *Master of Arts*, and Dickinson College that of *Doctor of Divinity*.

AN AMUSING STORY

has been told of the way he cured *a young lady* in one of his classes of a bad habit of saying *ben* instead of *been*. The pupil had often been spoken to about her mispronunciation of the word, but she always forgot what was said to her and fell into her old habit. It happened that at that time she was receiving the addresses of a young man whose Christian name was Benjamin, and one day, on her saying in the presence of Dr. Nelson in her usual way, "I will have *ben*," etc., the latter turned upon her sharply with the question, "*How do you know you will have Ben?*" The young lady never said *ben* any more after that.

In 1852 the Oneida Conference was divided, and Dr. Nelson and his institution were transferred to the newly created Wyoming Conference. In 1858 he was chosen secretary of that body, and was unanimously re-elected at every succeeding session till that of 1870, when, because of the increased demands of other duties, he declined to serve any longer in the office. In 1860 he was chosen a delegate to the General Conference, to meet that year in the city of Buffalo. He was a delegate to each General Conference since that time, receiving, every time, a *a larger number of votes* than was cast for any other delegate from the Conference, and he was thus placed always at the head of his delegation.

At the session of 1872 Dr. Nelson was elected to the important post of agent of the *Methodist Book Concern*, in the City of New York, and, with his associate, Mr. J. M. Phillips, took charge of that important publishing house. During the same year he was elected Treasurer of the Methodist Missionary Society, a very responsible post where nearly $1,000,000 are received and disbursed yearly. In 1876 he was unanimously re-elected to both of these positions, which he held till his death. He was also made one of the Managers of the Missionary Society, and at the last General Conference was appointed Chairman of the Standing Committee on Episcopacy. He has also been prominently connected with various other Methodist Church enterprises, his name thus becoming well known in the Church *throughout the world*.

During the latter part of last year Dr. Nelson supervised alterations then being made in the Book Concern sales-rooms at 805 Broadway, and lasting several weeks. This, in addition to his other duties, which he never remitted, overtaxed his strength, and he succumbed to an attack of malarial fever of a typhoid type about a month
The disease yielded to medical treatment
he was able, on the Saturday even-
death, to walk about his house; and he received the congratulations of his physician and friends on his improved condition, and he and they hoped to see him fully restored in a short time. But *within a very few minute afterward*, while walking across the floor, h was suddenly stricken down with paralysis which affected the entire left side of his body He became insensible at once, and continued in that condition, with the exception of two o three brief periods of consciousness, till h death, which occurred on Thursday, Februar 20th, at ten minutes past four in the morning.

On the Tuesday before, hearing he had bee smitten down, Bishop Simpson came to the cit to see him, and was permitted to go to his room It chanced to be during one of the most ration moments which he had. The Bishop aske Brother M'Cabe, who was in the room, to sin a verse, and as he sang,

> "Other refuge have I none,
> Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"

that tongue which had been able to utter scarce a word distinctly pronounced "Amen." The at the request of Mrs. Nelson, Dr. Simps knelt by the bedside and prayed. The dying mi ister was deeply affected, and said "Amen" number of times.

"It was," said the Bishop, "a short int view, for he was able to speak only a very f words, but it was a precious occasion to n showing that *while heart and flesh were faili* God was the strength of his heart, and his p tion forever" (Psa. 73 : 26).

The funeral services were held on Saturd February 22d, at St. Paul's Methodist Episco Church, Fourth Avenue, in the presence of large concourse of the ministry and laity of t Methodist Church. The employes of the Bo Concern marched to the church in processi and upwards of *one hundred ladies* belonging the house were in a line by themselves. Bish Harris gave an account of the deceased's life, which we are indebted for some of the parti lars in this sketch. The remains were conve the same evening to Wilkesbarre, Penn., wh they lay all Sunday at the house of his son law, Mr. Geo. T. Bennett, a well-known ban of that place. On Monday they were buried Forty Fort Cemetery, at Kingston, which long the place of Dr. Nelson's residence and scene of his labors.

Now that he has gone before us to his eter home, it is appropriate to speak of the g *purity of character* which was the secret of immense moral influence over other men. was simple, frank, and earnest as a child; ter and affectionate in his family; genial and able in his friendship. He possessed a kindn and sympathy which bound him to all wh whom he was much in contact, and there re thousands of men and women whom he edu ed, scattered now in different States, who h his name embalmed in their memories. is love was the love of Christ, and he was instru mental in opening it up to very many hundreds of souls.

"Overcoming Evil with Good" (Romans xii. 21).—The following incident, which occurred at Ventry, in Ireland, is related in the life of the Rev. Godfrey Massy: "A boat's crew of converts, whilst fishing, had been assailed by a boatful of infuriated Romanists. In the eagerness of pursuit one of the assailants dropped his oar; the crew gave a cry of distress, for the helpless boat was now borne out by the strong current to the ocean. A convert sprang into the sea, followed the oar, and brought it in his teeth to the enemy. The two boats were rowed back silently side by side, and on reaching the shore the crews shook hands with each other. The brave act of the Christian convert had made peace." This was after an interdict from the priest had caused all verbal correspondence to cease. But though he could evoke an evil spirit, he could not prevent a stronger and a better one from counteracting it.

THE PATIENCE OF GOD.

vening Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached February 23, 1879.

shall I give thee up, Ephraim?"—HOSEA 11 : 8.

Patience of God Displayed in the History ne Jews—I. God is Very Slow to Give a Up—Before the Deluge He Waited Many s—Life Full of Evidence of God's Pa- e—Early Impressions—The Teaching of a er's Death—Marriage—Death of a Be- l Child—Discipline of Financial Trouble— s of Companions—II. No One should Give Seeking the Salvation of Others—Of a band or Wife—Success of a Wife and ner at Philadelphia—A Pastor's Efforts the Salvation of his People—The Time n God at Last Gives a Man Up.

SE people, with olive complexion and hair, whom we designate whether in New or London, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg s, were once God's favorite people. Other s he took by the hand, but the Bible says nis nation God held as on His lap.

e they hungry? God made bread in heaven ropped it to them. Were they thirsty? ater bubbled up in the scoop of the rock. ey want a lantern? God built *a lantern a igh* against the sky, to shine on them in lderness, and he flung over their enemies d locusts and boils and blains and dark- nd the Red Sea.

yet they were all the time complaining rusting the fists of their obstinacy into e of their best Friend, the Lord their God. s that sword of the Syrian being sharpen- harpened until you run your thumb across ge of it, cautiously as you run your thumb the edge of a razor, to see its sharpness u cut your thumb to the bone. Why the ning of that Syrian sword? It was to o pieces these obdurate and ungrateful yet God looks out upon them, and speak- er the manner of men, when He thought He had done for their salvation, and how earted they had been in their treatment n, He breaks down with emotion, and His trembles, and there rush forth the tears of s He exclaims, "How shall I give thee hraim?"

! what a great, large, sympathetic heart ord must have! He has a large hand. ible says He holds the sea in the hollow s hand, and though the ocean dash from to beach, and whelm an Eddystone light- , and whirl in the cyclone, it never dashes the palm of God's hand. Yet His heart is than His hand.

l into that heart the earth, and roll into it avens, and yet His heart is not full; and if, ding to the theory of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. all the stars of night are inhabited, and in reat day these inhabitants should be ga- l into one great central heaven, even then eart of God would not be entirely filled.

vast is His capacity for love and joy and eur; and if one world on that day, one world, should wander off as a prodigal, heart would burst into a tempest of grief flung out His arms toward that prodigal , crying, Come back! come back! how I give thee up?

ave but two things to do to-night: I want ow

OW SLOW GOD IS TO GIVE A MAN UP,

hen how slow *we* ought to be in giving a up. While I was thinking on this subject ived

A LETTER FROM A CITY PRISON,

ich a man said, "Three years ago I was happy, in the Church of Christ, in Balti- . I was prominent in all good things, but I nto evil associations and wandered away, ny prayer now to God is almost a mockery; et I cannot help but cry out, God be merci- me, a sinner!" And when I had read that I said, Here is another illustration of the hat God is very slow to give a man up.

u may have thought that

NOAH'S ARK

would have almost rotted down before the people got in. For more than a century the door of that ark had been standing open, waiting for the people to come in, and if, according to Christian scientists, some of all kinds of creatures went into that ark, then there were 5000 kinds of birds that went in, and 2000 kinds of reptiles, and 100,000 kinds of insects that went in, and while they were going in and the forage for that great multitude of living creatures was being shipped for that strange voyage, most certainly there was time for *all the people* to get in; but they stayed outside, and God waited and called, twenty years, fifty years, a hundred years, a hundred and ten years, a hundred and twenty years, crying out, "How shall I give thee up?"

But why, my friends, should we go so far for an illustration, when we can find thousands of illustrations in this room to-night. I could come to the man only a little way seated from you, and I could show you in the history of that man how slow God is to cast a man off; but I will not stop there: I will come to your own soul, and illustrate the truth which I am to-night to present.

I want to show

HOW GOD IS MOVING UPON YOUR SOUL

for its salvation, and how slow he has been to cast you off and give you up; and to-night he stands with outspread arms waiting for this entire assemblage to come and take eternal life.

The *first* move that Christ made for your salvation, as near as I can understand it, was in Anno Domini 1. The meteor that swung out above Bethlehem was kindled for *you*. He laid aside His glory, and from the swaddling-clothes of the manger, from your Lord the King, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for this day is born in the City of David, Jesus, which is Christ the Lord.

But I go down to the year Anno Domini 33. Hark! the crash of the mountain shivering at the martyrdom of a God! Behold His outstretched hands, wounded clean through, and look at His lacerated feet! Hear His cry, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." For whom was He praying? *For you.* Hear Him say, "It is finished." What did He mean? Your salvation.

Can it be that eighteen hundred years ago He began to plan for your salvation? Can it be that two thousand years before you were born He was effecting your redemption? Behold the height, behold the depth, behold the length, behold the breadth of the love of God; for you the tears, for you the heartaches, for you the weary journey, for you the blood, for you the sepulchre—*all for you.*

> "Was it for crimes that I had done
> He groaned upon the tree?
> Amazing pity, grace unknown,
> And love beyond degree."

But the *second* move that God made for your salvation was in

THE DAYS OF YOUR CHILDHOOD.

I do not know whether it was the picture of Samuel or of Christ, or the whisper of a Christian aunt, or a father's counsel, or a Bible lesson; but I am right when I say that in the history of all of you during the days of your childhood God mightily moved for your salvation. You know within the first fifteen years of your life you ought to have become a child of God. Perhaps you ran your little fingers over the keys of the piano, or plunged into amusement in order to hide this feeling of the soul, that you might drown it out; but still God's Holy Spirit was moving upon your heart, and He was saying in all those days of our childhood, How shall I give thee up?

I think th move God made for your salvation w ur father's house. Sickness came nber the consternation on the fac

FATHER WAS ILL.

how they hushed every step on d how all the house was remember the darkness

night when his soul went away from you, and you remember the vendue when the furniture was sold, and you remember when you moved into a smaller house, and you remember the sensation of nailing the old pictures to the new wall, and you remember how hard it was for you to get used to the new surroundings. There God stood amid all that desolation of your early days, and amid all that bereavement, saying, Come to Me: I will be thy Father, I will be thy friend; how shall I give thee up?

The *next* move God made for your salvation was when you established your own home.

THE MARRIAGE DAY

came and went; there was a great day of brightness in the household; every thing that heart could wish.

Years passed on, and there were many bright adornments in the household, but none so bright as the bright eye that looked up to you from the little one. Days of hilarity they were, days of indescribable joy; but there came a cold and a chill and a fever, and a prayer to God for the recovery that did not seem to be answered, the putting way of the loved one out of your sight, a day of darkness and of heart-breaking, and God stood amid that desolation of your home, saying, Come to Me, and I will comfort you in your distress; look upward to the bright world where your little one has gone; all shall be well. Trust in My grace; I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee. These trials I have sent for your redemption. How shall I give thee up?

I think that the *next* move God made for your salvation was in the upturning of your worldly fortunes. There was some

CHANGE IN YOUR FINANCIAL CONDITION.

Perhaps you had some useless machinery thrown on your hands, or you bought some unsalable goods, or you were over-persuaded to make an indorsement; the property went, the men who were proud to walk by your side forsook your acquaintanceship, you were cast out by the circles where you were proud to move, and there were duns and there were insults and there were outrages indescribable inflicted upon your soul; and there God stood amid the shipwreck of your worldly fortunes, saying, Seek those treasures which are in banks that never break: earth fails you, but I will be your God, I will be your portion forever. Through these financial distresses I have come for the redemption of your soul; yield your heart now unto My keeping. How shall I give thee up?

The fact is, there is not a man in this house that has not been moved upon a thousand times by God's invitations and warnings. Every evening of every week-day there are bankers and brokers and merchants and mechanics, who leave their office or store or shop, and go home never to return; and if a fire should break out to-night on Fulton Street, or Broadway, or Wall Street, they would not go to see it. They have passed away from the sight of this world; they have passed away forever.

Oh! how God has warned some of you by taking away those who were your companions and partners in business! Day after day and hour after hour He has called and called. Through all the changes of life the air is filled with rumors of disaster. Some slip down after awhile upon the ice. Some fall *between the bridge and the boat*, some drop down with heart-disease or apoplexy. Some pass out this life without any preparation for the eternal world, and so God has warned and warned and called and called, saying, How shall I give thee up?

I would not, however, my friends, have you think that because you have rejected all past opportunities of salvation, that God therefore turns His back upon you to nstead of your kneeling before God fore you, and p affection and Why will ye not My hu

Well, my friends, if God is so slow to give a man up, that teaches me

A LESSON;

it teaches all Christian workers a lesson. Perhaps many years ago you were united at the marriage altar; the record was made on the church book, the record made on the county book. Were you married only for time? or were you married both for time and eternity? Let me say to any Christian husband or Christian wife, *Never surrender* the eternal salvation of your companion.

Amid a great throng of people who pressed into the sessional room in Philadelphia to profess faith in Jesus Christ, there was

A CHRISTIAN WIFE,

who led her husband by the hand, and sne said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I've brought him at last; for all these twenty years I have been praying for his salvation, and when I spoke to him about his soul it angered him; when I invited him to the house of God, he jeered at all Christian institutions; but I kept on imploring God for his salvation, I implored him by the value of our own union on earth and by the worth of the soul of the only child that God had given us; and for the sake of the Lord Jesus I implored God for the salvation of my husband. The people said, It is no use; your prayers will never be answered. *But my prayers have been answered*, and I have got him here to-night, and I wish you would ask him some questions?"

I said to him, "Sir, do you feel that you are a sinner before God?" "Oh!" he says, "that has been the story all the way through." I said to him, "Are you willing now to give your heart into the keeping of God for time and eternity?" He said, "I am." I said, "Would you like the ordinance of baptism to be administered, and would you like to sit at the holy sacrament, and would you like to be united with the people of God?" "I would," he said; and while we were standing there I put the hand of the husband into the hand of the wife, and I said, "You have been married for time: now *be married for eterhity;* let the angels of God be the witnesses." While standing there I said to her, "Then your *child* will no doubt soon be coming to Christ and be coming into the church?" And she said, "Oh! I forgot her in my anxiety for my husband's salvation, but I have brought her, too, and here she is: ask her a few questions?" I thought how the Lord Jesus took little children in His arms and blessed them, and I said, "Mary, do you love the Lord?" and she said, "I do;" and I said to her, "Would you like to join your father and mother on the road to heaven?" and she said, "I would;" and then and there all three marched out on the road to heaven.

O husband! O wife! never give up the salvation of your companion. Now in these days, when God is blessing you with health and prosperity, surrender your heart to the Lord who bought you. Pray on five years, ten years, twenty years, forty years, if need be; and God, who is the answerer of prayer, will just as certainly answer as you sit there and I stand here. The desire of your heart will be answered in the salvation of your beloved companion. But I go further and say, no parent ought ever give up the salvation of a child. Oh this *tender relationship* of parent and child!

A MAN CAME TO MY HOUSE

during a very great storm. He came on an errand, and as he was passing out of the door he said to me, "It is three weeks ago to-day since we put away our little girl from our sight." I said to him, "Was it sudden?" He said, "It was very sudden; it was scarlet fever." But as he went [illegible] said to me, "There [illegible] and my wife very [illegible] at?" "Well," [illegible] one." Then [illegible] mbition of

When God takes your little child from your arms He takes it into glory. I have heard of men on earth who believe there are cases where infants are lost forever: I have heard such things, but I do not believe such a man ever existed in all the ages of the church. I do not believe there was ever a man who really believed the soul of an infant was lost.

The dear children go out of our arms into the embrace of the Lord Jesus, to be happy forever; but suppose our children come up to years of discretion and through evil example they go off into paths of dissipation, away from God and away from heaven, running all the rounds of iniquity, and then lose their souls. God forbid that that shall be the history of any one in any of our households. Do not give up that son. Many a parent has prayed a son back from Omaha, prayed him back from San Francisco, or from Mount Blanc, or from Canton, or from Peking. Although that son may be on the other side of the world, if you can go before God in supplication, He may *start by the first ship* for his father's house. Oh be earnest in your prayer; you cannot afford to give up your child. If you come down to old age, with your wrinkled hand take hold the strong arm of God and bear your gray hairs in His bosom, while you offer the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man, that availeth much.

Give up your boy! You cannot afford to give him up. By the cradle in which you rocked him, by the bosom in which you nursed him, by the God to whom you consecrated him, do not dare to give him up.

But now that I have preached nine tenths of the sermon to you, may I not preach one tenth of the sermon to myself, and say to myself as a minister of the Gospel, while I say it to all Christian ministers who may be in the house, let none of us ever dare to give our beloved people up.

I HAVE SET MY HEART ON ONE THING,

and that is the eternal salvation of my beloved church. If you do not come to God it will be to me, it seems, an eternity of disappointment.

Look oft to-night upon this august assemblage, and realize the fact that there are hundreds tramping on towards the eternal world without any preparation, and I must cry out in their hearing, with alarm, O my brethren, to-night I heap up a barrier between you and death—a barrier made out of Bibles, and on the top of the Bibles I heap up the communion-tables where you have been invited to sit, and on the top of that barrier I heap up the pulpits that have invited you to Christ, and then I stand on the top of that barrier with the *drawn sword* of God's truth, two edged, to fight you back from your own eternal destruction. Oh, climb not over the barrier; get back, get down; now is the day of salvation! How can I give thee up?

But there is one thing I forgot. While my text represents God as slow to give a man up, there seems to be an indication that there are times when He is *compelled* so to do; in other words, a man may go so far on in the rejection of God's mercy, and he may so often, and once too often, resist the influence of God's Holy Spirit until there are written in God's holy book of remembrance two words, "Given up!" And as the Holy Spirit takes His *final flight* from the soul and closes forever against it the door of mercy, He cries, "Given up!" and the cheek blanching, the truth must be announced that notwithstanding all that God had done through these years for the man's eternal salvation he is everlastingly "given up"!

"Sinner, perhaps this very day
  Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! shouldst thou grie[illegible] now away,
  Then hope may nev[illegible] thee."

And so I have sounded [illegible] ngs of great joy for all the people. [illegible] ites, the door of mercy is open, [illegible] ady. Come one and all, no [illegible]; whatever your sir [illegible], whatever your wa [illegible] soul. "Le [illegible] nrighte

him return unto the Lord, who will have me and unto our God, who will abundantly parc

"Bow the knee and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

DR. TALMAGE HAVING BEEN AWAY FROM TABERNACLE LAST LORD'S DAY, WE PUB THIS WEEK THE SERMON HE PREACHED IN EVENING OF THE PREVIOUS SUNDAY.

RETURN OF AN OLD MISSIONARY CHINA.

ON February 7th, a valedictory service was in the Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, Lon on the occasion of the departure of Rev. J. son Taylor, accompanied by Mr. Hennex China. Mr. Taylor is the Secretary of the Inland Mission, which is making very succ efforts to carry the Gospel into the *interi* that great country. He has been in Englar the last year or so, working hard to arous interest of Christians in the *millions* of Cl who have never yet heard of the Saviour. dresses were delivered by Rev. D. B. H Captain Moreton, Dr. Barnardo, Rev. G Guinness, Mr. Hudson Taylor, and others. following are extracts from some of th dresses:

AN ENCOURAGING CHEER.

"I shall never forget the effect produce meeting in this hall," said Captain Mc "when *Mr. Moody* was here, telling the s a fire in New York, and of a hair-breadth of a child from the flames. All had been r from the burning house, but at the last was seen for a moment at a window. A teer bravely resolved to go up; but havin up some little distance, was compelled t and to come down. It was but for a m however, for, encouraged by the hearty cl of the crowd below, he once more ascend ladder, and, darting through the flames, the child, coming down with his prize ground amidst the ringing cheers of t multitude watching him. *To-night* we thered together to give our beloved br similar encouragement, and to assure h he goes to China followed by the prayer people of God, not only of friends in thi borhood, but by the Church of God every

Rev. C. E. B. Reed referred to

AN ANECDOTE OF LORD DUFFERI

mentioned in his book on "High Lat He speaks of passing in his *yacht* thr unusually heavy storm. The yacht was in danger of being wrecked, and it was that the crew were fearing this. Lord I to encourage them, cheerily cried, "Nev boys! they have the *tow-rope at home* ber!" It was the remembrance of their s that nerved him and his crew to do battle storm, and our friend may feel sure th he has one end of the rope on the othe is leaving the other end in the hands friends at home who will not forget him prayers.

A HIGHWAY'S FOUNDATIONS.

One of the speakers said:

"I was at a meeting not long ago heard a gentleman say that he remem making of the *railway* between Manch Liverpool, and it was constiucted ove which, at first, seemed to say that no ever be made. The soil was of a s character, and it almost appeared as could be constructed. However, they oceans of stuff, of rubbish of all kinds, ually their. perseverance was rewarde foundation grew *firmer and firmer*, th built, and now you cannot go over a st of road on any line in the kingdom. not be so in the cause of missions? us be in a hurry with regard to res may seem to be doing little or nothin morass is as deep as ever. Our wor pear to be fruitless, but in reality we the foundation, and driving deep the prepare the basis for urgent and endu tian work and a highway for the Gosp"

:LICIA CUFFE, THE LONG-LOST BUT RESCUED NUN.

An Original Narrative by Henry Martin.

(*Continued from page* 299.)

e Escaped Nun Loses Her Way—Her Diffi-ulties in Finding a Friend—Sets out on a Twelve-mile Walk to the Protestant Arch-ishop of Armagh—The Convent Bell—She is Found on the Road in a Swoon by Four Orange-nen.

THE street Felicia passed up was broad and ll lighted by the gas-lamps and the bright shop idows. The first turn, however, led into a rrow and dim thoroughfare, the aspect of which l not assure her. Immured, too, as in a prison years, in the presence only of women, and ver seeing one of the sterner sex save the two three priests who ministered in the convent, : sight of so many rude and rough men on the vement passing to and fro—some of them half ink and staggering across her path—unnerved :. *A woman*, likewise, *with a sick child* in bed her house, and standing at her door on the kout for Dr. Magrath, who often passed that y, rushed at his *simulacrum*, and "will it" "nill it," would have from it a visit to her larlin' ailing bairn."

Felicia Cuffe knew she durst not speak—one rd from her and her ruse would be detected. th all the force she could command she shook the woman's hold from her cloak and pro-ded down the path before her and with more id step, as though the supposed doctor were most urgent business. With any thing but a nplimentary speech upon her tongue, the ther, who felt, of course, that no case could more important than that of her sick child, lowed with an angry eye the well-known cap l cloak as the wearer of them retreated in the kness.

The *rencontre* with this uncouth specimen of : sex did not add to the self-possession of the eing nun, and also her speed deceived her. *e passed beyond the next proper turn*, took soon erwards what she supposed the one laid down her plan, hurried along it, and expected speed- to reach Dr. Wilson's dwelling. When she ched what she judged must be its locality, no ch house as she knew his must be was visible. s-lamps still bordered the way, but they re-aled not respectable dwellings, but a long ige of miserable cabins.

Perhaps the house she was in search of was ther on. Oh, how she longed to be free to ke inquiry! but she felt she must ask no ques-ns. She was a fugitive nun, and she had the gacity to perceive that all the dwellers in these ualid homes along the road were, with scarcely exception, ignorant and fanatical Roman tholics. Her voice arousing suspicion would d to the drawing aside by some rude hand of r folded cloak, her nun's dress would be recog-ized, and the whole district would soon be in a ment.

Depending upon her own judgment and obser-tion, she must, therefore, go further on, and pe sooner or later to find the haven of refuge e so panted for; but the further she went the ore evident it became that either Dr. Magrath ve her a wrong direction or that she had failed follow the right one. She came to where the t gas-lamp stood, and then looked up the road yond into the outer darkness. *There she lted in perplexity and dread*, and anxiously estioned within herself what must be her next nduct.

Felicia Cuffe had now indeed escaped out the convent walls, but, ignorant of where to and attired in the strange disguise of Dr. grath's cap and cloak, she began to discover at her position was surrounded by difficulties. licia's first thought was to retrace her steps, back to the first turning she had taken, regain r clue, and from that point recommence her grimage; but then she reflected that her flight m the convent was now known, that both the ests and elder nuns in connection with that ablishment would resolve upon pursuit, and that if recaptured, upon the plausible representation that she was a *religieuse* temporarily out of her mind, and who had broken from her keepers, she would be carried back to captivity.

She knew well what that now would mean—a more despairing and merciless condition of bondage. No; the risk of such a fate was not to be contemplated. While she stood thus in self-debate the sound of the wheels of a cart was heard some distance up the dark road before her, and she moved towards it. Perhaps some one was leading it that would befriend her. It was one of those well-known, long-heeled Northern drays, so common in Ulster, and was heavily laden with undressed linen. The carter was a tall, muscular, and hoarse-voiced man, that every now and then cracked his long whip with the report of a pistol-shot, and shouted to his horse stentoriously.

Felicia Cuffe, when, mutually moving towards each other, they met, had only courage to ask him what road she was on. Perceiving from the voice it was a woman that spoke, "Lassie," was his reply, "it's a dark night and a lone place for one the likes o' you to be out o' yer reckonin'. But ye be on the road till Armagh, which is twel' mile on. I've just cum it, and an up and down journey it is, for, as I dar' say ye have heard, that 'for all the world like a baskit o' eggs is Armagh county,' meanin', ye onderstand, that it's wan big gatherin' o' wee hillocks. So it is, me lass; and if you'll tak' me advice ye'll not thry it." He then added, "Upon my conscience that looks a warm cap you've on yer head, and yet ye seem cowld" (she trembled with fear). "But come alang wi' me to the inn, honey, and I'll giv' ye somethin' warm."

As may be supposed, Felicia Cuffe did not accept this ill or well meant invitation. She stood silent, and after a little the man, feeling that he must see to his horse, which had kept moving on while he had stopped to speak to his interrogator, bid her "gude night," hastened up to his cart, and the young nun was left alone in the darkness.

Armagh—she had heard of Armagh, and that the *Protestant Primate* had his palace there; and it was, as she had been now told, but *twelve miles* before her. If only she were there she would throw herself upon the kindness of his Grace, and would crave his protection. Could she walk twelve miles? Why not? The man she had just spoken to had done the distance, and evidently without fatigue. It was true she felt a little tired. "But never lose heart," she said, within herself. "It will a progress to freedom, and the boon is worth the endurance of any toil and difficulty." Thus the poor fugitive thought and reasoned. She had but a false estimate of her own capability, and little knew what a journey on foot of *twelve miles* would be to one like her. Under this misapprehension she resolved to push on towards the city of refuge lying before her. It was not long before she reached an ascent upon the road. It stretched over one of those hillocks of which the carter had warned her, and, only slightly reducing her pace, she set herself to breast it.

If the spirit, however, was willing, the flesh was weak. She began to breathe quickly; her side gave her pain. After a while she only staggered on; and then, when near the summit of the hill, all her strength exhausted, she was forced to stop and was glad to sit down upon a heap of stones that had been gathered to the roadside.

Looking back from her resting-place a halo of brightness, like the glory pictured by an artist round a saint's head, such as she had often seen in the nunnery chapel, streamed up from a thousand gas-lamps, and made silvery the night over the town of ——, which she had left behind her. Glancing her eye forward towards the path she meant to take, all was gloom—scarcely a star appeared; but in the direction from which she had toiled to come there was this cloud of glory. It was no wonder that her resolution to advance became shaken, and that her brave purpose faltered. Ought she to change her mind, return to the town, and make another effort to find Dr. Wilson's dwelling?

While she pondered this question, and her thoughts moved to and fro, a bell rang out from the far-off town. Moderated by the distance, yet distinct, the sounds of it floated upon the air up to where the young nun was seated. It was *the convent bell*, that was summoning the inmates to the nunnery chapel for the nine-o'clock service. A bell of much feebler tone would have answered all the purpose so far as the nuns were concerned, but no nunnery bell is of feeble tone. Its toll heard over a whose town will, it is clear, give the whole town to know *the devoutness of the celibate sisterhood*.

It is true a *Divine* teacher has said, "When thou prayest, shut thy door and pray in secret" (Matt. 6:6); but convents are the institutions of a church that has set aside Scripture injunction for a rule and method that will gain the notice and applause of ignorant and superstitious men by striking their imagination. In a moment Felicia Cuffe recognized the tones that reached her. Often had the ringing of that bell sounded to her as the knell of her dead hopes. It brought again before her mind in all their force the miseries of her captivity. No; never again will she move one step towards the place of her dungeon. She sprang to her feet, renewed her onward path, soon overtopped the hill, which, as she descended it on the other side, shut from her view the dome of light over the town she had quitted.

There were very few houses beside the road on which she travelled, but she could perceive that the whole country on either hand was well set with dwellings—points of light, from windows, far and wide, twinkled like stars. Sometimes alone, and sometimes in twos and threes, they spangled hill and valley. In *England* the field-hands live in villages, which not seldom are miles apart, without a house between; but it is not thus in Ireland, and especially in Armagh. The whole county is divided, as a rule, into small farms. On each the proprietor has his cottage dwelling—in which, also, for the most part, is a linen-loom, which he can work at on wet days, and thus add to his income. Felicia Cuffe heard the distant shuttle-noise of some of those looms as she advanced on her journey. The baying of dogs, too, saluted the night. The sound was melancholy, yet it had this advantage—it denoted the presence of living creatures, and that so far relieved the loneliness and darkness around her.

We must leave her on the road to Armagh for a little, and ask you to imagine what her thoughts and feelings must have been as she faintly and wearily—"with toilsome steps and slow"—urged on her way. Meanwhile we draw attention to a group of men that, two hours after Felicia Cuffe heard the convent bell, were some miles on, trudging the same Armagh road, but in a direction the opposite of that in which the young nun was moving.

There are four of them—John McAdam, Roger McIlroy, Andy Boyd, and Alick Cummin. They have been to an Orange lodge, for the times are threatening. The Repeal Movement is all afoot. The Government is at its wits' end, cannot trust malcontents, and is in need of loyal men. Orangemen, whatever other faults they may have—and they have many, some people say—are loyal to the backbone. The authorities are well aware of this, and though in safe times they are wont to snub them, the powers that be were now coquetting with the Orange confederation, and had even hinted that, if matters were carried much further by the Repealers, they would distribute arms to the Orangemen.

It was to make known this fact, as communicated to him from Dublin, that the master of the Orange lodge at the village of ——, seven miles from Armagh, had summoned the meeting at which the before-mentioned men, as in duty bound, were present. We are sorry to have to add that, after the business of the lodge was over, the four friends whose names we have given

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it teaches all Christian workers a lesson. Perhaps many years ago you were united at the marriage altar; the record was made on the church book, the record made on the county book. Were you married only for time? or were you married both for time and eternity? Let me say to any Christian husband or Christian wife, *Never surrender* the eternal salvation of your companion.

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I said to him, "Sir, do you feel that you are a sinner before God?" "Oh!" he says, "that has been the story all the way through." I said to him, "Are you willing now to give your heart into the keeping of God for time and eternity?" He said, "I am." I said, "Would you like the ordinance of baptism to be administered, and would you like to sit at the holy sacrament, and would you like to be united with the people of God?" "I would," he said; and while we were standing there I put the hand of the husband into the hand of the wife, and I said, "You have been married for time: now *be married for eterhity;* let the angels of God be tbe witnesses." While standing there I said to her, "Then your *child* will no doubt soon be coming to Christ and be coming into the church?" And she said, "Oh! I forgot her in my anxiety for my husband's salvation, but I have brought her, too, and here she is: ask her a few questions?" I thought how the Lord Jesus took little children in His arms and blessed them, and I said, "Mary, do you love the Lord?" and she said, "I do;" and I said to her, "Would you like to join your father and mother on the road to heaven?" and she said, "I would;" and then and there all three marched out on the road to heaven.

O husband! O wife! never give up the salvation of your companion. Now in these days, when God is blessing you with health and prosperity, surrender your heart to the Lord who bought you. Pray on five years, ten years, twenty years, forty years, if need be; and God, who is the answerer of prayer, will just as certainly answer as you sit there and I stand here. The desire of your heart will be answered in the salvation of your beloved companion. But I go further and say, no parent ought ever give up the salvation of a child. Oh this *tender relationship* of parent and child!

A MAN CAME TO MY HOUSE

during a very great storm. He came on an errand, and as he was passing out of the door he said to me, "It is three weeks ago to-day since we put away our little girl from our sight." I said to him, "Was it sudden?" He said, "It was very sudden; it was scarlet fever." But as he went out at [illegible] said to me, "There [illegible] and my wife very [illegible] at?" "Well," [illegible] one." Then [illegible] mbition of

When God takes your little child from your arms He takes it into glory. I have heard of men on earth who believe there are cases where infants are lost forever: I have heard such things, but I do not believe such a man ever existed in all the ages of the church. I do not believe there was ever a man who really believed the soul of an infant was lost.

The dear children go out of our arms into the embrace of the Lord Jesus, to be happy forever; but suppose our children come up to years of discretion and through evil example they go off into paths of dissipation, away from God and away from heaven, running all the rounds of iniquity, and then lose their souls. God forbid that that shall be the history of any one in any of our households. Do not give up that son. Many a parent has prayed a son back from Omaha, prayed him back from San Francisco, or from Mount Blanc, or from Canton, or from Peking. Although that son may be on the other side of the world, if you can go before God in supplication, He may *start by the first ship* for his father's house. Oh be earnest in your prayer; you cannot afford to give up your child. If you come down to old age, with your wrinkled hand take hold the strong arm of God and bear your gray hairs in His bosom, while you offer the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man, that availeth much.

Give up your boy! You cannot afford to give him up. By the cradle in which you rocked him, by the bosom in which you nursed him, by the God to whom you consecrated him, do not dare to give him up.

But now that I have preached nine tenths of the sermon to you, may I not preach one tenth of the sermon to myself, and say to myself as a minister of the Gospel, while I say it to all Christian ministers who may be in the house, let none of us ever dare to give our beloved people up.

I HAVE SET MY HEART ON ONE THING,

and that is the eternal salvation of my beloved church. If you do not come to God it will be to me, it seems, an eternity of disappointment.

Look oft to-night upon this august assemblage, and realize the fact that there are hundreds tramping on towards the eternal world without any preparation, and I must cry out in their hearing, with alarm, O my brethren, to-night I heap up a barrier between you and death—a barrier made out of Bibles, and on the top of the Bibles I heap up the communion-tables where you have been invited to sit, and on the top of that barrier I heap up the pulpits that have invited you to Christ, and then I stand on the top of that barrier with the *drawn sword* of God's truth, two edged, to fight you back from your own eternal destruction. Oh, climb not over the barrier; get back, get down; now is the day of salvation! How can I give thee up?

But there is one thing I forgot. While my text represents God as slow to give a man up, there seems to be an indication that there are times when He is *compelled* so to do; in other words, a man may go so far on in the rejection of God's mercy, and he may so often, and once too often, resist the influence of God's Holy Spirit until there are written in God's holy book of remembrance two words, "Given up!" And as the Holy Spirit takes His *final flight* from the soul and closes forever against it the door of mercy, He cries, "Given up!" and the cheek blanching, the truth must be announced that notwithstanding all that God had done through these years for the man's eternal salvation he is everlastingly "given up"!

"Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! shouldst thou grie[illegible] now away,
Then hope may nev[illegible] on thee."

And so I have sounded [illegible] of great joy for all the people. [illegible] the door of mercy is open, [illegible] Come one and all, no[illegible] whatever your sin[illegible] whatever your wa[illegible] soul. "Le[illegible] nrighte[illegible]

him return unto the Lord, who will have merc and unto our God, who will abundantly pard

"Bow the knee and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

DR. TALMAGE HAVING BEEN AWAY FROM T TABERNACLE LAST LORD'S DAY, WE PUBL THIS WEEK THE SERMON HE PREACHED IN T EVENING OF THE PREVIOUS SUNDAY.

RETURN OF AN OLD MISSIONARY CHINA.

ON February 7th, a valedictory service was in the Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, Lon on the occasion of the departure of Rev. J. son Taylor, accompanied by Mr. Hennex, China. Mr. Taylor is the Secretary of the C Inland Mission, which is making very succe efforts to carry the Gospel into the *interi* that great country. He has been in Englan the last year or so, working hard to arouse interest of Christians in the *millions* of Ch who have never yet heard of the Saviour, dresses were delivered by Rev. D. B. Ha Captain Moreton, Dr. Barnardo, Rev. Gr Guinness, Mr. Hudson Taylor, and others. following are extracts from some of th dresses:

AN ENCOURAGING CHEER.

"I shall never forget the effect produced meeting in this hall," said Captain Mo "when *Mr. Moody* was here, telling the st a fire in New York, and of a hair-breadth e of a child from the flames. All had been re from the burning house, but at the last a was seen for a moment at a window. A teer bravely resolved to go up; but having up some little distance, was compelled to and to come down. It was but for a mo however, for, encouraged by the hearty ch of the crowd below, he once more ascende ladder, and, darting through the flames, s the child, coming down with his prize ground amidst the ringing cheers of th multitude watching him. *To-night* we thered together to give our beloved bro similar encouragement, and to assure hi he goes to China followed by the prayers people of God, not only of friends in this borhood, but by the Church of God every w

Rev. C. E. B. Reed referred to

AN ANECDOTE OF LORD DUFFERIN,

mentioned in his book on "High Latit He speaks of passing in his *yacht* thro unusually heavy storm. The yacht was, in danger of being wrecked, and it was that the crew were fearing this. Lord D to encourage them, cheerily cried, "Neve boys! they have the *tow-rope at home*, ber!" It was the remembrance of their sy that nerved him and his crew to do battle w storm, and our friend may feel sure tha he has one end of the rope on the other is leaving the other end in the hands of friends at home who will not forget him i prayers.

A HIGHWAY'S FOUNDATIONS.

One of the speakers said:

"I was at a meeting not long ago heard a gentleman say that he rememb making of the *railway* between Manches Liverpool, and it was constructed over which, at first, seemed to say that no lin ever be made. The soil was of a soft character, and it almost appeared as if could be constructed. However, they t oceans of stuff, of rubbish of all kinds, a ually their perseverance was rewarded, foundation grew *firmer and firmer*, the built, and now you cannot go over a stro of road on any line in the kingdom. An not be so in the cause of missions? D us be in a hurry with regard to resul may seem to be doing little or nothing, morass is as deep as ever. Our work pear to be fruitless, but in reality we a the foundation, and driving deep the pil prepare the basis for urgent and endurir tian work and a highway for the Gospel

ICIA CUFFE, THE LONG-LOST BUT RESCUED NUN.

n Original Narrative by Henry Martin.

(*Continued from page 299.*)

Escaped Nun Loses Her Way—Her Diffi- ies in Finding a Friend—Sets out on a elve-mile Walk to the Protestant Arch- op of Armagh—The Convent Bell—She is nd on the Road in a Swoon by Four Orange- .

E street Felicja passed up was broad and ighted by the gas-lamps and the bright shop ows. The first turn, however, led into a w and dim thoroughfare, the aspect of which ot assure her. Immured, too, as in a prison ears, in the presence only of women, and seeing one of the sterner sex save the two ree priests who ministered in the convent, ight of so many rude and rough men on the ment passing to and fro—some of them half k and staggering across her path—unnerved *A woman*, likewise, *with a sick child* in bed r house, and standing at her door on the out for Dr. Magrath, who often passed that rushed at his *simulacrum*, and "will it" nill it," would have from it a visit to her rlin' ailing bairn."

licia Cuffe knew she durst not speak—one from her and her ruse would be detected. all the force she could command she shook he woman's hold from her cloak and pro- ed down the path before her and with more step, as though the supposed doctor were ost urgent business. With any thing but a plimentary speech upon her tongue, the her, who felt, of course, that no case could ore important than that of her sick child, wed with an angry eye the well-known cap cloak as the wearer of them retreated in the ness.

he *rencontre* with this uncouth specimen of sex did not add to the self-possession of the ng nun, and also her speed deceived her. *passed beyond the next proper turn*, took soon rwards what she supposed the one laid down er plan, hurried along it, and expected speed- o reach Dr. Wilson's dwelling. When she hed what she judged must be its locality, no house as she knew his must be was visible. -lamps still bordered the way, but they re- led not respectable dwellings, but a long ge of miserable cabins.

erhaps the house she was in search of was her on. Oh, how she longed to be free to ke inquiry! but she felt she must ask no ques- ns. She was a fugitive nun, and she had the acity to perceive that all the dwellers in these alid homes along the road were, with scarcely exception, ignorant and fanatical Roman holics. Her voice arousing suspicion would d to the drawing aside by some rude hand of folded cloak, her nun's dress would be recog- ed, and the whole district would soon be in a ment.

epending upon her own judgment and obser- ion, she must, therefore, go further on, and pe sooner or later to find the haven of refuge so panted for; but the further she went the re evident it became that either Dr. Magrath ve her a wrong direction or that she had failed follow the right one. She came to where the t gas-lamp stood, and then looked up the road yond into the outer darkness. *There she lted in perplexity and dread*, and anxiously estioned within herself what must be her next nduct.

Felicia Cuffe had now indeed escaped out the convent walls, but, ignorant of where to and attired in the strange disguise of Dr. agrath's cap and cloak, she began to discover at her position was surrounded by difficulties. licia's first thought was to retrace her steps, back to the first turning she had taken, regain r clue, and from that point recommence her lgrimage; but then she reflected that her flight om the convent was now known, that both the iests and elder nuns in connection with that tablishment would resolve upon pursuit, and that if recaptured, upon the plausible representation that she was a *religieuse* temporarily out of her mind, and who had broken from her keepers, she would be carried back to captivity.

She knew well what that now would mean—a more despairing and merciless condition of bondage. No; the risk of such a fate was not to be contemplated. While she stood thus in self-debate the sound of the wheels of a cart was heard some distance up the dark road before her, and she moved towards it. Perhaps some one was leading it that would befriend her. It was one of those well-known, long-heeled Northern drays, so common in Ulster, and was heavily laden with undressed linen. The carter was a tall, muscular, and hoarse-voiced man, that every now and then cracked his long whip with the report of a pistol-shot, and shouted to his horse stentoriously.

Felicia Cuffe, when, mutually moving towards each other, they met, had only courage to ask him what road she was on. Perceiving from the voice it was a woman that spoke, "Lassie," was his reply, "it's a dark night and a lone place for one the likes o' you to be out o' yer reckonin'. But ye be on the road till Armagh, which is twel' mile on. I've just cum it, and an up and down journey it is, for, as I dar' say ye have heard, that 'for all the world like a baskit o' eggs is Armagh county,' meanin', ye onderstand, that it's wan big gatherin' o' wee hillocks. So it is, me lass; and if you'll tak' me advice ye'll not thry it." He then added, "Upon my conscience that looks a warm cap you've on yer head, and yet ye seem cowld" (she trembled with fear). "But come alang wi' me to the inn, honey, and I'll giv' ye somethin' warm."

As may be supposed, Felicia Cuffe did not accept this ill or well meant invitation. She stood silent, and after a little the man, feeling that he must see to his horse, which had kept moving on while he had stopped to speak to his interrogator, bid her "gude night," hastened up to his cart, and the young nun was left alone in the darkness.

Armagh—she had heard of Armagh, and that the *Protestant Primate* had his palace there; and it was, as she had been now told, but *twelve miles* before her. If only she were there she would throw herself upon the kindness of his Grace, and would crave his protection. Could she walk twelve miles? Why not? The man she had just spoken to had done the distance, and evidently without fatigue. It was true she felt a little tired. "But never lose heart," she said, within herself. "It will a progress to freedom, and the boon is worth the endurance of any toil and difficulty." Thus the poor fugitive thought and reasoned. She had but a false estimate of her own capability, and little knew what a journey on foot of *twelve miles* would be to one like her. Under this misapprehension she resolved to push on towards the city of refuge lying before her. It was not long before she reached an ascent upon the road. It stretched over one of those hillocks of which the carter had warned her, and, only slightly reducing her pace, she set herself to breast it.

If the spirit, however, was willing, the flesh was weak. She began to breathe quickly; her side gave her pain. After a while she only staggered on; and then, when near the summit of the hill, all her strength exhausted, she was forced to stop and was glad to sit down upon a heap of stones that had been gathered to the roadside.

Looking back from her resting-place a halo of brightness, like the glory pictured by an artist round a saint's head, such as she had often seen in the nunnery chapel, streamed up from a thousand gas-lamps, and made silvery the night over the town of ——, which she had left behind her. Glancing her eye forward towards the path she meant to take, all was gloom—scarcely a star appeared; but in the direction from which she had toiled to come there was this cloud of glory. It was no wonder that her resolution to advance became shaken, and that her brave purpose faltered. Ought she to change her mind, return to the town, and make another effort to find Dr. Wilson's dwelling?

While she pondered this question, and her thoughts moved to and fro, a bell rang out from the far-off town. Moderated by the distance, yet distinct, the sounds of it floated upon the air up to where the young nun was seated. It was *the convent bell*, that was summoning the inmates to the nunnery chapel for the nine-o'clock service. A bell of much feebler tone would have answered all the purpose so far as the nuns were concerned, but no nunnery bell is of feeble tone. Its toll heard over a whose town will, it is clear, give the whole town to know *the devoutness of the celibate sisterhood*.

It is true a *Divine* teacher has said, "When thou prayest, shut thy door and pray in secret" (Matt. 6 : 6); but convents are the institutions of a church that has set aside Scripture injunction for a rule and method that will gain the notice and applause of ignorant and superstitious men by striking their imagination. In a moment Felicia Cuffe recognized the tones that reached her. Often had the ringing of that bell sounded to her as the knell of her dead hopes. It brought again before her mind in all their force the miseries of her captivity. No; never again will she move one step towards the place of her dungeon. She sprang to her feet, renewed her onward path, soon overtopped the hill, which, as she descended it on the other side, shut from her view the dome of light over the town she had quitted.

There were very few houses beside the road on which she travelled, but she could perceive that the whole country on either hand was well set with dwellings—points of light, from windows, far and wide, twinkled like stars. Sometimes alone, and sometimes in twos and threes, they spangled hill and valley. In *England* the field-hands live in villages, which not seldom are miles apart, without a house between; but it is not thus in Ireland, and especially in Armagh. The whole county is divided, as a rule, into small farms. On each the proprietor has his cottage dwelling—in which, also, for the most part, is a linen-loom, which he can work at on wet days, and thus add to his income. Felicia Cuffe heard the distant shuttle-noise of some of those looms as she advanced on her journey. The baying of dogs, too, saluted the night. The sound was melancholy, yet it had this advantage—it denoted the presence of living creatures, and that so far relieved the loneliness and darkness around her.

We must leave her on the road to Armagh for a little, and ask you to imagine what her thoughts and feelings must have been as she faintly and wearily—"with toilsome steps and slow"—urged on her way. Meanwhile we draw attention to a group of men that, two hours after Felicia Cuffe heard the convent bell, were some miles on, trudging the same Armagh road, but in a direction the opposite of that in which the young nun was moving.

There are four of them—John McAdam, Roger McIlroy, Andy Boyd, and Alick Cummin. They have been to an Orange lodge, for the times are threatening. The Repeal Movement is all afoot. The Government is at its wits' end, cannot trust malcontents, and is in need of loyal men. Orangemen, whatever other faults they may have—and they have many, some people say—are loyal to the backbone. The authorities are well aware of this, and though in safe times they are wont to snub them, the powers that be were now coquetting with the Orange confederation, and had even hinted that, if matters were carried much further by the Repealers, they would distribute arms to the Orangemen.

It was to make known this fact, as communicated to him from Dublin, that the master of the Orange lodge at the village of ——, seven miles from Armagh, had summoned the meeting at which the before-mentioned men, as in duty bound, were present. We are sorry to have to add that, after the business of the lodge was over, the four friends whose names we have given had, as often happens in such cases, stepped into a "shebeen" house on the way home, to have "jest a glass o' sperrits." The single glass, perhaps, in one or two cases was increased to two, for there is a mysterious tendency, as is well known, in these fascinating doses to double themselves in self-prescription.

However, between the excitement of the lodge meeting and the news heard there, and the force of the imbibed stimulant, the aforesaid John McAdam, Roger McIlroy, Andy Boyd, and Alick Cummin were in a somewhat rollicking condition. Every now and then they broke the silence of night by singing a stanza of "The Boyne Water." As it is a fine and quaint old ballad, and is one not known to everybody, we are tempted to give the words of a verse or two—words which these jovial companions were vociferously shouting:

> "July the first, in Oldbridge town,
>   There was a grievous battle,
> When many a man lay on the groun'
>   And cannons they did rattle.
>
> King James he pitched his tents between
>   The lines, for to retire,
> But William sent his bomb-balls in,
>   And set them all on fire."

After describing William's wound in the shoulder, as grazed by a cannon-ball, and the dismay of his men when they thought he had been fatally hurt, the ballad thus continues:

> "Duke Schombergh then, with friendly care,
>   His King did often caution
> To shun the place where bullets hot
>   Retained their rapid motion.
>
> "But William said, 'He don't deserve
>   The name of 'Faith's Defender,'
> Who would not venture life and limb
>   To make the foe surrender.' "

As is well known, the leader that fell in passing over the river that ran between the hostile armies was the brave veteran Huguenot, Schombergh himself. The ballad sings of this, and then proceeds:

> "When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
>   King William then accosted
> His warlike men for to march on,
>   And he would be the foremost.
>
> 'Brave boys,' he said, 'be not dismayed
>   For the loss of one commander;
> For God this day will be our guide,
>   And I'll be general under.' "

These are but three verses of a ballad of several verses in length, the singing of which never fails to stir the blood of Protestant hearts in the North of Ireland. The men we now speak of went through them all in their vocal concert, from the first to the last, and had reached the closing lines of the last verse, which run thus:

> "To God above the praise we'll give,
>   Both now and ever after;
> And bless the glorious memory
>   Of him that crossed the water,"—

when Andy Boyd's foot came in contact with *something on the road*.

(*To be continued.*)

Politeness of the Chinese.—At the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, a Chinaman took his place among the ambassadors and representatives of foreign nations. He bore himself with as much dignity and behaved with as much courtesy as the most aristocratic diplomatist in the brilliant circle. Yet he was only the *carpenter of a Chinese junk* then in the Thames, whom the directors of the Exhibition borrowed for pictorial effect in the procession. On surprise being expressed at his demeanor to an old Shanghai merchant, his reply was that "every Chinaman is taught manners at school as part of his ordinary education." Here is a hint to School Boards in other countries.

PESTILENTIAL PERIHELIA IN 1880 to 1885.

"Great signs shall there be from heaven."—LUKE 21 : 11.

Approaching Extraordinary Perihelia of the Planets—Dr. Knapp's Investigations—Great Disasters and Epidemics to be Expected—Remarkable Agreement in Dates.

A LARGE number of astronomers have recently been observing with profound interest an eclipse of the sun, and they all admit that its condition appears to have recently undergone a great change.

Professor Lockyer, an eminent English astronomer, who has made the sun his special study, inclines to the opinion that these changes observable in the sun must have *very serious results*.

Observers of the late eclipse agree in admitting that they were surprised to find that the burning hydrogen which was formerly present in the corona has largely disappeared. The spectroscope proves this beyond any possibility of doubt. It was previously known that for the last four years the spots which were formerly so frequent on the sun had been fewer, and the close connection between the sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism has been once more demonstrated by the marked decrease of magnetic activity during the same period. The disappearance of sun-spots and the disappearance of hydrogen from the corona mean that solar activity and *solar heat have decreased*.

Now, the decrease of solar heat means, in its earlier stages, *an increase of heat on the earth*; for the gases thrown out by the sun when in a state of great activity, and which act as a shield to protect the earth, disappear as the heat decreases.

According to this view, the sun is taking precisely the course which must end in the burning up of the earth at a comparatively early period (2 Pet. 3 : 10, 11).

But the heavens are said, by some well-informed persons, to indicate, on much more proximate evidence, that we are rapidly approaching what will be one of the most perilous and *malific periods* of the earth's history.

Since the commencement of the Christian era, the *perihelia* of the four great planets of the solar system—Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn, and Neptune—have not been coincident. But this is about to occur, and, in the language of *Dr. Knapp*, who has traced the history of the greatest epidemics that ever afflicted the human race to the perihelia of these planets, there will soon be times of great pestilence. The view is, that when one or more of the large planets is nearest to the sun, the temperature and condition of our atmosphere are so disturbed as to cause *injurious vicissitudes, terrible rains, prolonged droughts*, etc., resulting in the destruction of crops, and *pestilences* among human beings and domestic animals.

Dr. Knapp has collected a mass of statistical data, all going to show that perihelion dates have always been marked by unusual mortality, and that *sickness and death have invariably corresponded with the planets in perihelion* at the same time. The revolution of Jupiter round the sun is accomplished in a little less than twelve years, of Saturn in a little less than thirty years, of Uranus in about eighty-four years. If it be true, therefore, that the perihelia of these planets occasion atmospheric conditions unfavorable to life, pestilential periods should occur once in a dozen years, and aggravated and still more widespread epidemics at longer intervals.

In tracing the history of epidemics for more than two thousand years, Dr. Knapp finds the facts in all cases to validate the theory. Thus in the sixth and again in the sixteenth centuries, *three of these planets were coincident in perihelion*, and those were the most *pestilential* times of the Christian era.

But soon *after* 1880, for the first time in two thousand years, all four of these planets *will be at their nearest approach to the sun* or *perihelion* (as the word signifies, being compounded of the Greek words *peri* about, and *helion*, sun). So that for a few years, say from 1880 to 1885, t vitality of every living thing will be put to a sev and trying ordeal. Some persons think t they see in the signs of the times evidences the great disasters at hand in the immedi future. Extremes of heat and cold, the pre lence of flood and disasters, the general fail of the potato crop, the widespread chill fe among human beings, and the equal presenc the epizootic among animals, are mentioned among the premonitions of the rapidly approa ing perihelion.

We do not write to alarm any one unne sarily, but we merely state facts. That the c joint perihelion of all the large planets of solar system, one of which, Jupiter, is *a t sand times* as large as the earth, must dist our atmosphere and temperature very consi ably, is probable; that this disturbance n be injurious to health and life is certain; that these periods have heretofore been p lential, is a matter of record.

Nor can the synchronization of such an as nomical crisis, with the general epoch of 188 fixed upon by many of the most able interpre as the probable termination of this dispensat escape observation.

FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND ENGLAND THE LAST DAYS.

By the Rev. J. R. Purcell, M.A.

Faber on the Great Powers of the Last Day The Western Antichrist to be a Revived B parte—II. The King of the North or R —III. The King of the South, or Egypt— Opening of the Suez Canal—Napoleon Shadow of Antichrist—What Occurred in Day a Rehearsal of Future Stupendous E —England perhaps the Future King of South.

AT the present time, when events of g magnitude and of European as well as of O tal interest have transpired, it may not be teresting to prophetic students to conside light which God's Word throws upon ce kingdoms which are marked out by prophe participating in the great struggles which wind up our present dispensation.

Faber, in his "General and Connected of the Prophecies," published in 1808, well up the great powers. "Now, we learn certain prophecies that at the time of the four mighty powers will be the principal a in the great drama of nations: the Roman under his last or Carlovingian head, *some Protestant or maritime state*—a king of North and a king of the South."

Such is Faber's summing up of *the powers* who are to be conspicuous in the l day struggles, which will gradually conver and then finally run their course on the s the "pleasant land," the theatre of the w redemption. The history of these confli minutely described in the closing verses of 2. This description has always seemed to most important prophecy in Holy Writ.

There is no reason why we may not eve form something more than a mere probabl jecture regarding the four kingdoms speci the prophecies.

I. *Firstly*, the leading power is no dou Western Antichrist, and it is almost certai *France will be the nucleus of the Antichr confederacy*, and also the stronghold of its In other words, the Antichrist will be *Mo of France*, and possibly *Emperor of Rome* one who has witnessed the extraordinary perative powers of France since the catast of Sedan and the extraordinary developm her military resources, can doubt that in years she will stand forth stronger than Superficial observers thought that in 18 hour had struck; but the late Mr. Pu with a much deeper insight into the m stated "that the French nation was like which when trodden upon would soon again."

Events have more than verified his sag

Al when the hour has struck there will be nd *the man*, as I believe, A REVIVED BONA-TE, combining the fiery impetuosity and itary prowess of the *first* Napoleon, with the omatic skill and cunning of the *third*—a eftain of whom the question will be asked, 'ho is like unto him, who is able to make war h him?" And there is almost a prophetic etness that it should be so—that as Julius Cæsar gained his laurels and rose to power by his itary deeds *in Gaul*, the last of the Cæsars uld also end his career as head of that coun- and of the revived Roman Empire.

I. Then, again, can we doubt who is *the King the North* but the future head of the Russian pire in league with Persia; leaguing under standard the wild Turkoman tribes of Asia, Cossacks of the Don, the Calmucks, the skhin? Any one who will compare the de-ption of the Russian invading hosts as rked out in Ezekiel 38 : 4–7 with the most ent conquests of Russia in Turkestan and where in Asia, cannot but be struck with the reme rapidity with which Russia is working Her destiny.

ean Stanley, in his "History of the Eastern urch," says "that the last word of Peter the eat, when struggling between life and death, s 'Hereafter.' 'Did he,' says Dr. Keith,* nmenting on the scene, 'did his thoughts k into the unknown future of his beloved ssia?'" Of course we cannot answer, but do know that Russia in her most recent con-ests, and by her exact geographical position, fils exactly the position and the destiny God's ord marks out for her. It is impossible to fine the position she occupies in reference to Antichrist and his vassal kingdoms whether e be in league with or in opposition to him, ll she comes under the prophetic denuncia-n of those powers of the last days who say, Let us take to ourselves the houses of God in ssession." But we know how the prayer will fulfilled. "O my God! make them like unto wheel, and as the stubble before the wind."

III. But who is the *third* power, "*the King the South*"? All commentators agree hereon, the then ruling King of *Egypt*." I would row it out as a suggestion that it is just pos-ble that by or just after the manifestation of e Antichrist, England, the great maritime wer of the latter days, may have acquired gypt. As Professor Birks remarks, "Egypt is o feeble a power of itself to acquire prophetic nportance." But suppose that the power of at country be wielded by the great maritime ower of the last days, then I venture to submit at the position which that country occupies in e prophetic horoscope would be worthy of its osition therein described. Might not such be e literal meaning of the prediction, "I have iven Egypt for thy ransom"?

The opening of the Suez Canal has vastly en-anced the position of Egypt as the highway to he East. In spite of the threatened Euphrates alley Railway, Egypt will be seen to be the rue passage to the East; in spite of the Eng-ish acquisition of Cyprus and protectorate of Asia Minor, England could not (supposing Rus-ia within the next ten years to have more fully leveloped her resources) hold it at all points. ince the Caucasus was conquered, Russia is irtually mistress of Asia Minor. So that we ave only to suppose a further disintegration of he Turkish Empire, and the question would rise, Who is to take Egypt? England in her wn interests, could not allow France or Russia o do so; and that is just the point which would blige her to acquire it.

Very much light may be thrown on the career of the Antichrist by recalling the career of Na-oleon I., who was, as Dr. Newman so well erms him, "*a shadow of Antichrist*." No man ever yet so acted out as prototype what will be carried out in full by that dread being. His invasion of Egypt, his repulse by the ships of England, his invasion of Syria, and the actual contest on the plain of Eschaelon (the supposed site of Armageddon), and lastly, the convocation of the Jewish Sanhedrim in Paris in 1807, are more than coincidences. They are the *types in miniature*, the "prelibations," to use Mr. Elliott's apt word, of what the real Antichrist will enact in his marvellous career and final doom.

The coincidences between the first and final Napoleon will, I venture to submit, when the time comes, be seen to be marvellous, but with this difference, that the latter will fill up completely and accomplish all that the other failed to do. Napoleon never ceased to regret his repulse at Acre by Sir Sydney Smith. "St. Jean d'Acre once taken," said he, at St. Helena, "the French army would have flown to Aleppo and Damascus: in the twinkling of an eye it would have been on the Euphrates; the Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it; the whole population of the East would have been agitated. I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies: I would have changed the face of the world."*

Let it be borne in mind that *the power which repulsed Napoleon in the East was England*, and also that she did in 1840, at the same place, compel Ibrahim Pacha to retreat from Syria.

Now on the principle that what has already occurred in the East in the time of the first Napoleon may be *a rehearsal* of far more stupendous events, which shall close our dispensation, we can see no reasons why *England* may not be at once the great maritime power of the last days and—exercising a protectorate over Egypt—be the predicted king of the South.

It is likely from analogy that there will be the same territorial extent of the Roman Empire at the *Second Advent* as there was at the *First Advent*.

There are, as I believe, sundry positive statemnts in God's Word which speak of England as doing God's work in bringing back his ancient people. I believe England's work will be exerted in the incipient and final stages of the Jewish restorations, thus leaving a middle space for the actings of the Antichrist, who, as we learn from Daniel, "will confirm a covenant with many for one week, and in the midst break it by planting the abomination that maketh desolate," and will afterwards enact his final persecution during the last three and a half years of this dispensation (Dan. 9 : 27).

TENEMENT-HOUSES IN NEW YORK CITY.

A MEETING of clergymen of different denominations was held in this city a few days ago, to discuss the moral and domestic aspects of the tenement-house system. At that meeting facts so startling were presented that it was unanimously resolved to invite all the clergy of New York to point out the special dangers and evils of the present tenement system to their congregations on Sunday, February 23d. The advice was acted upon in many of the churches, and statistics obtained by *thorough investigation* of the system were presented, and Christians were besought to do something more than pray and bestow charity for the amelioration of the poor. The state of things disclosed was abominable beyond what many persons will be able to believe.

Dwelling-places were described where it was impossible for the father or mother or children to get out into the street except at low-tide. At high-tide the floor was covered with water, filth, and vileness from the neighboring dwellings, forced there by the pressure of the water. The inmates were obliged to get on chairs and tables until the tide went down. A room had been visited fifteen or sixteen feet square, in which four families were living, and where the boundaries of each family were made *by a chalk line*. The room was chalked off into four spaces. No warmth, little food, no seclusion, no any thing that was good; every thing that was vile and wretched. Four families in one room by night and by day!

In Madison Square Presbyterian Church Dr. Derby gave an account of visits to some tenement-houses. In one of these, although it was daylight, it was *impossible to see* in the four middle rooms without the light of a lamp. In another, a five-story tenement, there were *thirty-two rooms* which received no daylight. In this house there were fifty-one children, only twenty-two of whom went to school. In another house, 10 x 14½ feet, utterly without furniture except an old stove, five men and four women were found in one room during the day, and at night in the same room there were six men and five women seen. This dive was kept by a young man who charged *five cents* for a night's lodging, and sold stale beer at two cents a pint.

In another room were two Italians and three women, and overhead on a loft were ten settees, for which a charge of ten cents each nightly was made. In the same building a widow and her six children resided. In only four rooms in the entire house was there any thing like family organization, and there were seventy-two persons in the house. In another tenement-house of the same class, 10 x 16, occupied by ragpickers, there was in every part an utter abandonment of the decencies of life. It is unnecessary to comment upon this state of things. The picture explains itself. More than that, it effectually answers the question which the lawyer put to our Lord, "*Who is my neighbor?*" (Luke 10 : 29.) No Christian, after this public disclosure, can plead "Behold, we knew it not"

In Grace Church, Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter explained what was a tenement-house. The law defines it as "a house occupied by more than three families living independently and doing their cooking on the premises." But a tenement-house is a very different thing from an apartment-house. Ordinarily it is from four to six stories high, having frequently a store on the first floor, which, when used (as is often the case) as a liquor-store, has an entrance from the hallway, so that it can *evade the Sunday law* and give secret access to the inmates of the tenement at all times. Four families occupy each floor, and a set of rooms consists of one or two dark closets, used as bed-rooms, and a living room twice as long as one of these pens and ten feet wide.

It is sad to have to say that these horrible places have been rapidly run up *of late years*. Although the first was built only forty years ago, there are 21,000 of them in the metropolis to-day. In ten years, it is said, $82,000,000 have been invested in tenement-house property. So greedy are men to run after gain, reckless of all consequences to others! In the most densely-populated portion of London there are not more than 175,000 people to the square mile, while in parts of the Fourth Ward of New York there are 290,000 to the square mile. In this terrible state of affairs the little ones suffer most, it having been estimated that *ninety per cent* of the children born in tenement-houses die before reaching youth.

A Child's Prayer Answered by a Russian PRIEST.—A gentleman in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg died recently, leaving behind him motherless, and without friends or relations, two little children, one a boy of seven and the other a girl of three. Left in the house alone, without money or food, the boy did not know what to do to get bread for his sister. At last, urged by the little one's tears, he wrote on a piece of paper: "Please, God, send me three copecks (a penny) to buy my little sister a roll," and went to the nearest church to slip it into an alms-box, believing in his simplicity that the prayer would reach Heaven through this medium. A priest passing by observed the child on tiptoe trying to thrust the paper in, and, taking the paper from him, read the message. Returning home with the child, he took the little ones to his house and gave them the food and clothing they so much needed.

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* *Sunday at Home*, July. 1876.

† Alison's "History of Europe," vol. iv., p. 209.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to disseminate the glorious truths of the Word of God, and thus to aid in carrying on the work of the Saviour on the earth.

It contains every week a sermon by Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached the Sunday morning previous to the day of publication.

By arrangement with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a report of his Sunday-morning sermons is taken every week, and after it has been revised by him, is mailed in advance sheets and published in this journal prior to its publication in any other paper in the United States.

Articles by eminent ministers and others who have made the subject of prophecy their especial study also appear week by week, and review current events in the light of prophecy.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Anti-Chinese Immigration Bill is still the most prominent subject of the day. It was vetoed by the President March 1st. This action, while it will occasion surprise and indignation in some quarters, will in others be hailed with intense satisfaction, as the means of saving the nation from a dishonorable infringment of its treaty obligations.

The following expression of opinion, by an intelligent Chinaman resident in this country, is interesting at this juncture. He says that his people view the recent act of Congress as an insult to their race, although they have taken no measures to resent it. He thinks his Government will discredit the good faith of the United States if the anti-Chinese bill becomes a law, and will possibly either prohibit commercial intercourse with the United States, or only allow it under embarrassing and ruinous restrictions. His people never sought to open communication with the people of the United States, and now, when they have yielded, the United States Government abrogates a treaty and passes an anti-immigration act that is an insult to them.

Two important demonstrations on the subject of the Chinese immigration bill were made February 27th. A meeting of the New York Chambers of Commerce, very largely attended, passed a resolution deprecating the bill "as establishing a bad precedent; as an unworthy political concession to the lawless spirit of a single State; as tending to degrade the National character in the sight of all other nations; as calculated to imperil the life of the missionary, and to impair the value of his teachings; as exposing the merchant in his dealings to the consequences of public dishonor; and, finally, as presenting the hasty action of our Congressional body in sorry contrast with the more cautious and dignified wisdom of the heathen Empire, and finally asking the President to withhold his approval.

On the other hand the Californians are equally earnest in urging the President to sign the bill, and held a mass meeting in San Francisco on the same day, at which nearly five thousand persons were present, among whom were the principal merchants, professional men, and politicians of the city. The purpose of the meeting was stated by Governor Irwin, who said, "It was to let the President know the true feeling of the people on the subject under consideration."

The following appeal, signed by the Episcopal Bishop of California and a number of clergy, has also been telegraphed to the President: "We, ministers of various religious denominations in San Francisco, earnestly entreat you to sign the bill for restricting Chinese immigration, firmly believing, as we do, that the presence of large numbers of Chinese on this coast is highly detrimental to the spiritual, moral, and material welfare of our people."

Witchcraft in Alaska.—A missionary of the Presbyterian Church, who has been working in the Alaska Territory for the last two years, reports that witchcraft is very prevalent among the Indians. About the time he went among them an old woman at Sitka was accused by a "medicine-man" of bewitching one of his patients whom he had failed to cure. To escape torture and death she confessed she was a witch, and, according to the custom of the people, was set free in that character. But *her own son and daughter* had such a superstitious horror of her as a witch, that they murdered her, and then they were themselves put to death by their tribe for the murder. Thus three lives were horribly sacrificed through this wicked superstition. The Word of God is very severe in its condemnation of witchcraft. "There shall not be found among you an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, *or a consulter with familiar spirits*, or a wizard, or a necromancer, for *all that do these things are an abomination* unto the Lord," (Deut. 18 : 10–12). Modern Spiritualism comes distinctly under this category.

Horatio Davis Sheppard, M.D., the founder of the *first penny newspaper* in New York, died on February 24th, in St. Luke's Hospital. He was seventy years of age and the cause of his death was pneumonia, complicated by disease of the heart. Dr. Sheppard was a native of New Jersey, but had been a resident of New York for many years, and was a warm friend of the late Horace Greeley. He had been a member of the American Institute since 1867, and was connected with several other societies. His only known relative is a cousin, Caleb Henry Sheppard, residing at Shiloh, Cumberland County, N. J. No one called at the hospital to visit him, and his body was unclaimed till his cousin had been written to by the hospital authorities. In 1831 he conceived the idea of a daily newspaper, at *one cent a copy*. Whenever he came down town from the medical school, through Chatham Street, which was then, as now, a busy thoroughfare, and much occupied by street venders, h noted the large business in articles sold at " penny apiece." He saw that the expenditur was so small that the purchasers rarely hesitated, and he thought that if a newspaper could b produced and sold at that price it might be sold he thought, by boys as readily as they then sol apples, cakes, and candies.

Washington's Great-Great Grandfather.—Perhaps no place in "the old country" shoul be of more interest to Americans than the pa ish of Brington, in Northamptonshire. *Litt* Brington is about half a mile from Great Brington, and is noteworthy as containing the hou formerly occupied by the ancestors of Georg Washington. The church of the village is a ancient structure dedicated to the Virgin, an bears the traces of many alterations and restor tions. On the pavement of the chancel is stone slab bearing this inscription :

Here lieth the bodi of Lavrence Washingt sonne and heire of Robert Washington of Sov grave in the Countie of Northamton Esqui who married Margaret the Eldest daughter William Butler of Tees in the Countie of Su sexe Esquier, who had issue by her 8 sonns a 9 daughters, which Lavrence Decessed the of December A. Dni. 1616.

Thou that by chance or choyce of this hast sight
Know life to death resigns as daye to night;
But as the sunns retorne revives the day
So Christ shall us though turnde to dust and clay

This Lawrence Washington was the lin ancestor, presumably the great-great-grandfat of George Washington.

At the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting on W nesday, February 26th, the following instanc healing by prayer was related :

A physician said he had been laid upon a of sickness, and the skill of three brother p sicians had failed to afford him relief. T he turned with all his heart to the Lord, asked Him, if it was His will and for His gl to give relief, to restore speedily. The Lord this, and he asked all present to unite with i in the doxology. "Bless the Lord, O soul ! who healeth all thy diseases."

Sudden Deaths of Business Men.—Bis Simpson, of the M. E. Church, speaking at funeral service of Dr. Nelson, referred to number of venerable fathers in the church had been taken away during not many y past. Then he said—and we pray that the les may not be lost—"I am reminded by th scenes of the fact that in these days mer business seem to *die so easily*. It may be a fa but it appears to me there is not that war there was years ago. Such is the pressur business on the brain, and such is the wea nerve in the active conflict of life, that the break down suddenly. They seem unabl resist disease, and we hear almost every da men dropping suddenly, with scarcely a ment's warning. *Death is abroad*; the mes ger is touching all around us, and we almost as though he were about to touch us also. soon we shall be in the casket none of us bu All-wise can tell. The lesson is that w death always utters—to be ever ready ; to our work done." Solomon, with all his dom, could say nothing more than this—"B not thyself of to-morrow" (Prov. 27 : 1).

The Possession of Diamonds.—A New York minister lately remarked: "The difference between a saint and a sinner, especially where the latter is a moral man and to all outward appearances as good as the other, may be illustrated by the following fact. Next door but one to the house in which I once lived a *Hebrew* resided. He was afraid to leave his diamonds in the store when he went home at night, for fear they might be stolen while he slept; so he had a pocket made in his clothing where no one would suspect its existence, and in that he carried *one hundred thousand dollars*' worth of diamonds. There was the difference between us. We both lived in a brown-stone house and our coats were made by the same tailor and were alike, but he had a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and I had not a single one. The child of God possesses many precious *spiritual diamonds*—love, joy, peace, and other heavenly gems—while the worldling has *none*. That is one of the great differences between them."

Thomas C. Doremus, one of the old merchants of New York, for years the senior member of the firm of Doremus & Nixon, house and church furnishers and general dry-goods merchants, died on Feb. 16. Mr. Doremus was very liberal in his benefactions. He was forty years a Director of the American Tract Society, was one of the Founders of the Sabbath Committee, and for many years one of the most influential members of the South Reformed Church. He was in his eighty-third year at the time of his death.

Mr. Moody is delivering sermons in four churches daily at Baltimore, Md. He speaks at four P.M. at Dr. Leyburn's church, and at night at the Broadway Methodist, Second Presbyterian, and Broadway Presbyterian churches. Two of these meetings are for men only. Congregations crowded.

One of our subscribers writes: "My dear husband, the Rev. Dr. C. B. Egan, exchanged earth for heaven, February 2d, one beautiful Sabbath morning, at 9.35, at about forty years of age. He was converted from Romanism, was educated for a priest, was a most popular physician, and also a Free Baptist clergyman. But the summons came for him to come up higher. His departure was peaceful, beautiful, and without a struggle. I know that my loss is his inestimable gain. During his sickness I used to read aloud to him from your papers and he enjoyed them very much, especially respecting *the second coming of our blessed Saviour*. Oh! how I long for His appearing! I want to be more active in doing good."

Every testimony of this kind is valuable. When a man leaves this world everybody knows that nothing belonging to this world can sustain him during the dark passage. Blessed, therefore, are the dead which die in the Lord (Rev. 14 : 13).

Legacy of a Hidden Treasure.—At Zahlet, in Syria, a native soldier was lately received into the communion of a Presbyterian Church. He attracted much attention as he arose in full uniform and gave assent to the Confession of Faith. It seems that the father of this man was a merchant, who, when travelling to sell his goods, more than fifteen years ago, secured a Testament, which he carried to his home. The father died, and the Testament was hidden away among old papers and entirely forgotten. But a short time ago the soldier discovered *the forgotten treasure*, and began to study it, and also to attend the mission services. It was not long before there was a complete change in the man. Although he had been one of the most daring and wicked men in Zahlet, he became a gentle and consistent follower of the Lord Jesus." What an encouragement to tract-distributors! See Eccles. 11 : 1.

The First Hindoo Convert.—"When I was a boy in England," said a white-haired old man at a missionary meeting, "one day my mother had gone to the missionary prayer-meeting. That was in the early days of missions to the heathen—the days of Carey, and Ryland, and Andrew Fuller. Toward evening she came home very much excited, and bursting open the door as the family were just gathering around the supper table she clapped her hands and exclaimed: "*There's a convert! there's a convert!*" Then she told the story of the conversion of *Krishnu Pal*, the first Hindoo trophy of the cross. It was a matter of great rejoicing in all the churches of the realm. God had owned and blessed the missionary enterprise."

Result of Confession.—An Italian innkeeper, when confessing to his priest, was asked by the priest if he had never greased the teeth of travellers' horses to prevent their eating. He replied that he had never done so. When the time of confession came round again, however, he voluntarily confessed having done this several times. "Why," exclaimed the priest, "at your last confession you told me you had never done so!" "True, holy father," replied the penitent, "I never heard of it until you mentioned it." Similarly many girls have become depraved through the wrong things suggested to them by the questions of priests in the confessional.

A Saintly Girl in a Garret.—The Rev. Dr. Samuel Manning, Secretary to the Religious Tract Society, London, preached not long ago on "Looking unto Jesus," and he forcibly showed that the aim of the Society, in each of the *sixteen millions* of tracts issued every year, was to point men to Jesus as the author and finisher of faith. In the course of his sermon he related the following anecdote:

"Some years ago I stood by the sick bed of a young woman racked by a cruel disease, which was dragging her to her grave. She was lying in a poor chamber, and was dependent upon the charity of the church for her support in her last days. By patient submission, however, to the discipline through which she was called to pass, she had, through the grace of God, been lifted into a region of holy peace and hope, such as I have seldom witnessed. Her poor, mean attic was as *the antechamber of heaven*, she was always so full of thankfulness and joy.

"At last she came to the hour of death. 'Mary,' said her visitor, 'how is it with you now?' Her reply deserves to be remembered: 'I once thought,' she said, 'that I should rise above my starting-point, that I should get beyond it. I do not think so now, sir. I MUST LEAVE OFF WHERE I BEGAN—at the feet of Christ.' Then she murmured:

" 'A guilty, weak, and worthless worm
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.'

Then her eyes closed in that sleep which men call death, but as I stood there I knew it to be but the awakening into the higher and diviner life. So it is with all of us; we begin with Christ when we begin to live, and we end with Christ when this mortal life is over, for He is the author and the finisher of our faith."

The Death of Professor Francois Bonifas, of the Protestant College at Montauban in France, took place recently. His last moments are thus described by M. Monod: "His end was one of those which reconcile one to death. Up to the last he had a full consciousness of his state. Two hours before the end he was heard to say, 'Lord, my God, help me!' A little afterwards he added, 'I do not suffer acutely, but the continuity is painful. I ask the Lord to preserve to me a little longer strength and power of voice; I should like to glorify Him once more. I should live to have received the students, and to have glorified my Master once again. I should have told them that in Jesus one may depart in peace and with joy.' In the morning he said, 'How good the Lord is! Oh! how good He is.' At last, at the moment when earthly shadows were disappearing before him, he exclaimed, 'How beautiful heaven is!' and after a momentary pause he added, 'and how near!' This was his last word."

Mr. C. L. Brace, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, 19 East Fourth Street, New York, acknowledges with cordial thanks a donation of *four dollars*, sent by J. J. B. through the Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

SEEKERS DIRECTED AND ENCOURAGED

A Sermon delivered by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Aud ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart."—JEREMIAH 29 : 13.

A Blessing is about to Come when we are Moved to Pray for It—I. An Address to the Unconverted—A Search Necessary—Some Seek with no Heart—Some with a False Heart—Some with a Double Heart—Some Half-Heartedly—Jesus the only Meeting Place for God and the Sinner—II. The Backslider—A Sad Position—It may follow False Profession—A Fearful Reception in Hell—III. An Address to Professing Christians—Anecdote of Robert Hall—How shall the Lord be Honored—By Holier Living.

THIS was a part of the direction which God gave by His servant to the captives in Babylon. They were to remain quiet in Babylon until the set time came for their deliverance, and then there would be granted to them a gracious visitation from God which would move them to repentance, and incite them to prayer. Then might they be quite sure that the time had come for their deliverance, when they sought the Lord with their whole heart. It is a general principle that a blessing is about to come from the All-Merciful One when we are moved to pray for it with all our heart.

The Lord of grace may send us blessings before we search for them, for He is a sovereign, and often far outstrips what we might have expected, but His promise runs, "Seek and ye shall find it," and it is with the promise that we have most to do. A cheering assurance is given to those who seek in hearty earnest, and to this requirement of heartiness we must give earnest heed.

At this time I shall not attempt instruction, but strive to drive home the truth into the heart and conscience; I pray the Holy Spirit to help me, and I ask the prayers of those who have power with God, that the word may be as a goad to arouse, bestir, and urge onward those upon whom it is used.

Our address will be, first, *to the unconverted;* secondly, *to backsliders;* and thirdly, *to this church*, or any other Christian people.

I. And first,

TO THE UNCONVERTED.

Our text has a word for you. "Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with *all your heart*." You have lost your God; you are at a distance from Him; your sins have separated you from your Maker, and nothing will ever be right with you—really right—till you get back to your God. You are a sheep away from its shepherd now; you are a prodigal son away from his father now; and you will never be right, I say, till, as a sheep, you get back to the fold, and as a son that has rebelled you are reconciled to your Father. You want your God, and you will never be right till you find Him. You are therefore, stirred up by the text to "search for" Him. You are not to sit still with folded arms, and say, "He will come if He will." The prodigal said, "*I will arise* and go to my father," and some such spirit must be in you, or we cannot hope well of you. You must search after the Lord.

In this search it will be of no use for you to look within your heart, for it is empty and void of any thing godlike, and altogether estranged from God. Expect not to find the remedy in the disease. No one turns to his empty purse in the hope that it will supply his necessities, for poverty is not the source of riches. It were vain to look for the living among the dead, therefore look not for grace and salvation to yourself. Neither will it be the path of wisdom to endeavor to perform good works of your own, hoping to set yourself right by your own exertions in gaining merit.

Man, the whole mischief is that you are separated from God, and you must get back to God; the best works done while you are at enmity with your Lord and King are only part and parcel of the proud, presumptuous sin which rejects the Saviour and sets up itself in His place. It would have been quite right for the prodigal to wash himself, and cease from feeding the swine; it was most desirable that he should leave the harlots and the riotous living in which he had indulged; but if he had done all that and nothing more the great mischief would not have been cured, for the radical evil lay in his being away from his father's house. That is the essential wrong in your case, O unconverted man! You will never be perfectly happy and right till you are reconciled to God.

You are allowed to search for Him, and what a privilege that is! When Adam sinned, he could not go back to Paradise, for with a flaming sword in his hand there stood the mailed cherub to keep the way that he might not touch the tree of life. But God, as far as the garden of His mercy is concerned, has moved that fiery sentinel, and Jesus Christ has set angels of love to welcome you at mercy's gate. You may come to God, for God has come to you. He took upon Himself your nature, and His name is Emmanuel, God with us. Yes, the Infinite became a man, and He that builded yonder arch of heaven, and hung it with those starry lamps, came down below, to be subject to lowly parents, to work in a carpenter's shop, and to die upon a felon's gibbet, "the just for the unjust, that He might bing us to God." Search for Him, and you must find Him, for so stands His own word, "Ye shall seek Me, *and find Me.*"

The text, however, demands that our searching after God should be done *with all our heart.* There are several ways of seeking God which must prove failures. One is to seek Him *with no heart at all.* This is done by those who take their book and read prayers, never thinking what they say; or who attend a dissenting place of worship, and hear another person pray, but never join in it. This is done by those who bend the knee at eventide, and mutter pious words, but never think; who rise in the morning and repeat sacred sentences, and never consider; who with regard to divine things are as little thoughtful as if the Gospel were all a legend or an old wife's fable, not worth an hour's meditation.

I have seen young women, sometimes, when I have been travelling, reading those trashy novels, which they purchase at the railway stall, and I have seen them waste their tears on some imaginary heroine or hero, and yet they and others hear about the majesty and the love of God without emotion, and read of heaven and hell, and Christ and God, with scarce a tear or a thought. Dear friend, you will never find the Lord if you seek Him in a heartless, unthinking manner. God is not mocked. If any of you have fallen into a formal religion, and seek the Lord without your heart, your seeking is in vain.

Some seek God *with a false heart.* They flame with zeal, and would have their friends know it, for they say as Jehu did to Jehonadab, "Come with me and see my zeal for the Lord;" but their heart is not true towards God. Their piety is an affectation of feeling, and not deep soul-work; it is sentimentality, and not the graving of God's Spirit upon the heart. *Beware of a false religious excitement*—of being borne up with religious gas as some are, inflated like balloons by a revival, only to burst by and by when most they need something to support them. God grant us to be saved from a lie in the heart, for it is a deadly canker, fatal to all hope of finding the Lord.

Some seek Him, too, *with a double heart*—a heart *and a heart,* as the Hebrew puts it. They have a heart towards God, and they have a heart towards sin; they have a heart towards the pardon, but they have also a heart towards the transgression. They would fain serve God and Mammon; they would build an altar for Jehovah, and still keep Dagon in his place. If your heart is divided you will be found wanting. Those prayers will never get to heaven which only fly upward with one wing. If one oar pulls toward earth and the other towards heaven the boat of the soul will revolve in a circle of folly, but never reach the happy shore. Beware of a double heart.

And some seek God *with half a heart.* They have a little concern, and are not altogether indifferent; they do think when they pray, or read, or sing, but the thought is not very intense. Superficial in all things, the seed is sown in stony ground, and soon it is withered away, because there is no depth of earth. The Lord save us from this.

Now, ye that are seeking Christ, remember that if you would find Him you must neither seek Him without heart, nor with a false heart, nor with a double heart, nor with a half heart, but "Ye shall find Me," saith the Lord, "when ye shall search for Me with *all* your heart."

NOBODY GETS ON IN THE WORLD WHO IS HALF-HEARTED.

If a man wants money he must hunt for it morning, noon, and night. If a man longs for knowledge he cannot take a book and ladle it into his brain with a spoon; he must read and study if he is to be a scholar. If a man desires to rise in such an age as this, he cannot do it without stern labor. Great discoverers, eminent artists, and powerful orators have all been *men of hard work.*

Handel, who composed such majestic music, practised so often on his harpsichord that he hollowed out the keys like spoons through his constant use of them. Nothing is to be done without earnestness, and you may not expect that God is to be found and pardon is to be received, and grace to be had, while you have only one eye open, and are not half awakened out of sleep.

What did Jesus say?—"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Heaven's celestial bastions must be stormed by downright importunity. You must take the knocker of heaven's gate, and not drop it from your fingers with a dainty tap, but hammer at mercy's door again and again till you make the infernal deeps of despair resound with your desperate knocks, and cause heaven itself to echo with your hopeful determination that you will enter in, or know the reason why. Oh knock and knock and knock and knock again, for the door shall be opened when you knock with all your hearts.

Surely, dear friends, if any men have reasons to bring their whole hearts into action, you unconverted people are the men. I am sure that if I were to intimate to you that a hundred pounds of gunpowder were stowed away in yonder centre seat, and the probability was that it would soon explode, you would not remain very long in this Tabernacle, but would hurry out *with all your heart.* But any destruction that could be caused by gunpowder, as far as its effects on earth are concerned, could be nothing at all as compared with the overwhelming destruction which will come upon body and soul to men who are under the wrath of God. That wrath of God abides on every one of you who are unconverted. God is angry with the sinner every day, and if it be so your position is the most perilous one conceivable.

You will soon die. Do not be vexed with my reminding you of it. We are compelled to see it, some of us, who watch large congregations. Never does the same assembly meet in this place twice, and I suppose that between Sabbath and Sabbath it happens almost invariably that some one hearer goes to his account. Certainly in the church here we lose all the year round more than one per week of our friends. It is true, then, that you will soon have to die, and how will you bear to close your eyes on all mortal things without a hope of immortal joy? To go before the dread tribunal of your Maker and your Redeemer unwashed in the precious blood, with all your sins from the first day of your life till now about your neck like millstones, to sink you forever, how can you bear it? Do think of this, and if you do you will have good reason for seeking your God with all your heart.

Remember, also, that after death comes judgment. We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; and after the judgment comes the final award, which to those who have rejected Christ will be eternal destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power. Do not, I pray you, defy the wrath of God or dare His infinite displeasure. He Himself has said it, "Beware, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces and there be none to deliver." Surely every man in his sense, who knows that he is exposed to such an imminent risk as this will with his whole heart seek unto the Lord.

But why is it that when men search with all their heart they *do find* God? I will tell you. The only way in which we can find God is in Jesus Christ. There He meets with men, but nowhere else, and to get to Jesus Christ there is nothing on earth to be done but simply to believe in Him. It is a matter which does not take a moment. Believe God's testimony about Jesus Christ, and trust yourself with Jesus Christ, and salvation is yours. The saving word is near thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, and that is why when men seek the Lord with their whole hearts they find Him, for before they called the Lord was ready to answer.

Jesus was always ready; but other wishes and other thoughts made the seeker unready. Sins were there, and lusts of the flesh, and all manner of hamper to hinder the man. When a man comes to seek God with all his heart, he lets those things go, and soon sees Jesus. Then, too, a man becomes teachable, for when a man is in earnest to escape from danger he is glad enough to be told by anybody.

If I had lost my way, and feared I might fall over a precipice, I should be glad for the tiniest child to tell me my right road; and a man is likely to learn who is willing to be taught. This seeking God with all his heart makes a man quick in understanding. Before he was a dolt, because his heart was not in it, like a boy at school who does not want to learn. Where a man seeks God with all his heart you do not need to preach fine sermons to him; he does not crave elegance or eloquence; no, tell him Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that "there is life for a look at the Crucified One," and he jumps at it.

"THAT IS WHAT I WANT,"

says he. The Spirit of God has made him eager to learn, and so he catches at once at the blessed message, and believes in Jesus. Half a heart, or no heart, or a double heart will not see what is as plain as a pikestaff, and will not accept a Gospel which is as glorious to God as it is simple to man. I charge you, then, you that seek the Lord, to be whole-hearted in it, for you cannot expect peace and joy in the Holy Ghost till all those straggling affections and wandering desires are tied up into one bundle, and your entire being is eager in the search for God in Jesus Christ.

II. I cannot spare the seeker any more time, for I want to have

FIVE MINUTES WITH THE BACKSLIDER.

Backsliders, you have left your Lord. Perhaps you have left the church, or the church has left you by putting you outside its pale; and deservedly so, because you were a dishonor to it. I am glad you come among us to worship. You have had to be cut off from our fellowship because of your sad conduct, but you stick to us still, and I am glad to see you. I always feel a hope of you so long as you love the old house. I am glad that though you are not recognized as a child in it, and do not feel that you ought to be, yet still you wait under the window to hear the family sing.

When the children of God are feasting together at the table I have marked you looking on, and wishing you were again in the happy household. I do not know whether you are God's children or not; I cannot judge your hearts. I call you backsliders, not because I am sure you are really so, for it is very possible that you made a false profession, and you afterwards did what was natural you should do—you broke down in trying to carry out a practical falsehood. I will not try to judge that, but I will say this to you—surely, if there are any people in the world who ought to be whole-hearted in seeking after God, you are the people.

How speechless you will stand at the last dreadful day, with your old regimentals hanging about you, to prove that you were deserters! You will not be able to lift a finger or utter a word in defence of yourself.

AND WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN YOU GO DOWN TO HELL?

The prophet represents the king of Babylon as going there, and as he descended, the little petty princes whom he put to death, who were lying there in their dungeons in the prison of hell, rose, and leaning on their elbows, looked at him, and said, "Art thou become like one of us?" Methinks I hear the drunkard rising up and saying to you, "What, and are you here after all? You used to preach sobriety to me, and warn me of the drunkard's doom." Ah! my hearers, hypocrites are damned as well as drunkards. Then will speak the woman whom you talked about reclaiming, and what a sneer she will meet you with, and say, "You needed a refuge yourself, you hypocrite!"

Then, too, will speak your neighbors who never went to a place of worship, whom you thought were so very bad, because you went there and forgot what you heard. They will say, "This is what came of your going to the Tabernacle, and hearing Spurgeon! Is this the end of your joining the church, and going to the communion table?" What answer can you give when those eyes shall leer on you, and those lips shall hiss in derision of you?

Others shall say, "I never had the opportunities you had; I never was warned as you were; I never rejected Christ as you have done; I never stained the robes of His church and wounded Him anew in the house of His friends, as you have done." Then they will insult and triumph over you. If a prince of the blood were sent to a common gaol, what a misery it would be to him!

I pity every man who has to work upon the treadmill, so far as he can deserve pity, but most of all the man who has been delicately brought up and scarce knows what labor means, for it must be hard indeed to him. Ah! you delicate sons and daughters of Zion, you whose mouths were never stained with a curse, and whose hands have never been defiled with outward sin, if your hearts be not right with God, you must take your place with the profane and share with them. What say you to this? Do you say, "I would fain return and find acceptance in Christ?" To you the text speaks expressly. Then shall you "find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart."

III. My last word is to you, my brethren in Christ, and especially to you,

THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH.

Thus saith the Lord, "Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." Brethren, we want the Lord to be always among us. We have had His presence very graciously, but I am always troubled lest any sin of ours should cause Him to depart. I dread any thing like a decline in zeal and ardor and generosity and prayerfulness and holy living among any of us, lest the glory should depart and Ichabod be written on our walls. We hunger for our God, for I trust we can say we love Him. Can you say that? I heard—this last week—a story about that mighty preacher, Robert Hall, which touched me as I heard it. A friend related that

ROBERT HALL WAS RIDING ONE DAY

through a little hamlet on his way to preach at a country town. It snowed very heavily, and Mr. Hall was passing through the village, unaware of the state of the road beyond. A Christian man, who knew him well, cried out, "Mr. Hall, you must not go farther; the snow is very deep, you cannot get through it; you must come in." Mr. Hall stopped in the house and rested awhile. He looked out of the window, and saw that it kept on snowing. He looked out again, and it snowed more heavily than before, and his friend said to him, "You cannot go, Mr. Hall; you cannot get there." But said he, "Sir, I must go." "Sir," said the good man, "you cannot, it is impossible. You cannot get to the place; the roads are blocked up."

So the great preacher agreed to remain if he could deliver his sermon. "I must preach, sir; I must preach, sir. I cannot remain unless I preach." His host went round the hamlet, knocked at the doors of the cottages, and got a few people together into his room. Mr. Hall preached a wonderful sermon. The good man seemed to mount to heaven in preaching from the words, "I saw no temple therein."

When the people had gone home he said to his friend, "My dear sir, I am afraid I am not a child of God." "Why, Mr. Hall, how can you say such a thing as that?" "But I am afraid I am a hyprocrite, sir." "Well, nobody else is afraid of that about you, Mr. Hall, and I cannot think how you can give way to such a notion." "Ah, but I want to ask you a question, sir. What do you think is a sure sign that a man is a child of God?" "Mr. Hall," said the good man, "you ought to know better than I do. I cannot undertake to instruct you." "I want to know, sir, and shall be obliged by your judgment," said Mr. Hall. "Well," said the man, "this is what I think is a sure sign: if a man really *loves* God he must be a child of God, and there must have been a change in him." "Thank you, sir; thank you, sir, for that word," said Mr. Hall, "that is just what I wanted. Love God, sir? I love Him with my whole soul."

"And," said the good host, in talking to my friend, "you should have heard how Mr. Hall went on about God; it was wonderful to hear him, sir. He praised Him above all things, he said all that was good about Him, and he kept saying, 'I cannot help loving such a being as God is, and if that proves that I am saved then I am sure of it, for I must love Him.'" Now, my brethren, we love God with all our hearts, and therefore we desire to have Him glorified in our midst. Do you not, my brethren, vehemently desire this? I know you do.

How, then, shall the Lord be honored? He may be glorified by holier living. How is that to be done? The text says we shall find Him if we seek Him with all our hearts, and in finding Him we shall find holiness. I have given up the idea that I shall ever get a church in which all hearts will seek God earnestly. I know you will not all be alive and full of fervor, for some of you are a dishonor to the church. You will never help us, but you will remain among us as dead weights. How I wish I could hope otherwise, but I dare not deceive myself or you. I do expect, however, that all who have the life of God really in their souls will give their whole hearts to the glory of God, and will do it always intensely. I look to them to seek the Lord by prayer, praying much for God to be glorified, and to back up their prayer by effort, cheerfully seeking to take their full share in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Brethren, did Christ die for you? Yes or no? If He did, then in the name of common honesty live unto Him, for you cannot be your own; He has bought you with a price. When you were baptized in the name of the Sacred Three, did you mean it? If you did, in the name of truth live unto God, for you then confessed that you were dead to the world and buried with Christ, that henceforth you should live unto Him. When last time you came to the communion table, did you really believe that Jesus gave Himself for you, and did you know that you feasted upon His flesh and drank His blood by faith? Then, I say, in the name of both honesty and truth live as souls should live who have eaten better than angels' meat and have Christ within them.

If this Book be true, the most of us are not living as we ought to live. If there be a heaven, we are not living in the joy which the hope of it ought to inspire. If there be a hell, and some of our own children are going down to it, we do not act towards them as if we believed in their danger. We are acting like monsters, and not like men, if we suffer our fellow-creatures to be lost without lifting a finger for thier salvation.

Awake! arise! my brethren. O church of God in this place, and church of God everywhere, shake thyself from the bonds of thy neck. Arise, and sit down on thy throne of power, O daughter of Zion! Put on thy strength as in the ancient days, for strength shall be thine if thou searchest after the Lord with all thine heart. God grant that as a church we may be thoroughly earnest in seeking for a display of His saving power, and He shall have the glory. Amen.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

A NEW LETTER FROM MR. SPURGEON.

[WE give here another most characteristic letter sent by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, to be published along with his sermon this week. It, like the last, was written at Mentone, in the South of France, where this man of God is recruiting his health. To how few is it given to maintain the same humble submission to God, the same zeal in His service, and the same unselfish concern for the people, year after year, in sunshine and in sorrow, in health and in sickness, under cruel adversity and amid the blaze of popularity! We all know Mr. Spurgeon did not work out this character for himself. *It was the gift of God*, bestowed according to the promise, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you" (John 14 : 16, 17). This is the highest gift of God to us through His Son Jesus Christ. See Luke 11 : 13.]

MENTONE.

DEAR FRIENDS: The sermon is so long that only a line or so is left for me. I will say the less of myself. The warm, sunny days which I have spent in this retreat are, by God's blessing, bringing back to me health and strength. I shall be happy indeed if my mental and spiritual vigor should also be renewed by the removal of the *daily care* which pressed upon me; if it be so my hearers shall be the gainers, for all my strength has been and ever shall be laid out in my ministry.

I am right glad to hear that *special services* are commencing at the Tabernacle, and I entreat all the brethren there to throw all their energies into them. Pray that the Holy Spirit may work mightily and glorify the Lord Jesus in the midst of the congregations; and then set to work to fetch in the people from the outside. *Gather them!* Gather them from hedge and highway, and crowd the Gospel feast. The preachers are among you whom God has widely blessed, but how can they benefit the people if they do not come to hear them. Make the services known and press those to come who do not usually attend public worship. *We long to see souls saved*—do we not? My heart cannot be content while men are being lost. I cannot be among the crowds to preach, but my inmost soul prays for those who are indulged with that privilege, and for you also who have the joy of helping on the work of the Lord.

I am bound to thank those generous friends who continue *to send aid to the various works* under my care; the Lord reward them. To each and all my hearers and readers I send my hearty Christian salutations.

C. H. SPURGEON.

One cause of Mr. Spurgeon's richness in grace is suggested by the following extract from a letter sent to us by a subscriber a few days ago: "When in the army from 1861 to 1865, I read *on the battle field* Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. What comfort came to my heart from them in those trying times! I have followed him with prayer that God would bless him." Perhaps men of eminent piety do not always think how much they may owe to the *secret* prayers of other Christians who wish their work to prosper, and who fervently commend them to "the God of all grace."

PREVENTION OR CURE—WHICH?

An Oration by Mr. J. B. Gough, delivered a Few Weeks Ago in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London.

Alleged Objection to Bands of Hope—Children's Intelligence—Baby-talk—A Boy's Idea about the Creation of Flies—Children's Imitativeness — Dishonest Examples — "I'll Take What Father Takes"—A Boy's Last Hymn in a Garret—Be Manly and Brave—Fast Young Men—A Degraded Sergeant in Halifax—A Drunken Son Striking His Mother.

I AM here to speak to you again on the same old theme. The association represented to-night is the "United Kingdom Band of Hope Union," and I consider their work is one of the most important works—if not *the* most important work—to be achieved.

"PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE." It is a great work to save a drunkard. It is worth a life effort to lift a man from degradation. It is worth a mighty self-sacrifice to lift a man up, and enable him to stand as *a man*, shaken free from his debasement and his fetters. But to prevent his fall is far better.

A boy, when asked, "Would you tell a lie for fifty dollars?" replied, "No; because when the dollars are gone *the lie* will stick." Though we may reform a man from drunkenness, no one can ever fully recover from the effects of years of dissipation and intemperance.

You put your hand in the hand of a giant and he crushes it. You shriek in your agony; and by and by, with a desperate effort, you draw forth your hand. It is crushed and torn and mangled and bleeding. That hand may be at last healed; but it will be a *mutilated* hand as long as you live. And so a man may be cured of this evil of drunkenness; but the *marks* are upon him, and will be to the day of his death. Therefore it is a greater work to prevent than it is to cure; and prevention is the work in which this association is engaged.

Now one would suppose that there would be no opposition to this work. But there are some persons who oppose every thing that does not suit their own narrow views, or that they themselves have not suggested; and so there is opposition. I have met with it in the United States, and meet with it here. One of the *alleged objections* is that these children are led and enticed to sign the pledge without appealing to their understanding. Now, we underrate the *capacity of children* to understand—altogether underrate it.

A temperance speaker said to me once, "The most severe rebuke I ever received in my life was from hearing two boys discuss my speech. One of them said, 'I don't like him a bit. He talked so much *baby-talk* to us boys.'" Now, boys do not want "baby-talk" talked to them. There is a kind of literature with us (I do not know that you have it here), growing out of an attempt to make the Scripture narratives familiar to infant minds, or comprehended by infant minds. You take the life of Jesus, the life of Moses, or the life of Joseph, and read it to your boy of five years old out of the Bible; and if he does not understand these narratives, he will understand nothing. And yet we have editions of the life of Moses after this fashion: "Moses was a very nice little darling love of a child, with blue eyes, and flaxen hair hanging round his shoulders, and little dimples on his knuckles, and the points of his fingers pink and beautiful; and his mother loved her dear, darling little child, and she found men wanted to kill him; so she made a basket of bulrushes, and called it an ark, and lined it with something to keep the water out, and cotton wool to make it soft and warm, and pushed it forth into the stream; and when the little child saw its mother it stretched out its dimpled hands and its pink finger-nails; and the mother began to cry"—and all such baby-talk as that.

Sir Walter Scott once said, "It is all folly to talk of *writing down* to the capacity of children. Give them something to grasp after, and they will grasp that which will astonish you." We often hear shrewd remarks from children, and we call them "haphazard." But they are not. They are the result of a process of reasoning, and I want to give you one or two illustrations.

A BOY'S IDEA ABOUT THE CREATION OF FLIES.

I knew *two boys* very well—at least I knew their father very well: one of them was about ten years old. His name was *Willie*, and the other's was *Jamie*. Jamie was seated on the doorstep, whittling a stick, as Yankee boys do. The other boy, Willie, had caught a fly, and, holding it in his fingers, he said, "What a queer thing *a fly is*—isn't it? Just look at its legs. Look at its wings. When I blow him he'll buzz! Ain't it queer? I wonder how God made him?" *That* has been a wonder to many. Professor Huxley cannot answer that question. No scientist can. "Jamie, how d'ye suppose God made a fly?" The little fellow whittling away at his stick said, "Why, Willie, God don't make flies as carpenters makes things—putting on 'em together and a-fitting of 'em. God says, '*Let there be flies!*' and then there is flies." Call that "haphazard"? No! That boy had heard or read the sublime passage, "God said, Let there be light, and there was light;" and thence he reasoned out the creative power of the Almighty.

I say again, we *underrate* the capacity of children to *understand*. And then we underrate the capacity of children to *imitate;* or we forget that they have imitative natures. A boy with us (I will not suppose any such thing as that would occur here), when asked his age said, "At home I'm *twelve*, but mother says I'm only *ten* in the cars." I hope that does not apply to any one here; but it is really an awful thing with us. Conductors of railroad trains tell me that good-looking children, well-dressed children, educated children, are sometimes *taught to lie* for the sake of saving a half-fare on the railroad.

Now I ask, What is to be the honesty of the next generation if this sort of thing is continued? These children *remember*—and we underrate their capacity to remember as well as to understand; and they imitate. You do not want to destroy the respect of a child for his father or his mother, do you? I glory in the boy who said, "I tell you what it is; if my mother says a thing is so, *it is so*, even if it is not so." What a profound conviction that boy must have had of his mother's veracity!

Children understand well enough. What effect will a father's precepts have upon a boy when he can say, "I wonder what makes father laugh when he tells us how he ran away from school and put wax on the schoolmaster's seat, and plagued the other boys, and then turn round and shut me up and whip me when I just tried to be what he was?" Ah! we underrate the capacity of the young to understand and remember.

Rev. Charles Garratt, I believe, tells us that a little fellow of thirteen years of age sat at the table with his father. The waiter came round and asked him what he would take. There was wine on the table. "What will you take?" "*I'll take what father takes.*" The father had the decanter in his hand, just about to pour out the wine, and he dropped it as if it were fire. Laying his hand lovingly on the head of the boy, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water." Now, this is what we want, that fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and all who have influence with children, shall help us in inspiring these children with a hatred of that which never benefited a human being, and has brought many to destruction and perdition."

I know people tell us sometimes, "It is no use working amongst children; it is no use laboring with them. They will sign your pledge and belong to your Band of Hope; and then they will break the pledge by and by." Why do you not raise the same objection against your Sunday-schools? You cannot make all your Sunday scholars Christians, can you? But there is a large proportion of them who do come into the church. And there is a large proportion of those who adopt the principle, and join these Bands of Hope, and sign the pledge of Total Abstinence, who do keep it; for I meet them by scores almost every week of my life.

A BOY'S LAST HYMN IN A GARRET.

These children are *so impressible.* A friend of mine seeking for objects of charity got into the upper room of a tenement-house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself *under the rafters.* There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them *a boy about ten years old.* "Boy, what are you doing here?" "Hush! don't tell anybody, please, sir." "What are you doing here?" "Hush! please don't tell anybody, sir. I'm a-hiding." "What are you hiding from?" "Don't tell anybody, please, sir." "Where's your mother?" "Please, sir, mother's dead." "Where's your father?" "Hush! don't tell him! Don't tell him! But look here!"

He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken. "Why, my boy, who beat you like that?" "Father did, sir." "What did he beat you like that for?" "Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cause I wouldn't steal." "Did you ever steal?" "Yes, sir; I was a street thief once." "And why won't you steal any more?" "Please, sir, I went to the Mission School; and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal'—and *I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it.* But please don't tell him!" "My boy, you mustn't stay here. You'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this." "Thank you, sir; but, please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang—

> "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
> Look upon a little child,
> Pity my simplicity,
> Suffer me to come to Thee.
>
> "Fain would I to Thee be brought,
> Gracious Lord, forbid it not:
> In the kingdom of Thy grace
> Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-by." The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips; and there were the shavings; and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—*dead.*

Oh, I thank God that He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," did not say "respectable children" or "well-educated children." No! He sends His angels into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and brings out His redeemed ones; and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness in the Mission School, in the Ragged School, or in the Bands of Hope Union.

I might on this point give you incident after incident, but we have something else to talk about. This work, I say, is specially important because it is FOR PREVENTION; and it is to be carried on among the impressible children by whom we are surrounded.

WHAT IS IT TO BE MANLY AND BRAVE?

Now let me *from childhood pass on to youth* and early manhood. There are a great many young men here. I am glad to see you; with all my heart I am. Every one of you has ambition. There is not a young man here who means that his position next year shall be lower than it is this year. You are looking forward to something better. You want to be manly. Now what is it to be *manly?* What is it to be *brave?* What is it to be noble?

We have a class with us in the United States (and I do not know but what you have them here, too), a class who think that to be manly is to ruffle, and to swear, and to swagger, and to trample on the decencies of human life—to smoke and drink and gamble and to drive a fast horse. They think it is manly to toss off their glass like a man, and swear like a man. Are these men manly? *We* call them "*fast young men.*" Now there is not in this world a more contemptible set of men than what are called "fast young men." It requires no genius, no education, no intellect, to drink and smoke and swear and drive a fast horse. Give the materials to the biggest lunatic out of the asylum, and he will do it as well as the best "fast" young man you have in London.

We are brave—when? *We are brave when we overcome that which threatens to overcome us.* Young men, we are heroes when we are able to chain some darling desire, and to say to some powerful passion, "Be still; I am your master!" To be bold against an enemy is common to the brute. Man's prerogative is to be bold against himself; to conquer his own lusts, and wicked ambitions and fancies, in the sacred name of duty to God. *That* is to be noble! *that* is to be brave!

The excuses young men give for entering into dissipation are various; but they are usually summed up in this—that they "must see a little of life." Why, my young friend, has not God spread out before you in His magnificent boundlessness of wealth every thing that can satisfy your noblest nature? You want to see life. You want to indulge in those forbidden (you may call them, if you please) "luxuries," supposing that you can touch pitch and not be defiled.

Young men begin to use intoxicating liquors, with no intention, or desire, or expectation of being injured by them. And yet what does Sir William Gull say?—"Many a man is poisoned by drink who has no conception that he is at all injured by it." The moderate drinker supposes that because he does not get intoxicated drink is doing him no harm.

THE DEGRADED SERGEANT IN HALIFAX.

When I was in Halifax, Nova Scotia, a most unfortunate circumstance occurred there. *A sergeant of the regiment* in the citadel, who was within six months of his discharge with a good-conduct pension, got drunk, and drew a weapon upon a superior officer. In view of his previous excellent good conduct the court-martial so far remitted his sentence that he was only degraded to the ranks, and put into the kitchen as one of the cooks. Four days from the time of that sentence being pronounced he hanged himself, and he told one of his comrades he knew nothing of what he did after he had taken his first glass at the canteen. Now, moderate drinkers, or those who call themselves so—BEWARE!

A DRUNKEN SON STRIKING HIS MOTHER.

One other fact—and I deal in facts. *A young man* said to me, "Mr. Gough, I never was intoxicated, or any thing like it, but once in my life—never; and on the occasion to which I refer I was not so far intoxicated but that I knew every thing which occurred. I went home. I had been with some young companions, and I ascended the stairs whistling. As I went up towards the top of the house, my room being at the very top, I saw the door of a room occupied by a servant girl open. I went in. I never should have gone in if I had not been drinking. I was not just right. The girl screamed.

"My mother came up and said, 'George, I never believed my son would be such a scoundrel.'" Said he, "I just shut my fist, and I struck her a terrific blow in the mouth. *This hand was stained with my mother's blood!* And now, sir, looking at that hand, I say sometimes, as Shakespeare makes Lady Macbeth say, 'Out, damned spot!' And I would give that hand to be cut off at the wrist if I could forget the blow given in that one act of intoxication, the first and last of which I was ever guilty."

I say to young men, Beware of this thing, because it is a snare. It is fearfully deceptive. Every man who drinks intends to do as other men do—intends to be a moderate drinker. I have said this over and over again, because I believe it to be important. Every man who becomes intemperate does so by a course of argument, from the beginning all the way down that fatal sliding-scale to ruin.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR REWARDS IN THE MILLENNIUM.

The Saints will Rule the Millennial Earth—Their Home will be in Heaven, not on Earth—a Freer Fellowship will be Established between the Earthly and the Heavenly Church—The Highest Places of Honor—Reward in Exact Proportion to Faithfulness.

As at Mount Sinai Jehovah employed angels to ordain the law when He was establishing His theocracy over Israel (Deut. 33 : 2; Gal. 3 : 19; Heb. 3 : 2), so after Christ's second coming the saints with transfigured bodies shall rule the millennial earth for and under Him. As they shall "reign," they must have *subjects.* The nations of the earth, and Israel, the foremost of them, shall be subjects of the Lord and His saints.

Though ruling *over* the earth, the transfigured saints shall not continuously remain *on* the earth, but live in heaven. They shall hold such blessed communion with mortals as Christ, Moses, and Elias, in glory, had with Peter, James, and John, in the flesh, at the transfiguration. That wonderful scene was a miniature prefiguration of the millennial reign.

As Elias, translated without death, represents the transfiguration of the saints found living at the Lord's coming, and as Moses represents the sleeping saints then raised to share the blessedness of the first resurrection, so Peter, James, and John represent the nations in the flesh. These, like Peter, who said, "Lord, it is good for us to be here,"* shall rejoice in the felt blessedness of frequent communion with the Lord Himself and His glorified saints.

There shall be a far freer fellowship than now between the earthly and the heavenly church. The type is afforded in the frequent and happy intercourse of the Lord with His disciples during the forty days after His resurrection. The transfigured saints shall feel it a sweet joy to lead their brethren on earth to the same Saviour whose preciousness they themselves know in all its fulness. Their power is that of *attraction,* winning all hearts in the day of the Lord's power (Ps. 110 : 3) not counteracted by devil or beast.

The heavenly transfigured ones are elected not merely for their own good and salvation, but to rule in love, and to minister blessings over the earth as its king-priests, unto God and His Christ. St. John says, that instead of the devil, over the earth shall be the transfigured church—Daniel says that instead of the heathenish beast, on the earth, the holy Israel shall rule (Dan. 7 : 27).

The privilege of this, our high calling in Christ, is limited to the present time of Satan's reign. When he shall have been bound, there will be no further opportunity to suffer for Christ so as afterwards to reign with Him. His word now is (Rev. 3 : 21), "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne." None in our age are saved by Christ who shall not also reign with Christ.

If we fail to gain the crown of service, we have had no part in the gift of grace. The martyrs are put foremost, because most like Jesus in suffering unto death: "I saw thrones, and the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and for the Word of God, and which (*οἵτινες*, all whosoever) had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."

The highest place of honor is for those who in will or deed drink His cup of suffering and temptation (Matt. 20 : 22, 23; Luke 22 : 28–30). Next shall be all who have not given their allegiance to the world-power, but to the Lord and Saviour, looking at the things not seen and eternal. Paul, who was beheaded at Rome for the truth, shall then attain his one grand ambition, "that I may know Christ and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, if by any means I may attain the resurrection from out of the rest of the dead."

John, who was banished to Patmos for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ, as he was companion of the saints in the tribulation and patience in Jesus Christ, so shall he be in the glory. It is our Lord's own promise, "Ye that have followed Me in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit upon the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, and every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life" (Matt. 19 : 28).

Thus, in *exact proportion to our faithfulness,* as being already the servants of Christ saved only by grace, shall be the degree of our reward. He who with one pound shall have made ten pounds for his Lord shall receive the Master's proportionate award of rule. "Well done, thou good servant—have thou rule over ten cities."

He who shall have made five pounds with his Master's one pound shall receive rule over five cities (Luke 19 : 15–19). As the vessels of glory are of larger or smaller dimensions, so shall each receive a larger or smaller measure of glory. Each vessel shall be filled full of blessing. But the larger the heart has been, the greater its capacity for blessedness (Isa. 22 : 24; 2 Tim. 2 : 21).

It should be remembered that the ministers whose gospel sermons appear from week to week in this journal are not to be understood as always concurring in the articles on Prophecy, a subject on which much divergence of opinion exists among Christian people.

A Willing Martyr.—**The celebrated Chinese** missionary Mr. Burns (a Presbyterian), accompanied by two native converts, while making an evangelistic tour in 1854, proclaimed the Gospel for the first time in a little town of 6000 inhabitants called *Pechuia,* and the result was so successful that in 1856 there was in that town an established congregation of thirty-six converted Chinese, and at a village eight miles further another congregation of eleven members. After the blessing came persecution; and when one day a mandarin officer entered the shop of a convert—an old cloth merchant, who still lives, bringing forth fruit in his extreme old age—the merchant guessed at once the intent of the mandarin officer, and said to him, "I know what you have come for," and taking down some of his goods he pointed to them, and he pointed to the rest of his shop, and said, "Take them all, and take me also. I am an old man and I am very deaf. You may take me and my boys and my little girl also. *We are all Christians: we are all willing to go to prison.*" And so astonishing was the effect of this statement upon this mandarin officer and those who accompanied him, that they departed in amazement and left him undisturbed. That station at Pechuia was the first of the Chinese stations of the English.

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* (Matt. 18 : 4.) "If Thou wilt, let us make here three *tabernacles,* one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Is there here an unconscious foreshadowing of the millennial feast of *tabernacles* (Zech. 14 : 16, 18, 19) thrice mentioned? also possibly in the prophetical Psalm, 118 : 15. Peter, with undesigned coincidence, uses two of the words used in the Gospel concerning the transfiguration, which he makes the pledge of Christ's coming Kingdom (2 Pet. 1 : 14, 15): "decease" (Luke 9 : 31), and "tabernacle."

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

Town and Country Life.

In the small but picturesque village of Wingsdale, in old England, two young ladies were seated together one sunny afternoon on a mossy bank under the shade of an oak. They were cousins, but their lives had been a complete contrast. Clara Arnot had lived in Wingsdale almost from her infancy, and she knew nothing of the world beyond its precincts. Pure in her mind and simple in her tastes, she drew her pleasure from the quietness of country life and found her recreation in rambles among the fields, where the fresh breezes gave health to her limbs and color to her cheek, and where her eye never ceased to be gladdened by the changing glories of earth and sky.

Clara's cousin, Ada Murray, was a member of fashionable society, and when we have said this it is not necessary to add any thing more. During the temporary break of festivities in the Lenten season, she had accepted the invitation of her aunt, Mrs. Arnot, to spend a fortnight with Clara at Wingsdale, and at the moment when our story opens the two girls were trying to interest each other in the modes of life to which they were respectively accustomed.

"And what are the delights which you prize so much?" inquired Clara, with some little curiosity. "You know that I have never spent two days together from my home, that I know nothing of what passes in the world, that though I was born in London, I was so young when we left Golden Square—"

"Golden Square!" exclaimed Ada with a shudder, for that is a humble quarter of the modern Babylon; "my dear, never mention such a place—nobody lives in Golden Square."

Clara colored, and felt uncomfortable, she scarcely knew why.

"You asked me," continued Ada, "what are the delights of town. It is hard to describe them, they are so utterly different from any which you experience here. Bustle and noise, incessant rattling of carriages and thundering raps at the door, late breakfasts—perhaps in bed—dinner at the hour of your supper; and when you, innocent dear, are retiring to rest, the maid is placing the flowers in my hair, and I am off in a flutter of muslin or tulle to mount step by step a crowded staircase, and enter some room where it is impossible to move, and barely possible to breathe!"

"And this *night after night?*" inquired Clara.

"Yes, night after night; that is to say, unless the season is a dull one."

"And do you not feel tired and weak in the morning?"

"Well, not inclined for a long country walk through fields garnished with stiles, nor for teaching stupid children in a school, nor for listening to a very sober, sensible book, such as that to which my dear good aunt is treating us; but just inclined to rest on a sofa with a diverting novel in my hand, to chat to amusing visitors, or to fill up the time till dinner with a concert or a botanical fête."

"Ah! these are what I should enjoy," cried Clara; "I am so fond of music and of flowers."

"Dear simplicity, do you imagine that any one goes to a concert to listen, or to a garden to look at the flowers? You go to talk, and to see your friends, and quiz the company, and—kill time!"

"And do you never grow weary?" asked Clara.

"Weary? yes, half tired to death, quite ennuyée; but then the only way to restore one's jaded spirits is to plunge deeper into gayety; the excitement and the bustle and the diversion become quite a *necessity* at last."

"It reminds me—but I'll not say of what it reminds me."

"Not say? but you must, and shall. What does it remind you of, little philosopher?"

"The craving which some very vulgar people, to whom I should never dream of comparing my friends, have for *another kind of stimulant.*"

"It is a sort of intoxication, you mean," said Ada gayly. "I will not deny it; a very pleasant sort of intoxication. I wish that you would come to Grosvenor Square and try it."

Clara gently shook her head.

"What! you are afraid of being contaminated by my evil example, I suppose! You look on gayety as a dangerous glass of champagne; and have all here taken the pledge not to go beyond a cup of the very weakest green tea?"

"It is not that," said Clara, looking diverted.

"Then I shall carry you off with me—I positively shall; you shall be the belle of the London season; your time shall be crammed so full with engagements, balls, operas, concerts, fêtes, that you will scarcely know day from night!"

"I do not think that my mother would approve of that."

"Well, then, you shall go to no place of which your mother, and Mr. Ward [Mr. Ward was the clergyman of the village] and the whole clerical body from bishop to curate, would not approve. We'll take you to Exeter Hall, and the Museum, and the Royal Institution, panoramas, cycloramas, dioramas! Oh! there is no place like London for opening the mind. A green bud of rusticity expands at once into a full-blown rose there."

"May there not be such things as over-blown roses?"

"No fear; I'll answer for you, coz, if you'll only go back with me to London. Say that you will—only say that you will!" and Ada placed her arm caressingly around Clara.

"I really cannot, at present," replied her cousin, "though I should very much enjoy paying you a visit. But it would be impossible for me to quit home just now, when we are expecting my sister-in-law from Barbadoes—"

"Ah! yes; the widow of your half-brother," said Ada. "John married a Creole lady, did he not, rather against the wishes of your poor father?"

Clara bowed her head in assent.

"Then your sister-in-law is a perfect stranger to you?"

"Quite; and as she dislikes her pen, and never answers a letter, we have not even the knowledge of each other which one gains from correspondence."

"I think I heard that there were children," said Ada.

"Yes; four poor, dear little orphans."

"And all coming to your home?"

"My mother will welcome them all."

"Ahem! I wish you joy of your West Indian importation. My aunt must have been remarkably fond of her step-son!"

"On the contrary," replied Clara, lowering her voice to a confidential whisper, though the birds that twittered on the branches above them were the only living creatures near—"poor John was never any thing but a trial to mamma. He behaved very ill to her indeed, at the time when poor, dear papa's affairs were settled; he wrote in so insolent a manner; he cost my precious mother such bitter tears when she had been already suffering so much, that no one but an angel, as she is, would ever have forgotten or forgiven his conduct. You do not know how I felt it," continued Clara, her color rising at the recollection; "I could have better borne unkindness to myself, but insolence to my widowed mother was not to be endured! Yet, no sooner did we hear that John had died, leaving his family poorly provided for, than the heart and home of my mother were opened at once; no feeling was left in her bosom but generous sympathy and compassion; and I believe that she will receive the widow as warmly and tenderly as if she were her own cherished child."

"That *is* Christianity!" exclaimed Ada. "Ah! if profession and practice thus always went hand in hand—if 'good people,' as they are called, were always really good, they would win a great deal more respect from the world than they do now, and have a great deal more influence in it, besides! But what I can't bear is, when people talk as though they believed themselves to be saints and all the rest of the world sinners, and look as though they thought it wicked to smile or raise their voices above a whisper; and when you come really to know them, when you can glance a little behind the curtain, they are as selfish and avaricious and mean and spiteful as the veriest worldling in creation! This is what disgusts one, and inclines one to set down great profession at once as hypocrisy!"

"My mother says that it is more by our lives than by our lips that we should show what we are, and to whom we belong," was Clara's quiet reply; and it was the best remark she could have made if she did not feel equal to saying more. But the truth is that remarks such as Ada's betray many people into the idea that it is possible to *live* a Christian without making any profession, which is the next worst thing to making a false profession. For while it is true that "by their fruits ye shall know them," it is also true that "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. 10:9, 10).

Ada was glad to change the subject: "Now, charming as I find this mossy seat," she said, "and the waving boughs and the lights and shadows and the beautiful view before me, and, above all, the lovely companion beside me, it strikes my unpoetical mind that if we sit longer here we may find rheumatism added to other country delights."

Clara sprang up at once from her seat. "I quite forgot that you were not a country lass like myself," she said; "as it must be almost tea-time now, perhaps we had better return home."

"Dinner at one, tea at six—how deliciously old-fashioned and rural!"

"Would you object to return by the village? I wish to inquire for poor old Mrs. Arkwright?"

"Object! I am only too much delighted to go where there is any thing stirring, be it only a baker's cart!"

"I think that some day, Ada, I must introduce you to some of my favorite poor people."

"I must get up a little appropriate small-talk first," laughed her cousin. "I should feel almost as much out of my element in a cottage as one of your plough-boys would do in a ball-room. I could neither speak of amusements, nor fashions, nor pictures, nor parties; I cannot imagine what one would say after the first 'good-morning' and the usual observations on the weather."

"Oh! how diverting it would be," cried Clara, with sudden animation, "to set you to teach a class at the school!"

"I'd make it a dancing-class at once, and substitute graceful courtesies for the little short bob which always reminds me of Jack in the box; and the little boys should learn to make elegant bows, instead of pulling down their own heads by tugging at the forelocks!"

"You would not be so hard upon the simple salutations of our little rustics, Ada, had you seen our village in the old time, when a bob or a bow was an unheard-of piece of politeness."

"It is a very pretty village," said Ada, as the picturesque row of white cottages opened on their view; the latticed windows glowing bright in the sun's setting rays, the small neat gardens gay with many a flower; while in the foreground the church, of simple but graceful architecture, raised its glittering spire towards heaven.

"It was a very different place twelve years ago," said Clara, "when my dear parents first came to reside here. There was not a church then within four miles, and the people here lived in a state of almost heathen darkness. The cottages were miserable hovels, I have heard, and seemed purposely contrived to keep out sun and air, and admit the snow and the rain. Half of the children had never been baptized, and ran about barefoot and bareheaded, as dirty and as ignorant as the very pigs with which they associated! The only thriving establishments were the *ale-houses*, and the character of the place was altogether so bad that it was really dangerous to be out after dark."

"And what worked such a wonderful change?"

"Oh, every thing was gradually done, by patience and untiring zeal and benevolence. My dear father expended much money, and more time, in improving the dwellings of the poor, combating prejudices, inviting the lazy to exertion, raising a spirit of order. My mother exerted herself amongst the women. They regarded her with suspicion at first, and were very jealous of interference. They seemed to consider it as their privilege to be ragged and dirty. But nothing could withstand the power of her gentleness and kindness. The first great step was gathering some of the children to a little class in our own house."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ada, "and could your mother really endure to have a set of ragged, barefooted little wretches, with unwashed faces and uncombed hair, in her house?"

"She not only endured them, but she loved them; and soon, *very soon*, they were neither ragged nor untidy. A smile and a word from mamma accomplished more than a long lecture from another would have done. As the children learned to read, they carried Bibles and little religious publications into their parents' miserable homes; gradually a taste for reading was produced, and my father took care that it should be gratified by useful and improving works. All this time my parents were making every effort to collect subscriptions for building and endowing a church—regular schools followed, until at length our poor village became the dear, peaceful, happy little place that you behold it now."

"Well," cried Ada, "it must have given your parents a great deal of pleasure to see all the good that they had done."

"You do admit, then," said Clara archly, "that even the country may have its pleasures?"

"Yes; but only think at what a price the pleasure was purchased! Only think of the misery of being imprisoned in a place quite out of the world, with no society at all; your only occupation—picking your way into dirty hovels through rivers of mud, tumbling over ragged urchins, lecturing poachers and sheep-stealers, coaxing and coddling sick old women, and then returning home to write begging-letters for subscriptions to friends who are sure to have 'so many calls' that they wish you at Nova Zembla for adding another!"

Ada interrupted herself as a sweet, golden-haired little boy lifted the latch of the gate of a tiny garden, and timidly, as if abashed by the presence of a stranger, offered *a bunch of violets* to Clara. She received them as graciously as though they had been a chaplet of pearls, and her words of thanks made the face of the child radiant with joy.

"Quite a chivalrous attention," said Ada, as they moved on.

"Oh, my children love me, and often bring me their little offerings. On my *birth-day* our myrtle was quite covered with their garlands of early spring flowers."

"It seems a new thing," continued Ada, "to be loved and respected by such people; but I suppose it is true all the world over, that kindness evokes gratitude in the humblest breasts."

"It does, indeed," replied Clara. "Gratitude! why, my friends and pupils here would do *any thing* for me, and be proud of the opportunity. I believe they would sacrifice their lives to save mine, if that were necessary. But you should see how mamma loves them. Indeed, it was she who taught me how 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

She now stopped at the door of a cottage and knocked. A feeble "come in" sounded from the interior, and she entered, followed by Ada, who gathered together the folds of her silk dress, afraid to let them come in contact with the walls of the lowly dwelling. But her own luxurious home could not have presented a picture of more perfect cleanliness and neatness than that humble abode; there was nothing to shock even the refined taste of a lady of fashion.

(*To be continued.*)

DELIGHT IN GOD'S HOUSE.

S. S. Lesson for March 16th.—Psalm 74. Golden Text, verse 4. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." So begins our Psalm. The Psalmist experienced an inward necessity which led him to praise and worship God. It was not enough for him to receive at God's hand all he needed: he must also render unto the Lord the honor due unto His name. He longed for communion, not as a beggar who comes to the door of a rich man with the object of enriching himself; the Psalmist came to offer, and not to receive. His soul fainted, not because of personal need, but for the courts of his King, where he might do Him honor. His soul cried out, not for joy or peace or any thing personal, but for the living God, His presence, Himself.

Many of God's children have never yet experienced this necessity for worship; their first idea in communion with Him is what they can get of spiritual or of earthly blessing; that which concerns them lies nearer to their hearts than that which concerns God, and thus their whole communion with Him is contained in asking, receiving, and thanking. An offering of pure worship to Him, such as they offer who stand before the throne—this enters not into their minds. There is no soul-deep response to the blessed song of praise, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." This last is pure adoration. The soul craves to let itself out in such an expression of wondering glory to Him when all the threads of life and being are knotted together in one centre—Christ.

In Rev. 21 : 3 we read, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God." But this shall be only when the bride of Christ is "adorned for her husband" (verse 2). And it is in separation from the spirit and interests of the world that the bride makes herself ready. See Ps. 45 : 10, 11; and again, 2 Cor. 6 : 14–18.

The spirit of self is, perhaps, stronger in spiritual things than even in temporal things. And it is this spirit which the whole example and teaching of Christ were directed to correct in us, and which His life in us is powerful to overcome. This is why we are not left apart as separate Christians, but "builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. 2 : 22). If we live as members one of another and learn to "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ" (Gal. 6 : 2), we have a constant exercise in the denial of the spirit of self, and that which we learn in our relations one with the other we practise without effort in our relations with God.

Moses identified himself so with the people of Israel that he could say, "Now, if Thou wilt, forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written" (Ex. 32 : 32). And again (Ex. 33 : 14, 15), when, in answer to his prayer, the Lord had said, "My presence shall go with *thee*, and I will give *thee* rest," Moses replied, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry *us* not up hence." While God Himself spoke of him personally, his heart was yearning for his people. We can well conceive how a man who lived in such complete abnegation of himself could utter the song of adoration in Rev. 15 : 3, 4, which is called "the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."

The Psalmist goes on to say, "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God." The nest for her young, the true home for the young converts, this is the sore question for every evangelist. In the midst of a general defection in all our churches, and a declension in doctrine, in holiness, and in separation from the world, which is continually increasing, the word is ever upon our lips, and the cry goes up to God continually, "What must we do with the young converts?" The house which the sparrow found was God's altars, the place of offering and of sacrifice, the place where self lies down to die, and the fire from heaven consumes it. Here will the young convert be no more alone upon the housetop, but will find warmth and shelter in the very fact of giving himself over to the interests of others. There is a largeness of heart in accepting the responsibility, in partaking the joys and sorrows, the shame and honor of the whole family of God, in belonging to all who belong to Christ, in making ourselves servants to all, even though we be free from all. The life of sacrifice is the normal life and the healthy life of a child of God. This position is above all our Church differences, and we may abide in the Church where our circumstances, or the light we have received, have led us, while we may live above the spirit which actuates it, and be unhindered by its unfaithfulness.

"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee." Such was the Psalmist's idea of dwelling in the house of the Lord. It was not "*they* will be so happy, *they* will get so much good," but they will be still praising *Thee*. Now, where is our dwelling-place? In ourselves? Then no wonder that the song of the heart is hushed. There is no matter for singing in the dismal caverns of our own self life. Is it in the Lord we dwell? Then it is also in His house, for "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him" (1 John 4 : 16). And this love is not only love to God, for "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us" (1 John 4 : 12). "Every one that loveth Him that begat, loveth Him also that is begotten of Him" (5 : 1).

> "A heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize,"

is also a heart at leisure from itself to praise.

"Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are the ways of them" (or, as the German of Luther, "Who from the heart follow after Thee"). "Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." God our strength, and we faithful in following Him, nothing can hinder our progress. If the ways of God are in our hearts, not outside of us, but accepted and identified with our will and our desires, then the valley becomes a well, for "He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of him shall flow rivers of living water" (John 7 : 38).

But, beloved readers, are we really going on from strength to strength; from forgiveness of our past sins to power over sin by the blood of the Lamb, from power to purity, from purity of heart to a life divine and eternal in its source and inall its issues, is this our life?

"O Lord of hosts," continues the Psalmist, "hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob. Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of Thine anointed." Here is our true plea, not look on me, but look on Jesus. "For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." The office of doorkeeper in God's house is surely that of evangelist. They who lead souls through the door which is Christ. Are we doorkeepers?

"For," turning his eye again on God, the Psalmist says, "The Lord is a sun and shield," light and shade together; heat and coolness. He "will give grace and glory," as in Is. 60 : 19, "The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory:" "no good thing will He withhold from him that walketh uprightly." Thus, while we are occupied with God, He is occupied with us. While we have an eye to His glory, He has an eye to our good. The Lord *is* first of all, and then the Lord will *give* all we need. "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Distress in London, to which we have referred more than once of late, has been investigated by a Government Special Commissioner, who reports that: First, there is a great increase of inmates in the *workhouses*, and consequent overcrowding. On January 8th there were 497 paupers in the Farringdon Road Workhouse, though the building is only certified to hold 330 inmates. Secondly, there is a notable decrease in the *consumption of meat* in poor districts. It is not only the eating-house keepers who complain of this, but the butchers have also been loud in their complaints. Those in the neighborhood of the Seven Dials state that they never knew times to be so bad. One butcher declared that he was "idle by the hour together, whereas formerly he never had ten minutes to spare." A noted *coffee tavern* in the Seven Dials can no longer sell its confectionery as formerly; the demand is limited to the cheapest dishes, and the customers very generally bring in their own bread, which shows they are compelled to make the most of their money. A third point established is that there is a great increase everywhere in the consumption of *bread*, which indicates that meat can no longer be afforded.

The present Winter in England has, according to two great weather observers, *Messrs. Plant and Symons*, been the coldest, with only *four* exceptions, during *the last ninety-one years*. Its essential characteristic is pronounced to have been "long-continued moderate frost." One substantial consolation is suggested by these two distinguished meteorologists, namely, that for *one* remarkably inclement winter the statistics of weather prove that there are *half a dozen* mild winters. From a comparison of eighty-six years Mr. Plant demonstrates that the proportion of severe winters is *one to six*. This does not mean that next winter will certainly be a mild one, because, for instance, the winter of 1812–13, which annihilated Napoleon's host in Russia, was followed by one equally severe in 1813–14. On the other hand, there may be a respite of double seven years before the late experience is renewed. But still the *chances* are six to one in favor of next winter being a mild one.

The British war in Afghanistan appears from recent telgrams to be not so near a conclusion as earlier intelligence led us to expect. The Russian General, Rasgonoff, who was in the suite of the Ameer of Afghanistan, stated in an interview with the correspondent of an American journal his own strong conviction that whether the illness of the Ameer terminated fatally, or he recovered, the war would be vigorously prosecuted. Moreover, the General professes to believe that the force at the command of the Ameer, or his son Yakoob Khan, is powerful enough to drive the British out of the country; and he narrates a story of an attempt, on the part of England, to secure, in a circuitous manner, the non-intervention of Russia, by a bribe of $400,000. In predicting the result of the war the Russian General was probably giving utterance to *his desires* as to its issue; and in the story of the British attempt at bribery he doubtless drew altogether on his imagination, guided by his knowledge of what Russia would do in like circumstances, if she could only persuade some confiding friend to loan her the money to bribe with.

Prince Napoleon going to fight the Zulus—It is announced from London that the French Prince Imperial was to sail for the Cape on February 27th. He intends to join as a volunteer the column which is likely to have the sharpest fighting, his earnest petition for a *commission* in the British army having been rejected. He will be permitted to join the staff of the Royal Artillery. Behind the military ardor which may have first suggested this idea to the young Prince, there is no doubt the deeper design of dazzling the excitable subjects of his late father by brilliant exploits in the field, and thus preparing a way for his being called to the throne. If, as nearly all students of prophecy believe, God has purposed that a Napoleon shall be the future *Antichrist* and tyrant of the world, this may be regarded as one of the strange but certain steps by which the decrees of Jehovah come about. The present Government of France, under M. Jules Grevy, which is mightily popular, simply because it is a change, cannot possibly last, for the French people are by constitution and taste unfitted to be ruled by any man but a soldier.

Mrs. M. Baxter has returned to the scene of her unremitting labors in Germany after a fortnight's visit to London and Brighton, where three days' Conference for the Deepening of Spiritual Life was held on January 28th, 29th, and 30th. Her experience of the gift of *ability to preach* in the German language has been somewhat similar to Miss Reade's, of *Punrooty*, in Southern India. Miss Reade was enabled, in answer to prayer, to preach in Hindustanee after a month's study of the language. (See John 1 : 50.) The Baron Von Gemminger and Pastor Stockmayer also went over from their own country to the Brighton Conference.

A Princess's Monument.—In a little church at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, England, there is a beautiful marble monument, erected by the Queen. It depicts a young girl reclining with her head on an open Bible, and on the marble page we read the words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It represents the young Princess Elizabeth, who, during the wars of the Commonwealth, languished in Carisbrook Castle, and was found by the gaoler lying dead on the floor, with her cheek upon the open page, and just at this particular text. We may hope that the young princess had found in her loneliness and solitude how true were the Master's words, and had learnt by experience that even in the prison-house the weary soul can, and does, find rest in the Saviour.

The disaster on board the English war vessel Thunderer, on January 2d, by which ten men lost their lives and thirty-three were badly injured, has been made the subject of investigation, with the following result:

"The committee are agreed as to the cause, and they report that the gun having missed fire when loaded with a battering charge, was again loaded with a full charge and fired with both of the charges and the projectiles in the gun at the same time." Or the committee might have said, these men lost their lives through the gross carelessness of the official intrusted with the command of the gun.

A young French sculptor, named Vidal, who has attained high distinction in his art, has been totally blind ever since the age of twenty-one. He persevered in the profession he had adopted, and after months of patient labor found that he could really make his fingers do the work of eyes. His touch has, in truth, become so sensitive that by means of feeling his model in every part he is able to reproduce it with an exactitude often not gained by those who merely see it. He generally takes animals for his subjects—lions, stags, panthers, hares, horses—and his skill in modelling their forms in various attitudes is so great that it gained him a medal at the Salon of 1861. The State has also purchased several of his marbles and bronzes.

The Rev. Charles Chiniquy is now in Australia. He was formerly a priest of the Romish Church in Canada, but for many years he has been a zealous Protestant, and has labored indefatigably as a preacher and lecturer, exposing the errors of Popery. And to such an extent have his labors been blessed, that no less than 25,000 persons have, through his instrumentality, been led to leave the Romish Church in Canada. He is now lecturing in Sydney (Australia) and the suburbs night after night to crowded and enthusiastic audiences, and his visit seems likely to be in a high degree serviceable to the cause of Protestant Christianity.

Sunday Afternoon in Germany.—The close of the afternoon service is the signal for the commencement of the Sunday revels. On ordinary Sundays the men play skittles at the public-houses, while the women sit together in groups at their doors, and gossip, or sing, or do nothing; but whenever the people have any money in their pockets, and can afford to pay for a band, they get up dances and amusements. An excuse for such festivities is never wanting—a school feast, a wedding, or a patriotic anniversary. The Government, in its anxiety to keep up a military spirit in the country, encourages every thing which will recall the victories of the Franco-German war; and as every village furnished its contingent at that time, opportunities of revelry are not wanting.

A London grocer's abandonment of the sale of intoxicants is one of many beneficial results of Mr. William Noble's Temperance Meetings at the Standard Theatre and the Hoxton Music Hall. His name is *Mr. B. Townsend*, of the firm of Townsend, Crampton & Co., wholesale and retail grocers, 132 High Holborn, E.C., London. He has written the following letter to Mr. Noble:

"I have been struggling for years with the demon of drink, aiming at moderation, and persistently missing the mark. About three years ago we added the wine, spirit, and beer trade to our grocery; since then my difficulties have increased, for 'you cannot touch pitch without being defiled.'

"The first Sunday night of the season I went in the company of an abstainer to the Standard Theatre. What I heard there about the drink traffic did not increase my self-esteem, but I could not see my way out of it. 'How can I,' I asked myself, 'profess total abstinence and sell the stuff at the same time?' But I am glad to tell you I have cut the Gordian knot by giving up the trade. I have persuaded my partners to agree to it, and we have banished every bottle of the accursed stuff from the premises; the hateful sign, 'Wines and Spirits,' is painted out, and, with God's help, I hope this year, instead of selling (as we did last year) about 600 dozen of wine and spirits, to be instrumental in preventing the consumption of some.

"I have no fear but that I shall be just as well off, notwithstanding the loss it will entail, and, being released from bondage myself, I feel I ought to do something towards helping others. Something has been telling me this week that I ought at least to pay the rent of the theatre for the night that I may say I was saved from the drink traffic. I therefore inclose you a cheque to make up that amount, wishing you and the cause God speed."

The Reconciliation of two Brothers, gentlemen of position in Liverpool, was once curiously effected by the late Rev. Dr. McNeile, long and well known as one of the most fiery opponents of Popery in England. Although, on account of an unhappy feud which was publicly known, the two brothers scarcely recognized each other, yet they both attended Dr. McNeile's church. He therefore preached on one communion Sunday on the duty of brotherly reconciliation, taking his text from Matthew 5 : 23, 24. The blessed effect upon the alienated brothers was simultaneous. They remained, as if by consent, t communicate, and as they advanced from thei respective pews towards the communion-tabl the pastor motioned them into juxtaposition a the rails, and as they knelt side by side, he, i silent but expressive action, joined their hand together in the mutual grasp of restored frater nal affection, continuing till they sealed thei reconciliation over the memorials of their Lord' dying love. Their *widowed mother* rejoiced a only a fond Christian mother could over th reunion of her children.

Why was Dr. McNeile never made a bisho has been asked many times. He himself ga the answer on the occasion of a great Protesta meeting at Liverpool in the year 1855, when was rudely interrupted, while speaking, by Romanist, who shouted out, "*You want to made a bishop!*" Turning on the speake McNeile instantly replied, "No, no; if I wou only have patted Popery on the back I shou have been a bishop long ago."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ublished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other minent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. The Circulation is 150,000 Copies.

Price, Single Copies, Three Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1879.

13th Year. No. 22—New Series.

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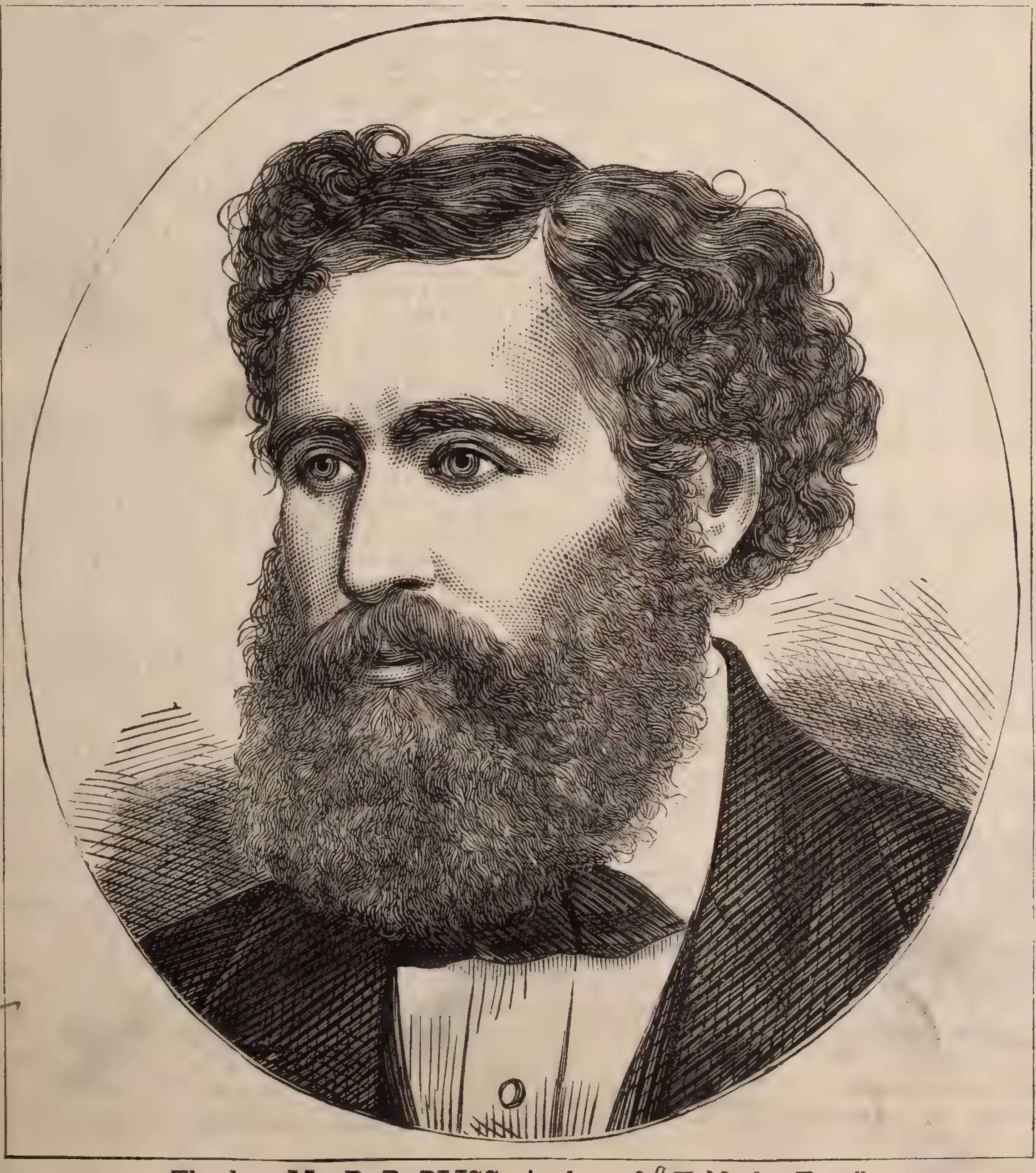

The late Mr. P. P. BLISS, Author of "Hold the Fort."

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MR. P. P. BLISS.

Grief of the Church at the Death of Mr. Bliss—The Charm of His Character—His Simplicity and Geniality—His Birth—Intimacy with Mr. Moody—His Happy Marriage—Work at Chautauqua—The Last Night There—Assisting Major Whittle—The Fatal Railroad Catastrophe.

THE fearful railway tragedy at Ashtabula, Ohio, on December 29th, 1876, sent a thrill of horror through those who heard of it before the names of the unfortunate victims had been announced. But what was the consternation and grief of the American church when the fact was made known that, among the unrecognized or unrecovered passengers, was the evangelist and singer, P. P. Bliss, who, through his many songs, and especially through his association with Major Whittle in evangelistic labor, was so well and so widely known.

Mr. Bliss was on his way to Chicago to engage in special labors. He was accompanied by his lovely and devoted wife, who went down with him in the fated train, and who, with him, entered the Father's house.

Mr. Bliss was one of the noblest and one of the gentlest of men. He had the delicacy of a woman and the strength of a man. His physique was magnificent, large, well-proportioned, graceful, with a fine, manly face, full of expression. His voice was a grand instrument of music, and from its strength came forth sweetness and power. It was deep, of wonderful compass and pathos. As it rang out through the woods at Chautauqua Conference, the most thoughtless would stop and listen. Its marvellous magnetic charm was intensified by the energy of the Divine Spirit, which so thoroughly possessed the body and soul of the sweet singer.

To the utmost transparency of his pure and simple character he added a fervent and childlike faith. He was a rare Christian. He knew and believed, and enjoyed and lived, and preached and sang the Gospel of Christ. His songs were for the glory of Christ. He had one aim and one work in life. He was always on the look-out for souls. He coveted, above every thing else, spiritual results. At "Sunday-school Assembly," in private conversation, in the prayer-meetings, in the eventide conferences, on the platform, everywhere, he seemed absorbed in this one great work. He came to the Chautauqua meetings of 1876 full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and all his work was accompanied by Divine power.

One of the holiest, Mr. Bliss was one of the cheeriest of men. His was not a sombre piety. There was no touch of asceticism in his nature. He was as simple as a child, and full of genial humor. His personal letters overflow with playfulness, puns, rhymes, and personal thrusts of the wittiest but always of the most generous character. He lived in the light. It was the light of the Lord, and that is the light of love. He never had any thing but good to say of his brethren. He never carped nor criticised. He saw in others what he had most of in himself. He took "to" people. He loved his fellow-men.

Many of his songs have real merit, and will live and be sung for many years to come. They are charged with the sentiment and the force of the living Gospel. "I am so glad that our Father in heaven" will be a child-song in the church of the future. "If there's only one Song" of his that remains, it will be that one. His "Almost Persuaded" has the solemnity of eternity in it. Many a soul has been led by it to immediate decision. "Still there's more to follow" has kindled the faith of the believer, and led him to seek more of the wondrous "grace" and "love" and "power" which are the burden of it. "The Light of the World is Jesus," is a song which derives peculiar significance from the tragic end of its author. Did he sing at the last,—

> "No darkness have we who in Jesus abide"?

That the prayer of the song "When Jesus comes" was fulfilled in his last moments, I cannot doubt:

> "Oh let my lamp be burning
> When Jesus comes."

I can hear him sing again out of the tempest in which his earthly barque was foundered, as his redeemed spirit looked upon the shores of the glorious land just beyond—

> "Bright gleams the morning, sailor, uplift the eye,
> Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
> Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore,
> 'Glory, glory, hallelujah!' pull for the shore."

MRS. BLISS was in every way worthy of the noble companion of her life and death. She was the means of his conversion, and she encouraged him to put forth his earliest efforts as a musician. How her rich alto voice would pour forth its volumes of music as they stood together on the Chautauqua platform! Again and again they sang to an immense concourse of people, and amidst the stillness of the grave the people would hear these voices of the Lord calling to them as out of eternity.

Mr. Bliss was born in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, July 9th, 1838. He was a popular music-teacher in the West, somewhat prominent in the musical conventions conducted by Bradbury, Root, and others. He afterwards became a successful conductor of such gatherings, and devoted much time to that branch of labor, until, as the intimate friend of Mr. Moody, the way opened for engaging in evangelistic work. Meantime, he had become more widely known as a writer of pleasant Sunday-school and prayer-meeting songs, sometimes both words and music, some of which attained to remarkable popularity, as, for instance, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," which went like a sunbeam round the world.

His hymns and music generally appeal to the emotional nature. Such a song as "Only an armor-bearer," or "Let your lower lights be burning," will do more towards rousing sluggish hearts to immediate action than a grand *Te Deum* rendered in the most artistic manner.

A noble specimen of physical manhood, of commanding presence, naturally dignified in movement, and of easy address, he possessed, in a rare degree, the elements of personal popularity, which always attracted the attention of the multitude, whenever he appeared in public, and won hosts of friends, who held a cosey place in his great loving heart.

Mrs. Bliss was a modest, lovable, Christian woman, a real helpmeet for him. Possessing a fair share of musical ability, a good contralto voice, and excellent taste, she supplemented her husband's labors most admirably, aiding whenever there was any thing she could do—a true Christian wife, a loving and faithful mother, and sincere friend; and

> —"hand in hand
> They passed into the silent land,"

and together began the new song.

A friend says, "The last time I joined in song with them we were under the grand old trees at Chautauqua. A sister of Mr. Bliss (a soprano) with Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and myself made up the quartette. They were about leaving. We turned to his song, "Meet Me at the Fountain," and Bliss sang, with unusual sweetness, the solo:

> "Will you meet me at the fountain,
> When I reach the glory-land?"

And when we together responded for the last time, "Yes, I'll meet you at the fountain," the emotions were too deep for utterance, while with uncovered heads we bowed at the rustic seat, and Mr. Bliss offered a fervent but peculiarly sweet and tender prayer, that, if we should not stand to sing again on the banks of the beautiful lake which shimmered in the sunlight before us, we might meet "beyond the river, by and by."

But Mr. Bliss's work is not yet done. His songs will sing themselves into many a weary heart; will awaken many a dull Christian to new zeal; will alarm the careless, carry sweet messages of home love to the prodigal, encourage the timid, and be the means of winning many souls to Christ. And so it shall long be said of him, that, "being dead, he yet speaketh," throughout all Christendom. It will be a glorious result if the usefulness of his life and the suddenness of his death shall prove a lesson that is heeded by all, as it should be, quickening the impulses, kindling the zeal, and purifying the motives of those who remain to work in the harvest-field where the efficient laborers are too few.

Mr. Bliss for a time was in the employment of the publishing firm of Root & Cady, Chicago, and held musical conventions at leading points through the Northwest. His early religious connections were with the Methodists, but, on going to Chicago, he united with the First Congregational Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Goodwin, and became the leader of the choir and the Superintendent of the Sunday-school during a period of several years. Such was the kindness of his heart, the warmth of his piety, and the personal interest which he took in the members of the choir and school, that he won the affection as well as the regard of the whole church, which now mourns him with a special sense of bereavement.

When Major Whittle, induced by the example and urgent entreaty of Mr. Moody and other Christian friends, surrendered the lucrative business post at which he was receiving a salary of five thousand dollars, and gave himself in simple faith unreservedly to the work of a lay-evangelist, Mr. Bliss decided to become his fellow-laborer, and to "sing the Gospel," while Mr. Whittle preached it. And this he did for three years with great success, visiting not only numerous places in the Western States, but also Louisville, Nashville, Atlanta, Memphis, and other points at the South. Being tall and well developed in his physical frame, with clustering black hair an a handsome face, and possessing easy and polished manners and a very joyous temperament together with a wealth of sympathy, he impresse most favorably those who saw and heard him whether in public or in private. His singing like that of Mr. Sankey, often led sinners t Christ by its touching presentations of gospe truth. What multitudes have been thrilled b his lines:

> "Hallelujah! 'tis done!
> I believe on the Son;
> I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One."

The catastrophe in which Mr. and Mrs. Bli lost their lives was one of the most terrible c the records of railroad disasters. It occurred c the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Ra road, which is the western extension of the Ne York Central, and runs from Buffalo to Chicag Sixty-five miles east of Cleveland, in Ohio, th railway crosses a deep ravine, through which flo Ashtabula Creek. It is a narrow, shallow strea flowing between high banks, and the railw bridge crosses at an elevation of about seven feet above the water, the single span of the ir Howe truss bridge being one hundred and fi feet long. On the west side of the creek, an few rods from it, is the railway station for t village of Ashtabula, which is from half a m to a mile distant from the station.

During December 28th and 29th, 1876, sn fell almost incessantly in that region, a hi wind drifting it, so that it was everywhere least two feet deep, and in some places mu more. Railway trains were run with great di culty, and the "Pacific Express," which Buffalo for the West about noon on the 29 had to have two locomotives to drag it, and th was about three hours behind time when it proached the creek, at eight P.M. The tr consisted of eight passenger coaches and th baggage cars. As it neared the bridge it slo preparatory to stopping at the station just yond. The train had stretched itself across bridge, the locomotives being almost over, w suddenly the structure fell. The cause is known. Every car fell into the chasm, and two locomotives were drawn back, one of th falling bottom upwards upon the wreck belo

The fall of seventy feet shattered all the ca-

OUR EARTH IN THE MILLENNIUM.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

Vhen the Millennium will Commence—The Physical Condition of the Millennial Earth—A Partial Conflagration Commences the Millennium —The Earth Perfected During the Millennium —Many People Destroyed in the Fire—The Life of the Survivors—The Curse Partially Repealed—Important Changes in Nature.

WHEN Christ descends personally with His lorified saints upon Mount Olivet at the close f this Gentile dispensation, as predicted in echariah 14 : 4 and Acts 1 : 11, then the *Millen-ium* of one thousand years will commence (Re-elation 20).

The leading features of the Millennial earth may be noticed under four heads as regards the hanges in its condition. 1, Physically ; 2, Po-tically and Socially ; 3, Religiously ; 4, As re-pects the Jewish nation.

1. As regards the *physical condition* of the uture Millennial earth, it is important to remem-er that the earth will not be completely burnt up r depopulated at the Second Advent. The *day f the Lord*, in which the general conflagration s to occur (2 Peter 3 : 10), is not a day of twenty-our hours, but is explained, in 2 Peter 3 : 8, to e a period of 1000 years, and is, in fact, the ame period as the Millennium. The conflagra-ion will take place partially at the beginning of he 1000 years (Rev. 18 ; Is. 66 : 15 ; Ezek. 39 : 6 ; Thess. 1 : 8), and more completely at the end of the 1000 years (Rev. 20 : 9, 20, 21), when there will be no more sea.

Thus, also, the *New Heavens* and *New Earth* eem to commence partially with the Millennium (Is. 65 : 17 ; 66 : 22), but are not completely erfected until the end of the Millennium, when the sea, having given up its dead, altogether disappears (Rev. 21 : 1). After the battle of Armageddon some of the less hardened sinners will be spared and converted, and will be sent as missionaries to the nations and to *the isles afar off that have not heard the fame nor seen the glory* of the Lord (Is. 65 : 19).

But, although a *few men are left* (Is. 24 : 6), yet a great many of the remaining *inhabitants of the earth are burned* at that time, for the Lord Jesus *will send a fire on them that dwell carelessly in the isles* (or different continents of the earth) (Ezek. 39 : 6), and will *execute judgment upon all* (Jude 15) *with flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God* (2 Thess. 1 : 8), and *by fire and by His sword will plead with all flesh : and the slain of the Lord shall be many* (Is. 66 : 16).

After the incorrigible rejectors of the Gospel are cut off, the surviving population of the earth (probably a tenth or twentieth part of its present population) will quickly increase and multiply, and live in successive generations ; births, deaths, and marriages continually taking place as at the present time. The glorified saints that will have been previously caught up to the heavens at the Resurrection and two Translations will live in the Heavenly Jerusalem, and constantly descend and ascend between it and this earth, over which they will, visibly or invisibly, reign as kings (Genesis 28 : 12 ; John 1 : 51).

The *curse* that has rested upon the animal, vegetable, and mineral creation ever since the fall of Adam will be to a great extent *repealed*. As soon as *all the people praise God, then shall the earth yield her increase* (Psalm 67 : 7). The hitherto sterile soil will become extraordinarily fruitful, and will require very little labor in order to produce abundant crops (Amos 9 : 13 ; Joel 3 : 18 ; Is. 30 : 23). Weeds will almost cease to grow naturally upon it. *Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree* (Is. 55 : 13).

There will be important *atmospheric, meteorological, and geological changes*, by means of which waste, wildernesses, such as the Great Sahara, and frozen regions, like those of Siberia, will become clothed with fertility and beauty, for *the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose . . . . and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water* (Is. 35). Entire exemption from sickness does not seem to be promised to the Gentile nations as to the Jews : but *the leaves of the tree of life in the New Jerusalem are for the healing of the nations* (Rev. 22 : 2), and will apparently be brought down from the New Jerusalem to those upon earth who are sick. All the blind, deaf, dumb, and lame that are spared at Christ's descent will be healed (Is. 35 : 5).

Venomous serpents will become quite harmless, and ferocious animals, such as the wolf, the leopard, the lion, and the bear, becoming graminivorous instead of carnivorous, will live peaceably with sheep and cattle (Is. 11 : 6 ; 60 : 25), and may, perhaps, be used as beasts of burden. Man's lifetime will, perhaps, be prolonged ; the express promise of longevity appears, however, to be only given to the Jewish nation (Is. 65 : 20). These changes will necessarily cause an unparalleled increase of the earth's inhabitants, so that they will become as numerous as the sand upon the seashore (Rev. 20 : 8).

It will be interesting to observe, during the Millennium, how the difficulties arising from the great increase of population will be provided against. In England, the population, which is now 330 persons to the square mile, has doubled itself in fifty years, from A.D. 1800 to 1850, and political economists consider that, if unchecked by wars, scarcity of food, etc., it would easily double itself every twenty-five years. At this rate the earth's inhabitants, if only fifty millions at the beginning of the Millennium, would become 204,800,000,000 in the three hundredth year, which would be about 3400 persons to every square mile of land, for only 60,000,000 out of the 200,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface consist of land.

This would perhaps be as great a population as the earth could well contain, and would require about three fourths of its soil to be under cultivation, and sufficiently fertile to yield on an average from each acre (the 640th part of a square mile) enough food for seven persons. (Even now, one acre has been known to yield, by spade cultivation, enough to support twenty persons.) There will, doubtless, be special Providential arrangements which will prevent too great a multiplication of the human race.

This estimation of about 200,000,000,000 as the possible maximum of the earth's population (being 150 times greater than its present population of 1,300,000,000) will make the unglorified inhabitants of the Millennial earth to be 500 times more numerous than the glorified saints of the First Resurrection (Rev. 20 : 6) who will reign over them—that is, if these latter (exclusive of deceased infants) be approximately estimated to amount to about 400,000,000. There would also thus be probably more people living on the earth at one time than the whole sum of all the successive populations during the past 6000 years.

(*To be concluded.*)

A TOWN IN FLAMES.

THE terrible spectacle of a whole town in flames was witnessed in the State of Nevada on March 2d. The prosperous and thriving town of Reno, in the western part of that State, was the scene of the sad calamity. About a quarter before six o'clock in the morning a fire broke out in some wooden buildings at the west end of the business streets. A strong gale was blowing from the west, and before water could be thrown on the fire it was beyond control.

The flames spread from house to house and block to block with the rapidity of lightning, and the panic-stricken people leaped from their beds, seized handfuls of their most valuable property and escaped, leaving all else to the devouring flames. The firemen were helpless, as the strength of the gale and intensity of the heat rendered close approach to the flames impossible.

In three hours the whole business portion of the town was in ashes. Among the buildings destroyed are freight depots, Bender's bank, the Post-office, the Pollard, International, and Arcade hotels, jewelry stores, Penninger & Osburn's drug-store, both telegraph offices, the railroad and baggage rooms, the Baptist and Catholic churches, the Academy of Music, dry-goods stores, clothing stores, and grocery stores.

Two or three Central Pacific trains, including the lightning train, were also destroyed. The condition of the track made it necessary to transfer passengers to the Virginia and Truckee train across the river for Virginia City.

The loss, as nearly as can be calculated at present, is about $1,000,000, and the insurance only about $150,000. Only five lives are known to have been lost. A number of persons were injured, but at this writing it is impossible to obtain correct information regarding them.

The gale blowing was the fiercest known for many a day, and it carried blazing pieces of timber miles away and several farm-houses two miles down the meadows were burned by this means. After working until exhausted the whites forced the Chinese to work on the engines. Homes are in great demand, and the citizens are throwing open their doors to the homeless, and are doing all they can to relieve the distressed.

THE METHODIST GARDENER AND LORD CORNWALLIS.

METHODISM in Ireland was at the time of its union with England looked upon with suspicion, and this was especially the case during the time of the Rebellion. Lord Cornwallis happened to spend a few days with Speaker Foster. At that time Mr. Barber was stationed in that circuit as the minister. He and Mr. Foster's gardener, who was also a Methodist, were walking in Speaker Foster's grounds one day, when Barber, who was instant in season and out of season, asked the gardener to engage in prayer. They both knelt down, and Barber was praying aloud, when Lord Cornwallis and Speaker Foster, who were out walking, heard voices, drew near, and listened. Among the requests made to God were appeals for assistance to the Government, who were placed in such trying circumstances, and that God would bless and direct the counsels of the Lord-lieutenant—Lord Cornwallis. Barber in his prayer breathed the deepest loyal devotion, and concluded by imploring a blessing upon the Methodists, and that they should be saved from the devil and Squire Ruxton of Ardee. "Who is this squire?" asked Lord Cornwallis, and Mr. Foster replied that he was a neighboring squire, who persecuted the Methodists. "And what does this praying mean?" asked Lord Cornwallis. "Oh," replied Mr. Foster, "this gardener of mine is one of those Methodist fellows, and I must dismiss him." "You will do no such thing," said the other. "Did you hear how he prayed for me, for the Council, for the King, and for the Government? Indeed, these Methodists must be a loyal people ; and as for Squire Ruxton, just take my compliments to him, and tell him that I think these Methodists are very good people, and that he must leave them alone." That prayer of poor Barber's put a stop to the worst persecution ever endured in that neighborhood, and, while passes were required of others, free permission was given to the Methodist preacher to go where he liked and do what he liked.

Henry Martyn's Prayer.—On the occasion when the British flag was hoisted on the Dutch fort of the Cape, on the 10th January, 1806, Henry Martyn, the noble missionary, on his way to India, being present, offered up the following prayer : "That the capture of the Cape might be ordered to the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and that England, while she sent the thunder of her arms to the distant regions of the globe, might not remain proud and ungodly at home, but might show herself great indeed, by sending forth the ministers of her Church to diffuse the Gospel of peace." Subsequently, by Dr. Moffat, and many others, the Gospel has been widely preached in South Africa.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to disseminate the glorious truths of the Word of God, and thus to aid in carrying on the work of the Saviour on the earth.

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By arrangement with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a report of his Sunday-morning sermons is taken every week, and after it has been revised by him, is mailed in advance sheets and published in this journal prior to its publication in any other paper in the United States.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The extra session of Congress summoned for March 18th will probably witness a test of the Constitutional question of money appropriations. English history records several instances in which the legislative body has forced its will on the king by withholding supplies; it remains to be seen whether like methods will enable the Democratic party, under our Constitution, to force the passage of their three points by tacking them to a money bill. The three bills demanded by the Democratic party are thus stated by Senator Beck: "To repeal all laws that authorize the soldiers of the Republic to be sent to the polls at State elections; to repeal all laws which prevent any competent person being impanelled on a jury; and to declare that the United States shal not, either through Supervisors, Marshals, or Deputy Marshals, interfere with the States in condncting the elections held within the States.

The choice of Speaker is thought to lie between Mr. Randall and Mr. Blackburn. The former has the advantage of experience, and it is said that the Republicans will vote for him, on the ground that it is better to have a good Speaker than to snatch a mere party advantage.

The Democratic nomination for the next presidential election is stated to have been demanded for Mr. Samuel J. Tilden by his friends on the plea that he suffered injustice at the last election. It is no secret that many Democrats would prefer some candidate whose prospects would not be injured by the imputations attaching to Mr. Tilden on the cipher-telegram score; but it is said that Mr. Tilden's friends threaten, that if he do not have the nomination, New York State will not vote the Democratic ticket, and say that without the Empire State no Democratic candidate could hope to win the election.

A reform in the state of tenement-houses is so urgently needed that the agitation for their improvement has not been allowed to rest at the sermons which were lately preached in New York upon the subject, and to which allusion was made in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Two meetings have since been held at the Cooper Institute, when various plans for improvement were discussed, and resolutions passed with a view of giving a practical turn to the subject. The true offenders in the sad state of affairs are clearly marked out by the following resolution, which was passed at the second meeting: That this community will hold to strict accountability public officers who may be charged with the execution of the laws now in force, or which may be secured by the present movement for the amelioration of the tenement-house population.

The Questions involved in the Chinese Emigration bill, which are the general topic of political discussion throughout the country, have been forcibly stated by Mr. Joseph Cook as follows:

Here are the great propositions that underlie our whole debate concerning the Chinese:

We cannot have in China the rights of the most favored nation *there*, unless we give the Chinese the rights of the most favored nation *here. We ought to be above asking* or *hoping for more than the rights we grant.*

If we do not here treat the Chinese fairly, and if we do not respect our treaty obligations when they are once settled in the regular form, we are sure to strike a blow at this gigantic commerce which is the best hope of the political and religious regeneration of Asia.

A catastrophe which might have resulted in great loss of life has occurred in New York. The latest development of the craze for feats of pedestrianism is an "International Walking Match," in which the representatives of four nations were last week engaged in walking around Gilmore's Garden, the large building in which Mr. Moody formerly held his meetings.

Some 10,000 persons, many of them ladies, had congregated on the evening of March 12th to witness the spectacle, the charm of which it is somewhat difficult to understand, when as the four men were hurrying around the track a series of alarming cries were heard and men and women were seen falling from an upper gallery on the heads of the people below. The front of the gallery had been extended, and boxes had been erected on the new floor, which had no support from beneath. The floor bent beneath the weight of people in the new boxes, and finally tilted them down, with their chairs, etc., into the area of the building. Some signs of a panic were observed and a rush was made for the doors, but quiet was finally restored, and nine persons, more or less seriously injured, were removed to the hospital.

Deputy United States Marshal Roe on February 27th arrested at Pekin and Peoria, Illinois, some fifty persons under indictment at Springfield for complicity in *whiskey frauds*. Some of them are among the most prominent and wealthiest citizens. The arrested men represent every branch of business, and startling developments are promised. No occurrence has produced so much excitement in that section for years. One of the chief witnesses is said to be a son of the heaviest distiller in theregion.

Mr. Moody's work at Baltimore differs from his labors in other cities in the fact that no tabernacle was built for his services. He has distributed his efforts through the churches o the city, with the result that a general revival has been felt, and every class of society and every denomination of Christians have experienced the blessed power of the Spirit. It i said that "even the Catholics have somethin very like inquiry-meetings, and some of th priests have developed a gift at exhortation The general result is, that there was probabl never before a large city so generally under revival influence as Baltimore is at the presen time. The main question of personal salvatio has been raised and pressed to an answer in a wonderful degree." Mr. Moody's "*rest*" has bee thus abundantly blessed of God to the spiritu *rest* of many weary souls.

The grandest petition ever presented to legislative body was laid before the Legislatur of the State of Illinois on Wednesday, Marc 5th, by the Woman's Christian Temperanc Union. It was 1800 feet long and containe 107,000 names, of which about 50,000 were th names of voters. Four hundred and thirty seven towns were represented. The petition wa for the enactment of a law by which the que tion of licensing liquor saloons in any precin shall be determined by ballot, in which wome of lawful age shall take part. It is claimed b the liquor interest that such a law can only b enacted as an amendment to the Constitution.

The Cable's Silver Wedding was celebrat at the residence of Cyrus W. Field, Gramer Park, New York, on Monday evening, Mar 10th. Twenty-five years before, in a back parlor that same house, Cyrus W. Field, Peter Coop Marshall O. Roberts, Moses Taylor, and Chandl White pledged themselves to the execution of enterprise of as surpassing importance as a which this century has witnessed. That was undertaking to lay an Atlantic telegraph ca which should unite the Continents of Europe a America, and it has now become a grand succe but it first had to pass through great vicis tudes, sufficient to discourage less determin men. Of those five projectors of a sche which has marked a new departure in t history of civilization, four were present to ce brate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the for tion of the Company, Mr. White having died the interval. The assemblage was a very b liant one, including Secretary Evarts, the Brit and Russian Ministers, and a very numer throng of distinguished persons.

Messages of congratulation from Lond Valentia, Glasgow, Berlin, Montreal, Atlan Newfoundland, and Jamaica, besides many pa of this country, stretching from the Atlantic the Pacific Oceans, were conveyed by a t graphic wire into the very room where the gu were assembled, which expressed a communit feeling geographical separation was power to prevent.

ces ; Spain has lost a great deal of her power ; any of the thrones of the world are being vered ; many of the sceptres of the world are ng shortened ; but every tract-distributor, ery Bible printer, every Christian institution ablished, spreads abroad the mighty name of rist. It has already been heard under the nese wall, and in the Siberian snow castle, and he Brazilian grove, and in the Eastern pagoda. at name will swallow up all other names. at crown will yet cover up all other crowns. at empire will yet compass all dominations.

ll crimes shall cease and ancient frauds shall fail,
eturning justice lift aloft her scale ;
ace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
d white-robed innocence from Heaven descend."

. But I remark again, taking a step forward is subject, that the name of Christ is

AN ENDURING NAME.

u get over the fence of the graveyard and pull the weeds back from the name that has y faded from the tombstone, and you wish Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" would along and rechisel it so that you might find out what the name is. Why, that the name of the mightiest man in all the in all the country, in all the state, now t faded from the tombstone. And so the iest names of this world either have per- or are perishing. Gregory VI., Sancho ain, Conrad I. of Germany, Richard I., gland, Catharine of Russia. Those names once mighty, and they made the earth le. Who cares for them now? None so s to do them reverence.

the name of Christ is enduring forever. be preserved in the world's art, the world's t. There will be other Bellinis to sketch donna, and other Ghirlandajos to present ptism of Christ, and other Bronzinos to Christ visiting the spirits in prison, and Giottos to appal the vision with the xion. It will be preserved in the world's re. There will be other Alexander Popes e the "Messiah," and other Dr. Youngs rate His triumph, and other Cowpers to s love. It will be preserved in the world's nd elaborate architecture, for Protestant- ll yet have its St. Mark's and its St. It shall be preserved in the world's lit- for there will be other Paleys to write idences of Christianity." More than all, e embalmed *in the hearts of all the good* and all the great ones of Heaven.

the emancipated bondman ever forget him free? Shall the blind man ever e divine physician who gave him sight? e lost and wandering ever forget who them home? Why, to make the world at name would be to burn up all the and burn down all the churches, and he spirit of universal arson, go through of heaven and put the torch to all the and mansions and palaces until in the flagration the whole city went down, eople came out to look upon the charred t even then they would hear the name in the thunder of falling towers and in of temple walls, and see it interwoven flying banners of flame, and the re- heaven would say: "Let the temples alaces burn ; let them burn ; we have " Blessed be His glorious name for- *he name which is above every name.*" nds, have you made up your mind by you will accost Christ when you see aven? Now, that is

A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

will see Him, child of God, just as you sit there and I stand here. By have you made up your mind to call n you first meet Him in heaven? ll Him "Anointed One," or "Mes- will you take some one of the sym- s which you read in your Bible on s by which Christ was designated? y perhaps you will be wandering gardens of God on high, the place abloom with eternal springtime, infinite luxuriance of lily and rose and amaranth, and perhaps you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, Thou art the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." Some time there will be a new soul come into heaven to take its place in the firmament and shine as the stars forever and ever, and the lustre of a useful life will shine forth tremulous and beautiful, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, Thou art a brighter star, the Morning Star, the star of Jacob, the star of the Redeemer." Some day you will be walking among the fountains that toss in the sunlight, falling in crash of pearl and amethyst into golden and crystalline urn, and wandering up the round-banked river to the place where the water first tinkles its silver on the rock, and from chalices of love you will be drinking to honor and everlasting joy, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art The Fountain of Living Water." Some day you will be wandering among the banks and the sheep of heaven feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the care of Him who brought you out of the wilderness world into the sheepfold, and you will look up into His face, and say, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art the Shepherd of the Everlasting Hills."

But there is another name by which you can call Him. Perhaps that will be the name I have not mentioned yet. I imagine that

HEAVEN IS ALL FULL.

Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. All the wealth of the universe has come into heaven. There is nothing to be added. The song full. The ranks full. The mansions all full. Heaven full. The sun will set afire with its splendor the domes of the temple, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze, and be reflected back from the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it will be noon in heaven. Noon on the river. Noon on the hills. Noon in the valleys. High noon. And then you will look up, gradually accustoming your vision to the sight, shading your eyes at the first lest they be extinguished with the insufferable splendor, until after a while you can look upon the full irradiation, and you will cry out, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art The Sun that Never Sets."

But at this point I am staggered with the thought that there may be persons in this house for whom this name has no charm, though it is so easy, though it is so beautiful, though it is so potent, though it is so enduring. Oh! come to-day, and see whether there is any thing in Christ. *I challenge you* to test with me this morning whether God is good, and whether Christ is precious, and whether the Holy Ghost is omnipotent. Come, my brother, I challenge you. Come, and we will kneel at the altar of mercy. You kneel on one side of the altar and I will kneel on the other side of the altar of mercy, and we will not get up from our knees until our sins are pardoned and we are able to ascribe all honor to the name—you pronouncing it and I pronouncing it—"the name which is above every name."

"His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too."

I pray God He may move upon this assemblage now, that we may see Him walking all through these aisles, that the Holy Spirit may spread His wings over this auditory. Now is your time for heaven. O my friends! meeting once, perhaps never again until the books are opened, what shall we say of this morning's service? Have I told you the whole truth? Have you listened to the whole truth? *Now is your time for heaven. Come into the kingdom.* If you never had an invitation before, I give it to you now. I do not ask what your sin has been, or what your wandering. That is not pertinent to the question. The only thing is whether you want Christ. Come in, the furthest off. Come, the nearest by. "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound." Is there in all this august assemblage a man who feels he is too wicked to come? You are mistaken. Come now. "Now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation."

O ye who are young! come now. It is no gloomy religion that I preach. It will take no lustre from your eye. It will take no color from your cheek. It will take no spring from your step. *I know what I am talking about.* I have felt the consolation of this grace in my own heart. It is not a theory with me. I know in whom I believe, and He has been so good a friend to me, I have a right this morning to commend His friendship to all the people. Oh! come into the kingdom. Do not say you are too bad. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth." How is He going to do—drive you into the kingdom? He will not do it. If you get in at all, it will be because you are drawn in by His love. What does He say? "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth." He was lifted up. What for? To drive? No! *lifted up to draw.* Oh! come now, come now into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus. You have heard of

THAT WARRIOR OF ANCIENT TIMES

who went into a battle against Christ. He hated Christ, and he went into battle, fighting Christ ; but in the battle he got wounded, he was struck by the arrow and he fell, and as he lay with his face up to the sun, and the life-blood was oozing away, he put his hand to his heart and took a handful of blood from the wound, and held it up towards the sun, and cried out: "*O Jesus! Thou hast conquered.*" And if to-day, my hearer, struck through by the arrow of God's gracious Spirit, you realized the truth of what I have been saying, you would surrender yourself to the Lord who bought you ; you would say: "I will no longer battle against Christ's mercy. Lord Jesus, Thou hast conquered." Glorious name! I know not what you will do with it ; but I will tell you one thing before I stop—I must tell it. I will tell you one thing here and now, *that I take Him* to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my comfort, my salvation, my heaven. Blessed be His glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

A TELEGRAPH CLERK CONVERTED BY A TELEGRAM.

A YOUNG telegraph operator in an English provincial town was anxious about his soul. But he could not have guessed that a message would reach him as it did. He had been sleepless all night, thinking of his need of a Saviour, and in the morning he went to his work with his heart uttering the publican's prayer. The sunny weather and beauty of summer scenery did not engage him now, for he was longing after that peace of God which the Christian feels.

Absorbed with his desire, he continued to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and was constantly repeating the words, when the click of the signal told him that his office was called. He took his place at the instrument, and quickly and with unusual emotion spelled this message, from "Herbert," at Windermere, to J. B., at Warkworth:

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" "In whom we have redemption through His blood."

Such a telegram as that the young man had never known to pass the wires before. It was sent to a servant-girl, who, in her distress of mind, had written a letter to her brother "Herbert," at the Lakes ; but it proved a double benediction, for it came to the operator as a direct reply from heaven to his prayer. He accepted it as such, and his faith saw and rested in the Lamb of God.

Meantime the golden telegram went to its destination, and brought peace to the anxious soul of the poor servant-girl. It saved two instead of one. And those words are living words still, and as potent to bless and save—not only two, but ten thousand times ten thousand.

THE STORY OF FELICIA CUFFE,

The Long-Lost but Rescued Nun.

An Original Narrative by Henry Martin.

(Concluded from page 325.)

The Rescued Nun recovers under the Care of Mr. Kirby's Mother—Mr. Kirby, on his Return from Belfast, is delighted to Meet her—Subsequent Arrangements—Happy Denouement.

THE road where Felicia Cuffe had fallen was, indeed, in the country parish of the converted priest, and his house was not far off. Thither, after a short debate, was she borne upon the shoulders of the sympathizing Orangemen. Very carefully did they step in the darkness so as not to shake their burden, and respectfully and decently did they keep Dr. Magrath's large and long cloak closely wrapped around her.

Knocking at the clergyman's door, they found he was not at home; he was in Belfast. But his mother, who, accepting his new opinions, had come to live with him, was in the house, as was also a faithful elderly domestic. They were retiring to bed, and rather late, for, expecting Mr. Kirby, they had been waiting up for him. Not arriving up to twelve o'clock, they made sure that he would not come that night, so, after fastening up the house, they had gone to their respective chambers. The sound of footsteps in front of the house led Mrs. Kirby to think that, after all, her son had returned. Hastening down, she had the hall door unbarred and opened almost as soon as Andy Boyd knocked at it. Glancing at the group before the door in the light of the candle which she held, and seeing *a human form wrapped in a cloak* upon the men's shoulders, she was seized with great alarm—she naturally thought it was her son, who had suddenly fallen dead or who had been murdered. Andy Boyd, however, soon allayed her agitation by a rapid recital of the actual circumstances.

The body of the still unconscious nun was carried, at Mrs. Kirby's direction, to the dining-room, and laid upon a sofa. After a little all the bearers of the body were dismissed, with the exception of one, the man whom McAdam had summoned to the road from his cottage. His wife, too, was invited to remain, for, fortunately, she had accompanied her husband to Mr. Kirby's dwelling. Long did these ministering angels use every means that their intelligence could suggest or their loving hands supply, before signs of returning life rewarded their endeavors; but warmth and nourishment, carefully administered, can work wonders in such a case as that of Felicia Cuffe. Gradually the vital powers were restored, and in a couple of hours or so, with the help of Mrs. Kirby and her maid, the young nun, brought back from the jaws of death, was able to move to a comfortable chamber. A soft bed had not been known to her since a child she slept in her mother's house. It is not, therefore, surprising that, allured by its luxuriousness and utterly weary, notwithstanding all her recent experiences, she was soon lost in sweet oblivion.

Next morning Mrs. Kirby had a note from her son to say that unexpected business would *detain* him in Belfast, and that probably he could not be home for a week. In that case he would arrange with a clerical friend to supply his lack of service next Sabbath.

Felicia Cuffe slept on far into the hours of the day following her deliverance. When she awoke she found herself, though still somewhat sore and stiff, much restored in strength, and, so far as mind was concerned, hopeful and tranquil. Mrs. Kirby visiting her, was highly pleased to perceive the favorable condition of her patient. Further on in the day Felicia Cuffe could converse, and the surprise and joy of her hostess may be conceived when she came to know who the fugitive nun was, for she had heard from her son the reason of his visit some time ago to Dublin, which has been related, and how the attempt to recover Mrs. Cuffe's long-lost one had been baffled. Her first impulse was to send the good news she had to tell at once to her son, but, on consideration, she thought she would wait and give him a surprise. She, however, wrote off at once to *Felicia's mother*.

Felicia Cuffe had no wardrobe—nothing but her nun's dress and Dr. Magrath's cloak, and his fur cap, which John McAdam had found on the road, and had taken to the parsonage. The fur cap was thoroughly spoiled, the cloak was torn, and the nun's dress was now to be discarded for ever. Apparel for her young *protégée* Mrs. Kirby felt must, therefore, be provided in a day or two. A visit to Armagh, only something more than *six miles* away, soon enabled Mrs. Kirby to return with all suitable requisites, and little more than half the week was out when Felicia Cuffe could make her appearance in the sitting-room. "And *very charming she looks*," was Mrs. Kirby's remark to herself, as she glanced at the graceful form and pretty face and intelligent eyes of the ex-nun, once again restored to society. On the same day *her mother arrived from Dublin*. We will not describe the meeting, it would be to a large extent but a repetition of the rapturous recognition told before of mother and daughter in the apartment of the nunnery.

In due time Mr. Kirby arrived home, and he saw at a glance, from his mother's embarrassed manner and cheerful excitement, that there was on foot some unusual intelligence; Mrs. Cuffe's greeting, too—for, as he entered the sitting-room, she ran forward and seized his hand—excited his curiosity. Above all, her introduction to him of her daughter, Miss Cuffe, filled him with glad surprise and astonishment.

There is little need, we think, to work out the remaining details of our narrative. Mr. Kirby, no less than his mother, found out that Felicia Cuffe was "very charming." He had long since been convinced that celibacy, imposed by the Romish Church upon her clergy, is a *cruel and unwarrantable tyranny* over the individual—is a fruitful source of immorality—and a practice injurious and perilous to society at large. He had read in his Bible St. Paul's direction that a bishop was to be "the husband of one wife;" and his heart, now kindling with a pure and elevating love, prompted him to obey the injunction.

A few days after his coming home—days, however, which gave him time to discern the noble qualities, the unwavering affection, the mental independence, and the true religiousness which lay at the basis of Miss Cuffe's character—she went with her mother to Dublin. Need it be said that he often found his thoughts moving in that direction? At first he shrank from the idea of asking one who had been a nun to become his wife. Early preconceptions and prejudices, however irrational, are not easily cast aside, and the sacredness of a vestal vow was one of them. Calm reflection, however, soon gave him clearly to see that there was no sacredness—but rather *un*sacredness, as Carlyle says—in a vow taken under restraint and in ignorance, and which, in any case, had *no warrant from Scripture*, and also which history gave him to know was not Christian, but *pagan* in its origin. Besides, he perceived that, in becoming his wife, Miss Cuffe would really fulfil the spirit of her vow, which was to devote herself to a religious life.

The clergyman's wife, when true to her position, is the good Samaritan of a town or village: the sick, the wretched, and the poor are the subjects of her ministrations. Miss Cuffe, as his wife, would help him in his parish work; and "pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father" is not to live a useless life, secluded in a convent, but—as he read in the divine Book—it is this: "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world."

A careful consideration of the case, then, did away with all his hesitation. After some correspondence and *personal courtship*, he travelled again to Dublin—not this time, however, to aid in a rescue, but—well—to "propose." When, having obtained the lady's own consent, he came to break the matter to her mother, Mrs. Cuffe—with her quick, womanly instinct divining the purport of his visit—assailed him with a little playful raillery: "No, sir," she said, before his lips were opened; "I know what you mean to say, and I really cannot allow it. I have been robbed of my daughter once, and that is quite enough. What! you, the champion of my wrongs, about to repeat them! Mr. Kirby, I'm quite ashamed of you, sir!"

The person addressed — not quite certai
whether she spoke in earnest or not—felt some
what confused, and stammered out an explana
tion. Seeming to pity him, his gentle tormen
tor, as though she relented, said, "Your attem
at robbery, sir, will certainly have some differen
from the previous one, if the object of the ro
bery consents—and this matter must be inquir
into, and in my presence." The fact is, s
wished to witness *a supreme moment of happin*
in her daughter's life. That moment s
came. Felicia Cuffe, while the color rose to
cheeks, spoke in her mother's presence
words she had before uttered to the man
loved, and then flinging her arms around
mother's neck she kissed her, and in her g
joy wept upon her bosom.

The wedding ceremony, as has been state
the beginning of our narrative, was conduct
the parish church of which —— was incum
The bishop of Mr. Kirby's diocese cond
the marriage service. The church buildin
crowded—even several Roman Catholics
present. The roughs outside were willing
disturbance, and a few of the baser sort se
and some of the most ignorant and far
hissed. Those, however, who looked on
ingly and approvingly were by far the ma
and any ill-feeling among the few had
nursed in secret.

As a matter of course—and as some co
sation for her loss—Mrs. Cuffe had *carte*
from her son-in-law to visit her daug
often as she pleased, and a promise t
should often have a visit from her and
return. Smiling, he said, "Come to th
nage *convent* whenever you like—every
be a visiting day—and there will be no i
—except the *grate bars*—in any of th
ments. Come," he said, "and live ne
think you and my mother would agree.
house between you;" and we believe
rangement was made some time after.

The nun's dress, and Dr. Magrath's c
with the stains and rents in it, and h
all injured and spoiled, were pres
momentos of former times. Mrs. Ki
she could not return to the worthy
open-air nocturnal apparel, as render
offered to pay for them, but the wor
treated the offer as a sort of insult.
madam," he said; "never, never!
Raleigh was proud to have a cloak
save merely the *dainty feet of a qu*
proud to have a cloak spoiled to save
human life, and to give a good and
her freedom. Keep them, and hand
as heirlooms to your children."

This has been done. Mr. and Mr
now dead, and their bodies lie, in
resurrection to eternal life, side by
fully, in the same grave; but they
them two sons who are doing goc
their fellows and the empire. One
man, and the other is in the Civil
India. They preserve the nun's c
doctor's bestowed garb as the rem
a pernicious vow in God's merc
which they owe their existence, an
them *wise and loving parents* to t
for good Christian work in the wo

A New Story by Mr. Henry Ma
willing) commence in THE CHRIS
next week or the week after, ent
Montaigne; or, the Heir of a D
ance." It will depict events in
Ribbonism was rife, just bef
Famine and the wholesale emigra
which have resulted in a "New

es to pieces excepting the strongly built parlor d sleeping coaches, and the broken lamps and ves. and the hot coals from the overturned comotive, quickly set the wreck on fire, so that five minutes the portion that had not sunk neath the water was a mass of flames. There re about one hundred and eighty persons in train, and it is a miracle that all were not led by the terrible fall. The survivors say at the greater part would have been saved had not been for the fire, but many of those who aped the fall were burned or drowned, while ny others reserved from these horrors were zen to death. Every horror that could enter o a disaster of the kind made havoc here, and general was the destruction that only *seven* sons escaped unhurt, while only about sixty aped alive.

According to the report of one of the rescued sengers, Mr. Bliss, after the accident, escap- from the car, and then returned to save his e. Finding that she could not be brought t, he resigned himself to her doom, and they ished together.

The circumstances combined to render the dis- er at Ashtabula—that fearful holocaust—the st horrible of all modern accidents. The ter- e crash of eleven cars as they fell seventy t, the howling winds, the crushing ice, the zing waters, the drifting, blinding snow, the ing fires, and the black, starless skies! What ny did the victims experience! No mortal gue can describe it!

But that tempest was to Mr. Bliss and his wife "whirlwind" in which they were caught up, by a "chariot of fire," into the kingdom of Eternal. Whether killed by the fall, or the ers, or the fire, it mattered little to them. hether the struggle was but for a moment, or tracted for many minutes, it was for them to k the dear Lord in the face—the Lord whom y had trusted and loved so long—and all was l. And all now is well.

MARKABLE RECOVERY OF A LOST DAUGHTER.

By Dr. Barnardo.

appearance of a Young Lady Eighteen Years ld—Her Father's Application to Dr. Bar- ardo—His Discovery of her near Edgware oad—Cure of her Drunkenness—Restoration o her Home, and Marriage.

HE following case I have always felt it diffi- ct to speak about; but within the past two nths I have heard of the unexpected death the *lost daughter*, who was the chief actor in it and as I shall take care to set forth the facts efully disguised, I think there need be no fear t any of the surviving family will be pained injured by the recital.

few years ago, I received a letter from a tleman occupying an excellent social position a country town. It was to the effect that his ghter, an only girl—eighteen of age, beauti- and accomplished—had suddenly and unex- tedly disappeared from home. No clue was of her whereabouts.

n examining her bedroom some days after disappearance, they found, on bursting open door of a locked cupboard, a number of pty brandy bottles. These, and the confession a groom, that he had occasionally, by his ng mistress's wish, purchased brandy for , pointed irresistibly to the conclusion that a long period this girl was a victim to drink- habits. Her mother was dead; and this, pled with the circumstance that no other y was living in the family, may account for secrecy with which she had acted thus.

he distracted parent spared no pains or ex- se in the endeavor to trace his child. It was even known whether she had gone to Lon- n or Liverpool, so successfully had she at the way-station thrown her pursuers off the nt. The police were communicated with, detectives employed. Advertisements, care- y worded to attract her attention, were in- ted in the leading papers day after day, but no tidings came to assuage the grief of her almost frantic father.

Nearly two months passed thus hopelessly. Somehow, one of my papers, written in the early part of our mission work, came into the father's hands, and he wrote at once, telling me *in confidence* the facts of the sad story, and urging me to take every means I could to search for the missing girl. At the same time he inclosed two photographs and a personal description.

Obtaining the services of an officer of long experience in such work, I visited many of the most objectionable places in London, but for some time without discovering any traces of poor Miss X.

One night we stopped at the door of a house not far from Edgeware Road, and, after a little delay, obtained admission. Engaging the hostess in conversation, the officer left me to enter the drawing-room, which was elaborately furnished. Half a dozen ladylike young women in evening dress were engaged at a game of cards at a centre table. One girl stood near the mantelpiece with her back to the door, gazing pensively into the fire.

When she turned round at the noise I made on entering I at once received the impression that I had seen her face before; but where I could not say. But in a moment it flashed upon me. It was the face depicted in the *photograph* of Miss X., which had been sent to me. I immediately verified this impression by examining the photograph, then in my pocket, and being satisfied that the likeness was so striking as to warrant the attempt, after a brief consultation with the officer outside the room, I returned to the drawing-room, and, walking up to the young lady referred to, I said, addressing her by her real name in a low voice, "Miss X., will you give me a few minutes' conversation?"

She started with bewilderment. "How do you know me?" she cried. I replied, "I can say nothing here; but if you show me into another apartment I will explain." I then told her that I was there by her father's authority, and had with me an officer who was determined that she should accompany me; if not, we must employ force.

At this juncture the owner of the house came in, and upon my errand being explained, became most violent. But the exhibition of the officer's authority made the matter clear; and, notwithstanding their remonstrances, in a few minutes we had the young lady in a cab, and were driving rapidly to the East End. I stopped, however, at the post-office to telegraph, late as it was, to her father the welcome message, "She is found. Come to —— hotel." Leaving her in the care of the officer and my landlady, I entered the cab again, and drove to a nursing institution, where I engaged the immediate attendance and services of a nurse—an excellent Christian woman whom I had long known, and to whom I explained the facts of the case.

When I again reached my lodgings nurse Wilson assumed immediate charge of the young lady. I surrendered the premises to their use, and went to the hotel at which I had invited the father to meet me.

Next morning, at an early hour, Mr. X., the lady's father, arrived. I told him that in my opinion his daughter was even then suffering from the consequences of continued drinking, and I was sure removal to her home now would be dangerous and useless. I added, however, that I felt there was a chance of a thorough cure if he would allow me, with the consent of a medical man to whom I referred him, to try a certain course of treatment for one month.

An interview then took place between him and his poor wandering girl. I was not present, but he came out after a conversation which lasted a quarter of an hour, and looking at me hopelessly, said, "I wish she was dead."

It appears the poor young creature had again and again said, in response to his remarks, "I must have brandy, if I die for it." He told me she was so changed he would scarcely have known her. After an interview with a Christian physician to whom we both submitted the case, Mr. X. decided to leave his daughter in town for the application of such remedies as we thought best under the circumstances. Through the gracious blessing of God, our treatment was successful, and the lady lost her craving for strong drink.

It was now right that she should again see her father, who all this while was stopping at an hotel, and had a daily bulletin from me as to the progress of his child. I was present when he entered the room, but soon retired. Quite overcome, the poor girl had fallen on her knees at her father's feet, utterly broken and contrite, beseeching his forgiveness, and begging him to take her home, and try her once more, asserting that she never would touch the dreadful drink again.

I spent that evening with them both. God had made the events of the last few days, and the wise and faithful conversation of the nurse, the means of a *higher blessing* to this poor girl, brought so very near to temporal and eternal ruin. Indeed, I had hopes that when next day Mr. X. returned with his daughter to their far-off country home in ——shire, he took back with him a deeply penitent and changed girl.

For several months after this Mr. X. regularly wrote to me of his daughter's welfare, and she occasionally added a line expressive of her own gratitude for the firmness with which she had been treated, and the success God had given to the means used.

Of her life in London after she first ran away from her father's house I have said nothing, feeling that little good could be attained by detailing the awful experiences she had passed through between the time when she left her home and her discovery by me.

Suffice it to say that, a year after she returned with her father to their country home, she was married to a gentleman who had known and loved her before her wanderings, and whose affection was too strong and real to be uprooted by what had occurred.

That she was happy in her married life I had no doubt. Her letters satisfied me on that score. That she was eventually cured I have also had ample proof. But that the case presents an awful warning to all who are parents not heedlessly to expose their children to the possibilities of such temptation will, I am sure, be felt by most of my readers.

Vicious tendencies or physical defects are often inherited not in a direct line. Sometimes they are missing in one or two generations and then suddenly reappear in the third or fourth. Upon inquiry I found that *Miss X.'s grandfather had been a drunkard*, and died of *delirium tremens*. He was the only one of the family who was known to have been so afflicted.

Which of us can tell but that some of our predecessors may have suffered from the ravages of that dreadful passion for drink which, although not yet manifest in us or in our own children, may be latent in them, and like a smouldering fire, only await favorable circumstances to burst out into a flame that shall consume their fairest hopes? If there is even the remotest possibility of such a contingency—and *who can be certain* that there is not?—it is our bounden duty to rear our children in habits of total abstinence. Only thus can we be sure of shielding our helpless offspring from the relentless demon.

When old Bishop Beveridge was about to die, and one asked him if he knew those about his bed, he said, "No." His wife bowed over his pillow and asked, "Do you know me?" "No." Another asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" And the venerable prelate folded his hands and said, "*I have known Him for forty-four years. He is my best friend.*" When Jonathan Edwards was dying, after he had dismissed all his family, he gathered his limbs up in the bed, and said, "And now where is Jesus, my faithful Friend?"

"THE SWEETEST SOUND ON EARTH."

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage; preached March 16th, 1879.

"The name which is above every name."—PHILIPPIANS 2 : 9.

Names Potent for Good or Ill—I. It is an Easy Name—An Aged Father Dying—II. It is a Beautiful Name—Its Beautiful Associations—"Give my Love to Jesus"—III. It is a Mighty Name—All other Names Swallowed up in that—IV. It is an Enduring Name—It would Endure were all else Destroyed—How will you Accost Christ in Heaven?—Symbolical Names—Those for whom the Name has no Charm—A Challenge.

PAUL is here making rapturous and enthusiastic description of the name of Christ. There are merely worldly names that sometimes thrill you through and through. Such was the name of Henry Clay to a Kentuckian, the name of William Wirt to a Virginian, the name of Daniel Webster to a New Englander.

By common proverb we have come to believe that "*there is nothing in a name;*" and so parents sometimes at the baptismal altar give titles to their children, reckless of the fact that that title, that name, will be a lifetime hindrance or a liftetime help. You have no right to give to your child a name lacking either in euphony or moral meaning. It is a sin to call a child Jehoiakim, or Tiglath-pilesar—by any thing that is disagreeable. Because you have had an exasperating name yourself is no reason why you should inflict it upon your progeny. And yet how often it is that we see a name full of jargon rattling down from generation to generation, simply because a long while ago some one happened to be afflicted with it.

Institutions and great enterprises sometimes without sufficient deliberation take nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by a name. While we may, by a long course of Christian behavior, get over the misfortune of having been baptized with the name of a despot or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we could have all started life without any such incumbrance!

When Paul, in my text and in other passages of Scripture, bursts forth in ascriptions of admiration for the name of Christ, I want to inquire what are the characteristics of that appellation, "*The name which is above every name.*" Oh! that I might be filled with the presence of Jesus while I speak, for you and I have found out long ago that we cannot speak on these great themes of religion unless we have *in our own heart* felt the truth of them!

I. In the first place, speaking to you in regard to the name of Christ, I want to tell you

IT IS AN EASY NAME.

You are sometimes introduced to people with long and unpronounceable names, and you have to listen cautiously to get the names, and you have to hear them pronounced two or three times before you risk trying to utter them; but within the first two years the little child folds its hands and looks upward, and says "Jesus." Can it be that in all this church this morning there are representatives of any household where the children are familiar with the names of father and mother and brother and sister, yet know nothing about "that name which is above every name"?

Sometimes you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think and think before you get it; but can you imagine any freak of intellect by which you should forget the name of Jesus? That word seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. Down to old age, when the voice is tremulous, and uncertain, and indistinct, even then this regal word finds potent utterance.

When an aged father was dying, one of the children came and said, "Father, do you know me?" and in the delirium of the last sickness he said, "No, I don't know you." Another child came and said, "Father, do you know me?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." Then the village pastor came in and said, "Do you know me?" He said "No, I don't think I ever saw you." Then said the minister, "Do you know Jesus?" "*Oh yes!" said the dying man, "I know Jesus;* chief among ten thousand is He, and the One altogether lovely." Yes, for all ages and for all languages, and for all conditions it is an easy name.

"Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That Heaven and Earth might hear."

II. But I remark further in regard to this name of Christ, that it is

A BEAUTIFUL NAME.

Now you have noticed that you cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has it. There are some names, for instance, that are repulsive to *my* ear. Those names are attractive to *your* ear. What is the difference? Why, *I* happened to know some persons of that name who were cross, or sour, or queer, or unsympathetic, and the persons *you* have happened to know of that name were kind and genial. Since, then, we cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus unspeakably beautiful.

I cannot pronounce that name in your presence, but you think of Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see His loving face and you hear His tender voice, and you feel His gentle touch. As soon as I pronounce His name in your presence you think of Him who banqueted with heavenly hierarchs, yet came down and breakfasted on the fish which the rough men hauled out of Genesaret; you think of Him who, though the clouds are the dust of His feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus. But I cannot speak His name in your hearing this morning, but you think right away of the shining One who restored the centurion's daughter, and who helped the blind man to sunlight, and who made the cripple's crutch useless, and who looked down into the laughing eyes of the babe until it struggled to go to Him; then, flinging His arms around it, and impressing a kiss upon its beautiful brow, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh beautiful name, beautiful name, the name of Jesus, which stands for love, for patience, for self-sacrifice, for magnanimity, for every thing that is good and glorious and tender and sympathetic and kind! It is aromatic with all odors. It is accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes, when I look at that name of Jesus Christ, it seems as if the letters *were made out of tears*, and then they seem to be gleaming crowns. Sometimes that name seems to be twisted out of the straw on which He lay, and then it seems to be built out of the thrones on which His people are to reign. Sometimes I sound that word Jesus, and I hear in it the sob of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary, and then I speak His name and it is all a-ripple with gladness and a-ring with hosanna. *Glorious name.*

Take all the glories of bookbindery and put them around the page on which that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreath it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's string and let it thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night, and earth and heaven acclaim in full chant, "Blessed be His glorious name forever." "*The name which is above every name.*"

Have you ever heard in a Methodist church, during a time of revival, a score of souls come to the altar and cry out for mercy under the power of just two lines of glorious old John Wesley?

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In heaven, or earth, or sky."

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday-school girl, to the snow-white octogenarian, *it is beautiful.*

The aged man comes in from a long walk, and he tremulously opens the door of his home, and he hangs his hat on the old nail, and he puts his cane in the usual place, and he lies on his couch, and he says to his children and his grandchildren: "My dears, I am going away from you." And they say: "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "Oh!" he says, "I am going to Jesus;" and so the old man faints away into heaven.

And the little child comes in from play, and she flings herself in your lap, and she says, "Mamma, I'm so sick, I'm so very sick;" and you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, and some midnight, while you are shaking up the pillow and giving the medicine, she looks up in your face and says, "Mamma, I'm going away from you." You say, "Why, where are you going, my darling?" And she says, "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek that you take to be the mark of the fever turns out to be only the carnation bloom of heaven.

A MESSAGE TO JESUS.

Oh! was it not beautiful when a little child heard that her playmate was dying, and she went to the house, and she clambered up on the bed of her dying playmate, and she said to the dying playmate, "Where are you going to?" and the dying girl said, "I'm going to Jesus"? Then said the little girl that was well, as she bent over to give the parting kiss to her dying playmate, "Well, then, if you are going to Jesus, *give my love to Him.*"

Oh! it is a beautiful, beautiful name, whether on the lips of childhood or on the lips of the old man. *When my father was dying* the village minister said to him, quoting over his pillow this passage: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" and there he stopped. Then my father finished the quotation by saying, "of whom I am chief."

III. But I remark again, in regard to this name of Christ, that it is

A MIGHTY NAME.

Rothschild is a name mighty in the commercial world, Silliman is a name mighty in the scientific world, Irving is a name mighty in the literary world, Washington is a name mighty in the political world, Wellington is a name mighty in the military world; but where in all the earth is a name so potent to lift, and thrill, and arouse, and rally, and bless, as the name Jesus? Why, the sound of that one name unhorsed Saul, and threw Newton on his face on ship's deck; and that one name to-day, while I speak, holds a hundred million souls under omnipotent spell That name in England to-day means more than Victoria. In Germany that name to-day means more than King William. In Italy that name to-day means more than Garibaldi or Victor Emmanuel. *O mighty name!*

I have seen a man *bound hand and foot* of th devil and captive of all evil habits, at the soun of that name dash down his shackles and marc out forever free. I have seen a man *overcome misfortune* and trial, every kind of trouble ha he; but at the sound of that name the sea dro ped and the clouds parted, and the sunburst eternal gladness poured upon his soul. I hav seen a man *hardened in infidelity*, defiant of Go full of jeer and scoff, jocose of the judgment-da reckess of eternity, at the sound of that nan blanch, and cower, and groan, and kneel, a weep, and repent, and pray, and believe, and joice, and triumph.

Oh! it is a mighty name, a mighty nan Under its power the last temple of superstiti will come down, and the last Juggernaut of iquity will be shattered to pieces. The red ho of carnage, spoken of in apocalyptic vision, a the black horse of death must come back on th haunches, while the white horse of victory g forth, mounted of Him who hath the moon der His feet, and the stars of Heaven for tiara. Mighty name! It will first make whole earth tremble, and then it will make the nations sing. *Mighty name!*

Other dominions seem to be giving w France had to give up some of her favorite p frowns upon Russia with all the hard and tried faces and forms of British valor, and the stern power and unlimited resources of England are "couching down as a lion"—the British lion—awaiting the next attack. This does not brighten the outlook.

Russia will remain unchanged and undeterred. The sacred traditions and legacies of her land urge her on to "hasten the downfall of Persia," to "push on to the Persian Gulf," "establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Levant through Syria," and "force her way into the Indies," which she holds to be the "storehouses of the world." She holds herself destined to "fertilize worn-out Europe," to "advance over every obstacle and progress towards Constantinople," and when intrigue and violence shall strike Turkey to pieces the strong position of Austria at Novi Bazar will not scare her from rushing with all her strength upon the Bosphorus.

There is no rest—no abiding peace yet. All is unrest and uncertainty in human affairs. But the sure drift and tendency of the policies and schemes of the world is to one disastrous issue.

The "unclean spirits" out in the world are the inspiration of it all. The description is graphic enough, and stirring enough, and appalling enough, surely. "And I saw," says John, "three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty" (Rev. 16 : 13, 14).

Fresh from hell there are seen three unclean spirits under the full sway of dark and fiendish designs against the peace of the world.

They traverse its cities and fields with this fell purpose as the supreme and ruling passion and desire of their being—and with steady and unwearied determination plod on through nations, and peoples, and tongues—mingling with kings and armies and races, mustering from every clime and realm forces arrayed in all manner of costume, bearing all sorts of standards, and also equipped with every form and shape of arms and weapons of warfare—in a word, gathering the armies of the world to the "battle of that great day" of the Lord. Alas! what treaties may be strong enough to check these subtle, malignant, and daring disturbers of the world's peace! What barrier may stand in the way of these moving masses of peoples, kings, and nations, raging in high passion against the Lord of Hosts as they rush madly on to their own certain and inevitable destruction on the last battle-field of Armageddon!

The mists and the fogs shall clear away before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. The "Lord shall be King over all the earth," and the peace which angels sang shall return and find a lasting home in the hearts of people and nations and tongues, and shall settle with abiding sweetness and repose upon every land. The Eastern Question will be settled.

The Great Fountain.—An aged gentleman at a watering place said to a lady, a stranger to him, as she came up to take her usual draught of water, "Have you ever drank at the Great Fountain?" The lady colored, and turned away without replying. The following winter, in another place, he was asked to visit a lady who was dying. As he entered her room, she said, with a smile, "Do you not know me? Do you not recollect asking a woman at the spring last year, 'Have you ever drank at the Great Fountain?'" "Yes," said he, "I do remember." "Well, sir, I am that person. I thought at that time you were very rude; but your words kept ringing in my ears. I was without peace or rest till I found Christ. I now expect shortly to die, and you, under God, have been the means of my salvation. Be as faithful to others as you have been to me. Never be afraid to talk to strangers on the subject of religion."

MR. SPURGEON'S PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Writing of this valuable and powerful agency, Mr. Spurgeon says: "When it was commenced, in 1856, I had not even a remote idea of whereunto it would grow. There were springing up around me, as my own spiritual children, many earnest young men, who felt an irresistible impulse to preach the Gospel, and yet, with half an eye, it could be seen that their want of education would be a real hindrance to them. It was not in my heart to bid them cease their preaching, and, had I done so, they would, in all probability, have ignored my recommendation. As it seemed that preach they would, though their attainments were very slender, no other course was open to me but to give them an opportunity to educate themselves for the work."

"An admirable tutor was found, who has in every case secured not merely the respect, but the filial love of every student. Into this beloved minister's house the first students were introduced, and for a considerable period they were domiciled as members of his family.

"The students were mostly poor, and most of the colleges involved necessarily a considerable outlay to a young man; for even where the education was free, books, clothes, and other incidental expenses required a considerable sum per annum. Moreover, it must be frankly admitted that my views of the Gospel and of the mode of training preachers were and are somewhat peculiar. It seemed to me that preachers of the grand old truths of the Gospel, ministers suitable for the masses, were more likely to be found in an institution where preaching and divinity would be the main objects, and not degrees and other insignia of human learning. I felt that, without interfering with the laudable objects of other colleges, I could do good in my own way.

"The college thus commenced grew and increased. The success that attended the work encouraged all connected with it, and the question of providing funds was the only one causing serious anxiety. For a long time Mr. Spurgeon defrayed nearly all the expenses from his own resources, at an annual cost of from $3000 to $4000; but as this could not continue, the pastor told his difficulties to his people, and the result was a regular weekly offering for the college was established. But the supplies from this source were insufficient, and more money was sorely needed.

"On one occasion the college fund was reduced to $5, and earnest prayer for help in the sore strait was offered. Next morning a letter came from a banker in the city, informing me that a lady, whose name I have never been able to discover, had deposited a sum of $1000, to be used for the education of young men for the ministry. How did my heart leap for joy! I threw myself then and henceforth upon the bounteous care of the Lord, whom I desired with my whole heart to glorify by this effort. The college grew every month, and the number of students rapidly advanced from one to forty. Friends known and unknown, from far and near, were moved to give little or much to my work, and so the funds increased as the need enlarged. Since that hour the weekly offering has been a steady source of income.

"There have been during this period times of great trial of my faith; but after a season of straitness, never amounting to absolute want, the Lord has always interposed and sent me large sums (on one occasion $5000) from unknown donors.

"From the year 1856 to 1861, the students continued to assemble in the house of Mr. Rogers, which served for a college. Increasing in number, early in 1861, by which time seven or eight of the young men had become pastors of churches, the students were wont to raise up the cry of the sons of the prophets of old, 'Behold! the place where we dwell with thee is too strait for us.' In March, 1861, the congregation of New Park Street made its exodus to the new Tabernacle, and the students commenced work in the well-appointed class-rooms under the Tabernacle. In their new location their numbers increased, and fresh plans of usefulness were devised and carried out. In 1863 there were under daily instruction for the work of the Christian ministry sixty-six young men.

"The necessity for new college buildings was plainly indicated, and a friend, in May, 1873, sent $5000 towards that object. On October 14th, 1873, the foundation-stone of those buildings was laid, and other contributions flowed in until the present building was completed; thus has God answered prayer, and rewarded the faith of His servant in the important work."

GOD'S SPARROWS.

A Christian woman was visiting among the poor in London one cold winter's day. She was trying to open the door of a third story in a wretched-looking house, when she heard a little voice inside say, "Pull the string up high." She looked up and saw a string. She pulled it, when it lifted the latch, and the door opened into a room where she found two little half-naked children all alone. They looked cold and hungry.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" said the woman.—"No, ma'am; God takes care of us," replied the elder of the children.

"You have no fire on this cold day. Are you not very cold?"—"Oh! when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy, and he puts his arms round me, and then we say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep; I'll sing my Maker's praise'—and then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what do you have to eat, pray?" asked the visitor.—"When granny comes home she brings us something. Granny says we are God's sparrows, and He has enough for us; and so we say, 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came into the eyes of this good woman. She had sometimes felt afraid that she might be left to starve; but these little "sparrows," perched alone in that cold upper room, taught her a sweet lesson of trust in the power of God which she felt that she could not forget.

Entering Halt into Life.—"It is better for thee," says our Lord, "to enter into life halt or maimed, than, having two hands or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire." This is sometimes verified in the literal sense. We are told of Professor George Wilson, of Edinburgh, that he began his career full of ambition to scale the heights of science and master all knowledge. In the midst of his triumph he was laid low with an illness, which ended in the amputation of his foot and the crushing of his health. In that deep valley of pain and humiliation he found God. And he asked a friend to preach his funeral sermon from the above solemn words.

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

The Rajah's Dream.

CLARA had a talent for *poetry*, and naturally chose for the usual theme of her verse the most sublime and glorious of subjects, and that which the circumstances of her education and position most constantly presented to her mind. She knew that her sweet hymns were read with delight by her mother, copied out in her handwriting, treasured in her memory, looked upon by the pious lady as evidences that her dearest hopes had been realized in her daughter. Clara's poetry was regarded as the exposition of her mind. Alas! her writings were far more holy than their authoress! Thus a false opinion was formed of her character, aided in no small degree by the singular sweetness of a face upon which no rude passion had ever traced a line.

When the course of duty is down the current of inclination, the leafy branch floats smoothly along the stream. *But that motion is not life;* that progress is owing to no inherent power in the bough. The least impediment is sufficient to stop it—the smallest eddy to turn it aside!

"I have made such a discovery!" exclaimed Ada, with a look of triumph, as she entered the drawing-room one morning. "Ah, Clara! demure, sensible, philosophical Clara—you who listen to Alison with such profound attention, and whose brain is a silent library of solid and intellectual literature, *I have found you out at last!*"

"What do you mean?" asked Clara gayly, while gentle Mrs. Arnot looked up with an expression of inquiry.

"You don't read novels! Oh no; you are too wise! But who keeps Eastern tales in her boudoir, quietly hidden behind a vase of innocent flowers, to feast upon when nobody sees her?" And Ada displayed a book, in singular binding, which she had carried off from the room of her cousin.

"Oh, I have not had time to read it yet! It is a book which *Mr. Ward* lent me."

"Mr. Ward! Now, that is too good! Who would have dreamed of Mr. Ward's patronizing a new edition of the Arabian Nights?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Arnot, "I have no doubt that any book lent by our excellent clergyman will be very improving."

"Oh, I'm so glad that you think so," replied Ada, nothing abashed at her discomfiture, "for this looks amusing besides! I propose that for one day—you know that this is my last day at Laurel Bank—we substitute it for Alison."

"As you please," said Mrs. Arnot, taking the quaint volume from the hand of her niece, and turning over some of the pages. "This appears to be a kind of Eastern fable."

"Then I'll have the story, and Clara shall have the moral, and we'll both be suited exactly."

In a few minutes the young ladies were seated, Ada at her embroidery, Clara at her drawing, when Mrs. Arnot, who was usually the reader, commenced the following tale:

Mighty was the Rajah Futtey Sing, and great were the deeds which he had done. His granaries overflowed with corn, and his coffers with gold; the hungry were fed by his beneficence, and the needy supplied by his wealth. He was like a magnificent *banyan-tree*, whose branches having stooped to the earth, there take root, and extending on all sides, the tree becomes as a forest. Beneath it the beasts of the field take shelter; the bright-winged birds roost on its boughs; the sunshine rests brightly upon it; it stands glorious and beautiful to the eye of man.

The Rajah lay reclined on cushions in his lordly dwelling. The calm of evening was over earth; the red orb of the sun had almost touched the horizon; he seemed glancing, ere he departed, on the world which his beams had clothed with brightness and beauty; and a calm was upon the soul of the Rajah—a joy was within his heart. He said to himself, where he lay: "*I have been a blessing in my generation;* I have gone on my course like the sun, and the world has been the brighter for my smile. I have benefited man, and I have glorified the Supreme. I have fasted long and I have prayed much; I have wasted my flesh by abstinence, and spent the long night in devotion. And now, am I not holy? May I not stand upright before my Creator? Are not my hands stainless? Is not my heart clean? Who can lay any thing to my charge?"

A Brahmin in his white robes now entered, and bent reverently before the Rajah.

"Friend of the needy!" said he, "thy will hath been obeyed! In nine different parts of thy spacious domains, *nine wells*, dug deep into the heart of the earth, now offer their waters to the pilgrim, plenteous as thy liberality, clear as thy nature."

"It is well!" cried the Rajah. "Let their number be *trebled!* Let the travellers from the north, from the east, from the west, bless the name of Rajah Futtey Sing."

Another Brahmin approached, and made obeisance.

"Hope of the friendless!" said he, "behold, at thy command *three hundred indignet and sick*, the leper and the blind, wait at thy gate for the accustomed alms bestowed by thy princely bounty!"

"It is well!" cried the Rajah. "Let their numbers be *thrice* three hundred! Let no poor man stand hungry at my gate. To supply the wants of the needy shall my fields grow yellow with golden maize, and the rice-plant lift its head above the spreading waters; and let those who come to me in rags retire in fair white garments such as are worn by my servants!"

A third Brahmin entered, and bowed his head before the Rajah.

"Mirror of piety!" said he, "the foundation of the *great temple* has been laid which thou wilt raise to the honor of the Deity. Stones are being hewn in the distant quarry; yellow brass is brought from afar; an edifice is rising from the earth which will be lofty as thy devotion, firm as thy power!"

"Leave the stones in the quarry and hew me *white marble!*" cried the Rajah; "lay aside the brass, and supply its place with beaten gold. No mean sacrifice will I offer to the Creator; He shall look upon my gifts and be satisfied, and future generations shall witness the vastness of my liberality and of my devotion!"

And all who heard exclaimed, "Praise to the Rajah! Praise to the pious and the holy! High is his place in this life; higher shall be his place in the next! His offerings shall be accepted on high; his prayers and his fasting shall bring great reward! Wisdom is on his lips and virtue in his heart. He stands faultless before God and man!"

The red sun had sunk beneath the plain, and darkness spread her sable wings over earth. There was silence where the axe and hammer had rung, in the spot where the temple was rising; the poor had departed satisfied from the gate, and no pilgrim bending to drink of the wells dug by Futtey Sing disturbed the image of the quiet stars that were reflected in their motionless depths.

Sleep came to the Rajah with the night; and as his eye closed to the world around, *the eye of his mind* opened to the world of dreams.

Behold! he dreamed that his temple was completed, and that it was fairer to look upon than ever before was temple erected by man. Its marble dome and cupolas were white as snow from the summit of the Himalaya mountains. It was incrusted with precious jewels in every form which could charm the eye. There the diamond glittered like a petrified dew-drop; there shone the ruby, and the sapphire blue as the Nerbuddah river; and wreaths of pearls of magnificent size twined round the lofty pillars of gold!

In this temple stood the Rajah in his dream; and his heart was lifted up with pride. He looked above, around, below him, and all was beautiful and glorious. "Am I not holy?" he repeated to himself. "Shall I not rejoice in my works?"

He wondered in his dream to behold *a bright ray*, more intense than any which the sun ever shed, stream down from an opening in the dome; and down this ray, as down a path of glory, descended a being who would have been too bright to be looked upon, had her form not been shrouded in a wide veil, which encircled her like a silver cloud. The Rajah trembled as the unearthly visitant descended to his side.

"Who art thou," he cried, "that comest as from above? and wherefore do I behold thee?"

"I am Truth," replied a sweet but solemn voice from the veil, for the face of the bright one was not seen. "It is my office to open the eyes of the blind, to draw aside the curtain of delusion, to dispel the mirage upon the desert, to waken mortals from the dreams of their fancy. Hast thou! O Futtey Sing! courage to follow me—courage to explore, with me for thy guide, this Temple of the Human Heart?—for what we now survey is thine own."

The Rajah paused in his dream; a strange feeling of awe was on his soul.

"Dost thou fear," pursued Truth, "to know thyself?"

"I fear not," replied the Rajah. "He who knows not himself knows nothing. I shrink not even from thy searching eye! I have fasted long, I have prayed much, I have freely given to the poor; my hands are stainless, my heart is clean; I am holy in the sight of all men!"

"But in the sight of God what art thou?" exclaimed Truth. "Ye see not the *motes* in the air, though numerous as the leaves of the forest, till the glowing ray reveal them to the eye. The *river* seems to flow stainless and clear, but there are, concealed from the view, a hundred loathsome reptiles inclosed in every drop that glitters beneath the sun! But if thou fearest not to know that which it most concerns thee to know, follow me, and thine eyes shall be opened!"

She led him to the lofty entrance of the temple, from whence they could gaze into the fair garden which surrounded it.

"We will not now speak of thy sins," said Truth; "perhaps thou deemest that thou art defiled by none. But show me first, O Rajah! thy *virtues*, that, if they merit the favor of the Deity, I may join my praises to those of all men."

Then the heart of Futtey Sing revived, for the topic of his virtues was ever sweet to him; and even if his life could be proved to be not quite free from sins, his merits, he felt assured, would far outweigh them.

So in his dream he beheld before him three *fair and lofty trees*, bending beneath the weight of the fruit which loaded their branches. The eye of the Rajah brightened as he gazed on them, and, turning to Truth, he exclaimed: "Lo! these are the trees of love to God and love to man, and thou knowest that they are mine! Behold how they are loaded with fruit, so that the boughs bend down to the earth! There is the first, that bears *deeds of beneficence*, rosy as the clouds at sunrise. The second bears *deeds of justice*, in ripe clusters of shining gold. The third bears *deeds of self-denial*, resting like snow-flakes on the dark leaves." And as he spake, again he seemed to hear the voices of men blending in loud chorus together,—"Praise to the Rajah! praise to the holy and pious! High as is his place in this life, higher shall be his place in the next. Wisdom is on his lips, and virtue in his heart; he stands faultless before God and man!"

"When I passed by the trees of love to God and love to man"—such was the reply of Truth—"I looked, and beheld they were *barren:* they bare neither blossom nor fruit. Whence, then, are these clusters, red, yellow, and white? Are they indeed fruits which grow on the trees, or have they been placed there to charm and to deceive? Has the sap of life swelled them, the sweet juices filled? Approach, O Rajah! the tree upon which hang the rosy clusters; for methinks it is the *love of praise* that has placed on it seeming *deeds of beneficence!*"

She approached it without motion of foot or of wing, gliding towards it like a cloud impelled by the festoons which I imagined to be special decorations were huge cobwebs heavy with dust; the vegetation, too, I saw was all blanched, and much of it a noxious growth, while the life which I had somewhat boasted of I was ashamed to look upon or even to think of. That candle shining in the cellar of my soul had wrought a melancholy change in my thoughts of myself, and foolishly I resolved never to permit so bright a light to enter there again, as if to hide the evil was to remove it. But things could not remain as they were, for on a day there came another who did me a worse, yet better turn, for he descended into my cellar and removed certain shutters which had long excluded the light of day.

When next I entered the vault I was ready to swoon for very fright, for a dunghill was sweetness to it: it was the concentration of abominations. There were all manner of creeping things, loathsome and polluting; I was ready to die at the sight. Truth to tell, I did not even then see it all, for the window was still so much covered over with thick cobwebs and filth that the whole of the light did not enter; yea, I fear I have not even yet seen all the pollution of my nature, but I thank God I have seen enough to make me cry to Him who is able to cleanse. Hercules turned a river into the Augean stable and purified it, and my Lord Jesus has with His own blood purged my nature: but this I know, *I am nothing*, and less than nothing, in my natural estate.

I have but given you a parable of what the apostle saw in himself when the law came with its condemning power into his soul. During those three days in which the scales were on his eyes and he was blind, not seeing the sun for a season, he turned all his sight within, and saw *himself*. Then great Saul dwarfed into little Paul, and the learned rabbi shrivelled into a poor brother who was glad to receive humble Ananias, and to learn from him what he was yet to do. He who hectored over the church of God now meekly arose and was baptized, calling upon the name of the Lord. Three days of glorious light, so bright that it made him blind, had corrected his estimate of himself; and it was in memory of that lesson and of all that he had learned subsequently that he said, "Though I be nothing."

3. *The force of that estimate had increased by a growing belief in the doctrine of grace.* If you wish to find the free will of man very much extolled, you must not read in the epistles of Paul. If any of you desire to write an essay upon the dignity of human nature, or to preach a sermon upon the glory which still remains in man despite his fallen state—the recuperative power of human nature despite its disease—you will gain little help from our apostle.

I could refer you to certain modern divines for a good deal of *stuff of that kind*, but the apostle of the Gentiles does not deal in that material. His indictment against humanity in the first chapter of Romans is as terrible as it is true. "Dead in trespasses and sins" is his description of man's condition; sovereign grace is his only remedy. He tells us of being born again, and of being new created by the work of God; and of justification by faith through grace by the righteousness of Jesus Christ, but he has not a word to say of human power or merit. If ever a man could say, "Grace! grace!" and did say it, and kept on saying it, most distinctly it was the Apostle Paul. In proportion as he learned the fulness, freeness, richness, and sovereignty of divine grace did he see, side by side with it, the nakedness, the filthiness, the nothingness of man, and so he who could best glory in the grace of God thought less and less of himself, and said, "Though I be nothing."

4. In addition to this, *his own internal experience had very much helped him to feel that he was nothing*, for he had experienced great spiritual struggles. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" was not once nor twice his cry, but he often felt the law of his old nature struggling against the law of his mind, and he lived in lifelong conflict with the evil which he saw within himself, therefore feeling daily that salvation must be of grace alone, and that he himself was nothing, and less than nothing.

5. He meant, next, that he was *nothing to boast of*; that albeit he had been a night and a day in the deep, and had been stoned, and had been beaten with rods, and had been a faithful sufferer for Christ, albeit that he had preached the Gospel in the regions beyond, not building upon another man's foundation; yet in all these he saw nothing whatever of which he could boast, but he was still nothing. I remember well

A TALKATIVE CHRISTIAN

who supposed herself to possess very remarkable attainments. Now, this superior person was talking of the marvellous things which she had felt, known, and done. She was, if not quite perfect, in remarkable danger of becoming so. She turned to an aged Christian in the company, and said, "But you, dear brother, do not say a word." Now, you know there are individuals who say little who think all the more, and our old friend was one of them, and still remained silent. "Come," said she, "have you no religious experience?" The old man said very quietly, "*I never had any to boast about.*" That remark I heartily indorsed.

If we attain to the highest experience and rise very near to God and conquer open sin we shall still have to look within and say "I am nothing." Boasting is a sure sign of failure wherever it is found; even a giant like Goliath had hardly done boasting before he fell beneath the sling and stone of a ruddy youth. Restrain every feeling of pride; nay, chase it from your soul, for it is foolish, and will lead to further folly; it is a noxious insect, which will corrupt whatever it lights upon, gaudy though its wings may be.

6. The apostle meant, next, that he was *nothing to trust in*. "Though I be nothing." We begin our Christian life by trusting in Christ alone, and we shall continue so to trust as to His merit, but we are very apt to get wrong in other matters. We begin with a sense of being very weak and foolish, and we look to Jesus only for strength and guidance, but after awhile we think ourselves growing into deeply experienced and well-instructed Christians, and the temptation is to lean somewhat to our understanding and stability. All this cometh of evil, and will lead to further evil.

I recollect well a person asking a brother of my acquaintance to lend him a certain sum of money. This my friend was willing to do, but the man added, "You know you can trust *me*. I have been a Christian now five-and-thirty years, and I am past temptation." My friend, like a wise man, buttoned his pocket very quietly, and said he must decline to make him a loan. He had intended to do so till that vainglorious speech was made. That boaster failed the next day, and was discovered to have been an arrant rogue.

Whenever a man says, "I am past temptation," he reveals the pride of his heart; and whenever any of us even dream of such a thing about ourselves, we have need to tremble for fear that some terrible fall is near. Yet that thought does come across us, though we do not utter it; we half think in our hearts that those inexperienced young men may go wrong, but that we who are middle-aged men are not so likely to be overthrown. Yet grievous sins in churches are as common among the more advanced as among the young. Most, if not all, the great falls recorded in the Bible happened to middle-aged and old people; think of the drunkenness of Noah and of Lot, and the sin of Reuben and Judah and David and Peter, and you will see that these were not hot-headed boys, but experienced men, who should have acted better.

I shall yet speak of

OUR OWN ESTIMATE OF OURSELVES,

and may we all be made by divine grace to say, "Though I be nothing." I will tell you why I wish that we may come to this. It is because it will be exceedingly beneficial to us, if with deep sincerity we feel that we are nothing. *It will prevent pride*, and that which will prevent pride is worth a Jew's eye. It will prevent our being mortified, as we sometimes are, because notice is not taken of us when we have done something that we thought was greatly praiseworthy.

This humility will also *prevent severe censures of others*. We are all very handy at picking holes in our brethren's coats; but when we are nothing we shall draw back our hand and say, "It does not become a nothing and a nobody to be finding fault with other people." I sometimes wish that those who criticise ministers would think of this. I do not believe that a public person can nowadays say five plain words which some critic or other will not misunderstand or misrepresent. I wish they would try to speak or write themselves, and see whether others could not pull them to pieces quite as readily. You will be greatly helped in avoiding censoriousness if you have a lowly view of yourself, so as to say, "Though I be nothing."

This will also help you to *avoid all self-seeking*. Why should you seek your own if you be nothing? There is no good in seeking for great things for a nothing. If you be nothing, you will keep your motives clear; you will seek the glory of God, and not your own glory. If you be nothing, self-denial will become very easy to you.

He who knows himself to be nothing, *is also full of gratitude*. If you catch him alone you will find the tears in his eyes, and if you question him he will tell you that he was weeping to think that God should ever have loved him, for he is such a nobody.

Now I finish with this one thought. When the apostle says, "*Though* I be nothing," that word shows that there was a fact in the background. He had been telling us that he was once caught up into the third heaven, and had enjoyed a special revelation of Christ. Yes, beloved fellow-believer, we have had our banqueting days when the banner over us was love; we have been very near the Beloved, and we have been made to drink the spiced wine of His pomegranate, and He has manifested Himself to us as He does not unto the world. All this you know, and I also know it, "though I be nothing."

We can also believingly say: "Though I be nothing," *yet the Spirit of God dwells in me.* "Though I be nothing," the Spirit of God uses me. I want you not to forget the background of mercy which sets out this poor nothing, and make it look all the less, albeit that it makes it all the sweeter for it to be so little.

Oh yes, and there is a heaven for me, and there is eternal life for me, and there are the three persons of the divine Trinity sworn to save me; and heaven and earth may pass away, but I shall never perish, neither shall any pluck me out of Jesus' hand, "though I be nothing." His angels are commissioned to keep me, and He Himself in covenant has given His oath and promise to preserve me, "though I be nothing."

O soul! you must be nothing, if God is to save you. You must come down from your high horse; you must give up your trust in works and ceremonies and natural goodness, and be nothing; and when you are nothing, then will Jesus Christ be all in all to you. He is a full Christ for empty sinners. He gives life to dead sinners, healing to sick sinners, and clothing to naked sinners; but if you be full and rich and lively in yourselves, you may go your way, He will have nought to do with you. If you are nothing, clean emptied out and stripped and done for, ground to powder, crushed, and rendered helpless, you are of those for whom Jesus shed His precious blood. Come, trust in Him, and find eternal life.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

PROPHETICAL ASPECT OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

By Rev. E. Wilkes.

A Final Settlement Certain—The Berlin Settlement is not Final, because it neglects Palestine—The Jewish Question the Key of the Eastern Question—Palestine to be Severed from Turkey—The Jews must be Independent, and under a Protectorate—Jerusalem a Burden—Coming Trouble—Light after Darkness—Russia's predestined Course—The Unclean Spirits now at Work—They produce War and Change—The Issue Fixed—Final Peace.

THE apparently incurable corruption of Turkey, her misgovernment of the subject populations under her rule, her bankrupt exchequer, and the general incapacity to govern wisely, she has displayed for many years, indicate that even if she do not fall by the assaults of her enemies, she will sink in process of time from internal decay.

For a long time Turkey has been known to European politicians as "the sick man," and but little commiseration has been bestowed on the sufferer. True, Turkey has had no cause to complain of a lack of interest or attention. Wars have been waged on her account. Congresses of illustrious men have debated over her condition, and she has been the source of anxious thought to every statesman of Europe. But this solicitude has not been excited by affection, nor admiration, nor even sympathy with Turkey; it is simply the product of jealousy and cupidity. The place and power in the hands of the decaying nation constitute a treasure for which more than one of the bystanding nations crave, and it is the consciousness that whoever seizes that treasure will have to fight for its possession with other disappointed claimants, which has so long kept vultures off the prey. But the sick man will inevitably die and the heir be proclaimed. Who shall be that heir? That is the question which perplexes the statesmen of Europe, that is the problem so many have tried to solve, that forms the knotty subject, the bugbear of cabinets and councils, the question generally known as "the Eastern Question."

In dealing with it in the light which prophecy casts upon it, we remark: *There is to be a final settlement* of the great "Eastern Question" which shall result in "abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth" (Psalm 72:7). But that predicted long-continued peace will not be brought about by the arrangements of the recent Berlin Congress. The "finality" of this vexed and anxious problem is not yet reached.

Yet there soon shall be "peace on earth" for one thousand years. Not a mere temporary, patched-up, delusive peace of fallible man's contrivance, but God's own peace, lovely and lasting, that shall smooth all the troubled and tossing surf of a weary world, soothe all its fevered inquietudes into sweet repose, and bathe its sad and tearful face in the beautiful sunshine which shall stream from the presence of Jesus when He "shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth."

But in order to this the Jewish Question—which is essentially the great "Eastern Question"—must come to the front as one great step towards that happy age when "nation shall not rise up against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Isaiah 2:4). Indeed, any elaborate schemes which avoid those considerations which touch the solution of the position of the Jew and his fatherland are no more than the "baseless fabric of a vision," because that is *really* the Question upon which the condition and fate of the whole earth revolves, whether for happiness or misery—for peace or for war.

The Treaty of Berlin has achieved independence for some vassal principalities, and autonomy or partial independence, together with amelioration and other advantages, for other suffering and oppressed peoples and provinces. But Palestine is yet left out in the cold, to be still "trodden under foot of the Gentiles;" therefore, we repeat, there is no "finality" in any of these settlements, and therefore, again, the peace which it guarantees is a very transitory and most untrustworthy thing—a mere "breathing-time" before the impending storm.

In Rev. 16:12 "the sixth angel pours out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared." Thus it is clearly manifest that, whether from some private and pacific arrangement, resulting from the position and influence accorded to England under the "Convention of Constantinople," or as a violent disruption from some impending and fierce shock of war, Palestine must be separated from Turkey, the "way for the kings from the sun rising" must be "prepared."

But Turkey must do more than this. The Jews must be recognized as a distinct people in the Holy Land, either wholly or partially independent of other nations. With the privilege of exercising authority among themselves, with liberty of self-government, and with the power to elect their own "governors" from among their own people. That this will happen we learn from prophecy, for it is graphically depicted by the prophet Zechariah in the twelfth chapter of his prophecy, in which the partially restored Jews are found at the dreadful time of "Jacob's trouble," when the Lord will "smite every horse with astonishment, and his rider with madness.

Even the faintest symptoms of Palestine's emerging from obscurity may therefore seem to intensify expectation, and cheer the "pilgrim of the night" by some flickering tokens that that "day is at hand" when "of the increase of Christ's government and peace there shall be no end" (Is. 9:7). Indeed, events seem to move with interesting precision and accuracy on the line of the prophetical current towards this land.

So many lines of truth converge and brighten as they gather in glorious clusters around the spots endeared by associations and memories—memories that are thrown back upon a past full of guilt and tears and sadness, but starting now into a future so brilliant and beautiful that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard" of all the glories and blessed repose of that age, "so bright and so fair," that is to be erelong.

We doubt not that the position occupied by England at the present moment is given to her in relation to the Jewish question. Lord Beaconsfield, most unconsciously no doubt, has become a sort of "latter-day" Mordecai. England, with her vast resources of enlightenment and civilization, is brought into close contact with Asiatic Turkey. The mistress of the seas, the "land shadowing with wings," the "Tarshish" of latter-day fame (Isa. 18, 60; Ezek. 38), is gradually taking her true position—clearing the way of difficulties, preparing herself for the work Jehovah has destined her to do.

The "Convention of Constantinople" affords considerable scope for her benign offices. While reforms are instituted, and abuses diminish, and hateful deformities of moral, social, and political life are lessened, and much is done to develop the resources of the land of the "seven churches," so Palestine will come in for a share of these benefits as pledges of future and fuller ones. And thus things are moving on to one glorious climax. The movement is just as it is predicted. A Jew is at the head of affairs in England. Moreover, it is by his wonderful sagacity that this influence in Asiatic concerns has been obtained, and it would not be greatly surprising, perhaps, if the world should awake some morning, not long hence, to find that some new development in the profound and mysterious policy of this prominent Jew had secured a restoration of Jewish nationality, clearing the way, so far, for the last unutterably dark tragedies which are to lead into the age of millennial repose and peace.

Then again, as the independence, or partial independence, of Palestine is a necessary step toward a final settlement of the only *real* "Eastern Question," namely, the Jewish one, and hence is a step towards the peaceful times of a better age, so we have yet to look forward to the time when these Jews, partially restored, shall be shut in and besieged by "all nations." This is positively unavoidable; for "Behold the day of the Lord cometh, and thy spoil shall be divided in the midst of thee" (Jerusalem). "For I," saith the Lord, "will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle; and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished; and half of the city shall go forth into captivity" (Zech. 14:1, 2). So, again, "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there." And, preparatory to all this, the proclamation goes forth, "Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near" . . . beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears:" and thus there are seen, in response to this summons, "multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision." "Then the sun is darkened, and the stars withdraw their shining." And at last the "Lord roars out of Zion, and utters His voice from Jerusalem; and the heavens shake" (Joel 3). And so "a tumult from the Lord" is among the enemy; and the "Lord goes forth to fight against those nations, and defends the inhabitants of Jerusalem" (Zech. 12 and 14). This is the "time of Jacob's trouble;" but the "Lord is the hope of His people, and the strength of the children of Israel" (Joel 3:16).

The awful struggle ends. The shout of victory is raised. This last day of darkness and battle and blood closes upon a vanquished host. But the darkness passes away, and the heavens clear, and the shadows flee away, and Jerusalem is seen to be bathed in the sunshine of an age covered all over with brightness, beauty, and peace-abiding, universal, blessed.

The future is yet dark, then, with gathering and thickening woes. Treaties, and "conventions," may not serve to clear and freshen the sultry atmosphere, charged with explosive element which will shake all nations to their very centres. For so certainly it is written, "Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, the earth, the sea, and the dry land"—a great and unusual earthquake (Hagg. 2:6). And there shall be a time of trouble "such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be" (Matt. 24:21). Yes, indeed, and "upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; . . . men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth" (Luke 21:25–28).

The march of events must be towards this awful and appalling crisis. Treaty after treaty must deliver up its safeguards, and all such fruitless guarantees will be contemptuously spurned by the haughty tramp and imperious demands of ambition, and the tide of battle will still roll defiantly, but with a fatal, unswerving constancy, towards the valley of Jehoshaphat, where the "Lord will plead with all flesh" (Joel 3). Human sagacity may be strained and taxed to the utmost of its powers to arrest it—humanity may plead pathetically but unsuccessfully against it the bleeding battlefields and tragical holocausts of those savage and barbarous onslaughts in the past—benevolence may seek to allure by its charms and divert by its gentle fascinations from the fatal march; but, alas! in vain—and national and imperial exchequers may raise burdened and sighing protests, but with stern and solemn inflexibility the movement will steadily progress to its awful goal.

The Treaty of Berlin handed over the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria; but the smouldering feelings of distaste and opposition to this may greatly disturb, and possibly lead to complications which may tend to undo all that has been done. Russia obtained Batoum as a free port; but the sturdy unwillingness on the part of the inhabitants may ultimately derange the settlement arrived at. Besides, Kars and Ardahan have been allowed to be swallowed up in the Russian Empire. The outcome of it all is, that the Asiatic frontier

Bayard Taylor's remains arrived in New York from Germany March 13th. They were enthusiastically received, and were deposited in the City Hall with every token of respect from the authorities and inhabitants. The body was afterwards removed to Philadelphia, to be laid in Longwood Cemetery, near Kennet Square. It is but eleven months since Bayard Taylor left New York on his mission to Germany with such a marked expression of public favor as falls to the lot of very few men. Honors and success in life can ward off from none the stroke of the fell destroyer—Death.

The Rev. E. P. Hammond is at Brantford, Ontario, and has been for two weeks holding union services in the different churches of the city, at which all the ministers except the Episcopalians attend, and a good number of their members put in an appearance.

Brantford is a beautiful city, 75 miles from Buffalo, with a population of 11,000; it is a great manufacturing town, as well as the centre of the garden farming country of Canada. Mr. Hammond is holding three meetings a day, in as many city churches. The morning service is at en, and even at that early hour one of the argest city churches is sometimes uncomfortably crowded. This is almost entirely an "experience meeting." The afternoon service at our fills one of our largest churches with an audience mostly of children, whose demeanor shows the power Mr. Hammond has of making he children love him. Already over five hundred have expressed a hope in Christ, and the end is not yet.

The permanent character of Mr. Hammond's work is proved by the fact that numbers are working in these meetings who were converted at his meetings in Hamilton, Ontario, seventeen years ago.

With Mr. Hammond, and assisting him with his weet voice, is a blind lad named Charlie Hale. Tears have been shed while Charlie was singing "The Ninety and Nine," and other sacred songs.

Thirty years a hermit is the self-inflicted punishment of a man now living in Boston. Many years ago a young man in that city was guilty of an offence against law—an offence which brought social ruin to himself and his amily. The man and his offence are forgotten by the public, yet from the day his offence was discovered—although, having escaped the law, he is free to come and go as he pleases—he has never been outside of his own house in daytime. Sometimes, under the cover of night, he walks broad to take an airing, and note the changes hat 30 years have wrought, but an ever active onscience makes him shun the light of day and he faces of men, and he walks apart, a stranger in the midst of those among whom he has always ived, a living example of the power of concience.

The tide of emigration is flowing with inreased force in a westerly direction. In a single ay, last week, over 3000 home-seekers passed hrough Kansas City, Missouri. And now, to a arger extent than heretofore, the better classes re moving. Fathers who have sons and daughers to provide with homes are selling out, and oing with all their goods to plant themselves, with their children around them, in the rich ands which are still available in the South-west. t will not be long before the population will fill very available part of the West as full as Illinois ow is. The agricultural resources of those ast States are not developed to one fourth of heir capacity. There is something sublime in he growth of the Western country under the ndustry and enterprise of our busy millions.

An Archbishop's broken bank has produced rave trouble in Cincinnati. The Roman Cathlic Archbishop Purcell, in conjunction with his rother and one or two other ecclesiastics, estabshed a savings-bank some forty years ago, hich, owing to the character and position of he founders, commanded the confidence of the Roman Catholic community. It has now become evident that the confidence was misplaced, for the conduct of the business shows utter incapacity on the part of its managers.

The bank has suspended payment, with a grievous balance-sheet. The liabilities are said to amount to about $4,000,000, while the assets, all told, are not more than $500,000. This, if these be the correct figures, leaves a deficiency to be made up in some way, or fall as a dead loss upon the depositors, amounting to $3,500,000. The books seem to have been loosely kept, and the record of business is very imperfect. The money flowed in and was received as if it was permanently to remain. It has gone into churches and seminaries, with which the city of Cincinnati and suburbs abound. The cathedral and other buildings under the control of the Archbishop have been attached under a writ, and many suits have been commenced by depositors. Some hopes are entertained that a general subscription in the Romanist churches of the country may produce a sum sufficient to considerably reduce the loss of the sufferers, and to some extent lift the odium now attaching to these sacerdotal bankrupt bankers.

Chalk marks on gate-posts, etc., are more significant, it appears, than is generally known. Mr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, in a recent lecture explained some signs which many persons have seen but have not understood. He said, "Let us suppose ourselves to be travelling in disguise with a group of tramps, and that we led them into a frank expression of their plans concerning pelf. Nearly every tramp has a piece of chalk, of which the mark will not wash out in the rain. One of the vagabonds explains to the company how he marks gate-posts. A single circle, without any line across it, means that you can obtain bread and clothing in the house behind the gate on which the mark is made. A similar circle with a single line across it means that you can obtain food there, but no clothing. A circle with two lines across it means that *you will find a dog there*, and will do well to beware. All up and down the Mississippi Valley gate-posts are marked by cabalistic signs."

An extraordinary death is announced from Indianapolis. On Tuesday night, March 11th, Leonidas Grover, who resided in the vicinity of Newtown, Fountain County, met his death in a strange way.

Mr. Grover was a widower, living on his farm with a married daughter and her husband. On the evening referred to the married couple had been absent on a visit to some neighbors, and upon returning at a late hour entered the house, finding every thing to all appearance in usual order, and supposing that Mr. Grover had already retired, went to bed themselves.

Next morning the daughter arose, and having prepared breakfast went to the adjoining room to call her father, and was horrified to find him lying upon his shattered bed a mutilated corpse. Her screams brought her husband quickly to the bed-room, and an inspection disclosed a ragged opening in the roof, directly over the breast of the unfortunate man, which was torn through as if by a cannon-shot, and extending downward through the bedding. Other holes showed the direction taken by the deadly missile. Subsequent search revealed the fact that the awful calamity was caused *by the fall of a meteoric stone*, and the stone itself, pyramidal in shape, and weighing twenty pounds and a few ounces avoirdupois, and stained with blood, was unearthed from a depth of nearly five feet, thus showing the fearful impetus with which it struck the dwelling. The position of the corpse, with other surroundings, showed that the victim was asleep when stricken, and that death to him was painless.

Portraits and brief biographical sketches of the following eminent ministers have already appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD: The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London; Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., of Brooklyn; Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., of New York; and the late Rev. Reuben Nelson, D.D., the celebrated educationist, and for seven years Agent of the Methodist Book Concern. The back numbers are available

ONE NOTHING BY ANOTHER NOTHING.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Though I be nothing."—2 COR. 12 : 11.

Effect of Divine Discipline on Paul—Humility without Cant—I. Other Men's Estimate of Paul —1. He was Nothing in the Estimation of Hatred —2. Nothing in the Valuation of Envy—3. Nothing to the Advanced School—II. Paul's Estimate of Himself—1. A great Correction on his Original Estimate—2. The Result of Enlightenment at his Conversion—3. The Result of his Belief in the Doctrine of Grace.—4. Of his own Internal Experience—5. He had Nothing to Boast of—6. Nothing to Trust in—Our Estimate of Ourselves—Humility prevents Censure of Others —Prevents Self-seeking—Produces Gratitude.

THE divine discipline had succeeded well with the Apostle Paul. There was danger of his being exalted above measure by the abundance of the revelation which he received, and therefore there was given him a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him: this trial fully answered its purpose, and Paul remained a lowly-minded servant of Jesus Christ. His humility comes out in the incident before us. He was compelled to defend himself and prove his apostleship, and this he does very thoroughly but very modestly. In the midst of strong expressions of self-assertion, every one of them truthful and none of them exaggerated, his true humility is as manifest as if he had been unveiling his inward faults, or writing his "Confessions." Read verse eleven, and see the lowly heart of the man: "I am become a fool in glorying; ye d, and compelled me: for I ought to have been c mended of you: for in nothing am I behind th ar- very chiefest apostles, *though I be nothing*."

Beloved, when we have to take the same medicine, may it have as sure an effect upon us as it had upon Paul. If it should be needful for us to be buffeted, or to endure a thorn in the flesh, may the affliction be as much sanctified to its end as it was in his case. Alas! I am afraid that some have many thorns in the flesh, and yet are not humble; many buffetings, and yet are lifted up; and, what is worse still, they have never enjoyed a perilous abundance of revelation to lift them up, but rather they have been surfeited with an abundance of that which is gross and earthy, and yet they are not humble. Though they have no good thing to glory in, they have exalted themselves above their brethren, and have spoken harshly of them and to them, and have been exceeding high and haughty in all that they have done.

Such persons may expect to be stayed in their glorying erelong. May God grant that *a little thorn may be enough* for us, that one touch of the lancet may suffice to let out our proud blood, that a little buffeting by the messenger of Satan may avail to prevent our being exalted above measure; for hath not the Lord said, "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle"? A little trial ought to suffice to ballast us, for I am sure we have nothing so abundant in the way of revelations and spiritual attainments that we should feel inclined at all to glory. It is a great shame if we have fallen into the danger which Paul escaped, and have fallen into it without rhyme or reason. He who is proud about nothing *is a fool in capitals*.

I desire to call your attention to the fact that although Paul was undoubtedly humble, and the discipline of God had helped to keep him so, yet there is *not a particle of cant* in any of his expressions. There is no trace of the whine of hypocrites, revealing rather than concealing their self-conceit. Humility has been well defined as having a just estimate of yourself. There is no humility in such self-depreciation as would lead you to deny what God has wrought in you, or wrought by you: that might be wilful falsehood, and certainly would be grievous error.

The mimicry of humility is a very common piece of masquerading. You shall find persons speaking in very lowly terms of themselves, but they do not expect you to believe them. A brother who has called himself worldly in prayer, if you should tell him in private conversation that you were glad to hear his truthful description of himself, would not take it at all kindly, but would ask who and what are you that you should judge him; he is as spiritual as you are, and perhaps more so. A monk, we remember, confessed that he was so great a sinner that he had broken all the commandments, and when afterwards one of his friends began to charge him with breaking first one commandment and then another, the hypocrite averred that he had not broken any one of them. Men are so little humble that when they smite on their breasts they may be still boasting in their hearts. Mock humility creeps around us, cringing and fawning, but every honest man loathes it, and we may be sure that God loathes it too.

Now, if the apostle had said that he was not an apostle at all, that he had never suffered any thing for Christ, or done any thing to spread the Gospel, he would have been speaking, as some say, "humbly"; but this is a mistake,—he would have been telling lies. He therefore does nothing of the kind. He says that he is not a whit behind the very chief of the apostles, speaks of his sufferings and his toils, and of the manifestations of divine grace to his soul; and yet for all that he finishes his detail of experience by saying, "*Though I be nothing.*" Brethren, not deny what God has done for you, or by Look at all of it and value it, and bless the for it; but still when all is said and done st—nay, I trust you cheerfully will—come to this, "Though I be nothing." Truth aking all the while, and not using a good expression for a sort of religious fashion's sake, but because it is deeply felt to be quite as true that you are nothing, as it is true that God has blessed you.

I. We shall say of it that

THIS WAS OTHER MEN'S ESTIMATE OF HIM.

Every one did not value the great apostle as we do, but many spoke ill of him. Perhaps he meant, though I be nothing in the opinion of my detractors. I hardly think he so intended it, but still he may have included that in its meaning. "I am not," saith he, "a whit behind the chiefest of the apostles, though in the judgment of others I be nothing." I mention this point, first, because it may comfort any earnest servant of God who is faithfully serving his Master, but finds himself undervalued and despised by those from whom he expected sympathy and help.

You may be starting in the Christian life as a young man full of zeal and fervor; but you dwell among a people who count you hot-headed and self-conceited, and do their best to thwart you. You are like Joseph among his brethren, and the archers sorely shoot at you; you are looked upon as a dreamer, and a pretentious fool. Your companions are as rough to you as were David's brethren when he came down to the host: they charge you with pride and wilfulness. Be comforted about this trial if you are indeed a true-hearted soldier of Jesus Christ, for if Paul heard that, in the judgment of many, his personal presence was weak and his speech was contemptible, and if many other eminent men have been frowned upon and misjudged, you need not wonder if the like thing happens to you. It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth; bear it and profit by it.

The case is harder with older servants of God. After a long life of usefulness the churches often forget all that a man was and did in his vigorous times, and now that the elasticity of his mind has abated, they treat him with indifference. His ministry is now more solid and full of experimental teaching; an ungenerous race of hearers do not say that his preaching has become weighty, but they complain that the old gentlemen is "very heavy," and they cannot endure his prosiness. The good old man, who deserves to be honored by his congregation, runs the risk of being elbowed out, and reckoned as a worn-out nobody. You must not marvel, my dear brother, if foolish lovers of novelty should so treat you; it is inexcusable, and yet it is too common. It wounds your heart and makes you wish to be gone to the better land; but do not let it too sorely vex you, for the same thing happened to him at whose feet you would be glad to sit—I mean the apostle of the Gentiles—who, when he was "such an one as Paul the aged," knew that to many he was nothing.

1. In following up the subject we observe that Paul was nothing, *first in the estimation of hatred.* His Jewish brethren, when he was with them, the slave of their prejudices and an advocate of their principles, thought him some great one. He was a leader among them, a Pharisee among the Pharisees, a man deeply taught in rabbinical lore, a scholar to be gloried in, a zealot to be trusted. Then Paul was something; but when he went over to the hated sect and became a worshipper of the Nazarene, he was nothing. The bigot spat at the very mention of his name. He was an apostate, a worthless fellow, a madman, a nothing. He became an alien and worse, a castaway and a curse.

Such is in a measure the case when men become thoroughly and bravely followers of Jesus. *The world's market price of them falls a hundred per cent.* If a scientific man is of infidel principles he is cried up as an eminent thinker and discoverer; but should he be a true Christian, and know twenty times as much as his fellows, he is a person of antiquated views and narrow notions. If a preacher proclaims novel heresies, then he is a man of advanced thought, a leader abreast of the times, though, indeed, there may be nothing in him but an affectation of singularity and a lack of reverence for the Word of God.

2. He was also *nothing in the valuation of envy.* There arose even in the church of Christ certain brethren who loved pre-eminence, and found the apostle already in the highest place. False brethren claimed to be apostles, and, in order to maintain their pretensions, they questioned the apostleship of Paul. They strove to rise by pulling down one who was superior to themselves. Who was Paul? they asked. He could write a weighty and powerful letter, but if you came to listen to him, his weak eyes, his short stature, and his cramped resolve to know nothing but Christ crucified, caused him to make a sorry figure as an orator. They themselves with enticing words and fair speeches boasted that they far excelled him. Where was the excellency of his words? Where was the depth of his wisdom? He was nothing, and they sneered at him, and exalted themselves. The apostle knew all this, and was by no means crushed thereby, for he could stand even before envy.

Ah! brethren, envy has a wonderful skill in the cruel arts of slander and detraction. If the envious cannot quench the sun, they can at least point to his spots, or raise a dust to blind men's eyes to his brightness. Many a hero of the truth has been despised, for the very reason which ought to have secured him honor. It is an unfortunate thing for some men, if they love their own ease, that they have risen to conspicuous usefulness, for in a middle place they might have been allowed to be something, but jealousy is now resolved to rate them at nothing.

3. Again, the apostle was, evidently, *nothing to those who desired that Christianity should make a fair show in the flesh.* Certain brethren had come in among the believers who brought with them human wisdom, and thought therewith to adorn the doctrine of Christ, and cause the offence of the cross to cease. Gnosticism was the "modern thought" of the apostle's age, and of the era which followed it. It was a translation of the Gospel into the language of the schools, and the evaporation of its true life and meaning in the process.

Our apostle abhorred the wisdom of words. "We use," saith he, "great plainness of speech." He tore the mask from off those half heathens who made the cross of Christ of none effect by their philosophizing, and therefore they retaliated by declaring that he was not a man of great mind, that in fact he was nothing.

Other teachers arose who were opposed to the philosophical way, but they must needs take the way of tradition and ritualism, declaring th men must be circumcised, or else their faith i Christ would be of no avail. Such persons dwe much upon the observance of holy days an months, and so on, and thus stirred up th spirit of the apostle till he came forth and crie "I Paul say unto you, that if ye be circumcise Christ shall profit you nothing. By the dee of the law shall no flesh be justified." By d claring the clear plain Gospel of salvation b grace through faith he laid the axe at the ro of all ritualism, as he had before done at th root of all rationalism. Straightway the Hig Churchmen discovered that Paul was nothing.

May the Lord grant to all of us who preac the Gospel a willingness to be lightly esteeme The Lord give us all grace to be fools in the est mation of modern wise men. May we hav enough backbone of holy firmness to be conse vative of the old truth, and to be careless of th ridicule of the worldly wise. May we hav enough loyalty to Christ to be willing to b despised for His sake, manliness enough not t care one atom whether we are in honor or di honor, so long as our conscience is clear that w have faithfully preached Jesus Christ and Hi crucified.

The day shall come when he who has bor the most obloquy for Christ will be esteemed th happiest and most honored man alive; and whe he who was counted the greatest fool for Chri shall be acknowledged to be among the wisest men, and shall shine as the stars forever ar ever. The verdict of earth will be reversed the judgment of heaven, for that which is high esteemed among men is abomination in the sig of God. When any measure of injustice griev us, we should console ourselves with the reme brance that so persecuted they the prophets th were before us, and yet the prophets have l no real honor; so also despised they the Mast and yet His throne has lost none of its glory.

II. But now, secondly, we have here in t words of the apostle

HIS OWN ESTIMATE OF HIMSELF.

1. "Though I be nothing." Our *first* obs vation upon the apostle's valuation of himsel that it is *a very great correction upon his origi estimate of himself*, for in former days he carr a high sail, and would by no means lower flag to any man. When he was on the road Damascus to hunt the saints he was on fi class terms with himself, and thought that was doing God service. *He was somebody t* both good and great, a Hebrew of the Hebre as touching the law, a Pharisee; you might h ridden many a mile to find his equal. *Saul* like his namesake of old, head and shoul above all others; but *Paul* was of quite a di ent stature, short, and even diminutive: I re of course, to his height in his own esteem. would not then have owned that he was noth for he was a student of the law, and a great more besides.

2. *This corrected estimate very much res from the enlightenment which he received a conversion.* What a flood of light does the l pour in upon a man's soul when he brings to himself! At first it almost blinds him that like Paul he owns, "I could not see fo brightness of that light." It was so in

MY OWN CASE.

I had often been down into the cellar o heart, and I rather admired the purity and of the place. It seemed to me to be festo and decorated, and it boasted a good sha vegetation and a considerable life of its own dim, flickering light sufficed to show me thought, that it was by no means a very place, but rather the reverse. I could not vain as to say that I thought it absolutely p in cleanliness and beauty, but still it was a as could be expected, and *far better tha most of other hearts.*

Now, it was ordained that this flatterin sion should be dispelled. On a day, as I into this vault, there came one with a candle than I had been wont to carry, and I saw surprised me beyond measure. I sa eezes ; and even thus, in his dream, did Futtey ng appear carried on beside her. She stretch- out her hand towards the fair and stately tree, d even as she stretched it, down fell the rosy ower of fruit like hail, reddening the ground which they lay. Not one remained fixed upon e branches !

"They grew not upon the holy tree," cried the ight one ; "*love of praise* had but fastened em on, and the waxen fastening melted at the proach of Truth ! Thy alms were not given om love to God ; thy alms were not given from ve to man ; they were done to be seen, they re done to be praised, and surely thou hast d thy reward ! Fool, fool ! dost thou claim erit for this ? Lo ! the dust of earth hath filed thy *deeds of beneficence !*"

Futtey Sing heaved a sigh of bitter disappoint- ent ; he had deceived others, but himself had en most deceived.

Then, irresistibly impelled by Truth, the Rajah proached the fair and stately tree upon which ng the golden clusters. Truth stretched rth her hand, and, even as she stretched it, wn fell the yellow shower of fruit like hail, ding the ground on which they lay. Not one mained fixed upon the branches.

"They grew not on the holy tree," cried the ight one ; "*interest* had but fastened them on, d the waxen fastenings melted at the approach Truth ! Well has it been said by the wise : '*an judges of our motives by our actions, God dges of our actions by our motives !*' Thou ewest that the strength of thy throne was stice ; and therefore, O Rajah, wert thou just ! rely thou hast had thy reward ! Fool, fool ! st thou claim merit for this ? Lo ! the dust of rth hath defiled thy *deeds of justice !*"

And Futtey Sing sighed more heavily than fore ; he had deceived others, but himself had en most deceived.

So in his dream the Rajah approached the rd tree, the fair and stately tree upon which ng the milk-white clusters, the *deeds of self- ial!* Truth stretched forth her hand, and, en as she stretched it, down fell the snowy ower of fruit like hail, whitening the ground which they lay. Not one remained on the anches !

"They grew not on the holy tree," cried the ght one ; "*pride* had but fastened them on, d the waxen fastenings melted at the approach Truth ! Thou didst feel exalted in thine n eyes by thy humiliations, thy fastings and oblations raised thee in thine own sight ove the level of common men. Surely thou st had thy reward ! Fool, fool ! dost thou im merit for this ? Lo ! the dust of the earth th defiled thy deeds of *self-denial !*"

Then Futtey Sing groaned aloud ; he had de- ved others, but himself had been most de- ved.

"What see I yonder," said Truth, "on the rble before the porch of thy temple ? Every d of goodly plumage appears to be there, with ngs of emerald and sapphire, and necks of anging hues, like the varied colors of the al. Tell me, O Futtey Sing ! what are se ?"

Again the spirit of the Rajah revived—again heart throbbed with a feeling of pride, as he e answer in his dream : "These are the *thou- ds of prayers* which I have uttered, at morn, noon, and at the hour of sunset. Have I not rn the marble with my knees ? nay, have I stolen the hours from sleep, and with the ce of my supplication pierced the dull air of ht ! These, my prayers, like birds of strong ng, shall rise above the clouds, appear for me ore the eternal throne, and draw down a bless- from on high !"

"Yea," replied Truth, "the Supreme loves receive the prayers of His people. The faint- sigh from a true humble heart, mounts far ond the twinkling stars. But wherefore rest ne upon the ground ? Will they not take ht at our approach ? Are their goodly wings *clogged* that they cannot rise ?"

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for March 30th. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE have come to the end of the first quarter of the new year in our series of lessons. We were first called upon to consider the building of the second Temple in Ezra 3, and its dedication in Ezra 6. We learn how wondrously God fulfils His word, and how, in the midst of apparently insurmountable difficulties, His people are "more than conquerors" when they put their trust in Him. Oh, how foolish we are to look at our difficulties, or to think of our weakness and helplessness, instead of looking away to God that performeth all things for us (Ps. 57 : 2). When we are in the will of God, and trusting Him, it is impossible that we can fail, for we can say with our Master, "the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works" (John 14 : 10). Here, then, is a lesson of trust.

Our next four lessons were taken from the history of Nehemiah, who may be called the man of prayer. Practical, business-like, capable in all earthy matters, one might have thought that great natural capacity was the cause of it ; but God lets us into the secret, and shows us the strong undercurrent of prayer which pervaded his life ; that really he was a man who was timid, weak in himself, but binding his cause to God in prayer, he became mighty through Him. Neither the King of Persia nor the Jews in Judea, neither the priests and Levites among his own people, nor yet their enemies, could resist or prevail against this man of prayer.

We see him standing before the king while his hand is on his God, for he has previously come to a full understanding with Him, and he knows that the Lord reigneth. He waits until the Lord has opened his way, and then makes preparations with a boldness which is startling, because he does not consider the likelihood or even the possibility ; that is God's affair, and he stands there to speak only what God puts in his mouth. He does not think whether he shall please the king or not, he does not live to please him or any other man ; but in the most utter self-abandonment he acts as one who has no eyes for any but God, seeing and hearing only through Him.

Beloved Christian reader, are you thus free ? Do you walk so freely in a clear understanding with God and in the light of his countenance that outward circumstances have lost their power to trouble you ; you know that He can unravel every tangle, that He sees the way out of every labyrinth, that He has unlimited power over every obstacle, and that because your cause is His cause no power on earth or in hell can prevent that cause from succeeding ? Had Nehemiah looked to himself, he might have thought, How can my people put any trust in me ? I am no ruler, nor yet am I an architect that I should build Jerusalem. But Nehemiah did not see Nehemiah : he saw God only ; God was going to rebuild Jerusalem.

The mockery of his enemies and their plots against him had the same effect one as the other ; both drove him closer to God. And what would have been far more difficult if he had considered man or courted popularity—*i.e.*, to reprove his own people—this also he did in the spirit of prayer and reliance upon God. And he set before them no lower motive in order to attract them ; he took high ground and said, "It is not good that ye do : ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God because of the reproach of the heathen our enemies ?" (Neh. 5 : 9.) And while he encouraged the people to renounce unlawful advantage over one another, he himself renounced the lawful advantages of his position. He says, "But the former governors that had been before me were chargeable unto the people, and had taken of them bread and wine, besides forty shekels of silver ; yea, even their servants bare rule over the people : but so did not I, because of the fear of God" (Neh. 5 : 15).

Thus we see that a man of prayer is a practical and high-principled man, who does not pass away all his time in contemplation, but comes fresh from the presence of God, strong with His authority, which he brings to bear upon others. We see also that he does not only sigh over, but he seeks to reform, the abuses of his day ; brings Bible-reading into practice again, and insists on a strict keeping of the Sabbath day. And all which was brought about through his means began in the secret place of the Most High ; alone with God he took his counsel, alone with God he gathered strength, and alone with God he insured victory.

Our next lesson was on the way of the righteous—his standing, sitting, walking ever in the Lord, his fruitfulness, etc., and the painful contrast of the ungodly. And then we considered our beloved Lord in the glory of His reign when God shall "put all things under His feet" (Ps. 8 : 6 ; 1 Cor. 15 : 25).

Next, we had the prayer of the penitent, and we found that the deep self-abasement of the fallen king of Israel was that of a man who had known close intimacy with God, and who was shrinking from himself, as one who on whom the light of God's searching eye had fallen. "In Thy light shall we see light" (Ps. 36 : 9), but in Thy light shall we discover darkness too. We have seen the intense longing of David for purity, and how in all his deep humiliation he does not so much as name that which brings the deepest sense of shame to such as are not walking closely with God, "What will men think of me ?" Deeply as he had sinned against Bathsheba, Uriah, his family, his kingdom, the thought of all was swallowed up in the greater consciousness of having sinned against God, "against Thee, Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight."

Next we have the joy of forgiveness, the pardon—full, free, perfect, and just—which He gives to us in Christ when He imputes no more to us our iniquity. And this blessing is the foundation of all others. How can any one so walk as to please God if he does not know the terms on which he stands with Him ? God keeps no man in suspense. If any of my readers are not rejoicing in the glorious liberty of sin forgiven, and sin conquered by the blood of Christ, the fault does not lie with Him who has provided grace for every man, but with him who has failed to accept that grace and to believe that God means what He says. God's part of the transaction is complete. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. 5 : 19). If God *is* reconciled to you, if God does not impute your trespasses to you, what power is there under heaven, except your own unbelief, which can hinder you from being reconciled unto God ?

Finally, we have the All-seeing God. Terrible to the sinner, blessed to His own children, is the consciousness that we have a God who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth (Ps. 121 : 4). In so many things in which injustice is done us we can be perfectly content to know : "My Father is aware of it ; He has seen it all." In the misjudgment of men there is an intense repose in knowing : "My life is hid with Christ in God, and my Father knows." And then, when we are rightly accused, and some faithful brother or sister has lovingly warned us of a fault, how blessed to trace the warning back to Him who has put the word in their mouth, and who could not tolerate imperfection in His child ! In all things, how safe to be under the watchful eye of an Almighty and loving Father !

In all the lessons of the past quarter, direct, personal, and practical dealing with God has been enforced. Nothing else can prepare us for the position of power and blessing to which God calls His children on earth ; nothing else can fit us for a reign with Him in glory. But a life hid with Christ in God must be a life in which self has nothing to say, no claim to make ; and therefore is it a life so rare, so little known. Yet to make such a life possible the Son of God thought it worth His while to leave heaven. Shall we then "neglect so great salvation ?"

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An important success of the British forces against the Zulus is announced from South Africa. The Zulus attacked about 4000 of the British troops under Colonel Pearson's command, and were defeated with enormous loss. All fears of a successful invasion of Natal have disappeared; also the news from the Transvaal looks more reassuring for the English, as the inhabitants, being threatened with attacks from surrounding tribes, will naturally throw themselves upon the protection of the British, and cease agitating after independence.

Two defeats of the British forces in Afghanistan have been reported by the New York *Herald*. It is announced that two English battalions, consisting of about eleven hundred men, had been completely defeated and pursued by the Eldji tribes in the Akosta Valley, where the English had already established an administration of their own. It is also reported that the British troops sustained a severe defeat at Lagna Fort, sixty miles south of Gazni. The fort was taken by the Eldji after a severe fight, and the English governor, bound with ropes, was carried in triumph to Cabul.

This fort is an important post on the main road between the Indus Valley and Gazni, by way of the Gomal Pass, and if it can be held will serve as a check to the further progress of the British in that region.

The French Chamber of Deputies has decided not to impeach the De Broglie Ministry. M. Waddington, the President of the Council, said, in the course of the debate: "The report of the impeachment committee would remain in history as testimony of the guilt of the incriminated Ministers. Their offence was great, but their prosecution would produce agitation difficult to alay." The Chamber, however, determined to brand the obnoxious men with national infamy, and passed the following order of the day: "The De Broglie and Rochebouet cabinets, by their culpable schemes, betrayed the Government they should have served. The Chamber accordingly delivers them over to the judgment of the nation, and orders that the foregoing resolution be placarded in every commune in France."

The English nation has had the evil of indiscriminate exportation of arms and ammunition brought home by the Zulu disaster. It has been discovered that the brave troops who were slaughtered by the African savages fell under a destructive fire of *English* ball, poured from *English* breech-loaders. When the ministers were questioned on the subject in the House of Lords, they replied that they "deplored the fact, and should in future use every effort to put down the objectionable traffic." This *objectionable traffic* has beeen brought under the notice of English ministers before, as *we* have reason to remember; but it is hoped that lessons so savagely taught in Zululand may effect the result the Alabama Award and the other protests of foreigners have failed to produce.

A whole City turned into a lake.—Intelligence has been received that Szegedin, a city ranking second in commercial importance in the Kingdom of Hungary, has been completely submerged by an inundation of the river Theiss. Fears had been entertained for nearly a week that such a catastrophe might occur, and some measures had been taken to protect the city, but the irruption came at last—so suddenly that it is feared a considerable loss of life has occurred. Szegedin was built on the right bank of the river Theiss, the highest part of the city being only twelve feet above the low-water level. The Theiss is a river 800 miles in length, rising in the Carpathian Mountains, and flowing into the Danube near the southern boundary of Hungary. Its course is marked by numerous sharp bends, and when the river is swollen by the melted snow and impregnated with alluvial soil, it becomes choked at these sudden curves, and rises high above its ordinary level. Dykes had been built near Szegedin, but the pressure of the water carried away one after another, until on March 12th the last dam broke down and the whole city was submerged.

The telegram announcing the disaster says: "Terrible suffering is commencing. Shrieks and cries from thousands are heard. Houses are crashing by the score, and in many cases carrying their inmates with them. There is no gas, the works being 15 feet in the water. I fear we shall run short of food. One boat was just going to save a large houseful of people, when a fearful crash carried with it the whole living freight.

"The flood, with terrific roar, is rushing from two sides over the city. The horrors of the situation baffle all description. The town is, in fact, destroyed. Two thirds of it are now submerged, including the citadel, and the post and telegraph offices. Whole rows of houses are falling. The Orphanage and Synagogue are destroyed. *All the inmates of the former were buried in the ruins.* Two manufactories *are on fire.* The inhabitants are flying to New Szegedin and the more elevated parts of the town. The scene is simply heartrending. Over 80,000 people are out of house and home. Hundreds are drowning, and the water is still rising rapidly."

A significant fact in connection with the election of M. Jules Grévy to the Presidency of the French Republic is, that only one member of the French Episcopate has had the courtesy to congratulate him on his elevation to that honorable position. The solitary prelate who has taken this patriotic and sensible course is the Archbishop of Avignon. But when Louis Napoleon seated himself on a throne founded upon treachery and bloodshed, the Catholic bishops and clergy were the first to offer him their congratulations. They poured fulsome flatteries into his ears, and were forward to bless even his foulest deeds. All this would doubtless have been repeated now if an enemy of the Republic had been elected to the Presidential chair instead of M. Grévy. Need we wonder that so many Frenchmen openly reject religion, and avow themselves Atheists?

The Marriage of the Duke of Connaught, third son of Queen Victoria, with Princess Louise Margaret, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the hero of Metz, often called the "Red Prince," was celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with great splendor, on Thursday, March 13th. The mourning worn for the Princess Alice was generally laid aside for this day. At the ceremony, besides Her Majesty the Queen and all the members of the Royal Family present in England, there were in attendance from abroad, among others, the father of the bride, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, and the King and Queen of the Belgians. Prince Leopold, youngest brother of the bridegroom, was unable to be present through illness. The marriage service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Oxford.

The commercial distress in European cities may be realized by the following facts published in a Berlin newspaper: "In three months there have been 3000 seizures in the capital for arrears of taxes; that more than double that number of Berlin tradesmen are in bankruptcy or the verge of it; that the great army of unemployed workmen have kept themselves alive, if such an existence can be called life, by clearing snow off the sidewalks; that 237 men recently applied for a vacant clerkship, worth only $3.15 per week, and that a doctor who advertised for a housekeeper received 450 applications. In Mannheim the misery is frightful. Men, once stalwart, roam around the streets, and search the gutters, in hope of stumbling upon something that can be converted into warmth or food."

A Sister Substitute.—At Brussels, the capital of Belgium, a poor crippled girl committed some offence, for which she was sentenced to a week's imprisonment. Her sister slipped into her place, was carried to prison, and bore the week's punishment for her. At the end of the week it was discovered that the true offender had not been punished. The judge refused to consider the penalty paid, and even proceeded to sentence the sister to prison for attempting to shield the guilty, and would have carried it into effect had not the people of the city interposed. There is necessity for the sentence of the law being put into execution; and so the punishment was inflicted. It may, however, be borne by a substitute; but if so, the *judge* must *consent* to that arrangement. Now, in our case a substitute did come forward, our Elder Brother Jesus. His offering of Himself was *approved* by the Father, and therefore avails for us.

Royal Atrocities in Burmah.—Great consternation exists in Mandalay, in consequence of the King of Burmah having caused all the royal princes and their families, numbering forty persons, to be murdered. The late King of Burmah, who died on the 2d of October last, was a ruler of a mild and peaceable type, but his son, who then succeeded to the throne, appears disposed to follow the brutal instincts of his more despotic ancestors. The killing was attended by every possible atrocity. The victims were beaten and kicked. The women were shamefully abused. The Royal Princes were reserved to the last, and made to witness the torture and death of their families. The bodies of all the victims were thrown into old wells. Surely the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty (Psalm 74; 20).

Mr. William Noble's Temperance Meetings at Hoxton Music Hall, London, are doing a great deal of good. The other evening a gentleman and his wife came on the platform. He said his wife (who was with him, and could not be much more than thirty years of age) had been addicted to drink for over *eight* years. She would keep sober for a week or two, then break out, and leave her home and little children; she had then just come out of the workhouse, and she could not overcome the terrible craving for drink. There she stood by him, ashamed to look up. He husband took the pledge with her, he said, as last resource *to help her to keep it.* Who knows perhaps, had *he* signed before, *she* might hav held more firmly on, for it is perilous to pu temptation in the way of these weak ones. Th ladies intend looking after her.

A Grasping Priest.—A lady in Brussels wh was eighty years of age finding herself to be seriously ill, she caused her confessor, of the Orde des Conventuels, to be sent for. The latter, o arriving at the beside of the invalid, requeste her niece and a maid-servant to withdraw Shortly afterward he recalled them, and demanc ed that the niece should deliver to him a cash-bo containing all the fortune of the dame, 300,0 francs. The damsel refused. The priest w annoyed, but soon found out from the mai servant where the valuables were kept. He we to the place, took possession of the box and i contents, of no light weight, and with some a conveyed it to a cab and drove off. A complai was at once made by the young lady to t police, and a judicial inquiry was commence Since then Madame Perdegel is dead, and it h been ascertained that by will she disinherit her family for the benefit of Father Hyacinthe

The Euphrates Valley Railway.—From interesting letter from Smyrna we learn that pr parations for the construction of the Euphrat Valley Railway are being rapidly completed the Holy Land. Mesopotamia is full of Engli engineers and agents, who are travelling all o the country, the former making all the nec sary studies, and the latter purchasing lan The residence of Nebuchadnezzar—the great c which he had built—will, therefore, soon see t puffing locomotive gliding swiftly past its cru bling ramparts; and on the rivers of Babyl where the descendants of the patriarchs sat wept over the lost glories of Zion, their child will appear as shareholders in the new rail line, and as travellers for their pleasure. H ing at Hille, they will in the course of a hours be able to view the grandiose ruins the palace where, twenty-five centuries ago, Babylonian generals elaborated the scheme the conquest of Jerusalem.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ublished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other minent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. The Circulation is 150,000 Copies.

Price, Single Copies, Three Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1879.

13th Year. No. 25—New Series.

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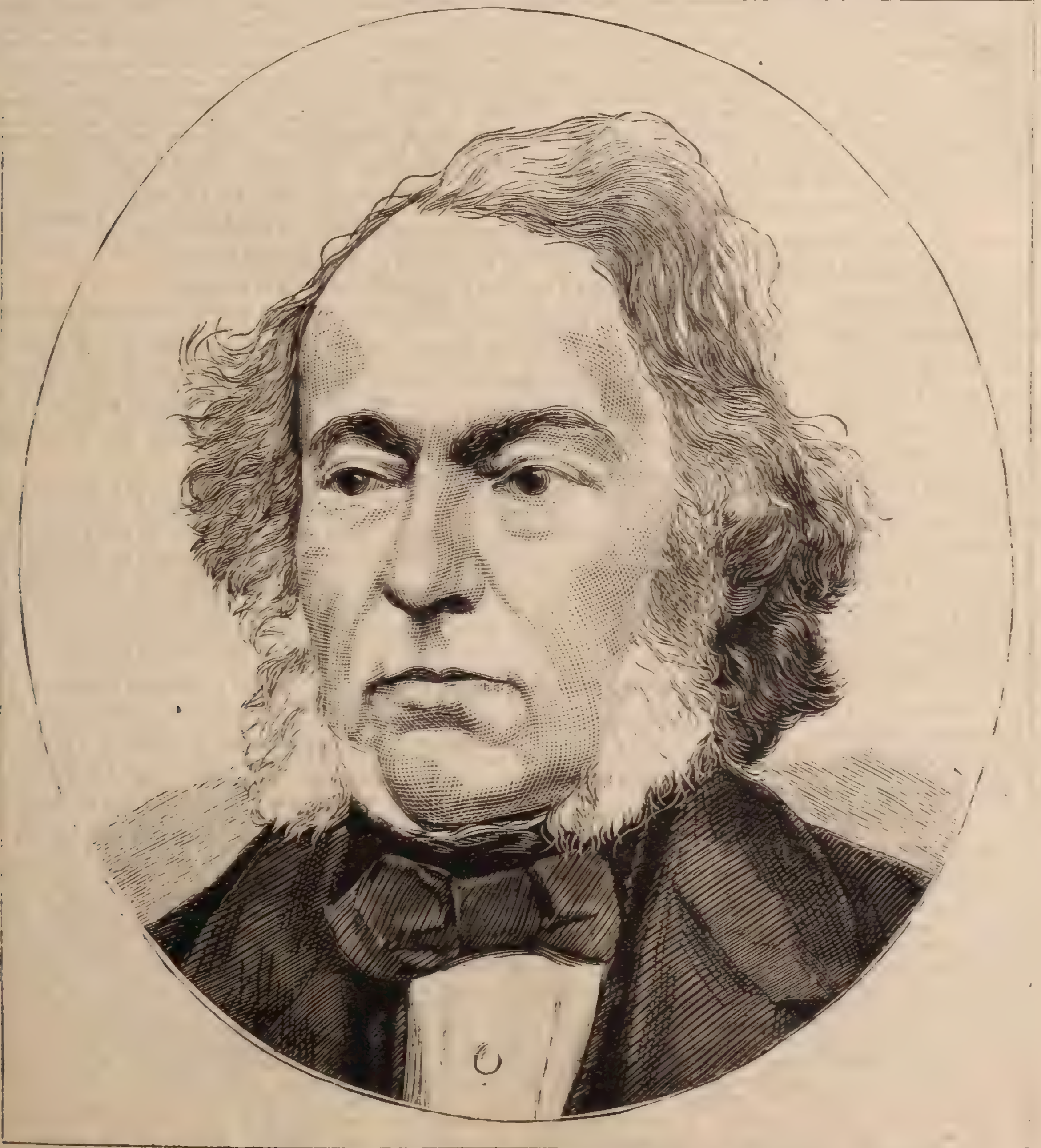

RICHARD COBDEN: who overthrew the Corn-Law Monopoly in England.

RICHARD COBDEN.

An Ancient Family—Commercial Pursuits—The Timely Help of a Friend—Prosperity in Business—Cobden Contributes to the Press—His First Speech—Returned to Parliament—The Anti-Corn-Law League—Sir Robert Peel's Testimony—The Anglo-French Treaty Negotiated by Mr. Cobden—His Illness and Death—John Bright's Estimate of His Friend's Character.

ON the 3d of June, 1804, Richard Cobden was born, at a farmhouse near Midhurst, in the County of Sussex, England. The family was one of the oldest in the neighborhood; but the story of its ancestry is best told in words which were spoken by Cobden to a friend when walking in the beautiful country near Dunford House, *the place of his birth*, about a year before his death.

"Our family," he said, "has resided in this neighborhood for a good many generations. Years ago, my brother and I found a number of papers which had been thrown aside as waste paper, which, when we came to examine them, proved to be old family documents. By these we could trace the Cobdens as having lived at Midhurst for *two hundred years*, and there was always a Richard Cobden among them. Formerly there was a small manufactory of hosiery in the town, with which they appear to have been connected. My grandfather was an energetic and prosperous man. He was a maltster at Midhurst, and almost always the bailiff (*i.e.*, the mayor) of the town, and took rather a notable part in county matters. My father took to farming at an unfortunate time. He was most amiable and kind-hearted, but not a man of business, and things did not prosper with him. But *my mother was a woman of great energy and character.*"

At the Free Grammar School of Midhurst, a quaint but clean and well-built Sussex market-town, the subject of our sketch received the rudiments of his education. Subsequently, his father died, and he was sent to his uncle in London, who found him employment in his warehouse, where, however, he did not remain long, but obtained another situation in a large house in the same department of trade. Here his *quickness, integrity, and energy* secured for him the favorable notice of his employers, and it was not long ere he was advanced from the warehouse to be their representative on the "road."

Whilst acting as commercial traveller for this house, it came to Cobden's knowledge that a firm with whom they were doing business, were desirous of retiring, and were willing to dispose of their business on very favorable terms. This was the opportunity for young Cobden; but he did not possess the required sum of 1500*l.* to purchase it. A Mr. John Lewis, of 101 Oxford Street, London, entertained, however, so great an esteem and friendship for young Cobden, that he lent him the money, which in due time was punctually repaid.

Calico-printing was the business in which Cobden thus became established; and under his management it became highly lucrative. The firm had three large houses of business—one in London and one in Manchester for the sale of goods, and another at Clitheroe, where the calicoes were printed.

THE MANCHESTER HOUSE

was under the personal management of Mr. Cobden himself; and to his thorough knowledge of the trade, coupled with his good taste and business tact, the firm mainly owed its great success. Cobden's prints not only became fashionable, but their fame was known abroad.

While engaged in matters of business, and travelling widely to open up fresh business, he was keenly alive to the political events of the day. Under the signature of "Libra" he contributed a series of papers on public questions, to the Manchester *Times*. These were of such high merit that they attracted the attention of the editors of that journal, who invited the anonymous writer to meet them at their publishing office. This led to his introduction to some prominent politicians in Manchester, and he was soon afterwards induced to essay a public speech at a meeting to promote the incorporation of the town.

HIS FIRST ATTEMPT AT ORATORY

proved a failure; he became nervous and confused, and all but broke down. But it was not long before his great powers as a public speaker became fully developed. At the opening of the Manchester Athenæum he delivered the inaugural address, and also appeared at several meetings on behalf of the movement for national education. At one of these meetings he first met that eminent statesman, John Bright, and ere long a friendship was formed between them, founded on *a community of sentiments and aims;* a friendship which, in connection with the great Free Trade struggle, and the social and political progress of England, will be deemed worthy of historic notice.

At the general election of 1841 Mr. Cobden was returned to Parliament for Stockport, and on August 25th he delivered his maiden speech

IN PARLIAMENT.

It was mainly directed against *the protective duty on corn.* His style of speaking on that occasion was described as "simple and earnest, his eloquence plain, ready, and forcible, and of a kind eminently suited to his time and function, and wholly new in the House of Commons."

For several years, until the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, he labored indefatigably by speaking and writing to procure for the British people the great boon of *Free Trade in corn*, and the repeal of the Protection Laws which imposed heavy duties upon corn imported from foreign lands, and which consequently raised the price of bread, and caused the stagnation of trade. In a speech at that period he said, "Beginning myself without one shilling besides what I derived from my own industry, I have pushed my way along; but I declare it my firm conviction that had I been left to commence my career at the present day, such is the state of trade, I could not have a chance of rising."

In 1846 the Anti-Corn-Law League was successful in bringing about the abolition of the Corn Laws, and Sir Robert Peel said at that time, "The name which ought to be, and will be, associated with the success of these measures, is the name of one who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has with untiring energy made appeals to our reason, and has enforced those appeals with an eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned—the name which ought to be chiefly associated with these measures is the name of Richard Cobden."

Nothing but a thorough conviction that he was rendering *a service to his country* led Cobden to take so prominent a part in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and how highly he estimated the benefit when the end was accomplished may be judged of by the following words in which he alluded to Sir Robert Peel, when soon after forced to resign by the adverse vote of Parliament: "*If he has lost office he has gained a country.* For my part, I would rather descend into private life with that last measure of his which has led to his discomfiture in my hand, than mount to the highest pinnacle of human power without it."

NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL.

Aware of the pecuniary sacrifices he had made, and fully appreciating the value of the public service he had rendered, his admirers throughout Great Britain resolved to requite and honor Cobden in return: they did so by presenting to him the munificent sum of 80,000*l.* ($389,000). Part of this amount was laid out in the purchase of the house in which he was born, together with a small estate adjoining. The house, improved and enlarged, became Dunford House, his favorite residence. Here, amidst the scenes of his childhood, he hospitably received strangers who came to him from all lands; here, in an unostentatious manner, *he went about doing good*, visiting the poor, the sick, and afflicted, cheering them with a kindly word and ministering to their pressing wants with liberal hand and loving heart; and in congenial pursuits he spent the closing years of his life.

During the interval between the repeal of the Corn Laws and the Crimean War, Cobden devoted himself to the advocacy of a reduction in the national expenditure, and of arbitration as a means of settling international disputes.

In the autumn of 1859 he accomplished another great undertaking, and rendered one more splendid service to his country. This was the successful negotiation of

THE ANGLO-FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.

The high estimation in which this special service was regarded by the British Government will best be shown in Mr. Gladstone's words in Parliament: "With regard to Mr. Cobden, speaking as I do at a time when every angry passion has passed away, I cannot help expressing our obligations to him for the labor he has, at no small personal sacrifice, bestowed upon a measure which he, not the least among the apostles of Free Trade, believes to be one of the most memorable triumphs Free Trade has ever achieved. Rare is the privilege of any man, who, having fourteen years ago rendered to his country one signal service, now again, within the same brief span of life, *decorated neither by rank nor title*, bearing no mark to distinguish him from the people he loves, has been permitted to perform another great and memorable service to his sovereign and country."

Mr. Cobden had long suffered from weak health. An attack of bronchitis was the immediate cause of his death, which occurred in Suffolk Street, London, on Sunday morning, April 2d, 1865. Many were the tributes tendered to his memory and merits. In the "Corps Législatif" of France the death of Richard Cobden was spoken of as "not alone a misfortune to England, *but a cause of mourning for France and humanity.*"

The following

REMINISCENCES OF HIS LAST DAYS,

by his most intimate friend John Bright, spoker on the occasion of his unveiling Cobden' statue at Bradford in 1877, will be read with interest. After tracing in an eloquent speech hi career from the time when he was a calico-printer in Manchester in 1830, at the age of 26, t his death in 1865, Mr. Bright said of his las days:

"I had been, only a month before the day his death, visiting him at his home at Midhurs It was a clear day in the early March. W strolled out into the fields, and as we were retur ing home he began to talk of his boy, his on son, who died some nine or ten years, I thin before; and, turning round and pointing to t beautiful little church, in a most lovely situ tion, he said, 'Yes, my poor boy lies there, a I shall very soon be with him.' I little thoug how soon.

"Only a few days afterwards he came up London—it was a time when the question spending large sums on the absurd and mo strous idea of defending Canada from the Ur ed States was before the public; and he ca up to London with the intention of speak upon this question and of pointing out to House of Commons *the foolish and irratio course* on which they were invited to enter. came up on one of the bitterest days of t month of March, and he was stricken by c and fatally stricken. Only, I think, some days afterwards his complaint became gre aggravated, and on that 2d of April of whic have spoken, I was at his rooms early in morning, and remained with him during s unconscious hours until the final close of a to which I feel myself, and have always felt self, so strongly attached.

"One more picture of him. I attended funeral at Midhurst. He was laid in the s vault with his boy, in which they are now companied by the remains of his dear wife the dear boy's mother. I attended, I say funeral. Before we left the house, leanin the coffin was his sorrowing daughter, whose attachment to her father seems to een a passion scarcely equalled among daughers. She said, 'My father used to like me ery much to read to him the Sermon on the lount.' Why, his own life was to a large exent—I speak it with deference and with hesitaon—a sermon based upon that best and greatst of sermons. *His was a life of perpetual self-crifice.* I have lately been reading a new poem hich has interested me very much—a poem alled 'The Epic of Hades.' Many of you may ever have heard of it; most of you may not ave seen it. It is, as I view it, another gem dded to the wealth of the poetry of our lanuage. In that poem the author says—

> 'For knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
> But duty is a path which all may tread.'

think it will be admitted by those who know ny thing of the life of Mr. Cobden that he trod hat he believed to be *the path of duty,* and alays with a firm and unfaltering footstep.

"But let me add that this statue which you ave erected to-day, or which is erected in your idst, is by no means the greatest monument at has been built up to him. There is one far rander and of wider significance. There is not homestead in the country in which there is not dded comfort from his labors, not a house the wellers in which have not steadier employment, igher wages, and a more solid independence. he Repeal of the Corn Laws and establishment f Free Trade is an enduring monument. He orked for these ends and for these great purposes, and he worked, as it might be said, even most to the very day when the lamp of life went ut. He is gone, but his character, his deeds, is life, his example, remain a possession to us is countrymen, and, as long as the great men England are spoken of in the English lanuage, let it be said of him that Richard Coben gave the labors of a life that he might confer pon his countrymen perfect *freedom of industry,* nd with it not that blessing only, but its attendnt blessings of plenty and of peace."

ONVERSION OF A CHINESE GAMBLING SALOON KEEPER.

A WEALTHY Chinaman, the proprietor of a rge gambling hell, was converted under the llowing circumstances: A Chinese literary raduate came to Mr. Stevenson, of the China land Mission, and wished to have some conersation with him, having read some translaons of scientific works by which he was very uch interested. Mr. Stevenson conversed ith him on the subject about which he was terested, and then introduced the Gospel, and od blessed his exhortations to his conversion.

The young graduate at once made public proession of Christ, and though it brought upon im no small amount of persecution and opprorium, he went out in the power of the Holy host and *preached the Gospel in the streets of his wn city.* There was no foreigner by his side. here was no one to support him. He was there l alone, and the love of Christ constrained him.

As he stood there one day preaching, he said, This Saviour, of whom I am speaking to you, mighty to save. He is able to cure the *opium noker* of his opium smoking. He is able to ure the *gambler* of his propensities to gambling. le is able to cure the *debauchee* of his bad abits; and you know very well that it is useless r men who are addicted to these evils to try to ure themselves. But the Saviour whom I reach—Jesus Christ—is mighty to save."

The proprietor of the gambling hell was standg near listening to the earnest young preacher, nd he said to himself, "*If this Jesus can save me, le shall.*" He afterwards had some conversaion with the literary graduate, and he went ome and closed his gambling establishment. le sent all the bad women away from the ouse, and the place has remained closed until a hort time since, when a part of it was opened for he preaching of the Gospel; and now, instead of he rattle of the tables, obscene songs, and blashemous ejaculations, the walls echo with the lessed words of the Gospel.

A DYING COLOR-SERGEANT'S REPENTANCE, AND THREE CHRISTIAN OFFICERS' DEATHS.

By Major Malan, Author of "Old Comrades," etc.

IT was evening in the tropics. A commanding officer went out for his ordinary walk, and having nowhere particular to go, bent his steps towards the regimental hospital. He thought that a visit might perhaps cheer the men. As he entered the large ward, he saw one of the color-sergeants of the regiment in bed.

"Why, color-sergeant ——, when did you come here?"

"Yesterday morning, sir. I took cold the day before."

"I missed you at the orderly-room this morning, but I thought you were on guard."

The officer then sat down on his bed, and they talked together. The color-sergeant had been in his company. He first gave him promotion as lance-corporal, and each of his other steps had been by his recommendation. They had known one another ten years, and the officer had a great regard for him. Old quarters and old comrades were recalled, and home was spoken of. Before leaving, the officer said, "Well, I never expected to find you here this evening, but we are old friends, and I should like to give you some words which I have been turning over in my mind all day, and the more I think of them the better I like them."

"I should be glad to hear them, sir."

The officer then twice repeated, "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life" (Romans 5 : 10).

He continued: "Do you see the beauty of that argument? When we were all enemies to God by sin, we were reconciled to Him by the death of Christ. That is a fact if we believe in Him. Much more, says the apostle, as we are thus reconciled, we shall be saved by His life—because He lives to save us. What a glorious truth this is!"

Wishing him and the other patients good-night, the officer left the ward, receiving the thanks of his old comrade for the visit.

Christmas day soon followed. It was a day of heavy tropical rain. The commanding officer had been round the Christmas dinners, and not wishing that the officers should get wet through, by accompanying him to the hospital, he dismissed them and the non-commissioned officers, and with his orderly went to visit the patients. When he entered the building and looked at his old friend, the color-sergeant, he was shocked to see the stamp of death upon his face.

After talking to the other soldiers about the *old folks at home,* and referring briefly to the cause of the special observance of Christmas day, he went to the bedside of the man who was so ill. There could be no mistake about it. He had come to that point in the war where there is no discharge.

The officer did not know whether the doctor had told his friend that his end was near, so he made no allusion to it, but after exchanging a few words, and remarking that the whole civilized world was feasting and rejoicing on a day kept in commemoration of the birth of Christ, although so many rejected Him, he asked him whether he had thought over the passage he had repeated to him at his last visit.

The color-sergeant replied that he had.

The officer then proposed to read to him from his Bible. The sick man acquiesced. He selected this passage: "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John 10 : 9). The officer dwelt long and earnestly on Christ Himself being the only Door, the necessity of every man entering by faith in Him, and the certainty that if they do so they shall be saved. He laid great stress on the assurance contained in the word "shall." Not wishing to weary his old comrade, to whom he had often before spoken on this truth, he prayed with him, and then urging him to hold fast to the words of life which Christ had spoken, and to look up to Him alone, left the ward. A brother sergeant who had come to see the sick man took the officer's place.

"M—," said the dying man to the friend who sat with him, "you know —— and his followers?" He alluded to the familiar name by which the commanding officer was known in the barracks.

His comrade assented.

"Well, you know that I have always been the ringleader in laughing at them. I am very sorry for it now. You will remember, M—, that I said I am very sorry for it now?"

His comrade promised that he would. It was all the reparation the dying man could make to confess his past wrong; and, blessed be God, it is a hopeful sign when a sinner acknowledges his transgressions and seeks, through Christ, free and full pardon for all his many offences.

He was like an old gunner, who once said, "I used to call every man in the battery who attended the officer's Bible-class all the hypocrites in the world until I got caught, and now they call me a hypocrite, but I don't mind it."

THREE CHRISTIAN OFFICERS' DEATHS.

"I am ready!" said *Colonel Fordyce* when mortally wounded. He was a father to his regiment, the 74th Highlanders, and his name is yet remembered among them. Carried to the rear by his men, the surgeon told him that his wound was fatal. "I am ready!" was his calm reply. He was ready. For many years he had walked with God as a soldier, and he went to no strange quarters, when he exchanged march and battle for "the presence of the King."

"Ready!" has been the glad response of many thousands when the summons has come to them.

Colonel Sir Thomas Troubridge, Baronet, whose noble conduct when wounded at Inkerman obtained for him the admiration of the army, was one of this host. Held in high esteem by his regiment, long on the staff at the Horse Guards, and beloved by a large circle of friends, he was suddenly called to fight his last battle. So unexpected was the event that there was no time to summon friends. But he sent his mother and sister this message: "Tell them that I am not afraid to die; I am trusting to the blood of the Lord Jesus for salvation, and we shall soon meet again."

Another officer on the headquarter staff with him, when as quickly called to sheath his sword, repeated this saying of Christ to a friend who had visited him, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" adding with a look of triumph, "I hold on to that!" These three were ready. There is no discharge *in that war.* Are *you* ready?

Napoleon and the Soldier.—On one Occasion, during the European wars at the close of the last century, the French army were resting, after a day of fierce fighting at Marengo, and Napoleon Bonaparte had placed his sentinels at different points of the camp. They were charged, on pain of death, to keep awake, and guard against being surprised by the enemy. About midnight Nalpoeon rose, and, walking round, found one of the sentinels asleep, his gun lying beside him. The soldier, no doubt, had been worn out by the terrible fatigue of the preceding day—but then the law must be obeyed; discipline must be kept up; the sentinel's duty must be done, or else he must die. What did the Emperor do? Softly and silently he took up the gun, put it *on his own shoulder,* and acted as sentinel till the dawn of day. When the soldier awoke he was filled with alarm at having left his duty undone, concluding that he was a lost man. But Napoleon (who had done this generous act from love to him as a soldier) simply handed back to him his gun, and bade him be more awake in future. In this case, "By the obedience of that one," the law was kept to the letter. And even thus the Lord Jesus took up our undone obedience, and by His life of spotless holiness in our room, fulfilled all righteousness for those who trust in Him.

THE GREAT SEARCH.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached Sunday Morning, April 6, 1879.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19 : 10.

Anything Lost awakens Sympathy—A Lost Child—A Lost Ship—A Lost Man—We are Lost—I. To Holiness—Napoleon and the Simplon Pass—There Shall be no Mountains—II. Lost to Happiness—Experience of a Caliph—The World more Familiar with Grief than Joy—The Old Slave's Possessions—A Christian in the Bishop's Coal Hole—Rose Allen's Peace in Her Sufferings—III. Lost to Heaven—Christ Gives the Soul a Heavenly Attuning—A Scotch Woman's Procrastination.

WHEN Kossuth came to this country about twenty years ago, so great was the enthusiasm for Hungary, that I remember the trees around the New York Battery were crowded with people who had climbed them to see the distinguished stranger as he passed. I shall never forget the scene. Indeed, if one be well poised, he cannot stand in a better place to see a passing crowd than in a tree-top.

Well, Christ was coming to Jericho, and there was a small man whose head did not come up to the shoulders of other people, who despaired of seeing the distinguished stranger while standing on a dead level; so he climbs up into a sycamore tree, broad-branched, stretching its arms clear across the highway, and sits there while Jesus advances. Christ, coming up with the great multitude, casts His eyes up, and sees the man on the branch of the sycamore tree, and says, "Come down;" and after the man has alighted, He says among other things to him, "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost."

Our sympathies are readily aroused when we see any thing that is *lost*. Even a dog that has wandered away from its master, we feel sorry for; or a bird that has escaped from its owner, we say poor thing. Going down the street near nightfall, in the teeth of the sharp north-west wind, you feel very pitiful for the one who has to be out. As you go along you hear

THE AFFRIGHTED CRY OF A CHILD.

You stop. You say, "What is the matter?" You go up, and you find that a little one has lost its way from home. In its excitement it cannot even tell its name or its residence. The group of people gathered around are all touched, all sympathetic, are all helpful. A plain body comes up, and with her plaid she wraps the child, and says, "I'll take care of the poor bairn," while in the same street a little way off, the crier goes through the city ringing a bell, uttering in a voice that sounds dolefully through all the alleys and byways of the city, "A lost child! three years of age; blue eyes, light hair; lost child!" Did you ever hear any such pathos as that ringing through the darkness?

You are *on shipboard*. You see against the sky a vessel; it comes nearer. You hoist a flag. It makes no response. You say, "What is the matter with the vessel?" You put the sea glass to your eye, and you find there is no one in the rigging, no one on the deck. "Ah!" you say, "I guess that must be *an abandoned ship!*" It comes on, falling over in the trough of the ocean. It floats every whither, tossed by the wild sea, and the crew say to the passengers, and the captain says to the mate, "*It is a lost ship!*"

You are going down the street, and you see a man that you know well. You once associated with him. You are astonished as you see him. "Why," you say, "he is all covered with the marks of sin. He must be in the very last stages of wickedness." And then you think of his lost home and say, "God pity his wife and child! God pity him." *A lost man.*

But, my friend, we are all lost! All we like sheep have gone astray, and the bell-man of heaven came out hunting up and down to find those who have missed their way, ringing through all the streets of the city and all the valleys and mountains of the earth *the old Gospel-bell*, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

I am glad it is the *Son of Man* who has come to seek us. It is not one armed with thunderbolts, riding down the sky in ponderous chariots, to crush us; but the Son of Man, His nature just like our nature, with one exception; His infancy rocked in the cradle of a mother's arms; His boyhood spent in Nazareth, amid a boy's temptations; afterwards with blistered hands learning a trade; afterwards preaching, not with priest's gown, but in citizen's apparel; talking *as brother talks with brother*.

Oh, he was the Son of Man! He walked like a man; He slept like a man; He ate like a man; He drank like a man; He wept like a man; He suffered like a man; *He was a man*. He knew what sin and temptation are by personal contact, for He lived in a most abandoned village, and He moved around amid fishing villages, known in all ages for their vice, and in after years He preached in Jerusalem, a city which, though it had its temple, was worse than any of our American cities.

When Christ comes to-day, He comes not to a new world to make a discovery, but He comes to an old world, where He once lived—to a race whose nerves and muscles and bones and flesh were like those which He inhabited. Like us the cold chilled Him; like us fire warmed Him; like us betrayal exasperated Him. I warrant you that in that hostile and rough society He received many a kick and bruise and cuff that has never been recorded. I am glad to know that He comes *in the fresh memory of His sorrows* on earth, and of those thrilling night-scenes and day scenes of His early citizenship, to seek and to save that which was lost.

I. *In the first place* I remark that

WE ARE LOST TO HOLINESS.

Are you not all willing to take the Bible announcement that our nature is utterly ruined? Sin has broken in at every part of the castle. One would think that we got enough of it from our parents, whether they were pious or not; but we have taken the capital of sin with which our fathers and mothers started us, and we have by accumulation or by infernal compound interest made it enough to swamp us forever.

The heart is a battleground around which armed battalions sweep right and left; the ivory palace of the soul polluted with the filthy feet of all uncleanness. The Lord Jesus Christ comes to bring us back to holiness. He comes not to destroy us, but to take the consequences of our guilt. He breaks through the lacerating thorns and hedges to offer us clearance.

Here is a man who a few weeks ago said, "All is right with me; I am not willing to confess I am a sinner." Now the Spirit comes to his soul, and he feels himself to be so great a sinner that there is no mercy for him. When did he make the most accurate estimate? Now! "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

But, says some one in the audience, I have sinned so much I do not believe Christ will take me. Napoleon thought of going over into Italy. His friends laughed at him and said, "You never can get over the Alps. If you know any thing about the Alps, you know you never can get over them." Napoleon waved his hand and said, "There shall be no Alps." Then the road was built through the Simplon Pass, the wonder of following years.

We stand and see *the mountain of our guilt*. The obstacles seem so great that it is impossible for us to find a way into the peace and life of the Gospel, but Christ comes, and He waves His wounded hand, and cries, "There shall be no obstacles. I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity."

Oh ye who have sinned, instead of flying away from Christ, if you only knew *who it is that comes to save you* you would fly no farther, but turn around, and while Christ seeks you, you would seek Christ, and this house would be a scene of a penitent sinner and a pardoning Saviour throwing each other's arms around each other's neck, while heaven could afford to stop half an hour and hang over the battlements gazing.

What is that flutter among the angels? Who is that horseman rushing through the city with quick dispatch? What is that announcement on the bulletins of heaven? I know what it is *Christ has found that which was lost*.

"Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindles new with fire;
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre."

II. I remark, again, we are

LOST TO HAPPINESS,

and Christ comes to find us.

A caliph said, "I have been fifty years a caliph, and I have had all honors and all wealth, and yet in the fifty years I can count up *only fourteen days of happiness*." How many there are in this audience who cannot count fourteen days in all their life in which they had no vexations or annoyances!

We all feel a capacity for happiness that has never been tested. There are interludes of bliss, but whose entire life has been a continuous satisfaction? Why it is that most of the fine poems of the world are somehow descriptive o grief? It is because men know more about sorrow than they do about joy.

John Milton succeeds when he writes "Paradise Lost," but fails when he comes to writ "Paradise Regained." Dante's "Inferno" i a chime of horrors. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" i a poem of tears. Take the pathos out of th writings of Tennyson and Longfellow, and yo have taken three fourths of their power. Joh Ruskin writes his most effective passages abou the ruins of Venice.

The dog of bad news comes faster than th carrier-pigeon flies with good tidings. There ar flashes of satisfaction for the heart; but whos life has been a prolonged delight? The soul h four banks of keys, and the world does not kno how to play on such an elaborate instrument, *b religion comes*, and with her right hand sh touches the higher keys of the soul, and with h left hand the lower keys of the soul, and th sweeps them with the symphonies of heaven.

Oh, how many in this house have been stu and plagued! Had it not been for risking yo eternal interests some of you would have put end to the scene of earthly suffering with yo own hand. A deep undertone of sadness ro through your soul. You would be willing n to give up your money and your social positio and all you have achieved, for one day the peace which the good old slave express when he said with broken language: "In ow ing Christ *I seem to own every thing*. The air mine, for I can breathe it; the sunshine is mi for I can sit in it; the earth is mine, for I can down on it; the heaven is mine, for I am go to it." To have something of that compl satisfaction which belongs to the humblest God's children, you would give almost any thi

Oh, ye who are struck through with unr Christ comes to-day *to give you rest*. If Ch comes to you, you will be independent of worldly considerations. It was so with Christian man who suffered for his faith, was thrust down into the coal-hole of the Bis of London. He said, "*We have had fine ti here*, singing gladsome songs the night long. God! forgive me for being so unworthy of glory."

More joyful in the hour of suffering martyrdom was Rose Allen. When the pr cutor put a candle under her wrist and hel there until the sinews snapped she said, "If see fit, you can burn my feet next and then head." Christ once having taken you into custody and guardianship, *you can laugh at* and persecution and trial.

Great peace for all those whom Christ found and who have found Christ. Jesus c into their sick-room. The nurse may have len asleep in the latter watches of the ni

Jesus watches with slumberless eyes and he s His gentle hand over the hot brow of the ient and says, "You will not always be sick. ill not leave you. There is a land where the abitant never saith, "I am sick." *Hush, ubled soul! Peace.*

hen Jesus comes into

THE HOME OF BEREAVEMENT,

He says, "I took your lost darling. I come to make up for his absence; I wanted him he gate when you came through. The days your separation will only add to the joys of nion. Peace! I am the resurrection and the ; he that believeth in Me, though he were d, yet shall he live."

ust as sometimes a child is so sick that it can- lie any longer in the cradle, and the mother to take it up, so sometimes the Lord's chil- n are so troubled that they cannot lie easy where but in God's lap, and He bends over m and sings this sweet lullaby, "As one om His mother comforteth, so will I comfort ."

"he soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
ill not, I will not, desert to his foes;
t soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
never, no, never, no, never forsake."

II. Again I remark that we are

LOST TO HEAVEN,

Christ comes to take us there. I cannot gine any thing more distressful than, without ing any musical taste, to sit and listen to an torio for two hours and a half. Though it be best of oratorios, if a man have no musical e it is a distress to him, while it is a joy to ers. And I cannot imagine any thing more ressful for a man who has no love for pic- s than to be shut up in the Luxemburg Gal- in Paris. Yes, I can think of one thing se than that, and that will be for a man to er heaven *without any taste for it.*

sometimes hear people talk as though all a n had to do was just to leave this world, and into heaven and sit down to its enjoyments. a man cannot stand Christian society here one day, how would he stand a million years it? I see an unregenerate soul going into ry. It enters heaven, looks around, and sees there, and angels there, and hears the cry: oly! Holy!" and the unregenerate soul s, "*This is no place for me,*" and he flies to battlements and he cries: "I can stand it e no longer," and he leaps off into outer dark- s. In other words, the worst hell for a man ld be heaven if he had no preparation for it.

ut Christ comes to take the discord out of r soul and string it with a heavenly attuning. comes to take out that from us which makes unlike heaven, and substitute that which as- ilates us.

en thousand times the gate of heaven has ng back and forth, but it never swung back forth *save as Christ opened it,* and you will in through Him, or not at all. Christ wants there. How do I know it? Suppose a man t a diamond, and he looked for it eight or ten rs, would you not conclude from the fact that looked for it so long *that he wanted the dia- nd!*

nd when I find Christ seeking for your soul, king for it, ever since it has been a soul— king for it by day and by night—seeking for hrough heat and through cold—seeking for it h tears in His eyes, and blood on His brow, scourges on His back, and a world of agony His heart. I know that it is because *He nts to find you.*

h, He has prepared a glorious heaven for . It is all ready. Not merely a throne, but ps by which to mount it. Not only a harp, a song to play on it. Not only a bannered cession, but a victory which it is to cele- te. God wants no vacant chairs at that ban- et. He does not want those who stand around m in glory to wonder why you have not been icited. He does not want the Book of Life thunder "Shut" till your name is in it.

hat do I breathe? It is the fragance of Him ose garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces. What do I hear? It is the footstep of Him who comes with worn sandals in the journey from Bethlehem to Nazareth, and from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Golgotha, and from Golgotha to glory, and from glory here, *seeking that which is lost.*

Oh, jostle Him not from thy doorstep. Do not drive this Christ away as though He were an unworthy beggar soliciting alms. Hear His voice; trust His sacrifice; respond to His love; take His heaven. Do you not know, O man! O woman! that you are the lost one spoken of in my text? The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

You may hide away from Him; but there are some things which will find you, whether Christ by His grace finds you or not. *Trouble* will find you; *death* will find you; *the judgment* will find you; *eternity* will find you.

Even you will be gone from all these scenes, and if a thousand men should come out with lanterns and torches and St. Bernard dogs used to hunting up missing travellers, and search for your soul, you could not be found by them. The grave will have your body. Your heirs will have your estate. Eternity will have your soul. In a flash of a second your last opportunity for heaven may go out. Postpone this question of the soul, and you are postponing getting into the last life-boat that shall put out from the wreck for the beach ere the hulk lurch over and go down.

God forbid that any of you should at the last have the dismay of

THE SCOTCH WOMAN

of whom I was reading. One night she could not sleep because of her soul's wandering from Christ. She got up and wrote in her diary, "*One year* from now, I will attend to the matters of my soul." She retired, but could not sleep. So she arose again and wrote a better promise in her diary, "*One month* from now, I will attend to the matters of my soul." She retired again, but found no sleep, and arose again and wrote, "*Next week* I will attend to the matters of my soul." Then she slept soundly. The next day she went into scenes of gayety. The following day she was sick, and the middle of next week she died.

Delirium lifted from her mind just long enough for her to say, "I am a week too late. I am lost!" Oh, to be a year too late, or a month too late, or a week too late, or a day too late, or a minute too late, or a second too late, is to be forever too late. May God Almighty by His grace keep us from the wild, awful, rushing catastrophe of a ruined soul!

THE SERMONS OF DR. TALMAGE PUBLISHED FROM WEEK TO WEEK IN THIS JOURNAL ARE VERBATIM AND UNABRIDGED REPORTS. BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DR. TALMAGE, THEY ARE SUBMITTED TO HIM, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, FOR CORRECTION AND REVISION.

A Clerk's Pride Rebuked.—In Scotland there is a branch of the legal profession known as "Writers to the Signet." A young gentleman was apprenticed to one of these writers. The youth thought himself a very fine sort of person, much above ordinary apprentices. One evening the master desired him to carry a bundle of papers to a lawyer whose residence was not far off. The packet was received in silence, and a minute after the master saw a porter run into the outer office. In a few minutes the youth walked out, followed by the porter carrying the parcel.

Seizing his hat the master followed, and overtaking the porter, relieved him of the packet and walked in the rear of the apprentice. The lawyer's house being reached and the door-bell rung, the youth called out, "Here, fellow, give me the parcel!" and slipped a sixpence in his hand without looking round. "Here it is for you!" exclaimed a voice which caused the youth to turn round. His confusion, as he beheld his master, made him speechless. Never after that was he above his business.

DEATH OF MADAME BONAPARTE.

A ROMANTIC and eventful life closed at Baltimore April 4th, when a lady allied to a historic family died in that city at the advanced age of ninety-four. She was the widow of Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, the famous Emperor of the French, the terror of whose name filled Europe for many years, and who was conquered at the battle of Waterloo in 1815.

It was at the house of Samuel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, that Madame Bonaparte first met the man who afterwards became her husband, when he was visiting this country in 1803. He conceived an ardent love for her, and though the match was opposed by the friends of both the lady and the gentleman, he eventually married her December 24th, 1803.

The newly-married couple, fearing the displeasure of Napoleon, remained in America until 1805, when they sailed for France. Napoleon was so much incensed against his brother on account of his marriage that he refused permission for Madame Bonaparte to enter France, and Jerome accordingly set out alone for Paris to intercede with the Emperor. But he proving inexorable, Madame Bonaparte reluctantly returned to America with her infant son. Her husband, Jerome Bonaparte, ingratiated himself with his brother, who made him King of Westphalia, a small kingdom carved out of the Emperor's German conquests, and though a handsome income was settled on Madame Bonaparte, the separation from her husband was final.

In 1860 King Jerome Bonaparte died, but the connection of Madame Bonaparte with the French Court was renewed; for her son Jerome enjoyed the friendship of his cousin, Napoleon III., who wished him to reside permanently in France, but he declined, preferring to settle in America. He married an American lady, by whom he had two sons, now living, and who were present at the deathbed of their grandmother. Madame Bonaparte's son died 1870, and on his death his mother went into comparative retirement.

Those who knew Madame Bonaparte in her later days describe her as a lively, vivacious lady, very imperious and haughty, but withal very affable to her acquaintance. She had, during a long life, given no evidence of religious feeling, though she indignantly repelled the charge of atheism more than once made against her.

It was on March 28th, while on her deathbed, that she requested her attendants to invite a minister of the Gospel to pray with her. Dr. Leyburne, of the First Presbyterian Church, was soon by her bedside, and subsequently *Mr. Moody came,* both of whom she cordially welcomed. She had been a constant reader of the Bible, and when Mr. Moody reminded her that "the blood of Christ washes away all sins," she readily assented, and said, "Yes, that is in the Bible." On his quoting from the hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea," she once more assented, and said, "*Yes, Christ's blood cleanses all our sins.*"

This glorious truth, so precious to the hearts of God's children in all ages and in all times, we may hope found at the last an entrance to her soul, and imparted to her last moments "the peace of God which passes all understanding." Her life had been full of ambitious hopes and schemes for attaining worldly rank and position, but she had found them, as so many others have done, all "vanity and vexation of spirit." So at the close of her troubled career she gladly welcomed *a humble evangelist,* who could tell her of the Great Saviour, who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and *I will give you rest.*" The same glorious truths which Mr. Moody has proclaimed to thousands of anxious sinners were suited to the weary soul of the widow of a king, and no other message was needed at that bedside. The blood of Jesus is the one precious theme for the ears of dying sinners.

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE AT MILDMAY PARK, LONDON.

THE WORLD TO GROW WORSE UNTIL CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

By the Rev. Gordon Calthrop, Vicar of St. Augustine's Church, London.

All Christians expect the Establishment of a Kingdom of God, but differ as to the means by which it is to be brought about—Two Views presented—Not by Existing Agencies, but the Lord's Personal Coming—Jewish Tribulation lasts to the End of the Times of the Gentiles—Failure of Faith—Connection of Christ's Coming and Jewish Restoration—The Personal Antichrist—Modern Atheism.

I SUPPOSE I may say that all students of Scripture, whatever their views may be, and who seek for the teaching of God's Holy Spirit, expect ultimately the establishment of a *Kingdom of God*. They look for the fulfilment of those bright and glowing predictions of the ancient prophets. They are anticipating the time when the wilderness shall blossom as the rose, and when the knowledge of our God in Christ shall cover the earth, even as the waters cover the sea. At the same time there may be, and we know that there is, amongst excellent Christian people a very great diversity of opinion as to *the method* by which God intends and purposes to *accomplish this great result*.

Some think that it is to be brought about by the *expansion of existing agencies*, by the dissemination of the Scriptures, by greater diligence and earnestness on the part of Christian people generally, and by a larger *outpouring of the Holy Spirit* of God granted to the churches in answer to their prayer. There are others who would look to different causes for the accomplishment of this great result—to what the world would call

"AN EXCEPTIONAL INTERFERENCE IN HUMAN AFFAIRS"

—even the *personal coming* of the Lord Jesus Christ, ushering in a new dispensation with all its wondrous privileges and all the mysterious power with which the people of God will then be invested.

There are, then, *these two views* before us. If the *former* be adopted, we shall naturally look for a general advancement in religion, so that when our blessed Master comes to take account of His servants He shall find in a very true sense, faith on the earth. If the *latter* opinion be accepted, it seems to follow that we should expect almost the reverse of this—not advancement, but to a very great extent retrogression in spiritual things—at all events the growth of antagonism to the Lord Jesus Christ, assuming at last such a portentous form that His personal interposition becomes absolutely necessary.

Now, it is my object to endeavor to put reasons before you to show that the *second view* is that which has the *warrant of Holy Scripture*. In Matt. 24 we have a long series of statements, all of which most manifestly apply to the coming of our Lord, and in verse 29 we read, "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken : and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven."

And if we put Matthew 24 and Luke 21 together, we find it is tribulation up to the time when the days of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled and the Lord shall come. And if it be tribulation, or a period that is expressed only by such a striking epithet, how can it be that blessed and prosperous time, that time of increase and of advancement and bright experience, which some are led to expect? It has always seemed to me that there is intended to be in our Lord's mind and purpose a correspondence between the circumstances that preceded His first coming to Jerusalem and the circumstances which are to precede His second coming, which we anticipate, and the anticipation of which has brought us together now. And from His wonderful discourse in Matthew 24, you have no reason to expect a happy state of things at the second coming, but rather the reverse : the love of many waxing cold, parents and children rising against each other, and

THE GOSPEL NOT GENERALLY ACCEPTED,

but simply preached for a witness amongst all nations.

Now please look at Luke 18 : 8. Our Lord says, "Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?" That seems to imply that He will not ; and yet, if the world's blessed millennium is to precede the Second Coming of Christ, would it be a natural thing for the Lord to say, "When He cometh shall He find faith on the earth?" Of course He would, on that supposition, find faith prevalent. The unbelieving, at least, would be in the minority, and the knowledge of the Lord would cover the earth. Could He then have used such an expression?

I pass to another point. If you refer to Acts 3 : 19, Peter is there preaching his second sermon to the Jews. He says, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord, and He shall send Jesus Christ." Many here must be aware that that is a mistaken translation, which causes the force of the passage to be lost. It should read thus : "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out *in order that* (a very different thing) the times of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord," etc.

Peter, like his fellow apostles on the Mount of Ascension, connected these times of refreshing and the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ with the conversion of His people, and he prayed then and there, with all the intensity of his passionate nature, those who had rejected Him, to accept Him, to repent and be converted, that their sin of crucifying his Lord and Master might be blotted out, so that at once the great day to which he was looking forward might come. We are agreed that even the Apostles did not see every thing in its full meaning, and that that meaning was gradually unfolding itself to them ; but I believe Peter really expected that if the effect of his sermon were such as he desired, and they were brought to the knowledge of God by the power of the Holy Spirit, that the great times of refreshing would come.

You see then that Peter distinctly connected the times of refreshing and the coming of Jesus Christ with

THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

And that seems to have been what the Apostles expected on the Mount of Ascension : "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?"

Now turn to Rom. 11 : 15 : "For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" The apostle was expecting a glorious time when the state of the world shall not be what it is now. Now it is a valley of dead and dry bones. He is expecting a better and more glorious time, when these dead, dry bones shall have flesh and sinews put upon them, and the breath breathed into them by the Spirit of God. And they shall stand up an exceeding great army to the praise and glory of God ; but he connects that, with the restoration and conversion of the Jews.

Now connect that, with what is said in Zechariah, and I suppose we must (as has been said here by one veteran student of prophecy, whose praise is in all the churches) take the literal interpretation if possible, and so, if not driven from that, you must adopt it. Doing this, then, some of us conceive that the conversion of the Jewish people is not to be accomplished by ordinary agencies, but by the appearance *in person* of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the Mount of Olives, when He shall come and they shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and the nation arranged according to its tribes shall gather together, and mourn, and accept Him as their long rejected Messiah.

Putting all these things together, it is only by the return of the Lord Jesus Christ that we expect these great things for the world at large spoken of in the ancient prophecy.

Still further, turn to 2 Thess. 2 : 8, 9, 10. I venture to think that the apostle is speaking here of the appearance in the world at some future period of a man who shall be an embodiment of power—

THE INFIDEL KING

or the Wilful One. I venture to think that the state of things in which we find ourselves in the present day has been well called "perilous days." It indicates that in that *Man of Sin* the incarnation of sin—a man of vast intellectua power and inspired by the prince of the power o the air—we shall have the culmination of th tendencies of the times in which we live.

One does not want to be an alarmist. We ar not going to raise a howl over it. We are perfectly satisfied. We know what is to be expected, and are agreed that whatever influence th sceptical and unbelieving tendencies of the da may produce upon unstable minds and thos who do not belong to the Lord Jesus Chris they will not have the power to touch one hai of a single true child of God. We are all agree upon that. We can look at it with perfect calmness, but at the same time you will agree wit me, I know, that the last *twenty-five years ha witnessed a most marvellous intellectual develo ment in antagonism to the Christ of God.*

Following out the principle of developmen which is perfectly true in spiritual as well as i temporal things, it is conceivable that perhaps no great distance of time all this may gather u and culminate in *one great personal antagonist* t the Lord Jesus Christ, so that when He com again He will find a human antagonist who He will destroy with the brightness of His cor ing and with the spirit of His mouth.

This antagonist will be a man of such pow that he will be able to work lying wonders, a to exercise no common influence over the worl He will be a man of such gigantic intellect a such influence over his fellow-creatures, th gathering, no doubt, an enormous following, is to make worse and worse the times before t appearing of Christ. I cannot help concludi that they must be worse : "Evil men and sed ers will wax worse and worse."

PROGRESS OF ATHEISM.

One of the most marvellous features of t present day is the calmness with which you a I are obliged to contemplate *Atheism*. A f years ago, or when I was a young man, the at ist used to be a man under the ban of societ but atheistic writers now profess their opini in the face of day as boldly and plainly as th speak of their stature or the color of their ha and without the least degree of shame, t rather the reverse.

Their writings appear in popular periodic preaching distinct, uncompromising infidelit denying, flatly, fully, and plainly, the *existe of a personal God;* and these are men holdi high positions in society, and generally respe ed !

I say that one of the most strange featu of the present day is that we Christians obliged to take this as an accepted fact, t there are men in leading positions, men w are regarded with respect, who simply deny existence of a Divine Being.

And all this seems to indicate that the stre is tending in the direction which Paul poin out, and at a certain time it will all culmin in *a person* who will stand before men as avowed intellectual antagonist of the Chris God, but who will be destroyed by the sp of His mouth and the brightness of His c ing.

It seems to me that the view I have endea ed to recommend does not paralyze Chris effort, but has the contrary effect—for this son. We look as the greatest agency of al the coming of our Lord and Master, but we believe that it is in the power of the Chris Church to hasten the time of His coming.

OUR LORD'S PROPHECIES.

By the Rev. Andrew Fausset, the Commentator.

Address at the Conference, Mildmay Park, London, March 4.

'On Earth Peace," yet to be fulfilled—Jewish Unbelief Postponed the Kingdom—The Prophecy of Zech. 9:9—Predictions of False Prophet and of the Antichrist—He will Sit in the Rebuilt Jewish Temple—Unclean Spirits now at Work—Intense Worldliness and Scarcity of Faith—The First Resurrection—The Church and the Great Tribulation.

WHEN our blessed Saviour was born into this world of sin, the angels sang, "Glory be to God in the highest, and *on earth peace.*" A philosopher was lecturing some two years ago at Christmas-time, and he sneered at these words as though they were belied by the facts of existing wars, and as though the vision that was seen by the shepherds was but an hallucination of the mind.

But such philosophers as this one forget the homely but true saying, that "children and fools cannot see half-finished works." In other words, they are but imperfect judges of works that are half completed. They also unconsciously are fulfilling the Word of the Master, "For that evil servant shall say, My Lord delayeth His coming, but the Master shall come at such a time as that servant looketh not for Him, and shall cut Him off."

When John the Baptist announced as the forerunner, the coming of our Lord, the language he used (like the language of the Old Testament prophets) seemed to imply that the Kingdom was about to appear: "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is *at hand.*" But the prophecies of the Old Testament generally seemed to predict the first coming of Christ in connection with His promised glorious reign over the earth. How, then, are we to account for it that His kingdom did *not* immediately appear?

Our Lord supplies the answer in the words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wing, and ye would not! Behold! your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, ye shall not see me henceforth till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

These words indicate that the *unbelief* of the Jews caused the postponement of Christ's Kingdom upon earth, and we have a remarkable analogy to this in the case of Israel and Canaan in Deut. 1 : 21. The commandment of the Lord was "Behold the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee; go up and possess it." And why did they not? Because of their unbelief.

There was another reason also for the *postponement of the kingdom* of the Lord, and the non-fulfilment at that time of the words "on earth peace." It was that Satan might have his time to do his utmost against, first Christ, and then the kingdom and Church of Christ. The victory of Jesus over Satan is not to be a victory of Almighty strength, but a victory of love, of righteousness; but from the very first the Lord anticipated that Satan would fall, and accordingly when the seventy came in, saying, "Behold the spirits are subject to us at Thy Word," Jesus said, "I beheld Satan like lightning fall from heaven."

And, again, at the time when Satan was about (seemingly) to have his triumph over the Lord at Calvary, and when He said, "Now is your hour, and the power of darkness"—at that very time Jesus exclaimed, "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the Prince of this world be cast out."

When Jesus was born the song was "Peace on earth." When the palm-bearing multitude escorted Jesus into Jerusalem, their triumphal cry was, "Peace in heaven;" and in Rev. 7 : 9 we see that there shall be the anti-typical palm-bearing multitude which no man can number, that they shall then sing salvation to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and then, and not till then, both peace on earth and peace in heaven shall be combined: and Satan shall be bound for a thousand years, and ultimately consigned to the lake of fire forever and ever.

There was a fulfilment, at Christ's *first* coming of the first part of the prophecy, in Zech. 9 : 9, 10, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass."

The evangelist quotes these words as fulfilled in our Lord's entry into Jerusalem. But the rest of this prophecy, which is given in the succeeding ninth verse, still awaits its fulfilment at the triumphant *second* coming of Christ, when He will cut off His enemies and reign over the earth.

"And I will cut off the chariot from Ephraim, and the horse from Jerusalem, and the battle bow shall be cut off and He shall speak peace unto the heathen; and His dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth."

And now I come to the *testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ concerning Antichrist.* You will observe in our Lord's prophetic statements germs which are expanded in subsequent statements, whether by St. Paul, or St. John in Revelation. He says in that remarkable prophecy in Matt. 24, "there shall be false Christs and false prophets, and they shall show *signs and wonders* to deceive if it were possible the very elect."

And St. Paul, in 2 Thess. 2, distinctly speaks of the man of sin, the lawless one, that is coming "after the working of Satan with all power and *signs* and lying *wonders.*" But it is only if *it were possible*, that they can deceive the very elect.

The elect fall back upon the sure word of God. Let men bring before us all the signs and spiritualistic wonders they may, we fall back upon the Word of God, and taking Deut. 12 as our authority, we say, "If a prophet giveth thee a sign or a wonder, saying, Let us go after other gods, thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, but thou shalt destroy that prophet."

Because we fall back upon the living word, no miracle can ever lead us from the course of truth, and unless those signs be in accordance with the Word of the living God we reject and authoritatively reject them.

ONE OF THE FALSE PROPHETS

predicted in our Lord's prophecy in Matthew 24 corresponds with the second beast or false prophet mentioned in Rev. 13 : 16, 19, who is to minister to the first beast, and work signs and lying wonders to make men worship the first beast, who will be an *individual Antichrist.* Christ foretold this Antichrist's manifestation in John 5 : 43: "I am come in My Father's name and ye receive Me not; if *another* shall come in his own name, him ye will receive. There He distinctly foretells an individual deceiver.

This Antichrist is to be connected with the future rebuilt Jewish temple, according to our Lord's prophecy in Matthew 24: "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place (whoso readeth, let him understand), then let them which be in Judæa flee into the mountains."

We find in 2 Thess. 2, the same truth comes out, viz., that the individual *Antichrist will sit in the temple* of God at Jerusalem, and will show himself as God—"the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place where it ought not." Jeremiah (30 : 7) speaks of the same time of great tribulation: "Alas! for that day is great so that none is like it; it is even the time of Jacob's trouble, but he shall be saved out of it." Here we have it clearly marked that the former Roman siege of Jerusalem is not the time foretold in that passage, because Israel was not saved out of it.

But in that last coming tribulation, not only that passage from Jer. 30, but also Zechariah 13 : 14, distinctly foretells that Israel shall be saved out of it, that the Lord Himself shall interpose, that His feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives, and that He shall save His people in the days of their greatest trouble, and then will be ushered in that glorious period when there shall be

PEACE SPOKEN TO THE HEATHEN,

and when the sword shall forever be broken.

And then we have another prophecy of our blessed Saviour, in Matthew 12 : 43-45, about the unclean spirit going out of a man, but returning with seven spirits more wicked than himself, and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

This is the germ of a prediction given more fully in Revelation 16 : 13, of "three unclean spirits of demons working miracles and going forth from the dragon, beast, and false prophet, to gather the kings of the earth and of the whole world to the battle of that great day of God Almighty."

Notwithstanding the great Protestant Reformation in Luther's time and the subsequent wide preaching of the Gospel, the unclean spirit of Pagan idolatry, that once seemed to be cast out of Europe, has returned with other seven spirits more wicked than itself, the spirits of formalism, worldliness, hypocrisy, rationalism, infidelity, superstition, and spiritual deception; and the last state of Christendom threatens to be worse than the first. These are perilous times. Iniquity is abounding, and the love of many is waxing cold.

The present epoch is characterized by *intense worldiness*, which is the very state of things predicted by our Lord, when He said that as it was in the days of Noah before the flood and in the days of Lot before the destruction of Sodom, so shall it be in the days of the Second Coming of the Son of Man.

And our Lord foretells *the scarcity of faith* at His Second Advent in the words, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth." These words occur in Luke 18, in the parable of the importunate widow earnestly waiting to be avenged upon her adversary; for in the final tribulation the Christian Church will be waiting upon her Lord day and night, that He may avenge her cause.

Our Lord also refers to the deliverance of His Church out of the midst of the latter-day time of trouble in the passage, "Watch and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape those things that shall come to pass and stand before the Son of Man" (Luke 21 : 36). Observe! It is implied that the elect of the Church shall, through watchfulness and prayer, escape at least the most violent fury of the *final tribulation* and stand before the Son of Man.

Then there is Christ's testimony as to the first resurrection. He distinctly says, "When thou makest a feast, invite the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. They are not able to recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed in *the resurrection of the just.*" And again, in Luke 20, "They that shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and *the resurrection* from the dead," *i.e.*, the first resurrection, consisting only of the righteous, the very thing that Paul desired. "If by any means I may attain to the resurrection from the dead." And then He speaks of them as children of God and, therefore, also *children of the resurrection.*

O brethren, I do believe that we are rapidly coming to that final consummation! Already we see unwonted evangelical efforts at home and abroad, and the time nearly accomplished during which the Gospel shall be preached as a witness to all nations, and then shall the end come. We are patiently waiting for that which the Lord has promised, and He is Himself expecting, until His enemies become His footstool. We, His Church, are expecting to be with Him.

A husband once said he would rather live in a garret with his wife than in a palace without her; so our hope and joy is that we look for Christ's coming, and we echo the inspired truth where Jesus says, "Surely I come quickly," and we say, looking for that blessed hope, "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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CURRENT EVENTS.

In Congress, the Appropriation Bills are still under debate, the clauses relating to the presence of National soldiers at the polls being hotly contested by the Republican party. It was urged that the connection of this matter with a financial was wholly irrelevant, but on this point the Republicans were overruled on the ground that it involved an expenditure of National funds.

The President is said to have expressed his intention of vetoing the bill even if it comes to him tacked to a money bill, being convinced that circumstances may arise in which the presence of military at the polls is absolutely necessary to insure a fair election, and that this measure is only the commencement of an attack on other important election laws.

President Hayes has been asked what he will do if Congress adjourned again without passing the Appropriation bills and he were left without funds to carry on Government. He is reported to have replied that it would not come to that. "The Democrats," he said, "have only five majority in the House, and that majority will melt away before the point suggested is reached." The Democratic plan, as he had heard it explained, was to adjourn the Congress and leave the President to meet the emergency when the money gives out. But he will not have to meet it alone, for if such a time ever comes *the Congress will be there* to meet it with him. The Constitution gives the President ample power to convene Congress on any extraordinary occasion, no matter whether it is absent on account of the final adjournment of the session, or because a long recess has been taken; and when the new fiscal year begins, Congress will be here to answer the demand of the people.

Twenty-four Hundred School Children were saved out of a position of no little danger on April 3d, by discipline and courage, when Grammar School No. 17, in Forty-seventh street, New York, being on fire, the whole of the children were quietly marched out of the burning building without panic or disorder. One of the teachers first noticed a filmy line of smoke curling around the slate of a six-years-old child, and small forks of flame shooting up from beneath the children's seats. The children, frightened, rose up; the teacher quickly ordered them to sit down, and down they sat. The principal was quietly sent for, who said, "Children, I want you to follow me without any disorder," which they did, and in a few minutes afterwards a stream of fire shot out in the rooms just vacated. On the third floor was the grammar school, the occupants of which were in still greater danger. Before all could leave the smoke had filled the room, and the fire was on the stairways that were built as fire escapes. One by one the girls were passed down, those of Jewish birth showing especial coolness under such trying circumstances. There were two lame girls in the school, and as their crutches brought them to the head of the stairway some of their companions fell back and others twined their arms tenderly around them, and so conveyed them safely into the street. The courage of teachers and children was alike remarkable; one little fellow of ten, sent from one class-room to another to fetch a slate, on coming back said to his teacher, "Teacher, there's a fire in the school, but don't say anything about it." Such is the value of long training in habits of discipline and order.

A Wholesale Negro Exodus from the Southern to the Western States—chiefly Kansas—has for some time past been in progress. The negroes give as their reasons for emigrating that they are not allowed by the white population to exercise their political rights in the South, and that while hiring land, and paying rent to their white landlords with the proceeds of their crops, they do not receive a fair equivalent for their labor. Another element of difficulty in the matter consists in the agreement that the negroes shall purchase such provisions as they need from the owners of the land, and as they make a free use of their credit, and have no skill in accounts, they are apt to find at the end of the year that their crops are not sufficient to pay their debts.

The emigration which has now assumed enormous proportions, and is called in the South the "Negro stampede," or "Kansas fever," does not appear to be carried on by any *one central organization*, but by a number of independent associations, the first of which was formed at Nashville in 1869, by Columbus M. Johnson, a middle-aged, intelligent colored man, who has achieved some distinction in Republican politics. At first the movement thus inaugurated was not attended with much success, attempts being made *to purchase* small farms in Tennessee, so that the colored men should become owners of the land they tilled; but of late the attention of the negroes has been turned towards Kansas, and the different railway companies have been offering extraordinary inducements to settlers. Owing to the poverty of very many of the emigrants, much suffering has been endured by them. Great efforts, however, appear to have been made at St. Louis to give shelter and food to the needy en route to their destination, the scenes at which city, and other points on the Mississippi River, are described as not unlike those at Castle Garden, New York, some years ago, when the tide of European emigration was at its height.

A Congregational Minister in Michigan writes to us of his last visit to one of his parishioners: "She had been suffering extremely for several months, and could not lie in bed, owing to the difficulty of breathing. While I sat by her bedside, she said to her husband, 'I want you to bring me the Bible.' But she was too weak to turn over the sacred pages and find the cherished verse. I said, 'Tell me what portion you desire to find?' She answered, '*For to me to live is Christ*.' I found the chapter, and laid the Bible before her; she read, as distinctly as her sufferings would permit, the whole verse in Philip. 1 : 21, and then looking at me said, 'I wish you to preach my funeral sermon from this text.' I was somewhat surprised at her fearlessness in death, when she looked steadfastly at me and said, 'I am ready to die;' 'My Saviour has gone to prepare mansions for me;' 'All is well;' 'I shall go to be with Christ, and the loved ones on the other side.' I prayed with her, especially *thanking God* for the triumphs of a living faith, and steadfast hope in Jesus Christ, and commended her spirit into His hands; then bade her farewell, until we meet in the future. A few hours after, her spirit passed quietly away to the presence and glory of Christ."

The Wages of Sin.—On March 26th a haggard woman, dressed in rags and covered with filth, begged for a night's lodging at one of the police stations in New York City. She was recognized as Fannie Wright, who on the 19th of October, 1867, stabbed and instantly killed Officer Robert McChesney at the corner of Canal and Mercer Streets. The trial attracted considerable interest at the time, and revealed the secrets of a lifetime. Fannie Wright was then twenty-six years old. She was the daughter of a respectable Poughkeepsie family, which she had fled from when quite young to abandon herself to a career of vice. When the news of her arrest reached her family they made a strong effort in her behalf, but she was eventually sent to State Prison. After two years' confinement her family induced the Governor to sign her pardon. Nothing has been heard of her since till the other day she emerged from obscurity, a worn-out, emaciated wreck of a woman. How often do we find the Divine declaration verified that "the way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. 13 : 15).

An Interesting Scene was Witnessed two or three Sabbaths ago in the church at Hamilton, Conn., Dr. J. B. Merwin, pastor. Twenty-two persons were baptized, thirty-three were received on probation, and all partook together of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The revival interest continues unabated. The young men and women of the congregation, almost without exception, have given their hearts to the Lord.

The International Sunday-school Lesson List for 1880 has just been published. It will be borne in mind that 1879 concludes the first seven years' course of Bible study, and that a new course, as arranged by the Lesson Committee appointed at Atlanta in April, 1878, begins with 1880. Hitherto the Old Testament lessons have had the first part of the year, and the New Testament lessons the latter part. Now this order is reversed. For 1880 the first six months are given to lessons in Matthew, the last six to Genesis. Only eleven lessons are designated for each quarter, instead of twelve as hitherto. This leaves the twelfth Sunday for review, and the thirteenth for superintendents to use as they think best.

Dr. Pentecost, the well-known Evangelist, has returned to Chicago, and is holding meetings on the North Side. His sprained ankle compels him to go upon crutches, but this does not seem to hinder his power to preach. Sunday evening he Grace Methodist Church and the "Moody Church" Tabernacle were both crowded to over- lowing, Mr. Pentecost managing to preach at both places the same evening. The pastors in hat part of the city, after abundant conference and a good understanding with each other, are joining earnestly in the work.

An Imprecation and an Apology were the esults of the offer of a tract lately. A gentleman who makes a practice of giving away tracts ays: "Yesterday I offered a man a tract with he caption, 'Do You Pray?' He very abruptly ttered a terrible malediction, expressing a fear- ul wish. 'Brother,' I replied, 'pray the Lord to ave *you* from that doom.' With those words I eft him. Presently he came to my side and sked me to forgive him. Brethren, I believe he man's heart was touched. Pray for him."

Daily Whiskey and Hard Times.—In a Sermon at Baltimore, recently, on the Lord's rayer, Mr. Moody, touching incidentally upon he hard times, said: "We hear a great deal of alk about hard times, but what has caused them? in. Look at the money that is spent in this reat country for whiskey alone. We don't say o God, 'Give us this day our daily whiskey,' do e? I tell you there are mints of money spent or whiskey that ought to feed children's mouths ith bread. The fact of the case is, this nation as been too prosperous. The Jews, the chosen eople of God, never could stand prosperity. As oon as they got rich they went to worshipping ols, and whenever they got fat, they began to ck against God. I fea American morals suffer proportion as the nation prospers."

A Drunkard Reformed by his Wife.—A gifted ntleman married a beautiful and accomplished dy. She was the choice of his parents, but as, however, not his choice. His heart was led with the image of a bright blue-eyed aiden who lived not far off, but the impassable rrier of poverty was between them, and he ietly submitted to the parental wishes. A ort time after the marriage he sought to drown e discontent of his heart by draughts from the ceitful cup. Time after time he would enter s beautiful cottage home, so intoxicated that could scarcely stand, and as he came in he en expected to be met with cold repulse and ter reproaches; but, on the contrary, a deli- e fair hand was always extended to steady his ggering footsteps, and, though tears often ade more radiant the sweet brown eyes that oked up tenderly into his face, no words but of ntle welcome greeted his ear.

Matters went on in this way for three or four onths; every influence was brought to bear on him that promised the least success in his ormation, but without avail. Finally, one d night he came home too much intoxicated ascend the steps that led into the porch of his elling, and in endeavoring to do so, fell. The und of his falling upon the steps reached the es of his wife, who was patiently awaiting his urn in the dining-room, where she had kept a ely vigil, that his supper might be in proper dition when he returned. With all the ed her strength could command, she rushed to the door, and as she opened it and the glare of light fell upon his upturned face, she fancied he was dead, and with a wail that pierced his soul to the quick, though stupefied as he was by spirits, she threw herself upon his breast.

The shock this scene gave him rapidly dispelled the effects of the spirits, and he tried to soothe his wife, who soon regained her composure when she found that matters were not as she apprehended. But it was the last time that he drank any kind of spirits. He "could not bear," he said, "*a particle more weight of gratitude* than Annie had laid upon him; it was almost crushing him already." Had she treated him differently, he might to-day be filling a drunkard's grave.

A Loose Foundation.—A Farmer in Toronto is reported to have found one morning, not many weeks ago, that a section of his farm had dropped deep into the earth during the night. An acre or more of the land had sunk nearly *forty feet*, and the tops of the trees were just visible on a level with the surface. This forcibly illustrates the fact that all righteousness, which has not the solid foundation of Christ's death, will sooner or later disappear and come to nothing.

A Coincidence of Opinion on Biblical Revision has occurred. It is generally known that the revision of the English Bible now going on is conducted by committees in Britain and America, who exchange their results. In one case both the New Testament companies were at the same time on the same book. When notes were compared it was found that of 913 changes made by one party, 476 *had been made by the other*, acting independently. A similar coincidence was observed in the case of the Old Testament companies when they were at work independently.

The Death of Dr. Charles Jewett, the distinguished temperance lecturer, is announced. His loss will be severely felt by the temperance party in this country.

A Soul's Crisis while Going Aloft.—A Sailor, the child of many parental prayers, gave the following experience at a Sailors' Home meeting: One stormy night, out on the wide Atlantic, when the vessel was pitching frightfully, he was ordered to go aloft. Ordinarily, even in tempestuous weather, the command would not have troubled him, but two days before a shipmate had *fallen* from the same giddy height into the sea and perished. This accident had exerted a solemnizing influence on the minds of all. As the speaker ascended, God's Spirit began to strive with him. The thought came into his mind what would become of his immortal soul if a like fate befell him. For a time he was almost overcome with alarm, as conscience told him, too surely, that all would not be well with him. His reflections, however, in that perilous post, were blessed to his conversion, for in a week's time he found the Saviour.

Warned Too Late.—A Youth was Ill with consumption. All the family were thoughtless of the things of life eternal. The parents had no faith in future retribution. They were unwilling to have their son alarmed regarding his condition, or troubled by thoughts of the world to come. A cheerful and merry manner was maintained before him, even to the very latest days of his life. Any thing and every thing but what should have been, was told him, to keep his spirits up, and his thoughts away from himself. At last there came a day when his affectionate parents and brothers and sisters could no longer hide from his keen eyes their feelings. "*What ails you all?*" he questioned with roused fears. Their silence and hesitation caused conviction of the truth to dart into his mind. "Am I in danger? I *dying?*" he asked. They dared not, could not, deny it. "Then I am lost!" he screamed. "Lost! There *is* a hell. I feel it. I am in it. And you, *you*," he cried, turning his gaze of agony upon his parents, "are the cause of the loss of my soul." Then he died. *What a memory* for his parents to carry, as they *must*, through life!

THE ROES AND THE HINDS.

A Sermon written at Mentone by C. H. Spurgeon.

"By the roes, and by the hinds of the field."—SOLOMON'S SONG 2: 7.

The Adjuration a Specimen of Oriental Poetry —I. Creatures of Beauty—II. Their Tender Innocence—Communion with Jesus is Unobtrusive —III. Symbols of Love—IV. Delicate Sensitiveness Typified in the Figure—Great Need of Watchfulness and Prayer.

THE spouse was in the full enjoyment of fellowship with her Beloved. Her joy was so great as almost to overpower her, and yet, so nearly does fear tread upon the heels of joy, she was filled with dread lest her bliss should come to an end. She feared lest others should disturb her Lord, for *if he were grieved she would be grieved* also, and if he departed the banquet of her delight would be over.

She was afraid even of her friends, the daughters of Jerusalem; she knew that the best can *interrupt fellowship* as well as the worst, and therefore she adjured even Zion's daughters not to sin against Zion's King. Had they aroused her Beloved and broken his sacred peace, she would not have found a recompense in their company, but would rather have regarded them with aversion, for having robbed her of her chief delight.

The adjuration which she used is a choice specimen of oriental poetry: she charges them, not as we should prosaically do, by every thing that is sacred and true, but "by the roes, and by the hinds of the field." So far as we understand her meaning we will endeavor to profit by it during our brief meditation. It touches one of the most mysterious points of the secret life of the believer, and we shall much need the guidance of the Holy Spirit while we endeavor to open up its meaning.

I. "The roes and the hinds of the field" are

CREATURES OF GREAT BEAUTY.

Who can gaze upon them as they wander among the bracken without an inward admiration? Now, since nothing can be more lovely than communion with Jesus, the spouse exhorts the daughters of Jerusalem by all the loveliest objects in nature to refrain from disturbing it. No one would wish to drive away the gazelle, but would feast his eyes upon it, and yet its graceful elegance can never be compared with that beauty of holiness, that comeliness of grace which are to be seen in fellowship with Jesus.

It is beautiful *from both sides*; it is a lovely display of condescension for our beloved Lord to reveal Himself to us, and on the other hand it is a charming manifestation of every admirable virtue for a believer to enter into fellowship with his Lord. He who would disturb such mutual intercourse must be devoid of spiritual taste, and blind to all which is most worthy of admiration.

As one delights to see the red deer in the open glades of the forest, and counts them the finest ornaments of the scene, so do men *whose eyes are opened* rejoice in the saints whose high communion with heaven renders them beings of superior mould to common mortals. A soul in converse with its God is the admiration of angels. Was ever a lovelier sight seen than Jesus at the table with the beloved disciple leaning on His bosom? Is not Mary sitting at the Master's feet a picture worthy of the choicest art? Do nothing, then, O ye who joy in things of beauty, to mar the fellowship in which the rarest beauty dwells. Neither by worldly care, nor sin, nor trifling make even the slightest stir which might break the Beloved's repose.

His restful presence is heaven below, and the best antepast of heaven above; in it we find every thing that is pure, and lovely, and of good report. It is good, and only good. Why, then, O daughters of Jerusalem! should ye stir up our Beloved, and cause His adorable excellency to be hidden from us? Rather join with us in preserving a joy so fair, a bliss so comely.

II. The next thought suggested "by the roes, and by the hinds of the field" is that of

TENDER INNOCENCE.

These gentle creatures are so harmless, so defenceless, so timid, that he must have a soulless soul who would do them harm or cause them fright. *By all, then, that is tender* the spouse beseeches her friends not to disturb her Beloved. He is so good, so kind, so holy, harmless, and undefiled, that the most indifferent ought to be ashamed to molest his rest.

About Him there is nothing to provoke offence, and every thing to forbid it. He is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; He gave His back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; He hid not His face from shame and spitting. Being reviled He reviled not again, but in His death agonies He prayed for His enemies. Who, then, could find cause for offence in him? Do not his wounds ward off the blows which might be challenged had He been of another character? Who will wish to vex the Lamb of God? Go elsewhere, ye hunters! "The hind of the morning" has already sweated great drops of blood falling to the ground.

In fellowship with Jesus there is a tenderness which ought to disarm all opposition, and even command *respectful deference*. A soul communing with the Son of God challenges no enmity. The world may rise against proselyting zeal, or defiant controversy, or ostentatious ceremonialism, for these have prominence and power, and are fair game for martial spirits; but fellowship is quiet, retiring, unobtrusive, harmless. The saints who most abound in it are of a tender spirit, fearful to offend, non-resistant, and patient—surely it would be a superfluity of cruelty to wish to deprive them of their unselfish happiness, which deprives no heart of a drop of pleasure, and costs no eye a tear. Rather let even those who are most indifferent to religion pay a generous respect to those who find their delight in it.

Though the worldling may care nothing for the love which overpowers the believer's ravished spirit, let Him tread with reverent care when He passes the closet of devotion, or hears a stray note from the song of meditative gratitude.

Rough men have paused when they have suddenly come upon a fair gazelle grazing in a secluded spot: charmed at the sight of such tender loveliness they have scarcely dared to move a foot lest they should alarm the gentle roe; and some such feeling may well forbid the harsh criticism or the vulgar laugh when even the infidel beholds a sincere heart in converse with its Lord.

As for those of us who know the blessedness of fellowship with Jesus, *it behoves us to be doubly jealous* of our words and deeds, lest in a single instance we offend one of the Redeemer's little ones, and cause him to lose even for an hour his delight in the Lord. How often are Christians careless about this; till at the sight of some professors the more spiritual may well take alarm, and cry out in anguish, "I charge *you*, O ye daughters of Jerusalem! by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till He please."

SYMBOLS OF LOVE.

III. A third thought most certainly had place in the mind of the anxious spouse: she meant to adjure and persuade her friends to silence by every thing which sets forth *love*. The lilies and the roes have always been sacred to love. The poet of the Canticles has elsewhere used the symbol of the text to set forth married love. "Let her be as the loving hind and pleasant roe" (Prov. 5: 19).

If ever there was true love in all this selfish world, it is the love of Jesus first, and next the love of His people. As for His love, it passeth the love of women: many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it; and as for the love of the church, He who best knows it says, "How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! How much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointment than all spices!" If love, therefore, may plead immunity from war, and ask to have its quietude respected, the spouse used a good argument when she pleaded "by the roes and by the hinds of the field," that her royal Bridegroom's rest of love might not be invaded.

If you love, or are loved, or wish to be loved, have a reverent regard for those *who commune with Jesus*, for their souls take their fill of love, and to drive them from their bliss would be inexcusable barbarity. O ye who have any hearts to feel for others, do not cause the bitterest of sorrow by depriving a sanctified soul of the sweetest of delights! Draw not nigh hither with idle tale, or wanton speech, or empty mirth: the place whereon thou standest is holy ground, for surely God is in that place where a heart enamored of the altogether Lovely One delights itself in the Lord.

Oh that all believers were so anxious to retain the enjoyment of divine love that they would warn off every intruder, whoever he might be. The daughters of Jerusalem were welcome to visit the spouse at fitting times; she even on another occasion bade them carry a message for her to her Beloved One, and gave them a full description of his surpassing charms, but when her Lord was with her at the banquet, she only asked of them that they would not come between her and the sunshine of his presence.

Nor do we wonder at her jealous fear, for we have had a sip of those sweets which she had tasted, and we would sooner lose all else than lose the luxury *of love divine*. It is such joy as cannot be imagined by those who have never partaken of it, such joy as can never be rivalled even in the paradise above, if in that place there be any other joy than that which springs from divine love. Let none, then, deprive us of its continued enjoyment. By the sanctities of true love let every friendly mind assist us to preserve the hallowed quiet so essential to communion with our Lord.

IV. Once more, upon the very surface of the figure lies the idea of

DELICATE SENSITIVENESS.

The roes and the hinds of the field are soon away if any thing occurs to disturb them. In this respect they set forth to the life the speediness with which the Beloved departs when he is annoyed by sin. He is as a roe or a young hart, for this quality among many others, that while "he comes leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills," he also soon withdraws himself and is gone. Ah! then his spouse bewails His absence, saying, "I sought Him, but I could not find Him; I called Him, but He gave me no answer."

The Lord our God is a jealous God. In proportion to the fire of love is the heat of jealousy, and therefore our Lord Jesus will not brook a wandering affection in those greatly beloved ones to whom He manifests Himself. It needs constant watchfulness to maintain constant fellowship. Hence the spouse entreats and beseeches those who came near her not to give umbrage to her Lord. They might do this *unwittingly*, hence she warns them; they might do it *in wanton carelessness*, hence she "charges" them. She would have them speak softly and move gently, lest He should be disturbed.

Should we not feel a like anxiety that nothing in our families, or in any of our relations or connections should be tolerated by us so as to envelop us in the wrong, and grieve our Lord? Should we not specially watch every thought of our mind, desire of our heart, word of our tongue, and deed of our hand, lest any of these should give him umbrage, and break our rapturous intercourse? If we would be favored above others we must be more on our guard than others are. He who becomes "a man greatly beloved" must needs keep his heart *with sevenfold diligence*.

Kings will bear from common subjects behavior which could not be endured in favorites; that which might cause but slight pain from an enemy will sorely wound if it come from *a friend*. Therefore the favored spouse may well use in her entreaty the name of the most tenderly susceptible of love's favorites, and plead "by the roes, and by the hinds of the field."

Dear friend, do you know what intercourse with Jesus means? If so, imitate the spouse whenever you are in the enjoyment of it. Be jealous of yourself and all around you, that the Well-beloved may not be vexed. Aim at the maintenance of life-long communion. Remember how for centuries Enoch walked with God: our lives are but a span compared with His; why should we not always come up from the wilderness leaning on our Beloved? The Holy Ghost has almighty power. Let us ask and receive that our joy may be full.

If you do not understand this precious secret, may the Lord reveal it to you even now! You must first receive the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, or you can never know Him as your Bridegroom. Faith must trust Him before love can embrace Him. You must be brought to be *washed*, or you can never be brought to be *banqueted*. Pant after the Redeemer as the hart panteth after the water brooks, and when you have drank of the water of life then shall you be as a hind let loose; then, too, your feet shall be like hinds' feet, and you shall be set upon your high places. When this shall have been made your own by experience you shall understand the text, and shall also breathe the prayer of another verse of the same song: "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

A CHILD SAVED BY A CAVALRY SOLDIER.

THE following incident is stated in the London *Standard* to have occurred during a general review of the Austrian cavalry a short time ago: "Not far from where thirty thousand cavalry were in a line, a little child, a girl of about four years, standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushec out into the open field just as a squadron of hussars came sweeping round from the main body They made the detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress, whose carriage was drawn u in that part of the parade-ground. Down cam the flying squadron—charging at a mad gallop—down directly on the child!

"The mother was paralyzed, as were other for there could be no rescue from the line spectators. The Empress uttered a cry of ho ror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitab —and such terrible destruction—the trampli to death by a thousand iron hoofs. Direct under the feet of the horses was the little one another instant must seal its doom—when a st wart hussar, who was in the front line, witho slackening speed or loosening his hold, thr himself over by the side of his horse's nec seized and lifted the child, and placed it in saf upon his saddle-bow; and this he did witho changing his pace or breaking the correct ali ment of the squadron.

"Ten thousand voices hailed with raptur applause the gallant deed, and other thousa applauded when they knew. Two women th were who could only sob forth their gratitud broken accents—the mother and the Empr And a proud and happy moment must it h been for the hussar when his Emperor, tak from his own breast the richly enamelled C of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon breast of his brave and gallant trooper."

Christian workers, who are laboring to sn the little children from the iron hoofs of sin temptation, remember you are working u the eye of a heavenly King; that the sma deed of kindness done to one of these little Christ reckons as done to Himself; and t who are instrumental in saving them sha honored at last, not with the Cross of Maria resa or of the Legion of Honor, bestowed b hands of an earthly monarch, but by the Immortal, who shall deck the brows of His ful servants with "a crown of glory that f not away."

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE,

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, the author of Felicia Cuffe.

The Assassin Discovered—Mr. Percival Knighted—His Nature "Turned Sour"—Baby's Mission—The Cause of Sir Christopher's "Misantrippy" His Lawyer Summoned—He Makes His Will—"Tie it up forever"—He takes Advantage of the Law—Who's to be the Heir?—The Lawyer's Proposal—Arnold Montaigne to be Heir—The Conditions—The "Aqual o' King Solomon."

"MR. PERCIVAL, wondherful to tell, had the calmness to take in the nature and shape of the weapon with which he was threatened, as he could afterwards attest in open court whin the thrial cum on.

"It was a gun havin' a short barrel, which barrel was bound close with cord all round a good part iv it to an unvarnished stock of clumsy shape, and evidently of home manufacther. More nor this, he tuk' notice that the gun was so pointed that, if discharged, its contents would just miss him. He waited, therefore, still as death and firm as a rock, in the wan spot—and, sir, wasn't it uncommon darin' of him?—but the moment he saw the flash of the gun and heard its report, he bounded forward through the smoke, and before the man who fired at him could recover his position, he struck him a furious thrust, and then, quick as lightnin', retreated to his citadel of darkness.

"The wounded man, crying out, 'Boys, ahone! he has done forme,' fell to the flure, and painfully crawled to one side of the apartmint.

"Mr. Percival, sick of this horrid struggle for his life, as he towld afterwards, hoped in his very soul that now, so punished, these men—that is, those who remained o' them—would fly and suffer him to be done with bloodshed. But, only made desperate by their repulse, two o' them dashed like madmen into the bedroom for a second personal conflict. One o' thim Mr. Percival wounded in an instant, and then he himself was grappled by the other, grasping with his left hand the villain's right hand, which held an old bayonet.

"Mr. Percival closed upon him, and both after a little, bein' pretty near aquels in strength, fell heavily to the flure, where, writhing and working like snakes, each strove hard for the mastery. The fellow shouted to his comrade to kill the magistrate, but, unable to tell in the darkness which was which, he who was appealed to only stooped and brandished his knife, but feared to strike. And now cum on, sir, the most terrible part of the whole battle.

"Mr. Percival had no difficulty in knowing where to employ his weapon, and right fearfully he worked it agin' his foe, who lay over him yet still held fast by the magistrate's lift arm. To his surprise, however, Mr. Percival found that, strike as he would, his weapon made no impression—every blow seemed given in vain. Still holding to his enemy, he therefore sought to find out the raysin o' this, and gradually moving his hand down the blade he felt it with his fingers, and thus discovered that the point was all turned.

"Would you credit it, sir, he had the self-possession, still gripping his enemy, to *straighten* with his thumb *his knife* upon the flure. That done, sir, I will not speak the rest. With a shudder Mr. Percival used to tell in days after of the death quiver of the wretch over him, then of the loosenin' hold, and finally of the utter collapse; and, oh! sir, it was a corpse that lay upon him. Mr. Percival grew faint from the shock to his feelins. It was well for him, therefore, that at length all the rest of the gang became terrified, were seized with panic, and hastily calling to some men who stood outside the window, besought them to help them to carry off the dead in the dhrawin'-room.

"Those spoken to, springing through the open window, obeyed the summons. There was a sound of excited and hurried talk, and thin of heavy burdens carried along the flure. The room was soon clear, however, of its ghastly occupants; retreatin' feet gradually died away in the distance, and Mr. Percival, with intense relief, saw from where he lay the calm moonlight alone in the outer apartment.

"Pale and exhausted, he rose to his feet; then, unlockin' his dure, hastened upstairs to his servant-man's room. He found the fellow huddled together in the bedclothes. When spoken to, he confessed that he had heard the whole scuffle and struggle below, but excused himself by sayin', 'He was that afeard, he felt as though he couldn't put a fut under him.'"

"Mr. Percival, so soon as his strength and nerve in great measure had recovered, rode off to the nearest constabulary station and reported his sanguinary conflict. Before daybreak the whole police force of the disthrict was scouring the entire neighborhood, right and left, like so many hounds at finding the scent; but for long no trace could be found of the fugitives. At last, however, a physician was called in to save a wounded man's life, and that only in extremity, when home skill, tried at first, had proved of no use. This call for succor in a desperate case, where life and death struggled in the balance, afforded the needed clue to the whereabouts of the would-be assassins.

"On sarchin', too, the cabin of the wounded man, a curious piece of fire-arm was discovered in a recess, where it had been carefully put away. When shown to Mr. Percival he at once recognized it as the curious and idintical little gun that had been fired at him in his room. Its tyings, length of barrel, and clumsy stock put all possible mistake on the subject out of the question; and this and other points of evidence soon led to expiation on the scaffold. Oh, sir, what a dark and evil world is this, where such bad and awful work as I've been tellin' you of is possible betune those whom the wan God has made and offered His redimshun, and isn't the infatuation of those miserable men who seek by murdher to redress their wrongs, imaginary or real, beyant all the powers o' human undherstandin'? It inds in swift ruin to thimselves, body and soul, and puts Cain's brand o' shame and infamy upon the brow of poor ould Ireland.

"The effect, however, of Mr. Percival's most wondherful act of self-defince and the dreadful fate of those who sought to compass his life was for long powerful for good in the cause of law and ordher. For some years nothing was heard of Whiteboyism or Ribbonism in the disthrict—the spirit o' murdher was cowed. Mr. Percival, too, got no ind o' praise for his matchless skill o' fence, fortitude, and bravery; he was a hero ever afther in the eyes of ould and young, in whole counthry.

"The Government wanted to pinshun him, but as he wouldn't hear o' that, havin' plinty of his own, the Lord Lieutinant knighted him, so that from bein' a plain man he becum', as some time ago I tould you, Sir Christopher Percival. But, my dear, what wuz the use of it all to him? He niver seemed to git over his work o' blood on the night he was attacked; though he knew well and firmly believed that it is both allowable and just to take life in ordher to save life, yit the death of those whom in a sore necessity he slew ever appeared to haunt him. When he thought of it, he troubled most of all that their wretched attempt on his life told him they were lost, lost—you know.

"So from bein' a cheerful man he turned quite gloomy like, withdrew from all society; from the ingratitude of mankind, as proved by his man-servant's threachery, and their revengefulness, as proved by his intending destroyers, he cum ever afther to enthertain a coutimpt and dislike, as it war, of his fellows. His whole nature, sir, was like as if it turned sour, and for the last five years of his life, keepin as much as possible at home, he passed his days for all the world like a harmit.

"This led him to do a mighty quare thing, whin *makin' his will*; but I must put off that part o' my story until, sir, we have the good forthune to meet agin, for the town we are now entherin' is the ind o' my goin' with the coach. At the next inn I pass over the 'ribbons' to Larry Costello."

"I hope to be returning to Dublin," I said, "the day after to-morrow." "Do you?" he replied. "All right; I'll keep the box sate for you, sir; and thin agin' whin we're side by side I'll finish my story." Upon his getting down at the inn from his throne of office I put a somewhat larger *douceur* than usual into his hand. "Thank you, sir," he said, lifting his hat, and for the time we parted.

The purpose of my visit to Limerick was to preach special sermons for the local missionary society. Urgent business required my presence in Dublin, so that, my grateful task done in the west, I returned home immediately. My friend "Jehu," therefore, found me on the day I mentioned to him at ——, in the box seat, so as to be near him.

"Good-day, sir; glad to see you agin," he said, raising in salute his whip hand. "It's beautiful weather for our journey," he added, with a glance at the cloudless heaven. "Gee up, my pets!" he called to his horses, which, pricking up their ears at the well-known voice, moved off at a rattling pace along the Queen's highway.

"Well, sir, as I was sayin' the other night," he soon began, "Sir Christopher Percival led a very lonely and retired life (I hope he was seein' to the makin' of his own soul) after the dreadful and successful battle for his life of which I have tould you. Indeed, the horrible affair seemed to freeze his heart and pethrefy his feelings. It was bad for him that he had no wife nor children, for it's my idaya, sir, there's nothin' in this world does uz more good than the presence in the home, of *a baby*; and thin whin it becums a three-year-owld or so, with its prattlin' talk and the sound of its patterin' feet on the flure or stair, och! shure it's music to a father's ear, sweet enough to charm away all gloomy thought and care.

"But, sir, the poor gintlemin I'm talkin' of had niver the luck to have wun to call him husband or father. They say he was cruelly jilted in his young days by a beautiful but thoughtless young lady; and ever afther, in consequence, kep' clear o' the *sex*. Anyhow, he had, at the time afore us, no wan to let out his heart upon, and, driven back upon itself by the shock it got, it becum', I suppose, hard, as it were; so that from him bein' a kind man, as he wanst was, he turned into a misanthrippy.

"Livin' by and to himself, and spendin' but little while his incum was great, he, in coorse, laid up year afther year hapes o' money; and the people about here used to talk ov it amung thimselves, and ask each other in wundher what in the world he could mane to do with it; but he so kep' all his intintions to himself, that the talk was like the impty wind, and cum to nothin.' They say that even his agent, the lawyer, Mr. Gogharty, wasn't in his saycrets, and, indeed, very seldom seen him, for he done his business with him by writin'. And, more nor that, the knight havin' dhropped his (the lawyer's) acquaintance, like that o' the rest o' the gintlemin uv the place, it cum to pass that for years Mr. Gogharty niver sot fut in the knight's dwellin'. What was his surprise thin you can imagin, to git from Sir Percival a note wan day requestin' him to cum to his house on *special business*.

"As in duty bound, the lawyer in coorse obeyed the summuns, and at the appointed time appeared in Sir Percival's presence. The knight received him with little more ceremony nor the givin' him o' the time o' day. Handin' him a chair to wan side o' the table, he took his own sate at the other side, and thin, with scarce a word o' inthroduction, as I'm towld, opened up the business he spoke of in his letther.

"'I suppose,' began Sir Percival, 'I may expect wan o' these days to be lavin' this world, and, lookin' to my years, it can't be very long,' sez he. 'I want, however, before the time comes to settle me affairs. In a word, Mr. Gogharty, I wish to *make me will*.' 'And a very good thing, indeed, to do,' replied the lawyer. 'If every one, Sir Percival, would do the likes o' that, and as you are doing it, in proper time, there would be fewer unseemly disputes among families in the world, and we lawyers,' sez he, 'would be at a discount, and I fear should find it hard to live.' Then takin' up a pen from the inkstand near him, and carefully spreading out a sheet o' paper afore him, Mr. Gogharty, in one of his blandest voices, inquired into the knight's intintions. 'What arrangement, Sir Percival, do you desire me to make?' sez he.

"'I know, Sir Percival,' sez he, 'that your's is for the most part personal estate. To whom then, my dear sir, do you purpose to leave your money and your property?' You may fancy, if you can, sir, how the lawyer was taken all aback and nonplushed, when Sir Percival answered, in a calm and firm voice, showin' plane as the daylight that he had long made up his mind on the point, 'To whom will I leave my money do you ask?' sez he. 'I will leave it to no wan, Mr. Gogharty; I mane to *tie it up forever*.'

"'The law forbids it, Sir Percival,' sez he, 'and rightly forbids it. *Dead men having no place in society*—lost to it, and to the living world, in fact, though, of course, they are *somewhere*—have no right to commit an act injurius to comin' ginerations. Property of any kind,' sez he, 'is a part of the resources of the world, and its virtual annihilation by such an arrangement as you propose, Sir Percival, would be both a cryin' sin and a moral and natural wrong. Were I to do as you direct,' sez he, 'the Government at your demise would assume possession of your whole estate, Sir Percival, and would treat the document you wish drawn up, as illegal and totally null and void.'

"It was now, sir, the knight's turn to be put out; and with an angry 'Humph!' as though he imagined the lawyer himself was the author of this, to him, most objectionable state o' the law, asked him with some heat, 'Was such legislation just? That for his part he couldn't think so, for in his notion in a free country a man should be left to do with his own jist as he liked. However,' sez he, 'since as I'm bound to believe, since you say it, that *you* lawyers and your confounded law will have it so, and you will not allow me to do what I will with my own, then tie it up for a hundred years,' sez he. '*That*, at all events, will keep it from covetous clutches for two or three ginerations.

"Mr. Gogharty had again to tell him that even that he couldn't do, and that in this case likewise the sovereign power of the land would lay hold upon the knight's inheritance. 'Tie it up then for fifty years,' said the irritated knight. 'Dear me,' sez he, 'if such hindrances in the way o' wan's rights wouldn't try the meekness o' Moses.' 'That, too, cannot be done,' calmly responded the lawyer. 'Even fifty years would far exceed the limit of my powers.'—'What, then, in the name o' goodness, is the longest date you can give me?' asked the knight; and he shouted out his words, for he had got nigh hand into a towerin' passion. 'Twenty-one years is the longest period the law permits property to be tied up,' responded Mr. Gogharty; 'and quite long enough it is,' sez he, a little piqued. In my idaya it should be shortened.'"

"Sir Percival looked daggers at this last remark, but, passing it by, he said, 'Then tie up *all I'm worth*, Mr. Gogharty, for the twenty-one years. Every penny o' it,' sez he; 'and mind you, for not one day liss. I'm resolved to take,' sez he, 'all the advantage your plaguy law allows me.' 'Very well, be it so,' Mr. Gogharty answered. 'But whom, Sir Percival, will you leave the accumulated property to be enjoyed by then? Some one must be named,' sez he; 'property cannot be left without a claimant. As Nature abhors a "vack you am,"' sez he, 'so does the law; so that unless an heir be stated in the will, the Government,' sez he, 'as in the former cases which I have mentiond, will claim at the close of the twenty-wan years your possessions.'"

(To be continued.)

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

A Sermon by Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.

"Ye are the light of the world."—MATT. 5 : 14.

Light is Derived, and therefore Humble—Coal-imprisoned Rays of Light—2. Light is Self-evidencing, and cannot be Hidden—The same Sunlight for the Queen and the Beggar—3. Light is Joyous and Happy, and needs no Apology—Wreckers and their Work—Darkness if Chosen shall Come—The Sheep and the Swine.

THERE are three thoughts prominently suggested by this text. Light is *derived*, and, therefore, *humble*; light is *self-evidencing*, and, therefore, *cannot be hidden*; light is a *joyous* and *happy* sort of thing, and, therefore, *needs no apology*.

1. Take the first thought. Light is *derived*, and, therefore, *humble*. God is the great original of light. He said, "Let there be light, and there was light"—the grandest description that perhaps was ever put into language, because the simplest and the most immediate; effect flashing out so momentarily upon cause. "God said, Let there be light: and there was light." Light is the firstborn of the creative work. "God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night."

From the one fountain of the sun all the streams are flowing. Light is presented to us in all sorts of varieties, and we think that we are improving upon them time after time. Well,

IT IS THE OLD LIGHT:

it is the same light. There is a oneness in its essence, after all. It is *the same light* wherever you look at it, whether it glitters from the wing of the firefly, or whether it blazes on the ruddy hearthstone, or whether it sparkles in the monarch's diadem, or whether it flashes in the beauty of the morning.

Science tells us that those vast coal-fields which supply us with fuel in inclement weather were once forests—forests of luxuriant vegetation upon the earth's surface, and that they incorporated the sun's rays—stole, in fact, the light of the sun's rays, and were then imbedded deep down in the bowels of the earth by some merciful convulsion, in foresight of the wants of some yet uninhabited world. Science tells us, too, that when the shapeless carbon is freed from its crust of mud, and ground on the wheel of the lapidary, and sparkles out upon our vision a diamond of the purest water, it is only the release of *imprisoned rays of light* stolen from the same great source in centuries long ago; so that you see both in the cottage firelight and in the monarch's gem we have nothing but the resurrections of some olden summer—the great Easter of some sepulchred sunlight from which man has rolled away the stone.

Now, whether this theory be true or not—and I believe it is true—I am quite sure that it is true of spiritual matters that we have *no light in ourselves*, and that we cannot gather any from any of the resources by which we are surrounded. "Every good and perfect gift cometh from the Father of Lights" (James 1 : 17). Oh, how beautiful that passage which comes in to illustrate this subject—"from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning"! so that you know for every thing we have—for the implantation of the new nature, for the power to resist evil, for the power to grow in grace, for the power to spread an embalming influence around us—*we are dependent solely upon God*.

It would teach us some useful lessons now and then, if we could always remember this. Why will men foolishly "sacrifice to their net, and burn incense to their drag," Hab. 1 : 16, when they have nothing that they have not received? And this humility is a humility which all nature teaches us. There is *no pride in light*, you know. The sun shines not haughtily. The brilliant host on high is unconscious of its own radiance. "Day unto day uttereth speech," but it is speech of God always, never of themselves. The heavens and the firmament boast not of their own beauty or mechanism. They declare His glory and they show forth His handiwork.

LIGHT IS A VASSAL,

and knows that it is a vassal. Light has an assigned mission in the universe, and like all God's loyal vassals—and all inanimate vassals are loyal ones: it is only man that is the sinner—like all God's loyal vassals, it speeds to fulfil its mission. Sunrise upon the mountains, how beautiful it is, when the morning, rising suddenly out of its couch of cloud, fringes the crests of the hills with glory, and then, grown bolder from its bashfulness, peers down to the valleys, and at last dawns full-orbed upon the world. But how silently it comes!

In obedience to the tidal forces, the *waves of ocean* break upon the strand, but they break with a great noise, and the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, and of this world's grandest tones is that sea's majestic roar. But all round us every day, every hour of every day, there are thousands upon thousands of *waves of light*, a mighty force, a great powerful influence, a more resistless energy; and it does not wake the baby from its slumbers, and there is no tumult in its royal march, and it comes in that imperial silence which is the best energy of God. And thus *unostentatiously*, but constantly, should your light shine before men.

Mark, it is not *ye* that are to shine. Do not be making that mistake. It is *your light*. The exaltation of self could only tend to the obscuration of the light, and would be one of the most effectual "bushels" to put it out and extinguish it altogether. Concerning the regulation and mastery of ourselves in this matter the Scriptures often teach us. We are not at liberty to be idle; the temple of the Spirit must rise. We are not at liberty to be secret; the temple of the Spirit must rise in the sight of men. The world must witness its rising. And yet there is to be no sound of human axe or human hammer.

The temptation to mix up ourselves with our Master in interest, in reputation, in usefulness—especially in usefulness—oh, how great it is! "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom?" The *pride* of honor, the pride of human applause, the pride that prides itself upon trampling that pride out as Diogenes with greater pride trampled upon the pride of Plato; the pride of complacent rejoicing in the time of another's fall, and which says, when we see a man wallowing there in the gutter, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men, or even as this publican;" the pride of the utter right in which some men wrap themselves up, as if it were a shot-proof coat of mail—what are all these? Why nothing but *serpents* twining themselves round the very pillars of the sanctuary of God.

Dear friends, let us learn this lesson; let us be *so full of our Master* that we have no room or time for any thought of ourselves. Let us thrust the proud self into retirement, and hold up the precious Saviour. And as the old cynic Diogenes made it his simple request to Alexander that he would just stand out of the sunshine, so let us, but not in his spirit—for there is nothing cynical about Christianity—let us put away absolutely and forever every thing that comes between us and the Great Sun of moral and spiritual glory, that so we may catch His directer beams, and reflect them in the sight of men.

2. Then take the next thought,

LIGHT IS SELF-EVIDENCING;

and therefore, *cannot be hidden*. I said just now that we were not to obtrude the light or ourselves as the vehicle of the light; but then, on the other hand, we are *not to hide the light*—to cover the light; we are not to distemper the light. We are not to interfere with the ful manifestation of the light's rays. You know that it is an essential property of light to shine It cannot help it. It is not a merit. Nobod ever thinks of praising a star because it shines *it cannot help shining*. If you only let the ligh alone, it is sure to shine.

We have too little of it here in London, bu that is not its fault. It is the intervention of some foreign body like the fogs; but they are all earth-born, and do not belong to the light. They are accidents, not of its essence at all. Only let the light alone, and it will shine.

And then how *impartial* it is. In itself it has no choice of places. It throws itself upon the crest of the mountain, and the mists gather like a fleecy carpet at its feet. But it penetrates into the gloomiest gorge, in the wildest glen, and it dimples—for a few bright moments, anyhow—the obscure and the solitary barn. It shines equally upon humble hut and upon bannered tower; and there is not a ghost of difference between the light that comes down upon the peasant's cottage and that lights up the pinnacle of the proud keep of Windsor.

You cannot tell the difference. It is the *same sunlight* that gladdens the beggar and that gladdens the Queen. It forces a way and struggles through dirt and squalor in some of our London alleys to give a glimpse of heaven to the poor. Ay, and it pierces even through the arrow slits of the castle dungeon that it may cheer the poor captive in his gloom. Under all circumstances and in every condition let the light alone, and it will shine. And so the piety of Christians ought to be as consistent and as self-evidencing as the light of heaven.

It condemns *worldliness*, for example—sinful conformity to the habits and maxims of the world. It does not try by hardihood and daring how near it can drive to the precipice without turning over. It feels its safety in keeping as far off danger as it can. It abstains from the appearance of evil. It brands the doubtful as the bad.

And then this requirement of consistency condemns, also, *censoriousness*—the besetting sin of multitudes who rank as reputable Christians among men—censoriousness, the pride that would look down upon, or the envy that would depreciate, or the malice that would conspire against the fair fame of another.

Oh, to this consistency, in its elevation of purity, there is no character so hateful in this world as the character of the Pharisee, who gathers up his ruffled skirts, and frowns away the poor publican from his fellowship of devotion; and there is no character so utterly and contemptibly silly as that of this wicked Haman, to whom court favor and riches availed nothing, because Mordecai, the Jew, was sitting at the king's gate.

And then this requirement of consistency condemns, also, *cowardice*—the hiding of religion n the heart; the dwelling in the ceiled house ntent upon personal aggrandizement and pleasure and privilege, while the house of God lies waste; the selfishness which, with miser's care, would wrap up the pearl of great price, and let nobody either share in the sight of its beauty or have any thing of the benefit of its possession.

All these, I say, are condemned by the requirement of the text, "*Let your light shine*;" not a phosphoric gleam, not a meteor of the marsh, not a revolving lantern even, emitting an occasional or periodical radiance, but a light calm, uniform, and steady.

If you must have an emblem, let it be the *lighthouse on the cliff*. The waves sweep over it, the storm smites it, and heavily against its solid form press the broad shoulders of the hurricane; but teadfast, serene, immovable, the same year after year, through all the silent light burns on.

3. And then, again,

LIGHT IS JOYOUS

nd a *happy* sort of thing, and, therefore, *needs no apology*. The wisest man in human wisdom hat the world had in it said, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes o gaze upon the sun;" and every thing connect-d with light brings the idea of warmth, comfort, gladness.

Joyous as the light ought to be the *piety of the elieuer*. Who has so many substantial reasons for happiness? Who grasps so many of the ruest satisfactions? Oh, they caricature our holy religion, they libel its boundlessness of blessing, who fretfully crave or who dolefully complain; who are sanctimonious only when they think themselves "sanctified;" who would frown in their melancholy censorship upon all the relaxations and endearments of life. One feel of the sun would soon do away with all this moral dyspepsia. "Let your light shine."

Brethren, the character of John the Baptist—not the recluse and uncourtly ascetic that we are sometimes apt to paint him, but the witness and forerunner of the Saviour—the character of John the Baptist as it is exhibited to us, if we go under the surface and ponder it, is one which is within the reach of all of us—one which, in the midst of the world, naughty as that world is, malicious as that world is, it cannot gainsay. They say that that same world has got *an eagle eye*, keen, sharp, fierce, especially in the detection of blemishes and inconsistencies in professors of religion.

Well, naturalists tell us—they used to tell us, at any rate: in these utilitarian days I am not sure whether they bear it out—but they used to tell us that the *eagle's eye* drooped before the sun—that the burning iris of the eagle's eye drooped abashed before the steadfast purity of noon. And if you want to meet the world on its own ground, you know what to do. "Let your light shine," the light of cheerfulness without frivolity, the light of benevolence without ostentation, the light of gratitude without exuberance, the light of dazzling holiness with the veil thrown over it of humility, deep, and earnest and profound.

Then your life will be a happy one—it cannot help being a happy one; and then men will be attracted by the winsomeness of your piety to love the Lord Jesus themselves, and then strong consolations shall troop up to cheer the winter of your age; and then at the last, although you would be abundantly satisfied if they were to put upon your tombstone, as they did upon that of the forerunner, "He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light," the Saviour, who always gives more than is asked, who always gives in princely fashion, whether He bestows praise or recompense, will say of you, as He did of him, "He was a burning and a shining light."

Now, is it so that there are only two classes here—*children of light* and *children of darkness?* Is it so? Dear friends, there is one passage in the Bible that has always seemed to me one of the most fearful within the Book. It is this: "If, therefore, the *light* that is in thee be *darkness*, how great is that darkness." Now try to understand it. I can understand darkness, I can understand light obscured by darkness.

THE LIGHT MADE DARKNESS

—light so losing its very essence that it is degenerated into utter darkness. What do you think of that?

Not so very long ago—I hope it has died out now—but not so very long ago, in certain parts of the rock-bound coast of this beautiful island of ours, there used to be a class of men called *wreckers*, whose business it was to hoist *false lights upon the cliff*, and when the homeward-bound vessels loomed in sight, rich in costly argosies, richer in hopes and joys of mariners coming home again and longing for the sight of the loved ones from whom they had been separated for years—these wreckers would, by the false lights upon the cliff, lure *the doomed ship* among the quicksands or on the rocks or among the breakers, and, when she was struggling in her distress, they would go down with wolf eye and cruel hand, sometimes to destroy life—always to clutch the spoil. Was not that *light made darkness?*

And what are the writers of infidel and *licentious books*, that pander to the corrupt passions of our nature, and that inject poison into the minds of unsuspecting youth? There is their work—the light made darkness. And what is the work of the villanous *seducers* of youthful and especially female innocence, who now blazon out their effronteries in the drawing-rooms from which they ought to be scouted in shame? What is their work but light made darkness? And there are some of you *choosing darkness*, perhaps. Well, if you do choose it, you shall have it. God would rather that you did not choose it: He would rather that you chose light and became children of the day; but if you choose it He will not force you out of it. He will do every thing else; He will put the light before you; He will flash it before your dazzled eyes; He will show you its heavenly beauty; but He will not force you to accept it, or to become children of the light; and if you choose the darkness you may have it.

Darkness shall come upon you. You have chosen it, and it shall be yours. And then, when the night comes, darkness—

CHOSEN DARKNESS—

congenial darkness—the blackness of darkness forever! Oh, you cannot surely, in your sane minds, choose it?

Some of you say, "I do not choose darkness, but, somehow, I am in it. I do not choose it; I would rather have the light. I am struggling for the light, and yet, sometimes, I get a great fall into the darkness again." Well, that is not darkness after all. Somebody illustrates it, in reference to people who desire to live for God, and yet now and then, fall into sin, by the different behavior of the *sheep* and the *swine*. When the sheep has got into the sty and the swine has got into the sty, you can tell the swine from the sheep even there, in the foulness and in the impurity. The swine wallows contentedly, but, oh, how the sheep struggles to get out!

Darkness? Yes, but not absolute darkness. You see men as trees walking. That is imperfect vision, to be sure; but

THE GREAT OCULIST

is at hand who can make you see clearly, and take your spiritual ophthalmia away, and make you see with perfect vision. And if you choose light any one of you, if you begin to choose it with whole heart and with sincere desire to-night, you shall have it; and it is wonderful how it will come to you. You need not fear about a *bad harvest* here. Light is sown for the righteous, and there will be a wonderful crop. God's crops never fail.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart;" light upon the memory, so that it shall bring all God's mercy into view; light upon the understanding, so that passages that you had read a hundred times before flash with all the newness of a richer beauty; light upon the conscience, so that you have no doubts upon questions of Christian casuistry, but there is a voice which says to you, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" and there is no difficulty, being guided, not "as the horse or as the mule, which have no understanding, and whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle," but as the loved child who has only just to look behind, and there is the father's eye, and the eye guides. "I will guide thee with My eye."

And then darkness? Yes, just a little darkness—only an *eclipse*, though, and the sun is never so bright as when struggling through it; only an eclipse—just a little eclipse—a temporary obscuration in the grave, and then light again, light all over, light all round, undistempered light, perfect light, not quite familiar light; and if you look around, you wonder what has become of the old sun that has guided you so long, or of the moon that supplied the sun's lack of service in the night-time.

Then a voice speaks, "They need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord shall be their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning shall be ended." *And that is heaven!* May it be yours and mine!

A singular Coincidence, which rarely happens to brothers, has occurred during the present month in Europe. Francis Howitt, the elder brother of the late William Howitt, residing at Heanor, Derbyshire, England, expired in the same hour of the same day that his brother died in Rome. Did they meet in the other world?

AN UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

(*Continued from page* 383.)

A VISIT TO LONDON.

"MAMMA," said Clara one morning to her parent, as they sat together at breakfast, a meal which was never graced by the presence of the widow, for she kept her own room till noonday —"Mamma, I do not think that we can endure all this much longer. It is impossible to please Emma, whatever we do : let her set up house for herself, and manage as she may !"

Mrs. Arnot looked very grave, and it was some moments before she replied. "I think, Clara, that you can scarcely have reflected on what would be the result of such an attempt. You can scarcely have failed to observe how careless poor Emma is of money, how unable she is to manage a household, or to keep account of its expenses. She would certainly involve herself inextricably in debt, while the consequences to the unhappy orphans must be such as would deeply distress us both."

"They could scarcely be worse than they are," said Clara, bitterly ; "*wild, ignorant*, unmanageable little creatures. I have attempted several times to teach Lyddie, but she has always darted away like a little wild colt ; while Master Johnny, the other day, threw the spelling-book out of the window. Their footprints are over all my borders, their fingers cannot be kept off my flowers ; Lyddie strewed the walks yesterday with apple-blossoms, while Emmie managed to get hold of my paint-box, and has not only mixed all the colors together, but has left traces of them on a dozen of our books."

"It is very trying ; it quite distresses me, my Clara, to see the annoyance and discomfort which you suffer. Night after night I lie awake, turning over in my mind by what means I can prevent the inconvenience from falling upon my child. But no path seems to open before me. Emma is as unfit to keep house for herself as her own Lyddie would be ; and I feel —I am sure that you feel—that, as long as we have a home, the orphan grandchildren of your beloved father should never be denied its shelter !"

Clara pressed her mother's hand fondly to her lips. "O mamma ! you are so good !" she exclaimed ; "and what a return do you meet ! I do believe that if we were to give up our house altogether, or only to remain in it as servants, slaving from morning till night, and denying ourselves common comforts that Emma might enjoy every luxury, she would take it quite as a matter of course, think that every thing was as it should be, and feel not one spark of gratitude towards us, whatever our sacrifices might cost us !"

There was much truth in Clara's remark. In a mind mean and selfish as the widow's, gratitude has *rarely a place*. Alas that in the world it should be a virtue so rare ! Not that I would for a moment swell with my voice that cry so common, yet often so unjust, which indiscriminately charges the poor with ingratitude towards their benefactors. Far from it ; in this virtue, as in many others, the comparatively rich may often learn a lesson from the poor. There are perhaps few in the world who have no opportunity of exercising gratitude, few who lie under no obligations either for substantial services or for kindly attentions ; watchful care in infancy, help in difficulty, generous hospitality, or some other of the thousand acts of benevolence and friendship which so sweeten the cup of human life.

Yes, the many are laid under obligations, but the few have the candor to acknowledge them ; the many are helped, benefited, and cheered— the few gratefully remember the benefactor. The lepers in the Gospel are still types of human nature. *Ten were cleansed, but where are the nine?* Reader ! pause a moment ; ask your own heart, do you treasure up the remembrance of benefits—do you carefully keep up the warm glow which perhaps kindled in your heart when you first received them ? Or has the cold wave of time chilled the generous warmth of your feelings—or, worse still, did that warmth never exist ? From such observations as the writer has been enabled to make, it seems to be almost a general rule that the most truly generous are also the most grateful—that those who most readily do acts of kindness, most thankfully acknowledge them from others.

Nor let us think want of gratitude a light sin, or one which we may safely overlook. The same proud, thankless spirit which leads us to forget our obligations to man is at the *root* of our unbelief, our indifference, our coldness towards Him who is the giver of all good. We receive our blessings as rights ; we think little of the mercy which bestowed them, or we should scarcely dare to murmur and repine when the smallest is taken away from us. When Clara accused her sister-in-law of ingratitude, she little thought how well the charge might have been retorted on herself. Had she not been loaded with mercies—granted health, strength, all the comforts of life, opportunity of benefiting others, and power of pleasing ; the love of her friends, the deep tenderness of a mother ; and, above all, innumerable spiritual blessings, the means of grace and the hope of glory !

And yet with all this the heart which the world deemed so pure—the heart whose depths she had never yet fathomed, was now filled with a bitter, almost a *rebellious*, spirit. Clara had worked—was well pleased to work for God, but it must be in her own way ; she could make sacrifices for religion, but the choice of the sacrifice must be her own. It was as though the soldier who for years had glittered on parade and performed the routine of daily duty with faultless regularity in time of peace had started back when the war-trumpet sounded, had turned from the sterner obligations before him, and murmured because he was called upon at last to "endure hardness" and to face trial in a holy cause.

Clara was still ready to sit by the sick, to visit the dying, and to teach in the school ; she was still willing to give freely to the poor, looking for a plenteous reward hereafter, and receiving in the present the interest of human gratitude, admiration, and love. But she was not ready to be "*kind to the unthankful and the evil*," to "*let patience have its perfect work*," to strive to reclaim wilful and unruly children, with the prospect of awakening the jealousy of their parent, but never of rousing her to a sense of obligation. Clara's religion was not "*the love of Christ*," which "*constraineth* ;" therefore in the time of trial it failed her.

Consideration for her mother usually restrained Clara from making audible complaints, though she had not sufficient command over herself to abstain from them altogether ; but she indemnified herself for her forbearance by writing to Ada full and circumstantial details of all her petty miseries, with a by no means flattering description of the family from Barbadoes. It was a letter which Clara would not willingly have seen in the hands of her revered pastor ; she would never have addressed it to her mother ; she had some doubts, after having finished it, whether it would be well to post it. But it was really a clever and amusing letter ; it eased her heart to write it ; she was glad to have some way of giving vent to the pent-up flood of bitterness which was beginning to overflow its bounds.

The letter brought a speedy reply, containing an affectionate and urgent invitation to Clara to *join her cousin* in London, giving a glowing description of the amusements which she would enjoy, while a P.S. entreated her not to delay her visit, lest she should lose all the May-meetings in Exeter Hall, which Ada was "sure that to one so good would be a greater pleasure than all the rest."

Clara uttered an involuntary exclamation of delight as she perused the letter of her cousin. It was as though a caged bird had suddenly seen the door of his prison open, and the way free to liberty and to sunshine. She was full of impatience to show Ada's epistle to her mother, and could scarcely endure the delay occasioned by Mrs. Arnot's having to examine into the cause of a furious dispute between Johnny and his elder sister, and then to administer gentle advice and reproof to each of the little offenders. The interruption appeared to Clara so vexatious and petty—she would willingly have ended it at once by sending both the children away to the most distant part of the house, to settle their disputes by themselves ; but her mother calculated more truly the importance of whatever regards the training of immortal beings.

At length, however, Johnny and Lyddie were dismissed, having been, after much trouble, induced to exchange the kiss of forgiveness ; and the door had scarcely closed behind them, when Clara placed the letter in the hand of her mother. Eagerly she watched the expression of Mrs. Arnot's countenance as she read it. The lady perused it to the end before she uttered a word, and then she glanced up with a smile.

"What do you say to this, Clara ?"

"O mamma—it is just as you like—just as you think best—but—"

"This invitation seems to meet a difficulty which has pressed heavily on my mind. I have grieved to feel how trying to you has been the change in our family arrangements. You have grown thinner and paler ; your spirits have left you ; for the first time in my life it has pained me to look at my child. It is better, perhaps, that you should be absent from home till we bring matters into a somewhat better train."

"It seems almost like deserting you, mamma ; and yet—I do not think that I can help you much—I have not the least influence with the children."

Why was it that even Clara knew that her absence at this time would be actually a *relief* to her mother ? How was it that she had proved a burden rather than a helper ? She had never put the question fairly to her own heart, and was very glad to substitute for it another.

"Does it not seem to you, mamma, as though I might be more useful in London than I am here ? I believe that poor dear Ada really likes me ; I have some influence with her, I believe : she seemed here to be turning her mind more towards religion than she hitherto had done ; but she has no one now to speak to or consult on serious subjects. If I were with her she would be induced for my sake to go to meetings which she would not otherwise attend—it seems to me that it may really be my duty to go to Ada at this time."

"It will be your pleasure, at least," said Mrs. Arnot, smiling ; "and your happiness is ever near to my heart. I can trust your principles, my Clara ; I believe that you will ever act in my absence as you would if my eye were upon you. And the Almighty may, and I trust will, make you, my love, a blessing to others, if you serve Him with a humble, devoted heart, and a single eye to His glory."

A few days after this conversation took place, Clara, full of youthful hope and joy, sprang into the carriage which was to convey her to the depot , and waved again and again a fond farewell to the beloved parent who watched her departure from the gate.

It was with mixed emotions that the gentle widow beheld disappearing down the winding lane the carriage which held her dearest earthly treasure, separated from her for the first time Mrs. Arnot took pleasure in her daughter's pleasure, and had, perhaps, pride in the though that her beauty, talents, and virtues would now be more widely known and appreciated. Bu there was pain also in parting ; pain with which the meek parent reproached herself—that Clar could be so happy in parting ! There was a secret fear, which Mrs. Arnot thought want of fait lest the different scenes into which she was entering should, were it even in the slightest degree, change one who, in her partial love, sh thought could scarcely change for the bette Mrs. Arnot also suffered from the cares and anxieties of life, which she now must bear alone ; fo she was not one to complain, even to her mo intimate friends, of the secret trials of her home. The peevishness, the selfishness, the heartlessness of Emma, the wayward passions of her ill-taught children, the loss of the quiet repose of a well-ordered dwelling, were a cross to Mrs. Arnot as well as to her daughter; if to the latter it formed the more painful burden, it was because she murmured under its weight, while the widow bent *meekly* under it, remembering the divine hand that had laid it upon her.

So, quietly and unostentatiously, never dreaming either of merit or reward, the widow went through her round of daily duties, ordering her household, teaching the children, caring for her guest, nursing the infant, and never forgetting the poor. Emma's total indifference on the subject of religion often grieved Mrs. Arnot; but trusting in God, and not in herself, the simple Christian would not despair even of a heart which seemed like the beaten highway, on which the good seed fell only at once to be carried away.

There was no use in lending religious works to Emma; the volumes lay unopened beside her. She never considered herself equal to the fatigue of attending service in the house of worship. Mr. Ward and his wife paid her more than one visit. The good man spoke, as was his wont, out of the abundance of his heart; while Mrs. Arnot listened meekly with her clasped hands resting on her knee. But even he was chilled by the affected nod and meaningless smile with which the daughter-in-law received his words of holy consolation; while his wife felt uncomfortable under the dark eye which seemed scrutinizing every article of her simple apparel.

Not every one bore as patiently as Mrs. Ward this scrutinizing survey of dress from the fashionable and extravagantly-attired young widow. Miss Butterfield, who had a character and a temper of her own, was irritated by the close attention paid to her large poke-bonnet and rusty shawl.

She made some observations, more true than polite, about heads like band-boxes in a milliner's shop, intended to hold nothing more weighty than quillings and puffings; which brought an angry tinge to Emma's sallow cheek, and made her bitterly comment, when the guest had departed, upon the insufferable vulgarity of Mrs. Arnot's country acquaintance.

"How can I win Emma's attention to any thing serious?" such was Mrs. Arnot's frequent thought, till one day the happy idea struck her mind of reading to her Clara's manuscript hymns. "If any human writings can interest her, these will," thought the simple-hearted mother. "She will listen to them first for the sake of the authoress, and then their own beauty must touch her heart.

Emma could not, of course, refuse her assent to the proposal to read aloud the verses of her sister. She declared that she would be charmed to hear them, secretly hoping that the infliction might not be long, and that her mother-in-law would not think it necessary to go through the volume from beginning to end. Mrs. Arnot read with great impressiveness and feeling; every touching sentiment, every graceful idea, gained added beauty from her earnest expression. She was pleased and gratified by the profound silence of her listener, and read on, and on, warming with her subject, till in one favorite hymn, which described the blessedness of living for eternity, her eyes filled, and her heart overflowed, and she turned, as she wiped away a thankful tear, to see if Emma shared her emotions. The widow lay *fast asleep* on the sofa!

The only things to which Emma listened with real interest were portions of Clara's *letters* from London. These, written to amuse her mother in her seclusion, and full of lively descriptions given with freshness and vigor by one to whom every thing which she beheld was new, were, even to a stranger, extremely entertaining. By Mrs. Arnot the arrival of the post was looked forward to as bringing the one great treat of the day, and never once was she disappointed of it.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN ESTHER.

S. S. Lesson for April 20th.—Esther 4: 10–17; 5: 1–5. Golden Text, Psalm 37: 5.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR lesson for to-day is a striking instance of how the fate of a whole people may depend upon the faithfulness of a single individual. There is no doubt that God had overruled all the circumstances of which we read in the first and second chapters of this book, in view of the time when Esther should be called to the step of faith which saved her people from destruction. The displeasure of the king with Vashti may be, from man's point of view, only the act of an unreasonable despot, but God made way through it for Esther to be made queen, and it was God who gave her favor in the sight of the king. But Esther was blest with a wise counsellor in Mordecai, who evidently taught her *the responsibility of her position.*

We find that Esther "had not yet showed her kindred nor her people; as Mordecai had charged her; for Esther did the commandment of Mordecai, like as when she was brought up with him." Here was the first step in God's preparation of His servant for the important part which she was afterwards to play. Esther, even though the queen of the most powerful country of the world in her time, *knew how to obey.* Obedience is more often overlooked than faith or zeal.

We read of the loyalty of Mordecai in chap. 2: 21–23, when, though a member of a captive race, he warned the king through Esther of the treachery of two of his chamberlains. But notwithstanding this, it was not Mordecai but Haman, a vain, selfish, unprincipled man, who rose into favor at the court of the king Ahasuerus. It would appear that the king had given commandment that every one should bow before Haman, not because of any official position which in itself would command respect and honor, but out of mere caprice. Mordecai alone was disobedient to the command—not from disloyalty; *his past conduct was sufficient evidence of this.* Haman was neither king nor magistrate, no power ordained of God, and probably this was why Mordecai the Jew withstood the general homage offered to this man.

But we find that some mischief-making people among the king's servants told Haman of it, and so satanic was the spirit of this favorite of the world, that "he scorned to lay hands on Mordecai alone; for they had shewed him the people of Mordecai: wherefore Haman sought to destroy all the Jews that were throughout the whole kingdom of Ahasuerus" (chap. 3: 6). And the infatuation of the king for this unworthy favorite was so great that we find it needed but a request on his part to the king, and he was ready to consign a whole race of people to be massacred; and so heartless were this tyrant king and his favorite, that after having sent out into all the land the fearful command to destroy the Jews, "*the King and Haman sat down to drink.*" Such is the natural heart of man.

But "when Mordecai perceived all that was done, Mordecai rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth with ashes, and went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and bitter cry; and came even before the king's gate: for none might enter into the king's gate clothed with sackcloth." There was also mourning and fasting and weeping and wailing among all the Jews. But Esther seems to have known nothing of all this at the first. Then her maids and her chamberlains told Esther, and she was exceedingly grieved at Mordecai's sorrow, while as yet she was ignorant of its cause, and she sent raiment to clothe him, but he received it not. Then she sent Hatach, a confidential servant, to whom Mordecai told the whole story, and "gave him the copy of the writing of the decree that was given at Shushan to destroy them" (the Jews), "to shew it unto Esther, and to declare it unto her, and to charge her that she should go in unto the king, to make supplication unto him, and to make request before him for her people. And Hatach came and told Esther the words of Mordecai" (chap. 4: 8, 9). It was an awful moment for Esther. The fate of her people was at stake, but it might be death to her to go in uncalled unto the king. At first her heart failed her: she could not speak face to face with her uncle, all must pass through Hatach; and she represented how it was on pain of death that any one, man or woman, should enter into the inner court unto the king unless he should hold out unto them the golden sceptre. "Then Mordecai commanded to answer Esther, Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: *and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?*"

Yes, Esther was come to the kingdom for this very time. And so, dear reader, in every position of difficulty or perplexity in which thou mayest be placed, thou art not *by chance but in the ordering of God* come to it, that thou mayest experience His faithfulness and power.

Mordecai had no doubt that enlargement and deliverance would arise to the Jews; he knew the power and the faithfulness of his God; but he desired for Esther that she might have the honor and privilege of being the instrument which God should use. And what a lesson this teaches us! Reader, are you alone in your family as a Christian, or are you working in your neighborhood single-handed? Oh, forget not that those who are watching you, and who receive most of their religious impressions through you, may rise or fall through your spiritual state. God calls to a high position of honor the first member of a family whom he brings out from the world, and it is a responsibility which demands the closest communing with Him.

Esther rose to the occasion; her uncle's faith was contagious, and she sent an answer to Mordecai: "Go, gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink for three days, night or day: I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." Thus the queen leant not upon herself, but upon God. And thus prepared she ventured into the king's presence. A *people lay upon* her heart, and her life was in her hand, but she was strong in God and she went forward. And so must we if the Christianity of our day is not to succumb to the elements of the world and self which assail it on every hand.

And God overruled the heart of the king, and he "held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand." And so fully had God bowed his heart that he said, "What wilt thou, queen Esther? and what is thy request? it shall be given thee to the half of the kingdom." Esther invited the king and Haman to a banquet which she had prepared. Meanwhile the current of affairs took a turn, God's hand was in it all, and the prayer was not in vain. The chronicles of the kingdom were read before the king, and Mordecai's loyalty was first made known to him. And without being aware of Haman's enmity against Mordecai, the king sent him to lead Mordecai in royal apparel and on the king's horse throughout the city. It was the beginning of deliverance.

Then when the king and Haman were come to Esther's banquet, the king urged upon Esther to make her request, and great was his surprise when she said, "Let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request," etc. And when he further asked, "Who is he, and what is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so?" she said, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman." An hour later and Haman was hanging on the gallows which in his sinful jealousy he had prepared for Mordecai, and it was but a step beyond to ask for and to receive respite for all the Jews. And thus she who put her trust in God was not confounded, and God's people sought not His face in vain.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The English National Balance Sheet was presented to Parliament April 3d. The cost of the wars in India and South Africa form a serious item in the year's expenditure, and it was generally anticipated that an increased taxation would have been proposed, but beyond imposing a small additional duty on cigars, no change has been made.

England now has a floating debt represented by an unpaid balance of some $23,500,000 expenses incurred in the warlike preparations preceding the Berlin Conference; there is a further debit of a larger amount on account of the Zulu war, part of which is included in the year's expenditures; and there is a loan of $10,000,000, without interest, to India, which does not figure in the budget at all. While the ordinary expenses of the year leave a surplus, the actual expenses show a deficit of over $11,000,000.

The Temperance Cause in England.—The friends of the temperance cause in Great Britain are rejoicing over what is considered an important advance made by them in the House of Commons, 166 members having, March 11th, voted in favor of a resolution introduced by Sir Wilfrid Lawson in favor of Popular Control of the Liquor Trade. The resolution affirms the principle that the inhabitants of any district should be at liberty to restrain the demoralizing traffic in their midst, if they so desire. Last year 88 members only voted for the measure which is known as *the Permissive Bill*, the aim of which is similar to that of our Maine Liquor Law, therefore although Sir Wilfrid Lawson's resolution was lost, 254 having voted against it, yet the friends of temperance congratulate themselves on the fact that in twelve months they have practically doubled the number of their supporters in the British Parliament. The greater part of the churches of the country passed resolutions in favor of the motion, and remarkable interest was taken in the debate, no less than twenty-two speeches having been made upon the subject. The surpassing need of legislation in the matter may be seen by the fact that, notwithstanding the depression of trade, and consequent distress prevalent in the country, the amount spent in intoxicating drink during the year 1878 increased by $900,000, the total sum expended in intoxicants last year in the United Kingdom having reached the enormous amount of *seven hundred millions of dollars.*

Another Royal Victim of Diphtheria.—The death of the young Prince Waldemar, son of the Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany, is announced as having been caused by diphtheria, and that measures have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease, which has lately been so fatal to members of the Royal family in Prussia. The deceased Prince was a grandson of the Queen of England.

A Thrilling Episode in Missionary Life is narrated in a letter received last week from the Rev. Henry Marsden, American missionary in Marash, in Asiatic Turkey. It appears that the inhabitants of Zatoon, numbering 10,000 persons, after bearing with incredible patience for a long period the oppression of Turkish officials, at length broke out in open rebellion. A riot took place, and orders were given by the Turkish Government to destroy the city.

The Turkish Governor-General was, however, urged by the English Consul to try peaceable measures to quell the disturbance, and reluctantly consented. Mr. Mardsen was sent for, and asked to mediate. He was provided with an armed guard, but he preferred to go unprotected, and he dismissed the escort, for it seemed better to meet the Zatoon people alone. "As we threaded our way," Mr. Marsden writes, "through the defiles of the mountains, we frequently saw the heads of Moslem robbers, and *the gleam of their weapons peering down upon us* from the crags above, but we passed them all in safety, and entered the town just after dark. We spent a week in earnest conference with large bodies of influential men, and held several meetings *at night with this band of outlaws.* We were received by all parties with kindness and confidence. We listened to the sad story of their wrongs, advised unqualified submission to the Government, while we gave hope that English influence would protect them from a repetition of past oppressions.

They gave us a paper containing apologies for their misdeeds, strong assurances of loyalty in the future, and a petition that a suitable governor be sent to them as soon as practicable. This paper was signed and sealed without a dissenting vote, and then, as proof of their sincerity, they collected the arms they had taken from the policemen and sent them by us to Marash.

The robbers even gave us the pledge that if they could be saved from the vengeance of the Turk they would at once deliver up their arms and become obedient citizens. With many a "God bless you," from Armenian, Catholic, Protestant, and robber chief, we returned to Marash.

Thus did the influence of one godly man save a whole city from extermination. Truly "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

The Chronic State of Warfare which seems natural to South America does not appear to be at all near its end, for a war is threatened now which ere its close may possibly involve half the nations of South America. A grievance having arisen on the part of Chili against Bolivia, on account of disputes respecting the latter's right of taxation of certain nitrate works, owned and worked by Chilians in Bolivia, which it had been agreed should be partially exempt from taxation, Chili has declared war against Bolivia, and Peru has allied herself with the latter. Chili appears to be seeking the assistance of Brazil, while the Argentine Republic has an old grievance against Chili, so that the position may become exceedingly complicated. All these republics, however, are so wretchedly poor, and with no credit, that they may soon have to cease fighting from sheer lack of powder and guns.

Zulu Drinking Habits appear to have received an impetus from intercourse with Europeans, as is usual in similar cases. The Zulus make a sort of beer, which they drink largely, but its intoxicating power is so slight that they sit drinking for a day before they become intoxicated. But the English traders have supplied them with rum and gin, which the Zulus have preferred to their own beer on account of its greater intoxicating strength. It is in this way that professedly Christian people deal with weaker races in various parts of the world, whose passions, excited by alcohol, are to all intents "set on fire of hell," the so-called "enlightenment" of the white man is too often but another name for darkness, "the light which is in him is darkness," making the "dark places of the earth" darker still by his vices and self-indulgence.

Mr. George Müller is still actively pursuing his evangelistic labors on the Continent of Europe. At the end of last year he proceeded from Switzerland, *via* Lyons and Marseilles, into Spain, where he visited Barcelona, Saragossa, and Madrid. He also visited the missionaries, and inspected several large schools, which he is the means of supporting in that country. He has since visited Biarritz, Pau, Bordeaux, and Cannes, holding numerous meetings at these places. He is now at Nice, whence he proceeds to Mentone, where he hopes to meet Mr. Spurgeon. It has been announced, that in the autumn of the present year, he will go again to America.

"Very Reverend" and "Sinner."—Some one having addressed C. H. Spurgeon as "the Very Rev.," the latter objected to it; for, in his opinion, "reverend" and "sinner" make a curious combination, and as he knows that he is the second, he repudiates the first. To him it is surprising that such a flattering title should have been invented, and more amazing still that good men should be found who are angry if this title be not duly given to them.

Mr. Spurgeon's Return.—If Mr. Spurgeon's health continues to improve as it has done during the last week, he purposes returning to England at an early date, and is expected to preach in the Metropolitan Tabernacle on *Easter Sunday.* Mrs. Spurgeon's health, we are sorry to learn, is worse than usual just now.

Mrs. M. Baxter writes from Baden-Baden:—"The meetings in the Badischen Oberland were much blessed in the villages. The people are intelligent and earnest. The few members of the Lord's "little flock" are of good report in their lives, but the love of souls is sadly wanting amongst them. Some of the meetings which are held weekly in these villages were established by the good Pastor Mein, whose power in healing the sick was spoken of in an article in *Israel's Watchman* last summer. Most of the old Christians in this neighborhood were converted in the days of Pastor Mein, through his instrumentality and that of another good pastor near. But these old Christians do not like any one else coming to work in their villages, although no conversion work is going on, and the large *Catholic* population is untouched. Pray for Carlsruhe, where I hope to begin meetings in a few days. This beautiful little town of Baden is mostly Catholic; some good has been done lately by the Baron de Gemmingen, and others who have held meetings in a school-room."

A Scotchman's Inheritance.—A Christian man was visited on his dying bed by a worldly brother, who upbraided him for giving so much attention to the things of God, and giving away so much of his substance for religious purposes, and subjecting himself to poverty, when, if he had followed his advice and example, he might now have been in the enjoyment of plenty, instead of being, as he termed it, a burden to his friends. With great calmness and earnestness the dying saint replied, waving his wasted hand toward his poor, self-deceived brother, "Quiet, quiet! Whist, whist, Tam! I have a kingdom no begun upon, and an inheritance that I have na yet seen." Which was the richer of the two brothers?

The Origin of the London Foundling Hospital.—Captain Coram, the founder of this institution, often passed to and fro between Rotherhithe and the City, and his heart was touched by the sight he constantly witnessed of infants exposed by their parents in order to obtain the pity and succor of chance passers, or else to suffer the more probable alternative of death from starvation. The sympathy that was the sole bond between the honest sailor and these unfortunate children has since awakened a responsive throb of kindred feeling in countless hearts, resulting in the support and prosperity of the institution in Bloomsbury, London, he founded for their shelter. The Captain himself died poor, but late in life uttered the following noble sentiment: "I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence and vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that, in this my old age, I am poor."

All but Idiots Stop the Tap.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, writing upon the subject of temperance, relates what occurred at a meeting in a northern county. Three clergymen were present. They set up Timothy as their model man morally, lauding and magnifying sobriety, but commending the temperate consumption of alcohol. When they had concluded, an *elderly farmer* rose and said, "I've heard that kind of tale for the last forty years, and I can't see that people are a bit more sober now than when it commenced. It reminds me of what I once saw take place at a *retreat for imbeciles.* It is the custom there, after the patients have been in residence for a certain time, to put them to a kind of test, to see whether they are fit to leave the asylum or not. They are taken to a trough full of water with a small pipe continually running into it, and supplying it. They are given a ladle, and told to empty it. Those who have not regained their senses keep *ladling away*, while the water flows in as fast as they ladle out, but them as *isn't* idiots *stop the tap.*"

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. The Circulation is 150,000 Copies.

Price, Single Copies, Three Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1879.

13th Year. No. 26—New Series.

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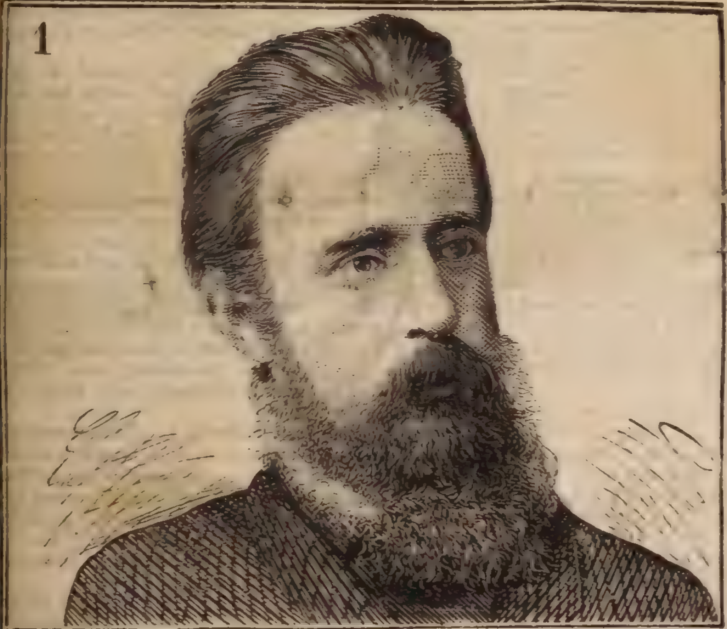

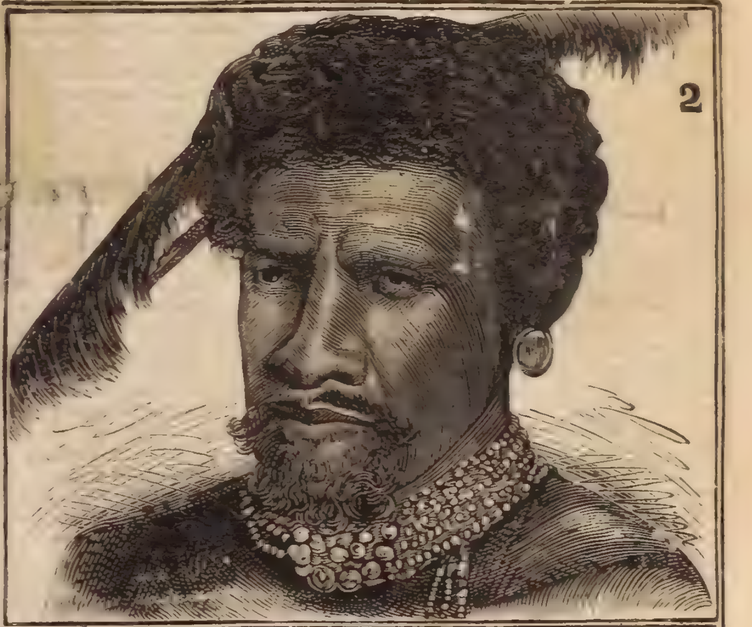

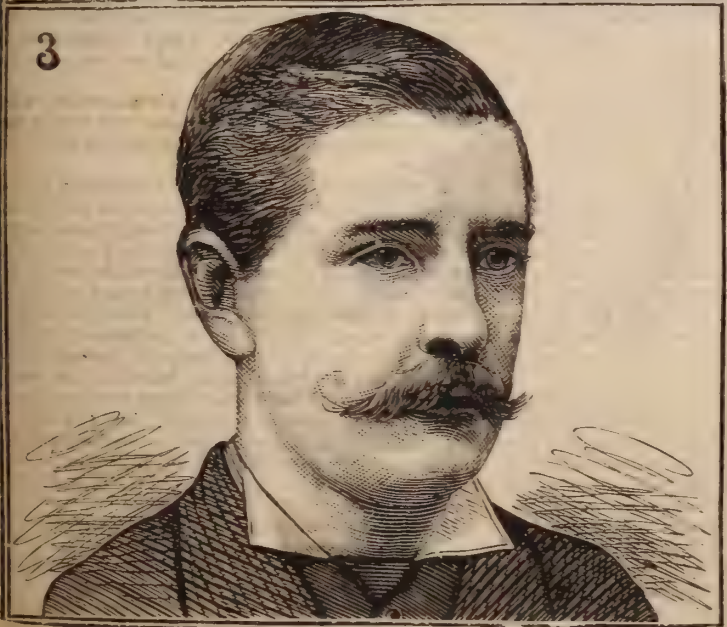

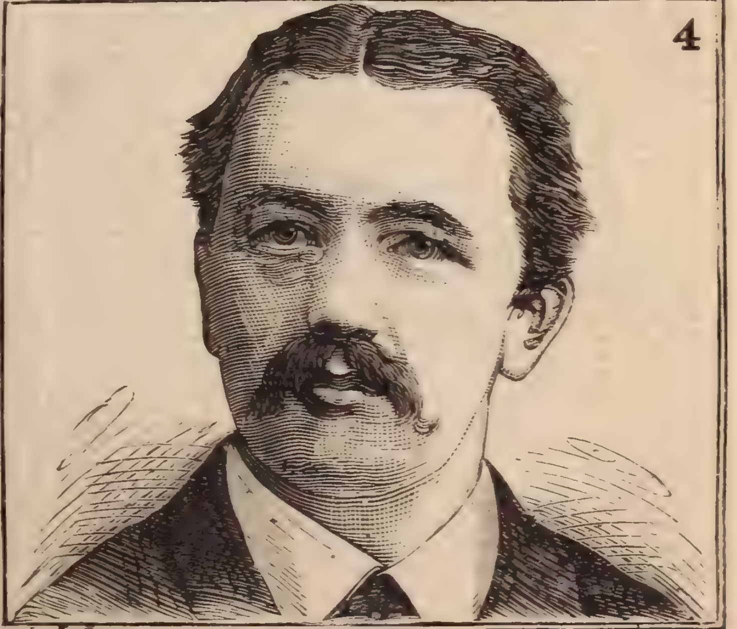

1. Rev. OTTO WITT. 2. CETEWAYO. 3. Lieut. COGHILL 4. Surgeon-Major SHEPHERD.

PORTRAITS FROM ZULULAND.

THE REV. OTTO WITT,

Late Swedish Missionary in Zululand. Interesting Details about his Work among the Zulus.

THIS notable minister, who was the *first person* to arrive in England that was present at the terrible contest at Rorke's Drift in Zululand, was born in Sweden in 1848. He is the son of a minister of the Established Church of Sweden, who was engaged in evangelistic work during the war between Denmark and Germany. Mr. Witt, jr., declares that as far back in his life as he can remember it was his earnest desire to become a missionary to the heathen.

In prosecution of this determination he entered upon a course of study for the ministry, and was ordained in 1874 as a pastor of the Established Church of Sweden. Toward the end of 1875 he offered his services for missionary work in connection with any of the foreign stations of his Church.

He was ultimately sent to Natal, where the Swedish National Church had two missionary stations. Upon Mr. Witt's arrival at the Cape Colony he had to stay at one of the stations to be instructed in the Kaffir and Zulu languages. So rapid was his progress in this direction that he was enabled to preach his first sermon soon after his arrival at the station.

Here, besides other hardships, he often experienced much difficulty in obtaining the necessaries of life; several times he was in danger of absolute starvation. It was only when the Zulus happened to kill an ox that he could obtain the smallest piece of meat; at other times *porridge and bread* were all that the missionary larder could afford.

Zululand is described by him as generally healthy; it is covered with bushes. He thinks that perhaps the Zulus were, from their point of view, justified in their presumption that they were the strongest people on the face of the earth, seeing that the present occasion is the first time they have ever come into collision with disciplined troops, their former contests being with neighboring tribes, who both in proficiency and numbers were much their inferiors.

He quotes the opinion of the Zulu lad that he has brought to England, who rejoices in the not very euphonious name of *Umkwelnataba*, and who is a cousin of King Cetewayo, as the general belief of the Zulus that the last white man had been swept from the face of the earth by the battle of Isandula.

The Zulus, Mr. Witt observes, are first-class talkers. Matters which require to be arranged are talked over again and again, however small and unimportant they may be. Indeed, such is their adroitness in talking that many a lawyer might feel envious of their abilities. They have some good laws among them, but they mostly pertain to cattle, which form the principal property among the Zulus.

Polygamy being permitted, they barter cattle for women at the rate of twelve of the former for one of the latter; so that if a man has many women he is esteemed a rich man, for according to the number of daughters he has he becomes the richer in cattle upon their marriage, if such it may be called.

One most remarkable thing which Mr. Witt records is the ostentatious *snuff-taking* which prevails among the Zulus. To use his words, "Were you to offer a Zulu all the world possesses he could not carry any thing of a heavy nature because of his snuffbox, for whenever he has to attend to the snuff-taking operation he must sit down."

The *huts*, of which a number collected together are called a *kraal*, are shaped like beehives, and have a small entrance, bearing about the same proportion to the hut that the bees' entrance does to the beehive. Entrance to these is of course only gained in a horizontal position, by crawling upon the hands and knees. Inside of these wattle huts there is scarcely room to stand upright, except near the pole in the centre. The smoke from the fire within finds its only means of escape by the small and low entrance.

The richer Zulus being *polygamists* (having many wives), the number of huts in contiguity gives a general idea how many women the chief or great one calls his own, for each woman has her own abode—a very wise expedient to prevent possible quarrels.

The Zulus and the Kaffirs generally believe in the *immortality of the soul*, but connect with it the Booddhist doctrine of transmigration of souls. They believe that when a Zulu dies his soul goes into a snake; hence those creatures are so *reverenced* that they are carefully fed, and no Zulu dares to kill one; and if one which has been known to be in a village or kraal should leave it, its departure would be taken to bode evil for the village it had quitted. If a Zulu is asked what becomes of the soul of the man or woman after the death of the snake, he confesses he does not know.

They have also some idea of the *Creation*, *the Fall*, and *Redemption by Christ*. Their wise ones say that Ookooloomkoolu made man, who, it was originally intended, was to live forever. A lizard was sent to tell man that he was to live forever, but the reptile went along very slowly, and Ookooloomkoolu, changing his mind, decided that man should die. Another animal was accordingly sent as a messenger, which overtook the lizard, and so they were doomed to die. But Ookooloomkoolu repented, and returned and promised that he would one day send a daughter *whose son should drive out the son of the man of sin.*

Cetewayo, the Zulu king, *objects* to his people *becoming Christian*, as they then marry and he loses the man as a soldier, the permission to marry being withheld by the king until the man has seen an allotted period of service in the army. He will for meritorious conduct order whole regiments to marry.

The Zulu lad Umkwelnataba, who has accompanied Mr. Witt to England, was ordered to be killed, but he escaped. His being a *cousin of the king* makes the offence of being desirous to be taught the principles of the Gospel doubly heinous in Cetewayo's eyes.

Mr. Witt called his mission-station *Oscarburgh*, in honor of Oscar II., King of Sweden, who manifests great interest in mission work among the heathen. He was not able to see *much fruit* of his labor, as it takes a long while to reach a Zulu's heart, and they are deterred by fear of being killed.

Zulus are said to be *very selfish*, on which account acts of kindness appear very often to a painful extent to be misapprehended by them. During the last famine an Englishwoman took into her house a poor famished woman, reduced to a mere skeleton, and utterly helpless from hunger. She was saved from a most *miserable death*, fed and protected until she was able to work. Her benefactress desired her to take a pail and fetch a little water for household purposes, when she coolly asked, "What will you pay me?" This case presents by no means an *exaggeration* of the Zulu character.

In the buildings at Oscarburgh, Rorke's Drift, which were so *nobly defended* by the English, Mr. Witt *kept school*, teaching the Commandments and a few stories of the Bible in addition to the ordinary educational requirements. His Sunday congregations, which met on the Natal or British side of the river Tugela, numbered about one hundred persons; this was thought to be very good.

He often *crossed the river* into Zulu territory to talk to the people in their hut-homes. Upon one occasion he met Sirayo, Cetewayo's Prime Minister, who was anxious that Mr. Witt should talk to his people, but concluded the expression of that desire with these words, "But, mind, you must pray for rain." It was then a time of great drought. Mr. Witt, Elijah-like, trusting in God, then *knelt down* and uttered these words, "O God, Thou art good! Please show these people that Thou art God by giving them rain." The next morning *the rain came*, and continued to pour down for three days.

Mr. Witt has returned to Sweden, as he believes the *door* for mission work is *closed* for the present, and he has lost all he had at his station, which it is hoped the British Government will replace.

Mr. Witt left England on Friday, the 14th March, for Sweden, accompanied by the Zulu youth. He has nothing but grateful recollections of his treatment while in London. When he and his wife and family arrived in England they were in absolute deprivation; but they left it substantially comforted.

CETEWAYO, THE ZULU KING.

THIS august personage, as he believes himself to be, has never before commanded any great amount of notice from other nations, for even his land is an *unknown domain* to the great bulk of geographers.

He appears to be about fifty years of age. He is a very big man, standing over six feet in height, and like his father Panda is tremendously stout, weighing about twenty-eight stone. He is reported to be a great beer-drinker, one tribe being employed in the manufacture of the beverage for his majesty, which is made especially strong, and is brought in in *calabashes* about two feet high. Cetewayo besides is fond of beef, and spends his time in drinking beer, eating beef, and smoking, with a little leisure which he devotes to family affairs.

He is much *opposed* to the spread of the *Gospel* in his dominions—indeed, under his rule nearly all trace of former Gospel missionaries' work has been wiped out. Dr. Moffat had great influence over Chaka, uncle to Cetewayo, and one of his predecessors. Indeed, so great was the persuasive power of the veteran missionary, that he remembers distinctly occasions when, seated on the right hand of the king, he held that hand down until he *remonstrated* with the *barbarous* [illegible] on behalf of the prisoner, often a woman. If the king had but raised his hand the guards would there and then have fallen upon the unfortunate individual and put her to death. Scarcely any missionary *dare* now, except upon the barest sufferance, *enter* Zulu territory.

Cetewayo's defiant attitude is the outcome of the belief which fills every Zulu's breast, that as a people they are the *strongest* on the face of the earth. He is said to have sent the following laconic note to a British officer in South Africa, in answer to Sir Bartle Frere's *ultimatum*: "Excellency—First came the missionary; next the consul; now the army. Cetewayo."

From all accounts of this line the Zulu kings have been *remarkable men*. One of Cetewayo's ancestors having conquered all the tribes within easy march of his capital, is said to have wept, like Alexander, because he had no one else to conquer.

One of the most noted of his ancestors was *Chaka*, who was such a conqueror that finally he stood at the head of an army of 100,000 devoted followers.

However, in 1828, Chaka fell a victim to a *conspiracy* by his brother Dingan, who, in turn, was *deposed* in 1840 by another brother, Panda, who was assisted in his enterprise by the Boers, with whom, after his accession to power, he continued to live on good terms. This Panda had several sons, chief among whom were Cetewayo and Umbulazi; the king's preference being shown for the latter, Cetewayo's *jealousy* was aroused, and Umbulazi, being fearful of the consequence, set off with four other brothers and about 8000 followers to Natal; but Cetewayo followed with 20,000 men, and a terrible massacre ensued, those of Umbulazi's followers who were not killed with the sword being driven into the Tugela.

Umbulazi himself fell into the hands of his

INHUMAN BROTHER

Cetewayo, who had him *flayed alive* in the first place, and then sprinkled with hot ashes and black ants, his heart being finally cut out and eaten by Cetewayo's warriors. The father son; Panda, determined to *chastise* his rebell finding that the greater portion of the tribe owed the fortunes of Cetewayo, Panda was pelled to come to terms, and Cetewayo was pointed Prime Minister in 1856, and on the th of Panda in 1872 he was appointed King, king solemn promises and protestations to Theophilus (then Mr.) Shepstone for his good avior if the Natal authorities would only rec- ize his claim—promises, it is almost un- essary to add, which have since been broken h the utmost effrontery.

LIEUTENANT NEVILLE JOSIAH AYLMER COGHILL,

Who Died in Defence of the Colors of the 24th Regiment,

born at Castle Townsend, in the County of k, Ireland, Jan. 25, 1852, and was the eldest of Sir John Jocelyn Coghill, Bart., of Drum- dra, County Dublin, and of Castle Townsend. was a nephew of the Right Rev. Lord Plun- t, Bishop of Meath.

Ie entered the army in 1873, and served as e-de-camp to General Sir Arthur Cunyng- ne, G.C.B., during the war with the Gaikas l Galekas, who were neighbors of the Zulus. r acts of bravery in this service he was men- ned in the despatches of his chief. He was erwards appointed aide-de-camp to Sir Bartle ere, Bart., a position which he resigned on the laration of war with Cetewayo for the pur- se of rejoining his regiment.

t appears he had been despatched, on the oc- ion which led to his death, as acting aide-de- mp of Colonel Pulleine, during the fighting at ndula, to Rorke's Drift, with orders to give rm to Lieut. Chard's force intrenched there, l then to ride on to Helpmakaar to bring up nforcements. Having executed the first por- n of this duty, he was proceeding to carry out remaining part of his orders, when he was ercepted by a detachment of the Zulu force in rsuit of Mr. Young, who was flying from the ne of disaster. At the same moment Adju- nt Melville came up with the colors of the regi- nt, which had been rescued from the battle- d.

They both swam the Buffalo River, but from s of blood Lieut. Melville soon *fell* with the lors, and, notwithstanding the hot pursuit of Zulus, Lieut. Coghill dismounted to rescue colors, but ere he could proceed one hundred rds he, too, succumbed owing to his previous vere wounds, and fell covering the standard of country with his lifeless body. Thus they cceeded in carrying the colors sufficiently far ay from the Zulu forces to lead to their ulti- ate rescue.

So, faithful unto death to the high resolve to scue their flag or perish, this brace of British roes must have at length eluded the number- ss hordes of the enemy, swam the river, and ly breathed their last when the colors had en saved and their lives spent in the noble fort.

SURGEON-MAJOR PETER SHEPHERD

as a native of Aberdeenshire, and an instance a class very common in Scotland—men of mparatively *humble parentage*, who are able rough the admirable parish school and Uni- rsity system to enter the ranks of the learned ofessions. He studied medicine in Aberdeen; d after he entered the army he devoted any ave of absence he could obtain to continuing s studies in the medical schools of Paris and ienna. He was greatly *devoted to his profes- on;* and his views in connection with it, and pecially from the standpoint of the Army Med- al Department, were sound, liberal, and practi- l.

Dr. Shepherd had served in South Africa on a rmer occasion in a line regiment, and also in ndia with the 5th Lancers, and was more than nce attached to the Artillery. Wherever he ent he attracted notice and esteem by the ster- ng *integrity* of his character, his professional kill, and his genial, sympathetic nature. Dur- ng the last few months of his stay in England he devoted his time and labor to the revived Hospitaller work of the Order of St. John. This work—qualifying people to render first aid to the injured in the accidents of daily life—fascinated him, and it became with him a labor of love.

By his *assiduous teaching* many persons engaged in business, or belonging to the volunteers or the police, are enabled to treat cases of accident in a scientific manner, thus mitigating much pain and saving many a valuable life.

It is not at all an unusual sight in London to see a civilian or a policeman who has been a pupil of Dr. Shepherd's step from a crowd which has gathered round a person that has been knocked down and run over by a vehicle in the street, and take the necessary appliances from his pocket and proceed in a business-like manner to assist the unfortunate individual. This is the *result* of the teaching of Surgeon-Major Shepherd. His last work in England was a handbook for the ambulance classes of the Order, of which he had been elected an Honorary Associate. It is a contribution to practical philanthropy.

Dr. Shepherd leaves a widowed mother in Scotland, a brother in Natal, and many sorrowing friends. The manner of his death was truly *heroic*. He was, with some gunners of the Royal Artillery, in retreat before the Zulus, when he observed one of the men fall. He at once, and notwithstanding the nearness of the enemy, dismounted to attend to the wounded man, when he was struck down himself, never more to rise.

Love to his fellow-man was with him a ruling passion.

AN AGED ZULU MARTYR.

Mr. Witt tells of one *old man*, who was between eighty and ninety years of age, having heard the Gospel preached while in Natal, and then coming to the missionary to ask *further teaching*. The missionary warned him of the penalty he would be most likely called upon to pay if he were taught while in the Zulu king's dominions, where his home was. To this he made answer that he "*feared not death* if he could learn more of such love as that of the Saviour."

The missionary went and pleaded with the king, who would not give him a definite promise of *exemption* of the old man from a public execution, which was laid down by Zulu law to be carried out by the soldiers upon all who professed a belief in the Saviour. The sentence was not carried out immediately, but after a short time the soldiers of Cetewayo appeared at the entrance of his hut and summoned the old man forth *to be executed* outside.

He begged for a few moments' *respite* while he "talked with the Great One." He then knelt down and *prayed* for the king and his officers, and for his people that their eyes might be opened. So while still on his knees he was killed by the assegais of the soldiers.

TWO REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

Out of many instances of the usefulness of the London Evangelization Society, which sends out evangelists to preach the Gospel, the following conversions took place in a village, where, by invitation of the rector, an evangelist was sent to preach in the school-room.

There lived in the village *a medical man* who had but little thought of God. Hasty in temper, he not infrequently gave way to profane language. He was fond of cards and company. He had a pious mother, and a wife whose earnest prayer was that he might be brought to the knowledge of the truth. He came to hear the evangelist, and from the first night, he seems to have understood the Scriptures and embraced Christ. Not only, however, was he brought nigh, but his man-servant and two maids were also convinced of sin, and learned to rejoice in hope. The two young women have left the parish, but so long as they remained they lived consistently. The man continues, and is true to his earthly master and to his God; animated by the same Spirit, he is a friend as well as a servant. Never was a change more marked than in the doctor and his man. The master, however, is the more prominent; he is now the leader in family devotions, having determined at once that he, as well as his house, would henceforth serve the Lord.

He never undertakes a fresh case without prayer, and his medicines are doubly prized because on each box, on each bottle of "stuff," a printed text is pasted, and those texts are read and greatly valued. He often reads the Bible to the poor.

Not long ago a young soldier, having served his time, came home from India to the village. He had come only to die, but he did not know it. When he learned his danger he did not put away from him the thought of death, but built his hope of the life to come on his own morality. The doctor showed him a more perfect way, and soon the dying man rejoiced. With his latest breath almost he sent a message to the doctor, saying, "Tell him I am going to join the great army above, and Jesus the Captain of our salvation." Other cases of conversion have taken place through timely counsels uttered by the doctor.

Dr. Livingstone's Father.—The Rev. Henry Wilkes, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Congregational College, Montreal, in a sermon said: "A shrewd intelligent man was walking aimlessly in the street about ten o'clock on Sunday morning, in a town some twelve miles from Glasgow. He was in much spiritual distress of soul, and knew not which way to turn. Being accosted by a friend, he was asked to attend service in the Independent chapel, where a young man from America was to officiate that day. He complied, and the day's instruction was the means of his relief; he found rest in the Saviour, and in due time joined himself to the church, bringing with him, of course, his young family. That was the family in which the renowned David Livingstone, the African missionary and explorer, was then a boy, for his father was the man who on that Sunday received the blessing. I did not learn these facts until more than twenty-five years afterwards."

A Good Paymaster.—Mr. Wesley once, when he was making a collection, urged the people to give, and in this way to lend their money to the Lord, adding, "The Lord is a good paymaster." These words made such an impression upon the mind of a little boy who was present that he put a shilling into the plate. This was the only coin that he possessed. He fully expected that his shilling would soon come back to him, and as time passed on and it did not return he felt disappointed. Twenty years rolled away, and the boy had grown up to be a rich man, and, what is infinitely better, a real Christian. One day he met Mr. Wesley, and reminded him of his words, telling him also how he had acted upon them. "And so," he added, "*the Lord is a good paymaster*, for I am this day worth twenty thousand pounds, and, I trust, have the grace of God in my heart."

Spiritualistic Madness.—An article in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, entitled "On Moral and Criminal Epidemics," states that the Spiritualistic faith in America is computed to embrace 1,000,000 of believers, and hundreds of thousands in other lands, with 10,000 mediums. It appears that these include men in all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest. Many of the facts related imperatively demand that we should consider this as a delusion, not altogether an imposture, especially the consideration of the number who have gone insane on the subject. It is said that amongst the lunatics confined in public asylums in the United States, there are 7520 who have become such entirely owing to this "spirit faith." The *Medical Press and Circular* of London has received correspondence from America on the subject, in which it is credibly informed of the large number of *insane Spiritualists* at the present time confined in the institutions of the United States.

EASTER MORNING.

Our Own Resurrection.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, April 13, 1879.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—1 Cor. 15 : 20.

The Voices of the Flowers—The Risen Christ a Prophecy of our own Resurrection—Death the Great Conqueror—The Doctrine of the Resurrection surrounded with Mysteries—A Sound that Penetrates through the World—The Resurrection in Cemeteries—In Solitary Places—In the Sea—The Resurrection Body—I. A Glorious Body—All Physical Defects removed—The Face Unveiled—II. An Immortal Body—Free from Disease and Pain—III. A Powerful Body—No more Weariness—A Shipwrecked Father and his Son.

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you *Christian salutation.* This morning, Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland, to this very day, there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens; and well may we forgive such a superstition which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with grace.

Hail! Easter morning. Flowers! Flowers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilies and I hear it say: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose, and it seems to whisper: "I am the Rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying: "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Flowers! Flowers! Braid them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flowers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning, and "glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

My friends, this morning, I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of

OUR OWN RESURRECTION,

my text setting forth the idea that as Christ has risen so His people will rise. He the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest. He "the first-fruits of them that slept." Before I get through this morning I will walk through all the cemeteries of the dead, through all the country graveyards, where your loved ones are buried, and I will pluck off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the Gospel—a rose of hope, a lily of joy on every tomb—the child's tomb, the husband's tomb, the wife's tomb, the father's grave, the mother's grave; and while we celebrate the resurrection of Christ, we will at the same time celebrate the resurrection of all the good. "*Christ the first-fruits of them that slept.*"

If I should come to you this morning, and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world, you would say Alexander, Cæsar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah! my friends, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all these of whom I spoke, a ghastly conqueror. He rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Atlanta and Chalons, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is

THE CONQUEROR DEATH.

He carries a black flag, and he takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the world have been depopulated had not God kept making new generations. Fifty times the world would have swung lifeless through the air—no man on the mountain, no man on the sea, an abandoned ship ploughing through immensity.

Again and again has he done this work with all generations. *He is a monarch* as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulchre; his fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God, in the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his sceptre shall be broken, and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus "the first-fruits of them that slept." Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many

MYSTERIES.

You come to me this morning, and say, If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this, and how is that? and you ask me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer; but there are a great many things *you believe* that you are not able to *explain.* You would be a very foolish man to say: "I won't believe any thing I can't understand."

Why, putting down one kind of flower-seed, comes there up this flower of this color? Why, putting down another flower-seed, comes there up a flower of this color? One flower white, another flower yellow, another flower crimson. Why the difference when the seeds look to be very much alike—are very much alike? Explain these things. Explain that wart on the finger. Explain the difference—why the oak leaf is different from the leaf of the hickory. Tell me how the Lord Almighty can turn the chariot of His omnipotence on a rose leaf. You ask me questions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a thousand questions about everyday life you cannot answer. I find my strength in this passage: "*All who are in their graves shall come forth.*" I do not pretend to make the explanation. You go on and say: "Suppose a returned missionary dies in Brooklyn; when he was in China his foot was amputated; he lived years after in England and there he had an arm amputated; he is buried to-day in Greenwood; in the resurrection will the foot come from China, will the arm come from England, and will the different parts of the body be reconstructed in the resurrection? How is that possible?"

You say that "the human body changes every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies; in the resurrection which will come up?" You say, "A man will die and his body crumble into the dust, and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable; an animal may eat the vegetable, men eat the animal; in the resurrection, that body, distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on, and ask them. I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's Word: "*All who are in their graves shall come forth.*"

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection, that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be

A GREAT SOUND.

I do not know that it will be very loud, but I knew it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum where silence has reigned a thousand years that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must penetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth, and they will cry: "Give us back our bodies; we gave them to you in corruption, surrender them now in incorruption. Hundreds of spirits hovering about the crags of Gettysburg, for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of body and soul.

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where the City of Boston perished. Found at last. There is where the President perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the Central America went down. Spirits hovering—hundreds o spirits hovering, *waiting for the reunion of bod and soul.* Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveller died in the snow Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, and the poet and orators come forth; wonderful minglin of good and bad. Wilberforce the good—Quee Elizabeth the bad. Crash! go the Pyramid of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth. Wh can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be a entire silence, save as you hear the grinding of wheel, or the clatter of the hoofs of a processio passing into the cemetery. Silence in all th caves of the earth. Silence on the side of th mountain. Silence down in the valleys and fa out into the sea. Silence.

But in a moment, in the twinkling of an ey as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rol ing, crashing across the mountain and sea, th earth will give one terrific shudder, and th graves of the dead will heave like the waves the sea, and Ostend and Sebastopol and Chalo will stalk forth in the lurid air, and the drowne will come up and lift up their wet locks abo the billow; and all the land and all the sea b come *one moving mass of life*—all faces, all age all conditions gazing in one direction and upo one throne—the throne of resurrection. "A who are in their graves shall come forth."

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the r surrection is true, as prefigured by this East morning, Christ "the first-fruits of them th slept, Christ rising a promise and a prophe of the rising of all His people, can you tell something about

THE RESURRECTED BODY?"

I can. There are mysteries about that, bu shall tell you three or four things in regard the resurrected body that are beyond guessi and beyond mistake.

I. In the first place, I remark in regard to yo resurrected body *it will be a glorious body.* T body we have now is a mere skeleton of what would have been if sin had not marred and faced it. Take the most exquisite statue th was ever made by an artist, and chip it here a chip it there with a chisel, and batter and bru it here and there, and then stand it out in t storms of a hundred years, and the beauty wo be gone. Well, the human body has been ch ped and battered and bruised and damaged w the storms of thousands of years—the physi defects of other generations coming down fr generation to generation, we inheriting the in licities of past generations; but in the morn of the resurrection the body will be adorned beautified according to the original mo And there is no such difference between a gy nast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto there will be a difference between our bodie they are now and our resurrected forms.

There you will see the perfect eye, after waters of death have washed out the stain tears and study. There you will see the perf hand, after the knots of toil have been un from the kuckles. There you will see the f erect and elastic, after the burdens have gone the shoulder—the very life of God in the bod

In this world, the most impressive thing, most expressive thing, is the human face; that face is veiled with the griefs of a thous years; but in the resurrection morn *that will be taken away* from the face, and the n day sun is dull and dim and stupid compa with the outflaming glories of the countena of the saved. When those faces of the ri eous, those resurrected faces, turn toward gate, or look up toward the throne, it wil like the dawning of a new morning on the bo of everlasting day! O glorious, resurre body!

II. But I remark also in regard to that b which you are to get in the resurrection, it be

AN IMMORTAL BODY.

These bodies are wasting away. Somel has said as soon as we begin to live we begi die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into ırnace the furnace dies out. The blood-vessels re canals taking the breadstuffs to all parts of ne system. We must be reconstructed hour by our, day by day. Sickness and death are all ne time trying to get their prey under the tenement, or to push us off the embankment of the rave; but, blessed be God, in the resurrection, e will get *a body immortal*. No malaria in the ir, no cough, no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic ang, no fluttering of the heart, no shortness f breath, no ambulance, no dispensary, no hosital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve ne dim vision; but health, immortal health! ye who have aches and pains indescribable nis morning—O ye who are never well—O ye ho are lacerated with physical distresses, let ne tell you of the resurrected body, *free from all isease*. Immortal! Immortal!

III. I go farther, and say in regard to that body hich you are to get in the resurrection, it will e

A POWERFUL BODY.

We walk now eight or ten miles, and we are tigued; we lift a few hundred pounds, and we re exhausted; unarmed, we meet a wild beast, nd we must run, or fly, or climb, or dodge beause we are incompetent to meet it; we toil ight or ten hours vigorously, and then we are eary; but in the resurrection we are to have a ody that *never gets tired*. Is it not a glorious ought?

Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose roadway, New York, in the busiest season of ne year, at noonday, is not so busy as heaven all the time. Grand projects of mercy for ther worlds. Victories to be celebrated. The ownfall of despotisms on earth to be announcd. Great songs to be learned and sung. Great xpeditions on which God shall send forth His hildren. *Plenty to do, but no fatigue.*

If you are seated under the trees of life, it will ot be to rest, but to talk over with some old omrade, old times—the battles where you ought shoulder to shoulder. Jacob and the ngel wrestled together. Jacob was not thrown, ecause the angel favored him. But once get our resurrected body, and the angel could not restle you down. It is impossible to wrestle own the giants of God on high. Strong, suple, unexhausted, mighty, immortal. Oh! is it ot *a glorious thought?*

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like have such a body as that. There is so much ork to be done for Christ, there are so many ears to be wiped away, there are so many burens to lift, there is so much to be achieved for hrist, we sometimes wish that from the first of anuary to the last of December we could toil n without stopping to sleep, or take any rereation, or to rest, or even to take food—that e could toil right on without stopping a moment in our work of commending Christ and leaven to all the people. But we all get tired.

It is a characteristic of the human body in his condition: we must get tired. Is it not a lorious thought that after a while, after the serice of God, we are going to have a body that ill never get weary? O glorious resurrection lay! Gladly will I fling aside this poor body of in and fling it into the tomb, if at Thy bidding shall have a body that never wearies. That as a splendid resurrection hymn that was sung t my father's burial:

> "So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
> Passed through the grave and blessed the bed.
> Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
> The morning breaks to pierce the shade."

O blessed resurrection! Speak out, sweet lowers, beautiful flowers. While you tell of a isen Christ, tell of the righteous who shall rise. lay God fill you this morning with anticipaion!

A SHIPWRECKED FATHER AND SON.

I heard of a father and son who, among others, vere shipwrecked at sea. The father and the on climbed into the rigging. The father held n, but the son after a while lost his hold in the igging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore from the rigging in an exhausted state, and laid in a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness, and saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy.

O my friends! what a glorious thing it will be if we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us? coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light—the father and son alive forever, all the loved ones alive forever, nevermore to weep, nevermore to part, nevermore to die.

May the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work, to do His will; and let this brilliant scene of the morning transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne. This august assemblage is nothing compared with it. The one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the "great multitude that no man can number," some of our best friends among them, we, after a while, to join the multitude. Blessed anticipation.

> "Blest are the saints beloved of God,
> Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood,
> Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
> Their wonders splendid and sublime.
>
> "My soul anticipates the day,
> Would stretch her wings and soar away,
> To aid the song, the palm to bear,
> And bow, the chief of sinners, there."

A LETTER FROM AN INDIAN MOTHER.

ABOUT three years ago a gentleman went from New York to Mexico, where, in a Mission Orphanage, he was attracted by the bright eyes and gentle manners of *a little Aztec girl*, eight years of age, and became so much interested in her that, by consent of the mother, the child was legally adopted by him and brought to his home in West Philadelphia.

"Etenita," as the girl is named, has made rapid progress in her studies, speaks English very well, and is warmly loved and cherished in her new home.

Last January she found an opportunity of writing to her mother in Mexico, and the mother returned a reply by the same traveller, which is translated as follows:

My Dear Little Daughter:

I have received your little letters, which I have bathed with my tears, for the distance which separates us is to me an eternity. If I had not the consolation to know how much you are loved and the progress you make, surely my brain would turn and I would go mad. But what consoles me is the hope to see you cared for and protected by Providence. Devote yourself to all what they teach you; respect and obey your second fathers; do not give them any cause of grief; show them in every thing an eternal gratitude; for with nothing shall we be able to repay them the love they have for you.

I have received a ball which you send to Marcelo, and lately five dollars, and in the interview I had with the gentleman who brought them I received from him the favor which demanded my presence, and he made Marcelo a present of a dollar.

He tells me that you are very stout, and I am very glad. Your brother and I are in good health, wishing only to see you. Receive kind regards from your school companion, Francisca Martines, who sends you a breast-pin, insignificant, but the keepsake must be acknowledged and thanked for. Mrs. Hooker and other persons of estimation desire to be remembered to you. Pray to God for your protectors, for your mother here does not cease to do so.

Receive my blessing, and God may grant you his.

Your mother, who loves you,

NEMESIA BARCENAS

THE SUFFERINGS OF MARTYRS.

THE stories of martyrs, and their patience and endurance through years of imprisonment and suffering, or beneath the most affecting cruelties, would fill whole volumes. The Church was born amidst the fires of martyrdom, and some of the most touching stories belong to the ages of paganism, to those times when *the forty martyrs*, mentioned by St. Basil, comforted one another as they were cast out naked all night in the winter, to be burned the next day, with the song:

"Sharp is the winter," said they, "but sweet is paradise; painful is the frost, but joyful is the fruit that follows it. We wait but a while and Abraham's bosom shall cherish us; after one night we shall lay hold upon eternal life; let our feet feel the fire for a season, that we may forever walk arm-in-arm with angels; let our hands fall off, that they may be forever lifted up to the praise of the Almighty."

The dying moments of martyrs have sometimes been very remarkable. *John Huss* made a remarkable pun as he was entering the flames, in allusion to his own name, which signified a "goose;" he said, "Are you going to burn a goose? In one century you will have a swan you can neither roast nor boil." His meaning seemed to be that Gospel truth would in the future win its widening way with rapid flight, notwithstanding all opposition: Luther is said to have had a swan for his heraldic arms.

When the executioner went behind *Jerome of Prague* to set fire to the pile, the martyr said, "Come here, and kindle it before my eyes: if I dreaded such a sight, I should never have come to this place, when I had so many opportunities to escape." The tortures of some martyrs have been almost incredible. *John Lambert* suffered by inches at a slow fire; if it kindled higher and stronger than the executioners desired, they removed it away; when his legs were burnt off, they pitched his body upon pikes, and lacerated his broiling flesh with halberts. Yet he was strangely, even miraculously, supported through all this anguish; he lifted up his hands, all flaming with fire, exclaiming, "*None but Christ, none but Christ!*"

The doctrines of truth have in many ages been preserved through long nights of persecution, like the tabernacle in the wilderness. The stories of the pastors of the desert, the Huguenots of France, who suffered, but sustained their faith in obscurity after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are full of excitement.

Monsieur *Homel*, pastor of the Protestant church of Vivaretz, in the province of Cevennes, was broken on the wheel with circumstances of peculiar cruelty; every limb, member, and bone in his body was broken during forty hours, before he was permitted to receive the stroke of death. He said to his wife, "Farewell once more, my beloved wife: I am waiting for you; and be sure, though you see my body broken to shivers my soul is replenished by inexpressible joys."

Queen Victoria and the Soldier.—An instance of the Queen of England's consideration and kindly interest in those around her occurred at Windsor Castle on March 18th. About three o'clock, Private Stone, of the second Battalion Coldstream Guards, was doing sentry duty at the Victoria Tower on the east terrace, where the apartments of the royal family are situated, when he was suddenly taken ill. Her Majesty, noticing the condition of the soldier, immediately sent for one of the royal surgeons and the sergeant of the guard. Some cushions were then placed in a cab, and in this Private Stone was removed to the regimental hospital.

A Converted Rumseller's Work was mentioned at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting on Thursday, April 3d. Prayer was asked for God's help and blessing in temperance efforts to be put forth in Hackensack, N. J., by two friends, one of whom *had been a godless rumseller*, but was converted to Christ, and is now actively engaged in temperanec work. This is the best kind of repentance.

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE AT MILDMAY PARK, LONDON.

The Two Resurrections.

A Paper Read by Rev. J. Gosset-Tanner.

The Appearing of the Lord and the Resurrection of the Just Simultaneous—Two Important Questions—The Identity of the Believer with the Lord—A Special and Exceptional Resurrection—Priority of a Thousand Years—The Saints in their Resurrection Bodies at the Marriage of the Lamb—The Unclothed Soul is in an Imperfect State—Three Classes—A Still Worse Antichrist—Practical Thoughts.

I AM sure, dear friends, you will continue in prayer for me; because, although most of us are accustomed to address audiences, perhaps often as large as this, yet it needs great grace and great humility to speak to so many students of prophecy, so many who have been searching the Word for many years; and therefore I am sure that you will look up, moment by moment, asking that the Lord would enable me to deliver the testimony concerning Himself—*the exact testimony* that He would have delivered;—and that you may not look to any human speaker or human voice, but to the great Prophet, the Teacher of His Church.

We are all agreed that the blessing for which we are waiting is *the appearing of the great God*—of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; and next in order, although we yearn so earnestly to see Him who has washed us from our sins in His own precious blood, and loves us with an everlasting love—next, we cannot help longing to be *clothed upon with our house*, which is from Heaven, the glorified body; and we know that both these events will take place *at the same moment*. For we read in Col. 3 : 4, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." It is when the Saviour comes from Heaven, that Paul says to the Philippians, He will change the body of our humiliation and fashion it like to His glorious body.

Thus

TWO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

arise: When will this *first* resurrection take place? and, further, is there Scriptural ground for concluding that the resurrection of the *just*, as the Saviour Himself terms it, is separate from the resurrection of the *unjust*, by at least a thousand years?

There is much Scriptural truth upon this subject, with which, I doubt not, that nearly all of you are familiar already. But there is a line of argument which seems to me important and conclusive, and it is this: the Lord Jesus Christ is confessedly one with His Church. As Paul tells us in Eph. 5, "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones;" and how much there is involved in this one Spirit, one body, one flesh.

And in Rom. 8 we read, with regard to God the Father, "For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son," made like His Son, "that He might be the first-born among many brethren." Yes! the brethren are to be like the first-born in every respect. Again, in Heb. 2 : 17, we read: "Wherefore in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren;" so you see there is not one point to be expected in which the great Head of the Church is not made like unto His brethren.

Now, it is undoubtedly true that all the saints died in Christ; if one died, then all died. If indeed we be Christ's, if really His, we have all paid the penalty of sin, we have all died in Him. When He was nailed to the cross we all died to the power of sin, being crucified with Him.

If, then, one with Christ in His death, it follows we are one with Him in His resurrection; and thus Paul argues in Rom. 6 : 5, "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection." In Eph. 2 : 5, "Even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace we are saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." And in Col. 3 : 1, "If ye then be risen with Christ." *We are risen with Christ.*

Now, dear friends, was not the resurrection of the Lord Jesus *a special and exceptional resurrection?* Christ the first-fruits, as we see in 1 Cor. 15 : 23: "Christ the first-fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming."

And if His resurrection be special and exceptional, must not the resurrection of all the brethren who are like the first-born be special and exceptional too? He is the first-fruits of them that sleep. When the Lord Jesus Christ rose from the dead, the rest of the dead slept on: and thus there is therefore a strong argument for concluding that so we are to be raised. Planted together with Christ, in the likeness of His resurrection, that when we shall be raised from our graves, *the rest of the dead sleep on.*

And we have this same thought alluded to in Heb. 13 : 20, where it is the Great Shepherd of the sheep that raised from the dead our Lord Jesus. And shall not all the sheep be carried over Jordan in the same way, and be raised from the dead in the same way?

In Col. 1 we read that it is as Head of the Church that Christ is first-born of the Church. The same expression which we have in Rev. 1 : 5, "The first-begotten of the dead." Surely, if He has the pre-eminence, all His brethren will share His priority. Yes! they must, or else there would be one point in which Christ was not made like His brethren; and there would be a point in which the brethren were not finished like the first-born. And oh! how abundantly is this proved to us by many passages of the Holy Scriptures!

THERE IS A COMPLETE ONENESS.

We may, perhaps, then glance at Psa. 49 : 14—a psalm from which the author of "Ecce Homo" declares that the writer had no idea of a resurrection, and made man like the beasts that perish. "Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them, and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning." When? In the resurrection morning of the Millennium. "And their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling." I take this to mean the grave or the unseen world. Their beauty vanished like a fading flower; at the time when all Jesus Christ's own people are to be glorified like to Him.

And then, passing over many Scriptures which fully establish the latter, the next question, and one of the deepest interest to ourselves, is, Who are they that will share in this first resurrection? This brings us to Rev. 20. Now it is proved, by a great variety of Scripture, that there will be a resurrection of the just. For instance, the well-known passage in 1 Cor. 15 : 22, etc.—"In Christ shall all be made alive." "Christ the first fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming. Then"—or it might better be translated, next in order—"cometh the end." And now, in Rev. 20, we find that the resurrection of the *just* will *antedate* the resurrection of the *unjust* by at least a thousand years. It occurs at least six times over in this short chapter, "a thousand years."

Now there are many people who, in reading over this fourth verse, have come to the conclusion that only the souls of the martyrs will be raised. "And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them; and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years," or, *the thousand years* (Revelation 20 : 4).

I must confess there was a time when I used to gather from this passage that only the souls of the martyrs should be raised; but it is necessary we should carefully study chap. 19, in its bearings on this chap. 20. And we have to recollect that it has been distinctly revealed by Paul, in 1 Cor. 15 and in 1 Thess. 4, that all the people who are the Lord's will be caught up to meet Him in the air, and that all the dead in Christ shall rise first, and then we who remain shall be caught up to meet Him in the air. And what is so fully and distinctly declared, needed not again to be declared in the Book of Revelation. *But it is distinctly found in this Book.* For instance, we find people in heaven saying, in the nineteenth chapter, "Alleluia, salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God."

And then we come to a still greater truth in the sixth verse, where a great multitude not only cry "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," but they add, "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him, for

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB

is come, and His wife hath made herself ready." Now, dear friends, can you for one moment imagine, when that wondrous time, *the marriage of the Lamb, is come*, that the saints who compose the body of Christ will not have put on their resurrection body?

At that blessed time, we know from Eph. 5 : 27, that the Lord will present to Himself the Bride,—"a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but it should be holy and without blemish." As there is no spot of sin on the Bride, so there is no wrinkle of decay. Surely that time must have arrived when the Lord's people are sanctified wholly; when their spirit, soul, and body are united, and when the Lord's people shall have reached the climax of happiness, the summit of perfection. Can we imagine, upon any scriptural ground, they will not be wearing their resurrection bodies?

It would be an imperfect state, although the body sometimes clogs us down; *we are tol that it is an imperfect state* for the soul to b without the body.

Surely we may most distinctly argue from thi that when the marriage of the Lamb is come, al the saints that compose the Bride are clothe upon with their house which is from heaven and it is added, "To her was granted that sh should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and glistening."

Then, again, we read about the Lord Jesu Christ coming forth from heaven as the Faithfu and True, to judge and make war in righteous ness; and in verse 14 we read, "And the armie which were in heaven followed Him upon whit horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, and it was "the fine linen which is the righ eousness of the saints." It means impute righteousness, and the angels do not need tha They come forth with the Lord Jesus Chris when He comes "clothed with a vesture dippe in blood" to punish them that obey not the Go pel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And it appears to me, coming to chap 20: we have the

THREE CLASSES

alluded to here. John says, "I saw thrones, a they that sat upon them." Who can sit upo thrones, but the armies of the saints who had fo lowed Jesus Christ out of heaven, having be caught up at some period previously? Wh surely they must be the same as we have se seated around the thrones in Rev. 4 : 4: "A round about the throne were four and twen seats, and upon the seats I saw four and twen elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; a they had upon their heads crowns of gold. (their heads crowns of gold; typifying the ev lasting love flowing from Christ. Yes, that pro ise is true which was given to the Laodicean "To him that overcometh will I grant to with Me in My throne, even as I also overcan and am set down with My Father in H throne."

And there is in chap. 14 another (yet absolu ly identical) class, the hundred and forty a four thousand, of whom we read in the fou verse, "These were redeemed from among m being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lan And in their mouth was found no guile, for th are without fault before the throne of God."

Then we read of *another class:* "I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God;" and yet the three classes, as it seems to me, are united in the remaining part of the verse, "For whosoever they were" (as one truly translates it) "who had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark in their foreheads, or in their hands."

Here, perhaps, all our brethren will not agree with me, but I can say that it appears to me the most natural conclusion, that during the interval between the rapture of the saints and the coming of Christ down to the earth, evil will have assumed a new and mighty form. Recognizing as I do that Popery is the great, present Antichrist, I yet am fully persuaded that there will come

A STILL WORSE ANTICHRIST.

In this interval, it seems to be clearly pointed out in the nineteenth and twentieth chapters, that this Antichrist will have assumed tremendous power, and all the world will serve him. Many people will be put to death at this time, and all those beheaded under this beast will be raised up together with those, whosoever they are all the world over, who have not worshipped the beast nor received his mark; and they, too, will share the glory and privilege of the first resurrection.

Now we read, "But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." What can be more clear? If we take those words, as surely they ought to be taken, in their literal meaning, you see there is a vast difference between the first resurrection, the glory of the saints, and the second death: the one is the resurrection to *life*, and the other the resurrection to *death* and judgment. Even when raised up again they are called the dead. "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." Even when raised up, they are still, in the sight of God, dead; because their portion is the second death. Theirs is that sad, terrible portion—destruction from the presence of the Lord.

There is only time now for a very few

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS

flowing from this subject—because it is our desire that all this should be eminently practical. We read here, "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." Oh, surely it must be just as we find Jacob said to Joseph, "The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills." Oh, has there not been an accumulating stream since then of blessing? the blessings of the patriarchs —how they have widened and expanded, until God has given us wonderful and great blessings, all blessings in heavenly places with Christ; and these blessings, which will descend on all those privileged to share them, will remain from the utmost bounds of the very stars, to the very gates of the Father's house.

Oh, how these blessings will increase when Christ comes in all His glory! There are two special blessings—the one of *happiness*, and the other of *safety*. Oh, the happiness of those who shall feel no more taint of sin, no more pain, or grief, or sorrow!

Dear friends, have we reason to expect that any of us shall share this blessedness? Oh, we ought to be happy even now. We belong to Him who is anointed with oil, and that oil descends to the skirts of His garments; should we not walk as happy ones? we, that are united to Him, who is pre-eminently glorious.

And then how *safe* are those who are Christ's. Upon such the second death has no power; and if we are of those brought under this wondrous covenant of blessing, "*even life for evermore*," it is best summed up in these words. I believe the whole blessing is summed up in that hundred and thirty-third Psalm, the whole blessing is this—"life for evermore." Oh, how safe are the children of God; and how happy are the saved of the Lord; who have the Eternal God for their refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms, and they will have part in the first resurrection!

Oh, how holy was that spotless one, though He had a body perfectly sympathizing with us, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. He sympathizes with us because He has the same body. Yet at the same time, wondrously, perfectly holy; separate from sinners. Are we part of His body? How holy ought we to be, then, even now? When we are presented before God, we must be without blame, and should not suffer any stain or sin to remain upon us even now. And by the power of that same mighty Spirit shall we not banish every thought that soils, every word and deed that would sully, that spotless purity? Oh, consider! Here we are all met together in the name of God, professing to be His real and true children; could it be said of all of us "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection?"

Are there any *mere professors* here? Because, although I cannot agree with those who say that when the Saviour comes the lukewarm will be left behind (by the lukewarm, I mean those that are not such decided followers of Christ as others), yet there cannot be any doubt whatever that the mere professors will be left behind. Hundreds will expect to be taken up who have only a name to live, but in reality are dead; who mix with the Lord's people, and seem to be like His people. But there will be a tremendous separation: "One shall be taken and the other left." Oh, let us fear, therefore, lest such a promise having been given, any of us should seem to come short. If really Christians we should not be too much occupied by the business and cares, or too much exalted by the joys, of this passing world. We are looking for the coming of the Bridegroom. It is the time when we expect our fullest, highest joy. Here we are kings, waiting for our coronation. *Our calling is wondrous, heavenly.*

Then, dear friends, we shall not be too much depressed by the failures, and falls even, of saints here below. Blessed is He who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own precious blood. We must have long patience, for "His coming draweth nigh." We must have the appearance of His appearance, the beauty of His beauty, and the glory of His glory. So we wait in patience and in hope.

In all holy conversation and godliness, may it be ours, dear friends, to know that the first resurrection is ours; that we, as risen with Christ, take our place with Christ.

Then in His own blessed time—*and may it be speedily*—we who have enjoyed a foretaste of the resurrection here, shall know the fulness of the resurrection hereafter, and in the fulness of joy, stand in the presence of God, where there is *life for evermore.*

AN EXPERIENCE EATEN UP BY MICE.

"I WAS once making a missionary tour through Michigan," said a preacher, "when I called at a house that I had been told was occupied by a man bed-ridden for several years. I rapped at the door of the *log cabin*, introduced myself and my business, 'hunting up the Lord's own,' and was warmly welcomed by the man and his wife.

"After an hour's patient listening to the old man's story of his sickness and sufferings, in reply to a remark of mine to the effect that I trusted this experience of the Lord's chastenings had been blessed to him, and that he had a sure hope that when all was over he would go where they no more say, 'I am sick,' he brightened up wonderfully, saying, 'Why, yes, I had a 'sperience nigh onto *thirty year ago;* 'twas a wonderful 'sperience. I don't s'pose there was ever such a strange 'sperience happened to a body before or since. I writ it out so as not to forget it; but I haven't thought a word about it for more 'n a year, not since last big meetin', when Elder Graves called. I read it to him, and he said it was very wonderful. Betsey, hunt up my 'sperience; I want to read it to this preacher.'

"Then commenced a search through the numerous chinks and boxes in the cabin; old mouse-eaten letters and papers, bundles of herbs, packages of seeds, rolls of all sorts of stuff, were undone and looked over repeatedly, but in vain, and all the time the old man was moaning, 'Such a wonderful 'sperience, sir. I knowd my calling and 'lection was sure and sartin from that time; so I've never taken much trouble 'bout it since I'd once writ it out; and now *them little mice* have eaten up my 'sperience, and it's the undoin' of me.'

"In vain I tried to get him to tell it to me. He could only vary his lamentations by upbraiding his wife, 'You might have knowed, Betsey, that them little mice would eat it up if you didn't take keer of it.'

"He would have nothing from me at all, and I finally went away, leaving the wife still hunting, and he mourning as did Bunyan's Christian over his *lost roll*, for he really seemed to think it was his sure passport to heaven, without which he could not enter the pearly gates."

This is almost literally what a great many persons do. It was perhaps the beginning of Balaam's and Judas's falling away. Every Christian is in danger of *taking for granted* that he is all right, and so not giving heed to his daily standing before God. Hence the command: "Work out your own salvation *with fear and trembling*." There is no doctrine of which the Word of God from Genesis to Revelation is more full than of this. In Psa. 50: 23 it is written, "To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God." And the Apostle Paul says, "Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6: 7.)

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1880.

NEW TESTAMENT.

First Quarter.

Jan. 4. The Infant Messiah—Matt. ii. 1-12.
11. The Flight into Egypt—Matt. ii. 13-23.
18. Jesus Baptized by John—Matt. iii. 1-17.
25. The Temptation of Jesus—Matt. iv. 1-11.
Feb. 1. The True Disciples—Matt. v. 1-16.
8. The Truly Righteous—Matt. v. 17-26.
15. The Tongue and the Temper—Matt. v. 33-48.
22. Giving and Praying—Matt. vi. 1-13.
29. Our Father's Care—Matt. vi. 24-34.
Mar. 7. The Saviour's Golden Rule—Matt. vii. 1-14.
14. The False and the True—Matt. vii. 15-29.
21. Review of the Lessons.
28. Lesson selected by the school.

Second Quarter.

Apr. 4. The Power of Christ—Matt. viii. 18-34.
11. The Invitation of Christ—Matt. xi. 20-30.
18. The Wheat and the Tares—Matt. xiii. 24-30, 37-43.
25. Confession and Cross-bearing—Matt. xvi. 13-28.
May 2. The Transfiguration—Matt. xvii. 1-13.
9. Jesus and the Young—Matt. xix. 13-26.
16. The Marriage Feast—Matt. xxii. 1-14.
23. The Judgment—Matt. xxv. 31-46.
30. Gethsemane—Matt. xxvi. 36-50.
June 6. The Crucifixion—Matt. xxvii. 35-50.
13. After the Resurrection—Matt. xxviii. 8-20.
20. Review of the Lessons.
27. Lesson selected by the school.

OLD TESTAMENT.

Third Quarter.

July 4. The Creation—Gen. i. 1-3; ii. 4-8.
11. The Fall and the Promise—Gen. iii. 1-15.
18. Cain and Abel—Gen. iv 3-15.
25. The Covenant with Noah—Gen. ix. 8-19.
Aug. 1. The Call of Abram—Gen. ix. 31, 32; xii. 1-10.
8 Abram and Lot—Gen. xiii. 1-18.
15. Abram and Melchizedek—Gen. xiv. 12-24.
22. The Covenant with Abram—Gen. xv. 1-18.
29. Abraham's Intercession—Gen. xviii. 16-33.
Sept. 5. Lot's Escape from Sodom—Gen. xix. 12-26.
12. Trial of Abraham's Faith—Gen. xxii. 1-14.
19. Review of the Lessons.
26. Lesson selected by the school.

Fourth Quarter.

Oct. 3. Isaac's Prosperity—Gen. xxvi. 12-25.
10. Jacob and Esau—Gen. xxvii. 22-40.
17. Jacob at Bethel—Gen. xxviii. 10-22.
24. Jacob's Prevailing Prayer—Gen. xxxii. 9-12, 22-30.
31. Joseph Sold in Egypt—Gen. xxxvii. 1-5, 23-36.
Nov. 7. Joseph in Prison—Gen. xxxix. 21-23. xl. 1-8
14. Joseph the Wise Ruler—Gen. xli. 41-57.
21. Joseph and his Brethren—Gen. xliv. 30-34, xlv. 1-8.
28. Jacob and Pharaoh—Gen. xlvii. 1-12.
Dec. 5. The Last Days of Jacob—Gen. xlviii. 8-22.
12 Last Days of Joseph—Gen. l. 14-26.
19. Review of the Lessons.
26. Lesson selected by the school.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

The aim of this journal is to disseminate the glorious truths of the Word of God, and thus to aid in carrying on the work of the Saviour on the earth.

It contains every week a sermon by Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached the Sunday morning previous to the day of publication.

By arrangement with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a report of his Sunday-morning sermons is taken every week, and after it has been revised by him, is mailed in advance sheets and published in this journal prior to its publication in any other paper in the United States.

Articles by eminent ministers and others who have made the subject of prophecy their especial study also appear week by week, and review current events in the light of prophecy.

The Christian Herald is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a packet of specimen copies to any minister desiring them for distribution among his congregation.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon desires strongly to commend to the American public and readers of his sermons The Christian Herald, which is the only paper publishing his sermons in America from which his institutions derive any aid. His Orphanage, containing 260 orphans, his Pastor's College, and his Colportage Society cost over $1500 every week. Any pecuniary donations for them may also be forwarded to the manager of The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York, who will transmit them to London.

Dr. Talmage says, in reference to The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times: "I am in constant receipt — almost every mail brings me, letters from readers in Great Britain to whom my sermons published in the Herald have been the means of comfort and salvation. From my knowledge of what the Herald has accomplished in Great Britain in behalf of evangelical religion, I heartily commend it to the American public."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The National Congress has done very little yet toward accomplishing the particular business for which it was called together. The first two weeks were consumed in the business of re-officering itself—a task which led to a great amount of caucusing and scheming generally, in both houses. The whole of the third week has been given to debate; otherwise but little progress has been made in the transaction of public business. It was hoped when the extra session was first called that it would be a short one, but the prospect of a prolonged session daily increases. It is probable that the near prospect of the next Presidential election interferes with a concentration of attention on current affairs.

The Passover Feast, which Continues to this day to be observed by the Jews, began at sundown on April 7th, and lasted eight days. The command in Exod. 13: 7 is carefully obeyed by these people, who so grievously omit "the weightier matters of the law;" so for a week or more before the commencement of the Feast every house is thoroughly cleaned, and nooks and crannies are carefully searched for the least crumb of fermented bread or cake, and the children's pockets are turned inside out for the same purpose. Then, to throw off the responsibility of any mistake about the matter, a childish performance called "khomets" is gone through between husband and wife.

The day previous to Passover evening, the wife takes several slices of baker's bread, and, wrapping them separately in paper, throws one package into a corner, another behind the door, another into a cupboard, and so on. The husband then goes from place to place and collects all the packages, and the next day a bonfire is made in the yard and they are burned, to the no small delight of the children, appropriate prayers being chanted. This ceremony signifies that the dwelling has been purified by fire, and if there should still remain in the house any leaven, it is to be regarded as though it did not exist. Well did the Lord Jesus say of these very people, "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." (Matt. 15: 7–9.)

Prevention of Epidemic Diseases.—The National Board of Health, at its recent session in Washington, agreed upon a bill, designed to prevent the introduction of contagious or infectious diseases, especially the yellow-fever. It is acknowledged by Senator Harris, of Tennessee, to be in many respects an improvement upon the bill already introduced before the Senate by himself. It provides for the maintenance of three American *medical experts* on the island of Cuba, whose duty it will be to supervise the departure of vessels from that island to the United States, these experts to be army or navy surgeons, or surgeons of the Marine Hospital service who have experience in the workings of yellow-fever epidemics.

An objectionable feature, in the opinion of Senator Harris, is the provision requiring the coöperation of the National Board with the local quarantine authorities. After a conference of the resident members of the Board, no modification is deemed necessary: it will be reported to the Senate.

An Old Man, only Four Years of Age. A Persian monarch inquired of an aged man, "How many of the sun's revolutions hast thou counted?" "Sire," said the old man, "*I am but four years of age.*" "What!" interrupted the King, "fearest thou not to answer me falsely, or dost thou jest on the very brink of the tomb?" "I speak not falsely," replied the aged man; "eighty long years have I wasted in folly and sinful pleasures and in amassing wealth, none of which I can take with me when I leave this world. Four only have I spent in doing good to my fellow-men, and shall I count those years which have been utterly wasted?" Like the Royal Preacher he "looked on all the works that his hands had wrought, and on the labor that he had labored to do, and behold all was vanity" (Ecclesiastes 2: 11).

Mr. Summerfield, the Eloquent Preacher, put the same thing in a Christian light during his last illness. He was visited by two clergymen, one of whom, commiserating his subjection to such suffering, in consequence of his ministerial labors, inquired, "How old are you?" To the astonishment of the divine the suffering saint replied: "I was born at Preston, in England, in 1798, and born again at Dublin, in Ireland, in 1817." The visitor expressed at once his surprise and curiosity at what to him was so strange a declaration. Mr. Summerfield, no less excited, with great propriety exclaimed, in the language of Jesus to Nicodemus, "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" and then related to the two the history of his own conversion. His clear testimony was not without beneficial effect upon their souls; and well would it be if every converted person would similarly "confess Christ before men."

A Terrible Prairie Fire occurred about three weeks ago in Battle Creek, Lincoln Co., which destroyed every thing in its path, and resulted in the death of three persons. Mr. Montgomery, a well-to-do farmer of the county, and his son, a boy of twelve, were at work, when they discovered the fire coming with the fleetness of a horse. The boy was caught in the flames and fell to the ground instantly. A neighbor by the name of Isaac Pfaff galloped up to Mr. Montgomery on a mule and induced him to mount behind him. Mr. Montgomery mounted, but seeing his boy fall, lost all presence of mind, and threw his arms around Mr. Pfaff, catching the bridle-reins and holding the mule still while they were enveloped in the flames. Both men dropped to the ground and the fire passed over them. The mule ran a short distance and fell dead. The two men rose to their feet, and the wind and fire took their clothing from them as they walked to the nearest field, about 100 yards distant. Mr. Pfaff's feet were so badly burned that his boots fell from him as he walked. A Mr. Manning came to them from the nearest house with a couple of quilts, which he wrapped about the two men, and carried them to the house. He then carried the dead boy to the house. Both men were perfectly rational, and conversed freely with those around them up to within a few hours of their death. Mr. Montgomery lived about two hours, and Mr. Pfaff lived until about eleven o'clock that night. Both men leave families, and Mr. Pfaff buried two children quite recently, one just a day previously to losing his own life.

Chinese Gambling in New York has received a check. On Wednesday, March 26th, the police broke into a den kept by Ah Wong, a Chinese physician, at 13 Mott Street. A large apartment in the rear of the building is devoted to gambling. This is said to be one of the largest establishments of the kind in the city. The walls of this room are ornamented with large pictures in scarlet and vermilion, and the atmosphere is heavy with many strange odors.

Chinamen have been seen coming out of this place, early in the morning, dressed in coarse bagging instead of the clothes usually worn by them. At first it was supposed that these men had been present at the performance of some religious rites, but it has been ascertained without doubt that *they had gambled away the clothing they wore*, and that these bags had been given them instead.

The infatuated players were unable to see that the bulk of their stakes went into the hands of the proprietors of the den, and were in the habit of attending in large numbers and squandering their hard-earned money in this miserable pursuit.

A Disastrous Fire broke out about one o'clock on Sunday morning, April 6, in the business part of the city of Philadelphia, and completely destroyed about *thirty* stores and manufacturing establishments, besides injuring other buildings. The loss is variously estimated at from 700,000 to 1,000,000 dollars. The flames were discovered issuing from a large five-story brick building on the corner of Race and Crown streets. That ructure was entirely destroyed, together with l contents. Adjoining this was a one-story uilding occupied by the Burring Machine Com- any, the great blank wall of which seemed at st a barrier to the further spread of the flames stward, but by and by the edge of the roof be- in to smoke and a curl of flame dashed out. the next building, which was also five stories height, was bound to go, and as no further stacle stood in the way of the flames, the fire read in all directions and jumped across the rrow streets with incredible rapidity. At day- ght, in spite of the utmost efforts of the whole ty Fire Department, the conflagration, it was ared for a time would be even worse than it as. The *loss of life* was limited to two per- ns, one a German beer-saloon keeper, who was badly hurt by a falling wall that he died dur- g the day; and the other his brother, who so was fatally injured. One man had both his ms broken, and several others were hurt.

What Tommy gave the Lord Jesus.—Tommy is the youngest of four little ones, whom their other was training for the service of the Lord. eggars were very numerous and persistent here they lived, and though often these are not al objects for pity, Mrs. C—— never liked to nd them away without helping them in some ay. She used to tell the little children that in e person of His poor they could minister to e Lord Himself.

One day a wretched-looking man came to the or, and the three older children brought out eir pence, or little offerings which they laid by ainst such cases. Tommy stood silent, and ep in thought. There was some struggle go- on in his little heart. He suddenly ran out the room and up to the nursery, returning th big tears in his blue eyes and a black rag- ll in his little fat hands. "O mammy, mam- . I have only my black dolly to give to Jesus day, and *I do love her so*—here!" and pushing into his mother's hands, he fairly sobbed. s. C—— took the dolly, and, with a warm s on the little one's forehead, and a very full art, carried it out of the room, and, after giv- the beggar the pence, laid it carefully among choicest treasures. How the mother's heart oiced over the gift offered to the Lord Jesus t day!

A London Society Journal has an Article on *J. B. Gough's Home Life in America*, in ich it says: "J. B. Gough's usual fee for a ture is two hundred dollars, or about forty nds. Multiply these figures per night by one ndred and fifty nights—his yearly average of tures—and it will be seen that Mr. Gough's ome is equal to such a home as Hlliside. As atter of fact it is equal to much more; and ss open-handed giver than Gough would be is age wealthy. Gough has this home, but t *literally is all*. He has accumulated no npetency upon which to retire from his ardu- work. *His charities have been boundless*, ugh always unostentatious. He means to in harness, and retirement from his active is a thing that has never for a moment en- ed into his scheme of existence. To work in winter, to rest in the summer—that is his ole programme. For *thirty-six years* he has n, except during the summer months, *inces- tly travelling*. The distance he has journeyed ld have sufficed to carry him a dozen times nd the terraqueous globe. He has delivered rly eight thousand speeches; he has been rd by more human beings than any preacher ng. Spurgeon began to preach nearly ten rs later than Gough, and has spoken not re than half as often; Henry Ward Beecher not heard of until six years after Gough had ome the recognized king of teetotalism, and demand as a lecturer from a thousand plat- ns every winter."

illside House is picturesquely situated in unds of 240 acres, about six miles from the n of Worcester, which is forty-four miles n Boston. The library contains 3000 care- selected books, including many commenta- or expositions of the Bible.

"'Gainst Jesus Comes."—Little Norah, three years old, was sitting in the room where her grandmother and aunts were in conversation. Their subject was the Second Advent, and the happy meetings at the Mildmay Conference. Presently the little one looked up, and said, "Will Auntie Bessie put me on a clean pinafore 'gainst Jesus comes?" "A little child shall lead them." (Is. 11 : 6.) May we all be found ready and watching, with garments "unspotted from the world," "'gainst Jesus comes."

Mr. D. L. Moody's Work in Baltimore is thus commented on in a late number of the *Advertiser*: "So great is the desire to hear this most remarkable lay preacher, that in many instances the dinner hour among fashionable people has been changed to admit of attending the meetings. In one instance a wealthy gentleman and his wife, who are so fond of their comfort and so wedded to regularity that they have allowed nothing in twenty years to interfere with their dining at *four o'clock*, have changed the hour to five o'clock, just in order to attend the meetings, and this is but one of many similar instances. As a lady said in the inquiry meeting: 'The subject of religion, so long tabooed from our tables, has become the one absorbing topic.' Not an afternoon passes without witnessing the most extraordinary sights.

"Last Friday it was a *belle and heiress*, a Hebe in form, weeping in her carriage outside the chapel waiting until Mr. Moody would come out, in the hope that he might tell her what she must do to atone for the selfishness and frivolity of her life in the past. The day before it was a handsome young lady on her knees, surrounded by friends, praying that God might open her eyes to realize her error, and guide her to the truth. Yesterday it was the strange anomaly of a very young convert trying to comfort a lady past middle age, all of whose life was spent in the service of Christ, but who was yet shedding bitter tears of grief because she had not followed closer in the Master's footsteps. Again, it often happens that a mere girl, with Bible in hand, and her face lit up with enthusiasm, may be found trying to make plain the way to a man old enough to be her father." How forcibly does a case like the last remind us of the words quoted by our Saviour from Psalm 8 : 2: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

A Grand Dog Show has been opened at Gilmore's Garden, New York City, where a variety of strange and valuable dogs are exhibited. It is right that whatever is of value should be cared for, but the care may be *overdone*. We read that the animals arrived in carriages driven by liveried coachmen, in express wagons from the railway stations, and on foot from all parts of the city. Many of the exhibitors were ladies, who came to see what accommodation had been provided for their pets. The management thought straw was sufficient luxury for any dog, but many of the owners immediately ordered that this should be taken away, and the rough boards covered with the *softest lamb's wool*. The box intended for four days' occupation by St. Laurent, a black and tan setter valued at $200, was made gorgeous in maroon cloth, while glass and wire cages were provided for some still more delicate specimens.

Anniversary Week.—As far as is arranged, the great missionary and philanthropic societies which have their centres in New York City will hold their annual meetings this year in the Broadway Tabernacle, and in the following order:

Sun., May	4.	Am. Home Missionary Society,	7 : 30 P.M.
Mon., "	5.	Am. Seamen's Friend Society,	7 : 30 "
Tues., "	6.	N. Y. Sunday-school Assoc'on,	3 : 30 "
" "	6.	Am. Sunday-school Union,	7 : 30 "
Wed., "	7.	Am. Tract So'y, Bus. Meeting,	10 A.M.
" "	7.	Am. Female Guardian Society,	3 : 30 P.M.
" "	7.	Am. Tract Society, Addresses,	7 : 30 "
Thurs., "	8.	New York City Mission,	3 : 30 "
" "	8.	American Bible Society,	7 : 30 "
Fri., "	9.	Deaf and Dumb,	3 : 30 "
" "	9.	National Temperance Society,	7 : 30 "
Sun., "	11.	Am. Board Com. Foreign Mis.,	7 : 30 "

It is hoped that friends of these societies will arrange their plans to visit New York during Anniversary Week.

A REFRESHING PROMISE.

A Sermon written at Mentone, by C. H. Spurgeon.

"I will water it every moment."—ISA. 27 . 3.

The Lord Merciful in Wrath—His Promises Particular—The Promise to Water the Church—I. The Necessity of it—Life Dependent on Creative Power—Adverse Agencies at Work—No Resource but in God—The Consequence if God Failed us—II. The Manner of it—A Perpetual Act—A Renewed Act—A Personal Act—III. The Certainty of it—God's Truth and Power—His Unchangeableness—His Faithfulness—His Pledge.

WHEN the Lord is most intent on justice He is at the same time earnest in His love. The day of vengeance of our God is also the acceptable year of the Lord. In the Scripture before us the prophet saith, "Behold, the Lord cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity" (Isa. 26 : 21), and He foretells that *the Lord will come forth as one armed* with a great and strong sword to smite the fiercest of His enemies with a deadly wound (Isa. 27 : 1); yet before He had bared his arm for the battle He prepared chambers of refuge for His people, that they might dwell as within closed doors until the tempest of indignation was overpast (Isa. 26 : 20).

The shoutings of war did not prevent the Lord from remembering His beloved and His song of love concerning her, for He saith, "In that day sing ye unto her, a vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment." Happy people, who even in the day of wrath are satisfied with favor. Blessed heirs of grace, who hear the just and terrible avenger say concerning them, "Fury is not in me" (verse 4).

The love of the Lord towards His whole church goes forth to each individual member thereof; the care which he displays towards the vineyard is exercised upon each vine which He has planted. So, then, we may without hesitation believe that the Lord will do for us personally that which He promises to do for His people as a whole; else would there have been exceptions stated, and the word would have run thus—I will water a part of my vineyard, but a portion of the plants shall be left to be dried up. The Lord's Word is so truthful that it would never raise *ungrounded expectations* by general statements if there were, indeed, cases not included therein.

We are always safe in concluding that if the Lord had meant to shut out one believing soul from a privilege He would have mentioned it, for He has not spoken in secret, in a dark place of the earth, any thing which would militate against the happiness of any one of His people. This then, beloved friends, is the pledge of love concerning the spiritual life of my soul and yours, and the soul of every humble believer in Jesus,—"I will water it every moment." This is a precious promise, and the more we meditate upon it the more rich will it appear. May we now be watered by the Holy Ghost while we meditate upon this promised watering.

In warm climates irrigation is essential to fertility; hence, travellers see on all sides pools and watercourses, wheels and cisterns, and channels for the water to flow in. The watering arises from necessity, and it is carefully attended to, because otherwise the husbandman or gardener would look in vain for fruit. I remarked to *a gardener* in the South of France that the weather was bad, but he replied that it was good for the garden, for the rain gave plenty of water, and that was the chief thing.

In Paradise it was no mean advantage to its verdant bowers that *a fourfold river* pursued its course through its midst, and that before the rain had fallen upon the earth there went up a mist from the earth and watered the face of the ground. From the necessity and value of water to the plants of the earth the Lord would teach us our own need of His grace, and the preciousness of that grace, and render His promise of supply the more delightful to our souls.

That we may prize the goodness of the Lord in the promises before us we shall consider *the necessity* of our being watered, *the manner* in which the Lord promises to supply our need, and *the certainty* that He will do so. Oh for a living meditation, not upon the letter of the word only, but upon its innermost teaching!

I. There is a great *necessity* for the watering promised in the text. This we might conclude from the promise itself, since there is not one superfluous word of promise in the whole Scriptures, but it becomes more evident when we reflect that all creature life is dependent upon the perpetual outgoing of divine power. Existence is

A CONTINUED CREATION,

for the creatures have no power within themselves to preserve their own being; even the solid rocks as the great mountains would melt away as so many shadows if eternal Omnipotence did not every moment keep them in being. The world is not like a wheel, which, having received a great push from a strong hand, continues to revolve long after the hand is withdrawn; but the divine energy goes forth continually to uphold all things which it has made.

Now, the same law holds good in the more choice and illustrious works of God in the kingdom of grace, and multitudes of illustrations of this are to be found in Holy Writ. Believers are *stones*, but their upholding comes continually from the foundation; they are *branches* sucking nourishment perpetually from the stem, *members* of the body always deriving life from the Head. Towards God we are *streams* and not fountains; *rays of light*, not suns; *lamps* which must be trimmed and nourished with oil; *sheep* which need unceasing care and feeding. The inner life cannot live upon itself. It is one mark of its presence that the believer is not only dependent as a creature, but feels it as a living, sensible, instructed, and trustful creature. The Christian has no quarrel with the hint of utter weakness which is implied in the text, for He is right well aware that He must be each moment watered or he will dry up from the root and cease to be.

Moreover, the truth is specially certain as touching the believer, for *a multitude of agencies* are at work to dry up the moisture of his soul. As far as this world is concerned, He is planted in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is; his sorrows tend to parch him, like a hot wind from the desert, and earthly joys are still more like a sirocco which burns as an oven. Satan's temptations scorch and wither our hearts unless the water of life is abundantly laid at our root; and the men of the world act after the same manner. If we trusted in ourselves we should soon be as the heath in the desert, or as the grass upon the housetops. Indwelling sin especially is a devouring blast, and would, if it acted without check and counterbalance, turn the garden of the soul into a desolate wilderness. We are as plants set in the blaze of a tropical sun, upon which a burning oven pours forth its tremendous heat. One moment without divine watering and shading would dry us up root and branch.

Neither have we any other *source of supply* but the living God. "All my springs are in thee." We have the ordinances and means of grace, but we cannot of ourselves fetch a blessing from them: the Spirit of God is as the dew and the rain, but we cannot command His influences; these lie altogether at the sovereign disposal of the Lord. To convince us of our utter impotence in the matter the Lord asks us in the book of Job, "Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds that abundance of water may cover thee?"

No, the bottles of heaven drop at Jehovah's bidding, and unless his good pleasure gives the land its refreshment "the dust groweth into hardness, and the clods cleave fast together," the brooks are dried up, and the springs of water fail. None can afford us a drop of spiritual water unless the infinite depths of divine grace overflow to us and the Lord visits the heart and waters it from the river of God, which is full of water. Hence the need that we cry with David, "I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after Thee, as a thirsty land."

Remember, also, that our need of divine watering is clearly seen when we consider what drought and barrenness and death would come upon us *if His hand were withdrawn.* Then would be fulfilled in us the prophecy of Jeremiah, "Their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters: they came to the pits, and found no water; they returned with their vessels empty: they were ashamed and confounded, and covered their heads. Because the ground is chapped, for there was no rain in the earth, the ploughmen were ashamed, they covered their heads." Then would our leaf wither and our root fail; as for fruit, there would be none, and we should be only fit for the burning. Without watering every moment the most faithful among us would be cast forth, and be only fit for the fire; every prophet would become a Balaam, every apostle a Judas, every disciple a Demas. We must be watered, and watered every moment, or we die. Lord, save us, we perish. Look down from heaven, and behold and visit this vine and the vineyard which Thy right hand hath planted.

II. This point is clear, and our experience daily brings it under our notice. Let us now carefully regard

THE MANNER

in which the Lord promises to water His people —"I will water it every moment."

Our first thought is excited by *the perpetual act*—"every moment" the Lord will water the vineyard. There is never a moment in which it ceases to need it, and, therefore, the supply is as constant as the demand. He further says, "Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day," so that at all hours of the night, as well as of the day, the Lord's care is over His people. Mercy knows no pause. Grace has no canonical hours, or rather all hours are alike canonical: yea, and all moments too. We may stay our asking, but God doth not stay His giving. We may not perceive the flowings of His grace, and yet they are never suspended, no, not for a moment, or else it were not true,—"I will water it every moment."

This leads us to rest assured of our final perseverance, since His perseverance in watering will produce our perseverance in budding, leafing, and fruit-bearing, else were His watering in vain, His grace ineffectual, and His purpose defeated, and it would not be true that none had hurt the vineyard. Glory be to the great Keeper of the vines, He will give a good account of His charge, saying, "Of all that Thou gavest me I have lost none." Between here and heaven there will never be a moment in which the Lord will not water His people, and therefore never a moment in which they will be dried up, and so left to perish. Let faith lay hold of this and gather strength from it.

Nor is this all—the Lord's watering is *a renewed act.* He does not water us once in great abundance, and then leave us to live upon what He has already poured out. He does not cause so much rain to fall in one day as may water the earth for seven years, or there could not then be a daily dependence upon him for rain and dew; neither does He give grace enough to His servants at any one time to serve them for a month, or a week, or a day, or even an hour, but He waters them "every moment" that they may know that at no one instant of time can they do without Him.

He placed the whole fountain of living water in His Son, for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, but in our case He husbands His showers that we may seek and obtain new outflowings of the eternal life, and every moment come under new debts to His infinite love. It is very sweet to have it so, for thus we have each moment a reason for coming to Him, inasmuch as every moment He has something to impart to us. If we are conscious at this moment of our poverty we need not despair, nor even hang our heads, for the next moment has its appointed watering, and ere the clock has ticked faith may receive a flood of grace, according to the promise: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."

Attention should be gratefully directed to the fact that the watering promised by the Lord *is a personal act:* "I will water it." Apollos waters, but he cannot do it of himself, nor can he do it every moment, nor at all except as an instrument in the hands of God. The Lord doth His work effectually: as in creation He spake not in vain, but He spake and it was done, so in grace He waters, and we are watered indeed. Sweet is the truth that we are not left to second causes or agents; these might fail us in the hour of need, yea, they must prove liars unto us if we depended on them, for it would be impossible for any of them, or all of them put together, to water us every moment; but the all-sufficient God out of the measureless stores of grace can and will, in His own person, supply all His saints forever, giving them to be filled with His fulness and never to know a lack. Not even to angels has He left the care of His saints, but He himself through the mediation of His dear Son, doth every moment keep and water us by His effectua grace.

How condescending is this on the Lord's part He who leads forth the stars by their armie bows the heavens to visit your soul and min taking care that there shall be a channel for th water of life to flow to the poorest and meane of His people. How near this brings the Lo to us; and what an idea it gives us of His pe petual active presence. As the gardener stan over the plant, gently pouring the water around it and upon it, so as to feed the roots a wash the leaves, even so doth the Lord as it we stand over His people, watching over them good, and dispensing His grace with all wisd and prudence as they are able to receive it. (necessity calls for His abiding presence, and l love vouchsafes it. Every moment is the L near us, for every moment He waters us. Ev moment does He love us, because His love is tively demonstrating itself in condescending tions. His love suggests the watering, and watering proves His love. He is never wear the work which He has Himself undertake love, and which He will not delegate to ot because He is so well pleased with doing it H self.

III. This much suffices to fill our sle space: let us now, in the third place, cons *the certainty* that the Lord will water every that His own right hand hath planted. H vast number of arguments suggest themse but we will content ourselves with the ground of confidence which is found in the Himself and His previous deeds of love. Lord our God is true and cannot lie, and t fore if He says "I will water it," we need n ther guarantee that it will be done. "Hat said, and shall He not do it?" Has He broken the word which has once gone c His mouth? Assuredly not. The Lor mighty, and cannot therefore leave His pr unfulfilled from want of power to make it

He may safely say "I will," because n is impossible with Him. Man's "I wi often an empty boast; never is it so with th of hosts. Our souls need supplies so grea drain rivers of grace, but the all-sufficient able to meet the largest demands of the i erable company of His people and He wi them to His own honor and glory f Here, then, we see His truth, His powe His all-sufficiency all pledged to provide chosen, and we may be sure that the gu will stand.

The immutability and omnipresence both speak to the like effect. The L watered His people hitherto, and as He change they may expect the like treat His hands. He will neither revoke His nor cease from fulfilling it. Moreover, be with His needy servants every mom

His promise implies ; for it will never be said of Him, " Peradventure He is pursuing, or He is on a journey, or He sleepeth and must be awakened." While He is working in heaven and on earth, and in all deep places, yet can His gracious hand be busy among the tender plants of His grace, and that at all times, yea, every moment.

If we needed further confirmation we might well remember that the Lord has already watered His vineyard in a far more costly manner than it will ever need again. The Lord Jesus has watered it with a sweat of blood, and can it be upposed that He will leave it now? Gethsemne wrought for the church much beyond any uture need which can possibly arise to her ; he who spared not His own blood will not withhold watering from those He has redeemed. Dear riend, you and I have already cost the Saviour o much that there is no fear of His parting with s, or losing His reward in us, by giving us over o barrenness. Jesus has already fulfilled on our ehalf a weightier engagement than that which s contained in the text. He said " I will reeem it," and He has kept His word ; and now f He declares " I will water it," it would be *a superfluity of unbelief* to distrust His word.

Hitherto the sacred promise has been fully ept, for we have been graciously preserved in piritual life. Droughty times have befallen us, nd yet our soul has not been suffered to famsh ; why, then, should we question the goodess of the Lord as to years to come? His delight is in us as much as ever, because Jesus, in whom He beholds us, is as fair and lovely as ver, and therefore we may expect the same kindness from the same loving heart. He has ot only pledged himself to water His people, ut again and again has He spoken to the same ffect. Hear how Isaiah speaketh by the Holy Ghost : " And the Lord shall guide thee continally, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make at thy bones : and thou shalt be like a watered arden, and like a spring of water, whose waters ail not."

Jeremiah also speaketh to the same effect in is 31st chapter at the 12th verse. Shall the Lord run back from His covenant? Shall we so much blaspheme His name as to suppose that He will be false to His engagements? Unbelief, ide thy guilty head. Doubting one, be comorted. He who said, " I will water it every moment" must not be dishonored by thy guilty uspicions, for He will do even as He hath said. t is true thy heart is by nature barren and dry, ut what has that to do with the promise of free race so as to render it of none effect? Is not hy parched and desolate condition the rather to e viewed as a reason why the Lord should open he windows of heaven above thee and pour out His blessing.

One thing is never to be forgotten—we are the Lord's. Therefore, if He do not water us, He will himself be the loser. An owner of vineards, if He should suffer them to be parched with the drought, would derive nothing from His estate ; the vineyard would be dried up, but He, Himself would receive no clusters. With everence be it spoken, our Lord Himself will ever see of the travail of His soul in untended ines, nor in hearts unsanctified and unrenewed, nor in men whose graces droop and die for want f divine refreshings. The Lord must carry the work through, or lose what He hath wrought, and that would not be consistent with the foresight of His wisdom, or the purpose of His eart. He chose us, He bought us, He delights n us, He put His very glory in pledge concernng us, and we may therefore be sure beyond all eradventure that He will water us to the end.

Does He water us every moment? Then let His praise continually be in our mouths. Doth He thus care for us? Let us, then, watch for he advance of His cause, the extension of His ingdom, the good of His people. He who is hus watered should water others. If the Lord uts within us a well of living water through His ivine watering, then let us give forth to others ivers of living water. Yet let not this be our first thought, but rather let us go away crying, " Lord, make my soul as a watered garden. Saturate my fleece, fill my vessel to the brim, and keep it full forever. Fulfil this word unto Thy servant, upon the which Thou hast caused me to hope, and water me every moment, *even me.*"

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE,

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.*

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, the author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 396.)

Who's to be the Heir?—The Lawyer's Proposal—Arnold Montaigne Chosen—The Conditions—The " Aqual o' King Solomon"—Old Prejudice against Irish Church Clergy—Absenteeism—Collecting Money in Horse Buckets—The New Protestant Clergyman and his Bride—His Anxiety for the Conversion of the Catholics—He Preaches in the Market-place, and produces a Favorable Immpression—Unfavorable Reception next Market-day caused by the Priest's Denunciation—Audience Melting Away—A Priestly Scold—" Inviting Satan to my Parish."

" WOULD you believe it, sir, but I'm towld it's Bible thruth, the knight couldn't, for the life of him, think of a name. He paused, and looked vacantly at the lawyer afore him and silently pondhered. Havin' withdrawn himself for some years from all his fellows, even from the few distant kindred he had, no wan could he think of to minshun in the will.

" Mr. Gogharty sat still as a mouse afore him, *pin* in hand, to put down the name of the lucky future inheritor ; but he sat in vain ; the knight remained silent as a dummy, and puzzled as a dog fornint a hedgehog. After a good while, however, he said in a subdued tone o' voice, ' My friend, you have put me into a bothersome difficulty ; I don't know what to direct,' sez he, ' and that's the thruth of it. I can't fix on any wan to name in the will. Completely retired as I've been, and that for years,' sez he, '*I care for nobody*, and it's my belief *nobody cares for me ;*' and Mr. Gogharty, I've hard thim say, declares that as the poor knight said this he saw tears gather in his eyes.

" Mr. Gogharty, sir, had a little child at home, a son, not three years owld ; and, as was natural, when such hapes o' money as he knew Sir Percival owned was to the fore, his thoughts turned homeward to his boy. If there was no wan to the fore in Sir Percival's mind to be named, why not, he thought, suggest his son? The words ' my friend,' too, just addressed to him by the knight—a phrase he had not used to him for a very long time—encouraged him. So, dhrawin' his chair closer to the table, and puttin into his voice its most winning tone, he said,—

" ' I regret, Sir Percival,' sez he, ' I have long regretted, your retirement of late from public life, and your seclusion from your friends Yours, my dear sir, is a strange difficulty ; but if you can remember no one to name,' sez he, ' kindly permit me to relieve you by placing in this document the name of my son. He is not yet three years old, is a strong and healthy little boy,' sez he, ' and will, in all likelihood, in the good providence of God, survive to inherit, at the due time, your estate. Your doin' this,' sez he, ' will injure no one, and will make me iver grateful to you.'

" The knight hesitated, cast about his thoughts for a little, and then, with something, I fear, like an oath, exclaimed, ' No, hang it,' sez he, ' I'll not do this. After all, ' blood is thicker than water.' Mrs. Montaigne, now a clergyman's widow, is my niece,' sez he, ' on a disceased sister's side, and, as you are aware, she has a son, for you yourself, Mr. Gogharty,' sez he, ' sent me information of his birth. He is nearly as old as your son. I'll make *him* my heir, sir. Put down Arnold Montaigne's name in the will.'

" As may be supposed, at this change in the knight's disposition the countenance of Mr. Gogharty fell. A rich prize for his child had been almost within his very grasp, as it were, and it was lost. Sir Percival seemed to notice his vexation, for he added pleasantly, ' In case Arnold Montaigne should die, Mr. Gogharty, before the twenty-one years are out, I wish your son to be named as reversionary heir in the will ; and moreover, and I'm heart glad I've thought o' this,' sez he, ' as these are *quare times*, and we are gittin' scarcely to know where we stand, or where things are dhriftin' to,* I will have it distinctly mintioned in the document you dhraws up,' sez he, ' that both Arnold Montaigne and your son shall only inherit, in any case, my property upon condition that they remain stanch Protestants and true to the Reformed faith.'

" I'm a Catholic," said " Jehu," as he told me this ; " I'm a thorough-going Catholic," he repeated, " and 'pon my conchense this was a quare thing to do and hardly a fair proceedin' o' the knight's ; but so *it was to be*, as Mr. Gogharty saw at a glance when he looked into the knight's face ; therefore, as in duty bound, he dhrew up the will as Sir Percival commanded. Oh, sir, isn't it an all out sthrange and wonderful world? Here was a little fellow, one hour poor, they say, as Lazarus, and the next the heir of goold and silver the aquals o' king Solomon. Neither him nor his mother, however, had the darkest hint uv it, sir, and that for years ; not until the owld knight died, burnt to a cinder, as I towld you some time since, wan night in his own dwellin ; and there are suspicions abroad that the house was sit afire by the Ribbon min in spite upon him fur some time afore killin' their comrades."

" Jehu" could give me no further recital—knew nothing of the heir so unexpectedly mentioned by Sir Percival in his will. Some time after, however, Arnold Montaigne was cast in my way, when I learned from his own lips his history.

Mrs. Montaigne was the widow of a clergyman. Few persons had a lot less to be envied than clergymen of the Irish branch of the Episcopal Church thirty-five or forty years ago. The Establishment, as such, in the Emerald Isle was, in our view, placed in a false and anomalous position from the days of Queen Elizabeth. The title of National Church was considered by many people a misnomer in a land where more than three fourths of the people were Roman Catholics. Evangelical Protestantism from the first should have been in the sister land *missionary* in its aims and character ; but missionary effort, it is evident, was all but impossible among those who connected the Gospel preached by the missionary with remembrances and traditions of what they rightly or wrongly considered to be a political wrong.

It is true the clergy of the Episcopal Church at the date we have mentioned had neither part nor lot in the wrong-doing of Government, or rather of *mis*government, in the times before them—on the contrary, grieved over it; but still in the estimate of the Celt its dark shadow was upon them. Hence, in the days of "Tithe" excitement, and of Daniel O'Connell's agitation for "Repeal," the clergy of the Irish Church, especially in rural districts, had directed against them the dislike and animosity of a passionate and prejudiced people.

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* We append the following epitome of this tale for the information of those readers who may not have perused the former portions of it contained in the two previous numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD :

Sir C. Percival, a justice of the peace, was the object of a conspiracy of Ribbonmen, who attacked him by night, aided by the traitorous conduct of his servant. In defending himself, he killed some and drove the rest away. Disgusted with this ungrateful treatment, he lived the life of a recluse for many years, and desired to make his will so that all his property should be tied up forever. Being convinced by his lawyer that he could not do this, he, having no children, tried to recollect the name of some one related to him. The story now opens at this point, and the speaker is the " Jehu " of a stage-coach who narrated the circumstances to Mr. Martin.

* The " Tracts for the Times," which were expositions of Popery issued by so-called Protestant divines, who aimed thereby to draw the people over to Roman Catholicism, whither the majority of the writers by example led the way, were making a stir.

It was no uncommon thing in many outlying parishes for the Protestant vicar or curate to hear *muttered curses* as he passed along the road —curses of ignorant and fanatical men and women, peradventure raised to fury by some altar denunciation.

Absenteeism likewise deprived very often the Protestant minister of his natural supporter and defender. The lord of the soil spent his life in London or on the Continent, careless, except as to his rents, of his Irish home, and not seldom the would-be squire and inferior landlord did the same; so that the village doctor, as the case might be, and the bailiff, and one or two police, and three or four Protestant tenant farmers and their families formed the sabbath congregation at church; while, on the other hand, swarming myriads in succession, Mass celebration after Mass, from early morning until noon, thronged the Roman Catholic chapel.

I myself have seen money collected at the chapel-gates in *horse buckets*, and the number of contributors of pence and halfpence was so great that the heaped-up vessels had to be emptied out for a further replenishment from "the faithful," who, eager and devout, though superstitious and the victims of error, still poured in one continuous stream into the sacred building. No one can question the deep religiousness of the Celtic nature. Oh that in the last two centuries it had been brought lovingly and fairly into contact with the Saviour's purifying and transforming Gospel!

It was to such a parish as I have described that in the year 18— the Rev. Arnold Montaigne brought the young and fair *Dora Percival* as his bride. Their residence was to be in a small but neat and convenient parsonage. Both were truly Christian in their aims, disposition, and character. He, his heart burning with the truth, only longed for opportunity to express it; and she, devoted to her husband, resolved to be a faithful and loving wife and a helpmeet to him in his sacred calling in all ways possible to her sex.

We are told that at Athens the spirit of the Apostle Paul "was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry," and that, unable to repress his feelings, even before Silas and Timotheus could reach him as co-workers, "he disputed with the Jews," and "in the market daily with those that met with him." And according to his measure so it was with Arnold Montaigne.

The *mariolatry* and image worship of his swarming Roman Catholic neighbors beyond expression distressed him, as also did their blind efforts, by sacramental charm, penance, and mortifications, to purchase heaven. Oh how he thirsted to tell them of the spiritual nature of true worship, and that the gift of eternal life had been secured by Jesus Christ for all who, without money and without price, would believingly come to Him and have it!

As he knew that to get the people into his church was altogether impracticable, he endeavored to find scope for his zeal, soon after he entered the parish, by copying the example of Paul just quoted; and on two or three market days, standing on a chair, he essayed, *in the market-place*, to address the crowd assembled there, some for amusement, but the greater part for worldly business.

To his surprise and great delight he had on the first occasion a respectful and deeply interested congregation patient to hear him. The spell of the "old, old story" fell upon their hearts and consciences, and when he promised to take his stand in the same place at a similar hour the following week, he heard more than one voice say, "God bless your riverence! Thim words you have towld uz is beautiful, and no mistake. Do as ye have said, and, begorrah, we'll cum and hear you."

The young clergyman returned home with a thankful and joyful heart. It was not a fact, then, as he had been told, that Ireland was inaccessible to the Gospel. He had found the key for the difficulty, and had proved that it fitted the lock. "As the people will not come to you, why, of course, common-sense would say, you must go to them." How was it that this had not been seen and done before? However, as he had now hit upon the right plan, he would in future work it.

Reaching home, he told the success of his enterprise to his young wife. She trembled at first when she heard what he had done; for, to prevent any difficulty being put in his way by her, he had not told her of his purpose; but as the attempt turned out all that could be wished, with full heart she shared in his congratulation.

As may be supposed, the ardent young clergyman waited impatiently for *next Wednesday* to come, the day he had engaged to speak again the "words of life" to the people. Those who were so interested and impressed on the former occasion would doubtless, he thought, tell at home of their experience, and a larger crowd, he anticipated, would be present to hear him. The same man who furnished the chair before graciously repeated the favor.

Arnold Montaigne mounted the extempore rostrum, but what was his surprise and chagrin to find that the moment his head was seen over the crowd, the throng melted away from around him like snow from the presence of fire, and bargain-making and chaffering in the loudest possible tones were carried on at a distance in the square. No one was near him to address, and he saw at a glance it was useless to raise his voice so as to reach the outskirts of the market-place, for the vociferous din of set purpose raised would effectually drown it.

How was the strange conduct of the people to be accounted for? Very easily. The priest had heard before Sunday of the fine congregation of *his* parishioners (for there are two claimants to parishioners in Ireland), which the zealous young Protestant minister had had on the previous Wednesday. And if Arnold Montaigne was on his part highly pleased and elated, Father Curtis on the other hand was as much humiliated and vexed. He determined at once to put an end for the future to all such spiritual poaching, and the means of doing so were to his hand.

After mass on the Sunday he roundly rebuked and scolded all who with "itching ears" had dared to listen to the damnable utterances of heresy, and spoke aloud the names of those whom he regarded as the worst delinquents. "Were I to do right," he said, "to you three—Andy Malone and Ned Callaghan and Dennis O'Shee—aye, and a lot more o' ye, I'd put the heaviest pinances the Church allows upon ye. What, not only listen to the words o' Satan, but invite his agent in *my* parish—in *my* parish, I repate—to come and speak thim again to you and others, poisonin' yer souls? Upon my conscience I'd be jist in excommunicating every wan o' ye, and lavin' ye to die in morthial sin, and I needn't say what 'id then become o' yees." At these words those addressed by name in great alarm fell on their knees in the chapel, and with tears and cries entreated him "to spare them, and not blast their souls."

Upon seeing their fear and repentance, Father Curtis, knowing his point was gained, assumed a milder tone, and made as though he was going to most graciously relent.

"Well, well," he said, "it may be ye war taken by surprise, as the great St. Peter, the rock on which the Church is built, and the first Pope, wanst on a time was when—God's blessing be about us—he denied his Saviour. As the Lord forgave him whin he wept, followin' His example, perhaps, I might be pardoned for forgivin' yees."

(*To be continued.*)

THE ASSAULTS OF THE DEVIL.

A Sermon by the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of the City Temple, London.

"Touch all that he hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face."—JOB 1:11. "Touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face."—JOB 2:5.

The Devil's Existence Proved by Devilishness—The Devil Twice Wrong—God's Proof-man—Satan Challenging the Almighty—A Public Trial—Value of the Result—Every Christian a Battlefield—The World Looking on—Our Children Looking on—Satan's Four Great Dogs—Certain Triumph of the Grace of God.

THE man spoken about is Job, a perfect man and an upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil. He lived in the land of Uz. The speaker is Satan, who came with the sons of God on the first occasion, and said, "Touch all that Job hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." He was allowed to touch Job's *property*, and he failed in his purpose. On another occasion the same devil came back with the sons of God, and enlarged his proposition. He said, "Touch his *bone and his flesh*, and he will curse Thee to Thy face."

I take it for granted that you and I are fully agreed that there is no devil. Everybody is *so good*, everybody is *so honest*, all our habits and practices and customs are *so transparently and beautifully moral*, that it is utterly impossible for us to believe that there is a devil. Do I speak to some very literal people who do not take my meaning? There is always a large proportion of timber in every human crowd, and therefore, it is just possible that there may be some persons who need a foot-note.

Why do we speak of the existence of the devil? Why, there is so very much devilishness about. The best way to prove that there is no devil is to get rid of the devilishness. When you have cleansed that out of the way, you will make it exceedingly difficult for me to believe either in a personal or an impersonal devil. But when persons are so dishonest, so tricky, so quick in sharp practice, so malign, so cruel, so ready to take advantage, so prepared to oppress the weak and to mislead the ignorant—when I put all these circumstances together, it becomes quite easy for me to believe that there *is* a devil.

In this incident it will be our privilege to se the devil twice wrong. Here is a man calle Job, who is chosen as the *battlefield.* In all line and spheres of life some particular persons ar called upon to illustrate universal truths an confer universal blessings. It is necessarily an unchangeably true that "one man must die f the people." The great contest in this inciden is God against the devil, and up to this time w have never seen that battle so sharply define We have always felt that there was a conte going on, but we never saw them face to fac hand against hand, mouth against mouth, b fore. It will be interesting to watch the encou ter. I do not know that the devil has ev made this *high challenge* before.

He has always been walking and working the dark; he has been moving about stealthi and taking advantage where he could—but I a not aware that he has ever with undisguis audacity, actually challenged the Almighty fight it out in one particular case. At last t challenge has been given; it has been accept Job is the battlefield, and on the result will pend the veracity either of God or of the de *But what of Job* in that case; had Job no co pensations? was it all battle, and suffering, a pain, and humiliation on the part of Job? W there nothing on the other side? Does God si ply afflict some men and leave them with th afflictions—does He simply gather His clo over some heads and cause them to discha their pitiless storms without setting the rain on the cloud-laden sky?

It is easy for us who have endured, but the *ondary* pains and ills of life to suggest comp sations to those who are our leaders in suffer and our veterans in bearing the chastiseme the penalties, and visitations of God. Still, surely something to be

GOD'S PROOF-MAN,

to be called out as the particular man on whose character, intelligence, grace, patience, fortitude, great results are staked. Surely God will not call a man to endure all the devil can inflict upon him without secretly giving that man sustenance, and at the end throwing upon his *devastated life* a fuller and gentler light than ever has illumined its yesterdays.

That is the view which every one of us should take of his afflictions ; that is to say, every man should feel that perhaps he is made the *medium* through which God is answering the devil's challenge. The devil may have been saying to the Almighty concerning you, concerning me, "Take his health away, take his trade away, touch his bone and his flesh, subtract considerably from the sum total of his indulgences and his enjoyments, and then he will curse Thee to Thy face." This is the view every man and woman among us should take of personal sorrow and individual trial. The devil may have said, "*Take his only son away*, and Thou wilt take his religion away," and God has allowed that dear boy to be removed—how dost thou bear ?

There are great stakes pending. God said, "*He will bear it well*, with the grace of a sanctified hero." The devil said, "He will burn his Bible and cast down his family altar." Who is right ? If thou art bearing that heavy loss well, bowing thy poor old knees at the same altar, and saying, with *a choking in thy throat*, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord," thou hast enabled God to strike the devil on the face. The Lord help thee : it is bitter suffering ; there is a hard stress upon thy poor life ; thou needest all the grace treasured in the immeasurable heart of Christ ; but His grace is sufficient for thee—draw heavily upon it, and the more thou dost yearn for that healing grace, the more shall it be given thee to overflow ; it cannot be given to satisfy.

Could Job now look over the ages that have been healed and comforted by his example, stimulated to bear the ills of life by the grateful memory of his invincible patience, surely even now in heaven he would be taking in the reward of his long-continued and noble endurance of the Divine visitation. It may be so with thee, poor man, poor woman : thou dost not get all the sweet now : this shall be a memory to thee in heaven, long ages hence : the wrestling thou hast, now may minister to thee high delight, keen enjoyment, rapture pure and abiding. Who can tell when God's rewards end—who will venture to say, "This is the measure of His benediction"? He is able to give and to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. When, therefore, persons inquire of thee, What compensation hast thou ? say,

"IT IS GIVEN BY INSTALMENTS

to-day, to-morrow, in death, in the resurrection, all through the ages of eternity. Ask me ten thousand ages hence, and I will reply to thy question concerning compensation." Life is not limited by the cradle and the tomb, and it is not between these two mean and near points that great questions are to be discussed or determined.

Job has been read by countless readers. His, of course, was *a public trial*, a tragedy that was wrought out for the benefit of multitudes in all generations. Nevertheless it is literally and pathetically true that every man, the very obscurest, has his readers, fewer in number, it may be equally earnest in attention. Think you that your children are not taking notice of you, seeing how you bear your temptations and difficulties and anxieties ? Think you not that eldest boy of yours is not kept away from the table of the Lord because you are as *atheistic in sorrow* as ever Voltaire was ? Do you know that your girl hates church because her pious father is only pious in the three summer months of the year ? He curls under the cold and biting wind as any mean atheist ever did : therefore the girl saith, "He is a sham and a hypocrite—my father in the flesh—no relative of mine in the spirit."

You have your readers : the little Bible of your life is read in your kitchen, and in your parlor, and in your shop, and in your warehouse ; and if you do not bear your trials, anxieties, and difficulties with a Christian chivalry and heroism, what is there but mockery on earth and laughter in hell ? God give us grace to bear the chastisement nobly, serenely ; bless us with the peace which passeth understanding, with the quietness kindred to the calm of God ; and help us when death is in the house, and poverty on the hearthstone ; and when there is a storm blinding the *one poor small window* we have, to say "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. If I perish I will pray, and perish only here." That is Christianity—not some clever chatter and able controversy about metaphysical points, but noble temper, high behavior, faultless constancy, invincible fortitude in the hour of trial and in the agony of pain.

Let us give the devil his due. I am bound to say that the devil had but too much reason to believe that his propositions concerning Job were right. *He did not speak without book.* He had at his girdle many proofs that strong men had fallen under his stroke. The devil, therefore, may have reasoned that if so many had yielded to his ministry, Job, the mightiest and brightest of all, might yield as well. Why might he not ? Name his victories—Adam, Cain, Saul—was he not, therefore, entitled to reason inductively from a very considerable basis and area of fact, that Job would fall too ?

But the devil came upon a distinctively different man : he assailed Job, who was a perfect man and upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil—that is the man to fight, then. If the devil conquers there, he will tear the heavens to pieces, he will break up the Throne of God, he will disband the angels, he will scatter the baleful fires of perdition upon the walls and floors of Heaven's City. It is therefore a great fight—it is *a critical battle ;* every thing depends upon the issue, for God has given permission to assail this perfect man, and therefore he has put perfectness of character to the test. No man in whom is the seed of the Divine life can fall finally, for he hath the seed, the life, the Spirit of God abiding in him. Slips enough—alas ! too many. Crimes too : see David, see Peter, for appalling proof. Falls daily—though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down. This is what I mean by the final perseverance of the saints : this is what I mean by *the triumph of the grace of God* in a poor human life. No man knows better than the true child of the Almighty how possible it is to sin in thought, in word, in deed, and to sin daily, yet under all the sin to have an inextinguishable love.

Whoever has the true root in him shall be found at last to the praise and glory of God. Is this a dangerous doctrine to preach ? Only because all doctrine is dangerous in some cases and in some circumstances ; but this is our joy, our strength, our hope : if I have to be saved because I am always doing the right thing in the right way, accomplishing all my purposes, fulfilling all my duties—I never will be saved. I am to-day no further than the publican was when he said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." But I know, bad as I am, foul with a thousand crimes, that deep in my heart I could die for Christ, and that inexplicable presence in my soul of Divine elements and divine faculties comes up through all the superincumbent guilt, and shines at top of it an inextinguishable light.

Even in Job himself we have complaint enough, murmuring enough, but in Job we have *the true life*, and therefore at the last he is more than conqueror. In this case we see really all that the devil can do. What is it in his power, as given by God, to inflict ? Bereavement, poverty, pain, humiliation. God has given him these *four great dogs* to set upon thy life ; they will bite thee and gnaw thee, but they cannot kill thee, true child of God. The devil has only one soliloquy : his is really the poorest intellect in the universe. He says, "I have got Job on my hands, what shall I do ? Are there any new tricks ? No. Well, then, I must try the old ones. Let me see : I will kill his sons and his daughters, and will take away his flocks and his herds, and I will give him boils ; I will cover him with loathsome disease, and I will make his life disagreeable, and in every way I will plague him and torment him, and I will do it now." That is

THE DEVIL'S BRIEF PROGRAMME ;

he cannot add a line to it if he could fill his hell by the doing of it. *Beyond his chain he cannot go.* Thou knowest, poor soul, what he can do—bereavement, poverty, pain, humiliation ; sit down, count the cost, add it up line by line, item by item, and when thou hast done so, know the sum total, and ask whether the grace of God is sufficient to meet an exigency such as that result brings before thy view.

How afflictions may be to show God's grace ! I will try during this 1879 to take that view of my difficulties, cares, and sorrows. *Great battles* may be fought in our little lives : I will therefore every day think that God is fighting out some case along the line of my experience, and that my behavior may have something to do with God's own satisfaction. I have been managing myself many years and have failed : to-night I resign the administration of my own life, and I ask the Almighty to work His will in me and through me without any suggestion, much less any interposition, from my side. The sorrow, it is bitter : it must have been soaked—soaked in the *bitterest aloes* that the devil could pluck from the foulest trees, but God's grace is sufficient for me.

Where is your difficulty ? On the brink of it is the devil. Is yours a *home* difficulty ? God and the angels are waiting there, saying, "We have a great fight going on in this house : here is a poor life worried—worried—and we are waiting to see whether the devil's poison or God's grace shall get the better." O poor man, poor woman ! I pray for thee : pray for me. Is yours a *business* difficulty ? Honest, honorable man you know yourself to be, but things have got twisted, and you cannot—cannot—cannot disentangle them. God is saying, "I tied the knot—I allowed the devil to tie it—and we are both waiting here to see the result of thy fingering."

Try, wait, try again, pray, hope—ah, there ! a touch did it at last : and the unravelled string lies out before thee, a straight line. What is your difficulty ? Health ? What is yours ? A *secret sorrow* that cannot be put into speech, that no speech is fit to utter ? It is a great battle that is being fought out in thy life : fight it sedulously, daily, constantly, lovingly. Ye have heard of the patience of Job : let the memory of that patience encourage you to toil on, suffer on ; say in your degree, small indeed, "I must work to day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." (Luke 13 : 32.)

A Scholar and a Sick Woman.—A gentleman near London went to visit a woman who was sick. As he was going into the room he saw kneeling by the side of the poor woman's bed, a little girl, who rose from her knees as soon as she saw the gentleman, and went out of the room. "Who is that child ?" the gentleman asked. "Oh, sir !" said the sick woman, "that is a little angel, who often comes to read her Bible to me, to my great comfort ; and she has just now given me sixpence." The visitor was so pleased with the little girl's conduct that he wished to know how she had learned to love the Word of God, and to be so kind to poor people. Finding that she was one of the scholars of a neighboring Sabbath-school, he went to the school and inquired of her why she acted thus. She answered, "Because, sir, I find it is said in the Bible that 'pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction.'"

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

Sir Edwin Erskine.

(Continued from page 399.)

Mrs. Arnot feasted on the letters which her daughter regularly wrote from the metropolis with unmingled delight; for she saw in them proofs of the conscientious regard which Clara paid to her wishes, and of the tender affection with which, in the midst of her amusements, her heart clung to the parent whom she had left.

All the little circle of friends in the quiet village of Wingsdale shared in Mrs. Arnot's enjoyment. They listened to accounts of the first wondrous Crystal Palace, glittering like some fairy structure on the trodden sward of Hyde Park; the "sermons in stones" preached from the spoils of old Nineveh; descriptions of the treasures of art, all the things beautiful, curious, and rare, upon which the eye of Clara had rested, delighted. They heard also personal descriptions of men with whose names they were already familiar—how Shaftesbury had spoken, and Guthrie had preached; whilst not least interesting to the hearts of her rural subjects was a graphic account of Queen Victoria from the enthusiastic pen of Clara.

But never had the young correspondent expressed herself in such glowing terms of admiration and pleasure as in her description of Sir Edwin Erskine, whom she spoke of as one of the leading writers of the day. She had been actually introduced to "the lion," had listened to the wondrous flow of eloquence which made his conversation an intellectual treat beyond any which she had ever known before. With his expansive brow, eagle eye, most poetical cast of countenance, his were exactly the face and form which a painter would wish to immortalize on canvas, as representing the beau ideal of a genius; and Clara could not but imagine that Sir Edwin must have drawn himself in the hero of his famous *chef-d'œuvre*, "The Master-Mind."

"'The Master-Mind!'" lisped Emma from the sofa; "Oh! I have read that—all the world has read it—it is a most charming work! I have it somewhere in my boxes, I think."

Mrs. Arnot was content to be classed with those *not* of the world, for she had never read nor even heard of the book. She was pleased, however, that her child should have met one of the literary celebrities of London, and had thus added another to the pleasant recollections which she would carry with her from the metropolis.

The next morning's post brought a description of a *fete* at the Botanical Gardens; and this sentence occurred in Clara's letter: "We met our brilliant author just as we were entering the gardens, and he remained the whole time with our party. He has certainly wonderful powers of conversation; just such as might be expected from a writer whose pen seems dipped in the colors of the rainbow, and brightens whatever it touches. When he speaks, we can do nothing but listen."

"I think, Emma," said Mrs. Arnot, "that you mentioned that you had a copy of the 'Master-Mind' beside you. I should be obliged if you would allow me to read it."

"Oh, certainly, when I can lay hands upon it; but all my luggage is still one mass of confusion, and whatever I want is certain to be at the very bottom of the very last box into which I should think of looking for it. But you really wish to see 'The Master-Mind?' Well," added the lady, with an affected laugh, "I should as soon have dreamed of Mr. Ward's dancing a polka as of your sitting quietly down to a novel!"

Emma's promise to look for the work was speedily forgotten by herself, nor did more than one reminder induce her to take this slight trouble for one to whom she owed the comfort of a home.

Clara's subsequent letters contained scarcely any mention of Sir Edwin. She occasionally quoted his opinion, or mentioned a brilliant remark made by him on some subject of general interest; but it was merely from such passing allusions that her mother gathered that Clara was not unfrequently in the society of the literary "lion."

Mrs. Arnot had much to occupy her thoughts—much to engage her anxious attention. She was now patiently listening to the frivolous complaints of the hypochondriac widow; then quitting her to stand by the death-bed of a young school-girl—hear her last faint breathings of devotion—receive her last *message of affection* to Clara. The next hour would find Mrs. Arnot seated among the children, enduring their rough play and noisy glee, and ministering to their amusement as patiently as she had done to the wants of the suffering and the dying. But the wear upon her spirits and the strain upon her energies were too much for the strength of Mrs. Arnot. There was no one to watch her faded cheek, her weary step, her languid eye; no one, at least in her own home, to think for her, care for her—attend to the comforts of one who ever attended to the comforts of others. She might have been ill, she might have been dying, and Emma, absorbed in her own selfish cares, would never have observed that anything ailed her.

Mrs. Arnot missed Clara each day more and more—longed more and more to hear her light step on the stair, her sweet song from the garden—to look again into those soft and loving eyes which were wont to rest on her so tenderly, so fondly. But Mrs. Arnot would not abridge a visit which afforded so much enjoyment to her daughter; she would not, even by the slightest allusion to her own failing health and spirits, throw a shadow over that enjoyment. She was content if Clara was happy; and if she herself needed comfort and strength, was not the source of all comfort and strength ever open to the Christian!

One afternoon Mrs. Arnot returned exceedingly wearied from a visit to a sick woman who resided at some distance. The walk was too long for her, and had her daughter been at home, she would not have been suffered to take it; for Clara, in the vigor of her youthful strength, appropriated to herself all the more distant visits. Certainly a feeling of regret crossed the mind of Mrs. Arnot, as she wearily ascended her own stair, and heard loud, angry sounds from above, that peace and seclusion were now hers no longer—that she could not have rest when she was tired nor solitude when she was sad. But she *struggled* against the feeling as against a sin.

As Mrs. Arnot approached the door of Emma's sleeping apartment, it was evident that the sound came from there, and that the angry voice was the widow's.

"Tiresome monkey! you have destroyed it entirely! my beautiful India muslin! Was ever mother tormented as I am? Ah, is that you?" continued Emma, as Mrs. Arnot crossed the entrance to her room. "Just come in here, do, and see what this insufferable child has been doing!"

Mrs. Arnot entered, and beheld Lyddie, the little culprit, in the centre of the apartment, fancifully arrayed in all the finery which she had pillaged from a large trunk of her mother's. A yellow satin dress, with the body turned in, was fastened by a red scarf round the waist of the child; and being, of course, much too long, swept the floor on every side with its gaudy folds. Long feathers, scarlet and white, were stuck in the girl's lank dark hair; while an India muslin shawl, which had been twisted into the form of a turban, appeared, with a grievous rent in the middle, in the hands of the irritated parent.

"Did you ever see anything like it? The vanity, the folly, the absurdity of the child! Here I find her parading before the glass, dressed up like a May-queen, and in all the best clothes which I used to wear in my happier days! Take them off!" she cried in a shriller tone to the child, who stood biting the ends of her fingers, in mingled sulkiness and fear. "Take them off, I say! and if ever you touch them again, you shall have a whipping—such a whipping as you will remember to the last day of your life! I am sure that no one," she continued, turning towards Mrs. Arnot who was silently disrobing the culprit—"no one but a parent can tell the incessant anxiety, plague, and worry caused by children! It is enough to drive us out of our senses!"

Mrs. Arnot saw in the expression of the countenances of both mother and child something far more saddening to her gentle spirit than the destruction of anything that gold could replace—anger in the one, sullen defiance in the other; not maternal solicitude grieving over the folly of a daughter, but selfish vanity irritated at the loss of a bauble; not filial love distressed at the displeasure of a parent, but pride rising against the threat of punishment. Emma would permit the gravest faults of her children to pass unnoticed, until their consequences affected her own comfort, and then the most trivial excited in her anger as unreasonable as her former indifference had been culpable.

"I do not see that your English nurse manages the children any better than old Chloe. I always said, and I always will say, that it was a great pity to make any change," cried Emma fretfully, willing as usual to blame anybody and anything but herself.

"We can scarcely expect wonders to be worked in three days," replied Mrs. Arnot, as Lyddie, released from her cumbrous finery, made a hasty exit from the room, glad to escape from the presence of her mother. "To change old ways, and to introduce habits of order and obedience, must ever be a work of patience and time. And does it not appear to you, Emma," continued Mrs. Arnot, cautiously approaching dangerous ground, "that children insensibly imbibe more from watching the example of those who are with them than from any direct instruction?"

"I do not comprehend what that has to do with the question," said Emma, stooping over the trunk to replace its contents.

"If our dear children see by our *conduct* how little we care for the petty vanities of this life, if they see that our minds are fixed upon nobler objects than the adorning of our poor perishing forms, they will learn to estimate at their true value such trifles as these"—Mrs. Arnot was handing the feathers to her daughter-in-law—"and are not likely to fall into the childish folly into which our poor Lyddie has to-day been betrayed."

"Ah! here is 'The Master-Mind,'" cried Emma, suddenly diving into the lowest recess o her trunk, and bringing from thence two ol soiled volumes. It is not impossible that a de sire to change the subject of conversation ha quickened her perceptions, and led her to mak the discovery which turned it into a more agree able channel. "This is the *novel* which you ar so impatient to read. Here are the first an third volumes; I think that the second must t lost; but doubtless it is all the same to you; yo could never spare enough of your valuable tim for the perusal of more than two."

Mrs. Arnot took the work, and laid it aside she had not at that hour leisure for readin But when the children had gone to rest, ar their mother retired to her own room, when th day's duties had all been fulfilled, and the st summer night had closed in, Mrs. Arnot, in h own quiet apartment, opened the first volume the work of Sir Edwin.

She soon became strongly interested both the characters and the plot. "The Mast Mind" had been written by a master's han the author's powers had not been over-rat Sir Edwin described his hero as one distingui ed by birth, but yet more by exalted talen He was generous, humane, chivalrous and c stant, possessing every virtue but piety, ev grace but the grace of God, every gift but " one thing needful." Not that he was represe ed as one destitute of every sentiment of re ion. He was made to revere with lofty devot an almighty Creator, but not a righte Judge; one so merciful that he could not p ish, so lenient that he would not destroy. *hero* was not a believer in revelation—his l l could not bow to the mysterious truths h his reason could not grasp ; but his scepti n was represented as candor, his pride as g tness of soul—he was placed in bright con with hard, narrow-minded bigots, who de nce sin because God has condemned it, and hell because Divine truth has declared that errors await the impenitent.

rs. Arnot read on and on, and wondered as sh read. She had seen very few novels in her li and all appeared to her strange and new. S etimes she was filled with admiration by a gerous sentiment or a noble deed ; then she startled by some idea, veiled in sublime lan ge and beautiful imagery, but which, as it eared to her, was contrary to the simple truth he Scriptures.

he close of the first volume left the hero deep assionately loving a fair and highly-princi l girl, the daughter of parents who, under gab of great sanctity, were drawn as worldly, rtless, and unforgiving. He was resolved to her under circumstances of difficulty which, ove less ardent and a spirit less firm, must e presented obstacles insuperable. Mrs. Ar closed the book and glanced at her candle. ad burnt quite down to the socket. She rose lighted another. Was it a strange fascination t made her sit down again, with her pale ek and her heavy aching eyes, to resume her vonted occupation? Was the interest of a re novel so strong that it could render her eless of needful rest ? It was that in the hero s. Arnot was reading the character of the au r—that she, almost unconsciously, connected gentle heroine with *her own fondly-loved ld*.

'I see the moral of the tale," aid the widow to rsel'. "Virgilius, ennobled by his affection for vorthy object, enlightened by experience, and proved by trials, will find out the errors into iich his fine mind has been led ; he will be me godly as well as moral, and all will end ppily at last."

All did end happily in the novel, but not in e way which Mrs. Arnot expected. Hypocrisy is unmasked, bigotry disgraced, but infidelity iumphed in success ! The *brilliant* winding-up the work was almost a paraphrase of the cele ated line,

"He can't be wrong whose life is in the right"—

if any life *could be right* in which the chief end our existence, *the glory of God*, was disregard d! It is as though we should speak of the per ction of the ocean without water, or of the uni erse without the sun !

The dim light of morning was purpling the ky before the widow had finished the book. he sat for some moments with her brow resting pon her hand, and the open volume on her nee.

"Perhaps I have read until my mind is too nuch wearied to form a correct judgment," she nurmured to herself. "Perhaps I have mista en the meaning of the author, and have done im injustice. I am a weak, ignorant woman, not capable of appreciating all the beauties of his work ; I will lean on a stronger mind than ny own, ask the aid of a better judgment. I will take the books to Mr. Ward to-morrow, and see if he views the work in the same light as I do. And now I must go to my rest ; I have done wrong to waste so many hours over a novel !"

"How foolish I am to take these anxious thoughts !"—such were the lady's reflections as she wearily toiled up the lane, which had never seemed so long before. "I have no reason to fear that Sir Edwin is anything more to my child than an admired author, an agreeable acquaintance. He is above her in birth and position ; flattered as he is by the world, why should I fancy that my simple moss-rose should attract the regard of one who is the idol of all the circles of fashion ! It is a mother's weakness, a mother's vanity, which make me believe that all who see her must view her with eyes like my own !

(To be continued.)

THE COMING SAVIOUR.

S. S. Lesson for April 27th.—Is. 42 : 1–12.

Golden Text, Matt. 3 : 17.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE must bear in mind that in the prophecy of the first coming of Christ, which is our subject for to-day, as well as in many other similar prophecies the second coming of Christ and His reign on earth are also alluded to. It is as though God had left room for His Word to be fulfilled if the Jews had received the Saviour, but since they received Him not, "blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in" (Rom. 11 : 25). Such prophecies are Is. 9 : 6, 7 ; 61 ; 63 : 1–6 ; Dan. 9 : 24–27 ; Micah 5 : 1–8.

"Behold My servant." One look at Him by Whom God made the worlds, and "Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His Person, and upholding all things by the Word of His power (Heb. 1 : 3), nevertheless made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men ;" one look at Him is enough to stifle every thought of pride in the hearts of God's children. Jesus consented to put off His glory and to serve the will of another that He might bring back our nature, fallen through disobedience ; and might perfectly in our nature accomplish the will of God. "In the volume of the book it is written of Me, I delight to do Thy will, O my God : yea, Thy law is within my heart" (Ps. 40 : 7, 8).

"Whom I uphold." The Lord Jesus did nothing, spoke nothing of Himself, that He might in every thing go over the ground on which we should tread, and make our way plain for us. "And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee" (Luke 4 : 14) ; "I can of Mine own self do nothing" (John 5 : 30) ; "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of Myself : but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works" (John 14 : 10).

"Mine Elect, in Whom My soul delighteth." The Son of God is God's Elect ; and if His children are predestinated "to be conformed to the image of His Son" (Rom. 8 : 29), or "elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ" (1 Pet. 2), it is because "He hath chosen us *in Him* before the foundation of the world" (Eph. 1 : 4) ; not in ourselves, as though we were specially favored of God, but He being the chosen One, and we being in Him, we are chosen in Him.

"I have put my Spirit upon Him." We read of our beloved Lord in His early childhood, "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom : and the grace of God was upon Him" (Luke 2 : 40). Thus as a child for the simple occupations of the learning of lessons and his trade as a carpenter, etc., He was strengthened in the Holy Ghost. "My servant whom I uphold," "I have put my Spirit upon Him." Then at the time of His baptism the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon Him and before His great temptation ; we read, "Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness." His temptation over, He "returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee," and when He began His ministry there, He opened with the words, "The Spirit the Lord is upon Me, therefore (lit. trans.) He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel," etc. So fully did our Lord in His human life receive all power from without.

And every position which our precious Lord has taken He gives to us as His followers, and every power which He has received, He bestows upon His church. Did He become the servant of God and of man ("I am among you as He that serveth," Luke 22 : 27), so are we, being free, Christ's servants (1 Cor. 7 : 22), and are called by love to serve one another (Gal. 5 : 12). If any thought, word, or deed of ours is not in service to God and man, it is not in fellowship with Him who was God's servant, and it is not done in the power of the Holy Ghost, who is become in this dispensation the servant in the place of Christ. Again, Jesus was God's elect that we might be God's elect in Him. He was anointed with the Holy Ghost that we also might be anointed. He shares with us both humiliation and glory, office and responsibility, weakness and power, emptiness and fulness.

"He shall not cry, nor lift up," etc. The *régime* of the life of Jesus was love. By love He disarmed and conquered opposition, and He shrunk from honor among men, and charged those He healed not to make Him known, that this very prophecy which we are considering might befulfilled (Matt. 12 : 16–21). He was all along carrying out the will of another and drawing upon the resources of another, and thus so perfectly did He become our forerunner and our most blessed and great example. His life was lived out moment by moment, in a full and detailed understanding between Him and His Father, and it is thus that He has made it possible for us also to live. Verse 4 is a prophecy of the time when Christ shall reign on earth, when He shall have "set judgment in the earth : and the isles shall wait for His law."

Verse 6 again shows us the dependence in which our beloved Lord was kept during His mission as man upon earth. "I the Lord have called Thee in righteousness, and will hold Thine hand, and will keep Thee." What wonder that we need also the hand of God to hold and keep us? Every step which Jesus trod on earth in our nature was in an enemy's land. The prince of this world was as yet unconquered ; human nature had been trodden under His feet. And thus our beloved Lord, while in our flesh, lived a life out of Himself in every moment and in every detail of His life.

"And give Thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles ; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house." Jesus Himself is God's covenant with us, not what He has done for us, but His crucified risen ascended Person is God's covenant and meeting-place with us. In Him have we all power, for "all power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. 28 : 18) ; and we are in Him.

And we are as responsible as Paul was. Christ Jesus is our covenant as much as his ; and as Paul was made in the strength of his Lord "a light of the Gentiles," so are we told by our Lord, "Ye are the light of the world" (Matt. 5 : 14) ; and we are taught by the same Paul to be "blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world ; holding forth the word of life" (Philip. 2 : 15, 16). Here in these last words we see how we may be lights in the world by justifying God's Word both in our lives and in our conversation. Then, too, how many prisoners are in the "prison-house" taken captive by Satan at his will, under the bondage of sins from which they have no power to rescue themselves, and we are sent to set them free in the name of Jesus. And this we cannot do while there is the slightest bondage upon ourselves.

The last four verses of our subject form a song of praise which will be sung in its fulness when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ (Rev. 11 : 15). "Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth." But we who know His Name have ever a new song to sing of His mercy and of His goodness, and we will praise Him, and while He tarries and the world lieth still in wickedness, let us, who are not of the world, even as He was not of the world, be still praising Him. The worldlings are never grateful without a cause, and they know well if we praise God there must be some reason for it. Thus let us bless the Lord at all times, and let His praise continually be in our mouth.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Crisis seems to be Threatening in Egypt in consequence of the arbitrary and capricious conduct of the Khedive or chief ruler. This potentate some time ago submitted to an arrangement with the European powers, by which his finances should be administered by Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. Blignieres, two eminent financiers of England and France. But now, after seeing their system of management, the Khedive has suddenly given both their discharge, and wishes his cabinet to be composed, as it was before, exclusively of his own subjects. The two Ministers, however, decline to give up their port-folios without the sanction of their own Governments; and it will be necessary for the European powers to take some action, not only because of the slight thrown upon Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. Blignieres, but also because the bulk of Egyptian bondholders are in Europe, and have to a considerable extent invested their money believing that there was a guarantee for the proper administration of the funds, which there never was under the management of Egyptian Ministers.

Another Terrible Slaughter of British Troops in the Zulu country occurred on March 12. A convoy of supplies, escorted by 104 soldiers, was attacked by 4000 Zulus in a hollow surrounded by long grass and weeds. The British were asleep under arms when the enemy came upon them, but the numbers of the latter were so overwhelming that the massacre could not have been averted. The Zulus crept up very stealthily, and were not seen by the British sentry till they were within fifteen paces of the camp. Captain Moriarty and forty men were killed, and twenty more, as well as all the wagon-drivers, are reported missing. Lieutenant Harvard, with forty men, were separated by a river from the place of the disaster, and they poured a very destructive fire among the Zulu hordes, but the Zulus were not daunted.

A Colporteur in Turkey relates that he visited a hospital and saw a poor Turk lying ill. He approached the man, who looked at his visitor with a frightful scowl, and uttered some words of imprecation. He asked the nurse about him, who said that he was a most awful man. "I give him his medicine," said she, "and attend to his wounds, but he always curses me, and I quite fear to go near him." At last it occurred to the colporteur to show him a New Testament. He held it up to him, open; and when the Turk saw the type in his own language the scowl at once gave place to a smile of pleasure, though he did not know what the book was, and by signs asked for it, and was given it. The colporteur then left the place for some days; but on his return again visited the hospital and inquired for the sick soldier. "Sir," replied the nurse, "I never saw such a change in any man. His eye brightened, his manner softened, he took his medicine without uttering a curse, and seemed as if he could not show enough gratitude to me. As for the New Testament, he never let it out of his hand, and was constantly reading it till *he died a few days ago.*"

A Committee of the British House of Lords was appointed lately to report on the Drink Traffic in Great Britain. It has just published its report, which establishes the very serious fact that the expenditure on intoxicating liquors has *increased* from 2*l*. 18*s*. 6*d*. per head of the population in 1860 to 4*l*. 9*s*. in 1876; but the Committee rejects decisively the principle of the *Permissive Bill*, and declines to recommend it even for local or experimental adoption. It regards more favorably, however, the *Gothenburg system* as modified by Mr. Chamberlain, according to which scheme the liquor trade of a town may be managed by the municipal authorities, and the profits, instead of making the fortunes of publicans, may be devoted to the reduction of the rates.

The Committee has nothing but praise for the operation of the *Early Closing Act* of 1872, and condemns the changes made in it by the present Government in 1874, and further recommends a considerable shortening of the hours during which public-houses are now open. It also proposes that the *opening on Sunday afternoon*, both in London and the country, should no longer be for the consumption of spirits on the premises, but only for their sale and use elsewhere.

While admitting "a decided increase in the amount of female intoxication," the Committee sees no reason for interfering with the *grocers' licenses*, to which so many persons attribute the increase; but it recommends that the entering of liquor in grocers' bills *under any other name*—such as tea or coffee—should be punishable by the immediate withdrawal of the license."

A Fruitful Sixpence.—At a recent Connectional gathering, at which there was a subscription to be made, Mr. John Haley, the cotton-spinner of Bramley, England, said: "I gave to Methodism the first sixpence I ever possessed; I had earned it by spinning from one spindle; and now I spin from *hundreds of spindles* at once." He subscribed a hundred guineas. He has realized the truth of the wise man's observation, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth" (Proverbs 11 : 24).

A Town Saved by a Missionary.—A noble deed of Christian heroism is recorded of an American missionary at Zeitoun, in Central Asia. Some of the Armenian inhabitants of the town revolted against the Governor, upon a question of taxation; they overpowered the small garrison, whereupon the Governor fled, gathered an army, and was about to return with the intention of destroying the whole town in case of resistance being offered to him. At this juncture the missionary received a telegram from the Governor of the province and the English consul asking him to mediate between the rebels and the infuriated Governor.

In this he succeeded, and returned to Marat, where he resided. Here he found the avenging army of the Governor of the town about to march. He wished to inform the Governor of the province, quickly, of the success of his mission in order that the slaughter of the now quiet people might be avoided. The telegraph clerk was unwilling to help him at first, and afterwards the instruments got out of order. Seeing there was no time to lose the missionary *mounted a fleet horse* and rode across the intervening 136 miles of country to Aleppo, and gained his purpose. The telegraph-operator was dismissed, a Christian Governor appointed, and the whole system of taxation was changed in consequence of this truly Christian act of a noble man.

Religious Progress in Japan.—Intelligence has just been received from missionaries in Japan that the Japanese Government has conceded the right of Christian burial, which is the first positive recognition of Christianity on its part, and that on a point hitherto jealously guarded. All the previous liberties permitted to Christians were on sufferance, as if the Government knew and cared nothing about them. *The malign influence of infidel foreigners* is more dreaded by the missionaries than the opposition of the Japanese.

The Bible and the Late Russo-Turkish War. —Before a shot had been fired in Turkey, 20,000 New Testaments were sold in Bessarabia, many of which fell into the hands of the Russian soldiers. To show how they were valued the following affecting incident is related: "After a battle, which took place near the Sea of Marmora, one of the colporteurs, paying a visit to the battle-field to see if he could render assistance to any of the wounded, saw one poor soldier lying on his face on the ground. He went to him, turned him over, but found him dead. In his hand was grasped a New Testament, which had evidently been the last source of comfort before yielding up his spirit."

A Scotch Lady's Reward.—A Scotch lady taught a school of Jewish girls for twenty-five years in and about Constantinople before she won a single convert. At the end of that time, a young woman was converted whose father ha given her mother a "writing of divorcemen and put her away;" since that time this daugl ter has, with lowly love for Jesus, and with burning desire to make known to her sex th perfection of beauty, joined herself to the pe sistent Scotch lady, and they steadily went fro strength to strength until now they have *thirt two* of the daughters of Israel under their car teaching them the doctrine of Christ, having their march overcome the deadly opposition the Jewish Rabbis, who from time to time fu minated such anathemas as they thought woul deter their youth from attending this schoo but the parents and youth found these issues be quite harmless, and the girls continue to lea and hear of Christ.

A General Candle-snuffer.—In one of D Chalmers's ragged schools in Glasgow there w a boy who could not be controlled and was a co stant interruption to the school. After bearir long with him, it was resolved to expel hi The superintendent of the school, seeing el ments of power in the boy, pleaded for one mo trial. It was before the days of gas, and t school-room was lighted with common candle They of course needed frequent snuffing, ar so the superintendent appointed this uncontro lable boy general candle-snuffer. From the com mencement of his work a change came over hi He entered into his work with spirit, and becan one of the best boys in the school. His acti energy only needed employment.

The Slave Trade in Egypt.—The Cairo co respondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, giving gre praise to Gordon Pasha, the Governor-Gener of the Egyptian Soudan, says: "In the cour of the last four months Gordon Pasha has seiz not fewer than *thirty-eight* slave car [illegible] Th punishment of death has been inflicted on thr slave-dealers who were found guilty of mutilati their captives. Nevertheless, Gordon admi that he is yet far from being master of the ev and that many years will pass before abhorren of this shameful trade will have really penetra ed the masses, to which it is now nearly u known; Gordon's most efficient means for pr venting the importation of slaves into the Egy tian Soudan, lies in the register which each the provinces under him must keep of all slav in possession of the inhabitants. Every no registered slave is declared at once, irrevocab free."

A Strange Case of Wrong Conviction h come to light in England. William Habron, young Irishman, was tried and condemned death two and a half years ago for the murder a policeman, but the death sentence was com muted to a sentence of penal servitude for lif Last month, however, a notorious burgl named Peace was hanged for shooting a ma and before his execution he confessed that l had committed the murder for which Habro was undergoing punishment. Habron was once set free, and pecuniary compensation ha been made to him by the Government. It is e pected that he will get a life pension. He wa much affected on learning that he was fre especially on hearing that his father—who die from grief at his conviction—was no more. H appears to have much simple faith and stea fastness, and this probably helped to sustain h heart under his terrible trials. "I never b lieved," he says, "that I could be brought i guilty, and when I was condemned I felt sure could not be hanged, for, as I told the pries 'God knows, you know, and I know that I a innocent of this crime, and *an innocent man wi never be allowed to suffer for the guilty.*'"

This last-mentioned observation of Habron reminds us, however, that in one conspicuous i stance the innocent *did* suffer for the guilt when Christ suffered on the cross, and "die the just for the unjust, that He might bring to God." "He who knew no sin was made si for us, that we might be made the righteou ness of God in Him" (1 Peter 3 : 18; 2 Co 5 : 21).

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

blished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. LMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other inent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. The Circulation is 150,000 Copies.

Price, Single Copies, Three Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1879.

13th Year. No. 27—New Series.

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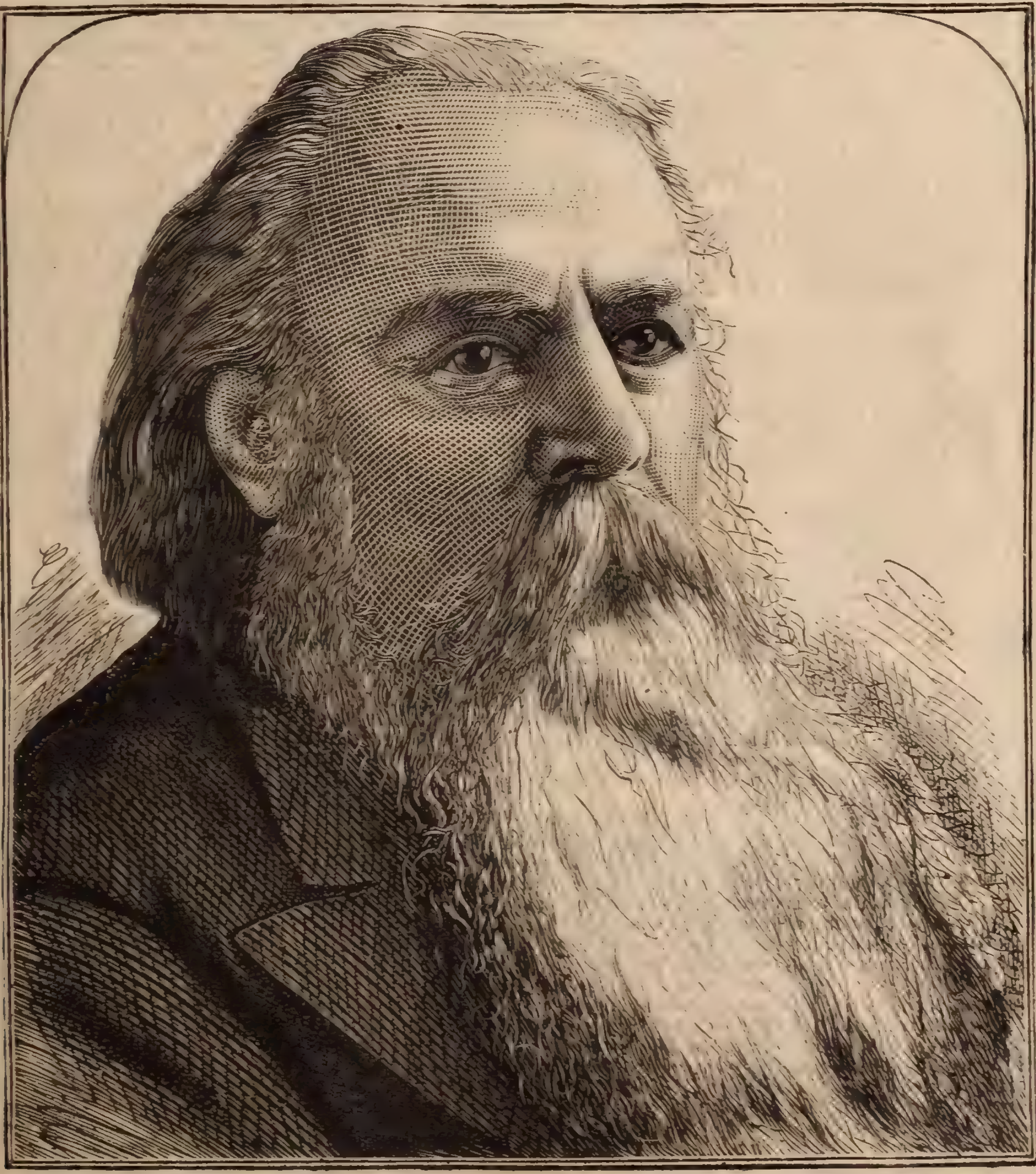

The Late Mr. HENRY VINCENT, the Eloquent Lecturer and Preacher.

MR. HENRY VINCENT,

The Eloquent Patriot, Lecturer, and Preacher.

A Londoner by Birth—First Position in a Bookseller's Shop—Connection with the Chartist Movement—Accused of Sedition—Imprisonment—Release in 1841—Return to London and Public Banquet — Attempts to Enter Parliament—Character as a Speaker—Personal Appearance—Mr. Vincent as a Preacher and Christian—Funeral.

Mr. Henry Vincent, whose portrait we present to our readers this week, was possibly well known to most as a *popular lecturer*. But it would be an injustice to such a man were he to pass from the world's ken with but the simple and evanescent record—*that he could talk well*. No! Henry Vincent was popular on account of his *deeds* rather than for his words. He lived

> "Not merely with the mimic life that lies
> Within the compass of art's simulation."

His *history* was remarkable, and it is necessary to recount it somewhat in detail in order to show "what manner of man he was," and also to inform our younger readers as to the struggles for national liberty in which the deceased patriot played so distinguished a part.

Cosmopolitan as were his labors, he was, to use his own words, "essentially a Londoner." He was *born* in High Holborn, London, in May, 1815, where his father carried on the business of a gold and silver smith, and he died in Gaisford Street, Kentish Town, on December 30th, 1878. Very early, young Henry, in common with the rest of the family, learned that success, like joy, holds no lease in any domestic circle. A series of *disasters* which thwarted every honest effort of Mr. Vincent, Sr., brought him into difficulties. Closing the shop in Holborn, he betook himself with his family to Hull—a step which in no way tended to a recovery of fortune. Amid these depressing circumstances, Henry lost his father, and against such accumulated odds he stepped forth into "a real world."

His *first position* was in the service of a printer and bookseller in Hull. Whether the books, to which now by his position he was introduced, enkindled in him the patriotic fire, and laid the foundation for the grand accumulation of political facts, which he in after life demonstrated, or whether they were but the food which his mind was enabled to assimilate, we will not pause to determine.

But we find him in 1835 in the *printing-office* of Messrs. Spottiswoode, with his views pretty well matured; indeed, so evident does this appear now, that from that starting-point of his public life we note that, though he naturally modified the expression of these early views, he never swerved from the *principles* which he then adopted for his guidance.

His first appearance in the arena of political life was in 1838, in connection with a movement that created at the time a widespread enthusiasm throughout Great Britain, and which had as its rallying point what is now known as the "People's Charter." This compact was subdivided into six articles, now embalmed for remembrance in history as the "points." Of these, three, the abolition of property qualification for members of Parliament, vote by ballot, and manhood suffrage, which the low rental qualification in towns may be called, have been adopted; but the other three, the payment of members, annual Parliaments, and equal electoral duties, fail even to attract attention in England, at this day.

Mr. Vincent was *accused* in 1839 of using seditious language at Newport, in Monmouthshire, and was *sentenced* in the August of that year to twelve months' imprisonment in Monmouth Gaol, and upon his release, after the expiration of the term of his durance, was on another charge taken back whence he came. He was defended by Mr. J. A. Roebuck, member of Parliament for Sheffield. The *accusation* was based upon certain expressions in an address which he delivered to a large crowd assembled upon Newport Quay, the closing words of which were, "To your tents, O Israel."

He had been associated in his agitations against the refusal of an extension of the franchise to the working man with men whose names have been almost forgotten by the present generation of Englishmen, and whose mortal forms have passed away, in advance of the subject of our sketch. Frost, the most conspicuous of them, was a man of some position, filling the offices of mayor and magistrate at Monmouth. Williams, Watson, Lovett, and Moore may be dimly remembered in Birmingham and in the Principality of Wales, and Ernest Jones held a fair position in Manchester, and distinguished himself more recently as the legal advocate of the Fenians at their last trial in London. Frost and Jones, with others, *suffered* at the hands of the law for the riots at Monmouth, the design of which the Government concluded was the rescue of Vincent.

Under this apprehension Mr. Vincent was removed from Monmouth Gaol to Millbank, which was then just opened under the new prison *régime*. He was again removed to Oakham, and each journey became the occasion of a public ovation, he being cheered by the thousands. The working classes who thus applauded him did so because they saw in him a representative of themselves, a man who was suffering indignity and imprisonment on their account; that he had championed their cause, had protested against their oppression, and was suffering for having thus labored for them. The Reform act, which had widely extended the franchise, had abolished certain votes based on ancient customs, the relics of feudal times known as "faggot votes," and this was felt to be a grievance and a wrong done by a measure which professed to be a measure for the benefit of the people. The real fact was that the Reform act of 1848 was designed to admit tradesmen and the lower middle class to the franchise, but it did nothing for any class lower in the social scale.

Upon his *release* in 1841, Mr. Vincent was welcomed on his return to London with the greatest enthusiasm, and at a public banquet his *manly courage* was the theme of high *eulogium*. He never at any moment abated his crusade in the cause of truth and right, though this banquet may be cited as a period to his stormy style of agitation. And, indeed, as a writer in a daily journal remarks, "the political and social system must, at the time of Mr. Vincent's incarceration, have been very *defective* somewhere to have turned such men as we know Henry Vincent to have been into *disturbers* of the existing condition of things. It is matter for some wonder that a man so honest, so respectable, so open, *and so religious* could ever have been regarded as a disturber of social order and an enemy to the *throne and altar*."

The death of so good a man as Henry Vincent will bring home to the English people the truth as to the former defects of their constitution and their subsequent repairs, and how those who labored hard to bring about an *amelioration* of social and political life have been misunderstood.

Mr. Vincent repeatedly attempted to *enter Parliament*, but with no avail; his efforts in that direction commenced with contesting Banbury in 1841. Ipswich, Tavistock, Kilmarnock, Plymouth—towns in which every householder paying an annual rental of $50 had a vote—in their turn refused to accept him as their representative. The general election of 1852 saw his *last attempt* of this kind at York. He afterwards turned his talents, which were considerable, to good account as a *popular lecturer*, and travelled in pursuance of that profession, not only throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles, but crossed the Atlantic for several successive years to execute engagements which he had no difficulty in "filling" in the United States.

In this country he was well received, and although his utterances were occasionally unpopular, they were so manifestly dictated by good earnest feeling and were withal uttered in so kindly a spirit, that a genuine liking for the orator was evinced. His courage too recommended him to a people who have a great admiration of that quality. Even after he forsook the more *demonstrative* form of agitation, he never shrank from joining issue with any one who within his sphere attempted to impede the march of liberty and the right of free discussion. His tongue—"that oiled clipper," as a well-nigh worsted opponent was pleased to call it—was, in his case, a most powerful weapon.

How completely has William Howitt's prophetic utterance, of more than a generation since, concerning him been fulfilled: "We believe him to be a man endowed with qualities and faculties which may yet render him of immense service in the cause of truth and human progress; and we trust he will *go forward* in the path which he has marked out for himself until he sees the objects which are so dear to his heart completely accomplished."

The fervor of speaking which distinguished him when a young man he matured by *cultivation* into graceful and effective eloquence. He had considerable powers of mimicry and dramatic tendency, which enhanced his utterances and made him the popular speaker he was.

He wore his hair long, like Mr. W. J. Fox; in build he resembled him, and modelled his speaking after him. The ruddy brown visage and short dark beard of thirty years ago had given place to a paler cast of countenance and to long silvery locks, that made the popular orator look quite a patriarch in the assembly. The strong deep voice, too, had grown husky; but there was all the *old fire* and earnestness. It seemed as if the vigorous old man had yet not a few years before him.

It is scarcely necessary to say another word concerning Mr. Vincent's *intellectual and mora* qualities. He was a lovable, warm-hearted man, with beautiful affections. It was patent to al who came into contact with him that he wa cheery and humorous, and while he could sa *hard things*, he could in a moment turn th rough edge of discontent by the finest sallies o *playful ridicule*.

His addresses on civil and religious liberty especially his remarkable orations on Cromwell made him one of the most admired and eagerl followed of popular orators, both in Englan and in America. He was continuing this wor up to the time when he was attacked with h *last illness*, and probably would have continue it, or endeavored to do so, until the period his death, at whatever age that event might ha found him.

For many years Mr. Vincent had officiated a *lay preacher* on Sundays, both in London ar in the provinces, even in the midst of his hea lecturing seasons. While the lecture platfor was doubtless his *special province*, he not unfr quently appeared, to the signal edification of t audiences, at the great Reform League and oth bodies.

Although he has lectured till *very recently* Lancashire, and actually had engagements boo ed in London for the next month, we believe *last appearance* at a London public meeting w at the annual May Meeting of the Peace S ciety, of which he was ever a warm supporter.

With reference to Mr. Vincent's *religi opinions*, there could be but little doubt in t mind of any who were intimate with him t he had imbibed deeply the sentiments which p vade the teachings of the Society of Frien But he was at no time a member of that bo To class him, therefore, correctly, he must called rather a member of the *congregation* t of the *society* of that body.

He held some peculiar views concerning *chu membership*, which he never distinctly formu ed, but which, whatever they were, doubt guided him in all he did in church matters, caused him to remain rather in the suburbs the Friends' "city of refuge" than to enter fortress itself.

By the side of his grave evidence was gi that he had died in the *faith of the Lord Jesus Christ*, the power of which was so largely manifested in his life. Though he had had his share of trials, he had found *rest* and *peace* through believing in Jesus. Self had been subordinated to Christ, and with his last words he had rejoiced in recalling the words that " the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

His remains were taken on the 2d inst. from his residence and deposited in the picturesque cemetery at Stamford Hill, once the park attached to the residence of Sir Thomas Abney, the friend of Dr. Isaac Watts, who here spent the later years of his life. The *funeral procession* consisted of a hearse, or rather a funeral car, followed by three carriages, in which were Mrs. Vincent, widow of the deceased, her daughter, and her two *youthful sons*, Herbert and Paul Vincent, as chief mourners, with other relatives and friends. In the car referred to, which was open on all sides, the polished oak coffin, with gilt handles, stood visible, and uncovered except by the numerous garlands of white flowers which had been laid upon it.

The ceremony was throughout conducted with a close resemblance to the funeral customs of the Society of Friends, with whom, though not a member of their body, Mr. Vincent had long been closely connected. In accordance with these customs the coffin, instead of being *carried into church*—according to English custom —was conveyed direct to the grave in the upper part of the grounds. There had been, however, the customary offering of prayers at the house of the deceased, and beside the grave an *address* was delivered by Mr. Bevan Braithwaite, a member of the society, better known as a distinguished conveyancer. Another address—both being of a religious kind—was delivered by Mr. Swinburne, which was followed by prayer, many of the mourners kneeling during this part of the ceremony upon the planks around the grave. A few words were then spoken by Dr. Kennedy, the Congregational minister, referring in feeling terms to the *chief incidents* in the life of Mr. Vincent.

An unusual number of *ladies* were present, among whom many were distinguishable as belonging to the Society of Friends by the quaint old-fashioned costumes still to be seen in the neighborhood of Stamford Hill, though now almost a thing of the past.

Mingled with the little groups which lingered after the mourners had departed were some old *Chartist friends* of the deceased, now gray and bent with years, who were to be known by their talk of the dark days of '38, and the providential escapes which Mr. Vincent had experienced in towns where, as was observed, in later and *happier times* he had ever received as a public speaker a respectful and affectionate welcome.

THE ATONEMENT.

By D. L. Moody.

> Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."—1 PETER 3: 15.

First Glimpse of the Atonement—Adam and Eve's Coats of Skins—Abel's Sacrifice—Cain's Religion—Followers of Cain—A Solo in Heaven—Noah's Sacrifice — Abraham's Sacrifice — The Paschal Lamb—The All-Atoning Blood of Christ —It Makes One as Safe as Another—The Emperor's Decision in the Case of the Conscript—God's Decision in the Case of Mankind.

I WAS a partaker of the Gospel many years before I was able to *give a reason* for the hope that was within me, but now I think I am prepared not only to give a reason, but to give it in meekness and temerity. Especially ought we to be able to speak about the Atonement.

The *first glimpse* that we get of the Atonement is there in the third chapter of Genesis, where it says that the seed of the woman shall crush the serpent's head. Well, you know there couldn't be any bruising without blood. But the first actual shedding of blood was there in the twenty-first verse, where we read that Adam and Eve were provided with coats of skins. Of course, animals had to be killed, and that was the beginning of the shedding of the blood of the innocent for the guilty. Even as Adam and Eve went out of Paradise they must have said to themselves that God loved them very dearly, although He was punishing them for their sin.

Then we find that Abel's sacrifice was more esteemed by God than the sacrifice of his brother Cain. Away back there in the morning of creation God had marked out a way of atonement for sin, and because Abel followed that way God loved him. Cain probably said to himself, that he did not like the shedding of blood. The offering of golden grain and luscious fruits seemed to him a more reasonable sacrifice. These two boys were the same, with this difference. Every man that has a religion of his own to-day is

A FOLLOWER OF CAIN,

and, like him, discards the atonement by blood. But Abel reached Heaven by Cain's murderous act; and as he was the *first mortal that ever entered heaven*, there must have been a *solo* sung there once. He was the first to sing the

SONG OF REDEMPTION,

which has since swelled into such a tremendous chorus.

Just as we find the first dispensation commenced with blood, so we find the second dispensation commenced in like manner. The first thing Noah did after he came out of the ark was to offer up sacrifices of clean animals and put *blood* between him and God. Abraham, the friend of God, walked in the self-same way, and on Mount Moriah was willing to offer up his only son, Isaac, in whom was all his expectation. God interposed for him, but not for His own Son, who died for you and me on Calvary in sight of that self-same Mount Moriah.

Perhaps as Abraham stood there the veil was lifted, and looking down the vista of time he *saw Christ* carrying His cross up the side of Calvary. Then comes the time of Moses and the sacrifices of the

PASCHAL LAMB.

Although there were a quarter of a million lambs offered up by the Jews, yet we always find them referred to as " the lamb." Some say we ought to preach up Christ's life and not His death. Well, these Jews did not tie the live lambs in their *front yards*. If they had, none of them would have escaped when death came to every first-born that night. They killed the lamb, and put the blood as a token upon each door-post. Mind you, they did not put it on the step, where it would be trodden under foot, but on the posts.

A good many of us, I fear, are trampling the blood of Christ under foot. Moses was not safer that night than a child six years old. A good many of you are saying you wish you were as good as Dr. Backus, or some other holy man of God; but if you are behind the Blood you are *as safe as Dr. Backus* or anybody else. Of course, there is such a thing as growth in grace, and we will talk about that by and by; but what we want to think about now is the first principle of Christianity.

The Israelites were not only to have the token of the blood, but they were to *eat* the lamb as well. Why? Because they had a perilous journey before them, and it was necessary that they should be strong. So you must feed on Christ as well as accept His atoning blood if you want to succeed in walking faithfully the Christian's pilgrimage on earth. You have a good many large families down here, but Christ is enough for every family. By and by, however, the Israelites, when they insisted upon having a king, literally, if I may be allowed the expression,

VOTED GOD OUT,

and then they began to feel God's judgment. There are *two classes* of persons I find—those who believe in all judgment and no mercy, and those who believe in all mercy and no judgment. These must go hand-and-hand—mercy and justice must kiss each other.

Then came Christ, the very Lamb of God Himself, to take away the sins of the world. If Christ had committed one sin Himself He would have had to die for that Himself, but as He was sinless He became a substitute for each of us. The story is told of a man who was *conscripted under Napoleon*, who furnished a substitute, who was killed. It happened that the man was conscripted again, but he took the ground that he was technically dead, as the substitute had died in his place. When an appeal was taken to Napoleon the Emperor decided that in the law the man was exempt.

This may be true or it may not, but of one thing I am certain, and that is, Jesus Christ died in your stead and mine for our sins, and we are now exempt from the law if we have faith to accept the substitution that has been made. If God has accepted it we ought to be able to. Now, if He has died for us, oughtn't we to live for Him? Who now will lift their voice against Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of their souls? Oh, how ungrateful we are! It isn't manly, it isn't noble, for us to doubt or to be raising our voices in resistance to the Son of God.

A FULFILLED DREAM OF SHIPWRECK AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

RALPH W. WOOD, an English resident in India, returned to his native country about the year 1781. He brought with him his eldest daughter, leaving his wife and three youngest children in India, who were to follow him some time in the next year. When the time had nearly arrived, his wife expected to take passage in the Grosvenor, which was announced to sail in June, 1782.

While making preparations for her departure, she was troubled by a dream of the shipwreck of the vessel. The impression would probably have faded away, had not the dream occurred a *second* and a *third* time before the vessel sailed. She then visited the captain, and informed him of her dream, and of her efforts not to allow herself to be influenced by it, until its repetition so impressed her mind, she had resolved that he must sail without her. The friends who were to have accompanied her on the voyage endeavored by reasoning and ridicule to change her mind. The women especially were urgent, but her resolution was not to be changed, and she was left behind.

The Grosvenor sailed on the 13th of June, and on the 4th of August she struck upon the rocks on the coast of Africa, some distance from the Cape of Good Hope. In the attempt to land the crew and passengers, nineteen men lost their lives; the remainder reached the inhospitable shore. The next morning the natives came upon them and carried off all they could lay their hands on without actually plundering their persons. They then determined to journey by land to the Cape, and started upon this expedition under the command of Captain Coxon.

They were followed by the natives, who continually plundered and insulted them. On one occasion they were attacked by a party of more than three hundred Kafirs armed for war, and some were wounded, although none killed. After enduring dreadful privations, at the expiration of one hundred and seventeen days only a small portion of their number succeeded in reaching a settlement near the Cape, where they were kindly cared for by the Dutch Government, although it was then engaged in war with England.

When the news of the loss of the Grosvenor reached England, R. W. Wood gave up his family for lost. At the end of six months, being on a visit to his wife's mother, a carriage drove up to the door. It contained his wife and three children. His joy at thus again beholding them was almost overpowering. The faithful wife had only waited for the next ship that sailed from India, a Danish East-Indiaman, and then safely returned to her husband, to unite with him and her children in thanking God, who in mercy had so wonderfully warned her by a dream and preserved them from impending dangers.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached Sunday Morning, April 20, 1879.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."—HEBREWS 12 : 1, 2.

The Christian's Life Perpetual War—No Furlough—The Laboratory of a Distinguished Chemist—Looking unto Jesus—I. As our Personal Saviour—Man Ruined by Sin—The Brazilian Murderer—The Two Great R's.—II. As our Example—An Army Stopped by Snow—III. As our Sympathizer—The Sympathy of the Gospel—A Wounded Chaplain on the Battle-field—IV. Look to Jesus for Final Rescue—An Annihilationist at St. Louis—Often Communication Proves the Existence of Heaven—What a Contrast—A Man Overboard.

ALL Bible imagery agrees in representing the Christian life as demanding *vigilance and a sharp lookout.* No one gets into heaven *slipshod.* If we arrive there, it will be because we have struggled.

What will be fate of those professors of religion, who, notwithstanding their names have been on the church books thirty, or forty, or fifty years, have no anxiety about their own salvation, and are making no effort for the salvation of others? They will miss heaven. God demands of us endurance, and He puts us into the front of the battle, not to have us cut to pieces, but to test our courage and enthusiasm.

You remember when our late war was going on we sometimes saw in our Northern cities soldiers in uniform ; they were off duty. From the proper authorities they had received a furlough and they had a right to be here. But I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, from the day when a man enlists under the banner of Christ to the hour when he shouts the victory over death and the grave, he is never off duty, and *he never gets a furlough.* It is war with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil, and war all the time.

You may remember that the apostle very often drew illustrations from the Roman and Grecian games, and you may remember how that when a man was running for the prize he would sometimes run with such utter tension of muscle and nerve that he dropped by the roadside ; and there were instances, history tells us, where a man would run for the prize with so much strain of nerve and muscle, that clutching the prize he dropped dead immediately afterward.

Now, says the apostle, making allusion to such a scene, "run"—not crawl, or walk, but "run the race set before you, *looking unto Jesus.*" And as at the end of those games a man would stand with a garland ready to put it upon the brow of the successful competitor, so Christ stands at the end of this Christian race to put upon us the garland of eternal life. God grant that we may so run that we may obtain.

A man asked a distinguished chemist for his laboratory, expecting to be pointed to some large establishment, or to some costly philosophic apparatus, when the chemist ordered his servant to bring in some glasses and a retort, and then the chemist said to his friend : "These are my laboratory—these glasses and this retort ; with these I make all my experiments." The man was surprised.

Well, my friends, while there are those who may take whole libraries to express their theology, and while they have ten thousand ideas about ten thousand doctrines concerning God and eternity and the dead, I tell you plainly this morning that my theology has dwindled to about three words, "*looking unto Jesus* ;" and the fact is, my friends, when we can understand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of such an exercise we will understand almost every thing. God help us this morning, preacher and hearer, to spend this hour "looking unto Jesus."

I. And in the first place I remark : We must this morning

LOOK TO JESUS AS OUR PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

I do not now stop to argue what you will admit with myself, that we are only a blasted ruin of what we would have been had not sin touched us.

There is not so much difference between a steamer coming out Liverpool harbor pennants flying, passengers on deck waving, guns booming at the departure, and that steamer driven on Long Island coast, the passengers crushed under the broken timbers, as there is a difference between our nature as it came forth equipped for a magnificent voyage, and our nature piloted by sin, crushed and destroyed the coast of the future stream with the fragments of an awful and an eternal shipwreck.

Why, every physician will tell you, every man who knows any thing about the human system, any man who has ever studied physiology or anatomy will tell you, whether the man be an infidel or a Christian, he will tell you that the human body is disordered ; and we all know that however this morning we may be in robust health, by one touch of disease to-morrow we may be gone. We all know how easily these nerves and these muscles may be played upon by pain and distress and death.

And as to *the intellect,* is there a man in the house that does not confess the fact that the human intellect is somehow disordered, and who does not understand that there are hundreds of asylums proof of the fact that the strongest and the grandest intellects, intellects most capable of brilliant reasoning, have perished—perished forever?

And *as to the soul,* our spiritual nature—who denies that it is disorganized, demoralized? The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. From he crown of the head to the sole of the foot we are" "full of wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores, which have not been bound up or mollified with ointment.

Where is the man in this assemblage who has never committed sin? Not one. Our nature is astray.

There is in Brazil a flower, a plant called

"THE MURDERER."

That plant poisons every thing it touches. It is a climbing plant. It begins, it winds around the root of a tree and poisons that and destroys it ; then winds up and destroys the trunk ; then winds out and destroys the branches. And so when this plant drops the seed other plants come up just as murderous, and well may that plant of Brazil be called "the murderer."

Well now, my friends, sin is doing that very thing. It drops the seeds of death all around about the nature. It winds around the body, it winds around the mind, it winds around the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning—killing, killing, killing! *Oh, it is a deathful work that sin does in the world!*

Well, it would be a most ungracious thing for me to stand here this morning and talk about the deathful nature of sin if I had no "Catholicon," if I had no rescue to offer. It would be as though I went into a commercial establishment where the man had just failed in business and began to enlarge on his commercial disasters, while I refused to pay any of his debts or help him out of any of his financial perplexities. It would be as mean as though I should this morning go into a sick-room and enlarge upon the distress of some invalid, while I proposed no physician and offered no medicine. None of us would be so unfair or so cruel as that.

When I tell you of the ruinous nature of sin, I have to tell you also of the rescue. I have to tell you that if

THAT GREAT "R"

stand for ruin, I put right beside that "R" another "R" which stands for redemption. Here is One who comes to pay all our debts. Here is One who comes as a divine physician to cure all our wounds—wounds of the body, wounds of the mind, wounds of the soul.

Louder than the cry of woe is the trumpet blast of God's deliverance as He says : "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, *but in Me is thy help.*"

At the barred gate of the dungeon the conqueror knocks and the hinges creak and grind at the swinging open. Manna falls to us in the desert, and from the cliff tops the floods clap their hands, crying : "Drink, O friend—drink, O beloved!" The cut and torn feet on the bridle path come out on a smooth place, and the alders begin to crackle as the panting hart breaks through to the water brooks, and the night of the soul is turning gray with the morning, yea, it begins to purple and to flame from horizon to horizon.

> "His worth, if all the nations knew,
> Sure the whole earth would love Him too."

Ruined by sin. Rescued by the Gospel.

II. But I remark in the second place, we are to

LOOK TO JESUS AS OUR EXAMPLE.

A copyist is always a failure, *a dead failure.* I care not in what department. If a man wants to become a painter, and he wants to sketch a morning, and he goes to look at Church's or Bierstadt's or Kensett's work, and studies the morning on canvas, or studies it in portfolios, he makes a failure when he comes to sketch the morning. He must go out at daybreak, and dash the dew from the grass, and see the morning *as God builds it* in the cloud, or pours it upon the mountain, or kindles it upon the sea.

A mere copyist is always a failure. It is so *in literature.* If a man tries to imitate the smoothness of Addison, or the weirdness of Spenser, or the rugged style of Thomas Carlyle, or the Epigrammatic power of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he is a failure. A man must take his own intellectual faculty, and develop and enlarge it, and culture it. He who tries to imitate another must come to defeat.

The fact is, there was *only one Being in all the ages* that is fit to copy. He appeared nineteen centuries ago. People watched Him. They watched when He went into a house, watched how long He stayed, watched Him when He came out, watched every word He spake, watched all His actions. Among fishermen He showed what a fisherman should be. Among farmers He showed what a farmer should be. Among tax-gatherers He showed what a tax-gatherer should be. Among rulers He showed what a ruler should be. Perfect example.

Do you want an example of devotion? Behold Him whole nights in prayer. Do you want an example of industry? Behold Him busy for the welfare of the world. Do you want an example of patience? Struck, but not striking back. Do you want an example of self-sacrifice? Behold His life of shame, His death of ignominy, His sepulchre of humiliation. All for His friends. Oh! no, I call that back. Not for His friends—for His enemies, His sworn enemies. Coming with wounds in the hands, wounds in the feet, wounds in the head, wounds in the side, wounds in the heart, crying out : "Father, forgive them they know not what they do."

O my friends! if we could only get some o this spirit in our own souls—if we could only become copyists of this glorious example, why it would take all the rugosities out of our disposition. It would take all the harsh words fron our address. It would make us placid and genial and gentle and forgiving. How little of thi we have in our hearts and lives, my brethren Oh! if we could get this spirit of Christ into ou soul, people would see it. They would say, " know what is the matter with that man ; I knov where he has been : *he has been with Jesus.*"

ALEXANDER AND HIS ARMY

once were stopped by the ice and the snow Marching on for a long while, they came to wher they could march no further, and Alexande dismounted from his war-horse, and taking pickaxe began to dig into the ice and the snow and the men in his army, the soldiers in his army saw their general and their king digging int the ice and the snow, and they took their picl axes and began to hew away, and soon the roa was clear enough to let them pass, and the marched on.

Christ, our Commander and our King, di

mounts from the glories of heaven, and He begins to hew away amid the sins and the sorrows and the perils and the hardships of this world. In that path, He going ahead, we follow. God help us to follow. Where Christ went we ought to be willing to go. The servant ought not to want to have it easier than his master. God grant that we may be willing to follow in His footsteps. Glorious example, perfect example for all ages.

III. Again I remark: we are to

LOOK TO JESUS AS OUR SYMPATHIZER.

We cannot get along without sympathy. I could not live a day without sympathy. We all want sympathy.

Why is it when you go to some place of amusement, to a concert, or into an art-gallery, you want friends with you. You want sympathy *in your joy*. Why is it when bereavement comes to your household, you want your friends to come in? Why is it when there is a sick one in your home you want your friends to come in? It may be they do not say a single word, but they sit there; there is comfort in their very presence. In other words, *you want sympathy*.

And yet, strange to say, there are a great many people who seem to get along without any earthly sympathy and without any divine sympathy. They do not implore God's sympathy in the insurance company, in the banking-house, in the factory. Their fortune takes wings and flies away, and they have nothing to comfort them. There seems to be no voice saying to them: "I have taken your money, but I am going to make up for all this by heavenly treasures. I own the cattle on a thousand hills, and you will never want; all is well." *They do not apply for that sympathy.*

Death comes into the nursery. One voice less in the music of the household. Two hands less busy with the toys. Two feet less bounding through the hall. And yet they do not seem to hear any Divine voice saying: "I am the shepherd; that lamb is not lost; I have only taken it off the cold mountains; all is well." They do not seem to want that sympathy. They do not apply for it. I tell you, my friends, it is the mystery of life to me that people can get along without God's sympathy, and I tell you why it is they stay away from God: it is because *they do not know Him*. If you knew what a great loving heart He has, if you knew how that heart aches for human suffering, if you knew what sympathy there is in the Lord Jesus Christ, you would not tarry away from Him one minute, you who have misfortunes and trials. It is because you do not know Him.

Now there are two or three passages of Scripture that throb with eternal sympathy. They are full of balsam and balm. Pressed to the heart they will heal almost any wound. "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee." "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh! I am so glad that the Divine Shepherd has higher pastures, in which He leads the wounded of the flock when the lower pastures wither and give way. Oh what a blessed thing it is to know that while all other trees may fail to give fruit, God has one tree in His orchard that never fails. *Oh the sympathy of the Gospel!*

IN OUR LATE WAR

a chaplain fell wounded to death. While in the night the chaplain lay on the battle-field, he heard in the distance a groan, and then the cry, "O my God!" The chaplain thought to himself, "I am wounded and must die, and I can't walk; but I must go to that suffering man, and so," he said, "I'll roll over to him." And the wounded chaplain, unable to walk, rolled over in his own blood, and rolled over the bodies of the slain until he came to that dying man, and comforted him, putting, as it were, his own wound against that man's wound, and his own sorrow against that other man's sorrow.

My friends, the Lord hears the groan of our bereavement, the groan of our poverty, the groan of our earthly distress, and He comes rolling over in His own blood, rolling over this battle-field, rolling over to where we are, and He puts His everlasting arm over us, and we see His hand is wounded, and he presses us to His own wounded side, and He says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Oh! the sympathies of the Gospel—the eternal sympathies of the Gospel. If I preach the Gospel forty years longer, if I can stand in the pulpit and preach forty years longer, I would like to give the forty years to telling the people of the sympathy of the Gospel, the eternal sympathies of the Gospel.

IV. But I remark again, we must

LOOK TO JESUS FOR FINAL RESCUE.

There is a heaven. *You know it.* I will not stop to reason about it. Some man might be sceptical and deny it. As in the hotel at St. Louis a few weeks ago, a gentleman sent his card to me, and said he would like to see me. I went into the parlor of the hotel at St. Louis, and it seemed to be his chief errand to tell me that I was wrong in regard to the existence of the heaven of which I had spoken the previous day in one of the churches, and he went on to try to prove to me that there was no heaven, no hereafter, and that when we quit this world we quit existence. "Oh!" I said, "I cannot stop to argue with you; *that is horrible, that is horrible.*"

I will not stop this morning to argue with you that there is a heaven. You know there is. Some one says, "Have you seen the place?" No; neither have we seen Russia, neither have we seen Japan, neither have we seen China. We know there are such places, because there has been so much communication between those lands and our land. That is the way I know there is a heaven.

It is by the often, the swift communication between the two worlds this and that. "They hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them any more, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

There is a heaven. And what a contrast between earth and heaven! This barrenness, and that verdure; between the streams of earth so shallow that a thirsty ox might drink them dry or a mule's hoof might trample them into the mire, and that river from under the throne of God, on the banks of which the armies of heaven recline; between the instruments of earthly music so easily cracked into discord, and the harmonies that drip from seraphic harps, and the trumpets so musical they wake the dead; between these streets, along which we go panting in summer heat or shivering in winter cold, and along which the poor man carries his burden, and the beggar asks for alms, streets on which you ever hear the shuffling feet of pain and distress and suffering and want, and those heavenly streets.

OH, WHAT A CONTRAST

between this and that, and we are invited to go out of this scene of suffering and distress and pain and bereavement into that scene of reunion and blessedness and joy forever.

Well, now, it will not be much of a change for you who have had it easy all your days, who have lived in castles, who have had regal apparel—it will not be so much of a change for you, nor for you who have always been well, hardly knowing what a feeling of sickness is—always well, it will not be so much of a change for you; but for you who have suffered illness, you who have been bereft, you who have run against great odds in life, you who have found life a struggle—what a change it will be for you! And it will be *a blissful change*.

Said a little blind girl to her mother, "Mamma, will I be blind in heaven?" Oh, no," said the mother, "my darling, you will not be blind in heaven; you will see in heaven; you will see as well as I do, in heaven." Said a little cripple child, "Mamma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No," said the mother, "my darling; you will not be lame in heaven, never lame in heaven." Oh! what emancipation and eternal release for those who have suffered in this world when they enter that scene which God has prepared for those who love Him!

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Oh! will you be ready through Christ the Lord to enter that heaven? You must look to Jesus for that final rescue. He only can fit you for it. You and I will soon step out either into gigantic splendor or gigantic despair.

Three worlds are this morning contending for the mastery of our immortal spirit. Who shall have it? Heaven says: "Give it me." Powers of darkness say: "Give it me." Earth says: "Give it me." Who shall have it? The immortal spirit! Oh! how much Christ has done to win you, my brother—to win you, my sister, to Himself. Through what tears, across what sharp edges of torture, down what steep declivities, through what murky night, Christ came to save you and to save me! Would that our hearts might be melted at the story, and that we might look to Him this day and live, taking Him as our personal Redeemer, as our glorious example, as our magnificent Sympathizer and our eternal Rescue.

There was

A MAN WHO FELL OVERBOARD

from a ship on the sea, and there was no one willing to risk himself by leaping into the wave after him; but after a while a man came up from the cabin flushed with excitement, and said: "Five thousand pounds reward for any one who will save that man; he is my brother." By the large inducement some one leapt into the wave and made the rescue. Oh my friends, I wish you could see this Christ to-day, standing and looking upon your sinking soul as He cries out: "Here are my tears, here is my blood, here is my life for a ransom," instead of waiting for some other one to effect the rescue, leaping into the wave of sin and trouble and darkness to bring you ashore, to bring you to the deck, thrusting His arm this morning under the wave. O! clutch it, clutch it and live!

"From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear
Bursting on the ravished ear,
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come, and welcome, sinner, come."

THE QUAKER'S TEMPER MASTERED.

A London merchant had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant, hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the stairs, "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, looking up at him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you. How were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spake aloud, and I thought if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper."

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE,

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, the author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 412.)

A Cow under Satanic Influences—The Fever-stricken Village—Mr. Montaigne's Visit to Owen Quinn—New Words to the Sorrowing—Cruel Revenge by a Dying Man—Supposed Satanic Influence Explained—Death of Mr. Montaigne from Fever—History of Portarlington—The Huguenot Refugees—The Famous Pupils in Portarlington School—Mrs. Montaigne Settles there—A Cheering Surprise for the Widow—Hope Deferred—The Cautious Lawyer's Scheme.

IT was proved, as we have seen, that the priest had a docile and obedient flock. The power which sacerdotalism has over the ignorant and superstitious is irresistible—for who would dare risk eternal damnation? Mr. Montaigne, however, a third time tried open-air preaching, but he tried it a third time in vain, and an equal failure it would be did he try it forever—the ears of his Roman Catholic parishioners were effectually closed against him.

Tract distribution was then resorted to, but, alas! the great majority of his poorer neighbors could not read, and those who could would not peruse the tracts he gave them. Some refused to accept any printed paper from him at all; some, not to hurt his feelings, took the proffered gift, but threw the leaflets they pretended to accept in the mud at their feet and trampled on them the moment his back was turned, and many, more rude, taking the tract he offered, tore it into fragments before him and cast the small pieces in his face.

With many a bitter pang he asked himself what further could be done, and the answer was, "Nothing. Only work hard among the few Protestants under your charge, and by a holy life shine as a light amid the surrounding moral and spiritual darkness. Adorn the Gospel you profess, and thus commend it."

It was not easy, however, to keep clear from getting into difficulty with this ignorant and fanatical people, as the following incident will show—which, though seeming strange, is *a fact*.

STRANGE INCIDENT ABOUT HIS COW.

Mr. Montaigne had a dairy cow to sell, which had been fed on "the glebe land," and he had the animal driven to a fair held a few miles distant in the neighborhood to obtain a purchaser, he himself attending as salesman. Upon arriving at the fair green it was not long until there was an opportunity for business. A man who lived on one of the outskirts of his large parish, in a poor mountain district, struck with the beauty of the animal, drew near to examine her, and after viewing all her points, evidently much admired her.

He asked the price the clergyman wanted for his "baste," and on hearing it looked much disappointed, for it surpassed his financial limit. Mr. Montaigne knew the man. His name was Owen Quinn, and, though ignorant, like his class in the district, he had been always civil, and once rebuked a man who had insulted the clergyman.

Mr. Montaigne, therefore, felt an interest in him, so that, hearing from him the bounds of his purse, and desirous of getting into his favor, he made a considerable abatement in his price for the cow, and Owen Quinn became its owner.

It was dark that evening when, driving the cow before him, Owen arrived at his dwelling. Securing the animal in the "byre," he passed into his little cottage to get his supper.

"Well, Owen," said Bridget, his wife, a baby on her knee, "so, ma cushla, you've got the cow. I hard her feet in the yard, and wanted to welcome her home, but sorra a bit the young wan, the darlint, would let me. The momint I made to rise from the creepy (a low stool), Padhreen shouted that loud as if he'd deafen me."

"I hard him, the little villian," replied Owen; "and I thought with myself what a fine pair o' lungs—blessins on him—the Lord has given him. But never mind, Bridget, asthore; the young thief 'll be asleep afore I'm done with the praties and milk, and you'll be all right then to feast your eyes on the beauty of a baste that I've bought ye."

After supper, young Padhreen fast asleep, as was prophesied, and snoring in his rude cradle, Owen and Bridget repaired to the cowshed to inspect the new arrival. Bridget, casting a knowledgable look upon shape, color, udder, horns, and hoofs, confirmed Owen's verdict that she was a "rale beauty," and when told the price given declared that, in her opinion, she was worth double the money.

"That's me own noshun too," responded Owen; "and I think we can't do better than jist at wanst put the blessin' upon her, and that more betoken as I bought her from Mr. Montaigne, the Protestant Minister. Do *you* run into the house, mavourneen, and fetch the bottle, and I'll perform the needful."

His allusion was to a bottle of holy water, which, upon a payment, had been obtained, on the previous Sabbath, at the chapel from the priest. The use of such an element, a relic of paganism, to charm away upon application all evil from man or beast, as the case might be, was, and we fear is, almost general upon the part of the ignorant in Ireland.

Bridget lost no time in obeying the suggestion of her husband. She left Owen in the byre with the candle in his hand, still complacently surveying his purchase, entered the house, and, groping her way to a shelf, laid hold, as she thought, upon the bottle of holy water. She then hastened back to her husband, and, handing him the vessel of sacred fluid, took her stand by his side to witness his performance of the potent ceremony.

Owen uncorked the bottle—it held about a pint—and using very sacred words, which we will not quote, poured some of the water, mysterious in its power, between the horns of the cow. To his great surprise in a second or two the animal wildly tossed up her head, tugged hard at the rope which held her to the stall, and worked most violently.

"Stand quiet, will you, you heretic brute," said Owen, as he applied a larger measure of the liquid, not only upon the head, but along the back of the restive quadruped. To his amazement and horror the holy water hissed and boiled as though it had come in contact with fire, and had not fallen upon the cool skin of a living animal.

The creature tugged harder still at her fastenings, and kicked and plunged as though gone mad. Owen drew back, pale as death. It seemed to him that a fiery demon, or something of that sort, must possess the creature which, in a luckless hour, he had introduced to his homestead; and, paralyzed with fear, he stood stock-still, gaping at the wild and demoniacal struggles of the cow, helplessly holding at the same time the bottle in his hand.

Bridget saw his awful fright and powerless condition. Women have not the active courage of men, but perhaps they have more fortitude. At all events, in the present case the wife had more self-possession than the husband. Bridget, mastering her own terror, took the bottle of holy water from the impotent Owen, and with a wild swing of her arm dashed all the remaining contents upon the raging animal. As though with a supernatural force, when this was done the captive creature snapped as a packthread the rope that bound her, flung herself furiously against her owners, male and female, bore them with violence to the ground, rushed like a tempest through the cowshed door, bounded from the little inclosure outside, and, bellowing loudly, stampered in the darkness like one possessed over field, hedge, and ditch, in the surrounding country.

Next morning she was found miles away from the place of her flight, wounded, torn, and dead. The two human beings, half stunned by their violent fall on the hard byre floor, lay for a while thunder-stricken and speechless. Bridget was the first able to speak. "Owen!" she gasped out, "Owen! oh, the villain of a cow! Isn't the *Protestant* deep in her?"

Our readers, no doubt, will have anticipated the explanation of the poor animal's mad career. On the shelf to which Bridget went in the dark there were two bottles, one of holy water and the other of vitriol. In her haste she had laid hold upon the latter. This was discovered by her on the following morning, but she concealed the fact from her husband, for, being his second wife and much younger than Owen, she was somewhat in awe of him and dreaded his anger if she revealed her stupid mistake, one that involved the loss to him and her of, to persons in their circumstances, a vast and ruinous amount of capital.

Owen Quinn had contracted a deadly hatred of Mr. Montaigne, on account of a secret belief that the cow which he had purchased from that gentleman had while in Mr. Montaigne's possession been the subject of satanic influence. He was of opinion that the Protestant clergyman, who was the late owner of the beast, knew of the untoward influence. This accounted, too, he reasoned within himself, for his ready lowering of the cow's price. What was done with the appearance of kindness and good-will was in reality, he now imagined, only an act of shameless deceit and treachery.

But the real fact of the case was, as we have already seen, that Bridget, his wife, was sent for a bottle of holy water. But, unfortunately for all concerned, a bottle of vitriol, which was standing upon the same shelf, was brought by mistake, and Collie naturally objected to the administration of such an *irritant blessing* upon its head. This little episode was not explained to Owen, for the simple reason that Bridget did not discover it until the mischief was done.

Owen thought that Father Curtis was too hard upon the Protestant minister when he called him an agent of Satan; but it now was plain as day to him his priest had but spoken the simple truth. "Shure the very bastes upon his ground," he said to himself, "had becum, it was plain, the dwelling-places of demons. He had lost, alas! his cow and his money, but was it not the very height o' good luck that he had secured the holy water. It cost something handsome, it is true; but it was proved 'dir chape,' for it had miraculously discovered t him the infernal power he was bringing into hi home and had driven far from him and his th Evil One. He'd take precious good care, however, that he'd never no more have daylins wit heretic ministers, or any o' their sort; and i ever a good chance cum he'd be revenged upo that wan o' thim—that he wud—that tuk a cru advantage of his simplicity and innocence."

Some time after this fever broke out in th parish—the dreadful *typhus*, that disease o overcrowding, poverty, and dirt. And as th people, in spite of the dispensary doctor's advice, would have "wakes"—that is, grim fest gatherings in their houses around the dead—through infection the mortal sickness rapid spread. Scores were carried off, often who families in a single week, and the grave hillock multiplied fast in the chapel burial-ground.

Father Curtis and his curate had more to c in their sacred calling than they could manag Administering "the last rites of the Churc far and wide to the dying in the large paris and conducting burial services at home, and sa ing "no end o' masses" for the dead, was e hausting work.

Indeed, after some time, the poor *curate* hi self sickened and *died*, as, compelled by t sacerdotal theory of his Church—namely, th priestly service is absolutely needful to salvati —he had to enter, according to his vow, t rooms of the dying, however poisoned the a and, in administering extreme unction, to co into contact with their persons. He con quently "tuk the sickness" himself, and, vital stamina lowered by much toil, he speed succumbed. His death caused a panic in t district, and help from neighbors to fresh fe cases in the cottages near them was denied.

Mr. Montaigne had no access whatever to the k and dying people, A visit from him would ve been resented as a peril to their souls and impertinent intrusion. He, however, acted e good Samaritan by gifts of medicine, money, d wine, speaking whenever he could a word of ospel instruction and consolation to those who me for his bounty, and his good wife Dora ow the mother of a beautiful boy, called *nold* after his father) well seconded him in his erciful work. Day after day, and even by ght, they ministered as good angels to the eds of the people.

One day Mr. Montaigne, in returning from a stant part of his parish—he had been to visit e of his own flock—had to pass the cottage of *ven Quinn*, to whom several months before he d sold his cow. The purchaser since that day had never met. Quinn, from antipathy and perstitious dread, as we know, had avoided m. As he drew near the cabin he heard a teous wail. His compassion was stirred, and moved to the place from whence the voice of ourning came, hoping to minister some help. hen he entered the little dwelling he was uched to the heart and shocked at the vision hich met his eyes.

Bridget Quinn—poorly clad, her face not ithout beauty, though haggard and pale—sat ith a *dead child*, little Padhreen, upon her knee. e stooped over the infant corpse, which, not ntorted nor emaciated, but round in form d of a pure white, like marble, lay upon r arm. The mother's raven hair, all dishevel-d, fell upon the face of the dead one, and her ars dropped upon its cheeks like rain.

Absorbed in her grief, she did not notice Mr. ontaigne's coming in, but with head bowed low, d with passionate and bitter lamentation, she oke to the loved one that, alas! would hear her oice no more. "Oh, my beautiful one!" she ied, "my own Padhreen! the light o' me eyes nd the pulse o' me heart! My darlin' and vely boy, me pride and me threasure, won't ou hear me?—smile at me?—look on me?—eak to me wanst more? Oh, why did the Lord ke ye from me? Shurely it warn't much to ask im to lave you by me side. Barrin' you, He adn't given us much more nor poverty and hruble in this world.

Drawing a step or two nearer to her, with a lear, full voice, yet thrilling with emotion, Mr. ontaigne said, "'Suffer,' says the Holy Saviour Jesus, 'the little children to come unto Me, nd forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

The words were new to the wailing woman; he had never heard them before; and not having seen Mr. Montaigne on his entrance, and ot knowing him by sight, his words, full of the ight and music of Divine love, while they startled, yet charmed her. As though they had ome direct from heaven, they went like a ray of warm sunshine to her heart.

The Protestant minister once again had the ear of a Roman Catholic, and the truth he had o utter proved its power, for pouring upon the soul of the bereaved one the balm of Heaven's own comfort, he succeeded in softening her sorrow and diminishing her tears.

After a time he asked for her husband. "He's in there," said she, pointing to a door in a partition which divided the cottage, "and I'm afeard I'm goin' to lose him, too; for he's down, bad as bad can be, in the fever." Mr. Montaigne advanced towards the opening; Bridget made a grasp at his arm to hold him back, but, too far from her, she failed to arrest him, and he passed into the room. There another melancholy spectacle presented itself. On a straw bed, and almost without covering, for the loss of his cow and other misfortunes had forced Quinn to part with most of his effects. *the sick man lay*, and was to all appearance rapidly sinking to the grave. From want of proper warmth, care, and nourishment, the pestilent disorder which had seized him, his visitor could see, was fast doing its work of death.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NIHILISTS IN RUSSIA.

Their Origin, Aims, and Methods of Operation.

The recent attempted assassination of the Czar of Russia has attracted renewed attention to the society known as Nihilists, by whom it is supposed the attack on his life was directed.

The vast empire of Russia, said to comprise one seventh portion of the territorial surface of the globe, and containing a population of over ninety millions, is under the absolute rule of the Czar, and the people have no voice, either by representation or otherwise, in the conduct of government. Under a system of despotism abuses must inevitably flourish, for however wise and benevolent the personal ruler may be, he is liable to be misled by the opinions of interested persons who surround him, and he must intrust a considerable part of his power and authority into the hands of men unfitted to exercise it with benefit to either the ruler or the people. So it has been in Russia, and the Czar, who is said to be a man of a kindly, humane disposition, is held responsible for acts of cruelty and oppression perpetrated by subordinate officials.

A feeling of bitter hostility to the government has for some time been prevalent throughout the country, and the vigorous measures adopted to repress it has only fanned the flame, until at the present time the Nihilist and kindred secret societies have spread through the nation like a cancer, and number among their adherents men and women of every rank in society.

The cruelties practised in the fierce suppression of an insurrection in 1825 left in the minds of survivors and their friends an insatiable craving for vengeance, which issued early in the following year in the formation of a secret society, established with the design of overthrowing despotism and giving Russia a free constitution. The leader of the society was Hertzen, a man of conspicuous ability, whose writings exercised a powerful influence over the minds of Russian youth. He published a journal in London, which was secretly smuggled into Russia and eagerly read. It contained details of court intrigue and reports of affairs in the Czar's palaces, supplied to Hertzen by secret allies in high position at St. Petersburg, and revealed much of the workings of the machinery by which the people were oppressed.

The society was the object of a furious persecution by the authorities. Many of its members were executed, and others exiled or imprisoned, but notwithstanding the efforts made to extirpate it, it increased in number and in power. Journals, political treatises, and novels issued from its printing presses, and were widely circulated among all classes of society.

In 1870 this society took the name of Nihilists, from the Latin word Nihil, signifying *nothing*, indicating that those who took the name believed in none of the ideas and doctrines either in religion or politics considered orthodox in Russia. From this time they began to take decided and important action. The young men spread themselves through the different provinces, propagating the new ideas among the peasantry, presenting them with books and instigating them to revolution. *Young ladies, even of the highest ranks of society*, dressed themselves as peasants and sought menial employments, that they might instruct others in their peculiar views. Tombovskoie, a wealthy princess, moving in court circles, was discovered among peasant washerwomen, with a like object. In the schools the young girls nearly all became converts, and no restrictions, no persecutions, have been able to arrest the rapid growth of Nihilism.

It is necessarily a secret Order, for a traitor among its members might consign the whole fraternity to death. The following are some of the secrets of the Nihilist Order. The society is administered under the following rules: Six members can form a separate body, *or circle*, with full power to act and receive new members, but only with the greatest precautions. A candidate for admission must be recommended as a trustworthy man, upon whom reliance can be placed under any circumstances. After satisfactory investigation the circle, in full meeting, votes on the new member. Two votes against him are sufficient cause of rejection. One may be if the opposing member can support his opposition by undoubted evidences of disqualification. A newly-chosen member is invited to a meeting of the circle, where he must take a solemn obligation or oath, in which he pledges himself to sacrifice his life and all that is sacred to him in the struggle against the tyrants and oppressors of the Russian people; that he will obey and execute every unanimous decision of the circle without hesitation, regardless of any personal danger he may encounter in so doing. He avows himself a sworn enemy of the Russian Government, and promises to immediately begin to act against it by every means he can command.

When a circle reaches the number of sixty it is subdivided into ten circles of six each, so that if discovered by the police only six persons will suffer arrest. Into these circles, which meet ostensibly only for social purposes, as in the enjoyment of friendly hospitality, it is sought to draw in members from every class of society—military officers of every rank, common soldiers, the middle classes and peasantry. It is the passion of the day, and the dreadful mystery which envelops the Order adds to the fascination. Every member according to his means makes weekly or monthly payments to the treasurer. Money is used for the purchase of arms, the propagation of free ideas among the peasantry—each circle sending an armed agent on this errand. *Many women* belong to these circles. In every town and large village of Russia there are so many circles, that had the government a true conception of the extent of their number it would be even more seriously alarmed than it is.

The audacity with which the Nihilists avow their principles and acts is an important feature of their society, and shows the dangerous character of the organization. This feature was brought into prominence after the recent murder of Prince Krapotkine by a Nihilist agent. A placard was posted through the capital by the society, avowing the deed and stating the causes which had led to its commission, and concluding with these remarkable words: Death for death, execution for execution, terror for terror. This is our answer to the threats, the persecutions and the oppression of the government.

So appalling is the struggle now in progress in Russian society. Injustice and oppression have evoked lawless retaliation, and the social problems of the future will, it is feared, be worked in blood. We can only pray that they may be solved by the doctrines of the Prince of Peace having a full and wide extension in Russia, teaching men that they are brothers, and moving governors and people alike to a mutual recognition of each other's rights, as inculcated by our blessed Lord in his sermon on the Mount.

A Sudden Death at a Revival Service occurred recently at the Ton, in Wales. About nine o'clock, just before the close of the service, Mrs. Burnell, wife of one of the leaders of the chapel, who was not a member herself, was asked by her husband whether she would give her heart to God. In a little while she exclaimed, "I will," and leaving her seat, knelt in front of the penitent rail, still praying.

The congregation were singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," when the minister advanced towards Mrs. Burnell, and asked her whether she could praise God from whom all blessings flowed. She replied, "Oh, yes, I can; *I have laid my all on Jesus.*" Then, being apparently overcome, she rose from her kneeling posture, and after an attempt to loose her dress at the throat, walked to the vestry door, still praying aloud. Some of the ladies in the congregation went to her and laid her down, she still being earnestly engaged in prayer, and she died within ten minutes from the time when she announced her conversion, and before a medical man could be procured.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to disseminate the glorious truths of the Word of God, and thus to aid in carrying on the work of the Saviour on the earth.

It contains every week a sermon by Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached the Sunday morning previous to the day of publication.

By arrangement with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a report of his Sunday-morning sermons is taken every week, and after it has been revised by him, is mailed in advance sheets and published in this journal prior to its publication in any other paper in the United States.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Candidates in the Next Presidential Election, as at present designated by public opinion, are General Grant and Mr. S. J. Tilden, although it is probable that as the time approaches other names will come to the front.

Republicans are fully alive to the prejudice certain to exist against a *third-term candidate*, but there is a general feeling that no other man of that side would have an equal chance of success. Many names have been suggested, but of these, some are not sufficiently known, and the others are too thoroughly known to inspire confidence.

Of Mr. Tilden's prospects Democrats themselves are not sanguine, on account of the cipher-telegram scandal, but he has claims on his party too weighty to be ignored, and his influence forms an important factor in calculating the chances of party success. If that influence is not sufficiently potent to secure his own election, it might, in the present condition of parties, be fatal to any other Democratic candidate who might be run, if Mr. Tilden, feeling himself slighted, suffered personal pique to override party ties and opposed the man preferred to himself.

The Sitting of the Senate on April 16th was diversified by a scene between Senators Beck and Hoar, in which the latter endeavored to extract from Senator Beck a retractation of his threat which was to the effect that unless the President signed the appropriation bills as they were, *political riders and all*, the Democratic majority in Congress would refuse to vote supplies for the support of the Government.

Senator Beck, however, in reply refused to admit he had made such a threat, and an appeal was made to the record and the exact words used by the Senator were read, which Senator Hoar contended constituted a threat, but Mr. Beck denied the imputation. Eventually Mr. Bayard acted as peacemaker and effected a truce.

A Series of Frauds on the Revenue of a remarkable character have produced a loss of over a million dollars a year. Advertisements for old postage stamps are constantly appearing in daily newspapers, and some curiosity has been excited as to the purposes to which they were applied. It has now been discovered that it is possible to wash off the defacing mark impressed on them at the Post Office, and to make them do duty a second time. The Post Office authorities are engaged in experimenting on inks, with the view of manufacturing a kind the marks of which cannot be removed.

The Largest Single Subscription ever made in any country to a government funded loan was tendered by the First National Bank, on behalf of itself and eighteen other banking institutions of New York and Boston on April 17th. The subscription was for $150,000,000 bonds bearing interest at 4 per cent, and the transaction will doubtless have the effect of raising the financial credit of this country throughout the world to no small degree. Secretary Sherman has by his funding operations, replacing bonds bearing a higher rate of interest by those at a lower rate, saved the country since September, 1877, an amount which aggregates nearly $15,000,000 a year.

One of the More Prominent among the Leaders of the Confederacy during the war, General Richard Taylor, died in this city, April 12th. He was born near Louisville, Ky., January 27th, 1826, and was the only son of President Zachary Taylor. After graduating from Yale College in 1845, he participated with his father in the Mexican War, and then retired to a large sugar plantation in Louisiana, where he continued to reside until the breaking out of the Rebellion. Since the close of the war he has lived in New Orleans, employed in a public office. He has contributed during the last three years some notable papers to the *North American Review*, and recently published a volume that has attracted attention on "Destruction and Reconstruction."

The First of the Appropriation Bills will not, it is expected, reach the President before the end of April ; and it will then be loaded with political amendments which render its acceptance doubtful. It is therefore not impossible that we shall have an almost uninterrupted period of political excitement, extending through this summer and autumn, the next session of Congress, and the Presidential canvass of 1880, which cannot be called a pleasant or reassuring prospect.

Sunday in Cincinnati.—The Religious Portion of the inhabitants have taken steps to promote the better observance of the Lord's Day in Cincinnati.

A committee of prominent men have gone to the Legislature at Columbus, carrying with them a petition praying for a law to suppress the immoral practices hitherto allowed on Sundays. All classes and all denominations signed willingly, for the evil had assumed large proportions, and it is the universal wish that the outrageous variety shows and low dens of infamy be suppressed, if not on week days, *at least on Sunday*, which, being established as a day of rest, all feel should not be given over to wild orgies and dissipation.

Nine Thousand Dollars Sent in Answer to prayer.—The Bible and Fruit Mission, which has done so much good in New York among the sick poor, was recently in need of a large sum of money to complete the building of a coffee-house, urgently needed to counteract the influence of the liquor-saloons in the neighborhood of the Convalescent Home. While the faith of some was staggered, a band of believing workers *for six weeks* waited in importunate and regular prayer. With quiet assurance, at last, that the requisite means would be granted, the original mover in the work waited the event which transpired. When it was announced that a gentleman of large wealth had called upon Miss Susan R. Kendall, the President of the Association, and pledged the sum of $9000, the band of praying, believing women, active members of the Association, was thrilled with feelings that found a response in the hearts of all sympathizing in the work.

On Wednesday April 16th, at the praise meeting there were many petitions for blessing upo the donor, who is Mr. J. J. Astor of this city.

The Day Nursery Established in Connectio with the Female Branch of the New York Cit Mission is a great benefit to poor women in th city. The report just issued says : " The statistics of four months show an average daily attendance of twenty-five children. Several mother have been able to procure work who could no have done so but for this provision for the chi dren. Nor is this all ; mothers who before ha not realized how much the loveliness of their li tle ones would be increased by cleanliness hav learned a lesson they seem not to forget. S great is our interest and faith in this mode giving help and instruction together, we woul be glad to see such nurseries established all ove the city, in locations convenient to the thousan of poor women who are forced to leave the little ones to earn their daily bread."

So much good work is being done in man ways by this branch of the City Mission, that ought not to languish for lack of funds. A de of over $900 exists, for the liquidation of whic contributions would be welcomed. They shou be sent to Mrs. A. R. Brown, 50 Bible House.

A Pie-seller's Benevolence.—A Gentlema well known for his generous benefactions w asked what part of his income he was in t habit of contributing to the Lord's treasur "I do not know," said the brother ; " I do ve much as the woman did who was famous for t excellence of her rhubarb pies. She put in much sugar as her judgment dictated, and th shut her eyes and put in a handful more : I gi all my judgment approves, and then add a han ful without counting it." We commend t plan to those who believe that " he that sowe bountifully shall reap also bountifully," a who wish to err upon the safe side.

An Infidel Comedian Converted.—Mr. E. P. Hammond, whose labors in Ontario have been reatly blessed, found an opening among the rand Trunk Railway employ s of Brantford, umbering some 150 men. He made it a prac-ce with some of the Christian workers to hold half-hour meeting at noon in their reading oom, where the stage of *a small theatre* the en have erected is converted into a pulpit for he preacher and seats for the choir. A great ork is begun among these men. One of them amed Alfred Stevens, who was *a comedian* in he Grand Trunk Dramatic Company, is convert-d. This man two weeks ago was mocking and aricaturing Mr. Hammond, and was a promi-ent member of an infidel society.

The ministers of Chatham have united in a ard, in which they say that, as the result of Mr. Hammond's three weeks' labor in Chatham, *ore than a thousand persons*, of all classes of ociety, have professed conversion.

An Immigrant's Landing in the Country of is adoption is a circumstance which never ades from his memory. He is beginning a ew life, and his mind is just then peculiarly live to impressions of good or evil. It is, there-ore, with great pleasure we notice that through he agency of the New York Bible Society all he immigrants to this port have for some time ast been presented with a copy of the New Tes-ament *in their own language* as they landed at Castle Garden.

During the past year the Society has circulated 9,854 volumes. Several hundred foreign vessels ere supplied with the Scriptures, and 11,000 opies through their aid have found their way nto Roman Catholic ports.

The Negro Exodus.—John Brown, Jr., of Put-n-Bay, Ohio, son of "Ossawatomie" Brown, leclares his intention of volunteering his servi-es to aid the colored refugees from the South. He thinks that the time has come for another grand rescue of the colored race, and although e is now fifty-eight years old, he is ready to de-ote his remaining energies to the cause which was so dear to himself and his father.

A mass meeting of colored people was held in Union Church, on Seventh Street, Cincinnati, on Monday night, at which measures were adopted to extend relief to the suffering negroes at St. Louis. A large contribution was received dur-ng the exercises, and a committee was appointed to canvass the city and solicit aid.

A New Feature in Church Ownership and Pastorship has been displayed in Brooklyn, by the purchase of what was formerly known as the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Tompkins and Willoughby avenues, by a Boston lady named Miss Anna Oliver. This lady bought the building the week before last for $14,000, and on Sunday morning April 6th, she went upon the platform, a large congregation having assembled, and with coolness and self-possession announced herself as the new pastor, and declared her reliance upon the Lord God, who, she fully believed, had prompted her to the step she had taken and guided her in it. Miss Oliver then conducted service in the usual Methodist form, and repeated it in the evening. The church is to be wholly independent, and is to be known as the Apostolic Methodist Episcopal Church.

True to his God and Country.—The Truth of the text "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him," was remarkably exemplified in the case of Deacon Norris, who when living in Delaware on the Chesapeake at the period of the war between this country and Great Britain, was captured while riding through the country by the British, who supposed him to be a scout. Deacon Norris was taken on board one of the British men-of-war then in Chesapeake Bay, and information sought from him respecting the American forces, but he simply replied, "You may kill me, but you cannot make me tell you any thing about our army." His faithfulness not only to his country, but also to his God, was shortly afterwards remarkably manifested, for being present at a dinner on board the flag-ship of the fleet, at its close, when toasts and songs were passing around, a song was demanded from the good Deacon, and as no refusal would be taken by his captors, he consented, and commenced the beautiful hymn of Isaac Watts :

> "Sweet is the work, my God! my King!
> To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing."

As he sang on in a rich voice, the remembrance of his loved ones at home and his own captivity filled the old man's eyes with tears, and at its close a solemn silence had come over the whole party. The Commodore then said, "Mr. Norris, you are a good man, and you shall be sent home." And accordingly he was, accompanied by a highly valuable present of salt, then very scarce at his home. So did a godly man for righteousness sake face an ignominious death, and by his consistency and Christian sincerity pass through all danger, so that not a hair of his head was touched.

A Tiger Scared by a Mouse.—A Tiger kept at the British Residency at Calcutta, India, used to be annoyed far more by a mouse than by poking at him with a stick in his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse whenever it was tied by a string to the end of a pole and thrust close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it he leaped to the opposite side; and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself in the corner, and stood trembling, and roared terribly in ecstacy of fear. Sometimes he had to pass over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards, and then he generally took a kind of flying leap so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage. Cruelty and cowardice are frequently found existing together in the same constitutions in men as in animals. There are blustering revilers of religion who, in the words of Scripture, are faint of heart, so that "The sound of a shaken leaf chases them : and they flee as fleeing from a sword, and fall when none pursueth."

Famine in Egypt.—Sad scenes resulting from the lack of water in the Nile this summer are reported from the banks of that river. One correspondent says : "Passing in the morning we saw a wretched old woman and two children lying on the river bank. The children were skin and bone, and the woman scarcely distinguishable as a human being. We gave her bread, but she seemed unable to eat it, and after a few sighs and moans fell back into her semi-comatose state. She could hardly have lived through the night, and there were several like her. At the same place we noticed a handsome girl of sixteen or so standing on the bank. On asking her what she wanted, she replied, 'Bread,' and ate greedily a piece of the coarse bran bread of the country. Her gratitude knew no bounds when presented with a few piastres, and she unfolded her small history—how she had walked from her native village, where her family were all dead, in hopes of finding relief at Assiout, but had found none, and was still another unit added to the crowd of hunger-stricken Arabs flocking in daily."

A Remarkable Account has just been pub-lished by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The fact is related by Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of the British colony in South Africa. Sir Bartle asserted that he met "with an instance, *which was carefully investigated*, in which all the inhabitants of a remote village in Hindoostan had abjured idolatry and caste, removed from their temples the idols which had been worshipped there time out of mind, and agreed to profess a form of Christianity which they had deduced for themselves from the careful perusal *of a single Gospel and a few tracts.*" These books had been left amongst them, not by a missionary, but by a merchant, who had never spoken of Christianity. This is certainly an extraordinary instance, but he who believes in the power of the Spirit and of the Truth will see in it a manifestation of the power of the Holy Spirit over the minds of men even in an untutored state.

THE THREE WHATS.

A Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places."—EPHESIANS I : 18–20.

The Opened Eye a Necessity—I. What is to be Seen and Known—1. The Hope of His Calling—Abraham's Hope in His Calling—The Christian's Hope—He Hopes for Divine Protection—For Absolute Perfection — Eternal Happiness — 2. What are the Riches of Glory—God's Inheritance in the Saints—He has Spent upon Them Riches of Love—A Wealth of Wisdom—A Life of Suffering—What the Christian Becomes—Will you Miss It?—3. What is the Greatness of His Power—II. Why we Wish you to Know This—That you may not Despair.

YOU see the text begins with a *personal experience within the mind and judgment*—"the eyes of your understanding being enlightened." Every thing depends upon *the opened eye:* the scene may be fair, and the light may be bright, but if the sight be gone all is in vain.

Zedekiah had his eyes put out by the king of Babylon, and then he was taken down to the imperial city, but for aught he could enjoy of all its splendor he might as well have been in a desert. There were vast halls and palaces, and hanging gardens and a city wall which was the wonder of the world, so that Babylon is called by the prophet "the glory of kingdoms and the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency:" but the blinded monarch beheld nothing of all the grandeur of the golden city, and to him her wealth was as though it had not been.

Thus is it with us by nature; we have no apprehension of spiritual things, no power to discern eternal good, but our foolish heart is darkened. Therefore the Lord must first enlighten the eyes of our understanding, or else, however precious the truth, and however clearly it may be stated, we shall never be able to apprehend it.

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTIANS.

Now, the prayer of our text was offered *for Christians*—for converted persons, for those who had faith in Christ Jesus and love to all the saints; yet Paul says that he never ceased to pray that their eyes might be enlightened. Yes, brethren, he who sees most needs to have his eyes enlightened to see more, for how little as yet of the glory of God have any of us beheld!

Even that favored pilgrim who has been led by the shepherds to the top of Mount Clear, to stand there with telescopic glass and gaze into the glories of Immanuel's land, has yet only commenced to perceive the things which God has prepared for them that love Him. I pray God that if we do already see, *we may see more*, until our eye shall be so strengthened that the light of the New Jerusalem shall not be too strong for us, but amid the splendor of God which outshines the sun we shall find ourselves at home.

But if believers need to have their eyes enlightened, how much more must those *who are unconverted.* They are altogether blinded, and consequently their need of enlightenment is far greater. They were born blind, and the god of this world takes care yet further to darken their minds. Around them there broods a sevenfold midnight, the gloom of spiritual death. "They meet with darkness in the daytime, and grope in the noonday as in the night." O blind eye, may Jesus touch thee! May the Spirit bring His sacred eye-salve and make thee see, and though it is not ours to give thee eyes, we would tell thee what is to be seen, hoping that, peradventure, while we give the description, God may give thee eyes with which to verify our report.

I. First, then, *what is to be seen and known, according to the text?* When you heard me read it, you must have noticed that it contains three "whats." "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened, that ye may know *what* is the hope of His calling, and *what* the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and *what* the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe."

1. Our first point is,

"WHAT IS THE HOPE OF HIS CALLING?"

A great many persons never think about religion, because they cannot believe that there is much in it. If they had half an idea of what is to be gained by it *even now*, and of the unspeakable blessedness which will come of it throughout eternity, surely their own desire to benefit themselves would incline them diligently to consider it, even if they went no further. So promising a matter is at least worth looking into, for it would be a great pity to miss present and eternal happiness if it can be had.

The idea of the text seems to me to be illustrated well by the patriarch Abraham. Abraham was living in his father's house in Ur of the Chaldees when a call came to him. That call came from God. He was to separate himself entirely and to get away to a land which he had never seen. What was the hope *of that calling?* It was the hope that God would give him a seed, and give to that seed a land to dwell in. Thus spake the Lord unto him: "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

The great nation which should spring from him would possess the land in which he was to wander as a pilgrim and a stranger, according to the word of the Lord—"For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." For the sake of that hope he forsook every thing, and dwelt in tents, a pilgrim and a sojourner with God, living entirely by faith, but living grandly and sublimely, and thus becoming the father of all believers through all ages, greater than a prince among the sons of men.

Now, there comes to every man who is a true Christian a call from God. We speak of it by the name of "*effectual calling*." The Spirit of God personally applies the truth of Scripture to the heart, and makes the chosen man to feel that it belongs to him. The believer perceives that he is separated from others by the sovereign grace of God, and that therefore he must come out from the world, and no longer live according to the sight of the eyes and the hearing of the ears, but must live by faith upon God, as seeing Him who is invisible.

This makes the believer very different from the rest of mankind. Those who walk by sight do not understand him. They generally misrepresent him, and frequently they hate him, but he is content to be unknown, for he remembers it is written, "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." "Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not."

But what is the prospect which leads the believer to this life? What is *the hope* of His calling? Brethren, let me describe the hope of those of us who have come out to walk by faith in Christ Jesus. We have already obtained enough abundantly to reward us for obedience to the call, and even if nothing were shut up in the closed hand of Hope, her open hand has greatly enriched us. Christian man, you have in possession already the forgiveness of your sin, acceptance in Christ, adoption into the divine family, and the nature, rank, and rights of a child of God.

You already possess that which makes you amongst the happiest of mankind, and often do you feel that if it should turn out that there is no hereafter and if you should die like a dog, yet still your faith in God has given you such consolation and such strength, such peace and such joy, that you would bless God that ever you had it. Our hope has not injured us either as to character or to happiness, and even if it turned out to be false we are at least as well off as the unbeliever. *Still our main possession lies in hope.* We carry a bag of *spending money* in our hands, but the bulk of our wealth is deposited in

THE BANK OF HOPE.

What then is the Christian's hope?

Well, first, he hopes and believes that *he shall be under divine protection forever* and ever, that he shall be the object of divine love time out of mind, and when time shall be no more. He hopes that all things shall work together for his good in the future as he perceives they have done in the past, and as he is persuaded they are doing now. He expects a stormy voyage, but because Christ is at the helm he hopes to come to the fair havens at the last. He expects to be tempted, but he hopes to be upheld. He expects to be slandered, but he hopes to be cleared. He expects to be tried, but he hopes to triumph. Sustained by this hope he dreads no labors and fears no difficulties.

"He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, hoping in his God, surmounts them all."

His hope is that all through life, whether that be long or short (and he has not much care about the number of his years), underneath him will be the everlasting arms. He hopes that the Lord will be his shepherd, and he shall not want. He hopes that goodness and mercy will follow him all the days of his life. Hence he is not afraid to die, for then he expects to come into actual possession of his best possessions. He looks for his best things last. He believes that when it is time for him to depart, Jesus will come and meet him, and the thought of that meeting puts aside all idea of the grim terrors of the grave. His hope leaps over the grave, and lands him in a glorious resurrection. Does not the hope of our calling open grandly?

We hope also, and have good ground for it, that after death at the day of judgment we shall have, as we believe we have now, a perfect justification. A dread assize will be held. Upon a great white throne reflecting all things, and brilliant with its purity, Jesus the Judge of all will sit, and He shall separate the mass of mankind into two portions, as a shepherd divides the sheep from the goats. We know that in that day He will discern those who believed in Him and trusted Him and obeyed Him and sought to be like Him, and we hope that we shall be of that blessed number. Is not this brave hoping? The hope of a man who sings on forever,—living in the circle of divine love, dying beneath the protection of divine power, and abiding in the judgment justified by divine justice: accepted in the beloved, and beloved of the Father.

What else hope we for? *We hope for absolute perfection.* The God who has changed our hearts will continue the good work of sanctification till He has taken every sin out of us, every desire for sin, every possibility of sin. We expect Him to renew our minds and prevent our making so many mistakes in judgment. We expect Him to renew our hearts that they may be wholly set on divine and heavenly things.

We hope, also, that *this body of ours will be perfected.* It will lie in the grave and moulder into dust, unless our Lord Jesus should come before our death hour. Of this we make small account, having no very intense desire to avoid the grave wherein our glorious Redeemer lay. We have nothing to lose, but much to gain, by dying, for therein we put off our mortality that at the resurrection we may put on immortality.

"Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till when the Lord our Saviour comes
We put it on afresh."

We are looking forward to a time when we shall have done with aches and pains, with weariness and decay, with old age and its infirmities, and with all liability to death. We expect *perpetual youth* to be our portion, and that joy shall thrill through every nerve and sinew of our frame, which now, alas! so often becomes the theatre of agony. Yes, this is our hope, perfection of spirit, soul, and body; for Christ has redeemed the whole, and He will have the whole to be His inheritance, and in the whole of our manhood His glorious image shall be reflected forever.

What else is the hope of our calling? Why, that being thus cleared in judgment and made absolutely perfect, we shall forever—for eternal duration is the glory of our heritage—we shall forever enjoy infinite happiness. We do not know what form the joys of eternity will take, but they will take such form as shall make us the most happy. We shall have heaven's best, yea God's best, and what that is who among us can guess, though he use all his knowledge and give the reins to his expectancy? We shall be supremely blessed, for at the right hand of God there are pleasures for evermore. *This is the hope of our calling.*

Oh, sirs, is not this worth the having? Is not this worth striving for? When you count the cost, what cost is worth the counting? Might not a man for this lay down all that he has, yea, and his life also, to keep this pearl of exceeding price?

And what if you should miss it? What, if you should miss it? What, if it could be proven, as it never will be, that there are no pains of hell and no eternal wrath, yet is not this enough—to have lost this immortality of glory, this immortality of honor, and of likeness to God? This pain of loss, may none of us ever incur it; *for it is hell to lose heaven, it is infinite misery to miss infinite felicity.*

I do pray that you may know "what is the hope of His calling," and that when you know it you may cry, "I will have it. If it is to be had, by God's grace I will have it now." So may it be, for Christ's sake.

2. And now I turn to the second "what" of the text, and that is more marvellous still. I am sure I cannot preach the text out, it is too great for me; but here it is—"That ye may know

WHAT ARE THE RICHES

of the glory of His inheritance in the saints."

Mark well that God's people are by grace mad to be His saints, His select, His holy ones, an then they are viewed as His inheritance. Th whole world is Gods'. The cattle on a thousan hills and all lands and seas are His, and yonde starry worlds which in profusion are sown i space are all His, but He deigns to call sanctified men and women His inheritance *in a specia sense.* They are His peculiar treasure, Hi crown jewels, dear and precious to Him. "Th Lord's portion is His people, Jacob is the lot His inheritance.

I want you to think of this grand truth, b cause *practical results* flow from it. If you an I are believers in Jesus we are God's inheritanc and the Lord has what the apostle calls "t riches of the glory of His inheritance in t saints." But how can God make riches out poor men and women? They are believers Jesus, but what is there in them that He coun to be riches—riches of glory, too?

We answer, first, he has spent *riches of lo* upon them, for he loves them, poor as they a and sick and sorry as they often are. He lov them from before the foundation of the worl and you know how precious a thing becom when you love it. It is a beloved keepsal and you would not part with it for a mint gold. It may have little intrinsic value, but you have long set your heart upon it how d it becomes to you! God has loved His people long and so intensely, with such an unboun love, that there is a wealth in them to heart.

Moreover, the Lord has spent *a wealth of* *dom* on His saints. A material may be alm valueless at first, but when a wise man has e cised his thought and skill upon it, the va may be enhanced a thousand-fold. But has thought of His saints forever. Ete wisdom found her delights with the sons of and occupied herself on their behalf before foundation of the world. His thoughts of dom and prudence have been exercised upon nts, and hence it is that there is a riches of ory about them.

What is more, when the riches of His love d of His wisdom had been expended it came pass that it was necessary that He should end *a life of suffering* upon them.

As the Lord looks over all that He has made e sees nothing that has cost Him suffering d death till He comes to His people. Jesus ows what the saints cost Him. He estimates em at a rate usual among men, for men say, 'The price is what it will fetch," and Jesus ows what His people fetched when He re-emed them by giving Himself for them. easured by that standard God hath indeed hes of glory in His inheritance in the saints.

And then there comes great glory to God om the workmanship which He puts into His ople. When He made the world it was with a ice. "He spake, and it was done." When e made the things that are, He had but to will d they stood forth; but in the making of a ristian it needs *the labor of the Godhead;* ther, Son, and Holy Spirit must all work to eate a new creature in Christ Jesus. The Father ist beget, the Son must redeem, the Spirit ist regenerate; and when this is done the dhead's omnipotence must be put forth to ep a Christian alive, and to perfect Him, and esent Him "faultless before the presence of od with exceeding joy."

An artisan can put into a small piece of iron, no worth at all, so much labor that it shall be lued at scores of pounds, and the Triune God n expend so much workmanship upon our or nature that a man shall be more precious an the gold of Ophir. Valued thus, the Lord ay well speak of "the riches of the glory of is inheritance in the saints."

Now, as I want if I can to lead you into a nse of this glory for a minute, I should like u to accompany me while I speak somewhat refully but yet enthusiastically about *what the ristian becomes* when God has perfected His ork upon him.

The perfected saints will be creatures of *a very culiar form*, for they will not be pure spirit, ssociated from matter. I understand yonder irits before the throne standing in their obeence, because they have no materialism to hamer them and drag them down. Angels are irits without material bodies, and they obey od, hearkening to His commandments; but a rfected saint is a creature in which the mateal is linked with the spiritual. Such are we w, and I suppose, in a measure, such shall we ide, and yet there will be no sin in us, no viotion of the divine command.

Think, again, dear friends. There once stood bright spirit in heaven, leader of the angels, ut the place was too high for him, and the son f the morning fell from heaven and dragged thers with him. God is making, by His grace, eings who will stand next His throne, but will emain reverently loyal forever. *They* will be eers in His kingdom, but *they* will never be roud or ambitious.

We, my brethren, though in full possession of ur free agency, shall never fall from our eternal lory, but shall be faithful forever. We shall ave passed through such an experience of sin, e shall so intensely feel our indebtedness to race, we shall so fervently love the dear Reeemer, that we shall cast our crowns at His eet, and we shall ascribe our joy to Him alone, nd so shall never dream of revolting from Him. God is thus making beings whom it will e safe to exalt to honors so near His own: will ot this be a triumph of power and goodness? an you think of it, that you will be one of such avored creatures, if indeed you are a believer?

These beings will have known evil. Think of hat. The unfallen angels have never actually nown evil, but in restored man shall be fulilled the devil's lie made into God's truth: "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." hey shall hate evil as the burnt child dreads the re, and they shall love righteousness, because y righteousness they have been saved, and in righteousness they have been created anew. How wonderful will that creature be which has known sin, and remains a free agent, and yet will never yield to folly, but abide forever in holiness, held by bonds of love. Oh, when I think of the destiny of a child of God, my eyes sparkle, but my tongue refuses to utter what I think.

Now, the point is, that if this be the riches of God's glory in His inheritance in the saints, you may read it in another way, and say, "This is *the riches of our inheritance too*, for what shall we be if God is to have us for an inheritance?"

WILL YOU MISS IT? WILL YOU MISS IT?

If this be a dream, I could wish to die rather than have the illusion dispelled. But it is fact, as God's Word is true. Will you miss it, then? Oh, if there were crowns to be scrambled for, most men are ambitious enough to seek for one, though it might be a curse to them. If there be gold, or if there be fame, men have but to hear the chink of the metal or the blast of the trumpet, and many stir themselves to win; but here is honor, and glory, and immortality in Christ, and it is to be had for the asking; it is to be had by simply believing and trusting in Jesus Christ,—Will you not have it? Oh, false hand that is not stretched out to receive it! Oh, false heart that does not pray for it! God grant you to know what is the "riches of His inheritance in the saints," that you may seek to be a part in that inheritance and seek it now.

3. Now, the third "what:"

"WHAT IS THE EXCEEDING GREATNESS OF HIS POWER

to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places." I thought I heard somebody saying, "Woe is me! Woe is me! I hear of what man may be, I hear of what God may make of Him, but woe is me; it will never come to my lot. I am so weak, so fickle, so irresolute, so frail. Woe is me; I am undone. I have no strength." Now, the third "what" is this: "that ye may know what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward, who believe."

Now, learn ye this and know it—that in the conversion, preservation, and salvation of any one person God exhibits as great power as He manifested when He raised Jesus Christ from the dead and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places. The salvation of no man in the world is by His own strength. It is by the power of God, "for we are His workmanship."

This fact should greatly relieve you who are discouraged: the thing is impossible with you, but it is not impossible, or even hard, with God. He that has wrought *us* to the selfsame thing is God, and He is quite as able to work it in you, my dear hearer, as to work it in the Apostle Paul himself. God can do all things. Now, when our Lord Jesus lay in the tomb He was dead, but God quickened Him. Jesus was imprisoned in the sepulchre, and the stone at the grave's mouth was sealed and guarded; but the stone was rolled away and the guards were affrighted, and the Lord of life rose from among the dead.

You will be opposed by the powers of darkness, and by your own evil heart; but you shall conquer, for God will put forth the same power in you which He manifested in His dear Son, and you, too, shall lead captivity captive. The very same power which raised Christ is waiting to raise the drunkard from his drunkenness, to raise the thief from his dishonesty, to raise the Pharisee from his self-righteousness, to raise the Sadducee from his unbelief. God has power among the sons of men, and this power He puts forth in making them to be a people that shall show forth His praise. Oh that you knew what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, because then you would fling away despair.

There remains nothing for you in this case but to submit to the Divine power. God will work in you; be willing to be worked upon. O Spirit of the Lord, work in our hearers this good will. Drop yourselves like plastic clay, at the potter's feet, and He will put you on the wheel and mould you at His pleasure. Be willing, it is all He asks you; be trustful, it is all His gospel requires of you, and indeed both will and trust He gives you. "If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land."

II. The last word is to be upon the second head:

WHY WE WISH YOU TO SEE AND KNOW ALL THIS.

I have in effect been all along enforcing this second head as the sermon has progressed, and so I shall not need to detain you many minutes, except with a practical recapitulation.

We want you to know *the hope of his calling* that you may not neglect it, nor set any thing in competition with it. I tried, as my poor words enabled me to tell you, what a hope the calling of God gives the Christian. I charge you, do not let it go. I shall, probably, never meet the most of you again, and if any shall say to you afterwards, "Well, what said the man?" I would like you to be compelled to say, "He said this—that there is a future before us of such glory that He charged us not to lose it. There are the possibilities of such intense delight forever and ever that he besought us to insure that delight by accepting Christ and His way of salvation."

Next we want you to believe *the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints*, that you may see where your hope lies. Your hope lies in not being your own any more, but in being the Lord's, and so realizing "the riches of the glory of God's inheritance in the saints." The saints belong to their Lord: your salvation will be found in experimentally knowing that you are not your own, because you are bought with a price; yea, in admitting at this moment that your honor and happiness is found in being the Lord's. If you are your own you will spend yourself and be ruined, but if you are Christ's He will take care of you.

Oh, if I thought that I had a hair of this head that belonged to myself alone I would tear it out; but to be owned by Jesus altogether, spirit, soul, and body; to be Christ's man in the entireness of my being, this is glory, and immortality, and eternal life. Be your own, and you will be lost: be Christ's, and you are saved.

The closing thought is this. We want you to know *the exceeding greatness of God's power, that you may not doubt, or despond, or despair*, but come now and cast yourselves upon the incarnate God, and let Him save you. Yield yourselves unto Him, that the great glory of His power may be manifest in you as in the rest of His people. I am loth that you should go till you have really hidden these things in your hearts to ponder them in after days. I set bread before you; do not merely look at it, but eat a portion now and carry the rest home to eat in secret.

Our preaching is often too much *like a fiddler's playing*. People come to see how it is done, and then they pass round the question, "What think ye of him?" Now, I do not care two straws what you think of *me*, but I do care a whole world what you think of Christ, and of yourselves, and of your future state. I pray you forget the way in which I put things, for that may be very blundering and faulty; but if there be any thing in the things themselves *consider them with care*. If you judge the Bible to be a fraud, and that there is no heaven to be had, then go, sport and laugh as you please, for you will only act consistently with your erroneous imagination; but if you believe God's Word to be true, and that there is a glorious hope connected with the Christian's high calling, then in the name of prudence and common-sense why do you not seek it?

Give no sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids till you find it. I ask the Lord's people here present, to pray that this appeal may have an effect upon many in this great crowd, that they may seek the Lord at once with full purpose of heart. O Spirit of God, work it, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE AT MILDMAY PARK, LONDON.

Address by the Rev. Canon Hoare, Tunbridge Wells.

Subject: "WORKING, WATCHING, WAITING."

Three Principles Involved in the Subject—We want to be—I. Doing the Work of the Latter Days—II. Watching against the Dangers of the Latter Days—III. Lifted up by the Strong Glorious Hope above the Cares and Anxieties of the Latter Days.

THERE is one principle I may lay down at the outset. If we are truly looking forward to the Advent, that blessed hope of the Church, "the glorious appearing of our great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," if we reverently trust that it may not be very long ere it takes place, then it follows that we regard ourselves, as we go back to our homes, as occupying the position of *men who are living in the latter days*—men who may at any moment meet the Lord—men who are called upon to fulfil the duties peculiar to the latter days.

Three principles are here involved. We want to be *doing the work* of the latter days; we have to *watch against the peculiar dangers of the latter days;* and we are *to be lifted up by that strong, bright, triumphant hope above the cares and anxieties of the latter days.*

I. First, we want to be *doing the work of the latter days.* What is the great work of the latter days? I answer without any hesitation that there is one great work for the Church of God pre-eminently peculiar to the latter days; and that great work is, *the work of Missions.* "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

God is accomplishing the number of His own elect Church from among the Gentiles; and the joy of that Advent will not arrive till the number of the elect be complete. So whenever we lay the body of a dear friend in the grave, waiting for the resurrection, we pray God "shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord." If, then, we look for the Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ as the blessed consummation, then, brethren, it behoves us to do what we can to hasten that consummation, and throw our whole energy and strain every nerve into the making up of the number of God's elect, and for completing the number of those who are to fill up the olive tree; and this we do by preaching the Gospel, that is by Missions.

II. I pass on to the *second* point. If we are looking forward to "the glorious appearing of our great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ," that blessed hope which is set before us in Him, we must be prepared to *watch against the dangers of the latter days.* I know of no passage that encourages me to hope that we are just to go straight on to the harvest of the latter days without having to meet the dangers of these days, and without having to encounter the difficulties without and difficulties within, difficulties in the world and difficulties in the Church.

If we are looking forward for the speedy outpouring of the seventh vial (Rev. 16), when the Lord takes the kingdom, we must remember the warning given to us at the outpouring of the sixth vial, viz., that three unclean spirits should come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world. "Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame."

We are at that precise point now, and if we are to triumph right on to the end, we must be fully prepared for seductive influences acting on our minds, and for such influences working in our people's minds—unsettling, disturbing, and harassing. We must be prepared to see various combinations of error and seductive powers, not merely acting in a general way, but in one distinct shape, and in another distinct shape, and in a third distinct shape; and in every possible combination of the three working together to prevent the establishment of the kingdom.

Now of such a time the Lord tells us, "Watch and pray," and the message again in Revelation is, "Watch." "Watch and keep thy garments," lest when He comes, and the song of triumph swells up from the great multitude of God's elect, gathered from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west, clothed in white robes, and with palms in their hands, any Christian brother should be found in the midst of them *naked.* Naked before his fellow-men; naked before the angels of God; naked before God Himself. Surely we may well listen to the voice of warning, "Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame."

III. Then we come to the *third* point. We have not only to do the work of the latter days, not only to watch against the seductions of the latter days, but also we are to be *lifted up by that strong, bright, glorious hope above the cares and anxieties of the latter days.* I believe these latter days are to be full of care. There are to be *political* cares: "Nation shall rise against nation," "Wars and rumors of wars." There are to be *commercial* cares: "Men's hearts failing them for fear," "Distress of nations with perplexity." And apparently a great *loss of confidence.* Now, we are not here to-night to interpret the prophetic Word so much as to apply it; but I cannot help thinking there is something very remarkable in these words, and in the wonderful commercial depression and lack of confidence over the entire world. It is not, as in times past, in one nation or another, but all nations have at present the same cares, the same want of confidence; men's hearts are indeed failing them for fear.

Then *physical* cares: "Great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences." Then again there are *religious* cares; there are to be seducing spirits in the world, and in the midst of the Christian Church. Alas! as we look on the Church of Christ our hearts are bowed down sometimes, I fear it is oftentimes, with all we see within it—the heresies, the divisions, the looseness of those who are Christians, the unbrotherliness of spirit, and the half-heartedness. Do we not find all these in the Church?

Now, I can understand people being sorely discouraged by all these things, but it must not be so with those who are looking for the Advent—they have been forewarned of all these things. Other men may have their "hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth;" but if we know what is coming—and we reverently hope and believe that we do know what is coming, "for ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief in the night"—we shall not fear. Why not? Because we are looking for our blessed Lord—looking for our blessed Lord, who Himself said, "When these things begin to come to pass"—(mark the words, "*begin* to come to pass;" we are not to wait till all these things are finished)—"then look up and lift up your heads."

We are, then, to *study unfulfilled prophecy*, and be prepared for these things beforehand, so that when they "begin to come to pass" we are to do what? To "look up, to lift up your heads: for your redemption draweth nigh." Now I need not stop to point out to you that the word *Redemption* here does not mean *Atonement;* there are people who get into this confusion, and it is caused by a wrong idea of the word. Its meaning I would say is twofold, *deliverance* and *atonement.* Christ on the cross *completed* forever our atonement. It does not mean, then, our *atonement draweth nigh.* Thanks be to God, that was completed, finished on Calvary eighteen hundred years ago, and nothing on earth or hell can undo that work. It was completed when that cry went up, "*It is finished!*"

The meaning of the word here is, "your Deliverer, or Redeemer, draweth nigh." Your loving Lord who did the work draweth nigh, and He is drawing nigh now, in His resurrection power He draweth nigh. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, to gather the dear departed from their graves, to open those graves which we have seen close over the dust of dear departed friends, and to call the living ones to Himself.

Let us then, if we believe, as many of us do, that these things have indeed begun to come to pass, lift up our heads and look up; looking for that day, when not only the ransomed spirits but the risen bodies shall come forth to meet the Lord in the air; when all His own shall hear His voice, the voice of the Son of Man, and shall live; when the whole number of God's elect shall be gathered; when not one of them shall be missing; when there shall be one grand glorious gathering together of the saints in loving unity around their Head; when the sleeping saints shall be raised, and the living saints shal be "caught up together to meet the Lord in th air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Having such a wondrous hope, can we be dis heartened by cares without or anxieties within Can we allow our heads to hang down, becaus nations rise against nations, and kingdom against kingdoms? Are we to be despondent i a time of commercial distress? Are our heart to fail because we see one and another dear t us carried to the grave? No, brethren—we wh look for the King, we who look for "that blessed hope"—we are sure of this, that He is com ing, that He is indeed living; He is now living He is now reigning, and we are indeed shadowe by His omnipotence.

But we look for more—we look for His com ing for us, and we know that cares and trials an anxieties shall then be ended. We are like th disciples tossed on the stormy sea; the wate seem to break over the ship, but let our gran thought be "watching and praying;" and th Lord is on the mountain-top "watching an praying" also, and soon, soon we shall see Hi walking over the waters, and hear Him sayin "Peace, be still." So we look up, and lift our heads, for our Redeemer draweth nigh.

LOOKING FOR THE MORNING STAR

Address at the Mildmay Conference, by Rev. I Mackay.

Practical Star-Gazing—The Lord's Coming t Christian's Pole-Star—Parable of the Ten V gins—Anecdote of a Midshipman—Are Watching?—The Missionary's Answer—Chr Desires to be Remembered—The Hope of t Lord's Coming a Separating and yet a Unit Truth—It should Increase our Activity—M sage to the Unconverted.

THERE is a very practical kind of *star-gazi* When I was crossing the Atlantic, I went deck one night, and saw the officer with his s tant gazing at the stars. "What are you do here?" "I am looking for the Pole-star." "What have you to do with the Pole-star?" drew himself up to his full height, and repli "The Pole-star is the sailor's idol." I k what the good fellow meant. The sailor g on the Pole-star, and by that fixes his latit and finds out exactly where he is. That s gazing is a practical thing on board ship, I tell you; it tells him how to navigate the sh

Now I should like to see many Christians lowing the sailor's example, and putting spiritual sextant to the prophetic heavens, f ing out just where they are in the age, and t latitude, and navigating by that. Interpre every thing in the light of His coming again, guiding their course, not by the shifting li of human reason and man's intelligence, bu the sure and blessed hope of the Lord's re —that is our Pole-star; and as our life and is corrected by observing this Pole-star, so we be in the mind of God. It is, then, a ctical thing, looking for the appearing of our at God and Saviour.

ow I was told to speak on this subject, "The ctical Influence of the Blessed Hope," and I e got down a hundred and twenty texts ch deal with it. But as I find that each text ld take me about a minute to read, so the le hundred and twenty texts would occupy hours to read off; and as I have only half hour to speak in, it would never do. I uld have liked to have read all the texts, but und it was no use trying to marshal this regi- nt of texts, and crushing them into half an ur.

ark what the Lord says, in the parable of the Virgins, of what is in fact the Church's pres- position—"They all slumbered and slept." What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." at is His command, and the opposite of ching is sleeping. So we have been doing very opposite of what He has commanded. en we ought to have been watching for the rn of the Lord, we have made ourselves nice nfortable pillows, and gone to sleep. Sleep state of insensibility, insecurity, and inac- ty. These are the characteristics of natural ep, and they are the characteristics of our at- ide towards the return of the Lord. We nt to get cured of that.

young friend of mine, a midshipman in the rcantile marine, lately returned from a long age of eleven months. He had never been sea before, and he told me some of his trou- s. When at home he had always been accus- ned to go to bed at a certain hour, and get a ht's sound sleep, but when he got to sea he l to take his regular watches in the night— r hours on the watch and four hours for sleep, l so on; he could not stand it at first, and d to feel terribly sleepy. Well, one night, he right down on the deck, and went to sleep. e officer of the watch saw him (and you know sea they don't stand on much ceremony; they n't tell you not to do a thing: they take good e you won't do it again) and called him.

He didn't, of course, answer at first, but the ond shout woke him up. "Why didn't you swer your officer when he called the first ne?" "I am afraid I was asleep."—"I think u were, and I don't think you'll sleep again en on watch. Every night for the next three eks, at twelve o'clock, you will go up to the als—whatever it blows, storm or hail, you go to the royals." Charlie told me he would ver forget it. For the next twenty-one ghts, whatever the weather, and although he ght have been up reefing the sails just before, midnight the first officer would cry, "Mizzen- p, Charlie!" and up he had to go. It cured n, though.

And if officers who have the care of a ship and e lives of the passengers have to be so careful, es not the Church deserve some such thing for mbering and sleeping when she should have en watching for the return of her blessed rd? I think our brother Captain Moreton uld tell us that in the old days in the navy it ed to be court-martial, and perhaps death, to to sleep on the watch.

What, then, of us who were to watch against e return of the Lord? Have we done so? e there not even now heathen who have never ard the name of Jesus? We were to watch. hat have we been doing? Making ourselves mfortable, going to nice Conferences, and all at sort of thing. Now, I thank God for these nferences, but they must be the means of aking us look out better than we have yet ne. I thank God for the happy Conferences America and in Canada, where the glorious bject of the Lord's return was brought to the nt. I thank God that in every city I visited, New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, the most iritual men are rousing up to inquire and look to these things.

I know that your prayers offered here are being swered, and that your brethren are being stir- d to look for the Lord, and I have been em- wered to bring back from these Conferences their greetings to those friends gathered at Mildmay, to which place all eyes are turned as a centre for the proclamation of the hope of the Lord from heaven. So from far-off China I have letters, and one of these, from one now laboring amongst the heathen, says, "I never shall forget to my dying day, or till the Lord return, the words I heard at Mildmay: 'Ye shall be witnesses for Me.'"

One asked a missionary who held these views, "Are you going to the heathen holding these pessimist views? what good will you do?" He replied, "I hold neither pessimist nor optimist views, or any such thing. I am a *truthist*;" and he quietly added, "If I did not hold these views, I would never go to the heathen." That is the only line of truth that will carry us through the work.

"*Watch and pray*" (Mark 13: 33). In connection with the Lord's return we may well be watching and praying. We have many stimulants to personal watchfulness and holiness. We can recall many of these, but the strongest is actual anticipation and watching for the return of our blessed Lord. "Every man that hath this hope in Him" (in Him, spell it with the capital H; it is not hope in ourselves, it is hope in Him, the Lord) "purifieth himself, even as He is pure." The man who is momentarily expecting the return of his Lord, to call him to Himself, will have the very strongest possible incentive to watchfulness against evil, and to prayer for deliverance from temptation. "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Another thing is, "*Exhort one another daily*" (Heb. 3: 13). And again, "Exhorting one another; and so much the more as ye see the day approaching" (Heb. 10: 25). So in a similar time in Israel's history, when the hope in many hearts was dim, we read, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name" (Mal. 3: 16). So it is not only the *worker* for Christ (though he certainly is rewarded), it is not only the worker who is rewarded, but also the *thinker*. The scholar shall be rewarded as well as the soldier, the student of prophecy as well as the laborer in the vineyard.

The Lord Himself teaches that He would be remembered; for when He was going away He left His people that table, the Lord's Supper; and He says, "Do this in remembrance of Me till I come again." And it is at a table that we are to remember Him, not at a cross, not at a tomb, not by some relics—relics are mementos of one who is lost. He is not lost; He is alive, and He is coming back. So it is not at a tomb, or at an open grave, that we are to remember Him, to remember Him as one that is dead. No, no; we remember Him as one who was dead, dead for us, but who is now alive again for evermore. Thus His remembrance feast is not at a tomb, but it is at a table, and there we hear the words, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the age."

Then the next thing is, "*Be ye separate*" (2 Cor. 6: 17). Some people think the truth about the return of the Lord Jesus Christ is not practical; it is practical, and it is the most practical of all truth. With some, I fear it seems too practical, and therefore they are afraid of it. Do you think a man who is really looking to be caught up "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," will care to face the risk of being caught up from suspicious company, from the theatre or from the ball-room? No, no; Christians who love such company dread this practical truth. A man who is expecting the Lord each moment will not cultivate the fellowship and companionship of the world.

The effect with him is to make him separate. The cords that bind him to the earth and to the world are cut, and thus this truth is a separating as well as a uniting truth. "For the Lord Himself shall come with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." "Caught up" from a world I have little in; "caught up" to meet the Lord; "caught up" from earth; "caught up" to Him; "caught up *together*,"—a beautiful word that *together*.

I believe the great agony of death is, to the Christian, not so much the fact of dying, as the fact of *separation*—separation from loved ones, from husband, from wife, from parents, from children, but in the coming of the Lord what a contrast to death; it is, "caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

Our Lord's own words as to the evil servant strongly bear on this very point. But if that evil servant shall say in his heart "My Lord delayeth His coming," what is the effect? It is then he begins to keep company with those he ought not, and to give up the company of those he ought to consort with. "Shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken."

Do you think that eating and drinking with the drunken, frequenting the ball-room, the theatre, or the bar-room is the proper place for those who profess the name of Christ, and who are waiting for Him to catch them up at any moment? No, no. No such thing. Thus the hope of the Lord's return is a *separating* truth, but it is also a *uniting* truth. Remember the subject is a grand subject to give light, but it also gives a blessed blindness. Paul going to Damascus was struck blind by the glory of Jesus, and if our eyes are filled with the glory of His coming, we shall be blinded to the faults of our brethren, but not blind to our own.

Our last text is, "*Go out quickly*" (Luke 14: 21). Here is *activity*. Go out with concentrated forces, and may our going out be in the right spirit—going out as witnesses for God, going out to "Compel them to come in."

How have we done this? Ah, how many steamers have we, as a nation, chartered to send out to South Africa to destroy men? I have nothing here to do with politics, and I am not considering whether the war be a right or wrong one; I simply speak of facts. A million and a half of money spent on a fleet to go out from this Christian land to destroy lives! And when all the power of God is given unto us in order that we may go out quickly to the heathen, when we have such a power and such a motive, how do we act? My brethren, the power is given us, but we fail to take it up and use it. And when we ought to be going out in the King's name, we stay at home and talk about it.

Why should we not send out battalions of missionaries—witnesses for God; not mere recruits, but the best we can find? Let them go out quickly, with the power of God in their hearts, and the Gospel of Christ in their hearts; with a dictionary in their hands, and the Bible and a few books in the language of the people among whom they go; let them go forth thus, obeying the Lord's last command—"Ye shall be witnesses for Me."

Now, unconverted friends, the message is for you just where you are, and as you are. There are just two things you need to know. That is, first, you need a Saviour; that's the first thing. You need not merely a helper, not merely a reformer, to help you to turn over a new leaf. You want *a Saviour*. "I am done for." That is the last thing a man will give in to; it is the last confession a man will make. But by the power of the Holy Ghost the awakened sinner is taught to make it.

But there is another thing, and that is—*there's a Saviour for you*. First, I need a Saviour. Second, there is a Saviour for you. For the moment you take the lost sinner's place, that moment you can claim the lost sinner's Saviour. Sinner, look outward, not inward; look upward, not downward; look forward, not backward. Thus will you find there's a Saviour for you.

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

A Life's Crisis.

[For the benefit of readers who may not have seen the previous numbers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD containing this story, we give the following outline of the narrative up to the point where the present chapter opens:

Clara Arnot was the only daughter of a widowed Christian lady, and had been brought up in the village of Wingsdale, in England. Her deceased brother's wife, Mrs. Emma Arnot, having been offered a home by Clara's mother, came over from Barbadoes with her four children, but made the house so disagreeable by her selfish and fretful conduct, that Mrs. Arnot was glad to let her daughter go to London on a visit to her cousin Ada Murray. There Clara was fascinated by the acquaintance of Sir Edwin Erskine, a distinguished writer, but a rationalist in faith. Mrs. Arnot, having read Sir Edwin's principal work, "The Master Mind," became alarmed about her daughter's being so much in his company. However, distrusting her own judgment, she resolved to submit the book to Mr. Ward, the clergyman at Wingsdale; and we now find her in his study with that object.]

"WELL, my dear Mrs. Arnot, this is a singular request, and one which I never anticipated from you," said the aged clergyman, with a smile, as, fixing his spectacles on his nose, he glanced at the title-page of the work which Mrs. Arnot had placed in his hand. When he raised his eyes, however, to the countenance of his friend, he was struck by its worn look and anxious expression—he felt that no light curiosity had led the widow lady to desire his opinion of a novel, and gravely and kindly he promised to give his attention to her request.

"To-day is Saturday, and I have much upon my hands," said the minister, whose desk was heaped with papers; "I shall not be able to look at the volumes at once, but my first leisure hours shall be given to their perusal, and you shall have my candid opinion upon their contents."

Often, very often, did the thoughts of Mrs. Arnot recur to "The Master-Mind" during that and the following day. She was distressed to find that even in the house of prayer she was haunted by the remembrance of the novel. On the Sabbath afternoon she was so unwell as to be confined to her room; not to remain there, however, in undisturbed peace, for again and again the door was burst open by Johnny, who clambered upon her bed to give her news of the chicken that had been nearly drowned, or to repeat to her a beautiful new verse which he had learned "just to please grandmamma." Mrs. Arnot's head throbbed so violently that she could scarcely raise it from the pillow to give the child a kind smile and a kind kiss. Once her eyes closed for a few mintues in sleep; when she opened them, Lyddie was standing beside her, looking on her with a strange, earnest gaze. The girl had brought a tangled bunch of *wild flowers*, which she laid silently beside the suffering lady, and left the room with her orphan heart warmed by the sweet words of thanks with which her ill-timed little offering had been received.

Monday, as usual, brought no post; but on Tuesday came the envelope directed in Clara's well-known hand, which it was Johnny's delight to carry at full speed to his grandmother, demanding the postage of a kiss. Mrs. Arnot eagerly broke the seal, but the enclosure for once disappointed her; there were merely a few hurried lines, containing little more than an excuse for their own brevity. Clara, however, mentioned that she was to pass the Tuesday at Richmond, that she expected the excursion to be a delightful one, and that she trusted that the weather would be fine, as Sir Edwin had ordered his boat.

Mrs. Arnot silently replaced the note in its cover, and after going through the usual routine of her household duties with a preoccupied mind, again sought the quiet dwelling of the vicar.

All there looked peaceful and cheerful—the thick shrubbery, the neat flower-beds with their border of box, the closely-mown lawn spreading its carpet of velvet beneath the shadow of sycamore trees. Mrs. Arnot passed on without noticing aught. The vicar's wife, she found, was making her round in the village, but the vicar himself was in his study. She entered it unannounced save by her gentle tap at the door, and was kindly welcomed by her friend.

"Mrs. Arnot, my dear lady, this is a warm morning for a walk, but glorious weather for the crops. Pray take a seat," he wheeled round for her his own arm-chair; "and let me release you from your bonnet and shawl. We shall detain you here a prisoner till the cool of the evening, and talk over your novel together," he added with a smile, glancing at the book which lay open on the table.

"What do you think of it?" said Mrs. Arnot.

"I confess that I think very ill of it," replied the old clergyman, seating himself beside her. "It is well written, very cleverly written; but so much the worse for the reader. *It is ill to plant flowers by the edge of the pitfall.*"

"And yet there are such beautiful passages, such noble sentiments—some parts seem calculated to do so much good—"

"My dear madam," said Mr. Ward earnestly, laying his hand on the volume, "there is no good here that will weigh against *one tithe* of the evil which such a work is calculated to produce in young and enthusiastic minds. It appears written to show that there are some men of natures so noble and hearts so pure that they require no Saviour, no sacrifice for sin; men of intellect so large and exalted that Revelation is by them unneeded, they can walk securely in the light of their own reason, and pity poor, weak, bigoted fools, who seek a guide in the Scriptures. If the Almighty had blessed me with children, most anxiously should I have endeavored to guard them against the art which invests with strong interest such characters as that of the hero of this tale, that makes human pride appear at the *root of all virtue*, instead of being, as it is, at the root of all sin. My dear friend, believe me, this is a dangerous book, and its author is a dangerous man."

Mrs. Arnot made no reply, but drawing out Clara's last note, gave it in silence to the clergyman.

He read it twice before he made any observation, his brow slightly contracting as he read; then returning it to Mrs. Arnot, he said, "I think that Clara has been long enough absent."

"It seems an age since she left me," said the mother, her eyes filling with tears. "I miss her more than I can express. But then she is so happy in London, and in a house full as ours is at present, I cannot prevent little trials—"

"Believe me, dear lady, these trials are no evil; they are the gentle discipline by which our heavenly Father trains the hearts of such of His children as are spared the more terrible furnace of affliction. Send for your Clara home. Home is the sphere of her duties; it should also be that of her pleasures. She is too young to mingle unharmed in the society of such as Sir Edwin Erskine."

Mrs. Arnot left the house of her friend; he could neither persuade her to wait till the heat of the day was abated, nor to partake of the simple refreshment which the vicarage could afford. The fierce rays of the noontide sun poured down upon her head, the road was dry and dusty, the birds had stilled their songs, all was silent save the drowsy hum of some summer insects, creation lay panting and breathless in the glaring heat. Mrs. Arnot was almost exhausted ere she reached her dwelling. The cottagers whom she had met on her way shook their heads when she had passed, and declared that the good lady had never looked like herself since dear Miss Clara went away!

Mrs. Arnot opened her desk and wrote to her daughter. The letter was a short one, but full of tenderness, rather hinting at than openly telling of the feeble state of her own health, and her longing desire to have her child beside her again.

Clara received that note the next morning; in the evening, just as the first tremulous star appeared in the darkening sky, Clara's step was on the threshold of her home.

"Sweeter, lovelier, dearer than ever!" thought Mrs. Arnot, as she pressed her daughter closer and closer in her fond embrace. When the flush of excitement at the first meeting had passed away, the eye of affection observed that Clara had become paler and thinner, that there was a thoughtful, preoccupied expression on her gentle brow, as though her mind were wandering far away; but there was deeper feeling in those soft blue eyes, more beaming sweetness in that smile, than even her mother had ever seen before.

Clara retired early to her room, pleading the fatigue of her journey. She had scarcely been able to give even the semblance of attention to the multifarious questions of Emma on the amusements and fashions of London, and had answered them almost at random; but when sh found herself in her own apartment, the doo closed, and only Mrs. Arnot beside her, she threw herself again on her mother's bosom buried her glowing face on her parent's neck and, trembling with joyful emotion, uttered, in scarcely articulate accents, "Mother, dear mother, he has spoken!"

"Sir Edwin Erskine!" faltered Mrs. Arnot.

"I must tell you all," continued Clara, without raising her head. "It was yesterday—onl yesterday—at Richmond. I did not know—had scarcely dreamed - oh, mother!" she exclaimed suddenly, bursting into tears of deligh "I never, never believed it possible to be so—the bright, sparkling drops told the rest.

Mrs. Arnot grew very cold. There was a sin ing at her heart and a rising in her throat, whic made her for the moment unable to speak.

"And he will be a son to you, mother, th most tender and dutiful of sons! He will nev separate us—he is so generous—so good!"

"And is he"—said Mrs. Arnot, speakin slowly, as if fearful to break by one word t spell of happiness thrown around her daught —"is he one who holds the same blessed fai in which your dear father lived and died?"

Clara was silent for a short space. "He do not, I believe—indeed, I know—he does not all things hold the same opinions as those whi I have been taught; he is too candid, too ho orable to make false professions; he—he do not view everything in the same light which y do; but his character, his life are beyond proach; his actions prove that his creed cann be far wrong! It is from you, mother, tha have learned to value deeds far more than wor Was it not our Saviour himself who said, ' *their fruits ye shall know them?'* "

"He did so, my child; and where the fru of the Spirit are found, there we may be su that a blessing abides. But the first fruit is h supreme love towards God, the love of the deemed for their Redeemer, of pardoned sinn for their Saviour: where this is wanting, w cause have we to hope that the soul has b 'born again' unto God?"

Clara raised her head: her cheek was painfu flushed, and the tears of joy which had gliste on her lashes were followed by bitter drops she exclaimed, "Some one has been prejudic you against him; some one has been malign him, mother!"

"It is himself, then," replied Mrs. Ar calmly; "I have been reading 'The Mas Mind.'"

"And do you not think it beautiful—subl —the transcript of a noble heart, an exa mind?"

"Not the heart of one converted—not mind of a Christian!"

There was a long and most painful sile Clara was wounded to the quick, and that hand that she loved. Blinded by her affect she regarded Sir Edwin with an enthusiastic miration which could see no fault, a tender votion which would have regarded the sa fice of life itself but a small one for his s Every fibre of her loving heart seemed to h twined itself round its new idol, and to bre ven a slighting word of *him* was to wrench and acerate those tender heart-strings. She again uried her face, but this time it was not on the osom of her mother.

"Mamma, you know not how wretched you ake me with your doubts!"

"My child—my own child—I would give my fe's blood to render you happy!" Mrs. Arnot ook the cold hand of Clara, and pressed it con-ulsively to her heart. "But I cannot—I dare ot—trust you to one who is not treading the ame path towards heaven; I cannot—dare not -let you break the command which bids our nions be '*only in the Lord.*'"

"You will refuse your consent?" exclaimed lara, starting to her feet, and gazing on her other with a look of wild dismay.

"Oh, God help me!—God guide me!" mur-ured the unhappy parent, pressing her hand ghtly over her brow.

"You will refuse your consent?" repeated lara, more wildly and passionately than before. Mother, mother! you know not what you are oing!—you may break my heart, you may lay e in my grave; but"—her manner suddenly hanged to one of clinging, confiding affection, s she sank at the feet of her mother, and look-d imploringly up into her face—"but you will ot, dear mother, you will not; you will let us e happy together. When you see him—when ou know him—all these terrible doubts will ass quite away; you will look on him as I look -you will love him: only wait till he comes—ill to-morrow."

"To-morrow! is he coming?" gasped the dy.

"Mother, dearest mother, you are trembling!"

"Oh, this is a very, very bitter cup! God give e strength to drink it," exclaimed the widow.

"He will bring sunshine with him; he will lead his own cause—".

"Thankful, most deeply, profoundly thankful ill I be, Clara, if he can indeed satisfy my mind hat he is a faithful servant of our divine Mas-er! I can pass over *minor differences*—the uter garb of religion—the forms which man ath appointed—we may hold various opinions ere, and yet be one in the Lord. But if I find hat my fears are but too true—that Sir Edwin, ifted and noble as he is, has chosen a path of is own, which is not the narrow one which eadeth alone unto life; that he rests upon a hope f his own, which is not trust in the merits of is Saviour; that he has formed a standard of is own, which is not the standard of the Word f Truth; whatever grief, whatever anguish it ay cost me, my duty is plain before me—I must ot resign the treasure committed by God to y charge to the keeping of one who is not His isciple."

And so they parted, the mother and the aughter, and many and bitter were the tears hich wet their pillows that night. Mrs. Arnot ought and found relief in prayer—Clara, in houghts of him whose idolized image stood be-ween her and the light of heaven.

Sir Edwin Erskine was a brilliant type of a lass of men who are as much to be pitied as to e dreaded. They live in a large world of their wn, while tens of thousands of the enlightened nd the ignorant, the cultured and the illiterate, he great and the little, the strong and the weak, re proving by a practical test the gracious ords of the Son of God: "I will not leave you omfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little hile and the world seeth me no more; but ye ee me: because I live, ye shall live also." (John 4:18, 19.) There was on the surface of his religion no shocking feature to cause offence or o awake alarm. He professed adoration of the lmighty, and he practised much of the high orality which Christ taught. But he rejected hrist as the Incarnation of God, as the Re-eemer of men, as the Conqueror of death, and s the Judge of the world. Even God Himself e acknowledged without fearing Him, and wor-hipped without knowing Him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

S. S. Lesson for May 4th.—Isaiah 53; Golden Text, 1 Peter 2:24.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN our lesson for to-day we are, more than usual, on holy ground. The Spirit of God, whose office it is to receive of Christ and to show (or Greek to *bring*) unto us, opens in this chapter the cross of Jesus and His sacrifice as already accomplished and fulfilled in the mind of God. And the first words of our chapter are a sad questioning from the heart of God: "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" As though He would say, "After the stupendous sacrifice which none but God could devise, and which none but God could accomplish, and a sacrifice so perfect that an entire provision is made for the pardon, sanctification, and perfecting of every man in soul and body, who is there that understands and sets a value upon what I have done?—who, after all, will be saved thereby?"

"For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant," etc. A Saviour, to be a true Redeemer, must be after God's mind, and not after the perverted mind of man, and while He was the very image of God's person, in *man's* eyes "He hath no form nor comeliness: and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him."

But this was not all that He bore: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Thus He took upon Him, and adopted as His own in order to save us, all our fallen position in soul and body. The Lord *laid* on Him the iniquity of us all, and Himself *took* our infirmities and bare our sicknesses upon the cross, that in His human body all which sin had incurred and produced might be suffered by Him; and that He might make us members of His risen body, of His flesh and of His bones, over which sin and sickness have no power. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. 3:13). Here is the provision, but who hath believed our report? Who is living in power of Christ's resurrection, as dead to sin as Christ is dead to sin, and as free from its consequences as He, because we are in Him? We know the doctrine well enough, but "to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

Our golden text says, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness." Is it true, dear reader, that you are dead to sins by the very fact that Jesus bare your sins upon the cross? Do you see not only that you are pledged but able to remain dead to sin, and to live unto righteousness, because between you and your Lord there is but one life if you really believe on Him? "I am the Vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing" (John 15:5). Do you deny sin all claim upon you, either to condemn or to overcome you, because your faith says, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." This is your privilege and mine, and we are guilty if our life does not correspond to it.

But it may be that some of my readers have not yet so much as accepted the pardon of their past sins. Beloved reader, what meaning do you attach to the words, "He was wounded for our transgressions"? Can there be any sense in His bearing your punishment if you are not saved thereby? And why are you not saved? Because you have not believed the report, for "He that believeth on Him *is not condemned*" (John 3:18). Oh, you say, there is your difficulty: if you only could be sure that you believed, all would be well. Let us look at the facts. Is it true that the Son of God is come? Is it true that He took on Him, without waiting to ask your minds about it, all the sins of thought, and word, and deed, which have sullied your soul? Is it true that God has accepted Him in your stead, because you are a helpless sinner? Then what do you mean by not thanking Him for it with a free full heart, and what do you mean that you are not saying to Him, Lord, take this redeemed life for Thy rightful property: I live henceforth to do Thy will; by the grace of God I "live unto righteousness"?

But who hath believed our report? Do our so-called Christian lands look as though the report had been believed? What mean the huge buildings which contain our criminals? What mean the public-houses, the houses of ill-fame, the many haunts of so-called pleasure, which are hotbeds of vice? Does it look as though the mighty arm of the Lord to deliver from sin was revealed?

But nearer home, in the lives of those who profess to be Christians, and who have received pardon at God's hands, what means the pettishness, the irritability, the selfishness, the want of integrity, and the consequent want of spiritual power? Have not many taken the first part of our golden text, and believed that He bare their sins in His own body on the tree, but His object in doing so has escaped them, and Satan has rejoiced in unsatisfactory conversions? They have not believed the report that in Christ's death they are dead to sins, and the power of the arm of the Lord to maintain them in living unto righteousness is unknown and untried by them. They have been seeking to do themselves what He has already done for them, and thus they have failed.

"He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth," etc. Before the high-priest (Matt. 26:62, 63), and specially before Pilate (Matt. 27:12–14), Jesus "opened not His mouth." And wherefore? Had He said "Not guilty," He must have lost our cause; had He said "Guilty" He must have been untrue. In very faithfulness to us He held His peace. Yet it was proved by all who judged Him that He was innocent. "He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death; *because* He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him"—"the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

"When thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand. He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." He shall see of the travail of His soul when His elect bride is gathered out from the people and adorned for her husband. We were created, redeemed, sanctified, to satisfy the heart of Christ; we exist for Him, but we must be like Him in order that we may be in very deed and in the fullest sense united to Him. And thus must we be ready also in every thing to lose our own life, *i.e.* to leave off thinking what pleases us, and to think of what pleases Him; not in any thing to seek our own, but the things which are Jesus Christ's.

"Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong, because He hath poured out His soul unto death." This, and this alone, is the power over Satan, "the strong." "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb." God has purchased, by the blood of Christ, a just right to pardon; through death He destroyed "him that had the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. 2:14), and now all impediments to His grace and mercy are done away. He has made it possible that every man shall be forgiven, that every man shall live without sinning; "these things write I unto you, that ye sin not" (1 John 2:1), and the only hindrance lies in our unbelief and unwillingness. But God will divide Him a portion, the purchase of His sufferings will be His. He sha'l not have been stricken in vain for the transgression of God's people, or have been numbered with the trangressors in vain, or in vain have borne the sins of many, for the spoil shall be taken from the strong.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Determined Attempt to Assassinate the Emperor of Russia was made on April 14th, as he was taking an early morning walk near the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg. A man named Solovieff, who is said to be a retired functionary of the Ministry of Finance, was observed loitering in the neighborhood, and seeing the Emperor approach deliberately fired four shots out of a revolver at him. Providentially none of the bullets took effect, and the would-be assassin was promptly arrested. An enthusiastic crowd of persons offered their congratulations to the Czar on his marvellous escape, after receiving which he drove to the Kazan Cathedral to offer thanks for the preservation of his life. Several high officials called on him at noon, to whom he observed, "This is now the third time *God has saved me.*" Solovieff is believed to be *an agent of the Nihilists*, as that society has recently threatened the Czar with assassination.

On receipt of the news at Washington, President Hayes immediately cabled his congratulations.

England's Wars.—News from South Africa shows that the British position is one exciting grave apprehension. Colonel Pearson was still unrelieved in his intrenchment at Ekowe; he had 150 of his garrison ill, and fifty wounded, with only 500 of his men who would be able to assist the relieving column of 6000 which had started to rescue him, and for which latter 35,000 Zulus were lying in wait. The number of the Zulus surrounding Colonel Pearson's position was estimated at 15,000 warriors.

In Afghanistan no further advance has been made by the British, but the attempts to induce the Afghans to abandon continued resistance do not appear likely to meet with success, and a further prosecution of the war seems probable.

The Stagnation of British Trade is evidenced by an article in the *London Times*, in which the writer says: "There is no business enterprise, no confidence in business prospects, and a strong sense of insecurity in nearly all business departments, which prevent the free employment of loanable capital in mercantile affairs." Money is gathering more and more into a stagnant mass in the London market, and exists now in such amounts that, were the people's minds at ease, gigantic schemes and speculations would spring into being. It is thus evident that even in commercial matters an abundance of money does not insure prosperity. *A want of confidence and faith* amongst business nullifies all the advantages which usually flow from the possession of large pecuniary resources.

An African Missionary, Mr. Telford, who lately went from Mr. Grattan Guinness's Missionary College at Harley House, Bow, London, said when setting out, "I go gladly on this mission, and shall rejoice if only I may give my body as one of the stones to pave the road into interior Africa, and my blood to cement the stones together, so that others may pass over into Congoland." While engaged on this missionary station a few months ago, he sent a messenger to the next mission to say how ill he was. The friends came to his help but he rapidly sank, his last broken words being, "Tell—my—dear—mother—that—I—am—going—home." A few minutes after his spirit was taken to that Saviour for whose sake he left mother, sisters, brothers, friends, and home in Europe, that he might go and tell these poor heathen of the way of salvation.

The Insolvency of Another Roman Catholic prelate is announced in the English journals. The highly polished, talented, plausible, and winning Monsignor Capel, who led more English fashionables into the Church of Rome than any other man, has got into trouble. His expenses have so far exceeded his resources that it is expected he will be withdrawn from England by the advice of Cardinal Manning, who it is stated has undertaken to discharge Mons. Caples liabilities on condition of his residing permanently at a distance from England.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey is Stated by the "Guardian" to have been for a fortnight in the early part of March the guest of Mr. W. H. Greaves Bagshawe, of Ford Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, England, churchwarden. At the afternoon service in the parish church on a Sunday Mr. Sankey sang four of his hymns to a crowded congregation. A platform was erected under the chancel arch, and an American organ placed on this structure for Mr. Sankey's use. The church organ and the choir occupy the west gallery. The Rev. George Hall, vicar and rural dean, was absent through indisposition, but the service was authorized and sanctioned by him. The senior curate, the Rev. Mr. Pink, preached on the occasion. Ritualists are indignant at this, and call on the Bishop of Lichfield to interfere. The *Echo*, however, remarks, "If opera-singers are allowed to sing for gain at musical festivals in *cathedrals*, why not Mr. Sankey gratuitously in a church."

The Koh-i-noor Diamond, which is the Largest in the world, and which Queen Victoria wore in a brooch at the wedding of the Duke of Connaught, was, we are told, first discovered in the mines of Golconda, in India, about A.D. 1650, and has cursed the world for 225 years. Of the 17 Indian rulers who successively possessed it, all suffered defeat, and the majority died violent deaths. On the annexation of the Punjaub in 1849 the diamond passed into the hands of the British, and was presented to Her Majesty in July, 1850.

The brightest jewel, however, which adorns her Majesty is that of a blameless life and the moral excellency of her character, which has reflected itself upon her Court during the forty-two years of her reign.

The Colportage Society Conducted by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon supports eighty-two men in needy districts, and does a great work in selling Bibles and healthy literature. He writes: "Owing to the depression of trade and the falling off of subscriptions, this branch of holy service is at this moment in a difficult position, and will soon be in urgent need, unless the Lord should move some of His stewards to help. It seems needful to give this intimation, that friends may know that there is a channel for their gifts and a reason for bringing them forth; but I feel confident that by some means or other the present necessity for the Lord's work will be graciously supplied, and furnish fresh occasion for gratitude and increased faith."

An Avalanche has Fallen Upon the Village of Bleiberg, in Switzerland, and buried nine houses, with all their inmates, including the drug-store, the inn, and the school. All the persons in the chemist's house succumbed—viz., the chemist, his wife, their four children, the assistant, and the servant. In the contiguous houses twenty-five persons were found dead, but nine were rescued alive. Four young people dressed in *carnival disguise* were surprised in their mirth by the avalanche, and found their death under the snow. It is calculated that eighty avalanches have fallen from the mountains round about.

Mr. Henry Varley, who has been Laboring in New Zealand, writes to a friend: "I know you will rejoice to hear what a wide and effectual door the Lord has opened for us in these colonies. In Wellington (the seat of government in New Zealand) the work has been most successful in every way. Christians have been roused, refreshed, and strengthened, backsliders restored, inquirers brought to Christ, our precious Lord exalted, and His priceless Word magnified. Surely our cup runs over. And in every place the crowds that come to hear the Word of life show how interesting is the blessed Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

A Lawsuit About a Hair.—There is a tremendous dispute raging in India over a hair from the Prophet Mahomed's beard. This holy relic is enclosed in a case, guarded by an official, who has a Government pension of 100 rupees per annum, and six fanatical Mussulmans are disputing for its possession. The dispute has been taken before the High Court.

Lord Radstock in Sweden has lately addressed meetings of 2000 people in Upsala, a university town of 14000. More than a hundred remained each night as inquirers. At Stockholm, also, there were about a hundred inquirers at the last meeting. Lord Radstock says, "There seems a 'sound of abundance of rain.' I am expecting to go to Jon-koping and Carlscrona, and then to Copenhagen; and I request prayer for blessing on my visits to those places. One interesting feature of the Lord's grace in Stockholm is the obedience of faith with which several pastors and elder brethren have accepted their privilege of *anointing the sick* and *praying over them* in the name of the Lord. There have been many *remarkable instances of God's gracious healing*, showing that God has not withdrawn the promise in James 5 : 15.

Eastern Dislike of Daughters.—While the girls of one of Miss Whately's schools at Abeih, in Arabia, were playing together one day, two of them fell into a pleasant dispute as to the size of a certain object—plaything, perhaps. One said, "Oh, it was very little!" and the other asked, "How little?" To which the girl replied, unconscious of the poetry or pathos of her comparison, "*As little as was the joy of my father on the day I was born!*" This remark receives its point from the fact that, not only in Arabia, but generally throughout the East, the birth of a son causes great rejoicing, while that of a daughter gives rise to lamentation.

Blood-Money.—Canon Wilberforce recently said that benevolently-disposed publicans reminded him of a notorious character arrested upon the penny steamboat, who picked the pocket of an old lady of everything she had, and then, when he had it safe in his own pocket, went about and made a collection amongst the passengers to make it up to her. He did not believe in *robbing a nation* with one hand and giving it back with the other. He did not believe in spreading sin and misery and desolation and hell-fire amongst the people, and then paying God for it in that way.

A Brave Wife.—Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr. Disraeli, was once driving down to the House of Commons with his wife. Deeply immersed in cogitation, he alighted from his brougham and closed the door on one of his wife's fingers. Although suffering great pain, she uttered no cry until he was in the lobby, out of earshot. Then she summoned the footman to open the door, released her imprisoned finger, and fainted. She is reported to have said to Mr. Disraeli, when telling him next morning of the mishap, "I would not have cried out for the world. In thinking of my sufferings, you would have been so agitated that very probably the most salient points of the important speech you were about to deliver would have been omitted."

The Need of Sailors' Homes, and of Mission work among sailors, is shown by a recent tragedy at Shadwell, East London. *James Sims*, an American sailor, having received a large sum for wages, proceeded to spend it in drink and dissipation with an abandoned woman, Lucy Graham. After a few days, the money being squandered, he attacked her for having taken as he alleged, some of the money, and cut her throat. He was hung at Newgate last month He attributed the crime to his having been excited by drink at the time.

A Boy Eleven Years Old Attended some evangelistic meetings, about three years ago, a Ned Wright's Mission in London, and becam truly converted. He then testified for Jesus t his parents at home, but the only result was a series of severe beatings by his father. He wa consequently obliged to leave home and liv apart from his parents. His father, however died lately, but not until he had almost with hi last breath bitterly reproached his son for becoming religious.

The boy, having now returned home to liv with his widowed mother and sister, helps t support them by his earnings of eight shillings week, as a zinc-worker, and at the same time b word and example preaches Christ to them.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. **The Circulation is 150,000 Copies.**

Price, Single Copies, Three Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1879.

13th Year. No. 29—New Series.
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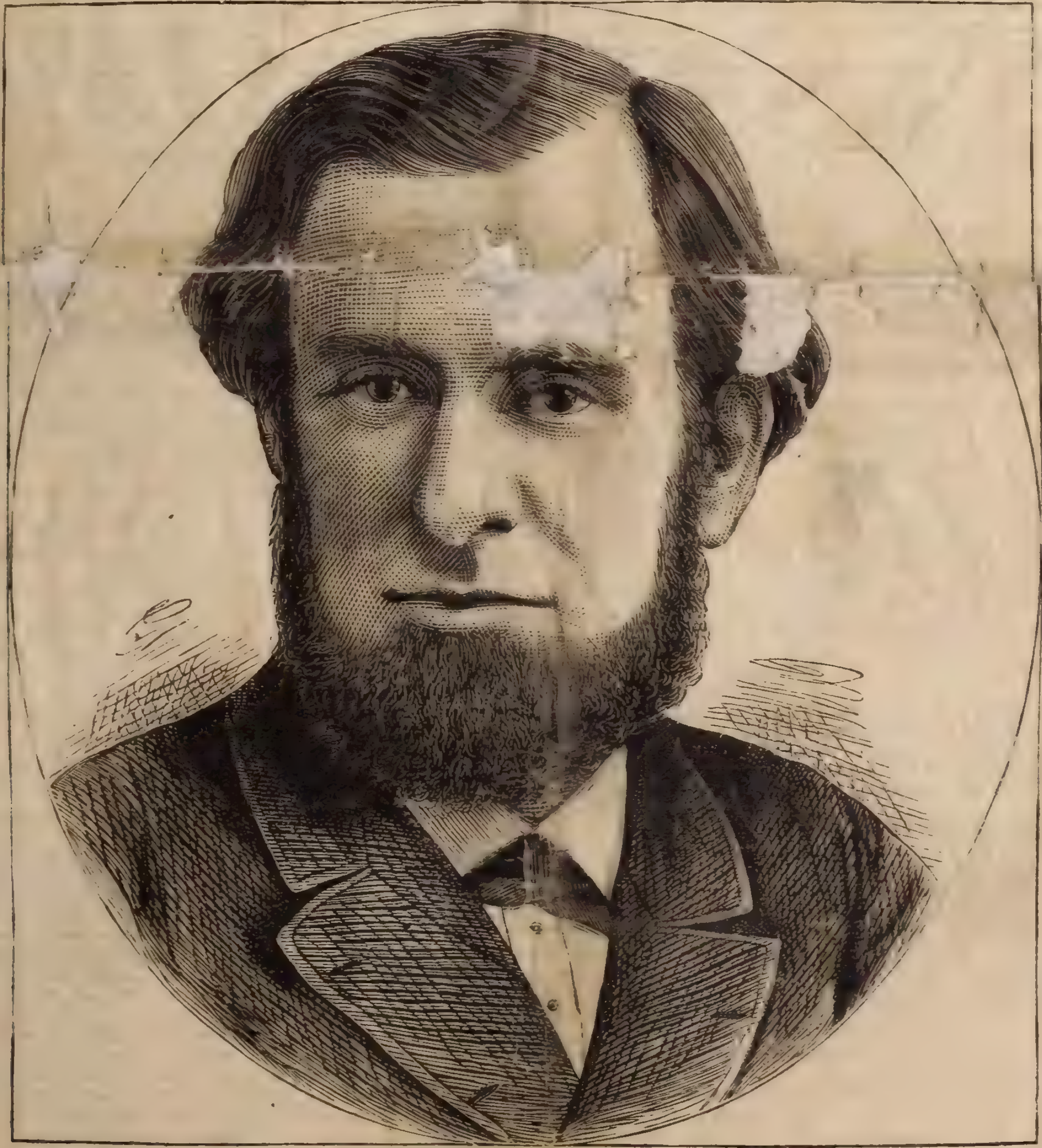

Mr. WILLIAM NOBLE, the Leader of the Gospel Temperance Movement in England.

WILLIAM NOBLE,

Leader of the Blue Ribbon Army of the Gospel Temperance Movement.

Birth and Parentage—Becomes a Sailor—Religious Impressions—Advocates Temperance—Redelivers Gough's Orations—Great Meetings at the National Standard Theatre—Visit to America and Temperance Tour—Meetings at Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle—Highly Commendatory Testimonials from Great Men—Return to England and Important Work at Hoxton—The Blue Ribbon Army—Mr. Gough's Visit to Hoxton Hall—Mrs. Noble's Earnest and Valuable Services.

WILLIAM NOBLE is by birth a Londoner, and was born February 17th, 1842. His parents were in humble circumstances, his father being a plain workingman earning his livelihood literally by the sweat of his brow. His mother was of a somewhat stern disposition, but later in life, after becoming converted, she manifested great sweetness and gentleness of character, and her influence over him was highly beneficial.

His first start in life was as a sailor. Running away from the school in Yorkshire to which he had been sent, he was put by his father on a collier brig, and in course of time he joined the Royal Navy. He has often spoken of these years in terms of the deepest regret, for there is no doubt that he then formed habits of intemperance which had a disastrous influence over his character and prospects.

It was not until 1860, when his father had purchased his discharge, and he was at work in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, that he came under [illegible]

[illegible] HIS FIRST ORATORICAL ATTEMPTS consisted in his redelivering several of the more striking orations of Mr. J. B. Gough, for whose character and eloquence he has so profound an admiration. His success was undoubted, for in thirteen evenings he had no less than sixty thousand persons to hear him in the National Standard Theatre in London. The late well-known and beloved Mr. George C. Campbell, of the National Temperance League, was his first chairman.

The novelty of the effort and the marked success attending it resulted in his becoming widely known, and the demands for his services were so frequent that he was induced at length to devote himself entirely to the advocacy of temperance principles.

The term "Gospel Temperance" is now becoming increasingly well known in all Christian nations, but it deserves notice that he was one of the first in England to make it clearly understood. To him total abstinence has ever been a means to a higher end. He has regarded it as but the untying of the grave-clothes, in which dead souls are bound, loosing them and letting them go *that they may follow Jesus*.

In the numerous addresses which William Noble has delivered total abstinence has ever been preached as a means to a higher end than that of making men sober. He has not of course undervalued the great triumph won when a man who has for years been the slave of drink shakes off his fetters. He has not been so foolish as to dispute the great social gain to the community, and the great personal gain to the man himself when he [illegible] comes sober; but by every illustration which he can use—and he has no slight skill in this direction—he regards this as, so to speak, the *giving power to a lame man* to walk, that he may forthwith enter the temple to praise the Lord.

As regards meetings on Sunday evenings, after places of worship are closed, to advocate what he persistently calls "Gospel Temperance," at first some Christian friends, on whose judgment and wisdom he was disposed to set a high value, felt some misgivings. It seemed to them that while temperance addresses might be suitable and most desirable on other days in the week, the Lord's day should be reserved for the proclamation of the Gospel. William Noble, however, knew what his one and only motive was, and did not swerve from the purpose he had formed.

When it is remembered that on thirteen successive Sunday nights, from February 10th to May 5th in 1878 (the service lasting from eight till ten o'clock), upwards of sixty thousand persons attended the National Standard Theatre at the east end of London, it must be evident that his addresses have taken a strong hold upon the popular heart. No one could doubt that the great majority of those present consisted of persons who were unaccustomed to religious services. The meetings were kept up and their interest never wavered.

HIS TEMPERANCE TOUR IN AMERICA.

Of the manner in which his efforts have been regarded by those who have long worked in the temperance cause, it will be sufficient to refer to his hearty reception in America, when he spent [illegible] not long [illegible]

Invitations to address other meetings poured in upon him during his first month in America, [illegible] addresses. From New York he next set out on a tour of observation, as he wished to examine for himself much that had come under his notice in books and public journals.

In Lancaster City, Pennsylvania, after speaking in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Judge Black, who was present, said, "I hope that Mr. Noble may soon return to our country for a more extended visit, and labor for temperance with us. May our Father protect him during his voyage home" He afterwards addressed large audiences in the Opera-house, when well-known public men presided. He then visited the prisoners in the county gaol, and one of the newspapers in reporting the service that he held there, said it was one which would be long remembered. The prisoners appeared to be deeply affected, and in place of the cheers with which a public meeting is greeted when the popular heart is stirred, the sobs of these unhappy men resounded through the building, giving a melancholy emphasis to the words spoken.

At *Ocean Grove*, N. J., on the invitation of the Methodist Episcopal Conference, he addressed an immense audience in the Memorial Tabernacle, numbers being unable to obtain admission. On this occasion he spoke about two hours, and at the close had the gratification of knowing that nearly one hundred persons had signed the pledge. It was during his visit to Ocean Grove that he received a letter from Mr. John B. Gough, giving him a cordial invitation to visit him. Mr. Gough wrote that he was quite desirous of meeting him, promising him a cordial welcome.

Mr. Noble's visit to the house of the great temperance orator will not soon fade from his recollection. Mr. Gough paid him the most courteous attention, sending his carriage for him, as his residence was five miles from the railway station, and the three or four days spent here were certainly bright red-letter days in his history. Nor should the fact be omitted, to which Mr. John B. Gough gave prominence in his very first oration at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, that it was chiefly through Mr. Noble's persuasion that he was induced to pay another visit to England.

Leaving Worcester city, he proceeded to *Boston*, and in this city spoke in Dr. Withrow's church to a large and influential audience. Dr. Withrow said that his address on the Christian Aspects of the Temperance Question was "*felicitous and full of sticking points*," and, after thanking him in the name of the people, wished him a hearty God-speed in his campaign against King Alcohol. He made the best use of his time in seeing the various points of interest in America which Englishmen generally appreciate. He took a run through Maine for the purpose of seeing the working of the Maine Law, details of which will shortly appear in the autobiography, on which he has been long engaged. He then visited Canada, and the Niagara Falls, speaking on his way in Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and elsewhere.

Eventually returning to *New York*, he spoke in *Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, Brooklyn*. Of the personal kindness of Dr. Talmage he retains the most lively recollections. In introducing the speaker to the audience, Dr. Talmage [illegible] Temperance Union, interesting details, with [illegible]

He also spoke in the First Presbyterian Church Greenpoint, Brooklyn, under the auspices c Mr J. A. Stearns, Secretary of the National Temperance Society: and likewise to two crowde audiences in the South Second Street M. E Church, and in Dr. Scudder's church, as well a others. One interesting service was held in th Navy Yard, Brooklyn.

HIGHLY COMMENDATORY TESTIMONIALS TO HI

For five months he may be said to have bee busily engaged in the kind of work at which glance has been taken. On November 25 what the *New York Herald* termed "a nob demonstration," and "a brilliant send off" William Noble was held in the large hall of t Cooper Institute, New York, where he h spoken several times.

The building was crowded to excess, so 2,500 persons being present, all of whom paid f admission. On this occasion Mr. *John Gough* was the principal speaker. He said deemed it a great privilege to meet his frie Noble on this probably his last appearance fore an American audience. After a characte tic address, he presented Mr. Noble with *a v uable gold repeater watch*, on which was scribed, "Presented to William Noble, by Jo B. Gough, at Cooper Institute, New York, N vember 25th, 1877, on behalf of his Ameri friends."

He was also presented with a finely bou copy of the "Poets of America," on behalf Mother Stewart. Mrs. Emma Gates Conl presented him with an elegant copy of the "C tennial Temperance Bible" for Mrs Noble; with other gifts an American organ, from Mes Smith & Co., of Boston, an instrument wh he has found of great value in conducting his various meetings. Amongst the contributo hese testimonials it may interest some to know hat there were many well-known American celebrities, including the Hon. W. E. Dodge, John B. Gough, Philip Philips, the singing pilgrim, Mr. J. N. Stearns, Rev. S. Merritt, Mr. Thomas Organ, and many others.

On "Thanksgiving Day" his final meeting was held at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Brooklyn. Rev. Dr. Cuyler presided, and his estimate of the value of the work done by he English advocate of temperance may be gathered from the following letter, written in an album presented to Mr. Noble on this occasion:

"I give you, my dear Noble, the following old version of Psalm 125:

"'Who sticketh to God in stable trust,
As *Zion's* mount he stands full just—
Which moveth no whit, nor yet can reel,
But standeth forever as *stiff as steel*.'

With love to Britain's workers—in 'League and Alliance' for the right, yours teetotally, THEO. S. CUYLER.—Nov. 29th, 1877."

There was a numerous attendance of the leading friends of temperance in Brooklyn and New York, the names of whom are appended in the album. The Rev. Dr. Talmage wrote the following:

"Mr. Noble: We have enjoyed your visit, and are sorry it was so brief, but hope you will have a safe return, and that you will come again. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.—T. DE WITT TALMAGE.—Brooklyn, November 27th, 1877."

Mr. J. B. Gough also wrote to the President of the Temperance Union, "I am glad I met Mr. Noble; I esteemed him before I met him for his work's sake, and now I hold him in respect and affection as a man, and am gratified to be able to call him my friend."

HIS WORK AT HOXTON AND STANDARD THEATRE.

With these affectionate farewells sounding in his ear, our friend left New York on December 1st of 1877, and, arriving in London in eleven days, found a great number of invitations awaiting him to resume his old work of lecturing in the large towns of England. He thought it wise, however, to decline accepting any engagements at that time, and did not commence public work again until February of 1878. With the co-operation of a few friends he then resumed work in the Standard Theatre on Sunday evenings. It was while thus engaged an offer was made to him for renting, with option of purchase, a large building long known as the Hoxton Music Hall. It is situated in the midst of a dense population, where such a work as he could do was urgently needed. After some deliberation this hall was taken, and from the day of opening in March last the Blue Ribbon Army, or the Gospel Temperance Band, have made this their head-quarters.

A true idea of the nature of the work there may be gathered from the pledge card issued, on which there is the following inscription:

"Gospel Temperance Movement.
THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY.
With charity to all and malice to none. I, the undersigned, promise by Divine assistance to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and to discountenance their use in others. Lord help me to keep this pledge for Jesus' sake."

Since the commencement of the work at the Standard Theatre on less than TEN THOUSAND persons have signed the pledge. Perhaps a better description can hardly be given than that of Mr. J. B. Gough, who in the course of an oration at Sheffield thus spoke of it:

"William Noble is doing a grand work at Hoxton Hall, in the north of London. I went there to one of his meetings, and took with me Dr. Taylor, of New York. I never shall forget it. There were from 1000 to 1500, amongst whom were some low, debased, ragged, wretched creatures; the gallery filled with those who probably came to look on just out of curiosity. Dr. Taylor had asked me where I would take him that night; I said, 'To the Hoxton Music Hall.' 'Oh, dear me!' said he, 'you don't go to such places as that, do you?' 'Oh yes,' I said, 'I shall go to-night.' 'What do they do?' 'They sing.' 'Well,' he said, 'I will go with you: I will trust you.' I said, 'They are going to sing now,' when we stood on the platform; and they sang—'Oh, I am so weary of sin.' My heart went out to them, poor wretched, sinful creatures, steeped to the very lips in impurity, crying out as they lifted their soiled hands and stained arms, 'I am weary of sin.' Then Mr. Noble said, 'Let us sing our favorite hymn,' and they sang—'When I survey the wondrous cross.'

"Dr. Taylor and I sat like a couple of boys. We were deeply affected and could not help it. Oh no! we did not want to help it. And when, Mr. Noble said, 'Those who will sign the pledge, come forward!' they came. 'Now,' he said, 'before you take the pledge we will have two minutes of silent prayer.' I said to myself, 'This is a risky business with all those roughs up yonder,' but you could have heard a whisper during the whole two minutes. You heard some sighs and some soft aspirations, and that was all. Well, I never had my heart so stirred in my life as I did when I looked upon them and realized the work that was being accomplished by the means of William Noble. The whole country ought to help him and support him in that grand and noble work."

MRS. NOBLE.

It is only just to say that, since Mr. Noble's work began in Hoxton, he has been vigorously sustained in his efforts by *Mrs. Noble*, to whom he was married on November 7th, 1865, who has done much amongst the poor of the neighborhood that can only be successfully attempted by a Christian woman. Although naturally shrinking from publicity, she has not hesitated to take a leading part in meetings held specially for the benefit of those who are attracted to the Hall by the novel services. She has visited them in their homes, and [illegible] sympathy has won them to attend religious services and social meetings. In all weathers she has been instant in season and out of season in supporting her good husband's hands, and the help she has rendered has been of the most valuable character. A vast amount of correspondence has grown out of the work in which Mr. Noble is engaged, and this *she has taken upon herself*, heavy though it occasionally may be. The courage she displays in her efforts to help on the work in which her husband is engaged is truly remarkable. She has been seen frequently in some of the lowest neighborhoods of London, visiting *the public-houses of the district*, distributing tracts, and inviting loiterers in the bar to come to the theatre, where they would hear what would do them good. Her work is the more praiseworthy when it is remembered that she is not in strong health.

The marvellous success which has attended the work of the Gospel Temperance movement hitherto is a reason for great thankfulness. The liquor traffic in England is said by judges, magistrates, and persons whose positions bring them into contact with the poor and with the criminal classes to be the cause of the greater part of the crime and misery which weigh down the heart of the nation. Mr. Noble's work will have the hearty sympathy and a share in the prayers of all our readers.

A Great Religious Revival is taking place at Rhondda Valley, in South Wales, in connection with evangelistic meetings held by the Rev. W. Booth's "Salvation Army." Clergymen there testify to the good that has been done. Miss Sheppard and two other young women have been the principal preachers. Five hundred persons are stated to have been converted. A telegram to a London paper stated last week that an all-night prayer-meeting was held on Wednesday night. Young men and women threw away their silver ornaments, pipes, etc., and the women tore off ornamental articles of attire, renouncing them as idols. Numerous penitents were seeking salvation.

A RECKLESS YOUTH SAVED AT MR. MOODY'S MEETINGS, AND BECOMING A MINISTER.

THE following letter, written to Mr. Moody since his return to this country, is a striking instance of the results of the meetings in the London Agricultural Hall four years ago:

"My dear Sir: I take the liberty of writing you, hoping that God will use this letter to encourage you in your labors. My parents are well-to-do, moral people; I have eight brothers and sisters.

We were always sent to Sunday-school, but when fourteen years of age, together with an older brother (now in Australia), I commenced to lead a wild, loose life. I left Sunday-school and gradually chapel too; and at last my brother and myself led such bad lives that father turned us out of home. My brother soon afterwards went to Australia, and I was to follow him in one year's time. However, I continued to live in England by myself, and led pretty much the same life as before, until I was nearly twenty years of age. At this time I had hardly been in a place of worship for six years.

"It was in 1875, one night about the end of March; I was having tea in a restaurant in the city, when one of my friends came in, and invited me to go with him to hear Moody and Sankey. I laughed at the idea, and told him I didn't go to religious meetings. However, he reminded me of the fun we should have, pushing about among the crowd; and at last as I had nowhere else to go, I consented to go with him. We pushed our way into Agricultural Hall (it was the first night you were there); the place was full.

We could hear but little; but the spirit of inquiry was upon me, and, though I laughed at you and the whole of the service, I made up my mind that I would hear you again. And accordingly, 'on the quiet,' night after night I visited the Hall until April 8th. Upon that day my friends (companions in sin) had found out where I went to of an evening, and had been ridiculing me. The 8th was a Thursday, a very wet night. I had to walk two miles through the rain to the Hall, but go I felt I must, though I got wet through.

"When I got there, the Word of God as an arrow went home to my soul. You pleaded earnestly for souls, entreating us to rise if we wanted Christ. I wanted Christ, and, careless of those around me, I rose. When I got upon my feet I thought I should have fallen. I thought of the thousands around me, some of whom might know me. I thought of the prayers being offered for me. I thought of my past life—it passed before me in a moment; but the next moment *I cast myself upon Christ and was saved.* I went to the inquiry-room, and saw an old Scotch gentleman there. He said, 'Are you a seeker?' I said, 'I don't know.' 'Do you believe?' he asked. 'Yes, with all my heart,' I replied. Then he said, 'You are saved; you can do no more; rest on your Saviour.' And my own heart echoed his words. I knew, I felt, I was saved. The Spirit of God bore witness with mine that I was a child of God.

"I went to my lodging-house—whether I ran or walked I know not. My heart was light. I prayed all night. I joined the Young Men's Tent Mission at Bow. After that I could not feel happy until my brothers and sisters knew of the dear Saviour I had found, and to-night I bless God that eight out of the nine brothers and sisters in my family are now happy in the Lord—in fact, all of us but my brother in Australia,—and we are now praying for him.

"Besides this, the Lord has greatly blessed me as a Wesleyan local preacher, and I am now in the —— College, where I have been for the past six months preparing for the regular ministry. I have offered myself as a missionary for Japan, and that will, I believe, be the land to which I will be sent. I pray that the Lord may continue to bless your labors for the salvation of immortal souls."

BALSAM FOR WOUNDS.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage preached Sunday Morning, May 4, 1879.

"The disciples came and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—ST. MATTHEW 14 : 12.

The Catholicon for all your Troubles—Go and tell Jesus the Best Course—I. For Those who Feel Themselves Unpardoned—The Great Business of Christ—The Caustic of the Surgeon—II. For the Tempted—Different Men have Different Temptations—Sixtus Plotting for the Papal Chair—III. For the Slandered and Persecuted—Slander always Attacks the Godly Man—IV. For the Bereaved—The Emigration to the NextWorld a vast one—Sympathy of Friends fails—Through Ignorance or Absence—Christ knows and is always near—The Captain's Child at Sea — Xerxes weeping — Whither? Whither?

AN outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a revengeful woman, Herod had ordered the death of that noble, self-sacrificing, Christian man, John the Baptist. The disciples were in great trouble. There was no court to which they could make appeal. But grief must have utterance, and if there be no sympathetic ear to hear it, then it must be cried aloud to the winds, and the woods, and the waters. But there was an ear ready to listen. What beauty of pathos, and what wonderful picture in the words of my text: "they went and told Jesus"! He was ready to listen, and He was ready to assuage their grief.

We see Christ standing, His own face shadowed with His own sorrow, surrounded by a group of disciples in violent gesticulation, and with many tears, and with great outcry of woe. Raphael, with skilful hand, putting upon the wall of a palace a picture of Bible story was not so skilful as the plain hand of the evangelist as he puts upon canvas the sketch of the text: "they went and told Jesus."

The Goths and the Vandals came down from the North of Europe, and upset the gardens, and broke down the altars, and swept away every thing that was good and beautiful; and ever and anon in the lives of men there are rough-handed despoilers, crusaders, who come down to despoil, and plunder, and ransack the soul. No cavern is so deeply cleft in the mountain as to allow you shelter from trouble. The foot of fleetest courser is not swift enough to bear you beyond pursuit. The arrows brought to the string fly with unerring dart, and often you have fallen pierced and stunned.

Now, I am this morning, as your pastor, to bring a "*catholicon*" *for all your troubles.* I am going to gather all your griefs. I do not care what they are—I am going to gather all your griefs into a bundle, and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar.

THE PRESCRIPTION

of the text, which healed the sorrow of the disciples, is just as successful a prescription to-day, and *will heal all your sorrows.*

I. Now, in *the first place*, I commend the behavior of the disciples of the text to all those who feel themselves *sinful and unpardoned.*

There comes a time in every man's life when he wakes up to an appreciation of a sinful nature. The thought may not have enough heft to fell him; it may only be like the flash of a cloud at the close of a hot summer day; but the man must somehow get rid of that feeling. One man flies to prayer, another man stimulates himself with ardent spirits, another man dives deeper into secularities. It is not wonderful, when a man sees his eternity poised on an uncertainty, he is determined to do something violent and immediate. Now, can it be that there is in all this house this morning one man who is unwilling to have the cancer of sin taken from his soul when the divine surgeon is ready to do the work and do it successfully? I cannot believe it.

I think the first thing for you to do, if you are oppressed, my brother, if you are oppressed with a sense of your sinfulness, is to go and tell Jesus. Why, my friends, that is the business of Christ. He does other things, but I think

THE GREAT BUSINESS OF CHRIST

is to pardon. To relax the grip of death from your soul, and to plant your unshackled foot on a golden throne, Christ allowed the tortures of the blood mount to transfix Him. With the beam of His own cross He will this morning crush in the door of your dungeon. Out of His own thorny crown He will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory. In every tear of His wet cheek, in every gash of His wounded side, in every long and blackening mark of laceration from shoulder to shoulder, in the grave-shattering, Heaven-storming death-cry, I hear the words: "him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Oh what a glorious Gospel! What a Gospel to preach! what a Gospel to hear! "Where sin aboundeth, *grace shall much more abound.*"

Oh! says some man, "why, then, you propose to cure the wound of sin by making another wound—the wound of conviction." Why, my brother, that is what every physician does of all schools. The physicians, when they find an old rankling wound, they come with caustic and they burn it out, and then health and restoration come. Here is the old sore of sin, and God comes by His convicting grace, and He burns it out, and the flesh comes again as the flesh of a little child.

Well, there is not a man in the audience but is ready to have that process go on in his soul. He says: "That's reasonable, that's right, that's just what I would suppose, and I mean to have that process in my soul." When? my brother, when? "Oh!" you say, "some time." Well, I cannot afford to have you put off the subject in that way, and you cannot afford to put it off in that way. I want to know just when.

I have heard that Alfred the king, before the invention of timepieces, used to measure the day by three wax can[illegible] Each wax candle would burn e[illegible] hours, so that when one wax candle was consumed eight hours were gone; two wax candles, sixteen hours were gone; and when the third wax candle had been consumed, then the twenty-four hours, the whole day, was gone. O my friends! I wish, instead of measuring our days and nights and years on earth by a timepiece we would *measure them by mercies* and opportunities which are burning down and burning out never to be relighted, lest at last we wake up with the discomfiture of the foolish virgins, and cry, "*our lamps are gone out!*"

II. But, in the second place, I commend the behavior of these disciples in the text

TO ALL THE TEMPTED.

I have heard people say they were *never tempted*—people who had come to mid life that never had been tempted. Ah! my friends, it is because they have never tried to do right. If a man be handcuffed and hobbled, and he lie quiet, he does not test the power of the chain or the manacle; but let him once try to rise up and break off the handcuffs and the shackle then he finds out the power of the chain. If, my dear brother, you do not know the power of temptation, it is because you are bound hand and foot of sin, and *have never made the attempt to be emancipated.*

Why, it is easy enough to go down stream in a boat. You can lie upon your oars, you go just as fast as the tide goes; but suppose you turn around and head up stream, then it is not so easy making progress. As long as you go down with the tide of sin and iniquity, it is easy enough to go that way; but when you turn around and head toward God and heaven, then it is a struggle, *an awful struggle.*

Can it be that you have never tested the power of temptation? You have one kind of temptation, you another, you another. There is not a person in the house but has been tempted, whether you realize it or not. I never like to hear a man say: "Oh! I couldn't be tempted the way that man is." He could not be tempted the way you are. A lion cannot understand why a fish should be caught with a hook, and the fish cannot understand why the lion should be caught with a trap. You may be free from certain kinds of temptations, but there are other temptations after you.

You see some man with a phlegmatic temperament. "Why," you say, "that man hasn't any temptations at all." You mistake him. He has temptations to *indolence, to censoriousness,* to sinkdown into more latitude and longitude of fattiness, to lie down on the road of life, to stop great enterprises. He has just as many temptations in one direction as you have, being of a nervous and excitable temperament, have temptations in another direction.

You will see some aged man arise in a prayer meeting, and at eighty years of age he talks so sweetly of Christ and heaven, you say, "That man has lived without temptation." *Ask him* He has as many temptations at eighty years o age as he had at twenty. They are only

DIFFERENT STYLES OF TEMPTATION.

Ask that aged man whether he has lived be yond the reach of the powers of darkness i this world, and he will say it has been a conflic all the way through.

Sixtus was a cardinal and he wanted the pon tifical chair, and history says he pretended t be sick and crippled. He said, "Now, if yo elect me to that chair, I will occupy it, and won't live long anyhow, and then you will p some one else in the chair." He was elected t that position. He moved to it on his crutche Getting the chair, he threw aside the crutche He said, "While I was hunting for the keys St. Peter, it was appropriate I stooped; b having found the keys of St. Peter, there is reason why I should stoop any longer." So h crutches were gone and he was well. Oh! h suggestive of temptation. It seems at one ti to be wan and weak and crippled, but give the throne and it becomes a tyrant to grind yo soul into ruin.

Well now, you say, "[illegible] persons being tem ed, *what are we to do* when we are assailed temptation? When the wave dashes against is there nothing to hold on to? Is a man to into this war with the world, the flesh, and devil with no help?" I will tell you, my frien the wisest thing for you to do in the day temptation is like these disciples of my text— go and tell Jesus. In the eyes that wept w the Bethany sisters I see shining hope. In t voice that broke the silence of the tomb u the widow of Nain got back her son and stupe ous sorrow woke up in the arms of raptu aye, in that voice I hear the command and promise: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and will sustain thee." He knows all about te tation. Tempted in all points like as we *Go and tell Jesus.*

THE BEST COURSE FOR THE PERSECUTED

III. Again: I commend this behavior of the disciples in my text to all those who are slandered and abused and persecuted. When these disciples saw that Herod had taken the head of John the Baptist, they knew their own heads were not safe. *Every John has his Herod.* There are people that do not think overmuch of you. misfortunes would be honeycomb to them. hiss at you through their teeth, and misinte your actions, and would be glad to see set. They would be the most submiss ers at your funeral!

Every one comes during the course be pommelled. Some slander comes horned and tusked and hoofed to trample gore you, and you think you are peculiar in respect. No. All who live godly in C Jesus must suffer persecution. If you are ab this morning, to say, "I haven't an enemy in all the world," it is proof positive you have not done your duty; for when a man does his duty, he challenges all earth and hell, and that challenge will bring against him opposition and scorn and persecution. It is so in all circles of li

One would have thought that if any man ought to have been free from persecution was George Whitefield, bringing great masses the people into the kingdom of God, wearing himlf out for Christ's sake, and yet the learned octor Johnson called him a mountebank! obert Hall preached about the glories of heav- as no uninspired man ever preached about em, and it was said when he preached about eaven, his face shone like an angel; and yet ood Christian John Foster writes of Robert all, saying: "Robert Hall is *a mere actor*, and hen he talks about heaven the smile on his ce is the reflection of his own vanity!" John esley stirred all England with reform, and yet e was caricatured by all the small wits of his ay; he was pictorialized, history says, on the ard fences of London, and everywhere he was e target for the punsters; and yet, John Wes- y stands to-day before all Christendom, his me mightier than any other name except "the ame that is above every other name," the ame of Christ. And can you expect to escape ardship and assault and abuse and slander? ou will not.

But what are you to do when you are lied about d assaulted? Are you going to hunt up the ander? While you are explaining one false- od, there will be fifty people who have just at moment heard of that particular falsehood. hile you are not to omit any opportunity of tting yourself right, I want to tell you who e abused and slandered of the world, I want to ll you of One who had the hardest things said out Him, whose sobriety was disputed, whose ission was scoffed, whose companionship was nounced, who was pursued as a babe, spat on a man, and howled at after He was dead. Go Him with all the wounds of your soul.

Do not go around trying to crush this false- od and to crush that slander: you will only me out of the contest irritated and exasper- ed; but take the counsel of the text, do as ese disciples of the text did—*go and tell Jesus.* o in His presence, and say: "Lord, I see Thy ounds, the wounds of Thy head, the wounds Thy feet, the wounds of Thy hand, the ounds of Thy side, and Thine own wounds ask Thee to pity mine." Try no longer to rry that burden. O abused soul! go and tell sus.

IV. Again, I commend the behavior of these sciples

TO THE BEREFT.

As I stand here Sabbath by Sabbath, and I ok off upon this audience, how many signals mourning do I behold! God has His own way breaking up the family. *The emigration om this world to the next* is so vast an enter- ise that God only can conduct it. That emi- ation from earth to eternity keeps three urths of the families of the world in desolation. he child that lay near the mother's heart is ken to lay in the cold and in the darkness. The ughter freezes to the girl's lip, and the rose atters. The boy comes in from the harvest elds of Shunam, saying, "My head! my ead!" and dies on the lap of his mother. idowhood stands with tragedy of woe struck to the pallor of the cheek, and orphanage cries vain for father and for mother.

Sometimes when we have sorrow our friends me in and they try to sympathize with us, and ey do sympathize with us to a certain extent; it they cannot understand *all the grief.* They as well as they can, but they cannot under- and it altogether. But blessed be God, hrist knows. He has been all through the ouble and all around about it. He has counted e tears and counted the groans, and before the ars started and before the groans began He w the hiding-place of the sorrow. Bone of our ne. Flesh of our flesh. Heart of our heart. orrow of our sorrow. As long as He remem- rs Lazarus' tomb, He will stand beside us in e cemetery. As long as He remembers His own eartbreaks, He will stand with you in the ceration of your affections. When He forgets is footsore way, and His lonely nights, and is weary mind, and His exhausted body, and is awful cross, and His solemn grave, then ill He forget you, *but not until then.*

Sometimes when we have trouble our friends are far away from us. We write a letter, saying: "Come right away," or we telegraph to them, saying: "Take the next train, come immediately;" but it may take hours, it may take days, before they reach us in our trouble. But I have to tell you this morning of One who is near to help, ever near, near before you, behind you, within you, nearer than the staff on which you lean, nearer than the cup you press to your lip, nearer than the handkerchief with which you wipe away the tears. I preach Him, an ever-present Jesus. Sometimes when we have trouble our friends come, and they do all they can for us; but they cannot relieve all the trouble, they cannot disentangle our finances, they cannot cure our sick, they cannot raise our dead.

Blessed be God, the One to whom these disciples went has all power in heaven and on earth, and He will at just the right time *balk our calamities*, and at just the right time, in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding heaven, *raise our dead.* Oh! I preach Him, an Almighty Christ. The last sword will leap from the scabbard of omnipotence, and the last resource of the infinite God be exhausted before God will allow one of His children to cry for comfort and not get it.

I HEARD OF A CHILD

who went to sea with her father, a sea-captain, and when the first storm came in the midnight the little child awakened and rushed out in great fright, and cried: "Where's father? where's father?" Then they told her the father was on deck, and that he was guiding the ship, and he was watching the storm, and she said: "Well, if father's on deck, then I'll go to sleep." So she went to sleep.

O ye who are tossed in the storms of this life! I want to tell you the Lord is guiding the ship; your Father is on deck, and He will bring you through into the harbor. O ye whose cheeks are wet with the night-dew of the grave, ye whose hearts are [illegible] with a [illegible]! in the name of a religion which can wipe every tear, and lift every burden, and deliver every captive, and illumine every darkness, I implore you *go and tell Jesus.* If you will not, if you try to carry your sins and your burden yourself, I tell you, my brother, plainly, your life will be a failure, your death will be a disaster, and your eternity a calamity; but if you will go to Christ with all your sins and all your sorrows to-day, your foot will strike the upward path, and the shining messengers who tell above what is done here will make the arches of God resound with the tidings that you have gone to tell Jesus.

Well, I look over this audience, and I wonder whether you will carry your own burdens, whether you are going to be so foolhardy as to take the consequences of your own sin, when there is a balm, a balsam for all wounds, and pardon for all transgressions. Soon you will be gone, and gone forever. You remember how Xerxes felt when he looked at his army—two million men—perhaps the greatest army ever marshalled. Xerxes rode along that army and reviewed it. Two million men! And after he had reviewed the troops, he came to a hill, and he looked off upon the great host and *burst into tears.* One of his staff officers expressed surprise that at a time when he ought to be full of exultation and triumph he should weep, and asked him why he wept. "Oh!" he said, "I weep because so soon all this host will be gone."

And this morning, I look off upon this audience, and I realize what you must realize, that soon you will all be gone—gone from the church, gone from the home circle, gone from business circles, and gone forever. *Whither? Whither?*

"'Tis not for man to trifle:
  Life is brief, and sin is here;
Our age is but a falling leaf,
    A dropping tear.
Not many lives, but only one, have we—
    One, only one.
How sacred should that one life be,
    That narrow span!"

RESCUE OF SEVEN ENTOMBED MINERS.

The Mine considered Unsafe—Fall of the Roof—Seven Men Imprisoned—Scenes at the Pit's Mouth—Digging a New Entrance—Obstacles in the Way—Fighting Fire and Water—"They are all Alive"—Narratives of the Rescued Men—Futile Efforts to Extricate Themselves—Hunger—Killing the Mule — Prayer-meetings—Close of the Boarding house for the Season.

THE whole community of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has been agitated during the past week by a mining disaster which it was feared at one time would involve the loss of seven lives.

The mine, leased by the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and operated by Charles Parrish, known as "number ten slope," located about three miles from Wilkesbarre, has been known among miners as a very dangerous place by reason of the insecure roof. Gas has also been known to accumulate in certain sections of the mine in great quantities. But one vein is being worked, which crops out on the hillside, but which bends downward in the form of a basin.

It was in the bottom of the basin, 1200 feet below the surface of the earth, that *a new gangway* was projected, and men were employed night and day in pushing it to completion in order to open up new breasts and chambers. It was something like a mile away from the foot of the slope, but a large fan, driven by a powerful engine, dissipated the gases, and from this danger, generally incident to coal-mining operations, there was freedom.

But the shaky rock overhead filled every miner's heart with misgivings. For several days and nights the mine had, to old workmen, sounded the alarm in unmistakable tones. It had "worked heavy," the creaking sounds reverberating through the old, abandoned chambers like the crackling of the dry limbs of a forest in a hurricane. The pillars had cracked and bulged out, and other premonitory symptoms were noted. On the morning of April 23d the crisis came, while there were in the mine the following delvers in the black-diamond bed

William Hawkins; Edward Price; Patrick Green; John Green; Barney Riley; John Clarke, door boy; William McKinney, driver boy.

The men entered the mine on Tuesday night, April 22d, at eleven o'clock, to work out the night shift beginning at that time. At about twelve o'clock a miner passed over the main gangway, which was being driven by the above-mentioned men, and discovered that some considerable quantities of the roof had fallen upon the bed of the road. An hour later, and from that time until about three o'clock, men came out of the dismal abyss and related indications of danger they had observed in the mine.

At a few minutes past three o'clock Dennis Gilgallon and his brother and two other miners were on their way out of the mine when they found about a car-load of coal upon the road track. Climbing over this this they met the two boys, Clarke and McKinney, who worked in conjunction with the men who were driving the gangway. Gilgallon urged them to make haste and save themselves and their companions from harm.

The boys started at full speed on their errand of mercy to warn the men at the head of the gangway *half a mile distant*, to flee for their lives.

Only a few moments after the two young boys started away, a loud crash like a thunderclap was heard, and it was known that the roof of the mine had fallen in. The fate of the men and boys at work was the first thought of all. The fallen coal blocked the passage and cut off all communication with them, if indeed they were not lying mangled corpses under the massive weight. The question anxiously asked on all hands was, If the imprisoned miners are not dead from physical violence, can they withstand the gas that is in all likelihood choking up the mine?

A MOURNING COMMUNITY.

It was about four o'clock when the accident became known to the men, and word was soon carried to the main office in Wilkesbarre and to the families of the ill-fated colliers. The roads and bypaths to the mouth of the slope soon began to present an animated scene, and by six o'clock the surroundings were melancholy and dispiriting. The relatives of the entombed men, male and female, raised their voices in the loudest lamentations over the loss of their dear ones. Women tore their hair, and, rolling upon the ground, inflicted tortures upon their own bodies in the vain hope to assuage their grief.

NO HOPE FOR RESCUE.

Brave volunteers descended into the yawning sepulchre to investigate and see if by any possible chance the fated seven, 1200 feet below, could escape. But each returning squad wore the same sad expression of face. No one asked the result of the visit below. Too well did the anxious wife, mother, or brother know the meaning of the look of despair as each coal-begrimed visage came up out of the inky blackness below. The report was that the fall of the roof was becoming general.

DIGGING A NEW ENTRANCE.

The immense mass of rock and coal had, it was thought, fallen between the place where the men were at work and their usual point of egress from the mine; and it was considered a task easier as well as safer to dig a new passage from the surface on the other side of the fallen roof than to cut a way through the obstruction.

Upon the suggestion that a new opening might be made from the surface and followed to the highest breast of the mine, half a thousand voices said "aye," and a point was quickly selected a short distance east of the supposed fall. The pick and shovel and drill were faithfully taken and plied with alacrity, but the progress through the rock was slow.

OBSTACLE AFTER OBSTACLE.

With steady persistence, 200 willing men, divided into three companies, who relieved each other at intervals, worked vigorously at the new opening. Discouragements, of which there were not a few, seemed only to stimulate them to renewed exertions. First, it was found an impracticable spot had been selected for the new passage, for the axes struck rock too hard to penetrate with sufficient speed when human life was at stake. The work ceased, and another point chosen where only earth and coal intervened, and once more the rescuing party were energetically engaged. Then two men, who had brothers among the imprisoned men, descended by the old entrance on an exploring expedition, and returned not only unsuccessful, but with the appalling intelligence that they had accidentally ignited the foul gas below, and that the mine was now on fire. At this new calamity general despondency prevailed, but hope revived when, after a steam fire-engine had operated for a considerable period, it was announced that the fire was finally extinguished. Afterward news came that *the water in the pit was rising* rapidly and a general flooding was anticipated. The pumps were at once set to work, and the new danger vigorously grappled with.

For six days these untiring efforts had been going on with alternations of hope and despair among the anxious crowd at the pit's mouth.

"'THEY ARE ALL ALIVE.'

"It was just nine on Monday morning when strong knocks in rapid succession were heard upon the trap-door that leads to the dismal abyss. The utmost silence prevailed. Men with bathed breath awaited the opening of the mouth of the messenger. It might be a voice freighted with excessive joy: it might be weighted down with the bitterest woe. The familiar head garb of a miner appeared at the hole. It was Daniel Lewis, and he cried out, 'They are all alive!'

"Never have the rock-ribbed hills of Sugar Notch echoed with joy as they did in response to this intelligence. Huzzah after huzzah was wafted out on the atmosphere, and the people in the village came out of their houses and gazed up to the place where the devoted men had been laboring upward of five days in succession without stoppage for the rescue of their fellow-men. Speedy messengers were despatched to Ashley for physicians and restoratives. There was rejoicing all around, and all gave expression to their feelings and congratulated one another upon the result of their protracted search.

"'HERE THEY COME.'

"Hardly had the cheers died away before another rap was heard at the trap-door, and another miner came up with the shout upon his tongue, 'Here they come!' 'Twas true; one after another of the imprisoned men was helped through the trap. As fast as they came up they fell into the hands of friends with unalloyed pleasure. The meeting was one of those scenes that cannot be faithfully portrayed. To the friends who had waited so long for their return it seemed *as if the dead had risen*. The rescued felt then, if never before, the blessings of friends, and the gloriousness of God's sunlight."

William Kinney, the driver boy who displayed his courage by running to warn the men at the time the fall was impending, instead of securing his own escape, gave the following

VIVID DESCRIPTION

of the time in the pit: "As I was coming out along the lower level gangway, about 500 yards from the facing, I was stopped by Martin Lee and Pat Devany, who had gone out to clear the track of a fall that had occurred before. This was about two o'clock Wednesday morning. I went ahead and saw that the track was obstructed by about twenty car-loads of roofing. I ran off at once to warn the men.

"While we were running toward the slope it was falling before us and behind us so we turned back. One said, 'What are we going to do?' One of the Green boys said there must be an opening on the back branch, and we started for that place. We found that that was full and we retraced our steps back to the main gangway and tried to roo[illegible] way through the fall. We hooked our way through that about fifteen yards, and gave it up. Little pieces were falling all around us.

"We saw it was useless trying to get out and by this time were all very hungry. So some of us went to where the mule was and we killed him and cooked some of his flesh. While we were eating *we prayed to God* that we might get out. Then we went on a back bench and laid down on an old door. We had a little camp-meeting there.

PRAYERS ANSWERED.

"On Thursday, just after we had eaten the first mule meat and had all declared it was good, as *if in answer to our prayers*, we heard a shot fired. Then we heard other sounds, and we sometimes thought it was men working for us, and more times we thought it was the fall of the roof, and we all got down and prayed that it was the rescuing men. Charley Hawkins *sang some hymns*. Saturday night we all felt in good cheer, but on Sunday there was no shooting, and we gave up all for lost. Charley Hawkins, the cook, then reduced our rations so that our food would last longer.

"We laid down and slept until this morning, when Hawkins went to try the gas and he found the gas was coming on us, and the air was getting worse. Then we went along the gangway to where the cave had broken down, an old breaking, to look for the course of the first air.

"WE ARE SAVED."

"Riley started to do something to the air passage, and we thought we heard somebody talking. We had been fooled so many times before when we hallooed, but we thought we would try it once again, and we cried hallo, and then we heard Mr. Smith say to Nick. Rapson, 'We have found them and they are alive.' He came right out to us; *and wasn't we glad!* We then went back and put out our fire and *closed our boarding-house for the season*. The rats will have a feast from the old mule—they are in sole possession now."

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, the Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 439.)

Arnold Percival Assumes his Benefactor's Name—Trouble with the Tenants—The Murder of Percival Montaigne Resolved upon—Lawyer Gogharty Warned of the Fact—He Longs for a "Good Sickness" or a "Providential Course" for Arnold Montaigne—Jimmy Mehaffy Breaks his Leg—Percival Goes in Search of Help—Percival Montaigne Falls into Trouble—He Interrupts a Ribbon Lodge Meeting.

Of a vigorous *physique*, young Montaigne took great delight in open-air amusements; and, when entered upon his teens, fishing and shooting became his favorite recreations. Summer and Christmas vacations found him at an uncle's, a Mr. Percival, whose abode too was not far from what had been his father's parish; a considerable sweep of the property, also, in the neighborhood would one day pass into his own possession, since the greater portion of the late Sir Christopher's landed estate lay in this part of the county. This, of course, gave the lad a special interest in it, and the moors, hills, and streams around furnishing good sport, were, during the weeks mentioned, traversed by him in all directions. On these occasions, as a rule, Jimmy Mehaffy, an intelligent and good-tempered young man in his uncle's employ, attended the youthful sportsman

When Percival Montaigne (in honor of the late knight he now prefixed to his own the former name) was fifteen years old, it so occurred that, admonished by the Court of Chancery, the trustees appointed over the Percival estate were required to evict from their holdings some non-paying tenants, several years in arrear. As they would come to no terms—indeed had got to believe, with many in the county at the time, tha all rent was an extortion—nothing remained t do but to put them off the property. As usua in Ireland, this sharp but necessary procedur aroused the enmity of the whole district, an this the more as the big war meditated by th Ribbon conspiracy was soon to come off, whic would end, it was calculated, Saxon rule in Eri forever, and restore to the ancient clans all th lands of which in the old time they had bee wrongfully dispossessed.

At a *secret meeting* of malcontents upon th estate, revenge was resolved upon, and since th trustees, residing in Dublin, were out of th way, what could be better than "to put off t walk"—that is, murder—the young heir to t estate, "which 'job' could be easily done," it w suggested, when he was out on his sport, and some lone place with Jimmy Mehaffy. The pl was feasible, and at a solemn meeting it was solved to be done.

In all such cases it was the rule, however, a it had—strange to tell—the force of a law in t Ribbon society, to give some warning of murderous intent to the proposed victim, and the person to be sacrificed was only a lad, it thought that the right thing to do would be send a notice of their fixed intention to Gogharty, the lawyer. That gentleman s received the following letter, headed with picture of a coffin: "Lawyer Gogharty, thi to inform you that unless thim who by your anny has ben done out of their own is put b into their holdings, and that at wanst, y young employer may look out. There's t who will take rite and justice on him. W on his march to shoot snipes and hares let make up his mind to be baged himself by t who can do the gob in the natest and pur manner; and this is the honest truth th towld ye, so beware. Sined and saled by t who has the rite."

When Mr. Gogharty received this letter rious emotions struggled in his mind. Sinc Christopher's death, large sums, the accun tion for years of interest and rent, had added to the wealth which the knight had behind him. And covetous desires were at up in the heart of the lawyer, and this the more from his having, of late, lost large sums of money by unfortunate speculations—money which he once hoped to leave to his only son. Very often of late did that moment come up before his remembrance when Sir Christopher, at the mention of his Alick's name, had all but made up his mind, it was evident, to make him his inheritor. "Upon my word," he would say to himself, "it was by the merest accident—by a downright 'fluke,' as they say—that Arnold Montaigne's name came to be thought of by the knight, and my boy was cut out of the money.

"It is true Arnold Montaigne has some right of blood to it, but one so slight it was absurd for Sir Christopher to make it the ground of his legacy—it was, in fact, a piece of downright superstition on his part, and certainly had in it nothing of natural affection." Then, observing the dangerous direction in which his reflections were veering, he would add, still speaking to himself, "Well, I'm sure I don't wish harm to young Montaigne—he personally has done me no evil; and yet—and yet, I must say I shouldn't fret if a good sickness, or a thing of that sort, would come some of these days and take him out of the way, it would be, 'pon my word, if not a merciful, yet certainly a very lucky, Providence for me and mine."

The beginning of strife, we are told, is like the letting out of water—from a small beginning there soon grows an impetuous flood (Prov. 17 : 14); and so it is with the permitted entrance of evil thought into the mind: it quickly increases in pertinacity, darkness, and power. Thus it was with Mr. Gogharty. Once he was startled at himself, and his conscience recoiled from entertaining malice against the lawful heir; but he came in time to long even for his *death*, so that his own son, according to the will of Sir Christopher, should in due time succeed to the deferred inheritance, and meanwhile that he, as guardian of his son, when a ward of Chancery, should pocket the allowance which Mrs. Montaigne was now enjoying.

It was while in this malicious and vexed condition of mind toward Percival Montaigne, aggravated by bad financial news, come by post that morning, that Mr. Gogharty received the Ribbonmen's letter. At first a flash of indignation rushed up in his heart, and his impulse was to put the criminal missive at once into the hands of the authorities, but it was not long until the temper within suggested another course of action. As though hissed into his ear, he heard a voice saying, "Why should you do any such thing? Percival Montaigne's life is much in your way. Why should you guard it? Here is just the means of getting rid of it, without trouble or cost, by deputy. Do not move a hand in this matter. Quietly put the letter you have received into your pocket. Let things take their Providential (!) course, and the issue will not be undesirable."

It thus came about that during the Christmas season Percival Montaigne went, as he was wont, on his shooting excursions, and, attended by Jimmy Mehaffy, ranged over the whole district around his uncle's dwelling. He had not the slightest suspicion of any insecurity. He had no hand in the eviction of tenants. As a minor his approval in such matters was never asked, and such proceedings were carried out almost without his knowledge.

One day, at the very beginning of the year, he and his companion went in search of game far beyond the bounds of their usual expeditions. Sport became plentiful, and without thinking of the distance they were going, they were led on into a wild, unknown, desolate and boggy region. The shades of evening coming on, they were reminded of home, so, having well filled their game-bags, they resolved to make good their return.

Every thing went on well for some time, and a considerable portion of their journey was retraced, when Jimmy Mehaffy, in jumping over a *fence*, caught his foot on the topmost rail, and fell heavily upon a large stone on the other side. He was not stunned, but, making an attempt to rise, he could not. No, his leg—poor fellow!—was broken. It was not long until he fainted; but a flask put to his lips by his young master speedily revived him. Having sat for several minutes to recover himself, the evening gloom every moment thickening, with the aid of Percival Montaigne he got up, standing on one leg, and tried if motion were possible; but the broken limb was useless, and every effort to walk was attended with agony.

Here was a painful predicament. No house was near. Not a light glimmered from any point in the darkness. Percival Montaigne shouted aloud for help, but there was no returning answer. The hale lad then sought to carry on his back his beloved attendant; but Mehaffy was a large and heavy man, so that the youth only helplessly staggered under his load, and after, with tremendous labor, advancing a few steps, to prevent a fall he was compelled to put down his burden. The lad was too manly to weep, but in the deepest distress he stood and looked down piteously upon his maimed companion. "O Jimmy," he cried, "what in the world is to be done? It's all owing to me, for if it had not been that I brought you here you would not now be in this sad and painful plight."

"Whisht, Mr. Percival—God bless you!—and don't talk nonsense," said the wounded man. "What have you to do with my hurt? Shure, it's all due to me own awkwardness. Take me advice, sur, and lave me here. The Lord 'll send me some help in wan way or another. It's gettin' darker and darker it is, an' if you don't make yer way home at wanst, ye'll not this night be able to git there."

"I'll never desert you," responded the lad; "I'll die first;" but then he thought the next moment that it would be perhaps advisable to leave his companion for a while, descend the hill they were on, see if some cottage could be discovered in the hollow, summon help, and return as soon as possible to Mehaffy.

Making known his thought, he did not wait for any reply from the moaning man, but hurried off in the direction he deemed most promising for help.

PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE hastened on over scrub, stones, and fence, and choosing also, when he could, mountain sheep-paths and shallow gullies. After some peril and toil in the darkness he reached the level ground; it was one wide expanse of bog. He found, after some search, what seemed a *cart-track* across it, and hoping it would lead to some dwelling, he hurried along it.

After a considerable time the wheel-ruts came to an end, and a trackless bog region spread out before him. The trackway had been made by carts conveying turf from the centre of the bog, and the starting-point was where the bewildered lad now stood, trying to pierce with his eyes the onward darkness.

It struck him that some distance on he could perceive, between him and the horizon, a structure. The object was very indistinct in the gloom, but it might turn out to be an inhabited cabin, so he determined to make his way to it. To do this he had to cross many cuttings in the morass, several of them wide and deep, and into one of them he heavily plunged. In his leap to clear the cutting he hardly gained the opposite side with half his foot, the soft bank of peat gave under his weight, and before he could secure his position he *sank backward* into a hole full of bog-slush. Blinded and almost suffocated he struggled out; but the thick and dark-colored fluid had covered him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, so that to his nearest friends he would have been unrecognizable. His fowling-piece, too, had fallen from his hand, and he felt it would be useless to attempt to recover it. He had scrambled out, however, on the right side of the cutting to reach his destination.

There it was, and not far off, and now that it was nearer, he felt more assured that the object which in the gloom had caught his eye was, in truth, a cabin. Hence, with uplifted hope, he made for it. Alas! when, wet and weary, he reached it, it proved to be only a turf-pile, which had been erected on the moor by its owner, to remain there until a convenient time should come for conveying it to the homestead.

He felt utterly wretched and discomfited, and becoming a little faint, he leaned for support against the turf-pile which had so cruelly deceived him. "What am I to do now?" he asked himself. "Instead of obtaining succor for my poor friend Jimmy, I am this moment in almost as bad a plight as he is, and my case is wellnigh desperate; I cannot remain here all night, and yet to regain firm ground will be, I fear, impracticable." In *extremity*, human hearts ever turn to supplicate Divine aid—even the hearts of wicked men do; much more, then, did the heart of Percival Montaigne, who had been taught to pray by a pious mother, look up, from the desolation and darkness around him, to his Father in heaven for strength and guidance.

While thus praying and waiting to recover strength for another onset, he thought he heard, amid the silent gloom, and very faint from distance, a sound as of singing. Yes, he was right; there was singing in the direction towards which his ear had been turned, and it came from a band of men singing in chorus.

A *Ribbon lodge* was holding a meeting that night on the bog, and in a very singular place of assembly. Had you seen it by day, you would have taken it for an immense peat-stack. It was that, and something more, which fact only very careful scrutiny, however, would have detected. Turf, as is well known, is cut from the bog, by a spade formed for the purpose, in pieces about the size and shape of a brickbat. The builders of the stack before us had not piled up the sods of turf solid, but in rectangular walls, about four feet in thickness. When the walls had been raised from the ground six feet or so, the sods of turf were deftly placed, layer after layer, a little inwards, until at last they met in the centre and formed an arch. Upon this more turf was piled, and the heap at last was covered with sward cuttings and heather. It thus became a snug and weather-proof "hall" of assembly, and standing far within the bog and away from any beaten track, and besides having no windows, since none were needed for night assemblies, it was a safe and convenient place for the "boys" to meet in without much danger of police intrusion.

On the present night there was a large and important gathering. Two or three offending landlords had to be tried and men to be chosen—not to assassinate them—such a word has never been uttered in a Ribbon lodge—but rather "to *put them off the walk*" or "*out of the way*," which phrases sound far more euphonious.

This business, with little discussion, settled—foregone conclusions never require much—arrangement was made for some "divarshin." Potheen whiskey and boiling water, heated on a fire near, but in a hollow to hide any flame, were at hand, and glasses of "punch" for each soon stood ranged upon a table of loose boards before the "brethren." One of them, Mickey Haley, was known to have a good voice, and he was asked for a song. Proud of his gift, he did not need much pressing, and the well-known "*Shan Van Voght*" was the melody he treated them to. Before he began, however, one man suggested that it might not be safe to sing "They say walls have ears," he said, "and perhaps to raise the voice would be dangerous." "Tut, you fool!" cried the President; "aren't there sintenels outside? and beside, sorra a wall, at all, at all, is there hereabouts to hear me, man—nothin' but turf. Who's afeard, in this lonesome place, of any one wan hearin' but oursels? Fire away, Mick, jewel, and without delay let us have the music."

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to disseminate the glorious truths of the Word of God, and thus to aid in carrying on the work of the Saviour on the earth.

It contains every week a sermon by Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached the Sunday morning previous to the day of publication.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

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The REV. C. H. SPURGEON desires strongly to commend THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the American public and readers of his sermons. His Orphanage, containing 260 orphans, his Pastor's College, and his Colportage Society cost over $1500 every week. Any pecuniary donations for them may also be forwarded to the manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, who will transmit them to London.

DR. TALMAGE says, in reference to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES: "I am in constant receipt — almost every mail brings me, letters from readers in Great Britain to whom my sermons published in the HERALD have been the means of comfort and salvation. From my knowledge of what the HERALD has accomplished in Great Britain in behalf of evangelical religion, I heartily commend it to the American public."

We have already published extracts from numerous letters commending THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the strongest terms, which we have received from all parts of the country, and from ministers of all denominations.

The subscription price is $1.50, payable in advance.

Remittances should be in registered covers. Post-office orders and drafts should be made payable to *MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN*, 63 Bible House, New York. Subscribers who make their remittances in postage stamps would oblige us by sending *one cent* stamps.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Veto of the Army Bill was sent to the House on Tuesday, April 29th. He objects to the bill in the first place on account of the objectionable character of the legislation proposed in the sixth section, which prohibits the use of troops at the polls, which legislation he declares unnecessary and uncalled for at this time; secondly, because the section will have the effect of preventing the use of force by the civil officers of the law at elections to keep the peace or enforce the laws, thus forbidding the enforcement of a law which is still allowed to remain on the statute-book. Further, he objects to placing extraneous matter on appropriation bills.

The House appointed Thursday, May 1st, to take the veto into consideration, but on that day there was no discussion of it, the previous question was moved, and the bill received 120 votes to 110 in the negative; a strictly party vote, insufficient to carry it over the veto.

Conversation with leading Democrats led to an opinion gaining ground at Washington, that the Army Bill will be cleared of extraneous legislative matter, and passed before the adjournment takes place.

The Ten-Dollar Government Certificates are in great demand by all classes of investors. The number of applicants at the New York Post Office for these securities increases daily. On May 3d the sales amounted to $209,000 making a total of $1,124,590 in New York since they were first issued to the public on April 12th. The bulk of the purchasers are of the working class, who are obviously disinclined to let so good an opportunity slip of obtaining fair interest and absolute Government security for their savings. The low denomination of ten dollars brings them within the reach of the masses, and the eagerness with which they are sought is another proof of Secretary Sherman's sagacity. Sales commenced May 5th at Brooklyn, N. Y,. and Boston, Mass.

The Civil Damage Law for Massachusetts has passed both branches of the Legislature, and as the Governor is known to sympathize with its principles it will probably be enacted. It provides that any person suffering injury throug the intoxication of any person, may sue for damages against not only the person intoxicated *but against the dealer* who supplied him with liquor and *the owner of the premises* in which the liquor was sold.

The Best Solution of the Chinese Problem is indicated by the following announcement in a New York journal: "On Sunday afternoon next a Chinese mission and school will be opened at No. 14 Mott Street. It will be in charge of Moy-Jin-Kee, a Christian Chinaman. Over 1,000 Chinese live in Mott street, and the mission is established there as a central point."

Mr. J. W. Powell stated recently in a Chicago newspaper that the Chinese emigrants to this country have come under the influence of Christianity to an extent not generally known. Of Chinamen members of Christian churches in California the Presbyterian Mission reports 160; the United Presbyterian Mission, 20; the Methodist Mission 78, with 10 probationers; the Congregational Association of Christian Chinese, 164, and 30 others ready to unite with the Church—making a total of 462. In addition to this, night and Sunday-schools gather for Christian instruction from three to four thousand, the majority of whom are led to renounce idolatry.

A Cordial Welcome of a European Guest was accorded May 1st, at Brooklyn, to Mr. Charles Fermaud, of Geneva, Switzerland, President of the late convention of the Young Men's Christian Association *of all lands*, held in Geneva last August. Mr. Fermaud is now visiting this country for the purpose of studying the workings of the association here. He is a young man of prepossessing personal appearance and engaging manner, who, since the convention of last August, has given up his business of banking to devote his whole attention to forwarding the interests of the association on the Continent of Europe. The reception of last evening was attended by 100 gentlemen prominently interested in the work to which Mr. Fermaud has devoted himself.

Mr. Fermaud's address showed him to be thoroughly interested in and conversant with the work he has undertaken. He said that of the 2400 Young Men's Christian Associations in the world *nearly two thirds* are in this country, and that in the management of the associations they in the Old World had much to learn on this side of the ocean. He alluded to the difficulties against which the associations had to contend in Roman Catholic countries, and of the great benefits to be derived by associations in all parts of the world from the International Association.

Chief Moses, with his Nephew, one or two of his band, and an interpreter, who are now on a visit to Washington, attended the Calvary Baptist Sunday-school and Church at Washington last Sunday morning. In the Sunday-school the chief made an excellent speech, through the interpreter, expressing pleasure at the sight of so many boys and girls and men and women studying the good book, which, he believed, taught the right way of living. He said that the most earnest wish of his heart was to see all his people becoming civilized, and cultivating the arts of peace and husbandry, and becoming Christian people.

Timely Aid in Answer to Persevering Prayer.—The following letter received at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, April 30th, tells its own tale:

"I desire to be one to return and give thanks for a most tangible answer to a special prayer, entered here almost constantly *in secret for the past three years*. I have realized how deeply God tries our faith, but never forgets our petitions if they are asked in faith, believing, and are according to His will. I have had the care of and supported entirely for the past four years two forsaken children, under a flood of discouragements, but constantly asking help of God. In over three years I have never received a dollar toward their support, even a promise, and had not the least reason to think I ever should. But Saturday, while under great pecuniary pressure, I was on my way in the street to collect some small bills. I met a person I had not seen in over three years, who, without any explanation, stepped into a bank, without saying any thing about what he intended doing, and drew $300 and presented it to me, stating it was for this work to help me in supporting these children. Did this little help come by chance? No, no! Our Heavenly Father sent it."

An Escaped Prisoner Returned to Jail for conscience sake recently at Valparaiso, Indiana. During the revival there several ladies assisted by their pastor held daily religious services *at the jail*, for the seven prisoners confined there for the crimes of grand larceny, seduction, robbery, and murder. After some time four of the seven professed conversion. A few days later the other three broke jail and escaped, opening the way for all to go out. One of the four converts, conscious that the penitentiary was his doom and seeing his opportunity fell into the temptation, and "made way for liberty" at the top of his speed. When he had made a couple of miles, conscience "made way" for principle: he sat down to rest and reconsider the matter, *and arose and returned to his cell!* The three who refused to escape, when they could have done so by simply walking through the open door, were as glad to see him back as they were sorry at his leaving. Singularly enough, the Scripture lesson at the jail service the day before the escape was Acts 16: 16 to 34.

Mr. Moody Contemplates Commencing a Series of Revival Services at New Haven shortly. The prayers of all readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD are desired that the Holy Spirit may abundantly bless His labors as He has done at Baltimore.

A Jaguar at Large.—The "Philadelphia 'imes" of May 2d reports that as a train conveyng a menagerie passed Washington, Pennsylana, the previous night, a full-sized Brazilian aguar, a beast more ravenous and ferocious han a tiger, escaped from his cage on a flat car nd bounded into the woods. The train had topped to permit another train to pass, and a ramp, who had secreted himself on the car, pened the cage, allowing the animal its liberty. About twenty of his fellow-tramps had been preiously ejected from the train, and it is supposed e committed the act for spite. One of the cirus hands saw him open the cage, but supposed e was one of the regular attendants. When the nimal escaped, the tramp jumped from the rain. The jaguar was a powerful animal, and ost $1500 two years ago. He was about five eet long, and naturally one of the most feroious beasts in the menagerie. Early this mornng the mangled remains of a man were found ear the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, fifeen miles east of this place. It has not been asertained yet whether this is the first victim of he jaguar or not. The people are much exited, and have been warned to take all precauons against an attack.

This savage beast will probably soon be detroyed and the minds of the people relieved of his fear; but there is an enemy "who goeth bout like a roaring lion," whose assaults are far nore deadly and who is continually carrying off is prey from our midst.

A Great Author's Penury.—The extreme povrty in which the authors of some of our most alued works have lived and written has often een the subject of remark. It is not generally nown that Jonathan Edwards, of world-wide ame, was one who suffered from this curse. ismissed from his church in Northampton, ver which he had been pastor for over a quarer of a century, he removed to Stockbridge to abor among the Indians. He was obliged to upport his family on a mere pittance. In this ecluded place he wrote his treatise on the Freedom of the Will," which is regarded as a asterpiece in theological literature. So great as his poverty at that time, that the treatise as written largely *on the backs of letters and e blank pages of pamphlets*, as paper was beond his means to purchase. His daughters, ho were all women of superior mental powers, orked hard that they might add something to e family resources.

The American Missionary Association has ecided to accept Mr. Arthington's proposition, ccompanied with an offer of $15,000, to occupy district in Central Africa. It is in a region acessible by the Nile, and steamers can be used n the Nile and its tributaries so as to facilitate ommunications. The Association believes the pening to be a providential one, and it calls for contribution of $35,000, which, added to the onation of Mr. Arthington, would make $50,00 to start the mission with. A force of about n missionaries would be required.

Palestine Mortgaged to the Jews.—The South erman *Evangelische-Protestantische Wochenatt* states that the Holy Land has fallen out of e hands of the Turk into the hands of the ew. It says that the great banking house of e Rothschilds has lent Turkey the sum of two ousand million francs, and has received in reurn a deed of mortgage upon the entire land of alestine. It observes further that, as it is quite npossible for a bankrupt and declining state ke Turkey to pay back the money, the Israeles may now count upon their return to the nd of promise as a clear certainty.

Human Sacrifices are still Offered in the iger country in Africa. The Rev. J. Buck retes that a few weeks ago a leading man at lenso died, and an attendant had to be providd to accompany him into the world of sprits. slave was bought and bound in chains. A pe was brought to him, which he smoked, a ew cloth was exchanged for his rags, and, while e was having his last smoke, the daughter of e deceased chief stood before him, and began to eulogize her deceased father, telling of his former greatness and achievements before all the people. The address was directed to the victim, as if to the deceased father, in order that he should be well informed to repeat the same to the inhabitants of the world of spirits. The Rev. J. Buck, with some Sierra Leone friends in the factories, hastened to the spot, and used all arguments, entreaties, and pleadings possible in behalf of the release of the man, but failed. Bullocks were offered in place; these they flatly refused; and while they stood begging, the corpse was brought and laid on the poor slave, who was laid on his back at the bottom of the grave, and an order given that he should embrace it, which was obeyed. The grave was then filled up, and thus a man was *buried alive* as a sacrifice to the dead. At Osamare, not long ago, one of the kings died; and nine men and women were buried alive with him. At Onitsha, twenty miles off, the king is generally intoxicated soon after breakfast.

A Young Mother says: "My Heart is almost heavy that my little babe does not know how very much I love her. I fear I am impatient for her to know and love me. But God is teaching me, *by my love to her*, so helpless, dependent, and unresponsive, *how He loves me.*

At a Deaf and Dumb Asylum a Visitor was particularly struck with the comeliness and intelligence of one of the young inmates. He asked him many questions, which were promptly and correctly answered. At length he ventured upon a most delicate inquiry: "Why did God make you deaf and dumb and make me to hear and speak?" The boy took the chalk and wrote, "*Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.*" Asylums in which such truths are taught are the supreme ornaments of any nation.

A Good Bargain All Round.—A certain farmer hired a young man to work for him a year, for a stipulated sum. When the bargain was made the farmer asked him "how much he would take over and above not to drink any whiskey during the year?" The young man hesitated a little, and before he could give an answer the farmer asked him "if a sheep would be enough?" "Yes," the young man said. There were three sons of the farmer present and heard the bargain. Said the oldest to his father: "Father, will you give me a sheep if I drink no whiskey for a year?" "Yes," said the father. The second and third sons put the same question to their father, and received the same answer. And now, when the bargain was made all round, the youngest son, quite a little fellow, stepped up to his father, with an earnest and wishful look, and said to him: "Father, *you had better take a sheep too.*"

Education no Safeguard against Drink.—We are sometimes told that education is the sovereign panacea for intemperance. Yet from week to week there are testimonies rising up to belie this fond expectation. An inquest was lately held on a man named Dunn, who was brought to a premature death by his drinking habits. This man could speak with fluency five languages. He had held several offices, as cashier and accountant, in large companies. He was on the literary staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, sent out to the Servian war. Some time ago he came to be possessed of 300*l*. ($1458), and at once he gave free course to his habits of dissipation, which have now resulted in his being taken to the London Hospital, with his teeth knocked out, his clothes almost entirely gone, and not a penny left in his pocket, and there he died.

The Portrait of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, one of the twin sons of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, with a sketch of his life, will appear (D. V.) in the next number of this journal. He preached with great success at the Tabernacle in London occasionally during his father's illness, and his sermons were remarkable for the same earnestness, simplicity, and power which distinguish those of his father.

The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times may be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND PROPRIETY OF ABUNDANT PRAISE.

A Sermon Delivered on Easter Morning, after his Return to England, by C. H. Spurgeon.

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness, and shall sing of Thy righteousness."—PSALM 145 : 7.

The Great Object in View—To Secure the Abundant Proclamation of God's Praise—I. The Methods—1. Careful Observation—2. Diligent Memory—The Memory may be Strengthened—By the Documents—By the Memorials—By Personal Experience—By Association and Classification—3. Utterance—4. Song—II. The Motives —1. We Cannot Help It—2. Others Try to Drown It—3. It Confers a Benefit—4. God is Glorified thereby.

THIS is called "David's Psalm of Praise," and you will see that all through it he is inflamed by a strong desire that God may be greatly magnified. Hence he uses a variety of expressions, and repeats himself in his holy vehemence. Run your eye down the psalm and notice such words as these: "I will extol Thee"; "I will bless Thy name"; "Every day will I bless Thee"; "I will praise Thy name forever and ever"; "Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised"; "One generation shall praise Thy works to another"; "I will speak of the glorious honor of Thy majesty"; "Men shall speak of the might of Thy terrible acts," and other words of like import, down to the last verse: "My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless His holy name forever and ever."

David is not content with declaring that Jehovah is *worthy of praise*, or with pleading that His praise ought to be felt in the heart, but he will have it *publicly spoken of*, openly declared, plainly uttered, and joyfully proclaimed in song. The inspired Psalmist, moved by the Holy Ghost, calls upon all flesh, yea, and upon all the works of God to sound forth the praises of the Most High. Will we not heartily respond to the call?

In following out his design of praise, David had spoken in verse five of the majesty of God, the glorious King. His eye seems to be dazzled by the glorious splendor of the august throne, and he cries, "I will speak of the glorious honor of Thy majesty." Then he bethinks himself of the power of that throne of majesty and of the force with which its just decrees are carried out, and so in verse six he exclaims, "Men shall speak of the might of Thy terrible acts, and I will declare Thy greatness." Here he speaks in brief both as to the majesty and the might of the dread Supreme; but when he turns his thoughts to the divine goodness he enlarges and uses words which indicate the stress which he lays upon his subject, and his desire to linger over it. "They shall abundantly utter," saith our text, "the memory of Thy great goodness."

Now, our desire this morning is that we also may praise and magnify the name of the infinite Jehovah without bound or stint, and may especially have our hearts enlarged and our mouths opened wide to speak abundantly of His great goodness. O that in the whole of this congregation the text may become true—"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness"; and having uttered it in plain speech may we all rise a stage higher, and with gladsome music sing *of His righteousness.*

You see our object, an object in which I trust you all sympathize. Come one and all, and praise the Lord. Is the invitation too wide? Observe the ninth verse: "The Lord is good to all: and His tender mercies are over all His works. All Thy works shall praise Thee." I will not limit the invitation of the Lord; since you all drink of the river of His bounty, render to Him all of you such praises as you can.

But there is *a special invitation to His saints.* Come ye and *bless* His name with spiritual, inward, enlightened praise. "Bless the Lord, O house of Israel. Ye that fear the Lord, bless the Lord." In your heart of hearts extol, adore, and make Him great, for it is written—"Thy saints shall bless Thee." Verily this shall not be written in vain, for our souls shall bless the Lord this day as the Holy Ghost shall move within us.

We shall speak upon two things that we may promote the object we have in view. The first is, *the method of securing the abundant utterance of God's praise as to His goodness;* and, secondly, *the motives for desiring to secure this abundant utterance.*

I.—THE METHOD

Of securing the abundant utterance of the divine praise concerning his goodness. Our text gives us the mental philosophy of abounding praise, and shows us the plan by which such praise may be secured. The steps are such as the best mental philosophy approves.

First, we shall be helped to abundant praise *by careful observation.* Notice the text—"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness." Now, in order to memory there must *first* of all be

OBSERVATION.

A man does not remember what he never knew; this is clear to all, and therefore the point is virtually implied in the text. In proportion as a fact or a truth makes an impression upon the mind, in that proportion is it likely to abide in the memory.

If you hear a sermon, that which you remember afterwards is the point which most forcibly strikes you while you are listening to the discourse. At the time you say, "I will jot *that* down, for I should not like to forget it, for it comes so closely home to me;" and whether you use your pencil or not, memory obeys your wish and makes a record upon her tablets.

It is so with the dealings of God towards us. If we want to remember His goodness we must let it strike us; we must notice it, consider it, meditate upon it, estimate it, and allow it to exert its due influence upon our hearts; and then we shall not need to say that "we must try and remember," for we shall remember as *a matter of course.* The impression being clearly and deeply made will not easily fade away, but we shall see it after many days. The first thing, therefore, towards the plentiful praising of God is a careful observation of His goodness.

Now, see what it is that we are to observe—it is God's goodness. Too many are blind to that blessed object. They receive the bounties of providence, but they do not see the hand of God in them. They are fed by His liberality and guided by His care, but they attribute all that they receive to themselves, or to secondary agents. God is not in all their thoughts, and consequently His goodness is not considered. They have no memory of His goodness because they have no observation of it.

Some, indeed, instead of observing the goodness of God, complain of His unkindness to them, and imagine that He is needlessly severe. Like the unprofitable servant in the parable, they say, "I knew thee, that thou art an austere man." Others sit in judgment upon His ways, as we find them recorded in Holy Scripture, and dare to condemn the Judge of all the earth. Denying the goodness of Jehovah, they attempt to set up another God than the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who for this enlightened nineteenth century is a God much too sternly just. In this house, however, we worship *Jah*, Jehovah the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and none other than He.

In many a place of worship at this day *they adore new gods*, newly come up, which our fathers knew not; not like unto the God of the Old Testament, who in the opinion of modern philosophers is as much out of date as Jupiter himself. This day we say with David, "This God is our God forever and ever." "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before Jehovah our Maker. For He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand."

As we find the Lord revealed both in the Old and the New Testament, *making no division in* the revelation, but regarding it as one grand whole, we behold abundant goodness in Him. Mingled with that awful justice which we would not wish to deny, we see surpassing grace, and we delight that God is love. He is gracious and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy. We have no complaints to make against Him, we wish to make no alteration in His dealings or in His character; He is our exceeding joy; our whole heart rejoices in the contemplation of Him. "Who is like unto Thee, O God? Among the gods who is like unto Thee?"

We are then to consider, what many will not so much as believe, that there is great goodness in Jehovah, the God of creation, providence, and redemption; the God of Paradise, of Sinai, and of Calvary. We are thoroughly to acquaint ourselves with Him as He has made Himself known, and we are continually to consider His great goodness, that we may retain the memory of it.

2. I have said that the text contains the philosophy of great praise, and we see this in the second stage of the process, namely,

DILIGENT MEMORY.

That which has made an impression upon the mind by observation is fastened upon the memory. Memory seems to lie in two things—first in retaining an impression, and then in recollecting it at a future time. I suppose that, more or less, every thing that happens to us is retained in the mind, but it is not easy to reproduce the fainter impressions when you wish to do so.

I know in my own mind a great many things that I am sure I remember, but yet I cannot always recollect them immediately. Give me a quarter of an hour to run through a certain arrangement of ideas, and I shall say, "Oh, yes, I have it. It was in my mind, but I could not recall it at the time." Memory collects facts and afterwards *re*collects them. The matters before us are recorded by memory, but the tablet may be mislaid: the perfection of memory is to preserve the tablet in a well-known place, from which you can fetch it forth at the moment.

I have dwelt rather long upon observation, with the view that you may begin aright from the beginning, and, by getting vivid impressions, may be the better able to retain and to recall them. We cannot utter what we have forgotten; hence the use of close observation to make a strong memory touching the Lord's great goodness.

How are we to strengthen our memory as to God's goodness? First, we should be well acquainted with *the documents* in which His goodness is recorded. A man may be said to keep in memory a fact which did not happen in his own time, but hundreds of years before he was born: he remembers it because he has seen the document in which the fact is recorded. In a certain sense this is within the range of memory; it is within the memory of man, the united memory of the race. Beloved, be familiar with the Word of God. Store your memory with the ancient records of His great goodness: drink in the whole narrative of the evangelists, and despise not Moses and the prophets; let them be as it were at your fingers' ends because they are in your heart's core, and then you will be sure abundantly to utter the memory of His goodness, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Next, if you would strengthen your memory, right diligently observe *the memorials.* There are two in the Christian Church. There is the memorial of your Saviour's death, burial, and resurrection which is set forth in believers' baptism, wherein we are buried and risen with the Lord Christ. And as for the Holy Supper, never neglect it, but be often at the table, where again you set forth His death till He come. He has bidden you do this in remembrance of Him; cherish devoutly the precious memorial.

Great events in nations have been preserved upon the memory of future generations by some ordained ceremonial, and the Lord's Supper is of that kind: therefore observe ye well the table of the Lord, that ye forget not His great goodness. See how the Jews kept their Exodus in mind by means of the Paschal Lamb; how they ate it after the sprinkling of the blood; how they talked to their children and told them of the deliverance from Egypt, abundantly uttering the memory of God's goodness, and then after supper they sang a hymn, even as our text bids us sing of the righteousness of God. Strengthen your memories, then, by reverent attention to the historical documents and the memorial ordinances.

Still, the most important is the memory of what has happened to yourself, your own *personal experience.* I will not give a penny for your religion unless it has taken effect upon yourself. The power of prayer! What of that? Did you ever receive an answer to prayer? Did you ever wrestle with the angel and come out victorious? What do you know about prayer if you never did? You are very orthodox. Yes, but unless the doctrines of grace have brought to your soul the grace of the doctrines, and you have tasted and handled them what do you know about them? Nothing certainly to remember.

I have heard that the science of mnemonics or the strengthening of the memory, for which have not a very high esteem, lies in the followin of certain methods. According to some, yo link one idea with another; you recollect a dat by associating it with something that you ca see. Practise this method in the present cas Remember God's goodness by the objects aroun you which are associated with it. For instanc let your bed remind you of God's mercy in th night watches, and your table of His goodness supplying your daily needs. My garment when I put them on this morning, reminded m of times when my hand was unequal even that simple task.

All around us there are memoranda of Go love if we choose to read them. The memory some deed of divine goodness may be connect with every piece of furniture in your roo There is the old arm-chair where you wrestl with God in great trouble, and received a gra ous answer; you cannot forget it; you do n pray so well any where else as you do there; y have become attached to that particular ch That thumbed Bible—*that particular one* mean: it is getting rather worn now, and marked a good deal; but, nevertheless, out that very copy the promises have gleamed fo like the stars in heaven, and therefore it he your memory to use it.

I remember a poor man giving me wha thought great praise. I visited him in the pital, and he said, "Ah, you seem to have h this room round with your texts, for every th reminds me of what I have heard you say, an I lie here I recollect your stories and your ings." In much the same way we should re lect what God has done for us, by looking a the various places, circumstances, times, persons which were the surroundings of mercy. O for *a clear remembrance* of the g ness of God.

Memory is sometimes helped by *classifica* You send a servant to a shop for a variety ticles: she will forget some of them unless so arrange the order that one suggests ano Take care, then, to set God's mercies in ord fore you, and reckon them up in number, i can, and so fix them in your memory.

At other times when persons have very memories, they like to figure down on a paper that which it is important to remen I have often done so, and have placed the where I have never found it again. A t around the finger, or a knot in a handker and many other devices have been tried. not mind what it is, so long as you try and lect God's mercy to you by some mea other.

Do make some record of His goodness know the day in which you lost that mon you not? "Yes, very well." You recolle day of the month of Black Friday, or Monday, up in the City; you have evil da elibly noted in the black pocket-book of memo- r: do you remember as well the days of God's ecial loving-kindness to you? You should do o. Take pains to make notes of notable benefits, nd to mark remarkable blessings, so shall you n future days utter the memory of God's great oodness.

3. The first two processes for securing abunnt praise are observation and remembrance. he next is *utterance :*

"THEY SHALL ABUNDANTLY UTTER."

The word contains the idea of boiling or bubing up like a fountain. It signifies a holy fluncy about the mercy of God. We have quite nough fluent people about, but they are many f them idlers for whom Satan finds abundant ork to do. The Lord deliver us from the noise f fluent women: but it matters not how fluent en and women are if they will be fluent *on the pic now before us.*

Open your mouths; let the praise pour forth; t it come, rivers of it. Stream a way! Gush way, all that you possibly can. "They shall bundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodess."

Do not stop the joyful speakers, let them go n for ever. They do not exaggerate, they canot. You say they are enthusiastic, but they re not half up to the pitch yet; bid them beome more excited and speak yet more fervently. o on, brother, go on; pile it up: say someing greater, grander, and more fiery still! ou cannot exceed the truth. You have come a theme where your most fluent powers will il in utterance. The text calls for a sacred fluncy, and I would exhort you liberally to exerise it when you are speaking of the goodness of od.

You cannot praise abundantly unless your emory supplies materials, and on the other and your memory will lose strength unless you tter *what you know.* When you went to school nd had a lesson to learn you found out that by eading your lesson aloud you learned it more uickly, for your ear assisted your eye. Utterng the divine goodness is a great help to the emory of it. By teaching we learn; by giving he truth expression we deepen its impression pon our minds.

4. Now I come to the last part of this admirble process. When we have abundantly utered, then we are to *sing*. In the old Greek myhology Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory, is he mother of the Muses, and surely where there s a good memory of God's loving-kindness the eart will soon produce a song.

But what is surprising in the text is that when he joy is described as mounting from plain uterance to song it takes another theme—"Sing f *Thy righteousness.*" When the heart is most doring, and selects the grandest theme for revrent song, it chooses the meeting of goodness nd righteousness as its topic. How sweet is that anticle—"Mercy and truth are met together, nd righteousness and peace have kissed each ther."

The atonement is the gem of the heart's oetry. Do not your hearts burn within you at he very mention of the glorious deed of Jesus ur great Substitute? Parnassus is outdone y Calvary; the Castalian spring is dried and esus' wounded side has opened another fount f song.

The goodness of the Lord to us in all the blessngs of his providence we gladly chant, but when we tell of the grace which led our Lord esus to bleed and die, "the just for the unjust, o bring us to God," our music leaps to nobler eights. Incomparable wisdom ordained a way n which God should be righteous to the sternness of severity, and yet should be good, illimtably good, to those that put their trust in him; ift up then your music till the golden harps hall find themselves outdone.

Thus, then, we have explained the method of ecuring an abundant utterance, may the Holy Spirit help us to carry it out.

II. In the second place, we shall very briefly ote THE MOTIVES FOR THIS ABUNDANT UTTERANCE.

These lie very near to hand. The *first* is, because *we cannot help it.* The goodness of God demands that we should speak of it. If the Lord Jesus Himself should charge His people to be silent as to His goodness they would scarcely be able to obey the command. They would, like the man that was healed, blaze abroad the mighty work that he had done. But, bless His name, He has not told us to be quiet; He allows us to utter abundantly the memory of His great goodness. The stones of the street would cry out as we went along if we did not speak of His love.

Some of you, good people, seldom speak of the goodness of God; how is this? I wonder you can be so coldly quiet. "Oh," said one in his first love, "I must speak or I shall burst;" and we have sometimes felt the same, when the restrained testimony was as fire within our bones.

Is it not a sacred instinct to tell out what we feel within? *The news is too good to keep.* Indulge to the full the holy propensity of your renewed nature. Your soul says, "Speak," and if etiquette says, "Hush, they will think you a fanatic," regard it not, but speak aloud, and let them think you a fanatic if they please. Sir, play the organ very softly when the subject is your own praise; but when you come to the praises of God, pull out all the stops; thunders of music are all too little for His infinite deservings.

2. Another motive for abundantly uttering the praises of God is that *other voices are clamorous to drown it.* What a noisy world this is, with its conflicting and discordant cries. "Lo here," cries one; "Lo there," shouts another. This uproar would drown the notes of God's praise unless His people uttered it again and yet again. The more there is said against our God the more should we speak for Him.

Whenever you hear a man curse, it would be wise to say aloud, "Bless the Lord." Say it seven times for every time he curses, and make him hear it. Perhaps he will want to know what you are at, and you will then have an opportunity of asking what he is at, and he will have more difficulty in explaining himself than you will in explaining yourself. I say, unless you give forth abundant utterance, God's praise will be buried under heaps of error, blasphemy, ribaldry, nonsense, and idle talk. Abundantly utter it, so that some of it, at least, may be heard.

3. Praise the Lord abundantly *because it will benefit you to do so.* How bright the past looks when we begin to praise God for it. We say, "I am the man that hath seen affliction," and we are to fill the cup of memory with gall and wormwood, but when we see the goodness of God in it all, we turn the kerchief with which we wiped our tears into a flag of victory, and with holy praise, in the name of our God, we wave the banneret.

As for the present, if you think of God's mercies, how different it seems. A man comes to his dinner-table, and does not enjoy what is there, because he misses an expected dainty; but if he were as poor as some people he would not turn his nose up, but would bless the goodness which has given him so much more than he deserves. Some I know even among Christians are growlers in general, always finding fault. The best things in the world are not good enough for them. Ah, my brother, abundantly utter the memory of God's goodness and you will find nothing to grumble at, nothing to complain about, but every thing to rejoice in.

Again, I think we ought to do this because of the good it does *to other people.* If you abundantly talk of God's goodness you are sure to benefit your neighbors. Many are comforted when they hear of God's goodness to their friends.

Draw a long face, and lament the trials of the way; sit down with sombre brethren, and enjoy a little comfortable misery, and see whether crowds will ask to share your vinegar-cruet.

> "While here our various wants we mourn,
> United groans ascend on high,"

says Dr. Watts, and I am afraid he speaks the truth, but very few will be led in this way to resolve—"We will go with these people, for we perceive that God is with them." Is it good reasoning if men say, "These people are so miserable that they must be on the way to heaven?" We may hope they are, for they evidently want some better place to live in; but then it may be questioned if such folks would not be wretched even in heaven.

We have glorious reasons for being happy; let us be so, and soon we shall hear persons asking, "What is this? Is this religion? I always thought religious people felt bound to be down in the dumps, and to go mourning and sighing all their days." When they see your joy they will be tempted to come to Christ. There is a blessed seductiveness in a holy, happy life. Praise then His name; praise His name evermore; abundantly utter the memory of His great goodness, and you will bring many to Christ.

Such happy utterance will help also to comfort your own Christian friends and fellow-sufferers. There is a deal of misery in the world—just now more than usual. Many are sorrowing from various causes; therefore, my dear friends, be happier than ever you were.

That venerable man of God, now in heaven, our dear old father Dransfield, when it was a very foggy morning in November, used always to come into the vestry before the sermon and say, "*It is a dreary morning, dear pastor; we must rejoice in the Lord more than usual.* Things around us are dark, but within and above all is bright."

What if it is bad weather? Bless the Lord that it is not worse than it is. We are not altogether in Egyptian darkness: the sun does shine now and then, and we are sure it is not blown out. So, when we are sick and ill, let us thank God that we shall not be ill forever, for there is a place where the inhabitants are no more sick.

And now to-day, if your harps have been hanging on the willows, take them down: if you have not praised the Lord as you should, begin to do so. Wash your mouths and get rid of the sour flavor of murmuring *about bad trade and bad weather.* Sweeten your lips with the pleasant confection of praise.

I will tell you this, brethren, if any of you shall confess to me that you have sinned by going too far in blessing God, I will for once become a priest, and give you absolution. I never tried my hand at that business before, but I think I can manage so much. Praise God extravagantly if you can. Try it. I wish you would say within yourself, "I will go beyond all bounds in this matter;" for there are no bounds to the deservings of an ever-blessed God.

4. Lastly, let us praise and bless God because it is the way in which *He is glorified.* We cannot add to his glory, for it is infinite in itself; but we can make it to be more widely known by simply stating the truth about him. Do you not want to give honor to God? Would you not lay down your life that the whole earth might be filled with His glory? Well, if you cannot cover the earth with His praise as the waters cover the sea, you can at least contribute your portion to the flood.

Oh, keep not back your praises, but bless and magnify His name from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. It will lift earth upward and heavenward if we can all unite in praise: we shall see it rising as it were beneath our feet, and ourselves rising with it, until we shall stand as upon the top of some loftiest Alp that has pierced the vault of heaven, and we shall be among the angels, feeling as they feel, doing as they do, and losing ourselves as they lose themselves in the eternal hallelujah of "Glory, and honor, and majesty, and power, and dominion, and might, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

THE NATURE OF THE MILLENNIUM.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

When the First Resurrection has taken place and the destruction of Antichrist has been completed, we may inquire in what form and character shall the Kingdom of Christ be revealed to the world during the Millennial period, or how will it differ from all that went before or that shall follow?

The nature of the Millennial Kingdom appears to be this: 1st.—The Lord shall reign directly over the whole earth. 2ndly.—The saints shall reign with and under Him. 3rdly.—Jerusalem shall be rebuilt, and Israel restored. 4thly.—The whole world shall become converted. 5thly.—The earth shall become more fruitful, and the seasons shall be altered. 6thly.—The saints who share in the First Resurrection shall not live upon the earth, but in the Heavenly City.

The Heavenly City will be suspended over the earth during the Millennial reign, and probably over the earthly Jerusalem, and will be a visible object throughout all the land of Israel. This supposition solves a difficulty which must occur with regard to the Millennial climate. We all imagine that some great improvement must take place in the climate, productions, and fertility of the earth, during the reign of Christ, and all the prophecies seem to concur in foretelling this improvement. But the question is, by what miracle shall this change be produced?

We reply, that the Heavenly City will become a source of light, and heat, and fertility to all the world, being 1500 miles square measurement, being filled and lit up by the glory of God (Rev. 21), and being suspended not far from the surface of the earth, it will fulfil the office of an additional *sun*, especially throughout the land of Israel, and will thus produce that physical renovation of the earth which the prophets have foretold as the effect of the reign of Christ. (See Isaiah 35.)

But this City is described in such peculiar language that it seems impossible to understand by it any thing but a literal place of residence, a really existing structure, whether it be a City or otherwise, and a place whose materials will be the most magnificent and costly that imagination can conceive—a place filled with the glory of God, inhabited by resurrection saints, and containing within its walls the throne of the Lord Jesus Christ, as King of Israel and of the world.

Around the palace of the King of kings will be seen the palaces of all His saints, each of whom will be himself a king and a priest unto God, having "washed his robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and He that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell among them: they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat, for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Nor is this the whole: for along with the presence of God, and the possession of more than royal magnificence, they shall possess irresistible power—they shall reign with Christ over the nations of the earth, and shall rule the ungodly with a rod of iron. The empire of Satan shall be broken—the reign of radicalism shall be swept away—the boastings of infidel science shall be silenced in darkness, and all power, knowledge, dignity, and wealth shall be transferred from the man of the world to the man of God.

The whole course of things shall be inverted; the worldly man shall serve where once he ruled, and the saint shall rule where once he was despised. And the nations upon earth, looking up every hour to the Heavenly City, and gazing with wonder upon its ineffable beauty shall exclaim, with a different tone than that of formal repetition—

"Thou art the King of glory, O Christ'
  Make us to be numbered with thy Saints in glory
    everlasting."

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE AT MILDMAY PARK, LONDON.

OLD TESTAMENT SAINTS—WAITING.

An Address by Rev. A. Saphir, D.D.

The Old Testament Saints in the Attitude of Waiting—Jehovah, the Coming One—I. The Horizon of Israel—The Ultimate Future—II. The Proximate Future—III. They Thought the Coming Near—The Two Things Rationalism Attacks—Seven Bridges—Three Divine Unconditional Promises—Daniel's Prophecies—A Puzzle to the Old Testament Saints—The Appointed Time.

I have in my paper to bring before you the general fact that the saints of God, from Abraham to aged Simeon, were always *in the attitude of waiting*.

The saints of God, from Abraham to aged Simeon—this brings before us the whole *history* of Israel as it is recorded in Scripture. The saints of God, from Abraham to aged Simeon, *waiting*—this brings before us the whole prophecy which God, by His holy messengers, intrusted unto His ancient people, in which they hoped and rejoiced. The saints of God—*that is history*; the saints of God waiting—*that is prophecy*. For in Israel history and prophecy are intimately and inseparably connected.

It is only in the light of the future, in the light of the ultimate fulfilment of God's council, that we are able to understand the beginning and the middle of the history of Israel; and it is only by understanding the history of Israel as the basis, the foreground, or instalment, of the future, that we are able to understand those promises which were given by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

Therefore the Scripture *is eminently historical*; it is a record of that supernatural history. And, on the other hand, as the Apostle Peter teaches us, it is the more sure Word of prophecy; and the reason of this inseparable connection between their history and prophecy is simply this, that the centre of the Old Testament is that salvation which is everlasting and universal, comprehending all ages and all nations, which Jesus Himself has declared to be of the Jews.

Jehovah is simply the coming One; as Jesus said unto the beloved disciple, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, which was, and is, and is to come, the Almighty." This is the Jehovah whom we expect; this is the Jehovah whom the remnant in Israel will expect, and, to their utter astonishment, will discover that this Jehovah, the God for whom they have waited, is none other than Jesus who was crucified upon Calvary.

If Jehovah is *the coming One*, and if the Old Testament is the Book of Jehovah, and if Israel is the nation of Jehovah—then the whole attitude of the Old Testament, and the whole attitude of the nation, must be future-wards. And they can have no other horizon, no nearer horizon, than that of the future. Nothing short of the ultimate future can be the horizon of Israel, the everlasting nation of the Old Testament, the Book of Jehovah. There must be a perfect fulfilment of the promises which He gave to the fathers; a perfect manifestation of the eternal One, who condescended to come into time; a perfect realization of the idea He had concerning this earth of ours; and therefore *all Scripture must be prophetical*, else it would not be God's Scripture, and Israel must be looking forward, or else it would not be God's Israel.

In this I see three things of great importance. The *first* is this, that

THE HORIZON OF ISRAEL

must be the *ultimate future*. Therefore all members of Israel, no matter what century they lived in, all saw the same thing. Israel is directed to look out for the ultimate future; and from the beginning of the nation to John the Baptist they all saw *the same thing*.

And here I must go back to Adam and Eve—what did they see? The seed of the woman bruising the head of the serpent. What did Enoch, the seventh from Adam, see? The ultimate end—"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints!" What did Abraham see? The ultimate end—"In thy seed shall all families of the earth be blessed." What did John the Baptist see? The ultimate end—in exactly the same way in which the Old Testament prophets saw it; for to him there was as yet no distinction; and he was on exactly the same level—Jehovah, who is to come suddenly to His temple, "whose fan is in His hand, and He will throughly purge His floor, and will gather the wheat into His garner."

From Adam to John the Baptist, the thing upon which the eye of God's people rested, was *the ultimate future*, the coming of Jehovah; stretching through the millennial ages into the new heaven and the new earth.

The second thing I want to bring before you is this—not only that all saw the same thing, but they each saw it connected with

THE PROXIMATE FUTURE,

according to their individual position. That is to say, the ultimate future connected itself with the present, and hence with present duties. To make it more clear, let me remind you of this, the patriarchal promise was this, God will bring your children into the land of Canaan. Therefore, in their mind, the entrance of the twelv tribes into Canaan, and the coming of the glory were coincident. Jacob thought that when th twelve tribes came into Canaan, the Shiloh would come at the same time.

Take again Moses; he also connected th great position with his waiting for the sam thing. Then Isaiah saw great oppression from Assyria, and he connected deliverance from Assyria with the coming of Emmanuel, unde whom would be the reign of peace.

Take again Jeremiah; he saw the taking awa of the children of Israel into the Babylonish cap tivity, and he thought that when the sevent years were accomplished, then would come th Messiah and the reign of peace. Then we hav the other prophets; in every redemption tha God brought unto His people, they saw alread *the last great redemption*, and it was a very prac tical thing thus to look forward unto the ult mate end. It decided upon this questio whether they would be worldly or unworldly strangers and pilgrims on this earth, or amon those who seek an abiding city here.

Thirdly, yet

THEY THOUGHT THE COMING NEAR.

Abraham knew his children would be a lon time (400 years) in the land of Egypt. Mos knew it would be a long time ere they got i the land of Canaan, and yet at the same tin the coming of the Lord is expected by ther Their thought was, He is coming quickly, a the prophet Habakkuk says, "The vision is y for an appointed time, but at the end it sh hasten and not lie: though it tarry, wait for because *it will surely come*, it will not tarry Just as in the Book of Revelation He says I will show unto them things that will surely co to pass, and Jesus says, "Behold, I come quic ly."

What is the meaning of this—Abraham, Mos and all the prophets expected it? They kn that in the eternal spiritual world every thing h life and meaning; God does not delay; He h no object dearer to His heart than the fulfilm of His promises. He comes as quickly as can. He comes, and that is the great and cent point, and therefore it is that they see. T things nearest and dearest are shown unto th in their directness.

Before I pass on, let me, for the sake of th who may be troubled about the things said written against the authority of the Word God, make this remark. The difficulty of lieving the Old Testament is very great, but i neither greater nor less than the difficulty of lieving in the living God.

What are the two things rationalists atta *Miracles and prophecy*. They might as well simply, We do not like to believe in the liv God; for a *miracle* is simply the omnipot nd of God interfering in His grace ; and *proph-* is simply the omniscient eye interfering in stimony, and guiding His people ; and there- e unto us miracle and prophecy are the two lars on which the whole edifice of Divine ith is resting.

Unless able to believe in the coming One, it is possible to understand the Book of God. om Genesis to Malachi, it is only in the light the future that we can see any connection in e meaning of the Old Testament. This is my nviction, that the moment faith in Jehovah as e future One is given up, faith in the Word of d is undermined. It may take centuries to velop it, but it must surely develop ; for with- t this faith in the future Jehovah, the Bible is t intelligible, and not interesting. You know at, to a great number of people, nine tenths the Bible is not interesting ; and if it is once interesting or unintelligible, we lose its au- ority.

Now I must pass very rapidly to

THIS WAITING ATTITUDE OF HISTORY.

It may interest us to think of this history as a er, and to take as our stations *seven bridges*, m which to trace its course. The *first* I all call the Patriarchal—Abraham, Isaac, and cob ; the *second*, Moses—the Law ; the *third*, avid and Solomon, the bridge of the kingdom ; e *fourth*, the earlier prophets, before the captiv- , of whom Isaiah is representative ; the *fifth* nds not in Palestine, but Baylon—the cap- ity predicted by Jeremiah has set in, Ezekiel d Daniel are the prophets of God ; the *sixth* is presented by Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi, o prophesied in troublous times, after the storation : while the *seventh* is characterized the lowly band of Israelites, who at the birth Christ waited for the redemption of Israel.

Look at Abraham, who is our father. This tion is thus peculiar ; its beginning is not hid mystic darkness, but shines out clearly. We not know the name of the first Englishman, of the first Russian, but the name of the first w was Abraham. We know this, and can see wn to the very beginning of our history, like to transparency. Israel can also look forward to e future, and know the end of our history. hat is the wonderful thing in this nation of Je- vah, who was, and is, and is to come.

But since it is a universal salvation, a salva- n of all nations, Abraham must be linked with e whole race ; and therefore, as Jesus said, Before Abraham was, I Am." So I may also y, paradoxical though it may seem, be- re Abraham was born, there were children of braham. For he was so not only to believers the New Testament generation, but also to e whole family of saints. Thus in the days of oah, the promise was already given through hem. Enoch waited for the Lord : Adam and ve, when their first-born son was brought rth, thought he was the promised Redeemer, d so they also looked for the Messiah.

There were *three Divine promises* given unto e patriarchs—the promise of a numerous na- on, of a country, and of a Messiah ; and how ere these promises given unto Abraham ? *Un- nditionally*. It is an unconditional covenant. does not depend upon Abraham, or upon the edience of a nation. Let me remind you that is is the foundation upon which not merely e Old Testament rests, but your own salvation so.

Come we now to the third bridge—David. he children of Israel had entered into the romised land ; but did Joshua give them rest ? od raised up mighty judges, of whom Samson as one of the greatest. They appointed unto emselves misery, in the election of Saul as ing. God brought blessing out of this in the ection and anointing of David. Now he was a pe of Christ—a picture of the future anointed ne. He through affliction and suffering was ised to reign. He exerted a spiritual influence ver his people, because they knew he was be- ved of the Lord God. He lifted not up his eart above his brethren ; He sympathized with hem in their sorrows. This was the King, realized to a certain extent in the person of David : and the spirit of prophecy revealed unto him what is to come.

And then come

THE PROPHETS.

What shall I say of Isaiah ? Oh ! what a wonderful future is revealed to him. The first cycle of prophecies is in connection with Assyria, the second in connection with Sennacherib, the third in connection with the Babylonish captivity. With regard to Israel, Isaiah dwells constantly on the remnant, left after the sifting judgments of a just and holy God. The Holy One of Israel. Twenty-one times is this expression in his book, and only three times is it found in other books of the Bible.

Isaiah is deeply impressed with this, that no unholy person shall inherit the promise, or partake of the covenant. And he knew severe judgments would gather around Israel, and only a very small portion of the nation would really be God's people, whom He would bring to glory. There is to be a remnant, who shall come to the glory, but God will bring it to them through deep humiliation and repentance.

Come now to the fifth bridge. According to the prediction of Jeremiah, Israel was led into captivity. Forty years had Jeremiah witnessed to this rebellious and disobedient people ; and of all men in the world, he was the most tender-hearted, he could not bear to think of the judgments coming upon them, his eyes were always full of tears. It was this Jeremiah whom God chose to be a fortress of iron and brass.

And this is what I think so Christ-like in Jeremiah : when the armies of Babylon proved that his predictions had been God-given, for the sake of which he had been rejected and persecuted ; then there was no bitterness in the heart of Jeremiah ; but he sat himself down and wept, and poured forth these lamentations, which to this day are the expression of Israel's misery and desolateness. It was the spirit of Jesus who wept over Jerusalem.

And so we come to Babylon, where God raised up wonderful prophets. There was Daniel and Ezekiel. Now Daniel differs from all other prophets of the Old Testament. Jesus calls him

THE PROPHET DANIEL.

I am so thankful for that word of Jesus, " The prophet Daniel ;" for that single expression of the Lord Jesus has annihilated all the opposition against Daniel, whose prophecies are in a peculiar sense the pillar of truth.

Now all the other prophets take their starting point from *Israel*. Daniel, being a politician and a statesman in the court of Nebuchadnezzar, takes his starting-point from the world's point of view. While the other prophets see the whole future history of Israel as regards the nations, Daniel sees the whole future history of the world as regards Israel. First in the form of *four metals*, and then under the form of the *four beasts*.

The *four metals* show power as it is given of God ; we see the world-power in its good and God-appointed aspect (Rom. 13). The most absolute government, strange as it may appear, is the best. Where there was the influence of the nobles, it degenerated, and lower down it is still worse, until we come to the worst form of all, when the people's influence on the government was fully developed.

The other view is represented by *four beasts*, as if to show their inward character. God honors the government of kings, and when Paul wrote to the church, although the conqueror Nero was on the throne, yet he lays stress on the divine appointment and authority of governments. But in the second vision the inward character of the world-monarchies is described ; they do not represent humanity, they are likened unto beasts, because their rule is by force and cunning.

Daniel beheld the Son of Man coming from heaven, and this must have been a problem to Old Testament saints, how He had first ascended. That He was to come out of the root of Jesse and the stem of David, they could understand. They expected Him from Bethlehem, while the Church now expects the Lord from heaven. Yet all their own prophets taught them He was to come from heaven. But He was the Son of David : how then does David call Him Lord, when He is his son, and how does David's son come down from heaven ? It must have exercised their faith indeed, but their heart was right, and they believed in Jehovah.

With regard to his own nation, Daniel studied the words of Jeremiah, and he saw there that the end of the seventy weeks was nearly attained. Then it was revealed to him that seventy times seven times were to elapse ; he beheld the coming of Messiah, and the last week, detached from the others, brought the crisis and victory.

Now I must go to

THE SIXTH BRIDGE.

'Look at Malachi, the last of the prophets. He sees the Lord coming to His temple, the angel of the covenant, in whom they delight. He is Jehovah ; but before Jehovah there shall be a man to prepare the way. But who will stand this crisis, this coming ? therefore he speaks to the ungodly and to the stout-hearted : " For who may abide the day of His coming ? and who shall stand when He appeareth ?" He shall burn them up like stubble. With great solemnity the whole past is reviewed, " Remember ye the law of Moses My servant."

Notice the conclusion of Malachi. It shows unto us, so to speak, the humility of the whole Old Testament. All the prophets were only stars in the dark night, the morning has not yet dawned. But says the last Old Testament witness, " Unto you that fear My name, the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings." The whole Old Testament is *waiting* for the sunrise.

THE LONG SILENCE

from Malachi is broken by an angel. An angel comes down, and appears to Zacharias, and to the Virgin Mary. What does the angel say ? No modern critic will venture to charge the angel with prejudice. He comes from eternity, if I may so speak, from heaven, and predicts that there would be born to the blessed virgin Jesus who shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and shall have the throne of his father David, and shall rule forever over the house of Jacob. How they understood this is perfectly clear from the song of Mary, and from that of Zachariah. They expected *deliverance from all their enemies*, He being raised up to fulfil the promise to Abraham and his seed forever. And now let us for a moment see how it came. In the Gospel of Matthew we see that Israel was at its lowest state (chap. 1). Herod, the Idumean, ruled. And still more striking is it in the Gospel of Luke. Cæsar Augustus was Emperor of Rome, and decreed that all the world should be taxed. *Thus the theocracy had ceased.* The fourth monarchy included also Judæa. It was an insignificant province of all the world.

Now look at this contrast. Bethlehem, little even among little Judah. While the fourth monarchy is at Rome, and the theocracy has ceased, there come down angels from heaven, from the Lord, King of kings, and Lord of lords, announcing to the shepherds who were out on the plain minding their flocks, that unto them was born this day a Saviour Christ Jehovah, and theocracy has in reality again begun.

Behold, the time is fulfilled ; God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, made under the law. But before the priest can act, God sent forth His testimony, that the child was the Lord ; that the servant was Lord of the law. Simeon, in the name of the Old Testament prophets, comes and declares the dignity of the child. He was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel, and was full of the Holy Ghost. Thus he is a representative of all Israel—the law, the prophets, and the godly remnant taught by the Spirit—and what does he say : " Let Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes *have seen Thy salvation*, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people ; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel."

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

(*Continued from page 447.*)

CLARA BECOMES LADY ERSKINE.

WAS the Almighty indeed a pitying Father? So Clara reasoned with herself in her distraction. Had He led her into the paths of peace? Had He not rather filled her cup with bitterness, and withered her soul with disappointment? Nay, was it not religion that lay at the root of all her misery? Were not the conscientious misgivings of her mother as the worm that had destroyed the gourd that she delighted in? Had Mrs. Arnot's views been less strict and puritanical—less *bigoted*, as Clara called them, in the anguish of her soul—would not her daughter have been the happiest of women?—would not she herself have been the proudest of mothers?

Such thoughts were sinful, marked with the deepest stain of ingratitude; yet Clara indulged in them freely. She almost accused Providence in secret of having exposed her to trials beyond what she could bear; unmindful of the fact that she had herself, in impatience of petty annoyances, chosen the path which, however flowery at first, she had found to be strewn with sharp thorns. If she was conscious that her faith was growing weak, and her love toward God becoming cold, she laid the blame upon the cruel circumstances of the position in which the Almighty had placed her.

She had loved and served the Lord—at least so she deemed—when she was happy; but when His hand lay so heavy upon her, she was ready to forget all past mercies, all present blessings, all bright hopes of a blissful future. With Jonah her spirit exclaimed, "I do well to be angry:" with Elijah, "It is enough; take away my life!" Impatient to throw down the burden which her unchastened will refused to sustain, she longed, almost prayed for death—little deeming in her present state how *unfit* she was to die. The sun of trial was now indeed glowing with intense and burning heat on the seed which had been sown in rocky ground; the plant which had shown in the world's eye so fair, unwatered by grace, having no root in itself, in the time of temptation withered away.

Deep was the affliction of Mrs. Arnot; darker and darker grew the path before her. She had stood firm against the sophistry of human wisdom, the power of human eloquence; she had resisted even Clara's pleading tears: but to see, week after week, and month after month, her child wasting to a shadow before her, was a lengthened torture to her loving heart which wore away the very thread of her life.

In vain *medical advice* was sought for Clara. There was no physician to "minister to a mind diseased;" all the skill of man was unavailing where the patient chose death rather than life. There was an awful possibility before Mrs. Arnot, too terrible to contemplate, but which recurred to her mind again and again, as she gazed on the fading form of her child. There was nothing which appeared to rouse Clara, or to excite in her a moment's interest, except the letters which she received from Ada, and which were perused only by herself. Mrs. Arnot never sought to know their contents; she felt that her daughter's confidence and affection were now given to another, and that she herself stood in the position of a tyrant towards one who was far dearer to her than life!

"Have I indeed done what was right? or have I mistaken my duty—sacrificed to blind prejudice the happiness of my child—destroyed her health, her peace—ruined her hopes, in my ignorant, misguided zeal?" Such were the bitter reflections which recurred again and again, and ever with increasing bitterness, to the mind of the unhappy mother. In vain her pastor endeavored to support her with the promises of God, to assure her that she had not only acted faithfully, but wisely: she could not endure to see the consequences of her own decision, still less to contemplate what might possibly be its final result.

Autumn rain was fast descending, streaming from the heavy black clouds, while ever and anon a wild gust of wind stripped the boughs of their faded leaves, and scattered them far and wide. Emma tried to beguile the weary time with a novel, but looked up from it every five minutes with a languid sigh, to complain of "the horrid weather," and contrast the English climate with that of her native island. The children were restless and noisy, impatient of the confinement of the house, till Mrs. Arnot found employment for them all in looking over the curiosities of an old cabinet.

Where was Clara? Her mother sought her in the small sitting-room in which her daughter usually pursued her occupations. Her books, her piano, her desk, were there. The room was not, however, now occupied; Clara was in her own apartment. Mrs. Arnot noticed that an album was laid on the desk, in which Clara usually wrote her poetical effusions; and the sight of it made the mother hope that at least one favorite occupation had not been relinquished by her daughter. Often had Mrs. Arnot copied out verses from that album, and shed tears of pleasure over them. She opened the book to see if Clara had recently added to their number. Between the last written pages there were compressed *flowers*, their beauty faded, their life gone; yet precious, perhaps, as relics of the hours when they had bloomed as freshly as the hopes which, like them, had withered. The last verses in the volume were new to Mrs. Arnot; they bore the date but of yesterday; and she with anguish perused them as the transcript of the feelings of a young being whose life had not yet numbered twenty years.

LINES.

Is it sinful to gaze on the morning sun,
And wish that the gates of the west he had won—
That life's day were over, its labors done?

Is it sinful to mark the first silver hair
'Mid dark tresses touched by the hand of care,
And wish time had shed all his winter there?

Is it sinful in life no joy to take,—
To feel like a captive bound to the stake
By a chain that galls us, and will not break?

Some fear to die: 'tis not so with me;
Rather, O Death, I pine for thee!
I long in the quiet grave to be!

"Oh, this is too much—too much!" exclaimed Mrs. Arnot, wringing her hands. "I can endure any thing myself, but I cannot—oh, I cannot break the heart of my child!"

She hastened to Clara's apartment with a quick and agitated step. She unclosed the door—she saw Clara on her knees, her hair dishevelled, her bosom heaving with sobs, as she pressed again and again convulsively to her lips a little diamond locket which she held in her hand.

Clara started to her feet at the sound of her mother's entrance: as she did so a letter fell to the ground. Mrs. Arnot's eye rested upon it for a moment: the handwriting was not that of Ada.

"Oh! mother—mother—forgive me; it was—from him!"

"He loves you still?"

"More than ever!" exclaimed Clara, bursting into a fresh flood of tears.

"Then let him be happy with you!" cried the mother, folding her child in her arms, and kissing away her tears, while her own flowed freely and fast. "I can resist no longer. O God! forgive me if I do wrong! Clara, my own beloved! be united to the husband of your choice; you have your mother's consent and her blessing!"

Throughout the protracted and painful trial of which this was the termination, Mrs. Arnot had exhibited a constancy of reliance upon God such as it is given to few to exhibit. But if her faith had held out a little longer she would not have needed to say "*If I do wrong*," for God never fails to give clear light to those who wait patiently for Him. Abraham's trial was far greater than Mrs. Arnot's, and that case is related in the Bible expressly to teach us that there is no such thing as holding out *too long* under God's trials. "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord" (Lam. 3:26). "God s faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. 10:13).

On the day when the first snow fell Clara Arnot was the bride of Sir Edwin Erskine.

More than two years had elapsed since the day when in the little church of Wingsdale, Clara plighted her troth to him whom she s deeply loved, while many a fervent prayer arose for her happiness from the poor whom she had tended, the young whom she had taught. Th interval between her engagement and her marriage had been one of brightness to Clara. A mountain's weight seemed to have been remove from her spirits, and with the elasticity whic youth and hope give, they had more than rebounded to their former elevation. Again sh had smiles and kind words for all, and she appeared resolved by her winning sweetness manner to deepen the regrets of the village losing its "sunshine." Mrs. Arnot had stifle her own misgivings, that she might cast shadow on the bliss of the young bride; and one could have told from her outward mann how heavy lay the heart within. Even Emm had shaken off a little of her languor, roused something like interest by the excitement of wedding. Her children had brought their litt offerings, prepared in mysterious secrecy wi the assistance of their grandmother, who was them teacher, companion, and confidant; a Clara's surprise and thanks on receiving th presents almost realized their juvenile expec tions.

More than two years had rolled their cou since that exciting, joyous day, when a drove up to the door of a large house in Cav dish Square, one of the most fashionable tricts of London, and a lady stepped out rang the bell. She was attired in habilime which once had been handsome, but which decidedly seen their best days; the rich dress had been dyed, the shawl was faded, sable boa showed tokens of age, and neat fin had repaired the Lisle lace veil which gave g to the bonnet of straw. In the staid mar and somewhat care-worn face, where cer lines were traced across the brow which smooth some two years ago, we mark a cha beyond that which time would have made in old acquaintance *Ada Murray*.

"Ada! oh, how delighted I am to see y! What an age it is since we met!" cried Cla as the visitor was ushered into the elegant a ment of Lady Erskine, and the cousins changed an affectionate embrace.

Has Clara also been altered by the plain ld ring, which often works wonders as stran as those wrought by an enchanter?

Clara is lovely as ever, her beauty enhanc by a womanly dignity which beseems the baro 's wife. But she too has lost the joyous brigh ess which rested on her gentle countenance hen Ada first visited Wingsdale. An expressi of thought, almost of melancholy, is there; nd she certainly looked far happier in her g sy bonnet, seated on the gnarled roots of th ld oak, than she does now in her spacious man on, robed in velvet and surrounded by luxury.

"I could not resist the temptation of co ing to see you!" cried Ada sitting with Clara's nd clasped in her own, and surveying her w h a look of affectionate interest.

"I hope that you have brought your twi to London with you?" said Clara.

"Oh, the little cherubs! how I should d ght to show them to you! But we left the in Wiltshire; it is a serious matter to trave ith two infants not a year old."

"Then I am afraid that your stay in L lon will be but short," observed Lady Erskine, " ith two such powerful magnets drawing you a ay."

"Only two!" laughed Ada; "you forg my

sband's children—a whole scale of magnets,
om five feet five to three feet nothing! I thought
at I should never have managed to get away
all! But the Major was obliged to come to
wn to fit out his middy, and I took such a
ging to revisit my old haunts, look at old
ces, hear the sounds of carriage wheels, and
ocks at the door, and street cries, and hurdy-
rdies again, that, like a dutiful mamma, I
ist see Jack off myself, and pay a flying visit
dear smoky London."

"I can scarcely fancy you the staid, sober
other of such a large family!" exclaimed
ra.

'Very odd—isn't it? reversing the order of
ture; instead of the quiet spinning caterpillar
rning into the gay butterfly, the butterfly doffing
silken wings and beginning to crawl through
e routine of daily duties, a prisoner to its cab-
ge-leaf. Only imagine me, mending stock-
gs, shaping out pinafores, bandaging cut fin-
rs and broken heads, scolding tradespeople,
eping servants in order, paying bills, and
ncing babies till my arms ache!"

'I should think the last a very delightful oc-
pation," said Clara suppressing a sigh.

'None but a mother can tell how delightful,"
plied Ada; "but I do not take so kindly to all
domestic employments. I never yet took
asure in solving the problem how far a shil-
g would go, nor finding out how it is that boys
always wanting new shoes, and how elbows
d knees are perpetually running a race as to
ich should first run through the clothes. I
ieve that children have found out the secret
perpetual motion, to the great discomfort of
ose who have to look after little rogues!"

'But children make a house so cheerful," said
ra, abstractedly.

'And now, my dear child—ah! you see that I
n't get over my old way of talking to you yet
lo give me your last news from Wingsdale.
u know that I'm such a shocking correspon-
nt that I know as little of what passes in the
rld beyond Salisbury Plain as if I were a deni-
n of the moon."

'Poor old Mrs. Ward, my mother tells me, is
onfirmed invalid, and unable to leave her bed."

'And your sweet mother herself?"

'She never mentions her own health; her let-
s are full of the children."

'Ah! the whity-brown legion of little hor-
s, who like a swarm of hornets literally drove
u out of Laurel Bank, and compelled you to
e refuge in Grosvenor Square! I suppose
at they have been undergoing the process of
ning, at which my aunt is so famous, and that
nny now does not scratch out any one's eyes,
l that Lyddie may be trusted in a store-room
l of treacle and sugar. I should think your
ther a first-rate hand at bringing up children,
ging from the charming specimen before me!"

lara neither smiled nor blushed at the flattery
v.

'But tell me how they all appeared when you
re last at Laurel Bank."

Then, indeed, the color rose to Clara's pale
ek, and it was with an appearance of some em-
rassment that she replied, "I have not been
re since you were there, on the day of my
rriage."

Ada suppressed the exclamation of astonish-
nt that was upon her tongue, for she saw that
utterance would give pain.

'My dear husband has been so much engaged
f course I could not leave him—it is so diffi-
t sometimes to make arrangements—but I
e soon—" Clara stopped short, for her lips
e not accustomed to utter an absolute un-
th.

How your mother must be longing to see
! I should not have thought that she could
e lived so long without you!"

Words cannot express how I long to see
!" exclaimed Clara, with tears in her eyes.

I think it might be managed in some way.
you could not visit Wingsdale, she might
ne to London—"

(*To be continued.*)

THE SAVIOUR'S KINGDOM.

S. S. Lesson for May 18th.—Micah. 4 : 1-8; 5 : 1, 2. Golden Text, 4 : 2.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR subject for to-day treats of our Lord's millennial kingdom, *i.e.*, His reign on earth for a thousand years, when Satan shall be bound (Rev. 20 : 1–4), "that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled." Our Lord reigns not alone. The Bride of Christ, the Lamb's wife, reigns with Him, having first suffered for and with Him, for we are "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him" (Rom. 8 : 17).

We see that not only have they who reign with Christ a martyr spirit, but that they are a holy people, "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years" (Rev. 20 : 6). And, again, from Rev. 3 : 21, we see that they must be overcomers who would reign. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father on His throne." To be eternally united to Him we must be like Him; to share with Him above we must first share with Him here.

It is in the days of Christ's reign with His ascended people over the earth that the prophecy of our subject shall be accomplished. "But in the last days," etc. Here, then, we see that Jerusalem is to be, in the millennium, the centre of missionary effort. But instead of missionaries going out to the heathen, as we are commissioned to do, it would seem in those last days of peace and blessedness the nations shall come to Jerusalem. Then will be national turning to the Lord, as in the old times of Israel and Judah, when the whole people as one man turned unto the Lord: or as Nineveh, that great city which repented at the preaching of the prophet Jonah.

It is very clear that the Jews will first be gathered back into their own land in unbelief before the time of Jacob's trouble comes, in the end of that time of "tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be" (Matt. 24 : 21). It would seem that in those days of trouble all nations shall be gathered against Jerusalem to battle (Zech. 14 : 2), and God will seek to destroy all those nations that come against Jerusalem. And then it is that the prophecy of Zech. 12 : 10, will be accomplished upon the Jews who are already in their own land: "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and supplication; and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." And thus converted, will the Jews become a blessing to the whole earth, and the promise will be fulfilled which God made to Abraham, "And in thy seed shall all nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed My voice" (Gen. 22 : 8).

Then we find that "the law shall go forth of Zion, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Things will be in their normal condition. "And He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off." But what kind of rebuke shall it be? A rebuke which propagates peace instead of war, for "they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

That will be a time of prosperity as well as peace, "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it. For all people will walk every one in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God forever and ever." That which is now by faith the condition of a child of God will then be visibly so, and all men shall see that "the Name of the Lord is a strong tower." "Nothing shall by any means hurt you" (Luke 10 : 19), is now our heritage by faith, but then the adversary himself, who raises up enemies, invents the tortures of sickness, plays upon the nerves, and seeks to draw all the circumstances of our lives into an impossible tangle of perplexity, he himself will be prisoner and powerless. Now by faith we can set him and his machinations at defiance, for we know that Christ "hath delivered us from the power of darkness," but then there will be neither wicked man nor wicked spirit to make any one afraid.

Verses 6 to 8 are promises to the Jewish church and people. "In that day, saith the Lord, will I assemble her that halteth, and I will gather her that is driven out, and her that I have afflicted; and I will make her that halted a remnant, and her that was cast far off a strong nation." Surely in the days in which we are living every thing is preparing for this renewal of power among the Jews. Everywhere one hears of the increasing power of this formerly downtrodden and despised people. Wealth, position, power, are in their hands, and it needs but that they should have a land to make them at once "a strong nation." It is here clearly predicted that the Jews shall be the leading nation upon earth —"Unto thee shall it come, even the first dominion; the kingdom shall come to the daughter of Jerusalem."

In the 11th and 12th verses we see allusion is made again to the time of the tribulation. "Now also many nations are gathered against thee. . . . But they know not the thoughts of the Lord, neither understand they His counsel: for He shall gather them as sheaves into the floor." Chapter 5 is but a continuation of what precedes, but the prophecy is interspersed with references to the first coming of Christ. "They shall smite the judge of Israel with a rod upon the cheek." Surely this was fulfilled in the house of Pilate, when "they spit upon Him, and took the reed, and smote Him on the head"

But the third verse of chapter 5 remains yet unfulfilled. "Therefore will He give them up" (the thousands of Judah?) "until the time that she which travaileth hath brought forth"; *i.e.*, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled, and the Church has accomplished her mission, to take of the Gentiles a people for His name (Luke 21 : 24; Acts 15 : 14). Then, when He has presented unto Himself "a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing" (Eph. 5 : 27), "then the remnant of his brethren shall return unto the children of Israel." "Blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved" (Rom. 11 : 25, 26).

"And He shall stand and feed (or rule) in the strength of the Lord, in the majesty of the name of the Lord His God." We understand now so little the power of the Name of God, and the power of the Name of Jesus. "In My Name," said our Lord Jesus, of them which should believe in Him, "shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Where do we find this exercise of the power of Jesus' Name? In the times of the Apostles truly it was general. In a few remote villages in Germany and Switzerland, in some cases in America, we see and hear of diseases healed and devils cast out in the Name of Jesus; but this is the exception rather than the rule. But when Jesus comes again, it will be otherwise; then the majesty of the Name of His God shall be the power by which He governs, and "at the Name of Jesus every knee shall bow," and the homage of the universe will be universal, the earth with its inhabitants shall be no exception "of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth" (Phil. 2 : 10). "And they shall abide;" for He is their guarantee, and "now shall He be great unto the ends of the earth."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Example of the United States was pointed out by Mr. Goschen in the English House of Commons on Monday, April 28th, as worthy of imitation by the British Government. "That nation," he said, "had paid off their debt $150,000,000 during a period of gloom and depression, while the Beaconsfield Government were postponing the payment of their liabilities."

Mr. Gladstone declared that the increased expenditure had been incurred in the furtherance of a policy which had not, *in a single instance, improved* the English relations with any nation or race on the face of the earth.

Sir Stafford Northcote said the expenditure depended upon *the policy of the Government.* If the policy is wrong, let it be censured and abandoned; but if it is right, the country must take the consequences.

There is sound logic in this last utterance; if the British taxpayer prefers a Government which deals largely in blustering and bravado, it is childish in him to complain of the expense involved. But as a general election is approaching, when every seat in the House falls vacant, the constituencies will have an opportunity of expressing their judgment on the policy of the Conservative Government and their opinion of its effects.

The British War in Zululand, according to a despatch in the London *Daily Telegraph*, has assumed a more hopeful aspect. The despatch is dated April 15th and states that "Dubalmanzi, who led the attack on Ismandula, and other chiefs with large armies following, have proffered submission. Lord Chelmsford promised them personal safety and possession of their cattle, but said pending the termination of the war they should be located on British territory. Cetywayo's pride is considered to be broken. Before the war he regarded the British as useful neighbors, not contemptible in strength, and, partly from good feeling and partly from incredulity of their ability to molest him, Cetywayo refused to molest them. Now he sees his mistake, and, provided he gets good terms personally, it is thought probable he will come in."

The New European Principality of Bulgaria has chosen its ruler. It will be remembered that at the Conference which closed the Russo-Turkish War last year it was decided to liberate Bulgaria from Turkish control, and form it into an independent nation. The choice of a Prince was left to the people, subject to the approval of the Great Powers. Considerable diplomatic intrigue has been employed in the interval to influence the people in their selection. The issue may be regarded as a triumph for Russia over Great Britain, for the Prince chosen is a protegè of Russia, and his election indicates that Russian influence will be paramount in the new State. Bulgaria as a neutral state interposed between Russia and Turkey, would, it was thought by the Congress, have the effect of promoting the interests of peace between the two, but by this election Turkey will probably regard Bulgaria as a hostile nation, whose policy is dictated by the Czar.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, in Germany, who has been chosen by the Bulgars as their Prince, is only twenty-three years old. He is the second son of the Prince of Hesse, a diplomatist well known and very popular in European courts, where he is said to have much influence. Prince Alexander had received a military education, and at the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war received permission from the Czar to join the staff of the Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief. He was one of the first to cross the Danube, and continued on active duty throughout the campaign. He took part in the defence of the Shipka Pass, the investment of Plevna, and the victorious advance on Constantinople. After the war he returned home to Darmstadt, and in a short time was transferred to the Emperor William's body-guard. *His aunt* is Empress of Russia, and *his cousin*, Ludwig IV., Grand Duke of Hesse, was the husband of the late Princess Alice of England.

The proceedings in the Assembly at the election of the Prince were very brief. Bishop Clement said that of three eligible candidates one was too old and another would not be acceptable to Germany. The Assembly then elected Prince Alexander by acclamation, amid a scene of great enthusiasm. In the evening the town of Tirnova, where the election took place, was illuminated.

The Egyptian Crisis.—Events, pregnant with momentous consequences as viewed in the light of inspired prophecy, are advancing rapidly in Egypt.

The English and French agents in Egypt have been instructed to represent that their government regard the good administration of Egypt indispensable to their interests, and they therefore invite the Khedive to comply as promptly as possible with their demand and hand the portfolios of Finance and Public Works to English and French Ministers.

A telegram from Constantinople states that the Khedive has refused to comply with the Anglo-French demand. Should he continue obstinate, he will probably be deposed, as the Sultan of Turkey has offered to dethrone him if the Western nations desire such a course.

If the Khedive is got rid of, there will probably be ultimately an English, perhaps in the firs instance an Anglo-French, protectorate established. Meanwhile a considerable panic has arisen among the Egyptian bondholders in both countries.

Amongst the miserable inhabitants of Egypt generally, a "sore famine" continues its ravages. Mr. Baird, who was sent to Upper Egypt to take measures for relieving the starving population, has sent in a report to the Egyptian Government, in which he fully confirms the appalling extent of the famine, and proves by statistics that 10,000 persons have died from starvation alone in Ghirgeh, Kena, and Esna, as much from over-taxation as from want of food.

An Escaped Nihilist in New York.—The steamship Mosel, which arrived April 29th, had on board a Russian Nihilist named Ivan Strelitzky, who managed to escape from his prison at Kieff, where he was awaiting transportation to Siberia. He is one of the medical students who took a prominent position in the earlier stages of the conspiracy.

His narrative shows how measures of repression unduly severe tend to foment the evil they are intended to suppress. Political discussions in the colleges were prohibited by the police, and then, Ivan says: "We speedily indorsed the Nihilist programme, and were soon initiated into the secret circles, swearing on the sword-blade to fight and die for liberty. The oaths were very binding indeed, and soon we found that it was no idle position we held. We were urged on, *against our better instincts* sometimes, to activity in the cause. Orders from the 'headquarters' in Moscow came frequently, and they had to be obeyed, *or death by razor or rope was our lot.* After that all was a whirl; we were no longer able to advance properly in our studies, for both our time and means were levied on to carry out the most audacious plans."

The Horrors of Russian Prisons are thus described by Ivan Strelitzky: "I was seized in my bed one night, handcuffed, gagged, and driven away in the bitter cold, without even my coat or other outer garments, to the dungeon, and there thrust violently in among over one hundred others. Some, with fiend-like inhumanity, were sent there suffering from sabre and pistol wounds, and no amount of entreaty could induce the guard to bring down the jail physician. The filth lay thick on the floor, our breaths congealed in the frosty air, the heating not being arranged for; and worst of all—far worse to endure than the rotten straw palliasse and blanket—was the food. Soup, like thin water, with no taste of barley in it, and a cube of half-baked rye bread were served us twice a day. Meat we never saw, except on holydays. Poor as was the food, there was not nearly enough of it, and in a few weeks the strong fought the weak for more than their share of it, so famished had we become.

"At the trials the court had no mercy. I would rather have appealed to the mercy of a wild beast. There was not even a shadow of justice, and without being heard in our defence we were summarily condemned and removed, some to the back of the cemetery to be shot, and others to go to Siberia for life. Flogging with the knout was inflicted on all who did not confess, and at Kharkoff, where many *delicate women were imprisoned, I am told, some died from the effect of the knout.*"

"In concluding, I can tell you that the Czar and his nobles are doomed to an early death, and every copeck I can save I shall send to aid in freeing noble Russia from a ruinous tyranny."

Mr. Strelitzky is about 24 years old, and a member of a highly respectable Russo-Polish family. He says his experience while in Russia was that of *thousands of others*, and the majority innocent people, having committed no politica offence whatever.

A Violent Hurricane at Szegedin April 29t destroyed the works prepared for restoring th railway and filling the breaches in the dam caused by the recent floods. The barges fille with building material and earth were mostl sunk. The storm caused extensive fresh breach in the railway embankment, and the laborers a in great danger. The fund for the relief of t sufferers now in the hands of the New Yo committee amounts to $15,878.36.

A Russian City Destroyed by Fire.—A Te gram from St. Petersburg states that the impo tant city of Orenburg, on the River Ural. Eastern Russia, was the scene of a conflagrati of a serious character on Monday, April 28 The governor says in an appeal for assistanc

"The best quarters of the town are in ash Among the buildings destroyed are two church the artillery barracks, the Town Hall, the gineer headquarters, the auction mart, the t graph station, the seminary for teachers, Custom House, the Control Office, and the trict Military Court House. Nine hundred forty-nine dwellings were burned, together one mosque, four mills, 292 shops, several coal, and firewood stores, timber-yards, the market, fruit market, women's gymnasium club-house, the Work-house, police station, Justices' Court. More than half the popula are without shelter.

"The public funds and the greater part o official archives were saved. The loss to th habitants is *enormous.* Three charred bo up to the present moment, have been fou the ruins. Measures have been taken i neighboring villages to relieve the distress sufferers. The number, however, is so that it is feared that local resources will f short of what is required."

Mr. Spurgeon's Return from Menton—A gentleman present at the Tabernacle, Lond the occasion of Mr. Spurgeon's first servic his illness, writes: "It is satisfactory to fin the protracted season of entire rest which prevailed upon to take about the beginn the new year has had a beneficial effect him. The last time Mr. Spurgeon address flock he had *to support himself upon hi* On Sunday he was able to move about his pulpit with comparative ease. A three m residence at Mentone had imparted a bronze to his face, while the anguish o through which Mr. Spurgeon has passed has had the effect of *turning his hair co gray.* Although he had taken a slig since his arrival in this country, the seemed in excellent spirits, and was heart comed by a congregation *filling the Ta from floor to ceiling.*"

The *Lancet*, which is the organ of the Profession in Great Britain, observing t the symptoms in Mr. Spurgeon's case im work," makes the very sensible remark t stead of three months' rest he should g self a year," and thinks even that would enough. "Few men have worked so ha Let him rest hard, and we venture to h he may yet live long to speak in uns English his message to his countrymen.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. The Circulation is 150,000 Copies.

Price, Single Copies, Three Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1879.

13th Year. No. 33—New Series.

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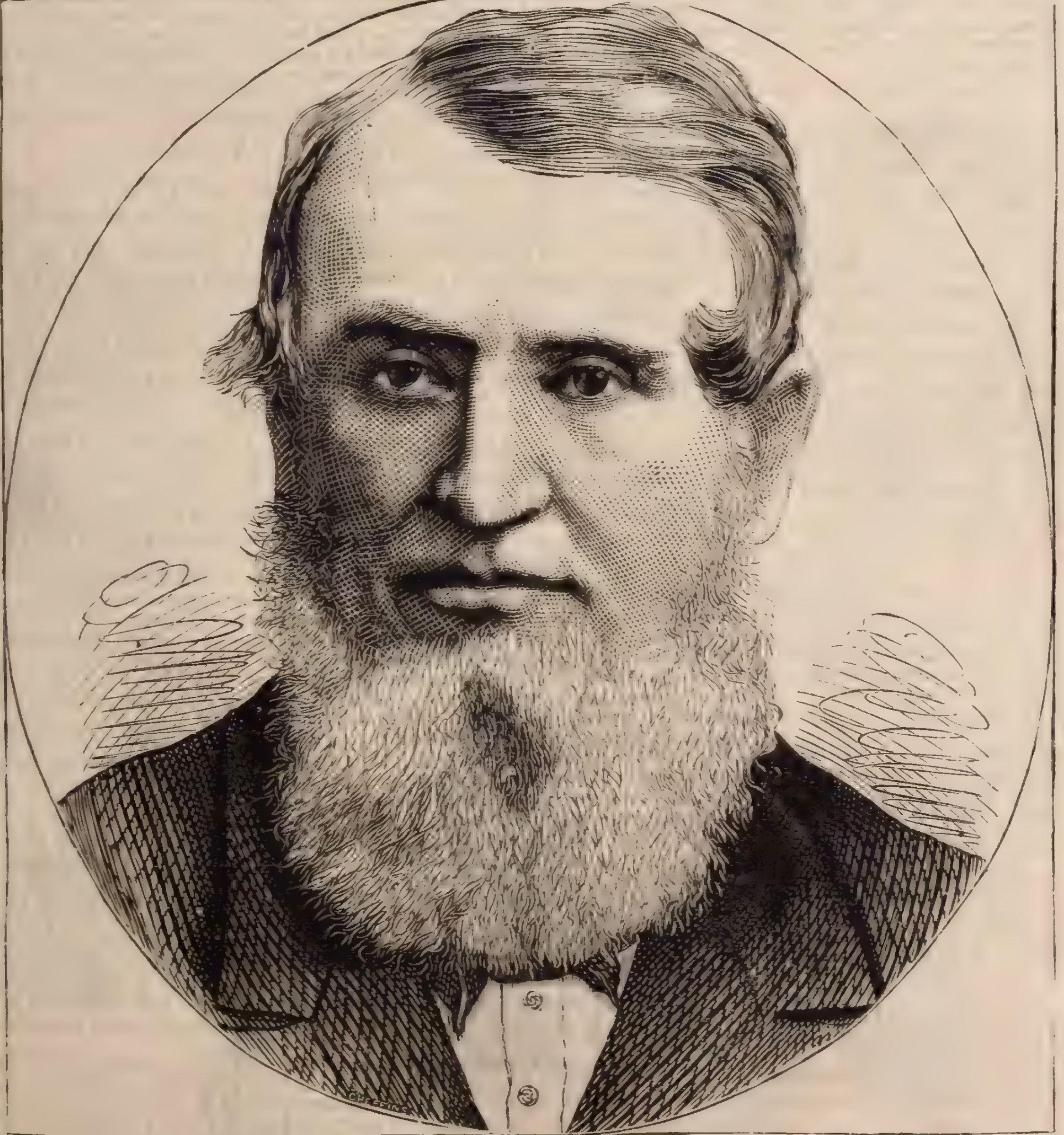
At his funeral, which took place April 20th, profound respect in which he had been held all classes was plainly manifest, and the sor- over his



The late JOHN CROSSLEY, the Christian Philanthropist.

THE LATE MR. JOHN CROSSLEY,

One of the Three Philanthropic Brothers of Halifax, Yorkshire, England.

His Birth in 1812—His Industrious and Pious Mother—His Early Work at Weaving—His Conversion and Sunday-school Teaching—His Aid in Chapel Building and the Crossley Orphanage—His Energy as Town-Councillor and Mayor of Halifax—Prince of Wales's Visit to Him—His Private Benefactions to the Embarrassed—His Christian Endurance of Crushing Commercial Losses—His Death on April 16th, 1879.

JOHN CROSSLEY, whose name has long been "familiar as a household word" amongst Yorkshiremen and in English religious circles generally was born at Dean Clough May 16th, 1812. His parents were in comparatively humble circumstances, but they had a small carpet mill, which was admirably managed, and which by the hard work of all the members of the family, *the mother not excepted*, enabled them to live respectably. Perhaps few persons in the neighborhood bore a higher character for integrity, industry, and godly simplicity than the parents of John Crossley.

The mother, indeed, in her untiring energy, her rich, sound sense, and noble industry, was the very counterpart of "the virtuous woman" so graphically described in the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs. Of her, too, it might have been said, "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh diligently with her hands. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field and buyeth it. . . . She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff."

Nor, emphatically, must one portion of the picture be lost sight of: "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." It was one of the fixed resolves of this noble-hearted woman, while trudging away to market to sell what had been made at the loom during the week, that if ever prosperity came to be their portion, those who were in straitened circumstances should be the better and happier for it. "*The poor shall have a slice of it*," were her memorable words; and in after years her children had no higher pleasure than to use their wealth in such a way that it might become the memorial of her generous disinterestedness. It might truly be said of her three sons that they rose up to call her blessed. One became the well-known and widely-beloved *Sir Francis Crossley*, another the *Joseph Crossley* whose memory is still precious, and a third the *John Crossley* the subject of this member.

As a boy he was carefully educated, first in his native place and next at a boarding school. Some fears were entertained that he would "never make *old bones*," on account of his delicate constitution, and those who remember him in later life will not fail to recall that he never looked a man of robust strength. He could and did do an amazing amount of work, however, although so delicate. On leaving school he at once went to his father's carpet mill to make himself generally useful. Part of his work, coming fresh from school, was to keep the books, but another part, of which he was never ashamed to tell the story in his later years, was to do his share of the weaving. It was a homely education for the lad who lived to entertain at his mansion at Manor Heath, Halifax, the Prince of Wales; but it furnishes another, and not the least striking, illustration of the *path of duty becoming the sure road to honor*.

The great house, which in the course of time became as well known in this country and all foreign markets as it was in England, was slowly and surely built up by the combined efforts of the three brothers, John, Joseph, and Frank, this being the name by which the baronet was usually known. On the death of their father, about forty years ago, they entered into partnership, and for a considerable time did a world-wide trade.

Mr. John Crossley from his youth took pleasure in works of usefulness, especially perhaps, in Sunday-school teaching, and his success in this direction has been highly spoken of. When quite a young man he had made a profession of his faith in Christ by becoming a member of the Rev. Alexander Ewing's church. Mr. Ewing was then the highly-esteemed pastor of the Congregational Church at Square Chapel, Halifax, and his ministry was greatly appreciated by the subject of this sketch.

In 1839 he married Ann, the eldest daughter of Mr. Kitchenman Child, of Ovenden, and upon this lady dying in 1846, he married Sarah, the daughter of Mr. Josiah Wheatley, of Mirfield, who survives him. By his first marriage he had one son, Mr. Louis John Crossley, of Moorside, Halifax, and two daughters, one of whom, Mrs. G. Marchetti, also survives him,

In Congregational circles Mr. John Crossley was distinguished by the interest he took in the multiplication of *new places of worship*. The friends of the *English Chapel Building Society* ever found in him a warm supporter, and it has been stated that for twenty years he never seemed to slacken in the encouragement he gave by purse and personal effort to the building of new chapels or churches.

The number of Congregational churches of which he laid the foundation-stones is extraordinary. It is the custom to present the person performing this ceremony with *a silver trowel* to be used for the purpose, and Mr. John Crossley received and preserved a sufficient number of these mementos to form. For several years he was the chairman of the society referred to, and though never a vigorous public speaker on the occasions when he presided, his eloquence of generous readiness to co-operate with those who were desirous of planting a new sanctuary where one was needed was even more to the purpose.

He also united with his two brothers in building, at a cost of 46,000*l*.,

THE CROSSLEY ORPHAN HOME AND SCHOOL on Skircoat Moor, which was in the first instance intended to be a school for the education of the sons of Nonconformist ministers. This was a subject in which Mr. Crossley throughout his life took the keenest interest. He well knew that, with their comparatively small incomes, many ministers found it next to impossible to give their sons the training which they anxiously desired them to receive, and on his own responsibility he started a school for this purpose. For years, we are told on the best authority, he clung to his project, but wise friends persuaded him that the needs of this kind were already fairly met by the schools at Silcoates and elsewhere, and that it was not desirable to offer inducements to an unnecessary separation of ministers' sons into a class. In 1863 he became the treasurer of the institution at Silcoates, and in the mean time his brothers united with him to give wider effect to his benevolence by the establishment of the Crossley Orphanage.

While thus engaged in helping forward movements of a most valuable character on behalf of the denomination in whose prosperity he took so deep an interest, Mr. John Crossley won the respect of the people of Halifax by his public spirit and open-handed beneficence. For more than twenty years he was an active member of the *Town Council*. He served the office of *Mayor* two years successively, and he was in this position when the Prince of Wales visited Halifax to open the new Town Hall in 1863. The newspapers of that day give many interesting accounts of the reception of His Royal Highness by the Mayor at his residence of Manor Heath. No expense was spared to do honor to his royal guest, and the visit of the heir-apparent was believed to be as pleasing to himself as it was to the host who had the honor of entertaining him. He was also elected Liberal Member of Parliament for Halifax in 1874.

It was, however, in channels of usefulness not so open to the public eye as those which have been glanced at that Mr. John Crossley displayed a quiet benevolence of character which is beyond all praise, which has not been referred to in public prints. There are some who can say that had it not been for his *prompt assistance* in seasons of commercial panic or depression they would never have been able to weather the storm, and so the blessing of some who were ready to perish may be said to have sweetly rested on him. This was notably the case during that year of commercial disaster 1866, which many have such bitter reason to remember. Failures on a large scale were the dismal order of the day, and every morning's newspaper was opened with anxiety to see the next who had "gone."

One who has written lovingly of John Crossley at this period informs us that the disasters of 1866 opened new avenues for the outgoing of his ever-ready and even extravagant bounty His *benefactions* had always been far beyon whatever came, or were meant to come, to th knowledge of the public; and from this tim they ran out in the direction of help to th strugglers with adverse fortune, *whether friend or strangers*, with a flow which only the wises discrimination in the selection of recipients an all but unfathomable wealth could have mad prudent. It seemed impossible for him to resis an appeal for assistance, and quite as impossibl not to stretch out a helping hand to those wh did not ask but whose pressing needs made

sunk. The storm caused extensive fresh [illegible] in the railway embankment, and the laborers in great danger. The fund for the relief of t

[illegible] the New Y

at this period, but in the *heavy commercial losse which erelong fell so crushingly upon him*, s that for a season it seemed doubtful whether h would get the better of them, it must have bee a source of no ordinary satisfaction to him tha he had given so largely while he had the mean to give. To use a proverb that will be apprec ated in Yorkshire, he had not "*cut wide thong out of other people's leather*." What he gave wa his own; his losses too were his own, and wer borne with the resignation of a true Christian.

Five years ago he was worth more than 200 000*l*. ($970,000). But subsequently an unlimite liability company failed, and although he had r tired from being a shareholder in it, yet, owin to the accidental circumstance of a solicit having neglected to have his name taken off th registered list of shareholders, nearly all his fo tune became swallowed up in liquidating its li bilities. Two years ago he retired from Parli ment.

The *Leeds Mercury* makes the following touc ing reference to the clouds which settled ov the closing years of Mr. Crossley's life: " was in this time of his sorrow that testimoni of regard reached him which he treasured as t most precious of the many his life had broug him. His fellow-townsmen were eager to ma fest their sympathy by a public subscription, a their purpose was not the less grateful to hi because the self-respect of his family could n allow of its being carried out. But he *could* gi unhesitating welcome to the presentation, on t 8th of August, 1877, of an illuminated addr and album, with portraits, from the workpeo at Dean Clough, testifying of great perso affection for their old employer.

" More than five hundred of them had work for him *without intermission* for twenty yea and some of them even for fifty years. A yet more touching was a similar presentati made in the following spring from old pup of the Crossley Orphanage, and containing likenesses of one hundred and eighty repres tatives of homes which his own and his broth large benevolence had gladdened. Beyond these were the more private expressions of ho and of sympathy which came to him from far near without measure, telling of the multitu of lives he had influenced by his kindliness by his example, and constituting his noblest ward.

" If for success in life it be necessary to h not only amassed a large fortune but to have tained it, then the life of Mr. John Crossley not be called a successful one. But to have m istered, by the countless influences of a kin and gentle nature, to the peace and cont ent of friends, neighbors, and workpeople, to ve stimulated zeal on behalf of education, of e principles of freedom, and of Christian use- ness by unflagging effort and example, to ve made the rays of hope and comfort shine o the darkened homes of the widow and the phan and of many troubled ones, to have left hind thousands of memories which will long treasured with thankfulness—all these con- tute a claim to a better rank than that of any re pecuniary success. And because Mr. John ossley's life was largely made up of these ser- es to his kind, his memory will, we are sure, long held dear throughout the great country th which he was so closely connected."

He latterly suffered from heart disease, and April 16th, 1879, after being up all day, as ual, he remarked, upon reaching his bedroom night, that he had walked up too quickly. then lay down on the bed in his clothes, and ked for his tie to be loosened. He never spoke ain. In three or four minutes he breathed last, and his spirit was present with the rd.

This happened at Broomfield, Halifax, the idence of his late brother Joseph.

At his funeral, which took place April 20th, profound respect in which he had been held all classes was plainly manifest, and the sor- w over his death was obviously general. The yor of Halifax, the magistrates and the min- ers of the town attended, and signs of mourn- g were displayed throughout the town.

His life, his benefactions, his unostentatious vate charities, have won for him a place in the mories of his countrymen which will never le away.

THE MAY MEETINGS IN LONDON.

ravian Missionary Meeting—Conversion of the irst Greenlander, Kayarnak—Baptist Mission- ry Society—Lord Northbrook's Remarks—Marshman's Biographies—Carey and Ward—The Change in Eighty Years—A Bright Bengalee Christian—A Mission Service, Delhi.

At the annual meeting at Exeter Hall, Lon- n, on April 30th, of the United Brethren, mmonly called Moravians, interesting details re given. Their missions among the heathen ve recently attracted much attention, as afford- g proof of the rudest barbarians being civilized becoming Christians. Wherever the Brethren ve preached the Gospel among savages they ve introduced the arts of social life, and wher- er the Gospel has been truly received those vages have become new creatures, not only in art and in conduct, but in personal appearance d intellect. The Report gave the following ecdote :

CONVERSION OF THE FIRST GREENLANDER.

On June 2d, 1738, many Greenlanders visited other Beck, who was at that time copying a nslation of that portion of St. Luke's Gospel ich describes the Saviour's agony in the gar- n. After some conversation with them, and ing them an account of the creation of the rld, the fall of man, and his redemption by rist, he read a few sentences of that part of translation before him. The Spirit of God abled him to enlarge with more than usual ergy on the sufferings and death of our Sa- our, and to exhort his hearers seriously to con- er the vast expense at which Jesus had ran- med the souls of His people. Upon this, the rd opened the heart of one of the company, ose name was Kayarnak, who, stepping up to table, in an earnest manner exclaimed, How was that? Tell me that once more ; for too, desire to be saved."

These words, which were such as had never ore been uttered by a Greenlander, penetrated soul of Brother Beck, who, with great emo- n, gave a fuller account of the life and death our Saviour, and the method of salvation rough Him. Some of the pagans laid their nds on their mouths, which is their usual cus- n when struck with amazement. On Kayar- k an impression was made that was not transient but had taken deep root in his heart. By means of his conversation, his family (or those who lived in the same tent with him) were brought under conviction, and before the end of the month three large families came with all their property, and pitched their tents near the dwelling of the Brethren, "in order," as they said, "to hear the joyful news of man's redemption." Kayarnak became eminently serviceable to the missions as a teacher of his countrymen, and adorned his Christian profession till his death.

At present the Moravians occupy ninety-four stations throughout the world, and they have 328 missionaries, and 67,413 in the congregations. It is stated as a remarkable fact that nearly *one in forty-five* of their adult members becomes a missionary. Their supplies are of the most frugal description. Of a net annual expenditure, regulated by the most rigid economy, of about 18,000*l.* ($87,300) the Brethren can raise among their own body scarcely a third part.

THE BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its annual meeting at Exeter Hall on May 1st. *The Earl of Northbrook*, who presided, said, among other remarks, "Let me state the impressions I have gained, during my residence in India, of the work which has been done by this and other Missionary Societies. I look upon it as a duty to assist to the best of my ability in the furtherance of Christian missions, and particularly do I feel a keen interest in the Baptist Missionary Society. It is now twenty-five years since I made the friendship of Mr. J. Clark Marshman, and a few years afterwards he sent me the book which most of you know very well, his "Biography of Carey, Marshman, and Ward." I read it carefully, and I may say that no man who has read it but will retain for the rest of his life a vivid impression of the valuable work done in India by these three men. The name of William Carey has become a household word in the mouths of all those who fear God and who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue. I will not detain you by referring to what these men did. It was mainly owing to them that the Word of God has been translated into the various languages, and carried over the British dominions of India. By their own exertions before they died they contributed some 60,000*l.* ($291,000) to the work of missions in India. They started the College at Serampore, which still exists.

"About fifteen miles from Calcutta there is a villa belonging to the Government, where the Governor generally resides in the hot weather, and where I have often spent some very pleasant Sundays. Sitting beneath one of the finest banyan trees, the Governor-General in the evening can see the white walls of Serampore. My interest in this work was increased by being so near the spot, and by the visits I paid to Serampore ; but, besides this, I feel an intense sympathy with the principles on which this Society pursues its missionary work. It desires to act on the broadest principles of unity and concord with other Christian missionary societies, and it has religiously maintained the traditions of its founders, for we all know David Brown, Claudius Buchanan, and Henry Martin were associated with Carey, Marshman, and Ward.

"I myself have often found it of the greatest advantage to obtain the opinions of sensible missionaries on various matters, such as Alexander Duff, and Dr. Wilson, of Bombay.

"It is hardly more than eighty years ago since the Word of God was translated into one of the languages of the East, and if we have seen that word printed and published at so small a cost that it is in the power of the poorest man in British India to buy, we are beyond even the dreams of Carey, Marshman, and Ward when they set their feet in Calcutta, and we may look with every confidence to the future."

Among remarks of other speakers were the following :

A BRIGHT BENGALEE CHRSTIAN.

Jacob Mundle, of Khari, who died January 13th, 1879, was one of the brightest and best Bengalee Christians, and labored for nearly forty years in connection with the Baptist mission as both pastor and evangelist. When a boy he was received into the Boys' Christian Boarding-School. The lad was quick, intelligent, and docile, and made good progress in Bengali subjects of study, and acquired a fair acquaintance with the English language. While yet a youth he gave his heart to the Lord, and was baptized. He soon began to preach in and about Calcutta, exhibiting great zeal and earnestness. When he was barely twenty years of age, he was taken down to Khari, nearly fifty miles south of Calcutta, and on the edge of the Soonderbunds, that he might be the teacher of the newly-gathered converts of that quarter. He was the kind of man needed at this time to teach and guide the young community just brought out of heathenism, who were unlettered peasants and fishermen.

He was content to live among them as a friend and brother, spending and being spent for their good. He carefully studied his sermons, and preached in the markets and fairs with great impressiveness. In the course of years he became a man of influence and power in the neighborhood. In times of distress and calamity all classes hurried to him, and he was ready to the utmost of his power to help. The last years of his ministry were the best. The estimation in which he was held by all was shown when he was carried to his burial, for the whole country turned out to do honor to him. Hindus, Mussulmans, and Christians were present, for all knew that a good man had gone from them.

A MISSION SERVICE AT DELHI.

A considerable part of the service is occupied in *praying*, which exercises the gifts and promotes the devotion of the native Christians. Some time is also occupied in *singing*. To make this effective is a difficult part of the missionary's work, as he has often to lead, and must always control it. A fine voice is a great help, and this service of song is not the least attractive and influential to outsiders. Sometimes it is accompanied by instrumental music—the cithara, and the tabret, and the cymbal. The tunes are native, but consecrated by this use—generally wild and weird, but often pathetic.

The hymns are thoroughly evangelical. In them the name of *Jesus* is the most familiar strain. Being simple, they are thoroughly understood ; being largely repeated in the chorus, even those who cannot read learn and remember them. Night after night the congregation sits in the moonlight or in the gloom, scarcely broken by one or two lighted wicks floating in oil, and the missionaries preach the Word of light and comfort to these poor despised and neglected ones.

John Knox's Daughter Before the King.—Among the interesting details recently published by the Royal Historical Society relating to the great Scotch reformer is one which shows how his spirit lived again in his descendants. "Elizabeth Knox married in 1594 John Welsh, a Presbyterian minister, who was exiled in 1606 for his opposition to episcopacy. When her husband was in ill health and desired to return to Scotland, she sought an interview with King James, who asked her whose daughter she was. She replied, 'My father was John Knox.' 'Knox and Welsh,' said the king ; 'the devil ne'er made sic a match as that.' 'Maybe,' replied Mrs. Welsh, 'for we never speired his leave.' She then begged that her husband might be permitted to revisit Scotland, and the king said, 'He shall if he submit himself to the bishops ;' upon which Mrs. Welsh, holding out her apron, said, 'Sooner than he should do so I would keep his head there.'"

The Marquis of Lorne's New Book.—Lord Lorne has not altogether abandoned literature since he went to Canada. On the contrary, he has utilized a portion of the leisure from official duties in composing both prose and poetical descriptions of his travels in the Dominion. The Princess Louise, who is an accomplished artist, is expected to enhance the value of the forthcoming volume with sketches.

THE CHRISTIAN'S VOYAGE.

The Farewell Sermon of Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Evening, May 25.

"And when we had accomplished those days, we departed and went our way; and they all brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city: and we kneeled down on the shore, and prayed."—ACTS 21: 5.

Paul an old Sailor—Sailing of the Castor and Pollux—A Christian Departure—1. The Church of Christ a Great Dry-Dock—How Ships for Heaven are Constructed—The Rudder—The Prow—The Anchor—The Sails—The Running Rigging—The Compass—2. Concluding Counsels—Give Appetites an Under-deck Passage—Look Out for Icebergs—Keep a Log-book—Keep the Colors Up—3. Parting Words—The Faithfulness of Christ—Carry not Burdens Alone—The Aged Man's Support—The Young Man's Friend—Good-by.

PAUL was an old sailor; not so much from occupation as from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean Sea as well as any of the old sea-captains. The crew never scoffed at him, or caricatured him, as a *land-lubber*. The fact was if the crew had taken Paul's advice that corn-ship would never have crashed into the breakers of Melita.

When the vessel went scudding under bare pole Paul was the only self-possessed passenger, and looking into the faces of the affrighted crew and the affrighted passengers with a voice that sounded out over the thunder of the tempest and the wrath of the sea, he cried out, "Be of good cheer." Those who now go to sea with maps and charts and compass, and with the warnings of buoys and lighthouses, know nothing about the perils of ancient navigation.

Horace says that the first man that ventured out to sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. The vessels only ventured from headland to headland, and from island to island, and hugging the coast as far as possible, and many years passed along before a vessel dared the open sea. When a vessel was to sail the weather was carefully watched. Meanwhile the ship had been hauled up on the beach, for it was not a very large craft, and at the right signal the crew would put their shoulders against the ship and heave it off, at the last moment springing aboard themselves.

Nearly all the ships were vessels of burden. Hardly any of them carried passengers. That was the exception when they carried passengers, for the world then was not so migratory as it is now, and people then were not smitten with the idea, as nowadays, that as soon as we get into one place we must begin to plan how we shall get into another place.

Well, nearly all the vessels in ancient times carried a flag, as our vessels carry flags; a neat flag was adorned with the picture of a heathen deity; there was one vessel which had on its flag a picture of *Castor and Pollux*, heathen deities. Each vessel had two anchors, one anchor to drop into the sea if it were necessary, the other to throw up on the rocks to hold the ship fast. This latter was called the *hook-anchor*, and it was to that probably that the Apostle Paul refers when he says, "which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, and which reaches to that within the vail." The hook-anchor not something to be cast *down* into the sea, but something to be thrown *up* on the rock—the eternal Rock of Ages.

As the vessel went on they would drop the fathoming line. Now it is 50 fathoms deep. Voyaging on, it is now 40 fathoms deep. Voyaging on, 30 fathoms deep, all the time coming nearer the shore. In the spring and summer and autumn the Mediterranean Sea was white with the sails of ships; but at the first wintry blast all the ships hide into the harbor. Although now commerce may prosper as well in January as in June, and cross the wintry seas; and there are palaces of light floating on the trembling billows through all the wintry weather, the terrible furnaces showering their sparks on the wild wind

Now it is as safe for a vessel to travel in the winter time as in the summer time, and the passengers, tippeted and shawled, sit under the shadow of the smoke-stack and look off upon the phosphorescent deep, on which is written in foam and fire, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, Thy path is in the great waters." Well, my text shows *a group of men*, women, and children on the beach at Tyre. It seemed that these families had accompanied Paul to the beach. He was about to leave his congregation to whom he had administered, and they came to see him off. There was some counsel given, a few hasty good-bys, then the ropes were hauled in, the sails were hoisted, the planks drawn in, and Paul the Apostle and pastor has left; he is gone.

"And when we had accomplished those days, we departed and went our way; and they all brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city: and we kneeled down on the shore, and prayed." Oh, that was A CHRISTIAN DEPARTURE; and so it always ought to be. If God spares my life this week I will depart from your midst. You are here to see me off. Many of you on Wednesday will see me off. Yet I am not ready to leave you until I give you as pastor some cheering word, and try to say something that may be for your present and everlasting happiness. And while the absence perhaps is too short for a formal farewell, the absence perhaps is long enough to make it most appropriate that I should speak to you some earnest word; for you know that this is *an uncertain world*, and sometimes the rail-train rushes from the track, and sometimes a steamer that goes out of one harbor never comes into another harbor; and it is most appropriate that to-night I should speak to you in words which would not be inappropriate if we never met again.

I. Now before I embark on the sea I want to be very certain that you, my hearers, are all going to embark for heaven, and I am here to-night to see you off. The Church of Jesus Christ is *a great dry-dock* for fashioning ships for the celestial voyage. There are great multitudes of them so fitting out, and I want you to understand that the ships that are fitting out in the dry-dock of the Church of God are made of the solidest timber—timber cut from the forests of eternal truth. All other shipping will go down in the cyclone of the Judgment, and only that hope which is founded in God, and that Christian character built out of the principles of God's word, can endure the stress of our last hour on earth, and the stress of the Judgment.

I know it is popular in some quarters to deride the church and to caricature it as an obsolete institution; but, my brethren, I am here to-night to tell you it is the grandest institution in all the world. The Lord Jesus Christ established it.

For her my tears shall fall,
  For her my prayers ascend;
To her my songs and prayers are given,
  Till tears and prayers shall end.

I bless God that in infancy I was baptized at her altars, and it is my hope when my work is done that some of these strong men will come from these very altars to carry me out to my last resting-place. Oh, Church of God! blessed home for his dear people! Here we want our children educated for time and for eternity. Glorious institution! "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" The Church of Jesus Christ is a dry-dock where these ships for heaven are to be fashioned before they are launched.

But now how are they to be constructed? I have to tell you that the only safe *rudder* for such a ship, the only safe helm, is divine love, love to God, and love to man. If you make a helm out of worldly ambition, if you make it out of avarice, if you make it out of pride, if you make it out of any unconsecrated passion of the soul, it will be a very poor helm, and will stand you in no stead at all.

I mean practical Christian love, love that not merely betrays itself in the voice, but the lo that flashes in the eye, the love that goes fort to serve Christ, and to help men out of the sufferings, love married to works, which som look upon as so homely a bride. love faithful in a the duties of this life—faithful to the last. O what a helm that makes, what a guide across t stormy ocean of this life, what a guide into t haven of eternal rest! Oh, that God by His gr cious spirit would give us this Christian love!

But this vessel fashioned in the dry-dock the Church must have a *prow* of Christian p severance that it may meet the sorrows to co and ride over the wave. We are to meet all stacles and go straight ahead. It is the broads wave that fills the hatches and sinks the sh Troubles met are troubles conquered. straight ahead in the Christian life, stand on brow, and wipe from your brow the spray of split surge as you cry out, "None of th things move me; neither count I my life d unto myself that I may finish my course w joy." Be not disturbed, have the prow of Ch tian perseverance, but ride on and ride throu *Moses in the ark of bulrushes will run dou war steamer.* Blessed is that man that puts trust in God.

But we must have an *anchor*, the ancho hope, "which hope we have as an anchor." be very careful that you do not get a *a* anchor. You remember there is an old hym the anchor laid remote from home. Well, that is a very poor place to drop an anchor-mote from home. A minister was reading hymn one Sabbath, and an old sailor in the dience, forgetting the proprieties of the occas said, Why don't you weigh anchor then, if are remote from home? Why do you ke drag anchor? Why not start for the har "Which hope we have as an anchor to the sure and steadfast."

But, my friends, you must have *sails* to ship. That would be a strange ship that h sails; and I want to tell you that the sails fo voyage heavenward are faith; the winds of truth strike that sail, and waft us on and w heavenward. Oh, blessed be God for faith! believe; Lord help our unbelief. All the ises of the Gospel to encourage us enco our faith. Hoist the sail to-night, and more speed than ever before voyage on t the harbor.

But every ship has a *running rigging*; are the rakers, the halyards, and the fluke A ship must have them; without them it breast the wind, cannot hoist sail, cannot age the canvas. And on this ship tha heavenward we have the running riggin that is prayer. We lay hold of that rop we pull it. "If any man sin, we have an cate with the Father." By that halyard lift the soul, by that halyard we can bring a blessing. Faith, hope in God, prayer,

Blessed is the place of morning and e prayer. Blessed is the supplication whi man offers when he is in trouble. Bles place where he knelt in the days of infar said the evening supplication. Blessed ing pillow where the departing spirit pray what a scene it is! angels joining wing over a departing spirit, watching, lookin to report, and then starting heavenward a ing, "Behold, he prays." We must ha running rigging of prayer.

But there is one more thing before this ship fitted out for heaven, and th must have a *compass*; and that is th We must keep looking at that every every night as it keeps pointing to th Bethlehem. Through thick storm and it works faithfully. Keep your eye on t pass, search the Scriptures, for in them ye have eternal life. Box the compass; compass.

II. But now the ship having a place in dock of the Church, having love for the and having faith for the sail, and havi for the running rigging, and having ho anchor, and having the Bible for a com

THE OLD SHIP IS LAUNCHED,

nched for God, launched for heaven. And I e you *two or three counsels* for the voyage.

n the first place, I want you to see to it that ur appetites and passions have only an *under-* *k passage*. Mortify your members which are on the earth. Make all the evil appetites of ur nature take steerage passage if they go at Let watchers walk the deck, and with great mptness shoot down anything like mutiny of l habit and passion. Keep all the passions d appetites of your lower nature in the under-k passage. Having given you that counsel, ave another counsel to give you. And that is, k out for *icebergs*. These are cold Christians ating down from the arctic through the rches, frigid-zoned professors, one of them e to wreck a half dozen ships, men who have at profession for godliness, but having no e, wandering around, no congeniality in their nners—look out for the icebergs.

Standing in the forecastle, in the lookout of ship, see now as you cast your eye across the izon, standing on the prow of the ship, see if re are any icebergs. Oh, young Christians, er clear of those old Christians who have at formality in their prayers, and who give the idea that religion is a mere matter of fession, a cold heartlessness. One such man that will destroy you for time and destroy you eternity. Steer clear of the icebergs.

hen keep a *log-book*. Every sea captain has on rd of his vessel a log-book ; he puts down every just how many furlongs he goes, and in your age for heaven you must watch right closely ry day to see whether you are gaining, to see ether you are going ahead—whether you are ning or not. Every merchant keeps a day-k as well as a ledger, and you ought in your ristian life to watch not only the months, or year, but watch the days, watch the hours, l you want a log-book on board of this vessel. ou are on board of an *express train*, and the in halts at the depot, you hear the click of the nmers on the wheels of the train until the nmer strikes every wheel. Why? The eels must be examined ; the train would not safe in passage without it ; and no man will r want to travel on a rail train without the eels being sounded.

o going on with more speed than ever a train velled, and toward the eternal world, we want examine all the matters of the soul, all the eels of our immortal nature. Examine, ex-ine—keep a log-book.

ut, my friends, there are many counsels I ght offer you, but I must come now to the sing counsel on this part of my subject, and you to

KEEP YOUR COLORS UP.

ow you can tell when you see a vessel on the whether it is a Russian vessel, an American sel, a French, or a Spanish vessel ; you can by the ensign, the star, the lion, the crown, cross, whatever it may be, and you want the ld to know whither you are sailing, and un-what government. Let everybody know that have started from the city of destruction for celestial city, nobody having to cry out, ither bound? Everybody, by the words of r mouth, and by the behavior of your life, wing you are bound for the port of heaven.

h, keep your colors up! run them up on these yards, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of rist." "It is the power of God, and the wis-n of God, to every one that believeth." Do be ashamed of your religion. Young man, as soon as, in the factory, or the banking ise, or the store, you are ashamed of Christ, r religion is going away from you. Remember t Christ says if you are ashamed of Him on h He will be ashamed of you when he neth with the holy angels.

eep your colors up. Then sailing on after a le you smell the *land breezes* of heaven ; the Lord Jesus, the pilot, will come ard the ship, and as you go through the nar-s of death He will say to you, "When thou seth through the waters I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Oh, will you start on that voyage to-night? The gang-planks are being hauled in, the last bell is ringing ; all aboard for heaven.

III. Before I leave you to-night I want to say two or three *familiar things*. And first of all I want in this closing service to testify before you and before all the world the faithfulness of Christ to his promises. I want to tell you this, young man, there is a great joy in religion, that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace. I have seen trouble and trial in the world at different times, and I am here to testify that I never went to God in trouble but He healed it. The more I know of Christ the better I love Him. He is the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. Oh, that the people would take the testimony I give to-night of the faithfulness of Christ, and that they would all submit and accept Him as their personal Saviour. You want Him now, you want Him in the judgment.

It is now about ten years since I came to labor among you. God has given us great prosperity. I have to record His mercy. At different times our church has gone through trials, trials of flood and trials of fire, but the Lord has delivered us and we have to-night an enlarged place, with more prospects of happiness and usefulness than at any period of this church's history. Bless the Lord, oh, my soul! Oh, what a place for usefulness for you and for me! Standing here, and sitting there Sabbath after Sabbath amid the throngs of people who are accustomed to gather here, what an opportunity to bring the people to Christ and to heaven!

How many *hundreds of thousands* of people during the years that this Tabernacle has stood have here come in to worship! Thousands, tens of thousands of them, have gone never to return to this, or perhaps to any other Christian sanctuary on earth ; and a great multitude of them have already reached the skies, and I will bless God to my dying day that in this presence I have so often had the opportunity of preaching the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

And while I record my gratitude to God, I record my gratitue to *you*. I have loved you with an ardent love. In this, the moment of my parting from you, I can only pray upon your souls the richest benediction. Some of you I leave in trouble and trial. You have had bereavement in your household. You have had financial losses in the store. You have been rushed upon by the persecutions and misfortunes of this life. I cannot part from you to-night until I commend you to God and the word of His grace, which is able to comfort and able to rescue.

Do not try to carry your burdens *alone*. If this summer you have trial and misfortune, and I cannot personally address you in regard to them, remember these closing words in which I tell you that Christ is ready to lift all your burdens, and to sympathize in all your sorrows, and put away all your tears ; and remember that though you may have it hard in this world, weeping endureth only for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." (Psa. 126 : 6.)

To the *aged* I have a parting word. You are spending the evening of your days on earth. I commend you to the Lord Jesus. Lean heavily upon His arm. He will not forsake you in the time of old age. I never come back from my summer recreation but I find that some of the aged have gone ; and if before I return you go to the good place which God has provided for his people, while I mourn at your departure I shall rejoice in your joy. Blessed is that man who can live a Christian life, and then lie down in the peace of the Gospel and awake in glory.

And I must have a parting word with *the great multitude of young people* who are here to-night, surprising me by the fact that you came out through the storm which suddenly dashed down at the hour when the people were about to gather for the evening service. Oh, young men, take Christ. He was a young man ; on earth He was never anything but a young man, save the days of His boyhood and childhood ; He died a young man, He knows all the young man's temptations, and a young man's sorrows. Go to Him in every perplexity. If you are worried about matters in the store, about homesickness, about the fact that you do not get higher wages, about sickness, or about anything, go to God : He is able, He is willing, He is sufficient.

I am glad to know that there are so many hundreds of young men in Brooklyn who are loving God and keeping His commandments. I prophesy for them great worldly success, and at the last a high place in heaven. And if during this summer a shaft from the other world should strike any one of us, may it only hasten on the raptures which God has provided for His people. I will not utter a formal farewell, but I take your hand in both my hands and give you a loving GOOD-BY!

Roman Catholic Opinion of the Religious Condition of Europe.—The *Tablet*, the English organ of the Roman Catholic Church, laments over the decadence in the influence of the church over European Governments. It regrets that whatever propriety there was in former times in designating France, Austria, Spain, Italy, Bavaria, Belgium, and Portugal as Catholic States "has almost entirely disappeared." In Spain alone is the Government influenced by the Church, and even in Spain "the Catholicism of the State is superficial and formal, and nothing like a warm support of Catholic interest at home or abroad is to be looked for from those in power." In France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," five of the Ministers of State are Protestants, and of the remaining four not one is a practical Catholic ; while since Austria became a constitutional State "the Government can no longer be considered Catholic."

Giving up for Christ.—A little while ago, in Calcutta, a native, a Christian merchant, was deeply interested in a community of "outcasts," and he made an offer of $300 a year to any native Christian who would go and live among these people, and teach them the word of life. The offer had no sooner been made than a candidate for the office appeared. Who was he? As humble and devoted and consistent a Christian as you ever met. He was a professor in a Missionary college, an M.A. and LL.B. of the Calcutta University, and drawing a salary of $1000 a year. Such was the candidate for this office of $300 a year!

"Please, Sir, Don't Step There."—On a cold Sabbath morning in February, a gentleman was walking along, somewhat hastily, through the snow. He noticed a bright-looking little lad standing upon the pavement, with his cap in his hand and his eyes fixed upon one spot on the sidewalk. As he approached him he looked up to him, and pointing to the place, said, "Please don't step there, sir. I slipped there and fell down." What a different world this would be if all Christians were as particular as this lad to warn others against dangers, whether temporal or spiritual.

The People of Ireland have Realized so much benefit from the prohibition of the sale of drink on Sunday that they wish to place still further restrictions on the trade. Mr. Sullivan, an Irish member of Parliament, has introduced a *Saturday Closing* Bill, which, if passed, will have the effect of closing the drink-shops at an early hour on Saturday evening. There is a strong body of opinion in favor of the measure, most enthusiastic meetings are being held, and influential petitions adopted in its support.

The Nihilists in Russia have adopted a new and to them profitable plan. The other day Mr. Eisseeff, a rich wine merchant, had a letter handed to him by a stranger, containing an order from the Revolutionary Committee, duly stamped with the arms of the Society, and demanding 30,000 rubles as a contribution to "the holy cause of revolution." A warning was added that if Mr. Eisseeff refused to comply with the request his days would be numbered.

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from p.* 503.)

Mr. Gogharty's Covetous Heart suggests new Unrighteous Schemes—But Hope Disappears—His High-minded Resolve—He hopes Percival will Secede to Rome—"A Consummation Devoutly to be Wished"—Conscience makes a Coward of Mr. Gogharty—He Writes to the Roman Catholic Bishop—An Appointment Arranged—Mr. Gogharty Unfolds his Base Plot to the Roman Catholic Bishop—The Bishop contemptuously Rebukes Him.

WHEN repentance is the result of self-reproach and cowardly fear, and does not spring from a new-discovered excellence in righteousness and truth, it is never permanent; and thus it was with Mr. Gogharty. Some remorse for being a partaker, by collusion, in a supposed murder, and torturing dread lest this collusion had, or would, certainly come to light, had inspired a satisfaction, as we have seen, in the lawyer's mind that the Ribbonmen's purpose of assassination had miscarried, and that his suppression of the letter he had received was unknown. When he bade Percival good-by on the night lately recorded and returned to his private room, feeling that his character was still safe, a sigh of relief escaped him, and he slept that night more peacefully than he had done for some time.

But still his covetous heart hankered after the property which his son, in his opinion, had so ruefully missed, and which, even as things were, nothing but Percival Montaigne's existence kept his boy from being heir to. "Oh that sudden and rascally thought of Sir Christopher's!" he would say to himself a dozen times a day; "a plague on it. Was there ever a more fantastic freak of remembrance! What a fool I was, to be sure, to write him about the birth of that luckless and ill-starred Percival Montaigne. This, I suppose, is what one gets in this world for taking an interest in other people's business."

One day while thus pondering, and with impotent regrets vexing his soul, upon second thoughts another reflection came up before him. "After all it was not absolutely necessary," he meditated, "that Percival Montaigne should die in order that his Alick should inherit. Sir Christopher had stated in his will," he recollected, "another strict and important condition, namely, that neither Percival Montaigne nor his own son Alick was to succeed to the estate unless they remained stanch Protestants and true to the *Reformed Faith*. Sir Percival said, I remember, he was right glad he thought of the clause; and," said Mr. Gogharty to himself, gleefully, "on this point I'm just like him, for I'm blest if I'm not heart glad, too, for it gives me another chance of cutting out this troublesome youth, Montaigne." This idea took joyful possession of his mind for days. "It was just the proper expedient to work," he said, "since it would not involve bodily injury, and yet it would, in its result, be just as effectual for my purpose as if the Ribbonmen, three times over, had victimized Montaigne."

A little further consideration, however, moderated, if it did not altogether damp, his satisfaction. "What likelihood in the world is there," he asked, "that young Montaigne can ever be induced to prove recreant to his Protestant creed?" And Mr. Gogharty, though his wish would gladly be father to the thought, to his deep sorrow could see none. "His father," he reflected, "had been a zealous Evangelical clergyman, his mother had carefully trained up her son in the same strict principles, the school where he was educated was noted for its Protestantism, and Huguenot blood flowed in the youth's veins. Surely the notion that he could be moved from the faith of his fathers—a faith in which he has been so indoctrinated and ingrained—is utterly Quixotic. Why," soliloquized Mr. Gogharty, "it's nothing less than moonshine madness to entertain the hope."

It is very wonderful, and illustrates the perversity of human nature, that when sinful acts come to be looked at as either personally unprofitable, or utterly impossible to be brought about, some consciences, which before had quietly allowed them, are moved to condemn them as decidedly wrong. It was thus with Mr. Gogharty. So long as the idea of Percival Montaigne being tempted to apostasy was supposed at all feasible, the lawyer's conscience either calmly gave its *assent* to the crime or peacefully slept over the contemplation of it; but now, when the project came to be deemed utterly impracticable and hopeless—and not until then—Mr. Gogharty allowed himself to confess that to set such a movement on foot was "certainly not innocent. Why," he said within himself, "it would be to tamper with the interests of his never-dying soul, and egad, that would be, at all events, as bad as making an attempt on his body. I, lawyer Gogharty, call myself a virtuous man, and as such I'll abstain from this impossible deed, and will have nothing to say to it."

But that this high-minded resolve had not a very powerful hold upon Mr. Gogharty's conscience was proved very soon. A few days after his virtuous soliloquy he was quite ready again to enter upon his nefarious scheme, as prompted by the following paragraph, which he lighted upon in a *Scotch newspaper:*

"Lady Harris, a very beautiful young widow, only twenty-six years old, has become a pervert to Popery. She has given over to the Jesuits her beautiful estate of Seacliff, in East Lothian, her prospects of 10,000*l.* a year from an old uncle, and all the treasures collected in India by her late husband, Sir William Cornwallis Harris. An only child, she has forsaken an aged grandmother and her mother, and has retired to a strict convent in Grenoble, in France."

"Ah, what a remarkable and delightful piece of news!" said Mr. Gogharty to himself; and so gratified was he, that he spoke loud enough to be heard, had any one been present in his room. "Ah, but *this is* something to look at and think about. What! a Protestant lady of rank and education become so enamored with the Romish Church that she resigns her estate, her prospects of great wealth, her nearest friend, even her mother—in fact every thing, at the bidding of the priests. Then, 'pon my word, 'tis clear as the noonday sun there must be an ineffable charm to some people in the creed of the Pope. Why, here is proof positive—plain as two and two make four—that under its spell a pervert can be led to sacrifice any thing."

But then, again, he reflected, with regret, that "it was, after all, only a woman who was got to do all this. Some poor creature, in fact," he said, "in whom not reason, but mere weak, feminine sentiment, held sway. One of the weaker vessels, you know—and I dreadfully fear the priest would find the Huguenot Montaigne of rather tougher material than this." Under the paragraph we have given, however, Mr. Gogharty found another piece of intelligence, to this effect, more to his mind:

"Mr. ——, only seventeen years of age, and brought up a stanch Protestant, has left his family, and has given himself over, as well as his whole patrimony, to the Jesuits."

And yet again another statement beneath this met Mr. Gogharty's rejoicing eyes: "A nephew of —— has given up 80,000*l.* on the day he came of age, and has gone over to the Church of Rome. A governess, in breach of her solemn promise never to do so, lent him Popish books." *

"Egad!" said the lawyer, "but isn't this good news?" and he placed the newspaper on his knee, to think. Mr. Gogharty was a Protestant by profession, and had been even a blatant one, at least politically, yet the idolatrous sin of covetousness had taken such hold upon his heart that he could feel gladness over these melancholy defections from the ranks of the Protestant cause, since they gave him hope that perhaps the perversion of young Montaigne to the Romish creed was not, after all, an issue so visionary as he had once feared. "That's a consummation," he said to himself, "to be *devoutly* (!) wished—and I declare I feel quite thankful I have so providentially (!) come across this paper, containing the news of these great and wonderful conversions. They have taken a load from off my mind, and I seem to myself to have passed as from a cold, dark, and drizzly mist into sunshine."

For some days Mr. Gogharty as a sweet morsel rolled over and over again in his thoughts the possible perversion of Sir Christopher's heir to the Romish Church—he even at times saw him, in imagination, *reading his recantation* in some gorgeous Romish church, and surrendering, under the enchantments of priestism, in his son's favor all his great prospects in life.

"I know," said he within himself, "that Montaigne is an honest and candid youth, and very conscientious—just like my son Alick, the fool and quite unfit for this world—and if he ca only be got to believe in the Pope, he'd g through with it and would sacrifice any thin and every thing to his conviction. How in th world, however, shall I get him to do as I wis or how shall I bring him into contact with th charm of the Romish system? Aye—that's th rub. I can't myself, that's certain, be the charme for—I couldn't for the life of me stoop to cha ter Popish mummeries. I'd burst out into laugh if I attempted it. And even if I coul his mother, the fond mamma, keeps him t close to her apron-strings to give me the chanc Yet the thing must be done somehow, that's po 'Pon my word, I'll have a talk with Father C hili, our good parish priest, about it."

When Mr. Gogharty, however, came to car out this resolve, he saw considerable ground f hesitation. He was about to betray a solemn tru —wished to carry out a shameful act of treac ery against those for whom he had professed sincere friendship—was, in addition to th about to act the betrayer to his own creed. I ether Cahill was a townsman—he would often h to meet him in the street, on committees, a elsewhere, and though he proposed to bring ab an event that would serve the priest's chur could he, if he took counsel with him in matter, ever again without a blush look him the face? No, he would not, and could n broach the matter to him. It would be from expedient—he would consult a more tant, and yet a more eligible and likely co sellor—he would seek an interview with Roman Catholic Bishop himself.

This church dignitary soon received the lowing short epistle: "A lawyer, a Protest respectfully and anxiously solicits an interv with Bishop ——. He is aware that, bein a stranger, he has no claim upon him for the ho r and privilege which he seeks. But should Bis p —— grant the favor asked, he is satis d Bishop —— will admit that the request is warranted. The Protestant lawyer does not e his name, as Bishop —— does not know h. But a reply sent to —— will find him."

Bishop —— was naturally of an honorable d upright disposition, and had not received is consecration to the Roman Catholic episco te in the days of Ultramontane usurpation and d. He was a bishop of the old school in Irel d, and had ever championed the ancient liberti of the Irish Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Gogharty's letter was both a surprise a d a puzzle to the bishop. It was certainly ver indefinite, and even enigmatical, and he was ite at a loss to understand what it could lly mean. He handed it to the priest who act as his secretary, and asked him what he thoug of it, and what answer he should give.

Father Garrett, the secretary, was a ich younger man than the Bishop, and had a y ng man's sanguine temperament and zeal. once read Mr. Gogharty's letter as that o one who had in secret *abandoned* his Protestan sm and who wished to consult the Bishop, on some doubtful questions of conscience, a to arn from him the best method of openly de-aring his change of belief.

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* All these extracts are taken from printed statements in the public press.

"Don't you see, my lord, it must be this?" e said; "otherwise he would not have put the ord Protestant after the statement of his pro-ssion of the law. Why it's as clear as daylight me that this is the interpretation of the letter."

"It may be so," replied the Bishop; "and t, though there have been of late some blessed d marvellous secessions of Protestants to Holy hurch, I have not full confidence that you e right. From a convert I should expect a ore confiding and detailed letter. However, I ink you had better write and tell this gentle-an, whoever he may be, that I will see him—d mention Wednesday, at two o'clock."

At the appointed hour Mr. Gogharty, in pur-ance of his scheme of entrapping Percival ontaigne into becoming a Roman Catholic, rived at the Bishop's residence, and was con-cted into his presence. The lawyer, seeing at another person, Father Garrett, was in the om, hesitated to make known the purport of s coming, and requested from the Bishop a ivate interview. All superior ecclesiastics in e Romish Church, and, indeed, the inferior ergy too, upon principle, are cautious, and shop —— had no idea of trusting himself one with a perfect stranger, so he said, "This, , *is* a private interview. We priests of the oly Catholic Church are trained, you are aware, secrecy and a wise reticence, so that you may gard my secretary, Father Garrett, as not esent."

Mr. Gogharty, feeling in his inmost soul the seness of the scheme he was meditating, rank from expressing it in the presence of a ird person. Upon the firm assertion, however, the Bishop that no interview more secret ould be granted, with bated breath and consid-able nervousness he opened up the task of con-rsion to his creed which he had come to ask e Bishop to undertake.

As he proceeded in the exposition of his shes and his aims the Bishop eyed him. full wonder and contempt. In the confessional, ring his parish priesthood, he had come across ean and perverse specimens of human nature, it he felt he never had had revealed to him a ore despicable man than the one who now stood fore him.

When Mr. Gogharty concluded his speech, hich he was permitted to deliver without the ghtest interruption, the Bishop thus addressed m: "Sir, you have not told me your name, d I am glad of it, and after your words, now oken, I do not wish—shall never wish—to ow it; but I must take the liberty of making own to you one or two of my thoughts. You ve candidly declared that you have no faith in e creed nor sympathy with the progress of the ly Catholic Church—that, in fact, you are a rotestant both in religion and politics, and at your whole desire for getting the ward of hancery you speak of into the blessed fold of e Church is that your son should, in this ent, succeed to the fortune which you envy e present heir. I am zealous for my Church," id the Bishop, "as alone the depository of the uth, but I must tell you plainly, sir, that I shall ever sanction such a method of serving her as u propose. Take my advice, sir, and never ain your conscience with a crime that would ake you as another Judas—selling and betray-g the cause of your religion for gold.

"So far your scheme is only a proposal, and hile wicked in intention, be thankful that as t it is not overt in act. I must also say it is e of the most visionary enterprises I ever ard of. This, however, takes nothing from its ilt. I exhort you, in the name of God," said the ishop, "to go no further with it, and, inviolably cret here, your having entertained it shall ever be known."

Mr. Gogharty was confounded. He stood as e dazed and stunned before the ecclesiastic, ho he fully expected would, *con amore*, enter to his scheme.

(To be continued.)

THE DEPARTURE OF DR. TALMAGE.

If any evidence of Dr. Talmage's immense popularity had been needed, the events of Wednesday morning, May 28th, when he commenced his voyage to Europe, would have furnished that evidence most abundantly. Had an ambassador of the republic been about to set sail on a mission of national importance, scarcely more enthusiasm could have been called forth.

The morning opened with a lowering sky which threatened to break up any moment in torrents of rain. But the apparent certainty of a thorough wetting did not prevent an eager crowd assembling, both in Brooklyn and New York, to say good-by to the eminent preacher whose projected excursion to Europe had been "*common fame.*" By ten o'clock, however, the sun broke forth bright and warm, and it was under a cloudless sky that Dr. Talmage bade a temporary adieu to his native land. The Tabernacle congregation had resolved to see the last of their beloved pastor, and had, with their customary disregard for expense, chartered the steamer Grand Republic to accompany him down the bay.

At half past eight o'clock Jewell's dock, Brooklyn, was crowded with intending passengers who hurried on board and soon filled both upper and lower decks of the vessel. It seemed as if not only the Tabernacle congregation, but nearly all Brooklyn, had come down to wish the pastor a happy and prosperous trip. Judges, clergymen, professors, and aldermen mingled with throngs of well-dressed ladies, and the humbler classes in their working attire had snatched an hour to join in the ovation. The band of the 23rd Regiment were on board, and played appropriate airs; and shortly before nine, Arbuckle, with a black bag containing *the famous silver cornet*, wended his way to the deck. A little before nine the cheering announced that the Doctor was in sight, and by and by he was seen coming on board, accompanied by his wife and daughter and a few of his intimate friends.

The worry of the trial has left its mark on Doctor Talmage's countenance, and a weary, anxious look reigns there, which his friends hope the voyage and change of scene may effectually dissipate. Mrs. Talmage, bright and cheerful as usual, was by his side, as she has been during all the hours of his trouble, and it was easy to see, as the husband now and again glanced at her, that he has been accustomed to find her presence a solace to him in his afflictions. On his other side walked Miss Jessie Talmage, the Doctor's eldest daughter, who accompanies the pair to Europe, her beautiful and intelligent face expressing with what pleasure she anticipated the trip.

The Talmage party on board, the lines were thrown off, and the Grand Republic, with three thousand passengers on board, every rope alive with bunting, and on the mizzen-mast a large flag floating, emblazoned "Brooklyn Tabernacle," steamed down the river round the Battery to the new wharf of the Cunard Company in New York. There lay the splendid new vessel the Gallia, now about to start on her third Transatlantic trip.

It had not been clearly understood when Dr. Talmage would come on board, and the Gallia had for some time been crowded with Gothamite admirers of Dr. Talmage, looking everywhere for the eloquent preacher. Large bouquets and the customary "lucky horseshoes" composed of lilies of the valley, etc., were in great profusion in all parts of the vessel, and in the saloon the tables were covered with these sweet souvenirs with the bon voyage cards attached. When it was evident Dr. Talmage was not on the Gallia, expectant faces were turned riverwards, the visitors rightly judging he would come in the Tabernacle steamer. Soon she was seen approaching the pier, and cheers from the crowded dock and the deck of the Gallia announced that the Talmage party had been recognized among the thousands of passengers which thronged her decks.

Amid the waving of handkerchiefs and ringing shouts of the people Dr. Talmage stepped on to the pier, and for a few minutes it seemed as if he would be overwhelmed by the number of friends eager to get a parting shake of his hand. He was obviously deeply affected by the enthusiastic feeling manifested, and shook hands right and left with the utmost cordiality. But a warning signal from the Gallia showed the necessity for prompt measures, and as the Doctor seemed unable to rescue himself, his friends did it for him. One seized his right arm, and another his left, and with a guard in advance and in the rear, he was hurried on board like a deserter from the ship, or a disorderly militiaman, and was soon seen, with his wife and daughter by his side, at the Gallia's stern waving his hat in response to his friends on the pier, while the Grand Republic drew off to await the starting of the ocean steamer.

Soon the big Cunarder was seen slowly moving out of the dock, and three enthusiastic cheers for Dr. Talmage and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs sent the good-by from the shore to the distinguished voyager.

The Grand Republic, with band playing "The Sweet By and By," followed close in her wake, the pastor and his party with some Christian people on the Gallia responding. Then followed "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Then a verse of the "Old Hundredth" and "Home, Sweet Home." Then at 12.15, as the Gallia passed the Narrows, the Grand Republic dipped her colors, and with the band playing "Auld Lang Syne" and a parting cheer from three thousand voices, she turned her head for the Battery, and the Tabernacle congregation had seen the last of their friend and pastor till September, when, if many earnest prayers are answered, the goodness of God will bring him back to a welcome as hearty as the "send off" with which his departure was enlivened.

Heroic Irish Sergeant.—Napier records in his history of the Peninsular war that at the desperate battle of the Coa, in Spain, in 1810, Major M'Leod led four companies of his regiment, the Forty-third, against masses of the enemy, to save a wing of the Fifty-second, who would otherwise have been cut off from the bridge across which they were obliged to retreat. Through a gap in some rocks which must be won to command the ground and defend the passage, two muskets were pointed, whose contents awaited the first British soldier who should attempt to ascend by that way. An ensign of the regiment found himself in the position which made it his duty to tread this pathway of death. Nothing flinching, he went on, but just at the moment when the rush was to be made, a young Irish sergeant, *Robert M'Quade*, gently pulled the officer back, saying, "You are too young, sir, to be killed," and stepping forward received the contents of the two muskets, and fell dead pierced by both balls. That young officer, then sixteen, became *General Sir George Brown*, who commanded the Light Division of the English army in the Crimea. Sergeant Robert M'Quade was only twenty-four! No marble records this royal munificence of costliest devotion! But it reminds us of the text, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend" (John 15:13).

Missionaries Poisoned.—The "Sydney Advocate" announces a great disaster as having fallen on the New Guinea mission of the London Society. The disaster happened in New Guinea, on the South-east Cape. Six teachers, landed there by the mission steamer John Williams, have been poisoned, the natives placing *upas wood in their drinking water*. Of twenty men landed in this district *only five now remain*, the rest having died of poison and fever. These men were converted Polynesian teachers. Mr. Lawes, who settled the teachers, appears to have had confidence in the honesty and friendliness of the natives. New Guinea, is next to Australia, the largest island in the world; it is people with Papuans, and sailors tell horrible tales of the barbarities practised on unfortunate shipwrecked crews who have been cast away there.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to disseminate the glorious truths of the Word of God, and thus to aid in carrying on the work of the Saviour on the earth.

It contains every week a sermon by Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached the Sunday morning previous to the day of publication.

By arrangement with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a report of his Sunday-morning sermons is taken every week, and after it has been revised by him, is mailed in advance sheets and published in this journal prior to its publication in any other paper in the United States.

Articles by eminent ministers and others who have made the subject of prophecy their especial study also appear week by week, and review current events in the light of prophecy.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a journal that can be introduced with confidence by any minister to his congregation. It will second and support his labors in the cause of Christ, and will be the best counteraction possible to the pernicious and dangerous periodicals now so widely circulated.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Legislative Appropriation Bill has Received a prompt veto from the President. As his message points out, the same principle which dictated his former vetoes requires this one. The aim of the clauses incorporated with the bill was to abridge, if not to annihilate, the power of the central government over the elections, and to confide their complete control to the respective States where they take place. President Hayes states his belief that the effect of such alterations would be prejudicial to the freedom of elections, and that there may occur cases in which the interference of United States authorities is absolutely necessary to a fair poll. He therefore declines to sanction a law by which the Marshalls and Supervisors would be stripped of their powers.

The message was received by the Republicans with enthusiastic cheers, and it is obvious the President's action has the hearty approval of his party. Voting on the bill resulted in a failure to pass it over the veto.

The Warner Silver Bill passed the House May 24th, *after an all-night sitting*, when members had to be hunted up at their homes and haunts through the city to get the bill through. It is generally expected that the Senate will reject the measure.

The Republican Nominations in the Pivotal State has resulted in the selection of ex-Congressman Charles Foster as the candidate of the party for the gubernatorial chair. His platform is of the ultra-Republican order, and he is strongly opposed to the present tactics of Congress on the Appropriation bills and the electoral questions. The majority last year was little over three thousand, so that the union of the Democratic and National vote would probably place the Republican candidate in a minority. It was therefore important that the nomination should be one acceptable to the whole party, and Mr. Foster modestly says he was chosen not for any special merits of his own, but because it was thought *he would poll more votes than any one else*. It is generally thought that the nomination of Mr. Foster points to Sherman rather than Grant as the Republican candidate for the Presidency; at any rate, the Grant "boom" does not appear to have reached Ohio as yet.

A Destructive Cyclone Passed Over Kansas City, Mo., and the neighborhood for a circuit of seventy-five miles, May 30th, doing great damage to life and property. It extended through nearly the whole northern tier of counties in the State, but was most violent between the Blue Rapids and Centennial Stations, on the Central Branch Railroad, and about thirty miles apart. The storm moved in a direction a little north of east, and passed into Nebraska through Richardson county. The town of Irving, ninety miles west of St. Louis, *was nearly destroyed*. At that point the storm took the character of a cyclone, and *levelled everything in its path*. It passed over several flourishing towns, *literally wrecking them* and leaving traces of its tremendous power in levelled habitations, destroyed public buildings, and uprooted trees. The cyclone then passed east and struck the town of Fulton, *unroofing sixteen houses*, tearing up immense trees, and *killing nine more people*. Among the buildings destroyed were the Presbyterian church, school buildings, post-office, and two elevators; also the ninety-foot span of the iron bridge across the Blue River, the iron rods and girders being twisted like willow stems.

Ten Children Have Been Poisoned at Island Pond, Vermont, by drinking water from a brook. Twenty-seven children drank the water; all are suffering more or less seriously, and it is feared that more deaths will occur. The bodies of a horse and two sheep had been thrown into the brook, and also the tops of plants on which Paris Green had been placed to destroy the bugs. The water has been analyzed and pronounced poisonous. It is expected that prosecutions will be initiated against the persons whose culpable carelessness has led to the fatal result.

A Smuggler was Lost in the Niagara Rapids on Sunday, May 25th. The deceased was well known in the neighborhood, being a skilful oarsman, and it is stated he had rescued several persons from destruction at the very place where he lost his own life. He started from Port Day to row to Goat Island while in *a state of intoxication*, and his boat drifted insensibly into the rapids. The man saw his danger, and worked hard to avoid it, but in his drunken state he missed his hold and fell backward into the boat, and was either stunned or too much under the influence of liquor to regain his seat. Even then he had another chance of life, for the boat grounded at some rocks where he might have got out and awaited assistance; but the poor drunkard was unable to take advantage of his opportunity, and the stream again seized the boat and carried it swiftly to destruction.

It is remarkable that a catastrophe at Niagara is an event of rare occurrence, although the rapids are so swift and powerful, but the demon of drink, which was responsible for this man's sad fate, is daily involving thousands in a destruction of which Niagara is the fit emblem.

Slanders on the South.—Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, who has been on a visit to New York, entered a vigorous protest against the slanders propagated against the Southern States, and especially against Georgia. Governor Colquitt said:

"There is not a more orderly or law-abiding, justice-loving people in America than the people of Georgia. The statistics will show that, population considered, there are fewer crimes in Georgia than in the most of the commonwealths of the Republic. We have a perfect administration of justice. No man can commit crime and escape the penalty of the law. Our justice i equal and protects all classes. In my administration, white men have been hung for the killing o negroes. I guarantee that no State, North o South, will show a people more thoroughl peaceable or peace-loving than ours—more en tirely devoted to the material recuperation c their State than the Georgian." There is n doubt Governor Colquitt is able to speak au thoritatively on the subject, for no man know more of the State than he. There is also goo reason to place reliance on his utterances, for h is a man whose fine Christian character and pu rity of motive and action have won for him th respect of all parties.

Archbishop Purcell's Banking Disaster h been made the subject of an appeal by the R man Catholic hierarchy of this country. It proposed to ask the adherents of that Church contribute sufficient funds to pay in full t claims of the depositors in the broken ban The amount required will be over two milli dollars, a large sum to pay for the costly blu ders of the priest-banker. In the interest of t depositors, the majority of whom are poor, a whose claims represent savings made with di culty, to provide for sickness and old age, it hoped the appeal will meet with a prompt a liberal response.

Color Blindness Among Railroad Emplo may have caused catastrophes which have b denominated *accidents*. Some important ob vations in Europe have been followed by in tigation here. The result has been to sh that the defect exists to an alarming extent. has been found that among the employés *single railroad company* in this country in tw per cent of the whole number the sense of ion is deficient in this particular. Not all affected alike. Some cannot distinguish co at all; others, while able to distinguish broader lines of color, are incapable of discr nating shades and related hues. When it i membered that danger is indicated by a di ence in the color of a signal, it is easy to see serious may be the consequences where th sponsibility for the safety of a train of pas gers is committed to a man to whose eye all ors are pretty much alike. In the interes the travelling public, no time should be lo guarding against this grave danger.

)rigin of the Foundry Church at Washing- ı.—Many years ago before the Declaration of lependence a young mechanic came over from gland, who, when in London, had been in habit of worshipping at the Old Foundry urch. He settled in Georgetown, and erected oundry, where some of the cannon used by American army in the war of 1812 were cast. ter the battle of Bladensburg the British burned Capitol, the President's house and public ildings, and retreated, leaving Foxall's foundry *touched*, whether by accident or design does t appear. But the circumstance touched the art of Mr. Foxall, and he resolved that as a d Providence had spared his property he uld make return by building a house unto the rd. Accordingly he went on the "other side the creek," purchased a site and erected a urch, and called it Foundry, after the old London Foundry, and in deference to the miraculous cape of his own foundry.

Cremation of an Indian.—The Rev. J. G. ady, a missionary in Alaska Territory, thus scribes the burning of the body of a woman at ka: "A few days ago I witnessed a sorry ectacle—viz., the cremation of a woman who d been drowned. When the burning began I ard a low, plaintive wail and the shrieks of e women. There were four dry logs placed le by side on the ground. The body was aced on these, and then side and end logs were ilt up covering the top. Light, dry kindling this pile all in a blaze. I noticed that one oman threw on several blankets. Eight men ng and beat time with long sticks, which they ruck upon the ground. A man and woman pt dealing out bottle after bottle of *hoochenoo*. is was given to but a few. I noticed that one d woman took glass after glass, and she must ve drunk over a quart while I was standing. ey kept this ceremony up for half a day, going rough all their superstitious rites. I went ay feeling sad, and prayed that such sights ight not be witnessed very often in the future."

The Learned Blacksmith, as the late Elihu urritt was designated, had acquired a store of owledge far more extensive than many men hose fortunes raised them above the necessity daily toil for daily bread. The following record of one day's work is extracted from his ary, and shows how full of occupation his days ere:

"Tuesday, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty ages of French, ten pages of Cuvier's Theory, ght lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto ohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of ars, *ten hours' forging*."

Remarkable Fulfilment of a Dream.—Two oung men, both living at Norridgewock, in aine, met one morning years ago, and one said the other: "Charles, I dreamed last night at you were a Judge of the Supreme Court of aine, that I was a minister, and that you called n me to open your court with prayer." Just *irty years* after this the Rev. Dr. Charles F. llen, late President of the State College, happened to step into the Supreme Court room in ugusta. Judge Charles Danforth beckoned to im, and asked him to open his court with rayer; and the dream of thirty years before as verified.

Gough Memorial Coffee Tavern at Sandgate. —Fifty years ago on the 3d June next, Mr. ough left Sandgate in England, a soldier's son, start in life, and his name is now a household ord throughout the world in the *temperance ause.* It is proposed, in recognition of his laors and the success that has attended them, to rect a *coffee tavern* in his native village of Sandate. Suitable premises have been secured, at a ost of about $7680, and it is estimated that a urther sum of $6720 will be necessary to complete and establish it on a permanent basis. It much desired that all the arrangements conected with this memorial may be completed by he 3d of June, on which day Mr. Gough has romised to open it publicly.

Sandgate (near Folkestone, in the South of England), besides its ordinary population of 2300, is in immediate proximity to the large military camp at Shorncliffe. Besides the regular canteens on the camp, there are no less than thirteen public-houses for the sale of intoxicating drinks in the village, and which are largely frequented by soldiers and sailors. There is therefore the greatest need of a *coffee tavern*, as none at present exists. As this is intended to be a public memorial to Mr. Gough, it is proposed that all profits accruing shall be devoted to the furtherance of the *temperance cause.* The tavern is to be vested in the hands of trustees, and managed by a committee. It is intended to make it a national memorial to Mr. Gough.

A Pathetic Instance of a Child's Love and faith was shown recently after a school examination. The little one was the only child of her mother, "and *she was a widow.*" To her great delight she was awarded a reward of merit, and she ran eagerly to her mother, saying: "I held it up to the sky all the way home, that *papa might see what a good girl I had been.*"

An Old Enemy Conquering.—Last winter a miner went to a town in the Far West, and promptly joined a church there and engaged with great energy in Christian work. It was a struggling church, and help was much needed. The miner labored assiduously in the Sunday-school and other departments, and became a valuable and valued officer. But one morning while laboring in the mine he caught a severe cold and was persuaded by his fellow-miners to take a little liquor to cure him. It turned out that the man was a reformed drunkard; the liquor he took as medicine awoke the sleeping appetite within him, and he once more fell under its power. From drinking his orgie led to quarrelling and to fighting, and ended in his death. The last scene where he lay on his death-bed, penitent and filled with remorse, was most pathetic. He died praying for mercy on himself and comfort for his wife and children in their Eastern home.

Settling Accounts is a Very Proper and Commendable habit, but it is not proper employment for Sundays. A clergyman lately made a very pertinent rejoinder to an infidel who boasted that he spent his Sunday in that way. The infidel said sarcastically, "I always spend Sunday in settling my accounts." The reverend gentleman did not explode into invective, as his interlocutor anticipated, but simply replied, "And you will probably spend the day of judgment *in the same way.*"

"My Mother, New York, America," was the address of a letter received at New York, and preparations were made to send it to the Dead Letter Office. The same day, however, a woman called at the general delivery window and asked for a letter from her son. The gentleman who has charge of the deciphering bureau was struck with the coincidence, and sent for the letter alluded to above. He asked the woman where her son lived, and when she gave the name of the town it was found to be the same as the postmark on the letter. Other inquiries justified the official in delivering the letter to the woman, but he insisted that she should open it there, and on examination it was discovered that it was from her son, and that she was the person for whom it was intended. Of course, if she had asked for a letter addressed to her name the answer would have been that there was no such letter. Among other curious letters received lately was one addressed to "J. H. Johnson, waggon and plough-maker; all kinds of work promptly attended to; America."

Presents with a Motive.—An Enterprising manufacturer has introduced a novel mode of advertising. To dwellers along the lines of the elevated roads he has given boxes of plants to place outside of their second-story windows. On each box is an advertisement of his goods, which is thus prominently displayed to the passengers in the cars.

The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times may be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

FORTS DEMOLISHED AND PRISONERS TAKEN.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—2 CORINTHIANS 10: 5.

A Remarkable Spectacle—Story of a Bishop taken Prisoner—A Warfare in our own Souls—I. Fortresses Demolished—The Fortresses Garrisoned —1. By Indifference—2. By the Idea that God is Already Known—3. That His Help is not Needed—4. By the Belief that something better than Revelation is Already Known—5. By a Despair of ever Knowing—All these Fortresses must be Demolished—II. Prisoners Taken—III. Prisoners Led Captive—The Thoughts Carried to another Region—Judgment and Understanding brought into Subjection—The Will Subdued—Hope Spellbound—All the Powers of the Man Restrained and Directed—Details of the Campaign—No Mortgage left for the Devil—The Conquest Complete.

THIS chapter presents the remarkable spectacle of a minister of the Gospel of peace going forth to war. At first sight we wonder how the meek and gentle Paul should speak about warring and talk of pulling down strongholds, and "having a readiness to revenge all disobedience." The surprise is all the greater because he is going to war *in the church:* a shepherd entering the fold with a sword. One would not so much marvel that he carried his weapons against the outside world, but on this occasion it is within the church at Corinth that he is about to commence a campaign.

Note, moreover, that his weapons are of a peculiar kind,—"The weapons of our warfare *are not carnal.*" He is not about to assault his antagonists in the church with bitter words of railing such as they used against himself; he is not about to meet the philosophers with such philosophies and sophisms as those with which they assailed the Gospel; neither is he coming forth with any kind of temporal weapon to inflict aught of injury upon the leaders in error; his weapons are of a very different sort. They are not carnal, *but spiritual.* Trials under a Public Worship Act he knew nothing of, an appeal to Cæsar upon church matters never crossed his mind. For the Church of God ever to avail itself of force or compulsion in order to propagate its doctrines would be clean contrary to the spirit of Christianity: for the Christian bishop to become a soldier, or employ the secular arm, would seem to be the very climax of contradiction.

A warrior ambassador is a dream of folly. I remember a story which illustrates that absurdity. When a certain bishop-prince in the olden times went forth himself personally to battle, and was taken prisoner, the Pope sent word to the king who had captured him that he was to set him at liberty at once, for he was a son of the Church. The king, with considerable wit, sent back to the Pope the coat of armor which the bishop had worn on the field with this message, "This have we found: know now whether it be *thy son's coat or no.*"

And so we might send back, I think, to the nominal Church the black and blood-stained gown of the Inquisition, the garb of the headsman and the hangman, the smoke-browned raiment of those who lighted the Smithfield fires, and even the parchments on which are written the Test and Corporation Acts, and the Act of Uniformity, and say, "Know now whether these be thy sons' coats or no." Is the raiment of a man of war the vestment of a servant of the Lord? Are robes of legal authority the adornments of heralds of peace? Jesus Christ did not thus array his apostles when he sent them forth to the war, and not with such weapons did Paul arm himself when he entered the conflict.

The passage, if I were to confine it to its immediate connection, would represent Paul as dealing with those lofty ones who had usurped authority in the church at Corinth, who denied his apostleship, and set themselves up as superior to him, while they themselves preached error, and led the people astray. Paul declared that when he came among them armed with the power with which God had clothed him he should overthrow every proud opposition, and convince them all of the truth to their conversion or to their confusion.

But I shall speak rather of a warfare carried on *in* individuals, a warfare *in our own souls*, for what is true of the triumphs of the Gospel in the mass is true because it gains the like conquest over individuals. While I am speaking of the war of the Gospel against sin within the heart of man, may you who have never felt its power be praying that it may conquer even you, and may those who have experienced its sacred omnipotence be pleading to be yet more completely subjugated to its sway!

"Great King of Grace, our hearts subdue,
May we be led in triumph too,
As willing captives to our Lord,
To sing the victories of His Word!"

There are three things in the text worthy of our observation. The first is *fortresses demolished*—"casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God;" then, secondly, *prisoners seized*—"bringing into captivity every thought;" and thirdly, *prisoners led away captive*—for such is the force of the Greek "bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ,"—as if the captured ones were taken away and put under new service to the anointed Prince.

I. First, let us look at

FORTRESSES DEMOLISHED.

When the Gospel endeavors to penetrate the human heart it meets with earthworks of prejudice, which men have cast up to screen their minds from the force of the truth. Many things are opposed to the knowledge of God. The object sought for is that men may be brought to know God, to know who He is and what He is, to know their relation to Him as fallen men, to know His plan of restoration, to know Him in Christ Jesus, and so to know as to love Him, to obey Him, and to become like Him. This is the great object for which the Gospel is sent into the world, that the knowledge of the glory of God may cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. But men desire not the knowledge of God's ways, and shut up their hearts against the entrance of divine light by many reasonings and imaginings.

1. Some are garrisoned against the knowledge of God by the feeling that *they do not want to know God.* The masses of our fellow-countrymen are not so much opposed to the Gospel as *indifferent to it.* They pass by our places of worship and they see their neighbors entering, and they sometimes say, "Who preaches there?" but "What is preached there?" is a question seldom asked.

Men nowadays pass by the cross as if a dying Saviour were nothing to them. Graceless zealots, as they call them, may fight about their creeds: as for them, they have something more practical to think of. "What shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" are far more important questions to them than "what must we do to be saved?" *This intrenchment* has to be carried, and the Gospel does carry it by the power of the Holy Ghost, for it flashes conviction on the soul, creates alarm, arouses apprehension, and so storms the stronghold of indifference and utterly demolishes it.

2. Amongst the other "imaginations" with which man fortifies himself is the idea of many that *they know already.* Trained from their childhood in false doctrine, they hold fast to it, and defy the Gospel to reach them. They are Christians by birth, they say, forgetting the inspired declaration,—"that which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

Others make up their minds as to what the knowledge of God ought to be, and of course they quarrel with God's view of things. They fashion a god and a gospel after their own fond notions, and then they dream that they have reached the sum of wisdom. They refuse to go to school to Christ, and when He says, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God," they turn from Him with disdain. They know quite enough, and are resolved to learn no more. A large proportion of our fellow-men are in this condition, and are perfectly content and satisfied to remain as they are.

Nothing shuts the heart more completely against the knowledge of God than the conceit that we know already and need no teaching from above. There is no need of revelation, and the Bible is worthless; there is no need of an incarnate Deity, and Calvary is a superfluity, if men already know God apart from the Lord Jesus, and the Word by which He is pleased to reveal Himself. Let but the Holy Spirit bring this home to a man's heart and he begins to cry out against his own pride, he bemoans his own blindness, and he is quite willing to become a fool that he may be wise, a child that he may sit at Jesus' feet.

3. Another intrenchment, behind which many are hiding securely, is the idea that *if they do not know God they can find Him out without His help.* This is a very general notion nowadays. Scientific thought is supposed to be the way for finding out God Himself, and the old Scripture is out of date which says, "Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live."

Plain truth is *in this wonderful century of small account;* men crave to be mystified by their own cogitations. Many glory in being too intellectual to receive any thing as absolute certainty: they are not at all inclined to submit to the authority of a positive revelation. God's Word is not accepted by them as final, but they judge it and believe what they like of it.

THIS IS MADNESS.

I speak to those who believe in the Scriptures, and I say if, indeed, there be a revelation, it becomes us to be silent before it, and accept it without dispute. The Lord knows what He is better than we can ever know, and if He has been pleased to speak in His Word plainly and solemnly, it is ours to believe what He says, *because He says it.* It may be all very well to prove that such and such a revelation of God is consistent with reason, consistent with analogy, consistent with a thousand things; but the spirit which needs such argument is a spirit of rebellion against God. If there be a revelation, every part of it is of authority, and must be believed. Human thought is not the arbiter of truth, but the infallible Word is the end of all strife.

The Scriptures pressed home by the Holy Ghost are God's power unto salvation, and not men's cogitations and imaginations. There is the revealed Gospel—reject it at your peril; there is Jehovah's revelation of Himself to men—receive it or be lost; this is the ground to go upon if we would speak as the oracles of God. God grant that proud thinkers may come upon this ground and become believers.

4. Here we are boldly met by some who say, "We do not want this doctrine which you call the knowledge of God: *we know of something better already.* We tell you that your Gospel, about which you make such a fuss, is outworn and done with." Treat it so, sirs, and perish, if you will, but as for us, we will mourn day and night over your unbelief. You will surely destroy your souls in rejecting the Divine testimony, but in so doing you will prove that Word to be true, which saith that the Gospel is a savor of death unto death as well as of life unto life.

You know better, you say; but how can this be? Do you know God better than God knows Himself? Do you know more about His way of reconciling men to Himself than His own messenger, the Lord Jesus Christ, knows? Do you profess to know better than the Eternal Spirit who inspired the Scriptures? It is to those Scriptures that we crave your reverent attention, and not to any assertions of ours; we pray you do not reject them.

I heard one say the other day that he never felt any desire to pray, and never had prayed in all his life; and, though I looked at him with sorrow, I could only say to him, "*Dead men never cry;* you are dead in sin, and so have not the breath divine. You have not been born again, you have not a new nature or a right spirit: if you had, you could not help praying and believing." Find a sinner made conscious of sin and you have found a man who does not know better than his God; find a man with an awakened conscience, and you have found a man who does not know better than his God; find one who believes in Christ, and sits at Jesus' feet, and the more he learns the more surely have you found in him a man who does not know better than his God, but who still cries out to be taught more, that he may possess to the full the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

5. There is yet another intrenchment behind which some hide themselves from the knowledge of God, and that is "*I never can know.* I do not know, and I never can know. I despair of ever being able to know the Lord." In this despair the rebel intrenches himself as in a very Malakoff, and becomes desperate in his resistance to the Gospel. Yet even this rampart is cast down by mighty grace.

You see what my drift is. It is just this, that there are certain walls of reasonings, reckonings thinkings,—our version calls them "imaginations," which are to be cast down, and the Gospel does this when used by the Holy Ghost Nor is this all, for with the walls *the battlement fall.* Man having devised the fortress of reasoning, erects thereon towers of pride, which th apostle calls "high things," of which he say that the power of God casts down "every hig thing that exalteth itself against the knowledg of God."

II. After a breach has been made and the cit has been taken,

PRISONERS ARE MADE:

this is our second point. The text runs thu "Bringing into captivity every thought." Th word translated "thought" has a very broa meaning, but its best explanation is that whic is placed first in the lexicon, "*every thing whi comes from the mind.*" The mind is like a cit and when it is captured the inhabitants whic swarm its streets are the thoughts, and these a taken prisoners. Look at the process, which will rapidly describe.

The Gospel comes with power to the heart of man, and he begins to fear the wrath of G and the judgment to come. See how he tre bles! Christ has captured his thoughts of se security. He no more says, "Though I a drunkenness to thirst, it shall surely be well wi me." On the contrary he cries, "I am guilt I have broken God's law, and I am condemned The Lord has captured his thoughts of self-rig eousness. His thoughts of rebellious despair a led captive in fetters of iron. Praise ye the Lor

Watch him still further. The Spirit of G encourages him, and he comes to believe Jesus: his self-trust is a prisoner. That Je died for sinners is a truth which he accepts, a he casts himself upon it; *his proud intellect captive,* and he gladly bows at the Redeeme feet. Hear him as he sings, "I am forgive God assures me of it. I am justified becaus have believed in Jesus. Oh, how I love His p cious name!" Thus the whole mind of the m yea, the whole man, has thrown down its re lious weapons and surrendered unconditiona to the conquering arm of the Lord Jesus.

I dwell very briefly upon this point, becau wish to enlarge upon the last.

III. These prisoners are to be

LED AWAY INTO CAPTIVITY:

"Bringing every thought into captivity to obedience of Christ." Monarchs of the ol times, such as the kings of Assyria and Baby when they subdued a country, removed the p ple to a distance away from their old haunts find new homes. Now, when the Lord ca vates the thoughts of our mind He leads the away, conducting them *to another region* *gether.* The offspring of the mind He guides nto the spiritual realm, wherein they delight in he Lord, and bow themselves before Him.

Let us see this procession of captives led away o grace the triumph of the conqueror and to settle down in another region under another King than they ever knew before. From the highest to the lowest all the faculties of the soul are made to pass under the yoke. I shall not attempt a list according to mental science, but mention them as they occur to me.

He who being made conscious of his sin beieves in Jesus Christ submits all the thoughts of his *judgment and understanding* to the obedience of Christ, and this is a great point gained. Before, he put bitter for sweet and sweet for biter, darkness for light and light for darkness : but now, when he is in difficulty about a moral question, *he asks his Lord;* now, if pleasure tempts him he judges whether it be sweet by he question whether it would be sweet to his Lord ; now, if a certain doctrine is stated he weighs it not in the balances of his own thoughts, much less in the scales of popular opinion, but he asks, "What did my Master say? How would the Lord Jesus think of this?" He suspends his own judgment upon his Master's judgment. He does not say "I am a law unto myelf," but he says, "Christ is the way, and in His steps I desire to follow." Thus his reason is led into captivity to the higher reason and understanding of his supreme Lord.

If there be a truth which he does not know he ries to learn it, if his Lord sets it before him as a lesson ; and if it be hidden from him, he is content not to know. His prayer is, "Lord, teach me, for else I shall never learn. I wish to have my understanding developed to the full, but let t be under thy sweet light. Let my mind blosom and open all its flowers beneath the sunight of Thy divine instruction."

I know it is not so with some professed Chrisians, for they too often invent their own docrines, and think out their opinions apart from heir Master. To think is admirable, but not if we mean thereby to supplement the teachings of Christ, or to improve upon them, or to accommodate them to popular theories in science and philosophy. For my part, true science may say what it will, and never lack for an attentive lisener while I live : the more loudly it shall speak he better, *if it will speak facts and not theories,* f it will tell me what God has done and not what man has dreamed.

All that true science ever can discover must ally with the word of revelation, for God speaks n nature no lie, but the self-same truth as He has written in the holy Scriptures.

When philosophy contradicts revelation, what ay I? *So much the worse for philosophy.* The Word of God is no lie ; the lie is on the other ide. In spite of the perpetual restlessness which I see in many who are forever mending hat which is perfect in itself, my understanding s happy to delight in the infallible testimonies of Jehovah. Let those fellows alter, we shall not! Let them come up to us ; verily, believers n God's revelation will never go down to them, or that would be to be disloyal to our Master Christ, whose teachings are too sacred for us knowingly to alter a letter of them.

The same power of truth and of the Holy Ghost leads captive *the will.* My Lord Will-be-will, as Bunyan describes him, is a very stout ellow. In some men he is exceedingly obstinate,—"I will, and I will, and I will,"—and by no means can they be made to yield. In truth he will has a wonderful power over all the faculties, and rules them like a despot. It is boasted that the will of man is free, yet was Luther quite correct when he called it a slave. Never is t so much a slave as when it brags of its own iberty.

Let the Spirit of God come into the heart and apply with power the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and he human will no longer glories in its freedom, but surrenders, and is subjugated. It remains a will still, but the will of God is supreme over it. Hear it describe itself · "Lord, this is my will, or what I want to be my will—'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'" See how the will wears its golden fetters, and kisses them with happy lips, so glad to find true freedom in being subdued to the obedience of Christ!

It is very beautiful also to see how human *hopes* are spellbound by grace. These winged things were wont to flutter no higher than the tainted atmosphere of this poor world ; but now they find stronger pinions and soar aloft to things not seen as yet, eternal in the heavens. The man's *fears,* too, all nestled in the ruins of his sinful joys, or were aroused by the voices of his fellow-man, but now, ennobled by grace, they ascend into another sphere, while the man fears to grieve the Holy Spirit, fears to offend against the Father's love, fears to do any thing which would dishonor the Saviour. His joys and sorrows are now found where they never went before ; he rejoices in the Lord, and he sorrows after a godly sort.

His *memory* also now retains the precious things of divine truth, which once it rejected for the trifles of time, and his *powers of meditation* and consideration keep within the circle of truth and holiness, finding green pastures there. This done, you shall see the same enthralment cast over the Christian man's *desires and aspirations.* He has flung away his old ambitions, and aspires to nobler things. He is not without his longings, but he longs for heavenly blessings. His wishes and desires fly to Christ as doves to their windows. His affection, which is no longer set upon things upon the earth, but on things above, draws upward his desires. He pines for holiness, for usefulness, for the glory of God.

The same blessed servitude binds the man's *plots and designings.* He plans still, but it is not for his own aggrandizement : his grandest design is to bring jewels to the crown of Christ. He arranges his life now with circumspection and with diligence, but not with cunning and craftiness, for holiness is his policy, and his scheme of life is sanctity.

Does not this talk of mine sound rather like sarcasm to some who profess to be Christians? If it does, *stand convicted,* for it is not I that am wrong in this, but you ; for every thought is to be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, and even when we are thinking about common things, matters that have to do with business, we are to be serving our Lord, for "*every* thought," not *some* thought, is to be bowed unto the obedience of Christ.

It is a wicked error to conceive that so much of our life ought to be religious and so much to be secular. A Christian's *whole life is to be his religion,* and his religion is to saturate his whole life. You are as religiously to eat your meals as you eat at the sacred supper, as religiously to speak the truth in your parlor as you would in the pulpit. Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, it is all to be done to the glory of God.

When a man yields himself to Jesus he should comprehend his house, his money, his body, his time, his wife, his children,—every thing in the deed of surrender ; for He who bought us with His precious blood did not buy us with a reserve and LEAVE THE DEVIL A MORTGAGE upon us, but we are our Lord's unencumbered freehold forever. We are His own conquered portion, which He took out of the hand of the Amorite with his sword and with his bow, and therefore over the whole of our being He has an absolute and undivided right of property.

The renewed man's *love and hate* are both held captive by the power of grace. He loves Jesus truly and intensely ; he hates sin with his whole soul. Indignation is a hard thing to tame, but to my mind it is a grand thing to see a man's anger made the servitor of Christ, so that he only grows indignant when he wars with that which is mean, cruel, unjust, un-Christlike. Then he doth well to be angry, for his anger is but virtue on a blaze.

It is a fair sight to see Christ's sacred bands worn by our *tastes,* which are so volatile and hard to constrain. Concerning tastes it is never wise to dispute, but Jesus' love creates a delicacy of mind, a discernment of that which is tender and gentle, and pure and heavenly, an abhorrence of that which is evil, so that the Lord's redeemed become very connoisseurs in things moral and divine.

The fancy, too, that impalpable cloud, painted as by the setting sun, that will-o'-th'-wisp of the spirit, even this is impressed into royal service, and made to wear the livery of Christ, so that men even dream eternal life.

Do you not wish for this complete subjection, you to whom Jesus is God and Lord? I know you do, and what is more, I am sure you wish for the time when that which is wrought in yourselves shall be accomplished in all mankind. Christ's Gospel has not come into the world to be co-equal with other faiths and share a divided kingdom with differing creeds. False gods may stand face to face to each other in one Pantheon, and be at peace, for *they are all false together ;* but where Christ comes, Dagon must go down : not even the stump of him must stand.

Truth is of necessity intolerant of falsehood, love wars with hate, and justice battles with wrong. Christ Jesus will be all in all, and sit upon the throne alone. May the day come in which obedience to Christ shall be universal!

Great Captain of Salvation, Thou canst achieve the victory. We have compassed this Jericho these many days, but still the walls fall not. Up, Thou mighty man of war, for Thou art such, and come Thou to the battle and then the battlements of sin will fall.

Art Thou not it that hath cut Rahab and wounded the dragon? Because of truth and righteousness, ride forth in Thy majesty. For peace on earth and glory to God in the highest, come forth in the glory of Thy might with the everlasting Gospel, "Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NO ANCHORAGE.

A GROUP of sorrowing friends surrounded the death-bed of a man who had been a prominent leader in an infidel circle. It was a dreary scene, for to the dying man his next step was emphatically a leap in the dark. The gloom and sadness pressed heavily on the sufferer, and it was a difficult task for his friends to say any thing to him of a cheering character. At length one of them, as an appeal to what passes in such society as *manliness,* urged the dying man "*to hold on.*" "I have no objection," was the reply, "to holding on, but will you tell me *what to hold on by?*"

A more embarrassing question it was impossible to conceive. A life spent in an effort to destroy the foundations of hope had left for him in that hour of solemn crisis no anchorage. Before him was a boundless ocean on which he must set sail ; he had no chart, no compass, no rudder ; he must drift out into the gloom hopelessly, for he felt he had nothing "to hold on by."

What a contrast to the death-bed of the humble Christian who can say "*I know* in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day"! With a firm grasp on the Rock of Ages he can look out on the waters of Jordan unfalteringly, knowing that One who has vanquished death has promised him that He will be with him in the valley of the shadow of death, will never leave him nor forsake him.

A PATTERN IRISH SOLDIER.

Recollections by Major Malan.

(*Continued from page* 509.)

Enlistment of John, an Irish Youth, in the Fusiliers—His Sorrowing Mother asks Him to Return Home—He takes French Leave, and walks Forty Miles to see her—A Corporal and Two Soldiers follow and bring him back, after an amusing Interview—"Told off" for a District Court-martial—Officers sympathize with and release him.

> " Go seek through the world for a gem in creation
> More precious or pure than a warm, loving heart;
> Such jewels comprise the true wealth of a nation,
> When Honor and Virtue their lustre impart."

THE year 1846 was a time of trouble in Ireland. The Smith O'Brien riots distracted the country, and as post and telegraph communications did not then give as full intelligence of passing events as at present, the varied local disturbances were exaggerated to undue proportions, and greater alarm occasioned than there was any need for.

One of the old royal English regiments, " The Fusiliers," was then quartered in Cork.

Recruits being at that time required to make up the full strength, and there being some difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of men from England, orders were sent to the colonel to enlist any good Irish recruits who should offer themselves. The handsome bearskin, then worn by the regiment, and the scarlet coat, tempted more than one young Irishman to try his fortunes in the English regiment; and if they all did as well as the one whose story must now be told, they had not much cause for regret that they joined it.

John was 'listed—a stout, hardy, sharp Irish lad, " a broth of a boy intirely!" Accustomed to hard work and harder living, he took the few hours' drill every day " mighty aisy;" and as he wished to learn the mysteries of his profession as soon as possible, he paid great attention to them.

The English drill-sergeant took a liking to him, and told the sergeant-major and adjutant that he had the making of a good soldier. Thus encouraged he passed his time happily enough, until a letter arrived one day from home, which greatly troubled him.

If ever the words of the old song were true, " Oh! love is the soul of a nate Irishman," it was true of this worthy son of Erin. His heart was like a glowing furnace towards all those who were happy enough to come within the range of its affections.

This letter was from his sister, telling him that since he left home to enlist, his mother was broken-hearted. Tim and Pat were both well, they were good and kind, and she and her sister did all they could for mother, but John was her darling; and whenever Tim and Pat went off for a few days' work, she did nothing but cry about her boy John.

Father Ryan sent a message corroborating all this, and the letter wound up with an earnest entreaty that John would come home to see his mother for a few days. It was of course written in that delicious Irish-Saxon which conveys information much more forcibly than the vulgar English language can do, and Paddy's heart was sorely distressed.

For years afterwards, wherever he might be, he sent his old mother a part of his pay. Distance and time did not diminish the ardor of his filial affection. It was therefore hardly to be expected that he could resist such an appeal as this, and remain quietly in barracks while his mother was only " just a step" over the mountains, some forty miles away.

He had learnt more of his drill than of the Articles of War, and as he had no intention of ever being tried by a court-martial, he had never made any particular nquiries as to the powers and penalties of a military tribunal. What was he to do? *His mother* wanted to see him, and he must therefore go and see her.

Dressing himself in his best, with his forage-cap well set up, his belt clean, and a cane under his arm, he stepped outside the barrack-gate with a heart as light as if he had been going for half an hour's stroll. Well did he know his way, and his feet did not weary as through the whole night by the light of the stars he strode along to the old home.

He sat down for half an hour or so about midnight, and then continued until dawn, when in the distance he could see the cabin where his mother dwelt. How joyfully he anticipated her pleasure in beholding him once more! She would soon dry her tears, and be happy again.

He entered his home. A mother's eyes recognized her own son, however much the uniform might have changed him to others. It was a warm welcome, and the humble cabin resounded with exclamations of joy and surprise at John's return and his improved appearance in Her Majesty's uniform. Paddy was supremely happy. He took off his waistbelt, opened his coat, and rested himself after his long walk, thoroughly enjoying the affection and admiration of his mother and sisters. He began to think that the drill-sergeant had really made a man of him, but he forgot that he had never asked his colonel's leave.

When the roll had been called at tattoo the previous night, Paddy was, of course, absent; and when it was called at drill that morning, he was not there to give his usual cheery answer, " Here, surr!"

His absence might not have created surprise if his previous orderly conduct had not won for him the good opinion of the non-commissioned officers of his company as well as of the drill-instructor.

In consequence of the rebellion, the Article of War directing that any soldier who, without leave from his commanding officer, should proceed one mile from barracks, should be liable for trial as a deserter, had been put into force; and whenever an Irish recruit was absent, inquiry was at once made.

Paddy, not being able to read, had asked a corporal of his company to read to him his sister's letter. The corporal had noticed the effect which it had produced upon him, and at once expressed his opinion that the Irish lad had walked home. The news that their first Irish recruit had gone to see his mother, without asking for pass or furlough, created no little amusement in barracks.

On the evening of the fourth day since he had left his quarters, his mother had recovered her usual spirits, and was quite reconciled to her boy's returning " to live among the gintlemen," and Paddy proposed to start on his return journey next morning. As he sat in his uniform before the fire talking to his mother, he thought that he heard unusual sounds outside. Was it the word " Halt "? and—how like that was to the thud of muskets after " order arms!"

The door was gently opened, and the forage-cap, head, and " wings" of the corporal who had read to him his sister's letter appeared. All soldiers wore epaulettes in those days, and the shoulder ornaments of Fusilier and Light Infantry regiments were called " wings." It was hardly an angel's visit, but never angel entered a more innocent home than poor Paddy's.

" Come in surr," said he, springing to his feet with that boldness and heartiness which always characterized him.

The corporal entered, smiling, and first saluted the widow with true English politeness.

" Good-day, ma'am." Then, turning to her son, he said kindly, " Well, my boy, we've come for you. The colonel and officers wanted to know what had become of you. I told them how you had got the old lady's letter, and that I thought you had gone home; so they sent us for you."

" Sure, an' it is very kind of the gintlemen to think so much about my boy, sir. But he's a true lad, and it's him 'll make a good sojer by and by, sir," said the widow, looking in pride at her favorite son, as the glare of the fire lit up his red coat and his honest face.

" Yes, ma'am, I've no doubt of that," said the English corporal, adding, by way of introducing his escort without alarming her, " but the times are bad, and there's two more outside who have come here with me."

" Then, plase your honor, ask them to walk in, for sure it's a long walk they've had; an' though this is a puir place for gintlemen, like yerselves, ye're mighty welcome to the best a poor widow can give."

The corporal went to the door and bade the escort come in. The two soldiers entered with their own muskets and the corporal's. " Never fear, ma'am," said the kind corporal, " these are only our guns: we're obliged to carry them now, as the rebels are all over the country."

Paddy had come to the conclusion that this was an escort sent for him, and was now aware of the unpleasant fact that he had absented himself without leave from his commanding officer. But he was too brave to let his mother know that he had got into trouble, and with thorough Irish readiness made the best of the situation. His sisters helped their mother to prepare some food for the soldiers, and they did what they could to make their guests comfortable.

While they were thus engaged the corporal took the opportunity of telling the Paddy that he was his prisoner. Paddy replied that he knew it, but asked the corporal not to disturb the old lady, and promised to go back quietly in the morning.

The corporal was perfectly satisfied of the innocence of his prisoner, and that he would not attempt to give him the slip. He, however, very properly took all precautions against surprise or escape. He and his escort were tired enough after their long tramp; the men lay down at the door, he under the small window, and they were soon fast asleep.

Paddy sat with his mother and sisters by the fire. His heart was sad, for, added to his having once more to leave home, he had sore misgivings as to the consequences of his having come to see his mother without leave. But he was as brave and cheerful as ever, and talked of the time when he would return from " furren counthries," and stay with them for many a day—a hope which was fully realized after long years of danger by sea and land.

He slept soundly, and was up with the corporal and his party at break of day. The widow and her daughters prepared something warm fo her son and his fellow-soldiers, and merrimen and mirth made up for what was lacking of relish or abundance at the frugal meal. Non would have said that it was a mother partin with a son who was a prisoner for desertion.

The corporal thanked the widow and he daughters for their kindness, and Paddy sai good-by to his mother and sisters with as muc pluck as if he were about to rejoin his regimen upon promotion. He walked away from hi home laughing, and frequently turned to loo at those who yet stood at the door watching th party of soldiers as they marched in step t gether down the vale in which the cottag stood.

" Well, my lad," said the corporal, when th had done two hours' march, and sat dow awhile to rest, " I ought to tell you that yc have got into a pretty serious scrape. There no doubt you're not a deserter, as what's call desertion, for you never meant to run awa But that's the charge against you, and I'm su I don't know how it'll go with you. These re els make things very strict just now. Howeve you were found in uniform, that's a good job f you, and you're a young soldier."

" Bad luck to thim ribbels," said Paddy " bad luck to thim. And bad luck to myself to for sure I ought to have known better than walk away without axing lave from the Corn But it can't be hilped now."

" Yes, bad luck to the rebels," chorused t escort. " They keep us on the tramp forev There's no rest night or day. It's here to-d there to-morrow, and if a poor fellow's a f hours late he's tried for desertion." The s diers heartily cursed the leaders of the rebellion, but both they and Paddy excused the poorer people, who, as is generally the case, join a cause of which they know nothing, and are left to suffer when those who are most guilty escape.

They reached barracks, and Paddy was handed over to the sergeant of the guard, and lodged in the prisoners' room. There is hope in innocence, and this hope sustained him, even when next morning he stood before his commanding officer in the orderly-room charged with desertion.

When the evidence had been given, and he was asked what he had to say, he replied, bravely but respectfully,

"Sure, yer honor, an' I've done wrong, but I did not mane it. I wint home to see my mother. It's no deserthur I am, yer honor."

The old colonel, having heard of the matter from the adjutant, had enjoyed a hearty laugh at the ignorance of the poor Irish lad. He said, in a kind tone, "I'm very sorry for you, my poor lad, but the orders are very strict as to absence. I must only do my duty, and that is to send in a charge against you for desertion for a district court-martial. You will be able to plead anything in your defence, and the court may recommend you to the consideration of the General commanding."

The prisoner was marched out of the orderly-room. But the colonel, wishing to hear for himself what the corporal had seen at Paddy's home, sent for him, and questioned him. When he learned what we have described, he was much touched. The *family affection* in that humble cabin appealed to his compassion, and perhaps reminded him and the other officers of a mother for whom they would have suffered a good deal to assuage one moment's sorrow.

"'Pon my word, I'm sorry for the poor fellow! But what's to be done? Well, well, we'll see!" Expressions of sympathy were freely uttered by all the officers present.

Paddy went back to the guard room with a brave heart. His friend the corporal had impressed upon him that he must be "told off" for a district-court martial, as a matter of course, but that, for all that, he might be let off; and when the corporal came out of the orderly room, the smile on his face, as he looked meaningly at his poor Irish *protégé*, gave him increased hope.

It is the prerogative of the Almighty to preserve the poor and needy. He can devise ten thousand ways of escape for the innocent, and no innocent man need despair. At this time one of the aide-de-camps of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland belonged to the regiment. He bore a title, and was brother of one of the leading noblemen.

A letter received from regimental headquarters mentioned the case of the poor Irish recruit against whom a charge for desertion had been sent in, and stated the sympathy felt by the colonel and all the officers, and the hope that somehow he might get off. The honorable gentleman was worthy of his title, and did not hesitate to stretch military etiquette a little to save his unfortunate fellow-countryman.

He stated the case to the Lord-Lieutenant, and through the military secretary and the General commanding the district, by semi-official and official channels, there duly arrived a full pardon for Paddy. It matters not how mercy does her work, she is often most admired when she oversteps the barriers of form and ceremony.

The adjutant lost no time in sending for the prisoner, and briefly communicated to him the good news. Paddy did not say much, but his eyes filled with tears, and as he walked from the adjutant's office to his barrack-room, he expressed his thankfulness and joy by gestures and sounds which were as forcible as peculiar. His English comrades gathered round him, patted him on the back, and heartily congratulated him upon his happy escape, which was the talk of the barracks for several days. His further adventures were still more interesting

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN CITY, NEW JERUSALEM.

By the Rev. J. Denham Smith.

The Golden City, in the Air, not on the Earth—Ascension of the Saints—Premillennial Advent of Christ held by many Eminent Christians, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Bunyan, etc.—H. G. Bellett's Remarks—Future Intercourse of Heavenly Saints with Earthly Mortals.

In Revelation 21, from verse 9 to chapter 22, the Apostle describes the golden city, New Jerusalem, as coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; but the scene of it there, I believe, is not in the new heavens and new earth, but *over* the millennial earth, with which it will have glorious connection during the thousand years of the earthly blessedness. It will belong thus first to this *time-state*, and not, as afterwards, *exclusively to eternity*. We know this from the fact that during the millennium the leaves of the tree of life in its midst will be for the healing of the nations. There are no nations, as such, in the eternal state; and if even there were, none of them would need healing.

To meet the Lord *in the air*, according to 1 Thess. 4, is our immediate hope. To be forever with Him in this city is our eternal portion. What a long reach of eternal blessedness! and how far back the first notices of it! "At the first," as has been said, "the garden was the limit of Adam's inheritance and enjoyments. Adam knew heaven only as he saw it above him, and by its lights dividing his day and his night. But he had no thought that linked him personally with it."

Since then, as through a long and ever-brightening vestibule of divine knowledge, redemption has been unfolded; heavenly glory opened to us, disclosing a far richer inheritance than the garden, or all else that Adam lost. Abel, in dying, is present with the Lord. Enoch and Elijah, without dying, are translated to heaven. "In the translation of Elijah," remarks Archbishop Trench, in the Hulsean Lectures, "the lineaments of the ascension of Christ appear—the ascension of Him who, not rapt in a chariot of fire, nor needing the cleansing of that fiery baptism, in the far sublimer calmness of His own indwelling power rose from the earth, and with His human body passed into heavenly places."

Since Elijah's day the Son of God has come, and has shown us the way to the Father. He died for us here, and has gone again into heaven to prepare mansions for us. The heavens have received Him, whence now we look for Him again. Ephesians 1, and 1 Peter 1 both tell us of our interest in His death and resurrection and ascension into heaven; how that we are "begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance" (not like that of Eden or Canaan, but) "*incorruptible and undefiled*, and that *fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us, who are kept by the power of God unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.*"

Great will be the future glory of the earth, and of Israel as a nation,* and of the nations of the millennial earth. The day is coming when "in the dispensation of the fulness of times all things, both in heaven and in earth, shall be gathered together in *Him* who is the head of all things to the Church, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all;" and this will be not by the departure of the spirits of just men made perfect *to heaven*, as in the past, or by those who sleep in Jesus being "present with the Lord," as now, but by the descent in glorified form of all those *from heaven* who will come with Christ to or over the earth, as we shall now see in our contemplation of this holy city. Strange that *the premillennial advent* of Christ should be thought a doctrine of mere modern invention.

It was held by the early Christians, as testified to by Gibbon. Also by the reformers Luther, Calvin, and Knox, who believed that the Lord's coming would be *personal* when Israel would be saved, and Christ would reign *over a restored earth*. To show that he considered it "old," and not "new," Toplady says, "I am one of those old-fashioned people who believe in the doctrine of a *millennium*. . . . In a glorious interval of a thousand years, Christ, I apprehend, will reign in person over the kingdom of the just" ("Works," vol. 3, p. 470).

John Bunyan, too, speaking of the two resurrections, says, concerning those of the first, "They will have the glory and the sweetness, and will rise *from* the dead; that is, in their rising *they leave the reprobate dead behind them*. The saints will sit upon the throne with Christ as kings and princes, with Him to judge the world." I add a modern testimony.

Dr. Chalmers, writing to Dr Bonar, says, "It is not of your prophetical, but of your theological views that I now speak, though to the former also *I approximate much nearer than I did in my younger days*' ("Correspondence," p. 306). Again, on Psalm 1 he writes: "I am inclined more to the literal interpretation of this psalm than to that which would restrict it to the mere preaching of the Gospel in the days of the Apostles. It looks far more like the descent of the Son of Man on the mount of Olives, *with all the accompaniments of a Jewish conversion, and a first resurrection, and a destruction of the assembled hosts of Antichrist*" (vol. 3, p. 51). Also on Ps. 68: 18-35: "His people will see Him whom they pierced, perhaps when His feet shall stand on the mount of Olives, and Jerusalem will again become the great central sanctuary, by becoming the metropolis of the Christian world" (vol. 3, p. 69).

In an interesting book by an American writer, the author traces the *post*-millennial return of Christ to be the modern doctrine, and with good reason shows it was brought in largely through the means of Dr. Whitby, the Unitarian commentator.

It will be in that city, on its descent over the earth, that the glorified saints—all of them, I believe—will reign over the earth. This is important to know. For many who do not believe in the premillennial advent of the Lord with His redeemed say, "What! are you not carnal, earthly? After having been *in* heaven you want to bring us back to the earth again, for which our resurrection and glorified bodies will be totally unfitted!"

Moreover, they add, "the absurdity is obvious, inasmuch as the earth could never contain all who then would have to dwell upon it; and if it could, how incongruous that glorified beings could be happy where evil will again break out, as it will at the close of the earth's millennium."

Our answer to all this is, that it will not be *on* the earth at all. The glorified saints during the millennium will have their abode in THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM ABOVE THE EARTH, distinct from it, yet connected with it, where they dwell and reign with Christ a thousand years. Yet they will visit and revisit this earth as angels now do, but who do not live here. They belong to a heavenly abode, and yet come down upon ministrations of mercy, as we sing—

"Angels elect are sent down
To serve the elect of mankind."

But "unto the angels hath He not put in subjection the world," or age, "to come, whereof we speak." That will be the prerogative of the risen glorified saints. They will occupy themselves in milliennial work.

"What *Gospel messengers*," says the late Mr. Soltau, "we shall be as *risen saints!* What a Gospel we shall tell far and wide! Men upon the earth will see the Gospel in the risen saints; they do not see it now as they might in us.

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*In Psalm 69: 4 we read: "I restored that which I took not away." Our nature of innocency was lost through sin; but we are through Christ partakers of a divine nature. Our Eden rank was taken away by the same; but through Christ we are heirs with Him, not of the earth only, which is bought back, never again in the glorious issue to be lost, but of the heavens also.

They will see it then, and say, 'Here is salvation; now we understand what salvation is.'" The risen saints will be in their glory, but the inhabitants of the earth will be still in their bodies of flesh. It is perfectly in accordance with what has occurred in the past human world, that there should be intercourse between the one and the other.

An eminent writer, *F. G. Bellett*, in his book on "The Heavens and the Earth." remarks: "While the earth was undefiled the Lord God walked in the garden; and afterwards, though He was in some sense estranged from the earth, yet He was ever ready to visit it—to visit it in the behalf of His elect, as in the histories of Abraham, Joshua, Gideon, and others. So that bright and memorable hour, when Jesus was transfigured in company with Moses and Elias, in the sight of Peter, James, and John; so the occasional appearances of Christ to His disciples after He had risen; and so the vision of the descending and ascending sheet (Acts 10). The heavenly things at such moments unfold themselves to the eye of man, and give sweet notice of their nearness to us.

"We do not as yet perceive their nearness; for the glory is not yet in its millennial place over the city of the Jews; but in the millennial kingdom all this will be to sight. The heavenly glory, or glory of the golden city, New Jerusalem, will shine over the Jerusalem of the land of Israel, for nothing can be plainer than that the Jerusalem now trodden down of men is to be rebuilt. 'Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord. It shall be holy unto the Lord; *it shall not be plucked up, nor thrown down any more for ever*.'"

The Earthly Jerusalem will be the metropolis of all the families of Israel; and Israel the means of blessing to the whole earth. How beautiful the promise: "He that (now) scattereth Israel will *gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock. They shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord*, . . . their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all" (see the whole of Jeremiah 31; also Jeremiah 33 : 7-9; also Heb. 8).

Such will be, as it were, the foot of the ladder on earth, whose top will reach to heaven, telling of the glory above; yea, uniting Israel and the earth with the glory-bearing city in the heavens. On all her habitations the glory will be a covering. The ladder foreseen by Jacob (Genesis 28 : 12) will be erected with its head in the heavens and its foot on the earth. The same blessed Lord will be the centre of all things; and, as in the different parts of one temple, the services of praise and joy will be celebrated, "every tongue confessing that Jesus is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Equally plain are the words that tell of the moral happiness which will be enjoyed in the millennium by reason of this intercourse between the glorified saints of heaven and the mortal inhabitants of the millennial earth. The following extract is interestng on this: "The pure moral happiness that will be enjoyed by reason of this intercourse is sweetly pictured in different types and prophecies. As at the meeting of Jethro and Moses of Solomon and the Queen of the South; as in Isaiah 60, or on the holy mount, or in the holy Jerusalem. What right affections do we find in all these intercourses! What pure social pleasures are pictured before us! All these shadowy expressions of the social delights of millennial days will be deeply prized by us, if we love the exercise of pure unselfish affections.

"But in this coming intercourse of the heavens with the earth thus, when the people of the heavens go up and down the millennial ladder, I have thought that Scripture leads us to judge that there will be a certain veiling of their proper glory when they come down and have communion with the earth beneath and under them.

"The expression of this we get in the Lord's appearance after He rose from the dead; for then He could assume any veil which suited the business He had to do, whether that of the gardener to Mary, that of a travelling companion to the two going to Emmaus, or that of a courteous stranger on the banks of the lake to the fishermen."

Blessed, favored inmates of such a scene! But not all who are redeemed will be *in* the heavenly city. The land and nation of Israel, both restored, will bask on earth beneath its glory, and the nations that are saved will walk in the light of it.

Moreover, those *martyred under the coming Antichrist* will doubtless live and reign with Christ over the earth in this city of the glory. Having death, they will have resurrection, and so reign. The saints of the Old Testament dispensation are waiting for the premillennial resurrection of the just; that then, with the saints of the present dispensation, they may be gathered from the graves, and enter into their glory (Hebrews 11 : 39, 40).

If so, when do they enter upon their inheritance? In Dan. 12 : 13 we read, "But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." I do not apprehend that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Daniel will each have a little plot of land in Palestine when raised from the dead. I believe that they will have a sphere in the heavenly glory of the resurrection; and my belief is that they will fully enjoy their blessing on earth also, and see the promises of God fulfilled, and, having a body capable of dwelling in heaven and earth, will be as the angels of God ascending and descending, as it was with the vision of Jacob's ladder; heaven will be opened, and a communication between heaven and earth established!

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

(Continued from page 511.)

LIFE'S DREAM.

LADY ERSKINE and her maid were now speeding towards London.

A gentleman, whose features she could scarcely distinguish in the gloom, was their only *fellow-traveller* in the carriage. He made some commonplace observation on the weather, which Clara neither comprehended nor answered. Her thoughts were becoming a wild chaos: she could not collect them sufficiently even for prayer.

On, on through the darkness and gloom—surely never train moved on so slowly before!—surely never were so many vexatious delays! Clara wept no longer; her fount of tears appeared to be dried up. Her brow was throbbing with a burning pain; a band of iron seemed pressed across her temples. She was scarcely conscious of what was passing around her, when the weary journey ended at last.

Bewildered and confused, the hapless Lady Erskine found herself in the midst of the bustle of an arrival in London at night. Friends and servants were there waiting for travellers; but, either from neglect on the part of her own household, or from her having been expected by the earlier train, no one was in waiting for Clara. In vain she strained her eyes to find some familiar face, to see some one who could relieve her agony of suspense, by giving her tidings of her husband.

After some delay—and delay was a torture—conveyance was procured, in which the miserable wife was slowly jolted through narrow, gloomy streets, towards the home at which she yearned to arrive. The cab stopped at her own door; Clara sprang from it—herself rang the bell, gently, fearfully, for was not suffering within the dwelling? *No answer?* She rang the bell again, and, before the sound died away, the door was opened by a servant. He started at seeing his mistress; his face answered the question which she could not speak; he uttered but the sentence, "Too late!" and Clara sank senseless on the threshold.

The newspapers on the following day all dilated on one theme—the genius, the brilliant career, and the sudden death, of Sir Edwin Erskine. Each had its paragraph of praise, not in every case unmingled with censure, but censure tenderly, sparingly dealt forth; for the melancholy fate of the gifted young author had wrung compassion from literary critics and theological opponents.

In the gay saloons and haunts of fashion, of which he had but a few days since been the ornament and pride, his name was upon every tongue. In a brief space the news spread far and wide, like circles on a river when some large object has been suddenly plunged into its waters. But the current of society flowed on as ever; soon not the faintest ripple on its surface told that one of its proudest names had become a word of the past—that one of its loftiest spirits had gone to the "bourn from which no traveller returns."

But there was one weeping in her darkened chamber alone, in whose almost *broken heart* a void was made which nothing earthly could ever fill—one crushed beneath the weight of a grief for which only God can afford comfort. What mattered it to her that the voice of nations swelled the tribute to departed genius—that he whom she so passionately loved would occupy a niche in the temple of Fame!

Blessed mourners are they who weep for the dead translated to a more blissful existence; thrice blessed they who, when all the pride of this world shall have passed away like a fevered dream, shall hear the voice of the Saviour pronounce the sentence, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

But Clara sorrowed as one without hope. Oh! that those who, in defiance of the command—the merciful warning of their God—choose to twine the dearest affections of their hearts around an earthly pillar, on which "*holiness to the Lord*" has never been inscribed, would anticipate the anguish of that day when, beneath the stroke of the angel of death, that pillar shall lie shattered in the dust; and Despair, gazing on the broken relics of all that was dear, fair, talented, and brave, shall utter the mournful wail, "*Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!*"

Little was it to the bereaved young widow that, with the loss of her dearest treasure, wealt also took wings to itself and fled away. Sir Edwin's income had principally consisted of life rent. Careless in money concerns, little anticipating so sudden and speedy a close to his career, he had left a very scanty provision for hi survivor. There was, indeed, a new work of his almost completed, for which contending publishers were ready to offer sums which woul have materially enlarged the scanty resources c Lady Erskine.

The posthumous work of an author so renowned was certain to command the eager a tention of the public; and Clara received variou communications on the subject. She read th manuscript, wept over the lines which had bee last traced by the loved hand now cold in death she then folded up the papers, enclosed an sealed them, and, resolved that no eye but h own should ever peruse the unhallowed creatio of a mind which had made fatal progress error, she endorsed the packet with a comma that at her death other hands should burn, u read, that which she had not herself the heart destroy.

"*These would be his orders*, could he spe from the grave," said Clara to herself, as s locked up the papers in her cabinet's deepest cess. "Oh! would he not desire to obliter in all his writings every page which could inj others when he is himself no more—every pa which could witness against him! O God! God!" exclaimed the widow, suddenly raisi her clasped hands with a cry of anguish wru from the depths of her soul, "they cannot obliterated—they cannot be recalled—it is *late!*—oh! misery! it is too late!"

The first thing which served in any degree estore composure to the unhappy Clara was er return to her early home. Mrs. Arnot, who ad been too ill to hasten to her daughter when e tidings of her bereavement arrived, or even r some time to be permitted to know of her ss, was now convalescent, and welcomed her eloved child with a depth and intensity of lovng sympathy that poured balm into Clara's leeding heart. The latter had thought, in the rst transport of her anguish, that all had been nt from her at once; but she found that one earth's most priceless blessings was left to her et—the deep, unchanged, holy love of her moer.

Mrs. Arnot received back her Clara as a preious *treasure restored*; and it was a treasure puried, beautified, refined. The furnace of afflicon, seven times heated, had not been heated vain.

Gradually Clara resumed her daily round of ccupations, and passed a life closely resembling at which had been hers at the period when r story opened. She visited the sick and the oor, comforted the sorrowful, taught the ignont—neglected none of the duties of home. But how different a spirit were these duties perrmed! With what altered feelings did the astened mourner now repeat the confession of e sins of whose existence she had then scarcely nown!

Shrinking from the idea of resting on her own ghteousness, her own imperfect and polluted orks, Clara's only hope was in the merits of er Saviour—her greatest solace the rememance of His death—her aim and object in life show her humble gratitude to Him who had ved and given Himself for her. She was no ore as a sunbeam in the dwelling—her sparkng brightness was gone for ever; but rather ke the gentle moonbeam that illumines the ght, shining with a soft lustre, *borrowed* from e only true Source of happiness and of light.

We have seen how the seed of the Word had rung up in a shallow soil, made a fair show, d then withered away; how the plant of rthly love had succeeded, striking deep its ots, spreading wide its branches, obscuring the ght of heaven, darkening the earth with its fal shade. God in mercy had torn up that plant; d though the uprooting of it had appeared to rench asunder the very heartstrings that had rined so closely around it, to lay bare the epest recesses of the soil, it prepared that soil, rough the divine blessing, for the precious ed of truth.

The word of God, now received in humility d meekness, rested in the ground which the ord had rendered good, and brought forth undantly the fruit of holy living, to the praise d glory of the Giver of all grace.

THE END.

THE NEED OF GOD'S SPIRIT.

S. Lesson for June 15th.—Zech. 4, Golden Text, verse 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

It is no light matter to speak of the Holy host. He is present, hearing and seeing what e say and do. The Lord Jesus said, "I will ay the Father, and He shall give you another omforter, that He may abide with you forever; en the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot ceive, because it seeth Him not, neither noweth Him: but ye know Him; for He welleth with you, and shall be in you" (John : 16, 17). We are continually warned about e danger of sinning against the Holy Ghost. here is not only *the* blasphemy against the oly Ghost which cannot be forgiven, "neither this world (or age), neither in the world hich is to come" (Matt. 12 : 31, 32); but we e also warned, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of od" (Eph. 4 : 30); "Quench not the Spirit" Thess. 5 : 19); Ananias and Sapphira were ain because they lied unto the Holy Ghost cts 5 : 3); and Stephen's ground of accusation ainst the Jews as he stood before the council as this, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost" cts 7 : 51).

Let us walk softly, for we are on holy ground. Our golden text declares, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." When we learn to attribute all power, all life, all love to the Holy Ghost who lives and works in and through us, then and then only can we honor the Holy Ghost and become His willing ministers. But do we believe as fully in the working of the Holy Ghost in us as we believe in the work of Christ for us? We, who are God's children, believe most fully that God has given us His only-begotten Son, that they which believe in Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life. Do we believe as fully that God has "also given unto us His Holy Spirit?" (1 Thess. 4 : 8) and are we yielded up to Him that He may guide us into all truth, teach us all things, bring forth His fruits, and give us utterance that we may testify unto others? (John 14 : 26; 16 : 13; Gal. 5 : 22; Acts 2 : 4.)

God expects nothing from our might or power —nothing from our motives, resolutions, efforts, etc., but every thing from His Spirit, which He has given us. Oh, is it true that we possess dwelling within us the living Power which dwelt in the human life of Jesus, and by which He as man did His works of power? Is it true that we possess the very breath of God which waked into being three thousand souls on the day of Pentecost? Is it true that the very Spirit which shone through Stephen's transparent face, and made the council see heaven in it, and which made them unable to resist the power and the Spirit with which he spake, is it true that this Spirit dwells in us? Then why are we not exercising the same power, and why is it that God gains so few victories by us?

Can it be that we are grieving the Holy Spirit by our walk and conversation so that He cannot use us, or quenching the Spirit by despising prophecies, so that His sensitive nature shrinks back (for God the Holy Ghost never forces Himself); or can it be that we are expecting something from our own might and strength, or failing to expect because of our want of strength, and so disbelieving in the power of the Holy Ghost? The rule of God's Spirit is that when we are weak then are we strong.

In the vision of Zechariah, an angel who had been revealing Christ to the prophet in the preceding chapter came again to reveal to him the Spirit. He wakened him as a man out of sleep, and said, What seest thou? The prophet saw "a candlestick all of gold, with a bowl upon the top of it, and his seven lamps thereon, and seven pipes to the seven lamps, which are upon the top thereof; and two olive trees by it, one upon the right side of the bowl, and the other upon the left side thereof." And the angel explained the vision by the words of our golden text, clearly showing that the vision was concerning the Holy Spirit.

But the prophet seeks a further explanation in verses 11, 12: "What are these two olive trees upon the right side of the candlestick and upon the left side thereof? And I answered again, and said unto him, What be these two olive branches, which through the two golden pipes empty the golden oil out of themselves? And he answered me and said, Knowest thou not what these be? And I said, No, my lord. Then said he, These are the two anointed ones" (sons of oil) "that stand by the Lord of the whole earth." If we are to take the "candlestick" as bearing the same interpretation as is given by Christ Himself (Rev. 1 : 20), then it means the Church as being the light of the world. But no lamp can burn without oil, and thus the olive trees, evergreen sources of oil, are represented as pouring the oil "out of themselves into the gold" (see margin). But these sons of oil, who are they? We read in Rom. 11 of the olive tree the Jewish people, and of the wild olive tree which was grafted in among the branches. Can the meaning be the remnant among the Jews and that among the Gentiles who live in and possess the power of the Spirit of God? We read of two witnesses in Rev. 11 : 3-12, who are declared to be "the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth." But if this Scripture is fulfilled as literally as is usually the case with God's predictions, these must be individual men, who are yet to live.

But the practical teaching for us is the same. No power, no light, no life without the Spirit of God. A dead Church, a prayerless soul, a faithless witness, all lack the power of the Spirit of God. "I am like a green olive tree in the house of God," David writes (Ps. 52 : 8). And why? He made God his strength, trusted in the mercy of God, and praised Him forever and ever. God calls us not only to receive the Spirit, but to be sources and ministers of the Spirit of God to others. Our Lord says, "He that believeth on Me.....out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. This spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive" (John 7 : 38, 39). Thus we are called to be rivers, channels of the Holy Ghost to others. Paul says, "Who also hath made us able ministers of the New Testament; not of the letter, but of the Spirit" (2 Cor. 3 : 6). Thus we are called to be ministers of the Spirit of God to others.

But what is the result of yielding up the guidance of our life into the hands of the Spirit of God? Power over all difficulties. "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." "Verily I say unto you," said our blessed Lord, "if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you" (Matt. 17 : 20). Seeing with the eyes of the Spirit of God we can see no impossibilities. On three different occasions the Lord said nearly the same thing. Once in connection with the casting out of a devil (Matt. 17 : 19, 20); once with regard to unfruitfulness (Mark 11 : 23); and once in connection with forgiveness to the brethren (Luke 17 : 6). "Not by might, nor by power," can devils be cast out, fruit brought forth, or injuries forgiven, but "by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

Perhaps this latter, the forgiveness of injuries among the brethren, freely and from the heart, is one of the great mountains which stand in the way of the exercise of God's power. This grieves the Holy Spirit of God. I have been wronged, says a Christian, of whom Paul writes, that his old man is crucified with Christ (Rom. 6 : 6). How can it be that the I which is crucified with Christ has life enough to feel the wrong? Let us reckon ourselves to be dead with Him, and then we have no cause but His cause, no wrongs, no rights but His, and the great mountain of self shall be cast into the sea. Then and then only, when the I by which Satan could wound us is nailed to the cross, can we invade his kingdom and realize the promise, "I give unto you power ......over all the power of the enemy" (Luke 10 : 19).

Zerubbabel was called to the work of rebuilding the temple of the Lord, and the angel says, ver. 7, "He shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." We also are called to build in the temple of the Lord, and to gather out living stones in the souls we win for Him; but whether we build much or little we can only say, "Grace, grace," for the Lord hath wrought all our works in us (Isa. 26 : 12). Probably Zerubbabel (the governor of Judah) was a very humble man, as is every man who does any real work for God; and the Lord said to him by Zechariah, "the hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it. For who hath despised the day of small things?" Not our God. He who looked with favor on the widow's mite, and chose the youngest of the house of Jesse to be king over Israel, a man after His own heart, who called the child Samuel to speak His words to priests and people, and later on the child Jeremiah to be as a brazen wall against his people Israel—this God despises not the day of small things. Then let us not despise them either, but become more than ever nothing, that He may be all in all.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The English War in Afghanistan.—A Dispatch from Simla announces officially that the Afghan war is ended, and Yakoob Khan signed the treaty of peace at Gundamuk, May 26th. The English Government has agreed to pay the Ameer an annual subsidy and to grant him protection from external foes. In return he cedes to the British certain territories, including the famous Khyber Pass.

The Anglo-Zulu War appears to be far from a conclusion. Sir Garnet Wolseley, who distinguished himself in the Ashantee campaign, has been appointed to the supreme command of the English forces in South Africa, and it is thought the subjugation of the Zulus will tax his abilities to the utmost.

A body of Zulu warriors under Dabulmanzi, the brother of Cetewayo, who had resolved to desert to the English camp, were cut off by Cetewayo, May 11th. A fierce battle ensued, in which Dabulmanzi was slain. Cetewayo has burned his principal Kraal to prevent its falling into English hands, and has encamped in a strong position at Mundi near the junction of two rivers. The position is flanked with swamps, and the Zulu King intends waiting for the English to come up, and avows his determination to fight it out to the last.

A Remarkable Meeting took Place at a Reception held by Lady Salisbury, the wife of the English Minister of Foreign Affairs, on May 10th. The Earl of Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone were both among the guests. They met in the reception room and had a few minutes' conversation. This is the first time for many years that the chiefs of the two great political parties have met, and the incident created quite a sensation in the crowded *salons* of the Foreign Secretary.

Egyptian Affairs are the Subject of Discussion between France and England. The French Government is framing proposals, to which the adhesion of England will be invited, for the establishment of a strict European control over Egypt. If the Khedive accepts them, France will consent to his continuing his reign. If he rejects them, France would accept the Sultan's offer to depose him. England is opposed to the latter course, having diplomatic reasons for not wishing to acknowledge that the Khedive is the vassal of Turkey.

The Discovery of the North-West Passage so long sought is announced. The honor of the discovery is due to Professor Nordenskjold, who sailed from Sothenburg on July 4th, 1878, in the Vega. On the 1st of August the Yugor Straits were passed, and by the 6th the Sea of Kara had been traversed and Dickson's Port at the mouth of the Yenisei reached. Here a stay of three days only was made, and then the two ships set out for the Lena River. On the 27th of August the mouth of the river was reached, Cheljuskin, the north cape of Asia, having been rounded without much trouble from ice, and on the 14th of October news was received in Europe of the Lena's arrival at Yakutsk. As from the mouth of the Lena to Behring's Straits the greater part of the Arctic Ocean had already been explored, it was thought certain the Professor would succeed in his task. The only severe opposition he met with was at the end of his journey when the Vega was caught in the ice and carried back with some probability that her gallant commander might become the Franklin of the Asian Arctic region. Happily he has escaped, and by way of Yokohama, Malacca, the Suez Canal and Gibraltar, will shortly conclude one of the most remarkable voyages, if not the most remarkable voyage, on record.

The War Between Chili and Peru has been marked by a naval battle, resulting in the loss of all the vessels engaged. The engagement took place at Iquique, Peru, between the Chilian wooden vessels Esmeralda and Cavadonga and the Peruvian ironclad Independencia, which carried Armstrong guns.

The Panama Canal Project, which has been debated in the Congress at Paris, has issued in the selection of the route known as the Wyse Route. The outlet is fifteen hundred miles farther from the United States than the route advocated by the American representatives. It is known as the tide-level project, and according to it the canal will run from the Gulf of Limon to the Bay of Panama.

"A Ruined Home."—Under this Title a Pathetic article appeared in a London daily paper recently about the family of Pace, a metal-worker, who murdered Cole, a fellow-workman, at Clerkenwell, London, and who escaped with the light sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment. Pace was depicted as a model father whose grief at his eldest daughter running awa with Cole led to his killing the latter in an uncontrollable fit of indignation. The result of th article was that contributions for Pace's famil to the amount of more than $3500 poured i within three days, from all classes of societ with numerous expressions of approval of hi murderous act. A letter from Cole's sister has however, been published, stating that Pace wa a godless, profane man, whose cruelty led to h daughter fleeing for protection to Cole, who wa taking care of her and was arranging to marr her on May 3d. The sympathy of the Britis public appears to have outrun its judgment this case, and to have rewarded a criminal f committing a crime which law-abiding peop must regard with abhorrence.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1879.

13th Year. No. 34—New Series.

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[illegible] Talmage.

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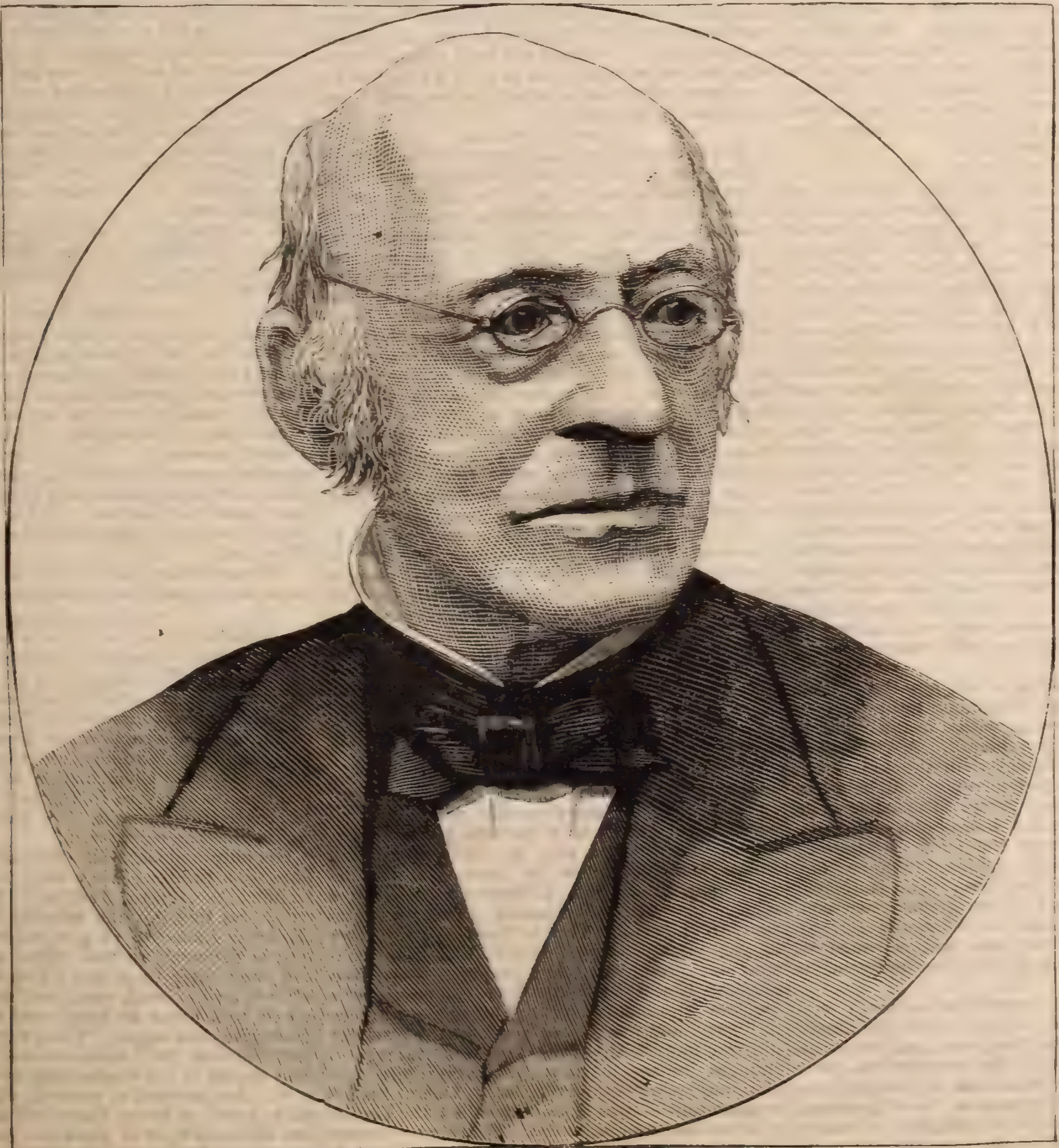

The late WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, the veteran Abolitionist.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

His Mission—Family Troubles—Early Struggles—Literary Work—His Connection with Lundy—Involved in a Libel Suit—Release from Prison—His Marriage—Mobbed in Boston—His Work Consummated — Religious Principles — Last Hours.

THE death of this well-known citizen in New York on May 24th recalls to the mind the stormy days before the war, when his name was one of the most prominent of the time. Few men have been more vigorously denounced than he; and few names have had attached to them more opprobrious epithets than there have been attached to the name of William Lloyd Garrison. On the other hand he received the gratitude of a whole race, if not their adoration; he was hailed by them as their Moses, their deliverer from bondage, their champion and their friend. Garrison was emphatically a man of one idea. His whole life, all the energies of an energetic nature, he dedicated, he consecrated, to one grand object; and more fortunate than the majority of men whose lives have been similarly concentrated on one aim, he lived to see that aim fulfilled.

He saw a gigantic evil eating like a cancer into the vitals of his country, and he set himself to the task of amputation. He saw, as he believed, the fortress of the great Republic being sapped by an insidious foe, and he raised his voice single and alone to warn the garrison. He believed the institution of slavery to be a crime which would ultimately bring down upon the nation the terrible vengeance of Heaven, and, like the prophet of old, he took his life in his hand and preached repentance and the putting away of the corrupt thing from our midst.

Whatever may be said of his discretion—and it is possible that exception may be taken, and taken justly, to his methods of operation—there can be no question of *his courage* or of the indomitable resolution with which he waged war—one man against a nation, and he without friends, without money, without influence, without education. With odds like these, what other man has fought and triumphed? Putting aside the merits of his cause, what other battle has this world ever seen like it? Surely such a man deserves to be ranked among the world's heroes, and to have his name recorded high in the annals of fame. His nature was "of that mould that 'gainst the world in war had stood, and perished in the foremost rank, with joy" willing to sacrifice his life and all he held dear if by such sacrifice the cause he loved were advanced a single stage. His mind filled with his great mission, he labored like a skilful general rather than like a poor friendless mechanic, and he succeeded. Such a life teaches many lessons, and even those who were opposed to him and who disliked the man and his work may with advantage study a career so single-minded and so successful.

William Lloyd Garrison first saw the light at Newburyport, Mass., December 12th, 1804. It was a sad house, overcast with a heavy cloud, in which he drew his first breath. A vice which has wrecked more homes than the sword has desolated ruled its chief member, and held him like a child in its giant grasp. The curse of intemperance blighted that household, and eventually scattered it over the land. Garrison's father, a man of bright genius, intelligent and well educated, was a drunkard. The statement reads like the history of the great Syrian captain—he was a great man, but he was a leper. So this vice dominated the man, had poisoned his blood, and prostrated all his bright and valuable gifts in the dust

His mother was a remarkable woman, one of nature's heroines, whose heart grace had touched, and given her that brightest and best of all charms, true godliness. She was the daughter of worldly parents, who had taken great pride in the beauty and intelligence of their daughter, but who, when she had been brought to a knowledge of the truth under the preaching of some revivalist Baptists, and made a public profession of religion, discarded her and thrust her out homeless, into the world. What her fate might have been none can tell; but the God whom she had learned to know and love opened a way for her, and an uncle took the homeless girl into his household and became a second father to her, and at his home she remained until her ill-fated marriage.

Soon after William's birth the household at Newburyport was broken up through the intemperance of Mr. Garrison, and the husband and wife separated never to meet again in this life. Mrs. Garrison with her little ones removed to Lynn, Mass., where a precarious living was offered her as a professional nurse. Too poor to keep her son at school, she apprenticed him at the age of nine years to a shoemaker—one Gamaliel Oliver. But the little fellow was too young and weak for the business, and he described in after-life the trembling of his legs under the weight of the lapstone, and the torture he suffered as he beat the leather upon it.

Three or four months in Oliver's shop made it plain to the poor mother that perseverance in that business was hopeless, and having received the offer of an old neighbor, a deacon, at Newburyport, to receive the boy and send him to school, she let him go. At his native place he thrived and regained his strength, attending school, and learning with avidity in the daytime, and in the evening working diligently to repay for his board and lodging by helping the deacon to saw wood. This was the only regular education he ever received, but to such a man life was one long education, in which he was ever learning some fresh lesson.

LITERARY WORK.

The year 1818 saw him apprenticed to Ephraim Allen, the editor of the Newburyport *Herald*, from whom he was to learn the art of printing. After a year or two working as a compositor he forwarded secretly under an assumed name an article on a political subject to his employer, which to his great delight was inserted in the *Herald*. Other articles followed, and were all gladly received, praised, and published. It was with peculiar pleasure that on several occasions his own articles were handed to him by the foreman to "set up." Considerable curiosity was manifested as to the authorship of his contributions, and he was delighted on one occasion to receive through the post a letter from the editor thanking him for his papers and inviting him to continue them. It was some time before Mr. Allen found with amazement that his most valued contributor was his own apprentice.

At the conclusion of his apprenticeship he commenced the publication of the *Free Press*, a journal which through want of capital came to an untimely end. Following this was the *National Philanthropist*, the first journal published to advocate total-abstinence.

His next venture was the issue of the *Journal of the Times* at Bennington, Vt., a production of which Mr. Horace Greeley expressed his opinion—that of an expert—that it was "about the ablest, most interesting newspaper ever issued in that State."

While editing the *Journal of the Times* he got up a monster anti-slavery petition to Congress, signed by more names than had ever before been affixed to a petition to that body. On the 4th of July, 1829, he delivered in Park Street Church, Boston, by invitation, the annual address to the Colonization Society, a society formed to promote colored emigration to Liberia. The eloquence and power of the young orator brought him into considerable prominence, and amongst those who admired it was Benjamin Lundy, a courageous Quaker, who had constituted himself a preacher of liberty, and went about much as the disciples did, on foot, with pouch and staff, taking no thought for the morrow, but everywhere proclaiming *the wrongs of the slave*. One of his instrumentalities was a journal called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. For this he carried his type and rules with him, and published it wherever he encountered a printing press and had money to pay the printer. In 1828 this wandering publication was settled in Baltimore, and from that city he journeyed *on foot all the way to Vermont* to invite Mr. Garrison to come and aid in its management. Mr. Garrison went, but, as he said, "I wasn't much help to him, for he had been all for gradual emancipation, and as soon as I began to look into the matter I became convinced that *immediate abolition* was the doctrine to be preached, and I scattered his subscribers *like pigeons*."

Lundy expostulated, but in vain; and at length he insisted that Garrison's initials should be printed at the foot of his articles, in order to fix the responsibility for them on the writer. This combination could not continue, for while Lundy advocated the Colonization Society as the best settlement of the slavery question, Garrison denounced it in the columns of the same journal as a half-and-half measure, of no value against a radical evil. It was finally resolved to dissolve the partnership, but before the dissolution could take place Garrison was involved in

A LIBEL SUIT,

[illegible] to his killing [illegible] controllable fit of indignation. The result of th article was that contributions for Pace's famil [illegible] cargo of slaves; he denounced the act as one of "domestic piracy," and threatened to "*cover with thick infamy* all who were engaged in the transaction." He was promptly indicted for libel, tried, convicted, and sentenced to a fine of $50, and imprisonment until it was paid. In a civil action brought by the same parties Garrison was ordered to pay $1000. It is said that Mr. Clay was about to pay the fine, as Garrison was lying in jail unable to raise the money, when he was anticipated by Mr. Arthur Tappan, of this city, who released Mr. Garrison after seven weeks' imprisonment.

In a speech delivered thirty-five years afterwards he referred to his imprisonment, and in connection with it related the following characteristic incident of

PRESIDENT LINCOLN:

"The first time I saw President Lincoln, I said to him, Mr. President, it is thirty-five years since I first visited Baltimore, and when I went there recently to see if I could find the old prison, and, if possible, get into my old cell again, I found that all was gone." The President answered promptly: "Well, Garrison, the difference between 1830 and 1864 appears to be this—that in 1830 you could not get out, and in 186 you could not get in." This symbolizes th revolution which has been brought about i Maryland.

Released from prison he at once made preparations for the issue of a new journal, to be called

THE LIBERATOR,

the watchword of which was to be *immediat emancipation*. His first intention was to publis this paper in Washington, D. C., but on furthe consideration he came to the conclusion that hi wisest plan was to issue it in New England, an endeavor to win support for himself and form party from men whose pecuniary interest was no involved in the emancipation of the slaves. I was eventually issued in Boston, Mass., Januar 1st, 1831. Its motto was, "*My country, the world my countrymen, all mankind.*"

His only associate was Mr. Isaac Knapp, lik himself, a printer. They were too poor to hir an office, or even to afford to do their own worl only. So they got the friendly foreman of th *Christian Examiner* to give them the use of hi type in payment for their labor at "the case," and then, after their day's task was over, the labored far into each night on the *Liberator*. I is easy to see that no feeble soul was to drive a enterprise thus begun. From that moment M Garrison and the *Liberator* were identified, an both shared in the curses deep and loud levelle at it. Accustomed to poverty, with wants sim ple and few, of hardy frame and a cheerful tem per, he made light of privation, while his cou age never flinched under disappointment danger.

During the year 1831 Mr. Garrison made an ort to start a
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
t at first his views as to immediate and uncon-ional emancipation were unacceptable. Later, the 1st of January, 1832, he succeeded, with ven others, in completing an organization of ich he was chosen President—a position he ld almost continuously for thirty years. The iety set to work in earnest. It plied every ner of the land with tracts and pamphlets. It ught expression in the newspapers. It estab-hed branches throughout the North. It held merous meetings, and its members frequently ivered public addresses.

VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Having appealed for aid to England, he was ited by the Abolitionists there to visit that untry and explain the nature of his society. is he did in 1833. His visit was a continual tri-uph. He made warm friends everywhere, among m some of the most distinguished philanthro-ts and statesmen of England—Wilberforce, rkson, Gurney, George Thompson, and many the Liberal peers.

arrison returned to the United States in Sep-nber, 1833. During his absence the antipathy himself and his cause had grown rapidly, es-ially in the North. On October 2d, a meeting the Anti-Slavery Society, which he was to ad-ss, was broken up by a mob. Luckily for him was not well known, and actually *accom-ied the men who were looking for him* to give n a coat of tar and feathers. The incident istrates the imperturbable courage of which he s afterward to give many proofs.

n the 4th of September, 1834—at the age of rty—Mr. Garrison was married to Helen Eliza nson, of Brooklyn, Conn., who was some six rs his junior. She was a remarkable woman many regards, beautiful in person, attractive manners, well fitted to make small means go in household administration, a kind hostess, a most ardent abolitionist. A more de-ed wife man never had, and the work she per-med in supporting and encouraging her hus-d, and in mollifying friends who had been nded by his violence, was by no means an mportant contribution to the ultimate suc-s of the movement. Her death, in 1876, Mr. rrison described as the hardest blow he had r received.

uring the years 1833–7 the holding of anti-very meetings almost anywhere in the Free tes was a signal for riotous demonstrations erilling property and life.

meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery iety at their hall in Washington Street, Oc-er 21st, 1835, was broken up by a furious crowd men who were in search of Garrison, and lly seized him while he was endeavoring to re to his residence by a back passage. They a rope around him, knocked his hat off, and he scuffle his clothes were mostly torn from body. Dragged through Wilson's Lane into te Street, he was rescued by Mayor Lyman, posse and several respectable citizens, and en into the Mayor's room in the old State use; thence he was conveyed to Leverett eet Jail to save him. Upon the walls of his he wrote:

William Lloyd Garrison was put into this on Monday afternoon, October 21st, 1835, to e him from the violence of a respectable and uential mob, who sought to destroy him for aching the abominable and dangerous doc-e that all men are created equal, and that oppression is odious in the sight of God."

was discharged the next day as a "blame- citizen," but left the city for a few days at request of the authorities.

or the next fifteen years there is little to k the individual work of Mr. Garrison. He tinately maintained the ground which he had en, and, in season and out of season, he spoke message of criticism and denunciation which as profoundly believed was committed to "from on high" as did any of the prophets artyrs of religion.

LATER DAYS.

Mr. Garrison was, throughout his long life, a consistent believer in the principle of non-resistance. Of undaunted personal courage and a coolness and strength of nerve which a soldier might envy, he never would advise or consent to the use of force to promote the cause of emancipation, or even to defend others or himself against violence.

But a time was coming when events, shaped by a Power which, in human history, has brought many a moral cause to the dread arbitrament of arms, were to decide this greatest conflict of modern times on the battle-field. Mr. Garrison, though his soul was stirred with the spirit which brought a million of men to arms for his beloved cause, was true to his convictions, and labored to the last for *a peaceful solution*.

He recognized with devout thankfulness the hand of God in the course of events which made the Proclamation of Emancipation a war measure, and caused slavery to perish. And when on the 18th of December, 1865, the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution was proclaimed, wiping the stain of slavery forever from the law of the land, he accepted the situation frankly, and on the 1st of January following issued the last number of the *Liberator*.

The last editorial in the *Liberator* contains the following characteristic utterance: "The object for which the *Liberator* was commenced—the extermination of chattel slavery—having been gloriously consummated, it seems to me especially appropriate to let its existence cover the historic period of the great struggle, leaving what remains to be done to complete the work of emancipation to other instrumentalities (of which I hope to avail myself), under new auspices, with more abundant means, and with millions instead of hundreds for allies.

"Most happy am I to be no longer in conflict with the mass of my fellow-countrymen on the subject of slavery."

The *Liberator*, it was well known, had never been a paying paper, and Mr. Garrison was known to be poor; it was therefore an appropriate act on the part of his friends to raise a subscription in acknowledgment of his long and self-denying labors. This was done, and the sum of $30,000 was presented to him, and thus he was enabled to pass the remainder of his days in comfort and competence.

Throughout his life he had been a constant and diligent student of the Bible, and had exercised a sincere faith in Jesus as his Redeemer. He had said some bitter things of the church when he considered it lacking in support of the cause he advocated, but he had always discriminated between Christianity and the church, and in his bitterest speeches his complaint had been that Christians did not follow the example of their Divine Master. During his last illness he would ask those about him to join with him in prayer and in singing; and his last conscious hours, even after he became too feeble to speak, were cheered by their singing to him the hymns which *his pious mother had sung to him in his childhood*—"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve;" "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;" "All hail the power of Jesus' name," etc., his hands gently moving in time with the music.

The following eloquent tribute to his memory, uttered by one of the greatest of English statesmen—John Bright—may fitly conclude this sketch of a man whose heroism, self-denial, and untiring devotion to one cause has rarely been equalled in this or any other land.

Mr. Bright said of William Lloyd Garrison: "His name is venerated in his own country—venerated where not long ago it was a name of obloquy and reproach. His name is venerated in this country and in Europe, wheresoever Christianity softens the hearts and lessens the sorrows of men, and I venture to say that in time to come, near or remote, I know not, his name will become the herald and synonyme of good to millions of men who will dwell on the now almost unknown continent of Africa."

CONSOLATION.

An Evening Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached May 4, and Specially Reported for the "Christian Herald."

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."—ROMANS 8: 28.

Divine Chemistry—The Old Bear of Melancholy—I. Make the Best of Financial Troubles—Danger of Riches—The Cardinal's Gold—A Fortune a Misfortune—William Orton—Aquilla's Three Coffins—II. Make the Best of Bereavements—The Choice of Heaven or Earth—Self-Denial for Another—May-Queens of Heaven—Friends on the Wharf—The Prince's Landing—III. Make the Best of Sickness—Invalids of the Bible—The Prospect from a Sick-bed—IV. Make the Best of Life's Finality—Light from a Tombstone—Scrutiny of Death's Features—Voices from Life's Bourne—The Seasons of the Spirit-World—"What did they do with Lillie?"

THIS is divine chemistry. It don't make any difference what style of profits they are; we put them in a caldron, and by this divine chemistry they come up in motion, working, working, until they work together for good to those that love God. I have felt on this stormy night like having with you a cosey talk about some matters concerning your personal happiness. I have noticed that there are a hundred people *hunting for storms* where there is one man hunting for sunshine.

You may be surprised to hear that in 1875 in India there were 19,000 people devoured by wild beasts, and in the year 1876 in India there were 20,000 people devoured by wild beasts; but there is a monster in the world that has made more devastation than all these wild beasts together. It is
THE OLD BEAR OF MELANCHOLY;
and I propose to-night to take Gospel weapons and hunt the monster back into his midnight cavern. I am going to show you how all things work together for good to those that love God. I am going, if the Lord will help me, to show you how you can make the best of every thing. *A little child* sat on the floor in the sunshine with a spoon and seemed to be dipping up something, and the mother said, "My darling, what are you doing there?" "Oh!" she says, "I am taking a spoonful of this sunshine;" and I would to God that now I might hand to you a brimming chalice of God's eternal sunshine.

I. In the *first* place, then, I would have you make the best of all your *financial losses and embarrassments*. You have all been losing money during these past few years; you may have carried on a very large business, but you have been losing money, and the question you used to ask, What shall I invest in? or What shall I do with the thousands of dollars surplus at the end of the year? has been exchanged for the question, How shall I meet the butcher's bill, the baker's bill, and pay the landlord? You have not studied much about this, for it is not politic to talk much about financial embarrassments, but your wife knows. There has been less variety of wardrobe, more severity of economy at the table, more self-denial in art and tapestry. Where you had large charities to give you have now put yourself on the severest possible economy, and I stand here to-night to tell you it is your duty to make *the very best* of that condition.

Do you know what a narrow escape you had? Suppose you had sailed right on and reached to the fortune toward which you were going. Suppose you had gained that fortune: I prophesy you would have been as proud as Lucifer. How many men do you know who have had great financial success and kept their Christian simplicity?

You can count them all on your eight fingers and two thumbs. How can that man offer the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread!" when he has enough money in the bank to buy out all the bakeries of Brooklyn. How many men have had great success for this world, and yet kept their faith in God, and been consecrated to religious service?

There was an avaricious soul, *a Cardinal*, who in his dying hours used to order a basin of gold, a basin filled with pieces of gold, to be brought to him ; and then he would amuse himself in his last hours by running his inflamed hands through these pieces of gold, and turning them this way and turning them that way. And that is what the multitude of people are doing this day, doing this hour. Playing the fool for time, and playing the fool for eternity.

Oh ! how many men there are who have been destroyed by their financial successes. There are a thousand men who can stand trial, where there is only one man that can stand success. Ought not this consideration to induce you to make the most and to make the best of your financial trials ? "Oh !" you say, "I could get along very well with business troubles, but I am so disappointed in the fact that I cannot start my children in the world as well as I hoped to start them." My friend, the same financial misfortune which is going to save your soul will save your children.

How many young men who started with $40,000 capital have turned out well ?

I have not known a half dozen of them. When a young man expects a large fortune, he ceases his industrious habits, or never learns them. He says to himself, "What is the use of my working, what is the use of blistering my hand, what is the use of racking my brain ? Father has plenty of resources, and he will step out after a while, and I will step in and have every thing."

The lack of the necessity of toil results in no toil at all, and you know very well that young people who grow up without industrious habits grow up to their ruin ; so you have to congratulate yourself in your financial misfortune that you have not only saved yourself spiritually, but your children are to be saved after you.

A year or two ago, just above Tarrytown, I went into the historical cemetery called the *Sleepy Hollow Cemetery*, where so many mighty men of our country are buried, and I said to the woman who kept the gate of the cemetery. How shall I find the grave of William Orton ? Well, she says, you go right on until you find a great display of flowers, and that is it. I went on, and without any trouble I found the grave. Flowers in anchors, in wreaths, in crowns, great banks of cala lilies and camelias. Who slept under that display of flowers ? William Orton. Starting life with no resources at all, he began to fight his own battles at thirteen years of age, struggling on, struggling on, until he became the first man in American telegraphy, adding to business genius faith in God; seven hours before the fatal sickness seized him, taking the holy communion at the church altar.

Show me the graves of those who started with large fortune—show me the flowers on their graves : how many of them are there ? Not many. They who start life with *large resources* are never anxious to accumulate any resources for heaven. It is rather an exception when those who have started life with plenty of money ever do any thing for God or for the betterment of the world's condition. How few of these persons ever get their inheritance ! They generally die before their fathers die. They expect a large inheritance, and they begin immediately to go down into dissipated habits. They are brought home from the gin-shops, and they begin that night in their delirium to pick off loathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow, and fight back imaginary devils from the damask curtain. Then they are laid out in the high upholstery of the parlor, and weeping parents come and strew the place with flowers which are prophecies of a resurrection with no hope. You have seen that again and again.

Some of them live on until they get their fortune, and get through it. Some of them go down to a suicide's grave; but show me the graves of the men who started life with great fortune. How many of them are honored graves ? I tell you the best fortune for your boy will be a feeling that he is to fight his own battles, and that *life is a struggle* into which he must throw body, mind, and soul, or be disgracefully worsted, that is the fortune you want to give your boy. So that you are mistaken if this morning you sat at the breakfast table and looked around at your children and said, "Poor children ! I am so disappointed : I thought I should start them each with a large competency." Depend upon it, the misfortune which is going to save your soul will save their souls.

And then, besides that, in this Sabbath evening's talk I want to impress you, my brother, with the fact that you ought not to put too much stress upon worldly accumulation. How much will you take with you ? Well, what you take you won't take more than two or three miles ; you will have to leave it at Greenwood.

Aquila wanted to take his fortune with him. He was so fond of this world, that he decreed before his death that at his death he should be put into *a golden coffin*, and that should be enclosed in a silver coffin, and that should be inclosed in an iron coffin, and then these coffins should be lowered into the tomb, and then the tomb filled up with gold and silver ; and so it was done.

Oh ! you who want to take your fortunes with you, be especially guarded ; you will have to make a special provision ; have three coffins.

II. Again, my friend, I want to show you how to make the best of all your *bereavements.* It is a hard thing to do. The most difficult prayer a man ever made is standing by the form of a loved one lifeless, to say : "Thy will, O Lord ! not mine, be done." And yet there is a way, if the Bible is true, of making the best even of your bereavements.

The most fatal bereavement is the *loss of a child.* Now is there not a way of making the best of that ? Suppose you had the choice to-night and you could choose for your child sixty years of hard work, struggle, annoyance, and exasperation on earth, or sixty years of rapture in heaven ; would you take the responsibility of choosing for your child sixty years of earthless struggle, instead of sixty years of happiness before the throne of God ? Why, I don't think you would dare to take the chalice of life from your loved one. If your child had lived on to old age, is it not probable that he would have had just as many troubles as you have had, just as many contests in life, just as many exasperations and trials ? And are you not willing to be submissive to-night and make the best of that great trial, when you realize the fact that it has been such a mighty escape for your little ones ?

Besides that, I want you to look upon it as a *self-denial* for your child. You used to make self-denial for your child : the child wanted to go off with a May-day party, or to a musical entertainment. Well, you said, I will let the child go. It will be more pleasure to have the child home all day, but I must sacrifice myself for the child's good. Although it was gone for a week or a month, you were happy in its absence, for you were willing to make that self-denial for the child's gladness.

Now I want you to look at it in that way, and know that your children that are gone away from you are

MAY-DAY QUEENS,

are in exhilaration and joy indescribable. They are on the hills of heaven, and they are waiting for you. Cannot you go through that self-denial, and let them be away where they are in a more ambrosial clime, and a better home than to keep them in this world ?

Besides that, I want you, my friend, to understand that the more of our loved ones there are in heaven the easier it will be for us to go. When you are going to take a voyage it all depends upon whether you have more friends on this wharf where you are leaving, or on the other wharf to which you are going. The more friends you have on this wharf, the more bitter the "good-by." The more friends you have on the other wharf, the more gladsome the welcome.

In other words, the more of our loved ones we keep here the harder it will be to us to go away from them, when your dying hour comes ; th more friends we have in heaven the easier it i for us to depart. Why, what is dying to tha Christian mother whose children are in heaven Why, it is no harder than it is to go into nursery full of aroma and laughter of littl children.

Some of you may remember when *a foreig prince* came to our port, and you remember whe the vessel came up the bay how all the shippin was filled with bunting, and how the men-of-wa thundered their broadsides as the prince cam through. And oh ! the greater gladness whe you at last shall come into the port of heave hailed and welcomed with *salvos of victory* u terly indescribable. All your friends in heave coming around to greet you.

The fewer friends you have on earth the easi to go ; the more friends you have in heaven, t easier for you to depart ; the fewer bitter far wells here, the more numerous the welcomes glory. Now are you not willing even to mal the best of your bereavements ?

III. I would have you also, my friend, make t best of your *sicknesses.* You see some man ste ping out with an elastic gait and with robu health, and you bemoan your lame foot. Y find some one describing an object a mile d tant, and you lament your own dim eyesight.

You say here is a man that is athletic-healthy man, toiling for God in the church, wh you are generally depressed with a nervous s tem and with exhausted health, and you say, I only had that man's health, I would serve G and how much good I would do ! But, friend, you are making the worst of it instead the best of it. I will tell you how you can m the worst of your sicknesses : brood over the that will make your dyspepsia more aggravat that will make your invalidism more appallin

Oh ! it is the devil's work to tell you how make the *worst* of it. It is Christ's work the work of His ministers to tell you how m the *best* of it.

Now I am going to show you how to make best of your sicknesses ; and there are but persons entirely well. There are hundreds people in this house who seem to be in rob health, but very often they are ill. Some them have chronic ailments that the w knows nothing about. Some of them hav nervousness which is very distressing ; and which they get no sympathy at all—the wors all diseases, yet no sympathy. Now let me you how you can make the best of every th even of sickness.

Which of the Bible characters are the most tractive to you ? Which of the Bible na most attract your attention ?—Moses ? Da Job ? Jeremiah ? Paul ? Well they are a names, yet you happen to name the persons were *physically disordered.* Moses ! I kno was nervous from the way he struck that E tian. Jeremiah ! I know he had an enla ment of the spleen, or he never would written the Lamentations just as he did.

Paul ! he had a thorn in the flesh. Com tators are guessing what that thorn in the was. I don't know, but it was some phy disturbance ; it was something sharp, s thing that struck him ; it was a thorn in flesh. How was it with David ? He say had a running sore : "My sore ran in the n and ceased not." All these good men, so far for God, doing such glorious work for the k dom, were invalids to a certain extent.

Edward Payson never saw a well day i life, and yet, lying upon his suffering pi he cried out, "I float in a sea of glory." R Hall, of whom I spoke this morning, thr four times in every sermon lying down upo sofa in the pulpit, then getting up and goin and sometimes preaching about heaven unti could hear the *clap of the wings* of the ser Richard Baxter writing, I think it was 120 b and somebody said he had as many diseas he wrote books, yet writing the story o Saints' Everlasting Rest, giving the Call t Unconverted, doing immense work for Go

Oh ! because you may be invalids do not put own the armor of the Christian fight, do not onclude there is nothing to be done for Christ. ere is a work for you to do ; and remember that the Delectable Mountains never appear so ight as when they are seen through the lattice a sick-room, and remember that the promises God's grace are never so easily read as by the ht of the furnace, and remember that you are t always going to be sick. Even heaven is an d city, but it has not had a single bill of mortality—no ophthalmia, no miasma, no pleurisy, sickness. The inhabitants never say "I am sick," there shall be no more pain.

V. Once more, my friends, I want you to ke the best of *life's finality*. Now you think I have a tough subject, and you do not understand how I can strike a spark of light out of a *tombstone*. There are those who seem to think that eath is submergence, with nothing pleasant and every thing doleful. That is a heathen idea ; Christian idea, I tell you. From whom can you the best ideas of a man's features? From those that stand close up to him or those who far away from him? Why, your common-sense says, those who stand close up to him can the best idea of his features. Well now, how ill you tell us what the features of death are? ou can't. I will not take your testimony. I ill not take what you say about the features of death. You may be far off from him ; I prefer to e the testimony of those who are *close up* to features of death—within a month of them, or week of them, or a day of them, or an hour of them, or a minute of them—close up to the features of death. Ask of these Christian people at they think of the features of death, and they l say that the face of death, instead of being moniac, is cherubic, *cherubic*.

Why, how often it is that the dying Christian been surrounded by friends singing some iliar hymn, and the dying Christian has ned in the hymn, the middle of the second rse, breaking open to let up the ransomed it. Nearly all the dying expressions of istians border on the jubilante. Why, some ple talk as though God had exhausted Him- when He made this world ; as though all the presents He ever made he hung around this net, as though all the beautiful flowers that r grew He planted in a single primrose adow. Oh no ! this world is not the best ng God can do, nor the best thing God has e.

is, I think, near blossom week. Those of us o are brought up in the country remember week we called *blossom week*, because all the chards were in full bloom that week. It is week of the year most redolent ; I think it come now in five or six or ten days. Well, I t to tell you there is a land to which we ill go when we leave this troublesome walk ver, yet here we stand shivering on this bank want to stay on the dry sands, amid the m and the tempest. When God invites us go in among the arbors of jasmine and amid birds of Paradise, we want to stay here.

ast year I had two spring-times : I went to Orleans in March, I think it was, and as I t on down South, while I left the snow-banks e in our fields, I began after a while to see leaves, and then I went on further and fur- r until I saw the thick foliage, and when I to New Orleans on Sabbath morning I went in the front yard of the beautiful home re I was entertained, and the oranges during night, fully ripened, had fallen all around r the path. It seemed like full summer. n I took the rail train and came North, and ing North there was less and less until I got e, and it was a sharp stinging cold. You see, friend, it depends on the *direction* in which travel whether it gets pleasanter or whether ets barren.

ow if the spirits of heaven were told to e out towards this world I should not be rised if they did not like to come. It would oming from June to December, but when we from this world toward heaven it is going from December to June : it is going from the snows of an earthly storm to the summer of Edenic bloom. It is going from the arctic of earthly trouble to the tropic of eternal joy ; and yet we do not want to go : we hold back ; we are alarmed because vacation is coming. We have got so used to living down in the malarial marshes of the earth, that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilltop, and we seem to say practically, "O Lord ! keep me down here ; don't emancipate me ; keep me down on the sharp cobble-stone : give me no shelter under the burdens of life ; give me no light under the gloom of misfortune ; give me no help under all the annoyances of earth. Don't emancipate me ; let the storm of earth burst upon me ; don't let me get back to my lost friends ; keep me here, keep me down."

Oh ! what a future for you and for me ! One would think that a man would be afraid to stay, and be fretting to go where such glorious things are provided for us. "What did they do with Lillie?" said one little girl to another, speaking of the burial of a playmate. "What did they do with Lillie?" "Oh !" says the little girl, "they buried her in the ground." "What !" said the other child, "in the cold ground?" "Oh no !" she said, "in *the warm ground ;* in the warm ground, where the ugly seeds become beautiful flowers."

"Oh !" says some one, "that is all right ; but I have such an antipathy to parting with the body with which I have so long companioned." You will not part with it forever, you will not lose your body. I got *a letter* this week from Texas, in which some one inquired about something that I had preached about on Easter morning in regard to the resurrection, asking me a great many questions that I cannot answer. There are a thousand questions about the resurrection that I do not pretend to answer. It is not my business to answer. "All that are in their graves shall come forth ;" that is enough for us. You will not lose your body—you will not lose any thing of your body except the weaknesses and sins of it. But your body will come up radiant and glorified ; you will no more lose your body than your watch when you send it to be repaired ; you will no more lose it than you will lose your faded picture when you send to have it retouched ; you will no more lose it than you will lose your jewel when you have it reset, or the photograph when you put it into a locket.

You will not lose your body. Paul will go to Rome to get his. Edward Payson will go to Portland to get his ; President Edward will go to Princeton to get his ; George Cookman—magnificent George Cookman—will go to the depths of the Atlantic to get his. You and I will go to the city cemetery or to the country graveyard to get ours ; and when you have a perfect spirit, united with the perfect body, then you will be such men and women as the resurrection morning makes possible.

Why, you see, you cannot make any thing doleful out of this story. It is emancipation and irradiation. Now I want you to correct your theology. When you see another *gray hair* thank God, and when you see another wrinkle in your cheek thank God, and when you feel another physical infirmity thank God, and when another year goes past thank God. What does it all mean? Why it means that

MOVING DAY IS COMING ;

that you are going to move out of cramped rooms and be mansioned forever : that is what it means. The horse at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered carrying bad news ; but the horse at the gate will be the one spoken of in the Apocalyptic vision—the white horse that brought the king to the banquet. The grounds around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of the celestial equipage ; and all those people who in this world lost their property, and lost their families, and lost their health, and lost every thing, will find out that all things work together for their good, and that those are the wisest people who make the best of every thing.

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE ;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 519.)

Father Garrett makes a Suggestion—The Jesuits' Rule of Obedience—Lord Macaulay's Opinion of the Jesuits—Mr. Gogharty interviews the Jesuit Superior—The Money Bargain—Mrs. Montaigne becomes an unwitting Instrument in the Plot.

MR. GOGHARTY could scarcely believe his senses as he listened to the Bishop's words. Not only had his proposal not been received with open arms : it had been rejected with scorn, and moreover he had been rebuked by a man whom—as, in his estimate, the bishop of a superstitious church—he was free to despise, and he felt dreadfully humbled and chagrined. He had had it in his purpose to offer a bribe to Bishop —— in order to furnish a spur to his zeal in seeking the perversion of Percival Montaigne ; but such an offer, as he looked into the Bishop's face, he now saw would be utterly futile, and would be even deemed an insult. So making a bow, he turned in silence from the Bishop's presence, and left the apartment. Father Garrett followed him to the outer door.

We have said he was comparatively a young man, and of fiery zeal, and had drunk in the new-born Ultramontane spirit of his church. He was, therefore, surprised, as well as Mr. Gogharty, at the Bishop's rebuff. He knew he was an honorable man and scrupulous ; but still he thought that in the present instance he had carried his niceness a little too far. Mr. Gogharty's motives were certainly not pure ; but that was his affair, and not the Bishop's. In his view, when the Church might be advanced, it was neither wise nor well to stand upon doubtful matters of conscience.

If Mr. Gogharty's scheme could be effected, it would serve the faith, and that was all he had to look to. Therefore, when he reached Mr. Gogharty, and was on the point of parting with him at the hall-door, he said, "Our good bishop is a fine and excellent man, sir, but perhaps is over nice. Try what the Superior of the Society of Jesus, whose establishment is in —— Street, will do for you. It is likely, I think, they will meet your case."

The Order of the Society of Jesus, or the Jesuits.—who is there that has not heard of them, their doings, and their vow? Founded by *Ignatius Loyola*, a Spaniard, in 1540, and numbering at first only ten members, in 1710 so prolific had their propagandism proved that there were nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight Jesuits doing the work of the Pope with a self-consuming zeal in every part of the known world, and their number has since increased. The following is a short extract from their rule of obedience—one of the most destructive of all mental freedom and true manhood ever proposed : "That man's obedience is not worthy to be called by the name of virtue," says this document, "who does not make the will of the Superior his own, and so agree with it that what one wills both will, and what one does not will neither does the other." And again, "Let every man (Jesuit) be well persuaded that he who lives under obedience ought sincerely to be governed and behave exactly as if he were *a corpse*, which suffers itself to be turned in all directions and dragged anywhere ; or as if he were an *old man's staff*, to be used wheresoever and in whatsoever he wishes who holds it in his hand." And right well—or rather, so far as society is concerned, right pestilently—have these bondsmen in soul and spirit carried out their vow of implicit and abject obedience.

Every one knows Lord Macaulay's masterly sketch of the Jesuits' career. We can only give here a single sentence from it : "Jesuits were to be found under any disguise and in any country, as scholars, physicians, or even serving men ; in the courts of kings, in the old manor-houses of Cheshire, among the hovels of Connaught—in morals severe or lax, as suited their purpose. *Inflexible in nothing but in fidelity to their Church.*"

And it was to "the religious house" of the Jesuits that, as advised, Mr. Gogharty wended his way after he descended the steps of Bishop ——'s abode. He found no difficulty in obtaining an interview with the Jesuit Superior, nor, as our readers will anticipate, to get that individual to consider his cheme. Mr. Gogharty felt as he opened up his proposal that he was in the presence of a man that perfectly took his measure and read him through and through, but he did not flinch before him, as he did before Bishop ——. He had found one, he felt, who, to gain his ends, could be as unscrupulous as himself.

"You promise, Mr. Gogharty, in case of our success in this matter, a large consideration to our order," said the Superior; "but how, sir, can the fulfilment of that engagement be secured? This affair on your side is altogether, you see, a business affair, and therefore, as a lawyer, you know it should be done in a business way. Of course, as an unworthy and humble servant of the Church, I should be glad, without any pecuniarv reward, to succeed in bringing into the true fold the dear young man you speak of; but still, as you offer a money equivalent, I feel I have a right to be made sure that it shall be paid."

Mr. Gogharty had not contemplated such a financial bond being imposed upon him—had been conceited enough to imagine, notwithstanding the self-revelation he was giving, that his bare word of promise would be deemed a sufficient guarantee. When he found, however, that he was mistaken, and that he was dealing with a man who was resolved to put it in no man's power to befool him, he agreed to lodge in the Superior's hands certain deeds, equal in value to the sum he offered to pay to the Jesuit brotherhood for their bringing about the success of his plot.

These deeds, it is true, were not of his own property, but of the property of some of his clients; his depositing them in other hands was thus a breach of trust; but he was so eager and reckless to attain his end, he would venture upon it.

"They can easily be redeemed," he said within himself, "when the Percival property comes into my son Alick's hands, and no one will be a penny the wiser." He required, however, an acknowledgment for them, and a statement also of the conditions under which they were pledged.

"I'll give it to you," said the Superior, "for I know that for your own sake you will keep it secret; and moreover, I will engage in the same document to surrender these deeds in three years without fee if the object we have in view is not by that time realized. And now, Mr. Gogharty, this matter settled, mind what I am about to add," said the Superior. "You are personally not to take one other single step from this day forth in this affair. You must now leave the whole business completely in my hands. Nor must you murmur, or make complaint to me, or any one else to reach me, of seeming delay. If you stir a jot in the matter yourself, or write me a single line about it, I'll give up the whole enterprise at once, and that though it be on the very eve of accomplishment. You must, however, promise to obey me in what I may require from you, and I engage that what I ask shall not be much." With this understanding, and all preliminaries settled, Mr. Gogharty bade farewell to his friend, and soon reached his home.

A few months passed over, and Mrs. Montaigne one day drove over some miles in her carriage to dine and spend an evening with *Mrs. Gogharty;* her son Percival, engaged with his studies, could not accompany her, so that she went alone. Mrs. Montaigne had a liking for the wife of her lawyer, and they were very good friends. In the drawing-room, after dinner, Mr. Gogharty and Mrs. Montaigne got to sit near each other, and she opened up to him a matter which she had of late on her mind. "I believe your son Alick, Mr. Gogharty," she said, "is about next term to enter Trinity" (that is, the Dublin University), "at least Percival tells me so." "Quite right, madam," answered the lawyer; "Alick says he is quite ready and hopes to take a good place in the entrance list; he has been a hard worker of late."

"I had thought one time," rejoined Mrs. Montaigne, "that my Percival and your Alick should enter the University together, but lately I have somewhat changed my mind. You see, Mr. Gogharty," she added, "Percival will not enter upon Sir Christopher's estate until he is five-and-twenty, so that there is no need of hurrying his university career. And it has struck me that it would not be an unwise thing to get a first-rate tutor for him for a couple of years, to thoroughly coach him up, you know, so that upon 'entering' then he would likely come off with flying colors. What do you think of it.

"I think well of it," said Mr. Gogharty; and he really did so. "It's a capital idea, madam, and, if carried out, I have no doubt will be a life-long benefit to your son."

After a little more conversation upon the subject, Mrs. Montaigne asked her lawyer friend to negotiate the matter for her, which he did next day, by inserting in one of the leading Dublin newspapers an *advertisement* for "a first-class university-trained resident tutor, to whom a handsome remuneration would be given."

It would be a fatiguing task to record the shoals of letters which next post, and for days after, poured in upon Mr. Gogharty in answer to his published requirement. All the professions at that time in Ireland were overstocked, and hundreds of university graduates were hungry for employment, many of them, poor fellows, in terrible need.

One reply to his advertisement caught his special attention. It was from an Oxford graduate, who was also a clergyman—a Rev. Jerome Grant; and his application was accompanied with the strongest testimonials of his ability, founded upon a brilliant university career.

Some Englishmen have a prejudice against Irishmen, but it is seldom that the converse holds true. It did not, at all events, with Mr. Gogharty; he liked what was English, so that the nationality of this clergyman was a recommendation in his eyes, and he put Mr. Grant's letter on one side, as a thing to be looked at again.

His attention was called to it, however, with tenfold more force and interest after he perused another letter, taken shortly afterwards from his post-bag, and marked *strictly private.* It was from the Superior of the Jesuit establishment in Dublin, his *quondam* friend, and it called his notice to the Rev. Jerome Grant's application, and enjoined him to procure for that gentleman the post of tutor to Mrs. Montaigne's son. "And this," said the Superior, "is the only obedience I shall ask from you in fulfilment of your promise to meet my demand."

It will at once flash upon the perception of the reader who the Rev. Jerome Grant is. Yes, though ostensibly a clergyman of the Anglican Church, he is *a secret Jesuit.* He entered Oxford University a Protestant, even holding Evangelical views; but the new school of religious thought inaugurated shortly before by the so-called "Tracts for the Times," and which were learned and subtle, slowly but surely sapped his Scriptural faith. Yielding his heart and mind to the advocates of sacerdotalism and sacramental efficacy, and to the pleaders for a return to what was declared to be the opinion and practice of the third and fourth century Church, Jerome Grant, unable to halt upon such an inclined plane as that which was advocated, went far beyond the ideas of its proposers. He felt himself bound, indeed, to repudiate any half-way stopping-place, and to go the whole road to the Church of Rome. He did not, however, advance in his perverted views thus far until he had taken orders in the Anglican Church. Shortly afterwards, seeking an interview with a Jesuit priest, he made known to him his desire for reconciliation with "the Holy See," and his wish even to enter its priesthood, and as he was an unmarried man there seemed no obstacle.

The Jesuit Father Garrett, from interviews with Jerome Grant, saw that he was of menta and moral material likely to serve the dark schemes and deep designs of an order with whom "the end sanctifies the means," and this suggested another line of conduct to the Jesuit. H said to him, "By all means, Mr. Grant, enter ou order, and take our vow, and receive our consecration, but still remain ostensibly an Anglica clergyman; by doing this you will be in a fa better position, my brother (and this was sai with a gracious smile), to further the Catholi movement in England than if you openly de clared your conversion to 'the Church.' Yo can," he added, "without spiritual hurt do this for a dispensation, holding you harmless, can b secured."

(*To be continued.*)

THE STRAIT GATE AND THE NARROW WAY.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for man I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall n be able."—LUKE 13 : 24.

Christ Died to make the Way of Salvation Easy The Obstacles in the Way are of our ow Manufacturing—1. Undecided Persons are n in Earnest—2. Decision is a Great Element Success—3. We want to Pass the Strait Ga with Dignity—4. All that we Esteem of Val must be left Outside—The Young Lady in D tress—Her Struggle—The Engaged Ring in t Offertory—The two Explanations of the Tex

It cannot be too emphatically stated, de friends, that the object of our Blessed Lord becoming incarnate and in suffering the dea upon the cross, and thus completing the ato ment for us, was to render the way of salvati plain and easy. Christ died to open the do of salvation to mankind; Christ died to remo the barrier which had walled off mankind fr participation in the mercy of God; and th who complain that they find the way of salvat difficult have to meet this consideration, t *Christ died to make it easy.*

Whilst it is perfectly true, and it cannot denied, that there are difficulties in *accepting salvation* brought within our reach, yet th difficulties are not inherent in the plan of sa tion, but lie in our own reluctance to acc God's proposals and submit ourselves to Go way of thinking.

The obstacles and difficulties are *of our manufacturing*, and are not inherent in Go revelation of the plan.

To begin with, it is perfectly clear, and o ously most necessary, that the door of salva should only stand open to

THOSE WHO ARE IN EARNEST

to enter. Our Lord Himself knew too well w the plan cost Him; and as he Himself tells us to cast pearls before swine, it would be too reasonable to suppose that He Himself c make the mistake of admitting those who not in earnest.

If our hearts are not in earnest about sa tion, even if Christ were to give it to us it w be no salvation to us at all. The old prove saying, which our Lord quotes, must alway remembered,—"They that be whole hav need of a physician, but they that are sick." long as we do not trouble ourselves and ourselves to obtain the salvation which is fered to us, that salvation can never be ours

Wherever I go I meet a great many pe who are in *a sort of undecided state;* particu disposed to spiritual things, more or less i ested in religion, who will come to our mi services, will be much affected by the ser whilst their fears are aroused and excited, understanding to some extent enlightened yet, after the services are over and the pre gone, back they go into their old courses! chains of worldliness are wound around more securely than ever. And why is it so

1. The first and chief thing is that such pe *are not in earnest.* You know what it is to

earnest about some commonplace matter, some trivial affair. Many a man knows what it is to be in earnest to win wealth; many a Member of Parliament knows what it is to be in earnest to win applause; and many a woman in the West-End knows what it is to be in earnest to be in he whirl of fashion! We all understand what t is to be in earnest about these things.

Now, if our souls are really of the value which he Bible represents them to be, and if they be worth the price put upon them by that book, surely reason would urge that we should be in earnest about their salvation. And if we are not in earnest we are so untrue to ourselves that we cannot be true to Christ; nor can the salvaion, brought so near that it is within the reach of the vilest of the vile, be of the slightest service o us unless we are desirous of getting it for ourselves.

2. Then another great element in success is *decision.* If the thing is obtainable we must say and feel, Then it *shall be* obtained.

WE PLAY TRICKS WITH OUR SOULS.

We run up to the gate of mercy, *take hold of the knocker, and knock very gently;* then a week after we do the same thing again, but without being any nearer the attainment of salvation. Then you say, "Oh, I have sought it, but I did not get it. It did us no good. We went to the mission, and asked God for salvation, but He did not answer me."

Now, dear friends, is not this simply *a mockery?* If we were in earnest in trying to escape rom a burning house should we act after that ashion? Should we quietly throw up our windows, call feebly "*Fire!*" or "*Policeman!*" and then go to our beds again? If we were in earnest to escape from drowning should we be content with just raising our head and our voice in hope that the lifeboat would reach us, and then take no more pains in the matter?

Ah, we know what it is to be in earnest *in worldly matters*, but in spiritual matters we play tricks with God. We go up to the gate now and then, and we knock so gently as to mock he majesty of God and to trifle with our own souls!

He whose whole life is full of mercy to men, who has died that the barrier might be broken down and the way made clear and open, has given this word of advice, "*Strive* (agonize) to enter in at the strait gate." Be in downright earnest; it is worth being in earnest. Just as he wrestler is in earnest, though the prize for which he strives may be only a laurel wreath, make up your minds that the thing shall be done.

"Oh," say some, "we thought that your eaching was that it would never be done by our own energies or efforts." Just so; but you won't be saved without your own efforts, without earnestness. You can never save yourselves, and you can never be saved except by leaving your case in the hands of God. But until we are in earnest we are not in a position to do even his. So says our Blessed Lord; and we are always safe in following His advice: "Agonize o enter in at the strait gate."

3. The *figure* used suggests to our mind that he gate is so strait that

IT WILL COST A STRUGGLE

to pass through it, or the advice would not be "Agonize!" And a further thought is that there is difficulty in passing through it, and that the difficulty lies not so much in the gate as n our wanting to pass through as we please. We want to take in with us *our own virtues*, our own good character. We would go in if we might do so with becoming dignity. But be assured you will never get through in this way; you will never get through if the object is not simply to get through, but to get through in an easy and dignified way. You will never get in thus; but the strait gate will become even straiter than ever.

Now many are kept from entering on this very account. If the Lord would admit you in the easy and dignified manner which you desire to assume, it would not be difficult for you to accept salvation; but to come right down in the place of the sinner, to know and own yourself unclean, to confess your utter inability to do even so much as to raise your hand to save yourself, why, it is a very humbling process indeed. It is the very *negation of dignity;* and so you shrink back from it, and you do not find yourself because you will not lose yourself!

Dear friends, is it so with any of you? Away with your dignity! Trample it in the dust! You are simply *a poor sinner*, and as such you had better just accept the pardon of a ransomed felon. Come and accept the salvation which He offers on His own terms; for if we do not humble ourselves to this we shall never get inside the strait gate.

4. *Another thought*—we must not only be content to lay all our dignity aside, but we must also part company with *all that we would take through the gate with us.* If the gate is very narrow

WE CANNOT TAKE A PACK

on our back with us. Many would be content to be saved if they could take in the sins which have become part and parcel of their nature. It is not that you do not want to get at last to heaven, or that you do not intend to make your peace with God; but you want to keep something which God does not mean you to keep, something which He hates—some secret sin.

You often feel *a wish to enter;* but you think, "If I do so I shall have to give up *this sin which I love.*" Or perhaps it may be some worldly relationship; and how many a man and woman is kept back from the love of Christ because there is another love in possession, a stronger love!

Some years ago I met

A YOUNG LADY IN GREAT DISTRESS

of mind. I asked her to come in the vestry and see me; and all I could say about the love of God seemed to bring her no nearer to peace. I did not then know her story, but I heard it from friends afterwards. She was the daughter of a respectable man, but a merely nominal Christian, who sent her to a Unitarian school, where she made the acquaintance of, and became attached to, a gentleman of large property, an avowed atheist.

She was not herself possessed of much worldly goods. She soon became imbued with his opinions and they became engaged. Just after this a Christian uncle pressed her father to allow her to come to his house; and when she saw the holy and happy life of this man she was much impressed with it, and saw that religion was a reality as well as a source of deep joy.

Just at this time *the evangelistic services of Mr. Moody* began in Liverpool, and she was induced to attend. The Word came home with power to her heart, and her infidel opinions became dissipated. She was convinced of the truth of God's revelation, but she became in consequence very wretched, for she felt she would have to give up this attachment; that she could not bind herself for life to a man who denied God. The connection was broken off; but when, a few months after, the father became aware of it, he was immensely incensed against it, and determined to cast her off for thus throwing away her prospects. Strange to say, she was as far from peace as ever.

I stood the last Sunday morning of one of my missions in the same town at the communion table to receive the offertory, and in one of the plates I noticed

A LITTLE TURQUOISE RING.

We wondered in the vestry whether it had slipped from some one's finger by accident, or whether it had been placed in the plate intentionally. At night, however, I received an intimation after the service in another part of the town that a lady desired to speak with me, and when she was brought into the vestry I found it was the same lady; but she now seemed bright and cheerful.

I told her how glad I was to see her so much more happy, and she told me she had now found perfect peace. I asked her how the change came about, and she said, "You saw that ring in the plate this morning? Thank God, I have been able to give it up! It was connected with all my past life. I used often to take it out and look at it, and then rebellious thoughts against God would fill my heart, and then I was vexed at the thought of how much I had given up, and I doubted if I had taken the right step in accepting the unseen instead of the seen. *That little ring stood between me and the Cross of Christ;* and I thought on Sunday morning that that should no longer separate me from peace, and when the plate came round I took it off my finger and cast it in the plate."

Dear friends, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." It may be hard to flesh and blood; Nature may shrink from the task; but if there is any thing secret that stands between you and the Cross of Christ, believe me you stand in the way of your truest happiness; though you may shrink from it, let there be a complete surrender of the soul to the hand of God.

Do you say it is too much to ask?

IS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK?

Take that very illustration I have just given. Suppose that person had adopted an opposite course; suppose she had tried to cling to the Cross with one hand only and to that attachment with the other, could she then have expected peace? A household without happiness, though surrounded by all that wealth and position and social distinction can give, would be a miserable life indeed! If she had made that mistake how miserable she would have been! Now she has God for her portion, God for her friend!

Our Blessed Lord points out that "many shall strive to enter in, and shall not be able." There are *two explanations* of this verse, standing as it does. There are some who explain it by the light of the following verses, and there are some who explain it in the light of the figure itself; the former suggesting the solemn consideration that the time will come when the only door to the path of life will not be open—"many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able;" the other explanation pointing to the fact that many seek, but not at the strait gate, avoiding all the time the gate which God has appointed.

Now there has been a great deal of discussion as to which view is the correct one. It is clear, however, that both views are confirmed in God's Word in diverse places. Many strive, but they do not seek to enter through the strait gate. It is a very commonplace error. We are constantly meeting with illustrations of it. People do not like the humiliation of coming right down to the sinner's place and accepting salvation on God's own terms.

People will say, "I don't know why there should be all this fuss. Here is

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE

for the strait gate. Instead of entering as a lost sinner, begin to be very much in earnest; begin to read your Bible. You only go to church once a week! I'm astonished at you; go twice every Sunday. Can't you go and take a class in the Sunday-school? And then, by and by, when you become better acquainted with your clergyman, you can take a district; and people will say you are the very soul of devotion; and when that is true of you you will have nothing to fear."

Now, what does all that mean?

It just means this--that the Lord Jesus Christ stands before you and points to that strait gate, and says, "My child, strive to enter in at the strait gate." But Satan steps in and says, "I would not do any thing of the kind; I will show you a way round there which will bring you just exactly to the same place. I have got any number of side gates into heaven. I have invented ever so many means and ways of getting over this fence! Would you like to enter by the gate of Speculative Theology? Well, you have been baptized, of course, and being baptized you are regenerated; and being regenerated you do not need any conversion. It is quite absurd to suppose that you need that." Debate not with Satan, nor listen to his wiles. "To obey is better than sacrifice." The Master says, "Strait is the gate," and though few there be that find it, "strive to enter in."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to disseminate the glorious truths of the Word of God, and thus to aid in carrying on the work of the Saviour on the earth.

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By arrangement with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a report of his Sunday-morning sermons is taken every week, and after it has been revised by him, is mailed in advance sheets and published in this journal prior to its publication in any other paper in the United States.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress, it is thought may Adjourn by June 20th. The appropriation bills have yet to be passed, but there is a probability that Democrats having made their stand for principle will allow them to be passed in such a form as will meet the approval of the President.

The Finance Committee agreed by a majority of one to defer consideration of the Warner Silver Bill until December.

The Democratic Nomination for Governor of Ohio is General Thomas Ewing, of Fairfield, who will, it is thought, unite both the Democratic and Greenback parties. He is undoubtedly a soft-money man, and holds other views with which the Nationals are in sympathy. Considerable interest is centred on this election, for the tide of opinion which has decided the Presidential election has usually found expression in the gubernatorial contest in Ohio. Ewing is a formidable rival to Foster, carrying as he does the support of both Democratic and National politicians.

Anti-Chinese Legislation is again being pressed upon Congress. Senator J. H. Slater, of Oregon, has introduced a bill in the Senate to prevent Chinamen resident in the United States engaging in business as manufacturers or miners; or to have any farm or garden; or to own cattle, horses, or sheep; or to keep any restaurant or hotel, except for the use of the Chinese themselves. In fact the Chinaman is allowed by the bill to breathe, but it is difficult to think of anything else he would be able to do if the measure became law.

The International Copyright Law has long needed revision, and has been for many years the subject of complaint on both sides the Atlantic. Messrs. Harper Brothers, the New York publishers, have made a suggestion which will probably receive the attention of the commission. They recommend that an author be allowed to copyright his work in England and America providing the publisher in each case be a citizen of the country in which the book is issued.

Tenement-House Reform.—The Committee appointed at a public meeting about three months ago to carry out some practical plan of tenement house reform has dissolved, considering that its labors cannot be productive of any more good, now that the law regulating such buildings in New York and Brooklyn has been amended in accordance with its suggestions. The bill in question has not yet been acted upon by the Governor, but as there cannot be a doubt of its approval the committee claims that its work has been accomplished.

The new law will certainly be a most valuable protection to the hundreds of thousands who now live in tenement-houses in the two cities.

Letters Imperfectly Addressed are a fruitful source of trouble to correspondents and post-office officials. The extent to which this carelessness prevails is not generally known. The postmaster of New York says that it is not an uncommon thing to have 50,000 letters deposited in the office in a single day so incomplete in their directions that it is difficult to tell where they should be sent. There are 18 Brooklyns, 20 Williamsburgs, 12 Bostons, 17 Charlestons, 25 Daytons, and 30 Washingtons, and so on, in the United States. If the writer of a letter addresses it to John Smith, and names the post-office, but not the State, or names the State, but not the county, there is no certainty that the letter will go to the office he intends. All letter-writers would do well to take the hint, and thus save themselves, as well as the post-office, no little trouble.

The Death of General James Shields occurred on June 1st. He was seventy years of age, having been born in Ireland in 1809. He came to America in 1826 and speedily attracted notice by his intelligence and courage. He served in the Mexican War and took a prominent part in the Civil War. At the battle of Cerro Gordo he was severely wounded, it was thought fatally. Some of his men were about to remove him from the field, but General Shields said: "I am of no further use to my country. You are. Lay me down and let me die; I might as well die here as be taken off to die. You are all strong, able-bodied men—able to do your country some service. For God's sake lay me down and go to your duty." Fortunately his fears were not verified, for by the aid of a captured Mexican surgeon the General eventually recovered.

He commanded a division of General Banks' army in the Shenandoah Valley, and defeate General "Stonewall" Jackson at Winchester, where he was wounded, but remained on the field, issuing his commands from a litter. He also commanded at Fort Republic in 1865. In 1863, having suffered severely from his wounds, he resigned his commission and removed to Wisconsin.

The Midnight Mission is a Christian Work carried on so quietly and unostentatiously that comparatively few people even among Christian workers know any thing about it, yet it is doing an amount of good, the full extent of which will be known only in eternity.

Some twelve years ago a gentleman who had taken a prominent part in the mission to Fallen Women in London, came to New York and endeavored to interest the Christian philanthropists of the city in the subject. Eventually the City Mission and Tract Society undertook the work, and the Home in Greene Street was established. The result of the effort was for some time somewhat discouraging, but patience, perseverance, and unceasing prayer have with the blessing of God brought about signal success.

The last report of the Mission shows that 28
girls were received into the home during th
year, of whom 193 were rescued from thei
life of shame. Of these some returned t
their friends, others were married, others be
came domestic servants, and some are engage
as nurses in other institutions.

The Method of Operation in an Attempt
so difficult and delicate a nature as the Midnigh
Mission deserves notice on account of the sign
success which has attended it. The ruling pri
ciple of the management is that the institutio
should not be a mission, *but a home*, and eve
effort is made to make the inmates feel then
selves *members of a family.* There are no rule
no penalties, and there is perfect freedom, bo
in dress and occupation. The inmates spe
their time according to their own inclination,
sewing, fancy-work, domestic duties, or laund
work. Any girl desiring to leave is allowed
do so at any time, and it is impressed upon h
that a hearty welcome will be found there shou
she wish to return, and the manager states th
in nearly every case girls leaving have return
It is an unusual circumstance for one who h
once been in the Home ever to return to
sinful life. If a testimony were needed to t
value of the mission, none stronger could
given than the testimony of a woman who ga
a shameful livelihood by trading in the sin
these fallen girls. Such an one asked: "W
do they do to the girls at that Midnight M
sion?" "They don't do any thing to us," s
the girl. "Well, they must do something,"
plied the woman, "for after a girl has b
there once *she's no good for me any more.*"

The Circulation of the "Christian Hera
has been the means of blessing to many famil
Among the letters we have received is one fr
which we extract the following, as havin
bearing also on the recent inquiry of the Bro
lyn Presbytery. Our subscriber writes: "I c
not tell you how much I value your jour
You will only know in the unseen world w
good it is doing. Dr. Talmage's sermon in y
recent issue on wise men playing the fool
the means of bringing one to Christ *here*
had for many years been an infidel."

Mr. George Needham, the eminent Eva
list, has revisited Portland, Me., where a
ago he accomplished so great a work. He
accompanied by Professor C. C. Case, w
singing has been a prominent feature in
Needham's meetings. Great enthusiasm
manifested.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll, the notorious infidel, delivered a funeral oration over the remains of his deceased brother, Ex-Congressman E. C. Ingersoll, at Washington on June 2d. He said : " Life is a narrow vale ; we strive in vain to ook beyond the heights ; we cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead here comes no word, but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing." How contrary this is to facts within the knowledge of a great cloud of witnesses, who have tended their loved ones to the very brink of Jordan, and have with their mortal ears heard the shouts of victory as the released spirits entered the gates of glory !

There has seldom been a funeral lament more tender and more pitiful than that uttered by Colonel Ingersoll over his dead brother, whom he seems to have loved with all his heart, and rom whom he evidently felt he had parted forever. God grant that the blasphemer may be humbled in his affliction, and may realize that he Author of love never created the social and domestic affections to be hopelessly blighted ; but that there is " a continuing city " to come, he way to which has been opened by the Lord esus, where friendships will be everlastingly revived and joys eternally cemented.

The Theatre Losing its Charm.—Mr. Moody in a late address told a striking incident of a lady who hesitated to come out as a convert lest she hould be debarred from going to the theatre. But Mr. Moody assured her that she might do any thing that did not interfere with giving her upreme love to Christ ; and she came out finally on the Lord's side. Soon after she went to he theatre, but instead of any enjoyment in it he found herself so troubled that she could not stay through, and she afterwards declared that he whole thing was so changed, and looked so different from what it had formerly, that she had no relish for it whatever. And this is but a common experience of theatre-goers who become hearty and earnest Christians.

Trains Stopped by Insects.—A Western-bound emigrant train was recently delayed two hours and a half near Clarke's Station, Nevada, by an army of crickets that had taken possession of hree miles of the railroad. The driving-wheels of the engine, on striking the insects, would whirl around without going forward an inch. The train men were finally compelled to take brooms and sweep the insects off the rails. So do " the weak things of the world confound the mighty."

A Bridal Gift.—A Good Example set by a Boston bride has had at least one following. The Boston lady, a daughter of one of the wealthiest men there, being about to marry, asked her father to let the wedding be *as quiet as possible*, and to give her the money which would have been spent in flowers, wines, etc. With his money she gave a certain sum to the poor of each city which she visited on her wedding ourney. A short time since the wedding of one of the great capitalists of New York City was marked by as beautiful and touching an incident. One of the gifts of the bride was the ending of one hundred orphan boys to homes in the West. Can there be imagined a better way for a bride to begin her new life ?

Mr. Moody's Farewell to Baltimore.—After he usual converts' experience meeting, conducted by Mr. Bliss in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, May 26th, a proposition was made by a gentleman present that the whole congregation adjourn to march to Mr. Moody's dwelling, on Lanvale Street, and bid im "good-by" before he left Baltimore for his ome in Massachusetts. The proposal met with eneral acceptance, and about four hundred persons, most of them men, marched in procession, bearing lanterns, to the house. Arrived there, hey began to sing some of the hymns which are Mr. Moody's favorites, and as the many manly oices in fine unison broke upon the still night he windows of houses in the neighborhood be-an to be raised, and persons who had not yet retired clustered on their door-steps. Professor Harry Sanders, holding a lantern to see the score, and surrounded by ladies who have taken part in the singing and inquiry meetings since the meetings first began, directed the massive chorus of voices which sang with a tremor of feeling peculiar to the occasion.

Directly Mr. Moody, looking unusually ministerial in the shade, appeared on the little balcony fronting one of the windows, and amid the hush of the crowd began to speak. He was greatly overcome with emotion, and stopped several times, choking with sobs. He concluded with a hearty " God bless Baltimore ; God bless you all, and may we meet in Heaven. Good-by."

A Juvenile Monster lives at Paterson, N. J. He is a boy *seven years old*, who is preternaturally quick-witted, and is able to repeat long extracts from any lecture or oration after having listened to it, with all the actions and mannerisms of the speaker. If he were to stop here all might be well ; but these oratorical displays are generally made in bar-rooms, and, as a reward for them, the youth demands liquor, and has become a confirmed drunkard, often being carried home in a state of hopeless intoxication on a shutter.

Messrs. Pentecost & Stebbins have concluded their work at Minneapolis, Minn. More than a hundred persons have come forward to profess their conversion as the result of their labors. The pastors of the city have unanimously requested them to return in November to commence another series of special services.

The Cyclone in Kansas and Missouri has produced a serious amount of distress as well as inflicted great loss of life. At Irving and Frankfort there were twenty persons killed and forty-eight wounded. Hundreds of people in Irving, Sabatha, and Frankfort, and in the intervening country along the track of the cyclone, are left in destitution. Contributions for their aid should be sent to J. S. Walker, Treasurer of the Irving Relief Committee, Irving, Kansas.

Missionaries to Africa Must be Total Abstainers. Mr. Mackey, of the Nyanza mission, writes : " Drink is the curse of Africa." Wherever grain is plentiful he has found drunkenness. " Every night every man, woman, and child, even to the suckling infant," may be seen " reeling with the effects of alcohol." " On this account chiefly," he adds, " I have become a teetotaler on leaving the Coast, and have continued so ever since. Whoever would introduce civilization into Africa must be total abstainers."

A Methodist Patriarch.—Dr. Lovick Pierce, who was ordained by Bishop Asbury, and who began his service as preacher in 1804, on his ninety-fourth birthday anniversary, March 24th, baptized five of his great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild at his home in Sparta, Ga., where he resides with his son, Bishop Pierce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

At the Foreign Missionary Meeting at Saratoga, May 22d, Miss Sarah Smiley struck a true note when she said : " We shall have light to shed upon others when we have been filled ourselves. It is largely through the power of prayer that the heathen women are brought to our side. The time is fast hastening away for our work, and the question will be asked us : ' Where hast thou gleaned to-day.' "

A Hero's Death.—Engineer Benjamin Pritchard, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, died like a hero a few days since, with his hand on the air-brake of his engine. He saw a fallen rock on the track, and instead of saving his own life by jumping, saved the lives of the passengers by holding on. His name ought to find a place in the annals of fame.

Dr. Guthrie, the eminent Scotch Divine, said he had four excellent reasons for being a total abstainer ; viz., His head was clearer ; his health was better ; his heart was lighter, and his purse was heavier. These results flowed from total abstinence.

The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times may be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

ADDRESS AT THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,

By C. H. Spurgeon, on May 6, 1879.

The Dutchman's Greeting—A Road Spoiled by Mending—Superhuman or Infrahuman Ministers—A Great Painter—The Wounded Irish Soldier—A Diver's Illustration—Dr. Bennett's Tank at Mentone—Palm Trees at Mentone—The Port of Mentone—The Carman's Prayers Answered—Consequential Ministers — Three Men in the Arctic Regions—Good Dreams.

Upon rising to deliver his inaugural address, Mr. Spurgeon was greeted with hearty rounds of applause, every member of the conference rising. When this demonstrative greeting had subsided, Mr. Spurgeon said :

" I am reminded upon the present occasion of an incident which happened to me at Mentone. Nearly every morning I met a Dutchman upon the stairs of the hotel in which I was staying. His universal greeting was, ' We're bruderes.' Any further development of the conversation had to be sustained through the medium of a Roman Catholic priest.

" I feel that ' We are brothers ' is an expression which becomes a fitting introduction to my address. The indications of real *brotherhood* which exists among the students of the Pastor's College gives me heartfelt joy at all times. If any ungenerous or unkind criticism has passed between any of the brethren, let this conference time be the opportunity for setting it right. Hitherto the blessing of God has rested upon them, and produced love and kindness. Some discourses are discursive ; such, I feel, mine must be on this occasion. A word about

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK.

" Although we can see but a portion of the Christian field, and draw our conclusions from but limited observation, I do not feel at all depressed at the prospect. Things are not so *very bad*, after all.

" We are told there is a lack of zeal and enthusiasm. Well, that depends upon the person observing. It is generally those who are deficient of zeal and love in themselves who are the first to discover the lack of those virtues in others.

" The *general outlook* certainly is not bright. A few years ago unbelievers made their attack from all quarters with the utmost courage. They had not much to lose ; they were attired in their own natural beauty, as were our Zulu friends at the Cape. I give them credit. They came on at a very dashing rate and tremendous speed, and certainly did appear to win some victories, so that the hearts of some failed them.

" At the present moment, however, under very steady fire of the orthodox, they appear to be meditating rather some fresh attack than to be carrying on one that seems to me to be extremely disorganized. Their precious schemes, plans, and doxies seem to have been blown into thin air.

" While I do not attach so much importance to the discussions among the Congregational brethren, yet I cannot but note it as a wonderful sign of the times. It shows that unbelief and free-thinking *have not yet secured the victory*. The public mind seems to be in very much the same condition as that of the prodigal—spending its substance in riotous living, and in sheer hunger saying, what it will utter still more loudly before long, ' I will arise and go to my father.'

" I am reminded here of a road along which I some time since travelled, but was unable to proceed far on it because the road-makers had *mended* it with such effectiveness, though it was a very fair road indeed before they had touched it. So many ministers keep on *mending the road* that sinners are unable to find the way to Christ, because of the efforts that are made to fill up the holes made by sceptical thinkers. Let us run the *steam roller* of tremendous faith over the whole concern, and expect to see happier and increased traffic.

" I have been ever since the last conference thinking what should be my theme upon this occasion, and I have decided, though reluctantly, to address myself to

THE DISCOURAGED ONES.

To some it is not given to achieve a rapid success. This want of conversion tells terribly upon the right kind of men for ministers, while with others this non-success must be perpetual unless their own *hearts* are first *broken*. I have known ministers of equable temperament, but as dry as an old piece of leather—juiceless, sapless, unhuman; either superhuman or infrahuman, you could scarcely tell which. Some managed to find troubles in their churches, no doubt through the extreme amiability of their tempers coming into contact with those of an opposite character; sometimes, perhaps, through the natural acidity of temper which they had not always been able to keep under proper check.

"But some brethren, wherever they went, found the waters troubled. They are a sort of broom to sweep the house; sometimes they make a wonderful clear sweep of it, and then it comes to pass that they are themselves swept away. Now, this was discouraging enough for anybody. To think that, notwithstanding all the combination of goodness displayed in their daily lives, yet some people would be so wicked as to take objection to them! To some there seemed discouragement that they had a very poor congregation as to numbers, although they tried to feel that those were very select and had sufficient judgment and comprehension to know what was good for them. Those empty benches, those unlet sittings, those great vacancies, as if the mouth of the church had lost its teeth, all tend to make their hearts go down below zero. Occasionally it was important that they should *not encourage* those brethren at all, but as a matter of fidelity before God ask them whether they were sure of their qualification for the work; whether they were quite satisfied that the verdict of the Church of God and of many good men was certainly mistaken in regard to them; and whether there was not a suspicion in their own hearts that when they left the counting-house, the cobbler's bench, the plough, or any other honorable form of toil, they had not made a mistake.

"If such a suspicion exists in any of your minds, gentlemen, by your loyalty to Christ I beg of you to go at once to the bottom of the ladder, find *where* the hindrance is, and remove it. If God intended any of you to fly, though he may not have given you the wings of a cherubim, there would be some token of a pinion apparent. But when a brother does not fly at all, except from *place to place*, the sooner he gives up being one of the angels of the church the better.

"A great *painter* once declared to his wife that he would paint no more, for the reason that he had become satisfied with his work, and, having thus reached his ideal, he could expect no more success. If a *great* painter argued so, how much more surely should a *dauber* avoid self-satisfaction; a state of sorrow for their own weakness and helplessness would certainly be the most fruit-bearing condition. So you need to be cast into the fire of holy love and intense fervor, to avoid the end of a fruitless minister who passes away,—

'Goes back to the dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.'

AN ENCOURAGEMENT.

"You should bear in mind when thinking upon the success of others, that God while favoring His servants with infinite joy *in public* often disciplines them *in private* in order to enable them to bear their prosperity. The most joyous heart perhaps amongst us would not like to tell out all its depression lest others should be thereby depressed.

"You remember the Irishman who was wounded on the battle-field, and hearing a man who was also wounded near him making a great noise over his trouble, Pat, in the language which belonged to his native country, exclaimed, 'Hould yer tongue, do you think there is nobody kilt but yourself?' The *philosophy* of such an observation commends itself to our notice. I will claim championship in the *department* of *affliction* with any of you.

"A *diver* whom I once met at the Crystal Palace told me that he would have to add some 70 pounds to his helmet before he could sink. Many young brethren would have to clap on a good deal of the weight of trouble to keep them where they *should be*, and to give them the power of sympathy with others. A gentleman wanting to cross the Thames in the olden times, on inquiring for a ferryman, had many applications, and inquired severally if the applicants could swim. One after another replied that they could; but on coming to one who said he could not, he engaged him, feeling satisfied that he would not risk his life by getting into the water, and therefore there was more chance of his getting across in safety.

"I would prefer a minister who had known what tribulation means, and who could tremble with tenderness on entering the pulpit, for such a one would *keep near to God* for his own soul's sake, and consequently would be more *useful to me*.

"Do not judge yourself by other people, and say, 'I should like to be like Mr. So-and-So,' for it may be that one of *his sort* is enough.

"Be individuals and not somebody else's tail. The brother who you might envy has, perhaps, a brighter sphere of labor, yet you want to have as much water in your little reservoirs. This reminds me of my friend Dr. Bennett, of Mentone, who has a small garden on the rocks, and wanted to place a tank in it to contain many tons of water; he could not obtain this space in the *breadth* of the tank, so he made it *deep*. *Be deep*, gentlemen, and do the work thoroughly.

"The fox in the old fable boasted to the lioness as to how many cubs she had at a birth. 'I understand,' said she to the lioness, 'that you have only one—barren creature!' 'But, madam,' replied the lioness, 'that one *is a lion*.' If you cannot have many in your congregation, let those that you have be the best instructed in the world. When I heard of a cure of souls for which 1200*l*. ($5820) had been given with a population of ninety, I concluded they ought to cure them with the best salt, and do them thoroughly well; so that when I meet with the brother who has only a handful of people, I never expect them to complain that he does not visit them, or that his sermons are not well studied. How fat his few sheep ought to be, for he has the same pasture as the brother with the much larger flock. You may be depressed because you do not succeed the first twelve months of your pastorate as did your venerable predecessors; you must remember that before one can light a fire it sometimes happens that the chimney has to be cleared of the *damp*, and a draught created.

"I planted, some four years ago, at Mentone, some palm-trees. Upon remarking to the gardener that they had not made any perceptible progress, he told me that it took three or four years for them to establish themselves, but when they did begin to grow then progress would be most evident. So the first thing a minister has to do is to establish himself, and gain, and then keep, the affection of the congregation.

"Take care of your

PERSONAL PIETY.

"Who will possess the kingdom of heaven? At least the Calvinists! Probably; but I have not so read. The zealots? the eloquent men? I have not so read. I commend to your particular notice the words, 'The *saints* shall possess the kingdom, and the victory will be to the saints.' Sanctity will win the day. They who will survive the struggle, and bear the King's colors out of battle, and surely walk even in white, being worthy, are the saints.

"Holiness is possible in the minister, surpassing every thing else, and often makes up for deficiency in other respects. Some, I am afraid, do not get on in the ministry because they do not get on with God. There is lots of sermon-preaching, hurrying away to tea-meetings, and so on; but it should be remembered that to shine much you must be full of oil, and if you would grow you must have plenty of manure with which to feed the roots of your souls.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"I must go again for my figures where I went for rest. I saw at Mentone several *palm-trees* in a row; one of them was higher and better altogether than the rest, and it alone bore fruit. The doctor explained that the cause of the one being so much more advanced than the others was that it had struck its roots right into the tank, the whole of which it had to suck at, and could not help growing bigger. A palm-tree grows best with its head in the fire and its root in water. So, blessed is the man who lives near to God, for he should be like a tree planted by the rivers and water, that bringeth forth his fruit in season; his leaf also should not wither, and whatsoever he doeth should prosper.

"Do not run away and get *disheartened*, for there is much to do before success may be expected. They are making a *port of Mentone*, and in laying a breakwater they have had to let down under water some sixty feet of stone before anything whatsoever of the work appeared. After many years and rolling mountains into the sea they had a respectable breakwater. Our church work, too, lays very much under water. You should not be discouraged though millions of tons of your hard work should have to be rolled into the sea for a *basement* on which the superstructure might be reared.

"As an illustration of delayed blessing, I may mention the fact that a member of the Tabernacle prayed every morning with his *carmen* before they went out to business for nineteen years, and yet had observed no result until recently, when he had a dream that one of his men was converted, which was just afterwards exactly realized in fact, for many of them became converted, so that it became necessary for him to enlarge the accommodation for meeting them on Sunday evenings. The father had long worked and the son shared in the results.

"I have seen sometimes a very big man in th ministry, very learned, one to whom you woul never have the presumption to speak—a ver dignified man, having an air about him as if say ing, 'How blessed are they who dwell near m and have an opportunity of even gazing upon me A shake of the hands would immortalize an ord nary being. But I am afraid that my bump veneration for such men is small. I recollect kin and princes whom I have seen, and for the mo part they have been dressed very ordinarily, ve plainly, as gentlemen generally are. But the footmen—things surpassing wonder! Bedeck with lace, buttons, furs, stars, and garters of sorts. Seeing such a footman the other d splendidly arrayed in furs, I said, If I cou afford to buy those furs I would wear them m self. Standing behind 'my lord's' carriage wh wonderful calves—beauties of nature and a For a moment set the king beside his footman a very natural comparison when thinking of t Man of Nazareth, who took a little child and him in the midst of them, and allowed a p sinner to come and wash His feet with her tea In the patronizing way of many such big m many ministers treat young men who want th recommendation. What if one were to s 'Well, Mr. Flunkey, who is your governor?' sort of question I have often longed to pu such brethren. Pray remember, however h may be the station you may occupy, you are y servants still.

THE CURE FOR DESPONDENCY.

"Whenever you are down in the dumps, t as an antidote, to *encourage some one else*. y friend Rogers cheered me when I was awa y writing me one of his inimitable sententious t- ters, in which he reminded me that while y voice was silent, 400 mouths were open for d that I had helped to train. Think of other o- ple more than yourselves, and you shal be cheered yourselves.

"There is a story of *three men* who were i he *Arctic regions*. One of them saw a poor f t- bitten traveller lying down, but said he c ld not stop to attend to him; he must keep g ng. to keep his blood in circulation, or he wou be frozen to death, and he passed on. Then me another, who overtook him. He set to rubbing the half-frozen one until he brought life from what else had been a deadly sleep. He got him up, and they walked on together. A little way ahead they found, dead as a stone, the man who felt he must take care of himself.

"Of the latter days it is written, 'The young men shall see visions, and the old men shall dream dreams.' If you want quickening, go and fall asleep with Paul, and in your imagination hear the call from Macedonia. 'Come over and help us.' Hear the dying sinners on all sides and the perishing multitudes around you asking for the help of God through His instruments. Say, 'All the members of my church and congregation, them which sail with me, hath God given me. I have dreamed the dream, and now will I go forth expecting its fulfilment.' Will not this encourage you? If not, I think you must be dreamers in another sense."

THE IRISH SOLDIER'S FURTHER CAREER.

Recollections by Major Malan.

(Continued from page 525.)

He goes on Foreign Service to Gibraltar—Thence to the West Indies—His uncontrollable Gratitude for his Master's Preservation—Death of his Master in the Crimean War—After returning Home, he Serves in India—Retires on a Pension and Marries — His Saving Faith in Christ.—His Death and Funeral.

THAT famous rock *Gibraltar* was the station abroad where Paddy was initiated into the peculiarities of "furreners" and "furren parts." He had learnt the circumstances connected with his pardon, and all the affection of his warm heart centred in the officer to whom he was so much indebted, and who had now rejoined the regiment. His honesty and cheerfulness had gained for him the respect of the officers of his company, and to his great joy he was selected by his noble friend as his soldier servant.

A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

So Paddy found it. He could not do too much for the man to whom he was so greatly indebted. Under the influence of beef he had developed into a remarkably powerful man. He was a perfectly Hercules.

The regiment was duly moved from Gibraltar to the *West Indies*, and there an incident occurred which proved the depth of Paddy's attachment. The officers owned a yacht, and while some of them were absent on a cruise, a very severe gale set in for several days, and a report was spread through the barracks that the boat had been capsized and that all were drowned.

His benefactor was one of the party, and poor Paddy's anxiety and grief were very evident. But a soldier must do his duty and has to hide his feelings, for melancholy is never welcome, and seldom allowed to remain inside a barrack-oom. All hope of their safety was given up, when one evening the whole party walked into the mess-room when the officers were at dinner. Military men can picture the scene. What a reception they had, and how sincere and heartfelt were the congratulations on their safe return.

Paddy at the time was employed in cleaning he plate in a passage just outside the mess-oom, and hearing an unusual noise and the remarks of the officers' servants, looked into the oom, and there, to his wonder and unutterable oy, beheld the man he so dearly loved standing alive, surrounded by a knot of his brother offiers.

Once more love burst all barriers. Ignoring he distance which military discipline necessarily laces between the officer and the soldier, and orgetting every thing but the fact before his eyes, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up and the butler's apron on, he dashed across the mess-oom, broke through the circle of officers, and aking the object of his devotion within the lasp of his powerful arms, while the tears rolled lown his face, he loudly blessed God for havng spared him, and again and again kissed him.

It was the act of a moment. It was true to nature. And although, as soon as the gush of feeling was over, Paddy felt that he had acted too impulsively, he had to deal with soldiers and gentlemen who knew the good cause he had for gratitude, and who, while they laughed heartily at the way he had shown it, were able to appreciate his extraordinary warmth of heart. He did not suffer in the good opinion of his officers, which he continued to deserve.

After service in Canada and at home, the terrible tocsin of war was sounded in Europe, and Paddy found himself in line with his regiment before the batteries on the slopes above the Alma. It was his first battle. The fire was heavy, but with his comrades he bore himself bravely. To his great grief the noble officer to whom he was so strongly attached fell among the slain. He himself was wounded by a bullet in the thigh. He soon recovered, and rejoined his regiment. The cold and wet of that fearful winter thinned the ranks of the finest army England ever saw.

On the 22d March, 1856, the night that Hedley Vicars fell, an attack was also made on the part of the trench held by a company of the Fusiliers. The captain was killed, and one of the subalterns to whom Paddy was servant was wounded. He accompanied his master to Malta, and there remained until another officer on his way to rejoin his regiment had the good fortune to secure him as servant, and took him back once more to the Crimea.

The blessed word "Peace" gladdened hearts and homes in England in the spring of 1856, and was heartily welcome in the camp near the Black Sea.

The regiment returned to England, and a well-earned furlough enabled the son to fulfil the hope with which he had striven to cheer his mother's heart many long years before. Could she believe her eyes? Was this her boy John? How changed! His broad massive chest was adorned with two medals; and three good-conduct badges on his sleeve would have told the widow, if she could have understood them, that he had been a good soldier.

The army had done him no harm. It is true he had lost an eye through disease, but that had not altered his honest face, or bated one jot the strength of his attachment to his mother. He had often written to her, and had sent her help from time to time, and now he brought her his savings' bank store. His return brightened up the old home; and his stories of the war and of foreign parts obtained for the distinguished narrator the increased admiration of his sisters and friends, and filled his mother's heart with pride and gratitude.

The next quarter was India. Its intense heat tried the old soldiers who had weathered the two Crimean winters, and many of them fell victims to heat apoplexy during the first summer. But the hardy Irishman continued to enjoy good health, and was as active and self-denying as ever. Again and again after a long march would he help the adjutant in looking after the tents of the camp-guard and other matters connected with the comfort of his comrades, and then would rouse the weary native servants to unwonted energy by his cheery words and example, as he made them pitch the adjutant's tent before going away to his breakfast.

He was indeed a pattern soldier. Always cheerful, never at a discount, willing and unwearied where he could do any thing to serve another. The native servants soon knew him. His cup of tea was always ready for him when he came to the adjutant's quarters before sunrise to accompany him to the guard-mounting parade.

The titles of "Geripero," "defender of the poor," and "Hadjure," "your royal highness," so commonly used by the natives of India in addressing Europeans, were accepted by Paddy with becoming dignity, and were rewarded by a good-humored smile, and "Thank you, Johnnie," which Hindu and Mohammedan alike knew was meant as a token of hearty good-will, the which they duly appreciated.

Paddy's warm heart had not suffered from the various changes of barometer to which his body had been subject as a consequence of his having joined her Majesty's army. Circumstances now led to his being separated for three years from the officer to whom he had been orderly after the regiment arrived in India. In a letter, dated "Jhelum," he thus writes: "If you have to stay in this country after my period of service expires, I should like to stay with you. There is not a night I go to my bed but I think of you. Your face I fancy I can see as naturally as I ever saw you."

It would have been almost contrary to nature if one blessed with such a strength of affection should have marched the weary road of life without seeking the companionship of one of those sacred beings whom God has created to love and to be loved by men. This is woman's holy privilege, deny it who will, and happy is she who wins a true man, and has wisdom enough to value him.

There was no need for the officer or Paddy to remain in India. Both had returned to England. The Irish soldier had finished his military career, and the medal for "long-service and good conduct," which he had well deserved, and a pension for life, rewarded his twenty-one years of toil and danger in so many foreign lands. He had earned a good name, the character of a faithful, honest man, and as another recompense for his trustworthy behavior in the various trials and temptations of a soldier's life, he was now, albeit a servant, the welcome guest of a happy household, where there was a home provided for his future years.

He had not long been installed here when, as a matter of course, he fell in love. His choice fell upon the head housemaid, and if she had known any thing of the depth of his loving heart she would have been an uncommon woman to have refused him. But though she knew very little of her veteran lover, she had probably discovered something of his distinguishing characteristic, and she accepted him. So it was all right.

The wedding-day arrived, and those who are accustomed to watch men's lives, and to mark the Providence which, in little things as great, evolves a system of measure for measure in a wonderful way, will not be surprised to learn that the bridegroom was supported upon this trying occasion by an Irish nobleman, as well as by the officer whom he had so long and faithfully served.

The humble but honest Irishman, who had so loved an Irish honorable, was rightly honored on "the happiest day of his life" by the presence and friendship of an Irish lord. The white slipper was duly thrown as Paddy and his bride started on their honeymoon. He was certainly entitled to all the happiness which a happy married life affords, if there be any truth in the old adage, "None but the brave deserve the fair." He had done his duty many years as a good soldier, and he was now entitled, as soldiers say, to a good wife.

The brightest earthly dreams are doomed to fade away. Thank God, the prospect of the life beyond can cheer man's heart when this thought darkens the sunshine of his allotted path. Those who deny the hope of immortality and glory blot their own names out of the Book of Life. The officer and his old soldier servant had learned something during their travels. The theories and speculations of philosophers and rationalists, and the experience of real life which soldiering gives, sometimes lead to very opposite conclusions.

The officer had become acquainted with the theories of the Divine plan of human redemption. He was convinced of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and having entered into that peace with God which is the seal of the truth, he did not hesitate to communicate to his faithful old comrade what he had thus been taught.

Paddy, so well developed in the school of human love, did not take long to understand and grasp the marvellous condescension of Him who became incarnate for man's justification, and he accepted the free gift of His salvation in the only way in which it can be accepted—with the faith of a little child. His grateful heart repaid love by love.

Chatham and then Devonport were the home quarters where Paddy accompanied the friend whom he was not ashamed to call his master. The last place was destined to be the point whence he should leave this abode of uncertainty and sorrow for the realms of everlasting day. His illness was comparatively short. He had been ailing for some months, but his undaunted pluck kept him at work until obliged to rest.

A loving wife and a little baby girl, whom he dearly loved, were the companions of his sick-room, and although he suffered much pain he never murmured or complained. As a king, as few kings have done, he triumphed in death. Calmly, quietly, trustfully, he watched its approach. As bravely and cheerfully as ever he encouraged his wife to trust in God, assuring her that he would never fail her.

He spoke little, but during the last night he talked in his usual manly tone to the friend who watched by his side of the change which now awaited him. Not a cloud or doubt of the Saviour's love disturbed his mind. "When a man comes where I am now, sir, it's a fine thing to believe."

His funeral was marked with honor. All the officers' servants of the regiment attended it by their own request. They were in uniform, and an escort of men, wearing each two or three good-conduct badges, preceded the pall. A whole company followed with their captain. As they entered the church-yard, distant martial music played the soldier's requiem, for the band of the regiment was at the time engaged at a sergeant's funeral.

The service was over, and almost immediately three distinct but clear volleys seemed, as it were, to pay the last mark of respect to two men who had bravely and loyally served their country. The soldiers gathered round old Paddy's grave. They all respected him, for he had often given them a kind word when he came down to barracks.

The officer had had no purpose of addressing the men who should attend the funeral, but he could not help himself, as he watched them looking into the last resting-place of his faithful servant. He said, "I should be a miserable man to-day, men, if I did not know where the spirit of my faithful old friend is gone. I loved him as a brother, and he loved me as a son. He was a noble soldier, but that would not have served him now. He believed in the Saviour, and loved Him, and now he is with Him; and I look forward, when I have fought the battle of life, to meet him again."

So lived dear old Paddy. These are but some of the incidents of his honest life. Do they not serve to prove that a brave, thankful, warm heart is a great blessing, and a great power in the campaign of life? If he could speak to his fellow Irishmen all the world over, he would tell them to cheer up, live honestly, trust in the Lord, and fear nothing.

He never regretted the day he took the Queen's shilling. It was for him the pathway to happiness, honor, and peace. Of him, and others who were his fellow-soldiers, the lines on the regimental tablet in Winchester Cathedral are indeed true—

> "Not once or twice in our rough island story
> The path of duty was the way to glory."

The Telephone in Church.—A Telephone has been placed in the Congregational Church in Mansfield, Ohio, the wires leading to the houses of several aged and invalid persons. It surmounts a floral decoration on the table in front of the open platform, a very unnoticeable position. The speaker pays no attention whatever to it, yet every word uttered in the auditorium is easily heard in the rooms of the dwellings which the wires reach. The first communication from the minister was: "The word is nigh unto thee;" "His word runneth very swiftly."

JERUSALEM—HER FUTURE.

A Lecture delivered by the Rev. Dr. Newman at the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, May 26th, 1879.

The Total Destruction of the Temple—An Unbelieving Englishman—The Present Condition of Jerusalem—The Restoration will be a Literal Restoration — There are to be Geographical Changes—The Mount of Olives to be Cleft—A New River to Break Forth—The Preservation of the Jews Remarkable—The Whole World has Persecuted Them—Their Present Eminence in Wealth and Power—A New Nationality Indispensable—The Central Position of Jerusalem—Their Present Indisposition to Return Accords with the History of the Race—The Completeness of their Present Organization—Their Adaptability—The Effect of their Restoration on the Rest of the Earth—A Stone Found with a Remarkable Inscription.

AT the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans the temple was set on fire, and that magnificent pile became a heap of ruins. It remained a ruin for seventy years. The whole city was destroyed and laid waste, except a portion of the western wall, with one or two towers which were left standing as an evidence of the strength of the city and a proof of the prowess of the Romans.

After the lapse of seventy years the Emperor Hadrian rebuilt Jerusalem, but the temple area he ploughed up, thus fulfilling the prophecy of our Lord, that not one stone should be left upon another. You remember the occasion of the utterance of that prophecy. The disciples had drawn the attention of Jesus to the beautiful stones of the temple, and Jesus said (Matthew 24 : 2): "Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

I met an Englishman, when I was in Palestine first, who had come all the way to write a book against the Bible, supposing he should there be able to find evidence of the failure of its prophecies. He pointed out to me triumphantly five courses of stones one upon another, and said, "Behold the utter failure of your Master's prophecies! There are five courses of stone regularly laid, twenty-five feet in length, not isolated heaps. Where now is the value of your Master's prophecy, that not one stone should remain upon another?" Well, it was one of those moments in a man's life when he feels a challenge has been thrown down which he must accept; but I did not know what to say, for there were the stones, each one bearing an imprint I could not deny was proof of their date before Christ. I did the best thing for us always to do under like circumstances—I turned to the passage and read it over again. There I found that our Lord was not speaking *of the wall* of which these stones clearly formed a part, but of *the temple itself*.

Hadrian ploughed up the temple area, and right there where the magnificent fane of Solomon had stood, there he erected a temple to Jupiter and there he placed a statue of himself. After him came Constantine and his mother Helena, who discovered what she believed to be the site of the holy sepulchre, and reared the structure which commemorates that event, as well as another structure on the Mount of Olives. Afterwards the Holy Land passed under the rule of the Persians, then of the Saracens until it was rescued by the Crusaders, then under Saladin's rule, and since his day the crescent has floated over the Holy City.

The city has at the present time a population continually increasing, and *the majority of that population are Jews and Christians.* The Turks *rule*, but they are outnumbered both by the Jews and the Christians, and *on Mount Zion stands a Christian church.*

But our subject is *Jerusalem in the future*, not in the past; and here we find three theories. The first, that the restoration of the Jews is a spiritual one, and which will be fulfilled at their conversion. The second, that the Christian Church of all nationalities constitutes the Israel of God, and to that Israel belong the promises. The third theory is that of a literal restoration. I am inclined to the second theory; but this is not a matter for inclination, but must be settled by the Word of God. The text is unmistakable in its teaching. it points to

A LITERAL INTERPRETATION;

it predicts a literal restoration, and *I follow it.*

Jeremiah said (Jeremiah 31 : 38, 40): "The city shall be built from the tower of Hananeel to the gate of the corner: it shall not be plucked up or thrown down *forever.*" So it shall be the last city, and it shall stand *forever.* You cannot apply this to the Jerusalem of the past, for the Jerusalem of the past is torn up. Isaiah is equally clear, for he says (Isaiah 62 : 4): "Thou shalt *no more* be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land *any more* be termed desolate," etc. And again (Isaiah 2 : 2): "It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it." That means that Jerusalem shall yet become *the metropolis of the whole world.* It is the city best fitted by its geographical position for the centre of railroad communication, and to be the centre of general communication for the east and the west; to be, in fact, the metropolis of the whole world.

But I take it there are to be considerable geological changes, especially in and about Jerusalem, before that takes place. Zechariah has said (14 : 4) "And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem, on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south." Now mark with what accuracy the prophet speaks: he says one half shall remove toward the north and one half toward the south. Had it been toward the east and west the division would involve the destruction of the city. That such a convulsion is *possible*, we know; for it is not long since that a very similar event took place in Armenia. Bear in mind, too, that this prediction is confirmed both by Joel and Ezekiel.

After this we are told an immense river will break forth which will flow from the Jordan to the Mediterranean Sea. This too is possible, for in the Armenian convulsion to which I have previously alluded there sprang up *in one night* a mighty river; and in one of the geological convulsions of South America there sprang forth with equal suddenness a new river which is flowing to this day. When, too, it is remembered that the soil of Jerusalem is limestone, the possibility of this sudden appearance of a stream of water will be seen.

It will be remembered that all the water whic was used in the temple had to be brought int the city from outside the walls. Solomon constructed an aqueduct to supply the temple; I followed it mile after mile, and it would be no discredit to this city or any other city of the present day, to receive and store the water thu brought. A sea or large reservoir was constructe under the temple. It was cut out of the soli rock, with the pillars to support it left intact This reservoir was 676 feet in circuit, and was capable of containing three million gallons of wate Out of this reservoir, or sea, the priests obtaine the water required for the temple ceremonies and you will find, if you read your Bible, that very large quantity was needed for that purpos It was drawn up in buckets by the priests or the assistants.

The amazing fertility of the soil, which is ov and over again predicted as a sign of the approac ing consummation, has been the subject of e amination and experiment by eminent chemist and when I was in Palestine I met an Englis man who explained to me how the crumbling these mountain-tops and various changes co tinually going on were preparing a soil which the appointed time would cause even the dese to rejoice and blossom as the rose (Isaiah 35 :

It is clear that the prophecy, "The Lord sh set His hand *the second time* to recover the re nant of His people which shall be left" (Isaiah 11 : 11), *has never been fulfilled.* Only once has the Lord done that, and that was in the time of the return from Babylon. But this time the recovery is to be not from one country, but from the four corners of the earth. Read the list of countries mentioned in this eleventh chapter of Isaiah, and you will find that in those countries at the present day there are a large number of Hebrews. Indeed, go where you may, you find the representatives of the race. They are the most ubiquitous portion of the whole human race.

It is not remarkable that the Jewish people should have been preserved, for there are peoples still in existence as old or older than the Hebrew. The Chinese is one among others. The significance is not therefore in the mere fact of their preservation. *Nothing is wonderful that is common.* But the remarkable fact is that the people should have survived notwithstanding that every people under the sun have been their enemies, and have endeavored to effect their extermination. What a magnificent military history is that of the Jews! If they had a Gibbon to write it, as Gibbon did the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, how the world would admire and wonder!

THE NATIONS OF THE WHOLE EARTH COMBINED against them. No nation has ever been so proscribed, persecuted, and outraged. There is not a country except your own in all Christendom whose garments are not red with the blood of the slaughtered Hebrews. Seven times have they been driven from France. 800,000 were driven out of Spain. Edward the First banished them from England. At the coronation of Richard I. of England the Jews in large numbers were slaughtered in honor of the coronation. The black plague which devastated Germany was attributed to the Jews, who were falsely charged with having poisoned the wells of water, and they were gathered together in squares and publicly and deliberately burned. Russia would not allow them to enter any honorable profession. Even Switzerland, the land of Tell, drove them from her Cantons.

In Rome the Pontiff consigned the Hebrews to particular quarters of the city, and compelled them to wear a badge whenever they went abroad, in order to ostracize them and to injure them in the eyes of the Christian citizens. And when the Pontiff went in state to Saint Peter's to celebrate Christ's entry into Jerusalem, the Jews were stoned by the populace. Thus though the preservation of the Jewish race is not remarkable in itself, it is remarkable in the fact that they have survived in spite of the opposition of the whole world.

They have survived in numbers, in influence, and in wealth. They can boast of Rothschild in finance, a Montefiore in charity, Mendelssohn in music, Rachel in tragedy, and the statesman who beyond all others is foremost in the world's eyes and exercises the most potent influence in her councils, who possesses the confidence of his queen, a queen whose subjects are everywhere, and the sound of whose drums keeps march with the procession of the sun in the heavens, who has his hand on the key of every palace in Europe; that statesman—Disraeli—makes a boast of his Hebrew origin.

God loves a touch of poetic justice in His dealings, and in the present powerful and influential position of the representatives of the Hebrew race after nineteen centuries of persecution that poetic justice is fulfilled. Like an olive, the race seems to be indestructible. You know if you cut an olive down to the ground you do not kill it: it will sprout again from the root and grow into a stronger tree than before; and so will this people: they will yet arise in strength, and from being the persecuted and downtrodden they will become the rulers of the earth.

The man who first lifted a voice in behalf of the Jew was an American. Do not let us forget that significant fact; that man was Benjamin Franklin. So the beginning of their emancipation was in this country. Then followed Lord John Russell, and then Daniel O'Connell. The time of their humiliation is wellnigh over; the prophecy "they shall have no rest" has not failed, but *it is exhausted.*

Then, too, consider that

A NEW NATIONALITY IS INDISPENSABLE for the reformation and reconstruction of the East. The prophecy runs, "I have set Jerusalem in the midst of the nations round about;" that is, she will occupy the middle line, the meeting place between the civilization of the East and the civilization of the West. For such a mission her geographical position is eminently adapted.

She occupies a tract of land which is the only natural site for a city, a place fitted by nature to be a great commercial and railroad centre connecting the valley of the Euphrates, Egypt, and Asia Minor with Europe and the West. Thus it will become a very Pharos, a light political and religious for the whole earth.

There must be a new nation in the East. The whole region demands it. The East is exhausted; the Levant is exhausted; there is no future for the Greeks; years ago I cherished the hope that the Greeks were the coming nation and would eventually possess Constantinople, but the years that have intervened since then have demonstrated conclusively the fallacy of the hope. The Turks are exhausted, or ought to be exhausted, even if they are not, for they are the very worst specimens of humanity we know of outside of perdition.

A new dispensation needs a new people, and this people will be produced by the Almighty when the new dispensation is introduced. This new people are to come from Elam, from Egypt, and from the isles of the sea.

Strange to say, the Hebrews manifest no desire to return; but when we look to their history the mystery is explained: it is not strange at all, for they have always been a stiff-necked and obstinate people. They did not want to go out of Egypt, nor out of Babylon, and when Ezra went up, only 43,000 went with him. A large number remained behind, and their descendants are there to this day.

It is my belief that they were chosen for this very thing, that Jehovah might show His power in a stiff-necked and gainsaying people. The Almighty does not consult a nation or a person about His purposes. When He wants you as an instrument he will employ you *nolens volens,* Had these Hebrews *migrated to the moon* and the Almighty in His purposes desired to use them, He would bring them back.

Their organization at the present time is more thorough than it has ever been before. In every land they now have a correspondence bureau, and they hold national conventions which unite them for any practical purpose they may form. These national conventions not long ago sent delegates to a world convention in Paris, and there every language under heaven was represented. Thus scattered over the world they form the singular spectacle of *a nation without a country, a people without a place.*

The Hebrews possess another trait of character which is worthy of remark: they more readily than any other race adapt themselves to the habits of the people among whom they are thrown, and yet without losing an atom of their originality. In this city the men and women sit together in the synagogues, showing that the Western estimate of women has entered into their minds, thus giving her her proper place in the society, and which she loses in the Eastern mind. In Cincinnati there is a Jewish college, where the highest branches of learning are included in the curriculum; and there are Jewish schools in every city.

The present Jewish population of Jerusalem number 10,000; the entire population is 30,000, of whom about 6000 are Mahommedans, and the rest Christians of different sects. The Jews have a beautiful synagogue and a cemetery on the Mount of Olives, but they are *not permitted to enter the temple area.* They gather at a place outside the old wall every Friday, and there, at their *wailing-place,* the cry goes up to God, "O Lord! how long?" The reply is "Not forever." They will yet come from Egypt, from Elam, and from the isles of the sea. Some will come for business, some will come for pleasure, some for devotion, and some for ambition, when Jerusalem becomes a metropolis and the joy of the whole earth.

The effect of their return on the rest of the world will be most marked, for, as the Apostle Paul remarks (Romans 11 : 12): "If the fall of them were the riches of the world, how much more their fulness." Where could we find men so fitted for the evangelization of the world? They have been everywhere, and are the most polyglot people under heaven. There is no language on earth which has not been spoken by a Jew.

Jerusalem is a buried city. A city beneath a city. Under the débris, which has fallen in some places to the depth of one to two hundred feet, and which successive captures of the city have accumulated, there are buried fragments above three thousand years of age. On a stone which was dug out of a heap of this refuse recently, was this inscription: "The light of the world is Jesus Christ." That light will shine till this people and the whole world are saved.

The centripetal and centrifugal forces which govern the material world are not more certain in their operation than is the certainty of the fulfilment of God's promise, that the Son of man shall yet rule the world, and shall have the nations of the earth given to Him for His inheritance. You and I may pass away—I with my Christianity, you with your infidelity; but this divine Lord will march on and on until the last hour of recorded time, when all the world shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord.

Bishop Gobat, the first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, died there on May 10th, having been consecrated in 1848. The establishment of the see caused great excitement at the time to the High Church party, who sent out a deputation to sympathize with the Greek Patriarch. Soon after his appointment Bishop Gobat published his "Journal of a Three Years' Residence in Abyssinia," and much interest was for a time felt in his proceedings, but latterly, in consequence of his failing health, little has been heard of him.

The patronage of the bishopric rests alternately with the Queen of Great Britain and the King of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany. As Bishop Gobat was nominated by the late King of Prussia the present vacancy must be filled by her Majesty. The Episcopal salary amounts to 1,200*l.* ($5820) a year, of which one moiety was secured by the King of Prussia, and the other moiety consists of an investment of 600*l.* ($2910) a year arising out of contributions obtained by the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Jews' Society, of which he is President.

A Rare Pearl Stolen from the British Crown one hundred and fifty years ago has been recovered in a pawnbroker's store in Vienna. A poor Hungarian being pressed for money took an old scarf-pin to pawn. To his surprise the jeweller told him it was of great value, and he should take it to Vienna in order to obtain fair deposit on it. He did so, and there it was discovered that it contained one of three *black pearls* which formerly belonged to the monarchs of England. It had been stolen and eventually came into the possession of a valet, who gave it to the Hungarian peasant. The Queen of England purchased the gem for $8000.

A Boy of Fifteen Years was recently, with his younger brother, just packing up his tools in a mine where he was at work, at Dinas, in South Wales, when a large stone fell on his head and killed him on the spot. Only three weeks before, this boy had given himself to God, and had also been the means of getting three other boys to join the Church. We may readily believe that his widowed mother's sorrow is softened by a recollection that her boy's life, though brief, was useful, and a blessing to others. This, indeed, illustrates the text, "Thou knowest not what shall be on the morrow" (James 4 : 13).

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

A MATTER CF TASTE.

THE room was clearly the den of a student, and a student too of some considerable attainments. Scientific instruments of all kinds occupied places here and there, ready to their owner's hand. Bottles containing rare creatures preserved in spirits were on shelves at one end of the apartment, and a box covered with stout wire netting occupied a low table in the centre.

Over this box a man stood soliloquizing. He was not the man we would expect to see with such surroundings. True, his face had the look of intelligence, but it was not the intelligence acquired by study or observation, but rather a native wit, and "wise without the schools;" a man who probably had a contempt for mere book lore, and who, judging from his appearance, might be ready at a bargain and shrewd in his dealings, but was little likely to spend his time in attempts to fathom the mysteries of nature or to seek knowledge not practically useful to him in his ordinary avocations.

Who was he, then, and why is he introduced, standing in a room where all the apparatus of scientific study lies in profusion? He is Alec Stewart, a hard-headed Scotchman, and he is butler and general factotum to his master, Oswald Vernon, Esq., a wealthy man and a learned savant, well known in the scientific world.

Alec, then, was not studying: he was merely dusting and tidying up the place generally. "There is no accounting for tastes!" he said to himself, as he went slowly on with his work. Stewart was a tall, thin man, with a stoop. The gray which mixed with his coarse light hair showed that he had gone a good deal more than half-way through the course of life; and the lines on his brow and the furrows on his cheeks showed that the course had been a hard one. Alec was one of those men whom the world would pity for their misfortunes, had not those misfortunes so soured their tempers as to make the world rather dislike than pity.

His father had left him a small patrimony when he died, consisting of the good-will, stock and fixtures of a small business, in which groceries, provisions, sweets, and toys were delightfully blended. The patrons of the establishment were of the poorer class, and were to a large extent of tender years. The place was pretty well frequented, but as the receipts were chiefly composed of coins of the very smallest value, the bulk was altogether out of proportion to the aggregate value. But still Alec's father had contrived to thrive at the business, and at his death he bequeathed to his son a fair amount of ready money, which represented the reward of a life's steady application to business.

There had been once a Mrs. Alec Stewart, but that had been long ago, and Alec's appearance testified that the softening influence of a woman's companionship and the dexterous fingers of a wife had not been about him for a long time, and the man had all the appearance of a bachelor, or one who, having tried both ways of life, preferred the single to the married state.

The truth is, Alec had blundered in his choice of a wife. He had chosen a spoiled beauty to ornament his home, and expected, as many do, that good looks are a proof of the existence of those mental and moral charms which go to make up a man's ideal of a wife. He was disappointed, for he found the beauty of his wife her only charm, and the casket he had eagerly secured for himself, imagining so handsome an exterior must contain a treasure of priceless value, he found to be absolutely empty, or even worse, for he discovered faults which promised trouble for him in the future.

Alec could not take his matrimonial bargain back and complain of the mistake, as he undoubtedly would any other bargain; so he bore his trouble with what patience he could command, which truth to tell was not much.

His wife harassed him with complaints, wasted his money in useless finery, despised and mismanaged his business, and finally sickened and died, leaving him without a pleasant memory of her, and with a host of debts to pay which she had contracted without his consent, and which were for articles he deemed unnecessary in their position in life. So, like a sensible, he decided that he would learn by experience and let matrimony alone for the future.

Mrs. Stewart had borne him two children, but they had both died young; the gossips said that their mother did not know how to take care of a baby. She had loved her children little, and did not mourn for them long, but their father had bitterly felt his loss. Ever since his last fair-haired pet had been laid in her little grave, Alec Stewart had become a soured and gloomy man. After the death of his wife he had wound up his affairs—given up the business in which he had thriven so ill, and had resolved, at the age of fifty, to go into service.

It was not every place would have suited Alec, nor every master whom he would have suited. In a gay, fashionable family Alec would have been incongruous; he would have looked like an old rusty toasting-fork placed on a polished steel grate.

But Mr. Vernon, the master of Alec, was a learned, scientific man, who saw little company, and cared more for his butler's being sober and steady than for his waiting well at table or being expert in folding dinner napkins. Alec might not be quick at drawing the corks of his master's bottles, but *he never drank their contents;* he might be somewhat surly to Mr. Vernon's visitors, but he had never visitors of his own to feast at his master's expense.

Besides the good quality of being trustworthy, Alec had that of being more than commonly useful. He was ready to do all sorts of things which do not usually form part of a butler's work. He groomed the riding horse and looked after the donkey, clipped the yews, mowed the grass, and dug in the garden. But Alec's special field of labor was in what Mr. Vernon called his study. Alec cleaned his master's curious instruments as well as his boots, oiled his machines, labelled his bottles, and ran the risk of being blown up by some of his poisonous gases.

He had to dust skeletons, see that the moth did not get into the skins of stuffed animals, and that the spirit did not dry up in the bottles which held preserved lizards or scorpions. Nor have we come to the end of the list of the butler's duties. Alec had to attend to strange live creatures as well as to dead ones, and he was about this occupation when he said "there is no accounting for tastes."

Alec's tall figure, as he spoke, was bending over the large shallow box before mentioned. Any one looking through the grating would have seen a blanket, and, perhaps, as he gazed, the blanket would slowly have moved, as if it had life, and then the long slimy coils of a puff adder might appear, or its flat head, with bright eyes and slender forked tongue. This box, or cage, contained his master's special pets.

"There is no accounting for tastes," repeated Alec. "I can understand a man liking to have a good house; keep a good table, or ride a good horse; but why he should spend his money on dead bones, broken bits of marble and clay, or live poisonous snakes, passes my comprehension. Why, Mr. Vernon has paid as much for this brace of adders as he would have done for a pair of good trotting ponies. And they must be fed as daintily as if they were children. Mice and frogs are not good enough for these grand foreign snakes; a hutchful of luckless rabbits must be kept expressly for them."

Alec was rather fond of his long-eared charges, and sorely grudged the serpents their meals. "These are such vicious, deadly reptiles too," continued Alec, who had a trick of talking aloud to himself; "if I had a mind to keep such pets, I'd take good care first to cut out their fangs."

"You would do a very foolish thing, then, Alec," observed his master, who had entered the room unnoticed, while Alec was cleaning the tray of the reptiles. "I am making experiments with these puff-adders for an object which, if I succeed, will benefit all mankind. It is on the poisonous nature of these creatures that all my experiments must depend. To attain my object it would be worth while to sacrifice a whole warren-full of rabbits."

Having described the man, I must give a few words to the master.

Oswald Vernon was, as has already been said, a learned, scientific man, and he looked like what he was. Though Mr. Vernon's frame was small, his head was large, well stuffed with a more than usual amount of brains, as all who knew him declared. His eyes were weak—perhaps from peering through microscopes, or making experiments with dazzling lights; but no one saw much of his eyes, for Mr. Vernon always wore blue spectacles, and had his picture been taken without them, his nearest friend would scarcely have thought it a likeness.

Mr. Vernon's usual manner to strangers was smooth even to softness, and an impression of gentleness was given by his voice being weak as well as his eyes; but the impression was not a correct one. That the philosopher could be angry, obstinate, and even cruel when his will was crossed, or when any one ventured to speak against his favorite opinions, Alec Stewart knew but too well, and so did Edith Temple, the niece of Vernon's late wife. Miss Temple held in the philosopher's house a place between that of a daughter and that of housekeeper and humble companion.

As to what were Mr. Vernon's favorite theories the reader will know enough as the story proceeds. It is sufficient at present to say that Oswald Vernon thought a good deal more of his books of science than he did of his Bible. He had a great deal of faith in his own talents; no faith at all in that wisdom which cometh down from above.

As the God of the Scriptures was a Being too high and holy for Vernon, with all his learning, to understand, the philosopher made a kind of God for himself, which he called "Human Intellect," and another which he called "Science." To worship these suited the pride of Vernon's heart, for it was really worshipping self; his own intellect, his own science, were placed by the blind philosopher far above Divine Revelation.

Vernon felt no need of a Saviour, for he was not troubled by any remorse for sin. He was fond of praising the greatness of human nature, and was quite satisfied as to the goodness of his own heart. Had Oswald Vernon taken half the pains to find out the blots in his own character that he did to understand the nature of spots in the sun, he would have seen that instead of being the wise, clear-sighted, liberal-minded sage that he now deemed himself to be, he was but weak and erring mortal. But the world ad mired Vernon, and Vernon admired himself; i was much pleasanter to him to know that he ha earned the praise of men, than to feel that h needed the help and the pardoning mercy o God.

As Mr. Vernon could pay for the rabbits a well as the snakes, Alec had nothing to say i reply to the observation of his master. Th butler merely thought to himself that he woul take good care that the adders should make n experiments in favor of science upon his ow lanky fingers. Alec had a little request to mak to his master.

"As I've done feeding the live creatures, an dusting the dead ones, sir," said Alec, "an you don't want the Leyden jars or retorts ou to-day, may I have an hour or so to myself? I'v a niece come for a few days to her brother's co tage in the village, and I'd like to go out an see her."

"And wish her joy on her approaching ma riage, I suppose?" said Mr. Vernon, with bland smile, "if the girl is that Effie Campbe of whom I have heard from my niece, Mi Edith."

"I'm not in the way of wishing joy," sa Alec, turning down the corners of his lips wi a sour expression natural to him whenever a one spoke of pleasure. "The silly child is going to do a foolish thing, as girls are apt to do; as the proverb says, they marry in haste and repent at leisure."

"What sort of man is the future husband?" inquired Mr. Vernon.

"Much like other young men; I never heard any particular harm of Robert Holland, but doubtless he's selfish like the rest of them," was the reply. As Alec seldom gave much warmer praise to any one, his master thought that Effie's chosen partner was probably a very respectable man.

"Well, go to your niece, and wish her joy or wisdom, if you like that better," said Mr. Vernon; "and go on to the town, Alec: I've some drugs I want from the chemist; Miss Temple will make out the list. You had better call at Farmer Gibbs on your way back and get a couple of chickens."

"Ready plucked, sir?" inquired Alec.

"Plucked! oh, by no means!" exclaimed the philosopher quickly. "I must have them alive; they are for my pets;" and he turned to ook with such a kindly smile as he might have given to a faithful dog, at one of the scaly reptiles. The adder lifted up its head from its blanket, puffed out its singular throat, and hissed n return.

"Chickens as well as rabbits! these pets must have dainty fare!" muttered Alec to himself, after he had left his master's presence. "I don't deny that these Indian adders are handsome enough in their way, all speckled above, with scales of blue and yellow below. And they're curious enough, too, for I never yet saw an English nake that could puff out its neck as they do heirs, till it looks four times bigger than the reature's head, like a swollen bag fixed round its throat. But handsome and curious though erpents may be, when I take to coddling pets, hey shall be creatures that run on four feet if not on two, and that don't carry poison bags under heir teeth. Well, well, there is no accounting or tastes."

There was no difficulty, however, in accounting or the taste of Robert Holland when he had ourted Effie Campbell. A first glance at the girl would have made a stranger guess that the vely young maiden was born to be every one's et. Not that Effie was extremely beautiful; er features were not regular enough for that, ut she looked as an apple-blossom looks on a morning in May. She was one of the brightest, leasantest, happiest creatures that ever kept the mirth of a child to the age of a woman.

Yes, Effie had been a general favorite from er cradle. Her parents had delighted to hear heir child called the prettiest babe in the village. She was their daisy, their sunbeam, their arling. Effie's brother had made her his playhing; never bullying his little sister after the way of too many boys, but carrying her on his houlders, and dancing her on his knee. When Effie had been old enough to attend the National School she had shown that she had a quick brain s well as a sweet little face; the child was always winning prizes, and taking the top of her lass. Effie's schoolfellows were wont to say that she was the mistress's pet, yet scarcely en[illegible]ied their young companion, for was she not lso their own? Effie was so generous, so lively, so pleasant, that no one could bear her a grudge. Effie had scarcely known what it was to have trouble or to shed a tear until she had reached the age of eighteen: life's stream had flowed on in such a bright sparkling way, that she scarcely could believe that it had carried her on so far on er course. Then came a year full of events. First, that of her brother's marriage; then those of the deaths of both her parents, within two months of each other. All the village felt for the grief of the orphan girl. Every one said that Effie was so unused to trial, that it must ress more heavily on her than on those who ad had a less sunny childhood. Pity increased when it was known that Effie was looking out for a lady's-maid's place.

(*To be continued.*)

CONSECRATION TO GOD.

S. S. Lesson for June 22d.—Malachi 3. Golden Text, verse 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE book of Malachi vindicates the rights of God. Nearly the whole of the first two chapters is addressed to the priests, and their defection in the time of Malachi is exposed. The prophet bore the Lord's burden, and the sorrow of God's heart found in Malachi one who could understand and enter into it. Oh, how touching is the appeal, coming as it does from Him who created all things, but who had given man a position too honorable to exercise force upon him! "A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master: if I then be a Father, where is Mine honor? and if I be a Master, where is My fear? saith the Lord of hosts unto you, O priests, that despise My Name" (chap. 1 : 6).

Then comes the question, "Wherein have we despised Thy Name," showing an utter insensibility of their state. And God makes His charges against them. They offer the blind and the lame and the sick for sacrifice, and are not ashamed to present to God that which they would not offer to an earthly ruler (chap. 1 : 8). Then there is self-seeking in the very service upon the altar: "Neither do ye kindle fire on Mine altar for nought" (verse 10); next there is weariness in the Lord's service (verse 13); and lastly, the climax of all, "Ye will not lay it to heart" (chap. 2 : 2).

The position and responsibility of the spiritual leaders is strongly insisted on in chap. 2 : 5-7: "My covenant was with him of life and peace," etc. "The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with Me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity." Here is a principle which it would be well for all Christian workers to acquaint themselves with. First a life lived in personal covenant with God, a covenant of life, spiritual life, and then of continuous unbroken peace: "he *walked* with Me in peace and equity." The secret of power and success is, such a walk with God. The law of truth may be in our mouth, but unless our lips are clear of iniquity, and unless our walk is step for step with God, many will not be turned away from iniquity. Let us not impute to circumstances or to the character of those we deal with, any of our want of success. God lays His finger upon the teacher and says, "Thou art the man." He goes on to say, "*Ye* are departed out of the way; ye have caused many to stumble at the law." Thus every false step of a Christian teacher involves others in its consequences.

After continuing in the second chapter to expose the declension of Judah and Jerusalem, the prophet brings a direct message from God about the coming of Christ. As in all the prophecies relative to the Messiah in the Old Testament the first and second comings of Christ are spoken of as one, so also here. "Behold I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me." This is, without doubt, John the Baptist —"and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple."

What the Lord is, that is He to us. We also are His temple, and He comes to us as the Refiner and Purifier, and blessed are they who allow themselves to be put into the furnace by Him. Every event of our life, every circumstance, is utilized by our loving Father to further our education. A refiner sits always above the molten metal, and takes away the scum which rises to the surface, until the gold is pure enough to reflect his face, then the work is done. Often in our family or social life, sometimes in the trying hindrances in our work, very often in the differences of character between ourselves and those with whom we work, and the failure of means to accomplish an end we have in view, sometimes in physical suffering, the Lord is sitting by, watching with all the eagerness of love until the desired effect has been produced.

And the end of God's purification of His children is that we may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness, or (chap. 1 : 11) "a pure offering." The only reasonable, the only possible, offering which we can make to God is to present our "bodies a living sacrifice" (Rom. 12 : 1). But they must be pure bodies, refined from all which will not stand the test of the fire, all which is not divine. "Then [when the Lord comes again] shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years" (chap. 3 : 4). But no evil can dwell in His presence, and thus He says, "I will come near to you to judgment," etc. (verse 5). As it will be when He appeareth again on earth, so is it now in the lives of those who enter into and submit with joy to His refining process. He comes near in judgment, every thought is passed in review, not before our judgment, by our poor attempts at self-examination, but before His searching, all-seeing eye, which nothing can escape, and thus He reveals, judges, and delivers from all impurity.

There must be no answering again when God says any thing to us. We may be blind as to the things which He may discover to us, but He cannot err, and He will always be justified in what He reveals to us. We may be walking in the full sunlight of His blessed countenance without any conscious cloud upon our sky, and just then, in the jealousy of His love for us, He may make known to us His mind about things which we should never have found out. It is then that we must learn to take in silence all He says to us, not answering, "Wherein have we robbed Thee?" but waiting until He unveils the details in which our judgment has erred.

Every thing which is done or said for ourselves is a robbery of God. Christ died for us that we should no more live unto ourselves, and we are often long in learning how the root of self spreads where we little suspect it. But the Lord continues, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts: if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." The tithes were God's legal portion from the Jewish people; we have the privilege to give *all* to God, not reserving even a tithe for ourselves. Paul, speaking of the liberality of the Macedonian churches, says: "And this they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own selves to the Lord" (2 Cor. 8 : 5). Lot sought the well-watered plains and lost all he had; and if we bargain for honor, gratitude, or esteem from men, or comfort, joy, or any thing else, to hold them for ourselves, we seek our portion in something else than God, and we fill up the place which would hold His blessing. It is the intensity and the delicacy of the love of God that He is willing to accept any thing at our hands. We can give to beggars from whom we would take nothing, but a man cannot ask too much from the hands of a wife, who loves to give all—and this is the position He gives to us.

"Then they that feared the Lord spoke often one to another" (chap. 3 : 16). It would seem that under the prophet's burning words there was a movement of the Spirit of God. But what was this speaking one to another? Was it only the general speaking of the things of God in which they had sympathy with one another, or was there the loving brotherly admonition, the watching with jealous tenderness over the souls of one another, that no spot might be left there, nothing which could grieve God or harm His cause? We read that a book of remembrance was written, etc. Oh that the intercourse of Christians one with the other was worthy to be written in God's book of remembrance! "And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him" (verse 17). The promise to Israel was, "If ye will obey My voice indeed, and keep My covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me above all people" (Ex. 19 : 5). The jewels in this verse are the "special treasure" which is to be gathered and spared at the Lord's coming.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Anglo-Zulu War.—A despatch from Cape Town says that King Cetywayo on May 16th despatched an envoy to Colonel Crealock, asking him to send a European to discuss terms of peace. John Dunn accordingly went to Cetywayo's kraal, but had returned, the negotiations having failed, because the British refuse any terms but *unconditional surrender*. Cetywayo's good faith is doubted by the military authorities, who, however, are supposed to have instructions to carry on the campaign to the end, in order that Zululand may be annexed.

The appointment of Sir Garnet Wolseley to the chief command has given great satisfaction in England.

Baron Lionel Rothschild, the Head of the great Jewish financial house, died June 3d. He was a grandson of the founder of the business. The City of London several times elected him as its representative in Parliament, but for many years he refrained from sitting, because he could not conscientiously take the oath, which contained the words "*On the true faith of a Christian.*" In 1858 these words were omitted from the oath and he took his seat. He was born in 1808.

The New Italian Marriage Law by which it is enacted that a civil ceremony is necessary to a legal marriage, and that the religious ceremony is optional to the parties and does not affect the validity of the marriage, has called forth an energetic denunciation from the Pope. He considers the law immoral and a violation of Pontifical rights, but the Italians will probably disregard his denunciation and get married without the aid of the priests.

A Legacy of $38,800 has been left to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, to be equally divided between the Pastor's College and his Orphanages at Stockwell.

Solovieff, the man who attempted the Assassination of the Emperor of Russia on April 14th, has been condemned to death. The trial not being public, none of the evidence has as yet been published. During the proceedings of Friday Solovieff denied that he had any accomplices in his act. Solovieff admitted that he was guilty of attempting the crime with which he was charged, and that he knew the penalty to which he was liable. For this reason he refused to accept the services of an advocate.

A Famine in Cashmere is causing an alarming amount of suffering. Official reports say that it is impossible to exaggerate the distress the famine is causing there. The Maharajah of the province, at the urgent request of the Viceroy of India, is proceeding to the capital city to superintend the organization of relief. Three thousand five hundred tons of grain are now in transit to the valley of Cashmere.

An Anti-Slave-Trade Treaty.—It is announced that the late Portuguese Ministry, before its retirement, concluded a treaty with Great Britain, looking to the suppression of the slave-trade, the development of commerce, and the civilization of Africa. The treaty provides for the freedom of commerce and navigation between adjoining British and Portuguese colonies; and grants Great Britain facilities for the passage of troops and munitions of war across Portuguese territory to South Africa.

The New Cardinals Created by the Pope are a sign that Leo is more liberal in spirit than his predecessor. Not only Dr. Newman, but the Hungarian Archbishop Haynald, is one of the new creations. Haynald, was one of the stoutest opponents of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility in the Vatican Council. Pius IX. never forgave him, and refused the repeated request of the Emperor of Austria to make him a cardinal.

The Greek Question is again assuming great political prominence. Immediate negotiations tween Greece and Turkey relative to the cession of territory to be made to the former by the latter, according to the stipulation or recommendation of the Congress of Berlin, having utterly broken down, the signatory Powers are called upon to intervene. Accordingly M. Waddington, the Prime Minister of France, has addressed a peremptory circular to the Porte and the Powers on the subject, in which he says, "What we expect of the Turkish Government and what we require of it is the execution of the resolutions recorded in the thirteenth protocol of the Berlin Treaty."

The other Powers take the same view; the English Government alone hangs back, and hence there is growing up in France, and openly expressed by the French press, a feeling of distrust as to the action of England in reference to the Greek as well as the Egyptian question.

Religious Liberty in Siam—The King of Siam has proclaimed religious liberty in his dominions. This proclamation is described as all that one could wish. No obstacle to the profession or propagation of Christianity is to be tolerated. No similar proclamation in modern times, it is said, has been more complete, and in no country is there a more open door for the truth than in Siam. This is the first instance of a *heathen nation* proclaiming religious liberty.

Seed Corn Needed for Bosnia.—Misses Irby and Johnston are making a closing effort to provide the repatriated Bosnian refugees with the means of sowing their fields. The most fertile lands are lying uncultivated, seed-time is quickly passing away, and should no harvest be reaped this autumn, renewed famine and suffering is certain next winter. The scenes of sorrow, suffering, and destitution beggar description.

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editions against the Renizais in the spring of year, and in October last he was in command of the escort at the famous interview be-

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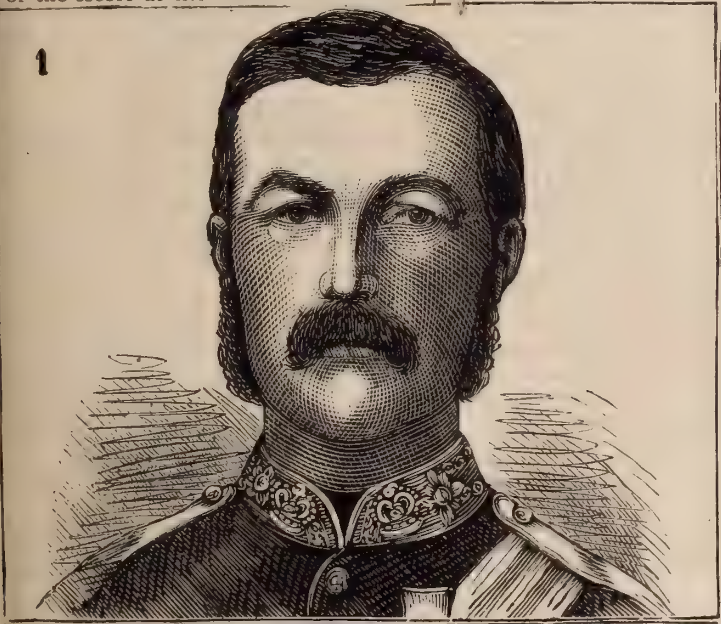

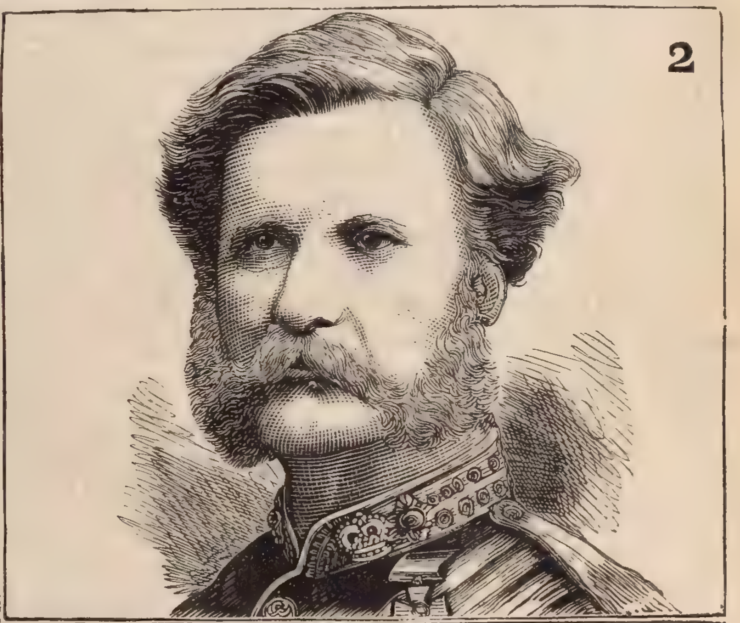

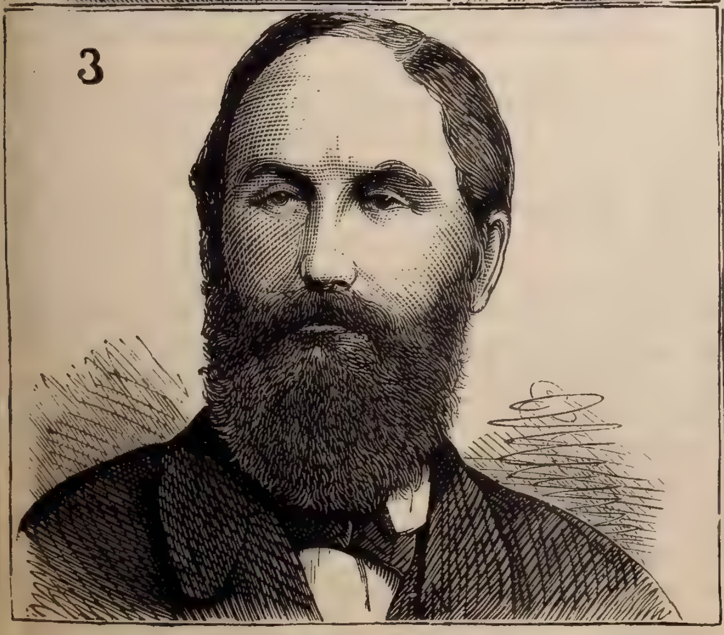

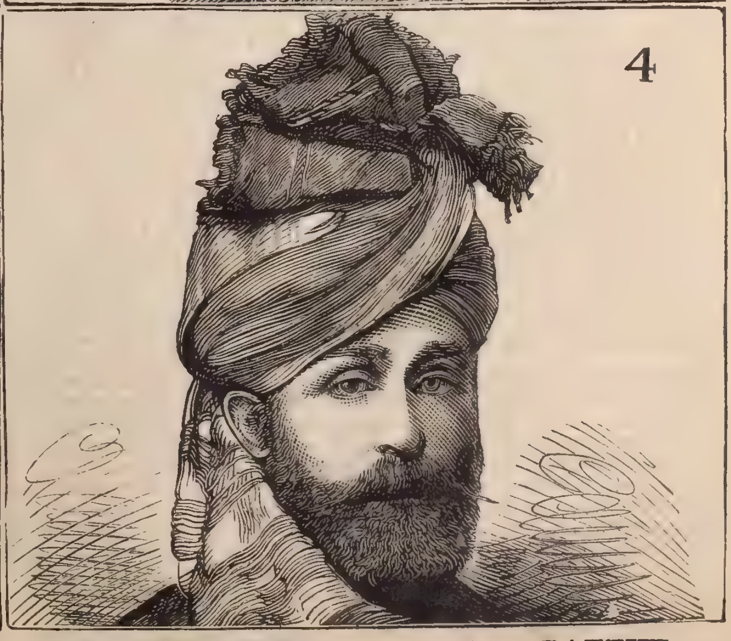

1. Colonel PEARSON. 2. Colonel WOOD. 3. JOHN DUNN. 4. Major BATTYE.

COLONEL PEARSON.

The Defender of Ekowe.

Charles Knight Pearson, whose name is familiar to most of our readers as the commander of the gallant defence of the English garrison at Ekowe against such overwhelming numbers of opposing Zulus, entered active service in the British army in 1852, as ensign. His actual war service is confined to the Crimean War, in which he served as adjutant of the Thirty-first Foot. He obtained for this service the Crimean medal and one clasp, and the Turkish medal. Early in 1878 he retired from the Lieutenant-colonelship of the Third Buffs upon half pay.

In August, 1878, he was gazetted a colonel, and upon the departure of his old regiment for the Cape of Good Hope, Col. Pearson followed in October last. His position was not in command of his former regiment, but simply as an *attaché* to the staff of General Lord Chelmsford. But when in the progress of the war he found it necessary to intrench himself and his corps within the lines at Ekowe, he was surrounded by his old comrades of the Third Buffs. His kindly disposition and known abilities inspired full confidence in the troops, and enabled them to present an English parallel of the Turkish Plevna, with an English Osman supported by loyal British hearts. In this fort of Ekowe Col. Pearson and his little army, consisting of the remaining part of the No. 1 column which escaped the battles of Isandula and Rorke's Drift, were beleaguered for eight weeks. Cetewayo's general determination may be gleaned from the observation which he is reported to have made in reference to this imprisoned company: "Those rats shall never come out of that hole"—a prophecy which, happily, was not fulfilled.

The confidence of the troops inside was sustained by the news which it was possible to transmit by the heliograph, or flashing mirror, which we described in the Christian Herald May 29th. By this means the prisoners were assured of succor, and the fitting moment for mutual co-operation against the common enemy which held the little band within their grasp was decided, and the relief effected. So severe had been the sufferings of the troops under Col. Pearson, that only the day before the relief the message was flashed, "*Come, or we die.*" This place of imprisonment of Col. Pearson and the British forces, called Ekowe—*pronounced Echauwey*—was originally a Norwegian mission station, abandoned by its occupants, and more or less wrecked by the natives when the present troubles began. The mission had made but few converts, and had been only tolerated of late by Cetewayo. It consisted of three houses of sun-dried brick, straw-thatched, and a church of the same material, roofed with galvanized iron, and once surrounded by pretty gardens.

Colonel Pearson's name will be perpetuated on the borders of Zululand by a fort which he erected to protect his retreat in case he should need it when he marched into the interior of the enemy's country. Into that fort—Fort Pearson, on the river Tugela—he has retired with his weary and sick little army for rest. We have traced the career of this notable soldier so far as his history has been publicly written, hoping he may be found as good a soldier of Jesus Christ as he is distinguished in his country's service.

COLONEL H. EVELYN WOOD, V.C.

This remarkably distinguished English officer has had a most *eventful life*, which has been spent in the interest of his country in both of the services—the navy and the army. He *entered the Royal Navy* in April, 1852, and very soon displayed such marked merit that he was selected as aide-de-camp to the famous Captain Peel, who organized the Naval Brigade, and which he led with much bravery until he fell in India.

Under this distinguished commander Lieut. Wood, as he then was, served from October, 1854, to June, 1855, before Sebastopol, during the Crimean War. While carrying up the scaling-ladders by means of which the troops were to storm the Redan fort, he was *severely wounded*. For this brave enterprise he was mentioned in Lord Raglan's dispatch—an event which is considered to be of as great moment to an English soldier or sailor as the heraldic proclamation of a hero was to the Roman victors of old.

At the close of the war he was, upon his return to England, *loaded with honors*. He received the Crimean medal and two clasps, was created a Knight of the French Legion of Honor, and received from Turkey the Order of the Medjidie of the fifth class, and the Turkish military medal.

About three months after his return he *changed his profession*, relinquishing the life of a sailor for that of a soldier. He found no difficulty, after his brave services, in obtaining a commission in a cavalry regiment as cornet.

His next steps, those of lieutenant in 1856 and captain in 1861, were *purchased*, but in 1858 he evinced capabilities which obtained for him the temporary rank of brigade-major in Somerset's Brigade, and throughout the Indian Mutiny he served most efficiently, being present at the battles of Rajghur and Sindwaho. For his bravery in these engagements he was again mentioned in the despatches of General Michel, and again at Kharee and Barode.

He was employed in 1859-60 in hunting down the rebels who had fled for shelter to the Seronge jungles. He was *specially mentioned* by the Indian Government for an attack which he made on a band of rebels in 1859, while in command of an irregular cavalry regiment, known in the Indian service as Beatson's Horse. Such was the bravery which Brigade Major Wood displayed, that he was gazetted as entitled to receive the Victoria Cross. This order (indicated by the letters V.C. after the owner's name) is the prize most coveted by British soldiers. It is awarded only for *distinguished personal bravery*, and as such is highly esteemed by all ranks, from general to private. Even the Order of the Garter, the highest order of English knighthood, is not so respected by a soldier as the Victoria Cross. The former may be a sign of the wearer's rank, or influence, or wealth, but the Cross means *valor*, and no order in the world takes rank in the soldier's eyes with that.

The experience gained by him in irregular cavalry enabled him to make a successful attempt to raise another regiment of troops of this arm. The troop so raised is called the Second Regiment of *Central Indian Horse*.

He accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Gold Coast in 1873 on special service. He had previously purchased the rank of *Major*, but when entering upon the Ashantee War he was gazetted Lieut. Colonel. With this rank he served throughout that war, during 1873-4, with conspicuous bravery.

He was much beloved by his men for his great kindness and consideration of them, while as a soldier he was, and is, a strict disciplinarian.

A large number of the discontented subjects of King Coffee, of Ashantee, came over to the British camp and offered their services to the general. These Col. Wood organized, and made of them a very efficient corps, which bore the name of "Wood's Regiment."

He commanded the attacking force at Essaman, for which he received the expression of *Her Majesty's approbation*. Further on in the Ashantee campaign he commanded the troops which held the head of the road followed by the enemy from Mansu to the river Prah. With this mere handful at his command he successfully resisted every attempt to dislodge him until the European troops arrived to relieve his garrison.

He led a reconnaissance force in November, 1873, which was surprised suddenly by the Ashantees during the night. He also commanded the right column in the battle of Amoaful, in which he was *slightly wounded*. Beside other minor engagements he was present at the capture of Coomassie.

He was several times mentioned in Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatches, and was given the rank of Brevet-Colonel, was made [illegible] the Bath, and received a medal and clasp.

Col. Wood went out to the Cape before the Zulu war began, when several tribes on the border of the Transvaal were giving the Colonial Government some trouble. Upon the British army crossing the Tugela into Zululand, Col. Wood *commanded* one of the three columns into which that army was divided.

He has had no occasion, like Col. Pearson, to *intrench* himself for the defence of his force, but his main work has been to keep the communications open for the relief of Pearson. While fulfilling this onerous duty he was constantly open to attacks from the wary enemy.

On the 30th of March, 20,000 Zulus attacked Col. Wood's force. After a *desperate engagement*, which is considered to have been one of the bloodiest battles that have ever been fought in the colony, the Zulus were repulsed, but with heavy loss on the British side.

The British were caught in a trap. As the mountain was only accessible at one point, Col. Wood's corps cut their way out through the Zulus. Here the Colonel's personal courage came out conspicuously.

A Zulu [illegible] times, it is said, has been more complete, and in no country is there a more open door for the truth than in Siam. This is the first instance of the head. Col. Wood galloped up with Capt. Lloyd behind him, when the Zulu fired again, the shot passing under Col. Wood's arm, tearing his coat, and killing Capt. Lloyd.

MR. JOHN DUNN,

Lord Chelmsford's Guide in Zululand.

This gentleman, whose service as a guide to Lord Chelmsford's Relief Column must have been very valuable, is a person of great local importance and celebrity. He is of Scotch descent his father, who was a doctor, having settle many years since at Port Elizabeth, where Joh himself was born.

While yet a mere boy, he, being of an adventurous disposition, found his way into Zululand where he subsequently established himself as trader, and ultimately became the acknowledge chief of a tribe of natives. He took an activ part in the Zulu civil war between Cetewayo an Umbulazi, rival sons of the old King Panda an competitors for the throne.

Umbulazi, on whose side Mr. Dunn chose t fight, was defeated and slain; whereupon M Dunn made friends with Cetewayo, and has en joyed the King's confidence till within the la few months. He was at one time employed b the Natal Government, with a salary of 300 ($1455) a year, to superintend the passage Tonga laborers, from the northern coast cou try, through Zululand, on their way to servi in Natal.

But it was found that, under cover of this im migration system, there was a great importati of firearms from Delagoa Bay for the use of t Zulus. The British Government did not appro of it, and Mr. Dunn was deprived of his sala two or three years ago. He is, neverthele reputed to be a wealthy man, and usually lives the Zulu style; but when he visits the neighb ing colony he appears in the ordinary fashion an Englishman.

In Zululand he holds the rank of an Indur or State Councillor and General, and his dip matic services may yet be rendered useful.

Cetewayo's message to the effect that would "eat up" every English soldier witho spoiling his appetite was sent through M Dunn, who, before British troops entered Zu land, prudently crossed over into Natal, taki with him the whole of his tribe, which numb about 2500 men.

THE LATE MAJOR WIGRAM BATTYE

Commander of the Indian Guides.

This gallant officer, who was killed in the tack on the Khugianis at Futtehabad on the of March last, was the seventh of ten broth all of whom were soldiers. His elder broth Quintin Battye, who like himself belonged

Corps of Guides, was mortally wounded dur- the siege of Delhi in January, 1857, and died days afterwards, exclaiming, "Dulce et de- um est pro patria mori" (It is sweet and oming to die for one's country).

Vigram Battye first served as a volunteer with Azimgurh and Jounpore Field Force in na, and was afterwards posted to the Guides ecognition of his brother's gallant services. 1863, when serving with that corps at Um- la, he was shot through the body, the wound g of such a dangerous character that he er completely recovered from its effects. He subsequently engaged in other expeditions. n 1870, while on furlough, he followed the man army in the Franco-German war, for purpose of gaining practical experience in profession in the field. He attached himself he ambulance train, and received as a recog- on of his services the non-combatants' medal. le returned to India in time to take part dur- the campaign against the Jowaki-Afridi, hos- tribes who harass the trading convoys which s from India to Afghanistan; and he received thanks of the Viceroy for services in the two editions against the Renizais in the spring of year, and in October last he was in com- d of the escort at the famous interview be- en Major Cavagnari and the Ameer's repre- tative at Ali Musjid, when the unfriendly tude of the Ameer toward the British was ounced which led to the late Afghan war.

le met his death in the following manner. Khugianis having assembled near Futteha- , General Grant ordered some artillery, hus- , and Guides to go out after them. Major tye, who was charging at the head of the des, was first shot in the leg, and afterwards he arm and body; his horse also received bullets and fell; and a brave native soldier, aldar Mahmoud Khan, who stood over his en officer's body, was cut to pieces before the p could get up.

is said that Major Battye killed four men h his own hand before he fell. "He was," he London *Times* observed, "the ideal of an gular officer, and a worthy representative of ock which has done much gallant service in Indian Empire in times of great trial for opeans, particularly in the case of the Mu- ti."

he many officers and soldiers who are brave- defending the British Empire at the risk of ir lives are the objects of special supplication he throne of grace on behalf of their spiritual temporal welfare by many Christians.

Sculptor on Trifles.—The Great Italian lptor, Michael Angelo, was once visited by acquaintance, who remarked, on entering his dio, "Why you have done nothing to that ure since I was here last." "Yes," was the ly, "I have softened this expression, touched that projection, and made other improve- nts." "Oh," said the visitor, "those are re trifles!" "True," answered Michael gelo, "but remember that trifles make per- ion, *and perfection is no trifle.*" In like nner the highest forms of devotion to Christ sist in *fidelity in apparent trifles;* for only rtfelt love and abiding recollectedness of Him, an ever-beloved object, will enable His dis- les to maintain throughout each day, in word company, in busy occupation, and before His mies, the duty of honoring Him thus contin- sly and in the whole details of life.

arley-Growing.—At a Prayer-Meeting in don regarding the duty of Christians towards or-sellers, Mr. T. B. Smithies stated that the Joseph Sturge, the Christian philanthropist, monstrating one day with a drunken man om he met, was startled by his reply that had got drunk at a public-house, adding, he beer was made from your barley." His d was at once made up, and the next *Mark e Express* announced that under no circum- ces would the Messrs. Sturge supply barley malting purposes. This conscientious de- on struck $38000 a year from their income.

THE FATAL BARGAIN.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Evening, April 20th, and Specially Reported for the "Christian Herald."

Most People Bargain-Makers—Good and bad Bargains—The Great Bargain of the Soul for the World—I. The Value of the World—A Very Grand Property—Is there a Title to it? What is its Insurance—A Fire in the Basement—Trouble with the Estate—Thackeray in the Mirror—II. The Value of the Soul—Its Exquisite Organism—Its Capacity for Happiness—The Spirit of the Flowers—What the World Cost—The Place Prepared for the World—The Bargain to be Final—The Highest Bid—The Sailor's Sacrifice—Jesus on the Dark Stairway.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—MARK 8 : 36.

MY eye runs across this congregation, and up and down these galleries. I find people here of all occupations and professions. There are bankers here, there are merchants here, there are lawyers here, doctors here, farmers here, mechanics here, artists here—all denominations of people, and all classes of people, and all occupations represented. But I think the vast majority of the people here to-night are *bargain-makers.* They are accustomed morning and night across the table to discuss with their families questions of commerce, loss and gain, values, profits. If you buy a property at $15,000 you do not expect to sell it at $4000.

If youget any thing at $10,000 you do not want to part with it at $5000. You expect in commercial life to make a profit on all your bargains. And when my text comes to you to-night, you quickly take the simile, and when I ask you the question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" you immediately catch the meaning.

Christ was accustomed to draw his illustrations from the occupation of the people to whom He spake. Addressing the fishermen, he spoke of the Gospel net. Addressing the farmers, he said, "A sower went forth to sow." Talking to the shepherds, he told the story of the lost sheep. And I am certainly not wrong to-night when, addressing an audience of bargain-makers, I ask you the question, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

I want to-night, as God may help me, to make a comparison,

TO MAKE AN ESTIMATE,

a calculation of the value of the world on the one hand, and then the value of the soul, and to see whether it will be at all profitable for us to make the exchange. I shall take the values of the one, and add them up, until I get an aggregate; and then I will take the values of the other, until I get an aggregate, and I will compare this aggregation with that aggregation, and then we will be able to understand what a *miserable speculation* that man makes who gains the world, but loses his soul.

I. When I come, then, in the *first* place, and look at the value of this world, I have to tell you it is a grand property,

A VERY GRAND PROPERTY.

Its flowers are God's thoughts in bloom. Its rocks are God's thoughts in stone. Its dewdrops are God's thoughts in pearls. It is a beautiful world. It became wayward and wandered off, and God sent out *a sister world* to call it back, and that sister world nineteen centuries ago one Christmas night hovered over Bethlehem until it got the confession of the returning world, and that wayward world is coming with feet of light, treading on back to heaven, until it will take its place again around the throne of God.

It is a beautiful world, an attractive world, a glorious world. The hills—how beautifully they billow up; the crested wave, white with the foam of the crocuses; the rainbow, the arched bridge on which heaven and earth come out to talk to each other in tears after the storm has passed. How inimitable all the *lamp-lighters* that one hour ago set a blaze in the dome of the sky, the brackets of the stars!

Who was it that beat time in the June morning for the bright orchestra? How sweetly the harebell spreads its fragrance on the air! (Here a child in the church began to cry. Dr. T.: "Well, I don't know which of us is making the most noise. God bless the baby. Sorry any one is disturbed with it; I wish we could keep it; if it don't disturb others it don't disturb me at all. It will feel better after it gets into the cradle.") Well, I have said it is a beautiful world; and it is all the more beautiful for *the children.* What a dull world it would be without the children and without the flowers!

Oh, how attractive God made this world! And I hear some one say, "If this is such a sweet world, and such a beautiful world, why I am willing *to trade my soul off for it.*" I suppose God may have made larger worlds, and swarthier worlds, but I do not believe He ever made a more beautiful world than this world. It is very small, yet it is a minuet on the bosom of immensity. And I hear some one saying, "It is a beautiful world, and I am ready now to make the bargain, to trade my soul off for it."

Ah, my friend! you had better halt before making the bargain. I want to ask, What is the *value* of this world? You do not care any thing about a property if you cannot get a title to it, if you cannot get a warranty deed for it, if you cannot keep it; if after such a large price it slips away from you. I want to know what is

THE TITLE OF THIS WORLD.

I remember, when I was in *a lawyer's office,* it was my duty to search titles, and I used to go to the county office and search the titles. Sometimes I would find the title good back two years, three years, five years; but after a while I would come to an imperfection in the title; then the attorney would tell his client, "Do not purchase that property; the title is imperfect."

Now, I want to know whether I can get any title to this world before I trade my soul for it; I want to know whether I am coming into permanent possession of it. Oh no. One moment after I have made the bargain, the world may go away from me. I cannot keep it. At the very moment I am settling down upon the possession, it may be gone.

My only way of holding possession of this world is through my *senses:* all beautiful scenes through my eye, but my eye may be blotted out; all sweet sounds through my ear, but my ear may be deafened; all appreciation of art and culture through my mind, but my mind may fail. O my friend, if these are the only modes in which we can hold this earth as our possession, I tell you it is a very poor title!

I have noticed in courts of law that

WRITS OF EJECTMENT

are sent forth, and men are given several days notice before they must quit their premises. But I have to tell you that when death comes to us he gives us not one moment's warning. He says, *Be off these premises, and be gone forever.* We may offer $10,000. That will be of no value. We cannot say that we have a warranty deed. That will be of no avail. We may say, I have a lien on that storehouse; that will be of no value. We must be ejected from the premises and ejected forever. A title no better than that is no title at all.

But having found out what is the title to a property, I want to estimate its value, and I must see also what is its *insurance.* There is not a man in this house so silly as to purchase a property worth twenty thousand dollars or fifty thousand dollars, a property of such material that he can get no insurance upon it. And when you propose that I trade off my soul for the world and tell me you can get no title to that property, in the next place I want to know what insurance you will give me against the burning up of this world which you propose to pass off in exchange.

Why, so far from giving me any insurance against the burning up of this world and the destruction of this estate which you offer me in exchange, *geologists* tell us that the world is already on fire down in the heart of it, the flames kept from bursting out only as when a ship at sea is on fire, and the flames are kept down by the closing of the hatches. And yet you tell me that you would like to exchange this world for my soul while you cannot give me any title, and cannot give me any insurance.

Astronomers sweep their telescopes across the heavens, and they tell me that during the last few centuries

THIRTEEN WORLDS

have perished. They looked at them, and they were like other worlds; they looked at them again, and they were very red and fiery; they looked at them again, and they were burning worlds. After a while they looked again, and they were ashes; they looked again and they were burning down. Then they directed their telescopes to the heavens and all had been destroyed; even the ashes had been scattered.

Now, if the prophecy of some geologists and the prophecy of the Word of God be true, our world is finally to go in the same direction. And yet you propose to give me in exchange for my soul a world for which there is no title, and a world for which there is no insurance. Suppose an agent of insurance should come and stand in front of your house proposing to insure the building, and while he was there looking at it he should see that there was *a flame in the basement* of that house, why, the agent of insurance would say, I will give you no insurance on that building though you paid three fourths the value of the building; it is already being consumed.

And yet you propose that I trade off my soul and trade it for a world for which there is no title and no insurance, and it is already on fire in the basement, according to geologists who say that in the centre of the earth, far down in the depths of the mountains, the world is already aflame. I tell you you have no right to ask me for such an exchange, to give up a soul for a world for which there is no title and no insurance, and never can be.

You are aware of the fact that some people are very shy of certain property because all the people who have taken hold of that property have had trouble with it. When I lived in the outskirts of Brooklyn I used to ride through what is called *Jackson's Hollow*, and I used to ask the people, Why is it that while there are fine residences on this side, and fine residences on the other side of that place, there is an intermediate region where there are no houses? And they told me that everybody that ever had any thing to do with that property had trouble with it, and could not hold the estate without law-suit after law-suit, and the people would not build there.

Now, I have to tell you that every man that has bargained to take this world, and trade it for his soul, has found trouble with the estate and with the property. It was so with Lord Byron, who traded off his soul. He had the applause of all nations. So many admired him that they imitated him. He had *a limping foot*, and we are told that tens of thousands of people in England imitated his lame gait.

He had a large collar, and thousands of people imitated his apparel, and they felt that if they could not have any thing else they would have Byron's foot and Byron's collar, hoping in some way to make up for Byron's genius. But, alas for Byron! he lived in wretchedness, and he died in misery, with a cry so desperate and agonizing that his servant had to leave the room—trading off his soul for the world, and finding trouble with it

And so it was with *Napoleon*, after all his conquests had ended, and he was dying, and he asked that his military boots might be put upon him; dying in exile, his military boots his only estate left him. He traded off his soul for the world, and the world *cheated* him. He had trouble with the estate; he ought never to have had any thing to do with it. So it was with *Thackeray*, one of the most genial of men that ever lived. After winning the applause of all those who love wit, and love fine writing, one day he sat in a restaurant in Paris, and, looking across the restaurant, he saw a man, and he said within himself, "What a wretched-looking man that is! How sad and how miserable he looks!"

Then Thackeray rose from the table, and as he rose from the table at one end of the room the man he had been watching rose from the other end of the room. Thackeray put on his hat, and the man at the other end of the room put on his hat. Thackeray took his cane, the man at the other end of the room took his cane; and it was found out, on one side was Thackeray in the body, and on the other side was

THACKERAY IN THE MIRROR.

Oh, this world is a poor portion for an immortal spirit! All those that have any thing to do with it as a portion and as an estate have had trouble with it. So it has been in the past; so it will be in the future.

Besides that, no man can give you the world. I tell these young men plainly to-night, that when that promise is proposed there is an *impossibility* proposed. Who ever got the world? Who ever owned half the world? Who ever owned a hemisphere? Who ever owned a continent? Who ever owned Brooklyn? Who ever owned New York? We are asked to give up our souls not for a whole world, but for a mere fragment of it.

Now, suppose a man has a large estate for forty years. He lies down to die. How are you going to divide that estate? Oh, you say, send for the *surveyor*, and let him come with compass and chain, and let him measure the estate, three miles in this direction, three miles in that direction. Ah, no, my friend, that is *not the way* to measure that man's estate; now you want the undertaker; now he puts a finger in his vest-pocket, now he brings out a tape-line, and he measures five feet nine inches one way, two feet the other way.

That is the estate; not the surveyor, not the compass and the chain; just a tape-line to measure a short distance this way, and a short distance that way. Ah! even the grave does not belong to a man after he is gone. The title to that is in the hands of the executors and the heirs, and the man may have lived in a marble palace in Fifth Avenue, Presidents entertained at his house, picture-galleries the finest in all the land, and yet the *ghouls of darkness* after he is dead will not allow him a resting-place even in St. Mark's Churchyard.

O my friend! look at the value of the world. Pause now before you make the bargain; be deliberate. You always deliberate before you make a bargain in trade; you go to your partner and you ask him about a sale of goods; you ask of the probability of that man settling to whom you sold the goods, whether he is responsible, and whether after the goods are sold you are likely to get the compensation. And I ask this audience now, this moment, to stop and deliberate, and to find out what is the value of the world, before they propose making an exchange for it.

Now, here is the world. I will say no more about it. I cannot for my soul afford to make a mistake, you cannot for your soul afford to make a mistake. If I make a mistake in regard to the value of this world, I make a mistake *forever;* if you make a mistake in regard to the value of this world, you make a mistake *forever*. Be deliberate. Ask God for illumination. Think, judge, weigh, lift the balances, make the calculation.

II. Now I come to estimate the other value—the soul. How shall I do that? By its exquisite organism, mighty, silent—those are the characteristics of valuable machinery. Go into the mint at Philadelphia—mighty machinery, yet all *moving in silence*. The machinery that draws and tears itself is soon destroyed. Of machinery, the most mighty on earth is the most silent. And so this mechanism of the soul, how silently it moves, how the judgment lifts its balances in quiet, meekly, without any noise, as it brings out the treasure of all the faculties, moving in quiet, yet moving in strength, velocity, majesty, might.

Oh, this soul, superior to almost every thing,
at the right moment it *tosses aside* the body
though it were a toy, with one stroke of its wi
it goes around the earth, and over the throne
God. With one leap it is beyond the stars, b
yond moon, beyond sun, beyond all the chas
of immensity. It wants no bridge to walk ov
the abyss, it wants no plummet to sound t
depths. Oh! the soul! the soul! mighty sou
I conclude its value also by its *capacity for h*
piness. You go into a concert, you hear t
snap of a broken string, you hear the harsh n
tion of the bow across the viol; you say, Th
is no music. It is no music, but it is in pre
ration for music; and I tell you that all
harmonies of this world are comparative disc
compared with the harmonies of heaven; a
after a while, when the curtains of the gr
future are hoisted, we will enter in amid t
song and amid that congratulation and a
that orchestral triumph.

We cannot in this world get an idea of
soul's capacity for happiness. You have g
into a room where there was

A PANORAMA

to be exhibited. The room is made dark; t
the lights are put out, this light and that li
until the room is thoroughly dark, before
panorama can move to the best advantage,
fore the temples and cities and mountains
seen. So when sorrow comes in this world,
is preparing us for a view of heaven, and He
out this world's light, and that light of the s
and it gets darker and darker, until we ar
thick darkness, and then before our souls
the sights of heaven. The tears glistering in
sun in expectation of the glories that never

On this world we have flowers, beautiful f
ers, but they are not fit to be called flowers c
pared with the flowers in heaven. How
know they will be there? Do flowers die?
you sure that when the flowers die on earth
die forever? Methinks the fragrance of th
the spirit of the flower, floating upward
away, and if in heaven there are *palm-trees,*
not flowers? If the summer valleys have
ers, shall not the marigold creep on the m
tains of heaven? and the amaranth bloom
the amethystan walls? and shall not th
mine slumber there?

If there are no flowers in heaven, whe
they get the *garlands* for the righteous?
the capacity for happiness will never be k
in this world, but we will understand
heaven!

I also calculate the value of the soul by
has been paid for it. There is a diamo
St. Petersburg that cost two hundred tho
dollars. But this soul, this diamond with
how much did it cost? It cost the richest
that was ever shed. It cost the deepest
that was ever uttered. All the sorrows of
compressed in one tear, all the sufferings o
gathered into one groan, Oh the cost! the
Oh the value! the value!

But I estimate also the value of the s
the place that has been fitted for it. One
think that streets of adamant would hav
good enough. No; the streets are gold.
would have thought a wall of granite
have been good enough. No; it shall
flaming sardonyx mingling with the green
emerald. One would have thought that
casional doxology would have been e
But no; it shall be a perpetual song.

Oh the joys that are at God's right
Oh the grandeur of the place which G
fitted up for the immortal spirit! Now a
ready to make the estimate? Are you re
add up the values? I have shown you th
of the world; now I have spoken somev
the value of the soul. Remember, you ca
but one investment.

A man who loses five thousand dollars
earthly investment can make them again i
other investment; but when a man inv
soul he invests all; losing his soul he lo
saving his soul he saves all. Now hear
values—the world, the soul. Will you
Will you trade even? Are you ready

mendous bargain? The one perishable, the er immortal; the one unsatisfying, the other h a capacity for increasing joy. Will you ke the bargain? Will you make the exchange? What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole rld, and lose his soul?"

'Oh," says some one, "I am ready now to l my soul to

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

ow much is bid for my soul?" *Satan:* "I bid e world." "Ah," says the man, "I cannot cept that offer. That is no equivalent. That no bid. Sell my soul for a world? I cannot it. Begone! begone!" But *another man,* so wise, puts his soul up to the highest bidr, and says, "What is bid for my soul?" And answer comes back, "I will bid the world." d the man says, "Well, then, let the soul go that; going at that—going—gone."

What is the thing of greatest price,
  The whole creation round?
That which was lost in paradise,
  That which in Christ is found.

Then let us gather round the cross,
  That knowledge to obtain,
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
  But everlasting gain.

ome years ago a *sailor* came ashore after a mpestuous voyage, and he said, "The last trip made across the ocean was very rough, a very ugh trip. After we had been out three or four s the machinery got disarranged, the steam gan to escape, and the captain gathered us at e side of the ship, and gathered the passenrs, and said, 'Unless some one will go down re and stop that machinery, rearrange that chinery, and stop the steam, this whole vessel ll be destroyed, and we will lose our lives.'

'No one made an offer to go. The captain nself would not go. After a while he said ain to the crew and the passengers, 'If some e is not willing to sacrifice himself and go wn there, and change that machinery, and p that steam, we shall lose our lives; this ssel will last for only a few moments longer.'

"Then a plain sailor wrapped a mantle of me coarse canvas around him, and said, 'I will , sir.' And he went down the stair, and he anged the machinery, and stopped the steam, d the peril ceased. And the captain, standing the deck, said, 'All saved, thank God—all ved."

"'But let us go down,' said the captain, 'and what has become of *the brave fellow* that has ved us.' And they went down the stairs, and the foot of it they found the sailor—*dead.*"

carious suffering! He died for all.

And so the Lord Jesus Christ comes to us. e must perish unless some one sacrifice himf. All the nations must die unless there be an *mement.* Who will go? One of the seraims? One of the cherubims? Not one. hen said Christ, "Lo, I come to do Thy will." nd he went down the dark stairway of the rld's sin, and the dark stairway of the world's ffering, and the dark stairway of the world's es and the world's death, and he stopped the ril, and he saved our immortal souls.

Vicarious suffering! The good dying for the d, the just for the unjust, His sorrow for our rrow, His life for our life. Oh, the love! oh, e sacrifice! oh, the suffering! oh, the death the Son of God! This night accept and beve in the sacrifice, surrender all your sin, do t let the world cheat you any longer. What all it profit a man if he gain the whole world d lose his soul?

The prayers of the readers of this Journal are quested for the blessing of God upon its Editors America and England and those whose sermons, ticles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 pies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conrsion of many sinners and the quickening of d's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage pecially request prayer every Sunday morning behalf of their labors.]

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 534.*)

The Rev. Jerome Grant is Installed in his New Office—He Lays Deep Plans for Arnold's Perversion—Mrs. Montaigne becomes Uneasy about her Son—Mr. Grant Thinks that the End Justifies the Means—Percival Submits to be Guided by him—He makes Overtures to a Roman Catholic Priest—Mr. Grant Disgusted—Protests.

MR. GRANT was at first somewhat staggered at this proposal—this secret and fraudulent scheme of *proselytism.* It shocked the honest Protestant principles in which he had been brought up, and which in some measure lived still in his soul. He had come into contact, however, with one who had been trained to perfection in all the arts of sophisticating the conscience, and under the skill of his Jesuit friend's special pleading and the ardor of his own new-born zeal for Rome, his moral judgment was blinded and his scruples set aside. A Roman Catholic at heart, and a Jesuit in fact, he yet called himself an Anglican clergyman, ready to undertake any task for the Papal Church which his ostensible position as a Protestant minister might cast in his way.

The work of tutor to Percival Montaigne was such a task. The Superior of the Jesuit order in Dublin called his attention to Mr. Gogharty's advertisement in the Dublin newspaper, hence his reply to it; and the same person, knowing at a glance for whom the tutor was wanted, sent his note to Mr. Gogharty, calling upon him to see to it that his friend Mr. Grant should be introduced to the home and confidence of Mrs. Montaigne.

Mr. Gogharty divined in a moment the significance of this request. To his wondering and delighted eyes the whole astute plot revealed itself. His Jesuit friend, then, had not forgotten the enterprise he had placed in his hands, but had only bided his time for a fitting opportunity. "Isn't it a lucky thing," said Mr. Gogharty to himself, "that I didn't write that note to him, which though enjoined not to send, yet, egged on by my mischievous impatience, I was a short time since on the very point of despatching to him, forsooth, to jog his memory? Indeed, I should have made a pretty mess, and put my foot in it."

Throwing into his waste-basket with a gleeful chuckle the five or six most eligible replies he had received to his advertisement, and which he had set aside for Mrs. Montaigne's inspection, and then selecting from the general heap of applications five or six of the most *unlikely* answers he could find, he fastened about them and Mr. Grant's letter and testimonials an elastic band, and that afternoon, putting the packet in his pocket, set off for Portarlington.

On Mrs. Montaigne's reading over the epistles submitted to her by the lawyer, it was not difficult to persuade her which applicant to choose. It was evident that Mr. Grant's fitness for the vacant post was far and away superior to any of the rest. "In fact, madam, it is quite a happy Providence," said Mr. Gogharty, "which has brought before your choice such an accomplished candidate as this Oxford graduate." "Yes," said the poor confiding lady, "and only think of it, Mr. Gogharty, he is a clergyman, too, and therefore one certain to take a special interest in a clergyman's son." Almost as a matter of course, Mr. Gogharty was instructed by his lady client to form at once an engagement with the precious Mr. Grant, and to ask him as soon as possibly convenient to enter upon his duties with her Percival.

In due time, therefore, this Jesuit in disguise arrived—this seducer to spiritual bondage and darkness, "clothed as an angel of light"—and he became a trusted and revered inmate in a Protestant household,—resolved, however, to work out a consummation therein which would destroy its peace, poison its happiness, blast its temporal prospects, and fill it with desolation and woe.

It would take too long to describe the methods which the Rev. Jerome Grant put into operation to sap and overturn his pupil's Protestant belief. The first thing to success was to worm himself, by any and every means, into his pupil's *affection and confidence.* When this was artfully accomplished—nothing was done in a hurry—the Jesuit had too cunning a knowledge of human nature to wound or startle by too precipitate disclosures the strong and early formed predilections of the young man. From the history of his own mind he knew *how* to begin and *where* to begin his subtle enterprise, and right skilfully he dealt with the unsuspicious and plastic intellect before him. Percival, now somewhat more than eighteen years of age, had reached a stage of mental growth the most critical in a human being—one in which there is a love of freedom in opinion without caution, or experience, or knowledge to guide it—one in which the mind is open to the assaults of error without having the firmness and skill to withstand and refute them; and in which all the unsophisticated and generous impulses of the heart would move it to sympathize with a cause that had long been in adverse and unfortunate circumstances, as had been the case, both politically and religiously, with the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and that for centuries.

"It is noble," Percival said within himself, "to stand, in the face of prejudice and scorn, by the down-trodden and despised; and there must be—it is clear as a sunbeam—a marvellous vital force in those dogmas and principles which have outlived all 'penal laws,' and which have victoriously stood their ground against a richly-endowed and patronized Protestant Establishment."

There is a strange and perilous proneness in the religious instinct, the noblest in its possibilities which man possesses, to attribute a secret and magical potency to holy persons, holy places, and outward forms; in other words, while all but ignoring the spirituality of true religion, to invest priests, shrines, and sacraments with an all-saving and sanctifying efficacy; and this does Romanism. Protestantism, more opposed to human nature, teaches that religion is altogether a personal affair, and that acceptance with God depends, not upon the "hocus pocus" and manipulations of a priest, but upon real faith in Jesus Christ and inward character. Mr. Grant, however, insidiously and persistently suggested to young Montaigne that the supernatural and mysterious powers of the Church, handed down by a presumed unbroken succession from the Apostles, must count for something; and that if so, "what Church," he asked, "can have these powers in such complete and unchallengeable exercise as the ancient Church of Rome? One and undivided," he urged, "and not in schismatical disunion, like the thousand sections of Protestantism?"

Union, however, as we know, is essentially a matter of inward life and spirit, and not of outward organization and form. But Mr. Grant took good care to keep this crucial fact in abeyance, for, if understood, Percival would at once perceive that in this sense Protestantism has a far truer unity that what the Church of Rome can boast of. Its hymns in common use, its oneness in fundamental doctrine, its sole appeal to the Bible, and its harmony of prayers and worship prove this; but still the show of unity in the Papacy, though the result of fettered thought and tyrannical authority and not of living spontaneity, is something patent and palpable, and it was speciously and skilfully, time after time, put before Percival Montaigne, and not without effect. He took, as many have done before him, appearances for reality, and, beguiled, was soon enamored of the cheat.

Mrs. Montaigne more than once of late was a good deal startled by certain remarks of her son; his spiteful criticism of the work and character of the Reformers, his depreciating tone in regard to evangelical religion, his expressed admiration of the orders and ceremonies of the Papal Church, were all new things to hear in her house, and, as coming from her beloved Percival, pained and almost shocked her. She felt she must take counsel of his and her mentor, the Rev. Jerome Grant, upon the matter, and warn him that some *evil pamphlets* and books must somehow have got into his pupil's hands. She entreated him to find out what these books were, and to destroy them.

Mr. Grant, as we know, was quite aware of the source of his pupil's new opinions, only he would not have called what had wrought this change of religious sentiment evil publications. He himself it was who had brought them before the notice of Percival Montaigne. Some of them he had left in his way, and to others he had given his positive recommendation. "The result of my wary scheme," he said within himself, "is, no doubt, very distressing to this poor, simple-minded lady, and," he added, with a gleeful shrug, "I suppose, poor thing! I ought to be sorry for her, but, by St. Peter, I cannot. Jesus Christ said, 'Be wise as a serpent,' and Paul said of his mission, 'This one thing I do,' and holy Church must be served whoever may come to the wall. That ardent youth, her son, however, must be curbed and made to hold his tongue, or he'll ruin my well-set enterprise with his glib talk and ill-timed babble."

He therefore, that very day, exhorted his pupil to absolute silence upon his transition state of religious opinion when in the presence of his mother, and even counselled him to put on a seeming acquiescence in her views. "You see, my dear Percival," he blandly said, "Mrs. Montaigne's ideas are, as it were, stereotyped, and are now so long formed and fixed that there is not the remotest likelihood that she'll ever change them. Your talking, therefore, about these matters before her will only alarm and anger her, and lead her to cruelly forbid you any further progress in Catholic truth. Of course, my dear young friend, when *conscience* is concerned, even the injunction of a parent must be disobeyed; but there is no use, my son, in unnecessarily calling forth her opposition; you could not submit to it, and the result would only be an unpleasant dispute. Take my advice, dear friend, and just keep things, for the present, quiet and pleasant, and by and by, when your position is more independent, you know, you can do as you like without the possibility of any hindrance."

Percival did not relish these lessons on the suppression of what he deemed vital truth, nor this counsel to dissimulation. It grated upon his conscience, did violence to his moral judgment, and contradicted his life-long practice of keeping nothing hidden from his mother. Mr. Grant, however, was a clergyman—one, as he thought, who knew far better than he could what was justifiable and expedient. It was probable, then, that he, Percival, was only weakly scrupulous, and his reverend tutor right. He would, consequently, act upon his direction, and on all religious questions would remain before his mother, in the future, silent as the grave; and he kept well to his new purpose. Though his mother, anxious to gainsay some opinions she had heard him express, often tried to draw him into controversy, he avoided her attempts, and adroitly turned the conversation into another channel.

The young man's moral and spiritual nature, however, wounded and degraded, knew from this hour a rapid descent. He was soon in a position to be taken captive by even the most absurd and vicious delusions and dogmas of the Romish creed. In fact, he travelled the road of perversion quite too facilely even for the Rev. Jerome Grant, for he startled and vexed that gentleman by abruptly telling him one day that he had made up his mind to become at once *a member* of "the holy Catholic Church," and had even spoken to the parish priests of Portarlington upon the subject. "I have done this without your knowledge," said Percival, "because I feared that as an Anglican clergyman you would seek to oppose me in such a step—one which has become necessary to my peace of mind.

"I have, therefore, without consulting any thing but my own conscience, to all intents and purposes crossed the Rubicon; and forgive me, Mr. Grant, if I respectfully say," he continued, making that worthy inwardly smile, "that you, my dear sir, from what I have heard you admit many times, should in all consistency *follow in my steps*."

But why, it may be asked, was the Jesuit annoyed at this intelligence? Was not this just the very result for which he had come under Mrs. Montaigne's roof? And had he not, with peerless skill, not only made a most desirable proselyte, but also secured for his Order a very handsome money reward? For Mr. Gogharty would have now to redeem his pledge of a large emolument, of which pledge Mr. Grant was fully cognizant.

Dear reader, Mr. Grant had a far deeper scheme in his mind than you give him credit for. No thorough-going Jesuit, such as he was, would close in with an inferior project when a greater and grander one by a little diplomacy might be accomplished. The sum which Mr. Gogharty had engaged himself for to the Jesuit order was trifling compared with the value of the Percival estate. Why, then, should it be accepted, when by a wise and prudent delay the whole of the late knight's property could be got into the Jesuit coffers? And this, as Mr. Grant saw, could be successfully and easily managed by keeping Percival Montaigne until his twenty-fifth year in *nominal connection* with the Protestant Episcopal Church. The eccentric conditions of Sir Christopher's will would thus be met, and Percival Montaigne once in possession of the estate, from what he knew of human nature, and especially of his pupil's human nature and his influence over him, he was fully persuaded he could move him to enter a Jesuit monastery, and even, were it desirable, induce him to become a Jesuit priest. Now, this sublime plot, by a too hasty development, seemed on the eve of failure, his well-thought-out scheme was in imminent peril of becoming a thing of naught; and this threatened "debacle," as he called it, involving the loss of several thousand pounds, filled the soul of Mr. Grant with disgust and chagrin.

He therefore strongly protested against the hasty step which the young man meditated. At first, he sought to show him what temporal ruin it would entail both upon himself and his mother, since he would forfeit his heirship to the Percival property; but when he found that his pupil was proof against this consideration, and was prepared to sacrifice all, even his mother, to the felt imperative claim of his conscience, Mr. Grant proceeded upon another tack, and pointed out to him how the steps the young man proposed to take would cause a tremendous loss to the Church itself for which he was now so zealous, and, in fact, finally and boldly urged upon him the act of hypocrisy which he had so long marked out for him.

With a start the young man heard his pernicious suggestion—it shocked all the remaining virtues of his character. After a look of intense indignation and reproach at his tempter, he turned his back upon him and left the room.

(*To be continued.*)

Crying for Help.—Several Children of a Family were playing in a garden, when one fell into a tank. When the father heard of it he asked each what means they thought of to rescue their brother from his perilous situation. Inquiring of the youngest he said, "John, what did you do to rescue your brother?" The boy answered, "Father, what could I do? I am so young that I could not do any thing, but I stood and *cried as loud* as I could." But in *crying for help* he did his part, and did well. If we cannot bring a ladder or a rope, we can at least cry to God in prayer for Him to help and bless.

A REVIEW OF 25 YEARS' PASTORATE

Address by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, at the Monda Evening Prayer-Meeting, May 19.

His first Congregations at New Park Stree Chapel, Exeter Hall, Surrey Hall—Origin of th Pastors' College, and of the Stockwell Orphar age, to which £20,000 was given—How anothe £20,000 was Guaranteed to the Metropolita Tabernacle—Mr. Spurgeon's Frequent Tren bling on Entering the Pulpit—His Fits of Sicl ness—No Divisions in the Congregation, etc.

THE spirit of prayer so thoroughly pervade this meeting that I am loth to break in upon i but there are some things I should like to say. must crave your indulgence this evening if we g a good deal beyond the general closing time- 8.30. This is a special night, and for once think we may make a night of it. I have felt, you must imagine, the deepest emotion at th end of these twenty-five years, and an emotic which I shall never attempt to express, of grat ful thanks to you for the noble testimonial yo have raised. It never entered into my mind th any thing like such a testimonial could possib have been given—the immense sum of £62 ($30,254)—a universal gift, a delighted gift, giving which everybody seemed only afraid being excluded—the giving of the rich, the givir of the poor. I certainly could not imagine th any thing like such an immense sum as that cou possibly be given among you.

All the while you were raising it I was ill bed, too ill to rise, and as each day brought n tidings of what you were doing, as each day heard some account of all your acts, and word and deeds of love, my heart could hardly bear i I hardly like to begin upon the subject. I ha generally fought shy of subjects I was not a quainted with, and of some which I was acquain ed with, but which I felt would master me; ar this is such a subject. I bless you all a thousan fold for this token of your love and kindness me.

WELL, I HAVE TO SPEAK OF MYSELF.

Last night I had a difficult task. I felt I mu praise God for the twenty-five years of prosperi He has given us, but I was afraid it would lo so much like speaking about myself. I did n like the task, and was glad when it was over. must bless the name of God for all that He h done. All He has done in this place is not gat ered up in this place, nay, not a thousand part of it, for the influence which has gone for from this pulpit is not confined here. There scarcely a place in all this world where God h not made the arrows shot from this pulpit find a lodging place.

Now I cannot take any honor for this to m self, for I may say of myself, as did the apost if I have preached the Gospel I have not t glory of it, for necessity is laid upon me. I *m* preach the Gospel; I cannot help it; I could n live without preaching it. If anybody kno any thing better than the Gospel let him prea it, but as I know of nothing a hundredth part good I must go on with the old, old story long as my tongue can move. I cannot help I cannot be praised for it. I cannot help it.

Looking back over the twenty-five years, I serve that in nothing I have done has the cre been due to me. When first I came to the *N Park Street Congregation* it was through no vo of mine; the people would have me, and I can When the place I preached in got too small could not help it; people *would come* and ma it small. Then I preached on Sundays in *Exe Hall*, and that was thought a great thing; we went there because we had nowhere else go—we could not help ourselves. I recoll going to see the *Surrey Hall*, and thinking wh a fine place it was, and could we venture to t that. I remember that one or two of our me bers always persisted in calling it the "dev house." I told them I would preach in devil's house any day as long as he would let preach the Gospel, and the *devil could be ther he liked*. Well, we went there because we h nowhere else to go—we could not help o elves. Then this place was built because we ould not help ourselves.

So it has been with every thing. Necessity was laid upon us in the matter of the *College;* because there were some young men who *would* preach the Gospel, and some of them preached it very badly, and made great fools of themelves. So we thought if these young fellows would preach, the best thing we could do would be to give them an opportunity of learning how o do it better. We could not help the college; it grew up of itself.

Then, too, when that dear woman of God sent me a letter saying she had laid aside 20,000*l.* $97,000) for the *Orphanage*, who in his senses ould help starting it?

In all I have done I have been pressed forward by some influence or other which has carried me along. I have just floated on the crest of the wave, borne on by some influence, of which it is true I was the willing instrument, but only the nstrument. In nothing whatever can I take the slightest honor or credit to myself. I say again, with the apostle, "necessity was laid upon me."

I always have one good reason for speaking with bated breath of any thing which God does by me, because usually the real honor belongs to some one else—to some men or some women who are not seen. I don't think I ever told in public what I am now going to tell you of what once happened to me. This great house was to be built, and some 30,000*l.* ($145,500) were needed. We didn't know it would want so much, and we started with about 12,000*l.* or 15,000*l.*

Well, when we found that 20,000*l.* ($97,000) was needed, you may suppose it was a cause of some anxiety to us. I remember going down the street one day, when *I met a friend* who was driving a gig. He asked me to get in with him and I did. "Well," said he, "I suppose you must feel very nervous that you will not get the money you want to complete the building?" "No," I said, "I was not nervous." "Well," said he, "how much more do you suppose it will take to finish it altogether?" I told him about 20,000*l.* "Then," he answered, "I will come down to-morrow and give you the 20,000*l.* Say nothing about it to any one and pay me back as the subscriptions come in. If you never get any more subscriptions, I will lose the 20,000*l.*; but I don't expect my subscription will come to more than 20*l.* ($97)." Well, he brought me the money, and when I had it I said nothing about it; but it is wonderful what a degree of faith I had that the building would be completed.

His subscription in the end amounted to 50*l.* ($242), no more. I felt very thankful to him, as you may suppose. Then, again, in the matter of the Orphanage, that dear Christian woman, who always wishes to be unknown, was behind the scenes; and whenever any good work has been done, there have always been people behind who did the work.

So you see I have been like a weather-beaten *figurehead* put up in front of the vessel, but behind has been the real motive-power. People have said to me, "Here, take this money; you can use it better than I can; take it and distribute it as you think fit." These men and women God alone knows, but to them all human credit must be given—to them do I most freely and heartily yield it. I do not know that they could have done the work so well without me, but I am certain I could not have done it without them.

THEREFORE UNTO GOD THE PRAISE.

Now the leadership of such a church as this has not been without many *sore difficulties*. I do not think many of you know me at all; I hardly know myself. It is generally supposed that I preach with very little trouble or struggle. Now, *for many years I never entered this pulpit without a fit of trembling*, of fear and dismay, lest my powers should suddenly desert me. If I might have had my way, I think I would almost as soon have taken a flogging or a horsewhipping as preach a sermon. I recollect years ago asking a preacher if he had not had this feeling, and got over it. He said he was afraid he had got over it, but he hoped I never would; he hoped I would always feel the trembling, for when I didn't I certainly should not preach so well. I never have preached as I should preach, but I have tried at it, and it has stirred me through and through. It has never been a recreation to me to preach to such audiences as gather here, and if it has become in time more and more easy to preach in the same house to the same people, still the same feeling of horror and trembling often comes upon me when I am striving with a subject, and trying to get my soul into sympathy with it.

Now, during the twenty-five years of my ministry I do not know how often I have been laid up by severe *fits of sickness*. I think almost every year I have been laid prostrate. I do think this was necessary. I think it was right. I should have liked to escape from it; but let God be thanked even for that, for He knows best. But if I should get worse and worse, have patience with me. I cannot always be in my place, but I always will be when I can, and when at last it comes to this, "*Well, he is done for*," then I shall go, without standing in your way, and I will cheerfully set about such labor as I shall be able to do, and not attempt to lay hold of a task too great for my powers. Yet I do not know but what *there is life in the old dog yet*. (Applause.)

My great joy has been that in the church we have had no serious troubles of any sort—*no division* about dogmas. I have sometimes heard that a brother is heretical, but I have not believed it; and I have never thought it my duty to come down like a terrier dog *and snap at him*.

True it is that during the twenty-five years we have not been without a few members who have brought disgrace upon us and upon the name of Christ—we never expected to be without such—there will be such everywhere; but when, on the whole, I think of the holiness of living and the steadfastness of faith which have characterized our members, and of the union which has prevailed among us, I can only bless and praise and magnify the name of the Lord. Though one brother may occasionally have grumbled at another brother, yet it has not been much. You do not seem to have differed much from me. Nobody has fallen out with me. Yes, there have been one or two, and I have also fallen out with them in another way. If they have spoken ill of me, I have tried to speak well of them. When they have been very fierce I have been very gentle, and the fiercer they grew the gentler I became. In almost every case I have conquered by this simple process.

Young men, this has been all my policy—to hate nobody; to love everybody; and I can recommend it to you as a policy which conduces to success. I have tried to

SEE EVERY THING IN THE BEST LIGHT.

I have turned the best side foremost, as some of you do with your goods in the shop windows when they get a little dingy or soiled.

Now there are many things I would like to say but cannot. I will simply make a remark about *the testimonial*. When my dear friends said there ought to be a testimonial to me, I said it was God who had done it all, and I would have nothing to do with a testimonial for myself. Well, many uses have suggested themselves for the money; but our funds have sometimes been heavily taxed for the support of our poor brothers, and it has been thought that 5000*l.* ($24,250) might well be devoted as a perpetual fund for that purpose. But you have raised over 6200*l.* ($30,000). Well, many brothers have said, "This 1200*l.* extra is clearly for you, and you must have it." Indeed, I have been scolded by some friends, who said they would give more if I would take it; but I will not take a penny.

But I said, at the same time, I would like to have a piece of bronze which should be a memorial of your gift, so this clock (uncovering a handsome bronze clock) has been given to me—(applause)—with two side ornaments in bronze, which are to come to-morrow from Paris. These are for my study, and I shall never look at them without remembering your kindness. I shall greatly treasure them. I don't know which of my sons will come in for them for I have not the least notion which is the elder of the two. I know one of them was born in this country before the other, but then the second one was in Australia at the time of his coming of age, so in relation to that event was exactly twelve hours before his brother.

I don't know how it will go, but I hope in years to come that it will be remembered that this was presented to me on this occasion as a token of your kindness to me. This memorial is paid for out of the money raised, but all the rest of the money will be devoted to various purposes which I shall name to-morrow. I shall leave it in the hands of treasurers, and they shall see it is so used.

It will be said by some people, I know, "Ah, Spurgeon makes a good thing of this." (Laughter.) He does. He is perfectly satisfied. I should not like anybody to think my Master does not pay His servants well, for He does. If anybody thinks he can fill my place better than I do, he is welcome to take it, and I hope he may have a testimonial raised to him. If he does, I hope he will do with it as I have done. When people say, "Ah, he makes a good thing of it," I should like to have it known he *does* make a splendid thing of it, and that if they will serve the Lord Jesus Christ they may make the same splendid thing of it.

That clock shall be an Ebenezer to me. I shall recollect that the Lord has brought us in love and unity together so far. Many who began with us have passed away, dropping off one by one, but another set of men have been always ready to fill the vacant places. If some dear names, familiar in your mouths as household words, are heard no more—names of men and women who have gone home—there have been others to take their place; not quite like them perhaps—some we shall never see the like of, and filling their places well and bravely.

It always seems to me I have the very pick of men and women around me. I wish they were better, and myself better too—for if I did not get better as well they would be too good for me—but I cannot imagine better friends, kinder helpers than I have. Still we are not going to indulge the idea that any one here is essential, least of all the pastor. Let us go forward! Let us go forward! let us go forward! Our tasks are not yet accomplished, they are only beginning.

The lady who sent the money for the Orphanage sent 50*l.* ($242) for *a girls' orphanage*. I wanted her to take it back, for I felt I was not equal to the task at the time. But she said, "Keep it—it will grow." I should have liked to commence the twenty-sixth year with a girls' orphanage; but though I must wait awhile I am keeping the 50*l.* and letting it grow. I have always found the proverb true that money breeds money, and I am quite sure that the 50*l.* will lay eggs.

We shall have a girls' orphanage; I feel sure of it. God has always sent us the help we wanted just at the very right time. Unto the Lord Jehovah be all honor and glory forever and ever; and so we close these twenty-five years, giving Him all the praise, world without end. Amen.

The Shape of a Hat may seem unimportant, but circumstances may conspire to render it a national question. Aleko Pasha, the Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia, has been required by the Sultan of Turkey to wear the Turkish fez. He is desirous of conciliating his subjects by wearing the Bulgarian hat. The Sultan considers the refusal a breach of Aleko's arrangement, and threatens to send an armed force against him unless he wears the fez. Aleko wishes he had two heads that he might please both the Sultan and his subjects, but as he has not, he runs a risk of losing the head he has.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to disseminate the glorious truths of the Word of God, and thus to aid in carrying on the work of the Saviour on the earth.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress.—A Monument to mark the birthplace of "The Father of his Country" is to be erected; a joint resolution providing for this object has been passed. A resolution approving the issue of rations to the yellow-fever sufferers last year was passed in the House. The legislative appropriation bill has been sent to the Senate without the political clauses to which the President and the Republican Party object. A stubborn fight has been made over the Supplementary Judicial Appropriation Bill, which it is contended renders inoperative laws remaining unrepealed on the Statute Book. Even if it passes the Senate, it is not likely to receive the assent of the President. In his last veto message he stated in strong language his objections to a repeal of the laws regulating elections, and he will doubtless consider those objections are as valid against *nullification* as against repeal.

The House adopted without division a resolution to adjourn June 17th. Public opinion outside Congress is unanimous in the belief that an adjournment cannot take place too soon, for the credit both of that body and of the country.

A Fire of a Remarkable Character occurred at Philadelphia, Pa., June 11th. During a thunderstorm, lightning struck the pump house of the Atlantic Refining Company at Point Breeze, on the Schuylkill River, in the southern section of the city. Along the river front were stored about 25,000 cases of oil, and in the river by the wharves were a number of ships and barks loading or loaded with oil. In a few minutes the flames communicated to a large filling warehouse where the barrels are filled. This was soon enveloped in flames, which then extended to the long line of sheds on the wharf. By this time an immense quantity of crude and refined oil was ablaze. The burning oil was running in all directions and the long line of wharf property was soon one continuous blaze. By the time the city fire engines reached the scene five ships on the river and 10,000 barrels of oil and the surrounding buildings were burning fiercely for a distance of over a thousand yards, and the heat had become so intense that very little headway could be made against the fire. It was eventually got under control, but broke out again on the 13th, doing much damage.

Dr. Talmage in London.—The New York *Herald* publishes the following telegram from its London correspondent: "The Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage preached to day (June 15th) at the Islington Presbyterian Church, Colebrooke Road, to an enormous congregation. Much curiosity was evinced by the people to see the famous American preacher; a dense crowd blockaded the streets leading to the church. *The enthusiasm was immense.* Half a mile before the Presbyterian Church was reached the carriage of the reverend gentleman was *lifted from the ground* and carried bodily to the church. It was one of the most tremendous ovations ever paid to an American minister in London."

The Serious Illness of Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., has caused acute anxiety, not only to the Church of Holy Trinity, but throughout the city of New York. The general respect in which he is held by all denominations of Christians, and the knowledge that his illness is in great part the result of overwork, renders the issue of his malady a subject of general concern. Many prayers have been offered, that if consistent with the Divine will, his life may be spared. Some weeks ago this energetic clergyman protested against the closing of the churches for the summer season, and announced his intention of continuing his labors through the summer; but God is showing that His work may be continued without the instruments man regards as essential to its success.

A glance at the work at Holy Trinity causes surprise that Dr. Tyng's physical powers have sustained the strain so long. Among the various religious and philanthropic enterprises connected with the church, and which Dr. Tyng carefully superintends, and with the minutest details of which he is thoroughly conversant, may be mentioned, the House of the Evangelists; the Orphanage; a Dispensary and Infirmary; a home for Christian care; the Peabody Home; the Andrew and Philip Society; the Dorcas Society; Mary and Martha Society; a Committee on Strangers; a Committee of Employment; and the Innocents Aid Society, besides the Sunday-school and the usual adjuncts of church work. Holy Trinity, under Dr. Tyng's pastoral care, has been made a centre from which good flows out in many streams over the whole city, and his influence and energetic spirit are perceptible in all. It may be mentioned that Dr. Tyng studied the work of philanthropic organization in *Mr. Spurgeon's church* in London, and obtained there many valuable suggestions which he has elaborated and improved.

More Large Bequests to Religious and Philanthropic institutions are announced. Under the will of Mr. William Sloane, the Treasurer of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, $140,000 are left for division among eleven societies, amongst which the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions receives $30,000; the Presbyterian Board of Domestic Missions, $30,000; the American Sunday School Union, $10,000; the New York Tract Society, $5000; the Seaman's Society, $5000; the St. Andrew's Society, $5000, the New York Bible Society, $20,000. To his pastor, Dr. John Hall, Mr. Sloane also left a legacy of $20,000.

A Newsboy's Present to the Public.—The public library of Cincinnati has lately been enriched by the large addition of 2500 volumes. They have been presented by John King, a *newsboy* of the city. His history is a remarkable one. He was *crippled in early life* by an accident, an while confined to his bed he developed a likin for books and an ambition for a library. He le his bed, and after many trials found himself i the city of Cincinnati keeping a news-stand and for the last ten years the cripple and hi papers have become well known on the streets King now began to start his library. He had little money saved at the end of each day' work, and he found his delight in reading book of his own purchasing. Keeping a sharp eye f bargains, he gradually accumulated hundreds volumes, not of worthless publications, b books of *standard value.* In addition to his l brary he had saved several hundred dollars i money—a fund intended for his support when i his old age he should sit down for a "*big read,* as he expressed it. Circumstances have, ho ever, combined to defeat his purpose, and thought the best thing he could do was to pr sent his library to the city.

The Duke of Argyll arrived in New Yo June 3d from England. He is well known as author and a statesman. In visiting the Ne World he stated that he had three principal o jects in view besides a general desire to s America. The first to visit his eldest son, t Marquis of Lorne, now Governor-General of Ca ada; second, to call on Longfellow in his N England home; and, third, to see Niagara.

We hope to publish his portrait and a sket of his life in the next number of the CHRISTI HERALD.

Taunton, Mass., is the sphere of labor which Rev. S. H. Pratt and Mr. and Mrs. Cl Willson are at present occupied. The servi are held in their Gospel Tent, which is crowd to its utmost capacity at all the meetings. D icatory services were held June 3d and 4th, which Dr. E. G. Taylor, of Providence, and R E. P. Hammond took part. Great success attending the work, and it is proposed to c tinue it as God may point the way in other cit and villages through the summer.

A Lawsuit about an Aerolite is to be tr in Iowa. The farmer on whose land the m fell did not set any value on it, and some sci tific gentlemen obtained his permission to move it; but when the farmer heard that public were offering a dollar an ounce for fr ments, he endeavored to regain possession, his demand has issued in a suit for recovery.

ood Abilities are Frequently Used for Ig- ble purposes, and time and talents spent in sin ich used in the ways of righteousness would ve been beneficial to the owner and to the rld. An instance of this has turned up in the ipe of a counterfeit United States note of the denomination. It is produced with pen and , and is so exquisitely done as to deceive even erson accustomed to handling notes of that nomination. All the intricate figures and ves, all the heads, the seal, the fine engrav- work, are almost perfect. The signature of n Allison, formerly Register of the Treasury, almost exact, while that of John C. New, for- rly Treasurer, is perfect. The whole bill, k and face, is a wonderful piece of pen-work. was detected at the sub-treasury at New leans. Unless the individual who executed counterfeit is as rapid as he is a wonderful rker, it would take at least *a month* to finish a ce of work like this $20 bill.

even Hours in a Chimney.—A singularly inful and sad experience has been that of a rglar who endeavored to enter a pawnbroker's op by the chimney. Descending to within six t of the fireplace he stuck fast, however, and, spite all his efforts, failed to get free. For ur long hours he struggled in vain, and then servant of the pawnbroker came and lighted fire beneath. Then the roasting of the rglar began. What kind of sensations the ber experienced we are left to imagine; all at is known is that, after three hours of torture, groans became so audible that the proprietor the place heard them, and, sending for the lice and a builder, did the best he could to ex- cate the thief. This proved, however, to be easy matter, for, before the entrapped rascal uld be rescued the brickwork had to be taken wn. When found, the miserable man was im- dded firmly, "crying fearfully." His mouth d eyes were filled with soot and he was readfully scorched," and he died immediately er he was taken out.

Taught by an Arab.—Some years ago a enchman, who, like many of his countrymen, d won a high rank among men of science, yet o denied the God who is the Author of all ence, was crossing the Great Sahara in com- ny with an Arab guide. He noticed with a eer that at certain times his guide, whatever stacles might arise, put them all aside, and, eeling on the burning sands, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never led, till at last one evening the philosopher, en he rose from his knees, asked him with contemptuous smile, "How do you know ere is a God?" The guide fixed his eyes on e scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then id, solemnly, 'How do I know there is a God? ow did I know that a man, and not a camel, ssed my hut last night in the darkness? as it not by the print of his foot in the sand? en so," and he pointed to the sun, whose last ys were flashing over the lonely desert, "that otprint is not that of a man."

Russia is at the present time undergoing period of national suffering which may be mpared to the sufferings the Israelites en- red as chastisement for their sins. Russia s been for several generations filling up the ps of her iniquities. Her insatiable lust for rritory has led her, under one hypocritical ise or another, to appropriate the lands of her ighbors. Sometimes she has pretended sym- thy for oppressed peoples, sometimes a desire aid a hated ruler, but her object has always en the same—*plunder*.

Having but recently ended a sanguinary and rrible war, burdened with debt to the very rge of bankruptcy, shaken as by the throes a revolutionary earthquake, she seems des- ned, moreover, to be devastated by fire and stilence. On April 28th, the partial destruc- on of the important town of *Orenberg*, of 10,- o inhabitants, took place by fire, and the best rt of the town was destroyed. On May 12th, e same town was again set on fire in the Cossack quarter, and a large part of what the previous conflagration had spared was consumed. On May 9th, a great fire broke out in another town, *Irbit*, which lasted five hours. All the best parts of the town were destroyed. Again, on May 11th, during a violent gale of wind, a fire broke out at *Uralsk*, whereby a great part of that town was destroyed. In addition to these conflagrations, many other fires are reported from different towns and villages.

Meanwhile, we learn from Tiflis that terrible mortality prevails in the Caucasus, in the district of Gore, the settlement of Metche, and other places. The nature of the malady is unknown. It is fatal in about twenty-four hours. In the Dirby settlement of 150 houses, 70 men have died; in Belot, 31 men. In Medjvrisheni, containing 200 houses, 200 men are reported dead. Similarly great mortality is reported in seven other settlements.

The reign of terror by the Government still continues, and arrests are made in the most arbitrary manner all over Russia.

Waldensian Fair at Rome.—A Fair or Bazaar for the Waldensian church was held at Rome lately, and yielded nearly $1000. It is the first effort of the kind made during the eight years of Italian occupation, and, "for Italy," where money is scarce and little interest is taken by the native population in this cause, the sum is very satisfactory. The Waldensian schools in Rome have now seventy-eight children on their rolls.

Among the helpers at the fair were *two titled Italians*, who are members of the church. One had been a soldier in the Papal army for forty, and the other for thirty years. They are both noble-minded, simple-hearted, and sincere Christian men. One of them, a model of courteousness and kindness, dresses and acts with the utmost simplicity. "Ask that man to drive in this nail for us," said a rosy-cheeked and amiable American girl who was assisting in preparing the table. "That *man!* That man is a Count," was the response; and she herself soon discovered that, notwithstanding his plain brown coat and unpretending manners, he was possessed of that exquisite politeness resulting from fine education and Christian charity.

A New Temperance Hospital is now being built in London. The foundation stone has been laid by Sir Wilfrid Lawson. It is to cost $55,000, and towards this amount $50,000 had already been subscribed. Hitherto the non-alcoholic treatment of disease has been on its trial at a smaller institution, and the result has been so satisfactory as to justify an experiment on a wider scale. In this larger institution there will be a better opportunity for collecting and systematizing facts and figures on the subject.

The Rev. H. Webb Peploe, Rector of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, London, related at the Tract Society meeting his own conversion as follows: "A lad just bursting into manhood, being nineteen years of age, was once spoken to about his soul by a faithful Christian who was then taking a leading part in much of God's work in London. The next day that lad tried to get rid of the influence which had been produced upon his mind the previous evening by going to the race-course at Derby, where the races were then going on. Just as he was stepping on to the ground a young man walked towards him and said, 'Sir, will you kindly look at that tract?' He took it, and the first words that struck him were these, '*Reader, if you died to-night would you be in hell?*' He fled from that race-course as if he were stricken by God's hand, or pursued by some evil spirit, and he continued running until he had got a distance of some miles from the race-course. He did not dare to go back, and he now stood in the presence of that assembly in Exeter Hall to acknowledge God's mercy as displayed in the distribution of tracts."

The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times may be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

JESUS, THE JUDGE.

A Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is He which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead."—ACTS 10: 42.

The Judgment an Accessory Truth—The Gospel Message Incomplete without it —The Apostles Ploughed with this Doctrine—I. The Message—1. There is a Moral Government—2. There will be a Judgment—3. Judgment by the Man Christ Jesus—His Peculiar Fitness for the Office—4. This Judgment will Concern all Mankind—Its Characteristics—II. The Importance of the Message—Its Beneficial Influence—A Pleasure-seeking Lady and her Maid.

YOU will notice throughout this short address by Peter how very careful he is to speak not at all upon his own authority, but wholly upon the authority of the Most High. He commences his conversation by saying that God had shown him that it would be right for him, as a Jew, to commune with the Gentiles. God had shown it to him; he had not, therefore, broken through Jewish law as the result of his own judgment, but *under divine direction*.

He goes on to commence his sermon by saying, "The word which God sent unto the children of Israel." He had come, therefore, not with a word of his own inventing, but with a word of God's sending: "That word, I say, *ye know*." Then he speaks of Jesus of Nazareth Himself as anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power, and he speaks of himself and his fellow-apostles as "witnesses," bearing testimony to what the Lord Jesus had done.

Now, this way of speaking was, perhaps, rendered the more necessary by the mistaken reverence which Cornelius had rendered to his person, for he fell down at the apostle's feet and worshipped him; but it should be the constant habit of all the ministers of Christ. It is ours to keep within the bounds of our commission, and shield ourselves behind its authority.

The apostle was not long in his address before he came to the doctrine of the judgment of all men by Jesus Christ. He says that he was commanded to preach it, and therefore he did preach it. It may not be called "the Gospel," but it is certainly a most important *accessory truth* to the Gospel; it is one of those doctrines without which a Gospel ministry would not be complete. I mean that if in any testimony concerning Christ the doctrine that He shall come a second time to judge the world were utterly neglected such a testimony would not be a complete Gospel.

Hence you find that Paul, when he preached to the famous congregation of the Areopagites, took care to insist upon this truth. This was also a part of Paul's subject when he stood before Felix; "he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;" and this made Felix tremble, for there is great force of conviction in that solemn truth.

The doctrine of the judgment of the world by Christ was used by Peter and Paul and other apostles as a sort of preliminary truth which they insisted upon before they came to the essence of the Gospel, which consists in preaching Jesus Christ as a Saviour. They *ploughed with this doctrine* before they sowed the invitations of the Gospel. They did not, however, lay the axe to the root and then forget to proclaim the word of grace; they preached the terrors of the Lord, not in a legal, but a Gospel manner. Peter does so in this case; for first he speaks of Christ in the judgment, and then in verse forty-three he adds, "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins."

This morning, in obedience to the same command, I shall try to speak first of all upon *the message;* and, secondly, upon *the evident importance to be attached to it*, which we shall, in a great measure, gather from the words of our text. May the Holy Ghost, who in Peter's day fell on all those who heard His word, fall also upon you as you are led to believe in the Lord Jesus!

I. First, let us consider

THE MESSAGE

which God commands all His servants to declare. That message begins first with the assurance that *there is a moral government.* There is a judge over the race of men; we are not as the locusts, of whom Solomon says that they have no king. The world is not left unobserved of God, to be as *a den of wild beasts*, or a pond of fishes, wherein every one devoureth his fellow, and none calleth them to account. Men are not permitted to do whatsoever is right in their own eyes, but there is a law, and a Governor over them.

God hath committed at this day all authority unto the Son; and Jesus Christ at this moment reigneth and ruleth over the whole race of men, taking account of all the actions that are done in their bodies, and making note of every thing in order to the summing up of all things by and by. There is a law, there is a rule, there is a government, over the human commonwealth. The race is not left to anarchy; Jesus Christ is head of all.

That being announced, we have secondly to say that *there will be a judgment.* "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." As the result of there being a government over mankind, *an assize will be held,* wherein cases will be tried, and justice will be administered; this, indeed, is the sanction and support of the law, that it will call men to account; its voice of power proclaims, "O ye house of Israel, I will judge you every one after his ways." There will be a day of final account. I need not stop to quote the numerous passages of Scripture which assert that every one of us must give an account of himself before God, for we are fully persuaded that "we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ;" but, my brethren, we think that all reasonable persons will conclude that there must be a judgment, if they will only consider *the character of God.* Being the ruler of the world, He must do justice. We should count any man who was made a king but a miserable counterfeit of a monarch if he never administered justice at all.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The Father who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's works" will not permit offenders to insult His laws with impunity. It is wrapped up in the very idea of God that He is Judge of all the earth, and must do right; and to do right He must hold a final court in which He will "render to every man according to his deeds."

The character of man equally involves a judgment, for he is evidently a responsible being, and this is clear to anybody who cares to open his eyes. We count not the cattle of the hills or the fish of the sea responsible, let them do what they may; no one blames the wolf that he ravens, or the lion that he devours, but when we come to think of man, we regard him as a creature whose actions have a moral quality about them, and are either right or wrong; in fact *he is a responsible agent.* Surely, where there is responsibility there is a law, and where there is a law there must, some day or other, be rewards for well-doers, and punishments for malefactors. The constitution and nature of man inevitably require this, or else his responsibility is given to him in vain.

THE PRESENT TANGLED CONDITION OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY

requires that there should be a day of rectification at the end of time. At this moment we often see the wicked prosper, while the righteous are abased: at this day the mirth and the jollity are often connected with sin, while sorrow and grief go hand in hand with godliness in many and many an instance. The judge of all the earth must do right, and how can this be but by a final adjustment in which it shall be clearly seen that though the righteous suffer for a while, it is but as the gold suffers in the furnace, that it may come forth purified.

Moreover, there is *in the consciences* of most, if not of all, men a testimony to a coming judgment. I will not say of all men, for I believe that some manage so to drug their self-consciousness as at last to quiet all their fear; but yet the most of men believe in a judgment to come, and in their more thoughtful moods are alarmed thereat.

How very seldom do you find a man die in stolid unbelief! At some time or other reason will speak and conscience will be heard, and then that "dread of something after death" makes men cling even to the most wretched state, choosing rather "to bear the ills they have than to fly to others that they know not of." Universal conscience, or almost universal conscience, speaks like a prophet within the soul, and tells of a throne of judgment, a heaven, and a hell.

Now, whether we had or had not this argument to support us would make not one jot of difference to those of us who believe in the Word of God. What God says would always be enough for us, even if the nature of things and the apparent force of reason should flatly contradict His word. Yes, I will even put it in that harsh way. We are always glad when we get the subordinate help of arguments fetched from the nature of things, and so forth; but we care very little about them; we have accepted the Bible as God's revelation, we believe the teaching of this book to be infallible, and inasmuch as the Scriptures declare that there is a judgment to come, we confidently look for it.

3. Now, according to the revelation of the Gospel, *this judgment will be conducted by the man Christ Jesus.* God will judge the world; but it will be through His Son, whom he has ordained and appointed actually to carry out the business of that last tremendous day. He who shall sit upon the throne is "the Son of man." He will be thus enthroned, I suppose, partly because it is involved in his mediatorial office, in which the Lord hath put all things in subjection under His feet.

God has been pleased to put the world, not under the direct government of personal deity, but under the government of the Mediator, that He might deal with us in mercy. That Mediator is both prophet, priest, and king, and His kingship would be shorn of its glory if the King had not the power of life and death, and the power of holding court and judging His subjects. Jesus Christ, therefore, being mediatorial king and sovereign, all power being given unto Him in heaven and in earth, He will take unto Himself His great power at the last, and will judge the nations.

This high position is also awarded to our Lord as

AN HONOR FROM THE FATHER,

by which shall be wiped away every trace of the shame and dishonor through which He passed among the sons of men. The kings of the earth stood up to judge Him, but they shall stand before Him to be judged; the rulers took counsel together to condemn Him, but the rulers shall stand at His bar to be themselves condemned; Pontius Pilate and the chief priests shall all be there, and Cæsar, and all Cæsars and Czars and emperors and kings and princes shall do homage before Him in lowliest manner, by standing before His judgment-seat as prisoners to be tried by Him.

I want you especially to remember that in the Holy Scriptures we are perpetually reminded in reference to the judgment that it is a judgment by *the man Christ Jesus.* There must be special reason for this honor done to the manhood of our Lord, or it would not be so continually insisted upon. Daniel in his prophecy (ch. 7:13) says: "I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the *Son of man* came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought Him near before Him." The coming one in His vision was "the Son of man," and we all know to whom that title belongs. Hence our Lord Himself very early in His ministry took care to claim for Himself this power of governance and judgment.

It is as Son of man as well as Son of God that our Lord will judge the world at the last great day. Be ye sure, then, of His impartiality. He is God, yet man, having an intense sympathy both with the King and with the subjects, having manifested His grace even to the rebellious, and being yet filled with intense love to the Father and His law. If we could have the election of a judge, what being could we suppose more impartial or so impartial as the Lord, who, though He counted it not robbery to be equal with God, yet made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of sinful flesh? O blessed Judge, be Thou at once enthroned by the choic of the whole creation!

This person is peculiarly suitable to be judg because He has a perfect knowledge of the law "Yea, Thy law is My delight," saith He. He pu on righteousness as a garment. The Lord Jesu Christ from His youth up was an exceedingl deep scholar of the law of God; He grew, a a child, in wisdom concerning the will of God His ear was opened to hear as the learnec that He might know how to speak a word i season to them that are weary.

He knows the law, for He made Himself sul ject to it and kept it in all its parts. This is tl first requisite in a judge, to be thoroughly we acquainted with the statute-book. Yet furthe He knows also the evil of law-breaking. Wh a Judge is this whom God hath appointed, wh strange to say, has Himself suffered for si With what precision, then, can *He* judge wh being both God and man, and knowing well t law, has also an intimate acquaintance with the heinousness and wickedness of law-brea ing! Well did the Father choose Him to be t judge of the quick and dead. It puts juc ment beyond a cavil when He who is the Frie of sinners is made the Judge of sinners.

Thus much, then, concerning the fact th there will be a judgment, and that this judgm will be conducted by the man Christ Jesus.

4. Now observe, that

THIS JUDGMENT WILL CONCERN ALL MANKI

He will judge the quick and dead; that those who will be alive at His coming He judge as well as those who have already di He may come before some of us shall die. time of His advent we cannot guess, but shall certainly appear before His judgment- whenever He shall fix the assize. The summ will exempt no man; from the utmost end the earth shall they come. None will be abl hide themselves in solitary places, or to shelter amongst the crowded cities.

It concerns you, my brother, as it does me concerns you, my sister, and your childre well as those who have gone before. As su as the Lord liveth, the things that are shall pass away, mountains and hills shall before Him, and rocks shall be melted at His presence; but His word shall never away; and behold He cometh, "Behold cometh with clouds, and every eye shal Him, and they also which pierced Him, an kindreds of the earth shall wail becaus Him."

Just a few words concerning this judg When He doth come, *that judgment will very eminent one.* It will be a judgment fix the peremptory ordinance of God, for the saith that He hath "ordained" Jesus to judge. It is by ordinance and decree that Christ will take the throne. He taketh no honor upon Himself on His own authority He claims the throne as one that was ord of God as was Aaron. In all His office quotes the divine decree, and for this, th of all, He hath the ordinance of God to judge of the quick and dead.

Every thing done will be by divine auth there will be the stamp and seal of the lasting God set upon every thing that sh transacted on that grand occasion. The trial will be most solemnly conducted. I not for a single moment attempt a descr of the scene. There is room, indeed, fo gery and poetry, but we have none of thes want them not this morning.

That judgment will be *very searching*, for the ostle Paul tells us in 2 Corinthians 5 10, that shall give an account for *the deeds* done in e body, each one according to that he hath ne, whether it be good or whether it be bad ; d our Saviour, in Matthew 12 : 36, informs us at for every *idle word* that man shall speak he ist give account in the day of judgment ; rds, therefore; will be put in evidence as well actions. Such things as were never known by r fellow-creatures, and were forgotten by ourves, shall be revealed and judged. Imaginans, lustings, and desires of the soul, secret oughts and passions, and murmurings, shall be d open before all men, and before God shall a koning be made.

That judgment will be of *a very exact kind.* will proceed upon evidence and documentary timony, and slander and hearsay will not be ntioned there. No condemnation will come on good men through the whisperings of maious tongues, but every thing shall be gone out in due order and according to the rules of court of heaven. The judgment will be done record, and solemn affidavit, in that great urt of King's Bench. There will be no hurry, passing over judgment with a light hand, but will be done in truth, and equity, and accordg to facts recorded by the infallible omniscience God.

The sentences which will then be pronounced l be so just as to be indisputable, and even the ndemned will own the justness thereof. At last great day not one of the condemned shall able to deny his guilt, nor the justice of the ntence. Though sent to hell, he will feel it is at he deserves.

Oh, what a judgment-day will that be in which ry one shall be certain, even in his own sad e, that the verdict of the Judge is bright as sun with righteousness, and cannot be apaled against ! This, surely, will be the hell of l, that it is deserved even in its utmost pang bitterest pain. O my hearers ! will any of have to say "Amen" to your own condemtion ? I pray the Lord to save you from such ate.

AT VERDICT WILL BE FINAL AND IRREVERSIBLE.

When Jesus has once pronounced it, there will no appeal, no suing out of a writ of error, no ersal of the decree. He himself hath said it : These shall go away into everlasting punishnt : but the righteous into life eternal." ere will be no delay in execution, nor escape m the doom. There will be no steeling of the art to endure it, and no outliving the doom. will last on in all its terror—the final verdict the Judge of all the earth, pronounced by the rist of love. I know not how to speak upon h a theme as this, but must leave it as it nds before you. May the Holy Ghost imess it upon your minds.

II. I desire, in the second place, to call your ention for a little while to

THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS MESSAGE.

It's importance may be gathered from the t, because it says, "He *commanded* us to each this." Did the eternal God give a comnd for us to preach this truth ? Then He must ow in this infinite wisdom that there is a great essity for its being declared. Whether ye beve it or not, He cometh ; whether ye trifle with or not, whether ye are rebels or loyal subjects, cometh, and that speedily. He cometh to lge the world in righteousness and the people equity. Thus we make solemn proclamation His name, declaring to you a fact which ye well to hear with serious hearts and thoughtminds.

Now, brethren, there is importance in this, not ly according to the text, but from other sons. If you think awhile you will see that heds a great light upon the future of the undly. Whatever you, my brother, choose to of the wrath of God which is revealed conning the impenitent, please think of this. It y be, you feel troubled about its dread severity eternity ; but let this ease your perplexity, that the Judge upon whom the sentence depends is Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men. I feel perfectly safe in leaving the future of the wicked in such hands as His ; and however terrible may be His own words, and they are terrible to the last degree, about the future of the lost, I for one can never quarrel with *Him*.

If it were Moses that spoke, if he spoke for God, I dare not challenge him, yet might there be the temptation ; but when *He* speaks who is the Son of Man, let all the earth keep silence before Him. The severity which He exercises must be inevitable severity ; be ye sure of that. If there be pain, and anguish, and wrath to every soul of man that doeth evil, then, since it is the Christ who will pronounce it, it will be because it must be, and cannot be helped, but must be so in the nature of things. Therefore we bow before the dreadful doctrine of Scripture, and, instead of trying to quiet men in their sins, we know the terrors of the Lord, and we beseech them in Christ's stead that they be reconciled to God.

"Ye sinners, seek His face,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there."

Fly into the clefts of that rock which otherwise will grind you to powder when it falls upon you.

I close by noticing that the importance of this doctrine is very great, if we recollect its beneficial effect upon our everyday life. I constantly hear silly people, wicked persons, say, "Tell the people about something that has to do with today, about cleanliness and honesty, and all that." As if we did not do that, and as if we were not the first to exhort men to fulfil all manner of social duties. Do we not bid them think on whatsoever things are pure, honest, temperate, and of good repute ? But if I want men to live righteously, soberly, and honestly, I know of no motive that can have greater weight with them than this of *a judgment to come.* Take that away from us, what have we to urge upon the sons of men at all ? If they are to die like brutes, they will live like brutes. If there be no hereafter, they do well to say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." If God will judge men at the last, it behoves men to see how they live to-day.

Another special benefit of this truth is its convincing and awakening power. Men tremble when they hear of judgment to come, and they are led to cry, "What must we do to be saved ?" Men begin to confess their sin when they are told that the law by which they will be judged is spiritual, and reaches even to the thoughts and intents of the heart. This is the plough which makes furrows for the good seed ; this is the surgeon's knife which prepares for the reception of the healing balm.

And O my brothers and sisters, you all know how quickening this doctrine is to Christians. We do not fear the day of judgment ; we do not dread the thought of standing before our Lord Jesus, because we have a plea which we know will answer every purpose. Our plea is this : we have been tried, condemned, and punished *already*. Thou Judge of all, Thou knowest when we were tried, and judged, and condemned ! Lo, in thy hands the nail-prints which are the witnesses that Thou didst bear our sins in Thine own body on the tree. Lo, at Thy side Thou wearest the ruby gem which tells how thine own heart made expiation for the guilt of all that trust in thee.

We are not afraid, for there is no judgment for him who is judged already, no punishment for him who is punished already in a Substitute whom God has accepted. Yet this expectation of judgment quickens us to holy duty ; we feel that since the Master comes we would be as men that look for their Lord, and stand with our loins girded, doing service, expecting to hear His footstep at any moment.

"O watch and pray ! the Judge is at the door,
Before His flaming bar thou soon must stand ;
O watch ! and keep thy garments spotless pure,
And thou shalt then be found at His right hand."

YEARS AGO

a gentlewoman had been spending an afternoon at cards, and the evening at a ball, and such-like amusements : she came home very late, and found that her maid-servant, who was sitting up waiting for her, was reading a book. "Ah !" said she, "are you still poring over your dull books ? They make you moping and melancholy." The lady retired to her chamber, but she slept not. In the night she was troubled, and fell a-weeping. Sleep forsook her. She tossed to and fro ; and at length she called her maid. She said, "Madam, what ails you ? I thought I left you very merry and well." "Oh," said she, "but I looked over your book, and I only saw one word, but that word stings me : I cannot sleep ; I cannot bear it." "What word was it, madam ?" "It was that word 'ETERNITY.' Oh, maid," said she, "it is very well for me to sport and play, and waste my time as I have done, but oh, eternity, eternity, eternity ! How can I face eternity ?" And so that night was turned to weeping and to prayer.

I could wish the like might happen now to many of you. The Judge is at the door. Jesus comes to judge you : will you have Him now to be your Saviour ? If not, His coming will cause you to weep and wail, and that throughout eternity. Remember that word—ETERNITY. God bless you all. Amen.

BREAKFAST MEETING OF THE Y. M. C. A. IN LONDON.

A BREAKFAST meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association was held at Aldersgate Street, London, at 6 A.M., on May 13th, when the *Rev. W. J. Mayers*, of Bristol, gave an address, and said he was reminded of a memorable breakfast meeting on the shores of the beautiful lake. The disciples had been toiling all the night, but had got nothing, and when the morning came, there was Jesus on the shore, and He invited them to come and breakfast. And they had an *after-meeting*, and the Master said, in loving, tender words, "Feed My lambs ; feed My sheep." So this morning our Master's voice bids us go forth to duty. An old tradition says that on May-day the maidens used to go out early in the morning to bathe their faces in the dew, that they might become beautiful forever. There is a dew of the Holy Spirit which comes not on May mornings only, but every morning, and if we bathe our hearts in it, it will help us right through the day.

Chevalier Van de Welde, from Holland, said he was introduced to the Y. M. C. Association more than twenty-nine years ago by an officer, Mr. Dampier, one of the members on board ship coming from the Cape of Good Hope, who afterwards introduced him to Mr. George Williams, who was now on the platform. It was the *gentleness of young Mr. Dampier* on board that ship that captivated his heart. A short time previously he (the Chevalier) was travelling in Ceylon, and was led to deep conviction on account of sin by a missionary ; but he did not fully find Christ until he met that young officer, only nineteen years of age, and the gentleness with which he treated his soldiers, and stood the sneers of some of those around him, made a deep impression on his mind

Mr. Woods, of Massachusetts, then remarked that in America there was *a wonderful bridge ;* it cost treasure, and labor, and life to sink the foundation ninety feet below ; the abutments were fixed, the arches laid over, and now there were laid railway tracks, tramway lines, carriage paths, and foot-paths along which humanity was continually travelling So the bridge of salvation through Christ has been founded in England and America at the cost of much labor and life ; but it now spans the ocean, and its keystone is in heaven. Some people say they can do nothing for Christ ; that the work is too great ; but the ocean is made up of *drops*, and the world of *atoms*. We must cultivate a warm, loving heart and a cordial hand, and going forth thus God will help us to,

THE MAY MEETINGS IN LONDON.

Church Missionary Society.

Its 185 Stations and 400 Clergymen, etc.—Converted Kings — 11,000 Heathen in Tinnevelly Christianized last Year — Bishop Thorold on True Ambition—Driving Bats out of a Temple —Ice Breaking-up—Canon Hoare on the Superior Liberality of the Poor—Bishop of Rupert's Land on his Mission Work—An Indian Giving a Fourth of his Income—Fervor of Native Christians—Rev. Buckley Wood on Polygamy and Slavery in West Africa.

THE eightieth Anniversary Meeting of this Society was held on May 6th in Exeter Hall, London. The chair was taken by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Chichester, the president of the Society, supported by several bishops and a number of clergymen.

This Society carries on missionary operations chiefly in Africa and India, and also to a little extent in China and Japan. It has 185 *mission stations*, 204 European clerical missionaries and 200 native clerical missionaries, 61 European lay agents and 2736 native lay agents, catechists, teachers, etc., and 27,488 communicants in its various congregations.

No station supplies more grounds for thanksgiving to God than that on the banks of the river Niger, in West Africa. In no country are the abominations of heathenism more hideous and more rampant. But the progress made has been great. *King Okiya*, now a zealous supporter of the mission, has erected a temporary church at the capital, Nembe, where, in the absence of any paid agent of the mission, the service is conducted by four young converts of the king's retinue, educated at the Mission School in the old station, while the singing is led by one of Okiya's daughters.

In East Africa upwards of 600 natives are under regular Christian instruction, of whom 64 are communicants. A letter has been received at Freretown from *Mandara, King of Chagga*, who offers to place himself and all his people under the instruction of the missionaries.

Palestine now has eight missionaries, and four native clergymen of the Society. The English occupation of Cyprus, and the relations now established between the English and Ottoman Governments, are regarded, both by American and by British missionaries, as likely to prove favorable to evangelistic effort.

In South India the most conspicuous event of last year has been the large accession from heathenism in the *Tinnevelly* districts. *Eleven thousand heathen* have applied to Bishop Sargent, or to the native clergymen whom he superintends, for instruction with a view to admission into the visible Church of Christ. Several hundreds have already received baptism. The Native Church also, no longer, as in former days, depending on a large staff of resident European missionaries, has been enabled to come nobly forward in meeting the emergency. *Three hundred and ninety unpaid labourers*, some of them women, from a community of less than 40,000 baptized persons, have voluntarily come forward to labor among their inquiring and still heathen countrymen.

TRUE AMBITION.

The BISHOP OF ROCHESTER (Dr. Thorold), in the course of an able speech, said: "Our Committee, that body of grave elderly men who sit in a somewhat dull room in Salisbury Square, have in their hands the affairs of a Society which penetrates into every part of the globe; a Society which is engaged in the very noblest, the most glorious work any man can do—sending news of the redeeming love of Jesus Christ to the world for which He died. We are *ambitious and aggressive;* and it is our duty and life. There is a sort of ambition which is sinful, and a sort of aggressiveness which is sinful too. But ours is an ambition for our King, 'to make the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ.' And as to fighting, we cannot help ourselves. Gibbon, in his 'Decline and Fall of Rome,' speaks of a time when Christianity was offered a place in the Roman Pantheon, among all the other religions of the world, and there invited to keep itself quiet and be civil to its neighbors. But the Christian religion declined to do any thing of the kind; and from that time until now Christianity has more or less been an aggressive and restless agency, and we are here together to-day because we feel that it is true to nature, and must be, in fighting its battle, and in winning the cause of Christ.

DRIVING BATS OUT OF A NUBIAN TEMPLE.

"I remember many years ago visiting a great *temple in Nubia*, where the sculptures of Osiris, who was coeval with Joshua, look down with a sort of sad majesty on the rushing Nile. As we entered one of the smaller chambers, the light flashed in, and out flew the bats. That incident illustrates what we have to do by means of education. *We have to drive the bats*, so to speak, out of the human mind, and make the place a home for the Lord of light and glory. That is what Christian education does. We have great extremes to deal with in this work of ours. We have to deal with brutalized masses of humanity. We have got almost to create mind and character. We have certainly to create a vocabulary for them; we have to make new words that they may understand the great facts and ideas of our Divine religion, which otherwise would be unintelligible to them.

"God is working by His Word, and by many, so to speak, subterranean agencies. What may seem to us difficult and slow, we shall find accomplished presently, just *as the ice breaks up in Russia*, on the river Neva. In the evening, it is one hard, smooth mass; carriages and coaches go over it. In the morning a great noise is heard, and the ice is halfway to the Baltic. God has His ways and His times; and let us trust Him."

MISSIONS IN RUPERT'S LAND, AMERICA.

The BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND said, among other remarks: "I have now in the young province of Manitoba a most complete system of higher educational institutions, a theological college, a college for preparing students for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the new University of Manitoba, a grammar school for boys, and a school for the education of young ladies of the country. In all these efforts I have obtained the full sympathy of the Society, and I have been enabled to carry out my plans mainly by the help of its funds.

"The operations of this Society in Rupert's Land began a little over fifty years ago. The work of a missionary in that country has been very difficult. The country is huge and a wilderness, and until lately it was separated from civilization, and from comforts and conveniences.

It has a small scattered population of some 60,000 Indians. Each missionary's district in that country is generally nearly as large as the whole of England, and perhaps there are only from 300 to 1200 Indians scattered throughout it. Well, these for the most part of the year are in single families in their hunting-grounds. There are now *four dioceses* in Rupert's Land. The diocese of Moosonee, in the northern part of the country, is now happily under the charge of the most experienced missionary of the Society, *Bishop Horden*, a man peculiarly gifted for his work by his great linguistic power and other practical abilities.

PIETY OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

"His diocese is now largely Christian, and, looking to the experience of the past, we may expect that in a few years heathenism will be extinct. These Christians are not merely nominal Christians and Christians by baptism, but the truth of their Christianity has been evidenced in many cases by holy lives and peaceful deaths. These Christians are intelligent Christians, and are generally able to write their own language in what is called the syllabic character, and to answer accurately questions on the leading facts of the Bible and the chief truths of the Gospel. I believe a large proportion of the grown-up Christians in the diocese of Moosonee are able to read the Bible and the Prayer Book in their own language. These humble Christians might put to shame many a family of good position in this land of privilege. It is a common custom among these Indians to have *family worship*, and when they go on any expedition in a boat they will have their morning and evening devotions. Moreover, they contribute very liberally to the support of the Mission.

AN INDIAN GIVING A FOURTH PART OF HIS INCOME.

"At Easter one Indian gave the most valuable fur he had obtained in his year's hunting. It was worth about one fourth or one fifth of the whole of the man's year's earnings. The archdeacon was unwilling to receive it, but the Indian said he could not take it back, as he had given it to God, and he was anxious that the Indians of the neighboring districts should have the privileges enjoyed by him and his.

ONE MISSIONARY'S LABORS—STANLEY INDIANS.

"In the diocese of Athabasca, in the Northwest, an experienced missionary of this Society displays most self-denying zeal and untiring energy in travelling thousands of miles on foot, in canoes and in dog-sledges, denying himself for the work's sake the comforts of a settled home. That, however, is nothing new in his life. He spent the greater part of one winter as the guest of the Esquimaux in their snow-huts. The Indians in that diocese are also being largely Christianized.

"I pass next to the diocese of Saskatchewan which is under the care of Bishop Maclean. In it there is the mission of Stanley on the English River. That is a field nearly as large as England. It is nearly all Christianized. What d the Christian Indians of Stanley do? Two o three times in the year they come from all part of that large district up to Stanley, and as Stanley is a place where provisions cannot be easil obtained by hunting and fishing, they have t lay up provisions beforehand. So they sta there for ten days or for three or four weeks, a cording as their provisions will last. They d this simply in order that from day to day the may receive during that period religious instru tion from the missionaries, and have the enjo ment of religious ordinances."

POLYGAMY AND SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

The Rev. BUCKLEY WOOD, missionary fro *West Africa*, said: "On the African we coast, where it has been my lot to labor, t great mass of the people are either idolaters Mohammedans. Their idolatry is of the lowe possible kind. Thunder, lightning, rivers, a mals, any thing that is out of the ordinary cour such as a tree with two branches when it oug to have only one, their own heads, evil spiri and especially the devil, are all objects of w ship to these people. If we wish to know th moral condition, we have only to read the fi chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. One their customs is *polygamy*. Some persons do whether the Society is right in requiring t polygamy should not be tolerated by their m sionaries.

"But no one who knows polygamy in Af will ever doubt that the Society is perfectly ri in not for an hour allowing such an abomin system to exist. (Cheers.) In Africa the r of slavery are found in *polygamy*. You fin man with his five, ten, fifteen, or twenty wi who are mere slaves of the man, although it be that they are regarded as free. You go t and you see the different families of child but they, like the wives, are often the *bi vals* of one another. There are strifes and b erings existing among the wives, and t strifes and bickerings are inherited by the dren; consequently the children grow up wit *seeds of strife* in their hearts, and instead of which we understand by *home life* in Eng there exists the very contrary of it out t When those seeds have been developed w them go forth as slave-hunters to *catch wiv* themselves, thus keeping up the system, v probably had its origin in polygamy.

(To be continued.)

THE PROPHETIC CHART OF TIME.

By Mr. S. A. Blackwood.

Many shall Search—The Seals Broken in the Last Days—The former Chronological Periods—The Signs are Written fo[illegible]s—Some of them in Cipher—The 1260 D[illegible]he Fourth Empire under its Eigh[illegible] Sabbath-keeping Era—[illegible]unishment—The General ublished at 63 Bible Political Signs.

[illegible] late years men have begun to search earnestly into the inspired Chart of Time, to ascertain, if possible, the landmarks which may denote the drawing nigh of the "day of God." This is a striking sign, for it is especially implied that though the prophetic book was to be "shut up and sealed to the time of the end," yet that at that time "*many shall search therein, and the knowledge thereof shall be increased*" (Daniel 12 : 4).*

Daniel was told to "shut up the vision, for it shall be for many days" (chap. 8 : 26), and to seal it up till "the time of the end," implying that it was not to be revealed till its understanding became necessary as the time drew near.

The Revelation, or unfolding of the hidden mystery, is contained in the last book of the Bible, where the book has its seals broken, and its contents published. Why? Because, as St. John said, "it is the last time." And now that the "last days" of that "last time" have begun to dawn, many are searching through the page of the prophetic Word, and the understanding of it is largely increasing. Is not this a sign of the times?

Do we not read that, "as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man"? And how was it then? The world was living without God. Busy in its everyday cares and pleasures, its building, and buying, and eating, and marrying,—ignorant of coming evil, though continually warned,—content to get on without God (see the description of those days in Job 21), and anxious to banish Him from their thoughts while they enjoyed His gifts,—the earth filled with violence and unbelief. Is not all this the case now?

Thus, I think, the observant eyes of those who stand upon their watch-tower to watch, who can from the elevation of God's Word, and therefore from His standpoint, look upon the scene around them, whether in church or world, can discern many and many a symptom of the deepening darkness which is to settle down upon the world; and at the same time many a dawning ray of brightness of that day-spring from on high, for whose rising they watch "more than they that watch for the morning."

FORMER CHRONOLOGICAL PERIODS.

We must not disregard the *chronological* evidences of the closing in of this dispensation which God has caused to be written for our learning. If they form part of God's written Word, we shall only do well to take heed to them. God has on various occasions, in past dispensations, foretold to His servants the periods and dates of the events that specially concerned them; and attention to those prophecies was most needful for them.

To Noah it was foretold that, after *one hundred and twenty years*, the deluge was to come. He gave heed, and built the ark. Then, again, he was told that "yet *seven* days" and the rain should commence, and he entered into the ark.

Four hundred years was the period which God specified to Abraham as the duration of the sojourn of his seed in Egypt; and "when the time of the promise drew nigh, the people grew and multiplied," and into Moses's heart the thoughts of deliverance began to enter.

Seventy years were to be accomplished in the desolations of Jerusalem; and when "Daniel understood the number of years by books," he set his face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer that He would cause His face to shine upon His sanctuary, which was desolate.

Seventy weeks, or sevens of years, were then shown to him as intervening between the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem and the coming of the Messiah. And it was, no doubt, in dependence upon this prophecy that Simeon and Anna "waited for the consolation of Israel," and that many in Jerusalem "looked for redemption."

If God has thus encouraged the hopes and strengthened the faith of His servants in past dispensations, it is not unreasonable to suppose that He has done so in the present. I believe that He has, and that chronological signs have been written down for our learning. We must not disregard them. We may not all agree in our interpretations—it is not probable that we shall entirely—but it is surely our duty to give heed and seek to understand.

Some of these signs are written in cipher—in enigmatical characters. But that is no reason for neglecting them. In days of old there were those who "had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do;" and Job's question is still a deeply important one, "Why, seeing *times* are not hidden from the Almighty, do *they that know Him* not see His days?"

THE 1260 YEARS.

The most prominent of these chronological periods is that of *the* 1260 *years*, symbolized in the Revelation as 1260 days and 42 months, and in Daniel by the three and a half times, each the equivalent of the other. During this period the fourth great empire, under its last and eighth head, was predicted to rule the kingdoms of Christendom, and persecute the people of God. There is but little diversity of opinion with regard to Rome Papal being thus designated, or with regard to the general epoch when this period commenced.

The assumption of dominant power by the Roman See dates from the opening of the seventh century, when the Emperor Phocas constituted the Bishop of Rome universal bishop, and 1260 years from that date bring us to the present epoch. There is probably, however, some indistinctness as to the moment when, in the sight of God, this prophetic period actually commenced, and therefore an equal indistinctness as to its precise termination; and, doubtless, this has been intentional, in order that the people of God might be kept in a watchful frame of expectation, like "servants that wait for their Lord."

But there is a growing belief that we are on the very verge of its close; and it impossible to view the position which Rome has of late occupied without noticing that the nations of Christendom are weary of her sway, and that the ruling powers, into whose heart God has put it to yield their kingdom to her "*until the words of God shall be fulfilled*," are now beginning to despoil her and to cast off her yoke (Rev. 17 : 16–18).

THE 6000 YEARS.

Then, again, it is generally believed that the *six thousand* years of this world's history are on the point of termination, and that the *seventh* thousand will be the "*Sabbath-keeping*" of the people of God (Heb. 4 : 9, margin). This is no new idea. Jewish rabbis before our Lord's coming, and early Christians after it, alike held this belief; and if "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years" (2 Peter 3 : 8), and the time of rest is the Sabbath or seventh day, we seem not to be without some indication in Scripture that this supposition may be correct. Not long ago our Christian poet Cowper wrote:

> "Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
> Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
> The time of rest, the promised Sabbath, comes:
> Six thousand years of sorrow have wellnigh
> Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
> Over a sinful world."

And if the latest and most received chronology be correct, these six thousand years have indeed almost fulfilled their course, and we may be on the point of being able to say, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

THE 2520 YEARS.

Lastly, it is believed by many that the "*seven* times" of punishment of the Jews, predicted in Lev. 26 : 18, 24, 28, are on the point of completion. Taking a "time" as a year of 360 days, this period, *in the year-day fulfilment*, amounts to 2520 years; and dating their commencement from the time when God pronounced the doom of Jerusalem in the reign of Manasseh (2 Kings 21 : 12–15), and gave the nation to the Assyrians (2 Chron. 33 : 11), they will terminate about the present epoch.

There are other prophetic periods predicted. But these are enough, I think, to stir up the hopes of the waiting people of the Lord. If the 1260 years of the great apostasy, the 6000 years of the present dispensation, and the 2520 years of Israel's rejection, are all converging to a common point, we may well begin to lift up our heads, and to hope that our redemption draweth nigh.

THE POLITICAL SIGNS OF THE END

are also striking.

The *development of constitutional government*, foretold by Daniel as to happen in the latter days of the fourth great empire (the Roman), when the *iron* or *monarchical power* of the ten kingdoms would be mixed with the miry *clay*, or with the seed of men, the *popular power* (Dan. 2 : 42, 43), is a prominent feature of the present day. It receives a notable exemplification in the manner in which the despotic house of Austria, and the monarchical nation of Spain, have lately adopted constitutional forms of government. It is "in the days of these kings" (the ten *clay-iron* kings of the Roman Empire) that "the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom, which shall *never be destroyed*" (Dan. 2 : 44).

The wasting away of the Turkish power, symbolized, as many believe, by *the drying up of the Euphrates* (the irruption of the Turkish power, which originated at the Euphrates, being clearly thus designated in Rev. 9 : 14–21,* in Rev. 16 : 12, is an event happening under our very eyes.

The *political emancipation of the Jews* in almost every European state, their exaltation in so many cases to power and position, and the influence which by their wealth they exert upon the politics of the day, may also show that the period of their national degradation is approaching its termination, and that they are being prepared to enact the great part they are destined to take in the last days, when, being brought to acknowledge the crucified Jesus as "King of the Jews," they shall become the missionaries of the nations, and when "the receiving of them" shall be "life from the dead" to the "world."

The signs I have dwelt upon are numerous, and to my mind, and the minds of many, most striking. Moral, chronological, and political, they combine to send forth the cry, "THE LORD IS AT HAND." Singly we might not consider them of importance. It is not one swallow that makes summer, nor one falling leaf autumn; and there may have been times when one or another of these signs has been manifested with more or less distinctness. But there *never has been a time* when, as at the present, the have all been manifested *together*.

It is this which to me gives to their appearance such significance and weight. Surely it is not without meaning. Surely it is a warning, encouraging voice to God's children, repeating, in clearer and still clearer accents, "Behold, I come quickly;" "*Surely* I come quickly." May "the Lord direct our hearts into the love of God, and into the *patient waiting for Christ*" (2 Thess. 3 : 5). And "seeing that [we] look for such things, [may we] be diligent that [we] may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless" (2 Peter 3 : 14).

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* The following interpretations of this verse are advanced in support of the above:

"Thus many will come across it, and get much understanding."—*Luther's Bible.*

"Seal the book to the time of the end, until many are taught, and knowledge is increased."—*Septuagint.*

"Many will run through it, and then *the* knowledge will be increased."—*De Wette.*

The Italian of Diodati, corrected by Guiccardini, and the French of Ostervald both give the same meaning.

* Compare the use of a *river* as a symbol of the Assyrian power (Isa. 8 : 7, 8).

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 543.)

AN OLD MAN'S FOREBODINGS.

"Poor dear child!" sighed Mrs. Gibbs, the farmer's wife, "when she heard Effie Campbell going to service she will find service a very different thing from such a life as she has led in her father's home. Effie will soon know plenty of this world's hardships, as well as its sorrows."

Sorrow Effie certainly knew, for hers was a loving, clinging nature, and she grieved sorely for the loss of her doting parents; but hardship seemed farther off than ever when she entered the service of Lady Ethel. The favorite of the village when taken to a grand mansion in London remained a favorite still. Even the cross old housekeeper liked her, and her mistress thought her a treasure.

"It is quite a pleasure to have such a bright little maid as Effie about one," observed Lady Ethel to her friends.

"It is quite a pleasure to do any thing for so kind a mistress as mine," was the frequent thought of Effie, as she plaited her lady's long hair, or skilfully trimmed her dresses.

Again Effie's life became happy, and if she left her place after a twelvemonth's stay, it was but in the hope of making that life even more happy still. Effie only quitted the service of Lady Ethel in order to go back to Ashley, her native village, there to be married to one who had called her his pet from her childhood. Lady Ethel was sorry to lose her favorite maid, and gave a handsome wedding dress as a parting present to Effie.

Willie Campbell, who was about to emigrate to New Zealand, delayed his departure on purpose that his sister Effie might be married from his house. Willie's wife, with all her own packing work before her, was ready to sew from morning till night to make an outfit for Effie. From half the cottages in the village came little presents, which Effie received with such a smiling grace that all her friends felt pleasure in giving. Every one said that Robert was "a lucky fellow," and Effie herself secretly thought that he was not at all to be pitied.

Even the hard features of Alec softened at the kindly welcome given to him by his winsome niece, when he entered the cottage of her brother, in which he found her alone. Effie was very busy in giving the finishing touches to the dress which she was to wear at her wedding. The quiet gray silk given by Lady Ethel had been flounced and frilled by the nimble fingers of Effie, and "brightened up," as she said, with gay pink fluting and quilling, till it looked altogether unsuited for the wear of a farmer's wife.

There was a bonnet of the latest fashion upon the table; it was adorned with artificial flowers, and a dashing feather besides. Effie was very eager over her work, but the moment that she caught sight of her uncle, up she sprang with an exclamation of pleasure; and when her arms were round Alec's neck, and he heard her kindly welcome, the poor man's heart, half frozen by trouble, warmed towards his young niece. Alec remembered his own children, and said to himself, "Had my little Amy been spared to me, she might have been just such a girl as Effie."

It is possible that Effie's reception of her uncle may have been all the more warm from the fact that he carried in his hand a brown paper parcel. Effie had not a particularly covetous disposition, yet it must be owned that at this time she looked with curiosity and interest at all the parcels that entered her brother's cottage. Effie had been given many presents, but one article of dress which she fancied above all others she had not yet received, and that was a nice silk shawl. Effie had indeed a jacket, a cloak, and a scarf, but no shawl had yet made its appearance. Effie, who had much of the spoilt child in her disposition, cherished a little superstition that whatever she wished for she was sure at last to obtain.

"I think that a fairy must have given me a wishing-cap," Effie would laughingly say; "it happens so often that I get the very thing which I fancy!" Effie forgot that she usually took a very simple and natural way of bringing the matter to pass.

Now, the moment that Effie's eyes fell on the brown paper parcel (a neat long-square one, and rather flat, just such as might come from a haberdasher's shop), "There is my silk shawl," said Effie to herself; "I hope that the color may suit me!"

Alec was in no hurry to present his gift, whatever it might be. He set the parcel down on the table, right over the long strings of the bonnet, and then seated himself, looking with a very doubtful expression, and a little shake of the head, at the fine flounced dress which his niece was preparing.

"Is it not pretty?" asked Effie, shaking out the folds, and holding up the dress to the light.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle, "your finery reminds me of a saying which I heard long ago. There are three things which a woman *ought* and yet *ought not* to be like. She ought to be like a church-clock, always keep time, but not like a church-clock, be heard all over the town. She should be like an echo, speak when she is spoken to, but not like an echo, always have the last word. She should be like a snail, keep in her house, but not like a snail," Alec pointed to the dress as he added, "carry all her fortune on her back."

Effie laughed; her laugh was such a merry one that few could hear without joining in it, and it brought a smile even to the grave wrinkled face of her uncle. "I wonder what Robert would say to your comparing me to a clock or a snail," she cried with a burst of merriment, "I look so unlike the one or the other! As for carrying my fortune on my back," added Effie more quietly, "I never mean to do that. I've spent next to nothing on this dress. Lady Ethel gave me the silk, and I've made it all up myself."

"Lady Ethel had better have given you a side of bacon and a good Gloucester cheese," observed practical Alec.

"Oh, dear, no, we shall have plenty of bacon and cheese of our own,—I hope that you'll often come and share them," said Effie. "Have you not heard, dear uncle, that Robert has taken Cross' farm?"

"I have heard it, and I want you to explain how Robert Holland has managed to take it," said Alec, resting his two long hairy hands on his knees, and looking like one who means to come to business. "When you went to service, Effie, Robert worked for Farmer Gibbs, and had no means of getting a place of his own. Has any one left him money? If not, I cannot see how he can buy Cross' farm."

"No one has left Robert money, and he has not bought an acre of land," replied Effie, taking up her work, and proceeding to thread her needle. "Robert has saved a little, and I have a little of my own, just enough to start us, as you know. As for the farm, we have that by an arrangement which Robert has made with Mrs. Cross."

"You have it on lease," I suppose.

"Not exactly on lease," answered Effie, pausing in her sewing; "I'll tell you all about the arrangement. Poor dear Mrs. Cross can't manage a farm herself; very few women could do so, therefore she makes it over to my——to Robert, I mean."

"With all the stock on it," asked Alec,—"the horses, cows, and sheep?"

"Pigs, poultry, ploughs, harrows, and all that sort of thing," replied the smiling Effie, speaking fast to display her knowledge of agricultural matters.

"Humph! and what does Cross' widow expect in return?" asked Stewart.

"Robert is to give Mrs. Cross ten pounds a quarter; he has paid the first quarter in advance, all out of his savings put in the post-office bank," replied Effie, with great satisfaction.

"He's a sensible fellow to put money there instead of swallowing it down his throat in the shape of gin," observed Alec.

"Oh! Robert has his own reasons for saving," said Effie, smilin[illegible]nd blushing, as she again ran her needle [illegible] quilling.

"But I can't suppo[illegible]ross' widow made so bad a bargain as to [illegible] have her far[illegible] (though it is but a s[illegible] his upon it, for a matter [illegible] She's not the woman to [illegible]" observed Alec. "Did Jemima Cross [illegible] other conditions?"

"Oh! of course she did," replied Effie. "Mrs. Cross does not wish to leave the farm, though she gives it up to Robert. We are to lodge and board her and her little nephew; there is plenty of room in the house for us all."

"Wheugh!" whistled Alec Stewart, and again he shook his grizzled head, "two mistresses in one house! 'twill soon be too hot to hold either."

"Not two mistresses," said Effie, looking a little playfully pert; "the farm will belong to Robert, and of course his wife will be the only mistress. Mrs. Cross says that she will just consider herself as our guest, and meddle with nothing, unless I should wish her to show me how to manage the poultry. It will be such a nice, such an economical arrangement," continued Effie, "indeed, we could have had the farm on no other, for Robert and I have but little money between us. It will cost us nothing to lodge Mrs. Cross, and scarcely any thing to feed her, for a dish for two holds enough for three, and a child of four years old eats next to nothing."

"I never heard that before," observed Alec dryly, "and I've a notion that children don't stick to the age of four; the boy will grow, and his appetite too."

"I hope that they may," said Effie, with cheerful good-humor; "we shall stint neither Fred nor his aunt, but try to make them both happy. I so like to make all happy around me!"

"And suppose," suggested old Alec, "tha this arrangement does not work well, suppos that Robert can't manage to pay his ten pound a quarter, or that you can't get on with th widow?"

"You need not suppose such things; Rober will make plenty of money, and as for me, I g on well with everybody," said the pet of th village.

"But just suppose," persisted Alec, "tha for once matters should go wrong, that cro should take to withering, or cattle to dying, an so that money should not be forthcoming. [illegible] suppose that you and the widow should n agree."

"Then the engagement would end," repli Effie, "and Robert would, at a quarter's notic have to give up the farm."

"And become a day-laborer again," sa Alec; "and you would carry your fine frippe into some two-roomed cottage."

"Uncle, I do not know why you should try frighten me with such notions," said Effie, tr ing to keep her good-humor, yet coloring wi vexation. "The arrangement is not in the le likely to come to an end, for it suits all parti so nicely. Mrs. Cross will have a pleasant ho for herself and her little nephew, she will n have to leave the house in which she has liv so long. Robert gets a good start in the wor and on easy terms, and as for me, wherever is, there I am sure to be happy."

Alec once more gave his peculiar grunt, expressive of doubt, and then asked his ni whether she knew Jemima Cross very well.

"Very well," replied Effie, lightly; "that to say, I have seen her at least half a do times, and we've had nice quiet chats togeth Mrs. Cross is the pleasantest woman that eve met with, not in the least proud, and so v obliging! She did not even make the slight objection to our changing the name of the fa '*Cross' Farm*,' that sounded so vulgar; besi it is Cross' farm no longer."

"And what name will Robert give to place?" inquired Alec.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ublished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other minent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. **The Circulation is 150,000 Copies.**

Price, Single Copies, Three Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1879.

13th Year. No. 38—New Series.

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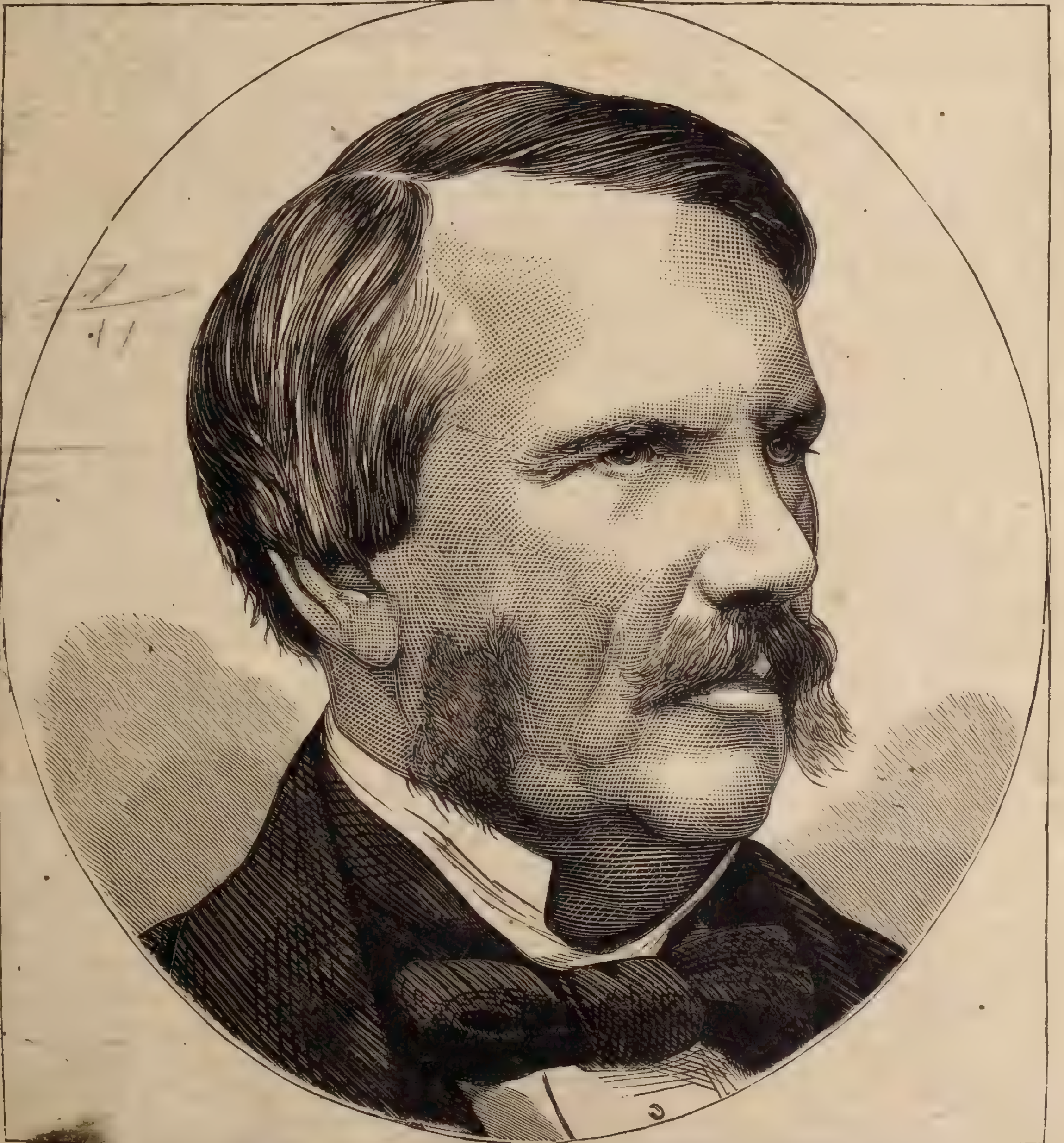

The late LORD LAWRENCE, the Christian Governor-General of India.

LORD LAWRENCE.

His Birth on March 4th, 1811, and Education in England—His Career in the Indian Civil Service from 1829 to 1849—His Administration over the Punjab from 1849 to 1863—His Heroic Maintenance of Order in the Punjab during the Mutiny of 1857—His Christian Character and Beneficent Administration—He becomes Governor-General of India from 1863 to 1869, and Chairman of the London School Board from 1870 to 1873.

DIED June 27th, 1879, in London, John Laird Mair Lord Lawrence, G.C.B., K.C.S.I., etc., at the age of sixty-eight. So runs the cable announcement of the close of a life eminently distinguished among many distinguished men who have won honor and renown on the same fields and in the same service. The roll of great names identified with the history of British rule in India, brilliant as it is, contains few which will compare with that of the brave, wise, and Christian man now gone to his rest. The fierce temptations which assail a man separated by an immense distance from the Power to which he is responsible, and placed in supreme authority over nearly *two hundred millions* of subject peoples, proved too strong for men even so upright as Lord Clive and Warren Hastings, but the pure and noble character of Lawrence, strong in Christian principle, has never been tarnished by a charge of oppression or cruelty. Honored and loved in the country he ruled, he was respected and trusted in his native land, and he goes to his reward a good and faithful servant of his God and his country.

John Lawrence was born at Richmond, Yorkshire, England, March 4th, 1811. His family had long been connected with Indian affairs, and his father, Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Lawrence, had won considerable reputation as an officer in the Mysore campaign and at the siege of Serengapatam in 1799. His brother, Sir Henry Lawrence, also won distinction in India, and fell in the brave defence of Lucknow during the terrible days of the Mutiny in 1857.

The early education of the future Viceroy of India was conducted at Foyle College, Londonderry, and completed at the East India College at Haileybury, where he obtained many prizes. He was trained with a view to civil service under the East India Company, from whom he obtained his first appointment in 1829. He went out to India *as a writer*, and soon after his arrival he was nominated to the post of Assistant Commissioner and Resident at Delhi.

In December, 1833, he was promoted to the situation of Officiating Magistrate and Collector at Delhi, and about twelve months afterward he was transferred to a similar appointment at Paniput, where he remained until 1836. From the latter year until December, 1838, he fulfilled the duties of Joint Magistrate and Deputy Collector of Goorgaon and the southern division of Delhi; in November in the same year he became Chief Magistrate of the last named division, and in 1838 he was transferred to Goorgaon.

He undertook some other duties connected with the civil department of the East India Company's service, on the conclusion of which, in 1840, he returned to England on leave for three years, but resumed official life in India in September, 1842. He was then appointed to a responsible office in the Revenue Department, and he continued an active member of the Company's Executive until the year 1846, when he was promoted, and removed to the important office of Commissioner of the Sutlej. In this capacity his great administrative ability became evident. He won a distinguished name in the service, and on more than one occasion elicited a marked compliment from Sir Henry Hastings by the efficient manner in which he discharged the onerous duties of his position as Commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej provinces.

He was also twice employed, during 1846 and 1848, as Acting Resident at Lahore, in addition to his substantive duties. The assassination, at Mooltan, of the English envoys, Mr. Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, April 18th, 1848, followed by a general insurrection in the Punjab, led to the second Sikh war. After a long and obstinate contest, the Sikhs were finally defeated by Lord Gough, at Goojerat, February 21st, 1849, when their territory was surrendered into British hands, and was declared by Lord Dalhousie to be thenceforth annexed to the English possessions in India. The first important step on the part of the Governor-General was to seek for men of administrative ability to bring the newly acquired territory under British laws and rule.

Mr. Lawrence, with his brother, Sir Henry, who had filled the post of Resident at Lahore, were nominated two out of three members of the board for the administration of the Punjaub. The third member was Mr. Charles Grenvill Mansel. Some slight idea of the labors of this commission may be formed from the fact that the superficial area of the country is 50,400 square miles, and that it contains a population, partly military and partly agricultural, of various races and religious creeds, who all "hated every dynasty except their own, and regarded the British as the worst because the most powerful of usurpers." Under their former sovereign, Runjeet Singh, the administration was deplorable. There was scarcely a crime for which impunity *could not be purchased by bribes;* while the oppressive exactions of the provincial governors, who farmed the taxes, were unchecked. Such was the state of affairs when the British Government first interfered in the internal administration of the country.

Much had been done by Sir H. Lawrence, when acting as Resident at Lahore, to ameliorate the condition of the people; but his endeavors were interrupted by the rebellion of 1848-49. The first labor undertaken by the board appointed by Lord Dalhousie was to organize a comprehensive system of law and justice, and of social and financial improvement throughout the Punjaub. It was found necessary to disband the Sikh soldiery, though many of them afterwards entered the British service, and an irregular force, consisting of ten regiments, was raised for the protection of the western frontier. In consequence of these measures, at the end of two years the board was able to report to the Governor-General that "the entire British system and its institutions were thoroughly introduced into the Punjaub." One triumphant result of this consummation was shown in the fact that in the great Mutiny of 1857 that province remained faithful to British rule, and contributed largely to the preservation of our Indian empire.

In 1856 Sir J. Lawrence was made a K.C.B. (Knight Commander of the Bath) in reward of his services as Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, and was advanced to the dignity of a G.C.B. (Grand Cross of the Bath) in 1857 for his zeal, intrepidity, and energy in aiding the military authorities to suppress the formidable revolt. He was created a baronet August 16th, 1858, sworn a member of the Privy Council, and on the creation of the Order of the Star of India was made K.C.S.I. (Knight Commander of the Star of India).

On the outbreak of

THE MUTINY

at Meerut, May 10th, 1857, his situation, like that of every Englishman in India, was one of extreme peril. A mere handful of men against their numerous enemies, they knew not on whom they might rely. The native troops they had trained and armed and whose valor they had seen in the field, were eager to destroy them and put an end to British rule in India.

Sir John Lawrence in his position in the Punjaub, isolated and far from succor, with accounts of the bloody massacres of his countrymen, their wives and children, at Cawnpoor, at Lucknow, and at Delhi, flowing in, he might well consider his position critical in the extreme. His actions at the moment of peril were prompt, sagacious, and effective. Skilfully turning to account the natural configuration of his province, he isolated the Punjaubees from the mutineers by stopping all means of communication; he destroyed all the small, and placed efficient guards over all the large, ferries on the five rivers by which the Punjaub was reached from India, an dispatched to the assistance of his countryme at Delhi every soldier whose fidelity was assured. He thus left himself entirely at the merc of the Sikhs, and voluntarily placed himself i the extremity of peril that he might aid thos who might need it more. There is no doub that this decisive step taken at the critical mo ment by concentrating the British forces save the country.

The Hand of Providence is seen clearly in th events of those days of peril. The telegrap wires connecting the Punjaub with the rest c India *were cut by the mutineers*, and therefore n orders could be received by Sir John Lawrenc and he was left to his own judgment. But fc that act of the enemy he would have been fo bidden taking the wise but desperate course h did take, and the issue might have been defe and massacre.

He referred to that state of things in the follov ing speech at Calcutta, on January 11th, 1869 "During the terrible crisis of 1857 I was fo tunate enough to find the chiefs and people c that great and warlike province willing to rall round me, and trust to my guidance. They di right loyal service. I shall always feel a dee and grateful interest in their welfare. I entre my countrymen in India to do their utmost i cultivating friendly and cordial relations wit the people among whom they dwell. Withou the aid of the native people we could never hav weathered the storm of 1857. It is no exagge ation to say that thousands of native soldie fought and suffered for us in those terrib times. From the Punjaub alone I estimate, fro first to last, not fewer than *eighty thousand n tive soldiers* were ranged on our side during th Mutiny. In the siege and storming of Delhi, particular, it is difficult to say how great was th benefit derived from such services."

His character as a *Christian man and Chr tian statesman* become specially developed in th Indian Mutiny. His dispatch narrating i events in 1858 concluded with these word "Throughout the crisis he could not but fe that human means and human precautions we utterly impotent, and that trust could be plac in Divine Providence alone. He joins with M Montgomery in the expression of devout than fulness to Almighty God. To Him alone is d the praise for our success, and for our very sa ty. His mercy vouchsafed a happy issue to o measures, and confounded our enemies. Hum aid could avail us nothing in that crisis. And is owing to an over-ruling Providence, and that alone, that a single Englishman was l alive in the Punjaub."

A general expression of satisfaction w evoked throughout India and in England whe in December, 1863, the announcement was ma that Sir John Lawrence had been

APPOINTED VICEROY OF INDIA.

His administration was marked by power, b very, kindness, unswerving truth and justice, a was the embodiment of all that the natives f and respect.

During Lord Lawrence's term of office t roads, railways, and telegraphs were much tended; great improvements were effected in t civil, military, financial, legal, educational, a other public departments; schools and colle were multiplied, the study of the classical a vernacular languages promoted, and the foun tion laid for extending *primary or element education* to the masses of the people; barb ous customs, inconsistent with humanity a justice, were effectually discouraged; better v tilated barrack accommodation was provided the soldiers, thereby conducing to their physi and moral health; the marriage and other so laws amended; savings banks were establis throughout the country for the benefit of peasantry and humbler classes; the railway rangements for the conveyance of the poo class of travellers were reformed, so as to s much unnecessary suffering; measures w adopted for the elevation and enlightenmen native princes and chief, and for encouragin better discharge of their duties towards their subjects; and a copyright law was passed. In these and other ways Lord Lawrence's action, as head of the government of India, manifested an enlightened acquaintance and sympathy with the conditions and wants of all classes of the people of India; so that the native press was accustomed to designate him as "The Man of the People."

In one of his minutes, in 1858, he declared, with respect to State education, that, in his judgment, "the Bible should be taught in class wherever we have teachers fit to teach it, and pupils willing to hear it."

He advocated the stern prohibition of all obscene images or gross immoralities connected with Hindoo worship in public, and the alteration of the laws about polygamy, early marriages, and other customs subversive of the best interests of society. He also said: "The system of caste can no longer be permitted to rule in our services. Soldiers and government servants of every class must be entertained for their merits, irrespective of creed, caste, or class. The native Christians, as a body, have, with rare exceptions, been set aside. I know not one in the Punjaub (to our disgrace be it said) in any official employment. But a change has come, and I believe there are now few who would not eagerly employ those native Christians capable of filling appointments.

"I consider I should be wanting in my duty at this crisis if I did not endeavor to secure a portion of the numerous appointments in the judicial department to the native Christians; and I shall be happy to advance their interests equally with those of the Mohammedan and Hindoo candidates. Their future promotion must depend on their own merits. I shall therefore feel obliged to each missionary favoring me with a list of native Christians belonging to them who, in their opinion, are fit for the service."

This document of Lord Lawrence concluded with the following weighty words: "All those measures which are really and truly Christian can be carried out in India, not only with every advantage to its stability, but, on the contrary, without danger to British rule. *Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen.*"

On his retirement from office and RETURN TO ENGLAND in March, 1869, he was raised to the House of Peers by the title of Baron Lawrence of the Punjaub and of Grateley. The Universities both of Oxford and Cambridge also conferred on him the honorary degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D., and when the system of public education was adopted in England in 1780 Lord Lawrence was elected on the London School Board, and at its first meeting was chosen its Chairman, a position he occupied until 1873, when he resigned.

He continued, however, to take great interest in the cause of education, and especially in the *Christian Vernacular Education Society for India*, of which he was an enthusiastic supporter. At the anniversary of this Society, in 1876, he pleaded its cause in an earnest speech, which reveals the sincere Christian fervor of his heart and the vitality of those high Christian principles which had been his support in times of peril in India. In the course of his address he observed that his love for the Society had been prompted by its efforts on behalf of *native Christians* in India. He hoped that in the course of time a large body of native Christians, trained in the knowledge of the Lord, would be raised up and spread over the length and breadth of the land. If theycould secure a sufficient number of native Christian teachers, then, and not until then, could they hope to make an impression on the ignorance, vice, and idolatry of India. He also looked hopefully on what had been achieved in the translation into the Hindoo language of a large number of good moral books—books which gave amusement, pleasure, and delight to the readers, joined with good moral principles and Christian views. He also regarded as a great good the employment thus furnished to colportors who would have opportunities of doing good while engaged in the sale of such books.

It is obvious from these remarks that Lord Lawrence was the man above all others best fitted for the exalted position he occupied. If England had more of such men in her high places, her numerous dependencies would be benefited to an incalculable extent. That she has so many men so actuated is due the fact that she has been able to retain her possessions and attach them in loyalty to herself.

Lord Lawrence was singularly blessed in his domestic relations, HIS WIFE being a lady like-minded with himself, whose tastes, manners, and culture eminently fitted her to adorn the viceregal court.

Dr. Norman MacLeod, the eminent Scotch divine, was present on board a steamer when Lord Lawrence came to bid his wife farewell on the occasion of her visit to Europe. He thus describes the illustrious pair: "I was more than ever impressed with the noble character of Lord Lawrence. I was under a spell of romance as I gazed on that face, bronzed with the Indian sun of many a long year in camps and durbars, marches and pursuits, skirmishings and battles, with all sorts of unknown tribes and chiefs—that face furrowed by lines of thought about war and peace, Rajahs, Sikhs, and mutineers, and those *hows and whens* which make government in India the most severe and exhaustive in the world. And when the moment of parting came, and he bade good-by to the brave and loving companion of his life, the bride of his youth, the mother of his children, then I felt a something in my throat, and my heart filled with a deeper love for both."

Lord Lawrence will be buried in Westminster Abbey among the great and the good whose memory England cherishes with pride and love.

Death of a Soldier Clergyman.—The Rev. William Leeke, who was buried recently in Derbyshire, England, was a soldier at Waterloo, and *carried the colors of his regiment*, the 52d Light Infantry. This regiment led the gallant charge on the Imperial Guard of France, in that battle which finally decided the fortunes of the day. He remained with his regiment in the Army of Occupation in Paris, followed it into the north of France, and was with it in New Brunswick. When thirty one years of age he left it and was graduated at Cambridge. He then took holy orders; remained a curate about ten years, and was appointed to a living, which he held until two years ago, when, owing to the infirmities of age, he resigned it. He was eighty-two years old when he died.

A Hypocritical Pretence has been put forward by the Prince of Monaco, the little Italian principality which has a present population of 3127, occupying six square miles. The prince is an inveterate and successful gambler, and a profligate generally. But he has denied to English and Scotch Protestants the privilege of establishing a place of worship on his territory because it would "*endanger the unity of the faith!*" The real cause of his opposition is doubtless that like all bad men he shuns the light and hates those who preach of righteousness and a judgment to come.

Ritchie the Blind Boy.—Mr. M. B. Gerds once asked Ritchie, a little blind boy, if he loved Jesus; his tiny frame shook with emotion as, turning his sightless eyes towards heaven, he said: "Ye dinna ken how I love Him, or ye'd never ask! They ha'e na made the right word yet to tell o' half my love; but I'm just waitin'—waitin' till I ha'e the 'new song' put into my mouth, an' then I'll gang awa' and tell it to Himsel'." The same little boy was one day at the house of a friend, and a little girl with whom he was playing said very pitifully to him, "I am so sorry you cannot see me!" "Hoot," said Ritchie, "it's nae loss. I see a better—Jesus, the 'altogether lovely,' an' ye canna beat that."

THE DIVINE LULLABY.

An Evening Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached April 30, 1879, and Specially Reported for the "Christian Herald."

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."—Isaiah 66: 13.

The Gentle Words of the Bible—God Like a Mother—1. In His Modes of Instruction—Teaching A B C—Spelling Faith—Teaching by Pictures—2. In His Style of Favoritism—Father's Favorite—Mother's Favorite—3. In His Care for Small Hurts—No Ciphers in God's Arithmetic—Kitto's Wounded Foot—4. In His Taking Back the Erring—The Recreant Soldier and the Colonel—5. In the Softness of His Hand—The Father's Hard Hand—The Mother's Gentle Hand—A Religion of Sympathy—6. In His Hushing His Children to Sleep—The Dying Scotchman.

Although the Bible is a warm letter of affection from a parent to a child, there are some people who seem to dwell chiefly upon the *severe passages*. Just as fifty calm nights of summer dropping gently the dew are not so impressive to some people as a half hour's hail-storm, so there are some people who seem to entirely overlook the calmer portions of God's Word, and take only the expressions of His indignation.

There may come during the year into the household fifty letters of affection, but they do not seem to make so much impression as one *sheriff's writ:* and so all the expressions of God's mercy and love in the Bible do not seem so much to arrest the attention of the people as here and there an expression of God's wrath against sin.

A parent and a child go out for *a summer ramble* into a field, and while they are in the field there comes up a thunder-storm, and there are terrific flashes of lightning, and the father says to the child, "That is God's eye;" and then the thunder rolls reverberating among the mountains until the child shivers with terror, and the father says, "That is God's voice." But the clouds roll off, the sky and the storm is gone, and the rainbow spans the heavens, flooding the sky and the earth and the sea with beauty, and the father forgets to say to the child,

"THAT IS GOD'S SMILE."

My text to-night is a very rainbow of beauty and compassion. It kindles with sympathy, it sobs with pity, it is the hush of a *divine lullaby*. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." You have often heard that God was a King, that God was a lion of the tribe of Judah, that God was a Conqueror, that God was a Father. I tell you to-night that God is a Mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

1. In the first place, I remark that God is like a mother in His *modes of instruction*. The mother it is that teaches the child the A B C. The father is not so competent for the primary department; he loses his patience. It takes a mother to tell the child fifty times the difference between G and H, the difference between I and J: and having told that difference fifty times, she does not lose her patience; for she goes on and tells the child *the hundredth time*, until it has learned the lesson. Sometimes she teaches by song, sometimes she teaches by worsted work, sometimes she teaches by books, sometimes in one way, and sometimes in another; but she does not lose her patience.

She goes on until the child learns the lesson, and that makes me think of God. He comes down with the most patient lesson to our soul, and He teaches us now in one way and now in another, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. Sometimes He teaches us by prosperity, and the letters are in sunshine. Sometimes He teaches us in adversity, and the letters are in black. We are not willing to learn the lesson; we are too stupid to learn. Yet God goes on, lesson after lesson, patiently, patiently. Oh, how good God is in His modes of instruction!

There is just one word He has been trying to teach us, some of us for twenty years, thirty years, forty years, fifty years, sixty years, seventy years, *just one word* of one syllable, and that is F-A-I-T-H—Faith, and after we have been in the school of Christ, or rather been in the family of God, and he has been stooping down to teach us that lesson all these years, we stop at it, we halt at it, we go back from it, we mispronounce it, we cannot understand it. Yet God keeps teaching us, teaching us, like a mother, like a mother.

I have noticed that most mothers teach by *pictures.* The very best lesson they ever teach is by pictures; they want to show the evil of contentions. The mother turns to the page where there are boys in conflict, and she says, "See the quarrelling. Is it not a hideous picture?" The child never forgets it. Mother wants to show the evil of war among nations. She does not discourse about war; she turns over the history of some great conflict, and she shows her child the garments rolled in blood, the wounded soldiers, and the darkness and the battle, and the child learns *the horrors of war.*

That is the way the mother teaches the child, and so God comes down like a mother, and He teaches us by pictures. He wants to impress us with His *goodness*, and He shows us the autumnal orchard, the ripe apple; He shows us the autumnal field; He shows us the full barn, the presses bursting out with new wine; and while we are looking at the autumnal scene, we say in our autumnal, our thanksgiving service, "Thou crownest the years with Thy goodness." And so we have learned by the picture.

But some morning after wintry years our family is gathered at the *breakfast table*, and they are all bright and well, for they were under coverlids while others were freezing in the darkness and the storm, and under the blaze of the warm rays of the hearth they sit. Their appetites are keen, turning the plainest fare into luxury, and with our families all about us we say, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul." And by that picture of domestic quiet and peace we learn God's goodness.

God would teach us *brotherly kindness* and neighborly kindness. How does He do it? By a picture. A Levite is wounded on the road to Jericho: a man has been in a fight with a robber; a robber stabbed him, knocked him down; two ministers come along, two ministers of religion; one goes on this side and looks at him, the other goes on that side and looks down at him, but the two go on to preach, I suppose, some great sermon, to tell about God's decree; and they want to tell what God thought, what God felt,

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILLION

years ago, and they are going to preach these two sermons, and they cannot stop to look at this man by the wayside. But a Samaritan rides along. He stops, he dismounts, and seeing this poor fellow by the road side, he goes to him, and he says, "Why, you seem very much hurt." He takes some wine and washes out the wounds; then he takes some oil and pours it into the wounds so that they stop smarting, and then he lifts the man on his beast and walks by his side, holding him on, until he gets to a tavern. Then he says to the man who keeps the tavern, "Here, take charge of this man; he has been hurt; he has been assaulted by robbers; here is something to pay his board, and if it is not enough, send to me and I will pay the whole expense."

Who is my neighbor? The picture—the Good Samaritan.

But God wants to show *how sad it is* for a soul that goes away from him, and how glad the Divine mercy is to receive Him back. How does He do this? He teaches it by a picture: A farm-house, a few sheep and oxen round about the farm-house, the full wardrobe, the elegant table, the discontented boy starting away from home. He gets amongst sharpers, loses his money, gets homesick, wants to get back, starts home. The old man runs out to meet him. He started with a *crutch* or a cane, but in his haste to reach the boy he drops the cane; he does not feel more than thirty years of age. He hastens on and meets the returning boy coming back from the wilderness. His hand torn of the husk has a ring; the foot inflamed and bleeding on the road has sandals; the bare shoulders showing through the tatters have a robe; the stomach gnawing with hunger has a platter with smoking food.

The family re-united sit at the table. The father looks at the son. The son has a *voracious appetite;* the father is not able to eat; he is too full of joy to have any appetite. The father sits looking at the returned child; the tears roll down the father's cheeks, rolling down from wrinkle to wrinkle until they reach a smile, and then they stop, the dew of the years melting into the morning.

No work done on the farm that day. God knows that when a son comes back from his wanderings that is enough for one day. They begin to be merry.

The Picture: A prodigal came home from the wilderness. All understand that. We all have been wandering away from God, and want to come back—want to come back *to-night.* Everybody can understand that picture.

Christ the bridegroom, the truth, a mustard seed, the preaching of the Gospel throwing out the seed, a useless man, a barren fig-tree. All the truths of God pictured in Providence, pictured in every-day life, pictured in the holy scriptures. Oh, how like a mother is God teaching by pictures!

2. But I go further in drawing out this analogy of my text and tell you that God is like a mother in His *style of favoritism.* Who is the father's favorite in the family? Perhaps it is the son who has a fine forehead and fine mental capacity, and is getting along well at school. The father says, "I will take him into my store, I will take him into my firm. I will give him the very best opportunity. He shall have an education if no other member of the family has an education." And it is sometimes the case; the father will put all the culture on one son, actually robbing the other members of the family of their culture—and that is an exceedingly wicked favoritism.

But look at

THE MOTHER'S FAVORITISM.

Who is her favorite in your family? It is the child that at two years of age had a severe fall: it has never been well since. Or the scarlet fever has muffled its hearing; or there is a curvature of the spine. The child is very sick, never knew a well day; that child coughs in the night, and if the mother is sound asleep it awakes her. She flies to relieve it. If she goes away from him an hour, her *last charge* is in regard to that sick child; if she goes away and comes back, the first question is in regard to that sick child. She thinks more of that child than of all the others of the family. The fact is that it is her favorite. All the children in the family know it is her favorite. They say, Here is your favorite, and you let him do just as he pleases; you give him a great many things you don't give us.

The mother smiles. She knows he is her favorite, and so he ought to be; for if any one should be it is an invalid child that starts on the journey of life worn out with the first smile, with aching head, weak side, and irritating lung. Oh, how like God that is!

Who are God's favorites? Those who fare sumptuously every day, those who are well and rosy, those who have all the mercy that life can furnish, those that are prosperous and have no trial? No, no; the *Lord's favorites* are those who are subject to sickness, the suffering ones, the broken-hearted ones, the tried ones and the tempted ones, the troubled and the offending ones—they are the Lord's favorites.

Oh, how like a mother that He should choose the weakest and the sickest and the most troubled and most tried. God nursed him when asleep in the chair, because he is so near. But God never falls asleep; God never slumbers nor sleeps. This very moment he is in every hospital of Brooklyn and New York, by every sick pillow. Wherever there is anybody with broken heart or in trouble the Lord is there, for He wants to stand by the pillow of His favorites. As one whom his mother comforteth, so God comforts them.

3. I go further in carrying out this analogy of my text and tell you that God is like a mother in the fact that he has so much capacity to appreciate *small hurts and bruises.* If a father see a child with a broken arm, he is shocked at that; or if some dreadful fever or diphtheria comes to a child, the father is shocked and appalled at that,

But the child comes in with a slight bruise. It don't seem to amount to much: just a little splinter in the finger. Father says, "Oh, that is nothing." Mother says, "Don't say so." She knows it's something, She pities that wound. It don't make any difference how small it is. If the child has a splinter in the finger, it never wants a father to take it out; it always wants a mother to take it out. In other words, the mother appreciates the small hurts and the small bruises of the child. That is like God.

Nothing is so insignificant in the way of annoyance or perplexity in our life but God pities it. Nothing with God is something. *There are no ciphers in God's arithmetic.* A mathematical point is defined to be something without parts and without magnitude. It is so small imagination cannot see it, cannot reach it. It is so small, yet it may be

THE STARTING POINT

for the great eternity. God's surveyors carry a very long chain.

When Kitto the lad wounded his foot in the back streets of Plymouth, England, and he was crippled for life, God bound up that wound so well that Kitto became the best commentator of Christian ages: and the Lord knows how to bind up every wound. As the child rushes in from the street with the most insignificant bruise, and the mother kisses it, so God takes the most insignificant annoyance or sorrow of our soul and presses it to the lips of Divine sympathy. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

4. But I remark again God is like a mother in the way He *takes back the erring.* When a man does wrong what does society do? It thrusts him out; his comrades thrust him out. If he keeps on his wrong-doing, his partners thrust him out. But who is it that sits by the murderer's counsel through the trial? Who is it that is the last one to leave the shadows of the prisoner's cell? The mother.

God bless her gray hair if she be still alive. God bless her grave if she be dead. God bless the chair in which she used to sit, and the cradle she used to rock, and the Bible she used to read. When all others give you up your mother does not give you up, and how like God that is! Does He ever give a man up? When one goes astray what do you do with him? You *caricature* him, you scold him, you smite him, you denounce him. What does God do? He honors him.

A soldier who was brought before a colonel in the English army, a soldier who had been very recreant to duty; he had been very bad indeed, and had been arraigned many times; and the sergeant brought the soldier to the colonel. "What! Have you brought that man here again? I have tried every thing with him. I cannot do him any good. Take him away from me." And after a while the sergeant came and said to the colonel, "There is one thing you have not tried." He says, "What is that?" "You have not tried *forgiveness.*" And the recreant soldier was brought in, and the colone said to him, "Well, you have been here a grea many times, and I have reprimanded you and punished you. Now I am going to try something new. I have made up my mind to forgive you."

Then the tears fell from the offender's eyes and his lips quivered, and for the first time tha he seemed melted down he asked pardon of th commanding officer and began a new course o life, even the Christian life, starting for heaven that day. Oh, ye people who have wandered away from God, you who have been scolded, you who have been maltreated, you who have been caricatured, try *forgiveness:* the way of the mother comforteth, comforteth, comforteth.

5. The Bible speaks of God's hand. I wonder how it looks. You remember

YOUR FATHER'S HAND;

you remember your mother's hand. They were very different hands. Your father's hand had a firmly-set knuckle; it was hardened at the palm. He fought a very hard battle in giving you bread, in giving your brothers and sisters bread, in giving your mother bread. It was a very hard hand your father had. You remember it, although fifty years ago it may have faded away. The mother's hand, though it may have been at the tip of the finger pricked by the needle, taking it all in all, was a soft hand: it was a gentle hand. You remember the blue veins through the back of the hand. It was a gentle hand. Was there ever a poultice to take the pains out of a wound like a mother's hand? Oh, ye who have wandered away from God, I want to tell you to-night it is not a bailiff's hand that arrests you. It is a soft hand, a gentle hand, a loving hand, a sympathetic hand, the mother's hand of God Almighty. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

If the men in this house who have wandered away from God only understood the tenderness of the Gospel, they would fly into the Kingdom to-night by hundreds and by thousands. Yes, this whole audience would be melted down under the truth, and they would come, not to-morrow; but now—yea, this moment they would cry out, "So long have I resisted the Lord God. I come to Thee. My King thou art, my father thou art, my mother thou art." And some of these who have been hardly bestead of the world, some of these men who have not had a kind, gentle, sympathetic word in their hearing for twenty years, would to-night say, "That is a religion I want—the religion of sympathy. I want to have the religion of the Gospel of help, and I want it now." And they begin to look, and in a moment are saved. They don't take *a long rigmarole* of prayer to God to get His pity. It is just one look, and we live

6. There is one mere analogy I want to draw out between God and a mother. God is like a mother in the fact that He knows how to *hush a child to sleep.* There is no cradle song like a mother's song. After the excitement of the evening, it is very difficult to get a child to sleep. The moment the rocking-chair stops the child opens its eyes. Then the mother goes on with the song, singing and rocking, singing and rocking, until the angel of slumber puts his wing over the cradle in the crib.

Oh, brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ, the time is coming when we will want some one to put us to sleep. The day of life will be closed, and the shadows of the evening of death will gather around us, and we will want something to hush us to sleep. The music we will want then will not be the dirge of the organ. not the bells of the church tower, not the rumbling of a dead march, but

A LULLABY,

a mother's lullaby.

We will want God then to hush us to sleep. Oh, what a soft bed, what a soft cradle, the promises of God make for us! I think I would like to have this for a cradle song when we are put to our last sleep, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

A Scotchman was dying in Scotland. It was a Sabbath evening. His daughter Nellie sat by his bedside. The church bells began to ring for the Sabbath evening service, and the old man in his dying dream thought he was on his way to the church, through the cold across the bridge over the river. And he said, "Hark! the bells are ringing, my lads, the bells are ringing; we will be late to church, make the horse strike out swiftly."

And then the old man shivered, and he said, "Bring the buffalo robes up closer, my lads. It is cold, but we shall soon be there: we will soon be at the church—we will soon be over the river, my lads—*we are there now,*" he said with a smile. He could afford to smile, for he had reached the church: not the church on earth, but the church of God on high. Over the river there God hushed that old man to sleep. As one whom his mother comforteth, so God comforteth him.

A MINISTER'S VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

The Rev. Dr. Maurice Davies, of London, has published the following statement of his views regarding spiritualism:—

"Among the cases which have led me to the conviction, after more than twenty years' study of spiritualism, that, *the manifestations are diabolical,* I may mention three cases in particular as having mainly led me to this conclusion.

"The *first* case occurred a good many years ago, when I was curate to the late Archdeacon Sinclair. One of my congregation at St. Paul's, Vicarage Gardens, was greatly interested in these manifestations, and consulted me about them. She was stricken down suddenly with consumption, and we often used to talk over the subject when I visited her. In fact, she forced the topic upon me against my will, as I was unwilling to touch on it in my clerical ministrations. At the very last, almost as she was in the act of passing away, she whispered, 'Go home and sit. I will come to you if I can.' I did so immediately; and got a long communication, purporting to come from the newly departed spirit, wth names, dates, and all minutely given, but which I found on subsequent inquiry to be nothing more than a series of *clever lies.*

"The *second* was a *séance* at which I and two mediums—one of whom was a Romish priest—assisted. The priest received some frightful communications, which purported to come from the evil one himself. At the conclusion of the *séance* we sat in the dark for the special purpose, and in less than the time it takes to write the table around which we were gathered was lifted up, dashed violently to the ground, and shivered to pieces. I never saw such an exhibition of physical force.

"The *third* case was still more remarkable. The sitting took place in a West-End drawing-room, and was for *materializations,* as they are termed. We sat round a table. I held the medium with a tight grip on one side, and a person whom I could well trust on the other. There was a fair amount of subdued light, quite sufficient to discern what did take place. There appeared a materialization—but of what? An almost shapeless column of luminous vapor formed at the side of the medium; this gradually receded from him, retreated toward another portion of the room, which was curtained off from the one we occupied and was dissipated before our eyes in the very centre of the room before it got there. The effect was more gruesome than the most horrible form would have been.

"The horror lay in the formlessness, if I may use the expression. The idea of trickery was out of the question. The medium was before our eyes, and pinioned in the grip of two average men. Most of us saw the *apparition*—I can call it nothing else—all of us, indeed, except those who were sitting quite out of range on the other side of the table. It was impossible to believe that it was the outward form and presentment of any thing high or good. It certainly was not angelic; it was not even human. What conclusion, then, is left for us as to its nature but that it was *Satanic?*

"I may sum up my views by saying *that the kind of influence which many people are calling into the very centre of our homes is one which can only be covered by the somewhat broad but most significant term—Demonology.*"

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 582.*)

Mr. Gogharty's Opinion of Right and Wrong—Alick Insists upon his Father's Resignation—Micky Haley makes an Appointment with Janie Quinn—She is Informed of the Proposed Ejectment of her Father—Haley flatters her, and makes a Confession—Janie communicates the Bad News to her Master.

Mr. Gogharty tried to evade the full force of the blow which the plain outspoken rebuke of his son dealt to his conscience by suggesting that Alick, instead of absurdly proposing to him the resignation of his post, should have salved over with Mrs. Montaigne the awkward circumstances which had come to the surface, and have used his influence with young Percival to make all things straight. He upbraided him for "his ingratitude and want of filial devotion." "It's really too bad of you, Alick," he cried, angrily and bitterly. "Such conduct is not right before God or man. It's monstrous; for what is not a son bound to do and sacrifice for his father?"

"Every thing, father," said Alick, "but to do violence to conscience, and to fail in duty to righteousness and truth. I know that I am just now a great expense to you, father," he added, "and though the loss of my degree at the university will be a sore disappointment and loss to me, yet of course as now your financial position will be much altered I must give it up. This I am prepared to do to relieve you, but to give my consent to your holding the Percival agency is impossible. After what has occurred it would be most immoral and unjust. And, father, if you will not resign it at my solicitation, though it wound me to the heart to do so, I shall have, as I have intimated, to put the matter in the hands of those who will compel you to this step." "You'll not do that, Alick," said Mr. Gogharty, coaxingly. "No, I'm sure you will not," after a little, he passionately cried. "Why, it would be conduct gross and unnatural; and while it would lead to my ruin, would, I feel, turn my love for you into hate."

"O God!" cried Alick, after more than a minute's pause, "it is hard, very hard, when in this world there is a conflict between the claims of duty and of love, when eternal righteousness says one thing and natural affection, which we are told to cherish, says another. Help me, O my Saviour—becomingly and dutifully, yet firmly and purely to stand by the right, and may I through no human weakness allow mere feeling to betray eternal justice and truth."

After looking upward and thus speaking, he waited a while, as though abiding an answer to his prayer. Mr. Gogharty thought that Alick, conquered by his appeal, was going to relent, and he held out his hand in reconciliation toward him. But no; with a slow and decided yet tender voice, soon afterward the young man said, "Father, I leave the alternative I have spoken before you. I can do nothing else. Either of your own accord resign within three weeks' time, or, sorely against my will, I shall have to take steps to bring about this end. It breaks my heart to say this, father; but I can do nothing else."

He then quietly moved from the apartment, and left his father to his own meditations and resolves. It need scarcely be added that Mr. Gogharty, to avoid greater inconvenience by a hopeless resistance, came to the conclusion that he ought, from policy, to do as his son had dictated, and stoop to a requirement which he still persisted in saying sprang, on Alick's part, not from a conscience enlightened and wise, but one stupid and weak. He placed his resignation of the Percival agency in the proper hands, and by the time that Alick had suggested the whole of its business, so far as so speedy a measure permitted, *was transferred to other hands.*

It is some time since the name of Micky Haley the piper, one of those who identified Percival in the turf-built Ribbon hall, appeared in our narrative, but in the present chapter he comes again for a little before us. One day, a month or two after the Rev. Jerome Grant's ignominious flight, Janie Quinn was on a message in the town for her mistress, and hearing the "skirling" of bagpipes down a turning from the street, and not having for a long time been favored with the drone and lilt of that music which sets the hearts of "the boys and girls" in Ireland in an enchanting whirl, she stepped to where the musical artist had an admiring throng around him. What tune it was the pipes were discoursing—whether "Patrick's Day," or "Garryowen," or "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," or "Make haste to the Wedding," or whatever else, I cannot say; but certain it is that Janie soon became as entranced as the other listeners and as oblivious of her mistress's commission as could be one of "the seven sleepers."

While standing, with outstretched neck and dancing eye, gazing at Micky and wondering at the magic of his skill, she was surprised that he noticed her particularly and managed quietly to make a sidelong movement toward the place she occupied. When he got rather near her, in a moment it flashed upon her remembrance who he was. Micky had been in former days two or three times at her father's house, but only for a few minutes, so that she had not known him well enough for an immediate recognition on the occasion before us.

He coming quite close to her, she felt disposed to withdraw, not much liking his attentions, but, leaning toward her, he said in an undertone, loud enough to be heard by her but not by others. "Don't be silly, girl. I've for some time wanted to see you, but feared to be seen at the big house. Can you see me when it's dark, at the garden-gate?" And then, perceiving from Janie's look that she had no mind for such an assignation, he added, "It's somethin' about yer father—he's in throuble." Janie, with a start, was about to ask what the trouble was, but Micky Haley said, "Not another word betune us here. Only do as I've bid ye. Mind, at eight o'clock."

Several in the crowd, noticing Micky's behavior, began to chaff him and the object of his attentions. One of the town wits among the vulgar cried out, "Come, Micky, me boy, let the girl alone; and none o' yer coortin' here in the open street. Bedad, ye have as much brass in yer face as a dure-knocker." Janie, at this sally which called forth a peal of laughter, blushed to the eyes and made a rapid retreat. Before she got again into the main street she heard that Haley had changed his music to a slow tune. It was "Home, sweet Home," which he now played, and she had quickness enough to perceive that the piper had done this of design to enforce his imperfect tidings and increase her anxiety and curiosity.

Punctual to the appointed time, Janie was at the place of interview; indeed, she found it difficult to tarry for the mentioned hour; and this though once or twice her maidenly coyness suggested a doubt as to the propriety of meeting Haley. She being of strong natural affection, however, concern for those at home overmastered the dictates of prudence, and so the piper when he appeared found her standing outside the garden-gate, the handle in her hand to keep it closed behind her.

The news he had to convey was that her father was about to be *ejected from his farm*, and that in a week or two neither he nor her mother would have a roof over their heads. "Ye see," said Micky, "the landlord, Squire Horton, wants to throw all the little farms into big wans so as to make votes, ye ondtherstand, and yer father's houldin' makes wan o' four that's to be thus pitched into wan another. Yer father wanted Squire Horton to let him have the big houldin' when it was made, as his tinant; but, me dear, the Squire knows a trick worth two o' that. He'll do no sich a thing, for he knows yer father's too independiint to be ruled in his votin'."

"But why didn't I get word of this before?" inquired Janie. "Well, yer father didn't want to vex ye, ma cushla, by bad news comin' afore its time. He said, 'There war no use in it, whin you cud do nothin.' I wanted him to ask you to git yer masther to interfere. But you know yer father, Rowley Quinn, wouldn't ask the favor war it to save his life.

"I made up me mind, howsumever, that I wud git ye to insence Mr. Percival into the tyrannical act that's about to be committed; for Rowley Quinn has made the place the worth it is, diggin' and laborin' for years like a slave to turn a mountin' moor into dacent land, and now, widout compinsation to the value of the ghost of a farthin', he's goin' to be put out, to wandher where he loikes. I couldn't stand the seein' o' such dalins upon a dacent and honest man—wan that's always paid his rint, too. So, as I've said, I made up me mind to see ye myself on the bad business, and git ye to put in a word to Mr. Percival about it. I've dodged about here for a week, watchin' the big house there close as cat ever did a mouse-hole, but, purshuin' to me, sorra a glimpse could I git o' yer purty face (and I mane what I say) ontil today."

Janie was quite aware of her good looks—what pretty girl is not?—yet she did not relish Micky Haley's compliments under present circumstances. So she said, rather sharply, "I want none o' yer soft sawder and blarney, sur; and if ye war as concerned as ye say about thim at home, and was so anxious to see me, why in the world didn't ye come like a man to the dure, and not go slinging round any gintleman's house in the way you have talked of?"

"Ah, me jewel," answered Haley, "that's more nor I dare do. And, if ye but knowed all, ye'd agree with me in that same opinion. Why I wanst passed the sintence o' death on yer masther's life, and in his prisence, too, sorra a word of a lie in it. And I think from what ye know of the owld doin's in —— ye'll guess how it cum about. Mr. Percival, wid wan look of his dark eye—and it's a knowin' wan—would spot who I was, and, bedad, in no time he'd have the peelers afther me. No, no, me darlint, I darn't, for the life o' me, be seen at the hall dure, and so was obliged to wait for a chancemeetin'."

At this stage of the conversation steps were heard on the garden walk, and a voice calling Janie; so Haley was forced to decamp, saying hurriedly, "I've done *my* part as a friend; do you now do *yours* as a daughter. Tell Mr. Percival what I've tould ye of, and git by his manes justice for yer father."

"Who is that you were talking to?" said Mrs. Montaigne; for being told that Janie had been from the house for some time, feeling a responsibility about the girl, she went herself to see the cause of her absence. Janie had the words "Micky Haley the piper" almost on her lip, but in an instant perceiving how dubious such a name would sound in her mistress's ear, and also bearing in mind Micky's intelligence as to his doings upon "the young masther," she quickly changed her phrase and said that "a friend from —— was giving her some news."

Janie saw that her mistress felt dissatisfied and suspected some inexpedient "goings on" upon her part; so she said, "I have had bad news, mam, and when I get into the house I'll tell you all about it; and I want Mr. Percival to be in the room when I'm tellin' it." This last expression of Janie's sounded unpleasantly upon Mrs. Montaigne's ear. She found it difficult to imagine its import. Several *curious surmises* rose up in her mind.

All her mother's suspicions and fears were, however, dissipated, when Janie in her young master's presence unfolded the painful tidings concerning dear ones at home which she had received. "But are you sure this bad news is true?" inquired Percival. "Who has brought it to you?" "It *is* true, sir," replied Janie. "For a reason I can't tell I'll not say who the bringer is, but I am certain as that I stand afore you he has not deceived me."

(*To be continued.*)

PERILOUS TIMES IN THESE LAST DAYS.

By the Rev. S. Garratt, M.A., Vicar of St. Margaret's Church, Ipswich, England.

Signs of the Last Days—Perilous Times—Selfishness in Morals—The Form of Godliness—The Grand Motive Power—Outwardness in Religion—Sacramentalism—The Conscience Enslaved at the Confessional—The False Miracle—Deceiving Spirits.

In writing to Timothy, St. Paul gives us a fearful picture of what the state of Christendom shall be in the last days.

By the *last days* we must understand the times preceding the second appearing of the Lord Jesus; and for this reason the characteristics of the last days are necessarily signs of the second advent.

In the statement that in the last days perilous times shall come, we have a decisive proof that the second coming of the Lord will not be *preceded* by world-wide holiness and happiness; and that we must not look first for the foretold time when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea, when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid—and then for His second advent; but that we must look first for that advent, and then for the millennial glory, since up to His appearing, and even after it, the battle will be raging, for it is in the last days that perilous times shall come.

Let us read the description of these perilous times. "Men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those tha are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers o pleasures more than lovers of God, having form of godliness, but denying the power there of: from such turn away. For of this sort ar they which creep into houses, and lead captiv silly women laden with sins, led away with d vers lusts, ever learning, and never able to com to the knowledge of the truth. Now as Janne and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these als resist the truth; men of corrupt minds, repr bate concerning the faith" (2 Tim. 3 : 2–8).

Here we find certain salient points which ma the moral and religious features of the la times:

SELFISHNESS IN MORALS,
outwardness in religion, priestcraft enslaving t
conscience, false miracles.

1. *Selfishness* is the first of these characterist marks, and all that follows—"covetous, boas ers, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to paren unthankful, unholy, without natural affectio truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinen fierce, despisers of those that are good, traito heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure mo than lovers of God"—all this is in fact includ in that one phrase, "*Lovers of their own selve*

Man is so selfish naturally that it might se at first sight as though this could not form characteristic of one time more than of anoth It might be said, with great plausibility, th there never was a time when it might not be serted truly that men were *lovers of their o selves*

But we must remember that the prophecy sumes that in the last days there will be a *fo of godliness.* It is of persons professing go ness, at all events bearing the Christian na that our text speaks. Of such it might h seemed as though it could hardly be a charac istic mark that they were lovers of their o selves. Unhappily we know too well that s is the corruption of human nature that in full blaze of Gospel light men always have b found to love their own selves, and that noth is and always has been more uncommon than reverse. "All seek their own: not the thi which are Jesus Christ's."

And we must remember further that the in the present state of things that which make this *a special characteristic* of the da which we live. I do not know that men lly more selfish, but they more unblushingly *ow* themselves selfish than at any other period earth's history. Is it not the fact that, in this eteenth century, it is everywhere proclaimed at *man's self-love is the grand motive-power?* not this the doctrine which has leavened our rs, which is supposed to be the life of our mmerce, which has been owned as the su- me law for nations, which is announced as secret of national prosperity and national alth?

And has not this principle of selfishness in- ted everything? The statesman appeals to it, merchant appeals to it, the workman appeals it. In other ages men have been selfish ough. The peculiarity of this age is that sel- ness is looked upon as right, is made avow- y a principle of action; and so far are men m being ashamed of it that they treat any her principle with scorn as enthusiasm and y.

This avowed preference of what is considered ful to what is right—this doctrine, that what an or a nation has to consider is what is most *antageous*, not what is most *righteous*—seems me a marvellous fulfilment of the prediction. e lifting the evil into a good, the saying of it at it is the regulator of human actions, the ping of law and commerce and national ac- n in accordance with it, the undisguised asser- n of that as a principle from the accusation of ich men have hitherto shrunk, is a peculiarity this age.

will not stop to speak of the bitter fruits ich grow on this root. They are touched on what follows. Is there one of the catalogue evils which the Apostle enumerates for which present age is not remarkable? In spite of r great material advantages, in spite of our asted knowledge, in spite of much of refine- nt unknown to our forefathers, the voice of allible truth reiterates these words against us, d condemns this nineteenth century for its etousness, its pride, its disobedience, its un- ankfulness, its treachery, its profligacy, its tempt to those that are good, its high-min- dness, its love of pleasure, its utter self-justify- g selfishness.

It is difficult when *we stand in a fog* to judge ght of the shapes and sizes of things. This kes it hard to speak correctly of the moral aracteristics of the age we live in. But I do t believe the principles of this age or its ten- ncies, at all events many of them, to be those ich God approves. It is deeply stained with e love of money, the love of pleasure, and the e of self, and fulfils the words, "In the last ys perilous times shall come."

2. The second of these great characteristics r all the preceding details are included under at one head, "Men shall be lovers of their n selves") is

OUTWARDNESS IN RELIGION,

having a form of godliness, but denying the wer thereof."

The form of godliness is a very good thing. hether it be the "form of sound doctrine," or e "form of sound words," it is a very good ing. We must by no means undervalue it. d where there is the reality of godliness we ve the right to expect the form of it. The tward language of prayer is a part of it. So is e song of thanksgiving. So is the diligent ading of God's Word. So are the Sacraments Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

They are the form of godliness. There are en in every land who have not even this. ey use no prayer, sing no hymns, partake of sacraments, keep outside and aloof from the rship of God's sanctuary. There have been nes when this was habitual, and it has even en known that men in a frenzy of infidelity (as the French Revolution of 1793) have tried to stroy every vestige of the outward form of dliness.

But so it will not be in the last days. Men will me to church, will make many prayers, praises ll duly ascend from their lips, they will be par- kers of the Sacramental signs. If they did not, it could not be said of them that they had the form of godliness.

But while there will be *the form*, there will *not be the power*. Men will make prayers, but either their hearts will be far from God, and it will be unacceptable worship, or their hands will be full of blood, there will be the want of moral uprightness, and He will not hear. There are prayers which God hears not, supplications which never reach His throne, because the worship is not that which is from within; and "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." And in the last days, with much of outward prayer there will be the want of inward prayer. Men will have the form without the power.

But the words imply something more than this. When it is said, "*denying the power*," more is meant than *not having* the power. It seems to teach us that in the last days not only in men's practice but in their principles the form of godliness shall take the place of its power. How can that be? What if a man should say that *the Sacraments are everything*, that the Chsistian life begins, consists, is carried on, terminates, in Sacraments? That has been said, and if that were said generally, it would be the most complete fulfilment possible of the words, "having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof."

So far as *sacramentarianism* is the principle of the age, so far is there a sign of its being the last time. A man may have the principle in himself. Whatever he calls himself, he may actually rest upon the form and deny the power. He may be satisfied with the form of prayer, though he never really prays; with the singing, with the voice, though his heart never sings; with having been baptized with water, though not baptized with the Holy Ghost; with receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, while destitute of that which it signifies—the feeding upon Christ in his heart with thanksgiving, the daily eating His flesh and blood, and living by faith on the Son of God.

Such a man has the form of godliness, but denies the power thereof. And if this is a characteristic of the times, it marks them as the perilous times which should make us weep, but also as the last times which should make us lift up our heads, because our redemption draweth nigh.

THE CONSCIENCE ENSLAVED.

3. The third characteristic of the last days is *priestcraft enslaving the conscience*. What else can these words mean? "For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." We must not misunderstand the passage, as though women more than men were spoken of. It is a neuter word which is used, and it does not mean that those spoken of are women only. They are called *things*, and not *womanly*, but *womanish*, which is a very different thing; just as childish is a very different thing from childlike.

What is meant is this, that, whether men or women, they are *weak*. They are said to be "laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." How lovingly would Christ receive such, pardon them, strengthen them, teach them, set them free, if they would go to Him! But we are here taught that it will be characteristic of the last days that men, having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof, shall, by some secret system of spiritual inquisition, lead them captive and bind them under bondage. They shall take advantage of their weakness, this sickly condition of mind and heart, to gain dominion over the conscience and enslave the soul.

What more accurate description than this could be given of *the confessional*, whether in the Church of Rome or as practised among Ritualists. It is the trampling down of weak consciences under the pretence of finding a remedy for sin. Men with a form of godliness, but declaring that Christianity consists in Sacraments, lead into bondage "silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth"—the very men and women whom Christ would set free. They need a Saviour to free them, but a human priest steps in and enslaves them.

4. There is another characteristic of these last days which has not yet made its appearance—*the working of false miracles*. This is plainly intimated by the reference to Jannes and Jambres. The magicians withstood Moses by power from beneath. What he did by the finger of God they did to a certain extent by their enchantments. So Scripture says, and so I believe. St. Paul expressly says,—"As Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth." This sign is yet needed to complete the proof that these are the perilous times and the last days.

I do not myself in the least doubt that *Spiritualism is witchcraft*, and that, mingled with much human fraud, there is in it that especial sin which is described in Scripture as "dealing with a familiar spirit." It is a matter of much graver import than some imagine. It is carried on in secret, in the bosom of private families, in direct disobedience to the most solemn injunctions of God's Word. Things occur which even by the confession of those engaged in them are in precise accordance with the witchcraft and sorcery of Scripture, for it is freely acknowledged by many of those engaged in these unlawful arts that those who communicate with them are not the spirits of the dead, but *spirits* who pass themselves off as being such.

It ought not to astonish us to find this sign of the end showing itself. There are indications of a tendency to unite this dreadful sin with a form of godliness. This is what we must expect: we must expect great signs and wonders to deceive, if it were possible, even the elect. And if the amount of power now exercised by evil spirits were coupled with a form of godliness it would be very perilous indeed. It is fraught with great danger to many minds even now, only there is a manifest ungodliness and folly about the whole thing which makes the Christian mind turn away from it in disgust.

Should it ally itself with false but seductive error, it would become a terrible temptation to find men with a religious profession resisting the truth assisted by supernatural agencies, as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses. And when that sorest trial of a Christian man's faith comes, then in that we must see a token that the Lord is at hand.

We are in perilous times, we must *watch*; we are in the last times, we must *hope*. We must *look*, as each fresh sign unfolds itself, with fresh love and longing for that day when Christ will set all things right. To be found then in Him is everything. Let us walk by faith, and fight by faith, and hold fast His truth, and flee from all participation in these characteristic marks, that when He comes we may see His glory, enter into His joy, and be for ever with the Lord.

The Eruption of Mount Etna, the Famous Sicilian volcano, after a period of quiescence lasting fifteen years, is thus described by a visitor. "On May 25th a fissure opened on the north side of the mountain, and dense volumes of smoke were seen to issue from it. From the great crater a vast cloud of fine black ashes was subsequently poured forth, rendering the whole mountain invisible, and obscuring the light of the sun for many miles. This black rain continued for a whole day, loud reports being meanwhile heard from the mountain, and the following night, May 27th, huge fires were seen looming through the clouds. The scene now became awfully sublime: new craters opened in the direction of Randazzo on the north, and from these an immense stream of lava issued, which has gone on increasing since, causing great devastation and alarm, many villages, and even towns, being threatened with destruction, besides Mojo, which has been destroyed."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to Mr. Benjamin Aitken, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

The proprietor has received the following endorsement of the journal from Dr. Talmage since the latter's arrival in England:

> "I heartily commend to the public the Christian Herald, which gives accurate reports of my sermons, and contains much interesting, instructive, and evangelical matter. I trust that its large circulation will continue to increase.
>
> "T. De Witt Talmage.
>
> "*London, June* 12, 1879."

CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress Finally Adjourned on Tuesday July 1st, having failed to effect any compromise with the President on the question of the United States Marshals' Bill. No provision has therefore been made for the payment of those officers. The President sent a message June 30th vetoing the bill, in which $600,000 was appropriated for the purpose, pointing out that the stipulations included in the bill were of the same character as those which had obliged him to veto the Judicial Appropriation Bill, of which it originally formed a part. He urged Congress to pass the Appropriation freed from political riders. Republicans in the Senate and the House introduced a bill complying with the President's request, but it was lost, the Republican and National members voting for, and the Democrats against, the measure. An attempt to pass the original bill over the veto by a two thirds vote also failed. It is thought the Marshals will continue to perform their duties, receiving the fees to which they are entitled, and trusting to receive their salaries by a deficiency bill in the next session. The only important change made by Congress in the revenue laws is the removal of the duty on quinine, which was passed in the last hours of the session.

The wise caution and discrimination of the Chaplain displayed in his prayer at the closing session meets with general approval. The Chaplain returned thanks that the House had been safely brought to the closing labors of the session, and asked the blessing of the Lord upon all the measures which *have been wisely and prudently adopted.*

The Political Issue Underlying the Minor Questions of the Army Bill, and appropriations for the Marshals, Deputy Marshals, and Supervisors of Elections ought to be clearly understood by every citizen. It is a distinct issue, and the difference between the two political parties is a radical one. The question is, Are the elections for Congress a State or a National matter? Democrats say that members of Congress are *State* officers, and the conduct of their elections concerns their respective States alone. Republicans say that members of Congress are *National* officers, and that it is the duty of the nation to see that their elections are conducted honestly, fairly, and free from intimidation. A free and fair election is—or ought to be—the desire of every citizen; now, who is the best protector of the voter's rights and of the box in which he deposits his ballot? Is the State or the National Executive the more trustworthy guardian of elections? *That is the question at issue:* The voter must think it out and decide, for that question will be the test question at the next election.

Sunday Excursions Ought to be Made the subject of protest by every Christian pulpit and every Christian press. The crowded steamers which week by week leave the piers of New York, and other great cities of the Union, show how large a proportion of our countrymen spend the Lord's day *in frivolous pleasure.* The plea is uniformly urged in justification of these excursions that the exhausting nature of business in these days of keen competition necessitates relaxation once a week to invigorate the overstrained energies of body and mind. But in addition to the moral and religious aspect of the subject there are physical objections to the practice. The excursions do not have the beneficial effect with which they are credited. Any one who may witness the return of an excursion steamer cannot fail to remark the weary, tired, listless appearance of the passengers even when there is no evidence of dissipation or the signs of a day's free indulgence in intoxicating liquor and tobacco. The excursionist is often less fitted for the labors of the week than the man who has attended church, and spent three or four hours in the close atmosphere of a Sunday-school. It generally happens that he who seeks to benefit his body at the expense of his soul injuries both in the attempt.

The Fourth of July has been Celebrated this year after the fashion which has obtained during the past quarter of a century. About the usual number of casualties from fireworks, pistol shots, etc., have been reported, with the customary loss of life and limb. But there is nothing sensible or patriotic in that mode of celebrating Independence Day. That will be a hopeful day for the country when earnest, intelligent, patriotic Christians celebrate the anniversary by abandoning their present attitude of indifference to politics, and take an active part in the government of the nation. The spirit of the Fathers of the Nation speaks to them on this anniversary, urging them to take their proper place in the front rank, and, at any cost of personal ease and comfort, see to it that the government is conducted in accordance with *the principles of righteousness.* The Union has been governed long enough by men who have made politics a profession—a profession they have adopted not to serve their country and advance her interest, but as a means of pushing their own private fortunes and furthering their ambitious schemes. The Christian citizen has duties to perform which he owes to his own conscience, his country, the memory of his fathers, and to his God, and he cannot neglect those duties with impunity.

Dr. Talmage in London.—The New York *Herald* publishes the following cable dispatch describing Dr. Talmage's second Sunday in London: "The Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage preached at Agricultural Hall this afternoon (July 6th) to two congregations of *twenty thousand people each.* Thousands upon thousands of persons thronged the streets leading to the hall for miles, almost blockading the passage of vehicles and pedestrians. Many people were crushed, and *Dr. Talmage's carriage was almost demolished* by the crush of the great crowd, every individual in which was anxious to see the distinguished American preacher. His presence here is creating a furor through Great Britain."

The American Arctic Expedition which is expected to set sail in search of the Norh Pole this week is the subject of general interest at home and abroad. The expedition is a private enterprise, but by special acts of Congress the vessel (which is named the Jeannette) is manned by officers of the United States Navy, and allowed all the rights and privileges of a government ship. Her course, too, will be different from that hitherto taken by any vessel designed for a voyage of scientific exploration. All other expeditions in search of the open Polar Sea have been by way of Baffin's Bay. The Jeannette will be *the first vessel* to pass Behring Strait on a purely explorative voyage toward the North Pole. There have been several previous voyages to the Arctic by this route, but the object in these instances was the discovery of Sir John Franklin and not the exploration of an unknown portion of the globe.

The Jeannette is commanded by Lieutenant De Long; she is ably officered and manned, and her equipment is as complete as science perfected by experience can make it. Her crew consists of eighteen men "between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age, without a spot or blemish *or immoral habits.*" The men chosen for this work were selected from over *a thousan applicants*, and are thought to have the courage and other necessary mental qualities as well a perfect physical health. All the world will follow the Jeannette with sincere wishes for a successful voyage and a safe return.

Discontent Prevails Among English Catholic and loud complaints are being made to Rome Bishop Amherst has resigned the See of Northampton, ostensibly on plea of ill health, bu really on account of *the despotic conduct of Cardinal Manning.* Men who have been Roma Catholics from their youth are elbowed out i favor of converts, by whom all the bishopri are gradually being filled, and many of the me thus appointed are of inferior capacity. A priest is removable at the will of his Bishop, ar years of service confer no privilege. The resu is a widespread disgust. Father Law, an em nent oratorian, has left the priesthood; Fath Roberts, a relative of Dr. Manning, has becor sick of petty tyranny, and taken a wife; anoth Westminster priest *has gone on the stage.* It asserted that the intellectual standard of the r ing generation of the clergy is being lower And in consequence the Cardinal is intens unpopular.

The peace and unity of the Roman Cath Church has always been vaunted by proselytiz priests in contrast to the divisions of the P testant Church, but it would appear that e uniformity does not produce harmony.

A Sunday-School Cut Out of the Earth.— invitation to preach was recently sent fi Nebraska to a missionary, who sends the foll ing account of the congregation and the r in which they meet: "After a long se along the bluffs, I found the school-house, *a in the hillside* with a roof of poles suppor brush and covered with prairie sod. A g congregation was waiting, and I was told th large part of them had never been in a mee before. The room had *no floor but earth,* as the *walls and roof were earth,* I thou truly we are of the earth, earthy. The lamp had no chimney, and the smoky room emblematical of their moral darkness. It v strange gathering in a strange place—a b ning from which I expect much good. The tlement is eight years old, composed large Catholics and infidels. A Catholic mother 'I wish we had a Catholic meeting; but have not, I will go to the Sunday-school my children.'"

A Strange Impediment to Marriag—A young lady named Margot, born at Manito Long Island, in 1851, recently went to Gerr where a young German gentleman fell i with her and was accepted. The marriag arranged, and about to be solemnized, wl strange obstacle turned up. The young had no certificate of her birth or baptism, German law holds indispensable to a lega riage. The clergyman who baptized her i being sought by advertisement in the Am papers. Miss Margot and her lover were sa of the fact of her birth, but the former ne less determined to fulfil the law and hunt man who could certify that she actually wa and did not *grow* like Topsy.

The First Volume of the "Christian rald and Signs of Our Times," comprising N 1 to 36, from October 24th, 1878, to June 26th 1879, will shortly be ready, and may be had, bo nd in cloth, for $2.50, on application at this o e, 63 Bible House, New York.

Three Thousand Converts is the Noble Record of the Gospel Temperance work at the Berean Baptist Church, New York. The campaign has lasted twenty-two weeks, and has been so quietly and unostentatiously conducted that few persons besides those engaged and those whom it was sought to benefit knew of it. Not only have the large number mentioned signed the pledge, but a large proportion of them have been brought to Jesus, including some of the most depraved classes of the city. Simultaneously with the evening meetings a daily noon prayer-meeting was conducted, and resulted in much profit to immortal souls. Then, as an outgrowth of the prayer-meeting, a daily Bible class for the study of the Scriptures met four days in the week.

The Reformation of a Drunken Husband.—Among the many happy results of the work at the Berean Church related by the pastor, the Rev. John Quincey Adams, is the following incident, which shows the value of united prayer. A lady came into our noon prayer-meeting one day, her face red with weeping, and implored us to pray for her husband. "Oh, pray for him," she urged. "I want to see him a sober and respectable man again." The brethren present besought the God of all mercy to pity the unhappy man. That night the husband was induced to come to the meeting. In less than two weeks he signed the pledge. That man has since been one of the most *faithful and indefatigable workers.* Another case is that of a poor unfortunate man who had sunk so low, and was so bereft of hope, as deliberately to start out from his wretched abode in order to drown himself. However, God had not forsaken him. He was persuaded to come to listen to one of our temperance friends, and the Divine Spirit directed the word spoken to his heart. That would-be suicide has since taken the pledge, has been savingly converted, and has received Christian baptism.

A Brave Rescue.—A Mail Train was Speeding from Riverhead to Greenport, L. I., on June 23, and when near Jamesport the engineer saw a child asleep on the track. He blew the whistle, but failed to wake the little one. The locomotive was reversed and the steam brakes were applied, but the train swept swiftly toward the child, who did not move. John Jones, the fireman, was on the front of the engine, busy with his oil can: he instantly made up his mind what to do. Dropping the oil can, he ran forward and swung himself down upon the pilot. Thrusting his left foot between the bars of the pilot he rested on his knee, and, bending forward, was able to reach a little in advance. In this position he waited until the locomotive rushed upon the child. With a tremendous effort Jones clutched the little one, raised it from the ties, and swung it clear of the pilot. Taking the child in his arms, he remained in his dangerous position until the train was stopped.

The passengers, who had seen the child from the car windows, alighted, and loud cheers were given for the brave fireman, who modestly pushed out of the throng and mounted to his place in the tender. A Methodist minister in the train invoked a Divine blessing on the head of the fireman.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, so Well known as a writer of religious poetry and prose, died on June 3d, aged forty-two, at Caswell Bay, near Swansea, Great Britain, after a few days' illness, arising from a cold taken, it is thought, in going to talk to some poor sailors out of doors.

She was one of the editors of a hymn and tune book, entitled "Songs of Grace and Glory," to which she contributed many hymns and tunes. She also published two small volumes of religious and miscellaneous poetry, "The Ministry of Song" and "Under the Surface." These, with her devotional meditations, "My King," "The Royal Commandments," "The Royal Bounty," etc., have obtained a very wide circulation in England, and have been reissued in this country. She was deeply interested in many philanthropic works, which she aided with her time and pen. A large and handsome volume comprising selections from her former publications was brought out in this city last winter, under the title "Life Mosaic."

She was wonderfully happy, conscious to the last, and sang a verse of a hymn, "Jesus, I will Trust Thee, Trust Thee with my Soul," and exclaimed, "So beautiful to go!" just before she passed away. She suffered much pain. She said, "I am going to see the King in His beauty."

Mr. Sankey writes: "How glad I am that I went to see her. She was ready for the kingdom, and had not far to go. Some of her last words to me, just before leaving, were, 'What a glorious day it will be when we all get home! What a time of joy we shall have, after seeing the King, to see our loved ones, and our heavenly Father's children—so many of those whom we could never see on earth! We shall enjoy so much seeing them there.'" She was buried at Worcester on June 10th.

Twenty-Three Years in a Chair.—A Lesson of patience may be learned by a visit to a quiet residence in Lewiston, Maine, where a Christian gentleman may be found who has passed the last twenty-three years of his life a helpless invalid in his chair. Injured in a school-boy's game at the age of twelve, spinal disease set in, and soon he lost all use of his arms and limbs, and even of his head. His eyes and his tongue are the only members he has not lost control of, and his well-worn Bible on the shelf of the chair he has occupied day and night for twenty three years tells how he spends his time. One who visited him recently writes:

"A visit to this gentleman is a lesson for a lifetime. The man who imagines that all creation is at swords' points with himself will feel happier after a call on Mr. Rankins. 'No one but God and myself know what I suffer,' said he, 'but I guess I am about as happy as they make 'em. I don't believe that time passes more rapidly with a school-boy than with me. I have a great many visitors every day, and my friends include a good part of the population of Lewiston. Sunday visitors to the cemetery frequently call upon me. Sometimes they sing with me, and they used to hold prayer-meetings in my room. When my acquaintances get low spirited or in trouble and need advice, *they come to me.* I have leisure to think and plan for them, and they seek my counsel. Some day, I shall be as well off as the rest of you. My lot is to sit in this chair, and I would not get out until it was God's will. Some friends once called on me and asked my consent to hold a special prayer-meeting to pray for my recovery. I told them I was willing that they should pray that I might get well *if it was God's pleasure.*'"

That Picture Put it into My Head."—These were the words of an Aldershot soldier, who in 1869, in a fit of anger, shot his corporal who had offended him. He had been reading a newspaper which illustrates the crimes of the week, and which contained a picture of the shooting at Devonport of another corporal by a soldier a few weeks previously. The Rev. Lloyd Jones, Ordinary of Newgate, in his Reports, which contain this fact, also states that many respectable youths get imprisoned through embezzlement resulting from reading pernicious literature and frequenting music-halls and dancing-rooms.

The Will of The Late Pope has been made the subject of dispute between the legatees and the executors. Pius IX. left two-thirds of his private property to his relatives. Not content with receiving the interest of the bequest, they desire to get possession of the capital, and an important legal action is likely to grow out of the matter. Three Cardinals were made executors, and the efforts of Leo XIII. to mediate between the contestants have thus far come to naught. Surely if the Pope is competent to declare the meaning and intention of biblical truth, his reading of an ordinary will should be accepted as final by the faithful. It looks as if the Roman Catholics had no more faith in Papal Infallibility than Protestants have.

GREATER THINGS YET. WHO SHALL SEE THEM?

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these. And he saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man."—John i: 50, 51.

"Come and See," the Sure Cure for Unbelief—Christ's First Personal Promise—I. Characteristics of the Favored Man—He is an Honest Truth-seeker—Does not Invent Difficulties—Yields Readily to the Force of Truth--Believes much on Evidence of one Assured Fact—II. His Reward—His Faith Rewarded with Sight—With Discovery—With a Clearer View of the Godhead—With the Special Favor of God—III. The Special Sight Promised Nathanael—He Should See Heaven Opened—Actual Intercourse—Descending Angels—A new Enterprise Commenced in Faith.

We cannot help making a few remarks upon the narrative before we proceed to the distinct subject of discourse. Certain catch words are exceedingly worthy of notice, since they are abundantly full of instruction. When Nathanael had doubts as to whether the Messiah could come from Nazareth, Philip answered him, "Come and see." Now, those were the precise words which the Lord Jesus had Himself used to His earliest disciples when they began to follow Him: He also said to them, "Come and see."

It is always safe for us to use over again words which God has blessed. Did the Master say, "Come and see?" Then we cannot do better than say what Jesus said, and use as near as possible the inspired expressions. Was that short sentence, "Come and see," made useful to other souls? Then those who would win souls cannot do better than use such gospel nets as have been tried and proved efficient in their own cases. Let none of us say that we cannot speak to others about their souls. There was one passage of Scripture which was the means of our conversion, and we cannot do better than repeat it in hearty tones to others, hoping that what God has blessed to us He may bless to others.

Short as was the inviting word, "Come and see," it was full of wisdom. Our Lord knows the philosophy of the human mind, and understands how best to produce faith in doubting hearts. "Come and see" is

THE SURE CURE FOR UNBELIEF.

Some would tell doubters to sit down and think, and create faith by reflecting on the nature of things. We may long consider the state of man and the condition of our own nature before we shall thereby be enlightened as to the way of salvation. If we would judge of Christ we must consider Christ Himself. He is His own best argument. The cobweb spinnings of conceited brains are easily broken through, but the facts, the indisputable facts of the Saviour's life and death hold the understanding and the heart as with iron bonds. As our Saviour said, and as His servant Philip said, even so say we to all who would know Christ, "Come and see." Be not blinded by prejudices or misled by preconceptions, but read His story for yourselves. Seek His face for yourselves, and taste and see that the Lord is good.

Personal interourse with Jesus is still the best evidence of His personal excellence and His power to save. Brother, hast thou any doubt about the Master? "Come and see." Dost thou say within thyself, "Can He save such an one as I am?" "Come and see." Do thy sins cast thee down and cause thee to despair because thou fearest that even the Redeemer's blood cannot cleanse thee? "Come and see," for nothing will save a man but a personal sight of a personal Saviour. Therefore, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The Lord Himself saith, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.'

Our Lord Jesus Christ seems so to have approved the advice of Philip that He Himself followed it up, and kept to the same form of expression. Did Philip say, "Come and see?" Then the Lord Jesus says, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, *I saw thee:* thou hast come to see *Me*, but I have already seen *thee:* there has been an antecedent look on my part: I saw thee before thou didst know any thing about Me, or hadst even heard of Me from Philip." Nor does our Lord change His note even to the end of the conversation, but closes it by saying, "Because I said unto Thee, I saw Thee under the fig tree, believest thou? *thou shalt see* greater things than these."

There, you see, is the great plan of salvation as it is wrought in us. First the Saviour sees us, even when we are a great way off; then we come and see, and our hearts find rest in our Redeemer; and then in after days He gives us yet brighter and clearer views of Himself and of His kingdom. Oh, who would not come and see if this be so? If at our first coming and seeing we find life and rest, what must those still greater things be which are yet to be revealed? All that faith has yet discovered is but a foretaste and an earnest of more glorious sights which shall yet be opened up before our favored eyes, for Jesus Himself saith, "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

With those prefatory remarks we come at length to consider the promise of our Lord Jesus to Nathanael. May the Holy Spirit instruct us thereby. I think I am warranted in saying that this is the Saviour's *first personal word of promise*, and it is instructive that He gave it, not to the most talented, but to the most simple-hearted of His disciples. It was, moreover, no mean promise, but full of the largest conceivable meanings. "Thou shalt see greater things than these." *Those must be very great things which were greater than what Nathanael had seen already;* there is room for boundless expectation in the words.

In considering the words which our Saviour spake to Nathanael, I should like you to notice first, *the favored man* to whom He spake them; then the *gracious reward* which is described in them, and lastly, *the special sight* comprised in that reward. In all this may we be actual partakers, and not mere lookers on.

I. Let us think of

THIS FAVORED MAN.

Nathanael was "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." He was one of those who were not only of the chosen seed after the flesh, but after the Spirit. He was noted for being a simple-minded, unsophisticated person, as honest as the day. He was a truthful man, who knew nothing of policy, or craft, or double dealing, or reserve; a man out of whom all the twists had been taken, an upright and downright man, true to the core, and transparent as clear glass! Not a Jacobite, a child of the crafty supplanter, but an Israelite, an Israelite indeed, with the Jacob extracted out of him; pure, simple-hearted, ingenuous; not childish, but yet thoroughly childlike. To such a man the word was given, "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

Notice, first, that *he was a man who honestly made inquiries which fairly suggested themselves.* Before he became a believer he did not as some do, invent doubt and raise questions, which questions are merely raised for question's sake. He did not put queries to Philip which he could have answered himself, nor seek to entangle his instructor by artful speech. Nothing of the sort. He sought truth, not controversy and word-chopping. The two questions which He put came out of his heart, and were points which seemed to him to be vital.

He was told that the Messiah had been found, and that he was Jesus of Nazareth. I doubt not he was well acquainted with Holy Writ, and he did not recollect any text in which the Christ was said to come out of Nazareth, and therefore he thought within himself, "I read of Bethlehem Ephratah that out of it shall He come forth who is to be ruler in Israel, but I do not remember a word concerning Nazareth." Without a moment's hesitation, he put the question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" It was a poor, miserable little place, of unsavory reputation. This, then, was a difficulty, a true and real difficulty, and he stated it, and was content to "come and see."

When the Saviour met him with the words, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," he inquired, "Whence knowest Thou me?" A most natural question to ask, for on its answer would depend the value of the words. Might it not happen that this accurate description of Himself might have come to Jesus by report? If a correct description of Nathanael's character had reached the Saviour by Philip or any other friend, then it did not prove any thing; but if Jesus knew it by His own perception, and could read the character of a man to whom he was a stranger, then Nathanael knew what conclusion to draw. So he only asks the question because it ought to be asked, and does not lie upon the catch.

How I love to meet with seekers who, though they are in difficulties, are willing to be led out of them, and are not studying how to invent more! Some of you cannot find peace in Christ because you wilfully darken the atmosphere around yourselves; you are not assailed by doubt, but you invite doubt to assail you. You believe a great deal more than you like to own to; but do not want to believe, and are fishing for excuses for your unbelief. It is a sad state of mind for a man to be in to be trying to discover reasons why He should not be saved, but that is what many are doing.

Some men are too intellectual to believe *the poor man's gospel, the run and read gospel*, the gospel of "Believe and live;" they must needs be mystified, or excited, or driven to despair, or else they refuse to believe. There is a craving in some men for something that will appal them and fill them with despair. Is not this folly? Wait not for such sensations, I pray you. If you do, you will miss the blessing; but if, even while as yet you have not received full faith, you are honest enough to admit of none but honest difficulties, there is in you some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel, and the Lord be praised for it.

This Nathanael without guile was, next, *a man who honestly yielded to the force of truth.* Omniscience was proved to be an attribute of Christ to Nathanael by the pointed remark which Jesus addressed to him. What was Nathanael doing under the fig tree? I may not profess to know, but it was an important movement to his own mind, and he remembered it as such.

As soon as Jesus said, with a look, "When thou wast under the fig tree," Nathanael was startled into a conviction that his secret heart was known to Jesus. Under that tree he had done, or said, or thought a something known only to himself. How had the person before him known of that deed? It was true that his deed, or word, or thought under the fig tree was a pure, simple, and honest one, but how did Jesus know? "If He knows that I was under the fig tree, and knows what I was doing there, then He is the Son of God, the King of Israel." This was Nathanael's immediate conclusion, and the argument was very clear and complete. Similar reasoning was used by others soon after Nathanael's conversion, and with the same result.

When our Lord said to the woman of Samaria, "Go, call thy husband, and come hither," and she replied, "I have no husband," he answered, "Thou hast well said, I have no husband: for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly." Then the woman said, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" It was good argument, for omniscience proves Godhead. An omniscient one here in human flesh among the sons of men must be the Anointed of God: He must be the Lord's Christ. Nathanael therefore argued: "He saw me when nobody else did; He read my character in a simple act, an act which other people might have misunderstood, and thought me a fool for it: He perceived the uprightness of my heart, and now I know that He is certainly divine."

Notice, further, the blessing of our text comes to a man who *in simple honesty believes much upon the evidence of one assured fact.* It is proven that Christ can see in secret and read men's hearts; and from this, in addition to his divinity, Nathanael infers that "He is a great teacher," and he makes his first confession of faith by calling Him "Rabbi." He is sure that He who knows all things is worthy to be a teacher, and he gives Him the teacher's title.

Then, as we have already said, He perceives that if He be omniscient He is divine, and He makes the confession, "Thou art the Son of God;" and, not satisfied with that, he sees that if He be indeed the Son of God, He must be Ruler and Lord, and therefore he calls Him the King of Israel.

Gladly does Nathanael submit himself to the Son, and proclaim Him King of Israel. Was not this the first time that our Lord had been actually proclaimed as King since He had come into His public ministry? Was not this the answer to the wise men's question when they followed his star from regions far remote? Here was He who was born King of the Jews. This guileless man, who seemed to lack in shrewdness, had seen more than his fellows; his eye undimmed by falsehood or suspicion had seen the King, though His humiliation had unclothed Him of His royal mantle, and taken off His crown.

See then, beloved, the gist of our first head is this:

IT IS THE PURE IN HEART THAT SHALL SEE GOD.

We must be honest and sincere; we must be clear of all subtlety and craft; we must be transparent as glass before Him, or else the Lord will not reveal Himself to us or by us. He loves the guileless and the true, and when He has made our eye single He will fill us with light but not till then.

Note, again, that those who are ready to believe upon sure evidence—for Nathanael wante that—are the men *who shall see more and mor* Nathanael did not require the evidence to be repeated to Him again and again. He saw th argument at once, and yielded Himself to i When a point is once proved it is proved, an there is an end of it. One conclusive argumer is as good as twenty to an unsophisticated min Those who are willing to see shall see.

Heaven is open to those from whose eyes th scales of prejudice are removed. The Lord ma ifests Himself to those who manifest themselv to Him. If you will be Christians of the highe type you must be true to the core, and you mu realize Christ and believe in Him with th mighty faith which sees Him, and realizes Hi as close at hand. The presence and the pow of Jesus must be undoubted by your soul, must be as much a matter of fact to you as yo own existence, and yours shall be the wo which we are now about to consider—"Th shalt see greater things than these."

II. Let us now look at

THE REWARD.

Only a few words upon it. Because this si ple-hearted man had believed upon the one ar ment of the Lord's discernment of his heart was favored with the promise of seeing grea things. By these words our Lord meant t *his perceptions would become more vivid.* lievest thou? thou shalt *see.* *If we demand see first we shall never believe;* but if we are w ing to believe we shall by and by see.

There is a growth in faith which renders it the less faith, and yet approximates it more more nearly to sense. I mean "sense" in best signification—so that what at first we lieve, simply upon the testimony of God, come by and by to believe upon personal exp ence. We believe until we so realize the ob of faith that we look at the things which are seen and see Him who is invisible. From we go further still, until we both taste and h dle of the good word of life, and faith beco the substance of things hoped for. From lkto Christ we come to live, and move, and e our being in Him.

he eye of faith gathers strength. At first it s Christ through its tears, and that look saves soul, though it perceives comparatively little Him; but in after days the eye of faith be- e so powerful that it emulates that of the le, which can gaze upon the sun at midday. is faith becomes a second sight. Remember Lord's words to Martha, "Said I not unto e, that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst the glory of God?" "Believest Thou? u shalt see."

his was not all our Lord's meaning. He vir- lly promised that Nathanael *should discover r truths than he as yet knew.* "Thou shalt greater things than these." Now, what is re greater to be seen than the omniscience of ist? Yes, so the Saviour says. I suppose means this: First, as thou hast seen mine niscience in thine own case thou shalt go on ee it in the case of all mankind, for by my ss shall the thoughts of many hearts be re- led, and by My gospel shall men be revealed o themselves.

le would see "greater things," next, because *would see more of the Godhead.* Didst thou omniscience? Thou shalt see omnipotence. st thou discover that I could read thine rt? Thou shalt learn that I can *change* thy rt. Didst thou find that My eye could glance the secret of thy soul? Thou shalt find my d casting out devils, and healing the sick, hushing the tempests. Thou shalt see rer ensigns of my Godhead than this one ex- ment in the reading of the heart.

he Lord, in calling Himself the Son of man s up to Nathanael one of those greater gs. He had perceived Him to be the Son of l by His reading his heart, and it was a great g to perceive the Godhead, but it was a great- wonder still to see that Godhead linked with nanity. Jesus, as Son of God, is glorious, as at the same time Son of man He hath a ble glory. Our Lord seemed to say to Na- nael, "Thou hast believed that I am the Son God, thou shalt see the Son of man." And his a greater thing?

n one sense it is a descent for Jesus to be the of man, but yet you who know how to read riddle aright will say that the Godhead is not f so wonderful in itself alone as when it comes e united with our humanity. The incarnation about it a mystery which is not seen even in mystery of the Godhead. That there should a God heathens might spell out, but that this d should come in human flesh among us— is the mystery which angels desired to look o. Nor may I forget that the idea of our rd as King *of Israel* is not so great as His nection with all nations, which is displayed His title Son of man. He is not confined in His ce to Israel, as Nathanael probably thought, He is brother to our entire humanity. Here s another of the greater things.

ote further, that Nathanael had only seen an ened heart, but now he was to see *an opened ven.* He had seen Christ's eye entering into secrets, but he was now to see communica- ns established between the lowly hearts of n and the secrets of heaven. He saw how rist, as Son of God, dwelt among men; he ow to see how the abodes of God and man ll be blended in one, and high communion intained between earth and heaven.

come back to the one thought, that the sight greater things is reserved *for guileless believers.* those who already have much by faith more ll be given. Faith makes a man a fit instru- nt for God to use, and hence God does great ngs by Him. If you are unbelieving God will more use you than a warrior would use a reed a weapon. He works no wonders by unbe- ving ministers and unbelieving churches, for se are not prepared to be blest; they are not ssels fit for the Master's use; rust is upon m of the worst kind. When your heart is rest- in the Lord, expecting to see His arm made re, and quietly waiting to see how He will glorify Himself and fulfil His promise, then will you see greater things. Strong faith coupled with a guileless character brings a man into the special, complacent love of God; for, albeit that He loves all His elect, He does not delight in all alike. There were apostles among the disciples; there were three choice ones out of the twelve: there was one peculiar favorite out of the three. He is dearest to God who trusts Him most completely, and is most childlike and true.

God will do most by that man who is most reliant upon Him, and most open with Him. David, who makes the Lord alone to be his confidence, is the man after God's own heart, and Abraham, who in faith could even give up his only son, is the friend of God. We shall never be full-grown with God until we become too little to dare to doubt, too insignificant to venture to question, too true to suspect the Lord. Increase in faith is the one thing needful to our advance in the divine life and work, and may the Holy Ghost work it in us for Christ's sake.

III. We have only a minute or two in which to mention

THE SPECIAL SIGHT

which was promised to Nathanael. He was to see an opened heaven. The gates of glory are not only opened now to believers, but they are carried right away, and heaven is laid open to all its citizens, even to those who dwell below. This is a great joy to the believing heart, for free intercourse with heaven is the delight of our spirit.

In Christ the saints are brought very near to God, for even now they have come to the heavenly Jerusalem. The franchise of the new Jerusalem is extended to these low-lying regions in which we sojourn. The veil is rent, and we have access to the holiest; the wall of separation is removed, and now the abode of the church below is an adjunct of heaven, a suburban district of the metropolitan city of the New Jerusalem. The gates shall not be shut, nor a division created, nor intercourse suspended henceforth. Is not that a glorious thing, that in the person of Christ Jesus heaven is laid open to earth, and earth laid open to communications with heaven. Do you know that, beloved? It is a simple thing to talk of, but do you know it? Have you taken up your citizenship, so that you can say, "Truly our citizenship is in heaven?"

Then the Lord went on to promise that he should see that the intercourse between heaven and earth by the way of the Mediator is not only possible, but actual. The ladder is set, and there are angels ascending and descending upon it. God does hear, and help, and speak with believing men of pure heart.

Observe that, according to the text, the angels ascend first. It does not say, "Descending and ascending," as we might naturally suppose, but *they ascend first*, because when Jesus was on earth they were here already, and ascended at His bidding to carry His upward messages. When Jesus Christ was here He was never without His bodyguard of angels, and these were His messengers to the courts above. We, to-day, beloved, are surrounded by the forces of the Eternal: they have not to come to us for the first time; lo, they have these many years kept watch and ward around the fold of the redeemed; and when a new danger comes they are prompt to do the part of watchers and of guardians, and to carry tidings to the sentinels of heaven.

Let us pray, for as we pray our prayers ascend to heaven, and our praises too. If we lead an angelical life our thoughts will always be going up to heaven, or returning thence. Some of God's people do not know much about this. Praying is a religious exercise with them, a very proper exercise, but it is not speaking with God; it is not *doing business with God*, and obtaining supplies at His hands. It is a ladder without angels, or, if you please, with ascending angels only, but none coming down with heavenly gifts.

Beloved, I hope you have not fallen into this error. What, is not prayer real with you? Do you expect nothing from it? Would you send

AN ANGEL ON A FOOL'S ERRAND?

Do these ascend to heaven in mere sport, and rush up and down to do nothing? Let us mean business when we pray, or we shall be mockers of the divine majesty. Too many come before God and ask for every thing in general but nothing in particular, and they get but scant answers to their pointless prayers. Many more are very slack in prayer, and hence they starve their souls. Many angels must go up if many are to come down. Prayer must be constant and real with us. We should live as if we really had power with God, as if like Elias we could go to the top of Carmel and pray a brazen heaven away and deluge the earth with showers of blessings. Are you unable so to live? then the fault lies at your own door.

What was next? Nathanael was to see angels descending upon the Son of man; that is to say, he was to see heavenly spirits and blessings coming down to man by Jesus Christ. He who truly believes in Christ, and is without guile, shall have continual succors from on high: all heaven shall be opened to him. God will help him by providence, will help him by grace, will help him by actual angels, and will help him spiritually by the all power which He has given unto Christ in heaven and in earth.

How earnestly do I desire that this church this morning may see for itself what my eyes have seen for myself: for my faith sees heaven opened to supply the needs of Christ's work, and all the might of God working to achieve his purposes. I am just entering upon another work for God.* We have had enough of these enterprises, say some, why not wait? I am forced to go forward and onward; I must go, nor do I fear, for lo, I see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending, by the way of Christ Jesus, to bring us succor. We may venture. There is no venture in it—we may trust God for any thing, we may trust God for everything, and just go straight on.

It looks like walking the waters sometimes to trust Christ, especially about gold and silver; but we need not fear; the waters shall be a sea of glass beneath our feet if we can but simply trust. But oh, we must purge ourselves, we must be without guile, there must be no self-seeking; there must be a simple-hearted desire for God's glory, and for nothing else; we must sink self, and Christ must reign, and then we must trust and go forward. I hope we are right in this matter, and if so, we shall see the salvation of God. Nothing can stop us.

Brace yourselves up, my brethren, for a new endeavor. Be strong in the Lord and ye shall see greater thing than these. Full of weakness, yet stand ye in *His* strength each one, and play the man. Say, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." Omnipotence is waiting to gird your loins. Buckle it about you, and become mighty through God. Our Head, Christ Jesus, hath all power in heaven and in earth, and that power He pours into all His members. By faith I commit myself, and I trust, also, my beloved church and friends, to further efforts for our Lord, relying upon His word, "Thou shalt see greater things than these," and fully believing that through Christ Jesus all the forces of heaven are in alliance with us, and the will of the Lord shall surely be accomplished.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the con version of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

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* Mr. Spurgeon alludes to the Girls' Orphanage. The fund has just commenced, and land has been purchased. A large amount will be needed, but there is a great God to look to.

MR. J. B. GOUGH'S LATEST ADDRESS AT SANDGATE.

The Perplexed Young Lady—A New Coat—Fifty Years, What a Change!—Stars for the White Man and Stripes for the Black—Signing the Charter of Freedom—Model Ladies and Gentlemen—Mr. Gough and his Soldier Father—The Colonel of his Father's Regiment—Lady Darnley and Mrs. Gough.

In fulfilment of our promise, we present to our readers a report of Mr. Gough's address in reply to the toast of his health, which was proposed by Mr. Pledge, of the Sandgate Local Board of Health, who also presented an album of views to him.

Mr. Gough on rising was received with loud applause, and said :—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :—If any of you have been placed in a similar position to that which I am now in, you will know how embarrassing it must be. It is very difficult for any person to talk about himself. It is very difficult to receive a gift—a public presentation of a gift such as this—for you don't know what to say. You are afraid of saying too much, and you are afraid of saying too little, and the position is one of extreme difficulty.

I remember once to have made up my mind never, if possible, to deliver an address in reply to an address ; for I was once asked to receive an address and a flag presented by a young lady to a grand association in the streets of Philadelphia. They had a flag all ready to raise upon a flagstaff, and the moment this flag was presented to me I was to give it to a gentleman, he was to run it up the post, and the band was to strike up "*Our Flag is There.*" Instead of having a gentleman to present it to the lady, they put it in her arms, and it was a great roll of bunting.

No wonder the poor girl (she was not over eighteen years of age) forgot her speech which she had committed to memory, and when she turned to me she said, "Sir,"— (a pause). "Sir," —— (another pause). "Sir," —— (a third pause). "Sir" (abruptly), here's the flag." And I said, "Madam, I will have the flag, and (aside to the band) strike up, 'Our Flag is There, as soon as possible." (Laughter.)

So it is difficult to make a speech in reply to a speech, and it is very difficult to receive a gift in this way. You will excuse me if I take it pleasantly. If I didn't, I should be broken down, for the flood of recollections pouring in upon me is a little too much for me, and might otherwise gain the mastery over me.

I remember once, *in Coburg in Canada*, I made a gesture in one of my speeches and ripped my coat from the bottom up to my arm, and when I heard the rip and felt the thing go my wits went wool-gathering. I could make no more gestures in that speech, and I was glad when it was over. The mayor of the city sat behind me, and he with a deputation called the next day and brought a tailor and *measured me for a new coat*. I was staying there a few days, and one day a waiter came up and said a number of gentlemen wanted to see me in the parlor. I found a number of them assembled when I got there, and one of them got up and made a speech, and wound up by presenting me with a coat. Now what could you say in reply to a speech like that? All I could say was, "Well, gentlemen, if I had known that this would have been the result of tearing my coat, I would have torn my other garments as well?" (Laughter.)

You will excuse me, sir, if I take this thing pleasantly, but I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, in this my native village, if you could see all that is passing in my heart you would know that there was something more than levity there. You would know that there was a deep sense of gratitude to those who have so kindly welcomed me back to my native village.

Fifty years! What a change has fifty years wrought! Mr. Pledge said that I noticed a change. He says the changes are improvements ; but I should like to see the old place just as it was for an hour, for you know that if you felt any love for a girl with a wart on her nose, and you should be separated from her, you would miss that wart. (Laughter.) Whatever may be the improvements, I should like to see the old place again. But what a change! Why, you young people cannot understand it. Why, when I lived here as a boy we used to use the flint and steel to obtain a light.

I remember my mother getting up in the dark. "Where is that tinder-box?" And when she had got it there would be a click, click ; and often when she had knocked the skin half off her hand and bruised her knuckles she would get the spark. And then there were those matches loaded with brimstone, and you had to stoop and sneeze, and cough, and a little blue flame would come out, and you would blow, and after a few minutes you would get a light.

Now we take a little convenience out of our waistcoat pocket and get a light at once. That is a very small matter, but that friction-match is one of the most important contrivances that the last half-century has known. And take it from the friction-match all the way up—the social improvements, the improvements in our treatment of the insane, in our treatment of the prisoner, in our educational system—improvements everywhere, all over the world.

When I was here in 1854, *slavery* was the blot on the escutcheon of my adopted country. You told us that we had stars for the white man and stripes for the black, and we penitently acknowledged the truth of what you said, and although it was in blood, and fire, and smoke, and flame, yet, in the Providence of God, slavery has been annihilated for ever from the soil of the United States, and there is no slave in Anglo-Saxondom on the face of the earth. (Cheers.)

There has been a great change in the people even. I cannot recognize a face. I have looked anxiously as I have walked the streets, if I could recognize some one that I had seen before, but they are all strange to me ; and then there is a sadness comes over you as you think of your being almost alone even amongst your friends—isolated and alone, but, thanks to your kindness, not altogether forgotten or unhonored. (Cheers.) And now let me say a word or two about myself, although I will not give you any thing of my own history, which is well known to you. From the time I left home until this hour—what a history!

For the first few years it was struggle, hard struggle, hard battle. Up to the age of twenty-five my life had been one scene of almost unmitigated privation. I had struggled alone. I had struggled single-handed, and I had indulged in dissipation that was the cause of so much of the dishonor attached to my name for seven years of my life. On the last Sunday night in October, 1842, nearly thirty-seven years ago, *I put my name on the total abstinence pledge. It was the charter of my freedom.*

When I started from Sandgate—and I say this because I see so many young men here—fifty years ago, I had fifty years of life *before* me. *Now*, those fifty years of life are *behind* me, and in all those years I have never spoken a word, or written a line, or done a deed that I could change to save my soul. It is my record. You, young men, some of you, are starting, and are beginning to write your record. Some of you are twenty-one years of age, and you have begun to write your record—record of manhood.

Are there no spots or stains upon it to-day? If there are, do you mean to go on like that till you are sixty? I tell you if you do you will understand what regret and remorse mean. The great difficulty with young men, as it was with me, is just this—a resistance to the rightful authority from a false idea of independence.

I asked a man once, "Why won't you sign the temperance pledge?" "Because I won't sign away my liberty."—"What liberty?" "Liberty to do as I please." That is not liberty. A man who does as he pleases, independent of moral, physical, and Divine law, is the meanest slave that walks God's footstool. He is a slave to his own lusts, to his own passions, to his own ambitions, to his own wicked desires. There is no true liberty but in steadfast obedience t righteous law, and how many young men the are just as I was, who suppose they can brea this law with impunity!

You can't violate a physical law to save t universe, and do you suppose that God's mor law you can twist and turn just to suit your ov vagaries and whims with no penalty? You men say that they can enjoy life, and sow th wild oats. "Young men will be young men," is said. Well, we want them to be young me We don't want old heads on young shoulde They have no right there. I believe in seei young men full of life and energy with the you blood coursing through their veins. I like see young men with a jolly laugh, and min together with innocent recreation. I enjoy it

What we want young men to be is *gentlem* What is a gentleman? A true gentlemen is ble, chivalric, truthful, pure in speech and life ; and a man that is not pure in speech life is not a gentlemen, I care not who he He may have a genealogy as long as that boas of by the Irishman who said that his ancest were independent of Mr. Noah, for at the del they saved themselves in a boat of their construction. (Laughter.) A true gentlema awful to all bad men and lovely to all g men. But people have strange ideas of wha gentlemanly and what ladylike.

A woman brought before the police court n istrate said, "Me and another lady was a ha of a few words ; she called me an 'hindiwid and I up with a pail of water and chucke over her."

There was a notice put over a waxwork e bition, "No lady or gentleman will be admi in a state of intoxication." (Laughter.) W I was in St. Louis, I saw a handbill on the w "One hundred rats to be killed by one do twenty minutes. None but gentlemen mitted." (Laughter.)

I saw in a newspaper that two men who c themselves gentlemen were brought up for profane and abominable language in the str These are not gentlemen ; I don't care who are, what their birth may be, or what their cation may be, they are not gentlemen. (Che Why, amongst the very poorest we find the elements of the gentleman.

A poor fellow who carried round letters, "We letter-carriers are not always the welcome of visitors. I have carried a lett a door, and as I have handed it to the la have seen her frame quiver as she took it turn away when she observed the black On such an occasion I always takes off my She don't see it ; it don't do her no good I always feels a little better for lifting my h such an occasion." (Cheers.) Now, that of the elements of a true gentleman. (Che

There are some to whom excess of indiffe is the height of good breeding. Educat man into the insensibility of a post, an make him a perfect gentleman. Cultivat heart out of a young woman and make pulseless as a painted doll, and she is a l perfection. Now, we want every young n be a gentleman—to be a true gentleman— best and happiest sense of the term. Ther I say, I don't want to see old heads on shoulders.

We want our young men to have vig elasticity, but we want it all consecrate high purpose—the high purpose of maki world better for their having lived in it. this may be so in the case of every one for you all exert an influence in some di or another. We talk about such and such being little things. There are no things look at them rightly, that are little, for t exert some influence either for good or fo

I am not here, however, to give you a or a speech, but we want to have a socia I am exceedingly glad to meet so many townspeople, and some friends from neigh towns and villages. If it be possible to place large enough, I should like to h Sandgate come, and I will speak to them vo hours and try to do them some good be- I leave. My heart always loved it, and has back to it many a time.

emember how my dear father used to come at the time of the furlough, and how ier used to cry when he went away, and how d to go part of the way with him, and how ould hold me close to his heart, and I would ack to mother to wipe her tears away. I mber going to see him when he was in ncliffe, and putting his cap on my head, h then was no longer visible, for it com- ly covered it.

ittle incident occurred to me, showing me the true English gentleman really is. You the difference—almost immeasurable—be- a private soldier and a colonel, in this try. It is not so with us. A private here not go up to a colonel with impunity, slap on the back, and say, "Old fellow, what you have to drink?" Why, when I ad- ed one of your regiments—the 19th or 20th, k—and they wished to present me with an ss, they could not do it save through their el.

ll, the incident is this. I was once enter- d by a gentleman, a colonel, whose lady was ress in her own right, and after the lecture I was like a round stick in a square hole. ever, I managed to get along very well at inner. After the lecture, a gentleman said, ave been given to understand, Mr. Gough, your father was in the army?" "Yes, sir." what regiment?" "He was in the 40th, also in the 52d." "What year was he in 2d?" "He was in the 52d at the siege of joz, and I think he was at Talavera and at anca with the 52d." "Was he ever at cliffe with the 52d?" "Either with the r the 40th, because I went to see him, and w he was at Shorncliffe. He got acquaint- th my mother when he was at Shorncliffe, hey were married." Then he said, "I was father's colonel. I'm right glad to see a f my old soldier. What rank was your r?" "A private soldier, sir."

Vell, I am very glad to welcome to my the son of one of my old soldiers of the egiment, and I hope you will make your- erfectly at home. Here, my dear," he said, g his wife, "Mr. Gough is the son of one y old soldiers. I am happy to introduce o Lady So-and-so." That was a perfect men of the English gentleman. He didn't my father being a private soldier, because s a gentleman. Had he been a snob, he have said, "Haw, yes!" and walked (Hear, hear, and cheers).

ere are gentlemen and there are snobs. A eman in London said, "If Mr. Gough goes ndgate, and tells them his father was a an, they won't think so much of him." man must be a snob. Now, I say, I care hat may be a man's birth if he stands be- he public as a man, and shows the record work, and that that work has been worthy nan. If he can do that, give him the credit ing a man. (Cheers.) I have a great re- for the soldiers, and I am glad to see some em here. I believe that they are as pure a ard of men as you can find on the face of arth.

y that if you get together a thousand men same class of society that you get in the of soldiers, and put them together, they l be a worse standard of men than you can in any camp we have in Great Britain. discipline, their training, their enforced liness, all help to make them the men they To be sure, they are exposed to temptation, oe be to those who lay snares for the feet defenders of our country, and open these hing holes of perdition, and entice our sol- in and make them drunken!

voman said in my hearing once, "Oh, it is a drunken soldier." My heart goes out in athy when I see a soldier intoxicated. I great respect for them, and I am glad to e few that are here this afternoon. I shake hands with you in my heart as the son of an old British soldier. (Cheers.)

Some will say, in thinking about this presentation, "He's not half thankful enough." Others will say, "He's a little too gushing." If I go too far on the other extreme they will say that I am spooney. I don't know which I would rather be called, ungrateful or spooney, but I wish to say from my heart of hearts I have to thank you for this manifestation of your good will. As I said this morning to some gentlemen from London, "It will be a sad day for me, for I shall think of my mother—my dear mother." Everybody in Sandgate that knew Ma'am Gough loved her. They respected her.

Lady Darnley, who lived on the hill yonder, used to employ my mother in lace work. She respected her, too. I remember my mother coming home and leaning her face upon the table, and crying as if her heart would break. And what was it for? She had done some work for Lady Darnley and taken it up and asked her in her timidity if five shillings would be too much, and the lady said, "Would ten shillings be too little?"—and it nearly broke her heart. That little thing from one of your nobility to a poor woman was remembered in America, and told to her children as something to be treasured up, and I have always had a profound respect for the name of Darnley wherever I have seen it.

A lady of title wrote to me and said, "My father, the Earl of So-and-so, owns property in Sandgate, and he wants to see the gentleman who made his little girl a teetotaler;" so that there have been some very pleasant things connected with my visit, though there are others that have been sad. My dear mother, I know very well, could not have lived to see this day, or she would have been 103 years of age; but I think of her, of the place where she is so free from all sorrow, and all pain, and all anxiety. I thank God that I had a mother who was a God-fearing woman, and I believe that the influence of that mother went with me even through the dark days of my dissipation.

Let me then say with all my heart, I thank you for your kindness and for your courtesy to me, and for this reception, which, when originally proposed to me, was far beyond my wildest dreams. I merely supposed I should come here and in a quiet way do what I could for the advancement of your Coffee Tavern. Thank you, from my heart, for all your courtesy and all your kindness.

WATCHERS FOR THE DAY-STAR.

THE words "*until the day dawn and the day-star arise*" (2 Pet. 1 : 19), as referring to Christ's second coming, imply that it is night now. And so it is, comparatively speaking. The Scriptures speak of our dead as "those that sleep in Jesus." But "they that sleep, sleep in the night;" and until the sainted sleepers hear the voice of the Master, as He comes to awaken them out of sleep, the morning will not begin.

Yes, it is night yet, compared with the millennial day about to dawn. It is night as yet, while the sun of our life is behind the cloud. It is night as yet, while the shadows of sin and wickedness stretch their gloomy pall across the earth. And as I hear the Master saying to me, "Feed the flock of God over which the Holy Ghost hath made you minister," I know that I am a shepherd, keeping watch over my "flock by night." But this is not all. I, for one, am watching the day-star. I am looking to catch the gleams of its coming glory. And I should count myself worthy of the severest rebuke of my Lord if, coming suddenly, He should find me sleeping.

Upon the pinnacle of the temple in Jerusalem a watchman used to be stationed, who was to keep his eye upon the eastern horizon, and at the first gleam of sunrise was to give the signal to those below, that they might commence the morning worship. Jewish writers tell us that for the watchman to have gone to sleep would have been such an offence that he would have instantly been degraded from his office, the penalty in such cases being that the watchman should be stripped of his garments, and those garments burned with fire. "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem," says God, by the mouth of Isaiah. "Behold, I come as a thief," says Jesus in the Apocalypse; "blessed is he that watcheth and *keepeth his garments*." For one I am determined not to be beguiled into sleep or silence by the words of the worldly-wise, who incredulously ask, "Where are the signs of His coming?"

Nor do I believe that the coming can be long delayed. All the promises seem to be ripening. The signs are rapidly fulfilling. The clock of time seems just ready to peal out the hour of morning watch, and I feel that I have no right to shut my eyes to the signs of the dawn. And, as standing in my watch-tower in the Christian pulpit, you shout up to me, "Watchman, what of the night?" you will hear no other answer than this: "The morning cometh, and also the night"—the morning of resurrection glory to all God's saints; the night of outer darkness to such as are found in unbelief.

In the rapid spread of the Gospel among all nations, and in the pouring out of God's Spirit upon all flesh, I see the tokens of the morning. In the rapid growth of infidelity, in the daring blasphemies of Antichrist, I see the most unmistakable signs of approaching night. And so to you who are weeping by new-made graves, where the darkness of death hovers; to you who are sometimes appalled and affrighted at the unchecked ravages of sin and wickedness in the world, I repeat the inspiring words of Paul, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." And to you who would save souls from sinking into the shades of endless night, I would repeat those other words of Christ Himself, "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

But you may say, objecting, "The majority of people do not agree with you in regard to the possible nearness of the morning." But that is no objection. The majority of the Jews had no idea of the nearness of Christ's first coming when it occurred. Only a few eyes recognized the star in the East when it appeared. Only a few out of the great throng of Hebrew worshippers had any apprehension of the wondrous event that was occurring.

"When came in flesh the incarnate Word
The heedless world slept on;
And only simple shepherds heard
That God had sent His Son."

And Christ gives us intimation after intimation that it will be precisely so with his second advent, that comparatively few will be looking for it, that the great mass will be astonished and overwhelmed by its suddenness.

And therefore he says, "Watch ye, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh!"

The Death of Mr. Robert Crawshay, of Cyfartha Castle, Merthyr Tydfil, known as the "*Iron King of Wales*," is reported. He died at Cheltenham, from bronchitis. He was unique both as an iron-master and employer, his position amongst his men partaking of *the patriarchal system* until the last great strike, when, after fair warning to his men not to persist in their demands, he decided upon closing his great ironworks, which have never since been reopened. He had long been stone deaf, and for some years has spent much of his time in horticulture, photography, and angling. His wife, Mrs. Robert Crawshay, is known as a practical philanthropist, the founder of an institution of lady helps.

An American Church in Afghanistan has flourished for a long time, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country. It is close to the Ameer's Palace in Cabul, and during all the civil changes which have occurred and the war waged against the Ameer by the British the services in the church have never been interrupted. The number of members was at one time considerable, and though at present somewhat reduced, it is thought that with return of peace the work of the Lord in the church will revive.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(*Continued from page* 591.)

.LIFE'S BITTERNESS AND JOY.

TRUE religion does not decay under persecution, active or indirect, and so it was at Eureka House. The taunts and sneers of her uncle only drove Edith to more constant and earnest prayer; she clung yet more closely to her religion, because it was all that was left to cheer her lonely heart.

For Edith felt terribly lonely in the house of her learned uncle, far more so than she had felt in her lodging, for there she had friends near her, though chiefly amongst the poor. At Eureka House there was not a single person with whom Miss Temple could exchange thoughts on themes which to her were of highest interest. There was no one who loved what she loved, no one who cared for the things for which she so greatly cared.

Edith had very little of what would to her have been a pleasant occupation — visiting amongst the poor—for she was not strong enough often to reach the distant village on foot, and though Mr. Vernon kept a riding horse he had not even a pony-carriage. Nor had Edith time to do much more than attend to her household duties, after giving many hours to reading aloud to Mr. Vernon, and writing to his dictation.

Edith in vain tried to take some pleasure in these literary occupations so as not to regard them in the light of an irksome task. The lady was not particularly clever, and had no deep knowledge of science. Mr. Vernon at first attempted to make his companion enter with the interest felt by himself into learned inquiries on the polarization of light, the antiquity of fossils, the combinations of acids and alkalies, and other subjects as deep. But Edith did not understand many of her uncle's explanations, and was too honest to pretend that she did so.

Miss Temple had the moral courage to own herself stupid, though in what regarded household matters she was by no means either ignorant or dull, and her knowledge of spiritual things as far exceeded Vernon's as his knowledge of science did that of his niece.

The philosopher now chose to treat his companion as if she were scarcely possessed of more intelligence than was the pen with which she so patiently wrote. "Stupid as a mule, and as obstinate," was what Vernon repeatedly called the much-enduring woman, whose faith he could not shake. Eidth bore meekly, for conscience's sake, the contempt which was shown towards her—chiefly on account of her religion. But the lady felt keenly the taunts which she did not resent, and often thought with longing of that quiet resting-place where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Family prayer at Eureka House was of course out of the question. Edith would have been happier if she had been able to work more directly for her Great Master, but it seemed to her as if she could do next to nothing to benefit the souls of others.

To the two servant-maids employed at the House, Miss Temple spoke separately on the subject of religion; the one listened and thanked the lady; the other was silent, but showed by her looks that she wondered what business Miss Temple had to meddle with other people's concerns.

There was one member of her uncle's household to whom Edith had never as yet spoken a serious word, or lent a religious book. This person was Alec Stewart. Edith had, it must be owned, taken an unjust prejudice against her uncle's man-servant.

The lady did not like Alec's gruff manner: no one ever did like it; his appearance also was against him; the shaggy eyebrows, which looked like ragged tow overshadowing features hard and stern, gave an unpleasant and almost savage expression to the old butler's face. Edith had an idea that Alec helped his master in making cruel experiments upon poor live creatures; the idea was unjust, but not unnatural. Edith, who would not have given needless pain to a fly, regarded cruelty with horror. If anything could have made so gentle a woman severe, it would have been indignation at causeless suffering being inflicted upon the helpless. Edith was not faultless, and certainly her harsh judgment of Alec Stewart was a fault.

Enough has now been said to show that Eureka House was no heaven to its lady, and that Edith's lot was very different indeed from that of Effie Campbell the favorite of the village, and the darling of the man whom she loved.

In truth, at that time Effie seemed to have all that her heart could wish. The honest, faithful love of a man's heart was lavished upon her, and she felt all the joy and confidence of a happy bride. Robert had secured the opportunity for which so many of his class wait their life through without getting—the opportunity of working for himself. The lot of the English farm laborer is so hopeless that he may be excused for the apathy and indolence with which he is charged. In very few districts in Britain at the present time does he receive more than $2.50 per week, out of which, besides providing food and clothing for himself and his family, he has to pay rent for his cottage. With such an income he has no prospect but to struggle with poverty all his life, and, when his strength fails, obtain a wretched support from the parish funds. No wonder that Robert eagerly seized the opportunity offered him of working a farm for his own benefit.

The day fixed for the wedding at last arrived, and Effie's popularity in the village, and the general respect felt for Robert Holland as an honest, hard-working young man, combined to make the ceremony a festive occasion. The rough but sincere congratulations and good wishes of the villagers were heartily tendered, and, according to the English custom, almost every family in the way to the little church sent out one of their number as the wedding party passed to throw a *handful of rice* after them "for luck."

The simple ceremony over, the bride duly kissed by the clergyman, the party repaired to the house of the bride's brother, Willie Campbell, who insisted on finishing the affair in the orthodox manner with a homely dinner, to which invitations had been issued to the friends of the couple. The festivities over, Effie and Robert sallied off arm in arm to their pretty English home.

And truly the place, as seen in that cheerful light, looked one of the prettiest farms to be found in merry England. Gable-ends and fanciful chimneys, beams that crossed the brickwork, level, upright, and slanting, gave a picturesque appearance to the house, much heightened by the creeping plants that half smothered the porch, and climbed up as high, and higher, than the upper windows.

The house was pretty within as well as without. A good deal had been done in the way of whitewashing and new papering by Robert, who had spared no trouble to make the place fit for his bride. The young farmer had worked early and late, and done almost everything with his own hands, so of course Effie thought that nothing could have been better done. There was so much to admire, so much to praise. Effie ran about the house and farm like a butterfly fluttering in sunshine, delighting her fond husband by her enjoyment of all.

There was nothing which Effie did not admire; even the pigs, in her eyes were beauties; and as for the cows, how handsome they were, how sleek their skins, and how sweet their breath! The poultry were Effie's special delight, the waddling Cochins and sprightly bantams. Visions of numberless plump little downy chickens and ducklings rose before the farmer's young wife. Effie was not sure whether on some future Christmas day even a turkey from her own poultry yard might not figure upon Robert's table.

And then the trees—the orchard trees—all crusted over with blossom, Effie clapped he hands like a child with delight when she looke upon them.

"Oh! how we shall feast upon apples, m own rosy apples," she cried, "and have plent besides to give away to our friends! I will sen off a hamper, that I will, to the household a Lady Ethel's; they shall see what apples m farm can produce! and another big basketf shall go to the poor old folk at the Union."

"Softly, Effie, softly," laughed Robert, a fir specimen of an English farmer—strong, manl and with a face rosy with health, and brig with good humor. "Those apples of yours, we get them, must help to pay the tithes and t taxes."

"We'll have plenty for everything and f everybody," said Effie; "just look at the tho sands of blossoms!"

"But not one in ten of them will become ripe apple," said her more experienced husban

"What a happy life is that of a farmer!" claimed the young wife.

"Yes," replied Robert, "if he can keep do the couch-grass, and the mildew don't get in his wheat, or the grub into his turnips. But I do my best, darling, to make my farm thri and to make you happy."

"It will be easy enough to do the last, ev if wheat and turnips should fail," said young wife, looking up fondly at the handso sunburnt face of her husband. "I shall alw be happy while you are beside me, and now shall never be parted."

One of Effie's amusements during the f days of her married life was arranging the roo of her house. She had so many pretty thi for which to find places, and had such pleas in showing her taste. Effie's own room was its owner's partial eyes, prettier than L Ethel's in London.

"Such a lovely rosebud pattern all over wall, and such a charming view from the dow!" cried Effie as she finished decorating little oval looking-glass with pink bows white muslin. "The roses will peep in, I (as soon as roses are out on this climber) like to look over the orchard, and see yo beautiful wooded hills!"

Mrs. Cross had not yet come to Salem; was paying a visit to relations at some dist from Ashley, a considerate arrangement w gave the young couple time to settle down their home.

Effie by no means forgot her expected lo The young mistress of Salem resolved that Cross should never have cause to complain, took care to have everything comfortable i apartment designed for her guest.

"I think that Mrs. Cross's room is almo nice as my own," observed Effie, when sh fastened a snowy muslin curtain across window. "It is a pity, perhaps, that sh look out on the stable-yard and the pig but Mrs. Cross has lived as a farmer's w long that she is not likely to mind it. It rather amuse her to watch what is going the yard. What can I do to make this prettier still?"

Effie glanced around with a critical "Ah! a happy thought! there should be ture hung on that blank bit of wall, just site to the bed. I'll fasten up the print Uncle Alec gave me, and the pretty tex beneath it. The bright gilt frame will mak picture look exceedingly handsome, and I care myself to have that doleful scene l my eyes, nor to have that solemn LOVE NO WORLD constantly reminding me of serious when I am so young and happy."

Had Effie forgotten the little volume of prayers, or the advice of Miss Temple? she had forgotten neither; she had even, t shyly, ventured to speak on the subject to ert Holland. The young man listene smiled; the idea of having regular famil ship was somethng new to the farmer; the been nothing of the kind in his early home, the house where he had for years been a l

" I do not see how we could have prayers in he morning, for I must be up with the lark, mongst my potatoes and mangel-wurzel," said Robert. "As for the evening—well, we'll hink about it, my pet, when we get a little nore settled down."

Here the matter dropped ; one evening passed fter another, and nothing more was said on the ubject of praying together. Effie had lost the irst, the best opportunity of beginning wedded ife in the way most likely to bring a blessing ipon it. At that time her husband would have lenied her nothing on which he saw that her ieart was really set. Every day that passed nade it more difficult to begin a practice which hould have been begun from the first.

Effie was exceedingly happy ; her cup of earthly oy was full to overflowing. The first little drop of bitterness that mingled with its sweetness ame from a very trifling cause, at least so it appeared to Effie.

Robert had engaged a laborer, Tom Hunt, whose cottage stood near the farm, to work nder him for weekly wages. Mary, the laborr's wife, was to help in the dairy, and do the ougher part of the housework. Most of the leaning, however, and all the cooking, Effie took n herself.

She knew that her husband was far from rich, nd that if a young couple would thrive, the wife nust work as well as the husband. Effie was uite willing to work, and sang as blithely as she wept the parlor, or filled the kettle, as when she ripped through the garden to see if blossoms vere out on the strawberry beds.

Unhappily, in the present time, cooking is far oo much neglected in the education of girls. Effie had learned many things at school, but she ad not learned how to roast mutton or boil a otato, and, as lady's maid at Lady Ethel's, she ad had no opportunity of gaining such useful nowledge.

All that Effie knew of culinary art she had earned of her sister-in-law before Willie Campell and his wife had started for New Zealand. Effie was a little vain of the quickness ith which she had picked up knowledge, and as so much accustomed to please that she had o great fears of failure when for the first time e cooked her husband's dinner.

It was a little mortification to Effie to see obert sticking his fork into the meat on his ate, and turning the morsel round and looking t it in a criticising way.

" I say, Effie, my pet, was there a cookery-ook amongst those three-and-forty wedding resents which you were counting up this morning?" asked the jovial young farmer. " To my nind it would have been of more use than three en-wipers, five book-markers, or even your retty pink necktie."

" I'm sorry that you don't like your dinner ; I id my best," said Effie, the color rising to her heeks.

" You see, pet, that Mrs. Cole (I lodged with he Coles) was a capital cook ; if you'd given er a pair of old boots to stew, she'd have managed to make them savory and tender. Nellie ole would never have spoiled good mutton like his."

Effie then learned a truth, which became every ay more clear to her mind, that her husband, artial as he was to his young wife, could yet nd fault with things which she did. Clever as ffie was, both with her fingers and brain, she ad no special taste or talent for cooking, and obert, at first gayly, and then gravely enough, riticised some of her dishes.

Effie also gradually found out that Robert himlf was not quite so faultless as she had chosen think him. The farmer was very fond of his fe, but he was also very fond of a good dinner ; at was a fact which could not be questioned. ating and drinking were to the young farmer a ery important part of the business of life. Robt had been accustomed to self-indulgence ; he orked hard, and thought that he had a right fare well.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

S. S. Lesson for July 20th.—1. Cor. 13.—Golden Text, verse 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR subject begins by declaring how love is above all other grace, all other gift. " Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity " (*i.e.* love). " I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal,"—powerless, meaningless. The Corinthian church was enriched by Jesus Christ " in all utterance and in all knowledge " (1 Cor. 1 : 5). Tongues they had, and prophecy they had, and knowledge also, but, " whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away "; it is only love which " never faileth," and this was wanting in the Corinthian church.

In the primitive Church as described in Acts 2 : 42-47, 4 : 32-35, it is twice said that those early Christians had all things common—they did not seek their own ; for there was great grace upon them all. Then, while love bound them together, they " that believed were of one heart and of one soul." The power of this bond of love was so great that sin could not exist in their midst, and the first instance of self-seeking, in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, and which they covered with untruth, met with such a terrible judgment that " fear came upon all the church, and upon as many as heard these things " (Acts 5 : 11) ; so that those whose purpose was not thoroughly sincere, and who were not out and out, durst not join themselves to them (Acts 5 : 13). The work of grace was so great that multitudes were added to the Lord, and the sick were brought also in multitudes to the apostles, and " they were healed every one"

After breathing the air of heaven in this glorious description, how one's heart sickens when one reads of the first descent from this position of power and honor because of grace ; when, in the beginning of chap. 6 : 1, we hear of a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration. Oh, it is sadly clear that they were no longer of one heart and of one soul, and that they had ceased to have all things in common, and that the great grace of which we read was no longer on them all. Was it faith which lacked, or hope, or knowledge?—no, it was *the love which " never faileth."*

The apostle compares not only ordinary but extraordinary faith with love : " Though I have *all* faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing." Faith lays hold of, appropriates, or, so to speak, utilizes God ; but love is God dwelling in us and we in Him. Thus he continues, " And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor " (which may be an act of faith alone or an act of love), and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." Immense sacrifices may be made at the shrine of our own self-love and self-esteem. There is at the bottom of our natural hearts a craving for recompense of some kind, the gratitude of others, the esteem of others, etc. ; and this is the exact reverse of all which God calls love. Our Lord Himself teaches us (Luke 14 : 12-14) not to invite to a feast our friends, kinsmen, brethren, or rich neighbors, " *lest* they also bid thee again and a recompense be made thee." Love neither desires nor seeks for recompense. Human love is like a capital to be traded with in order to produce more, but God's love is like a stream from an inexhaustible source.

Love suffereth long and is still kind, because its source does not depend upon the return made, for love asks for nothing, but accepts all. Love envieth not, for love has learned this lesson, " In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves " (Phil. 2 : 3). We cannot be glad at heart about the prosperity, spiritual or otherwise, of others, and continue to envy *them*. And because it does not look on its own things, but " also on the things of others " (Phil. 2 : 4), love " vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." Real love embraces both God and man. How can we vaunt ourselves, even by a thought, without robbing God of His glory, and preferring ourselves to Him? How can we be puffed up without discouraging those who esteem themselves to be not as much advanced as we are, and who for that very reason are, perhaps, far in advance of us.

Then love " seeketh not her own," and this is why it is " not easily provoked." Because Paul could say in truth, " I am crucified with Christ," then, when the Holy Ghost witnessed in every city that bonds and afflictions abode him, instead of being easily provoked, he could testify, " None of these things move me " (Acts 20 : 24). How should he be provoked at that which he had accepted as his vocation? Thus, when in every synagogue during his long journeys he was cast out and persecuted, instead of being provoked against his people, we hear him saying, " I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart : for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

And love " thinketh no evil," *i.e.*, is childlike and above suspicion. The child of God who suspects the motives of action in another has never come into the light of Divine love. When God reveals to us the faults of others as he revealed Saul's sin to Samuel (1 Sam. 15 : 10, 11), then, instead of rejoicing in the iniquity of others that oneself may gain advantage by the contrast, as is often the case with those who know not God, the heart is opened as was Samuel's, to interceed for the guilty. And love " rejoiceth in the truth ;" truth in all ways—the truth of God, and also the truth about ourselves. When there is real love to God, it is a joy to discover our faults and shortcomings, that our loving Father may be no longer grieved by them.

Then love " beareth all things ;" there is no fretting against the yoke ; all which is received in the confidence of love from the hands of God is easily borne ; there is no choosing of what is easy and rejecting of what is difficult—all comes alike to one who sees God in every thing. Not seeing or taking knowledge of the person or thing by which suffering comes, it becomes always a closer link with God. Then love " believeth all things." The love which trusts God is ready to trust man also, and the trust begets trust. In trusting, in the Name of God, those whom no one else trusts—the morally fallen and degraded—a loving heart inspires new hope and confidence. And thus also love " hopeth all things." Looking at every person and every thing in relation not to themselves but to God, how can they but hope for those whom God has so loved as to give His only Son to die for? They who dwell in love dwell in God, and see all things in His light, and thus their faith and hope for themselves and others is in God. And love " endureth," or remaineth under, all things.

Love " never faileth ;" it " casteth out fear, because fear hath torment " (1 John 4 : 18). Love is strong as death. " Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it " (Cant. 8 : 6, 7). Thus the love of God can overcome the death of lost souls. Because God is Love, love is omnipotent. Much of our powerlessness with Sunday scholars, the members of our Bible classes, etc., comes from a self-seeking spirit, the self-renouncing love of God is not mighty in us to cast out fear in them, to inspire them with confidence in Him, nor powerful to overcome the spiritual death in them.

The apostle shows us that love is the only possible perfection. " We know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." He esteems it (ver. 11) the only possible manhood in Christ. Again, love brings all things to the light. " Now we see through a glass, darkly " (in an enigma) ; " but then " (when that which is perfect is come, when we are filled with love) " face to face : now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British War in Zululand.—Cetewayo, the king of the Zulus, has sent two more messengers to the British commander asking for terms of peace. According to latest reports, the messengers had been sent back with a message that Cetewayo must give proofs of his sincerity, such as the surrendering of the two cannon captured at Isandula and the giving of hostages, and also sending a Zulu regiment to the British camp to lay down their arms as proof of submission. Lord Chelmsford has informed Sir Bartle Frere that, pending Cetewayo's answer, there would be no military operations. When Cetewayo had given the proofs required a cessation of hostilities would be ordered pending the discussion of final terms of peace. The English government, on the 20th of March, sent a dispatch to Lord Chelmsford and Sir Bartle Frere setting forth the basis on which peace must be negotiated.

The campaign from first to last has been a series of blunders, and by this time it is probable the English are as anxious for peace as the Zulus. Dr. Robert Moffat, than whom no one is better informed on whatever concerns that part of the world, says that "*Mission work aii over South Africa has been thrown back fifty years* by the present war with the Zulus."

A Disclaimer from Prince Napoleon.—It is understood that Prince Jerome Napoleon, after the funeral of the Prince Imperial, will publish a manifesto urging all Bonapartists to submit to the Republic, and stating that he has already assured President Grevy that he will not become a pretender to the Imperial throne.

The International Lessons Have at Last been adopted by the Wesleyan Sunday-School Society of England, which hitherto has followed a course of its own.

The Prince Imperial's Remains Arrived at Madeira en route for England July 4th. Sir Bartle Frere and Lady Frere, and all the officials of the colony, were present. Imposing religious ceremonies were held over the remains of the Prince by the Catholic Bishop, and Queen Victoria has commanded that the troop ship Orontes, bearing the body of the Prince Imperial, shall be escorted on a part of her voyage by the Channel fleet. There will be a public funeral, at which the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family will attend.

It is proposed to raise a memorial to the late Prince in England, and a subscription for the purpose has been commenced. The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, heads a committee of army officers to superintend the movement. General Lord Napier, of Magdala, and nearly all the best known generals of the army, are members of the committee.

The Prince's death has called forth from all quarters expressions of sorrow, and testimonies to his worth and the blamelessness of his life and character.

The South American War Continues to Keep the South Pacific Coast in a state of alarm. Peru feels the loss of her great iron-clad, the Independencia, and retains her fleet securely at anchor in Callao. Chili has resumed the blockade of Iquique, and contemplates landing 12,000 men on the Peruvian coast, whence they are to march on Lima. There has been a general call to arms in that city.

Colliery Disaster in Scotland.—There was a colliery explosion at the High Blantyre pit, near Glasgow, on July 3d. Thirty-one persons were in the pit. Twenty-three corpses have been recovered, and it is known that four of the victims were burned alive. This is one of the most dangerous of the British coal mines.

Prince Bismarck and the Pope are Reported to have made a compromise which seems likely to settle the long-pending conflict between Germany and the Vatican. A dispatch from Rome says: "A special convention between Germany and the Vatican is being negotiated. The German government is to nominate Bishops subject to the approval of the Pope, and the Bishops are to nominate priests subject to the approval of the government."

Mr. Henry Varley, the Evangelist, Whose name is known in all lands, has returned to England after two years' work in Australia. The desire of Mr. Varley to carry the Gospel message to the masses of these far-off colonies has been crowned with abundant success. This is evidenced by a largely signed testimonial handed to the evangelist on the eve of his departure from Sydney. This document states that it is not the mere popularity and natural abilities of the preacher which have endeared him to the Christians in the Antipodes, but his loving, faithful service in the Gospel, and the helpful way in which he has been enabled to set forth the highest truths of our most holy faith.

The Deathbed Scene of the Late Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem is thus described by his daughter, Mrs. Wolters. She says: "It was not death, it was going home; as a child rejoices to go home to its parents, so he rejoiced to go to his Father. We were all round his bed. The Master called, and the servant was ready to enter into the joy of his Lord. It was so beautiful that he could say, when asked whether Jesus was with him in the dark valley, '*Yes; but it is not dark.*' He was laid the same day under an olive tree in the midst of the English burial ground. A great multitude of Jews, Moslems, Greeks, and Romanists attended the funeral, as well as the Protestants of Jerusalem."

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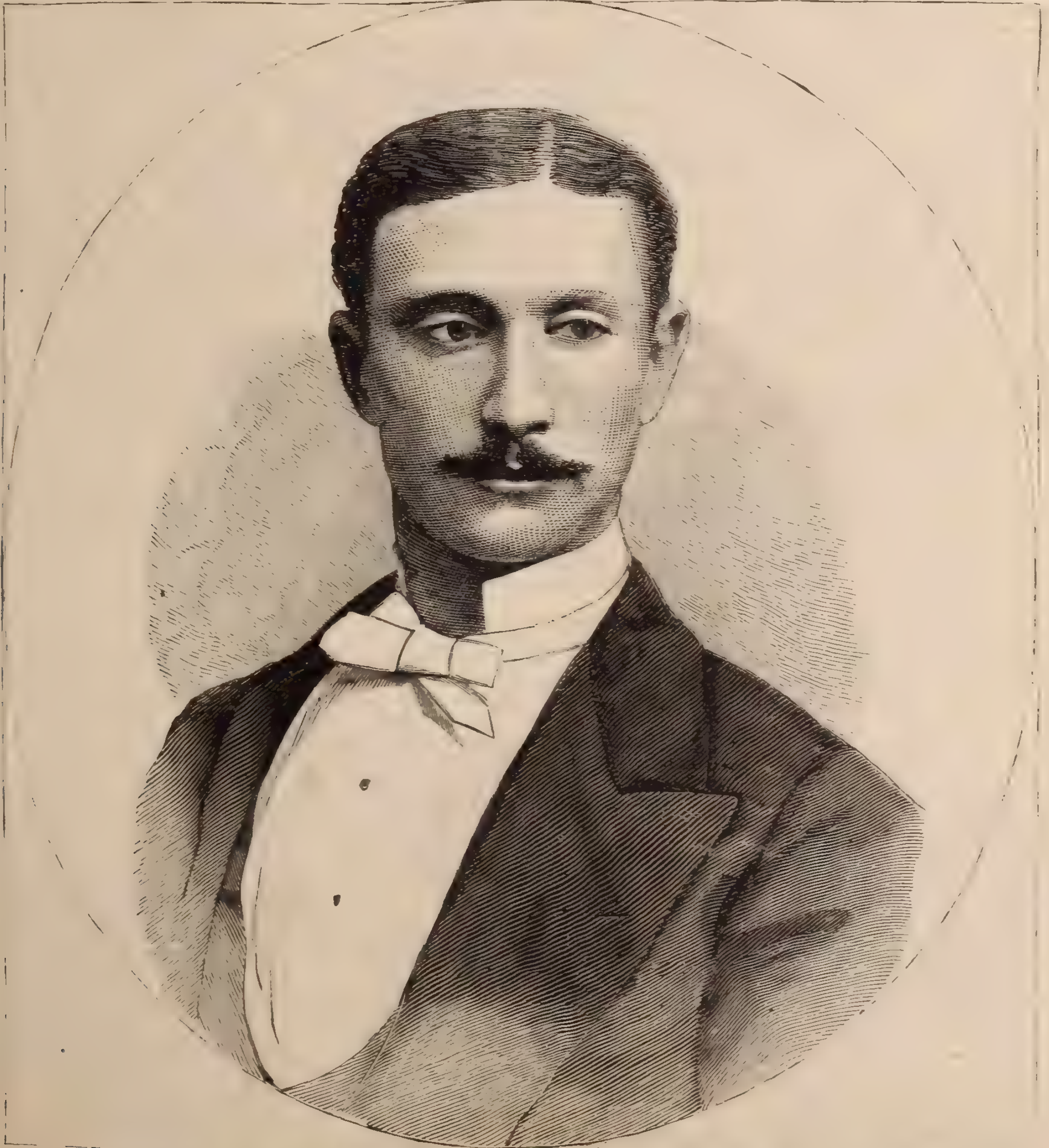

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, Killed by the Zulus, June 1, 1879.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

His Family—Birth—General Rejoicing—Education—The Franco-German War—Exile—Life in England—The Anglo-Zulu War—Death.

The career of the young man whose death at the hands of the Zulu savages has within the last few weeks startled the world, is one full of interest. That interest, however, attaches to it rather on account of its associations and its possibilities than of its record of actual facts. He was *the heir of the Napoleons*, and as such the world felt an interest in him from dynastic rather than personal reasons.

His was a name at which "a world had grown pale," a name which has filled a more conspicuous place in the annals of the past century than any other name that has been recorded there. The strange comet-like house arose with a suddenness almost supernatural, it shone with a brilliance dazzling to the eye, and went its way into darkness and obscurity. It has reappeared, filled the eye of the political world for a quarter of a century, and has again set in midnight gloom. Truly an extraordinary family, and one whose history teaches lessons valuable alike to the king and the peasant.

Napoleon I., the founder of the House, from being a poor unknown lieutenant in the French army rises by his genius and energy to an Imperial throne. He is the terror of nations and of kings; he reconstructs Europe, and gives away crowns as if they were petty baubles. He is cast down and imprisoned. But he breaks loose, and once more ascends the throne. Again he is overcome, and this time is held securely, and dies on a bleak, barren rock a prisoner. And as if the very name was to have no heritage in the future, his only son dies in exile and obscurity.

But, Phœnix-like, the second empire sprang into existence. Napoleon III., a man who had loitered about the English streets homeless and often almost penniless, who had suffered imprisonment and privations innumerable, conjured with the name of his uncle, stole the hearts of the French people and climbed to the position of chief of the French Republic. From that position to the throne was but a step. True, there intervened a stream of blood, but this man did not scruple to stain his feet on a road whereof at the end there was so rich a prize. The step was taken, and the hero, *or the criminal*, of December 2d, 1852, was proclaimed Emperor of the French. For more than twenty years he ruled the destinies of France, and was the most important factor in the problems of Europe. He in his turn was over thrown, and died in exile. It is the only son of this powerful emperor who now lies in the tomb, slaughtered by the spears of a troop of savages while fighting for the nation that overthrew the founder of his house. How strange are the changes and vicissitudes of the world's history! and how clearly the Christian student sees that the God of righteousness rules over all, and *in righteousness only* can the throne be established!

For Prince Louis Napoleon *personally* the world feels nothing but pity. For his widowed and now childless mother there goes out from all hearts the most sincere condolence, but for *the cause* the young Prince represented there is but little sympathy, and its present disaster occasions little regret. A boundless ambition distinguished its leaders; they did not hesitate to sacrifice life, to carry fire and sword into neighboring countries, and even to destroy their own countrymen if by so doing the interests of their house were advanced. Such a dynasty makes itself feared, but few besides interested partisans regret its fall.

HIS BIRTH.

The Prince Imperial was born March 16th, 1856. Napoleon III., with the democratic spirit which characterized all his career, had set at defiance the matrimonial traditions of European courts. He went to none of them for a bride, but elevated to the Imperial throne of France a beautiful Spanish lady, Eugenie, daughter of Count de Montijo. It is she who, once surrounded by the splendor and pageantry of the gay French Court, now sits alone in an English country house, widowed and childless.

On the 16th of March, 1856, the population of the city of Paris was profoundly agitated and delighted. That day a son had been born to the Emperor and Empress of France, and a prospective ruler to the French people. At six o'clock in the morning the cannon of the Invalides announced to the city the tidings of the arrival of an heir to the Imperial throne. Telegraphic dispatches were sent to all the various diplomatic agencies of France on the Continent. Notice was sent to the representatives of other Powers resident in Paris. The Public Buildings were decorated, and the city illuminated. Large sums were given away in charity. Political prisoners were amnestied, and every token shown of general rejoicing.

The infant was named Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, and a special delegate was sent from Rome by the Pope to administer to him the rite of baptism. He was born a very delicate child, and had to be nursed with the utmost care till he was ten years old. His nurse was an English woman, and he had a German-Swiss valet; both were enjoined to speak to him always in their respective tongues, while his mother addressed him in Spanish, so that the boy grew up to be a good linguist without any effort. It is said that he could read *in four languages when he was seven years old.*

The Emperor took every opportunity of bringing the child prominently before the people. As soon as he could walk he was entered on the roll of the Grenadiers of the Guard, and at five years of age he was made a sergeant, and the Emperor took care that whenever he appeared in public he should wear the miniature uniform of his rank. Military glory has always had a fascination for the French nation, and the Emperor in identifying his son with the army schemed for his popularity with the masses, and at the same time flattered the army. As years passed the boy gathered strength, and in his tenth year appeared to have outgrown the ailments that threatened him in the earlier years of his life. The best tutors France could furnish were employed in his education, and the Prince worked diligently at his studies, making rapid progress.

For the sake of companionship, the Emperor allowed Louis Conneau to be educated with him. Conneau's father had been the Emperor's closest friend during his captivity at Ham, and was chiefly instrumental in abetting his escape from that fortress. The Emperor never faltered in his gratitude for this service, and he wished his son to make the friendship hereditary. This desire was gratified, for Louis Conneau was in exile, as well as in the Tuileries, the Prince's most trusted friend.

While the Prince was thus passing

HIS BOYHOOD

pleasantly, he was occasionally exposed to an affront from the many enemies of his father. In 1868 the Prince went to preside at the annual distribution of prizes held in the Sorbonne. A son of General Cavaignac happened to be among the prize-winners, and his name was called to come and receive his books from the Prince's hand; but at this moment his mother rose in the reserved seats, and, with an imperious gesture, ordered young Cavaignac not to move. This was Madame Cavaignac, who in this way sought to pay off the son of the man who had sent her husband into exile. The pointed insult was much talked of at the time, but the Prince remarked, rather pithily, "It seems, then, that young Cavaignac wished to act a comedy, for he must have known I was coming here."

On another occasion the Prince Imperial, going to the Bois de Boulogne in a carriage, saw a boy tumble off the box seat of a cab. He ordered his carriage to stop, and alighted to see if the urchin was hurt. There was nothing the matter, so the Prince Imperial kissed the boy, adding, "You may tell your father that the Emperor's son kissed you." "Oh, no, I won't tell him that," answered the boy readily, "for papa is always saying that Napoleon is a blackguard."

In 1870, when the war with Germany bega Prince Louis accompanied his father to the fro tier. He saw fighting for the first time at th battle of Saarbruck, when his father telegraph to his mother that he had just received

HIS BAPTISM OF FIRE,

that the men had wept to see him so calm, an that he had picked up a spent bullet which f at his feet. The Emperor by this telegram ma his son the subject of ridicule through Europ It was flavored too strongly with what is co monly called humbug, a commodity in which N poleon III., dealt very largely.

In a short time dangers began to thick around the French army, and the young Prin was sent to Belgium for safety. It was only u der direct orders from the Emperor the Prin could be induced to leave, and though only fo teen years of age, he was eager to share the d gers and hardships of the campaign. While Mons he heard of the disasters that had over ken the army, and it was with difficulty th who had charge of him could induce him to main. On one occasion he actually escaped fr the Hotel de la Couronne in that town, at nig and tried to prevail upon a jobmaster to let h a trap of some sort in which he could return France and join his father's armies. Of cou he was politely reconducted to his hotel, and next day was conveyed under the close cust of two equerries to England. The Emper telegram directing this refuge was short, bu contained a volume of meaning. "I am prisoner of the King of Prussia," he wr "take the Prince to England."

The Prince's grief during the whole of campaign which followed made his mother s ously fear for his health. There was no kee newspapers from him, and what angered most was to read the accusations of cowar and imbecility launched against his father. French mob which had applauded the Empe departure would not forgive his defeat, and cries of "Long live the Emperor" were changed for shouts of "Down with the pire." The faithless people who only a s time before were devoted to the Imperial c deserted it in the hour of its adversity, and it only by a hasty flight to England that the press, once so admired and so beloved, coul her life was in safety.

In the quiet retreat

AT CHISELHURST

the Empress and her son settled down, and Prince at once recommenced his studies w the war had rudely interrupted. M. Filon, had been the Prince's tutor in Paris, labore siduously, assisted by English professors of thematics and German, to complete his e tion. The arrival of the Emperor from his on at Wilhelmshoe put an end to these pr studies. "He desired," he said, "that his should be brought up as one of the pe among the people," and the Prince was ac ingly sent to Kings College and to the Mi Academy at Woolwich.

At this period of his life, one who had o tunities of observing his character w "Prince Louis Napoleon was better end than most young men of his age. He had found contempt for superficial knowl Among his elders he was quiet, reserved thoughtful, seldom speaking except to as explanations or information, but there w end to his gayety and love of fun when h surrounded by those of his own age. Unli majority of the French youth, the Princ well built, had an abundance of physical str and muscular power, and excelled in ridin fencing. Like his father, the Prince was a believer in *the Napoleonic star*, and he wo soon think of denying his own existence entertaining the slightest doubt of the ult restoration of the Imperial dynasty."

During his stay at Woolwich Military Sc he was exceedingly popular with the cadets was classed seventh out of thirty-four i final examinations, in 1875, and might quently have chosen between the enginee illery had he entered the British army. He nself wished to do so, and would have become artilleryman, but some state reasons pre- nted his taking service in the Queen's army. wever, he has remained to some extent iden- ed with the service by maintaining the friend- st relations with his former fellow-students.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

elated of his military school-days. It is stat- that in the officers' mess-room of Shoe- yness there is a bust of Prince Louis Napo- n, taken under droll circumstances. A pupil Woolwich, who had a taste for sculpturing, ed the Prince to allow him to take a cast of face. The request was a joke, but the nce entered into it seriously. A mould of t clay was prepared, and the Prince was bid- n to kneel down and impress his face into it. did so naively, but the hoaxer, not content, ght him by the nape of the neck and thrust n as deep as he could into the soft mass. In- the mould thus formed a quantity of liquid ster was poured; but, owing to the vigor h which the Prince's face had been thrust in- the mould, the dimensions of the nose were ormous—not less than ten inches. The Prince ghed good-humoredly at the fun; but the ole thing was done to some purpose, for the st still remains.

The death of his father profoundly affected the ince Imperial. He loved the Emperor with re than filial love. and for some time it was ought that the grief occasioned by his loss uld have permanently injured his health. But ne and the tender care of his mother helped to al the wound.

On the outbreak of

THE ZULU WAR

was anxious to accompany the British army the campaign. He was, however, persuad- by the Empress and the old friend of his fa- er, M. Rouher, not to expose his life to the ks of a South African climate and the chances war. But when news arrived of the disaster Isandula, and it was announced that reinforce- ents were needed, he obtained a reluctant con- nt from his mother, and offered his services to e British Government. His offer was not form- y accepted, as it was considered advisable by e authorities that the Prince should not hold fice in the English army. He was, however, rmitted to join the forces as a volunteer, and e Duke of Cambridge, the British Command- -in-Chief, sent a special letter to Lord Chelms- rd commending the Prince to his care.

In a letter to M. Rouher, evidently intended r publication, the Prince Imperial thus ex- ained his motives:

"I am about to quit Europe, and my absence ay last some months. I have too many faith- l friends in France to think it possible for me keep silence on the reasons of departure. For ght years I have been the guest of England. I ive completed my education in one of her mili- ry schools, and on several occasions I have rengthened the bonds which connect me with e English army by sharing in the great man- uvres it has executed. The war which Eng- nd has for more than a year been carrying on the Cape of Good Hope has just assumed a aracter of gravity which it had not till now ossessed. I desire to follow the operations, d I embark in two days. The time I shall de- ote to witnessing this conflict of civilization gainst barbarism will not be lost for me. Afar, s near, my thoughts will constantly be directed ward France. I shall watch with interest and ithout disquietude the gradual phases she will ass through, for I am certain *God protects her*."

His leave-taking with Queen Victoria, who had lways shown a marked liking for the young an, was extremely cordial. Her Majesty issed him, and taking a valuable diamond ring om her finger, presented it to him.

On his arrival in South Africa the Prince Im- erial at once went to the front and took an ac- ve part in the war against the Zulus. Little ews reached England respecting him until, on une 19th, there came the brief telegram, "*Prince Imperial killed*," followed by others bringing details of the sad disaster.

HIS DEATH

occurred while on a reconnoitering expedition to search for a suitable site for the next camp. The correspondent of the London *Standard* thus narrates the circumstances:

"The Prince Imperial, who was always desirous to be actively employed, was anxious to join Lieutenant Carey of the 98th, who was starting with six men of Beddington's Horse on the expedition. The staff objected to his going, but he laughingly overruled their wishes and started. Ten miles in advance of the camp they reached a kraal some two miles from Inshallami Mountain, in the direct route to Inyoyani. Here they dismounted, unsaddled their horses, and rested for an hour. As they were in the act of re-saddling their horses to return, Lieutenant Carey suddenly exclaimed that he saw the black faces of the Zulus peering out between the maize-stalks all round."

Lieutenant Carey said "the Zulus shouted and fired upon us as we rode off. I thought that all were mounted, and knowing that the men's carbines were unloaded, I judged it better to clear the long grass before making a stand. On looking back I saw one party following us, while another on our left was attempting to cut off our retreat across the ridge. Meanwhile we were under a heavy fire, and after we had crossed the donga, or deep cutting, a man said to me, 'I fear the Prince is killed, sir.' I paused, looked back, and seeing the Prince's horse galloping on the other side of the donga, asked if it was any use returning. The Zulus had already passed over the ground where he must have fallen, and he pointed out the men creeping round our left. I paused for our men to come up, and then galloped on."

One of the troopers of the party, who was near the Prince, says:

"When the volley was fired, I dropped my carbine, and dismounted to pick it up. I could not again get into the saddle, for my horse was frightened, and galloped away with me, my left foot being in the stirrup and my stomach across the saddle. My horse followed the others. I was unable to stop him as I passed the Prince, who had hold of *the stirrup leather*, and was attempting to mount. He had not hold of the reins. I saw him fall down: *his horse trampled on him.* Carey was leading, and we galloped two or three miles. Noticing that the Prince and two troopers were missing, I advised Carey to wait for them. He said, 'We will cross the spruit, and then go on the high ground and wait.' *No order was given to rally, halt, fire, or try to save the Prince.* All Lieutenant Carey said was, '*Let us go quick; let us make haste.*'"

The *Times* says:

"From these accounts the fact is patent that no one thought to attempt to assist the unfortunate Prince, whereas if only one man had waited to see him mounted, and held his horse's head for him, he might have been saved."

On his return to camp Lieutenant Carey related what had occurred, and a troop of horse was immediately sent out to ascertain what had become of the Prince.

One of the party writes: "A shout soon apprised us of the fact that something had been discovered. Men speedily gathered round a spot near the crossing. There the poor young Prince lay dead. Surgeon-Majors Scott and Robinson were soon present, but their skill was of no avail. Life had been extinct for hours. All they could do was to examine the wounds and find that two, at least, of them would have proved instantaneously fatal. It is probable that one of them was the first that he received, for the face wore a calm and pleasant expression, not as of one who had died in pain. No bullet had touched him. The wounds, nineteen in number, were all caused by assegais. The body was stripped of clothing, but beside him were found his spurs, and round his neck a small chain with locket and charms. The Zulus have a belief that whoever takes a charm from a dead body will die in the same way as the man so robbed. It was a mournful sight, and no one regarded it with unconcern. At the Prince's head his old soldier-servant *knelt and wept*; and grief like his, exhibited by one who had served him only a short time, spoke well for the private character of his master.

Only a few days before, in conversation with Captain Lane, he had said, "It is no fun being fired at; I want a trial with the assegai. I should like a slight assegai wound." By General Marshall's orders a stretcher was formed of lances and a blanket; and, wrapped in another blanket, the corpse was borne to meet the ambulance.

The position of the body, and the nature of the wounds, indicated that the Prince, who was very fleet of foot, finding himself unable to mount his horse, had run some 300 yards pursued by the Zulus, and then finding escape hopeless, had faced about, and drawing his sword—the sword which Napoleon I. had worn on many a glorious field—had died defending himself.

It is satisfactory to learn that Lieutenant Carey has been tried by court-martial for what appears to have been cowardly desertion, and has been sent to England under arrest.

The agony of the Empress on learning of the death of her beloved son can be better imagined than described. She wept unceasingly, and for a time her life was in imminent danger. Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales paid her visits of condolence, and came away with their faces seamed with tears.

The body was carried back to England with martial honors and interred, July 12, beside that of Napoleon III., at Chiselhurst. The Queen and all the Royal Family attended the funeral, the pall being borne by three sons of the Queen and by the Duke of Cambridge.

A subscription was spontaneously commenced by the Prince's comrades in the English army to raise some suitable memorial to him. It is expected it will take the form of a marble statue, which will be placed in Westminster Abbey among those of the men whose memory England holds in highest esteem.

So ended a life begun amid rejoicing and the pomp of a palace—a life full of bright hopes, and the centre of many ambitious plans. It was believed he was destined to rule over the mighty empire of France and have a large share in controlling the future of Europe. But men have to learn the lesson taught again and again in the history of the world, "that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will (Daniel 4: 17).

MR. VARLEY ON THE OCEAN.—AN ENRICHED HEIR.

MR. HENRY VARLEY, who has lately returned to England from his very successful evangelistic tour in Australia, said, in his able address at the Mildmay Conference:

"When in the United States I heard of a young man whose father had recently died. He left him a large estate encumbered with a very heavy mortgage. By the time the annual interest was paid on the debt there was little or no income left for him. It so happened that an English engineer was visiting the place, and he said, as he walked with him through the estate, 'I strongly suspect that you have both coal and iron beneath this soil.' 'Do you?' said the young man, his face lighting up at the very thought. Well, the result was that mines were opened on that estate, and in less than three years that young man had not only paid the interest but the mortgage, and was a wealthy man, by developing the resources that were there.

"Now, we are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ—the possessors of the unsearchable riches of Christ, but we must dig deep into the mine of our spiritual inheritance in order to come into the enjoyment of its spiritual wealth. Many Christians fail, through weakness of faith, to enjoy all the comfort and blessings and privileges which are their portion through God's gift to them of his Son Jesus Christ."

COME INTO THE ARK.

The Third Sermon Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage in England.

Preached at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Sunday, June 29th, 1879, and Specially Reported for the "Christian Herald."

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—Genesis, 7 : 1.

The Deluge—The Ark and its Inmates—Housed for Eternity—The Ark's Wide Door—The Pierced Side of Jesus—Richard Baxter—Man's Banquet and God's—Anecdotes of Rowland Hill, Luther, and Archimedes—God's Door of Mercy—"The Lord Shut Him In"—God's Consolation in Man's Bereavement—Procrastination and Sudden Death—"Come into the Ark Thou and all Thy Household"—The Young Couple Twice Married—A Father's Great Neglect—The Family Altar—A Poor Man's Love—Which Will You Spare?—The Three Railway Passengers.

We need no Bible to prove that there was a Deluge. The geologist's hammer asserts it. Sea-shells and marine formations on the top of the highest mountains show that the waters did really wash over the tops of the Alps and of the Andes. Just how the catastrophe occurred we know not. Whether by the stroke of a comet, or flashes of lightning changing the air into water, or by the direct stroke of the hand of God, as by the blow of an axe between the horns of a bull, the earth staggered.

To prepare for that catastrophe God ordered a large ship to be built, which should have no prow, for *it was to have no shore.* It should have no helm, for no human hand should direct it. It was to be a vast ship—two or three times the size of one of our Cunarders. It was

THE GREAT EASTERN OF OLDEN TIMES.

Well, the ship was built. The door was opened. The lizards crawled in. The cattle walked in. The grasshoppers hopped in. The birds flew in; and then the invitation went out to Noah and his family, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Just one human family embarked on that strange voyage, and they hear the door slammed to

There was a moaning in the air like the moaning of a dying world. How strange everything seemed! The air was almost suffocating. Great drops of rain plashed on the upturned faces of those who watched the coming tempest. Crash went the rocks. Boom went the bursting heavens. The inhabitants fled not to the top of the houses and the top of the mountains, as they have sometimes been described as doing, for when God grinds mountains to pieces and the ocean slips its cable, there is no place to fly to. See the old ark toss and pitch and tumble in the surf, while the passengers look out of the windows upon the shipwreck of a race and *the carcases of a dead world.*

I am no alarmist, but if in the latter part of September for three or four days you find the wind blowing from a stormy direction, you are not unwise when you prophesy that there will soon be the equinoctial gales; and I am to tell you of the coming of a storm on our world, compared with which our Noah's Deluge was an April shower; and it will be most wise for you and me and for our families to get ourselves *housed for eternity*, and the voice that rang through the air in olden times rings through this building to-night, saying, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

But how did Noah and his family get into the ark? Did they go through the window? Did they go down the roof? No, they went through the door; and if a man now wants to get into the ark of God's mercy he has got to go through the door of Christ Jesus; but, blessed be God, it is

A LARGE DOOR.

Do you know that scientists tell us, and in some of our museums we have seen them, of large beasts that belonged to other ages—some of them three or four times as great as the largest animal in our era? And yet the Bible says *they went in two and two.* And that indicates that the door must be *very wide, very high,* in order to let such vast animals go in two and two. That suggests to me also that the door of God's mercy is very wide. You can go in two and two—yea, thousands and thousands, and tens of millions—all comprising this audience to-night can march *en masse* into the kingdom of our God—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, plenty of room; and yet there is room, room in the ark, room for every one of us. Blessed be God for the wide door.

"Whosoever will." Richard Baxter, author of the "Saint's Rest," declared that if it had said there was mercy for Richard Baxter, he was so great a sinner that he would have thought it must have meant some other Richard Baxter; but when it said, "Whosoever," that meant him—the worst of all Richard Baxters. Glory be to God for so wide and so vast a door that all the world may come in.

But I notice also that the door of the ark was in the *side* of the ark, and so the door into God's mercy is through the pierced, the broken, the wide-open *side of Christ.* The Roman soldiers thought when they pierced Christ with a spear, it only let the *blood out.* Instead of that it was to let the *whole race in.* The cross has been taken apart; it was bolted together—the short piece and the long piece of the cross; but that bolt has been taken out, and those two pieces of the cross are set down for the door-posts, and they are so very wide apart that all the world may come in, and through and between.

A man makes a banquet for his friends. He is very particular who he invites. Perhaps he invites two or three hundred people. He puts their names on the paper of invitation. He invites them exclusively. Then, when they are gathered and the company is complete, the door is shut against all outsiders; but not so when God provides a banquet. He comes out to the doorposts and *swings out both hands*, one hand over the land and the other over the sea, and with a voice that sounds through Hindoo jungle, and Greenland ice-castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American home, cries, "Come, for all things are now ready."

Rowland Hill said he would be willing to go into heaven if he had to get through the crevices of the door; but he didn't get in that way. When that good man got through his work in Surrey Chapel, a voice in the heavens cried out, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in."

Luther said that this story of salvation was so good a story that it was fit to carry on one's knees all the way from Rome to Jerusalem. And I go further to-night, and tell you it is a story so good and glad and glorious that it is worth carrying all round the earth, and all round the heavens, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Archimedes said, if he had only a fulcrum with his lever he could move the world. Eureka!—I have found it. *Calvary* is the fulcrum, and the Cross of Christ is the lever, and it will yet lift all nations. Glory be to God for such a great salvation.

I have also to remark to you in regard to the door of God's mercy that

IT SWINGS BOTH WAYS.

I don't know about the door in the ark, whether it was lifted or whether it swung on hinges; but the door of God's mercy swings both ways. It swings *out* towards all our woes; it swings *in* towards all the raptures of heaven. It swings *in* to let the whole church of the Lord enter; it swings *out* to let all ministering spirits go forth. The church on earth, and the church in heaven—all one.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow,
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one cross, one Christ, one Holy Ghost, one Doxology, one heaven. The song of salvation will yet be heard amidst all languages, and amidst all peoples:

That song of love, now low, and far,
Ere long will swell from star to star,
That light the breaking day which tips
The golden-spired apocalypse.

But I remark again, in regard to the door of the ark, it had *fastenings.* How do I know it? Why, the Bible says so. "The Lord shut him in." Now there would be no safety for Noah and his family in the ark if there had not been fastenings in the door. We who have crossed the sea know how they close the port-holes and shut down the hatches. Why? Well, if there were no fastenings to these parts the wave would dash in, and those within would perish just as those on the outside. And we are gla to know that it was so here, for when Noah an his family got into the ark "the Lord shut ther in." Oh, what a safe place it is to be in th kingdom of God! The sea may cast its sur the heavens may be full of lightning, and ther may be a wreath of the snow of the surf and the fire of the heavens, but all those who are i the kingdom of God are safe. "The Lord shu him in."

That is what has kept so many of you safel You have lost your property. You once ha plenty of money to lend; now, perhaps, you ca not borrow a dollar. There was a time wh you rode in a splendid equipage; now you ca hardly get shoes to your feet. Financial disaste came; one wave after another came upon you the hurricane swept the deck of your world prosperity, and you felt that you must go dow but the Lord told you of stores of treasure th never fail and banks that never break, and y took courage and the Lord shut you in. Sic ness came to your household; death follow Bright eyes were closed. The swift feet th went up and down the hall were silenced. O how the waves of bereavement dashed agai your ship; but, standing by the empty cot, a in the midst of the desolated home, you sa "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken aw blessed be the name of the Lord." The L shut you in.

I am also impressed with the fact that same door that *shut Noah in shut the world* and I am glad that when you and I get i heaven

THE WORLD CAN'T FOLLOW US.

The man on earth perhaps had hard wor get his bread. "They shall hunger no mo The man on earth wept bitterly. "The La which is in the midst of the throne shall l them to living fountains of water, and God s wipe away all tears from their eyes." The m had hard work to get a house to live in; bu my Father's house are many mansions, and th is *no rent to pay.* All the sorrows in the w may come up and knock at the door—no ad tance. All the perplexities of life may c and knock at the door—no admittance. All surges of earth's calamity may beat against bulwarks of the ship of celestial light, but not dash in it. The Lord, the Lord, shall him in. "Blessed are all they who put t trust in Him."

I am glad that this evening I do not invite on board of a crazy craft, with leaking hulk insecure fastenings, but into an ark fifty c wide and three hundred cubits long, and posts of the door so wide apart that, wit grazing them, the *round earth may be bowlea*

Oh, come into the ark! You say it was strange with such a splendid ark that the p stayed outside and perished? Do you know reason? Why, I suppose some stood ou cause they thought that after a while they go in. They said to themselves, "I mus richer, I must get more flocks, I must cu my lands better." Or they may have "That ark has been open so long, it will tinue to be open; I can go in another ti The Lord waited 120 years in the case of N ark. These people all the time were del and procrastinating. Meanwhile, the he were filling with water and the storm was

They had come to their last year, to their last month, to their last week, to their last day, to their last hour, to their last minute; but suddenly an ocean dropped from heaven, and an ocean surged up from beneath, and God rolled earth and sky in one—a wave of awful destruction.

So men now put off religion. They are coming into the ark after a while, so they wait until they get more money, until they get their worldly affairs settled, till they are twenty or thirty years older; then they say, "I will go in at the right time, and I shall surely be safe." Meanwhile the man is going down the street very late one night, and he is passing beneath a scaffolding and a gust of wind takes one of the planks away, and down falls the scaffolding upon the man.

DEAD AND OUTSIDE THE ARK.

Or he is riding some day in a beautiful park, and an ungovernable team dashes along his carriage. He tries to stop. He shouts till he is hoarse. He plants his foot against the dashboard. He takes another twist in the reins. He holds back with all his might. No use. The horses speed on. The carriage goes down the path, and his soul hurries on to eternity. They bring back his mangled body from the wreck, but his soul is gone. He is dead and outside the ark.

Or some time he wakes up at night in great distress and much pain, and the pain constantly increases. The physician comes; he gives ten drops—no relief; twenty drops, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty—no relief. The house is filled with alarm. Children cry, the pulse flutters, the heart stops, the soul flies. No time to pray, no time to read a promise of the Gospel, no time to get pardon for one of ten thousand sins; dead, and *outside the ark.* Oh, God, keep us from such a calamity!

But I think that some of these people were kept out of the ark for

FEAR OF BEING LAUGHED AT.

I suppose a man to be starting towards that ancient ark, and people gather round and say, "Ha, ha! see, he's going into the ark; what an absurd thing! Why, there's going to be no storm, and if there is that ship won't outride it. Come and see him. Look! *this is too good to be.* Just look. Ha, ha! going into the ark!" And so the man turns back. He couldn't bear to be laughed at, and so he perished in the Deluge. And I suppose in this house there are hundreds of people who are being laughed out of their best interests.

They say, "If now to-night, under the call of the American preacher as he stands up in the Gospel, I should yield my heart to God, what would they say at the store, in the office, in the factory, in the club-room, when I went there to-morrow? Why they would say, 'Here comes our Christian, our new Christian. Don't believe you're any better than we are. If you are a Christian, get down and pray a little. Come now. If you have any religion at all, give us a touch of it. Let us see something of it. Ah! a pretty Christian you are.'" And for fear of being scoffed at and derided there are hundreds of people drawn away from God and heaven. Oh! these scorners, what can they do for you at all?

When you are on your dying pillow will they come to comfort you? In the great day of eternity will they bail you out? They can keep you out of heaven, but *can they keep you out of hell?* Oh come into the ark. Come into the ark and

DON'T COME ALONE.

Come thou and *all Thy house.* What does that mean? Bring your wife and children. You can't drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the birds, into the ark, they would have flown the other way. You can't drag people into the kingdom of God; you can't take a catechism and force it down the throat of your child, whether he will or not, and club that child into the kingdom of God: You can't do it. What does the Bible say? Is it "Christ was lifted up to *drive* all men unto Him?" Oh, no! I quoted the verse wrongly. It should have run, "I, if I be lifted up, will *draw* all men unto me." Well, then, come into the ark.

Oh, Christian man, bring your *wife* with you into the kingdom. How would Noah have felt if, when he had heard the storm rattling on the roof of the ark, his wife had been on the outside? Oh, I wish you would be united at the foot of the cross to-night. That wedding-ring, that marriage-ring, how well it has stayed on the finger where you put it on the marriage day. Sickness came, and with its wasting effects that finger was shrivelled, but, shrunken as the finger was, the ring stayed on it still. After a while you two stood over an open grave, the grave of your darling child, a grave that swallowed up a thousand hopes, but the ring didn't drop off into the open grave. Poverty came—hard and grinding poverty—and, oh! how she had to work, and hard work rubbed that ring, but only to wear it brighter and brighter, and it stayed on. Can it be that that ring is ever to be broken? Will the gates of the sepulchre break that ring? God forbid it! Oh, come to-night and be married at the foot of the cross.

As two young people said to me just before I left America one Sunday night, "Do you remember (it was the wife who spoke) marrying us a year ago?" I said, "Yes, I do." "Well, now," said the Christian wife, "I have brought my husband with me to-night, and he has become a Christian during this service, and I want you to marry us again under the Cross of Christ." And I said, "The Lord bless you: I proclaim the banns now for earth and heaven," and I put one hand on his head and the other hand on her head, and I said, "One for time, one forever." Oh, bring your wife into the ark!

And then your *children.* Do not leave any of them outside.

GOD BLESS THE CHILDREN!

How stupid our homes would be without them. We keep telling how much we do for our children; but our children do more for us. Is there any salve to take soreness out of a wound like the balmy touch of a child's hand? Is there any harp or lute so tuned to music as a child's good-night? "Good-night, papa; good-night, mamma." Oh, what preparation are you making for your children's eternal welfare?

You say, "I am going to give them a good education." That is right. You say, "I am going to culture them in good things." That is right. You say, "I am going to make a fortune for them." That is well. The better off you can make your children the better. There is a hard-working man who says, "I don't care how hard I work now and all through life, but I want my children to have it easy." God bless you for your determination and courage. It is a grand thing for you to want your children to do well for this life, but what preparation are you making for their eternal life? In the judgment, when God asks of you, "Where is Henry, where is George, where is Mary, where is Frank, where is Clarence, where are those precious, immortal souls I committed to your charge? you are responsible for their physical health, and I made you also responsible for their everlasting life, and what did you do for them? where are they?"

"Oh," said a young man, when he came to a dying bed, "Father, you have been a good father to me in many respects. You gave me a good education, and you have introduced me into good society, and you have done a great many noble things for me; but, father, you never taught me *how to die,* and now I am going out into the darkness." God forbid that any of our children should ever turn upon us in that way. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Oh, set up the family altar to-night. It will not be late when you get home. "What do you mean by the family altar?" I mean *a Bible and a place to kneel down.* That is all you want, and all heaven with you. Kneel down and pray. Pray for your children.

Have you a bad boy? Have you given him up? Oh, how could you give him up? Give him up! Give him up!! Did God give *you* up? Did He give me up? Oh, no. Don't give up your boy. Don't say he is so far off he can't get back. Why, God is so full of mercy that He would save him to-night if you only had faith enough. Don't give him up. Pray for him to the very last moment of your life. Let your last prayer be for your boy. He will come in. As a servant of the Most High God to-night I tell you *he will come in.* Don't be disheartened. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." You can't spare any of them. Think of which one you would like to spare.

On their western lake in America there was journeying

A FATHER WITH TWO DAUGHTERS,

and they were very poor. Their appearance told the story without the word of explanation. A very benevolent gentleman in that part came up to father and said, "You seem to be very poor." "Oh!" said the other, "if there's a man in this world poorer than I am, God pity him, and pity me, and help us both." "Well," said the benevolent man, "I will take one of those children and bring her up and make her very comfortable. I am a man of fortune, and you may find great relief in this way." "What," said the poor man. "What!—would it be a relief to have my hand chopped off my arm? Would it be a relief to have my heart torn out from my breast? What do you mean, sir? God pity us."

Ah! no, he could not give up either of them, and you cannot give up any of your family. Which one would you give up? The eldest? Or would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that was sick last winter? Would it be the husband? Would it be the wife? No, no. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Let us join hands anew and come into the ark. Come father, come mother, come sister, come brother, come son, come daughter. It is not the voice of a stormy blast, but the voice of an all-loving God, who says, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." The Lord shut him in.

There were once on a rail train three passengers travelling under very different circumstances. One passenger was a maniac. The mind, like a dismasted ship, was driving on a desolate coast. The train stopped. The man alighted and was taken to an asylum for the insane. There was another man on the train who was a condemned criminal. The officers of the law had seized him, and they were taking him to the penitentiary. Depravity and despair were depicted on that man's face. The train stopped; the man alighted, and was conveyed to his destination.

There was another person under far different circumstances on the train. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as the marriage-bell. Life beckoned and glittered. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train stopped. The old man met them. As he greeted her to her new home his white locks snowed down on her fair face, and he sealed his words of welcome with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly towards eternity. Soon we will be there. Some of us will leave this life perhaps condemned culprits. We refuse the pardon — we carry the chains. Oh, God grant that at the last it may be a greeting from our Father who shall come to welcome us to our new home with Him! Oh, that will be a marriage banquet — the Father's welcome, the Father's bosom, the Father's kiss — heaven, *heaven.*

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 614.)

Percival Interrupts Janie's Courtship — Her Sweetheart is not Ashamed of his Name—Percival Studies the Romish and Protestant Controversy, Aided by his Friend Alick Gogharty —Percival Enters Trinity College—Alick Gogharty becomes his College Chum—The Young Ireland Confederacy—Percival Joins this Political Brotherhood.

PERCIVAL was surprised at his servant's question.

"I don't quite understand you," said Percival to Mehaffey. "What do you mean by 'goings on'? Surely Janie is not permitting a piper to court her?" "What else, in the name o' wondher, can I mane?" said Jemmy, "whin I've caught thim over and over agin, tooth and nail at it. Begorrah, it's too bad!" and Jemmy said this with such energy that Percival saw at once there were personal reasons for Mehaffey's zealous guardianship of Janie. "Who is this piper, Jemmy?" he asked. "He's the wan," answered Mehaffey, "that—purshuin to him—brought her the news about her father on the night the mistress cum upon thim, and she wouldn't give her informer's name. He's wan they call Micky Haley—wan o' the most impudentist, consaited, and owdacious 'omedhawns' (fool) that ever stood on two legs and called hisself a man.

"Indade! I so hate his mane, sneakin' ways —cringin' and crouchin' like a dog round people's gates, walls, and areas, not to be seen by any wan in the house—that many's the time I was that aggravated I could hardly keep me hands off him."

Percival Montaigne could not restrain a loud laugh at Micky's torrent of invective; but all at once his thoughts reverted to the name of the piper which he had heard. "Micky Haley — Micky Haley?" he soliloquized. "Wherever did I hear that name? It sounds in some way familiar to my ear; and yet, for the life of me, I can't call to mind when or where I came across the owner of it."

No, nor would he ever have recalled the man to remembrance had not Mehaffey, taking breath after his long and loud explosion of wrath, said, "Janie tells me, sur, that you'll know who this 'droner and squeaker' is, for that you met him (her father tould her) on the night ye war lost in the bog." This statement of Jemmy's gave the needed clue, and in an instant Percival knew that Micky Haley was the man who told the president in the Ribbon meeting who he was, and who had brought down hot vengeance on his head by revealing that he was the heir to Sir Christopher's property.

Percival had felt annoyed at Janie's reported flirtation with a piper. He had formed a better opinion of her steadiness and prudence, and he would certainly have sharply remonstrated with her, and endeavored to put a stop in the future to such conduct on her part; but now that he knew who the Lothario was—a Ribbonman, and active in the service of that unlawful confederacy —he resolved to use the most summary method he could think of to get rid not only of Haley's visits to his mother's house, but to free the town of him altogether. "Tell me, Jemmy, the next time this man comes near the house," he said, "and I'll teach him better than to carry on such tricks. He must not be allowed to befool our Janie."

Jemmy was delighted to hear this from his young master. He had now an ally upon his side that would ensure him victory. He touched up his horse to a smarter pace, as though he imagined the animal's increased speed would in some way hasten the *denouement* he so coveted.

Two or three evenings after this conversation about the piper and Janie, Jemmy Mehaffey stole upstairs to Percival's room on tip-toe, although such precaution, so far from the garden gate, was absurd, as being perfectly needless, and putting his head through the half-opened door said, in an eager whisper, "Mr. Percival, sur, now's your chance. Janie's at the back gate, and Haley—confound the fellow!—has her close and fast in discoorse."

This description of the conversation was quite correct, for, as it happened, Haley was telling the girl of what a good arrangement her young master had made for settling her father "on no less, if you please," said he, "than on his own property; aye, and on a farm far superior to his holding from Squire Horton." Absorbed in this good news, and her heart full of joy and thankfulness, she never heard Percival's approach, so when he spoke to her she gave a start and a little scream, and passing quickly on one side of him, ran hastily up the garden walk and into the house.

Haley was imitating her in her escape when Percival, in a stern voice, called him back, and demanded to speak with him. "Your name is Haley," said Percival. "Yes, please yer honor," responded the piper; "at yer sarvice. Sure I'm not a-goin' to deny me name, for I ain't ashamed of it." "Perhaps not," said Percival, "but for all that I think you have no reason to be proud of it. Haley, you and I have met before, I know I need not tell you where; but if ever I catch sight of you near these premises again—and I'll be on the lookout for you—I'll inform the police who and what you are, and have you prosecuted. I'm amazed at your impudence to speak to any one living under my roof."

Haley was about to excuse himself by giving the ostensible reason of his coming, but Percival was too full of anger to hear him. "I want," said he, "to have no more to say or do with you, my good fellow, so the sooner you get from this the better." "I'd have gone afore," said Haley, sulkily, "if you only nad the manners to let me" — and muttering something like a curse he turned on his heel and disappeared in the darkness, still talking as he went. Had Percival heard his half-spoken words it might perhaps have given him an unpleasant feeling. He vowed "to have revenge in some way for this thratement, and may be at a time when the man who has insulted and threatened me will least expect it."

The time at length arrived which Mrs. Montaigne judged would be the period most expedient for her Percival to begin his university career. He was now twenty-one years of age, the date at which he would have entered into possession of the Percival estates had the old knight made his will according to the usual formula; as matters stood, however, four years were yet to transpire before he would reach that consummation; meanwhile he would have ample time to take his B.A. degree.

Some months had also yet to run before the two years would expire which he had promised Alick Gogharty should pass before he took any step in publicly declaring a change in his religious opinions. Alick had plied him with books upon the Roman Catholic and Protestant controversy, especially with Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants," and had often come over to Portarlington to discuss—and with a loving, Christian spirit it was done —the questions at issue between the systems of the Romish and the Reformed churches. As may be supposed, Percival, from these discussions and his own reading, discovered many things to shake his confidence in the opinions which, through Mr. Grant's subtle influence, had glided into his mind. Perhaps nothing so struck him as the Romish appeal to tradition, Papal rescript, and mere Church authority, as compared with Chillingworth's grand aphorism, that "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, is the religion of Protestants."

He did not, however, make known to Alick all the secret workings of his mind, and human pride kept him from fully acknowledging the rashness and hasty recklessness of his former proposed open recantation. He held himself as though yet in a state of suspense, and said he had made up his mind to say little about his purposes until his residence in Dublin would bring him into contact with the best representatives, on each side, of the rival churches.

Trinity College and Dublin University, who has not heard of it? Founded by the great Queen Elizabeth, and favored by the no less great Protector, Oliver Cromwell, in whose days John Owen, the most learned of all the Nonconformists, was its provost, it is the best monument in Ireland of English rule. As the *Alma Mater* of Ireland's most illustrious sons, what Irishman, Catholic, or Protestant, does not take pride in its learned halls? Here was nursed the genius of Berkeley, Swift, Goldsmith, Saurin, Burke, Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, Hamilton, and a host of others, not less stars of the first magnitude. The number of those is not small who would hardly refuse to say of her, as the Jews of old did of a more sacred foundation, "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces" (Ps. 122:7).

The entrance course of Trinity College at th period before us was a very extensive one—i has since been curtailed; but Percival passe his matriculation examination well, and hi name stood high in the pass list, and, to hi mother's great satisfaction when she heard it he was taken in for honors He got rooms i the new quadrangle, which a few years prev ously had been added to the college premise and Alick Gogharty was his chum, for Perciv had insisted that his friend, who had acted s nobly towards him, should accept, at least as loan, since he would not consent to take it a gift, the sum which was required to comple Alick's curriculum.

"You must not refuse me, old fellow, th pleasure and joy of doing this," said Perciva "if you do I shall be miserable, for I know th the change in your father's circumstances—you pardon me, won't you, for referring to this which has led to the idea of your staying do this term is altogether owing to your self-sac ficing zeal for me, and your chivalrous stand what you deem the right. There, now, Ali don't say a word to the contrary; the fact o is, I won't let you, and, to spare my own fe ings, I shall consider the matter as settled."

Alick, thus generously pressed, with a heart acceded to Percival's request, only mak it a condition that he should enter into a bo valid in law and in honor, to repay with inter whatever should be advanced to him, and t at the earliest possible opportunity.

The two friends were thus to renew their Portarlington relationship as daily comrades fellow-students. Jemmy Mehaffey, too, was the college, at the call of Percival, for to ac his valet or "gip" he had brought him u Dublin.

At this time the so-called Young Ireland C federacy was making a stir in the sister kingd It was formed by a large number of very cl and enthusiastic young men, who, impatien O'Connell's slow constitutional method of ing Ireland's claims, were resolved to set on revolutionary plans, if needful, for the att ment of their political objects. Not only man Catholics, but a considerable numbe Protestants likewise, had thrown themse into this party. It included poets, orators, writers for the press of no mean order, and enthusiastic, brilliant, and liberty-breathing sions moved to its depths the heart of t fourths of the kingdom.

Several of its most talented and earnest moters were undergraduates of the Univers a fact not only alarming to the senior fe and provosts of Trinity, but also to the executive. A club was secretly formed i College, and it will not surprise any one told that Percival, with his wavering reli views and hatred of landlord oppression, what we know had recently come before hi tice, was easily induced to become a meml the political brotherhood.

He had not long begun residence befo fell in with one or two members of the "earnest, open-hearted fellows," as ever itted them to be; and they, finding that his iments were a good deal in accord with their , introduced him to their political circle a further education in their ideas, plans, and poses. The fact of his joining the club he .. however, secret from Alick, who, he knew, nore cautious and careful in his resolves than self, would neither follow his example nor rove of it.

Where have you been, Percival?" said k to him, when he came in late one night n a club meeting. "Pardon me for asking, boy, but Charlie Lemaire has been. He e, at his father's request, to ask us both for dner at Rathgar, and he has left this note for y."

Oh! I've only been in Harry ——'s rooms," ied Percival. "There were a lot of right y fellows there, and we had a rare evening. hing, however, in the punch and dice line, know," he added, as he saw a light cloud ier over Alick's face, "but splendid signing speechifying."

Indeed!" said Alick. "Lucky dog! I, r wight, have been obliged to content myself h these Horace's Odes and Demosthenes's lippics, and that, you know, not in admiring ir music and eloquence, but with a long and some toil of digging at Geek roots and Latin ivations. Bother it! I wish I were done h it. But won't this evening at Mr. Lere's be a bright oasis, old fellow, in this des of the dead languages! And yet I shouldn't that, for I dearly love the classics, for if ir language be dead their thoughts are living; both Horace and Demosthenes were famous ows in their day; and, pagans though they e, and alas! often loose, at least the former, the world would be much poorer without at of their works has come down to us. But od-night, Percival; I'm off to hammock."

(*To be continued.*)

Ir. Spurgeon's Forty-sixth Birthday.—The ty-sixth anniversary of this event was celeted at the Stockwell Orphanage. A bazaar s held on the grounds, and also a public meet, at which Sir Charles Reed presided, the obt being to raise funds towards the purchase of ite adjoining the Boys' Orphanage for a simi institution for girls. This step was contemted in the erection of the existing buildings, d towards which 1000*l.* ($4850) of the 4000*l.* 9,400) required for the land had been preusly secured. Mr. Spurgeon's health is much proved.

This year there were special reasons for joy, *Mrs. Spurgeon was well enough*, for the first ne *for many years*, to be present at the *fête*, d people came from far and near to show how artily they wished their pastor many happy turns of the day, and how ready they were to llow him in his new undertaking. Mr. Spuron in his address spoke of the affection which e boys bore for himself. As soon as he owed his nose he was the centre of a sea of ys—boys to the right, boys to the left, boys erywhere. Whenever he was in the dumps thing did him so much good as a turn in the phanage.

The Rev. B. Cassin, a clergyman of the hurch of England, said, in the course of a ngratulatory address, 'the success of Mr. urgeon was due to his having preached the *ord* in season and out of season. Although was a Churchman, and a thorough-going one, d had received some precious hard knocks om Mr. Spurgeon, he had always felt that they ere the attacks of a friend. Mr. Cassin closed ith reciting the following acrostic which he ad made on Mr. Spurgeon's name:

S ervant of God, whose hand
P rovides thy every need,
U nwearied thou shalt stand,
R enowned for work and deed.
G lory shall crown above
E ach act of faith below,
O rphans who share thy love
N or want nor care shall know.

THREE SIGNS OF THE APPROACHING END.

By Rev. J. Seiss, D.D., of Philadelphia.

1. THE Scriptures very distinctly tell us that the period of Christ's Second Coming shall be *a period of abounding apostasy, scepticism, and wickedness* I need not repeat the passages on this point. "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man" (Luke 17:26). As Milton says, "The first peculiar sign of the Second Advent will be an extreme recklessness and impiety, and an almost universal apostasy." And what a distressing agreement to this do we find in the characteristics of the present times!

Look at Christendom itself. About one half of those who profess and call themselves Christians are wrapped up in the foul embrace of Popery, where it is the fashion, if not the law, to put aside the Scriptures as dangerous, to trust to the word of the priest for forgiveness, to pray to Mary as the great intercessor, to adore the Pope as the vicegerent of God, to hold for doctrines the mere commandments of men, and to look for admission into heaven through human works. The millions in the Greek and Oriental Churches are scarcely any better in regard to what concerns the vital matters of evangelical godliness.

And still further. Look at the moral and religious condition of the nations at large, even those that are called enlightened and Christian. See how crime flourishes and infidelity vaunts itself. What are our secular newspapers but registers of depravity, avarice, ambition, lawlessness, and sin? See the inefficiency of law or Gospel to restrain the violence of passion, or to keep under the brazen iniquity which rears its head aloft on every side. Behold your crowded infidel clubs, your besotted revolutionary combinations, and your hardened and daring propagandists of falsehood, treason, and all forms of social disruption.

See with what readiness people, reputed intelligent, take up with the lowest delusions, and stand forth as the abettors and defenders of some of the foulest emissions of hell, such as *spiritualism, universalism*, etc. Behold how even great men, professed theologians, editors, professors, lecturers, and men in high places of influence, adopt, advocate, and preach theories of pretended science and philosophy which unsettle the very foundations of piety and faith. What contempt for Christianity and callousness to its great truths do we encounter. And may we not conclude that "God will not, cannot, suffer this wicked world much longer?"

2. Another sign of the Saviour's Second Coming is to be found in *great revolutionary troubles, political perplexities, and vast national agitations.* The Saviour Himself and all the prophets have taught us this. And never have the universal political heavens been so shaken as in our day. When were human politics so confused, contradictory, and threatening as now? Look at them from one end of the world to the other. Who among the great ones of the earth can tell where he stands? Behold the strange alliances, the deep, sudden, and mysterious antipathies, the unforeseen combination of events, and the unknown tendencies of mighty inscrutable movements, which have been manifesting themselves all over the world in these last days.

Who can tell what shall be next? If it is war, who knows where it will end? If it is peace, who is sure that it will not prove the prelude to war? In either case, mighty dangers everywhere threaten. Democracy, republicanism, autocracy, and military despotism have about equal chances, and neither has any rational hope. As things now are, no conceivable human arrangements can steer clear of the mighty maëlstrom which seems to have drawn all the nations within the circle of its awful whirl.

Men of wisdom, men of Ahithophel astuteness, are at their wits' end, and the prudent and the far-sighted are growing wild with amazement and fear. With all that can be done, things refuse to bend to any mortal control. The ship answers no more to the helm. There is not a government on earth that is not quaking with commotion. Everything is moving, but whither politicians cannot tell (Haggai 2:7).

3. A third sign of the nearness of the end is *a stir and inquiry among many respecting Scripture prophecy*, leading to the conviction that Christ is at hand. This is set forth in two passages, the one in Daniel, the other in the Lord's prophecy in the twenty-fifth of Matthew. The passage of Daniel, 12:4, is, "O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, *even to the time of the end; many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.*" That is, in the period of the end, as Michaelis interprets, "many shall give their sedulous attention to the understanding of these things;" or, according to an old marginal note in an old English Bible, "many shall ran to and fro to search the knowledge of these mysteries." Dr. Gill thus explains the passage: "Towards the time of the end appointed, many shall be stirred up to inquire into these things delivered in this book, and will spare no pains or cost to get a knowledge of them; and, with the blessing of God upon them, the knowledge of this book of prophecy will be increased, things will appear clearer and plainer the nearer the accomplishment of them." Luther's rendering of it is as follows:—"And now, Daniel, shut up these words, and seal this book, until the last times; when many shall come over it, and find great understanding." Coke, Clarke, Henry, and Duffield understand the passage in the same way and concerning the same period of the end—"*The wise shall understand.*" And as the result of all this inquiry and enlightenment on the subject of prophecy, the Saviour tells us that "*then* shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins which went out to meet the bridegroom, and *there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him*" (Matthew 25:6).

And how evidently and significantly has this mark of the end been manifesting itself within the last fifty years! Though the multitude still turn from prophecy as from a sealed book, yet what a stir, anxiety, and study has it awakened in many earnest minds! By some in every denomination, and in every Christian country, the subject is being studied and agitated. Everywhere there are men of God proclaiming the great doctrine of Christ's speedy coming to reign with his saints upon the earth.

In England, in Scotland, in France, in our own country, in Germany, in Norway, in Russia, in India, in the isles of the sea, the cry has been raised, "BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH; GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM!" Never, never, since the days of the early Christians, has there been so much earnest longing, expecting, preaching, believing, and praying upon the subject of the nearness of Christ's coming. The interest, the study, and the faith are by no means as general as they should be, but general and intense, enlightened and earnest enough to warrant us in saying that this sign of the end has papeared.

A Physician's Testimony.—Dr. Tilbury Fox, who recently died, was a physician to University College Hospital, London, and widely known for his medical writings. He was a Fellow of University College, and was appointed Lettsomian Lecturer to the Medical Society of London in 1869 and 1870. He was also one of the editors of our able medical contemporary the *Lancet*, the last number of which contained the following interesting paragraph: Dr. Tilbury Fox left a written request that it should be reported of him in any obituary notice that might appear in the *Lancet*, "I die a Christian in the now, I fear, much despised sense of that term, a 'simple believer in Jesus Christ as a personal living and loving Saviour,' without any righteousness of my own, but perfect and secure in His: and that 'I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him until that day.'"

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

The proprietor has received the following endorsement of the journal from Dr. Talmage since the latter's arrival in England:

I heartily commend to the public the Christian Herald which gives accurate reports of my sermons and contains much interesting, instructive & evangelical matter. I trust that its large circulation will continue to increase.

London June 12. 1879

T. De Witt Talmage

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Present Lull in Politics is Enjoyable after the scenes of the extra session. It will unfortunately be of short duration, as the fall campaign must shortly commence.

Less has been heard lately of the proposition to try for a third term for Gen. Grant, and the current in favor of a Republican nomination of Secretary Sherman increases. A general impression exists that Mr. Tilden will secure the Democratic nomination, but should he do so it will not be unanimous nor enthusiastic.

The Yellow Fever Accounts from Memphis, were more reassuring a few days since, but have again assumed an alarming character. Physicians advise all persons who can leave the city to do so immediately. Nearly every wholesale house of prominence has made arrangements and is busily engaged in shipping its stock to other cities. A run through the wholesale groceries of the city reveals the *startling information* that there are not provisions sufficient in the entire city to last two weeks. By Monday every wealthy man will have left the city, and then will come the crisis. The poor people must be fed, and the question naturally arises, who will feed them? Upon the first outbreak of the fever, merchants began reducing their stocks, until the situation is as stated. It is the desire of the officials that all should leave the city, but there are thousands of poor people here who cannot go unless furnished transportation, and even then would have to be fed after having been driven from home.

The cessation of all business throws fully 10,000 people upon the charity of the world, and the future to them is indeed anything but cheering. Even were all to go into camps, as it is proposed, they would still have to be furnished with the necessaries of life. These stubborn facts are staring the people in the face, and what the ultimate result will be depends in a great measure upon the wisdom and sound policy of a few citizens who will be left to battle with the disease and the demands of the pauper multitude.

A citizens' relief committee will doubtless be organized and suggest some plan whereby those poor people who have no means can be sent to a place of safety. The government will doubtless be called upon to aid the committee by furnishing tents and supplies. It is the purpose of those in authority to *depopulate the city*, if such a thing can be accomplished, but it is feared the task will be impossible, as there are hundreds who will not go and cannot be driven away, preferring to remain and take the chances of death, if free rations are served them.

An Investigation of the Sanitary State of New York streets has been published, and reveals a condition of things which is, to say the least of it, very alarming. The heaps of garbage in the open streets with the putrefying bodies of dead cats on them, reeking filth running in the gutters, are to be seen in many places where crowded tenement houses abound. The report says: "In many parts of the city the sidewalks were one mass of filth. To describe this dirt would require the careful analysis of a first class chemist. Decayed vegetables formed the bulk of it; but lying closely around were clam shells, dirty straw, pigs' feet, all piled into various heaps, and some of these surmounted by cast-off straw and felt hats, others by old boots and hoopskirts. Tomatoes, in their natural state, never failed to add color, if not flavor, to the piles; but disgusting as were these heaps, they were, nevertheless, not so offensive as the garbage boxes lining and fringing the sidewalks, where hundreds of women and children were perambulating and inhaling the foul gases that were constantly rising from them." This with the thermometer registering 101 *in the shade*, as it did last week, is extending an invitation to pestilence.

A Ship Canal for Florida is again under Consideration, and this time with better prospects of realization. It is asserted that M. de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, is ready to undertake the work, providing the Federal Government will grant him a charter securing his rights in times of peace and of war.

The line of the canal is to run from a point on the St. John's River on the Atlantic side to a point on the Suwanee on the Gulf, and the intervening space to be dug out is said to be only sixty miles long. This is a shorter distance than the Suez Canal, which is eighty miles in length, and the soil of Florida presents no difficulties in the way of construction. M. Lesseps will not ask pecuniary assistance from the Government, as he considers the canal will be a commercial success. The journey from New York to New Orleans by this route would be reduced to *four days*, and the most dangerous point in the passage would be avoided. It is believed that the work including the harbor accommodations might be concluded in three and a half years.

Sunday Excursions.—Those who Advocate excursions on Sundays as a necessary relief to overworked humanity in cities should notice the report of what occurred on board a steamer which left New York on Sunday last and was returning in the evening. A crowd of drunken men commenced to quarrel violently. "When a fallen drunkard had been raised to his feet by one of the party, who tried to remove him to the front of the boat, he became violent, pulled away and struck his friend a damaging blow in the eye. The ruffians then clinched, and at this point a policeman rushed on the scene, and with a good deal of difficulty parted the antagonists. The companions of these brawlers attempted to prevent the arrest of the most intoxicated one of the party, and several of the deck-hands and another policeman joined in the trouble. Clubs were drawn and laid right and left, oaths were uttered, chairs were knocked over, a crowd gathered about the struggling men, and for a time the whole after-part of the main deck was a scene of wild disorder, which was ended by the removal of the chief cause of the disturbance to a place of security forward. The whole scene lasted from twenty to thirty minutes. It was remarked by respectable looking persons who were present that they should think *uo decent person* who saw such occurrences on the boat would care to make a second Sunday trip.

Dr. Talmage in England.—The New York *Herald* publishes the following cable despatch from its English correspondent describing the hearty reception accorded to the eloquent preacher:

"The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached and lectured ten times during the past week. On Tuesday he lectured at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The trains from London thither took down immense crowds, and it was estimated tha from twenty to thirty thousand persons listene to or at least saw the lecturer. The Marquis o Townsend presided. On Wednesday and Saturday Dr. Talmage lectured in Exeter Hall Lord Kintore presided, and many of the nobilit were present. During the week the Brookly divine has addressed no less than from *sevent to eighty thousand people.*"

An Ocean Steamer Wrecked.—The State o Virginia, of the State Line Company, whic sailed from New York on July 10th, was unhappily lost on Saturday, the 12th, on the treacherous sands off Sable Island. She ran into a dens fog on Friday, and struck, seven miles off th south end of Sable Island, on Saturday evenin at eight o'clock. She had fortunately but fe passengers; but of these, nine—*all women an children*—were drowned by the capsizing of lifeboat which had come out from the island t the rescue, and which was overturned in th surf when near the land.

Dead-Sea Fruit would be an Appropriate Nam for the plunder secured by the robbery of th Manhattan Bank in New York on October 2 1878. The burglary was cleverly planned, an was executed with consummate skill. Th thieves had secured confederates outside th bank and inside, they had allies in the employe of the bank and in the police force, and the Pre ident of the bank had unwittingly played in their hands by entrusting a humble employ with the secret method of opening the sa Thus everything seemed to run in their fav and they plundered the bank of three and a h millions of dollars. But from the moment th gained possession of their booty the curre turned against them. The action of Congr in issuing duplicate bonds made a large porti of the proceeds valueless, and a considerable su of the remainder was disbursed in bribes to eff the defeat of the measure. Further sums we in bribes in other quarters until the remna must have been a contemptible sum as comp sation for their labor and risk. Finally, t treachery of an accomplice caused the arrest the gang, and the leader has now been senten to *twenty years' imprisonment.* All they ha netted by their plot has been a heavy pena and the loss of their apparent gains. They ha learned at a fearful cost the truth of the scr tural warning, that God disappoints the devi of the crafty (Job 5:12).

Slips of Rose Geranium are Asked for by t flower distributors connected with the Rivi ton Street Flower Mission in New York, w are kept busy distributing the large quantit of flowers that arrive by railroad, steamboat, a mail for the sick and poor of the tenem houses. Since May 50,000 bouquets and pla have been given away. The distributors constantly asked for slips of rose geraniu which poor families plant in old cans or bo with soil gathered from the street, and the perintendent of the mission would be glad to ceive these little gifts which will tend to brigh homes in which bright things are scarce (M 10.42).

The Gospel Pavilion of the Young Men's Christian Association has been opened for the ummer in Brooklyn. It is a wooden building, octagonal in shape, with two cupolas on the roof which serve as air-shafts. The ceiling is painted light blue, the sides in French gray. The uditorium seats 610 persons, and with extra hairs will accommodate 750. At one end is a arge platform, seating ninety persons, designed or the choir and speakers. Situated in a conpicuous position by the wayside, it will doubtless ttract multitudes who would otherwise spend he afternoon aimlessly in the Park, and the truth proclaimed within its walls may find a lodgment n many hearts.

A Veteran Heroine of the Yellow Fever truggle is Mary Ann, or "Grandma" Wilson, as he is called, *a vender of peanuts* in New Oreans, an industrious, cheerful, withered old woman, who has plied her humble calling in St. Charles Street for more than forty years. She is he most famous yellow-fever nurse in the South —a fact which one would never learn from her wn lips. She took excellent care of patients uring the prevalence of the scourge there in 837, and again in 1853 she was faithfully at her ost. Two years later, when the fever raged at Norfolk, she went there and rendered efficient ervice. She went at other seasons to Savannah nd Memphis, and did her utmost to relieve hose who had been attacked by the pestilence. Last summer found her at Grenada, where for hirty-eight days and nights she battled with the isease, ministering to the sick and dying with a enderness and devotion not to be exceeded. She may still be seen in St. Charles Street sellng peanuts, apparently unconscious that she had done anything more than her plain duty.

The Cost of Superstition is Occasionally a erious one. It has involved a Nevada miner in he loss of a fortune. While sinking a shaft in owa Gulch with the most sanguine expectaions, he found a dead cat in his shaft. Being a uperstitious man, he looked upon it as an evil omen. The thought distressed him; he could not work, and, after many vain efforts, he finally hrew down his tools and concluded that he would go down and try to divert his mind a litle. Accordingly, he went to town, where he abandoned himself to drinking and dissipation, his debauch lasting for several days. Meanwhile some men who had started a hole close to his shaft struck mineral and surveyed him in, whereby he lost a fortune.

The Secret of Success was Explained Last week at the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting. A business man who had achieved a remarkable uccess, said that the foundation of it might be ound in Proverbs 3:5, 6. The Bible was the best book for the business man, and its rules for he counting-house, store, office, mill, or factory could not be equalled. It prevented worry, and worry kills more people than overwork. The Bible says, "Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed on thee" (Isaiah 26:3).

The German Emperor's Religious Views.—At the commemoration festival of a religious society connected with the Cathedral in Berlin, he Emperor, after the service and ceremony were over, spoke to the following effect: "If here is anything capable of acting as a stay to us in the life and turmoil of the present time it s the support alone to be found in Jesus Christ. Let not yourselves, therefore, be misled, gentlemen, by the tendencies prevailing in the world, especially in our days, and do not join the great multitude who either entirely leave the Bible out of account as the only source of truth, or alsely interpret it. *The ground and rock to which I and all of us must cling* is the unadulterated faith as taught us by the Bible. There are many who do not pursue the same path; every one does as best he can, according to his knowledge and his conscience, shaping in conformity therewith all his acts and all his ways. I esteem, honor, and tolerate them; each one can act as his conscience dictates, but all must, nevertheless, build on the ground alone of the Bible and the Gospel."

Prayer and Physic.—Dr. G. de Gorrequer Griffith writes: "Recently I have had under my care a young girl suffering from acute rheumatic fever. She had got inflammation of the heart and its encasings. Her sufferings were excruciating. She seemed almost beyond the power of drugs. I, however, continued them, praying for a blessing on their use, and the preservation of her life, if God saw fit. I could not ascertain that she had prepared to meet God. One evening she seemed to be dying, the father told me. Suddenly, when at the worst, she said, 'I see the angels coming for me; see, father, here they come!' The agonized father had prayed for the life of his child, and now redoubled his entreaties. As he prayed, she said in a disappointed tone, 'Ah, father, they are not coming for me now: they have turned back!' I arrived soon after, and pronounced that she was not dying; that she was really better than when I had seen her in the morning, and that now the probabilities of recovery were more in her favor. Of course I continued the means for bringing about such an end, for 'faith without works is dead,' and she convalesced rapidly."

The Poisoned Missionaries.—An Investigation has been made as to the death by poison at New Guinea of the six native teachers connected with the London Missionary Society, mentioned in the Christian Herald June 5th. On hearing of the sad affair the Rev. J. Chalmers immediately visited the eastern shore of New Guinea and examined the natives at Isuisu, where the teachers were located. The natives denied that they had poisoned the teachers; but *they were ready to give compensation for the deaths.* The people said that the poisoning was done by a sorcerer named Nauagere, at the request of some natives of Isuisu, who wanted the goods of the teachers. Mr. Chalmers found that the boxes had been broken open and the goods stolen. He was urged to lead an expedition against Nauagere and take revenge on him. "Let us," said the people, "go and take Nauagere. *We should like to eat him.*" This proposal Mr. Chalmers of course declined.

The missionaries and teachers are still continuing their work in the neighborhood, notwithstanding that they are working among cannibals, and their lives are in constant peril.

The Crippled Praying Child.—Mr. Moody says:—"I once knew a little cripple who had given herself to God, and was distressed because she could not labor for him actively among the lost. Her pastor visited her, and, hearing her complaint, told her that from her sick-bed she could offer prayers for those whom she wished to see turning to God. He advised her to write the names down, and then pray earnestly; and then he went away, and thought of the subject no more. Soon a feeling of great religious interest sprang up in the village, and the churches were crowded nigthly. The little cripple heard of the progress of the revival, and inquired anxiously for the saved. A few weeks later she died, and among a roll of papers that was found under her little pillow was one bearing the names of fifty-six persons, every one of whom had in the revival been converted. By each name was a cross, by which the crippled saint had checked off the converts as they had been reported."

A Welsh Minister, a Man of God, beginning his sermon, leaned over the pulpit, and said with a solemn air, "Friends, I have a question to ask. *I* cannot answer it. *You* cannot answer it. If an angel from heaven were here *he* could not answer it. If a devil from hell were here *he* could not answer it!" Death-like silence reigned. Every eye was fixed on the speaker. He proceeded, "The question is this, '*How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?*'" (Heb. 2.)

The First Volume of the "Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times," comprising Nos. 1 to 36, from October 24th, 1878, to June 26th, 1879, will shortly be ready, and may be had, bound in cloth, for $2.50, on application at this office, 63 Bible House, New York.

OUR CHANGE OF MASTERS.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness."—Romans 6:18.

Man's Place in Creation—A Master and a Servant—The Brute in Man—The Spirit's Strife with the Brute—An Interregnum Impossible—I. Our Change of Masters—1. Our Old Master—His Livery—Servant out of Livery—Go-Betweens—Out-Door Servants—2. How we became Free—By Purchase—By Our Death—By Our Resurrection—3. Our New Master—II. Why we Changed Masters—The Old Service was Shameful and Unprofitable—What the New Service brings us—III. The Consequences of the Change—Haydn and the Music Seller—Entire Devotion—No Restraint Needed.

Man was made to rule. In the divine original he was intended for a king, who should have dominion over the beasts of the field, and the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea. He was designed to be *the lord-lieutenant* of this part of creation, and the form of his body and the dignity of his countenance betoken it. He walks erect among the animals, while they move upon all-fours; he subjugates and tames them to perform his will, and the fear and dread of him is upon all creatures, for they know their sovereign.

Yet is it equally true that *man was made to serve.* At his beginning he was placed in the garden to keep it, and to dress it, and so to serve his Maker. His natural feebleness, his dependence upon rain, and sun, and dew, his instinctive awe of an unseen and omnipotent spirit, indicate that he is not the chief of the universe, but a subordinate being, whose lot it is *to serve.* We find within man various powers and propensities seeking to get dominion over him, so that his mind also is capable of servitude. The appetites which are essential for the sustenance of his bodily frame, even such as eating and drinking, endeavor to master him, and if they can they will do so, and reduce him below the level of the swine.

Man is in part spirit, but he is also in part animal, and the animal strives to get dominion over the spiritual; and in many, many men it does so, till they are utterly degraded. Nothing can be worse than a soul enslaved by such a body as that of man. The brute nature of man is the worst sort of brute. There is no beast in wolf, or lion, or serpent that is so brutish as *the beast in man.* Did I not tell you last Sabbath day that whereas, according to the Levitical law, he that touched a dead animal was unclean till the evening, he who touched a dead man was unclean seven days, for man is a seven times more polluting creature than any of the beasts of the field when his animal nature rules him.

If evil aims at ruling man, the good Spirit also strives with him. When God of His infinite mercy visits man by his Spirit, that Spirit does not come as a neutral power to dwell quietly within man, and to share his heart with the Prince of Darkness, but he enters with full intent to reign. Hence there is a conflict which cannot be ended by an armistice, but must be carried on to the end, and that end will be found either in the driving out of the evil or in the thrusting out of the good; for one or the other, either the Prince of Darkness or the King of Light, will have dominion over man

MAN MUST HAVE A MASTER:

he cannot serve two masters, but he must serve *one.* Of all sorts of men this has been true, and it has perhaps been most clearly seen in those who were evidently made to *lead their fellow men:* it is especially seen in such a man, for instance, as Alexander, a true king of men, so heroic and great-hearted that one does not wonder that armies were fired with enthusiasm by his presence, and drove everything before them.

Alexander conquered the world, and yet on occasions he became the captive of drunkenness and the bondsman of his passionate temper. At such times the king of men, the vanquisher of armies, was little better than a raving maniac.

Look for further illustration at the busts of the emperors of Rome, the masters of the world; study their faces, and mark what groveling creatures they must have been. Rome had many slaves, but he who wore her purple was *the most in bonds.* No slave that ground at the mill, or died in the amphitheatre, was more in bondage than such men as Tiberius and Nero, who were the bond-slaves of their passions.

High rank does not save a man from being under a mastery: neither does learning nor philosophy deliver men from this bondage, for the teachers of liberty have not themselves been free, but it has happened as the apostle saith, "While they promise them liberty they themselves are the servants of corruption." Solomon himself, with all his wisdom, played the fool exceedingly; and though he was the most sagacious ruler of his age, he became for awhile completely subject to his fleshly desires.

Man is born to be a servant, and a servant he must be. *Who shall be his master?* That is the question. Our text proves the point with which I have started, for it speaks of "being made free from sin," and in the same breath it adds, "Ye became the servants of righteousness." *There is no interregnum:* there does not appear to be a moment left for an independent State, but out of one servitude we pass into another.

Do not think I made a mistake in the use of the word servitude; I might have translated the Greek word by that of slave, and have been correct. "Being made free from sin, ye were enslaved to righteousness." The apostle makes an excuse for using the figure, and says, "I speak after the manner of men, because of the infirmity of your flesh." He did not know how else to describe it, for when we come from under the absolute power of sin we come at once into a like subjection to righteousness; as we were governed and swayed by the love of sin, so we become in a similar manner subject to the forces of grace and truth.

Man passes from one master to another, but he is *always in subjection.* Free will I have often heard of, but *I have never seen it.* I have met with will, and plenty of it, but it has either been led captive by sin or held in blessed bonds of grace. The passions drive it hither and thither like a rolling thing before a whirlwind; or the understanding sways it, and then, according as the understanding is darkened or enlightened, the will acts for good or evil. In any case the bit is in its mouth, and it is guided by a power beyond itself.

However, I leave that question, and call attention this morning first of all to *our change of masters*—"Being made free from sin, we become the servants of righteousness": secondly, to *the reasons for that change;* and thirdly, to *the consequences of that change.*

I. We begin with *our change of masters.* We must have a master, but some of us by divine grace have made a change of masters infinitely to our advantage. In describing this inward revolution we will begin with a word or two upon

OUR OLD MASTER.

The apostle says in the verse preceding our text, "*Ye were the servants of sin.*" How true that is! Those of us who now believe, and are free from sin, were all without exception the servants of sin. We were not all alike enslaved, but we were all under bondage

Sin has its liveried servants. Did you ever see a man dressed in the full livery of sin? A fine suit, I warrant you! Sin clothes its slave with rags, with shame, and often with disease. When fully dressed in Satan's uniform the sinner is abominable, even to his fellow sinners. If you want to see sin's liveried servants dressed out in their best or their worst, go to the prison, and you will find them there; or go to the dens of infamy in this great city, or to the liquor-bars, or to the places of vicious amusement, and you will find them there. Many of them wear the badge of the devil's drudgery upon their backs in poverty and rags, upon their faces in the blotches born of drunkenness, and in their very bones in the consequences of their vice. *Satan has regimentals* for his soldiers, and they are worthy of the service.

But great folks have many servants who are out of livery, and so has sin. We were not all open transgressors before our new birth, though we were all the servants of sin. There are many slaves of evil whom you would not know to be such if you only saw the surface of their characters. They do not swear, or steal, or commit adultery, or even break the Sabbath outwardly; on the contrary, they are most moral in their conduct. They stood up and sung the hymn just now, they bowed their heads in prayer, and they are now listening to the sermon, and no one will know the difference between them and the servants of Christ by their exterior; but at heart they reject the Son of God, and refuse to believe in Him, for they love the pleasures of sin and the wages of unrighteousness.

Hypocrites are worse slaves than any others, because they are laid under the restraints of religious men without enjoying their consolations, and they practise the sins of the ungodly without their pleasures. Every hypocrite is *a fool and a coward;* he has not the will to serve the Lord, and yet he has not the courage to serve the devil out and out. These go-betweens are of all sorts of people the most to be pitied and the most to be blamed.

As long as we are unbelievers we are the servants of sin, but we are not all *out-door servants of sin.* Sin has its domestic servants who keep quiet, as well as its *soldiers who beat the drum.* Many keep their sin to themselves: nobody hears of them in the street, they raise no public scandal, and yet at heart they are the faithful followers of wickedness and rebellion. Their idols are set up in secret chambers, but they are heartily loved. Their desires and aspirations are all selfish, but they try to conceal this fact even from themselves; they will not serve God, they will not bow before his Son, and yet they would shrink from avowing their rebellion. They are amiable, admirable, and excellent in their outward deportment; but they are *the in-door servants* of Satan for all that, and their heart is full of enmity against God.

There are, however, many believers, who were once out-door servants of Satan, sinning openly and in defiance of all law. I thank God that there are some here who are now the servants of Christ, upon whom I can look with great delight, although they were once the open, overt, zealous, diligent servants of the devil. Now they are washed, renewed, and sanctified. Glory be to God for it.

2. HOW CAME WE TO BE FREE?

We have become free in three ways. First, by *purchase,* for our Saviour has paid the full redemption money for us, and there is not a halfpenny due upon us. Blessed be His name, there is no mortgage on His inheritance; the price is all paid and we are Christ's unencumbered property forever. Here we stand at this moment free, because we are ransomed, and we know that our Redeemer liveth. Our body, soul, and spirit are all bought with a price, and in our complete manhood we are Christ's.

2. We are free in a strange way. According to the chapter in which we find our text we are free because *we have died.* If a slave dies, his master's possession in him is ended. The tyrant can rule no longer, death has relaxed his hold. "He that is dead is free from sin." Sin comes to me and asks me why I do not obey its desires. I have a reply ready. "*Ah, Master Sin, I am dead!* I died some thirty years ago, and I do not belong to you any more. What have you to do with me?"

3. *We have risen again.* According to Paul's teaching we have risen in the resurrection of Christ: a new life has been given to us: we are new creatures in Christ Jesus. We are not the same people that we once were; old things have passed away, behold all things have become new. If some of you were to meet your old selves you would not know yourselves, would you? My old self does not know me, and *cannot make me out.* I am dead to him as to his reigning power, and buried too, so that I can never be his subject, nor can he ever be the king of my heart, yet he struggles to dwell within me, and seems to have *as many lives as a cat.*

Every now and then my old self sneeringly cries to my true self, "What a fool you are." My true self answers, "No, I was a fool when you had sway, but now I have come to my right mind." Sometimes that old self whispers, "There is no reality in faith," and the new self replies, "There is no reality in the things which are seen. This world is a shadow, but heaven is eternal." "Ah," says the old self, "you are a hypocrite." "No," says the new self, "I was false when I was under your power, but now I am honest and true." Yes, brethren, we are risen with Christ: with Him we died and were buried, and with Him we are risen, and hence we are free.

OUR NEW MASTER.

3. Now, the third part of this change of masters is this—"*ye became the servants of righteousness.*" So we have done, and we are now in the possession of righteousness and under its rule. A righteous God has made us die to sin: a righteous God has redeemed us: a new and righteous life has been infused into us, and now righteousness rules and reigns in us. We do not belong to ourselves, but we yield ourselves up entirely to the Redeemer's sway through His Spirit and the more completely He rules us the better

The text says we are enslaved to righteousness, and so we wish to be. We wish we wer so enslaved that we could not even will a wron thing nor wish an evil thing. We desire to giv ourselves up wholly and absolutely to the divin sway, so that the right, and the true, and th good may hold us in perpetual bonds. W abandon ourselves to the supremacy of God, an we find our liberty in being entirely subjecte to the will of the Most High. This is a chang of masters with which I know that some of yo are well acquainted. I am afraid, however, th others of you know nothing about it. May th Lord grant that you may be made to know it b fore you go to sleep to-night. May you be d livered from the black tyrant and brought in the service of the Prince of Peace, and th straightway.

II. Secondly, let us survey

THE REASONS FOR OUR CHANGE.

How do we justify this change of masters? man who makes frequent shifts is not good f much. But we changed our old master becau he never had any right to us, and we w illegally detained by him. Why should sin ha dominion over us? Sin did not make us, sin d not feed us, sin has no right to us whatever; never owed it a moment's homage; we are debtors to the flesh to live after the flesh.

Our old master cannot summon us for des tion, for *he stole our services.* Besides, our master was as bad as bad could be. You ne saw his portrait; but he that would paint a ture of sin would have to put upon the can all the monstrosities that ever existed, and the horrors that were ever imagined, and the would have to be exaggerated and conden into one, before they could fairly depict the formity of sin. *Sin is worse than the devil,* sin made the devil a devil; he would have b an angel if it had not been for sin. Oh, w would serve the destroying tyrant who of cast down even the stars of light and tur angels into fiends?

We ran away from our old master becaus *had never any profit at his hands.* The apo says, "What fruit had he then?" Ask drunkard, "What did you get by the drin Who hath woe? Who hath redness of eyes? Ask the spendthrift what he ga by his debauchery. He would hardly lik tell you, and I certainly should not like to peat his tale. Ask any man that lives in what he has gained by it, and you will fi is all loss; sin is evil and only evil, and continually. We have found that out, therefore we have quitted the old master taken up with the new.

Beside that, our old masters, sin, brought us *shame.* There was no honor in serving him. His work is called by Paul, "those things whereof ye are now ashamed." We are in the sight of God, ay, and in our own sight, ready to blush scarlet at the very thought of the evil in which we once took delight. Sin is a groveling, mean, despicable thing, and we are ashamed of having been connected with it. Moreover its wages are death, and this is dreadful to think upon. Sin at one time was pleasant to us, but when we found out that sin led its servants down to hell, and plunged them into fire unquenchable, we renounced its rule, and found another lord.

But why did we take up with our new Master? We could not help it, for it was He that set us free; it was He that bought us, it was He that fought for us, it was He that brought us into liberty. Ah, if you could see Him you would not ask us why we became His servants. In the first place, we owe ourselves wholly to Him; and in the next place, if we did not, He is so altogether lovely, so matchless, and so charming, that if we had a free choice of masters we would choose him a thousand times over, for He is the crown and glory of mankind, among the sons there is none to be compared to Him.

III. In the third place, and very practically, I want to talk to those who are servants of God upon

THE CONSEQUENCES OF THIS CHANGE.

Ye have become the servants of righteousness, and the first consequence is that you belong wholly to your Lord. Have you recognized this? I know numbers of Christian people—I hope they are Christian people, for in some points they seem as if they were—but if I were asked to look at their lives, and give an opinion as to whom they belong, I should be compelled to say, "They seem mostly to belong to themselves." To whom does their property belong? "To themselves." To whom does their time belong? "To themselves." To whom does their talent belong? "To themselves." As far as I can see they lay all out upon themselves, and live for themselves. And what do they give to God? If they are rather generous they give Him the candle-ends and the parings of the cheese, and little odds and ends, threepenny-bits, and things they do not want, and can give without missing them.

There are hundreds of professors who never gave God anything that cost them a self-denial; no, not so much as going without a dish on the table, or a picture on the wall, or a ring on the finger. There are numbers of professing Christians who spend a deal more *on the soles of their boots* than on Christ, and many women who spend more on the feathers and the flowers which deck their bonnets than on their Saviour. Yes, and I have heard of men who said they were perfect, and yet they were worth half a million of money, and were hoarding up more! Sinners dying and being damned and missionaries without support, and yet these absolutely perfect men are piling up gold and letting the cause of Christ stop for means. It is not my theory of perfection, nay, it does not seem to me to come up to the idea of a common Christian who says he is not his own.

What next? Why, because you are Christ's His very name is dear to you. You are not so His slave that you would escape from His service if you could; no, but you would plunge deeper and deeper into it. You want to be more and more the Lord's. His very name is sweet to you.

Haydn, the great musician, one day walked down a London street, and turning into a music-seller's shop, he asked the salesman if he had any select and beautiful music. "Well, sir," said he, "I have some sublime music by Mr. Haydn." "Oh," said Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that." "Why, sir, you come to buy music and will have nothing to do with Mr. Haydn's composition? What fault can you find with it?" "I can find a great deal of fault with it, but I will not argue with you: I do not want any of his music." "Then," said the shopkeeper, "I have other music, but it is not for such as you," and he turned his back on him. A thorough enthusiast grows impatient of those who do not appreciate what he so much admires.

If we love Jesus we shall sometimes feel an impatient desire to get away from those who know him not. You do not love Christ? What kind of man can you be to be so blind, so dead? You can be no friend of mine if you are not a friend of Christ's. I would do anything for your good, but you cannot yield me delight or be my bosom friend unless you love my Lord, for he has engrossed my heart and taken entire possession of my spirit. If you have thus become a servant of righteousness you will weary of that which does not help you in his service, but the name of your Master will be as choicest music to you.

And now, dear friends, let me mention another result. *All your members are henceforth reserved* for Christ. What does the apostle say? "When ye were the servants of sin ye were free from righteousness." When Satan was your master you did not care about Christ, did you? You had no respect for him, and if anybody brought the words of Jesus before you, you said, "Take them away—I do not want to hear them." You went wholly in for evil. Now, just in the same way yield yourself up wholly to Christ, and say, "Now, Satan, when I was yours I did not yield obedience to Jesus, and now that I am Christ's I can yield no obedience to you."

If Satan brings sin before you, say, "I cannot see it: my eyes are Christ's:" and if he would charm you with the sweet sound of temptation, say, "I cannot hear it: my ears are Christ's." "Oh," saith he, "seize on this delight." You answer, "I cannot reach it; my hands are Christ's." "But taste this sweet draught," saith he. You say, "I cannot take it; my lips are Christ's, my mouth is Christ's, all my members are Christ's." "Well, but you can form a judgment, cannot you, about this error?" "No, I do not want to know anything about it; my understanding is Christ's." "Oh, but hear this new thing." "No, I do not want to hear it; I have found Christ, who is new enough for me; I do not want your novel discoveries; I am dead to them. I do not want to be worried with arguments which dishonor my Lord: take them away. When I was a servant of sin I would not meddle with the truth, and now that I am a servant of Christ I will not trifle in the opposite direction; I have done with all but Jesus."

Think, my brethren, when we were servants of sin in what way we served it; for just as we used to serve sin, so ought we to work for Jesus. I do not speak to all here present, but I speak to many who were sinners of an open kind: how did you serve sin? I will answer for them. They did not require to be egged on to it; they did not want any messenger of the devil to plead with them and urge them to unholy pleasures and unclean delights. Far from it; some even of their own companions thought them too imprudent. Now, dear friends, you ought not to want your ministers or Christian friends to stir you up to good works; you ought to be just as eager after holiness as you were after sin. Evil was very sweet to you once. You used to watch for the day when you could indulge in a sweet sin; did you not? When the time was coming round when you could take a deep draught of iniquity, you took the almanac and looked for it as a child for his holidays. You did not mind travelling from town to town to make a round of dissipation. Brother, serve Christ in the same way. May His Holy Spirit help you to do so. Watch for opportunities of doing good; do not need whipping to duty. Instead of requiring to be urged forward in evil we needed holding back: did we not? Our parents had to put the rein upon us! Sometimes mother would say, "John, do not so," and father would cry, "My boy, do not this." We wanted a deal of restraint.

I wish I had a band of Christians round me who needed holding back in the service of Christ; *I have not met with that sort yet.* I am prepared with any kind of curb when I meet with a high-mettled Christian, who goes at too great a rate in His Lord's service. For the most part my Master's horses are fonder of getting into the stables than out into the hunting field. I have not met with one who has done too much for the Lord. I shall never be guilty of too much work myself; I wish I could go like the wind in serving Jesus.

Oh, who will be my Master's servant? Here He comes! Do you not see Him? He wears upon His head no diadem but the crown of thorns; adown His cheeks you see the spittle flowing, His feet are still rubied with their wounds, and His hands are still bejewelled with the marks of the nails. This is your Master, and these are the insignia of His love for you. What service will you render Him? That of a mere professor, who names His name but loves Him not? That of a cold religionist, who renders unwilling service out of fear? I pray you, brethren, do not so dishonor Him.

I lift the standard this morning to enlist beneath the banner of Christ those who will henceforth be Christ's men from head to foot; and happy shall the Church be, and happy the entire Israel of God, if a chosen number shall enlist and remain true to their colors. We need no more of your nominal Christians, your lukewarm Christians, whom my Master spews out of His mouth; we need men on fire with love, all over consecrated, intensely devoted, who, by the slavery from which they have escaped, and by the liberty into which they have entered, are under bond to spend and be spent for the name of Jesus, till they have filled the earth with His glory, and made all heaven ring with His praise. The Lord bless you, beloved, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS PUBLISHED IN THIS JOURNAL ARE INSERTED WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND ARE REVISED BY HIMSELF.

A Dying Signal.—A Child of God was drawing nigh to the dark river. She had become a prey to consumption, which flushed her cheek and wasted her frail frame; but as the outward man perished, the inward man was renewed. At last the end came, and friends gathered lovingly around to catch her parting words. To speak was then impossible, but, anxious to testify of the Lord's power to sustain, the dying girl summoned all her strength to her aid, and, raising her bands, she spelt on her pale thin fingers, in the letters of the dumb alphabet, the simple yet sublime words—"PERFECT PEACE." Then swiftly her spirit winged its flight; but the testimony left behind shines forth as a bright beacon over the dark waters of sin and unbelief, and is a clear fulfilment of the declaration of Holy Writ—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

The Future of Egypt is thus Foreshadowed by a distinguished commentator, Dr. Schaff. In his recently published "Bible Lands," speaking of the Egyptians, he says: "Is there any hope for such a people? *Undoubtedly there is, in God's own god time and way.* Great political changes must precede. It is not impossible that Egypt, the highway to British India, will before long be annexed to England. The most intelligent men in Egypt, not interested in the present reign of the Khedive, desire it, knowing that England has a strong and honest government, would throw a vast amount of capital into the country, and promote liberty, education, and industry among the people. An English protectorate over Egypt would be a part of the solution of the Eastern Question. It would prepare the way for a still higher solution, the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent. 'The Egyptians shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and He shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and He shall deliver them. And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord' (Isaiah 19: 20, 21)."

FATE OF THE POPE AND THE SULTAN IN 1882.

Three Definitions of One Period—The Antichristian Power—The Iron and the Clay—Two Cities of Seven Hills—Duration of Mohammedan Power—End of the Pope's Temporal Power.

"We must not," it is well said, "disregard the *chronological evidences* of the close of the present dispensation which God has caused to be written for our learning. They form part of God's Word, and we shall do well to take heed to them." God has on various occasions in past dispensations foretold to His servants the periods and dates of events specially concerning them, and He has, we have good reason to conclude, done as much *for us* upon whom the end of this age has come.

Now among the most prominent and important of the chronological periods embraced by this dispensation is that of the

TWELVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY YEARS

spoken of in the Book of Revelation as 1260 days and 42 months, and by Daniel as a time, (two) times, and half a time; these three definitions being obviously equivalent terms. This period of 1260 years has been supposed by almost all commentators of the historical school--so called in contradistinction to the Futurists who regard the whole of this period as still future—to define the continuance of a certain Antichristian power, or Antichristian powers; and has been applied by numerous writers to the Papal Power and the Mohammedan Power.

In order to give solidity to the argument, however, it is necessary to go back a little. All Protestant interpreters understand the *Great Image*, of gold, silver, brass, and iron, seen by Nebuchadnezzar in his dream, and interpreted by Daniel, to represent the *four great monarchies* which were to bear rule over Israel, and, as it were, usurp her place as the chief world-power during "the times of the Gentiles," namely, the Babylonian, the Medo-Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, which, as we know, arose successively one after another (Daniel 2 and 7).

But the fourth and last of these great kingdoms was to be "strong as iron," and was eventually to become, in its divided condition, "part of iron and part of clay, partly strong and partly broken." We know how exactly all this was fulfilled in the great empire which was reigning when our Lord was crucified and the Gospel was promulgated in the world. The very name of *Rome*, derived from ρώμη, "strength," as Solinus and other Latin authorities suggest, seems to be alluded to in the prophecy which foretold that the last of the four kingdoms was to be "*strong* as iron."

Now, it is a remarkable fact in the interpretation of Apocalyptic prophecy, that about two hundred and fifty years after St. John wrote, the Roman Empire was divided into *two parts*, East and West, answering to the *two feet* of Daniel's image; and it is a very significant circumstance that the capital cities alike of Old and New Rome—as they were called—are found to have been *built upon seven hills*. The language of Revelation had clearly pointed out that "the seven heads of the scarlet-colored beast were seven mountains on which the woman sat," and "the woman" which St. John saw symbolized "that great city which was then reigning over the kings of the earth."

In St. John's age there was but one city in the world to which these words were applicable—the world-wide famous city of *Rome*. The names of its *seven hills* were well known as the Palatine, Quirinal, Aventine, Cœlian, Viminal, Esquiline, and Janiculan. And the unanimous voice of the Roman poets during more than five hundred years proclaimed Rome as "the seven-hilled city;" to which they proudly added, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, the lofty titles of "The Great," "The Mighty," "The Queen of Nations," "The Eternal City," "The Mistress of the World."

And so with regard to *Constantinople*, Von Hammer, the distinguished historian of the Turkish Empire, in his account of its capture by Mohammed II., in 1453, says, "Thus fell the city of seven names, seven *hills*, and seven towers, taken from the 7th of the Palæologi by the 7th Sultan of the Ottomans." The seven different names of the city alluded to were Byzantium, Antonia, New Rome, Constantinople, Farruch, an Arabic word signifying "earthdivider," Istambol, "the Fulness of Faith," and Ummeddunja, "the Mother of the World."

Let us now, then, mark the condition to which the heads of both Old and New Rome are reduced at the present time, as affording one of the most srtiking signs of the times in confirmation of the truth of God's sure word of prophecy and the proximate *expiration* of the great period of 1260 years.

THE PAPACY AND THE TURKISH POWER

arose about the same time.

About half a century ago there was discovered in the ruins of ancient Rome the "Pillar of Phocas," the inscription of which shows it to have been erected A.D. 608. *In that year* Phocas marks his favor to the Pope by giving him the Pantheon, a temple originally dedicated to Cybele and all the Pagan gods, but which was now characteristically dedicated to "the Virgin Mary and all the Martyrs," as a witness to the predicted apostasy of the Church of Rome.

It was just 1260 *years after this* that Pope Pius IX., after promulgating the heretical dogma of what was called "the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary," consummated the apostasy of the Roman Church by assembling the Vatican Council, which two years later proclaimed the Pope for the time being to be "infallible."

Speaking of the Mohammedan power, Luther, in his "Table Talk," at the commencement of the sixteenth century, says that "the Pope and the Turk both began almost at *one time under the Emperor Phocas*." This is true so far, that within a few years after the Bishop of Rome had assumed the title of "Universal Bishop,' which constituted him, according to Pope Gregory I., the predicted Antichrist, the Mohammedan woe began to be poured out on apostate Eastern Christendom.

And just as Nebuchadnezzar and his successors were the appointed agents of God for punishing the faithless Jews, notwithstanding that they formed the nominal "Church" of the Most High, so Mohammed and his successors have been the manifest agents and instruments in the hands of Jehovah for meting out just punishments upon those apostate Christians of the East, who, as much as their Papal brethren of the West, have been guilty of that which is so abominable in the sight of God—viz., the sin of *idolatry;* but who, as Scripture declares, "have not repented of the work of their hands, that they should not worship the deified dead and idols of gold and silver, and brass and stone, and of wood, which can neither see, nor hear, nor walk: neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornications, nor of their thefts" (Rev. 9).

Judging from analogy, *the Mohammedan woe was destined to last for the same period* of "time, times, and the dividing of time," or 1260 years, as the Papal apostasy; and inasmuch as the *Hejira*, or the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, from which their well-known era is dated, coincides with Friday, July 6th, A.D. 622, there is reason to suppose that at the expiration of the 1260 years there will be, in 1882, as marked a change in the Turkish Empire as occurred with the Papacy in 1870, *when the Temporal Power came to its destined end*, to the delight and satisfaction of the whole civilized world.

And it is undeniable that what Scripture appears to describe under the term of the "drying up of the great river Euphrates," whence the Ottoman power arose ten centuries ago, has been rapidly progressing ever since the year 1820, about which time Lamartine uttered that memorable saying in the French Senate, "Turkey is dying for want of Turks."

The remarkable events of the last two years, as seen in the Treaty of Berlin and the probable outcome of England's taking possession of the Isle of Cyprus leading to a similar step in regard to the land which God gave to Abraham and his seed as an everlasting possession, alike point to the handwriting now visible on the wall—Mene, Mene, Tekel. And as in the case of the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy, which ran its destined course of 1260 years from 610—1870, so may we expect from the sure word of prophecy that the words of Daniel will be literally accomplished in or about the year 1882:

"He shall plant the tabernacle of his palace between the sea in the glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him." The festering corruption which has been going on for ages in Turkey, and which is exhausting its vitals, is one of many proofs that her end is drawing nigh, and making its approaching dissolution more and more certain, according to the unerring Word of God.

ELOQUENT MISSIONARY ADDRESS.

By Rev. Dr. W. Morley Punshon, delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society in London.

Opium Traffic in China—A Religious Home Desirable—Demon Energy—Old Philosophies—Entrance of the Gospel into Foreign Lands—Christianity Alive—The Way God Works—We Want Them All.

I am thankful to hear, from the report of your Society, that one of your missionaries, Mr. Richard, has been the almoner of bounty, in conjunction with missionaries of other denominations, to the famine-stricken in China. I do not know where it is likely to have been better dispensed, I do not know where it was likely to have been more remuneratively laid out, for the results which will follow in the abating of prejudice and in the opening of access to the people for instruction and salvation.

I want to read you an extract from a lette which has just come to hand in reference to the famine in this Shansi district. One of the almoners in that country writes: "One othe matter in connection with this village relief work I cannot but allude to. It impressed me deeply as I pondered over it.

"In the second or third village I visited asked the head man, 'Have you any opium smokers here now?' 'No,' he replied, 'they ar all dead, and we have issued a notification tha any person smoking shall be prosecuted according to law.' '*Have you sold any opium?*' I asked. 'No, not a grain, and we have prohibite its being sold,' he replied. After leaving th place I made inquiry as to the respective value of the wheat crop and the opium crop, and found that those Shansi villagers, with starvation staring them in the face, refused to cult vate the drug which they know is blighting the land."

Now, my friends, there is a volume of comme cial reports recently published by Her Majesty Consul, at Chi-ang and Che-foo, and he says tha one thing might be predicted with tolerable ce tainty, and that was that much less opium woul be grown in Chang-tung and King-su and Ho nung for the next few years than had been grow lately, because it was a widespread idea amon the Chinese that those

FAMINES WERE A JUDGMENT

sent from heaven for the increased cultivatio of the opium plant.

I do not enter into the largeness of this que tion now, but I do say that I trust from th Christian churches in this land there will rise u a protest, terrible in its intensity and passio earnest, calm—for passion is calm sometimes-sober, thoughtful, and determined, that th Christian country shall arise and shake its from complicity with *that accursed traffic*.

As to the general aspects of the mission caus we have room to be disheartened, some peop say, because really we have done so little. We we have done little compared with what we e pect to do, but *we have done a good deal* notwit standing. You have done a great deal; y have made a great lot of people—I was going say Baptists.

Let me tell you that it is a matter of sincere rejoicing to me. I would a thousand times rather that you made them Baptists than that they became nothing. Stop a bit; let me tell you what I mean—I do not like Christians unattached. I like regular armies better than guerilla forces.

The fact of the matter is, a man that loves everybody so well and so warmly that he has no time to love anybody specially has a selfish heart within his bosom; and if I were in a position to give counsel to the ladies—which would be presumption indeed—I would say, Beware of *general lovers*—who lounge about in *cafés* and clubs, and flirt and compete with everybody, but who have no sense of a home, no understanding of the meaning of the word.

I want every man to have *a religious home*. I do not care where it is. Therefore, I would a great deal rather men were made Baptists wholesale than that they had a general, hazy idea—sentimental, perhaps, or perhaps real—of the great truths of Christianity, and remain unfolded, unhoused, and scattered abroad here and here, doing no good, if not doing positive mischief spiritually—with their hands against every man and every man's hands against them.

"Well," you may say, "after all, the world s not converted." True, if you look at the matter in its human aspect. We forget we have omething higher to depend upon. If we look imply upon the human aspect, there is somehing disheartening. You look upon every impurity and oppression practised by every nation given over to idolatry, and you regard all these s the embodiment of rebellious minds.

It is the alien nature of the human intellect, f the human feeling, that gives to all this its gnificance and its energy of mischief. The enser is a very foolish thing if it were not for he mind that swings it; the fetish rite would be dumb cruelty if it were not for the mind that evelled in its blood; the idol apart from the aind that crouches to it would be an ugly and armless lie; but it is a mind rebellious, mind gainst mind, the human against the Eternal, he thing that is made lifting itself up against he Being that made it, and striving patiently to reak the bands of His merciful government sunder.

It is

THE GREAT CROWNING DEMON ENERGY

ith which we have to contend; and we see so uch of this rebellious mind everywhere, that e may well be disheartened, after all, when we ok to the merely human aspects of the case e are trying to promote. And yet there is encouragement even in that, and I like to put on se-colored spectacles always when I can safely. do not like green spectacles at any time.

They are apt to give the impression, at any te, that a man has had *the jaundice*—and everydy you look at appears colored by the distemr which they give to the vision. Now, if you ok at the other side of the question you may ad, I think, a sense in which even in false stems there is a good deal to encourage u. The consciousness of sin, of unrest, is uck into the universal heart of man, in spite sceptics in all ages of the world.

All the records of the old philosophies, what they but records of mourned feebleness, ntic efforts to regain an ancient but a forfeited oral power? There is not an idolatrous sysn that ever cursed the earth that does not emdy in the midst of all its filth and in the midst all its foulness *a wailing of the benighted in ir darkness* and of the polluted in their ame; and it is just this element in them that preserved them from utter destruction, this ent confession of need, this latent earnestness rescue, which has been to them an antiseptic ment of life.

Men have had *dim conceptions of great truths,* they have moulded them like clumsy artifis who shape unsightly figures out of stone, l who achieve a monster when they try to ect a man. And yet through this, everywhere been the yearning cry for light and for help and for peace. People wonder sometimes because they think there is very little stir about the triumphs of Christianity.

Why should there be stir? *Does not God work silently?* Is not the very purpose of God's government an imperial quiet—a quiet but energetic manifestation of Himself by which all things are gradually subdued unto Him? Men make noises—God is quiet. God does not need to make a noise. Imperial silence is His highest and divinest energy, and all His plans have been worked out, after that particular fashion.

If you look into the past, do not you think that *prophecy might help history?* How many of the foolishnesses of the heathen, and of the vain imaginings of the Church or of the people, have already collapsed, and have collapsed into utterest infinity! What a host of them!

Why, the Jewish rulers imagined that they had strangled the faith of Christianity at its birth, and that in the sepulchre "hewn out of the rock" they had entombed both the Impostor and His doctrines. But

CHRISTIANITY IS ALIVE!

aye, and to-day, in spite of all the sceptics, the mightiest of moral forces in the world.

The Roman emperors imagined, like some modern imitators of theirs, that their sway extended over the consciences as well as over the bodies of their subjects, and persecution lifted up its head and Christians were cast by human tigers to the more merciful tigers of the arena, and the blood of the martyrs was shed like water and there was none to bury them. What was the result? Why, the red rain only made the harvest ampler and whiter for the gathering by the sickle, and the cry of Julian when he was dying, "O Galilean, thou hast overcome!" was the wail of the tyranny of the entire Roman world.

And then, to come closely to our own times, kingdoms have sometimes set themselves against the truth; they have refused it an entrance. There have been nations whose whole policy has been intolerance and wrong, or who have been given over altogether to idolatry. Where are they now? Their influence has declined; the congresses of nations do not know them; and when the strongest fabrics of power have spent themselves in the struggle, and when the quarrel has been continued to the bitter end, you cannot find their site upon the map.

The owl and the dragon inhabit the palaces where their princes dwelt, their speech has taken its place among forgotten dialects, and another race has succeeded to their inheritance of power. Egypt and Nineveh and Babylon and Tyre, where are they? They rebelled, they refused, an entrance to the truth, and where are they? Why, the Pyramids have entombed the pride as well as the dust of the Pharaohs, and the Sphinx stares out vacantly over twenty centuries of ruin.

Fifty years ago, my friends, how jealously was nation after nation locked against the entrance of the truth, and how quietly have those locked doors been opened, one by one. China has had to submit to a great many breaches in her great wall; Japan, where the tender foot of the infant used to spurn the Cross, is now hungering for Western civilization, and there are not a few Japanese, as I happen to know, who, for the sake of the Crucified, are prepared to repeat ancient histories of martyrdom.

The descendants of Montezuma have come to find that the *quicksal* for which their fathers waited was not all a dream, and Mexico opens its gate to Protestant preachers of the truth, and longs for the Jesus of Nazareth, who will be indeed her fair God of the morning. We go with our Gospel message without hindrance, or with only a spasm of hindrance, into the city of the Hapsburgs and into the city of the Cæsars.

Russia has relaxed her hold upon the consciences of her vassal tribes, and if it is worth anything, the firman of the Sultan in behalf of religious liberty may be regarded as the latest blast of the herald of the coronation of King Jesus. All these things came when men were not looking for them, naturally and noiselessly as the morning. Here, a people to-day adverse or inaccessible; to-morrow an open door of entrance and many hungering for the truth.

Here a Church bent upon its knees; yonder, in some sunny Madagascar, a very gracious rain of spiritual blessing; and men wonder at the subtle wires, subtler than magnetic, that connect each incident with the other and both incidents with God. *The hour strikes;* men look around and wonder what is coming, and somewhere or other—it may not be always in the same parallel of latitude—there is the man, full grown, heroic, ready, well furnished to do his work.

THIS IS THE WAY GOD WORKS.

I do not wonder that those who were so anxiously looking out for the palpable triumphs of missions did not see them. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." The whirlwind of political excitement and the earthquake that shakes the nations, and the fire consuming all wrong and all encumbering circumstance, may be the couriers of the coming of the Lord, but He speaks in the "still small voice" that marvellous whisper that *always makes a silence* for itself, however loud and rude the clamor—that does not strive, that does not cry, but, without striving and without crying, makes its way into the consciences of the world.

Well, now, my friends, *is this Word less mighty* than it used to be? Dare we as a Church commit ourselves to so faithless an avowal? What did the Saviour mean when He said, "He that believeth in Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works shall he do, because I go unto the Father." He was just under the shadow of His passion when He said that.

He gave sight to Bartimeus the blind, and He raised up Lazarus from the dead; but Bartimeus could not give sight to other blind, nor Lazarus call other dead from the grave. But those whom we heal instrumentally, and raise, may be the prophets unto generations yet unborn.

Those whom He healed *He healed only for a season.* The blind man looked for a while, for a few years it may be, upon the beauties of nature and upon the light of friends, and then the blindness of death overtook him. Lazarus even went into the homestead at Bethany only for a brief while, and a second time death claimed him, and the Saviour did not interfere. But those whom you heal and whom you save instrumentally are heirs of the immortality that has been brought to light by the Gospel.

Now, my friends, I take it, if we do not believe in something diviner than the most perfect human organization, we may as well disband ourselves and go home. But if we believe in *a present Deity* as our helper, we may thank God for the past, and we may take courage for the future. And I want you all to come into connection with this great movement.

There is not a single member of a single church that is exempt from the application; every one of us, the young with their ardor and enthusiasm, and their fresh affections growing after God; the princes of our Israel, ripe and wise, valiant for the truth upon the earth; the fathers who sit upon the summit of their honored age, and are so much nearer heaven—we want them all. They, like Moses, are too infirm to fight, but they are up like Moses, over the plains of Amalek, and for the same reason, too, they can rule the fortunes of the war; for when Moses' hands were held up, Israel prevailed; and when Moses' hands hung down, Amalek prevailed.

We want them all. Manhood with its sublimity of enterprise and devotedness of consecration—every man's tribute of manliness, every woman's spikenard in alabaster, every child's Hosanna of ardent praise; the rich with their large benefactions, the poor with their cheerful drachms of sacrifice.

There is room for all, there is work for all, and, thank God, there is *recompense for all!* Oh, let us give ourselves, one and all, with all we have and are, upon the altar that is worthy because it sanctifieth both the gift and the giver, and God will give us the blessing.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 623.)

HARD LESSONS.

WHEN Effie suggested as an advantage of the yellow room for Mrs. Cross that she would there be near her nephew, she thought she had carried the fortress of the old lady's opposition. But that was a mistake of Effie's. Mrs. Cross did not consider it an advantage to sleep too near that lively young gentleman.

"Oh! thank you, I don't care particularly about that," said the stout aunt; "Fred is not used to be much looked after; he's restless as a squirrel, and there's just one thing which I can't stand, and that's being roused up by his clatter at four o'clock in the morning. Besides, you will be near him, you know, and I am sure that you would go to the dear child if he should waken and cry in the night."

Effie's cheeks were growing very hot. Alec's expression, "two mistresses in one house," was full in her mind, and she felt that she had unexpectedly entered on her first struggle for rightful dominion in her own home. It was a new thing to Effie to have to be resolute and firm, but she was determined to hold her own, and not to be defeated in that first struggle. The young wife was far more excited than the middle-aged widow, who had set down her bird-cage, and was resting her broad back against the wall, like one calmly preparing to resist an attack.

"My dear Mrs. Cross," began Effie, whose voice betrayed some agitation, "matters might have been differently arranged, perhaps, had I known your wishes before. But everything now is quite settled; the drawers in the pink room are filled with my clothes; I cannot consent to have everything altered, however anxious I am to please you."

"Shall I look to the horse?" suggested Tom Hunt to Effie; "I can carry up them things afterwards when I knows to which room to take 'em."

"Don't take the horse out of the cart," said Mrs. Cross, in a tone of command; "I may want them to take me and my boxes back to the station. I am sorry to put you out," continued the lodger, turning towards the rather indignant and altogether perplexed Effie, "but the yellow room has an eastern aspect, and there's just one thing I can't stand, and that is a room facing the east." Mrs. Cross looked anything but consumptive, but she probably felt, like her young antagonist, that victory in this first skirmish for power was all-important.

"What's to be done!" thought Effie; "I must get my husband to back me; I am scarcely a match by myself for that great tall woman, who seems to forget that I, and not she, am the mistress here. I will speak to Holland," she said aloud, going with a quick step towards the open door, where she met Robert, who had just come damp from the field. The young wife laid her hand on her husband's arm to prevent him from coming farther, and said in a voice too low to reach those who stood at the bottom of the stairs, "Robert, only think, that woman wants to have my pink room; she says she has slept in that for the last fourteen years."

"Well, then it seems natural that she should like to sleep in it still," answereed Robert, who had quite recovered his usual good-humor, notwithstanding the trial of the hail. "Why not change the arrangement, my pet? one room is as good as another." Pink room or yellow room made not the slightest difference to the farmer, but it was not so with his wife.

"You can't mean, Robert," said Effie, still speaking almost in a whisper, "that your wife, the mistress of your house, should be turned out of her room, and at such inconvenience, merely to humor a stranger!" Effie's heart was beating fast, and her eyes were filling with tears.

"Mrs. Cross seems hardly a stranger in a place of which she so long was the mistress," observed Robert Holland. "Poor soul! it must be rather hard to come back as a lodger to her old home!"

"She is unreasonable!" persisted Effie, who was disappointed and provoked by Robert's taking a view opposed to her own.

"Unreasonable or not, we can't afford to offend her," said the farmer, in rather an impatient whisper. "How can you make such a fuss about the color of a paper! The yellow room is as good as the other."

"It looks out on the pig-sties," said Effie, who was provoked at being accused of making a fuss about trifles.

"Better look out on pig-sties than have no pig-sties to look on!" cried Robert, who had clearly before him the fact that his possession of the farm depended on his keeping on good terms with the widow.

"Oh! if *you* don't care about my comfort and pleasure, I don't care where I am, or what I do!" exclaimed Effie, and down

"Oh! if *you* don't care about my comfort and pleasure, I don't care where I am, or what I do!" exclaimed Effie, and down her cheeks rolled two big tears, seen by Robert, though not by the widow and Tom, for Effie's back was turned towards the two, who were waiting still at the staircase.

"Silly child, what are you crying about?" whispered Robert, who was greatly vexed by the sight of the tears of his wife.

"Where am I to take this 'ere luggage, sir?" asked Tom, who was tired of stopping in the kitchen, and wished to get back to his horse.

"Where Mrs. Cross pleases," was the hasty reply. Robert was particularly anxious that neither his lodger nor his man should see that Effie was crying, and therefore was in a hurry to send the widow and her boxes upstairs.

Effie was defeated, and she could hardly endure the sense of defeat; she had not had her will, and she could scarcely bear to give up her will. The young wife felt as if her husband had deserted her cause. She walked up slowly to the kitchen fireplace, and busied herself with the fagots and coals, while Robert assisted Tom to carry up the luggage, and talked to Mrs. Cross of the weather. Effie was well pleased to have every one out of the kitchen, for she wanted to be alone.

She did not turn round when little Tom ran in from the yard, and only muttered, "That noisy child," when he clattered up the staircase after his aunt. Effie remained stirring the fire, and half crying to herself, till Tom and his master came down; the former left the house directly, but Robert walked up to his wife, and caressingly laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Come, Effie, pet, you must not be sulky; we can't have everything our own way, even in this Salem of ours," said the husband. "I'm sorry, mighty sorry, that you and Mrs. Cross have set your hearts on the same room, but one's happiness does not depend on such trifles. You had better go upstairs and look after your goods and chattels, since all will have to be moved. Put the best face on what you can't help, my pet!" and Robert followed up his advice by a kiss, which had the effect of a little softening Effie's vexation, and restoring good-humor.

But that good-humor was not proof against the trials which awaited Robert's wife when she went to perform the hateful task of emptying out her drawers, and carrying her little ornaments from the pink room to the yellow.

Master Fred had been beforehand with her, having taken a fancy to make himself useful for once in a way. Whilst Mrs. Cross was on her knees in the pink room, unpacking one of her boxes, the boy was pulling everything out of Effie's lowest drawer, which was unfortunately open. The wedding-dress, with its pink fluting, was hugged in the muddy arms of the child, who could not carry it across the room without dragging half its length upon the floor.

"Oh, you monkey!" exclaimed Effie, darting forward, and hardly able to refrain from giving the boy a box on the ear as she wrenched the dress from his grasp. "And oh! my bonnet, my bonnet!" she cried, half in despair, for the clay-caked boot of little Fred was on it, and had stamped it quite flat—flowers, feather, and all!

Mrs. Cross raised her head at the sound of Effie's shrill exclamation. "Dear! what a pity!" she quietly said, and resumed her unpacking. Mrs. Cross generally took such matters calmly, especially if the property injured *did not belong to herself*.

Effie could not take the misadventure quietly at all. She chid the child angrily, but he only laughed in her face, with the grin of a monkey enjoying a piece of mischief, one of the most irritating ways in which it is possible to receive a reproof. Effie had too much self-command, or perhaps too much prudence, to slap the provoking child. Her only resource was to remove as soon as possible all her goods from the reach of his fingers.

Effie performed the work of emptying out her drawers, and bearing off their contents, with no good grace, for she was thoroughly put out, and felt angry with all the world, scarcely excepting her husband. It was some time before Mrs. Holland's numerous articles of dress, little china ornaments, and pretty keepsakes, were conveyed to the yellow room, which still smelt strongly of smoke. Effie then shut the door, almost with a bang, and went moodily up to the fireplace.

The young wife was much vexed at the injury done to her wedding bonnet and dress; the latter she might partly repair when the mud should be dry, but the bonnet was spoilt beyond recovery. But it was not the loss of a piece of finery that weighed most heavily on the spirits of Effie; the sorest wound was that which her pride had sustained; for she had more of that *pride of life* which so truly is *of the world* than she, or perhaps any one else, had suspected before.

Robert's wife had been foiled. Her very husband had not made her pleasure his first object; nay, he had treated her as if she had been spoilt child! Had Robert not told the mistres of his house not to be sulky, and wondered a her making a fuss about trifles? How could h speak so to her? How unkind was his conduct how strange! Effie felt as if her new home wer Salem no longer to her; it could never be so a long as Mrs. Cross and that horrid child remained in the place.

Those who have lived longer in the worl know that an unmixed cup is never placed in th hand of any one. In the happiest lot there a some drops of gall. It is often invisible to ou siders, but we are taught that "every hea knows its own bitterness" (Prov. 14: 10), an in the life of those men think most enviabl there is always at least one bitterness, known f well to the envied one. How to bear that bi terness is the question to be solved. Philos phers prescribe Stoicism as the best antidote, b the true and only remedy is that used by Pa when he was attacked by the thorn in the fles "I besought the Lord" (2 Cor. 12: 8). Effie yet had not learned to carry her troubles ther

Mrs. Holland's eyes rested at first almost u consciously on the picture which she had hers hung just opposite to the bed in the yell room, with Miss Temple's text-card beneath "Love not the world" shone from the latter tetters of gold. Effie had been so wrapped up her own little world of enjoyment that, ami her many blessings, he had almost forgotten Giver of all.

Effie turned with a sigh from the firepla On her bed lay the little book of devotion, gift of Miss Temple, which Mrs. Holland h brought with other things from the pink ro when she had emptied her drawers. That bo had never been used, had scarcely been open there had been no family worship in the fa house; it was not likely that there ever wo be. Again Effie gave an involuntary sigh.

The quiet of the place was now broken some unusual sounds from the kitchen bel Effie turned her head quickly to listen. noise merely arose from Robert and Fred b at high romps. Loud laughter and shriek merriment resounded through the house as farmer chased his little lodger about the kitc seemingly enjoying the fun as much as did young boy himself. They at least were m enough, and the noise of their gayety added bitterness to the vexation of Effie. She sat down by the bedside, and burst into tears. Foolish Effie! she had better have reserved these tears for a time when she might have more cause for weeping.

Effie was learning her lesson. A very hard one, but very necessary. It comes to all sooner or later, and all have to go through the struggle. "Thy will, not mine," is the sublimity of victory. Happy they who arrive quickly at that point.

While Effie was musing at the farm over her altered prospects, a struggle of another kind was going on at the great house, where another gentle nature was learning "in patience to possess her soul." Edith Temple day by day had to listen to words of contempt poured on subjects she held dearer than life, and yet to be patient and calm.

As she sat with Mr. Vernon, writing at his dictation, often would her soul be raised in prayer for strength to bear and to do her duty wisely and well.

On this day Mr. Vernon had been unusually aptious and bitter, and Edith's patience was nearly worn out. "Where is Alec?" she said at last to change the subject. Mr. Vernon did not know, but rose to ascertain.

Now Alec Stewart, after his unsuccessful mision to Holland's farm, had gone into that of Gibbs, getting drenched through by the rain and he hail on his way. He was then returning to Eureka House, driving *a lamb* before him, and barely in time to serve up the family dinner, which Mr. Vernon took at the unfashionable hour of three. Mr. Vernon in his abstraction had forgotten all about Alec's mission till reminded of it by the sight of the man with his harge. Then he remembered, and eagerly welcomed his servant.

Dinner must be attended to, or Mr. Vernon would have been glad to commence experiments mmediately; but in deference to the wants of he body the inquiry was postponed for a few ours.

Mealtime was often an uncomfortable time to Edith Temple. Weary as the lady frequently felt from reading aloud for hours at a time, she referred the dry books of her uncle to the kind f conversation in which he sometimes engaged, s it seemed, expressly to tease her. Mr. Veron was more than usually sneering and provoking on the present occasion. Edith never reorted, but ate her meat almost in silence, thinking what a relish sympathy and kindness would ave given even to a dinner of herbs.

"She is a patient lady, and a good Christian," hought Alec Stewart, as he carried out the ishes; "my master can't get the fire-flashes om her, as he does from his electric machine, ith all his rubbing."

But it was not impossible to rouse the spirit f Edith Temple. Long-suffering as she was hen sneers were only levelled at herself, she as jealous for the honor of her Master.

"Fancy the folly of our parson here," oberved Vernon to his niece after the servant ad left them alone together. "I suppose that e has noticed that I've given up wasting my me in listening to his droning, so, as I don't to hear his sermons, he has sent a printed rmon to me! I call that a piece of impertience; as if"—the philosopher smiled proudly s he went on—"as if he could instruct *me*—ighten *me*—or convert!"

Edith thought silently, "Would that he uld!"

"I have no objection to a well-considered, asonable discourse," continued Vernon as he led his glass with water; "if it please those ho care to hear such things, and make the poor ntented, I have nothing to say against it. But make out that all are sinners who don't oose to believe matters that are past their mprehension, and to say that such are in dan-r of endless perdition, is what no man has a ght to do, merely because he puts Reverend be-re his name, and speaks from a pulpit."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION.

S. S. Lesson for August 3d—2 Cor. 23 : 10–21—Golden Text, verse 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Our subject for to-day begins with the declaration that *we*, believers, ("all the saints which are in all Achaia," 2 Cor. 1 : 1), "must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Thus, while it is clearly stated, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 8 : 1), it is nevertheless most evident that "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccl. 12 : 14).

Paul adduces this as the reason for his evangelizing work, "Knowing, therefore, the terror" (Greek, fear) "of the Lord, we persuade men." But he takes pains to show the Corinthians that he does nothing with the view of commending himself to them, and thus he adds, "For whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God: or whether we be sober, it is for your cause," never in any case for themselves; for Paul and Timothy, who wrote this Epistle, sought not their own, but the things of Jesus Christ. Now, is our evangelizing done in the light of the judgment-seat of Christ? Do we watch for souls as they that must give account? and do we show them by word and deed that they also must give account? And do the issues at stake act upon us as upon these two holy men? Do they make us sometimes beside ourselves to God for souls?

And Paul continues, "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then *all died*" (see Greek), "and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." The love of Christ was still stronger with Paul than the love of souls. He saw the great purpose in the death of Christ to comprise all, so that in His death God saw all men as though dying for their sins. And Paul understood that the purpose of God did not stop short here, but it was in order that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again. He saw in the inclusion of each soul in the death of Christ a corn of wheat cast into the ground to die, in order that it might bring forth much fruit, glorious fruit, the resurrection life of Christ.

Beloved reader, do you see yourself and own yourself to have died with Christ? Do you acknowledge the justice of God's sentence of death upon you which Christ has borne in your stead? and do you recognize that God could expect nothing, and you can expect nothing, from that flesh which God has condemned in the person of Christ? How, then, will you longer live to yourself? How will you live to that which is dead? How will you expect any thing from the self which is crucified with Christ if you are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God?

It is just this self-life which all the precepts of Christ are bent upon extirpating in us, that our life may be a partakership of His Divine Nature, and that eternal union with Him may be a moral possibility. But our own nature, which seeks its own, "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. 8 : 7, 8). And this is why we must die to our own efforts and energy as much as to our own sins, that the life of Christ replacing our old life, may be made manifest in our mortal bodies. Thus it is our privilege to be deaf, dumb, and dead to all which touches ourselves, but alive in every sense and power to all which touches Christ, who is our life.

And it is only thus, when we cease to recognize ourselves after the flesh, that we cease also to know others after the flesh, *i.e.*, in their relation to us, what they think of us, say of us, do to us. "Henceforth know we no man after the flesh." We know all men in their relation to God. Oh, it is so intensely important that we maintain our right position with regard to God, in order that we may maintain a divine position with regard to others. We can afford to love our enemies when their hatred meets with only Christ in us; we can afford to dispense with all personal satisfaction when His joy is in us and our joy is full (John 15 : 11). "Yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more." No more self-seeking in our relations with our Lord, no more seeking how He may minister to us and our interests, but how we may minister to Him and subserve His interests.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ he is a new creature" (or new creation): "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Yes; for He has said, "Behold, I make all things new" (Rev. 16 : 5). It is new, indeed, for one whose centre of life and purpose has been always in self, to find it transported into Christ, and neither to have nor to desire any thing except in Him. This is the true preparation for the ministry of reconciliation. God said to Abraham, "I will bless thee . . . and thou shalt be a blessing" (Gen. 12 : 2). In order to bless others we must first be blest. Thus, when we recognize that all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ and hath given unto us the ministry of reconciliation, then, and then only, are we prepared for the exercise of such a ministry.

And what a ministry! what a message to a lost world! "God was in Christ." God has come half way to sinful man in Christ. God has met and dealt with our sinful nature in Him. God stands no longer afar off; in the person of Christ He stands between His own just law and the sinner, and He declares that as far as He is concerned the breach is healed, and the separation at an end. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." God is come as far as Christ to meet every sinner. And yet more, He has committed the work of reconciliation not to angels, but to one child of man for another, He "hath committed *unto us* the word of reconciliation."

When He saves a soul from death, by the very call to live no more unto himself, He constitutes that soul a minister of reconciliation. "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God;" we beseech sinners to come as far as Christ to meet God. But we cannot be "in Christ's stead" unless we cease to live to ourselves. Every evangelist, every Sunday-school teacher, is called to be in Christ's stead a minister of reconciliation. Every converted member of a family has the same call to the unconverted. We are blest, not simply that we may be blest, but that we may be made a blessing. Dear reader, is there in your whole life and character and conversation something which makes an appeal to every worldling with whom you come in contact? Is there that which says as plainly as your words, "Be ye also reconciled to God?"

And here is the blessed unanswerable ground for reconciliation. "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." The offended and wronged party, the God against whom we have sinned, provided the marvellous way of escape from His own condemnation of us. "He made Him to be sin for for us who knew no sin." The second Adam, who was "tempted in all points like as we are," and who, as far as His human nature was concerned, "suffered being tempted," became nevertheless victorious over sin in every particular, stood every possible test, and after submitting to the proof of all the wiles which Satan's four thousand years of practice had acquainted him with, it could still be said of Jesus our Lord, He "knew no sin." And His purpose was that "we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," that "the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit" (Rom. 8 : 4). A less result was never contemplated by Him in His death for us.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Sir Garnet Wolseley in Zululand.—A despatch to the *Daily Telegraph*, dated Maritzburg, July 1, says :—"Complying with the requirements of Lord Chelmsford, Cetywayo sent to the British camp the cattle demanded and also an ivory tusk. The demanding officer detained the cattle, but refused to accept the tusk (*which was an emblem of peace*). Sir Garnet Wolseley immediately disowned this act, sent messengers to Cetywayo explaining that the refusal of the tusk was a blunder, and asked that three leading chiefs be sent to the frontier.

Russia and Germany are Displaying considerable coolness towards each other. The cause is said to be that the effect upon Russia of Prince Bismarck's protective tariff will be to lock all her railroad lines to the westward. Whenever Russia is in difficulties with England or any Mediterranean Power, the German railways become the only practicable outlet for her commerce, and if her produce is to be heavily taxed at the German frontier she can be practically shut out of Western markets whenever she is in trouble, and Germany feels disposed to take advantage of them." This situation is sufficiently embarrassing to aaccount for the unpleasantness.

A Tract Society in China.—The first annual meeting of the Chinese Tract Society has been held at Shanghai. The society is composed of representatives of all the societies, Bishop Schereschewsky being President of the Board of Trustees, of whom one half are natives. The native preachers show great zeal in the support of the society, and they took a prominent part in the proceedings. The tracts are hereafter to be distributed by unpaid native agents. Grants of $1000 from two tract societiesthe London and the American—were received.

Prince Napoleon Jerome has accepted the leadership of the Bonapartist party. He has been a very pronounced and measurably consistent Republican, an ardent sympathizer with Poland, with the North in its anti-slavery conflict, and with the people of France against the Cæsarism of Louis Napoleon. He counsels his followers to give their adherence to the Republic, and states that he shall not plot against it, but so long as it commands the confidence of the people he shall be loyal to it. He does not say what he would do under altered circumstances, but as the first Napoleon was a soldier of the first republic, and on several occasions swore to uphold it, it is not difficult to predict what his admirer and descendant would do, should opportunity open the way to an imperial crown.

Russia has Deemed it Advisable, after the plain intimations of the Powers represented at the Berlin Congress, to fulfil her promises. The Marquis of Salisbury has stated in the House of Lords that *not a single Russian soldier* was left in Roumania. Count Schouvaloff had assured him that the Russian troops west of the Pruth were going to Varna to embark for home. The last Russian left Philippopolis on the 13th.

Szegedin, the Hungarian City recently destroyed by inundations, is to be rebuilt. Kossuth has written a long and interesting letter to the Hungarian papers concerning its reconstruction. He draws attention to the vast undertaking of rebuilding a town for 80,000 inhabitants, with all the modern appliances which will be necessary in order to enable it to assume the importance which it once held. He urges that the greatest care should be taken with the foundations of the houses, as the unsatisfactory condition of the few solid buildings that remain shows the state of the ground.

Prince Bismarck's Conciliatory Policy toward Roman Catholics has occasioned much surprise, as "the man of iron" was supposed to have entered on a conflict from which he would not withdraw. The London *Times*, in explanation of the change, says: "The key of Prince Bismarck's present policy toward the Vatican will be found in one of his recent speeches, in which he said that it was praiseworthy under certain circumstances to fight a quarrel out to the bitter end, but when ways and means presented themselves of toning down the ascerbity of a conflict *without affecting the principle at stake*, he would not deem himself justified in neglecting such proffered opportunity."

Wesleyan Methodism in England.—The British Wesleyans are surprised and alarmed at the decrease in their numbers, as shown by statistics just collected. It appears that, though upward of 40,000 new members were received last year, there is a net decrease of 3308, which is shared by all the districts. The losses are largest in agricultural sections and manufacturing centres, and are attributed to emigration on account of financial depression and strikes. The Wesleyans continue their activity in London, where in twenty years they have built chapels enough to bring their church accomodation from 40,000 sittings up to 100,000. Lancashire and Yorkshire, where Wesleyans are strongest in point of numbers, are the counties where the depression of trade is most severely felt, and from which the tide of emigration has consequently been the fullest.

Rev. James A. Spurgeon, brother and copastor of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, whose gospel sermons are published every week in this journal, intends leaving England in company with his wife about the middle of August, for two months visit to this country.

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E COMING STONE KINGDOM. By F. E. Hastings—The Dying Nonagenarian's Statement.

LONDON AND ANCIENT TYRE. A Prophetic Parallel.—A Life's Sounds.

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FOREIGN TOPICS: Decisive Victory in Zululand—English Harvest Prospects—A Royal Present—Mr. Spurgeon on Dr. Talmage—English Rule in India—Threatened War in Eastern Europe, etc.

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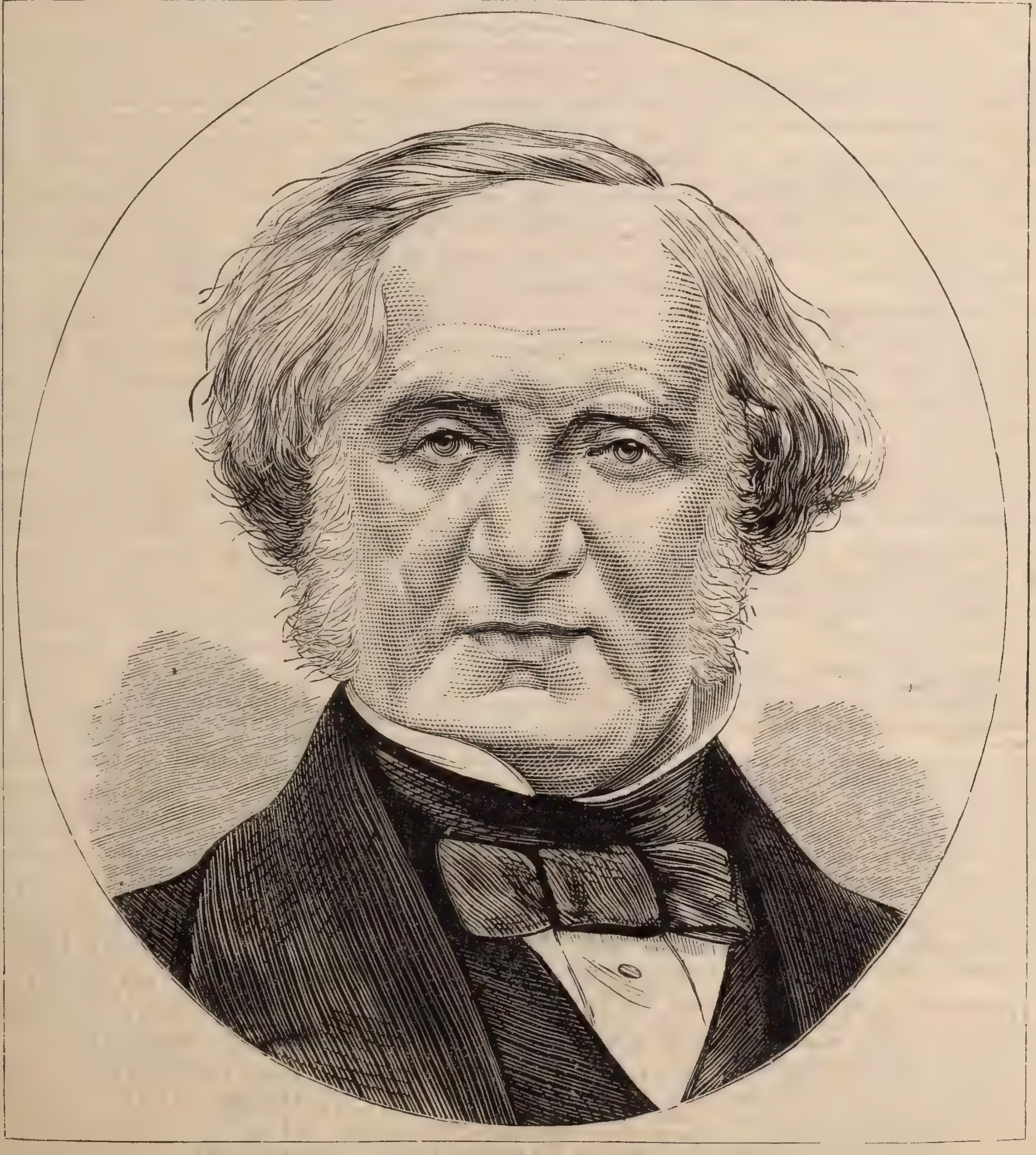

The late Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, the Munificent Friend of the Poor.

GEORGE PEABODY.

English Ancestors—Birth at Danvers—Defective Education—The Dry Goods Trade—Volunteers in the War of 1812—Rigg & Peabody—Removes to England—Wonderful Business Success—His Gifts in England and America.

America has been exceptionally blessed by God in the character and lives of her prominent sons in all the generations which have arisen within her borders. Poets, painters, divines, warriors, and statesmen have left behind them records of which any land might well be proud. It was left for George Peabody to add to this list of worthies the name of one whose record should go down the stream of time as that of the most beneficent and princely giver the world had seen. By his noble charities he rendered the name of his country an honored one in the country of his adoption, so that while time shall last the great metropolis of England will record with gratitude the name and fame of George Peabody the American citizen.

George Peabody was descended from an ancient English family the members of which emigrated to this country so long ago as the year 1635. Though occupying but a humble position in their native land they boast of a genealogy to which even the English peerage can furnish few equals. They claim to have descended from one Boadie, who fought under Boadicea in the wars against the Romans in the year A.D. 61. After the defeat of the Queen he is said to have fled to the Cambrian Mountains, and thus it was that the prefix "pea" signifying mountain became attached to the name.

George Peabody was born in the town of Danvers, Massachusetts, on the 18th of February, 1795. Of his early life little is known, except that he was nurtured in a family where pious example and wise precept united in moulding the character of an amiable, high-spirited, and robust youth. The period assigned to

EDUCATION

was, according to the custom of the times, limited by the superior claims of business, and, at the age of eleven, the lad's school life was over, and he was entered as a junior clerk in a grocery store in his native town; there, happily, he had the example of a master who, in the midst of his busy life, guarded the morals and stimulated the virtues of his young helper; and it soon became apparent that the boy, from no feeling of discontent, but from the natural promptings of a laudable ambition, panted for a wider scope for the exercise of the superior powers of which he gradually became conscious.

Mr. Prockter's store in Danvers was left behind, in 1810, and, at the age of fifteen years, George, a smart, open-faced, ingenuous youth, was known as the intelligent apprentice of David Peabody, *his own elder brother*, who was engaged in

THE DRY-GOODS TRADE

in the thriving town of Newburyport. This service was not of long duration, for a fire occurring in the town, in the midst of the conflagration, the dry-goods store was consumed, and the business came to an end.

George was now out of employment; but, says Mrs. Hannaford, in her memorial of him, "he was not one to eat the bread of idleness. He sought for employment; and his uncle, John Peabody, who had settled in Georgetown, adjoining the Federal capital, invited young George to become his commercial assistant. To the South, for the first time, he went; and there he tarried two years, managing with peculiar ability a large part of the business, though still in his teens. His honesty was unquestionable, his tact unusual, and he soon succeeded in winning friends and securing trade."

In 1812 while he was still in his uncle's employ, broke out the war with England, and George entered the service of his country as a volunteer in a regiment of Artillery then posted at Fort Warburton, which commanded the river approach to Washington. Here though he won no military honor, he showed that he had the soul of a patriot and the nerve of a soldier.

After the war he returned to the dry-goods trade with his uncle, with whom he remained in all two years. At the conclusion of that period, he entered into partnership in a wholesale drapery business with Mr. Elisha Riggs; Mr. Riggs furnishing the capital for the concern, and young Peabody agreeing to transact the business. It is said, that, "when Mr. Riggs invited Mr. Peabody to be a partner, the latter said there was one insuperable objection, as he was only nineteen years of age. This was no objection in the mind of the shrewd merchant, who wanted a young and active assistant." His unfaltering perseverance and indomitable energy had full scope; and they who may be supposed to know of the matter, say, that, to all concerned, the partnership of Riggs & Peabody proved a most successful and satisfactory arrangement. In 1815, the house was removed to Baltimore; and, seven years later, its extended operations were such as to justify the establishing and opening of branches at Philadelphia and New York: and about the year 1830, by the retirement of Mr. Riggs, George Peabody found himself the senior partner and the virtual director of one of the largest of mercantile firms.

It is said by those who knew him well that the one strong love of George Peabody's life was *for his mother*. He appears to have cherished from a boy the most tender regard for her, giving her the first dollar he earned in boyhood, and bestowing the last thoughts of his honored old age upon a memorial of her Christian character. Mr. Peabody's devotion to his mother and family was as thoughtful as that of a woman; and, after he became very wealthy, the old townspeople used to revive reminiscences in that direction concerning him.

"I recollect hearing" says one, "my mother say, that, as soon as he was established in Baltimore, he wrote to his mother that 'he should be able, for the future, to supply the family with flour;' and Mrs. Peabody remarked, as she mentioned the circumstance to a friend, that 'it was a great comfort to have George prosperous enough to bear the expenses.' And, from that day to her last, George never allowed his mother to want any thing that filial love could bestow.

In 1827, while partner in the Baltimore firm, he visited London, and there his quick business perception showed him an opportunity he was not slow to grasp. After a few years he withdrew from the firm and carried his capital to London, where he established himself as a

MONEY BROKER AND BANKER.

While so engaged he was appointed one of three commissioners by the State of Maryland to restore its pecuniary credit. In this enterprise he was entirely successful, and with the generosity and patriotism which characterized the man, he refused all payment for his services. For his exertions in this cause he received a special vote of thanks from the Legislature of that State.

Americans in Europe were always glad to know Mr. Peabody, from whom they gained, *if they deserved it*, the most useful assistance, as well as the kindest welcome. His private hospitality—not less delicately than freely offered, though he was a bachelor, *simply and cheaply living in chambers*—was exerted without stint of cost for the pleasure of those who called on him with a letter of personal introduction. He used to give them pleasant little dinners at his club, or at Richmond, or Hampton Court—places dear to the American visitor.

The anniversary of American Independence—the 4th of July—he used to celebrate with a semi-public dinner at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Peabody, indeed, was, of all men, least like a hermit or ascetic; but his taste was, to be social in the enjoyment of all good things. He would spend little for himself: his only solitary gratification, we believe, was the peaceful sport of the angler, in which, like Mr. Bright, he was an adept.

Mrs. Hannaford says: "Mr. Peabody had a strong faith in American securities. He dealt in them largely and confidently. That keen business-instinct, indescribable, unacquirable, inborn as much as the power of poetry or of art, secured for him the happy result of a wise selection among investments which certainly were not universally perfect. The result was, that his wealth, not previously remarkable, began to roll up *rapidly and enormously*. He remained a shrewd business-man to the end of his long life.

Munificently as he gave away, he never, in the strict matter of making money, grew lax or unbusiness-like. Very properly, he kept the two functions entirely distinct, and did not confoun liberal generosity with merchant-like dealing In private life his habits were little changed b the acquisition of riches. Frugal from necessit in early life, frugal he remained, so far as th gratification of *his own tastes* was concerned, t the end. But his hospitality was exceptionall wide-spread and sumptuous, and such as is a ways considered to be needful and becoming i the complete picture of the ideal 'merchan prince.'

Men who spent lavishly for luxuries and sho often pointed with something like a sneer at h modest bachelor quarters. But while he w sheltering the poor of a great kingdom, and e ucating the ignorant in a mighty republic, l could afford to let the cavillers have their say.

He supplied at his own cost the expense co nected with the United States Department at t Great Exhibition of 1851, for which Congr had made no appropriations, and he largely co tributed to the Kane Arctic Expedition in sear of Sir John Franklin, in 1852. His services his own country, meanwhile, were not limited those best known to the public, for, besi these, he did much to assist in the loans secu for different States, giving his guarantee them, once and again. The rise in the price cotton, and the fluctuations in Northern sec ties, caused by the great civil war, were great sources of his fortune, shrewd speculat in both directions having raised him to m than princely wealth.

In the month of June, 1852, the town of D vers—the name of which has since been chan to that of Peabody in his honor—held its C tennial celebration, and Mr. Peabody was inv as one of its most distinguished sons. His l ness engagements prevented his accepting invitation, but he sent a letter of congrat tion, enclosing *a sealed envelope* which he as might be opened when the toasts were prop as it contained *a sentiment*.

The envelope was opened at the time he wis d, and was found to contain the sentiment " cation—a debt due from present to future n erations," and with the sentiment a chequ of $20,000 to forward the cause. The money as spent in founding an Institute and a pub li- brary, and was expended with so much wis m and prudence that Mr. Peabody was encou ed to supplement his first donation with ot rs, until at the time of his death it is said the ti- tute had received from him $250,000!

In 1856, when he visited America, the to of Danvers gave him a most enthusiastic rece on. On his return to England, Mr. Peabody at ice set to work on an object he had long h in view, namely, the amelioration of the con ion of

THE POOR OF LONDON.

For this object he gave in the years 1862 the sum of $1,750,000. The *Illustrated L don News* thus described the gift and the m in which it was used:

"On March 12, 1862, Mr. Peabody add ssed a letter to Mr. C. F. Adams, American Mi ster, the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, Sir J. E. T net, Mr. (now Sir) Curtis M. Lampson, Bart., a Mr J. S. Morgan, his own partner in busine , informing them that a sum of £150,000 stood the books of Messrs. George Peabody & Co., applied by them for the amelioration of th condition of the poor of London.

"The gentlemen above-named duly ent d on their trust, which has been applied in the mode indicated by the donor; namely, in the e tion of model dwellings for working-men. Ir January, 1866, Mr. Peabody added another £ ,000 to the fund; and, on December 5 last, h made ke no confessions, perform no penance, and aid their ghostly adviser. "But," he said, time comes when they have to die, and are rhaps suddenly seized with a mortal illness. en, in hurry and dread, the priest is sent for; e good man in his anxiety obeys at once the l of the alarmed sinner, taking with him 'the red viaticum,' the holy oil, and the consecrat- wafer, and makes what speed he can; but s! notwithstanding, he, to his horror, is too e; for, as he raises the knocker of the door the sick man's house, and before it falls, the nmons has come, and a soul, with all its sins on it, has passed into a dark eternity." *

(*To be continued.*)

THE COMING STONE KINGDOM.

By F. E. Hastings, an Officer in the Anglo-Indian Army.

e Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of Israel—Nebuchadnezzar's Prophetic Image and the Subsequent Stone-Kingdom—Recent Calamities—Probable end of the 1260 Years in 1881.

WHEN the disciples inquired of our Lord what uld be the signs of His Second Coming and the End of the Present Dispensation, He re ed "Nation shall rise against nation and king- m against kingdom, and there shall be earth- akes in divers places, and there shall be fam- s and troubles: these are the beginnings of rows."—(Mark 13: 8.)

We see many of those events now taking ce before our eyes; it cannot therefore be erwise than profitable to ask what they an, and what they should lead us to expect.

An answer is to be found in Luke 21: 31, "When ye see these things come to pass, know that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand." is is a reply which will readily present itself to e minds of all who are looking for those things ich are coming on the earth; but we would w wish to draw attention to the question of at is meant by the "kingdom of God," and w and in what form we may expect it to ap- ar.

The Jews rejected the Messiah because His ap- arance did not coincide with their expecta- ns, and they were disappointed in His not at ce establishing the kingdom of Israel. Chris- ns of the present day are apt to run into the posite extreme of error, and refuse to believe a kingdom of Israel at all.

After our Saviour's resurrection, His disciples t to Him the question, "Lord, wilt Thou at s time restore again *the kingdom to Israel?*" d our Lord, so far from discouraging the be- f in the possible existence of any such king- m, in His reply distinctly implies its futurity cts 1: 6, 7).

Old Testament evidence on this subject is so pious that our chief difficulty is to choose that st applicable. We will, however, take the age in

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM

aniel 2) as establishing our point; at the same ne, to all who are inclined to a disbelief in the *eral* fulfilment of the prophecies made to Is- l, we would recommend a perusal of Jeremiah ; Ezekiel 34: 20–31, 36, and remaining chap- s.

In the last phase of the *image* of *Nebuchad- zzar's vision* we have ten kingdoms and a ne, the particular function of which "stone" to break in pieces the ten kingdoms, after ich it becomes a mountain and fills the whole rth. This stone, we hold, typifies the "king- m of God," and its earthly dual the "king- m of Israel." In Daniel's interpretation of e dream, and in reference to the stone, we find, rse 44, "*In the days of these kings* shall the d of heaven set up a kingdom which shall ver be destroyed." This is evidently identical th Daniel 7: 14, "His dominion is an ever- ting dominion . . . and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." So far the kingdom of God.

The "stone," then, is *co-existent with the ten kingdoms*; it is set up in their days, and it evidently also means a nation and a kingdom, but which, to keep up the distinction made in Numbers 23: 9, is foretold under an emblem distinct from the others.

It breaks in pieces the ten nations, who become like "the chaff of the summer threshing floors," which the wind carries away. But this is precisely the mission foretold of Israel. Israel, in the last days, is to be an instrument in God's hands for the punishment of the apostate nations of the world. See and compare Isaiah 41: 14-16; Jeremiah 51: 19, 20; Ezekiel 39; Micah 4: 11, 13; and Zechariah 9: 13, 15.

Whether it will be the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, the discovery of proofs establishing the identity of lost Israel, or the amalgamation of these with Judah, *whatever it may be, the re-establishment of the Hebrews as a political power on the earth is inseparable from the kingdom of the future.* That Palestine is again to be occupied by Israel nationally, is to be found in Ezekiel 36; "the desolate land shall be tilled," and is to "become like the Garden of Eden" (5: 34, 35).

The re-establishment of the kingdom of Israel, however, will not be allowed without opposition from the powers of evil, and then comes that *period of tribulation, the reign of the personal Antichrist*; the gathering together of the nations; his and their destruction and overthrow; and the Advent of the Lord Jesus, followed by the universal establishment of His kingdom, to be found in Isaiah 2: 10–22; Ezek. 38 and 39; Daniel 2: 35-44; 7, 8, 11, 12; Joel 2, 3; Micah 4: 11–13; Zech. 12, 13, 14; Mal. 4; Rev. 19: 17–21, and other passages.

Having discussed the manner of the end, we will conclude with a few words on

THE TIME.

"When ye see these things come to pass, know that it is nigh" (Mark 13: 29), "these things" being wars, earthquakes, famines, and pestilences. The world has been somewhat familiarized with each of these calamities at different times during the last twenty years, but at the close of the present dispensation they may be expected to occur, both *collectively* and in *greater intensity* than at any previous period. "These are the beginnings of sorrows." This is the reading to be found in St. Matthew's Gospel, for which reason it appears to have been adopted by the translators into St. Mark's version, but the more correct reading of the latter is given in a marginal note—"the pains of a woman in travail."

St. Peter was one of the four disciples to whom our Lord confided the events of the last days; it is probable, therefore, that this simile was actually used by our Saviour and must be allowed its full significance.

St. Paul makes use of a similar figure of speech when he says, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth." Briefly, therefore, the kingdom of God must follow a period when the four calamities indicative of its approach are universally impressed on men's minds.

Recently war and famine have been prominently before the notice of the world, and, latterly, typhus fever and other maladies have followed in the track of the war, pestilence in a lesser degree, while earthquakes have been felt in various places, though the shocks have been so far mild that they have not attracted attention beyond the localities of their immediate occurrence. Still it would appear that the time is nigh, even at the doors.

A few words before we conclude as to dates. As regards the prophecies in Scripture regarding a period of 1260 days, or years, if these apply in a great measure to the duration of Antichrist, the only difficulty is to fix upon a starting-point for the 1260 years (Revelation 11: 3; 12: 6).

Of late years we believe the opinion has been gaining ground among students of prophecy that symbolical prophecies have a *double* fulfilment—one a *literal* one, and the other *antetypical*. Thus, for instance, Balaam's prophecy, "there shall come a star out of Jacob," was doubly fulfilled; our Saviour, the Antetype, was born into the world, and at the same time His star appeared to the wise men.

Let us apply this example to Antichristian prophecy. We have, first, the *antetypical Antichrist*, whose temporal power lasts 1260 *years*; and then also the *literal, personal Antichrist*, whose reign is to extend 1260 literal *days*, or three and a half years.

The question remains, what may we consider the antetypical Antichrist to be? We venture to suggest that *one* solution of the difficulty may be found in Mohammedanism. When we consider the rise, progress, and nature of Islam, and its effect on the Chrsitian world, especially on the early Churches of Asia and Africa, it would indeed be remarkable if it found no place in prophetical Scripture, and it can scarcely be better described in one word than as Antichristian. Here, at all events, we have a starting-point clear and distinct; whether we be right or wrong in assuming it is another matter. The Mohammedan era began July, 621. 1260 years bring us down to the middle of

THE YEAR 1881,

and by that time Islam as a power may have ceased to exist. And its extinction as a faith will speedily follow its decay as a political entity: the dry bones of Mohammedanism undergo no revivification. We may perhaps then see many people go and say, "Come ye and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths."

A DYING NONAGENARIAN'S STATEMENT.

THE Rev. Dr. A. Bonar, in presiding at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper at Mildmay Conference, in London, June 27th, said: "It was when the Lord's Supper was spread as it is before us now that one who afterwards long served the Lord got a vivid sight of Him.

"A minister had word brought him that an old saint, fast approaching the age of ninety, was about to die, and that if he wished to see him he must hasten to his bedside. He immediately went, and found that the aged saint lived in a cottage quite alone. When he reached the door he saw it open, and walked in.

"He seated himself by the bedside of the old man, whose eyes were dim, and who, not being able to see his visitor, went on speaking as if no one were present. The words he murmured were these, 'Remember my death till I come. Do this in remembrance of me.' The minister said to him, 'Whose death is it that you wish to remember?' The old saint replied, 'I am thinking of the death of Him by whose death I got life, and shall so be enabled to go through the valley of the shadow of death, and have no fear.'

"'Is it long since you knew Him?' inquired the minister. 'Forty years ago,' was the reply. 'It was when I was looking on at some people partaking of the Lord's Supper, and just as the minister lifted the bread and broke it, and said, "This is My body broken for you. Do this in remembrance of Me," *I got a sight of my Saviour which I never had before*, and I saw the meaning of Christ dying for sinners. It was then I knew the Lord. When you came in just now I was thinking of that Communion scene, and I was repeating the words "Do this in remembrance of me."'

"The dying man's voice then faltered, and he ceased speaking. 'Shall I pray with you?' asked the minister. The aged saint said he would be glad, and suggested one of the petitions which should be offered. The minister had not long engaged in prayer when there was a deep silence in the room. At the close of his prayer he looked towards the old man, and found that *his soul had fled*. He had passed through the valley, and without fear.

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* The writer gives this extract from personal know- lge, for he was present when the words were oken.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to Mr. Benjamin Aitken, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

The proprietor has received the following endorsement of the journal from Dr. Talmage since the latter's arrival in England:

I heartily commend to the public the Christian Herald which gives accurate reports of my sermons and contains much interesting, instructive, & evangelical matter. I trust that its large circulation will continue to increase.

London June 12. 1879

T. De Witt Talmage

CURRENT EVENTS.

The National Debt, which in 1865 Stood at $2,756,431,571.34 was on July 1st, 1879, reduced to $1,996,414,905.63. The population in the interval has largely increased, so that while in 1865 the proportion of debt to each individual was $78, it is now only $40. The interest per head was in 1865 $4.29; it is now $1.69. Peace and returning commercial prosperity, with a wise manipulation of the various bonds and securities of the government, have thus in fourteen years effected a reduction of debt to which no nation on earth can show a parallel.

The Yellow Fever at Memphis, though declared to be of a milder type than that of last year, is rapidly becoming epidemic. So many people have now left the city, and so many places of business have been closed, that the place begins to look deserted. The Secretary of War is about to send 1500 tents and rations for 10,000 people for twenty days to the infected city. A rigid quarantine is being enforced at all Western cities, *except at Louisville*, and the whole State of Tennessee has also been quarantined against the city of Memphis.

The colored population at first showed a decided disinclination to move into military camps, but leading citizens assured them that the military would have nothing to do with the camps beyond the preservation of the peace and the suppression of crime. They were told that they would be allowed to form colonies, each composed of fifty or a hundred families, to which tents and rations would be issued. This had a pacifying effect, and it is now believed that no trouble will occur in the camp movement.

The rumored stoppage of mail facilities caused much uneasiness until Saturday last, when the officers of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad announced that they would endeavor to keep up regular mail transportation *with an engine.* The last train went out on that road to-night, and on Friday trains on the Memphis and Louisville road will cease running south of Clarksville. Trains will be kept ready on each of these roads to be used in emergencies.

A general Committee of Safety, of which Mr. D. T. Porter is president, has been organized, which has issued an appeal to the inhabitants, calling upon all to unite in an effort to meet the emergency in a becoming manner. The appeal concludes as follows:

"We call upon Memphians to unite in shouldering the heavy burden once more laid upon us. We implore one and all to protect the good name of the city from the possible imputation, by the world at large, of being a community of beggars, sitting idly down and expecting others to take care of our interests and feed our poor. Let the good men of Memphis do their whole duty now, and with economy, honesty, and a thorough system in our management, we hope earnestly not to be compelled to ask charity of the world. Let it be understood that all moneys or supplies sent to us will be used for these purposes—*feeding the sick, aged, and helpless in camps selected for health*, giving employment to the able-bodied men thrown out of employment by the fever, guarding property, public and private, and in such public works as will promote the health and business of our city when the fever abates. We shall keep careful records of all receipts and disbursements, publishing the same in such a form as will be a sufficient guarantee to all contributors that their donations have been properly and economically applied."

Refugees from Memphis have carried the yellow fever to Shelbyville, Tenn., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Hoboken, N. J., one case being reported at each place. Two families came on to New York and settled in a tenement house in 109th Street. Shortly after their arrival one of them developed symptoms of yellow fever and died. Other members of the families have since become ill, and considerable apprehension has been caused. The whole party has been isolated, and it is hoped there will be no spread of the disease in the city.

Precautions were taken at the General Post Office, in this city, on Friday last, for the first time, to prevent the dissemination of yellow fever by means of *mail matter* from Memphis and other doubtful localities. Postmaster James ordered a liberal supply of disinfectant, and all mail-bags and packages from the South will be thoroughly treated. Three mails arrive here via Memphis daily.

Jewish Persecution on a Small Scale.—The president of the Manhattan Beach Company, has publicly expressed the wish that Hebrews shall not patronize the Manhattan Beach Hotel or Railway. He declares that he is influenced solely by a desire to render the property of the company as profitable as possible, and to keep a resort to which the best class of people will be glad to go. The president appears to have been born some hundreds of years after his proper time. His ideas belong to a century considerably earlier than this. "People" must have strangely degenerated if the "*best* class" are deterred from staying at an hotel, or riding on a railroad, by the fact that it is open to persons of any sect or any race who can pay for the accommodation. In this boasted land of equality this president will probably learn that his petty persecution meets with the merited contempt of all classes.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey Arrived in New York from Europe July 26th, and will remain a short time with Mr. Moody to assist Mr. Sawyer in his Gospel Temperance work at Cooper Union.

Mr. Sankey sat in the congregation in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle on Sunday July 13. He was recognized by the great preacher, who deputed a deacon to invite him to the platform. Then the preacher asked the evangelist to sing for his people in the evening. The Tabernacle was crowded, and Mr. Sankey sang "Who is on the Lord's side?" Mr. Spurgeon announced the American evangelists intended departure, and when afterward the latter sang "Hold the Fort" the entire congregation rose to their feet spontaneously and joined in the chorus so lustily that Mr. Spurgeon remarked that *the roof of his Tabernacle* having withstood that volume of sound might be considered safe. The enthusiasm of the audience was so great that Mr. Spurgeon had the chorus sung over three times. That was the evangelist's *last song in Europe.* Mr. Sankey thinks Mr. Spurgeon is the most original preacher of the age.

The Saloon Keeper's Dogs Tamed.—In a Western city a few devoted women were praying on the sidewalk before a saloon. The proprietor, in a fit of anger, set two dogs on the leade of the meeting. With a quiet yet fearless spiri she laid her hands upon their heads and continued praying *while they crouched at her feet.* Tha saloon has now been used for three years for gospel temperance meetings, the man very soon giving up his business, and he and his six brother have all become Christians.

Dr. Talmage's Tour in England Appear from reports in the English journals, to have bee any thing but a period of rest for the eminen preacher. All the principal towns of Great Bri ain have been eager to receive him, and wherev he has been, crowds of people have thronged listen to his sermons and lectures.

The English edition of the CHRISTIAN HERA of July 16th, announces that Dr. Talmage wou lecture on July 16th at *Preston*; 17th, at *Middl boro'*; 18th, at *Maiton.* Sunday, July 20th, se mon at *Leeds*; 21st, at *Bradford*; 22d, at *Hu dersfield*; 23d, at *Bolton*; 24th, at *Halifax*; 25t at *Derby*; 26th, at *Burslem*; 28th, at *Colne*; 29t at *Perth*; 30th, at *Aberdeen*; 31st, at *Dundee.*

Dr. Talmage would also lecture again in Gl gow in St. Andrew's Great Hall on Friday, A gust 1st, and preach there on Sunday, August and lecture again in Manchester Free Trade H on Monday, August 4th. Very large and ent siastic audiences have attended his lectures.

The Mormon Elder, George Reynolds, w was recently tried and sentenced for polyga has been transferred from the Nebraska Penit tiary to a prison near Salt Lake City. Thi considered as equivalent to a pardon, and i cates that the Government are not in earnest their efforts to put down the "peculiar inst tion" of Mormondom.

A Patriarchal Church.—A Missionary of American Sunday-school Union describe a church of eighty-five members which has gr out of a Sunday-school established by him. the school is a man seventy-eight years old. has fourteen children and over a hundred gr children now living. He says he never had casion to call a physician to his family. wife, who never went to school but three mo taught him his letters after he was thirty old. For forty years he says he has stuc the following as his rules of health: "Se the Scriptures daily. Owe no man. Live p ably with all men. Work hard. Drink spring water and buttermilk." He walk to church regularly every Sunday, though three miles away from it. Most of the men are related to the venerable patriarch.

A Jewish Rabbi Converted at Mr. Mo meetings.—The New York *Evening Post* that "Mr. Moody's most remarkable conv Baltimore was Professor Reider, a Jewish who has now entered the M.E. ministry. He will soon give a series of lectures at Balti explaining how and why he became a Christ

The First Volume of the "Christian H and Signs of Our Times," comprising Nos 39, from October 24th, 1878, to June 26th, will shortly be ready, and may be had, bou cloth, for $2.50, on application at this offi 63 Bible House, New York.

The Cost of Whiskey at Trenton, N. J., is stated to have been on July 4 a heavy account. Some patriotic citizens celebrating Independence Day in Chinese fashion fired a rocket which fell on the roof of the Third Presbyterian Church and set it on fire. The fire department was at once communicated with, but they are stated to have celebrated the day by imbibing copious draughts of whiskey, and with the idiotic firmness which this liquor is celebrated for producing they insisted that they were bound to obey their orders *to remain where they were.* As a consequence the fire in the church effected injury to the extent of nearly *fifteen thousand dollars*. Had the firemen been in a condition to do their duty the damage would have been trifling. If the loss could be imposed as a fine on the man who made the liquor, the man who sold it, and the men who drank it, there would be a general feeling that justice had been done.

Relief in Answer to Prayer.—The Prayers of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting were requested on July 10 for a young Hollander who had lost his employment through sickness. Consumption set in, and with that baleful disease upon him he wandered through the streets homeless, and for three nights found his only resting place in a depot. Having a sister and brother in Holland who he thought would care for him, he desired to return to his native land. But he had no means to pay his passage, and in his sore strait asked prayer for Divine interposition. This, of course, was at noon. By six o'clock that night the way was open, the means provided.

A Curious Preservation of a Bible.—There is a Bible in Lucas County, Ohio, which has a remarkable history. It belongs to Mr. Sheboldt, a native of Bohemia. It was formerly the property of his grandmother, who was a very devout Protestant. During one of those unfortunate periods when religious persecutions were common in Austria, a law was passed at the instance of the Roman Catholics that every Bible in the hands of the people should be surrendered to the priests, to be burned. Mrs. Sheboldt determined to save hers, and when the party came to search her house she had just prepared a huge batch of dough for the oven, and, taking her precious Bible, she wrapped the yielding dough around it and quickly deposited it in the oven. Here it was *thoroughly baked*, but it was saved uninjured from the fiery furnace of the priests. It has passed through several generations as a memorial of the days when men were not allowed to worship God in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences.

A Sad Calamity.—A most terrible powder magazine explosion occurred at Bodie, California, July 10th, by which eight persons were instantaneously killed and more than forty seriously injured. The scene at Miners' Union Hall, used as a temporary hospital, *was heart-rending*. The building was filled with the killed, the wounded, and hundreds of people seeking friends and relatives. The magazine contained about five tons of giant powder, and the shock was felt on the surface a distance of twenty miles. Many boarding-houses, restaurants and other buildings were more or less shattered.

The Haste to be Rich we know leads to a snare. In San Francisco as in other cities the snare often takes the form of suicide. Sixty five persons have committed suicide within a little more than four years in the city of San Francisco, the cause in each case having been attributed *to stock gambling*, or to difficulties arising out of stock gambling.

Queen Victoria and Liberty of Conscience.— It is stated that a short time ago some bigoted officials dismissed from the royal household a domestic whose behavior the Queen had observed with approbation. The Queen missed her from her accustomed place, and on learning that the girl's attendance at a Baptist meeting-house had led to her removal, Her Majesty immediately commanded her restoration to her former position.

An Extraordinary Family.—About four hundred people gathered at Salem, Mass., July 10th, to engage in the reunion of the Dodge family. William E. Dodge, the well known Christian merchant of New York, was chosen president, with several vice presidents and secretaries. In the course of proceedings, the chairman introduced General Augustus Cæsar Dodge of Iowa, saying that he served in the United States Senate with his father. The Senator spoke at some length in regard to the branch of the family to which he belonged, and at the request of the chairman spoke of some of his father's experiences in the West. William E. Dodge spoke at length of his father, and said that the American Peace Society was formed *in his father's house.* A committee was chosen to arrange for the publication of a genealogy. Robert Dodge of New York said that the family *approached a million of descendants!*

Revenue from Drunkards.—The Extent to which the vice of drunkenness prevails in the city of New York may be learned from the fact that during the month of June last the sum of $2777 has been received as fines imposed on that proportion of drunkards who have been disorderly.

The New Bishop of Jerusalem.—When Canon Tristram felt constrained to decline the English Premier's offer of the See of Jerusalem, some anxiety was felt as to the selection of another substitute. Upon the recommendation of Lord Shaftesbury, however—who is now the sole survivor of the four originators of this Protestant bishopric—Lord Beaconsfield has been induced to offer the vacant mitre to the Rev. Dr. Joseph Barclay, Rector of Stapleford, Herts, a well-known author, skilled in Hebrew, Arabic, and German, and the translator of, and commentator on, parts of the Talmud. Dr. Barclay has accepted the offer, and the appointment is generally considered a very suitable one.

The Assegai, the Destructive Weapon used in Zululand with such disastrous effect, is thus described by a traveller in South Africa: The shaft of the instrument of warfare is about five feet long and about as thick as a man's little finger. It is made of wood not unlike the mahogany, brittle and elastic, the latter quality giving the spear a vibratory motion, on which its accuracy of flight depends. The head of the weapon is generally blade-shaped, with a raised edge along the centre like the feathers of an arrow. The tongue of the head is made red hot, and so burns its way into the wood, around which a band of wet rawhide is bound; that contracting as it dries, holds the head as firmly as an iron ring. The Zulus fling these weapons with great accuracy, and they carry oval rawhide shields impervious to these darts to cover their entire bodies. Besides three or four missile assegais a Zulu soldier carries a shorter and stronger stabbing assegai.

Dr. Cullis and others, of Boston, have purchased the old buildings of the Randolph-Macon College, in Mecklenburg County, Va., and propose to establish an educational institution for the intellectual and spiritual improvement of the colored people, *on the faith principle*, as adopted by Müller, of Bristol, England, in his Orphanage, and by Dr. Cullis in his home for incurable invalids.

The President as Arbitrator.—President Hayes has been acting as arbitrator in a dispute between Paraguay and the Argentine Republic over a strip of land. On the formal transfer of the land to Paraguay its principal city was named Villa Hayes.

A Colored Bishop Called for.—The Colored preachers of the Washington Methodist Episcopal Conference, holding appointments in Baltimore and vicinity, have held a meeting and adopted a resolution to the effect that the time has come when one man of African descent should be elected to the office of bishop, and urging colored members of the Methodist Church to agitate the question, and if necessary demand his election by the General Conference, which meets in Cincinnati next May.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me early."—Hosea 5: 15.

God's Withdrawal the Worst of Calamities—National and Individual Consequences—I. National Troubles—England's Present Grievous Adversity—War, Depressed Trade, Gloomy Harvest Prospects—National Prayer Demanded—Why National Prayer might not Avail—Punishment may be Necessary—The Prayers God will not Answer—National Prayer may not be General—Unbelievers and Formalists—What is to be Done—True Believers the Hope of a Country—Every Christian a Priest to Plead—II. Personal Trials of Believers—Chastisement First, then Withdrawal—The Christian's Duty—III. Personal Trials of the Sinner—The Only Way of Healing.

The Lord does not always tell us what He will do. "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." He has told us that "it is the glory of God to conceal a thing," and our Lord Jesus has said, "It is not for you to know *the times or the seasons*, which the Father hath put in his own power." When He does make known to us what He is about to do, it is not to gratify our curiosity but *to direct our conduct.*

In this case the Lord speaks aloud concerning His intentions. He had grown weary with chastening His people, and therefore He was about to withdraw Himself from them and leave them alone, as a man leaves a hopeless work, or as a judge leaves the bench and gives over the prisoner to condemnation. He says, "I will go and return to my place," as if His waiting time was over, and He would no longer remain in their midst to be provoked by their obstinacy. This withdrawal would occasion the non-acceptance of their prayers and offerings, even as He had said in a former verse, "They shall go with their flocks and with their herds to seek the Lord; but they shall not find him; he hath withdrawn himself from them." This He tells them, in order that they may be led to implore Him to remain with them; or that if He be already gone, they may by hearty confession of their sin, and an immediate seeking of His face, prevail upon Him once more to visit them in His grace.

If God is about to go, then all is going, even hope itself is removing. The divine departure is *the worst of calamities*, and therefore it is but right that those who are threatened with such a judgment should put their thoughts together and consider their ways, and use the best means to hold Him by the skirts ere yet He has departed, or to bring Him back again before He has effectually closed the door between Him and them. There should be an eager desire to bring the King back, that once more the heart may sun itself in the light of His favor.

Dear friends, I shall speak this morning with the most anxious desire to be practical; longing and praying in my heart that wherever sin has begun to separate between us and God we may be stirred up to acknowledge our offences and to seek His face, and that where such a separation has long existed there may arise an intense desire of the whole soul to return from its banishment and draw near to God.

We shall this morning use our text first in reference to *our national troubles*, for the words were originally spoken with regard to the national troubles of Israel and Judah; secondly, we shall use it in reference to *our personal trials as believers*; and then, thirdly, in its relation to *the personal trials of the unconverted*. Lessons may here be learned instructive in each of the three cases. May the Holy Ghost speak the truth home to the heart.

I. And first with regard to our present

NATIONAL TROUBLES.

I desire to speak of these things as before God in all sincerity and simplicity. I know it is impossible to touch upon such a subject without being suspected of political bias, but I can truly declare that from all such partiality I desire to be freed, that I may not speak as a partisan, but as the servant of the living God. Calmly and solemnly would I speak words of soberness and truth and justice. It is a burden to my heart to speak a hard word of my own beloved country, and if I seem to do so it is not in wantonness, but because of a pressure upon my conscience which will not let me be silent.

Surely no one will deny that our country is passing through a season of *great and grievous adversity.* We have been perplexed for many months, and even for years, with perpetual rumors of wars. For a long time no man knew when he went to rest at night but what the journal of the morning would inform him that our nation had plunged into war with one at least of the great powers of Europe. Our policy has been such, whether wise or unwise, that we have been constantly on the verge of conflict. It is wonderful that we have escaped from embroiling ourselves in long and serious war, for many a time the flames of contention have threatened a general conflagration.

This disquietude of itself has been a serious injury to the prosperity of our country, for trade and commerce make prosperous voyages upon the waters of peace, but even before those waters are disturbed by the storms of actual war, while only the threat of battle ruffles the surface, they make small headway or are driven back. Commerce is timid as a dove, and is fluttered by every turmoil or whisper of coming trouble. In a thousand ways political agitations stab at the heart of national prosperity.

In addition to this we have been actually engaged in two wars at the least, wars *certainly expensive and questionably expedient.* In these two conflicts it was impossible for us to gain honor, since they were cases of the mighty assailing the feeble. Laurels gained from nations so far inferior to us would have been unworthy of a place upon the brow of a brave nation. We have invaded one country and then another with no better justification than the law of superior force, or the suspicion of future danger. Disaster has followed upon the heels of disaster, and at the end of it all there are great expenses to be met.

Our acts of aggression must be paid for not only with the blood of our soldiers, but with the sinews and sweat of our working men. Results of industry which ought to have gone to support the arts and promote the comfort and advancement of the race have been thrown away in wasteful feats of arms. The food which should have fed our children has been flung into the mouth of the lion, to be devoured by war, that its evil spirit may become yet more ravenous. Wilful waste, it is to feared, will be followed by woful want unless God in His mercy shall interpose.

We have meddled in many things, and have threatened at least three of the great quarters of the globe either with our fleets or our armies. Nothing could content us till we had drawn the sword against a brave though savage people, whose fighting may well be fierce, since it is for their invaded fatherland. These wars, whatever their issue, are

SERIOUS CALAMITIES.

On the back of all this war has come *depression in trade.* Everywhere there is complaining, and not without cause. Even the most cheerful of men, who have always been rejoicing when others have lamented, begin at last to look very serious, and to own that the times are threatening. Striving tradesmen wonder whether they shall be able to "provide things honest in the sight of all men." Many a man now plans and labors, but his care and toil earn but a scant reward. All trade is dull, and some trade is dead. Some branches of industry are already paralysed, and there is but little prospect of their ever being revived. The land mourns, and men's hearts sink for fear. Matters are not so bad as despondency would paint them, but even hope is unable to draw a cheerful picture. It is a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness.

As if all this were not enough, the heavens refuse to assist the processes of husbandry. For the most part the crop of hay, so needful for the cattle, may be regarded as lost, and now the great peril is upon the corn. In some places the corn is too backward to have suffered much at present, but in others the prospects are dark indeed. It seems certain that a continuance of this constant rain must deprive us of the most precious fruits of the earth. Farmers are beginning to cry out bitterly, and there is a demand that prayer should be offered in all the churches for fair weather. May God be pleased to look upon our land and deliver us in this hour of trouble, for indeed it is a time of *loss and ruin to thousands!*

In the first matter, that of a warlike policy, we may by God's goodness make a change. It may be possible that ere long better principles will come to the front, and we may no longer be made to appear as a nation of snarlers and growlers, breathing defiance, and delighting in war. God grant it speedily! But as to the two other matters, what can we do? We are powerless to quicken trade, we are certainly powerless to stay the bottles of heaven. If God wills it, the clouds will gather from day to day, and drench our fields with their pitiless downpour. Deluge will follow deluge till the corn shall rot in the fields, if God so determines.

Prayer is therefore desired, and well it may be. But by some prayer is desired as if it were quite certain that if certain pious words are repeated the rain must necessarily cease and the weather become favorable. *I am not quite so sure.* Let prayer be offered by all means, but only under certain conditions can it prove effectual. I know of many reasons why it may be possible that such prayers as are likely to be offered will not be heard, but instead thereof the threatened judgment of God may nevertheless come upon us.

I desire, this morning, to speak about prayer *in the way of warning*, lest men should place an unwise confidence in the formality of reading a form of prayer in churches, or uttering extempore formalities in meeting-houses. Few men believe more thoroughly in the power of real prayer than I do, and *I have tested and proved it* in many remarkable ways so fully that I can have no doubts as to its efficacy, but heartily magnify the name of our prayer-hearing God. But still we must use our understandings, lest we be deceived, and come to expect what we shall not receive.

I would call to your recollection the fact that, under certain circumstances, *God does not answer prayer.* Our text says, "I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence"; and, if this be the case, there will be no answering of prayer *till repentance is manifested.* Sometimes the heavens are brass, even to good men, and their cries reverberate and come back into their own ears, not without a blessing to themselves, but still without any visible reply as to the people for whom their intercessions were offered.

David, doubtless, prayed earnestly that he might escape from the chastisement of his sin when he numbered the people, but it could not be removed. He had a choice of three evils, but one of the three was inevitable. When God has come to this pass with a people, that He must and will smite them, prayer is their only resource, and even that may fail to avert the threatened stroke. A child may have so transgressed that his father may feel bound to punish him, and then he will not spare the rod because of his crying. I pray God that the rain may cease, but if it should be continued it will not be because the Lord cannot help us, or has ceased to answer prayer. Here is the secret of it all, and with trembling do I quote the words: "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear. *For your hands are defiled with blood.*" (Is. 59: 1-3.)

Remember, too, that not only may God withdraw Himself in anger, but it may be His determination to punish a people out of a far-seeing design for their good. Perhaps, as a nation, we have had too much prosperity. Ease and plenty have begotten pride and luxury, and these may have weakened the spirit of the nation. It may have become absolutely necessary for this favored nation, if it is to be still the stronghold of liberty and the fortress of gospel truth, that it should again endure those northern blasts of adversity which have aforetime strengthened it at heart. It will not be the first time that our land has suffered for her good.

Bad harvests and decaying trade are not new things to Englishmen. There linger among us now a few venerable men and women who can tell us of the straits of the old war time, of how there was great scantiness of bread, and heaviness of taxation, and frequent alarms from abroad and riots at home. What a long and dreary time it was when the sound of cannon might almost be heard across the straits, and watchfires were ready on every cliff and height! Yet good came of the affliction, and since that gloomy time the country has made rapid progress in many respects, and especially in freedom, civil and religious. It may be so again. I would not wish ill to my country, but if our fellow men will not remember God except in adversity, adversity itself might be desired by the kindest heart.

But, saith one, "We hope we shall have

NATIONAL PRAYER."

I hope so, too, but will there be a national confession of sin? If not—how can mere prayer avail? Will there be a general desire to do that which is just and right between man and man? Will that be a declaration that England's policy is never to trample on the weak or pick a quarrel for her own aggrandizement? Will there be a loathing of the principle that *British interests* are to be our guiding star instead of justice and right? Personal interests are no excuse for doing wrong; if they were so we should have to exonerate the worst of thieves, for they will no invade a house until their personal interests invite them. Perhaps the midnight robber ma yet learn to plead that he only committed burglary for fear another thief should take th spoil, and make worse use of it than he. Do the footpad stop a passenger on the road for an other than his own interests?

When our own interests are our policy, nob ity is dead and true honor is departed; but fear that only a minority are of this mind. W the nation repent of any one of its sins? W it settle itself down like the people of Jerusale during the great rain of Ezra's time and do th which is right in the sight of God? Rememb what they said in that day: "The people a many, and it is a time of much rain, and we a not able to stand without, neither is this a wo of one day or two: for we are many that ha transgressed in this thing." If stern reform tion went with supplication, I am persuad that prayer would prevail; but *while sin is g ried in* my hopes find little ground to rest up

But will there be general prayer? No, the will not. I speak sadly, but I speak no more than the truth. There are numbers among us who say that prayer is of no use with regard to the winds and the clouds, for certain laws govern the weather, and prayer cannot affect these laws. These men, therefore, will not pray, and there are multitudes of others of like spirit whose atheism is practical though it is unavowed. How, then, can prayer be general when such vast numbers utterly disregard it?

Turn your eyes to Nineveh. When Jonah threatened that great city, and upon its repentance the judgment was withdrawn, of what character was its humiliation? From the king on the throne even to the beasts in the field all were clothed with sackcloth, and fasted, and cried out to God, and therefore we marvel not that He heard them. Will there be any such crying to God among us? I trow not. A defiant silence will seal millions of lips. But that those who are supposed to pray ; are all these en of the Elias stamp, whose fervent prayer uld open, or shut the windows of heaven? We re not put much confidence in the prayers hich will be offered. Will they be offered in th by a tenth of those who will repeat them? vish I could hope so.

By many the public prayer will be regarded as solutely ridiculous, and by many more as a ere matter of form, which it is proper to use, it in which no confidence whatever can be aced. Do not therefore say, if the rain should ntinue by the month together, that prayer as ordered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, id that God did not hear it, and therefore all ayer is idle. No, but see *what kind of prayer will be*, and how little connected it will be with nfession, and how little it will be general, and w little it will be sincere, and then you will ot wonder if no comfortable answer comes of it. may be that my text will be the sole answer of e Lord—"I will go and return to my place, ll they acknowledge their offence, and seek my ce: in their affliction they will seek me rly."

WHAT THEN IS TO BE DONE?

This much is to be done. All hope for a untry lies in the true believers who dwell erein. Remember Sodom, and how it would ave been spared had there been ten righteous en found therein, and know that ye also are e salt of the earth, by whom it is to be conrved. Loathe the spirit of those who say that, ecause we are citizens of heaven we are to have othing to do with the concerns of men below. more un-Christianlike sentiment, a more selfh sentiment, never degraded spiritual minds. Wherever the Jews dwelt in the days of their cattering they were commanded to care for the ood of the people among whom they dwelt. Here are the words of the Lord by Jeremiah: Seek the peace of the city whither I have aused you to be carried away captives, and pray nto the Lord for it: for in the peace thereof hall ye have peace." Surely Christians are not o be less generous than Jews.

Happily we are not under a despot ; in Engand we are our own governors, and the man who in this land does nothing to secure the good government of the country is, by his silence, on the side of wrong. You cannot shirk our responsibility anyhow except by clearing out of the land altogether, and then if it suffers y your absence you will still be found guilty. You are part and parcel of the nation, for you hare in its protection and privileges, and it is yours as Christian men to feel that you are bound in return to do all you can in the midst of it to promote truth and righteousness.

What then? What couse should we now pursue? Let us make confession of sin on behalf of the people as Moses and Jeremiah and Daniel did aforetime. You may not consider that to be sin which I judge to be so, but, my brother, you see sin enough all around you of one sort or another. Take it to yourself, and as the high priest went in to the holy place to plead for the people, so act you as a priest before God, in your quiet personal devotions. Confess the sin of this nation before God. If it will not repent, repent for it. Stand as a sort of consecrated sponsor before God, and let the sin lie on your heart till you fall on your face before the Most High.

Remember, the saints are intercessors with God for the people. Ye are God's remembrances, and, as ye are called to make mention of His name, keep not silence day nor night, but in this hour of trouble pour out your hearts before Him. Get you up to your Carmels and cry aloud, you that know how to cry unto God, that He may send deliverance, and when you have prayed for this people and asked the Lord to forgive its sin, and also to take away the chastising rod, then all of you promote by your daily lives, your precepts, and your actions, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." Be on the side of temperance and sobriety ; be on the side of peace and of justice ; be on the side of every thing that is according to the mind of God, and according to the law of love. Love God and your fellow men, and seek to promote all interests which look that way.

I believe that a country can never have a larger blessing, a truer safeguard for the present, or a firmer security for its future greatness, than a band of praying men and women who make mention of it before the throne of God. English history from the first day till now is as full of instruction as the history of Israel from Egypt even to Babylon. Did you ever read Cowper's wonderful description of the care which God has taken of this little island, how He has favored and protected it? When all the nations were in arms against it they could not touch its shore, for God was there: and on the other hand *the Lord has laid low, and made us suffer, when we have boasted of our fleets and armies.*

Our nation has been as much under the peculiar and especial providence of God as were the descendants of Jacob themselves, and therefore God deals with us as He does not deal with other nations. The smothering of black men with smoke in the caves to which they had fled, the burning down of human habitations, and the hunting of men as if they were wild beasts, is a greater iniquity with us than it would have been in savages, or even in Papists or Mahomedans. Our religion is higher, nobler, purer than theirs ; and we ought to be ashamed to act as they do. Bloodshed by some nations God winketh at, for they know but little better, but a country which has in it the very sun of the Gospel shining in the fulness of its strength should set to the world an example which it can follow, and, if it does not, it may expect to have trouble after trouble and blow after blow from the hand of God.

Thus have I spoken what was burdening my heart ; make what you will of it, it is *the warning of an honest lover of his country*, who fears the Lord and fears none besides. Judge me to have spoken with political bias or not, and censure me as you choose, I could say no less, or I would gladly have held my peace. Before God I am clear in this thing of any attempt but an upright one. May God grant that my feeble protest may touch the hearts of those who ought to feel its truth. I am not very sanguine that it will be so, for we have fallen upon evil times, and the heart of the people has waxen gross.

II. And now, secondly, let us view the text in reference to our

PERSONAL TRIALS

as believers. Brethren and sisters, let us now commune with one another concerning the ways of God with our own souls. The Lord will not cast off His people ; notwithstanding their faults they are His own children, and they shall be His children forever. But when His children sin, God is sure to chasten them for it. "You only have I known of all the people, therefore will I punish you for your iniquities." He leaves His enemies alone for a while, but *He smites His sons.* His foes shall go unpunished till the end shall be ; but as for His beloved, He is exceedingly jealous over them, and He will make them smart when they sin.

Has the Lord been chastening any of us of late? Has the moth been in our estates, or has the lion been tearing our peace? Let us turn at His rebuke ; let us say unto the Lord, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me. Lord, if thou art smiting me, I would not be as the horse or as the mule which have no understanding, but I would turn unto thee at once, before thou smitest me again." It is good to repent at once, and seek our heavenly Father's face betimes.

For, note next, when chastisements are of no avail with drawment follows. The Lord has promised that He will not forsake His people, nor will He utterly do so, but there are withdrawments which are not included in that promise. God may so hide Himself from His servants that they may have no conscious fellowship with Him, no enjoyment of His word, no power in prayer ; in fact, they may pray and He may shut out their prayer. Their life may be sapless and spiritless ; joy and peace may flee.

They may possibly try at such times to make up for their loss by enjoying the world. They may run after carnal pleasures and vain amusements, but they cannot fill their minds therewith ; they are spoiled for such empty vanities ; grace has made them incapable of finding soul food in the corn and wine of earth : they must have their God or die. Let me tell you most solemnly that it is a very sad thing when God has withdrawn from a believing spirit, and the more holy a man has been the more sadly will he lament that he is now under a cloud, and the more earnestly will he cry, "Oh that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat."

When these withdrawments of God are painfully felt, then we should begin most eagerly to search out the sin which has caused them ; for sin is at the bottom of it all. If, believer, there be a quarrel between thy Beloved and thyself, is there not a cause? Our Lord Jesus is no fitful lover, who in a pet will leave the soul which is espoused to Him merely to indulge a whim. Far otherwise ; He never trifles with us, but treats our love as a sacred thing. There is some grave cause whenever the Beloved frowns.

Now for a thorough search, a sweeping of the house, and a cleansing out of all things that offend. Throughout the heart, the understanding, and the lips let a search warrant be issued, and if any sin be detected—and it will not be long before it will be—let it be brought to light and judged. Set it in the light of God's countenance and there confess it and lament it. Make no apologies, and excuses, and explanations, but honestly confess the wrong and leave it.

But, beloved, when you have obtained a sense of the sin or sins which separate you from God, and have made a full confession, then take care that you seek the Lord with hopefulness and confidence, for, notwithstanding all this, you are His child still, and must not give way to a paralyzing despair. You are married unto Christ, and there is no divorce with Him, "for the Lord the God of Israel saith he hateth putting away." He will not cast off for ever nor put away his erring spouse. Come, therefore, unto Him with humble confidence. He hath torn and He will heal, He hath smitten and He will bind us up.

If He withdraws, it is only that you may sigh after Him and seek after Him. A nurse, when her little child will go away from her and fall into danger, will sometimes hide herself away from it, to teach it better. She sees the child still, though the little one cannot see her. She is near to help, but the child cannot find her, and so it begins to cry for her, and does not rest till she is found. The child will not so soon wander again. Even so may the Lord hide His face to make us cry after Him, but He is very near us all the while, and He will yet be found of us.

III. And now my time is almost spent, indeed I have but a few minutes to use on the third head, and I would therefore speak few words, but speak them very earnestly indeed. We shall now think of the personal

TRIALS OF THE SINNER.

Oh, you that are unconverted, if God means to save you, He will before long begin by chastening you in body or in mind. You will have trouble. You are a wandering sheep, and God will send His black dog after you to fetch you to the fold. If one trouble does not do it, you will have another, and another, and another. Perhaps I speak to some who, as the result of providential chastenings, and the work of conscience on their spirit, have already been aroused ; let them take heed of trifling with their awakenings. After that earnest sermon, or after reading that stirring book, you did begin to pray, but your desires and feelings have now subsided. I would have you greatly grieve over this. Let me warn you that God may withdraw Himself from you altogether.

Some have been sitting in this Tabernacle now for years from whom I fear God has withdrawn Himself; for you used to feel much moved by the Gospel, but it is not so now. You would not come when you were called and admonished, but you revolted more and more, and now mercy is growing weary of you. You were smitten again and again, but you still rebelled, and now God says, "Let him alone." This is a more terrible calamity than you suspect; unless it be averted it will be your ruin.

You must now return to your God, or you will never be right. It is vain to look to priests, or sacraments, or religiousness: all these things put together are nothing; you must have personal dealings with your God, and you must confess your sin to Him, or you will be eternally undone. Go and do it this morning. Tell Him all that you know about your sin, and ask Him to have mercy upon you for Jesus' sake. Seek to know Him as He manifests Himself in Jesus. Be willing to believe whatever He pleases to reveal. Be anxious to be reconciled to Him. Long to be at peace with the great God who made the heavens and the earth. Why should there be a quarrel between your Creator and your soul?

The way of reconciliation is by the blood of His Son Jesus Christ. You must, therefore, trust Jesus, and you shall find the peace of God. Oh may His Spirit help you to do this now. Seek Him, and seek Him intensely, resolving that you will never cease to seek till you find God full of mercy and love to you. Come, I pray you, and turn unto the Lord now, and may the Holy Spirit aid you in so doing. He hath torn and He will heal you. He hath smitten and He will bind you up. After two days will He revive you, in the third day He will raise you up, and you shall live in His sight.

The smitings of His providence are meant to separate you from the love of sin, and drive you to your God. In Jesus Christ the great Father stretches out His arms to you and says, "Come now, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Believe in Jesus and live. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." God bless you, my beloved friends, for His name's sake. Amen.

A DOUBLE TIE.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

Joe Enlists in the Hope of Becoming a Traveller—His Mother Draws her own Conclusions from his First Letter—He Leaves for the Seat of War—His First "Despatch" Home—A Wounded Officer Arrives in the Village—He is Wounded by the Arrow of Love—He Dines at the Manor House—He Returns to the Seat of War.

A HEARTY country lad was striding along the lanes of an English village early one morning, as if he had important business on hand, which he meant to settle that day. He was dressed in his best; his black wide-awake cocked on one side, and the stick which he swung, as he whistled a lively air, gave him the appearance of being what he really was, a very happy, honest young man. He had passed through a gate, when, turning suddenly round, he stopped whistling, and took a good look down upon a peaceful valley beneath him, in which stood a few cottages. He then once more resumed his stride.

"Where b'e going this morning, Marshall?" said a neighbor who met him on his way to the farm.

"To 'nlist," was the short answer.

"What! Thee be going for sojer? and what do the old people say?"

"Oh, the old folk they don't mind. Mother feels it a bit. But then she say, 'Well, Joe, you go along and see them parts, and come back again and tell us about them.' Terrible' fine places I've heard!"

"But suppose you gets killed, Joe!"

"Yes, but suppose I don't! There's old John Manton up there at Crook, he's been having a shilling a day these many years, and he's got a medal. He's always telling us young chaps we shouldn't stop at home. "Be sojers, boys, be sojers,' says John. So says I to myself, 'Well, anyhow, I'll try my luck, and here goes!'"

"Well, good luck to'e, Joe. Take care of yerself," said the worthy neighbor, as he shook Joe's hand very warmly. "The Lord bless'e."

"Thank'e, thank'e, Willum. I hopes to come back again some day. Give love to mother, and tell her to keep up her heart."

So saying, honest Joe resumed his march. It was a pretty long one, nearly twenty miles, but before evening he had reached the country town, where he went straight to a recruiting sergeant of the Royal Artillery, and entered Her Majesty's service.

Men of his stamp soon make good soldiers. He never complained of having made a bad exchange when he gave up the life of an agricultural laborer for the duties and discipline of the army.

Joe couldn't write, but he dictated a letter to a comrade, by whose pen he sent his mother a good report of his new condition, which cheered her heart, and served for a subject of conversation in that and the adjacent hamlet for several days. Five-and-twenty years ago a newspaper was a very rare visitor in many of the peaceful valleys of England. The convulsions of nature and nations in other lands never disturbed the tranquillity of those homes. A letter from the absent son or brother or a returning sailor or soldier, was the only means of communication with the outer world.

The departure of young Marshall for the army was quite an event. Mrs. Marshall had of course discussed the subject with her neighbors, especially with a family in which it was supposed that Joe was more than usually interested. There was a daughter there, a very *good girl*, and although Joe had never said any thing, he was supposed to fancy her, as the saying is in those parts. When his first letter came, with best respects to Mr., Mrs. Golder and Louisa, Mrs. Marshall drew her own conclusions; but she did not communicate them.

Joe had just mastered the rudiments of military art when *the Crimean war* broke out, and he went off with his battery to join the army in the field. It was a fearful contest. From time to time tidings reached England of battle after battle. His mother kept up a brave heart, and as she was a sincere Christian, she knew where to look for comfort concerning her son. "He's a good lad, ma'am; he's a good lad," she would say to the lady of *the manor-house*, who often visited her; "he's a good lad, sure, ma'am, and 'll not come to any harm."

At length a letter came from Joe. It was quite a despatch. He spoke about battle as if it came in the ordinary day's work. He did not complain of wet nights, hard fare, and other necessities of campaigning. He mentioned the fact that they were going to lay siege to a large town, and that his battery expected to be in the front.

The *manor-house* already referred to was rented by a *retired cavalry officer*, who, with his wife and family, resided there. The old soldier was of course deeply interested by every item of news from the seat of war, and the fact that Mrs. Marshall had a son there led to many a word of sympathy which helped to cheer the mother's heart. With his wife and elder daughters he visited the cottages in the surrounding hamlets. Their presence was always welcome, and gladdened the honest laborers and their families.

The winter had passed—a time of much anxiety and sorrow at home, and of great suffering to the army, exposed in tents to the rigors of snow and ice, without proper clothing, and with very scanty provision. Joe had got through it all right, thanks to the hardening of his early farm life.

As the spring wore on the siege progressed; sorties were made by the enemy, but without success. At length tidings came that a general assault had taken place, but that it had been repulsed.

The *arrival of a wounded officer* in a littl country town is an event of no small importance The entrance of the covered waggon, with a war worn soldier marching by its side, is not ar everyday occurrence, and for want of any thing better to think of, the town folk are considerabl occupied with the stranger. The reputation o the local surgeon, although it cannot be raise higher than it stands in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, receives a certain confirmation b the fact that this important case is under hi care. The local tradesmen anticipate a sligh improvement in trade when the warrior become convalescent, and everybody is generally pleased Perhaps the young ladies are most interested afte all. Their tender hearts imagine all sorts o sufferings in connection with wounds, eve when in a fair way of recovery, and their sympathy is, therefore, probably much stronger tha the harder sex.

The news of such an unusual arrival in th neighboring town soon reached the manor-house The old soldier felt it his duty, as the only representative of the service in those parts, to cal on the wounded man, and show him what attention he could. He often took him fruit, or sen it by his son, who was an aspirant for militar honors. The visits of the *veteran* were cordiall welcomed by the *young lieutenant*, who misse the cheerful society of his brother officers.

When the bed was exchanged for a sofa in bow-window, the wounded officer spent most o his time in watching the carriages and carts, an those who passed to and fro below. As th street was straight, he was able to command good view. He was occupied in this way on afternoon when he perceived his friend the colonel riding through the town, accompanied b *one of his daughters*. As he approached th house, the old officer looked up, and seeing th invalid at the window, reined in, and congratulated him on a first step toward recovery.

The subaltern thanked the colonel; but hi attention was wholly absorbed by the fair girl who in maidenly modesty sat on her horse, stroking its mane with her riding-whip, but neve venturing to look up at the young officer t whom her father was talking. He did not hea a word the colonel was saying, and replie "Yes" to every remark without hesitation. A length curiosity triumphed, and with a timi blush she turned her face upward, and looke at the young hero, as the local papers had style him. He at once turned his eyes toward he father, and appeared as much interested in hi observations as he had been previously in hi own. When she had thus for a few moment honored the wounded soldier with her regard she resumed her former occupation, and he a quickly returned to the contemplation of a picture which thenceforth was to be graven on hi memory. There was a sweetness and a gentleness in that lovely face which won his heart She seemed, as far as he could judge at a glance to personate all that he had learned to conside most worthy of admiration in woman. The interview over, she rode on with her father. Thi vision gave a new turn to the young soldier's life Whether or no he was ever to realize the drea of happiness which rose in his mind as h thought of the maiden who had looked up a him with a womanly tenderness and sympath of which he had been conscious, he must leav for the future. One thing was certain, he wa hit a second time, and although severely wounded, he had no wish to recover.

An invitation to dine at the manor-house wa sent to the young soldier as soon as he had recovered the use of his limbs. It was accepted as may be supposed, without objection. Havin no dress clothes, and not wishing to spen money in what he might never wear a secon time, as he purposed joining his regiment a soon as possible, he apologized for coming i uniform. It is needless to say that a soldier i me of war is always welcome in the uniform of is sovereign, and the scarlet coat created quite sensation in the drawing-room of the old coun- y house. A retired officer of the Guards, on a sit to his friend the colonel, courteously in- sted that the young officer should hand in to nner the daughter to whom we have been al- ady introduced. The happy subaltern could ardly believe his senses as he sat next to her at ble, and, by the kindness of her parents and er friends, was made to feel as one of the mily.

Duty soon called him to return once more to e seat of war. He did not forget the fair face left in the happy old English home; and a ng he had learned shortly before leaving Eng- nd helped to deepen its impression in his emory.

(To be continued.)

LONDON AND ANCIENT TYRE.

A Prophetic Parallel.

ondon and its Population—Ancient Babylon as described by Kinns and Buckley—Other Ancient Cities—Remarkable parallel between Tyre and London—The four great Sins of Tyre, National pride, Aggression, the Slave Trade, breach of the Brotherly Covenant—Are not Tyre's sins also England's?—England's future judgment indicated.

"LONDON," says the Registrar General of ngland, in his last Annual Summary of Births d Deaths, "is the greatest city of the world. s population exceeds three millions and a lf; or, if we add the population of the sub- bs in the outer ring, the total population FOUR MILLIONS AND A HALF. Its popula- on approaches the aggregate population of enty-two other large towns of the United ingdom. It nearly equals the aggregate popu- tion of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna; or, with th burbs, it equals the populations of the capitals France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. The ea of this great city is 122 square miles, or a uare of a little more than 11 miles to the side; the density of the population is 29,322 people the square mile, and the proximity of the opulation 11.04 yards; or the people are at a ean distance of 11 yards from each other." oreover, these numbers, vast as they are al- ady, are increasing every year. London, in 78, had 43,693 more inhabitants than in 1877, d upward of a million and a half more than 1842.

This mighty metropolis, according to Colonel enderson, the head of the London Police, con- ins 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the obe; it has 1500 miles of streets, and 2000 iles of sewers; for gas and water it pays over ,000,000 per annum; it has a birth every three inutes and a death every five minutes—*i.e.*, 8 every day, 2016 every week, 8064 every onth, or 96,768 every year; which bears the roportion that *three persons out of every gather- g of one hundred persons*, or thirty persons out every gathering of one thousand persons, will e within a year. It has 38,000 drunkards an- ally brought before its magistrates; it has e-third of all the crime in the country com- itted in it; it has 117,000 habitual criminals its police register, increasing at an avarage 30,000 per annum; it thus affords a grand op- rtunity to every one of a philanthropic spirit assisting by personal service or money contri- tion the many efforts for the people's good.

These facts indicating the huge proportions to hich the English metropolis has grown carry r thoughts to other

MIGHTY METROPOLI

hose once "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous laces" are only known by heaps of stones, by story, and tradition. Dr. Samuel Kinns said st year that *Nineveh* and *Babylon* were *nearly ice the size* of London and its suburbs. Baby- n, he says, quoting from Herodotus, occupied 5 square miles, and was 60 miles in circumfer- ce, and was surrounded by a wall 350 feet gh, 75 feet in thickness.

It was the first city founded after the Deluge, and stood upon the site of Babel. It was in great prosperity in Nebuchadnezzar's time, about 600 B.C. The size of the ancient Eastern cities is by no means a guide as to the number of their inhabitants, because large open spaces, pleasure grounds, and gardens, were constantly formed within their walls, and the seclusion in which women were kept rendered a separate dwelling necessary for each family. Babylon is described by the prophet Jonah as being in his time a "great city," 862 B.C. (Jon. 3: 2).

But perhaps none of these ancient cities afford so striking and characteristic a parallel to London as *Tyre*, "the crowning city whose merchants were princes, and her trafficers the honorable of the earth" (Isa. 23: 8). Ezekiel gives a striking description of this

THE GREATEST COMMERCIAL CITY

of antiquity in the twenty-seventh chapter of his prophecy. The various trades carried on, the vast extent of her commerce, her riches and luxury, together with *the causes of God's ultimate judgment* upon her, are all depicted to the life. The work of the architect, the sculptor, and decorator, had been lavished on the palaces of the merchant princes of Tyre, until she could say, "I am of perfect beauty," and the prophet exclaims, "Thy builders have perfected thy beauty;" "Thy heart was lifted up because of thy beauty."

Other cities arose and fell, yet Tyre remained "the mart of nations." Spoken of B.C. 1444 as the "strong city Tyre," she outlived Thebes, and Babylon, and ancient Jerusalem. Grecian cities crumbled to dust before her; Rome was of comparatively recent date. Tyre was the parent of important colonies that enjoyed a long life and died. Carthage, its greatest colony, perished fifteen centuries before Tyre. Tyre was besieged by Nebuchadnezzar, but not destroyed. Alexander constructed an enormous artificial mole to unite the fortified island city with the mainland, and marched his troops upon it; but Tyre survived. In 1144 A.D. it surrendered to the Crusaders, but its downfall does not date till the spring of 1291. "The same day" that the Sultan of Egypt took possession of Acre, "the Tyrians, leaving the city empty, without the stroke of a sword, without the tumult of war, embarked on board their ships, and abandoned the city" to the Saracens. This was the turning-point in its history, exactly 1879 years after the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.

Tyre had had intimate relations of friendship with the Lord's people in the days of Solomon, and a greater than Solomon taught and healed within her borders; nevertheless, "It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." The silting up of rivers and the shallowness of harbors may change the whole current of commerce, but it is *sin* that brings down cities and desolates nations.

London, then, may well be called

"THE MODERN TYRE,"

and since the laws of God's moral government are ever the same, and unchangeable, like causes ever producing like results, it will be well for us to inquire what were the special sins of Tyre which brought down upon her the desolating judgment of the Most High. They were mainly four:

1. *National pride* was one of the chief causes of Tyre's downfall. She sinned in becoming proud of her great riches. "Son of man, say unto the prince of Tyrus, Thus saith the Lord God: Because thine heart is lifted up, and thou hast said, I am a god, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas"—how often do we hear it said that England is and shall be "mistress of the seas," while one of the national songs of Britain is, "Rule Britannia: Britannia *rules the waves*"—"with thy wisdom and with thine understanding thou hast gotten thee riches, and thine heart is lifted up because of thy riches: therefore thus saith the Lord God, Because thou hast set thine heart as the heart of God; behold, therefore, I will bring strangers upon thee, the terrible of the nations; and they shall draw their swords against the beauty of thy wisdom, they shall defile thy brightness; they shall bring thee down to the pit, and thou shalt die the deaths of them that are slain in the midst of the seas" (Ezek. 28: 2–8).

2. Again, *an aggressive policy* on behalf of her colonies was among the sins of Tyre. "By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned: therefore I will cast thee to the ground, I will lay thee before kings, that they may behold thee. Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by the multitude of thine iniquities, by the iniquity of thy traffic; therefore will I bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, it shall devour thee" (Ezek. 28: 16, 18).

"Herodotus and Strabo," says Sir Edward Strachey, "speak of king in the colonies of Tartessus, and for a parallel we need only look at the 'Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies,' extending their rule over a great continent, and there setting up and pulling down kings and emperors at their will. Tyre (like other nations) was noted for the severity with which she ruled her dependencies; but now their bonds are loosed, and the prophet tells Tarshish that she is free as the Nile—the river that least regards any bounds—to wander at her own sweet will. And the proud queen of cities herself, she who so long sat in glory, rejoicing in her wealth and power, and in that antiquity of which the Phœnicians were so proud, shall fly, a dishonored woman, and on foot, for refuge to her colonies.

3. *The slave trade* was another cause of Tyre's doom, as the opium traffic may be of England's India. "The sons of Judah and the sons of Jerusalem have ye sold unto the sons of the Grecians" (Joel 3: 6); and we notice also in Ezekiel's list, "the persons of men" brought from Javan to the Syrian market.

4. A fourth clause in the indictment against Tyre, is that she "remembered not *the brotherly covenant*" (Amos. 1: 9). This refers primarily, no doubt, to a friendly alliance between Tyre and Israel, but underlying this is the truth, so sadly exemplified by England, that trade has a tendency to lead men to regard each other simply as buyers and sellers, each considering his own interests, not his brother man's, and thus rapidly to *degenerate into selfishness*, injustice, and fraud.

Such were the sins of Tyre, and are they not also

THE SINS OF ENGLAND?

Shall it, then, be more tolerable for England in the day of judgment than it was for Tyre? England is now in these last days what Tyre was ages ago, and as the Tyre and Tarshish of the present time, not only her judgment, but the *very form of it*, seems to be revealed. As the greatest maritime power in the world, her glory is in her navy, and through this her boasted strength, will God prove to her, her weakness. Let the following passages be considered:—"The day of the Lord shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty"—all who glory in an "Imperial policy"—and "upon every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low; and upon all the cedars of Lebanon, that are high and lifted up, and upon all the oaks of Bashan, and upon all the high mountains, and upon all the hills that are lifted up. And upon every high tower and upon every fenced wall, and *upon all the ships of Tarshish*, and upon all pleasant pictures" (Isa. 2: 12, 16). "Howl, *ye ships of Tarshish;* for your strength is laid waste" (Isa. 23: 14).

It would seem from this passage as if some awful naval catastrophe awaited England. As if on some occasion when her magnificent fleet of iron-clads of which she is so proud, and which it is thought are sufficiently powerful to encounter and overcome the combined fleets of the whole world, are gathered together, some swift and sudden destruction will fall upon them. Whether that catastrophe will be of the elements, or of the tornadoes, or the warlike appliances of an enemy does not appear, but that the catastrophe will be sudden and overwhelming when it does come, seems unmistakable.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(*Continued from page* 639.)

NOT WHOLLY PHILANTHROPIC.

Mr. Vernon having expressed his contempt for ministers of the Gospel and their teaching, looked at Edith to see what effect his remarks had taken on her. He knew how her sensitive mind would quiver under his contemptuous speech, and he waited impatiently for her reply. But none came; he saw, however, the blood mantling her cheek as she suppressed the indignation she obviously felt. At last he said:

"Do you not agree with me Edith?"

As Edith was directly appealed to, she replied, with a quivering lip, "Surely clergymen must not shrink from speaking the whole truth."

"Truth!" repeated Vernon, looking contemptuously at his niece through his large blue spectacles; "do you really believe that the Deity will punish in eternity those who have not what you call faith—those who refuse to tie down their own free opinions to any creed?"

"I do believe it, for He hath said it," replied Edith, her usually pallid face suffused with a glowing flush.

"You weak women so love to keep in your own narrow grooves," observed Vernon, pushing back his chair from the table. "I do not think that there ever yet was a woman who cared to use her judgment, or show anything like wisdom, when she was bent on having her own way."

"You remind me that it was a woman who listened, alas! to the first lie ever spoken on earth, *ye shall not surely die*," said Edith Temple. She knew that to the man before her, so wise in his own eyes, the tempter was at that moment repeating the same fatal lie.

"Edith, you are an idiot!" exclaimed Vernon, angrily, rising from the table. It was easier to insult the lady than to confute an argument drawn from the Word of God.

Edith Temple rose also, and walked quietly out of the room; but when once she had closed the door behind her, she ran rapidly up to her own apartment in tears.

"I cannot stay here; I will go back, back to my own peaceful retreat—to my own dear loving friends!" was the exclamation of Edith, as she entered that room.

But there was a secret spring of consolation that mingled with and sweetened the bitterness of her feelings. Edith was thankful that she had been given courage to speak even those very few words for her Master, that she had been strengthened to overcome the fear of man that bringeth a snare. Mr. Vernon had called her an idiot, but the words which she had spoken were not her own. Man might mock and despise, but the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God, whose Word alone endureth for ever.

Edith soon dried her eyes, and reflected calmly on the subject of her own position and duties. Would it be well, would it be right, for her to quit the home of her uncle? A very small matter helped Edith to form a clear judgment upon that question.

Wishing to take some writing-materials out of her desk, she unlocked it, and one of the first things that she saw within it was a small jewel-box, which contained almost the only ornaments which Edith now called her own—a chain and bracelet of hair, and a single diamond ring. That ring had been Mrs. Vernon's last gift to her niece, and as Edith now opened her little box, and looked on the beautiful jewel, the pale loving face of her poor aunt was recalled vividly to her mind.

That face seemed to wear the look with which the invalid lady had said, "Oh! Edith, if I should be taken, will you not be a comfort to my dear husband?" Miss Temple remembered that she had kissed her aunt as her only reply; that kiss had been given and received as a silent promise from Edith, and should she break it now because her uncle wounded her feelings and tried her temper?

"I know that I am a comfort to him," said Edith to herself, "for he makes so much use of my eyes. I believe that my uncle cares no more for me than he does for his glasses; but he would miss me, as he would miss them, were he to lose them.

"It is a trial," here Edith sighed, "to be so little fitted as I am to win my uncle's affection or to gain his respect. The fault may be greatly my own; it would be presumption indeed were I to think that all that I have to bear is for 'righteousness' sake.'

"Were I more talented, more bright, more engaging, I might possibly be able to attract my uncle more towards my religion. But I must not despair either of him or of myself," thought Edith; "I may make a tolerable sick-nurse for an old man, though I make a poor companion for a clever one. Perhaps some day, by God's blessing, I may become of more use in this house, and be better loved.

"I will wear this ring," and she put it on her finger, "to remind me of my dear aunt. It will remind me of something else." Edith was gazing on the beautiful star-shaped cluster of brilliants as she thought of one of those sweet verses in which the Holy One tells His people that, however the world may despise them, they are very precious to Him—"*They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.*"

Edith knelt down and breathed a few words of prayer, then rose serene and almost cheerful. She did not remain in her own apartment to brood over her trials and wrongs, but carried her writing materials to the drawing-room, that she might finish copying out for her uncle a long and to her most dry article on metallic bases.

Edith sat down steadily to her occupation, transcribing page after page, and scarcely raising her eyes from her papers until her task was completed. Just as she was wiping her pen Mr. Vernon came into the room, looking unusually pleasant and cheerful, and holding a labelled blue glass phial in his hand.

"What, Edith, have you finished copying all that article already!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon.

"I have finished it," answered the lady.

"Well, I must own that you are a painstaking girl, and a capital scribe," said the philosopher, who was in a particularly amiable humor. "You deserve a reward, and you shall have one. If you promise not to put it into the hands of any chemist or quack, I will give you the first bottle of my priceless balsam, my Antidote," and with an expression of exultation on his face, Oswald Vernon set down on the table the phial which he had brought.

"Before I thank you for your gift, will you please to tell me what it is, and what I am to do with it?" said Edith.

Mr. Vernon, radiant with triumph, like a conqueror displaying his spoils, took a seat opposite to that of his niece. He then leant forwards to address her with the mysterious manner of one about to disclose a great secret. The philosopher, in his calmer moods, could work out his experiments and watch their results without needing or caring for human sympathy, though ever fond of human praise.

Vernon lived for himself, and in himself, his thirst for fame, his desire for applause, being almost his only links to the outer world. But there are moments when even cold natures lose something of their coldness; when even the selfish want some heart to share their cares or their joys. This was such a moment with Oswald Vernon, and it was this craving for sympathy that brought him to Edith Temple.

"Have you never heard," began the philosopher, "that in India alone, *fourteen thousand persons* are said to die every year from the effect of snake-bites?" Had Mr. Vernon been recording the most pleasant fact he could not have done so with an air of greater satisfaction.

"That is dreadful," said Edith.

"Dreadful indeed!" echoed the smiling philosopher. "If fourteen thousand thus die in one country, imagine the tremendous list of casualties that there would be from this cause could we procure statistics from all the lands where, beneath a tropical sun, the serpent brood has multiplied unchecked for ages! Think of Africa, Brazil, Chili, Borneo; think of the deep forests, the jungles, the morasses where half-clothed natives have no protection from the fangs of poisonous snakes!"

"There must be a fearful number of victims," observed Edith Temple.

Mr. Vernon bent closer towards the ear of his niece, and lowered his voice to a still more confidential tone as he went on.

"And now tell me, Edith Temple, if a man of science were to find out a cure for this evil, if he were to wrest from Nature a secret which should render harmless the bite of the most venomous snake, tell me, would not such a man be *a benefactor to the whole human race?*"

"He would indeed!" cried the lady.

"Would you compare with the work of that philanthropist the deeds of your Howard, your Wilberforce, your Shaftesbury?" The sneer on the lip of Vernon, as he asked the question, showed how lightly he esteemed the labors of these self-denying servants of God, and friends of mankind.

"I see no need to compare the works, all so good, so blessed!" said Edith, who rejoiced from her heart in the hope that her uncle had really, as he gave her to understand, found out a cure for the bite of serpents.

"Edith," said Vernon proudly, "the honor i mine of being the first to discover a perfect antidote for one of the most terrible of the evils tha flesh is heir to. I have tried the effect of my Antidote on various creatures—the chicken, the rabbit, the lamb—and in every case. without exception, have found the remedy perfect."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Edith.

A peculiar and by no means pleasing expression flitted across the philosopher's face, on hea ing that intuitive exclamation. *He* had neve thought of returning thanks to the Being wh had created his brain, directed his thoughts, an given success to his efforts. Vernon gave th credit of his discovery to his own science, pe severance, and wisdom; he had never eve thought of ascribing glory to God.

"It is much to be regretted," observed th philosopher, "that I have had no opportunity testing the effects of my balsam on a human su ject; men object to being bitten by serpent even if assured that the bite will do them more harm than the prick of a lady's needle."

Edith could not help smiling at the remar but without appearing to notice her smile, h uncle went on—"It is one of the great evils civilization that science is so shackled that t life, or even the ease of the lowest ragamuf must not be sacrificed for the good of the wh community."

Edith silently thought, "Very thankful an that science is so shackled, for otherwise to wh dreadful experiments on their fellow-creatu might not the pursuit of that science lead ent siasts like my uncle."

But the lady reproached herself the mon afterwards for harboring such a thought. H unjust she had been to Mr. Vernon! how no were his labors! what a benefactor he was to world!

Edith had not cared to study metallic bas but in any remedy for human suffering she t the keenest interest. It was with animation t she now expressed her hope that the valua balsam might be placed within reach of the po est native of every region infested by poison snakes.

"I have no doubt that our Government take up the subject," said Vernon, "and throughout her Majesty's dominions at least village will be allowed to remain unprovi with my Antidote."

"Is it needful to apply the cure quite rectly?" asked Edith; "must the poor bi native die if he chance to be wounded a mil two from a village in which the balsam is t found?" The question was asked with an e interest which pleased the inventor.

"It is difficult to answer your question with precision," was his reply, "especially as I have been unable to try the effects of my Antidote upon the human frame. The poison of different kinds of reptiles varies in power. Besides, much would depend on whether simple precautions were instantly taken before the balsam could be applied."

"What precautions would be needful?" asked Edith.

"Of course if the wound were sucked at once, there would be less danger of the poison spreading. A strong dose of ammonia would be useful, but this could not always be procured. But the most essential precaution of all is that the patient be kept in constant motion, not suffered for one moment to rest, as sleep would be certainly fatal.

If such means were used to delay the action of the venom, I think that I could guarantee the success of my cure, even if half-an-hour should elapse between the receiving the wound and the liberal use of the balsam."

"Oh, my uncle, how happy you must be!" exclaimed Edith, in the warmth of her heart. "I had rather have invented such a cure than be the Empress of India."

Mr. Vernon was gratified by the heartfelt congratulation of Edith, and felt more kindly towards her than he ever had felt before.

"How eager you must be to spread far and wide the knowledge of your precious balsam!" cried the lady.

"I am, indeed, eager to let the whole world know of my grand discovery," said the philosopher; "but nothing must be done prematurely. I have, of course, to secure a patent for my Antidote; for otherwise it is possible, just possible, that the advantages belonging of right to its inventor might be wrested from him by others."

Edith's warm sympathy cooled down a little at these words; it was clear that to benefit mankind was not the *only* object of her uncle.

"I have an idea," continued Mr. Vernon, that what cures the bite of serpents may also counteract the poison of mad dogs, and so prevent hydrophobia. I am most anxious to test by experiments whether this be not the case, but difficulties lie in the way.

One can't well advertise for mad dogs," continued the philosopher, with a smile; "and though they sometimes come when they are not wanted, when they are wanted they are not likely to come. I do not intend to apply for my patent till I can advertise my Antidote as warranted to cure wounds inflicted by rabid dogs as well as by venomous serpents."

"But, uncle, may not weeks, months elapse before you are able to do this!" cried Edith.

"Months, yes, perhaps years," answered her uncle. The progress of science, to be sure, must often be slow. Still, if circumstances favor my efforts, I hope to be able to get out my patent before the end of this year."

"And in the meantime hundreds, thousands of men, women, and children, will be dying from snake-bites!" exclaimed Miss Temple. "Oh! why not give them the cure at once?"

"Edith, you talk like a silly impatient child," replied Mr. Vernon in a tone of irritation. "Unless I can get a patent, the Antidote is hardly my own. I may never enjoy the fruit of my labors either in money or fame. I calculate that, if secured to me, its inventor, the balsam will be as a river of gold, bringing in an income of thousands of pounds (an English pound is worth nearly five dollars). If I sell the patent, as I probably may, it will only be for a sum so large as to suffice to gratify what for long has been the dearest wish of my heart."

Vernon drew himself up proudly as he went on. "Edith, I hope to found a museum in my native town, a museum which will carry down my name to remotest posterity, and be an appropriate monument to the discoverer of Antidote." The philosopher leant back in his chair, slowly rubbed his hands, and looked as if he already beheld statues reared to his honor, and heard speeches made in his praise.

(To be continued.)

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

Sunday-School Lesson for Aug. 10th.—Gal. 5 : 22; 6 : 10. Golden Text, 6 : 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE object of our redemption is that we may be fruitful. The bitter reaping of the lost will be that they have lived in vain, and nothing for eternity has come out of their wasted life. "What fruit had ye then," asks Paul, "in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?" (Rom. 6 : 21;) they were but the "unfruitful works of darkness" (Eph. 5 : 11). But to the children of God our blessed Lord says, (John 15 : 16): "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." And he explains (John 15 : 2-5) the discipline to which He subjects His children: "Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit;" that He taketh away the unfruitful branch; and "he that abideth in Me, *and I in him*, the same bringeth forth much fruit." He teaches also, verse 8, that God is only glorified and we are only disciples if we bear much fruit.

What are the fruits of the Spirit? First, because greatest, comes love. Real love has no human element; it seeks nothing for itself, but loses itself in its object. "Christ loved the church, and gave Himself for it" (Eph. 5 : 25). Divine love is self-sacrifice. It does not depend on the return it receives. Being in itself a source of warmth, it does not become chilled by the coldness it meets with; it is self-existent. Human love, even the purest, such as between mother and child, cannot continue to exist without something to nourish it; all which is human fails and decays. Now it is self-evident, that in order to love God when we do not understand His dealings with us, to love sinners whose character and practices repulse us, to love enemies who are always seeking to hurt us, and more than all to love brethren in Christ whose want of unity with us and want of comprehending the heart of God bring upon us unspeakable suffering—all this demands a love which is divine, which is indeed the fruit of the Spirit.

And this love, which "seeketh not her own," prepares the way for the fruit of "joy." Just as in the case represented in chap. 6 : 1-4: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself lest thou be also tempted." Here love has full play, no room for the spirit of judgment; it is the privilege of those who live nearest to God to restore or lift up the fallen in the Name and by the Spirit of Him by whom alone we stand. In the Spirit of our Master, although not sacrificially as He has done, we are to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

This is the practical outcome of that member ship one of another, of which Paul writes (Rom 12 : 5; 1 Cor. 12 : 12-27), "and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, etc." Or again that practical uniting of Himself with others of which he speaks (1 Cor. 9 : 19-23), "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak." Christ came where we were, in order that He might lead us where He is; became what we were in weakness and in dependence upon the Spirit's power and guidance, etc. (Luke 2 : 40; 3 : 22, 4 : 1; 14, 18), that He might make us partakers of what He is (2 Pet. 1 : 4). No sacrifice was too costly, no humiliation too great, for His mighty love. And it is our privilege to come down to the level of one who is fallen, without any respect to what it may cost us in reputation, or in personal inconvenience, that we may lift him up in the Name of the Lord. It is not without meaning that it follows, "For if a man think himself to be somewhat when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself;" and "without love," says Paul, "I am nothing." "But let every man prove his own work (*i.e.*, by the restoring of a fallen brother), and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in *the* other. (See Gr.) The joy proceeds from Christ lived out in our lives by the power of His love conquering us, and conquering others through us.

And thus there is peace. A restless, agitated, disquiet spirit brings forth little fruit. Peace and dissatisfaction cannot go together. Thus it comes that we must learn to be wholly satisfied with God, and with what He permits, in order that the fruit of peace may be brought forth in us. With a calm confidence in the wisdom and love of our heavenly Father, and having no misconstruction of His motives, we cannot but be at peace with ourselves from whom we are expecting nothing, and we cannot but be at peace with others. Long suffering of others flows naturally out of this peace, of which it may be said to be a part; for how can we lose patience with one whom we regard in no other way than in his relation to God?

It would seem as if the whole force of our passage for to-day was contained in Abraham's blessing (Gen. 12 : 2), "I will bless thee, . . . and thou shalt be a blessing." The fruit of the Spirit seems to be that outflow of blessing to others which is the privilege of those who believe in Jesus, and out of whom "shall flow rivers of living water" (John 7 : 38). For all these fruits of the Spirit, including those we have not yet mentioned, "gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," bear upon our relation to others; and reflecting of Christ to them, as we absorb the blessed rays of light and warmth, to shed them on all we meet. Against these fruits of the Spirit there is no law, no need of control here; all is in the normal condition of things when God can say, as of the work of His creation, that it is very good.

But when a man or woman who has found pardon through the blood of Christ, and who has some measure of love to Him, some measure of desire to live without sin, and get all this for his own soul's sake. where are these fruits of the Spirit? When he goes to Christian conferences, to hear every preacher who may bring fresh light upon the Word of God, attends and enjoys Bible readings, etc., and yet does nothing to win the unconverted to Christ, or to restore the unfaithful children of God, where are these fruits of the Spirit in such an one? Has such an one crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts? Is he not living as though he were head and master of his own life, as though God were made to minister to him, instead of the reverse—that *he* is created to minister to the glory of God. The flesh places self first even in spiritual things—the Spirit glorifies God.

"If we live in the Spirit, let us walk in the Spirit." Let there be consistency; we are sowing daily, hourly,—let there be sowing to the Spirit in having an object for eternity in all things. All sowing to the flesh, *i.e.*, every thing we do to attain our own ends, produces only corruption. If in any of our work for God there is a lingering desire to gain the approbation of some minister of Christ, or of some revered Christian friend, we are sowing to the flesh; we have ourselves in view, and not the glory of God, we are "desirous of vainglory." And this is really akin to idolatry. To sow to the Spirit, our eye must never wander from God. "When our eye is single our whole body is full of light" (Luke 11 : 34). "I have set God always before me," says the Psalmist; and it is thus, with God ever in sight, that we can sow to the Spirit, and of the Spirit reap life everlasting. It is a simple but blessed test of all our conduct—Am I doing, saying, renouncing, this for God, or for myself.

Our whole subject is full of that which we are to others. While we fulfil the law of Christ, to love one another *as* He has loved us, by bearing one another's burdens,—we are not to lay our own on others: "every one shall bear his own burden," *i.e.*, by casting it upon the Lord (Ps. 55 : 22). "Then let him that is taught in the word communicate to him that teacheth in all good things, always ready to give, for it is more blessed to give than to receive," and it must not be merely by impulse. "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. As we therefore have opportunity, let us do good unto all men, specially unto such as be of the household of faith."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Decisive Victory of the British over the Zulus is reported. The cable despatch states states that on July 4th a desperate battle was fought near Ulundi, in which the Zulus were utterly routed. The Zulu prisoners say that 15,000 men were engaged under King Cetewayo himself. The British troops, numbering 5,000, formed in the famous *hollow square* which in the historic battles of the Continent at the close of the last century and at Waterloo won them such renown. Against the sides of this living square the Zulus came with a rush in dense masses, but were unable to penetrate it. Falling back they were pursued by the English cavalry, and the rout was complete. The victors burned the king's kraal at Ulundi.

This victory is considered in the British camp as being so decisive as to virtually close the war, although it is possible Cetewayo may not submit for some time. Sir Garnet Wolseley has countermanded all reinforcements and supplies, believing that there will be no more serious resistance on the part of the enemy.

English Rule in India.—At a Meeting to discuss the state of India, held July 23d, Mr. John Bright said if it were really necessary as now to expend more than half the Indian revenue on the army, it seemed to him it would be almost better to confess failure, and say that the government of a great empire in Asia by rulers sent from England is impossible, and ought never to have existed. The speech has excited much hostile comment.

The King of the Belgians has Addressed an autograph letter to Bishop Crowther, the African missionary Bishop of the English Church, expressing warm interest in his work on the Niger.

The Commercial Depression in Great Britain, combined with prospects of a harvest far below the average yield, has produced a feeling of anxiety in all minds. Mr. Spurgeon deals with the subject in a bold and faithful manner in the sermon we publish this week. Its warnings are timely, and though just now specially appropriate to Englishmen may be read with advantage *on this side the Atlantic.* There is an impression only too prevalent that God has left the world to a mechanical control of law, and that what we understand as Providence is an obsolete doctrine. Mr. Spurgeon teaches that national sins bring about national disasters as a chastisement from God.

The New Khedive of Egypt is threatening resignation. The Sultan of Turkey refuses him the power of concluding treaties with foreign Powers, and Tewfik Pacha has signified his inability to conduct the Government unless this privilege is accorded him.

A Royal Present.—Queen Victoria has Sent to the ex-Empress Eugenie a frame made of violets in amethysts for the last photograph of the late Prince Imperial. The garland is surmounted by an eagle, which holds in its talons a three-colored streamer on which is written in golden letters the motto, "Not lost, but gone before."

The English Harvest Prospects Continue of the gloomiest character. The London *Times* says: "The prevailing opinion both in France and Germany is that the wheat crop will be short, both countries, like ourselves, having suffered from heavy rains. Southern Russia and America seem to be the only corn-growing countries whence an abundant supply can be looked for. With this outlook there can naturally be no improvement in the Manchester wool trade, which is as flat as ever, while in the metal districts things grow worse rather than better.

War between Turkey and Greece is reported imminent in consequence of the failure of negotiations on the question of the boundaries of the two countries. England has proffered her mediation, but the Greeks consider she betrayed them at the Berlin Congress, and are indisposed to avail themselves of her good offices.

The Earl of Kintore.—The Scotch Peer who sits in the British House of Lords as Baron Kintore is well known for his interest in philanthropy and religious work. He has lately been preaching in the East End of London to crowded congregations, in the Presbyterian Church, and in the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road. While the earl was holding forth the Word of Life to thousands within the building, his son, the Hon. Keith Falconer, was preaching to the overflowing numbers who could not get admission in an adjoining hall, and has also rendered important help to Mr. Charrington, a gentleman whose efforts in the work of evangelizing the lower classes in London have been attended with signal success.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage.—The following paragraph from an English religious journal shows the esteem in which Dr. Talmage is held by the eminent London preacher:

Mr. Spurgeon said, "Mr. Talmage's discourses lay hold of my inmost soul. The Lord is with this mighty man of valor. So may he ever be till the campaign closes with victory. I am indeed glad of his voice. It cheers me intensely. He loves the Gospel, and *believes in something,* which some preachers hardly do. There are those about who use *the old labels,* but the articles are not the same. May the Lord win armies of souls to Jesus by this man. I am astonished when God blesses me, but somehow I should not be much surprised if He blessed this man."

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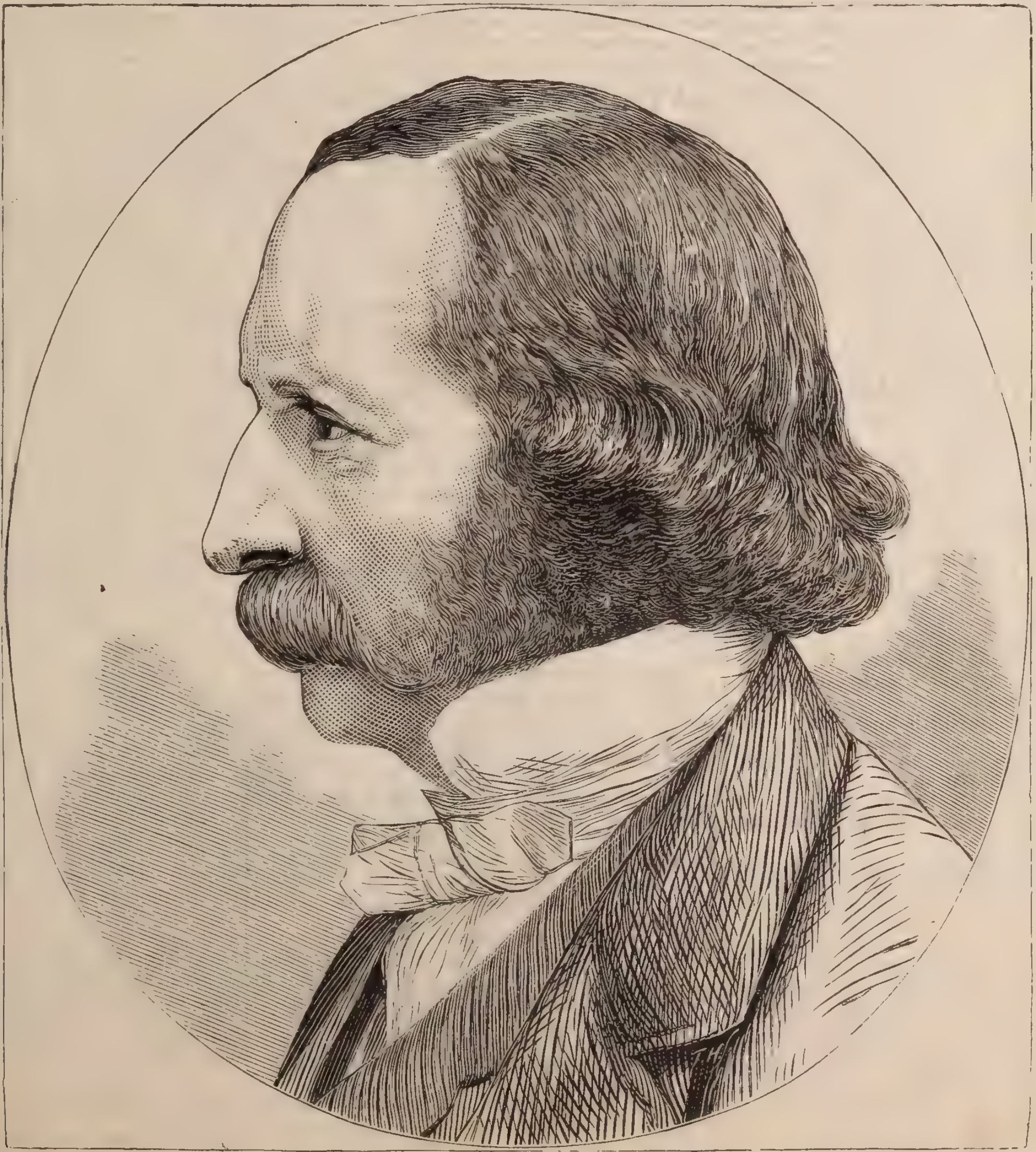


The late Sir WALTER C. TREVELYAN, Bart., formerly President of the United Kingdom Alliance.

SIR W. C. TREVELYAN, BART.

President of the United Kingdom Alliance.

The Trevelyan Family—The late Baronet's Birth, Marriage, and Death—His Philanthropy and Exertions in the Cause of Temperance—The United Kingdom Alliance—Death of Lady Trevelyan, etc.

ALL who have the good of their fellow-man at heart heard of the removal by death of this distinguished philanthropist with regret.

The English temperance movement in general, and the United Kingdom Alliance in particular, lost in the deceased baronet a staunch supporter. Perhaps at no period of the history of the temperance movement have such men as Sir Walter been so much needed as in the present day, seeing that the whole question of how to deal with the desperate work of intemperance is forcing itself upon the country.

His well-known face and form will be missed from the meetings of philanthropists and social reformers. For the furtherance of such objects it seemed his delight to live. Even up to within a few weeks of his decease his untiring energy and love of the temperance cause manifested itself by drawing him to such assemblages by which his life-loved work was being furthered.

The Trevelyans are a very old Cornish family, having been long established in Cornwall, England, when William the Conqueror invaded the country—a period which forms the limit of ancestry of most British noble families. They take their name from Tre-Villion, an estate in Cornwall possessed by the family as far back as the eighth century. Their ancient arms were a lion rampant holding a *bâton*, but their present bearing is a memorial of a feat performed by one of their ancestors, who is reported to have *swum on horseback* from some rocks known as the Seven Stones to the Land's End, at the time of a fearful flood, which separated those rocks from Cornwall, and whose irresistible torrents swept over a great expanse of country. The motto of the house, a striking and true one, is

"TYME TRYETH TROTH."

A knighthood was in the family centuries ago, but the baronetcy was bestowed, in 1661, on the son of George Trevelyan, a gentleman who suffered severely for his loyal and firm adherence to his sovereign, during the wars between the Stuarts and the Parliament.

Sir Walter was the sixth baronet of that name. He was born on March 31st, 1797, and was educated at Harrow, and University College, Oxford. He was a deputy-lieutenant and magistrate for Somersetshire and Northumberland, and was high sheriff of the latter county in 1850. In both of these counties he possessed estates, comprising together 28,268 acres, with an annual rent-roll of 23,000*l* ($1,155,000). And though their respective surroundings were so widely different, yet their owner found means to further the interests of those upon each estate with much commendable zeal.

In travelling through North Somerset by Stogumber towards Exmoor, it soon becomes apparent to observant persons that they are passing through Sir Walter's demesne, by the remarkable paucity of public houses, the generally improved character of the cottages, and also of the occupiers of them.

He was married—first, in 1835, to Paulina (who died in 1866), daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Jermyn, of Suffolk; and secondly, in 1867, to Laura Capel Lofft.

He was the President of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, which office he has held ever since its formation in 1853, and the last annual meeting of which, held at Manchester in October last, he attended. He was a munificent supporter of the various temperance organizations in the United Kingdom, and a year ago increased his contribution to the United Kingdom Alliance from five thousand dollars to

SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

His support of the Permissive Bill was steady and consistent, and he was almost as enthusiastic an advocate of its principles as Sir Wilfrid Lawson himself.

Sir Walter found time, amid his numerous philanthropic engagements, to contribute to the "Transactions" of various societies, and to magazines, papers on geology, botany, and other scientific subjects. Nearly sixty years ago he visited the Faroe Islands, and wrote descriptions of their vegetation, geological formation, and climate. The herbarium which he then formed he subsequently, with his characteristic generosity, presented to the Botanical Museum at Kew. His letters on the opium traffic and the legislative aspect of the temperance question have attained a circulation of many thousand copies. He identified himself with the movement for spelling reform inaugurated by Mr. Isaac Pitman and Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, B.A., and he was president of the Phonetic Society.

Sir Walter Trevelyan was also a liberal patron of the fine arts, and about 20 years ago, when making some improvements at Wallington Hall, he commissioned Mr. W. B. Scott, the then accomplished master of the Newcastle School of Design, to paint a series of pictures illustrative of the different epochs in the history of Northumberland. The pictures form a valuable and instructive record of the social and political progress made in the North of England since the days of the Romans to the present time. The contrast between the picture of the busy Tyneside in 1879 and the time when the mosstrooper was an acknowledged authority in this district, is as striking as the change is satisfactory. On the panels, between the historical pictures, Mr. Scott has drawn with great grace and beauty specimens of the different kinds of agricultural produce and garden plants commonly grown in Northumberland. The walls of the court-yard of Wallington thus, through the wise liberality of Sir Walter and the artistic skill of Mr. Scott, happily illustrate all the leading points in the eventful history of this border-land—so many times the battlefield of rival kings and their proud barons.

Upon his decease there has been given forth through the local press upon or near his estates abundant testimony to the great worth of the departed baronet as a landlord and gentleman, as well as to his humble Christian disposition. Although a Liberal Churchman, he looked upon dissenters with the greatest deference and respect, often meeting with them on the temperance platform—a cause which he had so much at heart. Over forty years ago, before a church was built at Cambo, he

FREQUENTLY PREACHED IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE

and occasionally in the cottage of an invalid tenant. Sir Walter felt the loss of old tenants very keenly, and was much opposed to farmers being annoyed by game or rabbits upon his property.

At the time of the establishment of the United Kingdom Alliance, in 1853, temperance reformers had a fearful struggle in prospect against the prejudices of the public and vested interests of the drink traffic. Although the line of action indicated by the programme of this association is the only practical solution, there was some difficulty in finding a man of position who would accept the then invidious position of Chairman. Into this breach Sir Walter threw himself with his wonted energy, and has stood by it with a steadfastness worthy of such a bold beginning.

The estate of Wallington, with which the name of Trevelyan has been so long identified, was anciently owned by the Grey family, but in the fourteenth century we find it in the possession of the Strothers. In the seventeenth century, Sir John Fenwick, of Fenwick, married into the latter family, and thus became its owner. He was a high-spirited, high-living, turbulent man, an adherent of the Stuarts, and closely implicated in the transactions arising out of their fall. The career of riotous living, which led to his transfer of Wallington by sale, was celebrated in a local song:

> "Harnham was headless, Bradford was breadless,
> Shaftoe picked at the craw;
> Capheaton was a wee bonny place,
> But Wallington banged them a'."

In 1689, Sir John alienated the inheritance of his wife. It thus suffered the common lot of many ancient estates in England. It was sold by a decaying country gentleman, impoverished by his own and his forefathers' excesses, to Sir William Blackett, Bart, the purchase-money being the fruits of a commercial enterprise. A doggerel rhymer, referring to this transaction, says:

> "The wine of Wallington old songsters praise,
> The Phœnix from her ashes Blacketts raise."

In 1696, in the reign of William III., the unhappy Sir John was executed for high treason; and again the poets turned him to account. One of the number quaintly informs us that:

> "The State his head did from his body sever,
> Because, when living, 'twas his chief endeavor
> To set the nation and its head together."

The "head" of the nation, William of Orange, afterwards made an urgent application to the new owner of Wallington, Sir William Blackett, through the Prime Minister of the day (Chancellor Montague), with a view to induce him tc become one of the Lords of the Treasury, but Sir William preferred a private to a public station, and declined the honor. In 1773, Si George Trevelyan, Bart., of Nettlecombe, married Julia, only daughter of Sir Walter Calverley and sister of Walter Calverley, who afterward became Sir Walter Blackett, Bart. Lady Trevelyan and her brother Walter were the childre of a female Blackett; and Wallington, which ha come to the Blacketts through merchandise passed by marriage to the ancient Cornish famil of the Trevelyans—not, as we have before r marked, one of the Norman families that cam in with the Conqueror, but a stock already i the island when William achieved his conquest

Sir Walter made a great improvement in h property at Wallington. The land has all bee thoroughly drained, and the farm-houses rebui in a style at once convenient and comfortabl There is no estate in the North of Englar where a greater change for the better has bee made than in that of the late Sir Walter. Tl benefit of the improvement was felt by the pr prietor in an augmented rent-roll, and by tl tenants in increased crops and greater profits.

Sir Walter died on his estate at Wallingto Northumberland, on Sunday afternoon, Mar 23d last. He had been but a short while ailir but his advanced age, eighty-two, in some mea ure prepared his friends for his departure.

He is succeeded by his nephew, Alfred Wils Trevelyan, born in 1831, son of Arthur Trev yan, of Tyneholm, East Lothian, who di quite recently.

Sir Walter left a large cellar of wine, whi had been selected with some care before he l came an abstainer. Remaining undisturbed e since, its market value has considerably creased. Dr. Richardson, to whom it is left, tends to devote the proceeds of its sale to establishment of a temperance hospital.

Lady Trevelyan outlived her husband but tle more than a week. She was the daugh of the late Mr. Capel Lofft, of Triston H Suffolk, the patron of Robert Bloomfi the author of the "Farmer's Boy." He likewise the friend of Lord Byron, and well known in the literary circles of his ti Lady Trevelyan was seventy-four at the ti of her death, which took place on the decea baronet's estate at Wallington, Northumberla

WHAT IS THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANC will doubtless be asked by many of our read whose sympathies have not as yet been enli in its behalf. It is a non-political body friends of temperance, who believe that question as to whether intoxicating liq should be sold in a given district should be cided by a poll of the inhabitants of that dis and not left, as it is now, in the hands of agistrates, who are often connected with the quor interest.

It embraces many earnest men from all sec- ons of the State, and gladly welcomes aid from very quarter, accepting the cardinal principles its constitution, which may be stated, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson once put it :

"I take the principle of the United Kingdom lliance to be, that the people are best judges what is for their own interests. I think they now better what is for their good, and what e their wants, than any set of magistrates that ver existed."

The Alliance has branches in all parts of Great ritain, and we think it will be generally admit- ed, even by those who do not accept its policy, at the activity and earnestness which so promi- ently distinguish its management have done uch to stimulate the efforts of the clergy and thers in equally important, although less dis- nctively legislative, phases of the temperance ovement.

HE MILDMAY PARK CONFERENCE HALL IN LONDON.

How its Position was Settled.

IN the Rev. R. Braithwaite's "Life and Let- ers of the Rev. W. Pennefather, B.A.," we are ld the following story concerning the first steps oward the erection of the hall at Mildmay ark, London, which has become hallowed to he minds of thousands of Christians as the cene of conferences and meetings blessed to heir souls :

"Inquiries had been made in various direc- ions with respect to ground, but for some time without success. The spot on which the hall was actually to stand had not even been thought f when a gentleman called at Mr. Pennefather's ouse very unexpectedly to inform him that a plot f nursery-ground held by a neighbor on a long ease might probably be obtained for his pur- ose.

"The situation was in many respects desirable, nd if God was indeed pointing out the appoint- d site, who could doubt that every obstacle would be removed? But as yet all was very vague.

A substantial building could not be erected nless the freehold of the property could be ecured, and he did not even know to whom it elonged.

"It was at this juncture that, as he was going down the street one morning, some large pla- cards caught his eye announcing the freehold of several adjoining properties for sale, and among hem this very plot of ground. A member of he Mildmay family (who formerly owned a con- siderable part of the neighborhood) had died, and he sale had become necessary. The world would call it a strange coincidence ; the child of God can see his Father's hand and hear his Fa- her's voice in many a so-called 'chance.'

"Mr. Pennefather immediately requested a man of business to look at the piece of land, and give him his opinion as to the probable value of the freehold. He had at this time 500*l.* ($2425) in the bank, given to him by a lady who was much distressed at the crowded state of the church, and placed it in his hands as a deposit towards any building he might be led to erect. As yet it had not been added to, but when the valuer returned and estimated the freehold of the nursery ground at 500*l.* ($2425), the unseen hand seemed to point again in the same direction.

"'Go to the auction, then,' was Mr. Pennefather's answer, 'and bid for me 500*l.*, not a penny more.' 'I might have added a little,' he said, in speaking of it afterwards, 'but I did not choose to do it. I felt if that were the spot to be obtained for the Lord's work it would be bought for the 500*l.*

"'The man went to the auction mart. The bidding went gradually up from 100*l.* ($485), and it was knocked down for the exact sum I had in the bank. I felt it was the Lord's doing, and it **was marvellous in our eyes!'**"

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

Address by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

At the Princess Mary's Village Homes, Addlestone, England, July 10th, and Specially reported for the "Christian Herald."

Woman Dominant in Charities—The Queen's Beneficence—President and Mrs. Hayes' Religious Gatherings—Christian Women among the Wounded—Martin Luther as a Schoolboy—An Orphan Girl's Belief in her Mother—The Newsboy and His Five Dollars—Bridget and the Session—Mixtures at a Treat, etc.

I THANK you most heartily for your cordial greeting. It makes me feel immediately at home, and I can assure you that in my own country, among the names that are a synonym for Christian charity, and kindness, and usefulness, is the name of our President of to-day, Lord Kintore.

It is a great delight to me to be present at this commemoration. There is nothing that strikes an American Christian more forcibly in coming to England than the *great multitude of your charities*—institutions for the blind, for the lame, for the insane, for the decrepit, for the lost, for the wandering, for the orphans ; and if upon any people in all the world the benediction of Christ will come, most certainly upon the English people it will come in the last day, when He shall say, "I was hungry and ye fed Me ; I was naked and ye clothed Me ; I was sick and in prison and ye visited Me ;" and when you shall begin in self abnegation to say, "When did we do all this?" then Christ will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

I have noticed that *woman seems to be dominant* in Christian work in this country, and that her hand is engaged in all these Christian charities. So it has ever been ; so it will always be. In all ages of the Church woman has been enlisted for God, and all the best interests of humanity. Miriam sounding the timbrel at the Red Sea ; Deborah leading the hosts of Israel into combat ; Hannah giving her Samuel to the Lord ; Dorcas sewing for the poor ; Mary hushing Jesus to sleep, while the angels of God made appropriate accompaniment, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

But why need we go so far back to find that woman has been enlisted for Christ and for all that is good? In your own country you have had your Hannah Mores, and Charlotte Elizabeths, and Lady Huntingdons, and Florence Nightingales, and those who are in this hall this afternoon, whose names I may not mention lest it cause embarrassment, and who are trying in every possible way, and without any ostentation, to serve Christ.

And in your realm, highest in rank, is *a Christian lady*, interested in all Christian charities. her name honored therefore all the world over, so that wherever you find either an Englishman or an American, whenever her name is mentioned, every heart beats to "God save the Queen." Woman is gloriously enlisted for Christ in this most Christian work, and it is under the wing of that Beneficence we are assembled here this afternoon.

It has been so all the world over. We have on our side of the Atlantic a *Miss Dix*, toiling for the benefit of the insane ; we had a *Phœbe Palmer*, a Christian evangelist, bringing thousands into the kingdom of God ; and the lady highest in rank in our country, *Mrs. Hayes*, the wife of the President of the United States, may be seen every week amid the hospitals at Washington ; and when Saturday evening comes—indeed on every Saturday evening—with her husband, President Hayes, and with prominent men and women gathered into their parlors, they together sing, "Rock of ages cleft for me." "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Jesus, lover of my soul," and other great Christian classics. So that woman on either side the Atlantic is putting forth her hand for Christ.

In our late dreadful war in America *man* cast the cannon, man forged the musketry, man made the implements of war ; but *woman* scraped the lint, woman stroked the pain out of the aching brow, woman wept at the solitary funeral, attended by four men with a spade. The story will never be told on earth of *Martha Breckinridge*, who went down among the wounded on the battle-field, and who sometimes, after their wounds had been undressed for three or four weeks, dressed them herself, so that when the soldiers saw her coming, they shouted, "Three cheers for the Christian Mission ; God bless the women at home."

Then the record must not be forgotten of *Mary Brady* coming down from Chicago with blankets and pillows for the sick, and after she had made them as comfortable as possible, sitting down to take the message of the dying soldier as he sent word to his wife. "Don't fret for me ; meet me in heaven ; train the children for God and for heaven ; act like a Christian woman weeping for a Christian husband." In those times *men* did their work with shot, and shell, and carbine, and howitzer, but *women* did their work with socks, and slippers, and bandages and Scripture-passages, and stories of that land where they have no pain. Men knelt down by the wounded on the battle-field and said, "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down by the wounded on the battle-field and said, "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? Do not cry. Look to Jesus." And, as the hand of one of them came down upon the forehead of one of those poor fellows, he started and said, "Oh, I thought it was an angel!" It was.

So I find woman everywhere engaged for the benefit of the world's condition, for the assuagement of suffering, and for the advancement of the cause of Christ ; and here we are this afternoon to bless the Christian women, and to bless all their friends who have assisted in the great enterprise of these Village Homes for children. Oh! the children, the darling children! We look at them, as our President said, and they look at us. *Who are they?* God only knows who they are, or what they are to be in the future in the way of happy and useful women.

I have heard that when *a man many years ago went into a school* where there were many children, he bowed very lowly and very reverentially before them, and some one present said, "Why do you bow so lowly and humbly before these children?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know who these children may be after a while.' While he spoke there was one little boy whose eye flashed with intelligence. Who was it? Martin Luther, then a stripling, but destined afterwards to shake Christendom.

What these children *may yet be* for usefulness and generosity and kindness in the kingdom of God I know not ; and as I see them before me this afternoon I say, "God bless them!" They are *not orphans*, not one of them. Any institution that covers so many children as these under its wings is *a mother* to all of them—a glorious Christian mother, so that none of them are orphans. None are orphans that have God for a Father. *He is your Father*, my children. And, friends, they are all worth saving. Oh, yes, all the children are *worth saving!*

There was *a little girl* about the size, I should think, of the third girl on the second line there, who was seated at the gate of the battery in New York City one cold day ; and whilst she was sitting there she was shivering with the cold, and a gentleman who was passing said, "My little girl, what do you sit here for?" "Oh," she said, "I am waiting for some one to come and take care of me." "Why," said the gentleman, "are you expecting any one to take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "mother died the other day, and we were very poor ; and when she was dying she said, 'Don't cry ; *some one will come and take care of you.*' My mother never told a lie, and I am sitting here for some one to come and take care of me."

These children did not have to wait a great while before *this Institution came to take care of them*. Glorious work! But "Only a child," says some one. Perhaps there are people so grave and great in city and church that they would almost think it belittling for them to have anything to do with an institution that attends only to children. They may say it is *only a child*—only a little hand, only a little foot, only a little heart—only a child. Why a child has, covered up in its little body, A SPARK OF IMMORTALITY that will blaze on with untold splendor long after all the stars have gone out and the sun has died of old age. Only a child! But it is a grand, a glorious work to take care of the little ones. I suppose that there are a great many men and women in England who are putting forth their hand to this magnificent charity. Oh, this will be something to look back on when you come to die. The honor of having served Christ in such a department! Oh, the greatness of that honor!

There was a lad who came into the office of my brother in New York City, and, as he came in, an entire stranger, he said to my brother, "Lend me five dollars—that is about equal to one pound, I think, in this country—lend me five dollars." My brother said, "Who are you?" He said, "I am nobody; but lend me five dollars." "What do you want five dollars for?" said he. "I want to go into the newspaper business," was the reply; "and I think if I had five dollars I could get along very well." My brother was very much struck with something in the boy's eye and look, and although he was very ragged and wretched, he lent him the five dollars, saying, "When will you return these five dollars?" "Well," said he, "I will return them in six months." My brother never expected to see the five dollars again, but he let him have them.

Time passed. One day there was a boy came into my brother's shop and said, "There's your five dollars." My brother said "What do you mean?" He said, "Don't you remember six months ago to-day a boy came in here and wanted to borrow five dollars to go into the newspaper business?" He replied, "I remember that," "I am the boy. I was in rags then, now I am well dressed. My mother is an invalid, she cannot work. I have got a beautiful room for her. I am taking care of her, and getting along first-rate. There's your five dollars." Oh, was not that boy worth saving?

Don't be guilty of saying, "It is only a child." You might better say, "It is only an heir of heaven; it is only a prince of the Lord Almighty; it is only a queen celestial." Oh, let us encourage such charities as this. God Almighty has encouraged it; everybody that is toiling in it feels the satisfaction, and I want it to be understood that there is not a child on either of those nine benches who is too young to become a Christian. (Applause). How old must you be before you become a Christian? I will tell you how old a person needs to be in order to become a Christian. Just as soon as you are old enough to love your father and mother you are old enough to love Christ.

I am glad our theology is changing, and we have come to understand that all the children may be brought into the kingdom of God. (Hear, hear). Who is the sheepfold for? Old sheep? Well, yes, we want all the old sheep in the fold, but *perhaps* they could stand a storm or two if you leave them out, but the lambs cannot stand the storm; you want them all in, and I have noticed that where the lambs go the sheep go; and when these Christian women engaged in this charity take one of these little lambs and lead it into the kingdom of God, all who hear about that will be induced to go in the same direction.

If you want to get a father or mother into the kingdom of God take the little child. If the child goes the parent goes. If the lamb goes the sheep follows. It is good that we have come to believe in the salvation of children. There are some people who half believe in it, and some who do not believe in it at all. I believe in it with all my heart and mind and soul. All we want in England and the United States is to get one generation for Christ—just one, and then the world is saved.

I was amazed some time ago when a child of, perhaps, twelve years of age, came to my house and asked if she might join the Church. Twelve years of age. "Well," I said, "what is your name?" She said, "My name is Bridget." "Well," I said, "will you come on Friday night to the Church? and the session will be there then;" for I belong to the Presbyterian Church, the same as his lordship (Earl Kintore) here belongs to, and we have the session in the church. The girl came, and she asked if she might be a member. I said, "You come on Friday evening and talk with the session, and then we will answer your question." She came.

We wanted to find out whether she was a Christian. That is the great question about every one. I felt we would take her into the Church if she was a Christian, and that we could not take her in if she was not a Christian. So I went to work with a few plain simple questions that the smallest girl here might answer if she is a Christian, and when I got through an officer in the Church said, "Bridget, how many covenants are there?" Why, she could not tell. I suppose he wanted her to say, "There is a covenant of works and a covenant of grace." What did that little girl know about that? I said, "Brother, suppose I asked of some of these grown people here how many covenants are there?"

And turning round I said, "How many covenants are there, Mr. So-and-so?" He could not tell. I said, "Do not impose this task on a little child twelve years of age when some older people cannot answer it." I said, "Bridget, I wish you would just go into the next room while we consider this case." She did so, and when she came back I said, "Bridget, I want to ask you one or two more questions. You tell me that where you live they persecute you a good deal for your religion. How do you feel towards them when they call you hard names and strike you in the face? How do you feel? Do you feel angry with them?"

She said, "Oh, no; I feel sorry for them; I feel sorry that they do not love the same Christ that I love." "Well," I said, "brethren, she is as good a Christian as anybody in this Church. I think you had better take her in." We took her in, and I felt then as I feel now, that all people may become Christians just as easy at twelve years of age as at forty, and easier.

I have seen Christians five years old. I believe the time will come in the Christian Church when mothers will have so much faith in the salvation of little children that they will just put them at the very start in the bosom of Christ, and say, "Here, Lord Jesus is this child, an immortal, an immortal. I don't want it to grow up and go off on the dark mountains of sin. I don't want it to have the ordinary perils of childhood without Thy grace. Here is my babe, a year old; take it, Lord Jesus. Thou didst say, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.' I accept that, for here it is; take it for time, take it for eternity;" and I think the Lord Jesus will put His arm round it, and kiss it, and it will be His forever. How people misquote that passage, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Christ did not say it to the children; He said it to the Pharisees when they wanted to keep them back. When the mothers brought the children to Jesus, the children all struggled to go to Him right away. There was something in His face that was an invitation, and they made such a clamor to go to Christ—perhaps twenty or thirty all at once—that the Pharisees wanted to keep them back, saying, "Don't bother Christ with these children." Then Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Oh, that Christ this afternoon would enclose all these children in the arms of His mercy.

I suppose the time has nearly come for the close of my address. I do not want to be tedious, and I must stop. I remember very well what it is to have a luncheon in prospect when you are having a speech at the same time; and I remember a great time we had in Philadelphia when I was living there. One Christmas we thought we would go up and give the children a grand time, and we got a wagon-load of cakes, and pies, and candy; it was the greatest load I ever saw. We drove out to the place where we had what we call the mission-school, and there were just about as many children in the school as there are yonder. When we came to the school-house the boys and girls came out and shouted, "Three cheers for Christmas!"

So we all went in and distributed the cakes, and the pies, and some trinkets, and some oranges. The children were having a glad time and we thought perhaps we had better have a address, and make a moral improvement of th occasion; so we asked one good man if he woul not make a few remarks. A very good man h was, and he got up to meet the occasion in moral way. The children had had the cakes an the pies, but they had not had the peculiar kin of candy which is very popular in our country called mixture, that is all kinds of candies mixe up together. This candy we were going to leav as a sort of benediction for the children, and th children were all thinking about the mixture.

The good man attempted to address ther He said, "You did not come merely for these pi and cakes." "No, no! No, no!" they a shouted. "You came for better and grand and nobler things, did you not, my dear chi dren?" "Yes, yes! Yes, yes!" they all shou ed. "Now," said he, "my dear children, wh did you come for?" and they all shouted "Mi tures!" And I think we had better now ha our "mixtures."

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author o "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 647.)

Percival perceives that He has been Deluded— decides for Christ—He Exercises Christi Charity towards his Tenants—Great Gratitu shown by Them—Percival at the "Young I land Club"—He joins the Moral Force Part Love to Country and Saviour Compatible— triotic Songs.

As the two friends left the service in Roman Catholic Church, Alick Gogharty sa "Well, Percival, what do you think of Rom pictorial art and doctrine now? Shouldn't one, even with eyes half open, be tempted to sert for them old Huguenot simplicity and Sc tural belief? What a capital rejoinder, t Father Cahill's sermon to-day is to Greg proof the other Sunday that there is 'an o door before us, that no man can shut.'"

"Peace, Alick, do not be satirical!" said I cival, "and don't by your satire wound my h worse than it is. Oh, what a deluded fo have been! Only think of my proposing abandon my father's faith and break mother's heart for such idolatry and priestly sumption and superstition as that! Hea bless you, Alick, that you have been the m of preserving me from such a blind and infat ed step as I was in my folly meditating! F this hour I shake off the anti-Christian not that had woven themselves so subtly around I renounce sacerdotalism forever, and shall my whole heart to that Bible truth which, as Divine Saviour says, shall "make me free."

And he did so. From that day he decide Christ and His Gospel, for that truth to m tain which the Protestant martyrs bled, from the mental struggles he had passed thr lived ever after, we are disposed to thin deeper religious life than if they had never known by him.

"The Black Forty-seven," the dreadful fa r in Ireland, was passed through in the ond year of Percival's university life. We ll not, in our present narrative, enter into any ails of its horrors. It will not be needful, ce Percival was able, from his unique and uliarly favorable position, to see to it that e suffered from starvation on the Percival ate. It was upon tenants under landlords h property mortgaged to the last degree— , alas ! they were many over the country at time—that the consequences of the potato rth most heavily fell. These landowners ld neither supply food to their starving de- dents nor forego rent, for to them the failure ne year's rental meant mortgage foreclosure hopeless ruin.

ut in regard to the old knight's property, not y was there no debt, but for several years re had been large accumulations in the bank he allowance made by the Court to Percival his mother, though liberal, being far below annual returns of the estate. Upon tidings he "blight," therefore, and the foreseen im- ative need for bread, Percival wrote to the stees of his property generously urging them pare no effort or outlay for the wants of his ple. "No matter," he said, "how it may uce capital : don't think of me, but of those listress. I shall feel deep regret if a single be lost through want of liberal foresight."

n any case the Court of Chancery, we sup- e, would have used the money of the estate uch a crisis of need ; but, encouraged and horized by this letter, a more than usual pro- on was no doubt made. The result was, that ile thousands daily were dying of hunger over land, Percival's tenants were fed. Beside s, he gave considerable sums for the general p kitchens and other methods of relief in his pted town, Portarlington, and more than e gladdened his mother's heart by going down give his own personal service at the depots of ef. She saw her deceased husband's self-sac- cing zeal live again, as it were, in her son.

nglish bounty flowed into Ireland during s "time of tribulation" with a copious and tinuous stream. Associations were formed r the whole kingdom for the raising of money. tish workmen and even school children denied mselves accustomed luxuries to send to per- ing men, women, and their little ones, what ld be thus saved. Not content with remit- ces of money, embassies of succor were sent the famine-stricken land, charged to visit sonally the districts most severely afflicted, l to distribute with their own hands the bene- tions they brought. In consequence Celtic ssings without number fell from grateful lips on the head of the once hated and execrated *ssenach* (Saxon). It was supposed by many t the antipathy between the two races sprung m an inborn difference of temperament, and sed by centuries of mutual violence and ong, was at last overcome ; that the great "middle wall of partition," which the nostrums ther of statesmen nor churchmen had availed remove, was at length broken down, beaten o utter and happy ruin, by having had dis- rged against it, from Cape Clear to the nt's Causeway, not a storm of shot and shell, t as it were of loaves of bread.

There can be no question that the frank, open- arted, and open-handed generosity of Ireland's er sister in her time of sore anguish and need ped, as no other event in the history of the o countries had ever served to do, to remove ter prejudice against England from multitudes the Irish people, and to exalt in their estimate otestant Christianity. English Christians, ough they denounced "popery," ate meat in nt, and *would* read the Bible, were, after all, was admitted, amazingly humane, and if rich re wonderfully ready to extend their bounty their Irish Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, d that with no niggard hand. Ireland, in op- sition to her previous ideas, was given to see at she was regarded in truth a part of the dy politic, and as such that the whole empire ffered with her.

Yet, on the other hand, there were many whom the events of the famine-year served not to reconcile, but to embitter against, English rule. They argued—it may be wrongly, yet to themselves convincingly—that had it not been for Saxon rulers, who in the past, to make England rich, had on principle, for a century and more, kept Ireland poor, the famine of forty-seven would have never occurred, and that when it did occur, stupid redtapism, at a time which called for new and special expedients, and a slavish adherence to mere routine upon the part of the English executive, and that in spite of all Irish warning and remonstrance, had led to the sacrifice of at least a million of precious human lives.

A controversy to this effect, right or wrong, was carried on, it is well known, for months by a portion of the Irish press, and with scathing invective and passionate reproach. The Young Ireland confederacy entertained, upon the whole, very much this view of the matter, and we fear that Percival Montaigne, influenced by the patriotic fervor and glowing eloquence of his club companions, as well as by his hatred from personal knowledge of landlord misrule in his own neighborhood at home, was very much in accord with these political remonstrants and talented enthusiasts. Certain at all events it is, he did not permit his devotion to Miss Lemaire, by whose friends he was looked upon at this period as an accepted lover, to interfere altogether with his attendance at the conferences and debates of his "Young Ireland Club."

It may be thought, however, that to one who in the Ribbon lodge long ago had tasted so bitterly the evils of secret political associations, and who also was affianced to the daughter of a Dublin Castle official, there is in this representation a great if not an impossible inconsistency for was not appeal to physical force an accepted doctrine of the Young Ireland faction? That it was, we believe, is a common idea, but it is incorrect. There were in fact, as is the case, we think, in all political crises, two parties in the Young Ireland brotherhood, which were much opposed to each other—an extreme left and an extreme right. The notorious John Mitchell was the leader of the one, and Smith O'Brien, who afterwards actually headed an insurrection, was, strange to say, leader of the other. The former was all eager and urgent for a resort to arms as the only probable method of national freedom ; while the latter would hear of nothing but moral expedients, at least until these should all fail, or a probability of success would make, as he said, a resort to physical force, not a political crime, but a virtuous war of liberation.

It was to the latter section of the Young Irelander's which was by far the larger, that Percival attached himself, and with a warm sympathy, for whatever else they might be, he felt sure these men were sincere and honest in their patriotism, and not mere disturbers of England's quiet like many whom he had known, with the sinister view of getting in due time a comfortable "sop" for themselves from the English Government on condition of holding their peace.

Many talented ladies at that time in Ireland drank in the spirit of the Young Ireland confederacy—the Girondists of the national party—and even lent their pens to prose and poetry to advocate its cause, Lady Wilde among the rest ; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that Miss Lemaire, as taught by Percival, soon became inspired with his sentiments, and sung no songs in her father's house with such fervor and "gusto" as those composed and published by the Young Irelanders.

But, then, was not the Christianity of Percival and his *fiancée* opposed to such a surrender of their thoughts and feelings to this Irish nationalism, and is not a case supposed untrue and unnatural? What has spiritual religion such as they are represented as possessing to do with "love of country?" Some, perhaps, would say it has none, but we believe and assert that, on the contrary, it has a great deal. Never was there a more patriotic heart than His, who, in the midst of His triumphal entry, paused, and wept over the existing and impending woes of Jerusalem ; and never did one labor so self-sacrificingly as He to uplift His nation, as a Jew, from the depths of its social misery and moral degradation. Percival and Miss Lemaire's "love of their country" may have been mistaken as to its ends. It may have dreamed of fancied wrongs and of delusive, and even at times of censurable, expedients ; but an ardent affection for their native land was in itself considered perfectly compatible with a simultaneous love for Jesus Christ, the Saviour, and was not less in harmony with their devoted attachment to each other, for it is one of our deepest beliefs that tenderest love to the dearest on earth, ardent love to "native land," and sacred and self-surrendering love to God, can glow, and at once, in the same human bosom—for who can measure the love possible to a creature first made in the image of God, whose very being is love?

Indeed, one part of the policy of the Young Ireland Confederacy was calculated to win the sympathy of any Christian heart, namely, to set on foot an effort to mitigate the rancor between Roman Catholics and Protestants in the sister country. One of the songs sung by Lucy Lemaire in the hearing of Percival and her own immediate home circle, a song composed by Davis, the poet of his party, illustrates this noble attempt, and the words are so beautiful, and, when duly interpreted, so true, that we are tempted to give some of them :

"What matter that at different shrines
We pray unto one God?
What matter that at different times
Our fathers won this sod?
In fortune and in name we're bound
By stronger links than steel,
And neither can be safe or sound
But in the other's weal.

"And, oh, it was a gallant deed
To show before mankind,
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined ;
Might be combined, yet, not forget
The *fountains* whence they rose,
As, filled by many a rivulet,
The stately Shannon flows."

It would take long to tell of the many and fervent gushes of patriotic feeling which rose in Percival's heart as words like these, rendered vocal by a loved voice, entered his ear. He could gladly in such moments have given life itself to redress the wrongs and achieve the regeneration of his country.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SPEEDY RETURN OF CHRIST.

Sermon preached by Mr. G. Muller, of Bristol,
founder of the Bristol Orphanages,
At Mildmay Park, London, on Sunday Evening,
June 29th, 1879.

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly : Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—REV. 22 : 20.

Passages proving the Personal Second Coming of Christ—I. Four Differences between Death and Christ's Second Advent—II. Events to take place at Christ's Return—1. The First Resurrection—2. The Binding of Satan—Shall we have a Glorified or Tormented Body?—Earnest Appeal—3. The Separation between the Good and the Wicked—The Parable of the Wheat and Tares—The World to grow Worse and Worse, and not to be Converted before the Return of Christ to Reign for 1,000 Years—The Prophecy of Increasing Wickedness in these Last Days in Timothy—We must seek to Stem the Torrent of Iniquity—III. We should be Waiting for Christ's Return—Solemn Appeal.

ALL the beloved Christian friends here present who are in any measure acquainted with the New Testament know very well how frequently our adorable Lord Jesus Christ refers to His return, and how frequently the apostles and the evangelists speak about the return of the Lord Jesus Christ ; and, as we see, the very record of God, the last part of the Holy Scriptures, closes with this very subject—the return of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The question naturally arises, perhaps, in the mind of one or other listener, "What is meant by the return of the Lord Jesus Christ?" The answer is unquestionably, most assuredly, the *personal* return of the self-same Lord who ascended into heaven. That this is meant by the return of the Lord Jesus Christ we see from numberless passages in the New Testament. But I will only refer very briefly to three or four. In the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and the eleventh verse, we find the angels testifying to the disciples who had seen the Lord ascending into heaven, "Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

The plain, obvious meaning of this passage is that it is not the return of the Lord Jesus Christ in *spirit*, but the *personal* return of the Lord Jesus Christ that is here meant.

Again, in John 14, we read in the beginning, in the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Now comes the passage, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

The Lord Jesus Christ did go for the very purpose to prepare a place for His disciples; and thus assuredly, as He went, His statement is: "I will come again to receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Therefore, the plain inference is the personal return of the self-same Lord who went into heaven. In Thess. 4: 16, 17 we read: "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Here, again, the personal return of the Lord Jesus Christ is evidently brought before us.

Still further. In the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews we read in the last two verses these words: "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many: and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

The first time He came He was manifest in the flesh when He was born at Bethlehem. Now, the second time He shall come again also, and, therefore, a personal return of the Lord Jesus Christ plainly is referred to here. One or other may say: "But what great difference is there between my going to Him, and His coming personally again? Is it not just the same if I die, or that the Lord Jesus Christ comes again?" There is a vast difference between the two. Let us notice a few points though there are many other points which might be noticed to show the difference.

FOUR DIFFERENCES BETWEEN DEATH AND CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

First of all, when we die we put off our earthly tabernacle, and the spirit goes to the Lord Jesus Christ. But this has only to do with us as individuals; for our beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, the church militant, we leave behind. Therefore, death affects us only individually.

But the return of the Lord Jesus Christ has to do with the whole body of Christians—not only has to do with all the saints living at the time on earth—not only has to do with the saints under the present dispensation having fallen asleep previous to the return of the Lord Jesus Christ, but has also to do with all the old covenant believers with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and those who, like them, trusted in the Messiah for the salvation of their souls, and, therefore, has to do, in other words, with the whole church of Christ. This is one difference. *Secondly*, when we die we individually are delivered out of the power of Satan. But Satan has still power over the individual saints left here on earth to a greater or less degree. They are yet exposed to his wild temptations, to his malicious hatred against them, whilst we individually are brought out of all this and safely landed in the presence of the Lord. But our brethren and sisters in Christ we leave behind, exposed to the same difficulties out of which just at that moment we escape, and, therefore, we see what a vast difference there is between our individual death and the return of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But more than this, *thirdly*, we individually do not receive our glorified bodies when we die. We put off our tabernacle, but we have no glorified bodies. This only takes place at the return of the Lord Jesus Christ. Only then we obtain the glorified body; and the whole church of Christ will at that time attain to a glorified body—at the return of the Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, in this particular there is a vast difference. *Fourthly*, when we fall asleep we are not at once seated with the Lord Jesus Christ on this throne because He has not yet taken manifestly His throne to Himself to reign. He is yet there seated as the great High Priest at the right hand of God on the Father's throne. He is not yet seated on His own throne. And so we the believers shall sit together with the Lord Jesus Christ, and this will only take place at the return of the Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore in this particular also there is a vast difference between our going to the Lord Jesus Christ at the time when we die and His return.

I trust this is enough to show that there is a vast difference between our dying and going to Christ and His coming again for the sake of taking the whole heavenly family to Himself, and for the sake of bringing about the resurrection—the first resurrection of believers. Rev. 20.

II. EVENTS TO TAKE PLACE AT CHRIST'S RETURN.

We will now consider, in the second place, *some of the events* which will take place at the return of the Lord Jesus Christ. Time will not allow us to enter upon them all, and, as I propose only to bring elementary truths before the saints this evening, it is on that account also desirable not to enter too minutely into the subject, but merely refer to some of the leading events which will take place at the return of the Lord Jesus Christ.

1. One of the especial points to be noticed is the *first resurrection*. In the first epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, chap. 15, we read this in the twenty-second and following verses: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming." Notice this particularly, not as one or the other may suppose, a general resurrection, when the Lord Jesus Christ comes, of all who ever died previously; not so: but at the coming of Christ, those that are Christ's, those that fall asleep as believers in the Lord Jesus Christ previously—"they that are Christ's at His coming."

This, as we shall see afterwards, is called the first resurrection. It is particularly to be noticed not all will be raised up at that time. "Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when He shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

Here reference is made to another resurrection; but this is still further set forth in the first epistle to the Thessalonians 4: 16, 17, a passage to which I have already referred, but in connection with this point we must allude to it again: "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first." Notice this again: "The dead in Christ shall rise first." Then we which are alive and remain—this "then" meaning rather "afterwards," not the ordinary acceptation of the word *then*, but *afterwards*. Very small is the space between the two, yet there is a little space between the two, although it may be but minutes, when we "which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Here you see again the point clearly, distinctly, in the plainest terms, brought before us. This is one of the events which will take place at the time of the return of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now one more passage. In the twentieth chapter of the book of Revelation we read in the fourth and fifth verses. "And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for a witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the *first resurrection*." Here you see again in plain terms stated that there will be certain individuals raised up, as we have seen in the Thessalonians and in the epistle to the Corinthians; but these individuals shall be they that are Christ's at His coming, the believers who fell asleep in Christ previously, or who were martyred for the sake of Christ—they will be raised again.

This is the first resurrection. Blessed is he that has part in the first resurrection; and all who will fall asleep as believers in Christ before that event takes place, before the return of the Lord Jesus Christ, even the weakest and feeblest believers, they will be raised again at the first resurrection, because they belong to Christ, because they are united to Him by faith in the risen Lord, because they are members of the body of Christ, of that body of which He is the head. Therefore they will be raised again to g with Christ. This is one event which will tak place—the first resurrection.

2. Another great solemn event is the *bindin of Satan* at the return of the Lord Jesus Christ In the beginning of this twentieth chapter w read: "And I saw an angel come down fro heaven, having the key of the bottomless pi and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hol on the dragon, that old serpent, which is th Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousan years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, an shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that h should deceive the nations no more, till th thousand years should be fulfilled: and aft that he must be loosed a little season."—Sata at the return of Jesus Christ losing all his powe just previously having to the very utmost exe cised *his power in the Antichrist, and in gathe ing together all the host of Antichrist—losing h power*, now deprived for a thousand years *enti ly of his power*, now cast into the bottomless p into the abyss—shut up there, so that for a tho sand years he shall not have the smallest parti of power over the nations, over the saints, ov any one, but entirely deprived of power. will be completely deprived of all power duri a thousand years while the Lord Jesus Chr reigns. This is another great event.

In connection with the resurrection, I wo just mention that in this very chapter at end we have another resurrection referred and I will just read to you this verse; for have not to lose sight of the fact that wh there is the *first* resurrection, there will also *another* resurrection. We read, for instance the eleventh verse: "And I saw a great wh throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose the earth and the heaven fled away; and th was found no place for them. And I saw dead, small and great, stand before God; the books were opened: and another book opened, which is the book of life; and the were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.

SHALL I HAVE A GLORIFIED OR TORMENTED BODY?

There is a day coming when all the *wicked* will be brought out of their graves, when in that very body in which they were dishonoring the Lord, and which they were using for the service of Satan, they will be punished, in order that they may be capable of the more abundant punishment and the more abundant recompense for all their evil wicked deeds. That this consideration is of the most solemn character every one of us here present will admit.

And the grand point is whether we all shall receive a glorified body in order to be able to enjoy eternity more abundantly in union with the precious adorable Lord Jesus Christ; or whether we shall obtain a body in order that we may the more abundantly feel the torment and the agony which the holiness and the righteous judgment of God must bestow upon us on account of having slighted the choicest of all the gifts He had to give—the gift of His only begotten Son—because we have not obeyed the Gospel; because we have shut our hearts and ears against the Gospel; because we would not receive that wondrous blessing manifested on the part of God, the gift of His only begotten Son, His only child Jesus, whom in our room and in our stead He wounded and bruised, and whom He punished for us, in order that we, through faith in His name, through the power of His precious blood, should be eternally saved.

Oh, let each of us lay these things to heart, and if there be a soul here present that has not yet obeyed the Gospel, that has not yet believed in Christ, oh, we beseech and entreat you, not to leave this hall without judging yourselves, condemning yourselves, and accepting the Gospel and putting your whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of your souls, in order that you, too, together with us may obtain at last a glorified body, and be partakers of this first resurrection which is the blessed portion of those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. I will only refer to one other event which will take place at the return of the Lord Jesus Christ, that is, *the separation between the good and the wicked*. In the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, our adorable Lord Jesus Christ particularly speaks on this subject. We read His own words in this chapter at the twenty fourth verse. In the thirty-seventh and following verses of the same chapter, the disciples having asked Him for the explanation, He graciously gives it.

The point on account of which this parable is of such vast importance is that many real, true Christians have an *erroneous idea* that the world will get better and better, so that at last the whole world will be converted, and that this will *introduce* the state of the millennium. Now, this is in entire opposition to the whole of the statements of the New Testament. In the first place, the work of this dispensation is to gather a people out from among the Gentiles, not to convert all nations. I do not wish to be misunderstood in making this statement, as if it were not our duty to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature! Most assuredly it is; and it is the sin of the Church that so little, so extremely little comparatively, has been done, particularly within the first 1700 or 1800 years, to accomplish this will of our adorable Lord Jesus Christ.

But while it is the duty of the Church to go into all the world and do the very utmost in their power collectively and individually, nevertheless whilst we do this we have to keep before us what is the Lord's revealed will—not the conversion of the whole world, but to gather an elect people for His Church out from among the Gentiles.

Further, individually, we should do what we can now, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, to seek to bring about a revival in the Church, a revival among the people of God—bringing them into a more spiritual state, so that the Church be like a bride making herself ready for the return of the bridegroom, putting on the wedding garments, so to speak—practically, experimentally, ready for the return of the bridegroom.

Well, this is to be aimed at; and whilst we individually cannot work too earnestly till the return of the Lord Jesus Christ, and whilst individually we should seek to do what we can in winning souls for the Lord Jesus, and in strengthening the hands of our fellow disciples, we have to hold it fast, as plainly, distinctly, unquestionably revealed in the New Testament, that, instead of things getting better and better towards the close of the dispensation,

THINGS WILL GET WORSE AND WORSE.

Lawlessness increases more and more, and *we see the beginning of those fearful days now*.

What is *socialism?* What is the lawlessness of the day? It is the indication that we are getting nearer and nearer to the close of the present dispensation. That things instead of getting better and better will get worse and worse, till at last they will come to a state when the wicked conspire against the Lord and His Christ and His saints. That will be the close of the whole.

Let us take particular heed that we do not belong to any of these classes. Disobedience to parents, that is one of the sins of the last days; without natural affection, parents not having natural affection for their children, yet having a form of godliness; children not having a natural affection for their parents. Remember particularly this last word: "Despisers of those that are good." Just think of all this. That is just the precursor of the return of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that blessed One will come again for the very purpose of introducing a better state of things, a holy state of things, a heavenly state of things. He will come again to have the tares burned up, having first gathered them in bundles, and separated them from the wheat.

And now mark this particularly which follows: "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." This is to be coupled with all the characteristics which are given previously regarding these individuals in 2 Timothy 3.

These words, "having a form of godliness," are to be added in connection with every one of these characteristics. Though men are covetous, though they are proud, though they are without natural affection, yet they have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. Now, consider this. My beloved Christian friends, this is the state to which things will come in the last days previously to the return of the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, how it becomes us to rouse ourselves and to bestir ourselves that we do not belong to this class of men; that we do our part if it were possible yet for a while to stem the torrent of impending iniquity, as Hezekiah and Jehoshaphat did, and every man of God did—to do what lies in us to bring about a better state of things. "Oh," you may say, "this is prophecy, and this must come to pass. What can I do as an individual?"

It is impossible to say what even a poor single individual, feeble in health, can accomplish. But we should all consider, that by the help of God we may individually do a good deal, and we should not sit and fold our hands and say: "I can do nothing, because such a state of things is prophesied, and such a state of things will come to pass." It will come to pass; but how great the honor if we individually *seek to stem the torrent*; if we individually seek to live the opposite way; if we individually lend a helping hand to our fellow-believers, to strengthen their hands in God, to encourage them to withstand the impending torrent of iniquity! And if we seek individually as much as in us lies to pluck, like brands out of the burning, poor sinners, and lead them to Christ before the return of the Lord Jesus Christ!

Just further on in that chapter Paul speaks to Timothy to do his very utmost as far as was in him, in season and out of season, to preach, to do his utmost to make full proof of his ministry. That is what we have to do individually. And, oh, one word in connection with this! It is an honorable position for one in these days to be permitted to live for Christ, to labor for Christ; and happy are the men and women who will surrender the whole heart to the Lord, who will seek to be out and out a Christian in the highest degree, and in every way will greatly glorify God though things are getting worse and worse.

III. The third point I desire now very briefly to direct your attention to is this, that it is the will of the Lord that *we should wait for His return*. We have a plain commandment of our Lord that we should watch. We have the exhortation repeated by the apostles, and we have, lastly, the example of the first saints who did watch, who did look for the return of the Lord; for as we all know it was a common thing to wait for the return of the Lord Jesus Christ. It would be an entire exception if any one were not waiting for His return. That was the general state of the saints in the time of the apostles, and the apostles exhorted themselves continually, even as the Lord Jesus exhorts us.

Now, my beloved Christian friends, how is it with us? Let us honestly ask ourselves, "Are we looking for the return of the Lord Jesus Christ? Are we waiting for the return of the Lord Jesus Christ?" *Next month* it will be *fifty-three* years with me that I have been waiting for the Lord Jesus Christ, and, by God's grace, I am not less looking for His return now. I stay, waiting for His return now as I did at the first. Now, I ask my beloved Christian friends here, are you looking for His return? Do you with joyful anticipation go forward to the return of the Lord Jesus Christ? Is it a pleasant thought to you that Jesus Christ is coming to you? that He is coming again, that He will return, that He will not always be absent?

If the bridegroom leaves the bride, she looks for his return. The sooner the better, the bride says. So if the Church is in a right state, if there is attachment to the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, she longs for His return; she looks for His return. How is it with us regarding this?

What a solemn moment it would be supposing the Lord Jesus Christ were to be revealed from heaven at this hour. Who among us would be taken? who among us left? Oh, let every heart as before God ask: "Should I be taken or should I be left?" We should then be divided into two classes, those who would be taken and those who would be left. The believers would be taken and the unbelievers left, and this is at once the difference between the believers and the unbelievers.

Now, ask yourselves, *should I be taken or should I be left?* These are greatly solemn, deeply important, statements of Holy Writ.

IV. One word in the fourth place, with regard to the *practical effects of this truth*. Whenever we find that the heart is not benefited by what the Holy Ghost tells us in the way of prophecy, we should put aside our Bible, fall on our knees, and cry mightily to God that He would help us by His Holy Spirit that our hearts might be brought under the power of the truth.

Oh, my beloved fellow disciples, let this be our earnest cry and prayer this evening: "Lord Jesus thou wilt come again! Lord Jesus we hasten on to the day of Thy return! Things may get worse and worse, help me increasingly to live to the honor and glory of Thy name; help me to do as much as lies in me to strengthen the hands of my fellow disciples, and help me to be watchful that I do not prove a stumbling block to the world and a stumbling-block to any of Thy disciples, and help me increasingly to look forward to the day of Thy coming." Thus day by day we should try that in our little feeble measure we may more abundantly than ever bring glory to God, and that in our little feeble measure we may so strengthen the hands of our fellow disciples as that here and there little bands shall rise to stand forth to the praise and honor and glory of His name.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

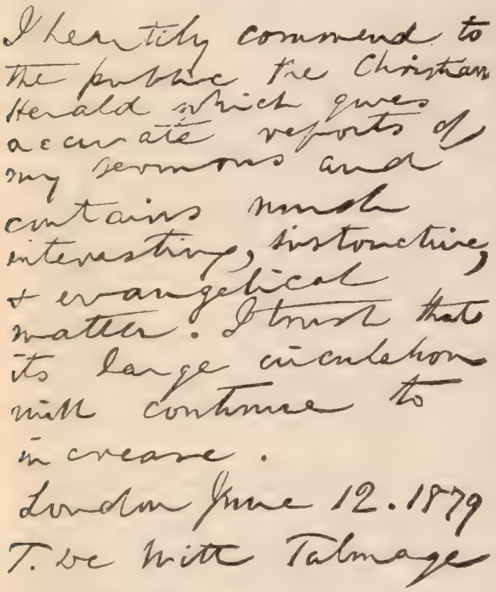
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

The proprietor has received the following endorsement of the journal from Dr. Talmage since the latter's arrival in England :


I heartily commend to
the public the Christian
Herald which gives
accurate reports of
my sermons and
contains much
interesting, instructive,
& evangelical
matter. I trust that
its large circulation
will continue to
increase.
London June 12. 1879
T. De Witt Talmage

LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, July 30th, at **3.40 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Yellow Fever at Memphis, Though Not formerly declared epidemic, has clearly established itself firmly in that city, and is doing its work with terrible fatality. The total deaths at Memphis were 44 last week, of which 26 were from the scourge. When it is remembered that large numbers of persons have abandoned the city, and others, too poor to pay the expenses of removal, have been conveyed to military camps, it will be seen that the fever has lost none of its malignity.

The theory is exploded that those who have had the disease and recovered from it are afterward safe from attack. Mr. B. Adams, who died last Friday, suffered from a bad attack of the fever last year.

There are no means of escape from Memphis now. Those who are in the city have no avenue of egress. They are shut off from the outer world. The last regular passenger train left on Friday last by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. No mails are received from the West and East, and none are expected until Tuesday next, when will be inaugurated the plan of tri-weekly mail service.

A large number of colored people still refuse to go into camps, and the proportion of colored to white population in the city is about three to one. A memorial has been issued by a meeting of colored men, in which they appeal for money, and state the reasons which induce them to remain in their homes. One of the reasons alleged is that the damp and exposure of camp life is more fatal to negroes than the yellow fever. The committee of public safety have adopted a declaration declaring the policy of the colored men dangerous to themselves and to the community at large, and warning property holders against supporting it by contributions.

The Origin of the Epidemic is Attributed in the *Memphis Avalanche* to the criminal folly of those who either neglected or refused to destroy the bed-clothing, and especially the woollen blankets, upon which patients had died during the previous year.

It is now known that in many instances woollen clothing that had been *hanging in sick-rooms* was packed in trunks, and that during the winter the poorer classes slept upon bedding and between blankets that had been exposed to infection. One woman, for example, preserved in a wooden box all the clothing worn by her husband, *who had died of the fever*, and was unwilling to burn even the bed-clothes on which he had died, stained as they were with black vomit. The frosts could have no effect upon fever germs in fabrics that were kept warm by kitchen fires during the day, and, in some instances, by the heat of the sleeper's body at night ; and when the midsummer days came, the poisons of pestilence were generated anew. This is the theory which is generally accepted in Memphis.

The Platforms of the Rival Parties, so far as they have been declared in the States, show that the issues on which elections will be fought will be those of Finance and State Rights as opposed to National Rights. The Democratic majority at Washington has had the effect of producing unity in the Republican ranks. It has become clear to almost every member of the latter party that the only hope of retaining possession of the honors and emoluments of office for another four years depends upon the party sinking minor differences and showing a solid front. Secretary Sherman has dealt with financial questions in his speeches in New England, and there he received an enthusiastic approval. But other States show a disposition to encourage a policy of inflation, to which the Secretary is opposed.

An appointment the most coveted of all the prizes the President has in his gift has fallen vacant by the resignation of Minister Welch, Ambassador at the British Court, whose retirement has been caused by domestic affliction. Various names have been mentioned as likely to obtain the President's nomination ; among others George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and to the surprise and incredulity of many, that of General Grant.

The Tivoli Theatre and the Pacific Garden, New York, two resorts we have alluded to in previous numbers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD as openly defying the law by holding Sunday concerts deceitfully called "*sacred*," were raided on Sunday, July 27th. The Society for the Prevention of Crime at length took cognizance of these places, and having obtained sufficient evidence, entered them, arresting the persons in charge and closing the performance. Gambling and liquor selling were going on, a disgusting performance occupied the stage, and a large number of intoxicated persons of both sexes were among the audience. This on a Sunday evening in a Christian city, and within half a mile of the hall where Mr. Moody was preaching.

Two Lost Children Found in a Pit Fifty Feet deep.—The wife of a miner named Henry, working at Pottsville, Penn., missed her two children last week, and their prolonged absence arousing fears in her mind, she induced her neighbors to assist in seeking them. They searched until after midnight without avail, but between one and two o'clock one of the party heard a faint cry for help issue from a thicket on a hill, and on running in that direction, came upon an old sink-hole, at the bottom of which he heard the children, who, in answer to his inquiries, said they were unhurt, but could not get out. His shouts soon brought reinforcements to the spot, and among them came Mrs. Henry, the distracted mother, who had spent the entire night in the hills looking for her little ones. As the pit in which the children were, is about fifty feet deep and has perpendicular sides, the children could not be got out without a rope. This was fastened around Mr. Henry's waist, and with a lantern in his hand he was lowered into the black depths of the pit. The boy was first hoisted up, and then Mr. Henry and the little girl. The children state that they were picking berries when the bank on which they were standing crumbled beneath their feet, and they were carried to the bottom. Strange to say, beyond a few bruises and scratches, the little ones were unhurt. The boy says the accident occurred about 9 or 10 o'clock, and consequently they were confined in the pit nearly sixteen hours. The persevering search, and the joy of the parents on the recovery of the little ones, remind us of the good Shepherd who "came to seek and save them that were lost."

Objections to a Candidate.—The Examiner *and Chronicle* gives the following objections which were made against a number of candidates who preached unsuccessfully in a vacant pulpit : 1. Too large ; 2. Too small ; 3. Perfectionism ; 4. Periodical resignation ; 5. Verbal repetition ; 6. Second Advent ; 7. More of a lecturer than a preacher ; 8. Long sermons ; 9. Long prayers ; 10. Sensational ; 11. Too old ; 12. Laxity of doctrine ; 13. Behind the times ; 14. Shallow ; 15. Plagiarism ; 16. Insincerity ; 17. Slovenly ; 18. Out of a place ; 19. Inarticulate ; 20. Chews ; 21. Slops over ; 22. Expensive ; 23. Worldly ; 24. Too anxious to come ; 25. No pastor ; 26. Gets "on a tear"—that is, goes rabid on all sides of a question by turns.

An Authenticated Anecdote of George Peabody, whose life and portrait were given in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, is that when he was little more than a boy, and just beginning his business career, he solemnly vowed upon his knees before God that, if God would entrust him with wealth, he would devote it to His glory. How God answered him, and how well he kept his vow, our readers know. Not a few such cases have occurred, the first we know of being the case of Jabez, in 1 Chron. 4 : 10. But in most cases where such a prayer is offered either there is a weakness of purpose in making the vow, or God sees that, in spite of the supplicants' earnestness, he cannot safely be trusted with riches. As a general rule, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God (Mark 10 : 25).

The Inspection of Tenement Houses in New York commenced last week, and reveals a state of affairs which proves how badly the inspection was needed. Overcrowding, lack of light and ventilation, and imperfect sanitary arrangements were discovered at almost every visit of the inspectors Were an epidemic to break out the city is in the most approved state to render its ravages most thorough and disastrous.

Ocean Grove, N. J., has been the Centre of Attraction during the past week for the thousands of persons interested in the camp meetings of the season. The tenth anniversary of the first religious services held at Ocean Grove was celebrated July 31st. Public buildings, churches, cottages, and tents were decorated with flags. During the morning the anniversary sermon was preached by Bishop Simpson, of New Jersey, in the presence of 5000 people. In the afternoon another vast congregation assembled in the auditorium, and remained nearly four hours engaged in religious exercises.

The Evangelists Pentecost and Stebbins are to hold Gospel meetings in the New Haven Opera House on Sunday evenings during the remainder of the summer, and in October they will begin a series of services in Salem, for which the evangelical churches of that city are now making preparations.

A unday Excursion had a Disagreeable ex- ce last week. A Seventh Ward club organ- d picnic up the Hudson from New York to sior Grove, and engaged two barges at a of $235 for the conveyance of the party. e return voyage a disagreement took with the captain of the steam-tug which wing the barges back to the city, and some sionists cut the hawser attaching the tug barges; whereupon the captain of the er went on his way, leaving the barges their freight of about a thousand persons ir fate. They were in a dangerous posi- and two of the number went ashore in a o request assistance. But all their endeavors secure another steamer were fruitless. arty were ultimately obliged to anchor and n all night on the barges. On Monday ng the owner sent another steamer to tow back to the city. Sunday excursions, it rs, are not always so pleasant as they are ented.

A Appeal from the South for Educational ses is to be made to Europe by Bishop John ore, who has gone to England on a mission oney in behalf of the negroes. He wants e funds to educate and elevate the colored o a greater extent than has been done by reedmen's Boards or other agencies already ng. His plan is to go among the men who n olden times prominent in the abolition nent. The Bishop carries letters from dis- shed clergymen and philanthropists of this ry, and hopes to make a successful strike ds.

A hony Wayne's Two Graves.—It is not lly known that the hero of Stony Point, imes called "Mad Anthony Wayne" from eckless bravery of his military career, is in two graves. He died at Fort Presque ow the seat of Erie, Pa., and was buried In 1815 the family obtained permission to e his remains to Chester County. The re- were found in a state of semi-petrifaction, eavy. Knowing that it would be impossi- r the son to carry the body to Chester y in that condition, Dr. Wallace determined move the flesh from the bones. This was by boiling and the use of knives. The of General Wayne were then carefully d in convenient form, and were delivered son on his arrival. He returned with the Chester County, where the contents were with appropriate ceremonies. A fine ment, commemorative of the dead hero and eds, was subsequently erected at the grave. ones reinterred at Fort Presque Isle were vered some years ago in a box bearing the al's name, and a stone was erected there.

A emarkable Coincidence is related in the York *Tribune*:

prayer was answered in the tempest of July The story is vouched for that a Connecticut n who owns a lot in the cemetery went to uthorities the other day for leave to cut a tree upon it, to make room for a monu- but was refused. She asked a second with no better success. Then she said he had prayed them to grant her request, ad been refused, and she should now ask ord to remove the tree. It was torn up roots in the course of the great storm."

the Red Man be Educated?—Bishop ington, of Central New York, answers this ion in a practical manner in a letter he has hed. The Bishop says that when some n ago the government set at liberty certain n prisoners who had been detained at St. stine, Fla., he invited four of them to visit al New York—one Comanche, one Klowa, wo Cheyennes. He believed from what he f them that they would repay the cost and le of educating. They were committed to re of the rector of a rural parish in a high healthy region in Oneida County, where were allowed to divide their time between or pursuits and the study of books, and they were under the influence of a refined, igent family. Bishop Huntington describes the result as most satisfactory. He says the minds of the four boys are thoroughly awake and eager for knowledge. Three or four hours of each day, with some vacations, they are reading and writing, or getting and reciting English lessons. Their rate of progress is about that of an average boy of twelve or fourteen. As to character, it would be difficult to find four young men in any New England village more completely free from the knowledge or practice of evil. They are all shrewd judges of the characters of other men. They like fun as well as anybody; and if they are habitually serious, it is easy to find in them, in its right season, the mirthfulness of a ripe and well-balanced manhood. In manners they are gentlemen.

A Converted Teapot.—One Sabbath Afternoon an evangelist, sitting among some members of the working class in a homely kitchen, noticed among a variety of cups and saucers, standing like the crowned queen of the table, a very remarkable teapot. Teapots have usually a tendency to be low and stout, but this identical receptacle of the fragrant herb was long and thin, with a waist like Austria's Empress. The only defacement of its aristocratic beauty was that the end of the spout was slightly minus, the lower lip having been broken off. A member of our homely tea party exclaimed, "The men are converted, their wives are converted, *and the teapot's converted too!*" "How is that?" was the natural inquiry. "Why, sir," said the informant, "on Sunday afternoons these men used to have their mates in the house drinking, and the teapot was filled with beer; but now that they and their wives are converted they've got the preacher to have a meal with them, and the teapot's full of capital tea—it's *converted*, and no mistake. And, moreover, these men are fine violinists, and their instruments will be converted too."

Mr. Henry Varley, the Evangelist, recently returned to England from Australia, said in the course of an address: "Well do I remember, before I left England, a meeting at which a beloved servant of Christ was present, and, speaking of the love of God, he gave us this beautiful illustration. 'I was with my little boy for the first time in his experience at Brighton, and when we returned to London I heard him saying in my study to one of his companions, "*Well, I have seen the sea*," and it was the first time the little boy had looked out from the coast of Brighton upon the sea view that presents itself there.'

"So his father took up his thought at that point, and said to us (and I confess it was an utterance of years of blessing to me), 'My little boy had seen the sea, but it was just *the coast-line* around there, that was all.'

"Now, when I myself recently went to Australia, we were eighty four days out of sight of land, and thus I saw not merely the *coast-line* but the sea itself, in all its shoreless length and breadth.

"Oh, that you and I might not rest satisfied with merely viewing the *coast-line* of the unfathomable sea of God's love, but might seek after a closer walk and acquaintanceship with Him, so as to know more of the lengths and breadths and depths and heights of the great ocean of Christ's love, and thus gain in our measure the massive power which makes our God the glory of His church!

The English Press on Dr. Talmage.—Among the many laudatory notices of Dr. Talmage which have appeared in the English journals is the following from the London *Daily Standard*;

"We have never seen a man possessed of such *transcendent talents* as those owned by Dr. Talmage who carried them with a more commendable modesty, even to that degree that it seems as if he were almost unconscious of his great possessions. He evidently owns a heart full of burning, loving sympathy for his fellow-man, and that heart is never more full of joy itself than when it is made the means of showering around the words of good cheer and dispensing happiness to others."

INSTANT, CONSTANT, EXPECTANT.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Continuing instant in prayer."—ROMANS 12 : 12.

Prayer Related to all Duties and Graces—The Prayer of Hudson the Martyr—Prayer Should be—I. Instant—The Metaphor of Hunting Dogs—Of a Wrestler—How to Attain Urgency in Prayer—1. Realize the Value of the Mercy Sought—2. Your Need of it—3. That it can Come only from God—4. Have an Eager Desire—5. Plead for It with all Your Might—6. Pray with Strong Faith—II. Constant—The Ardor of Prayer must be Maintained—No Time when Slackness can be Afforded—Constancy Brings Remarkable Gifts—The Mentone Fishermen—Constancy a Test of Reality—The Australian Voyager's Inquiry—III. Expectant—The Liberated Swallow—"We Won't Trouble the Lord with That."

THIS is placed in connection with a large number of brief but very weighty precepts. Prayer has a distinct relationship to all Christian duties and graces. It is not possible for us to carry out the holy commands of our Lord Jesus unless we are abundant in supplication. The Romans at the time that Paul wrote to them were subject to persecution, and in this verse he mentions two remedies for impatience under such afflictions—remedies which are equally effectual under all the trials of life.

The old physicians tell us of *two antidotes against poison*, the hot and the cold, and they dilate upon the special excellence of each of these: in like manner the apostle Paul gives us first the warm antidote—"Rejoicing in hope," and then he gives us the cool antidote, "Patient in tribulation." Either of these, or both together, will work wonderfully for the sustaining of the spirit in the hour of affliction; but it is to be observed that neither of these remedies can be taken into the soul except they be mixed with a draught of prayer.

Joy and patience are curative essences, but they must be dropped into a glass full of supplication, and then they will be wonderfully efficient. Have not holy men of old always sustained themselves in their worst times of grief and depression by betaking themselves to prayer? Mind that you do the same. Impatience will be sure to follow prayerlessness, but the endurance of the divine will grows out of communion with God in prayer.

I like that beautiful, though sad, picture of the Norwich martyr, Hudson, of whom Foxe tells us that, when he stood at the stake with the chain about him to be burnt, he fell under a cloud. The Lord had withdrawn the light of his countenance from him, and therefore this man of God slipped from under the chain to have a few minutes alone with God. Some thought that he was about to recant, and his fellow-martyrs began exhorting him to be steadfast and to play the man, but this dear believer knew what he was at, and when he had spoken with his God he came back to the stake with a bright and beaming countenance, saying, "Now, I thank God, I am strong, and fear not what man can do unto me," and stood in his place with his fellow-sufferers and there burned quick to the death without fear. Oh, the power of prayer! If we do but know how to get into contact with the Eternal and Omnipotent we shall be joyful and patient in all tribulations, and bravely endure even the keen edge of death.

Prayer is the lifeblood of duty, the secret sap of holiness, the fountain of obedience. Upon prayer as spoken of in the text may the Holy Spirit help us now to meditate. Three things I shall speak upon which will be remembered the better by being linked with three words—*Instant, constant, expectant.*

I. First, then,

INSTANT

—"*Continuing instant in prayer.*" It may be proper at this stage to say that these words, though I shall dwell upon them in the English, are not identical with the Greek, in which there is but one word. I do not know that a better translation could possibly be given, and so I shall content myself with the very words of our own version.

The word "*instant*," as used by our translators, meant pressing, urgent, importunate, earnest. The Greek word is said to have the signification of "always applying strength in prayer," or continuing with all your might in prayer. Our prayer is to be full of strength; "blessed is the man whose strength is in thee."

Master Brooks says that the word is a metaphor taken from *hunting dogs*, which will never give up the game till they have got it. A hunting dog when in pursuit of its victim works itself into full motion, using every limb and muscle to follow as fast as possible. If you catch a glimpse of it you will see that it throws itself forward with intense eagerness, the whole body and soul of the dog is in motion towards one object; no portion of him lingers, not so much as a glance is given to any thing else; the whole creature is instant after the game which it pursues, urgently pressing, hot foot, as we say, to overtake the prey. Now *this is the way in which we are to pray.*

We must go with our whole soul to God or he will not accept us. It will be ill for us if we are half-hearted, for it is written, "their heart is divided; now shall they be found faulty." "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." We are exhorted to "knock," and as our model we are directed to him who at midnight aroused his slumbering friend.

How are we to attain to this urgency? God's gracious Spirit must give it to us; but what are the methods by which, under his direction, we may become instant in prayer?

1. I answer, first, *let us study very thoroughly the value of the mercy which we are seeking at God's hand.* Seeker, take heed to do this.

Whatever it is that thou art asking for, it is no trifle. Look at it. If it be a thing about which thou art not certain that it would be according to God's mind, lay it aside; thou hast no right to be very fervent about that which is of questionable necessity. If this may or may not be good for thee, put up thy requests to the great Father gently once or twice, and then lay them lightly in Jesus' hand.

But when thou art certain that the blessing sought for is a good and necessary thing for thy soul, then, in order that thy spirit may be strong in prayer, get a deep sense of its value, its goodness, and its necessity; examine it as a goldsmith inspects a jewel when he wishes to estimate its worth. A man's ardor in pursuit will be in proportion to his consciousness *of the value* of that which he pursues. Get thou to feel what a precious thing grace is, what it cost the Lord to bring it to thee; what blessings it brings with it for time and for eternity, and when thy heart sees that it seeks after an unspeakably precious gift, then will its desire be stirred up to pray with intense longings.

2. When thou hast done this meditate much upon thy necessities that thou mayest *get a sense of thy need of the mercy thou art seeking.* See thy soul's poverty and thine own undeservingness. Look at what will happen to thee unless this blessing come. If it be some absolutely indispensable spiritual blessing, picture to thyself where thou wilt be if God should withhold it, what evils will spring of thy continuing in want of it, and what further wants may yet beset thee. The more thy need smites thee the more eagerly wilt thou cry unto the Lord concerning it.

3. Endeavor also to *get a distinct consciousness of the fact that God must give thee this blessing, or thou wilt never have it.* It requires time to think over these things, therefore set thyself apart awhile from all other occupations, and think on these matters. Say to thyself, Here is such and such a spiritual mercy, and I can never get it out of myself, for I am a dry well. Nothing can come out of nothing, and I am nothing. I cannot bring a clean thing out of an unclean, and I am unclean. This spiritual blessing I cannot obtain from my fellow-man; nor king nor priest could bring it to me. I cannot climb to heaven after it, nor dive into the abyss to find it; nor earth nor heaven can yield it, nor can either time or eternity produce it. God alone must give it me, and he is a sovereign; he has a right to give or to withhold. I cannot claim it of Him as a matter of right; he must give it me of His mere mercy; it must be a boon of undeserved favor.

Oh, if you get that truth well wrought into your soul you will pray earnestly, and you will use *the right arguments*—"Have mercy upon me, O God, *according to thy loving kindness*, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies." God alone can help you, and if he refuse, you are undone for ever; therefore cry mightily unto him.

4. Further to make you instant in prayer *endeavor eagerly to desire the good thing.* Stand not before God if thou wouldst win at His hands, as one who will be content whether or no. Say not, "Give it or withhold it, it is all one to me. I knock at thy door, and if thou open I will be somewhat pleased, but if thy door be shut I will be pleased too." Oh, no; such listlessness will never prevail with God. There are times when you must be brought to this condition that *you will not be denied.*

There is a holy "impudency," as the Puritans were wont to call it, to which we must be brought, in which we shall with holy boldness dare to say, like Jacob, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Such language would be blasphemy if it were not permitted, it would be presumption if it were not encouraged; but there is little fear of our being too bold, for in these times men are more inclined to keep at a distance than to come too near.

5. I will suppose, dear brother, that you have followed these directions so far by the help of God's Spirit, and now you know your need of the mercy, and something of the value of it; you see that God alone can give it you, and you are anxiously desirous to have it. Now comes the tug of war; you are to *plead with all your might.* Gather up all your faculties to see whether this thing be a matter of promise or no. Take down the Book, your charter, and your Father's will, and see if there be any part of the charter wich promises this good thing to you. When you have found the promise lay your finger on it. Better still, with your spirit grasp it in your hand, and go before God with it.

If prayer be as Luther calls it, "*bombarda Christianorum*,"

THE CHRISTIAN'S GREAT GUN

with which he doth bombard heaven, then surely the promise is the shot which He sends forth. Plead the promise by saying, "Lord, do as thou hast said. Fulfil this word unto thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope." If you do not seem to prevail with one promise seek out another and plead it. This, perhaps, will be more to the point—a promise which your very soul seems to suck in as though it were spoken to you newly and freshly, as if never another man had ever received it.

Spread this second promise before the Lord. Nothing pleases Him more than seeing His own Word pleaded by His own children. Try this, and if it is manifest that you have not succeeded, turn to yet another promise, and another, and another, and another, and then plead, "For Thy name's sake, for Thy truth s sake, for Thy covenant's sake;" and then come in with the greatest plea of all, "For Jesus' sake and in His name I plead with thee, my God. O thou that hearest prayer, wilt thou not keep touch with thine own word, and be true to thine own Son?" You have prevailed there. By that sign you have conquered. Again it shall be seen that the Lord *hath hearkened to the voice of a man.*

6. Still there is one thing more wanted, and that is *strong faith*, not only that God is, but that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. You cannot be instant in prayer, nay, you cannot offer an acceptable prayer at all except as you believe in the prayer-hearing God.

The modern wise men assure us, with a patronizing air, that prayer is a pious exercise, exceedingly beneficial to ourselves, but quite inoperative with God. They are kind enough to allow us to pray, only we must not suppose that it has the slightest effect. And do they think that we are such idiots that we would stand and *whistle to the wind* and find good for our souls in such a stupid proceeding?

They must have formed their notion of our mental condition from their own if they imagine that we should pray if we knew that God did not hear us, and would not answer us. Prayer apar from the idea of a hearing God is not prayer; i is soliloquizing, or, in plainer words, a silly talking to yourself, such as one sees in half-witted ol persons who have outlived what few senses the once possessed. You must believe that God is and that there is real commerce between you soul and God, and that your pleadings are a pa of the divine way of blessing you, or else yo are not praying but maundering and chattering

The Lord does really listen to the pleadings His people, and though He does not alter H ordinance and His decree, yet in some way other He makes the prayers of His people to an efficient link in the machinery of His pro dence and grace, so that not without pray doth He bless them, but with it He doth bl them abundantly. Dear friends, may the Lo the Holy Spirit stir us all up to be instant mighty, energetic prayer.

II. Now, secondly, comes the word

CONSTANT.

—"*continuing* instant in prayer." To go back the hunting dog with which we set out. saw him rushing like the wind after his ga but this will not be enough if it only lasts fo little; he must continue running if he is to ca his prey. It matters not how fast the s hound goes if after having kept the pace aw he begins to slacken—the stag will escape f him. It is a sign of failure in the iron t when the furnaces are blown out; when busi flourishes the fire blazes both day and ni and so will it be with prayer when the soul i a flourishing state. If prayer be the Christ vital breath, how can he leave off praying?

We *must maintain the ardor of prayer*, must be intense always. Prayer is not to thing of yesterday, but of to-day, and to- row, until it changeth into praise above. haps prayer will continue even in heaven. tainly the souls under the altar cry " long?" and unfulfilled prophecies and pro yet big with future events will be pleaded there. Praise, however, is the chief charac tic of the future state as prayer is the char istic of the present one.

We are to get into a good place—"insta prayer," and then to keep it up—*continui* stant in prayer. "That is difficult" says Who said it was not? All the processes Christian life are difficult; indeed, they a possible apart from the abiding help Divine Spirit; but "the Spirit helpeth firmities."

Now then, brethren, that we may be hel keep up our fervency in prayer, please to that prayer must be continuous, because *singularly mixed up with the whole gospel sation.* As the incense filled the temple, prayer fill the gospel economy. The blo upon the mercy seat, and upon the alt the laver, and the candlestick, and the b was sprinkled everywhere in the Jewish nacle, and thus atonement was the most uous object in the worship prescribed by of Moses; but next to this, prayer wa prominent in the continual calling upo and in the smoke of the incense by whicl was symbolized.

Prayer was dear to Jesus when he was of Nazareth upon the mountain's lon and prayer is dear to Him now that as of God He intercedes in glory. Even the covenant hath this condition of p pended, "Ask of Me, and I will give heathen for thine inheritance, and the u parts of the earth for thy possession." is the atmosphere which surrounds E

: as the clouds hang on the mountains, so prayer linger over every great mercy of God. *ayer is connected with every covenant bless-* Why, beloved, it is to him that calleth the name of the Lord that the promise of tion is given. Our heavenly Father gives Holy Spirit to those that ask Him. Justifi- n was given to the publican rather than to Pharisee, because he had offered humble, ving, acceptable prayer; whereas the Phari- asked nothing, but only glorified himself. ption begets prayer, for it brings us the t of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father. n election right onward to perfection in st there is no blessing of the covenant but : is understood, received, enjoyed, fed upon, practically used in the way of prayer. Those would safely navigate the sea of life *must their passage to heaven.*

oreover, beloved, *prayer has been connected every living spiritual experience you have had.* Will you kindly look back to the hour you were under the fig tree and Jesus saw Were you not at prayer? When you first e to go to your Father, was not your first a prayer? When you received the assur- of salvation, was it not in answer to er? When His banner over you has been , have you not felt it sweet to pray?

ow, beloved, we are commanded to be con- t in our instancy. Is not this right? Is *e any time when we can afford to slacken ver?* Would you kindly put your finger on map of the way, and tell me where a Chris- man may leave off praying? Is it when he *pers?* No, for then he needs grace to carry ll cup with a steady hand. Is it when he is istress? Doth not nature itself teach us that he time of affliction we should especially v near to God in prayer?

hen should he pray, nay, when should he pray? *Where* may he pray? The answer e may pray everywhere, for, as one has well , a man who carries his temple about with is always in a place where he may pray; and w ye not that your bodies are the temples the Holy Ghost? Wherever you go you y your temples with you, and in every place may pray, and should pray, and need to y, and therefore be sure that you do pray.

ut specially we ought to be constant in yer, because *such remarkable gifts are vouch- d to importunity.* God often gives liberally to yer when it speaks but once, but frequent ding begets abundant answering. That is most soul-enriching prayer which is long in ning its way with God. When prayers, like at ships, have been long on the voyage you hope that they have gone far and have hered rich cargoes and will come home ghted with all the goodlier merchandise. If can but quietly hope, and patiently wait, all be well.

he very choicest blessings of heaven are re- ved for the Elijahs who can say, "*Go again n times,*" for the men who come again, and in, and again, and never faint. Wait then n the Lord with holy importunity of prayer, your reward shall more than repay you. It ood for us to be compelled to pray like this; xercises the faculties of the soul; it makes n of us; it brings us up from spiritual child- od to perfect manhood. Therefore be ye stant in prayer, and gather strength for im- tunate pleadings.

he fishermen at Mentone keep on fishing h their great net; ay, by the score these fish- en take it out and haul it in again, and fre- ntly they get no more than one little sardine their pains. Many and many a time I have n no more than they could hold in their hand the produce of a net which covered acres of sea. But why do they go on? Because y are fishermen, and cannot do any thing else. u and I are praying men, and there is nothing e we can do but wait upon the Lord. So if, er many a throw of the net, we get but one all answer, we will try again, for this is all we do,

Continue in prayer, because *the continuance of our instancy in prayer is the test of the reality of our devotion.* Men that are in business and are in earnest cannot afford to open the shop and do a little occasional trade, and then put up a notice, "The proprietor of this shop has gone out for an excursion, and will resume his business when he feels inclined to." This would be trifling, and not trading; and it is so in prayer: a little bit of praying and then a stretch of neglect will prove a delusion and a snare.

A poor simpleton who had never been to sea before, when he was going to Australia asked a friend on board the vessel what the sailors did with the vessel at night. "Do of a night?" was the reply; "why, sail as fast as they can go." "I did not know," he said, "they worked in the night; I thought they stopped the ship." He must have thought he was out on some pleasure excursion along the coast, and that the yacht would anchor when the sun went down; but he was in an ocean clipper which was out for work and not for play. The man who means business must sail whether it is dark or light; and so in prayer we must serve God instantly, both day and night.

Real prayers are constant prayers. There is a fish, you know, that sometimes attempts to fly, but it is no bird for all that. It only takes a little flight and then it is in the water again; but a true bird keeps on the wing, especially if it is such a bird as the eagle, whose untiring wing bears it above the clouds. Beware of prayers which leap up like a grasshopper and are soon down again. Let your prayers have the wings of a dove, let them fly away from earth and rest in God. Hypocrites pray by fits and starts; the genuine Christian "prays without ceasing."

Beloved, we must continue in prayer: but the Holy Spirit alone can enable us to do it. We may, however, be much helped in it by occasionally setting apart a special time. Days of prayer, and hours of prayer, and set seasons of prayer, are very helpful. We ought to have our appointed seasons each day, but special times over and above our regular custom may stir the fire and enable it to burn more brightly. To unite with other Christians in prayer is often very helpful. Private prayer is more important than public prayer under many aspects, and is a better test of a Christian; still public prayer often reacts upon private devotion, and when two or three are together, and are agreed as touching the kingdom, their supplications will often be helpful to each other and obtain the thing which they desire.

III. Our last word is

EXPECTANT.

It is not in the text verbally, but it must be there really, because there will be no such thing as instancy or constancy unless there is an expectation, and a belief that God can and will give that which we seek. Let us go back to our dog again; the dog would not run at so great a rate if he did not expect to seize his prey; but see how every limb is stretched with intensity, and he goes over hedge and ditch after his game because he has almost seized it, and though it flies before him with all its might, yet he is close upon it.

There is no praying with any fervor unless there is faith that God will hear you; at least if instancy can be felt for a while, constancy cannot be kept up long without it. Expectancy is the very reason of prayer. Some prefer to pray because it is their duty and their custom, but real prayer usually springs from the expectancy that God will hear.

I was awakened at about four o'clock this morning by a sharp, shrill sound. I thought

IT WAS A SWALLOW

screaming by the window, and I fell asleep again. But I was soon aroused by the repetition of the same sharp sound. A young bird had found its way into my room, and was crying for liberty. I left my bed and opened the window to let the captive free. It did not seem to know its way, and so I caught it and gently placed it at the window, and in a moment it flew to the oak tree close by and sat itself down. I watched its movement. The moment it had perched itself comfortably it began to utter sharp cries, and it turned its little head round on all sides as if looking for some one. It was crying for its mother, and why? *Because it expected to be fed.* And why did it expect to be fed? *Because it had been fed before.* If it had been a full-grown bird, it would not have called for food, but would have helped itself; but this poor little creature had been nourished by its parents, and it was looking round to be supplied again.

This is why we pray. O Lord, thou hast supplied our wants so long and so often in answer to prayer that we are in the way of it; and now we pray, not only because we ought to do so, but because it has become natural to us to pray, and we expect thee to hear us.

Some professors seldom exercise expectancy in prayer, but the soul of prayer is gone when you have no expectation. God will hear the cry of your desire, but the hand into which He will put the mercy is the hand of your expectation. You must believe that you have the blessing, or you will not have it unless it be by some extraordinary mercy beyond what is promised. His usual way is to raise our expectations so that we look out for the favor, and then he sends it.

If some people looked out for answers to prayer they might soon have them, for their prayers would be answered by themselves. I was reminded of that by a little boy whose father prayed in the family that the Lord would visit the poor and relieve their wants. When he had finished, his little boy said, "Father, I wish I had your money." "Why so?" "Because," he said, "I would answer your prayers for you." "Which prayers, John?" "Why, father, you prayed that the poor might be helped, and you could do it very well with your own money."

I like better still that story of the good man at the prayer-meeting, who, reading the list of prayers, found one for a poor widow that her distress might be relieved, so he began to read it, but stopped and added, "*We won't trouble the Lord with that: I will attend to that myself.*" Numbers of prayers are of that kind: we are praying God to do what we ought to do ourselves, and that is sheer impertinence.

If we really prayed in earnest, expecting to be heard, our answer would often come in this very way, by our being stirred up to see that the Lord had heard us. The Lord might well say to us' "Thou sayest Thy kingdom come; arise and help to make My kingdom come! Thou askest that My name may be hallowed; go thyself and hallow My name." Oh, that we had the expectancy which would teach us practical action, so that we should find the answer to our prayer given before we asked according to the promise, "Before they call I will answer them, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

I had many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now, for the time has passed. I shall close by recommending to all of you one simple but very comprehensive prayer. It was offered by a poor man in Fife, and it was copied out by the Duchess of Gordon, and found among her papers when she died. "O Lord, give me grace to feel my need of Thy grace! Give me grace to ask for Thy grace! Give me grace to receive Thy grace! And when in Thy grace thou hast given me grace, give me grace to use Thy grace!" See ye not what scope there is for prayer! You will never need to leave off pleading for want of subjects. Continue, therefore, to be instant in it.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A DOUBLE TIE.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

(*Continued from page 653.*)

The Lieutenant's Songs in the Crimea—His Charger helps him on a Visit to the English Manor-House—The Fair Face Seen Again—Ordered to India—Private Joe M. made a Corporal—Lieutenant's Return after Four Years—Thankful Retrospect with his Bride—He Visits the Cottage of Joe M.'s Intended and Relieves her Godly Parents' Poverty—Joe M. Returns and Marries L. G.

THERE was now a double interest in the army encamped on the heights above the Black Sea, in the manor-house, and the hamlet; for although the visit of the young officer had been considered nothing more than a passing incident, the fact that he had once been there and had now rejoined the army, led to an occasional allusion to his name whenever tidings arrived from Joe Marshall. The officer and soldier who were thus serving together in the field did not know one another, for the officer had only occasionally visited the manor-house. Neither did the two gentle maidens who lived so near each other, and who often met, ever imagine that there were two hearts in that army to whom they were very dear, and to whom their remembrance was an oft-repeated pleasure! Soldiers must cheer one another when an army is encamped in mud and snow. Happily this winter the army was provided with every comfort. Great Britain is generous enough to her warriors when she knows their needs and is able to supply them. Quantities of warm clothing had been sent to the army. Deliciously soft comforters and hoods, worked by loving hands, were freely given to all who needed them.

"Good-night, my man; all right?" said the officer as, at midnight, he left the advanced sentry pacing up and down in snow a foot deep. "I should be all right, sir," said the sentinel, perspiring under the weight of his clothing, "if I was not so uncommon hot!" It was a fault on the right side in that sort of weather.

The next day witnessed the arrival of reinforcements from England, and amongst them came the young lieutenant, who had fully recovered, and now rejoined his regiment in the Crimea. His brother officers were a very happy, united body. They all messed together, and when dinner was over, the song always went round before they bade one another good-night. The most popular songs among soldiers in the field are songs of home. They don't talk much about home to one another, but nothing touches the heart of men in distant lands so much as good songs, which carry their minds far away to the faces and forms they love in the Fatherland. One among many often sung was an especial favorite. Two verses will suffice here:

"What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us for being fond?
Though waves divide us, and friends may chide us,
In faith abiding, I'll still be true;
And I'll pray for thee, o'er the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion, that's what I'll do!

* * * *

What would you do, love, if home returning,
With hopes high burning, and wealth for you?
If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home, what would you do?
So thou wert saved, I'd bless the hour,
In want or sorrow, which left me you;
And I'd welcome thee from the stormy billow,
This breast thy pillow, that's what I'd do!"

The quiet applause which always rewarded this song showed how fully its sentiment was approved, and that though far from home the officers did not forget the loved ones they had left behind them. When it came to the lieutenant's turn, he sung the song he had learned before he left England.

Both the officer and Joe returned home when peace was proclaimed. The former was much disappointed in not being able to spend his leave in the neighborhood of the manor-house. But the Indian Mutiny soon followed the Crimean War, and both were at once *ordered to India*. An unexpected opportunity then occurred for one more visit before leaving England. The officer owned a horse which had been a favorite with his regiment during the late campaign. Not wishing to leave it with any master, he had offered it as a present. The road by which he travelled with his gift led not far from the home where the colonel and his family resided.

As he came to a lane which led thither he reined up in deep thought. "I will see her once more," he said to himself; "I may never see her again." So he turned his horse's head and in a few moments was outside the old gates. It was a sufficient apology for a call on the line of march that his charger had done good service during the late war. After sitting a while in the drawing-room, the family went out to admire the faithful animal. Gentle hands stroked its neck and smoothed its head. Endearing epithets were addressed to the honored beast. Its master was well pleased. He took another long, full look at the fair face he wished to remember in the far East, and then, excusing himself that his faithful companion had made a long journey, and had yet further to go, mounted, bade the happy occupants of the old manor-house farewell, and with a full heart rode up the avenue. "Kate, dear old lady," he said, as he patted his charger, "you have done me another good turn to-day! But for you I should never have paid this visit!" Then, speaking to himself, he said, "Cheer up, old fellow. You may come home again, please God! and who can tell what may happen then?"

After some months' active service in the Indian Mutiny, peace ensued, and the British troops went into quarters. Joe Marshall did not waste the opportunities of education afforded him in the army, and he soon became a good scholar. His steady conduct obtained for him deserved promotion. The mother's heart was now frequently gladdened by autograph despatches from Bombardier and then from Corporal Marshall.

But there was sad news for Joe, when a letter arrived from home announcing that L. G. was very ill, and that both her father and mother were ailing. First of all, it was that she was obliged to keep her bed; then, that she had gone to the county hospital; then, that the doctors thought that she had got paralysis! Joe bore it bravely; he hoped for the best. Soldiers soon come to know that doctors, however clever, sometimes make mistakes, and he had been brought through so much that he had good hope that L. G. would get safely over her illness. So he did his duty cheerfully, and looked forward to the time when he would once again see the fields and lanes, the hills, copses, and dales, the cottages and happy faces in Warwickshire.

The officer remained with his regiment until, having suffered from fever for some time, he was invalided home. *Four years* had elapsed since he left England. Often and often in India his mind traversed the space which separated him from the old Elizabethan home, and in thought he frequently paid a visit to the family there. On the march his men sang by the hour, and he joined with them. "Ever of thee" was a favorite song, and when he heard the words:

"Thou wert the star that, mildly beaming,
Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear,"

he would feel that this was true of her of whom he often so fondly thought.

At length once more he landed in Old England. He was not long in finding his way to the neighborhood of the manor-house! He had previously written there, and had expressed to the parents what his hopes and wishes were. No obstacle was offered on their part. The rest was soon settled. The tale of love was told, and met with a tender, loving response.

"When I think of all God's mercies to me during the few past years of my life, I do not know how to thank Him," said the officer, as he sat with his betrothed and her sister in a summer-house commanding one of the loveliest views in the south of England.

"He is very good," replied the lady sitting next him; "His name is 'merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and in truth.'"

"It is indeed," continued the officer. "It is a blessed title, especially as there is added, 'Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgressions, and sin.' What a Father!"

He soon heard of Corporal Joe Marshall, and went down to the pretty vale in which his parents lived to pay them a visit. They were very glad to see him. Mrs. Marshall showed him the last letter from the corporal, which contained the good news that his battery expected to return home next year.

It was a bright and happy time in all that neighborhood when the marriage of the young officer and the colonel's daughter took place. The families in the adjacent hamlets were not forgotten, and their hearty good wishes added to the gratifying associations of that most happy day.

"I'm going down to see Mr. and Mrs. Golde to-day," said the officer to his father-in-law. " hear that they are very ill, and a visit will chee them."

"You will find their daughter there too," sai one of the ladies. "She has been to the coun ty hospital, but they can do nothing for he She is a good girl; I believe they have offere to take her again, as she is so cheerful, and do the patients so much good." When sprin comes we must try and get her in again.

It was a cold, damp, dreary winter day. Th tap at Mrs. Golder's door was answered by pleasant "Come in." There was a hole in t door almost large enough for a man to crawl i The officer had noticed this, and when he e tered the cottage observed that the roof was o of repair, and there was but a scanty fire sticks, on each side of which Mrs. Golder a her sick husband were seated. He could har muster courage to speak. At length he sa "Well, my dear friends, you certainly ha trials!"

"Yes, sir, we have," said the wife; "but t mercies of the Lord are far greater."

She spoke in a quiet, patient tone, and face brightened as she uttered the last wor The visitor was more astonished than bef There was no assumption of piety in the woma manner; it was quite plain that she spoke fr her heart. The sick daughter was in bed stairs, unable to come down. He remained some time talking to the two invalids, and ing received other lessons from his visit to humble cottage, the officer bade them be of g cheer, and, giving them something as a toke his regard, said "Good-day."

As soon as he got into the road he exclain "I trust I shall never forget the lesson I learnt there to-day. What an awful sin it i murmur or complain! Those two poor g people have preached me the best sermon I listened to for many a month." When he to the manor-house he told the colonel o visit, and what he had seen.

"The landlord ought to have put that cot in repair before winter," he replied; "but I have it done.

(*To be continued.*)

Calvinist and Arminian Sailors Agreed. Dr Duncan was in Leghorn, Italy, when two shipmasters came to the port—the one Leith, the other from England—the one a byterian, and the other a Wesleyan. The leyan came and asked him to preach in his "Oh," said he, "I could not do that; fo see I am a Calvinist and you are an Arm and I might say something to injure you ings." "Sir," was the reply, "what we you to do is to come and preach again devil." That is certainly a Catholic pla Calvinist and Arminian should always be to preach against the devil, and in the nan common Master.

THE THREE "COMES."

r. Moody's Sermon on Sunday, July 27th, at Cooper Union, New York.

THE Hall of Cooper Union, in which Mr. wyer has been holding his Gospel Temperance eetings, was crowded to excess on Sunday, July th, and above five thousand persons had been able to secure admittance.

It had been announced that Mr. Sankey, who rived in New York on the previous day from rope, would sing, and that Mr. Moody would each.

Both evangelists were present, and after Mr. nkey had sung "He Will Hide Me," and Watching and Waiting," Mr. Moody rose and d:

"'My text shall be just the one little word ome,' and if I can make of my sermon a hammer drive the nail of righteousness into your souls, shall have accomplished my purpose. You y forget all about my sermon, but my text is ort enough to be remembered, and it is well rth remembering, for it is an invitation to you d to me, coming from God Himself.

"'My words are to every one of you personally, d not to your neighbors. The great trouble th our church-goers is that they listen for hers, and don't apply sermons to themselves. e are too generous with our sermons and their sons; instead of keeping them ourselves we e them away. When God condescends to eak to you, as he does in this blessed word, 'ome,' you can well afford to listen, and to ten for yourselves.

Many men who go to church regularly never ar a word of the sermons. They are attending to their outside business, and planning opera-ns for the coming week. I find it a very hard ng to get any real earnest attention. I was d by a minister once that *a parishioner of his* d congratulated him upon one of his sermons, ying that it was one of his greatest efforts. o you remember the text?' asked my friend. Vell, no; the fact is, you had begun when I me in.' 'Ah! then you can tell me something out the middle of the sermon. I am anxious know what part of the discourse pleased you much.' The man could remember nothing the middle of the sermon. 'Perhaps,' said e minister, 'you can tell me something about e end?' 'No,' was the answer, 'I went away fore you closed.' Now, don't laugh at yourves. That very man may be in this house."

Mr. Moody then proceeded to point out some the various "comes" of God's Word. *The st come* that he invited his hearers' attention was the

"COME AND SEE.",

"There is no language that can describe beau-s of Jesus Christ; we must come and learn of m. I was lately," said the speaker, "telling me one in Connecticut what a beautiful sunset ad seen. He asked me to describe it to him, but aid I am not able; I haven't language accurate ough to describe a sunset. But it is infinitely re difficult to make any approach to describ-g the beauties of Christ. If you want to know at Christ is you must come and see Him, you st come and dwell with Him, you must come d enjoy Him."

Mr. Moody illustrated this point by *a touching ecdote*: "A year ago last winter an affecting ene occurred in the streets of Baltimore. Two tle sisters were looking through a large store ndow at the toys within, and trying to describe at they saw to a little blind sister who was th them. They were exhausting their feeble wers of description to bring home to the mind their blind companion what they saw, although e listened greedily. But, after all, they failed present any thing more than an imperfect re-esentation. The gentleman who saw the cir-mstance said it was extremely touching that ey tried hard to describe the collection in the re, but they could not do it. That is just e our trying to tell you of Christ.

"We may exhaust our powers of description, t the effect will be very moderate. You must come and see His beauties with your own eyes." Mr Moody went on to remind those that say that redemption is a mystery beyond their comprehension, that the great God condescended to reason this point with them. "'Come,' he says, 'and let us reason together;' 'though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.' What is wanted in the first place is simply to come.

"There is another addressed to us—"'COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOR and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' You want rest, we all want rest, and we are all continually seeking it, but it is not to be found in this world of sin. Christ is the author of rest, and the only place in this wide world where we can find it is in the bosom of Jesus. Don't leave this hall to-day until you have met Christ. I don't care what may be the sin that has brought you down. If you will bring your sorrows to Christ he will bear them for you. I always love to think of Jesus as my burden-bearer. He is a faithful one, but the trouble is we are not willing to lay our burdens at the foot of the cross and leave them there. The trouble is that many bring their burdens to Him and carry them away again. They go to their closets and throw it open at His feet, but when they get up again they swing their burdens over their shoulders once more and go on.

"The next come that we have is

"'COME AND DRINK.'

"All the world is thirsting for something. They rush to go on excursions on Sunday, or to the Sunday theatre; the drunkard goes to the whiskey saloon, but none of these things can satisfy. But if we only come to the waters of the living fountain, we shall be satisfied. The invitation is to every one that thirsteth.

"Come to Christ and drink. The world is thirsty. They don't know exactly for what they are thirsting, but they are thirsting. What fills your theatres and crowds your excursions? The thirst of the world. Even Christ thirsted on the cross, and when God turned His face from Him He cried, 'I thirst!' The world rushes eagerly from one fountain to another, but its thirst is unquenched. But here comes the word of Christ, 'Come and drink!' He is the living fountain—a fountain that never gets dry.

"It flows on, day and night, and its waters are open to you all. It is not because men can't come, but because they won't, that this invitation goes unheeded. Their will stands in the way. Come and drink to-night, and you shall never thirst again. Come and eat. We can't live without food any more than without water. We must feed on Christ. He is the manna that came down from heaven, and the banquet to which He invites you is a free one. All that we have to do is to keep our minds fixed on Christ. That is feeding on Him. We have such a lot of sickly Christians, lame, halt, and blind, because they don't feed on Jesus; they are literally starving to death.

"There are other 'comes,' but I've talked long enough. What I want is that you should all come. Come to the feast, come to the manna, come and inherit all things prepared before the foundations of the world."

The Rescue of a Hymn from the Flames.—Miss Havergal was a very fine musician and singer, but she will be known and remembered longer by her hymns than by her singing or her prose. Mr. Ira Sankey writes: "She was greatly delighted when I told her how much her hymn, '*I gave my life for thee*,' had been used and blessed in America, and said, 'How little we know what the Lord may take into His own hand and use! I was but a young girl when I wrote that hymn, and after I had written it, I was so little impressed with it that *I threw it on the fire*, thinking that it was not worth preserving; but a friend, sitting by, rescued it just in time to save it; and after it had lain away in my friend's portfolio for a year or two, it was brought out and given to the world.'"

DR. MOFFATT'S ANECDOTES OF A BECHUANA DOG AND AN ENEMY OVERCOME.

AT a recent meeting in London, the Rev. Dr. Moffat, the celebrated African Missionary, who is now over eighty years of age, related the following anecdotes: Some time after the Gospel had been preached among the Bechuanas, and converts had been made, I met an elderly man who looked very downcast. He had quite an elongated countenance, such as I had never seen him with before. I said to him, "My friend, what is the matter; who is dead?" "Oh!" said he, "there is no one dead." "Well, what is the matter? You seem to be mourning." The man then scratched his head, and said, "My son tells me that *my dog has eaten a leaf of the Bible*." "Well, what of that," I said. "Perhaps I can replace it." "Oh," said the man, "the dog will never be any good; he will never bite anybody; *he will never catch any jackals;* he will be as tame as I see the people become who believe in that book. All our warriors become as gentle as women and *my dog is done for*."

There was a man in the congregation over which I was pastor, in the country where I labored, and he had conceived A BITTER HATRED of me, which burnt like fire in his breast. The cause was this: he had observed that the people who received my testimony became quite other creatures, and he could not comprehend what kind of medicine I used in order to produce the change. The general testimony borne in answer to his inquiries was, "Oh, Moffat has got his medicine out of the book; that is the medicine that changes men's hearts into women's hearts." The man continued to hate me, and he would have given anything to get me cut off. If I met him by chance in a narrow lane or in any hole or corner, he would get out of the way.

On one occasion when I thus met him in a lane, I saw him a long way off. He could not turn to the right or to the left. I thought to myself, "Have you found me, O my enemy?" There was no alternative for him but to come forward. Of course, I was not going to turn back. When he came a little nearer he shouted in the Bechuana language, "*Look away from me.*" Then he came nearer and nearer, until he came within ten or twelve paces, and he roared out again, "Look away from me." When he came close to me, I said to him, "My good friend, what is all this about?" smiling at him all the time. "Why do you want me to look away? I can look at you and you can look at me." He then dropped his spear and shield, and called out, "Forgive me, my lord, forgive me." I grasped his hands at once. "Forgive you!" I said. "With all my heart I have forgiven you." He again repeated, imploringly, "Forgive me." I said, "What have you done? I have forgiven you whatever you intended to do or whatever you have done."

He said, "If I had had my will, you would have been long since dead. I have waylaid you, with that spear, when you knew it not, but I dared not throw it. When you returned from visiting the sick during the midnight hour, I had my bow and arrow, and I could have shot you, and you would not have known where it came from; but I dared not, I could not.

"But what have I said that has brought all this about? It is sure not my face; you always saw my face, and knew that I was kind. What has brought this about?" The man replied, "You were kind to my wife." About two months before his wife had been ill, and the man had been absent, as the Bechuana men always are when their wives are poorly. The Queen sent her maid to conduct me to the house. I could not have visited her unless I had authority from the Queen. I administered medicine to the lady, and she was very soon restored. Kindness to this man's wife had melted his heart, and he was afterwards a steadfast admirer of every thing that had to do with the work of missions.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 655.)

FAITH AND PATIENCE NEEDED.

EDITH TEMPLE was disappointed that her uncle had decided to keep his discovery of an antidote for serpents' bites a secret, and, at the risk of displeasing, could not forbear making another appeal to her uncle's feelings.

"Such a museum would, I do not doubt, be a benefit to many, and to raise it would afford you much pleasure," she said ; "but oh ! can the benefit be weighed against that of a cure like yours, or the pleasure be compared to the delight of saving the lives of thousands !"

"Don't meddle with matters which you don't understand," said Vernon, rising in some displeasure ; "you have nothing to do but to accept thankfully the phial which I have given you, and use the balsam when it is wanted. You will perhaps find some opportunity of testing its value, if any of the country folk here chance to to be bitten by a viper. But mind," added the philosopher, sternly, "I must have no womanish prattling and prating about my having discovered a secret. You are trusted, and must show yourself worthy of trust. I have myself taken every precaution to keep my knowledge to myself. I have procured my drugs from half-a-dozen different chemists, that not one of them may find a clue to the combination which I have made. I have set down nothing on paper ; I carry the recipe for the Antidote only within my own brain."

"But is it well that so precious a secret should be known but to one, that the knowledge of such a cure should depend on a single life ?" suggested Edith Temple.

"Mine is a very good life, I have never a day's sickness, there is no danger of the secret being lost," replied Vernon, quickly. He refused to harbor the idea of the possibility of the grand object of his life being defeated by his own sudden death. "Never fear, Edith Temple, I shall not die till I have procured my patent, won my fame, gained the prize for which I have toiled day and night, and seen my museum opened."

"And while he is waiting to secure all this," thought Edith with disappointemnt and regret, "more sufferers will die uncured, more wives will be made widows, more children orphans, in order that no one may share the credit of a noble discovery ! Oh ! that my uncle had the heart to give freely as he has freely received, that he would care more for the power of doing good, and less for the praise that doing it may bring !"

Edith saw that it was useless to speak such thoughts aloud. All that she at present could do was gratefully to accept the boon offered to herself—the little phial of precious balsam, which might be the means of saving a life.

With an expression of thanks Edith stretched out her hand to take up the phial of Balsam ; as she did so, Vernon saw the glittering diamond ring on her finger. He started at the sight of the starlike gem, a flush suffused his face, and the veins on his forehead swelled.

"Where did you get that ring ?" exclaimed the philosopher, rising hastily from his seat.

"It was my dear aunt's last gift to me," answered Edith Temple.

"When, where did my wife give it to you ?" The question was so abruptly and harshly asked, that the lady to whom it was addressed, felt hurt as well as surprised.

"You know that I was at Eureka House shortly before my dear aunt's fatal illness," Edith replied. "I was her guest when she was preparing to go to Hastings, and after then I never saw her again. My aunt gave this ring to me then." Edith spoke with emotion, but her agitation was less than that of her uncle.

"I wish your aunt had told me what she was going to do. I never guessed, I could not dream, that she would have given that ring away in her lifetime—an heirloom inherited from her grandmother !" cried Vernon, in a tone of extreme annoyance.

Edith drew the ring from her finger. "Take it then," she began, but her uncle gave her no time to finish the sentence.

"Keep it," he cried angrily, enforcing the command by a gesture of the hand "you cannot suppose that I want a trinket like that ; of what use would a woman's ring be to me ?" Then he muttered to himself, "She died in June—four, five, eight, ten—yes, it is almost, *if not quite over now.*"

"What is over ?—what do you mean ? I hope that you did not suspect any one of having taken the ring ?" asked Edith, a painful suspicion flashing across her mind.

"I did not suppose that the ring had vanished into air, or that my wife had flung it into the sea," was the peevish reply. "But no matter, I never meant to be unjust to any being on earth. No one can accuse Oswald Vernon of being unjust. How was I to suppose that my wife would give away her diamond ring during her lifetime, —and without saying a word to her husband !"

Vernon abruptly quitted the room. Edith remained perplexed and somewhat disturbed. On the next occasion, when she met her uncle, and at other times besides, the lady tried to draw from him some reason for the vexation which he had shown, and the words which he had spoken in regard to the ring.

But Edith's endeavors were utterly fruitless. She was never able to draw more information on the subject from Mr. Vernon.

As the sight of the jewel was evidently a cause of annoyance to the philosopher, his niece locked it up again in her desk.

From the account which has been given of the arrival of Mrs. Cross at the farm-house, it may be guessed that the Hollands did not find the arrangement made with the widow quite as satisfactory as they had expected. Mrs. Cross was not accustomed to take a secondary position, and in her resolute way she let Effie see that she had no intention of taking it now.

Nor did the arrangement by which Mrs. Cross and her boy were boarded and lodged as part payment of rent, prove by any means as economical as the young couple had hoped that it would. One of Mrs. Cross' maxims seemed to be that it is wisdom to get as much out of everybody and every thing as we can : she had a natural taste for making bargains.

When Mrs. Cross had kept house for herself, she had prided herself on her economy, she had lived in a saving manner, she had kept a frugal table, and had seldom invited a friend to share a meal. But the case was quite altered now.

As Mrs. Cross knew that it would be all the same, as regarded expense to herself, whether she fared well or ill, she became dainty in her diet. Aunt and nephew must have every morning fresh-laid eggs for breakfast ; "That is the *one* thing which I fancy," remarked the lodger, by no means wishing to express, however, that her appetite confined itself to *one* egg.

Effie calculated what hundreds and hundreds of eggs would be consumed by her lodgers in the course of a year, those eggs from which she had reckoned on many a brood of downy chickens, and laughingly remarked to Robert that she felt as if a fox had stolen into her hen-roost.

The matter was beyond a jest when the young housekeeper found that pork was "the one meat" which her boarder refused to touch, and that twice-cooked food was "the one thing" which did not suit her constitution. When mutton and beef were to be constantly provided, a very considerable addition was made to household expenses.

It was, moreover, no unusual thing for some "old friend" to drop in to see Mrs. Cross, "happy to catch her just at dinner-time." The widow had never in her life appeared so hospitable as she did now, when it was all the same to her, though not to the Hollands, how many sat down to a meal.

Quietly, and as a matter of course, Mrs. Cross took possession of Effie's pretty little parlor. Not that the mistress of Salem was shut out of her only sitting-room, but Effie always found her boarder in it, comfortably settled on the one chair that was furnished with arms and a cushion. Mrs. Cross' work encumbered the table, Master Fred's playthings littered the floor.

Fred was rather an amusement to Robert, but a torment to Robert's wife. Mrs. Cross did not keep the child in good order, and would suffer no one else to do so.

It was Fred who left the print of his dirty shoes everywhere, even in Effie's own room. It was Fred who broke the china, upset the kettle worried the chickens, found his way to the store closet, and emptied the pots of jam. Effie had been very much mistaken when she had said that a child of four years' old would eat next t nothing. Fred had a famous appetite, and wasted as much as he ate.

But these were comparatively trifling worries and might well have been borne with good-humor, had Holland's success in farming equalle his expectations, but this was by no means th case. The young man had been so impatient t marry, that he had let his hopes bias his jud ment when he had made arrangements to take small farm.

Robert had thought that by hard labor might make up for want of capital, and that he once made a clear start, his spirit and streng would bear him successfully on to the goal success. But Robert soon found that he h been wrong in his calculations. Cross' farm h been managed on wasteful principles ; the la had been impoverished by attempts to get of it more than it fairly could yield,—a Robert reaped the results of the mismanagm of his predecessor.

The stock on the place was also inferior quality, as well as insufficient in quantity. of the horses was too old to be fit for any the lightest work, one of the cows died second month after she became the propert the Hollands. The ploughshare had to be s to the blacksmith, the harrow was falling pieces, the cattle-shed and the fences were te bly out of repair.

Poor Robert found each week that there fresh pulls on his light purse, and less likeli of its ever becoming a heavy one. He, who been so cheerful and so free from care w working for another, and receiving reg wages, now felt a burden of anxiety which o oppressed his spirits, and sometimes told o temper. Robert was like a strong man to single-handed in a heavy boat, to overtake l ly built boats provided with numerous ro He was losing ground, and he knew it ; h making desperate efforts to get on, but al against him.

Effie whom he had loved so dearly, Eff for whose sake alone Robert had brought on self all these cares, was no great help to her husband. She brought to him *too many* *own petty troubles* and complaints ; she wa like a restless passenger in the heavy boat, fidgety movements add to the difficulties the weary rower.

"Why need I be perpetually bothered by ing of Mrs. Cross' wants, or Fred's wor I've trouble enough to drive my team, w having to flip off every fly," thought the a young farmer.

What a support it would have been the weary spirit of Holland had he been able his cares on a Heavenly Friend ! It woul have been as if the tired oarsman had put up and found himself helped onwards by breezes from Heaven.

But Robert, though by no means ill-di nor wanting in respect for religion, kne very little of spiritual matters. He had had the advantages enjoyed by his wife, w had been brought up in a pious home, and tau by enlightened teachers. Effie just after h riage, had had almost unbounded influen over her husband, and had her own affectio been set upon things above, she might, h manly speaking, have drawn Robert to tread the narrow path that leadeth unto life.

But Effie, as we have seen, had put off taking lecided course of piety to a more convenient ason, and now she had not the inclination, she emed scarcely to have the right to remind her xious husband that *all things work together good to them that love the Lord.*

Neither Robert nor Effie had obeyed the com- nd, *Love not the world, neither the things that in the world,* and they who regard not the ecepts contained in the Bible, have no right to eer themselves with the promises which are to d's children so sweet.

One morning in June, as the Crosses and the llands were sitting at breakfast in the kitch- , the postman appeared at the little gate, at ich he so rarely stopped, that for the letter- rier to lift the latch was quite a little event. ie ran to the door, and brought in a letter, h a look of curiosity on her pleasant young e.

"Only fancy, Robert, the letter is for you!" exclaimed; "it is the first, I think, that you ve had by post since the days of your court- . I do not know this handwriting," she add- examining the envelope; "and the post-mark Guildford.'"

"Give it to me!" cried the farmer, hastily ing, and almost snatching the letter out of the nd of his wife.

"La! it must be something very particular," served Mrs. Cross, as she buttered her hot st, watching the face of Robert all the while.

"I did not know, dear, that you had any end or relation at Guildford," said Effie. bert continued to read to himself without ap- ring to listen to his wife's observation.

"Is it from your sister?" inquired Effie, slight- raising her tone.

"What does it matter to you who writes to ?" said Robert impatiently, crushing up the te and its envelope, and then thrusting them o his pocket.

"What does it matter!" repeated Effie, a lit- offended. "Every thing that concerns you ist concern me also."

Robert made no reply, but quitting the kitch- strode up the stairs that led to the upper oms, forgetting to finish his breakfast.

"There's a mystery there, certainly some stery," observed Mrs. Cross, very gravely, but the same time doing full justice to her hot ttered toast. "Fred, you little rogue, what you about? You must not drink out of the lk-jug!"

Effie and her lodger lingered long at the table, pecting that Robert would come down and ish his meal. Mrs. Cross, after breakfast was er, usually went to the parlor; but on the pres- occasion she chose rather to stay near Effie, arly that she might be on the watch for the mer, who could not leave the house without ssing across the kitchen. Her presence was some to the young wife.

"What can Farmer Holland be about? what earth can he be doing upstairs?" exclaimed s. Cross every two or three minutes, sharpen- the curiosity which was already but too keen the mind of her companion.

"Robert must be writing an answer to that ter," thought Effie. But she knew well that bert specially disliked writing, and that it s no easy work to the farmer, who could ugh a straight furrow, but could hardly pen a aight line. Effie herself had never received one letter from Robert, that dearly-prized e in which he had asked her to come back to hley and be his wife, and even that letter had tained several blunders in spelling. When- r a note had to be written, Robert had hith- o always made over that business to Effie.

It was natural, therefore, that Effie should sently follow her husband upstairs, and offer r services to Robert. She found him, as she had pected, engaged in writing, stooping his broad k over the table, where he was using the pen, , and paper which Effie always kept in her n room, now that Mrs. Cross so constantly cupied the parlor.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOR.

S. S. Lesson for August 17th.—Eph. 6 : 10-24.

Golden Text, verse 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Apostle Paul is summing up an epistle addressed "to the saints which are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus" (chap. 1 : 1). He has taught them their position as chosen in Christ, "accepted in the Beloved," sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, quickened and raised up together with Christ, to "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit (chap. 1 : 4. 6, 13; 2 : 8, 6, 22). He has prayed his wondrous prayer in chap. 3, the climax of which is "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." The whole of the fourth and fifth chapters and the first nine verses of the sixth are an exhortation, minute and detailed, to walk worthy of such a position, and such a vocation as God has given them.

And now he comes to the subject of Christian conflict, and his first words are a command,—"Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." "Ah!" says a timid, doubting believer, "that is just what I should like to feel." Perhaps when Peter saw the winds and the waves it was just what he wanted, to feel safe on the water. But faith relies on the Word of the living God when there is no feeling to sustain it. All that we are as Christians we are by faith; forgiveness, adoption, sanctification, power, all are obtained and all are held by faith in the pledged word of our faithful God.

Is God for you, anxious believer? Are you sure of it? Then let go anxiety and trust Him. Have those household concerns become His, because you have trusted them to Him? Then take the great relief of being entirely free of the burden, for He has become responsible; do all as for another who is chargeable. But I find the temptation to irritation so strong, you say. "Then," continues the Apostle, "put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." He is not an open foe, but transforms himself into an angel of light, and we need to be filled with God within, and girt with God without, in order to meet his attacks. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood," our equals in power and wisdom, "but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness (wicked spirits) in high (heavenly) places."

Now, every successful general must know his position and how the land lies, and must understand his own resources and those of the enemy. Blessed be God, our position is that of being "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ" (Rom. 6 : 11); and while we hold this position by faith, we have nothing to do with the combat against sin. The warfare is against the person of the enemy. It is never said our blessed Lord fought against sin; but He did fight and vanquish the devil. Our position is in Him and not in ourselves. God saw us in Him on the cross, and He sees us in Him on His right hand. This oneness with a risen Christ, held by faith, is an impregnable fortress against the enemy; it is being "strong in the Lord." In this position we are to "stand," neither advancing nor retreating, but clad in all the armor of God.

"Having your loins girt about with truth." "*Having.*" God girds us; we cannot gird ourselves. It was prophesied of Christ (Isa. 45 : 5), "and righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." God girded His Son for the combat, and He girds us. Unless the flesh is bound and kept under by such a girdle, we cannot say with our beloved Lord, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me" (John 14 : 30). Truth with respect to God, to man, and to ourselves, and truth founded on the Word of God—this is our first and inmost defence. The breastplate which covers all that is within, and hinders its communications with all that is without—this is righteousness, His righteousness, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, etc.

The covering for the feet must be the received vocation as messengers of the Gospel of peace. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, etc." (Isa. 52 . 7 Rom. 10 : 15). A justification which produces no love to souls, no yearning of heart for the lost and perishing, is as dangerous to ourselves as it is heartless and selfish to others; it opens a way to the attacks of the enemy, who may easily suggest, How can you be sure that you believe that which you take no pains to announce to others? But as it is God who girds with truth and covers with His righteousness, so it is He who shoes the feet for their work of blessing. We are only responsible not to hinder Him.

But now we are called to appropriate ourselves the shield of faith, and to make good use of it against the fiery darts of the wicked one. Doubt, exaltation of ourselves, discouragement, indeed all by which Satan attracts our attention to ourselves instead of to the Lord, must be met with the shield of faith, *i.e.*, what God has said against what we are feeling. While our position and our walk are to be by faith, we shall never feel right except in looking away from our feelings. You don't feel like a child of God, says the enemy. But God says, I am His child, is the answer of faith (John 1 : 12). I feel so afraid of sin, says the child of God. "How can we which are dead to sin live any longer therein?" says faith (Rom. 6 : 2). It is thus that our Master met the enemy, and it is only thus that we can overcome him.

There are two more pieces of the armor which we are to take: "The helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God:" one a covering for the head, that our thoughts may be girt about with God's thoughts, which are higher than ours; and the other the sword of the Spirit, the only offensive weapon, by which we may break into the camp of the enemy and recover the possessions lost to the Church, lost to ourselves, lost to others. "The Word of God is quick (living) and powerful." Let us believe it, and we shall expect more from it than we do. "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they that hear shall live" (John 5 : 25), for his Word is "living."

But why is the sword wielded so often in vain? Why does the living Word fall powerless and lifeless, and leave the dead to their death-sleep? Is it not because the "*praying always*" is neglected. This is the very breath of life in the Christian soldier. If communication is not maintained with head-quarters nothing can go right. But it is praying *always*, with all prayer and supplication *in the Spirit*, as in Jude 20, "praying in the Holy Ghost." This is not the unfinished prayer of mere desires and wishes. To pray in the Spirit is to claim from God in right of His pledged Word; it is a real transaction with Him, and when not in the act of petition, "yet watching thereto," the soul is open to any communication from Him; and "with all perseverance and supplication."

The apostle shows clearly this cannot be a selfish preoccupation. It is to be "for all saints." Here is the mighty privilege of love, to bear upon our hearts by a Christlike instinct all the children of God we meet, all we hear of; to live such a life of prayer that to meet a child of God is to pray for him, whether there is in him any thing that attracts us or not. With such a spirit and in such an atmosphere, harsh judgments, discussions, vainglory, etc., must die; the air of heaven is too pure for the existence of such rank weeds. "And for me," adds the Apostle, "that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds, that therein I may speak boldly as I ought to speak." Thus would the old Apostle unite the intercession of his spiritual children in oneness with his work, and we see how really he leant upon the power of intercessory prayer.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

In England the Liberals are Preparing Actively for a general election, although there is great uncertainty as to whether it will take place this year or next. The current of popular feeling is rapidly undergoing a change adverse to Lord Beaconsfield's government. It is the opinion of many persons generally well informed on political subjects that at the next election a majority of Liberals will be elected, and Lord Beaconsfield's tenure of power be brought to a close. The change of feeling has been the result of financial pressure.

A belief was widely spread before the last election that England, under Mr. Gladstone's government, was averse to war, and would submit to any insult rather than draw the sword. That she would suffer ancient allies, and newer friends to be attacked and overcome without rendering them any assistance. In short, that she would give herself over to the pursuit of money-making, and minding her own business. Englishmen deplored the loss of prestige incidental to a policy of this character, and at the election placed in power a party who promised "a spirited foreign policy." Now that it has become difficult for business men to live, and every class of trade is suffering, the people are said to be desirous of trying the effect of a change of ministry.

It rests with Lord Beaconsfield, within a certain limit, to fix the day of appeal to the country, and it is thought that he will make it as late as possible.

At the Funeral of the Prince Imperial Queen Victoria put a wreath of gold laurel leaves on the Prince Imperial's coffin with a card attached on which she wrote: "Souvenir of lively affection, esteem, and deep regret on the part of Queen Victoria." The Princess of Wales wrote on the card accompanying her wreath of violets: "A token of affection and regard for him who lived *the most spotless of lives* and died a soldier's death, fighting for our cause in Zululand. From Albert Edward and Alexandra, July 12th, 1879."

The Sympathy of the Royal Family of England with the Empress Eugenie has caused some little resentment among the friends of the Republic in France. And M. Gambetta, by holding a fête on the day of the young Prince's funeral, somewhat ostentatiously displayed the Republican sentiment in regard to the Bonapartist pretensions. But Queen Victoria, as a gentle and kindly lady, sympathized with another lady in her trouble, and her position as a Queen was sunk in that of a woman who had herself known the bitterness of bereavement.

The monument to the memory of the young Prince Imperial will be placed in Westminster Abbey, near the spot where Cromwell's bones lay until they were disinterred and removed by his cowardly enemies.

The Bourbon Pretender to the French Throne has again emerged from his obscurity to air his pretensions. He magnanimously represents himself as willing to occupy the throne and "*save France.*" The French people will probably feel that France needs no political saviours at present, and that if she should, she would prefer to select one of a different line from that whose misgovernment and oppressions led to the appalling massacres of the first revolution. The Count de Chambord, with his childish devotion to his white flag, and his antiquated notions of "*the right divine of Kings to govern wrong*," will probably be allowed to end his days peacefully at Frohsdorf, where his principles will do less harm than in Paris.

The Revolution in Hayti has Culminated in the abdication and flight of President Canal. Disorder commenced with a conflict between the Liberal and National parties which became so violent that during a sitting of the Chambers pistol shots were exchanged. During June 30 and July 1 rioting prevailed in the steets of Port-au-Prince. Barricades were erected and houses fortified. The Liberals killed the Minister of War, who was trying to disperse the mob.

On July 1, President Canal requested the British Consul to assemble his foreign colleagues, in order to confer with the rebels. The United States Minister and the French Chargé d'Affaires only complied with the request, the others pleading the risk to life from the bullets which were raining around. Therefore the representatives of England, France and the United States alone entered into conference with the rebels. President Canal offered the rebels full pardon and leave to embark unmolested for any port they desired. The rebels stoutly refused the conditions, and the fighting continued.

On July 2 the President again resorted to the services of the diplomatic body. This time the United States Minister refused to interfere. President Canal thereupon sent to the rebels a letter, which was torn to pieces. The fighting was kept up all day. On July 3 the patience of the President became exhausted, and he determined to act. Cannon were placed a quarter of a mile from the front of the houses occupied by the rebels. The first shell set fire to one of the houses, and immediately all were ablaze. The rebels scattered in every direction. The fire spread fearfully, sweeping away four blocks of buildings. The Finance Department, with all its documents, was destroyed.

On July 4 the Liberals had disappeared, and their principal leaders had taken refuge in the foreign Consulates. About 130 houses were in ashes, and 300 men were killed or wounded.

A brief telegram dated July 22d, to the Haytian minister at Washington, gives, as the final issue of the struggle President Canal has abdicated and fled to Jamaica.

European Potentates are Usually Considered enviable mortals, but lately the dangers by which they have been assailed show that their position has its drawbacks. Some excitement has been caused at Madrid by an old woman, supposed to be insane, flinging a heavy stone at the carriage containing the King of Spain, who was making his usual trip to the Chapel of the Atocha on Saturday evening, July 27th.

American Missionaries in Turkey.—The Correspondent of an English journal thus describes the work of our countrymen in Turkey: These missionaries, Protestants and Evangelists to a man, have labored in Turkey, without let or hindrance, for above forty years. They have stations, colleges, and schools all over Asia Minor, as well as European Turkey. They have been peaceful, industrious, and loyal; no friends to political intrigue against the Sultan, and therefore no tools of Russia, not patronized by the Czar, and therefore not suspected by the Porte. They have, however, done a large amount of good, in an unobtrusive way, as centres of civilizing and refining agencies which worked for the material as well as moral benefit of the people. Their labors throw light on the prospects of success for those reforms in Asia which English influence is bent upon accomplishing.

The Gospel in Southern France.—An Evangelical work is conducted at Marseilles, France, with success. A former café concert hall was recently opened for religious services in the presence of 750 attentive listeners. The work is liable to interruption by the feeble health of M. Saillens, the evangelist.

A Lady's Watch Given for a Church.—A new and beautiful Presbyterian church was lately opened at a cost of about $48,500 in Armagh, the primatial city of Ireland. The Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser, of London, preached on the occasion, and mentioned the following anecdote. After a sermon preached by him at the opening of a church elsewhere, a lady of fashionable position in society came to him. "Why should I have two watches while the house of God remains unpaid for?" He replied, "Really, I cannot tell why?" She then said, "Well, I will give the better watch of the two toward the cost of the church." She did so, and a jeweller paid 25*l.* ($122) for it, which was a sensible addition to the fund. Dr. Fraser added that at another collection, on the previous Sunday, a lady who had not a piece of gold, and who did not care to g
silver, took the chain off her neck and put it
the plate. She would loose nothing by th
They might say that these were impulsive
men. Well, impulsive women might rise up
condemn illiberal men in the day of the Lord

The New Khedive of Egypt, Tewfik I. is s
to be as upright and honest as it seems poss
for *an Egyptian prince* to be. He is twenty y
old, tall and handsome, with a frank, open
meanor, an accomplished horseman, and a sc
ar. A London paper says he is interested
schools, and that he used, previously to his
cession, to teach personally a score or tw
swarthy scapegraces who attended a sc
erected in the garden of his palace, at Ko
near Cairo. He has only one wife, and lives
tirely in the European guise.

A Wedding has been Postponed, if not
together prevented, recently in Silesia by a r
extraordinary revelation. The circumstances
related in the New York *Tribune*, and s
that real life has in it scenes as strange as ap
on the pages of romance.

A young lady member of a wealthy Jewish
ily was about to be married in Koenigshutt
lesia, and all the arrangements for the wed
day had been made, when an old peasant
man entered the house and begged that co
be refused to the match. Twenty years ag
was a nurse in the house, and one night in
sleep *she smothered the Jewish child.* In fe
punismhent, she got rid of the dead babe
placed in its stead her own daughter of a si
age. She was a Gentile, and her babe had
baptized. She therefore insisted on her
to prevent her child's marriage with a
Authorities have been called to investigat
case.

"I, Alexander." This was what the Pr
Emperor of Russia wrote in answer to the
tion, "Who is to pay all these?" One o
Majesty's aides-de-camp, who owed *a grea*
more than he could pay, had drawn up a l
his debts, and having in despair dashed o
above question at the foot of the paper
fallen asleep in his chair. The Emperor,
pening to pass through the room, and seei
document, generously took up a pen and
"I, Alexander," and left the room witho
turbing the sleeper. When the latter awo
found himself all at once freely released fr
obligations. Unconverted reader, this i
way God freely releases you. There is n
demnation to those who accept a pardon
name of Jesus Christ.

Roumania was Given Independence
Prince principally because she could not
religious liberty under the Sultan of Turk
is significant that one of the first uses she
of her independence is to commence a pe
ing crusade against the Jews. The Prin
the Cabinet have protested against the p
tion as being opposed to the spirit of the
by which Roumania enjoys independence
Cabinet has resigned and the Great Powe
sent a remonstrance to the Chambers,
present the latter stand firm in their res
to expel the hated race.

Sir Henry Thompson, an English Ph
who is at the head of his profession
country, gives the following expression
opinion on the subject of the use of in
ing liquors: I am of opinion that the h
use of wine, beer, or spirits is a dieteti
say for nineteen persons out of twen
other words, the great majority of the pe
any age or of either sex, will enjoy better
both of body and mind, and will live long
out any alcoholic drinks whatever, th
habitual indulgence in their use, even
such use be what is popularly unders
moderate. But I do not aver that any
lar harm results from the habit of now a
enjoying a glass of really fine pure wi
rare as this is, I do not think any
worth consuming—just as one may occa
enjoy a particularly choice dish.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ublished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other inent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. The Circulation is 150,000 Copies.

Price, Single Copies, Three Cents.
Subscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1879.

13th Year. No. 44—New Series.

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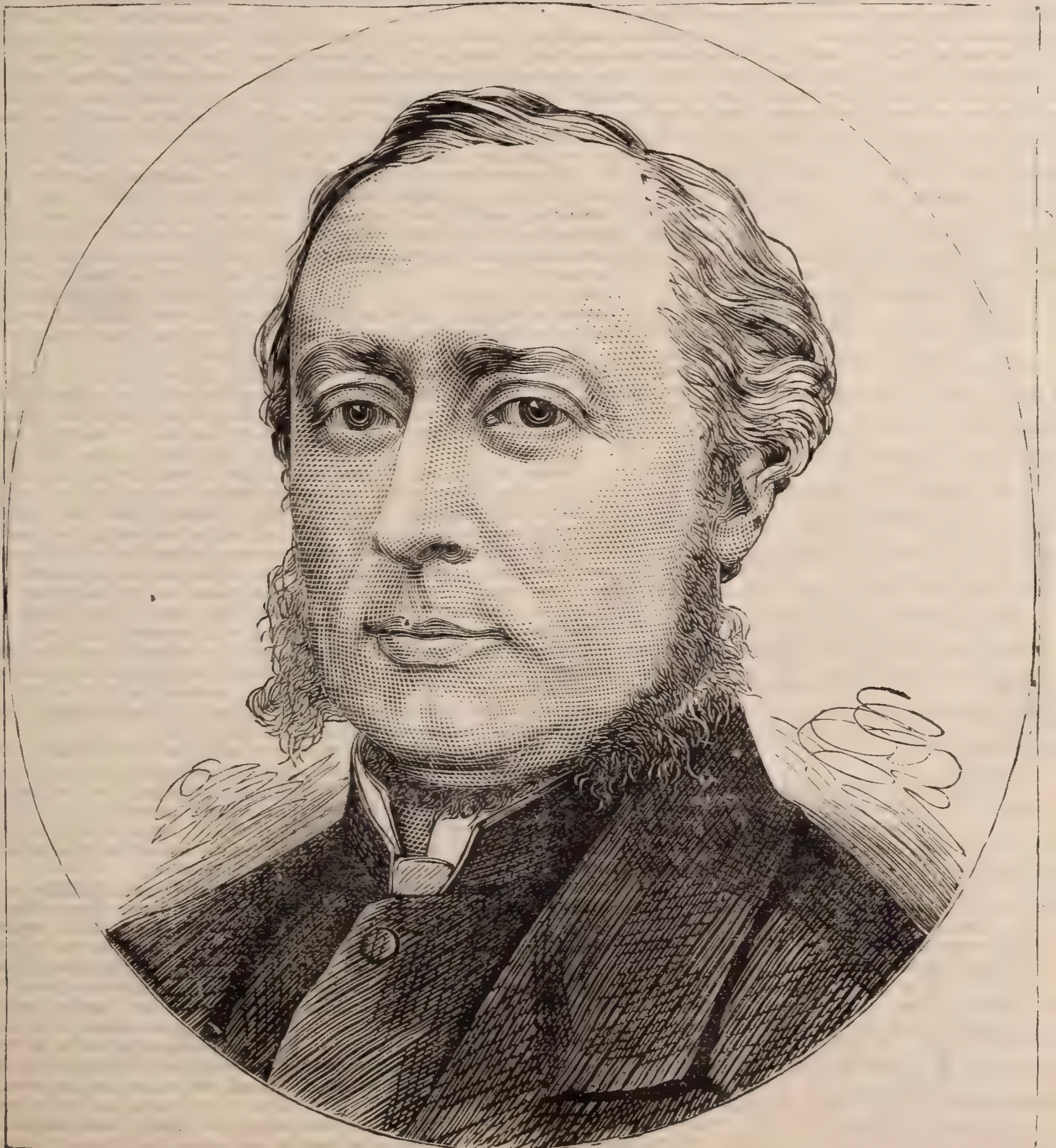

REV. JAMES A. SPURGEON, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Brother and Assistant Pastor.

REV. JAMES A. SPURGEON.

A Family of Ministers—A Gathering at the Orphanage — College Career — Settlements at Southampton and Bayswater—Becomes Assistant Pastor at the Tabernacle—Tribute from Mr. C. H. Spurgeon—Lord Shaftesbury's Estimate of the College--Extract from one of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons.

IT is with no ordinary feelings of pleasure that the religious public of America read the announcement in the daily journals that "*at last a Spurgeon is about to visit this country.*" Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons have been widely read here, and the pleasure and profit derived from them have quickened the desire generally felt to listen to the voice of the great preacher. Though frequently invited to visit this country, Mr. Spurgeon has never been able to spare the time necessary for the excursion. Now, however, a relative worthily representing him in the person of his brother and assistant pastor is expected. There is no doubt he will receive a welcome which will in some measure express the high esteem in which the great preacher is held on this side the Atlantic. Under the circumstances some account of Rev. James Spurgeon's life will be read with interest.

James Archer Spurgeon is the younger brother of the celebrated pastor of the London Metropolitan Tabernacle, whose sermons are published from week to week in this journal. He has the honor of belonging to a family of preachers, and he, like his brother Charles, esteems this a higher honor than having been born a member of one of England's oldest and noblest families. His father was a preacher when both he and his brother, the present pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, were children, and now in his honored age, that father has the joy of seeing not only his children, but *his grandchildren*, preachers of the Gospel.

At a meeting of the collectors of the Stockwell Orphanage, in the spring of 1876, there was to have been a reunion of the Spurgeon family. Mr. James, unfortunately, was prevented by illness from attending; had he been present there would have been no less than four members of the same family there, all ministers.

From the brief report given of the gathering in the *Sword and Trowel*, it appears to have been "a very lively, loving, and enthusiastic meeting. Friends came up in good numbers, and brought in £200. ($970); the orphans sang like cherubs, and looked bright and cheerful as the morn. The Rev. John Spurgeon, C. H. Spurgeon, and Thomas Spurgeon—grandfather, father, and son—addressed the meeting, and the deepest possible interest was manifested. The grandsire spoke of twenty years ago, when, on the occasion of his jubilee, his son, C. H. Spurgeon, preached, and three generations were present; and he blessed God that as the older generation had gone a new one had arisen. We all joined in his gratitude, and the more so when the grandson proved by his cool, clear delivery, and lively, warm-hearted manner, that he would worthily sustain the family name."

AT COLLEGE,

Mr. James Archer Spurgeon was prepared for the work of the ministry by a course of study at Regent's Park College, London, under the principalship of the Rev. Dr. Angus, the well-known author of the Bible Hand-book.

He entered this college from Colchester in 1855, and he had the reputation of being a good student and an acceptable preacher. At, college his preaching engagements were so numerous that he had no time to devote to the course of study necessary to the taking a degree. This is a difficulty which all who have passed through a course of college training for the ministry, will be able to understand. A young man in an English college who has the gift of preaching is sought after by the churches, and he receives frequent applications to supply their pulpits. The time thus given to the preparation of sermons curtails that he devotes to classical and mathematical studies, so that his progress in those departments is retarded. He soon finds that if he desires to win distinction at the college examinations he must refuse many invitations to preach. Or accepting those invitations he must resign the literary distinctions he might win by a course of hard study. Mr. James Spurgeon choose the latter course.

He first settled at Southampton in 1861, and after a comparatively brief pastorate there came to London. A new chapel had been built by Sir Morton Peto in Cromwell Road, Bayswater, a fashionable suburb of London, and there Mr. James Spurgeon ministered until he was chosen to be

ASSISTANT PASTOR AT THE TABERNACLE,

"in consequence," to use the senior pastor's words, "of the vast work of the church and our own frequent infirmities." His union with his brother has been a very happy and successful one for both, and, to quote Mr. C. H. Spurgeon once more, "his invaluable aid has lightened my burdens, and conduced much to my peace of mind." In the course of time, having as co-pastor only half work at the Tabernacle, although that really meant more than *the whole work of many laborious pastors*, he devoted himself to the establishment of a Baptist congregation at Croydon, where he has now a large and handsome chapel and a church numbering about three hundred members, and he preaches there generally every Sunday.

At the Tabernacle the work of Mr. James A. Spurgeon has been that of preacher, College tutor, and pastor. In a paper, which appeared some time ago in his brother's well-known magazine, it is stated that once a month, or oftener when required, the junior pastor appoints a day to see all persons anxious to join the church who have been approved of by the elders. It falls to his lot also, to preach, to have a general oversight of the various societies, and to do his part in bearing the burden of work connected with the congregation, numbering not less than between 5000 and 6000 persons.

IN THE COLLEGE

his work has been most valuable, his educational qualifications having tended to raise the tone of the instruction given. A few years ago, in an account of the College given by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, after stating that some of the most flourishing Baptist churches were at that hour presided over by pastors trained in the College, he added—

"I adore the goodness of God which sent me *so dear and efficient* a fellow helper as my brother in the flesh and in the Lord—James A. Spurgeon. His work has greatly relieved me of anxiety. As to the quality of the preachers whom we have been able to send forth, we need no more impartial witness than the good

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,

who expressed his opinion of the good results of the Pastor's College publicly, in Finsbury Chapel, in the following terms:

"'It is an utter fallacy to suppose that the people of England will ever be brought to a sense of order and discipline by the repetition of miserable services, by bits of wax candle, by rags of popery, and by gymnastics in the chancel. Nothing is adapted to meet the wants of the people but the Gospel message brought home to their hearts, and I know of none who have done better service in this evangelistic work than the pupils trained in Mr. Spurgeon's College. They have a singular faculty for addressing the population, and going to the very heart of the people.'"

The importance of the work done by means of the Pastors' College will in part appear if the fact is borne in mind that, during *the last five years* statistics show that the churches under the care of the young pastors who have been trained here have received a clear increase of

TEN THOUSAND MEMBERS.

The senior pastor has never ceased to offer thanksgiving for the blessing which has attended his work since its commencement in 1856.

"When it was commenced," Mr. Spurgeon says, "I had not even a remote idea of whereunto it would grow. There were springing up around me, as my own spiritual children, many earnest young men, who felt an irresistible impulse to preach the Gospel, and yet with half an eye it could be seen that their want of education would be a sad hindrance to them." This hindrance, however, has been effectually removed of late years, not only through the devoted labors of Mr. Rogers, but through those also of Mr. James Spurgeon.

AS A PREACHER,

although he has not attained the wide popularity of his elder brother, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, yet his sermons are distinguished by great vigor and force, and are remarkable for the elegance of their diction. The following is an extract from a sermon on the text: "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified," and the sermon was entitled, "The Eternal Perfection of the Elect in Christ." The subjoined forms part of the introduction:

"It must be evident to the shallowest mind and to the least intelligent thinker, when he turns his eye on the world, and begins to survey the actions of his fellow men around him, and t weigh the circumstances that are presented t his view, that order has fled and anarchy is reign ing. He must begin at once to discover tha something is wrong. All things appear to b like Pharaoh's chariots in the Red Sea; the have lost their wheels, and drag heavily. Ever thing seems out of joint and disarranged. Surel some wire must be loose, some note must be s lent, for the choir of earth plays out of tun and, instead of sending forth exquisite tones music, its notes grate harshly upon the dulle ear. So much must be evident to any one wh looks abroad upon the earth.

BUT WHY IS THIS? HOW IS IT TO BE REMEDIE

Is it by something that the wisdom or the pow of man can supply? No. Philosophers hav searched in vain, and have died without acco plishing their task. Prophets of false religion teachers of erroneous doctrines, have started and said, 'I have found out the secret! I w undertake to supply that missing wheel whic when inserted, shall cause all the machinery life to proceed once more with regularity a precision.'

Men have listened to their words, and ha been deceived for a time by the bait; but af all they have found out that it was false, a would not do. Unto the present hour of t day the worldly wise, rejecting the doctri of the Cross, are striving to discover in scattered fragments of man's lost intell that missing screw that shall bind them and make the straggling and disjointed m assume somewhat of a compact form, and p sent a little of the appearance of order to vi They have sought, and they will seek in va until they turn to the Bible. It is there al that the mystery is solved. Man has fall and in tottering from his lofty throne he h broken the limbs of the universe, and disjoin every member of the world. The only rem is found in the salvation provided by Je Christ."

It remains to be added, that Mr. James Spurgeon married a daughter of General John Burgoyne, the celebrated officer in English Engineers.

That his labors in the Gospel may continu be greatly blessed will, we trust, be the praye all our readers.

General Grant's Opinion of the Chinese stated in a letter from Peking. He says Chinese are a people of wonderful shrewd and industry, and are rapidly monopolizing trade as carriers, merchants, mechanics, ma gardeners, and servants from Bombay eastw There, too, their leading men seem to ha thorough appreciation of the necessity for in nal improvements, such as railroads, etc., have a horror of introducing them with for capital and under foreign management. "T idea seems to be rather to educate a suffi number of their young men abroad, to fit t as engineers, merchants, soldiers, sailors, and then to make their improvements with own men and means.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

S ially Reported for "The Christian Herald."

Address by Dr. Talmage, Delivered in St. J ies's Hall, Leeds, England, on July 21st, be re the Young Men's Christian Association.

eeds of Dr. Talmage's Lectures—The Way e Money is to be Used—No Admittance to the n Factory—Dr. Talmage's Opinion of Eng d—The Welcome by a Deputation in his rth—Champion Pet Grumblers—The Doom Hypercriticism—The Value of Muscle—Fu e Reunion in Heaven.

y Christian friends, what a delightful way of st ing the day and of starting the secular week is commingling of Christian sentiment and feeling. I am very glad to know from the st ment that has been made by Mr. Thorne, the ecretary, that there has come from my lec- some financial help to the Young Men's Ch stian Association of Leeds, to the extent of t what we call in America 6000 dollars, or £1 o.

institution in this day can get along with- noney to carry forward its projects, and it is nd thing when an institution like the Young 's Christian Association has plenty of *finan help*. It has sometimes been wondered, and tioned, and guessed as to what I personally d do with any money that was paid for lec . Well—although it may be a matter of pri- concern—help will go to the local institution r whose auspices I lecture; then part of noney goes towards paying the expenses of lf and family in this European excursion; part of it will go for purchasing tools of :—more books; and then, as a wise steward, I get home, if I have any thing left, I shall nd respond to the thousand calls which tax esources to the utmost.

gland, I am certain, will get no such good my visit as I get in my own soul from all these s of sympathy and kindness from the old rom the young. I have said many times to ife—I wish she were here this morning, but s in Paris—since I have been in England, hall go home to make sermons with a zeal, an earnestness, and a consecration I have r felt before, now that I see so many in Eng- who are kind enough to read my sermons, who are good enough to say that they are ed by them."

ike Young Men's Christian Associations, owever it may be in this country, in the ed States they make one platform on which lenominations of Christians may stand lder to shoulder. There is nothing that so ses men from Christianity as the differences een Christian denominations or the spirit of siveness which I sometimes have witnessed. vent one day into *a factory* in New England. ing to the door I saw over it the words,

"NO ADMITTANCE,"

went in. I came to a second door, and I over that also, "No admittance." Then I, my curiosity increased, of course went in. I came to a third door with that sign over No admittance." Having come inside the ry, I found that they were making *pins*, and beautiful pins they were, quite a variety of . Well, I have sometimes thought that many of our churches there is written, "No ttance." There is a practical exclusiveness reat masses of the people, and they come the second door, and they see over that "No admittance." They come up to the altars of God, and over them they see, admittance"; while we stand inside our ches hammering out our little niceties of on, pointing out little niceties of ecclesias- thought—making pins.

ay, let the doors of our churches be thrown , and all the people be invited in, and let us them the old Gospel of Jesus Christ—par- for sin, hope of eternal life, baptism of the Ghost: *the old Gospel ring*—every man un- ands it. Now, I imagine you are disposed k me what I have been asked a thousand s, I might say, in England, and what I will be asked about when I go home—"What is your impression of England?"

England and Scotland have already treated me so magnificently that I am in a mood to be pleased with everything. Shaking hands every day with thousands of people in halls and churches and at railway stations, till my right hand is disabled and fit only for a sling because of the stout grips, accompanied by the emphatic "God bless you!" I am swamped for the work of harsh criticism.

I tell you at the start, I like England, her landscapes, her cities, her government, her common people and her aristocracy. I here part for ever with all the cynical and saturnine of the earth. I don't want to live in the same street with them in heaven. They'll be always *singing out of tune*, searching for fractures in the amethyst and finding fault with the country. Give them a world to themselves, where they can have an eternity of pouting, a sky full of drizzle-drozzle, an owl in each tree to hoot away the hours, and a kennel of snarling rat terriers to nibble the robe of every angelic enthusiasm.

After eight days in the Gallia, that queen of Cunarders, we swung into the harbor at Queenstown. It is night, and rockets shot up from the stern of the ship invite the pilot boat and steam-tug to come out to meet us. The sea has its "back up," and the pilot boat makes a dash for our steamer and misses it, another dash and misses it again. Then we see the blue-and-red light tugboat coming out, as much as to say, "I will show you how to catch a steamer"; aims at it, but crosses in front of our prow; aims at it again, but falls behind the stern. We stand on the deck in the sopping rain to watch this aquatic game, until wearied we retire to our room for slumber.

As we fall asleep there is a sudden charge of stout men into our private apartment. What is the matter now? Have the old times of the pirates revived? Have they resuscitated their business, and are we to be seized and made to walk the plank? By the dim light from the hall I see three men by mistake putting out their hands towards the berth in which sleeps the better half of us. As I look down from the upper berth I hear loud voices saying, "Welcome to England!" By delegation, Leeds, London, and Dublin have looked in upon us. I respond in my *shirt sleeves;* but I am so surprised at the sudden incursion that the response is not worthy of the occasion, and amounts only to a sudden ejaculation, "Where did you come from?"

That scene was only a forerunner of

THE CORDIALITY AND GENEROSITY

of this people of Great Britain towards strangers. Like Americans, they have been much misrepresented. They are warm-hearted and genial to the last degree. Their homes, their carriages, their hearts, are all wide open. We have not found what Americans sometimes call the "grouty" Englishman. His digestion is better than that of Americans, and hence he can afford to be better natured. If a man has to *wrestle with a lamb chop* three hours after swallowing it, his good humor is exhausted thereby. The contest in his body leaves him no strength to battle with the world. Foreign wars are not so destructive as internal rebellions. When things sour on a man's stomach they make him sour with all the world. Some of us need not a new heart according to the Gospel more than a new liver according to physiology.

I think this summer weather in England has been a sure test of the Englishman's disposition. We have been in England six weeks, and it has rained sometime every day; but this makes us appreciate the sun better when it does come out. The clouds, like a veil to a beautiful face, add to the attractiveness by only occasionally being withdrawn. When the sun in summer shines from morning till night with intense glare, we always feel that that is rather overdoing the business. There is nothing more exquisite than a cloud when it is richly edged and irradiated. A cloudless sky is a bare wall. A sky hung with clouds in all stages of illumination is a Louvre and a Luxembourg. Clouds are pictures drawn in water colors, but who knows but that Raphael and Rubens, gone up higher, may not sometimes come out and help in the coloring of the morning, with brush of sunbeam putting within sight of our eyes the castellated glories belonging to the other side of the border?

Now, if in the shadowed weather of this summer Englishmen can be so genial, I would like to know how they are in the usual summer. It is a delusion that Englishmen delight to grumble. As near as I can judge, each community appoints some one to do the grumbling for it, and he becomes the champion grumbler. One pulpit will do the grumbling for all the pulpits; one newspaper the grumbling for all the journalists; one prominent citizen the grumbling for all the citizens. Such a one becomes the *pet grumbler* of the community. All the scandalmongers carry him forage. They feed him with all the disagreeable things of the community. His capacity for *offal* is *awful*. They rub him down with the ragged edge of a slander. Job describes this wild ass of the wilderness as snuffing up the east wind. Like others of his kind, he eats thistles.

These limb crawlers of English communities do all that kind of work, leaving others nothing to do but to be agreeable. Delightful arrangement! Let it be transported to America, and have the fault-finding of the Church done by committee. Take the most powerful bear out of Wall Street, and let him do all the croaking for the brokers.

Take some ecclesiastic, who has swallowed his religion crosswise and got it stranglingly fast in his windpipe, to hunt down all the heresy, real or fancied. Get some one newspaper to do all the work of mauling reputations, exposing domestic infelicities, and reporting divorce cases. Let one female gadabout, gather in all the gossip, put it up in bottles properly labelled, and retail it from house to house—small phials for such as can stand only a little, or in larger bottles as it may be required. Let her be known as the *championess* of tittle-tattle.

Men and women might delegate to one or more the disagreeables of the world, and as at different times America and England have disputed with each other for supremacy with the bat and rifle, let the champion English growler go forth to dispute with the champion American growler for the belt of the world. Let the day chosen for the contest be a commingling of Scotch mist and English cloudiness and American drizzle. Let them go at each other with words of intense recrimination. Let all the fault-finders the world over watch the result. The Englishman might draw first blood, but the American will prove a full match for him at the last.

The struggle may be long and fearful, and the excitement surpass that of Creedmoor shooting and Ascot and Derby races; but I think neither will gain the victory. Indeed, I would like to see them both go down together, and both slain. Then would perish from the earth the bickerings, the suspicions, the snarlings, and the backbitings of the world. Bury the two champions in the same grave—their clubs with them, covering them up with a bag of nettles; read for funeral service the report of the stock market just after some great failure. Plant at the head of the grave a little night-shade, and at the foot a little *nux vomica*. For epitaph:—"Here lies Complaint and Hypercriticism; born in the year one; died in the year 1879. May the resurrection trumpet, that blows others up into the light, blow these troublers deeper into oblivion."

Speaking of the championship reminds me of the victory of our American Hanlan in the boat race at Newcastle. I respect mnscle. As the world improves, the world's arm will grow stronger. In the *millennium* what oars we will paddle, what crickets we will play, what wrestlers we will throw.

We are told that "in that day there will be bells on the horses," and that means music, innocent gayety, and sleigh rides, and swift teams, and liveliness, and good cheer, and tintinnabulations, when "righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

We want more Samsons, not to carry off gates, but to hang new ones; not to set foxes' tails on fire, but to put the torch to the world's shams; not to pull down pillars, but to build temples of righteousness; not to slay Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, but to kill the ass of the world's stupidity and inanition.

While the schools go on to build the head of the coming man, and the Church goes on to build his heart, let outdoor recreations go on to build his body. If *that* be the coming man, the sooner he comes the better.

My dear Christian friends, it pains me to say good-by, but that word always comes sooner or later in this world. But when Christian men and women part, it is with the feeling that they shall meet again in the better place and at a grander banquet, Christ the King presiding at it and all we kings and priests for ever and for ever. Oh, brethren, let us look forward with glad anticipation to our reunion in the better world!

What difference does it make in this world whether we walk or ride, live in palaces or in hovels, are applauded or hissed at, if, through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we can come up at that glorious place, which this morning seems to beckon us to.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the communion of saints, one and all—one faith, one baptism, one God and Father, one Lord Jesus Christ, one cross, one doxology, one heaven.

In this dark world of sin and pain
We only meet to part again,
But when we reach the heavenly shore
We there shall meet to part no more;
And the hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS.

From a Lecture Delivered by Dr. Talmage, at Nottingham, England, on June 18th, in the Audience of 3000 Persons.

Likeness of Englishmen and Americans—God's Creation Perfect—A Splendid World—A Happy Age—The Bright Side—Good Natured People—Disagreeable People—The Minister who never Laughed for Fifteen Years—Peroration.

If I followed the inclination of my own heart, instead of standing here I would just go all round and shake hands; but before I left you I would ask for the blessing of God to rest upon you and your children for ever. I am amazed, all the time, to find how much Englishmen and Americans *are alike.* We are all looking for a good time on either side of the water, and we wish you well, and you wish us well. And when, on the Sabbath day, in my own pulpit, in America, I pray for the President of the United States, I am very apt to add, "God save the Queen." Indeed, this is a very pleasant world to live in. I have always been glad that I got aboard this planet. The best color I can think of for the sky is blue, for the foliage is green, for the water is crystalline and flashing. The mountains are just high enough, the flowers sufficiently aromatic, the earth is just right for solidity and growth, the human face is admirably adapted for its work—sunshine in its smile, tempest in its frown. *Two eyes,* one more than is absolutely necessary, so that if one is put out we can still look on the sunrise to the faces of our friends. *One nose,* which is quite sufficient for those who walk among so many nuisances, being an organ of two stops, and adding dignity to the human face, whether it has the graceful arch of the Roman, or is turned up to the heavens with celestial aspirations in the shape of a pug—whether wavering up and down now as if it would aspire higher, and now descending, until it terminates in an unexpected direction, illustrating the proverb that "it is a long lane which has no turning."

Now, when standing before any specimens of sculpture, painting, or architecture, a dozen different men will have a dozen different sentiments and opinions. That is all right. We cannot all think alike. But where is the blasphemer of his God who would criticise the arch of the sky, or the crest of a wave, or the flock of snow-white fleecy clouds driven by the shepherd of the wind across the hilly pastures of the heavens, or the burning cities of the sunset, or the fern-like fancifulness of the frost on a window pane?

Why, my friends, for one single discord there are

A THOUSAND HARMONIES,

—whole acres of rolling meadow land to one place cleft by a grave-digger's spade—to one mile of rapids, where the river riots among the rocks, there are hundreds of miles of gentle flow, with the water lilies anchored there, the hills coming down to bathe their feet, with the stars laid to sleep in their reflection in its bosom, with the boatman's oar dropping upon it a rich necklace of diamonds. Oh, it is a splendid world! I think I hear many people denounce it, and not only the world itself, but also the age in which we live.

Now, I think it a good world to live in, and also a good time to live in it; and instead of denouncing the world and the age, you had better get down on your knees and thank God that you live in these times when truth is advancing and when error is failing. I had rather live ten years in these times than five hundred in the time of Methuselah. Is it not strange that in such a beautiful world there should be any *disagreeable people?* I am sure that none are here now—I cannot see one. Before I get through, I am going to show you the faces of people who make things disagreeable in the way of always seeing the dark side of things, and then we will come to those who adopt the most admirable of all the fine arts—the art of looking on the bright side of things.

When I say that there are no disagreeable people here, I feel certain that there are none. These husbands are all they should be, good-natured as a May morning. And when the good wife asks for a little spending money, the good man says, "All right, my dear; here's my pocket; take as much as you want, and come again soon." And these wives always greet their husbands with a smile, and say, "My dear, your slippers are ready; the muffins are warm; put your feet on this cushion. Bless the dear man!" And these brothers all prefer the companionship of their own sisters to that of any one else's sisters; they take them out almost every night to concerts. And I suppose that in no public building in England to-night is there a more affable and congenial collection of people than is now present here.

But lest we lose our present amiability, it will be well to look on the faces of those who always make themselves disagreeable, seeing but the dark side of things. In all this *album of photographs* I am going to show to you, there are those who make themselves disagreeable, chiefly, in seeing the dark side of things. There is no face more repulsive than that of the fault-finder. In the world there are a great many delightful people who are easily pleased, and I am surprised to find so many clever people who have a habit of finding out what is attractive.

They are like a bee, which, as soon as it leaves the hive, goes to a clover-top. They never go to a picture gallery but they find something to appreciate; they never go to a concert but there is one voice at least which they admire and marvel at. To them the spring is full of birds and bloom, and, like a priestess, stands swinging her censer of perfume before God's altar. And the summer is just as beautiful—they like to hear the mowing machines, and the thunder awakening the echoes of the mountains. And the autumn is their exultation, golden with fruit, and with the autumnal tints of the forest.

And they praise God for winter, that brings with it the shouting children, playing "blind man's buff" with a handkerchief that they can see through—winter, that frosts and sparkles turning the wood-shed into a royal powe covered with crown jewels—winter that sends the sleigh driving, with horse impatient of th twisted bit, with the reins round the hands o the driver until coming up to other parties, whe we crack the whip and say, "Go on, Charley," passing everything with the *jingle-jingle* of th sleigh bells, until at last the hostler grabs the bridle whilst you go in to warm and to take a glas of very weak lemonade.

Now, there are some people whom, if the were merchants, you would like for customers or, if you were a physician, you would like fo patients, though you would not often get then for they can generally cure themselves by *a bo tle of laughter* to be partaken of three or fo times a day, and well shaken up. In respect the contrast, I have no faith in the man wh never laughs. The best medicine a man ca take is healthful laughter—I mean laughter the right time. I had once a minister who cam to me, no doubt desirous to impress me wi his earnestness and devotion—he never laughe and he said that he had not laughed for ten fifteen years. He was the most solemn-looki man I ever saw. He borrowed of me twent five dollars, and out of pure delicacy of feeli he never referred to the subject again.

A man who comes to me with a long face do not impress me at all. If he comes into t house I tell the wife to lock up the spoons. respect of the contrast to the man whom I ha just now been describing, how repelling is t fault-finder. His wife never prepares a din that he likes. One day she prepares a dish th she thinks will be particularly pleasing. comes in at the front door and says, "Now wh have you got in the house? You know I ne did like codfish." Some evening, trying to especially gracious, he starts out for a place amusement. He scolds most of the way, c not afford the money, and does not believe t there will be much anyhow.

PERORATION.

The day speeds on when the most elabor e and stupendous achievements of man will e consumed. Down will come galleries of art d the thrones of royalty, and the hurricanes God's power will scatter the ashes of the wo l. Not one town left, not one city unconsumed, one scene of grandeur to relieve the scene of aster. Seas will be licked up, continents su hemispheres annihilated in the thunder d crash of that last conflagration; but from at ruin of the blazing earth we shall look up to *the temple of liberty* and justice rising from e ashes white and pure and grand, unscorched d unshaken, founded on eternal rock and asc ing into domes of infinitude. No flame of man origin shall darken its walls, no thunde internal wrath shall rock its foundations; d though earth shall pass away, truth and lib ty and justice shall never pass away.

An Old Apple Woman's Discomfort powerfully affected the compassion of the nent English Judge Talfourd. At one corn Russell Square, near his house, an old wo had for several years kept an apple-stall w he frequently made a small purchase. S ing at his parlor window one very wet day, fourd observed the poor old creature in usual place, and crouching down wet thr with the pelting rain. The sight aroused a his kind and pitying nature. He tried in va to pursue his literary or legal labors; agai and again he went to the window to see the distressing sight. At last he threw on coa and hat, rushed off into the rain, purchased an mous big umbrella, and brought it back t phantly and placed it over the old wo "*Wasn't it a glorious thought?*" he was to ask. "The thing actually covered he and her apple-stall too.'"

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, the Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from p. 676.*)

nmy Mehaffy Explains his Foraging Expedi- ion—Micky Haley deals in "Duffers'—He re- oices to see tears flowing from Alick Gogharty's Eyes—Percival Confused by Jemmy's Confes- sions—Jemmy ordered to Leave the Room— Haley Watches the Lovers by the "Dodder"— He Meditates "Sweet" Revenge upon Percival.

JEMMY, having ensconced his goose in some nvenient hiding-place until he could find time carry out upon it his death-sentence, and hav- ig refreshed a little his outer and inner man. lstened to give attendance "on Mr. Percival d the gintlemin." Percival perceived two or ree times from Jemmy's manner that he had his mind some further communications to ake, and which were as burning for disclosure had been his explanations about the goose, d he asked him to deliver himself.

"Why, thin," said Jemmy, in a burst, "shure have seen Micky Haley, not a word o' lie in it. I was a-goin' on me business about the goose, d not far from where I parted from ye, Mr. rcival, yersel, I felt all on a suddint a smart p on the showldher. Turnin' round sharp, I es standin' near me, with a big paper o' books dher his arm, a dacent lookin' man with a iny hat on his head, and a black swalla-tailed at, no less, and long breeches—"

"Not all on his head, surely?" interrupted rcival.

"To be sure not," answered Jemmy. "Who id they war? Masther, dear, can't ye be quiet, d let me get on wid me story. 'What did ye hrike me fur?' siz I to him, lookin' fierce. Don't you know me?' siz he. 'No,' siz I; nor do I want to, nayther; assaultin' quiet peo- e, as you have done me,' siz I, 'on the open hreet.' 'Purshuin' to me,' siz he; 'but ye ave the same owld cross-grained timper as whin know'd ye in Portarlington. Shure, man ive,' siz he, 'I'm Micky Haley the piper. How Janie Quinn?' siz he. 'I make bowld to ask, r I'm towld for sartin',' siz he—which, as you now, Mr. Percival, wasn't far from the thruth,' lded Jemmy, with a smile—"'it's all settled at yer to be married on her some time after isther,' siz he. 'She's well, thank God,' siz I, when I last hard from her. But if yer Micky aley,' siz I, lookin' at him sharp to be sure, where's yer pipes?' 'Och,' siz he, 'at home fe and sound. I only fettle thim now,' siz he, as an ammytoor. I've guv up the purfession,' z he, 'and have becum bookseller and a lither- y charactur.' 'You don't say it?' siz I. 'I ,' siz he, 'and here's me stock-in-thrade,' intin' to the parcil undher his arm. 'All rst-rate, regular "Duffers,"' siz he, 'and I sell power o' thim, all over the counthry.'"

What Haley really called his books was first- te Duffys. "Duffy's Library of Ireland" was monthly issue of shilling volumes, published Gavin Duffy, at that time editor of the *Nation* ewspaper, and who afterward, in political dis- ust, left Ireland, and became Sir Charles Gavin uffy of Melbourne, Prime Minister of Victoria. he "Library" connected with his name, and hich Haley was busied in selling, was chiefly evoted to Irish history, and its intention was to lucate the people for a new political future. Educate that you may be free" was, indeed, e motto of the Young Ireland enthusiasts.

"'Will ye buy "a Duffer"?' siz Haley to me. No, thank ye,' siz I; 'I'm bent on purchasin' etter nourishment.' 'What's that?' siz he So I ups, sur, and towld him about the goose. I'll go with ye,' siz he, and, welcome or not, he ot out and walked beside me. "I didn't want is company at all at all," said Jemmy, "and oked sour at him, for he isn't anny manner o' anes wan o' me sort, and I never cud come to ike him, especially from what you'll know, Ir. Percival, of his owld dalin's in Portarling- on. But, me dear, it war no use to giv' him the cowld showldher—not a bit. He wuz detirmined to eschort me, whether I liked it or not; and now, whin I cum to think uv it, I've a noshun he had a saycrit purpose of his own fur it, for he begun talkin' about *you*, Mr. Percival, like mad, and began a-pickin' and a-pickin' o' me all to pieces."

"What did he say about me?" asked Percival. "Why, he asked me wasn't it thrue that you and Mr. Alick there—fornint me—war goin' to turn Catholic, for he seen you some time ago in —— Chapel hearin' Father Cahill pratche—God bless him. He said he was standin' quite nigh hand yees, and it sit his heart all in a flutther o' delight to see more nor wanst the big tears o' penitince—glory be to God!—cumin' loike rain into Mr. Alick's eyes at the remimbrance of his bein' a heretic, while Father Cahill—God save us!—was a-spakin'." (We know it was quite true that tears on that occasion glistened in Alick's eyes, but from a cause far different from that of Haley's surmise.) "And he towld me, moreover, Mr. Percival, that he has seen you, sur, often and often at the club meetin's in Capel Street whin Catholic pathriots war pladin' for their rights—more power to thim!—and talkin' up grand for the owld counthry, and that you cheered thim to the echo."

Percival's face flushed crimson at this intelligence about him before his friends through Haley. He had not been, as Haley said, "often and often" at the assemblies spoken of; he had been but twice, and on the latter occasion, sick of the violent language he heard, he left in disgust. These visits he had flattered himself were completely unknown, at least to his immediate associates, and he wished his casual attendance to be a profound secret; but there before Alick, and before these Portarlington friends especially, who were in spirit and fact red-hot Orangemen, the awkward fact, under the circumstances, was blabbed out by his own man Jemmy as reporter of Haley's conversation. Manifesting a good deal of confusion, which did not pass unnoticed by those at the table, he resolved to put a stop to further disclosures; so, to turn Jemmy on another tack, he asked him what things about him Haley had tried to pick from him.

This proved to be a rather imprudent piece of generalship, for it led Jemmy to trespass on somewhat delicate ground, since it came out that Haley had got from him the story of his love affair and courtship with Miss Lemaire. Percival's cheeks burned, while his friends mischievously smiled, as Jemmy, perfectly unconscious of the distasteful and unseasonable nature of his communications, gave, through repeating Haley's questions and his own answers, a full account of Percival's daily visits to Miss Lemaire, and of that lady's personal appearance and connections.

Several times Percival tried to stop the garrulous narrator; but Jemmy, in full swing, avoided every interruption. He would, since he had begun, have his tale brought to a fitting close, and this the more as he noticed the tremendous interest he was exciting. "He asked me, Mr. Percival," at last said Jemmy, "what day the weddin' was goin' to come off; but, as you know, sur, *that* I couldn't tell him." And then, dropping his voice to a coaxing key, he added, "I wished to me heart, Mr. Percival, you'd tell me, and at wanst, sur; and thin, you know, whin I next meet the piper, which may be sooner than I think, or, for the matther of that, care for, I can tell him." "Be off with you, you provoking fool," cried Percival, half in joke and half in annoyance, while his friends roared; "leave the room this instant." But repenting as he saw Jemmy's vexed and sorrowful face, he added, "I forgive you for your warm heart and love to me, Jemmy; but never again talk to that fellow Haley while you live; he is too deep a rogue for you, and something tells me he is a man that is dangerous."

If Percival could have known what took place some days after it would have confirmed him in his estimate of this man. There is a stream to the south of the City of Dublin, a tributary of the Liffey, which goes by the unpoetical name of the Dodder; but though this stream, having its source in the Wicklow Hills, has a name not attractive, its banks, covered in spring with wild flowers, and its graceful windings, rapids, and glens are in many places extremely beautiful. One portion of the river which has in special this character is that which lies east of Rathfarnham Bridge, itself a picturesque structure. On one hand are wooded heights and very precipitous banks, and on the other a level grassy plain, bordered on one side by noble trees and by the wall of what in the days before the Union was the splendid demesne of the Marquis of Ely.

This wall is pierced midway by a lofty and noble gateway, now partly covered with ivy. The road, which here runs along the south side of the river, being far from the general thoroughfare and untraversed by vehicles is a favorite walk with the residents of the district, especially of a moonlight night, and on such a night upon this road Percival and Lucy Lemaire were taking a lover's stroll on the occasion which now comes before us.

What their conversation was about we do not know—likely upon matters indifferent, as lovers' talk generally is—so, at least some persons say; but whether upon subjects shallow or deep, grave or gay, one thing is certain, that for these two persons it was fraught with the deepest interest. There was exquisite music in it for the ear of each from voices very sweet the one to the other; and we should hope too, and indeed believe, that words about Christ and His truth were not wanting from their secret communications; for it is a notable excellence of real Christianity, showing its origin from the great Father of mankind, that while false and superstitious systems of religion seek either to repress or degrade the natural affections, the religion of the Bible smiles its approval upon them, and sanctions and sanctifies all the relationships of human society.

The book of Genesis tells us of the love of Jacob and Rachel as well as of the creation, and the New Testament of the marriage in Cana as well as of the Crucifixion; and Percival and Lucy Lemaire, both of them Christians, were sure to feel there was nothing in their position as betrothed lovers to make heart or conscience shrink from introducing thought and speech about the Divine Master. Our reason, however, for mentioning this lover's walk is to call attention to a human figure leaning against the trunk of an over-hanging tree growing on the verge of the lofty river height opposite the massive arched gateway which has been just described. It is the figure of Micky Haley; his arms are clasped around the boll of the tree, holding on by it, his head is sloped one side to obtain a clear view, and his body is hidden, while he is earnestly gazing at the lady and gentleman—Lucy Lemaire and Percival—who, on the other side of the river, are at some distance from their watcher, yet are plainly visible to him in the clear, full moonlight.

"Aye, shure enough, there yees are, me two darlints," he soliloquized. "Jemmy Mehaffy spoke the truth when he said, 'Ye do be hereabouts'; and indade it isn't a bad place for coortin' nayther. Again," he added, with a grin, "it's a'moost as good, me fine gintleman, as the garden-gate o' yer mother's house in Portarlington, that not an age ago ye wanst had the bad luck to drive me from like a dog—and a bad-luck job it's Micky Haley's intintion to make that same to ye; for as shure as I'm a livin' man, wan o' these days, me fine fellow, I'll have fur it me sweet revinge. Ha, ha! ye wouldn't let me—purshuin' to ye—have five minnits soft talk wid Janie Quinn, a farmer's daughter, yet here ye're at it, me bouchal, be the hour, with the daughter no less of a Dublin Castle official, and you all the time a rebel. Have ye no shame or dacency in ye, to be coortin' a man's daughter that you and yer friend John Mitchell'll be the manes of cuttin' the throat of wan o' these days, and that, as I think, not very long distant nayther? I declare I've a mind o' puttin' at wanst a spoke in yer wheel, me man, and o' makin' Dublin too hot for ye, as ye did wanst upon a time, bad luck to ye, in Portarlington for Micky Haley, and, tit for tat, in the same way, too, by puttin' the peelers on yer thrack. But no; I'll not do it just yet. I'll see yer nose, me man, farther within the thrap afore I spring it. Too much haste, me gintleman, they say, is worse speed, and there's no use by too much presint bother o' makin' a toil of a pleasure."

(*To be continued.*)

HORNETS AND ANGELS.

A New Sermon by the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of the City Temple, London.

"And I will send hornets before thee."—Exodus 23: 38.

"And I will send an angel before thee."—Exodus 33: 2.

God's Resources—God's Ministers, Visible and Invisible—The Hornet—Its Ministry of Punishment—Not to be Baffled—The Angels—Their Ministry of Kindness—A Flying Insect and a Flying Angel—No Barren Spaces in God's Universe—Lessons from the Hornet—Lessons from the Angel—"I Will Send"—Jonah's Gourd.

God brake the ships of Tarshish with an east wind, a puff of breath. He told the east wind to seize their masts and torment them to their destruction. Dagon was thrown down upon his face, though he was locked up with the ark, and no hand was near him; yea, he was utterly broken to pieces so that he was not a god at all. How was this? The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Can you remember twenty thousand names? Can you venture to say, "This is, and this is not, one of the twenty thousand?" It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

A great wind battered the *Armada of Spain* in a critical moment in English history. Thus God has more resources than those which are merely human. We gather ourselves together as if we were all His belongings, as if He depended upon us alone, and we talk and resolve and organize and go forth, as if the Lord had nothing else to depend upon. Mayhap that is partly right. A man may do more if he thinks that everything depends upon himself; but he should cheer himself, and bring great heartening into his soul, by remembering the number of God's chariots; they are twenty thousand. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, and the stones of the field were covenanted to help those that feared the Lord. Nature helps, nature hinders, nature is God's other self, and His chariots are twenty thousand strong.

The Lord God is a sun and shield, He is a spear and buckler, He is a pavilion and a sanctuary. The lightnings gather themselves round Him, and say, "Here we are;" His ministers are the frog and the fly, the hornet and the locust, the fiery flying serpent and the hidden viper, the child, the angel; poverty and plenty are His servants; yea, all things praise the Lord by their sympathy and help, so much so that if we were to hold our tongues, the universe would not be silent. "I tell you that if these were to hold their peace, the very stones would cry out, for God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." He shall never want a minister to stand before his face. If so be thou art a minister, boast not thyself of thy ministry, for a hornet may take thy place, *a frog may dispossess* thee, and there may be none to find out thy footsteps. Be thankful, hopeful, energetic, glad; but boast not, for boasting hastens death.

The one thought that is to inspire us is that God has many ways of helping His people, likely and unlikely, but they are ways of His own choosing, and therefore they will end in success. Hornets and angels,—Are not the ministers of God both visible and invisible? The flying hornet you can see, but who can trace the angel in the air?

CAN YOU SEE THE ANGEL?

He is there, notwithstanding your inability to descry him. You see the hornet. Ah! we are all quicker in seeing the hornet than in seeing the angel. Fie on us, shame on shame, till we be burnt with blushes. Can you see the angel? You cannot always tell what forces and ministries are fighting either for you or against you. We do not know the meaning of nature. She is a parable we have not fully read or understood, an eternal lesson, God's perpetual illustration of Himself. Oh that we had eyes to see and hearts to understand; for the library is always open, and the writing is always done by an angel's hand.

A man says, "A curse on this hornet, this winged, stinging insect, only a large bee, only an exaggerated wasp—a curse on the thing. I dare not open my window or it may fly in; I dare not go out, for it hovers near my door, and may smite me with its cruel sting. It never sleeps, it seems ever to fill the sultry air." He does not know what he is talking about: he thinks it is an insect; he says: "Why did God make such a creature"—ah, why? He calls it insect; when he has been *longer at school* he may call it minister of God and servant of the Most High. He is fretted by its unceasing and energetic buzz; by and by he will hear music in it, a sad and terrible music.

That hornet is sent of God to drive you out: it will not die; you have been doing wrong and it has come to punish you. That hornet is death, or loss, or pain, or bitterness of soul. That hornet is not a mere insect; it means judgment, penalty, retribution, death. I wish people would see the great meaning of things and not the little trifling suggestions.

I will tell you what to do with the hornet. Hear me—bad man, hear me: I have a gospel for thee. Outrun it: thou hast two legs, two leaden feet—outrun the hornet. "I cannot." Then *that will not do*. Close your hand upon it. "I dare not." No, you dare not. Then that will not do. Bribe it: coat your window-sill with sugar, inches thick, and it will glut itself to death. "Aye, I will try that."

Ah, it grows by what it feeds on. It is a stronger hornet for the sugar. It took your bribes and strengthened itself against you. I will tell you what to do: compromise with it, propose terms, negotiate, send a third party. "Oh bitter irony, Oh mocking man," say you?—yes, I mean to mock, for who can outrun the chariots of God? No, sir, no: stop, turn round, fall down, confess, pray, cry mightily to God to take the hornet back. That is the true Gospel: hear it and thou shalt live.

Then on the other hand there is *a kind angel* that can be nearly seen, and that can be almost heard, and that can be all but felt. Thank God for the things that are *nearly*, that are *all but*, that are just about to begin to be. Thank Heaven this verb of life is not all shut up in the indicative mood. Wondrous conjugation—indicative, potential, subjunctive, infinitive—how the verb grows; how the little "I am," a child's first mouthful, grows into the immeasurable eternity. Think of this kind angel, who is all but seen, who is so near as to be almost felt. You catch an aroma which he must have shaken from his wings. Bless God for these

OCCASIONAL HINTS

and touches and blessings as we go on. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be the heirs of salvation?

Then remember the hornet will fight for you as well as against you. If you are in the right way, the hornet is your friend. It will pursue your enemies, it will bring them to reflection, it will drive them to repentance, it will force them to prayer. *That hornet never dies.* My God, my Father, follow not my enemies with the hornet, if gentler means will bring them to their senses; but bring them to their senses, even if it take the hornet to do it.

Hornets and angels—are not the agencies of God both humble and illustrious? See the contrast, the flying insect and the flying angel, yet they are both the messengers of Heaven. Suppose them to meet one another in the summer air—what a talk they might have! Saith the hornet, "Why does He send me when He has servants like you who can do His work so much better than I, poor winged insect, charged indeed with a sting, can do?" Saith the angel, "Why am I not employed in studying the deeper problems of the universe, when little mean insects like this could go about the work of visitation and penalty and judgment?"

Then they catch the divinity of the purpose, they realize their election in God, and they say, "He doeth as it pleaseth Him in the armies of Heaven and among the children of men. There is *no meanness* in doing His work. His household is infinite and His servants are many—away, sting the enemy, bless the friend, let the decree of punishment be confirmed and let the gospel of benediction be proclaimed." So away they go, hornet and angel, to carry out the wil of just but clement Heaven. Beware: the angel of God and the hornets are both His servants.

Hornets and angels—are not God's agencie material and immaterial? Of matter and c spirit doth He not make His ministers? Th hornet is of the earth, the angel is of the skies the hornet is from below, the angel is fro above. There are no barren spaces in God's un verse. All that great sky, on which you hav never driven your small vehicles, beginning i your *little baby's cart*, and ending in your la hearse-ride to the gaping tomb—all that bl ground, what is it but an armory in which F stores His resources? All things are His: a things are mine if I be in Him: if I am in Chri all things are mine—death, life, angels, prin palities, powers, past, present, future—all, fo am Christ's and Christ is God's.

Oh hide thee in the broken Christ, shelt thee in His wounded side: don't be living thy little mean propositions and small theor and miserable dogmas and noisy controvers —hide thee in the ripped, bleeding, gory side the wounded Lamb of God.

For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side,
This all my hope and all my plea;
For me the Saviour died.

Then all things that fought for Him will fi for me, and if I do not fight, but stand still suffer, draw no sword for me: thinkest t not that I could pray to my Father, and would give me more than twelve legions angels to defend me wherein I am right, and hidden in His Son Jesus Christ?

Has there been

A HORNET IN YOUR ESTATE

lately? I wonder what it meant. Why can't kill that hornet? It comes by every post. dare not open that letter—there is a horn it. It comes by many a telegram. You dare open the third telegram you get to-morr there is a hornet in it. When life is sharp into a pain, when loss swiftly succeeds loss, the rich showers fall everywhere except on garden, when every flower withers, when first-born sickens and the eyes are filled mist, when the strong hands temble— should bethink themselves: the hornet of Lord is then piercing the very air with its s puncturing our life and giving it great agor

Don't call it insect, call it God—don't c misfortune—let the *atheist* use up that inheritance; it is not misfortune, it is— idence. "Oh, the hornet stings me, frets plagues me, will not let me have a ho knows when I am going out, flies faster the lightning express, waits for me at th shore, goes with me over the sea"—Beast? God, law, righteousness, mercy, didst tho know it. It is sent to pain thee into pray thou hast sinned away thy visitation da now it is God's turn. Lord, teach us the ing of these hornets; they are hard to We dare hardly turn over any leaf for hornet should spring up and sting us: o is now one daily fear—teach us the mean this, and by prayer may we find the remec

Has there been *an angel in your estate* lately? ay it with shame that we are much quicker in ing the hornet than in seeing the angel : our is readier than our hymn, our fear is more phatic than our love. Is the angel in your ate? Do you say you do not know? Then ill find him for you. Be still awhile. Are children all well? "Yes." Flowers bud- ng, singing-birds returning, the rain over and ne? "Yes, but the garden is much less than sed to be."

A few flowers in the window? "Just a little x full, about eighteen inches long." Still, you ve them? "Yes." Bread enough? "Plenty." few friends? "Few, but good." The angel n your lot. Give these things their highest anings. There are plenty of people outside o would drag down life and make it smaller d smaller in its meanings. I would be sent of d to widen speech till it takes in all that it n of God's purpose and God's life. Poetry ll have faith : faith itself is the poetry of rea- n : carry it up to its highest uses, and make ur life as large and luminous as you can.

There are some people who are afraid of giv- *too great meanings* to the events of life. ere they get miserably wrong. When the ddy morning comes, do not be afraid to call the awakening angel. There be people near u who will call it fantasy ; those people are n, bony, shrivelled, desiccated, mean ; and en they tell you that this is fancy, and that poetry, they speak out of themselves : they ve no gospel to deliver. If thou dost meet a n on the high road who takes up a flower and ys, "Sir, this flower is a child of the sun," ke a friend of him rather than of the man who kes it up and says, "Ah, poor thing," and rows it over the fence.

When spring spreads her green carpet and kes the warm air live with wordless songs, do t be afraid to call it God's angel. There be tle, narrow, pence-table men who say, "It is ring, and there is rent day in spring, and there hope of good trade in spring, and spring is e of four seasons of the year, and spring be- ns on the sixth and ends on the twentieth, d spring . . . is nothing more."

"A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more,"

oth William Wordsworth in one of his poems. happily did he hit the fool who does not see e angel in the flower.

Get you books ; teachers, preachers who eaten things, who raise up children unto God t of the stones. The world needs such apos- s and interpreters, or we should get very low deed. The great expectation will bring the eat reality ; the great name will be as a bush th the great fact glowing in it like a revela- on. Look you for the angels, for the angels epare with all the generous hospitality of your ve, and the angels will come and make your use their sanctuary, and show you the eternal esence.

So God rules His world. "I will send hor- ts before thee, and they will drive out the ivite and all the nations that set themselves ainst thee. I will not send angels to fight the ivites : let the hornets do it. And I will send angel before thee, and he will find thee a rest- g-place, space for the sanctuary, and he will ve thee peace." Great God! rule us still ; are the hornets, we cannot bear them, but send e hornets if nothing else will bring us home.

"I will send," saith the first text ; "I will nd," saith the second. Then don't *you* be nding anything : sit still : I am afraid of your nding things. "I will send hornets,"—then on't you be sending your nasty, bitter, can- nkerous letters; keep your hands off post-cards; on't write *anonymous slanders* on sheets of aper you borrow from other people. "I will nd,"—then don't interfere with God's move- ents. He knows when to send, how to send, ow many to send, where to send—let Him do . "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but ather give place unto wrath, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord." No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.

"I have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay-tree ; yet he passed away, and lo, he was not ; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." I have seen the great gourd of the wicked arching over his blasphemous head—lo, in the morning it was not. Why? For

GOD PREPARED A WORM—

and the worm cankered the root of the gourd and it withered away. Send angels if you can—live as if you would send ten thousand angels, sweet blessings, tender gospels, messages of the heart. You live in that direction, and some day God will pick you up in one of his chariots and drive you to *the very camp* of your enemies and show you unto them as their true friend. I will stand in God ; I will rest in God.

Let the hornet do its work ; let the angel fulfil his ministry. God's people cannot be permanently injured ; and as for God's Church, it shall be set up on foundations broad and immovable, and all its glowing pinnacles shall pierce the clouds, and God's will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

EVANGELISTS.

The Need of the Church.

AT a meeting of the Union of Baptist Churches in London, the Rev. E. G. Gange of Bristol gave an earnest address on the value and need of evangelistic laborers in the present day. The following extract from his speech will be read with interest.

"IMITATE THE ST. BERNARD MONKS.

The traveller who crosses the Alps by the St. Bernard, Simplon, or Splugen Pass, finds situated near the summit a friendly hospice ; knocking timidly at the door, it is promptly opened by a good-natured monk, who bids him welcome ; warming his half-frozen limbs before the blazing fire, and chatting merrily with half-a-dozen priests, he thinks what easy lives these men lead. Suddenly the clouds gather, the wind howls, the blinding snow-flakes fall ; and starting up, calling their faithful dogs around them, these *brave monks* go forth in the teeth of the tempest. Why and where are they going? To seek and succor *belated travellers* who may be out in the storm. Why not wait till they come and knock at the door, as I did? Wait, man! Why, they would have to wait till doomsday. God help any poor creatures out on such a night! They must have lost their way. Half buried beneath the snow, they are beginning to sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

"So if the masses are to be aroused, the perishing rescued, we must do more than merely sit week by week in our comfortably-cushioned, brilliantly-lit, and cosily-warmed sanctuaries. We must do more than merely stand at the church doors, waiting to welcome those who, with timid faith and dawning love, desire to be admitted to our fellowship. There are many who will never knock at the door ; they are too far gone for that. They are sleeping, dying ; they need to be shaken and roused. And *men are wanted who will trudge forth over snow and ice ;* who, like the Master, will go out 'to seek and to save that which was lost.' With the hope of saving some of these we occasionally organize a series of 'special services,' or again send earnest and gifted brethren to conduct evangelistic services in towns and villages.

HARD-WORKED PASTORS.

"*Our stated pastors cannot be expected to do this work thoroughly and efficiently.* Their hands are already more than full of work. A pastor has to spend many hours every week reading, thinking, and preparing his sermons. Then he has many committees to attend and public meetings at which to deliver addresses, and each address involves anxious preparation. Then we often journey many miles from home to take part in recognition or anniversary services, and are back at our posts in the morning. Then there are inquirers to be directed, backsliders to be followed up and if possible reclaimed, the sick to be visited, the sorrowing to be comforted, the dying to be cheered, the dead to be buried, and ever and anon as a pleasant episode, but still as an awful destroyer of time, comes the marriage ceremony, with its concomitant, the *wedding breakfast*. For mercy's sake do not put an additional burden on the backs of men who are already staggering under their too heavy load! To many a hard-working pastor might be addressed the words of Paul to the jailer, 'Do thyself no harm.' Many beloved brethren have passed away who might, humanly speaking, have been with us now, their faces vanished, their voices hushed, all too soon, because they allowed a tender conscience and a loving heart to impel them on to tasks and toils altogether beyond their strength.

"*I plead for the setting apart of brethren for special evangelistic work.* They should be true-hearted men, whose hearts glow with the love of the Redeemer, and melt with compassion for dying men—brethren who in very deed 'travail in birth for souls'; whose constant prayer is, 'Give us children or we die'; who, having a tender heart, a fluent tongue, and unquestionable ability, shall be able to 'commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God,' and to utter Divine truths so sweetly, simply, and earnestly, that 'the common people shall hear them gladly.' Men who are physically strong. If any man will have to 'endure hardness as a good soldier,' that man is your EVANGELIST.

"He will need a head as clear as a bell, a heart as sound as a rock, lungs like leather, nerves like wire, and a throat like a brass trumpet. He must be able to preach to a crowded assembly until he is wringing wet with perspiration, and then spring into a farmer's cart, and ride seven or eight miles through snow and frost to his destination without taking cold. He must be able to sleep soundly in a different bed every night, and will sometimes find his room dismal and his bed damp. He must be able to make himself perfectly at home in the cottages of the poor, and to subsist for a week at a stretch upon the homeliest and hardest fare.

"The evangelist's visit should be accompanied by operations such as those of Mr. Moody, who got Christian men and women of different denominations to meet together for prayer, map out the town into districts, arrange for *house-to-house visitation*, and thus prepare the way for his coming, and secure crowded assemblies from the first, and to go forth hand in hand, with tracts, bills of invitation, to pay visits to the dwellings of the poor and the godless. Curiosity is excited (and curiosity in the case of Zaccheus led to his salvation). Men will leave their places of business, tear themselves from the bosom of their families for an evening, to listen to the newly-arrived evangelists. And once the people are brought under the sound of the Word —once the impotent are brought in close proximity to the healing pool—'who can tell' but that 'Jesus of Nazareth will pass by,' and, passing, say to many a one, in words of melting mercy and matchless power, 'Rise, take up thy bed and walk.'"

Liquor Stores and Juvenile Depravity.—Michael Enright, a boy of eleven years, was arrested in Brooklyn on August 4th, for drunkenness. He was so intoxicated that he could not stand. An officer of the Thirteenth Precinct learned that young Enright bought three pints of beer at a saloon on Flushing Avenue. The boy's parents threaten to proceed against the saloon keeper.

The Value of Little Savings is Shown in the following statement: "A young gentleman of Brixton, England two years ago started a Sunday afternoon service for children, which is now attended by from 500 to 600 children. Within the last year he formed a "Waste Not Society" among them, the members of which collect waste paper, from the sale of which they have supported a little girl in the Orphanage.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

The proprietor has received the following endorsement of the journal from Dr. Talmage since the latter's arrival in England :

I heartily commend to the public the Christian Herald which gives accurate reports of my sermons and contains much interesting, instructive, & evangelical matter. I trust that its large circulation will continue to increase.

London June 12. 1879

T. De Witt Talmage

LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, August 13th, at **1.50 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS

Mormon Immigration has Assumed Proportions so serious that Secretary Evarts has thought it his duty to address a letter to foreign governments calling their attention to the movement. Mr. Evarts thinks the governments should interfere to prevent their deluded subjects being conveyed to this country to violate our laws, and perpetuate a system of immorality. It is not easy to see how any system of checking the emigrants on their departure can be adopted, nor how a religious test could be applied. That the evil calls for strong measures of repression cannot be doubted, but these measures to be efficacious should be directed to an enlightenment of the people on the subject of Utah and its customs rather than an attempt to prevent the ignorant dupes emigrating after they have been convinced of prospective advantages.

I. M. Coyner, Principal of the Salt Lake Collegiate Institute, whose residence of some years in Utah has given him insight into this political and religious monstrosity says, "Mormonism as a system is utterly bad without a redeeming feature, and half of its villainies cannot be told. Only the day of judgment will reveal all its iniquity. The Mormon Church is one of the most complete organizations in the world, and cunning and sophistry are so blended with truth as easily to delude the ignorant. At each annual conference members are selected to go on a mission to the nations, and there are generally about *three hundred* of these men in the field, who collect converts in all parts and send them to Utah." That a system so vile and infamous should go on unchecked is a serious danger to the community.

The Marriage and Divorce Laws Have for a long time been felt to be a serious anomaly, and an effort is being made in the leading journals of the country to call public attention to the fact, and to make it a prominent question in the ensuing elections. At present the laws both of marriage and divorce differ in all the States, so that a ceremony which constitutes a legal marriage in one State is insufficient in another, although it is generally admitted that a marriage which is legal in the State wherein it was solemnized shall be held valid wherever the parties may subsequently reside. Even this admission does not hold good in cases of miscegenation, as the union of a colored with a white person is recognized in some States, while if they go to another State their marriage is regarded as a criminal act, and the parties are liable to a long term of imprisonment. The law of divorce is similarly variable, being in some States of a stringent character, while in others it is dangerously lax. It is proposed to introduce a law which shall be binding over the whole of the United States, and which shall not be passed unless it receives the assent of two thirds of the States.

The Yellow Fever has Been Officially De-clared epidemic by the sanitary authorities of Memphis. This was a matter of form, as all the cities on the river and rail lines have been maintaining a strict quarantine against the afflicted city for some time. There has been no decrease in the number of new cases reported daily, and it is thought that until the frost sets in the epidemic will continue. On Thursday August 14th, forty new cases and sixteen deaths were announced, that being the heaviest list as yet returned this year.

There appears to have been considerable neglect on the part of the sanitary authorities, who, after the terrible visitation of last year, might have been expected to give the city a thorough examination and purification. A terrible scene described by an eye-witness shows how little has been done in this direction. President A. D. Langstaff, of the Howard Association, stated that during all of his experience he had never witnessed such a fearful scene as one which he saw on August 15th, at the cottage of Charles S. Forbes, on the Hernando road. Mrs. Forbes and six children, whose ages range between seven and sixteen years, are sick—*all in one room.* Until mattresses were taken out to them they had nothing but a scanty bed of straw on which to rest their aching limbs. There is a small cellar, three feet deep, underneath the house, from which the stench was so great that the five nurses sent by the Howards could not remain inside the dwelling until it had been deluged with powerful disinfectants. Charles S. Forbes and his son William died of the fever on the 1st inst., and the remaining seven members of his family were stricken yesterday.

A Breakfast to Dr. Talmage.—The Young Men's Christian Association of Leeds, England, desiring to make some expression of the high esteem in which Dr. Talmage is held by them, and to show their gratitude to him for the pecuniary benefits derived from his visit, entertained him at a public breakfast on July 21st. The Association desire to move into a more commodious building, and the profit which has accrued from Dr. Talmage's lectures in England (*about* 6000 *dollars*) will be a material help to them in their effort.

Mr. Thorne, the Secretary of the Association, thanked Dr. Talmage on behalf of the members, and expressed their hearty good wishes for his health and prosperity.

The Rev. Mr. Walters said that Dr. Talmage occupied a most responsible position, and he should have a prominent place in their prayers. He spoke to hundreds and thousands by the reports of his sermons which appeared in the papers. Great gifts and powers had been entrusted to him, and he (the speaker) hoped that his life might long be spared. Some might hope to see him again, but others, like himself, who were far down the hill of life, were in the conditions of the elders at Ephesus, who, when bidding Paul farewell, "sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more."

Dr. Talmage's address was specially reported for the CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will be found on another page.

Spurgeon Birthday Book.—Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster, who have published the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's works in London for the last twenty-five years, have just brought out a Birthday Book such as young ladies delight to get filled with the names of their friends. Its special feature is that, instead of mottoes from various sources, there is for every day of the year a well selected passage out of Mr. Spurgeon's writings. The book is magnificently bound in cloth, and will make as handsome a little gift as could be presented to a young friend. Many people prize the autographs of distinguished persons, which are usually difficult to get; so we are glad to see that every copy of this birthday book contains *fac similes* of the signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, just where they ought to appear, under their respective birthdays. In accordance with their wish to popularize Mr. Spurgeon's works in this country, the publishers have arranged to offer the book to the public at a price which makes it the cheapest gift-book we have seen. Particulars will be found in an advertisement on the back of this journal.

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., whose Illness for many weeks caused serious anxiety to his congregation and his many friends of all denominations of Christians in New York, is now convalescent. His medical advisers, while speaking hopefully of his complete recovery, consider his condition one calling for great care. They have recommended entire change of scene and a sea voyage as means of giving needed tone to his system. Dr. Tyng has in consequence decided on visiting Europe. He sailed August 12th.

Helping the Poor to Help Themselves is the best form in which charity can be exercised. A scheme on this principle has just been organized in New York. It has been found that those families whose means are so straitened that they cannot purchase a whole ton of coal at one time pay for the small quantities they buy nearly treble the rate they could purchase it at in the larger quantities. To remedy this imposition, a gentleman of high commercial standing in the city purchased, in June last, a large quantity of coal at its lowest price, and proposes retailing it to the poor in the winter at cost price. In order also to encourage saving habits, he has printed notes of the value of five, ten, and twenty-five cents, which may be had at any time, and which can be exchanged as cash for their valu in coal when the time of need comes. He i thus conferring a double benefit on poor familie whose means have hitherto been heavily taxed.

The Tremont Temple Burned.—A Fire Broke out on Thursday, August 14th, in the rear portion of the roof of the Tremont Temple, Boston Mass. The flames had secured a firm hold of the building before the arrival of the Fire De partment, and before the engines had got fairl to work the roof was destroyed and a portion of the walls on the side and rear had fallen in almost completely destroying the building. *The fine organ*, near which the fire broke out, is destroyed, and the building is very thoroughly gutted. The loss on the Temple, which is owned by the American Baptist Society, is estimated at from $100,000 to $120,000. Several firemen were injured by falling walls, but none are thought to be dangerously hurt. The fire is believed to have originated from the combustion of gas. The building was insured to the amount of $100,000.

Death at a Camp Meeting.—A Report from inwood Md., where a camp meeting is in pro-ress, says a startling scene was enacted at the tar on July 31st. The members were holding e regular morning prayer and praise meeting, d Hanson Penn, of Winfield, Carroll County, ed seventy-one years, among others, gave in a ry warm and feeling Christian experience, and d just taken his seat when Elder Sigler arose d asked him if he did not now regret his not ving engaged sooner in the cause of the Lord, having been converted only six years ago, to ich he replied, with great emphasis and feel-g, "I do;" and as he uttered this last word he l over, but was caught by the brethren and rried to a tent close at hand, where he imme-ately expired.

A Mormon Missionary in Georgia has been urdered. A man known as Elder Standing, of e Mormon community, while on a mission at rnell's Station, Ga., was set upon by a mob o had a strong aversion to the propagation of ormon doctrines and practices in their midst. anding was informed that the men meant to e him a beating, when he attempted to defend nself with a pistol. The sight of the pistol oused the anger of the mob, and the man fell erally riddled with bullets. Governor Colquitt, ough holding the Mormon doctrines in abhor-ice, is resolved that this outrage on the law ll not go unpunished.

he Education of the Indian has been De-onstrated as possible repeatedly, and another oof has just been recorded. A young Creek lian, who is being educated at the University Wooster, Ohio, took the first Latin prize, *a d medal*, for best scholarship during senior paratory year, and for best examination for rance to Freshman class at the late com-ncement. There were nearly sixty students the class.

Bad Eminence.—Some Men are Famous one thing, some for another. It is peculiarly to have the reputation of being distinguish- for pre-eminence in the art of wasting time. is said that the laziest man in the United tes is a ship carpenter in Belfast, Me., who determined to spend the rest of his days in omfortable chair. When wages were reduced, declined to work any longer, and seated him- in a rocking-chair near his sitting-room win-v. There he remains all day long, only ris- to go to his meals ort o bed. His chair-kers have worn grooves in the floor, and on window-sill, where he drums idly as he rocks nd fro, are the imprints of his fingers. He a wife, and the couple are supposed to have e savings on which they live.

Reproof by George Washington.—Of Gen-ral Washington's dislike for profanity a pic-esque story is related. In the summer of 1781 an who was ploughing in a field near a Fish- road became very impatient with some diffi-y in his work, and began to pour forth violent hs. Just then three horsemen in military un-ss, who were riding by, paused, and one of n asking for information concerning the road, nked the ploughman for his answer, and ed: "My friend, I am older than you, have y times been placed in positions of difficulty danger, and have had many things to per- and annoy me, but I have always found it did no good to get angry; and that neither ken ploughs nor anything else can be mended made better by the use of profane language." with a bow he rode on. It was General shington.

Bishop and the English Navvies.—The op of Peterborough has been presented by a ber of navvies employed on the Kettering Merton Railway with a Bible, in recognition he interest he has taken in mission work ng the navvies. In thanking them for the his Lordship expresses his sense of the claims have on the sympathy of those to whose enience they so minister; and in concluding etter he says: "I shall never hear or read ission work amongst navvies without its re-ng to me the pleasant hours that you and I have shared together, or without its prompting me to pray for God's blessing and guidance on those engaged in that work, and on the souls whom they may bring to the love of our Lord and Saviour.'

Important Jewish Movement.—For Months past the colony of Jews settled at Hamadan, in Persia, has been agitated by the question, "Is not Jesus the Messiah?" Four of the chief men, the heads of one thousand houses (about five thousand people), have, after long trial, been publicly baptized, and many others are asking to confess Christ. As in the days of the apostles, all the city is moved, and one Nestorian helper is day and night beset with Jews seeking instruction in the New Testament. This is one of the oldest colonies of the Jews in the world, where their ancestors were carried captive by the Assyrian King 2500 years ago.

The Uprightness of the Christian was Strikingly exemplified in an incident recently brought to light in the career of Lord Lawrence, whose portrait and life appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 10th. During the conduct of a cause by Lord Lawrence for a young Indian Rajah, the latter endeavored to place in his hands under the table a bag of rupees. He answered at once, "Young man, you have offered to an Englishman the greatest insult he could possibly receive. This time, in consideration of your youth, I excuse it. Let me warn you, however, never again to commit so gross an offence against an English gentleman."

A Sunday-School Teacher Drowned.—A Sunday-school excursion from Westfield, N. J., to Ocean Grove, met with a sad termination to its holiday pleasure July 31. Rollin B. Pearsall, aged eighteen, one of the brightest and most active young men in the party, was drowned. About 11 o'clock he and several of his companions joined the crowd of bathers in the surf. He was a bold swimmer, and although the surf was heavy, struck out for the deep water, and went forty feet beyond the ropes. A cry was heard by those nearest him, and he was observed to sink. Assistance was promptly rendered, but before he could be brought ashore life was extinct.

The Gospel in France Appears, from Recent reports, to be making extraordinary progress. Five of the nine Secretaries of State are Protestant, among them the President of the Council and the Minister of Justice. Not only is there entire religious freedom in every one of the 36,000 municipalities of the country, but crowds are drawn together in many places to hear the preaching of the Gospel, and those who have been familiar with the country for many years say they do not remember a time when France has been freeing herself more resolutely from the bonds of Popery.

The Negro Exodus Seems Likely to Continue. It is said in one district of Alabama not less than 15,000 are preparing to leave. The same rate from other districts would take 100,000 from Alabama alone. A colored member of Congress from that State says: "his people are infatuated with the idea of going North this fall, and no earthly power can prevent them. No matter if they have to walk and beg bread, they are going. It is as useless to argue with them about it as to debate with the east wind." Committees are now in Kansas looking for a location for one or two thousand families, and other committees will probably go to southern Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio for the same purpose.

The Grace Darling of the Shetland Isles, off the coast of Scotland, died recently. She held the medal of the Royal Institution for her daring rescue of two drowning fishermen in 1856. During a great gale a homeward-bound fishing smack was capsized in sight of shore, and two of the crew were drowned; the other two, clinging to the overturned boat, were drifting out with the tide, when she and her sister-in-law, with her father (a one-armed man of seventy years) steering, put off in a small punt and effected the rescue which none on shore would venture to attempt.

THE SHAME AND SPITTING.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting."—ISAIAH 50: 6.

Of whom the Prophet Spoke—The Scourging and the Shame—Behold your King—I. As the Representative of God—He had all Divine Power—How Exhibited—In Beneficence not in Judgment—His ear ever near the Mouth of God—His Errand all Gentleness—How He is Rejected—II. As the Substitute for His People—Sin the most Shameful Thing—III. As the Servant of God—A Servant Personally Prepared—He had no Reserve—Even His Reputation given up—No Flinching in Him—The Confidence and Quiet of His Spirit—IV. As the Comforter of His People—Well Qualified forthe Office—His Lowliness and His Sympathy—His Example—His Triumph a Stimulus and Encouragement.

OF whom speaketh the prophet this? Of himself or of some other? We cannot doubt but what Isaiah here wrote concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. Is not this one of the prophecies to which our Lord Himself referred in the incident recorded in the eighteenth chapter of Luke's gospel, at the thirty-first verse? "Then he took unto him the twelve, and said unto them, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished. For he shall be delivered unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spitted on: and they shall scourge him, and put him to death." Such *a remarkable prophecy* of scourging and spitting as this which is now before us must surely refer to the Lord Jesus; its highest fulfilment is assuredly found in Him alone.

I have already laid before you in the reading of the Scriptures some of the passages of the New Testament wherein

THE SCOURGING

and the shame of our Lord Jesus are described. We saw Him first at the tribunal of His own countrymen in Matthew 26, and we read, "Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him; and others smote him with the palms of their hands." It was in the hall of the high priest, among His own countrymen, that first of all the shameful deeds of scorn were wrought upon Him. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." His worst foes were they of His own household; they despised and abhorred Him, and would have none of Him. His own Father's husbandmen said among themselves: "This is the heir; let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance." This was His treatment at the hand of the house of Israel.

The same treatment, or the like thereto, was accorded Him in Herod's palace, where the lingering shade of a Jewish royalty still existed. There what I might venture to call a pattern mixture of Jew and Gentile power held court, but our Lord fared no better in the united company. By the two combined the Lord was treated with equal derision (Luke 23: 11). "Herod with his men of war set him at nought, and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe."

Speedily came His third trial, and He was delivered altogether to the Gentiles. Then Pilate, the governor, gave Him up to the cruel process of scourging. I have heard that the Roman scourge was made of the inews of oxen, and that in it were twisted the hucklebones of sheep, with slivers of bone, in order that every stroke might more effectually tear its way into the poor quivering flesh, which was mangled by its awful strokes. Scourging was such a punishment that it was generally regarded as *worse than death* itself, and indeed, many perished while enduring it, or soon afterward. Our blessed Redeemer gave His back to the smiters, and the ploughers made deep furrows there. Oh, spectacle of misery How can we bear to look thereon?

Nor was that all, for Pilate's soldiers, calling all the band together, as if there were not enough for mockery unless all were mustered, put Him to derision by a mock enthronement and a mimic coronation; and when they had thus done they again buffeted and smote him, and spat in His face. There was no kind of cruelty which their heartlessness could just then invent which they did not exercise upon His blessed person: their brutal sport had full indulgence, for their innocent victim offered neither resistance nor remonstrance. This is His own record of His patient endurance, "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting."

Behold your King! I bring Him forth to you this morning in spirit and cry, "Behold the Man!"

May the Holy Spirit help you to see Jesus in *four lights* at this time. In each view He is worthy of devout attention. Let us view Him first as *the representative of God;* secondly, as *the substitute of His people;* thirdly, as *the servant of Jehovah;* and fourthly, as *the Comforter of His redeemed.*

I. First, I invite you to gaze upon your despised and rejected Lord as

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF GOD.

In the person of Christ Jesus, God Himself came into the world, making a special visitation to Jerusalem and the Jewish people, but at the same time coming very near to all mankind. The Lord called to the people whom He had favored so long and whom He was intent to favor still. He says, in the second verse, "I came," and "I called." God did in very deed come down into the midst of mankind.

Be it noted, that when our Lord came into this world as the representative of God, *He came with all His divine power* about Him. The chapter before us says, "Is my hand shortened at all, that it cannot redeem? or have I no power to deliver? behold, at my rebuke I dry up the sea, I make the rivers a wilderness." The Son of God, when He was here, did not perform those exact miracles, because He was bent upon *marvels of beneficence* rather than of judgment.

He did not repeat the plagues of Egypt, for He did not come to smite, but to save; but He did greater wonders and wrought miracles which ought far more powerfully to have won men's confidence in Him because they were full of goodness and mercy. He fed the hungry, He healed the sick, He raised the dead, and He cast out devils. He did equal marvels to those which were wrought in Egypt when the arm of the Lord was made bare in the eyes of all the people. It is true He did not change water into blood, but He turned water into wine. It is true He did not make their fish to stink, but by His word He caused the net to be filled, even to bursting, with great fishes. He did not break the whole staff of bread as He did in Egypt, but He multiplied loaves and fishes, so that thousands of men and women and children were fed from His bounteous hand. He did not slay their first-born, but He restored the dead.

I grant you that the glory of the Godhead was somewhat hidden in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, but it was still there, even as the glory was upon the face of Moses when he covered it with a veil. *No essential attribute of God was absent* in Christ, and every one might have been seen in Him if the people had not been wilfully blind. He did the works of His Father, and those works bare witness of Him that He was come in His Father's name. Yes, God was personally in the world when Jesus walked the blessed fields of the Holy Land, now, alas, laid under the curse for rejecting Him.

But when God thus came among men *He was unacknowledged.* What saith the prophet? "Wherefore when I came was there no man? when I called there was none to answer?" A few, taught by the Spirit of God, discerned Him and rejoiced; but they were so very few that we may say of the whole generation that they knew Him not. Those who had some dim idea of His excellence and majesty yet rejected Him. Herod, because he feared that He was a king, sought to slay Him. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers took counsel together, against the Lord, and against His anointed. He was emphatically, and beyond all others, "despised and rejected of men."

Yet our Lord, when He came into the world, was admirably adapted to be the representative of God, not only because he was God himself, but because as man *His whole human nature* was consecrated to the work, and in Him was neither flaw nor spot. He was untouched by any motive other than the one desire of manifesting the Father and blessing the sons of men. Oh, beloved, there was never one who had *His ear so near the mouth of God* as Jesus had. His Father had no need to speak to Him in dreams and visions of the night, for when all His faculties were wide awake there was nothing in them to hinder His understanding the mind of God; and therefore every morning when His Father wakened Him He spake into His ear.

Jesus sat as a scholar at the Father's feet that He might learn first, and then teach. The things which He heard of the Father He made known unto men. He says that He spake not His own words but the words of Him that sent Him, and He did not His own deeds, but "my Father," saith He, "that dwelleth in me, he doeth the work." Now, a man thus entirely agreeable to the mind and will of the great God was fitted to be the representative of God.

HIS ERRAND,

too, was all gentleness and love, for He came to speak words in season to the weary, and to comfort those that were cast down: surely such an errand should have secured Him a welcome. His course and conduct were most conciliatory, for He went among the people, and ate with publicans and sinners; so gentle was He that He took little children into His arms, and blessed them; for this, if for nothing else, they ought to have welcomed Him right heartily and rejoiced at the sight of Him.

Our text tells us how contrary was their conduct toward Him to that which He deserved: instead of being welcomed He was scourged, and instead of being honored He was scorned. Cruelty smote His back and plucked off the hair from His face, while derision jeered at Him and cast its spittle upon Him. Shame and contempt were poured upon Him, though He was God Himself. The spectacle of Christ spat upon, and scourged, represents what man virtually does to His God, what he would do to the Most High if he could. When a man will have his pleasure, even though it displeases God, he as good as declares that he despises God, prefers himself, and defies the wrath of the Most High.

When a man acts contrary to the command of God he does as good as say to God, "This is better for me to do than what Thou bidst me do. Either Thou art mistaken, in Thy prohibitions, or else Thou dost wilfully deny me the highest pleasure, and I, being a better judge of my own interests than Thou art, snatch at the pleasure which Thou dost refuse me. *I judge Thee either to be unwise or unkind.*" Every act of sin does despite to the sovereignty of God: it denies Him to be supreme, and refuses Him obedience. Every act of sin does dishonor to the love and wisdom of God, for it seems to say that it would have been greater love to have permitted us to do evil, than to have commanded us to abstain from it. All sin is in many ways an insult to the majesty of the thrice Holy God, and He regards it as such.

Dear friends, this is especially the sin of those who have heard the gospel and yet reject the Saviour, for in their case the Lord has come to them in the most gracious form, and yet they have refused Him. The Lord might well say, "I have come to you to save you, and you will not regard Me. I have come saying to you, 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth,' and you close your eyes in unbelief. I have come saying, 'Let us reason together: though your sins be as crimson they shall be as wool,' but you will not be cleansed from your iniquity. I have come with the promise, 'All manner of sin and iniquity shall be forgiven unto men.' What is your reply?" In the case of many the answer is, "We prefer our own righteousness to the righteousness of God." If that is not *casting spittle into the face of God* I know not what is, for our righteousnesses are well described as "filthy rags," and we have the impudence to say that these are better than the righteousness of God in Christ Jesus.

Woe's me that it should ever be so. My God my God! To what a sinful race do I belong Alas, that it should treat Thine infinite goodnes so despitefully! That Thou shouldst be rejecte at all, but especially that Thou shouldst b rejected when dressed in robes of love and a rayed in gentleness and pity is horrible to thin upon. Do you mean it, O men! Can you rea ly mean it? Can you deride the Lord Jesus wh died for men? For which of His works do y stone Him, when He lived only to do good For which of His griefs do you refuse Hir when He died only that He might save?" "H saved others—Himself He cannot save," for H had so much love that He could not spare Hir self.

I can understand your resisting the thund of Jehovah's power, for *I know your insanit* but can you resist the tenderness of Jehoval love? If you do I must charge you with brut ity, but therein I wrong the brutes, to wh such crimes are impossible. I may not even c this cruel scorning *diabolical*, for it is a which devils never did commit, perhaps wo not have committed had it been possible them. They have never trifled with a Redee er, nor rejected the blood of atonement, for Lord took not up the fallen angels, but He t up the seed of Abraham. Shall the favo race spit upon its friend? God grant that may be brought to a better mind. But ther the picture before you. God Himself set t nought, despised, rejected, put to shame, petually dishonored in the person of His Son. The sight should breed repentance in We should look to Him whom we have scour and mourn for Him. O Holy Spirit! work tender grace in all our hearts.

II. And now, secondly, I want to set Lord Jesus before you in another light, or ra beseech Him to shine in His own light b your eyes—as

THE SUBSTITUTE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

Recollect that when our Lord Jesus C suffered thus it was not on His own acc nor purely for the sake of His Father, bu "was wounded for our transgressions, H bruised for our iniquities: the chastiseme our peace was upon him; and with his st we are healed."

There has risen up a modern idea which not too much reprobate, that Christ ma atonement for our sin except upon the whereas in this passage of Isaiah we are t as plainly as possible that by His bruisin His stripes, as well as by His death, w healed. Never divide between the life and of Christ. How could He have died if H not lived? How could He suffer except wh lived? Death is not suffering, but the enc

Guard also against the evil notion th have nothing to do with *the righteous* Christ, for He could not have made an ment by His blood if He had not been in His life. He could not have been acc if He had not first been proven to be harmless, and undefiled. The victim m spotless, or it cannot be presented for sa Draw no nice lines and raise no quibblin tions, but look at your Lord as He is a before Him.

Understand, my dear brothers and siste Jesus took upon Himself our sin, and found bearing that sin He had to be tre sin should be treated. Now, of all the that ever existed, *sin is the most shamefu* that can be. It deserves to be scourge serves to be spit upon, it deserves to b fied; and because our Lord had take Himself our sin, therefore must He be shame, therefore must He be scourged.

If you want to see what God thinks of sin, see is only Son spat upon by the soldiers when e was made sin for us. In God's sight sin is shameful, horrible, loathsome, abominable ning, and when Jesus takes it He must be for- aken and given up to scorn. This sight will be he more wonderful to you when you recollect ho it was that was spat upon, for if you and I, eing sinners, were scourged, and smitten, and espised, there would be no wonder in it; but e who took our sin was God, before whom ngels bow with reverent awe, and yet, seeing he sin was upon Him, He was made subject to he most intense degree of shame.

III. But time fails us, and therefore we will ention, next, the third light in which it is our esire to see the Saviour. Beloved, we desire o see the Lord Jesus Christ as

THE SERVANT OF GOD.

He took upon Himself the form of a servant hen He was made in the likeness of man. Ob- erve how He performed this service right horoughly, and remember we are to look upon his third picture as our copy, which is to be the uide of our life. I know that many of you are lad to call yourselves the servants of God; ke not the name in vain. As Jesus was, so re you also in this world, and you are to seek be like Him.

First, as a servant, Christ was *personally pre- ired* for service. He was thirty years and ore here below, learning obedience in His ather's house, and the after years were spent in arning obedience by the things which He iffered. What a servant He was! for He never ent about His own errands nor went by His wn will, but He waited always upon His Father.

Such service did Jesus render, and you must nder the same. You cannot do your Lord's ill *except you live near to Him.* It is of no use ying to preach with power unless we get our essage from our heavenly Father's own self. am sure you as hearers know the difference etween a dead word which comes from a man's wn brain and lip, and a living word which the reacher delivers fresh as the manna which fell om heaven. The word should come from the inister like bread hot from the oven, or better ill, like a seed with life in it; not as a parched rain with the germ dead and killed, but as a ving seed which roots itself in your souls, and prings up to a harvest. This made our Lord ich a good servant that He listened to His ather's voice and yielded Himself to the Fa- ier's will to perfection.

Our text assures us that this service knew *no serve in its consecration. We* generally draw ick somewhere. I am ashamed to say it, but I ourn that I have done so. Many of us could ve to Christ all our health and strength, and l the money we have, very heartily and cheer- illy; but when it comes to *a point of reputation,* e feel the pinch. To be slandered, to have me filthy thing said of you; this is too much r flesh and blood. You seem to say, "I can- ot be made a fool of, I cannot bear to be re- irded as a mere impostor;" but a true servant Christ must make himself of no reputation hen he takes upon himself the work of His ord.

Our blessed Master was willing to be scoffed by the lewdest and the lowest of men. The ojects jeered at Him; the reproach of them that proached God fell upon Him. He became the ng of the drunkard, and when the rough sol- ery detained Him in the guard-room they eaped up their ridicule, as though He were ot worthy of the name of man.

> They bow their knees to me, and cry, 'Hail, King':
> Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
> I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling:
> *Was ever grief like mine!*
>
> The soldiers also spit upon that face
> Which angels did desire to have the grace
> And prophets once to see, but found no place;
> *Was ever grief like mine?"*

erod and Pilate were the very dross of men; id yet He permitted them to judge Him. Their servants were vile fellows, and yet He resigned Himself to them. If He had breathed upon them with angry breath, He might have flashed devouring fire upon them, and burned them up as stubble; but His omnipotent patience restrained His indignation, and He remained as a sheep before her shearers. He allowed His own creatures to pluck His hair and spit in His face. Such patience should be yours as servants of God. We are to be willing to be made nothing of, and even to be counted as the offscouring of all things.

It is pitiful for the Christian to refuse to suffer, and to become a fighting man, crying, "We must stand up for our rights." Did you ever see Jesus in that posture? There is a propensity in us to say, "*I will have it out.*" Yes, but you cannot picture Jesus in that attitude. I defy a painter to depict Him so: it is somebody else, and not Christ. No! He said, "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting."

All this while—now follow me in this next point—there was

NO FLINCHING IN HIM.

They spat in His face, but what says He in the seventh verse. "I have set my face like a flint." If they are about to defile His face, He is resolved to bear it; He girds up His loins, and makes Himself more determined. Oh, the bravery of our Master's silence! Cruelty and shame could not make Him speak. Have not your lips sometimes longed to speak out a denial and a defence? Have you not felt it wise to be quiet, but then the charge has been so excessively cruel, and it has stung you so terribly that you hungered to resent it. Base falsehoods aroused your indignation, and you felt you must speak and probably you did speak, though you tried to keep your lips as with a bridle while the wicked were before you.

But our own beloved Lord in the omnipotence of His patience and love would not utter a word, but like a lamb at the slaughter He opened not His mouth. He witnessed a good confession by His matchless silence. Oh, how mighty—how gloriously mighty was His patience! We must copy it, if we are to be His disciples.

And do you notice all the while *the confidence and quiet of His spirit?* He almost seems to say, "You may spit upon Me, but you cannot find fault with Me. You may pluck My hair, but you cannot impugn my integrity; you may lash My shoulders, but you cannot impute a fault to Me. Your false witnesses dare not look Me in the face: let Me know who is Mine adversary, let him come near to Me. Behold, Adonai Jehovah will keep Me, who is he that shall condemn Me! Lo, they all shall wax old as a garment, the moth shall eat them up."

Be calm, then, O true servant of God! In patience possess your soul. Serve God steadily and steadfastly though all men shall belie you. Go to the bottom of the service, dive even to the very depth, and be content even to lie in Christ's grave, for you shall share in Christ's resurrection. Do not dream that the path to heaven is up the hill of honor, it winds down into the valley of humiliation. Imagine not that you can grow great eternally by being great here. You must become less, and less, and less, even though you should be despised and rejected of men, for this is the path to everlasting glory.

IV. Lastly, I am to set Him forth in His fourth character, as

THE COMFORTER OF HIS PEOPLE;

but I must ask you to do this, while I just, as it were, make a charcoal sketch of the picture I would have painted.

Remember, first, our blessed Lord is *well qualified* to speak a word in season to him that is weary, because He Himself is lowly, and meek, and so accessible to us. When men are in low spirits they feel as as if they could not take comfort from persons who are harsh and proud. The comforter must come as a sufferer; he must come in a lowly, broken spirit, if he would cheer the afflicted. You must not put on your best dress to go and visit the daughter of poverty, or go with your jewels about you to show how much better off you are than she. Sit down by the side of the downcast man and let him know that you are meek and lowly of heart.

Remark not only His lowliness, but *His sympathy.* Are you full of aches and pains this morning? Jesus knows all about them, for He "gave his back to the smiters." Do you suffer from what is worse than pain, from scandal and slander? "He hid not his face from shame and spitting." Have you been ridiculed of late? Have the graceless made fun of your godliness? Jesus can sympathize with you, for you know what unholy mirth they made out of Him. In every pang that rends your heart your Lord has borne His share. Go and tell Him. Many will not understand you. *You are a speckled bird,* differing from all the rest, and they will all peck at you; but Jesus Christ knows this, for He was a speckled bird too. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," but not separate from such as you. Get you to Him and He will sympathize with you.

In addition to His gentle spirit and His power to sympathize, there is this to help to comfort us—namely, His example, for He can argue thus with you, "I gave My back to the smiters. Cannot you do the like? Shall the disciple be above his Master?" If I can but get on the doorstep of heaven and sit down in the meanest place there I shall feel I have an infinitely better position than I deserve—and shall I think of my dear, blessed Lord and Master giving His face to be spit upon, and then give myself airs, and say, "I cannot bear this scorn, I cannot bear this pain!"

What, does the King pass over the brook Kedron, and must there be no brook Kedron for you? Does the Master bear the cross, and must your shoulders never be galled? Did they call the Master of the house "Beelzebub," and must they call you "*Reverend Sir?*" Did they laugh at Him, and scoff at Him, and must you be honored? Are you to be "gentleman" and lady" where Christ was "that fellow?" For His birth *they loaned Him a stable,* and for His burial *He borrowed a grave.* O friends, let pride disappear, and let us count it our highest honor to be permitted to stoop as low as ever we can.

Last of all, our Saviour's triumph is meant to be *a stimulus and encouragement to us.* He stands before us this morning as the comforter of His people. Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds; for though He was once abased and despised, yet now He sitteth at the right hand of God, and reigns over all things; and the day is coming when every knee shall bend before Him, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. They that spat upon Him will rue the day.

Come hither, ye that derided Him! He has raised you from the dead, come hither and spit upon Him now! Ye that scourged Him, bring your rods, see what ye can do in this day of His glory! See, they fly before Him, they invoke the hills to shelter them, they ask the rocks to open and conceal them. Yet it is nothing but His face, that selfsame face they spat upon, which is making earth and heaven to flee away. Yea, all things flee before the majesty of His frown who once gave His back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. Be like Him, then, ye who bear His name; trust Him, and live for Him, and you shall reign with Him in glory for ever and ever. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

Reminiscences of a Christian Sailor.

Leaving Home—Sea-Sickness—A Leak Sprung—Bailing Water out of the Hold—Beneficial Results of Fear—Crossing the Equator—Strange Customs of Sailors—Rough Joking—An Adventure with Zulus.

It was not without difficulty I obtained my father's consent to go to sea. He had been a sea-captain and he knew the hardships and dangers of the life that to me seemed bright with the halo of romance. We were living on a farm then, and I had a comfortable home and a pleasant life, even though it did seem to my excited imagination a very dull one. The monotonous round of farm duties became at last almost unbearable to me, and then my father, seeing nothing else would content me, gave a reluctant consent to my adopting a seafaring life, and I set out on my first voyage.

I soon found what good reason my father and my friends had for advising me to be content on the farm. In almost all walks of life the apprentice or novice is a subject for the practical jokes and the bullying of his new companions, but in no position is a boy fresh from home so uncomfortable as he is on board a ship. I was ordered to do impossible things, and to go on foolish errands. I remember on one occasion walking up to the quarter deck and coolly asking the captain himself for a marline spike. I had been told to do it and thought that it was all right, but it might have brought some heavy trouble on me. Fortunately for me the captain was a good humored man, and evidently understood how the poor lad before him was being fooled, and so he only laughed and sent me back again to the forecastle. Then the

SEA-SICKNESS.

I shall never forget the first horrible sensations of that most wretched of ailments. I lay on the deck and writhed. I wished death would come and end my miseries. I wished I had never come on board. I could find no word strong enough to describe my folly in adopting a sailor's profession.

Oh! if the ship would but be still for one minute; it seemed cruel to torture me so when I was suffering. The rolling and tossing seemed interminable; in my agony I thought I would be glad if some one would throw me overboard; if I was drowned I should at least be still, instead of being rolled and lifted and dropped again; up and down, up and down, without a moment's steadiness.

Of course these feelings soon passed away as I became accustomed to the motion of the vessel, and I began to give my attention to the duties of my position. It was but a crazy craft I had engaged upon, and the rough weather we encountered strained her seams, so that one day I was horrified to hear that the hold was full of water. The pumps were choked with sand with which the vessel had been ballasted, and it seemed to me impossible we could ever reach land again. However we were all set to work with half-barrels to bale out the water, and we labored for dear life.

Then I think was the first time I ever prayed. I had *said* my prayers before, and I had been taught the meaning of prayer, but I had never prayed before as I prayed then. It was no formal prayer, but an intense pleading with God for life, for help in the sore extremity. With that half-barrel in my hands, my legs in the water above my knees, I realized what I had never realized in the pew at church, that my only hope was in God; and although I could not leave off baling to bend the knee in the approved fashion, I knew that my thoughts were prayers, and I hoped they would be heard. They were heard, and in the goodness of God we came safely to port, where the vessel was thoroughly overhauled and well caulked. But I have never forgotten that night, nor the resolutions I made as I worked for my life down in that dark ship's hold.

CROSSING THE LINE

is an experience I shall never forget. The rough horse play to which the sailor is subjected by his messmates the first time he crosses the equator has given rise to evils so serious, that public opinion has loudly demanded that the practices should be discontinued But in my time and on such ships as I was sailing on, the old customs in all their barbarity were still kept up. The young sailor was hauled under the ship's keel by a rope attached to him; he was then once more flung over the side and again dragged up half-drowned to the deck. There he found an amateur barber awaiting him.

He was then thrust into a sitting posture, and his face lathered with some horrid mixture of tar and nameless abominations scraped from the dirtiest parts of the vessel. During the lathering process numberless questions were asked him, which when he essayed to answer, the brush covered with the filthy mixture was thrust into his mouth. Then followed the shaving, for which an iron hoop sharpened at its edge, represented the razor, and the novice was fortunate if he escaped some ugly gashes in his cheeks and chin.

His hair was then brushed with an instrument constructed for the purpose; it was made by driving some nails into a flat piece of wood, beyond which the points of the nails projected like a lot of unbending bristles. This, handled in the light of a hair brush by some rough sailor, produced effects which no one who has once experienced, desires to have repeated. He was then rubbed over with a piece of salt pork and anointed with turpentine; a tub of filthy water was flung over him and his toilet pronounced complete. Add to all this the orgies and wild silly pranks of the sailors in all stages of intoxication, and you have a fair idea of what crossing the equator in the olden time meant for a young sailor.

ADVENTURE WITH ZULUS.

Our vessel having once more given signs of leakage our captain put into a bay on the shores of the Island of Madagascar to get some repairs done. We found the work could not be done here however in a substantial manner, and the captain determined to have it done by the ship's carpenter assisted by the crew. We therefore sailed up the African coast looking for a convenient place for an anchorage. At length a spot was found which the captain considered suitable for his purpose, and a boat was sent to reconnoiter. I was in the boat and looked with some curiosity at the beautiful retired spot.

As we neared the beach we noticed a canoe lying under cover of some bushes. It was a rude affair; merely the trunk of a tree hollowed out in the centre after the fashion in vogue among the lowest type of savages.

As we looked at the canoe and wondered at its clumsy construction, the long grass on the shore was apparently disturbed, and two tall forms, black as ebony, emerged, armed with bow and arrows. We made demonstrations of good will according to our ability, but we saw they were either misunderstood or disregarded, for suddenly the bows were bent and two arrows shot past us with a "swish," a sound I shall never forget. Being unarmed and uncertain what number of savages were concealed in the bush, we made all haste back to the ship.

We picked up one of the arrows as it floated on the water by the boat, and carried it with us on board. It was about two feet long, made of hard wood, and the end was sharpened and covered with some bright red substance, which on being tested by a chemist was pronounced *deadly poison*. The following day two boats' crews well armed were sent to the same spot and directed to search for the Zulus. We came upon them not far from the place of yesterday's encounter; they were crouching in the grass, but a volley of buck shot from our muskets brought them to their feet, with wild shouts and cries of pain.

For some time we were in doubt as to the course they would adopt. The order was given by our leader to fix bayonets and charge. The Zulus had stood apparently undecided h to act, but seeing the white party form, come towards them at the double quick, t turned and fled. It was not deemed prudent follow them lest we should be led into an buscade or entrapped in some place where should fall an easy prey to the tribe. We cordingly returned to the ship, and the capta thinking there were too many dangers conn ed with the locality, decided on steering for Cape of Good Hope, where we were sure to the repairs well and cheaply done.

A DYING IRISH BOY.

By the Rev. J. Leifchild.

In a street in Dublin I saw one mornin youth about ten years old lying on the grou pale and exhausted, surrounded by a group people. He had been sent in the night in s rough vehicle from the town of Drogheda, the purpose of being removed to the hous his mother, which the driver was unable to fi and had therefore turned him out in the r and there left him. I gave him a little milk nourishment, which I had procured from a ki hearted neighbor, and then applied for his mission to an adjacent hospital for the recept of sufferers from accidents, where he was im diately received and attended to.

The resident physician, in the most grac manner, acknowledged my intervention, but which, he said, the poor lad had certainly die the street. His kinsman, it appeared, for s trifling misdemeanor had thrown him o truckle bed, and stamped upon him till he broken nearly all his ribs, when fear led him plan for his removal.

Day after day I visited him, and as he ha opposing prejudices in his mind to be overco but only a few loose notions and expressi caught up from those around him, I found willing to receive my teaching of "the trut in Jesus." Never shall I forget the expres of earnest intelligence with which he looke to me from his pillow, and caught the t placed before him, and felt its relevance an cheering efficacy. As a new-born babe di "desire the sincere milk of the word, and g thereby" in knowledge, faith, and patie When about to terminate my visit to Irela called to see him for the last time, and wa formed by the physician that he had been pressing an earnest wish for my arrival, a seemed to be breathing his last.

"Ah, your honor," he exclaimed as I proached him, "I am dying; but I am ha because I am going to Jesus, the only Savi And if I had but two things I would be happy indeed."

"And what are they, my boy? They sha accomplished if I have it in my power."

He shook his head and replied, "*Let no kinsman be hurt*. He did not mean to in me; but if he had not used me as he d should never have met with you nor have kn the Lord."

"And what is the other?"

"Oh," said he, with extreme emotion, *mother!* my mother!—could I but see her to her *not to worship the Virgin*, but to wor Jesus, I would then gladly close my eyes die."

That day he breathed the last. A judic friend, whom I had taken with me the day fore to visit him, was moved to tears of j the expression of the young sufferer's v and feelings.

Biblical Revision.—Dr. Schaff Met with English Bible Revision Committee recent London, and heard, he says, "very gratif expressions of the great value of America operation." The revision of the New Testa will be finished this winter, and that of the Testament three years hence. The New T ment will be printed next year in two editi without chapter headings or any thing ex the mere text.

THE GOLDEN AGE TO COME.

By Rev. Frank White, of London.

The Age to come, Heb. 2: 5—It will be, 1. A Wise Age—2 A Godly Age—Millennial Glory—3. A Peaceful Age—4. A Glad and Joyful Age—A Fruitful Age—It will Commence with the Second Coming of Christ.

THE poet Virgil sang of a "golden age," when a "God-like child" should be born, and " golden race" arise in all the world. He calls it "an age of glory," and declares "when the mighty months shall begin to roll their course every trace of his nation's guilt shall be effaced, and the earth released from everlasting dread." "This God-like child," he adds, "shall rule *a reconciled world.* All nature is to do homage to him; serpents and poisonous herbs are to disappear, and the greatest plenty prevail—corn, grapes, and honey in abundance."

Here is his description literally translated: "Slowly the plain shall grow yellow with gently waving corn, and on wild brambles shall hang the ruddy grape, and hard oak-trunks exude the honey dew." Then addressing this wonderful child, he adds: "Begin to assume, I pray, your sovereign honors, majestic child. See the world nodding with its ponderous vaults and lands and plains of sea—*see how all things exult in the age to come.*"

This was written by a heathen forty years before Christ, and you would almost think he had before him a copy of the Old Testament Scriptures, so exactly does his language accord with the descriptions of the Millennium found in the pages of the Hebrew prophets, especially the prophet Isaiah.

THERE IS AN AGE TO COME.

If we turn to Hebrews 2 : 5-10, we find a reference to "a world (or age) to come"—a world that is to be in subjection, not to angels, but to man. At first, man in general is spoken of; but before the apostle closes he directs our sole attention to one Man—that Blessed One, who is preeminently the *Son of man—Jesus.* As the first man Adam was set over all created things in the Garden of Eden (Gen. 2 : 19, 20), so another Man—called in the 15th of the first of Corinthians the Second Man, or "Second Adam"—"the Lord from Heaven"—is declared the Ruler of all in the next age, or world to come.

We have called it

"A GOLDEN AGE,"

as Virgil called the age of which he wrote in such glowing terms. We will now see how far we are justified in giving it such a distinction; and first let us see what this coming age is called in Scripture. In Matt. 19 : 28 it is called "the Regeneration;" in Acts 3 : 21, "the Times of Restitution;" in Ephesians 4 : 30, "the Day of Redemption;" in Psalm 110 : 3, "the Day of His Power."

The next age may be called "a Golden Age," because it will be *a Wise Age.* Can this be said of the age in which we are living?

Look at a missionary map and see in how small a portion of the globe the light of Gospel truth is shining. Take the most favored city in Christendom, walk up and down its streets, get into conversation with its inhabitants, ask them about the truth of the Gospel, the way of salvation. How many could tell you "how a man may be justified before a Holy God?" Observe the practical ungodliness—the absence of the fear of God, the very beginning of wisdom.

Mark with what scorn the Bible and its teachings are spoken of by the wise men of our day. Think of the blinding effects of ritualism and rationalism, so fostered and nourished everywhere around us, to say nothing of Spiritualism, Swedenborgianism, atheism, and other unclean spirits which are going forth through the length and breadth of the land, and can you come to another conclusion than that the present age is one of increasing darkness?

And if this be so in a country like ours, if the very light of God with which we have been so long blessed is being turned into darkness, how great must that darkness be, and what hope is there for the heathen who are taught to look to us as possessing the truth!

Now read Isaiah 11 : 9, and Hab. 2 : 4, and there you will see that a day is spoken of "When the earth shall be full of the *knowledge* of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." As the waters find their way into every cavern of its depths, so the knowledge of the Lord shall pervade every recess of God's earth. Turn also to other passages: Isaiah 54 : 13—"All thy children shall be *taught* of the Lord;" Jer. 31 : 34—"They shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall *all know* Me, from the least of them to the greatest;" Isaiah 33 : 6—"*Wisdom* and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times." Must we not confess that these Scriptures witness to the advent of an age very different from this present one, which may be well termed a *wise* age?

2. The age to come will be

A GODLY AGE.

This age is not godly (Gal. 1 : 4). But will it not become so? you ask. No! for the Scriptures tell us over and over again that at the end thereof it shall have increased in all manner of *un*godliness, that along with "the *form* of godliness" there shall be a state of things which can only be regarded as "*virtual heathendom.*" Instead of the breach between truth and error, light and darkness, holiness and unholiness, being lessened, it shall be, toward the end, awfully widened—"Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived" (2 Tim. 3 : 13).

Read the whole chapter; also Matt. 24. How different in the age to come! Then the Lord, being known, He will be loved; and being loved, He will be trusted; and being trusted, He will be served and honored. True, it will not be a perfect age; nevertheless it will be an age in which will be witnessed a world-wide manifestation of the Spirit's power, a fulness of Gospel blessing among the nations hitherto unknown (Is. 2 : 3; 40 : 4, 5; 55 : 10-13; 56 : 7, 8).

There will be also a visible display of heavenly glory—a reigning Christ, an opened heaven, with angels and glorified saints ascending and descending upon the Son of Man (Ps. 68 : 7; Isaiah 4 : 4-6; 24 : 23; Jer. 3 : 17; John 1 : 51). Satan, too, will be bound, and no longer permitted to go forth like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. These will make the age to come to be as marked for godliness as the present is for *un*godliness.

I need hardly say the full blaze of Divine light and knowledge will be at Jerusalem. "Out of *Zion* shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem;" but that the healing, hallowing effects of Israel's conversion will be felt throughout the wide, wide world, is clear from many passages in the Word of God (Is. 2 : 3; 60 : 21; Ezekiel 37 : 24-28; Mich. 5 : 7). "Not only Judæa, but the whole *earth* shall be the seed-plot wherein Gentile nations shall be the spiritual growth of the Jewish seed sown everywhere."

3. The age to come will be

A PEACEFUL AGE.

"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn the art of war any more" (Isaiah 2 : 4; Micah 4 : 3). Even the very beasts of prey shall then lose their ferocity and cease to devour one another, their very habits and instincts being changed. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain" (Isaiah 11 : 6-9).

But will this truly "golden" state of things be brought about by the gradual diffusion of Gospel principles in the present age? If Scripture is to guide us in our reply to this question, we say emphatically, No! We are taught to expect that the last days of this dispensation are to be more fruitful in strife and bloodshed than any which have preceded (Matt. 24; Zech. 12).

4. The age to come will be

A JOYFUL AGE,

an *age of gladness.* Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall "the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs—and everlasting joy upon their heads; *they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.*" Creation itself shall rejoice, because the Lord reigneth.

All nature shall be in sympathy with the joy of God's people. "The mountains and hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." The full redemption of Israel shall be the release of creation from its present bondage. When God promises the former, He anticipates the latter also, and says, "Sing, O ye heavens; for the LORD hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified Himself in Israel" (Isaiah 44 : 23).

5. The age to come will be

A FRUITFUL AGE,

an *age of plenty.* This will be especially true of Palestine. What Virgil dreamt of his country will then be a blessed reality of Emmanuel's land. The curse being removed from creation, the earth will present a scene of abounding fruitfulness. "And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel" (Hosea 2 : 21, 22. See also Ezekiel 36 : 33).

Then will Psalm 65 have its true fulfilment. Such language as the following can only be used with limitation now. "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. Thou visitest the earth and waterest it: Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God." Read also Isaiah 55 : 13; Jeremiah 33 : 9.

Oh! if this be really so, and the age to come will be indeed a *wise*, a *godly*, a *peaceful*, a *fruitful*, and a *joyful* age, am I not right in speaking of it as a *Golden Age?*

THE PRESENT AGE WILL CLOSE

with the Rapture of the Saints, the destruction of Antichrist and his followers, and vengeance on them who have heard but not obeyed the Gospel. All these events are to follow upon the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. At His glorious appearing (not before) He will raise from the dead all His believing people from the days of Abel to the last believer who shall die before the voice of the archangel and the trump of God are heard. These, together with the living saints (those who are alive and remain at His coming), He will both transform and translate (2 Thess. 4 : 14-18).

Then, taking them with Him, He will hasten to Jerusalem, to deliver His people Israel from their fierce enemies, whom He will utterly destroy (Zech. 12 : 7, 8; 14 : 3; 2 Thess. 2 : 8). Turning away ungodliness from Jacob, He will finally build up Zion (Psalm 102 : 16.), "reigning before His ancients gloriously" (Isaiah 24 : 13). Then will great voices be heard in heaven, saying, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ" (Rev. 11 : 15); and the true "Golden Age" will have commenced.

Meanwhile let us live and labor for Christ and His Gospel. While we clearly distinguish between the present evil age and that which we have seen is to come when the Lord returns, let us cultivate the spirit of the age to come, and avoid all conformity with that of the age in which we live. Let us make sure we are numbered amongst those who obtain that age, true children of the resurrection (Luke 20 : 35). Let our *characters* be golden. Let us not talk of golden hopes while we are earthly minded. In a word, let our conversation be in heaven, from whence also *we look for the Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ.*

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(*Continued from page* 687.)

COMPARISONS.

Effie knows a deal more of religion than I do, but to my mind it's an odd thing that women can't go to church without decking themselves out like May queens, and then fall down on their knees and call themselves miserable sinners.

I think there's something in the Bible about a different kind of adorning ? I daresay that Effie could find out the passage, for she's ready with chapter and verse, and, now that I think of it, that very passage came in the wedding service. How much easier it is to read and know than to mark and learn ! It's my notion that the love of dress is one of the worst temptations that come to women. They think of their finery instead of their duties !" and down came the farmer's stick on a brilliant hornet that was sunning itself at ease on a wild rose spray.

While the farmer was thus cogitating as he walked a scene was passing at that very moment in his home which would have formed a good comment on the subject of his thoughts.

As Effie was out of spirits, Mrs. Cross considered that to divert and amuse her mind would be an act of simple good-nature.

" I am going to shake out some of my clothes, and see that the moth has not got into them," said the widow to Effie ; " maybe you would like a sight of the pretty bits of dress," she glanced at her black gown, and added, " which can be of no use to me now."

Pretty bits of dress were always attractive to Effie ; she willingly accompanied Mrs. Cross into the pink room, and looked on with interest and curiosity while sundry gay-colored articles were taken out of box or drawer, unfolded, shaken, and carefully folded again. Mrs. Cross made comments on them as they passed through her hands, somewhat in the fashion of an auctioneer or a showman.

" Pretty bit of lace, real Maltese ; lace always is useful ; it sets off every thing else. There's an apron my niece Mary gave me ; don't you admire the pattern ? Now, here's a silk dress, not faded a bit ; if I were to smooth out these crumples, 'twould look almost as good as new, and stripes like these are now all the fashion, you know."

Effie took pleasure in helping her lodger to fold and arrange the various things, secretly thinking that it was a great pity that some of the articles should be laid by till they should become old-fashioned and faded.

" How nice that would look upon me !" was the idea which now and then passed through the mind of Effie. But Holland's wife knew that in her present position covetousness was folly, though she was not sufficiently on her guard against *the lust of the eye* as an actual sin.

Effie was exposing herself to temptation, but she resisted it pretty bravely, taking no apparent notice of divers hints thrown out by her crafty companion, who had had her own private reasons for inviting Effie to look at her clothes. At last, from the whity-brown paper in which it was wrapped, Mrs. Cross drew out a flowered silk shawl.

" Oh ! that's just the thing that I set my heart on !" exclaimed the incautious young wife.

" Well, to my taste—and it's reckoned a good one—this is the sweetest thing that I have," said Mrs. Cross, spreading out the gay article as a spider spreads out its web. " It was poor Mr. Cross's present to me on our last wedding-day—so provoking I never had time to wear it. See what a lovely pattern of roses. It was bought at such a fashionable shop !"

" I suppose that it cost a good deal," said Effie, looking with a covetous eye on the shawl. The fly was fluttering too near to the web.

" I don't say that it didn't cost a good bit ; but if it takes your fancy, dear Effie, I'll part with the shawl just to please you, and you shall have it at a bargain," said the benevolent spider.

" Now, I don't mean to buy it, you know, but I ask, just for curiosity's sake, what would you part with it for ?" asked Effie, as she stroked the soft surface of the shawl, and looked admiringly on the pattern.

" Well, it's just as good as new : has never but twice been put on," said Mrs. Cross, in a tone of reflection ; " well, let's say, you shall have the shawl for two pounds" ($10).

Effie shook her head to express that two pounds were what she could not afford to give ; and rising, to put herself out of the way of temptation, she murmured something about going to see what Mary was doing in the dairy. Mrs. Cross was afraid that the fly would escape. If Effie coveted finery, her lodger yet more greedily coveted money, and it never occurred to Mrs. Cross that to do so was any sin.

" Just let me see how the shawl would look over your shoulders," cried the widow, suiting the action to the words. " La ! if ever I saw any thing so becoming ! you never looked so well in your life ! Just glance at yourself in the glass."

Effie did glance at her own reflection, and the poor spoilt child was pleased with what she saw in the mirror.

" I've so set my mind on your wearing this shawl, it suits you so well, dear Effie, that you shall have it for thirty shillings" ($7.50), cried Mrs. Cross, with an air of great generosity. She knew that she would find it difficult in Ashley to get another purchaser for the shawl.

" I really don't need a shawl ; I have plenty of clothes," said Effie, slowly, and still looking at herself in the glass.

" You've nothing stylish, my dear, like this. I think that you are the most prudent of women ; you've not spent a half-crown (sixty cents) on your dress since I came to be your lodger. No one can grudge you a pretty little shawl—and it is such a bargain, you know."

Effie reluctantly took the shawl off her shoulders, but she kept it still in her hands. She had a clear idea that it was to her as forbidden fruit, but it was so goodly to look on !

" I'm sure that my husband would not like me to buy the shawl," said Effie gravely. " Robert is not very fond of gay patterns, and then—he has so many expenses just now ; I should not like to vex Robert."

" He does not care much about vexing you, my dear," said Mrs. Cross, with a smile. " I must say, Effie, that you are really spoiling your husband. It does not do to let men have every thing their own way ; it makes them unreasonable and selfish.

But it is needless to repeat all the arguments of the tempter. If my reader be a woman she can readily imagine what was said, and will not be surprised to find that the end of the matter was that Effie carried off the shawl to her own yellow room, after promising to get money to pay for it from Robert as soon as he should come in from his walk.

Effie said to herself, " I have done nothing wrong ;" and yet she avoided looking at the text-card which hung in her room : and when Robert returned home, tired and heated after his walk and his work in the fields, Effie put off till the evening telling him what she had done. Had the young wife had money enough in her own hands to pay her debt, it is but too likely that she would not have spoken to Robert at all on the subject.

Effie took more pains than usual in preparing her husband's supper, and, as she hoped, with more than usual success. Robert watched Effie's neat fingers as she spread a fresh white cloth over the deal table, herself looking to his eyes fresh and sweet as a flower of spring.

" I was harsh to my poor pet this morning," thought the penitent husband ; " Effie don't know what troubles may press on a fellow's mind, and make him savage even to his dear little wife."

Effie chancing to look up at Robert, caught sight of the softening look in the eyes of her husband, as he stood with his back to the kitchen fire, on which his favorite sausages were grilling. " Now is my time to speak," thought Effie.

She could not, however, help feeling afraid to make her little confession. There was no one but the Hollands in the kitchen ; Mrs. Cross and her nephew were enjoying the cool of the evening amongst the strawberry beds. Effie approached her husband in a caressing but somewhat timid manner.

" Robert, dear," she began, with a little hesitation, " will you please give me thirty shillings ($7.50), as I have something to pay for."

" What ! has the grocer sent in his bill already ?" asked Robert, looking a little disturbed

" No, not the grocer, dear ; this is—this is little debt which I owe to Mrs. Cross."

" To Mrs. Cross !" repeated Robert in surprise ; " have you been borrowing from her ?"

" Not exactly borrowing," said Effie, castin down her eyes, and fidgeting with the strings o her apron ; " I have bought from her—a prett silk shawl."

" You have not done such a silly thing !" exclaimed Robert, both his tone and his face expressing displeasure. " I'll not have that woman coaxing you into buying her trumpery, whe you've more than enough of your own. Yo may just take back the shawl to its owner, an tell her that I bid you return it.'

All the pride that lurked in Effie's heart wa up in arms in a moment. " I could not do suc a mean thing ; I could not lower myself so ! she cried, pouting like a spoilt child.

" I'll not pay for the finery," said Rober turning round toward the 'fire, to avoid seein the tears in the eyes of his wife. He added in lower tone, " I've not thirty shillings in th house at this moment."

" How can you say so !" said Effie, " when saw you yesterday with two five-pound not ($50) in your purse ?"

" I've not got one of them now," said Rober sternly staring at the fire.

" What have you done with them, then ? hope that you have not sent them away in th letter," cried Effie, vexation and curiosity ge ting the better of prudence.

Robert turned round toward her so sudden that he made his wife start. " I tell you that I' not the money, that's enough for you, Effie, a if you want to know more, I've sent this ve day a notice to withdraw all that s left of my sa ings in the post-office bank ; when that's don I've nothing else to fall back on. Unless ra fall soon, the hay will scarcely be worth t trouble of carrying, and I hardly know how make up the rent for the quarter. So take ba at once the shawl which you were foolish enou to buy without asking the leave of your hu band."

Effie was not accustomed yet to Rober bursts of temper, and her conversations wi Mrs. Cross had not made her better able to be them. " You are very unkind," she murmure " you promised to make me happy, and y don't mind making me wretched."

" Make you wretched, do I !" exclaimed Ro ert passionately, striding up to the place whe his cap hung on a nail, and taking it dow " I'll spare you my company, then, this eve ing ; I'll take my supper with the Coles at t 'Crown,' " and almost before the words we out of his mouth, the irritated young husba had quitted the house.

" Run after him, bring him back, submit his will, obey him who has a right to co mand," so conscience and affection alike wh pered to the heart of Effie Holland, but *the pr of life* kept her back. The wife was deeply m tified, greatly offended ; she doubted, she he tated, and while she did so the opportunity recalling her husband was lost.

Angry with Robert, more angry with hers and most of all with her lodger, Effie ran stairs to the yellow room, opened the draw and pulled out of it the shawl which had b the cause of her first actual quarrel with husband. Effie then hurried downstairs, almost thrust the shawl into the hands of M Cross, who had just re-entered the farm-hou

" Take it—my husband won't let me keep i laimed Effie, speaking as if the words half-oked her.

La, how mean——" began Mrs. Cross.

You shall not speak so of my husband!" d Effie, who was still too loving and loyal a e to let such a word be applied to her Robert.

Pray go to supper, Mrs. Cross," she added re quietly, "I shall stay up-stairs this even- and Robert—he has gone out."

ffie then returned to her room with a full rt, shut and bolted the door behind her. At moment she could hardly have endured the sence of Mrs. Cross.

So there has been a flare-up between the Hol-ls," said the widow composedly to herself. " should like to have heard"—but here Mrs. ss's reflections were interrupted by the sight red trying to snatch one of the hot sausages n the gridiron on which Effie had left them. aunt was barely in time to save the child n burning his fingers.

rs. Cross put the savory viands on a dish, then carried them smoking to the table. portly widow comforted herself for her dis-ointment by doing full justice to the good per prepared for Holland.

ffie shut up in her loneliness, felt very miser- indeed on that sweet summer evening. m was to her then any thing but an abode of e and delight. Not even when she had t by her mother's death-bed had Effie felt so y unhappy. *Then* she had had no self-re-ch; *then* she had been able to pray, now she no inclination for prayer.

nger, pride, regret, and suspicion had taken ession of a spirit usually so serene and so rful. Effie understood but too well that culties about money were oppressing her band. The shadow of coming poverty, the d that Robert might have to give up the and return to day labor, lay heavily upon mind of his wife.

t the want of money did not embitter the t of Effie so much as the unanswered ques-s which she asked herself a hundred times on that miserable evening. *What had be- of the five-pound notes!*

hy did not Robert tell her plainly what he done with the money? Why did her hus- not trust her? Why was he evidently y if she tried to get at his secret, and why ld there be any secret at all? If Robert had ed a relative or a friend in distress, paid a bill, nade a purchase, why should he hide the er from her who was, as he often had told all the world to him?

fie paced up and down the yellow room; she d not to light her candle when twilight deep- into comparative darkness; she had no t to take up her work; she could not have ded to reading. God was not in Effie's ghts; the recollection of His presence d have brought not consolation, but fear.

ne o'clock struck. There was a noise on taircase, but it was not the sound of a hus-'s tread. Fred was stumbling up to bed, wed by his aunt. The child had stayed up er than usual, was sleepy and tired at last, the noise that he made was soon over.

fie heard Mrs. Cross moving about her room ome time longer; how her heavy step made boards creak, and how it fidgeted Effie to her opening and shutting her drawers! those sounds also were stilled.

n o'clock struck. "Robert should be at e by this time," murmured Effie, as she v her casement open, and looked forth into ight. The objects which were an eyesore r by day were almost invisible now under aint light of the stars; the breeze scarcely d the curtain, all seemed calm and peace- ll but the heart of poor Effie.

ish! that was the nightingale's note from a boring copse. How sweet the silvery le! how musical the soft trill! Effie did are to listen to the nightingale now; her vas strained to catch another sound, and ird's note rather disturbed her.

(*To be continued.*)

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

S. S. Lesson for August 31st. (Col. 3 : 12-25.)
Golden Text, Verse 23. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Perhaps we may be allowed to substitute Practical Christianity for Practical Religion in the line we take to-day for our Sunday's lesson. Religion may be Pagan or Christian, but Christianity is Christ-lived. Thus a practical Christian is a Christ-man; in German, a Christ. Paul reminds the Colossians that they have put off the old man with his deeds and have put on the new man (*i.e.* Christ), "which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him, where, or in which image, there is neither Greek nor Jew," etc. In the old man all those distinctions between man and man are clearly to be discerned, but in the new man "Christ is all and in all." To know neither ourselves nor others after the flesh, to have before us neither the nationality, worldly position, and circumstances, talents, or deficiencies of others, but only Christ in them or the want of Christ; and in the same manner to be neither humbled by our own natural deficiencies or exalted by our powers or by our circumstances, but only grieved by our want of Christlikeness—this is the spirit of practical Christianity.

Paul addresses the disciples at Colossæ as "holy and beloved." Holy—that is, pure. Of what church could it be now said that it is holy or pure? The Romish? the Greek? the national Churches of England, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, the various Churches in America? The Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, Friends, Plymouth Brethren? Which, as a Church, could be called holy? Oh, it is true that "God at the first did visit the Gentiles to take out of them a people for His name" (Acts 15 : 14), and it would seem as though He visited the Churches, to take out of them a people for His name.

To such a people comes the exhortation, "Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies," the very outflow of the life of Christ in us, no duty from without. Kindness, the being open to do good at all times under all circumstances, turning a sunny side to everybody, never thinking what others do to us, but grasping the privilege of doing good to them. Then "unkindness of minds." This is perhaps the most important of all, for we can only read one another as we meet at Jesus' feet. In the consciousness of our mutual need, and in the confession of our shortcomings, all which repulses others is done away, and the channels of mutual love and service stand open. Humble, we cannot but be meek, receiving rebuke with gratitude, not entertaining the idea of justifying ourselves.

And this leads to a mutual and habitual "forbearing one another and forgiving one another if any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you so also do ye." In measure as Christ becomes our life, it is impossible to have anything against another. We see God's hand in the permission of all which happens, and our deep feeling with regard to one who has wronged us is deep compassion for that which it must have cost him, as well as pain that the Lord Jesus Christ has been grieved. The measure of a Christian's forgiveness is the same as Christ's, "even as Christ forgave." "And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness." Love, divine love, which loves out of its own unfailing spring, and which never runs dry—this is the bond, the girdle, to bind together these other graces.

Then "*Let* the peace of God rule in your hearts, and *let* the word of Christ dwell in you." Just as our Lord says (Matt. 5 : 16) "*Let* your light so shine before men," etc. It is God who worketh in us by His Spirit; we cannot make these things to be, but when God makes our light shine, His peace rule, His word dwell, we are responsible not to hinder Him. But is it true that God's rule of peace has the full unlimited government of our hearts? Are we not sometimes inclined to make there a limited monarchy in which God may rule, but we must have a voice? And is not this as though we feared God was not fully to be trusted? as though our interests were not safe with him? It is "in one body" that we are called to this rule of peace. The exercise in daily renouncement can only exist where there are wills to cross our own, and thus the peace of God exists where we sink all personal considerations in the one great care for Christ, boldly merging all that is individual for the common welfare.

And the word of Christ. Let us give it room by bowing to its authority, against prejudice, experience, will. For it is only as the Word of Christ abides in us that we are strong to overcome the wicked one, and that from little children we become young men in Christ (1 John 2 : 14). If Christ's words abide in us, we shall ask what we will and it shall be done unto us (John 15 : 7); thus ver. 11 says, "richly in all wisdom." And surely this includes wisdom for our earthly occupations quite as much as our distinctly spiritual ones. Oh, if Christians would only believe how every detail of the life which God has created, and which he sustains, is provided for in the wisdom of His own word, that word would have more place in the office of the business man or the professional man, in the regulations of a household, in the government of a nation.

"But whatsoever ye do in word or deed"—if you buy or sell, or make up the ledger or send out the accounts, or attend the markets, whether you study or learn, work or waste, or mend or clean, receive visits or make them, read or write—do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Oh, that we understood aright the power and safety of the name of Jesus. The three last verses we have noticed all speak of gratitude. "Be ye thankful, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." Where the song of the heart dies out, or waxes feeble, something is wrong with the health of the soul. Thanksgiving and faith go hand in hand, and the one is but the expression of the other. In praising God for what He is, for what He does, for what He promises, we are grasping it all for ourselves in loving gratitude.

Paul now in his own practical way applies what he has said to the different relations of life, showing how what he has taught concerns them all in the most intimate manner. "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord." Oh, how many questions of difficulty are decided by these words. For God's sake, and Christ's sake, and the Gospel's sake, obey your husband. But then he desires me to do such and such a thing. If it is anything distinctly against the commandments of God, such as Sunday selling, untruths, etc., then you can tell him you will do anything "*in the Lord*," but nothing against His expressed will. "Husbands, love your wives, but be not bitter against them." But then my wife is so unjust, and she acts in every way to injure me. Love her until you have conquered her by love as Christ has conquered you; this is God's command.

"Children, obey your parents in all things." God writes this on the hearts of really Christian children. But if my father commands me to go to a ball, what must I do? Obey your father, but trust God to deliver you, and you will find that the very constraint exercised upon you will increase the distaste you have, and God will make your way, because you trust Him. "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." (Read Matt. 18 : 6, 10, 14). Then "servants obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service as men-pleasers," *i.e.* not just when your master and mistress are in sight, to relax immediately their back is turned, "but in singleness of heart. fearing God; and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." This is the root of the principle from which every Christian should act. Wives, obey your husbands unto the Lord. Husbands, love your wives. Children, obey your parents, *i.e.*, unto the Lord.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The English Parliament was Prorogued August 15th. The Queen's speech delivered by commission alluded to the Berlin Treaty, and stated that England would insist on Turkey carrying out her arrangements. The Queen, while expressing pleasure at the recent important successes of the British arms in South Africa, confesses her sorrow at the sacrifice of precious lives occasioned by the war. An early peace on an enduring basis is predicted in the speech as the result of the late events.

A Fire Broke out at Serajevo, on Friday, August 8th, but was extinguished on Saturday after tremendous exertions by the men of the garrison. The fire destroyed 288 houses, 358 shops and 48 warehouses. It was caused by an accident, which occurred while the excise officers were sealing casks in a spirit warehouse. It is supposed that the damage will exceed $50,000,000.

The homeless people, who number over 10,000, are camped in the squares and gardens. A relief committee has been organized. The Emperor of Austria has forwarded $5000 in aid of the sufferers. It is said that 2000 of the inhabitants perished in the flames.

No Sabbath in Austria.—A Traveller writes: "Whatever else Vienna may have, she certainly has no Sabbath. Traffic, work, amusements, and worldly occupations, have gone on just the same on the seventh as on the sixth day. Continental Europe has virtually set aside the fourth commandment."

The Effect of Temperance Legislation in Ireland.—An act passed the British Houses of Parliament in August, 1878, dealing with the Sunday traffic of intoxicating liquors in Ireland. It was enacted that in five large cities houses licensed for the sale of drink should be closed during the greater portion of the day; and that in the rural districts, and in all towns and cities except the five before mentioned, the public houses should be closed all day on Sunday. It was predicted by the opponents of the bill that "the measure would be ineffectual, and that the aggregate amount of drinking would be increased."

The returns for the six months during which the act has been in operation have been published, from which it appears that in the five cities and towns exempted, but in which the hours have been shortened, there were during the six months previous to the spassing of the act 1976 arrests for Sunday drunkenness, and during the six months following 1268, being a reduction of *thirty-five* per cent. The returns for the rest of the country give 2364 and 707, respectively, for the same periods, being a reduction of *seventy* per cent.

More than Two Hundred Opium Smokers have been cured of their deadly habit within in six months, at Dr. Osgood's Hospital, in connection with the Foochow Mission of the American Board. This greatly tends to give the missionaries a good name for benevolence among all classes of the people.

The Pope has Bestowed his Blessing on M. de Lessep's Panama Canal scheme. He would have shown more prudence if he had withheld his blessing till he saw how it would go. The natural obstacles to the scheme are thought by American engineers who know most about it to be almost insurmountable, and there are financial difficulties in the way. In both of these departments God alone has the power to bless, and He does not grant His blessings through Popes, several of whom have been notoriously and infamously immoral.

Drunkenness in England.—Mr. J. B. Gough, in a letter to an English newspaper, thus describes the extent to which English society suffers from the curse of drink: "Since my arrival in this country last summer I have received many *letters* from gentlewomen—persons of education and refinement, ladies who belong to the aristocratic circles—confiding to me the story of ruined homes, broken hearts, tarnished careers, the writhings of unnecessary sickness, the horror of the maniac's death—revealing to me scenes perfectly appalling, all brought about by drink.

A gentleman, by his drunkenness, had dragged his wife, a lady of birth and refinement, from a high social position to one room in a low locality, a heap of rags for a bed, a box with a cup of weak tea and a piece of dry bread on it—six children, the youngest a babe fourteen days old. The very day they were visited, through a letter I received, he had taken the last blanket, and got a shilling for it. The poor children were without shoes—he had pawned them off their feet!

What shall I say of ravages among the lower classes—the rank-and-file? The subject is appalling. With my voice I can speak, but on paper words fail me. By day I walk this brilliant metropolis, and the *keynote* struck in every street is drink. At night alone, or in the vile quarters accompanied by a detective, I peep into the slums, and there behold sights or orgies which compel me to believe that drunkenness in England, among the lower classes, is *far more prevalent* now than it was twenty-five years ago. Mighty, mysterious, and midnight London is a vast and seething caldron, where the devil and his earthly agents brew the curse of England—drunkenness."

A Wife Lost at a Gambling Table.—A Jewish lady married a Jew in a town of Southern France in 1852. Shortly afterward her husband staked her at the gaming table, and lost. He absolutely wished to transfer her to his brother gambler, when she brought a criminal action against him, and he was condemned. The French law, in accordance with Roman Catholic views, decrees the *separation* of married couples, but will not *divorce* them, so as to permit either to marry again. However, the lady went to Rome, became a Papist, and was baptized, and thus finally obtained an annulment of her marriage under one of the special cases of the Roman Catholic code. She was then enabled to contract a legitimate marriage in the Pontifical States, while her husband was not able to marry again in France.

The Salvation Army.—A Band of Evangelist in England, bearing the above remarkable nam have been for some time past doing a great wor in London and the provincial towns of Englanc They are uneducated men, and their modes c expression, their hymns and the placards ar nouncing their meetings, have excited derisio among the more refined classes of Englis society. Even Christian people have in som cases condemned their mode of procedure. Th following testimony will, however, show th God is blessing their labors and that He can us even the means despised of men to carry on H work in the world.

Mr. Cory, of Cardiff (the wealthy coal owner said at a public meeting recently in reference the "Salvation Army:" "Not only is it a salv tion army in name, but it is, thank God, *a re salvation army.* In my neighborhood there is valley with a large colliery district of some 40,0 inhabitants, and that 'Salvation Army' has com there. They are uneducated, illiterate, and u trained, but the weak things, and the things whi are not, often confound mighty theologian The Lord condescends sometimes to make use a very humble illiterate instrument to confou the mighty, 'that no flesh may glory in His pre ence;' and He has done so by means of the illiterate men and women who come out singi Gospel hymns and preaching the simple, pla truths of the grace of Christ in that valley. A in the North of England and in other parts G has used them.

"I went to the valley in my district to w ness what was being done, and I spoke about to one of our head hauliers in a colliery the and he, though not a Christian man, was bou to confess to me that even the horses knew th the wicked hauliers were converted. 'Well, I s that this is a very glorious work, and it conv ces me that if we followed more in the steps the Salvation Army, at all events in coming c and preaching Christ in the highways and l ways, some good will be done."

The Wesleyan Conference in England is n in session. The Rev. Benjamin Gregory, late able editor of the Wesleyan publications, a v orous and magnetic preacher, has been elect to the dignified chair of president. Among interesting services of the Conference, were fraternal address by Rev. R. W. Dale, from Non-Conforming Churches of Birmingham, a capital address, abounding in humor and thos, by Bishop Campbell, a man of color, the American Methodist Episcopal Church this country.

Mrs. Gough's Character Sketched by an E lish Pen.—"Every body has heard of Mr. Gou but *his wife* is every whit as able as he is. Gough is a keen reader of human character. any man has passed her criticism satisfa rily you may make out his way-bill and s him at once for any part of the universe. I conversation is full of interest; critical, shre earnest, and deeply Christian is the admira helpmeet of John B. Gough, and he knows The wives of public men do more for soc than is often supposed."

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1879.

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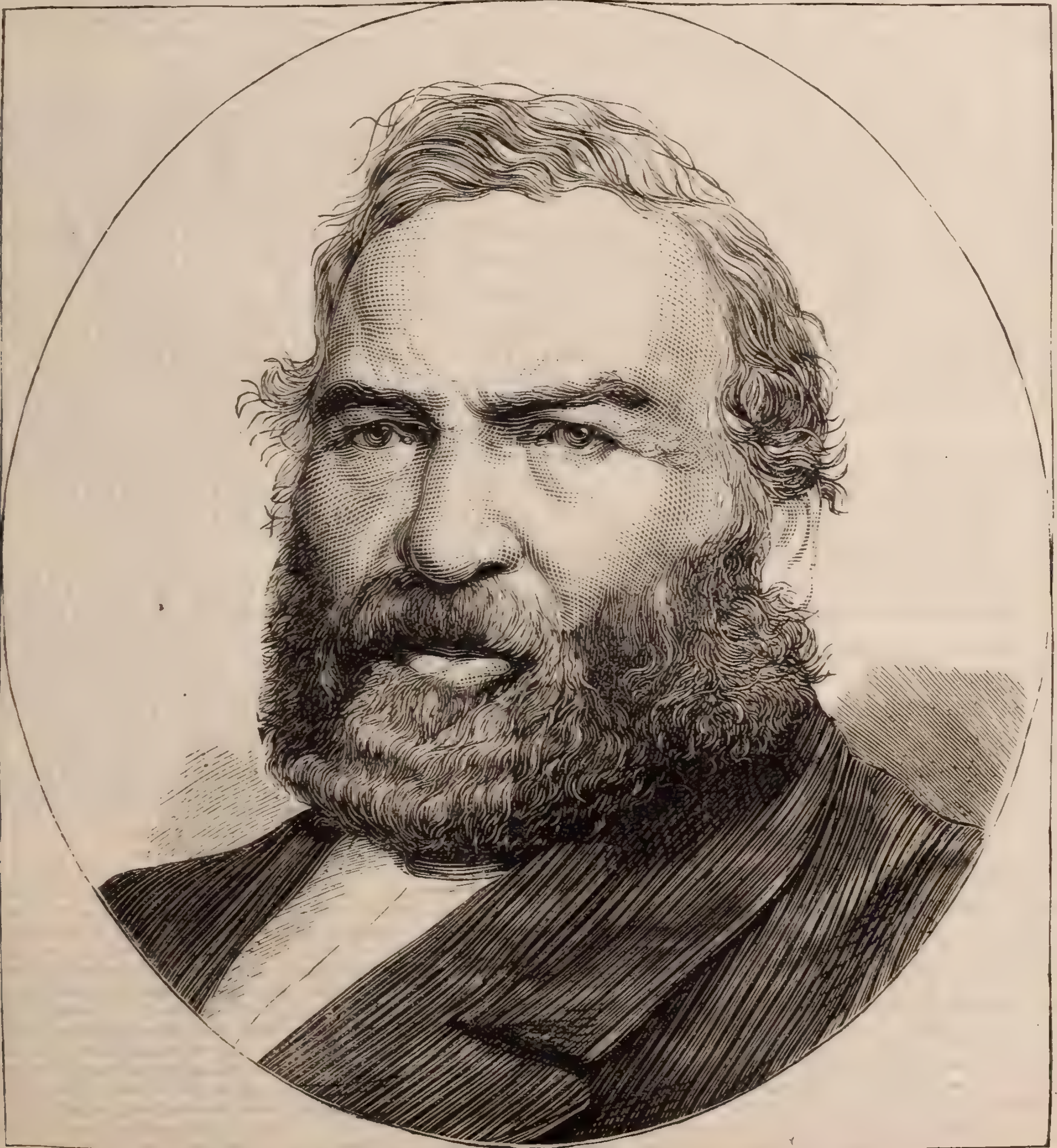

MR. JAMES BAIRD, the Great Scotch Philanthropist.

MR. JAMES BAIRD.

The Scotch Philanthropist.

Scattering and Increasing—His Father's Success—From the Pit to the University—Iron Working—Becomes Acting Manager of the Business—10,000 Employes—Enters Parliament—His Death—His Magnificent Gift—Public Opinion of Mr. Baird.

THE life of Mr. James Baird, the Scotch millionaire and philanthropist, was a practical illustration of the Scripture truth that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth (Proverbs 11 : 24). He succeeded in attaining opulence in spite of his open-handed benevolence, and when at the height of his prosperity he gave away at one time a large fortune, it seemed to have no appreciable effect on his resources, for his ordinary and every-day benevolence flowed on as evenly as ever. Thus God rewarded this cheerful giver and gave him the means to continue the office and work of an almoner for Him.

Mr. James Baird's start in life was not of a superior character.

HIS FATHER,

Alexander Baird, was a respectable, well-to-do yeoman in the parish of Old Monkland in Scotland. In the year 1809 he took *an old coal mine* in the neighborhood, which he managed so successfully as to make it cover all working expenses and to leave a considerable overplus. Step by step he advanced in trade, success attending him in every enterprise he engaged in, till in the year 1816 he took the lease of the coal-field of Rochsolloch, which he put under the management of his son William, who had just attained his twentieth year. As the sons (eight in number) grew up, they were told off, one by one, to give assistance in this industrial undertaking.

James, the subject of this notice, was the fifth of the eight brothers—seven of whom, by the able guidance of their father and second brother, entered upon the coal and iron trade when it was, as far as the North was concerned, only in its very infancy. It is said that James, when a youth, as ever afterwards, was slightly lame, and on this account, perhaps, was often blamed as a sluggard. It must be borne in mind, however, that he was taken away from school *at the age of twelve*; so that the inclination to play, rather than to attend to the windlass, naturally lingered in him.

Sir Walter Scott's saying, that "as soon as a man gets his head above water he makes for the land" is strikingly verified in the rise of Alexander, the father of James Baird. For, from the position of holding a farm, the family has now risen to be one of the wealthiest in Scotland. Alexander Baird was a shrewd, clever man, and though his means were limited, he resolved to give his children the best education he could.

James, therefore, after being at the pit's mouth for some short time, was sent to

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY;

and though possessing no special aptitude for study, he there had the benefits of the higher branches of education. The characteristics which formerly exhibited themselves in the sturdy little school-boy when under the care of Mr. Cowan, the parochial school-master of Old Monkland, did not leave him when he donned the cap and gown. His merry, rollicking disposition made him the general favorite with his fellow-students, and though his progress in book learning was not considerable, he nevertheless possessed an abundant store of good sound common sense and natural wit, which helped to compensate for the lack of book lore.

After a brief stay at the University, he was taken into partnership with his father and elder brothers. Clear-headed, persevering, and with rigid economy, the brothers worked with a will, and at this time they began dealing in coals. By dint of frugality, and a good output of coal, the firm made rapid advancement, and in a dozen years found themselves possessed of a considerable capital. About this time, William, one of the brothers, started a day-level pit at Rochsolloch, which, though carried on in a most unpretending manner, soon began to yield considerable profits. This may be regarded as a commencing epoch in the successful mining operations of the Bairds. A partnership was now formed between the father and sons to work the mines at Maryston and Gartsherrie.

IRON WORKING.

James entered with indomitable energy upon the work, and paid the strictest attention to the practical management of the concern, displaying those qualities which go to make a man of mark in the commercial world. In 1829, two blast furnaces of a humble character were erected for smelting purposes at Gartsherrie, and from that small beginning sprang this famous firm whose name is so well known in many mining districts. As these proved very profitable, additional blasts were erected, and then they established iron works in various districts of Ayrshire. At that period there were only seven blast furnaces in the whole of Scotland. Mr. Neilson was at this time bringing out his method of hot blast, but there were difficulties about it, which, however, James Baird skilfully succeeded in overcoming. Mr. Neilson could only succeed in raising its temperature to 300 degrees, but Mr. Baird improved it so as to reach a temperature of 1000 degrees.

In the year 1835 or 1836, Mr. Alexander Baird, the father of this enterprising family, died, and the concern, which had expanded from its narrow limits into gigantic proportions, was left in the hands of his sons. James, who had shown himself so thoroughly practical, now became the

ACTING MANAGER

of the firm, and to his vigor and shrewdness much of its success may be attributed. Year by year new coal pits were opened, additional furnaces put in blast, and the number of *employés* greatly augmented, till recently the Gartsherrie Works turned out about 100,000 tons of pig-iron yearly, and give employment to between 3000 and 4000 bread-winners.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Bairds achieved this success without much difficulty, and in spite of many obstacles; for every new undertaking on the part of the brothers entailed very careful considerations, if not anxiety; but such was their success that they have transformed many quiet pastoral districts into busy haunts of men, constituing the black country of Scotland. The total number of furnaces connected with the various works is forty-two, producing on an average 700 tons of pig-iron daily. Altogether there are 10,000 men and boys employed by the firm. Mr. James Baird continued the active management of the vast works till 1862, when he retired from business, and Mr. A. Whitelaw, M.P., succeeded to his place as chief.

Perhaps one of the greatest achievements of this celebrated firm was the invention of the Coal-cutting Machine, in the perfecting of which Mr. James Baird spared neither time nor expense.

Though constantly engrossed in business, he found time to make himself acquainted with the

SOCIAL QUESTIONS

of the day, and in 1851 (the year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, which was supposed to be a prognostic of universal peace) he was returned as a member of Parliament for the Falkirk district of Burghs, having won the golden opinions of his fellow-countrymen who elected him.

From an early period, but especially of late years, Mr. James Baird had exhibited the deepest concern for the comfort of the thousands of toilers in the employ of his firm. He set himself earnestly to work in the wholesome direction of improving the salubrity and comfort of their dwellings, as a matter intimately connected with their morality and well-being. He also promoted the religious education of the rising generation.

He at length retired from Parliament in 1857, and from that time he strenuously devoted himself to

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL QUESTIONS;

and it is well known how freely his money was given to build churches and schools in vario parts of the country.

He never forgot his humble origin. Indiff ent to earthly dignity and honors, which w from time to time offered to him, he was, though surrounded by wealth of such mag tude, plain James Baird. Beneath a somew rough exterior there was a warm heart which f for the woes of his less fortunate fellow-m and in a quiet, unostentatious way he deligh in bestowing his wealth in promoting religi education and assisting persons in distress.

After a brief tour to Paris, Mr. Baird taken ill in London, but recovered sufficiently proceed to his home at Cambusdoon. Here message came—"Set thine house in order, fo

THOU SHALT DIE."

His malady assumed a serious aspect, and, spite of the best medical skill, Mr. Baird, calm and "ready to depart," breathed his last in presence of his wife and sorrowing friends.

He was twice married. His first wife, Ch lotte, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Lockh of Castlehill, died in 1857, five years after t union. In 1859 he married Isabel Agnew H daughter of the late Admiral Hay, who survi him. There has been no family from eit marriage.

His name has come prominently before world as the donor of half a million of pou ($2,450,000) as a supplementary endowment the Established Presbyterian Church in S land.

In his trust-deed giving the magnificent he states that the reason of the gift is that h deeply impressed with the spiritual destitut prevailing among the *poor and working pop tion* of Scotland, the tendency to a depar from the truth, and to an exclusion of relig in the teaching of the young, while, at the s time, the means available by law are insuffic to provide for the faithful preaching and te ing of the Word of God.

PUBLIC OPINION.

The *Western Standard* in an obituary no of Mr. Baird said :—"His life furnishes ano notable instance of the influence which a C tian mother may exert in stimulating and mo ing the character of her children. The exa of Mr. Baird's mother in energetic and ord attention to the details of her household, especially in the careful inculcation, at fit seasons, of religious truth and precepts, was ductive of the best results. This contribute make him one of the most remarkable merc princes of the age, and one of the greatest b factors of his country."

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

Among the various funeral sermons upo death, Dr. Marshall Lang said :—"Do we all know that as riches increase, the love money very often increases also? Men do always get more generous and liberal as they come more opulent. It is in many cases other way. The life gets to be bound up in possessions. It is perilous, very perilous feel money accumulating. Therefore tha God that I can put my finger on the care Mr. Baird, and realize that he had a Mast whose feet he counted it his duty and priv to lay the wealth which that Master had g him power to get."

The Rev. Dr. Scott said :—"He was a whom neither wealth nor distinction could vain. Possession was to him a great resp bility, but he used it as became a steward o goods of his Lord, not squandering it in s less luxury, but spending it with a purpose, giving it in charity when he saw some pros of doing good. Scarcely any man in his time ever parted with so much of his weal the way of benevolence, yet the widow in gi her two mites did not think less of her off than he did of his. It seemed to him but l when he was doing what all others thought g for he did good hoping for nothing again."

The Rev. Dr. Gillan said :—"Mr. Baird' tellectual, moral, social, and religious insti

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power had been restored from
men he met, who by Christ had been
from the grave—men in every street of
who had seen Christ crucified, and who
doubt told Saul all about the darkening of the heavens, and all about the last groan, when He said, "Father forgive them."

That scene was still fresh in their memories, and yet Saul goes down to slay Christ's disciples. He said he was the chief of sinners, and it was no mock modesty when he said that. He was. He had been a murderer. When Stephen was slain, and the murderers wanted to be less impeded in their work, and they wished to take off their coats and lay them down, but did not dare to do so for fear some one would steal them, Saul says, "I will take care of the coats; lay them down at my feet." And Saul watched the coats and he watched the murderers. Ah, yes, he was, as he said, the *chief* of sinners.

It was a wonder when he fell from the horse that day that he did not break his neck. It was wonderful that his feet did not catch in the trappings of the saddle, and he was not dragged or kicked to death. He was the chief of sinners, and yet Christ saved him. Well, that gives courage to all our souls; *mercy* for the *chief* of sinners. Says some one in this house, "There is no mercy for me, I have sinned *so long*.'

Paul had sinned greatly, and for a long time. But, says another, "There is no mercy for me, for my sins are *so aggravated*." Paul's sins were very aggravated and he was saved; and we may

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V. RELIGION IS

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No," said John McLean, "I
r invited the Lord Jesus Christ to my
before, and I will invite Him to the *best*
oom we have—to the parlor."

And when he got to the parlor, where were gathered some guests of great eminence in the United States, he said,—"Gentlemen: I have to-day in church been persuaded that religion is a *reasonable* and *right* thing, and that I am a sinner before God, and, if you will allow me, I will read a few verses from the Bible, and then pray." And after the verses were read he kneeled, and all these great men of the nation kneeled with him, imploring God's mercy and salvation. Oh, my friends, a religion that is good enough for John McLean is a religion good enough for *me*; a religion in which Paul *leads* is a religion in which you can afford to *follow*.

But I learn still further from my subject that

III. THE GRACE OF GOD CAN CONQUER THE PERSECUTOR.

Christ and Saul were boys at the same time in different villages, and Saul hated Christ, and he hated all Christ's disciples; and I find him, in the region of my text, with writs in his pocket, on the way to arrest Christians, impatient of the time it takes to feed the horses at the inn. There was no pulling at the snaffle, but with loose rein riding faster, faster.

He did not go as a constable may go to arrest a criminal, sympathetic all the time with him. He went to arrest Christians because he wanted them butchered. The Bible says, he "breathed out threatenings and slaughter."

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ever-failing—yea, rather ever-increasing—st in ameliorating the condition of the ng classes, in providing secular and relig- education for the young, and in securing rdinances of our most holy faith to all of the community, his mode of accom- ng these, and the space which his efforts ed, indicate a mind of no ordinary grasp, a beneficence rarely realized among pa- and philanthropists the most eminent. is business operations, his means, and fluence expanded, so did his endeavors in ing of good. Wherever his villages were —and they form a county of themselves— by his own and his partners' liberality, improvements seen. Schools were there ed which had no superiors and few equals. on as a colony was settled, a house of God, gate of heaven, was reared. He once told at he had not done half enough for the of God or the benefit of his fellow-men ; he said this of the green tree, what shall y of the dry ?

PAUL UNHORSED.

A Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Talmage.

hed in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on Sunday, August 3d, 1879, and Specially Reported for the "Christian Herald."

s he journeyed, he came near Damascus . . . . e fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? e said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."—ACTS 5.

Vorldly Downfall Precedes a Spiritual Uplift- —Paul's Three Titles—II. Religion is not a illanimous Thing—Paul was a Scholar—His rning not Surpassed by Modern Writers— Conversion of Judge McLean—III. The ce of God can Conquer the Persecutor— secutors as numerous in the World to-day ever—Bridget's Feeling for her Perscu- —IV. The Grace of God Sufficient for the st Offender—The Drunkard's Despair— hank God, I'm Cured!"—V. Religion a Tre- dous Reality—"Rebecca you have been the se of my Eternal Ruin"—Whither are you nd—The Man who Missed his Last Chance.

Damascus of Bible times still stands, a population of 135,000 people. It is a gay of white and glittering architecture, domes, ninarets, and crescents playing in the light e morning sun, embowered in groves of e, and citron, and pomegranate ; a river ing its brightness into the sea. The an- s described it as a pearl surrounded with alds. A group of horsemen is seen to be ncing upon that city of Damascus. Let all hristians hide themselves, for the men in cavalcade going over the hill are persecu- The leader of the band is an insignificant- ng man, as sometimes you find a leader, there is an intensity in his eye, and his is lathered with the foam of a long and a travel of more than one hundred miles.

urges on his horse, for those Christians be captured, and the religion of the Cross be *annihilated*. But suddenly the horses off, and plunge, and the riders are precipi- l. You know that dumb animals are hted at any thing supernatural, and become anageable, and bound snorting away.

rist wrapped in the glories of heaven looked from a cloud, and no wonder the horses ed and the equestrians dropped. Bruised dust-covered Saul rises from the earth, ing his eyes as well as he can against the re lustre with his hand, but unsuccessfully, e is stricken *stone blind*.

s he cries out, "Who art thou, Lord?" the l answers, "I am Jesus whom thou perse- st. He who beats those Damascus Chris- s beats *Me*. It is not *their* back that is ding, it is *Mine*. It is not their heart that reaking, it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou ecutest."

rom that wild and over-mastering scene s the *greatest preacher* of all the ages, *Paul*, in whose presence kings turned pale ; Paul, before whom prisons dropped down ; Paul, into whose hand the affrighted sea-captain gave the management of the Mediterranean corn ship ; Paul, whose epistles are the herald of a resurrection day.

Oh, that while we are hearing the discussion of this subject we might be very earnest ; heaven *above* us, hell *beneath* us, eternity *before* us, God all *around* us. Master, help!

First of all, I am impressed, in considering this subject, with the fact that

I. A WORLDLY DOWNFALL PRECEDES A SPIRITUAL UPLIFTING.

A man gets but little sympathy for falling from a horse. They say if he could not stay in the saddle he ought not to have gone there. But here is a proud man on horseback, government documents in his pocket, he a graduate from a celebrated school where Dr. Gamaliel had been a professor, he, the rider, having taken two titles of the three of the schools, *Rab* the first, *Rabbi* the second, on his way to *Rabbac* the third —a proud man—yet instantly precipitated to the ground. Without any chance of looking after his dignity, or concluding as to the best way he had better fall, he drops into the dust.

But that, my friends, was the most *successful* ride that Paul ever took. Out of the dust of the highway he rises to be the illustrious Apostle of the Gentiles. It is the same story in all ages of the world—the same story in your life.

O Christian! it was not until you had been *unhorsed* from worldly prosperity, and your property was gone, and your reputation gone, and ten thousand misfortunes came, and you dropped into the dust, not until all that that God by His grace lifted you into great spiritual elevation.

Joseph found his way to the Egyptian court through the *pit* into which his brothers threw him. Daniel would never have walked amidst the bronzed lions that adorned the Babylonish throne if he had not first walked amid the *real lions* of the cave. Paul marshals all ages of Christendom as he falls flat on his face on the road to Damascus.

My dear brother, you must *come down* before you can *go up*—down into the dust of humiliation, before you can rise into the elevation of the Gospel. While you are riding along in pomp and power, your feet firm in the stirrups and reins firm in hand, you cannot expect great spiritual elevation. No battle, no victory ; no cross, no crown. It is through much tribulation ye are to enter into the kingdom of God ; and while worldly downfall precedes spiritual elevation, I suppose you have noticed that often worldly prosperity preceded spiritual downfall.

One of your own poets says of another poet that he

"Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame ; drank early, deeply drank, drank drar
That common millions might have quenched
died
Of thirst, because there was no more to dr

Oh, the sooner those young people v this house this evening by hundreds they learn that this world cannot *nent* satisfaction to their soul the b

"Substantial comfort will nct g
In nature's barren soil,
All we can boast till Christ v
Is vanity and toil."

You must come down before So found Paul ; so finds every

I learn further from this sub

II. RELIGION IS NOT A PUSIL

Many people in this day wo that religion is a good thing calibre, for women without ar and for children under six infant class, but not for s when I see Paul, the *intell* ages, surrendering his heart ing this religion, I know it mous thing.

Paul was a *scholar* of the h had learned all he could in th village where he was born. Then he went abroad and learned Greek and Hebrew, perfected himself in *belles lettres*, until in after days he confounded Athenians, Corinthians, and other Greeks by arguments from their own authors.

I do not read any thing in Sir William Hamilton's treatises that shows greater discipline of intellect than that in Paul's argument about justification. I do not read any thing in John Milton's "Paradise Lost" sublimer in imagination than Paul's description of fight against Athenian temptation, with the occupants of all the galleries of earth and heaven looking on.

There was nothing in Robert Emmet's plea for his own life, or Edmund Burke's arraignment of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, that equalled the scene when Paul stood before robed officials and made that speech beginning, "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself."

I bless God that Christ has had His disciples *in all ages* among the eminent—Mozart and Handel in music, Raphael and Reynolds in painting, Kent and Marshall in the law, and Grotius and Washington in statesmanship ; and the time will come when this religion will conquer all the observatories, all the universities in the world, when philosophy shall in its laboratory see that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and with its geological hammer will discover the "Rock of Ages."

My friends, do not think of shrinking back because somebody laughs at your religion, telling you it is an effeminate and weak religion. If they do, just take out your New Testament from your pocket and show them the picture of this horse and rider in the dust, and ask the sceptic mocker what it was that affrighted the one and flung the other.

It is not a pusillanimous religion. Paul would not have adopted it if it had been. It is a mighty religion. It is "the power of God unto salvation."

One of the ablest men we have ever had in America was *John McLean*, Judge of the Supreme Court in the United States. He went to the church one Sabbath with his family, a mere *critic* and somewhat of a scorner, but that day the truth went to his heart.

On his way home he said to his wife, "We will have prayers as soon as we get home." "Well," said she, "we will have the kitchen, because in the parlor lawyers, and it would and to us."— have neve house

I hear the click of the hoofs on that road to Damascus. Can it be that horse will stop and that rider will ever be thrown? Yes. A voice from the heavens, louder than a thunderclap, utters two words, the second the same as the first, but more emphatic, so that the proud equestrian might have no doubt as to who was meant. "Saul! Saul!! why persecutest thou me?" That persecutor was saved by the grace of God; so may any persecutor.

I am not talking now in *abstraction*. There are as many persecutors in the world to-day as there has ever been. I know that the bayonets of Napoleon prized open the Inquisition; I know that the dungeons around Rome are mere curiosities now; I know that the Coliseum in which the wild beasts sucked up the blood of the martyrs, while the emperors watched from the gallery and clapped their hands as the Christians went down under the paw and tooth of the lion —I know that the Coliseum is in ruins. But there are *persecutions now*.

Why all who live godly in Christ must suffer persecution. Ask that young man in the store, who is trying to serve God, while all his companions are careless or infidels, if the day of persecution is *past*. Ask that young woman who loves God, and is trying to serve Him where father and brothers and sisters are careless if the day of persecution is past. Ask that wife who is trying to keep up her religious duties of reading and praying when her husband is antagonistic to all that is holy and good, ask her if the day of persecution is past. Ah, no, no!

Oh, friends, how does this persecution make you feel? Pray for those who persecute you. Paul was saved; that one in your own household who hates the Christian religion may be saved. Though he may be on a steed swifter and of higher metal, the grace ofGod can take it by the bit, hurl it back, and hurl it down. Oh, give your heart to God first, and, having thoroughly consecrated yourself to Him, you can endure any persecution.

IV. THE GRACE OF GOD IS SUFFICIENT FOR THE WORST OFFENDER.

It was outrageous for Saul to go down on that errand. I want to tell you why it was specially outrageous for Saul to do that. Christ had not yet been dead three years. Only three summers before Christ had walked those very streets where Saul was. The story of His suffering was
fresh. It was not the old story that it is
se Saul met every day in the street
ht, who by Christ's divine
blindness; living
resurrected
the city
no

all be saved. There is no height that grace cannot scale, there is no depth its plummet cannot reach—there is no immensity it cannot compass.

I wish we all understood it that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. It may be in this vast and august assemblage, which I shall never meet again till "the books are opened," that there is some one not accustomed to frequent the house of God, and who may have come in here this evening disheartened and discouraged, thinking there is no mercy for him. I accost you, my brother. I give you my right hand in the invitation "Whosoever." Whosoever! Oh, what a *wide* gate that is—large enough to let this whole audience *en masse* enter the kingdom of God; a door so wide that the twelve hundred millions of the race might go in abreast. "Whosoever will, let him come."

I seem to see Saul rising on that road to Damascus, brushing the dust from his cloak, and wiping the perspiration from his excited brow, and then swinging out his hands towards all ages as he cries, "this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

In my church in Brooklyn at the close of the service one day a man came from the back part of the house and sat down near the pulpit. I saw him waiting, so I came down at the close of the service, and asked him if he would not go in amongst those making inquiry for their souls. . He said, "No, sir, you cannot do me any good. I came from the far West, but you cannot do *me* any good. The Gospel is not for *me*—I am a victim of strong drink."

He said, "I won't tell you my name; you know it. I rose to be one of the first men of my State. I have a beautiful wife and beautiful children, but am bringing them all to ruin. I thought if I came here I *could* be saved, but find I can't. Yesterday I was coming down on the Hudson River train. There was a man sitting beside me with a flask of strong drink. He asked me if I would have some of it. I said no; but oh, how I wanted it."

"The arid tongue of the liquor seemed thrusting itself from the side of the cork, and I felt I must fly from that presence. I went to the platform of the train and thought I would jump off, but we were going at the rate of forty miles an hour and I came back. That thirst is on me and you cannot do *me* any good."

I said, "You do not know the grace of God; come in here and we will pray for you." We prayed for him, and I then went to the drugstore and said to the doctor, "Can you give this man any thing to help him to destroy that thirst?" Well, the physician put up a bottle to help him. I said, "Give him a little more,"
nd he put up another bottle, I then said to the
an, "Put your trust in God, and when this
xysm comes on take your medicine."

passed away from me into Boston, and was
om me some weeks, when I got a letter en-
the small amount of money I had paid
dicine, and saying, "Thank God, Mr.
have got cured, and the fear of the
off, and I have not taken any of the
am preaching every night on right-
perance, and judgment to come in
ge halls, and I send you two pa-
w the Lord is blessing me."

rom him since, and the Lord has
gh, and will see him through.
God! Try! Try it!

more, that I learn from this

A TREMENDOUS REALITY.

an *optical delusion*, as I have
people say, on the road to
uld have found it out. He
aught with a *sham*. He was
hallucination. He would
ibble immediately, if it had
was a strong-minded man,
tellect, and when I find he
eligion I know it must be a
y.

You and I will find it out, too, in one
three places--in earth, or heaven, or hell. It
only 'a question of time when we find out t
this is a reality. That *rider* on the road
Damascus fell, but the *Lord* raised him
Sometimes a man falls and he is never rai
up.

That was the kind of fali a man got who l
been led by his wife into all worldliness,
spent his entire life in gayety, and who in
expiring moments said to her, "Rebecca,
have been the cause of my *eternal ruin*." T
was the kind of fall a man got who said
have sinned away my day of grace. I know
when my day of grace ended. It was at
close of that religious service." That was
kind of fall a man got who said, "I am d
and unprepared; great God!"

That is the way thousands have fallen, ri
along in prompt prosperity, their feet firm in
stirrups, their hand firmly clutching the
the domes of future prosperity inviting t
forward. They were suddenly flung into sh
and contempt. Oh, that God from the ope
heavens would this evening flash upon all
souls the question of our eternal destiny,
that Christ, with the pathos of His br
heart, might sob now into your ear, saying
come for *thee*, I come for thee with back
from the bleeding, I come for thee with
marred with the nails, I come for thee
brow aching from the twisted bramble, I c
for thee with a heart breaking over all thy
I can endure the suspense no longer—I am
whom thou persecutest."

As I meet you to-night it seems as whe
were on the sea a few weeks ago. A vessel
by, and we hailed her, and she hailed us.
were for different ports, and we caught a gli
of each other, and passed on, perhaps nev
meet again in mid-ocean. And so to-nig
meet in mid-ocean of human life. The que
is, *Whither bound?* We just touch, as it
and glance off. Whither are you bound?
glory or for darkness?—for victory or fo
feat?

In a few years this *entire assemblage* will
eternity. And there comes a last chance.
ple do not know it. There may be nc
peculiar in the service, there may be nc
peculiar in the hymn, there may be nothing
peculiar in the sermon, but there comes
chance for heaven.

Perhaps the angels of God even do not k
perhaps there is only one being in the
universe who does know that the last chan
come. The Lord God knows, and when th
chance has come for heaven God's eye is o
soul coming into religious service; God w
that soul, watches whether that soul is v
to take Christ and start for heaven, for v
all free agents, and have a capacity to c
And when the soul says, "No, I will no
Christ, I will risk every thing on my o
sources," and the soul passes out from
ligious service, and the lights go out, that
end to the religious opportunity for that i
tal spirit.

Who knows but in this great assemb
may be the last opportunity for some one
the close of a meeting a gentleman said
Christian wife, "I will go and speak wi
pastor for a few minutes before we set off.
started, but came back, and said, "No,
night, I will go some other day." "Oh
said his Christian wife, "you had bett
night attend to the matter of your sou
may not have another opportunity."—
he said, "I will *risk it* for a few weeks." Th
rode off into the darkness, and at one
the road skirting a precipice the carria
the track and rolled down the emban
For a moment nothing was said. At l
wife asked her husband, "My dear, are y
much hurt?" There was no answer. S
again, "Are you very much hurt?" He
"Yes, I am *dying*; Mary, that *was* r
chance." "It is appointed unto all me
to die, and after death the judgment."

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE ;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from p.* 693.)

ey Surprised by a Policeman—A Picture of Ter- ble '48—John Mitchell's Trial—Percival's Sym- thy Excited for the Prisoner—Mitchell Hurried way from his Native Land—The would-be ebels prefer Discretion to Valor—The Battle the Cabbage Garden—Desperate Plans of Re- lt and Murder—An Eventful Week.

ALEY was surprised in his ambush by a e, saying sharply, "What are you doing e, my man?" which startled him. It was th voice of a policeman. The police at this pe od were greatly on the alert, for the whole ci was in a state of political ferment—every su icious circumstance was inquired into. M ky Haley's wistful gaze and muttered words ca ht the attention of the constable on patrol, ar hence his inquiry. The sudden question, lo ly spoken, so startled Haley that he nearly le o his hold of the overhanging tree against w h he was leaning. If he had done so he w ld have fallen down two hundred feet, and ha e been dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath hi in the bed of the river.

ecovering his presence of mind, however, he d back from the tree, and said to his inter- ator, "Is it what am I doin', ye ask, me da- man? Nothing in life, shure, but admirin' purty moonlight and the dancin' river— cin' and singin' to itself so purtily at the e time; and war ye o' my mind, and had, e me, a taste for poethry, it wud be doin' e me ye wud, me man, and not be axin' fool- questions."

he constable at this reply, looking keenly at , said, "It strikes me, my good fellow, yer as simple as yer words would want me to e ye out. So you'll have to give me your e and explain yourself, or I shall have to you into custody."

aley, after some hesitation, gave his name, confessed that he had come to watch the and gentleman opposite. "Their names Miss Lemaire and Mr. Montaigne," he add- "and I cum to make shure that what I had towld was thrue—that they war courtin'; fur raysins that I won't tell you, Mr. Poliss- , I've a spite agin the gintleman."

aking down Haley's name and the date, the ceman said, "You may now go, my man, and e my advice and leave this. It will be better you to mind your own business and not to rfere with respectable people."

his same evening was one of note in the his- of the Young Ireland Confederacy. The s of successful revolution in nearly all the at cities of the Continent—in Paris, Vienna, lin, Milan, Modena, Rome, and elsewhere— after day in succession arriving, fanned into te heat the spirit of insurrection over Ire- d. Republican clubs sprang up by the score over the provinces, arms were extensively pared and purchased, and at the signal of ir leaders thousands at the moment would e joined the standard of revolt, especially in southern counties and in Dublin.

ohn Mitchell, in his newspaper, the *United shman*, declared the hour had struck for the ievement of Ireland's independence, and open- alled upon his adherents, and they were many, r the land to rise, and with blood and iron ert their freedom. He even published elabo- e instructions for street warfare, comparing various systems which had obtained in dif- ent continental cities; and greatly lauded ken bottles, burning sand, cold vitriol, and lten lead, as useful articles to be flung by triotic citizens, male or female, from window- ls and housetops upon hostile troops moving in street beneath them; and this while, in the ne paper, he continually addressed Lord Clar- don, the Lord Lieutenant at the time, and o, as is well known, was a most forbearing d merciful man, as "Her Majesty's Execu- ner-General and General Butcher in Ireland."

We have stated that Smith O'Brien, and those that sympathized with him, had far less violent views, and were disposed to use far less objectionable means than the Marat-like Mitchell; but even they, in spite of themselves, as it were, were borne on to extreme measures by the astounding tidings from the Continent—refugee kings in ignominious flight from their kingdoms, ancient thrones overturned, and provisional governments holding the reins of power. Those who had long held by constitutional expedients, and protested with all their might against bloodshed, now gave their voice for civil war, but contended that not now but in the autumn was the proper time for an outbreak, when, as they said, the crops would be saved, food in abundance over the land, and the people at leisure.

This resolve was come to by the leaders in Dublin after long debate, and on the same evening that Haley from his vantage ground had feasted his spiteful eyes upon Percival with terrible resolve, Lord Clarendon, fully aware from spies of all that was going on, determined to strike at once and hard, and O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher were arrested. No jury, however, could be got to bring in a verdict against the first and the last, and they were released, but Mitchell was kept for trial until a new Act to secure his conviction was passed through Parliament, "The Treason Felony Act"—a procedure extreme and harsh, and which nothing but the desperate condition of affairs could at all warrant.

The 22d of May, 1848, was a notable day in Green-Street Court-House, Dublin. Not since 1803, when Robert Emmet died on the scaffold for insurrection, had a prisoner for a similar crime been placed at its bar, that is, not until John Mitchell took his stand there on the day that has been mentioned. The trial lasted until the 26th, and he was found guilty. The court was thronged to its utmost limits, and hundreds of Mitchell's political friends and former fellow-students in Trinity College crowded the galleries and other parts of the building, for this misguided man, though coldly cruel and diabolical in his proposals towards his enemies, had, it is said, a warm heart, and possessed in a remarkable degree the power of inspiring personal attachment.

He received his sentence with composure, and addressed the court in words measured and defiant. When it was observed he was about to speak, a hushed and death-like silence fell upon the thronging multitude.

"My lords," he said, "I knew I was setting my life on that cast. The course which I have *opened* is only *commenced*. The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant, promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Cannot I promise for one, for two, for three, aye, for hundreds?" and as he spoke these last words he pointed to Francis Meagher, John Martin, Devin Reilly, and to others, his associates, whom he saw clustered in the galleries. A loud and rapturous cry rang through the building of "Promise for me, Mitchell! Promise for me!"

Even Percival, who was present, though he never admired Mitchell, held aloof from his acquaintance, and abhorred his proposed method of street warfare, carried away by the excitement of the moment, shouted out his name among the eager requests of those about him. Prudence had dictated to him more than once the wisdom of staying away altogether; but in the eager and tense state of public opinion in the city, he was drawn as by an irresistible spell to be present at the trial.

Hundreds shouting and rising up in all parts of the building, and stretching forth their hands wildly towards the bar, a few young men even pressing forward to embrace the prisoner; the officials in charge were given to think that a rescue was begun, and especially as it was known such a measure had been secretly discussed in the confederate clubs on the previous evening. Swords were drawn, bugles rang out in the street, soldiers, horse and foot, hurried up with clanging weapons at the double, and soon a gleaming and serried hedge of steel surrounded the Court-House.

A number of police flung themselves on Mitchell, tore him from the clasp of his enthusiastic friends, thrust him roughly down the steps which led from the dock to the cell beneath, and put him at once in irons, strong chains being passed from his wrists to his ankles. He was then borne into a police-van, standing ready at the outside gate—dragoons with flashing sabres swarming about it. At a signal, the cavalcade dashed off, taking, at a trot, the most unfrequented streets. The Liffey was soon reached; along the North Wall the gun sloop Shearwater had been morred from early morning, her furnaces aglow and her steam up. Mitchell was carried on board; he had scarcely touched the deck when the paddles moved; the war steamer, beating the waters into foam, set out full speed for the open sea, and in a few hours the hills of his native land were lost, and that for years, to the view of the political exile.

Mitchell's conviction astounded the Confederates, and the tidings that he was gone caused a cry of rage to go up from "the clubs" over the country. Smith O'Brien and Meagher's abstention from any attempt at rescue, and those who had sided with them in that resolve, was stigmatized as cowardice. To prove the falsehood of the charge, they weakly suffered themselves to be moved to hurry on and head a revolt, and hastened to the south to put themselves in command of the various armed bands which had been long in training—we know, however, with what a feeble result. When the hour for action really came, the courage of blatant rebels oozed as from their finger ends, only a few hundred ragged and unarmed peasants alone obeyed the call of O'Brien.

A skirmish with a few police occurred at Ballingang farm-house, Tipperary; "The battle of the cabbage garden," as it has been called in ridicule, was fought. O'Brien's braver compatriots, dismayed by the bullets of half a dozen constables, scampered off, and, with one or two honorable exceptions, deserted their leader. Thus abandoned, Smith O'Brien was compelled to follow their example, became a fugitive upon the Tipperary hills, and in a few days, driven by hunger and exposure, was forced to make surrender and was placed in custody. In due course he was tried and convicted in Clonmel. Doomed to death, his sentence was commuted to transportation, and speedily he was on his way to the same exile which had overtaken Mitchell.

When insurrectionary movements are afoot, and the leaders are at bay, even though it is believed by the many that success is impossible, the public mind is greatly excited, and timid persons in thousands give way to panic. Then is the harvest time of spies and informers, and too often those in power, urged by the cries of the weak and passionate for vengeance, give way to measures that savor of oppression and revenge. The authorities had been incisive and vigorous in their treatment of John Mitchell, because they knew of his unscrupulous designs, and of those, his sworn adherents, who adopted his views. Neither he nor they would have scrupled to carry out their plans, if judged expedient, by the most sanguinary methods.

There were some of those men who would not have hesitated to anticipate the horrors, in after times, of the Paris Commune—horrors which paled the cheek of Europe—palaces of art, museums, libraries, reduced to ashes, houses by the hundred in ruin, and streets crimsoned and slippery with blood. It is an ascertained fact that on the night before John Mitchell's conviction swift messengers hurried to and fro between the Confederate Clubs in Dublin—anxious negotiations were carried on—earnest interviews were held between the heads of sections—desperate plans of operation were discussed, and it was all but resolved to make an onslaught in irresistible mass upon Green-Street Court-House on the following day, there pistol or poniard all who resisted, and from the very presence of the judges bear off Mitchell in triumph, and instal him president provisionally of the Irish Republic.

Meagher, Gavan Duffy, and those followers who thought with them, set their face as a flint against all such reckless schemes; and it was not until far beyond midnight that their more moderate counsels prevailed, and the city was saved from a furious yet organized assault that would have eventuated in frightful massacre. Mitchell disposed of, and in the manner which has been narrated, did not, however, set the Government at rest. The Young Ireland Confederation, like the hydra of old, had many heads; and in the very act of cutting off a remaining one there was a strange impulse to a fresh creation. Mitchell's conviction and banishment did not by any means cow his followers; it seemed for a time as though it but called to life an insatiate cry for vengeance; bold and fearless men offered themselves to head a revolt, and hundreds—it may be said thousands—for a few days eagerly declared themselves ready at any moment to follow the standard of insurrection. To meet the crisis, at one sitting the English Parliament—an act almost unprecedented—suspended the Habeas Corpus Act. The hour this determined measure was officially ascertained in Dublin Castle warrants of arrest were issued.

(*To be continued.*)

A GOSPEL SERVICE IN CHINESE IN NEW YORK.

An interesting meeting was held at the Mission-House, 14 Mott street, New York, on Sunday, August 17th, when a service wholly in the Chinese language was held by Mr. Jackson, an English missionary who has been laboring for two years in Canton. Mr. Jackson has been in this country only since June, and it was his intention to enter into work among Chinese in the West, but finding so large a field in this city he determined to work here. His wife, whom he married in China, is the daughter of a Wesleyan minister; she has been in the city but a few days and will assist him hereafter in his missionary labors.

The night being rather inclement, a small number of Chinamen were present, beside a very few whites. The hymn "Rock of Ages" was sung in Chinese, Mrs. Jackson playing the organ accompaniment, *Chinese hymn-books* being used. These books were printed in Foo Chow, and contain selected hymns, a few Moody and Sankey songs being among them. The words only are printed, as Chinese written music is very peculiar, and entirely different from ours. The Chinese members of the mission are taught the tunes by ear, and pick them up very readily.

Mr. Jackson delivered a short Chinese prayer, and "Hold the Fort" was sung, the whites singing in English, and Mr. Jackson and his flock in Chinese. The leader then read the twentieth chapter of St. John from a Chinese Testament, the others following him. Books were passed to all, Chinese and whites, impartially.

After another hymn, Mr. Jackson delivered a short sermon in the Chinese language upon the resurrection, making his remarks very explicit and elaborate in order to reach the mental capacity of his hearers. The latter paid close attention, and from their faces they seemed to understand the points of the sermon very clearly.

"Pass Me Not" was then sung, another prayer was offered, and the Doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced, all in Chinese. A general conversational meeting was then held, similar to an inquiry-meeting in Methodist churches. Quite a religious feeling has been excited among some of these men, and Mr. Jackson expresses great satisfaction at the progress of the work. He says that even in Canton he did not have so large a number of adults in constant attendance on the meetings. The neighbors cause him a good deal of annoyance, and the policemen detailed to protect the place are in many cases a protection in name only.

The congregation on Sunday night was made up of persons of all ages, from a boy of apparently ten years of age to an old man of fifty or more. A very few wore the dress of Europeans and had discarded the pigtail, but the majority wore the "regulation" blouse and had their queues wound around their heads. Ah Kee and his brother, Ah Fouy wore blouses of a very light-colored linen, almost white, elegantly launderied and fastened with gold clasps. The others wore blouses of dark blue or black cloth. Some of the Chinamen had come from as far as Seventieth street, through the rain, and are constant attendants.

NATIONAL CALAMITIES.

An Address by Rev. Henry Varley, on the Distress now Prevailing in Great Britain.

"The Lord saith to the great rain of His strength, Be thou on the earth."—Job 37: 6.

Nations are Judged in Time, not Eternity—England's Responsibilities—Paris's Chastisement in 1870—Causes of England's Present Adversity—1. Commercial Depression—2. Absence of the Sun—3. Costly Wars—4. Financial Losses—5. Other Losses—Drunkenness—Gambling—Luxury—The Comedie Francaise—Our Lord's Second Advent at Hand—Repentance Needed.

Ten years of world-wide depression and national adversity in England. What does it mean? Three months of almost incessant rain and sunless skies. How comes it? Is it a result of the attraction of the *deadly upas trees* of national iniquity, that have grown thick and fast during the past twenty years? Hearken! God speaks, "And the thick cloud is turned about by His counsels: that they may do whatsoever He commandeth them upon the face of the earth in the world. He causeth it to come, whether for correction, or for His land, or for mercy" (Job 37: 12, 13). I desire on this occasion to call your attention to the necessity that exists for confession and humiliation before God on account of our sin as individuals, as members of the Church of Christ, and as a nation.

I venture to submit some considerations that I think should be specially remembered at this time. Believing, as we do, that the living God is the moral governor of the universe, and that the nations of the earth owe allegiance to Him, and submission to His will, it is absolutely essential that we should understand "that the face of the Lord is against them that do evil," and that "it is an abomination to kings to commit wickedness, for the throne is established by righteousness." All human experience, all national history declares that iniquity is out of harmony with the nature of things, and that unrighteousness culminates only to be utterly overthrown.

So far as we can see, there is no platform for THE JUDGMENT OF NATIONS, as such, in eternity; nor can we fail to note, in the overthrow of Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Israel, the unmistakable proofs that nations are judged in time. Setting themselves against righteousness, the stern, yet majestic question, "Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law?" has had in these nations an awful and unmistakable answer. It has been well said—

> "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

These thoughts force themselves to the front when, at this time of adversity, we consider England's national position in relation to righteousness and iniquity. Is she rejecting the former? Is she embracing the latter? I am not speaking of *individuals* now, but of the *nation*. How does the Lord view this great country in the all-important questions of national righteousness, commercial honesty, and national influence? Without egotism, it may be said that *England is the representative nation of the earth.* Her men, her mind, her money, and her commerce in the main govern and guide the world. Her power is the might of a highly civilized and intellectual people, and she has gradually come to her meridian life, side by side with an open Bible and the wonderful privilege of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. No other nation on the face of the earth has known to any thing like the same extent, these high things.

At such a time as this the question forces itself to the front, what has England done, and *what are her people doing* in the light of these privileges? and of His government who said, "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted t heaven with privilege, shalt be thrust down t hell." Capernaum knew the unique responsi bility of being the residence of the Son of Go for three years. In her utter overthrow, in he unknown site lies the complete fulfilment of ou Lord's unchanging words. Is England in lik manner to reject the light, and in like manne sink down into the darkness and corruption o national decay?

The Word of God abundantly shows tha national iniquity and unrighteousness meet and merits the judgment of God. Notice, fo example, the passages in Deuteronomy 28, Jere miah 23: 10, Psalm 107: 34.

Let these suffice to show that the God o heaven withholds personal, national, and provi dential blessings, such as health, increase, sun shine, rain, harvest, national prosperity and in fluence, on account of national sin. Nay, more that the locust and the palmer worm, the bligh and the mildew, pestilence, war, and famin may, and do, become His servants in the grea fact of national chastisement.

NATIONAL SOWING AND REAPING.

How often in human history these latter hav been as a deep pit dug by the very people tha afterwards have fallen into them and perishe In graphic language, "They have sown to th wind and reaped the whirlwind."

Nations sow to the flesh, and of the flesh rea corruption. Think for a moment of Paris pric to the declaration of war with Germany. Trut compels us to affirm that the splendor of h architecture and social show was far exceeded her moral corruption. Truly "she was far an away beyond all others" the metropolis of lice tiousness. When the Parisian courtesans accon panied the soldiers of the Napoleonic empire the Franco-German war of 1870, thoughtful me said, "The time of *ripened corruption* is com and the judgment of the Empire and of France at hand."

A few months, and the harvest came; it wa reaped in national discomfiture—the overthro of all her armies; in the girdling band of ir around Paris. Horseflesh was sold at 10 fran per kilogramme; her inhabitants wan, haggar and exhausted; Germany's victorious legio paraded her splendid Boulevards, and dictat the conqueror's terms. Has France learnt—w England learn—that in the nature of thing "To work for good is to work against evil?"

In taking a rapid survey of some of the prin pal items of England's national adversity and causes, we mention first:

1. *Commercial depression*, covering every partment of national industry, lowering o trade, and causing much poverty and distress.

2. *The absence of the sun* in its brilliant pow jeopardizing our flocks and herds, our hay, cor fruit, and cereal crops, and which if continu means the loss of many millions of money a the greatly enhanced price of the necessaries life. Even should this not continue any long the losses in the hay crop are already very se ous.

3. *The costly and unrighteous wars* in which have been engaged, identified as they are wi huge armaments and naval forces, which oppr the national exchequer, and, what is worse, ide tify our country's glory and greatness with t barbarities of war.

4. *Financial losses*, the outcome mainly of t *greed of speculation*, results (I had almost sai of a vast system of deception and fraud, that h permeated our public institutions under the ing title of legitimate business, wherein boa of directors and heads of business houses ha speculated with other people's money as th never would have dreamed of speculating had been their own.

5. *Losses* of the Vanguard, the Eurydice,

icess Alice on the river, and the gentle in- e of the palace; the lives sacrificed at Isan- dhi; the tens of thousands of Chinese that we ghtered in that land whose ports by force of s we opened for the introduction, sale, and ney profits of the deadly drug, opium. Could ore striking reproach be uttered than that veyed in the words of Dr. Morley Punshon, he report of the Wesleyan Missionary So- y, read by him at the recent annual meeting xeter Hall? "*All through China the brethren deplore the blight of the opium traffic—a ter national calamity than famine—a calami- hich enlightened heathens are urging a Chris- nation, which first imposed it upon them, to ve.*"

he hundreds of thousands of our own coun- nen that have fallen and are falling into the dage, depravity, and death of

ENGLAND'S SHAME

runkenness. The loss to national righteous- s by reason of the blasphemy and filthy lan- ge, so common that you cannot walk the ets without having your ears assailed with nclean lawlessness. The loss that is caused he desecration of the Lord's Day. The loss ational virtue and chastity by reason of the sisterhood of death, who eat, drink, sleep, ss, walk, and live for one ghastly issue—to ite to lust—in the awful language of the rd of God, "to hunt for the precious life." these things, should not the land be clothed abiliments of mourning?

he *loss* entailed by thousands of guilty men are partners in London's nightly pandemo- m. These line our best streets; a sickening wd, of whom it must be written in the strong guage of Peter concerning these days: laving eyes full of adultery, and that cannot se from sin." Men whose moral power has n sinned away; the slaves of the most de- ding passions that ever cast down and de- oyed "many strong men."

he *loss* entailed by trifling with, and the non- orcement of our national laws against *gam- g.* In the degrading vice of *betting*, indulged lmost universally. In the selfishness, pride, ury, license, and excess that mark the dress, ipage, houses, furnishings, converse, reading, l habits of the great majority of the people. ely the words of Theodore Monod apply with ce in our day. "Ask yonder sun, 'What art u doing?' and he will answer, 'The will of d;' those waves of ocean, and they will wer, 'The will of God;' tiny flower drinking he dew, 'What art thou doing?' and it will wer, 'The will of God.'"

But *man*—highest of God's creation—listen me. *What art thou doing?* Is not the answer s:—"What I choose. I please myself; I do l will, and assert my independence of God, as ugh He were not." It is not the *fool* in our that saith "There is no God," but the *in- igent*, the educated, and refined. Neither is ominable iniquity confined to the degraded l ignorant, but it is endorsed and committed h greediness by many of England's foremost s.

And shall not the heavens be laden with a se and sable cloud? Should not, ought not, light of the sun to be shut off from scenes ghastly and so terribly true?

May there not be another side—God's side— this question of England's adversity? What er commercial depression has hindered her ral degradation and revolution? Can we k back upon the years 1865 to 1870 with com- cency? More than this—Was it prosperity? ue, vast sums of money were made; but how re they spent? Mainly in *luxury, excess, and tous living.*

I well remember at that time a *colliery pro- ietor* near Wigan telling me he had three pits en, and from them one third less in quantity s being taken out than from two of those pits o years before. When I asked the cause, he id, "We never think of opening the pits for rk on Mondays now. On Tuesday a few men me; a larger number on Wednesday and Thursday; but we never get all our hands to work until Friday. The men earn 10*s.* in eight hours, and they make three days out of Friday and Saturday; draw the 30*s.*, and are off to the public house; the family and home is utterly neglected."

Durham and the surrounding localities became a plague spot for English drunkenness and criminality. I ask, Was that success? Strikes were the order of the day. The gulf between capital and labor was never wider than in 1865 to 1870. Workingmen talked treason, nor hesitated to say that the Prince of Wales should never sit on the throne of England. The international committee was intensely active, and a social upheaving among the workingmen was going on through England, the Continent, and America.

Among the rich an extravagance of display, an ostentatious vain show, became as common and as hollow as the mirage of the desert on a summer's day.

The bubble was fairly pricked when "the Empire" fell and Napoleon subsided to the quiet of Chislehurst. How large and inflated it was may be gathered from the fact that the foul gases of a selfish and luxurious abundance, the unholy and unjust rush after money among all classes, have needed ten years of world-wide adversity to reduce and check, much less exhaust.

A CHANGE NEEDED.

I for one am not by any means sure that we as a nation *could bear the return of prosperity*, or that we either are or ought to be, on the eve of a change. It is not a change of *weather* we need so much as a change of *national life*. The *moon* affects us less than our *morals*. The moral atmosphere is charged with heavy banks of clouds, labelled thus by God: "This know also, that *in the last days perilous times shall come*, for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, drunken, disobedient to parents, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof" (2 Timothy 3).

Let us not forget that it is at this very time that a large proportion of what are called the "upper classes" have been pouring out thousands of pounds, and endorsing with rapturous applause the finished acting of those who have lent their extraordinary gifts to throw a charm around licentiousness. Vice has been put upon the stage in magnificent form—bouquets of splendid flowers have rewarded the successful and beautifully attired exponents of "Le Demi-Monde." Vice is no longer

> "A monster of such hideous mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen."

'Tis simply exquisite and delicious in the setting of "*La Comédie Française*." Think what the moral appetite must be of those who applaud to the echo scenes of which the *Times* speaks in these words: "Throughout the 'Demi-Monde' we are made intensely to feel that we are in *le panier des pêches à quinze sous*. We breathe the atmosphere, live the lives, are made conversant with the shifts and shabbinesses, the lies and evasions, the tricks and deceptions, the unnameable pasts, the miserable presents, the hopeless futures of that unavowed and unavowable society, where every closet hides a skeleton, and every face wears a mask."

'Tis a wretched story where, under the holy name of love, unclean, villainous lust is portrayed to excite most certainly the worst passions of the elegantly attired audience. Is vice comic? Should not the heavens be overcast? Ought the sun to shine or England's commercial depression be overpast when prosperity means high-handed iniquity?

THE LAST DAYS OF THIS DISPENSATION have indeed arrived, and many prophetic signs conspire to show us that the *Second Advent* of our Lord, to end this dispensation and commence His millennial reign over this earth, may probably take place within the next few years.

This much is clear to us, England's sin is our sin, not for partnership in commission, but for deep sorrow and confession before the Lord.

This much is clear, also. That true patriotism and Christian character must not only be humbled in the dust, but fired with the holy zeal of intercession for this guilty nation, even as Daniel and Abraham were. And future experience may make this clear that it is the will of God to humiliate England until she learns that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom, and that His face is set as a flint against national iniquity.

Finally, this also is clearly revealed. The Mighty God whose throne is heaven, whose footstool is the earth, speaks: "Therefore also saith the Lord, turn ye to Me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning, and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil. Who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him; even a meat offering and a drink offering unto the Lord your God?

"Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly: gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children and those that suck the breasts: let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare Thy people, O Lord, and give not Thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them: wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God?"

"And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, My great army which I sent among you. And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you; and My people shall never be ashamed; and ye shall know that I am in the midst" not of Israel only, but of England (Joel 2: 12–17).

[The foregoing address, although it has at the present time a special reference to England, may be read with profit by the people of other nationalities. It inculcates the doctrine with which we are familiar in the history of God's ancient people, the Jews, but which this generation seems to have forgotten, namely, that national sin brings down from God, national chastisement.]

HOW TEETOTALISM ACTS.

SIR W. KING HALL an Admiral in the British Navy, said recently in the course of an address: "There are several ways in which I find teetotalism is looked at. I will give one of them. One Sunday, about two years ago, in London, I saw *a man surveying his ten hansom cabs*, evidently very proud of them. I soon got into conversation with him, and put this question to him, 'Have you any of your drivers teetotallers?' 'Ah,' he said, 'I don't like them; I hate them!' I thought I must get at this, and find out what he meant. What do you think his answer was? 'I'll tell you why. When my men in the other cabs earn my money, they go to the "public" and begin to spend a little for themselves, and give the horse a spell of rest; but as for these *teetotallers*, they *keep the horses running* long after they have got the money to pay me, in order that they may pocket some for themselves.'

"Before my present appointment I was superintendent in Devonport Dockyard. When the apprentices have served their time they are brought before the Admiral-superintendent and their character and loss of time stated before they are put on the establishment as men. On this occasion I was gratified to find that in the whole of the seven years there was *only one young fellow* who had lost half a day's time. I was surprised. I said, 'This is very good. Now I have one advice to give you, my lads. You will all go on the establishment now, and I hope that you will be teetotallers, as I am.' Their reply was '*We all are teetotallers.* We have never been any thing else all our lives.'"

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

The proprietor has received the following endorsement of the journal from Dr. Talmage since the latter's arrival in England :

I heartily commend to the public the Christian Herald which gives accurate reports of my sermons and contains much interesting, instructive, & evangelical matter. I trust that its large circulation will continue to increase.

London June 12. 1879

T. De Witt Talmage

LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, August 20th, at **1.30 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Proceedings of the Democratic Conference at Niagara have been watched with interest by the country at large. To the surprise of many politicians it was evident that the influence of Tammany was less potent than the influence of the opponents of the great Democratic organization, and the Tilden party carried all the decisions. The inference generally drawn from the fact is that Mr. Tilden intends making a strong effort to carry the State at the fall elections. This course is unexpected, but is thought to have been the result of strong representations made to Mr. Tilden by Democrats in the West that if he hopes for the Democratic nomination in 1880 he must be able to show that his own State is secure.

The contest in Ohio is being fought with vigor on both sides. Secretaries Sherman, Schurz, and ex-Attorney-General Taft have made speeches in different cities of the State, defending the policy of the Administration. There is a decided feeling prevalent that the issue in Ohio will be regarded as an indication which party will have the responsibility of guiding the policy of the nation for a Presidential term.

Reports from Mississippi state that if Jefferson Davis can be prevailed upon to serve he will be sent to Washington as Senator for that State.

A Boston Physician Killed on the Swiss Mountains.—Dr. Mosely, a young physician from Boston, Mass., had safely accomplished the ascent of the Matterhorn on August 15th. On returning, and when near the cabin which is used as a resting place, he loosened himself from the rope uniting him to his companions. He had hardly done so when he made a false step, lost his footing, and glided rapidly down the steep ice slope, making frantic efforts to stop himself by grasping at projecting rocks. The next moment he disappeared over the precipice, falling on the glacier opposite Riffel, between Hoernli and the St. Theodule Pass, where the body lies, completely stripped of clothing by the rapidity of its descent. The body can be distinctly seen from below, lying on a projecting ledge of ice. An expedition for the recovery of the body was about to start when the telegram was despatched.

The sad event reminds us how on the mountains of life there are slippery places where if a false step is made it leads to swift and terrible destruction.

The Yellow Fever at Memphis has made progress during the last week, the new cases becoming more numerous. The place is now almost completely isolated. Dr. Mitchell, physician of Memphis, describes the city as *wholly cut off from the world.* There are no trains running into or out of the town, and no steamboats land there. The supplies are all brought down the river on barges, which are dropped by the steamboats a couple of miles above the city and allowed to float down. When they arrive at the city, men in skiffs or tugs secure them and bring them to the landing. This rigid seclusion has thus far prevented the spread of the disease.

Contributions in aid of the suffering city are invited, and boxes have been set in the public places of the chief cities to receive the nickels of sympathizers. During Thursday, August 21st, $51 were so collected in the box at the New York Post Office.

Mr. D. L. Moody's New Work.—The Corner-stone of a new school building which Mr. Moody proposes to erect in the northern part of the village of Northfield, for furnishing academic instruction to pupils, was laid August 21st. Mr. Sankey was present and led the singing. He has recently been on a visit to the home of his childhood in Western Pennsylvania. Mr. Moody officiated at the laying of the corner-stone, using a trowel which was used by his father. Among the articles placed underneath the stone were *Mr. Sankey's voice,* "in Hold the Fort," phonographically preserved on sheet tin-foil ; a piece of the grave-stone of the Rev. Benjamin Doolittle, the first minister in Northfield, who died 130 years ago ; a photograph of Moody's birthplace, yarn spun by Moody's mother 50 years ago, a copy of "Gospel Hymns," a Bible contributed by B. W. Jenkins, a Baltimore merchant, and a set of American coins. The academy is to be solely for the education of young ladies preparing for college.

The Ocean Grove Camp Meeting.—15,000 worshippers congregated in tents, hotels, and cottages are making the annual camp-meeting of the Methodist Church more than usually intersting by their devout participation in the services. The services August 19th opened with a conversation meeting, followed by a family Bible reading. At 9 A.M. the Rev. and Mrs. Palmer led the young people's meeting in the tabernacle. The opening sermon of the ten-days' camp meeting was preached before a vast congregation in the auditorium by the Rev. Bishop Harris. This was followed by an experience and praise meeting, under the leadership of Mrs. Lizzie Smith.

Conversion of a Sioux Indian.--Truth-Teller is the name of a Sioux Indian recently converted in Dakota Territory under the teachings of Bishop Hare of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The bishop states that the following account of his conversion is strictly correct : "Upon the occasion of the bishop's visit, and at one of his councils with the Indians, who had gathered to hear the Great Spirit man talk, Truth-Teller, who was present, suddenly arose in the midst of the people and advanced to the front, shook hands with the bishop, and then stepping back a few feet and drawing himself up to his full height, in a clear, ringing voice, which at once indicated the deep earnestness and bravery of the man, he declared his purpose to abandon all Indian ways, and to adopt those of the white man—to give up all heathen rites and ceremonies and worship only God ; and then, to attest his sincerity, took from his scalplock a war eagle feather—that ensign of bravery and of many years of savagery—and, handing it over to the bishop, said : 'I give to you this war eagle feather ; take it, and keep it in remembrance of the words of Truth-Teller,' and then, with an eloquent impressiveness that touched my heart as it never was touched before, he presented the bishop with the drum of the Order of the Grass Dance, and continued, 'I part with the feather and the drum and all Indian ways forever.'"

A Girl-Sailor Navigated a Ship Safely into San Francisco Harbor August 7th. The Templar, on her voyage from New York to San Francisco, was in danger of being lost owing to the captain and first mate with many of the crew being suddenly attacked by yellow fever on the voyage. Her safety is in reality due to the brave conduct and unfaltering devotion of Miss Armstrong, daughter of the captain. The second officer was a good seaman, but not a navigator, and Miss Armstrong offered to navigate the ship if he would take the observations. This was done—the second mate, taking the sun, hurried below with his sextant, and Miss Armstrong, weak and debilitated as she was, worked up the latitude and longitude, doubled Cape Horn, and finally brought the ship in safety to the Farallones. Captain Armstrong acknowledges that if it had not been for his daughter's indomitable will and perseverance the Templar would never have reached the Golden Gate.

The First Pastor of an Exclusively Colored congregation in this country died at Tarrytown, N. Y., Aug. 17th, at the ripe age of eighty years. An enthusiastic lover of the negro race, Rev. Simon S. Jocelyn devoted himself to their spiritual as well as their material welfare. He supported himself by his trade as an engraver, and gave to his work as a pastor his time and money without stint. He was much beloved by his people, and goes to his reward followed by the blessings of many who owe to his unwearied efforts, under God, their eternal salvation.

The Stewart Grave Robbery has Again been forced on public attention. It was generally believed that the corpse of the deceased millionaire stolen from St. Mark's Church-yard last November, had been recovered, and it was rumored that $50,000 had been paid by Judge Hilton for its surrender. The belief was confirmed by the fact that the magnificent mausoleum in course of erection, at Garden City, for the reception of Mr. Stewart's body, was fast approaching completion. Even Mrs. Stewart shared in the general belief that Mr. Hilton had regained possession of her deceased husband's remains.

It now appears that the thieves still hold thei ghastly booty, which they conveyed immediately after the robbery, to Montreal, whenc they write instructing a New York lawyer t open negotiations for its surrrender. They demand $250,000 as the price of their prey, an with calm audacity deprecate the employmen of the police in the case. They say the questio concerns only "the man who has Mr. Stewart' money and the man who has Mr. Stewart' body." They are mistaken ; the public is concerned that so vile an outrage should not go unpunished.

A New Mode of Raising Money for a Church --A few of the ladies of the Congregation Church of Marysville, Ohio, have prepared cookery book, and have realized a profit upo its sale thus far of $3.500. With this mone they have furnished an attractive brick church and still have several hundred dollars left for parsonage fund.

Twenty-nine Lives Saved.—A Crowd of Boys were playing on board of a lighter moored in the East River, New York, on August 12th, when a little boy thirteen years of age fell into the river between the lighter and the dock. It was known that the little fellow could not swim, and his companions, horror stricken, began to scream for help. Gilbert Long, the famous life saver, was doing patrol duty at the time, and hearing the cries hurried to the spot. Climbing down the dock, he hung to the piles, neck deep in the water, and with his unoccupied arm held on to the drowning lad. In a few minutes the drowning boy was on the pier. This is Gilbert Long's *twenty-ninth rescue* of life.

Gilbert Long is one of the three newsboys who formed the nucleus of the life-saving society of New York. Some time ago these boys came to the conclusion that the spare time spent in loafing around street-corners might be spent more advantageously near the river where accidental drowning is a frequent occurrence. They formed a society, of which "Nan the newsboy" is president, and the members patrol the warves and docks every evening, on the lookout for cases in which their services are needed. They are expert swimmers and have succeeded in saving many lives.

A Prodigal's Return.—An Aged Gentleman, formerly a draper in John Street, New York, now resides at the city of Elizabeth. He was one of the founders of the Bethel for Seamen in New York, and one of the first to inaugurate the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, of which he was a faithful attendant. His son John who was a source of trouble to his father, left his home in [illegible], and for many years led a life of infamy and debauchery. He was recently induced to sign the pledge, and by divine help was enabled to keep it. After a year's probation, during which he remained faithful, he resolved to "arise and go to his father."

Taking with him a few of his temperance friends, he went to the old mansion in Elizabeth and told his tale to his father. The scene can not be described. It was a real prodigal returning to his father's house. When the old man saw his son standing before him he went to him and threw his arms around his neck, kissed him, and wept like a child. It was a scene that will be long remembered by all who were present.

Widows' Offerings.—A Lady went into the Protestant Episcopal "House of Mercy" in Philadelphia lately and handed the person in charge $500, saying she wished it to be invested for the use of the institution. When asked her name she refused to give it, and requested that the gift should be acknowledged simply as from "*A Widow.*"

Mr. Spurgeon related recently a similar instance of a widow's munificence as having occurred in his own experience. He said he well remembered a little old woman, poorly dressed, coming into the vestry some years ago at a time of great straits, which not a soul in the world knew, not even a deacon of the church; and she said to him, in the most strange way, "Thus saith the Lord, behold I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." She put down £50 ($245) on the table, vanished, and he has never seen her since. He never knew her name even, and never should, perhaps, until the day of judgment He supposed she would be in heaven now; it was some years ago, and she was very old then. Things had happened so, and his impression was that they would occur again.

A Home in a Prison.—For Twenty-five Years a woman has been a voluntary prisoner in the Tombs in New York. Fifty years ago Mary Valentine was a handsome, intelligent girl in this city. But she became connected with idle, dissolute companions, and her subsequent career illustrates the truth of the apostolic warning that "evil communications corrupt good manners" (1 Cor. 15 ; 33). She became addicted to the vice of drunkenness, and was frequently sentenced to terms of imprisonment for her disorderly conduct. While in prison, separated from her associates and restrained from indulgence in *the liquid fiend,* her whole demeanor altered and she became gentle, womanly, and lovable. But when she was released she fell again under the power of her old habits, in spite of the good resolutions formed in confinement.

One day some twenty-five years ago, the term of one of her customary imprisonments expired, and the good Matron, Mrs. Foster, brought her discharge to her. The woman began to weep. *She did not want to go.* She was very penitent for her past misdeeds, she said, and she was always so happy in the Tombs that she begged to be allowed to spend the remainder of her days there. The Charity Commissioners humored the prisoner, and she was suffered to remain. She had a little stool made, with her Christian name painted upon it, and on it she sat all day, reading or knitting, at the head of the iron stairway, with a smile and a kind word for every one. She went out of the prison walls but twice a year, on the Fourth of July and New Year's, and took particular interest in the Sunday services in the prison. On Sunday last she was taken ill, and now lies in her quiet room dying, having spent the last twenty-five years of her life peacefully and contentedly in jail.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey Assisted at the Service at Cooper Union, New York, on Sunday evening, August 10th. He sang with great effect, "What Shall the Harvest be." Mr. Sawyer prefaced the singing by relating how a Mr. Latimore, of Chicago, who had promised to be at the meetings, was converted by hearing that song. No other influence had been effective. He tried to get away from the impression of the song, but it ran in his mind and seemed written on the walls of his room. He tried to drown it in drink, but it came back the stronger. After his conversion his little daughter wrote him a touching letter. Her mother could not believe it was "papa" who had been converted and was now a sober and Christian man.

Dr. Cullis' Faith Convention at Old Orchard closed on Wednesday, August 13th. A Bible reading on the subject of the two pillars, Jachin and Boaz, was given by Miss Smiley. The points of resemblance between these pillars and Christian character was beautifully drawn, especially the two last resemblances—fruitfulness as shown by the pomegranates, and purity as typified by the lily work on the top of the pillars. Dr. Cullis has greatly endeared himself to the people, and he was unanimously requested to come next season. Many testimonies are given of the great help received in the life of faith by these meetings.

At the Recent Round Lake Camp-Meeting an earnest brother asked permission to relate a story in illustration of practical religion. He told of the Scotch boatman, who, after listening to a discussion between two theologians on the comparative value of faith and works, asked them to imagine the oar he held in one hand as faith, the one in the other as works. He then began rowing vigorously with faith, and the boat made no progress, but turned round and round. When he pulled with works alone, it was with the same result. But when he worked with equal vigor with both, the boat shot forward and made rapid progress. And so the brother believed it was in the Christian life. The two must go together.

How a Wedding was Brought About.—A gentleman invited to a wedding recently, asked the bridegroom how he first met with his charming bride. The bridegroom said in reply, "A year ago I was one of a large dinner-party of ladies and gentlemen at which a young lady was observed *not to drink any wine.* Our host noticed it, and invited her by name to drink a glass of wine with him. She, however, had the courage to decline, saying at the same time that she did so *on principle.* Nothing more was said. Her decision of character deeply impressed me, I sought an introduction to her, satisfied that one of her principles would make a good companion. I became a teetotaler myself, and now she has just become my wife. That's why I married her."

THE PROPHET LIKE UNTO MOSES.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken; . . . . . And it shall come to pass, that whosoever will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him."—DEUT. 18 : 15–19.

The Creature and the Creator—God's Dealings with Man in History—A Succession of Mediators —Moses the First—The Lord Jesus the Last— I. The Twofold Necessity for a Mediator—1. The Glory of God—2. The Sinfulness of Man— II. The Person of the Great Mediator—His Likeness to Moses—III. The Authority of the Great Mediator—Man's Dreadful Responsibility.

MAN, the creature, may well desire intercourse with his Creator. When we are right-minded we cannot bear to be like *fatherless children,* born into the world by a parent of whom we know nothing whatever. We long to hear our father's voice. Of old time, or ever sin had entered into the world, the Lord God was on the most intimate terms with His creature man. He communed with Adam in the garden; in the cool of the day He made the evening to be sevenfold refreshing by the shadow of His own presence. There was no cloud between unfallen man and the ever-blessed One: they could commune together, for no sin had set up a middle wall of partition.

Alas, man being in honor continued not, but broke the law of his God, and not only forfeited his own inheritance, but entailed upon his descendants a character with which the holy God can hold no converse. By nature we love that which is evil, and within us there is an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God, and consequently intercourse between God and man has had to be upon quite another footing from that which commenced and ended in the glades of Eden. It was condescension at the first which made the Lord speak with man the creature; it is mercy, unutterable mercy, now if God deigns to speak with man the sinner.

Through His divine grace the Lord did not leave our fathers altogether without a word from Himself even after the Fall, for between the days of Adam and Moses there were occasional voices heard as of God speaking with man. "Enoch walked with God," which implies that God walked with him and had communion with him, and we may rest assured it was no silent walk which Enoch had with the Most High. The Lord also spake to Noah, once and again, and made a covenant with him: and then He, at still greater length and with greater frequency, spake with Abraham, whom He graciously called His friend.

Voices also came to Isaac, and Jacob, and Joseph, and celestial beings flitted to and fro between earth and heaven. Then there was a long pause and a dreary silence. No prophet spoke in Jehovah's name, no voice of God in priestly oracle was heard, but all was silent while Israel dwelt in Egypt, and sojourned in the land of Ham. So completely hushed was the spiritual voice among men that it seemed as if God had utterly forsaken His people and left the world without a witness to His name; yet there was a prophecy of His return, and the Lord had *great designs,* which only waited till the full time was come.

He purposed to try man in a very special manner, to see whether he could bear the presence of the Lord or no. He resolved to take a family, multiply it into a nation, and set it apart for Himself, and to that nation He would make a revelation of Himself of the most extraordinary character. So He took the people who had slaved amongst the brick kilns of Egypt, and made them His elect, the nation of His choice, ordained to be a nation of priests, a people near unto Him, if they had but grace to bear the honor. Though they had lain among the pots, with a high hand and an outstretched arm He delivered them, and with gracious love He favored them, so that they became for beauty and excellence as the wings of a dove that are covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.

He divided the Red Sea and made them a way of escape, and afterwards set that sea as a barrier between them and their former masters. He took them into the wilderness, and there fed them with manna which dropped from heaven, and with water out of the rock did he sustain them. After a while he began to speak to them, as He had never spoken to any nation before. He spake with them from the top of Sinai, so that they heard His voice, out of the midst of the fire, and in astonishment they cried, "We have seen this day that God doth talk with man, and he liveth." But

THE EXPERIMENT FAILED.

Man was not in a condition to hear the direct voice of God. On the very first day the people were in such terror and alarm that they cried out, "This great fire will consume us : if we hear the voice of the Lord our God any more we shall die." As they stood still at a distance to hear the words of God's perfect law they were filled with great fear, and so terrible was the sight that even Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake."

The people could not endure that which was commanded, and entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more. They felt the need of some one to interpose—a *daysman*, an interpreter, one of a thousand was needed to come between them and God. Even those among them that were the most spiritual, and understood and loved God better than the rest, yet confessed that they could not endure the thunder of His dreadful voice, and their elders and the heads of their tribes came unto Moses and said, "Go thou near, and hear all that the Lord our God shall say : and speak thou unto us all that the Lord our God shall speak unto thee ; and we will hear it, and do it."

The Lord knew that man would always be unable to hear his Maker's voice, and he therefore determined not only to speak by Moses, but, ever and anon, to speak by His servants the prophets, raising up here one and there another ; and then he determined, as the *consummation* of His condescending mercy, that at the last He would put all the word He had to say to man into one heart, and that word should be spoken by one mouth to men, furnishing a full, complete, and unchangeable revelation of Himself to the human race.

This He resolved to give by one of whom Moses had learned something when the Lord said to him in the words of our text, "I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth ; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him." We know assuredly that our Lord Jesus Christ is that prophet like unto Moses by whom in these last days He has spoken unto us. See Peter's testimony in the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and Stephen's in the seventh chapter of the same book. "This man was counted worthy of more glory than Moses, inasmuch as he who hath builded the house hath more honor than the house," yet did he bear a gracious likeness to Moses, and therein His apostles found a sure argument of His being indeed the Messiah, sent of God.

The subject of this morning's discourse is the Lord's speaking to us by Jesus Christ, the one Mediator between God and man, and our earnest aim is that all of us may reverently hear the voice of God by this greatest of all prophets. Our meditation will run in this line : first, we will think for a moment upon *the necessity* for a Mediator ; secondly, upon *the person* of the Prophet-Mediator whom God hath chosen ; and, thirdly, upon *the authority* with which this Mediator is invested, by which authority He calleth upon us this day to hearken to God's voice which is heard in Him.

I. We begin by considering how urgently there existed THE NECESSITY for a Mediator. I need but very short time to set this forth.

1. There was a necessity for a Mediator in the case of the Israelites, first, *because of the unutterable glory of God,* and their own inability to endure that glory, either with their eye, their ear, or their mind. We cannot suppose that the revelation of God upon Sinai was the display of all His greatness : nay, we know that it could not be such, for it would have been impossible for man to have lived at all in the presence of the Infinite Glory. Habakkuk, speaking of this manifestation, says, "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise. And His brightness was as the light ; He had horns coming out of His hand ;" but he adds, "there was the *hiding* of His power."

Despite its exceeding glory, the manifestation upon the mount of God at Horeb was a subdued manifestation, and yet, though it was thus toned down to human weakness, it could not be borne. The unveilings of Jehovah's face no mortal eye could bear. The voice with which God spake at Sinai is by Moses compared to the voice of a trumpet waxing exceeding loud and long, and also to the roll of thunder ; and we all know the awe-inspiring sound of thunder when it is heard near at hand, its volleys rolling overhead. How the crash of peal on peal makes the bravest heart, if not to quail, yet still to bow in reverent awe before God ! Yet this is not the full voice of God :

IT IS BUT HIS WHISPER.

Jehovah hath hushed His voice in the thunder, for were that voice heard in its fulness it would shake not only earth, but also heaven. If He were for once to unveil His face the lightning's flame would pale to darkness in comparison.

2. This sufficient reason is supported by another most weighty fact, namely, that *God cannot commune with men because of their sin.* God was pleased to regard His people Israel at the foot of Sinai as pure. "Moses went down from the mount unto the people, and sanctified the people ; and they washed their clothes." They had abstained for awhile from defiling actions, and as they stood outside the bounds they were ceremonially clean ; but it was only a ceremonial purity. Before long they were really unclean before the Lord, and in heart defiled and polluted. The Lord said of them, "Oh that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear Me, and keep all My commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever !" (Deut. 5 : 29). He knew that their heart was not right even when they spoke obediently.

Not many days after the people had trembled at Sinai they made a golden calf, and set it up and bowed before it, and provoked the Lord to jealousy so that He sent plagues among them. It is quite clear that after such a rebellion, after a deliberate breach of His covenant, and daring violation of His commands, it would have been quite impossible for God to speak to them, or for them to listen to the voice of God, in a direct manner. They would have fled before Him because of His holiness, which shamed their unholiness , and because of their sin, which provoked His indignation, because of the wandering, and instability, and treachery of their hearts, the Lord could not have endured them in His presence. The holy angels forever adore with that threefold cry, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth ;" and He could not permit men of unclean lips to profane His throne with their unholy utterances. O no ! my brethren, with such a sense of sin as some of us have, and as all of us ought to have, we should have o cover our faces, and cower down in terror, if Jehovah Himself were to appear.

God's face is not to be seen. An occasional glimpse may come to spirits raised above their own natural level, so that they can for awhile behold the King, the Lord of Hosts ; but even to them it is a terrible strain upon all their powers, the wine is too strong for the bottles. What said John, when he saw, not so much absolute Deity, but the divine side of the Mediator ? "When I saw Him I fell at His feet as dead." Daniel, the man greatly beloved, confesses that there remained no strength in him and his comeliness was turned into corruption when he heard the voice of God ; and Job said, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear but now mine eye seeth Thee ; therefore I abho myself in dust and ashes." We must approac the Lord through a Mediator : it is absolutel necesary.

II. This brings us to consider

THE PERSON

of the appointed Mediator, and in my text w obtain a *liberal measure of information* upon thi point. Read these blessed words, "The Lor thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet fro the midst of thee, of thy brethren." Dwell wit sweetness upon this fact, that our Lord Jes was raised up from the midst of us, from amon our brethren. In Him is fulfilled that glorio prophecy, "I have exalted One chosen out the people." He is one of ourselves, a broth born for adversity. He was born at Bethlehe not in fiction, but in fact : where the horn oxen fed He in a manger lay, as any other ba might do, wrapped in swaddling bands, and d pendent on a woman's loving care as any oth babe might be.

He was like ourselves in His growth from i fancy to manhood, increasing in stature as do from our childhood to our riper age. Thou the holy child Jesus He was yet a child, a therefore He was subject to His parents. A when He came forth as a man, His was *no ph tom manhood,* but true flesh and blood ; He w tempted and He was betrayed : He hunge and He thirsted ; He was weary and He sore amazed ; He took our sicknesses, and carried our sorrows ; He was made in all poi like unto His brethren. He did not set H self apart as though He were of an exclusive c or of a superior rank, but He dwelt among the brother of the race, eating with publicans sinners, mingling ever with the common peo O sons of men, will ye not hearken when s an one as Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of man ordained to speak of the eternal God ?

Moses was truly one of the people, for he lo them intensely, and all his sympathies were them. They provoked him terribly, but stil loved them. We can never admire that ma God too much when we think of his disinter ed love to that guilty nation. See him on mountain there as Israel's advocate. The said, "Let me alone that I may destroy th and I will make of thee a great nation." proposal opened up before Moses' eye *a gl ing destiny.* It was within his grasp tha himself should become the founder of a rac whom the promises made to Abraham shoul fulfilled. Would not the most of men greedily snatched at it ? But Moses will have it. He loves Israel too well to see the ple die if he can save them.

He has not an atom of selfish ambition a him ; but with cries and tears he excl "Wherefore should the Egyptians speak an For mischief did He bring them out, to slay in the mountains, and to consume them the face of the earth ? Turn from Thy wrath, and repent of this evil against Thy ple." He prevailed with God by his plea for he identified himself with Israel. Mose as it were, gather up all their griefs and sor into himself, even as did our Lord. True I ite was he, for he refused to be called th of Pharaoh's daughter, and cast in his lot the people of God. This is just what our bl Lord has done. He will not have honor from His people, nor even life, unless the also. He saved others, Himself He coul save. He would not be in heaven, and his saints behind. He loved the people a proved Himself to be one chosen out of midst, a brother among brethren.

Mark well that, while thus our Lord brother, the great God has in His person s one who is lifted up above us all in the k edge of His mind. Thus saith the Lord (5 "I will put My words in His mouth." Our Lord Jesus Christ comes to us inspired by Not alone cometh He, nor of His own saith He, " The Father is with Me : I do al- s the things which please Him : the Father dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works." Both ord and work He acted for His Father, and r His Father's inspiration.

en and brethren, I beseech you not to reject message which Jesus brings, seeing it is not own, but the sure message of God. Trifle not a single word which Jesus speaks, for it is the of the Eternal One : despise not one single which He did, or precept which He com- led, or blessing which He brought, for upon ese there is the stamp of deity. God chose who is our brother that He might come near s ; but He put His own royal imprimatur Him, that we might not have an *ambassa- f second rank*, but one who counts it not ery to be equal with God, who nevertheless ur sake has taken upon Himself the form servant that He might speak home to our s. For all these reasons, I beseech you de- not Him that speaketh, seeing He speaketh heaven.

THE MAIN POINT

ver, upon which I want to dwell is, that is like to Moses. There had been no bet- nediator found than Moses up to Moses' the Lord God, therefore, determined to upon that model with the great prophet of ace, and He has done so in sending forth ord Jesus. It would be a very interesting for the young people to work out all the s in which Moses is a personal type of the Jesus. The points of resemblance are very , for there is hardly a single incident in the f the great Lawgiver which is not symboli- f the promised Saviour.

u may begin from the beginning at the s of the Nile, and go to the close upon the of Pisgah, and you will see Christ in Moses man sees his face in a glass. I can only ion in what respects, as a Mediator, Jesus is to Moses, and surely one is found in the hat Moses beyond all that went before him *eculiarly the depository of the mind of God.* and again we find him closeted with God rty days at a time. He went right away men to the lone mountain-top, and there as forty days and forty nights, and did er eat nor drink, but lived in high commun- ith his God.

this our Lord Jesus is like to Moses, only r surpasses him, for the intercourse between t and the Father was very much more in- e, seeing that Jesus is Himself essential . and " in Him dwelleth all the fulness of odhead bodily." Cold mountains and the ight air continually witnessed to His com- on with the Father. Nor these alone, for ode with the Father. His language was s spoken out as God was speaking within ; He lived in God, and with God. " I ," said He, " that Thou hearest me always." ad of having to point out when Christ was mmunion with the Father, we have rather, astonishment, to point out the solitary mo- when He was left of the Father, even that hour when He cried, " My God, my God, ast Thou forsaken me ?"

ly for that once the Father had left Him, ven then it was inexplicable, and He asked eason for it ; though He knew Himself to be suffering as the Substitute for man, yet did esertion by God come upon Him as a nov- hich utterly overwhelmed Him, so that He in agony why He was forsaken.

ses, to take another point, is the first of the ets *with whom God kept up continuous reve-* . Moses is described as a prophet *mighty rd and deed*, and it is singular that there was another prophet mighty in word and till Jesus came. Moses, again, was *the er of a great system of religious law*, and was not the case with any other but the Lord es.

ne will fail us, or we would mention to you *Moses was faithful before God* as a ser- over all His house, and so was Jesus as a over His own house. Herein he was the stern type of Jesus, who took the scourge of small cords, and drove out the buyers and sellers, and said, " Take these things hence : it is written, My Father's house shall be a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

Moses, by divine grace, was *very meek*, and perhaps this is

THE CHIEF PARALLEL

between him and Jesus. I have said, " by divine grace," for I suppose by nature he was strongly passionate. Divine grace had so cooled and calmed him that in general he was the gentlest of men. *But what shall I say of my Master?* Let Him speak for Himself. " Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest : take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Our children call Him " Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." The man Jesus is very meek above all men that are upon the face of the earth. He has His indignation, for He can be angry, and the wrath of the Lamb is the most awful wrath beneath the sun ; but still to us, in this gospel day, He is all love and tenderness : and when He bids us come to Him, can we refuse to hear? So meek is the Mediator that He is love itself, incarnate love so loving, that when He died His only crime was that He was " found guilty of excess of love ;" can we be so cruel as to reject Him? O brothers and sisters, do not refuse to listen to the voice of this Tender One by whom God speaketh to you.

Our Lord was like to Moses in meekness, and then to sum up all—Moses was *the Mediator for God with the people*, and so is our blessed Lord. Moses came in God's name to set Israel free from Pharoah's bondage, and he did it : Jesus came to set us free from a worse bondage still, and He has achieved our freedom. Moses led the people through the Red Sea, and Jesus has led us where all the hosts of hell were overthrown, and sin was drowned in His own most precious blood. Moses led the tribes through the wilderness, and Jesus leads us through the weary ways of this life to the rest which remaineth for the people of God. Moses spake to the people for God, and Jesus hath done the same. Moses spake to God for the people, and Jesus ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Moses proposed himself as a sacrifice when he said, " If not, blot my name out of the book of life ;" but Jesus was an actual sacrifice, and was taken away from the land of the living for our sakes, being made a curse for us. Moses, in a certain sense, died for the people, for he could not enter into the land, but must needs close his eyes on Nebo. Those are touching words, " The Lord was angry with me for your sakes ;" words which in a diviner sense may be fitly applied to Jesus, for God was angry with him for our sakes. Right through to the very end our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, is a prophet like unto Moses, raised up from the midst of his brethren. O my hearers, hear ye Him. Turn not your ear away from this Prophet of prophets, but hear and live.

III. I close with that point, and if my words are very few let them be weighty. Let us think of *the authority* of our great Mediator, and let this be

THE PRACTICAL LESSON.

Hear ye Him. Men and brethren, if our hearts were right, the moment it was announced that God would speak to us through Jesus Christ there would be a rush to hear Him. If sin had not maddened men they would listen eagerly to every word of God through such a Mediator as Jesus is ; they would write each golden sentence on their tablets, they would hoard His word in their memories, they would wear it between their eyes, they would yield their hearts to it. Alas, it is not so ; and the saddest thing of all is that some talk of Jesus for gain, and others hear of Him as if His story were a mere tale or an old Jewish ballad of eighteen hundred years ago.

Yet, remember, God speaks by Jesus still, and every word of His that is left on record is as solemnly alive to-day as when it first leaped from His blessed lips. I beseech you remember Christ cometh not as an amateur, but he hath authority with Him : this ambassador to men wears the authority of the King of kings. If ye despise Him ye despise Him that sent Him : if ye turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven ye turn away from the eternal God, and ye do despite to His love. O do not so.

Note how my text puts it. It saith here, " Whosoever shall not hearken unto My words which He shall speak in My name, *I will require it of him.*" My heart trembles while I repeat to you the words, " I will require it of him." To-day God graciously requires it of some of you, and asks why you have not listened to Christ's voice. Why is this? You have not accepted His salvation. Why is this? You know all about Jesus, and you say it is true, but you have never believed in Him : why is this? God requires it of you.

The day will come when He will require it of you in a much more violent sense than he does to-day ; when you shall have passed beyond the region of mercy He will say, " I called you and you refused; why is this? I did not speak to you in thunder. I spoke to you with the gentle voice of the Only Begotten who bled and died for men : why did you not hear Him? Every Sabbath day My servant tried to repeat the language of His Master to you : why did you refuse it? You are cast into hell, but why did not you accept the pardon which would have delivered you from it?" You were too busy. Too busy to remember your God? What could you have been busy about that was worth a thought as compared with Him? You were too fond of pleasure.

My Master will require of me how I have preached to you, and I sincerely wish it were in my power to put these things in better form, and plead with you more earnestly ; but, after all, what can I do? If you have no care for your own souls, *how can I help it?* If you will rush upon eternal woe, if you will despise the altogether lovely One through whom God speaks to you, if you will live day after day carelessly and wantonly, throwing away your souls, oh, then mine eyes shall weep in secret places for you ; but what more can I do but leave you to God? At the last I shall be compelled to say " Amen" to the verdict which condemns you for ever. God grant that such a reluctant task may not fall to my lot in reference to any one of you, but may you now hear and obey the Lord Jesus, and find eternal salvation at once, for his dear name's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Fashionable Novelists are Fond of Going to the *haunts of crime* and describing what they see there ; but why do they not take the trouble to examine the *heights of Christian life* that they may give true pictures of what they see there? A company of would-be naturalists in the olden time, who were writing a dictionary, once said to Baron Cuvier, " Here is a good *definition of a crab.*" " What is it?" asked Cuvier. " A little red fish that moves backwards." " Very good," said he, " only there are three mistakes : it is not a fish, it is not red, and it does not move backwards." That is very much the style of definition that novelists give to Christian people. In denouncing hypocritical professors of religion—who cannot be too severely denounced—novelists often convey the false impression, that such men are types of Christian character, and they neglect to delineate sincere Christian men and women, who are illustrations of the life that is in the Lord Jesus Christ.

DELIVERED FROM A DELUGE BY PRAYER.

During a violent storm on the northern coast of Russia some years ago, the waters of the Gulf of Finland rose so high as suddenly to submerge a portion of the great city of St. Petersburg beneath a flood. A widespread sea of water stretched itself out on every side, with the houses just appearing above it. The hurricane tore up the fairest and finest trees. Numerous horses that were kept in stables were drowned; those that were let loose swam for their lives and were saved. The soldiers on sentry, not being relieved, nor daring to stir, stood till the waves flowed over them and buried them in the midst. Boats were got out, but it was impossible for them to float, except in the shelter of the few neighboring houses, and hundreds perished by overcrowding into them. Whole villages, with houses, people, and animals, were swept away. The prisoners in the fortress were drowned.

But much as St. Petersburg suffered, Cronstadt, from its lying lower, suffered still more. The hills were covered with the waves, which threatened to submerge the whole island. Stacks of corn were borne to a great distance, and cattle buffeting the torrent were mingled with the corpses of persons drowned or at their last gasp. The Emperor, in a shattered state of health, beheld the tumultuous scene with the greatest consternation. Wringing his hands, he cried, "It has come upon us for our sins;" and, lifting them up to heaven, he implored the Almighty to let His anger fall on his devoted head, but to spare his people.

The day wore away towards the afternoon, and still the waters continued rising. Had they continued rising during the following night and day there would have been seen but a universal wreck. But about four o'clock P.M., just as the greatest consternation was prevailing—just when deliverance was most needed to prevent the entire destruction of the city—at that moment the bow of promise appeared. *A most beautiful rainbow* was seen stretched across the sky. It was as a voice from heaven testifying to the mercy and faithfulness of that God who declared to Noah that the waters should never again overflow the earth. Encouraged by this token of peace, every one looked up, and lo, the rising of the water was stayed! Hope was kindled in many an anxious breast, and they who feared the Lord gave thanks to His name, saying, "He retaineth not His anger forever, because He delighteth in mercy."

Early on that eventful morning, before the wind had risen so high as to give any indication of the coming catastrophe, a poor German mechanic and his wife, who resided in a low part of the city, were obliged to go out on business. They were pious and industrious, and much respected by the religious community to which they belonged. The wife had risen betimes, dressed her two little children, given them their breakfast, and was prepared to leave them at home for as short a time as possible, at most for two or three hours. The children, a little boy five years of age, and his sister a year younger, were the joy of their fond parents' hearts; and when the mother turned the key of the door to depart, with her husband, she inwardly commended her beloved ones to the care of her Heavenly Father.

They took their way, confident of God's love and care, to that part of the city to which their business called them, and which was known by the name of Nevesky, a street running in a direct line from the Admiralty, and familiar to all who had viewed the beautiful metropolis of the Russian Empire. On reaching the house to which they were journeying, they proceeded to transact the business that required their attention, and were so engrossed by it as not to observe the gentle but rapid encroachment of the unwonted tide. On opening the door they beheld, to their surprise and consternation, the flood as it covered the ground rising higher and higher, and threatening destruction to man and beast.

The first impulse of the father was to wade through the water, then knee-deep, to the rescue of his children; but the idea seemed hopeless, for the room in which he had left them was so situated, partly below the level of the ground, and in a low quarter of the town, that the water must have entered it and done its fatal work. And then his dear wife; if he were to leave her, what would be the result? No one could tell how far the waters might prevail, and should he abandon his beloved partner, she might be drowned in his absence, and have none to deliver her.

On her part she durst not urge her husband to venture, lest his life should be sacrificed in the attempt. They looked at each other in perplexity and disquietude, and then turned their eyes upwards in silent prayer to God, "whose arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear."

In their distress they hastened to make known to those dwelling on the premises where they were staying the alarming condition of their children, inquiring of them if they could suggest any thing to be done, if not too late, to save their lives. Alas! the families to whom they applied, though they pitied them, were unable to help them, being intent on saving their own relatives, their merchandise, books, property, and whatever would be damaged by contact with water. Convinced by experience how vain is the help of man, they felt that *their only resource was in prayer*, not for the life of their children, for that they could not hope for, but that they themselves might be prepared to resign them, and to say with the bereaved patriarch, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

Thus watching, praying, and endeavoring to console one another, they passed the weary hours, waiting with anxious longing for the waters to subside. At four o'clock in the afternoon, as we have mentioned, the tempest abated, and the waters began sensibly and rapidly to decrease. Mournfully tempered, however, were the joyful feelings of the agonized parents, whose gratitude for their personal preservation was mingled with the bitter prospect of finding their darling children lying pale and cold and lifeless in a watery tomb.

Three painful hours elapsed before it was safe for them to venture through the water yet in the streets, to the humble dwelling that contained all they held dear on earth. They reached the door, and as it moved heavily on its hinges the mother's heart fainted and almost died within her. They looked in and saw the bodies of their dear ones stretched out upon a small round table, motionless, and locked in each others arms. No water covered them, but on looking up it was evident from the state of the room that the flood had reached far above the height of the table, and that the rest of the furniture had been completely under water. The fatal consequences seemed inevitable.

The father approached the table; he looked at his children—they breathed; he laid his hand upon them—they were warm; they were in a sweet sleep! "*Miracle of mercy!*" he exclaimed. "The God of love," said the mother, in a transport of joy, "be praised!" Yet how can it be? Surely their senses have deceived them, and they are in an illusion! Then by an instinct they were prompted at all hazards to dispel it, and roused the lovely little sleepers from their tranquil slumber.

On opening their eyes and recognizing their parents, they clung to them with fond delight, interrupting, however, the caresses bestowed upon them by complaints of hunger and urgent cries for food. Some remains of biscuit from the mother's pocket were instantly shared between them, and then they sought a key to the mystery of their preservation by asking them what they had been doing, and what had happened to them during their absence.

"When you and father," said the boy, "were gone, we played about the room. The water began to come in under the door, and I got some chips of wood, and Sissy and I played at ships, and the ships sailed along *so prettily* Then the water came over our shoes, and we got up on that chair, and when it came up a littl more we got frightened, and so we got up on th table, where it could not hurt us, and played o the table; and when we were very hungry w laid ourselves down and went to sleep, till yo and father came home."

From this recital, and from the fact of th surface of the table being dry, it was apparen that when the water had risen to its height i had lifted it up, like a little raft, bearing up it precious burden, while in its subsidence it wa let gently down, and the slumbering babes wer unconsciously and wonderfully preserved, to b restored to the arms of their praying parent They were joined by their neighbors in the ado ing exclamation, "What hath God wrought!

ANTICHRIST AND THE JEWS.

By Mr. R. J. Mahoney.

Popery not Antichrist—The Personal Antichri will Usurp Divine Authority—Israel the Roy Nation—The Terrible Apostasy—The Seve tieth Week—Rapidity of Events and Chang —Satan Incarnate—Peculiarities of the Jew People—Preparations for the Work—Gre Babylon and her Corruption—Her Judgment The Last Form of Blasphemy—A New River.

Popish corruption, arrogance, and cruelt though they may well be *shadowed forth* in Re 13 and Dan. 7 are far from exhausting, even fulfilling, all the characteristics of the w beast—the Antichrist—who in his fully dev oped character will set himself up against t profession of *any* belief in God. He will n declare himself to be God's vicar, but decl himself to be *God Himself* (2 Thess. 2). He proscribe all worship except of himself, as the emperors of pagan Rome, and all his w shippers will be branded with his mark, doomed to irrecoverable apostasy. None assert this to be true of all who have held hold the profession of Popery (see Rev. 13:

Thus we conclude that, whatever may be secondary and shadowy application of Dani and 8 and of Rev. 13 to Papal Rome, yet th Scriptures still wait their full and accurate complishment in a more developed and u served usurpation by the future personal A christ of divine prerogative, and unquali apostasy from the acknowledgment of Jehov name. That the immense majority of Chris dom will receive this delusion is manifest f Rev. 13: 3, 4, 7, 8, where all the (Ron world appears worshipping the beast.

But the true Church of God is kept by power of God through faith unto the salva ready to be revealed—kept waiting for the of God from heaven, who shall change t into His likeness at His coming. With Hi His glorious train they shall come to exe judgment on Antichrist and his hosts, in terrible day of God's wrath that brings th of this dispensation. When the mighty of murderers, fed with the blood of His sa have felt His vengeance in the valley of Jel aphat (Joel 3), where blood has flowed to the horse bridles (Rev. 14); when the ened sun and shuddering earth, and "ro waves of the sea," have confessed the righ wrath of their Creator; after all this has p away; the sun shall set in the fair mille splendor of a new age (Zech. 14). "At ev time it shall be light." Then Israel shall b

THE ROYAL NATION

upon earth (Isa. 49: 22, 23). Her people be all righteous (Isa. 4: 3; 54: 13; 60 62: 12); unfaithfulness shall never aga found in her. Her people shall go forth heathen, and outlying nations (who ha been involved in the special rebellion and ment of antichristendom), preaching the of the kingdom (Ps. 68: 10, 11). Where they go, "their feet shall be beautiful up mountains" (Rom. 10). The length of e shall be restored to the measure of patriarchal days (Isa. 65 : 20). Wars shall cease on earth, and the splendors of Solomon's reign shall be multiplied many fold. Satan is bound (Rev. 20), and the evil of man's heart is restricted in its outward working. Who can measure the material development and prosperity of earth under that long benignant sway of the Prince of Peace?

And yet that blessed period of a thousand years closes in a darker apostasy, and a more terrible judgment, than those which ended any of the previous ages. (See Rev. 20 : 7–10.) The dead of all the ages past who died in sin are raised to stand before the great white throne to hear their sentence, and to depart to their own place.

THE JEWS AND DANIEL'S SEVENTIETH WEEK.

The book of Revelation gives us the seven years of Daniel's seventieth week in detail, and there is resumed the thread broken off abruptly in Daniel 9 : 25–26. It is resumed amidst scenes of momentous gravity. Changes that would have occupied centuries in the earlier annals of the age are effected in weeks or even days.

The vintage of earth is fast maturing. Every fresh moment arrives laden with event, catastrophe, judgment. Earth appears as the battle-field whereon the powers of light and darkness become concentrated in close and final struggle. The shaft of the abyss is opened (Rev. 9) and the lost spirits of past ages issue forth in countless numbers, and endued with strange and awful powers, to mingle among men. Angels are seen charged with the infliction of direct and terrible judgments.

SATAN INCARNATE.

At this time Satan will become incarnate in a human being without limit and without reserve. He will produce the Antichrist in his own moral image, the contrast and opposite in all things of Christ, whom Jehovah sent forth as God manifest in flesh. *On Satan's own terms* this Antichrist will accept the kingdoms of this earth, and the glory of them.

In speaking of these last days of this age, Scripture gives prominent importance to this mysterious being. As the living saints are translated to the presence of God, so from the pinnacle of human greatness he is cast living into the lake of fire; and as amidst all the criminals of earth's history he stands pre-eminent in blasphemy and cruelty, so in the Apocalypse the awful tragedy passes from our view into eternity, and he passes with it, *a central figure* in the scathing light of righteous wrath.

Into such an arena, and to meet such an antagonist, Israel emerges from the humiliation of ages, once more a consolidated nation. Indeed, we gather from the book of Daniel that Israel will take a place so influential among the nations, that this great antichristian monarch, in the first stage of his ambitious career, will seek and obtain her alliance. He will make a seven years' covenant with many of the Jews (Daniel 9 : 27).

ISRAEL READY FOR HER MISSION.

The Eastern Question did not receive its final settlement at Berlin. The dismemberment of Turkey was then advanced a stage, and that was all. The process will still go on, and her Asiatic provinces, including Palestine, will probably be the next portion of her empire she will lose. They are now placed under the protection and guarantee of England, but the arrangement is a merely temporary provision, and the question must soon arise, in what way the liberation of Palestine from Ottoman rule shall be effected. If then, as a solution by no means unlikely, Israel should be restored to Palestine under the guarantee of the European powers, she would soon come to take a position far beyond that to which the mere number of her population would entitle her. Their wealth, their commercial connection with all the capitalists of the world, the distinctions which so many of them have achieved in politics, in diplomacy, in art and science, the varied experience brought together from all the European centres of activity, their linguistic acquirements, would all tend to make the capital of such a people the very focus of the intelligence, the taste, the luxury, and the enterprise of the world.

Such a state of things would be reached, not as in the case of other nations, by gradual development. The materials exist, ready, prepared, only waiting to be put together. They are not bound by complicated territorial responsibilities to the countries in which they sojourn. Their resources are transferable on the briefest notice; for the civilized world is their counting-house.

As in heathen fable Minerva issued fully caparisoned from the brain of Jupiter, so shall Israel, in the moment when the signal is given, leap forth into her place among the nations, in all the varied accomplishments of her children, the rival of the proudest.

GENTILE HANDS ARE AT WORK

even now preparing the land for the people. For the last six years the Palestine Exploration Society has been engaged in the survey of the whole land from Jordan to the sea. British officers, men distinguished for engineering skill and high intelligence, have made this service a labor of love. Three fourths of the country have been already mapped out on an inch scale similar to the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain, while the chart of Jerusalem and its environs, on the almost gigantic scale of ten feet to the statute mile, is a marvel of accurate detail. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the value of such a work to a government suddenly called to the administration of newly-acquired territory.

But before " Israel's time of trouble " comes, there is

ANOTHER CRIMINAL

to be brought up for judgment. " Great Babylon comes into remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of His wrath."

After the raised and translated saints are caught up together to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. 4 : 16), the great bulk of the inhabitants of Christendom are left on earth. The salt is taken, and the great mass, amidst which it had lain scattered, is left *to its own corruption.*

In its possession are left the temples, cathedrals, churches, and places of worship which stud the face of that which is called the Christian world. Then will be seen the fully-developed character of the ecclesiastical Jezebel (Rev. 2 : 20–24). Faithless and treacherous to the Lord whom she professed to own, she now casts off every shred of responsibility or loyalty to Him.

She lends herself without scruple to the governments of earth. She becomes in their hands, so far as it suits her own purposes, a pliant instrument to repress or manipulate, to overawe or cajole the populations. Without principle and without shame, she embraces in her latitudinarianism *every heresy* that seeks her influence and sustains her authority. Thus she appears before John, in Rev. 17, sitting on the throne of kingdoms, " the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth."

In this her last phase of corruption and apostasy, the measure of her iniquity is accomplished, and she is held to answer, not only for her own long career of persecution of the saints of God, but also for the crimes of *every false system which she has affiliated.* So that, when her judgment is come, in her is found the blood of saints and prophets, and of all that had been slain in the earth.

Rev. 17 and 18 detail

HER JUDGMENT.

The kings of the earth, and their elected Emperor, at last find her influence too powerful, her intrigues too dangerous, her hierarchy too formidable in rivalry for their own interests. Her pretensions will brook any compromise of principle, but none of power. " In her heart she saith, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow." Like Jezebel, her prototype, she paints her face and tires her hair.

Like her she gathers herself up in her traditional fascination and arrogance to meet her antagonist. But, like her, she is cast down at the command of the new and daring adventurer, and he treads her under foot. The wild beast and his satellite kings execute God's vengeance on her, and thus the system of corrupt Christendom comes to its end in the universal massacre of its hierarchy, its orders, and its followers, at the hands of the nations which it has so long swayed and debased by its corruptions.

But as, once before (when this scene was rehearsed in miniature), Napoleon of France found that his rising empire could not cohere without some sort of religion, so will the last head of the Roman empire find that, in doing away with all the mechanism of religious system, he has destroyed an essential element of human statecraft. Then another kindred spirit (the two-horned beast) comes to his aid, and, in council with him, evolves that

LAST FORM OF DARK AND TERRIBLE BLASPHEMY

described in Rev. 13.

" In the midst of the week " (of seven years) " he (the Antichrist) shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease."—Truce-breaking and blood-shedding are the characteristics of this enemy (Ps. 55 : 20, 21).—Then shall Israel be " trodden down like the mire in the streets." " The blood of God's saints shall be shed like water round about Jerusalem." " Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world till then." Multitudes shall look for refuge in apostasy; but " whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose it shall gain it alive " (Luke 17 : 33, Greek). Israel must learn her last lesson, never more to put her trust in man.

The closing scene is recorded in Zech. 14.

DELIVERANCE

comes not till the Lord's feet stand on the Mount of Olives, and the tribes, in deep contrition, recognize Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, the King of Israel. The Mount of Olives shall be cleft asunder into a deep and far-extending valley. The same convulsion of nature shall cause a deep and inexhaustible fountain to burst forth in Jerusalem, swelling into a mighty river as it flows westward to the Mediterranean, and eastward into the Dead Sea, purifying its waters, fertilizing the contiguous desert, and probably continuing its beneficent course as far as the Persian Gulf (Zech. 14 : 8; Ezek. 47; Joel 3 : 18; Isa. 35 : 1, 7). These rivers would appear to be navigable (Isa. 33 : 20, 21), and thus would Jerusalem become geographically and commercially the metropolis of the earth.

Then shall " Israel blossom and bud, and fill the face of the whole earth with fruit."

A Gleam Across the Wave.—The Rev. Spencer Compton, the earnest evangelical episcopal minister at Boulogne, France, relates the following incident :—" During a voyage to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. 'What *can* I do?' I asked myself, and instantly unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bull's-eyed window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, 'It's all right; he's safe,' upon which I put my lamp in its place.

" The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the *sole means* of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

Christian worker, *never despond,* or think there is nothing for you to do even in dark and weary days. " Looking unto Jesus," lift up your light; let it " so shine " " that men say see"; and in the bright resurrection morning what joy to hear the " Well done!" and to know that you have unawares " saved some soul from death!"

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 703.)

THE DOWNWARD COURSE.

Effie listening for her husband's return, heard a dog bark a little way off ; surely Robert must be on his homeward way. Effie fancied that her ear could detect the click of the latch on the gate.

She eagerly unlocked her door, and ran downstairs to meet her husband. No one was there, her ear had deceived her. She opened the kitchen door and looked out ; nothing was stirring but the bat which darted past with its unsteady flickering flight. Effie drew back with a weary sigh, and seated herself near the open door.

Eleven o'clock struck. The fire had long since died out in the kitchen grate ; not a spark remained amongst the gray ashes. So had the brightness and warmth died out for the time from the heart of Effie. She had found the match-box and lighted a candle. What black shadows every object cast on the wall !

What could be detaining Robert so long ? He was doubtless having a merry evening. How often he had said that no one could sing a jolly song better than did Harry Cole, and that Nellie had the knack of making every one near her feel snug and at home ! Effie had never cared to hear this, and the recollection of Robert's praises of his old friends by no means tended now to make his wife feel more cheerful.

Had Robert a less happy home now that he was a married man ? Would he have led an easier, more cheerful life had he never met Effie Campbell ?

Midnight struck. Effie counted every stroke of the clock, and shivered. It was summer, but the night breeze which came through the open door felt cold ; or was it the chill at the heart of the young wife that made her think that it was so ?

Effie was becoming seriously alarmed at the delay in her husband's return. All kinds of painful fancies came into her head as the night wore on. Was Robert taken ill ? Could he have been waylaid and robbed, perhaps even murdered, on his homeward way ? Effie had heard horrid stories of highway robberies, and, in her nervous state of mind, they all recurred to her now, till her heart sickened with fear.

"I can't bear this suspense longer. I'll put on my bonnet, light a lamp, and go out to meet my husband," said poor Effie to herself. "The loneliness and darkness are so dreadful ! Ah ! surely that is the click of the gate at last."

Effie ran eagerly to the narrow gravel path which led from the gate to the farm-house.

The summer night was not very dark ; the stars were glittering like diamonds above in the deep blue sky. Effie could distinguish her husband's figure, though it did not look as upright as usual, nor did it move onward with step as firm. Effie hurried to meet her husband, then drew back with an exclamation of pain. For the first time in his life, Robert Holland came reeling back to his home !

The next day was the Sabbath. It was to be no day of holy rest and devotion to Robert Holland. He awoke late in the morning with an aching head, and a painful sense of shame. The young farmer was no hardened offender ; if Effie was vexed with her husband, he was much more vexed with himself.

Effie had still a strong hold over the affections of Robert. If, without uttering one word or giving one look of reproof, she had let him see that she grieved less because he had sinned against her, than because he had sinned against God—that she cared for her husband's honor and happiness more than she did for her own—she might have drawn him back from the dangerous path on which he was entering.

Poor Effie needed the wisdom which cometh from above, to guide her in a trial which to her was so new, but she had never asked for that wisdom. Besides this, her own constant yielding to small temptations had unfitted her to become as a guardian angel to a man exposed to great ones.

A woman whom her husband had been able to call "silly" stands at a terrible disadvantage when she seeks to influence him for good. Effie's little follies, her love of dress, her curiosity, had not prevented Robert from loving her, but they did prevent him from leaning on her when his tempted soul most needed support. The pretty, lively bride had been too well contented to be as a petted playmate. She had not risen to her proper position, that of a trusted friend.

Adam, in the Garden of Eden, had many bright birds and playful creatures to delight his eye, and amuse his mind, but amongst all these there was not found a helpmeet for Adam. It was woman's privilege and honor to be a helpmeet to man.

That is a wife's true mission. But it is not, and cannot be fulfilled by the wife who has not gained her husband's *respect* as well as his love. In the constant daily companionship of the home, the character of both husband and wife is revealed to each other as it seldom is during the days of courtship, and happy are they who find the favorable estimate on which they entered on their life-long engagement confirmed by their fuller knowledge. But it is seldom that some disappointment is not experienced on both sides.

The man who was all smiles and good-humor before marriage is found to have an irritable temper ; he who was unremitting in his attentions now is often absent-minded and pre-occupied. The girl whose beauty captivated her lover develops a temper which repels her husband, or a levity that disgusts him. Then is the time when the future happiness of the young couple trembles in the balance. Mutual forbearance, and a loving care and watchfulness, may save angry words and bitter heart-burnings that like a cankerworm would else eat away all the joy of life.

The husband should see to it that his wife should always turn with confidence to him for sympathy, support, and succor, and that he never shakes that confidence by a hasty word. The wife ought to endeavor by cheerfulness, contentment, and womanly loyalty, to prove to her husband that she is worthy of his respect and confidence. So may a love far more abiding, far stronger, and more precious, grow up between them that the storms and troubles of life are powerless to weaken.

But above and beyond all, the mutual love of husband and wife should be cemented in the higher, holier love of both to God. In that bond of union alone, is there security for married happiness, and gloomy are the future prospects of those who have at the outset of their united lives omitted to consider that corner-stone of their happiness. Effie and Robert had done as too many do ; they had consulted their inclinations only and God was not in their thoughts. They were now beginning to see how sad a mistake they had made.

Since their marriage Robert and Effie had regularly on every Sunday gone to church together. They had, indeed, not once remained to partake of the Holy Supper. Robert had never been a communicant, and Effie had not liked to stay without him. The natural consequence had followed : at this time, when Robert had fallen under temptation to self-indulgence, *the lust of the flesh*, in one of its most dangerous forms, Effie could not call in religion to aid her in rescuing her husband from the enemy's snare.

Robert did not choose to go to the house of prayer on that Sunday, to play the hypocrite, as he said to himself, after disgracing himself in the eyes of his wife. For the first time, when the church-bells chimed in the morning their Sabbath summons, Robert told his wife, when she came downstairs with her prayer-book in hand, that he meant to stay at home, there were plenty of things to be done on the farm. Hunt might go to morning service if he liked it, instead of waiting, as usual, for that to be held in the evening.

"Am I to go to church alone ?" said Effie in a tone of reproach ; "I have never done so since the day we were married."

"You have Mrs. Cross and her boy to keep you company," replied Robert. "I see them on the road, they've not much the start of you, you can easily overtake them."

"I do not want to overtake them ; I do not care to walk to church with Mrs. Cross," said Effie, almost pettishly ; "and to have her talking to me all the way about—about matters with which she has no concern. I am glad she wil not return to dinner to-day. She is going to din with some of her village friends she told me."

"Nor am I sorry to be rid of her company fo once," muttered Robert. And yet both husband and wife had an unpleasant conviction tha their lodger would make use of this opportunit for gossiping with her neighbors, to spread fa and wide the story of the farmer's coming hom drunk from the "Crown" on Saturday nigh The intoxicated man had been so noisy, that h return had aroused both the widow and Fre from sleep.

Effie Holland went to church, but less becaus she longed to lay her sorrows at the feet of he Lord, than because she feared what the neigh bors might say should both she and her husban be absent from their accustomed places. Eff had hitherto led a life so easy and pleasant, th she had not realized what a privilege is express in the injunction to cast all our cares upon Hi who careth for us.

Miss Temple met Effie as the congregatic quitted the church, and kindly asked after t health of Farmer Holland. The lady was stru by the constrained manner of the young wife she murmured something about "a slight hea ache," and could not but notice that Effie look harassed and pale. The trials of one night h left their trace on a countenance usually ro with health, and bright with careless goo humor.

Whilst Effie was at church Robert had ti to think over what had passed on the previo evening, and he did so with shame and regr The young farmer had a warm, affectionate hea and though selfish and self indulgent, had ne before sunk into that mire of drunkenness wh degrades a man lower than the beasts that p ish. Robert was grieved at having wronged wife by giving way to a vice which, if it beca habitual, must, as he well knew, bring them b to ruin.

"I *did* promise that I would make my p darling happy," thought the penitent husba as he stood leaning against his fence, look down the road by which Effie must return fr the village. "I did promise to make her hap and I meant to do so, but how soon I've bro my word ! I must try to make up to my p Effie, and I'll tell her that I'll never vex he this way again.

Here she comes, how grave and sad she is lo ing, not like my own bright little pet ! She a thorn at her heart, and it is I that have pu there, good-for-nothing fellow that I am ! no ! my Effie shall never be the wife of a dru ard ! If I can't keep to two or three glasses cut the 'Crown' altogether !"

Holland swung himself over the fence, went to meet his wife. Effie had indeed a th at her heart, and more than one. It was only grief at her husband's intemperance caused a festering sore, but remembranc words that had escaped him when he scar knew what he was saying ; words which, w he was sober, Robert forgot that he ever uttered.

"No, no, no ! you may try as you will, you not worm the secret out of me !" had bab forth the drunken man, and all in tones so that Mrs. Cross had overheard them even thro her closed door. These words of Robert now rankling in the memory of Effie, an creasing to painful intensity the curiosity w she had felt ever since the arrival of the l which bore the postmark of "Guildford." It of these words that Effie was thinking whe met her husband on the road which skirted farm.

Come, Effie, don't be down-hearted; I've en you cause to be put out, but this sort of g is not likely to happen again," said Robert, ing his wife by the hand. "I know that I ed last night like a fool; but when a fellow s amongst half-a-score of old companions, there's singing and dancing, and that kind hing, he gets tripped up by the heels before knows what he's after."

ffie remained silent; her heart was full, and eyes brimming over with tears.

Let bygones be bygones," continued Robert, r a pause. "You know that there should be squabbles between a man and his wife." The ner was stroking gently with his toil-hardened n the little hand which he held.

ffie raised her glistening eyes for a moment. " or any secrets between a man and his wife her" burst from the lips of the mortified

obert instantly dropped her hand, and with uttered curse on curiosity, vaulted back over fence, and left Effie to pursue her way alone he road.

he meal which followed was partaken of al- t in silence. Robert was gloomy and sullen. secret, whatever it might be, now appeared ave upon him much the same effect as a n has on a watch-dog; it worried him, pre- ted his feeling at ease, made him watchful surly.

ffie, naturally perhaps, but unwisely, pushed e her scarcely tasted food, and gave way at to a passionate fit of crying. Robert could endure to see her tears, which seemed to to convey the bitterest reproach, so he took readiest way of escaping from what annoyed . The Sunday as well as the Saturday even- was spent with the Coles at the "Crown."

rs. Cross returned to the farm-house a few utes after Robert had left it, and found Effie miserable and somewhat indignant. The ow was no good companion for Effie at this of trial. It was not that Mrs. Cross bore malice towards the couple with whom she ed; on the contrary, she rather liked Effie, thought Robert "a pleasant, kind-hearted, d sort of man."

rs. Cross had no deliberate intention of ening the breach between husband and wife. was merely a worldly, covetous, low-mind- woman, who said what she liked to say, and what she chose to do, without any regard for feelings or welfare of others.

rs. Cross had set her heart on finding out t Robert had hid from his wife, and it was neans of Effie that she hoped to work out purpose. There was no chance of Effie's etting her husband's letter, or her husband's uarded words, whilst Mrs. Cross was near her expressions of pity, her hints, her ots, her attempts to rouse a young wife to rt her rights and resent what the widow d "Farmer Holland's most strange and terious conduct." And so under her foster- care the breach between the two widened.

is needless to recount the events of each ing day. Robert sometimes remained to supper at home, but quite as often was ab- —there was no need to make inquiries as to her he went—there was about that, at least, ecret. The Holland's were no longer of one t and mind, confidence between them was en, and where confidence is lost, love soon ns to cool and prepare for flight.

rs. Cross took pleasure in teasing Robert, by ing out Effie to talk over, in his presence, pleasures of the life which she had spent Lady Ethel in London. The farmer cared ttle to hear of the luxuries which his wife enjoyed before their marriage, as Effie did to of Holland's merry days when he lodged in house of the Coles. Neither husband nor could bear conversation which suggested a t as to whether marriage had really added e happiness of the other.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

S. S. Lesson for September 7th. (1 Thes. 4 : 13-18 and 5 : 1-10). Golden Text, 4 : 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ONE of the objects for which we are converted is to look for the coming of the Lord. "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, *and to wait for His Son from heaven*" (1 Thes. 1 : 9, 10). Our passage of Scripture for to-day declares the Lord's coming to be the appointed means for comforting those who mourn departed friends. "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (ver. 13, 14), and again (ver. 18), "therefore comfort one another with these words."

The Thessalonians who were much occupied with the Lord's return may have thought those who fell asleep in Christ were deprived of the joy they themselves anticipated in His coming. So Paul, who had sometimes spoken "by permission and not of commandment" (1 Cor. 7 :6, 12, 25, 40), declares on this point, "this we say unto you *by the word of the Lord*, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, so shall we be ever with the Lord." Undoubtedly the trumpet of the archangel is the same as in Matthew 24 : 30 31, and 1 Cor. 15 : 52, "The last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." And in Dan. 12 : 2 the same event is described.

Of this blessed fact there can be no doubt, and that this is the true precious hope of Christ's Church, "the redemption of the body" (Rom. 8 : 23, 24) when the last enemy death shall be destroyed (1 Cor. 15 : 26). But we turn naturally to our Bibles that we may endeavor to gain light upon the times and seasons. Here Paul meets us, and says of these, 'Ye have no need that I write unto you, for yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord cometh as a thief in a night. For when they (not ye) shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape." These words show us that to some at least the Lord's coming will be sudden and unlooked for. The Thessalonian converts were not among them, for Paul says, "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." Reader, how do you stand with regard to the Lord's coming? Are your loins girded, and is your light burning, and are you like unto a man who waits for his Lord? (See 12 : 35, 36).

But what is this "sudden destruction," and what has it to do with the Lord's coming? Surely it is the time of trouble (Dan. 12 : 1, and Matt. 24 : 21, 22), the great tribulation such as was not from the beginning of the world to this time—no, nor ever shall be.

Perhaps the most anxious question which agitates the children of God is that one on which they are so much divided. Will the Lord come to take away His people before or after the time of tribulation. (See Matt. 24 : 29–31.)

But Matt. 24 : 40–44 seems to imply that the coming of the Son of Man (instead of being preceded by the tribulation, which if a sign of Christ's coming must be a most unmistakable sign) will be sudden and in a time of peace. "There shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken and other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." This description seems hardly to agree with the great sound of a trumpet, the dead rising, etc., and thus we are driven to inquire whether there may not be two parts or stages of the Lord's coming—one perhaps before the tribulation, and one perhaps to follow it. This appears to be the teaching of Revelation 14, where we see (ver. 1-5) the first fruits gathered and standing before God, following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Then (ver. 6–11) the time of tribulation, and later (ver. 14–16), the harvest which is then gathered in, before the wine-press is trodden in the last awful struggle in the battle of Armageddon.

If we are right in supposing this is the signification of this passage in Revelation 14, then some other passages which speak of Christ's return become more clear. Heb. 9 : 28, "Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Only to them that look for Him? There are many earnest Christians who do not look for Him, but who think that the millennium is to be introduced by the universal preaching of the Gospel; others are too taken up with themselves, their work, their cares, to be looking for His appearing. Another passage is Luke 21 : 36, "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape those things which are coming on the earth, and to stand before the Son of Man." This would imply that there was a way of escape for those who watch and pray, whereas others might not escape those things which are coming upon the earth. And Rev. 3 : 10 would appear to accord with this: "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation (or trial) which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth."

However it may be, our blessed privilege is to watch. Paul says to his Thessalonian converts, "Ye are all the children of light and the children of the day. We are not of the night or of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." One who watches observes things which others pass unnoticed, and this is the privilege of such as see all political occurrences, and all religious movements, in their relation to their Lord's coming. A watcher hears every sound and recognizes every footstep and perceives the first streak of dawn. There is a meaning to him in things which are without meaning to everybody else. The watcher by the sick bed sees changes and symptoms which others cannot detect, and they who are acquainted with God's word concerning the coming of Christ can adopt the words of the Psalmist (Ps. 130 : 6), "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they who watch for the morning."

But kindred with watching is sobriety. "Let us watch and be sober." It is not sober to enter into anything which may involve or entangle us, anything which may clog our steps or increase our earthly obligations. How can a man who is looking for the Lord's coming enter into perilous money speculations which must absorb all his time and thoughts? The Lord's coming would interfere with all his hopes. How can we be really distressed or really elated about any temporal thing if the centre of all our hopes is in the Lord's return? It is this blessed hope which brings all things into their right order.

"Let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love," all movements of the heart covered and restrained by faith in the living God and love to Him and to all men, "and for an helmet the hope of salvation." As all contact between the heart and the outer world must be guarded by such a breastplate, so the thoughts and imaginations, reflections, etc., must be guarded by the hope of salvation, that of the entire being, when Jesus comes again. Intellectual pride, the pride of life, finds a sorry ending in the death of the body, but in the confidence of entire redemption through Jesus Christ all mental power which is utilized by Christ spreads its wings and finds itself at large.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Disastrous Floods are Reported from Great Britain. A cable message says, "Rains in England continue, and a renewal of the overflow of rivers is reported this morning from Somersetshire, Derbyshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Staffordshire. In the Vale of Clwydd, Wales, thousands of acres of crops are still submerged, and hundreds of cattle and sheep have been drowned. Prayers are being offered in the churches for fine weather, and grave apprehensions prevail as to the prospects of the harvest.

Riots in Quebec.—A Desperate Fight Broke out at Quebec on Friday, August 15th, between the French Canadians and the Irish ship laborers. The former, having organized an independent labor society, were marching through the streets, some three thousand strong, when they were attacked by the Irish Catholics of the parent society, and a free fight ensued. Shots from revolvers and blows were freely exchanged, to the injury of a great number in the crowd. The French Canadians were driven back, turning at times to fire upon their adversaries. The principal hardware stores were entered by the crowd and fire-arms abstracted. Twenty-six men are known to have been wounded more or less seriously, and one man died. A meeting of French Canadians was held in the afternoon, at the close of which they repaired to the plains, where they and their friends assembled in large numbers. When they were able to muster 1800 men, armed with rifles, shot guns, revolvers, and other arms, a rush was made for the city, and the principal streets of the St. Louis suburbs were invaded by the mob, which rushed through them firing shots and howling most discordantly.

Exeter Hall, in London, the Famous Place in which so many religious meetings have been held and so many anti-slavery speeches made by well-remembered orators, is to be sold by the proprietors, and probably converted to other uses. It has paid a dividend of 2 to 2½ per cent. Most of this was derived from musical entertainments, but a recent act of Parliament prevented its being used for such purposes without expensive alterations as a protection against fire. About £25,000 ($122,000) had been offered for the property. The place has so many hallowed associations that general regret will be felt if it is devoted to other than religious purposes.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon, Jr., one of the Twin sons of the eminent preacher, has accepted the invitation of a Baptist Church at Greenwich to become its pastor. He was born September 30th, 1856, and possesses much of his father's spirit and power of influencing large assemblies.

The London Sunday-school Union has Issued an invitation to all Sunday-school bodies throughout the world, so far as known, to attend the Sunday-school Centenary commencing June 28th, 1880, and continuing through the week. A statue of Robert Raikes, now in course of construction, will be unveiled, and conferences will be held with the view of promoting union and giving mutual advice and suggestions.

John Bright's Recent Speech on English Misrule in India appears to have been misunderstood by some of our contemporaries. They have derived from it the impression that natives are not employed in the civil service of India.

But in fact the majority *in number* of civil servants in the pay of the English government in that country are native Indians, some of whom are in receipt of high salaries, even as much as $6000 per annum. The impression Mr. Bright must have intended to convey was that the *covenanted* or higher official service is in the hands of Englishmen, which is true, but the natives are unwilling or unable to go to England for the necessary training for those offices, or they might secure them at the examinations as readily as Englishmen do.

If Mr. Bright meant to say any thing different from this it must have been the result of want of knowledge on his part. This eminent statesman has derived his extensive and minute knowledge of India from books, and some of his statements have been refuted by Sir Bartle Frere, the late Lord Lawrence and other men who have derived their knowledge of India from *personal observation*. The truth is that in India, Englishmen have more difficulty in finding employment under the government than natives have. It may be said that England has no greater glory, and no surer hold on the favor of God than the justice and impartiality with which she has treated the people of India, and we should be sorry if a different impression obtained ground in America.

A National Crime of England's may be the more freely alluded to after the tribute just paid to the justice of that country's treatment of the people of India. We mean the open welcome given by the royalty, nobility, and aristocracy of Great Britain to Miss Sara Bernhardt, the leading actress of France, and the mother of *four illegitimate children*. Her Majesty the Queen appears to have kept aloof from her, but the Prince and Princess of Wales have received her at Marlborough House, and, as a matter of course, the lesser dignitaries have vied with each other in heaping honors upon the woman. Her genius is considered to extenuate the infamy of her private life.

If we are to judge of God's dealings with nations from the lessons given to us in all parts of the Old Testament, then this open crime of the rulers and leaders of the English people is a sufficient explanation why God continues to afflict their country with His judgments. In such a case prayers for relief are vain without repentance, as was well shown in Mr. Spurgeon's recent sermon on "The Present Crisis," published in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 31st. In this number we give some pointed remarks by Mr. Henry Varley on the very case before us. Miss Bernhardt is expected to pay a visit to the United States soon, and we fear that the leaders of society here (exclusive of our God-fearing President) will not treat her with the obloquy that overwhelms an "erring woman" of less distinguished talents.

The Rev. Newman Hall's Divorce Case has been the subject of comment in the daily press. This has arisen from the prominent position held by Mr. Hall among the Evangelical ministers of England, and from his world-wide reputation as the author of "Come to Jesus," and othe works of inestimable value.

The facts of the case cannot be too widel published, as the enemy of souls often cause garbled statements of such cases to be propagate in order to injure the cause of Christ.

The decision of the Westminster Court of D vorce, on August 9th, dissolved Mr. Hall's mar riage with a woman who, for the last twent years, has been a plague and sore hindrance t him in his ministerial work. In 1846 they wer married when he was a minister at Hull, an thirty years old, her age being eighteen. Sh was a spoilt child, self-willed, petulant and vai but talented and attractive. After their remov to London in 1854, she began to evince *disi clination to religious associations*, and present insisted on regularly riding in the hunting-fie in the neighborhood of Tring, as necessary her health. In 1869 she left him altogether, a has since constantly associated with a you livery-stable keeper named Richardson, wi whom the jury have found her guilty of seric misconduct. Sir James Hannen, *the President the Court*, in his summing up, said:

"In my opinion it is not at all an unwort motive for a husband to desire separation fr a wife if she has wronged him, and because desires to marry somebody else. Having b deprived of the comforts of a wife for so ma years, it is not at all unnatural that he should sire that most blessed of all companionsh and end his days in the enjoyment of comf of which for years he had had no experie Mrs. Hall was sinning against God as wel man. Mr. Hall treated her with the utn tenderness, indulgence, and patience. In n single instance, not in one single word, has Hall departed from the line of conduct which most *high-minded and virtuous man could sue*. He has dealt with his wife at every s of her career with the tenderest considera for her feelings. He had been a considerate dulgent, and temperate husband. Mrs. told a deliberate and malignant falsehood in ing 'Mary Wyatt is the cause of my being a from home, and will doubtless cause me t away?'"

The jury, after a minute's consultation an themselves, through the Foreman annou that they had unanimously arrived at a ve against Mrs. Hall. A decree *nisi* was pronour

The Famine in China Last Year Appea have been of a more fatal character than generally believed. The English Consu Tientsin, who is a trustworthy authority, mates that the deaths from want and starv amounted to not less than *nine and a half lion* persons. Numerous cases have been br to light in which starving men have dev the corpses of their companions and it is f that many persons were murdered in order their bodies might furnish food for the assa

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879.

13th Year. No. 46—New Series.

Pu ished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

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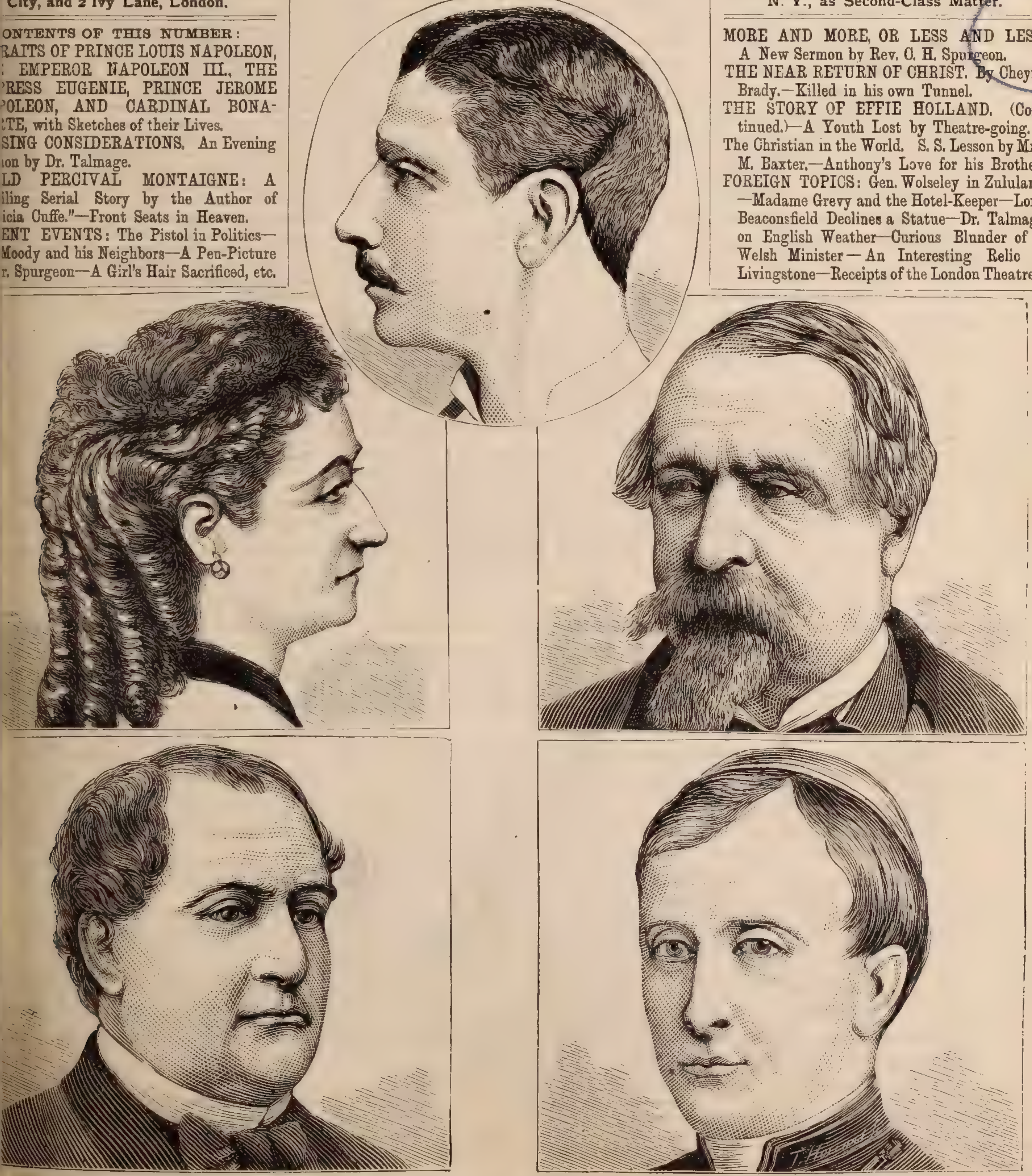

1. Prince Louis Napoleon. 2. The Ex-Empress Eugenie. 3. The late Emperor Napoleon III.
4. Prince Jerome Napoleon. 5. Cardinal Bonaparte.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

IN our issue of July 24th we gave a full biography of this unfortunate young Prince; we here briefly epitomize the same.

He was born at the palace of the Tuileries in Paris, on March 16th, 1856. Great were the rejoicings in that gay city over that auspicious event.

Economic Louis Philippe had spent over the young Count de Paris 100,000 francs ($20,000) in "gratifications" to household and attendants upon a like occasion, but the Emperor's largesses ran to 850,000 francs ($170,000). But the world just then was in a liberal mood, and one at least of the many contributions of the time, the 80,000 francs ($16,000), raised by subscriptions limited to twenty-five centimes and supplemented by a small grant from the State, left traces of a good work long afterward in the permanent shape of the Prince Imperial Orphanage.

A characteristic anecdote is related of a quarrel which took place between the young Prince and the daughter of the Princess Metternich, when they were both children, at Fontainebleau, which gives early indication of the generous character he afterward more fully displayed. The children were talking about *a doll's dress* belonging to the Princess, and the latter was so provoked by the Prince's remarks about it that she boxed his ears. The Prince reddened, drew back as if to avoid the temptation to return the blow, and then said, in a haughty tone, "Mademoiselle, what you have done is very vulgar; you would deserve that I should do the same to you; but I must not, for you are nothing but a little girl."

In 1870, after the battle of Sedan, he went with his Imperial parents to reside in England.

While a cadet at Woolwich he was driving to Woolwich, down the Shooter's Hill Road, with the Duke of Connaught, third son of the Queen, when they were overtaken by a very heavy hailstorm. The servant suggested that they had better turn into the "Sun in the Sands" hotel. "No! no!" replied Prince Napoleon, "put up the collar of my cloak," a course of action which the Duke of Connaught fully approved, and they both drove on through the pitiless storm, which paid no respect to their earthly rank. On nearing the Herbert Hospital the familiar form of the sergeant instructor was observed through the mist-like storm; the Duke of Connaught hailed him to get up and ride down the hill; but the old soldier, with a salute, signified his disapproval of such an unsoldierly action. At this reply the Prince jumped at once out of the carriage and joined the sergeant in his trudge by the roadside to drill quarters, the Duke of Connaught quickly following.

A desire to share the hardships and perils which his military comrades at Woolwich had gone to encounter in the Zulu war led him to go to the seat of hostilities in South Africa in the spring of 1879, and there he was unfortunately killed by a sudden attack of Zulus upon him and several others who were out on a reconnoissance.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BODY.

The Orontes, Indian troop-ship, which conveyed home the body of the Prince from the Cape, arrived at Spithead at four A.M. on Thursday, July 10th. At eight the body was lowered over the side of the great ship into a pinnace and towed by a steam launch to the Enchantress, the Admiralty yacht appointed to bring the body round to Woolwich. The pier of that place was reached about four o'clock on Friday evening. There, among the other watchers, were many who were his soldier companions. Ten officers were selected to bear the Prince's body to and from the gun carriage which conveyed it through Eltham to Chiselhurst.

The coffin prepared for the Prince consisted of an inner shell of lead, lined with white and violet quilted satin. The outer shell was of mahogany, covered with violet-colored velvet, and mounted with elaborate brass ornaments, in which the initials "L. N." were cut. The Napoleonic arms and a cross were affixed to the coffin lid. Between these two ornaments was a French inscription, giving the date of his birth and death.

THE FUNERAL.

When the body reached Camden Place, Chiselhurst, it was handed over by the cadets of the Engineers to the Empress. It was placed for the night in a little chapel, in which the body of Napoleon III. lay until the Napoleon chapel which forms part of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary's was erected.

To this church, which is at some little distance from the residence of the Empress, the funeral *cortége* proceeded the next morning. Queen Victoria went down early to Chiselhurst for the purpose of comforting the Empress by her presence in the supreme hour of trial. The Queen did not join the procession, but with the Empress viewed it unobserved from Camden House.

The pall-bearers were the Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Connaught, and Duke of Cambridge, representing, respectively, the nation, the navy, the Prince's own corps, and the army generally. Besides these were the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Prince of Monaco, and two French marshals.

"Stag," a beautiful brown steed, which was usually mounted by the young soldier in his rides to Woolwich and back, was led after the coffin. Mr. Gamble, a Scotchman, wore on the occasion the identical uniform—cocked hat, with tricolored rosette, green and gold coat, and dress rapier—which he wore at the baptism of the Prince Imperial twenty-three years ago.

With the gentlemen cadets was a man named Henry Weathers, who was present at the funeral of Napoleon I. at St. Helena in 1821. He was also at the funeral of Napoleon III. at Chiselhurst, in 1873, and now at that of the Emperor's only son.

The exact date of the Prince Imperial's death was not the 1st of June, as generally misstated, but Saturday, 31st of May, at four in the afternoon. A letter from the seat of hostilities states that he was slightly lame at the time from an abscess in the hip, and this may have prevented him from vaulting into the saddle with his usual alert skill. He was very active, and was a noted runner at the athletic sports of the Woolwich cadets.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

THIS remarkable man was born on April 24th, 1808, at the Tuileries; and his birth, like that of Bonaparte's only son the King of Rome, was announced by the firing of cannon—a mark of honor only conferred upon those who were of the Imperial family.

His father, Louis, brother to Napoleon I., was formerly King of Holland; and his mother, Hortense Beauharnais, was the daughter of the Empress Josephine. Napoleon Bonaparte is reported to have been much attached to him, and on more than one occasion to have expressed a presentiment that he would be the ultimate representative of the Napoleon dynasty.

At the age of twenty he united for a short time with his brother in an Italian rebellion against the Pope. His conduct in the dangers to which he was thus exposed was marked by great self-possession and courage. From an early period in life he was profoundly impressed with the conviction that he had a great mission and destiny to fulfil in relation to France.

In accordance with this belief he landed at Strasbourg on December 17th, 1836, with a few associates, and endeavored to excite the garrison and inhabitants of that city to revolt against the government of Louis Philippe. A portion of the military forces stationed there ranged themselves under his banner, but, from a want of compliance on the part of other regiments, the attempt proved abortive, and he was apprehended, and upon trial banished to the United States, where he did not remain more than two or three months.

A second expedition for the same purpose, and with a like result, was undertaken by him on August 6th, 1840. Embarking from the l
lish coast in company with a band of dev
adherents, he landed at Boulogne, and mar
with his followers into the town, hoping to c
an uprising of the people in favor of his m
ment. They failed, however, to respond a
had anticipated, and upon his consequent a
and trial he was sentenced to incarceration
the term of his natural life in the fortre
Ham.

He effected his escape from this place of
finement on May 25th, 1846. Assuming the
guise of a workman, with a plank upon
shoulder, he contrived to pass all the sent
who guarded the gates of the castle. In c
to gain time before his flight was discovere
it was the duty of the commandant of the
ress to see him every few hours, his phys
falsely reported him to be ill, and placi
stuffed figure in his bed, by this deception
ceeded in allaying all suspicion as to his abs
until it was too late to recapture him.

The Revolution in France in 1848 opene
way for his return to his native land, and o
8th of June he was chosen Deputy of one o
provinces, and admitted to his seat in
National Assembly. On December 30th, i
same year, he was elected by more than
million votes of the people to be their Pres
for three years. When the three years o
presidency were drawing to a close, in 185
dissolved the National Assembly, because
refusal to listen to proposals for the exte
of his term of office.

On December 2d he consummated the fa
coup d'état, arresting in the dead of nig
the principal men in military and political c
who stood in the way of his being perman
invested with the supreme power. At a
ball given by him on this eventful evenin
displayed his characteristic imperturbabilit
self-possession, by appearing to enter he
into the enjoyment of the festivities of the
although the blow was at that moment
struck which was to decide whether he w
overcome or be supplanted by his political r

The plot of the *coup d'état* was contrived
consummate skill and secrecy; all those
he feared, were seized, and either imprison
sent into exile.

Having thus fairly settled himself in th
of supreme authority, he submitted a pr
to the French people that he should be re-
ed president of the Republic for ten years
partly through the influence of the Ca
priests, who were strongly enlisted on his
he obtained, on December 24th, seven mi
of votes in ratification of this measure.

His ambition, however, had always aim
the acquirement of the Imperial dignity a
re-establishment of the Napoleon dynasty
sequently, on December 2d, 1852, the an
sary of the battle of Austerlitz, and also
coronation of Napoleon I., he assumed th
of Emperor, giving utterance at the sam
to his famous declaration, "The Emp
peace."

In this manner the French Empire was
citated in 1852, after an extinction of thirty
years.

In 1853 he married Eugenie, Countess of
by whom he had issue one son, the late
Louis Napoleon, who has been killed
Zulus.

He was allied with England, Sardinia
Turkey against Russia in the Crimean
which by its success added lustre to the n
Napoleon, ministered to the vanity of the
people, and heightened the glory with wh
sought to characterize his reign.

He had previously succeeded (1850) i
stating the Pope in the Papal Palace in
whence he had been driven by the revolut
troops under Garibaldi. But in 1859 Na
championed the popular cause and decla
intention of freeing Italy "from the Alps
Adriatic." As a step toward this end
clared war against Austria, who then hel
of the fairest provinces of the Italian Pen

Napoleon's campaign against Austria was a series of uninterrupted successes. Having utterly overwhelmed and routed the Austrian army at the battle of Solferino, he had the power in his hands of fulfilling his promise of giving Italy to the Italians. But here the real character and aim of the man came to light. His desire was not to give freedom to any one—

"How should a tyrant set men free?"—

but to consolidate his own seat on the French throne, and to carry out the programme he had planned in exile. He desired to revenge the fall of his uncle, Napoleon I., and to chastise his uncle's enemies. Russia had been punished for the burning of Moscow by the Crimean campaign, and now Austria had been humiliated for her share in his fall. He desired no more in that direction, and he concluded a peace with the Austrian Emperor at Villafranca, which took all Europe by surprise and left his promise of freedom to Italy unfulfilled.

By that peace Venetia, the gem of the Italian States, was left in the hands of Austria, and the Pope still held the States of the Church. Nor did that end his breach of faith. Italy was forced to hand over to France Nice and Savoy, to compensate the Imperial hireling who had falsified his large promises to the Italian people.

Two articles of his programme were achieved. It still remained to punish Prussia to annex Belgium, and to take vengeance on England. Whether he seriously contemplated the fourth and fifth articles of the programme will never be known, for the third step in his progress brought his imperial career to a close.

1870 he declared war against Prussia—a war which ended in a defeat of his armies, and his surrender to the King of Prussia at Sedan. He was carried prisoner to the Castle of Wilhelmshöhe, and the victorious German army entered Paris in triumph, and in the Palace of Versailles the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of a united Germany.

Upon his release from the Castle of Wilhelmshöhe he came to England and took up his residence at Chiselhurst in Kent, where he died in January, 1873.

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

EUGENIE, Countess of Teba, is descended from the family of Gurzman, one of the most renowned houses in Europe, for it is the parent-stock from which have sprung great Dukes and Grandees of Spain.

The Empress Eugénie is not the first of her race who has been raised to a throne, for in 1663 Dona Louisa Francesca de Gurzman married the King of Portugal, Don Juan IV. of Broganza. Her Majesty loves to recount that she is lineally descended from the family of the great St. Dominic. Her maternal grandfather had been a Scottish gentleman, Consul to his Britannic Majesty at Malaga; her father, the Count de Montijo, a Spaniard, who had served the Empire, and had been among those nominated to defend Paris against the allies in '15.

After her father's death, Eugenie de Montijo, Countess of Teba, accompanied her mother to Paris, where she entered with zest into the gayeties of the French capital. There she met her future husband, then President of the French Republic. The narrative of their first meeting is quite full of romantic interest.

A few nights before the *coup d'état* President Louis Napoleon gave a grand ball at the Elysée. The wealth and fashion of Paris were represented there. Perfume of flowers and strains of sweet music filled the air. Magnificent as the scene was the President, tired of it, and longed to be out under the calmer light of the stars; so taking his friend, Edgard Ney, the Duke of La Moskowa, by the arm, he started out through the conservatory for the cool gardens.

As he stepped through the doorway a picture met his gaze that almost took away his breath, and for a moment he stood as one in a dream. It was not long, however, before he saw that the beautiful vision was reality. Standing before a mirror in the conservatory was the most exquisite creature he had ever seen in his life. A young lady, whose *golden hair* had fallen from its confining comb down over her white shoulders, was trying to arrange the truant curls with nervous fingers.

The gallantry of a Frenchman would not permit him to stand staring in the doorway even at so beautiful a sight; so stepping quickly to her side, the future Emperor, with a courtly bow, offered his arm to his future bride, and conducted her to a dressing-room, where she could repair the ravages of the dance. It was a case of love at first sight, and the ardent Napoleon hastened back to the ball-room, where he awaited with impatience the return of the beautiful Spaniard. Nor did his regard for Mlle. de Montijo prove transitory. He proposed marriage to her, and was accepted.

Their union was solemnized with great magnificence in 1853. Nor did Napoleon ever regret his choice, for after he became a prisoner, and his wife a fugitive, the revolutionists, in sacking his palace, found there a document in the Emperor's handwriting, in which he expressed his glowing admiration of his wife.

When the Empress was ascending the throne, the city of Paris offered to her a magnificent *parure* of diamonds. She refused the jewels, and begged that she might be allowed to dispose of their value for the good of the city. With the proceeds she established in one of the worst parts of Paris an orphanage, which is still flourishing under her patronage; and when the Emperor died, the children sent a superbly embroidered memorial wreath, which is now one of the ornaments of the tomb at Chiselhurst.

In 1864 the town of Amiens was desolate and terror-stricken by the presence of cholera, which was slaying its victims by hundreds. Half the population had fled in sheer fright; nurses and doctors had lost their self-possession. The Empress Eugenie left her home in the Tuileries—the young mother, the happy wife—without hesitation and without fear, and hurried to the city. She entered the hospital and the homes of the poor; she stood by the bedside of the dying; she poured words of consolation and encouragement into their ears; she personally soothed their last moments. It had its reward. Fresh courage, new hope, sprung up in consequence in the Minster city, and those who had fled returned to their homes; from that time the disease slowly died away.

In the absence of the Emperor during the Austrian campaign, the Empress was appointed Regent, and on the return of the victorious monarch the Ministers unanimously requested that Her Majesty should assist at the Cabinet meetings; and from that time dates the undoubted influence which she obtained, by sheer force of talent and power of will, in the Imperial councils, which influence the Jesuits knew well how to use. But they over-played their part in inducing her to urge on her husband to engage in the disastrous Franco-German War of 1870, which led to her flight from Paris to England.

Since the death of Napoleon III. the Empress has lived in dignified retirement at Chiselhurst, almost within the shadow of the tomb of her beloved husband. Since the death of her beloved and only son she is said to have written to her aged mother that she purposes spending a few months in retreat in a covent near Burgos, and afterward she will join the Countess of Montijo.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON.

JOSEPH CHARLES PAUL JEROME BONAPARTE, cousin of the late Napoleon III., is the *second son* of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I., by his second wife, the Princess Frederika of Wurtemberg, and *was born* at Trieste, September 9th, 1822.

He passed his youth in Austria and Italy, and later he resided in Switzerland. He then passed five or six years in England, which he mainly devoted to the study of the English Constitution. But his *friends* appear to have been *few*, and in his consequent isolation he imbibed sentiments by no means favorable to that country. Nevertheless, the effect of his studies of English institutions have had considerable weight in the formation of his *political opinions.*

After a short visit to Spain he received permission to reside in France in 1845; but in order to nullify any undue *influence* which his name might give him, he assumed the title of Comte de Montfort. This privilege was, however, soon withdrawn, for he was discovered to be engaged in *intrigues* against the Government of Louis Philippe.

When his cousin was chosen President of the Republic in 1848, he returned once more to Paris, and was elected to represent his *great ancestor's* native island, Corsica, in the Assembly. In this position the wilfulness of his disposition again made itself apparent, for he allied himself to the *extreme Republican* party, who sought to make him their willing instrument to overthrow his cousin Louis Napoleon. So ardent was he in his attachment to Republican principles that, when he discovered that his cousin meditated treason to the Constitution, he went to Victor Hugo and denounced him, and urged the great Republican leader to have Louis Napoleon arrested. This fact, doubted by many, is affirmed by Victor Hugo himself in his latest work. Nevertheless, in 1851, he threw off his Republican friends for his cousin's Empire, and shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" with the loudest. He was then sent as *ambassador* to Madrid, but as he quitted his post whenever he pleased without authority, he was soon recalled.

In 1853 he was made a French Prince, honors were showered upon him, and he received the rank of General of Division. The French people have ever regarded him as holding the very secondary and not very creditable position of a *hanger-on* rather than as a man of action. One of the standing jokes against him is that he always commands "a reserve," or forlorn hope, but under his command neither he nor it ever comes to the front. He commanded the "reserves" in the Crimean war, and his sudden exit from the scene of action did not raise him in the good opinion of the French nation. The *sobriquet* of Plon-Plon given to him on that occasion will perpetuate the memorv of that ungallant retreat.

His wilfulness, aided possibly by envy at the height of fame to which his cousin had risen, manifested itself soon after his return from the Crimea. He is credited with giving information to the Republicans concerning the conduct of the war in the character of an eavesdropper. That party was not slow to use the same in order to tarnish the glittering escutcheon of Napoleon III.

The pamphlet in which this information was given was suppressed, but Prince Jerome was *never forgiven* by Napoleon III., and the inheritance of this condemnation strikingly appears in the late Prince Louis Napoleon's will, in which he desires to set aside the Prince Jerome from any claims on the Imperialist party of France.

He was President of the Exhibition Commissions of 1855 and 1865. On the first occasion he gave great satisfaction, but on the second he suddenly resigned his post because of a reprimand which he had received from the Emperor for a thoughtless or envious speech which he had made.

In 1859 he *married* the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the King of Italy, by whom he has two sons and one daughter. He commanded a division of the French army during the Italian war, but his division was composed again of "reserves," and neither he nor his division were engaged with the enemy.

He made a violent attack in the Senate upon the family of the late King Louis Philippe, one of whose sons, the Duke d'Aumale, challenged him to fight a duel, but Prince Napoleon had the courage to refuse to take part in the game of murder, and thus displayed greater moral courage than if he had accepted the challenge.

Upon the fall of the Empire in 1870 Prince

Napoleon came again to England. Here he equipped a yacht and started upon an *extended cruise* to the United States and South America, returning to the Mediterranean, and visiting almost every port in that great sea.

In 1872 he endeavored, but without success, to organize a party of his own in opposition to the interests of the recently deceased Prince Louis Napoleon.

His personal likeness to the great Napoleon is very striking, and in the character of his mind his associates notice also a mental resemblance to that extraordinary man.

An Englishman who visited him recently writes : "As to the personal qualities of Prince Napoleon, he is a man of remarkable ability and wide culture. That he can write, and write well, is shown by his contributions to the *Revue des deux Mondes* and other publications ; he is, moreover, an acute art critic, and there are few sciences with which he is not acquainted ; with more than one his acquaintance is profound. It would seem, indeed, that the new chief of the Bonaparte family possesses not a little of the genius of its founder, and had he been endowed with greater steadfastness of purpose, and been less of a cynic, he might have made for himself a name in history, and his now hardly concealed pretensions to the throne of his uncle might, in certain not impossible contingencies, be crowned with success."

Among "the not impossible contingencies" is that of the French nation, with its characteristic fickleness, becoming tired of a Republican form of government, and looking around for a monarch who is in accord with the ideas of the time. Prince Napoleon's socialistic ideas and his avowed sympathy with Republican principles might in such a case appeal to the people, and by a plebiscit grasp supreme power. He would thus unite the prestige of the Napoleons with the principles of the Republic, and attain a popularity rarely aroused by an aspirant to a throne.

Moreover, the disasters of Sedan, which would have operated as a bar to Prince Louis Napoleon's pretensions, do not apply to Prince Jerome, for it was well known in France that he was opposed to the war with Germany, and did his utmost to dissuade the Emperor from entering upon it.

It is certain that if France desired a change of government, Prince Napoleon would be the most popular of the three pretenders to the throne, the other two being the respective representatives of the Bourbons and the Orleanists. By the law of France, he is, too, the legal successor to any rights the Bonapartists have in France.

Prince Napoleon cannot be said to have *any* religious opinions at all, his disbelief in the verities of the Gospel of Christ being openly avowed. Remembering this, one is not surprised at some of his published opinions upon social matters.

For nearly twenty years, and at a time when two lives—those of the Emperor and his infant son—intervened between him and the head of the Bonapartist family, some prophetic expositors pointed to Prince Jerome Napoleon as possibly destined to be the final great head of the Roman Empire, the little horn of Daniel 7 and 8, and the ten-horned wild beast of Revelation 13, 17, and 19, who is to perish at the battle of Armageddon at the Second Advent of Christ. Time alone can show whether such anticipations are well founded. But he certainly possesses many of the characteristics we are taught to look for as distinguishing that monster of iniquity.

CARDINAL BONAPARTE.

Lucien Bonaparte, now a Cardinal in the Church of Rome, is the second son of Charles, second Prince of Canino, and grandson of Lucien, brother of Napoleon I.

It is necessary for the purpose of this sketch to take a hasty glance at the "family tree" from which the Cardinal is descended. Not one of the historical romances of which the race reared by Carlo Bonaparte and his wife Letitia Ramolini, in the Island of Corsica, are heroes, is more curious than the strange chain of events by which a Bonaparte finds himself a Cardinal and a devoted servant of the Roman Pontiff.

When the clever company of youthful Bonapartes left the widowed home to seek their destinies as rulers of men, most of them found it convenient to throw off the robe of Catholicism with which their youth had been clothed.

Lucien, the grandfather of the Cardinal, was the least robust of the brothers, possessing a sensitive nature, and was the scholar of the family. He often restrained the high-handed policy of his great brother in his venturesome life as soldier, Consul, and Emperor. In the Emperor's view of the matter, Lucien disgraced his family, like his brother Jerome, by marrying beneath him. So while the less talented brothers were kings, Lucien was never created a Prince of the Empire.

At the fall of Napoleon I. Lucien retired to England, and lived surrounded with comfort, and much respected, in a magnificent house in Thorn Grove, near Ludlow Castle. Here Charles, the father of the Cardinal, was born, and here the father received from the Pope the title which descended to the son—Prince of Canino.

Lucien, the cardinal, was born in Rome on November 15th, 1828, and was the second son of Charles Bonaparte. Until twelve years of age he enjoyed the society and educational supervision of his grandfather, in whose home he had the advantage of mingling with the best society in Europe. As a boy he was in character every inch a Bonaparte, and in features the counterpart of Napoleon I.

In his twentieth year, when every capital in Europe was ablaze with revolution, he made a bold stand against his father, who was elected President of the short-lived Republic which was established in Rome. He had fled from Rome to Naples at the same time as the Pope escaped to Gaeta. From his letters at that time it appears that the son withdrew from Bonapartism and its creed at the same ratio as the father drifted into Republicanism. He had no sympathy with the programme of his cousin Louis at Paris, nor of his Republican father at Rome.

Unlike his cousin Jerome, honors were forced upon Lucien Bonaparte. The devotion of the Empress Eugenie to the cause of Catholicism, and the restoration of the Pope to Rome, and maintaining him there for many years, gave the Napoleons some claim to Pontifical favors, although others of the Bonapartes were still the avowed enemies of Papal pretensions. Under these circumstances Lucien Bonaparte was the only channel through which clerical favors could be conveyed. These were the only ones the Pope had it in his power to bestow.

Lucien Bonaparte was made successively private chamberlain of the Pope and a domestic prelate, but his retiring habits of life induced him to live in an oratory in comparative seclusion. On March 13th, 1868, he was created a Cardinal, an honor which he accepted unwillingly. This creation occurred just in time to allow the Cardinal to attend the Vatican Council, and he voted for the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope.

So little is he seen in the Vatican that his absence gave rise not long since to a suspicion of his having a leaning toward the King of Italy, who is looked upon as the spoiler of the Catholic Church. He is regarded by some as likely one day to become Pope of Rome, and even possibly to fulfil the prophecy of Revelation 13 : 2.

KILLED IN HIS OWN TUNNEL.

At the Interoceanic Canal Congress lately held in Paris, there sat among the leaders of the enterprise a noticeable gray-haired man with keen eyes and a melancholy look constantly upon his face. The company gathered round to congratulate him upon the approaching successful termination of one of the greatest engineering achievements of the century. Then, turning to a friend at his left, "I have worked all my life," said he, "for a little renown and a
little wealth ; and now, in the moment of m
triumph, I find that *neither is worth what i*
has cost me. Indeed, the only use of the mone
I have made is to help those who are less stron
or less happy." The speaker was Louis Favre
of Geneva, contractor of the famous St. Gothar
tunnel, which has just entered upon its eight
and last year of construction. He went straigh
from the Congress to Airolo, at the tunnel'
mouth, and was showing the levels to a Frenc
engineer, on the morning of Saturday, July 19t
when he was suddenly overcome by a jet of fo
gas ; he called for a glass of water, and fell dow
dead.

His death was singular. When he underto
the St. Gothard contract he told his friends
had a presentiment that it would be the cau
of his death. The tunnel's gloom seemed
have entered into his life, and a settled mela
choly took possession of him. Every accide
that occurred among the workman affected hi
deeply, and never was there a piece of enginee
ing more remarkable for its casualties. In t
first year sixteen men were killed ; in the se
ond, twenty-four. In 1876 nearly one hundr
were seriously injured. There was one sp
marked by *the seventh milestone* from the n
thern portal of the tunnel which had prov
particularly fatal. Dynamite had there
ploded unexpectedly, rocks had tumbled dow
men had been run over by cars, others had fall
from the upper level to the lower, and oth
were killed by the bursting of air pipes. T
spot had been constantly in M. Favre's though
He dreamed of it. He told the engineers t
more harm would happen there before the tu
nel was completed. And when, stifled by
temperature, he fell down in an apoplexy
that Saturday morning the bystanders insti
tively looked at the sign marking the pl
where, with outstretched arms, he lay. *It*
the seventh milestone.

Front Seats in Heaven.—The following
extract from a sermon by Rev. Plato Johnso
colored preacher, forcibly expresses the lesso
Eph. 6 : 7. "With good-will doing service, a
the Lord and not to men.." He said : "Br
ders, the lub ob de Lord am a wonderful t
Nobody would tink dat a poor old darkey's
was wuff much enny-how, but de Scripter say
fust shall be last and *vice versy*, and dat i
chief hold we hab ; for I 'clude from sayin' da
cullud pusson wot shines boots an' charges
de reg'lar price, has a tol'ble show for de
world, though he haint much ob a chance h
From a 'ligious point of view, it's just as 'por
to shine boots well as to run a first-class
mill. De Lord he nebber axes you wat you
doin', but *how you ben doin' it ;* and when yo
to de judgment day, some of you pore was
women, who wasn't mean 'bout de starch,
put plenty ob it in de clothes, will be a flutt
ob yer wings in Paradise, while de white
wat made yer wait fur yer munny will be a l
in' for a shady spot, an' a wishin' he had
ob ice.

"You know what I'se thinkin' just at dis ti
I'se thinkin' dat some of these wite folks
'magines dat they'll hab a fedder bed in de
world, and free or four angels to keep the
off, will fin' when dey's lookin' roun' fur
reserved seat in glory dat dey's got a cind
dere eye, and can't see it. How'll you feel,
man, when you find yo'self 'mongst a big c
ob onary folks way up in de fam'ly circle,
some poor darkey, who did yore chores lik
honest man, is 'ducted by de hebbenly ushe
a orchestra seat, right down clus to de me
An' how'll you feel, brudder, when dose a
say to you, ' 'Taint no matter what color yo
your name's been called, an' we'se d'rect
show you a seat on de platform.' Yer ole
faces'll shine like de moon, an' you'll fee
strikin' out wid de dubble shuffle right
golden pavement. 'Member, all ob you, t
ain't de pocket-book, nor de color, but de
ob de soul, wot gibs you a right to a fron
up yander."

RNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE ;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A hrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from p. 710.)

H ng Informers—Mickey Haley Implicates Per- l Montaigne—Haley begins his Information a Lie, which bears Bitter Fruit—Mickey H ey tries to connect Percival with Revolution e has a Tender Conscience—It dawns upon Chief that Mickey's Statement is Question- —He invents a Diabolical Charge against P cival.

TE suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act al- the aspect of matters. Well-known and ost partisans of Mitchell, and those who athized with him—such of them, at least, d not fled to the provinces—were speedily nd, and the prisons of the city, trebly ed, were filled with political offenders. It d that for a week Lord Clarendon never ed his clothes, was up night and day re- g messages and sending forth despatches ; Government officials were worked at high ire, and the civil and military forces were ready for action at a moment's call.

ny one during this eventful week had stood nt of a certain range of buildings in Lower Yard, he would have seen every now and certain unattractive looking individuals with slouching gait from the main entrance the quadrangle, and, after a furtive survey surroundings, to make sure they were not ved, plunge suddenly through the open door ell-known Government office. These in- iduals are paid informers and spies ; they come to give the authorities the names of who in their presence committed them- to treasonable words or actions, under the that the same ardent and self-sacrificing tism which burned in their own bosoms d in the breasts of those degraded and erous hirelings—hirelings who, in many had egged on their victims to the political for the discovery of which they now ed a money payment ; and the price not un- ently was pocketed with an inward chuckle, h it might prove the price of the life of a comrade.

will describe the interior of the office as it red one day in the middle of the week we spoken of. In the centre of the floor is a square table, covered in black leather ; it lie several law books, and large folded ap papers, fastened about the middle with pe or elastic bands. At the head of the sits Mr. Katcham, the chief of the depart- and at each side of it are his clerks, and im stand, dressed in their handsome uni- four or five superior officers of the Irish abulary. A man is standing close to the opposite to the chief, who is questioning and the clerks are carefully taking down positions.

Te man is Micky Haley, the quondam piper, ow self-styled *littérateur*, and he has come nounce Arnold Percival Montaigne as a unced disloyal man, an advocate of civil ter, and altogether one most dangerous to large in such a time of public peril.

ou say, my man, you have known this eman, Montaigne, for a long time?" said ief, looking full into Haley's face.

ndeed, an' ye may say that," said the piper. Sure, wanst upon a time, yer honor, I was a onman—savin' yer honor's presince. Not, dherstand, that I iver was wan in me heart, onor,"—and Haley spoke the lie without a r,—"but, bedad, I liked to be acquainted, ow, wid their onderhand ways and saycrits, at upon an occashun, yer honor, like the nt, prehaps I might have the chance, yer r, as I have now, of earnin' an 'onest pinny tin' out the thruth to the good o' me coun- Well, uv coorse, bein' a sworn-in man, free admittance to the meetin's, yer honor, help uz and save uz!—if I war to die this it, I'm ready to take me solemn oath—"

"Remember, my man, *you are* now upon your oath," said the chief of police.

"Indeed, that's thrue for ye, yer honor. Shure, I 'onestly kissed the book, so I did, and it's meself that's behouldin' to your honor's honor fur puttin' me so koindly in mind uv it. Well, thin, afore yer honor, and these gintlemin peelers, in their beautiful goold and silver lace, I sware upon me solemn oath that I have seen this same Mr. Montaigne, innocent as he looks here in Dublin, at a ribbon meetin', and that too when every wan presint giv their vote for the murdher uv a gintleman who lived in the neighborhood, and him wan that niver done anyboddy a ha'porth o' harm, God bless uz! And, be the same token, it was voted to kill him, not by shootin' o' him—oh, no, that death was counted too aisy for him by half—but to pounce upon him on a suddint—like a dog on a rat, yer honor—whin shootin' snipes in the bog, tie him hand and fut, so that he culdn't stir, bury him alive in a deep and saycrit cave, knowed to uz, and lave him to die o' starvashun."

We know that this whole statement of Haley's, made on oath, was, in all the particulars given, perfectly correct. That Percival had been seen by Haley at a Ribbon Society assembly ; that at the meeting held on that occasion all had given their vote for murder and by starvation ; but the malignant piper suppressed a most material fact, one which altered the whole nature of his assertion—that Percival was there sorely against his will, and he himself was the subject of the diabolical outrage—was not one to pass the sentence of slow death, but was the intended victim. Haley's testimony produced a thrill of horror in the heart of all in the office, and the chief deemed it incredible. Seeing this, the informer added, "Och, thin—though it's hard to think such things can happen in God's world—ye may believe every word I'm a-tellin' ye, yer honor. Sorra a word of a lie is in it from beginnin' to end. It's all Bible truth.

"An' shure, I wudn't for all the world do sich a thing as tell a lie, and me on me oath. It 'id be insultin' to yer honor, and would be doin' a hurt to me tindher conshense. And more nor that, what I've jist tould yer honor isn't the whole that I've to say—no, nor half uv it. Fur I can declare, upon the solemn vartue o' me oath, to yer honor and the gintlemin poliss here, that the sintince I have named was—savin' yer prisince—actually and totally carried out. Yes ; the gintlemin who in the prisince o' Mr. Montaigne it was agreed should be 'put out o' the way' *wuz* pounced upon, *wuz* bound hand and fut, *wuz* tied arms and legs, faster nor anny pig ever carried to market, *wuz* put in the cowld, dark cave to starve, and this same *Mr. Montaigne know'd all about it.*"

"Oh, the dreadful miscreant," exclaimed the chief ; a judgment that was echoed by all in the office. "But, perhaps, my man, he relented, and had this wretched person you speak of afterwards let go," suggested two or three. "No, niver a bit, yer honor," said the imperturbable Haley. "It war another man altogither that, takin' pity on the poor prisoner, did the marciful job. If it war left to be done by the dacent man, Mr. Montaigne, shure the condimned and bound man, yer honor, wud to this hour have been in the cowld and dark cave, and railly, I suppose, be this time wouldn't be even a corpse, but a grinnin' skileton. And, afore me God!" the scoundrel added, "I've only sed the thruth, yer honor, though shure enough the words are hard to be towld o' anny gintlemin. But dosn't it only show uz, yer honor, that it's a bad worreld, and that there's manny a black heart carries a fair countenance?"

Seeing he was heard with rapt attention, Haley proceeded, "More nor all this, yer honor, I can tell ye. This same Mr. Montaigne, for his own inds, calls himsel' a Protestan', but I know betther nor that, fur wid me own two eyes I have seen him, when he thought no one know'd it, in —— chapel." This also we know, so far as it went, was the statement of fact. What follows, however, was false, or gross exaggeration.

"And I noticed," he continued, "that he sprinkled the holy wather—God bless us!—and crossed and blessed himsel', and bowed and prayed and thumped his craw (his breast), and listened to the priest, like any Catholic. An' shure, there's thim givin' all their lives to mass culdn't have done it betther, and, in consequince, as yer honor will see, 'tis plain as a pikestaff that me Protestant Mr. Montaigne is nothin' but a concealed hypocritical and recusant Papist, on whom no wan can depind for wan momint. And now, yer honor, havin' said this to aise me mind, I cum to what belongs more to me presint business."

"That's right, my man," said the chief. "What you have stated is no doubt important, but what we now require here is a statement concerning matters that pertain to the present threatened rising. Keep to this, will you?" "All right, yer honor," answered Haley. And then he added, with cringing flattery, "Och, and to be shure but it's yer honor's honor that has the head for biz'ness. Upon my conshence, it's the Lord Lieftinant himsel', if things only went be desarts, that ye ought to be." "Go on with your deposition, my man, and don't talk nonsense," said the chief sternly. Haley bowed at the rebuke, and thus proceeded, "Well, yer honor, about Mr. Montaigne and John Mitchell (that's gone beyant the says) and the clubs that I was spakin' of, this is what I have to say. Three weeks ago I seen this same idintical gintlemin, Mr. Montaigne, with me own eyes (as I did him in the chapel, as I've said) at the Capel Street Club," and Haley paused as having made a great revelation. "Is that all?" said the chief.

Haley evidently had supposed that this one fact would of itself be a sufficient condemnation of Percival, for he looked quite disappointed at the remark of the chief. "At the Capel Street Club," repeated Haley, "I say I've seen him, and yer honor knows what sort of ground for a loyal man that same place is." "Oh, yes," said the chief. "It's now altogether an illegal thing to meet there since the last Act, but it was not so, my man, at the time you have mentioned." "Ah! but then," urged Haley, "I've seen him there twice;" and then, to make his testimony of more weight still, he went beyond what he knew was truth—"Ay, scores o' times, yer honor." "Bad enough," remarked the chief. "But then mere attendance of itself at the club you mention does not make this Mr. Montaigne a dangerous man. Have you ever heard him speak words of a treasonable character?" Haley never had ; no one ever had.

But the malignant piper, having gone so far, would not now be balked of his revenge. He knew the times were such as to produce in the minds of the Castle officials a disposition to readily receive and believe information about political offenders, for alarm was abroad ; so he made up his mind to invent such a charge against Percival as would ensure his arrest.

"Did I iver hear him spake traysin, is it, ye ask me, yer honor? Och, thin, it's meself that has, more's the pity ; for it's hard to be down on a gintlemin." "When did you hear him?" inquired the chief. "Wan time is as fresh as a daisy in me mimry," said Haley. "Give the date, if you can," said the chief. "It was the — of April," replied Haley, and he gave the very day upon which, as we have related, civil war was resolved upon in a meeting of the confederates.

"Were you there yourself?" said the chief. "Oh, thin, sure I was," answered the piper. "And what makes you so sure of the day, my man, for the date is important?" "Bekase of a sartin thing that happened on it to meself," was the answer. "What was that?" "Och, thin," said Haley, "it war a curious thing all out, yer honor, but wan to fasten it well in me mind. I'm a piper by purfession, yer honor, that is, I was ontil lately ; and on that day, savin' yer prisince, I tuk up me pipes for a bit o' private divarshin, and I burst me bellows playin' the 'Wearin' o' the Green' for a friend o' me own from the counthry."

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

The proprietor has received the following endorsement of the journal from Dr. Talmage since the latter's arrival in England :

I heartily commend to the public the Christian Herald which gives accurate reports of my sermons and contains much interesting, instructive, & evangelical matter. I trust that its large circulation will continue to increase.

London June 12. 1879

T. De Witt Talmage

LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, August 27th, at **12.50 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

General Grant's Avowal that He is not a candidate for the Presidential chair, and does not desire a nomination, continues to be much canvassed. It is said by General Grant's friends that if nominated he would not refuse to become a candidate, but the impression grows that Mr. Sherman would be as good a candidate, inasmuch as a prejudice exists against a third term President, and Mr. Sherman's success in managing the financial concerns of the nation would secure for him the support of the business classes.

The Political Contests of the Fall have Already at this early stage been marked by two shooting cases, one of which has had a fatal termination, and in the other the victim lies in a critical condition.

In Yazoo County, Mississippi, Mr. Henry M. Dixon was candidate for the office of sheriff. He had formerly been a Democrat, and has been so energetic as to have incurred the charge of bull-dozing. But having had a disagreement with his party, he was now running as an independent candidate. Considerable animosity had been aroused against him by this course, and he had been urged to withdraw from the contest. On August 20 Mr. Dixon, armed with a revolver, encountered on the public street a prominent Democrat named Barksdale, who was carrying a shotgun. A dispute ensued, in which Mr. Dixon was shot, and died soon afterwards.

Murders of this character are much commoner among respectable people in this country than they would be if the legislature rigidly enforced God's law—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." (Gen. 9 : 6.)

The Shooting of Rev. I. S. Kalloch on August 23d is the second of the crimes alluded to, having its origin in politics. Mr. Kalloch is a Baptist minister, formerly of Boston, Mass, but who had taken to politics as a profession, and was running as workingmen's candidate for the Mayoralty of San Francisco. He was violently opposed by the the *Chronicle*, and the editor, Mr. Charles De Young, in assailing him descended to personalities, and publicly charged him with disgraceful conduct of which Mr. Kalloch was said to have been guilty twenty years ago in Boston and Kansas. Mr. Kalloch retorted by reflections on the morality of De Young's parents, and threatened to publish a detailed statement, whereupon Mr. De Young drove to his hotel and shot Mr. Kalloch, injuring him seriously. He now lies in a precarious condition.

A determined effort was made by the mob to lynch Mr. De Young, and it was thought for some time that the jail would have been destroyed, but Mr. Denis Kearney, who has powerful influence over the lower classes, earnestly advised moderation and peaceable conduct; and he succeeded in allaying the popular indignation. Great excitement prevailed for some time, and it was thought necessary to *protect the jail with cannon*, and call for military assistance.

While nothing can excuse the lawless act of Mr. De Young, it is to be regretted that Mr. Kalloch, who is professedly a disciple of the meek and lowly Saviour who, "when he was reviled reviled not again," should have followed the bad example set him in returning personal abuse for personal abuse, and so caused the enemies of Christ to blaspheme.

The Filling Up of the Bay of New York by the process of dumping into it the garbage of the streets has been for some time the subject of protest. The existence of the practice has been persistently denied by the commissioners, but the New York *Herald* recently chartered a steamer to watch the actions of the garbage-laden vessels, and caught them in the act. Pilots say that the channel is gradually being filled up through this unlawful practice, and that vessels get aground at places where a few years ago they might have sailed in safety. Now that proof has been furnished, it is hoped that the authorities will protect one of the finest harbors in the world from wanton destruction.

Dr. Talmage writes from England: "This summer is cut out from all the months and years of my life as the one most pleasurable. The hand-shaking, the streets blockaded by friends, and the 'God bless yous' from hundreds of thousands of people, will make me feel better forever.

"I have preached and lectured sixty-three times already ; and such enthusiastic times I have never had before, and never expect to have again. By the day of my return I shall have spoken in all the principal towns and cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland. My party, worn out with excitement, have retreated from the scene, while I so far have increased in health. *I can stand as much kindness* as any man I know of."

From Memphis there is at Present no Hopeful news. The frosts of next month are eagerly anticipated as the only hope for the stricken city. The expenses of the Fever Board are now $1000 per day, and an earnest appeal for assistance has been issued.

The deserted state of the city has proved a temptation to burglars and incendiaries, who have plied their vile avocations, with energy. A patrol force has been organized, but robberies continue to be committed by burglars on the back streets. The city looks more deserted daily. Business has almost ceased except for the nec saries of life. Doctors, nurses, Howard visito members of relief organizations, State troo police, firemen, newspaper reporters, and lour ing negroes are all the people one sees on t street. Occasionally some woman or child com along the street to remind of the past, t even that woman or child is acclimated. Ma white persons continue to go to camps. The c ored people yet remain in the city.

In the suburbs mounted patrols of volunt citizens do duty day and night, protecting pers and property. Incendiaries and burglars wh arrested are not escorted to jail, but are e cuted. All persons are required to be in th homes between the hours of nine at night a four in the morning. Any person found obeying this order are arrested.

The Oneida Community, of which an Acco appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of Febru 27th, have lately taken an important step deference to the opinions of their neighbors. ternal dissensions and external pressure have duced John Humphrey Noyes, the founder of community, to forbid the immoral cust known by them under the title of *complex m riages*. Hereafter under the new rule mem must either live celibate lives or be marrie one wife, as in ordinary civilized society. It been decided to retain their other commun principles and practices ; viz., to continue to their business and property in common ; to tinue to live together and to eat at the s table ; to retain the common department fo fants and juveniles, and to maintain the pra of regular evening meetings for mutual critic These people have been leading sinful lives as is usually the case have ended by quarre among themselves. A project commenced carried out in violation of the laws of Go in it no element of stability.

One of Mr. Moody's Neighbors at North says of him : "I have seen him in a great large places, but I come here to this little t where he knows everybody and takes an int in everything, to be more thoroughly cha with him than ever before. People like to la Mr. Moody knows it, and has the tact t the audience in good humor to commence "That is very good singing for one cong tion," he said at a meeting the other day a close of the first verse of "Guide me, O Great Jehovah," "but there are a good different congregations represented here, a ought to sing better than that. All sing Mrs. Davis, take that fan away from your m Mrs. Smith, I didn't hear your voice! Charles, you can sing! Here, mother, h the place ; you sing! Now try again. I'l watch and see if there are any who don't si

The Ocean Grove Camp Meeting.—The York *Daily Witness* describes the meet Ocean Grove on Sunday, August 24th, as the most spiritual days that have been wit there this season.

At daylight the Tabernacle was crow what is known as the sunrise meeting. Th followed at nine o'clock by a love feast auditorium. Hundreds stood with um over their heads sooner than go away.

It was a perfect outpouring of the peopl *one thousand* offering testimony for Chris when the regular service commenced, o meetings were convened in the Taberna the Young People's Temple.

As the time arrived for the evening se sight presented itself in the meeting g that far exceeded even the expectation o who had predicted a rush. Fully ten th were packed together, hundreds of chai tables being brought out from the tents t on. It was a grand picture to look out that vast multitude united in singing praise.

Another Peabody Gift.—Mrs. Judith I of Georgetown, Mass., a sister of Geor body, has made a bequest of $10,000 for th fit of the public library of that place.

Mormonism is Believed by Some Persons to ve redeeming features, but the following pas- ge from a recent article by Bishop Haven, of e Methodist Episcopal Church, reminds us at a fountain cannot send forth at the same ace sweet water and bitter: "Another evil is eaking out. The pretence that this course of e cures immorality is come to an end. Salt ke City is said to be as full of *public aban-* *ed characters* as any other city of like size. en daughters of Brigham Young are said to of this sort. This lust of polygamy has over- ped its professed bounds, and a many-wived rmon is as licentious as a single-man sinner ewhere. This overflowing iniquity makes the y doubly and trebly corrupt. There is no puri- in man or woman. Polygamy makes each a ature of lust and sin. The whole region rots the festering of its own hellish passions."

Doctor Cullis's Faith Work.—Doctor Cullis, ho carries on in Boston a work of faith similar that of Mr. Muller in England, likes to dwell on the fact that there are two possibilities-- mely, "all things are possible with God"; and ain, "all things are possible to him that be- eveth." (Mark 9 : 23.)

It is fifteen years or more since Dr. Cullis ened a House for Consumptives, where the or suffering from this disease can be sheltered d suitably cared for as regards both body d mind until cured or released by death. The hole number cared for thus far is 1802. It has en supported without any solicitation from an; but in answer to prayer, God has, through e gifts of persons widely scattered as regards cality, sent the amount of $364,242.21.

Over $8000 have also been sent in the same ay for the establishment of the Cancer Home, r which secret prayer was daily offered through e long period of eight years.

A Girl's Hair Sacrificed.—Julia Clarke, a San rancisco factory girl, was caught in a machine cently by her long hair. She seized a pair of ears and cut off her tresses so quickly that she as not drawn between the wheels and killed, s she otherwise would have been. So to save er bodily life the girl promptly sacrificed a easure which was naturally precious to her. low much more is it necessary sometimes to crifice what is dear as a right hand or a right ye, when eternal life is at stake (Matt. 5 : 30).

A Beneficial Law Relating to the Amuse- hents in the low-class halls of our cities will oon be in operation, and it is hoped will be tringently enforced. It is designed to sup- ress the dangerous shows which have been ractised. It forbids the occupant of any place f amusement, or grounds, or building, to allow is place to be used for an exhibition of skill in nife or sword throwing, or to allow a bowgun, istol, or firearm of any kind to be discharged at r aimed toward any human being. Some such rohibition is undoubtedly wholesome. Hardly year ago the country was shocked by a fatal asualty to an actress, in a play in which one erformer shot with a rifle at an apple on the ead of another.

A depraved taste brings large numbers every- here to witness performances in which the inter- st centres in the danger of the feats performed. The Spirit of God alone can regenerate that aste, but it is right and proper to place by legis- ation all possible restrictions on its indulgence. Deut. 22 : 8.)

Pen-Picture of Mr. Spurgeon.—Dr. Hurst, of Drew Seminary, Madison, N. J., who is now ravelling in Europe and has visited Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London, writes that "he is still *he prince of London preachers.*" Dr. Hurst heard im twenty-two years ago, when he was more mpetuous and nervous, and still on trial before he world. He had every thing against him— he press, popular prejudice and suspicion, and ll the closed places to popular favor. But he as gone on declaring like David that his strength was in God (1 Sam. 17 : 45), and no ne now doubts his power and worth. "He has Anglo-Saxon grit and pluck, and you might as well tell the thunder blast to stop as to attempt to control Spurgeon."

Dr. Hurst expected to see him getting old, but though he has given out energy enough for seventy he lacks considerably of fifty years, and bears those years remarkably well. His thick black hair has now some *stealthy threads of gray.* He wears a full beard, waddles just a little more than when he weighed less, and takes things much more quietly than in the storm and stress of younger days. Nevertheless, the doctor says one can see a change in Spurgeon. "He has not the incisive force of former years. He is as deep-sighted, has that same grand metallic ring of voice, and knows how to play on his audience with the old masterful skill, but lacks the cleaving and lifting power of the older days of adventure and initiative. He is far more proper than in former times. He seems to be more conscious of a critical atmosphere about him."

The Evangelist, Mr. S. H. Pratt, has Recently concluded a seven weeks' course of special services in Holyoke, Mass., assisted by a large and excellent choir. The Sunday evening congregations were estimated at about two thousand persons. The Holyoke paper says: "The effect of such constant attention to Divine truth, and the deep wants of the soul, must be good, and only good. Many have been moved and helped into higher views of life and better living. In view of this fact every fastidious critic and every infidel carper should be silent." At a crowded after-meeting on the last Sunday evening of the services, upward of *four hundred* persons in forty-five minutes testified of their faith in our Saviour, and their purpose to live in His service. Let Christians pray that the young converts may be enabled to remain steadfast.

Dr. Talmage's Return from Europe has been postponed for a month; so he will not occupy his pulpit in Brooklyn till at least the first Sunday in October. His admirers in this country will learn this with mingled feelings—feelings of regret that they must wait so many weeks longer before they can have his warm eloquence at their doors again, and feelings of pleasure that the immense sphere for personal influence so suddenly opened to him in Europe is not yet to be closed. The readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD will be no losers by Dr. Talmage's prolonged absence; for our arrangements are complete to publish special reports of his latest sermons every week.

Rev. Mr. Pentecost, assisted by his Evangelistic singer, Mr. Stebbins, is holding a series of meetings in the Clarendon street (Dr. Gordon's) Baptist Church, Boston, Mass. The congregations are good, even in the heat of summer, and are increasing. The blessed results of them are already beginning to be gathered.

Owing to the Falling Off of Legacies, the late receipts of the Home Missionary Society were $10,000 less last year than the year previous, but the gifts of living contributors were $7000 larger.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman, a monthly periodical devoted to the exposition of prophecy, is published at the London office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. The numbers for July and August are now obtainable at the New York office, 63 Bible House, at six cents a copy.

The *July* No. contains—"The Present Condition and Future Glory of our World;" "Coming" (poetry); "Christ's Coming—Pre-Millennial," by Rev. J. Nisbet Wallace; "The Heavenly Jerusalem," by Mr. J. Denham Smith; "What the Jewish Papers are Saying;" "Literature;" "Passing Events."

The *August* No. contains—"A First Advent Conference: a Study for Second Advent Believers," by Joseph Stratford; "A Second Advent Hymn" (poetry), by Very Rev. Dean Bagot, D.D.; "Anglo-Israelism," by D. M. A.; "The Apocalypse;" "Israel and the Church in God's Purpose;" "Jewish Marriages and Burials;" "Conversion in Israel.—II. Isaac Da Costa;" "What the Jewish Papers are Saying;" "Israel's Return" "Passing Events."

We shall be happy to supply the *Prophetic News* every month from England to parties desiring it regularly.

MORE AND MORE, OR LESS AND LESS.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"For whosoever hath, to him shall be given and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."—MATTHEW 13 : 12.

Two Sides of one Truth—A Great Principle—I. Illustrated in the Parable of the Sower—1. The Wayside Hearers—Sealed Ears—2. What is to be Heard—A Poisoned Dish—A Happy-go-Lucky Business—3. How to Hear—The Gospel Exclusive — The Devil's Garden—Satan Turned Benevolent—II. Verified by the Experience of Gracious Souls—When Starlight is Used Sunlight is Given—All Graces Grow—Growth a Gift —III. Verified by the Experience of the Insincere—Keeping up Appearances—"The Earl of Nowhere"—The Cheat Kept up to the end.

Two great general principles are conspicuous in the gospel. The first is that God giveth of His grace to the empty—"He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away." The second principle is that where God has given a measure of grace it is His wont to give more—"He giveth more grace."

These two principles do not contradict each other, but help to make each other complete. In their proper order they exhibit *both sides of one truth*, and give us instruction as to the Lord's dealings with two different stages of spiritual condition. Each principle has its own range. Are you as yet unsaved? Then the principle which you have to do with is this, that God will fill the empty and feed the hungry. You have to go to Him with nothing of your own except your needs, and ask for every thing at His hands.

When a man has received grace, or when he professes to have done so, he comes under *the second principle.* He must take care that he has indeed and of a truth received that which God in the gospel presents to him; for if he does not at the very beginning receive really and truly the true grace of God he will begin with falsehood and end in shame. He must see to it that he has the beginnings of grace, or he cannot have their increase.

This last principle I shall endeavor to use at this time for our warning and instruction. May the Holy Ghost greatly bless it to our hearts, so that those who profess to be the people of God may make sure that their profession is founded on the truth; and may those who are mere hearers of the gospel be disturbed in their consciences and aroused from the sleep of death.

THE PRINCIPLE ILLUSTRATED.

I. First, we shall study this principle as it is illustrated in the *parable of the sower.* You will not fail to observe that this saying of our Lord occurs in three evangelists in connection with the parable of the sower. Besides our text, you will find it in Mark 4 : 24, and there it is at the close of the parable of the sower; you will meet with it again in Luke 8 : 18, still in connection with the same parable. *The principle must be very important*, or else our Lord would not have taken care to have it recorded by three evangelists; and He must have intended that we should read it in the light of the parable, or He would not have connected it therewith. Let us consider our text in its original connection. Each evangelist has given a shade of difference to his record.

1. In Matthew, whence we take our text, the words tand in connection with the hearing of the word—not any mode of hearing, but hearing itself.

Our Saviour's first picture in the parable of the sower is that of the seed falling upon the wayside or the hard road. There was much traffic through the field, a footpath which was *trodden hard by many feet* ran from one end to the other, and a handful of seed fell upon it. So the gospel falls upon men who are occupied with obstinacies, prejudices, pursuits, ambitions, cares, and these make so much traffic through their minds that they are hardened toward the gospel, and it never reaches the inner man, but lies upon the hard surface, a rejected thing.

When they hear it they do hear it, and that is all; as the saying is, "it goes in at one ear and out at the other."

What is the sure result of this mimic hearing? The Saviour in the parable represents the birds of the air as taking away the seed which fell upon the roadside and devouring it, and He tells us by way of explanation that Satan comes and takes away the word, lest in any after time it should obtain an entrance into the heart. Thus is the text fulfilled: "Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." How many of our hearers are of this kind! They lose what they have because in very truth they never had it. Their attendance at worship is coming and going, coming and going, and nothing more. *Like a dog in and out of the fair*, they have no business to do when they go to the house of God. They are no more the better by their going and coming than the door which swingeth on its hinges, and turneth in and turneth out, and then rests in its place. Such persons, like the wayside, do not receive any thing; and, receiving nothing, they continue to receive nothing; nay, they even go from bad to worse, for, though they received nothing at first, they at least seemed to do so, and in due course even that seeming disappears.

2. In Mark 4 : 25, our text is used in reference to the doctrine which is to be heard. The Saviour in the twenty-fourth verse says, "Take heed *what* ye hear." I would press that important exhortation upon you all as most needful at this time. Nowadays people do not care what they hear. If a man can speak fluently, if he can be rhetorical and sensational, if he can tell many pretty stories, if he can use claptrap and bombast he will have many auditors. Time was with our fathers when if a man went *half an inch astray* as to orthodoxy they would have none of him; and though we would not have you so censorious, for we are not to make a man an offender for a word, yet we would have you jealous for the truth. If we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel than that which ye have received, I charge ye listen not to it.

False doctrine is *a poisoned dish*, however daintily it may be served. The false teachers would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect; but ye know what the Saviour said, "All that ever came before me were thieves and robbers, but the sheep did not hear them." "Take heed what ye hear." A man cannot hear false doctrine long without being injured by it. He may at the first say, "I like the man, I admire his cleverness, although I dissent very much from what he says." This is *treacherous ground* to stand upon, for imperceptibly evil comes of it; "their word doth eat as doth a canker."

You cannot expose the soil of your heart to a continued sowing of tares but what some tare or other will take root, and by-and-by, instead of having the good wheat growing in your soul, there will spring up the tares whose end is to be burned, and you will have lost the harvest which should have been produced in your spirit.

There are many who, when they hear the gospel, are, according to our Lord's second picture, mere superficial hearers. They take some heed to their hearing, but not to what they have heard; for if they regarded the value and dignity of the word they would take it more thoroughly to heart, and it would permanently affect their lives. These are they who receive the word in stony places. When the gospel comes to them they catch at it without much consideration; they are *hot and eager* for it, and rejoice because it has come in their way, "Anon with joy they receive it." They sing and shout at once, "Happy day! Happy day! This is the gospel for me. I have found peace and heaven, and will never be anxious again."

These people have not counted the cost, or weighed the truth, or entered into its inner meaning and spiritual certainty. There has been no repentance of sin, no sense of guilt, no humbling before God, no brokenness of spirit, no inner conflict, and no work of the Holy Ghost in the soul. It has all been *a sort of happy-go-lucky business*, in which they caught at what came in their way and promised them fair. They will soon fling away that which they have so inconsiderately embraced; when the sun is up the plant which has no root will wither; when persecution arises the unregenerated convert will be offended. Our Saviour warns us against this in the language of the text. If you truly receive what you hear you shall have more; for unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but if, like the stony ground, you never really *have* the seed, but simply allow it to sprout in the surface-soil which conceals the rock of your unrenewed nature, then under trial you will lose what you have: the sprouting of the grain so prematurely will only end in an equally rapid withering, and all will be gone.

3. In Luke 8 : 18 this grand principle is used in reference to taking heed *how* we hear. Our Lord said:—"Take heed therefore how ye hear: for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have." Many are attentive to the gospel, and they have some discernment, and will not listen to what is unsound, so that they do regard *what* they hear, and yet they have small consideration for *how* they hear it, and that especially on one point.

The suitable way to hear the gospel is to give it full and entire possession of the heart. *The gospel is exclusive.* It will not be one of two masters. I would have you, my brethren, be among "the exclusive brethren," in a very excellent and admirable sense of the term. Our Saviour gives us a picture of the non-exclusives, who are set forth as the seed sown among thorns. The soil received the good seed after a fashion, and then it received the nettles and the thorns; and these nettles and thorns and wheat all began to grow together—a happy family some would say, but *a devil's garden* is nearer the truth.

In these days such a garden is projected on a large scale by some of our public writers and speakers. The church and the world are to become one, and saints and sinners are to blend together in one universal round of play-going.

We are actually urged by persons who suppose themselves to be Christians to renew the old league which was established in the days of Noah, and brought on the Flood, when the sons of God and the daughters of men joined in alliance, because the sons of God thought that they should greatly improve the world by uniting with it. At this time we are told that it is wrong on our part to forsake the debasing amusements of the ungodly, for if we would join in them we might improve their tone and quality. If heaven would go down to hell, hell would be greatly improved. *See how benevolent Satan has turned*, and how anxious to be reformed.

Hear ye the voice of God which runs in another manner: "Come ye out from among them, be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Beware of religious play-going and pious theatricals, for they are a snare into which only the vain and foolish will fall. Let thorns be thorns, and let not wheat attempt to grow among them.

See you that plot of ground? how charming is its aspect, wheat springing up with its green blades among the thorns and thistles! Is it not a delightful compromise? What was the end of this conglomeration? Why, the wheat died; it was choked, and could not grow in such uncongenial society. Know you this, that if ye receive Christ ye must cast out the love of the world. Christ will be *aut Cæsar aut nullus—either king or nobody*. He will have the whole of our heart or none of it. We must altogether give ourselves up to His influence and to His sway; for if we set up another king and say to Him, "Thou shalt reign and Christ shall reign, too," Christ will not have it; He will up and away, for His jealousy will not endure a rival, and His sovereignty will not brook a consort.

Take care, then, how ye hear the gospel; hear it, knowing it to be the only word which can save your souls. Receive it into your being, to become every thing to you; for if you do not there shall be taken away from you that gospel which you think you have, since you have not afforded it the reception which it demands and deserves. If you say to sin, and self, and all else, "Begone! my heart is for Christ alone, this good seed must not be cumbered with such weeds as you are;" then the truth is in you, and shall be more and more fully apparent within you, bringing forth fruit abundantly after its kind.

In connection with this parable, then,
THE SUM AND SUBSTANCE
of our text is this: the word must dwell in us truly, and then it will dwell in us richly; but if it enter not in very deed into the heart we shall lose it altogether before long.

He who receives gets more; he who does not receive loses what he seemed to have. There is no standing still: there is a necessary movement one way or another. In this business a man daily grows richer or poorer. This is no stagnant sea, the current bears all vessels onward either to the fair havens or to the black sea of eternal ruin. Here stands *the inevitabl decree: he who has, shall have;* he who is a mere pretender, and has not, shall lose even his power to seem to have.

EXPERIENCE VERIFIES THE PRINCIPLE.

II. Let us try and bring out the same principl in reference to the experience of all graciou souls. Our experience verifies the truth of th text, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given and he shall have more abundance."

In the world among men it is commonly ob served that it never rains but it pours. Wher you see a sheep there is generally a flock Money makes money. Poverty remains poo Want of capital brings bankruptcy. A con pany starts on imaginary or borrowed capital it makes a fuss and a noise, but it never pro pers. By-and-by it breaks up, and all is los and yet *it never had any thing of its own to lose* thus it verifies to the letter the truth—whosoeve hath not, from him shall be taken away eve that he hath.

Ordinarily, prosperity is a hen which likes lay where there is a nest-egg, and when o swallow of success comes others will follow Certainly we have found it so in the things grace; where grace has been given more gra comes; spiritual capital well worked multipli the stock, and spiritual wealth is realized whe there is a solid basis to begin upon. Let give instances.

When a man believes the gospel in its mo elementary form that man will soon be taug the higher truths. When we begin with sor people by telling them the plain way of salv tion, they raise doubts and quibbles. "But," their favorite word. They cry, "I cannot this and I cannot understand that." We nev thought they would see it or understand it, f they generally want to understand the most di cult parts of the gospel first, like a man wl must needs stand on the top of Mont Blanc l fore he has reached the valley at its base.

Imagine the folly of such a conversation this: "Here are your letters, my child; this l ter is A." "Sir, I cannot learn A B C, for yet I cannot read a single line of Homer's iad." "Come then, my child, and learn t multiplication table." "Alas, sir, I cannot it, for I am not yet acquainted with the Diff ential Calculus." Surely the child mocks and is unwilling to learn. The elements can mastered, although the higher grades of stu have not been reached. Half the difficult of unbelievers are the result of unreadiness be taught.

Dear friend, if you cannot yet follow the L into the depths, he will save you if you foll him into the shallows as far as you can. If y are staggered by any one truth, do not the fore reject your Lord, but be willing to acc that which does not stagger you. Touch hem of His garment if you cannot reach His vine Person, and you shall soon find that y tained in the elementary truths of the gospel will, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, lead you to an understanding of the deeper mysteries. *Use your starlight* and you shall have sunlight soon.

As it is with faith, so it is with the possession of any real, genuine grace. Take *repentance* for instance: a man may say, "My heart is hard, and I cannot repent as I would." No, my dear friend, but do you really hate evil, and do you labor to avoid the faults into which you formerly fell? Do you mourn and regret mistakes, and errors, and transgressions of which you are convinced? Well, then, this repentance of yours will deepen: you will come to be very sensitive one of these days, and you will chasten yourself even for a sinful thought. Though now you cannot reach the sensitiveness which you long for, yet, if your repentance be real, though it be weak at first, to him that hath shall be given, and your repentance shall grow. If there be in your heart an evident love of sin it is idle for you to hope that your repentance will increase, for you have none. Your green bay-tree is not the weeping willow, and will never grow into one, however much it may spread; but *the least twig of the willow*, if planted by the watercourses, will be sure to flourish.

Take *faith* again. If thou dost really believe in Jesus Christ, and look to Him for salvation, that faith, though it be very weak, will become strong. If it be there at all it will wax great in the soul; but if you say, "I think I believe," and yet you really do not believe, you will never grow in faith; in fact, the faith you think you have will in the day of trouble altogether vanish, and you will find yourself in despair. If thou wilt really trust my Lord and Master, though thy faith be but as a grain of mustard seed, yet, if it be real, thou shalt have *more and more* till thy faith can move mountains and pluck up trees. It is God's plan to add more to the first little deposits of faith, even as a master builder adds stone to stone till the structure is complete.

It is so with *love* to God. Who among us loves God as he would wish to love Him! We sigh out—

> "Yes, I love thee and adore—
> Oh for grace to love thee more!"

But beloved, the point you have to watch is not so much the possession of the flaming love of a Samuel Rutherford or a Madame Guyon, as the making sure of even the lowest degree of genuine love to Jesus. See that it be true even if it be feeble. A spark of fire is true fire, and is *quite enough to begin with.* It turns every thing with which it comes in contact into its own nature, and it spreads by the force of its own intensity. The like is true of love. If you have real fire it will burn, but if you have only a painted fire, it will not increase.

It is the same with *zeal* for God's glory; we are none of us as zealous as we ought to be for Christ, but the way to get to be flamingly zealous for His name is to be truly zealous at the first. If you desire His glory, though faint be the desire, it will become more and more intense. If you feel that you must live to praise Him, if you desire to be made willing, even to die to praise Him, you will ere long feel seraphic zeal. True grace must grow, there is no fear about its increase.

Why did not the Lord give us the largest measure of grace to begin with—why promise more abundance as an after result? I think it is because we value grace all the more when it comes to us by little and little. Again, it is to our good to be exercised to get more grace. A poor woman is allowed to go and glean in a field: your generosity might say, "Come, my good woman, I will give you the corn, and you shall not have the trouble of gleaning;" but that might not be so good a thing for her as to allow her to gather the wheat by her own efforts. It is often much better to enable the poor to help themselves than to help them without their own exertions. God is wise toward us; He means to give us the corn, but He decides that we shall glean it, and so exercise ourselves unto godliness. We are to become rich in grace, but it is to be by heavenly trading. *Growth is gift*, remember that. God's grace is received, not as a dead external thing, but as a living outgrowth, and for outgrowth there must be inner life.

You, then, who hope that you have a little genuine grace in your souls, may well take courage. Let the truth contained in the text cheer you—unto you shall more be given, and you shall have more abundance. Do not think because you have but little faith you are always to be doubting and trembling. You shall grow out of it, my brother, as your faith becomes established. Do not suppose that because your hands have been weak and your knees have been trembling, they are always to be so.

A dead post which we saw in the ground twenty years ago is the same post still, no bigger, no smaller, and only altered by becoming rotten underground; but the tree which you saw twenty years ago, what a difference there is in it! It was then a sapling which you could bend, but now it has become as an iron pillar, and there is no moving it. So ought it to be with us, and we must aspire to have it so. May God the Holy Spirit work it in us, for Jesus' sake.

The main point, however, to come to is this—have we really obtained the first living principle? Have we the heavenly seed really in our souls? A prince may get his casket full of shining stones, but what if they should all turn out to be paste gems? A collector of coins might accumulate a multitude of them; there are dealers who will gratify his taste and supply him with an endless number of counterfeits, but if a master of the science should look over his treasures and condemn them as mere shams, what a disappointment would befall him! Brethren and sisters, let us each one put himself into the test house; let us ask the Lord to search us lest we be found destitute of grace. To him that hath that shall be given, and if we have not true grace it shall not be given to us, but we shall even lose what we have.

III. I must now mournfully conclude with the other side of the truth as exemplified in

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE INSINCERE.

Insincere men and women find that what they had is taken away from them. I will illustrate this point very rapidly. It is in this way.

Many who hear the gospel have been brought up to do so from their childhood; but if they do not heartily receive the gospel, they in many instances give up attendance upon the outward means of grace when they get away from the restraints of religious society. They find it dull work to sit so long and listen to drowsy prayers and dull preachings. They find it uncomfortable to get into crowded congregations, cold to be in small ones, and unhealthy to sit in the close atmosphere of a meeting-house. They see many faults in the service, and *grumble quite cleverly.*

At first they stop away one part of the day. Once is quite enough for them, they say; they cannot stand twice. Then, by-and by, every excuse is made for stopping at home. Sometimes it is wet, at another time they feel a little out of sorts; these things would not keep them from business, but a very little suffices to excuse a man's staying at home on Sunday. At length they do not go at all. Thus there is taken away from them what they really did not have: *they did not really hear*, and now they *do not nominally* hear. There are thousands of people in London at home to-day, hardly dressed even at this hour, from whom is taken away *all wish to hear* the gospel.

Here is another form of the same thing. The man keeps on hearing, but not having received the gospel he loses all power to appreciate it. "I do not know what has come over our minister," he says, "I used at one time to feel something when he was preaching, but it is not so now. He is getting old, and has about spun himself out." Other people do not think so, however, for they have been converted and blessed under his ministry. What has happened? Why, this man has lost what he seemed to have, namely, *the power to appreciate* the gospel. He recollects the day when he used to stand in the aisles all the time, longing to catch every syllable, and then would go home and get on his knees, and after a fashion pray for mercy. Nothing affects him now. Tremble, my hearers, if that is your case, for you are going fast to perdition, with nothing to stop you. You are *dying at the root* and will continue to lose all sensation until death ends in corruption.

In certain persons this takes yet another form. They did receive the grace of God in a way and there was an effect produced upon them, but it all disappeared. I have seen an unconverted man admirably reformed for a time by hearing the Word. The drunkard's cup has been given up, and foul language has ceased; there has been a great moral improvement; but, alas, it has not lasted.

Unless gospel work is inward heart-work, if it merely lies in external reformation, the man often goes back to be worse than he was before. The evil spirit which had left him returns, and takes with it seven other spirits more wicked than itself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last end of that man is worse than the first. If the gospel does not save you, it may in the end even make you worse: if it is not a savor of life unto life it will become a savor of death unto death.

One more version of this same truth, and I have done. Some appear to receive the Word even further than those in whom it produces an external reformation, for they make a confession of faith in Christ: they pray, and perhaps they preach; their voices are heard in Christian assemblies, and they appear to live the lives of Christians. I have seen them even become eminent for supposed sanctity, but if they have not received the Word, really and truly, what a miserable life theirs must be! They do not get the secret of true religion, and yet they have to keep up an appearance of it.

Surely, the poorest people in the world are those who have to keep up appearances and have not the means to do it with: they are always getting in debt, and yet have to look everybody in the face. I always pity *a penniless nobleman*,

THE EARL OF NOWHERE, LORD LACKLAND.

Many professors are in a like plight, they have a name to live and are dead. They do not really believe what they profess to believe. They have a shrewd suspicion that all is not right within, and hence they get no comfort from all their religious talking and doing; it is a task, a dreary, cheerless task. They have no proof in their own hearts of the truth of the gospel; for they lack the internal evidence, which is the best of all. Their religion has never changed them, nor stirred the deeps of their being, and at last it becomes impossible to keep up the imposture. Just as with a man who continues to live beyond his means, there comes a time when he must be bankrupt, so there comes a time with the spiritual deceiver when he cannot keep it up any longer.

Look at Judas; he sold his soul for thirty pieces of silver and a rope—that was his way out of his profession. Others have become grosser sceptics and viler haters of Christ than others; their hypocrisy has curdled into blasphemy. Others have settled down in utter indifference, callousness, and carelessness, and have slept themselves into hell.

Where *the cheat is kept up till the end*, what a waking awaits the deceiver! When he will have to go from the hearing of the gospel to the howlings of the lost, from his pew in the house of God to his place in Tophet: when he will have to be dragged away from the cup of the Lord to drink in very deed the cup of devils; when he will be shut out from the association of the saints to dwell for ever with the condemned: when that God whom he professed to worship shall reject him, and Jesus Himself shall say, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye workers of iniquity!" God save us from such a doom, for His name's sake. Amen.

ANTHONY'S LOVE FOR HIS BROTHER.

ANTHONY and Patrick were the only children of a poor farmer in Ireland. He had enough to keep his family pretty comfortably till the famine of 1847, when he was compelled, like many others, to emigrate to America. By them religion had been but little thought of.

Arrived in the settlings, they settled down, with many others from their place, in a new clearing. But loss of property, banishment, and sorrow, instead of driving them to Him whose blessing maketh rich, hardened their hearts, and, to banish care, this unhappy family took to that fatal drink, which has ruined thousands. About Christmas, 1856, a letter was received from Ireland announcing the death of a relative, who had left them all his money. The family joyfully returned to Ireland, but drink had done its fatal work for the father, and he never saw his home again.

The mother and her sons took a house in a country village. By this time the boys were grown into handsome young men: they were all the world to each other. But they were any thing but steady and settled in their habits, and when the government appealed to young men in 1857 to enlist in the army and go to India to assist in suppressing the mutiny, Anthony and his brother eagerly took the Queen's shilling in hope of change of scene and excitement. Bitter were their mother's lamentations when she heard it, for had they not now enough and to spare? But it was done, for the lads did not care much for her, so long as they had each other.

Anthony and Patrick had a speedy voyage, and landed safe in India. There the old temptation to drink assailed them; and during the few days they were detained in Calcutta, fearfully did they indulge in this sin. On the march up country Patrick was seized with sunstroke at a village called Dearee, on the Soane, and from thence was borne insensible to the next station. Poor Anthony was wretched; he marched by his brother's doolie, and at the station of —— obtained leave to remain by his brother till evening, when he *must* leave with his detachment.

The twenty-four hours on the road without medical aid had done their work for Patrick; all who saw him knew that he was dying. His brother felt it too; and it was sad to hear that passionate pleading, "Oh, speak to me once again, Pat! Sure, you'll never go and leave me all alone then! Oh, speak to me again!"

The writer was in the habit of visiting the hospitals, and came in during the course of the morning. I was told by one of their regiment that they were dissolute, drinking lads. It seemed too late for a ray of hope to shine on that awful death-bed, and hopeless to strive to check that heartrending grief. Patrick had never recovered consciousness from the time of his seizure. I asked Anthony his history, which he gave as I have narrated; "and now," he continued, "if Pat dies where will he go?"

I opened my Bible, and long did we read and talk together over Luke 23 : 39–43, and the second chapter of Ephesians. Fearfully excited did the poor boy become as his heart opened to understand and believe the wondrous love of Jesus, the Lord of Glory, dying for *all* sinners. That love constrained his heart. "Oh," he said, "it would not be hard to love Him, and give up all for Him. This here drinking has never done us any good: but, oh! tell me what I can do for my brother. Oh! what if he die like the thief, without looking kindly on this Saviour? What if he die in his sin?"

I told him he could pray, and long did we plead together for the poor sufferer. I rose at length to go. "Will you," said Anthony, "*promise* me to look in at him while he lives, and write me word of him?"

About 5 P.M. I called again at the hospital, but a group of men in the veranda told me Patrick was dead, and his brother was gone to stay by the body till the marching hour.

Weeks passed, and I heard no more of him. One morning I was sitting by the side of a Highlander, Campbell (he has now gone home to Jesus), when some doolies were brought into the portico, and amongst the men in them I recognized several old friends. Amongst them was Anthony. He looked ill, very ill; and his right sleeve hung unoccupied at his side, telling a tale of battle and suffering. No one could look on that tall, fine young man, handsome and soldier-like, though pale and haggard, without realizing keenly the bitterness of sin's consequences.

Yet, as I looked at Anthony, I felt the expression of care was chastened, and there was something very touching in his calm, sad look. "I have come to die where my brother died," he said.

From that day he faded rapidly. As to himself, he had found Jesus, and enjoyed sweet peace. All his sins he felt were forgiven; "and now," he often said to me, "I should long to go, but it haunts me that Pat mayn't be there, and yet he was a better lad than me. Why was I saved and he not? Oh, I would have died to have him in my place. It is so hard to believe it *just*."

Again, and again, he implored me to tell him if I thought Pat would be in heaven.

How could I comfort him on this subject? I could only say that we know not what passes between the soul and its Maker; that he must remember Jesus died for sinners, and that therefore He *wills* not that any should perish.

To change his thoughts from so painfully hopeless a theme, I urged him to pray, while he had time, for his mother, and great comfort he found in so doing. "If I am heard, and she is saved, it will perhaps make heaven a little happier; but, oh, if Pat is not there! No; I can never be happy if he is lost!"

About five weeks after his first coming into hospital he died. I saw him late on the Saturday afternoon. "Just where Pat died," he said, "at the evening hour; but he had no Saviour—no hope! And I—Oh, if I knew he was but forgiven, I should be so *happy*." For some days past he had wandered much in mind, and it touched the manly hearts around to hear ever that plaintive appeal, "Tell me, do you think Pat was forgiven?"

Campbell often read his Bible and prayed with Anthony. On this Saturday Campbell said, "The thought has just come to my mind that your brother, may be, was not insensible all the while. He may have heard the message of mercy, and joined in prayer, 'Lord, remember me;' and like the thief, at the last hour, may have been forgiven." Eagerly did Anthony drink in every word, and the intense joy which lighted up that face I can never forget.

"Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," he said. "Yes, yes, I never thought of that. How wicked I have been to grieve so. The love of Christ constraineth me, and all deep, quiet in his heart, it may have constrained him."

He asked me to read the last verses of Revelation 7 : 9–17. "It is all light now. I am so happy. I long to go.

'Jesus sought me when a stranger.'

He has done all things well. He has remembered me. I shall soon see Jesus. There will be no night in our home!" These were the last words he spoke. He seemed exhausted, and lay apparently unconscious till 9 P.M., when he went home to Jesus.

A few weeks after I received a letter from his uncle in Ireland, saying that Catherine had received her son's letter, with the solemn tidings of Patrick's death and Anthony's conversion. At his request she had procured a Bible, and attended religious service. "And," wrote the uncle, "though her past bad way of life had brought her into ill-health, so that when the letter came she had but three or four weeks to live, yet I make bold to say that I'm sure she's happy now in heaven, though I would have been glad to have her die in our persuasion."

A YOUTH LOST BY THEATRE-GOI

By the Rev. W. Haslam.

THERE was once a young man in Engl who was brought under deep conviction of after hearing an awakening Gospel serm When he reached home his parents saw that was not happy, and instead of taking him by hand and praying with him, and showing the blessedness of the state of conviction— it was the next best thing to conversion— left him alone; and the young man, unhap tried to amuse himself, and to shake off thus convictions.

Soon after this there came an invitation f some worldly friends to visit them in Lon The young man was pleased at this opportu of escaping from the reflections he disliked, his parents consenting, he determined to to the modern Babylon. Here he was rather much freed from religion and religious serv He heard of nothing from morning till night the world and its pleasures.

One day it was proposed to go to a the The young man trembled at this, for he never been to one, and he knew his mo would not like him to go; so he declined. so-called friends laughed at him and teased about being such a saint. So he said he w go part of the way with them. When nea building they got into a crowd of people were all pressing forward toward it, and it difficult to retire. So he said he would jus ter and see the inside of a theatre, and away when the crowd had done pressing in.

He sat down and looked about, but did feel happy. His companions tried to diver mind, and make him laugh, but he felt mor crying, till at last he rose and determined out at once. He did so, and as he was ma his way out, he recognized, with surprise, son in one of the boxes of the theatre. young man could scarcely believe his eyes was *the very minister who had preached the ening sermon in the country*. So the young thought, "If such a good man as that se harm in a theatre, why should I?" and fears and anxieties all fled from him tha ment, and he sat down to give his attenti the performance, and thought he liked it much indeed, and he would just like to go very soon.

When he returned from London to hi home his parents saw a great change in son. He thought the country was a very place—there was no place like London. ever religious impressions and thoughts he have had before, they were all gone now, a was all for the world and its amusement pleasures, particularly in London.

Soon after this he was taken ill, and worse and worse, and it became evident th could not recover. On being told this came alarmed. He had no peace of soul, a conscience condemned him.

Poor young man! he had no rest in his be nothing but an awful foreboding before him parents sent for the awakening preacher to and visit him, and sent again, because the was very ill. He came, and entered the little suspecting what kind of a reception ed him. As soon as the young man saw h screamed out, "*Take him away! take him he has murdered my soul!*" The poor lad dered and trembled to have that man room, and they were obliged to ask him tire, and the minister himself felt ashame did not return.

The dying man pointed at the preache said, "I went to a theatre in London, and afraid, and was going out, till I saw you and then my fears went away, and now lost! I am lost! God has given me up away, go away; you cannot do me goo more!" It remains to say the young ma without hope, without pardon, without Seeing the preacher in the theatre was the bling-stone over which the poor boy fell, n appears, to rise again.

THE NEAR RETURN OF CHRIST.

By Cheyne Brady.

The Prophecy in Thessalonians—Several Events to Occur—Nature of the Millennium—Translation, not Death, our Hope—Christ's Advent "for" and "with" His Saints—His Descent at Armageddon—G. Guinness's Book.

"THE Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first." Every departed saint, wherever they may have fallen—in the sleeping place or in the ocean—will assuredly be raised up at the descent of our Lord into the air. "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Oh, what joy and glory, the souls redeemed through the blood of the Lamb shall be gathered, and we shall never more be separated from Him (1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17).

To borrow a familiar illustration, just as when we hold a magnet over particles of minerals, wood, dust, and steel, each bit of steel is drawn up and adheres to the magnet, leaving all the rest unmoved; and as in the steel filings there is a certain quality or affinity which causes the magnet to raise them, so the believer, united to the risen Man in heaven and filled with the Holy Ghost, is raised up and caught up by the great magnet, Christ Jesus. "If the spirit of him that raised up Jesus our Lord from among the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his spirit that dwelleth in you" (Rom. 8 : 11).

"Wherefore, comfort one another with these words." Was not this also comfort to the new converts at Thessalonica, where Paul had been preaching for three weeks, and where he had taken out from among that heathen and idolatrous city a people to the name of Christ Jesus? These converts had no Bible nor New Testament; they had received but a short teaching from the apostle, but they had "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to WAIT FOR HIS SON from heaven."

Difficulties had arisen in their midst; some left off work in the speedy expectation of the immediate return of the Lord, some thought the day of the Lord had commenced; so that Paul deemed it necessary to send them these epistles. Let us place ourselves in their position, and read these letters as they did; and is it possible to come to any other conclusion than that Paul, by the Spirit, intended to assure them that the Lord they waited for *might come at any time* and take them up to Himself?

They believed, and so do we, that there is nothing necessarily to intervene before the descent from heaven into the air of our blessed Lord and the rapture of the saints.

"'A little while!' our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more:
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us has gone before;
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace."

Scripture predicts many events to take place in the last days. There are to be, amongst others, a restoration of the Jews, a re-building of their temple, a besieging of Jerusalem, the revelation of the Man of Sin and his destruction, and then a thousand years of blessedness, called the Millennium.

But we are not to look for any of these events as necessarily intervening before His Second Advent. Some of the first mentioned may or may not happen ere He comes, but our blessed hope, our clear object, our definite expectation is Himself, *the Man now seated on the throne,* with whom we are now indissolubly united by the Holy Ghost, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE MILLENNIUM NECESSARILY INVOLVES THE PERSONAL COMING AND REIGN OF CHRIST.

A period of blessedness to last a thousand years, commonly called the Millennium, is very clearly predicted in Scripture. The reader is referred to the following, amongst many other passages, from which its general characteristics may be educed:—Ps. 72; Isaiah 11 : 1–12, 35 : 1–10, 65 : 17–25; Jer. 23 : 5–8; Ezek. 43 : 2–7; Micah 4 : 1–7; Hab. 2 : 14; Zech. 14 : 1–9; 1 Cor. 15 : 25; Rev. 11 : 15, 20 : 1–4. In that glorious time

The Lord shall personally reign.—Ps. 72; Is. 11 : 4, 5; Rev. 11 : 15.

His resurrected and translated saints of this dispensation shall reign with Him.—Rev. 5 : 10, 20 : 4.

Satan shall be bound for 1000 years.—Rev. 20 : 1–3.

Israel shall be restored—Jer. 23 : 5–6; and her enemies destroyed.—Zech. 14.

Righteousness and peace shall prevail on the earth.—Is. 11 : 1–12.

The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion eat straw like the ox.—11 : 6.

Swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks.—Mi. 4 : 3; Ho. 2 : 18.

No more sorrow or suffering, and life prolonged to the days of a tree.—Is. 35 : 10; 65 : 19–22.

The curse shall be removed; instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree.—Is. 35 : 1–7; 55 : 13.

Universal blessing to the heathen.—Ps. 2 : 8; Zech. 14 : 8; Is. 27 : 6, and 66 : 19.

Can we conceive such a state of universal blessedness without the personal presence of Christ?

OUR HOPE IS TRANSLATION, NOT DEATH.

Such a hope is characteristic of all young converts; in their early love, zeal, and simplicity they expect the speedy coming of the Saviour they have found. And it may be adduced as a remarkable circumstance, that whenever the eyes of a Jew are opened to see that the Messiah has come, he invariably takes the attitude of hopeful expectation of His Second Coming. We may add, also, that such was the hope of Luther, Calvin, Knox, Bunyan, among many other shining lights.

Death is in no place put before the believer as his hope. Falling asleep in Jesus is spoken of as possible, or as a contingency; but the hope of the believer is the *second coming of the Lord,* when he shall be translated. The disciples so understood the Lord's saying as to John, that he should not die.

But this truth is not left to mere inference; it is clearly and distinctly revealed in the Word.

"The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God: the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we that are alive and remain shall be *caught up to meet Him in the air*, and so we shall ever be with the Lord."

"Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep (or die), but we shall all be *changed*, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we (living ones) shall be changed" (1 Cor. 15 : 51, 52).

Death has been robbed of its sting, death has been deprived of its terrors; but still, to most people the actual passing away cannot be contemplated without concern. But, to be translated, to be changed from mortality to immortality, without tasting death; to be caught up alive to meet the Lord in the air; to see the Lord; to be changed into His likeness! "We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is" (1 John 3 : 2). Is not this a hope both glorious for the future and powerful for the present?

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming, we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope! blessed rest of my soul!

DISTINCTION BETWEEN CHRIST'S ADVENT "FOR" AND "WITH" HIS SAINTS.

The personal return of the Lord to the *air* FOR His saints must ever be distinguished from His descent on the *earth* WITH them to introduce the Millennium.

We believe His Second Advent, apparently foretold as one event, will consist of *two acts or parts:*

First—His Advent into the air FOR His saints, and

Secondly—After an interval, His descent on the earth WITH His saints to destroy Antichrist with the brightness of His appearing, and to introduce peace and blessedness.

The length of the interval between the rapture of the saints and their descent from heaven with the Lord has not been clearly foretold, but during that time the various events foretold to happen at His advent, such as the restoration of Israel, the revelation of Antichrist, etc., will probably have their fulfilment.

The first act or part in His advent is specified in 1 Thess. 4 : 16, already quoted.

Observe particularly that this passage only speaks of the resurrection of the *saints*, whether dead or living, and makes no reference to the *ungodly*, dead or living, neither has it any thing to say of the Lord's coming to *reign* or to *judge*.

It refers to the *first resurrection*, which is composed of the *departed saints*, and not to the *second resurrection*, consisting of the wicked at the end of the Millennium (Rev. 20).

The second part or scene of Christ's Second Advent is foretold by Zech., chap. 14, "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, and the Lord my God shall come, and *all the saints with thee.*"

And again by Enoch, as we are reminded in Jude 14, 15. And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints, to execute judgment upon all."

The saints will *first* be taken up into the air to be with Christ, and afterwards they will come to the earth with Him, stand on the Mount of Olives, and with Him reign on or over the earth.

In Rev. 19 : 11–16 we have a description of Christ's future descent on the earth at the battle of Armageddon in the following splendid vision:—

"And I saw heaven opened,
And, behold a white horse;
He that sat on him was called Faithful and True.
In righteousness He doth judge and make war.
His eyes were as a flame of fire;
On his head were many crowns;
He had a name written that no man knew but HE Himself.
He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood;
His name is called the WORD OF GOD.
And the armies which were in heaven followed Him
Upon white horses,
Clothed in fine linen, white and clean;
Out of His mouth goeth a sharp sword,
That with it HE should smite the nations:
And HE shall rule them with a rod of iron.
He treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God,
He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written,
KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

That this vision refers to the personal advent of the Lord Jesus Christ with His saints before the Millennium, is generally accepted. The arguments in proof of this interpretation are well summed up in the following extract from a remarkably able work by Mr. H. Grattan Guinness

"When, therefore, we find a vision, symbolizing in the most persistent and magnificent way a personal advent of Christ, just where we might have expected to find it, just where all prophecy would conspire to fix its place, just where its absence would render it impossible to harmonize multitudes of other predictions; when we find it written large in letters of light, and stamped with a sublimity of symbol and circumstance worthy of *such* an event, and too grand for any other, we bow to this final testimony of the prophetic word, and admit that Scripture leaves no room to doubt that the Lord Jesus will come again in person to this earth before the Millennium—in other words, that the grand advent will be Pre-millennial."

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 719.)

"COALS TO BURNING COALS." (Prov. 26 : 21.)

It would be difficult to set bounds to the trouble a mischievous woman can make, when she is disposed to set herself to the task. When a child plays with fire we take its dangerous plaything from it with a warning; we know what destruction may follow indulgence in the pastime, though the child does not know. It is a pity no one has the authority to take a woman in hand when she is amusing herself by taking the weaknesses of two of her associates and using them as fire-wood to kindle a blaze capable of destroying the happiness of two lives.

Now, the secret of Robert's letter was the sore point in the lives of the Hollands, and this sore point their lodger, Mrs. Cross, delighted to strip bare. She liked to see the writhing of husband and wife, not because she was malignant, or thought she was doing serious harm, but because she was mischievous and enjoyed her miserable sport.

It was a bad thing for Robert and Effie that such a woman as Mrs. Cross should have been in their house during those early days of their married life. Her presence stirred up strife between them, and encouraged in Effie that spirit of curiosity and distrust which it would have been better to have repressed. Robert, for reasons of his own, meant to keep his secret, and Effie, urged by Mrs. Cross, was resolved to learn it, and so there resulted constant hostility and irritation.

Had Effie remembered her early teachings, had she been living near to God, and looking constantly to Him for guidance, and carrying to Him in prayer the trouble that lay upon her mind, she would have been content to wait His time for relief. But Effie had not yet the faith that works patience, nor the calm reliance upon God that the world cannot destroy nor even disturb. So that when Mrs. Cross was bent on worrying her, and raising a crop of doubts in her husband, the soil of Effie's mind was in a manner prepared to receive the evil seed.

In the manner of a general, who, being defeated in an attack on one point of his enemy's position, tries another on a different point, the widow resolved to stir up trouble in a new form.

"You have not shown farmer Holland the note which you had this morning from Lady Ethel," observed Mrs. Cross, one day at the dinner-table, addressing herself to Effie. "Married folk like now-a-days to have their own little secrets, I see."

"I have no secret, I never had, I hate secrets, replied Effie, nettled by the disturbing word. "Robert is welcome to see any note that I get, if he cares to read it."

Robert looked moody, as he often now did, for he took his wife's words as a kind of reproach.

"Tell your husband what Lady Ethel wrote about," said Mrs. Cross, who knew perfectly well the contents of the note, which had been shown to her by Effie.

"Lady Ethel only wishes to know whether I have any sister who could take the situation which I held with her, as she has given my successor notice to quit," said Effie.

"Some sister as clever and trustworthy as yourself," observed Mrs. Cross, quoting from the note of the lady.

"Yes, dear Lady Ethel had always such perfect confidence in me; I was very happy while I was with her," said Effie. Whether intentionally or not, her words again conveyed a reproach to Robert. A headache, which troubled the farmer at the time, had not improved his temper.

"It is a pity that you ever left Lady Ethel, if you were happier with her than you are here," cried the irritated man, pushing back his chair from the table.

But Effie, with all her imperfections, had love for her husband too deep and strong to suffer her to regret for a moment having left an easy situation in order to share his lot, whether for weal or woe.

"O Robert, how can you speak so!" exclaimed the young wife, her eyes filling with tears; "I could never now be happy anywhere if you were away!"

Robert met Effie's loving gaze, and returned it. For a time the breach between the two Hollands appeared to be bridged over, for both felt that though petty differences might arise, and had arisen between them, they were still all in all to each other.

But yet the unhappy secret remained to keep open the fatal rift; Effie's curiosity to penetrate the mystery only strengthened with time. She no longer fully trusted her husband, and bitterly felt that he did not trust her. No union can be perfect indeed that is not in the Lord.

Meanwhile other troubles were thickening around the young pair. Robert saw more and more clearly that his farming was not a success. He had, as he had told Effie, drawn out all the remainder of his little nest-egg from the post-office bank. It was not without difficulty that the farmer made up the sum needful for payment of the second quarter's rent to the widow.

"How can this be?" asked Effie. She was not satisfied with explanations concerning the blacksmith's bill, and charges for repairing fences, or her own knowledge that a horse was lame, that a cow had died, and that the hay crop was quite a failure. Where were the two five-pound notes that had so mysteriously disappeared? If Robert had felt himself so poor, why and to whom had he sent away money—money so much needed at home?

In the meantime the long summer days wore on. Salem looked beautiful in July. The round ripe gooseberries nestled thick on the thorny branches under the sheltering leaves; the currants gleamed like clustered strings of rubies hanging low from the bush; little green apples were swelling on the boughs where blossoms had been. The climbing *Gloire de Dijon* on the wall of the farm-house was almost one mass of roses. The glorious sun was casting summer radiance over all, ripening the green corn which bent so gracefully under the rippling breeze. Never had the English farm seemed to the outward view more full of delights, but the doubt of her husband weighed on Effie's mind, and the consciousness of the growing power of his liquid tempter was on Robert's mind, and the beauties of life and the peace of their home were lost for them both. Care, disunion, self-reproach, formed a veil over their senses, were as a blight on the corn, a canker in the fruit, or a dark cloud over the sun. Holiness and happiness are closely linked together; it is God Himself who hath joined them, and man cannot put them asunder.

But soon a day came which would forever stand out distinct in the memories of Robert and Effie, like a high rock rising alone on a level plain. Broad was the shadow which it would cast over the present; and it would remain a dark object to be looked back upon through all their future journey of life, even as far as the grave!

And yet never had summer's morning in England looked more fair and bright than it did on that day. Robert, as was his custom, had risen at five, and gone forth to his work. Whatever other faults the farmer might have, no one could justly accuse him of indolence.

If any traveller on that morning had passed the picturesque farm-house, with its rose-covered wall, its little front garden bright with flowers, its poultry-yard at the side, from which came the blithe sound of Mary Hunt's singing as she fed her feathered charges, he would scarcely have thought that the name of "Salem" was ill bestowed on the place.

Nor would his impression have been less pleasing could he have glanced into the kitchen of the farmer's home. The place was in beautiful order, the walls almost as white as milk. The kettle was singing on the hob, the muffins were toasting before the fire under the care of the comely widow, whose plump, well-fed-looking face told no story of trouble.

Fred was playing in the corner with a kitte laughing to see it spring after a cork fastened a string. Effie, employed in laying out the cu and saucers for breakfast, looked, with her swe face and braided hair of satin-like smoothne the very picture of a winsome young Engli wife.

No stranger could have supposed that sorr and suspicion lay at Effie's heart as she arrang her pretty china, her shining teapot, her cryst milk-jug, her frosted butter dish, which had been wedding presents given to "the pet of t village."

"Here comes postman again!" cried Fr who had jumped up to look out of the windo at the sound of the click of the latch of the ga

Effie left the loaf which she was cutting, wi the knife still in it, and went to the door to me the postman, and bring in the letter. Mrs. Cr glanced up from her occupation at the firepla curious, as she always was, to know what t postman had brought.

"Anything for me?" asked the widow.

"No, for Robert," answered Effie. The culiar manner in which she uttered the rep and the sight of the keen inquisitive look whi she cast on the address of the envelope of t letter, roused at once the eager attention Mrs. Cross.

"I'll be bound that's from the same party wrote to the farmer before," exclaimed t lodger, hurrying to Effie's side.

"I think it is," said Effie slowly; "the H Holland is written in the same peculiar way."

"Is the post-mark Guildford?" inquired t curious widow, examining the envelope m closely.

"No, it is Southampton," said Effie, who tained the letter still in her hand, and had turn it to see if any stamped impression of initials the flap could afford some clue to the name the writer, but there was nothing of the sort.

The envelope was one of those called self-se ing, and, like many of its kind, could scarcely said to be fastened at all, so slightly and ca lessly had it been gummed. Mrs. Cross was slow in pointing this out to Effie.

"Look you, it could be opened and shut again without showing a bit," said the lodg with a sidelong glance towards Fred, to ma sure that he was not attending. "If I were y Effie, I'd have a peep at what is in this let before your husband comes in."

Effie drew back and looked startled at suc suggestion.

"As a wife you've a right to open the far er's letters; you never keep any of your o from him," continued the lodger.

"It would make Robert so angry," said Ef

"He need never know any thing about matter," suggested the tempter.

"That would be wrong," murmured Effie, a low tone of voice.

"Wrong! oh! fiddlety-dee! where's harm?" said the smiling Mrs. Cross; "you frightened at shadows, my dear. Why, I sho think no more of lifting up that little flap t is fastened so badly than I should do of crackin filbert to get at the kernel! And the kerne this nut would be something worth havi Don't you want to get at the secret of wh your husband sent that registered letter? D you want to know why he makes such a myst of the affair? You have been worriting your out for weeks to find out a clue, and now put into your hand, and you can know all truth in a minute."

The forbidden fruit was indeed within Ef reach in the shape of a letter; the explanat of the mystery might be had by a little m ment of the hand. The tempter was beside the temptation was great! With a tremb hand the weak, erring *daughter of Eve* un ened the envelope, drew out the letter whic enclosed, and, with Jemima Cross eagerly l ing over her shoulder, read the first page of note.

"*No, dearest Robert, I can never retur Ashley; our parting last year was a parting* *er in this world. Your kindness has enabled e to go as steerage passenger in the "May Queen," hich sails from this place the day after to-mor- w. You have, I am sure, kept your promise ver to tell my dreadful secret; but were I to visit y native village it would certainly ooze out that have been in jail, most cruelly—most unjustly— nt there as guilty of the crime of robbing the rpse of my poor mistress of a diamond ring! ! my generous brother—"*

Effie had only read thus far, and was about to rn over the leaf, when both she and Mrs. Cross ere startled, as by a sudden explosion, by the und of a step. Effie, in her terror, dropped the tter. It was picked up by Robert Holland!

Effie's blood seemed to turn cold in her veins; r heart appeared to stop its beating, so terri- e, so awful to her was the stillness which fol- wed. Had Robert stamped and stormed she uld better have borne it. But that gloomy lence, what did it mean?

Effie dared not look at Robert, nor could she ter a word. Even Mrs. Cross, caught as she d been in the act of meanly prying into a se- et, knew not at first what to say. Robert read s sister's letter to himself, then stood for a nsiderable time staring fixedly out of the win- w, till Fred, the only person present who felt his ease, plucked the farmer by the sleeve and ked him to come to breakfast.

All the party sat down at the table. Fred's esence was a relief to both the women, though knocked over and broke one of Effie's nice ina cups. Effie got down on her knees to k up the fragments. She hardly knew what ed had been doing. She only felt glad of me excuse for hiding her face, though it was for a minute, under the table.

Mrs. Cross recovered her composure much oner than did the young wife. The lodger d no delicacy of feeling, so that she suffered s from a sense of shame; and she was not aid of offending Robert, who would be the eater sufferer, she knew, if a quarrel should arise tween them. Jemima's curiosity was not per- tly satisfied by the glimpse which she had had the letter now in the farmer's pocket.

"I did not know that a sister of yours had er got into trouble," she began; but the al- st savage expression on Robert's face warned e meddler not to touch such an open wound.

Robert ate his breakfast of porridge with lfish rapidity, scarcely conscious of what he s doing, and seemingly buried in painful ought. Effie, so nervous that she could hardly ur out the tea, would have forgotten altogether do so had not Fred thrust forward his cup d asked her to put in plenty of sugar. Such uncomfortable breakfast had never been par- ken of in Salem before. Robert's share of the al was very soon taken; he then strode up e stairs, and his heavy tramp was heard over- ad.

'I'm glad that he has gone, anyhow," ob- ved Mrs. Cross, slowly stirring her tea. "I ver saw a man turn so ghastly pale in a min- e. I had rather far had seen him flush up red anger, as he did yesterday, when I spoke of the ter from Lady Ethel. Well, dear, all is out w, and it is a good thing that you know the rst. Holland's widowed sister, Ellen Morris, s, as we all know well, the servant of the at philosopher's wife, and attended her at the t. As the lady did not die at her home, but some watering-place down south, no one eabouts had chanced to hear of this scrape o which she got on account of a diamond g. Indeed—"

'I must desire you to speak no more on the ject, above all before that child," exclaimed ie, who could not control her emotion. She derstood but too well the keen anguish which would inflict on her husband to find that his er's disgrace was talked over by a woman e Jemima Cross.

Mrs. Cross dropped the subject for a while, without the slightest intention of keeping farmer's secret.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD.

S. S. Lesson for September 14th. (1 Tim. 6 : 6–21.) Golden Text, John 17 : 66. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Our golden text for to-day is perhaps the truest text for our subject which could be found. "They (the disciples) are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." By birth, because they are "born from above" (John 3 : 3 Marg.); by position, for they sit with Christ "in heavenly places" (Eph. 2 : 6); by their calling, for they are "saved and called with a holy calling" (2 Tim. 1 : 9); by experience, for as "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not" (John 1 : 10), so also "the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not" (John 3 : 1). Again, the world's power is in its own vaunted efforts and wisdom; but as Christ said, "I can of mine own self do nothing" (John 5 : 30), so He says of his own disciples, "Without me ye can do nothing" (John 15 : 5). His power as man was by faith in His Father. "I live by the Father" (John 6 : 57), and the life which we live in the flesh is by the faith of the Son of God, if we believe that we are crucified with Him (Gal. 2 : 20).

The world, the prince of the world, found nothing in Christ (John 14 : 30), and if we live Christ (Phil. 1 : 21) they will find nothing in us, but will despise and reject us as they did Him. The world is God's rival. All its customs, all its maxims, are in distinct opposition to His written word. Do good unto thyself; it says, seek thine own (Ps. 49 : 18; Phil. 2 : 21). Love seeketh not her own, says the Word. Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others (1 Cor. 13 : 8 Phil. 2 : 4). The world's "inward thought is that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling place to all generations; they call the lands after their own names" (Ps. 49 : 11). The Word of God calls us "strangers and pilgrims" (1 Pet. 2 : 11).

But then we must maintain our position in society, I hear some one say. Oh, my reader, are you living for God and for eternity, and yet you are claiming a position down here? It was beneath your Lord to receive honor from men; how comes it that you are covetous of it? But, you argue, it may give me so much more influence in working for God. Oh, dear friend, it is not worldly influence, but the Spirit of the living God, which is the power for His work. God will care for your position if you cease to care for it, and for your interests if you leave them to Him. Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich (*i.e.*, who are trying to make a fortune, and who have expectations to take a better position in the world), these "fall into temptation and a snare, and into many grievous and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition."

But that is a message (ver. 17-19), not to them that *will be* rich, but to "them that are rich;" such as are born into a position of power, wealth, influence, without having sought after it. "Charge them that *are* rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches (the uncertainty of riches, margin), but in the living God, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy." God's all things are *not* our all things. He giveth us much more than earthly corruptible riches, for He giveth us incorruptible and eternal things. And this comprehends what He means by all things—"That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." No comment can render these words more distinct in their meaning.

We will return now to the 11th verse, where, after having spoken so strongly the many foolish and hurtful lusts of "them that will be rich," Paul says, But turn, O man of God, flee these things; but follow after righteousness, nobleness, faith, love, patience, meekness. These things are the true riches of a man of God, that he may pursue with his whole heart. Although Paul hath no man like-minded with Timothy, yet he does not look upon him as perfected in these things. And as the light of God becomes more intense upon our souls we become conscious of the smallest interior deviation from Christ in these things, so that while no word, no gesture contrary to love, patience, meekness, is suffered to escape us, we can detect with pain and confusion that they are still within our hearts contrary currents.

"Fight the good fight of faith." A good fight cannot be an easy one. "So fight, and not as one who beateth the air," says Paul (1 Cor. 9 : 26). He knew well which way the battle was going. Now, when we fight the bad fight of resolutions, efforts, plans of our own, etc., there is never any lasting conquest of our great foe. But when it is the good fight of faith, and we place the shield of faith in what God is and what He has said between us and our temptations, when we take the position He gives us, as crucified with Christ, and the power He is to us, for "unto them which are called, Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God," then there is certain victory.

"Lay hold of eternal life." But have we not eternal life the moment we believe (John 3 : 36; 5 : 24, etc.)? How then can we lay hold of what we have? We read (1 John 1 : 1, 2) of the word of life, for "the life was manifested, and we have seen it and been witness and shew unto you that eternal life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us." This is none other than God manifest in the flesh, and it would seem that Paul, in calling upon Timothy to renounce and to flee all which is life in the world's sense would lead him to grasp with a firmer hold that life of Christ which was already his, and to live it in more power than ever. There is the same exhortation to "them that are rich," that they may lay hold on eternal life. While their trust is in the uncertainty of riches, eternal things are lightly held and lightly lost, but in the case of Timothy he adds, "Whereunto thou art also called and *hath* professed a good profession before many witnesses."

These are thoughts inspired with an intense solemnity. "I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Jesus Christ, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good profession, that thou keep this (*e.g.*, the) commandment without spot, unrebukable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ." The limit which the apostle sets to all these exhortations was not death, but the Lord's coming; death did not seem to occupy them. They must have seen many of their number die; how is it the thought of their own deaths struck them so little? It may be they lived so fully in the life of the whole body of Christ that their personal death or taking away was much less present to their minds than the hope of the whole Church, "which in His times He shall shew," says the aged Paul, not moved from his faith because he himself had waited so long for Him, "who is the blessed and only potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen or can see, to whom be honor and power everlasting, amen." It was as though he saw within the veil.

Once more before closing his letter he returns to the charge. "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science, falsely so-called." *Avoid, i.e.*, don't enter into discussion about these things. Opposition of science to that which God's Christ has dictated must be profane; what is profane must be vain. "Which some professing have erred concerning the faith." The subtlety of human knowledge is always the exact contrary to all which is of faith. To enter into an argument with its professors is to admit that the ground of faith on which we stand is no higher than their own. The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God—neither *can* he because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2 : 14).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The English War in Zululand has Not Yet reached a satisfactory termination. The London *Daily Telegraph* of August 29th states that Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Ulundi on August 10th, and telegraphed from that place, "The country is quiet. The enemy's army have dispersed to their homes. I am in communication with the principal chiefs, who say that they will come in and submit. King Cetywayo is not far off, and there is a prospect of an early and peaceable settlement." But newspaper correspondents say that, notwithstanding General Wolseley's hopeful tone, it is reported authoritatively that the Swazie tribe have at the last moment refused to join in operations for the capture of Cetywayo. Oham, King Cetywayo's brother, has refused to return to his own district, declaring that a large Zulu army was waiting to destroy him.

General Wolseley has been trying the policy of setting the tribes of natives one against another, but as yet without much success. Lord Chelmsford, the late commander at the Cape, has returned to England, and has been rewarded for his services with the order of the Bath.

The Simplicity of Life which Characterizes the present head of the French nation stands out in marked contrast to the magnificence of her former rulers. Madame Grévy, the wife of the French President, always travels in the simplest manner. She takes great pains to pass unperceived, notwithstanding the trouble taken to do her a rather ostentatious homage. She recently arrived with her daughter at Eaux-Bonnes, and the manager of the hotel, after serving her with a bottle of his choicest wine, was astonished to hear her say that she was accustomed to a frugal life, and did not require to drink at Eaux-Bonnes richer wines than in Paris. The honors which have fallen to her lot do not seem to have affected her in the least.

Lord Beaconsfield, the English Premier, and the Hong Kong Merchant.—Some time ago Mr. Belilos, a wealthy opium merchant in Hong Kong, intimated that he would hand over £1000 to the Governor of the colony for the erection of a statue there to Lord Beaconsfield. "The proposal has been declined by the Premier with appropriate acknowledgments. The money will be devoted instead to the establishment of four scholarships in Hong Kong, an annual income of $400 being available from the fund. Two are medical scholarships for boys of the Central School, one is for the best English and Chinese translator in the Central School, and the other for the best general scholar at St. Joseph's College, all tenable for three years."

An Extraordinary Memory.—A Chinese Boy belonging to one of the Mission schools at Peking at a recent examination repeated the entire New Testament without missing a single word or making a single mistake. He is now committing to memory Dr. Martin's "Evidences of Christianity." He united with the Church last year, and he has dedicated his extraordinary talent to the service of God.

The English Weather.—Dr. Talmage, Writing to the New York *Independent*, relates the following incident as having occurred recently in connection with the prayers now being offered in English churches for fair weather:

"One minister in North Wales, a few Sabbaths ago, got *the wrong place in the Prayer Book*, and, to the horror of his congregation, prayed for more rain, not finding out his mistake till it was too late to correct it. But it is a consolation to believe that such a prayer as that will have no effect on the weather. If a man is not enough in earnest to know what he is praying about, his petition is harmless to every one but himself.

"I would have more faith in the downright, upright prayer of the Orkney minister, who, wanting improved climate, said, 'Lord, send us braw weather, and a bit sough of breeze that will dree the stra' and winna harm the heads; but if ye blaw us a tearin', rivin', bletherin' gale, like what we've been ha'ing, ye'll play the vara mischief wi' the aits and fairly spoil a'.' That supplication was not rhetorical, but was earnest, and to the point; and to it thousands of Englishmen could this summer respond with hearty 'Amen.'

"The subject of the weather is a dull subject; but how much we have all been affected by it we will not find out till we get to the next world. We can all serve God better when the wind is from the south-west than when it is from the north-east. Many Christians chide themselves for bad feelings which are ascribable to climatic changes. The Devil—called in Scripture the 'Prince of the Power of the Air'—never rides on the west wind. He generally mounts from an iceberg. Our best feelings come in on a wave of sunshine. God give us more of that in our disposition, our faces, and our theology. The chief difference between earth and heaven is that the sunshine of this world sometimes gets beclouded; but heaven is everlasting sunshine."

Mr. Spurgeon, at the Close of his Sermon published in another page of this journal, requested his congregation to sing the Doxology, in praise to God for recent answer to prayer. He announced that the £4000 needed to complete the purchase of land for the site of the Girls' Orphanage, for which many earnest prayers had been offered, was all subscribed. And in addition he had received promises for the building fund.

An India Orphanage.—The Rev. Mr. Ward, of the Methodist South India Mission, while traversing his railway circuit near the Telugu country at the beginning of the year, took twenty orphans, made so by the famine, without knowing how he should provide for their wants. An engineer at Goolburga volunteered to superintend their care. Thirty more orphans were added in May, and now this South India Orphanage, dependent, like George Muller's, on faith, has fifty children.

The Sunday-School is Rapidly Growing in favor in Continental countries. It has made great advances in Germany, and in France there are no less than 1100 schools belonging to the French Sunday-School Society. These schools are found in all parts of the country.

Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon.—Dr. Blaikie recently wrote to Mr. Spurgeon: "I had in my hands the other day one of your sermons, *very yellow*. It lay embedded in one of Dr. Livingstone's journals—had probably been all over Africa—and had in Livingstone's neat hand the simple words, 'Very good.'" Mr. Spurgeon expressed a desire for the possession of so interesting a relic of the great African explorer. It was an evidence of the tie that binds together all the lovers of Christ, however widely they may be separated.

Sir Rowland Hill, the Eminent Englishman who introduced and developed the system of cheap postage, died at Hampstead, England, on Wednesday, August 27th, at the age of 84. He was the son of a Yorkshire schoolmaster, and in early life was tutor in a school near Birmingham. His attention was attracted to the defects in the English Postal System, and in 1837 he published a pamphlet advocating reform, especially in the matter of price. His exertions in this cause were continued, and were ultimately crowned with success. Like the popular and eccentric preacher of the same name, his life was a singularly noble and unselfish one.

A Jewish Convention at Paris is called for a early day in September. The assembly will include representatives of the Jewish nation from every country in the world, and it is expecte will have an important influence on the future o the race. It is remarkable that at this time when the condition of Eastern affairs is givin rise to so much anxiety and speculation on th part of prominent men in all countries, an when the permanent settlement of Palestine an adjacent countries is felt to be a vital necessit in politics, the Jews should be holding a nation convention which will tend to make any futur action of the nation more united and concer trated. The proceedings of these represent tives of the ancient people will be watched wit intense interest.

The Rev. Narayan Sheshadree, a Converte Brahman, and one of the most successful nativ missionaries in India, whose visit to this count at the time of the meeting of the Evangelic Alliance in New York in 1873, will be remen bered by many, has caused a church to be bui on a hill near Jalna by native Christian maso and carpenters, who originally were *thieves* profession. Since becoming Christians they ha learned their trades.

Receipts of London Theatres.—Hard Tim and scarcity of money is the general complai in England. But Mr. Henry Irving, the trag dian, states that during the past seven mont of this year no less than *thirty-six thousa* *pounds* ($174,600) have been received for adm sion to his dramatic performances at the L ceum Theatre. Also *twenty thousand poun* ($97,000) have been received by the *Come* *Française* dramatic company at the Gaiety Th atre of which Sara Bernhardt was the star, du ing their visit of three months to London. T plays performed by the French company we considered to be of an immoral tendency, li most French plays.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1879.

13th Year. No. 47—New Series.

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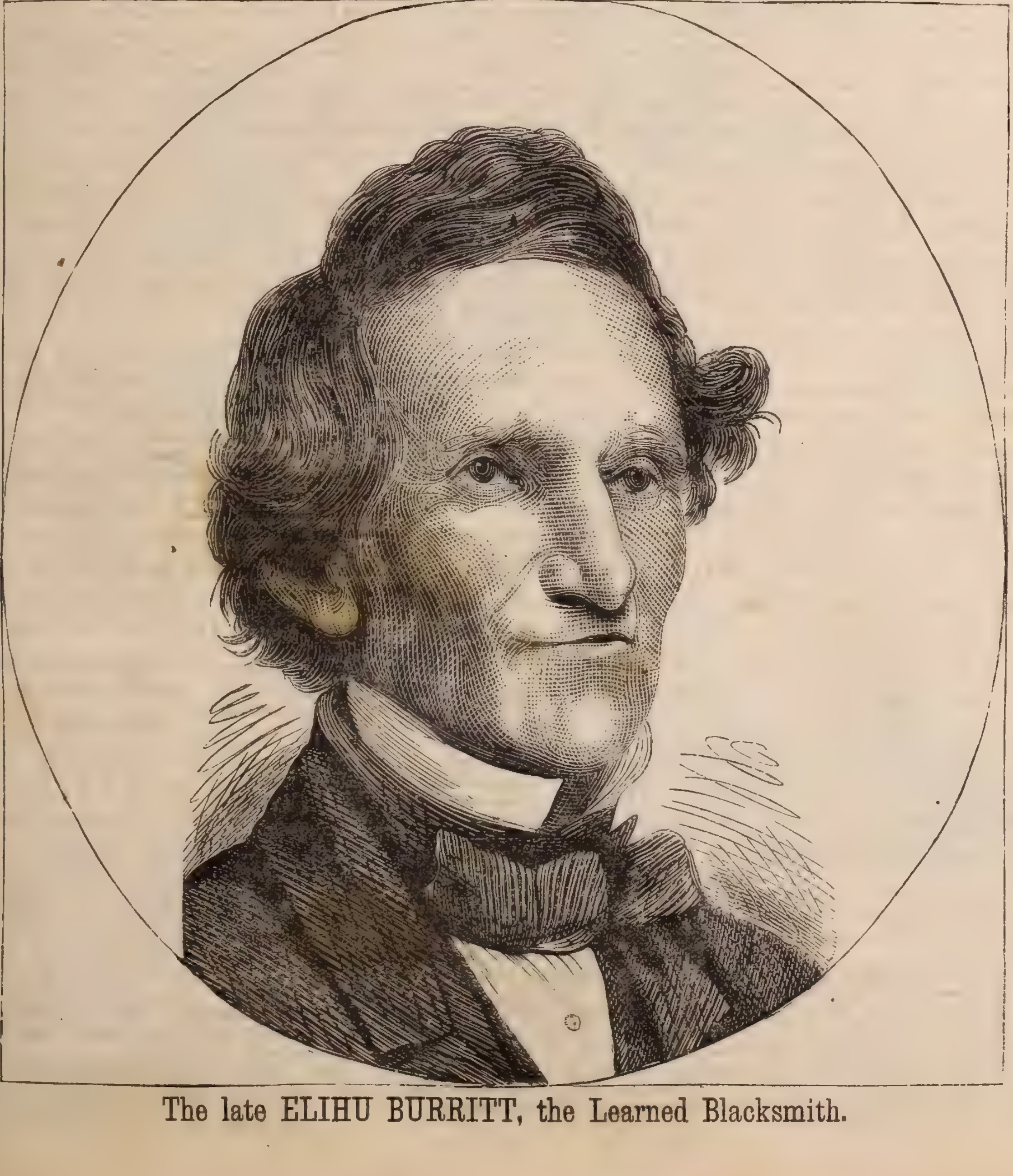


The late ELIHU BURRITT, the Learned Blacksmith.

ELIHU BURRITT,

The Learned Blacksmith.

His Birth and Family—His Good Mother—The Drowning of the Horse—His Father Threatens to kill Elihu and his Brother—Elijah runs away and makes his Fortune—Elihu Apprenticed to a Blacksmith—He Enters upon the Study of Languages—He Deciphers an old Inscription—He Translates a Will in the Danish Language—He declines to go to College—Goes to England as United States Consul—His Scheme for a "Peace League"—His Literary Works.

THE successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties has had few more brilliant illustrations than that of the late Elihu Burritt, the distinguished American citizen, who attained a world-wide celebrity as "*the learned blacksmith.*" An occupation so laborious as the blacksmith's is generally supposed to preclude by its exhausting effects on the physical powers, any useful employment of leisure hours. But Elihu Burritt worked at his calling, and boasted that he could "hold his own" with any of his fellow-craftsmen, and yet was able, in the intervals of labor, to study to such good purpose, that he *thoroughly mastered ten languages* and acquired an extensive acquaintance with more than twenty others.

An achievement so extraordinary indicates a mind of no common order. It shows how strong a power of will the man must have had, and what patience and perseverance must have been included in the composition of his character.

Nor did the mere knowledge of words exhaust the record which made Elihu Burritt famous He was no common bookworm who, speaking many languages uttered nonsense in them all. Burritt thought as well as learned, and knew how to express in vigorous words soul-stirring thoughts which have done their share in moulding national thought and national life. The Cause of Peace, the cause of Religion, any cause which had for its object the amelioration of society and the benefit of his fellow-men, commanded the sympathy and enthusiastic support of Elihu Burritt's pen.

In the early years of the present century there was living at New Britain, Ct.,

A POOR SHOEMAKER,

who had in his youth fought side by side with his father in his country's battles under Washington. He was of Scotch descent, and possessed many characteristics of that hardy race. In the shoemaker's home, on December 8th, 1810, was born the child who in after years became famous as the great linguist, philologist, and philanthropist—Elihu Burritt. He was the shoemaker's tenth child, and though we are assured by the Psalmist (Ps. 127 : 4) that "children are like arrows in the hand of a mighty man, and happy is he who has his quiver full of them" yet we may be certain the battle of life was a fierce one for the poor shoemaker. He was, however, exceptionally blessed in his wife, whose Christian character was the light of his humble home. A quiet, unobtrusive, gentle woman was Mrs. Burritt, a good wife and *an excellent mother*. "Her children have risen up to call her blessed" (Prov. 31 : 28). Long after her earthly course was run, Elihu her youngest son wrote of her : "She was the best friend her children had on this side of Jesus Christ." Happy is the woman of whom such an expression could be used, and thrice happy the man whose experience prompted him to use it.

The following instance of her solicitude for her children's welfare was given by Mr. Burritt in an address in Birmingham, England :

A MISFORTUNE.

Elihu and his elder brother Elijah were sent to the river to gather clams for sale ; but one day, while the boys were trying to back their old horse and cart down close to the river to facilitate their work, they went a little too near, and over went the cart into the river, dragging the horse over too, and the poor and feeble animal not having strength to help himself out, was drowned in spite of the strenuous exertions of the boys to save him.

With very heavy hearts at what seemed to them a most terrible calamity, and fearing the anger of their father, the boys hastened home to unburden their troubles in the ear of their kind and ever sympathetic mother. It was late in the afternoon. She comforted them as best she could, and, promising to do all she could to soften matters to their father when he should return, gave them their supper and sent them to their bed in the loft over the kitchen, reached by a ladder, for their plain home was little more than a hut.

Only half comforted, the boys lay trembling in bed, dreading the return of their father, who presently returned, much the worse for liquor. Missing the horse and cart, and learning the truth from his wife in reply to his inquiries, he took the axe, and, in spite of his wife's entreaties, began to ascend the ladder to the loft where the boys lay, axe in hand, saying as he went, with the idiotic stupidity of a drunken man, "Elijah, my son, I shall have to kill you. I feel it my duty to kill you after what has happened."

In dreadful terror the boys sprang from their bed and quickly let themselves down from the window to the ground (no great height), and, taking advantage of the darkness, made their escape. Elijah never returned to his native town until by his industry and talent he came back as the famous astronomer and author, to set up his telescope near the scene of his early struggles, and take observations upon the heavens—a man known, honored, and respected.

Elihu received the ordinary education of the village school, but at his father's death it became necessary for him to work for a livelihood. He was therefore removed from school, and apprenticed to

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

With many youths the change of life would have closed the period of education, but of Elihu Burritt it might be said that he went to school all his life, for he was always learning.

His mother had found time to implant in the minds of her sons a deep love for the Bible, and an earnest desire to know and understand its teachings. Elihu was intensely desirous to read the book in its original languages, and having by dint of careful economy saved a small sum of money, he procured the necessary books and commenced the study. It was an odd sight, that of the blackened walls of the old smithy turned into a book on which were inscribed Greek and Hebrew characters, the exercises Elihu did in the intervals of his forging. Not that in his studies he neglected his work, for his mother had inculcated the duty of being diligent in business. He worked, as he studied, with all his might ; and as the result he became not only an accomplished linguist, but the most expert blacksmith in the State of Connecticut.

Elijah Burritt, the eldest son of the shoemaker's family, had also made good use of his time, and had acquired a profound knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, and was at this period at work writing a book which afterwards became a college text-book under the title of Geography of the Heavens. He opened a school at New Britain while Elihu was serving his apprenticeship, and there Elihu spent his evenings drawing freely on his brother's stores of learning.

At the close of his apprenticeship, Elihu Burritt determined to devote more attention to study, and took a short course at his brother's school, and then moved to New Haven, to enjoy the advantages of Yale College.

He would not, however, ask assistance from any professor, and when twenty-two years of age undertook as an experiment to read the Iliad without note or comment, and with only a Greek-Latin dictionary. Beginning with fifteen lines a day, he soon made rapid progress and completed the book. He then abandoned his trade, for a time becoming a school-teacher, and subsequently embarked *in mercantile business*. Losing his small accumulations in the financial crisis of 1837, he went to Worcester, Mass.,

WITHOUT A DOLLAR IN THE WORLD,

and resumed his mechanical avocation. Becoming acquainted with the linguistic treasures of the Library of the American Antiquarian Society, he soon mastered German and other kindred languages, as well as those of the Latin and Semitic groups, and turned his attention to the old Norse or Icelandic tongue. Rafu's work on the discovery of America by the Norsemen had recently appeared, and was exciting much attention. Burritt translated from the Icelandic the passages relating to America, and first became known beyond a limited circle by that achievement.

It was in 1840, when above twenty-eight years of age that his name first attracted public attention. He wrote to William S. Lincoln, of Worcester, a letter soliciting his aid in obtaining work as a translator from the German, at the same time mentioning his occupation, and the considerable list of languages of which he had gained some knowledge. The letter was communicated to Edward Everett, then Governor o Massachusetts, and by him read to a meeting o workingmen as an example of successful self help. He was promptly named "the learned blacksmith."

While at Worcester he toiled with arm and brain, making such entries in his diary as the following : "Monday, June 18th, headache ; fort pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-fou pages of French, eleven hours forging. Tuesday, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages o French, ten pages Cuvier's Theory, eight line Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars ten hours forging." When headache came o all this study, he worked it off by a few hours o extra labor in the shop. The way would hav been made easy for him through the interest o Governor Everett to pursue his studies at Ha vard College, but he still preferred the forg He found time, however, to edit a monthly magazine, the object of which was to facilitate th acquisition of the French language, and to whic he gave the name of "The Literary Gemini. This was published in 1839, and continued for year.

He soon became known as a linguist throug all the States of the Union, and even in Europ his name was getting into notice. This reput tion brought him at intervals tasks which he pe formed with delight.

On one occasion an inscription was found, du ing some archæological researches, which pu zled the brains of the great scholars of the da It was sent to Professor Andrews (whose Lat Grammar and other text-books are well know to be translated, but even he was so puzzled to be unable to translate it. He sent it to h friend Elihu Burritt, who, in a short time, r turned the correct translation, so explaining as to delight all the linguists and scholars of tl day. For this Elihu only charged *the modest su of five dollars.*

A sister of Mr. Burritt, who lives in Chicag tells this anecdote of one of his linguist achievements :

THE DANISH WILL.

"Some years ago a will was sent to this count from the West Indies written in Danish. Tl manuscript was one of the most difficult to d cipher that could well be imagined, and it we the round of several of the leading colleges wit out meeting with anybody who could interpr it. Finally it was referred to Mr. Burritt. I was then working at the forge, but, with h usual determination, made up his mind that would master it. He was acquainted with t Danish tongue, but that was only half the tas The badly written manuscript must be decip ered. He worked at it for two weeks in his spa time, and succeeded. When he sent the w back, translated with absolute correctness, said he would only charge what he would ha earned at the forge."

To most persons the acquisition even of a si gle new language after youth is past is one of t most irksome and troublesome of tasks. E ng young student went on to study erman, Syriac and Polish, and astron- it, no wonder that his young head ached. B ritt made his first public appearance a lecturer, claiming in his adresses, ainments were the result of persistent effort. This lecture was delivered in rthern States, and also in Richmond. equently Mr. Burritt established a vspaper at Worcester—the *Christian* evoted to the advocacy of peace, tem- lf-culture, and the abolition of slav- 46 he went to Europe to labor for uni- ce, promoted there the foundation of of Universal Brotherhood" and ed- short time a paper called the *Peace* He was active in organizing the first Peace Congress of 1848, and was pres- e of 1849 and 1850, but the Congress ncible obstacles in its endeavor to set- s such as that of Schleswig-Holstein on. He published in England three 'Sparks from the Anvil" (1848), eous Writings" (1850), and "Olive 53).

g to America in 1852 he settled at ia as editor of the *Citizen of the* which he advocated a scheme of com- olition of slavery. This project had ne popularity when the John Brown guished its possibilities of success. ne Mr. Burritt was living *on sixteen* and had not accumulated a dollar by reer of philanthropic labor. He was ffected by the failure of his scheme outbreak of the civil war, when he small farm at his native place. continued his studies and contributed the Press. He was a very terse writer, t he wrote was full of thought.

ration in point furnished by one of 's intimate friends is the following: ear I spent in Great Britain, I passed ks in Birmingham as the guest of ge, and became acquainted with that ine, the

REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES,

of "The Anxious Enquirer," On a asion Mr. James said to me, "Do you n in your country by the name of itt?" I replied, "Yes." "Tell me f a man he is. I have received from Mr. James, "the most remarkable r read. It was a long letter of some s, and, without reading it, I gave it ghter, as is my wont, to read, digest, he the substance. Some days after I daughter, 'You have not given me nce of Mr. Burritt's letter.' She re- her, I cannot; *it is all substance.* If e substance of it, you must read the I read it, and found it all substance, ll me of this man."

ntly Mr. Sturge invited Mr. Burritt n, an invitation gladly accepted. The e he then and there formed with that ess led to his appointment by Presi- in as United States Consul for Bir- n office the duties of which he wor- rmed for eight years, during which osecuted some of his later literary

England he interested himself in all stions but more especially with phil- movements of all kinds, and was ctive in endeavoring to cultivate tions between the people of England . He also strongly and ably advo- ocean postage, and lived to see his sively adopted.

itt's residence in England terminated veeping changes in the English con- le by President Grant. He returned in 1870, and spent the remainder of his native village still engaged in lit- . The most important of his later s—two or three volumes in all—was ite Talks on All Sorts of Topics." 70 Mr. Burritt, who was never married, resided in New Britain, where he had a most comfortable home with a widowed sister and two nieces, and much of his time was devoted to educational and religious affairs. He took several days in each month visiting the schools of the place in his capacity of School Visitor, and organized a series of church-fellowship meetings which have been held in various parts of the State for four or five years. In early manhood Mr. Burritt possessed great bodily strength and power, but for a few years past he suffered from consumption, and it was noticed was gradually failing. In February of 1879 it was not expected that he could live more than a few days, but he began to improve, and on his last evening, only two or three hours before his death, he was about the house. He died very suddenly at last (March 7th, 1879), but was conscious of his going, and passed away in perfect peace.

His example was in many ways a salutary one, but his knowledge of languages was perhaps not that part of it which was most valuable, except as an instance of hard work and successful attainment of the end worked for. He was under God, his own best work—*a self-made man.* His example of brave industry; of hungering and thirsting after knowledge, and finding it; of not only knocking at the door of knowledge, but knocking open the door—is of vastly more worth to the youth of this and any age than all his philological acquisitions. He has shown young men what they can do and become if they have the will and the heart to move the will. Brave, industrious, kindly man, *living for others*, his life one long prayer for universal peace, he has left behind him an honorable name, and a story which succeeding generations will cherish as a precious legacy. And above all it is satisfactory to know that he was an earnest believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. In all his public utterances more was heard of the *life* than of *faith*; this, however, was not that he overlooked faith, but as he viewed it as the foundation for good works toward our fellow-man, he emphasized the fruit, admitting the root of the matter.

The following extract will show Mr. Burritt's style of writing and illustrate the extreme kindliness of his disposition.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

"Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, be not bitter against them. 'Yes, they are good boys,' I once heard a kind father say; 'I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them!' It was a beautiful thought if not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amidst all let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother s reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned more in sorrow than in anger."

The Kremlin at Moscow.—A Fortified Royal palace was set on fire in broad daylight on July 19th, a wooden staircase having been saturated with petroleum. In five hours the flames were extinguished, but the damage was considerable. Red flags were displayed on the church towers, the tocsin was sounded, and the whole population hurried to the rescue, but the palace was only saved by great exertions. The Kremlin is supposed to have been erected by the Grand Duke Demetri about the year 1376. It was burnt down in great part in the year 1812, but soon after rebuilt. In a vault beneath the structure are kept, under guard night and day, the sixteen crowns of the Czar. It is regarded by the Russians with almost superstitious reverence, and its destruction would have been regarded as an evil omen to the empire.

A CLERGYMAN A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

THE Rev. Canon Beadon, who died lately at the age of 102, was born in the year 1777, and succeeded his father in the living of Stoneham, England, in 1812, the living having been held by the two for more than 100 years. His father died at 80 and his mother at 86. Canon Beadon was probably the last person living who remembered the Lord George Gordon riots. At that time (1780) he was three years of age, and he distinctly recollected having been held up to the window by his nurse to see the soldiers in the streets. His good health was almost uninterrupted; in early manhood he had a slight illness in the year 1798. He was about 5 feet 9 inches in height, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with very long arms and large hands. In early life he possessed great muscular power, which was well indicated by his frame. Even when long past 70 his strength of wrist was remarkable. He was found of shooting and fishing; the former amusement he kept up till 94, the latter till 88. When middle-aged he could walk out shooting from morning till night, exposed to any amount of cold and wet, and completely knock up many younger men. He seemed quite impervious to the ailments to which ordinary men are subject. He never knew what a headache or rheumatism was.

His digestion appeared perfect, and he could eat any thing with impunity. He not only ate heartily at every meal, but used often to eat biscuits, etc., between meals. As he grew older his step became slower, but he never tottered in his gait. To the last his complexion was ruddy in tint, never showing the parchment-like appearance so often an accompaniment of extreme old age. His condition remained as in middle age up to his death, neither stouter nor thinner. At 97 he had his first severe illness—an attack of bronchitis, contracted through going out on a very cold day. The late severe winter tried him very much, and he had several colds and slight attacks of bronchitis, from all of which he recovered, and he died at last, peaceably and painlessly, from mere "decay of nature." One of his nephews is now living, aged 86; two died last year, aged 85 and 88, respectively, and at the time of his death Canon Beadon had great-great-great nephews and nieces living.

An Idiot's Dying Vision.—It is Related by Miss Martineau that an idiot she knew, who lost his mother when he was only *two years old*, grew to manhood with less intelligence than that ordinarily possessed by idiots. He fell ill, and when dying, suddenly turned his head, looked bright and sensible, and exclaimed, in a tone never heard from him before, "O my mother! how beautiful!" and sank down again—dead. Who can doubt that at that last trying moment of his troubled pilgrimage the veil was lifted, and he actually saw his mother, whose face he had not beheld since the days of his infancy, long years gone by! Yet there are men who say there is no life beyond the grave?

A Gift from Queen Victoria.—Some Time Ago the English Admiral commanding the Pacific station sent home a report from Pitcairn's Island describing its inhabitants, the descendants of the Bounty mutineers. In that report the gallant officer expressed a hope that the needs of the isolated and interesting little community would not be overlooked by their fellow-subjects at home. We are not sure whether among their wants he numbered an organ; but no less a personage than the Queen of England herself undertook to provide a musical instrument for use at the religious services.

The organ, it appears, has been purchased in the Californian capital, and was shipped on board a British war-vessel some weeks ago, so that in all probability it has by this time reached its destination. The case bears an inscription testifying that it is a present "from Victoria to her loyal and loving subjects in Pitcairn's Island," and we can readily imagine with what gratitude and pride the gift will be or has been received.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."—LUKE 14: 27.

A Forest of Crosses—Universal Attention to One Cross—Why Christ died so Quickly—Weak from Scourging—A Picture at Antwerp—The Journey to Execution—The Cap of Thorns—Three Absences, Water, Light, Nursing Attendants—The Last Moments—Why He Died—A Test of Earnestness—Take up the Cross—Avowed Discipleship—In the Church, the Store, at Home—A Christian Wife's Work—A Great Cross-bearing Procession—The Martyred Architect—Within one Step of the Kingdom.

A CROSS was a gibbet on which criminals were put to death. Sometimes it was the shape of the letter "T;" sometimes it was the shape of the letter "X;" sometimes it was the shape of the letter "I"—a simple upright; but always disgraceful and always agonizing. When Darius took Babylon, he put two hundred of the captives on the cross. When Alexander conquered Tyre, he put two thousand on the cross. So that you see it was a common mode of punishment.

Yet I have to tell you that in *the great forest of crosses* that stand on the hills and valleys of the earth, there is one cross that attracts the attention of all nations. It was not any higher than the others. The wood was not different. There was nothing peculiar about the notch at which the two pieces joined; and as to the scene itself, they saw such things every few weeks. So that I see a reckless man walking about that spot, kicking aside a skull, and wondering what villain had so flat and so unshapely a head. And here is another skull, and there is another. Indeed, the Bible says it was "a place of skulls." And yet, in regard to one of the crosses in that place, all ages cry out, "Who is He? Was He a man? Was He a God? Was He both man and God?"

I come up through the darkness of that gloomy day so closely that I can see the face of the victim, and I find who it is. It is Jesus! How did He come there? Had He sauntered out, some afternoon, with His friends to stand on that hill, and gain a fine prospect, and see a brilliant sunset? Oh, no! He was ill and exhausted before He came there. We hear people wondering why Christ died so quickly, when other victims lasted forty-eight hours on the cross. Christ lasted only six or seven hours. I will tell you the reason. He was sick and exhausted before He came there. He had been scourged. We cry out against the old-time whipping-post as though it were very cruel; but that was mercy compared with the scourging of Christ.

I saw in the cathedral at Antwerp, Belgium, *a picture of the scourging of Christ*. It was the most over-mastering picture I ever saw, or ever expect to see. The long-frocked official opened a door that hid this picture from our view, and there was Jesus! His back bared and bent; the flagellator with his teeth clenched over the under lip, as if to give more violence to the blow; the swollen shoulders of Christ; the black and blue marks that were denied even the relief of bleeding; the flesh adhering to the whips as they were lifted, the marks where the knots of the whip gouged out the flesh; the persecutor standing with the left foot on the calf of the leg of the Saviour, balancing himself; such furious, such fiendish looks from those men grinning vengeance. Oh, the picture seized me—exhausted me! And yet Christ had not started for Calvary. It was only the whipping.

Are you ready for

THE JOURNEY TO THE CROSS?

The carpenters have cut and split the timber into two pieces. They are very heavy and very long beside, for one of the pieces must go far down into the earth, lest the struggles of the victim upset the structure. They bring out Christ weeping, and wan, and bleeding from that awful whipping; and then they lift this timber, and then they let it down gradually on Him, to see whether He can carry it; and He sustains it. Forward, now to Calvary! He moves on, the hooting, yelling crowd following after. He moves on, but He is very weary and very feeble, and He falls flat; and then they jerk at His robe and ask Him what He means by that stumbling.

And then I see Jesus getting up, one hand on the cross, the other hand on the ground, as He rises and looks in the face of Mary, His mother, for sympathy; but the ruffians tell her to stand back—she must not stand there crying. Jesus moves on again, a boy by His side with *a mallet and some nails*. I wonder what they are for? Christ moves on, until, after a while, unable any longer to bear the load, He staggers and falls again, and faints dead away; and then a ruffian comes up and puts his foot on Him, and shakes Him as he would a dead dog; and then another looks down at Him to see whether He has really fainted, or whether He is pretending to faint, and says, "Fainted, have you?"

And then Jesus resuscitates, and they say, "Get up! get up! Go on!" And now we are at the foot of the hill. Off with His clothes! What! shall that loathsome and unclean mob look on the unrobed body of Christ? Yes. The commanding officer says, "Off with the girdle! Off with the coat! Strip Him!" The work is done. Bring back the coat! The gamblers are tossing up coin on the grass to see who shall have that coat. "It is mine." cries a ruffian, as he rolls it up and puts it under his arm, or puts his hands through it. Then they put the cross flat on the ground, and they put Jesus on it, and three or four men hold Him down while the others drive home the nails. At every thump a groan.

He has now only one article of apparel, and that is a cap—and it is a cap of thorns. No danger that it fall off, for the sharp ends have punctured the temples, and it is sure and fast. Now, lift that cross. One man at the end of the horizontal piece, another man at the other end of the horizontal piece, another soldier puts his arm around the waist of Christ, and another soldier takes hold of the foot of the long beam, and they lift it together, and with awful plunge it jars down with its burden of woe. There He is, not the picture of a Christ, not the statue of a Christ as in Roman Catholic cathedral, but the body of a living, dying Redeemer.

Some say that Christ had *five wounds*. Oh, they counted wrong! They counted two for the hands, and two for the feet, and one for the side; and they make out five wounds. But they forgot to count the worst of the wounds, and the most of the wounds. Do you know any thing about the strength of that cap of thorns? I saw a man on the ferry-boat the other day with a specimen bramble brought from a far country. It was just such a bramble as Christ's crown of thorns was made of. How sharp and cruel and stubborn that bramble. When it was put upon Christ do you say that He had only five wounds? Aye, ten wounds, twenty wounds, thirty wounds; I cannot count them.

There were *two or*

THREE ABSENCES

at that time that made the scene worse. In the first place there was the *absence of water*. The climate was hot; the fever, the inflammation, the nervous prostration, the gangrene had set in, and He terribly wanted water. These wounds of Christ were worse than any gunshot fracture; and He wanted water and could not get it. In the thirteenth century a Turk was crucified on the banks of a river so that the water might tantalize his eyes. And oh, how the thirst of Christ must have been tantalized when He thought He had made the Euphrates, and the Amazon, and all the fountains of earth and heaven! No water! It is said, in one place, that they offered him wine and myrrh—an intoxicating draught—which He refused. *He wanted to die sober*. Absence of water!

There was the *absence of light* also. You know that darkness exasperates any kind of trouble. I never shall forget the summer in 1873, when I was on board *the stea Greece, mid-Atlantic*, and it seemed about down, and all the lights in the cabins had blown out. The captain came in, crawling the steamer tossed, and said, "Light up! up!" The steward said, "We can't; th dles are gone, and the holders are gone." replied, "I can't help that—light up!" by almost superhuman effort lights were ki Darkness exasperates any kind of trouble. how it added to the gloom of Christ's last when the lamp of the noonday sun had out, and left Him in darkness!

Yes there was the *absence also of nurs. tendants*. When you are in suffering, how ant it is to have the head bathed or the or the feet rubbed! Look at Christ's han feet! Look at His face! Did He hav such attendance? There were women the knew how to take care of the sick, bu could not come up. Christ's mother cou come up. The chief priests and the s must have it their own way. They had i own way. The hours are passing on. It o'clock. It is half-past one o'clock. It o'clock. It is half-past two o'clock. I most three o'clock.

Take your last look of that sufferer—I wan and pinched; purple lips drawn against the teeth; the eyes red with a fie ness from weeping, and sunken as if back with grief, and blackness under th lid; His body adroop, and shivering w last chill; His breath feebler and feeble He gives one long, deep last sigh.

HE IS DEAD!

He is dead! Oh, my soul, He is dead!

Can you tell why? Was He a fanatic d a principle that did not amount to any Was He infatuated? No. To deliver y from sin, and make heaven possible to mortal nature, Jesus perished there th Some one must die to atone for sin. " Me," said Jesus; "let it be Me!" Do understand that idea of substitution? *drafted during the last war*. Some m as your substitute. He fell at Gettysbu Atlanta. He suffered for you—was you tute, just as the Lord Jesus Christ was stitute, coming into this great battle of falling for us, through His death we bei

How do you feel towards this Jesus Any sympathy towards Him? Any g of the heart's affection towards Him? you been so hardened in sin, and ar abandoned in transgression, that you less and unmoved before all this scer no! I hear a thousand people in the crying out, "If Jesus did all that for m love Him, I will love Him, I do love surrender myself to Him this hour Lord, I give myself away; it is that do."

But how are you going to test you ness? *My text gives a test.* Christ cross for you; but in the text He sets idea that you have to carry a cross You say, "What is it?" You say, " great deal in prayer-meetings all over rying a cross—what do you mean, sir, will tell you: any thing that is unple hard that you are called to do for Jes a cross. "Well," says some one in th "I am ready to carry any thing for am ready to do any thing.

JUST SHOW ME WHAT CROSS I AM T Christ has done so much for me, I am do any thing for Him."

Will you keep that promise? W show you a cross that you may carry It is not to-morrow, it is not in your in the store, nor the street. Where is here. To-night, at the close of th get up and say, "I am on the Lord want the people of God to pray for n Christ now to be my Saviour." Get that at the close of this sermon. you say, "I can't." *Just as I feare* pointed out a cross, and you canno ch at the idea of the cross. Though arried so heavy a weight for you, you arry a pound or an ounce for Him. You stand up and say, "I am tired of sin, t Jesus for my Saviour;" and Christ Vhosoever doth not take up his cross w Me, cannot be My disciple."

d upon it, that just so long as you are of being serious about your soul, just will you never find Christ. But your chaps, is in the dry-goods store, in the n the social circle, where most of the ost of the operatives, most of your com- ke light of religion. Are you earnest in this matter, to-morrow morning, to w York, and go up to your jeering com- and say, "I am trying to become a . Won't you join me on the road to " "Oh, no," you say, "I couldn't do Cannot do that? Then you refuse a oss. *Do you not mean to take any cross?* nnot do that, the Saviour says, "You e My disciple."

ere is some one whose cross will be to religious principles in the family circle. ou, to-night, dare kneel down by your nd say your prayers if you knew your r sister were looking at you? Would to ask the blessing of God at the tea- 'Oh," you say, "I have a very quick nd if I should pretend to be a Christian mily circle, and lose my temper, they y, 'You're a pretty Christian.'"

ey cow you down. They keep you back rist and from doing your duty by their when, instead of being cowed down, it to take that whole family into hea- helping you. "No," you say, "I can owed Christian anywhere but at home." as feared for some of you. I have pointed ird cross, and you cannot carry it, and ot be Christ's disciple.

was a company of rough men together the morning, and a man said,

MY WIFE IS A CHRISTIAN,

hould go home at this hour, and order us an entertainment, she would get it cheer, and without one word of cen- They laughed at him, and said she ot; they laid a wager, and started for e, and they knocked at one or two in the morning. The Christian wife the door, and the husband said, "Get hing to eat; get it right away." She Vhat shall I get?" And he ordered the re, and it was provided without one censure.

is roystering companions had gone out use, he knelt down and said, "Oh, for- ! I am wicked! I am most wicked! and pray for me!" And before the dawned on the earth the pardon of ad dawned on that man. Why? His a thorough Christian. He could not power of her Christian influence. And our family are to take up the cross, and sus, and you are to bring them all in— wife, father, brother, and sister—if you take up the cross and follow Jesus.

see how it is with many of you. You g to feel favorable to Christ, but as to ny demonstration in His behalf—as to ng yourself before the world in His be- u will not take a single step. And so like *a gate with a hundred bolts*, bars rom peace on earth and glory in heaven. state what I believe to be a fact, that hundreds and hundreds of people in rch to-night unconverted, simply be- ey have not made up their minds to fol- st publicly, and have not the manliness anliness to say, open and above-board: sence of men and angels, forever and I am the Lord's. He bought me by od, and He shall have my ransomed

hey have not done that. They have *king around the kingdom* of God, hoping in when no one was looking, forgetful of the fact that Christ has said, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and follow Me, cannot be My disciple."

An officer of a neighboring church said to me a few days ago, that he was in a large store where there were many young men, and a gentleman came in and said to one of the young men, "Ah, you are one of those who arose in the prayer-meeting and asked for prayers." "Yes," said he; "I am. I have been a very bad man. I was a bad man before that; but since that I don't think I have been so bad as I was." And he said it in that way that indicated that he was not ashamed of Christ. I have not heard the subsequent history of that young man, but I trust he is a Christian. God never casts off any one who takes a brave step ahead like that.

I am preaching this sermon to-night to show you *what a light cross you have to carry* compared with that Christ carried for you. Yours has not torn off the flesh; Christ's made him faint dead away. Yours has not fetched the blood; under His there was a pool of carnage that plashed the horse's fetlocks. Your cross you only have to carry a little while; but into Christ's there was compressed an eternity of anguish. There are many to sympathize with you in your cross-bearing; but Jesus, with His cross upon His back, trod the wine-press of the wrath of Almighty God alone? He lifted a Himalaya for you, and you cannot lift an ounce for Him.

There has *Some one come here to-night* that you have not seen. You did not see Him come in that door. Nor through any of these aisles did you see Him come; but He is here. He started in the East—the far East. He comes in wan and weary, His feet blistered with the way, His garments draggled with the dust, His eyes dim with tears, His cheeks red, not with health, but with the blood from the temples. I take hold of His coat, and I say, "It does not fit Thee?" and He replies, "It is borrowed. For My vesture did they cast lots." And then I say, "Thine eyes are red, as if from lack of sleep;" and He answers, "Yes, the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.'

Then I look at the log on His back, and I say, "What is this?" and He says, "It is the cross I carried for thee and the world of sin. Let all these people take a cross and follow Me." And He marches on, and

THE PROCESSION IS FORMING TO-NIGHT

—the *Great Cross-bearer* going ahead, we, who have smaller crosses, coming on after in this great march to heaven; and, as some of the people halt and say, "We will not join a procession where we have to carry a burden or suffer shame," Jesus turns upon them with a majesty and omnipotence that makes the very earth tremble as He says, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and follow Me, cannot be My disciple."

Who here to-night is anxious for God and heaven? Who is ready to start forth and say, "Let others do as they may, I will take Christ, in the presence of heaven, and earth, and hell. In the strength of God I now take the first step forward. Farewell, my sins! Farewell, inconstant world! Farewell, every thing that would hinder me from going forward! Welcome, Jesus! Welcome, Him of the torn foot, and the bleeding brow, and the broken heart! Welcome, Jesus! What thou commandest me to do I will do. What thou commandest me to bear I will bear. Only lead the way, Thou Great Cross-bearer, and I will follow with my own burden."

Are you willing to take a cross so that you can get a crown? Who is on the Lord's side? I wish to-night we might divide off. Who is ashamed of Christ? Who will turn his back upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world?

Many years ago

A ROMAN EMPEROR

said to a Greek architect, "Build me a Colosseum, and when it is done I will crown you, and I will make your name famous through all the world, if you will only build me a grand Colosseum." The work was done. The emperor said, "Now we will crown that architect. We will have a grand celebration."

The Colosseum was crowded with a great host. The emperor was there and the Greek architect who was to be crowned for putting up this building. And then they brought out some Christians, who were ready to die for the truth, and from the doors underneath were let out the lions, hungry, three-fourths starved; the emperor arose amid the shouting assemblage and said, "The Colosseum is done, and we have come to celebrate it to-day by the putting to death of Christians at the mouth of these lions, and we have come here to honor the architect who has constructed this wonderful building. The time has come for me to honor him, and we further celebrate his triumph by the slaying of these Christians."

Whereupon the Greek architect sprang to his feet and shouted: "I also am a Christian." And they flung him to the wild beasts, and his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled into the dust of the amphitheatre. Could you have done that for Christ? Could you have stood up there in the presence of that great audience, who hated Christ, and hated every thing about Him, and said, "I, too, am a Christian?" Could you have done it? Can you, to-night, stand up in the presence of this audience and say, "I want to be on the Lord's side?" Have you the ten-thousandth part of the courage and enthusiasm for Christ that that Greek architect had?

Are you willing to avow just now the position you occupy in regard to Christ? Are you willing to let the world know, as it looks on, that—let others do as they may—come sickness or health, come applause or abuse, come life or death—you are for Christ now, and Christ forever?

I have wondered if now, in the midst of this sermon, before prayer is offered, there might be any here who desire an interest in that prayer, and I have wondered if I should ask those who desire an interest in this closing prayer to rise up. I wondered if they would do it. And the Holy Spirit tells me that now is the time; that there are eternal destinies trembling in the balance; that there are hundreds of souls here *within one step of the kingdom;* and the Spirit of God says to me, "Ask them now to take up the cross and follow Jesus, and in the presence of this great assemblage to make announcement of the fact that they mean now to start for heaven, and show that they have earnest desire to be remembered in the prayer about to be offered."

So I ask now that all those in this audience—whether on the main floor, or in the boxes, or in the first gallery, or in the second gallery—that all such unsaved ones who desire now to take up the cross and follow Jesus, I ask that where they are, this moment, they rise up. [The people arose in many parts of the church.] Many! many! many, as clouds and as doves to their windows. Many in all the galleries. Will any more have Christ to-night? Another person rises. Many more arise. The Lord bless you. Are there any more? Time is passing. Hear the clock tolling away the time. *Now* is the time. Are there any more? Another rises. Another! Are there any more? Another, and still more. Oh, it seems to me as if the last day had come, and we had gathered for the reckoning. I ask you once more, Stand up for Jesus! another soul rises; and there is joy in churches, militant and triumphant! Let us pray!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from p. 727.)

He Invents a Diabolical Charge against Percival—He would Sign his Statement if he were a Scholar—He is not Ashamed of His Name—Dismissal of Haley with a Golden Blessing—Decision to Arrest Percival—Mr. Lemaire's Terror at the News—He Hastens to the Chief of Police—Out of Consideration for his Daughter he Hesitates to Sign the Warrant to Apprehend Percival.

HALEY'S account of the circumstance which had fixed in his memory the date of Arnold's treasonable speech made an impression on the chief of Police. He thought it a very trifling and ridiculous event.

"But then," he said, "it's one, for all that, well fitted to impress itself on the remembrance of this man. You say that you heard this Mr. Montaigne on the occasion you mention address the persons present?" observed the chief. "I do," calmly answered Haley.

"Can you tell me some of his words?" "Oh, indade I can," was the answer. "What were they, my man?" "Why, thin, he said yer honor, that the Queen—God bless her!—ought to be put to death, and the Lord Lieftinant piked off-hand or shot. Yis, thim war his very words, piked or shot. That, fur his part, sooner nor stand any more Englishman's nonsense, he'd willingly see the sthreets o' Dublin *run* blood. Yis, that was the word, run blood, and ivry house in it burnt to *ashes*—yis, that was it, burnt to ashes." "Anything else?" inquired the chief.

Haley had come to the end of his tether, and his inventive powers were exhausted; but luckily, as he thought, a remarkable sentence he had lately heard came to his mind, relieving his mental vacuum. He therefore continued: "A good manny o' thim at the meetin' I'm talkin' of war for quiet and ordherly manes, yer honor, and wouldn't hear tell o' murdherin' methods, fur bekase they had no arms, they said; but the dacent Mr. Montaigne shouted out, 'Fools! idiots! Can't yees rush into the constabulary armoreys?' siz he. 'Can't yees break into the gunsmiths' shops and git what yees want?' siz he. 'Does yees mane to wait till muskits are showered down from heaven, and angels'—Did yees ever hear the loike?" asked Haley—"'and angels are sent to pull the thriggers?'"

"Did he say that?" asked the chief. "Och, thin, in truth he did," responded Haley; "thim's his very idintical words—God save and presarve uz!—wid me own two ears I hard him, and siz I to meself, 'Yer a wicked awful man, it's as plain as tundher; and the town,' siz I, 'isn't safe while yer loose in it.' And it was thin, yer honor, that I cum to settle it in me mind that I'd see yer honor's honor some day about it, and in me simple, honest way would make known to ye all the words and ways o' this owdacious and murdherin' villain."

Haley's statements were so extreme, and his desire to exaggerate was so palpable, that it is more than probable at another time, when public affairs were in a more tranquil condition, his information would have been set aside as not worthy of credence, or even of a moment's consideration. There was, however, something of panic abroad, and the police had of late made some startling discoveries, and most unlikely persons were found to have had a part in the confederate plot; so his words were received as, upon the whole, likely to be true, and, if so, very important.

When he had concluded, all his deposition was slowly and carefully read over to him, and he was asked was it taken down correctly. "Yis, ivry single word," he answered; "that's me affidavy." "Then sign it, my man," said the chief, pushing towards him the document. "I wud with all me heart, yer honor, if I war a scholar," said the informer. "Dinny O'Hara, the teacher, whin I war a gossoon, thried his best to make me wan, but, an' shure he had to give it up as a bad job, and cudn't. But put, yer honor, Mickey Haley, litherary man, and wanst a piper, Bridget's Alley (that's where I live, yer honor), at the fut, and it's meself that'll soon place the sign o' the cross to it." "Very well, my man. There, touch the pen," said the chief. "You acknowledge that's your name and address, do you—Mickey Haley, Bridget's Alley?" "Yes, before the Vargin and the saints, shure enough, that's me name, not a word o' lie in it," said the astute fellow; "and as I'm a thruth-telling man, I'm not ashamed uv it."

Haley, at the close of his examination, was dismissed. "Shurely not widout your blessin', yer honor?" said the piper. "'Pon me conshense, it's thirsty work, yer honor," he added, with a leer, and putting his hand to his forehead. "It's thirsty work, yer honor, givin' such valuable, nobil, and unsalfish sarvice as I have been a-doin' this blessed mornin', yer honor, fur me counthry; purtectin' the Queen; and, you know, yer honor, I'm only a poor man, and such as uz expicts some compensashun."

The chief did not seem to like this pushing of his claims by the informer. He replied, however, "Very well, Haley, you will get an acknowledgment. Here, Mr.——," he said, addressing one of his clerks, "let this man, for the present, have a sovereign."

When this was placed in his hand Haley left the office, saying to himself, as he went down the steps before the door, "Arrah! but arn't they fools about here, 'Castle' though it be. A sov'reign for a quarter of an hour's talk. Jolly! I've piped, busy as a nailor, for tin blessid hours for less nor a quarter uv it. Hurroo! I niver expict to airn a pound aisier."

After Haley left the office it was resolved that a warrant should be taken out for Percival, and Haley's depositions to this end, with other necessary papers, were therefore sent up to another office, and that office was the one over which presided the father of Lucie Lemaire.

It would be quite impossible to describe the bewildered surprise and agitation of Mr. Lemaire when he read over the statements made by Haley. He looked three or four times at the name of the individual charged with attempt at murder and treason in the document before him. "Percival Montaigne—no—Rathmines," he repeated to himself again, and yet again, before he would accept the conviction that the individual mentioned was his intended son-in-law. But yes, there it was; about that there could be no question. It might be most distressing news, but the person indicted was, without the shadow of a doubt, the accepted lover of his Lucie, and he grew pale with emotion. He then read over in detail, and very slowly, the informer's deposition, taking it in bit by bit, which process he found demanded from him an unusual effort, for he was actually stunned by the recorded assertion of Haley.

Percival Montaigne for years a Ribbonman, a murderer, a concealed Papist, a preacher of sedition, a firebrand conspirator in the confederate clubs, and advocate of wholesale massacre! In mental agony he exclaimed, "Help me to bear the tidings; it's horrible!" and his whole frame shuddered. "But it cannot be true," he said, excitedly, still speaking to himself. "This man must have made some outrageous mistake. Percival Montaigne cannot be what this man says; it's too dreadful to think it, and I cannot and will not believe it." Taking up the papers before him, he left his office, and hurried down to the chief before whom Haley had sworn his affidavit.

When he left the room one of his clerks said to a coadjutor near him, "What in the world has happened to Mr. Lemaire? I felt afraid he was taking leave of his reason. Did you not notice him? He trembled like a leaf, turned pale as death, and seemed as if he did not know what he was doing."

Mr. Lemaire found the gentlemen he wished to see at the same post where Haley had left
him, and before him was another informe
ing further information. It was not adv
to interrupt important public business; bu
Lemaire, unable to curb his impatience,
when he caught the eye of Mr. Katcham,
Katcham, I beg your pardon, but at your
est possible convenience I desire a worc
you."

"All right, Mr. Lemaire," said the chi
shall be at leisure in two or three minutes

Mr. Lemaire learned while he waited, fro
words of the man who was being quest
that insurrection had actually broken out
of the southern counties, and that the pea
security of the city of Dublin itself were
minent peril.

As soon as opportunity was given Mr.
am rose from his seat, retired with Mr. L
into a private room; and scarcely had he
the door when the latter gentleman, all
in his breathing from nervous excit
poured into the chief's ear who Perciva
taigne really was, the present relation he
his family, how he had gained the affect
his daughter, and how he had known h
for a long time, and had observed hin
and express himself. "The fact of it
Katcham," he said, "there is some ex
nary and mysterious mistake or malice
perfidous Haley's words. He cannot m
Montaigne—it is out of the question—
does, these depositions,"—and he poi
them as he held them in his hand—"are
by some cursed malevolence. Mr. Mon
Papist and a red Republican! The very
impossible and infinitely absurd, and a
for his apprehension would be an outrag

While poor Mr. Lemaire spoke thes
with intense agitation, Mr. Katchum
calmly but pitifully at him, and when
done the person whom we have dubb
said, "My dear sir, you greatly pain
prise me. I had no conception that M
taigne sustained any connection in th
with your family, or that he was even k
you. However, if I had known all thi
only have acted in the matter as I ha
You are well aware, my dear sir, of th
state of affairs; all things on the bri
émeute in the city. And I feel mor
than I can express to have to say that
be little doubt that Mr. Montaigne, wh
may have seemed to you, is a sympath
Smith O'Brien and his faction, and
something to do in bringing about th
serious political complications.

"Since Haley left the office I hav
know if he has given us his correct adc
I find he has; and I have also learned
tective Fox that Mr. Montaigne ha
member of a confederate society in th
sity for some time, and, moreover, he
him at the club meetings in Capel Stre
as you know, my dear sir, was the one
der John Mitchell's inspiration while
the country, and which is this hour
violent and revolutionizing brotherh
whole city. Besides this, a further m
ing fact Detective Fox has also stated.
not see him as you came in, sir, for h
just left the office? He has stated th
Mr. Montaigne in Green Street Court
John Mitchell's trial, and that he distir
Mr. Montaigne call upon that firebra
down his name upon the tablet of h
as one who was ready to avenge him.

"Taking, then, my dear sir, all th
into account, I fear there cannot be a
that Mr. Montaigne is implicated in
actually broken out confederate
Duty to our country, my dear sir,
sway, you know, at whatever cost t
personal feelings, and therefore, I
more especially since, as you have he
outbreak is afoot, nothing else can be
to issue a warrant for Mr. Montaign
And perhaps, indeed, it will be bett
self," he added graciously, "to be
harm's way for awhile, lest, if at larg

ore seriously commit himself. Again I re- at, my dear sir, the extreme sorrow I feel that hat I propose will entail pain and grief both on yourself and those you care for. But, my ar sir, I hold, as you are aware, a most re- onsible position, and I would not be acting up my conscience did I not call upon you to get t in due form a warrant for his Excellency's nature, in order that this gentleman of whom have been speaking may this very afternoon placed in safe-keeping. I may tell you that I ve already, on my own responsibility, issued a rch warrant to ransack his lodgings for secret litious papers, and I expect that the consta- s by this time have done their duty."

As the chief, in calm and measured accents, oke thus, and made known Detective Fox's ormation, while Mr. Lemaire's agitation in- ased, persuasion gradually dawned and gath- d force in his mind that Percival had been, adventure, a deceiver and a cheat, and had n carrying on a courtship in his domestic cir- under false pretences. He had admired and n loved the young man, and considered him most eligible match for his daughter, but he s now conscious of a serious revulsion of feel- i. Nothing more angers a government offi- l than to be proved destitute of acuteness and crimination; besides this, Montaigne's con- tion with him and his, he felt, would tend to npromise his social and Dublin Castle posi- n.

ome unamiable and over-zealous loyalists, it s likely, would even go the length of saying t he himself was, in all probability, not too stworthy. And others, jealous of the so- led "catch" his daughter had made, would stefully assert he had encouraged this young n's visits to his house not for family consid- tions, but because he sympathized with his itical doctrines; and, by the bye, could not servants tell to inquiring bachelor policemen Rathgar—and it was a thing certain to be e—that Confederate songs were sung in his se, and *that* when he was present? At this ught resentment rose up warm in Mr. Le- ire's bosom, and while subject to its heat, he he could have the warrant that was required Mr. Katcham issued even with some measure satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ECCENTRIC PREACHERS.

By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

wland Hill's Story of the Beans—Orator enley—Wesley and the Virago—A Reporter's istakes—William Dawson, etc.

DUTCHMAN who, from the orderly style of handwriting and the precision of his phrases, uld be a very exemplary individual, once te me a sternly admonitory letter. From ing read my printed discourses with much asure he had come to consider me as a godly ister; and therefore being in London, he availed himself of the opportunity to hear . This, however, he deeply regretted, as he l now lost the power to read my sermons with asure any more. What, think you, had I said done to deprive me of the good opinion of so ellent a Hollander? I will relieve your mind saying that he considered that I preached ex- dingly well, and he did not charge me with extravagances of action, but it was my per- al appearance which shocked him. I wore a rd which was bad enough, but, worse than , he observed upon my lip *a moustache!* His at guy of a minister, with ruff and bands and n, and a woman's chin, was *not* eccentric, because I allowed my hair to grow as nature nt it should, I was eccentric and frivolous carnal and worldly-minded.

. ROWLAND HILL'S STORY OF THE BEANS.

young man was about to go to India, and a us friend was very anxious that he should not ve the country in an unconverted state. He uced this young man to stay a week with him ondon, and took him to hear a minister of ch repute—a very able man—a man of sound argument and solid thought—in the hope that perhaps something which he said would lead to his friend's conversion. The youth listened to the sermon, pronounced it an excellent discourse, and there was an end of it.

He was taken to hear another earnest preacher, but no result came of the service. When the last night came, the godly friend, in a sort of desperation, ventured with much trembling to lead his companion to Surrey Chapel, to hear Mr. Rowland Hill, praying earnestly that he might not say any funny things; that he might, in fact, preach a very solemn sermon, and not say any thing whatever that might cause a titter. To his horror, Mr. Hill that night seemed to be more than ever lively, and he said many quaint things.

Among the rest he said that he had seen a number of pigs following a butcher in the street, at which he marvelled, inasmuch as swine have usually a will of their own, and that will is not often according to their driver's mind. Mr. Hill, upon inquiring, found that the aforesaid pigs followed the leader because he had beans in his pocket, and every now and then he dropped a few before them, thus overcoming their scruples and propensities. Even so, said Mr. Hill, does the devil lead ungodly men captives to his will, and conduct them into the slaughter-house of everlasting destruction, by indulging them in the pleasures of the world.

The sober gentleman who had brought his friend to the chapel was greatly shocked at such a grovelling simile, and grieved to think of the mirth which his young friend would find in such a dreadful observation. They reached the door, and to his surprise the youth observed, "I shall never forget this service. That story about the pigs has deeply impressed me, for I fear it is my case." A happy conversion followed, and the critic could only retract his criticism in the silence of his own grateful heart. Well, then, let each servant of God tell his message in his own way. To his own Master he shall stand or fall.

ORATOR HENLEY'S PLEASANTRY.

A certain preacher, finding himself in Northamptonshire, among the shoemakers, in order to draw a congregation, gave notice in the morning that he would in the evening tell them the quickest way to make a pair of shoes. When they crowded the place, he bade them *take a pair of boots and cut the tops off.* If this was really done, then, I say, let this wit among cobblers live and die at his trade, but let him not again go beyond his last. I am sorry that I have met with an advertisement by Orator Henley (who flourished 130 years ago) which proves that he actually did this, not in Northamptonshire, but in London, and headed his announcement with a Latin sentence signifying that the greater includes the less.

JOHN WESLEY AND THE VIRAGO.

Dr. Campbell once told me the following story: "On one occasion when Mr. Wesley was preaching he said, 'I have been falsely charged with every crime of which a human being is capable except that of drunkenness.' He had scarcely uttered these words before a wretched woman started up and screamed out at the top of her voice, 'You old villain, and will you deny it? Did you not pledge your bands last night for a noggin of whiskey, and did not the woman sell them to our parson's wife?' Having delivered herself of this abominable calumny, the virago sat down amid a thunderstruck assembly, whereupon Mr. Wesley lifted his hands to heaven, and thanked God that his cup was now full, for they had said *all* manner of evil against him falsely for Christ's namesake. After this we feel reconciled to the idle tales which buzz about us, annoying us for a small moment, but doing no great damage."

A REPORTER'S MISTAKES.

A reporter's omission of a single sentence may make a speaker appear very absurd and eccentric. Of this we have a notable instance in a newspaper report of a speaker at our College meeting. He is reported to have said of us, "May every hair of your head be a wax candle to light you into glory, and may you be in heaven ten minutes before the devil knows you are dead." Assuredly this looks outrageous as it stands; but let me personally vouch for its connection. Our friend said that he wished that he was able to express his love to us, and his hearty desires for us, and that he envied the enthusiastic ingenuity of a poor Irish woman who in thanking her benefactor exclaimed, "May, etc." Now the reporter in this case was a friend to us all, but probably the exigencies of the printing office knocked out the previous sentences, and there stood the Catholic benediction in all its exuberance, as if it was his own utterance.

Larwood, in his book of "Clerical Anecdotes," states that "Samuel Roe, a Bedfordshire clergyman in the last century, and vicar of Stotfold, signalized himself by a proposal for preventing the further growth of Methodism—a proposal as full of genius as it was of humanity. But this amiable and benevolent man shall be heard in his own words: 'I humbly propose to the legislative powers, when it shall seem meet, to make an example of the tabernacle preachers, by enacting a law *to cut out their tongues*, as well as the tongues of all field teachers, and others who preach in houses, barns, or elsewhere, without apostolical ordination or legal authority.'"

WILLIAM DAWSON'S DRAMATIC POWER.

William Dawson, the Yorkshire farmer and Methodist preacher, was distinguished for his wonderful dramatic power. In a sermon on Rev. 6:7, 8, he said:

"Every step the sinner takes is deeper in sin; every moment takes him further from heaven and nearer hell. Onward, onward he is going—death and hell are after him quickly, untiringly they pursue him—with swift but noiseless hoof the pale horse and his pale rider are tracking the godless wretch. See! see! they are getting nearer, they are overtaking him."

At this moment the stillness of the congregation was so complete that the ticking of the clock could be distinctly heard in every part of the chapel. Leaning over the pulpit in the attitude of attention and fixing his keen eye upon those who sat immediately before him, he continued, in an almost supernatural whisper, "Hark! hark! that swift rider is coming, and judgment is following him. That is his untiring footstep! Hark!"—and then imitating for a moment or two the beat of the pendulum, he exclaimed, in the highest pitch of his voice, "Lord, save the sinner! save him! Death is upon him, and hell follows! See, the long arm is raised! The final dart is poised! Oh, my God, save him—save him—for if the rider overtakes that poor sinner, unpardoned and unsaved, and strikes his blow, down he falls, and backward he drops—hell behind him, and as he falls backward, he looks upward, and shrieks, 'Lost! lost! lost! Time lost, Sabbaths lost, means lost, soul lost, heaven lost! All lost, and lost forever!' Backward he drops; all his sins seem to hang around his neck like so many millstones as he plunges into the burning abyss. 'Come and see.' 'Lord, save him! Oh, my God, save him!' 'Come and see.' Blessed be God! The rider has not overtaken him yet; there is time and space yet for that poor sinner.

"The horse and the rider have not overtaken you yet; there is, therefore, an 'accepted time,' there is a 'day of salvation!' 'Come and see.' There is God the Father inviting you; God the Father commanding you; God the Father swearing He has no pleasure in your death, but in your life. There is Jesus Christ come to seek you. He has travelled thirty years to save you. He is dying on the cross. With His outstretched arms He says, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' 'He that believeth in Me shall never die!'" The effect was so overwhelming that two of the congregation fainted, and it required all the preacher's tact and self-command to ride through the storm which his own vivid imagination had aroused.

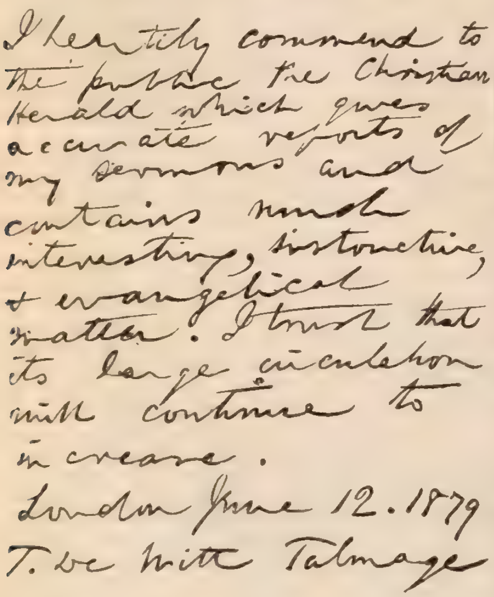
CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to Mr. Benjamin Aitken, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

The proprietor has received the following endorsement of the journal from Dr. Talmage since the latter's arrival in England :



I heartily commend to the public the Christian Herald which gives accurate reports of my sermons and contains much interesting, instructive, & evangelical matter. I trust that its large circulation will continue to increase.

London June 12. 1879

T. De Witt Talmage

Last week's edition of the Christian Herald was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, September 3d, at **4.50 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1879, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republican Convention at Saratoga has been the principal topic of interest in political circles during the past week. In spite of positive predictions to the contrary, Senator Conkling has succeeded in carrying the convention, and, by the sagacious speech he made as chairman, demonstrated his capacity as a leader of the party.

Mr. Alonzo B. Cornell was nominated for Governor on the first ballot, and a platform was adopted pledging the party anew to national supremacy, equal rights, free elections, and honest money, thanking President Hayes and the Republicans in Congress for their recent attitude, and denouncing the present Democratic policy.

The opposition of Tammany to the Tilden branch of the Democratic party has excited a hopeful feeling in the Republican ranks as to the prospects for November.

General Grant is Expected to Arrive at San Francisco September 21st. He sailed from Japan September 3d. His arrival is anticipated with considerable interest, and it is expected it will finally set at rest the question whether a nomination will be accepted by the General if it should be offered.

The Yellow Fever Still Continues Its Dread work. One of the most prominent of the victims is General John B. Hood, who fought General Thomas at Franklin, Tenn., and who died of yellow fever, at New Orleans, on the morning of the 30th. He leaves eleven children.

Only four days before he died his wife, whom he dearly loved, also died of the same disease, and General Hood was deeply affected by her loss. On his deathbed his mind ran to his camp life, for, fancying, after the manner of all yellow fever patients, that his symptoms were more favorable, although dissolution was really near at hand, he said to Dr. Bemiss, "*Doctor, we may yet dislodge the enemy.*"

The total number of deaths from fever in Memphis during July was 56; number of cases reported, 197. The total number up to August 9th, when the fever was declared epidemic, was: deaths, 95; cases, 358. For the week ending August 16th the number of deaths was 57, and new cases 170. For the week ending August 23d there were 148 new cases and 53 deaths.

Honor to an American.—The Cross of the Legion of Honor, a French order much coveted in that country, has been conferred on Dr. Edward Warren, an American physician who is at present practising in Paris. The majority of the wearers of the cross are military men who have earned the distinction by *destroying life*, but it will increase the gratification Americans will feel at the award in question when they learn that the services which have procured the honor for Dr. Warren are "his unfailing kindness and sympathy toward the poor."

The Emigration from England to the United States which the depressed state of English trade led us to expect this fall has already begun. Our latest advices state that a large body of farmers are assembled in Manchester ready to start. They are not entirely penniless, having capitals of $2000 to $3000. They are from Yorkshire, and their intention is to colonize, if possible, together.

Yorkshire farmers have the reputation of being industrious, thrifty men. Many of them are Wesleyan Methodists. Such men will be a gain to this country, and will act as a check to infidels Socialists, and Roman Catholics, who are gaining a dangerous predominance in the population.

Iron, a scientific English journal, states that the whole mining population are turning their eyes to America and Australia. Mr. Bryson, President of the Northumberland Miners' Association, urged all the unemployed laborers to give up the struggle at once and forever in Old England, and to emigrate. Three hundred men of the Bradford Iron and Machine Works are on their way now to Philadelphia, where employment is promised them. A cutlery firm in Sheffield with all of its capital and full staff of workmen is moving bodily to this country. *Iron* states that "it is the best and most trustworthy workmen who have hived off first."

The Work Now in Progress at the Gospel Tent, Forty-third Street, New York, is deserving the attention of all Christian people. Three years ago the Rev. Dr. Tyng, Jr., realizing that there was a positive decadence of church-going among the people of this city, and that the pulpit was not affecting the mind or heart of the middle class of our citizens to any great extent, erected the first Gospel Tent in Thirty-fourth Street, near Sixth Avenue. Its design was to give the Gospel to the people irrespective of class, color, or condition. That tent was the means of doing a great work, an account of which was published in a book called "Under Canvas." That tent being destroyed by fire, the present one was bought, and placed on its present site.

The number and character of its services are varied. Twenty services are held during the week. These are Preaching, Gospel Temperance, Praise and Prayer, Inquiry, and Children's meetings. The last has been in operation since June 15th. About 200 meetings have been held. The attendance has reached nearly 80,000. O this number it may safely be estimated that one third belong to the class *who do not attend or belong to any church*. About 300 have asked fo prayer and remained for conversation, and 15 persons have professed their faith in the Saviour

Many marked conversions* have occurred Poor drunkards and outcasts and men of birt and culture have alike found redemption beneath that canvas roof. The character of thes services is solemn, decorous, and impressive Its entire weekly expenditure is under seventy five dollars. This pays the salaries of superi tendent, assistants, music, two watchmen, ga printing, advertising, and other incidentals.

The Death of Mrs. Martha Rogers, an Ecce tric old lady, is announced at Waterbury, Con She was, although possessed of large means, i continual fear of coming to want. She we about the streets gathering old rags, shoes, ti pans, and many other things which people ha thrown away. A room in her house was fill with such gleanings, of no possible use. Y she was very liberal in her gifts to religious a charitable objects. Only a short time ago s gave the Connecticut Industrial School for Gi $5000 for a new building, which is to be call the Martha Rogers Home; and the local Bapti Church, to which she belonged, was often membered.

She left an estate of over $50,000, and amo her bequests are the following: Five thousa dollars apiece to the American Baptist Ho Mission Society, Connecticut Baptist Conve tion, Connecticut Literary Institute at Suffie the University at Burlington, Iowa, Americ Female Guardian Society at New York, and t American Tract Society. Madison University Hamilton, N. Y., is also said to have been ha somely remembered. Mrs. Rogers also g during her lifetime bells to each of the f churches in the town.

A Good Example has been Set by a Deta ment of Richmond County police, who sum rily broke up a woman's walking match l week. The *New York Herald* wisely remar "If there were any doubts that such perfo ances, whether actual tests of endurance mere *displays of the feminine physique*, are c trary to nature and decency, the general cha ter of the spectators would dispel them." audience is said to have been composed of and boys.

A Horse-Car Driver become a Millionair Louis Herbold, of Elizabeth, N. J., a horse driver, has suddenly been raised to the envi position of a millionaire. He is one of ele children, all residents of this country, and i present thirty-five years of age. The fort which will amount to about $1,500,000, co by the death of a grandfather on his moth side, who recently died in Vienna, at the vanced age of eighty-three. The sudden ac sion of wealth will make its possessor the env his compeers. But it will only prove a bles to him as God gives him grace to use it arig

Liquor Stores in Mourning.—The Li dealers of New Haven, Connecticut, have dr their saloons in mourning because of the sage of the "local prohibition" act of that There are about 600 liquor dealers in that There are probably many houses in the where there is rejoicing over the same cause

Gratitude to Faithful Slaves.—General H. Drake, a venerable North Carolinaian died last week, has left *his whole fortune*, of siderable amount, to three of his former sla Calvin Drake, Aaron Drake, and Judah Dra for their lives, with reversion to their chil He leaves all his estate, real and person them, and says: "They have been my fai slaves, and have remained with me since freedom, nursing and caring for me in m age, and I desire them to share my gratitu

eneral Custer and his Staff Officer.—The nguished general whose statue was unveiled est Point August 30th was well known as a e, skilful soldier, but few knew how sin- and earnest was his Christian life. The wing incident, related by a brother officer, is ly interesting :

One of the most delightful memories I have ne period when I had the honor of serving eneral Custer's staff is of *the night follow- the fight at Waynesboro.* About eleven ock in the evening an orderly came to me said the General wanted to see me. When nt to his room he greeted me cordially, and , 'I've thought we should both sleep better e read a chapter from the Bible, and had a yer together.' I read a Psalm, and we knelt ether to thank God for the victory, and com- d to His care ourselves and our dear ones. H said he had resolved, by God's help, to live ristian life, and expressed such purpose to friends at home."

Peculiar Anniversary was Celebrated in em, Mass., on Saturday, August 16. It was that day two hundred and fifty years since organization of the first Protestant church ned in America. Salem was planted in Sep- ber, 1628. Messrs. Skelton and Higginson, arrived in June following, were the first tor and first teacher of the Salem church. organization of the church was completed gust 6th, old style, corresponding with August h, new style. The simple platform upon ich the church was founded was the follow- : "We covenant with the Lord, and one with other, and do bind ourselves in the presence God, to walk together in all His ways, ac- ding as He is pleased to reveal Himself to us His blessed Word."

Sinking City.—The Populace of Mill Hol- , a part of the city of Wilkesbarre, Pa., was t own into excitement on August 27th by rming subterranean sounds. For some nths past the tenants of some of the houses e been conscious of peril by reason of signs of a ing in of the surface. On the night of Au- st 26th, at about eleven o'clock, the surface of ground began to sink. At about three lock the next morning some two acres of gar- ns and nurseries went down about eight feet, cking the houses, and alarming the community t such an extent as to drive all in the vicinity m their homes. The ground around the ken pit *for acres is cracked*, and it is be- ved that the entire surface of the land under- ned must go down, destroying many private d public buildings.

Another Minister Drowned.—Among the Sad ses of drowning this season is that of the Rev. nry O. Finch, whose body was found in the ter at Sachem's Head, Long Island Sound, on ednesday, August 27th. He had been preach- in the First Congregational church of Guil- d for a year, and at the time of his death was ending a few days at the house of a friend ar the shore, preparatory to his ordination as stor of the church, which was to have taken ace on Sunday last. He rose at an early hour Wednesday, went to the shore to gather oss, but did not return to breakfast, and noth- was seen of him until 10.30 A.M., when his dy was found upon the beach. No bruises or arks of violence were found, and it was sup- sed that he had accidentally fallen into the ater. Mr. Finch was the son of a prominent tizen in Keeseville, N. Y.

Jerry McAuley, the Founder of the Water reet Mission, delivered an address in the mis- on room on Sunday, August 24th, in the course which he said : "A meeting like this is a etty warm place for sinners. I know it would ave been for me when I was a bad man ; they'd ave to tie me to the benches to keep me in. It not the smart or nice or eloquent things that e said that bring people to the Mission, but e Spirit of God who does the work. He uses uman agencies. He used a lady to bring me— good, holy, Christian woman. It was at the me of the John Allen excitement ; the papers said it wouldn't amount to anything. It did amount to something. *It ketched me.*"

Jerry then told the story of how, while on his knees at the Mission, only wishing those praying would get through, he saw a lady praying for him with tears streaming down her face. This roused him to pray on his own account. "I had been a poor drunken sot," he said, "sleeping on the docks, and ashamed to come up on the street on Sunday, I was so ragged. They turned me out of the rum shops. I'm glad they did, and I wish they'd turn out more. Now I am a citizen, and of no mean city—that above."

Saved by a Pin.—The following Remarkable narrative is related by Mr. O. W. Holmes : "A lady was observed to treasure a common black pin of which there was a history. Her husband had been confined in prison for some political offence. He was left alone with his thoughts to torture him. No voice, no book, no implement —silence, darkness, misery, sleepless self torment ; and soon *it must be madness*. All at once he thought of something to occupy these terrible unsleeping faculties. He took a pin from his neckcloth and threw it upon the floor. Then he groped for it. It was a little object, and the search was a long and laborious one, and it took him a great while to find the little object he was in search of. At last he found it, and felt a certain sense of satisfaction in difficulty overcome. But he had found a great deal more than the pin—he had found an occupation, and every day he would fling it from him and lose it, hunt for it, and at last find it, and so he saved himself from going mad ; and you will not wonder that when he was set free and gave the little object to which he owed his reason, and perhaps his life, to his wife, she had it set round with pearls and wore it next her heart."

Church Lotteries in Boston.—Rev. Henry Morgan gives the following public announcement : "Here I give warning, and declare before the audience, that the first church in Boston, of whatever sect or creed, that advertises, sets up, and promotes a lottery this season, shall be prosecuted to the full extent of the law." An example which may be copied with advantage in other cities.

Dr. Seiss and his Unknown Visitor.—A Contemporary relates the following incident : An American travelling by himself in the Holy Land was taken ill of malarial fever at Jerusalem. As he lay on his lonely couch, *nearly hopeless of recovery*, a stranger called to see him, and was admitted. Without giving his name, he proposed reading a passage from the Scriptures. He selected a short, beautiful Psalm, and, having finished the reading, retired in the same quiet way he had entered. But the effect on the sufferer was powerful. Light broke through the gloom, and there arose in his soul a calm trust in Israel's Keeper. From that time the force of his disease abated, and his restoration was finally complete. The Psalm chosen by the unknown visitor was the 121st, and the name of the traveller Dr. J. A. Seiss, Lutheran minister of Philadelphia.

Killed by Hornets.—A Boy Aged Ten Years named Tellson Jewell, son of a New York policeman, has been spending his vacation with his grandmother at Hyde Park, Duchess County, N. Y. On Wednesday morning, while the men were pressing hay in the barn, he climbed a small tree in the yard to pick apples. He had been in the tree only a few moments when he was heard to utter a terrible cry, and was seen to jump to the ground and run toward the house, holding both hands on the top of his head, and uttering piercing shrieks. His grandfather hurried from the barn, and catching him, asked what the matter was. His shrieks could be heard a long distance, and between them he shouted, in a most agonizing manner, "Oh ! I'm stung ! I'm stung !" The boy was taken into the house and laid upon a lounge. His attendants had much trouble in tearing his hands from his head, but they finally succeeded, when it was discovered that he had been terribly stung by hornets. He died in half an hour.

THE PLAGUE OF THE HEART.

A Sermon Delivered on Lord's Day Evening, August 10th, 1879, by C. H. Spurgeon.

(*When the regular congregation unanimously left their seats to be occupied by strangers, who crowded the building to its utmost capacity*).

> "What prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart, and spread forth his hands towards this house : then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place, and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his ways, whose heart thou knowest (for thou, even thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men) ; that they may fear thee all the days that they live in the land which thou gavest unto our fathers."—1 KINGS 8 : 38-40.

One Priest and One Temple—Heart-Plagues—I. Their Forms—A Troubled Memory—Unrest – Some inveterate Sins—Indecision—Hardness – Faintness—Dread of the Future—Story of the French Monarch and Death—II. Their Treatment—Study the Case—Look Toward God—Spread the Trouble before Him—Plead the Blood of Jesus—III. Helps to Expect—Luther and the Fiend—Receipted Bills—The Old Man and his Little Child.

YOU all know that the temple at Jerusalem was the one place of sacrifice throughout all the holy land, for thus had the Lord spoken, "Whatsoever man there be of the house of Israel, or of the strangers which sojourn among you, that offereth a burnt offering or sacrifice, and bringeth it not unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, to offer it unto the Lord ; even that man shall be cut off from among his people." According to God's law there was one altar, and it was counted a high crime when the tribes which dwelt beyond Jordan built another, and their brethren besought them, saying, "Rebel not against the Lord in building you an altar beside the altar of the Lord our God" (Josh. 22 : 19). As there was only one high priest, so there was only one altar ; and sacrifice might not be offered anywhere else but on that altar at Jerusalem.

Hence when a man wished to present his offerings to God he went up to the one temple which Solomon dedicated by the prayer in which our text occurs. The people did afterward build altars on high hills and in green groves, but these places, and the sacrifices offered there, were contrary to the mind of God. There was but one altar and one sacrifice, and that was at the temple. Hence when the godly Israelite prayed he looked toward the one place of sacrifice, not in superstition, but in believing remembrance of the one sacrifice, and the one altar, and the one glorious token of the divine presence which shone over the mercy-seat within the veil. He knew that God could only accept him through the one sacrifice, and therefore he looked that way.

The people especially looked toward the temple in prayer in times of *national calamity*. In drought, or when the crops were consumed by locusts or by caterpillars, or when blast and mildew destroyed the hope of harvest, or in time of war, or pestilence, their supplications were presented unto the one Jehovah, all eyes looking toward his one sacred shrine where the one sacrifice smoked upon the altar. But, although there were those special opportunities, and God heard his people's cry, as a nation, it is very pleasant to observe that he regarded the griefs of *individuals*. Every man, says the text, that knew the plague of his own heart was to spread forth his hands toward that one place of sacrifice and pray, and God would forgive him and deliver him. That is my subject to-night. The Lord will hear whatsoever prayer and supplication is made by any man in reference to his own personal affliction, if his heart is turned toward God's own temple.

But

WHAT IS THAT TEMPLE?

and where is it? There are now no material temples beneath the whole heaven, unless the bodies of believers may be so called, and no one thinks of looking to them. No, "The Most

High dwelleth not in temples made with hands." No one place is more sacred than another.

" Where'er we seek him he is found,
And every place is hallowed ground."

There remains one temple, however, and that is the body of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is temple, altar, and sacrifice ; and if you would look the right way in prayer, and if you desire your prayers to speed, you must look to him by the eye of faith. See, there he sits at the right hand of God. Having finished the one sacrifice, and made atonement for sin for ever, there he sits—priest, altar, offering, temple ; and every true supplicant must enter into the holiest by his blood, " by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil—that is to say, his flesh."

Whoever beneath the wide heavens is conscious of the plague of his own heart, or has any thing that plagues him or aught that troubles him, may turn his eyes towards Christ, the true temple, with a certainty that God will hear his prayer and answer his request, and send to him deliverance. " We have an altar," and that altar is our Lord's own blessed person ; we have but one, and we tremble for those who set up another, but to that one we look with confident hope, being assured that the sacrifice once offered there has made our peace with God, and procured acceptance for our supplications.

" We rear no altar—thou hast died ;
We deck no priestly shrine ;
What need have we of creature-aid ?
The power to save is thine."

But now I must come nearer to *the point in hand*. The text speaks of " every man which shall know the plague of his own heart." I am going to talk to you about that knowledge, and the plague with which it deals.

These are *home affairs* that we shall speak of to-night ; not matters beyond our line, and unpractical, but our own personal concerns—" Every man the plague of his own heart." A great many men think they know the plague of other people's hearts, and there is a great deal of talk in the world about this family, and that person, and the other. I pray you let the scandals of the hour alone, and think of your own evils. This night let each man consider his own home affairs, and not other people's business. He would be a bad farmer who ploughed other people's lands, and left his own untilled. He would be a poor gardener who used his hoe on other men's weeds, and not on his own.

To-night I pray you let each man think of home affairs. Yes, and let him think of heart affairs ; for, whatever may be wrong about us, the worst place to have any thing wrong is the heart. Out of it are the issues of life. We can endure the burdens of life, but " a wounded spirit who can bear?" A plague in the body is not half so bad as a plague in the heart—a plague in the soul : of all plagues the plague of the heart is the sorest. It is not the plague of another man's heart which I have to think of to-night, but the plague of my own heart, for the text speaks of knowing, " Every man the plague of his own heart."

To come to close quarters. Our first point will be *forms of this plague*, the next will be *mode of treatment*, and the third will be *help to be expected*.

I. First, let us mention various

FORMS OF THIS PLAGUE

of the heart. They are very many—perhaps almost as many as the hearts themselves. Some have this plague of the heart in the form of a terrible *memory*. With blood-red line remorse has scored their memories in an ineffaceable manner. We need not go into particulars—a secret something known scarcely to any one but themselves hides away in the tenderest part of their nature and eats out their vitals. They sinned—sinned terribly, and the sin haunts them. They could be happy if they could forget, but that one sin is ever before them as though a blood spot were painted on their very eyeballs.

They are reminded of it by the simplest events, for it seems as though God had put an accusing tongue into the stones they tread upon and the walls which surround them. Even their beds refuse them repose ; they wake in the darkness and sit in speechless horror, or if they fall asleep the visions of the night scare them. Few know of their fault, and yet they imagine that they are universally suspected. Nobody has cried shame upon them, but they cry shame upon themselves. It may not be one sin alone, but perhaps all their sins in one pack bay at them and pursue them like bloodhounds eager to devour.

They can hear the voice of their sins above all notes of music or shouts of laughter. When they would be quiet and at rest they cannot be, for they are tossed to and fro like ocean in a storm. They have the plague of remembered sin upon them, and see no remedy for it : to-night it is my gladsome message that there is a cure for this form of heart-plague, an effectual cure. Transgression can be blotted out, even the greatest trespass can be altogether forgiven. Sin can be put away so that it shall not be mentioned against you any more for ever. Blessed be God for this. If this be the plague of your heart, have confidence and embrace the cure to-night.

With others it takes another shape. Their heart-plague has assumed the form of *dissatisfaction and unrest*. They cannot be quiet. They are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest. They were a little pleased at one time when they had a new scheme on hand to divert their thoughts and amuse their minds. The scheme has prospered, but that prosperity has brought them no contentment ; they must now be at something else, and while the new plan is in full swing they will a little forget, but when that also is accomplished they will sit down and cry, " What next? I am sick of all things, and most of all of myself. Life is worry and disappointment. I cannot be quiet. I crave a something, I know not what."

There are hundreds and thousands of men who have all that heart can wish, and yet are miserable. On the other hand, I could point you to many hundreds who have but little in this world, and yet are almost as happy as the angels, in full contentment rejoicing in their God. The plague in the heart rages fiercely in those who lack for nothing except the power to enjoy what they have. They have succeeded in their learning, and gained their degree, but increased learning has only enlarged the sphere of their disquietude. They have succeeded in business and have retired, but retirement is a weariness to them. They have prospered in every thing, and this has become their adversity.

Like the wise man of old, they cry, " Vanity of vanities! All is vanity." They mourn over all earthly good, saying, " There is nothing in it. It is an empty thing. Woe is me! Where is rest for my soul?" Again it is my glad errand to-night to tell you where perfect rest and sweet contentment can be found ; where your soul shall dwell at ease and possess the earth, and inherit worlds to come, and your peace shall be like a river, and your righteousness like the waves of the sea. The Lord God, the Holy Spirit, help you to avail yourselves of the blessed peace stored up in the one great Sacrifice which every unresting heart may have, if it will come to him.

This plague takes another shape, and I mention several, that I may come home to many hearts, and depict many experiences ; in many it is *a wretched tendency to some one sin*, which, nevertheless, the man in his better moments does not wish to commit. Some are horribly plagued by their passions. They stand out against them occasionally, and come to a pause, and resolve, " It shall not be. In the name of every thing that is good, it shall not be." They hate and despise themselves for it, and yet they yield to overwhelming lust, and are hurried forward by their passions like sear leaves in the tempest, or spray dashed aloft by the storm.

Many individuals are plagued with the temptation to strong drink. They vow that they abstain, but the serpent stings and they th for the fire-water, and will have it, though it grades their manhood below the level of swine. With others wantonness and chaml ing have gained the mastery, and the plagu foul indeed. With another class it is ungove able anger, quickness of wrath, or that sl burning, smouldering fire called malice, wh is nearest akin to the fire of hell. Better b with a lifelong fever than be the prey of th fierce heats. To such also I have the to proclaim, in the name of God, the all-me ful, that from this they can be redeemed : t can be delivered from the bondage of corr tion, and brought into the glorious liberty the children of God.

In others, this plague of the heart is *a wre ed indecision*—a perpetual vacillation. They resolved at times, but their resolve ends in no ing. Oh, there are numbers of men who kn it themselves—that they never can succeed life because they are " every thing by turns, nothing long," and especially in matters of ligion they wax and wane like the moon. day they repent : to-morrow they return to th sin. To-day they are in earnest ; to-mor they are careless. To-day they are almost p suaded to be Christians ; to-morrow they quite persuaded to find pleasure in sin. F as the waves and fickle as the winds, they never long enough in one stay to take root a where. Unstable as water, they shall not ex

Who can heal them of this moral palsy? nothing decide them in the right directi Yes, there is One who can decide them. Th is One who can throw the weight of his sw love into the quivering balance, and mak turn in the right direction. O hesitating m tal, if you have grace to look to-night tow the one Sacrifice, the Holy Spirit will root and ground you in love, Jesus will make a ste fast man of you, and you shall yet say, " O G my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed ; I will and give praise."

I have known this plague of the heart some to take the form of *a mournful hard* so that they cry, " I would, but cannot, rep I would feel, but I cannot feel. I seem to given up, seared as with a hot iron, and inse ble." This is a fearful plague, perhaps wo than all I have previously mentioned beca more fatal. Is there, then, no hope? there is one who can make the dead to live, can take away the heart of stone and giv heart of flesh, and it is his name we preach night, the name of Jesus, who shall save people from their sins.

There are others whom I meet pretty stantly who have *a faintness of heart*, a spondency of spirit, and this is their plag They cannot believe that there is mercy them. They cannot hope that they could li new life. At times they feel a desire to unto the Lord, but they think it is impossil and that grim impossibility drives them from Christ, and forward to yet grosser Many a man has said, " Because there is hope, therefore will I sin to the very lengt my tether. I cannot be saved, and so I ma well have the pleasures of sin to the full."

I pray thee, dear hearer, let not despair saddle thee and ride thee, for there is no ca for it. There is salvation where Jesus com and he comes here to-night. No man need he is denied a hope since Christ came into world to seek and to save that which is l Oh, my hearer, hope as long as you live. the very confines of death's dominions, and the borders of hell-shade, let this word of m fly, " There is hope : there is hope." For most hopeless there is still hope. " Let wicked forsake his way, and the unrighte man his thoughts : and let him return unto Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

One other form of heart-plague is *a cons dread of the future*. Multitudes of persons always under apprehension, and especially der apprehension of death. You must not mention death in some places; the very word is horrible. Some would like, I dare say, that the etiquette of the age should respect their coward fears and be as daintily absurd as that of the French monarch who would not allow death to be mentioned in his presence, and when his secretary read the words, "the death of the king of Spain," he sharply asked, "What is that? what is that?" in anger that such a thing should be mentioned in his sacred presence. The secretary was obliged to say that it was a circumstance which occasionally happened to kings in Spain.

Scores of people would like us to be just as delicate as that upon the subject of their end. But, O sirs, ye must die. The youngest among us who is in best health *will* die—may die soon; but where the snows of winter lie upon your heads, and where already the tenement begins to crumble through old age, death *must* come. Are you not prepared, my friend? Are you not prepared? Then I do not wonder that you tremble at the very thought of being summoned before your Maker's bar. But be not as the ostrich, which hides its silly head from the hunter, and then dreams of being secure. Learn to look death in the face, for it will soon stare you out of countenance. Do you call yourself a Christian, and are you afraid to die? Oh! if God had made you such a man as you ought to be you would not dread to die, for death is a mere *undressing* to the true believer, and undressing which leads to his being arrayed in glory.

Have I, in any of these descriptions, picked you out, my dear friend, to-night? Have you a heart-plague like to any of these? Or is it some other form of the great spiritual pestilence? I cannot tarry to describe it, for now I want to speak upon the mode of treatment. May the Holy Ghost help you to feel the plague, and accept the remedy upon the spot.

II. You desire to get rid of this heart-plague—effectually rid of it; let us then consider the

MODE OF TREATMENT

which will work a cure. I hope you are not so foolish as to say, "I shall not think about the matter, for it would only plague me more." That is a very bad habit, and only such as a frivolous or a wicked person would follow. A man is in trade, and he says to his clerk, "Don't bring me the books; I do not want to know any thing about my accounts. Don't let me see day-book or ledger; I had rather not be troubled with them." The confidential clerk replies, "Sir, I think you ought to see your account at the bank." "No," answers the silly one "I should not like to be perplexed with figures and balances and losses and deficits. I should not enjoy my dinner if I attended to these matters; let us drive dull care away and enjoy life while we may. Don't worry me, but keep those wretched books away."

I do not think it needs a prophet to foretell that this tradesman will soon be in his creditors' hands, with very small assets. By such avoidance of knowing his position he will be ruined as sure as doomsday. And whenever a man dares not look into the state of his own soul and dreads a half an hour alone, he may conclude that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark—something far, far gone with regard to his soul's estate. He need not question that, I think. But let us not be so unwise, for the first mode of treatment we prescribe to-night, in order to the remedy, is that every man should know the plague of his own heart; that is to say, he should *endeavor to get a true and accurate knowledge of his spiritual condition as in the sight of God.*

What is this sin that troubles you? Honestly look at it. What is this fear that haunts you? Do you know what it is? I would advise you to write it down and see it in black and white. What is this tendency to sin that enslaves you? What is this wretched indecision. Get a diagnosis of the disease, and be sure it is a correct one. Look your own case through and through. It very much helps toward salvation when a man knows something of his need of it, and he will be very much helped to a sense of his need if he will impartially examine his own state. Might I ask such a thing, I fear it would not be granted, but I am sure good would come of it if I could get it—that every person to-night on his going home would sit down in his chamber, look into the state of his heart before God, and then write on a piece of paper one of two words—"saved" or "lost?"

My friend, do not write that word "saved" unless you can honestly and sincerely say, "I have looked to the Saviour, and he has saved me." But suppose you are forced in honesty to your own conscience to write down the word "lost" as your true description, it will be both manly and useful to do so. I have known this to be done in cases in which, before the morning light, that piece of paper has been burned and another word has been written in its stead, even the bright consoling word "saved." Only foolish people object to inquiry as to their state: be not one of them. Write down the condition of your soul. Take stock, and make sure. Write down "impenitent," if you are so, put it before you in black and white. Write "unbelieving," if you are so. It cannot hurt you to know the truth, and it may be of lasting benefit to you. We prescribe that to begin with.

Then, next, as Solomon bade those who knew the plague of their own heart turn their eyes to the great sacrifice at the temple, so the next thing to do is to *turn your eye to God.* You cannot help yourself, and nobody on earth can help you. Your case, apart from divine grace, is desperate. This heart-plague will not die out of its own accord, nor will any change of your outward condition eradicate it. Turn, then, to the great Physician and cry to him thus, "Lord God, thou didst make me, thou canst mend me. Thou didst make me, thou canst make me over again. I am lost. Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier, thou canst save me." Look heavenward and Christward. Look to the bleeding Lamb, to the risen Redeemer. To look within will breed despair, but to look to Christ on the cross, nay, to Christ, now at the right hand of God, will beget lively hope. Jesus is "able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them"—to look to him is the main part of the cure. Look that way, I pray you. Look and live.

And when you have looked that way, the next thing to do is to *spread the trouble before God.* Some do not know how to pray. When you cannot pray begin your attempt in this manner: "Lord, I cannot pray; I cannot pray; oh, teach me to pray." But you say you do not feel: then I would urge you to confess, "Lord, I do not feel. My heart is hard; Lord, cause me to feel." Oh, but you say you are so disquieted, and so unrestful. Go, and tell him, "Lord, I am so disquieted: I cannot rest. Help me; help me." Tell it all to Jesus without reserve. I am persuaded that if you will confess the plague to God you will soon find help from that act of confession. The Lord Jesus will speedily relieve your conscience in a very special and effectual manner. Tell it unto no man; tell it unto God alone.

After confession is made, with your eye to the sacrifice, *pray with your eye still upon the Lord Jesus.* Pleading the blood of Jesus, be importunate for pardon. No man has truly sought God in prayer, looking to Jesus Christ, and has been refused, and there never shall be such a man. I remember how I was struck with what *my mother* said to me when she was pleading with me to lay hold on Christ, and I was despairing. She said, "There was never yet a man so wicked as to say that he had sincerely sought the Lord and asked mercy at his hands through Christ, and yet had been denied."

Now, I thought that I had done so, and I felt sure that the Lord had refused me, and I half resolved in my mind that I would say as much; but I have never said it, for this reason, that I sought him again and found him to the joy of my spirit. So shall it be with you, poor, weary seeker. You shall find him soon if you seek him with your whole heart. Eternity shall not reveal a single instance in which Christ Jesus cast away a sinner that came to him. All hell shall be searched through, and they shall ask them, "Is there one here that can say that Christ rejected him when he came to him?" and though glad enough to blaspheme, there shall not be found among the damned a single tongue that shall dare to utter such a baseless slander against the Friend of sinners. My hearer, if you repentingly believe and yet are rejected, you will be the first. Come, then—ay, come to-night—and tell out the plague of your heart with your eye to Christ, and then plead with God, "Lord, save me."

III. I close, lest I weary you, by mentioning, in the third place,

HELPS

which we may expect to receive if we follow the treatment which I have tried to describe.

The first help we shall get, according to our text, is, "Then hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place, *and forgive.*" In answer to your confession and your prayer and your looking to the great altar and the great sacrifice, there shall come a free pardon from the court of heaven. What a splendid word that is, "forgive!" when you know God's sense of it. It is to cast into the depths of the sea all memory of sin, to blot it out as a paid debt, to drive it away as a cloud, to cover it so that it is out of sight for ever, to cast it behind his back, yea, even to cause it to cease to be as though it had never been. I know one who differed from his friend, and spoke, under a misunderstanding, more sharply than the case required. His friend was quite able to fight his own battles, and say sharp things too.

The case was cleared up, and misapprehension removed, and he who had been first offended said in all heartiness, "Let us *take the sponge* and clean the slate and begin anew, as if the past had never been." The other was a good man and true, but he paused so much in his reply that the first brother did not feel that he had healed the wound, and felt tempted to say, "Say straight out that you do not mean to forgive, and then I shall know where you are." *A limping reconciliation is half a feud.* But when God forgives he means it, and the offence is gone forever. He cleans off the record. It is all gone, every trace of it. I think I see that slate with your sins written thereon to-night, a long and heavy score; but if you go to the Lord as I have described, he will wipe it all out. As far as the east is from the west he will remove your transgressions from you.

Do you remember the story of Martin Luther when Satan came to him, as he thought, with a long black roll of his sins, which truly might make a swaddling-band for the round world? To the arch-enemy Luther said, "Yes, I must own to them all. Have you any more?" So the foul fiend went his way and brought another longer roll, and Martin Luther said "Yes, yes, I must own to them all. Have you any more?" The accuser of the brethren, being expert at the business, soon supplied him with a further length of charges, till there seemed to be no end to it. Martin waited till no more were forthcoming, and then he cried, "Have you any more?" "Were not these enough?" Ay, that they were. "But," said Martin Luther, "write at the bottom of the whole account, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Brethren, this was a *receipt in full*, stamped in such a manner that even Satan could not question the correctness of it. However many or however few, all our sins are gone when the atoning blood comes in. I have an *ugly thing* in my study; it is a piece of iron, with a sharp point to it at the top, and the bottom is formed of a rounded piece of wood. It is not an ornamental object, especially as it holds impaled upon it a fine selection of bills, which are inclined to go yellow and dusty. Bills are horrible things, but though I have a file of them they never horrify me in the least, for though they are very many, and some of them are for large amounts, yet there is not one of them but what has Her Majesty's head in the corner, with the name of the creditor to whom I have paid it.

I have no fear of these records either day or night; in fact, it is a comfort to keep them now that they are discharged. When I look at the old file I think of my old sins, pierced through by my Lord, and kept in my penitent memory as a witness to the value of his blood which has set me free from sin's tremendous debt. Here is the receipt for them all—"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Some of you, I dare say, can look to-night at many a file of your transgressions. Are the bills all receipted? Are your sins all blotted out? Then you can bless the name of the Lord that the plague of your heart is gone.

Did you notice in my text a little word which follows pardon—"and *do*." Now when the Lord forgives a man's sins he then begins to do for him many wonderful things. For instance, that hardness of the heart he melts down; that uneasiness he quiets; that tendency to sin he destroys by imparting a new tendency—a tendency to holiness. The Lord can make the old sinner to become a babe in grace, so that he shall be just as if he were born again—nay, he *shall* be born again. *An old man* who had lived a vicious life sat down in his cottage a sad remnant of humanity, a worn-out waster of life, and when his little grandchild came with curly locks, and clambered up his knee, he patted his cheeks, and murmured to himself, "O God, if I could be a little child again and begin anew!"

That wish of many shall be fulfilled to all who look to Jesus. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." "Ye must be born again." The mercy is that ye *may* be born again. New life shall enter old hearts, or old hearts shall be made new and filled with the life eternal which for ever has the dew of its youth. Turning your eye to the great sacrifice, altar, temple, priest, even Jesus Christ, and crying to him the prayer of faith, his Spirit will come upon you, and working miracles upon you, will make you a new creature in Christ Jesus. Old things shall pass away, and all things shall become new.

After that the Lord will continue to do great things for you. He will keep you to the end; he will lead you from strength to strength and from joy to joy. He will make you useful, and that is what you never dreamed you could be: the thorny waste shall bear fruit a hundredfold. He will take you from among sinners, and put you among saints; and putting you among the saints, he will make your very experience of sin to be instrumental for good. As none make better gamekeepers than *old poachers* when they are reclaimed, so none seem better able to bring others to Christ than those who know what sin and salvation mean by actual experience. Such persons talk of what they have felt in their own case, and when they are saved they speak of a salvation which is manifest to everybody, for they are such changed men that no one can deny the power of grace upon them.

How eagerly do I hope that my Lord Jesus will quarter on the enemy to-night. O Lord, come in and capture some out of this crowd. Say to many who throng this building, "To-night I must abide in thy house." O my brother, live no longer an indifferent life, but begin to care for your soul's eternal interests. No longer oppose your Saviour. Become one of his disciples. He has many such as you are, and he does not despise them because they once rioted in sin; on the contrary, he binds them to himself by the greatness of their former guilt. They love him much because they have had much forgiven, and they serve him all the more earnestly because of what he has done for them. The Lord grant that the like may happen in your case, for Jesus Christ's sake, and he shall have all the glory. Amen and Amen.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. AMANDA SMITH.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, a negress, with whose name our readers are acquainted, and who has been in England for some months past, being called upon recently by Mr. Cowper Temple, nephew of the late Lord Palmerston, told her thrilling story with the strange pathos which long years of oppression have wrought into the negro's voice.

I was very definitely converted to God in 1856. I was very ignorant, but I had been taught that God would save me the moment I believed. I lived in the country in a family of "Friends," and went to town only once a fortnight. When I was convicted of sin I prayed, fasted, wept, read my Bible, but the more I read the more confused I got. I used to think my one trouble was disobedience, and it seemed to me I needed *some one that had not sinned* to intercede with Jesus for me.

Therefore I cried to the wind, the sun, and moon, and stars, to carry my sorrow to the Lord: "O wind! you never sinned like me; tell Jesus I'm a poor sinner." When the sun got up and lightened the world I said, "O sun! you never sinned like me; tell Jesus I'm a poor sinner." At night, when the moon and stars were shining, I cried in my distress, "O moon and stars! you've never sinned like me, but kept your place as God made you; tell Jesus I'm a poor sinner." Thus *I pleaded second handedly* with Jesus through the heavenly bodies; but, oh! the wonderful forbearance of God! I can't understand it.

I sat down one day almost in despair. The suggestion came—"You've been sincere; you've fasted, wept, prayed, read your Bible. You've been three months like this. God does His work quick: if He'd meant to convert you He'd have done it long ago. Give it up!" But it seemed as if the Holy Spirit said, "Pray once more." "Yes," I said, "and I'll be converted this afternoon, if there's any such thing as conversion."

It was March 17th, a bright and beautiful day. I got all my work as forward as I could, and then went down into the cellar and began to pray, "O Lord, convert my soul." The suggestion followed, "That's just what you've said many times before. It's no use." I began again, "O Lord, please convert my soul. If you'll only do it I'll love and obey you all my life: O Lord, if not. I've come down here to die. Salvation or death! *I'll never leave this cellar alive* unless I have that which I've been praying for so long."

Well, I did die; but I came to life again very quick. I said, "O Lord, I *will* BELIEVE." The darkness that had filled my heart so long all passed as before the noon-day sun. When I got a glimpse of Christ my Saviour, my bonds were loosed, and I cried, "Why, Lord, I do believe; this is just what I've been asking for.

Why didn't they tell me it was like this? Why didn't they tell me it was only by believing God? I was a new creature. I was all new—my flesh, my head, my whole being. I rubbed my hands together and said, "Oh! I'm new!" You know what color they are; but there seemed a halo over them. I made but two springs out of the cellar. The glory of God filled my heart. I wanted to tell some one, and I thought, Must I wait a fortnight before I can tell out my joy?

How many times I had prayed for hours in that kitchen after they had all gone to bed! Now I struck the table at which I had so often knelt, and cried, "*I'm saved!*" and the table seemed to bound with delight. I wanted to see if I was the same. I might have been as green as grass or as black as the ace of spades, but I felt new. There was a large mirror in the parlor, and I went in there to see if I was the same, or if some wonderful change had come upon me.

When I told about it, some of my people said, "There'll be a vacillation. Wait till the devil fires a few bomb-shells, and you won't be as happy as you are now." Not being taught that God would sanctify and keep me, I was sometimes on the mountain, sometimes in the valley; but in reading my Bible and praying very much I began to see that God had more of the same kind to follow, and being so much more it really was better than the beginning.

I had now begun to seek entire sanctification. I asked an elder what was meant by being "pure in heart." "O child," he said, "that means you must come as near to it as you can." I went home, but oh, this hunger and thirst after righteousness was not satisfied. When I was convicted for holiness I was in a clearly justified state. I had no doubt about my acceptance with God. When I was converted it was conviction of guilt; now *it was conviction of want.*

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so my soul panted after God, the living God. "That comes to what I want," I said, "it's God!" The elder said, "You must come to it as near as you can. What is the use of fretting yourself. Do all you can. Visit the sick, sing, pray!" But the hunger went on, and when I read, "Rejoice when men persecute you," I felt that was not my experience; there was a feeling of retaliation. And when they spoke about me and blamed me, I wanted to justify myself instead of leaving it all with God.

Then I read, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." I went to the old deacon and asked, "What's the meaning of this?" "Oh," he said, "that's the blessing people get just before they die." Well, I didn't want to die: I wanted to live and work for God; and when they told me, "You'll never live this life till you die," I wanted to live, and not to die.

In 1868 it pleased God to let me hear a sermon from Rev. J. S. Inskip, from the words, "Put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. 4: 23, 24). I had never read a book or a tract or definite testimony, but now, as the preacher went on, I followed like a child with its hand in its father's, and as he made point after point, I said, "*Yes, that's plain.*" But I thought, if I got it, how shall I keep it? I didn't remember it was Christ keeping me.

Mr. Inskip said, "When you are tired and go to bed you don't think of asking how you're to breathe; and so if you get God dwelling in you, He'll live Himself in you." "Yes," I said, "I see it." Just then a mighty baptism—I don't know what else to call it—came down on me. Every nerve in body, soul, and spirit seemed to feel it. A joy and power welled up in my heart to overflowing.

The next point was, that this blessing was instantaneously received; but the development would be continuous. "How long is a dark room dark after you take a light into it?" "Yes, Lord, I see it," I said, and down came this wonderful inexpressible something, bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. The preacher went on: "If Jesus is able in the twinkling of an eye to change this vile body, and make it like unto His own glorious body, how long does it take Him *to sanctify a soul?*" Quicker than the sparks fly from the steel, I touched God—God touched me. Hallelujah!

The first result was the establishment of my faith in all God said. I believed all the Bible. At Keswick, last year, I looked out on that great mountain Skiddaw; a few weeks ago I saw it again. We have had a hard winter, but the mountain is not changed. I said, O Lord, make me like Skiddaw. The storms were real that beat upon Skiddaw, and it has been so in my experience—real fights and real victories. I don't see any apologies in the Bible for speaking about what the Lord has done for our souls. Oh, it's God! Glory to His name. The half has not been told.

"Of peace I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the sweet-voiced angel came,
To soothe my weary breast.
The half was never told,
The half was never told,
Of peace divine so wonderful,
The half was never told."

IS ANTICHRIST A SYSTEM OR A PERSON?

By the Rev. George A. Sparks.

The Personality of Antichrist the Ancient Doctrine of the Church—I. Opinions of the Early Fathers—II. Teaching of the Old Testament—A Haughty King—The Prince of the Host—A Daring Blasphemer—A Great Dominion—A Disastrous Overthrow—III. Teaching of the New Testament—The Wicked One—The Antichrist—The Man of Sin—A Beast Speaking Blasphemies—A Despotic Ruler—Taken in Battle—Cast into Hell.

FROM the days of the Reformation until the past few years it has been almost universally taken for granted that "the son of perdition" represented by the little horn of Daniel's vision, the beast of the Apocalypse, and other symbols representing the character, career, and doom of Antichrist, referred only to, and would have their fulfilment in, the system of Papacy; and that the name "Antichrist" was but another name for the head of the Roman Hierarchy. Recent careful investigations of the teachings of the Scriptures have led a few modern expositors to believe that these symbols and predictions refer to a man, and not to a system or power.

I. This view of "Antichrist" is in harmony with the *teachings of the early Fathers* of the "Church," although our inquiry is not as to what is new or old, but as to what the Scriptures actually teach regarding that mysterious personage who occupies so prominent a place in the prophecies relating to the last time.

The precise *meaning* of the term Antichrist is of the utmost importance in this investigation, as that will go very far to determine whether the prophecies relate to a person or a system. And here we would acknowledge our obligations to the researches of others for some of the conclusions set forth in this article.

Mr. Greswell has collected a number of instances in which the Greek preposition *anti* is compounded with other substantives, and then says: "The result of these examples is to show that the word *Antichrist* signifies neither more nor less than *another Christ; a pro-Christ;* a vice Christ; an *alter* Christus; a pretender to the name of Christ, who, in every circumstance or characteristic of personal distinction that can contribute to determine the individuality of the real Christ, appears to be, and sets himself up as, the counterpart of the true."

Irenæus, who in his early youth had listened to the teachings of two disciples of the Apostle John, and who may be considered a fair exponent of the views held in the early ages of the Church, says: "By Antichrist we understand a single individual whom Satan shall use pre-eminently as his instrument, just in the same way as he did the serpent when tempting our first parents to rebel against God." He also styles him "the abomination of desolation," which, the prophet Daniel affirmed, should stand in the holy place; and he calls him an impious and unjust person, without law, an apostate, a robber, a wicked man, and a homicide.

Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem in the fourth century, says: "This Antichrist comes when the times of the sovereignty of the Romans shall be fulfilled, and the concluding events of the world draw nigh. At first he assumes a character of gentleness, pretending both to moderation and philanthropy; deceiving, both by lying miracles and prodigies which come from his magical deceptions, the Jews, as if he were the expected Messiah. Afterward he will addict himself to every kind of evil, cruelty, and excess, so as to surpass all who have been unjust and impious before him, having a bloody and relentless and pitiless mind, and full of wily devices against all, and especially against Christians."

Jerome speaks of Antichrist as "a person whose works are works of Satan," as uniting in himself all powers and signs and wonders, but all of them lying ones.

John Damascene, who lived in the end of the seventh and beginning of the eighth century, says: "We ought to know that the Antichrist must come. It is true indeed that every one that doth not acknowledge that the Son of God hath come in the flesh, and is perfect God, and hath become perfect man, is *an* Antichrist; nevertheless, in a peculiar and special manner, *he* is called Antichrist who is to come at the conclusion of the age. He will come not on behalf of Christ, but against Christ and those who are Christ's; therefore he is called Antichrist."

Justin Martyr applies to Antichrist Paul's description of the *Man of Sin*, and Daniel's description of *the little horn* and *the wilful king*, recognizing him as a blasphemer who makes himself equal with God, and usurps the honor due to God only. Most of the early Fathers regarded him as something more than a man, though appearing in human form. Many of them believed that he would be an incarnation of the prince of the powers of darkness himself. Many of the later Fathers asserted that Antichrist would claim to be Christ, and that by these professions he would deceive the Jews, who have always looked forward with intense desire to the coming of Messiah. Augustine represents him as saying: "I am Christ promised to you, and I have come for your salvation."

We might multiply to almost any extent quotations illustrating the absolute belief of the early Fathers that Antichrist was to be a person, and *not a system or power*, a king begotten by an evil spirit, a prophet of lies, having power given him to do signs and wonders, and who would falsely give out that he was the Christ; but as we must come, each for himself, to the Word of God, without any intervention of human authority, if we would obtain the real truth, we purpose now to bring this view of

ANTICHRIST AS A PERSONAGE

to the only standard of truth, and search the Scriptures if these things be so.

II. We will begin with the *Old Testament*. Very soon after the Jews were carried into captivity, Nebuchadnezzar, their despoiler, was exalted to the sovereignty of the nations of the earth; and "the times of the Gentiles" began, and to human eyes Israel's nationality seemed to have been completely extinguished, and all prospect of Israel's glory and predicted blessedness to the world entirely cut off. For the comfort of the faithful few, who looked with weeping eyes upon all that dishonored the name of Israel, God graciously showed by His prophets the limits of the times of the Gentiles, the restoration of the Jewish nationality, and the final overthrow of all earthly power when the God of heaven would set up a kingdom which would never be destroyed. (Dan. 2:44.)

In the vision of the metallic image and its interpretation, recorded in the second chapter of Daniel, it was revealed to Nebuchadnezzar, the first great head of empire, that his kingdom should speedily be transferred to a conqueror; and then, in turn, four, and only four, successive monarchies should sway the world. In the seventh chapter of Daniel the character and history of the four monarchies are presented to the prophet in the vision of *four beasts;* and the course of events in the closing period of the history of the last monarchy is more particularly described under the symbol of ten horns, among which "came up another little horn, before whom three of the first horns were plucked up by the roots."

These symbols are thus interpreted: "And the ten horns out of this (fourth) kingdom are ten kings that shall arise; and another shall rise after them; and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings; and he shall speak great words against the Most High, and think to change times and laws: and they shall be given into his hand until a time, and times, and the dividing of time: but the judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominion, to consume and to destroy it unto the end, and the kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom; and all dominions shall serve and obey Him." (Dan. 7: 24–27).

We can with absolute certainty recognize in this king, symbolized by "the little horn," and "the wicked one," the Antichrist as already set forth. His insolent and blasphemous pride, his exaltation of himself above all that is called God, and the impious and cruel war which he wages against the people of God, fully identify him as the very king "whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming." (2 Thess. 2:8.)

Let us now turn to the vision of the Ram and the He Goat, in Dan., chap. 8. This vision being given under the reign of the last Chaldean king, it did not, like the former visions, embrace that kingdom, but commenced with that which was to follow. Accordingly, after glancing at the Macedonian conquest of Persia, the death of Alexander the Great, and the division of his kingdom among his four generals, forming four kingdoms, of which Assyria was one, the present ages of its oblivion are passed over, and the revival of these four kingdoms set forth; then out of these four kingdoms, represented by the four horns of the goat, another is represented as arising: "Out of one of them came forth a little horn, which waxed exceeding great, toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land. It waxed great even to the host of heaven, and it cast down some of the host and of the stars to the ground, and stamped upon them. Yea, he magnified himself even to the prince of the host, and by him the daily sacrifice was taken away, and the place of his sanctuary was cast down."

The identity of this with the little horn of the preceding vision is made apparent in the interpretation, where he is set forth as "a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences; and his power shall be mighty, but not by his own power, and he shall destroy wonderfully, and shall prosper and practice, and shall destroy the mighty and the holy people. He shall also stand up against the Prince of princes, but he shall be broken without hand.' Surely this can be no other than the king whose career and doom are described in Dan. 7: 25, 26.

In Dan. 11 we have in more minute detail

THE CAREER OF A KING

who "shall do according to his will," who also "speaks marvellous things against the God of gods." His armies "shall pollute the sanctuary of strength, and shall take away the daily sacrifice, and they shall plan the abomination that maketh desolate." He shall prosper "till the indignation be accomplished, for that that is determined shall be done;" and at last he meets the same sudden and complete overthrow described in the other prophecies, resulting in the deliverance of the Jews, and the glorious issue of the overthrow of the confederate nations under their impious leader, and the ushering in of the everlasting kingdom. "The kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heavens, shall be given to the people of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him."

III. Turning from the Old to the *New Testament*, we find this same mysterious person connected with the closing scenes of the earth's history, and mentioned in such terms as clearly to identify him as "the wicked one" of the prophecies of Daniel. And here, perhaps, it is proper to mention that the word *Antichrist* occurs nowhere else in Scripture but in the First and Second Epistles of John. But notwithstanding this infrequent mention of him by the name Antichrist, we are able to fully recognize him in all the New Testament prophecies. Our Lord Himself not only predicts to the Jews his coming, but also their acknowledgment of the blasphemous pretender, when He says, "I am come in My Father's name, and ye receive Me not; if another shall come in his own name, him will ye receive." In 2 Thess. 2: 3–12 the character and course of the Man of Sin are briefly but graphically sketched. His career of awful wickedness is set forth in the closing days of this world's history; and, under Him as their leader, all the hosts of ungodliness are to be mustered to meet their doom.

Turning to the Apocalypse we find the same strong proofs of his *personality*. Rev. 13 : 4–6 sets forth his unexampled blasphemy and impiety. "And they worshipped the beast. And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies. And he opened his mouth in blasphemies against God, to blaspheme his name and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven. And he had power to cause as many as would not worship the image of the beast to be put to death."

In chap. 13 : 2, 7, 8, we are told the *source and character* of his power. "And the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority." "And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations." "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

In chap. 19 : 19, 20 is given the *manner* of his overthrow and destruction. "And I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together against him that sat on the horse, and against his army. And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were also cast into a lake of fire burning with brimstone."

Without further reference or remark we leave these proofs, only repeating that it can scarcely be disputed that the "little horn" of Daniel 7 : 8, the "king of fierce countenance" of Daniel 8, the "prince that shall come" of Daniel 9, the "king who shall do according to his will" of Daniel 11, and the "ten-horned beast" of Rev. 13, are one and the same with the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, that Wicked One, of Paul, and the Antichrist of the Apostle John.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(*Continued from page 735.*)

[For the benefit of readers who may not have seen the previous numbers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD containing this story, we give the following outline of the narrative up to the point where the present chapter opens:

Effie Holland, the wife of a young English farmer, had before her marriage been maid to Lady Ethel. When she became the wife of Robert Holland, she childishly anticipated a life of unalloyed happiness, and altered the name of their new home to "Salem," as showing the peace she hoped to enjoy there. Living at Salem with the young couple was a widow named Mrs. Cross and her nephew Fred. Mrs. Cross had been mistress of the farm, and Robert had undertaken to board her and her nephew for a time as part payment for the farming stock. The widow proved a disagreeable inmate of the farm, and Effie found her presence a constraint and a source of annoyance. She had also proved a bad mentor for Effie, and among other bad effects stimulated her curiosity in a matter which had seriously annoyed her husband. Robert had received a letter the contents of which he wished to keep secret, even from his wife. He sent away a considerable sum of money afterwards, and refused to say where it was sent. Prompted by the widow Effie opened the next letter that came from the same correspondent, and found it was written by Ellen Morris, a widowed sister of Robert's, and it thanked him for sending money to enable her to emigrate. Effie also learned from the letter that the writer had only lately been released from jail, where she had been sent on a charge of having stolen a diamond ring from her late mistress, a Mrs. Vernon, who had died while Ellen was waiting upon her at a distant watering place.

Connected with the story of the life at Salem, is an account of a family residing at Eureka House, the principal residence of the village. This family consisted of a philosopher named Mr. Vernon, who believed he had discovered an antidode for snake-bites, and who was a materialist and an atheist. Managing his house, and acting as his amanuensis, was his niece Miss Edith Temple, a gentle Christian lady whose feelings were continually being hurt by her uncle's sneers and scoffs at religion. Alec Stewart, an eccentric Scotchman, Mr. Vernon's confidential servant, was Effie Holland's uncle.]

A SHELTER NEEDED.

ROBERT had been too deeply wounded by Effie's conduct in opening his sister's letter to say any thing, and Mrs. Cross's inquisitiveness irritated him still more. After abruptly leaving the breakfast table, he had gone to his bedroom and remained there a long time.

Mrs. Cross finished her breakfast, and with Fred left the kitchen before Robert Holland came downstairs.

Effie stood trembling by the fire awaiting in dread the coming of her husband, and the terrible words of reproach which she expected to hear from his lips when he found her alone. She heard him enter the kitchen; she knew that he walked close up to her; she felt that his eyes were upon her; and though she did not venture to look up, their long steadfast gaze seemed to scorch her.

"Oh! Robert, can you forgive me?" faltered Effie, for his silence she no longer could bear.

To her surprise her husband's only answer was taking her into his arms, and for a moment pressing her closely to his heart with an almost convulsive movement. Then, with what sounded like a smothered groan, Robert turned and strode out of the dwelling.

"How good he is! Oh! how much, much kinder than I have deserved!" exclaimed Effie, bursting into tears. "Never, never shall I give my own love such cause for anger again."

Effie could not, as a lady might have done, sit down and give way to her sorrow, for the wife of a farmer whose means are small, and who keeps no maid-servant, has many duties to perform both within the house and without it. Perhaps the necessity for active occupation was rather a comfort to Effie, for it a little diverted her mind. Nevertheless, while she washed her cups, dusted her furniture, or shelled her peas, her thoughts almost constantly reverted to the theme of the opened letter.

After all, it was no small satisfaction to Effie to know the worst, and to find that her Robert had only acted nobly and generously toward an unhappy sister. Effie felt proud of her husband, and not even on the day of their wedding had she loved him more dearly than she did now. How grieved was Effie to have grieved one who could so quickly forgive; how vexed was she that the gossiping Jemima should know Robert's secret, and all through the fault of his wife!

No prince could be more jealous for the character of a member of his family than was the English farmer. No one who had borne the name of Holland had ever been accused of theft before this unhappy affair of Ellen Morris, his widowed sister. Effie knew how intolerable it would be to Robert to have the village gossips talking about her imprisonment. Effie sympathized most keenly with her husband in this his family trouble. She would have done or endured any thing to have spared him the grief and the shame.

"Oh! how I shall try to make up to my Robert for the pain which my folly has caused him. How ungratefully, how foolishly, how wickedly I have behaved!" Such were the reflections of the penitent wife.

Shortly before noon Effie saw the well-known figure of Miss Temple coming up the road which skirted Salem. She was walking slowly, as one who was very weary. Never had Effie been more glad to welcome her former teacher. The presence of the lady would be as oil upon troubled waters. Effie hoped that Miss Temple would stop till Robert should come in for dinner, that her conversation might prevent a recurrence of the gloomy silence which had made the morning meal so painful.

But Edith herself was in trouble, and Effie could not but notice this when she ran to open the gate. The lady's face bore traces of recent tears, and she was even more pallid than usual. The tones of Miss Temple betrayed her inward emotion when, pausing in the little garden before entering the house, she thus addressed her former Sunday-class scholar:

"I have come, dear Effie, to ask if you could manage to let me have a little room in your home, it may be for one or two weeks, perhaps but for one or two days."

Effie was a good deal surprised at such an inquiry being made by the mistress of Eureka House.

"I should be so glad—so proud," she replied, "to have Miss Temple as my lodger; but I could not make a lady like you as comfortable as I could wish." Effie saw that Miss Temple was not aware that the spare room was occupied by Mrs. Cross, and she was puzzling her brain to find out in what corner of her house she could possibly accommodate another lodger.

"The smallest room will suit me; I am easily pleased," said the lady; "I shall be well contented to fare just as you fare;" and Edith mentioned the amount of remuneration which she was able to offer. The sum was not large, but quite sufficient to satisfy a reasonable landlady, from whom so little was required.

"If you will kindly step into my parlor, Miss Temple, I will see what can be done," said Effie, showing the lady into the pretty little apartment, and relieved to find that the widow was not within it. The room looked to Edith the abode of *comfort and peace*. The flowers, the pictures, the little china ornaments, the view from the latticed window, all combined to make the place attractive.

Edith, who was very weary after her long walk in the heat of the day, and who had scarcely recovered from the agitation caused by the trial which had brought her to take refuge in Effie's home, sat quietly down by the window, resting her aching head on her hand, while Effie went, as the lady naturally supposed, to consult her husband before coming to any arrangement.

Effie was not afraid of any difficulty being made by Robert, who, she doubted not, would be well pleased to have such a lodger as Miss Temple for a short time under his roof. Her difficulty was of a different kind—Effie's house was already full. Effie ran upstairs to consult Mrs. Cross, whom she found in her pink room arranging her widow's cap.

"Oh! Mrs. Cross, what am I to do!" cried Effie; "here is dear Miss Temple, who wants to lodge here, perhaps for one or two weeks, and she looks so weary and sad that I cannot bear to tell her that I have not a corner to spare."

"Do you mean that Miss Temple wants a lodging in this farm-house!" cried Mrs. Cross, with surprise. "What on earth can have made her leave Eureka House? She must have quarrelled with her uncle! What has happened? What did she say?"

"Miss Temple says nothing about the cause of her leaving her uncle's home," replied Effie; "I only know that she looks very ill, and as if she had lately been crying."

Here was a new mystery, a fresh subject for gossip, to delight the low, inquisitive mind of Jemima Cross.

"What payment would the lady give for a room?" asked the widow.

Effie mentioned the sum, then added with a sigh, "But I have not a room to offer, not even a small one."

Mrs. Cross smiled; she had caught the idea of possible profit to herself to be drawn out of Effie's evident anxiety to accommodate Miss Temple. "Perhaps something might be managed, my dear," said the widow, in her easy, good-humored way; "I could take Fred into my room for a time, and you could make his little one nice for the lady."

"What a bright thought!" cried Effie. "I could make that little room so pretty! and you—only for a little while you know—you could let Miss Temple consider my parlor as her own private sitting-room. You won't mind keeping me company in the kitchen while the lady stops er'' Effie was very anxious and eager that rrangement should be concluded.

s. Cross made many objections to the plan, hogh it was exactly the arrangement which he ad already formed in her own mind. "The of cooking," she said, "was the one which she never could bear, and the fire must be lighted in a kitchen, however hot veather might be, would make her ill in

ima's design in making all these objections ained. Effie was so desirous to have Miss ple as her lodger that she actually consent- let Mrs. Cross pocket all the profits of the gement, taking on herself the trouble and ise. Effie was not, like Jemima Cross, at making a bargain.

"iss Temple will be like an angel in my lit- alem," thought Effie; "and oh! how I one to guide and to cheer me!"

hing remained now to be done but to ob- he consent of Robert and to make needful tions in the pretty little room which had to been occupied by the child.

e was so sure that her husband would not to her little arrangement that she did ait for his coming in for dinner before ac- setting to work. Toys were hastily car- out of the small apartment, ornaments, candlesticks, and Effie's own looking-glass d in. The floor was swept, the stains re- d, a snow-white coverlet was spread over d, and jars of fresh flowers on the window- lded brightness and fragrance to all.

e was so pleasantly occupied in making little arrangements for the comfort and ure of so welcome a guest that her thoughts while were diverted from the painful event morning.

was indeed so fully occupied as to have ne even for speculating on what extraordi- ircumstance could have led to Miss Tem- eding a lodging, a question which at an- time would have excited her womanly cu-

comfort and luxury which surrounded Temple in her uncle's house, and the it placed within her dower to do good to oor of her acquaintance, we may be sure not have been relinquished without some ne cause. But to a lady of Miss Temple's cter, that cause was not far to seek.

was patient under insult like her master; "eviled she reviled not again," and in her ness she tried to follow the same divine tion. We may be sure it was not a fault rs that had necessitated her leaving her . But while meek and slow to resent to herself, she was jealous of her master's , and in that particular she might be easily d. It was her love for her Saviour which equired her to seek a new home, but, like ints of old, she went out cheerfully, sure God whom she served would provide for Heb. 11 : 10).

as been seen how anxious was Edith that ncle should speedily give the world the t of his discovery of a perfect cure for -bites. Her anxiety was increased by a , brief, but very powerful, which she wrote Mr. Vernon's dictation, and which was in- d to introduce his antidote to public notice. this paper the inventor gave statistics of arful number of deaths caused by poison- ptiles, with an account of the successful iments which he had made with his won- balsam.

ilst writing down this at the side of her . Edith could not forbear several times g, with the ready-dipped pen in her hand, laim, "Oh! why should there be any de- giving this blessing to mankind!" The was the favorite axiom of Napoleon, "The s not ripe," or something about the need ution and prudence, or the advantage of g a little longer before applying for a pat- n order to ascertain the efficacy of the cure ard to the venom of mad dogs.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

S. S. Lesson for Sep. 21st. Tit. 2 : 11 ; 3 : 9. Golden Text, Matt. 22 : 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text for to-day—words of wisdom from the lips of our beloved Lord—forms a fitting introduction to our subject. "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." Or as Paulputs it (Rom. 13 : 7): "Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor." To carry out this principle, no compromise of conscience is required, and yet how many, even of God's children are there, who render to the world what is *not* its due, in deference to its opinion and its spirit, and who fail to render that which is its due and which would make them independent of it, in money payments, and great exactitude in the discharge of duty.

There are men, even professedly Christian men, who, losing a position of some hundreds a year through depression in trade, would yet be unwilling to take a clerks' place at $500 or $600 a year, rather remaining idle than to be occupied in a position which the world's spirit says is beneath them though God has not said so. This is rendering to Cæsar more than is Cæsar's.

The King of kings and Lord of lords was not ashamed to take His place among us as a carpenter, and the great apostle of the Gentiles was neither a professional man nor a great manufacturer, but a plain mechanic. O let Christians know that work does not dishonor a Christian, and while unconverted people may remain under this delusion, let God's children at least be free and happy to adapt themselves to any circumstances to which their loving heavenly Father calls them.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." Here is the appeal of God. His wondrous grace which has delivered us from going down into the pit, and which has found a ransom (Job 33 : 24) which shields us from our past, ("not imputing their trespasses unto them" 2 Cor. 5 : 19), which stands between us and present temptation; ("Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Col. 3 : 3), this grace also *teacheth* us.

By the grace of God we are risen with Christ, and as such, under an obligation to deny ungodliness. Our very position as only condemned in ourselves, forbids any intercourse between ungodliness and us; "how shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" (Rom. 6 : 2.) And so with "worldly lusts;" the world is crucified unto us and we unto the world. Now it is a worldly lust to retain this unholy pride of position of which we have been speaking. If God gives us a position, let us hold it to His glory; if He takes it from us, let us bow and praise Him.

Our subject tells us that the Christian citizen should be "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." In the light of His coming, a man who was once master need not be ashamed to be found in the position of a servant, but one who is found with an unpaid debt, an unsettled dispute, or an unforgiven injury, may well be "ashamed before Him at His coming." Every thing becomes so real which we place in the light of His appearing. It is utter slavedom to bow to what people think and what the world will say. Let our eyes look right on, and let our eyelids look straight before us. Let us look neither to the right hand nor to the left, but on to His coming (Prov. 4 : 25–27).

"Who gave Himself for us." Not His life only, not only His great salvation, but Himself, all He was, "that He might redeem us from *all* iniquity and purify to Himself a peculiar people." Now is the object attained in us, for which He gave Himself? Are we redeemed from all iniquity and purified? This includes not forgiveness only, but a radical separation and purification from habits of sin, from evil tempers, jealousy, heart-burnings, unkind words, impatience, etc.

Our beloved Lord seeks to make us a peculiar people, not an eccentric people, but like enough to Him to be unlike all others. He made Himself of no reputation; (Phil. 2 : 7) this was peculiar to Him, let us follow after Him. He sought not His own glory and received not honor from men, this is most unlike others. He loved those who despised and injured Him, *loved* His enemies, this is not the common disposition of men. All through His life there was the abnegation of Himself, and He died to make us like Him. "And zealous of good works." This epistle is full of good works; they are mentioned in it six times, and they are but the natural and legitimate point of a real faith in Christ.

Paul writes on: "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, etc." Here is again the rendering to Cæsar the things which are Cæsars. We must obey without respect to the person, because of the office which he holds. Then, "ready to every good work," ready with money, time, influence, interest, sympathy, in the measure God has given us, and as ready to the good works of others as our own. Then "to speak evil of no man" not even to repeat what we know against another, to keep quiet about it. "No brawlers, but gentle; showing all meekness unto all men." Meekness but not weakness. Ready at all times to receive a rebuke with humility and gratitude, but not succumbing to the worldly influence of others.

We have such blessed examples of God's children in the world, but not partaking of its spirit, in the old Testament Scriptures, that it may be well to mention some of them. We have Noah a shipbuilder, but he "walked with God." Joseph a servant, but the Lord was with him, and "his master saw that the Lord was with him." (Gen. 39 : 3.) Then we have Moses the lawgiver, whose face shone with the glory of God; Joshua the warrior, who could say: "as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." (Jos. 24 : 15.) Then David the shepherd who would bless the Lord at all times (Ps. 34 : 1). Daniel the politician who prayed three times a day. Ezra the scribe, Nehemiah the governor, both such men of prayer. In each one of these holy men of God we see an unlikeness to the generation in which they lived. And if so with them, how much more are we called and empowered by the indwelling of Jesus to be peculiar unto Him. Who can say amongst such witnesses that a man of business cannot be holy? It is true indeed that a close eye to God's glory is required to live in such an age, a life contrary to the spirit of the age, but with God all things are possible.

Paul reminds Titus of the past, of the life of misery and sin, "foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another." What a picture! and it is a true portrait of the unconverted life of each one of us, and of all who are yet without Christ. But O how blessed is the contrast, "After that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by His grace we should be made heirs, etc.

After this most blessed declaration of His free and full grace, the apostle adds yet again an exhortation to good works, and continues: "But avoid foolish questions, etc., for they are unprofitable and vain. O what a generation of citizens should we have were these exhortations of the apostle put in practice. How would infidelity be put to the blush if this holy integrity and divine peculiarity stamped every Christian citizen with His mark; the children of light would stand out in splendid contrast to the children of this world, and all men would recognize them.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Cetewayo, the King of Zululand, appears to be in a desperate condition. A dispatch from Cape Town, dated August 19th, by way of Madeira, says King Cetewayo's new kraal was burned on August 13th. The British cavalry on the same day started in pursuit of Cetewayo, and at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 15th they arrived at the kraal where he had passed the night before, but ascertained that he had fled to the bush early in the morning. Lord Gifford, with a party of mounted natives, was, according to the latest advices, continuing the pursuit.

Sir Garnet Wolseley telegraphs that Cetewayo has only two or three followers with him.

Tewfik, the New Viceroy of Egypt, Proves to be as unmanageable as his father. He has dismissed the ministry provided for him by England and France, and appointed a native ministry of his own. The London *Times* says it is now evident that Tewfik Pasha is determined to govern on the same system as that of his father, namely, through native ministers. As these are notoriously corrupt, there seems little hope that foreign bondholders will be benefited by the change of rulers.

The ex-Khedive is going to sell off his dinnerware. He has one gold service worth *two million dollars*, and thirteen silver services which altogether aggregate two millions and thirteen hundred thousand. He will still have a service in carved *ruolz* for one hundred persons, and another in rose crystal, to stock his cottage home.

The London Missionary Society has Received a telegram from Aden announcing that Dr. Mullins, formerly the foreign secretary of that society, died July 10th. Dr. Mullins, who spent an ordinary lifetime as a laborious, successful, and honored missionary in India, was called to Britain by the London Missionary Society to manage its affairs, and when its new mission to Central Africa was sent forth, he insisted on going there in person to decide on the spot what was best to be done. This eminent man died of the climate or the fatigues of the journey.

Mr. Dodgshun, another member of the same mission, is also reported dead. He had arrived at Ujiji and died there. A brief telegram, giving no details, reports the sad loss.

Ouida, the Celebrated English Novelist, has recently received a medal from the Paris Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in recognition of her energetic protests against the practice of *vivisection*. The evil she has wrought to the human family by her writings is in deplorable contrast with her efforts for the good of animals. Her novels are more injurious in their tone and influence than any literary works of this century.

British Trouble in India.—Advices from Mandalay state that the situation in Burmah is again very critical. King Thebaw claims sovereignty over Eastern Karrenee, which the British have repeatedly recognized as independent. The Viceroy will demand prompt withdrawal of King Thebaw, and will declare war if refused. It is rumored that the British Resident has already quitted Mandalay.

"General" Booth's Salvation Army in England, regarding which we gave some information two or three weeks ago, is thus spoken of by a London preacher:

"Being in Nottingham last week, I attended the services held by some of the Army's lieutenants, and was surprised and rejoiced to see the mass of people of the lowest class congregated together, listening and drinking in 'the good-news' as preached. About 200 stayed to the after-meeting, and the sight I then witnessed *I shall never forget*. Big, stalwart men, drunkards, and tramps, came forward upon a general invitation being given, and pleaded to be prayed for and spoken to."

Narrow-minded persons, godly and ungodly, allow themselves to be shocked because the methods of these evangelists are vulgar, and because the Gospel is preached by them without reverence. Want of reverence, we should remember, is only one of many blemishes that may disfigure the Christian character, and is not worse than avarice or selfishness, or indolence, or pride, or envy, or hatred, or quarrelsomeness. The point to be noticed about the "Salvation Army" is that they preach *Christ crucified*, which is of more importance than all the refinement and good taste in the world.

The Evangelical Alliance at Basle.—The Seventh General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance began its session at the ancient city of Basle, Switzerland, on Sunday. The *Daily Witness* states that a large number of delegates have already arrived, and more than 1500 visitors have come to attend the session; the hotels and boarding houses are filled with delegations from all Protestant nations, and several prominent Protestant theologians have arrived from Roman Catholic countries. The session, which will continue one week in St. Martin's Cathedral, opened under the temporaty presidency of Herr Vischer Sarazin. Several delegates from the United States will deliver addresses. The proceedings began by addresses on the religious conditions of various countries; the ministry, education, press, missions, and Sunday-schools will be treated in their order. The session will end with a communion service at the cathedral, sermon to be preached by the Rev. Dr. Stockmeyer of Basle, and a brief formal farewell service for delegates will follow.

Rescue by Garibaldi's Daughter.—A Gallant act was performed recently by the daughter of the illustrious Italian patriot, a girl of twelve years of age. She was taking a sea bath at Civita Vecchia, when a young man who could not swim got out of his depth, and at his cry for help the girl swam toward him, caught him as he was sinking, and brought him safe to land.

An Ecumenical Methodist Council is Likely to be held shortly. The English Wesleyans have given their approval to the proposal, and it only remains to select time and place and programme. In an assembly where all the branches of Methodism will be represented it would be interesting to have a comparison of notes on the advantages and disadvantages of the itinerancy. There are other vital questions that ought also to find a place in the programme.

Infanticide is Still Common in India, No withstanding the efforts of a special judicial d partment created to suppress it. A missiona writes: "Only girls are murdered. The infant destroyed in the room where it is born, and the it is buried under the floor of the same room. C the thirteenth day the village priest calls, ar cooks and eats his food in the same room. This considered a burnt offering, and by this act t priest takes all the sin of the murder upon his ov soul, and the family is free from it. As soon the baby is born its mouth is filled with the mi of the shrub *a selipias gigantea*, and then it plastered over with mud. Respiration is impo sible. When the first girl baby is wrenched aw in this brutal manner the mother cries and moa and grieves a good deal, but after having lo two or three she gets used to it and makes resistance. After the murder and burial a burnt offering the parents again occupy t room and receive guests in it as usual." T requirement of a dowry in order to marry of daughter is the chief reason for the practice.

Why a Russian General was Murdered Three Nihilists condemned to Siberian ex wished to marry, and fixed upon three girls their own political persuasion, who agreed follow them to the place of their banishme Marriages of this description are tolerated the laws of Russia; and the three convicts question received permission from the com- tent authorities to be united to the object their choice. Accordingly they were wedd but their sentence of banishment was imm ately afterward changed into one of solitary c finement in the central prison of St. Petersb Upon learning this, their wives sought and tained audience of the Chief of the Secret Pol He angrily rejected their petition, telling th that "he was quite aware how cunning was political party to which they belonged, and eager to increase its numbers by marriage the results of that union. He should, theref treat them as persons outside the law, to be d with in an exceptional manner." As soo this decision was known in Nihilistic circle was at once condemned to die as the mos veterate and dangerous enemy of the cause; three days later he perished by the hand o assassin.

A Memorial to the Late Miss Havergal, w hymns are known wherever the English lang is spoken, is contemplated. The London C *tian World* states that "It is proposed to fou Young Women's Christian Association at S sea as a memorial to the late Miss Have whose last address was given at a meeting of association. The Institute will comprise a room for meetings, a reading-room and lib and a home for young women in business."

Full-Time Christians.—At Some Servic Liverpool, a man spoke at an experience-m ing. He said: "I used to be an odd-job C tian; now, thank God, I'm on full time. we odd-job Christians, working for Jesus it suits us, and the rest of our time pleasing selves? I am afraid that most of us are g What do we want?' Why, we want a ba of the Holy Spirit."

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at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

ngle Copies, Three Cents.
tion, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1879.

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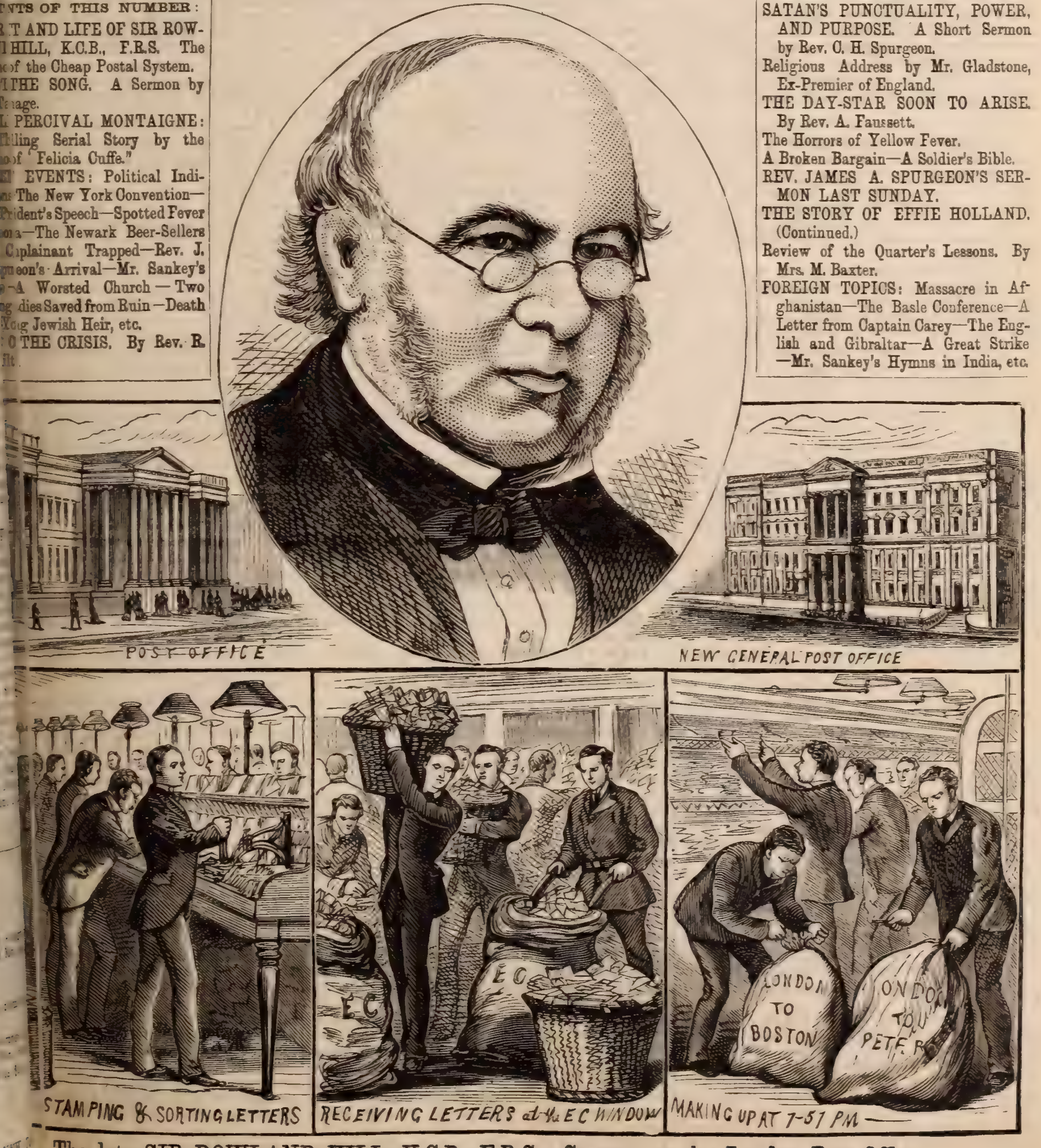
POST-OFFICE
NEW GENERAL POST OFFICE
STAMPING & SORTING LETTERS
RECEIVING LETTERS at the E C WINDOW
MAKING UP AT 7-51 PM —
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E C
LONDON TO BOSTON
LONDON TO PETERBORO'

The late SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B., F.R.S. Scenes at the London Post-Office.

SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S.

Author of the Cheap Postal System.

Birth and Parentage—Early Hardships—Character of his Father—Marriage—Old Rates of Postage—Sir Rowland Hill's Scheme—Publishes a Pamphlet on the Subject—Official Opposition—Two Thousand Petitions Presented to Parliament—The Measure Passed—Public Testimonial to Mr. Hill—Appointed Secretary to the Post-Office—Receives £2000 a Year for Life and a Grant of £20,000—The Freedom of the City of London Conferred upon Him—His Gratification at this Honor—Results of his Great Scheme—His Death.

Sir Rowland Hill was the third son of the late Mr. T. W. Hill, a school-master at Kidderminster, England. When it is remembered that he was born December 3, 1795, it will be seen that he had reached the mature age of nearly eighty-four-years at the time of his decease on August 27th, 1879.

It is noticeable that his intellectual faculties did not appear to be greatly affected by advancing years, for in the last year of his life he was able vigorously to contest the right of the managers of a new Small-pox Hospital at Hampstead, London, to build on the ground they had taken. He showed then, too, that he was as ready as ever to stand up for the vindication of public rights.

From his earliest years Rowland was brought up in the *stern school of poverty*, and, like Garrick, "was bred in a family whose study was to make 4d. do as much as others made 4½*d*. do." His father was a man of great intelligence, of varied but not deep knowledge, and of an eager, inquiring mind. He was as upright and as bold as he was simple-hearted. He was given to mental speculation and never weary of forming theories. His theories, however, he did not always care to test by practice, thus exhibiting a striking contrast in character to his son.

In early life Rowland had a good education, and was a youth of considerable intellectual ability—an ability which was strengthened by the studies in which he took an ardent delight. Having fewer advantages than many of the children who now attend the day schools of the country, he, nevertheless, so profited by his good father's teaching as to be able fairly to anticipate an honorable position in the public service, although, perhaps, he little dreamed of the mighty revolution he was destined to effect in the postal system of his day.

It is to be noticed that from a boy he displayed great aptitude for *practical mechanics* and organization. He gained some distinction as an amateur surveyor, and also framed a constitution for his father's school, which, by means of a committee elected by the whole body of scholars, proved a help in preserving discipline. Subsequently he turned his attention to printing, and was instrumental in introducing the cylindrical system, on which all rapid printing is now performed.

After living at Birmingham till he was more than thirty, he removed to the neighborhood of London, where, with the aid of one of his brothers, he established a branch school at Bruce Castle, Tottenham. But by this time his health, which had always been delicate, began to give way, and at last broke down. He had certainly tried it ever since childhood by the severest and most prolonged labor. He had often worked fifteen, sixteen, or even *seventeen hours* a day, and he would keep up such work as this for weeks together.

In 1827 he married Caroline, the eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Pearson, of Graisley, near Wolverhampton. He first comes before us in connection with the *public service* in 1835, when he was appointed Secretary to the Commissioners for the Colonization of South Australia. Thus early, however, the great scheme with which his name will ever be connected was beginning to occupy his mind—the establishment of the tion may be said to have fairly begun, and the faculty of letter-writing was being somewhat laboriously developed. There are some in the old country who can yet remember the brilliant array of mail coaches whose nightly departure from St. Martin's-le-Grand was one of the sights of London.

Half a century ago, as we have been recently told, outside the upper classes it was regarded as a labor to write a letter, and an extravagance to send it. Postage was usually paid in cash on delivery, and it was often a question whether the receiver could or would pay for it. The rate of inland postage varied with the distance from 8 cents to 43 cents for *a single folded sheet*, and the smallest additional scrap enclosed made it liable to be charged as a double letter. If a charge were disputed, the only course was to open the packet in the post-office and count the sheets or slips it contained.

The system required that in every principal post-office there should be a "*dark room*" supplied at will with strong artificial light, in order that the letters might be "candled" like suspicious eggs, to detect whether more than one sheet was covered by the enclosure. Then came the calculation of distance, the sum was worked out, and the amount of the postage written upon the letter. This was frequently so great as to prevent the delivery of the letter at all. Country folk brought *a silver spoon*, or some such article, to leave with the village postmaster till the letter could be redeemed.

There were local deliveries in London and a few of the chief towns at a charge of 2d. (*i.e.*, 4 cents), but only trivial matter was supposed to pass by the "twopenny post-bag," the name of which Thomas Moore took for the title of a set of once popular political lampoons. In ordinary households the delivery of a letter used to cause as much excitement as arises on the receipt of a telegram in the present day. Country houses depended on casual communication with the post town at irregular intervals.

Sir Walter Scott has described with his usual felicity the inquisitive prying of the local gossips into letters left for distribution at post-offices in country towns; but if the stories of that date often turn on the miscarriage of a letter, it is not to be supposed that the post-office was chargeable with all the unpunctuality, though delays were caused by circuitous wanderings of the mail-bags which would in these days be considered intolerable.

The fact is that a great part of the correspondence which was carried on among the middle classes *never passed through the post-office*. Nobody ever went a journey without being charged with letters written by all his neighbors to friends at the place of his destination, or on the way to it. Often it happened that these letters accumulated in the capacious pockets of the traveller's great-coat, and came to light unexpectedly long afterward! Notwithstanding these mishaps, the temptation to evade the post-office charges was irresistible, and another by-way was open to those who had access to a member of either House of Parliament. Nearly a thousand persons had the privilege of sending through the post "franks," or free letters, the number of which was at first unlimited, but had eventually been restricted to ten daily.

The scheme which Rowland Hill had in his mind was not merely to reduce the post-office tariff, and depend on the increase of custom to make good the diminution of charge. He relied also on the simplification of accounts by the *prepayment of a uniform charge* proportional to the *weight* of each packet, and not to the number of enclosures contained in it. The chief cost of the post-office is in the collection and distribution of letters, not in the carriage of it to its destination. The actual transit of each letter between London and Edinburgh, even by horse power, was ascertained to be about one ninth of a farthing, and it was thence inferred that difference of distance might fairly be disregarded.

sition of a uniform rate for a certain weigh the prepayment of letters by stamps. Thi gave rise to numerous fears, for it seem some as if the scheme would be fraught wi most injurious effects!

Mr. Hill's proposals excited little en asm; but at length the House of Commo pointed a committee upon the subject. who remembers the time has told us th general feeling was that in a period of fi depression, when the whole public reven under *fifty millions*, it was most unwise t fice in pursuit of visionary aims a steady of four millions, any deficiency in which replaced by taxation in some more burd form. One strong objection made to it f seat of authority was that it would set p *writing too many letters*, and that ther not be receiving-houses large enough to or facilities of transport ample enough to them!

However, many persons were so har the delays, the uncertainties, and the loss existing system, that they were eager to new plan a trial.

In 1839 more than *two thousand petit* presented to Parliament in favor of it, the following year the Penny Postage w into effect with the assistance of Mr. for this purpose received an appointme Treasury. In 1842, in consequence of of government, he was removed from on the alleged ground that his services, of which the government fully ackn were no longer required. The public, justly considered this was bad treatme 1846 he was rewarded by

A PUBLIC TESTIMONIAL

of the value of £13,600 (nearly $68,000

The same year he was appointed S the Postmaster-General, and in 1854 Chief Secretary in the room of Colone

Now that a new generation has gr customed to all the conveniences of postage system as matters of course cult to realize how great a debt we ov land Hill. "We have found," it ha said, "our system imitated by all t and many of the half-civilized nat earth." International postage has ing cheaper and cheaper. A letter from London to San Francisco three thousand miles of ocean and sand miles of land, for less than o the amount it cost to send a letter f to Edinburgh at the beginning of Queen Victoria.

When the new system was first many persons of reputed ability p *bankruptcy* of the post-office from of postage. But the penetrating founder foresaw that cheap postag the way for such a multiplication o ence that the post-office revenue creased many fold. And we wh know that the post-office has bec paying of all public institutions. day the annual *increase* in the num carried through the post-office in is counted by millions.

Mr. Elihu Burritt, who died not whose life and portrait we gave i Christian Herald, was at one life an enthusiastic advocate of ar postage. He used to apply all t ments to a cheap and uniform scal letters sent across the ocean tha Hill and those who believed wit apply in the beginning to the ser form they advocated. It is at all now that passengers and letters w and that where steamers or tr specially quick and regular for th mails, there will always be peop to pay a higher rate of fare for more rapid travel.

Of the modern system, let i

occurred to other men about the same time, he it was who worked the idea out and made it perfect.

After his work was done, honors came upon him. In 1860 he was made Knight Commander of the Bath, civil service division, in acknowledgment of his services at the post-office, and thus became *Sir* Rowland Hill; and four years later, his health having suffered seriously from the great labor he had undergone, he retired from the position he had so honorably filled, the Treasury, in a highly complimentary minute, awarding him for life his full salary of £2000 ($9700) a year. He also received a parliamentary grant of £20,000, the first Albert gold medal of the Society of Arts, and the honorary degree from Oxford of D.C.L. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Royal Antiquarian Society.

THE CLOSING YEARS.

From the close of the year 1865 until he peacefully breathed his last he lived in absolute seclusion, and it is probable that when, some couple of years ago, a movement was started for erecting a statue in his honor in his native town of Kidderminster, there were many who for the first time realized the fact that Rowland Hill had not altogether quitted this mortal scene.

In his villa at Hampstead, in the suburbs of London, he lived among surroundings pleasantly reminding him of the successive stages of his work and of the feeling entertained toward him by the great body of his countrymen. In a huge office desk he kept stored in various drawers, all correctly labelled, *many curious specimens* of the early history of the new postal *régime*, stamps for which the collectors of those articles would pay many times their weight in gold—to wit, proof-sheets of the *early black stamps*, obliterated with red, which was the idea in vogue, until a clever man of business pointed out that stamps of a faint red color, sensitive to acids and obliterated with black, would give less opening to fraud.

There were also specimens of the famous *Mulready envelope*, proposed to Sir Rowland Hill by his vigorous coadjutor, Sir Henry Cole, who, anxious to import art into the post-office, incited a Mr. Mulready to produce a design for envelope, on which Britannia was depicted as postmistress of the universe, with winged messengers delivering letters to expectant beings in every quarter of the globe. Skirmishing round the blank space left for the address were camels and elephants, presumably carrying the mails of the future; and a Laplander in a car driven by reindeer, all engaged in postal operations. To the despair of the artist mind this design never became current. There were difficulties as to obliteration, and in the heat of the post-office struggle the artistic element vanished.

To one *interesting relic* of the past the possessor attached peculiar value. It was one of the causes of the United States Revolution, found among a collection of old stamps in the vaults of the stamp office. It was a stamp for two shillings and sixpence, and was intended to be struck upon something colonial had not the late Colonel Washington intervened.

Only a few months ago the freedom of the City of London was presented to him. It was said at the time that it was one of the ordinary conditions attending the bestowal of such a compliment that the recipient of it could only be admitted a citizen within the jurisdiction of the city. In the case of Sir Rowland Hill, however, it was agreed that this condition should be dispensed with. The founder of the penny postage system, however, was more than fourscore years of age, and was infirm as well as old. A deputation, therefore, from the city went to his residence at Hampstead, and there presented him with the resolution of the Corporation, and the gold casket containing it. The front panel of the casket was made to represent the elaborate "Mulready envelope,"

In the address which Mr. Scott, the City Chamberlain, delivered on the occasion, eulogistic reference was made to Sir Rowland's services at the post-office. "We congratulate you," said the speaker; "notwithstanding the 'labor and sorrow' inevitable to the weight of eighty-three years, you have been spared to witness the complete triumph of your postal principles; to receive acknowledgments from the State and honors from your Sovereign. Detractors and obstructors you have outlived, or they only survive to swell the ranks of those who applaud. May your remaining days be consoled by the thought that your name and services can never be forgotten, and may the sunset of your life be brightened by the reflection that you have been permitted to become one of the greatest benefactors of mankind."

The old man was deeply touched by this final honor. The *tears streamed down* his venerable face as the gold box containing the resolution of the Court of Common Council was handed to him, and he was scarcely able to utter a word. His answer to the deputation had to be read by his son, which was as follows:

"The document you hand to me, and the casket in which it is to be enclosed, have an especial value in my eyes, and will have, I am sure, in those of my descendants. In the fulness of time, when those who can still remember the inconveniences of the former postal system shall have passed away, and the public, as years roll on, shall have forgotten, as necessarily they will, every thing connected with myself, and the reform which it has fallen to my lot to effect, my son and my son's sons will be able to point with pride to the permanent and visible token which you have this day placed in our hands, of the full and generous manner in which the Corporation of the greatest city in the world has been pleased to express its approval of my labors for the public welfare."

It is not easy to give any clear notion of

THE RESULTS OF SIR ROWLAND HILL'S GREAT SCHEME.

We can state that 106 millions of chargeable letters and newspapers were sent through the English post-office in 1839, and that 1478 millions were sent last year. But the mind cannot grasp such numbers as these. Something more is understood when we are told that in 1839 the average number of letters per head of the population of Great Britain and Ireland was *three*, and that last year it was *thirty-two*. If, however, we would rightly understand all that he did for his fellow-men, we must remember that every civilized country in the world has more or less adopted his plan; that communication has been made so certain, so rapid, and so cheap that the distant traveller, the emigrant—nay, even the exile—feels that those whom he has left behind him in his old home are in one way still very near to him.

Sir Rowland Hill has, indeed, done almost more than any other single man to bind the nations together and to make the whole world kin. Then the extent to which Sir Rowland Hill's reduction of postage has increased the communication of Gospel truth through letters and by religious papers, and thus conduced to the extension of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of souls, eternity alone will reveal.

He died at Hampstead, on Wednesday, August 27th, leaving four children—one son and three daughters. Though preserving to an extraordinary degree his intellectual acuteness and force of will, he had for some years suffered from physical weakness, and had confined himself entirely to one floor, furnished with a balcony.

He and his wife had in their childhood been play fellows together. He was in his old age never weary of owning how much he owed to the tender devotion of his wife during the years of their long and happy wedded life. She survives him, comforted and supported, we trust, in her affliction by the knowledge that her husband conferred a signal benefit on mankind, and will live in the grateful memory of his countrymen.

Sir Rowland Hill was interred in Westminster Abbey, September 5. His funeral was in accordance with his wishes, plain and unostentatious.

RELIGIOUS ADDRESS BY MR. GLADSTONE, EX-PREMIER OF ENGLAND.

ON Thursday, August 21st, upwards of 600 aged inmates of St. Pancras, Workhouse in London sat down to a sumptuous dinner, which included such delicacies as blanc-mange, vanilla and grapes, provided at the expense of Mr. H. Skoines (one of the guardians) and a number of friends.

During dinner the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone made his appearance, amid loud applause, all the inmates standing until he had been escorted to a platform, and he then *dined with the paupers*, a plate of meat and vegetables being served up to him from the table.

Dinner over, Mr. Gladstone rose and said: "I have been informed that all of you would be persons who either had passed, or else had nearly attained, the limit of seventy years of age. That qualification I myself am possessed of, because in about four months, if I am spared, I shall strike the clock, so to speak, for *my seventieth birthday*.

"I assure you, as regards daily duties, the demands upon persons in my line of life are greater than the limits of time and human strength allotted us. It is to me therefore a rare and a rich occasion to be allowed to appear before you. You may think that *my lot* in life has been in some respects a *more fortunate lot* than yours. There is one respect in which I doubt very much if any of you would altogether like to exchange with me. That is in the quantity of work I have got to do.

"But this I will say, it is very good for those who belong to the wealthier classes to be brought for a moment, and for as many moments and on as many occasions as they can, into contact with you, and to remember how entirely and absolutely we all stand upon one level in the face of One greater than ourselves. For we live in an age when many have forgotten that

THE GOSPEL OF OUR SAVIOUR CHRIST,

which He came to preach, in addition to all else that it was, besides scattering blessings over every class of the community, it was above all *the Gospel of the poor;* that the lot of the poor was that which He chose for Himself; that from the ranks of the poor He selected His apostles, who went forth into the world to found the most glorious kingdom ever exhibited to the eyes of men, and that from His mouth proceeded the words which showed us, in reference to temporal circumstances, that a time will come when many of the first shall be last, and many of the last first. Blessed, no doubt, shall be rich men, if they confront the many and subtle temptations of the life they have to live.

"But blessed also, as we have been told, are *the poor* who accept with cheerfulness the limited circumstances and conditions in which they have to pass these few fleeting years, now brought nearly to their close for me and for all of you, and who are content to look forward to the hope beyond the grave and to the brightness of the light that shines upon the further shore of the dark river of our death. I desire, at least, to say these words to you in sincerity and in truth. We all of us, no doubt, endeavor to serve our kind and to perform our duties as best we may; we are all of us sensible—none has more cause to be so than I—of many shortcomings; but yet I do assure you I would think it an act of the basest to endeavor to administer to you the slightest word of comfort unless the conviction of the truth and solidity of that word lay at the very root of my understanding and in the very bottom of my heart.

"May the recollection of this day, my friends and contemporaries, as I may call you, serve to cheer many a future day for every one of you, be a source of thankfulness for the past, and an indication that there lies for you in the future, unless it be your own unhappy fault, the hope of things brighter far than these; when your lot will be relieved from every burden laid upon you by adverse circumstances, and when you will, or may hope to be, *through the merits of Him who has lived and died for us*, brought into the enjoyment of a happiness that shall never again be disturbed. I heartily wish you well, one and all, now in the remainder of your lives, and in that other and more important life that is to follow."

CHRIST THE SONG.

An Evening Sermon by Dr. Talmage. Specially Reported for the "Christian Herald."

"The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation."—Psalm 118 : 14.

All Creation Speaks of Christ—The Bible Full of the Theme—A Regal Word—I. Christ Ought to be the Cradle Song—ACounteracting Influence—II. Christ the Old People's Song—A Tune Remembered Seventy-five Years—"Do you Know Me?"—III. Christ the Night Song—The Night of Trouble—IV. Christ the Everlasting Song—Home Songs—Harvest Songs—Sailors' Songs—Children's Songs—Angels' Songs—The Dying Christian and the Choir—The Julian Concert in New York—Henry V. and his Army.

THE most fascinating sound for a heart properly attuned is the name of the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him, and in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flowers breathe Him, the stars shine Him, the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Indeed there is not a beautiful object in the natural world but in some way may be made a type of Christ. So that if I go forth on a summer day I find a flower, and I say, Rose of Sharon, Lily of the Valley ; and when I behold a lamb on the hill-top, I will say, Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world ; and when the weather is hot, and I rest under the shadow of an overhanging crag, I will say,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in Thee."

In the old-fashioned churches there was a sounding-board over the pulpit, so that when the voice of the preacher rose, it was immediately struck back into the hearing of the people, and the voices of all nations rising find *the heavens a sounding-board* beating back the name of Christ into the hearing of all the people. The heavens declare the glory of Christ.

The Bible thrills with the story of redemption. On the gloomy day of expulsion from paradise it poured the light of restoration ; it looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket ; it struck pathos into the speech of the uncouth fishermen ; it lifted Paul into the third heaven, and upon the ears of St. John it broke with a brazen trumpet, in the doxologies of the elders, and the rustling of the wings of the seraphim.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audience listless, used to utter one word that aroused all their enthusiasm. In the midst of their oration they would sometimes cry out "Marathon," and the sound of that one word aroused all the enthusiasm of the people. Oh, you who are worn out with the cares and anxieties and sorrows and temptations of this life, I utter in your hearing *a regal word* that ought to arouse all your affection and all your hopes and all your aspirations. It is the name of Jesus. So loving, so kind, so patient, so sympathetic, so glorious is He that I do not wonder that the Psalmist cried out in my text, "The Lord is my song."

I. In the first place I remark to you that Christ ought to be

THE CRADLE SONG.

What your mother sang to you half a century ago is sung yet. You may have forgotten the words of the song, but it went into every fibre of your nature—that song—and you will never lose its power ; one hundred and fifty years from now, and after Old Mortality has dulled his chisel in trying to recut your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sang to your little ones.

Amid the mountains of Switzerland there is a place where, if a voice is distinctly uttered, there come back a score of echoes, and every Christian song sung in the hearing of the little ones will have a thousand echoes come back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, my friends, Christ ought to be the cradle song in all your dwellings.

Your children step out into the street. There are many temptations ; there are many evils on lips that fall into their hearing—things that will besoil the soul, and yet you cannot keep your children indoors : they must have fresh air, they must go into the street. I know of but one counteracting power—*Christ the cradle song.*

Gather the story of the Saviour's birth, of the Saviour's purity, of the Saviour's suffering, of the Saviour's death, of the Saviour's resurrection, of the Saviour's triumph, and sing that music into the soul of your little ones. It will be well for them living, and it will be well for them dying.

It may be that the journey of that little one may be short. It may be that Christ has his eye upon it, and he wants it in a better country, and there will be soundless footsteps in your dwelling, and fluttering pulses of the heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the home empty, and the world empty, and there will be a grave and a broken heart, and bitterness, and loneliness indescribable.

But that little one will surely go into the arms of Christ whether you have done your duty or not ; and will it not be pleasant to hear its lips speak the name of Christ before the moment of departure ? I never read a more beautiful record than the account I saw one day of a little child's departure. It said that the little child folded its hands, said its little prayer, turned its face to the wall, and then died. Jesus the cradle song ! Jesus the cradle song !

II. But I remark that Christ must be

THE OLD PEOPLE'S SONG.

Quick music does not please the aged. The grandchild asks for the schottische or the glee ; grandmother asks for Balerma or the Portuguese Hymn. The keys of the music-board must be solemn in their tread. Grandfather hums the little child to sleep with a song he heard fifty years ago. Some Sunday night the village church choir sang it ; the young people did not recognize it, but *grandfather recognizes it*, and the tears roll down his cheek as he thinks of the revival days when he heard that song, that very hymn, as the aged minister of Christ with white hair leaned over the pulpit, telling the good tidings of great joy.

On a Thanksgiving Day I had in the pulpit with me the Rev. Daniel Waldeau, who was then ninety-eight years of age. At the close of the service I gave out a hymn. The choir sang it. I said, What a pity that the audience did not know this hymn ; we should not have had a new tune for this hymn to-day, when Daniel Waldeau put his hand on my shoulder and said, This is not a new tune ; bless your heart ; *I heard that seventy-five years ago.*

There was a song sung to-day that touched the lips of the aged as with holy fire, and kindled a radiance of vision which our younger eyesight knows nothing about ; it was Jesus the old man's song, Jesus who fed him all his long life, Jesus who wiped away all his tears, Jesus the name by which his marriage was consecrated, and the light of whose resurrection had gilded many a grave.

Do you know me ? said a wife to an aged husband in his dying moments, his reason already departed. He responded, No, I do not know you. And the daughter said, Father, do you know me ? and he said, No, I don't know you. And the son said, Father, do you know me ? and he said, No, I don't know you. A minister of the gospel in the room said, Do you know Jesus ? The old man's face was illumined as he said. Yes, yes, I know him ! "Chiefest among ten thousand" and the one "altogether lovely."

Blessed the Bible in which the old man reads the promise, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." Blessed the staff on which the old man leans as he walks on toward the welcome of heaven. Blessed the hymn-book where the feeble eye and the faltering tongue find the song of Christ, *the old man's friend.*

Take the spectacles your mother used to wear : put them on you. Oh, you say, they are too old for me ; she was seventy or eighty years old. I can't help it ; take those spectacles and put them on you, and look, and look again, and you will be able to look clear back into the days of your childhood, and look forward to that land where the ankles that were stiff with age have become limber again, and the eyes restored to their sight, and the soul in eternal jubilance cries out, "*This is heaven.*"

III. But I remark again that Christ must be

THE NIGHT SONG.

You remember Job spoke of him who giveth songs in the night (ch. 35 : 10). John Welsh, *the Scotch minister*, used on cold nights to have a Scotch plaid laid across his couch, and some one asked why it was. Oh, he says, sometimes in the night I cannot sleep for thinking of Christ—thinking of Christ my Saviour, and I get up and walk around the room, and I must have that plaid wrapped around me. Songs in the night, Songs in the night !

To some of you, my dear hearers, the night has come. Sickness put out one star, persecution put out another star, bereavement put out another star, financial loss put out another star, and darkness has overlapped darkness, and yet you are cheerful. Why ? It is songs in the night. There are hundreds of people in this house this very hour who can sing,

"Jesus, lover of my soul !
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

"Hide me, oh ! my Saviour, hide,
Till the storms of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh ! receive my soul at last."

Songs in the night ! Songs in the night !

For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, and no one to pour out the soothing anodyne, and no one to put the ice upon the burning temple, and no one to utter cheerful words : yet songs in the night !

For the poor, who shiver in the winter's cold, and swelter on the summer's day, and tremble because rent day has come and they cannot pay, and come back from the baker and stand in the midst of their families saying, Oh, my God! flour has gone up : yet songs in the night, songs in the night !

For the wounded soldiers in the field hospital. No one to bathe the gun-shot fracture, no one to brush the flies from the fresh wounds, no one to take a message to the friends at home : yet songs in the night ! "Oh," said a dying soldier during our last war, "tell my mother that last night there was not a cloud between me and Jesus." Songs in the night ! songs in the night ! The shadows of this evening have gathered, and crowds of people go down the streets : they pour into the sanctuaries : the lights have been lit. We must have a sermon, they say, we must have three or four hymns, we must have three or four prayers. If I asked, What shall be the subject of the sermon, the theme of the song, the burden of the prayer ? there would thousands of voices come out this moment right in the midst of this assemblage, coming up from the young and the old, from the rich and from the poor, from the prospered and the troubled—thousands of voices saying, Jesus, Jesus : let it be Jesus.

We sing His *birth* : of the barn that sheltered Him, of the mother who nursed Him, of the angels who shook light from the midnight hills. We sing of *His ministry*, of the tears he wiped away from the eyes of the orphan, of the damsel who bound up in the sunlight her locks that had fallen down over her flushed cheek as she anointed the feet of Christ ; the lad with the five loaves and the few fishes who became sutler for a whole army.

We sing of His *sorrow*, his stone-bruised feet, his aching brow, his broken heart, his mountain loneliness, the ocean torrent that heaved up cares with its wrathful foam, omnipotent surge ; the sun dashed out ; the dead aroused, rushing out of their sepulchres to see what was the matter.

We sing His *resurrection*, the clouds gathering in pillared splendor on all sides as the shining retinues of angels cry, Upward, hoist the gates; and the shining ones that stand around the entrances of pearl respond, Who is it? Who is the King of glory? And the retinues in front of Christ shout, Upward, the Lord of Hosts, He is the King of glory; hoist the gates! Oh, is there a more appropriate song for a Sabbath night than a Saviour's birth, a Saviour's ministry, a Saviour's death, a Saviour's resurrection, a Saviour's triumph? Songs in the night!

IV. But I remark once more that Christ is to be, and must be,

THE EVERLASTING SONG.

You know there are some songs more appropriate for the home circle. They turn the thoughts in upon ourselves, they arouse some very touching memories; they are *home songs:* and the song of heaven is to be a home song. It will be all the sweeter because our friends who sang with us in the home on earth will sing with us in the home in heaven.

> " Jerusalem, my happy home,
> Name ever dear to me;
> When shall my labors have an end
> In joy, and peace, and thee?"

You know we have on earth *a harvest song*, when the grain comes into the garner. The gladdest time on the farm is when the crops come in, and they sing a harvest song. And heaven will be a harvest song. We went forth sowing in tears, and we shall reap in joy. Here they go up the heavenly hills, here they come down, and as they pass each other what is the salutation? " Harvest home! Harvest home!"

On earth we have *sailors' songs*. I do not know any thing more fascinating than the songs of the sailors far out at sea. I have lain awake hour after hour at night to listen to them as they were pulling the rope and singing their sailor songs. And heaven is to be a song like that. Oh, how long we were voyagers on the beach, the guns of distress sounding across the sea! It seemed to us as if we must go down n the cyclone: but God had mercy upon our souls: we came into the harbor of peace, and we will land in heaven. Shall we not have a sailors' song? Song of the mighty hosts that showed us the way, song of the pilot who came on board, song of the eternal shore on which we shall land!

> " Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
> We're home at last, home at last.
> Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
> We're home at last, home at last.
> Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
> Glory to God on the glorified shore,
> Glory to God we will shout evermore,
> We're home at last, home at last."

Then we have on earth *the children's song*. ou know the vast majority of our race die in fancy. I have seen it estimated that there are ixteen thousand millions of children in heaven. They come up; these once played in the streets f Babylon and Thebes; these were thrown to e crocodiles or into the fire; these came up out f royal families; and these were foundlings on e common. Children all over heaven, children the temples, children in the towers, children the battlements.

You have sometimes heard a thousand chilren in an earthly concert, and when their oices rose your soul was overwhelmed with usic; but who can tell the harmony when the xteen thousand million children now in heaven ill be augmented by ten times that number, d the doxologies shall rise before the throne? h, the harmony of that day!

It will be *an angels' song*. In that great song the redeemed will be the mightiest singers of rth, and the mightiest players upon instruents. Lowell Mason will be there; Thomas astings will be there; Haydn and Mozart ill be there; the forty thousand singers at the

I was reading of *a Christian woman who was dying* in a parsonage near an old church in the country, and every Saturday night it was the custom of the choir to come to that old church and rehearse for the next day's service. When the Christian woman was about to depart for the better country she said, How sweetly the choir rehearses to-night! Oh, said some one, it is not Saturday night, the choir is not rehearsing to-night. "Yes," she says, "they are." *I hear them distinctly;* I never heard them sing so sweetly as they sing now." It was the choir, but not the choir of that old village church; it was the choir of the redeemed before the throne.

Oh, the question surges over my soul to-night, and it must come to every heart in this audience. Shall we join in that heavenly anthem? If we do not sing the praise of Christ on earth we shall never sing it in heaven. A man who has never touched a cornet or an organ might as well come to some great oratorio expecting to play beautiful and astounding music as a soul go up among the redeemed on earth never having made any preparation for the great anthem.

Oh, I remember—I can never forget it—that great concert which Julian gave in the Crystal Palace in New York; it was the first large concert I had ever attended. I remember how Julian stood before that great multitude of singers and players upon instruments, and I remember how he controlled that great harmony with his hand and with his foot. I was overwhelmed with the singing.

But oh! the vaster occasion, when they shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, a great multitude that no man can number, and shall enter into the heavenly temple, rank above rank, host beyond host, gallery above gallery, and that great audience will rise to sing, and Jesus will conduct the harmony with His wounded hand and His wounded foot; like the voice of many waters," like the voice of mighty thunderings, " Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing, riches, and honor, and glory and power, world without end, amen." Oh, if I hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other assembly, may I join that!

And so to-night I invite you all to have Christ in your home as a cradle song, Christ in the home the old man's song, Christ in the home as a song in the night, that you may have Christ at last for your eternal song.

HENRY V. AND HIS ARMY.

It is said that Henry V. went out to battle, and won a very great victory, and after he had won the victory he wanted to record his sense of dependence on God, and his appreciation of Divine interference in behalf of himself and the country, and so he asked the chaplain to read a Psalm of David to the army; and when the chaplain came to the passage, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name, be the praise," Henry V. got off his horse, and all the cavalry dismounted, and the entire army fell on their faces, crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name, be the glory." Oh, if to-night the armies of salvation might get the victory for your soul, it would be no honor to me, and no honor to you; but all the church of God on earth, and all the hosts of heaven, might well come down on their faces to celebrate the victories of the grace which has redeemed you, crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name, be the glory."

> Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
> Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from p.* 743.)

Mr. Lemaire relieved by a Suggestion of the Chief—He Goes Home to Break the News to his Family—The Officers Search Percival's Lodgings—The Police Search Percival's Rooms—Jemmy Mehaffy Resists them—Sergeant Holder Explains Matters—Jemmy Suggests the Search is made for the Queen's Thimble—He is Seized and Handcuffed.

Mr, Lemaire's distress at the apparently conclusive proof of Percival's complicity with the conspirators was painful to witness. It was necessary for the warrant to be signed, and under other circumstances the chief would have asked Mr. Lemaire to sign it as a matter of course. But despite his position and duties, which naturally tended to blunt the finer feelings of his nature, he was a kind-hearted man, reluctant to cause unnecessary pain to any one. He therefore cast about to find some plan of sparing Mr. Lemaire the pain of signing the warrant. Mr. Lemaire meanwhile stood regarding him with a face full of anxiety and distress.

But then, again, he reflected, his daughter, his fair and gentle and beloved Lucie, was tenderly and devotedly attached to this erring young man; and would not his arrest, he asked himself, fill her with anguish, and perhaps be fatal to her life? At this thought poor Mr. Lemaire's whole heart overflowed with trouble, and, quite unmanned, he nearly broke forth into a bitter cry in Mr. Katcham's private office.

"I see how it is, my dear sir," said Mr. Katcham to him, "and I do not wonder in the least at your emotion. I should feel, my dear sir, just as you do under similar circumstances; but let me relieve you, my dear sir, so far as I can, from a painful duty. Upon the plea of pressing private business, which in truth, my dear sir, you can fairly urge—for this deplorable affair must be communicated to your household, and it ought to be done by no one but yourself, for you will know, my dear sir, how best to do it, a stranger would not so carefully seek to spare the feelings of your family as yourself—I say, my dear sir, on the plea of pressing private business, leave your office, and I myself will do what is necessary to get the warrant for Mr. Montaigne's apprehension put into due form."

Mr. Lemaire, thanking his Castle friend for his kind suggestion, consented to act upon it; for, though a good deal incensed against Percival, he shrank from furthering the arrest of one toward whom he had so long borne trustful and even affectionate relations. He therefore returned to his office, and, to their great surprise, at such a time of unbroken attendance upon official duties, told his clerks that he was going home, and would not return that day. He then took his departure from the Castle Square, and left the coast clear for Mr. Katcham's proposed fulfilment of "his lack of service."

He usually rode to his home in Rathgar, but this afternoon he elected to walk. He was reluctant to carry to his dear ones, and especially to the one who was most concerned, the sad news of which he was the bearer. He desired also to get full time to think out the best method of breaking his distressing tidings. With a slow, sad step, therefore, he made his way along the streets—perhaps as pitiable a man that hour as any in Dublin city.

We shall leave him to pursue his dilatory and downcast walk, while we accompany the constables—there are three of them—who, with a search-warrant, are now at the small iron gate which forms the entrance of the garden before Percival's lodgings. Having knocked at the door of Mrs. Spencer's house, when it was opened they were informed by the servant-maid that Mr. Montaigne was not at home, but that the mistress was, and they asked to see her. That lady, taking the police, who were not in with one of her blandest smiles, and invited them into the front sitting-room. When they entered, she thought it a little strange that two of the gentlemen carefully closed the door, and stood with their backs close to it, while the third advanced toward her, holding in his hand some document.

This conduct somewhat alarmed her, not that she supposed she was about to be arrested for debt, for, whether it was in obedience to the apostle's injunction or not, "she owed no man any thing." For a moment an apprehension crossed her mind that the three seeming gentlemen were in reality burglars, who had planned "to chloroform her" and then rob both her person and the premises; but this alarming suspicion was quickly dispelled by Sergeant Holder's address: "Don't be alarmed, ma'am, but we are police, and this is a warrant authorizing us to search your house, ma'am."

Mrs. Spencer, however, *was very much* alarmed; she even almost fainted with fright, and had to lean upon a chair to keep herself from falling. She was about to protest hysterically, and demand in her sharpest tones the cause of such a contemplated outrage, when Sergeant Holder interrupted her by saying, in the calm and self-possessed way in which he had begun the interview, "If I mistake not, ma'am, there is a Mr. Percival Montaigne who has rooms in your house?" Mrs. Spencer assented, and with a certain amount of relief, since the inquiry, at all events, removed the *venue* from herself personally.

"Hah, I thought so!" continued Mr. Holder. "Then me and my brother policemen here, ma'am"—and he pointed to them—"have not been in any error in coming, ma'am, to your house?" "But what in the world," asked Mrs. Spencer, "can you want with Mr. Montaigne? One of the nicest, quietest, and I will say the most well-behaved, gentlemen I have ever known in all my existence, and I've been for years now keeping lodgers. You don't mean to say he has committed murder, do you?"

"No, not quite that," replied Mr. Holder; "at least, ma'am, not just yet; but, you now, ma'am, these is bad violent times, when there is many, ma'am, that talks of doing that same on a large scale, ma'am, especially on policemen. And Mr. Montaigne, I'm sorry to say, ma'am, has connected himself with such desperate and unloyal men—in fact, we have reason to know, ma'am, he is a foremost man among them, and has somewhere in concealment in your house seditious and treasonous documents."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Spencer, "what a dreadful thing! And only think of it, I have known nothing in the world about it—nothing whatever about it, I *assure* you," repeated Mrs. Spencer, in order to free herself completely from any suspicion of complicity. "I would not, *sir*"—she deemed it politic to be civil—"allow such a thing in my house—no, indeed, sir—if I had known it;" and she concluded her statement with a very positively pronounced "*never.*" And then, changing completely her good opinion of Percival, and that in a moment, she added, "He's a wicked man to put any respectable widow lady's house to such a vile use. You have my full permission, gentlemen to search his rooms how and when you will, and I will myself, indeed, take you, gentlemen, to them, and at once, I assure you," she said. "Finally, you have my best wishes that you may get possession of every improper paper, however hidden away, that may serve the object of your search, and, I will say, the ends of justice."

So saying, she very willingly led the way up to the second floor, where Percival's rooms were, opened the door of his sitting-room, and then, retiring downstairs, left the police in possession.

They at once commenced a diligent search over the whole apartment—the locks of cabinet, escritoire, tea-caddy, writing-desk, and every opened and read. The seats of the chairs and of the sofa, all the pillows and cushions, were ripped up and industriously examined. What would Mrs. Spencer have said had she witnessed it? The carpet was taken up, and all the boards of the floor were tried, whether any of them would spring, and reveal beneath a hidden recess; all the panelling and all the mouldings round the room were scrutinized, if peradventure they might in some part have been cunningly arranged to cover a secret shelf for the safe hiding of dangerous papers.

All Percival's books—and he had a large collection—were taken down from the bookcase, to make sure that no volume in front concealed a treasonous writing behind it. More than this, each one of the books was tested as to whether it was not, under the guise of a book, in reality a wooden case to hold documents. Even Percival's violin was taken from where it hung, and its interior looked into, as was his flute and his accordion. The whole business of search was done most actively, systematically, and exhaustively, and the policemen proved themselves perfect masters at their work, but the fruits of their toil were provokingly inadequate.

The only things discovered that could at all be deemed compromising were the music and words of three or four "Young Ireland" patriotic songs, and half a dozen copies of the *Nation* newspaper, especially the one which contained the ode entitled "The Men of Ninety-eight," whose terse and ringing words, as is well known, were written by a Fellow of Trinity College, and produced quite a sensation at the time it appeared over the kingdom.

"Well, well," said Mr. Holder to his colleagues as he looked at the miserable haul which at so much toil they had made, "comrades, this is but a mighty poor return for our labor. 'Pon my word, it isn't at all fair. This Montaigne, so far, has been too much for us, and he's plainly a right clever fellow, for none but such, you know, could baffle such knowing boys as us. But no matter: the bedroom is to be searched yet, and, if I mistake not, that'll prove a more profitable and sport-giving cover."

Having thus spoken, he turned the handle of the bedroom door, which opened from the sitting-room, and was about to enter, but he had reckoned without his host.

Jemmy Mehaffy stood a little back from the doorway, with a horse-pistol in his hand, and boldly declared he would guard the room from all intrusion. The policeman drew suddenly back, while Jemmy thus addressed him: "Aye, be me conshence, ye do right. Stand back, you vagabones, or shure! I'll put the contints o' this in yees!" exclaimed Jemmy, in a white heat of anger. "I've been watchin' yees this half hour, ye rogues," he continued. "Yis, takin' yer diminshuns through the keyhole, and ye may thank yerselves that I didn't shoot the whole three o' yees in wan slap wid me pistol."

How Jemmy Mehaffy could have done this—namely, shot at once three men in different parts of the room with a one-barrelled pistol, and that not loaded—he did not explain; but his words very much excited Sergeant Holder and his comrades, for, drawing from their pockets their revolvers, they pointed them at Jemmy, told him sternly they were Her Majesty's police, and were only doing their duty, and that if he did not put down his weapon they would shoot him without mercy. "Yees poliss!" cried Jemmy, with a contemptuous grin. "Tell that, me buccos, to the horse marines—p'raps they'll believe ye—but yer not goin' to get Jemmy Mehaffy to do it. Where's yer polissman's dhress, I want to know?" (He had only a knowledge of the country constabulary.) "Where's yer caps, yer belts, yer bayonets, yer poudher boxes, and yer guns? Shure any wan knows, barrin' a fool, that he's no polissman that's widout them. Polissman indeed!—that's a good wan! Yees are nothin' but robbers and vagabones, as I've said afore; and, purshuin' to the bit will wan o' purshuin' to yees!—purty well as it is to the masther's things—a-cuttin' and a-rippin' and a-tarin' o' thim to thatthers—bad loock to yees! It's hard I found it to keep me sweet revinge fur it from off yees: and if ye'll take my advice yee'll make yerselves scarce, and be off out o' that wid yees, and in no time. Whatever is the world comin' to at all at all, that a gintleman's house can in the blaze o' daylight be thrated in this way; and that, too, of all places, in sweet Dublin City? Oh, wid all their brag about it, if yees had only thried down whar I cum from what yees have done here, ye villains, yees wouldn't have got a second chance, I can till yees, o' doin' it, for by this time ye'd have had daylight, with good lead, let into every wan o' yees. Be off with yees out o' that, I till yees, or yee'll thry me timper beyant the barin'."

(To be continued.)

THE DAY-STAR SOON TO ARISE.

By Rev. A. Faussett.

Light the Universal Need—Christ the Day-star to His people—The Day-star appears before the Sun—Indications of the Nearness of the Day-star—Infidelity, Lawlessness, Spiritualism—The Espousals on High—The Bride's Descent with her Lord—The Conflict—The Deliverance of Jerusalem—Christ as the Sun to the Jews—Antitypes of the Passover and Feast of Weeks already Fulfilled—The Feast of Tabernacles yet to Receive its Antitype—Anecdote of Mr. Simeon—The Jews as Missionaries—The Blessed Exchange.

It is said of an eminent scholar of bygone days that on his death-bed his last cry was "Light! more light!" The same, I feel sure, is the cry of every believing heart—"More light!" But we differ from the worldly philosophers in this they know not where to seek their light, but we know to whom to go—to the Father of lights with whom there is no variableness, and with whom there is no shadow of turning.

Peter gives us this exhortation: "Ye do wel to take heed to the more sure word of prophecy as a light shining in a dark place until the da dawn and the Day-star arise in your hearts. The Day-star will arise to those who are not lik the foolish virgins—without oil in their vessel with their lamps.

The Day-star will arise to those who are livir in earnest expectation, who are looking with ou stretched neck, as that most expressive word the Greek means, "waiting for the manifest tion of the sons of God," or, as in the origin "waiting for the apocalypse"—the taking off the veil from the people of God. The veil part has already been taken off spiritually fro the hearts of God's believing people; but t veil of sin and wickedness and sickness and s row and temptation, and the rule of the prii of the power of the air, the prince of this wor that has so long ruled in the hearts of the peo still remains, and therefore we look for the D-star.

I distinguish the Day-star, or Morning-s from the sun. This Morning-star comes bef the sun to announce, to forerun the dawn of sun; and so for those who are waiting for Chri appearing, with the oil in their vessels, as as in their lamps, He shall come as the *day-s* as we read in 1 Thess. 4: "We shall be cau up together with them in the clouds to meet Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with Lord."

And now, if I may presume to do so, I with all modesty, venture to suggest that, certain degree, the time of the Lord's comin the Day-star or the Morning-star for His pe is indicated to be near at hand. In 16: 13–15 the word of God is this: "And I three unclean spirits like frogs come out o mouth of the dragon, and out of the mou the beast, and out of the mouth of the prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, ing miracles, which go forth unto the kin the earth and of the whole world, to gather out of *the dragon, or Satan.* I venture to think that this is *Infidelity* in its various forms —rationalism, pantheism, atheism, scepticism, and the different "isms" which *deny the Word* of the living God. Satan's lie, from the first, has been to deny the Word of the living God. God's Word said, "Ye shall die;" Satan's word said, Ye shall not die."

Next, we have the spirit out of the mouth of *the beast, or Antichrist*, and, as I conceive, this represents the world in its alienation from and opposition to God. I take this to represent *lawlessness*, the tendency to which already appears in the sad and awful developments of *Socialism* in the present day.

And then the third unclean spirit is that which comes out of the mouth of *the false prophet*, or two-horned beast (Rev. 13). Observe, the false prophet does not appear until after the scarlet woman, the apostate Church of Rome, has been judged (Rev. 16). Man cannot do without a religion of some kind, and if he will not have real religion, he will have some false religion. And here I take it that the third spirit, which comes out of the mouth of the false prophet, is the false religion of Spiritualism, which is one of the most remarkable signs of these last days.

These three unclean spirits are the spirits of devils *working miracles.* And what will they do? Why, they will seduce the ten kings leagued under Antichrist to choose in the battle of the great day of God Almighty. But observe what is stated in Rev. 16:15, before the battle actually takes place in verse 16: "Behold, I come as a thief"—not expected by the world, but by God's believing people who are looking for the Day-star and the Morning-star. "Blessed is he that warned and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked and they see his shame." And *not until after Christ has come* to his believing people does the actual battle of Armageddon take place. In verse 16 he gathers them together in a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon. Therefore observe that, as the saints are first of all caught up in the air in verse 15, the espousals take place in the heavenly places, and they are to dwell and reign with Christ as the bride, according to Rev. 19. "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."

Then those glorified saints will descend with Christ as the armies of heaven to the last great conflict to inflict the decisive blow which is to settle the question, at least for a long time, between the prince of this world and the Prince of the Kingdom to whom of right the reign belonged. He comes then as the Sun of Righteousness, his people accompanying Him; according to the language of Malachi 4, "Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble. But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall. And ye shall tread down the wicked, for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet."

Observe the mutual reciprocity between the blessed Saviour and His people. You will notice that in Isa. 28 the Lord of Hosts is said to be a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty to the remnant of His people; so, correspondingly, in chapter 62, it is said of His people, Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." And then again, as He is the Morning-star, so, when He comes, they who have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. Then, again, as is written in Psa. 2, "He shall break the people to pieces as a potter's vessel," so the same is distinctly said of them in Rev. 2.

The next consequence of Christ's coming will be that He comes to the relief of Jerusalem. It is distinctly foretold in Zech. 2, and Zech. 14, The Lord shall come and fight against the nations which war against Jerusalem;" and His return shall correspond to His ascension. "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." The mount from which He ascended was the *Mount of Olives*, and it is distinctly said in Zech. 14 that the place to which He returns shall be the Mount of Olives. He comes in the air as the Morning-star to His people. He comes as the Sun of Righteousness in behalf of the Jewish people. His feet shall stand on the Mount of Olives, and the Lord shall come and all His saints with Him.

Observe that His saints come with Him when He returns to vindicate the power of His witnessing people Israel; and then, and not till then, shall be fulfilled the promise that is given in Jerem. 3:17, "Thou shalt call Jerusalem the throne of Jehovah, and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of Jehovah, to Jerusalem; neither shall they walk any more after the imagination of their evil hearts;" they shall say no more, "The ark of the covenant of the Lord." It will no longer be borne in remembrance, because there will be something better than even the ark of the covenant in which Israel of old so much gloried, for the Lord Himself shall be there.—*Jehovah-Shammah.*

And now another very interesting feature connected with our Lord's coming to Jerusalem, and the reign of His saints over Jerusalem, is this: Three times in Zechariah there is reference made to *the feast of tabernacles.* "And every one that is left of all the nations which went up against Jerusalem shall, year by year, go up to worship the King, Jehovah of Hosts, and to keep the feast of tabernacles."

There were three great feasts observed in Israel —the *passover*, the *feast of weeks*, and the *feast of tabernacles.* The *passover* has already had its *antitype.* "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us," says St. Paul in 1 Cor. 5:7. The *feast of weeks* has already had its antitype in the Day of Pentecost, in Acts 2, when the Spirit was poured out from on high on the assembled disciples, and when the new law was written on their hearts.

But as to the *feast of tabernacles;* where is its antitype? It certainly has not been yet fulfilled. But it will be when the Lord will take His great power, and when Jerusalem shall be the throne of the Lord, and when all nations shall gather together to worship the Lord by their representatives at Jerusalem, and to keep the feast of tabernacles.

Just as Joshua kept the feast of tabernacles at the close of the successful campaign when Canaan was subdued before the people of Israel, and just as Solomon had a solemn feast of tabernacles, when all took part in it, and every man sat under his own vine and his own fig-tree, so then again there shall be *a sabbatical rest*, and the feast of tabernacles shall be the sealing of it. Israel shall then enter into that rest which God from the very beginning designed for them.

And then, again, the prophecy will be fulfilled. In Exod. 19 He says, "If ye will obey My voice ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests." And in Isa. 61:6 it is foretold, "Ye shall be named the Priests of Jehovah; men shall call you the ministers of our God." So, then, Israel in the flesh shall be the priests ministering to the nations in the flesh.

It is said of the sainted Mr. Simeon, who was one of the first among the founders of the Society for Propagating Christianity among the Jews that, when he was holding a meeting some one wrote on a piece of paper, "Mr. Simeon, how can you draw off the attention of the Christian public from eight hundred millions of heathen to fix their attention on five millions of Jews? The reply, written underneath, was, "If you first bring the five millions of Jews to Christ, then you will have five millions of missionaries to the eight hundred millions of heathens; and then will be fulfilled that prophecy which was addressed to Jerusalem, 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.'"

During the millennium of a thousand years, Israel will minister in the flesh to the nations in the flesh, and Christ and the heavenly priest-kings in transfigured bodies, no longer in the flesh, shall minister to the kingdom of Israel and the nations in the flesh; and thus there will be a blessed exchange of giving and receiving. God and His Christ, Christ and His transfigured saints, king-priests, ministering to Israel; and Israel, in its turn, as king-priests, ministering to the nations of the earth. Oh, what a glorious future there is for the people of God! "Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

THE HORRORS OF YELLOW FEVER.

THE following account of the dread scourge is furnished by the correspondent of the New York *Sun*, who is now in Memphis, and was there also during the epidemic last year:

"I have sat by the bedside of several patients within the past few weeks, and for hours fanned their fevered brows, have heard their ravings, and have had to engage in fierce struggles with them to keep them in bed when they made frantic efforts to break loose and rush out of the houses. The peculiar *yellow-fever smell* pervades all things everywhere. It is recognized instantly by the expert.

"The outline of a case of fever is as follows: A chill, pains in the back, across the loins, a desire to go to bed, an increasing feeling of sickness, feeling inward heat increasing rapidly, nausea of stomach. You go to bed, have fierce fever from 72 to 98 hours, temperature ranging from 101 to 106, pulse at first high, then receding as the temperature increases, delirium, fever decreasing, sickness of stomach, black vomit, hiccoughs, suppression of urine, utter prostration, pulse down among the forties, probably a rise of fever with delirium and black vomit, again prostration, recovery of mind, and convalescence or death.

There are *three stages* of delirium, that which occurs when the fever rages and the temperature is at its highest, that which is caused by utter weakness from hunger, and that which is caused by suppression of urine, when the poison is absorbed. The *fierce thirst* is one of the peculiarities of the disease; you dream and rave of rushing waters, springs, fountains, which are in your grasp, but slip away ere you taste the cooling waters. It is the fever of Tantalus. When recovering every patient desires to buy a spring or a fountain at which forever to slake his thirst.

"Many die easily, go calmly off to sleep, hardly having strength to raise the eyelids, but too many die a horrible death. The struggle is terrible. They have to be held down in bed until the last gasp, and the scene after death is too horrible for description.

"Another peculiarity of the disease is when the patient is in a state of delirium and is prevented from getting out of bed. Often he makes a desperate effort to *bite* those holding him. I have a lively recollection of thus having to exert nearly all my strength to hold a yellow-fever patient in bed and keep him from biting me in the face. When he recovered reason he wept with anger at not being able to get up, but at last said: 'Hello! Is that you? Let us lie down on the pillow and go to sleep.' I was glad to do so.

"Entire families have been swept away. When the fever once enters a dwelling, it seems almost impossible for any member of the family to escape. The dirtiest people often escape, and the cleanliest are often stricken down. The fever continues to spread among both whites and colored. The latter are not so liable to take yellow fever as the former, and when they do take it their cases are lighter and their chances of recovery much greater. The large majority of the colored people who are down with fever are *mulattoes.* The pure blooded African is hardly ever attacked.

"The Howards supply nurses, visit the sick daily and nightly, send them physicians, medicine, and supplies, and bury the dead when necessary. For all this they are not paid a dollar. It is a labor of humanity."

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

The proprietor has received the following endorsement of the journal from Dr. Talmage since the latter's arrival in England :

I heartily commend to the public the Christian Herald which gives accurate reports of my sermons and contains much interesting, instructive, & evangelical matter. I trust that its large circulation will continue to increase.

London June 12. 1879

T. De Witt Talmage

LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, September 10th, at **5 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1879, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Political Indications are Considered by Republicans to be of an encouraging character. The remarkably thorough and vigorous canvass of the State of Maine brought out all the voters who staid at home last year, but did not make any perceptible impression on the Greenback forces, or if it did, the Greenbackers made up for all losses by reaching a stratum of voters so far below the surface of ordinary political action as not to be affected even by the excitement of a Presidential campaign. The returns indicate that the Republicans have 18 members of the Senate to 13 of the Opposition, and 89 members of the House to 62 of the Opposition. The majority does not suffice to elect for Governor Mr. Davis, the Republican candidate, by the popular vote, but the overwhelming majority in the Legislature gives the Republican party the State.

The State Convention of the Democrats of New York, at Syracuse, September 11th, renominated all of the present State officers, with the exception of the Lieutenant-Governor. Clarkson N. Potter was nominated unanimously for that place. The Convention was the scene of stormy and exciting incidents. On one occasion John C. Jacobs was nominated for Governor by acclamation. but he declined the honor. After a long period of confusion a ballot for a nomination for Governor began. Augustus Schell then announced that the Tammany delegates would withdraw from the Convention. They did so at once amid disorder. The Convention was able to go on thereafter and complete its work. It adjourned *sine die* late in the evening. The platform deals mainly with State issues, but repeats the cry of "fraud," advocates hard money, and upholds the Confederate programme in Congress.

The Tammany delegates, meeting in another place, nominated Comptroller Kelly for Governor. Both the Tilden party and Tammany seem to prefer imperilling the interests of the Democratic party to making mutual concessions.

A satisfactory feature of the meetings of the Conventions was, that government officials were conspicuous by their absence, and were in their places at the Custom-House, etc., on the days of meeting. The President's notification has thus been observed more fully than was expected, and is a hopeful sign of the times. The goverment employés in England retain their places on good behavior, whether Conservatives or Liberals are in office, and they serve either party with equal fidelity. The policy works well, and the national interests are promoted by having men of experience in the various posts. The President's action is a step in this direction, and is considered by many far-seeing politicians as a wise policy.

A Hopeful Speech Full of Cheerful Anticipations of reviving business and better times generally, was made September 9th, by President Hayes, at Greenfield, Ohio, where the people gathered at the railway station to welcome him. He dwelt upon the reviving prosperity of the country, the increase of business in all parts of it, and the better times in the years to come which are fairly promised for capitalists, business men, farmers, and workingmen. The speech accorded in its views with the commercial opinion of the day. It is well to know good times when they come, and not to keep on, from sheer habit, complaining and grumbling.

For himself Mr. Hayes said : "In the position which I hold, it has been my desire to try to do something to bring it about that the government should be administered upon business principles and by business methods. I can see plainly, as you do, and as all my friendly and unfriendly critics do, the shortcomings and failures, and *perhaps I see them more clearly* than others do ; but my steady purpose has been to go forward in the right direction. Though the movement has been slow, still I can say to my friends in Cincinnati I have honestly tried to keep my face in the right direction."

The President's hopeful prognostications are confirmed by the fact that four steamers, which arrived September 10th, brought in freight the enormous amount of $4,900,000 in gold bars and coin. This is the largest arrival in one day on record, and is sent in payment of breadstuffs, provisions, and dairy products exported from this country. The exports continue large, and the shipments from the West are excessive both in wheat and corn.

Spotted Fever in Georgia.—A Telegram to the *New York Herald* from Atlanta, Ga., dated September 10th, says : "The reports of the fatal fever raging in the counties of Polk, Paulding, and Harralson have not been overdrawn. Within a few days over *fifty men have died* in an exclusively rural population. The victims are mostly young men. Those attacked with it suffer horribly, the tongue burning black and swelling to double its size, and blood oozing from the mouth and ears. Immediately after death the bodies become spotted and discolored. physician of high standing reports that of tw nine cases under his treatment not one r ered. The course of the disease is run in days. The greatest alarm and distress pre and the disease is steadily spreading. P cians here think it is the spotted typhus fe

Suffering in Memphis Still Continues unabated force. A newspaper corresponde the city writes : "The lack of funds to su the sick in the city and feed the poor in camps is beginning to be felt ; hence retre ment in all expenses has been begun. Sh the fever continue until November, and cient assistance be not received, we will much suffering. National and State quaran bind us hand and foot. We have no trade, are helpless. We are bound, like Prometh to be devoured by fever and starvation. A l amount of suffering prevails among the p No one outside of Memphis has any idea of condition of affairs beneath the crust. Ar patrols employed by the State Board of He invest the city. None are permitted to go none are permitted to come in."

The Howard Association supply depot cl September 10th for want of funds. The H ards will continue issuing medicines and st lants, but not provisions, for the sick. Mr. Gould recently forwarded the large donatio $5000 to the Howard fund, but more mon urgently needed, as their expenses are $100 *day.*

The German Beer-Sellers of Newark, N made a big demonstration on September against the righteous law which forbids drin saloons to be opened on Sunday, and which recently been enforced in that city. A very procession was formed, and numerous mot designs, and figures were borne on banners by other means. One motto was, "The Peo choice—Lager on Ice." *A large wagon* contai a miniature saloon, with figures of a grou men drinking beer round a table, was inscr "The Temperance Hall of the Future." Ano wagon with a Drunkard's Home would have a good companion picture.

Another Philanthropic Bequest.—Mr. Tho Wilson, a very old and wealthy Baltimor died on September 10th, leaving an estat $2,000,000. The kind old man had been many years president of an association for h ing the poor, and in this position had see much suffering among little children that he termined to provide *a comfortable sanitar* for them. He has accordingly left an endowm of $500,000 for a "Thomas Wilson Sanitar for the Children of the Sick Poor," and th stitution will shortly be established by the t tees. Mr. Wilson also left $100,000 to be as a fuel-saving fund, his purpose being to vote the interest to the purchase of imm quantities of coal when it is cheapest, this to be sold to poor families at cost. It wa dealing in coal that Mr. Wilson made mos his fortune.

A Complainant Caught by His Own Evide —On September 10th a boy was placed in dock of the Tombs Police Court, New Y charged by a man living in Chatham Street having stolen goods from his house. The picions of the presiding judge were excite the prosecutor's evidence, and he ordered house searched. It was then found that he one of the most disreputable dens in the and that boys and young men were lured t and induced to spend large sums of mon drink and profligacy. The man has been for trial. The keepers of these wretched pl where opportunities are afforded for vic practices, are guilty of moral murder. Ma young man has lost his character in this wo and his soul in eternity, through the allurem of these villanous resorts.

The Tenement House Danger has not exaggerated. A report at Police Headquar New York, notifies that eight cases of typ fever have occurred in a house in Park St *which is occupied by fifty families.*

The Looked-for Arrival of the Rev. James A. Spurgeon, brother of the famous preacher, nd his associate in the pastorate of the Metro-olitan Tabernacle, took place on Tuesday even-ng, September 9. Mr. Spurgeon was a passenger y the Cunard steamer Algeria. He looked well nd in excellent spirits, and he was accompanied y Mrs. Spurgeon, who, as our readers know, is daughter of Sir John Burgoyne. After going r a couple of days to Washington, Mr. Spur-eon returned to New York on Saturday, and reached on the Sabbath at Washington Avenue aptist Church, Brooklyn, in the morning, and the Broadway Tabernacle (Dr. Taylor's) in the ening. A report of one of the sermons appears this number of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. r. Spurgeon will not be in this city again till ctober 10th, a day or two before he takes his eparture for England. A life and portrait of m were given in the CHRISTIAN HERALD for ugust 21st.

Mr. Sankey's Bible.—At Mr. Sawyer's Ser-ce at Cooper Union, September 7th, Mr. Sankey ng several hymns, and addressed the audience hich thronged the building. He said: "The eat question is how every person here can be ved. Jesus told Nicodemus how he might be ved. The part in my Bible here that tells the ory is *nearly worn in two.* I've used it a good al to tell poor souls what was Jesus' way; for many ways are talked of now. In these two rses ('Ye must be born again,' and 'He et believeth on the Son hath everlasting life') ohn 3: 7, 16), there is Gospel enough to save ery one in this house. The unbeliever says e Spirit cannot save. The faithful say it can. ose who looked up at the serpent are saved. ose who did not, perish.

"Are you ready to surrender your own opinion d take Jesus at His word? Do not discredit e message because you have no regard for the essenger. Many think it foolishness to be-ve Christ's words of promise. It was foolish-ss to me once. I used to sit and listen, and y that faith in Jesus Christ to save was fool-ness." Mr. Sankey related a story of a kindly w England man who purchased and freed a utiful slave girl in old slavery days. After e had received her freedom she entreated her iverer to let her be his servant. Her grati-le made her anxious to do more out of love n she had done in the days of her bondage to owner. That is the way the Christian feels vards his Redeemer.

Further Progress in Moral Reformation has n made. The Wallingford Community, an shoot of the Oneida Commune, has followed parent society in declaring that its members ll observe the civil laws in their conjugal re-ions. So far, good. It is to be hoped the re-ming tendency will soon reach Utah.

The New York Daily Witness Calls Upon Its nds to aid it in getting up a circulation of hundred thousand. That is not too large the only daily religious paper in the greatest ristian country. The publishers are entitled the good-will and support of the entire re-ous community, and we heartily wish their ectation may be realized.

Fatal Accident in the Alps.—Miss Abigail ight, of this city, a prominent member of St. ul's M. E. Church, was killed on Monday, gust 25th, while travelling in the Alps. The ident is described in a private letter from the . Dr. Tiffany, with whose family the lady nt abroad. We are permitted, through the dness of a friend, to make the following ex-t from the letter:

We started on Monday morning to make the to this place [Martigny,] my own family ty occupying two carriages, and Mr. Louns-y and his family—including Miss Wright—h their courier occupying another. All went l and safely in ascending the mountain to the otel Noir,' where we dined. The descent n the Forchaz is very precipitous, being a zig-but smooth road, with sharp turns. Soon r leaving the summit, the Lounsbury carriage ig in advance, Grace Tiffany [the doctor's second daughter] changed places, leaving our carriage, with Miss Calkins, the companion of Miss Wright, and so was in the Lounsbury coach.

"At a sharp turn the first carriage, with the horses and occupants, went over the embankment, which at this place fortunately was not very high—not more than four or five feet—but all were thrown out. Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbury escaped without scratch or hurt, and Grace was only scratched a little, but Miss Abby Wright suffered what afterward was found to be a fracture of the spinal column. She was at once removed to the roadside, and help was obtained from some peasants, who constructed a litter and brought her down to this place in about three and a half hours. She was placed on a bed, and medical aid summoned from Lausanne—the best physician and surgeon in this country. She was paralyzed in her lower limbs, but the doctors said at first that she might live several days. In the afternoon she grew very rapidly worse, and died at 9.30 last night."

By events like this the Holy Ghost is ever reminding men that they "know not what shall be on the morrow." Miss Wright was sixty-seven years of age. It is a matter for thankfulness to know that in the interval between her injury and her death, she distinctly acknowledged her trust in the Saviour.

The Sick Children's Mission in New York, which during the months of July and August did so much to mitigate the suffering then existing among the poor sick children of the tenements, has been closed for the season. During the fall and winter food and medical aid will be furnished, free of charge, to the poor children attending the industrial schools of the Children's Aid Society.

Two Young Girls were Saved from a Life of shame last week through the thoughtful action of a hackman. They were fifteen years of age, and had run away from respectable and well-to-do parents in Trenton, N. J., and come to New York. At the Pavonia Ferry they were hailed by a hackman, whom they took into their confidence. They said that they desired to be driven to an infamous resort, well known in being the grave of many a young girl's honor. The hackman was paid for the drive, and he went away, but his conscience smote him, and he went to the Twenty-ninth Precinct Station House and told Acting Captain Keating what he had done. A detective hurried to the house, found the girls, and took them to Matron Webb, at Police Headquarters. Inspector Murray telegraphed for their parents, and their fathers reclaimed them. Their minds had been poisoned *by reading trashy stories* and by bad companions, but they told Matron Webb that their experience in this city had shown them their folly. The hackman was thus the means under God of saving them from the consequences of their undutifulness.

The Death of a Young Jewish Heir.—Leonard Montefiore, son of Nathaniel Montefiore, of London, England, grand-nephew of Sir Moses Montefiore, and nephew of the late Sir Anthony Rothschild, died, September 11th, of acute rheumatism, at the Ocean House, Newport. He was only twenty-seven years of age. He had a literary turn of mind, and contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* and other reviews, principally articles upon religious affairs. He came to this country last July, and, after an extended tour, seeking renewed health and studying our institutions, he went to Newport, where his disease assumed a severe form. He was the principal heir of Sir Moses Montefiore, whose philanthropic labors for the benefit of his race are well known.

The Cost of Sinful Pleasure.—A Young Man of wealth in Brooklyn came over to New York last week for the purpose of indulging in the pleasures of sin. He stayed two days, and *squandered one thousand dollars.* He has learned that vice is ruinous to the pocket as well as to the soul, and that sinful companions "hunt for the precious life."

SATAN'S PUNCTUALITY, POWER, AND PURPOSE.

A Short Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then cometh the devil, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved."—LUKE 8: 12.

The Purpose of Hearing Frustrated—Hearts Like a Trodden Pathway—Satan at Work in a Congregation—I. His Punctuality always Prompt—Indirect Influence—Black Crows or White Doves—II. His Power—His Abilities Naturally Superior—Improved by Long Practice—A Hard Heart does the Devil's Work for Him—III. His Purpose—He is a Sound Theologian—Why He Dreads Faith—His Presence Defiling.

IT is a great comfort that such multitudes are willing to hear the Word of God. Even though many should turn out to be as the rock, the wayside, or the thorny ground, still it is a cheering circumstance that the seed can be sown broadcast over so large an acreage. Yet the thoughts excited by the sight of *a vast congregation* are not all pleasurable; the question most naturally arises, What will come of all this preaching and hearing? Will the heavenly seed produce a harvest, or fall on barren soil?

The thoughtful Christian, in considering this question, takes into consideration the condition of the persons addressed, and remembers that many are *unprepared for the gospel.* So far from being like a field furrowed to receive the seed, they are like a trodden pathway. They hear the gospel, and so far we are hopeful of them, but they have no idea of allowing it to enter their inmost souls. The ground of their hearts is too much occupied already; other feet will tread there and speedily obliterate the sower's footprints; and as for the good seed, it may lie where it falls: entrance into the inner man it can have none.

Nor is this all; the anxious observer remembers that there is yet another difficulty: the arch-enemy of God and man is opposed to the salvation of souls, and therefore he is present with destructive power wherever the seed of the Word is being sown. It is of this we shall now speak—*the activity of Satan* during the preaching of the gospel. He is out of sight, but we may not allow him to be out of mind: he does all the more mischief if men sleep; let us watchfully turn our eyes toward him, and prove that we are not ignorant of his devices.

Our divine Lord in the words before us reminded his hearers *of the devil's punctuality*—"*then* cometh the devil;" *of his power*—"and taketh away the word out of their hearts;" *and of his purpose,* which is the prevention of saving faith—"lest they should believe and be saved." At this time, when special services are being held, it may be well to bring these points clearly forward that all may be warned against the wicked one, and so by the grace of God his designs may be frustrated.

I. First observe the evil one's

PUNCTUALITY.

No sooner does the seed fall than the fowls devour it. Our text says "*then,*" that is, *there and then,* "cometh the devil." Mark renders it, "Satan cometh immediately." Whoever else may loiter, Satan never does. No sooner does a camel fall dead in the wilderness than the vultures appear. Not a bird was visible, nor did it seem possible that there could be one within a radius of many miles, yet speedily there are specks in the sky, and soon the devourers are gorging themselves with flesh: even thus do the spirits of evil scent their prey from afar, and hasten to their destroying work.

The lapse of time might give opportunity for thought, and thought might lead to repentance, and therefore the enemy hurries to prevent the hearer from considering the truth he has heard. When the gospel has somewhat affected the hearers, so that in some slight degree it is in their hearts, *then* swifter than the flight of the eagle is the haste of the devil to take the word out of their hearts. A little delay might put the case beyond satanic power, hence the promptitude of *diabolic activity.* O that we were half as quick and active in the service of our Lord, one half as prompt to seize every opportunity for blessing the souls of men!

No doubt Satan acts at times directly upon the thoughts of men. He personally suggested to Judas the selling of his Master, and many another *black insinuation* has he cast into men's minds. Like the foul vulture which constantly feasted itself upon the vitals of Prometheus, so does the devil tear away the good thoughts which would be the life of a man's soul. Insatiably malicious, he cannot endure that a single divine truth should bless the heart.

Fearful blasphemies, lewd imaginations, gross unbeliefs, or vain frivolities, the devil casts into the mind like infernal bombshells to destroy any new-born thought which looks toward Christ and salvation. At one time he fascinates the mind, and anon he terrifies it, his one aim being to distract the man's thoughts from the gospel, and prevent its lodgment in the conscience and heart.

As Satan cannot be everywhere present at one time, he frequently does his evil work by his servants, sending the inferior spirits to act as fowls in devouring the seed, and these again employ various agents. With great cunning are the common incidents of life used in the evil business, so that even by things indifferent in themselves the purposes of the adversary are brought about. The preacher has some speciality in his manner, utterance, or appearance, and this becomes the bird which devours the seed; the hearer is so taken up with a trifling oddity in the minister that he forgets the truth which was spoken. An anecdote was related, an illustration employed, or a word used which awakened a memory in the hearer's breast, and away went the word out of his heart to make room for mere vanity.

Or if the sermon was preserved to its close, it then encountered a fresh peril. A lost umbrella, an extra pressure in the aisle, a foolish jest overheard in the crowd, or the absurd dress of an unknown person, may any one of them answer the devil's purpose and snatch away the word. Little does it signify whether the seed is devoured by *black crows or white doves*, by great fowls or little sparrows: if it does not abide in the heart it cannot bring forth fruit, and hence the devil arranges that *somehow* he will take away the seed at once. If he never visits a place of worship at any other time, he will be sure to be there when a revival has begun—"*then* cometh the devil." He lets many a pulpit alone, but when an earnest man begins preaching, "Satan cometh *immediately*."

II. Secondly we will now for a moment notice his

POWER.

"And taketh away the word out of their hearts." It is not said that he tries to do it, but that he actually does so. He sees, he comes, and he conquers. The word is there, and the devil takes it away as easily as a bird removes a seed from the wayside. Alas, what a sway has the evil one over the human mind, and how ineffectual is the preacher's work, unless a divine power is put forth with it.

Perhaps from the striking manner in which it was stated, a little of the truth abides *in the memory*, but the enemy takes it quite out of the heart; and so the main part, the all-important part, of our work is undone. *We* may be foolish enough to aim at the head only, but he who is *crafty beyond all craft* deals with the heart. Who will may win the intellect; if Satan can keep the affections he is quite content.

To the man's heart the good seed is lost, the fowls have devoured it; it has become to him a nullity, having no power over him, no life in him. Not a trace is left, any more than there would be a mark remaining of seed cast on the wayside after the birds had taken it away, so effectual is the work of the prince of the power of the air. When Satan thinks it worth his while to come, and come immediately, *he means business*, and he takes care that his errand shall not fail.

His power is partly derived from *his natural sagacity*. Fallen as he now is, he was once an angel of light, and his superlative faculties, though perverted, defiled, and dimmed by the blighting influence of sin, are still vastly superior to those of the human beings upon whom he tries his arts. He is more than a match for preacher and hearer united if the Holy Spirit be not there to baffle him.

He has also acquired fresh cunning by *long practice* in his accursed business. He knows the human heart better than any one, except its Maker; for thousands of years he has studied the anatomy of our nature, and is conversant with our weaker points. We are all young and inexperienced compared with this ancient tempter, all narrow in our views and limited in our experience compared with this serpent, who is more subtle than all the beasts of the field; what wonder that he takes away the word which is sown in hard hearts.

Moreover, he derives his chief power from the man's condition of soul: it is easy for birds to pick up seed which lies exposed on a trodden path. If the soil had been good and the seed had entered it, he would have had far greater difficulty, he might even have been foiled; but a hard heart *does the devil's work for him* in great measure; he need not use violence or craft; there lies the unreceived word upon the surface of the soul, and he takes it away.

The power of the evil one largely springs from our own evil. Let us pray the Lord to renew the heart that the testimony of Jesus may be accepted heartily, and may never be taken away. Great is the need for such prayer. Our adversary is no imaginary being; his existence is real, his presence constant, his power immense, his activity indefatigable. Lord, match him, and overmatch him. Drive away this foulest of fowls, break up the soil of the soul, and let Thy truth truly live and graciously grow within us.

III. Our short sermon closes with the third point, which is

THE DEVIL'S PURPOSE.

He is a sound theologian, and knows that salvation is by believing in the Lord Jesus; and hence he fears above all things lest men should "believe and be saved." The substance of the gospel lies in those few words, "believe and be saved," and in proportion as Satan hates that gospel we ought to prize it. He is not so much afraid of works as of faith. If he can lead men to work, or feel, or do any thing in the place of believing, he is content; but *it is believing that he dreads*, because God has coupled it with being saved. Every hearer should know this, and be instructed thereby to turn all his attention to the point which the devil considers to be worthy of his whole activity. If the destroyer labors to prevent the heart's believing, the wise will have their wits about them, and regard faith as the one thing needful.

"Lest they should believe and be saved" Satan takes away the word out of their hearts. Here also is wisdom,—wisdom hidden within the enemy's cunning. If the gospel remains in contact with the heart its tendency is to produce faith. The seed abiding in the soil springs up and brings forth fruit, and so will the gospel display its living power if it dwells within the man, and therefore the devil hastens to take it away.

The Word of God is the sword of the Spirit, and the devil does not like to see it lie near the sinner for fear it should wound him. He dreads the influence of truth upon the conscience, and if he cannot prevent a man's hearing it he labors to prevent his meditating upon it. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God;" to obliterate that which has been heard is the Satanic method of preventing faith. Here, again, is a practical word for the ear of prudence—let us keep the gospel as much as possible near the mind of the unconverted, let us sow and sow again, if haply some grain may take root. Countrymen were wont in planting certain seeds to put in "one for the worm, and one for the crow, and then a third which would surely grow," and we must do the like.

In the book of Jeremiah the Lord describes His own action thus: "I spoke unto you rising up early and speaking, but ye heard not; and I called, but ye answered not." Surely, if the Lord Himself has thus continued to speak to an unanswering race we need not murmur if much of our preaching should appear to be in vain. There is life in the seed of the gospel, and it will grow if it can be got into the soil of the heart; let us therefore have faith in it, and never dream of obtaining a crop except by the old-fashioned way of sowing good seed. The devil evidently hates the word; let us then keep to it, and sow it everywhere.

Reader or hearer, you have often heard the gospel: have you heard it in vain? Then the devil has had more to do with you than you have dreamed. Is the thought a pleasant one? *The presence of the devil* is defiling and degrading, and he has been hovering over you as the birds over the high-road, and lighting upon yo to steal away the Word. Think of this.

Fellowship with the Father and with his So Jesus Christ you are missing by your unbelie and instead thereof you are having fellowshi with satan. Is not this horrible? Instead the Holy Ghost dwelling in you as he dwells i all believers, the prince of darkness is makin you his resort, coming and going at his pleasu into your mind.

You remember Jacob's dream of a ladder, a angels ascending and descending from himself heaven; your life-experience may be set forth another ladder which descends into the da abyss, and up and down its rounds foul spir come and go *to yourself!* Does not this star you? The Lord grant it may. Do you des a change? May the Holy Spirit turn your he into good ground, and then shall the seed of vine grace grow in you, and produce faith in Lord Jesus.

A BROKEN BARGAIN.

In the course of an address in Exeter H London, the following anecdote was related the Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken, the eminent e gelical preacher:

"I remember in the parish where I spent of my boyhood and early youth, which was remote part of Cornwall, there was a yo miner, a mere boy of fourteen, brought knowledge of the truth, and he knew there not a single person in his family who woul oppose and persecute him, and we said o another, 'Ah! John will never stand firm.' John did stand firm, and as years rolled o came a staunch young Christian, earnest voted, and resolute. John's father was a less, drunken, worldly, good-for-nothing and John's great sorrow was about his fa and he prayed for him day by day.

"It happened one Saturday afternoon th father was digging in a field on the hillsid he said, 'John, I want you to give me a with this bit of a fence which I am making the field.'

"'Well,' said John, 'we miners general to have Saturday afternoon as a holiday, was intending to go down to the vicarage t some other young men and read the Bible

"'Oh, I wish you would not go this noon, as I want to get this fence done.'

"'Well, I don't mind striking a bargai you. I will stay at home and work wi like a Trojan at that fence if you will g me to the prayer-meeting to-morrow.'

"'I don't mind if I do,' said the fat you will work with me this afternoon.'

"So they shook hands upon it in du and the bargain was made. John worke hard all the afternoon, and the fence was ed. The next day came, and John sai father, 'You remember your promise, fa

"'What do you mean, John?'

"'About the prayer-meeting, you kn said you would go to the prayer-meetin you remember?'

"'Well, I believe I did say somethin kind.'

be a man of your word, won't you?' I suppose I must be a man of my

put on his hat and coat, and they gether down the hillside until they e door of the school-room, and just as urning the handle he looked over his nd found his father walking away.
er,' he said, 'where are you going?'
't think I'll go in to-night,' he replied.
you promised, you know.'
, I don't think I'll go in to-night.'
er,' said John, with tears in his eyes, s sake, my dear father, do come in.'
not to-night; another time.'
so saying, he walked away down the oor John went in to weep and pray.
s only the next day, or perhaps two rward, I was standing in the vicarage hen suddenly I felt something like an ce; the ground seemed to vibrate under hen I heard a deep and terrible report. ked out toward the blue waters of the Ocean and saw what appeared to be a erspout in the distance, rising up to the I ran in to my father, and said, 'Some- happened: I don't know what it is.' came out of the house, and we took a wn toward the sea. We had not gone e a breathless messenger came running the boiler down at P—— house had ex- and poor So-and-so, naming John's who was working outside the boiler- ad been blown into eternity. He turned r to that last tender call, and the Lord ave him another."

SIGNS OF THE CRISIS.

ev. R. Hamilton, Melbourne, Australia.

ions—Gospel Preaching—A Falling Away
Franco-Prussian War—The Napoleonic
sty, etc.

s inquire what the Scriptures say of *the* *the second advent.* Our Saviour has given a great variety of signs, to put us on our against the deceitfulness of sin and the ing pursuits of the world, to excite desire pectation, and to stimulate watchfulness nstant readiness.

ng the predicted signs are famines, earth-, wars, and pestilences, and "*Immediate-* the tribulation of those days shall the darkened, and the moon shall not give ht, and the stars shall fall from heaven, e powers of the heavens shall be shaken. *hen* shall appear the sign of the Son of n heaven; and *then* shall all the tribes of rth mourn; and they shall see the Son of oming in the clouds of heaven with power reat glory. And He shall send His angels great sound of a trumpet, and they shall r together His elect from the four winds, one end of heaven to the other."

ll be noticed that Christ does not furnish hadow of ground for the thought that the ised thousand years' reign of holiness, peace, oy would be a prophetic foretoken of His nal appearing in glory. The Millennium is r given as a *sign* of Christ's second advent. sign of a very distinct character which our gives of His near advent is the *preaching e Gospel among all the kingdoms* of the earth. is Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached l the world, for a witness unto all nations, then shall the end come." Let it be ob- ed, we are not taught to look for the conver- of all mankind before the end, but simply preaching of the Gospel for a witness.

sus also tells us that *the love of many shall cold,* because of abounding iniquity—that e should be a ripening of the wicked for gment, and a ripening of the righteous for y, as set forth in the parable of the tares, as in the harvest, when there has been a ultaneous preparation both of useless weeds of precious grain for the sickle of the har- t—that there should be a plentiful crop of e doctrine before the great crisis—and that there should be a widespread prevalence of selfish gratification, sensual practice, and carnal security.

Then the Apostles give us their signs. The second advent, as they teach, is to be looked for after *a falling away* to a great extent from the truth in the Christian Church—in connection with the wasting away toward utter destruction of the anti-Christian dominion of Babylon, the great city that reigned over the kings of the earth or European nations, that was clothed in scarlet, and was drunk with the blood of the saints—where there is a manifestation of individual and social wickedness in a pre-eminent degree—in the midst of eager worldly pursuit, licentious habits, and devotedness to pleasure—during the manifestations of a reckless skepticism, a demoniacal infidelity, and a daring blasphemy.

Moreover, the appearing of the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ, is to be expected after the predicted vials of judgment have been poured out, one after another, like the plagues in Egypt—after the seven, or rather the eight, heads of the great Roman dominion have successively appeared and disappeared—and in close connection with *monster preparations for war,* and the battle of the great day of God Almighty.

Now let us look to THE FULFILMENT OF THE SIGNS. We can take only a cursory glance.

Were it not that there is some dreadful nightmare of spiritual darkness, worldliness, and unbelief in reference to the nearness of the second advent resting on professing Christians—were it not that, like the disciples in the garden who slept for sorrow, the followers of Christ in our time have fallen into slumber—the whole church would be roused to stand on the tip-toe of the highest expectation and watchfulness for the Saviour's appearing in glory.

The writings of wild romance are not to be compared with the recent traces of the finger of Providence on the wall of the great city that has tyrannized over the nations, and is red with martyrs' blood. On the eve of the great consummation "the ten horns of the beast were to hate the whore, and make her desolate and naked, and eat her flesh, and burn her with fire."

In fulfilment of this clear and distinct prediction, let it be noticed that there has not been seen such a state of things as that which now exists in Europe since the rise of the anti-Christian confederacy thirteen centuries ago. The entire number of the kingdoms of the prophetic earth have not only withdrawn their support from the great ecclesiastical system of Rome, but have lent the weight of their political influence to effect its degradation and ruin.

Not a single scheme that has for its object the recovery of the lost ground of ancient Romanism now ever succeeds. A most signal illustration of this has been furnished in the defeat of the French in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870; and the siege, downfall, and partial conflagration of Paris may be regarded as probably the first great act in the drama of Babylon's destruction.

Another aspect of the mighty tragedy which is being acted in our day in connection with the speedy appearing of Christ is presented to view by John, in the Revelation. In immediate connection with the description of the fall and burning of Babylon the Great and the coming of Christ, John pointedly mentions that there were to be seven kings, or heads of power, in the dominion of Rome, viewed politically. Not only so, but there should be an eighth belonging to the seventh head. At the time John wrote five of these heads had appeared and passed away.

The sixth was in existence while he lived, viz., the emperorship. When the seventh arose, it should continue a short space, implying, evidently, that the sixth should survive a long time. After the seventh had come and gone there was to be a peculiar feature marking the great empire. It was to be "the beast that was, and is not, and yet is."

In fulfilment of this most significant prophecy, the emperorship, or sixth head of the Roman civil dominion, of John's time continued till the first Napoleon. Bonaparte was the seventh head, and the short space of eleven years sufficed for his reign. Immediately after his fall came the mysterious interval when "the beast was not." The French monarchy was restored, and during its continuance there was no head of the real imperial dominion.

Soon the eighth head, which was of the seventh, appeared in the person of Napoleon the Third. He constituted himself a successor of the Cæsars, like his uncle, with Paris as the metropolis of the great empire, Rome having been degraded to second rank. After a brief reign the eighth head has passed away into political "perdition," thus fulfilling the prophecy.

Another sign which is in the course of fulfilment at present is the manifestation of the "three unclean spirits like frogs, which are going forth to the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of the great day of God Almighty." On this point, the monster standing armies of the present day, the extremely precarious basis on which the peace of the world rests, speak for themselves.

Another mark of the nearness of the coming of Jesus is the present outpouring of the Spirit, and the *widespread revival movement* which has begun. Considering the remarkable character and rapid progress of the great awakening which is now going on, we cannot help remembering the prophecy of Joel about the "pouring out of the Spirit on all flesh." Then, in immediate connection with this general reviving of the Church throughout the world, we are told, "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come."

Let us, then, my dear friends, in consideration of all these things, "lift up our heads, for the day of our redemption draweth nigh."

A SOLDIER'S BIBLE.

A BULGARIAN Christian Soldier in the late war, which resulted in the partial liberation of the Bulgarian people, being a Protestant and accustomed to read his Bible daily, when he entered the army took the precious volume with him. It was not a small pocket Bible, for there is none such in the Bulgarian language, but a large, heavy book. It increased the burden which he had to carry to no inconsiderable extent, and he thus became the object of the jeers and the contempt of his comrades. But he would still cling to his Bible. Sometimes he was obliged to ask his associates for a piece of bread, and they would reply, "If you are foolish enough to carry about with you that great book, then we might as well let you starve."

During the bloody fight near Eski Zaghra, a Russian colonel, finding it necessary to dismount in order to engage in some particularly *delicate and dangerous service,* gave his horse into the hand of this young Bulgarian to hold till his return. While he was thus holding the horse, the rout occurred, and the Russian army, together with the Bulgarians who could get away, began to crowd into the road leading up the passes of the Balkans. The rout became so complete that no one thought of any thing but his personal safety.

The Circassians, who, according to their custom, had kept themselves at a safe distance from the fight, now came upon the helpless fugitives, cutting down all they met. The colonel returned to the place where he had left his horse, but with little expectation of finding it. What was his surprise as he saw his horse still held by the young soldier into whose hands he had committed it! He stood alone at the post of duty. The officer, as he attempted to tell him what he thought of such a brave and noble act of devotion, burst into tears. He now mounted his horse and took up the soldier behind him, and so the two went on together, and at last together made their escape. The officer wrote to his superior, commending his young hero to favorable consideration. He was rewarded with a medal and was given the immediate command of those who had jeered at him for reading his Bible.

DAVID'S STRENGTH

A Sermon by the Rev. James A. Spurgeon, Preached on Sunday Morning, September 14, in Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn.

Lesson, PSALM 23.

THE EXPOSITION.

IT is not known at what period of David's life this Psalm was written, and it has been supposed by some that he wrote it when a shepherd-boy feeding his flocks. But I rather think it must have been when he was David the aged, and the memory of God's goodness to him through his life filled his heart.

"The Lord is my Shepherd." That He is *a* shepherd is manifest to us all; but the point is that He is my shepherd, my guide, my protector, the one to whom I look for all my needed supplies, so that I can say emphatically the Lord is *my* Shepherd. Not mine to the exclusion of others, as if they had no part in Him; but mine by personal application, by personal acceptance of His promises.

If the Lord is my Shepherd, then it clearly follows that "I shall not want." With such a Shepherd, no real want can be felt by the flock. Fancied wants may be felt, we may wish for things that would prove a curse rather than a blessing, but no true want can be experienced.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters." Here is the twofold aspect of the Christian life: it is restfulness, and it is progress. He maketh me to *lie down* and He *leadeth me.* We want both these. Life needs rest. I hope you know what it is to have a religion that gives you that needed rest. Perpetually wandering to and fro is the state of the ungodly, but he that believeth has entered into rest.

I remember visiting the sick-bed of a Christian lately, and he said, "I have got a fresh view of that Twenty-third Psalm since I have been sick. He has made me to lie down in pain and weariness; but it has been in green pastures all the while. I have been feeding and learning every hour. I can truly say it is good for me that I have been afflicted. He hath made me to lie down in green pastures."

Then He leadeth me beside the still waters. *That is progress.* Our life is a battle, a worry, but the still waters are ever near us. The road to glory is not travelled in a Pullman car. It is a hard and a rough journey. How pleasant it is then, after the whirl and bustle, to go beside *something that is still.* God give us that peace in our worship to-day.

"He restoreth my soul." For David knew that, like a sheep, he had wandered. But there is One whose duty it is to restore the soul. He that watches over His flock will not allow one of them to be lost. Just as the natural frame must have its time of recruiting, so the soul must have its period for restoration. Do you not wind up your watches every day? Your hand must do it, the watch cannot. So must His hand restore the soul; no other power can do that work. He restoreth my soul for His name's sake.

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness. *In the paths*—not in the path. The Christian walks in many ways, but they should be all holy ways. He walks in *the path of business*, that should be that must be a holy path. I do not believe with those who say business is business and religion is religion. That is no fit business for a Christian that is not a holy business and consecrated by his religion.

He walks in the path of pleasure; that too must be a path of holiness, What should you think of that sheep who said, "Now I am going to have a nice piece of pleasure away from my shepherd." If he saw a ripe piece of carrion on which the vultures were feeding, and he went and joined them, it would be a feast contrary to the sheep's nature. So is unholy pleasure a mode of enjoyment contrary to the nature of the renewed soul.

He walks in the path of home life. That too must be a path of holiness. And there is a path that no eye hath seen, the solitude of his own spirit, in which alone, with his God, he is led by Him. And in all these paths God will lead His child, and they all should be, they all must be, paths of righteousness.

"The valley of the shadow of death." Oh! how many have refreshed themselves in passing along that shelving bank of their lives! It seems to me John Bunyan had entered into the spirit of the Psalmist when he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress." You remember he places the valley of the shadow of death long before the passage of Jordan. Long before you pass hence and be no more seen, you will tread the valley of the *shadow* of death. You stand at the bedside of some dear one, and as his spirit wings its flight from the body, you will feel that *the shadow* of death has passed over you. Or God may take you out into the wilderness of trouble, of trial, of bereavement, and speak to you there. But whatever the trial, however deep the shadow, there is never an absent God. *Thou art with me.*

"Thou preparest a table before me." What a sumptuous feast if the hand of God prepares it! It will be a feast with Jesus; and would you! not rather feast with Jesus than with any earthly potentate? You may feast with Him, even though your repast be but a crust in a humble cottage; and remember, he who feasts with Jesus feasts with God.

"Thou anointest my head with oil." That is the symbol of gladness; the symbol of consecration; the symbol of service. God make us faithful to it even unto death.

My cup runneth over. *There is abundance.* But let there be no waste. If it runs over in earthly goods, think of the poor. If in Christian knowledge and experience, teach the young. Let it be your rule always, your constant motto, to think of others.

"Goodness and mercy shall follow me," you will want them both, and both are promised you, both are supplied you in all fullness and plenitude.

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord." There was no temple of the Lord then, no sacred house, but David had solved that difficulty. He had made his house the Lord's house, and there he walked with Him.

THE SERMON.

"But David encouraged himself in the Lord his God."—I SAMUEL 30: 6.

The Bible the Whole Truth—The System a Mosaic—Some Passages a Motto—David's Crushing Calamity—David Encouraging Himself in God—I. Justified by his Memory of the Past—Great Deliverances—National Reasons—Personal Reasons—A Service Interrupted—II. A Necessity for the Present—All Other Sources of Encouragement Exhausted—Man's Extremity God's Opportunity—III. Justified in the Future—All Troubles to be Taken to God—Be Brave—Halting is Insanity.

Some people view the Bible as if it contained the truth, but was not the truth; that therefore it must be sifted so that the truth may be extracted from it. Now I hold that the Bible is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The truth is not given there in the form of a system, but it is all given in the various parts. It is our privilege and duty to put these together to make a system. You have perhaps seen a man at work with precious stones. He takes one stone and another stone and fits them one to another until he has made them into a beautiful mosaic. So the passages concerning faith, repentance, prayer, and the other duties and graces are scattered through the word of God, and ours it is to take them and place them together until we have the whole mind of the Spirit.

But there are here and there passages which seem at a single stroke to place before us our duty in a crisis; to show us how we ought to bear ourselves under given circumstances. Such a passage is the one before us.

You know the surroundings of
David had been away with his warrior
been with Achish the king of Gath
was coming on, and the jealousy of t
the Philistines had forced Achish to s
and his men away. He was naturally
disappointed that he had not been a
take part in the battle, and the band
turned to Ziklag to their home, the
Achish had given David as a reward f
tinguished services. But they found
there. While they had been away, t
kites had fallen upon the city and burn
fire. Their wives, their children, their
were gone, and nothing remained but
ashes.

Then David and his men, overcome
calamity, "lifted up their voices and w
they had no more power to weep."
crushing misfortune, and the strong, b
riors were melted to tears.

But by and by their sorrow gave pl
sentment, and, as often happens, their in
found vent against *the wrong man.* T
to talk of stoning David. He had lo
they had, his grief was great as theirs, b
their leader, and the enemy being gon
their haste and injustice would fix the l
David. No wonder that, in the words o
rative, "David was greatly distressed."
was that David encouraged himself in t
his God.

Now I may be speaking to some w
passed through a crisis like this, or
passing through it now. Your prope
have been swept away, your dear ones
on a bed of sickness, or have been tak
you by death, your all may be in peril
this is the time when you should do a
did and encourage yourself in the Lo
God.

Consider *first* that this was only just
God in the memory of the past; *secondl*
imperative on a survey of the present; a
ly, it was justified in the experience of
ture.

I. David had just grounds for enc
himself in the Lord his God by

HIS MEMORY OF THE PAST.

He was the Son of God-fearing parents
was a man of God, and had evidently bro
his sons in the fear of the great Jehovah
in this terrible vicissitude of life will he
to his early education and look for enc
ment to his God, the God of his fathe
stood the test; he encouraged himself
Lord his God.

God grant it may be so with you a
You have sprung from the Puritans, tho
fearing men who for the sake of right an
ciple and their consciences, feared not t
their native land, but came out in faith, a
has made of them this great nation.
should come crises in your future, as in yo
when the right and principle is at stake, I
you be true to the God of your fathers.
you pass through your deep waters rem
your national infancy and encourage you
in the Lord your God.

There had also been a time *when Dav*
been anointed. You remember how Samu
gone down to Bethlehem by the comm
God to anoint a king over Israel. And Jes
presented his sons one after another, a
though they were stalwart men of kingl
ing, none of them had been anointed, but
had sent into the field for the stripling
and the sacred oil had been poured upon
From that time he stood forth a marked n

So with you—I speak to those who
made an open profession of their faith i
tism—by the memory of the vows whic
upon you, be faithful and true. We who
what it is to be buried in the symbol of
and resurrection ought to be faithful unt
end. You have not yet resisted unto bl
the martyrs of the early church did. Is
no backbone in your Christianity that th
of men, the fear of scoffs and ridicule, shou

ou? Be faithful then, and encourage
in the Lord your God.
er, looking along the life of David,
been *some memorable deliverances*
uld encourage him to trust in God.
his flock a lion had come, and a bear,
tolen the sheep, and David had fol-
n, had fought with, and slain them. He
up the challenge of Goliah the Philis-
, and God had delivered him into his
d in battle he had fought and van-
that the maidens of Israel had sung,
slain his thousands, and David his
usands." Shall he who had been the
e past be the coward of to-day? He
en delivered so many times could but
d in his present emergency.
it been with you? How about your
s? Have there been no crises in
ss life from which your God has de-
? No day in your family life which
arked as a day of remarkable deliver-
ow not your past history, but I know
d is faithful, and not in six troubles,
eventh, will he desert you.
r days had passed with David which
n memorable for deliverances, but in
d been kept from trouble.
er once preaching when *the service*
tly interrupted. A note was handed
or special praise. An accident had
d those who had been in special dan-
to offer special thanks. A carriage
verturned in a dangerous place, the
had been thrown out, but though
been imminent, no one had been
offered thanks for those who had
ed, and also for ourselves who had
the danger.
some days in which there have been
from peril from some disease never
tten, and we have given heartfelt
ur deliverance; but how about the
here has been no disease; have we
em? have we rendered no thanks

He not help us right through to the
ho has given us His grace will surely
His glory. Shame upon us if with
of our past lives to fall back upon
nfide in Him to-day.

His love in times past
  Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last
  In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer
  I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
  To help me quite through.

think of the past with all its de-
us with David encourage ourselves
ur God.
course was imperative *from a sur-*
sent.

HE ONLY THING HE COULD DO

cumstances. What else could he
I have no doubt, become the weal-
the band. The chief of the spoils
his share. But of all his wealth
re now? Only a heap of ashes;
gement he could gain from those
st times he had no doubt gained
t in the society of his loved ones.
and children all were gone, *he*
rage himself with them.
s he had encouraged himself with
s of his band; they were strong,
hose swords were ever at his com-
y a hard-fought field he had relied
hey had been true to him. His
a law to them, and their fidelity
d him. But now they had wept
ad no power left" even to weep.
k and unmanned, and, worse than
offering him encouragement, *they*
him.
is own power and strength had
a source of encouragement to him.

As he had gone out at the head of his followers, he had felt himself every inch a man. But now his spirit is crushed; he too is weak with weeping. His energy and his prowess have been dissolved in tears, and in himself is there no sense of strength. By the necessities of the case he is driven to the only refuge left—he is driven to the Lord his God.

The world would call it shameful to turn to a friend, *only* when there is no other resource, to go to him after every other helper had failed. But God is long-suffering and a never-failing helper. As Matthew Henry, the commentator, has said, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." The Prodigal Son stayed in the far-off country as long as his money held out, as long as he had friends, as long as the husks that the swine did eat sufficed for him. But when all failed, he said, "I will arise and go to my father." The father did not refuse to receive him because he had tried all other resources before he came home. He saw him afar off, and met him with open arms, and rejoiced over and welcomed him.

That is the way God treats His children. Do I speak to any who are driven to extremity to-day? who are saying "Whither shall I flee?" Flee there, to the God-man Christ Jesus. He will help and succor you; ye who have done so in the past will perhaps come to like periods of extremity in the future. Faith becomes weak, hope becomes dim, and gloomy doubts arise. David said, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul; we think we shall never hold out to the end. When these doubts and fears arise, then is the time when we should, like David, encourage ourselves in the Lord our God.

III. How abundantly David's course was justified in

HIS EXPERIENCE IN THE FUTURE!

David recovered all that the Amalekites had carried away. "There was nothing lacking to them, neither small nor great, neither sons nor daughters, neither spoil nor any thing that they had taken to them; David recovered all."

So shall it be with you; according to your faith will it be unto you. Has man ever sought His face in vain, or been straitened in the Most High? I have alluded to the past history of David and to your own past history, and you know the deliverances He has wrought for you as He did for David. That God, your God, is the same to-day. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. As yet you have only seen a sample of His power. Whatever you are putting your trust in God for, be sure it will be granted you.

If there is any thing in your business which troubles you, take it to God. If there is any thing in your family that causes you anxiety, go with it to God. And certainly if in your soul's life there is aught which is not right with Him, go to His mercy-seat and there encourage yourself in Him. If there is any thing connected with the Lord's service which hangs heavily on your soul, go there. Why should you bear your burden alone? You remember when the grapes were brought from Eschol they placed them on a pole and two bore them on their shoulders. Go then to Him and you will find encouragement in the Lord your God.

God can work through any means—the jawbone of an ass or the ram's horn, but usually He works by fitting means. He takes a brave man to do a brave man's work, but what will He do through the instrumentality of a man who goes about with downcast countenance and his hands hanging down? Let not your service be the service of weaklings. Be brave; encourage your selves in the Lord your God, and you will go on from strength to strength.

Then notice further still *how speedily* David's deliverance came. He had just been weeping, his goods gone, his dear ones captives, his tried soldiers in mutiny. A few days after, where was he?

On the third day after his trial, "Behold, a man came out of the camp from Saul, with his clothes rent, and earth upon his head: and so it was when he came to David, that he fell to the earth and did obeisance." He had come to bring intelligence of Saul's death, and to salute David as king. And soon after came others who anointed David king over all Israel. So in a few days this exiled chieftain, bereft of all he had, and in danger of death by stoning, found himself king over God's chosen people.

So shall your deliverance be full and complete if you put your trust in the Lord your God. Faith brings to us every blessing this side the grave, and every glory the other side. Ours it is to have, first grace and then glory. The faith that trusts God for the present is the faith that saves through eternity.

Let me ask you, do you know any thing of this faith? Do you know what it is to confide yourself and all you have to the custody of another. I ask you to give yourselves this day unreservedly to God.

How long do you halt between two opinions? I can understand the position of that man who says, "It is all a myth" I do not believe in it. It is a mere dream." He is mistaken, but he is at least logical. But I cannot understand the man who says, "I do believe it; I believe there is a hell of which I am in danger; I believe there is a heaven to which I may gain a welcome," and yet who goes on living carelessly and unreconciled to God. *This halting between two opinions is insanity.*

If there is a hell, and you fear you will fall into it, can you sleep in your beds and know that your sleep may have no awakening in this world? If there be a heaven, can you rest until you have realized your title to it? There is nothing else to be done till you have done that. Business? *That is your business.* I can understand the man who says, "I love the pleasures of this life, and I do not believe there is any other." But the halting man I cannot understand.

And to you who have known His love, who have experienced His power; who have treasured up in your memories the recollection of deliverances wrought for you in the past, I say, trust Him to-day. And now, and in the future, at all times, under all circumstances, encourage yourselves in the Lord your God. Amen and amen.

"SOMETHING THAT WON'T DIE."

THE first pet Clara had was a *canary*, which would eat out of her hand and perch on her shoulder; and when it sang she used to declare the canary was telling her how much it loved her. But one day, when the canary was flying about the room, the cat came in, and made a spring at it, and there was an end of the poor bird. Clara cried piteously, and was only comforted by the gift of another pet. This was a little *lamb*, and she liked it better than the canary. It learned to follow her wherever she went like a dog, and many were the games they had together on the lawn or in the field. And, after all, a lamb was nicer than a bird, because it could be hugged and caressed.

But alas! the lamb too came to a sad end. One day a dog got into the meadow where it was feeding and worried it to death. At this loss the poor girl cried as if her heart would break. "Father," she said, "can't you give me something to love *that won't die?*" He took her on his knee, and said, "Yes, dear child, there *is* something that you can love that will not die." "Oh!" she cried, "then do give it me—please give it me now, father." "It is God's gift, not mine, to you and to me and to everybody," replied her father. "He has given us His dear Son the Lord Jesus Christ, and He came down to live a little child on this earth, that He might know how a little child feels, and then to die a cruel death, in order that you and I might not die, but might go to live with him in heaven. And all this because He loves us, and because He wants us to love Him in return. He wants the love even of a little child like you. Let Him have it, and then you will have *something to love that will not die.*"

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 751.)

"FORSOOK ALL AND FOLLOWED HIM."—LUKE 5 : 11.

No dog would go mad that summer in Ashley even to please a learned man ; no opportunity occurred of testing the power of the balsam as a preventive of hydrophobia.

One morning Edith entered the philosopher's study with a smile which had in it something of triumph. She held in her hand her little blue phial of the antidote.

"Uncle, I have made *my* first experiment," she said in a cheerful tone, "and it has been a complete success."

Mr. Vernon half rose from his seat, and turned toward his niece with a look of eager inquiry. "A mad dog at last !" exclaimed he.

"Nay, nothing so formidable," was Edith's reply ; "you may think the incident trifling, but it has given pleasure to me. Some ten minutes ago I heard a child crying piteously not far from our gate.

"I heard it too," interrupted Vernon, who had been disturbed and worried by the noise. "The brat screamed as if some one were murdering it. I thought of ringing for Alec to make the little wretch stop its howling, or yell farther off from my gate. But what were you going to tell me about it ?"

Edith went on with her story. "I ran out to see what ailed the poor child. I found a fine boy, scarce two years old, who had been badly stung on the neck by a wasp. Tears rolled fast down his rosy cheeks, and his mother was vainly trying to quiet his cries."

"And so you came to the rescue ?" said Mr. Vernon

"I thought of your wonderful balsam. I said to myself, 'What will cure the bite of a serpent may cure pain caused by a sting.' My blue phial was speedily brought, and a few drops from it rubbed on the poor inflamed little neck ; and before the tears were dry on the rosy cheeks of the child, he was smiling and laughing, perfectly happy, in the arms of his mother !"

"Well done, fair doctress !" said Mr. Vernon, amused at Edith's miniature experiment, and by no means displeased at the practical use to which she had put his balsam. The philosopher then turned to pursue his interrupted studies, but Edith did not at once leave the room. Leaning upon the back of her uncle's chair, she took what she felt to be this favorable opportunity of pressing on his notice the object dear to her heart.

"You should have seen the mother's pleasure," said the lady; "and I could not help thinking what that mother's feelings would have been had your precious balsam been the means of saving her little one, not only from pain but from death !

"Uncle, at this very moment mothers are childless because—because when their darlings were shrieking from the agony caused by snakebites, those who would have given their very lives to save theirs knew not that a cure exists for the evil."

"I am aware of that," said Mr. Vernon shortly.

"And can you bear to delay giving to sufferers the remedy which can relieve agony at once ?" cried Edith, who would as soon have stood quietly to look on while a cradle was burning in which lay a shrieking babe.

"The pear, I repeat, is not ripe," said the philosopher, peevishly. "I never saw pertinacity like yours, Edith Temple. You are always harping on one string, always hammering on one nail. I must surely be the better judge as to the right time for plucking and enjoying the fruit of my labors."

Mr. Vernon was equally deaf to his niece's oft-repeated suggestion that he would at least write down the recipe for his balsam, keep it, if he would, in his strong-box, but not run the risk of his precious secret being lost from not being confided to any second person.

Her uncle told Edith, with a smile, that his own brain was the best strong box, and his will a capital padlock, of which he would trust the key to no one. So fearful was Mr. Vernon that the secret of his mixture should be found out, that (excepting Edith's phial) there was but a single bottle filled with the precious balsam, and this bottle was kept by the discoverer on the highest shelf of his bookcase, to be reached only by making use of the steps. No person but himself, Edith, and Stewart ever entered the room, save when the philosopher showed to visitors the contents of his Museum. The door of the study was always carefully locked at night by Mr. Vernon himself.

Thus week after week passed away, and no attempt had been made to procure a patent for the antidote. It pained Edith whenever she passed the box in which the cobras lay coiled, to think how many precious lives were being sacrificed by delay. She thought of *the fabled talisman* which would lose its power of curing if for one day it were suffered to lie unused. Was not the knowledge which might save many lives a precious talent committed to Mr. Vernon by God, and could it be lawful to bury that talent even for a few days ?

It almost seemed to the impatient Edith as if her uncle's interest in the balsam had become less strong than at first. This was not actually the case ; but during the waiting time, which his niece thought so needlessly long, the active mind of the philosopher was turned towards other matters.

He purposed to begin a grand work, a book on revealed religion, which should startle the world as much as would the antidote itself. But the effects of the balsam and of the book were likely to be in direct contrast one to the other. The balsam was to counteract poison in the body, the book was to instil the venom of infidelity into the reader's soul.

The antidote was a new discovery, and Mr. Vernon flattered himself that the arguments brought forward in his book would also be perfectly novel ; but in this the sceptic was greatly mistaken.

The old arguments with which the Bible has been attacked, age after age, have been reproduced again and again, and refuted again and again, just as the waves which dash against a rock which they cannot overthrow or even shake are formed not of newly-created water, but of drops which in cloud, or rain, or sea, have existed from the beginning.

The Bible stands in these last days unshaken and immovable in spite of all that has been done by Satan and his emissaries against it. Books have been written against it sufficient in number to make the largest library the world has ever seen sufficient in the learning employed in making them to have annihilated the cleverest imposture ever palmed on man, yet there stands the little book still, the same precious treasure to young and old, rich and poor, the voice of God to man. Its hold on the affections of those who know its contents best is undisturbed, its power to move and mould the hearts and lives of men is quick and strong as of old, and the gates of hell have not prevailed against it. Its very existence after the assaults it has survived demonstrates the divinity of its origin.

Edith one morning joined her uncle in the study, by his request, at an earlier hour than usual.

The philosopher was seated in his large arm-chair, absorbed in thought ; his blue spectacles as usual concealed his eyes, which were becoming weaker and weaker, so that he only now read large print, and seldom touched a pen.

But a great deal of writing work was now to be done, if one might judge by the quires—nay, reams—of blue-wove paper, and the quarter of a hundred of new quill pens which lay on the table. Alec Stewart had been ordered that morning to fill the ink-bottle afresh.

"That's for the use of Miss Temple," the old butler had said to himself, as he slowly poured out the black fluid. "How fast my master makes her empty the ink-bottle—he works her as if she were a paid clerk. She's a hard-working lady if ever there was one on this earth ; I'm sure when I'm in the library du
books whilst Miss Temple is writing
that her uncle dictates I think that I
break stones on the road than be at s
as hers, hour after hour, with neither
nor thanks for her trouble. The stor
be no harder than some of those drea
words ; how the lady spells them I can
out, and master gets out of humor if s
a mistake.

"Miss Temple's uncle calls her stup
she does not understand all his scien
seems to me like a parcel of riddles in
puzzle poor brains. Yes, Miss Tem
tience itself ; not one in a thousand
what she bears, or do what she does,
well that she gets from the Bible her
and patience." Old Stewart was a
server, and little as she suspected tha
the case, Edith was daily preaching
the peevish, trial-soured man.

Alec was often in the study dusting
or the dried specimens in the colle
his master was dictating to Edith Te
Vernon had a fancy to have every
kind done under his own eyes, and
expected his old servant to attend
dictated than he would have expected
green lizard to do so.

Alec, it is true, understood not a
science of which he thus heard so
there were some things which the
haps understood better than did
amongst them was the value of a mee
spirit, which is, in God's sight, of
(Matt. 11 : 25).

Alec was on the steps, busy with t
the upper shelves, when Edith ente
on the morning in question.

"Have you something for me to w
uncle ?" she asked, in her quiet
manner.

"Plenty to write, for my mind i
most important matter," replied
pher, motioning to Edith to tak
tomed seat at the desk.

"I have for years been revolving
the subject of a work—a great
shall to-day commence putting my
paper. Mark down the date in
Edith ; if I mistake not that date w
orable one in the history of the
human intellect."

With what pride was that senten
Edith dipped her pen, and wr
date of the day ; then, following he
tation, she began penning the for
tion to his grand work.

Before the first page, however,
the lady came to a sudden stop.
had given out a sentence, but th
niece did not touch the paper on
been about to write it. The autho
words in a louder tone, but Edit
down.

"Why do you stop writing ?"
losopher angrily, turning towa
whose eyes for a moment were
prayer.

"I cannot write down *that*," sa
ng down her moistened pen. A
help looking down from the ste
was standing on hearing the qu
ply. Alec's first idea was that t
an idea strengthened by Edith's
ness.

"And, pray, why cannot you
claimed Mr. Vernon, with ill-s
sion, for he readily guessed the
Edith's refusal.

"Oh ! uncle, you know well, y
that you are dictating what is—w
to the Word of God !" stammere
It cost her a painful effort to bri
tence.

"And do you mean, woman, to
as a judge of what I, Oswald Ve
ought not to write ?" exclaimed
his fury starting from his seat.

Edith made no reply to the question.

"And do you actually refuse to write down what I please to dictate, because it does not fit in with your narrow fanatical notions?" Mr. Vernon's voice was tremulous with passion; both he and Edith had quite forgotten that a third person was present.

"Narrow and fanatical," said Alec to himself; "yes, that is the name people generally get called who hear decent Christian notions. If one objects to have holy things treated with irreverence, the devil always prompts some supercilious scoffer to call out, *narrow-minded fanatic*. But if Miss Edith is a fanatic, I say I wish there were more of 'em." Alec's sympathy was drawn out toward the gentle girl who had patiently borne the sneers and scoffs of her uncle, and had only protested when she was required to aid him in his wicked work.

After a minute's silence Edith spoke. "Uncle," she said, "I am willing to write to your dictation from morning till night so long as the subject relates to science, but I cannot, dare not, will not, write down any thing against my blessed religion." The lady rose from her seat with quiet dignity as she concluded the sentence.

"Then you may just take yourself out of my house; it is no place for a bigoted fool like you," exclaimed Mr. Vernon, his fury bursting all bounds. "You had better go back to London to-morrow."

"I am ready to go to-day, if you desire it," Edith calmly answered.

Her firmness made some impression upon her uncle. He had expected expostulation or entreaty. It occurred to the mind of the selfish man that if his secretary, reader, and housekeeper in one should quit Eureka House, he might find it no easy matter to replace a companion so useful.

"Nay, Edith, we must do nothing rashly under the impulse of anger," the philosopher said, adopting a more conciliatory tone. "You must know first what you hazard, what you may lose, by obstinate folly. I have no near relations of my own; you are the niece of my wife; I am ready to regard you as something more—as my daughter, as my *heiress*"—Mr. Vernon laid an emphatic stress on the last word—"I only ask from you in return such submission to my will in all things as might beseem a daughter, and your compliance with those easy terms will secure to you independence, comfort, and, ultimately, even wealth."

"I am willing to obey you always, save when conscience forbids," said Edith, leaning on the table to support her trembling frame; "but oh! not to be heir to the wealth of all the kingdoms of earth would I consent to use this hand in the cause of infidelity!"

"Is this your final decision?" asked Vernon.

"It is," replied Edith firmly.

"Then take the consequences, you silly girl!" exclaimed Vernon. "The sooner you leave this house the better; I wish never to see you again!"

Edith bowed her head, and silently glided out of the study. She had made her deliberate choice, following in her humble course the example of Moses, who esteemed *the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt* (Heb. 11 : 26), and the higher example of One greater than Moses.

"Where shall I go?" Edith faintly murmured to herself, as she stood at the bottom of the staircase, pausing a few moments to reflect on her new position. She knew that the old lodgings which she had occupied before coming to Eureka House had been long since let, and she could at first think of no other place where she, with her very limited means, could suddenly find a new home.

Edith's friends were for the most part so exceedingly poor that she conld not hope for assistance from them. After brief reflection, she remembered the wife of a clergyman residing in London, who, though unable to receive her into an over-crowded home, might possibly help her in finding some humble lodging.

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S.S. Lesson for Sept. 28. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Our lessons for the last quarter have been drawn from St. Paul's Epistles. Two of our lessons, *Peace with God*, and *The security of believers*, were taken from his epistle to the Romans. It is not by chance that this epistle stands first, although it was not the first written, for it is full of the foundation truths of Christ's Gospel. The faith of the Roman Church was spoken of throughout the whole world (Rom. 1 : 8); and the great Apostle leaves no domain untouched in this inspired letter. By faith we have peace with God, but this is not all; we are also crucified with Christ that the body of sin might be destroyed, and by faith in the mighty work of Christ's redemption, sin can have no dominion over us (Rom. 6 : 6, 14). By faith also in God's fatherhood "we *know* that all things work together for good to them that love God," and in them all "we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us" (Rom. 8 : 28, 37); and thus it is possible, by the confidence which knows our interests are safe with Him, to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God (Rom. 12 : 1).

Our next three lessons were from the two epistles to the Corinthians. The Church of Corinth came behind in no gift (1 Cor. 1 : 7), but there was a sad want of unity, a sad spirit of strife among them. Unlike that wondrous description of the early church in Acts 4 : 32, 33, which one is never tired of reading, the Corinthians were yet carnal and walked as men. Envying, strife, and divisions still existed amongst them, and they could not present a broad front to the enemy of souls. Our first lesson from these epistles is on *Christian love*. And here again, dear reader, let me ask is your life so lived with God that this divine atmosphere of love which "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," has become your second and divine nature?

We next considered *Victory over death*, the blessed and glorious fruit of Christ's resurrection, and that not only as taking away the sting of death in the case of believers who fall asleep in Jesus now, but also, and still more, in the raising of the dead and the taking away of the saints without dying, when our beloved Lord comes again. The very closeness of this union in resurrection glory between the living and the raised ones, the very joy of being re-united in one body, is a hope which ought to banish from such as possess it, all bitterness of spirit, strife, and dissensions. Our third lesson from Paul's instructions to the church in Corinth, is *The ministry of reconciliation*. This again strikes at the root of self, in leading us to be occupied in seeking the souls of others, the love of Christ constraining us; and we are called to freedom from ourselves, to live "not unto ourselves but unto Him which died for us and rose again."

We next took a lesson from the Epistle to the Galatians. This church of Galatia is the only one for which Paul had nothing to praise God. He had to reproach them that having begun in the Spirit they were seeking to be made perfect in the flesh. He appeals to them by his own experience (chap. 2), that he, Paul, the Apostle, who "lived in all good conscience before God" (Acts. 23 : 1), yet did nothing of himself, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" etc. (chap. 2 : 20); then he appeals to them, by the contrast between the law and grace (chap. 3 : 4), and exhorts them (chap. 5 : 1), to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ *hath* made them free. And it is not till after then that he speaks of *the fruit*, not of effort, not of the law, but *of the Spirit*.

Our next lesson was from Ephesians. Paul gives thanks on behalf of this Church of Ephesus for their faith in the Lord Jesus and love to all the saints (Eph. 1 : 15, 16). He unfolds to them, in a remarkable way, our inheritance and our position as seated with Christ in heavenly places, as risen with Christ, etc. His great soul seems to be full to overflowing with what Christ *has* done and what He has provided for His Church. And even then he pours out his soul in such a prayer as perhaps no other man ever prayed, culminating in the tremendous petition "that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God" (Eph. 3 : 14–19). It is to this church that he writes about the warfare, because the more we accept of, and possess the position and powers which God has given us, the more will the enemy of souls make war against us, and thus he shows us in God's armory what is *the Christian armor*.

We take a lesson next from Philippians. Paul had been able to thank God upon every remembrance of the converts at Philippi. Their fellowship in the gospel from the first day in which he knew them was a joy to his heart. There is a oneness of the Apostle's spirit with this church which is most precious, and to them he unfolds in the third chapter his present spiritual experience. *They* would understand him because their steps were close after his. It was fitting that to this church he should teach about the mind of Christ, and exhort them to possess themselves of it. There is a wonderful tone of loving confidence running through it: it is no longer a master tending little children, but the breathing of disciple to fellow disciples which we find here.

From the Epistle to the Colossians we took the lesson on practical religion. This epistle which resembles in many respects that to the Ephesians, is eminently practical in its application of the principles involved in Christ's teachings. Paul had thanked God since he had heard of their faith, love, and hope (Col. 1 : 3–6), and he teaches them to "give thanks" (Chap. 1 : 12–14) "unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son; in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins. He then, as in the Epistle to the Ephesians, speaks of their high position in Christ; "rooted and built up in Him," "complete in Him," "buried with Him," "risen with Him," etc. And it is on the ground of this accomplished fact which had been already recognized and accepted by them, that he insists upon the practical results which should flow from such a position.

From the Thessalonians we learned something of the coming of the Lord. Paul thanks God, as for the Colossians, for their faith, love, and hope; and this hope of the Lord's coming lay very near their hearts. The two epistles are very full of it. Let us each one ask himself, How does the hope of the Lord's return affect my business, my social relations, the education of my children, etc.? Is it a power in my life which gives a color and a bias to all my words and deeds? or is it a dead doctrine which I assent to, but which does not influence me? Our last lessons were very similar, the Christian in the world, and the Christian citizen, taken from Paul's epistles to Timothy and Titus.

And what is to be the result of this teaching? Only knowledge? But "knowledge puffeth up" (1 Cor. 8 : 1) and love is not puffed up (1 Cor. 13 : 4). Oh, if there were but one dozen of true-hearted men of God, ready to accept all that God gives in Christ, to live as Christ lived, and to teach as Christ taught, how mighty would be the power upon others! When will the time come again when it shall be said of the disciples of Christ "great grace was upon them all"? when shall men take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus? In this our land we have much of evangelizing—effort in meetings, etc., but the power, oh how it lacks! Meetings without conversions, aye, and conversions with so little change in the lives of the converts that there is room for sceptics to sneer, and for ritualists to boast that true self-denial is only found with them. God awaken us and send the power of His Spirit among us, for Christ's sake. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Distressing News has Come from Afghanistan. the Mohammedan kingdom, with Yakoob Khan, the ruler of which, the British Government lately concluded a most satisfactory peace. Twelve regiments of Yakoob Khan's troops have mutinied, and after besieging their Chief in his palace, have burned the British embassy and massacred the distinguished officer Major Cavagnari, with two brother officers and the entire bodyguard of fifty men. Yakoob Khan has implored assistance from the British, which cannot be withheld; so extensive preparations are being made in England and India for a new invasion of Afghanistan. As Yakoob's authority over his lawless and warlike subjects is little more than nominal, he may find himself alone in his alliance with the British, and another alarming war may be imminent. Verily God seems to be angry with England; and meanwhile the predicted "wars and rumors of wars" are thickening.

The General Conference of Christians of all nations has just closed a week's session at Basle, Switzerland. Dr. Schaff, of New York, spoke of the vitality of Protestantism in America, and called especial attention to the fact that the American Church was firm in its adherence to a strict observance of the Sabbath. He said that Mormonism, now under legal restriction, would go to ruin but for the constant immigration of its followers from Europe. The Rev. Dr. Washburn, of New York, spoke of the nature and dangers of socialism. He regarded Christianity as the only source of relief for socialistic vagaries and disorders. A committee was appointed to ask the Austrian Government to remove the disabilities of Bohemian Protestants.

The Decay of Turkey Appears to be Inevitable. Dr. Washburn's account of the present condition of that unhappy country is especially valuable, being the report of an eye witness. He writes: "The English consuls in Asia Minor report a state of things which even Mr. Bourke, the Under-Secretary of State, declared to be more horrible than anything he had ever heard of. Almost within sight of Constantinople, the district of Adabazar is held by 40,000 Circassians, who have robbed the people of all their horses, cattle, and everything movable, prevented the cultivation of the fields, and have murdered in cold blood hundreds of Christians. Nothing is done to put an end to this reign of terror, which has continued for months. The same story of absolute anarchy comes from all parts of Asia Minor, and the condition of Macedonia is equally bad.

"The condition of Turkey is well nigh hopeless; the progress of decay and disintegration has been more rapid during the past year than ever before; the time will probably soon come when the British must either abandon the Sultan altogether or *interfere actively* in the government of the country. They evidently intend to take the latter course, and they have already sent a large number of their best army officers into Asia Minor as consuls, to prepare the way for an occupation." Surely this betokens nothing else than the predicted drying up of the Euphrates Valley.

Captain Carey, the British Officer whose Courage failed him so signally when he and the late Prince Imperial of France were attacked by a band of Zulus, is, it now turns out, *a praying soldier*, and in that character has endured much persecution from his brother officers since he joined the army. Under the trouble and disgrace which his conduct on May 31st brought upon him, he, like Jonah, "cried, by reason of his affliction, unto the Lord," and, as we all know, the event has been his acquittal and release from custody. True to his profession of faith, Captain Carey has written the following letter to the London *Christian*, in which he gives glory to God for his escape:

SOUTHSEA, August 25, 1879.

"MY DEAR SIR: May I ask you to kindly insert a request for praise on my behalf in the next number of your journal?

"Since the first moment of my arrest I took the whole matter to my heavenly Father. I left it in His hands, reminding Him constantly of His promise to help. He has borne my burden for me, He has sustained me, my wife, and family in our distress, and He has finally wiped away tears from our eyes.

"There were certain circumstances at first that it seemed, owing to the bewildered statement of the survivors, difficult to explain; but though my faith wavered His promises endured, and He in His good time brought me to the haven where I would be.

"I feel that it would be wrong to keep from my fellow-believers such a wonderful example of God's goodness and power in influencing the hearts of men; and, though I hate publicity, I feel compelled to add my testimony to the power of prayer. Believe me, dear sir, yours very faithfully.

BRENTON CAREY,
"Captain 98th Regiment."

The English Protecting Gibraltar.—There is considerable excitement in Spain over the erection of some batteries at Tangiers, opposite Gibraltar, and their armament with heavy guns under the superintendence of certain British officers sent for that purpose. The British are also erecting large barracks for the reception of their troops en route from India, but there is little doubt that Tangiers will be held until the cost of these heavy works is repaid to England. As the repayment by the Morocco Government is improbable, Tangiers may be looked upon as a new British colony, and both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar will be guarded by British guns. As the command of the Straits is practically under control of England so long as her fleet is the strongest afloat, the acquisition of Tangiers is a matter of small moment to outsiders, but had Spain after a war with Morocco secured possession of this port, the consequences would have been serious to England.

A Great Strike is Impending in England.—The cotton manufacturers decline to withdraw their notices of a five per cent reduction of wages, and the spinners and weavers are determined to resist the reduction. If a strike ensues it will involve all the working people in the Ashton district, and it will be a protracted one.

A Secular Provincial Journal in the North of England thus remarks upon the work of the Salvation Army: "Ridicule as we may the doggerel hymns, the incoherent prayers, the wild harangues, the violent gesticulations, the rude sensationalism of a country fair imported into public worship, to say nothing of the swooning produced and the nervous excitement, the fact remains that the 'Salvation Army' has saved, for the time being, numbers of the very lowest of the community from vice and crime. The testimony of the police and of the magistrates in Gateshead is conclusive as to the genuineness of their work. They have reduced *the charge list* in Gateshead by one half, and effected a startling reformation in the personal habits of multitudes of the worst characters in the lowest slums on Tyneside. So successful have they been in reclaiming the drunkard and in enforcing an almost ascetic habit of life upon their converts, that it is said the publicans offered the 'Lasses' £300 to transfer their operations to some other field."

At the Blantyre Coal Mine Explosion in Scotland last year a newspaper correspondent reported that when he rushed to the pit's mouth, he saw scores of men from other pits hurrying to the scene of the accident, in case they might be of use there. He asked one of them, "Will you go down that pit in the face of the explosion?" "*What else are we here for?*" was the answer. Would that Christians were like that! What else are they here for, but to explore the depths of sin and misery, and to rescue perishing souls?

In Rome, Italy, was Recently Ordained a Colored priest who was formerly a slave. He had suffered many indignities, and an Italian lady, learning his condition and character, purchased him and gave him his freedom. He was then sent to the Propaganda, and his ordination is the result. His field of work is Abyssinia, where he has been sent to labor among his own people.

Mr. Sankey's Hymns in India.—Rev. Isaac Fieldbrave, native pastor of the Hindoostani Church at Lucknow, is doing the Methodist Church in North India a good service by translating the best hymns of "Sacred Songs and Solos" sung by Mr. Sankey, the late Mr. Bliss, and others. Brother Fieldbrave has a gift for this work, and renders the hymns in a faithful, singable translation. He has already translated about fifty of these, and the boys and girls in the mission schools commit them very rapidly, and children and adults soon learn to sing them. And a correspondent says that all who have ever heard it know that there is music in Hindoostani singing.

The Pardoned Communists are Returning to France after their weary exile, to become and remain better citizens than they were in the exciting days of the Commune. The Republic has sufficient confidence in its own stability to be able to pardon these men, and there seems to be very little risk in this act of clemency. Doubtless a few of the returned exiles may brood over their apparent wrongs, and foolishly hope for a chance to revenge them, but prudence and a remembrance of the miseries of penal servitude will doubtless keep them quiet.

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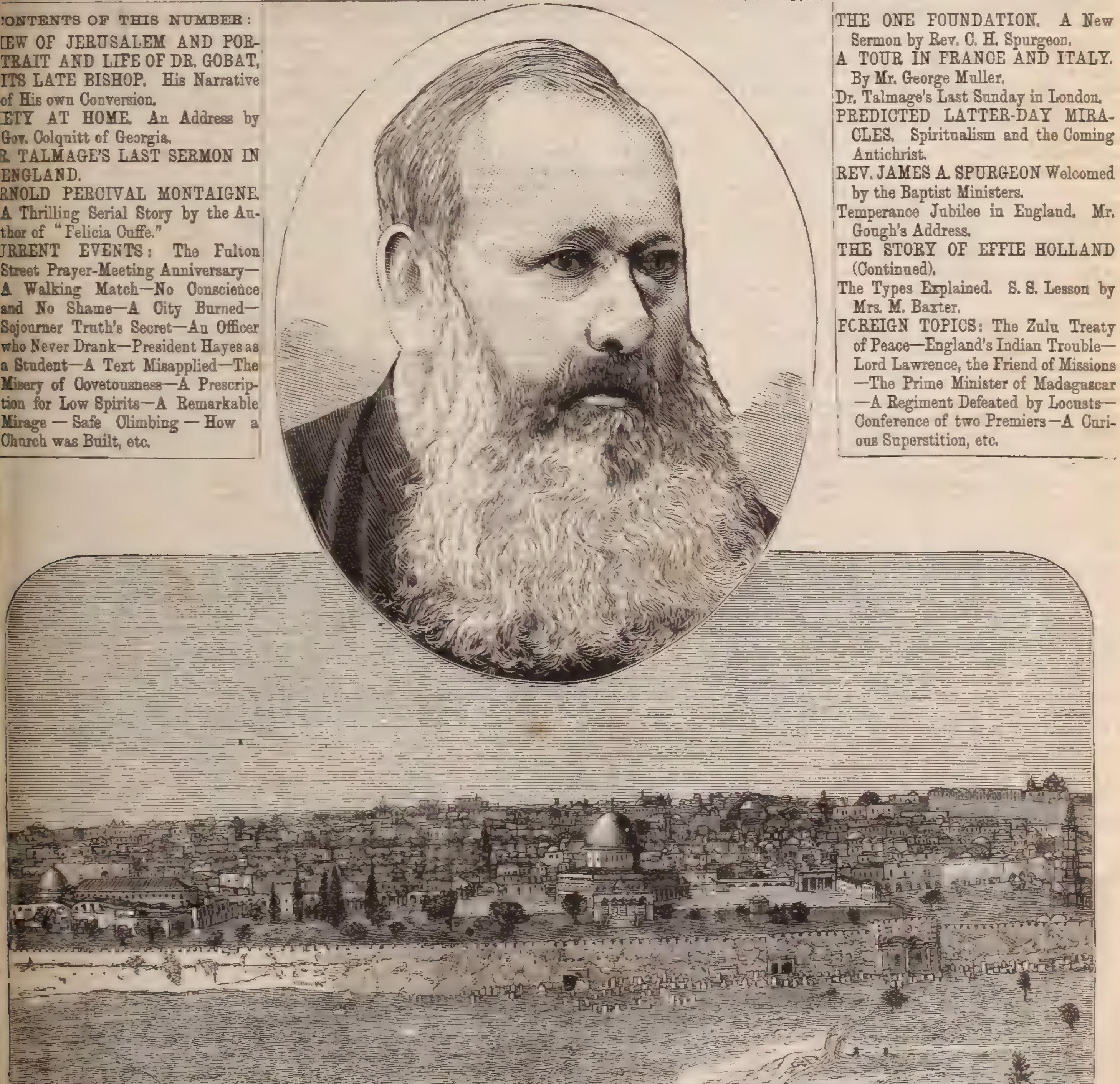


The City of Jerusalem and its late Bishop, DR. SAMUEL GOBAT.

DR. GOBAT, BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.

In April, 1879, there died, at the age of eighty, in Jerusalem, a remarkable personage, who was the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of that "city of the Great King," Dr. Samuel Gobat.

He was born on January 26th, 1799, at Cremine, in Switzerland. His father, who was a small farmer, was, as well as his mother, very religiously disposed, although not really converted by the Holy Spirit, as they ultimately became at a later period.

Samuel Gobat became the subject of true spiritual conversion of heart at the age of twenty, and in the spring of 1821 entered the Missionary Institute of Bâle, and studied there until the autumn of 1823. He then spent a year at Paris in the study of Arabic, and after visiting London for nine months, was sent out by the Church Missionary Society as a missionary to Abyssinia.

He had a remarkable talent for languages, and could speak fluently French, German, English, Arabic, Syriac, Hebrew, and, in fact, altogether about twelve languages.

He labored with great blessing as missionary in Abyssinia until 1833. During his visit to Europe which followed, he married, in May, 1834, Mary Zeller, daughter of Inspector Zeller, of Bruggen, near Bale (sister of Mr. Samuel Zeller, whose work in healing by faith at Männedorf is so well known); and he returned with her to his loved Abyssinia, where they arrived in March, 1835. But in the mysterious ordering of God, he was brought low during the next year and a half (until September, 1836) by *a severe and unaccountable illness.* "My precious wife," he writes about this time, "has unspeakably much to do and to bear. During eighteen months she has seen me on the brink of the grave in a strange land, while she has suffered several times from cholera. But by the help of God, she was not only the instrument of lightening and sweetening my sufferings a hundredfold, but also of preserving my life. She loved the Saviour from her youth, and this was her power and daily strength. There could be at this time no question of work among the people. I was carried at last on a litter, like a dying man, to the Red Sea."

In the month of May, 1839, when his health and that of his wife was somewhat restored, he received from his committee a commission to go to Malta in order to direct the publication of the Arabic edition of the Bible in the Mission press.

Later he received the direction of the Protestant College in Malta, and from there to a yet higher vocation, to undertake the Evangelical Bishopric of Jerusalem, which was formed in the year 1846, jointly by the Queen of England and the King of Prussia. He died in Jerusalem, at his post, in the April of this year, aged eighty. The Rev. Dr. Barclay has been appointed his successor as Bishop of Jerusalem.

We append the following interesting narrative by himself of his early life and remarkable conversion:

BISHOP GOBAT'S INTERESTING AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Translated from the "Volksbote."

His Birth in January, 1799—His Parents Unconverted, although Outwardly Religious—Their Character and History—His Singular Religious Experience—His Conviction of Sin under a Pious Pastor in 1818—His Remarkable Conversion, on October 20th, 1818, leads to his Parents' Conversion—His Subsequent Studies and Missionary Life.

"I was born on the 26th January, 1799, at Cremine, in the district of Munsterthal, which now belongs to the Canton de Berne (Switzerland), but which was at that time subject to the French Government until the fall of Napoleon. My parents were religiously disposed, my mother especially so. They never missed public worship on Sunday unnecessarily, and they spent the remainder of the sacred day in reading the Bible or other religious books. They had daily morning and evening worship with their household, which was suspended only in the exceptional times of hay and wheat harvest, when the hard field work rendered it difficult on account of the great fatigue of labor. They led, for the most part, a quiet and retired life.

"Had there been any true and living Christians at hand in their neighborhood they would undoubtedly have been drawn to them, but their piety lacked a stirring power as well as fundamental light, for which cause they remained until the year 1818 more under the law than in the enjoyment of free grace. It is true the doctrine of free grace, and of righteousness imputed through the merits of Christ, was well known to them, but they always thought *they must add something* to it by their own works, and this something they could never find or succeed in. In my infancy and early childhood my mother was continually under a distressing feeling of sin and condemnation; notwithstanding which she never gave up the hope that through her efforts and faithfulness to duty she would yet attain to the worthiness which was acceptable to the Saviour.

"Thus both

MY PARENTS

were wanting true spiritual life. However, when I remember the wisdom with which they dealt with their children, I cannot avoid the conviction that, unconsciously to themselves, they were already at the time I mention under the special influence of the Holy Ghost. They felt and showed to their children *the tenderest parental affection*, by which they knew how to bear with childish inconsiderateness and frivolousness without excusing them; but this love was united to an unbending firmness against wilful evil, against lying, disobedience, wilfulness and such like. In intercourse with others they were reserved, this characteristic being the consequence of trial in their surroundings. Before their marriage both were brought up in well-to-do family circumstances; but in the issue of the French Revolution and the blow sustained by Switzerland they lost, soon after they were married, the largest part of their fortune, and this blow, together with a tender conscience, brought about that anxiety, that absence of self-consciousness, and that strength of character which rendered them unwilling for intercourse with other people.

"Their continual occupation in the cultivation of their land, which was in a very unproductive soil, cost them much and severe labor. Thus it happened that my father fell into debt, which caused him much trouble, until, in the year 1818, as he saw that his two sons (my elder brother and I, he being schoolmaster and I missionary) could render him no assistance in agriculture, he decided to sell enough of his land to clear off the debt. And truly there remained little enough of earthly possessions. But from that same time there came upon the whole family an unusual spiritual blessing, so that not only my father and mother and their four children became converted to God within two years, but the Lord was also pleased to choose some among us as instruments to lead other souls to the same Saviour whom we had learned to know as our life and salvation. My mother especially became a lasting blessing to many around her, until it pleased God to call her from this world to the upper home in August of the year 1837. After her death my old and worthy father went to live with my brother.

"As concerns

MY OWN AWAKENING.

"I was from my earliest childhood accustomed to expect and to pray for every need and every blessing from God, and to love Him above all things. I think I may say that I was as pious as a young child can be. My greatest joy was to read in the Word of God, and then to withdraw in stillness and solitude to pray. *In my seventh year* I had as much reliance upon the Bible as I have now, although there was much in it that I did not understand. I read much, enjoyed also reading in other truly pious and edifying books. Frequently I prayed to God that He would make me a preacher of the Gospel.

"But this early piety melted away like th morning cloud, without solidity and continuance. For I began as early as in my ninth yea to nourish doubts about some passages in th Word of God, and a few years later I doubte everything, even the Godhead of Christ and th immortality of the soul. My parents had already pronounced the wish that I should stud theology; but as the time for decision drew nea they were so brought down by *a series of misfortunes* in their circumstances, one following afte the other, that the expense of my theologica education could no more be thought of. An my own desire to be a pastor was gone, for i was clear and well known to me that an uprigh pastor, if he would not be a miserable hypocrite, must be godly at heart, and in persona possession of Divine truth; but my heart desire the undisturbed enjoyment of sin.

"Thus was I from my eleventh to my twentieth year an unbeliever, without letting my parents know, lest they should be still mor grieved. For the same reason my outward wal was orderly and respectable, so far as I though my parents would see or take knowledge of it Notwithstanding, it could not escape their watchful eyes that I was not in reality what I seeme to be in their presence. During all this time *worked with my parents in the field* only in orde not to displease them. I had neither wish no taste for any kind of work. My heart was a meeting-place for much evil. When I was able t escape the eyes of my parents and their friends I played cards with my companions (who hav all become converted since then). With all this when accidentally I met with truly pious peopl I loved and honored them, though I avoide them as much as possible; and if people mocke and slandered them behind their backs I too up their cause, for I despised all those who professed belief in the Bible and who did not liv consistently, while I held all the *pietists* as honest, sincere, and conscientious people. I knew also, the Scriptural truth of salvation as well a though I had myself become a real Christian and was as convinced of the real inner change c a heart which clings to the Saviour. Thus once occurred that two piously disposed youn men allowed themselves to be persuaded to *sin a worldly song* before a large company. Then I not having the courage to exhort and war them, for fear of being laughed at, went out an *wept for them,* not because I thought the thin was wrong in itself, but because I foresaw wha bitter, remorseful regret must torment them before peace was restored to their consciences.

"For many years I had, as far as I can reco lect, no consciousness of needing a Saviour, n longing after God. The first occasion on whic for a moment a deeper impression was made o my heart, was as follows. My parents, withou my knowledge, had besought

A PIOUS PASTOR

of the neighborhood (Bost) to visit us, and t speak with me. Now, as he was looked upo by men of the world as a very severe man, sought, whenever he was with us, some pretex for leaving the room.

"My mother's sharp eye marked it well, an fearing, on the one hand, that I might agai run away, on the other hand, pondering that might be as dangerous as wholesome if my unb lief or my present unchristian walk should mee with rebuke before other witnesses, she aske me in the most ordinary tone if I would not a company the pastor on his way home, and pa him a visit in his parsonage. This I promise to do, perceiving it was the only means of escaping more open shame. On the road the exce lent man sought to gain my attention to th truths adapted to my state, but it did not spi just the right thread. I could easily perceiv that during the whole hour's time this faithf servant of God was painfully moved and distres ed in his mind. As soon as he looked at m so soon he lowered his eyes, full of thought, t the ground. This made the more impressio on me, because it was not his way to mak much digression when he felt himself calle to talk with sinners. At last I felt the ment was coming in which he would turn an say to me, 'Thou art a man of death !'

'What was to be done? I would not defend myself, out of fear he might give my parents a report of me ; also I would not cast away me the word of truth ; so I suddenly stood and bidding farewell as though to the e, broke away, under the pretext that at and such a time I must be at such and such ace. So I hurried back. A little distance looked back, and saw the dear man wiping the tears from his eyes. At this moment myself as the worst man upon God's earth. to myself, 'Love has driven this man to ouse ; love to me and the tender considerwhich would not push me back, has occad him to be so mild and to seek to win me 's heart ; and now he is reproaching himself is own unfaithfulness ! And I ? I have as a shameful hypocrite !' From this time 1818) I no longer felt so well at ease in piritual death as before.

arly in October of the same year my levity occasion and courage to a young man to t me in a way which opened my eyes for the ime to see the dangerous balance in which ng, threatening me to be lost through sin. that day I had no more peace. Every day rked hard until I was exhausted, that I t forget myself, and then I played often the night through, only to get rid of the melly thoughts which pursued me ; for I had to the decision to think no more about nd especially no more about God. Thus it until Sunday, the 20th of October, 1818.

"THAT MEMORABLE SUNDAY.

the morning service in the church, which, ase my parents, I still frequented, I danced gh the afternoon, and had arranged to pass ight in card-playing. As I broke away after r, sorely against my parents' will, to the mentioned place, there fell upon me with cedented power and penetrating sensation onsciousness of the presence of God. I back into the house ; took up the Bible egan to read in it—a thing which I had to do for years, excepting when at the excommand of my parents. However, as I d the holy book, I felt myself so standing the wrath of God, and so unworthy to His holy word, that from fear my parents t remark my unrest of soul, I shut the book and returned to my room.

t was between seven and eight in the even-As I was alone I looked round a moment ; I threw myself upon my knees and began ay as follows : 'Oh, my Creator, it has told me that Thou hast sent Thine only ten Son into the world to save sinners. I Thee, if it is possible, manifest Him to me, am a lost sinner,' etc. But the more I d, so much the greater was the anguish of oul. It seemed to me that there was but a etween me and never-ending death. But tinued to pray and confess my sins until three o'clock in the morning, when I said od, 'Lord, I will not let Thee go except bless me, and if I must perish, then I will here in Thy presence upon my knees.' light dawned upon me, and I could bebelieve firmly, that Jesus was my God and aviour—that He had baptized me with His , and made me His eternal property. This *he most blessed hour of my life.*

ut in the morning, when I sought to rise the short rest I had had, all strength had e, and I had no power to raise myself. my mother came to look after me, she quietly, 'What has happened to you? The ssion of your face is quite changed.' I reto her what had taken place in the forego-ght, but my judicious mother did not seem nder ; on the contrary, she hurried to my and said to him, 'We have neglected the thing with our children ; we are no true tians.' From this time forward, my two ts passed through strong impression and ction of sin, until the grace of the Lord shone also into their souls, and they tasted the peace of God in the happy experience of full forgiveness of their sins.

"From that time it was my desire to work hard all day, and to spend the half or two-thirds of the night in the praise of God. It was my wish to remain with my parents, and to lighten and sweeten their life by the help I could render them. It is true I had long thought of becoming a missionary ; only, having received so poor an education, and being already twenty years old, I saw no possibility of the carrying out of my wish. However, I felt constrained again and again to pray God that He would show me His holy will about this thing, and that if He had called me to this work according to His good pleasure, He would make His call clear and distinct. On one Sunday I went out into a forest near, and prayed the Lord there with particular earnestness and fervor that He would make known to me His will, and I received an undoubting inward assurance that He would do it, although I could not think in what way it could happen.

"As I returned to the house, I found there a pious lady, who was in correspondence with the Missionary Institute in Bale, and who asked me most unexpectedly if I did not wish to become a missionary. My answer was, 'As soon as the Lord calls me,

I AM READY.'

"Upon this she wrote, without consulting me, to the Committee in Bale, and in about three weeks I received the call to hold myself in readiness for my admission in the mission house, as soon as a new year's class could be formed. In the spring of 1821 I entered the Missionary Institute as student, and remained there until the autumn of 1823. I then went to Paris for a year to study Arabic, then spent nine months in London, and from there was sent out by the Church Missionary Society to Abyssinia.

"What has happened since that time is easily added, that my knowledge and my whole intellectual training in every relation was confined to a very circumscribed limit. For in my boyhood I went to a miserable village school, and that indeed only four months out of the twelve, continuing until my sixteenth year. From that time until my twentieth year I did nothing at all towards my education.

"The two and a half years which I spent in the Mission House in Bale could only serve to lift me a little out of my great ignorance. Since then I have sought as opportunity offered—here a little, there a little—to gather and gain what help I could. God's Word was, and is still, my principal study."

PIETY AT HOME.

By Governor Colquitt, of Georgia.

From an Address Delivered in Mt. Hope Church, near Orchard Hill, Ga., during a Series of Revival Services a few weeks ago.

How much easier it is to bear the burdens of life, with all its cares and sorrows, if a man can turn, when the day's work is done, and evening is casting its shades across his pathway, to a home where the Prince of Peace, the blessed Saviour, reigns supreme.

Home ! What a sacred name ! How tenderly and fondly does memory turn back to that sacred spot ! The tree under which we played, the curling smoke, as it wended its way to the skies from the chimney of the old homestead, with its background of light and shadow, of mountain or valley, as the sun's last rays, at the close of day, used to rest upon it ; the fireside gathering when night had fallen on the outer world ; the old arm-chair, the mother's face, beaming with light and love, with father, brothers and sisters gathered around, form a picture that lingers on the memory with a freshness which defies both age and sorrow to obliterate.

We can see the aged father and mother as they stood in the door, with tear-dimmed eyes, as a darling daughter was going away, with her new-made husband, to a distant home. They turn, as she waves her farewell kiss and is gone, to their lonely fireside, and pray God to bless their darling child. We can see them bowed with care and anxiety, day after day, until a letter came saying that "John, in spite of all his embarrassments, consecrated his new home with *family prayer*." Smiles now chased their tears away. Their child was safe in the keeping of one who loved Jesus.

Our heavenly home ! Who can picture its beauty !—framed by the same Architect that fashioned the rainbow and the flower ! Remember that home when sickness, sorrow and death come ; it will lighten every care and sweeten every labor.

How the heart responds to the memory of home ! *During the war*, when the havoc of death had ceased awhile beyond the river, over in the Federal lines the strains of "Yankee Doodle," came wafted on the evening breeze, with the cheers of the Federals. Soon the Confederate band responds, and "Dixie" was as loudly cheered by our boys. The silence was then broken by the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," when both bands—friend and foe—joined alike, and for a moment each heart was away off in fancy gazing upon wife, children, mother—home.

So let us Christians, when about to be overcome with the bitterness of this life, think and sing of our heavenly home, our mansions in the skies. Detraction and misconstruction will never prevent me from spreading my sails to catch every breeze that can waft me on to that heavenly home.

In the evening Mr. Colquitt again spoke in the same church. His subject was

REST.

He said : "Rest is the object of life ; some imagine that wealth and power will secure it, but when life has been spent, and old age finds itself in possession of these, happiness, like a *will-o'-the-wisp*, laughs at their grasp as she flits away, far off as ever ; and poor deluded man stumbles into the grave, while death and darkness close round him forever.

"But, thank God, there is a rest even amid the storms of this life, and rest, sweet, everlasting rest, beyond the shadows of the tomb.

"The aged pilgrim, as he walks the shores of time, finds that the road, once trod by the Prince of Peace, grows less rugged as the feeble footsteps are reaching the end of the journey ; and the anticipation of that heavenly rest illumines the heart, while the aged form bends over his staff and the visions of this world are all fading away.

"Ah, sinner ! think not that the life of a Christian is *all warfare*. There are times when the soul is wafted away from trouble and care, and is at rest. And when death is coming—when the eye is glazing, the pulse failing, the dampness of death gathering on the forehead, and friends stand around for the last, fond look—all is rest and peace then. It matters not how brave you are, you cannot face death without power from on high. I can almost see the brave and reckless veteran of the "Virginia Army," who had never flinched in the storm of battle, feeling his pulse grow feebler as his life-blood ebbed away, and calling upon his weeping comrades to *sing one hymn*. And when, with streaming eyes and bursting heart, and face covered with the dust of battle, I approached, he reached out with feeble hand, feeling, in the darkness that death had thrown around him, for his Christian General, and with dying lips murmured, 'Oh ! General, can you do nothing for me !'

"And while we gazed on that war-scarred group kneeling there, we could almost hear the prayer that burst from the soul of that General, mingling with the boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry, ascending to the God of battles in behalf of the dying soldier, around whose soul the darkness of eternal death was so fast gathering. He had oftentimes *derided the prayer-meeting* when his comrades would gather under the lead of their General, just before the battle began, but now, in the extremity of death, it was his only refuge."

CHRIST'S MISSION.

The Last Sermon Preached by the Rev. Dr. Talmage in London.

Preached at the Agricultural Hall, Sunday, Sept. 7th, 1879, and Specially Reported for the "Christian Herald."

Farewell to London—Kossuth's Visit to America—The Calling of Zaccheus—Sympathy with the Lost—The Lost Child, the Lost Vessel, and the Lost Man—Christ's Humanity—Christ's Divinity—Christ's Mission to Men—Napoleon and the Simplon Pass—The World's Treatment of the Fallen—God's Treatment of the Fallen—The Happy Slave—Rose Allen and Hugh McCail—Christ's Solicitude for Human Souls—The Scotch-woman's Fatal Delay—Appeal to Young Men—Conclusion.

In this, *my last sermon in London*, just before going to the sea and starting for home, and at the close of a three months of hearty good cheer among the English people—I having received from them kindness the story of which will never be told—I feel that I must speak an earnest word to-night, and my text is in Luke 19 : 10.

"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

When Kossuth visited America twenty years ago, so great was the enthusiasm for Hungary that the people mounted into the tree-tops to see the procession that passed; and indeed there is no better place to see a procession than from a tree-top, if you be well poised.

Well, Christ had come to Jericho, and all the people wanted to see Him. There was a man whose head did not come up to the shoulders of other people, and who feared if he stood on the dead level he would not be able to see Christ at all, and so he got up into a sycamore tree—a wide-branched tree, its arms reaching clean across the road; and there, seated on that tree-branch, he waited and watched for the coming procession. After a while Christ with a great multitude advanced; coming under this tree-branch he looked up and recognized Zaccheus, and cried to him, "Come down, I am going to dine with you to-day." Zaccheus came down; and among other things that Christ said to him was this, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

We are

ALL IN SYMPATHY

with anything that is *lost*. If we see a dog that has wandered from its master, if we see a bird that has escaped from its owner, we say, "Poor thing!" Going down the streets some cold nightfall, moving in the very teeth of the north wind, we wrap our coat tighter about us, and we say, "God have mercy on anybody who is out in the cold to-night!" and just at that moment we hear a cry up the street. *It is the cry of a child.* There is a great excitement in the street. People gather around this little one. He is so frightened he can't tell his residence or tell his name. A plain body comes up with her plaid and throws it round the child, and says, "I will take the poor bairn to-night." Meanwhile there's a bellman going through the street ringing his bell, and crying out, "A lost child, three years old, blue eyes, light hair—a lost child."

On shipboard you see a vessel against the sky-line. It comes near you. It rolls over into the trough of the sea. You can't understand why it is unmanageable. You put the glass to your eye and you see no man in the rigging; you see no man on the deck; you say it's *an abandoned ship*, and as the vessel goes on rolling into the trough of the sea, the crew say to the passengers, and the captain says to the mate, "A lost ship."

You are going down the street, and you find a man who once was your associate. He had a large fortune, and he had good morals, but you see he is all covered over with the marks of sin and of poverty. You say, "What a change in that man! Why, he must have gone to the very bottom of the ladder. God have mercy on his wife and children! God pity him—*a lost man!*"

But, my friends, *we are all lost*. All we like sheep have gone astray, and the bellman of heaven comes out to-night to find those who have wandered from the right path; and through all the streets of London and New York, and through all the valleys and mountains of the earth, the bellman is ringing the Gospel bell to-night—"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Oh, Lord God of the Pentecost, give us 3000 souls to-night!

I am so glad it is the *Son of man* that is come to seek and save that which is lost. It is not a monarch riding down the sky with thunderbolts to crush us. Oh, no, it is the *Son of man*. His infancy rocked in the cradle of a mother's arms; His boyhood spent amid a boy's temptations; His manhood with blistered hands learning a trade. Oh, yes, He was a man—the Son of man. He ate like a man, He drank like a man, He slept like a man, He wept like a man, He suffered like a man—He *was* a man.

When Chrst comes into this hall to-night to save us, He doesn't come into a strange world. He comes into a world whose muscles and bones and nerves He has already inhabited. Like us, the cold chilled Him. Like us, the fire burned Him. Like us, betrayal roused indignation in Him. Son of man, Son of man! bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, heart of our heart, grief of our grief, pang of our pang, woe of our woe—the Son of man! the Son of man!

I do not doubt

HIS DIVINITY.

Do not mistake me. I stand while Mary and Martha are weeping over the grave of Lazarus, and I see Christ weeping with them. He is a man; but then I hear His voice ringing out till it wakes the dead, "Lazarus, come forth!" *He is a God.* As Lazarus rises up he proves that Christ is God. And then I see Christ in the back part of the ship, sound asleep in the vessel on the Lake of Gennesaret, His head reclining on a fisherman's coat. Oh, how soundly He sleeps! Look at His face. He is a man! He is a man! But then I see Him come to the prow of the boat, and, looking out into the tempest, with one word for the wind and another word for the wave, He says, "Peace, be still!" and the waves crouch like whipped spaniels at His feet. *He's a God. Ecce Homo*—Behold the man! *Ecce Deus*—Behold the God!

But the thought that most stirs me to-night is that coming with the fresh memory of His own sorrow, and His own grief, and His own persecutions and trials, He is walking these floors, walking these galleries, knocking at the gate of every human soul in this august and stupendous assemblage—the Son of man come to seek and to save that which was lost. My friends, we are lost to holiness, and Christ comes to find us. Need I tell the people of London what they all know, that the Bible is true when it says that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God"? "There is no health in us, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot." We are full of wounds and bruises which have not been bound up and mollified with ointment.

There is not so much difference between a ship going out yesterday from Liverpool harbor with flags flying and that ship in two weeks hence ground to pieces on the rocks of Long Island coast, as there is difference between our soul as it came forth from the hand of God and that soul dismasted and shipwrecked through sin. But, blessed be God, Christ comes to invite us back to holiness.

"Oh," says some one here, "I can't get back, there are so many obstacles." I am here to tell you we may get back. When *Napoleon* proposed his campaign in Italy, people said, "You can't get over the Alps. If you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't think of taking an army across them." Then Napoleon rose in the stirrups and waving his hand towards the mountains, said, "There *should* be no Alps." And then the Simplon Pass was constructed, and that wonderful road made which has been the astonishment of all the years since. Now, you say that between your soul and God there is a great obstacle. Christ comes to-night. He waves His hand over your sin and says, "There shall be no obstacle. I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thine iquity." Oh, what is that flutter among angels? Who is that horseman riding through the streets of heaven with qu dispatch? What is *that bulletin* in the h venly streets—what is it? I will tell you w it is. Christ has found that which was lost.

> "Nor angels can their joy contain,
> But kindle with new fire;
> 'The sinner lost is found,' they sing,
> And strike the sounding lyre."

Oh, the mercy of the Cross! I wish all h to-night had it—mercy, free mercy, long-su ing mercy, eternal mercy. You are all strang to me, but I preach it in full confidence. know not what your history has been, bu know this, that to-night you may have all y sins pardoned, and you may start for heave *masse*, this whole assemblage.

Have you ever noticed how differently world treats a man or a woman gone astray fr the way God treats a man or a woman g astray? When

A MAN GOES ASTRAY

the world says, "Out with him; throw him of all social circles; stop his credit at the b—away with him; we don't want to be s walking down the street with that man; he disgraced himself and his friends—away him, out with him." And if it is hard f man to get back, how much harder it is f woman once gone astray. If a man has g astray the world casts him out, but God him.

When he first goes astray, God says, "C back;" and when he goes still further as one hundred miles from God, then God "Come back" louder. When he has gone thousand miles away from the truth, then thunders from the heavens, "Come back, c back." And if it is hard for a man to get after he has gone astray, how much harder, peat, for a woman.

What though she repent—*no mercy;* though she hunger and starve—*no pity;* though she die—tumble her into the grave have no prayer said over her. If she try to ashore, stone her back again. If she com far up that she can get the tips of her finge the rock trying to clamber up, then come with your hard heels and smash the tips o fingers till she fall off. No pity for men women gone astray. But God's heart mercy, all pity, all love, all kindness, and vite you this night to accept that grace. cept it now. Postpone not a moment. "C came to seek and to save that which was l That is me and that is you.

Again, I remark that we are *lost to happ* *A caliph* said, "I have been a caliph fifty and yet I have not had but fourteen da complete happiness." How many people are in this assemblage who have never had teen days' unalloyed pleasure. Oh, my fr the human heart is an organ with four ba keys, and the world doesn't know how to on it; but the religion of Christ comes and with its right hand it strikes the keys of the soul, and with its left the lowe of the soul, and sweeps them with the very phonies of heaven. Why, if you get the re of Christ in your heart you are happy wh be the untoward circumstance; happy, lik slave who said, "I own everything I wa own. I own the air, for I breathe it. the sunshine, for I lie down in it. I ow earth, for I can sleep on it. I own the he for I am destined to them."

So it was with *Rose Allen*, sacrifice Christ's sake. When they held a burnin dle under her wrists until finally the sinews ped, she said, "Now you have destroy hand, burn my foot, and then burn my for it is for Christ's sake." And so it wa *Hugh M'Cail.* When he went upon the that led to martyrdom, Christ was with hir turning to one side of the scaffold, he "Farewell, father and mother; farewel moon, and stars; farewell, all earthly del

Then, going to the other end of the platform, he said, "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the New Testament! Welcome death! welcome glory?"

Oh, my friends, there is no happiness like that which is to be found in Christ. Jesus comes to you this evening, and if you have sickness, if you have temptation, if you have trial, He is ready to bear your burden. You know sometimes a child gets so sick it can't lie in the cradle and the mother has to take it on her lap; and so there are times when God's children are so weak and sick and suffering that they find no easy place but in God's lap, and then He bends over them with this lullaby, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you."

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
He will not, He will not desert to His foes;
That scul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
He will never, no never, no never forsake."

I remark again, we are

LOST TO HEAVEN,

Christ comes to take us there. I cannot think of anything more distressing than to be compelled to hear an oratorio two and a half hours long if a man has no taste for music, or then to be in the National Gallery of London or the Louvre of Paris if he has no taste for pictures. Yes, my friends, I can think of one thing more distressing, and that is for a man to be put in heaven without any taste or preparation for it and yet a great many people think all they have to do will be at last to close their eyes, without any preparation for the presence of God, and go up and be happy.

Oh, no, we must get preparation, and the Lord Jesus Christ comes here to-night to prepare us all for that blessed place. He wants your soul. How do I know it? I will prove it—yes, prove it to the satisfaction of every man in this audience. If a man had *lost a diamond* and he looked eight or ten days for it, wouldn't you conclude he wanted to find the diamond? And when you have lost your soul by reason of sin and the Lord Jesus Christ comes to seek it and search for it, and He comes and seeks for it day and night, year after year, under all circumstances of trial and hardship, and keeps on seeking and searching, doesn't that prove He wants to find the diamond?

Oh, yes, Christ has a throne for you in heaven; not only a throne, but *steps by which to mount it*; not only a harp, but a tune to play on it; not only a possession, but a victory to celebrate. Christ wants no vacant chairs in heaven. He doesn't want to be asked at last why you have not been solicited into the kingdom of heaven. He doesn't want the Book of Life to be closed until your name is recorded there. Oh, no! He is here to-night. He comes from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, from Jerusalem to Golgotha, from Golgotha to glory, from glory here, to seek and save that which was lost.

Now, my friend, don't hide away from Him when He comes to seek and save you, for though His grace may not find you, my brother, my sister, there are some things that will find you. Trouble will find you. Temptation will find you. Sickness will find you. Death will find you. Judgment will find you. Eternity will find you. Soon will you be gone from all these scenes. The grave will have your body. Your heirs will have your property. Eternity will have your immortal soul. Oh, my God, help us to-night to seek after Thee and prepare for heaven!

Don't put it off as did the *Scotch woman* when in the night time she became anxious about her soul, and she rose and wrote in a book this resolution, "One year from to-night I will surrender my heart to God," and retired to her couch, but could not sleep. She rose and made a better resolution, and recorded in her book, "One month from to night I shall surrender my heart to Christ." She retired again to bed, but could not sleep.

She got up and made a better resolution still, she thought, and wrote down in the book, "One week from to-night I will attend to the matters of my soul," and then retired and went to sleep. The next day she went out into the gayeties of life. Before the week was ended sickness came and her soul had gone. The delirium lifted itself from her mind just long enough to allow her to say, "I'm a week too late." Oh, my friends, to be a year too late, to be a month too late, to be a week too late, to be a day too late, to be an hour too late, to be a minute too late, to be a second too late, is to be for ever and for *ever too late*. Oh, come unto God *to-night!*

THESE YOUNG MEN,

these thousands of young men here—oh, come into the kingdom of God to-night! It is within arm's reach now. It is within one inch of your immortal soul. Young men, with all the possible influence you have for Christ, come out and exert it. Don't you know how it is in a factory, a store, or a shop, if one young man comes to Christ they are very apt all to come? They follow the example of the decided man; and I say to every young man in this vast assemblage, if you will give your heart to Christ you will have a mighty influence in the right direction, and your friends will in all likelihood come with you. It won't be necessary, perhaps, even for you to invite them, they will know that to-night you gave your heart to God.

Oh, young men, give your hearts to God! I shall never meet the great multitude of you again until I see you before the throne of Christ. Oh, come into the kingdom, and come now. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." "To-day, if ye will hear His voice." Now is the time to make your choice.

"Say, will you to Mount Zion go;
Say, will you have this Christ or no?"

When I was *preaching in Kansas* a few months ago, a young man sat on the steps of the pulpit, and I saw the tears rolling down his cheeks, and I wondered who he was, and I found out that he was the son of a minister of the Gospel in the eastern part of our country. He had gone out West to escape from the influences of the Gospel, and plunged into all kinds of sin, but I heard that that night he gave his heart to God. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely." God bless you and bring you all into the kingdom.

Ye *aged ones*, almost home, worshipping God leaning on the top of your staff, be comforted—almost home. Men and women in *middle life*, cast about by many cares and toils and anxieties, take good courage. Put your trust in the Lord and He will see you through. God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us. Amen and amen.

"It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death *the judgment*." "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." Hark, I hear the sound as of the rush of chariot-wheels. The heavens begin to glow. They redden. They roll back in waves of glory. Herald angels in advance cry through all the heavens, "Make way. God is coming. The judgment! the judgment!" while all the islands of the sea and all the continents of the earth, with uplifted hands, repeat it, "Make way! God is coming to judgment! to judgment!"

"Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth should pass away."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from p.* 773.)

Mrs. Spencer Accounts for Swords and Pistols being Found in her Apartments—Jemmy Mehaffy's Sense of his own Importance Increases with his Trouble—He is Lodged in Prison—Mr. Lemaire Breaks the News about Percival to Lucie—She Laughs at the Charges made against Percival—She Resolves to Save Him—She Meets him, and Entreats him to Flee from His Pursuers.

"I BEG your pardon, ma'am," said the sergeant to Mrs. Spencer, "if I have done something wrong. I'm not certain that I have, ma'am, and I'm sure, anyhow, I didn't intend it; but would you have the goodness, ma'am, to explain to me how these things—certainly not lady's tools"—and he held forth the long sword and big pistols—"have got somehow into a lady's apartment? It certainly *is* very extraordinary."

While the explanation was being given—Mrs. Spencer was all through violently sobbing—Sergeant Holder felt himself growing gradually very small, and before it was concluded was more than content to beat a hasty retreat from the lady's presence, especially when, having satisfied her grief, she opened upon him in an eloquent burst of feminine rebuke, and indignation for daring to insinuate anything derogatory to her husband's memory. We are aware that the sergeant had done nothing of the kind—was, indeed, perfectly innocent of the fact that such a person as Captain Spencer had ever existed—but the lady, with a lady's outraged feelings and pertinacity of will, would have it otherwise, and the sergeant was fain to withdraw, a discomfited, and let us hope a wiser, man. That this latter moral result was effected would seem to be indicated by the fact that only for a very brief period afterwards did he continue his household researches.

"Come," he said to his colleagues, looking about at the chaotic confusion around him; "I think we've done enough here for one day, anyhow. The fortune of war, I'm sorry to say, is against us. That Montaigne—cute fellow!—must have his treason papers somewhere else besides this. I vote, comrades, we quit the building and make for quarters." But after giving a dark look at Jemmy, he added, "As I've said we would, we'll, however, take this fellow a prisoner with us; and if it does nothing else, it will show we've been to execute our orders." Those whom the sergeant addressed were not less reluctant than himself to have done with a troublesome undertaking which had proved so utterly barren and unsatisfactory in its results.

They immediately prepared for departure, leading Jemmy with them, who piteously asked, as they led him downstairs, "How in the world they supposed the masther could do widout him?" Deigning no reply, they quietly passed through the hall, and heard with satisfaction the hall door close behind them, before Mrs. Spencer or her domestic had come to know the utter medley of affairs which they had left behind them. Jemmy Mehaffy, after being charged at the office of the police in Rathmines, and committed, was safely lodged by them in Richmond Jail, and there we shall leave him, while we return to Mr. Lemaire, whom we left sadly making his way to his residence.

When near the end of his melancholy walk, and his dwelling appeared in sight, a choking sensation gathered in his throat. He knew what a place of peace, happiness, and hope that house was up to the present moment; and then he pictured to himself how all this would be changed when he communicated his miserable tidings. He slackened his already slow step, and lingered in the purpose of his coming. "Would to heaven," he said within himself, "that Rathgar had been not here, but in India!"

There was no wisdom, however, in putting off the inevitable task before him. No matter how he might shrink from its performance, it must at some time be done, and delay was weakness, and would prove in the end useless. He therefore knocked at his door, and when in the hall inquired whether Mrs. Lemaire and Miss Lucie were within. From his altered manner the servant observed that something extraordinary had occurred. She anxiously asked, "Are you well, sir?" and then added, after getting no reply, "The mistress is out, but Miss Lucie is in the drawing-room." "So much the better," said Mr. Lemaire to himself. "I shall go up at once, and have it out with her."

When he entered the room, Lucie much wondered to see her father at that hour in the day ; but, running up to him, she as usual presented her cheek to be saluted. To her surprise, he folded her close to his heart, and held her there, while several times he kissed her ; he then gently drew her towards the sofa, placed her tenderly down, and took his seat beside her.

Looking lovingly but sadly into her face, he said, "Lucie, can you bear to hear some very unexpected and disagreeable news?"

"What can you mean, papa?" said the young lady, with nervous anxiety. "Oh, dear papa, do tell me! Have you lost a great deal of money—poor papa!—or has any evil thing taken place at the Castle ; or what is it, papa? I must know it. Oh, tell me!"

"I wish it was only something of the kind you mention that I had to tell you, my darling," said Mr. Lemaire ; "but, oh, Lucie, it is something far worse than that ; so much worse that I have been compelled thus to gradually prepare you to hear it."

At these words the young girl at once conjectured it was evil tidings about her betrothed, but certainly not such as her father had to tell. "Oh, dear papa," she cried, "what has happened to Percival? I know, from what you have said, it must be something about him. Is he taken dangerously ill, papa?" And then, when Mr. Lemaire paused in his reply, suspecting news even worse than that, gasping from intense emotion, her cheek all blanched, she, in her anguish, cried, "Oh, papa, dear papa, do tell me ; is he—" and her tongue faltered at the word, and twice she had to struggle before she could say, "Is he dead?" and she threw herself on his bosom for support.

"No, Lucie, no," Mr. Lemaire promptly answered ; "it is not that I have to tell you about Mr. Montaigne." And the formal mention of his name, not the long-familiar word Percival, caught her attention and sounded sharp and unpleasant upon the young girl's ear.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "Then my Percival, in God's love, is not lost to me."

"Listen to me," said Mr. Lemaire. "Lucie, darling, do not be so sure of that. Death, alas! is not the only thing that severs us in this world from those we love." With a wild stare, the fair young girl, at these words, looked full into her father's face.

Could it be that Percival had changed his love, and, depriving her of his heart, had transferred his affections to another? She had heard and read of such things being done, and a pang of jealousy shot through her heart that almost stopped its beating, and she gasped, unable to speak. Her father divined the thought that had passed through her mind, and at once sought to dispel it. "Do not imagine, my own dear child," he said, "that the tidings I bring you are that Mr. Montaigne has changed his love for you." "Oh, why do you, papa," she interrupted, "why do you call him by his formal address? Why do you not speak of him as you always did, of late, as Percival—my true and loving Percival?" she repeated.

"Because," said her father, speaking very low, yet distinct, "his truth and love may not now be worth possessing ;" and seeing that his daughter, with lips apart, panted for an explanation, he continued, "What would you say, Lucie, if it has come to light that Mr. Montaigne is a dangerous conspirator—a secret Papist and in heart a rebel has been heard to utter the most violent words against your Queen and her Government, and has openly declared himself as an avenger of John Mitchell? I perceive," said he, "that my words appear to you incredible, but I can tell you as a fact he has been sworn against, by a trustworthy informer, as being all that I have said, and this moment there is a warrant out for his apprehension."

Before Mr. Lemaire had quite finished his communication, his daughter sprang from his side, stood drawn up to her full height in the middle of the room, and after a short laugh, half sarcastic and half hysterical, said, "And, papa, do you—can you believe this? Percival a conspirator against his country—a Roman Catholic—a rebel thirsty for blood! What witches' dream can have come over you, papa, and what spirit of malevolent falsehood can have inspired those who have asserted such things of my beloved Percival? If ever loyal fidelity and Protestant truth beat in a human heart, I know that they beat in the heart of my own high-minded and Christian-souled Percival. Papa, I feel astonished, pained, and hurt, that for an instant you could have entertained a suspicion that these charges you have told me of could be true. Papa, it is unworthy of you. Percival has always so borne himself that you should have known their truth is utterly impossible. Were it not that you are my own dear papa, it would almost turn me against you," and the young girl drew herself a little back in token of her revulsion.

Mr. Lemaire looked on while his daughter, flushed and with uplifted head, was speaking, admiring her, yet unconvinced of her judgment concernng Percival. He remembered how something of the same indignant refusal to believe had full possession for a while of himself, and how he was compelled to bow before what he deemed unchallengeable proof. When his daughter, therefore, with exhausted breath, ceased to speak, he said, "Lucie, I honor and am proud of your reluctance to believe aught unworthy of him to whom you have pledged your affections ; any other conduct would be unbecoming my own true and noble-hearted daughter. But, look here, my own darling child, all this I have said of Mr. Montaigne has been sworn to, and one of our detectives, the most cautious and skilful man we have, has confirmed the depositions."

"Then he speaks an utter and cruel falsehood," interrupted Miss Lemaire, and that passionately ; for her conviction of Percival's innocence was so immovably fixed that nothing could shake it, and her whole moral nature was roused almost to frenzy at the wrong which she felt had been done him. "But, papa," she added, "I have no time to further reason with you or express my indignation. You have told me that a warrant is out for Percival's arrest : good, then I shall seek to save him."

Without waiting to hear anything in reply, she hurried to her room, and hastily put on her outdoor dress. Avoiding her father and, indeed, all in the house, she glided swiftly downstairs, left the house by the backdoor, then, screening herself from observation, she plunged into a shrubbery close at hand, and which had been planted round three sides of the premises, and at last made her way through it to a side entrance, and having gained a by-road near, she hurried along it.

It so happened that Percival had arranged to meet her that afternoon, on his return from college lecture, near the road in front of the Marquis of Ely's demesne, which has been previously mentioned. They often arranged thus to meet for a delightful stroll, for it avoided next-door jocular gossip and servant-girls' observations. Percival was at the appointed spot ready to greet her. Seeing her coming he moved in her direction, and when close, was about to give her his usual salutation, when no one was in sight, when she seized both his hands and cried out

"Percival, dearest, escape—fly for your life!—there is a warrant out for you apprehension!—evil men have sworn *base falsehoods* about you my father has told me so." (She did not sa however, that Mr. Lemaire had not so characte ized the falsehoods, and that it was her own fe ings which prompted this description.) "Y Percival ; wicked men are on your track, and y have not a moment to lose to evade them. O Percival, do hasten to be gone!" and, tears fi ing her eyes, she added, "May God, for Chris sake, help and protect you!"

(*To be continued.*)

TEMPERANCE JUBILEE FETE AT TH CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

Fifty Years' Work—What is Utopian?—Acro the Hoosac Mountains—The First Temperan Pledge--A Boston Meeting in 1842—A Fig Round the Platform—How to Quell an Interr tion—Why Balaam's Ass Spoke—Temperan in Europe—Future Work—A Hopeful Prospe

NEARLY 40,000 persons assembled at the Cr tal Palace from all parts of England on Tu day, September 2nd, on the occasion of the Te perance Jubilee *fête*. The event of the day w the address of Mr. Gough, it being his last pu lic appearance in the country, except his farew meeting which is to take place at Hoxton H where he first spoke after his arrival in Engla on his present visit. The veteran Sam Bowly, Esq., presided over the meeting.

MR. GOUGH'S ADDRESS.

Fifty years have passed away, and how mu has been accomplished in those fifty yea Fifty years ago the first great efforts were m against this terrible evil of drunkenness.

In 1829 they began to work. Humble work though they were, they began to remove the t to prepare the place in which the corner-stone a grand superstructure should rest, and in 18 on the third day of June, I left my native vill to cross the Atlantic to try my fortune ; and fifty years of my life—my active life since I twelve years of age—and the fifty years of t perance work seem to run in some degree (if will allow me to say so without being egotisti in a parallel. Now we look back upon the f years of work.

We speak of what has been accomplished, l gentlemen, how has it been accomplished? has been accomplished by the blessing of on the efforts of those who have, in the sp of self-denial, gone out like iconoclasts to down the Dagon of abuses their fathers worshipped.

And I wish to say here that although we spoken of the mighty struggle of three and hundred years to get rid of an evil, yet I do lieve that the temperance movement has gr right out of the fact of the open Bible and preached Gospel to the people. It has gr directly out of the efforts of Christian men women, because *all benevolence comes from Gospel*, and there is no benevolence outside When we look back upon fifty years of wor we look upon fifty years of opposition? not q because there has been very little opposition ing the past few years.

There never was a movement yet that b fitted the world but what was opposed. E such movement has had to encounter stron position. There never was a movement started but there were those who stood on side, and cried out, "It's a Utopian scher What do they mean by "Utopian?"

Ask these men what "Utopian" means, they will perhaps do as a man did with me said, "It's all pure, clear, sheer, unadulter fanaticism." "Well," I said, "what do mean by fanaticism?" "What do I mean b why, I mean fanaticism, that's what I me "But," I said, "what is fanaticism?" " fanaticism—you know what fanaticism That's the only definition he could give me word that was frightening him from his dut

Never was there a movement started yet what there were men to cry out "Imposs impossible!" When railroads were first i duced in this country, what an opposition was to them. In the *Quarterly Review*, I t

1826, there is an article in which we read this, t a Member of Parliament in his place in the use of Commons said that it was utterly im- sible for a railway ever to compete with a al! "They talk of these machines," he l, "going through the country at the rate of nty miles an hour; why, I would rather trust self on the back of a Congreve rocket shell n behind such a machine as that." Railways, n, were opposed in every direction.

was riding from Worcester to Albany, right r that western road that crosses the Hoosac ntains, and at Springfield I wanted a book ead. Having obtained one, I read it: it was il Hall's "Travels in North America." It cribed the beautiful scenery, the gorges of the ntains, and the difficulties of the track, and said, "These Yankees talk of constructing a road over this route. As a practical en- eer, I pronounce it *simply impossible*." And e was I, in a train of cars and a locomotive ine with six driving wheels, snorting up a t ascent of 1800 feet, reading a book the hor of which, as a practical engineer, had nounced the construction of such a road nply impossible."

r. Lardner declared, as a mathematician, it utterly impossible for a steamer to cross the antic; and a steamer did cross the Atlantic, conveyed his mathematical propositions from land to America. I repeat, there never was ovement yet that benefitted the world but it with opposition; and at the commencement his movement it was the same. How small e its beginnings.

THE FIRST TEMPERANCE PLEDGE

I ever saw, read something like this: "Any nber of this association who shall be guilty ntoxication, or who shall become helplessly xicated, shall be fined twenty-five cents, un- such act of intoxication shall take place on fourth of July, or on any regularly appointed tary muster."

ow, you think that was small enough; and those who started the movement on that ciple were opposed and persecuted. Their s were destroyed; the glass in their conser- ories (when they had any) was broken, and r property damaged. Why, it used to be the om in the old time, when there was a tem- nce meeting held in the villages, for the er sort to go round and cut the hair off the ses' tails and cut off the manes, and cut the ness so as to produce some accident. I only tion this to show you the bitterness of the osition.

hen I began to speak, in 1842, we had many es to fight, yes, absolutely to fight, for a foot- d.

remember very well *in a hall at Boston* the mies of the movement had taken possession e times of the platform, and appointed one heir number, a prominent liquor-seller, to be hairman; and I remember the night we ght the battle and obtained the victory.

r. Grant, who is President of the Society, to me, "Will you run the risk of speaking his hall?" I said, "Certainly I will. I'm g to occupy my hour and a half, and I don't n to leave the platform till that hour and a is up." When I was introduced—oh, such ll and such howling!

he enemies of the cause began to form a cir- in the centre of the hall, and they danced sang,

"Heigho! the boatmen row,
Sailing down the Ohio."

ch a noise and confusion you perhaps never rd. One man was on another's shoulders, and ting to a very fine picture on the wall, he , "Why, there's one of my ancestors!" It pened to be John Hancock, the one who put name first on the Declaration of Indepen- ce; and there was a descendant of John cock on the shoulders of a drunkard, him- intoxicated, and pointing to the picture! ell," I said, "your family is very much like a of potatoes—*the best of them are underground*" hat night we fought the battle. The gas was put out. One man was thrown from the platform. Some one took him by the collar of his coat and skirt and threw him out. My wife was in the gallery, and she thought it was me, and she felt dreadfully frightened. I had spoken on board the United States ship Pennsylvania, and a lot of the sailors were there, and they said, "You stand still and we'll keep them off." So the bluejackets stood round me, and every one as he came got a tremendous blow. They got on the platform and broke the table, and then they took the legs for weapons, and the water pitcher was broken. One man took the handle and laid open the side of another man's face with it, and then we began to think it serious.

I happened to have a new hat that day, and I put it under the table, and I thought some boy might step on it, so I took it out and put it on just as one of the sticks came crash down upon it, and a ruined hat was mine that night. But it was to me a very serious matter.

HOW TO STOP AN INTERRUPTION.

I give you this simply as an illustration of the opposition that we met in simply declaring that intoxicating liquor was not necessary to health or comfort, or physical, moral, or spiritual advancement—simply that, and no more than that. Those of us who spoke then were obliged to have our wits about us. We were interrupted sadly, and I would say this for the benefit of those teetotal advocates who may be here, that when you are interrupted in a speech do not stop to argue the point—just give them some little story, and it will do a great deal more than argument.

I remember a man one night who would persist in interrupting me. He made a terrible noise, and I knew that the liquor-sellers had set him on to his work—in fact, that he was a man who would not have come to disturb that meeting had he not been prompted to do so and fired by drink. So I said to him, "You remind me very much of *a story I heard*." He said, "Very well, let's have the story." I said, "There was a man who stammered very badly, and he was a notorious quiz, and he had one joke, only one, about Balaam and his ass, which he perpetrated on everybody he met. Those who knew him knew the joke, but he would tell it always. One day he said to a stranger, 'Can you tell me why—why it was—' and the remainder he couldn't get out for the life of him on account of his stammering; and his clerk, seeing his master's difficulty, said, 'Can you tell me why Balaam's ass spoke?' 'Yes, said the stranger, 'I think I can. Why, you know, Balaam was a stammering man, and got his ass to do his talking for him.'" That silenced the man; but it will show you what the kind of opposition was when I tell you that the relation of the story did more than all the argument that could possibly have been used, and, as I say, stopped the interruption at once.

Yes, we have had opposition, but now we can look back over fifty years and see the progress that has been made, not only here but in America and on the Continent. Why, twenty years ago I went to the Continent, and the very little time I was there I didn't like it. At every table the book was placed before you, and there was the cry of, "Vis wine," or, as they call it, "Vahn." "No vahn; ah, no vahn!"—and a shrug of the shoulder and a look of contempt. They would neglect you so palpably that you would feel exceedingly mortified because you didn't "vant any vahn."

And now it is very rarely that they put the book in your face, and if you say "No wine," it's a bow. Even on the Continent there is progress in this matter. I know very well that they take a good deal of the wines of the Continent, and I was told that I must drink them because the water would hurt me. Now, gentlemen, you know as well as I do that the wine-drinkers imbibe more water than we do. I have seen a man drink a quart bottle a day of this sour wine on the Continent, and four tumblers of water besides. I don't drink myself half a tumbler at my dinner.

It's a mistake to suppose that we teetotalers are always drinking water. We don't want it. We only drink when we are thirsty, and then drink to quench our thirst. Now, I saw but very little intemperance on the Continent as I saw it twenty years ago, though once in a while I did. At a table I saw three young English boys or young men of sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen years of age. They drank two quart bottles of champagne; and I could not help looking at them and thinking of what their future must be if the love of strong drink lays hold of them as it lays hold of so many who begin as they were beginning.

The fact is, that though we have had opposition and though we have had an immense amount of progress, there is

A GREAT DEAL OF WORK YET TO BE DONE.

I ask our opponents what beer has done for the working classes of Great Britain in the past twenty years? Are the working classes of to-day nobler, purer, better, more intelligent than they were twenty years ago? I tell you, there is a class of working men in this kingdom that is deteriorating, that is becoming brutal, that is becoming sodden, that is becoming stupid, that is becoming useless to society through the influence of beer; and yet some tell us that beer is a great blessing to working men. We have, then, an immense amount of work to do, and it is not at such meetings as these, in my opinion, that we get the strength and encouragement to do it.

We come to-day more for recreation than for speeches—more to look back upon the past and thank God—less to remember the discouragements than to look at the encouragements; to brighten up our armor a little, and get ourselves in better trim for a nobler struggle and a heavier conflict against our arch enemy.

This is not the place to make a speech or to enter into an argument, which some say I am unable to do. Very well, if I am not able to argue I am able to understand the question, for I have been for thirty-seven years working in it, and I know that when I speak to reformed men I speak to them from a standpoint upon which I can rest with certainty. I know something of the appetite for intoxicating drinks.

I KNOW WHAT THE BATTLE IS.

I know what it is to wrestle face to face with the enemy. I know what it is in burning fever to struggle against it. I know what it is, with great drops of sweat upon the forehead, to struggle face to face, foot to foot, hand to hand, breast to breast, wrestling with the foul devil who had fastened his fangs upon me and had put his arms around my neck.

I know what the *conflict* is, and, thank God!—and I say it from my inmost soul—I know what the victory is to stand free from the damning influences of drink. I know very well men tell us that we are never entirely free. Free in what sense?

I hold my freedom is to let it alone. If I touch it then I can't say I am free. I don't mean to say to you that I have the appetite for intoxicating drink, that I ever want it or long for it, not a whit; but I do say this, and I say it to every reformed drunkard, you are only free as long as you let it alone.

I am glad to meet you all here to-day, and congratulate you on the beautiful weather we are having. Shall we not take it as an omen of what is to be for our cause in the future? Shall we not believe that the day will yet come when the sunlight shall stand tip-toe upon the misty mountain-top to dispel all the clouds and all the fogs that will settle around our field of enterprise?

Let us, then, take courage—let us have faith in God, faith in one another, faith in our principles, faith in our organizations, and then let us, shoulder to shoulder, go on to victory; aye, and the angels will reply to our jubilant hosannas, "Victory, victory!" and those who have borked shall hang their battered armor on the wattlements of heaven, and cast their crowns before Him through whom and by whom every moral victory is achieved.

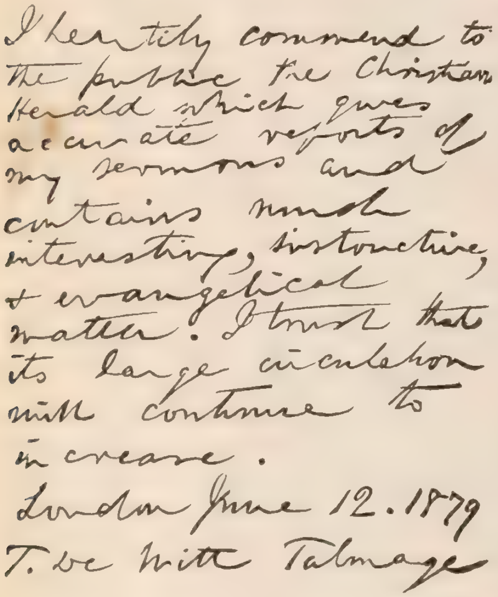
CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

It will contain every week a sermon by Dr, Talmage (who is expected back from England before this number is issued), preached the Sunday morning previous to the day of publication.

By arrangement with the publishers a report of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's latest Sunday morning sermon, after revision by him, is mailed in advance sheets and published in this journal before it can appear in any other paper in the United States.

The proprietor has received the following endorsement of the journal from Dr. Talmage since the latter's arrival in England :



I heartily commend to the public the Christian Herald which gives accurate reports of my sermons and contains much interesting, instructive, & evangelical matter. I trust that its large circulation will continue to increase.
London June 12. 1879
T. De Witt Talmage

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has also strongly recommended the CHRISTIAN HERALD to the readers of his sermons in America.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, September 24th, at **2.25 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1879, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Twenty-second Anniversary of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting was celebrated September 23d. Many hundred persons were present, and churches of all denominations were represented. A more interesting record of cases of answered prayer than that of this world-famous meeting it would be impossible to find. One of the speakers said that it would occupy many hours merely to mention the cases of conversion which he knew of as having had their origin in the prayers of that meeting. He specially mentioned the case of the minister of an English church, now doing successful work in the old country, who attributed his conversion to the persevering prayers offered in Fulton Street.

Mr. Schieffelin, in describing the origin of the meeting, alluded to an interesting historical fact. It appears that the scene of the Daily Prayer Meeting, now the centre of a crowded business district where every inch of land is precious, was many years ago a grazing ground for cattle, and the identical plot on which the present building stands was given to a minister as a pasture for his cow, so that his family might be always supplied with milk. Mr. Schieffelin said "it had proved a goodly pasture in a spiritual sense, from which many ministers and laymen had drawn precious supplies."

Another City Burned.—A Fire Broke Out at Deadwood, D. T., September 26th, in which the entire business portion of the city was consumed. *Thousands of people have been rendered homeless*, and left in a destitute condition. The loss is roughly estimated at $2,000,000, on which there is little or no insurance. Deadwood was known throughout the Union as an extremely wicked city, where drinking and gambling were unusually common. So severe a calamity teaches a lesson to which all do well to take heed.

No Conscience and no Shame.—It was not to be expected that the devil would be idle when Dr. Talmage was proclaiming the way of salvation to tens of thousands in England. Accordingly he invented a story that after the Crystal Palace Good Templar Fête, on July 8th, in which Dr. Talmage said he was "as good a teetotaler as any one," the Doctor drank champagne of the finest brand at dinner the same day at Luton. Any one might have seen in a moment that this belonged to the same source with the abominable story about the drowning of the first Mrs. Talmage, which was so assiduously circulated in these States some time ago. Nevertheless, Satan procured the publication of his diabolical falsehood as an undoubted truth in the editorial columns of a high-class religious paper in London. The statement was shown to the Mayor of Luton, at whose table Dr. Talmage was said to have drunk the champagne, and he immediately telegraphed the following denial : "Dr. Talmage did not take any champagne, or wine of any kind, at my dinner on the 8th of July."

But the devil can always find agents who have neither conscience nor shame, so that the exposure of one falsehood does not hinder his inventing and circulating another. Stories as infamous as the one under notice are constantly propagated about every minister of Christ's, who gives Satan particular trouble, Mr. Moody himself not excepted. The thing most to be regretted is that right-minded Christian people are usually complacent about such scandals. As long as the members of Christ's witnessing church upon earth will not put themselves about to be shocked at moral outrages upon their own body, there can be no remedy for them short of a direct judgment from heaven.

A Six-Days' Walking Match in Madison Garden, New York, caused considerable excitement in the city last week. Many thousand persons paid a dollar each for the privilege of witnessing the race. Bulletins of the progress of the contest were scanned by crowds of anxious readers; while the daily journals devoted more space to the race every morning than they gave to matters of national importance.

It was clear, however, that the contest belonged to the category of matters which a "highly esteemed among men, but are an abomination in the sight of God" (Luke 16 : 15 The revolting exhibition of men with swolle limbs, blistered feet, and faces haggard from lo of sleep, dragging themselves wearily around th track, was a spectacle fit for the ancient Roma amphitheatre. The low buffoonery and gener dissipation which characterized the scene showe the injurious influence of the struggle. *Bettin* was extensively carried on, from the man wh staked his thousand dollars to boys who venture their cents on the issue. Nor was the conte free from a suspicion of fraud; bundles of te dollar bank-notes are known to have been offer newspaper reporters to write biased accounts the race, and an ex-champion wasted his tin and strength in silly antics, to the disgust of h supporters. Some interested party *threw a lar stone* to disable one of the walkers, and the li of another was said to have been attempted poison.

"She Hath Done What She Could."—A La in the West writes to us : "I have received se eral copies of the CHRISTIAN HERALD A SIGNS OF OUR TIMES, and am so much intere ed in them that I go to the neighbors to re them a sermon. Every Christian should be e couraged by the signs of our times, and eve unsaved one should be alarmed at the near a proach of the time when it will be said, ' which is filthy, let him be filthy still.' It do not seem enough that I lend a paper, but I and read it, and impress the necessity of maki a present application."

An Officer who Never Drank.—When Gene Grant was in command of the army before Vic burg, a number of officers were gathered at headquarters. One of them invited the party join in *a social glass*; all but one accepted. asked to be excused, saying that he "ne drank." The hour passed, and each went way to his respective command.

A few days after this the officer who decli to drink received a note from General Gran report at head-quarters. He obeyed the or and Grant said to him, "You are the office believe, who remarked the other day that never drank." The officer modestly answe that he was. "Then," continued the gene "you are *the man I have been looking for* to t charge of the Commissary Department, an order that you be detailed to that duty." served all through the war in that respons department, and afterwards, when General G became President, the officer who never dr was again in request. The President needi man on whom he could rely for some impor business, gave him the appointment.

Sojourner Truth, who is now in Her 1 year, thus accounts for her wonderful vit and longevity : "People ask me how I cam live so long and keep my mind, and I tell t it is 'because I think of the great things of not little things.' I don't *fritter my mind* in caring for trifles." She has lately undert a long journey to Kansas.

The Abduction of a Young Lady at Bu last week is one of the boldest attempts to e money which has of late years come befor public. A youth, employed as a telegraph ator, having need of money, contrived cruel deception to get possession of a y school-girl, and locked her up till she woul $500 from her father, for which she wrot order; but finally he took her word to sen money and released her. She told her fa and the fellow was arrested and confesse crime. The names of *a number of childr* wealthy parents, with their addresses, were f on his person with letters prepared for sen stating that unless the money were forw without delay, the child would be drowned.

Mr. George C. Needham, the well-k evangelist, hopes to commence a protr work in Mr. Moody's church in Chicago sh All Christians will hope that a rich blessing attend his labors in that populous city.

President Hayes, as a College Student, is d to have kept a minute diary, and examined nself as to his motives, purposes, ideas, and pirations. He declares himself as being at at time too ready to try the edge of his wit on ners; and perceiving this failing, he proceeded curb it. Whether this had the effect or not of nging about a change in the opposite direc- n, it is certain he became painfully bashful in ciety. From the two extremes he at last uck a medium.

He was addicted to every kind of manly orts, and excelled in shooting, hunting, swim- ng, and skating, while as a fisherman he s especially successful. He accomplished ne great feats in pedestrianism, walking forty les home to Delaware, in twelve hours, at ristmas time, and then after vacation back to mbier, when there were four inches of snow the ground.

Captain Adams, of the Whaler Arctic, gives t no spirit rations to his sailors, and finds hot ffee is much preferable to grog as a sustaining mulant under extreme cold. In this principle is confirmed by General Sir Garnet Wolseley, o has served in extremely hot as well as in y cold climates, and who affirms that in both nperatures tea and coffee are far preferable as verages to intoxicating liquors. He has proved s fact by experience. Ardent spirits are not be given to the crew of the Polar exploring p Jeannette, which has recently sailed from n Francisco under the auspices of the proprie- of the New York *Herald*.

The Misery of Covetousness has Received a sh illustration in the case of a Chinaman at ngshau who got a house and grounds that had en devastated during the Taiping rebellion. ving reclaimed the ground, he proceeded to g, and soon came to a jar, which, on opening, discovered to be filled with gold. The first ing that he did was to destroy certain papers ich were laid over the gold in the jar, fearing ey might invalidate his ownership of the gold. adually he invested the money in houses and ds, disclosing his good luck to very few until got secure from molestation. Latterly he has come unhappy, because a friend suggested that e documents which he had destroyed contained ormation as to the localities of other deposits gold. The thought of having thus lost fur- er sums of gold was dreadful, and he suffers m the upbraidings of wife, parents, children, d other dependents, besides constantly re- oaching himself; but the papers were consum- by fire, and the ashes afford no consolation. e evidently does not live in the spirit of the xt, "Let your conversation be without covet- sness, and be content with such things as ye ve, for God hath said, I will never leave thee r forsake thee" (Hebrews 13: 5).

A Prescription for Low Spirits.—An Ameri- n Missionary writes: Among our letters from me was one marked, "To be opened when u both feel sad." We have waited in vain for at time, and have been compelled to open the ter. We read: "Thou wilt call, and I will an- er Thee. Thou wilt have a desire to the work Thy hands." Both we and others have called, d He has answered. He has given us a desire this work, and we are very happy in the anti- pation of entering upon it. Pray ye therefore e Lord of the harvest that He will send forth her laborers into the harvest.

A Remarkable Mirage.—The Journal, Pub- hed at St. Thomas, Ontario, which is about n miles from the shores of Lake Erie, de- ribes a remarkable mirage which was seen at at place. Soon after twelve o'clock, Mr. John ok chanced to look in a southward direction m his house, and saw Lake Erie spread before m with all the distinctness of reality. After oking for a few moments, he called his family witness the scene.

The whole party could see the lake as if it ere only a few rods off, and the waves rolling regular succession toward the shore. Three eamers were speeding toward the east, the noke from their funnels streaming behind them, while a couple of vessels under sail were pursuing their steady course. They could see the lay of the land for a considerable distance along the coast, but it seemed as if some banks intervened to prevent a view of Port Stanley. The opposite coast of the United States was so distinctly visible that they could perceive the indentations and formations of the shore, the very trees, and a town away to the south-eastward, the buildings of which were plainly discernible. The meridian sun was shining brightly all this time, and an opaque cloud, fringed with pink, stretched along the southern sky from east to west. Under this cloud the mirage appeared, and after for some time presenting the scene described, faded, and gradually dissolved away in the direction of Buffalo.

A Company of Baptist Gentlemen have Purchased Round Island, in the St. Lawrence River, and have placed it at the disposal of the Baptist denomination of the United States and Canada, to hold international summer meetings. Round Island is one of the famous Thousand—really 1800—Islands of the St. Lawrence. It contains 150 acres of beautiful sun and shade land, with charming island scenery on every side. The work of preparing it for occupation has been begun.

A Text Misapplied.—Wisconsin has a New religious sect called the "Peculiar Children," but irreverently known by outsiders as "Babes in the Woods." A farmer of Osakana is the leader of these misguided people, and he has induced them to take up the most childish practices by a literal interpretation of the text, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

How a Church was Built in the Sandwich Islands.—The Rev. Titus Coan, a missionary, writes: "Some of these islanders, when they wished to build a church, hitched 150 of themselves to each log, and dragged it eight miles; they dived ten to twenty feet for coral to make lime. The women subscribed $200 to the Church Erection Fund, payable and paid by making mats at a few a week; and subscriptions from men to this fund were paid by the profits on fire-wood sold at eight cents per stick, after ferrying seven sticks in a canoe across a twenty-mile wide channel. Then they began a foreign mission on the Micronesian Islands, two thousand miles away. Ought not the ready willingness of the converted heathen to deny themselves provoke other Christians to self-denial and good works?

Safe Climbing.—Dr. Thompson Relates that on one occasion he had climbed nearly to the top of a steep mountain, lifting his feet carefully over the projecting rocks, when faintly from below he heard a silvery voice call out, "Take the safe path, father; *I'm coming after you.*" His heart stood still as he realized the danger of his precious boy. If fathers only remembered that the boys are indeed coming after them, how differently they would walk! If they drink, or use profane language, they must expect it in the boys. If they get angry, they will see the same thing in their children. God gives lives into a parent's keeping to be fitted for an endless future. The thought of that fact ought never to be absent from a Christian parent's mind.

Palestine for the Jews.—The "Jewish Chronicle," commenting on a recent letter in the *Alliance Israelite*, says: "Who can doubt that, in exchange for a substantial fixed tribute, the Sultan would willingly part with the power of nominating Pashas to misadminister Palestine, or that under good government the land might easily pay an increased tribute? The solution of the Turkish problem evidently is the substitution of tributary States for provinces governed directly from Constantinople. This process is still to be begun in Palestine and Armenia. The Armenian Commonwealth would be Chris tian, but the State formed out of Palestine might well be *Jewish*. No sentiment rallies round Palestine so strongly as the Jewish sentiment."

THE ONE FOUNDATION.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—1 CORINTHIANS 3: 11.

The Foundation the Main Part of a Structure—Christ the Foundation of our Religion—I. Without Him No Church—1. He is its First Portion—2. He is its Support—3. He gives it its Shape—4. He is Indispensable to it—II. Without Him No Gospel—1. He is its Mediator—2. He is its God—3. He is its Essence—Wholesome Teaching of the Early Church—III. Without Him No Hope of Salvation—Every other Hope Fallacious—The Man with the Bad Bank-Note—IV. Without Him No Christian—He the Christian's Model—He the Christian's Life.

UPBUILDING is very important, but the first question must always concern the foundation. However quickly, however cleverly a man may build, if the foundation be unsound he is a foolish builder; and however slowly, however laboriously a man may proceed, his building will not put him to shame if he has set his walls erect upon a firm basis.

This is emphatically true in spiritual things, for there the foundation is of the utmost importance. The hearer of the word, who is not a doer also, comes to a fatal end, because, as the Saviour says, he has built upon the sand, and therefore his fabric in the day of storm and flood is swept away, while he who hears the word and does it is secure because he digs deep and lays his foundation upon a rock, and therefore his building survives the rains of trial from above, the floods of persecution from without, and the mysterious winds of Satanic temptation which howl from every quarter. The best masonry must crack and fall if the groundwork is unstable: *the higher the pinnacle the speedier its fall* if the base is insecure.

As to what the foundation is in the religion of Jesus Christ there is no question. This verse declares it to be decided beyond controversy. A man may build the superstructure in some measure according to his own taste and judgment, but it must be based upon the one foundation; there may be room for varieties of style in the upper building, but there can be no variety in the groundwork. That is fixed forever by the unchanging God, who says, "Behold, *I lay* in Zion a foundation stone." It must be acknowledged that all Christian minds and lives do not take exactly the same form and fashion: there are among the best of Christian builders certain grades of excellences,—one man builds with gold, another with silver, and a third with precious stones; but as to the foundation, all are on a level, Christ is all and in all.

Whether the gracious life be rich as a golden palace, or pure as a temple of silver, or substantial as a tower of marble, whether it be public or obscure, wide or narrow' it must in every case be built upon the same basement of eternal rock: "for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid." You may say "we will agree to differ" about matters which concern the superstructure, but we must agree to agree as to the foundation; for if we are not at one with the plain statement of the text we are in the wrong.

The apostle is dogmatic to the very last degree: "Other foundation can no man lay." "But," saith one, "various teachers did lay other foundations." The apostle will not admit that they were foundations: they were not worthy of the name, the imposture was too shallow to succeed. No builder if he looked upon a heap of sand poured into an excavation would admit that it was a foundation. If he saw a mass of decayed vegetation and garden rubbish heaped together no architect would for one moment allow it to be spoken of as a "foundation."

Paul declareth that there is but one foundation, and that there is none beside it, or beyond it; and that the one only, unalterable, immovable, everlasting foundation is Jesus Christ. It is not to be imagined that there are other foundations somewhat differing and only a little inferior to the Lord Jesus: *there is no other*, and no other can be laid. It is not a question of comparison, but of monopoly. All other groundworks and principles, whatever may be said in their praise, are mere falsehoods if they are set forth as foundations, for the Lord Jesus has exclusive possession of that title, and in Him alone all that is fundamental is summed up: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

I will sketch out my discourse with these four lines, which I may not always be able to keep from intersecting each other, but they shall each be marked deeply and broadly, so that none can help seeing them: 1st, *No church but what is built on Christ;* 2d, *No gospel but what is built on Christ;* 3d, *No hope of salvation but what is built on Christ;* and 4th, *no Christian but what is built on Christ.*

I. First, there is

NO CHURCH

but what is built on Christ. I mean, of course, no true, no real church. There are many churches in the world, so called, but this may be laid down as a first principle, that there is but one church, and that this one church is built upon Christ alone. Whatever community, congregation, hierarchy, sect, or corporation may call itself a church, or even *the* church, if it is not built upon Christ it is not a church at all. No matter how great in numbers, or how ancient, or how wealthy, or how learned, or how pretentious, bigoted, dominant, or exclusive it may be, it is not Christ's church, if it is not built upon Christ.

1. To begin with, *a foundation is the first portion* of a building; and so is the Lord Jesus first and foremost with His church, for His people were chosen by Him. God has always had in His purpose and decree a chosen people, but He has had no such people apart from Christ. The apostle saith: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world." We were chosen in Christ Jesus; He is "the first-born among many brethren," and the Lord has "predestinated us to be conformed to the image of His Son." The first setting apart of the church and making it to be the peculiar inheritance of God was in connection with Christ.

"'Christ, be my first elect,' he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head."

2. But next, *a foundation is the support of all,* and there is no church but that which derives all its support from Christ Jesus. If there be any company of people calling themselves a church who depend for salvation and eternal life upon any thing beside, or beyond the merit of Christ's atoning blood, they are not a church. That all things are of God, and that He hath reconciled us unto Himself by Christ Jesus, is a truth never to be doubted. The atoning Saviour is the corner-stone of the church. He is the one rock of our salvation, the one pillar of our strength. As living stones we are built up into a spiritual house, but we one and all rest and depend upon Him, and upon no other.

To us the word of the Lord has come with power,—"Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." The great atoning sacrifice of Christ must be the sole reliance of the whole church as well as of each individual, and this must be set forth with great clearness and distinctness as its first and greatest doctrine—salvation by Christ Jesus: "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." The atonement taken away, no church remains. Call the community a religious club if you like, but it is no church when once the atonement made by the Lord Jesus, through His death *in the room and stead of His people,* is denied or ignored.

3. Furthermore, *a foundation has the shaping of the building,* and the true church shapes and forms itself upon the Lord Jesus as its ground-plan and outline. The shape of a building must, to a very large extent, be determined by its foundation. If you have ever traced the foundations of an ancient abbey or castle, as they have appeared on a level with the soil, you have proceeded to infer the form of the building from the run of the ground line. Here was a sharp angle, there was a circular tower; there was a buttress, and there was a recess. The building must have followed the ground line, and so must every true church be built upon Christ, in the sense of following His word and ordinances to the best of its knowledge and understanding. The law of Christ is the law of the church.

All the decrees of popes and councils, all the resolutions of assemblies, synods, presbyteries, and associations, and all the ordinances of men as individuals, however great they be, when they are all put together, if they at all differ from the law of Christ, are mere *wind and waste paper,* nay, worse, they are treasonable insults to the majesty of King Jesus. Those who build apart from the authority of Christ build off of the foundation, and their fabric will fall. There is no law and no authority in a true church but that of Christ Himself; we who are His ministers are His servants and the servants of the church, and not lords or law-makers. To His law a faithful church brings all things as to the sure test.

As churches we are not *legislators,* but *subjects;* it is not for us to frame constitutions, invent offices, and decree rites and ceremonies, but we are to take every thing out of the mouth of Christ, and to do what He bids us, as He bids us, and when He bids us. Parliaments and kings have no authority whatever in the church, but Christ alone rules therein. If any portion of a church be not based upon Christ it is a mere deforming addition to the plan of the great Architect, and mars the temple which God has built, and not man. What a blessed thing it is to feel that you belong to a church which has a rock under it, because it is constituted by Christ's authority. We feel safe in following an ordinance which is of His commanding, but we should tremble if we had only custom and human authority for it.

4. *A foundation is indispensable* to a building, and so Christ is indispensable to a true church. In a house you could do without certain of the windows, you might close a door, and you might remove parts of the roof, and still it might be a house, but you cannot have a house at all if you take away the foundation; and so you cannot have a church of Christ if Jesus Christ be not there as the foundation and corner-stone. When sermons are preached without so much as the mention of Christ's name, it takes more than charity, it requires you to tell a lie, to say, "That was a Christian sermon;" and if any people find their joy in a teaching which casts the Lord Jesus into the background, they are not His church, or else such teaching would be an abomination to them. Yet have I heard it said that from some ministries you may go away *like Mary Magdalene* from the sepulchre, exclaiming, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

Let us put this, our first point, in a few sentences. It is not the union of men with men that makes a church if Jesus Christ be not the centre and the bond of the union. Neither can a church be created by a mere union to a minister. Neither is a church made by the following of any particular form or rite. No, most blessed Lord, Thou must be there, or nothing is there! Pastors, elders, deacons, teachers, evangelists, these are courses of precious stones in the heavenly temple, but without Thee they are no church, for the foundation is wanting. All Thy saints come to Thee and rest on Thee, O Christ; and in Thee all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord. Thou, O Christ, art the seed-corn out of which the church grows, the stem from which it branches, the head in which it lives, the shepherd by whom it is fed, the captain by whom it is marshalled, the husband to whom it is married: Thou art, indeed, the all in all of the church which Thou hast redeemed with Thine own blood.

Thus far, then, we have declared that there is no church except that which is built on Jesus Christ. This truth we assert in the face of all men; let them make what they will of it.

II. Secondly, we assert that there is

NO GOSPEL

but what is built on Jesus Christ. There are many pretended Gospels in the world. Paul said once "another Gospel," and then he corrected himself, and said, "which is not another," for strictly speaking there is only one Gospel, and there cannot be two. The good news, God's good news to men, is one. There never were two Gospels, for there never were two Saviours or two redemptions, and there never will be: but a Saviour and a redemption are necessary t a Gospel, and therefore there can be only one The foundation of the Gospel is one, namel Jesus Christ, and there is no other possibl foundation.

1. For, first, there is *but one Mediator,* by whon God speaks words of grace. "There is on God, and one Mediator between God and men the man Christ Jesus." If then, beloved, an man shall come to you and say, "God hath spoken to me, and bidden me say to you somewhat other and above what Jesus hath said," receive him not. If any man say unto you, " have a revelation from heaven, and God bids m speak," if he speak not according to the wor of Christ Jesus he is a false prophet, and comet not from God at all. Yea, moreover, if *bisho* or *council,* or *church* speak otherwise than Chri has spoken, the truth is not in any of them.

2. The true Gospel has Christ's *divine pers* as its glory, and there can be no Gospel witho this. Christ is God, and in Him dwelleth all t fulness of the Godhead bodily. In the pers of Christ the Divinity has come down to us heal our diseases and remove our griefs. No if you hear of a Gospel which begins by sayi that Christ is not the Only-begotten of the F ther, or that He is not the Son of God, cl your ears to it, for it is not the Gospel of G Unless Jesus be extolled as certainly God o all, blessed forever, the preaching is not Gospel.

3. Jesus Christ is *the essence* of the Gosp He Himself is the good news, as well as the dium of it. The good news is, that God h sent His only-begotten Son into the world t we might live through him. Eternal redempt has been obtained for us by the life, death, resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and this is Gospel. There is pardon through His blo justification through His righteousness, sanctification through His Spirit. Complete vation is freely provided for believers in H and the grace of God through Him is abund ly displayed to the very chief of sinners. hath made Him to be unto us wisdom, and ri eousness, and sanctification, and redempti in fact, all the blessings that are needed to man up into the favor of God, and keep there forever, are stored up in the person of sus, in whom God's love hath displayed itse the fullest degree.

Jesus is the sum and substance, crown glory of the Gospel. If, then, you hear a Go in which the freewill of man is spoken of as main agent, in which the works of man, o forms and ceremonies practised by priests set up as being fundamental things, reject teaching, for it is not the good news heaven. The one good news is this,—" was in Christ, reconciling the world unto I self, not imputing their trespasses unto the Let others preach what they please; as fo "we preach Christ crucified." Jesus Hi preached the very Gospel of the Gospel He cried, "Come *unto Me,* all ye that labo are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Now then, brethren, for I speak to mar

u who teach the Gospel, I beseech you to re- lect my simple text of to-day, and henceforth ch nothing apart from Christ. The teaching doctrines is not the teaching of the Gospel if se doctrines be held in a dry,didactic style rt from Christ. Suppose I preach the doc- ne of election—that is one thing ; but unless I ach that we are chosen in Christ I have left the foundation, and my teaching crumbles the ground : as a bowing wall shall it be, and a tottering fence. Suppose I preach final per- erance, it is well ; but I have not preached the spel unless I show that it is because Jesus es we shall live also, and that the preservation the saints depends on their union with Him. ppose I am teaching justification, it is not true justification unless it is the righteous- s of God in Christ Jesus which I hold forth. Herein I commend to you the example of the *lier preachers* of the church. From such of ir writings as remain we gather that they elt much upon the actual events of the Re- mer's life. They are not always so clear as could wish upon the great doctrines as Paul es them to us, but there is one point in which y excel. You may not hear enough from m about justification by faith, but you hear a at deal concerning the precious blood of rist: they do not always speak so clearly n regeneration as we could desire, but they ak much of the resurrection of Christ, and of newness of life which His saints enjoy in vir- thereof. Pardon to them is a washing in blood of Christ : conversion is being called Christ : resurrection is a risen Christ.

very thing is brought out as a matter of fact sing from the actual life and death of the iour, and I am free to confess that I greatly nire this way of preaching the Gospel. How es Paul put it? What was the Gospel to ? Hear him : "Moreover, brethren, I de- re unto you the Gospel which I preached unto . which also ye have received, and wherein stand ; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep memory what I preached unto you, unless ye e believed in vain. For I delivered unto you t of all that which I also received, how that rist died for our sins according to the Scrip- es ; and that He was buried, and that He rose in the third day according to the Scriptures ; that He was seen of Cephas, then of the lve." Thus, you see, Paul's body of divinity the life and death of that only embodied di- ity, the Lord Jesus.

y all means let us have practical-preaching, plenty of it, and let it come down sternly faithfully on the vices of the times ; but rely to preach against this and that vice, and l this and that virtue, is a mission fit enough Socrates or Plato, but does not well beseem inister of Jesus Christ. Set Jesus forth, my ctical brother. His example shames vice encourages virtue. Set Him up as the rror of all perfection, and in Him men will what they ought to be, and learn how to me at it. Jesus Christ, then, is the only Gos- . We leave that point, being abundantly e that you are persuaded of it.

II. Thirdly. There is

NO HOPE OF SALVATION

t that which is built upon Christ. This is an- er point upon which I need not speak much. ill only spend a few minutes in talking upon tain other hopes. No doubt some think it st be well with them because they were ught up from their childhood most respec- bly, their parents were excellent Christian ple, and they believe that they themselves, ving never done any thing very wrong, are no ubt safe. Ah, my dear hearers, if this is your ly hope, you are lost, for you are dead in sin. at which is born of the flesh—the best of sh that ever was—is flesh, and flesh and blood not inherit the kingdom of God. You must born again, you must have a far better hope n any which can spring out of your birth and r relations.

"Ay, but," saith another, "I had all the cere- nies of the church performed upon me." Yes, and it makes no difference to me what church it was. If you are building even upon rites which God has given, they will not suffice you ; they cannot bear the weight of your soul. Baptism, the Lord's Supper, or fifty thousand sacraments, if men were to make so many, would not help you one solitary inch. The only foundation for your soul's hope must be Christ, and none of these outward things. "Ah," saith another, "but I have diligently performed a great many good works." I would to God you had ten times as many good works ; but if you have committed one single sin no works can save you. All the good works of the best men that ever lived would make but a rotten foundation for them if they were to place reliance thereon. *Abound in good works, but do not trust them.* Human merit is a foundation of sand.

"But I have had special spiritual feelings," says one ; "I have been broken down, I have been lifted up." Yes, you may have been crushed down to hell's door, and lifted up to heaven's gate, but there is nothing in feelings and excitements which can be a ground of hope. "Why," says one, "it has troubled me that I have not had these feelings." Do not let it trouble you, but go to Jesus Christ and rest in Him ; feelings or no feelings. High frames and low frames are delusions all, if they be trusted in. We can no more be saved by our feelings than by our works. "Oh, but," saith another, "I have confidence that I am saved, for I have had a wonderful dream, and, moreover, I heard a voice, and saw a vision." Rubbish all! Dreams, visions, voices! Throw them all away. There is not the slightest reliance to be placed upon them. "What, not if I saw Christ?" No, certainly not, for vast multitudes saw Him in the days of His flesh, and died and perished after all. "But surely a dream will save me." It will give you a dreamy hope, and when you awake in the next world your dream will be gone.

The one thing to rest upon is the more sure word of testimony : Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and whosoever believeth in Him is not condemned. I believe in Him, and, therefore, I am not condemned. Why do I believe my sin to be forgiven? Because Jesus died to put away the sins of believers, and there is no condemnation to those who are in Him. Why do I believe myself to be justified? Because he that believeth is justified ; the word of God says so. How do I know that I am saved? Because Jesus Christ has declared that whosoever believeth in Him is not condemned.

You see, then, there is no hope of salvation but what is fixed upon Christ alone ; and I do invite and entreat you, if any of you have any hope which goes beyond Christ or beside Christ, get rid of it, throw it on a dunghill, and loathe it as an insult to God. Do as the man did with the *bad bank-note.* When he found it was a forgery he buried it, and ran away as fast as he could, for fear any body should think the note had ever been in his possession. So, if you are trusting in any thing that is not of Christ, bury your faith, and run away from it, for it is a false confidence, and will work ill to your soul. Let your faith cry, "None but Christ": all-saving faith delights in that cry. For eternal salvation, "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid."

IV. Our last point is this,—there is

NO CHRISTIAN

but the man built on Jesus Christ. Here is a Christian, and of one thing in him I am sure : I cannot tell whether he holds Arminian views or Calvinistic views, but if he is a Christian he has no foundation but Christ. Here is a person who reverences the Pope, here is another who glories in the name of Protestant, here is a third who is a Baptist : which is the Christian out of these? I answer, he is the Christian that is built on Christ, whoever he may be ; but if he can do without Christ he is not worthy the name of Christian. What do we mean? Why this. I mean first, every man to be a Christian must *rest his whole soul upon Christ* as to eternal salvation. There must be no stuttering or stammering over that ; there must be no mixing up the merits of Jesus with priests or ceremonies ; no, it must be a clear, straight line, —Christ for me, Christ every thing for me, my sole and only hope. Any deviation here is fatal. On the cross is written, *Spes unica*, and it remains the one only hope of a burdened soul.

Next, if you are to be a Christian, *Christ must be your model;* by the aid of His Holy Spirit, you must try to do what He would have done in your position and under your circumstances. You are not to say, "I cannot follow Christ in this :" you are never to renounce His leadership. If you do you must give up being a Christian, because you are bound to take up His cross and follow Him. He claims to be your King when He becomes your Saviour. A true Christian is a man who builds upon Christ as his model as walls are built on a foundation. A true Christian is one whose growing up is in Christ, for, strange to say, the temple of God grows. Nor need we wonder, for it is a living temple.

I have seen magnificent pieces of architecture, masterpieces, and it has struck me when I looked at them that they must have grown. An ordinary, clumsy bit of work displays the mason and the carpenter, but perfect architecture looks as if it grew ; and Christ's church does grow, for Christ's people grow. But all our up-growing must come out of Christ. When a man says, "Years ago I used to worship with these Christian people, and I felt very happy with them, but I have now more education and have got beyond them," he is guided by his pride and not by grace. No true Christian talks so. The higher he grows the more he grows into Christ ; the wiser he is the more he shows the wisdom of Christ. If he has begun aright he may advance as far as he can, but he never can advance beyond Christ ; he will get to be less and Christ will be more and more to him, for he is not a Christian who does not still stick to this,—that the foundation goes as far as he means to go, and he builds never beyond that, but builds upward upon that, and upon that alone.

And he, again, is the true Christian who *lives for Christ*, to whom Christ's glory is the great object of his being. He is a Christian who reckons that time wasted which is not used for Jesus, that substance wasted which is not used in obedience to Jesus : who considers that he does not live except as Christ lives in him.

Brothers and sisters, I pray that you may all be Christians of this sort, only do let it be with you evermore Jesus Christ. I do not like to preach a sermon without feeling the presence of my Master. I have done so, but never to my own comfort. I cannot bear to come away from the Monday-evening prayer-meeting without feeling that the Lord has been there, and He generally is. The true heart does not like to engage in any kind of enterprise without first consulting Him, and doing it in His sight. We are a very busy church, and I want you, as a busy church doing a great deal, always to keep the Master near you.

The most holy work gets to be mere routine, to be done mechanically, unless we enjoy His dear love, and sweet presence, and blessed smile in the doing of His will. Sit at Jesus' feet with Mary as well as work for Him like Martha. May He be the foundation of every thing, not only of the church, but of our hope, of our character, of every little thing we do. When you are laying the first stone of a new enterprise, lay it upon Christ with fair colors. Set it in the vermilion of His precious blood ; perfume it with the oil of gratitude, and lay it upon Him alone ; so shall you build for eternity, and glorify His precious name.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS ARE PUBLISHED AND INSERTED IN THIS JOURNAL WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND REVISED BY HIMSELF.

A TOUR IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

By Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, England.

(Continued from page 775.)

An Evangelical Sign—The Spanish Authorities Obliterate it—The Institutions at La Force—Visits Mr. Spurgeon at Mentone—Twenty Sermons in Rome—The Triumphal Arch—The Catacombs—The Scala Santa—The Excavations at Pompeii—Return to America.

When our schools at Madrid were established and a place was opened for preaching the Gospel, *a sign* was placed outside over the entrance announcing that this was an evangelical place of worship for preaching the Gospel. After this sign had existed a considerable time official directions were sent to Mr. Fenn *to have it painted over*, so that the announcement might be obliterated. But the painter who had done the work, being at heart grieved at having to destroy his own work, and sorrowful also that these schools should be hindered instead of being encouraged by the Government, painted the sign over with water colors, so that still in a measure what had been painted before could be seen.

Some time after also the rain made the former painting still more visible. Now the Government sent by night their own painter to daub the sign thickly over with oil paint. May the Christian readers be led to pray much for Spain, that it still may be kept open for the preaching of the Gospel and the circulation of the Holy Scriptures; and may they also especially pray for those who labor in the Gospel in that country.

From Madrid we went back to *France*, where I held one meeting at *Bayonne* and one at *Biarritz*. We then went to *Pau*, which is a great resort of the English gentry during the winter, where I had nine precious and important meetings. From Pau we went to *Bordeaux*, where I preached three times, and thence proceeded to *La Force*, where I preached twice. At La Force we saw some remarkable institutions, which the loving heart of *Mr. John Bost* has founded for the benefit of epileptics, idiots, the insane, and persons otherwise grievously afflicted in mind or body. Pray for this dear man of God, who through immense pressure of work is himself now in very feeble health.

We then went to *Cannes*, where I preached fifteen times, and had a very important and profitable time. After leaving Cannes we visited *Nice*, where I preached fourteen times. From Nice we went to *Mentone*, where I held twelve meetings. In all these different places on the Mediterranean, so exceedingly frequented during the winter months by visitors from various countries, I held meetings especially for them; and this was just one point which made my service so important, because many through my work and writings knew me and were ready to come and hear.

I cannot leave this notice of Mentone without mentioning that, in addition to having very happy interviews with various Christians, I enjoyed especially the intercourse I had with *Mr. Spurgeon*, with whom I spent repeatedly a considerable time. After leaving Mentone we went into Italy. At *Bordighera*, on the frontier, I preached twice, at *San Remo* once, and thence we set out, *via* Genoa and Pisa, for *Florence*, where I preached nineteen times, and where we spent a very happy and profitable time. From Florence we went to

ROME, WHERE I PREACHED TWENTY TIMES

in various languages, with or without translation into Italian, as I had done in Florence, so that as many as possible who desired to hear the truth might be benefitted. From my earliest days, through the classical education I had received, Rome had great attractions for me; but that which now, as a servant of the Lord Jesus, especially interested me was the *triumphal arch* erected by the people and the Senate to Titus after his *destruction of Jerusalem*.

This triumphal arch, just eighteen hundred years old, is well preserved, and under it you see in sculpture the golden candlestick taken from the Temple, the two silver trumpets with which the priests had to blow, and the Jews led along by their conquerors in chains. The *catacombs* in which the early Christians hid themselves, and where for a very long time they carried on their worship and buried their dead, being immensely long subterranean caverns and passages, extending for *hundreds of miles* round the city, likewise interested us much, because for centuries these caves were thus used.

One of the most affecting

SIGHTS IN ROME

was the *Scala Santa*, a staircase upon which poor deluded devotees went up on their knees because a papal indulgence connected with doing it is granted. But wherever the eye turned almost you saw idolatry; no longer now the idolatry of pagan Rome, but of so-called Christian Rome. I counted it, therefore, an especial honor to be allowed to witness for the Lord "*in Rome also.*"

From Rome we went to *Naples*, where I was permitted to preach; it is the largest city in Italy. Here, as everywhere else, I had happy intercourse with Christians, preaching in all the various evangelical churches gladly, where they held the Head even Christ, and were sound in the foundation truths of our most holy faith; for I take especial delight in seeking to promote love and union among the various bodies of believers.

While in Naples we saw the awful destruction permitted by God through the *eruption of Vesuvius*, A.D. 79, just 1800 years ago, whereby many hundreds of persons suddenly lost their lives, and the two towns of *Pompeii and Herculaneum* were buried. They are now gradually being disinterred. We saw hundreds of buildings, houses, temples, theatres, shops, bakeries, etc., which have been cleared from the ruins around them—even the very bread taken out of the ovens which was in them when the eruption came. The *lava* which we saw in ascending Vesuvius impressed me more with the power of God than anything I ever remember to have seen; for these masses, which flowed out of the crater of that mountain in a liquid state, seemed to me far greater than the mountain itself. What cannot God do? But I must not enlarge here.

After leaving Naples I preached also at *Bologna* twice, in *Venice* five times, in *Brescia* twice, at *Como* five times, in *Milan* nine times, at *Turin* five times, and in the *Waldensian Valleys* seven times. I counted it an especial honor to be allowed to witness for the Lord in these valleys, where so many thousands of Christians were martyred for the truth, were imprisoned, banished, or suffered the loss of all their earthly possessions. I especially commend the descendants of these godly forefathers to the prayers of the Christian readers, that they may be blessed spiritually, and may greatly glorify God in this nineteenth century, as they now enjoy perfect religious liberty.

We then went to *Paris*, and after I had preached there twice we left for Bristol, where we arrived on June 18th, 1879, after I had preached altogether during these nine months and twelve days 286 *times, in forty-six different towns or cities.*

The longer I thus move about on these preaching tours, the more I see how greatly my labors are owned by the Lord, and the more I am convinced that it is His holy will I should spend

THE EVENING OF MY LIFE,

while the Lord Jesus tarries, and health and strength are continued to me, in going from city to city, and from country to country, to preach the Gospel of the grace of God, and in seeking to benefit Christians through the amount of knowledge and experience I have obtained in the service of the Lord during the past fifty-three years.

After we have tarried, therefore, about ten weeks in Bristol, we propose, on August 28th, 1879, to sail again for the United States, as I had to leave America last year with *one hundred and eight written invitations*, which I had not been able to accept before we had to return to England. I recommend myself and my dear wife for this service to the prayers of the Christian reader.

We are glad to add to the above interesting account that Mr. Müller arrived in New York on Saturday, the 6th of September, and after preaching every day for a fortnight in this city, Newark, and Brooklyn, left for a short tour in more distant parts of New York and New Jersey. Up to the time of his leaving he had preached only once in English, at Brooklyn, his other services having been exclusively among Germans. We shall give a life and portrait of this man of God soon.

DR. TALMAGE'S LAST SUNDAY IN LONDON.

The visit of Dr. Talmage to Europe has now terminated, and he will probably be once more in his native country on September 30th.

The last Sunday of his stay in London he preached twice. In the morning he occupied the pulpit of Surrey Chapel, from which the eminent minister, Rowland Hill, once delivered his remarkable discourses. The building, although a very large one, was crowded to its utmost capacity, and it was computed that as many persons had to be refused admission as succeeded in effecting an entrance. We need hardly add that an equally crowded audience heard the Doctor at his evening service.

In the evening Dr. Talmage preached at the Agricultural Hall, one of the largest buildings in London, capable of holding twenty thousand persons. His subject was the mission of Christ, and we print the sermon in this issue of the Christian Herald.

Dr. Talmage prefaced his morning sermon i Surrey Chapel with the following observations

"With what joy I enter this church to-day can hardly tell you. I was glad to accept the invitation to preach here; first of all, because should have an opportunity of speaking a wor for my glorious Master, blessed be His name fo ever. Then I thought I would come under th wing of the Primitive Methodist denominatio with 182,000 members in this country, and wit Sabbath-school scholars 365,000, making a chur mighty now and mightier in the future— church characterized all the world over for ho enthusiasm and for having given man a migh stroke for God and the truth.

"Then I felt glad to come to a church in who pulpit *Rowland Hill* had stood, and, after he h done his work so well, had after it laid down rest. A glorious man of Christ!—even his centricities concentrated to God. While so in this day speak chiefly of him in connecti with mirthful and grotesque incident, those us who have read his life and know his w look back to him as a man of great holiness heart, purity of purpose and of life—all in right direction.

"Then I accepted the invitation with gl ness, because I should have the honor of sta ing in the pulpit consecrated by the voice *James Sherman*—his name a synonym of co cration to Christ—his name to go down thro all the ages associated with everything tha good.

"Then I knew I should have the honor standing in a pulpit where *Newman Hall* ha faithfully proclaimed Christ to the people— titudes all over the world responding to the vitation of his, 'Come to Jesus.' *Blessed be that He has gloriously and magnificently umphed over all His enemies.*

"To-day the beloved pastor of your ch put into my hand the first sermon that Rowl Hill delivered at the dedication of this chu printed at that time. In it he makes many sions to his own ministry. In his preface says many quaint and beautiful and stir things in regard to himself and the min which had been assaulted on all sides, decla his faith in God—that God who brought off victorious over all his foes, and made name honored in all Christendom, and t honored in all the ages that are to come. the opening sentences of that sermon Row Hill declares, 'I take it for granted the maj of my congregation believe in the immortal e soul, and that the Bible is our only directory a blessed eternity.' That is the key-note of y sermon this morning."

Dr. Talmage then proceeded with great force d impressiveness to deliver his discourse on e Bible, which has already appeared in this urnal.

PREDICTED LATTER-DAY MIRACLES.

piritualism and the Coming Antichrist. By Mr. E. J. Hytche.

orcery a Sin Characteristic of the Last Days—Antichrist Foremost in its Practice—Parallel in the French Revolution—A Golden Effigy—A Peculiar Doom—Infidelity turning to Pantheism.

It would seem that sorcery, or intercommunn with Satan, will be *the* special sin of the st days. How this will be effected it is as vain inquire as to try and discover how the witch Endor raised the prophet Samuel from the ead (2 Sam. 28). That such intercourse has bsisted we have ample proof in the God-made gulations of the Mosaic code. Hence capital nishment was to be inflicted on those who disbeyed this law (compare Deut. 18 : 10, 11, xod. 22 : 18, and Lev. 20 : 6 and 27). In spite such prohibition, too many Jews practised *is fearful art*, and, like the witch of Endor, ade it a source of emolument; while others, ul and Manasseh (2 Chron. 33 : 9), reposed it in the day of defeat.

This will be again—for the cycle of evil so rerns, that "the things that have been shall be." e cannot, indeed, help thinking that the atmpt at their intercommunion with the unseen orld by the pseudo-spiritualists is one sign of e approach of that fearful epoch.

The most prominent in this intercourse with e great foe of God will be Antichrist. Christ imself had been tempted to worship Satan Matt. 4 : 8, 9), but overcame the subtle mainations of the fallen spirit. Antichrist, hower, will owe his power solely to Satan (comp. an. 8 : 24; 2 Thess. 2 : 9; and Rev. 13 : 2), d therefore will not hesitate to pay the homge demanded as the price of universal dominn.

The world would naturally copy the example its great chief, and apostatize in the same anner. Nor let us think such a form of worip improbable. During the first French Revution, when men said, "There is no God," ey could replace His worship by that of a profgate woman. So when the mightiest of the ming age, even Antichrist, shall bow to Satan, hat shall prevent his followers from following s example? But irrespective of probabilities, is sufficient for faith to know that "the mouth the Lord hath spoken it."

The three years and a half reign of Antichrist ill be marked by miracles. They will be either rought by himself, or, what seems most probae, chiefly by his ecclesiastical agent, who by ay of pre-eminence is styled "*the* False Proet." (See Rev. 13 : 11–18.)

The details of the event thus broadly given e furnished by other prophets. For example, abakkuk refers to the golden image made by ne who can say to it, "Awake and teach" (Hab. : 19). Daniel, while referring to it, indicates at it is made at the bidding of Antichrist Dan. 11 : 38, 39); while John, in the Apocapse, more minutely describes how it deals death those who will not bow to Antichrist (Rev. 3 : 14, 15). In every case the judgment, which most immediately falls on its makers, points the times of Antichrist as the period when

THE IMAGE SHALL SPEAK.

It would thus seem that those whose light is ot yet changed into perfect darkness will not ecome full adherents of Antichrist until they e the miracles wrought by his image. Hence, here he is, they will personally worship; and here he is not, will adore *his golden effigy*. laced as it will be in the rebuilt Temple of erusalem, (comp. Dan. 11 : 21, and Matt. 4 : 15, 16), it can be seen but by few persons; ut as in the olden time, when the shrines of Diana were vended to her worshippers, so it is probable that smaller images of Antichrist will flood the nations, and the lamp burn before it night and day. Thus will idolatry—not of heavenly powers, but of a man—be re-established; and thus when the Lord comes will the prediction be of possible fulfilment, "The idols He will utterly abolish." For the day of its doom is pronounced by Him who will not revoke His judgment, for it is written, "As a dream when one awaketh: so, O Lord, when Thou awakest, Thou shalt despise their IMAGE" (Ps. 63 : 20).

Next in importance to Antichrist in the coming age is that "False Prophet" who, as his colleague in evil, will share the same peculiar doom of being *cast alive into perdition* (Rev. 19 : 20). It is he who will construct the great image of Antichrist, and cause it to speak, and kill the enemies of that potentate. It is he, too, who, in antagonism to the miracles wrought by "the Two Witnesses, will cause fire to come down from heaven in the sight of all men" (Rev. 13 : 13). Thus will he carry out the will of his great compeer in sin, and will, by his miracle-working power, be instrumental in the ruin of those who of that race apostatize.

Deceivableness will be *the* special characteristic of the last times. For though wealth, and art, and the external power of man will be developed to an unprecedented extent, yet it will be godless in its greatness. The apostasy commencing in denying God, then becoming Pantheistic, and saying that *all* are gods—it will end in deifying a man. And we can well imagine what a rush of worshippers there will be at the shrine of a man who to might and intellect will superadd the power derived from personal contact with the Great Spirit of Evil; for those to whom intimidation would be a thing of scorn, will fall on their knees when they see "times and laws changed," and physical nature mastered.

Yet these fearful glimpses of future history might have been unrevealed. The Church might have been left without any information on the subject; but how unprepared it would have been for events which, though fore-typed in Bible history, they had scarcely anticipated to reoccur in the last times. Like the Jews, not understanding "the signs of the times," *the miracles would have come*, but whether they came from God or Satan, from heaven or hell, how great would have been the doubt. As grateful, then, will the true disciple be for prophecy as for Scripture history, knowing that it was given mainly that the day of the Lord should "not take him unawares," and that he might not be, like Daniel's weak ones, overcome by the "deceivableness of all unrighteousness" (Dan. 11 : 35).

REV. JAMES A. SPURGEON,

Welcomed by the Baptist Ministers.

At the Baptist Ministers' Conference, September 15th, the Rev. James A. Spurgeon was introduced to the brethren by Rev. Dr. Elder, who referred eulogistically to the work in which the two brothers Spurgeon are engaged, and expressed the pleasure it gave Baptists and other Christians on this side of the water to greet at least one of the name.

Moderator Brouner welcomed Mr. Spurgeon, and referred to *his clerical ancestry* as something to be proud of, and expressed the hope that his visit to America would be so pleasant that his brother Charles would be induced to come over.

In reply, Mr. Spurgeon said: "I take pride in being the brother of my brother of the Tabernacle. I cannot help being Spurgeon's brother. I was born so. [Laughter.] My brother is called Mr. Spurgeon in London, and I am addressed as Mr. James Spurgeon, by way of distinction.

"When my brother is President, then I am Vice-President. When two men sit astride a horse *one must sit in front*; that is my brother's place. [Laughter.] The hind man must hold upon the horse the man who rides in front, and, besides he must guide the horse.

"For twelve years I have been my brother's assistant in every evangelical work undertaken, and I

CREDIT ALL THE SUCCESS

of our enterprises to our unfailing faith in prayer, and in God, who hears prayer. I will give you an instance which illustrates this. When Mr. Spurgeon was about to start his orphanage for boys and girls, many excellent friends, clerical and lay, sought to persuade him that he was *overdoing the thing*, that he would wear himself out, and that the expense was too great.

"One day the Rev. Dr. Brock, who is known also on this side of the water, was making special efforts to convince Mr. Spurgeon that his new enterprise would not succeed. But while thus conversing, a note from an anonymous friend was handed to the Tabernacle pastor, who, on opening it, found two £1000 notes in it. He handed the letter to Dr. Brock, whose lack of faith was so sufficiently reproved that he proposed prayer at once.

"We need now, for all our enterprises connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, $100,000 a year, and we receive it by a judicious combination of faith and common sense.

"The Moderator has spoken of my father having been a minister. The family came originally from Holland, when Duke Alva was persecuting the Church. In England my ancestors were Quakers, and well do I remember

MY GRANDFATHER,

a Nonconformist minister. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, turned up all around in Quaker style, a broad-tailed coat, silk stockings, and big-buckled shoes.

"When 84 years of age my grandfather was asked to preach one Sunday morning, because my brother, now of the Tabernacle, had not come in time for service. The old gentleman had just given out the text, 'By grace are ye saved, and that not by faith, but by the grace of God which abideth in you,' when the grandson entered. '*I know that sermon*,' he said, 'it's a good one—let him go on.'

"The sermon was a good one, and it was given with fire and effect. Then the appointed preacher (Mr. Charles H. Spurgeon) began his sermon. In the middle of it he came to treat on Christian experience. 'Hold on!' the old gentleman interrupted, 'I've had more of that kind of experience than you!' and the aged clergyman again addressed the congregation."

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER AND CHARCOAL ARTISTS.

Mr. Spurgeon said he had been a week in this country, and yet he did not know as much as some of his countrymen who have spent a day or an hour in the chief cities and then hurried home to caricature Americans with voice and pen. He likened such scribblers to the fence or sidewalk charcoal artists, who must exaggerate everything to attract a little attention to themselves. "I was in Washington last week," said Mr. Spurgeon, "and saw the painting of 'Burgoyne's Surrender;' and, as I have had the honor to marry a granddaughter of that famous general, I felt a sort of family feeling rising within me. The Americans have received me very warmly, but I am bound to say they gave my wife's grandfather a much warmer reception. But I thank God that that surrender took place, and that the results to America and Great Britain and the world have been so grand and glorious." Mr. Spurgeon closed his admirable address with the poetic prayer:

America and England, long may they be
United and happy and gloriously free.

Mr. Bain, a deacon in Mr. Spurgeon's church, was also introduced to the Conference and made a few remarks.

A Lesson from a Child.—On one Occasion a father found it necessary to punish his little daughter. But Mary climbed up into his lap, and throwing her arms around his neck, said, "Papa. I do love you." "Why do you love me, my child?" the father asked. "Because you try to make me good, papa."

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(*Continued from page* 783.)

A FRIEND IN ADVERSITY.

EDITH TEMPLE was the very best friend Effie could have had at her side at that terrible crisis. Her husband's flight completely unnerved the poor little wife, and she leaned on Edith for strength and direction. Edith calmly surveyed the situation, and she felt sure if Robert could be found and properly dealt with he would be glad to return. He would probably himself regret a step taken under the first impulse of shame and anger, if he had time to reflect over the consequences of his cruel desertion.

"Have you any idea where your husband would be likely to go?" inquired Edith of Effie, who remained in her crouching position on the floor at the lady's feet.

The only answer was a despairing movement of Effie's head.

"Who brought this letter to you?" inquired Edith.

Effie only gave a bewildered look, and put her hand to her forehead. Her brain was dizzy; the room appeared to her disturbed vision to be turning around her; she could hardly see, and was still less able to think.

Edith heard the sound of a lad's voice in the kitchen, and, rising, went thither to seek the information which the poor young wife was unable to give.

Edith found Mrs. Cross eagerly questioning the youth who had brought the letter from Robert. All the news that could possibly be drawn from the horse-boy the widow had already obtained, and was eager to impart to the lady.

"Dear, ma'am, isn't it shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Cross, who was secretly enjoying the excitement; "I've got the whole story from this lad. Farmer Holland went to the 'Crown' this morning, sullen and silent as a bear. He gave no explanation to the landlord, though Cole is his most particular friend, but wrote a letter, sent here for his luggage, and then went off to London by the twelve o'clock train. Such a disgraceful affair I never heard of before in the course of my life! The man to desert such a dear little wife, and so soon after their marriage!"

Edith turned from the talkative widow and addressed the lad, who looked intelligent and bright.

"Did Mr. Holland give no clue whatever as to whither he was going?" she inquired.

"Farmer Holland said nothing to my master about it," answered the youth; "but I heard him muttering something to himself which sounded like *before the May Queen starts*."

"The *May Queen!*" echoed Mrs. Cross, "why that's the name of the vessel his sister is to sail in to-morrow. She said so in her letter."

"For what place?" asked Edith quickly.

"La! I can't remember either what place the ship was sailing from, or where she was going to," replied Mrs. Cross; "I don't think that was put in the letter, but the post-mark, I mind me, was Southampton."

This was the only clue which Edith could obtain from Mrs. Cross, but with it she returned to Effie Holland, with hope in her look and tone.

"All, by God's blessing, may yet be well," said the lady. "It seems, from what I gather, that your husband has a sister about to sail in a ship called the May Queen to-morrow, probably from Southampton. If you follow at once on his track you may yet be in time to prevent his leaving the country."

Effie sprang to her feet in wild excitement; "I am ready to go to Southampton—anywhere—to the ends of the world!" she exclaimed. "Oh! if I could but stop him!"

"Softly, softly, be calm, my poor child. You can only reach Southampton by passing through London, and the next train for the city does not reach our station for more than an hour and a half." Miss Temple looked at her watch as she spoke. For the breathing space given for preparation and consideration the lady was thankful, but Effie would fain have started off at once.

Miss Temple made the agitated young wife sit down beside her, and take some hartshorn and water now brought by Mrs. Cross as an excuse for entering the parlor. She was not suffered, however, to remain there, as her coarse pity and ill-concealed curiosity added to the excitement of Effie.

"Will you kindly leave us together for a little?" said Miss Temple with courtesy but firmness. Mrs. Cross, disappointed, returned to the kitchen and sat down to her dinner at the table, where she found Fred already busy with his.

Edith set herself to reflect on what course it would be expedient to her to recommend to the poor young creature, who seemed tacitly to place herself under the lady's protection. It was an unspeakable comfort to Effie to have some one to think for her, some one to advise her in this terrible crisis. She clung to her former teacher as if she herself were still but a Sunday scholar.

But Edith felt the difficulty and responsibility of giving advice while she remained so much in the dark as regarded preceding events. She very imperfectly understood what had induced Robert Holland to take a step so sudden, and, as it appeared, so cruel.

Edith had not failed to notice the words, "I forgive you," in Holland's letter. Effie must have done something, or said something, that had greatly displeased her husband. Miss Temple felt she must be given further particulars, much as she shrank from questioning Effie on so delicate a subject.

"Did your husband ever express any intention of emigrating?" inquired Edith of Effie, when the lady saw that the poor girl was more calm.

"Never," was the murmured reply. "This farm does not pay well, I know, but it is not trouble about money that has driven my Robert away. He would never have left me, never, if—if I had not foolishly, wickedly opened a letter directed to him, and so let out *his sister's secret*." It was a great relief to Effie to make a frank confession of her fault to a pitying friend, and she went on with her explanation, covering her face with both her hands as she spoke. "Of course Robert could not bear that Mrs. Cross and all the village should know that his sister had been thrown into jail for stealing her mistress' diamond ring."

"Diamond ring!" echoed Edith Temple. "Tell me, oh! tell me, Effie, what is the name of your husband's sister? Is she a widow? Was she ever in the service of my aunt, Mrs. Vernon? The questions were rapidly uttered; even Miss Temple's usually placid face wore an expression of great eagerness as she bent forward for a reply.

"Ellen Morris is my sister-in-law's name, and she attended Mrs. Vernon on her death-bed," was the answer of Effie. "I've heard that poor Ellen loved her mistress dearly, and it is not likely that she, my Robert's own sister, would *steal a diamond ring*."

"Ellen never stole it!" exclaimed Miss Temple. "I know and can prove her innocence! That diamond ring is at this moment in my possession. Oh, I thank heaven that I have been led to this place *at such a crisis as this!*"

But few words are necessary to explain what had occurred at Hastings in relation to the jewel which Mrs. Vernon had given to her niece.

Mr. Vernon, who was by no means either broken in spirit or softened in character by the death of his wife, had, even before her remains were consigned to the grave, missed her valuable diamond ring. His suspicions had fixed themselves on her faithful attendant, Ellen Morris, who had been Mrs. Vernon's sole nurse in sickness, hardly ever quitting her room.

Ellen was the only member of their household whom the Vernons had taken with them to Hastings. Ellen, on the accusation of her master, was brought before a magistrate on the day after the funeral. Various trifling circumstances seeming to confirm the suspicions of her guilt, she was fully committed for trial.

The innocent woman was tried at the County Assizes, found guilty, and condemned to undergo a term of imprisonment, with hard labor, in the jail at Guildford. On the agony of mind which Mary endured it is needless to dwell.

Her only earthly comfort was the sympathy of her brother, who never for one moment doubted her innocence, and who did all that lay in his power to help her to prove it.

On the day of her condemnation Ellen Morris made Robert Holland promise never to tell any one, not even his wife, should he marry, the secret of his sister's disgrace. The trial taking place in a county remote from Suffolk, Ellen hoped that the account of it might never reach her native village. Her friends and fellow-servants knew only that, after the death of her mistress, Ellen no longer remained in the service of Mr. Vernon.

There was nothing in this to cause surprise or suspicion. There was a general impression, shared even by Effie, that Ellen had entered another place, and almost immediately gone abroad with her lady.

No one in Ashley knew of Ellen's imprisonment save her brother and Mr. Vernon, and neither of these men was likely to utter a word on the subject. The silence of Robert would have been natural, even had he not been *bound by promise*. The philosopher, who aimed at being regarded as a benefactor of mankind, did not choose that his prosecution of his servant should be known more widely than he could help.

Had Mrs. Vernon died in her own home, it is probable that her husband would have contented himself with turning Ellen out of his house in disgrace, without delivering her up, as he ha done at Hastings, into the hands of the law.

So careful was the philanthropist not to los his character for philanthropy, that it was from words which he intentionally dropped in the presence of his other servants that the false rumo had arisen of Ellen s being "in another place," and that place "not with a lady in England."

Mr. Vernon had been harsh in his judgment and hard in his dealings, but intentionally unjust he never had been. He had believed that faithless servant, a hypocrite and a thief, ha deserved all that she had suffered.

It had been no small annoyance to Mr. Verno when the sight of the ring on the finger of Edit had convinced him that he had brought a fals accusation against an innocent person. Ha not Ellen's term of imprisonment at that tim almost come to a close, her late master migh have felt himself obliged openly to do her justice.

But Mr. Vernon was exceedingly anxious t hush up an affair in which his own conduct ha done so little credit to his wisdom or merc It would be vexatious for the world to discove that the clever man had deceived himself—*th philanthropist injured the guiltless!*

"I will find some other way of amply makin up to Ellen Morris for all that she has suffere and yet avoid lowering myself in public estimation," said the man full of worldly wisdom, a he thought over the matter.

But would it be possible to make up for all th anguish of heart, the shame, the unspeakabl misery which had been undergone by the inn cent Ellen? Could her prosecutor make up her for a blighted life? Could he blot out fro remembrance the dreadful fact that she ha stood in the prisoners' dock, received a crim nal's sentence, endured the punishment of felon?

Ellen's character was dearer to her than lif the wound which she had received was mo painful than a dagger could have inflicted; su a wrong as she had suffered could not be ca celled by gold!

The imprisonment was now over, and asham notwithstanding her guiltless conscience, to fa her friends, she was going to emigrate. seemed hard that so terrible a misfortune shou have overtaken her, but Ellen was not one

e her energies in useless sorrow, and she was
taking the course in her judgment the
st and best.

t Edith's sorrow was very acute. The gen-
aiden's heart was wrung, when she thought
e suffering the innocent girl must have en-
d. All this made her eager to do all in her
r to check the evil consequences which were
flowing from her uncle's unfortunate mis-

the information which Edith now gathered
gthened her belief that Robert had gone
o join his sister at Southampton, and ac-
pany her to the land, wherever that land
t be, to which the deeply-injured woman
ound.

e lady saw the great importance of overtak-
if possible, the intended emigrants before
should embark in the May Queen, and let
know at once that Ellen's innocence was
cleared from the slightest shade of sus-
n.

the present opportunity were suffered to
the brother and sister would soon be afloat
e wide ocean, and it was more than prob-
that all trace of them would be lost. The
hed Effie would be left in worse than wid-
od, and might spend in it a long life of
if grief did not hurry her into an early

ffie," said Edith, "this afternoon you will
to London, and pass through it to the ter-
s of the South-Western line. I have not a
shaw's Railroad Guide with me, but there
doubt that you will find that some train
this evening which will carry you on to
mouth."

when Edith looked at the trembling, ner-
bewildered young creature to whom she
peaking, she felt how utterly unfit was
Effie to undertake the long double journey
rself.

n should the young traveller succeed in
ing Southampton, how unable would she
make her way in a bustling, crowded sea-
how unlikely was it that she would find out
usband by the single clue of the name of a
Some one who could think, act, and make
ries must be at the side of the poor young
or her journey would probably be alto-
r useless.

th thought first of Alec Stewart, but a
e's reflection made her give up all idea of
him to go with his niece. It was most
ely that Mr. Vernon would grant leave of
ce to a servant whose sudden departure
entail the greatest inconvenience on his
r.

at substitute for Alec could be found at
ur's notice, who could understand the care
adders, or be trusted to dust the most
te fossils? Besides this difficulty there
other which was quite sufficient to prevent
from being a suitable escort for Effie.
rt was quite unaccustomed to travelling,
ever once visited London, and was more
nt of the world than even Effie herself.

ou cannot go alone," said Edith thought-
resting on Effie the gaze of her mild, pity-
es.

r Effie had been thinking the same thing.
ould easily enough reach London, but in
nfused state of her mind, to have to cross
ty's bewildering maze, undertake a jour-
robably at night, to a place to her utterly
own, and then to have before her a search
ich success was improbable, and failure
be maddening—the very thought of such
pedition made Effie's brain *burn as with*

ert Holland's wife could have dared
k over live coals to reach her husband, but
an and arrange, and exert her mental
s was what she felt that she could not do.
went alone she would go in vain; without
d of one of stronger mind and calmer judg-
than her own, Effie was convinced that she
never find her way to her husband.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TYPES EXPLAINED.

S. S. Lesson for October 12th.—Heb. 9:1-15.

Golden Text, 10:4. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text is the true key-note of our subject, "For by one offering, He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." *He hath.* This is the accomplishment, the fulfilment of the types. The law had "a shadow of good things to come" (Heb. 10:1), but the substance of the shadow is in this blessed truth. "*He hath*" does not refer to that which is to come, but to the present power and blessing which flows to us from the "one offering." Our blessed Lord came into the world with only one purpose (Heb. 10 : 5-7)—to do the will of God. His was the first human body which had ever fully answered the purpose of his creation, to carry out the will and mind of God. Therefore it is written, "By the which will (God's will heard, received, fulfilled by Christ) we are sanctified by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all."

All the types prefigured this lifelong offering of Himself even unto death. The first type we meet with is "a worthy sanctuary;" the original is rather an *earthly* sanctuary. In Ex. 25 : 8 God commands, "Let them make Me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them." The human life of the Lord Jesus was such a dwelling place, God manifest in the flesh. The sanctuary consisted of a tabernacle, movable tent, not fixed upon the earth, having no foundation laid in the ground like a solid building. And this is a true type of the heavenly life which our beloved Lord led here on earth; and it is a type of the life which we also as His followers are privileged to lead.

Then the tabernacle was made up of curtains, pillars, boards, hooks, sockets, etc. (Ex. 26), and in order to make a sanctuary, a dwelling place for God, we who are Christ's disciples are called to be "members one of another" (Rom. 12 : 5), "fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth," Eph. 4. That we "all may be one" (John 17 : 21), as it is written of the type, "so it became one tabernacle" (Ex. 36 : 13). Unitedly alone can we represent Jesus. The tabernacle contained "the candlestick," which is called (Ex. 39 : 7) "the *pure* candlestick," in which was burned "*pure* oil-olive beaten for the light to cause the lamps to burn continually" (Ex. 24 : 2). All was pure; Christ as the Light of the world shone with a light so pure that no thing of darkness could remain in His presence. Let us not forget that as His Father sent Him into the world, so hath He sent us into the world to be also its light in His name (Matt. 5 : 14). And then, besides, there was "the *pure* table" whereon was the shew bread in two rows and "pure frankincense upon each row, that it may be on the bread for a memorial" (Ex. 24 : 6, 7). All-pure, all-holy, because it set forth the all-holy Son of God. As the bread of life He is figured in the shew bread that which satisfies God and gives life to us.

"And after the second veil, the tabernacle which is called the Holiest of all. This is the type of unbroken communion with God, a life like Enoch's with the testimony that we please God. Until Christ came "the way into the Holiest of all was not yet made manifest" (ver. 8). But now we have "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil; that is to say, His flesh" (Heb. 10 : 19, 20). O how responsible we are to take and to keep the glorious position thus made for us by Christ! and to walk, live, suffer, testify in the strength of it!

Under the law all was expectation, and all was imperfection; the very high priest who offered gifts and sacrifices was obliged to take the life of innocent victims and offer their life-blood not only for others, but for his own self also. Year by year he offered both gifts and sacrifices that could not make him that did the service perfect as pertaining to the conscience. The consciousness of inward condemnation remained, and the conscience was still unpurged.

"But Christ being come an high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands—that is to say, not of this building, neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." "It is finished," said our blessed Lord upon the Cross. "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do," He said to His Father (John 17 : 4). No hindrance remains; it is possible to live a life with a pure conscience, a life of pleasing God which God says He has perfected for ever them that are sanctified through Christ, because He sees the end from the beginning. Shall we, dare we, look away from His work to our wretched selves and say that that is impossible which Christ has spent His life and death to accomplish?

Self has no voice here, for Himself is our self, and our old self is buried with Him. Thus, and thus only, can we have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. Self-conceit has no room to develop in such a position. To consider self in any way is to leave our burial place; to think of past, present, or future, except in and through Him, is to come out from the covering of the blood, just as if an Israelite on the Passover night had left the house with its blood-sprinkled doorway, he would have been found within reach of the destroying angel. The blood of such an one would be justly on his own head. And what responsibility do we incur, who are within so blessed a possibility, if through unbelief we fail to experience it?

"Let us therefore fear lest, a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." It is our blessed privilege and our bounden duty, because Christ has consecrated for us "a new and living way through the veil—that is to say, His flesh," to "draw near, with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water;" all our being pure through the unlimited grace of our merciful Redeemer.

How then in practical daily life can I find all these blessings assured to me? Simply by renouncing, I hope, or I try, I succeed or I fail, and adopting "*He hath*" according to the Scripture. The moment we leave the cover of the blood to cast so much as a glance at ourselves, the door is left open behind us for unbelief, discouragement, and sin. But while we hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, and we allow ourselves to be led of the Spirit, moment by moment, we have nothing to fear, because "He is faithful that promised." And having considered Christ for ourselves, we can "consider one another" for Christ, "to provoke unto love and to good works" (Heb. 10 : 23, 24).

O while we are humble enough to take our right position in Christ and not in ourselves, and honest-hearted enough to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," fully decided to let no consideration weigh with us but His supreme and blessed will, there is no need to remain sighing for a state of nearness to God which seems to escape our grasp. He *hath* "obtained eternal redemption for us, through the eternal Spirit;" He *hath* "offered Himself without spot to God;" He *hath* "entered into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us;" He *hath* "perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Now, is our stand on this which He hath done for us, or is it upon our own faith, obedience, etc.? O let us remember that while we are pledged by the very position we hold, to lead lives pure as He is pure, holy as He is holy, this is all impossible while we are ignorant of the perfection of His work for us. Patience can only have her perfect work in us as we see that it is not we, but Christ, who lives patience in us. Love can only gain ground, and we be rooted and grounded in love, as not we, but I live and work, and thus the shadow becomes the substance, and in us also is the type fulfilled.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the Zulus has been signed, and Cetewayo the king has been carried to Cape Town to await instructions from the Home Government. The country has been broken up into sections, each to be ruled by its own chief, who signs the treaty of peace. One of the provisions of this treaty puts an end to the Zulu military system, whereby the young warriors of the tribes were not permitted to marry until they had served in battle and distinguished themselves by bravery. The chiefs undertake to prohibit the importation of arms into their territories, and promise to make no declaration of war upon other tribes without the consent of the British authorities at Cape Colony. This is probably the best arrangement open to the British; but it is doubtful how far a treaty of any kind will be observed by the desperate savages, or how far it will form a protection to the British colony in South Africa.

The British Resident in Burmah, India, has been withdrawn. The drunken orgies of the king of that country continue, and he is surrounded by young men who are reckless enough for any desperate crime. The Resident has not been able to check the cruelty and inhumanity of the king and his officers, and he has been treated by them with marked discourtesy. The English Government, warned by the murder of Major Cavagnari and his party at Cabul, have therefore prudently decided on being wise in time and withdrawing their representative before a hostile movement is made.

The Conference between Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy has been the subject of general comment throughout Europe during the past week. It is one of those events capable of exercising a decisive influence over the future of all European nations. An alliance between Germany and Austria is said to have been the result of the interview, Germany guaranteeing to Austria her acquisitions of territory held under the Berlin Treaty, and Austria engaging to assist Germany if an attempt is made to wrest from her the spoils of the Franco-German war. The Alliance indicates that the two nations fear a combination between Russia and France. Its tendency is to divide Europe into two hostile camps. On the one side will be Germany and Austria, to which England will be drawn by her jealousy of Russia, and on the other Russia, France, and probably Italy and Denmark. With millions of men under arms, and a store of weapons of the most destructive character the world has ever seen, the elements of a great conflagration are all present. Students of prophecy see in this unsettled condition of affairs, which continues in spite of the best efforts of statesmen to restore quiet and prosperity, the steady approach of the certainly predicted crisis which is to herald the new dawn and the coming of the day of the Son of Man upon the earth.

A Russian City Destroyed.—A Furious Storm raged over the city of Kiev on September 3d, and during its continuance fire broke out in seven places simultaneously. Many women and children perished in the flames. It is supposed that the conflagration was the work of the Nihilists.

Lord Lawrence the Friend of Missions.—"The Free Church of Scotland *Record*, referring to the Late Lord Lawrence—whose portrait and life appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 10, 1879,—says: "His death recalls us to the first seat of our missionaries in India. They had no warmer friend than the two brothers, *descendants by their mother's side of John Knox*, whom the Protestantism of Ulster sent forth from Derry to conquer and to save our Indian empire. Henry Lawrence was the first to help Dr. Duff after the Disruption, and he lies in the now sweet cemetery of the Lucknow Residency, described by himself as a man 'who tried to do his duty.' John Lawrence, not less generous and true, though of a sterner nature, was led by the solemn experiences of the Mutiny to do more for Indian missions than any other of its rulers has ever attempted. So the soldier-statesman who honor ed God lies in the nave of Westminster Abbey beside Livingstone, as Henry Lawrence lies not far from Havelock in the far East."

The Prime Minister of Madagascar recently said at a meeting: "I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, it is the wish of the Queen, and the desire of the Prime Minister that our people should know Jesus Christ and His salvation. In the time of persecution, and when Christians had to pray in secret, I heard them cry out to God, saying, 'Oh, when will there be a Queen in this country who will worship God?' God has heard their prayers, and behold now our Queen serves God, establishes her kingdom on Him, and urges her people to seek salvation through Christ. Here, under the very shadow of the place where we are assembled, there was a girl brought from Lazaina, and she was condemned to be *thrown over the rock*. When she got to the spot she cried out, 'Throw me over; for I am Christ's.' My father wished to save her; and cried out, 'Stop! she is an idiot.' But although my father would have saved her, the girl would not be silenced in her declaration that she was a servant of Christ."

Bishop Tirrell, who Lately Died in Australia, left $1,200,000 to the Episcopal Church Missionary Society, under which he had labored in that country for thirty years. He had not returned to his native land during all that period. How he came by so large an amount of money is not told, but it is a well known fact that many of the very wealthy in the Church of England are becoming more and more interested in the cause of missions. The gift meets the pressing needs of the Society, which ran in debt last year $105,000 making its entire deficit the large sum of $144,000.

An Ashantee Native on His Dying Bed was visited by a Wesleyan missionary, and thus addressed him: "I hear you preached last night about heaven. I could not be at your service, but I am going to heaven myself; and when I get there I will go to my Saviour and throw myself at His feet, and thank Him for His mercy in sending a missionary to this land to tell me of the truth. Then I will come back to the gate and sit down until you come, and then I will take you to my Saviour's throne, and say you are the man who first told me of the cross of Christ."

The Defeat by Locusts of a Russian Deta ment of infantry on the march from Goatsch is reported. It was assailed by a flight of locu twenty-two miles square, which arrested progress and compelled it to take refuge in military station of Dzigamskoi. Next day detachment made another attempt to conti its march, but was brought to a dead stand at a verst from Dzigamskoi by the locusts, wh had alighted in such masses upon the gro that the soldiers could not wade through th and they still filled the air, swarming upon men in countless myriads. In the hope of disp ing them by noise, Major Lazoff gave his men command to fire in the air, and kept up a se of volleys for nearly half an hour; but locusts paid no attention whatsoever to the r discharge of Russian musketry directed ag them, and the detachment was forced to ret for the second time to Dzigamskoi.

King Mtesa, the African Potentate wh abolished slavery in his dominions, as menti in our last issue, has been, it appears, a dili student of the Bible during the last four y He was much impressed by the teaching of Livingstone, and when Mr. H. M. Stanley vi him he asked the explorer to give him a tra tion of a portion of the sacred book. This done, Stanley leaving with him in the Kasw dialect extracts describing the principal e from the Creation to the Crucifixion, and th tire Gospel of St. Luke. The abolition of sl has been the outcome of his reading, il nated and applied to the king's dark mi the Holy Spirit. A weighty testimony t Divine origin of the book.

Stanley, the Explorer, is again in A under the auspices of the King of the Bel who is anxious to open trade with the nati the great Congo River. About the mid July last he sailed from Gibraltar for the Coast of Africa in a steamer. A steamer with goods has also been sent from Ant which will remain at the Congo till Stanle rival. The steamer has on board two or steam-barges in sections, in which to asce Congo, carrying these sections piecemeal a the Gellala Falls. The King of the Belgia manifested great interest and great ene thus being the first to gain a foothold the natives. Students of propheey are re ing upon the *extremely rapid* opening up the last, unknown continent of the worl

A Curious Superstition is Exhibited in ern and Southern India, where the lands de by the famine of 1877 are now being rava a plague of millions of rats. These anima overspread the country like locusts, they the crops almost as thoroughly, and a more difficult to keep down. So grave l come the aspect of affairs that a "*Rat Com* has been appointed to inquire into the best of getting rid of these creatures. The na some places refuse to destroy the rats, believe that the souls of people who die famine have come back in the bodies of get the food they should have had in the ous existence. Thus we see how supe becomes its own scourge (Prov. 1 : 31).

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

blished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. LMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other inent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. The Circulation is 165,000 Copies.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1879.

13th Year. No. 51—New Series.

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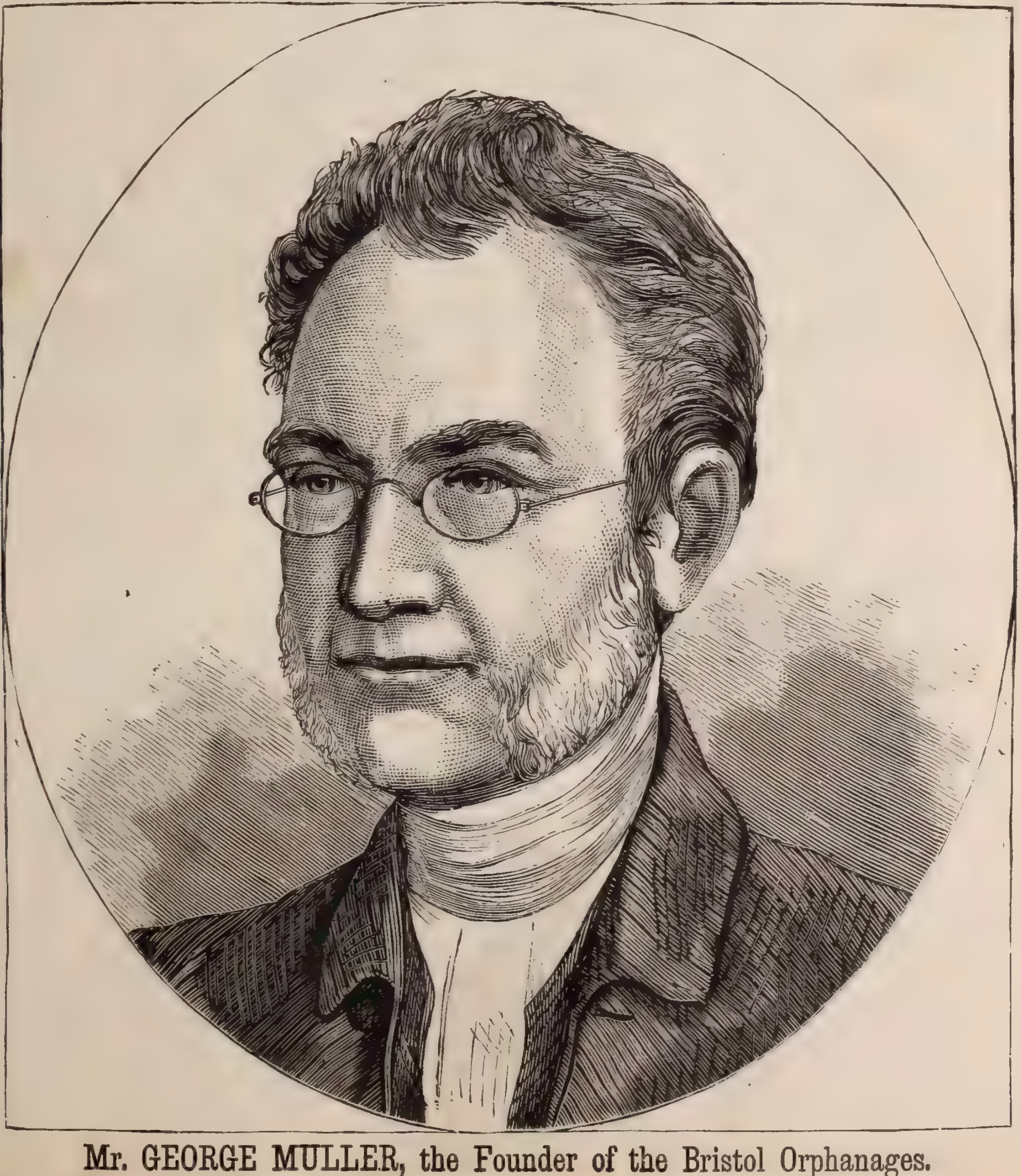

Mr. GEORGE MULLER, the Founder of the Bristol Orphanages.

MR. GEORGE MÜLLER,

Founder of the Bristol Orphanages.

Leading Principle of His Life—Birth—Ungodliness of his Boyhood—Conversion—Missionary Zeal—Joins the London Society for the Jews—Separates, and goes to Exmouth—His First Testimony—His First Charge—Marriage—Begins his Life of Faith—Testimony after Twenty-five Years—Goes to Bristol and founds the Orphanage—Its Growth—$225,000 a Year—Four Principles—His View of the World's Last Days—His Prayerfulness and Daily Life.

Mr. George Müller, the well-known founder and director of the Ashleydown Orphan Houses, near Bristol, England, is one of the few persons of distinction who have never sat for their portraits or photographs, and consequently it is not easy to obtain a good portrait of him; but the one given on our frontispiece this week is considered to be a very fair likeness. His object in not having his likeness taken is simply in keeping with the main principle of this gentleman's life, which is to *sink his own identity* and let the power of God through Jesus Christ be apparent in all that he accomplishes. Our Saviour distinctly said to the Jews, "How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?" (John 5:44.) It is not possible to have full faith in God, and to work by His power, unless we allow the personality and presence of God to be seen through us as plainly as if we were not in the way at all. To do that is the highest standard of attainment set before believing Christians; and the following short history will show how Mr. Müller set himself to attain it.

This eminent man of God was born at Kroppenstaedt, near Halberstadt, in Prussia, on September 27th, 1805, and is therefore now exactly 74 years of age. This may surprise some who have noticed his erect carriage and the remarkable elasticity of his movements. At the age of ten years he was sent to a school at Halberstadt, and seven years later to a school at Nordhausen. Then at Easter in 1825 he became a member of the University of Halle with honorable testimonials, and thus obtained permission to preach in the Lutheran Established Church.

He was at that time, however, *an unconverted man*, and had sought the profession of the ministry principally to please his father, who himself valued it for no better reason than because of its respectability and chances of future emolument. Mr. Müller says of his state at that period: "I had no Bible, and had not read in it for years. I went to church but seldom; but, from custom, I took the Lord's Supper twice a year. I had never heard the Gospel preached. I had never met with a person who told me that he meant, by the help of God, to live according to the Holy Scriptures. In short, I had not the least idea that there were any persons really different from myself, except in degree." This shows how hollow the godliness of the church in Prussia must have been at that time.

It is well to correct here a common idea that persons who become eminent for power in prayer and nearness of communion with God, owe it to their natural excellence of disposition, or to favorable circumstances in their early education. The readers of that wonderful book, "The Life of Trust," or "A Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller," will remember that the subject of this sketch was, previously to his conversion, a wicked and despicable character much beyond the average run of youths, and that his studies in divinity had the effect of *hardening* him rather than doing any thing else.

HIS CONVERSION

was a miracle wrought by the almighty power of God. One Saturday evening in the middle of November, 1825, he was taken by a fellow-student to a prayer-meeting, and the Lord touched his heart there. He writes: "Now my life became very different, though not so that all sins were given up at once." Four or five months afterwards the God of Providence threw him into the society of a devoted young believer, whose example mightily stirred him, and he was able, for the first time in his life, fully and unreservedly to give up himself to the Lord.

Almost immediately afterwards Mr. Müller was filled with anxiety to embark on foreign missionary work, and was ultimately led to accept an invitation of "The London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews" to go to London to prepare in their institution for missionary work. He arrived in London on the 29th March, 1829. He had been happily and providentially exempted, three months before, from the Prussian requirement of three years' military service, on account of his weak state of health.

Toward the close of that year he was led to doubt the suitability of a servant of the Lord's working under the patronage of any earthly society; and therefore the connection between him and the London Society for the Jews was amicably dissolved. On December 30th, 1829, he went to spend a fortnight with some Christian people at Exmouth, on the south coast of England. He says: "I arrived at Exmouth on December 31st, at six in the evening, an hour before the commencement of a prayer-meeting at Ebenezer Chapel. My heart was burning with a desire to tell of the Lord's goodness to my soul. Being, however, not called on either to speak or pray, I was silent. The next morning I spoke on the difference between *a Christian* and *a happy Christian*, and showed whence it generally comes that we rejoice so little in the Lord. This, *my first testimony*, was blessed to many believers, that God, as it appears, might show me that He was with me."

At Exmouth Mr. Müller met Mr. Craik, his subsequent close friend and coadjutor, and began to preach in chapels in that neighborhood, finally settling down at Teignmouth as pastor of a congregation of *eighteen persons* who promised to give him a stipend of $275 a year.

In the spring of 1830 he became convinced, after a prayerful examination of the Scriptures, that baptism should be administered only by immersion, and submitted himself to the ordinance.

On October 7th of the same year he was married to Miss Mary Groves, sister of Mr. Groves, who relinquished a lucrative profession to become a missionary in China.

It is time now to tell how Mr. Müller entered upon what has become known over all the world as

HIS LIFE OF FAITH.

From the time of his conversion he had been very earnest in prayer, both praying about a greater variety of matters than other people do, and doing it more sincerely and fervently than most others do. Now from the time of Enoch downwards such a practice has never failed to be met by a special revelation of the Spirit of the Creator to the spirit of man. Consequently Mr. Muller was by degrees led into the habit of "asking counsel of the Lord" about every affair of his life, and experience soon taught him that he could never look to God in vain

When, therefore, for reasons known to his own conscience, he resolved, in concert with his likeminded wife, in the very month of his marriage, to give up his regular salary, and rely for his support on the voluntary gifts of his small congregation, he had an intelligent expectation that, however the Lord might *test* his faith, He could never overlook him and would never leave him in want.

His journal from that time contains innumerable instances of *severe trials* and *miraculous providences*. He was repeatedly reduced to his last halfpenny, or his last morsel of food, but in every case he was enabled to refrain from mentioning the circumstance to any human being, though he pleaded with God for deliverance; and positively in every case help came before the hour of the next meal. At the same time his experience was brightened by so many instances of direct and unmistakable interposition by God, that his faith became as firm as a rock He could say with David, "Bless the Lord, (my soul, and forget not all His benefits" (Psa 103:2).

Twenty-five years afterwards he deliberatel recorded the result of his experience as follows "Confidence in the Lord, to whom alon I lool for the supply of my temporal wants, keeps me when a case of distress comes before me, o when the Lord's work calls for my pecuniar aid, from anxious reckoning like this: Will m salary last out? shall I have enougn myself nex month? etc. In this my freedom I am, by th grace of God, generally at least, able to say t myself something like this: My Lord is no limited; He can again supply; He knows tha this present case has been sent to me; and thu this way of living, so far from *leading to anxiety* is rather the means of *keeping from it*.

"This way of living has often been the mean of reviving the work of grace in my heart, whe I have been getting cold; and it also has bee the means of bringing me back again to th Lord, after I have been backsliding. For it wil not do, it is not possible, to live in sin, and a the same time, by communion with God, t draw down from heaven every thing one need for the life that now is. Frequently, too, a fres answer to prayer, obtained in this way, has bee the means of quickening my soul, and filling m with much joy."

The Lord so abundantly honored Mr. Müller' faith in regard to his personal wants, that h was encouraged to indulge his benevolent hea by opening a house for *neglected orphan childre* and looking to God for the means of its support Having, with Mr. Craik, moved permanently t Bristol in 1832, he there opened his first Orpha House in April, 1836. Although thus starte without any money, the work never went bac one step. It has constantly enlarged, and roon has been added to room and building to building till the present time, when this obscur German preacher is the virtual master of whole range of stately stone-built edifices, i which more than

TWO THOUSAND ORPHANS

are housed, fed, clothed, and educated. In addition to this he employs nearly 200 missionaries at home and abroad, and has 100 day-school in various places, with 9000 children in them and sends out every year 4,000,000 of tracts an 10,000 copies of Scripture.

This vast work, carried on by a man who i independent of every one but God, but wh never fails one day to take counsel with God involves an annual outlay of about

225,000 DOLLARS,

which God sends him every year, in large sum and small, from all parts of the world. Th feeding of Elijah by ravens was nothing at a in comparison with this.

From the beginning Mr. Muller has strictl acted upon *four principles*, any one of whic would be considered suicidal according to th world's way of thinking. 1. He never publishe the name of a donor. 2. He will not incur a penn of expense unless he has the money in hand 3. He never appropriates to one purpose, eve as a loan, money which has been given fo another. 4. He makes no provision for tim to come. If there were no other evidence o God's presence in the earth, the Bristol Orphanages would demonstrate the fact to the condemnation of all unbelievers and scoffers. At th day of judgment they will be an awful witnes against thousands who are steeling their heart to the truth.

The readers of the Christian Herald wil be interested to read Mr. Muller's views on th state of the world at the

END OF THE AGE,

as he stated them in an apology for starting a Missionary Institution of his own when there wer already many others in operation. He wrote "The end which these religious societies propose to themselves, and which is constantly pu before their members, is that the world wil gradually become better and better, and that a

hole world will be converted." To this
is constantly reference made to Hab.
Isa. 11 : 9. "But that these passages
o reference to the present dispensa-
o the one which will commence with
of the Lord—that in the present dis-
things will not become spiritually
rather worse—and that in the pres-
sation it is not the whole world that
verted, but only a people gathered
among the Gentiles for the Lord—is
many passages of the divine testimony,
only refer to the following: Matt.
and 36-43; 2 Tim. 3:1-13; Acts

n of God, who is also a learned man,
in commentaries and other theologi-
His whole library consists of a
ble, three Greek Testaments, a Greek
e and lexicon, with some half-dozen
ersions of the Holy Scriptures in Eng-
several other languages which he un-

ts of daily life were thus described by
e friend nearly twenty years ago:
early, enters his closet, shuts the door,
Bible, offers a short prayer, especially
he guidance of God's Spirit upon the
al meditation of His Holy Word; then
neditates verse by verse, chapter by
l his whole soul becomes impressed
presence and impregnated with God's
then he bows himself, and, like
aking hold of the middle pillars, he
th God till, like Israel, he prevails.
of reading the Scriptures is to go
d regularly through them, both the
ew Testaments at the same time—
ead in the Old one part of the day and
the other. . . . ." When asked
he had gone through the Bible in this
swer was, 'I cannot tell, but probably
a hundred times.' . . .
rning hours, after his closet duties are
ent in his family, opening his letters,
tc., marking with his pencil and sep-
m into such divisions or classes that
clerks or assistants can understand
ctive duties. He reaches the Or-
es between 10 and 11 o'clock; there
till 6 or 7 in the evening, attending
seeing a great variety of things. The
labor he performs is amazing, and
endless variety would render insane,
think, most other men. Yet he is
d, never looks anxious or out of tem-
s calm and placid, and in a prayerful
nind, casting all his cares upon the
careth for him."

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ld our readers last week, Mr. Muller is
our in this country. He is preaching
lusively in German; but if he delivers
address in New York we shall pub-
t of it in the CHRISTIAN HERALD.

IR. MOODY'S ADDRESS

Union on Tuesday Morning, Sept. 30.

Activity—The Ladies at Baltimore—
cient Christians—Cold Christians—
ged Christians—Elijah and the Juniper
sson from Noah—The Disciples' Great

l of Cooper Union was filled at nine
Tuesday morning by a large audience,
ether to listen to an address by Rev.
ody. Mr. Sankey was present and
al solos and duets, the audience join-
horus.

ayer had been offered, Mr. Moody

ust state in a few words *the object of*
. It was found, a few days ago, that
time Mr. Sankey and many workers
would be in New York, and we were
hold a meeting to stir up each other
rvice.

key and I are soon leaving for Cleve-
after that we go to St. Louis. We want this to be a blessed winter. I pray that this may be the most blessed winter America has ever seen: and why should it not begin right here this morning? Let us not be so anxious about others or about the church, but let it be the prayer of each one of us: Lord, bless *me*.

"The Christian Church has been on the defensive long enough. We want to enter on a war of aggression. The generals in the last war who were satisfied with acting on the defensive were a failure. But I think I hear a voice saying this morning unto the children of Israel, that

THEY GO FORWARD.

"You talk about the dangers of infidelity and scepticism, but I do not fear them half as much as this deadly coldness of Christian people.

"When the ladies at Baltimore came to me for advice last winter, I said, 'Don't get into some brick building, up in the second story, to pray. We have prayed long enough. It is time we put some work beside our prayers. Go on to one of the principal thoroughfares; get a store if you can, and give out that you are going to hold a Gospel meeting.' Well, they shrank from that; they were afraid of the publicity. But at last they opened their room, and there they prayed and sang. I tell you I have been to many meetings, but I have never been to meetings like theirs. Many men came in fresh from their bath, from their meal, from their work; some came in under the influence of liquor, and they heard those prayers and songs, and they said, 'Why, that reminds me of my mother; I remember singing that hymn when I was a child.' And those that we could not reach, these ladies got at. They were many of them ladies of wealth and position; but they did not shrink from the ragged, the depraved, and the dissolute. They worked there day after day, and *they had fruit every day*. I see a face from Baltimore near me, and I should like to ask Mr. Bliss how that work is going on."

Mr. E. W. Bliss, of Baltimore, rose and described the successful work now in progress in that city. Then *Mr. Moody continued:*

"I suppose, if I were to ask you Christian people what you desire above any thing else in the world, I believe you would say, 'I desire to be useful to God.' Is there any thing God desires more than that—to make us useful in His service? If, then we are agreed, what is there to hinder God from taking us out and making us more useful than ever before? Yes, there is just one thing that may hinder, and that is, sin in us. There has to be *a letting go*, a letting go of sin and of the world.

"We must be near to God if we would be used. God uses the vessel nearest at hand. If I am a great way off from God, God cannot use me. There are some Christians who have lost their hope and their joy. They have been rescued, and probably if they were to die now they would be safe; but God cannot use them. But these people may be stirred, they may be aroused. Samson lost his strength when he lost his hair; but the Philistines did not pull it up by the roots; it grew again, and as it grew his strength returned; so God can restore them to His service. If we are in this low state, the world will not be the better for our work. I don't believe the fault is on God's side; and the people who pray that the time, the set time to favor Zion, may soon come, do not see this. *God is ready now.*

"We must get our message from God. Why did our Lord commend Mary and not Martha, who was doing work and hurrying about the house? Because Mary sat at Jesus' feet receiving from Him, that she might go out afterwards and work for Him. That is the right way. We must get first before we can give. If we have not got an overflow of the Gospel in our hearts, we cannot give out to others.

"You hear men talk and talk and talk, and yet say nothing; how is that? It is because they are always talking of their old experience. They are always going back to the old times. Suppose I were to talk to my wife about how happy I was when *I first married* her, and how much I loved her then. Why, it would break her heart.

"But when we pray that God may fill us, we ought to ask ourselves whether we are not *already full*. There are some men so full of themselves, and of conceit and their own self-righteousness, that there is no room in them for the things of eternity. How can God fill such men? Let us all pray that God may *empty us* in order that afterwards He may fill us with His grace.

"There is one striking feature of these cold-hearted Christians: they always imagine every one else is cold. The cold man looks on every thing with a cold eye. He finds fault with the minister, with the singing, and sees defects all through the service. Remember, the quickest way to warm up a church is *to get warm yourself*. The sparks will fly out from you to other people.

"What we want is to have *the life right*—to have a life that God can sanction, a life that God can bless. If the life is not right, God will never bless our work for Him.

"A great many people wonder why God does not answer their prayers, as if the fault were God's. They read, 'the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear;' and they stop there. They do not read the rest of the passage; if they did they would find the reason. 'Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you that He will not hear' (Isa. 59:1, 2). There is some little corner of our hearts being held for ourselves, or for the world. There is the secret of non-success. Before we get the blessing there must be an emptying of ourselves.

"But how shall we find out where this hindrance is, for there is nothing so blinding as sin in the heart? Let us all make the same prayer, for we all need make it: 'Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me.' David felt that sin might be lurking in his heart in some secret place, and he says, 'I want God to search me, *He will find it*.' Let us every one make that prayer here and now. God looks into the mind. 'O God, know thou my thoughts.' My friends, make that prayer now, and after the search, if sin is found tear it off; if it is as precious as a right hand, as dear as a right eye, out with it.

"Then another hindrance to our usefulness is, that we are so easily discouraged. Mark this, *God never used a discouraged man yet.* Even Elijah got discouraged. At Carmel he was strong enough. He said, 'I will call on the name of the Lord;' but after that, when he thought he had lost a little reputation, he lay down under a juniper tree and wished he was dead. He said, 'I am no better than my fathers.' Well, we are too ready to lie down under the juniper tree; but God cannot use us there. He says to us, 'What doest thou here? Be up and at work.' The word comes to us as it came to Joshua; four times in one chapter God says to him,

'BE OF GOOD COURAGE.'

"I remember a few years ago *I got under a juniper tree.* I was discouraged. I had not seen any fruit for a month; and one Monday morning, after a barren Sunday, a friend came in to see me. I said, 'How did you get on yesterday?' 'Splendidly,' he replied; 'how did you?' 'Miserably,' I said; 'I think I shall not go on long this way.' 'I think it would do you good,' my friend said, 'to study up the life of Noah.' I thought I knew all about Noah. It was a short history anyhow; but I got my Bible and read how he had toiled for 120 years and never got discouraged. Well, I found there was much to be learned from Noah; and when I went to the noon-day prayer-meeting and heard the singing and the prayers, I thought, what would Noah have given to have heard that?

"We have got to realize that our encouragement lies *at the end of the route;* that man is no use who is always looking for his reward down here. And besides this, do not forget that a discouraged man does harm; he gives a bad impression of the service, so that people think from his looks that it is, Enter thou into *the misery* of thy Lord, not into *the joy* of thy Lord.

"This self-seeking is the curse of our time, as it has been of all ages. As Jesus went up to Jerusalem to die, there was a dispute among His disciples by the way which of them should be the greatest; but Jesus said, 'Whosoever would be great among you shall be your minister.' Let us seek great things for God—that is the way to keep self down.

"The character I like best of all is that of John the Baptist. When they sent to ask him, 'Who art thou?' he said, 'I am just nobody—*only a voice;* but there cometh One after me whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose.' He just preached up Christ: he had nothing to say of himself. Let us seek to make Christ great, not ourselves. God will work with us then. He loves that name, and when we preach that, He will stand by us, because He delights to see that name exalted.

"What, shall self-seeking stand in the way of Christ? Let self be cast utterly away. When Jesus had been telling His disciples of His crucifixion and of all that should befall Him at Jerusalem, they began disputing which of them should be the greatest. Think of that! The mother of Zebedee's sons came asking a favor of Him. What was the favor? That one might sit on His right hand and the other on His left; one to be prime minister and the other secretary of state! And even at that solemn hour of the last supper there was a dispute among them. What about? Why the same thing: which of them should be greatest. I think that was the most humiliating thing in the whole life of Christ.

"May God help us to stamp this viper out, for it has done more to keep back the church of God than any other cause. If it fixes itself on us, let us shake it off as Paul did the viper after the shipwreck, and let the fire of the Holy Ghost burn it up."

Mr. Moody delivered an address to Christian young men in the evening of the same day, which will be published in our next number.

THE DEMOCRACY OF RELIGION.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, Oct. 5th, 1879.

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men."
—ACTS 17: 26.

All Nations from One Stock—Difference of Temperament Mostly Atmospheric — Intellectual Differences—I. The Brotherhood of Man—The Human Heart a Divine Instrument—The Same Joys and Sorrows Everywhere—II. The Difference the Bible Makes—Newspapers and Good Books Overlaying the Bible—The Bible first in all Branches of Literature—III. The Marvellous Power of Christ over the Nations—The Dore Gallery in London—IV. The Wonderful Triumphs of the Christian Religion—The Tide Rising — An Apparent Ebb—The Ships to be Brought into God's Service—Strike Eight Bells.

SOME have supposed that God originally made an Asiatic Adam, and a European Adam, and an African Adam, and an American Adam; but that theory is entirely overthrown by my text, which says that all nations are *blood relatives*, having sprung from one and the same stock.

A difference in climate makes much of the difference in national temper. An American goes to Europe and stays there a long while, and finds his pulse moderating and his temper becoming more calm. The air on this side the ocean is more tonic than on the other side. An American breathes more oxygen than a European. A European coming to America finds a great change taking place in himself. He walks with more rapid strides, and finds his voice becoming keener and shriller. The Englishman who walks London Strand at the rate of three miles the hour, coming to America and residing for a long while here, walks Broadway at the rate of four miles the hour. Much of the difference between an American and a European, between an Asiatic and an African, is atmospheric. The lack of the warm sunlight pales the Greenlander. The full dash of the sunlight darkens the negro.

Then ignorance or intelligence makes its impression on the physical organism. In the one case ignorance flattening the skull, as with the Egyptian; in the other case intelligence building up the great dome of the forehead, as with the German. Then the style of God that the nation worships decides how much it shall be elevated or debased; so that those nations that worship reptiles are themselves only a superior form of reptile, while those nations that worship the natural sun in the heavens are the noblest style of barbaric people.

But whatever be the difference of physiognomy, and whatever the difference of temperament, the physiologist tells us that after careful analysis he finds out that the plasma and the disk in the human blood have the same characteristics; so that if you should put twenty men from twenty nationalities abreast in line of battle, and a bullet should fly through the hearts of the twenty men, the blood flowing forth would through analysis prove itself to be *the same blood* in every instance. In other words, the science of the day confirming the truth of my text that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

I have thought, my friends, it might be profitable this morning if I gave you some of the moral and religious impressions which I received this summer, when through your indulgence I had Transatlantic absence.

I. And my first impression was—indeed, the impression carried with me all the summer—the thought already suggested,

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The fact is that the differences are so small between nations that they may be said to be all alike. I had a good deal of trepidation about standing before an English, or a Scotch, or an Irish audience. I said: "I don't know these people; they are different from any class of men I ever addressed, and what might be appropriate in my country may not be appropriate here." But oh! how soon I found out that people are all alike.

If a man knows how to play the piano it does not make any difference whether he finds it in New Orleans, or San Francisco, or Boston, or St. Petersburg, or Moscow, or Madras; it has so many keys, and he puts his fingers right on them. And the human heart is *a divine instrument* with just so many keys in all cases, and you strike some of them and there is joy, and you strike some of them and there is sorrow. Plied by the same motives, lifted up by the same success, depressed by the same griefs. The cabmen of London have the same characteristics as the cabmen of New York, and are just as modest and retiring! The gold and silver drive Piccadilly and the Boulevards just as they drive Wall Street. If there be a great political excitement in Europe the Bourse in Paris howls just as loudly as ever did the American gold-room.

Three fourths of the inhabitants of the earth are engaged in *a mighty struggle for bread*. Nine tenths of the population hunger-bitten if they stop to rest. The same grief that we saw at our depots in 1862, when the troops left for the war, you could see this summer in England, Ireland, and Scotland, as the troops went forth to the Zulu contest. The same widowhood and orphanage that sat down in despair after the battles of Shiloh and South Mountain poured their grief this summer in the Shannon and the Clyde, and the Dee and the Thames. Oh! ye men and women who know how to pray, never get up from your knees until you have implored God in behalf of the twelve hundred millions of the race just like yourselves, finding life a tremendous struggle; for who knows but that as the sun today draws up drops of water from the Caspian and the Black seas, and from the Amazon and the Mississippi, after a while to distil the rain, these very drops, on the fields—who knows but that the Sun of Righteousness may draw up the tears of your sympathy, and then rain them down in distillation of comfort o'er all the world.

Who is that poor man carried on a st
to the African ambulance? He is your b
Who is that woman swooning at Ply
England, as she reads the list of the slair
last Zulu conflict? She is your sister.
the Pantheon at Paris you smite you
against the wall among the tombs of th
you will hear *a very strange echo* comin
all parts of the Pantheon just as soon
smite the wall. And I suppose it is so a
that every stroke of sorrow among the t
bereavement ought to have loud, long,
repeated echo of sympathy all arou
world.

Oh! what a beautiful theory it is—an
Christian theory—that Englishman, Sco
Irishman, Norwegian, Frenchman, Itali
sian, are all akin. Of one blood all nat
was never more impressed with this tr
on the day the body of

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

of France was brought to London. I
day speaking in Exeter Hall, while the
guns were sounding. The Earl of Kin
distinguished Scottish lord, was presic
in his opening speech he said:

"We have come here to listen to an
while he talks about 'happy hours;'
for that home at Chiselhurst!"

And all heads were bowed, and t
rolled down the cheeks of the people.
thought, "This is one grief, one agony
not because that boy was the son of an
it was not because that boy died fightii
English Government; it was becaus
"the only son of his mother, and she
Of one blood all nations—high, low,
learned, rich, poor Oh! the democrac
ion. That is a very beautiful inscrij
the door in Edinburgh, the door of
where John Knox used to live. It
somewhat dim now, but there is the i
fit for the door of any household: "
above all, and your neighbor as yours

II. I was also impressed, in journey
other side the sea, with

THE DIFFERENCE THAT THE BIBL

in countries. The two nations of E
are the most moral to-day, and tha
least crime, are Scotland and Wa
have, by statistics, as you might
thefts, fewer arsons, fewer murders
the reason? *A bad book* can har
Wales. The Bible crowds it out. I
one of the first literary men in Wales
not a bad book in the Welsh lang
said, "Bad books come down from L
they cannot live here." It is the I
dominant in Wales. And then in Sc
open your Bible to give out your tex
is a rustling all over the house, alm
to an American. What is it? The
ing their Bibles finding the text, lo
context, picking out the reference
seeing whether you make right quota
land and Wales Bible-reading peopl
counts for it.

A man, a city, a nation that reads
must be virtuous. That book is t
wrongdoing. What makes Edinb
than Constantinople? The Bible.
afraid in America we are allowin
book to be covered up with other
We have our ever-welcome morning
newspapers, and we have our good
subjects—geological subjects, bo
jects, physiological subjects, theolog
—good books, beautiful books, boo
Harpers', and from the Carters', a
Appletons', and from the Lippincot
the Petersons', and so many good b
have not time to read the Bible.

Oh! my friends, it is not a m
great importance that you have *a*
on the centre-table in your parlor.
one pocket New Testament, t
marked, the leaves turned down,
worn smooth with much usage, th
rial family Bibles too handsome to

e a whisk-broom and brush the dust off les.

want poetry? Go and hear Job de- e war-horse, or David tell how the s skipped like lambs. Do you want Go and hear Paul reason until your es under the spell of his mighty intel- you want history? Go and hear Moses see Moses put into a few pages stupend- mation which Herodotus, Thucydides, cott never reached after. And above want to find how a nation struck down rise to happiness and to heaven, read ood which can wash away the pollution d. There is one passage in this Bible, d of which weighs a ton: "God so world that He gave His only-begotten whosoever believeth in Him should h, but have everlasting life." Oh! may this country with Bibles and help the read them.

THE POWER CHRIST WIELDS.

was also impressed this summer, in my ntic journeys, with the wonderful power ist holds among the nations. *The great Europe* to-day is, not Victoria, not Vic- o, not Gambetta, not Bismarck; the ne in Europe to-day is Christ. I do not ther you go among those nations which ider positively Christian, or those that ider as unchristian, the mightiest name rope to-day is Christ.

nd the crucifix on the gate-post, you find hay-field, you find it at the entrance of or, you find it by the side of the road. gence dashing out from Geneva to Cha- he horses going at full run, the driver less is able to take off his hat in obei the cross at the roadside. The churches in the form of a cross. The very finest in Europe sketches of scenes in the life t—Christ at the manger, Christ with the of the law, Christ at the tomb of Laza- ist on the beach of Gennesaret, Christ cross, Christ in the ascension. The st picture on this planet is Rubens' g of Christ. Painter's pencil loves to he face of Christ. Sculptor's chisel loves nt the form of Christ. Organs love to h the sorrows of Christ.

rst time you go to London go into the cture-gallery. As I went, a few weeks sat down before Christ descending the the Prætorium, at the first I was disap- I said, "There isn't enough majesty in ntenance, not enough tenderness in that out as I sat and looked at the picture it on me until I was overwhelmed with its and I staggered with emotion as I went the fresh air, and said: "Oh! for that must live, and for that Christ I must be to die!" Oh! make that Christ your friend, my sister, my brother. You ver go to Milan to see Da Vinci's "Last ;" but, better than that, you can have come and sup with you. You may never Antwerp to see Rubens' "Descent of from the cross;" but you can have Christ own from the mountain of His suffering our heart and abide there forever. Oh, ust have Him!

re all wrong, we are all so diseased with t we want that which hurts us, and we ave that which cures us. The best thing and for me to do to-day is to get down knees before God and say: "O almighty God, I am blind, I want to see; my arms sied; I want to take hold of Thy cross; ercy on me, O Lord Jesus." Why will e on husks when you may sit down to ite bread of heaven? Oh! with such a nd with such a Christ, and with such a pirit, and with such an immortal nature, p!

Once more: I was impressed greatly this r on the other side the sea with

ONDERFUL TRIUMPHS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

tide is rising, the tide of moral and spiritual prosperity in the world. I think that any man who keeps his eyes open travelling in foreign lands will come to that conclusion. More Bibles than ever before, more churches, more consecrated men and women, more people ready to be martyrs now than ever before, if need be; so that, instead of there being, as people sometimes say, less spirit of martyrdom now than ever before, I believe where there was once one martyr, there would be a thousand martyrs if the fires were kindled—men ready to go through flood and fire for Christ's sake.

TIDE RISING.

You who live at the beach know how the tide rises. You see the tide rise; the wave comes to a certain point and then recoils. A man from the inland who had never watched the sea rising might say, "Why, the sea is going down." It is not. The tide is rising. The next wave comes to a higher point and it recoils, and the next to a higher point, and it recoils. "It is going down," says the man from inland. "No," you say, "it is rising." The next wave comes to a higher point, and the next to a higher, and so on until *it is flood-tide*. So it is in the progress of truth in the world. The wave comes to a certain point and it recoils. You say, "The world is getting worse, the tide of Christian influence is going out." No, the next wave comes to a higher point and recoils for a few years. Then it comes to a higher point and recoils for twenty years. Then it comes to a higher point and recoils. Then it comes to a higher point and a higher point until it shall be flood-tide. "And the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters fill the sea."

These ships that you see going up and down New York harbor are to be brought into the service of God. All those ships I saw at Liverpool, at Southampton, at Glasgow—all those ships are to be brought into the service of Christ. What is that passage? Ships of Tarshish shall be presents. That is what it means! Oh! what a goodly fleet when the vessels of the sea come into the service of God, no guns frowning through the port-holes, no pikes hung in the gangway, nothing from cutwater to taffrail to suggest atrocity. Those ships will come from all parts of the seas.

Great flocks of ships that never met on the high sea but in wrath will cry "Ship ahoy!" and drop down beside each other in calmness, the flags of Emmanuel streaming from the top-gallants. The old slaver, with decks scrubbed and washed and glistening and burnished—the old slaver will wheel into line; and the Chinese junk, and the Venetian gondola, and the miner's and the pirate's corvette, will fall into line, equipped, readorned, beautified, only the small craft of this grand flotilla which shall float out for the truth—a flotilla mightier than the armada of Xerxes moving in the pomp and pride of Persian insolence—mightier than the Carthaginian navy rushing with forty thousand oarsmen upon the Roman galleys, the life of nations dashed out against the gunwales.

Rise, O sea, and shine, O heavens, to greet this squadron of light and victory! On the glistening decks are the feet of them that bring good tidings, and songs of heaven float among the rigging. Crowd on all the canvas. Line-of-battle ship and merchantmen, wheel into the way. It is noon. Strike eight bells. From all the squadron the sailors' songs arise. "Surely the isles shall wait for thee, and the ships of Tarshish to bring thy sons from afar, their silver and their gold with them, to the name of the Lord thy God, and the Holy One of Israel."

No Tobacco, the Maker's Plan.—Bishop Huntington, of Central New York, has a farm in Hadley, Mass. The region is devoted to the culture of tobacco, but the Bishop's land is an exception to the rule. When urged to go into the culture of it, he replied, "God made this soil to yield something that will nourish man or beast, and, without sitting in judgment on my neighbors, I choose to follow *the Maker's plan.*"

The Restlessness of Parisians is thus Described by the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune*: "It is a characteristic sign of the contemporary Parisian that he cannot stay at home of an evening. Great or small, rich or poor, he must go out, and that in all seasons. Formerly theatres, balls, or evening walks were the exception for the Parisians. After dinner they stayed at home a as rule; they kissed the children, who said 'Good-night' on leaving the dining-room and went to bed; the mother sometimes did not think it beneath her to put them to bed herself. She would then until about ten embroider or work tapestry by the light of the lamp that stood on the round table. Husband and wife would converse together about the small events of the household, or the great events of the day; or the husband might, perchance, read the evening paper aloud. In that way the evening passed, long or short, according to the *entente*—more or less *cordiale*—of the spouses. Those were modest and quiet evenings, which a friendly visit would interrupt from time to time. At eleven, at the latest, the friends separated, and the lamp was turned out.

"Nowadays, the quiet pleasures of home have disappeared. People go out every evening. They go and see all the new pieces, never miss a Saturday night at the circus, a Friday at the Besselievre concert, or a Thursday at the hippodrome. From time to time they go to the cafés Chantants—the Ambassadeurs, the Horologe, the Alcazar. They are everywhere, in fact, of an evening, except at home, and that is why public establishments swarm in Paris, why the keepers of cafés become millionaires."

It is a sad picture, and the results of the absence of home life must inevitably be bad. (Isaiah 57 : 20.)

A Sad Result of Sunday Travelling is Recorded by an English clergyman as follows: "I was asked to visit a young man who was at the point of death. He seemed unprepared, and I prayed with him and pointed him to Christ. He said he had not prayed to God since he was in my church many years before, when he was in the choir. I asked what led him to leave off going to church. He said, 'I hope you won't be offended if I tell you. About fourteen years ago I was sitting in a coffee-house in the Holloway Road, London, when I took up a paper and read that on the morning of the previous Sunday you had preached at W——, twenty miles off, and in the evening you preached at your own church. Thus I found that you had been riding in the train on Sunday, breaking the fourth commandment. I thought that if you rode on Sunday there could be no harm in my doing the same, and the following Sunday I went to Brighton and back, and have never darkened the church door since. It was, I see now, wrong of me to do so; but that was *the beginning of my downward career*.' 'My good friend,' I exclaimed, 'I well remember that Sunday. It was one of the most unhappy days I have ever experienced, entirely on account of that Sunday journey. I resolved then never to travel again on Sunday, because I felt it was inconsistent with the command of God. Forgive me the bad example I then set.'

Lines by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.—When Mr. Spurgeon was once travelling among the Alps, and saw many of the grandest phenomena of creation, such as glacier, avalanche, and tempest, he was so impressed with the narrowness of visible things in comparison with God that he wrote the following lines:

"The mirror of the creatures lacketh space
To bear the image of the Infinite.
'Tis true the Lord hath fairly writ his name,
And set his seal upon creation's brow,
But as the skillful potter much excels
The vessel which he fashions on the wheel,
E'en so, but in proportion greater far,
Jehovah's self transcends his noblest works.
Earth's ponderous wheels would break, her axles snap,
If freighted with the load of Deity.
Space is too narrow for th' Eternal's rest,
And time too short a footstool for his throne."

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from p. 790)

Percival Parts with Lucie—Drives to the Police Station—Mickey Haley at the Station Recognizes Percival and Begins to Feel Uneasy—Percival is Himself Arrested—Jemmy Mehaffy—Reflections in the Gaol.

As may be supposed, Percival was utterly confounded at the words, voice, and excited manner of his betrothed. Greatly alarmed, but not for himself, he looked earnestly to see whether any sudden aberration of mind had come to his loved one, and the very idea of this filled him with unutterable pain and terror. But, no, there was too much method in her excitement and loving tenderness in her eyes to afford ground for any such dreadful suspicion, so calming himself that he might thus the more easily calm her, he quietly asked the meaning of her exhortations.

Her statements in reply altogether amazed and perplexed him. He went back in his thoughts over his words and deeds for the last two or three years, to see if he could remember anything that could give ground for such a procedure of the authorities against him as his beloved had reported; but, no, he could not recall a single expression or act by which he had committed himself. His answer to Mitchell's appeal in Green Street Court House did not come to his mind, for it had been spoken in a sudden transport of enthusiasm.

The affair was, therefore, a mystery; strive to reason it out as he would, he could find no clue by which to explain it. The only supposition, namely, the true one, that a miscreant, to glut his low and malicious revenge, had stained his conscience with the crime of perjury to vex and injure him, did not enter into his thoughts; for, judging from himself, and, indeed, from those of his fellows which of late he had met, such a theory of explanation never occurred to him, and if it had he would have flung it aside as altogether improbable, if not quite impossible. He paused, his mind a blank, or haunted with what seemed a horrid dream.

In her anxiety, impatient of his want of promptitude, Lucie repeated in a still more energetic manner her counsel of flight, and, to initiate it, seized his hand, which she had let go, and made an effort to draw him in the direction in which she wished him to hasten. Smiling at her, Percival said, "Lucie, darling, the news you have brought me is so extraordinary that unless I had it from yourself, upon the authority of your father, I could not believe it, and even yet it appears almost incredible; but if there be, as you announce, a warrant out for my arrest, the best thing for me to do will be not to attempt flight—that would be vain—but at once voluntarily to surrender myself." "No, Percival, no, you must not do that," interrupted Lucie. "What, my poor Percival"—and with eyes full of pity and love she looked into his face—"shut up by cruel men in a cold and dark cell, perhaps never to come out alive again. No, it would break my heart—I could not bear it. No, Percival, dearest, *do*—do fly!" and she threw all her powers of persuasion into her entreaty. "Fly this moment!" she cried vehemently, "and none can overtake you."

"My dear timid, and shall I say foolish, little Lucie," he said playfully, to tranquillize her; "your fears, I am afraid, have overmastered your usual sound judgment and common-sense. My flight, darling, I repeat, would be utterly unavailing; the law has too many agents on its side to make it long possible. And do you not see, my darling, that to run away and hide myself would be construed into an acknowledgment of guilt? I am innocent, Lucie."

"Yes, I know you are!" she cried passionately.

"Then, dearest," he said, "my wisest plan will be to bring my past conduct to the test at once, and by proof of the wrong that is being done me, confound my accusers."

Percival, giving Lucie a kiss, which he could do, as the road they stood upon was retired, said, "Good-by, darling, take heart and be of good courage. God will not forsake me, and I expect our separation will be but very temporary. And then you know, my dearest one"—and Percival looked his devotedness—"absence will make the heart grow fonder, and our next meeting will be only more delightful and joyous from our short season of parting. One thing, however, do for me, dearest: send word to Alick of what has taken place. Perhaps your brother Arthur will take your message. I think he will, if not for my sake, at least for yours; he knows Alick's rooms, and when to find him."

When he had thus spoken, after another tender farewell, he turned down the road in a direction opposite from Mr. Lemaire's dwelling. Lucie stood with suffused eyes gazing at his retreating form, and did not begin to take her way home until Percival for some time had disappeared from sight.

Percival's first idea was to go to his lodgings and pack into a small bag a few necessaries. Upon reflection, however, he thought it better not to show himself in Rathmines. He might be recognized by those who had the warrant, and be arrested, and he wished not to be taken by a subordinate, but to boldly deliver himself up at headquarters, and a message, he supposed, could be sent any time to Jemmy to fetch him whatever he might require from Mrs. Spencer's. He therefore resolved to reach the city by Harold's Cross, a suburb parallel with Rathmines, about a mile's space lying between them. Every policeman he met was passed with more or less shyness; but without any interference he reached the suburb he wanted. There he called a cab, and told the man to drive to the Head Inspector's Office, Castle Yard, Dublin. Upon arrival, mounting the steps before the office door, he entered the great hall and asked to see the chief of the constabulary department. He was told the chief was very much engaged, but that he could see a subordinate.

"No," answered Percival; "I must see the chief himself; and I shall wait until he is at leisure."

"Very well," said a policeman acting as doorkeeper. "Please, sir, step this way into the waiting-room."

When he entered the room a man was standing in it, whom, perhaps, he ought to have recognized, but he did not. The man was Mickey Haley. Carried beyond the bounds of prudence, not content with his morning haul, he had come again to make a new demand for money upon the pretence of bringing further information. His altered dress doubtless hindered Percival's recognition of him; for, as we know, Mickey, since coming to Dublin, had discarded the blue swallow-tailed coat, corduroy knee-breeches, bright necktie, and brogues—the normal livery of an Irish piper—and had assumed a costume more in accordance, in his opinion, with his new calling of "litherary man."

He, however, instantly knew Percival, for recently more than once, as we know, he had seen him. Percival's coming into the room greatly disconcerted Mickey. He did not know how to account for it. He saw Percival was free, under no arrest, and had of his own free will walked, as it were, into the lions' den. The thought at once flashed upon him that his act of perjury had been found out, and that Percival had been sent into the room to identify him.

Greatly frightened, and of a craven heart, he was about to fling himself upon his knees before Percival and beg for mercy, but the next moment, with his quick glance and ready intelligence, perceiving that Percival did not recognize him, he changed his demeanor and walked with a great show of leisure and indifference towards the room door, passed out, and giving up all thought of making more money that day out of "the Castle fools," as he called them, hurried down the office steps and hastened t
tant part of the city.

Scarcely had he disappeared when P
was summoned to the presence of the h
lice official for the day. Presenting h
that august personage scanned him close
head to foot. Some dim reminiscen
scarcely could tell of what, came up be
mind. He was not the chief before
Haley had made his deposition, and who
lieved Mr. Lemaire of an unpleasant dut
had been he would at once have identifie

A list of names, however, of persons wh
wanted, and in which Percival's name ap
had been that morning placed before h
a shadowy remembrance of the address u
card floated in his mind, hence his se
look into Percival's countenance.

"My name, sir, is Arnold Percival Mo
as you see. I understand," said Percival
there is a warrant issued for my arrest
sure I do not know for what, but through
maire I have come to know that such is t
so to give the authorities as little trouble
sible, and to get an immediate opport
clearing myself, I have come, sir, t
office."

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIANITY IN THE UNITED ST

From an Address by Dr. Philip Schaff,
Conference of the Evangelical Allia

**The Course of Civilization—Youth is An
America a new Edition of Europe—F
Lincoln's Order—English Lord Chance
Sunday-school Teachers—Political Que
Spiritual Controversy.**

Civilization and religion follow th
of the sun from east to west, encircling t
until they shall reach again the lands
birth. Asia is the cradle of the hum
Europe is an advance upon Asia.
ought to be, and will be in due time, an
upon Europe, unless the world should c
sudden end. But it may be said with e
priety, especially at this time—

> "Eastward the course of empire takes its

The West acts upon the East. As A
the Great carried Greece to Syria, an
poleon carried France to Egypt, so R
England are now transplanting their sc
institutions, the one to Siberia, the ot
dia. America, too, by her politics, c
letters, useful arts, and religion, exerts
ing influence upon older nations. T
civilized world, by the inventions of t
the power of steam, and electricity, is
more and more one international and
tinental community. Time and space
hilated. An American gentleman rea
breakfast what was said and done th
before in London, Paris, Berlin, St. Pe
Constantinople, and Calcutta.

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Europe is in its prime of manhood;
is in her fresh youth. Manhood has
tion, wisdom, and experience; yout
levity, vanity, and conceit, but also
ancy, elasticity, and hopefulness; and
has much to learn and to unlearn, it
its peculiar gifts teach a good lesson e
age, as Elihu did in the poem of Jo
Stanley of Westminster, who has in hi
the venerable mausoleum of English hi
struck with the remark he often hea
his recent visit, from American lips in
plaintive apology, "We are a young
and "We have no antiquities;" bu
(reversing Lord Bacon's "Antiquit
juventus mundi"), "The youth of a
also its antiquity."

America, it is true, has no Pyra
Egypt; no Colosseum like Rome; no
cathedrals like Winchester and Col
libraries like the Vatican and the B
seum; no universities like Oxford a
no art collections like Paris and Flo
poets like Shakespeare and Milton, or

Schiller; no philosophers like Plato and Aristotle or Leibnitz or Kant; no historians like Gibbon and Macaulay, or Neander and Giesler; no theologians like Augustine and Calvin.

America lives on the immortal works of genius which older countries and former generations have produced. She was discovered by an Italian sailing under the Spanish flag, and named after another Italian; she derived her language, laws, customs, and religion from England; her idea of a republican confederation from Switzerland and Holland; her population, books, and works of art from all parts of the globe. Without the preceding history of Europe she would be still an unknown wilderness, inhabited by savages. America has learned

A GREAT DEAL IN A SHORT TIME,

and claims a joint inheritance in the potent traditions and historic memories of all Christian nations, from whom she gathered her own population. The few of her historic spots, as Jamestown, Plymouth Rock, Independence Hall, Mount Vernon, touch English history in some of its most important epochs, and are as inseparably connected with it as the stem is with the root. The achievements and fame of Christopher Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers, Roger Williams, William Penn, General Oglethorpe, Bishop Berkeley, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Count Zinzendorf, General Lafayette, Dr. Priestley, Louis Agassiz, James M'Cosh, and other distinguished men of modern times, are divided between their native Europe and their temporary or permanent home in America. In one respect we may term

AMERICA A NEW EDITION OF EUROPE.

Human nature and Divine grace are the same in all ages and countries, and the great antagonist of God is as busy in the new world as in the old. There is nothing new under the sun. And yet there is nothing old under the sun. History never repeats itself. Every age and every nation have a peculiar mission to fulfil, and add to the capital of wisdom and experience. America is not a feeble echo of Europe, but is honoring her ancestry by making a profitable investment of her rich inheritance, and will transmit it doubled in value to posterity.

ITS ECCLESIASTICAL ORGANIZATIONS

are formed of all the churches and sects of Europe. It strikes its root in the most excited and interesting period of English history, in the first half of the seventeenth century, when all the leading English denominations, except the Methodists, assumed a separate organization. It embraces the Anglican Episcopal Church, the Congregational, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist Churches, and the Society of Friends — of English descent. Ireland furnishes the chief material for the Roman Catholic Church; Germany for the Lutheran, German Reformed, and Moravian; Holland for the Dutch Reformed Church.

All the historical denominations are now represented in America except the old Greek Church, which numbers but one congregation in New York, in connection with the Russian Embassy, and another in Alaska territory, which was bought from Russia under President Lincoln's administration. But these churches are not, and probably never will be, moulded into one national American Church. They exist as separate independent organizations, on a basis of equality before the law, enjoying the protection of the Government, but deriving no support from it. They are self-supporting and self-governing.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN NATION.

the religion of the American people may be judged from the number of churches and Sunday-schools, colleges and seminaries, from the extent of Bible-reading, Sabbath-keeping, church-going, liberal giving, and active charity, they need not fear a comparison with any nation in Christendom. The clergy are, upon the whole, the most respected and influential class of the community. They are invited to all public festivities, and called upon to open even political meetings with the invocation of the Divine blessing. Christianity is an integral part of the common law of the land, and enjoys as much protection in courts of justice as in any country under the sun. It is deeply rooted in national habits, which are even stronger than laws, and has a mighty hold on the respect and affections of all classes of society. A strict regard for

THE CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS SABBATH

is a national American custom, and dates from the first settlement of the country, especially in Puritan New England. Law and custom go hand in hand. So general and deep-rooted is this sentiment in the American people, that President Lincoln, even in the midst of the civil war, when everything seemed to give way to military necessity, issued a memorable order enjoining *the proper observance of the Sabbath* upon the officers and men in the army and navy. The order, dated Washington, November 15th, 1862, said—

"The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity."

The sanctity of the American Sabbath is threatened by infidels and foreigners from the Continent, who would like to turn it into a day of secular amusement, and to substitute the theatre and beer saloon for the church and Sunday-school. The Sabbath Committee of New York have done a good work in the direction of maintaining their time-honored institution, and have stimulated similar efforts in other large cities. The great British and Foreign Bible Society forms a common platform for ministers and men who widely differ in their theological views, and continues to send forth complete versions or portions in upwards of 220 languages, and in an ever increasing ratio.

Truly, England may be said to be— in no exclusive sense, however—*the land of the Bible.* Attempts have been made, no doubt, to dissociate education from religious teaching. The Government no longer grants pecuniary aid or subsidy to schools in respect of the religious teaching. Probably those who agitated for the change were guided by a cold philosophy rather than by any particular concern for the spiritual good of the people. Be that as it may, it is certain that the popular instinct still demands and prefers *religious education.* Parents have a feeling that the Bible is the thing for their children. Sunday-schools are more than ever flourishing and well cared for. Ladies and gentlemen and persons of humbler life also find their places as volunteer teachers. There is one ex-Lord Chancellor of England who has been all his life a Sunday-school teacher. The names of the most recent holders of the Great Seal, *Hatherley, Selborne, and Cairns*, vie with one another in religious as in legal excellence.

If England is the land of the Bible, it is undoubtedly the *country of the Sabbath*, in its most blessed sense as the Lord's day. Whatever may be the premises, whether kept more or less as a Jewish Sabbath or as a day of Christian liberty, whether from love or from fear, the conclusion arrived at is the same, *to keep the seventh day holy.* Most of us will recognize the perfect liberty of the Christian not to judge, or to be judged, in respect of a holy day; and I, for one, would even take my stand upon the Lord's most precious assurance that "the Sabbath was made for man." In proportion as that is recognized and understood I believe the mind of man will be in accordance with the mind of God, and the observance of the Lord's day must be happy and successful and well marked.

It is a grand fact—I hold it to be a great national fact—that the Sabbath is regarded by all thoughtful British Protestants as a Divine institution of the very first rank. I grieve to say that the modern facilities of locomotion and travel have made many of our people look to the Continent for some justification of a lax observance of the Sunday. But assuredly theatres, balls, bands of music, worldly pleasure-seeking of all kinds, par excellence upon the Sunday, must be distinctly contrary to the mind of God. The sanctification of the Sabbath, spoken of by Isaiah, points forward to the latter days. "If thou turn thy foot from the Sabbath, the holy of the Lord, honorable," etc. Great Britain has to a large extent reaped the blessing spoken of, and now desires that its voice may be heard gently but yet firmly protesting against the desecration of the Sabbath in other lands, while it longs sincerely that the blessing which has been realized in its own case may be extended in a still higher degree far and wide to all Protestant nations of the earth.

I have pointed out thus briefly what seem to be three of the favorable features in the present state of Protestantism in Great Britain—*reverence for the Word of God, observance of the Sabbath, active Evangelization.* Are there no

DRAWBACKS TO THIS HAPPY PICTURE?

I have observed that Ritualism and semi-Romanism are not likely to obtain a hold over the English people. They may, nevertheless, *jeopardize* the continued existence of the *Church of England.* It is certain that a most deleterious influence is continually exerted upon the younger clergy. High notions of apostolical succession and priestly power are germane to the human heart. The old Adam of Sacerdotalism is the Ritualists' New Man! While that church is doing a vast amount of good both at home and abroad, a strange apathy has hitherto prevailed in it generally concerning innovations which are the result of an organized conspiracy to undo the work of the Reformation in England, and to unite the Established Church with the Church of Rome.

There prevails, moreover, among many of the clergy who are not Ritualists an *excessive spirit of clericalism*, and an indisposition to hold intercommunion with other ministers. I know no such source of weakness to the Church of England as the *exclusiveness* of so many of the clergy. When the principles of the Evangelical Alliance are better understood among them, I shall have more hope of the continuance of this Church to which I belong as a great national establishment of blessing. If, however, the evils of Roman Ritualism and excessive clericalism are not soon seriously grappled with, and cast out, I freely admit it may be better for Protestantism at large that a disruption of the Church of England should take place, and Evangelical principles be more clearly vindicated in the next phase of its existence.

Upon the other hand, the too common introduction of *political questions* into spiritual controversy on the part of other religious bodies in England tends to make the position of the Evangelical clergy of the Established Church more difficult, and so to lessen the united force of Protestantism.

The Protestantism of Great Britain, and of the Continent too, loses for *want of union and intercommunion.* The fault is greatly, if not altogether, upon the English side. The harsh Act of Uniformity, passed in 1662, which required episcopal ordination in every case, operates to this day most unfavorably towards the great objects for which we are here assembled. Great and good men have ever deplored the coldness and exclusiveness which it has engendered. There is a church in every parish of England and Wales, but its pulpit to this day may not be offered to the pastor of another church, however distinguished. It results from this that, so far as the National Church is concerned, foreign churches are shut off from any official communion with it.

The grand object of our Conference here is to cement more closely together in love and union all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, to whatsoever denomination of Christians they may belong, and to give fresh impulse to the fruits of faith everywhere, that the world may believe in Jesus.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, October 1st, at **2.55 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1879, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Public Attention is Still Concentrated on the fall electoral campaign in New York, Massachusetts, and Ohio. As is usually the case, the representatives of both the great parties speak confidently of their prospects, but as yet no decisive evidence of the current of public opinion has made itself manifest. Apart from the personal merits of the candidates and local matters, the test questions on which they differ are principally those on which the last Congress were at issue with the President, and are included in the denomination of State rights.

Massacre by Indians.—Intelligence has been received that Major Thornburgh, with three companies of cavalry, was attacked on Monday, September 29th, while passing near a cañon near Milk River, Colorado, by several hundred Ute Indians. Major Thornburgh and 13 men were killed, and 20 or more were wounded. The Indians burned a wagon train and killed about three fourths of the horses of the troops. The white party fell back and intrenched. Troops are now being collected from all around that part of the West, and are being hurried forward at the utmost speed to the rescue of the command, which is in a position of great danger.

This calamity will no doubt arouse in the first instance a demand for vengeance; but it should call attention to the mode in which we have dealt with the Red man. It has not been such as to inspire him with respect for the white man's honor, justice, or religion. The President, by his recent warning to intending settlers on Indian reservations, has initiated a reform in these matters which for the sake of our own credit ought to be stringently enforced.

An Enthusiastic Reception was Tendered to Dr. Talmage on his return from Great Britain by his church and congregation on Friday last, October 3d. He arrived by the Cunard steamer Bothnia on September 30th, and was met by a party of private friends, who sailed down the bay to meet him.

The public reception on Friday was of the most cordial character, and showed the high esteem in which Dr. Talmage is held by the Tabernacle Church.

The interior of the Tabernacle, particularly the platform, was lavishly and tastefully decorated with flowers of every imaginable tint, the fragrance from them permeating the atmosphere. *A large framed photograph* of the pastor was conspicuous on the wall behind the platform, with an American and an English flag draped on either side, and the word "Welcome" formed in flowers beneath it. Flowers seemed to be everywhere; lining the stage, hanging from the lamps and galleries, in baskets, artistic designs, bouquets, and in pots. There were at least 5000 people inside, and a large number unable to obtain admission remained in the street during the whole of the exercises.

On the platform were the Hon. A. W. Tenney in the chair, the Mayor of Brooklyn, ex-Mayors Schroeder and Hunter, Judge Neilson, the Hon. John Winslow, the Revs. Drs. Lansing, Ingersoll, Peck, Sims, and many others. An enterprising publisher had printed the "Talmage March," as composed by George W. Morgan, and distributed it among the audience.

The editor of the Brooklyn *Times* delivered a congratulatory address, and other speakers vied with each other in expressing the pleasure with which they welcomed the pastor. Rev. John O. Peck, of St. John's Methodist Church, Williamsburg, said he united with the church in welcoming Dr. Talmage because "he was not a bigot, and, therefore, not a sectarian. He is *too big a man*," said he, alluding to the action of Dr. Talmage's enemies, "to be pocketed by a little Presbytery. And he is so orthodox that, under examination, not the least scintilla of heresy could be detected in him even by a jury of microscopes." He welcomed him to the throne which he had occupied as "a King and a Prince."

Dr. Talmage expressed his thanks for the cordial manner in which he had been welcomed on his return, and spoke in strong terms of the kindliness and heartiness of his reception by the British public. He alluded to the friendly feeling existing between England and America, and said: "In my first public utterance I put your hand in their hand, and declared the forms of eternal marriage between England and the United States. 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

Dr. Talmage preached to overflowing congregations on Sunday, and his morning sermon reported for the CHRISTIAN HERALD will be found on another page.

The Sunday Law at Newark, N. J., will be a prominent question in the forthcoming elections. The Christian citizens of Newark are making a determined stand against the attempts of worldly men to turn the Lord's Day into a day of amusement and dissipation. They have made a brave fight, despising ridicule, and resisting the interested efforts of those who tried to evade the law. They now propose to make the question a test for candidates at the polls. The Republicans at a mass meeting passed a resolution to the effect that "it is the duty of the Republican Convention to adopt resolutions pledging the party to the enforcement of all laws relating to Sunday observance now on the statute-book."

The N. Y. Sunday-School Association calls attention to the days of special prayer for Sunday-school work the world over, which have been proposed by the London Sunday-School Union, and earnestly recommends the setting apart of *Sunday and Monday*, October 19th and 20th, for the purpose indicated. The following outline of services, prepared in 1877 by one of our best Sunday-schools, is appended for adoption or modification:

1. Sunday morning, 9 to 9.30, Special prayer circle of teachers: "Our Needs as Teachers"—holiness, knowledge, love.

2. Sabbath morning, 9.30 to 10, Special Sabbath-school prayer circle: "The Needs of the Unbelieving in our School"—a sense of sin, a will to accept Christ, a life for Him.

3. Sabbath afternoon, 5.30 to 6, Special private prayer: "The Needs of all Workers for God"—prayer for pastors, superintendents, and other officers, teachers, missionaries.

4. Sabbath evening, 6.45 to 7.25, Young people's prayer-meeting: "The Needs of Young Believers"—watchfulness, strength, joy.

5. Monday, 7 A.M., Special private prayer "The Needs of my own Heart"—personal confession.

6. Monday evening, 8 to 9, Special prayer circle for teachers: "The special needs of each teacher's flock"—as under home training (Christian or un-Christian), as affected by daily employment, as influenced by companions, as "le captive by the adversary," as still in God's lov and care.

The Yellow Fever at Memphis is now a thoritatively pronounced to be on the wane; r ports show that it is abating rapidly, and th the epidemic will soon cease. It is the opinic of the best informed physicians that the steac decline in new cases and in cases of death w continue, and that by the end of the presei month quarantine should be raised, if n sooner, as all danger will probably be over that time. No one can tell how many perso and churches have interceded with God for th result.

A Moral Leper Healed.—At a Meeting the Gospel Tent, New York, a convert said:

"I have been a moral leper for many yea and, like the leper, I was an outcast, dwelli without the limits of decent society. No c would touch me; though I was wounded a bruised, there was no good Samaritan for n All passed me by on the other side; or if so one chanced to stumble over me, he only kicl me out of his path as an utterly unworthy hopeless case. Not only my friends, but nearest kindred, had cast me off, and would see me or help me. I was homeless, helpl hopeless.

"I did not sink to this base level withou struggle. God only knows how often and h hard I fought to obtain relief from my terr malady. I have even gone before a police tice, and committed myself to the Island months. But it was of no avail; I was sinl lower and lower, till a good man told me of power of Jesus as a Saviour. I felt it was *my chance*. So, like the leper of old, I wen Jesus, and cried, 'Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou c make me clean,' and He put forth His hand touched me, (oh, how I thank God for touch!) and said, 'I will; be thou clean;' from that day to this I have been whole o disease."

The Socialist Convention at Cincinnati as not been a success. Only two hundred pe ns assembled. These, however, under the p dency of Elizur Wright, of Boston, adopted lutions demanding free admission to the ils for all books, pamphlets, and papers, irre tive of the religious, irreligious, political, nd scientific views they might contain; demai ng the repeal of the laws regarding obscene l ture until certain passages in the Bible a expunged; pledging the delegates to use th influence for candidates for public offices ho would publicly declare for *the absolute secul tion* of Government; and the President the League was authorized to call a National convention at his discretion to nominate cand ites for President and Vice-President in 1880.

A Modern Ruth.—A Young Physici in California was engaged to be married to a ung lady in a Southern State, and as a kee ake sent her *a small nugget of gold*. He was ros perous, and the wedding was fixed for a ariy date. But a sudden fall in his circums nces reduced him to poverty. Too honorable t hold the young lady to her promise in his alter cumstances, he reluctantly and with m y heart pang wrote releasing her from her e gage ment. But the young lady had a brave and resolved on keeping her promise in s te the change in her lover's position. Sh to the little nugget of gold, and had it made nto a ring, which she sent to the young phy ciar On the ring was the inscription, "Entr t me not to leave thee: for whither thou goest will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodg thy people shall be my people, and thy G my God: the Lord do so to me, and more so, if aught but death part thee and me." (Rut

r. Talmage and Groundless Aspersions.— : following paragraph appeared in the Lon- edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD the week t Dr. Talmage sailed for America: "An in- ificant paper in trying to disparage the work his great preacher is not content to confine lf strictly to the truth. It asserts that the ulation of one of the papers which publish Talmage's sermons is falling rapidly. At rate this is not the case with the CHRISTIAN RALD, as its circulation continues steadily to rease every week as usual. Its circulation week in the United Kingdom and in Amer- was 171,000, although in the latter country has only been published for one year. What- r the detractors have to say against Dr. Tal- nge's lectures, they cannot deny the excellence is sermons, which have led hundreds of souls t Christ.

The committee of management for his Liv- ool farewell meetings on September 12th and h have acknowledged in the Liverpool news- ers the receipt of 50*l.* returned by Dr. Tal- ge and 60*l.* returned by Major Pond to the mmittee, altogether 110*l.*, because the receipts the meetings were below the expenses, and object was to build a new Wesleyan chapel. is is one of many instances of Dr. Talmage's interestedness and generosity."

he Semi-Millennium of the English Bible ll be completed in the year 1880, the transla- n of the New Testament by John de Wycliffe ving been issued in 1380. The American ble Society has been asked to signalize the oc- sion in some manner. When we reflect on e results which have followed that great work, d that America and England owe their pros- rity and civilization mainly to the fact that e Bible has been read, studied, and loved by the ass of the people, it will be clear that the an- versary deserves a public celebration. For arly half of those 500 years the civil and eccle- astical powers were combined to stamp out the nglish Bible with fire and sword; but the Word God has mightily grown and prevailed. (Acts : 20.)

"The Eighty-eighth Man" was Introduced Mr. Moody to the gathering at Cooper Union September 30th. His name is Mr. James ardiner, but he is known as the eighty-eighth an from the circumstances of his conversion. e had been blessed with a pious mother, but he grew to manhood her teachings were for- otten, and he became a drunkard and a profli- ate. Entering a church at Baltimore one day hile Mr. Moody was holding a meeting, his at- ention was caught by the chorus of the 88th ymn, "Come, oh! come to me." He was un- er the influence of liquor at the time, but the ords made a deep impression on him, and al- hough he tried every means to shake it off he ailed; for the Spirit of God riveted them in his eart. He returned to the church the next day, nd under Mr. Moody's guidance ultimately ave his heart to the Saviour. As he narrated he circumstances at Cooper Union, his voice roke down as he recalled the time when he tarted from home in the morning to spend the ay in carousing with his companions; his wife aying to him as he left, "*O James, I am so hungry.*" "But now," he said, "the dark days are gone, my wife is a cheerful Christian wom- an, and I have the happiest little home in all Baltimore."

Wanganui, New Zealand, is One of the Numerous places to which the 170,000 weekly copies of the CHRISTIAN HERALD wing their way. Nearly fifty copies are sold there each week, and a resident writes that it has been blessed to many souls in that town.

A Scriptural Description Literally Illustrated.—Deborah Nott, mother of Samuel Nott, D.D., of Franklin, and Eliphalet Nott, D.D, LL.D., long President of Union College, was the wife of a farmer, whose ill-health prevented his taking an active part in the work of the farm, which in consequence was far from prosperous. They were very poor; and possessed but one cow and a few sheep. On one occasion one of the boys wanted a new suit of clothes in the dead of winter. They had no money, and the year's stock of wool was exhausted: so the good mother proposed that they should shear the half-grown fleece from one of their sheep, and to protect it from the cold make it a garment either of braided straw or the worn-out family clothing; all of which was accordingly done, and in one week from the shearing she had spun the wool, and her boy was provided with the clothing needed (Prov. 31 : 13-21).

One of her sons became one of the most successful college presidents, touching with a transforming power thousands and thousands of young men. The other was a faithful and successful minister of the Gospel for sixty-one years in the same parish.

A Tradesman Advertised for a Boy to Work in the store, run errands, and make himself generally useful. In a few hours the store was thronged with boys of all ages, wanting the situation. The man only wanted one boy, but to get the right one was the difficulty. He thought he must find some plan to lessen the number of applicants, and give him a better opportunity of selecting a good one. So he sent them *all* away, and thought the matter over a little. The next morning the papers contained the following advertisement: "*Wanted, a Boy who obeys his Mother!*" And how many do you suppose did come? The story is that there were only *two* of all the boys seeking employment in that big city who felt that they could honestly come and say, "I obey my mother." Many people overlook the sternness with which God insists upon obedience to parents.

A Postal Race Round the Earth.—A Gentleman in Sweden despatched on the 18th of April last two post-office cards, the one to the British consulate at Madras, and the other to a commercial firm at San Francisco, with the request to forward them on to himself, the former *via* Japan and San Francisco back to Ljungskile, Sweden, and the latter *via* Japan and Madras back to Ljungskile, the one eastward and the other westward, the object being to ascertain which of the cards would come back soonest to the sender. The result has been that the card which went eastward returned on the 11th of August, and the other on the following day, the former after 116 days, and the latter after 117 days' journey round the world.

Two Mice Imprisoned in a Glass Ball.—A gentleman at Elizabeth, N. J., lately found two brown mice securely entrapped in a hollow glass ball, such as is used by marksmen. A barrel of balls had been stored nearly all summer for occasional practice, and the other day it was emptied for cleaning. In picking out the balls the gentleman noticed that one near the bottom of the barrel felt heavy, and found the two bright-eyed little creatures securely imprisoned inside, and with none too much room to turn about. It is supposed the mice crept in through the small opening when they were young, and finding grain in the ball to eat, remained until they had grown too large to return by the aperture. So men have been led by the delights of this world to occupy positions in which their souls have been held captive by Satan.

Ask and Ye shall Receive.—The following extract, telling of *four* distinct answers to prayer, is from a letter recently received at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting: "Some time ago I sent a request asking your prayers for a revival in our church. Your prayers were answered. Then I asked prayer for the conversion of a sister and her husband, and they have since been converted and baptized and joined the same church. Then I sent a request for prayer for the recovery of a neighbor who was sick and seemed past all hope of recovery. She has been restored, and her health is now good. Please to return thanks to God and give Him all the glory."

The Portrait and Life of the Late Dr. J. Parrish Thompson, formerly pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York, who recently died in Berlin, will appear in the next number of the CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE KING-PRIEST.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"He shall sit and rule upon His throne; and He shall be a priest upon His throne: and the counsel of peace shall be between them both."—ZECHARIAH 6 : 13.

Historical Setting of the Text—I. The Glorious Combination of Offices—The Royal Posture—Indicative of Rest—Of Permanence—Of Right—1. The Kingly Priest—In his Offering—A Priest to Save and a King to Rule—Royal Pleading—Not as in the Garden—The Invitation from the King-Priest—2. The Priestly King—A King with a Priest's Tenderness—With a Priest's Mercy—The King Priestly in his War—II. The Happy Result—Peace in Heaven and on Earth—III. Action in Harmony—Precious Materials—"Make Crowns"—Memorials of Men.

LET us first look at the historical setting of this passage. It would seem that three Jews of the captivity had come from Babylon with a contribution towards the building of the temple at Jerusalem under Zerubbabel and Joshua. Their names are given in the tenth verse of the chapter before us.

Now, the Jews at Jerusalem had become exceedingly exclusive, and in some measure rightly so. They would not accept help for the building of the temple from the Samaritans because they were a mixed race, but they said to them, "Ye have nothing to do with us to build a house unto our God, but we ourselves together will build unto the Lord God of Israel." Possibly they had begun to feel some coolness with reference to the captivity at Babylon, that inasmuch as they did not come back to their own land their descent must be proved before they acknowledged them. If they would not quit *the ease and comfort* of the towns in which they were settled and come up to Jerusalem to work with their brethren, could they be sure that they were really Israelites. At any rate, there would need to be some inquiry into their pedigree that they might not be receiving help from Samaritan pretenders.

There was, however, no difficulty about the acceptance of the offerings in this case, for the prophet Zechariah was bidden to hasten down that same day and meet the three worthy Jews from Babylon. He was to accept for the Lord the tribute which they had brought, and make of it crowns of silver and gold. He was then to go with these brethren and Josiah, the son of Zephaniah, their host, down to the temple, call for the high priest, Joshua, or Jesus, the son of Josedech, and place these coronets of silver and gold upon his head. This was to be done, not as an honor to the individual, but as a prophetic token that there would in due time arise One who would be a priest crowned with many crowns.

This illustrious personage, who is called "the Branch," was to spring out of the decayed house of David, like a shoot from a tree which has been cut down even to the stump: according to the prophecy of Isaiah, "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots" (Is. 11 : 1). He was to be both a priest and a king, even as David had prophesied in the hundred and tenth Psalm: "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." Now Melchizedek combined the king and the priest in one person, as also doth our Lord Jesus of whom Zechariah spoke. This royal priest was to build *the real temple of God*, which the temple at Jerusalem could never be, for the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

It was also intimated by the prophet that as at that particular time men had come from afar, and had brought offerings to the temple, so in the days of this great priest-king many should come from the uttermost ends of the earth, and should themselves be built into the temple of the Lord God. This is the historical setting of our text: now we have to learn its spiritual lesson. May the Holy Spirit be our instructor.

I shall try this morning to set our Lord Jesus before you, as far as I can, in that double glory which is peculiar to Himself: in the majesty of His royalty and the holiness of His priesthood. Such lights meet not in any other star. To no one else belongeth the royal priesthood, save only that he reflects his own brightness upon his brethren, whom he hath made to be priests and kings.

The subject will run thus: first let us consider the glorious combination of offices in the person of Christ; secondly, let us notice the happy result of it—"the counsel of peace shall be between them both:" and then, thirdly, let us suggest the action on our part which is harmonious thereto—make crowns and set them upon the head of Jesus.

I. First, then, I want you to consider at this time

THE GLORIOUS COMBINATION

which is found in the person of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Note, first, that he is *King*, and of Him as King it is written, "He shall sit and rule upon His throne." One has the idea of *ease* suggested by the expression. Few kings have been able to *sit and rule*, but they have been forced to rise and rush hither and thither to defend their sovereignty. No other seat in the world is so uneasy as a throne.

We have seen monarchs elevated by their soldiery, or borne aloft by the fickle throng; bayonets or ballot-boxes have been the frail supports of their thrones. The later centuries have been *a sorry time for kings*. As once men feared to be thought prophets, so might men in revolutionary times have cried out each one, "I am not a king nor the son of a king." But our Lord Jesus sits upon a throne which knows no trouble; once for all has He bled and died, but now He has gone into His glory never to be disturbed again.

Sitting is the posture of *abiding* as well as resting. Jesus reigns on, and will reign on so long as the moon endureth. "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." Even we, who are yet young, have seen dynasties come and go, and we have seen the kingdoms of the earth moved and tossed to and fro as the waves of the sea, yet the throne of Jesus has not been shaken, for it is written, "The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever." "The Lord is great in Zion, and He is high above all the people." "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever." Hallelujah!

As a King, He is described as sitting upon His own throne. He has not usurped the throne of another, but His right to sovereignty is indisputable. He has well deserved to be King of men, since He is their Redeemer. His Father hath given Him a crown as the reward of the travail of His soul, even as He promised: "Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong, because He hath poured out His soul unto death." He sits upon a throne which He has won by conquest, for He has vanquished the powers of darkness, and led captivity captive.

His right to His throne can never be disputed, for it is accorded to Him by the enthusiastic suffrages of all His people. Do we not sing,

> "Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown him Lord of all"?

There is no monarch so secure as He. He is really and truly King by right divine. He is *King by descent*, for He is Son and heir of the Highest. He is King by His own intrinsic excellence, for there is none to be compared to Him. And He is King by His own native might and majesty, for He Himself holds the throne against all comers, and shall hold it till all enemies shall be under His feet. Thus is He spoken of as King.

A hint or two is given as to His position as priest—namely, that He is first priest before He is King, for so was the type in the text. Jesus, the son of Josedech, was already high priest, and then He was crowned with the gold and silver crowns. Now, the kingdom of which we speak to-day is not that of Christ's essential royalty as by nature divine, and therefore Lord of all, but that which His Father hath given Him, because, "Being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

We note, too, with regard to our Lord's priesthood that He is said to sit, for if He sits as king it is implied that He sits as priest: indeed, it is expressly said, "He shall be a priest upon His throne." Now, of no other priest is it said that he *sitteth*, for the apostle saith, "Every priest *standeth*, daily ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins." There was no seat provided within the holy place for Aaron, or for any of the priests; they were servants of God, and they stood daily ministering. "But this man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool. For by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified."

Jesus sitteth still for evermore in quiet expectancy, for all His work is done: no merit to be wrought out to complete His righteousness, no sufferings to be endured to perfect His atonement. "It is finished," He said as He gave up the ghost, and it is finished; and in token thereof Jehovah saith unto Him, "Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool." So far, then, we have a glimpse of the King sitting on His throne, and of the Priest, crowned, and resting from His labors.

THE ROYAL PRIEST.

Thus far we have seen each office, now we are to see the two combined in the Lord Jesus: and to make the combination clear we shall notice, first, that as a priest He is royal; and then, secondly, that as a king He is priestly.

1. Consider, now, that *as a priest our Lord is royal*. He was a priest when He honored the law by His own death; He was a priest when He took upon Himself our sin, and bore it, offering His own soul as the victim upon the altar of His body: He was to the full a priest when He presented His one sacrifice for sin; but never let it be forgotten that even then, in His nature, He was a king. The sword of vengeance awoke against the man who was Jehovah's fellow even when He bled.

The laws which He vindicated had been ordained by Himself; and it adds a special glory to His priestly work of atonement that it was wrought by the royal Lawgiver Himself. The subject broke the laws, but it was the King who bore the penalty. He that is under law offendeth, but He that made the law came under the law that He might make amends to the injured honor of His own justice. This was *a notable deed* of love and of justice combined. Let us confide the more surely upon the sacrifice of our great High Priest, because of the dignity of His nature, and the supremacy of His rank, even when He made Himself of no reputation and took upon Himself the form of a servant.

Our Lord stooped to the lowest service for our sakes when He was acting as a priest among us in these lower realms. He presented Himself as an offering for sin, and men scourged Him, and spat upon Him, and hung Him up like a felon, and in all this shame and suffering we look to Him as our Saviour. Thus He made expiation for sin. But though we are to look to Him in that capacity for the pardon of sin, as men sought cleansing of a priest, we must never forget that now He expects homage from us, and we must come to Him for government as men pay obedience to a king.

O you that come to Him to-day laden with guilt and full of fears, to wash yourselves in the fountain which He filled from His own veins, you must also come to obey Him, and to walk in His statutes. You may not come to Him merely that you may get your sins forgiven, you must come to be cleansed from the power of evil, and to yield yourselves unto God. Jesus was given that He might be a Leader and a Commander to the people, as well as their Deliverer and Saviour.

A true disciple looks to his Master for ruling as well as for teaching, and he expects to render obedience as well as to receive instruction. There may be no separation between these two points: our Priest to save must ever be regarded as our King to rule. He puts away sin, but He expects to reign over the forgiven spirit; He washes our feet, but He looks that we also practise His precepts and example of love, for He says, "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet."

At this moment in heaven, if your eyes of faith can see the Lord Jesus, you perceive that He is pleading for His people *as a priest*. It is a priest's duty to offer intercession for those over whom he is appointed; and this Jesus does continually. Hath He not said, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest"? He ever liveth to make intercession for them that come to God by Him. But do not forget that our Lord does not make intercession otherwise than royally. There is no prostration now amidst the olives of the gloomy garden, no bloody sweat, no strong crying and tears. He saith not, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt," but He urges His suit in another fashion.

As a priest our Redeemer not only pleads with God, but *He blesses the people*. It was the work of the high priest to pronounce the benediction over the house of Israel. Jesus does that, but He does it royally; I mean He does i with the power of a king as well as with the commission of a priest. He does not merel wish us good, but He works us good. There i omnipotent sovereignty at the back of the priestly benediction. He that speaks and declare His people to be justified, accepted, preserved and blessed, is He who can make good Hi words. The benediction of Jesus the Priest i the benediction of Jesus the King. Let us rejoice and be glad in this.

And now, beloved, it is as a priest that Jesu sends out His Gospel to the ends of the earth In that Gospel He invites men to come to Hir that He may purge them from their uncleannes To-day He speaks by us, His ministers, an bids men come to the great Priest that He *ma heal them* of their leprosy, and deliver them fror all manner of defilement; but, mark you, it is a invitation from a King as well as from a Pries and he that rejects it shall be counted guilty c disloyalty and high treason. "He that believet not shall be damned."

2. THE PRIESTLY KING.

Thus I have put forward the combination i one form, and testified that Jesus as a priest right kingly in all that He doth. Let us no turn the other side of the truth towards th light, and see that *as a King he always retai His priestly character*, and in the deeds of H sovereignty He acts not otherwise than as th high-priest of His people.

The Lord Jesus Christ is King over all at th very moment. He reigns over the whole worl and, notwithstanding all this hurly-burly of a fairs, this perpetual clamor of wars and rumors wars, His kingdom ruleth over all. *Our Lord Master of the game*, and He shall surely win the end. "The government shall be upon H shoulders."

But, blessed be His name, our Lord's king majesty is ever softened and sweetened by H *priestly tenderness*, else He would have crush this world out of existence long ago. If ru had been all, and mercy had not claimed h share, justice would have swept away this reb lious race. If Jesus were not Priest as well King, He would say to His angels, "Go and smi that nation which refuses my Gospel. Go ar scourge that favored nation which, having th gospel of peace, yet chooses war, and with hig looks and lofty words provokes bloodshed." H does not destroy, because His office is to forgi and save.

Think of this, my brethren. Do not low Christ's sovereignty, but at the same time lea to see it shining with gentler beams through t medium of His priestly character.

When His servants were about Him here on earth, He not only gave His commands to them, but He prayed for them that they might be kept from disobeying in the hour of trial, and He restored them when they had fallen. He not only ruled His little band of followers, but He kept them in the name of the Lord. He was their King, and their priest too. Read the commands of Jesus with becoming reverence, for He is your King ; but *let them not distress you* for He knows your weakness and will help you to do what of yourself you are incapable of doing. He is a King, but the priestly garment is always over the kingly vesture ; whatever the ornaments of His imperial splendor, He is still clothed with a garment down to the foot. The priesthood covers all, and removes all cause of dread from every believing mind.

The same is true of our great King when He goes out to war. He is the Lord, mighty in battle ; in righteousness He doth judge and make war. But *the wars of Christ* are not like the wars of earthly monarchs. His sword is not in His hand, but it goeth out of His mouth, and with this He smites and rules the nations. He is clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, but it is His own blood. Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood ; but this is a warfare of another fashion, for He wrestles not with men, but with their sins ; not with princes and armies, but with falsehood and iniquity. His victories are not those of mighty men who return from the fray, amidst the groans of widows and the cries of orphans ; but His bloodless triumphs make glad the poor and the oppressed, and only crush down principalities and powers and spiritual wickednesses in high places, bringing good to all who seek His face. He is a King, but evermore the patron and true priest of men.

Such is your Lord. May your view of Him be clear, your faith in Him be firm, your love to Him be fervent, your joy in Him be overflowing, and your obedience to Him be constant. Trust the Priest and serve the King, and ever pay your vows unto Him who is "a Priest upon His throne."

II. Secondly, and very briefly, we shall now meditate upon

THE HAPPY RESULT

of all this. The text says, "The counsel of peace shall be between them both." I confess myself unable dogmatically to interpret this passage, for there are no less than three possible meanings. I must give you them all, and leave you to judge for yourselves.

The most natural reading, to my mind, is this —that when we shall see in the person of Christ the king and the priest combined, the counsel of peace shall be *between them both.* These offices, the king and the priest, being combined in one, shall make a deep and lasting peace for us, a peace arranged by the deep thought and counsel of God, and therefore full of wisdom, truth, and certainty. When we see the Lawgiver Himself making atonement for our transgressions we have peace indeed : when Ruler and Saviour meet in one person the rest is sure and profound.

But it is thought by some wise men that the text means the counsel of peace shall be between Jehovah the Father and the Son. I am not sure that such a meaning would suggest itself to every reader, and as the most obvious meaning is generally to be preferred, I will not contend for this second meaning. However, as an interpretation it is certainly not too far-fetched, and, even if it cannot be sustained, it is certainly a very great truth.

But there is a third meaning, and although I am not sure of it as the sense here, it is assuredly a blessed truth, and appears to me to be congruous with the connection. Let me go back to the historical circumstances. Here were these three men that had come from Babylon. The prophet is to take them to the house of a Jew resident in Jerusalem. There might be some little differences between these men and the Jerusalem Jews. These Babylonian Jews had not come up to dwell in Jerusalem : but Josiah, the son of Zephaniah, was a resident there, and he might have demurred, and have said, "We cannot take your present to the temple because you do not bring yourselves and come to abide with your own people."

No, but they were to go up, together, bearing the gold and silver crowns, and put them upon the head of the priest. They were to go up in unity and love, and they were to furnish in their own persons types of other far-off ones who should come to the great crowned priest whose coming the prophet had foretold. Thus said the prophet, "They that are far off shall come and build in the temple of the Lord, and ye shall know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you."

Now, certainly, it is in Jesus Christ the Priest and King that the Jews who were nigh, and the Gentiles who were afar off, are brought together, and made one. In Him the middle wall of partition is broken down, and the counsel of peace is between us both. The day shall come when our glorious Lord shall be more clearly manifested than now in the glory of His second advent, and when the Jews shall behold Him as the priestly king, and bow before Him ; then shall the fulness of the Gentiles also be gathered in, and the Lord Jesus Christ shall reign over the whole earth. May that day speedily dawn ! We have reason to expect it ; therefore, let us pray for it and strive for its on-bringing. Jesus the Priest and King is the uniter of the divided nations. Jew and Gentile are, after all, of one blood, and one God is the Father of all ; why should they not become one ? "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin ;" but one touch of Jesus Christ shall do it infinitely better, shall do it once for all.

ACTION IN HARMONY.

III. I close with the third point, which was this, *the action which is harmonious with these truths.* The connection of our text suggests to us to do exactly what the prophet Zechariah advised the Babylonian Jews and Josiah to do. I will read you what he said : "Take silver and gold and make crowns and set them upon the head of Joshua" or Jesus. This is what is to be done.

First, "*take.*" "Take silver and gold." That is, bring the choicest things you have. If Jesus Christ be a Priest, should you not bring your offerings to Him ? If Jesus Christ be a King should you not bring tribute to your King ? If you have gold and silver, bring them, for to Him shall be given of the gold of Ophir. If you have talent, which is much more valuable than gold and silver, bring ability, tact, genius ; bring all the acquisitions of learning, all the acquirements of experience, and all your natural gifts, and consecrate them all to Him. Whether you have these or not, bring your heart, which is more precious by far, the very essence of your being ; make this a crown for Jesus. Come, bring your soul, your life, your all. Has He redeemed you ? Then be His forever. Is He your King ? Do not mock Him with a half-hearted service ; be loyal to such a sovereign, and serve Him with spirit, soul, and body. Take silver and gold and bring them unto Him. Bring your whole being to Him.

What next ?—"Take ;" then "*make :*" "make crowns." Come, my brethren, I invite you to this occupation. You say, "We are neither goldsmiths nor silversmiths." Nevertheless, make crowns. Try your hands this morning, and make crowns for Jesus with such material as ye have. Fashion *the crown of memory.* Think of what He has done for you from the first day until now. Interweave and intertwist the recollections of the past : hammer out the gold of gratitude, set in it the gems of love, and make a coronet for His dear head.

Make crowns by holy contemplation and thought. Think how great your Lord is, and how great He deserves to be—how blessed, how ever blessed. Then make *crowns of purposes* of what you hope to be and do. Plot and plan within your spirit something you have not yet done, which you are able to do before you go home to heaven. Look out some child you may teach, some sinner you may woo and win, some treasure you may spend for Jesus, some precious promise you may whisper in the ear of the distressed, some holy enterprise you may suggest to earnest youth. Make crowns !

It seems to me so sweet that it should be said, "Set them upon the head of Jesus." Brethren and sisters, let us crown Him ourselves. We hope to do so in heaven : let us do it here. *Our love* shall be the gold, *our praise* shall find the gems, *our thanksgivings* and our humble labors shall furnish the silver, and then we will set the golden chaplets about His brow, which once was rent with thorns for us. Coronets for Jesus ! Coronets for Jesus ! Crowns for our priestly King ! Let us make and bring them.

And what is said last ? It is said that this should be a memorial to those three men and to the brother who had entertained them. I suppose these crowns of silver and gold were hung up in the temple, and when anybody said, "What are those crowns yonder ?" it would be answered, "Those are coronets which were made by order of the prophet Zechariah, by Heldai and Tobijah and Jedaiah, who came from Babylon, and they are in memorial of those men, and in memorial of the hospitality of Josiah, the son of Zephaniah, who entertained them at his house when they came. They are hung up in the temple in honor of the coming priestly king, and in memorial of those four men who presented an offering to the Lord."

It seems very wonderful that God should allow in His house memorials of His servants, but He does so ; and our great priestly King allows memorials of His people in His temple now. We shall never forget, shall we, while the world standeth, the sacrifice of Paul, and how he made crowns and set them on the head of Jesus ? Never while the earth lasts shall we forget the sacrifice of John, and Peter, and James. Nay, the Church will not forget the sacrifices of Luther, and Calvin, and Zwingle, and Wycliffe, and the holy lives and ardent ministries of Whitefield and Wesley shall not be forgotten in the Church, because they made crowns and set them on the head of Jesus.

"Oh," say you, "but we must not remember *men.*" "Nay," say I, "but we may remember men, and women too, for our Lord has set us the example. 'Wheresoever this Gospel is preached there shall this which this woman hath done be mentioned for a memorial of her.'" My Master thinks much of His people, and in the plenitude of His great goodness the little things which they do for Him are had in remembrance. Did He not say of Cornelius, "Thy prayers and thine alms have come up as a memorial of thee" This is sweet to think upon.

While our King-priest shall have the crowns, and wear them, yet we, if we bring love-tokens and honorable spoils to Him, shall be remembered, too, in that day when He shall award the praise to His people, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servants." The Lord whom we serve will immortalize our service by uniting it with His service. We shall rest from our labors, but our works shall follow us. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance, they shall shine forth as the sun when their Lord's glory shall be revealed. Their priest shall make them priests, their king shall make them kings, and they shall forever be filled with the vision of the priest upon his throne. So may it be with us. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHRISTIAN SAILOR.

A Death at Sea—A Thief Caught—A Furious Hurricane—Cast Adrift.

A few years ago I was engaged on board a whaling vessel off the coast of Africa. During the voyage there occurred

A DEATH AT SEA.

Death in any place produces a feeling of solemnity; but I think the feeling is more noticeable at sea than on land. In a city or a town fresh faces are seen every day, people come and go, and we are accustomed to changes in the *personnel* of our acquaintance; a gap is speedily filled up, and the memory of the dead soon fades away. But at sea the crew form a circle almost like that of a family; there are no new comers, and if one member falls out of his place a vacancy is left which every hour recalls the lost comrade to the memory. I became painfully aware of this fact while on board a whaler off the Island of Madagascar. A young shipmate was there taken from our midst.

He was a strong, active sailor, full of life and energy; he had kept to his work right up to the last, and long after he was unable to do more than drag himself wearily about the deck. Sailors have the reputation of being a hardy set of men, and it is a reputation they are reluctant to lose. It is considered effeminate to give way and complain of sickness, and my young shipmate would not admit his illness until the very day of his death. On that day he fell down insensible on the deck, and when we carried him below we all saw that he would never again come up alive.

The poor fellow died, and we sewed him up in his own hammock, as is the custom on board ship, before committing his body to the deep. He had not been a good man, and there was evidence that he had led an immoral life, so that we could have no hope in his death. That was a gloomy evening, and the most careless and reckless man on board felt a solemn sadness not to be shaken off. They brought him up from below and laid him on the tryworks ready for the final plunge, and we all felt singularly depressed by the sight of the motionless figure lying there, its tightly sewed covering rendering the shape of the dead man distinctly visible.

The next day the burial took place, and it was a strange sight to an inexperienced seaman. The ship's course stopped, the crew gathered with uncovered heads around the plank on which their dead messmate lay, with his feet towards the sea. A bag was attached to them filled with shot or some heavy substance, to insure the sinking of the corpse. Then the captain read the burial service and a chapter from the Bible, the end of the plank was raised, and the dead man slid off to his last resting-place at the bottom, to await the day when the sea shall give up its dead.

The sound of that last plunge was in my ears for many days afterward. Looking over the side I saw the familiar figure sinking down—down on its sad and lonely journey, the weight attached to the feet keeping the body erect as in life. It was a gloomy day on board, and scarcely any one among us could shake off the unwonted depression of spirit. As for me, the conviction that my messmate's soul was eternally lost disturbed the stolid indifference in which I was then living. I could not help asking myself what was to be *the end of my life*, and if death had seized me as it had the poor young fellow whose remains we had just committed to the deep, where would my soul then be? The recollection of home teaching gave me no encouragement to hope, and my conscience bitterly accused me. Looking back at this distance of time, I know that it was the Holy Spirit pleading with me as He had pleaded with me in the storm to be reconciled unto God. But then it appeared to me a gloomy state of mind, and I was anxious to shake it off as quickly as I could.

A THIEF CAUGHT.

On the west coast of Madagascar is St. Augustine's Bay, which we visited while in those latitudes. Here a native chief known as Prince Willie came on board, with a demand for a present of muskets and ammunition; he presumed we should need water, fresh meat, and provisions, and this he considered entitled him to ask as an acknowledgment of his authority from us. He was also very careful to stipulate that any women of the tribe, who might have provisions or curiosities to sell, should have free access to the ship as long as she remained in the bay. We could not then understand his anxiety on this point, but the cause became apparent later. The women of his tribe were *the most unblushing thieves* I ever saw. Everything that was movable and portable they could lay their hands on unnoticed, they carried off.

They had a fancy for pieces of metal of all descriptions. Bolts, pins, etc., vanished in large numbers during a visit from these native peddlers. The cook, who had felt the annoyance more than the rest of the crew, having lost several of his cooking utensils, resolved to teach them a lesson. He thrust a bolt into the fire as soon as he heard a party of natives were alongside, and as soon as it became red hot he laid it aside to cool, putting it in a conspicuous position. Soon the iron assumed its usual appearance, although it was still very hot. It had not lain there many minutes before horrible yells told that the trap had caught. One of the women had taken up the treasure with her fingers and was in an agony of pain and fright. The cook explained his trick to his mates, but the women seemed to think there had been some sorcery practised, and it was not thought necessary to enlighten them.

We did not remain long at St. Augustine's Bay, but crossing the channel visited Delagoa Bay, on the eastern coast of the African continent. This is a noted place for the capture of the female whales, and that fact being pretty well known we found ten other vessels stationed there on the same errand as ourselves. Two, or even three, whalers might have done well there, but so many of us racing down the bay in the early dawn frightened the whales, and we thus ruined our own enterprise. Several times while on this ground we had to camp out on shore in rough style. A storm coming on would prevent us returning to the ship, and we would run our boats ashore, and pulling two of them up on the beach we would tilt them up with the edges together, and bank the sand up to keep out wind and water; then with an old sail as a carpet we would creep under and pass a day or two snugly, if need were. The natives would come to our temporary shelter, bringing us fresh fruit and provisions, which in our isolated condition were very acceptable.

On one occasion of this kind we came across a large area of land completely *covered with human bones* bleached dry and white in the sun. It must have been the scene of some desperate battle between the rival tribes. I turned over one of the skulls which were lying about in profusion, and in it there was coiled up—*a scorpion!* A strange home for the venomous creature to have found. It was very suggestive, and I wondered what kind of brain had occupied that head when it was the centre of thought and life. I could not help thinking that there were many men whose mental faculties were employed in a service of which the effects were as injurious to their race as those of the scorpion's sting.

The dress of the natives of this coast is remarkable. It consists of a short strip of cloth, which depends from a flexible tube made of variegated grass plaited in a fancy design, the tube being long enough to form a girdle. They wore not another shred of clothing on any part of the body. They seemed to possess very little intelligence, and to be almost as far from civilization as the monkeys which scampered about the forests close at hand. Except for the faculty of speech they might easily have been set down as a superior breed of apes.

The whaling season over, we left the African coast and sailed for St. Paul's Island, in the Indian Ocean. On our voyage we encountered

A FURIOUS HURRICANE,

and it was for a long time doubtful if the old ship would weather it. The heavens grew black as midnight, and though it was about noon it was impossible to see even a hand before one's face. The waves came dashing against the devoted ship, descending on the deck with overwhelming force, and the men who were at work pumping had to be lashed—*i.e.*, tied—to the pumps to keep them from being washed into the sea; it was a solemn time, for the roaring billows seemed to be ready to swallow us up. Death stared us in the face. At last a gigantic wave carried the ship over on her beam-ends, and we were just getting out the axes to cut away the masts in order to save the ship, when, with a suddenness I never saw before nor since, light broke out, the old vessel righted herself, and the storm cleared. But the old hull had weathered her last storm. She leaked dangerously, and when we put in at St. Paul's for repairs it was found that it would cost more to patch her up than she was worth. We therefore sold the small cargo of oil to the captains of the vessels in port for lamp-oil, and abandoned the ship to be sold for the benefit of the insurers. I was thus thrown upon my own resources, with little money and no friends, in a foreign land.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

By Rev. Henry Varley.

The Doctrine not a Sentiment—Revealed in the Bible—England a Representative Nation—Growth of Scepticism—England Hated by China—The Signs of the End—Words that Must not be Spiritualized—Prophecy Literally Fulfilled—Two Great Facts—The Place of the Doctrine in the Bible.

The Second Advent of Christ is no question of sentiment or opinion, but a great fact which the Lord Himself has revealed. Let us seek to answer the question, not by any trick of argument, but by the application of God's own Word to the subject. You have only to get two men clever on either side of their argument to confuse their audience. That is not my desire, nor did I get the deep conviction I have on this subject from reading the books of men, but by *simple and earnest study of God's Word.*

If people would only get the Word and study it for themselves, how many questions would be settled at once! Let us search the Scripture, and we shall see the fact of the Lord's second coming, and in that study we shall find good reasons for believing that under present agencies we shall not see any improvement in the governmental policy of the world.

Verily do we believe that human rule has nearly run its course. "The six thousand years are nigh their close," and are consummating the highest

NATIONAL RESPONSIBILITY

ever known.

Without egotism it may be said that England is the representative nation of the earth. Her power is the might of a highly civilized and intellectual people, and she has gradually come to her meridian life side by side with an open Bible, and the wonderful privilege of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. No other nation on the face of the earth has known, to anything like the same extent, these high privileges, and we are watching with intense interest the result.

Is it too much to say that the intellectual culture of England is throwing aside the Bible as the Word of God, thus rejecting the testimony of the Holy Spirit, and while complimenting the Lord Jesus Christ upon His system of morals and the tone of His personal life, nevertheless arraigns Him before the world as guilty of the most awful blasphemy, by denying His Godhead and impugning His creative power? That this unholy spirit will increase, and ripen into an intellectual scepticism that will ere long deny openly both the Father and the Son, the Word of our Lord solemnly declares (1 John 2 : 22); and at this point let me say there are no reserves of power to be put forth by the mighty God—*His Son, His Work, His Word,* *His Spirit, His Ministry, all have been given*, and the chief nation in the world rejects His government, and is rejecting His grace.

This momentous experience and history marks, as we believe, the crisis of this world's course, and the end of the age. Should centuries again be given there are no other nations of the earth to rise higher than England, and if it were so, what reason have we to suppose that they would receive the Lord to reign over them?

Seeing that human nature is the same all the world over, and that the most powerful and intelligent nation of the earth, having come to maturity in its national life, has rejected, and is now rejecting, the *Lord, His Word, and His Spirit*, with deeper emphasis than ever sending the insulting message to the Lord God of Sabaoth, "We will not have this man to reign over us," we may be assured that the insults offered to His grace and government will bring speedily the great day of His power, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and they that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ (2 Thess. 1 : 7, 8.)

THE EVIL INFLUENCE OF ENGLAND.

But what is the influence of England at the present time among the nations of the earth, morally considered? I am in the habit of receiving news from China relative to the China-England Mission. Mr. Hudson Taylor informs me that the English are despised and hated by the Chinese, and that the Chinese would, if they could, drive them out of their land. A few years since England sent her ships of war, and by force of arms opened the ports of China for the sale of that terrible drug, opium.

And mark the result. At the present time there are hundreds and thousands of Chinese dying like rotten sheep. The English, for mere money gain, forced this shameful traffic upon the Chinese, a traffic which, but a few years before, was held to be a capital offence in China. England by force of arms coerced the people. Mr. Taylor also tells me that if the missionaries can get away into the inland towns, where there are no Englishmen, they much rather prefer to go there. Young Englishmen have gone to ports and cities of China, and it is a notorious fact that *they buy the Chinese girls* from their mothers for a few dollars, for purposes of the worst character; and the name of Englishman is an offence to-day in China. The same may be said to a large extent of India.

I do not say that my countrymen carry no blessings with them; but I affirm that evil predominates immensely. England, I may add, is the first nation that ever came to her manhood life side by side with the open Bible. No other nation has known to anything like the same extent this high responsibility. How little, for example, does Germany, France, Austria, or Italy know of the Bible, as compared with England? The testimony of Jesus Christ Himself shows that His Word should be rejected, and the witness of His Spirit despised, and that this dispensation *should be closed in solemn judgment*, as in the days of Noe and Lot.

These are the words of Christ—"And as it was in the days of Noe, so also shall it be in the days of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed."

Let us now look at the fourteenth chapter of John. "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions." Mark these words; they are deeply interesting, "I go to prepare a place for you." My object in leaving the world is *to prepare a place for you*. And notice, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself." Mark the form of the expression. We are *not* to receive Him; but "I will receive you unto Myself."

Passing from this, let us notice Acts 1 : 9, "And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly towards heaven as He went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

WE CANNOT SPIRITUALIZE

that verse, nor explain it away by metaphor. This is in keeping with the testimony of Jesus Himself. Angels have come to confirm His testimony to the fact of His coming again.

These words were in this book before I came here; this is no incorporation of mine. It is simply for you to come in contact with the Word of God to know these great truths. We have no *liberty* to attempt to spiritualize away the plain statements of the Scriptures. There is in Scripture very much metaphor, but always intended to convey to our minds great facts. For example, you ask, Do I believe in material fire? I believe there will be positive suffering. These are the expressions of Christ: "Where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched." "Better for thee to cut off thy right hand than that thy whole body be cast into hell."

These words stand against all argument, and defy all attempts to controvert them. How literally Scripture prophecies have been fulfilled may be gathered from the following. It is written they shall cast lots upon Christ's garments. This is the quotation of that text, "They parted My garments among them, and upon My vesture did they cast lots." Mark this, "Behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt!" Was that prophecy fulfilled? Did not He send two disciples to loose the colt and say the Master hath need of him? He rode upon that colt. Remember those words have been fulfilled.

Again, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away till all be fulfilled." I hear people explain His coming as though it referred to our death. By others it is said, "Christ's coming! oh, He is always coming; it is spiritual." Surely no words could be more literal: "This same Jesus that was taken up into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." Look a little further, Hebrews, 9 : 27, 28, "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

We have

TWO GREAT FACTS:

there is nothing more certain than death and future judgment. As certainly as these two great facts are before the world, so surely will the Lord appear. Listen: "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." We cannot explain that away; it is of literal significance. Turn to one of the great strongholds of this important truth, 1 Thess. In every chapter of the first epistle there is distinct allusion to the coming of the Lord.

It is interesting to know that *one verse in every thirty* from Matthew to Revelation has reference to the fact of Christ's coming. Observe 1 Thess. 1 : 10: "And to wait for His Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come." Now we have in 1 Thess. 4 : 14 the great fact of the coming made by the Lord Himself, verses 13 to 18: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

Mark the expression, "If we believe that Jesus died," etc. Again, "For this we say unto you by the Word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent (go before) them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.'

Notice the first epistle to the Thessalonians was written especially to the Church, and is full of *instruction, comfort, and guidance*. The second epistle is written, indeed, for the Church; but it is the testimony of the Holy Ghost concerning the future history of the world. The first epistle is written for the comfort, instruction, guidance, and help of the Church until the coming of the Lord.

The second epistle is written to the Church, the history of the future of the world after the Church has been taken away. Chap. 5 : 1, 2: "But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you; for yourselves know perfectly well that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." When does a thief come? When you expect him? Does he appoint a time of coming? "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night."

Some one will say, "I agree with you that the Lord will come, but I do not see any ground in Scripture for *His coming a second time*." Do you believe He will come for judgment to the wicked; to raise the dead? Yes. Is there a word about it here? Did I read anything about that? Listen: "The Lord Himself shall descend; the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive shall be caught up to meet Him in the air."

Is there anything about the resurrection of the wicked there or their judgment? No; not one word. It is the taking away of what is peculiar to this dispensation—the Church of Christ. This is why the Bridegroom cometh: to take His body, the despised Church, out of this sinful world. These passages will then be fulfilled: "Two shall be in one bed: one taken, the other left. Two men shall be in the field: the one taken, the other left." Suddenly, and without warning, the converted daughter sleeping with her Christless sister shall be taken away.

A Revival at Darlington, in England, Issuing in the conversion of about 500 souls, has arisen from a visit of the now famous Salvation Army. Some weeks ago some female evangelists, headed by Miss Rose Clapham, began to hold religious services in Livingstone Hall, Darlington, in the name of the Salvation Army. Every night since then (excepting at the Friday meetings for Christians only), and twice every Sunday, the hall, which is the largest in the town, has been filled with overflowing audiences, a large proportion of whom were evidently unaccustomed to attend religious services of any kind. Hundreds have been repeatedly turned away from the doors, and there is seldom any diminution in the numbers present until after ten o'clock. On Saturday night, August 23d, no fewer than 112 converts addressed the crowded congregation, giving their experience, and urging others to follow their example.

The Rev. Dr. Edersheim, vicar of Loder, Bridport, states that the first fruits of the Salvation Army there were the conversion of the worst family in the place. The father was known as "*Hell-fire Tom*," and they never entered a place of worship. Four daughters were arrested the first evening, and went home converted; then the father, and then the mother. The whole family of outcasts, the plague of the place, have become children of God, and are now steadfast in the faith.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 799.)

A DISTRESSING JOURNEY.

Who should accompany Effie on her expedition in search of her husband? That was the question now uppermost in Miss Temple's mind. As she thought of it the name of Mrs. Cross escaped her lips in an undertone, but Effie's wildly uttered "No, no!" showed that she had overheard it.

"Effie, I must go with you myself," said the lady.

Effie took the hand of her friend and fervently kissed it; this was her silent way of expressing the thanks which she could not speak.

Edith had proffered a kindness which would cost her no light effort. The expense of the double journey was what the needy lady could ill afford. Edith had indeed in her purse almost the whole of her quarter's income, but that must last her for the next three months, and how difficult it would be to make it do so Miss Temple knew but too well.

The thought crossed her mind, inflicting a pang, "I may find it needful to part with my dear aunt's last gift." Then the journey itself, and the search which was to follow it, were formidable to a delicate lady, already weary, and longing for quiet and rest. But Edith saw *a plain path of duty* before her, it was her mission to "*strengthen the weary*," and all consideration of self was quickly dismissed from her mind.

Miss Temple now persuaded the anxious Effie to take some food, that her strength might not fail in the journey before her. The lady then accompanied Effie to her room, and helped her to make the little preparations needful for her departure.

"You and I will not burden ourselves with much luggage," said Edith, cheerfully; "I trust that our absence will be but a short one." The smile which accompanied the words was as a gleam of sunshine to Effie.

Robert's wife brought the little supply of money left for her use by her husband, and entreated Miss Temple to take charge of it. Edith placed it in her purse with her own; she saw that it would be a real relief to Effie for her companion to keep accounts for them both.

Miss Temple took with her *the diamond ring*, thinking it undesirable to leave so valuable a jewel behind her in an almost empty farm-house.

Effie Holland had not hitherto shed a tear since receiving her husband's letter; grief seemed to have dried up that fount which was usually so ready to overflow; she was denied the relief of being able to cry. But as Effie finished packing her small travelling bag, her glance chanced to fall on the picture over the mantelpiece, *the wedding gift* from her uncle, and the sight of that picture, the memories which it recalled, unsealed the font of weeping, and, throwing herself on the floor, Effie wept as if her heart were breaking.

Edith let grief take its course; she did not then attempt to utter a word of comfort. The passionate outburst soon was over, and Effie arose, with eyes heavy from weeping, but a manner more collected and calm.

"I forgot," she faltered; "(I forget everything but my misery now!) I must tell Mrs. Cross that my husband gives up the farm."

"If I might counsel you I would say, do nothing in regard to giving up your home till you have seen your husband," said Edith. "His letter was written under strong excitement, and when he thought that he was about to quit the country. Your husband may entirely alter his views when he finds that his sister's character is cleared from all disgrace, and he may wish to offer Ellen a home in England. Do nothing in haste, dear Effie." The young wife submitted at once to a judgment more clear and calm than her own.

While Effie and her friend were up-stairs, her uncle arrived with the donkey-cart containing the luggage of Miss Temple. Mrs. Cross saw Alec coming, and went to meet him at the gate. The lodger would not willingly have missed the pleasure of being the first to tell disagreeable news; not that Mrs. Cross had any wish to give pain, but that her coarse, selfish nature found its delight in gossip.

"Oh! Mr. Stewart, such doings as we have had here! such doings!" cried the widow as Alec lifted the latch of the gate.

"What? how? anything the matter?" asked the old man, abruptly.

"I never expected that things would go right after Holland took to leaving his pretty little wife to go jollifying and drinking at the Crown," continued Mrs. Cross, spinning out a pleasure which resembled that which a cat finds in teasing a mouse.

"Can't you speak out plainly, woman, and tell the worst at once?" said Alec sternly. "What has Holland done?"

"Absconded—deserted his wife!" replied Mrs. Cross. "He's gone off to Australia, or the Indies, or no one knows where, with his sister, who's *fresh out of jail;* and Effie, poor thing! she's going to rush after her runaway husband. She's not likely to catch him, I guess, unless she has the wit to set *the police on the scent.*"

Alec waited to hear no more, but roughly brushing past the speaker, whose portly form well-nigh blocked up the narrow path, he made his way into the house.

Mrs. Cross turned and followed more slowly, muttering to herself, as she walked up the path, "If the Hollands expect me to stop here and look after the cows, pigs, and poultry, while they go rushing about the country, they're very much mistaken. I'd as lief live in a desert as in this Salem, as they call it, with no one to keep me company but Fred."

"I'll be off with him to London to-morrow, and pay a long-promised visit to my cousin, and see all the sights and shows at this gay time of the year. Live here, indeed, with the rooks and the crows, with neither hostess to cook the dinner nor host to pay for the mutton; I'm not the simpleton to do that!

"Let the Hunts look after the farm; if it go to rack and ruin (it's likely enough that it will), I'll get the advice of some sharp lawyer to bear me clear out of the smash. I'm sorry for Effie, poor thing! I'd do her a good turn if I could—but a sensible woman must never forget to take care of *Number One.*'

Meanwhile Alec had met in the kitchen his young niece, who, bag in hand, and dressed for a journey, had just come down from her room. The cocoanut has a hard shell, wrapped in rough, unsightly fibre, but within are the soft milk and sweet kernel. Alec's hardness was all outside, and when he saw the pale, tearful face of poor Effie he took her into his arms and pressed her to his heart as if he had been her father. Neither of them spoke for some moments, and then Alec asked, in a husky voice, "Where are you going, poor child?"

"To London—to Southampton; he has gone there," faltered Effie, who was scarcely able to speak.

"The heartless villain!" muttered Alec; but the look of pain which the words raised on the face of Effie made her uncle bite his lip to keep in the further expression of his strong indignation.

"It was my fault—mine—not his!" gasped the poor young wife. "I am going to bring Robert back."

"You're not fit to go, child," said Alec, with a little of his natural roughness of manner. "If it were not for the snakes," he muttered to himself, "I would go and collar him myself."

Had the occasion been a less sad one, the idea of such a messenger as Alec being sent to recall an angry husband might have provoked a smile. Effie simply said, "Miss Temple is going with me."

Edith, who now entered, was struck by the look given her by the old servant of her uncle; it was a look so expressive of gratitude, from eyes that were moistened with tears.

"It is done for Him, and He will reward it," murmured Alec, as he walked towards the window, where he stood for some time with his back turned towards the rest of the party, of which Mrs. Cross now made one.

The widow's voice, telling of her intended visit to London, and making officious offers to do anything there for Effie, was the only one heard in the place.

Alec was not standing apart in idle thought; he was emptying his old brown purse of every piece of money which it contained—silver, copper, and *one bit of gold.* Then going up to his niece, and drawing her aside, Alec silently pressed into her hand what he had held in the palm of his own, and, without waiting for thanks, turned away to ask Miss Temple what were her orders regarding the luggage which he had brought in the cart.

Edith limited herself to one small travelling-bag for the journey before her; the rest of her little property would be left at the farm till her return. It was now time to start for the station, which was near enough to be reached on foot. Effie dared not look back as she passed through the gate of her little Salem, weeping, bowed down with sorrow, and thinking of the picture of the wreck.

Thankful was Effie to find herself in the train, borne on swiftly towards London, though she remembered with bitterness with what different feelings she had last travelled on that railway line, how full of hope and delight she had been, and how eagerly she had leant forward to catch a glimpse of her future home, visible in the distance! Now she turned her face from the window; she had no wish to see the pretty gable-ends peeping from between the trees.

The train in which the travellers journeyed was a full one; there was much interchange of passengers at the various stations through which it passed. Now a mother with half a dozen children, and at least as many packages, crowded the narrow second-class carriage almost to suffocation; and after that party had left, and breathing space on that sultry June afternoon had been restored for a while, a number of young men, almost too late, scrambled into the vacant seats, just as the train was about to move on.

The party of shopmen, for such they seemed, were returning from some wedding in the country, as was evident from the nosegays stuck into their button-holes, and the favors pinned on their coats. The men were in high spirits, and more than one of the party appeared to have been drinking freely at the wedding-breakfast. The talking, laughing, and jesting which went on were incessant, and increased the headache from which poor Effie was suffering.

How the noise and the mirth jarred on the ear of the pale woman who sat so sad and silent in the corner of the railway-carriage! It seemed a very long time to Effie and her companion before the London station was reached.

Then came the drive in a hack across London. Never had the great city seemed to the travellers in such a distracting whirl of mingled business and pleasure as it did on that summer afternoon. Some grand pageant was going on, and the usual tide of traffic was swelled by hundreds of gay carriages, and many a crowded omnibus, bearing their pleasure-seeking occupants to or from some point of general attraction.

Effie knew not and cared not what that point might be: she only knew, to her misery, that it was scarcely possible for the vehicle in which she was seated to make its way through the streets. Effie was in a fever of impatience to get on; she longed for the speed of the eagle, which wings its flight above all the obstructions of earth, and it was as if she were condemned to creep like a snail on the ground.

Three times the hack came to a complete stop, the road being blocked up by carts, carriages, and vans; once the wheel was locked in that of another conveyance. The shouting, cracking of whips, pressing and pushing, backing and turning, with the multifarious noises with which London citizens are familiar, seemed fie like the giddy whirl of waters against some helpless swimmer, borne backwards e opposing tide, is struggling in vain.

)h ! if we should be too late for the train to ampton—if we should be too late !" often from Effie's lips ; repeatedly she felt in- l to quit the cab and try to force a passage ot through that bustling, noisy throng that ucted her way.

last the conveyance was clear of the crowd, ot till at least thrice the usual length of had been taken up in crossing the city. ed sun had sunk in a bank of yellow smoke the two weary travellers were driven up depot on the Surrey side of the Thames. ile Miss Temple stopped for a few moments the fare, the anxious Effie hurried on to atform. Just as she reached it the sound histle rang sharp on her ear, and a long carriages, with ever-increasing rapidity of n, was moving forth into outer air.

hen does the train start for Southampton ?" anxiously inquired of one of the railway s.

st started ; you're a minute behindhand," e careless reply.

hen does the next train go ?" asked Miss e, who had rejoined her companion.

ot till to-morrow morning at Four-fifteen."

lt so dizzy from disappointment, excite- and fear that by missing that evening train d missed all chance of reaching Southamp- time, that she heard nothing of the short sation which followed. She was only con- of being conducted to some hotel, almost to the station, where Edith engaged a oom for the night.

lady took but one chamber, both from sire to confine expenses to the narrowest e limits, and from her feeling that her nion was not in a state to be left by her- f.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

esson for Oct. 19th. Heb. 11. Golden Text, v. 37. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ay's subject begins with a definition of y the Holy Ghost, who is its alone Au- "Faith is the substance (or foundation) gs hoped for, the evidence of things not Abraham staggered not at the promise (that he should be a father of many) "through unbelief, but was strong in iving glory to God ; and being fully per- that what He had promised He was able perform," although all hope grounded on and experience was at an end (Rom. 1). Thus faith is believing God's Word any respect to past or present experi- nd without taking into account either ity or probability in the future.

first exercise of our faith to which this calls us is to believe that the worlds (or ere formed by the Word of God. "By the of the Lord were the heavens made : and ost of them by the breath of His mouth" : 6). There is creative power in the word living God, "For He spake and it was le commanded and it stood fast" (Ps. To believe in the intrinsic power of the God honors Him, and at the same time out of reach of men and circumstances gs ; what He says is being wrought out all unconsciously, and all the ill-will all the malice of devils, cannot prevent gs from working together for good to at love God. He has said it, and noth- turn Him from His purpose.

th the first sacrifice was offered. Hu- ure would have said that the fruit, and or bestowed upon it by Cain, must acceptable to God than the blood of an lamb ; but God's thoughts are not as ughts. All must be set radically right im : not the present life alone conform- s will, but the conscience also cleansed. And thus there must be confession of sin, and an acknowledgment that death was its due. Thus Abel knew, and therefore his sacrifice was better than Cain's, who followed reason instead of faith, and this was why Abel "obtained witness that he was righteous." And without Abel's faith all other faith must fail. No man is in a position to exercise faith continuously in God's loving fatherhood while his conscience is uncleansed : the more he seeks to please God the more intense will be his sense of condemnation, and he will obtain no witness that he is righteous except in the crucifixion of Christ in his place.

Our next lesson of faith is a marvellous one—a man who by faith escaped death, as those will do who are taken away to meet the Lord in the air at His second coming. But let us not forget that this man walked with God, and had this testimony that he pleased God. If the thought of some who have studied the prophecies is correct—namely, that the "first fruits" of Rev. 14 : 4 will be taken away first—it is clear from that passage, and from the title which is told us of this patriarch, that they must have an Enoch character. Enoch "walked with God," and *they* "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Enoch "had this testimony that he pleased God" "in *their* mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God." He that hath the power of death—that is, the devil (Rev. 2 : 16)—toucheth not those who by grace thus keep themselves (1 John 5 : 18). And such a walk is not by effort, but by the faith of the Son of God (Gal. 2 : 20), for "without faith it is impossible to please Him."

The faith of Noah follows. "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house." He saw the world in its present and in its future, with God's eyes, and through God's revelation, and thus he "condemned the world." All his occupation, all his words, testified that he believed God was true, and that he did not look upon things according to the appearance ; thus between him and the condemned world came a God-made separation. And the Word of God makes use of his example to teach us the meaning and importance of baptism. "Buried with Him by baptism unto death" (that we may cease from our own life), and have "the answer of a good conscience toward God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ" (Rom. 6 : 4 ; 1 Pet. 3 : 20, 21).

Our next example of faith is he who is called "the father of all them that believe" (Rom. 4 : 11). The first test of his faith was that "when he was called (by the God whom his fathers knew not) to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed ; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he *obeyed*, by faith he *went out*. His only guarantee of safety, of inheritance, etc., was his firm reliance on the promise of God, without any warrant either from his own or from anybody else's experience. By faith he *sojourned* in the land of promise," etc., and by faith he *ooked* for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

By faith both Abraham and Sarah believed in God, "who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were, who against hope believed in hope," for the fulfilment of God's promises regarding his posterity ; he "considered not his own body," bht looked to the unwavering fidelity of his God. "Therefore sprang there of one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars of the sky in multitude and as the sand which is by the sea-shore innumerable. These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraceb them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

Dear reader, are you a son or a daughter of Abraham ? Are you persuaded of God's promises, so that you hold any other things as more probable than that He should break His Word ? Do you judge your life through God's word, bringing every thing to its searching test ? and do you *embrace* the promises of God as a personal inheritance which you honor Him by appropriating ? and do you wait before Him with an unfulfilled promise in the absolute certainty that He must cease to be God rather than fail in that which He has spoken ?

It is this which makes us strangers and pilgrims upon the earth, where time and sense govern all who are around us. Men are everywhere seeking to bind God by laws which they seek to discover, forgetting that the region of faith is a fellowship with Him who made His own laws, and who is Master of them, able to suspend them at His will. Men call it fanaticism to expect of God that He will do what He has said, but faith and fanaticism are divided by the two-edged sword of the Word of God. To look for what seems impossible without the warrant of His Word is indeed fanaticism, but when, according to His Word, it is faith.

It is written of those men who counted upon God, and who were content to live for the future, in the light of eternity and not of time, "wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God ; for He hath prepared for them a city." There is something great in the thought of God calling Himself by the name of those who honor Him by faith. Let us apply the lesson, and ask, Would not God be ashamed to be called my God ? The God of Abraham ? Yes ; of Elijah ? Yes ; of Daniel ? Yes ; but the God of such as I ? —Abimelech saw the blessing of Abraham, "God is with thee in all that thou doest ;" and of Isaac, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee" (Gen. 21 : 22 ; 26 : 28) ; can it be seen thus that the Lord is with us ? And if not, why not ?

"By faith Abraham, when he was tried, *offered* up Isaac, and he that had received the promises (in which the life of his son was involved) offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said that in Isaac shall thy seed be called." But how was this possible ? To believe that Isaac should be the father of many nations, and to be yet ready at the call of God to slay him with his own hand ? Yes, for he accounted "that God was able to raise him up even from the dead, from whence also he received him in a figure." Abraham had learned a great lesson by bitter experience. Once he tried hard to help God ; went down into Egypt in the time of famine without God's leading, and returned with the shame of having denied his wife. He listened to Sarah's counsel, and took Hagar as his wife, to hasten the fulfilment of God's promises ; it did not succeed, and family trial set in until Hagar and her son were cast out. Now he would doubt God no more, and help God no more, but would honor God's word at any cost.

Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, were men of faith, and the parents of Moses had the same blood in their veins when they risked the anger of the king of Egypt by hiding their son. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharoah's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." Present good and present honor had little weight with him, for "he endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

And this is the secret of continuous faith under any and every circumstance of soul or body, just to see Him who is invisible. Under the veil of what is outward to detect God's presence and God's working and God's mind. And this can sustain under any trial of our faith whatsoever, even though it were the persecution unto the death of verses 35 to 37. And they who thus live with God and honor Him, who thus subdue kingdoms, obtain promises, out of weakness are made strong, etc., what says the Lord about them ? "*Of whom the world was not worthy.*" God leads us by the Holy Ghost to this sublime life of faith that the world may be unworthy of us too ; this, and this alone, is worth living for.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The News from Afghanistan this Week must be disquieting in England. It is to the effect that General Roberts's column, advancing on Cabul through the Shutargardan Pass, has been surrounded by the hill tribes. Reinforcements were hastening to its assistance, but the natives are so warlike that a sanguinary engagement is almost certain to take place before the enemy are driven off and General Roberts's communications reopened. Some fears are entertained that the British force may be annihilated, as a force of 3000 men was destroyed to the last man but one, in the invasion of 1842, by the same savage tribe—the Ghilzais—which has surrounded the British now. But this is unlikely to happen, as the British profited by their experience of thirty-seven years ago, and have been proceeding with caution.

This reverse has come inopportunely; for General Roberts was within fifty-five miles of Cabul, and expected to attack the capital last Sunday. Yakoob Khan, the Ameer, despairing of suppressing the revolt himself, had fled to the British camp, on the Indian side of the pass, and was looking to the British to set him on his throne again. This conduct greatly incensed his subjects, who, without being too loyal or obedient to him, are exceedingly resentful at foreign interference.

A Forgery of Mr. Gladstone's name was recently made in England by some person not a teetotaller, who wrote a postal card in the ex-Premier's name, and made him say that he did not favor the new coffee-room movement, but thought it better to let the British laborers alone with their beer. Mr. Gladstone now declares that the printed statement was a forgery, and that he is a *friend and helper* of the coffee-houses, which, he says, are experiments toward giving the mass of the community a better chance than they have had to choose between alcoholic and non-alcoholic liquors.

The Extremity of Subservience to Fashion must have been reached in Paris. A French correspondent says: "Since the introduction of mediæval styles, all juveniles wear their hair flowing. Mothers hearing the luxuriance of a rival juvenile's hair greatly admired will not be outdone, and either add a whole additional fleece on the comb or ribbon which keeps it out of her child's eyes, or *tack a scalp* in its hat." Children thus early infected with the hypocritical ways of the world are in danger of growing up with no ideas beyond this life, with its vanities and frivolities.

Queen Victoria's Delicacy of Feeling, and her desire to avoid wounding the feelings of any of her subjects, has found an expression hitherto unnoticed. An American, lately passing in Windsor Great Park the Culloden monument raised by the Duke of Cumberland, was greatly struck by the splendid growth of ivy round the base of the column. A remark upon its beauty called out the reply: "Yes, that is by the Queen's orders, in order that the ivy may hide the inscription recording the defeat of the Highlanders."

William Ringgold Cooper, one of the most daring forgers that ever preyed upon society, has just been arrested in England. He is an American by birth, who fled to the other country about a couple of years ago, after committing a series of daring and ingeniously contrived forgeries at Washington, Columbus, Miss., and at San Francisco. For the first of these, committed about fourteen years ago, he was arrested a few hours after his wedding, while on the train to Philadelphia with his bride, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Since his flight to England he has been carrying on a similar course of high-handed crime. He was finally arrested at a bank in London, where he had had the foolhardiness to show himself after drawing a forged check for $20,000.

The detectives found that he had been leading a sumptuous life at a beautiful country-seat in Hertfordshire. He had six horses, a drag, carriages, traps, three liveried menials, a number of other servants such as any rich gentleman would desire to have. He followed the hounds and hunted and shot with the neighboring gentry; he attended the village church with regularity; gave grand dinners and parties, and donated liberally to the poor of the parish. He kept an account at the village banking-house, he paid his bills promptly, and his house was filled with valuable books and pictures, bric-a-brac, and was superbly furnished throughout. He was known and highly respected in the entire district. Now he inhabits a felon's cell in an English prison, with the prospect of a long period of penal servitude. "As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death." (Prov. 11 : 19.)

London Society has Lately Received a Fresh warning of the uncertainty of life by the sudden death of one of its idols, the young and beautiful Miss Moffat, of Worton Manor-house, Isleworth. Tall, handsome, and singularly accomplished, she seemed to have the world at her feet when thus cut off as in a moment. Among girls of her own age she was regarded as a sort of Admirable Crichton. She was a skilful horsewoman, well known in Hyde Park; a capital sailor, and often used to take the helm of her own yacht. She was also an admirable musician, painter, and dancer, and highly intellectual, and of an amiable disposition which endeared her to all her friends.

But "the fashion of this world passeth away," and on a deathbed earthly accomplishments appear as nothing, and the great matter then is the possession of Christ in the soul and the enjoyment of His presence and love. Then, too, the recollection of deeds of benevolence and piety, such as Sunday-school teaching and district visiting and ministrations to the sick are looked back upon with far more satisfaction than participation in balls and concerts and worldly gayeties.

Emancipation in Havana.—A Telegram from Havana states that three slave-holders, owners of 4000, 1200, and 800 slaves respectively, have emancipated them, and contracted with them for their services for five years, and that other slaveholders intend following their example.

Women in China are Looked upon with
tempt, as they are in all unchristian nati
and the birth of a girl is oftener looked up
a misfortune than a joy. This was artlessl
out by the ruler at Pekin during Ge
Grant's visit to him a couple of months
The Prince asked the General's son, Co
Grant, whether he had any children, an
hearing that he had one daughter, rema
"*What a pity!*" According to the wa
Chinese society, that was the most polite re
His Highness could have made, and sh
him to be as well-bred in manners as he wa
alted in rank. We find that whenever m
left to himself he uses his brute force to de
womankind; but no nation has ever yet su
ted to the Lord Jesus without the effect ap
ing in the just and gentle treatment of wor

The Dangers of Emperors.—The Recent
of the Emperor William to the Czar of R
had only been decided on twenty-four hou
fore the Emperor left Berlin, and the
was undertaken at the urgent invitation o
Czar. The preparations were made with
greatest secrecy. When the Emperors met,
the railway station and the street leading
were cleared by the police, who were statior
every twenty yards. Special dispatches me
that among the extraordinary precautions a
ed by the police on the occasion of the me
of the Emperors, the street communicatin
tween the two imperial residences was m
amized, in order that the presence of con
tors might be easily detected in their
ments, and their escape prevented in the
of flight. These precautions show that a
station, like the possession of wealth, is no
ducive to peace of mind (Ecclesiastes 5 : 12

Protestantism Seems to be Making Su
tial progress in Italy. The newest indicat
it is a report that a number of Catholic ch
are being converted into places of evan
worship. The Free Church has, it is said,
formed into chapels the Oratory of the C
of San Jacobo at Florence, and that of Sa
one at Milan. The Waldensians will cha
the same manner three Catholic churches
ples, Verona, and Milan. The Town Cou
Milan has resolved to cede to the Wald
Church the church of San Giovanni Conca
at Rome the Waldensians are building
chapel in the centre of the city. This ne
comes especially an occasion of glory t
when we recollect how long Italy was the s
hold of priestcraft.

The Effects of the War on Missions.—
patch from a missionary states that the
Memorial Mission, under the Rev. Dr.
has suffered much from the war in Zu
Missionaries writing to this country tell h
European soldiers and the native conti
carried on the work of destruction. "
fish," writes Mr. Main, "that came to
men's nets—horses, pigs, goats, cow
Whatever in the garden or elsewhe
eatable was carried off if the owners w
there to protect the same. Window
smashed, doors broken, books torn up,
possible demoniacal mischief wrought"

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

shed at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.
is Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr.
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1879.

13th Year. No. 52—New Series.

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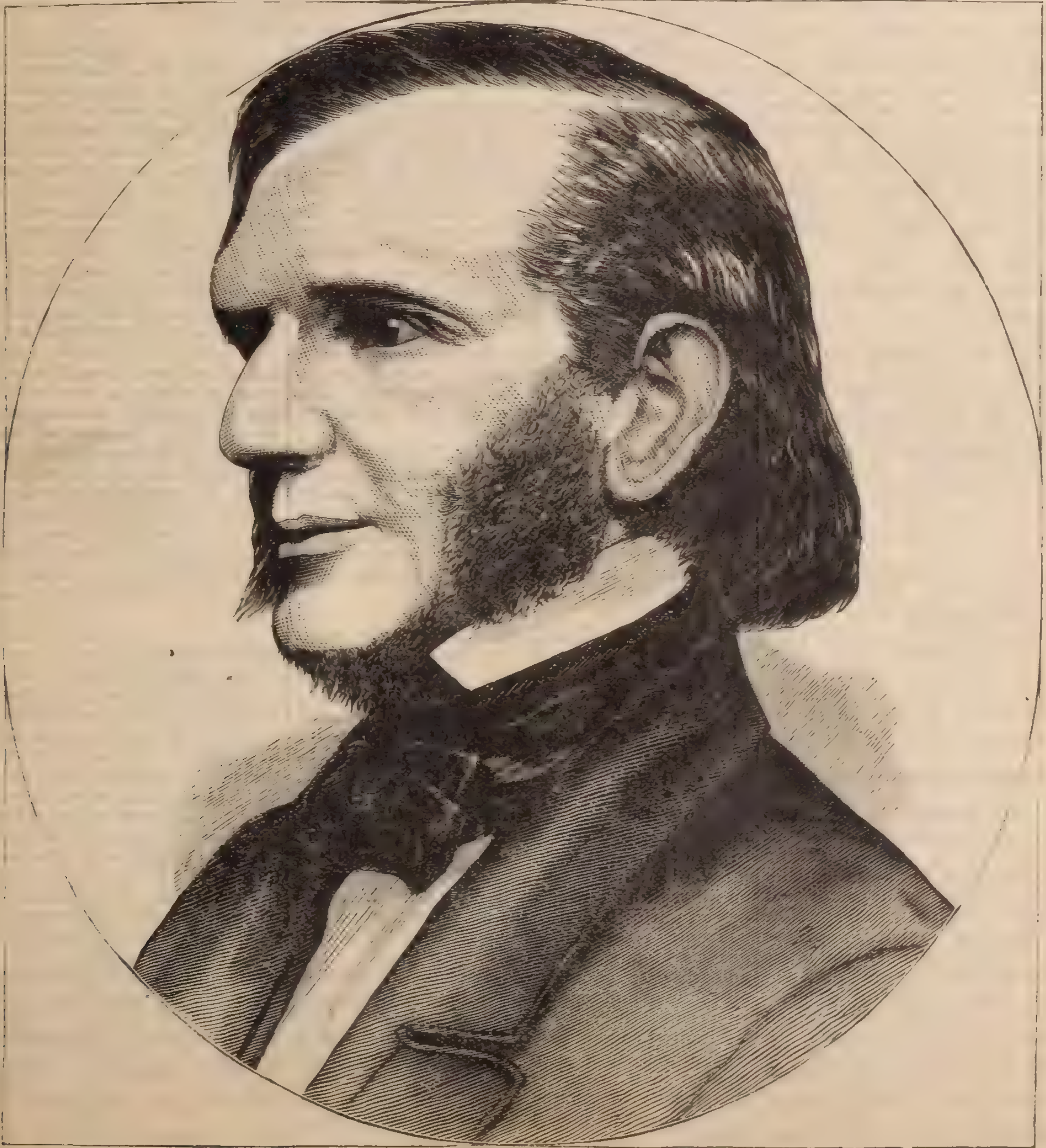

The late Dr. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, formerly Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

DR. JOSEPH PARRISH THOMPSON,

Formerly Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York.

His Birth and Education — Early Call to New Haven Church—Pulpit and Literary Labors there —Revival of the Church—Invited to New York —His Work at the Tabernacle Church—Journalistic and Pastoral Work—His Popularity as a Preacher—Removal of the Church—His Conduct in the National Crisis—A Son Dead on the Battlefield—A Night Vigil—Failing Health—Resignation of the Pastorate—A Testimonial—Residence in Berlin—Literary and Political Work in the German Capital—Death.

THE earnest preacher, the indefatigable Christian worker, the refined and accomplished gentleman, who has recently passed away from the church militant to join the ranks of the church triumphant before the throne, has left behind him a name and a memory held in reverence by all who knew him. As a preacher he was earnest and faithful ; as a writer brilliant and logical ; and as a Christian citizen intelligent and patriotic. He has gone to his reward ; henceforth he rests from his labors, and his works follow him.

Joseph Parrish Thompson was born in Philadelphia, August 7th, 1819. He studied at Yale College, where he graduated A.B. in 1838. Thence he proceeded to the Andover and New Haven Theological Schools. Here he devoted himself with the ardor which characterized him all through his life to theological study, and gained the admiring respect of his tutors. He had not completed his two years' course and was not twenty-one years of age when he received a call from the Chapel Street Congregational Church at New Haven to become its pastor. He delayed sending his acceptance to the call until after his twenty-first birthday, doubting whether until that had passed he was legally competent to bind himself to a contract with any church. He was

ORDAINED

in October, 1840, and at once entered upon his work, the youngest pastor in the State of Connecticut.

One who knew him well in those early years says of him : "I was a witness of his early efforts and of the little troubles and sorrows incidental to his position. He entered upon his work with the eager enthusiasm of a gifted boy and with the steady strength of a well-trained man. With little of the wisdom which comes from experience, he had much of the instinctive wisdom which comes from good sense and kindly sympathy, combined with resolute adherence to right principles."

His people could not but love him, and soon they began to be proud of him. They saw that their young pastor, with his high ideal of what his work in the pulpit ought to be, and of what the relation ought to be between a pastor and all the families of his flock, was not only their pastor, but also their fellow-citizen. With the beginning of his ministry began the steady growth of the church, which now, under the ministry of Dr. John E. Todd, is one of the most prosperous and useful of the New England churches.

The church had been formed less than two years and was embarrassed with difficulties arising from the circumstances in which it had its beginning, but the blessing of God was signally manifest on the labors of the young pastor, and the difficulties syeedily melted away. New hopes, vigorous Christian activity, appeared among the members of the church, and numbers of those who were outside the fold were drawn in and proclaimed themselves on the Lord's side.

Diligent in his pastoral duties and giving much time to the preparation of his sermons, Dr. Thompson yet found time for literary work. He was anxious that the denomination he served should be educated and supplied with a pure and wholesome literature, and desirous too that the principles of the denomination should be known and respected by members of other religious communities. He therefore took an active part in establishing *The New Englander*, a quarterly review dealing principally with questions of interest to Congregationalists. To this review he regularly contributed, and the productions of his pen are remarkable for their logical acumen and the brilliancy of their style.

During the period of his New Haven pastorate, Dr. Thompson also published a memoir of Timothy Dwight, the eldest son of President Dwight, besides furnishing articles for various publications in other cities. He soon became widely known as a Christian minister of distinguished ability, and as a scholar. New York heard of him and sought him out.

THE TABERNACLE CHURCH,

then worshipping in a building on the east side of Broadway between Leonard and Worth Streets, invited him to accept the pastorate, and Dr. Thompson, seeing before him an enlarged sphere of usefulness, accepted the call, much to the sorrow of his New Haven church.

In New York Dr. Thompson at once entered on a career of popularity which few men attain at so early an age. The Tabernacle became a great centre of religious interest. The vast edifice was often thronged by a congregation composed of strangers, young men, and those who had no regular place of worship. It was soon found necessary to increase the accommodation to admit the crowds of eager listeners attracted by the fame of the young pastor. The society therefore determined to sell the Tabernacle in 1855, and the new church was built at the intersection of Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty-fourth Street.

This building was completed in 1859, and dedicated April 24th of that year, the services being preached by the Rev. Dr. Edward A. Park, of the Andover Theological Seminary. Dr. Thompson himself offered the prayer of dedication, prefacing it with a short but beautiful address, in which he presented "this new temple to the service of the Triune God—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Under the ministry of Dr. Thompson the church flourished exceedingly. When the new building was dedicated there was a debt upon it of $65,000. *No pews were sold*, as it was resolved that there should be no private ownership in the building, but in 1863 the society paid off $25,000 of this indebtedness. The remaining sum of $40,000 was paid in March, 1864.

To the Tabernacle Church Dr. Thompson ministered for a period of twenty-seven years, covering a time full of event both to the Church and the nation. It was the era of the anti-slavery movement which culminated in the war, and Dr. Thompson took a prominent part in the pulpit and the press in the discussions of the day.

On the outbreak of

THE WAR,

the Tabernacle Church, animated by the spirit of the pastor, equipped a regiment, and the pastor's son entered the army. The death of that son in battle was a serious blow to the worthy minister. He hastened to the seat of war, and himself *searched the battlefield* for the body of his boy. He found it late in the evening, and he was then without means of bringing it to the camp. He threw himself on the ground beside his son's dead body on the damp soil, and remained there till morning. It is thought that his grief and that long night exposure fatally injured his delicate constitution, and brought on an illness which eventually prostrated him and put an untimely end to his ministerial work. A souvenir of the dead soldier, entitled "The Sergeant's Memorial : by his Father," appeared at an early date, and was widely read. It breathed all the love and tenderness of the Christian minister and father, and as a literary work received the highest encomiums of the press. An abridged edition was subsequently published and was circulated in the army, Dr. Thompson hoping by this means to stimulate Christian life among men exposed to many dangers and much temptation.

In New York as at New Haven, Dr. Thompson's pen was ever busy. In 1845 he printed a "Memoir of David Hale, late Editor o *Journal of Commerce*, with Selections fro Miscellaneous Writings"—a work which p through various editions. In 1846 appear "Young Men Admonished," afterward in s quent editions, which were numerous, en "Lectures to Young Men." "Hints to ployers" appeared in 1847, and another e in 1851. "Stray Meditations" was publish 1852, and in 1857 there was a revised edi entitled "The Believer's Refuge."

He was one of the first editors of *The pendent*, a well-known religious newspap New York, being associated in that service the Rev. Dr. Storrs and the Rev. Dr. Baco

In 1852 he originated the plan of the A Congregational Convention. He also serv a manager of the American Congregat Union and of the American Home Missi Society. In 1852 he went abroad, visiting estine, Egypt, and other Eastern lands. gave an Oriental cast to his subsequent st and writings, and he became well known *authority in Egyptology.* Many of his wri upon this subject appeared in *The North A ican Review*, *The Bibliotheca Sacra*, *The Jo of the American Geographical and Stati Society*, in Smith's "Dictionary of Biblical raphy and Antiquities," and the revised ed of Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literat He published "Egypt, Past and Present, 1856.

FAILING HEALTH.

In 1872, Dr. Thompson was compelled ill-health, to sever the relation which he so long maintained with the Tabernacle Ch One night, while working in his study, he agined that he heard a terrible crash, as if whole house were falling, and he remem nothing more until he regained consciou at three o'clock in the morning. The best ical skill in this country and in Europe fail afford him relief, and he decided, though great reluctance, to resign his charge. His giving effect to this decision was a model of erous feeling, of self-forgetfulness and a sup regard for the interests of his church.

A pastor so beloved could not be allow depart without a tangible expression of th teem in which he was held, and a testim was immediately commenced, which ultim amounted to $30,000 and was presented to along with $20,000 given by wealthy indivi connected with him in public life.

Dr. Thompson then took up his residen Berlin, where he lived until his death. He led to this step to some extent by his desi be near his old friend Lepsius, the emi Egyptologist, and to obtain the benefit of libraries of German lore to aid him in his lite work.

IN BERLIN

he became the centre of a circle of learned genial men who knew how to appreciate friendship of the accomplished American di During the controversy between Bismarck the Pope, at the request of the Prussian Min he prepared and published a work on the tions of Church and State in America, for w he received the personal thanks of the Emp William. The work had a large circulation, supplied an amount of useful knowledg which Germany at that period stood great need.

At the time of the Berlin Congress he pre ed the document laid before the Congress on *protection of the missionaries.* At the reque Lord Derby he expressed his views on this ject, and they were published in *The Pall Gazette.* He would have been a delegate to London Convention on International Law, the Evangelical Alliance, but ill-health preve his attendance in both cases. The paper w he had prepared on "Religious Liberty Turkey" was read at the meetings of the ance. The mail brings a private letter f Mrs. Thompson, in which she says that, on ceiving word that his memorial had been acc ed by the Alliance, he looked down at his r

, which had been for some months paralyzed, exclaimed, with a feeble voice, but with ultant heart : "Given one more stroke for y with this right hand !"

s oration occasioned by the death of Mr. rd Taylor, the American Minister, delivered erlin, was a beautiful and much admired uction. When Mr. Taylor died, Dr. Thompas spoken of as his successor. It is known when the rumor reached his ears, he wrote he could not accept the position, and coned himself unfitted for it.

s only ambition seemed to be to add to the which he had done in America any service d for which God might open the way, to the which he had left, to the land which had med him with abounding hospitality. His nuous and exhaustive labors were clearly reat for his strength, and his family prol against his exertions and urged him to it his powers by taking more rest. His ressing this upon him a short time before st illness, received a characteristic answer. hompson said : "My son, I feel I must now : when I am no longer able to work I u die."

ardent patriot, Dr. Thompson devoted a part of his time to thorough presentation, the Continental mind, of the facts essen the removal of prejudices and the formaof correct views in regard to the United s. To this end he prepared with great elaborate lectures, which he delivered in ost important cities to invited assemblies e most eminent philosophers, statesmen, ivilians, whose influence would promote ffusion of the views he presented.

slander was uttered in the foreign press st America which he was not swift to arrest. year he was a member of International entions whose objects were to promote and good-will among men. His pen and were always available when patriotism or thropy required a champion. And in the oversies which such service often produced s a ready and accomplished master of atnd defence.

ing all this time his acute sufferings were est to all with whom he came in contact. nes, during the greater part of the day, he nable by reason of his disease to perform l work of any kind, but his earnest, enertemperament would not permit of his dising his labor during the intervals of ease. out six weeks before

HIS DEATH

isited London, and while standing at a 's door he was seized with an attack of o and fell insensible, his head coming in t contact with the door-step. Dr. Thompad been aware of the possibility of such an , and had for some time carried about with vidence by which he might be identified. mily were summoned to his bedside, and veral days his life was in imminent danger, e recovered sufficiently to travel, and re to Berlin.

Thompson on his return attempted to rework, but it was clear that the end was aphing, and the period of earthly labor in his r's cause was rapidly drawing to a close. aturday, September 20th, he was seized n apoplectic fit and died after a few hours. man earnest, conscientious, industrious, uccessful in his work, his death is a loss nly to the denomination to which he be, to the nation of which he was a worthy entative, but to the whole world. Of him well be said :

"Servant of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

Portrait and Life of the late Miss Frances gal, the well-known Christian Poetess, ppear in the next number of this Journal.

MY BROTHER AND HIS WORK.

A Lecture, by Rev. James A. Spurgeon, at the Young Men's Christian Association, New York, Oct. 10th.

A Visit to Longfellow—The Innkeeper and the Sign-Painter—Mr. Waddy's Sleepy Congregation—Historical Associations of the Metropolitan Tabernacle—An Unwilling Vendor overcome—How the Risk of the Contract was covered—Early Preaching—The Publican entertaining the Preacher—A Preacher who Killed a Pig—Three Ways of Stopping a Preacher—The Tabernacle Pastorate—Twenty Thousand Souls—The College—~~A Wager about a Sovereign~~—The Orphanage Projected—The Secret of Success—A Live Man—An Organizer—No Passengers Wanted.

Two or three days ago I did myself the honor of calling on one of your greatest men, I may say one of *the world's greatest* men—the poet Longfellow. He immediately asked me, what I think every American I have met since I landed has asked me ; "How is your brother?" I had the great privilege of informing him of some particulars of my brother and his work, and I now have the distinguished privilege of repeating it to you.

I am more used to preaching than to lecturing, so that I shall have some difficulty in keeping the sermon out of the lecture. A minister on one occasion was invited to some public meeting, and prepared a speech for delivery. But he arrived late, and was asked to offer the closing prayer. He said I had intended to have made a few remarks, but as the hour is so late I will *throw them into the prayer*. That was bad anyhow, but I will try this evening to throw my remarks into the form of a lecture.

AN INNKEEPER

once applied to a sign-painter to paint a sign for the front of his house. Now the painter was accustomed to paint red lions, and was great on that animal. But the innkeeper wanted a white cow. The painter tried to persuade him to have his favorite beast, but the innkeeper said there was already a red lion opposite and one in the next street. Well, said the painter, "I will paint you a white cow, but it will be marvellously like a red lion." So my lecture will probably be marvellously like a sermon.

But I will try that it shall not send you all to sleep. I have known in England of cases where people have fallen asleep during a sermon. *But that was in England.* In America, so far as I have seen, the people are awake all day and the mosquitoes all night.

A SLEEPY CONGREGATION.

Mr. Waddy, who presided over the Wesleyan Conference in England, relates that he once preached to a country congregation, and observed one after another dropping asleep ; he proceeded with his sermon until all were asleep, and then descended the pulpit stairs, and walked down the aisle and out of the door, continuing his sermon as he went ; and the congregation were not aware of the exit of the minister.

An old Scotch preacher reproved one of his hearers for regularly sleeping during his sermon, and advised her to take a pinch of snuff to keep her awake. She asked whether he could not put the snuff into his sermon. So I will take the warning and try to put a little snuff into my lecture.

Let me take you to

A PLACE IN LONDON

not far from the old Tabards Inn, from which Chaucer describes his pilgrims as starting on their journey. It is in the borough of Southwark, and at the place where formerly existed the archery ground or butts now known as Newington Butts. There stands the largest building belonging to the Baptist denomination in the world, the edifice with which my brother's name is identified, the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

On the identical plot of ground martyrs were burned. Not far from the same spot stands the old parish church, and in that church Bishop Bonner, called "the bloody bishop," from the virulence of his persecution of dissenters, used to preach. In the very room which Bonner had once used as a library, and where he had committed to prison and to death many of the Lord's faithful people for their love of the Bible, the Bible Society lately held their meetings, while their own building was under repair. Such is the failure of persecution. If I am speaking to-night to any young man who suffers for truth's sake, remember this fact and hold on. "Greater is He that is with us than they which are against us."

The plot of land on which the Tabernacle stands belonged originally to the Fishmongers' Company, a corporation which ~~had~~ commenced as a trades-union, but now chiefly devoted to the giving and eating of good dinners. We found they had no power to sell the land. What was to be done? We went to prayer, and as He always has done, God answered it.

I remember

A METHODIST CHURCH

in a country village needed a plot of land on which to build a new chapel. The only site that suited them belonged to a butcher who bitterly hated the people of God. There seemed no hope of inducing him to sell his land, but the brethren held a prayer-meeting about it, and afterwards a deputation waited on the butcher to propose a purchase. "Never," said the obdurate man ; "I will never part with my land for such a purpose as long as I live." "Then," said the representative of the Methodists, "You will soon die. God always gives us what we ask for ; we have asked Him for this land, and if you stand in the way, you will be removed." The Methodists got the land, but I do not know how long the butcher lived.

Well, we went to prayer, and we got an act of Parliament empowering the purchase. On this land the Tabernacle was built. It contains 4500 let-able sittings, with odd accommodation for 1000 more. On one occasion 8000 persons assembled in the building at a meeting presided over by a man honored in this country as well as his own—John Bright. That was a dense packing. The ordinary congregation is 7000. The place was opened free of debt, for my brother refused to preach in it while any debt remained. It was a great undertaking, for $125,000 were required to complete the building, and we had only $25,000 at the commencement. It needed strong faith, for my brother had not so many friends nor supporters so wealthy at that time as I am happy to say have gathered about him since.

Who would sign the contract?—that was a serious question, for it involved a grave responsibility. But a good brother came to the pastor, and asked, "How much is the Tabernacle to cost?" My brother told him. "How much are you deficient?" "$100,000." "Have you any idea where so much money is to come from?" "No, but it will come." "Well," said the good brother, "here it is." And he laid the money on the table. He said he did not expect to pay more than his fair share, but he provided the whole and was willing to bear the whole if the subscriptions did not come in.

My brother went to the building committee and the contract was signed. "Do you think we shall get the money?" they asked. "Well," said my brother, "I have faith." It was not very difficult to have faith, as he had the money in his pocket. He kept the matter a secret by the request of his friend, but at his death it came out. That faith was an easy matter, but he has been equally ready to trust God when the way seemed closed.

MY BROTHER WAS BORN

in 1834. As I was not born until four years afterward, I cannot be expected to have any recollection of the event, so you must take the statement as I do, on trust. As a boy I used to look up to him as my big brother, and he has been my big brother all my life.

He has always been a diligent student, and his tutor, who still lives, says of him that he never recollects having a learner whose classical and mathematical attainments were superior to his. I mention this because I have heard my brother spoken of in this country and in England as an ignoramus, because he had not received a college education. But a sound education may be had without the college curriculum, and it is not always the result of it. I have known fathers who have paid large sums for the college expenses of their sons, who have said with Aaron, "I cast the gold into the furnace, and there came out this calf" (Exodus 32 : 24).

My brother began to preach at sixteen years of age. Too young, some people will say. Well, it may be, but then the Lord had begun to bless him.

HIS FIRST SPHERE

was at a little place called Waterbeach. He was entertained by the members of the church on his weekly visits, but I have heard him say that he had made up his mind not to dine twice at the same place until he had been all through the village, taking house by house. There was a public-house in the village kept by an irreligious man, and much curiosity was excited as to what my brother would do when, in his progress through the village, he should come to the public-house. The publican, though having no sympathy with the young preacher, did not like the idea of being left out of the list, and as the pastor came nearer to his house he began to speculate what he ought to do in receiving him. He finally thought it would be a good thing to go and hear him preach, and one Sunday he appeared among the congregation. The sermon that day was blessed to his soul, and not long after he was received into the church.

One of our preachers has followed out the same plan, and amongst the inhabitants of the village where he labored was a man who said he would never receive him into his house. The preacher, going up the village one day, saw this man leaning over his gate in a disconsolate manner. He inquired what was the trouble, and found that the man had arranged with a butcher to come and kill his pig, and the man had the hot water and every thing ready for the operation, but the butcher had not arrived. The preacher offered to solve the difficulty by killing the pig himself, and he did it. He was invited into the house, and the acquaintance thus formed led to a spiritual change, and the man who had formerly been the leader of opposition is now an active deacon in my friend's church. The moral of this is, "Be all things to all men, if by any means we may save some."

The earnestness of my brother attracted attention in London, and he was invited to New Park Street Chapel. Why it was called *New Park Street* no one can explain. It was not "new," and there was no "park" there. The church was small; there were barely a hundred members. But the history of the church was a remarkable one. The books date back 250 years, and there have been several eminent men among its pastors.

A COUNTRY VICAR.

It is related of one of those pastors that he went to preach in a country village, and met the vicar. The vicar was very angry with him for his intrusion in his parish, and concluded some offensive remarks by saying roughly, "You ought to be stopped." "That would be difficult," was the reply; "it would be easier to stop your preaching." "Why so," inquired the vicar. "Because," said the preacher, "there is but one way of stopping me, and there are three ways of stopping you. If I took away your book you *could not* preach; if your pay were stopped you *would not* preach; and if your gown were taken off you *dare not* preach. But the only way to stop me would be to cut my tongue out."

These pastors were men who all *died in harness*. When people talk of my brother failing I tell them, No, he is only just at the beginning of his work. He has been at it twenty-five years, but that is only a slice off the usual length of the pastorate, as shown by the church books.

His success has been very great. There is now a membership of 5156, while at first there were less than a hundred. I could, with the proper book in my hand, tell you the name of each of those members, tell you where they live, tell you how many times each has partaken with us of the Lord's Supper, and give you a little sketch of their history. Then see what these 5000 members represent, and you get an idea of the pastorate at the Tabernacle. Though you grow the corn you must remember *we grow men.*

Each of these members may be considered to represent a family of at least four, so that the pastorate includes *twenty thousand souls.* There are ten deacons. One of them has a family of fourteen children, and he says *that is better than having a large family.* I am one of seventeen children, and my mother was *the twenty-second child* of her mother. So that you see I am not overestimating when I place the number of the Tabernacle pastorate at *twenty thousand.* It is difficult to realize that so many are in one way or another under our guidance. The idea, the awful responsibility of the position, is oppressive, and I do not wonder that my brother's health breaks down, and he has occasionally to go away to Mentone.

A great point of interest in the Tabernacle work is

¶ THE COLLEGE.

Our great aim in that department is to turn out *preachers.* Other colleges give a superior classical and mathematical education; they turn out scholars, and I would not for a moment disparage the value of their work. But our aim is a different one. We endeavor to train young men *to preach the Gospel*, so we call it "a Pastors' College."

There are many men who have good ideas, who know what they want to say, but have not the power to say it in an effective manner. So we try to help them to a vigorous expression of their thoughts. There is a great deal in the way any thing is offered to the people. It may be offered in such a way that they do not recognize the value of it, and are not eager to receive it.

I remember hearing of a case in which a man laid

A WAGER

that he would stand for an hour on London Bridge, the most densely crowded thoroughfare in London, and offer to sell a gold sovereign, worth about five dollars of your money, for a penny (two cents), and no one would buy it. He dressed himself in old, tattered garments, and took a basket, in which he placed the sovereign, surrounded by a lot of wretched articles not worth a cent, and in a whining voice begged the charitable public to buy any article in his basket for a penny. He waited the hour, and left the bridge with his sovereign unsold.

I do not suppose that could have been done in America, and it could not have been done in England if the man had shown the sovereign for the valuable thing it was, and not have placed it among worthless surroundings. We think sermons often miss their mark in the same way.

There is so much in the sermon that is worthless, that the true gold of the Gospel is not discovered by the hearers. That is the point we impress on all our students, that the grand old story of the cross should be brought to the front, and that people should see it and know its value.

I have heard people raise the objection to the college that the students imitate my brother, that they are likely to develop into nothing more than *little Spurgeons.* But I do not see the harm; they might imitate a worse model; and after all, at the beginning of their career most men are to some extent imitators. Young artists go to Rome and spend years in copying from the old masters, until they have learned how to give expression to their own conceptions and to use their own talents.

There are some men who imitate mannerisms and weaknesses, but that is because they fail to see wherein the power of their model lies. I remember a young man who took for his model a great London preacher, Dr. Binney. Dr. Binney had at times a peculiar way of making l pauses before and after a remark of unus depth of thought. His imitator copied Dr. l ney's pauses without Dr. Binney's reason, one Sunday, having preached in a cour church, a good deacon thanked him for his mon but deplored the hesitancy of his man "It is not hesitancy," said the young preach "that is my style. Pauses like those are grand secret of Dr. Binney's success." He copied the Doctor's weakness, and by that act had shown his inability to detect the se of his success.

I think the students do imitate my bro somewhat. But we hope they will get ou that, and that we shall see them magnifying Lord and saving souls.

In addition to the college is another inst tion of as great or even greater interest. Th

¶ THE ORPHANAGE.

A good lady wrote to my brother some t ago, saying she desired to found an Orphar under his management, and she wished to him £20,000 ($100,000) for the purpose. brother's work was then very extensive, an orphanage involved a considerable additio it, and he tried to persuade her to give it good friend George Müller. But the old was determined that her money should be s exactly in the way she had proposed. Afte it requires some resolution to refuse $100, and at last we agreed to accept the trust.

An orphanage requires a constant influ money in considerable sums, and we thought by many good men to be undertaki work that had more in it of presumption tha faith.

Dr. Brock, among others, was expostula with us on the subject one day, and repres ed very strongly the risk we were runr While he was speaking, a letter was brough and handed to my brother. He opened it, found inclosed a contribution for the new ect amounting to $10,000. He silently ha the letter to Dr. Brock and watched its e Dr. Brock read it with wondering eyes, without a word of comment said, "Le pray." Opposition and remonstrance died after that, but it is beginning to be whisp again now; for we are beginning a new orp age for girls like that for boys. We re $25,000 a year for the boys, and we shall the same sum for the girls. But we have st faith that the funds will come in as they needed.

I was once at

A MEETING OF QUAKERS,

and I noticed one intelligent man sitting sil all through. One after another spoke, bu neighbor remained silent. I said, "Does no Spirit move thee to say something?" He solemnly, and said: "I have a talent, and it, but not in speaking; my work is to money for the Lord." That was all he said, then he sat down. I found afterwards th was a very successful business man, and tha liberality was equal to his business capacit have often thought of his short speech and I think that if it does not require muc ent to make money, it requires a great de give it to the Lord. But there are many find their happiness in that work.

You must have many such great and li souls in your great country, for I have no wherever I have gone that the noblest edific all the cities are those consecrated to reli The finest buildings are houses of prayer, think that is a very significant fact. I hop pray that such generosity may continue abound.

¶ There is also another institution to wh can only allude briefly, and that is the Co tage. We have ninety agents always empl in selling pure and wholesome literature, a testifying to Gospel truth.

There are other departments of work, but they are such as you have here in gr perfection than ours. We have Sunday-sc and tract societies, but in those we cannot t

I shall go back to tell some stories of work in those and other departments that will excite wonder at the Tabernacle.

It will be something like what happened to me once, when I had returned from a long journey and was relating to a friend something I had seen. He said, "Yes, wonderful indeed. You would not have believed it if you had not seen it yourself." I said, "No, I should not." "Well, then," he said, "as I did not see it, you will excuse me believing it."

My brother has already done

A GREAT LIFE'S WORK.

What is the secret of the achievement? I can only give the honor where my brother would give it. It is God's work—that is the secret. But there are peculiarities in my brother's character which account for God's blessing his labors. He is what you call in America

A LIVE MAN.

If he ever came here, he would feel just at home with you. There is such a lot of "go" here, and my brother is *a man of immense go*.

I was in a train in Scotland once when it came to a standstill away from any station. We waited patiently for some time, and then one of the passengers went to inquire the cause of the delay. "Have you run out of coal?" "No, we have got plenty of coals," said the engineer. "Got no water?" "Yes, plenty of water, but it na boil." That is the cause of delay very often in religious work; but I never knew my brother have to wait to get up the steam. He throws his whole soul and energies into what he does. God blesses that kind of work. He never blesses a man who works with only one hand.

He has also a great faculty for setting other people to work. Some men treat lay laborers as outsiders, and like to do every thing themselves. But my brother and I never do what we can get done as well by other people. There are some things only the leaders can do, but there are things they ought not to do. This is organization, and it is an important matter in a large church.

One question I always put to candidates for church fellowship—and I examine every one of them—"Now, what are you going to do?" Our church is a row-boat, every one must work, and we have *no room for any passengers*.

There are many ways of helping on the work. I will tell you one that was originated by a good man at the Tabernacle. He took seven sittings and bought seven hymn-books. A little while before the commencement of service he went into the street to look out for young men. When he saw one coming, he would accost him with "Have you a seat at the Tabernacle?" "No." "Well, will you take mine? And here is a hymn-book: I will ask you for it after the service." That gave him an opportunity for saying something for the Lord when he went for the book. We have noticed the results of that work, and there have been no less than *fifteen young men* added to our church as the result of that scheme.

There is so much in this principle of getting the people to work. A deacon wrote to my brother once for "a student who would be sure to fill the church." My brother replied that he had not one big enough. He would send a good man, and *if they fed him well*, he might fill the pulpit in time, but they must fill the church themselves.

Then my brother has another characteristic with which you will be in sympathy. He is never at rest. I have never known him to be without some new project he was considering and elaborating. Never neglecting the old ones or allowing them to flag; but as you would say he is always going out into the far West to break up new ground.

These are the prominent characteristics of my brother and his work, about which you and all the Christian people I have met have expressed so kindly an interest. We ascribe our success wholly to God's blessing, but we work in faith and prayer, and seek to make the best use of all our opportunities for service.

SYMPATHY.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, October 12th, 1879.

"Send thee help from the sanctuary."—PSALM 20 : 2.

What is the Church?—Different Conceptions—What it ought to Be—An Omnipotent Help—The Business Man at Church—I. Help from Music—Earthly Music a Rehearsal for the Heavenly—A Dying Englishwoman—More Volume Needed—Only a Few Hymns—The Hymns do not Wear Out—Sing for Others—An Incident at a Siege—The Bell at St. Paul's—II. Help from the Sermon—Young People Need Sympathy—Older People Need It—Help for Every One Somewhere—III. Help from Prayer—Three Prayers Wasted—The Old Church will not do—Not a New Gospel—How the Church Doors should be Set—"Mary, follow"—A Tree in Switzerland.

IF you should ask fifty men what the church is, they would give you fifty different answers. One man would say, "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others." Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverine dispositions devour each other." Another, "It is a place for the cultivation of superstition and cant." Another, "It is an arsenal where theologians go to get pikes and muskets and shot." Another, "It is an art gallery where men go to admire grand arches, and exquisite fresco, and musical warble, and the Dantesque in gloomy imagery." Another man would say, "It is the best place on earth except my own home." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning."

Now, my friends, whatever the church is, my text tells you *what it ought to be:* a great, practical, homely, omnipotent help. "Send thee help from the sanctuary." The pew ought to yield restfulness for the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the moil and struggle of everyday life. The Sabbath ought to be harnessed to all the six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction.

The church ought to be a magnet, visibly and mightily affecting all the homes of the worshippers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abused, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated. By the time the Sabbath comes, he has an accumulation of *six days of annoyance*, and that is a starveling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and hurl it into perdition.

The business man sits down in church headachey from the week's engagements. Perhaps he wishes he had tarried at home on the lounge with the newspapers and the slippers. That man *wants to be cooled off* and graciously diverted. The first wave of the religious service ought to dash clear over the hurricane decks, and leave him dripping with holy and glad and heavenly emotion. "Send thee help from the sanctuary."

HELP FROM MUSIC.

I. In the first place, sanctuary help ought to come from the music. A woman recently dying in England persisted in singing to the last moment. The attendants tried to persuade her to stop, saying it would exhaust her and make her disease worse. She answered: "I must sing: I am only practising for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a rehearsal for music in heaven. If you and I are going to take part in that great orchestra, it is high time that we were stringing and thrumming our harps.

They tell us that Thalberg and Gottschalk never would go into a concert until they had first in private rehearsed, although they were such masters of the instrument. And can it be that we expect to take a part in the great oratorio of heaven if we do not rehearse here?

But I am not speaking of the next world. Sabbath song ought to set *all the week to music*. We want not more harmony, not more artistic expression, but more volume in our church music. The English Dissenting churches far surpass our American churches in this respect. An English audience of one thousand people will give more volume of sacred song than an American audience of two thousand people. I do not know what the reason is. Oh! you ought to hear them sing in Surrey Chapel. A few weeks ago I had the opportunity of preaching the anniversary—I think the ninetieth anniversary—sermon in Rowland Hill's old chapel, and when they lifted their voices in sacred song, it was simply overwhelming; and then, in the evening of the same day, in Agricultural Hall, twenty thousand voices lifted in doxology. It was like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of many thunderings, and like the voice of heaven.

> "The blessing thrilled through all the laboring throng,
> And heaven was won by violence of song."

Now, I am no worshipper of noise, but I believe that if our American churches would with full heartiness of soul and full emphasis of voice sing the songs of Zion, this part of sacred worship would have tenfold more power than it has now. Why not take this part of the sacred service and lift it to where it ought to be. All the annoyances of life might be drowned out of that sacred song.

Do you tell me that it is not fashionable to sing very loudly? Then, I say, away with the fashion. We dam back the great Mississippi of congregational singing, and let a few drops of melody trickle through the dam. I say, take away the dam, and let the billows roar on their way to the oceanic heart of God. Whether it is fashionable to sing loudly or not, let us sing with all possible emphasis.

We hear a great deal of the art of singing, of music as an entertainment, of music as a recreation. It is high time we heard something of music as a help, a practical help. In order to this, we must have only a few hymns. New tunes and new hymns every Sunday make poor congregational singing. Fifty hymns are enough for fifty years. The Episcopal Church prays the same prayers every Sabbath, and year after year, and century after century. For that reason they have the hearty responses. Let us take a hint from that fact, and let us sing the same songs Sabbath after Sabbath. Only in that way can we come to the full force of this exercise.

Twenty thousand years will not wear out the hymns of William Cowper, and Charles Wesley, and Isaac Watts. Suppose now each person in this audience has brought all the annoyances of the last three hundred and sixty-five days. Fill this room to the ceiling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the three hundred and sixty-five days, and you would drown them out forever. Organ and cornet are only to marshal the voice. Let the voice fall into line, and in companies, and in battalions, by storm take the obduracy and sin of the world. If you cannot sing for yourself,

SING FOR OTHERS.

By trying to give others good cheer, you will bring good cheer to your own heart.

When Londonderry, Ireland, was besieged many years ago, the people inside the city were famishing, and a vessel came up with provisions, but the vessel ran on the river bank and stuck fast. The enemy went down with laughter and derision to board the vessel, when the vessel gave a broadside fire against the enemy, and by the shock was turned back into the stream, and all was well. Oh, ye who are high and dry on the rocks of melancholy, give a broadside fire of song against your spiritual enemies, and by holy rebound you will come out into the calm waters. If we want to make ourselves happy, we must make others happy.

Mythology tells us of Amphion, who played his lyre until the mountains were moved and the walls of Thebes arose; but religion has a mightier story to tell of how Christian song may build whole temples of eternal joy, and lift the round earth into sympathy with the skies.

I tarried many nights this summer in London, and I used to hear the bells, the small bells of the city, strike the hour of night—one, two, three, four, and after they were done striking the hour of night then the great St. Paul's Cathedral would come in to mark the hours, making all the other sounds seem utterly insignificant as with mighty tongue it announced the hour of the night, every stroke an overmastering boom. My friends, it was intended that all the lesser sounds of the world should be drowned out in the mighty tongue of congregational song beating against the gates of heaven. Do you know how they mark the hours in heaven? They have no clocks, as they have no candles, but a great pendulum of hallelujah swinging across heaven from eternity to eternity.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

HELP FROM THE SERMON.

II. Again I remark that sanctuary help ought to come from the sermon. Of a thousand people in this or any other audience, how many want sympathetic help? Do you guess a hundred? Do you guess five hundred? You have guessed wrong. I will tell you just the proportion. Out of a thousand people in this audience there are just one thousand who need sympathetic help.

These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at thirty-seven; Richelieu at thirty-one; Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight; Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at thirty-seven; Cortez conquered Mexico at thirty; Don John won Lepanto at twenty-five; Grotius was attorney-general at twenty-four; and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work comes before thirty. Therefore we must have our sermons and our exhortations in prayer-meeting all sympathetic with the young.

The young will not come to church because it is a mere matter of cold duty. Make our services sympathetic and people all come; and I must say this last week there is nothing that has pleased me so much as what is told me, that a great many of the young people of this city are coming and desiring a religious home here, desiring sittings in the church and a place where they can worship God Sabbath after Sabbath. I do not say come to this church, but I do say all these young people should have their spiritual home in some of the beautiful and glorious churches of this city, the "city of churches."

And so with these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is *help to bear* the whimsicalities of patients, the browbeating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers, who have plenty of fault finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise for twenty excellences. What does that brain-racked, hand-blistered man care for Zwingle's Doctrine of Original Sin, or Melancthon's Synergism, or Augustine's Anthropology? You might as well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Doctor Parr's treatise on medical jurisprudence.

While all of a sermon may not be helpful alike to all, if it be a Christian sermon preached by a Christian man, there will be *help for every one* somewhere. We go into an apothecary store. We see others being waited on; we do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine; we know our turn will come after a while. And so while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait prayerfully before the sermon is through, we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who come here Sabbath by Sabbath, and who are going to preach the Gospel, these theological students—I say to them, We want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity. What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy.

When Father Taylor preached in the Sailors' Bethel at Boston, the jack tars felt they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preaches to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workingmen feel they have more grace for the spindles. When Doctor South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high station.

HELP FROM PRAYER.

III. Again I remark: that sanctuary help ought to come through the prayers of all the people. The door of the eternal storehouse is hung on one hinge, a gold hinge, the hinge of prayer, and when the whole audience lay hold of that door, it must come open.

There are here many people spending their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. What will your prayer do for them? How will it help the tomb in that man's heart. Here are people who have not been in church before for ten years; what will your prayer do for them by rolling over their soul holy memories? Here are people in crises of awful temptation. They are on the verge of despair, or wild blundering, or theft, or suicide. What will your prayer do for them this morning in the way of giving them strength to resist?

Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of the glove that you put to your forehead while you prayed? Will you be chiefly critical of the rhetoric of the pastor's petition? No. No. A thousand people will feel, "*that prayer is for me*," and at every step of the prayer chains ought to drop off, and temples of sin ought to crush into dust, and jubilees of deliverance ought to brandish their trumpets.

In most of our churches we have three prayers—the opening prayer, what is called the "long prayer," and the closing prayer. There are many people who spend the first prayer in arranging their apparel after entrance, and spend the second prayer, the "long prayer," in wishing it were through, and spend the last prayer in preparing to start for home.

The most insignificant part of every religious service is the sermon. The more important parts are the Scripture lesson and the prayer. The sermon is only a man talking to a man. The Scripture lesson is God talking to man. Prayer is man talking to God. Oh! if we understood the grandeur and the pathos of this exercise of prayer, instead of being a dull exercise, we would imagine that the room was full of divine and angelic appearances, as when Miss McFarland was dying she cried, "Wings! wings! wings!"

But, my friends,

THE OLD STYLE OF CHURCH

will not do the work. We might as well now try to take all the passengers from New York to Buffalo by stage-coach, or all the passengers from Albany to Buffalo by canal-boat, or do all the battling of the world with bow and arrow, as with the old style of church to meet the exigencies of this day. Unless the church in our day will adapt itself to the time, it will become extinct. The people reading newspapers and books all the week, in alert, picturesque, and resounding style, will have no patience with Sabbath humdrum.

We have no objections to bands and surplice, and all the paraphernalia of clerical life; but these things make no impression—make no more impression on the great masses of the people than the ordinary business suit that you wear in Wall Street. A tailor cannot make a minister. Some of the poorest preachers wear the best clothes; and many a backwoodsman has dismounted from the saddle-bags, and in his linen duster preached a sermon that shook earth and heaven with its Christian eloquence.

No new gospel, only

THE OLD GOSPEL

in a way suited to the time. No new chu
but a church to be the asylum, the inspirat
the practical sympathy, and the eternal hel
the people.

But while half of the doors of the church
to be set open toward this world, the other
of the doors of the church must be set oper
ward the next. You and I tarry here onl
brief space. We want somebody to teach
how to get out of this life at the right time
in the right way.

Some fall out of life, some go stumbling ou
life, some go groaning out of life, some go
ing out of life. We want to go singing, ris
rejoicing, triumphing. We want half the d
of the church set in that direction. We
half the prayers that way, half the sermons
way. We want to know how to get ashore
the tumult of this world into the land of
lasting peace. We do not want to stand do
ing and shivering when we go away from
world; we want our anticipations arouse
the highest pitch. We want to have the e
aration of

A DYING CHILD

in England, the father telling me the s
When he said to her, "Is the path narrow?"
answered, "The path is narrow: it is so na
that I cannot walk arm in arm with Chris
Jesus goes ahead, and He says, 'Mary, follo
Through these church gates set heaven
how many of your friends and mine have g
The last time they were out of the house
came to church. The earthly pilgrimage e
at the pillar of public worship, and then
marched out to a bigger and brighter assemb
Some of them were so old they could not
without a cane or two crutches; now they
eternal juvenescence. Or they were so y
they could not walk except as the maternal
guided them; now they bound with the h
ties celestial. The last time we saw them
were wasted with malarial or pulmonic diso
but now they have no fatigue, and no diffi
of respiration in the pure air of heaven.

Oh, how I wonder when you and I will
over! Some of you have had about enou
the thumping and flailing of this life.
draught from the fountains of heaven wou
you good. Complete release you could
very well. If you got on the other side
had permission to come back, you woul
come. Though you were invited to come
and join your friends on earth, you would
"No, let me tarry here until they come; I
not risk going back; if a man reaches heav
had better stay here."

Oh! I join hands with you this morni
that uplifted splendor.

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

In Freybourg, Switzerland, there is the tr

A TREE FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

That tree was planted to commemorat
event. About ten miles from the city the
conquered the Burgundians, and a young
wanted to take the tidings to the city. He
a tree branch and ran with such speed th
miles, that when he reached the city wavir
tree branch he had only strength to cry,
tory!" and dropped dead. The tree b
that he carried was planted, and it grew
a great tree twenty feet in circumferenc
the remains of it are there to this day.

O my hearer! when you have fought
last battle with sin and death and hell, anc
have been routed in the conflict, it will be
worthy of celebration. You will fly to th
and cry, "Victory!" and drop at the feet
great King. Then the palm branch c
earthly race will be planted to become th
branching tree of everlasting rejoicing.

"When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?"

RNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

hrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from p. 805.)

[T hero of the tale, Arnold Montaigne, is the heir ildless justice of the peace, whose name—Per- he took when he succeeded to the estate. An hy lawyer, Mr. Gogharty, endeavored to de- im of the property, and secure it for his son. is purpose he made use first of a Jesuit priest en of a band of Ribbonmen, who ill-used the d left him for dead. From this perilous posi- was released by Rowley Quinn, to whom Per- as ever after grateful. He showed his grati- driving a would-be unworthy lover of Quinn's er from his house. This lover, Mickey Haley, , takes revenge by giving false witness, and g the incarceration of Percival and his servant ected rebels, and from this point the narrative oceeds.]

al's Prison Thoughts—Seeking Help from Right Source—The Victory of Faith—Lucie's rn to her Father's House and Interview Arthur — His Disposition to take Part nst Percival—Lucie's Remonstrances and Effect—Arthur's Visit to Alick Gogharty.

H, ah, yes!" replied the police official. he-bye, so there is. Here is the list of s to be taken into custody," placing his upon it; "and I see, indeed, that your sir, is down in it. I am obliged to you, r your prompt and considerate conduct. or fellows have these times, sir, a vast deal o—are, indeed, worn out with overwork. ave kindly spared them, sir, and on their I thank you. I will add that I am really on your account, sir, for this troublesome I shall feel extreme regret if there is any lay in the matter; but, as you know," and the official put on an apologetic tone are just now passing through desperate and they require, sir, the authorities to he most active measures and to use the st precautions. Sometimes, I admit, sir, h crises innocent persons, perhaps, have hat to suffer, but I suppose, sir, we must tent at times to endure a little personal convenience, and even unintentional wrong, to the public safety."

police official, from his throne of power, calmly, comfortably, and philosophically this doctrine. We wonder, however, had en as Percival, the victim of the wrong, he have spoken so oracularly, and felt so acently?

Pcival having made no remark to the police 's formal speech, that gentleman thus con- , "We shall of course, sir, make no ex- of your arrest before the public. We'll events spare you that indignity. A po- n, in a cab, sir, will convey you to Rich- Bridewell; and I am sure, sir, you have st wishes that your stay there will be but rt duration."

an I see," asked Percival, "the depo- s that have been sworn against me?"

H, not exactly," replied the police official, hat embarrassed, for it was an awkward d. "You see, sir, the fact is I have not per here; it is in another office." "It is e," said Percival, "that I am to be taken son without ever having seen or heard my accuser or his accusation. Is such g in accordance with British law and priv-

h, ah, yes!" were expletives which again from the police official's lips at Per- question. "You see, sir, we are now in extraordinary times, extraordinary indeed," he repeated. "Open insur- n is afoot, and even lives have been sac- — lives sacrificed," he reiterated, as h echoing his words. "In ordinary of course, sir, there can be no arrest and onment without trial; it would be very , sir—in fact, couldn't and daren't be but I suppose you know, sir, the Habeas s Act is suspended? A harsh measure, I admit, but, I assure you, sir, one now most necessary;" and, after a short pause, he added, "to us, the police, at all events, for it empowers us, sir, very comfortably to put troublesome gentlemen out of the way of doing mischief for a time—gentlemen who, though they may have committed no overt act, you know, are yet, sir, rebels in heart, and dangerous to the general safety."

"It may be comfortable for you and your agent," answered Percival, with some warmth, "but I know it makes possible dreadful discomfort to others. The suspension of the act you speak of, sir, puts a tremendous and irresponsible power into the hands of men like you; and I must tell you candidly, sir, I fear that you and your compeers, whoever they are, are borne away by present untoward circumstances, and too easily listen to the words of disreputable men and pestilent informers. You are doing so, I tell you plainly, sir, in my case, and, as a loyal and free-born Briton, with all my soul I protest against it."

The conversation was becoming rather too bold and personal for the man in power, and it may be that Percival, irate at the unjust proceedings taken against him, also looked and spoke beyond the bounds of moderation. The police official seemed to think so, for he cut the interview short by summoning a policeman into his presence, and said to him—

"Take that gentleman," pointing to Percival, "in a cab, and lodge him in Richmond Bridewell."

"Yes, sir," said the policeman, as he gave a military salute, and hastened at once from the room to carry out his orders.

It was not long before Percival found himself within the massive and iron-studded doors of the large and gloomy prison which has been mentioned. Within its walls Daniel O'Connell in former days had been incarcerated, and since Percival's sojourn there, namely, in 1865, the notorious Stephens—the Fenian Head Centre, as he styled himself—was there imprisoned. It is a matter of history that from his trebly-barred cell, in the strongest part of the gaol, this latter individual, favored by a secret Fenian turnkey, escaped, and never afterwards fell into the clutches of the English executive.

A short time before Percival's coming, another prisoner had been lodged in the great building—one who would have interested Percival far more than either Daniel O'Connell or, could he have anticipated history, James Stephens himself. Our readers will at once have suggested to them the individual of whom we speak. It is no less than Jemmy Mehaffy. Sworn against by the police before the magistrate sitting in the police office in Rathmines for assaulting them in the discharge of their duty, he was committed to the same lodgings as his master.

When Jemmy was taken inside the prison gate, and into the lofty vestibule, and then along the great corridor to his cell, he was filled with admiration and wonder.

"Shure," said he to himself, "they go to a power of ixpince and throuble in Dublin for the entertainmint of them that bates the poliss, as that lyin' peeler swore of me. Begorrah, it's as fine a place amoast as must be the Queen's paliss. Plinty o' room to look about ye anyhow and to brathe in, and it's as clane as a new pin, too; and, more nor that, here are dacent min, with their big kays, so grand-lookin' to attend on ye. Why, I feel as proud as a gintleman, and if it warn't that the masther 'll want me and can't do widout me, begorrah, I'd be contint, sending for Janie, to spind here the rest o' me days in pace and quietness. Musha, if it's a grand place like this wan's put into for batin' the poliss, it's a wondher all out to me they haven't every day o' their loives broken heads and bloody noses.

"Dacent man," said Jemmy to the turnkey who was walking beside him, "is all thim dures along there in a row that I see the hall-dures o' thim that have giv' it hot to the poliss? And purshuin' to me, if there aren't little windows in thim,"—these were the ventilators and spyholes—"for the postman to dhrop aisy inside their newspapers and love letthers in the mornin's. Shure it's the very hoight o' kindness, no less, of the poliss to thrate their inimies in this way. As I've hard the masther say, 'It's Christian loike, for shure it's nothing else nor returnin' good for evil.'"

The turnkey gave a rapid glance at Jemmy to learn if he were not what he called "a natheral." He perceived, however, in a little that his talk sprung not from want of reason, but downright simplicity. When he stopped at Jemmy's cell door to open it, and the poor fellow, not knowing he was to wait, was advancing further down the corridor, the turnkey dashed after him, grasped him roughly, pushed him through the cell door, and locked it fast behind him. "Where did ye learn yer manners, me good man?" ejaculated Jemmy, so as to be heard through the door. "Is thim the way ye attind gentlemin in this place? Begorrah, if I had ye for a week at the masther's I'd larn ye betther.

"A nice, clane, dacent, comfortable little room though," he soliloquized, as he glanced around his cell. "I don't onderstand how the poliss can afford to do it so respectable, and all for nothing—bates all to tatthers the wit o' Jemmy Mehaffy; shure, it bates the enchantment o' the fairies."

How Jemmy felt, however, next day, after several hours of solitary confinement, we will not now say, only that it was widely different from the present moment. We must postpone a description of his experience until we put before our readers the case of him who was in "durance vile" near him, and whom he styled "the masther." We say near him, for it so occurred that Percival was placed in a cell the very next to that which held in confinement his faithful Jemmy.

It was about half an hour after Jemmy's incarceration that Percival, in a cab, with policemen accompanying him, arrived at Richmond Gaol. Conscious of innocence, with a somewhat elastic step he left the vehicle, the policemen keeping close to him, passed inside the prison wall, and thus, *de facto*, surrendered his freedom. The governor met him in the vestibule, and, so far as his office permitted, received him considerately and graciously—in fact, treated him as a prisoner of the first class.

Percival, therefore, did not at all feel his new position of captivity until he was taken to a room where his height, weight, the color of his eyes and hair, and his whole general appearance were carefully registered. His likeness also was photographed. His own dress was not changed for a prison costume, because he was in custody, not as a condemned felon, but merely as a prisoner in safe keeping without trial, and that because of the temporary suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; and several other persons in the same predicament were in the gaol.

The governor, chatting upon general topics, put off as long as possible an unpleasant moment, but at length passed, as though casually, into a corridor, showing by a gesture that he expected Percival to follow. Leaving the registration room some distance behind, he proceeded to a great iron grating with a door in the centre, which was ominously locked behind them. They both advanced until a warder was met, to whose care the governor transferred the captive, saying kindly, "Well, sir, I must now say 'good-by.' This is not the most desirable place, I confess, for you to find yourself in, but we shall do all that the rules of the prison will allow to make your sojourn here, which I trust, sir, will only be a short one, as little irksome as possible."

He then turned away, and Percival found himself alone with the subordinate janitor. "Please step this way," said the man. Cell 55 was soon reached; with a motion of his hand the warder indicated that his prisoner was to enter it. Percival crossed the stone threshold, the heavy iron door, with a loud noise, was locked behind him, and he was in a living tomb.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, October 8th, at **4.00 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1879, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Indian War.—The Small Band of U. S. Troops under the command of Capt. Payne, at Milk River, which were known to be in a critical situation, have been relieved. General Merritt, aware of the urgent necessity of promptitude and that the lives of brave men depended on the speed with which help could be afforded them, pushed forward as rapidly as possible for their intrenchment. The troops marched all the night of Saturday, October 4th, and when they halted they had placed more than seventy miles between them and Rawlins, whence they had set out. The next day they reached the intrenchments, and after relieving Captain Payne, visited the scene of the disaster to Major Thornburgh's command. General Merritt then proceeded to fortify a new camp, where he intended to await the arrival of the fresh troops on their way to him. There had been skirmishing every day since Merritt's arrival. The information received by Merritt was that the Utes had collected 700 warriors in the front, which would certainly indicate their large enforcement from the Western and Southern tribes. Various reports have been in circulation as to the cause of the outbreak. Secretary Schurz believes the trouble arose from *the encroachments of white settlers*, and especially miners, who were prospecting for gold and silver mines. The Indians said they were gradually losing their reservation, and they grew despondent about it. The appearance of the soldiers was the signal for an outbreak.

The Government and individual settlers have acted towards the Indians in a manner unworthy of a Christian people. The tribes have been cruelly driven from their lands, and have been shamefully deceived. The Board of Indian Commissioners in its last report reviews *the systematic bad faith* of the Government toward the Indians, especially in the matter of treaties. "The simple and shameful truth is," so the report runs, "that we have neglected and forgotten our part of these compacts. Many Indians, believing that we would keep faith with them, have selected their tracts of land and made improvements, but have waited nearly *a quarter of a century* in vain for the promised security of title. We cannot recover the millions of treasure lost, nor restore the lives sacrificed by our broken faith, but we may deal honestly and justly in the future."

It is time Christian men spoke out in this matter, for our character as an honest and just dealing nation is jeopardized by our Indian policy. It is contrary to the law of God and degrades us in the eyes of the world.

Another Blow to Polygamy.—Acting Secretary Bell, of the Interior Department, has rendered a decision that polygamists are not entitled to land as homestead settlers. The decision was rendered in the case of Hugh Lyons against Rachel Stevens, of Salt Lake City. Rachel Stevens is one of the many wives of a John Holman, and the decision is to the effect that no woman who voluntarily maintains and acknowledges her position to be that of a "plural wife"—that is, one of many wives of the same husband—should be permitted to make a homestead or pre-emption entry of public land. It will be a good thing if polygamists who set at defiance the law of God discover that their conduct forfeits their privileges as citizens.

Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., preached briefly to his people last Sabbath morning, when he was warmly welcomed home from Europe. He had returned on Tuesday with Dr. Talmage. His health is improved, but he is required to lie by for a few months longer, when he hopes to resume his full measure of labor.

Desecration of the Lord's Day.—Christian people in Philadelphia have been deeply grieved by the opening of the Permanent Exhibition Building on Sundays. It was understood at the opening of the exhibition that it would always be closed on that day, and a member of the Sabbath Alliance on that assurance opened the inauguration ceremonies with prayer. But in defiance of the protests of the friends of the Sabbath, and of the law of the State, it speedily came to be opened on that day; and the Christian public were not a little amazed at the declaration of the Chairman, that a chief object in this Sabbath opening was "*the moral good of the people*"! Specious pretences of this kind deceive no one. Money is to be gained by the practice, and that is the true motive. "The moral good of the people" is never secured by breaking the law of God, and those who allege that object as the motive for their sin are false philanthropists and dangerous enemies of the people's welfare.

A Sad Incident is Communicated to us by an Iowa pastor: "Last Saturday a young man came to my study to tell me that his *wedding-day* was fixed, and to request me to perform the marriage ceremony. To do so would interfere with my own plans; but as I was greatly interested in the young man, and the bride-elect was a member of my choir and a choice Christian girl, I consented. It seemed fixed that in a few days I was to marry these young people—even the wedding fee, in certain anticipation, was placed in my hand. I can recall so vividly the fluttering joy of my young friend as he unfolded to me the plans and hopes of his young manhood.

"But, ah! how frail the bark which bears the hopes that sigh for earthly realization. Only three days had passed when the news was brought to me that the fair young woman who was so soon to have been a bride was dying, and ere the sun had set that day she had passed from earth. On the next afternoon a surprised and sorrow-subdued company crowded the church where the memorial services were held, and where the last look was taken at the face so lately bright with glad anticipations, now bereft of animation." How wise the warning, "*Boast not thyself of to-morrow*"! (Prov. 27 : 1.)

A Balloon and its Occupants are Supposed to have been lost in Lake Michigan. Professor Wise, an aëronaut of fame, accompanied by George Burr, teller of the St. Louis Bank, St. Louis, Mo., made an ascent in a balloon from Lindell Park, in that city, *on Sunday*, September 28th, and both are missing. The balloon was last seen about twenty miles south of Chicago, and it is feared that its occupants met their death in Lake Michigan.

As each day, moreover, makes it more probable that Wise and his companion have been lost, the disaster recalls the similar fatal ascension Donaldson, and the strange pamphlet wh Wise published a year after the death of t daring aëronaut. This purported to be the di of Donaldson on the voyage, but it was writ by Wise from his own experiences, and his c jectures of what Donaldson and his hap companion, Grimwood, might have said. seems curiously to forecast the fate which probably overtaken the writer. Wise dedic that pamphlet as follows:

"To all reckless aëronauts, who run t cloud-scraping coaches with a disregard of co quences, or who, in other words, essay to without making due calculations and prep tions to alight, this little narrative is dedicat

Fatal Railroad Disaster.—Fifty Human ings were killed or maimed or mangled Oct 10th, in Michigan, through the apparent thou lessness of an employé in the service of the M igan Central Railway. He occupied the line of the railroad with a switch engine caboose, making up a freight train, at the when the express train was due at that p and the train consequently collided with obstacle and was completely wrecked. person thought the express was late. It had Detroit forty minutes behind time, and thought that once behind it would remai hind, and that he could have the track for forty minutes. But the train had made u time, and hence the slaughter.

Wholesale Starvation Through Drinki Captain Sands, of the schooner Pauline Co which arrived at San Francisco from the Ocean on October 6th, reports a frightful from St. Lawrence Island, in the Behring Almost the entire population of the south-ea end of the island has perished of starvatio party landed from the Collins and were ho to find 250 corpses in one field. The livin carried the dead away from the huts, un length, overcome themselves, they in tur in the huts, and so remained. Mr. Sands utes the starvation to rum. Nearly "trader" goes to the Arctic *loaded with* s long as the liquor lasts the natives will fishing. Then it is too late, and starvati lows. On the north-west end of the about two hundred natives are still alive. captain says that revenue steam cutters no use to stop this traffic. The "trader the smoke and get out of the way or get their contraband liquors before they reached. A sailing vessel of a hundred to says, could end the traffic.

Fifteen Missionaries Setting out fo Mission Field.—Services preliminary to parture of fifteen missionaries to India, se by the American Baptist Missionary were held Friday, October 10th, at the Baptist Church in Forty-second Street. exercises were conducted by the Rev. D Herr, pastor of the Central Church. were short addresses by several of the m aries. Two of the number, Miss E. E. M and Miss A. M. Barkley, are going t *a hospital* in the town of Maulmain. T "new departure" for the Union, but necessary to open the way for spiritual wo Murdoch said, by taking care of the bo by breaking up the superstitions connect the science of medicine in heathen co The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon said that they always have the greatest hope of winnin who offered the greatest resistance at firs man who said yes to every thing never c reached; but the man who swore at you he had heart enough to get angry.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey be an of meetings in Doan's Tabernacle, Clevel Sunday afternoon, October 5th. In the Mr. Moody preached to a large audienc Tabernacle, and Joseph Cook addre overflow meeting in the Stone Church.

Major Whittle, and his Associate, Granahan, begin their evangelistic wor Paul this month.

A Successful Testimonial.—A Boy recently applied to the captain of an American vessel for employment. He was a poor lad, the son of a widow, and his earnest face and entreating voice won a hearing from the kindly captain. But the boy had no letter of recommendation, and the captain made the production of such a letter an indispensable requisite before giving employment to any strange boy. Deeply disappointed, the widow's son was turning away when a bright thought struck him. He put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth a Bible which he handed to the captain, and pointed to the fly-leaf on which was written "Willie Graham; presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath-school, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday-school teacher."

The captain was instantly moved, and clapping Willie on the shoulder said:

"You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me, and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your mother."

The California Chinese Mission shows an aggregate membership in its schools of 554, with an average attendance of 280. Nine schools are in operation. Nineteen teachers are in service, five of whom are Chinese missionary helpers. A large amount of additional service is rendered by volunteer helpers, both American and Chinese. Four cases of conversion are reported, and several others of apparent conviction concerning the truth of the Gospel, and interest in it. The membership and average attendance in the schools are increasing. The large and continuous immigration of the Chinese renders this work one of the important movements of the day, and deserves the prayers and hearty good wishes of all Christian citizens.

The Reply of a Boy to the Question whether his father was a Christian was very significant. He said, "Yes, he is a Christian, but *he is not doing much at it now.*" Mr. Pentecost in relating the incident at the Cooper Union last week, said that mechanics and others who did not "do much at" their business did not get on; and he thought the reason Christians did not progress in the divine life was very often because they did not "do much" at their high calling.

Born in a Liquor Saloon.—"My Father was a tavern-keeper, and I was born in a liquor saloon," said a man at the Gospel Tent in New York lately. "From my earliest childhood I was given to drink. At the age of *thirteen years I was a confirmed drunkard.* I have been repeatedly arrested at a period in life when other children were going to school and enjoying the blessings of childhood. As I grew older I became more addicted to drink, and every other vice it begets, till I was an outcast, spending my time between the low saloon and the Island. I entered this tent and heard men tell what God had done for them. *A longing desire* sprang up in my heart. I was told God could save any one—even to the uttermost. This seemed too good to be true. But to-night I know it is true, for I am sitting at His feet, an humble, penitent, pardoned sinner."

The Wealth of the Rothschild Family, which is supposed to be the richest family in the world, has been the accumulation of a comparatively short time. It is said that the founder of the family fortunes once travelled to a country fair to dispose of a roll of cloth which constituted *his sole stock in trade.* On the way he was overtaken by another pedlar, going the same road, with an ass to carry his stuff. He said to Rothschild, "Ease yourself of that burden, and put it on the ass." This was done, and they journeyed on till they came to a deep and narrow ravine, across which a single plank served as a bridge. The ass was going over, when the prudent Rothschild said, "Wait a moment; I will take back my cloth; it is all my fortune, and accidents often happen at such places as this." So saying he took his load from the ass's back. The ass and his master stepped upon the plank, which sank under their weight, and they disappeared into the chasm. M. Rothschild remained in safety on the bank, bearing with him that single bale, from which has grown the enormous fortune of his family now so large as to control the policy of nations.

Why Not Take It?—On One Occasion as I was coming out of a preaching service, I saw an old man looking very unhappy. I said, "My friend, you are not happy." "No," he replied, "I am not." I added, "You are not saved." "No," said he;" "I have been praying for it for twenty years." "What!" I said; "praying for it for twenty years! Let me tell you a story, for you remind me of the circumstance:

"I saw a gentleman the other day who was paralyzed on one side, and was wheeled about in a Bath chair. As he was out one day he saw a poor man sitting by the roadside afflicted in the same manner, and calling out, 'Oh, give me a hapenny!' The rich man told his servant to wheel him over to the poor man. He did so, and the gentleman held out half-a-crown to the beggar. But the blind man still kept crying, 'Oh, give me a hapenny!' He was blind. The gentleman said, 'Here, my poor fellow, is half-a-crown for you.' But the man was deaf, and still kept calling out for a halfpenny. The servant wheeled the gentleman nearer; and at last he made the poor man hear, and then he thankfully took the half-crown.

"Now, my friend, *this is just what you are about.* God is offering you salvation, as a free gift, through the blood of Jesus Christ; but instead of taking it, and thanking Him for it, and rejoicing in it, you keep on asking for it." "What!" said he, interrupting me, "can I have salvation without asking for it?" "Of course you can," I replied. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord; and the thing to do with a gift is to take it, not to pray that you may have it. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.'" "Oh, sir; I see it all now!" he exclaimed, and turned away comforted.

A Converted Irishman in Boston, after remaining true for a year and a half, came to a meeting, showing signs of a recent fall, but he had a new experience to relate. He had not left his old dwelling-place, and one time, before he well knew how, he awoke on a chilly November morning *in the gutter.* His reflection in that position was "bad 'cess to you, child of God, what are you doing in the gutter? and I went home and asked the Lord how it was." The result was that he found he had been the victim of old appetites which he thought were dead, but they were only wounded. He learned that the Christian life must be a continuous battle, and that it is ever needful to watch and pray.

Spurgeon's Autograph Album; containing the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's and Mrs. Spurgeon's autographs, may be obtained at 63 Bible House, or through any bookseller. Price 75 cents. *The Sword and Trowel* says: "Our young friends delight in possessing birthday albums, and here is one which is fit for a queen. We will say nothing of the contents, but the binding is simply gorgeous. . . . This is a dainty birthday present, and is equal to any that have gone before it; we think we might venture to say that it is second to none. Facsimiles of the autographs of the pastor and his wife are given in their proper places."

The following works by the same eminent preacher may also be obtained at the CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, 63 Bible House:

"The Treasury of David." Containing an Original Exposition of the Book of Psalms; a Collection of Illustrative Extracts from the whole range of Literature; a series of Homiletical Hints upon almost every verse; and list of writers upon each Psalm. Five volumes. Price, per vol., $3.

"John Ploughman's Talk; or, Plain Advice for Plain People." Price, cloth, 60 cents; paper covers, 40 cents.

"The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit." Fifty Sermons. Preached and revised during the year 1878. Price $2.50.

"Twelve Sermons on Various Subjects." With a Portrait. Price 35 cents. *A remittance must accompany every order.*

THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 COR. 4:6.

Paul's Trusteeship of Knowledge—I. The Subject of that Knowledge—1. Historically—The Birth, Life, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Second Advent of Jesus Christ—2. By Way of Observation—Christ's Veiled Splendor—His Attributes—His Great Heart—II. The Nature of that Knowledge—We Know it by Faith—By Consideration—By Inward Consciousness—III. The Means of that Knowledge—How we have come at it—IV. The Responsibilities of that Knowledge—Scatter the Light.

THE apostle is explaining the reason for his preaching Christ with so much earnestness: he had received divine light, and he felt bound to spread it. One great motive-power of a true ministry is trusteeship. The Lord has put us in trust with the Gospel; He has filled us with a treasure with which we are to enrich the world. The text explains in full what it is with which the Lord has intrusted us: He has bestowed npon us "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," and it is ours to reflect the light, to impart the knowledge, to manifest the glory, to point to the Saviour's face, and to proclaim the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Having such a work before us, we faint not, but press onward with our whole heart.

I. With no other preface than this we shall ask your attention this morning, first, to

THE SUBJECT

of that knowledge in which Paul delighted so much. What was this knowledge which to his mind was the chief of all, and the most worthy to be spread. It was the knowledge *of God.* Truly a most needful and proper knowledge for all God's creatures. For a man not to know his Maker and Ruler is deplorable ignorance indeed. The proper study of mankind is God. Paul not only knew that there is a God, for he had known that before his conversion: none can more surely believe in the Godhead than did Paul as a Jew. Nor does he merely intend that he had learned somewhat of the character of God, for that also he had known from the Old Testament Scriptures before he was met with on the way to Damascus; but now he had come to know God in a closer, clearer, and surer way, for he had seen Him incarnate in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The apostle had also received the knowledge of "*the glory of God.*" Never had the God of Abraham appeared so glorious as now. God in Christ Jesus had won the adoring wonder of the apostle's instructed mind. He had known Jehovah's glory as the One and only God, he had seen that glory in creation declared by the heavens and displayed upon the earth, he had beheld that glory in the law which blazed from Sinai and shed its insufferable light upon the face of Moses; but now, beyond all else, he had come to perceive *the glory of God in the face, or person, of Jesus Christ,* and this had won his soul. This special knowledge had been communicated to him at his conversion when Jesus spake to him out of heaven. In this knowledge he had made great advances by experience and by new revelations; but he had not yet learned it to the full, for he was still seeking to know it perfectly by the teaching of the divine Spirit, and we find him saying, "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death."

Paul knew not merely God, but God in Christ Jesus; not merely "the glory of God," but "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." The knowledge dealt with God, but it was *Christward knowledge.* He pined not for a Christless Theism, but for God in Christ. This, beloved, is the one thing which you and I should aim to know. There are parts of the divine glory which will never be seen by us in this life, speculate as we may. Mysticism would fain pry into the unknowable; you and I may leave dreamers and their dreams, and follow the clear light which shines from the face of Jesus.

1. We will for a minute or two consider this glory of God in the face of Christ *historically*. In every incident of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, the Lord's anointed, there is much of God to be seen. What volumes upon volumes might be written to show God as revealed in every act of Christ from His birth to His death! I see Him as *a babe* at Bethlehem lying in a manger, and there I perceive a choice glory in the mind of God, for He evidently despises the pomp and glory of the world, which little minds esteem so highly. He might have been born in marble halls, and wrapped in imperial purple, but He scorns these things, and in the manger among the oxen we see a glory which is independent of the trifles of luxury and parade.

The glory of God in the person of Jesus asks no aid from the splendor of courts and palaces. Yet even as a babe He reigns and rules. Mark how the shepherds hasten to salute the new-born King, while the magi from the far-off East bring gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and bow at His feet. When the Lord condescends to show Himself in little things He is still right royal, and commands the homage of mankind. He is as majestic in the minute as in the magnificent, as royal in the babe at Bethlehem as in after days in the man who rode through Jerusalem with hosannas.

See the holy child Jesus in the temple when He is but *twelve years old*, sitting in the midst of the doctors, astonishing them with His questions! What wisdom there was in that child! Do you not see therein an exhibition of the truth that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men"? Even when God reserves His wisdom, and gives forth utterances fitted for a child, He baffles the wisdom of age and thought. Watch that youth in the carpenter's shop. See Him planing and sawing, cutting and squaring, working according to his parent's command, till he is *thirty years* of age. What learn we here when we see the incarnate God tarrying at the workman's bench? See we not how God can wait?

Had it been you and I, we should have hastened to begin our life-work long before; we could not have refrained from preaching and teaching for so long a period; but God can wait, and in Christ we see how prudence tempered zeal, and made him share in that eternal leisure which arises out of confidence that his end is sure. The Godhead was concealed at Bethlehem and Nazareth from the eyes of carnal men; but it is revealed to those who have spiritual sight wherewith to behold the Lord.

As for His *public ministry*, how clearly the Godhead is there! Behold Him, brethren, while He feeds five thousand with a few loaves and fishes, and you cannot fail to perceive therein the glory of God in the commissariat of the universe; for the Lord God openeth His hand and supplieth the lack of every living thing. See Him cast out devils, and learn the divine power over evil. Hear Him raise the dead, and reverence the divine prerogative to kill and to make alive. See Him cure the sick, and think you hear Jehovah say, "I wound, I heal."[*] Hear how He speaks, and infallibly reveals the truth, and you will perceive the God of knowledge to whom the wise-hearted owe their instruction. Set over against each other these two sentences, "Behold, God exalteth by His power; who teacheth like Him?"[†] and "Never man spake like this man."[‡]

It is ever the Lord's way to make His truth known to those of humble and truthful hearts, and so did Jesus teach the sincere and lowly among men. Observe how Jesus dwelt among men, wearing the common smock-frock of the peasant, entering their cottages, and sharing their poverty. Mark how He even washed His disciples' feet. Herein we see the condescension of God, who must stoop to view the skies, and bow to see what angels do, and yet does not disdain to visit the sons of men. In wondrous grace He thinks of us, and has pity upon our low estate. See, too, the Christ of God, my brethren, bearing every day with the taunts of the ungodly, enduring "such contradiction of sinners against Himself," and you have a fair picture of the infinite patience and the marvellous longsuffering of God; and this is no small part of His glory.

Note well how Jesus loved His own which were in the world, yea, loved them to the end, and with what tenderness and gentleness He bore with them, as a nurse with her child; for here you see the tenderness and gentleness of God, and the love of the great Father towards His erring children. You read of Jesus receiving sinners and eating with them, and what is this but the Lord God, merciful and gracious, passing by transgression, iniquity, and sin? You see Jesus living as a physician among those diseased by sin, with the one aim of healing their sicknesses; and here you see the pardoning mercy of our God, His delight in salvation, and the joy which He has in mercy.

What shall I say of His *death?* Oh never did the love of God reveal itself so clearly as when He laid down His life for His sheep, nor did the justice of God ever flame forth so conspicuously as when he would suffer in Himself the curse for sin rather than sin should go unpunished, and the law should be dishonored. Every attribute of God was focussed at the cross, and he that hath eyes to look through his tears, and see the wounds of Jesus, shall behold more of God there than a whole eternity of providence or an infinity of creation shall ever be able to reveal to him. Well might the trembling centurion, as he watched the cross, exclaim, "Truly this was the Son of God."

Shall I need to remind you, too, of the glory of God in the person of Christ Jesus in His *resurrection*, when He spoiled principalities and powers, led death captive, and rifled the tomb? That is indeed a godlike speech, "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. 1 : 18). His power, His immortality, His eternal majesty, all shone forth as He left the shades of death.

I will not linger over His *ascension* when He returned to His own again. Then His Godhead was conspicuous, for He again put on the glory which He had with the Father or ever the world was. Then amid the acclamations of angels and redeemed spirits the glory of the conquering Lord was seen. By His descent He had destroyed the powers of darkness, and then He ascended that He might fill all things as only God can do.

I would only hint at His *session at the right hand of God*, for there you know how—

"Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall;
The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all."

In heaven they never conceive of Jesus apart from the divine glory which perpetually surrounds Him. No one in heaven doubts His deity, for all fall prostrate before Him, or anon, all seize their harps and wake their strings to the praise of God and the Lamb.

The glory of God will most abundantly be seen in the *second advent* of our Lord. Whatever of splendor we may expect at the advent, whatever of glory shall surround that *reign of a thousand years*, or the end when He shall deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father, in every transaction which prophecy leads us to expect, God in Christ Jesus will be conspicuous, and angelic eyes shall look on with adoring admiration as they see the eternal Father glorious in the person of His Son. These are great themes; we do but indicate them, and leave them to your quiet thought. It is enough to point to a table if men have appetites for food.

2. But now I will ask you to think of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, in the same line of thought, only putting it in another fashion. Treat it *by way of observation*. When you look upon the material universe you can see, if your eyes are opened, somewhat of the glory of God. The reverent mind perceives enough to constrain the heart to worship, and yet after awhile it pines for more. If your mind has ever entered into communion with God, you will become conscious of the dwarfing of all visible things in His presence. Even when your thought sweeps round the stars, and circumnavigates space, you feel that heaven, even the heaven of heavens, cannot contain Him. Every thing conceivable falls short of the inconceivable glory of God.

When you come, however, to gaze upon the face of Christ Jesus, how different is the feeling! Now you have a mirror equal to the reflection of the eternal face, for "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." His name is "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God." He is the image of God; "the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person." If your conception of Christ be truthful, it will coincide with the true idea of God, and you will exclaim, "This is the true God and eternal life." Like Thomas, you will salute the wounded Saviour with the cry, "My Lord and my God." Truly, "God was manifest in the flesh"—not a part of Him, but God in perfection. In the visible creation we see God's works, but in Christ Jesus we have God Himself, Emmanuel, "God with us." The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is most sweetly conspicuous, because you are conscious that not only are God's attributes there, but God Himself is there.

In the person of Jesus we see the glory of God *in the veiling of His splendor*. The Lord is not eager to display Himself: "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself," said the prophet of old. The world seems to be created rather to hide God than to manifest Him: at least it is certain that even in the grandest displays of His power we may say with Job, "There was the hiding of His power." Though His light is brightness itself, yet it is only the robe which conceals Him. "Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment." If thus God's glory is seen in the field of creation as a light veiled and shaded to suit the human eye, we certainly see the like in the face of Jesus Christ, where every thing is mild and gentle—full of grace as well as truth.

In our Lord Jesus we see the glory of God *in the wondrous blending of the attributes*. Behold His mercy, for He dies for sinners; but see His justice, for He sits as judge of quick and dead. Observe His immutability, for He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and see His power, for His voice shakes not only earth, but also heaven. See how infinite is His love, fo He espouses His chosen; but how terrible Hi wrath, for He consumes His adversaries. Al the attributes of Deity are in Him: power tha can lull the tempest, and tenderness that ca embrace little children. The character of Chris is a wonderful combination of all perfection making up one perfection; and so we see th glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, for thi is God's glory, that in Him nothing is excessiv and nothing is deficient. He is all that is goo and great: in Him is light, and no darkness a all. Say, is it not so seen in Jesus our Lord?

When I think of God I am led to see His glor *in the outgoing of is Hgreat heart*; for He i altogether unselfish and unsparingly communicative. We may conceive a period when th Eternal dwelt alone and had not begun to create. He must have been inconceivably blessed but He was not content to be enwrapped withi Himself, and to enjoy perfect bliss alone. H began to create, and probably formed innume able beings long before this world came into e istence; and He did this that He might mult ply beings capable of happiness. He delighte to indulge His heart by deeds of beneficenc manifesting the inherent goodness of His natur

In whatever God is doing He is consulting th happiness of His creatures; being in Himse ndependent of all, He loves to bless others. He is living—we speak with awe in His presence -He is living, even He, not unto Himself, but ving in the lives of others, rejoicing in the joy f His creatures. This is His glory, and is it ot to be seen most evidently in Christ Jesus, who "saved others; Himself He could not save"? Do you not see the great unselfish glory of God n Christ Jesus? When did He ever live unto Himself? What single act of His had a selfish urpose? What word ever sought His own onor? In what deed did He consult His own ggrandizement? Neither in life nor in death id Christ live within Himself: He lived for His people, and died for them. See the glory f God in this!

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[*] Deut. 32 : 39. [†] Job 36 : 22. [‡] John 7 : 46.

II. Thus have we spoken of the supremely recious object of Christian knowledge. Secndly, let us spend a few words in noticing

THE NATURE

f this knowledge. How, and in what respects, o we know the glory of God in the face of Jesus hrist?

Briefly, first. We know it *by faith.* Upon he testimony of the infallible word we believe and are sure that God is in Christ Jesus. The ord hath spoken and said, "This is my beoved Son, hear ye Him." We accept as a ettled fact the Godhead of the Lord Jesus, and ur soul never permits a question upon it. We know that the Son of God is come, and ath given us an understanding, that we may now Him that is true, and we are in Him that true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is he true God, and eternal life."

Knowing our Lord's divinity by faith, we next ave used our perceptive faculty, and *by consideration and meditation we perceive* that His life urnishes abundant evidence that He was God, for od's glory shines in that life. The more careully we pay attention to the details given us by he four evangelists, the more is our understandng persuaded that no mere man stands before s. If, my brethren, your spiritual nature was et this task, to try and describe how God would ct if He were here, what God would be if He ecame incarnate and dwelt among men—I am ure you would not have been able to imagine he life of Christ; but if some one had brought o you the description given by the evangelists ou would have said, "My task is done: this is ndeed a noble conception of God manifest in he flesh." I do not say that the wise men of his world would suppose God to have thus ehaved, for their suppositions are sure to be he reverse of the simple, unaffected, openearted conduct of Jesus; but this I say, that he pure in heart will at once see that the acts f Christ are like the doings of God. He hath one exactly what a pure intelligence might supose God would have done. The more we have tudied the more we have seen the glory of God n Christ.

And now we have come rather further than this, or we feel an *inward consciousness* that the Deity s in Christ Jesus. It is not merely that we have elieved it, and that we somewhat perceive it by observation, but we have come into contact with Christ, and have known therefore that He is God. We love Him, and we also love God, and we perceive that these two are one; and the more we love truth and holiness, and love, which re great traits in the character of God, the more we see of these in Christ Jesus. It is by he heart that we know God and Christ, and as our affections are purified we become sensible of God's presence in Christ. Ofttimes when our oul is in rapt fellowship with Jesus we laugh to corn the very thought that our Beloved can be ess than divine.

Moreover, there is one other thing that hath happened to us while we have been looking at our Lord. Blessed be His name, we begin *to grow like Him.* Our beholding Him has purified the eye which has gazed on His purity: His brightness has helped our eyesight, so that we ee much already, and shall yet see more. The ight of the sun blinds us, but the light of Jesus Christ strengthens the eye. We expect that as we grow in grace we shall behold more and more of God's glory; but we shall see it best in the Well-beloved, even in Christ Jesus our Lord. What a sight of God we shall enjoy in heaven! We are tending that way, and, as we get nearer and nearer, our sight and vision of the glory of God in Christ is every day increased.

III. Thirdly, let us gratefully review

THE MEANS

of this knowledge. How have we come at it? That brings us to read the text again: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Why did not everybody see the glory of God in Jesus Christ when He was here? It was conspicuous enough. Answer: it mattereth not how brightly the sun shineth among blind men. Now, the human heart is blind, it refuses to see God in creation except after a dim fashion, but it utterly refuses to discern God in Christ, and therefore He is the despised and rejected of men.

Moreover, there is a god of this world, the prince of darkness, and since He hates the light He deepens and confirms the natural darkness of the human mind, lest the light should reach the heart. He blinds men's minds with error and falsehood and foul imaginations, blocking up the windows of the soul either with unclean desires, or with dense ignorance, or with pride. The reason why we did not at one time perceive the glory of God in Christ was because we were blind by nature, and were darkened by the evil one. As only the pure in heart can see God, we, being impure in heart, could not see God in Christ.

What, then, hath happened to us? To eternal grace be endless praise, God Himself hath shined into our hearts: that same God who said "Light be," and light was, hath shined into our hearts. You know creation's story, how all things lay in black darkness. God might have gone on to make a world in darkness if He had pleased, but if He had done so it would have been to us as though it had never been, for we could not have perceived it; therefore He early said, "Let there be light." Now, God's glory in the face of Jesus Christ might have been all there, and we should never have discerned it, and as far as we are concerned it would have been as though it had never been, if the Lord had not entered into us amid the thick darkness and said, "Let there be light."

One thing I want to say to comfort all who believe. Beloved, do you see the glory of God in Christ Jesus? Then let that sight be an evidence to you of your salvation. When our Lord asked His disciples, "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" Simon Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Now, note the reply of the Lord Jesus to that confession: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto you, but my Father which is in heaven." If thou canst delight in God in Christ Jesus, then remember, "no man can say that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Ghost," and thou hast said it, and this morning thou art saying it, and therefore the Holy Ghost has come upon thee. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God."

IV. So I finish by mentioning, in the fourth place,

THE RESPONSIBILITIES

of this knowledge. There have been considerable debates among the interpreters as to the precise bearing of this text, and some of them think it means that Paul is giving a reason why he preached the Gospel. This makes the verse run thus: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, that we might *give out again* the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." God gave light to the apostles that they might show forth the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ to the nations.

I do not know whether this is the exact run of the text, but I know it is true anyhow. Never is a gleam of light given to any man to hide away, and to spiritual men the great object of their lives, after they have received light, is to reflect that light in all its purity. You must not hoard up the light within yourself; it will not be light to you if you do. Only think of a person when his room is full of sunlight saying to his servant, "Quick, now! Close the shutters, and let us keep this precious light to ourselves." Your room will be in the dark, my friend. So, when a child of God gets the light from Christ's face he must not say, "I shall keep this to myself," for that very desire would shut it out.

No, let the light shine through you; let it shine everywhere. You have the light that you may reflect it. An object which absorbs light is dark, and we call it black; but hang up a reflector in its place when the sun is shining, and it will not appear black: it will be so bright that you will hardly bear to look at it. An object is itself bright in proportion as it sends back the light which it receives. So you shall find, as a Christian, that, if you absorb light into yourself, you will be black, but if you scatter it abroad you yourself shall be brilliant: you shall be changed into the very image of the light which you have received; you shall become a second sun.

I noticed *last Sabbath evening*, when I came into this pulpit, that, at the angle of the building before me, on the left hand the sun seemed to be setting, and I saw the brightness of his round face, and yet I knew it to be the wrong quarter of the heavens for the sun to be setting there. Perhaps you will observe that there is a peculiar window on the other side of the street, and it was reflecting the sun so well that I thought it was the sun himself, and I could hardly bear the light. It was not the sun, it was only a window, and yet the radiance was dazzling; and so a man of God, when he receives the light of Christ, can become so perfect a reflector that to common eyes, at any rate, he is brightness itself. He has become transformed from glory to glory as by the image of the Lord.

Brothers and sisters, if you have learned the truth, manifest it, and make it plain to others. Proclaim *the Gospel*, not your own thoughts; for it is Christ that you are to make manifest. Teach, not your own judgments, and conclusions, and opinions, but the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Let Jesus manifest Himself in His own light; do not cast a light on him, or attempt to show the sun with a candle. Do not aim at converting men to your views, but let the light shine for itself and work its own way. Do not color it by being like a painted window to it, but let the clear white light shine through you that others may behold your Lord

Scatter your light in all unselfishness. Wish to shine, not that others may say, "How bright He is!" but that they getting the light may rejoice in the source from which it came to you and to them. Be willing to make every sacrifice to spread this light which you have received. Consecrate your entire being to the making known among the sons of men the glory of Christ. Oh! I would we had swift messengers to run the world over to tell the story that God has come down among us. I wish we had fluent tongues to tell in every language the story that, coming down among us, God was arrayed in flesh like to our own, and that He took our sins and carried our sorrows.

Tell it, brother, with broken accents, if thou canst not speak it more powerfully. Whisper it, sister, gently whisper, if to none other yet to thy little children, and make the name of "Emmanuel, God with us," to be sweet in thine infant's ears. Thou art growing in strength and talent, young man; come, consecrate thyself to this. And thou, graybeard, ere thou dost lie down on thy last bed to breathe out thy spirit, tell the love of Jesus to thy sons that they may tell it to their sons, and hand it down to coming generations, that mankind may never forget that the "Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." God bless you. Amen.

AN ADDRESS TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

By Mr. D. L. Moody, at Cooper Union, Sept. 30.

A high Mission—The Work of the Ministry needs Supplementing—Critics in the Church—Three Classes—Critics—Sponges—Workers—Knowledge without Zeal—Weak Things Needed—Millionaires not the Want of the Church—The Lamb the Lion of the Tribe of Judah—Sensational Preachers not to be Despised—No God-given Work is Little—The best Day's Work of an Apostle—A Chicago Perjurer giving himself up—God's Work a Privilege, not a Duty.

THERE may be some in the audience who wonder why we have not proclaimed the Gospel in these meetings to-day. But the object of the meetings has been to stir up men of God to renewed energy and strength in the future, and I think that is even a greater work than the other. If I had my choice whether I would say something that should be the means of saving a soul from death, or might say something which would stir up a Christian worker to go out and rescue ten souls, I would not hesitate a moment.

To arouse the Christian Church to a sense of its duty and to induce Christian men to go out and work for their Master, is one of the highest missions open to man. An anxious church is sure to bring anxious inquirers, but a cold and dead church is dead for the work of the Lord.

Very few men are *converted* under sermons: I have hardly ever met *one* who was. Men are awakened under a sermon, and then is the time for the Christian to speak, to plead, and to pray until the anxious soul finds peace. Do not forget that the precious, the useful work, often begins when the sermon is just over. I believe the usefulness of many a sermon has been lost altogether by the congregation getting up directly it was over and beginning to talk about worldly matters. There has not been that support, that holding up of the hands of the ministry by the church that there ought to be and used to be. That is the reason why we were anxious to get the hall full of young men to-night.

There is much to be done in the Master's service besides preaching. That man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves was not in need of a sermon; he wanted kindness, and there is many a man in New York to-night who needs it just as much. He needs for some one to take him by the hand and pity and help him. He does not need to have some one draw out a long roll of manuscript and preach to him. The priest in the parable when he saw the poor wounded man would no doubt say, "I am very sorry for him; it was a great pity he came this way; he ought to have known there were thieves down here; he should have stayed up in Jerusalem." But that was no help to the robbed and wounded man. The Samaritan when he came took him up and bore him out of the reach of harm and saw to his future condition. That is the work of the church.

HOLDING ALOOF.

There are always plenty of people to hold aloof from work. Men who would have said at the grave of Lazarus, "What is the use of raising him? He will have to die again." I have known men say, "What is the use trying to rescue the drunkard? He will fall under the curse again. I have known men who kept their pledge for five years and who fell again after that." Well, what if they did? You may depend their wives had a good time those five years at any rate.

There are always people ready to do the criticism; it needs no brains for that business. I never did a thing in my life that I could not sit down and find fault with it myself. But I am not going to hide my talent in the earth because a man down there has five and I have only one or two. I want to use the talents *I have got*, and I am not responsible for those which have not been given me. If I make good use of those I have got, perhaps the Lord will lend me a few more.

Let us each do the work of the Lord, keeping our eyes on our work and not turning aside to find faults and failings of others. They may not be working our way; but what of that, if they are doing the Lord's work? We want the devils cast out, but we need not care who casts them out.

There are

THREE CLASSES

in the church. First, *the formalists*, who criticise. They say we can have nothing to do with these evangelists; we must maintain dignity and order in our services. These are the same class of people who cried out, "Crucify Him; crucify Him." They resented the preaching of the Nazarene, and they objected to His unorthodox sermons, and the crowds who followed Him about, and his ignorant disciples who were not of the scribes and Pharisees.

Then there are *the sponges*. They take all the comfort they can get, but give out nothing. They are going to meetings all the time, listening to sermons, but you can never get them to work. They do not teach in our Sunday-schools, they will not visit the sick.

The third is the class we want—the Christian *workers*. All the while the minister is preaching they are praying for the Spirit of God to carry the truth to the hearts of sinners. After the service they are looking out for some one to speak to and to make a personal appeal. A minister who has a hundred such workers in his congregation will revolutionize the part of the city he works in. The trouble is not so much in getting men to hear the Gospel as in getting men to work.

We hear much of those who show zeal without knowledge, but I had a thousand times rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal. We must learn never to despise the weakest workers in the Master's service. God chooses the weak things; God uses the foolish things. *We want* to have the wise and the strong, and we are not content to follow God's plan, for God often passes over the wise.

If you had asked the men of other days who were the great men of the time, they would not have pointed you to John Bunyan or to Luther, to Abraham, to Enoch, or to Noah. John Bunyan got shut up in Bedford gaol, but the devil found his match when he laid John Bunyan up there. We should never have had the "Pilgrim's Progress" if it had not been that John Bunyan had leisure in his cell to write his wonderful dream.

The millionaires are not the workers in the church; God passes by them. If they are converted they are not used; God passes them by, and takes up *some poor tramp*. Even Paul said his strength lay in his great weakness.

We read there is no weeping in heaven; but John wept as he heard of the book with seven seals, which no man was found worthy to open. Paul was there, who had done distinguished service in founding the early church; but he was not worthy to open that book. Enoch, who had walked with God; but he was not found worthy. Abraham; but still not worthy, though he was the father of the faithful. Elijah; but not worthy. And John wept much; but he was touched on the side, and was told that "the Lion of the Tribe of Judah had prevailed" to open the book. John turned to see who was this mighty conqueror who had prevailed, and lo! he saw a Lamb slain. A lamb, the weakest of the animals—a lamb as it had been slain had done this work of the lion.

The great man often does not want to be set to work. He is so afraid of enthusiasm. He is afraid he will be called a fanatic. We must not mind that. We want more life, more fire, more enthusiasm in the church.

Then there are people who cry out over sensational preaching. They should have heard John the Baptist. I venture to say he was the most sensational preacher of his time. If he were preaching in the present day there are many who would condemn him as a sensational preacher.

Our duty is to hold up Christ, whatever name men may call us by; and if some of our converts do go back to the world, are we to stop preaching on that account? I venture to say there was not half so much excitement at the Hippodrome during our meetings as there was lately at the Madison Garden to see which of half a dozen men could walk the fastest. There were many willing to work hard all the week and then get up early on Sunday morning to read the account of the match in the Sunday newspaper, and then go to church and sleep half through the sermon.

Nothing is going to keep

A CHURCH AWAKE

but work. Show me the working Christian, and I will show you the healthy Christian. The trouble is that we want to do *some great work*, but let us never forget that any thing God sets us to do must not be called little.

I remember staying at a house where there was a young lady who was a Sunday-school teacher. I was surprised to see her at our Sunday-afternoon meeting. I said to her, "How was it you were there?" She said, "I have only five little boys, and I thought they would not matter for once." "Did you send any one in your place?" I asked. "No," she said. "Did you let the superintendent know?" "No, there are only five little boys, and they would be managed somehow." Five little boys! Call that a small work! Why, there might have been a Martin Luther among them!

That was the very best day's work Andrew ever did when "he first found *his own brother* Simon and brought him to Christ." We do not read of much else that Andrew did, but at the day of Pentecost, when all those souls were gathered in—his grandchildren—he must have been glad over that day's work.

A PERJURER RECLAIMED.

We had a men's meeting at Chicago som time since, and one of the workers said to me "I wish you would come and speak to a ma here; I can do nothing with him." I went an found the man greatly agitated. I found he ha something on his mind that prevented the trut getting admission, and I pressed him to unburde it. He said, "Let me speak to you alone." H took him into a room and he told me all. H said, "I am a perjured man. I was tried f robbing an Express Company, but I bore a goo reputation, and I gave my evidence to the sati faction of the court, and I was discharged. But was guilty, guilty. For several months I ha been living a perjured man. What shall I do Tell me what I shall do." I did not know wh to say. To give himself up meant a long ter of imprisonment, and heart-breaking grief a disgrace to his aged father and mother. So said, "Let us ask the Lord," and we prayed lo and earnestly. When we rose from our kne he said, "I will see you again in the morning

He came again in the morning, and he sai "That settled it; I am just off;" and he went the express to Ohio. He went to his gray-ha ed father, and he took his hand and told him a and he said, "Father, I want you to forgi me;" and he kissed his mother and asked h forgiveness, and they both forgave him a blessed him. He left them, and next morni he gave himself up to the authorities, and w tried for perjury and convicted on his own e dence.

While he was undergoing his sentence mother was attacked by typhoid fever and di Then his father was ill. Some friends went the Governor and begged that the son might allowed to see his father. But the Gover was besieged with applications on behalf of p oners; he would not consent. But one w knew all the circumstances told the whole c to the Governor, and he melted and sat do and wrote that young man a pardon.

The young man came out of prison determi to consecrate the rest of his life to the Lo His father recovered, and he was brought Christ by his son's prayers and entreaties. (after another all his brothers were brought a whole family saved.

A man said to me once,

"DOES THIS WORK PAY?"

I told him of that case, and I said a case like t pays for every thing I have done in all my life sus. He asked me *how much I was worth.* I id, "I do not know what I am worth. I canɔt estimate the value of my possessions. My aster has told me I shall inherit *all things.*" ılk about millionaires !—why, we are joint heirs th Christ.

It is a *privilege* to work for God. I am sick the word *duty.* I do not want to enter the ngdom with no stars in my crown. Suppose I ere to say to my family, It is my duty to love u, and I do my duty. And at Christmas to y, It is my duty to give you a present ; here is.

That is not the way we act ; and let us not talk duty in connection with our Master's service. emember "He that winneth souls is wise, and ey that turn many to righteousness shall shine stars forever and ever."

THE COMING TRANSLATION.

By Rev. Henry Varley.

eavenly Citizenship—The Church Caught Up Seven Years before the Judgment—The Three Assizes of Judgment—Christ in the Synagogue —The Antichrist.

THE saints living at the time of Christ's comg will be translated suddenly. The salt of the rth, the light of the world, will be suddenly ken away. The law of gravitation keeps me ere on this platform, but the moment Christ mes I shall be caught up to meet Him in the r. Read Phil. 3 : 20, 21 : "For our (citizenip) conversation is in heaven, from whence so we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus hrist."

Our citizenship is not in London, not in Melurne, but in heaven. He shall change our le body that it may be fashioned like unto His orious body, according to the working where He is able even to subdue all things to Himlf. Dean Alford suggests the "body of our ımiliation" instead of vile body. He is able subdue all things to Himself. We have probly no conception of our first parents' beauty efore the fall, humiliated as we are by sin and ickedness, and liable to all the ills that flesh is eir to by reason of sin.

"He shall change our vile bodies." It will accomplished in a moment, in the twinkling an eye—it will compare in the quickness of s accomplishment to the flash of lightning. When this corruptible puts on incorruption, d this mortal puts on immortality," Christ is ur great centre of attraction. The law of gravation holds me where I am ; but when Christ omes, the spiritual law of membership in Christ ill gather us into the heavens. When we are one, what then ? The world still goes on ; hurches are left ; Bibles will be still here ; but, ark, *the Church of God will be gone.*

Then understand how the platform will be eared for

THE LAWLESS AGE

the last few years of this world's history. Indelity will then have its sway on earth. As ertain as this book is true, man has asked God let him alone, and he will yet have a taste of hat human power can do unrestrained by the race and fear of God. The carnage which is ow decimating the population of the earth in arious parts may be the first sound of the fulling of the time when nations shall be onsumed of nations. How striking ! nations evouring one another, and disease sweeping hem down. I ask you to be on the alert. Of hat *day and hour* knoweth no man. But of the *mes and seasons* we are bound to know them.

Then will follow a scene which I venture to hink is about *seven years* after the Church has een taken up. Turn to 2 Thess. 1 : 7 : "When he Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven ith His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking engeance upon them that know not God," etc. ead 1 Thes. 4. Here we have

TWO EVENTS

otally dissimilar. Where do you get the coming f Christ for His Church ? In the first epistle, he fourth chapter, He comes *for* the Church. In the second epistle, and the first chapter, He comes *with* His Church.

They will have been carried to the bridal city, the bride which John saw coming out of heaven adorned for her husband. The Bride's incorruptible life and beauty is not for earth, but for the "prepared place," reserved in heaven for you. John 14 : 3. After that great union of the Church with Christ, we dwell not on earth but in His glorious home. The Church has gone ! The world goes on for a few brief years, but I would rather die ten times over, were it possible, than be on the earth when those judgments spoken of in Revelation, from chapters 6 to 19—all, as I believe, in their chief real fulfilment yet future—shall come.

I do not wonder at Christ saying, "So walk that ye may be accounted worthy to escape the things that are coming upon the earth." Notice that we come with Him. How do we prove that? Specially see Jude 14–15. Read 1 Cor. 6 : 1, 2 : "Having a matter one against another, dare ye go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints ? Do you not know that the saints shall judge the world ? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters ? Know ye not that ye shall judge angels, how much more things pertaining to this life ?"

But I believe some of you thought you were to be tried at the end of this life ? Then how comes it that we are

UPON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT ?

"Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world ?" It is perfectly clear. Where is there reference made to it ? The Scriptures declare three assizes of judgment. *First*, His own people in His presence at the judgment-seat of Christ (2 Cor. 5 : 10). The *second* is referred to in Matt. 25 : Christ's judgment of the living Gentile nation ; it has nothing to do with the dead, but the living Gentile nations (Christendom).

THE THIRD JUDGMENT

we have in Rev. 20 : the judgment of the great white throne. Remember the saints are distinctly told that they will judge angels and the world also. 1 Cor. 6 : 2, 3 : Christ said, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." 2 Cor. 5 : 10 : "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

There are some of God's children who will have their works burnt up. If you are faithful from the time of your conversion till the close of your life, be assured of this, that in eternity your reward will be not only of unutterable enjoyments, but as kings unto God. Our faithfulness here will advance us to high positions in the future glory.

In concluding this important thought let us refer again to 2 Thess. 1 : 7, 8 : "And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." What a terrible thing persecution is, and how it arouses in us a spirit of vengeance if we allow our evil natures to avenge ourselves ! There is nothing the Lord Jesus Christ so entirely enforces as the absence of that in us : "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." The Lord rebuked His disciples when they wanted to call down fire from heaven (Luke 9 : 54).

Let us now notice an exceedingly

INTERESTING FACT

that possibly has escaped your observation. The Lord Jesus goes into the synagogue at Nazareth. Luke 4 : 16 : "And He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up, and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Esaias.

"And when He had opened the book, He found the place where it was written. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor ; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and He gave it again to the minister and sat down." Turn to the chapter Christ quotes from, Isaiah 61. Following the prophecy quoted by Christ, see the second verse : "And the day of vengeance of our God." Does Christ say a word about vengeance ? No, not a word. He closed the book abruptly, gave it to the minister, and sat down, saying, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears."

When the Lord came before He came as the Lamb of God, the Saviour, to declare the mercy of God, to make known the free proclamation of pardon to the sons of men ; there was neither wrath nor vengeance, but, in His days, "peace on earth, good-will to men."

A SINGLE COMMA

divides the day of salvation now closing from the day of vengeance speedily coming. What says 2 Thess. 1 : 7 ? "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

These are solemn words, and I remind you they are not mine. I am thankful to be able to put before you these testimonies that cannot be confuted—testimonies of the Word of the living God. Now I will point you to the close of this age. Read 2 Thess. 2 : 1 : "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto Him." Mark the words : "By the coming of our Lord, and by our gathering together unto Him." It is really astonishing to read the New Testament and see how full it is of the great truth of the Lord's coming for His people. Again : "That ye be not shaken in mind, or troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, that the day of the Lord is [already come] at hand." This is not the correct rendering. Dean Alford has it : "The day of Christ is come."

A great many persons said that the day of Christ's coming had passed, and they thought they had missed His glorious calling. Says Paul, "Let no man deceive you by any means : for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and

THAT MAN OF SIN

be revealed, the son of perdition ; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped ; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." This is not Popery. Popery has never denied the Father and the Son. I believe the Papal system an Antichrist, but not *the Antichrist.*

That infidelity will be headed up in a man known in Scriptures as "*the man of sin*" before the dispensation closes, I have no doubt. 2 Thess. 2 : 5, 6, 7 : "Remember ye not, that, when I was yet with you, I told you these things ? And now ye know what withholdeth that He might be revealed in His time. For the mystery of iniquity doth already work : only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way." The taking away of the Church is the thought here expressed. Then that wicked one will be revealed, whom "the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming." Not by the preaching of the Gospel, but by "the brightness of His coming."

The American Bible Society has been printing its ten-cent Testament the past year at the rate of one thousand copies a day, but has been unable to keep up with its orders. Its twenty-five-cent Bible has also been struck off at the rate of five hundred and fifty per day.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(*Continued from page 815.*)

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

NEVER had Edith felt more weary than she did as that night closed in, and never before had she passed a night more sleepless. Effie, indeed, fell repeatedly into that slumber which exhaustion produced, but the nearness of her room to the depot prevented her from having any thing deserving the name of repose.

The noise of arrivals or departures, the rumble of carts through the streets, nay the very striking of church-clocks, made her start up from her pillow in feverish excitement. Effie had removed only her bonnet before stretching herself on the bed, so fearful was she lest she should oversleep herself, and so miss the early train.

If Edith's heavy eyelids closed for a while, she was almost instantly roused by Effie's convulsive grasp, or her anxious whisper,

"Miss Temple, I'm sure that the day is breaking!"

So nervously impatient was Effie to depart that it still wanted many minutes to four when she and her patient, pitying companion entered the second-class waiting-room, ready to take their tickets as soon as the sleepy official should push back the sliding-panel. It was better to wait at the depot than in the hotel, for Effie regained her calmness when she felt secure, by being on the spot, that the morning train could not start without her.

At that early hour the two travellers found the waiting-room perfectly empty; not even the usual attendant was there. There was little movement or noise at the depot. Now and then a porter with luggage passed by the window, and a guard who had been on night duty exchanged a yawning greeting with another who had come to take his place on the platform.

The sun had not yet risen, but dull lines of red appeared on the smoke-tinted sky. The morning air felt fresh, almost cool; the hurry and rush, the heat and confusion of the London day had not yet begun. It was a more restful time both to Edith and Effie than they had known since leaving the farm on the previous day.

The lady seated herself near the table on which their small amount of luggage was placed, took out her little Testament, and commenced her morning reading by the gradually strengthening light. The eyes of Effie rested on one of those collections of texts in large type which Christian thoughtfulness has placed on the walls of so many railroad-depot apartments.

The poor girl had no inclination to open and read a book, but the single text on which she gazed found its way to her soul. Thus the weary traveller, too much exhausted to draw water from a well to relieve his own thirst, may thankfully drink the single cupful brought from the spring *by the hand of a stranger.*

"How can that be true?" said Effie to herself, hardly conscious that she spoke the sentence aloud.

Edith looked up from her reading, and following the direction of Effie's eyes, saw that they were fixed on the words, *For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, and yet without sin* (Heb. 4:15).

"*In all points!*" repeated Effie; "surely that is impossible! The Holy One can never have known temptations in the heart in the least like those which have come to me, a weak silly woman, or even such as have come to my Robert."

"Do you remember a little conversation which we had together shortly before your marriage?" asked Edith Temple.

"Do I not remember it!" sighed Effie; "have I not often thought of the question which you put to me when I wished that I—that all—had been born in Paradise, each to stand or fall by keeping or breaking God's law for himself, *Do you think that you would have kept obedient, Effie?*

"Oh! I thought that I should—I thought that I could; I know better now—I know better." Effie ended the sentence with a gasp like a sob.

"Perhaps you also remember," said the lady, soothingly, "my attempt to explain that it is far, far better for God's children that their Heaven depends not on their own imperfect obedience, but on *faith* in Him who cannot fall, who cannot sin, our ever blessed Redeemer."

"But if the Lord could not sin, how could He be tempted?" asked Effie quickly.

Edith was thankful that the mind of her poor young companion could be drawn from its own sorrows; and though she herself felt almost too weary for converse on subjects mysterious and deep, she encouraged Effie to go on.

"I can a little understand," continued the young wife, "why the Lord suffered pain and death. He suffered instead of sinners; He took their punishment on Himself; but as for His being *tempted like as we are*, I can neither understand why that was needful, nor how it could be possible."

"It is not for us to understand all the 'needs be' in God's dealings with us," replied Edith; "but it seems that there is a fitness in this which may be made plain even to our feeble minds. Satan's tempting our first parents in Paradise was *a kind of struggle* between the Devil and Man. *Satan had the victory then*, for Man fell under temptation. When our Lord took our nature upon Him, can we wonder that Satan should again try his strength against Man, that there should be a second struggle, in which the God-Man, standing firm as a rock under temptation, should overcome the enemy and triumph, as all Christ's followers shall triumph at last?"

"There does seem a fitness that Satan, who conquered the first Adam, should be conquered by Him who is called in the Bible the second Adam," said Effie; "but this does not explain to me how the Lord *could* be *tempted* in all points *like as we are.* I am sure that the Holy Saviour's temptations were never like mine."

"Perhaps you would think that Eve's temptations were not like yours," said Edith.

"No more were they," replied Effie simply. "Eve was never tempted—could not be tempted—to covet fine clothes, nor to open a letter meant for her husband."

"And yet you may remember, Effie, that Eve's temptation may be divided into exactly those three things *of the world*, against which St. John warns us—*the lust of the flesh* (sinful pleasure); *the lust of the eyes* (covetousness); and *the pride of life*, which assails us in so many forms."

"Ah! I remember that you explained all that," said Effie. "Yes, yes, my temptations were more like Eve's than I thought. I plucked my forbidden fruit over and over again. Pride, love of pleasure, covetousness, to all, to all I gave way!" Effie drooped her head and sighed deeply.

"Now we may well believe," observed Edith Temple, "that Satan often tempted our Lord whilst He dwelt upon earth; but of one great temptation we are given an account in the Gospel. That temptation, like Eve's, may be divided into those same three things which are *of the world*, namely, *the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.*"

Effie looked up in surprise. "The account of Christ's temptation is to me one of the most difficult parts of the Bible," said she. "When Satan asked the Lord to turn stones into bread, surely the Tempter asked Him to do nothing that was wrong! What harm could there possibly be either in the Lord's making the food, or in eating it, when He was hungry?"

"The lust of the flesh came to the Holy One in its most simple and innocent form," said Edith, "the natural desire to satisfy hunger."

"And why should not the Lord satisfy it?" asked Effie.

"Our Lord came to earth to suffer, and to be our example," answered the lady. "Christ's example of patience under trials would have been no help to us if His sufferings had not been *real.* If Christ's needy servants remember now that He whose footsteps they follow, once, *like themselves*, was faint for lack of food, where would be their comfort in the thought of this if they could say to themselves, 'Christ, indeed, was hungry, but then He turned stones into bread, and *I* have no power so to turn them. Christ's sufferings from want were not real like mine, for He ended them as soon as He felt them.' Have you not noticed, Effie, that our Lord *never once* worked a miracle to relieve His own hunger or thirst? Christ waited, patiently waited, just as His people should wait, until His Heavenly Father saw it good to send Him relief."

"I see, yes, I see what you mean," said Effie; "Christ's hunger was real, was painful. He longed for food, but withstood the great temptation to make it, and so conquered the lust of the flesh. But the pride of life," she continued, "how could the Lord ever be tempted by that?"

"When He stood on the pinnacle of the splendid Temple, while the people worshipped below, and was tempted to descend amongst them, as if from the sky, borne up by invisible angels. Was there nothing to gratify human pride in such a glorious beginning to His ministry as this would have seemed?

"We must never forget that Christ was Man as well as God. It would have been but human to shrink from being *despised and rejected*, scorne as a carpenter's son. Would not natural prid (had Christ not conquered that pride) have le Him to appear before the Jews in such a way a must have shown them that He truly came dow from heaven?"

"It must have been a great temptation," sai Effie, thoughtfully; "I never understood it be fore. And the last temptation was to *covet* th kingdoms of the world and all their glory."

"And to obtain them by doing what wa sinful," added Miss Temple. "Never again wa such a temptation offered to the eye of man a when all that earth could give was shown in moment of time to our blessed Redeemer."

"But surely all the kingdoms of the wor were Christ's already," said Effie.

"After He should have endured the cross replied Edith. "Remember that every tempt tion to the Saviour was a temptation to esca some cross from which His human natu shrank, even as our human nature shrinks; t cross of want, the cross of shame, the cross unutterable anguish!

"Self-denial cost the Saviour more than o minds can conceive; but we can dimly see a pa of what it must have cost Him. Self-denial resisting temptation in any or all of its form self-denial is taking up the cross; self-denial conquering Satan."

"I have practised self-denial in nothing murmured poor Effie. "I have given free to my pride, covetousness, and love of pleasu I have followed the example of Eve, and not t example of Christ, and so I have brought on m self the misery which I now justly suffer."

"You have not yet won the victory, d Effie; but the battle is not over yet," said Ed kindly, laying her hand on that of her you companion. "You may yet say to Satan, l Christian in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' '*Rejoice against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I s arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall light unto me*' (Micah 7:8)."

"Oh, do you think that God will give another trial, and make me happy again?" as Effie, raising her wistful eyes to the face of friend.

"I am certain that God is ready to grant giveness for the past, and grace for the fut in answer to prayer," replied Edith. "You only beginning to feel and know that life is rest in an earthly Paradise, but a struggle, a flict, and that in ourselves we are too wea overcome the strength of temptation.

"But the Christian is not left to hims God is ready to give us His Holy Spirit: *and it shall be given.* Christ, who Himself quered Satan, can make us *more than conque* also, and will at the last fulfil to His fait ones His own glorious promise—*To him* *ercometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, hich is in the midst of the Paradise of God."*

The entrance of strangers now put a stop to e conversation, but it had left a soothing and eering impression on Effie's mind. It was so mforting to be assured that the High and Holy ne who inhabiteth eternity knows from His vn experience the trial of strong temptation; at *He had felt·longings* which He had not sat- ied, had realized the difficulty of self-denial, d could sympathize with the struggle against even in the heart of a poor weak woman.

It was in a far more submissive and peaceful me of mind than she had known since her eat trouble, that Effie soon afterwards took r seat beside Miss Temple in the train that as to bear them to Southampton.

London itself is scarcely a more bustling, isy, distracting place than a large seaport town ch as Southampton. It was no easy task for e two tired travellers to make their way along e narrow streets.

Here they were jostled by a party of sailors shore "for a spree;" there a group of Lascars structed their passage, jabbering amongst emselves in foreign tongues, and with violent sticulations complaining of some wrong done them by those whose language they could not derstand.

Parties of dirty, bonnetless women with un- mbed hair, and Jack-tars with pipe in mouth, stered around gin palaces, or shops for the e of marine stores, or pawnbrokers' tempting ndows. The strong scent of tar, the distant und of the "yo-e-yo!" of sailors working at the ndlass, the nautical signs of the public-houses, placards advertising for able-bodied seamen, announcing when some "fast-sailing clipper" uld start, showed the near neighborhood of sea, even in those parts of the town from ich no glimpse could be gained of its gleam- waves, or the masts in the crowded harbor.

dith drew Effie's arm within her own, and eaded her way onwards towards the port, ciously looking on either side of the streets ough which they passed for any office where y would be likely to gain the information ich they required.

large shipping office at length offered itself her view. Miss Temple entered with Effie, l addressing a clerk who was seated behind a h desk, inquired whether he could give her information regarding a ship of the name of y Queen.

imply as Edith was dressed, the clerk at e recognized in her a lady, and addressed her such. Glancing at a large placard placed op- ite the place where he sat, on which the ne of the vessel appeared, "Do you mean May Queen emigrant steam-vessel, bound Australia, madam?" said he.

'I do not know whither the ship is bound, probably this is the ship of which we are quest," replied Edith. "This young person's band is likely to be sailing in that vessel; is very anxious to see him before he starts."

'I fear, madam, that she is too late," said clerk, looking at the large clock in the ce. "The May Queen was to leave her moor- s at seven o'clock this morning." Edith felt arm locked within her own tremble as if with e.

'There may be some other vessel of the same ne," suggested Edith.

'None other at this port," replied the clerk; ut it is possible that the steamer's starting y have been delayed. Delays often occur," added, looking with kindly interest and pity Effie. "If you wait a second, madam, I will w you the way to the place off which the sel was moored last evening."

he courteous clerk put on his hat, and led way quickly, but not half quickly enough the impatience of those who followed. They t on till a sudden turn brought them, not, eed, to the shore, but in sight of the wide ving expanse of the sea, glittering in the beams as if strewn over with brilliants.

(*To be continued.*)

FAITH AND WORK.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 26. James 2 : 14-26. Golden Text, ver. 26. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

SOME writers have designated Paul as the apostle of faith, and James as the apostle of works. Perhaps it would be more just to say that the former teaches by the Holy Ghost faith in doctrine, and the latter *faith in practice.* The apostle James, when in chap. 1 : 2 he calls us to "count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations" (or trials), is calling upon us most truly to "walk by faith, not by sight," for he does not imply that it is enough to recognize God's hand when the trial has ceased, but it is to be *when* we fall, etc., at the very time we are suffering from the trial, *because we see in it God's means of working patience.* Again, when he exhorts us, ver. 5-7, to ask of God wisdom, he enjoins us to "ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think he shall receive any thing of the Lord." Here is *faith in its strongest form*, a looking away from self to God, to seek only Him as our resource. This is no counting upon works or efforts of our own.

It is this apostle who exhorts those who are sick among the children of God (instead of resorting to human help) to seek healing alone from God. "Is *any* sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith *shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up;* and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him." If the sickness has been brought about by sin in any form, there shall be forgiveness accompanying the healing. "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, *that ye may be healed.*" And after this encouragement to walk in the way of faith for body as well as soul, this apostle cites the example of Elijah, "a man subject to like passions as we are, and yet so mighty in his expectation from God" (chap. 5 : 14-18).

All this is proof clear enough that the apostle James was no legalist, but what he insisted on was that faith must not remain a mere dead doctrine, an abstract thing; that when it is real it must bring forth fruit, just as Paul, the great apostle of faith, himself teaches us (Gal. 5 : 6), "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love." "Faith *which worketh.*" A man may have a faith which assents unhesitatingly to all which is written in God's word, and may be able to propound all Christian doctrine with the utmost clearness; but, because the truth has never been a power upon his own soul, and has established no link between him and God, he has no yearning of heart over poor lost sinners, and no jealousy for God's glory.

The apostle James seems to doubt the reality of a faith without works: "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man *say* he have faith and have not works? Can faith save him?" Oh! it is a poor faith which stands only in the assertion of him who professes it. Such was the faith of a Balaam, who was ready, nevertheless, to curse God's people for a little earthly advantage; such was the faith of a Judas, who could sell his Lord and Saviour for thirty pieces of silver; such the faith of a Simon, who could think that the gift of God could be purchased with money (Acts 8 : 20). No love to God or man was perceptible in these three; their very faith was made to subserve their own interests, and it did not save them.

Oh! when will men understand that we are created for God and not for ourselves; that our normal position as created beings, our blessed privilege as redeemed, is that we should serve His purpose, and not that He should serve ours? We are created to love, and redeemed to love, and sanctified to love—*i.e.*, to lose ourselves in the object of our love; and a faith which does not work by love is a malformation, unhealthy, and tending to death. The apostle supposes any one saying to a person in extreme need, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," and yet failing to render them any practical assistance. "What doth it profit?" he asks; and concludes, "Even so, faith if it hath not works is dead, being alone."

He then supposes a position which has been all too painfully realized among nominal Christians: "Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith and I have works: show me thy faith without thy works, and I (who do not profess to have any faith) will show thee my faith *by* my works." There are numbers of honest-minded rationalists in our days who are just in this position. Following the bent of hearts naturally generous, they do good in many ways, and are forward in works of benevolence without making any profession of and without understanding the faith which, if the Bible is true, ought to make men Christlike. They hear men talk of faith in Christ, and sometimes see such men descend to acts of meanness, unrighteousness, and selfishness, which they themselves would repudiate and scorn, and their challenge is an honest one, although made often in the pride of their hearts; "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works."

They are wrong as far as themselves are concerned, because "without faith it is impossible to please him," and they have not the witness of Abel, "that he was righteous," through the blood of the sacrifice, nor of Enoch, "that he pleased God" (Heb. 11 : 4, 5); they are truly justified before men, but not before God, for "by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Rom. 3 : 20.) But they are right as far as unfruitful professors are concerned. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says our Lord (Matt. 7 : 20). And how fearful is the responsibility of those who have outwardly professed faith in the atoning blood of Christ, and have taken their stand among believers, while the unbelieving are led to the conclusion, by their very lack of zeal and holiness, that Christianity is but one of the opinions of the day, to take its rank with Buddhism and with Mohammedanism!

The apostle carries his point yet further: "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well; the devils also believe and tremble;" as though he would add, And thou dost not even tremble. "But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?" Some boast of their faith as though it were a credit to themselves, forgetting that the very conviction of sin, and righteousness, and judgment is the work of the Holy Ghost, whose purpose certainly never was to leave us with only such a faith as the very devils participate.

He urges the case of Abraham as one who was justified by works, not indeed independently of faith: "Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect?" In Gen. 15 : 5, 6, God brought him forth abroad, and said, "Look now toward heaven and tell the stars if thou be able to number them. And He said unto him, So shall thy seed be. And he believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness."

And when the Word of God tells us that we are not of the world, even as Christ was not of the world, and we see no possibility of living in daily contact with those whose whole thoughts and aim in life are of the earth earthy, and to maintain in their very midst the spirit of our Master, God calls us, like Abraham, to stagger not at the promise of God through unbelief, but to believe that what He has promised He is able also to perform. He has pledged Himself to be our Keeper, and to doubt or to fear is to wrong Him. But He calls for works as an evidence of our faith, for a fearless taking His side, without considering the reproach it may and will bring upon us, only being fully persuaded of God's will and then doing it, cost what it may. Rahab is also adduced as an example of faith in practice when she was bold enough to hide the spies at the risk of her own life, believing in the God of Israel, who was pledged to preserve her and her father's house.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Troubles in Ireland.—The "Pall Mall Gazette," in its leading article of September 30th, says the complaints of the Irish tenant-farmers are mostly genuine; that they are for the moment unable to pay their rent; and that they think they have a right to remain on the land in every event. They are under the influence of a shallow noisy politician, a member of Parliament named Parnell, who incites them to stick to their homesteads at whatever consequence. If the general refusal to pay rent is followed by a wholesale eviction, this will almost certainly be followed by a series of agrarian murders; and unless the Irish executive is prepared to support the landlords by measures amounting to little less than a military occupation of a large part of the country, the landlords will have to choose between virtually conceding the tenant's claim to fixity of tenure, and giving the signal for an outbreak of something hardly distinguishable from civil war. The English Government have given orders to several cavalry regiments to hold themselves in readiness for service in Ireland.

Dr. Barclay, the Recently Consecrated Bishop of Jerusalem, when a mere child, showed an extraordinary interest in the conversion of the Jews. He often said to his parents, "When I am a man I will be a clergyman and preach to the Jews, and try and convince them that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah." He kept his promise. After graduating from one of the English universities, he was ordained to the ministry and began his labors among the Israelites. So successful was he in his work that he was soon appointed Superintendent of the Church of England Missions to the Jews on the Continent. Afterwards he succeeded to the incumbency of Christ Church, Jerusalem. In that city he had the opportunity of becoming an Oriental scholar. At the end of a ten years' laborious pastorate in Jerusalem he resigned his charge and returned to England. In London he became acquainted with Mr. Gladstone, Lords Shaftesbury and Beaconsfield, and the late Lord Chancellor. On the death of Bishop Gobat, Dr. Barclay was recommended to the Queen for the vacant Bishopric of Jerusalem.

Ready at the Summons.—Not Long Ago a youth of eighteen, son of a clergyman in the west of England, went out on the beach in search of sea-weeds. Pursuing his walk, unconscious of all but his immediate object, he discovered that the tide had flowed in, and that he was inclosed between the cliffs and the advancing waters. Taking out his pocket Bible he wrote on a fly-leaf as follows: "In danger—surrounded by water; if help does not speedily arrive I must be drowned. But Jesus, to whom I gave myself five years ago, is with me. I am perfectly happy. May He bless and comfort my beloved parents, and bring my dear little brothers and sisters to Himself, so that we may all meet in heaven!" The body of the dear lad was discovered next day, and the Bible was taken from the pocket of his coat.

"Forgive us our Trespasses."—The story is told of a certain nobleman of Alexandria, who complained bitterly to the bishop of that city of his enemies. While in the midst of his tale the bell sounded for prayers, and bishop and nobleman dropped to their knees, the former leading in the Lord's Prayer, and the latter leaving for the time his story untold. When the bishop came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses," he stopped suddenly, leaving the other to go on alone. The nobleman attempted to continue, but, startled by the sound of his own unaccompanied voice and recalled by his companion's silence to the significance of the petition, stammered, ceased praying, and rose from his knees, a hopeless man — until he afterwards found hope in a better disposition toward his neighbor. It is an easy thing to say, "Forgive us our trespasses" by rote; it is difficult, sometimes, to say it understandingly. If we stop at this petition until we have taken in the idea of it, how many of us will go on?

Persecution in Spain.—An Agent of the Evangelical Continental Society is on trial for holding meetings in a village to which he had been invited. He has been twice condemned to imprisonment and fine on this charge, and is now awaiting the result of an appeal to the Supreme Court. Figueras, an evangelist, was thrust into a dungeon for two days for holding a village service near Vigo. Two of Mr. Spurgeon's former students were assailed with stones, at the open instigation of the priest, as they were returning from a village where they had been preaching. At Camunas the authorities of the village seem to have decided on driving out all religious teachers. They have put the priest to flight, and the Protestant pastor is ordered to leave, on pain of death. Still in many places the Gospel is being actively preached.

The Trap-Door Spider, found in Jamaica, digs a burrow in the earth and lines it with a silken web. The burrow is closed by a trap-door, having a hinge that permits it to be opened and closed with admirable accuracy. The door is circular, and is made of alternate layers of earth and web, and is hinged to the lining of the tube that leads to the burrow by a band of the same silken secretion. The door exactly fits the entrance to the burrow, and when closed so precisely corresponds with the surrounding earth that it can hardly be distinguished, even when its position is known. It is a strange sight to see the earth open, a little lid be raised, some hairy legs protrude, and gradually the whole form of the spider show itself. What a wonderful type this is in the material creation of what the apostle calls "the working of Satan" and "the snare of the devil"! (2 Thess. 2:9; 2 Tim. 2:26.)

Prayer for a New Stomach Answered.—A missionary lady in Burmah had an unconquerable antipathy to *rice*, such as the most reasonable people sometimes have to cats, cheese, or other things. This antipathy caused her to suffer much from hunger; for in her missionary tours in the jungle it would often happen that there was nothing but rice to eat. The native Christians, who grieved at her antipathy, and the privations it brought, would frequently pray, "O Lord, give mamma (their pet name for their beloved missionary) *a new stomach*." Several years ago, the "mamma," finding that she had no sensation of repugnance when rice was on the table, was tempted to eat a few grains. To her surprise it created no nausea. She now eats rice without difficulty, and can make her dinner on it if necessary. She has a "new stomach."

A Rich Citizen of Pompeii Possessed a Valuable dog, a noble and faithful animal, called Delta. He had saved his master's life on three occasions; first, when nearly drowned in the sea; secondly, when attacked by robbers; thirdly, by destroying a she-wolf whose cubs his master had taken in a grove near Herculaneum. These particulars were inscribed on a collar round the dog's neck. When the sudden eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79 overwhelmed these two cities and buried them for nearly seventeen hundred years, Delta, who had attached himself to his master's only son, attempted to shield him from the fiery tempest by stretching his body over him. In this position the two skeletons, the dog's and the boy's, were found when the ruins of Pompeii were explored. Such a story would awaken tender feelings in many a breast, and perhaps bring tears to the eyes. But the story of Christ's love for sinners, that led Him to a shameful and painful death on the cross, is received with cold indifference.

The Victoria Cross Presented.—Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice recently visited the Netley Hospital, and spent half an hour among the soldiers wounded at the Cape. Afterward the convalescent patients were formed in a hollow square in front of the hospital to see Her Majesty pin the Victoria Cross on the serge coat of Private Hitch, a young fellow belonging to the Twenty-fourth Regiment, who was badly wounded at Rorke's Drift while defending the sick in the hospital, several of whom were saved.

The Evangelical Mission Work in Paris makes rapid progress. There are now twenty-three branches in different parts of the city, and meetings are held every night of the week except Saturday. The movement had its orgin in the ready obedience of one man of God to the Divine Call. Mr. McAll, a young Congregational minister, ill from overwork, went to Paris in 1871 for relaxation and change of scene. There, anxious to be at work in his Master's service, he conversed with those whom he met, and sought to direct their attention to the Gospel. More especially he sought out the Communists, whose excesses the year before had struck all Europe aghast. One of these men said to him: "Throughout this whole district we have, to a man, done with the priests. If any one will come and teach us a religion of another kind, a *religion of freedom and reality*, many of us are ready for it."

Such an invitation sounded in Mr. McAll's ears like a call from God, and he immediately resigned his charge, left his home and friends, and gave himself up to the work of teaching these Communists "a real religion." The result has been blessed by God to a truly wonderfu extent.

The Wretched Condition of Turkish Soldier is described in the *Levant Herald*. From tha journal it appears that, with the exception of th troops garrisoned in the capital, the bulk of th army is in a pitiable state—ill-fed, shoeless, an otherwise scarcely clad. Indeed at Gallipoli th gallant *nizams* have been constrained to use *ol flour sacks*, with a hole in the bottom to adm the head, and one on each side for either arm the hero whom the claims of decency compelle to have recourse to that unmilitary costume i the absence of the uniform which the state too impecunious to provide. At Janina t quality of the rations supplied has been so ba and the nature of the food so unwholesome, th the hospitals are crowded with sick, sufferi from diseases engendered by debility resulti from improper and insufficient food.

Mr. Spurgeon's Two Colored Missionaries w went out to Africa from his Tabernacle so months ago, have sent back cheering news themselves. In the middle of May they had settled at their new stations, Bakundu, Victor Cameroons, and had begun work under the spices of the *village chief*, who had much assist the mission. In his will, recently made at time of serious illness, the chief commended youngest son to the care of the missionari and commanded his subjects to obey and p tect the preachers and their wives.

The Effect of Crime upon the Conscie has just been awfully illustrated in England the experiences of Jonathan Geydon. Twe years ago, when a young man of twenty-two, murdered an old lady named Mary White, robbed the house in which she lived. Fr that time until last month he was never he of, but now he has given himself up and c fessed the crime. For *twenty years* he has w dered about England a fugitive—the curse Cain upon him, never able to settle to any ste work, ever haunted with the terrible rem brance of his fearful sin. On being locke he inquired whether his parents were still ing, and on learning that both were dead— had died of grief—he burst into tears.

The Reformed Roman Catholic Party France is encountering much opposition the priests of the Romish Church. One of reformers, M. John Lemoine, having charged with seeking to introduce a new r ion, says he is well content with the old fait France, but that Rome has introduced a religion—"A mere tissue of mythology polytheism. It is impossible to recognize Christian religion in this *old curiosity-sh* idols and miracles, and disguises in which old faith is dressed up; and were any Epi ides to rise up from a sleep of half a centur would fail to recognize the Roman Cathol ligion in that heap of idolatries, supersti and polytheism under which it lies buried.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

shed at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

is Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. AGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other nt Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. **The Circulation is 165,000 Copies.**

e, Single Copies, Three Cents.
scription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1879.

13th Year. No. 53—New Series.

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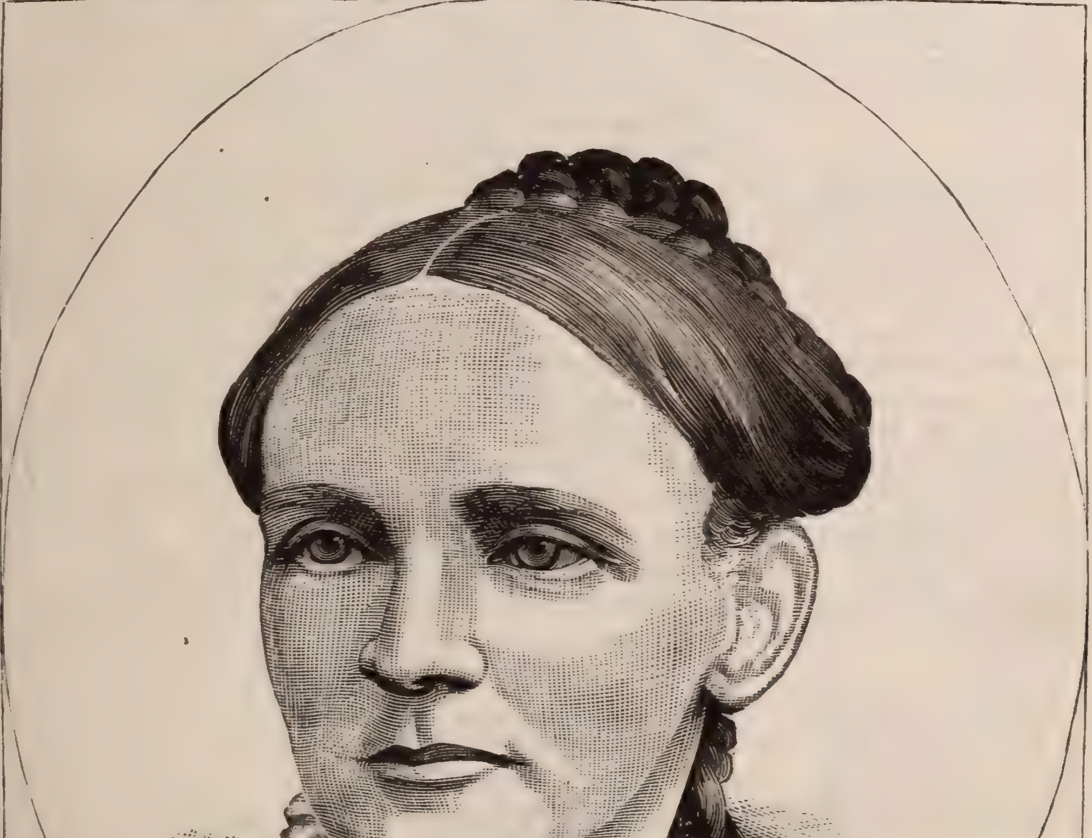

The late Miss FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, the Christian Poetess.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Parentage and Early Training—Death of Her Mother—Visits to the Continent—Great Accomplishments and Ability—Foresees the Invention of the Telephone—Her Active Habits and Love of Children—Remarkable Order of Her Writings—Death of Her Father—The Baroness Helga von Cramm—Miss Havergal Retires to the Mumbles —Mr. and Mrs. Sankey Visit Her —A Church Mission Tour in Ireland Proposed —Exchanged for a Flight to Her Heavenly Home—Last Hours—Funeral.

Miss Havergal's name has become a household word, in religious circles at least. Her prose writings have been, under God, vehicles for conveying sacred truth in such a manner that many heavily-tried ones have found in them the unravelling of what they deemed a hopeless tangle of trials. The seekers after God, also, have not been few who have discovered "the Way, the Truth, and the Life" through the same channel. Her life was so truly spiritual, that all her poetry is redolent of resignation and nearness to Christ.

This lady was born at Astley, near Bewdley, Worcestershire, England, on the 14th of December, 1836, and was the youngest daughter of

THE LATE CANON HAVERGAL,

a man of genuine piety and great gifts. The advantages which Frances, or Fanny as she was always called, enjoyed in her parental home bore good fruit. Poetic tastes were there created, and her great natural ability was urged in a direction in which she made her mark; for the products of which — her religious poems—she will ever be chiefly remembered.

This was what might have been expected, for her father was acknowledged to be the first modern authority on ecclesiastical music and psalmody. His devotion to the ministry of the Gospel alone led him to refuse the Professorial *Chair of Music* in the University of Oxford. He was rector of Astley for thirteen years (1829–42); and rector of St. Nicholas and honorary canon, Worcester, for fifteen years (1845–60). He became vicar of Shareshill, in Worcestershire, in 1860, and held the living until his death at Leamington in 1870.

Deeply had Miss Havergal imbibed from early years the Gospel teaching of her venerated father. In days when comparatively few ministers bore a simple testimony, Canon Havergal ever fed his flock with soul-nurturing food. In an ordination sermon at Worcester, in 1845, he thus answered the question, And *what* shall we preach? "Let us habitually preach Christ, as 'the end of the law for righteousness' to every earnest believer: Christ, as the source of sanctification through the Spirit: Christ, as the All-in-all of the sinner—the helpless, the miserable, the broken-hearted sinner."

Fearing bad effects from her delicately strung and highly excitable temperament, her loving father endeavored to curb and retard the exercise of her exuberant mental powers, so that they might more gradually mature, and thus cause less strain and danger to her finely organized frame. Of course this was sometimes felt to be a trial, but it was obediently submitted to by her.

Her mother died in 1848; and Miss Fanny was sent to school, before her father's second marriage to Miss Caroline A. Cooke in 1851. She went abroad with her parents in 1852, spent the winter in Dusseldorf, where she attended school, and was afterwards, in 1853, boarded for some time in a worthy German pastor's family at Oberwesel, on the Rhine. Seeds were sown during this sojourn which bore blessed fruit in her after life. She more than once referred to her return therefrom as a coming down from higher spiritual latitudes.

She remained at home at Shareshill till 1858, when she went to reside with her eldest married sister, at Oakhampton, near Stourport. There she remained for eight years, superintending the education of her nieces, till the last of them left for school in October, 1866, when she returned to her father's vicarage at Shareshill.

In January, 1867, she paid a second visit to the Continent with her relatives, and she has left us a characteristic poem, entitled "Travelling Thoughts," which records her deep love for her happy home. But in seeking among her many published writings for some index of

HER AIM IN LIFE,

no better can be found than a stanza in one of her earliest effusions, "Little Fan"—

> Now in the crowded halls of life,
> May it be mine to bring
> Some gentle stir of the heated air,
> Some coolness falling fresh and fair,
> Like a passing angel's wing."

Her musical studies and occasional verse-writing were plentifully relieved by *physical exercises* and games. She was a good swimmer and a graceful skater. Although not professing to draw, she could sketch fairly well. As a good linguist, she could converse for hours with Germans without its being known that she was English. French she spoke fluently, and she could read the New Testament in Greek.

But it was not until late in her brief life that she began to use her beautiful voice in singing other than in domestic or public worship. She referred to this in 1862 or 1863, in writing to a friend, and in that letter she, as if by prophetic foresight of the now veritable telephone, said, "I dreamt (really) that some one had invented a *phonoduct* (N.B. I dreamt the word—I should not have so mixed languages if awake!) by which music could be 'laid on,' like gas or water, and at any distance. Fancy having it laid on from Exeter Hall, with a little 'oratorio tap' in one's drawing-room, so as to hear the 'Elijah' all alone in the twilight! Can you imagine any thing nicer? When the phonoduct becomes general, I shall be very glad to be your Beethoven and Handel reservoir. You could 'turn it on' any evening in the twilight, for I generally then practise or extemporize for about half an hour—at least, I have done since I have been at home."

Neither her accomplishments nor her love for physical exercises in any way detracted from her home duties. When about to return home from Oakhampton, in 1866, she thus gave an insight into her active habits of life in a letter which she wrote: "I am not afraid of not finding plenty to do; there always seems more than one has physical strength for. I can't understand how any one living on this globe can talk about 'nothing to do.'"

She greatly endeared herself to all the good with whom she came into contact, and especially to the children (who always called her "Aunt Fanny") by her songs, stories, games, and romps. Her letters to them (always signed "Aunt Fanny") were models of what letters to children ought to be, and in stirring interest they bore a strong resemblance to Luther's letters to his little Hans.

The reader of her poems will find in them the best key of her life. Emphatically she was one of

GOD'S OWN POETS.

And as she wrote and sang others read and heard more and more perfectly the melody of the growing life of consecrated service. Her poems clearly indicate this progressive advance.

How fitting the progression! Her first volume one of ministry—"The Ministry of Song;" her second one of consecration—"Under the Surface;" the third, in purpose at least—"Praise"—praise begun on earth and perfected in heaven.

Miss Havergal's was unconscious genius. She says, when writing to a friend, "I have not the least bit of imagination, and can only copy *bits out of my own inner life pictures.* I hardly ever wrote a line which I had not somehow lived. . . . You speak of 'art,' but I don't remember ever aiming at it or taking it into consideration in any piece; it is all a sort of chance how it comes out, for I write merely just as the ideas come to me, with only a sort of shake of the kaleidoscope to bring them into something approaching shape."

Canon Havergal's death resulted from ap plexy, and took place in 1870, at Pyrmont Vill Leamington. For eight years, from the time her father's death till her going to Swanse Miss Havergal's winter home was with h mother at Pyrmont Villa. Her life there w varied by visits to friends, continental tours, a sojourns at the coast or in the country. Som times she would take lodgings in out-of-the-w nooks in England, far removed from the hau of the common traveller, and rejoice in stayi for a time where no *mail* was regularly availab In 1874 she greatly enjoyed a pedestrian exc sion in Switzerland, with a party of relatives friends; and for a while remained there beh the others, living in a pleasant mountain *chá* In 1876 she again visited the Continent, w Mr. and Mrs. Rogers of Leamington, when made the acquaintance of the female art Helga von Cramm, who illustrated her po and memorial cards.

Many of Miss Havergal's hymns and sl poems, printed as leaflets, have had an ex sive circulation. Packets of cards, with sel ed Scripture texts, or original verses by M Fanny, and beautifully illustrated with Al flowers by Helga von Cramm, have also b issued, specially adapted for memorial c Her last volume of poems, the "Life Mos comprising her former two volumes in one, tains twelve exquisite illustrations of Al scenery and flowers from the same pencil, b tifully printed in colors.

Nor was it only by the pen that Miss Hav sought to serve the Master. She instit several Bible classes and readings every w with special and careful preparation for each these were followed by personal interviews. also visited in cottages and farm-houses ti strength failed her, and she had a series of b downs, and was prostrated by exhaustion. toil and excitement were too much for he gile, finely-strung frame, and she fell into a ous fever in which her life was despair She thought herself dying, and was at within and ready to go. From that fever, ever, she recovered; but she was never wards strong, being subject to severe heac followed by much nervous depression.

After Mrs. Havergal's death in 1878 the at Leamington was broken up; Miss along with her unmarried sister, went t Mumbles, Caswell Bay, near Swansea, t for lodgings, as a resting-place for the and spring. She was afterwards in Cornw a time; but in October, 1878, the two settled in Park Villa, at The Mumbles. amidst her literary work, intent to win she began a Bible reading, organized a j "Temperance Regiment," and made quaintance of the villagers in their homes. Then the men also wanted to be to by her at the idle corner of the village spirit was willing, and her enthusiasm to undertake more than her fragile fra equal to.

MR. AND MRS. SANKEY

visited her last summer at The Mumb joined in some part-singing with her a Batteson, and heard her sing several of sweet effective songs. Her *last words* just before his leaving, were, "What a day it will be when we all get home! time of joy we shall have, after seeing t to see our loved ones, and our heavenly children—so many of those whom never see on earth! We shall enjoy seeing them there."

It had been arranged that she should Irish Church Mission stations, and sh start on the journey with her nephews 1879. She thus wrote to a friend on "My Irish tour begins (D.V.) June 4th I told Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Secretary, ar cottage or farm accommodation woul me, I didn't mind roughing; but my tation is a most kind letter from the Cashel. So I begin by staying in a 'p stead of a cottage, which wasn't at all

I tell Mr. F. I *must* see the hedge and ditch , for the sake of the Society."

r plain and limited wardrobe required some ions for this tour; but, with characteristic licity, she said to her friend, the Baroness a von Cramm, "I can't spare time to go Swansea about that dress. Come with me e village shop; it would be first-rate to get there." But that tour was not to be.

A GREATER JOURNEY

vened. Miss Havergal held a temperance ing with sailors and village lads on the ng of the 17th of May. The damp air gave chill, followed by feverishness, congestion, nflammation.

the 2d of June the Rev. S. C. Morgan, of Swansea, saw she was evidently dying, aid to her, "He is with you now?" Her ighted up as she answered, "Of course He To the doctor she said, "I shall go just Jesus likes;" to one of her sisters, "*Not hing hath failed*" (Joshua 23 : 14). Speaking of her Temperance Regiment she said, them all around to trust Jesus; it's simrusting Jesus." Her testimony all along ne was full and triumphant, and her exclan, "*Splendid to be so near the gates of n!*" will not soon be forgotten.

er in the day she asked her brother to sing usalem, my happy home," to her father's "St. Chrysostom," and another to his "Evan." Her sister, after quoting several orting texts between the restless tossings d fro, repeated the first line of Fanny's , "Jesus, I will trust Thee," when she reled by singing the whole verse to her own "Hermas."

is was only *ten minutes* before the end. another attack of suffering followed, when y said, "Now it is all over—blessed rest!" hen folded her hands upon her breast and d up steadfastly for a few minutes with t eyes, radiant expression, adoring wonder, xpectant gaze, and uttered a glad "Oh!" ried to sing something, but only reached irst word "He." This was her last word e passed away at two o'clock on the Morn f June 3d, 1879.

ow sweetly in her last moments did she e the truth of her own hymn,—

"I so sweet to trust Thy Word alone:
I do not ask to see
he unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
f future light on mysteries entwining:
promise-roll is all my own,—
Thy Word is enough for me.

e human heart asks love. But now I know
That my heart hath from Thee
ll real and full and marvellous affection,
o near, so human! Yet Divine perfection
ills gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me.

ere were strange soul-depths, restless, vast and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea,—
n infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
ut now Thy perfect peace is perfect filling!
d Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me!"

e funeral took place at Astley, Miss Haver birthplace, on Monday, June 9th. By the of the family, it was strictly private; but warm and devoted friends travelled long neys to reach the spot, now so hallowed and ared.

e family vault is on the high ground, near ntrance to the village churchyard, under preading branches of a lofty fir-tree. Here, ath the shadow of the house of God in which onored and venerated father, Canon Haverfor so many years preached "the faithful d," and near the old rectory where she was , all that was mortal of one of the sweetest ers of the sanctuary was laid to rest in her er's grave. Instead of having the usual n-plate with its inscription, her attached d, the Baroness Helga von Cramm, had tifully illuminated her name with her own hless skill; and a profusion of lovely wreaths almost hid from view the "casket" which contained the precious relics of the beloved sister and friend. There had been heavy storms all day, but as the service ended, *the sunshine came*, and a chorus of birds burst forth—emblematic of her bright and glorious entrance into that mansion prepared for her, where sorrow and sighing, which she labored here to mitigate, can never come.

THE HORRORS OF VIVISECTION.

MR. BERGH, the courageous and indefatigable President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in a letter to the *New York Herald* gives the following examples of the nameless barbarities which he wants to be prohibited by law. The facts are taken from the accounts of the experimenters themselves:

"Magendie once nailed a sensitive little spaniel by its four paws and its long silky ears to the table that he might show to his delighted pupils how to separate the nerves of the eyes, the sawing of the skull, the cutting of the spine, and the laying open of the different sets of nerves, retaining the groaning animal until the next day!

"Claude Bernard, who died a couple of years since, and went to answer at the bar of Heaven for his revolting cruelties, invented a stove to observe the slow death by heat of warm-blooded animals. In his book he describes the agonies of seventeen dogs and twenty-two rabbits which he had thus slowly baked alive!

"Professor Fyfe, of Edinburgh, once fastened a beautiful spaniel by its feet, making a hole through its nose with a red-hot iron, through which he passed a thong to hold it more securely. He cut open its chest and belly to show his pupils the intestinal organs. The expression of agony when the animal showed its white teeth in its efforts to resist, according to an eye-witness, was most horrible!

"Professor, or, more properly speaking, the Bavarian Bracket, of Paris, once dug his own dog's eyes out, then destroyed its hearing, and tortured it in every conceivable way, but, in spite of all this, the friendly creature licked the murderous hands of its fiendish master to the very last. This same scientific devil, who sacrificed no less than 200 dogs in similar experiments, once cut open the womb of a pregnant bitch in order to establish the important fact that the dying mother would lick the young ones while thus being brought into the world.

"Professor Schiff, of Florence, so infuriated public opinion against him that he was obliged to flee to Geneva. He dissected alive 700 dogs annually, and in his book he thus coolly remarks: 'With many dogs, on their arrival at my laboratory, I am obliged to cut the nerves of the voice, lest their nightly concert may bring my studies into bad repute.' Dr. Werthein, of Vienna, killed thirty dogs in 1867 by pouring boiling water on five of them, and the other twenty-five he saturated with turpentine; so that the first were boiled and the others roasted alive.

"At the veterinary school of Alfort, near Lyons, 'deeds without a name' are daily performed. Injured or old horses which have served man faithfully and untiringly for a lifetime are subjected to thirty or sixty experiments, such as boring the frontal cavity, amputating limbs, piercing the eyes, tearing off the hoofs—and all this is done under the pretext of giving manual skill to the students!

"Dr. Murdock relates one of his experiences: 'A little chestnut mare, worn out in the service of man, had survived the numerous tortures of one day, and no longer resembled any creature on earth. Her thighs had been cut open; the skin torn away, ploughed through with hot irons, harrowed with dozens of setons; the sinews cut through, the hoofs torn off and the eyes pierced. In this blind and powerless condition the miserable creature was placed, amid shouts of laughter by the students, upon its bleeding feet to show those present what human skill could perform before death could release their victim.'

"The celebrated Baron Von Weber in an autograph letter to me assures me 'that the greater part of the experiments on animals are now devoted toward the brain and its reference to the nervous system; and hence the poor animals, while being tortured to death, are not even allowed the benefit of anæsthetics, as these would interfere with the inferences drawn from experiments.' This latter fact has been repeatedly admitted to me by leading surgeons of this city, advocates of vivisection."

Mr. Bergh quotes the authority of the distinguished surgeons Nélaton, Sir William Ferguson, and Sir Charles Bell—"that of every thousand of these experiments scarcely a tenth part is of the smallest value to science or medicine, and that the remaining nine hundred must be considered as entirely useless and worthless."

"Useless and worthless" suffering inflicted on the animal world stamps the perpetrators as men devoid of godliness, for "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."—Prov. 12 : 10.

"TILL HE COME."

AMONG the sights of Venice may be seen a very beautiful monument in the form of a *pyramid*. A full-length figure of a sleeping maiden reclines at the foot, leaning against the partially opened gates of the tomb. Beside her stands an angel, with eyes intently gazing into the distance, and holding in his hand a trumpet. Lo! he watches the first approach of our coming Lord, in order to raise the trumpet to his lips, and peal forth such a loud triumphal sound as shall awaken those who are sleeping "till He come."

What reflections crowd the mind when gazing on this work of art! Are we waiting for the return of our Lord? Are we living as if we expected His coming? Are our lamps burning, and oil in our vessels with our lamps?

In the churchyard of Hurstmonceaux, not far from the venerable ruin of that name, we were much struck by a short quotation from Scripture on the tombstone of one well known and loved, whose life is so graphically pictured in "The Annals of a Quiet Life."

"*Till He come*" was the simple yet pregnant inscription on the tombstone. Well did it express the faith, hope, and love of the departed!

When we awake in the morning how blessed to have our first thoughts of the Lord Jesus, to be able to look in God's face without a cloud or shadow to mar our communion with Him; to live during the day, moment by moment, with a conscience void of offence toward God and man. Should any thing disturb our joy in God, to flee at once to Him with full confession, to receive full restoration, and to lay ourselves down at night with a heart that does not condemn us.

A dying saint, whose departure was near at hand, being asked, "What is your hope for the future?" replied with a beaming smile of faith and love. "Christ *there*," she said, laying her hand on her Bible; "Christ *here*," she repeated, laying her hand on her heart; "Christ *there*," she added, pointing to heaven, and gazing steadfastly upward. In the *word* of God we find Christ. He is ours in all the promises of the Gospel. In our *hearts* we joyfully receive Christ. And Him we hope to enjoy forever in heaven. We are to *wait* His return from heaven as an event actually near, and that may occur at *any time* (Luke 21 : 34).

Queen Victoria's Reign of Forty-two Years has witnessed remarkable changes. She has outlived by several years every bishop and every judge whom she found seated on those benches in England, Scotland, and Ireland. She has witnessed the funeral of every Premier who has served under her except Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, and she has commissioned as many as eight successive Premiers to form no less than thirteen different administrations.

THE CIRCLE.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, October 19th, 1879.

"It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."
—Isaiah 40 : 22.

The Circle God's Favorite Figure—The Giant's Causeway—The Course of the World a Circle—Its History a Circle—As in the Material so in the Spiritual—The Circuit of Jezebel's Career—The Circle of Government—The Clock of the Ages—Fruit after Many Days—The Expense of Burning Latimer—Retribution in a Circle—The Circle Turns Quickly—The Judgment Day the Joining Point—The Circle of Influence—Paul's Circle—Voltaire's—The Theory Glad and Sad—God can Break the Circle—Things that Slip God's Memory——The Circle in Heaven—Every Circle has its Centre—Christ the Heavenly Centre.

While yet people thought that the world was flat, and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah, in my text, intimated the shape of it, God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on *the plan of a circle.*

There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles; but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere where you find Him geometrizing, you find the circle dominant, and if not the circle, then the curve, which is a circle that died young! If it had lived long enough, it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An ellipse is a circle pressed only a little too hard at the sides.

Giant's Causeway in Ireland shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over thirty-five thousand columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and by compass. Every artist has his moulding room, where he may make fifty shapes; but he chooses one shape as preferable to all the others. I will not say that the Giant's Causeway was the world's moulding room, but I do say, out of a great many figures, God seems to have selected the circle as the best.

"It is He that sitteth on the circle of the earth." The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, and the throne of God the centre of that circle.

When men build churches, they ought to imitate the idea of the Great Architect, and put the audience in a circle, knowing that the tides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God flung this world out of His right hand; but He did not throw it out in a straight line, but curvilinear, with a leash of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from His hand pure and Edenic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice and distemper. How long it will roll God only knows, but it will in due time make complete circuit and come back to the place where it started—the hand of God, pure and Edenic.

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly? It is because men are imitating the old model of Noah's ark. A ship carpenter gives that as his opinion. Although so much derided by small wits, that ship of Noah's time beat the Gallia and the Arizona, of which we boast so much. Where is the ship on the sea to-day that could outride a deluge in which the heaven and the earth were wrecked, landing all the passengers in safety?—two of each kind of living creatures, hundreds of thousands of species.

Pomology will go on with its achievements, until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the Paradisical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best, in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arborescence of the year one. If the makers of colored glass go on improving, they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York Minster, which was built in 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists; but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men.

If the world continues to improve in masonry, we shall have after a while, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw this summer in the wall of an exhumed English city, built in the time of the Romans, sixteen hundred years ago—that mortar to-day as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years, masonry may advance to that point.

If the world stands long enough, we may have a city as large as they had in old times. Babylon, five times the size of London. You go into the potteries in England, and you find them making cups and vases after the style of the cups and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh no! but it is swinging in a circle, and will come back to the styles of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeii.

The world must keep on progressing until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction, the curve will keep on until it becomes the circle.

Well now, my friends, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turns, and if it turns, it turns around, and if it turns around it moves in a circle.

What then! Are we parts of a great iron machine whirled around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No! So far from that, I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions, and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention it be hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years; but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth.

Jezebel, the worst woman of the Bible—Shakespeare copying his "Lady Macbeth" from her picture—slew Naboth because she wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth, Ezekiel the prophet put down his compass, and marked a circle from those dogs clear around to the dogs that should eat the body of Jezebel the murderess. "Impossible!" the people said; "that will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window? Jezebel. A few hours after they came around, hoping to bury her. They find only the palms of the hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Jezebel and the dogs that devoured Naboth. Oh! what a swift, what an awful circuit!

THE CIRCLE OF GOVERNMENT.

But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century, or through many centuries. The world started with a theocracy for government; that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theocracy. They said, "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world; give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After a while, the limited monarchy will be given up, and *the republican form of government* will be everywhere dominant and recognized.

Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then, all nations finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out again for a theocracy, and say, "*Let God come back* and conduct the affairs of the world." Every step—monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy, only different steps between the first theocracy and the last theocracy, or segments of the great circle of the earth on which God sits.

But do not become impatient because cannot see the curve of events, and there conclude that God's government is going break down. History tells us that in the m ing of the Pyramids it took two thousand two years to drag one great stone from quarry and put it into the Pyramids. now, if men short-lived can afford to work slowly as that, cannot God in *the building of eternities* afford to wait? What though should take ten thousand years to draw a cir Shall we take our little watch, which we hav wind up every night lest it run down, and h it up beside

THE CLOCK OF ETERNAL AGES?

If, according to the Bible, a thousand years in God's sight as one day, then accordin that calculation the six thousand years of world's existence has been only to God as f Monday to Saturday. But it is often the that the rebound is quicker, the return is n quicker than that. The circle is sooner c pleted.

You resolve that you will do what good can. In one week you put a word of couns the heart of a Sabbath-school child. Du that same week you give a letter of introduc to a young man struggling in business. Du the same week you make an exhortation prayer-meeting. It is all gone; you will n hear of it perhaps, you think.

A few years after a man comes up to you says, "You don't know me, do you?" say, "No, I don't remember ever to have you." "Why," he says, "I was in the Sabl school class over which you were the teac one Sunday you invited me to Christ; I ac ed the offer; you see that church with two ers yonder?" "Yes," you say. He says, " is where I preach," or, "Do you see that ernor's house? That is where I live."

One day a man comes to you and says, " morning." You look at him and say, " you have the advantage of me: I cannot you." He says, "don't you remember t years ago giving a letter of introduction young man—a letter of introduction to M H. Grinnell?" "Yes, yes, I do." He "I am the man; that was my first step to a fortune; but I have retired from bus now, and am giving my time to philanthr and public interests. Come up to Yonker see me."

Or a man comes to you and says, "I wa introduce myself to you. I went into a pr meeting in Brooklyn some years ago; back by the door; you arose to make an e tation; that talk changed the course of my and if I ever get to heaven, under God owe my salvation to you." In only ten, tw or thirty years, the circle swept out and back again to your own grateful heart.

But sometimes it is a wider circle, and not return for a great while. I saw

A BILL OF EXPENSES

for burning Latimer and Ridley. The b expenses says:

One load of firs fagots..........	3s. 4a
Cartage for four loads of wood...	2s.
Item, a post,......	1s. 4a
Item, two chains	3s. 4a
Item, two staples..............	6a
Item, four laborers............	2s. 8

That was *cheap fire*, considering all the ci stances; but it kindled a light which sho around the world and aroused the martyr and out from that burning of Latimer an ley rolled the circle wider and wider, st other circles, convoluting, overrunning, c scribing, overarching all heaven—a circle.

A CIRCLE OF SLANDER.

But what is true of the good is just as t the bad. You utter a slander against neighbor. It has gone forth from your teet will never come back, you think. You hav the man all the mischief you can. You r to see him wince. You say, "Didn't I giv him!" That word has gone out, that sl your word, on its poisonous and blasted way. You think it will never do you any harm.

But I am watching that word, and I see it beginning to curve, and it curves around, and it is coming at your heart. *You had better dodge it.* You cannot dodge it. It rolls into your bosom, and after it rolls in a word of an old book which says, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

You maltreat *an aged parent*. You begrudge him the room in your house. You are impatient of his whimsicalities and garrulity. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot masticate. You wish he was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to stop. But God has *an account to settle* with you on that subject.

After a while, your eye will be dim, and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the same story twice, and your children will wonder if you are going to live forever, and wonder if you will never be taken away. They called you "father" once; now they call you *the "old man."* If you live a few years longer, they will call you *the "old thing."*

What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father forty years ago. What is that which you are trying to chew, but find it unmasticable and your jaws ache, and you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gave to your father for his breakfast forty years ago?

A gentleman passing along the street saw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at his brutal conduct, was about to punish the elder, when the old man arose and said: "Don't hurt him; it's all right; forty years ago this morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head!" It is a circle.

RETRIBUTION IN A CIRCLE.

My father lived into the eighties, and he had a very wide experience, and he said that maltreatment of parents was always punished in this world. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world, but maltreatment of parents punished in this world.

The circle turns quickly, very quickly. Oh! what a stupendous thought that the good and the evil we start come back to us. Do you think that the judgment day will be only

THE POINTS AT WHICH THE CIRCLES JOIN,

the good and the bad we have done coming back to us unless divine intervention hinder—coming back to us with welcome of delight or curse of condemnation.

Oh! I would like to see Paul, the invalid missionary, at the moment when his influence comes to full orb—his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries, through twenty centuries, through all the succeeding centuries, through earth, through heaven; and at last, the wave of influence having made full circuit, strikes his great soul. Oh! then I would like to see him. No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of his influence, save the One who is seated on the circle of the earth. I should not want to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at eighty-three years of age his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all his faculties for assaulting Christianity; his bad influence widening through France, widening out through Germany, widening through all Europe, widening through America, widening through the one hundred and one years that have gone by since he died, widening through earth, widening through hell; until at last the accumulated influence of his bad life in the surge of omnipotent wrath will beat against his destroyed spirit, and at that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness turn white with the horror. No one can tell how that bad man's influence girdled the earth save the One who is seated on the circle of the earth—the Lord Almighty.

"Well now," say people in this audience, "this in some respects is a very glad theory, and in others a very sad one; we would like to have all the good we have ever done come back to us, but the thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us, fills us with affright." My brother, I have to tell you

GOD CAN BREAK THAT CIRCLE,

and will do so at your call. I can bring twenty passages of Scripture to prove that when God for Christ's sake forgives a man, the sins of his past life never come back. The wheel may roll on and roll on, but you take your position behind the cross and the wheel strikes the cross and is shattered forever. The sins fly off from the circle into the perpendicular, falling at right angles with complete oblivion.

FORGIVEN! FORGIVEN!

The meanest thing a man can do is, after some difficulty has been settled, to bring it up again; and God will not be so mean as that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip His memory, one thing He is sure to forget, and that is pardoned transgression. How do I know it? I will prove it. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Come into that state this morning, my dear brother, my dear sister. "Blessed is the one whose transgressions are forgiven."

THE CIRCLE IN HEAVEN.

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this life; it rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the city of heaven. He says it "lieth four square." That does seem to militate against this idea; but you know there is many a square house that has a *family circle* facing each other, and in a circle moving, and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven.

St. John says: "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders." And again he says: "I saw round about the throne four and twenty seats." Again he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne." The two former instances a circle; the last, either a circle or a semicircle. The seats facing each other, the angels facing each other, the men facing each other. Heaven an amphitheatre of glory. Circumference of patriarch and prophet and apostle. Circumference of Scotch Covenanters and Theban legion and Albigenses. Circumference of the good of all ages. Periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumference must have

A CENTRE,

and what is the centre of this heavenly circumference? Christ. His all the glory. His all the praise. His all the crowns. All heaven wreathed into a garland round about Him.

Take off the imperial sandal from His foot, and behold the scar of the spike. Lift the coronet of dominion from His brow, and see where was the laceration of the briers. Come closer, all heaven. Narrow the circle around His great heart. O Christ, the Saviour! O Christ, the man! O Christ, the God! Keep Thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the circle of the heaven.

"On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

The Thug's Penances.—The Thugs are a horrible Indian sect, the chief feature in whose "religion" consists in joining parties of travellers and seizing an opportunity of strangling them all. Miss Drake, a missionary from India, tells the following story of one who by robbery and murder had made a good deal of money: "As he grew old he thought he must do something to prepare for death. He consulted an aged Brahmin, and was told he should pay a quantity of money to some shrine. He did so, but felt no peace. He asked again, 'What shall I do?' and was advised to go to some holy tank and drink the water (green, stagnant, and filthy). He did it, but found no relief in his mind. Again he consulted the Brahmin, and was advised to walk so many hundred miles on sharp iron points. This done he was no better than before. Once more he went to the Brahmin, and was told to wear an iron cage on his head, so fixed as never to be removed, and simply with a hole to admit food. This he did, and bore it for about a year. Then he visited a village where a missionary was preaching, and he listened, thinking it was some other god of whom he had never heard. After the service he questioned the missionary, and told him that he was such a sinner and could get no peace.

"The missionary explained the way of life, and told him that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' The Thug had heard of men giving their blood for their gods, but never of God giving His blood for men. He eagerly inquired if this blood would cleanse from the sin of murder. 'Yes,' he was told, 'it will.' 'But will it of two murders?' 'Yes.' And again the text was repeated. Fearing to disclose the dread amount of his sins, yet eager for this salvation, he gradually mounted higher and higher. 'Will it cleanse from the sin of five, ten, fifteen,' and at last he cried, 'of *fifty murders?*' 'Yes,' he was assured, 'it will.' He dropped down, and then and there, with true repentance and faith, yielded himself to God, and found that peace and pardon he had so long vainly sought. His iron cage was thrown aside, and he went, like a flame of fire, preaching from village to village the story of salvation through Christ."

Stockwell Girls' Orphanage.—On October 1st, in the afternoon, about three thousand persons assembled in the large play-hall of Mr. Spurgeon's Boys' Ophanage, Stockwell, to take part in proceedings connected with a new girls' orphanage, which will comprise ten houses, to be built on the extensive grounds known as The Hawthorns, and which is only separated now by a small meadow from the boys' institution. The whole sum for the purchase of The Hawthorns (4000*l.*) has been subscribed, and there now only remains to be contributed a further amount of 1300*l.* so as to enable the trustees to acquire the piece of meadow already alluded to. The foundation-stone of the girls' orphanage will be laid in the spring, but in the mean time children are to be admitted temporarily to the house just acquired. When the orphanage is complete it will contain 250 girls, all of whom will be taught to be domestic servants, a commodity at the present day as scarce as good mistresses. In the evening a large meeting was held in the grounds, which were brilliantly illuminated. During the afternoon and evening the total number of persons present was nearly ten thousand.

An Eastern Philosopher made a Large Mirror, in a beautiful frame, and hung it up in his parlor. A dog went before it, and ruffled up his hair, growled and showed his teeth. The cat came in and immediately went and looked behind to find the other cat. A simpleton came in, and seeing the mirror, began to congratulate the artist on his good luck. "What a happy accident!" said he. "Now you can see how you look; and can shave without cutting your face." "Friend," said the artist, "it was not an accident. It was to see my face in it that I made it." The mirror is material creation that reflects its Maker. The simpleton is he who thinks it became what it is *accidentally*.

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE.

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from p.* 823.)

Arthur Lemaire brings News of Percival's Position to his Friend Alick—Alick uses strong Language concerning the Informer—He discovers Mickey Haley's Treachery—Rowley Quinn travels in a Steam Coach for the first Time—Rowley and Alick visit Jimmy Mehaffy in Prison, in Dublin—Jemmy has a Gentleman's Life in Gaol—His Ingenuity called forth to beguile his Solitude—The Lesson of Jemmy's Experience—He devotes his Attention to Music—He attracts the Warder's Notice.

the floors and walls of granite, dimly lighted by a small window far above his head, which was well secured by strong stanchion bars of iron. Percival threw a rapid glance around the cold, bare dungeon, and not until then did his imagination fully take in his change of circumstances.

"A PRISONER!" thought Percival. "Am I really so, or is it all only an unpleasant dream—a vision of the night?" Was this solitary cell, chill, silent, and desolate, a mere phantom of the mind, or was he in truth a lonely prisoner? Was he no longer at liberty, as he had been from childhood, to go and come as he pleased, and pass into the open air, and enjoy the freshness and beauty of God's world, but was his person in the inexorable hold of others?—these narrow stone walls the limit of his freedom, and the low arched roof of his cell the substitute forced upon him for the azure and spangled vault of heaven? Was he severed as one dead from his home and the companionship of those he loved, and, above all, deprived of the presence of one dearer than life?—and had he instead only this utter isolation, where his heart had no fellowship but with its own burning thoughts and outraged feelings?—for he had been flung into this gaol under some gross mistake, or in the belief of some malignant falsehood.

He sank upon his rude prison pallet, and, in an overpowering sense of the heinous wrong done him, felt for some moments as though his heart would break; but, soon recovering his manhood, he sprang to his feet, saying, "Hold! is this my fortitude?—this my submission to what, for some wise purpose, Heaven has allowed? It is true I am in this dungeon under some unrighteous plea; but am I the first that has thus wrongfully suffered? No, nor the first after ten times ten thousand. O Saviour Divine," he added, raising his eyes upward, "Thy whole life on earth was an experience of suffering wrongfully, and Thou didst not resent Thy lot nor revile Thy injurers. Give me, Thou holy and gentle Saviour Jesus, something of Thy meek patience and long-suffering. Resting on Thy sympathy and love, may I have strength to bear this evil, and in Thy own good time may I come forth from the furnace of trial disciplined for Thy service, and purified. I know I am sinful and unworthy, but then, Lord, however undeserving I may have been as regards Thee—and I acknowledge my guilt—Thou knowest, Saviour Divine, I have given no cause of offence to my country or her laws that this heavy cloud which now so oppresses should pass over me. O Lord, Head over all, Thou art the vindicator of the injured and the oppressed. Bring forth, then, my righteousness as the light, and my judgment as the noonday."

What would the greatly wronged and falsely accused do in this world of mistake and injustice if there were no Divine ruler to appeal to, if the universe had no God, and that all above and around us were cold fate and iron destiny? Atheism may do, perhaps, in times of ease and quietness, though we hardly think it, but it would appal and crush the heart in times of oppression and trouble. He who under any pretence seeks to deprive mankind of their faith in a prayer-hearing God, and would teach men that this poor jangled world, with its burden of sorrow and woe, has no divine purpose in it, deserves not only the ridicule but the hatred of mankind; and were it possible for Atheism to become rampant for a season, we believe, with a modern writer, that soon, unable to endure it, "mankind would rise in their godlike might and tear its flimsy arguments to tatters, and sweep it like a hideous nightmare from the earth."

Percival, at all events, without a living trust in God, would have had but a forlorn and wretched time of it in his lonely cell. He would, we doubt not, have resisted as a fiery dart of Satan any suggestion to unbelief; but sustained by faith, though for a moment his heart had sunk within him as overcome by human wrong, he soon recovered his equanimity when he took his cause to Christ and poured his tale of sorrow into the ear of his Father in heaven. After all he felt he was not alone; there was one with a heart of infinite love near him—aye, more near than the dearest on earth could be; not a whisper of his burdened spirit would be lost, not a sigh, though unnoticed by his fellows, would pass unpitied. In prayer he could speak as to a present friend, and sweet repose would come in the experience of a love untold, and a "peace that passeth understanding."

Not only was this Percival's reflection, it was his deeply felt experience; so that, calmed and tranquillized and even blessed, he passed his first night in gaol in long and refreshing slumber, and that upon the not too comfortable bed of his narrow cell.

We must now return for a little to Lucie Lemaire, whom we left standing on the pathway of the road when she parted from Percival, and who, we remember, kept gazing after him, even after his form had disappeared. "O Percival!" she said, "my Percival! may God keep you and comfort you; into His hands in Christ's name I commit thy righteous cause, and I know He can and will deliver thee. But then," she added, still speaking to herself, "I have something to do in this matter—Percival's injunctions must be executed."

Turning her back upon the path her lover had taken, she hastened back to the house of her father.

"Arthur," she said, as soon as she saw her brother, "Arthur, I am so glad you are at home; I have a request from Percival to you. He asks you to tell Alick Gogharty what has happened."

It is said that as a rule brothers do not take a very absorbing interest in those who pay what goes by the name of "special attentions" to their sisters, and it may be that this partly accounts for the somewhat cool manner in which Arthur received his sister's eager intimation. It is true Percival was more than a wooer of Lucy Lemaire—was engaged to her; but in addition to the general declared indifference of young men to those who would be their brothers-in-law, another thing operated to make Arthur careless of Lucie's request.

During her absence Mr. Lemaire had poured into his son's ears what he had read in Mickey Haley's sworn deposition, and had told him how those special charges were confirmed by detective Fox's additional statements. Arthur Lemaire, of a proud spirit, had, as a matter of course, a sensitive regard for the honor and reputation of his father's family; and believing there must be, at all events, some foundation for the charges made against Percival, he felt some considerable umbrage that the fair fame of the Lemaires should be compromised by its connection in any way with a denounced disloyalist and rebel.

"Upon my word," said he to his father, "I don't like the look of this business at all—not a bit. That fellow Percival's escapade will make it not at all pleasant for us, and it is most unfortunate that my sister Lucie has had any thing to do with him. It is true there are several nice things about Percival—I don't deny that—and not the least that he will be soon famously rich; and yet, again, there were some of his ways and doings and sayings that, for my part, I could never altogether comprehend. One thin never could understand, his love for those dre ful Confederate songs—the poetry and musi which I admit were fair enough—that he used often to get Lucie to play and sing, nor his ad cacy of what he called the rights of Irish tena The whole mystery of this is now, howe quite plain. His heart all through was w John Mitchell and his wicked faction, and h no person to be so familiar as he has been w the Lemaires.

"Where's Lucie, father? I must see h and insist upon her breaking off from this forth all connection with this, to say the le most politically mistaken and imprudent fell It would never do, father, for you, a Ca official, to seem to sanction any connection w him, and we must, as a family, completely promptly break from him."

He was told by Mr. Lemaire that Lucie gone out he knew not whither, but he stron suspected that it was to seek an interview w Percival Montaigne. "Indeed," he said, remember she told me she would warn him the warrant out for his arrest."

Arthur Lemaire, leaving the room in s dudgeon at Lucie's conduct in clinging to cival, had been waiting impatiently for his ter's return home, that he might impose u her, with a brother's high authority in suc case, his stern request—almost his comma to have no more to do with Percival. He therefore, in no very amiable condition of m when Lucie, laying hold of his arm, eag communicated to him the request of which was the bearer.

"When did Mr. Montaigne give you message?" asked Arthur, rather haugh "Why didn't he come with it himself? Ah knew a trick worth two of that, Lucie! H you, like a silly girl, been to him to give the hint—I mean, securing for him a good s of the police? It was wrong of you; it was deed, Lucie. Your duty rather was to help authorities to seize him. Loyal Irishwo you know, dear girl, should not give aid or c fort to rebels."

Lucie at these words threw from her hold brother's arm, and drew back from him, the of anger flashing in her eyes.

"Arthur!" she cried, "Arthur! this *you!*—lying charges against Percival from —cruel defamation of the innocent and from *you!*—belief of perjured falsehood *you!* I could not have believed it, and your desertion of Percival fills me, Arthur, shame and anger."

"But, Lucie," said Arthur, persuasively his sister's protest had somewhat subdued "if Mr. Montaigne be so innocent as you to make me believe, why has he beaten a retreat, and at your intelligence made off himself? Innocent men don't act, my dear in that way. This cowardly flight is as goo a confession of his guilt."

Lucie at this speech saw how completely had been Percival's resolve to deliver hi up to the authorities, and she experienced s remorse at a little secret displeasure she had that Percival would not fly as she had entre him. But, putting aside every feeling of kind for the present, she employed with po ful effect the arguments which her brot erroneous supposition had furnished her.

"Who told you, Arthur," she asked, s fully, "that Percival had fled, and refuse meet face to face his accusers? Who told I repeat, that he has absconded? Nothing prompted the idea, Arthur, but your own worthy estimate and alse judgment of whose nobility of character, permit me to you have not had the discrimination or ciousness to perceive. I can tell you, Ar you are altogether and miserably mistaken that you are only the victim of your own sh ful delusions!" and there was a ring of tumely and scorn in her words that made A quail. "I can inform you that Percival ha sought safety in flight; that Percival di grew pale with alarm, did not play the coward, as, perhaps, sir, you would, when I told him of the pursuers after him! No, he did not hesitate in his resolve for a single moment; he has gone to meet his false accusers that you tell me be as shunned, and, like the brave, innocent man that he is—which makes me more than I can tell you proud of him—he has gone to fling back into their faces the infamous charges of his enemies.

"I therefore call upon you, Arthur," she added, to retract every base insinuation that you have levelled at my Percival. Your own reasoning, Arthur, should, in decency and honor, compel you to this, for, according to your own argument, if flight would prove guilt, the bold and prompt surrender which Percival has made should be a demonstration even to you of his entire innocence. But, Arthur, I have no time now for further controversy. Will you carry to Mr. Alick Gogharty or not the words of Percival? It would be but a small compensation for the wrong which, in your own unworthy thoughts, you have done him. Will you, Arthur, start for Trinity, and at once? for if not, I will bear the message myself. College rooms, I know, are no place for a young lady to visit; but risking, for the sake of him I love, a little unamiable talk, perhaps, from busy and censorious tongues, if you, my brother, will not be the bearer of this message, I will deliver to Mr. Gogharty what Percival has told me."

Arthur Lemaire was considerably shaken by his sister's remonstrances, and his hasty verdict of Percival's guilt began to work in him some remorse. He felt, too, that by his erroneous idea of Percival's flight, and his remarks upon it, he had committed himself, and his sister's reasoning, therefore, was an *argumentum ad hominem* which it was impossible for him effectually to parry.

He saw, however, that if he would not take the message to Alick Gogharty his sister was resolved to be herself the bearer, and he felt with her that there would be something unseemly in such an act—something to offend Mrs. Grundy's sense of propriety and set unnumbered tongues at work; so, with a show of conferring a great favor, he agreed to do what Lucie had asked him.

(*To be continued.*)

HELP FOR WORKERS.

An Address to the Students and Faculty of Brooklyn Lay College, delivered Oct. 13th, 1879, by Rev. James A. Spurgeon.

A Useful Exercise—Thinking on the Legs—The Pastor's College—The Way to treat Doubters—Benefit of Thinking for Themselves—The Uses of the Class Room—The Pulpit not the Place for Discussion—Sowing Thistle Seed—Two Grand Objects—A Hatful of Eyes Spoiled—An Anxious Time—Good Workshops Necessary for Good Work.

I FIND myself in a predicament which reminds me of what I have often seen in our Lay College at the Tabernacle in London. We have there an exercise for the students which is by no means the least interesting and even amusing of the departments of work; it is that of speaking not only extemporaneously, but without premeditation.

The students assemble in the lecture-room, knowing that each one must deliver an address, but not knowing on what subject the address will be. At the opening of the proceedings a subject is announced; sometimes it is of a theological character, sometimes with a social or even a political bearing. But whatever the subject be, every student is expected to rise in his turn and express his views upon it. As no time is allowed for preparation, there is often considerable embarrassment, and not a little blundering, especially among those new to the exercise.

The blundering, however, receives very kindly treatment, and the exercise is altogether of great advantage. It teaches the young men how to do their thinking on their legs. We never lose sight, and we never allow them to lose sight, of the fact that to preach good and useful sermons it is necessary to spend much time in preparation. But we also desire that they should be able if an unexpected opportunity occurs for them to say any thing for the Lord, that they may be able to say it without preparation, and to say it effectively.

I have during the past few days had little time for preparation, scarcely any time even for thinking, so that now beyond wishing you very heartily God-speed in your work, I am in very much the same predicament as some young men I have seen standing up in our college class, with scarcely a word to say.

THE PASTOR'S COLLEGE.

You will, however, I am sure, be glad to learn what we are doing in London in the same department as you are doing here. We have in our college 110 students, entirely sustained by the College, and preparing for the work of the Lord. We have about 300 more who devote themselves to general literary training and instruction, and fitting themselves for religious work as teachers in Sunday-schools and other Christian labors. These students are engaged in secular occupations, and have consecrated themselves in evenings and other odd hours to special Christian work.

The training of the Lay College puts better weapons into the hands of young men. The man who comes to his training with dull and clumsy implements will soon become disgusted with his tools, but he should be trained to use them well until he is able to use more effective ones. Then he comes out altogether a better man, better fitted for his work, and able to do double the quantity he was doing before.

Most men too can do a better work if you can show them *a better way* of doing it. Young men will think—and I hope all American young men do think—young men will think themselves into a fog, into a snarl, and then because they see no way of escape they are apt to think there is no way. Young men of that stamp do not stand in need of scolding or harsh treatment of any kind. I have seen young men in this condition driven into scepticism and infidelity by lecturing and scolding. They want some one who will take them by the hand and say, "I can sympathize with you; I know that doubt; I have had it, and I fought with it, and I can tell you how I conquered it. There is nothing in it."

Young men who are the subject of discipline of this nature, who are the prey of doubts, often turn out the best men afterwards. I dislike that sort of young man who says, "Yes, yes, I am of your opinion." I like to hear a man say, "I do not see with you there; I am not clear about that; I should like to hear your reasons for your opinion." I have some hopes of a young man who thinks things out for himself. The young man who has been through a discipline of severe mental struggle is a better man than if he had not gone through it.

Then of course there are always rising up certain questions of the day which will be discussed, whatever hesitation there may be in many quarters about discussing them. Now the class-room of a college like this, is the very place for those discussions. There they can be ventilated, looked at in the face fearlessly, and set at rest. Do not fear that the faith is going to be thrown down by bubbles of that sort. These things become dangerous only as they are feared and as discussion of them is repressed and free thought stiffed.

At the same time I think *the pulpit is not the place* for such discussion. I believe much evil has been done by bringing difficult and abstruse questions into the pulpit and discussing them briefly and partially before a mixed congregation. It is like sowing *thistle seed* for the purpose of showing how well you can cut off thistle heads. In doing this you may be doing Satan's work instead of your Master's.

Those most likely to be affected by these questions are your young men. They move about in the world, and meet sceptical men who bring their doubts before them; it is therefore wise that they should be prepared by previous consideration and discussion to deal with them intelligently and faithfully. A discussion in the class-room reveals the weak places in an objection, and gives a knowledge of its bearings which could not be easily obtained in any other way. I think that is one of the objects of this college as it is of the Pastor's College.

But the objects are not detective and preventive only: a part of the design is to increase the number of workers, and to increase their capacity for work. I remember hearing of a celebrated oculist who was complimented on the skill with which he performed a difficult operation. He said, "Yes, I do it well now, but I remember I spoiled *a whole hatful of eyes* before I learned how to do it." Many a congregation has been spoiled by having experiments tried upon it which should have been performed in private and out of sight.

Another object of the Lay College is to reveal to the young men their latent abilities, and to develop those abilities. This is a grand work for any band of men to undertake. I hesitate to say any thing in this country about education. Your system is far in advance of ours, and your public schools are vastly superior to ours. But in *this particular line* it is possible we may be in advance of you. We have carried on our pastor's college for twenty years, and it has become a grand success.

We have found no difficulty in securing young men as students, and of late years we have had no difficulty in obtaining the necessary funds. I remember the time when we had often to call the students together for prayer and not for study. We had to say to them, "The funds in hand are only sufficient for a few days, and we must pray for them to be replenished." Well, the needed help always came, and lately there has never been a time when the funds were so low as to cause anxiety. But we do not forget the time when money was a pressing question with us.

I understand you are sometimes in a similar condition. I am surprised at that. I thought that whatever was lacking in America it was not money. Everybody here seems so prosperous, and there seems such an abundance of money, that there ought to be no difficulty in placing the Brooklyn Lay College on a successful and permanent basis. I heartily hope that you may be able to secure your new building and to proceed successfully with your work.

But for success in this and any work it is essential that you have fit appliances. I am very fond of flowers, and I know if I am to have them I must give my gardener *flower-pots.* I may give him seeds, and I may give him soil, but if I do not give him flower-pots I shall not have the flowers. He must have the necessary appliances. I notice that in your houses you have all the newest improvements and contrivances for saving work. Now in the old country we are content to do the ordinary work of our homes in the same way as it was done a hundred years ago, but you positively revel in your wealth of invention for increasing comfort and saving labor. Now it should not be said that while your homes are models in this respect, the Lord's house is neglected. Our friends here would no doubt go on with their work anywhere, even if they did it in a cellar. But it would not be good work. The churches want good work, and if you are to supply it, you must have a good workshop. Well, I hope you will get your good workshop, and the best appliances for the Lord's work here. They cannot be too good in this case, and I have no doubt you say sometimes as I do, "*The best* is good enough for me." May you succeed in the noble enterprise in which you are engaged, and may the hand of the Lord be manifested in carrying on the work to the glory of His name!

A work by one of the professors of the college was then presented to Mr. Spurgeon by Dr. Ingersoll, and Dr. Lord, on behalf of a number of ladies, presented him with a handsome bouquet of flowers.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, October 15th, at **4.50 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Elections in Ohio have Issued in a Decisive Republican victory. So far as has been ascertained, Mr. Foster, the Republican candidate for Governor, appears to have been elected by a majority of about twenty thousand votes. Democrats are astonished at the result, and even Republicans are surprised at the large total of the vote. This is an unequivocal answer to the questions at issue between the two parties so far as Ohio is concerned. The defeated candidate was a popular man, whose war record recommended him to the electors *in that State*, and his general personal character rendered him a more acceptable candidate than his victorious rival. The elements, therefore, which have gone to make up the result must be sought for elsewhere than in the two contestants themselves, and it is clear that those elements are to be found *in the principles* of which the men were the local representatives. The Republican party appears to be thoroughly organized in Ohio, and if that State is in any way representative, Democrats must make up their minds that they will obtain little support from bolters in the forthcoming elections. If any advantages are to be snatched from the Republican party, it will be necessary in the Democratic conventions to select men of unimpeachable record, universally acceptable to every branch of the party, and to rely entirely on internal support, and not balancing Democratic losses against possible gains from disaffected branches of the opposite forces.

The Indian Problem.—At the Episcopal Missionary Conference, October 17th, the solution of the Indian problem was the theme of several very severe criticisms on the United States Government. The Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Giesy, of Connecticut, took the ground that the idea of making a treaty with races within the jurisdiction of the United States was simply absurd. He thought something might be learned from the success of the British Government in the treatment of alien races, and a great deal from its mistakes, which had been many, and sometimes disastrous. First of all, it was necessary to disregard the community system among the Indians and to cease treating with them as powers. Each individual must be made to understand his responsibility to the laws as an individual. He must learn that if he committed murder he would be punished just as the white man is punished—tried by the same laws, sentenced in the same manner, and hanged upon the same gibbet. The speaker argued against *the reservation system*. Instead of this, he would give each Indian a definite tract of land in fee-simple, but held in such a manner that it could not be alienated except by written permission from the Department of the Interior. This would prevent dishonest whites from taking advantage of his credulity, his vices, or his necessities, and secure him also from the tyranny of the tribal authority, which could sell him out at any time, no matter what improvements he made, and leave him without remedy or redress. Above all, the idea that the Indian race was fast vanishing from the face of the earth must be abandoned. So far from true was this, that during the last fifteen years the Indian tribes had rapidly increased in numbers. Fate was not solving the problem of their treatment by extinguishing them; on the contrary, the problem of their permanence had to be met, and honestly met. Dr. Giesy animadverted with severity upon the bad faith of the Government in its treatment of the Indians.

Bishop Whipple said, the one cause of wars and bloodshed had been *the bad faith of the United States* in disregarding treaties, and compacts solemnly entered into. He imagined that the Indian problem had at last beome a serious one, and that the country was on the eve of its solution. The Government was, he thought, about tired of spending millions of money and sacrificing the lives of four whites for every Indian exterminated, that being about the ratio during the last fifteen years.

A New Danger to the Well-being of the community is attaining ominous proportions. As if the intoxicating drinks already in use were not more than sufficiently varied, the French liquor called absinthe has been imported and is extensively used. A good many deaths in different parts of the country already are directly traceable to the use of absinthe. The New York *Times* describing its effects says: "It is much more perilous, as well as more deleterious, than any ordinary kind of liquor. Its encroachments are scarcely perceptible. A regular absinthe drinker seldom perceives that he is dominated by its baleful influence until it is too late. All of a sudden he breaks down; his nervous system is destroyed; his brain is inoperative; his will is paralyzed; *he is a mere wreck; there is no hope of his recovery*. Victims of intemperance of the common sort frequently reform, but the absinthe drinker, after he has gone to a certain length, very rarely does or can throw off the fatal fascination. The more intellectual a man is, the more readily the habit fastens itself upon him." Only a few years since, absinthe could not easily be got in this country, save in big cities; now it can be had almost everywhere, and it is called for with alarming frequency.

A Terrible Voyage is Reported by the Montana, a steamer of the Guion line, which arrived at New York from England last week. The worst day of the voyage was Saturday, October 11, on which day two lives were lost, those of a passenger and a sailor, who were swept overboard and drowned. The scene is thus described by a passenger:

"The wind had shifted to the north-east and was blowing a hurricane. The sea was running mountains high and the wind was blowing with terrific force. The captain had been obliged to put the ship before the wind as a measure of safety. She was fairly flying over the waves, but seemed to ride beautifully and safely over them. I managed to get up on the bridge with the second officer, and while holding on for dear life I could not but wonder at the terrible fury of the storm. One moment the ship would be lifted up by a gigantic wave, and the next we would drop down into the trough of the sea, imprisoned by walls of water on all sides. Every few moments a terrific wave would strike us with a shock that made the vessel tremble from stem to stern.

"After running before the gale for some time and finding it increase, the captain decided upon going about and heaving to. In a few words he warned the sailors to look out for their lives. He ordered the engines stopped, and then caused the wheel to be put hard down. Then the engines were started slowly, and to turn the ship about was to go directly in the teeth of the g
As the seas struck us, the great ship's course
changed, and as she wore around she caree
over so that her beam-ends were under. T
tell me that even *the captain held his breat*
the ship went through the trough of the
The position at this critical interval was as d
gerous as it could be, and had a heavy sea str
us at this time we would probably have gone
destruction. At this time I and three ct
were in the smoking-room, and we though
was all over.

"In the saloon a terrible scene was tak
place. Panic-stricken passengers were cry
and screaming, and ladies were fainting.
make matters worse, a sea was shipped into
engine-room, which sent a puff of steam into
saloons with a hissing sound. This caused
alarm of fire, and for a short time there was
rible excitement. Heavy seas continued to b
over us, and at a quarter past one a gigantic w
washed away a large lifeboat, crushing it in
thousand pieces. Later on, others were d
aged, until only one seaworthy boat was left.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Latest Sun
morning sermons are regularly published in
journal, but owing to the delay caused by
storm the advance sheets of the sermon preac
October 5th, did not arrive in time for publica
in this number, we are therefore obliged to
part from our custom, and we insert an inter
ing and practical sermon delivered by him at
week-evening service at the Tabernacle.

A Valuable Institution is the St. Ma
Lodging-house, for the sheltering of girls w
seeking employment, and also aiding them
their search. It is in want of more bedd
This is one of those useful agencies of the
ventive order which are doing a good work
the city. Girls arrive here without a home
without friends. They do not know wher
go, and have vague ideas of the best way
prosecuting their search for employment. W
aimlessly wandering about the streets they
come the prey of vicious men and of women
entice them into haunts of vice and ruin th
forever. It is impossible to exaggerate the
portance of any agency that averts that calan
from the girls themselves and from the com
nity. There are thirty-five inmates in the lo
ing-house now, and the applications outnum
the accommodations every day. An opportu
is here afforded to the charitable to exer
their charity in a worthy way, and the mana
will be thankful to receive gifts of that na
from sympathizers.

Bishop Whittingham, of the Protest
Episcopal Church in Maryland, died Oct
17h. He was born in the city of New York,
cember 2d, 1805. His father, an active busi
man, was also a person of literary tastes, and
mother was a woman of such unusual acqu
ments, that at one time *she gave lessons in He*
to a class of theological students. Young W
tingham is said to have had no other instru
until he became a student in the General T
logical Seminary. In 1831, he became rect
St. Luke's Church, in this city. Dr. Whitt
ham was afterwards elected Bishop of M
land. He was consecrated in September, 1
in St. Paul's Church, Baltimore. His p
larity became great, and few bishops have
more beloved and respected.

The Rev. George Muller has been Spendi
week in Troy, N. Y., leaving last Saturday
Albany. He preached every night, addres
large audiences, and his sermons and talks
been productive of a most healthful and h
influence. Much interest was manifeste
him, and many expressed a desire to see a
who lives *a life of trust*.

The Ohio Liquor Dealers have Form
State organization, and propose to have a we
newspaper to elevate liquor-selling. The c
pation is so weighted with the curses of wi
and orphans and the responsibility for ru
homes, that the achievement of *elevating it*
be regarded as an impossibility.

Mr. Moody's Opening Words at Cleveland, O., as reported by one who was present at his first meeting, at which over 5000 persons were present, were, "Christ is my theme. *Nothing else.* What is He to you, and you, and you? Don't be too liberal with the sermon. Some give it all away to Mr. A. or Mrs. B. Oh! take it home, brother, home, home, home! I've no time for ornament. Nothing is so important to you as his Christ. What is He to you? I will tell you what He is to me." Then for thirty-five minutes he spoke of Christ as the Saviour, the Deliverer, and the Way, while the vast congregation listened in rapt silence.

"Swamp Angels" is the name ironically iven to a gang of desperate outlaws who have ccupied *an impenetrable swamp* near Milledgeille, Ga., and who sally out by night committing robberies and murders with impunity. A reat dread of them has fallen upon the adjacent opulation, and a citizen says:

"I doubt if they can be rooted out. The wamp that stretches toward Wilkinson is about npenetrable. I don't think there has been a hite man in it, except these fellows, in twenty ears. Once in there, they can hold their own gainst *a thousand men.* It will be very hard to lentify them. They would kill a detective as ney would a dog, if they caught him, and they ould make it unsafe for even a suspected person. Their reign is so absolute over the people, hat they will not dare to tell any human being f their knowledge of the gang. They have enty of arms, money, and friends, and it will e fortunate if the detectives can kill them out a month. If they can ever be 'flushed' and n into the swamp the people of the surrounding counties will hunt them down as they would ild beasts." The Governor is resolved to capture the gang, but he thinks it will require a hole regiment of soldiers for the work, as the osition they occupy has so many strategic advantages as to be a natural fastness.

A Spiritualist was Exposed by a Baptist inister at North Adams, Mass., Oct. 13th. onsiderable grief has been caused to the Rev. . Osborn by many of the younger members his church at North Adams allying themselves with Spiritualists, attending their séances, d avowing themselves believers in their pretensions. After some debate in his own mind to the best means of resisting these attacks of tan on his flock, he decided that it was his ty to conquer his aversion to witnessing a ance, and he resolved to attend in person. aving done so, he was convinced that the anifestations were an imposition, which he determined to expose. Having secured the assistance of a friend, he paid a second visit to the exhibition, and upon a spirit being materialized in e darkened room, it was promptly seized and ld by the minister and his friend. Lights re brought, and the captured "spirit of a deceased Indian" turned out to be the disguised y of the medium herself, who loudly called her pistol that she might kill her captor. r pistol was not brought, but a warrant was; d Dr. Osborn has the satisfaction of knowing t Spiritualists are likely to avoid his locality the future, and that Satan has had his weap- wrested from his hands.

A Document Lost for Twenty Years has Recently been found after protracted litigation, which its production would have averted. A wealthy Maryland planter, who was a bachelor, died in the early part of 1859, and a search was made for the will, it was known he had made shortly before his death. As it could not be found, the property was claimed by his nephews a heirs-at-law. Another claim was made by a cousin of the deceased planter. Then began the greatest legal battle this country has seen, and w continued during many years. Appeal was made after appeal, and much money spent in la expenses. The will has just been discovered, and has been forwarded to one of the lawyers engaged in the case. It bequeaths all the property to the testator's cousin. The lawyer in whose hands the will was left went South during the war, leaving instructions with his office boy that if he did not return, the contents of his strong box should be forwarded to the persons to whom they were addressed. The lawyer fell in one of the battles before Richmond; but the boy forgot his commission, and the box remained unopened till a few days ago in an attic of his house..

How happy is the Christian in the fact that his title to "mansions in the skies" can never be lost, but remains safe, sealed with the blood of his Redeemer!

The Ownership of a Pair of Legs is the Subject of litigation in Illinois. Mr. Smith, a resident of McConnellsville, Ill., was two years ago accidentally shot in his legs so severely that both had to be amputated. He provided himself with a pair of cork substitutes, and gave himself no concern about his former limbs. But visiting the local museum of natural history subsequently, he was much annoyed to discover, preserved in alcohol, and properly labelled, his two discarded legs on public exhibition. He indignantly laid claim to them, and on being refused has brought an action for their recovery. The trustees contest the action, and allege that Mr. Smith has no valid title to them, because they were the perquisites of the doctor who amputated them, or if the doctor's claim is invalid, they are the property of the Accidental Insurance Company, who compensated Mr. Smith on them as a total loss. Much amusement is excited by the suit in local circles, and the trial will be watched with interest.

We can sympathize with Mr. Smith on his annoyance; but if he is a Christian man he may console himself with the thought that he will yet possess that spiritual body of which St. Paul writes (1 Cor. 15 : 43), which is sown in dishonor, but is raised in glory.

The Rev. James A. Spurgeon, Preaching at the First Baptist Church in New York on October 12th, made an appeal for help on behalf of Sunday-school work in the South. It elicited a very practical response. Volunteer subscriptions to the amount of over $1000 were pledged by individuals for scholars or classes to send a "Spurgeon Missionary" to the children of the freemen in the South, for whom Mr. Spurgeon pleaded so touchingly.

A Death in a Theatre Occurred at Baltimore, Md., October 14th. It was at the Front Street Theatre, in the last act of the play of *Roving Jack*, in which a discharge of musketry takes place. One of the muskets had been loaded with ball instead of blank cartridge, and when the discharge was made the ball struck a young medical student and wounded him fatally. The moral dangers of theatres are enough to cause people to avoid entering them; and now it appears physical perils are also to be dreaded.

What Rumsellers Fear.—The Rev. Joseph Cook, writing to a friend at Boston, says: "If there is any thing which rum-sellers fear more than the direct influence of women in determining temperance legislation, it is a combination of woman's influence with that of the pulpit."

A Dying Boston Girl's Vision is thus Narrated by a clergyman in that city: A few hours before she died she said to the one sitting by her bed, "I have seen my heavenly home. I have come back a little while." She could not tell, she said, all she saw, but it was beautiful. She saw "children, and flowers, and angels." "Did you not see Jesus?" inquired the lady. "*He was right in among them,*" said the dying child. So death was shorn of all its terror to the young disciple, and dying to her was "going home."

A Curious Condition is Made in the Will of Dr. Julius Le Moyne, of Washington, Penn., which must be complied with by the legatees before they can receive the large sums bequeathed to them. They must in each case sign an agreement by which they undertake *to be cremated* after death. Dr. Le Moyne was an enthusiast on this subject, and his own body was turned into ashes by the devouring element, according to his injunctions. Only two of the legatees have so far signed the agreement.

AMONG LIONS.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"My soul is among lions."—PSALM 57 : 4.

Christians who Dwell among Angels—Others Dwell among Lions—They bear Reproach for Christ's Sake—The Drunkard's Wife—The Pious Child—The Godly Workman—Lions or Dogs—I. Comfort for Those who Dwell among Lions—1. They have Fellowship with Christ—With the Prophets and the Martyrs—2. They are Drawn Closer to God—An Irresistible Resistance—3. The Lions are Chained—4. Anothe Lion on Our Side—5. They come out Unharmed—6. After the Lions, Angels—II. Advice to Those among Lions—1. Do not Tease Them—2. Do not Roar Yourself—3. Do not be Cowardly—4. Do not Face them Alone—5. Pray to be Removed to Quieter Quarters—6. Try to Tame Them.

SOME of you cannot say this, and you ought to be very thankful that you are not obliged to do so. Happy are you young people who have godly parents, and who dwell in Christian families. You ought to grow like the flowers in a conservatory, where killing frosts and biting blasts are unknown. You live under very favorable circumstances. Your soul, I might almost say, is among angels; for you dwell where God is worshipped, where family prayer is not forgotten, where you can have a kindly guidance in the hour of difficulty and comfort in the time of trial. *You dwell where angels come and go*, and God Himself deigns to dwell. Happy young people to be thus circumstanced! How grateful and how holy you ought to be!

I want all who dwell where every thing helps them to recollect the many gracious ones who dwell where every thing hinders them. You who live near the Beautiful Gate of the temple must not forget the many who are sighing in the tents of Kedar. If your soul is not among lions praise God for it; and then let your sympathies go out towards those who mournfully complain—

"My soul with him that hateth peace
Hath long a dweller been;
I am for peace; but when I speak
For battle they are keen."

It is a Christian duty to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them;" and whenever our own favored circumstances lead us to forget those who are persecuted and tried, our very mercies are working mischief to us. "We are all members one of another." If one member suffers, all the rest should suffer with him; and therefore, we will turn our thoughts towards *our persecuted brethren* to-night, that our united supplications may sustain them under their difficulties, and, if the Lord be so pleased, may even deliver them.

When may a Christian man truly say, "My soul is among lions"? Such is the case when, either from our being members of ungodly families, or from having to gain our livelihood amongst unconverted and graceless people, we are subjected to reproach and rebuke, and to jest and jeer for Jesus Christ's sake. Then we can say, "My soul is among lions."

Many in this congregation known to me are the only ones in their family whom God has called. I bless His name that He is often taking one of a household, and a lone one of a family, and bringing such to Jesus. Some quite unchristian person who thinks not of God drops in here out of curiosity, and God meets with him and he becomes *the first of his kith and kin* to say "I am the Lord's."

Frequently when converts come to cast in their lot with us they will say, "I do not know one in all my family who makes any profession of godliness: they are all of them opposed to me." In such a case the soul is among lions, and it is very hard and trying to be in such a position. Well may we pity a godly wife bound to an ungodly husband. Alas! full often a drunkard, whose opposition amounts to brutality. A tender, loving spirit, that ought to have been cherished like a tender flower, is bruised and trodden under foot, and made to suffer till the heart cries out in grief, "My soul is among lions." We little know what lifelong martyrdoms many pious women endure.

Children also have to bear the same when they are singled out by divine grace from depraved and wicked families. Only the other day there came under my notice one who loves the Lord. I thought that if she had been a daughter of mine I should have rejoiced beyond all things in her sweet and gentle piety, but the parent said, "You must leave our house if you attend such-and-such a place of worship. We do not believe in these things, and we cannot have you about us if you do." I saw the grief which that state of things was causing, and though I could not alter it I mourned over it. Woe unto those who tyrannize over my Lord's little ones.

Nobody knows what *godly working-men* have to put up with from those among whom they labor. There are some shops where there is religious liberty; but frequently the working-men of this city are great tyrants in matters of religion. I tell them that to their faces. If a man will drink with them, and swear with them, they will make him their companion; but when a man comes out to fear God they make it very hard for him.

And pray, sir, has not a man as much right to pray as you have to swear? And has he not as much right to believe in God as you have to disbelieve? It is a wonderfully free country, this! A wonderfully free country! If one serious man sets his face steadfastly to serve God, the baser sort seem as if they must get him under their feet, and treat him with every indignity that malice can devise. It may be *all in sport*, but the victim does not think so.

Do not tell me that persecution ceased when the last martyr burned. There are martyrs who have to burn by the slow fire of cruel mockings day after day; and I bless God that *the old grit* is still among us, and that the old spirit still survives, so that men defy sneers and slander and hold on their way. I could tell stories, which would both shock you and delight you, of what is said and done by the common order of English working-men against those who profess religion, and how courageously the righteous and the true bear it all, and, in the long-run, conquer too, and oftentimes win their mates to confess the selfsame faith.

They call us all cants and hypocrites, and the like, but they know better, and if they had a grain of manliness they would cease from such lying. A true Briton gives that liberty to others which he claims for himself, and if he does not choose to be religious himself he stands up like a man to defend the rights of others to be so if they choose. Now, then, ye British workmen, when shall we see you doing this?

The text speaks of a soul among lions. Why did the psalmist call them lions? "Dogs" is about as good a name as they deserve.

WHY CALL THEM LIONS?

Because at times the Christian man is exposed to enemies who are very strong—perhaps *strong in the jaw*—very strong in biting, rending, and tearing. Sometimes the Christian man is exposed to those who loudly roar out their infidelities and their blasphemies against Christ, and it is an awful thing to be among such lions as those.

The lion is not only strong, but cruel; and it is real cruelty which subjects well-meaning men to reproach and misrepresentation. The enemies of Christ and His people are often as cruel as lions, and would slay *us* if the law permitted them. The lion is a creature of *great craftiness*, creeping along stealthily, and then making a sudden spring; and so will the ungodly creep up to the Christian, and, if possible, spring upon him when they can catch him in an unguarded moment. If they fancy they spy a fault in him they come down upon him with all their weight!

The ungodly watch the righteous, and if they can catch them in their speech, or if they can make them angry, and cause them to speak an unguarded word, how eagerly they pounce upon him. They magnify his fault, put it under a microscope of ten thousand power, and make a great thing of it. "Report it! Report it!" they say, "so would we have it!" Any thing against a true-born child of God is *a sweet nut* for them. Such as are daily watched, daily carped at, daily abused, daily hindered in every thing that is good and gracious, go with their tears before the God they serve and cry to Him, "My soul is among lions."

Now, it is to such that I am going to speak to-night, a little at first *by way of comfort*, and then a little *by way of advice*.

I. First, by way of

COMFORT.

You are among lions, my dear young friend; then—

1. You will have fellowship with your Lord and with His church. Every Lord's Day, and every time we meet, this benediction is pronounced upon you, that you may enjoy the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Fellowship with the Holy Ghost brings you into fellowship with Jesus, and this involves your being conformed to His sufferings.

Now, your Lord was among lions. The men of His day had not a good word to say for Him. They called the Master of the house Beelzebub, they will never call you a worse name than that. They said that he was a drunken man and a winebibber; possibly they may say much the same as that of you, and it will be equally false. You need not be ashamed to be *pelted with the same dirt* that was thrown at your Master; and if it should ever come to this, that you should be stripped of every thing, and false witnesses should rise up against you, and you should even be condemned as a felon, and taken out to execution, still your lot will not be worse than His. Remember that you are the followers of a Crucified Lord, and cannot expect to be *the world's darlings*.

Nor was your Master alone. Recollect the long line of prophets that went before Christ. Which of them was it that was received with honor? Did they not stone one and slay another with the sword, cut one in pieces with a saw, put others to death with stones? Ye know that the march of the faithful may be tracked by their blood. And after our Lord had gone to heaven, how did the world treat the church? In the streets of Rome, and all large cities, the fierce cry was often heard, "Christians to the lions! Christians to the lions! Christians to the lions!"

At dead of night men cry "Fire!" when a house is blazing; or a mob will cry "Bread!" when they are starving; but *the* cry of old Rome that was dearest to the Roman heart, and most expressive of their horrible enmity to goodness, was "Christians to the lions!" Of all the gallant shows the Roman Empire ever saw, that which excited the populace beyond all things else was to see a family—a man and his wife, perhaps, and a grown-up daughter and son, and three or four children—all marched into the arena, and the big door thrown up, that out might rush the lion and spring upon them, and tear them to pieces.

You who have to suffer a measure of persecution for Christ's sake ought to be very glad of it, for you are counted worthy not only to be Christians, but to suffer for Christ's sake. Do not, I pray you, be unworthy of your high calling, but endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. In these afflictions you are having fellowship with your head and with His mystical body, therefore be not ashamed.

2. Here is another thought. If you are among lions *you should thereby be driven nearer to your God*. When you had a great many friends you could rejoice in them; but now that these turn against you, and the truth has come home to you—"A man's foes shall be they of his own household"—what ought you to do? Why, get closer to God than ever you were before.

And, getting close to Christ, let me say to you now by way of advice, and by way of comfort too, *endeavor to be very calm and happy*. Do not mind it. Take as little notice of the scoff as ever you can. It is a grand thing to have one deaf ear. Mind that you keep yourself very deaf to slander and reproach, as the psalmist did when he said, "I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs." *One blind eye* towards the folly of enemies is often of more use to a man than two that are always looking about with suspicion. Do not see every thing, do not hear every thing.

When there is a hard word spoken, do not notice it; or if you must hear it, forget it as quickly as ever you can. Love others all the more the less they love you: repay their enmity with love. Heap coals of fire upon them by making no return to a hard speech except by another deed of kindness. Very seldom defend yourself: it is a waste of breath, and casting pearls before swine. Bear and bear again.

Recollect that our Lord has sent us forth as sheep among wolves, and sheep cannot defend themselves. The wolf can eat all the sheep up if it likes; but, do you not see, there are more *sheep* in the world now than there are wolves, ten thousand to one? Though the wolves have had all the eating, and though there never yet was a sheep that devoured a wolf, yet still the sheep are here and *the wolves have gone*. The sheep have won that victory: and so will Christ's little flock.

The anvil is struck by the hammer, and the anvil never strikes in return, and yet *the anvi wears the hammer out*. Patience baffles fury anc vanquishes malice. The non-resistance principl involves a resistance which is irresistible. Th steady patience that cannot be provoked, bu which, like Jesus, when reviled reviles not again is certain of conquest. This is what you perse cuted ones need to learn—to get more near you God the more you are among the lions, and s to be the more calm and patient the more me rage against you.

3. A third piece of comfort is this. Please t recollect that, although your soul is amon lions,

THE LIONS ARE CHAINED.

When Daniel was thrown into the lions' den th lions were hungry and would soon have devour him; but you know why it was that they cou not touch him. Ah! the angel came. Just the fierce lions were about to seize on Dani down he came swift from heaven, and stood front of them. "Hush!" said he, and they l as still as a stone. So says the text: "My G hath sent His angel and shut the lions' mouths They had fine teeth, but their mouths were sh

The lions are chained, dear friend; they c go no farther than God permits. In this cou try the most they can do, as a rule, is to ho they cannot bite; and howling does not bre bones; why, then, be afraid? The man who afraid of being laughed at is not half a man, b almost deserves the scorn he receives. Ne mind what is said. Talking will not hurt y Harden your spirit against it, and bear it g lantly. Go and tell your Lord of it if your he fails you; and then go forward, calm as y Master was, fearing nothing, for God will b you through. The lions can roar, but they c not rend—fear them not.

4. Another fact for your comfort is th *when your soul is among lions there is ano Lion there* as well as the lions that you can Have you never heard of Him? He is the L of the tribe of Judah. How quietly He l How patiently He waits by the side of His s ants! The jest, the jeer, the noise conti and He lies still. If He only would—if thought it wise, if it were not for His superla patience—He has only to rouse Himself for moment, and all our enemies would be destro

Fear not the lions then. Our Samson w turn upon them and rend them in a mome their hour were come.

5. Again, I want to comfort you with word: you whose souls are among lions sh recollect that *you will come out of the lions unharmed.* Daniel was cast into the Darius could not sleep that night, and whe went in the morning he did not expect to f

›ne of Daniel left, and so he began crying out · him. How surprised he must have been hen Daniel replied that his God had preserved m.· How thankful he was to fetch him out of e den. You, too, dear child of God, will come ıt of the den all right.

There will be a resurrection of God's people's ›dies at last, and there will be a resurrection for eir reputations also. The slanderer may belie e character of a true man, but no true man's aracter will ever be buried long enough to rot. ›ur righteousness shall come forth as light, ıd your judgment as the noonday. You need ›t be afraid but that, as Daniel rose from the :n to dignity, so will every man who suffers for ırist receive honor and glory and immortality in that day."

6. Recollect that if you are among the lions ›w, *the day is hurrying on with speed when you all be among the angels.* Our Lord and Master, after being in the wilderness with the wild :asts, found that "angels came and ministered Him." Such a visitation awaits all the faith- l. What a change those martyrs enjoyed who ok a fiery breakfast on earth, but supped with ırist that very day after riding to glory in a ariot of fire! If you have now to suffer all at can possibly be wreaked of vengeance upon ›u for Christ's sake, you will think nothing of when you have been five minutes in heaven. deed, it will be a subject of congratulation at ever you were permitted in your humble easure to be counted worthy to suffer for ırist's sake. Therefore, be ye comforted, you ›ung people, and march on with heroic step.

II. Now, a few words by way of

ADVICE.

Of course this does not deal with all of you ıo are now present—I hope that many of you vell among the godly. Still there are some ıose soul is among lions, and to them I give is counsel.

First, if you dwell among lions do not irritate em. If I happened to be among lions *I would t tease them:* I would take good care that if ey were cruel and fierce I would not make em so. I have known some, who I hope were ıristians, who have acted very unwisely, and have made matters bad for themselves.

There is such a thing as ramming religion ›wn people's throats, or trying to do so; and ›u can put on a very long face, and try to scold ople into religion. This will not do. Never t was anybody *bullied to Christ*, and there :ver will be. Some are very stern, and make › allowances for other people: these may be ›od, but they are not wise. What is a rule to ›u and to me may not be a rule to everybody se.

We said the other Sunday that we should not ink of eating what we give to swine; but we › not, therefore, say, "These swine must not ıve their wash." No, no; it is good enough r them. Let them have it. And as to worldly ·ople and their amusements, let them have em, poor things. They have nothing else, let em have their mirth. I would not touch their ys, nor would you, for they would be no pleas- e to you; but do not, as a new-born man, go .d set yourself up as the standard of what the dinary sinner, dead in sin, is to be. He can- ›t come up to our standard.

Do not be perpetually finding fault: that is *ulling the lions' whiskers*, and the creatures are ry likely to growl at you. If your soul is nong lions, be gentle, be kind, be prudent, be nder. Sometimes be silent: a good word is ı your tongue, but there are times when you ust not say it: for the life of you, you must ›t say it, for it would rouse the lions and make ore sin than need be.

Put your finger on your lips when you are irri- ted. You cannot speak to the purpose when ›u are perturbed, and are likely to be angry. : quiet and bide your time. Many a man ›uld do more good for the cause of God if he ›uld not irritate ungodly people. Let them ›ne: seek their salvation lovingly and ten- rly; but when your efforts to do them good only provoke them to sin, try another way. Do not go on with that which angers them; invent another method. I do believe that some Christians make half the opposition which they get from the world by their own ill tempers and stupidity. They challenge conflict: their actions seem to say, "Who will fight me?" and then, of course, somebody takes up the cudgels. Do not act foolishly; but if your soul is among lions, and they are inclined to be quiet, do not needlessly excite them.

2. Secondly, if your soul is among lions,

DO NOT ROAR YOURSELF,

for that is very easy to be done. We have known some, who we hope were Christians, who have met railing with railing, hard words with hard words, bitter speeches with bitter speeches. The ungodly are lions, and you are not; do not try to meet them in their own line. You will never roar as well as they do. If you are a Christian man, you have not *the knack of roaring*. Leave *them* to do it. Your way of meeting them is not by losing your temper and abusing your antagonists, and so becoming a lion yourself; but you must conquer them with gentleness, patience, kindness, love.

I pray you, dear brothers and sisters who have to bear a good deal for Christ's sake, do not get soured in spirit. There is a tendency in a martyr age to become obstinate and pugnacious. You must not be so. Love, love, love; and the more you are provoked, love the more. Overcome evil with good. I think it necessary to mention these cautions, because I know many require them.

3. Again, your soul is among lions: then,

DO NOT BE COWARDLY.

Have you never heard that a lion is afraid of a man if he looks him steadily in the face? I am not sure about that piece of natural history; but I am quite certain that it is true with regard to the ungodly world. If a man will bear himself calmly—if he will be unmoved, determined, resolute, steadfast—he will overcome the adversary. "When a man's ways please the Lord He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Courage is what is wanted. The world, after a while, says of any man, "It is of no use laughing at him; he does not mind it. It is of no use calling him hard names; he only smiles at you. It is useless to be his enemy, for he will not be yours. He will only be your friend." Then the world whispers, "Well, after all, he is not so bad a fellow as we thought he was; we must let him have his own way."

There is a big human heart somewhere down in men if you can but get at it, and after a while, when truth and righteousness have suffered, and been denounced, men turn round and are almost ready to carry on their shoulders with hosannas the self-same person whom a little while before they longed to crucify. Do not be a coward! Do not be a coward!

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The fight will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song."

Even if the fight were long, for such a Master as Jesus it were worth while to endure ten thousand years of scorn, and moreover the reward at the end will repay us a thousandfold.

4. If your soul is among lions, then do not go out among them alone. "Then whom shall I take with me?" says one; "there is not a Christian in the shop."

TAKE YOUR LORD WITH YOU.

Be sure that you do that. Now, my dear friend, I know what they said yesterday, and how they bantered you; and you were tart and short with them, because you had not been in prayer in the morning as you ought to have been. If your mind had been more calm and gentle as the result of prayer you would not have minded it one half so much. Take your Master with you, and whenever you have to speak think that He is standing at your side, and try to say what you would like Him to hear; and then, when you have made your defence you will be able to say, "Good Master, I think I have not dishonored Thee, for I have spoken Thy words." Oh! live near to Christ if you live among lions.

Those of you who endure opposition make the best Christians. Many that have been distinguished for Christ in after-life have had to rough it a little at first. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." If I could bring a garden-roller and roll the grass for you all the way from here to heaven do you think that I would do it? Certainly not. A rough place or two is good for you: it tries and strengthens pilgrim feet. A child will never become a man if he is carried about all his life like a baby. You must run alone. You must learn the arts of holy warfare, or else you will not be fit to be a soldier of the cross, a follower of the Lamb. May His good Spirit help you to keep in fellowship with Christ, that He may guard and protect you from every temptation and persecution.

5. Further, let me say to you that if your soul is among lions, and you feel very weak about it, you are permitted to *pray the Lord to move you in His providence to quieter quarters.* A Christian man is not bound to endure persecution if he can help it: "When they persecute you in one city flee to another." You are quite warranted in seeking another situation. There may be reasons why you should remain under the trial, and if so, take care that you do not overlook them. Prudence may make you avoid persecution, but cowardice must not mingle with the prudence. That prayer which says, "Lead us not into temptation," gives us, as it were, a permit to remove from places where we are much tempted; and sometimes it is the duty of the Christian to seek some other sphere of labor, if he possibly can, where he will not be so much tried.

6. One thought more:

THE BRAVER THING

is to ask for grace to stop with the lions and tame them. "My soul is among lions." Well, if the Lord makes you a lion-tamer, that is the very place where you ought to be. In some of our districts in London as soon as ever a man is converted he feels that he cannot live there any longer, and this makes the district hopeless. My dear friend, Mr. Orsman, working in Golden Lane, as it used to be, told me that his was an endless task, because as soon as ever the people were converted they say, "Would you have me live here any longer, in such a horrible place as this?" They naturally feel that as they have grown sober, and decent, and respectable, they should move into a different locality, and they do so: but the result is that the old spot does not improve.

Sometimes the Christian man should say, "No: God has made me strong in grace; and I will stop here, and fight it out. These are lions, but I will tame them. I believe that God has put me here on purpose to bring my fellow-workmen to the Saviour, and by His grace I will do it."

So stop where you are, my stronger brothers and sisters; if your souls are among lions, tarry and tame the lions. It will be a grand thing for you to come one day to the church-meeting with two or three of your neighbors whom you have been the means of converting to Christ. I like to see a man march, if he can do it, with a tame lion on each side. When a man has by God's grace brought some of those that were drunkards and swearers to the feet of Jesus, oh! it is a grand triumph.

It has been my business for many years to be a lion-tamer, and I delight in it. If there is any lion of the sort here, I wish the Master would tame him, and make him lie down and crouch at his feet. There is the place for us poor sinners, at the feet of Christ. But do not be afraid of sinners, dear friends, for how can you tame them if you tremble at them? Go forth to win them in the strength of the living God, and you shall yet see the lion lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them. Amen and amen.

A NAVAL OFFICER'S SAD CAREER.

From the Narrative of a Clergyman.

Retires from the Navy with $3000 a Year—Marries an Immoral Girl—Commutes His Pension and Spends the Proceeds—His Wife declines Joining Him in the Pledge—He Dies, and She Loses Her All, in the Public-house Business.

Some years ago, when I was conducting the service at a certain military chapel, a gentlemanly-looking man came to the service, who was the son of a colonel in the Indian Artillery, who died at the siege of Mooltan. His father before him was a drunkard, and, like an hereditary disease, the love of drink had descended from the father to the son. He had served as an officer in the Indian Navy for several years, but after the Indian Mutiny the Indian Navy was broken up, and the officers were pensioned off, and he came back to this country with a pension of 283*l.* a year; and being a very clever accountant, and getting a good discharge from the service, he obtained a situation in an Indian house in the city, with a salary of 300*l.* per annum. So this young man started with about 600*l.* a year without encumbrance.

Yet he had an encumbrance, for he had brought back with him from India his evil habits, and so within a few months he lost his situation through irregularity. He married a girl whom he met in the Argyll Dancing Rooms,* and it was shortly after that I came in contact with him. The man was under powerful religious impressions, and was very anxious about his wife, who had never learned to care for any of these things. He asked me to see her, and I found her as self-willed and undisciplined in every respect as you can well imagine, but nevertheless she loved her husband. I impressed upon her how important it was, as she valued his love, to try and sympathize with him in his religious feelings. She made a mighty effort. She cast away from her those evil habits that had clouded her life, and for months in that household it seemed like heaven upon earth.

He was a most regular attendant at the ten minutes' prayer-meeting I always had at eight o'clock in the morning for soldiers. Gradually husband and wife were getting very comfortable, and they gathered about them the nicest of furniture. But in an evil hour one of his old associates in India visited him in Plumstead and persuaded him to commute his pension—that is, to give up the yearly payment for a certain sum down. He received 1100*l.* ($5300). The possession of all this money was too much for him. He left Woolwich for London, and went back into his old habits of dissipation. He led such a life that in less than a year he had got through the 1100*l.* He nearly killed his wife in a fit of drunkenness, and then came back to Woolwich, broken down in character and constitution. I went to him. I spoke to his wife, and we three knelt down and prayed, and I got him to take the pledge. I entreated his wife to join him, but she would not, saying that she had never been a drunkard, and *she would not take the pledge.* However, he held out manfully for several months, but he had terrible times.

I never met a man who made an honester fight against the drink than did this poor fellow; but the sight of his wife drinking her beer before him day by day, and showing she enjoyed it, was too much for him. The crash came. The furniture was sold for a debt contracted by the wife without the knowledge of the husband. She went to live with her mother, and he was left destitute in Woolwich. I went up to get the remnant of his property (some 48*l.*), and made an arrangement for him to live with an Essex tradesman. We got him a humble outfit, but within a fortnight he had pledged every thing, even to his carpet-bag, for drink, had run away and returned to his old haunts of evil in London.

About a year afterwards his wife called with the sad tidings that he had died of the smallpox in the Hampstead Hospital. His last words were a request that I would bury him. And I buried him in Kensal Green, within a stone's throw of the grave of my beloved friend, William Tweedie. I buried this poor fellow, who only a few years before had started in London without encumbrance, with an income of nearly 600*l.* a year, and as bright prospects almost as any young man could have.

On his death his widow received 1400*l.*—sufficient to secure her a comfortable income for the rest of her life; but within a week she had embarked it all in a public-house, where she was plundered and robbed and ruined by those she employed. She ended her career on the streets of London, an outcast and a degraded drunkard.

OUR LORD'S PROPHECY OF THE END.

By Rev. Frank White, Pastor of the Tabernacle, Notting Hill, London.

A Right Understanding of God's Word Needful—Christ's Final Teachings—The Lord's Promise to His Church, "Lo, I am with you alway,'-not Addressed to Israel – The Question of the Disciples, "When shall these Things be?"—Our Lord Fredicts Two Things, Israel's Desolation and Israel's Restoration—"Take Heed!" Signs of the End and Signs of Christ's Coming—The Man of Sin—The Great Tribulation.

In the celebrated prophecy of our Lord regarding the End of this Age in Matthew 24, we read in the 15th verse of the chapter, "Whoso readeth, let him understand." The right understanding of Scripture is the first essential to the study of divine truth. If the servant does not understand, how shall he obey? If the disciple cannot understand what the teacher says, how is he to act on instructions? How is he to drink in the teaching from the lips of his Master? Now either our Lord has spoken in an unknown tongue or many amongst His people have not been at much pains to ascertain what He has said. Some have been discouraged by difficulties, and there must necessarily be difficulties, but the difficulty does not usually lie in the obscurity of the text so much as in our unwillingness to receive it. We are unwilling to understand, and so we raise difficulties. I have no doubt that an honest, prayerful study of God's Word, a simple and child-like inquiry into its meaning, will at all times be rewarded by the right understanding thereof.

For to think otherwise seems to me to reflect on the wisdom and goodness of Him who inspired this blessed Word. It is not of private interpretation; it came not from private sources, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and our Lord intended that we should understand. And then these teachings

ARE FINAL TEACHINGS

They are final instruction to the Church, for at the end of chapter 28 we find the Lord speaking thus to His disciples: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto *the end of the world.*"

To question for a single instant the application of this truth to the Church is absolutely fatal to its right understanding. Yet some people say that it is not intended for the Church, and so they pass over, unheeded, many of the warnings contained in the chapter. But, if it is not intended for the Church, for whom is it intended? Clearly not for the nation of Israel, for the last words to Israel are in the previous chapter. Our Lord, turning to Jerusalem, and weeping over the city, said, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you ye shall not see Me henceforth till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

So it is not addressed to Israel. Clearly it is addressed to the disciples, and to the Church which they represented. They asked the question, and it is to them He speaks. Look at the second verse: "And Jesus said unto them, See *ye* not all these things?" And again in the last chapter—"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." What would you say to the man who robbed you of that precious promise, and told you it was not for you, but for the Jewish remnant? You would say, "He is my enemy; I cannot afford to lose that promise. I want it every day of the week, and every hour of the day."

Then we have the same word *you* in other places. In chapter 5 of Matthew we read, "Ye are the salt of the earth," and "Ye are the light of the world." Does that belong to us, or to some one else? And do you remember, when on the Mount of Transfiguration, the voice out of the cloud said, "This is My beloved Son, hear *ye* Him." It is the same *ye* all through.

Now the question of the disciples which they put was, "When shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?"

When shall *these things* be? That is, the things which He had told them about the temple, and about Jerusalem, and about the nations and about not one stone being left upon another The question was a proof of wisdom in itself o the part of the disciples. It was wisdom to pu any question to such a Master. After the Master was gone, they might well say to one another "What a pity we did not put more questions t Him." But it was clearly a proof of wisdom t ask such a question as this.

Our Lord's prophetic words are a predictio of two things not always distinguished: first, o Israel's desolation, and, secondly, of Israel's restoration. "Behold, your house is left unto yo desolate." That was a prediction of desolation "Ye shall not see me henceforth till ye sha say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name o the Lord." This is a prediction of restoration Already some had said as our Lord entered Jer salem and the multitude cut down branches ar strawed them in the way, "Blessed is He th cometh in the name of the Lord," but our Lo speaks of its being done in a fuller and more pe fect manner.

Is it any wonder then that the disciples so i terpreting their Lord's words should ask t questions they did? They understood the Lo to mean that the day of blessing to Israel wou be ushered in by His coming, and when that d would be might interest them. It was then natural question, and one readily suggested what our Lord had said. It was also a releva question. Some of their questions were irre vant and trifling, and were therefore not a swered. But our Lord replies to this questi and the answer is a perfect answer, and we m regard it as decisive.

Now, note the tone of the reply, how sole and how tender. Note the words "Take hee Heedlessness is not becoming the servants the Lord. It was not becoming in those da and it is much less so now, for as the time of end draws nigh we must especially guard agai heedlessness. "Take heed that no man dece you." The disciples were in danger of be deceived. They were in danger of being astray and losing themselves. Three reas may be given for this: *credulity*, *curiosity*, *an want of watchfulness*. And there is just same danger lest we should be deceived. Sa knows the importance of prophecy. He kn how full of power it is. It is a tremend power for good or evil, and if you get on wrong lines you will soon be led astray.

You must distinguish between the signs of End and the

SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

The disciples asked, When shall these th be? And what shall be the sign of Thy co and of the end of the world? Our Lord tells them what shall take place during the which shall precede the beginning of the and He speaks of seven or eight things. 1. He speaks first of religious delusion. "Many

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* A notorious place of amusement in London, now closed, but formerly the rendezvous for immoral persons of both sexes.

ıme in my name, saying, I am Christ, and shall
:ceive many." They shall come with the
ıme of Christ upon their lips. 2. Of world-
ide calamities.

3. Cruel persecutions; 4. World-wide or
ıurch-wide apostasy; 5. False teaching; 6.
bounding iniquity in the world; 7. Decline of
ve in the Church; 8, and last, the preaching
the Gospel. Praise the Lord that, amidst per-
cutions which it would make you tremble to
ink of, there is still to be the preaching of the
ospel. There have been persecutions in past
mes, and towards the close the saints are to be
ıt to death because they refuse to receive the
ark of the beast, but amidst all the Gospel is
be preached. Our Lord, however, especially
arns the disciples that all these things are the
:ginning of sorrows, but the End is not yet.

What, then, are the signs of His coming?
ake heed that no man deceive you. Beware of
lse interpretations. Our Lord gives us the
arning words that these are not the immediate
ecursors of His coming. But what are? He
ys, "When ye therefore shall see the abomi-
ıtion of desolation spoken of by Daniel the
ophet stand in the holy place (whoso readeth
: him understand)." How dare we pass this
'er without at least trying to understand it?
the second book of Kings, chapter 23, you
:ll find abomination used with reference to an
ol. So we might read this, "When you see
.e 'idol of desolation.'" Our Lord refers
.em to Daniel, where we will find the abomi-
ıtion of desolation spoken of in chapters 11 : 31,
ıd 12 : 11. It is said that history repeats it-
lf, and how wonderfully Antiochus proved to
: a forerunner of that

MAN OF SIN,

ıat Antichrist, whose idol of desolation shall
:t stand in the holy place. Never, since the
ords of our Lord were spoken, has there been
ıy repetition of Antiochus' doings.

What happened when the Romans compassed
:rusalem? They laid siege to the place, and
ter a great slaughter the walls were broken
ɔwn. In the confusion one of the soldiers
ıok a burning brand and threw it into the tem-
e, and it took fire and was rapidly consumed.
o idol of desolation was allowed then to stand
the holy place. This implies that the Lord's
'ophecy is yet future. And this is proved by
ıe twenty-first verse, "For then shall be great
ibulation, such as was not since the beginning
' the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be."
ı chapter 12 of Daniel you will find this time
' tribulation connected with the time when the
ɔomination of desolation shall stand in the holy
ace.

Now this time of tribulation is to be an imme-
iate precursor of our Lord's coming. This is
ıe sign which the Master gave His disciples.
e knew they would pass away, and that we
ıould be in their place, wishing to ask the
ıme questions that they had asked, and so He
ft these instructions for us.

And let me remind you of this—there are
fferent kinds of tribulation. I want to press
ıis on you because some stumble at the thought
' it. Our Lord's words cannot pass away, and
o one can deny that they refer to the same
me of trouble as that spoken of by Daniel.
hen connect this with what the Apostle Paul
ıys in 2 Thess. chap. 2. Settle it, then, that
ıch a time of tribulation is to be, but such a
me must necessarily be associated with Jerusa-
m. It must be in Jerusalem. Remember, in
:. John our Lord says, "In the world ye shall
ave tribulation." From Abraham to the
ɔostle has it not been all the way through a
fe of tribulation? Generally speaking, then,
:e the saints exhorted to expect tribulation. It
the appointed lot and portion of the Lord's
eople until the end, but this special tribulation
ıust take place in Jerusalem.

"Then, after the tribulation of those days,"
nmediately after it, "shall the sun be darkened,
ıd the moon shall not give her light, and the
.ars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of
ıe heavens shall be shaken: And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." What the time of the coming of the Son of Man is I know not, but I know that my Lord has said, that there shall be the sign of His coming, and then He Himself shall appear. You may say these are no signs to the Church but to Israel; but our Lord refused to give any sign to Israel, but the sign of the prophet Jonas. To His disciples He gives this sign that they may know when He is at hand. I do not want to put the Lord's coming far off. When He comes I shall have done with sin and suffering and trial, and He knows that, and therefore checks an undue expectation of His coming. But I have tried to show that it will be a personal coming, and that it will be a glorious coming.

SPIRITUALISM ANTICHRISTIAN.

By Mrs. Wightman, Authoress of "Haste to the Rescue."

On the subject of Spiritualism I should like to say a few words in confirmation of its *anti-christian* character. A gentleman who was a sceptic used to visit at the house of a relative of mine when I was a young girl. He was a man of high intelligence, and, having travelled more than was usual in those days, he was an acquisition in society, having a fund of interesting topics for conversation. He never went to church, but amused himself as best he could on Sundays. Thirty years afterwards we heard he had become a Spiritualist, and that he longed to renew his intercourse with his old friends.

Accordingly, one morning, when my husband and I were in the study, a stranger was announced, who declined to give his name. As we gazed upon the most perfect picture of an old English gentleman, with hair white as snow, and fine manly bearing, and face beaming with kindly brightness, he said, smiling, "Ah! I see you have forgotten me! A am Mr. ——, who often dined at your father's at Salford House when you were a young girl." We gradually recollected in the form before us our old acquaintance, and, remembering what he was in those days, we longed to know whether he had become a *Christian*. We listened with attention as he said, "You know I could not believe in a God, nor in any agency that could not be seen and touched."

We thought how very small such a creed is in a world daily nourished with impalpable air, lighted at night with impalpable gas, its messages sent thousands of miles all day long by impalpable electricity, etc. He told us of *tangible proofs* which had convinced him of the existence of spirits. "I have *felt* the grasp of their hands on my hands. I have *seen* their shadowy fingers. I have *heard* the music from a guitar whose strings were swept by their fingers." "Stop," I said. "We will listen to it all if you will first answer one question—no, two questions: 1. Do you believe that we are lost sinners by nature? 2. Do you believe that the Son of God was made flesh and died to redeem us?" He evaded my two questions, and said something else. "Oh, no! you must please to answer these questions first." "I wish you had not asked just those questions. I would rather not answer them." I urged him to do so. "Well, then, *I do not believe them*," was his answer. "Then I cannot hear one word more," was my rejoinder.

He looked uneasy and uncomfortable, the bland expression of his face was gone, an unhappy expression, impossible to describe, took its place. 1 John 4 : 1–5, with its words of solemn warning, came to my memory. Surely, then, "Spiritualism" is *anti-christianism*. Is it not a forerunner of that "strong delusion," and of those awful days of unprecedented lawlessness and Satanic agency which we are warranted by prophecy to expect just before the Second Coming of Christ? "Watch and pray" should be our watchword, together with Isaiah 8 : 19, 20.

Gurupatham, a Hindoo Wood-Cutter, is a Christian of about twelve years' standing. A short time since a Hindoo met him, and, knowing that he was a Christian, said, "With all your faith in Jesus Christ, will you go to a certain wood and cut down a tree in the Demon-grove?" (These demons, according to native notions, have their dwellings in groves.) The Christian man said he would, as he was challenged, and, taking his axe, went to the supposed sacred spot. A crowd of demon-worshippers had gathered round to witness the scene, evidently expecting some evil would happen to him. The man knelt down and prayed, then rose and began to chop. When he was about half-way through the tree he fell from exhaustion. The demon devotees set up a shout, and, running to a pagoda, asked a Brahmin priest what they should do. The priest gave them sacred ashes, and told them quickly to smear him with the ashes, and made him say he was quite defeated by the demon. But the man recovered, and seeing these ashes upon him, went to a river and bathed; then he came back and completely cut down the tree. It is to be hoped that not a few of those who witnessed this scene would be led to acknowledge mentally, if not audibly, as on Carmel, "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God."

A BIBLICAL ALPHABET.

A was a traitor hung by the hair (2 Samuel 18 : 9).
B was a folly built high in the air (Gen. 11 : 9).
C was a fountain overlooking the sea (1 Kings, 18 : 43–45).
D was a nurse buried under a tree (Gen. 35 : 8.)
E was a first-born, bad from his youth (Heb. 11 : 16).
F was a ruler who trembled at truth (Acts 24 : 25).
G was a messenger, sent with good words (Daniel 9 : 21).
H was a mother loaned to the Lord (1 Samuel 1 : 27, 28).
I was a name received of the Lord (Gen. 32 : 21–28).
J was a shepherd in Arabian land (Ex. 3 : 1).
K was a place near the desert of sand (Deut. 1 : 10).
L was a pauper begging his bread (Luke 16 : 20, 21).
M was an idol, an object of dread (Leviticus 20 : 2, 3).
N was an architect ages ago (Gen. 6 : 13–23).
O was a rampart to keep out the foe (2 Chron. 17 : 2, 3).
P was an isle, whence a saint looked above (Rev. 1 : 4–9).
Q was a Christian sainted in love (Romans 16 : 24).
R was obscure, yet a mother of kings (Matt. 1 : 5).
S was a Danite, who did wonderful things (Judges 14 : 5, 6).
T was a city that had a stronghold (2 Samuel 24 : 7).
U was a country productive of gold (Jer. 10 : 8).
V was a queen whom a king set aside (Esther 1 : 10–22).
Z was a place where a man wished to hide (Gen. 19 : 1). Read 2 Timothy 3 : 15, 16.

A Reproof was Administered lately by a lad in Boston who is rather small for his years. He works as errand-boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were taunting him about being small, and said to him, "You never will amount to much; you never can do much business; you are too small." The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you large men can do." "Ah! what is that?" said they. But they were anxious to know and urged him to tell. "*I can keep from swearing*," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four ashamed faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

A French Academy Prize has this Year been awarded to Leontine Nicolle. Her mother became a lunatic twenty years ago, and was sent to the asylum of La Saléptrière. In order to be always with and to watch over her, her daughter Leontine obtained a situation as nurse in the asylum, where she has ever since remained. Last year the mother died, but the daughter still remains devoted to her work. M. Jules Simon, the President, stated that, through the devotion of this living martyr, no less than 500 insane men and women had regained their senses and their liberty.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 830.)

REUNION.

There were many boats and vessels upon it; but the trained eye of the clerk at once singled out one—it chanced to be the only steamer in sight. In sight? yes; but at such a distance that it looked little larger than the toy of a child, though the foam of its wake might yet be traced, and broad and black was the train of smoke which the vessel left behind it.

"There she goes!" said the clerk.

A smothered exclamation of agony burst from Effie's lips.

Even then Edith was slow to give way to despair. Would it be quite impossible to overtake the steamer? Might she not touch at some other port on her way down the Channel? The lady made anxious inquiries, not only from the clerk, but from nautical men who had gathered around.

Only discouraging replies were received. The steamer was fairly started for Australia, was not likely to touch anywhere on the English coast; if the ladies wished to see some one who had embarked in that vessel, they had come to Southampton too late.

How terrible is that word, *too late!* Even in the world of misery beyond the grave, will there be any sound more full of anguish to the souls of the lost?

A little crowd was now gathering around the two women, and they felt anxious to escape from the prying eyes of strangers. After gratefully thanking her courteous conductor, and learning from him to what port in Australia the May Queen was bound, Edith led poor heart-broken Effie to a quieter spot.

They were still in view of the sea; still was that fast-receding vessel in sight. Effie stretched out her hands towards it, uttering a faint moan, like the last farewell to hope, and to her lost husband.

As long as Effie could see the steamer she remained as if rooted to the ground. Edith offered various suggestions to rekindle hope, but her companion appeared to hear nothing. Edith could then only silently pray for her wretched companion.

At length Miss Temple gently suggested that they should return to the station, and take the next train to London. Were they to miss it they would scarcely be able to return to Ashley that day, and it would be worse than useless to linger in Southampton now.

Effie submitted to be led away, though moving with slow unwilling step, again and again turning her head to try to make out in the far, far distance, the smoke of the now invisible steamer. The two travellers were soon again in the noisy streets, Effie leaning wearily, heavily on the arm of her gentle protectress.

The station was reached and in good time. Edith left Effie to rest in the waiting-room, while she herself went to procure tickets. The lady regretted that she had not taken return tickets at the London station; the reason for her not having done so was the uncertainty in which she had been as to the length of her stay in Southampton, in England return tickets being available only on the day of issue.

While waiting for her turn at the ticket-counter, Edith put her hand into her pocket to take out her purse, which contained all Effie's little store of money as well as her own. What was the lady's alarm and distress on finding that pocket empty!

She had been repeatedly jostled by suspicious-looking persons whilst passing through the crowded narrow streets, too intent upon one object to give much thought to any thing else.

Edith had been robbed of all the contents of her pocket, and now found herself, with her helpless companion, *absolutely penniless*, in a town in which neither of them knew a single friend! Disaster had followed disaster, and Edith, with her spirits depressed and her physical strength wellnigh exhausted, felt almost overwhelmed by this new and unexpected misfortune.

Miss Temple's first impulse was to try to recover her lost property, but a moment's consideration convinced her of the hopelessness of such an attempt. Edith remembered that many times while threading her way with Effie, she had been almost mobbed by low men and disreputable-looking women, but she could identify no one individual as being the probable thief.

Edith could not give the police the slightest clue by which to find out who had abstracted her purse. She therefore decided not to lose time by trying to regain what would never be restored; she must make up her mind to the loss. Very serious was that loss to the lady, not only because the sum was what neither herself nor Effie could spare, but because the want of money exposed them both to immediate difficulties of a distressing nature. How was Edith to obtain the means of returning to Ashley?

"What shall I do?" Miss Temple asked herself, in sore perplexity. The silent question instantly received a silent answer. "I must pledge my diamond ring!" What had before only crossed the lady's mind as a painful possibility, had become an act of necessity.

Edith thought of her watch, but it was only a silver one and was of too little value to bring sufficient money to supply immediate need. No; the ring so dearly prized must be given up. Edith dared scarcely hope that she would ever have the means to redeem it.

With a sigh she made up her mind to the sacrifice of the ring, as she would, if needful, have made up her mind to the amputation of the finger on which she wore the jewel.

"It is better not to tell poor Effie of our loss," said Miss Temple to herself, "she has enough of sorrow to bear already."

Edith's voice and manner were unmoved. No agitation betrayed that any thing unusual had happened when she returned to Effie Holland. In her usual quiet way the lady said, "I find that I must go to a store before we start for London. Stay quietly here; I hope to return in a few minutes."

"You may miss the train," said Effie.

"I must take my chance of that," replied Edith, and turning, she hastened out of the depot.

Effie was left again to her own sad thoughts. Many passengers on that busy line, as they hurried in and out of the waiting-room, glanced for a moment with interest at the sweet sad countenance of her who sat unconscious of all that was passing around her, *thinking of that steamer* and one within it, now tossing on the green waves. Travellers wondered what tale of woe might be told by those pallid lips, which seemed ever and anon to be murmuring words which none could hear.

"Tempted in all points like as we are!" such were the words which Effie was now whispering to her almost bursting heart; "oh! yes, the Holy One knew what it was to be deserted, forsaken, even in the time of His sorest need, even by those whom He loved! And He had never done aught to bring on Himself such desertion; His love had all been unselfish and true.

"My Lord looked for friends but found none; there was no human voice to comfort and strengthen Him in the agony of His soul! And yet He could say to His Heavenly Father, *Thy will, not mine, be done!*

"Oh! help me, help me, Thou pitying Saviour, Thou who knowest all my anguish, Thou who hast suffered all that I suffer, help me also to say, *Thy will be done!* Let me not give way to despair, let me not sink under my cross; and oh, in a better, happier world, if not in this, give me back my precious husband!"

Edith, bound on her painful errand, did not enter either the first or the second pawnbroker's shop which she reached. They were low places, and looked to the lady like haunts of thieves, like dens of receivers of stolen goods. The third was of rather more respectable appearance, so here Edith paused, and then, for the first time in her life, the lady entered *a pawnbroker's shop.*

The sooner the distasteful business was got over the better, so Miss Temple took off her glove, drew off her ring, and showing it to a high-nosed, dark-complexioned man, who appeared to be the owner of the shop, asked him for how much she could pledge it.

The pawnbroker examined the jewel with critical eyes. The ring was very handsome, and of peculiar design. One diamond of great beauty formed the centre of a star of blue enamel, from which diverged seven rays, each containing three brilliants of different sizes, the smallest making the point of the ray. So valuable a ring had not often passed through the pawnbroker's hands, and he now glanced curiously from the gem to its owner.

Edith felt embarrassed under the stranger' glance, for it seemed to her to be one of suspicion. Her position gave her a sense of humi iation, which brought a blush to her cheek.

"My pocket has been picked," said the lad in explanation, "and I wish to pledge my ring t obtain the means of returning to London by th next train."

The pawnbroker cared little for the piece information; it was not his wont to inqui into the circumstances which compelled his cu tomers to pledge their goods; and like th clerk, he had at once decided that Edith was real lady. The man, after some consideratio offered to advance three pounds ($15) on th security of the ring.

Edith knew that the sum was very far belo the real value of the jewel, but it would suffi to supply her present need. The offer was a cepted; Edith took three dull sovereigns a the pawnbroker's ticket, and suppressing sigh, left the shop.

"How selfish am I thus to feel parting with ring, which is, after all, but a thing of eart when my poor companion has had to part, a under circumstances so painful, with one who her all, one whose love was the jewel of her istence!" Such were Edith's reflections as s retraced her way to the station.

"I ought to have read to myself a lesson fr the very articles hung up in that pawnbroke shop. With what heavy hearts must ma have entered that place—the ruined workman pledge his tools, the sick man his blanket, p haps the widow her wedding-ring, to get br for her starving children! If one could real half the burden of distress pressing on the s poor, one would blush that even a murmur *thought* should arise at one's own little pri tions."

The aspect of a customer who entered pawnbroker's shop a few minutes after Ed had left it, would have formed a striking co ment on her reflections.

This customer was a woman still young years, but with a frame bent under a crush burden of sorrow; gray was in the hair, and rows in the face, with which age had nothing do. This much-afflicted woman also approac the counter to pledge some article which valued, perhaps, like Edith's jewel—a thing m precious by memories of a departed friend.

The pawnbroker was at the moment ot wise engaged, so his customer beguiled the t of waiting by looking at some articles in a covered with strong plate-glass. The clerk startled by the woman's suddenly uttering a clamation with almost the shrillness of a cry

"The ring! the ring! how came you by ring?" exclaimed the woman, violent excite working every muscle of her face.

"It was put in pawn here, not five min ago, by a lady," was the pawnbroker's reply

"No lady, but a thief—she never came estly by that ring!" cried the woman, her a tion increasing. "Where is she? where c find her? I will give her in charge of police!" In her excitement the speaker gra the pawnbroker's arm.

"Softly, my good woman, softly," said pawnbroker, releasing himself from her h "the lady told me that she was going to don; if you walk in the direction of the d rhaps you may overtake her before she starts. e is dressed in black silk, and wears a straw nnet trimmed with blue ribbon."

"I'll find out one who shall make her explain clear—restore—" what more the woman said e pawnbroker could not hear, as she rushed rth from the shop before she had ended her ntence. Curiosity made the man follow his stomer as far as the door.

In the mean time, quite unconscious of the sult which had followed her pledging the ring, ith had rejoined Effie at the depot. Effie had itted her seat in the waiting-room, and with xious eyes was watching for the lady's return.

"Oh, Miss Temple, I thought you were never ming back!" exclaimed Effie. "Again the ain has started without us."

"It cannot be helped, we must wait for the xt," said Edith quietly. "In the mean time, fie, you must require some refreshment." ith herself felt hardly able to stand, but she d no thought to give to herself when she oked at the wan features of her poor young mpanion.

Scarcely had the two quitted the waiting-room, en Effie gave a start so violent, that Edith rned in surprise to see the cause. But Effie s no longer by Edith's side; with a spring ich, had she been bound, might have snapped r cords asunder, the young wife had bounded rwards, and now she was sobbing like a child, th her arms around *the neck of her husband!*

"Effie, my poor lass! Effie, look up!" mur- ured Robert, his feelings of affection and re- rse struggling against the Englishman's dis- ke of any thing resembling a scene.

Edith, by a gesture of the hand, drew the Hol- nds with her into the waiting-room, which she d just quitted, and which was then empty, as train had so lately departed. Effie still clung her husband, holding him tightly, as if fear- l that he would yet escape from her grasp; and olland, whose eyes were moist, had not the art to put her from him.

"And so you flew after me all this long way, y poor little dove!" said the husband fondly. I did not deserve it, after deserting you so. did not think, darling, that you'd take my go- g so much to heart." Robert was holding th the hands of his wife, as he gazed tenderly, d with keen self-reproach, into her face, down ich streamed tears of mingled sorrow and joy.

"I thought that you had gone—gone from me rever!" sobbed Effie; "I thought that you d sailed in the May Queen to-day."

"I had half a mind to do so," said Robert, king a seat, and drawing his arm around Effie, that her head rested against his breast. "I ined Ellen at Southampton, and—but you've t spoken a word yet to poor Ellen!" cried e farmer, and turning to look for his sister, ho had followed him into the room.

But Ellen, with clasped hands, lips apart, and ok of rapt attention, was so earnestly engaged listening to Edith as to be heedless of all be- de. The moment that Edith had caught sight the woman who had dogged her steps from e pawnbroker's shop, she had recognized in her e attendant of her late aunt, Mrs. Vernon.

Ellen, on her part, saw with surprise and joy at the supposed thief, whom she had been pur- ing, was Miss Temple, whose character she ell knew, and from whom she was certain to eet not only justice but kindness.

Leaving Robert and Effie to each other, Edith ad drawn Ellen to another part of the room, d with delight, only exceeded by that of her tener, was telling the faithful attendant that e lost ring had been found, and that her inno- ence of the crime for which she had suffered was ow made clear as the day.

Robert caught the lady's words as he turned look for Ellen; he started up, and drawing ffie with him, joined his sister, listening with terest almost as intense as her own, to the ac- ount given by Edith of Mr. Vernon's surprise seeing on her hand the ring bestowed by his ife.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PERFECT PATTERN.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 2, 1 Pet. 2 : 11–25. Golden Text, ver. 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Our lesson for to-day is entirely addressed to Christians. The Apostle Peter, in ver. 21, reminds us that "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps." Here then we see that a life of holiness, no less than Christ's, is our high calling; footsteps no other than His own are the blessed possibility for us. And with this call we find the provision also made, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, *that we, being dead to sins*, should live unto righteousness."

And as to those who understand such a call, the appeal of the Apostle comes, "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul." Our beloved Lord was a stranger: "O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble; why shouldest Thou be as a stranger in the land?" (Jer. 14 : 8). The answer is a sad one. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not" (John 1 : 11). When our blessed Lord was upon earth, He saw, spoke of, and dealt with all things in the light of His great mission to reconcile the world unto His Father; the lilies of the field, the foxes, the birds of the air, the tribute money, all had for Him a significance which bore upon the relations of men with His Father. To the world in itself He was a stranger, and in it He was a pilgrim.

And we, as His followers, are called upon to "abstain from fleshly lusts," from all the world of self where the flesh reigns, to ignore all that once played upon our natural sensitiveness, to refuse in the Name of Christ to be wounded by any word or deed which is directed against *us*, for if we allow that our flesh was justly dealt with on the cross of Jesus, we are inconsistent to shrink from any humiliation which God may permit to come upon it from others. Then the lusts of self-gratification in the ministering to our tastes and desires, is to abandon the pilgrim life and the pilgrim spirit. Let us live as they who are but passing through the world, which has nothing in us, nor we in it.

But we are called to have our "conversation honest among the Gentiles;" and the next verse applies this principle to the duty of submission "to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake;" to the king, to governors, etc. The same principle applies in family life. When, for instance, a wife is converted, but has not grace enough to submit to her husband, she leaves room for the unconverted to say that the Gospel encourages strife between man and wife. If a daughter has not grace enough to obey her mother, when she is converted, in a full confidence that where it is a question of conscience the Lord will show her how to act, the inference will naturally be drawn that Gospel piety encourages insubordination. "For the Lord's sake" is the scriptural incentive to obey "every ordinance of man."

"For so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men," as in chap 3 : 17: "For it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing than for evil doing." Let us be ready to suffer for well doing, but never for an instant give occasion, by ill doing, for men to reproach our God through us. It glorifies God that where men speak against our faith, they shall be unable to find a flaw in our practice. "This is the will of God," "As free," *i.e.*, not by constraint, but out of the heart-whole jealousy for the glory of God, which becomes those who are His children; not from duty, but from love. And not using your liberty as a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God. We are set free only that we may serve.

Then we are to honor all men, love the brotherhood, fear or reverence God, honor the king, so that in our relations to all no fault may be found in us. "Servants, be subject unto your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward." A great principle is here involved, *i.e.*, that we are called to be blameless in our relations with others, altogether independently of their relations to us. Their frowardness is not to make us froward. A beautiful example of this is contained in the conduct of a dear Swiss lady, an earnest worker for the Lord. Three times her house was set on fire by the same man, and when the third time the offender was discovered, finding she had no power to prevent his being punished, she sought out his aged mother, placed her in one of her own cottages, rent free, and provided for her as though she had been one of her own relations.

"For this is thankworthy, if a man, for conscience toward God, endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." Let us bear in mind that we are called to newness of life, not improvement of life, to be new and not mended creatures. Now it is utterly impossible to endure grief suffering wrongfully, while we are living unto ourselves; all that is of self in us rebels against injustice; it is only as we live Christ, and as we refer every detail of our life to Him instead of to ourselves, that what He wills is our joy and happiness, what He permits our gladly accepted portion.

And yet how few there are who understand and who respond to this high calling! The general level of Christianity knows nothing of this. Men accept of Christ's redemption from eternal death, but continue the vain attempt to live their own life and eternal life together; to make their own interests and Christ's interests coincide; it is a vain, miserable attempt, which can never succeed; and this lies at the root of so much of the powerless, unhappy, unsatisfactory religious life around us. We cannot live a life which has two centres. If our thoughts, words, and deeds do not centre around Christ, they do centre around us. But the Holy Ghost, who worketh in us both to will and to do of God's good pleasure, glorifies Jesus and not us; and while we are seeking our own satisfaction or our own glory, we grieve the Spirit and hinder His working. This, too, is the secret of much unanswered prayer. "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you (1 John 15 : 7). While we abide in ourselves, in our own atmosphere and current of thoughts and desires, God cannot give us this power in prayer.

We are called then to follow His steps: "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." This is as distinct a call to live without sin as that of the Apostle John (1 John 2 : 1): "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not." Oh! in the light of these two passages let us never again excuse ourselves for sin, or think that there is no possibility of living free from sin. It is true that as we acknowledge this call, the sensitiveness of our conscience will increase, and we shall continually discern that to be sin which we have not hitherto suspected; but God in loving mercy discovers it to us, that we may learn to renounce it as soon as known in the name and in the power of the Lord Jesus.

"Who when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself unto Him that judgeth righteously." Our Lord did not undertake His own defence, but left it in His Father's hands without fear, without reserve. If we believe that our heavenly Father careth for us, why doubt so much that our interests are safe in His hands as to seek after them ourselves? The very instinct of the life of Christ in us is confidence in our Father. "Ye were as sheep going astray," says the apostle, "but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." Let us not pain our Shepherd by doubting Him; but be ready to do any thing or suffer any thing rather than distrust Him, and let us follow in His steps all the way through, following the Lamb "whithersoever He goeth."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Capture of Cabul by the British Forces was effected October 12th. During the night of Wednesday, October 8th, the enemy confronting General Baker fled, abandoning twelve guns. The British cavalry pursued for several miles, but the enemy dispersed in so many directions that only small parties were overtaken. General Roberts proceeded immediately to occupy the city. He issued a proclamation in which he said : "It will be necessary to inflict severe punishment. Buildings of the Bala-Hissar and of the city interfering with proper military occupation will be destroyed. A heavy fine will be levied on the citizens. A military governor will be placed over the city and country within a radius of ten miles. All the inhabitants under his jurisdiction will be required to surrender their arms within a week, on pain of death if they fail to do so. Rewards will be paid for the denunciation and conviction of any person concerned in the massacre of the British Embassy."

A telegram to the New York *Herald* states that the Russian Ambassador has made proposals to the English Foreign Minister with a view of bringing about a partition of Afghanistan between England and Russia. Lord Salisbury declined in the most emphatic, even harsh, terms, saying that England would not allow Russia to meddle in any way whatsoever in the matter. He said that the future of Afghanistan has to be settled by England exclusively.

In a speech at Manchester, October 17th, Lord Salisbury spoke of Russia in a manner indicating a decided feeling of hostility to that power, whose treachery and general want of principle seems at last to have disgusted every member of the European family.

Apprehensions of Coming Trouble in Ireland are still rife. Five hundred tenants of the Marquis of Sligo and the Earl of Lucan met near Westport, in the County of Mayo, Connaught, and solemnly pledged themselves to pay no rent until a reduction should be granted proportionate to the great fall of prices of all kinds of agricultural produce. If the tenants are evicted, it will be difficult to supply their places, as incoming tenants will be liable to be assassinated. A notice was posted at Warrenpoint, County Down, Ulster, that any man coming into the county to pay more than £1 an acre for land, "may bring his coffin with him."

There has been an anti-rent demonstration at Belfast, at which Messrs. Parnell and Biggar spoke. *Fifteen thousand persons* were present, and resolutions were passed declaring that at no time in the history of Ireland was the want of a native Parliament more clearly demonstrated than by the present alarming distress, and that the establishment of a peasant proprietary was the only practical and final solution of the land question. Disturbances were expected at the meeting in consequence of the strong feeling of Orangemen against Mr. Parnell, but no trouble is reported.

The Drink Traffic in England will be brought under the consideration of Parliament at its next session. A committee of the House of Lords has, during the past two years, made careful investigation into the effect of the present system, and has come to the conclusion, at which every one but interested persons had arrived long ago, that it is in need of radical reform. The report of the committee states that "individual and national ruin is threatened by the already excessive and rapidly-increasing consumption of alcoholic liquors." We may therefore conclude that any alteration of the law will be made with the object of checking that consumption.

The committee considers that the consumption of liquor may be reduced by restricting its sale and reducing the number of places at which it is sold. The effect of that measure, the committee is aware, will be to create a monopoly ; but it proposes to correct that evil by causing the monopoly to operate for the benefit of the entire community. To effect this object it suggests a modification of the Gothenburg system, by which the traffic shall be confided to municipal bodies who shall derive no profit from the sale, and who will therefore have no motive to encourage it. The glittering and attractive gin-palaces and the cosey ale-houses, which now allure men from their homes, and the fierce competition for customers, will, the committee hopes, come to an end under the system, and the morality and sobriety of the community be promoted. It remains to be seen what Parliament in which there are a considerable number of brewers, will say to such a measure.

Misleading Paragraphs Professing to Describe the advantages of emigration to this country are appearing in English journals. They paint in glowing colors the salaries paid and the prospects of obtaining employment here, and *misrepresent the cost of living*. Such paragraphs are liable to cause much misery to emigrants, and to swell the already enormous crowd of unemployed persons who throng our streets. It ought to be unmistakably explained to the European public, that the only classes of persons likely to be benefited by emigrating to the United States are producers and artisans. Professional men, clerks, and tradesmen find competition as keen here as in the Old World, and the cost of living higher here than there.

Dr. Talmage in an address delivered October 10th, speaking on the condition of the country in reference to the expected tide of emigration, said : "The men we need are *producers*. We must subtract from the number of manufacturers and add to the producers. The trouble is that where in this country there is one garment needed, there are three people anxious to manufacture it, and five people anxious to sell it. We want to evoke more harvests and fruits for the feeding of the world's population, and more flax and wool for the clothing." The emigrants who landed in New York during two days last week numbered 2494.

The Salvation Army has Secured an Apparently strong foothold in Great Britain. Already it has an annual income of nearly $100,000, and its organization includes 120 corps, 180 officers, and 3256 speakers. It holds 50,000 meetings in the course of a year in 143 theatres and music halls, besides about 40,000 open-air meetings. An estimate of the aggregate of the audiences places it at 2,000,000 persons.

The Lawsuit over a Hair, of which mention was made in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 24th, has been decided. The quarrel was over the Sacred Hair of the Prophet Mahomet's Beard, and it ended in an exciting lawsuit. This hair is called "Aussaree Shareef," and a small pension, besides great honor, is attached to the possession of it. There were six persons claiming this inestimable treasure. Three withdrew from the contest ; one, a woman, it was decided by the judge, could not fulfil the necessary ceremonies connected with the heirloom ; and it was decreed that as the third claimant is the elder brother of No. 4 he shall have the custody of the hair, perform the necessary ceremonies, and divide the profits with his two relatives.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has Given a Statement of his political opinions to a newspaper which declared that he had openly prayed for a rapid change of government. "I pray daily," he says, "that the Lord would change the policy of our Nation from that of blustering and invasion to peace and righteousness. If this means a change of government so let it be ; but I do not remember putting it in that form. My politics are not bound up with party ; but I love righteousness and peace."

A Fatal Flower Blooms on the Swiss Alps. It is called the Edelweiss, and is in great request among ladies as an ornament for the hair. Every traveller in Switzerland is familiar with the tender, star-shaped flowers of this curious plant, whose sage-green blossoms are stuck into the hat of every guide. It is found in the Engadine, and has particular corners and mountains that it loves to affect. Its scarcity and partiality has given to the Edelweiss a somewhat unhealthy notoriety. The rarer it became th more ambitious were the excursionists to obtai a sprig. Young ladies went so far as to appea at fancy balls in the character of "The Alps,' smothered in Edelweiss. The demand for th flower became so enormous and so many at tempts were made to obtain roots, that it be came increasingly scarce, and at length coul only be found in places dangerous and almos inaccessible. So the search of the Edelweiss be came as attractive a source of danger as any t be found in Switzerland. Unaccompanied b guides, and straying from the beaten tracks more than one tourist has risked his life, an several have been already killed in the quest They who thus put their lives in peril in th effort to gain possession of a perishable flowe are often unattracted by Him who is the Rose c Sharon and the Lily of the Valley (Cant. 2 : 1)

Killed by Terror.—A Terror Remembered i sometimes more dangerous than the same terro actually experienced. One Sunday, a fortnigh ago, as a young woman was crossing the Ru St. Honoré, Paris, she was suddenly knocke down by a high-wheeled cart known as a spider Her peril was imminent, but she retained he self-possession and relieved the anxiety of th spectators by regaining her feet and reaching th sidewalk very little the worse for her mishap As soon as she reached home she began to relat the incident to her friends, and while doing s was seized with a violent attack of nervous ag tation, and sank fainting on the floor and died.

The Greek Church Claims Infalibillity for it head.—The Archbishop of Moscow has publicl taught that the Emperor of Russia is the vica of God, inspired and infallible in his utterance and to be obeyed as God Himself.

A Whale that Paid a Chapel Debt.—A Larg sperm whale was seen floating in the sea ne the island of Eleuthera, in the West Indies. I was discovered by a party of sixteen fisherme who belonged to the Wesleyan body, and wa secured with the resolution that its value shoul be appropriated to the payment of a debt on on of their mission chapels. They obtained fro the carcass a large quantity of sperm oil an ambergris, a valuable substance, which was ser by a merchant to London, where it realized abo *2l.* an ounce. The merchant did not charge an commission on the transaction. The amour obtained was sufficient to pay the remainin liabilities, and to leave a nice little balance t the credit of the trust of the mission chape Thus it was, in a time of need, God sent a wha from the vasty deep to pay off a chapel deb He once before sent a smaller kind of fish t supply the tribute money demanded of the I carnate Lord and His apostles, thereby showin how all resources are absolutely at His comman

Spurgeon's Autograph Album ; containing th Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's and Mrs. Spurgeon's aut graphs, may be obtained at 63 Bible House, through any bookseller. Price 75 cents. *The Swo and Trowel* says : "Our young friends delight possessing birthday albums, and here is one which fit for a queen. We will say nothing of the content but the binding is simply gorgeous. . . . This a dainty birthday present, and is equal to any th have gone before it ; we think we might venture say that it is second to none. Facsimiles of the a tographs of the pastor and his wife are given in the proper places."

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Pulshed at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

is Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. AI AGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other mint Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. **The Circulation is 165,000 Copies.**

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1879.

13th Year. No. 54—New Series.

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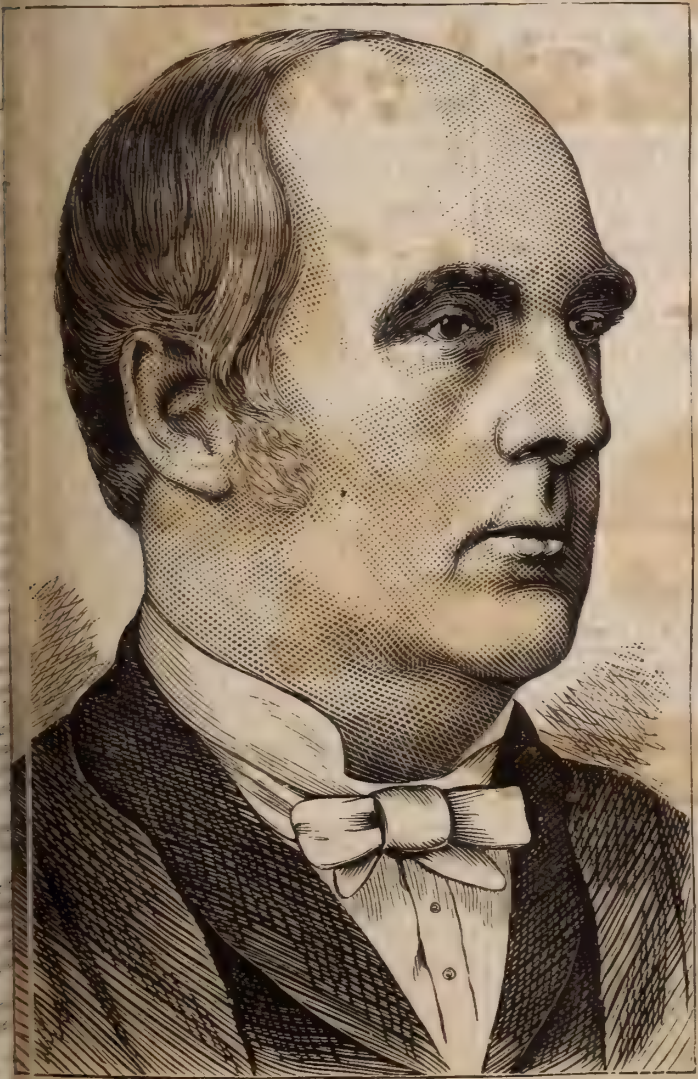
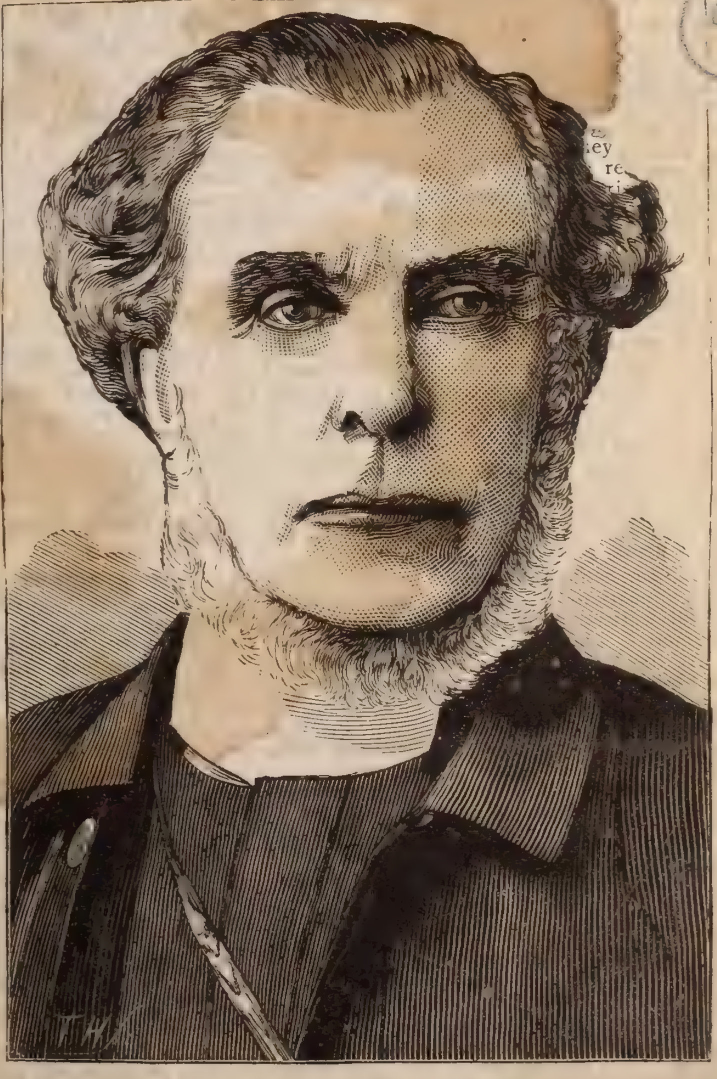


T late Rev. JOHN GRAHAM, Drowned at Cape May, N. J., August 1st, 1879.



The late Dr. A. MORTON BROWN, the Popular English Congregational Minister.

THE LATE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

His First Charge—His Work in Australia—His Settlement at Brighton—His Characteristic as a Preacher, Lecturer and Writer—His Sudden Death—Funeral Sermon.

THIS eminent minister of the Gospel, so well known in England as an earnest preacher, was a native of Ireland, and born in 1822. After completing his education for the ministry, his first pastoral charge was at Craven Chapel, London, to the pulpit of which he was appointed on the retirement of the Rev. Dr. Leifchild.

After laboring there for some years he proceeded to *Sydney*, New South Wales, and accepted the ministerial charge of the Pitt Street church, where he continued with much acceptance for ten years. During his ministry there he was instrumental in collecting no less than $84,500 for chapel, schools, and other buildings connected with that church.

Being desirous of superintending the education of his son, he relinquished that pastorate, and returned to England, and in September, 1876, became the pastor of Clifton Road Church, *Brighton*, in succession to the Rev. H. Quick, who had been compelled by ill-health to retire. He found a debt amounting to $24,500 upon the church, which was erected in 1811 at a cost of $54,000, but this had been reduced to $10,000 before Mr. Graham left with the purpose of taking a holiday tour in Canada.

From the pen of a friend who was intimately acquainted with this honored brother we have the following estimate of his character: "As a preacher, Mr. Graham, especially when at his best, was eloquent and impressive, having the gift of varying his style of address, and of introducing forcible illustrations. His sermons, although evidently prepared with great care, were delivered almost or entirely extempore. One feature was very noticeable in all his discourses, and that was his thorough acquaintance not only with the spirit, but the letter, of Holy Writ. Chapter after chapter, verse after verse, would be quoted, especially when seeking to establish some controverted point, with remarkable readiness.

"On the platform Mr. Graham seemed even more at home than in the pulpit. Here his style was more unrestrained and vivacious, apt illustration and clever anecdote never failing to enliven a meeting or give point to some useful lesson. As a lecturer, too, he was very happy, especially in his lectures on Rome and on Australia. His remarkable memory was particularly noticed whilst delivering these lectures, a number of dates, facts, etc., being given without any assistance from notes. Mr. Graham was, in every sense of the word, a public-spirited man. His views were broad and catholic. He did not confine his sympathies or exertions to his own church, but exhibited practical sympathy with all denominations of Protestant Christians and with all works of a missionary or philanthropic character.

"At the laying of the foundation-stone of a new place of worship, at anniversary services, missionary meetings, Sunday-school gatherings, and at similar reunions, Mr. Graham was constantly to be found. Besides attending these meetings, in common with his brother ministers in Brighton, he took a peculiar interest in the gatherings which had for their object the promotion of what is called the '*Higher Christian Life.*' He also conducted and supported special services designed to attract and influence those persons uninterested in the ordinary services of the church.

"At the conference of the Sussex Home Mission and County Association, held in Brighton in May last, and at London Road Congregational Church, he read a paper upon 'Special Services,' which was not, however, discussed, because of the limited time at the disposal of the meeting. The importance of the suggestions made and the ability displayed in the paper were specially acknowledged by the chairman and by the ministers present. Early in the present year he held a week's special services at Cheltenham, at Dr. A. Morton Brown's church.

"Mr. Graham was favorable to the Band of Hope movement, and encouraged the formation of a society of that kind at Clifton Road Church. He was the author of a work entitled 'Eternal Life in Prospect and Possession,' and edited a book detailing 'Twenty-five Years of Bush Life,' a volume which has been favorably noticed by the Australian press. In person Mr. Graham was rather tall and commanding, with a powerful voice. He was affable in manner and ready in conversation. He was universally respected by all who knew him."

His lamented death took place at the age of fifty-seven years, on the 1st of August this year, from apoplexy, while bathing at Cape May, New Jersey, during a visit to his nephew, Dr. James Graham, of Philadelphia. It seems that on the morning in question Mr. Graham went to the bathing-ground in company with his nephew, Archibald Graham, of Philadelphia, and his two nieces, Misses Bessie and Gussie Graham.

The current beneath a pier is always strong, and Miss Gussie found that she was being carried out to sea, and, ascertaining that she was beyond her depth, she struck out resolutely for shore. Her brother, appreciating her danger, hastened to her rescue, but their united efforts were unable to make headway against the tide. A young man, a stranger, for a time also lent his aid, but, finding the situation one of great peril to himself, sought his own safety in shallow water.

It was then that Mr. Graham's attention was attracted to what was going on, and swimming to the rescue succeeded in grasping the hand of his niece. A large wave which struck the brother carried him away, leaving the young lady and Mr. Graham to battle with the current, which soon carried them to the pier. Here help was afforded by Mr. C. H. Ames, of Boston, who, by means of a rope, was lowered into the water, where he found the young lady struggling to keep her uncle above water. All her efforts only sufficed to keep the top of his head above the waves. They were both brought to land; but in the case of Mr. Graham animation could not be restored.

Thus suddenly was a career full of usefulness brought to a close. We say not, *prematurely*; for God who rules all the affairs of men knows what instruments are needed for the conduct of His work on earth. It is for Him to say when His servants shall receive the summons, "Come up hither;" and it is ours to bear the severance with cheerful acquiescence, knowing that "He doeth all things well." The progress of God's work here depends on no man's efforts, but He raises up men to carry it on as He sees the need of them.

REV. A. MORTON BROWN, LL.D.

His Birth in 1812, and College Life—Entry upon Pastoral Work at Overton and Poole—Settlement at Cheltenham—His Ministrations to Earl Fitzhardinge—His Death and Funeral.

MORTON BROWN—his friends seldom called him by any other name—was a native of Newmilns, Ayrshire, Scotland, and was born March 6th, 1812. He was a member of a stanch Scotch Presbyterian family, one of whose forefathers had fought at Drumclog, and is said to have been subsequently shot in cold blood by Claverhouse, in the presence of his wife.

At the execution of that fearful tragedy, Claverhouse said to Mrs. John Brown, "What do you think of your husband now?" She replied, "I think more of him to-day than ever I did; but how will you answer to God for this morning's work?" Claverhouse, as he rode off, replied, "Woman, I shall take God at my own time." This scene has been the subject of historical pictures.

Morton Brown had godly parents, who, if they had any ambition ever troubling the simple current of their quiet lives, ardently desired that their son should take a good place in society. He had fair abilities as a boy at school, and when the time came that it was needful for hi to choose a calling or profession, his inclination at first strongly turned towards that of the ba rister. Even in his younger years he was a flu ent speaker, and could hold his own in an argu ment, and such qualifications, in the judgmen of some, naturally pointed to the Scottish la courts. Whatever wishes he may have che ished in this direction, however, were complete laid aside when it pleased God to bring him to knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The his highest hopes were centred upon becoming minister of the Gospel, and his prayers, an those of his beloved parents, were without cea ing that if it were the will of God his way migh be made clear. Those prayers were answere and, full of ardent hopes, the youth set out f the University of Glasgow.

College life, which sometimes proves fatal t the simple, earnest piety of too many youn students, whatever it may do in the way strengthening their intellectual powers, had n influence connected with it which Morton Brow was ever heard to regret. He worked har and in course of time took his M.A. He the proceeded to the University of Edinburgh, an upon the termination of his career there, entered the ministry. At first his views we Presbyterian, but he afterwards connected hi self with the Congregationalists.

He did not immediately take the oversight a Congregational church, but for some mont preached at *Overton*, in Hampshire, Englan and elsewhere. Eventually, in 1837, he was i vited to the co-pastorate at *Poole*, Dorsetshi He was ordained, and upon the death of Rev. Durant he became sole pastor of the church f a period of about five years. These early da of ministerial life had many pleasant associatio connected with them, for although the sphe of work was small in comparison with th which he subquently filled, he had many choi friends here, to whom it was a delight to him refer in after years.

It may be mentioned that at Overton a mestic entered his service who remained faithful retainer until his death, and whose fo years of service we may be forgiven for reco ing here to her honor, not less than as an stance of personal attachment which it peculiarly a trait of the deceased minister's ch acter to win from those with whom he brought in daily contact.

In 1843 he entered upon what proved to b long and useful

PASTORATE AT CHELTENHAM.

This town is an inland watering-place, chie tenanted by invalids and by families who for rious reasons desire to lead a quiet genteel life a healthy locality. In such towns the Engl Established Church has a firm hold on the p ple. It is fashionable to go to church; th who go to a Nonconformist chapel are regar as unfashionable nobodies, low people who out of the pale of good society.

People in this country can scarcely conceiv the breadth of the line which in England se rates a Churchman from a Baptist, a Congre tionalist, or a Methodist. It is not long since vicar of a Parish refused to allow a tombston be placed over the grave of a Methodist minis because in the inscription the deceased styled "Rev." At no places does this sectar jealousy attain such proportions as at hea resorts and small watering-places. Mr. Bro therefore, in accepting an invitation to Chel ham as an Independent minister, knew that would have to contend against serious obstac and would not receive from the people am whom he labored a just recognition of his w

The Congregational church there was at t time vacant, for the Rev. Samuel Martin just left it to commence the labor of his lif Westminster. The chapel was a small one, even Mr. Martin's ministry had not told ex sively upon so fashionable a place of reso Cheltenham. The church did not numb hundred members, and Nonconformity was dently looked upon as something altogether was to them the spot of all spots on earth, ie Redeemer was there!

d that presence is to-day the great need of hurch. The noblest structure, consecrated shops, is a failure if Christ be not there. is presence has not hallowed it, you may write on the walls Ichabod, the glory is ted. There are services imposing and magnt from which the Christian departs in w, saying, "They have taken away my Lord, know not where they have laid Him." But also necessary that you go to the house of with a prepared heart, lest you have to leave g, "The Lord was in the place, and I knew t." A service without Christ is starvation e soul; it is a fast, and not a feast.

I. THE PLACE.

as the other day in the house of one of your merchants, and I noticed there that he had ephone fixed, so that he might communicate his place of business, and might answer ions addressed to him. While I was there ld communications with an invisible quesr, and then proceeded with his conversation those about him. It seemed to me an illuson of our communion with our Father in en. We see Him not, but our petitions ve gracious answers of peace.

t if you would receive the blessing, you must for it. Can you complain that He is not found ou if you have not sought Him? Was He away when you have sought Him?

you desire to get the blessing of Christ's ence, seek Him with a purpose. If I wanted cure the presence of a physician, I should need to find a patient and ask him to come display his skill in the healing art. And if I the Good Physician to come I have only ll Him of a soul in need, and He will come eal all its infirmities.

gain, if you desired to get the presence of a r, you have only to secure the presence of vife and of his children, and you may rely he father soon following. If you seek the ence of Christ, go where His disciples meet, e His friends are, and there you will find Lord in the midst to bless.

II. THE PERSON.

think if I had entered that synagogue I ld have known my Master. I think I could picked Him out from among the crowd. vas a Prince of the royal House of David, I have no doubt He looked every inch a king. writes its tale on the countenance, and so virtue; what then must have been the face ie All-holy? It must have been conspicuous s matchless purity; and as the face of Moses n he descended from the mount shone with reflection of heavenly light, so must the iour's face have been peerless in its beauty. ve no doubt He bore the look of the Man of ows, that His brow was touched with the s He had borne, for here He had served and ered.

cannot tell you how you can detect the ter's presence in your sanctuaries, but I know if He is here, and you are seeking Him, will *know* that He is here.

s a boy I have flown my kite far away beyond sight. I could not see it, but there was a g attached, the other end of which I held in hand, and I knew by the pulling of the string the kite was there, though I could not see So there are chords of love in our souls which ate at the touch of the Master's hand.

e cannot explain how we know of the pres of our Lord, but we do know it. Can you ain why the magnetic needle points always he pole? But it always does point there; I cannot tell you how I find out the nearness Christ, but I feel His presence and He draws to Himself. I cannot tell you how the bird s its way for miles to its destination, but I w *it does find it*, and I know that so my soul s out towards its Lord. I feel His presence, ar a voice the world cannot hear, I touch a d the world does not see.

ut let it not be that we come to the sanctuary re Jesus is and do not get His blessing. In the old country, if one told us that he had been in the next room to the Queen, we should ask, Did you see her? Did you hear her voice? And we should think it strange if he had done neither. Nor can we understand it if one says he has been near to Jesus and yet has not received the blessing. Never let it be said that we have touched the hem of His garment and yet have not felt virtue come out of Him.

III. THE OBJECT.

Why was Jesus in the synagogue? If we went back to the place of our early associations there would be many things to arouse sad memories—thoughts of early sins and youthful follies; but with Jesus there were none of these as He returned to the place "where He had been brought up." As He went into the synagogue the purity of His childhood and youth and the sinlessness of His manhood sustained Him in the presence of His Father. But if we cannot enter the house of God with unstained souls as Jesus did, we can leave it as He did, clothed with the Lord our Righteousness.

Jesus went to the synagogue to worship His Father. I fear too many Christians go to hear the preacher or to listen to the music. God deliver us from the worship of man, and when we go to His house may it always be to worship Him and to meet with His people!

The main characteristic of Jesus' words to the people was the honor He paid to the Word: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled." What other things might He not have preached on! Here was the Creator of the world: what might He not have told of the secrets of geology! Yet on that subject there was perfect silence. Here was He who knew all the secrets of souls, and "needed not that any should testify of man; for He knew what was in man." What a sermon he might have preached on metaphysics! Yet on this subject too there was perfect silence. What might He not have told us of history, what about the future, for He could read it as He could the past. Yet not a single word about this. What a wonderful oration He might have delivered on many subjects on which He alone could have given us trustworthy information! But He makes His deliberate choice, and He chooses as His subject the Gospel of the Grace of God.

Let this be a lesson for all: the true work of the preacher is not oratory, not science, not history; it is to deliver the old message, the Gospel of the grace of God. I hope it is so with you to-day; with all your new discoveries and inventions I trust you will stand fast in the old paths, and your pulpits will ever send forth the old message. To swerve one inch from this is to swerve from God and His commission. Remember there is no new thing needed in the pulpit, and the only need we have is for more earnestness.

Notice *the personal way* in which Christ addressed His hearers, "This day is the Scripture fulfilled *in your ears*." We want to speak to every man as if he stood alone before God, saying as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man."

Notice, too, the pressing character of Christ's message, "*This day*." Thank God for the past; hope in Him for the future; but this day and this hour you must deal with the Most High. Why should you come to God with that old doubt, that old anxiety hanging over you? Deal at once and directly with God; beg Him once for all to relieve you; ask Him for a present blessing, and this day will the Scripture be fulfilled in your ears.

Then Jesus went on to speak of *doctrine*, and in doing so, like His servants in these days, He excited wrath among the people. He spoke of God's election and the Divine sovereignty, and His hearers were filled with wrath. He quoted instances of selection well known to them in their own history. There was the great famine in the days of Elias, when there must have been many widows in the land, but, as Jesus pointed out to His hearers, "Unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow." Again there were many lepers in Israel in the time of Elisha, "but none of them was cleansed; saving Naaman," and *he was a Syrian.*

"And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust Him out of the city." They did not believe in a discriminating God. I hope you believe in God as He is revealed to you by Jesus, as willing to save all who come to Him, but yet a King whose will is all-powerful; who sends out His ministers to preach the Gospel to all nations, but who says "it shall accomplish that *which I please*, and shall prosper in the thing whereto *I sent it*." God is a Royal God; honor Him as such, His purposes of love past your finding out, and He doing all things well.

The doctrine of God's sovereignty did not stand alone in Christ's sermon any more than it stands alone in the Scripture. The very instances He quoted were marked cases of individual responsibility. The widow gave her all, but not until she had received the assurance of Elijah that the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil would be replenished. Naaman was cleansed, but not until he had conquered his jealousy about Jordan's poor stream and complied with the conditions.

If you are not prepared like the widow to surrender your all to Christ, you will find no place in His kingdom. If you are not content to accept His salvation with humility, as a little child, your soul will be uncleansed. It rests with you to accept or reject the offer, and this truth of individual responsibility stands side by side with the other truth of God's selection, and both truths it is necessary to enforce

IV. THE RESULT.

Mark, describing the scene, tells us *the people were astonished.* At least they understood what was said. They were moved by what they heard, although they were moved in the wrong direction. They rejected the message, and even tried to kill the Preacher, but they were in no doubt as to His meaning. The responsibility rested with themselves after Christ had explained to them that even as He spoke the Scripture was fulfilled in their ears.

I know the imperfections of the ministry. Critics should remember that none are so conscious of those imperfections as ministers themselves. If you could hear their confessions when they are alone with Jesus in their closet, you would see that they need no criticism to open their eyes to their own weaknesses. I smile at criticism. I say to the critics, You do not say one half of what you might say of us; you do not know us as we know ourselves.

But with all our imperfections we at least seek to put before you *the whole truth*—so to present the Saviour to you that you may behold Him, believe and live. I dare to call you to witness this day, as you will be called to witness at the last day, whether your pastor has not done his duty by you in this respect. And what have you done? You have wondered, and that is all.

These Nazarenes "rose up, and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong." You say, "We would not have done that." We do not know. In all that is essential you have done as they did, when you have not welcomed the Saviour offered to you. You have rejected Him, you have cast Him out of your hearts, and in that your sin is of the same kind as theirs.

How can you reject the salvation which week by week is offered in your hearing? How can you bear the eternal burden of your sin? Have you not heard of the worm that never dies? and of the fire that is never quenched? I beseech you this night to consider your position. We shall never meet again in this world, and I beg of you very solemnly and very earnestly to come to Christ now, and not to turn away, saying, "We will not have this man to reign over us." "Seek, and ye shall find; ask, and ye shall receive." Then shall you say, "I have looked to Christ and I am saved."

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, October 22d, at **4.40 P.M.,** at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Public Interest in Politics Since the Result of the Ohio election has been made known, has been transferred to the triangular contest in progress in the Empire State. In that contest the two rival sections of the local Democratic party, whose candidates are, respectively, Governor Robinson and Mr. John Kelly, are waging as fierce a war on each other, as against their Republican opponents, whose candidate is Mr. Cornell. The usual fate of the house divided against itself is dreaded by the Democratic party throughout the nation, and fears are entertained that, should the division result in seating the Republican candidate in the Gubernatorial chair, not only will the State be lost to the party, but that all hopes of carrying the Presidential election next year must be abandoned. Repeated attempts have therefore been made to effect a reconciliation between the hostile leaders; and Senator Hill, of Georgia, has paid two visits to New York in the hope of mediating, but the result, so far, is not considered to be of an encouraging character.

The Republicans are prosecuting the campaign with energy, encouraged by the division in the camp of their opponents. Enthusiastic meetings are being held throughout the State, and on October 22d, a large gathering, under the presidency of the Hon. Levi P. Morton, at Cooper Union, was attended by Mr. Secretary Evarts and Senator Blaine, who delivered stirring addresses, and expressed sanguine hopes of success.

The Ladies and Children Carried off by the Indians in the attack on the agency at Milk River on September 29th, have been given up. The gravest apprehensions as to their fate had been entertained, and were not dispelled by the assurances of the Indians that they were safe and unharmed. A telegram from Special Agent Adams to Secretary Schurz, dated October 25th, states that "the Utes are now encamped at Plateau River, and, with the aid of Indian couriers, Chief Ouray is in constant communication with them. They are said to be poorly provided with ammunition with which to continue the war, and therefore not so obstinate in their expectations of the Government condoning their offence. Having released the captives, it is thought they will naturally expect to give up conditionally."

The Indians gave to Agent Adams a detailed account of what they regarded as their grievances. and the reasons which influenced them in taking the war path. From their statement it is evident that if our troops had pursued the Utes they would have massacred the women and children, not being able in that mountainous country to provide them with ordinary comforts.

The telegram also announces that Mrs. Meeker and Miss Josephine Meeker, Mrs. Price and the two children, have been surrendered, and are now in General Merritt's camp. They say that they were well treated by the Indians, but the impression is that had it not been for Ouray's orders they would all have been massacred.

The understanding still continues that the troops shall not move from the White River Agency until further orders. Secretary Schurz and General Sherman both agree that the information at hand indicates *a speedy termination of the campaign.*

A Ship on Fire.—Details of a Horrible Disaster have been forwarded from New Orleans. An English vessel arrived at that port October 23d, carrying seventeen men supposed to be the sole survivors of the Spanish steamer Nuevo Pajaro del Oceano, which was burned at sea early in the morning of Saturday, October 18th. Even in the terrible annals of marine tragedy it is rare to find such a combination of horrors as accompanied and followed the burning of the steamer. Fire catching among boxes of petroleum and running swiftly through the vessel just at dawn; a hurried rush of the passengers from their beds; the swamping of most of the boats; the floating of the survivors all day long, and many of them through the night and into the next morning, on planks, to which they clung with scorched hands, naked, in the tropical sunshine, while the salt sea washed their burns; and the appearance of sharks, which devoured some of the unhappy wretches before the eyes of their companions—make up a picture the horrors of which it is almost impossible to realize. The captain of the rescuing steamer appears to have executed his duty of searching and saving most faithfully, but he succeeded in picking up only seventeen of the sixty passengers and crew.

The fire broke out at four o'clock in the morning, and from the inflammable nature of the cargo which consisted principally of brandy, wines, rum, and petroleum, soon gained complete possession of the ship. The sailors worked at the pumps until the flames surrounded them and then there was a mad rush for the boats, all discipline being forgotten in the eagerness of every man to secure his own safety. It is supposed that if order could have been maintained many more might have been saved, but two boats were swamped by the rush which took place as soon as they were lowered. Great credit is due to the English captain for the trouble he took in searching the scene of the disaster for hapless survivors who had succeeded in keeping themselves afloat.

The Yellow Fever at Memphis has, it is hoped, finally disappeared. The following welcome announcement was issued by the Board of Health on Saturday, October 25th.

"Owing to the fall of temperature within the past three days, there having been two good frosts, with a prospect of a continuation of cold weather, the Board of Health hereby declares the epidemic of 1879 at an end, and announces that there is little danger to be apprehended from yellow fever by absentees or other persons coming into the city. It takes this occasion to advise the people on their return to avoid infected places. There are a few cases of yellow fever yet in the city, and a few cases may yet develop; but by ordinary prudence there is no danger of the disease now spreading from that source.

The Duties of Christian Citizens in the Forthcoming election formed the subject of Dr. Talmage's lecture to his people on Friday, October 24th. After referring to the peculiarities of the Brooklyn elections, he made the following remarks, which are as applicable to other cities as to Brooklyn:

"Standing, as we do, as citizens and philanthropists and Christians, at this crisis, let us decide the moral fate of our city in the right direction. The more population the worse, if they have no moral restraint. The sea-breeze cannot purify an atmosphere breathed on by dissipation and sin. Better halt where we a now than march to the doom of that city whi will not have God in its councils, and whi mistakes the bloat of unhealthy growth for p manent advancement. *We must keep our C Hall clean.* That is the point where you m feel the moral pulse of the city. Dishonest jo must be hurled down the marble steps befo they get a fair foothold. Water boards, havi so much to do with the cleansing of the ci must themselves be clean. Street commissic ers must make a highway for justice. Heal officers must understand that they have mu to do with the moral disorders as well as w the physical condition of the city. The co stabulary must be alert and appreciative of th high responsibility. Let our Park Comm sioners rightly expend the moneys of the peo in the bloom and the foliage and the rose, a the bridle paths and the lawns, which shall education and life to all classes of citizens. I our public schools have able instruction, and morals as well as the intelligence of the you be considered, remembering they are to Brooklyn after we have passed off. Let jails be well ventilated and reformatory, turn out the incarcerated better than when they w in, and let our churches of all denominations forth a gospel that will make men better for t world as well as the next. And let us all aro to more public-spiritedness, and not only at ballot-box week after next, but in every possi way, toil for the welfare of the city and the Stat

Immigrants are being Defrauded by scrupulous men pretending to arrange for th settlement in Texas. An English farmer has cently returned from Texas with the story o fraud that has been practised upon him and companions in enticing them to a barren desolate country without wood or water. tended Texas colonization agents have been active in the North, particularly in New E land, during the past year. One of them indu half a dozen families in a little New Hamps village to listen to his glowing accounts of richness and fertility of the Texas soil, and form a little colony. He assured them churches, schools, and academies would spi up in the new land, and in a few years its so advantages would equal those of New Engla He collected $200 from each family and camped. His victims are unable to learn present whereabouts. None of them c afford to lose the money. Most of them poor, and hoped to better their condition. was not only poor, but an invalid, and was l into the scheme by the expectation of impro health. A scheme so utterly cruel deserves emplary punishment, which, for the sake of national reputation, we hope will be meted promptly.

A Church Built by Faith is to be Dedica early next month at Amherst, Mass. The Edward P. King first conceived the idea erecting a Methodist church in that locality, when he proposed its erection the wonde people inquired from whence the money coming with which to build it. The belie minister thought he knew. Much praying been done about it, and very much honest self-sacrificing toil. It is the work of lo charity and holy faith from foundation top-stone. The humblest friends have con uted their mites, and it is supposed that single dollars have been given toward the than ever went to make up a similar sum bef A small amount is still required to clear total cost, and as soon as that is raised, and place can be opened free of debt, the cerem will take place.

A Temperance Test in the Army.—Hon. McCrary, the United States Secretary of Wa a temperance man, and was, for years, a pr nent officer in the Grand Lodge of Good T plars in his State. He has ordered that an a cant for an appointment in the army shall after be asked, "Are you addicted to the us intoxicating liquors as a beverage?"

The Obelisk Given by the Late Khedive of gypt to be erected in this city was on Thurs- y delivered to Captain Gorringe, the officer nt to receive it and superintend its removal. is similar to the one acquired by England and cently erected on the Thames embankment in ondon. An important point has been gained in e business now that the American officer is tually in the possession of the monument, and ly the seas and other physical obstacles are to overcome, for these, though great, are such science knows how to deal with. As the la- rs incident to removal were begun promptly, so ey will doubtless be pushed rapidly forward.

Mormon Immigrants from England to Utah e being warned of the risk they run in leaving eir native land to live a life of immorality. ajor Greig, the head constable of Liverpool, ngland, has issued a notice by way of warning, citing that there is "reason to believe that a stem of soliciting persons to join the faith and nigrate to America prevails extensively, and minding such persons that by American law lygamy is prohibited, and that those who actise it are liable to heavy fines and long terms imprisonment."

An Odd Wedding Fee was Tendered a few ys ago at St. Louis. As a justice of the peace s sitting in his office a man covered with char- al grime tumbled over the chair nearest the or and asked how much it would cost to be arried. The price was too high. The poor t honest bridegroom said that he lived in fferson County, that he and his intended had me to the city peddling charcoal and wanted go back as man and wife. *A barrel of char- al* was still on hand, and this was offered as e marriage fee. The kind-hearted justice con- uded that it would be a good thing to make em man and wife, and the barrel of charcoal s dumped into the cellar according to agree- ent.

A Child's Dying Request.—A Few Years o a little girl, Fannie Smith, aged seven years, Philadelphia, sent for her pastor, Rev. Dr. S. . Muchmore, who found her dying. She handed Dr. Muchmore all her little savings, and said, I want you to take this money and build a urch for poor people like us. Now," said she, promise me; so I shall know when I am in aven that it is done." The promise was ade, efforts to supplement the little girl's sav- gs were successful, a place was selected on ghteenth Street near Montgomery Avenue, d a frame building, known as the Free Colle- ate Church, with a seating capacity of 400 per- ns, was erected, and dedicated without debt the first Sunday of June, 1876. The Sunday- hool has increased from forty-five to three ndred; over one hundred persons have united th the church, and the frame building has en replaced by a large stone church to accom- odate over two thousand persons. There is doubt the little girl knows what has come of r gift.

The Moody and Sankey Hymns have been blished in many languages. Friends of Mr. nkey have recently sent him copies of the mns from Spain, China, and the Sandwich ands, and printed in the languages of those untries. He has four editions of them in inese, and believes each edition is by a differ- t publisher.

The Bishop and the Baby.—Dr. Selwyn, shop of New Zealand, was noted for his kind- ss of heart. The following incident related himself illustrates the gentleness which dis- guished the follower of Him who took little ildren in His arms and blessed them, saying, Suffer little children to come unto me." It as simply told in illustration of the possibility a naturally helpless man overcoming the diffi- lties of suddenly finding himself placed in arge of young children. During one of the peditions along the coast of New Zealand, Dr. lwyn had given a passage to a woman who had th her a baby just weaned. The voyage was ugh, and she became absolutely prostrate with a-sickness. The baby remained preternaturally lively, and the question, "what to do with it?" became of serious concern for the officers and crew. Dr. Selwyn solved the question by taking the child *under his own care.* There was an apprentice named Tom on board who took naturally to children, and he was installed as under-nurse. "The voyage lasted eleven days," the Bishop said, "during which time the mother was wholly incapable of doing any thing, but with the assistance of Tom we got along splendidly."

A Massacre of Protestant Missionaries is Reported to have taken place in Mexico. It occurred at Toluco, about fifty miles from the City of Mexico, in the Presbyterian Mission. How many were killed is not stated, but one man, after being badly cut, was dragged through the streets and then hung up to a tree, where his body remained all night. The Rev. John Butler, a Methodist missionary in the City of Mexico, has written a letter to friends in New York reporting the outrage.

Prospects of the Churches.—A Boston Journal says: "We have never heard, at the opening of a new season, more encouraging reports from the churches than at the present time. Special evangelical labors have been commenced quite generally. Reports from all portions of New England assure us of a revived condition of the churches, and of numerous conversions. Large attention is properly given to the young people and children."

Unwelcome Immigrants are Expected to arrive shortly in New York. Two of the principal detectives in London were convicted about two years ago of receiving large bribes to induce them not to arrest wealthy swindlers who were duping the public of England and France. They were sentenced to a term of imprisonment which has now expired. Intimation has been forwarded that they are on their way to this country, where they hope to obtain employment. Our needs are varied, but certainly this class of immigrants are not required here.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, a Colored Evangelist, formerly a slave, well known as a successful Christian and temperance worker in this country, and who has recently been conducting meetings acceptably among the higher classes in England and Scotland, started in October by the overland route for Bombay, India. She was called there by the Rev. William B. Osborn, who has charge of the missions established by the Rev. William Taylor in that city some years ago.

A New Use for Monkeys.—In one of the school districts in London too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gayly dressed, put in a wagon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the schools about 200 boys and girls.

A Witness from the Grave Against the Inquisition was found recently in the corpse of a Prince of the Imperial family of Montezuma. The Prince had been condemned to death by the Spanish Inquisition, and had been seized and forced into the niche of a wall and built in. The exclusion of the air had preserved the body during the many years which have since elapsed, and the perfect remains witness to the horrible cruelty of the inquisitors. The body, which resembles a wooden statue, was sold by auction and purchased by the trustees of an English museum.

The First Volume of the "Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times," handsomely bound in cloth, is now ready, and may be had on application to the office, 63 Bible House, New York. It contains Nos. 1 to 36, being the issues from October 24th, 1878, to June 26th, 1879, inclusive. Price, including postage, $2.50.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.—A SMOULDERING HEAP OF RUBBISH.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Which say, Stand by thyself, come not near to me; for I am holier than thou. These are a smoke in my nose, a fire that burneth all the day."—Isaiah 65: 5.

The Sins of Israel—First Idolatry, then Self-righteousness—The Sin of Self-righteousness—I. It grows up among Religious People—II. It Flourishes where other Sins Abound—III. A Great Sin in Itself—It is Blasphemy, Idolatry, and Profanity—IV. The Fruit of Man's own Thoughts—V. It Leads to Despising Others—VI. It is Abominable in the Sight of God—VII. It Bars a Man from all Hope of Salvation—The Remedy.

The Apostle Paul shall be our interpreter here. You remember how in the tenth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans he quotes from this chapter and says, "Esaias is very bold, and saith, I was found of them that sought me not; I was made manifest unto them that asked not after Me. But to Israel he saith, All day long I have stretched forth My hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people."

Isaiah was very bold to speak the Gospel so plainly, when a legal spirit prevailed, and very bold to defy the enmity of his own nation by declaring that they would be rejected for their sins, while the far-off heathen would be brought in by sovereign grace. He was bold to denounce hypocrites to their faces, and to smite a proud nation with the threatenings of the Lord. Perhaps it was for this boldness that he suffered *a cruel death* by the hands of Manasseh.

The application of the passage to Israel is just thus. Year after year God dealt with great patience towards His chosen people, but they seemed to be desperately set upon idolatry in one form or another. Sometimes they worshipped Jehovah, but then they did it *under figure and symbol*, whereas He has expressly forbidden that even His own worship should be thus celebrated. He who said in the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," said also in the second, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

At other times they altogether rejected Jehovah, and worshipped Baal and Ashtaroth, and whole troops of the gods of the heathen, and thus they provoked the Lord exceedingly. They also practised necromancy, or pretended communion with the dead, and witchcraft and sorcery, and all manner of abominable rites, like the depraved nations around them. When this open rebellion was given up, as it was after the captivity—for the Jews have never been guilty of idolatry since that day—they fell into another form of the same evil, namely, *self-righteousness*: so that when our Lord came He found self-righteousness to be the crying sin of Israel, the Pharisees carrying it to such a pitch as to render it utterly ridiculous. They reckoned that the touch of a common person polluted their sacredness, so that they needed to wash after walking down a street. When they traversed the ways they took the edge of the pavement, so that they might not brush against the garments of the passers-by, and even in the temple in prayer they stood by themselves lest they should be defiled. Their whole spirit is expressed in the words of the text—"Stand by thyself, come not near to me; for I am holier than thou." This God declares to be as obnoxious to Him as smoke in a man's nose. He could not bear it. He was no more able to tolerate their self-righteousness than to endure their idolatry.

It is this last form of the evil of the Israelitish heart which I am going to speak about this morning, because it is a phase of evil which is now common among us. *Self-righteousness is rampant* in our own day. There be many who come up to the courts of the Lord's house and mingle amongst the followers of Christ who still say, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou."

Our sermon is meant to be

A CANNONADE

against self-righteousness, that righteousness which a man makes out of his own doings, his own feelings, his own alms, prayers, or sacraments—all such righteousness is to be utterly despised.

I. The first point is this : *the sin of self-righteousness grows up among religious people.* It is not always the sin of the outside world, for many outsiders do not pretend to any righteousness at all, and I fancy they think all the better of themselves for that. This is an idle plea, which it needs not many words to expose. "I make no profession," says one. This is about as honorable a confession as if a thief should boast when caught at picking pockets, "I do not make any pretence to be honest," or a liar when detected should turn round and cry "I never professed to speak the truth." Would you have men glory in not professing to be honest or true? Yet, surely, they do no worse than one who boasts that he does not profess to fear God. Such a man has gone to a considerable pitch of iniquity before he can *brazen his face* to make his glory in that which is his shame.

Among those who profess to be religious, self-righteousness very frequently comes in, because they have not truly received the religion of Jesus Christ ; if they were true believers they would be humble and contrite, for self-righteousness and faith in Christ are diametrically opposed. He that is saved by grace finds no room for glorying in himself. What saith the apostle? "Where is boasting, then? It is excluded." The word is, it is shut out, it has *the door shut in its face.* A sinner washed in Jesus' blood and clothed in Jesus' righteousness, glories only in the Lord. He has done once for all with that particular form of sin which glories in self ; it is detestable in his sight. His cry is "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Many who mingle with Christians, and are religious in a certain sense because they practise the forms of religion, are wont to put the form into the place of the spirit. With them in baptism the washing in water is every thing, but the burial with Christ which it sets forth is quite unknown ; with them the partaking of the bread and the wine are every thing at the Lord's table, but the spiritual feeding upon the body and blood of Christ is not understood. With them the place of worship is every thing, but the spirit of worship is lacking. The broken heart, the contrite spirit, the soul that trembleth at God's Word, the heart that joys in the Lord—they are strangers to all this, though they can sit as God's people sit, though they can hear as God's people hear, and look as if they were all that saints should be.

These persons, too, even when they do not join the Christian Church, but only worship or seem to worship with Christians, are very apt to think that they must be better than other people because they do so. They are not openly Sabbath-breakers. Is there not something in this? Yes, there is something in it, certainly, and we will not say a word against it ; but there is not every thing in it, and certainly not enough in it to make a perfect righteousness of it. The bed is shorter than that a man may stretch himself on it, and the covering is too narrow for a man to wrap himself in it.

"Oh ! but I have occupied a seat in an orthodox chapel for many years." Yes, that may be, and if you have not received the Gospel, those sermons which you have heard will rise up against you in judgment, to your condemnation. It is true you close your eyes in prayer, but if you never pray do you not mock God with a pretence of doing it, and may it not turn out that your religiousness is only an impudent provoking of God to His face?

II. *This is a sin which flourishes where other sins abound.* We read of these people that they did evil before the eyes of God, and chose that wherein He delighted not. They blasphemed God, and polluted themselves with unhallowed rites, communing with demons and the powers of darkness, and *pretending to speak with departed spirits ;* and yet, for all that they said, "Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou."

Self-righteousness is never more ridiculous than in persons whose conduct would not bear scrutiny for a moment. See the Pharisee with his phylactery, and his broad-hemmed garment standing there in conscious perfection ! See him and feel disgust, for the wretched hypocrite has been secretly devouring a widow's house, and his heart is full of ravening and wickedness. In his greediness and lust he makes clean the outside of his cup and platter, but within he is full of extortion and excess. Hear how the devil derides him ! "Ah, ah !" he laughs with satanic glee, "the outside may be as you will. What care I while the inside is foul !"

Moreover, self-righteous men, like foxes, have many tricks and schemes. They condemn in other people what they consider to be very excusable in themselves. They would cry out against others for a tenth part of the sin which they allow in themselves : certain constitutional tendencies, and necessities of circumstances, and various surroundings, all serve as ample apologies.

Besides this, if it be admitted that they are wrong upon some points, yet in other directions they are beyond rebuke. If they drink, they do not swear ; and if they swear, they do not steal : they make a great deal out of negatives : if they steal, they are not greedy and miserly, but spend their gains freely. If they practise fornication, yet they do not commit adultery ; if they talk filthily, yet they boast they do not lie. They would be counted good because they are not universally bad.

They do not break every hedge, and therefore they plead that they are not trespassers. As if a debtor for a hundred pounds should claim to be excused because he does not owe two hundred : or, as if a highwayman should say, "I did not stop all the travellers on the road ; I only robbed one or two, and therefore I ought not to be punished." If a man should wilfully break the windows of your shop, I warrant you you would not take it as an excuse if he pleaded, "I did not break them all ; I only smashed one sheet of plate glass." Pleas which would not be mentioned in a human court are thought *good enough to offer to God.* Oh the folly of our race !

OH THIS HORRIBLE SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS !

it is not merely to be found in the man who attends his church regularly and reads his prayers daily ; it is found in the man who will not go to his church nor say his prayers. The harlot has her self-righteousness ; the thief, the drunkard, the profane still have their self-justifications. Yea, and it may be seen even in Atheists who have cast off all fear of God, and then stand in an elevation of self-esteem which hardly any other man can match. Hear him : "I have proved my freedom of thought and nobility of mind ; I am the model man. As for these Christians, they are cants and hypocrites ; and believers in Christ are either fools or knaves. No man has any honest and rational convictions but myself. I can improve upon the Bible and criticise the life of Christ. Stand by thyself. I am holier than thou." This weed of self-righteousness will grow on any dunghill. No heap of rubbish is too rotten for the accursed toadstool of proud self to grow upon.

III. As self-righteousness grows among sins to our surprise, so *it is in itself a great sin.* One is almost startled to find self-esteem placed after such a list of sins as this chapter records. To the Jew the eating of swine's flesh and broth of abominable things was a great pollution, but self-righteousness is classed with it ; it is even placed with necromancy and witchcraft. Drunkenness and swearing are *sin in rags*, but self-righteousness is sin in a respectable black coat. It is *an aristocratic sin*, and does not like to be put down with the common ruck ; and if we call it sin, yet many will plead that it is only so in a very refined sense. But God does not think so : He classes it with the very worst, and He does so because it is one of the worst.

For a man to be self-righteous is in itself a sin of sins. For, first, *it is blasphemy.* Perhaps you do not see that. Follow me, then. God is holy. Here comes this base impostor and boasts, "And I am holy too." Is not that a ludicrous and contemptible form of blasphemy? It is profanity in its very essence. The cherubim are crying "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts · heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory," and amid it all there is heard this squeaking pretender, whining, "And I am holy too."

O wretched egotist, thou dost at once lie and blaspheme ! The heavens are not pure in His sight : He charged His angels with folly, and dost thou, that art born of woman, and defiled from head to foot, dare to talk about righteousness? Righteousness, indeed ! when thou art a mass of sin.

More, this *self-righteousness is idolatry*, for the man who counts himself to be righteous by his own works worships himself. Practically, the object of his adoration is his own dear, delectable, excellent self ; all his confidence is in himself, his boasting is in himself ; and, though he may sing psalms to God with his voice, yet his heart is really singing hymns to himself, and he is saying unto himself, "Thou hast done well, my soul ; there is something great and bright in thee ; thou deservest much of thy Creator ; thou shalt surely enter heaven on thine own terms. At thy worst thou hast never been so bad as thy fellow-men ; at thy best thou art a right noble being, and a brilliant reward is thy due." What is this but idolatry in its worst form?

Then, again, *it is profanity*, for it gives God the distinct lie. The Lord declares that no man is righteous. He saith that he looked from heaven and surveyed the sons of men, and he saw that "there is none righteous, no, not one." To this divine assertion self-righteousness gives a flat contradiction, for it claims to be itself holy.

He testifies that God's "No, not one." is false, for he himself is one righteous person, and therefore there may be others. Though God saith that by the works of the law no flesh shall be justified in His sight, yet this man saith, "By the works of the law I shall be justified," and so he profanes the word of the Most High, and questions the truth of God, which is as the apple of Jehovah's eye. It is clear beyond all question that self-righteousness is in itself a great, God-defying sin. May the Lord deliver us from it, and by the Holy Spirit work in us a humble, lowly faith in Jesus Christ, the Lord.

ITS SOURCE.

IV. In the fourth place we would remark that self-righteousness is *the fruit of man's own thoughts.* Look at the second verse of the chapter—"I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts." Those who have high thoughts of themselves do not walk according to God's commandments but according to their own notions.

If any man thinketh himself to be righteous in himself, he has never derived that idea from *God's law.* Read the ten commands, understand their spirituality, and know that they concern not only overt deeds, but thoughts and imaginations, and you will see that the law condemns us all without exception. It proves ou guilt, reveals our proneness to evil, pronounce a curse upon us, and gives us over to condemnation. It pays us no respect, but shuts us up i hopeless despair. A man who is self-righteous therefore, did not derive his self-esteem from true consideration of the law.

His proud notions come not from the law and certainly not from *the Gospel*, for the Gosp knows no man after the flesh as righteous, bu it regards all men as sinners, and comes to the with pardon ; it treats men as lost and comes t save them. If there be a man in the world wh re and perfect by nature the Gospel has ng to say to him, for it was not intended to such a case. Its medicines are not for upon whom the sickness of sin has never , for "the whole have no need of a physi, but they that are sick." Our great Lord ca not to call the righteous, but sinners to re nce. Jesus is *the sinner's friend.*

C rist came to wash away stains, not to flat en into a notion of their spotlessness ; He to heal the sick, not to applaud the vigor- To such as are righteous in themselves is not a single syllable of promise in the Gospel : why should there be, for they it not? Self-righteousness is a child which er Law nor Gospel will own ; it is born in ouse of folly, and it is nursed by human n .

e to those who make eternal shipwreck they dream that they are steering straight e desired haven. God save you from set- up to furnish yourselves with inspiration. are not oracles, and should never dream of so. Search the Scriptures to know the of your case, and then you will recoil from ery idea of the righteousness of unrenewed Your glory will become your shame, your gled robes will turn to worthless rags, and vill accept with humble gratitude the right- ness which is of God by faith.

This leads us on to our fifth remark, which s : Self-righteousness has this vice about it, it always leads to despising others. That

THE PITH OF THE TEXT.

ey said, "Stand by thyself, come not near ; for I am holier than thou." The self- eous think thus of one another : one sinner ls pollution from another, one rebel is ed lest he should be made disloyal by an- . Think of a wretch condemned to die for in, and yet afraid that a fellow criminal t soil his innocence. To what a pitch of ess does pride lift itself! "Do not come me ; I am holy," cries the man steeped in sin Oh! the absurdity of self-righteousness! Th pride is loathsome to the last degree.

is pride is seen to be still more loathsome the proud self-deceiver bids the lowly pen- man stand off. The repenting publican ha his eyes opened to his real state, and he go up to the temple and he prays, "God be ful to me a sinner." He does not dare to up, he is so broken-hearted ; but yonder Ph isee is bold to thank God for his own sur- ng virtues. See how he gathers up his s for fear the fringe of his raiment should h the ground whereon the publican has set his olluting foot!

hy, sirs, that publican was one of God's jew- and this abominable Pharisee was a mere hill, reeking with offensive self-conceit. lid not know it, but his self-righteousness e him despise the very man of whom God said, "To this man will I look, and with will I dwell ; even to him that is poor and of contrite spirit, and that trembleth at My d."

Oh!" says one of my free-thinking but self- teous hearers, "I hate such cant. Confess- sin is all nonsense. I cannot endure to hear talk." We are well aware of that, good but this weighs not with us. We know you well, and recognize in you an old acquaint- of some nineteen hundred years' standing. d Pharisees never can endure penitent pub- s, nor their Saviour either. They are al- saying of the Lord's ministers that which once said of Himself, "This man receiveth ers and eateth with them." They find fault the great Advocate and His clients, with great Physician and His patients, but the R eemer's kingdom waits not their patronage fears not their opposition. If you reject the quet of mercy, and will not come to it, there others who shall, and your refusal shall bring our own head the contempt you now reserve others.

es, and this self-righteous spirit dares to pour its bitterness upon the most gracious men. If you want *a thorough-paced persecutor* find a self-righteous man. I tell you there is no venom in the heart of dissolute, debauched men against Christianity that is at all comparable to the poison of asps which lies in the heart of the self-righteous man.

VI. But I must pass on to observe that self-righteousness is most

ABOMINABLE IN THE SIGHT OF GOD.

What does He compare it to? He says, "It is a smoke in My nose, a fire that burneth all the day." At the bottom of the garden we gather together the dead leaves, and all the rubbish of the garden, and the heap is lighted, and it keeps on burning and smouldering all the day ; and if you go and stand in the eye of the wind your eyes will smart, your nose will be offended, and you will feel that you cannot bear it. As you see the refuse burning, smoking, smouldering all the day, it will tell you what the Lord thinks of man's righteousness.

Moreover, self-righteousness is *such a proud thing*. God is always provoked with pride. It is one of the evils which His soul hates. He daily fits His arrow upon His string to fetch down the proud in heart. The self-righteous man is proud in himself and proud with a contemptuous sneer at others, and therefore the Lord abhors him.

Self-righteousness also denies the wisdom of God's plan, and is utterly opposed to it. God's present plan of working in the world goes upon the theory that we are guilty ; being guilty, He provides a Saviour for us, and sends us a Gospel full of grace. His whole system is *a gigantic blunder* if we are or can be righteous in and of ourselves. The work of the Holy Spirit is needless if we can be of ourselves fit for heaven. The whole character of this gracious dispensation is a mistake if man is not guilty.

The man who says "I am righteous," virtually casts a slur upon a work which is meant to be the highest display of the divine love and wisdom. He is like the Greek to whom the cross of Christ was "foolishness." I venture to say that self-righteousness in effect makes Christ Himself to be a superfluity, and this, my brethren, is *the unkindest cut of all.* This is a stab at the heart of the great Father. Did Jesus come down from heaven and take our nature because we were sinners, and in that nature did He give himself a sacrifice that He might put away sin, and was all this a mistake? Calvary, art Thou a blunder? Bleeding Saviour, wert Thou an amiable enthusiast, putting away sin which did not exist, and filling a fountain for the removal of stains which are not to be found? Yet self-righteousness involves all this.

If one sinner has a right to be self-righteous so has another ; and then it comes to this, that God should deal with us all on quite another theory, and instead of His dear Son coming to the world to die for us as sinners, we might all go to heaven without an atonement or a Saviour. Do you think God can bear such a slur upon Christ, such a trampling on the precious blood of His own Son? Can even long-suffering bear this?

I may be speaking to some who have not before considered what their self-righteousness means, but I hope they see it now. Get rid of it, my dear friends ; put off your ornaments of fancied virtue, and put the dust and ashes of confession on your heads. Go home and tear your finery to pieces, and put on the robe of heavenly righteousness, otherwise you will be as long as you live nothing but that smoking heap of weeds at the bottom of the garden ; and whereas you think you are a bright and shining light, God's thoughts will be the reverse, for He will count you to be a mere smother of smoke in His nose, a fire that smouldereth all the day.

VII. The last point, and one of the most practical, is this, that self-righteousness most effectually *bars a man from all hope of salvation.* We cannot be saved unless we become truly holy, but, my brethren, no man ever becomes truly holy who is content with

A FALSE HOLINESS.

If he says, "I am holy," he never will be holy. The student who enters college as a wise man will probably remain a fool. You never can win wisdom till you confess your folly. The man who says, "I am rich," but is under a delusion which makes him call counters gold, will never be rich ; it is a first necessity that he be able to estimate his true estate. So that self-righteousness shuts a man out from real righteousness most effectually.

It also prevents the heart from repentance. How can you repent if you have never sinned? How can you mourn your failure to obey while you conceive that you have kept the law? It shut you out, too, from faith. You never will believe in Jesus Christ while you believe in yourself. "How can ye believe," said Christ, "that receive honor one of another?" If you can save yourself you do not want a Saviour, and consequently you will never trust in the Saviour of sinners.

Man, whilst thou art righteous, Christ and Thy heart will never agree. He brings Thee water, but Thou art not thirsty ; He brings thee the bread of life, but thou art not hungry ; He has made for thee a raiment of needle-work, but thou art not naked ; He comes to enrich thee, but thou art not poor ; He comes to give thee pardon, but thou art not guilty ; He comes to give thee everlasting life, but thou art not dead. What is there, then, in Christ for thee? Just nothing, and so thou wilt never have Christ.

Let me warn you who have heard the Gospel continually, that if you are self-righteous the privileges which you enjoy will be all neutralized and cease to be privileges ; for if you do not come to Jesus when He stretches out His hands, He will call others who are not now a people, and He will be found of those that sought Him not. You are first now in point of privilege, but the first shall be last ; while those outside that have not heard the Gospel shall hear it and be saved ; and so the last shall be first.

God will turn the tables upon you : the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, while many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. Beware, you who are self-righteous, lest, because you put yourselves to be the head, God should make you the tail, for then all your Sabbath privileges, and Gospel hearings, will be like millstones about your necks to sink you low as the lowest hell.

What is the remedy for all this?

THE REMEDY

is just this. God saith, "*Behold Me;*" that is to say, He bids thee cease from doting upon thine own fancied beauties and worshipping thine own foolish image. Look first to the holy God and tremble. Canst thou, of thyself, ever be like Him, pure, spotless, glorious?

Then comes the second, "*Behold Me.*" See Christ Jesus on the cross dying, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God. As thou seest Him dying thy self-righteousness will die. Thou wilt say, "He would never have suffered thus for me unless I had sin to repent of. God would never have put Him to this grief for me unless I had been sadly guilty. I should never have wanted such a Saviour if I had not been a great transgressor.

"In the heights and depths of dying love I read the heights and depths of my accursed sin ; in the infinity of the atonement I read the boundless blackness of my guilt, and lie humble before God. At the same time in that perfect righteousness divine, which has put away sin, I see the hope of a sinner, and as a sinner I look to Christ for every thing." If thou doest this, it is well. God bless thee. May every one here be enabled to do this immediately, and unto God shall be the glory forever and ever! Amen.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS ARE PUBLISHED AND INSERTED IN THIS JOURNAL WITH HIS CONCURRENCE AND REVISED BY HIMSELF.

GOSPEL WORK IN BARRACKS.

Recollections by Major Malan.

Coming of Age and to a Right Mind at the Same Time—The First Step under the New Commander an Act of Unbelief—He becomes a Gospel Ploughman—Reads to the Soldiers—Look Straight to the Front!—Light came at Last—A Lasting Blessing from a Visit to Beckenham Rectory—An Encouragement to Christian Women—Saved by a Letter.

JUST at the time I attained the age of twenty-one I also obtained the rank of captain. The world was before me. The comforts of an English country gentleman's life were very alluring. But God had brought to bear on me that blessed influence called in His Word "the fear of the Lord." He made me realize that there was responsibility connected with education, position, and means, and that there is an account to be hereafter given to Him for them.

He made me also feel deeply His goodness and love in giving me this education and position, His mercy in sparing my life at Sebastopol, and in preserving me in India, when so many of my comrades were being called away. As regards the life of a country gentleman, the question was, Where could I do most good—settled in England, or as an officer in the army? I decided, by His grace, to remain in the army, there to serve Him, and to seek, by every possible means, the welfare and comfort of my fellow-soldiers.

To God I felt that I owed every thing; and although I did not know how to serve or please Him, His grace and mercy led me to try. Many of my old brother officers had exchanged to the other battalion of the regiment, in England, and all seemed desirous of leaving India; so, thinking it would be easier to begin to serve God in a regiment where I was not known, I exchanged. I expected and obtained quicker promotion by my exchange; but, although I was afraid to tell any one what was then passing in my mind, my real reason for leaving my old regiment was that just given—the desire to lead a new life and to serve God.

I now know and see that leaving my old regiment on the above ground was an act of unbelief. But I did not then comprehend the power of the *sovereign grace of God*. What words these are! Peace, strength, and salvation when they are rightly understood. The Lord help me to explain them simply! *The grace*, that is, *the love of God, not only*, as above noted, *freely forgives sin, but gives power* against sin, and power *to live for and confess Christ.*

The instant the soul really sees the Lord JESUS, *as revealed by God in His Word*, as *its living Saviour*, exalted at God's right hand in glory, and believes that His blood *has washed away its sin*, the power of the Holy Spirit takes possession of it, and *by His power the soul is able* to serve, and not ashamed to own the name of JESUS. This I did not know, for I was very ignorant: so I went on desiring to do what was right before God, all my mistakes being lovingly and graciously overruled for my highest good.

My sense of responsibility as captain of a company led me to consider what I ought to do for God among the men whom He had placed under my command. I knew that there were many of them who could not read, and I felt that my education was a talent which I could use for their benefit and God's glory. If they could not read, they could not read God's Word; and as I believed it to be true, it was plainly my duty, as their best friend, to read it to them if they would listen.

Accordingly having asked leave from the colonel, I told my color-sergeant that I would go to the barracks every Sunday afternoon

TO READ TO THE MEN

who could not read, if they were willing to come. To my very great encouragement a good many men came: not only those who could not read, but several of those who could. I did not attempt to explain the Bible, for I did not understand it then; but I read it; and I also read a page or two of Venn's "Complete Duty of Man," selecting such portions as would suit soldiers.

I had obtained this book solely on account of its title; I wanted to learn my duty as a man, and I was glad of any help; I did not know *how easy and simple is the whole duty of man*, best told in Christ's words, "*This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent*" (John 6 : 29).

By the grace of God I had now fairly put my hand to the plough. A very ignorant and clumsy ploughman I was; but His grace, that sovereign grace which begins, carries on, and brings to a glorious end the salvation of every soul which accepts it, kept me trusting in Him. My training as a soldier, my drilling as an adjutant, all helped me. "Look straight to your front," so often before on my lips, now came to my heart; and one of my favorite verses in the Bible has ever been, "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee" (Prov. 4 : 25). A capital text for a Christian soldier. "March on a point;" that point, Christ.

It must not be imagined that I was then more than a seeker; I had not yet found Him who is the Pearl of great price. On the contrary, the love of the world held its place in my heart, and the fear of man was strong as ever. I purposed to make myself "a man of letters;" and to this end bought all the British poets. I waded through Chaucer, Spenser, and on to those of Charles the Second's reign. The more I read the more weary I got. What were they? Fiction. *What I wanted was fact, truth; yea, eternal truth.* Instead of my mind being improved, it was too often injured; and at last I threw them all away, and stuck more and more to my Bible.

At length the light burst upon my soul—that light which brings peace to the conscience, and enables the soul to rejoice in the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, of the love of God, and of eternal life. I was riding back from mess one night upon my camel, grieving over the uselessness of my life for the glory of God and the good of man, when, as a ray from heaven, there came into my mind the verse of a chapter I had read to my men, "*All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all*" (Isa. 53 : 6).

What! THE INIQUITY OF US ALL? Then all MY iniquity—that means *all my sins of omission as well as commission, all my sins, past, present, and future*—all laid BY GOD ON CHRIST, all borne away, all forgiven. Oh, the joy! Oh, the peace! How I got down from my camel, ran to my room, and, falling on my knees before God, praised and blessed Him and the Lord Jesus Christ! I have often since been grieved and distressed by sin, but I have, thank God! never, never lost *that peace—the peace of free, full, and eternal forgiveness of sins through the blood of Christ.*

I will mention, as a help to Christians who may read this, some of the other means used of God in my conversion. I was committed by *my mother*, before she was called to be with the Lord, to the care of a lady, a relative, who was an earnest Christian. I doubt not that her teaching in my early childhood sowed by grace the seeds of God's truth in my heart. During my boyhood my father made me learn many chapters of the book of Proverbs by heart.

I also met two Christian women whose kindness exercised a powerful influence over me amid all the temptations of a soldier's life. But what first drew my heart towards the Lord Jesus was a visit which I paid, *only for a few hours*, before going to India, to Beckenham Rectory, Kent, well known as the home of *Dr. Marsh's son-in-law*, the Rev. F. Chalmers, and his dear wife. *The Christian joy and peace I there witnessed I had never seen before, and it made me desire to possess such great blessings.*

Gladly would I have given up the pomp and pride of my military calling to have remained in this happy home. The consistent Christian life of two of my old brother officers in the Roy Fusiliers was both a rebuke and an example me. I have often thanked God that I serv with them. But above all, the letters of n mother's friend, *Mrs. Chalmers*, written to r when in India, were most blessed to me. S told me more of the love of the Lord Jes than I had ever heard before.

She urged me to trust Him, to give Him r heart, to serve Him. These letters were t only commentary I had for the Scriptures, a with my daily study of God's Word they w most blessed to me. Various, indeed, were t means used, but, God be praised, the result v my salvation. "*He brought me to the banqu ing house, and His banner over me was* Lov (Song of Sol. 2 : 4).

In looking back upon these years of my li and especially upon my service in India, I remember, *even now, the joy with which I loo for and received* the letters of my mother's d friend. And I have felt very deeply that if ev Christian woman sought as earnestly as she to lead the children of her friends to the Savic there would be more motherless children bles with the knowledge of His love.

The heart of a man is most accessible w he is an exile from his home. Letters writte Christian love and commended in earnest pra will rarely fail of their reward. Let my own and that of two other officers encourage writing of such letters. These two owned same name and were serving in the same r ment. A letter written to one was read by other. There was no mistake, for God m it. Both were led to believe by the readin that letter.

PROPHETIC SIGNS OF THE TIME

An Address by Colonel Rowlandson at the phetic Conference in England.

We are Friends and Sons of God—A Surrey tager—Three Courts—The Two Resurrec —A Girl in Bath—Seven Signs of the Sp Advent of Christ.

I WISH at the outset to call attention tc passages of Scripture, John 15 : 11–15 and 2 I 1 : 16–21. The first passage must strike e one as being a remarkable declaration fo Saviour to make to His Apostles, one of w was about to deny Him, and another to b Him, for He necessarily could foresee events. "*I call you not servants, but frie* It reminds us of another title given to "*Sons of God.*" Who are the Sons of "To as many as believe on Him, to them He power to become Sons of God."

Besides the privilege of *sonship*, the deigns to *employ* His redeemed people. He not employ any one till he has become a ber of the family. They must be *children* and *servants afterwards*. The way of the is that strangers shall be *servants first*, anc possibly, after long years of faithful service may be made *sons at last*. But the Divine of arrangement is the reverse of this.

Now when Christ called His apostles *fr* they might be ready to say, "What, Peter a friend, who is about to deny you! a friend, who is about to betray you!" B made no exception. His declaration w have called you friends." Well, in every where are *infants* and *grown-up sons*, it is eldest and not the youngest that the father he thinks he is going to leave the worl scribes his plans and projects for the ber the family. What would be thought of th est son if, on such an occasion, he treat father's communication with indifferenc said he did not care to listen to the inte his father had as to the future?

But this is what many of the Lord's rec people say about the "sure word of prop to which they are directed to take heed. said, "All things that I have heard of My I have made known unto you," and ye are some who say, "It is a dark subject: thee have me excused." And because the ttle difficulty in understanding the revela- hey decline to avail themselves of the priv- of receiving it. The Christian who puts rom him the doctrine of the second com- the Lord Jesus puts away his strength, and *a wounded lark*, unable to soar to elevated s. He who looks for his reunion with his *nly at the hour of death* is like the maimed and cannot sing any thing but Lenten It is a sad thing thus to shut out the rt and joy of this precious hope.

ere were in this village of Surrey *a poor r* living in great poverty, a mere pauper ad in his little cottage a window looking an estate to which he was heir, which ictly entailed upon him, and must event- ome into his possession, would he not be looking out at it and comforting himself indigence by the sight of his future inher- ? And in like manner the well-instructed an gazes through the window of God's es upon his future inheritance, incorrupt- ndefiled, and that fadeth not away.

THREE GREAT DOCTRINES

prominently forward in the Christian reve- 1. That Jesus once came and died for s of His people, and rose again for our ation. 2. That when Jesus ascended up h the Holy Ghost descended as the Com- 3. That the Lord Jesus is coming again, m this doctrine great comfort will come eliever enjoys sweet fellowship with his rd

e are *three courts* in which the Christian ed. . The court of *conscience*, in which no nation is possible, as stated in John 24 the court of *heaven*, in which also the be- stands acquitted and discharged ; and the f the *world*, in which he is always con- d, for as the world hated the Master so it er hate His servant.

truth of the Lord's second coming has a *aspect*, both sides of which must be kept d. It has the aspect of *warning* to the man, who says, "*I know I must die some* out when he is in health and strength that ay seem far off. But to him it may be Hold, dear friend, you may not die ; the nay come any day, and will He find you "

o God's dear children the aspect of this e is one of *comfort and encouragement.* ristian may have a great load on his soul ; be on his conscience ; if it is, let him take e blood of Jesus, and reflect that he will presented faultless before the throne of ev. 14 : 4). Or it may be outward afflic- if so, let him meditate on the near ap- of the Lord, who will soon take him out it, nd he will find comfort.

he subject of the *two resurrections* the eems wholly to lose sight of one of them, associate the thought of the resurrection th the judgment day of the great assize. the *first resurrection*, which will consist vely of *the blessed and holy* (Rev. 20 : 6). ill be for the children of God *no condem-* or, as the original Greek word signifies, *ment.* They are already justified in this e Acts 13 : 38, 39), and it is remarkable this and similar passages the present tense have always been used.

r girl in the city of Bath, a short time s lying very ill, and was in great spiritual ss, when a Christian lady visited her, and ed to her the way of salvation. The girl l, but no peace came. She said she be- hat Jesus had died for her, but it gave ssurance of hope. At last the lady took w Testament, and, turning to the pass- s 13 : 39, underscored the word "*are*" in sage, "By Christ all that believe *are* jus- om all things," and then left her. At t visit she found the girl full of peace. a'am," she said, "that little 'are' has I see it all now."

as of the *first resurrection* the Apostle ooke in Philippians 3 : 7–11, which, in ginal, was called the *special eclectic* resurrection, and is the same which is spoken of Revelation 20 : 6, where a clear distinction is made, for it is expressly stated that "the rest of the dead [the *unblessed* and *unholy*] live not again till the end of the millennial thousand years."

The Holy Ghost taught Paul this truth in that grand chapter, 1 Corinthians 15 : 51, where he says, "Behold, I show you a mystery." The mystery consisted in this, that although all men are appointed once to die as their common lot, and all are to rise, yet there is to be a special, a first resurrection of the righteous from among the dead, and a translation of the living righteous, one thousand years before the resurrection of the wicked. This first resurrection will take place at the Second Coming of Christ, which may happen at any time—even to-day or to-morrow.

There are *three orders* in the resurrection : 1, the dead in Christ will rise first ; then, 2, they that are Christ's at His coming and are alive will be caught up alive to meet him in the heavens ; and then, 3, the rest of the dead will be raised after the millennium of a thousand years.

The hope of the first resurrection is specially pointed out as comfort for the bereaved, and gives the expectation of their speedier reunion in glory. Sir Isaac Newton foresaw the great interest now taken in these subjects. He said that in his time they had not light enough, but he believed a time was coming when God would raise up an extensive school of students of prophecy, to whom He would give light, and to whom much more would be revealed. The interest now taken in prophecy is a sign that the Lord's coming is nigh at hand.

There are

SEVEN SIGNS

of the close proximity of Christ's Second Coming, and it must be remembered that the Lord reproved those who were keen to notice natural signs, and neglected to observe these signs of the times. It may be asked, *Why is the coming of the Lord more likely to occur now than it was in the last century?* In reply the following facts may be mentioned as indicating the near approach of the end :

1. The world is now covered with *a network of Christian Missions.* Such institutions as the Bible societies are spreading over the whole earth a knowledge of the truth. They sprang up suddenly at the beginning of the present century, and were the fulfilment of our Lord's prediction in Matthew 24 : 14, "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness to all nations, and then shall the end come." This passage shows that it is an error to expect the whole world to be converted before the Second Coming of Christ ; for the words expressly said that the Gospel is only to be *a witness* to all nations before the end comes, and that the world is to be at that time as wicked as in the days of Noah, or the days of Lot.

Professor Gosse, in a book recently published by him, has shown that there is not a nation on the earth in which there is not a witness either by the Word of God, or by living missionaries.

2. Another sign is *the deep interest now taken in God's ancient people the Jews.* The Palestine Exploration Fund was organized expressly, as was stated in its prospectus, "to pierce those mounds of *dust and stones* round Jerusalem," and was a fulfilment of a prediction in Psalm 102 : 14, that "God's servants shall take pleasure in her *stones*, and favor the *dust* thereof." The Jews are now flocking back to their ancient home in great masses, and four building companies in Palestine are not equal to the task of raising houses fast enough for the incoming people.

3. It was predicted there would be a great *running to and fro* in Daniel 12 : 4—a sign abundantly fulfilled in this day. The Russian ambassador, it might be read in that day's newspaper, was in London one day and at St. Petersburg almost the next day. In his (Colonel Rowlandson's) boyhood it took him 128 days to go to India, while now 28 days sufficed for the journey.

4. Another sign is the interest now exhibited in *education*, for was it not prophesied that before that day "knowledge should be greatly increased" (Daniel 12 : 4)? By means of the *telegraph* the different parts of the world have been brought into near contact, and knowledge is widely diffused by the printing press.

5. Most noticeable also is the decline of the Papal apostasy—Great Babylon. In Daniel 7 : 26 it was prophesied that its dominion would be taken away. By the recent wars between France and Germany, and its loss of temporal power, that was beginning to be fulfilled, and at exactly the time predicted, viz., 1260 years from 622 A.D., which was the reckoning of the words "time, times, and the dividing of a time" in their year-day fulfilment. The *dominion* was to be taken away, not the *existence* of the apostasy, and that is just what the world is witnessing.

6. The numerous conferences of God's people were foretold by the prophet Malachi (3 : 16), who predicted that "they who feared the Lord would speak often one to another." And now the fulfilment is evident, for no former days have seen so many conference meetings and congresses.

7. A seventh sign is *the withering of the Mohammedan power.* This is predicted (Revelation 16 : 12) under the figure of the *drying up of the river Euphrates.* The Turkish power holds the keys of Palestine, and it is this fact that makes the present position of Turkey a fact so significant to students of prophecy, for as the Turk goes down the Jew will rise up. There has never been in past days such a simultaneous fulfilment of prophecy, and it is not what scientific men called a *fortuitous concourse of atoms*, but it is a *solemn concurrence of providential signs*, full of premonition of the Lord's speedy appearance.

I GO BY THE BOOK.

Two men were standing on the deck of a ship, which was on the stocks, and nearly completed, in a ship-yard. One of them was the foreman, and the other was one of the carpenters engaged in building the vessel. "Well, David," said the foreman, "I have been thinking I would like to talk with you a little. I hear you are one of those who say they know for certain that they are saved, and I am curious to learn how that can be." "Well," said David, "I *know* it is a reality ; and I know, too, that there is such a thing as knowing that one is saved. What is the breadth of this water-way?" "Why, fourteen inches all round, to be sure ; what makes you ask that, when you know?" "But are you quite sure that it is to be fourteen inches?" said David. "*Certainly.*"

"But what makes you so sure?" "*Why, I go by the book ;*" and as he said so he pulled a small memorandum-book out of his pocket, in which were marked the sizes and position of the various things on the deck. "I'm sure it is fourteen inches, for it is here in the book, and I got the book from headquarters."

"Oh ! I see," said David. "Now, look here, that is just exactly how I know I'm saved ; '*I go by the Book ;*'" and as he said so he pulled a New Testament out of his pocket. "*I just go by the Book ;* it came from headquarters ; it came from God ; and it says here, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John 3 : 16). I took God at His word."

Mr. Spurgeon on Woman's Place in Marriage.—In a speech at the opening of a bazaar, Mr. Spurgeon related an anecdote of a black man and his wife whom he received into his church. When the negro came before the church, Mr. Spurgeon said : "Well, friend, I suppose you can speak well of your wife—she is a Christian woman?" to which the negro made the following remarkable answer : "Yes, I believe she is a good woman ; but even black women are provoking sometimes." But they received her into the church.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(*Continued from page* 847.)

RETURNING HOME.

ROBERT HOLLAND'S indignation on learning that Mr. Vernon had been apprised of the injustice he had done Ellen Morris yet had made no attempt to remedy the evil, knew no bounds. He exclaimed :

" And the villain saw it on your finger, knew that it had never been touched by my sister, and yet did not attempt to right the foul wrong he had done her, yet did not proclaim to all the world that he had acted the part of a heartless tyrant, a false accuser !" exclaimed the fiery Englishman.

Such indignation flashed in the eyes of Robert, so fiercely he raised his clinched fist, that Edith Temple felt some alarm for her uncle's personal safety.

" Doubtless Mr. Vernon will make what amends he can," she began, but Robert would not hear the end of the sentence.

" What amends can he make !" cried the farmer, stamping his foot. " The brute thought that he was but crushing a helpless worm, but he shall find that he has to deal with a man, and a man who claims justice, and demands vengeance on the oppressor !"

" Robert, dear Robert !" exclaimed Effie ; " oh ! let us forgive as we hope to be forgiven."

" I wish no evil to my persecutor," said Ellen gravely ; " may he never know one tenth of the suffering which he has inflicted on me !"

" He shall do you justice openly, publicly, and that before another sun goes down !" cried Robert. " We will return to London by the next train, it is too late for us to reach Ashley this evening, but we will be at the farm to-morrow. I will write at once to this Vernon, this philosopher, this friend of mankind, as he calls himself !"

Effie laid her hand pleadingly on the arm of her husband, and glanced towards Miss Temple, but Robert was not to be silenced. " I will tell him," continued the indignant farmer, " that I will be at his door by noon, and call him to an account for the shameful wrong which he has done to my sister."

" Strangers are coming in," observed Ellen ; " let us return to our lodging ; will Miss Temple share our humble meal ?"

Edith gladly availed herself of the invitation, which was proffered with such respect as might have been shown to a peeress ; the lady had much need of a little refreshment and rest.

The party proceeded to a small lodging, a room in which had been occupied by Ellen Morris during her stay in Southampton ; her brother had found accommodation in the same house since joining her at the seaport.

Much had the Hollands to talk over, much to tell to each other, and for much had the husband and wife to exchange mutual forgiveness. Ellen Morris led Miss Temple to her own little room, leaving the husband and wife to themselves, and then went to prepare refreshments for all.

With a heart full of gratitude, Effie now told her husband of the sympathy, kindness, and active help which she in her trouble had received from Edith Temple.

" You will forgive her uncle, if but for her sake," said Effie, as she concluded her story.

" It seems to me, from your account," observed Robert, " that Miss Temple herself may have something to forgive. It appears as if he who threw his wife's faithful attendant into a jail, must have driven his niece from his door. Mr. Vernon may have to settle two scores with me to-morrow."

It was now Robert's turn to relate what had happened to himself since his parting with Effie.

" I acted hardly towards you, Effie, I own it," said the young farmer to his wife ; " but I knew that the tale of Ellen's disgrace, when once found out by our lodger, would run like fire through the village. I couldn't face neighbors that could point at me as the brother of a thief—a jail-bird ! When I got into the train I'd a mind to emigrate with Ellen, and go off to the other side of the world, where none should ever hear of us again !"

" How could you be so cruel," murmured Effie.

" We two, Ellen and I, said I to myself, will weather life together, and stick all the closer the one to the other, because of the stormy winds which beat around us. That was my first thought," said the farmer.

" And had you none for the poor, wretched wife whom you were leaving behind ?"

Robert kissed away a tear from Effie's cheek. " I thought a mighty deal about you, Effie, as the train went rattling along. I seemed to hear your voice calling me back, and to see you looking—just as you look at me now.

" Long before I got to Southampton I'd changed my mind about Australia. I couldn't start in such haste for a place that seems nigh as far off as the moon. No, says I, Canada is quite distant enough for me, and I've two or three friends in that land who would gladly give me a welcome, and help me to make a good start."

" But Ellen had taken her passage in the May Queen," observed Effie.

" Ay, in the steerage," said Robert, with a look of disgust ; " you never saw such a den as she would have had to bide in—the folk crammed *like sheep in a pen!* No, no ! Ellen had suffered enough on shore, she should never face all these hardships on a long sea voyage ; I made her give up her passage."

" And what were your plans then when I met you ?" asked Effie.

" Ellen and I were going to start by evening train for Liverpool," answered Robert, " and we meant to embark there for the West. I meant to work my way out, as my stock of money was getting low, and of course I had to make up to my sister for what she had lost for my sake. It was a lucky chance, my darling," added Robert, again kissing his wife's pale cheek, " that we had not gone off earlier, and so missed meeting at Southampton."

" Not chance, oh, not chance ! but Heaven's mercy that ordered all for our good," murmured Effie.

" It was odd enough, too, that Miss Temple should be pledging her diamond ring—and in a strange place," observed Robert. " The dear good lady must have been hard up for ready cash, like ourselves. And it is a strange story that you have been telling me of Miss Temple's coming to ask for a lodging in our little farm. Depend on't, that uncle of hers—I won't blister my lips with speaking his name — had turned her out of his house !"

" What a blessing it will be to have her in ours !" exclaimed Effie.

" Well, it's true that an oak can be packed into an acorn-cup," observed Robert, with something of his old jovial manner ; " the lady and ourselves, widow Cross and her imp, and Ellen — who never shall leave us—will make pretty nigh as tight a fit in our little nut-shell at Ashley."

" Mrs. Cross and her boy are away at present," said Effie, who thought this not the least cheering piece of news which she had to give to her husband. " They have gone up to London."

" I wish she would stop there !" muttered the farmer ; " we've had no peace or comfort since that woman came to our home. Were I but clear of that boarding part of my bargain, and had a little capital to lay out in improving my land, I'd never wish to emigrate, and leave old England and the pretty little Salem where we thought to be so happy together. But there is no use in shutting one's eyes to facts," continued Robert, with a sigh ; " better look difficulties straight in the face. As matters stand the farm will not support us ; things will go from bad to worse. We must leave the place, dear Effie, and seek our fortune elsewhere."

" *But we will go together*, darling !" cried Effie, pressing her husband's hand, and smiling through tears, like the sunbeams through A showers. " I could be happy in Canada, or workhouse, or in a prison, so long as I have husband beside me, and feel that he loves forgives me !"

We will now return to Eureka House, with old sun-dial, its quaint yews, and thick sh beries without, its Museum and its serp within.

Only two nights have passed since Edith T ple left the dwelling of her uncle, but to th mates of the place, at least, the time has peared much longer.

Both Mr. Vernon and Alec Stewart have thoroughly out of spirits ; in the master uncomfortable state of mind has taken the of peevish restlessness, in the man that of s ness and gloom. To Alec every thing seem go wrong.

" I knew how it would be," muttered th servant to himself. " When the door was upon Miss Temple it was like shutting out air, and leaving us nothing to breathe but ter's stifling gases ! And then Effie—my little Effie ! she has gone on a wild chase a good-for nothing husband ! She might as hunt a will-o'-the-wisp, in hopes of catching turning him into a good household ca Effie expected life to be all like the song o birds in spring ; she would not be warned would not be warned ; she would buy her experience, and a heavy price she has had t for it ! The poor child has found, as I she would, that married life is a mixed She knows now that it is not all love and ness. None so fortunate that a time doe come when the heart is wrung, and the undergoes torture. Yes, in single life bears his own trouble alone, but in marri he bears another's as well, and I expect it same with a woman. Each one carrie other's troubles as well as their own, and of them gets the burden lightened."

So the misanthropic old widower, rea from his own unfortunate experience, held appointed ordinance responsible for cala which were the result of sin.

Mr. Vernon's reflections, philosopher was, were no deeper than those of Alec. uneasy, peevish, restless, but he did no the cause of his trouble to his own sin Vernon missed the attentions of Edith very hour of the day. The man whose great was learning, he to whom science was needful food, took up his book, and was in half an hour to close it again, his painfully ached, the words had become before them.

Mr. Vernon asked Alec to read aloud, sound of the butler's slow drawl, and his rendering of long scientific words, were ble to the irritable man. Angrily the pher bade his servant put down the volu leave him alone.

" It was not to be expected that I sho like Miss Temple," muttered Alec, as he the room ; " no spurring would make pack-horse clear hedge and ditch like a

" No one reads like Edith," thought " silly and bigoted as she is, I made a a great mistake, when I sent her away."

The pure, high-minded Christian girl the esteem and affection of her uncle thoroughly than he or she knew. She on quietly working for him, doing her d *the Lord*, and she had grown to be to th opher as valuable as his right hand.

Edith had felt acute and bitter pain ma a time when her uncle jeered at religion ; his s had wounded her pure soul, but they had vented her doing her best to serve the who thus grieved her. She had borne her tiently, " looking unto Jesus," and th result had been that her light had shone befor that house, so that when she quitted it, seemed as if it were plunged in darkness.

So may all Christians live amongst th worldly and the wicked, and so may they bring glory to God ! Patience and gentleness are neve lost in the world, and Mr. Vernon was now learning how much he loved his niece and how great a loss her absence was to him.

On the second morning after Edith's departure, the postman brought two letters to the porch of Eureka House. Alec had been on the lookout for the letter-carrier for the last half-hour, being very anxious to receive tidings from Effie Holland. To the poor man's great satisfaction, he saw that one of the letters was addressed to himself and was in his niece's handwriting.

"There will be no good news in it," said the gloomy Stewart to himself; "I need be in no hurry to look inside."

And yet he was in a hurry, and very eagerly pored the gray eyes under those shaggy brows, over the few lines contained in the hastily written note:

"*Rejoice with me, I have found him! I trust that we shall all be back in our happy home before twelve to-morrow.*"

Never had any thing so like a laugh burst from old Alec's lips since the first month after his marriage, as when he had read these words.

"Now, this was past all reckoning on!" cried the old man, too glad to find that he had been a false prophet of evil. "It all comes of the child having with her a friend like Miss Temple; there is a blessing on that lady wherever she goes, and whatever she takes in hand.

"Why, I should as soon have found a needle in a hay-stack as Robert midst the shipping at Southampton, and if caught he'd have been as slippery to hold as one of the cobras. But Effie maybe is deceiving herself still." Alec was too much accustomed to expect misfortune to give ready faith to good news.

He now glanced at the envelop of the other letter, which was for his master.

"Odd enough, this bears the Southampton postmark too," Alec observed. "This will be from Miss Temple! Why what a donkey I am to say so; this is no more like her handwriting than a kitchen poker is like a lady's hair-pin! I should take this for the writing of a school-boy, and one who wrote in a temper. What a broad black dash he has put through the *t*!"

Alec, according to custom, put the letter for his master on the breakfast table, to be read after the morning meal. It was a rule of the philosopher never to open a letter till he had finished his breakfast. Oswald Vernon was not an early riser; he preferred sitting up late, "burning the midnight oil," as he said, to breathing the fresh air at sunrise.

On this particular morning Mr. Vernon was later than usual, and he was also more peevish than usual. The philosopher's gentle softness of manner was, as the reader knows, kept like his dress clothes—for the special benefit of strangers. Mr. Vernon surrounded by scientific admirers, and Mr. Vernon at his solitary meal, appeared as two different persons.

"How's this! the egg is boiled as hard as a stone!" exclaimed the philosopher, looking by no means philosophic after breaking the shell. "Alec, bid Eliza boil another for me directly."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PERFECT SAVIOUR.

S. Lesson for Nov. 9, 1 John 1; 2:1–6. Golden Text, 1:7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

First the Redeemer, then Redemption—Yet There is Room—Fellowship Walking in the Light—Blood-bought and Cleansed with Blood—To Have Sin and yet not Commit Sin—Confession—To Know Him we must Die—Keeping His Word.

OUR subject for to-day embraces the great truths of Christ's redemption: walking in the light, fellowship with the Father and the Son, abiding in Christ, living without sinning, being cleansed from all unrighteousness. But the apostle John, in writing his Epistle, does not begin by speaking of the redemption, but of the *Redeemer*. He has eyes, ears, touch, but for One, and he begins thus abruptly: "That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life (for the life, was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us)." Here is a lesson for teachers: Christ first, then His salvation. "We have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you, etc." If those around us see and recognize the eternal Life, God "manifest in the flesh," as dwelling in us in power, then they are attracted to inquire how their state may be also changed, and their life and spirit bear the same impress. We must *shew unto men* eternal life.

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, *that ye also may have fellowship with us.*" Real Christianity is large, not exclusive. "Yet there is room" breathes from all the words and actions of our Lord—room for more sinners, more broken hearts, more sick bodies, more burdened ones; in the Father's heart, and in the Father's home, "yet there is room."

But what is, then, this fellowship with the Father and the Son? Fellowship implies something in common, and so wondrous is the grace of our God that He calls us not only to receive of Him, but to partake with Him in His joys over returning sinners, His grief over lost ones, His glory in the conquests of His kingdom, etc. But such fellowship can only exist where we have learned to lose our own life that we may live in His.

And now he speaks of the redemption. "This then is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: but if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." It is very clear from what follows, that walking in the light, fellowship with God, and abiding in Christ, mean the same thing, a life in which we sin not (chap. 1 : 1), "our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience," *i.e.*, a conscience which condemns us (Heb. 10 : 22). This is not to say that the law of sin does not exist in our members; but while by faith we are holding the position of being crucified with Christ, our members are servants to another master, and the old law of sin has no power over them, and it is only when we cease to hold this position, when we return to our own strivings, and seek to live our own life, that sin has power over us anew.

By His sacrificial death for us and by our position as crucified with Him, our beloved Lord has made a way for our walk on earth to be in the light, as God Himself is in the light. In Him is no darkness at all, nor *need* there be darkness in us. He has made provision that in our inward life and in our outward life we shall be all light. "When thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light" (Luke 11 : 34). As Moses and Stephen drank in the light of God until their faces shone with the divine reflection, so is it possible, and so ought it to be, that we should be rays of His light to all whom we meet with. And it is so true that in measure as all darkness disappears, as the atmosphere of our souls becomes more limpid, as less of darkness regarding the will of God and the truth of God clouds us, fellowship with Him becomes our natural element, the breath of the eternal life which we are living.

But one may say, is not this to take so high a place as to forget that we are but redeemed sinners after all? No, for it is the beggar whom He took from the dunghill to set him among princes, even the princes of His people (1 Sam. 2 : 8; Ps. 113 : 7, 8). And the apostle reminds us—and can we need the reminder?—that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." To forget the blood which *bought* us would be to leave the only foundation on which we stand. But the blood does not only atone, bless God, it *cleanses* also; and in order to fellowship with God, in order to take and maintain the place of royal priests which He has assigned to us, we must have our conscience purged from dead works to serve the living God.

The apostle guards us against error when he says, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us;" and again, "If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His Word is not in us." But to *have* sin, to possess a nature prone to sin, is not necessarily to *commit* sin. "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed" (James 1 : 14), but if a man is *not* drawn away, but by faith meets the temptation with the written Word as the Lord Himself did, resisting unto blood, striving against sin; then he has not sinned, although sin was in him, and he may have suffered, being tempted, as Christ did. But if we have sinned, what then? "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Yes, praise God. But let us not get lightly over our sins while thinking that He rejoices to pardon. A laundress will tell you that some stains come out much more easily than others, and for inkstains an acid must be used. So with sin. *Confession* is required first and chiefly to God, but there are times when it is needful to make the confession to man as well. A child cannot generally set things right with God while hiding them still from his parents. A wife cannot always be clear before God without opening her heart to her husband. There are exceptions, but if in our home ties there is constraint from unconfessed sin, let us yield to the voice of the Spirit of God, and humble ourselves if we would be cleansed and separated from our sins.

Oh! it is a precious thing to know that we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is just to justify, faithful to forgive, in whose pardon is no weakness, no allowance made for sin, and yet sin is so met that no voice raised in judgment against us can condemn us. And we are reminded that He is the propitiation, "not for our sins only, but also for those of the whole world," as though the consciousness of what He has done for us should open our hearts in love to sinners everywhere, and be a power by our very testimony to draw them also to Him. How can we have fellowship with Him and yet have no heart to go out after the lost in the name and in the spirit of our Lord, to tell them the glad news of His salvation?

Now the apostle gives us a test of our knowledge of Him: "Hereby do we know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments. He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in Him." It is an impossibility to know Him and yet not do His will. And how shall we know Him as He is to be known? When some Greeks came to Philip and said, "Sir, we would see Jesus," and Philip and Andrew told Him, He taught at once the lesson of dying to self (John 12 : 21–25). "There shall no man see My face and live" (Ex. 33 : 20). To see Jesus, to know Jesus, self must cease to be. So says Paul (Rom. 12 : 1, 2), that we must present our bodies a living sacrifice, etc., that we may know "what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

"But whoso *keepeth His Word*, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in Him." That is, if we no sooner understand His mind in His Word than there is an unquestioning obedience on our part, then the love of God is perfected in us; for to know Him is truly to love Him: all He says, all His Word, is meat and drink to them who know Him, and a loving understanding is created between Him and the souls of His obedient children. "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk as He also walked." No lower standard than His own life and walk, for such as understand the perfect salvation of our perfect Saviour. Now let us ask ourselves is this perfect Saviour a perfect Saviour for *me*, and is His salvation in all its unlimited scope the power in which *I* live? And if not, how then shall I escape if I neglect so great salvation?

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Abdication of Yakoob Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, is announced, and it is expected that the country will be virtually, though probably not nominally, annexed by England. "Afghanistan will, it is supposed, be bound by a treaty which shall make an English Resident at Cabul the actual governor of the country, though a native machinery of government may exist under the influence of the Resident. There may be a sovereign prince, and the throne may be hereditary in his family. England will collect the taxes and pay the sovereign a salary. There will be an army of native troops with British officers, or with officers from Indian regiments; but there will always be in the country another army than that of this sovereign." It is difficult to see what other policy England could adopt toward her treacherous neighbor; but it is one likely to excite the hostility of Russia, and may eventually lead to that struggle between the two Powers for supremacy in the East, which many statesmen have for some time regarded as inevitable.

Missionaries in Zululand.—The London *Times* correspondent at Durban states that John Dunn, the Zuluized Scotchman, who is now the most important of the thirteen new chiefs of Zululand, has announced to the veteran missionary of Tebro, over which John Dunn is appointed, that he does not intend to allow any missionaries to settle in his territory. This is the most important of the new districts, and the nearest to Natal. The Zulus were gladly welcoming the missionaries back when they were thus stopped. It is much to be feared that the bad example thus set by John Dunn, who is a European although a polygamist, may be followed by the other chiefs.

The *Times* says: "It will hardly be reckoned among the satisfactory results of the war now happily at an end that the missions scattered throughout Zululand should be abandoned, and that many peaceful examples of a civilized and a self-denying, not to speak of a Christian life, should hereafter be withdrawn from the country.

A Snake-Tamer's Death is Reported from Madrid. M. Karoly, a lion-tamer, endeavoring to exhibit his power over the brute creation, had frequently performed with a boa-constrictor, the huge snake enveloping him in its folds, but never doing him any injury. On a recent occasion the boa had, as usual, wound itself round the performer's body, when suddenly it tightened its folds. The spectators applauded, thinking it some new trick, but Karoly simply uttered a groan, and in one or two seconds was a dead man. A *post-mortem* examination of the unfortunate athlete's remains discovered no fewer than eighty-seven fractures of his bones, effected by the constriction of the serpent's coils. His death must have been almost instantaneous, as the spine was disarticulated in several places.

The fate of this unfortunate man serves well to remind us of the nature of sin; a man plays with the serpent of sin, thinking, perhaps, that he has sufficient power, when he chooses to exert it, to forsake the evil, but repeated indulgence gives it at last the force of a habit in whose coils he will find himself as powerless as was Karoly in those of the boa-constrictor.

The Marquis of Hartington, the Nominal leader of the Liberal Party in England, has delivered a speech in reply to that of the Marquis of Salisbury, to which we referred last week. He said: "England is less prepared than any other Power for war, and no minister ought to threaten war or go to war unless he asks himself the question whether the cause is so just—so obviously just in the eyes of the whole people—that they will be ready to make those long, those continued, those protracted sacrifices which would be necessary for the prosecution of the war.

"Nor does it follow from these opinions that the policy of England ought to be one of selfish and timid isolation. I believe the resources of England to be so great, and her naval power so great, that her alliance will always be courted in Europe. That alliance ought to be used for the purpose of forming and joining in a combination of the States of Europe, framed for the purpose of preserving the peace and independence of Europe; repressing the aggressive ambition of any Power; protecting the weak against the strong, the free against the oppressor. This is the policy which has always been in the main adopted by the Liberal Party. It is the policy, I believe, that will now be adopted by the Liberal party. It has not been the policy of the present government."

The London *Times*, in a leading editorial article, commenting on Lord Hartington's speech, says: "It was not what might be expected of the leader of a great party at a critical moment in the political history of the country. Lords Hartington and Salisbury differ respecting certain broad facts, and the country will not be on the side of the Liberal leader."

That prediction remains to be proved. It is certain that the English people do not like their government to be regarded as a factor of no account in the councils of Europe, as it was under Mr. Gladstone's administration; but neither on the other hand, do they wish for a blustering policy, undignified, expensive, and dangerous.

A Disastrous Flood Devastated an Important district in Spain on October 21st. The valleys of the Mundo and Segura are the scene of the disaster.

"It was about ten o'clock at night," the telegram states, "when the approach of a cold and biting wind was felt from the direction of Cartagena. The sky clouded over. Soon the storm was howling over the town and amid the streets, and tore through the houses. It increased in violence every minute. The rain seemed to be falling in broad sheets of water.

"Shortly after midnight the watchman was going his rounds, fighting his way through the blinding downpour, when, as he passed over the bridge that leads to the Plaza and divides the town into two portions, he saw a black stream of water rushing between the arches. He found that the river was rising rapidly. It had already overflowed the banks, and was stealthily climbing over the stone parapet which protects the frontage. The watchman knew that no time was to be lost. He hurried to a clock tower which gives signals of fire and of other catastrophes to dwellers by the water-side and set the bell in motion. The note of warning was heard above the noise of the thunder-storm. Instantly the inhabitants rushed into the streets. Few of them had time to do more than snatch up a little clothing."

A more terrible night than the succeeding one it is difficult to imagine. The gas was extinguished by the flood, and brave men, wading up to their chins in the water, were rescuing women and children at the risk of their own lives. Falling houses and overturned monuments added to the havoc worked by the flood. It is supposed that *over three thousand lives were lost*, and over ten thousand persons are rendered destitute.

The King of Spain, whose Approaching marriage is announced, has made the happy event the occasion of a timely act of charity He has caused it to be made known that whatever sums of money may be sent by private individuals or public bodies are to be devoted by him for the relief of the sufferers by the late storms and floods.

A Brutal Wager.—An English Correspondent says that at the old Exhibition building in Vienna Blondin daily risks his life on a rope stretched across the vast dome at a giddy height. He has expressly requested that no net be placed under the rope to break his fall should an accident occur. He says that he has found by experience that the public do not care half so much for his performance when *the possibility of a terrible accident* is not present to lend a zest to the show. He traverses the rope without the balancing bar, walking backwards blindfolded. Blondin is followed everywhere by a Mr. Thompson, who has made a bet of £10,000 that the Hero of Niagara will fall from the rope and be killed ere he attains the age of sixty. Five years more and the cruel wager will be decided, for Blondin is already fifty-five.

A Mysterious Disappearance of a Young Lady at Liverpool, England, has excited a wide and painful interest, as above a month has now elapsed since she was lost; and notwithstanding the offer of a hundred pounds reward, no trace of her has been discovered. Miss Edwards, the lady in question, was of high respectability and only eighteen years of age, and was about to be married to a young man to whom, apparently, she was much attached. One afternoon she left her home in the outskirts of Liverpool to go into the town and purchase a few things, among the rest a present for her lover. She went in an omnibus as far as the London road, a busy thoroughfare in the centre of the town, where she got out and was seen to turn down Stafford Street, a broad side street of no great length, leading to another thoroughfare. *From that moment she has never been seen or heard of*, and all the anxious inquiries of her family, the exertions of the police, and the offer of a large reward, have failed to obtain the slightest information.

The story is a strange and startling one, yet how few among those who have read and speculated about it have been reminded that a day is coming when the same thing will happen not in one home alone, but in ten thousand homes all the world over! Can we imagine the wonder and consternation that will be then excited? Here a mother will be gone, there a child; in one house a single member of the family, in another many! Does the reader ask incredulously *When* shall this happen? Christ Himself has told us, in Luke 17:30–37, that at His Second Coming His waiting people will be suddenly and mysteriously translated to heaven, when "one shall be taken and another left."

The Massacre recently Perpetrated by th King of Burmah, frightful as it appears, i merely one more example of a custom so unive sal in the East that it may almost claim rank a a recognized institution. The natural com mencement of every Oriental reign is the slaugh ter or disablement of all possible pretenders t the throne; and the annals, not merely of Bu mah, but of Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, an Bokhara, teem with instances too frightful f quotation. As recently as the close of the la century, a western traveller found one of t royal Princes of Persia going about with a ba dage over his eyes, and, on questioning hi was told, with a matter-of-course air which ma the statement doubly horrible, that "as l eldest brother would certainly put out his ey on mounting the throne, he was teaching hi self to dispense with the use of them.'

Spurgeon's Autograph Album; containing t Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's and Mrs. Spurgeon's au graphs, may be obtained at 63 Bible House, through any bookseller. Price 75 cents. *The Sa and Trowel* says: "Our young friends delight possessing birthday albums, and here is one whic fit for a queen. We will say nothing of the conte but the binding is simply gorgeous. . . . Th a dainty birthday present, and is equal to any have gone before it; we think we might ventur say that it is second to none. Facsimiles of the tographs of the pastor and his wife are given in t proper places."

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

P lished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

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bscription, $1.50, including Postage.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1879.

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OLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE. Thrilling Serial Story by the Author "Felicia Cuffe."

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MISTRUST OF GOD DEPLORED AND DENOUNCED. A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

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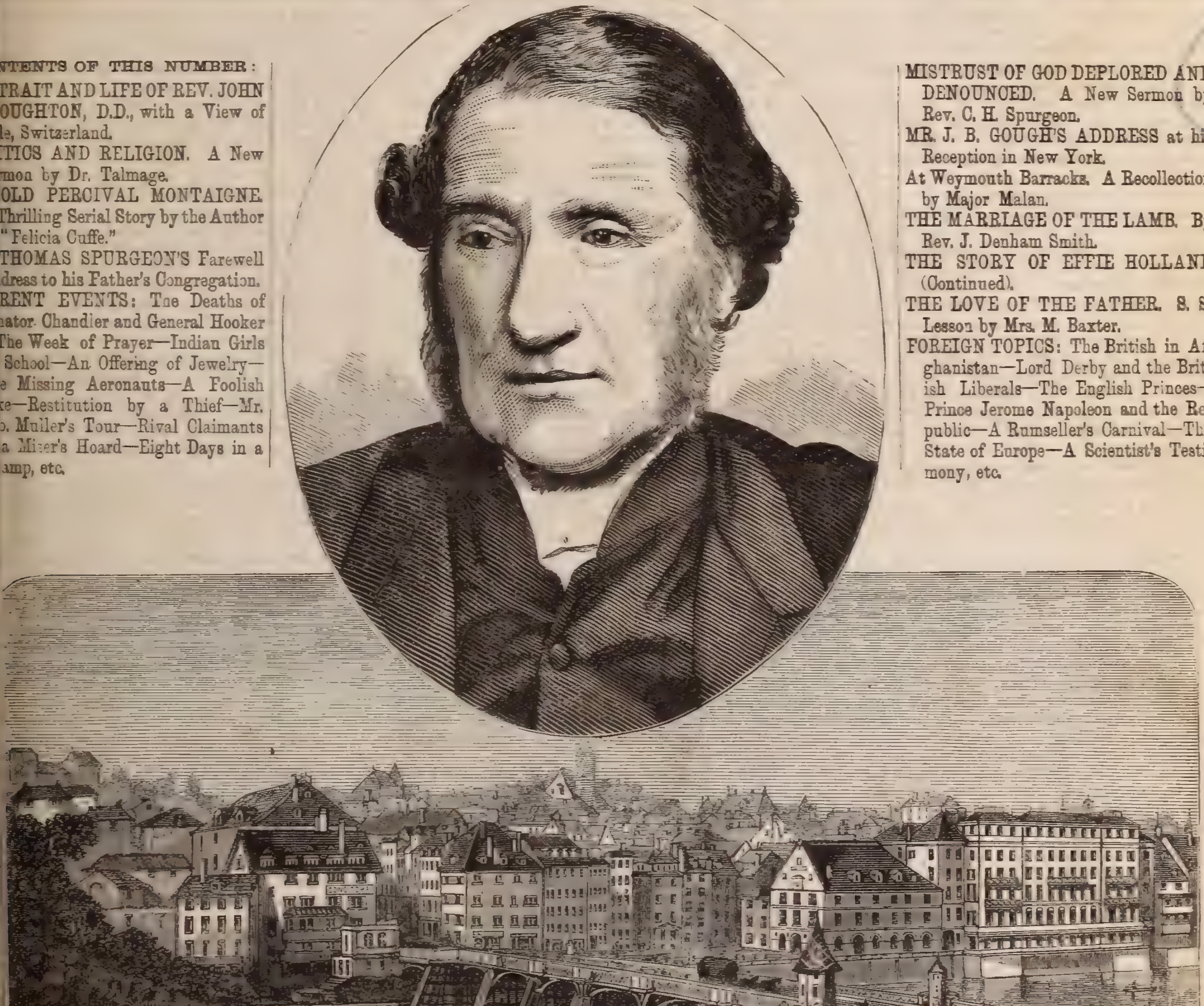
FOREIGN TOPICS: The British in Afghanistan—Lord Derby and the British Liberals—The English Princes—Prince Jerome Napoleon and the Republic—A Rumseller's Carnival—The State of Europe—A Scientist's Testimony, etc.



THE REV. DR. STOUGHTON, of the Evangelical Alliance, and View of Bale, Switzerland.

REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.,

Pastor, Author, and Tutor.

His Early Life and First Pastorate at Windsor—Reminiscences of Rowland Hill at Eton—His Removal to Kensington—A Remarkable Jubilee Sermon—Terrible Martyrdom—A New Chapel—Dr. Stoughton's Works—His Discourse on the Jews—The Change from Pastor to Professor—A Handsome Testimonial.

THE Seventh Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, which was held at Bâle, a few weeks since, brought into general prominence a name which has been well known in England for many years. Probably few American Christians, except those belonging to the Congregational denomination, previously knew much of the Rev. John Stoughton, D.D., his abilities, or his work. But the eloquent and interesting address he delivered on the evening of Monday, September 1st, aroused the interest of those who heard him and those who afterwards read his address, and a general desire has been expressed to know more of a man so learned and so able.

John Stoughton was born in the ancient city of Norwich, England, about the year 1810. In early life he contemplated devoting himself to the legal profession, but any prospects of success in this direction were readily abandoned, when he became converted to God, for the sake of becoming simply a minister of the Gospel. He entered Highbury College, then a well-known institution belonging to Nonconformists, but since amalgamated with other colleges of the same denomination, and, having spent the usual term of years here, began his ministerial career at Windsor, the town famous for its proximity to the favorite residence of the royal family of England. The venerable Dr. Redford was then pastor of the Congregational Church in "the royal town," and Mr. Stoughton at first filled the position of co-pastor. Subsequently the sole charge of the church devolved upon him.

The interest he took in the scene of this his first pastorate was a deep and abiding one. His earliest and most pleasant associations seem to have been about that spot. He frequently refers to it in his speeches and sermons, and evidently cherishes a warm regard for the place and the people.

One of the first books he published was "Windsor in the Olden Time." This was very favorably received, and especially by those best acquainted with the castle and neighborhood. The little volume was for some time out of print, and though repeatedly requested to republish it, he always refused. When, however, he had collected materials to render the book more complete, he recast the whole, and presented the public with substantially a new work. It was dedicated in its original form, by special permission, to H.R.H. Prince Albert, and a later edition was dedicated to his revered memory.

Mr. Stoughton as a minister of the Congregational Church did not conceal in his book his opinion of

THE PURITANS,

of whom the Congregationalists are the spiritual descendants. When the book was written, it was the fashion in England to sneer at these brave men, to laugh at their peculiarities, and to hold them up to general contempt. There are times in the history of every people when the true heroes of the nation's life are misunderstood and undervalued, and England has been no exception to the rule. But for Cromwell and his Puritan followers England would have been enslaved under a despotism more intolerable than any in Europe. But these godly, noble men took their lives in their hands and fought for civil and religious liberty, and won the battle. They secured to their descendants the right of worshipping God according to His word, and of controlling the executive government in its dangerous policy. Succeeding generations showed their base ingratitude by loading the names of their benefactors with opprobrious epithets, and covering their memory with derision.

Mr. Stoughton was one of the first writers to recognize the true excellencies of the character of the Puritans, and to place on record his high esteem for them. In noting the fact that Charles I. spent much of his time at Windsor Castle, he remarked : "It has been the fashion with almost all writers on the antiquities of Windsor to allude in terms of strong indignation to the character of the Puritans who took the Parliamentary side in that unhappy contention. They are represented as base, hypocritical, factious, and contemptible. It would be out of place to treat of their politics in a work like this, but it is not improper to say that if they were enthusiasts there was a sublimity in their enthusiasm such as rarely characterizes the deeds of mortals."

This encomium was subsequently confirmed by Lord Macaulay, the brilliant historian, who certainly was not prejudiced in favor of Puritanism. On this subject he observes : "We perceive the absurdities of their manners, we dislike the gloom of their habits, we acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach, and we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the vices of that bad system — intolerance and extravagant austerity : that they had their anchorites and their crusaders, their Dunstans and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars ; yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them *a brave and honest body.*"

Nor was Mr. Stoughton too much of a partisan to neglect doing justice to the opposite party. In the same work he admitted that the cavaliers were not heartless, dangling courtiers, not mere machines for destruction dressed up in uniforms, defending without love, and destroying without hatred ; that they felt a strong sentiment of individual independence ; that they were misled, but not by selfish or sordid motives ; that compassion and romantic honor, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a potent spell ; that they fought for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received their brides ; that with the vices of the Round Table they had many of its virtues ; that they had more of polite learning than the Puritans ; and that their manners were more engaging, their tastes more elegant, often their tempers more amiable, and sometimes their households more cheerful.

These views were more fully developed in Dr. Stoughton's "Spiritual Heroes," in which many portraits are drawn with inimitable vigor and beauty. In his "Lights of the World" we have illustrations of character drawn from the records of Christian life.

His method was a singularly successful one, and well adapted to impress on his readers the lessons he desired to teach. He sought to bring out in each chapter some important element in vital godliness, and then, by associating with it some illustrious name, to afford a proof and illustration of its actual existence and eminent power.

William Tyndale, for example, was adduced as a noble illustration of labor and patience ; Richard Hooker of a soul in love with God's law and holy order ; Robert Leighton of the peacefulness of faith : Sir Matthew Hale of secular diligence and spiritual fervor ; John Bunyan of spiritual valor and victory ; Richard Baxter of earnest decision.

During Mr. Stoughton's pastorate at Windsor he was much interested in the local associations connected with the eccentric preacher, Rowland Hill, who had lived in the neighboring town of Eton. He was fond of relating an incident of Mr. Hill's work of which he heard while doing pastoral work in the vicinity. It appears that Rowland Hill used to hold prayer-meetings in certain villages adjacent to Eton, and at one of them, the only place where he could obtain the occupier's consent to receive the little gathering, was an old lady's cottage, in the front of which ran a rather wide ditch which must be
leaped before the cottage could be reached.
render this feat easy of accomplishment, a l
pole was provided, and placed ready to the ha
so that each comer might find no difficulty in
ting to the scene of the meeting.

In 1843 Mr. Stoughton accepted the invitat
of the

CHURCH AT KENSINGTON,

a fashionable suburb of London, and here
succeeded the accomplished and eloquent
Robert Vaughan, one of the most succes
preachers of modern times. This became
scene of his pastoral efforts until, comp
tively, a recent period.

He gathered round him a congregation
highly appreciated his ministry, and to who
became for long years a holy pleasure to hi
break the bread of life. In ten years' time
sanctuary became too small for the numbers
were desirous of attending, and, without m
stir, so far as appeals to the public are concer
a new place of worship was erected, capable
holding a far larger congregation. Nor was
all, for Horbury Chapel, Notting Hill, was af
ward built by his people to meet the w
of those residing in the district in which i
situate.

These facts will at once bear eloquent t
mony to the attractiveness of his ministry.
would almost seem to be an impossibility
Dr. Stoughton to be dry or dull whatever
be the subject on which he is discoursing.
enters so heartily into it, and depicts it
such vivid power, that the scene he is descri
seems literally to pass before the mind of
hearer or reader. He had been at Kensing
about two years, when he delivered a comme
rative discourse to celebrate the fiftieth anni
sary of the formation of the Christian ch
assembling there.

It is interesting to note that in this sermo
have at least a hint of the studies which ma
said to have reached their perfection in his
great work, "The Ecclesiastical History of
land." While speaking of former days, he s
"Yes, last Sunday was the anniversary of a
but little noticed on the pages of history, but
one stained with no common deed of barbar
and at the same time illumined by no com
gleams of heroic endurance.

"Henry Barrow and John Greenwood, cha
with holding and promulgating opinions w
impugned the Queen's ecclesiastical suprem
and with forming churches, and conducting
ship contrary to the law, were, on the 6t
April, 1592, conveyed to Tyburn, to die by
hands of the common hangman ; and when
rope had been fastened to their necks, and
bitterness of death seemed past, a reprieve
sent, not in good faith, but mockery, and
the next day they had again to summon up
Christian fortitude, thus paying the penalty
twofold death for their allegiance to consci
and to God ; others like-minded and like-
perished too, leaving their memories to be
balmed and revered by a nobler generation
that on which their lot was thrown ; for wo
of all honor are such men, fit to be placed in
same rank with the Polycarps and Cypria
primitive times. They deserve from us ho
able mention on this occasion, when we ca
remembrance the former days, and link ours
with our fathers who held the same princ
which we have adopted."

In 1855 a new and enlarged chapel was bui
Allen Street, Kensington, and it was
readily and faithfully attending to any calls
his time and energy which this large past
necessitated that he was able also to pro
tracts and books, and to deliver lectures to
young men's associations—books and lect
which commanded a larger circle of adm
year by year. It may be added that this
too, he became Congregational Lecturer,
the following year filled the chair of the Co
gational Union of England and Wales.

Among the

SPECIAL SERMONS

which Dr. Stoughton preached was a rem

I'll put you in a place compared with which the cell you are now in you'd count joy an' liberty."

"Thank you for nothin', as the sayin' is," replied Jemmy, "but shure I was hurtin' no man—only divartin' meself a bit; and if it's a trouble to ye, and yer ears are bad, dacent man, I've no objecshun in loife to step outside an' do me melodious task in the open air, for it's pershuin' to me if I can stand this gintleman's life o' doin' nothin' any longer."

The warder was about to return some very stern reply, when his attention was caught by an energetic signal at the grating of the door of the cell next Jemmy's. It was made by Percival; for as we have stated, it so happened that his appointed place of confinement was quite close to his domestic. Of this fact, however, he was completely ignorant until he heard Jemmy's vocal effort and his altercation with the turnkey. A little after the commencement of Jemmy's solo concert the ear of Percival was strangely arrested. Muffled though the tones that reached him were, as coming to him through thick stone walls, it struck him that the voice he heard was not one to which he was altogether unaccustomed.

He had often heard Jemmy sing when at work in the stable at home, and even in the yard of Mr. Spencer's house in Rathmines give musical utterance to his reveries, and whoever once heard Jemmy's unique attempts at vocalism would never forget them. Yet, how could it be possible that the sounds which arrested him could come from his faithful liegeman? They surely must proceed from some one whose vocal organs had a singular likeness to Jemmy's; for what possible turn of fate could have brought his honest servitor into the same durance vile which he himself was experiencing? While he thus revolved and reasoned in his thoughts concerning the inscrutable phenomenon which had so broken in upon the tenor of his lonely prison life the controversy between Jemmy and the turnkey put an end to all mere speculation upon the subject, and clearly proved that the thunderous notes which had so startled him proceeded from his own veritable henchman in the flesh, his well-beloved, appreciated, and comical Jemmy.

"Warder," said Percival, when the man opened his cell door, "tell me, is not the name of the prisoner in the cell next mine James Mehay? But indeed I need not ask the question, for I know it is."

"If you do then," said the warder testily, for he had not got over his irritation from the gross irregularity of Jemmy's behavior,—"if you do that, why in the world do you ask me? It is interfering with me in my business, and I have no time for answering nonsensical questions." He was about to shut again the door of Percival's cell, and with a slam, when Percival stopped him, by crying out, "For mercy's sake do not fasten that door until I speak a few words to you!"

"Come, then, be quick, and do it off-hand," was the reply. "It's not my duty to be pestered with the talk of troublesome prisoners."

(*To be continued.*)

"Insole Christians" are a Class of Persons whose only ambition is to escape danger and trouble, and who hope to be borne by the ordinances of the church easily through this world and safely into the next. To "endure hardness," to "rough it," to march in the face of storms, and look into the eye of the foe, is no part of their desires.

The epithet, though homely, is very expressive. Inside the shoe and out of wet, it is used to fill up when there is waste-room, occupying a humble but not uncomfortable place, quite different from the outer leather, a passive, though not always a useless appendage. They never become the earnest Christian workers, the faithful servants of Christ, whose constant endeavor is to advance His kingdom and who look for His coming.

MR. THOMAS SPURGEON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS FATHER'S CONGREGATION.

Reasons for Coming to Christ—Because He invites You—Because Nobody else can do what You Require—Because it is a Favorable Opportunity—A Captain and a Bird.

[Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, one of the twin sons of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal of May 15th, 1879, has again been compelled by ill-health to seek recovery in change of climate and a long sea voyage. He had arranged to preach at a chapel near London recently, but was unable to attend. A note from him was read, in which he said, "It is my painful duty to inform you that I shall be unable to fulfil my promise for September 14th. I have been compelled to cancel all my engagements, owing to serious cough and cold. What is worse, I am obliged once more to set sail for Australia, as I dare not risk a winter here. It will be a great trial to leave home again. Pray for my dear parents, and for me. How disappointed I am I cannot tell. All will be well, though, I'm sure."

On Sunday, September 28th, he was at the Tabernacle at the evening service, and Mr. C. H. Spurgeon invited him to speak to the assembly, as it would be his last opportunity of doing so previous to his departure for Australia, to which place he sailed on October 1st. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, having expressed his unwillingness to deprive the congregation of the more powerful words of his father, said:]

It is only in the hope that *parting words may carry power with them* that I have been induced to speak to you this evening. I will take no particular text, but will base my address upon the concluding words of the hymn we have been singing, "Steal away to Jesus." I will give a few reasons why you should all come to the loving Saviour. First of all *because Christ invites you*. When Peter wanted to walk upon the water, he said to his Master, "Bid me come unto Thee," and the Saviour said, "Come." But there is no need of sinners to say to Christ, "Bid me come unto Thee;" for He has already said it very many times. You have the invitation; why, then, stop away?

When Christ asks men to come to Him, though they have sinned against Him, He desires to pardon them and not to punish. A circumstance which I lately witnessed reminded me forcibly of what God never did to a sinner. A mother had just been washing the stone step in front of her house, and her little boy, who came out with a pail of water, clumsily spilt it upon the work which she had just completed. She was very angry, and, for the moment, almost forgot he was her son, and called to him, "You come here, you young rascal." That was inviting, certainly, but the woman wanted to punish her son. Now, every one of us has sinned against God, and done their best to spoil His work and to provoke His temper, but when He says, "Come unto Me," He does not call us in order to inflict punishment, but to give blessing. When Philip met Nathaniel, and told him that he had seen Jesus of Nazareth, Nathaniel replied, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" to which Philip again replied, "Come and see." He was just to prove it for himself, and so should each sinner present. He should come to Jesus if he had never come before; trust in Him, to see if he could find in Jesus that peace which could not be found elsewhere.

Those who trust in Christ will never regret having done so. Why will you not?

Make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His strength confide.

Then, further, you should also come to Jesus because *nothing else and nobody else can do for you what you require.* Your own righteousness can never save you, for at best it is but "filthy rags." Sacraments, good deeds, prayers, can never save you, for when we have done all these we are but "unprofitable servants." The woman who came to Jesus to be healed left it to a very late period. She had been to many physicians, she had spent her all, but grew no better, but rather worse, and then she came to Christ. 'Twas better late than never. She came to Christ at last for healing, and did He reprove or rebuke her? Nay, He healed her with a word. He might have said, "But why did not you come before? You have tried all else, and have not succeeded, and as a last resource you come to Me. Not very complimentary this. I will have naught to do with you." Not so the loving Lord; nor will He treat the poor sinner so. I plead with sinners to come to Christ, since they have tried all else in vain. All other physicians will fail to heal you; your wounds will never be stanched till Christ stanches them, and your leprosy never cleansed until He speaks the cleansing word.

One more reason why you should come to Christ is that *it is a favorable opportunity.* It is little matter that you may not hear my voice again, but oh! it is a great matter that you may not hear *Christ's* voice again. Many a time you have heard it in this Tabernacle—aye, and in the stillness of the midnight hour. You have heard it above the roar of the tempest and in the still quietude of night. Something within them or something from above had seemed to beckon you to Christ, and you have felt no comfort away from Him. Are you young? then He has said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Are you burdened with the weight of years? then remember that the "weary and heavy laden" are invited to come to Him for rest. Are there sinners present of the deepest dye, in that they have sinned against light and knowledge, and forsaken a God who has been so gracious to them? then remember that God says, "Return, ye backsliding children, for I am married to you" (Jer. 3). Yes, all such Christ invites to come home—to come home to a Father's arms, home to His kind embraces, home to a Saviour's wounds, home to a Mediator's love, home to all the bliss that ransomed souls could want, and home at last to heaven, to go no more out forever. Oh, blessed home!

I am about to leave my earthly home, but yonder is a better one; for bright as earthly homes may be, they are nothing to heaven above. There will be experienced all the familiarities of home without its troubles; there are the caresses of home without its cares and anxieties; there all the sweets of home with our parents and friends, with the additional happiness of knowing that they will last forever; and the still greater joy of seeing the King in His beauty. Then why do you hesitate to come to the Saviour? Mercy's door is opened wide, but it may be shut before the morrow. On the morrow the sun may never rise to many of you, and for this reason, while day lasts, you should come to Christ.

I remember very well, when I first went out to Australia, that one fine evening a *little bird* was seen to be following the ship, evidently a land bird which had got driven out to sea. When the little thing got tired it tried to alight on some portion of the rigging, though it seemed afraid to do so. On one occasion the captain stretched forth his hand and tried to take hold of the little bird, and had it for a while; but it eluded his grasp and went back far away into the darkness of the night, falling upon the waves without the hope of rescue.

I have thought what a picture this is of a sinner who has been flying over the waste of waters without finding rest for the sole of his foot, and who at last comes to understand that no rest can be found except in Jesus, and tremblingly comes to Him. Then the Great Captain stretches forth His hand, and wishes that it would rest within His bosom; but no, it is too timid, too fearful. Back it goes to death and doom, to rise no more for ever.

Shall this be the case with any now present? If you will but accept the offered Gospel and cling to Jesus, all shall be well with you; but if not, then all will be ill with you for ever. I trust that the Holy Spirit will plead with your conscience. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Oh, improve this happy hour by trusting for eternal salvation in the dear Redeemer.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

The subscription-price is $1.50, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, October 29th, at **5.00 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Reoublican Party has Lost One of its most prominent members and one of its hardest workers by the death of Senator Chandler, of Michigan, which occurred November 1st at Chicago. Mr. Chandler had been very active during the campaign, and had on the night previous to his death addressed a meeting of 5000 persons at Chicago. He stated his intention of making that the last speech he would deliver during the campaign, but subsequently agreed to speak at Detroit November 3d. He went to bed October 31st, complaining of a slight attack of indigestion, which was not considered serious by his friends; but the following morning on entering his room he was found dead.

He was born at Bedford, N. H., in 1813, and from a small beginning became a successful merchant. Remarkable for the strict integrity of his commercial transactions, he attained considerable wealth, and in 1850 turned his attention to politics. He became an extreme man on the Republican side of all questions. He was elected Mayor of Detroit in 1851. In 1857 he was chosen Senator for Michigan, and took his seat in the Thirty-fifth Congress, a congress remarkable for the brilliancy and ability of its members. In the political contests that preceded the outbreak of war he was a zealous and uncompromising partisan, and after its conclusion advocated extreme measures against the Southern States. He was a violent opponent of Great Britain, and had his advice been followed the Nation would have been involved in war with that Power on the Alabama question.

Mr. Chandler was generally respected for his personal integrity and honesty of purpose, but his extreme opinions aroused a strong feeling of hostility among the ranks of his political opponents.

General Joseph Hooker, commonly known as "Fighting Joe" Hooker, died on Friday, October 31st, at the hotel in Garden City, L. I. He had enjoyed fair health for some time, his chief trouble being from lameness. He was stricken with apoplexy in his room, and died in a few minutes.

He was born at Hadley, Mass., in 1813. He was a lineal descendant of Thomas Hooker, the Puritan pioneer who led the small band of settlers through the wilderness to found the city of Hartford and colony of Connecticut. When the Mexican War broke out in 1833 he was serving in the army as second lieutenant. For his bravery in the engagements of that war he was rapidly promoted, and at its close held the post of lieutenant-colonel. In the civil war he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, and was wounded at the battle of Antietam. He succeeded General Burnside in the command of the Army of the Potomac. After the battle of Chancellorsville he resigned, but was appointed to the command of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Army Corps. He fought the famous battle of Lookout Mountain, and his name afterwards was chiefly identified with that engagement. Since the war he has lived in retirement.

The Week of Prayer for Young Men.—The International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at Baltimore last May, representing one thousand Associations with a membership of one hundred thousand, recommended the observance of the second Lord's Day of November and the week following as a season of thanksgiving and of special prayer for God's blessing upon young men and upon the work in their behalf. The World's Convention at Geneva, Switzerland (in which eleven nations were represented by 250 delegates), made a similar recommendation, so that in all parts of the world this season of prayer will be observed.

The International Committee suggest the following topics for meetings each day in the week:

November 9th, Sunday.—Agreement in Prayer Encouraged. Dan. 2:17-23; Matt. 18:19, 20.

November 10th, Monday.—A Moral Young Man Weighed and Found Wanting. Mark 10:17-22.

November 11th, Tuesday.—The Son of a Godly Father who went Astray. 2 Chron. 32:33; 33:1-13.

November 12th, Wednesday.—A Man Prospered Beyond Precedent Unsatisfied. Eccl. 2:1-11; John 4:13, 14.

November 13th, Thursday.—The Secret of a Young Man's Success in Business. Gen. 39:1-23.

November 14th, Friday.—A Highly-favored Man and his Terrible end. Matt. 10:1-4; Luke 22:3, 6, 47, 48; Matt. 27:3-5; Acts 1:16-20.

November 15th, Saturday.—Opposite Choices of Two Young Men. Heb. 11:24-26; Gen. 13:10-13.

The Committee have issued a circular to pastors, asking their co-operation and requesting if practicable a sermon to young men, on Sunday, November 9th, and such other observance of the following week as they deem desirable. Last year the season was generally observed; a large number of sermons to young men were preached; many special services were held, and most encouraging reports of good results were received from ministers and associations.

Indian Girls at School is the Subject of an interesting communication from a teacher at the Barracks, Carlisle, Pa. The heartless dictum of one of our generals, that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," is so thoroughly unchristian that we welcome any attempt to civilize the tribes as a needed protest against that sentiment being adopted by a Christian nation. Nothing more hopeful could be conceived than this project in operation at Carlisle, and all Christian people will wish it complete success. There are about thirty girls in the establishment; they are mostly Sioux, and at departure for their new home several thousand Indians assembled together and rendered night hideous by their wails and lamentations, though they seemed glad that their children should have an opportunity to be educated. The teacher says: "Several of the girls can sew a little, buf scarcely any understand a word of English. They are, however, accomplished in all sorts of Indian fancy-work, their knapsacks being marvels of ingenious beadwork. The dress of the girls consists of a loose dress, with flowing sleeves, almost covered with a gay blanket, which also forms a covering for the head. Their mocassins are very pretty, and highly ornamented. They wear a profusion of jewelry. The ears are pierced in various places, so that several pairs of earrings are worn at once, some of which (those of elk's teeth) extend from the ears in strings around the neck. They have on, also, the usual amount of paint and feathers.

"One of the first things done was to put them into the bath, to which they were apparer not accustomed, but submitted with good gra Then they were put into the hands of the t bers. As soon as the Government suppi arrive they will be put into civilized costume, that they may appear as much as possible l American girls.

"The teachers are already on the ground, f of interest and enthusiasm in their work. T children themselves seem happy and content eating the plain, wellcooked food as if they h never tasted any thing so good before. It d one good to hear their merry chatter a laughter, and to see them so anxious to lea One of the ladies found several of them with c ico, with scissors in hand, trying to cut the selves out some dresses! They have alrea learned the words and the music of 'Come Jesus,' and sing it very sweetly. There are sorts of visages and dispositions among the some being bright and even pretty, while othe are quite the reverse.

"Some of the Indians who are being educat at Hampton have been here for a few days their way back to school. The contrast betwe these children and those who have just arriv is very striking and encouraging to those wl have the moral and spiritual elevation of the children at heart. If such a short training h already done so much for them, what may n time and effort do for these?

"Quite a curious scene, the other day, was t naming of the girls. Their Indian names bei unpronounceable, and the English equivalents b ing such as 'White Cow,' 'Plenty Ant 'Crockery Face,' 'Wooden Earrings,' 'He in Front,' 'Her Pipe,' etc., it was deemed a visable to give them such names as Americ girls have, which was accordingly done. Ev those who have pleasant sounding names, suc as 'Pretty Lance,' desired to have their nam changed."

Dissipation ending in Suicide.—Francis I Heyward killed himself at No. 17 W. 21 St. Ne York. Mr. Heyward was of good family. H Henry Heyward, was a lawyer of some not father, who amassed a competence and bequeat ed to his son an income of $12,000 a yea The young man gave way to habits of dissip tion, and at midnight on Monday, October 6th he returned to his home broken down from th effects of drink. Two friends accompanied him and with them he entered his room. One wa sitting beside him, the other having left them when Heyward with a sudden motion drew pistol, and, with the words, "I will end it no as well!" fired at his own head. The bullet entered the brain through the temple, and deat was almost instantaneous. Deaths so sad an sinful remind us that suicide is not the end o life, but the beginning of eternity.

The Gospel to the Poor.—While Learned authorities compliment Mr. Spurgeon and Dr Talmage in their erudite way, those ministers o Christ would probably be most pleased at the following unaffected testimony from a humbl reader whose soul their sermons have strengthened: "I am very thankful for such good reading as I have in the CHRISTIAN HERALD. Sometimes when I am reading Mr. Talmage's sermons I feel as though I should like to take wing and fly up. Some say that Mr. Spurgeon drinks, but I know that drink affects the mind first, and I perceive by reading his sermons that his mind is clear as a bell. They are so plain that a poor ignorant person like me, who has never had a day's schooling, can understand almost every word in his sermons. Thank God that the poor have the Gospel preached to them nowadays as well as in the times of old. May God's blessing rest on Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Talmage!"

The Centennial Baptist Church, Brooklyn, of which the Rev. Dr. Fulton is pastor, is negotiating for the purchase of the Rink on Clermont Avenue for church purposes. A committee of the church has reported in favor of the purchase.

It was in this Rink that *the first meetings of Moody and Sankey* in this country were held. The building will seat about 6000 persons.

r. Talmage Continues to be an Illustration o he fact that untruthful gossip "loves a shin- n mark." Certain newspapers, without tak- in the trouble to investigate the veracity of at ird stories about him, give currency to state- m ts which are pure fabrications. It is alleged, fo instance, that Dr. Talmage, while in Eng- a , wrote a letter agreeing to lecture at Bristol o £40 ($195), and afterwards wrote to say he m t have £50 ($245), and still later that he must £60 ($292). The Bristol gentleman who ged him is alleged to have twice telegraphed, ome, come," and then, after the lecture, n £60 was asked for, he produced the first r, agreeing to come for £40, with a sixpenny ement stamp on it, rendering it legally bind- so that Dr. Talmage found himself outwit- by the wideawake Bristolian, and had to re- crestfallen with only £40.

ow this story is *absolutely false* from begin- to end. Dr. Talmage never wrote asking 50, or £60, instead of £40. He never re- d any telegram saying "Come, come," or ls to that effect, and he never had after the re a letter from himself shown to him ped with a sixpenny or any other stamp. can be deposed to on affidavit by persons had to do with the arrangements for the tol lecture.

ot only did Dr. Talmage obtain £1300 ($6310) profit for the Young Men's Christian As- tion of Leeds, but also £30 ($146) was sent of the receipts for his lecture at Exeter Hall, lon, to Mr. George Müller's Orphan Homes ristol. The donation to that institution was urse unasked for, as neither Mr. Muller nor ssistants ever solicit in any way contribu- for those institutions, but rely entirely God to provide for them.

e Story of the Patient Waiting of a Lov- nother comes from West Virginia. Her son out one evening thirty years ago, asking to have supper ready for him when he ld come back. Whether he was murdered n away to sea, nobody knows. He has r returned. His mother, now feeble and -haired, makes ready for him every night, s his chair by the table and waits. "He come some day," she says, "and then he ee that I never have forgotten him." Her may never be fulfilled, but it teaches Chris- the lesson that the coming of their Lord, h is assured, should be so anticipated, that He comes He will find us ready.

. George Muller, who is now on a visit is country, began a series of evening meet- in Rochester on Thursday, October 23d, n closed on the following Monday. He held ervices, occupying a different pulpit each as arranged by the Christian Association. numbers were drawn together to hear and his spirit and instructions left a delight- nfluence. By special request, he gave de- of his wonderful life-work on Sabbath even- Dr. Page writes :

o great was the desire to hear the wonder- ory, that hundreds were unable to gain ad- nce to the house, which was densely packed and below. For an hour and twenty min- he held the vast congregation as if spell- d." Mr. M ller goes from Rochester to ilton, Ontario, thence to Toronto, Buffalo, oit, Cleveland, and Chicago. He is to re- eight months longer in this country.

ny Rival Claimants to a Miser's Estate entered an appearance at the Jersey City ans' Court. They come from Brooklyn, City, Ohio, Indiana, and Ireland, and if all press their claims there seems a strong bility that the estate, large as it is, will be owed up in litigation. The deceased miser rag-picker named David Leach, who had for many years in abject misery, subsisting y on the crusts he found in ash-barrels the city. He died last February, and it hen found that he was possessed of con- able property invested in mortgage and real es . During his lifetime he had suffered his on daughter to become a domestic servant, and when she fell ill she went to a charity hospital, and when she died she was buried as a pauper. The only intimation his neighbors had that he was not so poor as he seemed, was a grim joke he played on some occupants of the house where he lived. The people had complained of him to the landlord as a nuisance, and asked to have him turned out. The rag-picker hearing of the complaint went quietly to the landlord and *bought the house*, and then promptly ejected his fellow-lodgers.

When we consider the privations of the miser's life, his ceaseless labor, his lonely death, and the struggle afterwards of others for the fruits of his labor, we realize how wise are the teachings of the inspired writer, and say with him, "This is a sore evil and what profit hath he that hath labored for the wind?' Eccles. 5 : 16.

Jewelry as an Offering to the Lord.—Rev. Dr. Kirkus, of Baltimore, Md., asked for contributions of "gold, silver and jewelry" from his congregation, on a recent Sunday, toward the manufacture of a new communion service. *A half-bushel measure of silver plate and jewelry* was the response. These offerings, including a diamond ring, were valued at eleven hundred dollars.

The Fate of the Missing Aeronauts who ascended from St. Louis on Sunday, September 22d, of whom mention was made in this journal of October 16th, is now considered a matter of certainty. No intelligence has been received of Prof. Wise, but the body of his companion, Mr. Burr, was washed ashore on Lake Michigan on Friday, October 31st, from which it appears probable that both perished in the lake. It is to be hoped that the catastrophe may operate as a warning against the desecration of the Lord's Day.

A Foolish Practical Joke came near ending in death recently in Indianapolis. A number of medical students undertook to make a victim of a professional "resurrectionist." They told him that they had secured a body, and asked him to remove it from its hiding-place. The supposed corpse in the bag was a live medical student. The students pointed out the spot where the bag was concealed, and the man threw the bag over his shoulder and set out for the college. The student in the bag, with no knowledge of his whereabouts, made demonstrations of life just as his bearer was crossing the canal. The bearer was intensely frightened, and in his terror dropped his burden over the bridge into the water and calmly walked on. Had not the companions of the unfortunate fellow rushed to his rescue he would have been drowned.

A Thief's Restitution of his Booty was made unexpectedly a few days ago. Mr. Isaac G. Jenkins, of Syracuse, while sitting in his library lately, was handed a letter, and on opening it carelessly was surprised to find $2500, with the simple explanation, "I robbed you of this years ago." Mr. Jenkins has no idea who the conscience-stricken person may be.

A Liquor Law Contest is in Progress at Jamaica, L. I. For years the provisions of the Excise law have been notoriously disregarded in that city. Many dealers have sold liquor without a local license, and the Sunday clause has been openly violated. Efforts have from time to time been made to enforce a more strict compliance with the law, but they have not been successful in effecting permanent good. Now, however, there is a more determined movement, resulting from the organization of the Sabbath Observance Association some months ago. This association has an Executive Committee composed of a number of the most prominent and influential property-owners of the town, who have secured the services of W. T. B. Milliken as counsel, and have gone about the work of enforcing a compliance with the law with an earnestness and a persistency which show that they intend to succeed.

The Members of the First Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, have purchased a building which is to be fitted up as an orphan asylum for the fatherless, motherless, and friendless poor children of the congregation.

MISTRUST OF GOD DEPLORED AND DENOUNCED.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"How long will it be ere they believe me?"—NUMBERS 14 : 11.

God's Long-Suffering brought to a Pause through Unbelief—I. The Sin of Unbelief Defined—An Idle Excuse—Fear was Natural—"We are Weak"— Blaming the Leaders— II. The Sin Described—1. Such Sin seems Incredible—2. An Unreasonable Thing—3. Most Inexcusable—4. Unbelief Ought to be Impossible—Especially to a Child of God—III. The Sin Bitterly Deplored—All Guilty—Faith should be an Everyday Thing—IV. The Sin Denounced—1. It Insults God—2. It has Ruined Our Race—3. It has brought Misery upon God's Children—4. It has Hampered the Work of Christ in the World.

THE children of Israel were very prone to unbelief. They wanted *something visible* to worship and to trust : they could not learn the lesson of faith in the One great Invisible, and hence they were one day bowing before an idol, and the next they were murmuring against the true God. Their life was according to the flesh, after the sight of the eyes and the hearing of the ears, and hence they praised God when Pharaoh was drowned, and when manna lay round about their camp ; but the moment they were in want or difficulty, and saw no supply of relief, they could not trust in God, but began to mistrust and murmur.

The incident before us relates to that great and terrible provocation in which the longsuffering of God came to a pause. They sent spies into Canaan, and when they were informed by ten false-hearted men that the giants were in the land, and that the inhabitants of it dwelt in walled cities which they could not hope to capture, they then began to accuse the Lord according to their former manner, denying His power to fulfil His ancient covenant and give them the land that flowed with milk and honey.

This time the Lord lifted His hand and swore that they should not enter into His rest. Let us be warned by this fact, that there is a limit to the longsuffering of God, and especially when it is tried by distrust. He may bear with unbelief for a time, and, blessed be His name, for a long time, for He remembers that we are dust ; but when it comes to wilful perseverance in unbelief the Lord will not forever be thus provoked. It behooves us to listen to the words of Paul : "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."

This morning my one subject is

THIS SIN OF UNBELIEF,

which I desire to deal with in the fear of God and in the power of His Holy Spirit.

I. Our first head shall be (the sin of Israel is here *defined*) : "How long will it be ere they believe *me?*" Observe that God's account of all the murmuring and discouragement and fear which these people felt was simply that they did not believe *Him*. They doubtless said that they were naturally afraid of their enemies : the Anakim, the sons of the giants, these would overtop and overcome them. They seemed like grasshoppers in the sight of such gigantic beings, and therefore they might well tremble. Had they been ordinary men, however numerous their bands, they declared that they should not have been afraid ; but these huge monsters created a natural and unavoidable fear. "No," says God, "*that is an idle excuse.* No fear of giants would enter their minds if they believed *me*. How long will it be ere they believe *me?*"

If these sons of Anak had been ten times as high as they were, yet the almighty Lord could vanquish them, and if their cities had been literally as well as figuratively walled up to the skies, yet Jehovah could smite them out of heaven, and cast their ramparts into the dust. Gigantic men and battlemented cities are nothing to him who divided the Red Sea. When the Omnipotent is present opposition vanishes. This was so clear that, if the Israelites were afraid, the real reason was that they did not believe their God.

So, my brethren, let us strip our discouragements and murmurings of all their disguises, and see them in their true character, and they will appear in their own naked deformity as discrediting God. It is true the difficulty before us may appear great, but it cannot be great to the Lord, who has promised to make us more than conquerors. It is true the circumstances may appear unusually perplexing, but they cannot perplex Him who has promised to guide us with His counsel ; and, since we are well aware of this, it is clear that the true reason why we are so dismayed is not to be found in the difficulties and the circumstances, but in our misgivings of God.

"Ah," but these people might have replied, 'We fear because of *our weakness*. We are not a drilled host, like the armies of Egypt. We know not how to fight against chariots of iron : we are only feeble men, with all these women and children to encumber our march."

But the Lord puts the matter very differently. What had their weakness to do with His promise? How could their weakness affect His power to give them the land? He could conquer Amalek if they could not. Caleb had told them, "If the Lord delight in us, then He will bring us into this land." They knew that their feebleness had not prevented the Lord's bringing them out of Egypt, despite the pride and power of Pharaoh, and they must have known that He could with equal ease overthrow the Canaanites and their armies. Their weakness could only be a foil to the glory of the divine power, so that it would be made the more conspicuous.

We also, when we plead our weakness, ought to be ashamed, for we know that we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. If we probe to the bottom of those doubts and fears which apparently arise out of a sense of our own weakness, we shall find that they spring from *mistrust of God*. Our trembling is not humility, but unbelief. We may mask it how we please, but that is the state of the case as God sees it, and He sees it in truth. The question is not, "How long will they be weak?" but, "How long will it be ere they believe me?"

"No, no," the people may have said, "We are not murmuring against God : it is against Moses and Aaron. They made a mistake when they brought us into the wilderness, and they have undertaken an enterprise which they cannot carry through : we blame these two men for their foolhardiness." But the Lord would not have it so. Moses and Aaron were only his instruments, and mere second causes, and the Lord will not allow that the quarrel is with them, but he asks, "How long will it be ere they believe me?"

Thus, brethren, we sometimes fix upon our fellow-man, his infirmity, his shortsightedness, his want of wisdom, and we say that we do not doubt God, but we can never feel secure while our leaders or our friends are such poor, unwise creatures. If you put this pretext to the test you will see that it avails nothing, for God can use what instruments he pleases, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, and he can accomplish his purposes despite their frailty. His word is not to fall to the ground because of the medium through which He carries it into effect.

So, brethren, I come back to that first point, and solemnly declare that though our doubts and fears are called oftentimes by more respectable names, because we do not like to see their sin in all its nakedness, yet they come to this, that *we do not believe the ever blessed God*. If we look at our discouragement and mistrust in this light we shall no longer pity, but blame ourselves, and instead of excusing we shall accuse our heart of a great crime. Mistrust toward God is not a mere weakness : it is a wickedness of the gravest order.

II. We will now proceed, in the second place, further to *describe* this sin of not believing.

1. I would remark, first, that at the first blush it would seem incredible that there should be such a thing in the universe as unbelief of God. That God should manifest Himself to man so as to make a promise to Him is indescribable condescension. One would think that the high and lofty One would abide in His eternal silence, or communicate Himself to the most exalted creatures, rather than speak to such a being as man. What is man that God should be mindful of him and speak to him? Yet we believe that the Lord has spoken to us often by His prophets, and in these last days by His Son.

Now if an angel altogether unacquainted with human history could be informed that God had spoken to men, I imagine that His astonishment would be overwhelming if we also informed Him that men have disbelieved Him. "What!" he would say ; "what! dare to disbelieve the Lord! Doubt the Lord, whose infinite love stooped to speak with His creature! God, who is essential truth, and cannot possibly lie nor deceive, have there been creatures vile enough to perpetrate such

AN INSULT UPON THEIR MAKER,

their Benefactor? Can they suspect the infinitely pure of deceit? Dare they question the truth of the perfect One whom cherubim adore?" I say that an angel would be staggered at such blasphemy.

2. Consider, next, that, though unbelief certainly exists, it is a most unreasonable thing. If God hath made a promise, on what grounds do we doubt its fulfilment? Which of all the attributes of God is that which comes under suspicion? Probably the first distrusted attribute will be His power. Have not men said, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness? or can He deliver us out of the deep waters?" Let us think of this. Has the Lord promised to supply and deliver? Then, my dear friend, do you really in your sober senses question the power of God to do as He has said? Hath He not made the heavens and the earth? Do not all things subsist by His continuous power? Is any thing too hard for the Lord? Is His arm shortened that He cannot save? Is His hand paralyzed that He cannot achieve His purpose? The more we consider the supposition that *God is unable* to keep His promises, the more we discard it with indignation. It is not to be entertained for a moment.

What, then, is it *God's goodness* that we suspect? After He hath filled the world with bounty, and multiplied His loving kindnesses to His creatures ; above all, after He has given from His bosom His only-begotten Son to die, as the fulfilment as well as the seal of the great promises of His covenant, dare we question His goodness? Do we call God evil? Do we impute unkindness to Him? Let horror seize us at the suggestion of such a thought ; let our bones quake that we should ever tolerate the hideous libel upon him whose very name is good : for what is "God" but "good" written in brief? It must come back to this with which we started, that we suspect the truth of God ; and yet the more we shall consider the supposition the more we shall be alarmed by its blasphemous character.

3. Again, because this sin is so unreasonable, *it is also most inexcusable*. Let me try, if I can, to frame an excuse for doubting the truthfulness of the Lord our God. Look back upon your own experience, and take with it the experience of all men that have ever lived, and find if you can a single instance in which God has been untrue to the word He has spoken. We challenge eternity to divulge such an instance : we appeal to all mankind, from Adam to the latest born, and to angels, ay, and to devils themselves, to produce one single case in which Jehovah has turned from promise or from threatening so as to forfeit His word.

His faithfulness is indisputable ; the ages witness it. Now ; if there had been one instance, we might be justified in our misgivings. If we could find one authenticated case, fully established, in which God had acted contrary to His promise, or failed to keep His word, then might we lawfully distrust, but as we can never find such a case, what excuse can we make?

Moreover, when a man is suspected of untruthfulness we usually impute to him *some motive* for it ; he has something to gain by the lie, and therefore we suppose he will prove false. But what motive can be imputed to the Lord Most High which could lead Him to forfeit His word? He knows all things from the beginning, and therefore, even if it were supposable that to keep a promise would be inconvenient to Himself, He would never have made it, for he must have foreseen that inconvenience.

God is not bound to promise, and therefore if the good deed were not to His mind, He would not promise to perform it. Nor has God changed, since immutability is essential to His being. If, therefore, He has uttered a word you may rest quite sure that it will stand fast : an unchangeable being cannot be fickle, and run back from His promise.

Why, my friends, it is to God's glory to keep His word. As it is to the glory of every man to be upright, so is it to the glory and honor of God to be faithful to His solemn declarations. Even on the lowest conceivable ground the Lord's own interests are bound up with His truth. All the glory of His name and the honor of His divine person bend toward the keeping of His word. There is no supposable reason why the Lord should not be true : how dare we, then, without the slightest cause, cast suspicion upon the truthfulness of the Most High?

4. My dear brethren, I venture to say that unbelief of God's word ought, therefore, to be impossible. It ought to be impossible to ever reverent-hearted man. Doth he know God an tremble in His presence, and shall he think o distrusting and doubting him? No one tha hath ever seen Him in contemplation, an bowed before Him in sincere adoration, but mus be amazed at the impertinence that would dar to think that God can lie. O reverent heart, i ought to be to thee beyond the bound of possibility that thou shouldst doubt the truth of th promises of God!

And this ought to be more impossible still, i such an expression may be used, to God's ow children. You could not make a true-heart child suspect his father of falsehood. If h heard such an accusation brought against a loving and kind father he would be indignant : h would not want to hear rebutting evidence ; h would say, "It is impossible ; I know my fathe I know his character, I have seen him, I unde stand him, I cannot endure to hear him sla dered, and I do not need to hear him defende for of this I am sure—that

"HE CANNOT LIE."

In the child's case there might be a partialit and the father might have been guilty ; but i the case of the children of God no such poss bility exists, for our Father is the God of trut Oh, my brethren, shall it ever be said that t children of God doubt their Father?

I have heard some professing Christians s that they find it hard to believe His promise and yet they do not appear to think that th have said a dreadful thing : yet a very dread thing it is. What must be their opinion of G if they find it hard to believe Him? Think of again : of a child of God finding it hard to b lieve his own Father, his heavenly Father! A wretched sin! Wretched insult to God! If were not so false-hearted ourselves we shou never dream of the Lord's being so, and if were not conscious of being chargeable with u truth, the thought that perchance God mig fail to fulfil His word would never be tolerate It is horrible! If it has crossed your mind, sco it, and, with many tears, confess it before God ; f to a child of God it ought to be impossible doubt his Father's truthfulness.

It is strange how you and I can enter into co fidence and conviction about many things, a yet we cannot exercise the same confidence t ward our God. You all believe in the laws matter. You expect that the law of gravitati will bring a weight downward if you throw from the window ; why are you so certain? E cause you have seen the rule in action so oft that you now expect to see it carried out: and yet the law of gravitation might be suspended; indeed, it has been suspended, for at the Red Sea the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. You all expect the sun to rise in the morning and to set at his appointed time, because he has kept his daily marches for many years; and yet there was a time when there was no sun to rise or set, and there will be a time when the sun shall be turned into darkness, and day and night shall cease. Can you trust the temporary and yet doubt the eternal?

III. This brings me, in the third place, to dwell upon this sin very much in the same way, only with this heading—*the sin bitterly deplored.* We have all been guilty of it. Some here are living constantly in the commission of it. But what I want to call to your remembrance is this, that in any one case of doubting the truthfulness of God there is the full venom of the entire sin of unbelief. That is to say: if you distrust the Lord in one, you doubt him altogether.

You say that you can believe the Lord about other things, but there is one particular point which staggers you. But is it not clear that the man who is convicted of one falsehood is no longer trustworthy? The Scripture calls him "God who cannot lie." Do you think he can lie once, then he *can* lie and the Scripture is broken? "Ah, but I mean he may not keep His promise *to me;* I am such an unworthy person." Yes, but when a man forfeits his word it is no defence for him to say, "I told an untruth, but it was only to an unworthy person." No, the truth must be spoken irrespective of persons. I have no right to deceive even a criminal.

Do you dare say that to one person the Lord can be untrue? If it can be so, He is not a true God any more? It only wants one falsehood, one breach of promise, one lie, to be proved, and you have smitten the character of the accused to the very heart; you would not dream of doing such a thing to the great God. You may as well doubt Him about every thing if you distrust Him upon any one matter. Get but the promise from God, and there is an infallible necessity that he shall keep it, be it a little promise or a great one, for the character of a truthful being is all square, and he is false in nothing.

Do you reply that you doubted him upon *a very trivial matter*, and it was only a little mistrust? Alas, there is a world of iniquity in the faintest discredit of the thrice-holy Lord. Reflect, then, with sorrow that we have been guilty of this sin, not once, but a great many times.

Timorousness and suspicion spring up in some bosoms like *weeds in the furrows.* They sing the Lord's praises for a great deliverance just experienced, but the next cloud which darkens the sky fills them with fear, and they again mistrust divine love. Their heavenly Father delivers them and helps them and comforts them, and they say they will never doubt again, but in a short time another trial looms in the distance, and they are despondent and dismayed. Now I will read to you, and I will read to myself, these words of God, which make up our text: "How long will this people provoke me? and how long will it be ere they believe me, for all the signs which I have showed among them?"

Another thought upon this point, and it is this: Are there not some professing people of God who do not seem to live a life of faith at all? I mean some who have no faith about their temporal circumstances at all, and almost look upon living by faith as if it were a kind of fanaticism which they admit to be very pious and good, but they can never come up to it. Yet faith should be *an every-day thing* with us.

In the life of Abraham how few acts are mentioned of outward religion, of long retirements, fasts, public services, sacraments, and so forth! but how clear it is that his daily secular and domestic life was a living unto God as a pilgrim and a sójourner with him! There is no visible line between secular and sacred in the patriarch's life: it was all sacred. It is an evil distinction which saith so far is spiritual and so far is secular. My brethren, your whole lives must be spiritual lives; there must be faith in God about your home, your families, and your neighbors. Some look upon faith as a kind of Sunday grace to be laid up in the ark of the covenant with Aaron's rod; but indeed it is an every-day faculty, a grace for the table, a grace for the cupboard, a grace for the pocket, a grace for the market, a grace for the nursery, and a grace for the sick bed.

The life of God's peope is not to be lived within the four narrow walls of a meeting-house; it is lived wherever they are, for in every place the just shall live by faith. The religion of a Christian is to be the whole of his life, and faith is to run through it like a thread through a necklace of coral. We are to believe God as much when he saith, "Thy bread shall be given thee and thy water shall be sure," as when he saith, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Oh, for more household faith, more *Saturday faith*, more real faith! Let us blush—and never cease to blush—that we have had so little of it.

THE SIN DENOUNCED.

IV. Lastly, as we have now deplored this sin, we shall conclude by spending a moment or two in heartily *denouncing it.*

1. This sin of unbelief, if there were no other reason for denouncing it, let it be reprobated because it insults God. I feel an infinite enmity to unbelief because it so terribly misrepresents and calumniates my God. If any man were to say to me, "Your father breaks his word," I would not suffer the accuser to go unanswered; and assuredly I cannot be silent when my heavenly Father is thus slandered. Our race fell by believing the old dragon's base charge against God when he said to the woman in his vile serpentine language, "Ye shall not surely die." He thus gave God the lie. Away with thee, thou subtle serpent! Away with thee! Go and eat the dust that is thy predestinated meat; for God cannot speak that which is not true; He is truth itself.

How greatly does unbelief dishonor the Lord! What shame it casts upon the splendor of His name! Alas, that there should be going up and down this world creatures denying the existence of their Creator, and other beings who admit that there is a God, and believe that He has spoken and given promise of good things to come, but treat His word as if it were worthless and unfit to be trusted. Oh, hateful, abominable, loathsome mistrust, which dares to treat the Lord as unworthy to be believed.

2. This is sufficient reason for denouncing it, and yet since weaker reasons may perhaps help the stronger, let me mention that we are bound to hate unbelief because it is the ruin of the great mass of our race. Why are men lost? All their sins which they have done cannot destroy them if they believe in Jesus, but the damning point is that they will not believe in Him. Thus saith the Scriptures—"He that believeth not is condemned already." Why? "Because he hath not believed on the Son of God."

3. We may hate it, again, because it brings so much misery and weakness upon the children of God. My brethren, if we believed God's promises we should no longer be bowed down with sorrow, for our sorrow would be turned into joy. We should glory in our infirmities—yea, we should glory in tribulation also, seeing the good result which the Lord bringeth forth from them.

The man who steadily believes his God is calm, quiet, and strong. If men fail him his God supports him. Suppose his business fails him, his chief business is to serve his God, and that has not failed. If he is himself sick and racked with pain, he resigns himself to the great Father's chastening hand, and patience is given. If health is utterly failing he leaves himself with God, that he may take down His tabernacle curtain by curtain, confident that He will build it again in nobler form. When death approaches he so fully believes in God that he feels it will be gain to him to pass out of this state of trial into everlasting blessedness at the Lord's right hand; and so he is always happy. How strong such a man becomes! The weakness which comes of fear and trembling does not touch him; his heart is fixed, and therefore he has all his strength under control, and can bring it to bear upon the place where it is needed.

I do not know whether you have thought of the prowess of Samson. His is a very poor character in many aspects, but yet what a true hero he is when you view him in the light of his faith! It was not that he was physically strong by nature, but that he believed God, and strength came upon him. As a believer in God he trusted that the Lord could make His thews and muscles strong enough for any task which was allotted him, and so when the gates of Gaza shut him in he rose up from his sleep and bowed himself before the huge doors, and with a mighty tug uplifted them; and as the bars were fastened to the posts, he pulled up posts and all, and carried the whole away to the top of the hill, not as a feat of Herculean strength, but as an act of faith in God.

Only believe God and

YOU CAN DO ANY THING.

If the Lord should bid you shake the world you could do it by faith. Plucking up sycamore trees by the roots, and hurling mountains into the sea, are mere sport for faith, which ere now has subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, and quenched the violence of fire. She hath grander things to do than the mere slaying of Philistines, for she wrestles with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places, and comes off more than conqueror through him that loved her.

And yet, my friend, you are hiding in the rear? You are lying in the ambulance: you are being nursed and cared for as a babe! Shall it always be so? Will you forever be a mere child? If you do not believe you will never grow strong, but he that believeth comes to the full development of that celestial manhood which is akin to the manhood of Christ in whom we live.

4. One very shocking point about this unbelief is that it has hampered the work of Christ in the world. The Christ that can save is a Christ believed in, but of a Christ who is not believed in it is written: "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." The reason why at this time whole nations lie under popery or heathenism is that the church has not faith enough for their conquest. There is no straitening in God; our limit lies in our own timorous hearts. The first thing to be done is for Zion to believe in God, and then the rod of His strength shall go forth out of her midst, and she shall become "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

If the Son of man should now come on the earth, where would He find faith? Where could He discover a high degree of it? You know what most churches do. There is the regular performance of divine service; the regular preaching of an orthodox sermon as dry as it is orthodox; the regular meeting of a few people for a prayer-meeting, in which there is no real prayer; and the regular revolution of a spiritual barrel organ, from which all spirituality has long ago been ground out. Nothing comes of this lifeless routine, and it was never likely that there could be any thing, for out of death death alone can come.

Forward, brethren. God the Holy Ghost helping you, resolve in your hearts this day that all the boasted discoveries of science you will doubt, all the affirmations of the wise you will doubt, all the speculations of great thinkers you will doubt, all your own feelings and all the conclusions drawn from outward circumstances you will doubt, yea, and every thing that seems to be demonstrable to a certainty you will doubt, but never, never, never, while eternity shall last, will you suffer the thought to pass your mind that God can ever in the least degree run back from any thing that he has spoken.

Thus have I spoken for Him; may His Holy Spirit make it powerful on your minds, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

MR. J. B. GOUGH'S RETURN.

Welcome at the Broadway Tabernacle.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH was tendered a reception on Thursday, October 30th, in the parlors of the Broadway Tabernacle, which had been kindly offered for the purpose by the Rev. Dr. Taylor. The Board of Managers of the National Temperance Society had the reception in charge, and issued invitations to prominent clergymen, temperance workers, and Mr. Gough's *personal friends* about two hundred persons were present, the meeting not having been publicly announced. The Hon. William E. Dodge occupied the chair, and expressed the sincere pleasure Mr. Gough's friends felt in welcoming him on his return to his adopted country. Addresses of welcome were also delivered by Dr. Taylor, Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Peck, Dr. J. P. Newman, Judge Noah Davis, and Rev. Mr. Mears, of Worcester, Mr. Gough's pastor.

In reply to the cordial words of greeting Mr. Gough said:

MR. DODGE AND KIND FRIENDS: If I followed my own inclination I should walk straight out of this room and retire quietly for a while. The kindness of your reception overcomes me. As I listened to the many kind things you have said of me I asked myself, "What am I or my father's house that I should receive this at your hands?" I never felt my own littleness so much in all my life as I have felt it to-night. God has been so good to me as to enable me to do what I have done for this great movement of temperance, and I say to myself it is the cause, not the man, to whom you are doing the honor; and if it had been another man who had been blessed of God in this work as I have been, you would have extended your welcome to him just as heartily.

At the same time, as I look about me and see here the faces of the friends of years long past, I know that you feel an extra tenderness for the man, and that you are glad that it is I who have been so honored. To you, my dear friends, I say, as Mr. Spurgeon said in a letter to me, "I hope you and I will be near together by divine appointment when at the great day we all, blood-bought, look on the face of our Redeemer."

When I went to England this time I went to rest. I had no conception of what was before me. When we reached Queenstown a friend said to me, "There are a lot of letters for you on the cabin table; they have just come on board." I said, "Oh, that must be a mistake; who is there likely to write to me?" I did not go down till the tender had left, and then I found them; such a heap! letters, telegrams, words of welcome, notices of reception meetings, requests to lecture—a perfect host. I saw there was something more for me to do than the thirty lectures I had engaged to deliver. The heartiness and cordiality of the reception when I did arrive, overcame me.

Well, you will like to hear something of the progress of

THE CAUSE IN GREAT BRITAIN

compared with the state of things I found there twenty-five years ago. I noticed in this visit a decided change in many respects. I found that what are known as the lower classes were more steeped and brutalized by drunkenness than they were twenty-five years before. Mr. Spurgeon, with whom I conversed on the subject, confirmed my impression on this point.

How is it that this brutality exists? It is not a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. By nature the race is a noble and a generous one. The charities of England are amazing. If there is a call for help in any direction at home or abroad, a subscription is started at once, and the money rolls in. When the Princess Alice disaster occurred £90,000 were subscribed in a very short time, and it was not all made up of the gold of the rich, for the bronze offerings, the pennies of the shoeblacks, formed no inconsiderable portion. And that shows that the working men are generous. Then, too, look at the subscriptions for the famine in the East, and all the other calls for help; what a liberal response was evoked from all classes!

What is the cause, then, for this almost incredible brutality, which is not inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race? It is the awful drink that does it. There is nothing to be compared to it on this side the water. The sights in London are heartrending. The American visiting the great city is struck with amazement at the wickedness he sees. But then that is partly due to the fact that there you see it at a glance. The population is so vast, and the area is relatively so small. But apart from that view, the extent to which drunkenness prevails is something awful. Samuel Morley, M.P., said to me, "I have the gravest apprehensions for the future of this country unless something is done to stem this tide of drunkenness."

I noticed that when you come up to the middle classes and the higher classes there is

A MARKED IMPROVEMENT

in the drinking customs. But there is a sad exception to this favorable feature, and that is among the women of these classes—I mean respectable women. They drink more, and they drink more frequently to excess, than formerly. I attribute that evil to the granting of licenses to grocers. At this time a lady can buy, where she buys her tea and sugar, liquor in large or small quantities, which she can have sent home to be drunk there. That is a great evil, and the cause of much of this painful relapse in domestic life.

But what I want you to know is the quantity of temperance work there is being done in England. *The organization is glorious.* When I saw the number of societies, and the energy of their efforts, I should have been ashamed to come back to you if I did not work. And I did work as I never worked in my life before.

The Church of England Temperance Society is doing a grand work. That was started since I was there twenty-five years before. Dr. Lightfoot,

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM,

one of its most prominent members, presided at one of my meetings, and he said, "I want Mr. Gough, when he goes back to America, to tell the American people that the Bishop of Durham goes up and down his diocese preaching total abstinence." I had four bishops at different times presiding over my meetings. When I was there twenty years before, if we got the rector to preside people were amazed, but now the bishops are with us; and as for the canons on our side—if they all went off together they would make a tremendous report. Canon Farrar, so well known as a writer and a preacher, is a total abstainer, and nine of the Queen's chaplains are total abstainers.

All the Church dignitaries who belong to the Church of England Temperance Society are not total abstainers, and at first I was inclined to contest this half measure. But I soon changed my mind. I have got rid of that rabid sort of feeling that if men do not go altogether my way I will have nothing to do with them. After all, they are going in my direction, and most of them, after a time, get dissatisfied with the semi-reform and come into our ranks. So the end is the same, although it is a more gradual matter; therefore I gave a welcome to the moderate drinking pledge.

Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, spoke on this point at one of my meetings, and afterward I told a story about compromises, at which both bishop and audience laughed heartily.

A NEGRO'S COMPROMISE.

I said, I do not like compromises as a rule, but we must compromise sometimes. I remember hearing of a negro who had a great failing. He would steal anything within his reach. It was not safe to leave him alone for a minute. Well, he was in a boot store, and there he saw a beautiful pair of boots, and he said, "I want de boots, but de Lord says, 'Let 'em alone.' I put my hand on 'em, and dey are most lovely soft leather, and de debbil, he says, 'You may have 'em,' and I want de boots. De Lord says, 'No, let 'em alone.' Well, there were two of us, so I compromised with de Lord, and I took a cheap pair of shoes off another shelf." No I, do not like compromises myself, but we must take all the help we can get even if it does not go as far as we wish it.

Then ministers of the Gospel of all denominations are preaching temperance. Westminster Abbey is open twice a year for a special temperance service. We have the sympathy and the influence of all the clergy, and we hope we shall soon have their example as well. I had Lord Cairns, the Lord High Chancellor of England, to preside at one of my meetings, and you know he is next to Royalty.

I took Dr. Taylor to see another kind of work when he was in England. We went to

THE HOXTON MUSIC HALL.

That was once the worst place of amusement in London. It was so bad that at last the magistrates withdrew its license. Now my friend Mr. Noble holds his meetings there regularly. These meetings have been kept up until more than twelve thousand pledges have been signed there. Jerry MacAuley's mission here was the father of that Hoxton Hall mission. Mr. Noble saw what Jerry MacAuley was doing in this city, and he said, "I will try the same work here;" and he has had glorious success.

I remember the night Dr. Taylor and I went there. There was a large audience, principally dressed in rags, and the smell of that crowd was —well, not particularly refreshing. But I shall never forget the singing and the sight of those faces bearing the marks of the drunkard's curse. They call the place the recruiting office, and they send all their recruits on. When a drunkard has reformed, and he gets a respectable coat on his back, and a decent hat on his head, and a whole pair of boots on his feet, they say to him, "We don't want you here; you go and join some church." A gentleman went into the place not long since, and seeing the work that was going on, said, "This thing must cost money; how are your funds? how much do you want?" and he put down *three thousand pounds* there and then.

Then there are the

HOUSES OF REFUGE

which have been established all over the large cities. There, there are dominoes and bagatelle boards and newspapers and tea and coffee and bright fires and plenty of light. Here men can spend their evenings away from temptation. Some say, "Men ought to spend their evenings at home." Yes, when they have a home, but too often the only home a young man has in a large city is a back room in a garret, where he may sit all alone moping in the cold or with an uncongenial companion. I believe there is great good in these institutions, and that rich men might expend their money to great advantage in establishing such places as this on this side the water.

One night a man staggered into one of these places so drunk he could scarcely stand. The manager said, "Come, you must get out of this; you are drunk." "Yes, I know I am drunk," said the man. "Well, this is a temperance house." "Yes, and I am a teetotaler; here is my pledge;" and the man, fumbling in his pocket, produced the card. "Have you never seen a drunken teetotaler before?" he said. "I must turn you out," said the manager. "Oh, don't turn me out; I signed this half an hour ago, and I have not touched a drop since; why, man alive, I came in here for safety." He was not turned out, and that man is now one of the most hard-working men in the temperance cause.

THE MEDICAL SIDE

of the question is receiving great attention on the other side. All the great physicians are coming in gradually. Sir William Gull, Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Richardson, have all given their testimony on our side. There are some, of course, who give us their sympathy but not their support. Now sympathy is a very intangible thing, and I would rather have a good honest opposition than mere lukewarm sympathy. I am not a medical man; I know nothing of the science; but I know that the rubbish I have heard some of these doctors talk has made me inclined to advise them to strike out the M.R.C.S. after their names, and write A.S.S. There was one of this kind—a Dr. Moxon—who said, "I do not believe in the possibility of a reformed drunkard." I said, "I hope you will go to heaven, and there I think you will meet with many." He told me of a fine noble patient he had, a teetotaler, who when the doctor ordered him brandy refused to take it. "That man died," said the doctor; "and I will never forgive the temperance society for the death of that noble fellow; he died a fanatic." Well, there was another fine fellow, a brewer's drayman, who was told when he was ill he must leave off stimulants, and he would not, and he died; and he was so saturated with alcohol that after he died his doctor punctured his skin, and the spirit came out, and the doctor had sixty little lights burning on his body at one time. Suppose I say I will never forgive the brewers for the loss of that noble fellow.

When I was at Kilmarnock I was suffering torture from neuralgia. A man said to me, "You should take a glass of brandy." I said, "No." He said, "You are a fanatic." I said, "No, I am not, but I can bear pain for a principle." Why, what is the pain of neuralgia compared to what a drunkard endures the next mornng after he has signed the pledge. He is weak, he has the shivers, his nerves are unstrung, his head is racked with pain, his blood is stagnant n his veins. He longs for drink as he never onged for any thing in heaven or on earth; he knows that one glass of brandy would set him up, would send the blood through his veins, teady his hand, settle his nerves; and he stands ace to face with the fiend and fights his battle. did it in 1842, and I know what it is. Would ou advise a man in that strait to drink? You ay "no." Then if not in that agony, why do you dvise it for neuralgia? Let us stand up for emperance, and laugh to scorn the doctors who all us fanatics.

I knew

AN ACROBAT AND HIS WIFE

who had both been drunkards and had signed he pledge. The man was ill, and the doctor aid, You must take stimulants." "How much?" said the acrobat. "Well," said the doctor, "you must have half a pint of stout with your dinner, nd about a pint of bitter with your supper," That?" said the man; "why doctor, I tell ou if I drink any *I shall drink till I am mad.*" If that is the case," said the doctor, "then ou had better not take it at all."

But it is time to close, I believe, though, as my watch keeps English time, it is now only five 'clock by that. I have come home for rest, nd this time I mean it. In England I delivered ver 150 speeches, and I feel tired now. I am red when I go to bed, and I am tired when I et up. I don't like it, and I am going to rest.

I cannot express my gratitude for the generus things you have said of me to-night, and I m especially grateful that with my name you ave coupled that of my dear wife. I know she ould rather I said nothing about her; she likes me to talk *to her*, but not *of her*. But she has ad her share of the honors as she did in Engand. I had eleven splendidly illuminated adresses presented to me there, and in each of hem my wife occupied an honorable place.

I am sincerely pleased to meet you, my old riends, here. A gentleman on the other side aid to me, "Your friend Cuyler has become *great gun.*" "Has he?" I said; "I knew im when he was only a little pistol." We rayed together in Princeton before he had finhed his theological course. Mr. Dodge, Dr. eck, Dr. Newman, Dr. Taylor, and all my old iends, I thank you very heartily and very sinerely.

There is one pleasant circumstance of my visit o England I ought not to pass over, for it gave e very great pleasure. I refer to my acquaintnce with

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

I spoke twice at the Tabernacle before I saw him. The first time he was away at Mentone, and the second time he was unexpectedly summoned in another direction. I met his brother, and I said I wanted to see Mr. Spurgeon, and I mean to see him. Soon after, there came to me a letter from Mr. Spurgeon with the kindest invitation to his house. We went, and I fell in love with him at first sight, and my wife fell in love with his wife.

He took me with him to his Orphanages—noble buildings full of happy children. He had a crowd round him directly, and he chatted pleasantly to them, and we had a most delightful day.

And I wish to say just here that *Mr. Spurgeon is a total abstainer*, and so is his dear wife. She is a great invalid, suffering from some severe internal complaint which keeps her in her bed one day in three; and the doctors ordered her stimulants, which she took for a time, but she gave them up on principle. "Is she not a brave little woman?" said Mr. Spurgeon, admiringly; "and do you know she is getting a little better, I think, notwithstanding."

Now I conclude by saying, "Thank you all very much for this kind reception." I shall never forget it to my dying day.

AT WEYMOUTH BARRACKS, ENGLAND.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

Spiritual Struggles Following Conversion—Providentially Stationed at Weymouth—A Sunday Afternoon Hospital Visitation Opposed by Satan—A Color Sergeant Saved.

CONVERSION to God—that is, giving Him the heart because forgiveness of sins is received and His love in Christ believed—is that blessed change by which the soul passes from death to life and from darkness to light. But it is not all. *Hard were the struggles*, painful was the discipline, and lengthened the teaching, before I learned the fulness of these privileges. Gladly would I, by God's grace, help to save you, dear reader, from such an ordeal.

For nine years after my conversion I went on fighting and struggling, desiring to live for Christ, but *more or less tied to the world, its vanities*, amusements, and pleasures, because I did not understand, what God's Word so plainly sets forth, the death of my fallen nature, my body of sin (called in Scripture "the old man"), in Christ's death on the cross, and the present, real, living union of the believer with the living Christ in glory. This fact, when realized, frees the Christian, by the power of the Holy Spirit, from the bondage of his wretched self, and from the chains of this world's pleasures.

Never until I saw this was I free. But the day this glorious truth flashed from the light of God's Word into my soul I was delivered from the bondage of my sinful self and of the world. Oh, blessed, happy liberty!

Countless are the mercies which rise up before me, echoes on echoes of the love of God! How delightful when memory revels in the mercies and faithfulness of the ever-loving and long-suffering Creator! I will choose one out of many as an instance for the encouragement of others who may be similarly tried.

Some years ago I was obliged to go to the south of France for the health of *one dearer to me than myself*. From her I was determined I would not part. She was sick, and no one could nurse her better than I could. It was a question where my regiment would be sent on leaving Aldershot, and on this depended my remaining in the army. If sent to any station in Ireland or in the north of England, away from her friends, I should leave the service.

At that time there was *one company* of infantry quartered in the Weymouth Barracks. My regiment was moved from Aldershot, and when I returned from France *my company was the one* in those barracks. Thus, day by day, I was able to do my duty and cheer my sick wife. *Our God chose the best place for her, and the only quarter where I could have continued to serve in the army.* Am I wrong in thus praising His faithfulness?

Some months after our arrival I had a time of *great trial.* It was too evident that we should *have to part;* and, of course, when the Christian's heart is sorest Satan delights to try him most. We are not ignorant of his devices.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON STRUGGLE.

One Sunday afternoon I went up to barracks to pay my men a visit, as usual. I had gone through the barrack-rooms, and was waiting at the door for the orderly-room clerk, who had some returns ready for me, as the invalids were to go to headquarters early next day.

The clerk was a careless man, which is why I felt obliged to look through the returns on Sunday. The returns were wrong. They had to be made out again, and it was more than an hour after the time I had promised to return to my home before they were finished.

In consequence of this vexatious delay I had not visited the hospital, where it was my practice to read the Gospel on Sunday afternoons. I looked up at the hospital windows, and then thought of my home, and my promise to return. Now ensued *a struggle* of conscience such as I had never before experienced. *The invalid* had put unusual emphasis on her request that I would return and sit with her by a certain hour. It was long past that time.

But there were those sick men, concerning whose souls I had such deep interest. "She is on the rock, thank God!" I said to myself; "but these poor fellows who are going away to-morrow may never again meet one who cares for them as I do, and may never hear the Gospel again." I went toward the hospital. If ever the tempter met a man he met me then. He fought me every inch of the way to the house, and defended every step of the stairs. I could almost hear a voice saying, "Remember your promise!" "Go home!" "What's the use? you know you've been working so many years in the regiment, and what good have you done?"

These suggestions Satan urged again and again with increasing vehemence. I halted at the ward door, and before entering said, "Master, I have toiled all night, and taken nothing; nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net." I entered. The men were glad to see me. I told them why I was late, and that I could only stay a few minutes, as I had promised to return to my sick wife, but that I wished once more to read the Gospel to them. I read the first parable in Luke 15, pointing out the love of God and Christ to sinners in that beautiful parable, the helplessness of the sinner, and the love and power of the Saviour.

I spoke very earnestly to the men who were going to leave the regiment next day, urging them to believe in the Lord Jesus, and to accept His salvation, that He might bear them on His shoulder to His home in heaven. Having prayed, I left the hospital, hoping for a blessing, and thanking God that He had given me grace not to miss this opportunity. But when I had got well away from the barracks, and my thoughts turned from my sick comrades to my invalid wife, who had been expecting my return all this time, the tempter again met me.

This time he fairly beat me. I leaned against a wall, dispirited, until as a message from heaven, there rang in my heart these words: "He that now goeth forth weeping and bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him." The trial was over. I ran home. A sweet smile rewarded me when I told the cause of my absence.

Next morning the invalid soldiers left for headquarters. Three days afterward I received a letter from one of them, *a color-sergeant*, which filled my heart with inexpressible joy. That last visit had been blessed to his soul; he believed in Christ, and rejoiced in hope of glory. This at once explained the fierce temptations which had assailed me before going to the hospital that night. How I thanked God that I had made a last attempt! Fellow-Christian, you may have toiled long, and apparently without success; but go on, faint not: *in due season*—at the right time—*you shall reap.* We corresponded until he was called to glory.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(*Continued from page* 863.)

EDITH NEEDED

"ELIZA has stepped out to see a friend; I boiled that egg myself," said old Alec in reply to the philosopher's complaint about the bad cooking.

"Stepped out to see a friend, and at breakfast-time, without asking my leave!" cried the angry master. "And this tea—it is cold as ditch-water, and bitter as gall; a pauper would not drink such trash!" Vernon pushed the cup aside so angrily that he almost upset it.

"Certainly Edith knew how to keep things right," muttered Vernon, but not loud enough for his servant to hear what he said; "these women have a knack of putting oil on the wheels of life to make them run smoothly. This is one of the chief uses, I suppose, for which women were put in this planet of ours."

After finishing an uncomfortable breakfast in an uncomfortable mood (for Vernon's philosophy was not brought to bear on such matters as overboiled eggs or bitter tea), the sage stretched out his hand and took up the letter which had come hours before by the morning post.

To judge by the outside, it looked a most uninteresting epistle, one scarcely worth the trouble of opening. Mr. Vernon did open it, however, and read it likewise. The letter was written in characters so large and so black, that it might have been perused by one standing at the other side of the room.

Alec was clearing away the breakfast, but paused in his occupation, with the tray in his hands, being struck by the perplexed, annoyed, almost alarmed expression on the face of his master. Mr. Vernon turned sharply round in his chair and looked at the clock.

"Put down that tray, never mind clearing away the breakfast," said Mr. Vernon, rising from his seat: "saddle Fleetfoot for me directly."

It was unusual for the philosopher to go out riding in summer before the cool of the day.

Alec, who, like many old servants, disliked being put out of his accustomed routine of work, ventured a word of remonstrance.

"Fleetfoot has not had his dinner, sir, nor the adders their food, and—"

"The adders may wait, and as for Fleetfoot, he's just eating his head off," said the master peevishly. "I must go out riding directly. And mind you, Alec, if any one calls to see me, say that I'm out, that you don't know whither I have gone, and have no notion when I'll come back. You understand me?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old butler.

"Go and get Fleetfoot ready at once," repeated Oswald Vernon, and again he glanced at the clock as Alec quitted the room.

"Not half-past eleven, and Holland writes he'll be here before noon. I've time to ride off," said the philosopher to himself. "Does this bullying fellow think to get any thing out of a gentleman like me by threats or abuse?

"But it's an awkward affair, a very awkward affair!" thus Vernon pursued his reflections. "I do not want the whole country to be talking about my unlucky prosecution of Ellen. I must hush the matter up; I must find means of softening the rage of this furious Holland, who seems to be ready like a bull-dog to spring at my throat. '*Justice to my sister;*' yes, of course I'll do justice to Ellen.'

Vernon was talking to himself as he passed from his dining-room to his Museum. He always felt more calm and serene when amongst his stuffed lizards and curious things, his glass-stoppered bottles and jars. The scent of his gases and drugs, the sight of his shelf full of skulls, had usually a soothing effect upon the philosopher's mind.

"I must get Edith back to Eureka House, that is clear," said Mr. Vernon, still speaking half aloud, as was his habit when alone. "I cannot get a clerk at a day's notice; besides, a clerk requires a salary, which Edith does not, and she makes the best tea that ever I tasted, and looks to the buttons on my shirts.

"True, I cannot go on with my great work while I have only a woman full of nonsensical scruples to act as my scribe; but the great work need not come out for awhile; perhaps *that* fruit is not yet quite ripe. The grand ideas in my mind may develop themselves into yet greater perfection. I shall have time now for devoting more attention to my Antidote; that balsam will make my name famous in the remotest corners of the habitable globe, and so prepare the world to listen with deference to my opinions on metaphysical subjects.

"Yes, yes, I must get Edith back to-morrow. She will put matters right between me and this furious Holland, to whose farm, it appears, she has gone. Cunning minx, to keep so near to the Lodge! There was worldly wisdom in that. These meek saints are no more lacking in shrewd regard for their own interests than they are in dogged firmness when their pet notions are attacked.

"Edith shall be installed in her old post to-morrow. But what if the girl refuse to come back? what if she choose to show me that she is not at my beck and call? Tush, resentment can no more burn on a spirit like hers, than live coals in a limpid stream!

"It will be quite enough to tell Edith that I am going at once to take out a patent for my cure for serpent bites, to make her walk here, barefoot if needful, to write out to my dictation the paper of application. Was she not worrying me to lose no time in saving lives ever since I had the power to save?

"Yes, yes, all that is wrong will be easily set right to-morrow. Edith shall take her place at the tea-table and the desk just as if she had never left my dwelling; Ellen Morris shall be satisfied, and her brother pacified, if money and soft words have any effect. My paper shall be drawn out on its way to the Patent Office to-morrow."

And so saying, with a more complacent spirit and cheerful manner than had been his since Edith's departure, Vernon sauntered up to the wire-covered case in which the philosopher kept his special pets, the adders.

It is a trite saying that "familiarity breeds contempt." In no case, perhaps, is the truth of the proverb more apparent than in what regards danger. The recruit who, in his first battle field, started and shrank aside as the bullets whistled past his ear, learns, as a veteran, to stand unmoved in the midst of the roar of cannon. The boy who, on his first voyage, was dizzy when sent up the rigging, when he becomes a weather-beaten tar boldly furls the sail in a gale.

And so the sad experience of thousands have proved it to be with sin. The first contact has repelled and disgusted young men, who, after a time, have fallen under its power. The first time the boy fresh from a Christian home hears an oath he shudders with horror; but after he has lived for weeks within hearing of profane language, his repugnance abates, and he is in danger of falling into the habit himself. So contact with vice in any shape is dangerous, and, as we are taught by the inspired writer, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." (1 Cor. 15 : 33.)

And thus was it with Oswald Vernon. The sight of venomous snakes had become so familiar to him that he hardly associated with them any idea of personal danger. The adders had cost their owner much trouble and much money; this naturally increased in his eyes their value; they were helping him, as he believed, to win high honor and fame; they were to the philosopher objects of interest and pride, it might also be said of affection.

Mr. Vernon would speak coolly of thousands of Indians being killed by snake-bites, but he hardly realized the possibility of ever himself being bitten. Even so serenely would the philosopher discourse about national sins as bringing evil on multitudes of his fellow-creatures; he saw no peril to himself in the bosom-sins which he cherished within.

There was another reason besides familiarity with danger to account for Mr. Vernon's feeling of careless security as regarded his snakes. Even were he to feel the serpent's fang, the discoverer of the Antidote would have nothing to fear. Had he not enough of his balsam in the bottle on yonder high shelf to render the bites of twenty adders as harmless as the pressure of the lips of an infant?

"One of my pets looks more sluggish than usual to-day," observed Mr. Vernon, as he peered through the wire work which covered the case. "I have feared for some time that the creature was sickening in spite of our care. It is difficult to keep these delicate strangers alive in a climate like that of England."

The philosopher's sight was not good, and, what between blue spectacles and close wire work, he gained but an imperfect view of the reptile for whose health he felt far more concern than he would have done for that of his servants.

To see the adder more clearly, Mr. Vernon lifted the cover of the case a few inches, and stooped down to peer through the opening thus made. As he did so the second adder made a dart at his face, rapid as a flash of lightning, and seemed just to touch his cheek with its sharp little fangs, inflicting so small a puncture that not a single drop of blood could ooze from the wound.

"Bitten at last!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon, shutting down the cover, and so securing the snake. His exclamation was something like that of Wellington—"Hit at last!"—when he had received his first and only wound.

There was probably as little fear felt in the one case as in the other, possibly something of pleasure in both. A wound that neither disfigures, nor disables, nor causes much pain, is scarcely thought an evil by a hero; and Mr. Vernon felt pride in running some risk—he thought it small risk—in the cause of his much-loved science.

It was satisfactory to the discoverer of the Antidote to have the effects of his balsam tried on a human subject at last, and shown to be a perfect cure by such an infallible test. Such a proof of its power should have a foremost place in advertisements of the balsam.

Mr. Vernon was by far too sensible a man to lose a quarter of a minute in applying his cure. The preceding reflections flashed through his mind while he was rapidly mounting the steps needed to raise him high enough to reach his large bottle.

He put out his hand to take down the Antidote; but at that instant it seemed to the snake-bitten man as if some one from behind gave him a violent blow on the head and neck, and at the same time a sharp, intense pang was felt in his chest. He gave a start as he laid his hand on the bottle, and that start overthrew it; with a crash it fell to the ground, and all its precious contents were scattered over the carpet.

Mr. Vernon was scarcely able to scramble down the steps, but he did so; the energy of the man's mind was never more clearly shown than in that moment of peril. He knew, he felt, that poison was in his blood; his foot was on the carpet, strewn with fragments of glass, and moist with drops of priceless value; but the philosopher's presence of mind did not fail.

Mr. Vernon rushed to the window and flung i open. Looking out on the drive, he saw Alec Stewart leading Fleetfoot, ready saddled and bridled.

"Alec, I'm bitten!" shouted Mr. Vernon. "Ride at speed to my niece; get from her the phial of Antidote. If you're back in half an hour I am safe!"

Alec did not hear the latter part of the sentence; the first was enough. The old man bareheaded as he was, had flung himself on the horse, and was plying the whip which he held in his hand with a vigor which made Fleetfoo bound forward at speed like a terrified deer.

"He'll be in time," said Mr. Vernon as he saw the pace at which the horse galloped, and heard the rapid rattle of his hoofs as he spurned the ground.

'He'll be in time,'' the philosopher repeated a he walked with staggering gait to the table, a d opening a glass-stoppered bottle, poured out f m it such a dose of ammonia as, under other c cumstances, he would not have dreamed of p ting to his mouth.

The fiery fluid blistered his lips, burnt his t gue and throat, and almost choked him; yet h resolutely swallowed it down. The ammonia w , as the philosopher knew, the best medicine w ich he could take in the absence of that inf ible remedy which could not be prepared on t spur of the moment.

Had Mr. Vernon been bitten on the finger in-s ad of the cheek, he would with the same reso-l e firmness have cut off the injured mem-b ; for the man was not lacking in courage, a d he knew that under the circumstances p mpt and stern measures were needed.

The ammonia revived the wounded man; it g e new energy to the blood which was ready t stagnate and coagulate under the influence of t adder's venom.

Mr. Vernon had led a sober, temperate life; h blood was healthy, his constitution was g od. He was as one entering on a conflict w h a consciousness of strength which gave c rage and hope. He would not give way to f r, far less to despair. It seemed impossible t t death could enter in by so small an opening a that made by the serpent's tooth.

'I must keep in motion; I must not stand s l for an instant,'' said Mr. Vernon, pressing h hand on his chest, which felt pain as if from t branding of red-hot iron, and oppression a if a heavy weight of lead were crushing it d wn. "I will summon the servants; they must h p me to walk till the balsam arrives.

Mr. Vernon rang the bell loudly, and before a m ute elapsed rang again, and more loudly still. H might have rung till he broke the bell-wire, f no one was within reach of the sound. Eliza w s out with her friend Sarah, hanging out linen i the back yard.

'No one at hand—no one to help when help i wanted,'' muttered Mr. Vernon, after ringing f a third time. "But no matter, Alec will s n reach the farm; I've no doubt that he will b back in time.'' The very words "no doubt'' s wed that a cloud of fear was rising on the s ferer's mind.

Up and down the study resolutely strode the p losopher; his life depended on his keeping up t flow of blood through his veins.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LOVE OF THE FATHER.

S. Lesson for Nov. 16. 1 John 4 : 7-21. Golden Text, ver. 19. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

G d is Love—Man Misunderstands God—God re-ains Love—He Manifests His Love, which pre-xisted—Dwelling in God—Loving as He Loves -Confessing Christ—Love made Perfect—Cast-g out Fear.

FROM eternity to eternity God is love. It was G d the Father who went out first in the garden o Eden to seek after His lost child; it was His v ce which sounded among the trees of the g den with the words, "Where art thou?'' (G n. 3 : 9). Why art thou not with Me? what h e I done to thee? It was God the Father w o "so loved the world, that He gave His only b gotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him s ould not perish, but have everlasting life'' (J hn 3 : 16). It was God the Father who was in Chr t, reconciling the world unto Himself, n imputing their trespasses unto them'' (2 C r. 5 : 19). It is the very instinct of a father t make provision for his child, not only when e l comes, but as soon as he foresees it coming; a d this instinct took its origin in the heart of t great Father.

The grief of God is that His creatures, for w om He has done so much, yet understand H m so little; He says (Hos. 13 : 5), "I did k ow *thee* in the wilderness, in the land of great d ought.'' But "I taught Ephraim to go, taking t m by their arms; but *they* knew not that I healed them'' (Hos. 11 : 3). Oh what depth of sadness is there in the words, "They return, but not to the Most High''! And then, as though one look into the far future was a relief to the very heart of God, He says, "Israel shall cry unto me, My God, we know Thee'' (Hos. 7 : 16; 8 : 2).

The apostle whom Jesus loved exhorts us, "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.'' Wherever love is, there God is; and wherever God is, there love is. And God remains ever love, whether He is understood or misunderstood. The servant who said, "Lord, I knew Thee that Thou art an hard man, reaping where Thou hast not sown, and gathering where Thou hast not strawed,'' knew little of the Master of whom he thus spoke; but his ignorance did not make his Master to be other than He was. And thus our God is unchangeable, unutterable, illimitable love to endless ages.

But "in this *was manifested* the love of God to us''—a love which pre-existed—because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. Man had lost life through sin; death had entered into all his being; that which was made in God's image, after his likeness, and destined to partakership of His own eternal life, became subject to a foreign power, "the bondage of corruption'' (Rom. 8 : 21); and spirit, soul, and body lost the eternal life which was man's native element. Once thus lost, there was no power and there was no right in man to regain it; must, then, the purposes of God be frustrated?

The love which from all eternity sought not its own began to manifest itself. Mighty questions must be solved. How could God remain God, and pass over the sin of the fall? How could a fallen creature who had forfeited the life and immortality of God be restored to his first estate? If sin were not judged, God must become a party to it; if sin were judged, then man must die, and all is lost. God must make a new man, a new Adam, a new creation, through whom fallen man could return to Him. He must come in the very flesh and nature of the fallen, and God must deal with them in Him. But at what a cost! A mighty sacrifice lay before the infinite love of God; He must bruise and put to grief Him who was His dearest, His only begotten Son, for the very creatures who had done Him wrong.

And God's love was equal to it; at such a cost has He procured for us life through and life in Jesus Christ. Oh let us lay this to heart: we have no life but in Jesus Christ, in the power of His blood, which is the life current for us, under the authority of His Name, which is above every name, in his Person, in whom the Father is well pleased; have we life power in all our being. And just in measure that we live for self, seek our own, love our own life, etc., the life power waxes faint, and the bondage of corruption reasserts its authority.

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us.'' "We love Him because He loved us'' (ver. 19). He loved us because?—He is love. Love which needs something to call it into being is not self-existent, but is only reflective; God's love is its own source. His proof of love was the gift of His Son; and what a proof! Now, "beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another;'' *i.e.*, this ought to be our type of love. Let us begin with ourselves. Have we the love of God, so that to see need is to supply that need? Is it enough for us that a soul should be unsaved, to awaken us at once to seek his salvation? Is the sight of a poor drunkard an instinctive call of God to seek in His name to raise him up? Love is of God. Oh how little we have of it!

"No man hath seen God at any time,'' but we can see what is of God in one another, and "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.'' But let us be far from thinking that the selfish pleasure in the society of a congenial spirit which we all have experienced, partakes of the nature of love. Love "seeketh not her own,'' and lives in the life of another. "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, etc., but it is never said enjoyeth all things.'' Only an experienced Christian knows how to love, how to endure, and bear with all which is un-Christlike in others, passing over all that which might wound him, looking at every question relatively to God, because he is not living his own life.

How can we be sure that we dwell in Him and He in us? "Because He hath given us of His Spirit.'' The Spirit by which Christ was actuated brought Him intensely near to all the fallen, while yet remaining pure from contact with their sin. We need never fear contamination from the sin of those whom we go to raise in Jesus' name, so long as we go in Him and not in ourselves. The aged apostle says, "He hath given us of His Spirit, and we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.'' To receive His Spirit was to see and to testify in apostolic times. And if the Father says, "I change not'' (Mal. 3 : 6); if Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for-ever'' (Heb. 13 : 8), surely also the blessed Spirit cannot be other in our days than in those; and as surely as God gives us of His Spirit, and in the measure in which we receive the Spirit, shall we understand our Father, and bear our personal testimony to God's love in sending His Son to be the Saviour of the world.

Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God. So he that loveth others, he that shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, and he that dwelleth in love, he "*dwelleth* in God,'' goeth no more out, but is at home, and *only* at home in God. The principles which actuate men in general are strange to him; his life confesses more than his words, that Jesus is the Son of God. A man confesses his king when he bows to his authority, his name, and his commandments; and to confess Jesus to be the Son of God is surely to cling to the principles of His kingdom, however unlike other people it may make us, and whatever it may cost us. But what is it, then, to *dwell in love*, for that is to dwell in God, and God in us? Is it not to remain warm when all around is cold, to love the unloving and the unlovely, because the fuel which keeps our love burning is God's very life? Oh! it seems easy sometimes to love, but to dwell in love—this is rare.

But herein and herein only 'is our love made perfect,'' or love with us made perfect, *i.e.*, by dwelling in God, by refusing life or action in any form to that which is of self. And "love with us is made perfect *that we may have boldness* in the day of judgment, because as He is so are we in this world.'' In really confessing Christ, in the being found ever in our divine dwelling-place, a mutual understanding is maintained between heaven and earth. As He is there, so are we here; love there and love here—all, all, love. And in love fear has no standing ground; perfect love, *i.e.*, God's indwelling, "casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.'' In love there is honor and consideration for others, but no constraint, for love which is of God cannot tolerate a shadow.

Fear of being separated, fear of love growing cold, fear of being misunderstood, etc., cannot exist where God's love comes in; all these roots flourish where self-life reigns, but have no root in the garden of our God. And thus God's test of our love is very practical. If a man say, "I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.'' Nothing in God can hinder us from loving every man; thus every hindrance to love belongs to the life of self. "*Brethren, let us love one another.*''

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British in Afghanistan.—Telegrams from India state that by order of the Viceroy of India, Sir Frederick Roberts has issued a proclamation that in consequence of the abdication of the Ameer, and the outrage at the British Residency, the British Government has been compelled to occupy Cabul and other parts of Afghanistan. The Afghan authorities and the chiefs and sirdars are instructed by the proclamation to continue to maintain order in the districts under their control, and are invited to hold a joint consultation with General Roberts. The proclamation promises that the people of the occupied districts will be treated with justice and benevolence, and their religion and customs respected. Loyalty and good service to the British crown will be suitably rewarded, but all offenders against English administration will be punished. Further accounts say, the population of Cabul is quiet, but it is a *sullen calm.* There can be no doubt that beneath it is hid a deep hatred of the British domination. The Cabulese are kept down by fear, and would rise if they saw a chance of success.

Five men were hanged for complicity in the massacre of the British Embassy, including the Kotwal of Cabul and two generals, one of royal blood. One of the generals, it is charged, dragged the head of Major Cavagnari from the British Residency to Bala-Hissar. The inquiry into the massacre is proceeding. The Ameer's father-in-law, the ex-Governor of Cabul, and the Minister of Finance are under close arrest.

The correspondent of the *London Times* considers that the tendency of opinions at Simla strongly favors a policy of disintegration rather than an attempt to set up a strong central government at Cabul. He points to the fact that Herat, Candahar, and Afghan Turkestan remained tranquil under their petty chiefs months after all control from Cabul had been withdrawn.

Despatches from Cabul say that Yakoob Khan is voluntarily in General Roberts's camp, and that he is in a pitiable state of apathy and depression.

"Vanity of Vanities" seems to be the Echo of modern palaces as it was of that one in Jerusalem. Dr. Busch thus writes of Prince Bismarck: He is not happy; he laments his lot, and is discontented with his work. "What good have I," he asks, "accomplished under the sun? And what widespread misery have I not caused?" "In satisfying my ambition," he said, one evening at Varzin, "I have made nobody happy. And what a number of people I have cast into misery! Without me three great wars would have been avoided; 80,000 men—nay, many more—would not have been killed, and such numbers of families, of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and wives, would not have been plunged into mourning. What happiness have I derived from all my success? Little or none; and I have reaped endless worry, vexation, hatred, pain, grief, overwork, and care."

The English Princes.—Great Interest has been evinced by the English people in the embarkation of the Prince of Wales's two sons on H.M.S. Bacchante for a long cruise at sea. It is felt that the Prince and Princess of Wales, as well as the Queen, have shown a wise discretion in sending the heir to the throne, as well as his brother, who is destined to make the navy a profession, to be knocked about in a midshipman's berth. Visitors have been admitted to see the arrangements which have been made, and no one can fail to be struck with the simplicity and plainness of the accommodation which is thought good enough for the future King of England. He and his brother have no other place for their goods than a common midshipman's chest, and they live with their sixteen messmates on terms of equality. The messplace is very small, and they will have to be pushed and squeezed about in a fashion far from royal. The only luxury they have is a cot instead of a hammock, and a separate cabin for these cots and for their chests, opening into the cabin allotted to their tutor. Great pains have been taken to select their associates, who are the pick of the navy—youths from twenty-two down to fourteen. Many of them are known as *religious lads*, and all come from excellent homes. The captain and first lieutenant are also excellent men for this work.

The Earl of Derby, who formerly held the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs in the English Government, but who resigned in consequence of a difference of opinion with his colleagues on the question of national policy in the Russo-Turkish question, appears to have severed his connection with the Conservative party. He was always regarded as the most liberal member of the Cabinet, and, it was thought, was bound to the Tory party by hereditary ties rather than by principle.

Extreme importance is attached in English political circles to the invitation reported to have been sent by him to the Marquis of Hartington, the leader of the Liberals, to his abode during his stay in Lancashire. Lord Salisbury, who recently spoke in Manchester, and who was a colleague of Lord Derby's, and is a relative of his, was not invited to Knowsley. The Liberal clubs draw only one deduction from this preference for one noble lord over the other. It is that Lord Derby wishes it to be understood that he altogether separates himself from the Conservative Government. The Liberals regard him as an important acquisition to their ranks.

A French Writer of Eminence Asserts that Jerome Napoleon is more to be feared as a pretender than his late cousin. "This," says an English journalist, "tallies with the language of one of the principal Bonapartist Generals to a friend of mine. 'The Prince Imperial,' he said, 'was an untried youth, and the supposed Ultramontanism of his mother alienated the masses from him. Jerome is a shrewd, able man, whose ideas are much more in unison with those of the majority of Frenchmen. He will play a waiting game, and if the Republic makes mistakes he will know how to profit by them.'"

The Rumseller's Carnival of Crime.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, speaking lately at a large prohibition meeting, presided over by the Lord Provost, in the City Hall, Glasgow, Scotland, said that the London papers had been announcing a grand show of publicans' utensils at the Agricultural Hall. *That show*, which was exciting immense interest in the South of England, was to consist of *barrels, bottles, bungs, spigots, glasses*, down even to church-wardens' pipes. Now, what he wanted to suggest was that the publicans should, when they exhibited the articles of their trade, exhibit at the same time the *results of their trade.* Alongside of these barrels, bottles, and spigots let them have the finished article. Let them have *a row of paupers, lunatics, prisoners, malefactors* condemned to death, *broken-hearted widows and starving children;* and alongside that let there be set a row of the *big brewers*, with their pockets full of the money which they were going to spend in building churches and chapels, and at the end of the row let the Chancellor of the Exchequer be set, with his pockets full of the thirty millions of money which he had extracted from the miserable victims of strong drink. Would not that be an instructive spectacle, and would it not teach a good deal to the people of England?

The Porter and Messenger of the Great Seal of England, Mr. Stockdale, who for more than twelve years has held that office, has just died. This official has the charge of the Great Seal during the day, and upon him rests the responsibility of guarding against the recurrence of the calamity which occurred in 1784, when this important legal emblem was stolen. He has also charge of *the wax required for the seal*, which Mr. Stockdale, in his evidence before a recent commission, estimated to amount at that time to "about 4 cwt. a month." The Porter to the Great Seal is in attendance upon the Lord Chancellor whenever he is in London, transmits to him, wherever he may be, the whole of his official correspondence, and receives from him his r plies, to be delivered or posted.

This messenger of earth's Great Seal is *dea* but the messenger of Heaven's Great Seal—tl angel that has the Seal of the Living God (Re 7 : 2)—still *lives*, and is now engaged in seali the servants of God on their foreheads, tho who sigh and cry over the wickedness arou them, to mark them for preservation in the a proaching judgment, when the four angels the four corners of the earth shall let loose tl winds of havoc and retribution, and when tl six angels with slaughter weapons shall be se forth to destroy (Ezek. 9).

A Scientists Testimony.—The Eminent D Ackland, Regius Professor of Medicine in tl University of Oxford, an authority in matters science, told the students of Union Theologic Seminary that "after thirty-five years of patie research with the scalpel, microscope, and tel scope, he was amazed that any man could do matize in the department of science as thou he had reached ultimate truth. There is no a tagonism between the Word of God and the fac of science." He said that he finds the "ul mate solution" of vexed questions in "the gre truths of Holy Scripture."

"Europe has not had a more Troubled Apect," says an eminent journalist, "since t battle of Waterloo than she presents now. G many and Austria are against Britain and Fran respecting the management of Egyptian affai Russia, and probably France and Italy, a against Britain, Germany, and Austria on Tur ish affairs. All are armed or arming to t teeth, and no one can even guess at the result the conflicting interests and bad feelings whi are becoming more and more apparent eve day." Students of prophecy will see in this scription a confirmation of the conclusions dra from Holy Writ that the close of this dispen tion is near at hand.

The Death of Bishop Russell, of North Chi on October 5th, is announced. He was a gra uate of Dublin, and was ordained by Bish Blomfield in 1847, and went to China in th year, in company with the Rev. R. H. (aft wards Archdeacon) Cobbold. They were t first English missionaries at Ningpo, and at th city Mr. Russell labored, including the interv of his visits to England, for thirty-one years, d ing which time, by the labors of himself and h brother missionaries, several hundreds of C nese were brought to a knowledge of Chri He translated into the colloquial dialect of Nin po the greater part of the New Testament a portions of the Old, and the Book of Comm Prayer, besides tracts, etc. He was appoint the first Missionary Bishop of North China, 1872.

Spurgeon's Autograph Album; containing t through any bookseller. Price 75 cents. *The Sw and Trowel* says: "Our young friends delight possessing birthday albums, and here is one whic fit for a queen. We will say nothing of the conten but the binding is simply gorgeous. . . . Thi a dainty birthday present, and is equal to any t have gone before it; we think we might venture say that it is second to none. Facsimiles of the tographs of the pastor and his wife are given in th proper places."

The following works by the same eminent preac may also be obtained at the CHRISTIAN HERA Office, 63 Bible House:

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

blished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. LMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other nent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. **The Circulation is 165,000 Copies.**

ingle Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1879. 13th Year. No. 56—New Series.

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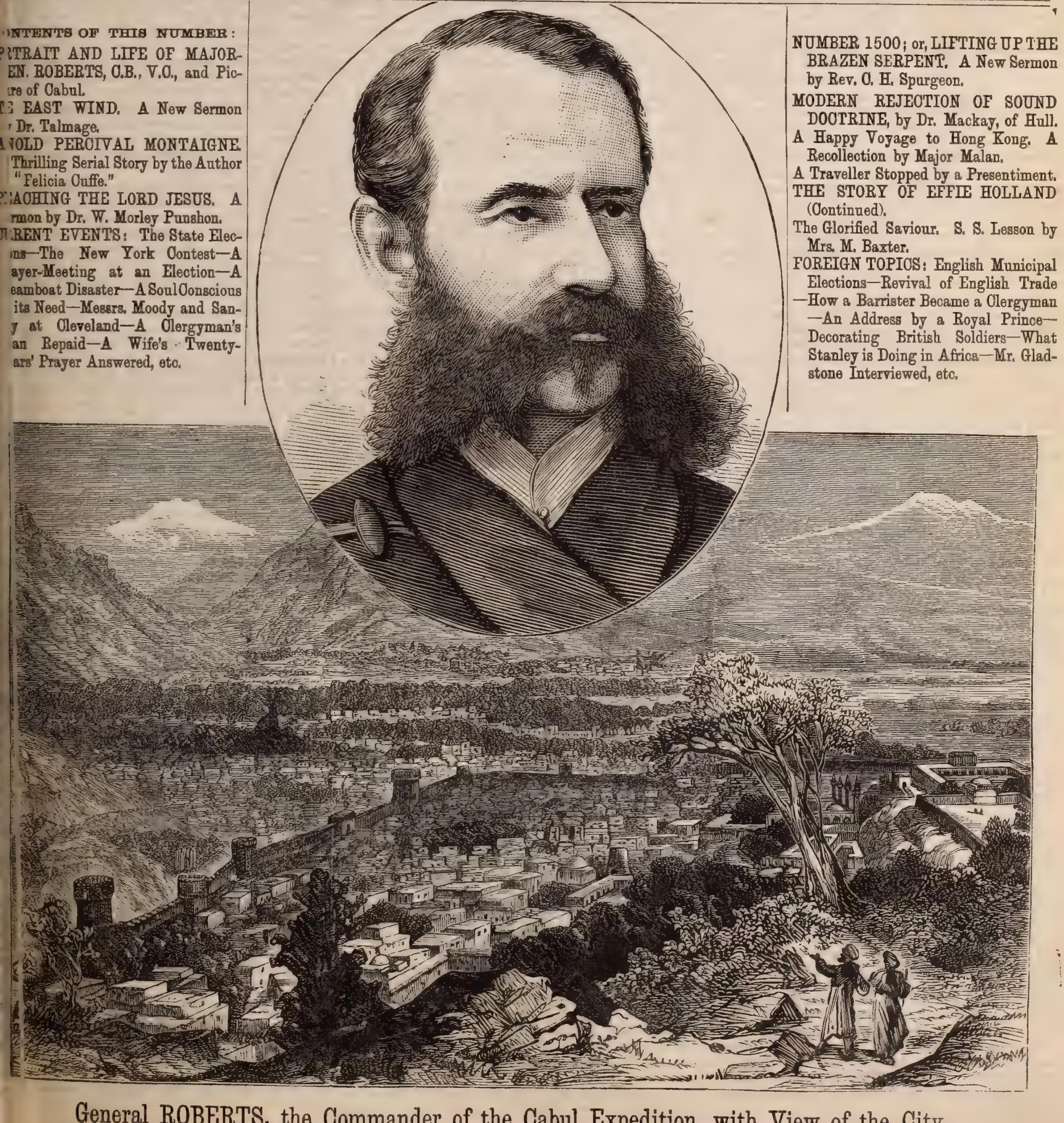

General ROBERTS, the Commander of the Cabul Expedition, with View of the City.

MAJOR-GEN. ROBERTS, C.B., V.C.

MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK SLEIGH ROBERTS, whose portrait we present in this issue, is the commander of the Koorum Valley column of the British army which has just entered the city of Cabul.

He has seen twenty-eight years of arduous service, having entered the army as Second Lieutenant on December 12th, 1851, and was attached to the Bengal Artillery (now Royal Artillery). Six years later, when the Indian mutiny broke out, he was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. In the capacity of Deputy-assistant Quartermaster-General of Artillery he greatly distinguished himself.

He was present at the siege and capture of Delhi. At the commencement of the siege, which lasted three months, he was wounded, and at the capture of the city had a horse shot under him. He also lost his horse in the engagement at Bolundshur and Kunoj, which quickly followed the fall of Delhi. At Bundhera he narrowly escaped capture by the mutineers while reconnoitering. He was present and took part in the storming of Meangunge and in the series of engagements which ended with the capture of Lucknow, for which he was thanked by the Governor General of India, and received the Victoria Cross medal and three clasps, and brevet rank of Major, on November 13th, 1860, when the mutiny had been completely quelled.

He earned his Victoria Cross at the siege of Delhi. The distinction is a memento of his having at great personal danger sabred a standard-bearer, and thereby caused confusion in the ranks of the mutineers.

In 1863 he again served in the Umbeyla expedition which was sent against the troublesome tribes in the north-west provinces of India. For this service he received a medal and clasp. He also served in the Abyssinian War in 1868, and superintended the re-embarkation of the whole of the returning army, and was selected by Sir Robert Napier (now Lord Napier of Magdala) to carry his final despatches. For this service he received the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and another medal.

He held a command as senior Staff officer in the Looshai expedition against the lawless mountaineers who for a considerable time rendered the passage of some of the passes from India towards Central Asia difficult and dangerous. For this service he was created a Companion of the Order of the Bath. He has been twenty-three times mentioned in despatches.

Upon the breaking out of the war with the Ameer of Afghanistan in 1878, Colonel Roberts (as his rank was then) was selected to command one of the three columns of troops which marched from India to Afghanistan by different routes. The route his troops followed was that by the valley of the river Koorum, the same as that by which he recently returned to Cabul after the assassination of Sir Louis Cavagnari; in fact, he had not really reached Indian territory when he was ordered to return. He was raised to the rank of Major-General for the victory which he won in the Peiwar Pass against the hill tribes in December last.

He completed his return march to Cabul with about 5000 soldiers, through a hostile country and surmounting great dangers, on October 10th, only forty days after the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari. Upon entering the city the British standard was hoisted for the third time over the Bala Hissar, in which is the British Residency, where Sir Louis Cavagnari and some thirty others were massacred. Portions of the building are burned, but the greater part is still standing, though completely looted. The bodies of Major Cavagnari and Dr. Kelly are said to be buried beneath a pile of *débris* and charred logs at the northern end of the courtyard. A search for the remains was at once commenced.

General Roberts has won a reputation for personal valor as well as for skillful generalship worthy to be enrolled on the list of the famous English soldiers whose names adorn the history of British rule in India.

DESCRIPTION OF CABUL.

CABUL, or Kabool, is the chief city of Afghanistan, and the present capital and seat of government. It takes it names from a river bearing the same name. It is beautifully situated, and is about five miles in circuit, and is defended by a line of weak fortifications. These were all the resistance General Roberts met with when he approached the city. These fortifications were once very powerful.

Both in a military and commercial point of view it possesses many advantages, and it has always been considered one of the most important cities in Asia. So long ago as the sixteenth century we find the secretary to Akbar the Great writing in a native paper called the *Ayeen Akbari:* "Cabul is the *gate of Hindostan* towards Tartary as Candahar is towards Persia, and if both places be properly guarded, that extensive empire is safe from the irruption of foreigners. According to the Indians, no man can be called the ruler of Hindostan who has not taken possession of Cabul."

The eminent advantage possessed by Cabul is that of *locality.* It is one which cannot be impaired. It is conferred by the Creator, and so long as the present conformation and arrangement of hill and plain endure, so long will Cabul preserve this advantage.

There always has been and will be a commercial communication between India and Central Asia; Cabul, happily situated at the gorge of the nearest and most practicable passes between the two countries, will always profit by the intercourse between them. Whether the tide of commerce roll up the Ganges or up the Indus, its course must be directed upon Cabul.

The houses of the city are neither handsome nor strong, being generally built of sunburnt bricks and mud, and surrounded by a framework of wood. The windows are not of glass, but simple lattices or shutters. The European traveller is struck with the peculiar appearance which the city wears by reason of the absence of any appearance of *chimneys.* These luxuries of Western civilization are, in Cabul, thought unnecessary, a hole in the roof sufficing to allow the smoke to escape from the fire, which is generally in the middle of the room.

The streets of the city are in many parts so narrow that a "tug of war" is the result if two obstinate horsemen meet in those parts. They are very wretchedly paved, but are passable in summer. In winter they are often blocked for a considerable period by reason of the huge mass of snow which has been thrown from the flat roofs into them, and allowed to accumulate until it thaws; then their condition becomes piteous.

Cabul has no public buildings worth mentioning. There is a college in it, but it has no scholars, for the weighty reason that it has no endowment, and no one thinks it worth while to attend to such a matter as education. The caravansaries, or Eastern hotels, and the baths are numerous, but the first are models of discomfort, and the latter aid the accumulation of filth rather than its removal.

Of *bazaars,* the emporiums of trade in the East, Cabul has two which are three quarters of a mile in length. The city formerly possessed one of the finest bazaars in Asia, but it was destroyed by the British in the first Afghan war in 1842. The manufactures of the city are trifling, and the artisans unskilled; but what the goods which the vendors have to sell lack in value, they gain in praise in the cries of the itinerant sellers. So loud and long, as well as numerous, are these noisy "puffs," that the noise in the bazaar is compared by a recent traveller with that of Whitechapel or Clare Market, in London, on a Saturday night. The old clothes-man of New York and our larger towns is perfectly represented by the "moghat" of Cabul.

The city is well supplied with provisions, and its cattle, fruit, and grain markets are well stocked. It is divided into districts, and these again into sections, each inclosed by a wall and gates, so that in time of war each of these becomes a fortress. One of these is the now historic *Bala Hissar,* which appears in the fo ground of our picture. This locality is the a tocratic quarter of Cabul. Here is the Amee palace; and here, too, was the temporary home the late British embassy. This section of city is about half a mile long and a quarter bro well placed on the acclivity of a hill, and s rounded, not with sunburnt bricks, but w stone walls, strengthened at intervals by tow and protected by a stagnant moat.

The Bala Hissar has been always held as royal palace, because it was a place sufficie strong to resist the seditious risings on the of the populace, and it afforded a place of curity against any sudden outburst of rebelli

It was also very convenient as a prison ho for rivals or refractory vassals. But as a f ress against the attack of disciplined troops Bala Hissar is practically incapable of defe It surrendered to General Roberts without attempt being made to defend it. The Afgh as they have always done before, even in t wars among themselves, evacuated it on approach of the English army.

In 1840 Sir Henry Durand advised the de lition of its fortifications, but it was not then ried out; but General Roberts has ordered towers and notable buildings upon the hill t razed to the ground.

Visible from Cabul are the Koosh mounta capped with *eternal snow.* From these m tains the river systems of Afghanistan are Out of Cabul's population of 60,000, there 10,000 or 12,000 Persians—representatives once dominant race in and about Cabul. T live together in one of the quarters of the and although in the minority numerically, have considerable weight in the councils o Ameer, and their language is that of the n classes. Most of the people are bigoted Mo medans.

The people of Cabul are generally tall, black eyes. The women are said to have beauty of face and elegance of form, but th cover themselves up that neither their be nor their form can be seen. The city st 6396 feet above the level of the sea, consequ ly the winter is very severe, but in summe heat is considerable.

Each sect has its own distinct resting-plac its dead, and many of the tombs are well w a visit. The most curious, and to Englis the most interesting, gravestone to be f about Cabul is one commemorative of a cou man, which bears *a simple epitaph* in larg man letters. The inscription is rather co edly engraved around the side of the stone it can be clearly deciphered, and runs as foll

"Here lyes the bodye of Joseph Hicks son of Thomas Hicks and Edith, who dep this lyfe the 11th of October, 1666."

How a European happened to be in Cabu years ago is still a mystery, and we believe no further information has ever been disco regarding this solitary traveller, whose bone in soil since made famous by the blood many of England's heroes.

In 1839 the English took the city, but in the British army of 3000 men and 12,000 followers were all massacred, except one escaped to tell the tale. The survivor, Dr. don, riding on his pony into Jellalabad, i subject of a well-known picture by Mrs. B in last year's Royal Academy in London.

The Circulation of Impure Literature in land is doing incalculable mischief. A wri an English journal says: "I have stood at corners and watched recently-published vil lications pass into the hands of young f employés of large, respectable firms; and I it on the best authority that girls who e one large establishment, pure and fresh happy homes a few months ago, are now of the worst characters it would be possi find in the streets. And the taste for th they are now indulging in was engender the filthy writings their minds constantl upon.'

THE EAST WIND.

New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, November 9, 1879.

"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east ind."—ISAIAH 27 : 8.

he Worst Wind that ever Blew—The World's Morals Affected by the Wind—Be on your Guard in the East Wind—The Depression of Great Men—The Dean of Carlisle—Trial must Come to all—John Wesley Libelled—George Whitefield Caricatured—Trouble Comes on Horseback and Leaves on Foot—Trial made to Blossom—The Guns in the Tower of London—A Christian Mother and her Child—The South Wind Enervating—The Rosetta Stone—What Trouble has done for Great Men—Hogarth's last Picture—The Roman Standard-bearer's Negligence—"The Sorrowing Tree"—Joy Cometh in the Morning—A Great Christian Fleet—Vessels Driven into Harbor by the East Wind.

THE north wind is bracing, the south wind is laxing, but the east wind is irritating and full threat. Eighteen times does the Bible speak ainst the east wind. Moses describes the thin rs blasted by the east wind. The Psalmist deribes the breaking of the ships of Tarshish by e east wind. The locusts that plagued Egypt re borne in on the east wind. The gourd at sheltered Jonah was scattered by the east nd; and in all the six thousand summers, au- mns, winters, springs, of the world's existence, *e worst wind that ever blew* is the east wind.

Now, if God would only give us a climate of rpetual nor'-wester, how genial and kind and acid and industrious Christians we would all ! But it takes almighty grace to be what we ght to be under the east wind. Under the illing and wet wing of the east wind the *most the world's villanies,* frauds, outrages, sui- les, and murders have been hatched out.

I think if you should keep a meteorological story of the days of the year, and put right side it the criminal record of the State, you uld find that those were the best days for blic morals which were under the north or st wind, and that those were the worst days public morals which were under the east wind, e points of the compass have more to do th the world's morals and the church's piety an you have yet suspected.

Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for rning and for consecration, when asked by one his students at Princeton whether he always ld full assurance of faith, replied, "Yes, ex- pt when the wind blows from the east." Dr. ancia, Dictator of Paraguay, when the wind s from the east, made oppressive enactments the people; but when the weather changed, ented him of the cruelties, repealed the actments, and was in good humor with all the rld.

Before I overtake the main thought of my ject this morning, I want to tell Christian ple they ought to be observant of climatical anges.

BE ON YOUR GUARD

en the wind blows from the east. There certain styles of temptations that you cant endure under certain styles of weather. en the wind blows from the east, if you are a nervous temperament, go not among exas- ating people, try not to settle bad debts, do t try to settle old disputes, do not talk with a ot on religion, do not go among those people o delight in saying irritating things, do not to collect funds for a charitable institution, not try to answer an insulting letter. If these ngs must be done, do them when the sun nes and when the wind is from the north, or south, or the west, but not when the wind is m the east.

ou say that men and women ought not to be sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am talking about *what the world ought to be:* I talking about *what the world is.* While there persons whose disposition does not seem to affected by changes in the atmosphere, nine of ten are mightily played upon by such uences. O Christian man! under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not get worried about your fluctuating experience. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and being discouraged and saying, "I am not a Christian because I don't feel exhilarant," get up and look out of the window and see the weather vane pointing in the wrong quarter, and then say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou prince of the power of the air; get out of my house! get out of my heart, thou demon of darkness horsed on the east wind. Away!" However good and great you may be in the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel I am uttering a most practical, useful truth here, one that may give relief to a great many Christians who are worried and despondent at times.

Doctor Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick and lost his religious hope, and he would not believe his pastor when the pastor told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, William Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainard, Philip Melancthon were mighty men for God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health.

An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a greatly triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian commentator, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from inflammation of the liver. Oh, how many good people have been mistaken in regard to their religious hope, not taking these things into consideration! The Dean of Carlisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat down and wrote:

"Though I have endeavored to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadness and melancholy of heart stick close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide His face, and I entrust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is doubtless a good deal of bodily affliction mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the cross, and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope that I shall be found at His feet. I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears."

What was the matter with the Dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physicians said that the state of his pulse would not warrant his living a minute. Oh! if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul. Appealing to God for help, press yourself against these withering blasts and destroying influences, lest that which the Psalmist said broke the ships of Tarshish shipwreck you.

But here comes in the glorious promise of my text: "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." Mind you, He does not say that the wind will not blow from the east; it must sometimes blow from that quarter; the east wind is just as important as the north wind, or the south wind, or the west wind, but not so pleasant.

TRIAL MUST COME.

The text does not say you will escape the cutting blast. Who ever did escape it? Especially who that accomplished anything for church or state ever escaped it? I was this summer in the pulpit of John Wesley, in London, a pulpit where he stood one day and said: "I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue except one, and that of drunkenness," and a woman arose in the audience and said: "You were drunk last night." John Wesley passing under the flail!

I saw in a foreign journal a report of one of George Whitefield's sermons—a sermon preached a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. It seemed that the reporter stood to take the sermon, and his chief idea was to caricature it; and these are some of the reportorial interlinings of the sermon of George Whitefield, the mightiest uninspired man who ever preached the Gospel. After calling him by a nickname indicative of a physical defect in the eye, it goes on to say:

"Here the preacher clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion. Here he elevates his voice. Here he lowers his voice. Holds his arms extended. Bawls aloud. Stands trembling. Makes a frightful face. Turns up the whites of his eyes. Clasps his hands behind him. Clasps his arms around him, and hugs himself. Roars aloud. Hollas. Jumps. Cries. Changes from crying. Hollas and jumps again."

Well, my brother, if that good man went through all that process, in your occupation, in your profession, in your store, in your shop, at the bar, in the sick-room, in the editorial chair, somewhere, you will have to go through a similar process; you cannot escape it.

Keats wrote his famous poem, and the hard criticism of the poem killed him—literally killed him. Tasso wrote his poem entitled "Jerusalem Delivered," and it had such a cold reception it turned him into a raving maniac. Stillingfleet was slain by his literary enemies. The frown of Henry VIII. slew Cardinal Wolsey. The Duke of Wellington refused to have the fence around his house, which had been destroyed by an excited mob, rebuilt, because he wanted the fence to remain as it was, a reminder of the mutability and uncertainty of the popular favor.

And you will have trial of some sort. You have had it already. Why need I prophesy? I might better mention an historical fact in your history. You are a merchant. What a time you had with that old business partner! How hard it was to get rid of him! Before you bought him out, or he ruined both of you, what magnitude of annoyance! Then after you had paid him down a certain sum of money to have him go out, and to promise he would not open a store of the same kind of business in your street, did he not open the very same kind of business as near to you as possible, and take all your customers as far as he could take them? And then, knowing all your frailties and weaknesses, after being in your business firm for so many years, is he not now spending his time in making a commentary on what you furnish as a text?

You are a physician, and in your sickness, or in your absence, you get a neighboring doctor to take your place in the sick-room, and he ingratiates himself into the favor of that family, so that you forever lose their patronage. Or, you take a patient through the serious stages of a fever, and same day the impatient father or husband of the sick one rushes out and gets another medical practitioner, who comes in just in time to get the credit of the cure.

Or, you are a lawyer, and you come in contact with a trickster in your profession, and in your absence, and contrary to agreement, he moves a non-suit or the dismissal of the case; or the judge on the bench, remembering an old political grudge, rules against you every time he gets a chance, and says with a snarl, "If you don't like my decision, take an exception."

Or you are a farmer, and the curculio stings the fruit, or the weevil gets into the wheat, or the drought stunts the corn, or the long-continued rains give you no opportunity for gathering the harvest. Your best cow gets the hollow horn, your best horse gets foundered.

A French proverb said that *trouble comes in on horseback* and goes away on foot. So trouble dashed in on you suddenly, but oh, how long it was in getting away! Came on horseback, goes away on foot. Rapid in coming, slow in going. That is the history of nearly all your troubles. Again and again and again you have experienced the power of the east wind. It may be blowing from that direction this morning. My friends, God intended these troubles and trials for some particular purpose. They do not come at random. Here is the promise, "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."

TRIAL MADE TO BLOSSOM.

In the Tower of London the swords and the guns of other ages are burnished and arranged into huge passion-flowers, and huge sunflowers, and bridal cakes, and you wonder how any thing so hard as steel could be put into such floral shapes. O my friends! I have to tell you this morning of the hardest, sharpest, most cutting, most piercing sorrows of this life may be made to bloom and blossom and put on bridal festivity. My text says they shall be mitigated, they shall be assuaged, they shall be graduated. God is not going to allow you to be overthrown. A Christian woman, very much despondent, was holding her child in her arms, and the pastor, trying to console the woman in her spiritual depression, said, "There, you will let your child drop." "Oh no," she said, "I couldn't let the child drop." He said, "You will let the child drop." "Why," she said, "if I should drop the child here, it would dash his life out!" "Well, now," said the Christian minister, "don't you think God is as good as you are? Won't God, your Father, take as good care of you, His child, as you take care of your child? God won't let you drop."

I suppose God lets the east wind blow just hard enough to drive us into the harbor of God's protection. We all feel we can manage our own affairs. We have helm and compass and chart and quadrant. Give us plenty of sea room and we sail on and sail on; but after a while there comes a Caribbean whirlwind up the coast, and we are helpless in the gale, and we cry out for harbor. All our calculations upset, we say with the poet,

"Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou that changest not, abide with me!"

THE SOUTH WIND

of mild providence makes us throw off the robe of Christian character and we catch cold, but the sharp east wind of trouble makes us wrap around us the warm promises. The best thing that ever happens to us is trouble. That is a hard thing perhaps to say; but I repeat it, for God announces it again and again, the best thing that happens to us is trouble.

When the French army went down into Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, in digging for a fortress, came across a tablet which has been called the Rosetta stone. There were inscriptions in three or four languages on that Rosetta stone. Scholars studying out the alphabet of hieroglyphics from that stone were enabled to read ancient inscriptions on monuments and on tombstones. Well, my friends, many of the handwritings of God in our life are indecipherable hieroglyphics; we cannot understand them until we take up the Rosetta stone of divine inspiration, and the explanation all comes out, and the mysteries all vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read, "All things work together for good to those who love God." So we decipher the hieroglyphics.

O my friends! have you ever calculated what trouble did for David? It made him the sacred minstrel for all ages. What did trouble do for Joseph? Made him the keeper of the corn cribs of Egypt. What did it do for Paul? Made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. What did it do for Samuel Rutherford? Made his invalidism more illustrious than robust health. What did it do for Richard Baxter? Gave him capacity to write of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." What did it for John Bunyan? Showed him the shining gates of the city.

WHAT HAS IT DONE FOR YOU?

Since the loss of that child, your spirit has been purer. Since the loss of that property, you have found out that earthly investments are insecure. Since you lost your health, you feel as never before a rapt anticipation of eternal release. Trouble has humbled you, has enlarged you, has multiplied your resources, has equipped you, has loosened your grasp from this world and tightened your grip on the next. Oh! bless God for the east wind. It has driven you into the harbor of God's sympathy.

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an insufficient portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint *the end of all things*. He put on canvas a shattered bottle; a cracked bell; an unstrung harp; a signboard of a tavern called "The World's End" falling down; a shipwreck; the horses of Phœbus lying dead in the clouds; the moon in her last quarter, and the world on fire. "One thing more," said Hogarth, "and my picture is done." Then he added the broken palette of a painter. Then he died.

But trouble, with hand mightier and more skilful than Hogarth's, pictures the falling, failing, mouldering, dying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and we grasp with both hands after God, and say, "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord, the Lord is my God."

Bless God for your trials. O my Christian friend! keep your spirits up by the power of Christ's Gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up, others will give up? You have courage and others will have courage.

The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard. The standard upright meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it, the army surrendered. Oh! let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown by the east wind, or the north wind, or the south wind. No inclination to surrender. Forward into the conflict.

There is near Bombay a tree that they call

THE "SORROWING TREE,"

the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that though Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossoms in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Across the harsh discords of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the harps and rustles from the palms, music like falling water over rocks, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like carolling birds among forests, music like ocean billows storming the Atlantic beach: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them norany heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I see

A GREAT CHRISTIAN FLEET

approaching that harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails rent and bulwarks knocked away, but still afloat. Nearer and nearer the shining shore. Nearer and nearer eternal anchorage. Haul away, my lads! haul away!

Some of the ships had mighty tonnage, and others were shallops easily lifted of the wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the thunders of Christian battle, and others were unpretending tugs taking others through the "Narrows," and some were coasters that never ventured out into the deep seas of Christian experience; but they are all coming nearer the wharf, brigantine, galleon, line-of-battle ship, long-boat, pinnace, war-frigate—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God.

You have blessed God for the north wind, and blessed Him for the south wind, and blessed him for the west wind; can you not in the light of this subject bless Him for the east wind?

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE BEDOUIN MAIL-CARRIER.

THE village of Damer is the point at which the Arab express courier, after a nine days' and nights' journey across the desert, delivers up his mail. The wild Bedouin, who performs this dangerous, solitary, and fatiguing journey, rarely enters the two centres of Eastern civilization, between which he furnishes a means of communication. For him the fragrant gardens and well-stocked bazaars of Damascus have no attraction. He stops on the verge of the desert, at either end of his route, and swings on his lithe dromedary to and fro over its arid wastes, catching such snatches of rest as he may at the scattered oases and widely-separated wells where he stops to refresh his camel. With the coppery sky scorching him by day, and the changeless blue above him at night, rarely knowing the shelter even of an Arab tent, carryin with him the dates and rice sufficient to last hir for his journey, exposed to perils from thirst an sand-storms and predatory Arabs, to whom th fleet animal he rides is a sore temptation, he is without doubt, the most *bizarre* and exceptiona postman in existence.

We have in this strange character a standin picture of the rule of things three thousand year ago. At that time, when nobody dreamed of change, God foretold that "many should run t and fro, and knowledge should be increased' (Dan. 12:4). And to-day we of the nineteent century are witnesses of the fulfilment of tha prophecy.

A Catastrophe Occurred at Kansas City, Mo on November 7th, from the appalling character which it seems marvellous that so comparative few deaths should have resulted. The walls a large candy manufactory, in which two hu dred persons were employed, suddenly fell i From within the huge tumbling wreck issued t terror-stricken occupants, who mingled the screams and shrieks with the crash of falling ti bers and masses of brick. Hardly had the hou fallen before the ruins took fire, ignited by t overturned furnaces. In the second story abo thirty girls were cut off from the stairs by ti bers blocking the doorway. They ran to t windows, and before any one could stop the several had jumped to the ground, receiving t rible wounds. At last the door to the stairw was battered down and the girls were released

The firemen worked like heroes, as with could be heard the calls and prayers of the i prisoned girls and boys. The flames were fierce, however, that nothing could be done nearly half an hour, and only one person, a gi was released alive. Of those caught when t building tumbled at first, it was thought t from ten to twenty persons were killed, but a late hour all had been accounted for except eig But for Providential mercy the two hundred e ployés might have been so engaged as to r der escape impossible.

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

. Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author o "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 871.)

he Warder propitiated to inform Jemmy that nis Master is confined near to Him—Jemmy is Insubordinate in consequence—Percival seeks to know the Cause of Jemny's Imprisonment.

"TELL me, please do," said Percival, to his rison Warder "how has it come to pass that y servant has been lodged in prison?"

"Come, come, if that be all you have to say," as the answer, "I must lock the door. You e not going to get me to blab out matters that long to the prison officials, and not to you. pon my word, but you have an assurance. rhaps I had better go for the governor's oks and let you read them."

"My good fellow," said Percival—and as he oke he slipped a half-crown into the janitor's nds—"my good fellow, do not be so unamiable. at poor fellow in the next cell is my servant an."

"Very likely," answered the warder; "'like aster like man,' you know, sir." The coursy of the "sir" was no doubt the fruit of the lf-crown, and Percival feared it was going to the only result, for the warder immediately swered, "Really, you must excuse me, sir; I ve no time for further talk; your servant man, (I call him so upon your authority), has been ilty of very gross misconduct, and I must see er his correction."

'Poor fellow!" said Percival; "if he has ed, it has been, I well know, through ignorce of your discipline, for I can heartily assure u, warder, he is one of the best-behaved and od-hearted creatures in the world. As you so pressed for time, however, I will only add o very short requests."

"Well, out with them, sir, and please don't ep me," said the man.

'Well, tell my neighbor-prisoner who it is t is in the cell next him. And, secondly, it l greatly oblige me, and perhaps will insure nething to yourself, if you will tell the gov or of the gaol that I greatly wish to speak h him."

ropitiated by the past solatium put into his nd, and by the prospect of favors of the same d yet to come, the warder's reply was, "Well, I don't mind doing what you ask. I'll now e your message to the next cell, and in half hour when I go off duty I'll let the governor ow that you'd like to see him." Having en this promise, he relocked the cell, and cival heard him convey to Jemmy the infor ion he sent him.

e know we shall fail to fitly describe to the ler the effect upon Jemmy of the warder's in igence. First, unable to believe that such a e of news was within the bounds of possi y, he got the warder to repeat Percival's ne. Even then he doubted the tidings, deem it probable that it must be some other Mr. cival Montaigne that was meant, and not e masther." How could it be that he was xt dure to him"? The thing was simply ossible, and it was only the warder's state t that the prisoner in the neighboring cell distinctly said that the individual who had ken the rules of the gaol by singing was his ant man Jemmy Mehaffy, that the miraculous rapturous assurance of the warder reached Jemmy's mind the stage of conviction. orroo!" he shouted, and he leaped from the r of his cell, like one suddenly gone mad, quite beyond himself, not from aberration nind, but from wild delight of a joy too t for his bosom to hold.

he next move of Jemmy was to endeavor to his cell and rush "nixt dure," as he called In his ecstatic gladness, losing all remem nce that he was in gaol and a prisoner, the that there was any difficulty in the way of going to "the masther," never entered his d. He hurried forward from a spontaneous impulse, and was halfway through the cell door when the warder with a violent grasp and push arrested him. "Hold, my man," he cried, fiercely, "what are you about? Go back out o' this, will you?" and he gave Jemmy a shove that drove him half-way down the length of his dungeon. "Dacent man," said Jemmy, "don't do that agin. I'd advise ye not; me timper mightn't be able to stand it; and indeed as it is, if it warn't for the good news yer after bringin' me, it isn't at all onlikely I'd pay ye back in your own coin, and with more nor yer own agin. What right have ye, purshuin to ye, to hindher me from me work? Shure I was only goin' to the masther?"

"Then you had better not attempt it again, my good fellow," said the warder, "that's all; you and your master are a pair of troublesome fools;" and having given expression to this acute and gracious piece of criticism, he turned the key of Jemmy's cell-door, and left him in his previous solitude.

Jemmy was again shut out from communication with the outer world, but his feelings and impulses were widely different from those which possessed him when he resolved upon his musical performance. Then he wished to get free from a dead and dull monotony which consumed him with an utter and unendurable weariness: now his heart was filled with a tumult of emotion that too much engaged his excited spirit. Then he had with conscious effort to put his bodily powers into exercise: Now he was all alive with involuntary motion. He stamped wildly upon the cell floor; he worked his shoulders alternately; he shook his head from side to side; he capered and gambolled to and fro; he put his hands upon the iron door before him—near the lock, as if he would push back its heavy bolt with his finger and thumb; he pressed the palms of his hands against the granite wall of his cell on the side next Percival's, as though he supposed it were soft like dough, and that he could push his way through it. For several moments, possessed and mastered by the thought that his beloved master was quite near, there seemed to be no room in his mind for the idea that he could not get actually to him.

By degrees, however, the unwelcome fact came home to his consciousness, and the cell, which when he entered it on the night before had seemed so inviting as being "sich a nice, clane, nate, convanyant, and wonderfully chape lodgin'," became to him a veritable chamber of torture.

"Oh!" he cried, "what in the world shall I do? What'll becum o' me? Shure I'll never be able to stand it. Only think uv it! the masther is there"—and he looked towards the side of the cell indicated—"within arm's lingth o' me he is, jist there," he repeated, "and, do me best, I can't git to 'im. Shure it's worse nor murther to thrate me in dhis way. What did I do, at all at all, to desarve it? Shure the world—God's blessin' be about us!—is nothin else nor a topsy-turvy place of onjustice and confushun. That thievin' vagabone of a peeler that put me here, an' all for nothin', can come and go whin and where he likes, and me that's honest and dacent, and has done no wan an ill turn, is locked up here, and deprived o' me liberty. May God and the blessed Vargin tache me what it all manes, for thruly it so bothers me, that fur the life o' me I can't ondherstand it."

No, Jemmy, we dare say not; and such experiences as yours have been a mystery and a stumbling-block to men better instructed and holier than you. Even David, a man inspired, with soul illumined by supernatural light from heaven, was staggered and perplexed by these seeming irregularities of Providence—vice triumphant and virtue trampled in the dust, the wicked in great power and spreading themselves like a green bay-tree, and the righteous plagued all day long, and chastened every morning.

In calm and easy hours faith may find no difficulty in seeing that the world, as disturbed by sin, is not a system of adjusted rewards and punishment in the present, but is rather a remedial scheme and a school of discipline for the future; but when we are in severe trial, the soul in deep waters, and the waves going over our head, it is not so easy thus to think and meditate. Blinded by the spray and staggered by the billows, steady thought and deep reflection are impossible, and in misery, and vexed, the petulant cry of the man in trouble is, "Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency."

But "to the upright light ariseth in the darkness;" and so it was proved in the case of the perplexed and honest-minded Jemmy. His state of "bedazement" was brought to a sudden and grateful termination—one that put a joyful end to all the puzzling and murmuring inquiries of his soul; for, after some interval, the noise of a key was heard as being placed again in the lock of his cell door, and when it was opened a pleasant voice said,

"Here, my good man, you may, if you wish, go to Mr. Montaigne, who is in the next cell. I know I am doing an act beyond our general rules and altogether unusual, but under the circumstances I will take the responsibility, and I hope you will not abuse my kindness."

The voice that Jemmy, with bounding joy, heard speak these words was, as will be surmised, that of the gaol governor.

When the warder was relieved from work, his hours of duty for the day having expired, he conveyed, as he had promised, Percival's request to his chief. That gentleman, while a good disciplinarian, firm and vigilant, was no tyrant, but was kindly in disposition and considerate in conduct. Therefore, when he got the message conveyed by the warder, as soon as his present engagement allowed he repaired to his cell.

"Governor," said Percival, "do not refuse, I beseech you, to tell me the cause of the imprisonment of the man who is in confinement near me, and whose name is Jemmy Mehaffy. You may think I have no right to ask such a question, and I at once admit that in ordinary circumstances that would be true; but believe me, governor, my case and my man's are not ordinary, but the very opposite. Perhaps you will not believe me—indeed, I cannot demand that you should—but nevertheless I speak the truth when I assure you I am here under a very gross mistake or through some cruel miscarriage of justice. I have chosen to voluntarily surrender myself to the authorities, knowing well that a little inquiry urged by my friends will clear me. But my servant man, my faithful and honest-minded Jemmy, sober, upright, of irreproachable character, why should he be involved in my misfortune? It is a piece of gratuitous oppression and a monstrous wrong, and my whole soul feels outraged when I think of it."

The governor, however, was able to tell Percival that if he was the *object* he was also the *subject* of a great mistake. "My dear sir," he said, and he used the words in kindness, "your man is not here, I assure you, through any thing in connection with the charge against yourself—of that I am certain. What I understand is, he has been placed in custody for some assault or other upon the police. It cannot, however, have been of a serious character, for four days, only four days, is the limit of his detention."

"Thank you, governor," said Percival: "I am deeply grateful to you. And now, as his offence is so trifling and I am here only under a suspicion of political complicity, will you kindly let him see me? He knows, poor fellow, that I am here, he is devoted to me, and I feel certain that he is enduring not much less than agony in being kept from me. If you like, of course a warder can be present to hinder any possible misuse of this privilege."

For a moment or two the governor paused in his reply, and then said, "Well, sir, you make a request that is not at all regular, and which I would not, as a rule, for an instant think of granting.

(To be continued.)

PREACHING THE LORD JESUS.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.

> "And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus. And the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord."—ACTS 11 : 20, 21.

Jewish Exclusiveness—The Gospel a Blessing to the World—Peter's Mysterious Vision—The Lord Jesus the Great Subject of the Gospel Ministry—We must Preach Christ—I. In His Dignity as a Divine Sovereign—II. As the Great End and Theme of the Scriptures.

THE Jews were accustomed for a long period to regard themselves as the chosen people of God, and, in the pride which that knowledge seemed to exercise over them, looked with jealous eyes upon the nations around them. Instances of *their exclusiveness* are not wanting in the Scriptures. You will remember that when the woman of Samaria was talking to Christ, she said, "How is it that Thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings"—no courteous, friendly, social interchange—"the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." Again, in the Gospel of John, we find the Jews, proud of their ancestral privilege, speaking to Christ in this wise: "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man; how sayest Thou, Ye shall be made free?" (John 8 : 33.)

Peter, before the illuminating influence of the Holy Spirit shone upon his soul, dispersing the darkness which had so long gathered there, accounted the Gentiles as common and unclean; and in the chapter before us we read that, "When Peter was come up to Jerusalem, they that were of the circumcision contended with him, saying, "Thou wentest in to men uncircumcised, and didst eat with them" (Acts 11 : 3).

But the Lord Jesus Christ, whose heart was as expansive as the heaven from which He came, never intended the benefit of His Gospel to be thus exclusively confined. It was to be a boon and

A BLESSING TO THE WORLD;

like the sun, it was to shed its radiance upon the just and upon the unjust; like a bright and beautiful rainbow, it was to span the whole arch of heaven. Peter, in the narrative before us, defended himself against those who contended with him by rehearsing the matter of the vision.

You remember that *mysterious vision* which Peter had when he was lodging with Simon the tanner, and which told him to go to the house of Cornelius, a devout man and one that feared God, and to preach the everlasting Gospel. You remember, further, that while he was preaching the Holy Ghost fell upon his congregation; and you will further recollect the allusion with which he now closes the rehearsal, "Forasmuch then as God gave them, the Gentiles, the like gift as He did unto us who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ; what was I that I could withstand God?" His narrative had the primary effect of removing the narrowness of Jewish prejudice from the minds of his hearers, and of causing them to behave *as every Christian must behave when he hears of the spread of the Gospel.* They rejoiced, saying, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life."

But it had another and a remoter influence, and one, perhaps, which was not originally intended; it made the other members of the Church to *go and do likewise*, and to declare unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. "Some of them were men"—not preachers, not ordained for the purpose, not separated to the sanctities of the ministerial office. "Some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene"—scattered by the blast of persecution. "Some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians"—a common name by which the Jews were in the habit of denoting all the Gentile nations—"spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus; and the hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord."

And surely *the great subject of the Gospel ministry* has not altered with the lapse of time. I know that the curse rests upon those who discover a new Gospel, and I am anxious to avert that curse from myself. It is on the old subject, therefore, the subject of apostolic teaching, the subject which was followed by such signal and eminent successes when the first preachers of the Gospel handled it, that I am to address you for a few moments on the present occasion. "Preaching the Lord Jesus." That is not a gospel ministry, whatever else may be its excellencies or pretensions, which does not prominently, and in every sermon, put forth and exhibit and illustrate the life and death of the Son of God.

I. I observe in the first place—and I can only run rapidly over such thoughts as you will perceive to be suggested—that Christ is preached *in the dignity of His character*

AS A DIVINE SOVEREIGN.

The doctrine of the entire and unoriginated divinity of the blessed Saviour is clearly and explicitly revealed to us in the Bible. We are not left to vague conjecture or to doubt about it. It forces itself upon our consciousness with the distinct utterance of impressive truth; it flasles upon our minds as it flashed upon the centurion's when he said, "Truly this man is the Son of God."

Indications of His majesty appeared in the first periods of His history. Wise men followed the guidance of His star until it led to the place where He was. Simeon and Anna prophesied in the temple concerning His future glory, and an angel, express from heaven, was sent to announce and publish His coming. Even amidst the humiliation in which the time of His incarnate life was passed there were occasions when *bursts of His glory*, visible through the veil which enshrouded it, testified a present God. "It came to pass that He took Peter, and James, and John, and went into a high mountain apart, and He was transfigured before them; and His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light" (Matt. 17 : 1, 2).

On another occasion we find Him entering, in all the dignity of His understood office and royalty, into the temple, casting out them that bought and sold, and overthrowing the sordid tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves; and the dignified and rebuking accents in which He pronounced their dismissal were, "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." How convincing an illustration of the divinity of His character, and the innate and resplendent power which shone forth through its earthly covering, we have *at the time of His betrayal!* A band of officers and men were sent by the chief priests and scribes to take Him. No sooner had they answered His interrogatory than He replied, "*I am He,*" and, as though there were thunder in the tone or lightning in the glance, they went backward and fell to the ground.

But apart from *these visible and palpable manifestations of His divinity*—in addition to the pale sun, and the shrouded sky, and the rent vail, and the yawning earth, and the open sepulchres, those evidences of divinity which made the centurion believe and tremble; besides the immense mass of evidence which His miracles furnished, the healed lepers and raised dead who could come forth to avouch to the fact, we have His own witness claiming to be the Messiah, and the love of the Father attesting and confirming His testimony. St. Mark tells us that when He was brought before the tribunal of the high priests, the question was asked of Him, "Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" and He answered, "I am." And on another occasion He declared, "I and My Father are one," and the affection of the Father cried with an audible voice from heaven, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Mark 14 : 31; John 10 : 30; Matt. 3 : 17).

There are those in the world, I know, who would *degrade the Lord Jesus to the level of a mere man* like ourselves, and who would thereby darken the light which His atonement has shed around the earth, dislocate the perfection of the exquisitely-wrought deliverance which He has purchased for us, and fling a whole world of ransomed and happy sinners back again into the regions of fell despair. Their system at the best is a painful and destructive thing; beautiful it may be, but it is beautiful in death; its lessons of morality may fall like music upon the ear, but for any effect which is produced it is like music that is played among the tombs.

We joy to believe that the same Jesus whom we preach is the Son of God as well as the Son of man. We have no assurance of the validity of the atonement, we have no certainty of the acceptance of that atonement on high, if we can for a moment believe it otherwise. We are lost, absolutely lost, unless while we have a man that can sympathize, we have a God to save; and we rejoice to think that soon this same Jesus whom we preach shall be seen sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

II. Secondly, we preach the Lord Jesus *as the great end and*

THE THEME OF THE SCRIPTURES.

God at sundry times hath, in divers manners, spoken unto men by *the prophets.* God anointed holy men of old and made them prescient of the future; and appointed certain types, and ceermonies, and ordinances to be observed in the ritual of the chosen people, the children of Israel. Why was all this? Were prophets ushered into the presence-chamber, and did the floo of light burst upon their previously clouded vision? It was that they might *foretell the glorie of Christ.* Were holy men of old favored with vision of future things? They were the things be sure of it, concerning Christ.

Were there *types and ceremonies* in the gran Levitical economy? Those types, every one them, foreshadowed that Christ to whom, an to whom alone, with marvellous unanimity testimony, gave all the prophets witness. He wa the Shiloh that blessed the expiring Jacob; H was the burden of the songs of the royal bard Israel; He was "The Wonderful, the Counsellor, of whom Isaiah speaks; He was "The Lord o Righteousness" spoken of by the plaintive Jer miah; He was the "Ancient of Days" who Daniel describes; He was the "Desire of N tions" whom Haggai said should come; He w the "Branch out of the stem of Jesse" of who Zechariah prophesied; He was the "Sun Righteousness" whom Malachi, last of t bright-robed and radiant train, saw arise up the earth with healing in His wings.

Each of these looked at Him from His o standpoint, and presented Him in His own pect; but *they all gazed upon Christ* just as t moon looks down upon a multitude of flowe and the flowers look gratefully up to the one rene and steadfast moon. Were there types a ceremonies in connection with the *Levitical ec omy?* You will find that those types unifor had to do with Christ. There was a smit rock, was there not, in the wilderness of Hor from which there gushed out the stream of cl and crystal water, so that the thirsty Israeli drank and were healed? What of that? C "they drank of the rock that followed the and that rock was Christ." There was a bra serpent uplifted in the wilderness, by gazin which the plague-smitten Israelites were hea of all their harm. What of that? Why, ' Moses lifted up the serpent in the wildern even so must the Son of man be lifted up; whosoever believeth in Him should not per but have everlasting life" (John 3 : 14).

Oh, the *Scripture, apart from its Divine gin*, is worthy of the highest commendation praise! History, correct and comprehens reasoning, subtle and profound; eloquence, lime and forceful, are found within its pages. is a book designed for man, and for man it i pecially adapted. So varied are its contents, it can give to every needy son of Adam his tion of meat in due season; but that w crowns it with its most surpassing excellency, that which invests it with its noblest grandeur, that which enrobes it in its richest and most unapproachable royalty, is the special and distinct revelation which its pages give of Christ.

It contains doctrines the most sound and healthful; precepts the most pure and practical; threatenings the most authoritative and awful; promises the most sweet and consoling; but the doctrines are more wholesome because Christ has endorsed them, and the precepts are more practical because Christ has uttered them, and the threatenings are more terrible because Christ has denounced them, and the promises are more tender because Christ has spoken them. *The atonement* comes and casts a lustre of hallowed radiance upon the whole; and the book of God, beautiful in itself, is ten-fold more beautiful and lovely by the flood of Glory which streams upon it from the Cross.

[*The third and fourth divisions of this sermon will appear in our next number.*]

HAPPY VOYAGE TO HONG-KONG.

Recollections by Major Malan.

Why I Decided to go to Hong-Kong—A Providential Passage in a Man-of-War, with 550 Crew—"What's a Deal Better than Grog"—A Text given me as a Message—Hospital Visitation in the Afternoon, and Meetings in the Evening for Four Months—Instances of Sailors Saved.

In the year 1868 my regiment was ordered to Hong-Kong. This move always gave promotion, and I was thereby offered my step as major. I had a dread of Hong-Kong on account of its climate. I had seen some invalids of the 59th Regiment from China in 1857, and I remember at the time resolving that I would never go to Hong-Kong if I could avoid it. On the score of health, and other considerations, I might have justified myself in declining to go there.

I prayed for guidance as to leaving the army. Never did I spend such a night as that wherein I decided to retire from the service. But this was not the Lord's will, and I had no peace until I determined, come what might, to *go to China.* I felt that if I were to leave the regiment now that it was ordered to Hong-Kong, my fellow-soldiers would be able to say of me that I had professed to be their friend and to teach them about Christ in England, but that, now the regiment was ordered to a bad climate, I was afraid to trust to Him and go with them. Thus dishonor would be brought to His holy name.

This decided me to go. I committed myself to the Lord Jesus, only desiring that, happen what might, He would keep me faithful to Him. I never dreaded any thing so much as the prospect of this service at Hong-Kong; but I felt that the honor of His name was concerned in it, and I had faith given me to go, looking unto Him alone for grace and strength.

Very wonderfully did He provide for me. Instead of the crowding and rush of an Overland steamer, *He found me passage in the captain's cabin of a man-of-war.* This happened in a remarkable way.

I was in London for the last time. Before leaving I was led to call on the widowed mother of an old friend. She said, "I am so sorry you have just missed my son; he has been appointed captain of a ship under orders for China."

"I am ordered there, too," I rejoined.

"How I wish you could go together!"

I sat down and wrote him a note there and then. In a few days I was embarked in his ship, and on my way to Hong-Kong. "He that hath friends, must show himself friendly," is, like all God's Word, good counsel. I could not leave England without calling upon her, and thus the Lord opened for me this most pleasant means of travelling to China.

My friend the captain had had a passage with me in my cabin some years before. I found him at the Mauritius, with a foot very badly injured. The doctors feared the Red Sea passage for him. I was returning in a sailing vessel round the Cape, and I of course offered him my cabin, if he could come to terms with the master of the ship. Our friendship was formed during that voyage, and now he was glad to receive me as his guest into his cabin. "*With the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again*" (Luke 6 : 38).

A telegram from my friend started me off to Plymouth at three hours' notice. But I was quite ready, and my faith rose as soon as I found myself again going on foreign service. I wrote the following lines in the railway between Crewkerne and Exeter. They exactly expressed what were my thoughts on leaving home that day:

At Thy command, once more, O Lord!
  I leave my native land;
Once more, in humble faith and hope,
  I take Thy loving hand.

'Tis peace indeed to lean on Thee,
  To know no will but Thine,
To have Thy blessed Word as guide,
  To follow light divine.

I cannot leave those whom I love
  Without a passing tear;
But ever when my heart's most sad
  Thy gentle voice I hear.

It bids me trust to Thee alone
  Myself and those I love;
To set affection not on earth,
  But on the things above.

It was my earnest desire and prayer to live in the spirit of these lines, and to trust in the Lord, and follow His Word during every day of this foreign service.

The ship's company numbered, including officers and myself, the only passenger, *five hundred and fifty souls.* One half were boys from the training ships for the China squadron, and crews for some of the ships on that station. It was a field prepared of God for sowing. God had already given me some experience with sailors, and I had the happiest recollection of moments spent with blue-jackets over His Word.

(I here may digress for a minute to mention that at the close of a subsequent voyage from America to England, the day the ship arrived at Liverpool the first officer, offered the men, who had been working very hard all day, *a second glass of grog.* "No, thank you, sir," was the reply he received. "You know that when we embarked at Montreal there was not a man of us who would not have gone up to his armpits in rum, but there's been a gentleman among us this passage who has taught us *what's a deal better than grog.*" Blessed be God for a sailor's confession of the faith! "Thy love is better than wine." To know Christ as our Saviour is indeed a great deal better than grog.)

On this voyage to Hong-Kong I prayed for guidance. After a few days the word came unto me: "Be strong, and work, for I am with thee, saith the Lord of Hosts" (Haggai 2 : 4). I asked my friend the captain's leave to go among his men during the voyage. "If they have no objection, I should be glad," was his kind reply. I went round the messes, told the men I wished to visit them of an evening, and read the Book, which was my best friend, if they would like me to do so. A very hearty welcome was their response. "We would be much obliged if you would, sir." I thanked God, and took courage.

From that day, the 3d of February, until the 4th of June, 1869, I visited my friends, the blue-jackets, daily, except when the ship was in harbor, and endeavored to teach them the truths which were the delight and joy of my soul. My hour was from half-past six to eight in the evening. In the afternoon I visited the sick in hospital, and read the Word to them. He who sent me on board that ship blessed His Word by my lips to not a few who have since been kept steadfast in the faith. When I remember the intense heat between decks, the noise of the machinery, and the strain on my voice to make myself heard by those around, I cannot but praise Him who gave me the physical strength day by day. I look back in wonder and adoration at the grace and help then given.

We touched at *Madeira,* where, I believe, the Lord sent me with His saving name to *a dying American sailor.* Poor fellow! he was lying, smashed, head and knee, by a fall from the main-yard of his ship. But "Jesus" is a name which has salvation in it, and I believe that the few minutes I had to tell the man of Him were enough, and that we shall meet in glory. We also visited Cape Town, Singapore, and Labuan, at each of which places I found an open door for testimony—at Labuan to some poor Scotch miners.

Very happy are my recollections of that voyage. The affection which many of the blue-jackets have for the ship is wonderful. "It was a good day I ever shipped in her." "I thank God the dear old —— was ever built." None of them, however, are more thankful than I am: "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20 : 35).

A MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN IMPRESSED IN A GALE.

A year or more after the voyage, I met a man-of-war's man at Singapore. He touched his cap. "Very glad to see you, sir." I thanked him, remembering that we made the voyage to China together. "You were not then a believer in Christ, my friend," I added.

"No, sir," he said; "but do you remember the night of that terrible gale off St. Paul's? I was lying in my hammock in fear and trembling when I saw you come down to read the Gospel to the men. I could not hear a word you said, but I could see your face, and I watched you the whole time. I saw your bright, happy smile just the same as ever. I said to myself, Here am I, an old sailor, many years at sea, and I am afraid now in this gale; and here's a landsman as happy as if he were ashore. I felt that you had what I had not; I felt that you had, what I had heard you say you had, forgiveness of sins, and eternal life. I prayed that night. Ever afterwards I came near you when you were reading, and when I left the ship I was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Well did I remember the gale. I went below that night, because I thought that, if I did not go among them, the men would imagine that I was afraid, and I thought I might cheer them. "The Word of God is the same in a storm as in a calm, men: it always does us good," was my opening remark. I sat on a mess-table, as usual, "hanging on" to a rope. I enjoyed that evening as much as any. Little did I then think what the Lord had done by making His joy and peace shine in my face. He is wonderful in counsel.

I cannot omit to notice the *happy Sunday evenings.* I sat in the bow of the ship, on the foremost pivot gun, and the blue-jackets sat round. What a sight it was! I read from my Bible, and spoke to them of Him who walked the sea and calmed the storm, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin. The sun sank beneath the horizon as we sat there; and when the stars had come out, we sang 'Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,' and parted. The sound of praise that floated away over the sea was, I hope, a tribute of worship, accepted at the throne of God. We shall know all about these things in "a little while."

Often since this voyage letters from my old shipmates have come to me in moments of trial, cheering and helping me. I had committed myself to the Lord Jesus, desiring only to serve Him, and He had given me this opportunity of so doing. I felt it to be an assurance of His guidance and presence; and when I arrived at Hong-Kong, my heart was rejoicing in God more than it had ever done before.

The Evangelical Alliance of the United States commenced its sittings at St. Louis, October 28th. Delegates were present from all parts of the country, and were personally provided for and entertained by friends in the city. The programme for the first evening was an address of welcome by the Rev. Mr. Rhodes, and a response, and also an account of the conference at Bâle, Switzerland, by the Rev. T. W. Chambers, of New York. The sessions continued for three days.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, November 5th, at **4.10 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Elections were Held in Eleven States on Tuesday, November 4th. Pennsylvania chose its Treasurer only; New York, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin elected State officers and Legislatures; Minnesota elected its full Board of State officers; Nebraska elected three of its State officers; Connecticut, Mississippi, New Jersey, and Virginia elected their Legislatures.

Of these, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Nebraska record a victory for the Republican party.

In Maryland the Democrats have elected their governor, State officers, and members of Legislature. Mississippi also gives a victory to the Democratic party, and it is probable that the result in Virginia may be counted on the same side.

The Republican gains in the eight States above mentioned have occasioned considerable elation in the party, as they have occurred in quarters, some of which had been counted "doubtful" in making up the list. The advent of commercial prosperity which usually operates to the advantage of the party which happens to be in power at the time, has probably conduced to this result and the ease with which the resumption of specie payments was effected, is doubtless another factor in the case. But whatever the influences at work, the results of the elections indicate that the Republicans have grounds for expecting an extension of their lease of power.

The Election in New York State has Resulted in placing the Republican candidate in the Gubernatorial Chair. Mr. A. B. Cornell has received a larger number of votes by about 36,000 than were polled for his principal Democratic rival, Mr. Lucius Robinson. The result, satisfactory as it is to the Republican party, cannot be regarded as a triumph of Republican principles. The entire Democratic vote in the State is still largely in excess of the Republican vote. The returns indicate that if a Democratic candidate had been nominated who would have commanded the support of the entire party, he would have been elected. Mr. Kelly received 70,000 Democratic votes, which had they been added to those given to Mr. Robinson, would have secured that gentleman's election by a majority about equal to that of Mr. Cornell. As it is, the two rival leaders, Mr. Tilden and Mr. Kelly, by their personal antagonism, have achieved a defeat for their party; Mr. Tilden by forcing a nomination distasteful to a large and influential section of the party, and Mr. Kelly, by fighting a battle in which victory for himself was hopeless, and in which he could hope only to secure the defeat of his political allies.

The issue, so far as concerns the other names on the two tickets, indicates that *Dr. Talmage's suggestion* as to scratching was adopted. Voters appear to have selected their men for their personal characteristics, rather than for their political denomination.

The Coming Presidential Election will Probably be materially affected by the issue of the New York contest. Mr. Tilden was supposed to have strong claims on his party for the Presidential nomination—claims which many politicians believed it would be dangerous to ignore. The defeat in New York may have the effect of setting aside those claims; a political leader so blind as to conduct his party, in his own State, into a ditch, can scarcely hope to be trusted in the larger issue. As Mr. Tilden is unquestionably the weakest candidate the Democratic party could nominate, any blunder which relieves it of his claims will doubtless be regarded with complacency. If the Democratic Convention is now free to nominate as its candidate the best man at its disposal, and can select a man of integrity and ability, the privilege is cheaply purchased by the loss for one term of the governorship of New York. In thus committing political suicide, Mr. Tilden may have unintentionally rendered his party the most valuable service in his power.

Thanksgiving Day.—A Proclamation by the President recommends Thursday, November 27th, as the day of national thanksgiving for national mercies. President Hayes truly says:

"At no recurrence of the season which the devout habit of a religious people has made the occasion for giving thanks to Almighty God and humbly invoking His continued favor, has the material prosperity enjoyed by our whole country been more conspicuous, more manifold, or more universal. During the past year also unbroken peace with all foreign nations, the general prevalence of domestic tranquillity, the supremacy and security of the great institutions of civil and religious freedom, have gladdened the hearts of our people and confirmed their attachment to their Government, which the wisdom and courage of our ancestors so fitly framed, and the wisdom and courage of their descendants have so firmly maintained, to be the habitation of liberty and justice for successive generations."

The blessings of God on this favored land demand that both in word and deed we should individually evince our gratitude to God, and the plentiful harvest and revival of trade render our like acknowledgment as a nation this year more than usually appropriate.

A Prayer Meeting at an Election is an Unusual feature of those periods of political excitement. But the recent election furnished a remarkable instance of the value of prayer, and shows that even in political matters it is well that our "requests be made known unto God" (Phil. 4 : 6). Temperance legislation has been the subject of much work and anxiety in Stamford, Connecticut, and on the result of the late election depended the question of the possibility of needed reforms being effected. The election was closely contested, and on the day of the polling *two thousand ladies* gathered together, and, led by a Christian minister, observed the day as a day of prayer for the success of the candidates pledged to temperance principles.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the candidates so prayed for were triumphantly elected.

Collision of an Ocean Steamer with an Iceberg.—The Arizona, the new steamer of the Guion line, whose rapid trips from New York to Liverpool have surpassed the speed of every vessel afloat, came near being wrecked on Friday night, November 7th. It was a clear night, and the Arizona had made an excellent passage. She was off the Banks of Newfoundland, having left New York on Tuesday, November 4th. The captain had gone below, and the 300 passengers on board were distributed on the deck and in the cabin, congratulating each other on the pleasant passage they were having. Suddenly a shock was felt which threw every one off their feet. The captain rushed on deck and found the bows of the vessel crushed in by an iceberg right ahead of him. For some minutes terror took possession of all, and the boats were got ready to be lowered. Meanwhile the captain went below and found that the water-tight bulkheads with which the vessel was fitted were closed and kept out the rush of water from the hull. After laying to for a time, it was decided to put in to St. Johns, Newfoundland, for repairs. As she entered the port crowds of hardy sailors gathered during the day to gaze on the awful breach made by the collision, and all are agreed that never another ship had such an escape.

The passengers and crew speak of the few minutes during which it was uncertain whether the ship was sinking, as a time of "supreme terror,' but the captain's report tranquillized their minds and gradually they returned to the saloon When they were all assembled the Rev. J. M Ross rose and in a few feeling words suggeste that *prayers should be offered* to God in thank for the mercy He had so graciously shown Hardly had the suggestion been uttered whe the assembled passengers knelt and joined in appropriate prayer. Then the hymn, "Prais God from whom all blessings flow," was sun with impressive earnestness. Heartfelt sob mingled with the chant, and tears stood i strong men's eyes.

No. 1500 is the Unusual Title under whic Mr. Spurgeon's sermon appears this week. Th sermon explains the title. We will only notic the faithfulness with which the Lord of heave and earth has kept His promise, "Them th honor me, I will honor." Twenty years ag very few persons would have had the faith t predict Mr. Spurgeon's career, although the might have been professed servants of the Go whose truth he was then setting forth with th unaffected earnestness of an ardent nature. H was made a butt of ridicule, a subject of mi representation, and a victim of malice. Th writer of these lines heard him called "a thief and "an impostor" by one who was a clerg man in *holy orders*, and who ought to have bee a brother in Christ.

Many of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons of that da are in type, and they meet the test laid down i 1 John 4 : 2, by setting forth with matchle plainness the central truth of the Bible, viz "that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh." In the impressibility of his youth, this man of G never swerved by a hair's breadth toward a of the abominations of modern latitudinarianis and now he stands on a pinnacle that bisho and archbishops aspire to in vain. Truly, "th is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in o eyes."

A Steamboat Collision Occurred at 3 o'clo Friday morning, November 7th, as the steam Champion, from New York, was rushing throu the water towards Charleston at the rate of t and a half knots an hour. The sea was qui and the stars were shining brightly overhe The passengers were asleep in their stateroo Suddenly the captain heard a shout from t deck: "A sail ahead!" He ran to the whee too late. With a terrific crash an iron sh named the Lady Octavia, struck the Champi on the starboard bow. The steamer filled, s tled, and plunged headforemost to the botto Of the sixteen passengers twelve were drow —all or most of them in their staterooms. the fifty-seven lives on board thirty-one w lost.

A Wife's Twenty Years' Pleading was Gra fully spoken of at a public meeting in New Y last week by her husband. He said that he always touched by the requests for prayer husbands. He had a wife, who for twe years had been praying for his conversion. months ago he, too, was led to Jesus. brother could hardly speak, such was his em tion. May such an instance encourage we souls, and lead them to hope that "in due s son they will reap if they faint not"!

Soul Conscious of its Need, and of the only S rce of Help.—On Wednesday, October 29th, a C istian gentleman, who had once led a dissi- d life, but who many years ago was rescued he grace of God, was walking along a street ew York, when, near a church he met a man asked him if Jesus Christ was preached in house. The man confessed himself a poor sinner, sick of self and sin. He was a dissi- d man, and had proved the fascinating pleas of the flesh to be bitter and deceptive apples odom—nothing but ashes. He spoke to the t man, as the latter soon told him. "I have there, my brother, and sunk lower than you issipation," said the speaker to the inquirer Gospel preaching. The latter doubted this, was convinced when the speaker told him he three times been the victim of delirium tre- s as part of the results of his dissipation. Th inquiring, sin-sick soul was directed to the Sa our of the lost, and it is hoped he found e in believing.

e Meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey leveland fully test the capacity of the hall, h seats 4000. Often, it is said, a room twice size could be filled. Many of the auditors e from the surrounding country. One train ntly brought in 1200 persons for the meet- The inquiry meetings are well attended.

ecial Services at Salem, Mass., are being under the leadership of Rev. George F. Pe ecost and Mr. George C. Stebbins, the gelists. The meetings have already been held weeks, and a very deep and wide interest ne truths of the Gospel has been created. Th e is a strong Unitarian and Universalist ment in proportion to the population in city. The evangelists have been fully aware is, and Mr. Pentecost's preaching has been ally directed to a thorough exposition ne doctrines of the New Testament, with a to awaken men from the infidelity which is so evalent.

e congregations have all been large, and for ast two Sunday evenings the floor of the spa- church where the preaching services are has been reserved for men, and on both oc- ns has been crowded, while hundreds of le, who could not gain admission, have gathered into an "overflow" meeting in djoining church, to listen to preaching by one of the pastors. Mr. John Curry, of on, a reformed rum-seller, is engaged in temperance work in connection with the ings, and the interest in this department is ening every day. Eight Evangelical churches nited in the work.

Association called the Christian Union has formed at Yale, composed of all students ested in the religious welfare of the college. designed to aid incoming students, and to ome the Christian members of the several es into closer association and fellowship.

e Effects of the Liquor Traffic in California.— the M. E. Preachers' Meeting on October Bishop Haven described the drinking cus- of some districts of California. He drew a picture of society. He said: "The effect e drinking customs there is an almost utter nce of piety or regard for the Sabbath. The general election will settle the sectional is- now before the country, and then the people make this temperance question the leading in politics." He declares that it is to be *the* tion for the next twenty-five or more years.

Unenviable Distinction.—Collector Knowles ports that Peoria City, Ill., paid the United s Government $1,130,129.78 as taxes on dis- spirits for the month of October. This is argest sum ever received by the Government a single district in a single month.

Clergyman's Loan to a Farmer was repaid e following singular manner, illustrating ext "Stormy wind fulfilling His word."

poor clergyman had lent a struggling far- a sum of money which was large compared his stipend, and it caused him some uneas- when he learned that, the times being so there was but little probability of the farmer ever being able to repay it. He had a considerable amount of good old timber on his glebe which he was not permitted to cut down, but if any was blown down, he might dispose of it. During the night in which he turned restlessly upon his bed because of his anxiety about his loan, a hurricane arose and blew down several fine trees, the sale of which brought him more money than he had lent to the farmer. He at once cancelled the note which the farmer had given him, remarking that God had repaid, and with compound interest too, the help which he had given to a Christian friend in trouble.

An Attempt to Control Public Schools by Roman Catholics has been frustrated at New Britain, Conn. An election has been held to decide whether to build a new public school-house or allow the Roman Catholics to furnish a building and control certain matters in the school. The interest in the election was strong. About nine tenths of the registered vote was polled. The result was a majority of 598 against the Catholic proposition; this in a total vote of 2285.

Speech Lost through Fright was suddenly recovered last week by a young lady at Peoria, Ill. In December last, Maggie Lehr was abducted from her home by some ruffians and carried into the woods. She was rescued by some respectable persons who happened to see her helpless condition. When she was conveyed back to her father's house it was discovered that the terror she had undergone had deprived her of the faculty of speech. From that time until Thursday last she was unable to utter any articulate sound. On that day some children sang some hymns in her hearing. She listened, and tried to reproduce the sounds. To her great joy, and that of her family, her voice, lost nine months before, returned to her as suddenly as she had lost it.

Eight Days in a Swamp.—About two weeks ago a widow named Avery, about 45 years old, left her home, near Salem, Wayne County, Pa., to visit a brother, living near the Lackawaxen River, in Pike County, Pa. While passing through a dense piece of woods in the western part of Lackawaxen Township, it being after dark, she lost her way, and wandered into Tinkwig Swamp, where she became fastened in the mire. When she found that she could not extricate herself, she called for help, but as no one lived within some distance her cries were not heard. Her struggling to free herself caused her to sink deeper and deeper in the mire in which she was caught. In this position she remained for eight days, with no food except bark from the bushes which grew within her reach. The water she drank she dipped from the bog with her hands. On the eighth day her moans were heard by a man who passed on a shooting excursion. He obtained help and rescued her just in time to save her life.

So do sinners sink in Satan's swamp, and while they attempt to extricate themselves only sink deeper in the mire. But the cry of faith to the Great Deliverer always brings the needed help.

The Tide of Mormon Immigration Continues to flow to Utah, in spite of the warnings issued. By the Guion steamship Arizona, which arrived from Liverpool on Monday, October 27th, came 213 Mormon immigrants and eleven Mormon missionaries, who had been at work in Great Britain, on the Continent and in Germany for nearly two years. Most of the Mormons were in families, the majority being mechanics in various trades, with a few farmers. They came in about equal divisions from Scotland, Wales, England, and the Scandinavian countries.

The Baptists of the State of New York have just held their Pastors' Conference and Missionary Convention at Rochester. The meetings throughout were very large. They represented every section of the State, and were of unusual interest. The Missionary Convention never before held so interesting a meeting. Sixty-one missionaries, it was stated, had been employed and $9424.44 expended. A deficiency of about $1650 was more than made up in a short time.

LIFTING UP THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

A New Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The Fifteen Hundredth he has Published.

"And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived."—NUMBERS 21 : 9.

The Types in the New Testament—I. The Persons in Mortal Peril—1. They had Despised God's Way and God's Bread—2. They had been actually Bitten—Death of a Snake-keeper in London—3. The Bite was Painful—4. The Bite was Mortal—5. The Remedy Unlimited by Time—II. The Remedy Provided—1. Divine in Its Origin—2. Exceedingly Instructive—3. The Only Remedy—4. Bright and Lustrous—5. An Enduring Remedy—III. The Application of the Remedy—Very Simple—Very Personal—Very Instructive—IV. The Cure Effected—1. It Healed at Once—2. It Healed Again and Again—3. It Healed All—V. A Lesson for those who Love the Lord.

THIS discourse, when it shall be printed, will make fifteen hundred of my sermons which have been published regularly week by week. This is certainly a remarkable fact. I do not know of any instance in modern times in which fifteen hundred sermons have thus followed each other from the press from one person, and have continued to command a large circle of readers.

I desire to utter most hearty thanksgivings to God for divine help in thinking out and uttering these sermons,—sermons which have not merely been printed, but have been *read* with eagerness, and have also been translated into foreign tongues; sermons which are publicly read on this very Sabbath day in hundreds of places where a minister cannot be found; sermons which God has blessed to the conversion of multitudes of souls. I may and I must joy and rejoice in this great blessing, which I most heartily ascribe to the undeserved favor of the Lord.

I thought the best way in which I could express my thankfulness would be *to preach Jesus Christ again*, and set Him forth in a sermon in which the simple Gospel should be made *as clear as a child's alphabet*. I hope that in closing the list of fifteen hundred discourses the Lord will give me a word which will be blessed more than any which have preceded it, to the conversion of those who hear it or read it. May those who sit in darkness because they do not understand the freeness of salvation and the easy method by which it may be obtained, be brought into the light by discovering the way of peace through believing in Christ Jesus! Forgive this prelude; my thankfulness would not permit me to withhold it.

Concerning our text and the serpent of brass. If you turn to John's Gospel you will notice that its commencement contains a sort of orderly list of types taken from Holy Scripture. It begins with the creation. God said, "Let there be light," and John begins by declaring that Jesus, the eternal Word, is "the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Before he closes his first chapter John has introduced a type supplied by Abel, for when the Baptist saw Jesus coming to him he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Nor is the first chapter finished before we are reminded of Jacob's ladder, for we find our Lord declaring to Nathanael, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." By the time we have reached the third chapter we have come as far as Israel in the wilderness, and we read the joyful words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

We are going to speak of this act of Moses this morning, that we may all of us behold the brazen serpent and find the promise true, "every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon the brazen serpent, shall live,"

I. I shall invite you to consider the subject first by noticing the person in

MORTAL PERIL

for whom the brazen serpent was made and lifted up. Our text saith, "It came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived."

1. Let us notice that the fiery serpents first of all came among the people because *they had despised God's way and God's bread.* "The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." It was God's way, He had chosen it for them, and He had chosen it in wisdom and mercy, but they murmured at it. As an old divine says, "It was lonesome and longsome," but still it was God's way, and therefore it ought not to have been loathsome: His pillar of fire and cloud went before them, and His servants Moses and Aaron led them like a flock, and they ought to have followed cheerfully.

The people also quarrelled with God's food. He gave them the best of the best, for "men did eat angels' food;" but they called the manna by an opprobrious title, which in the Hebrew has a sound of ridicule about it, and even in our translation conveys the idea of contempt. They said "Our soul loatheth this light bread," as if they thought it unsubstantial, and only fitted to puff them out, because it was easy of digestion, and did not breed in them that heat of blood and tendency to disease which a heavier diet would have brought with it.

I may be speaking to some who have up to this moment quarrelled with the precepts and the doctrines of the Lord, and I would affectionately warn them that their disobedience and presumption will lead to sin and misery. Rebels against God are apt to wax worse and worse. The world's fashions and modes of thought lead on to the world's vices and crimes. If we long for the fruits of Egypt, we shall soon feel the serpents of Egypt. The natural consequence of turning against God like serpents is to find serpents waylaying our path. If we forsake the Lord in spirit, or in doctrine, temptation will lurk in our path and sin will sting our feet.

2. I beg you carefully to observe concerning those persons for whom the brazen serpent was specially lifted up, that *they had been actually bitten by the serpents.* The Lord sent fiery serpents among them, but it was not the serpents being *among* them that involved the lifting up of a brazen serpent: it was the serpents having actually poisoned them which led to the provision of a remedy. "It shall come to pass that *every one that is bitten*, when he looketh upon it, shall live." The only people who did look and derive benefit from the wonderful cure uplifted in the midst of the camp were those who had been stung by the vipers.

The common notion is that salvation is for good people, salvation is for those who fight against temptation, salvation is for the spiritually healthy; but how different is God's Word! God's medicine is for the sick, and His healing is for the diseased. The grace of God through the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ is for men who are actually and really guilty. We do not preach a sentimental salvation from fancied guilt, but real and true pardon for actual offences. I care nothing for *sham sinners:* you who never did any thing wrong, you who are so good in yourselves that you are all right—I leave you, for I am sent to preach Christ to those who are full of sin, and worthy of eternal wrath. The serpent of brass was a remedy for those who had been bitten.

What an awful thing it is to be bitten by a serpent! I dare say some of you recollect

THE CASE OF GURLING,

one of the keepers of the reptiles in the Zoological Gardens. It happened in October, 1852, and therefore some of you will remember it. This unhappy man was about to part with a friend who was going to Australia, and according to the wont of many, he must needs drink with him. He drank considerable quantities of gin, and though he would probably have been in a great passion if any one had called him drunk, yet reason and common-sense had evidently become overpowered.

He went back to his post at the gardens in an excited state. He had some months before seen an exhibition of snake-charming, and this was on his poor muddled brain. He must emulate the Egyptians, and play with serpents. First he took out of its cage a Morocco venom snake, put it round his neck, twisted it about, and whirled it round about him. Happily for him it did not arouse itself so as to bite. The assistant-keeper cried out, "For God's sake put back the snake," but the foolish man replied, "I am inspired." Putting back the venom-snake, he exclaimed, "*Now for the cobra.*"

This deadly serpent was somewhat torpid with the cold of the previous night, and therefore the rash man placed it in his bosom till it revived, and glided down ward till its head appeared below the back of his waistcoat. He took it by the body, about a foot from the head, and then seized it lower down by the other hand, intending to hold it by the tail and swing it round his head. He held it for an instant opposite to his face, and like a flash of lightning the serpent struck him between the eyes. The blood streamed down his face, and he called for help, but his companion fled in horror; and, as he told the jury, he did not know how long he was gone, for he was "in a maze."

When assistance arrived, Gurling was sitting on a chair, having restored the cobra to its place. He said, "I am a dead man." They put him in a cab, and took him to the hospital. First his speech went, he could only point to his poor throat and moan; then his vision failed him, and lastly his hearing. His pulse gradually sank, and in one hour from the time at which he had been struck he was a corpse. There was only a little mark upon the bridge of his nose, but the poison spread over the body, and he was a dead man.

I tell you that story that you may use it as a parable, and learn never to play with sin, and also in order to bring vividly before you what it is to be bitten by a serpent. Suppose that Gurling could have been cured by looking at a piece of brass, would it not have been good news for him? There was no remedy for that poor infatuated creature, but there is a remedy for you. For men who have been bitten by the fiery serpents of sin Jesus Christ is lifted up: not for you only who are as yet playing with the serpent, not for you only who have warmed it in your bosom, and felt it creeping over your flesh, but for you who are actually bitten, and are mortally wounded. If any man be bitten so that he has become diseased with sin, and feels the deadly venom in his blood, it is for him that Jesus is set forth to-day. Though he may think himself to be an extreme case, it is for such that sovereign grace provides a remedy.

3. *The bite of the serpent was painful.* We are told in the text that these serpents were "fiery" serpents, which may perhaps refer to their color, but more probably has reference to the burning effects of their venom. It heated and inflamed the blood so that every vein became a boiling river, swollen with anguish.

In some men that poison of asps which we call sin has inflamed their minds. They are restless, discontented, and full of fear and anguish. They write their own damnation, they are sure that they are lost, they refuse all tidings of hope. You cannot get them to give a cool and sober hearing to the message of grace. Sin works in them such terror that they give themselves over as dead men. They are in their own apprehension, as David says, "free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom God remembers no more."

It was for men bitten by the fiery serpents that the brazen serpent was lifted up, and it is for men actually envenomed by sin that Jesus is preached. Jesus died for such as are at their wits' end: for such as *cannot think straight*, for those who are tumbled up and down in their minds, for those who are condemned already—for such was the Son of man lifted up upon the cross. What a comfortable thing that we a able to tell you this.

4. *The bite of these serpents was, as I have t you, mortal.* The Israelites could have no que tion about that, because in their own presen "much people of Israel died." They saw th own friends die of the snake-bite, and th helped to bury them. They knew why th died, and were sure that it was because the ven of the fiery serpents was in their veins. Th were left without an excuse for imagining t they could be bitten and yet live.

Our Lord Jesus speaks of the condemned ing away into everlasting punishment, wh there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gna ing of teeth. We ought to have no do about this, and the most of those who prof to doubt it are those who fear that it will their own portion, who know that they are ing down to eternal woe themselves, and the fore try to shut their eyes to their inevita doom. Alas, that they should find *flatterer the pulpit* who pander to their love of sin piping to the same tune! We are not of t order. We believe in what the Lord has in all its solemnity of dread, and, knowing terrors of the Lord, we persuade men to esc therefrom. But it was for men who had end the mortal bite, for men upon whose pallid f death began to set his seal, for men whose v were burning with the awful poison of the pent within them—for them it was that God to Moses, "Make thee a fiery serpent, and it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass every one that is bitten, when he looketh u it, shall live."

5. *There is no limit set to the stage of po ing:* however far gone, the remedy still power. If a person had been bitten a mo before, though he only saw a few drops of b oozing forth, and only felt a little smart might look and live, and if he had waited, happily waited, even for half an hour, and sp failed him, and the pulse grew feeble, yet could but look he would live at once. No b was set to the virtue of this divinely orda remedy, or to the freedom of its applicatio those who needed it. The promise had no ifying clause,—"It shall come to pass that e one that is bitten, when he looketh upo shall live," and our text tells us that C promise came to pass in every case, withou ception, for we read, "It came to pass th a serpent had bitten *any man*, when he be the serpent of brass, he lived." Thus, th have described the person who was in m peril.

II. Secondly, let us consider

THE REMEDY PROVIDED

for him. This was as singular as it was effe

1. *It was purely of divine origin*, and it is that the invention of it, and the puttin power into it, was entirely of God. Men prescribed several fomentations, decoctions operations for serpent bites: I do not how far any of them may be depended upor this I know—I would rather not be bitt order to try any of them, even those tha most in vogue. For the bites of the fier pents in the wilderness there was no re whatever, except this which God had prov and at first sight that remedy must have se to be a very unlikely one. A simple look figure of a serpent on a pole—how unlik avail! How and by what means could be wrought through merely looking at tw brass?

It seemed indeed to be almost a mock bid men look at the very thing which had c their misery. Shall the bite of a serpe cured by looking at a serpent? Shall which brings death also bring life? But l lay the excellency of the remedy, that it divine origin; for when God ordains a cu is by that very fact bound to put potenc it.

2. This particular remedy of a serpent on a pole was *exceedingly instructive,* the do not suppose that Israel understood it.

en taught by our Lord and know the . It was a serpent impaled upon a pole. would take a sharp pole and drive it a serpent's head to kill it, so this brazen was exhibited as killed, and hung up as fore all eyes. It was the image of a dead ke

oler of wonders that our Lord Jesus condescend to be symbolized by a dead . The instruction to us after reading Gospel is this: our Lord Jesus Christ, in humiliation, deigned to come into the and to be made a curse for us. The bra- spent had no venom of itself, but it took n of a fiery serpent. Christ is no sinner, him is no sin. But the brazen serpent the form of a serpent; and so was Jesus rth by God "in the likeness of sinful He came under the law, and sin was im- o Him, and therefore He came under the nd curse of God for our sakes.

ease to recollect that in all the camp of *here was but one remedy* for serpent-bite, at was the brazen serpent; and there was e brazen serpent, not two. Israel might ake another. If they had made a second d have had no effect: there was one, and e, and that was lifted high in the centre camp, that if any man was bitten by a ser- e might look to it and live. There is one r, and only one. There is none other given under heaven among men whereby st be saved. All grace is concentrated in of whom we read, "It pleased the Father Him should all fulness dwell." Christ's g the curse and ending the curse, Christ's slain by sin and destroying sin, Christ d as to His heel by the old serpent, but ng the serpent's head,—it is Christ alone e must look to if we would live. O sinner! o Jesus on the cross, for He is the one y for all forms of sin's poisoned wounds.

here was but one healing serpent, and ne was *bright and lustrous.* It was a ser- of brass, and brass is a shining metal. was newly-made brass, and therefore not ed, and whenever the sun shone, there d forth a brightness from this brazen ser- It might have been a serpent of wood or other metal, if God had so ordained: but mmanded that it must be of brass, that it have a brightness about it. What a tness there is about our Lord Jesus Christ! do but exhibit Him in His own true metal lustrous in the eyes of men.

Once more, this remedy was *an enduring* It was a serpent of brass, and I suppose it ined in the midst of the camp from that forward. There was no use for it after Is- entered Canaan, but, as long as they were e wilderness, it was probably exhibited in entre of the camp, hard by the tabernacle upon a lofty standard Aloft, and open to aze of all, hung this image of a dead snake perpetual cure for serpent venom. Had it made of other materials it might have been en, or have decayed, but a serpent of brass d last as long as fiery serpents pestered the rt camp. As long as there was a man bit- here was the serpent of brass to heal him. t a comfort is this, that Jesus is still able ave to the uttermost all that come to God Him, seeing He ever liveth to make interces- for them. The dying thief beheld the htness of that serpent of brass as he saw s hanging at his side, and it saved him; so may you and I look and live, for He is sus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and ver."

hope I do not overlay my subject by these res. I wish not to do so, but to make it very n to you. All you that are really guilty, all who are bitten by the serpent, the sure rem- for you is to look to Jesus Christ, who took sin upon Himself, and died in the sinner's d, "being made sin for us, that we might be le the righteousness of God in Him." Your y remedy lies in Christ, and nowhere else. ok unto Him and be ye saved.

III. This brings us, in the third place, to consider

THE APPLICATION OF THE REMEDY,

or the link between the serpent-bitten man and the brass serpent which was to heal him. What was the link? It was of the most simple kind imaginable. The brazen serpent might have been, if God had so ordered it, carried into the house where the sick man was, but it was not so. It might have been applied to him by rubbing: he might have been expected to repeat a certain form of prayer, or to have a priest present to perform a ceremony, but there was nothing of the kind; he had only to look.

It was well that *the cure was so simple*, for the danger was so frequent. Bites of the serpent came in many ways: a man might be gathering sticks, or merely walking along, and be bitten. Even now in the desert serpents are a danger. Mr. Sibree says that on one occasion he saw what he thought to be a round stone, beautifully marked. He put forth his hand to take it up, when to his horror he discovered that it was a coiled-up living serpent. All the day long when fiery serpents were sent among them the Israelites must have been in danger. In their beds and at their meals, in their houses and when they went abroad, they were in danger.

These serpents are called by Isaiah "flying serpents," not because they do fly, but because they contract themselves and then suddenly spring up, so as to reach to a considerable height, and a man might be well buskined and yet not be beyond the reach of one of these malignant reptiles. What was a man to do? He had nothing to do but to stand outside his tent door, and look to the place where gleamed afar the brightness of the serpent of brass, and the moment he looked he was healed. He had nothing to do but to look,—no priest was wanted, no holy water, *no hocus-pocus, no mass-book*, nothing but a look.

A Romish bishop said to one of the early reformers, when he preached salvation by simple faith, "O Mr. Doctor! open that gap to the people and we are undone." And so indeed they are, for the business and trade of priestcraft are ended forever if men may simply trust Jesus and live. Yet it is even so. Believe in Him, ye sinners, for this is the spiritual meaning of looking, and at once your sin is forgiven, and what perhaps is more, its deadly power ceases to operate within your spirit. There is life in a look at Jesus; is not this simple enough?

But please to notice how *very personal* it was. A man could not be cured by any thing anybody else could do for him. If he had been bitten by the serpent and had refused to look to the serpent of brass, and had gone to his bed, no physician could help him. A pious mother might kneel down and pray for him, but it would be of no use. Sisters might come in and plead, ministers might be called in to pray that the man might live; but he must die despite their prayers if he did not look. There was only one hope for his life—*he must look to that serpent of brass.* It is just so with you. Some of you have written to me begging me to pray for you: so I have, but it avails nothing unless you yourselves believe in Jesus Christ. There is not beneath the copes of heaven, nor in heaven, any hope for any one of you unless you will believe in Jesus Christ. Whoever you may be, however much bitten of the serpent, and however near to die, if you will look to the Saviour you shall live; but if you will not do this you must be damned, as surely as you live.

At the last great day I must bear witness against you that I have told you this straight out and plainly. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned." There is no help for it; you may do what you will, join what church you please, take the Lord's Supper, be baptized, go through severe penances, or give all your goods to feed the poor, but you are a lost man unless you look to Jesus, for this is the one remedy; and even Jesus Christ Himself cannot, will not, save you unless you look to Him. There is nothing in His death to save you, there is nothing in His life to save you, unless you will trust Him. It has come to this, *you must look*, and look for yourself.

And then, again, it is *very instructive.* This looking, what did it mean? It meant this—self-help must be abandoned, and God must be trusted. The wounded man would say, "I must not sit here and look at my wound, for that will not save me. See there where the serpent struck me, the blood is oozing forth, black with the venom! How it burns and swells! My very heart is failing. But all these reflections will not ease me. I must look away from this to the uplifted serpent of brass." It is idle to look anywhere except to God's one ordained remedy. The Israelites must have understood as much as this, that God requires us to trust Him, and to use His means of salvation. We must do as He bids us, and trust in Him to work our cure; and if we will not do this we shall die eternally.

This way of curing was intended that they might magnify the love of God, and attribute their healing entirely to divine grace. The brazen serpent was not merely a picture, as I have shown you, of God's putting away sin by spending His wrath upon His Son, but it was a display of divine love. And this I know because Jesus Himself said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son:" plainly saying that the death of Christ upon the cross was an exhibition of God's love to men; and whosoever looks to that grandest display of God's love to man, namely, His giving His only begotten Son to become a curse for us, shall surely live.

Now, when a man was healed by looking at the serpent he could not say that he healed himself; for he only looked, and there is no virtue in a look. A believer never claims merit or honor on account of his faith. Faith is a self-denying grace, and never dares to boast. Where is the great credit of simply believing the truth, and humbly trusting Christ to save you? Faith glorifies God, and so our Lord has chosen it as the means of our salvation. If a priest had come and touched the bitten man he might have ascribed some honor to the priest; but when there was no priest in the case, when there was nothing except looking to that brazen serpent, the man was driven to the conclusion that God's love and power had healed him. I am not saved by any thing that I have done, but by what the Lord has done. To that conclusion God will have us all come; we must all confess that if saved it is by His free, rich, sovereign, undeserved grace displayed in the person of His dear Son.

IV. Allow me one moment upon the fourth head, which is

THE CURE EFFECTED.

1. We are told in the text that "if a serpent had bitten any man, *when* he beheld the serpent of brass he lived;" that is to say, *he was healed at once.* He had not to wait five minutes, nor five seconds. Dear hearer, did you ever hear this before? If you have not, it may startle you, but it is true. If you have lived in the blackest sin that is possible up to this very moment, yet if you will now believe in Jesus Christ you shall be saved before the clock ticks another time. It is done like a flash of lightning; pardon is not a work of time.

Sanctification needs a lifetime, but justification needs no more than a moment. Thou believest, thou livest. Thou dost trust to Christ, thy sins are gone, thou art a saved man the instant thou believest. "Oh!" saith one, "that is a wonder." It is a wonder, and will remain a wonder to all eternity. Our Lord's miracles when He was on earth were mostly instantaneous. He touched them, and the fevered ones were able to sit up and minister to Him. No doctor can cure a fever in that fashion, for there is a resultant weakness left after the heat of the fever is abated. Jesus works perfect cures, and whosoever believeth in Him, though he hath only believed one minute, is justified from all his sins. Oh the matchless grace of God!

2. *This remedy healed again and again.* Very

possibly after a man had been healed he might go back to his work, and be attacked by a second serpent, for there were broods of them about. What had he to do? Why, to look again, and if he was wounded a thousand times he must look a thousand times. You, dear child of God, if you have sin on your conscience, look to Jesus. The healthiest way of living where serpents swarm is never to take your eye off the brazen serpent at all. Ah! ye vipers, ye may bite if ye will; as long as my eye is upon the brazen serpent I defy your fangs and poison-bags, for I have a continual remedy at work within me. Temptation is overcome by the blood of Jesus. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith."

3. *This cure was of universal efficacy to all who used it.* There was not one case in all the camp of a man that looked to the serpent of brass and yet died, and there never will be a case of a man that looks to Jesus who remains under condemnation. The believer *must* be saved. Some of the people had to look from a long distance. The pole could not be equally near to everybody, but so long as they could see the serpent it healed those that were afar off as well as those who were nigh. Nor did it matter if their eyes were feeble. All eyes were not alike keen; and some may have had a squint, or a dimness of vision, or only one eye, but if they did but look they lived.

Perhaps the man could hardly make out the shape of the serpent as he looked. "Ah!" he said to himself, "I cannot discern the coils of the brazen snake, but I can see the shining of the brass;" and he lived. O poor soul! if thou canst not see the whole of Christ nor all His beauties, nor all the riches of His grace, yet if thou canst but see Him who was made sin for us thou shalt live. If thou sayest, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief," thy faith will save thee; a little faith will give thee a great Christ, and thou shalt find eternal life in Him.

It is a pleasant thought that if they looked to that brazen serpent by any kind of light they lived. Many beheld it in the glare of noon, and saw its shining coils, and lived; but I should not wonder that some were bitten at night, and by the moonlight they drew near and looked up and lived. Perhaps it was a dark and stormy night, and not a star was visible. The tempest crashed overhead, and from the murky cloud out flashed the lightning, cleaving the rocks asunder. By the glare of that sudden flame the dying man made out the brazen serpent, and though he saw but for a moment yet he lived. So, sinner, if your soul is wrapped in tempest, and if from out the cloud there comes but one single flash of light, look to Jesus Christ by it and you shall live.

Thus I have tried to describe the cure. Oh that the Lord would work that cure in every sinner here at this moment! I do pray He may.

V. I close with this last matter of consideration: here is a lesson for

THOSE WHO LOVE THEIR LORD.

What ought we to do? We should imitate Moses, whose business it was to set the brazen serpent upon a pole. It is your business and mine to lift up the Gospel of Christ Jesus, so that all may see it. All Moses had to do was to hang up the brazen serpent in the sight of all. He did not say, "Aaron, bring your censer, and bring with you a score of priests, and make a perfumed cloud." Nor did he say, "I myself will go forth in my robes as lawgiver, and stand there." No, he had nothing to do that was pompous or ceremonial; he had but to exhibit the brass serpent and leave it naked and open to the gaze of all. He did not say, "Aaron, bring hither a cloth of gold, wrap up the serpent in blue and scarlet and fine linen." Such an act would have been clean contrary to his orders.

He was to keep the serpent unveiled. Its power lay in itself, and not in its surroundings. The Lord did not tell him to paint the pole, or to deck it with the colors of the rainbow. Oh no. Any pole would do. The dying ones did not want to see the pole, they only needed to behold the serpent. I dare say he would make a neat pole, for God's work should be done decently, but still the serpent was the sole thing to look at.

This is what we have to do with our Lord. We must preach *Him*, teach *Him*, and make *Him* visible to all. We must not conceal Him by our attempts at eloquence and learning. We must have done with the polished lancewood pole of fine speech, and those bits of scarlet and blue, in the form of grand sentences and poetic periods. Every thing must be done that Christ may be seen, and nothing must be allowed which hides Him. Moses may go home and go to bed when the serpent is once uplifted. All that is wanted is that the brazen serpent should be within view both by day and night. The preacher may hide himself, so that nobody may know who he is, for if he has set forth Christ he is best out of the way.

Now, you teachers, teach your children Jesus. Show them Christ crucified. Keep Christ before them. You young men that try to preach, do not attempt to do it grandly. The true grandeur of preaching is for Christ to be grandly displayed in it. No other grandeur is wanted. Keep self in the background, but set forth Jesus Christ among the people, evidently crucified among them. None but Jesus, none but Jesus. Let Him be the sum and substance of all your teaching.

Some of you have looked to the brazen serpent, I know, and you have been healed, but what have you done with the brazen serpent since? You have not come forward to confess your faith and join the church. You have not spoken to any one about his soul. You put the brazen serpent into a chest and hide it away. Is this right? Bring it out, and set it on a pole. Publish Christ and His salvation. He was never meant to be treated as a curiosity in a museum; He is intended to be exhibited in the highways that those who are sin-bitten may look at Him.

"But I have no proper pole," says one. *The best sort of pole* to exhibit Christ upon is a high one, so that He may be seen the farther. Exalt Jesus. Speak well of His name. I do not know any other virtue that there can be in the pole but its height. The more you can speak in your Lord's praise, the higher you can lift Him up the better, but for all other styles of speech there is nothing to be said. Do lift Christ up. "Oh!" says one, "but I have not a long standard." Then lift Him up on such as you have, for there are short people about who will be able to see by your means.

I think I told you once of *a picture* which I saw of the brazen serpent. I want the Sunday-school teachers to listen to this. The artist represented all sorts of people clustering round the pole, and as they looked the horrible snakes dropped off their arms, and they lived. There was such a crowd around the pole that a mother could not get near it. She carried a little babe, which a serpent had bitten. You could see the blue marks of the venom. As she could get no nearer, the mother held her child aloft, and turned its little head that it might gaze with its infant eye upon the brazen serpent and live. Do this with your little children, you Sunday-school teachers. Even while they are yet little, pray that they may look to Jesus Christ and live; for there is no bound set to their age.

Old men snake-bitten came hobbling on their crutches. "Eighty years old am I," saith one, "but I have looked to the brazen serpent, and I am healed." Little boys were brought out by their mothers, though as yet they could hardly speak plainly, and they cried in child language, "I look at the great snake and it bless me." All ranks, and sexes, and characters, and dispositions looked and lived. Who will look to Jesus at this good hour? Oh, dear souls, will you have life or no? Will you despise Christ and perish? If so, your blood be on your own skirts. I have told you God's way of salvation, lay hold on it. Look to Jesus at once. May His Spirit gently lead you so to do, Amen.

MODERN REJECTION OF SOUND D TRINE.

An Address by Dr. Mackay, of Hull, Englan

The Popular Error that the World is to be
verted before Christ Comes—How I was
vinced of this Error—Three Fourths of the
pel Seed Unfruitful—The Wheat-tare Field
the Net—Sound Doctrine not now Endur
God's Righteous Judgments—Man's Failu
Tyndall's Mistake, etc.

THE "State of the World at the Return of Lord Jesus" is our subject this morning. cannot disguise the fact that Prophecy is loo at very differently by different classes of Cl tians; for it is with them I have to do, and their thoughts about the matter. Some Cl tians say, "There are so many mysteries difficulties about the future that I cannot un stand much about it, and so I don't me with them at all." They tell you they do study these things, and cannot see their wa all.

But wait a little, and see if they never into the future. They will say, "*The Gosp to go on converting the world.*" You see make up a future; and the very best way to c from being prophets is to take God's Word f and see what God says. And the safest and future is the future that God has reve Therefore, not merely being content with ting "acceptance and forgiveness," let us g "in all wisdom and prudence" to know mystery of His will"—the wisdom of God cerning not the present dispensation merely the dispensation that is to wind up all ar gather up in Christ all things that are in he and earth.

I speak now as one who was brought t believe that the pre-millennial advent of C is very great heresy. I do not like the "second conversion," because it means e too little or too much. I do not believe in justifications or two regenerations; but respect to *conversion from preconceived* erro doctrine and practice we may have many versions, and the more the better. You not, therefore, misunderstand me if I speak sonally. After I knew the truth of God, forgiveness of sins and acceptance with H went on with the mistake, as an evangelist, it was by our own energy and faith and p that we should soon get Britain converted enemies cast down; and that *we* should ma it all without the Second Coming of Christ.

This went on till, *about sixteen years ago*, I pened to come up to London, and I shall forget that. I met some people in a par Christians who talked a good deal about things. I had to take *the night express to burgh*, where I was a student at the Unive I shall never forget it, for I was deliber whether I was to preach the Gospel or to pra medicine, and at that time I did not know to do. These friends were speaking abou ruin to close this dispensation, and the da Noah. I argued with them about the comi the Lord being death, and, as I thought, sil them, but not myself; and when I entere express train at King's Cross I thought these arguments, and I felt they did not s very well—that it would not do—and that it be that the Church is waiting for Christ to And this text came to me: "Turned to from idols, to serve the living and true God *to wait for His Son from heaven.*" " heresy," I thought, but I got no sleep i train that night thinking over the subject.

I saw that

THE LINE OF TRUTH

was *waiting for God's Son from heaven.* I to my Bible when I got to Edinburgh, and whole week I took the texts of Scriptur asked myself this: Is the Second Coming Lord to be in a time of universal blessednes the whole earth to be brought to Christ's and no man dispute His sway from the le the greatest *before* His advent or after it? to come before or after the 1000 years of th lennium?

ould not find a text showing that Christ is d the world converted at His coming—not n the Old Testament or the New. So I round to another side, and I found the er Himself telling us that His kingdom was as a man sowing seed in a field and losing r cent of it—three seeds out of every four lost, the devil taking one, the world one, he flesh a third. And that was when the *f Man* was the Sower ; and what then can pect when *we* try sowing?

en He tells us that even among the success- owing the devil comes and sows tares ; so the kingdom of heaven is a wheat-tare field ned as a wheat field. That is what the lom of heaven is likened to. These two les in Matt. 13 are the only two that Christ ins ; the others are to be explained by these That is His kingdom while He is away—*a t-tare field ;* the sower deprived of three hs of his seed, and then the enemy mixing up with the remaining fourth.

en I find another illustration in *the net ;* and s to gather in, not *the fulness*, but *a net* As James said in Acts 15, "to take out a e for His name," and "an election of ." Then Christ tells us, in passages that been brought before us, that His coming be "*as in the days of Noah*"—not, you see, e of blessing. Then He says, "When the of Man comes, shall He find faith on the ?" Faith is to be so scarce, and man so un- ving, that they will not endure sound doc-

ever there was a time when this was true it is. People want nice doctrine, *not sound ine*. They want to sit in a seat very com- oly, and if preachers can put the thing nice- ld tickle their ears, that is what they want. demand makes the supply, and so we find instead of teachers who will tell the truth, ave men who treat their congregation to they like best. But sound doctrine is what ant. It is not "First the beautiful, and the true," "First the true, and then the iful." It is first, "What hath God said?"

SOUND DOCTRINE.

n nowadays do not like to hear the old- oned doctrines of God's judgment ; they do elieve nowadays in an eternal hell ; they are g in every way to explain away the two words—"everlasting punishment"—and are only two ways, either by explaining the noun or the adjective. They say the *asting* is *age-ending*, and *punishment* is *ceas- o exist*. The Annihilationist and Universal- nnot endure the sound doctrine.

eel this is an age when we have to contend estly for such truth ; and at the risk of leav- ny subject to a certain extent, I would sound e of warning to younger students of God's d ; for fathers in Christ know better than to d away by such nonsense—better than to to explain away the just judgments and eous attributes of our holy God under the xt of magnifying His grace and love. Was t the disciple who used to feel the throb- s of His heart, and who told us that "grace truth came by Jesus Christ?" was not he ne chosen to write the most awful book of n—judgment beginning at the house of a judgment that spares not the churches, a e who walks in the midst of the seven gold- ndlesticks, with glorious majesty ushering is kingdom of righteousness and truth?

is the judgment of God and the justice of which show us what a God we have got. at the Polytheism of Greece and Rome ; at the ideal deities of exaggerated lust and gerated sin! Bacchus, for instance. Man d that his passions led him to get drunk, so he made a god of drunkenness, and made of other human passions.

t the God of Creation and Revelation is so , so perfectly holy, that we know what im- ty and sin are chiefly by contrast. We learn race to hate them, and mourn over them, we long for the time when we shall be satis- when we wake up after His likeness. And we know what holiness and purity are by knowing that God cannot tolerate one sin. He says that if a man offend in one point he is guilty of all. If His grace, His love, and His mercy are slighted, He must be, in the necessity of His nature, a God of judgment, inflicting punishment for such offences.

I saw that the Bible did not require cleverness, but faith ; hence I went and read my Bible like a fool, or, rather, like a little child, and asked what God had to say about it. I changed my

THEOLOGICAL ASTRONOMY

by coming out of self and going into Christ. The ancients believed that every thing in the heavens went round the earth ; but true astronomy showed that this is just a very little globe going round the large sun. So, when a man is converted, he changes his centre about self ; instead of self, Christ becomes his centre.

Many people think that, because all the Bible is *for* us, so all the Bible is *about* us. That is making us the centre, and revolution revolving round us! But Christ must be the centre of our theology, and we shall then find every orb taking its right course, all revolving with the same perfection as stars around their centres. All will be in its right place. Gentile truth will not cross Jewish truth, but all will go round the centre, held in the same grasp of a wondrous God!

The history of the Bible is a history of the failure *of man*, and the shining out of the perfection of the grace and purposes of God. Man, to begin with, cannot bring in the millennium. He gave up God for an apple ; and although started holy and pure, he soon degenerated. We believe in development ; but this development is all the wrong way. All the ideas of development which the scalpel and the microscope reveal have nothing to do with the Bible. We listen with respect to a scientific man on a scientific subject, but he makes a terrible mess when he comes here among spiritual things.

MAN WAS LEFT TO HIS CONSCIENCE ;

and a pretty mess he made of it! "Every imagination of the thought of man's heart was only evil"—very unlike a millennium! And then when God sent His Son, man exclaimed, "This is the Heir ; come, let us kill Him." We all speak of the failure of Judaism ; but we do not like to hear about our own failure.

In II Thessalonians 2, we are told that Christ, at His Second Coming, will destroy Antichrist, the lawless one. If we do not accept the position that Christ comes at the end of a time of failure, we are on the horns of a dilemma. Either Antichrist goes right through the millennium and to the end of it—a sorry millennium indeed!—or there is no text which tells us that Christ will come to destroy Antichrist.

But we believe that Christ comes to set all right, and put all evil away. I saw a statement by *Professor Tyndall* at Birmingham lately. He says that the beautiful anthem. "Peace on earth, good-will to men," was not sung at all by angelic hosts ; it was simply putting into a dramatic form the higher aspirations of all time *that there should be* peace on earth. But I won't accept this explanation. The Heir of this earth's throne has been taken, and by wicked hands crucified and slain, but His plans of universal peace are only postponed until He comes back in judgment, and puts down all rule and all opposition, and lets the world know what it has done in its wicked treatment of the Son of Man. We look not too much at the Atonement, but not enough at the other side. There cannot be peace until judgment has taken place. Then comes the evangelizing of the world.

Did you ever read the next verse to that which foretells that Christ "shall have the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession?" (Psalm 2.) It goes on to say, "He shall break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel"—execute judgment upon them. And this will be, then, the state of the earth : "The kings of the earth take counsel together against the Lord and against His Anointed, saying, Let us cast away their cords from us!" It is a very solemn word, "He that sits in the heavens shall laugh." I do not know that it is ever spoken of God anywhere else ; but at the impotence of setting up their power against His, "He shall laugh, He shall hold them in derision!"

I believe that the idea that there is to be a large and universal conversion has been the greatest marring of missionary evangelization. I have been told that my view of the Lord's speedy coming would stultify all missionary efforts ; but I see that the men who advocate these second advent views are most active ; and it is very easily explained. We should just sit down in despair if we expected the entire conversion of the world in the present dispensation. We have not yet succeeded in that in Hull, and I don't think you have succeeded in London. Our concern must be to be God's witnesses in the midst of abounding iniquity, "to take out an elect, a people for His name."

There is a good deal in the Bible about the Jews. "What is that to us?" say some. "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." Such Christians do not get into the old corn of the land. This is studying God for myself, and not God for His own sake, and truth for its own sake, and the ways, and times, and thoughts of God simply because God has revealed them. Oh, study the glorious coming of the King, who shall appear to put down all rule and all authority—to set all things right and introduce the day of His glorious reign.

A TRAVELLER STOPPED BY A PRESENTIMENT.

THE following authentic instance of divine direction is furnished by the son of the minister concerned in it, who often heard his father relate the circumstance.

Mr. R., a faithful minister of the Gospel as well as a merchant, some few years before railroads were known left his native village for the city of P—— to make his usual purchases of goods. The distance of about one hundred miles was then accomplished in two days' travel by stage coaches. When near the end of the second day, some twelve or fifteen miles from the city, he became impressed with the thought that he would not reach his destination that day.

He tried to dismiss the idea, and could only think that an accident would prevent it. However, the stage stopped at the last exchange hotel, and, almost involuntarily, he said, "I took my carpet-bag, and, walking into the hotel, asked for entertainment," concluding to follow the bent of his mind, not knowing why.

Supper was announced ; he was the only guest, and was waited on by a middle-aged lady. At an early hour he retired, or purposed to do so, but was interrupted by a rap at a door communicating with the room next the one he was to occupy. He answered the call, when the lady of the dining-room requested permission to get something in the room. After having asked to be excused for the interruption, she had scarcely commenced the search when, turning around, she asked, "Are you not a minister of the Gospel?" The answer was, "Yes, madam ; and why do you ask?"

She replied that her daughter was lying very ill, and very anxious about her salvation. "To-day," said she, "I prayed God to send some one to pray and talk with her, and the moment you put your foot in the dining-room something seemed to say, 'He is the man ; ask him.'"

Mr. R. complied with her request, found the daughter very sick in body and mind, prayed and talked till near daylight, when she was able to trust in the Great Physician of souls, and was made to rejoice in His pardoning love. Then it was clear to his mind why he was not to end his journey the previous day. Such are the ways of Providence, ofttimes ruling and overruling when we fail to recognize the divine hand.

Mr. Jevons, of Birmingham, England, has given the Wesleyans $45,000 to establish an orphanage for the children of godly parents.

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 879.)

A SCEPTIC'S DEATH.

THE poison of the adder gradually spread itself through the veins of the bitten man. Mr. Vernon's steps became unsteady his body swayed from side to side, but his strong will mastering the weaknss of nature, he kept on walking still.

To and from the window Mr. Vernon staggered, straining his eyes and ears for tokens of his messenger's return; how dull both eyes and ears were growing! Heavy cannon balls seemed to be fastened to his feet; he could hardly drag them along.

Then, like a little cloud spreading into a black pall over the sky, the dreadful doubt of preservation grew and increased in the sufferer's mind. Mr. Vernon leant his sinking frame against the sill of the open window, and faintly murmured, "What if he should *not* be in time!"

Did a thought of his soul's peril then come to the smitten man? Did he think not only of possible death, but of an awful Hereafter? Did he utter a cry to the God whom he had denied? Did fear force a prayer from lips that had spoken so many words against that faith which alone robs death of its sting?

No, the habit of a life is not changed in a moment; besides, the action of poison was now felt in the brain as well as the chest. All that Mr. Vernon's mind now could grasp was the necessity for keeping in motion; all his energy was given to the effort of moving his paralyzed limbs.

In the meantime Fleetfoot was dashing on at his utmost speed. Those who saw Alec lashing the excited animal accused of cruelty the man who had never struck the creature before. Persons at a distance seeing the horse's furious career, and noticing that his rider was bareheaded, believed that the animal was running away.

A drove of cattle was met on the road, but Alec never slackened his pace, and ran a narrow chance of impaling his horse on the horns of one of the startled bullocks that could hardly get out of the way. A child was almost run over, and its shriek of terror made the horse fly faster.

Had hedges or five-barred gates obstructed the road, Alec would have pressed his steed to the leap. Happily the high-road was smooth, and tolerably clear. The trees that bordered it seemed to the rider to be flying backward; rows of white cottages looked like a flash of light!

Now the gate of Salem is in sight; Alec sees that some kind of vehicle is at that gate; he still lashes on his foaming, panting horse. Ha! it trips in full career—it is down—it has flung its rider over its head! yet horse and man are up again in an instant, the one, with loose bridle, has fled far away, the other, with blood on his face, yet too full of his mission to think whether he be hurt or not, has rushed up to the open carriage, in which Edith has just arrived.

The Vicar, going northward by the same train as that which had brought Miss Temple, had proffered for her use the conveyance which had just carried him to the station.

"Master—bitten—wants the cure!" gasped forth Alec. Edith stayed not to ask questions; she sprang from the carriage, rushed into the farm-house, and almost before Alec had recovered his breath had returned with her phial.

The next moment she was in the open carriage, and Alec scrambled on the box. "Drive for your life!" he cried to the coachman.

Happily the Vicar's horse was fresh and strong, for its speed and its mettle were tried. Never before had the light vehicle gone at so rattling a pace.

Several minutes were still wanting to complete the half hour since Mr. Vernon had shouted out from his window, when Edith, phial in hand, sprang down from the carriage, scarcely waiting till it had stoyped at the door. Not that the lady had forgotten, what Alec now had time to remember, that Mr. Vernon always kept a large bottle of Antidote in his Museum; the recollection of this fact somewhat lessened their anxiety, but it did not diminish their speed.

Edith hurried into the house, and was followed not only by Alec Stewart, but by Robert Holland, who had just reached Eureka House on foot. He had left Miss Temple at the station in conversation with the vicar, and by a short cut through the fields had come on foot to the House.

The farmer had walked very fast, for his spirit was full of indignation, and he was determined to call to a stern reckoning the persecutor of his innocent sister. Robert was amazed to see the carriage driven up to the house at so furious a pace, and then to behold the eager speed with which Miss Temple and Alec rushed into the dwelling.

Robert might have questioned the driver, but he preferred following the rapid steps of Edith, and seeing for himself what sudden catastrophe could have brought her back in such haste to her uncle's home. Robert strode rapidly along the hall, but Edith was in the study half a minute before him; when he entered the Museum the lady was already on her knees beside the form of her uncle.

"He is living—he breathes—he moves!" she exclaimed. Alec raised a little the head of his master, whose livid face, overspread with a yellowish-green hue, was fearful to look on. Edith with no sparing hand poured on it the contents of her phial, rubbing them in with her fingers so trembling and cold! A spot yet more livid than the rest of the face, directed Miss Temple to the place where the adder's fang had pierced the skin.

"Chafe his limbs, bring spirits, hasten for a doctor!" cried Edith as she emptied out the last drop from her phial.

Alec obeyed the first order, Robert the second, for various labelled bottles stood on a shelf. It was the hand of the brother of Ellen Morris that held the glass containing the last draught that should ever be proffered to her enemy's lips.

Those white lips moved as the hartshorn touched them, but they did not unclose; the teeth of the dying man were hard set. Not one hour before how full of life and health had been that form, now growing so rigid! what an active brain had worked in that heavy head!

Mr. Vernon had been full of grand projects and scientific discoveries; he had laid his plans for the morrow—ay, and for years of work, success, and glory, that were to succeed that morrow.

Unconscious had the philosopher been that the last sands were dropping through the time-glass of his existence, that the shadow on the dial was nearing the hour which should mark his death, and that the day of which the noontide hour was now striking would have no morrow for him!

Yes, the sceptic-philosopher died, died in his sins, despising and rejecting the only salvation offered to man. The clever learned man shut out of the kingdom unto which even children who trust in Christ receive a welcome.

The newspapers lavished enconiums on the dead man for some days, for his scientific attainments were well known, but though he received the praise of men we know that would not avail him in the position he now occupied. "God seeth not as man seeth."

"Just read this bit, Ellen, before we set out for Eureka House," said Robert, holding out a newspaper to his sister, who had just come down stairs wearing bonnet and shawl, ready to accompany him in a walk. Exactly a week had elapsed since Ellen had come with Robert and his wife to Salem, after their meeting at Southampton.

Ellen took the paper, and read the following paragraph, which was headed by the name of Oswald Vernon, with a variety of letters after it, of which rustic readers only understood that they meant that the person to whose name they were tacked on must have been a wondrously learn person:

"This day the grave has closed over one our most eminent men of science, one wh death leaves a blank which will not soon filled up. By his graceful urbanity of mann the outward index of a most benevolent disp tion, and by the charm of his conversation, Vernon had greatly endeared himself to a w circle of friends.

"But it is in the scientific world, of which was so bright an ornament, that Oswald Ver will be most missed, and longest regretted. fact that this great man actually died a ma to his unselfish love for the human race, his no desire to lessen the sufferings to which fles heir, gives a touching interest to his fate.

"It is understood that our gifted countryn had discovered a cure for snake-bites, and f victim to an experiment made with a self-devot equalling that of a Curtius.

"It is believed that Mr. Vernon has bequeat his valuable collection of curiosities to country. Thus this great philosopher has only lived and died for the welfare of others, even after death, will continue to earn his to a name more honorable than any other— of a disinterested benefactor of mankind."

"Think of such flummery being written a a stony-hearted, selfish man like Mr. Verno said Robert sternly. "How little is the w able to judge the character of one who nev believe, did a disinterested act of kindness in life, and who kept his 'graceful urbanity strangers!"

"Let us not judge him, dear Robert," Ellen, as she laid down the paper. "My happy master has gone to his solemn acco from the bottom of my heart I forgive and him."

"And Mr. Vernon certainly did one wise, right thing," observed Effie, who was stan by the window, arranging flowers in a jar; " was when he made the will by which he ha Eureka House and all his money to our s Miss Temple."

"He could not have done better," said Ro "unless,"—he glanced at his sister, but ins of finishing his sentence observed abru "and that reminds me that Miss Temple ex us at Eureka House. Ellen, I see that yo ready; Effie, my darling, we'll be back b dinner." So with a smile and nod to his Robert quitted the farm-house, accompani his sister.

"So Mrs. Cross writes that she does not to return to Salem?" said Ellen to her bro when the two had proceeded some way o road towards Eureka House.

"The widow wrote in the letter which this morning, that she is tired of the duln country life, and has made up her mind to s in business with a cousin in London," re the farmer. "Mrs. Cross offers to let us re at Salem on condition of our doubling the payment, instead of continuing our form rangement, though she would prefer sellin freehold at once."

"I hope that you will be able to remain in bright little home," said Ellen. "It see me that a sweeter spot than Salem is not found in the world."

"Effie and I would gladly remain to liv die in it," replied Robert, suppressing a "I had hoped gradually to save up enough to buy the freehold, and have the for my own. But it can't be done," add young farmer more sternly; "I have been money rather than saving. I cannot get on out a little capital to start me fairly.

"It is now a struggle from hand to mou need more cattle, more horses; I need for draining, money for fencing; and mon all this I have none. I shall scarcely scra enough to pay for our passage to Canad when I am there I must support myself a wife by the sweat of my brow. I shall have one shilling to rub against another land in the West."

And what says Effie to leaving the home of ch she is so fond?" inquired Ellen.

Effie, poor darling, makes the best of it," lied Robert in a softened tone. "She told this morning that she deserved to be ban- is ed from her Salem. If Effie deserves it, her band does so a thousand times more."

obert fell into gloomy silence, for he remem- ed with shame and remorse his evenings spent the "Crown," his outbursts of violent pas- , and, worst of all, his cruel desertion of the who loved him so deeply.

llen also was silent and sad. She, too, had ely enough of money to enable her to pay her sage to Canada, whither she would accom- y her emigrant brother. It was a more bitter l to Ellen to leave her native land than it was Robert; now that her character had been red from all suspicion, the weary woman ld fain have peacefully passed the remainder er days amongst her own people.

ut the sister's heart clung to him who had er doubted her when others condemned, who never forsaken her when others despised, Ellen had resolved that wherever her brother t there would she go; they should have one e and one grave.

trange and mingled were the emotions of El- as she entered the grounds of Eureka House, saw before her the house in which she had lt for years. Scarce a twelvemonth had sed since Ellen had quitted that place to ac- pany her invalid mistress to Hastings.

he last time that Ellen had trod that gravel e she had gone out to gather flowers to take her lady, of whose recovery then she had es. How little had Ellen dreamed, when plucked the geraniums, what a year crowded painful events was before her!

seemed as if a whole lifetime had passed e Ellen had gathered that nosegay. There before her mind now the solemn scenes of lady's last illness and death; then the fearful nts which had succeeded—accusation, trial, demnation, the unutterable misery endured prison, followed by the brief but strange ourn at Southampton, closed by the sudden ting with Effie and Miss Temple.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR.

S. Lesson for Nov. 23. Rev. 1:9-20. Golden Text, ver. 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HE venerable Apostle John was a true father n C ist. He knew what the little children could r; and it is characteristic of him that, before speaks of the wondrous vision of Christ's y which was vouchsafed to him, he should ind the disciples that he was their "brother companion in tribulation, and in the king- and patience of Jesus Christ." Far from g uplifted "through the abundance of the lations," he calls himself the brother of every ever in the churches, and their companion, in honor, or earthly success, but in tribula- and patience.

hat a world of truth do these few words open s! Here is a man who lives so much in l, that instead of beginning his Gospel with a ealogy, like Matthew, and the relation of circumstances of the birth of Christ, like k or Luke, he begins far back in the past nity of God, and says, "In the beginning the Word, and the Word was with God, and Word was God." In His first epistle, in- d of commencing with his own name, as did l, Peter, and Jude, again he goes back be- d them all, and says, "That which was from beginning, which we have seen with our , which we have looked upon and our hands e handled of the Word of life," etc. Here a man who knew Him that is from the be- ning. And not only was the past eternity of an element in which he was at home: he into the far future. Living nearer heaven most men, he could see at a greater dis- e that which was behind and that which was re; and yet it is he who comes down to the level of the little children in Christ as none other of the apostles do.

Nothing empties, humbles, and softens a man so much as to live in the presence of God; the nearer we are to Him, the nearer we are to all men, and the more safe are we at the same time from their influence. The old man goes on to say: I "was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." He was neither there by chance, nor for pleasure, nor because of any purpose of his own, nor yet because unbelieving men persecuted him: a higher power was at work, and the old apostle lived near enough to God to see His purposes through all which happened around him. Whatever circumstances may have conspired to bring him there, he was in the isle of Patmos "for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

He continues: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet," saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and what thou seest write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia; etc." The voice seems to have caused him no alarm: "I turned to see the voice that spake with me." He had an educated ear, and knew that voice well; he had heard it in its teaching, in its comfort to sad ones, in the hour when Lazarus was raised from the dead, on the cross and after the resurrection, and he turned to see the well-known form of his Saviour. But God had said (Ex. 33:20) "There shall no man see My face and live;" and the sight, when he had fully taken it in, deprived him of all power: "when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead."

How, then, did the vision dawn upon him? "Being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the candlesticks one like unto the Son of Man, etc." In the glory, He does not appear without His ransomed church, and the characteristic of that church will be light. He stands in the midst, not nearer to one candlestick than another. He was "clothed with a garment down to the foot." In Daniel 7, "His garment was white as snow," and in both passages the hair of his head was white. Purity and age seem to be symbolized by this. "The same yesterday, to-day, and forever," from age to age, and "of purer eyes than to behold evil" (Hab. 1:13).

"And His eyes were as a flame of fire." "Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with Whom we have to do" (Heb. 4:13). As in Ps. 139: "Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee" (Ps. 139:12). And this is glory—they who walk in the light are not afraid of the all-seeing jealous eyes, which search out, and burn out, every stain; before which evil cannot continue to exist: they welcome the glance of that fire which reveals their work, and tries it of what sort it is (1 Cor. 3:13). "Search me, O God! and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting" (Ps. 139:23, 24).

"And His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." In the vision of Daniel (chap. 10:6), "His arms and His feet were like in color to polished brass," the color of glowing light, probably to signify that where His feet tread there light and warmth accompany Him. "I will make the place of My feet glorious," He says (Isa. 60:13); and "His arms," because all which our Lord does is light. Light and heat are in His thoughts, and words, and deeds: "God is light" (1 John 1:5). "And His voice as the sound of many waters." Yes, to the apostle John, who had the hearing ear. But to how many is the voice of God like a rare sound, heard only now and then! Oh! He wills that His voice should be as the sound of many waters, always flowing on, never ceasing.

And He had in His right hand seven stars, which (ver. 20) are the angels or bishops of the seven churches. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmanent, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever (Dan. 12:3). To shine in an endless eternity, to give light—that is blessed indeed; but to shine in His right hand, there for special and immediate use—this was the glory of those holy men who were fathers of the infant church. "And out of His mouth went a two-edged word"—His own trenchant Word; "And His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength"—all light, all warmth, all glory.

And he who had lain on His breast, when in the days of His flesh He emptied Himself, now fell at His feet as dead. He knew Him that was from the beginning, but had never formed an idea of His burning glory. That which Moses had besought, and was refused, was now revealed to the aged John. "I beseech Thee show me Thy glory," was Moses' petition (Ex. 33:18); and God answered him, "Thou canst not see My face; for there shall no man see Me and live." Now John lived, and saw the face of the Son of God in glory. Yet he fell as dead before Him, and it was only when His own right hand was laid upon Him that His beloved disciple who knew His touch regained strength. It was the well-known hand, although so glorious; it was the old voice, and yet so new. John was already dead to himself, and thus he could see God.

"And He said unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold! I am alive for evermore." The only past in Jesus is His death. I am He that *liveth*, not that *hath lived*. He liveth evermore, the very life which He lived on earth as Son of man. True He passed through death, but it was powerless upon Him. Death without corruption, such was His—a death whose power was abrogated; and in the strength of that truth that His soul was not left in hell, and God's Holy One did not see corruption, He says, "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold! I am alive for evermore, Amen." "Because I live, ye shall live also" (John 14:19).

"And have the keys of hell and of death." Once Satan "had the power of death" (Heb. 2:14); but the Son of God took part of flesh and blood," that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil," and He has given His flesh as a seed of life for the life of the world. "The bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world" (John 6:51). "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Thus Jesus' death is a seed of life for soul and body; and in His death, because therein by faith in Him we abandon our own selves, His very life becomes our own life, and we live Christ instead. All must be reckoned henceforth in relation to Him, and not to us. He is our very being. As we in Him have died unto sin, so in Him we live unto righteousness. And even when God makes us aware that we have not done His will in things of which we have been before unconscious, we are not to lose our foothold in Christ, but by bringing the thing, whatever it may be, into connection with His death, and burying it in His grave, we find there the power to live in freedom from it in the future. All in relation to Him and not ourselves.

The whole domain is now in Jesus' hands. We can never have to tread one step where His conquering tread has not gone before. Death, temptation, sorrow, sickness, are prisons no more to him whose life is Jesus. We have to do with an overcome death, the key of which lies in the hand of Him whose life we breathe. Every temptation, every sickness, is already overcome; and by living in the life of the conqueror, we become "more than conquerors," because we know that the questions which are raised by the enemy are already settled by our Lord. What place can fear have in us when we see the keys of hell and of death in the hand of Him in Whom we live!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Municipal Elections in Great Britain in many cases are decided on local and personal grounds, but in boroughs which return members to Parliament imperial politics exercise an important influence on the elections. It is regarded as a sign of the approach of the long-predicted Liberal reaction that at the elections of mayors, etc., of November 8th, wherever political considerations were involved, the Liberals were generally triumphant. In one or two very important boroughs the balance of power was completely reversed in favor of the Liberals, and in other boroughs where a large majority of the council were Conservatives the majority was reduced. In Liverpool, where the Town Council stood 42 Conservatives and 22 Liberals, it now stands 34 Conservatives and 30 Liberals.

A Revival of Trade in England is Announced. An English journal says: "Not only does the revenue exhibit some slight signs of 'elasticity,' and the railways, in general, improved traffic returns, but from most of our manufacturing districts we are informed that 'things look brighter.' The iron and coal trades exhibit the most marked improvement as yet, but the hardware trades of Birmingham show an activity for a long time unknown, and the banks of the Clyde resound once more with the hammers of the shipbuilders. Even the long-silent looms of Lancashire are again becoming instinct with life and motion."

Brave British Soldiers Decorated.—It has become the fashion in many quarters since the death of the young Prince Louis Napoleon to speak disparagingly of the courage of British officers and soldiers. The following account of the exploits of a captain and a sergeant in the army in Africa shows that British officers do not always act as Lieutenant Carey did when a comrade is disabled.

"The Queen," says the *Court Circular*, "confers the Victoria Cross on Commandant D'Arcy and Sergeant O'Toole. On Captain Cecil D'Arcy, for his gallant conduct on the 3d of July, 1879, in endeavoring to rescue Trooper Raubenheim, of the Frontier Light Horse, who fell from his horse as the troops were retiring. Captain D'Arcy, though the Zulus were close upon them, waited for the man to mount behind him; the horse kicked them both off, and though much hurt by the fall and quite alone, Captain D'Arcy coolly endeavored *to lift the trooper*, who was stunned, on to the horse, and it was only when he found that he had not strength to do so that he mounted and rode off. His escape was marvellous, as the Zulus had actually closed upon him.

"On Sergeant Edmurd O'Toole, Frontier Light Horse, for his conduct on the 3d July, 1879, in assisting to rescue Sergeant Fitzmaurice, whose horse fell and rolled on him as the troops retired before great numbers of the enemy. When lifted up behind him by Lord William Beresford, the man, being half stunned by the fall, could not hold on, and he must have been left had not Sergeant O'Toole, who was keeping back the advancing Zulus, given up his carbine and assisted to hold Sergeant Fitzmaurice on the horse. At the time the Zulus were rapidly closing on them."

Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African Explorer, writes under date of September 13th from the mouth of the Congo River an account of his year's work and his future plans. He says: "All this year I have been very busy and have worked hard. I have equipped one expedition on the East Coast, have reconstructed another—namely, the International, of whose misfortunes we have heard so often, and have explored personally several new districts on the East Coast. Having finished my work satisfactorily to myself, my friends, and those who sent me, I came through the Mediterranean and round to this spot, where I arrived two years and four months ago, on that glorious day on which we sighted old Ocean after our rash descent of the Livingstone.

"And now I begin another mission seriously and deliberately, with a grand object in view. I am charged to open—and keep open, if possible—all such districts and countries as I may explore for the benefit of the commercial world. The mission is supported by a philanthropic society which numbers noble-minded men of several nations. It is not a religious society, but my instructions are entirely of that spirit. *No violence must be used,* and wherever rejected the mission must withdraw to seek another field. We have abundant means, and therefore we are to purchase the very atmosphere, if any demands be made upon us, rather than violently oppose them. In some regions, experience tells me, the plan may work wonders. God grant it success everywhere! I have fifteen Europeans and a couple of hundred natives with me."

Mr. Gladstone, the English ex-Premier, has recently been staying in Paris, where he was received with much cordiality. In the course of an interview with a representative of the press, he expressed his opinion of the policy of the English Government. Being questioned as to the issue of the approaching general election, he intimated his belief that it would give England a Liberal government, and noticed Lord Derby's defection as a significant symptom. He hoped himself not to take office again. Lords Hartington and Granville would be quite sufficient as leaders. He would not himself again bear the burden of power *unless absolutely called upon by his countrymen.*

As to the possibility of a war between England and Russia about Afghanistan, he still hoped the two nations would avoid a struggle which would be onerous for England. The material difficulties in the way of such a war would be enormous, and where would they find a vulnerable point in Russia? England had absolutely nothing to fear in India. When he was in power he always strove to keep up friendly relations with Russia, and believed he had succeeded. Regarding the recent alliance between Germany and Austria, he said it had, no doubt, for its immediate object to keep Russia within bounds; but the import of the alliance should not be exaggerated. Prince Bismarck was one of those men who never hesitated to throw away his instruments when he no longer wanted them.

A Barrister became a Clergyman of the Church of England under the following circumstances. In 1875, when Moody and Sankey were holding large meetings in London, three young barristers were talking together in a jocular way about the meetings, and agreed to "toss up" as to which of them should write a "request for prayer" and send it up. The one on whom the lot fell went to the Agricultural Hall, to be amused by hearing his own request publicly announced. Mr. Moody read it, saying it seemed to be written in an ironical spirit, and asked special prayer to be made for the writer of it. A dead silence ensued, during which the barrister felt how awfully solemn was his act and its result. He felt perplexed and anxious; he heard all that was said that evening; and on the following day he determined to give up his profession, which was a promising one, and to devote himself to the ministry of the Word. That young and rising barrister of 1875 is now an earnest and devout clergyman of the Church of England, devoting all his renewed and consecrated energies to the work of saving souls. This is a remarkable illustration of one who "went to scoff and remained to pray."

Prince Leopold, the Youngest Son of Queen Victoria, visited the English manufacturing town of Sheffield on October 18th, to take part in the ceremony of opening a public college which had been presented to the town by Mr. Mark Firth, a local manufacturer, at a cost of $125,000. The same liberal donor had previously presented the town with a public park.

Prince Leopold showed that he rightly estimated public benefits like those of Mr. Firth. In the course of his inaugural address he said:

"The effect of intellectual culture is to make us shrink from and hate what is false and vulgar, and prefer pure and simple pleasures to ostentation, vanity, and self-indulgence. We cannot wonder that when a man has tasted the happiness of great and generous actions he is eager to enjoy the high delight again, and finds other triumphs and satisfactions insipid as compared with the triumph and satisfaction of conferring on his fellow-townsmen a real and lasting good. Those men who, with great wealth at their disposal, elect to spend it in mere sumptuousness and luxury, are repaid, indeed, by admiration from certain persons and of a certain kind; but how far richer is the reward of those who, after spending what is needed to maintain with dignity their place in society, devote the remainder towards furthering the happiness of their fellowmen! Far-off generations shall rise up and call such men blessed."

An English Duke's Temperance Action i worthy of record. The Duke of Westminste is refusing to renew leases of houses belonging to him in which liquor is sold. The leas of a large public-house in Oxford Street, London lately expired, and several hundred pounds year rent could have been obtained for a renewa of the lease; but the duke has let the house *rent free,* to the incumbent of the parish as mission house, and has put up, at his own expense, a public drinking fountain against th flank wall.

Five Young Ladies the Misses Prideaux Brune and Miss Nora O'Shaughnessy, have jus received from the British Lifeboat Institutio five silver medals in acknowledgment of their intrepid services in rowing their boat through rough sea, and saving at considerable risk life, an exhausted sailor from a boat capsized i squally weather. The accident occurred on th coast of Cornwall; two sailors had already pe ished before their arrival, and it is related tha the young ladies rowed "like heroines" t the rescue. The presentation of the medals wa made at a formal meeting, which the ladies a tended dressed in their boating costume.

The Paris "Gaulois Newspaper" asserts th ex-Empress Eugenie, notwithstanding all effor to dissuade her, will embark next February f Zululand, to pray on the spot where her s was killed.

An Unintentional Reproof was Administer recently to a rather gayly attired Sunday-scho teacher by one of her class. "What is meant the pomps and vanities of the world?" asked t teacher. "Fine clothes," replied a child, ad ing as an illustration, "such as feathers and flo ers, like them on your hat." The child's rep was a striking commentary on 1 Peter 3:3.

Spurgeon's Autograph Album; containing t Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's and Mrs. Spurgeon's au graphs, may be obtained at 63 Bible House, through any bookseller. Price 75 cents. *The Sw and Trowel* says: "Our young friends delight possessing birthday albums, and here is one whic fit for a queen. We will say nothing of the conte but the binding is simply gorgeous. . . . . Thi a dainty birthday present, and is equal to any t have gone before it; we think we might ventur say that it is second to none. Facsimiles of the tographs of the pastor and his wife are given in th proper places."

The following works by the same eminent prea may also be obtained at the CHRISTIAN HER Office, 63 Bible House:

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"John Ploughman's Talk; or, Plain Advice Plain People." Price, cloth, 60 cents; paper ers, 40 cents.

"The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit." Sermons. Preached and revised during the 1878. Price $2.50.

"Twelve Sermons on Various Subjects." W Portrait. Price 35 cents. *A remittance must a pany every order.*

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. The Circulation is 165,000 Copies.

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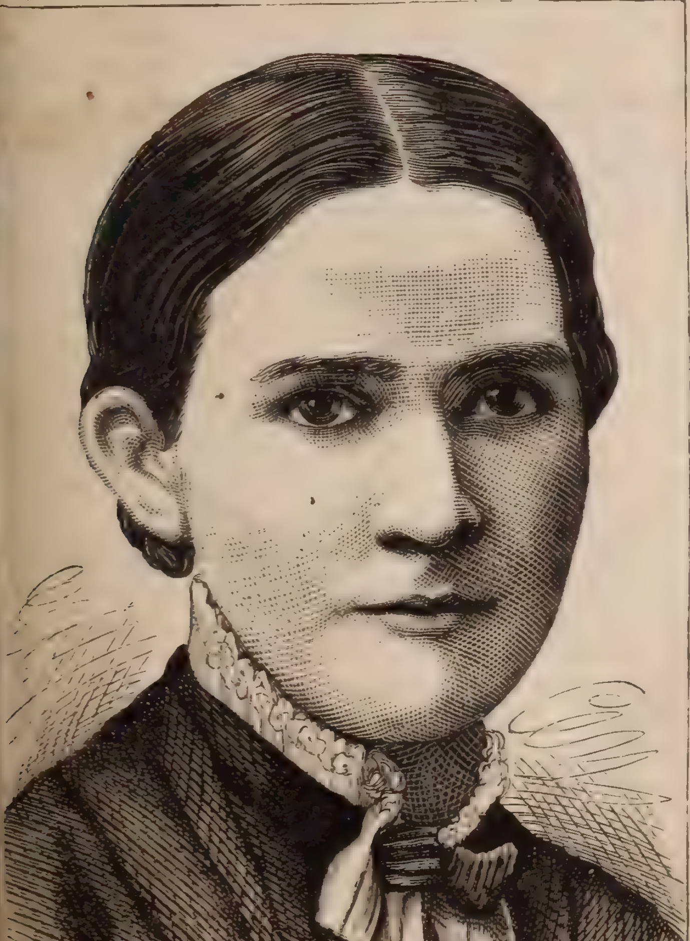

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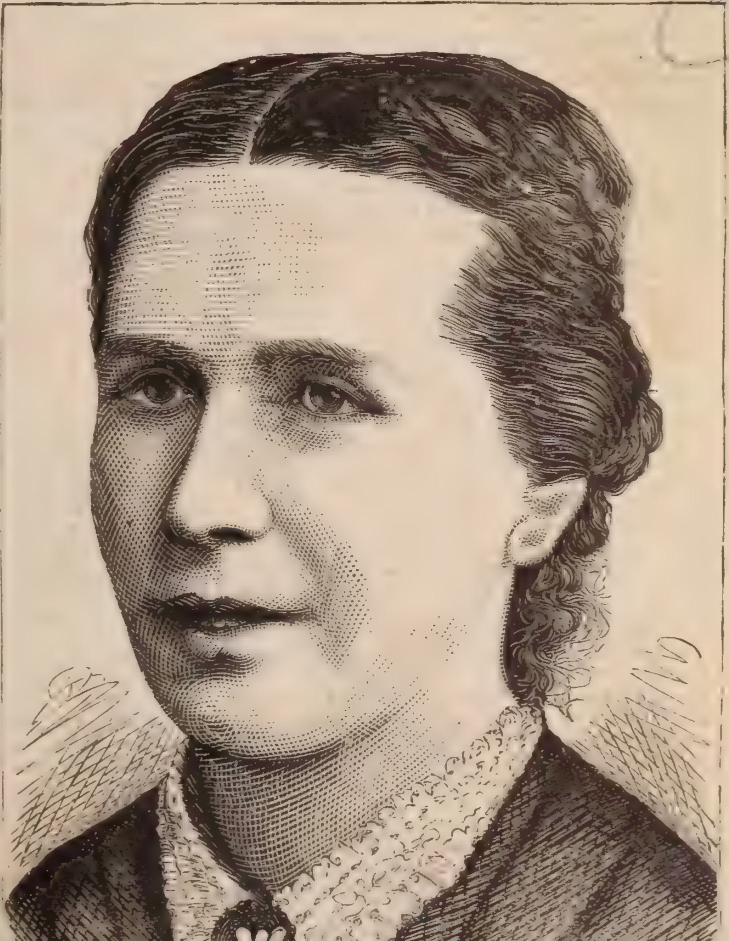

MRS. J. HUDSON TAYLOR,

English Missionaries in China.

MRS. HUDSON TAYLOR,

A Missionary in China.

Mrs. Taylor's and Miss Crickmay's Diaries of their Journeys in China.

THE churches of England and America are being more roused than they ever were on the subject of carrying the Gospel to the heathen. Recruits are being gathered with fresh impetus for the wide fields of India, China, and Central Africa. More than twenty young men and women, full of holy zeal, have sailed from New York within the last month for foreign shores. We mentioned recently that fifteen had gone out in connection with the Baptist denomination. Since then seven young men have sailed in one ship for India to join the South India Conference of the M.E. Church—the newest sphere of missionary labor opened in Southern Asia, but one upon which God is already pouring out the power of His spirit in a measure in which no other mission work in that country has been blessed. For the same blessed field five missionaries—four ladies and one gentleman—two of whom had been well tried in the world's battle field, and knew perfectly what they were about, set sail on Saturday, November 8th. Let the prayers of the churches go up to God that all these heroic men and women may have His abiding assurance within them to enable them to stand like rocks after the novelty of their enterprise has passed away, and its testing realities and untold heartaches have begun to work upon their human nature.

The present time seems a good opportunity to give portraits and brief life-sketches of two ladies who have been some years in the foreign mission field. We select Mrs. J. Hudson Taylor and Miss Crickmay, English missionaries in China. The husband of the former, whose life and portrait appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 22d, is one of the most vigorous workers in the whole field, and has been honored by God in the starting of the China Inland Mission.

Miss Faulding (who is now Mrs. J. Hudson Taylor) went out, from England, in the first party of missionaries of the China Inland Mission in the ship Lammermuir, in 1866, and did valuable missionary work in China. She returned to England in 1871, and was married, on November 28th, 1871, to the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. Mr. W. Berger wrote at that time: "A more devoted missionary could scarcely be found than Miss Faulding." Her age is about thirty-five years. She returned to China in the autumn of 1878, and travelled with Miss Crickmay and Miss Horne and Mr. Baller to establish an orphanage for children rendered orphans by the recent famine which devastated an immense extent of that great heathen country. They penetrated to T'ai-yüen Fu, a remote inland town, which no foreign ladies had ever before reached. The following is part of Mrs. Taylor's narrative of the journey:

MRS. J. HUDSON TAYLOR'S DIARY OF A JOURNEY TO T'AI-YÜEN FU TO FOUND AN ORPHANAGE.

Oct. 9th, 1878.—I will take the opportunity afforded by a boat journey to tell you how God has continued to help me here in China. Of our safe arrival in China you will have heard. After visiting one or two stations I then went to Gank'ing, as that seemed the best point from which to get children, who we heard were being *sold away* to all parts of the empire. Mr. Pearse kindly spared his best helper, who took a journey and brought back two nice girls of eleven and thirteen, one of whom had been sold by her father for 300 cash [about 30 cents] to a man who was subsequently glad to part with her

The difficulty and expense of the long journeys needful to procure girls in this way seemed clearly too great, and the only thing to be done appeared to be to wait, until in cooler weather we could either some of us go and open schools in one of the famine districts (if our way were opened into such), or could, where we were, gather children from among the refugees whom the cold of winter would drive into our neighborhoods.

Now we are on our way; dear Miss Crickmay and Miss Horne and Mr. Baller are going with me; we have been led step by step, and after a very pleasant little stay among the missionaries at Tientsin, are now at Pao-ting Fu, just about to commence our journey over the mountains.

Satan has tried hard to make my weakness an excuse for hindering me, but I have asked that the promise of John 14:23 may be fulfilled to me—"If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him." I can well afford to go in that strength, though I have no other. God is so good to me. I know He is leading many to help us in prayer. I know He is caring for my precious husband and children. He is with you and with us, and soon we shall all be with Him.

Pao-ting Fu, Oct. 11th.—We are now on the way to a part of China where a foreign woman has never been seen (*i.e.*, Shan-si province). To-morrow we start off in springless carts for a four days' jolt over bad roads: after that we have to go over some very high mountain passes called "*Heaven's Gates*" in mule litters. We have come to this point by water very pleasantly; but one seems very far away from home, and letters are long and uncertain in coming. Nevertheless we are thankful to seize this opportunity of beginning work in Shan-si, and God has been *so* good to us all the way. He helps me every day. I have had such full joy in realizing that every thing, small and great, that comes, is exactly what our Father has chosen for us; and it rests me so much to look away from my own weakness, and to feel that it is Christ in me who is to do all the work. "We will come and make our abode with Him." Why should we not claim the fulfilment of this promise every day?

Hwei-loh, Octth. 16.—Another stage of our journey is accomplished, and we have been obliged to make a day's stay here in order to hire the *mountain litters* we shall now need. Our experience of cart travelling has been very satisfactory: much easier than I anticipated; but then we have had every thing in our favor—fine weather, the roads at their best, all that could make it pleasant and comfortable. I could not help thinking what a sight we should be in the streets of London. Three two-wheel carts, having the appearance of each carrying a huge beer-barrel, with a box or two tied up behind; two mules to each, one in the shafts, the other attached by ropes and walking at the side.

To walk behind, as we did part of every day, and see these rolling and jolting along—jerk, jerk, jerk—would have amused you as it did us. Any one very nervous would certainly have expected to be thrown over many times a day, and been agreeably disappointed; for the carts, notwithstanding their rude construction, are wonderfully strong, and seem to defy the laws of gravitation, or, at any rate, to right themselves, whatever their angle, and jolt on as before without causing the carters any concern. I propped myself up on all sides with pillows and bedding, and wanted nothing to complete my enjoyment but to be able to occupy part of the time by reading, which, however, was out of the question; indeed, I found that I could not *think* undistractedly.

The fresh bright weather made it quite a pleasure-trip. We crossed wide plains, some really pretty, others bare (one misses the hedges of England in the scenery here), and came, every mile or two, upon snug, pleasant villages embosomed in trees. This part of the country, not having suffered from the rebellion, wears an air of comfort that is missing where trees have all been felled and ruins abound. In the part through which we have come they have not suffered from famine either, further than to have to pay much higher prices for every thing.

We were called up each morning at 4 A.M., and jogged on, after a cup of cocoa and some biscuits, fruit, etc., till about one o'clock, when the carters stopped for an hour, and took the first of their two meals a day, then on again till about seven at night, when, after a good tea, we were tired enough to sleep without any more rocking. Last night, after having gone some distance, *by the light of a lantern*, through a defile so narrow that a man could not pass us without climbing, we suddenly found four baggage carts coming the other way.

Neither party could go back, so there was a long consultation in the almost darkness as to what could be done; at last they found two spots in the road just wide enough to allow these narrow carts to pass with the greatest care, so one cart was arranged in one place, and three in another, and that difficulty, like many another, was got over. Happily the men were all very good-natured; my carter took it so coolly that he lighted his pipe to help the deliberations. We crossed two rivers, the carts and contents being put on barges, and the mules made to swim over, and one afternoon we were ploughing our way through streams most of the time. The people do not notice us much, but are very friendly.

T'ai-yüen. Oct. 26th.—We reached the end ol our long journey on Wednesday, the 23d. The houses here are all one-storied, built a foot o more above the ground, the best rooms alway: facing the south, so as to avoid the keen nortl winds. In this house there are five principa rooms, and a kitchen facing south. The *kangs*, o heated bedsteads, fill half each room, and are use for putting things upon and sitting upon in th daytime, as well as sleeping on at night. The are heated with coal, which is very cheap her The floors are brick. Houses are all let fu nished with chairs, tables, cupboards, sid boards, etc. The people here live chiefly on sort of vermicelli sometimes called "doug strings;" they also eat millet, and have ve good rice, which they do not like as well, ar also bread. We shall miss the fish of other pai of China, but we get abundance of splendid mi ton, beef too, and fowls, English as well as swe potatoes, and cabbages; and there are delicic grapes al through the winter. We found t nice bright little girls here waiting as the co mencement of our orphanage.

JOURNEY IN MULE LITTERS.

The journey by mule litter was very pleasa though over very rough roads. The "Heav Gate" passes disappointed me. I had expec them to appear so much higher; but being after day among the hills did me good, as it ways does. A geologist would have foun rich field for observation—such varieties of str hard stone everywhere, then coal and slate, t n a red crumbling stone. The cities, towns, d villages all looked very deserted; few wo n were to be seen, many houses were empty d locked up, and of the people we did see a l e proportion were *in mourning* as the result ol ie famine.

We passed over the Great Wall of China, id were reminded that we were not far from ie deserts by meeting strings of camels, fort or fifty at a time. Sometimes we made our ay along the dry bed of a river all day. The li rs are like large sedans borne by mules, one be id and one in front, and are long enough t lie down in, and wide enough for two pers s; rather awkward things for turning corners ut very comfortable for people who are not er-vous. We are pleased to find that they are ble to understand us, speaking Southern Man rin so well.

MISS CRICKMAY,

A Missionary to China.

MISS CRICKMAY, who is about twen five years old, went out to China as a mission y in 1875. She was a member of the late Rev. Samuel Martin's congregation at Westm ster Chapel, London. The Rev. H. Simon, the res-ent pastor, says of her: "She was one cur very best Sunday-School teachers." The flow-ing is a part of her narrative, published in *C na Millions*, a monthly publication in Lon of her recent journey in China in 1878:

PREACHING THE LORD JESUS.

Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.

(*Continued from page* 886.)

I. As the Great and Perfect Teacher—IV. As the Great Atonement for the Sins of the World—The Baptism of Blood—His Life and Death for You—The Hand of the Lord the Secret of Success.

III. And then we preach Jesus also as *the eat and perfect Teacher.* When man was iginally created he was made in the image of od. No cloud had darkened his understand- g; no error had crept upon his brain: his owledge was extensive, and he was wise. en after the sad and terrible fall this mark God's image seemed not to be entirely re- oved from the soul. Reason in the midst of e people, without God and without hope, ex- ed herself and astonished the world by her scoveries, although in Rome she could *only ess at the existence of the Deity*, and in Athens e reared her altar "to the unknown God."

In reference to real spiritual saving knowl- ge, darkness covered the earth, and gross dark- ss the minds of the people. Now, to scatter s darkness and disperse this gloom, the Son God appeared, in whom were hid *all the treas- es of wisdom and knowledge.* The world had ore heard of wisdom: in Him it was embod- ; rays of its glory had been previously visi- : now it was as the sun at noon. *Isaiah* had ned his harp to noble strains, and had struck wisely and well; but here is one in whose esence he confesses himself a man of unclean s. *John the Baptist* was a prophet, mighty in rd and deed before God and above all the ple; but here is one whose shoe-latchet he is t worthy to loose. *Solomon* was the wisest of n; the fame of his wisdom had spread oad, and the queen of the south came from uttermost parts of the earth and declared of n that the half had not been told; but behold! reater than Solomon is here.

Wherever we look at Him, we beheld *the ens of His wisdom;* whether we stand in the ke of the multitudes who heard Him gladly, d listened to the burning words which flowed m His lips; whether we consider the elevating ure of the doctrines He preached; the apt- s with which He illustrated every subject He dled, the exquisite adaptation of His dis- rses to the circumstance of His hearers, or commanding energy and overwhelming power ich attended them, we must join in the eulogy ich the men of old pronounced upon him, "Never man spake like this Man."

Do you want teaching? Come to Jesus. ase from the tablets of your enthusiasm the nes of Zoroaster and Confucius and Socrates, d all the wise men of the world; carve the ne of Jesus there instead, for that hill of sac- ce where Jesus meets His disciples is the unt of wisdom, and no matter how dull the olar whom He takes into His school, He kes him wise unto salvation. "Preaching Lord Jesus."

V. And then we preach the Lord Jesus as

THE GREAT ATONEMENT—

one duly accepted offering for the sins of the ld. The vicarious nature of the sufferings the death of Christ has ever been a matter congratulation. From the time when the ciples were first called Christians at Antioch wn to the present it has been a constant and ailing theme of praise. "We preach Christ cified," says the rejoicing apostle, "to the s a stumbling-block"—we mourn over that— d to the Greeks foolishness"—we are sorry that—"but to them that are called, whether or Greek, the power of God and the wisdom God." The fact that Christ died, not for His sins, but for the sins of others, was the fact ch seems to have been prominently before own mind.

During the time of His sojourn upon earth kept His eye constantly fixed upon this one ect. Undazzled by the glory of temporal sperity; undeterred by the frowns of perse- on; unmoved by the malignity of avowed enemies, or by the weakness or treachery of professed friends—the path He travelled was a straight one, and went direct *from the manger to the cross.* His answer to those who questioned Him about His friends was, "Wist ye not that I am about My Father's business?" How often in the writings of the Evangelists do we read such passages as this: "From that time forth began Jesus to say unto His disciples how that He must go up to Jerusalem, and suffer many things from the priests and scribes and elders, and be crucified, and be raised again the third day" (Matt. 16 : 21).

On one occasion you remember His giving utterance to a sentiment like this: Peter, with that natural and unguarded impetuosity which had often been better concealed, said, "This be far from Thee, Lord;" but what was the answer he got from the Saviour's lips? "Get thee behind Me, Satan; get thee back, thou tempter, thou art an offence unto Me: I must not suffer any of thine allurements to swerve Me from the path of duty; I must not listen to any thing which would interfere with the straight course of My life to the cross." On another occasion He seems rather to exult in the prospect of His martyrdom, to wish for the time of the trial, to long for the approach of the hour:

"I HAVE A BAPTISM TO BE BAPTIZED WITH." Hear, O Heavens, and be astonished, O Earth, it was *a baptism of blood!*—"I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" Thus did He ever speak of and publish the great end of His life. And surely this was the great topic of apostolic preaching. "I delivered unto you first of all"—not stopping till the people were presumed to be ready for it; not keeping back a truth like that until the people had been trained by civilization and science and education and human means; not hiding it behind folds of drapery; not burying it under piles of traditionary rubbish—"I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." "He is the propitiation for our sins," says the rejoicing apostle; and then, rising into a climax worthy of the grandeur of the subject, he adds: "And not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world."

There are those in the world I know who represent the merit of the death of Christ as *fettered in its reign and as limitable in its application,* but I cannot so understand the Scripture. I know there are wise and good men, and these not a few, on that side of the question, and as such I honor them; but I must preach the truth, if I preach it at all, as I believe it to be in Jesus. Hence I must exhibit the Gospel, as I believe my Saviour intended it, as a

BALM FOR A BLEEDING WORLD,

for I rejoice to think that to you, and to you—and this is my warrant and my confidence in preaching—that to you all within the sound of my voice, however degraded, however leprous, however standing upon the very verge of the pit of perdition—"to you is the word of this salvation sent;" and I now preach to you the Lord Jesus. Yes, and I would preach Him with equal confidence, and with greater joy, if my cheek were now damp with the dews of death and ashen with the paleness of the mortal agony—

"Happy if with my latest breath
I might but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

Oh, there is something in this *personality of the atonement*, so to speak, which invests it with a heartier welcome to the mind. Surely the truth will come home to the heart of a penitent as he thinks of the suffering of Christ and of the glory that has followed it, and remembers that all Christ did was done for him. And he is right. Look at the Lord Jesus yonder upon the throne of His glory, receiving the homage of thrones and dominions and principalities and powers; and then look at the child Jesus in the stable at Bethlehem, with the peasants for His nurses and the manger for His pillow; that humiliation was submitted to for you.

Follow Him *through life;* hunger pierced Him, thirst tormented Him, sorrow branded Him as her own, the God of glory walked in the world of His creation a homeless and a persecuted stranger—and those sufferings and tortures were for you. Go into the garden—the garden immortalized by His memory—where the flowers were crimsoned with His blood, and hear the groan more tender than human ear had ever heard, or human fancy ever conceived: that agony was borne for you. Stand at the place called Calvary; see Him subjected to a torturing death; listen to the sharp and bitter cry which announces the last struggle of the Man of Sorrows: that death was borne for you.

There is a sepulchre hewn out of a rock; women are going with wine and spices, expecting to behold the place of the dead; nay, it is empty; the dead has arisen and has gone forth into Galilee: and that triumph was achieved for you. The Lord is on the Mount of Olives, in the midst of His rejoicing and astonished disciples, talking with them about the things pertaining to the spiritual kingdom, and a bright cloud-chariot comes and receives Him out of their sight, and they see Him enter the skies: and that testimony was given for you. Follow Him in His upward progress—no one will hinder you; enter the house of many mansions in search of the risen Saviour; pass through the shining ranks of the ransomed until you get to the right hand of the throne. There—don't you hear it—that voice that will ever live in the storehouse of the most pleasant recollections, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?"

THAT VOICE IS PLEADING FOR YOU.

"Now may be saved whoever will,
This man receiveth sinners still."

Thus was Christ preached in the days of the apostles, and thus is Christ preached still, and this is the only ministry, I take it, which God has promised to bless. *Morality* the most sublime may be promulgated from the pulpit; fancy the most glowing may illustrate it; *eloquence* the most commanding may enforce it; but unless it be accompanied with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power—and that Spirit is only given to glorify the name of Christ—it will be but as the sounding brass or as the tinkling cymbal. The apostles knew better than to trust to the mere utterances of the maxims of moralists.

What could hinder their success? The hand of the Lord was with them. No matter how bigoted the passions of those whom they addressed; no matter how strongly fortified the pride they had to humble; no matter how thick and foul the darkness which enshrouded the people; no matter how brutalizing the ignorance in which the spirit was degraded—"*the hand of the Lord was with them.*" No matter though learning was an antagonist to them; no matter though philosophy scouted them; no matter though science frowned them from her fellowship—"the hand of the Lord was with them." No matter though the heathen raged, and though the people themselves—and that is far worse than the heathen raging—the people themselves imagined a vain thing, and the kings of the earth took counsel together against the Lord and His Anointed—"*the hand of the Lord was with them.*"

And the hand of the Lord, *the great secret of spiritual success* and blessing, has been with His faithful ministers from that day to this, and the hand of the Lord is not at this moment withdrawn. The hand of the Lord is with the preaching of the truth to-day; and in answer to earnest, believing, and importunate prayer, the hand of the Lord will be more extensively outstretched to save, until poor trampled Ethiopia from beneath shall lift up her palsied and withered hand unto God, and the Lord's hand bending down from heaven, and Ethiopia's hand stretched tremulously up from beneath, shall clasp and join in one close and firm and lasting embrace, and earth shall be turned to heaven. "Preaching the Lord Jesus, the hand of the Lord is with us."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, November 12th, at **5.25 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Further Returns of the New York State Elections indicate that the Republicans have elected all the names on the ticket except Mr. Soule, the candidate for State Engineer. But the fact that Mr. Cornell polled only a little over forty-seven per cent of the apparent aggregate vote of the State, shows that New York is not to be reckoned among the certain Republican States for next year. Another lesson may also be drawn from the returns. Mr. Wadsworth, nominated by the party as controller, received 20,000 more votes than were registered for Mr. Cornell as Governor—thus showing that the mighty power in politics known as "the machine" is not all-prevailing, but that a large proportion of the electors are influenced by considerations of the character of the candidate. It is a good sign that moral grounds weigh at the polls apart from mere expediency of party interests.

Senator Bayard Spoke Words of Wisdom worthy the attention of patriots of all parties, on the occasion of the brilliant reception accorded him at Wilmington, Del., November 11th, on his return from Europe. He drew a contrast between the governments of the old world and the new, favorable to the latter, but he said: "My sense of admiration for our system of government is accompanied by an apprehensive realization of the conditions under which only it can be practically and permanently maintained. And the conviction grows stronger and clearer daily that such a government can only be maintained by the exercise and employment of *the higher and better qualities of human nature.* It is a government of laws emanating from popular will, but that will must be for honest and worthy ends, accomplished by honorable means. It is controlled by public opinion, but that opinion must be the intelligent result of knowledge carefully acquired, and deliberation, and not the unstable froth of tumult and gusty passion. And to make public principles secure, they must be engrafted on private honor; the wishes of an intelligent and upright constituency must be reflected by intelligent and upright representatives. To maintain this government of ours, such are some of the conditions, and it is upon the self-protecting elements of society that we must rely.

"Truly, we are a favored people, and in the full tide of that prosperity that seems fairly to have set in, let us, while availing ourselves of it, keep a sharp eye upon the dangers of over-trading and wild speculation, from the results of which we have so lately suffered. With prudent counsels, well-considered economies, and steadily prosecuted reforms, with suspicions and ill-will between our own people discouraged and put an end to, we shall have before us an era of prosperity which should gladden the heart of every man who loves this country."

A Railroad Catastrophe has occurred at St. Charles, Mo., which, but for the providential circumstance that only a few persons were on the train, might have turned out one of the most disastrous accidents on the railroad record. At St. Charles, the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern Railroad crosses the Missouri River by an iron bridge, eighty feet above the stream. As a train crossed this bridge on the evening of November 8th, *an entire span lost its bearing* on the piers supporting it and fell horizontally into the river with seventeen cars which were then upon it; the engine and first car were saved by the breaking of the couplings uniting them to the hinder portion of the train. Seven passengers and a large number of cattle filled the wrecked cars. Three dead bodies were recovered and three men badly injured were rescued; the seventh passenger has not been found; it is supposed he is underneath the cars. It is difficult to imagine anything more appalling in the material world than this scene of the sudden descent of the bridge with its living burden into the river. It reminds us of that period of which St. Paul warns the world; 1 Thess. 5: 3.

Bright Eyes, the Indian Maiden who has accompanied Standing Bear to Boston, and who interprets his addresses, speaks with grace and eloquence to large assemblies. She is much talked of as a young lady of education and accomplishments, speaks English fluently, and awakens a deep sympathy for the "Native Americans" whose wrongs she pleads. It is announced that the Fisk Jubilee Singers will give them a benefit, and by this and other means a liberal purse will be made up in aid of the legal rights which the Poncas wish to bring before the United States Supreme Court at Washington. Since the Indians have been at Boston, a brother of Standing Bear's has been shot by the pale faces.

A Young Man was Shot at Cincinnati, November 14th, under circumstances which ought to be a warning to young people of both sexes. The newspaper report states that Mr. Charles Schener had been visiting a young lady named Miss Hoff for about eight months, when he made her an offer of marriage which she accepted. He gave her an "engagement ring," and was received by the young lady's family as her future husband. About three months ago he induced her, upon the strength of their engagement, to abandon her principles. She trusted him, and when she foresaw the consequences that were likely to result she went to him and asked him to marry her soon to avoid scandal and disgrace. He put her off on the pretext that he was not financially able to marry then.

Later, her brother went to see him, and to him Schener promised to arrange matters speedily, and make the girl his wife. But no steps were taken toward keeping that promise, and finally Miss Hoff, in desperation, went to his residence and insisted on having a decisive answer as to his intentions. With callous indifference. Schener said he did not believe he "should ever marry her." Upon this Miss Hoff drew a revolver and shot him through the heart.

As the result of the sin of those two young people, one lies dead and the other is in prison awaiting trial. "When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." (James 1: 15.)

Mission Work in New York was the Subject of an interesting statement by the Rev. A. F. Schauffler, at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, on November 9th. He gave a short account of the operations of the five mission chapels—Dewitt in Greenwich Street, Calvary at the Five Points, Carmel in the Bowery, Lebanon in Columbia Street, and Olivet—supported by the society under which he acts. The first is intended for the floating seafaring population of the city, and its congregations are consequently very shifting and miscellaneous. The second works in concert with the Five Points House of Industry, and thus dips down to the very lowest stratum of the city population. The Sunday-school connected with it is well attended and doing a good work in one of the most squalid districts down town. Carmel works in concert with the Young Men's Christian Association, dealing almost exclusively with the floating population of the city, or rather with that large section of it whose members have *lost all hope* and sunk lower and lower until they are stranded and helpless, as well as hopeless. The number of persons in this class is not easy to estimate, but those who are most conversant with the matter place it as high as 25,000 in winter, and 15,000 during the summer months. Lebanon on the other hand, is situated in a tenement-house tract, and Olivet in such a tract inhabite in the main by Germans, at the rate of 407 persons to the square acre, a trifle *more crowde than the neighborhood of St. Giles in London* which registers 401 to the square acre. In enumerating the difficulties under which the missionary labors among the German populatio Mr. Schauffler said that one of the main obstacles to Sunday-school work was the stalwart rationalism of the heads of families. The quie persistent way in which these agencies are working is not generally known; but the results wi be proclaimed at the great day when "the Lor makes up His jewels."

A Roman Catholic Priest in Holyoke, Mass has experienced the evils of a Protestant gover ment by being found liable in $3433 damag for telling the people of his parish not to hi hacks from a certain livery stable-keeper nam Parker, who had disobeyed his commands. The commands were that none of the parishione should go to hear *a Protestant preacher* who w holding services in the town. Parker went hear the preacher, and was therefore excomm nicated, and the people were ordered to cea dealing with him. He lost half his business consequence, and so sued the priest in the S preme Court for damages, with the result abo stated.

The judge stated emphatically that no eccle astical authority ought to be in existence th attempted the injury of any man's business.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey brought th meetings at Cleveland, Ohio, to a close Nove ber 12th. Mr. Moody set out at once for Chica and Mr. Sankey went to his home in Pennsyl nia. Preparations are being made to rece them at St. Louis. A choir is organized in Young Men's Christian Association Hall by P fessor Hamilton to assist Mr. Sankey. The 3 Book will be used, and Mr. Sankey is expec to arrive a week before Mr. Moody to comp the training. The St. Louis branch of Evangelical Alliance will probably have cha of the arrangements. Prayers are being offe for a rich outpouring of the Divine blessing.

An Instance of the Ignorance otherwise w educated people sometimes display of the w of the Bible is related of two journalists in O Soon after the late Salmon P. Chase assu the gubernatorial chair, he issued his procla tion appointing a Thanksgiving-Day. The ernor composed his proclamation almost e sively of passages from the Bible, which he not designate as quotations, presuming every one would recognize them. The pr mation meeting the eyes of a Democratic itor, he pounced upon it at once, declared he had read it before—he couldn't exactl where, but he was sure that it was a down plagiarism from beginning to end! The day the Republican editor came out valiant defence of the governor, pronounced the c false and libellous, and challenged any ma ing to produce one single line of the procl tion that had ever appeared in print before

An Energetic Preacher.—It is Reported Dr. Atticus G. Haygood preached two and eighteen minutes at a Georgia camp-me on Foreign Missions. In the intensity appeals, he frequently struck the book-bo front of him with his hand, and ultimately it, but, not discomfited, added, as it fell wish I could break old prejudices as easily

Mr. Moody's Labors at Baltimore Last Year still continue to bear [illegible]. A Baltimore journal says: "A numbe[illegible] our churches are in the midst of revivals, many have been converted, prospects are very encouraging, and it is hoped this will be a grand year of soul-saving. October 12th, the pastor of Grace M. E. Church, one of the largest in the city, took fifty probationers nto full connection, many of whom were husbands and wives. These were chiefly the results of *Mr. Moody's meetings at that church* nearly a year ago. We might give many other interesting references to churches of a similar kind all over the bounds of the Baltimore Conference."

The Service of Fashion is not a Service free rom sacrifices, as physicians can prove. A fashionable lady, suffering from a complication of disorders, recently sought the advice of an eminent New York physician. Having related her ymptoms, which were of a character to cause erious alarm, she was surprised to hear him say imply, "Let me look at your shoes." In seeing them, he added, "I cannot treat a patient who wears shoes with such heels as those"—and politely bowed her out. What this wise doctor had the courage and fidelity to say, every capable physician would say, if he dared, to those of his female patients who submit themselves to the torture, and expose themselves to the perils, of wearing the inordinately high heels which have been fashionable during the past year or two.

A Providential Escape from Death Occurred recently at Pottsville, Penn. A miner was employed in a shaft on Sharp Mountain. He had ghted a fuse and was climbing to the surface y means of pegs in the side of the shaft. When within a few feet of the top one of the pegs gave ay, and the unfortunate man fell to the bottom, hirty feet below. One of his thighs was bro-en, and the splintered bones were pushed through two pairs of pantaloons. Notwithstanding his terrible injuries, he had sufficient presence of mind to crawl to the lighted fuse which had burned within a few inches of the charge and to smother it. If he had not done this he would have been blown to pieces when the ex-osion took place. He then crawled back to one of the earth buckets, got into it without as-stance, and was hoisted to the surface.

A Dying Message.—A Pathetic Fact has come to light in connection with the murder of Frank Dresser by the Utes. Dresser was the young man killed in Coal Creek Canyon, 130 miles from the agency—that is, about midway between the scene of the agency massacre and that of the Thornburgh fight. He crawled into cavern to die, but before expiring he wrote the llowing lines on a post near the entrance to his tomb:

"*F. G. Dresser, died October* 1, 1879. *Have en here twenty hours. All killed at the agency. nd to mother.*"

There was another word that could not be de-phered between the words "send" and "mo-er." Some person had robbed the corpse of e outside clothing. There were bullet wounds two or three places, but the remains were not herwise disfigured.

A Large Bequest to Harvard.—The Boston *ournal* says that Walter Hastings, recently de-ased, left the bulk of his fortune, after the ath of his wife, to Harvard College. It is es-nated at $500,000, the largest donation ever ade to the college.

Vaccination Continues to be Bitterly Op-sed by some people from ignorance and by me others from mistaken religious scruples; t facts prove more stubborn than their oppo-ion, and during this century it has been sys-natically practised among all civilized nations, d the result has been almost *the stamping out* the once dreaded disease. In the Prussian ny vaccination was made compulsory about enty-five years ago, and small-pox is almost known in Prussia, though common enough in her parts of Germany. In England, during e latter half of the last century, nearly ten per nt of all the deaths were from small-pox; now en in crowded London less than two per cent of the mortality is due to small-pox. In New York City, with more than a million people, there were last year only fourteen cases of small-pox, and only two of these were fatal. In 1877 there was not a single fatal case of the disease in the city. This year there was a local epidemic in *one* of the wards, resulting in sixty-four cases and thirty-four deaths—*nearly all among the unvaccinated tenement-house population.* The Board of Health has caused 39,574 vaccinations to be performed on account of this outbreak. The transmission of constitutional diseases through vaccination can be avoided by the use of vaccine from a calf instead of from a human subject.

The Venerable Lovick Pierce, D.D., Father of Bishop Pierce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and, we believe, the oldest minister of Methodism, died on Monday, November 10th, in the 95th year of his age, and the *seventy-fifth year* of his itinerant ministry. He was the chief founder of Methodism in Georgia, and had for more than half a century been one of the most influential ministers in American Methodism. We expect to give his portrait and life shortly.

The True Position of the Unitarians in relation to the Christian Church has been strikingly illustrated by a movement in New York, Boston, and Cincinnati, for the interchange of pulpits between Unitarian ministers and certain Jewish Rabbis of what is called the reform party. The once favored descendants of Abraham are to this day under the curse they pronounced upon themselves when they said: "His blood be on us and on our children" (Matt. 27 : 25); and the curse will remain upon them, shutting them out from the promises given to Israel, till the day when they are to exclaim, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Matt. 23 : 39; Zech. 12 : 10; Rev. 1 : 7). To be a Jew is therefore to be our Lord's bitterest enemy upon earth, and the Unitarians have only shown what they are by this association with the Rabbis.

A Thief's Involuntary Exchange.—A Young lady of Philadelphia had her pocket picked of a wallet containing $5. On ascertaining her loss, she found that a diamond ring, pronounced to be worth $300, had slipped from the thief's finger during the operation and had remained in her pocket.

The Planet Jupiter is Shown by the Telescope to be enveloped in a dense cloud, but for many months past *a vast rift* has appeared in the cloud envelope. This opening has a length of fully 25,000 miles, a breadth of about 7000 miles, and it is to be noted, as not the least remarkable feature of this strange phenomenon, that since it was discovered the opening has changed markedly in size and shape, if not in position. The part of Jupiter's outer cloud envelope thus displaced cannot be less than 135,000,000 square miles in extent—in other words, the area of the gulf is nearly equal to that of all the sea-covered parts of our earth. Thus God is using the discoveries of modern science to warn men of His awful power in heaven and in earth, and to remind them that the world they live in will assuredly be burned up by fire one day.

The Civil Damage Liquor Law Exists in eighteen of the States of the Union. Their provisions are substantially the same, making dealers responsible pecuniarily for all harm resulting from the sale of alcoholic beverages. New York, Maine, Massachusetts, and Illinois have statutes precisely alike. If these laws were more generally enforced a great improvement would soon become manifest in the drinking habits of the community.

Biblical Things not Generally Known is a handy compendium of very various information bearing on nearly 550 texts of the Bible, much of which cannot be found in the usual Bible Dictionaries. It is capitally indexed. (Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.)

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for November has arrived, and may be obtained at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD at six cents a copy.

REFUGES OF LIES AND WHAT WILL BECOME OF THEM.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place."—ISAIAH 28 : 17.

The Day of Blessing also a Day of Judgment—I. The Lord Judging False Refuges—Three Tests of a Refuge—1. Is it Founded on Christ?—2. Does it Come through Faith?—3. Does it Produce Righteousness?—False Refuges—1. Moral Goodness—2. A Notion of Fate—3. Novel Doctrines—4. Religious Profession—5. A Hope that does not Sanctify—6. Old Experience—II. The Destruction of False Refuges—The Hailstorm—The Flood—III. The Lesson of Warning.

OVER against amazing mercy the Holy Spirit sets awakening judgment. The acceptable year of the Lord is also the day of vengeance of our God; and the sentence which shall confirm the righteous in his righteousness is attended by another, which saith, "He that is unjust let him be unjust still." When the Lord shall come to be glorified in His saints He will at the selfsame time take vengeance in flaming fire upon those who know Him not. In the present instance, in the sixteenth verse of this chapter, the Lord declares, "Behold *I lay* in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone;" and then immediately in our text he speaks of another laying: "Judgment also *will I lay* to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

Upon the roses of grace grow the thorns of justice. Whenever the Lord bares His arm for mercy towards believers He gives *a back stroke* to His enemies. Hence even the activity of love wears a threatening aspect to those who abide impenitent—wedded to their sins—since it is accompanied by an energetic display of justice.

Take care that ye remember this, ye who are unbelievers and yet dream of some millennial benediction, or latter-day glory, which may bring salvation to you. Is it not written, "Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord! to what end is it for you? the day of the Lord is darkness, and not light?" Whatever good may be in store for believers there is none for you. The pillar of fire which will give light to the Lord's Israel will be darkness to you, O ye Egyptians. To those who are out of Christ, even the greatest triumphs of divine love will be terrible; they shall behold and wonder and perish: they shall see the plentiful goodness of the Lord, but they shall not eat thereof, but die in the gate.

Our desire this morning is anxiously and solemnly to warn men of what will come of their wilfulness, and to lead them to look a little before them and spy out through the telescope of Scripture the sure future of their ungrounded hopes. Thus I trust they may be led to abandon all false refuges, and may be guided by the Spirit of God to accept the sure foundation which God has laid for His believing people. O how I long that you may all of you be right for eternity! I would not have one of you perish any more than I would wish to perish myself. O Holy Spirit, bless my feeble words to the good of these my beloved people. May my weakness of thought and speech never hinder thee from working, but the rather, in this hour of my infirmity, speak thou with the greatest power.

First, *let us see the Lord judging false refuges;* secondly, *let us picture their destruction;* and thirdly, *let us take the warning* which such a subject should convey to every thoughtful mind.

I. Let us see

THE LORD JUDGING MAN'S REFUGES.

He says, "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet." Observe that, however carelessly we may judge ourselves, God will not so judge us. *We* may take things at second-hand, and view them very lightly, but God makes personal observation, and takes a careful survey. We may foolishly say, "Do not let us trouble ourselves too much or become too anxious: things will no doubt come right one of these days;" but God is in earnest, and there is no trifling with Him.

THREE TESTS.

According to the connection of our text there are three ways by which we may all of us judge whether our confidences are refuges of lies or not.

1. For, *first*, if they are safe hiding-places, such as will bear the brunt of the coming storm, they are founded upon Christ. "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." Now examine, my dear friend, your hope for eternity. Is it the hope which God has set forth in Scripture? Is it based and bottomed upon the work of the Lord Jesus? For if not, as the Lord my God liveth, and as thy soul liveth, it will fail thee in the day of trial.

2. He then gives us *a second test*, and that is, if our confidence be a right one it comes to us through faith, for it is written in the 16th verse, "He that believeth shall not make haste." He shall not be confounded; he shall not run away in trepidation and alarm; he shall not be in a hurry to anticipate the day of blessing, nor be in distress about the hour of trial. "He that believeth" is the man whose soul is fixed on the sure foundation and therefore abides in peace.

3. *A third test* seems to me to be proposed in my text—"Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet." Here, then, is *the test of righteousness*. If our hope is sound, it is a holy, sanctifying hope, which purges us from sin, and breeds in us all that is true and good. This is a test which some do not like to apply. They are wonderfully pleased when we are preaching the gospel of believing, but when it comes to fruit, to the declaration that true faith works by love, they fight shy of it; but I beseech you, my brethren, be not like unto these foolish persons. Court those tests which are the most searching and thorough, that you may make sure work for eternity. Exercise a loving severity toward your own soul. Be lenient to every other person, but be sternly severe to your own case.

We shall now apply the tests to certain refuges which I am sure will turn out to be

REFUGES OF LIES.

A few of these we will mention at length.

1. The first is *the hope which some men ground upon their own moral goodness.* "It will be all right with me," says one, "for I have not done any thing much amiss. If I have been faulty, we are poor, imperfect creatures, and we cannot help it. On the whole, my aims and objects have been greatly superior to those of the bulk of mankind. I do not think I can have incurred much wrath from God, or that I need be under any apprehension as to being judged of him at the last great day."

Alas, my friend, yours must be a refuge of lies, for it will not stand trial by *the first plummet*; it is not based upon the foundation which God has laid. Your hope has nothing to do with Christ, that precious corner-stone. It is evident that you do not want Him, or His blood, or His righteousness, for you are altogether independent of such help. Do you not see that, inasmuch as you rely upon your own moral goodness, you as good as tell the Lord that the gift of His dear Son and His death on Calvary were all a mistake, a Saviour was not required, and an atonement was not wanted? If you can save yourself so can others; and the whole plan of grace becomes an absurdity. I feel sure that since you cannot stand this first test your refuge is a false one.

Now try *the second touchstone* as to faith. You have no faith in God; your hope is not based on faith in Jesus; you have no faith except faith in yourself. You are trusting to the works of the law, but do you not know what the Scripture saith: "By the works of the law there shall be no flesh justified in His sight?" You are opposing the revelation of God: He declares that men are not saved by works but by grace, and you, on the other hand, claim salvation by your own works. You are under a gross delusion, and your trust is a refuge of lies.

2. I have noticed, however, in the second place, that a number of persons make a refuge for themselves out of *the notion of fate.* They say "every thing is settled and determined and ordained: and, therefore, if I am to be saved I shall be saved, and if I am to be lost I shall be lost. After all, we are creatures of circumstances, and are like the fish of the sea taken in a net, or sea-birds caught in the wind, driven we scarce know whither. Let us hope that all may come right at last, but we cannot help whatever may occur."

I have no hesitation in saying that this refuge is a refuge of lies. It would not endure one of the tests, and assuredly not the last, for its tendency is to deny all moral obligation, and hence it is no friend to holiness. It deliberately charges God with the creature's sin, and makes out the sinner to be the injured person, and clear of the guilt of his own acts. Many persuade themselves that they believe it, but it is such a poor, paltry shelter that I wonder they are not ashamed to mention it: in the bottom of their hearts those who urge it know better.

Look you here, good sir, and see your own inconsistency. Why did you punish your boy this morning for wilful disobedience? Why did you not say to him, "I will not chide with you, my son, nor chasten you, though you provoke me, for you cannot help it; you are ordained to it." The thief that broke into your house the other day — did you lie still and let him take your plate? If he was ordained to have it he would have it; why did you open the window and cry for help? When the thief was taken, did you say to the magistrate, "Do not punish him: he could not help it; no doubt some divine decree led him thereto?" The scoundrel that called you "liar" the other day, and knocked you down in the street—did you rise up and with a quiet smile thank him for it, for he could not help it; he was only the agent of a divine purpose, and the instrument of an omnipotent predestination which he could not resist? You never thought of such folly. You feel that those who injure you are responsible, and you treat them accordingly.

Now mark—you are responsible too. It is a truth that all things are fixed, but it is not a truth that therefore men may live in sin and lay the blame upon God. Whatever foreordination and predestination may be or may not be, they leave men free agents and responsible beings, or else both law and gospel are absurdities, and the Bible is ill-written. In other matters men act not on the supposed inferences of fate, but on the evident necessities of every-day life; why not in religion?

It may be true that every thing is fixed, and doubtless so it is, but because it is fixed whether I shall live or not do I therefore refuse to eat? Because it is fixed whether I shall sleep or not do I refuse to undress and get into my bed? Because it is predestinated whether I shall be rich or not do I leave my shop and get me away, and leave my goods to sell themselves? Nay, verily, predestination or no predestination, you are all eager to get gain. *Men are not such idiots* in other things as they pretend to be in the things of God.

The plea of fate is a fool's refuge, worthy only of a brainless sot. Since it will not stand even my feeble brush you may be sure that it will all dissolve beneath the iron rod of the Prince of truth. It is in vain for you to say, "We were delivered to work this iniquity," for ye know that ye sin willingly and ye refuse Christ deliberately. Ye choose the evil and turn your backs on the good, and therefore your ruin must be laid at your own doors. Cease, then, from the vain endeavor to justify yourselves, and seek unto the Lord and His Christ.

3. The third shelter of lies which many fly to is *a hope based upon novel doctrines.* Each age would fain have its own gospel, and the present is not behindhand in the desire to be its own prophet. Many are ready to help in this presumptuous design. Certain divines attain to eminence by undermining the Gospel they pretend to defend, and forging new theories upon the anvils of their own fancy. Men who would never have been known if they had acted honestly have gained a cheap notoriety by *vending heresy*, and yet wearing the garb and eating the bread of orthodoxy.

The most fashionable form of this evil just now is the production of novelties with regard to the future punishment of the wicked. False prophets prophesy smooth things, and talk of a larger hope—which being interpreted is this, that men may live very much as they like: but some time or other, and somehow or other, character will cease to operate upon destiny, and the righteous and the wicked will stand on a par. This is the old doctrine of falsehood with which the sinner blesses himself in his heart, saying, "I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of mine heart."

In this refuge there is no Christ, and no faith in Him, and assuredly there is nothing in it that conduces to holiness. Mark its influence whereever it is received. When any of our friends embrace the novel theology, do they become more devout, more earnest, more gracious, more holy, as the result of it? I think not. Are these the persons who make our prayer-meetings a power? Are these the winners of souls? Are these the men who speak much of Jesus, and live in daily fellowship with Him? Do we see them more careful to avoid conformity to the world? Our witness is that the consequence are the reverse.

At any rate, sirs, suppose your larger hop should turn out to be correct, in what respec will the orthodox be the losers? But suppos your larger hope should turn out to be a mer delusion, what will become of you who ventur your all upon it? We are in any case upon *t safe side of the hedge*, and this is no small advai tage when the weightiest interests are at stak Suppose there shall be no hell, if I am a believ in Christ it matters not to me; but suppose the is—and there is—then you who are unbelieve are in an evil plight. If you do not catch th will-o'-the-wisp of a larger hope, as I believe y never will, then where are you?

It behooves every man not only to make su but to make doubly sure. About the soul want the utmost certainty. I would counsel y to dig deep, and see what you are resting on. would have you make sure that you do not p mit a falsehood to lie like a worm at the root your hope. Seek to know the reason for y building on Christ, and when you have asc tained that, then look for God's warrant placing stone upon stone in the upbuilding, without this do not rest. Nothing but div authority ought to content you in the busin of eternity. The views and hypotheses of learned Dr. Somebody are of no value to me, I can theorize for myself if I have a mind to. want fact and certainties, for I dread ev refuge of lies.

4. Alas, we have another brood of men wh refuge is that they make *a profession of relig* "I am always at a place of worship," says o "I am never absent from a single service, what is more, I joined the church some y ago, and I have kept up my membership have been baptized, and I come to the Lo table with great regularity, and I feel a g deal of pleasure in religious exercises. I am not sure that I was ever born again; I am not sure that I ever repented of sin; I am not sure I try to live a holy life, but still I am a mem of a church, and that is a great comfort to

Ah, my brethren, this will not do: for u this membership of yours with a visible church is backed up by holy living, and unless there is an inward resting upon Jesus Christ and a vital faith whereby you held fast to Him, your name may be on the church roll, but it will not be found written in the Lamb's book of life, and this profession of yours, instead of blessing you will curse you. If you are not savingly converted, you are guilty of a daily hypocrisy, and chargeable with sacrilege for appropriating sacred things to which you have no right.

If you are doing very little for your Lord and Master compared with others you may well be very anxious and careful, for the doom of unprofitable servants is not a light one, and barren trees are not always allowed to stand. "Oh," saith one, "But I do not like heart searching." Then I am afraid of you. You who do not examine yourselves, you who are not willing to be tested and tried by the Word of God, you cause us serious suspicion lest you may have built very rapidly with wood, hay, stubble, and yet your whole structure will be consumed in the last great fire.

5. Let me speak a word concerning certain who have *a hope of being saved which does not sanctify them ;* for there are professors who feel sure they are Christians and will go to heaven, and yet they show no sign of being prepared for it. They live as others live, and yet imagine that they shall not die as others die. They have an outward film of morality upon their lives, but underneath it there is worldliness and love of sinful pleasure. How dare they hope? If they sow iniquity shall they reap perfection? Can a man go to heaven who is not heavenly? Can lovers of worldly pleasure enter into the dwellings of the perfect? O sirs, if your hope does not lead you to follow after holiness, away with it. God help you to away with it at once and to begin aright. Above all things, dread an empty, baseless hope of heaven, for it will make hell all the more terrible.

6. Some, too, make a refuge of their *old experience.* Now an old experience which is all old is a manifest deception. A true experience continues and grows day by day. Not with one even pace each day; but still, as a whole, the divine life goes forward to perfection; and where it does not do so, but comes to an end, it is not the divine life at all.

Have you never heard of the man who wrote out his experience of religion when a young man, that he might fall back upon it in after years? He lived in neglect of all godliness; but having already experienced religion, as he said, and having made a record of it, and put it away with the title-deeds of his farm, he dreamed that when he came to die he might fetch it out and comfort himself with his evidences of salvation. His daughter went to the drawer and found that the mice had eaten it. Ah, dear me, it was not much loss, for that hope which is grounded on a musty experience, which is not supported by a present love of God, and present prayer, and present fellowship, and present striving against sin, is a lie.

It is all in vain to say, "I know I did experience such and such a thing a dozen years ago when I joined the church." What of that? If a man is alive now he does not need to prove it by going back to the records of his youth. Present life is its own evidence. If you are not living to God to-day, I care not a button what you profess to have done twenty years ago. If you had a true faith then, you have it now; and if you have no faith *now,* you are in the gall of bitterness. It is true that he that believeth in Christ is saved, but we must have proof of it in the consequent life. If the man is not saved from living in sin, we infer that he has not believed; and if he does not persevere to the end, we are sure that he is not one of the Lord's own; "for if any man draw back," saith the Lord, "My soul shall have no pleasure in him." This is the test of true faith; those who have really believed do not draw back unto perdition, for they have believed unto the salvation of their souls. Oh, then, I pray you, if your imaginary experience in former times has dissolved into present carelessness and sin, do not attempt to hide behind it. It will not endure the line and the plummet, therefore put it away, and seek unto God this day that He may begin a sound work of grace upon your souls.

I hope I have said enough by way of laying the line and the plummet to false refuges. May the Lord arouse the carnally secure and lead them to forsake their useless hiding places to shelter themselves in Christ.

II. Very briefly let us in the second place picture

THE DESTRUCTION OF THESE REFUGES OF LIES.

A man has been very comfortable in one or other of these refuges for a good number of years, but at last he is getting old, and is laid aside to think; infirmities are increasing, death is drawing nigh, and he takes a look into the dark future. He finds himself facing an eternal state, and he has need of all of his confidences and hopes to sustain him. Now what happens? His spirit undergoes a great storm, and what is the result? Does he dwell in a fortress which defies the hurricane? No, his shelter is so frail that, according to the text, "the hail shall sweep away the refuges of lies."

A cold, hard truth falls from heaven like a hailstone, and crashes right through the glass roof of his false confidence. He looks up astonished, and lo! another and another forgotten truth descends with like violence and crushes through all opposition till it smites his soul. He had always hoped, good, easy man, that sunshine and quiet would last forever, and then his glass house would have been all he needed. He never reckoned on these hailstones. Great truths which he forgot, neglected, and despised, come rattling down upon him from heaven pitilessly, in awful earnest and with deadly aim. He must think, and he has much to think of, and no means of forgetting any of it. His conscience, which he tried to smother, awakes, and as it awakes the big hailstones of truth come through his roof faster and faster. Down falls all his comfort and peace of mind, as hailstone after hailstone pounds all his hope to pieces.

"After all, I never was born again and the Scripture hath well said, 'Ye must be born again.' I never yielded up my selfishness, and I cannot be saved unless Christ is my King. I did not really close in with Christ and cast my naked soul on Him: I trusted in something else, and I am lost forever." Great hailstones thus follow each other, and against them the deceived heart has no defence.

Presently the storm comes up with tremendous wind, and the hailstones are hurled forward like terrible artillery, and the naked soul finds its refuge utterly swept away; not a vestige of it remains. Refuge fails the man, and his soul, unhoused, unsheltered, starts back in horror. It starts back in vain. God has now to be met, and the soul has no hiding-place. The fire eyes of the Most High are burning the heart through and through, and rocks and hill refuse a shelter. God grant that this may not be your case, and that it may not be mine. May it never be said of us, "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." Let us fly to Jesus at once. Let us most solemnly exercise faith in Him now. I pause while this is done. Is it so? Have you rested upon the Son of God for every thing? Then you may go forward, and neither fear hailstones nor coals of fire, for he that believeth in Him shall never be confounded.

Another impressive picture is set before us in the text. "The flood shall overflow his hiding-place." Imagine one who in the time of Noah's flood does not choose to enter into the ark, for he does not care *to be tied down* to God's way of deliverance. Salvation by an ark is too simple, too childish; he wants *a more philosophic way.* Besides, he does not care to be cooped up with Noah and a handful of narrow-minded people, who shut themselves in and shut everybody else out.

He has broader views, and therefore he has found a shelter on the side of the hill, in a great cave where thousands can assemble, and enjoy a liberty denied them within the pale of the ark. It is utterly preposterous to suppose the flood will ever reach so high as this elevated cave. It is hundreds of feet above the plain, and in the judgment of the wisest men it is more than safe.

After a day or two of extraordinary rain the man would look down from his hiding-place and see the waters covering all the lower area, and creeping up the valleys foot by foot, and he would remark upon the abundance of rain, but scoff at the idea of a general deluge. He would be easy, hoping that the rain would cease, but as it continued he would begin to think, "I may not be quite so safe after all." Imagine his horror when the flood at last fills up the ravine, and creeps up the rocky steep. With cruel lip, seeking his destruction, the water threatens the cave wherein he thought to dwell so safely. At last it penetrates his hiding-place, it climbs to the very roof, it sweeps over his head, and his false confidence has proved his ruin. Such will be the end of all who hide themselves, but hide not in Christ.

I will tell you *in what fashion this overthrow will come.* First, the mirth of the mind is damped with doubt. The man does not feel so easy as he used to be; he is afraid that God's Word may be true, and that things will go amiss with him. Soon the doubt has oozed into his refuge, and become a pool of fear: the man is sadly afraid, and the dread saturates and dissolves all his joy. The truth of God's Word still further comes home to his conscience, and he begins to be more and more alarmed: nor does he continue long in one stay, for he is growing distressed; the waters are evidently advancing upon him, and he cannot escape. He has come to be altogether dismayed; he hardly knows what will become of him; and within a little while, unless God's mercy shall prevent and enable him to find the true shelter, he will be drenched in despair and washed away in terror. At last he cannot believe that there is any salvation possible for him; he hears death and hell approaching, and his flesh creeps with horror.

Let him alone, and you will find him filled with terror. If his conscience is really awake he will dread to go to sleep at night lest he should never wake again. I have seen such in their dying moments afraid of every thing, fearing alike to live or to die. At last the man is taken away, and where is he? Lost, lost, lost! The hail has swept away his refuge, and the flood has overwhelmed his hiding-place. He hath perished forever from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power. None can find a ransom for him; he rejected the foundation which God laid, and sought to find a refuge for himself, and he has been taken away in his presumption.

III. Time fails us, but I want you to learn

THE LESSON OF WARNING

which I have just strength enough to indicate in a few words. May the Holy Spirit bless it, though I am scarcely able to express my thoughts.

The first lesson of warning is—*let us build on God's foundation.* He knows better than we do what is right and safe. Come, ye wise people, be as children and believe your God. Come, ye who like something of your own imagining, and yield your own fancies for once. Indulge your whims upon some common business, but in this matter it will be safer surely to believe God's Word than to continue dreaming and devising for yourself.

You may be a very intelligent person, but will you compete in intelligence with God? Very likely you may know a hundred times more than *I* do; you may know a thousand times more if you choose to think so, but you cannot have a better hope than mine, for I rest on Jesus Christ alone. You may have what hope you like, but I would not change with you for all your learning. My hope lies in simply coming to Jesus, and depending upon Him, and learning how to love Him. I recommend the same to you. Come, and from the love of Jesus learn how to be a Christian; learn to be holy; learn to be unselfish; learn to live according to God's Word.

There is a power about faith in Christ to give a man the mastery over himself, a power to be found nowhere else. I have seen the drunkard, the thief, the harlot, believe in Jesus Christ and become converted, and from that very day they have become gracious, godly, pure-minded people. I have never seen any thing else make such a change in men as faith does. We may surely speak as we find, and use a remedy of which we see the cure. We have, moreover, tried it ourselves, and therefore we speak what we do know. Therefore come and rest in Jesus, and when you come to die you will at least be able to feel, "I have God's sanction for the foundation I have built upon, and therefore it cannot fail." O may the Holy Spirit bring you to this!

Again, let your refuge be wholly built up of divine truth. Do not try to comfort yourself with a lie. Dear friend, let truth be all in all to you. Counterfeit coin enriches no man. Have nothing to do with false and flattering teachings. If your hope is not built on solid, substantial matters of fact, give it up, and get one that is. If your hope of being saved depends on a dream, or a voice you thought you heard in the air, or some other such nonsense, put it away.

Build upon your Lord's life, death, and resurrection; build upon God's promises; build by the work of the Holy Ghost with faith, and you shall have the reward of eternal life. In a word, rest on Jesus, the eternal Son of God, made flesh, and bleeding to the death for man; build on His complete work and there only, and then if winds blow and waters rage you shall be safe, safe forever. God bless you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS ARE PUBLISHED AND INSERTED IN THIS JOURNAL WITH HIS CONCURRENCE, AND REVISED BY HIMSELF.

THE LONDON BUTCHERS' FESTIVAL.

SOMETHING like an ovation was accorded to Mr. Henry Varley as he presented himself to the vast company that filled the Metropolitan Tabernacle (Mr. Spurgeon's) on Oct. 14th. It was his first public introduction to his old friends the journeyman butchers of Smithfield Market since his return from Australia. The occasion was the *butchers' annual festival*, originated some fourteen years ago by Mr. Varley and his friends. For some years it has been held in the Tabernacle, and now it threatens to overflow even that prince of meeting-houses.

Mr. Varley stated that they had been obliged this year to forego the company of the men employed in the Bermondsey skin market, for want of room. He hoped these brethren would not reward them with "a tanning;" if so, the butchers would be obliged to give them "a hiding" in return. Mr. Varley only meets the butchers face to face once a year, and he makes the most of his opportunity. The points on which he dwelt chiefly were intemperance and gambling. These he strongly denounced, and earnestly besought his hearers to forswear them at once and forever. He drew special attention to the illegal and lawless proceedings of certain members of the *betting fraternity* who frequented the market, inducing the butchers to bet until some of them have scarcely a shilling left to go home with.

Passing from these matters Mr. Varley said that one of the swiftest ways to destruction was for a man or any number of men to come in contact with saving truth and to reject it. Nothing was so hardening as that. With the deepest sorrow he had seen scores of men in the market, who, he believed, were far worse to-day than they were three years ago.

Then came an address by Mr. Spurgeon, who heartily welcomed the butchers, and thanked them for their generosity in connection with the recent bazaar at the Tabernacle. He referred to the notion entertained by some that the interests of masters and men are conflicting. This he scouted as an absurdity, and counselled them to "pull together." Though they lived by killing, that was no reason why they should seek to kill one another. He would raise everybody's salary all round, though he was of opinion that many men could raise their own salaries.

If a man makes himself worth more it would soon be discovered, and if he is worth more he ought to have more. Turning to the questions of drunkenness, gambling, bad language, and improvidence, Mr. Spurgeon, in a tone of playful banter, which is perhaps more effective than mere denunciation, appealed to them not to disgrace "the sky blue" [referring to the color of the English butchers' dress] and destroy their manliness by such evil practices. He backed up his appeals by some terrible illustrations of the tyranny of drink that had come under his own notice.

"I do not know how it is with you in the market, Mr. Spurgeon continued—but working men often act very unjustly towards Christian men who work with them. I know some Christian men who have a hard time of it in the shops where they work. Their fellow-workmen are always jeering and jesting at them, calling them hypocrites, and I don't know what. If they are hypocrites, call them so—if it is any business of yours; but if they are sincere why should they be set upon? I have known drunkards, swearers, and loose-living men whom their fellows have not avoided; on the contrary, they have said they were jolly good fellows.

But the moment these men have been converted, and have become honest, sober, decent members of society, all the others have been down upon them. Such things ought not to be. This is a free country, and if you have a right to swear I have a right not to swear. If one man has a right to drink, another man has a right to be sober. If you have a right to stop away from church on Sunday, I have a right to attend it. It is not fair that working-men should become the objects of petty persecution. Don't do it, you fellows of the true blue; let the sneaks do it. If you do not care to go to heaven, let another man go. By the way, do you know the way to heaven? It is "the first turning to the right, by the cross, and straight on."

AT SINGAPORE BARRACKS.

Recollections by Major Malan.

My First Desire to Show what a Christian Officer could do for Soldiers in a Desolate Place—It is Fulfilled at Singapore—Dreadful State of the Barracks Producing Drunkenness—Nature and Mode of Great Improvements Introduced.

FROM the time that God in His mercy led me to believe His Word my whole heart was set on trying to glorify Him in the army. My desires were all to this end; and when our desires are in accordance with His will, we may leave them to Him to fulfil according to His infinite power and wisdom. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths" (Prov. 3:6).

Often and often, when riding or walking alone, I had thought, "*How I should like to be in command of a body of our men in some desolate island or solitary place, where there was nothing comfortable, and every thing for the men's comfort depended on me!* How I should like to show them what a Christian commanding officer could do! I would let them see, by God's grace, that a Christian can work as well as any other man." This desire had recurred again and again in my mind, and various were the plans I had formed for certain contingencies.

The island of *Singapore* was the place in which *this desire was to be fulfilled.* Thither, in His own time, God led me. I found, on my arrival there, that the men of my regiment were in a state of the utmost discomfort. The barracks were only recently occupied, and had been built in the centre of a tropical jungle. The vegetation was luxuriant enough all round; but as it swarmed with cobras, rats, frogs, and mosquitoes up to within a few feet of the very doors of their barrack-rooms, it can be believed that there was not much comfort.

The snakes came into barracks at pleasure, the frogs croaked all night, the mosquitoes gave the men no sleep. This is not exaggerated. Soldiers who have lived in barracks under such circumstances know how true this sketch is. Add to this intense heat—Singapore being within a few miles of the equator—and the reader can picture to himself the condition of things. There was no clear space for out-door games; and a small parade ground and the high roads, with jungle on either side, were the only places for exercise.

My brother major had done his best to find amusement for the men, had got such things as he could procure in Singapore, and had opened a recreation-room. But this could not, of course, obviate the discomfort of the barracks; and the heat, and sleepless nights, and no out-door recreation, caused a crowded canteen and a great deal of drunkenness. When men do not know better, and have no higher source of power against misery, they will drink.

Such was the state of things when I was put in command of those barracks. I saw the great need of some earnest and decisive measures to check the drunkenness by rendering the men more comfortable; but the obstacles appeared insurmountable. There was *one resource* for me, before which all difficulties vanish, and that was *prayer*. I felt that I was responsible, alike to God and to my country, for the lives of these men; and that, unless something was done, many of them would perish by drink, and others would commit fearful crimes.

I had studied the history of courts-martial, and I knew what things men have done in India under similar circumstances, simply to escape, by means of transportation, from such a state of misery. I remembered *Solomon's prayer for wisdom*, and I opened my Bible, and earnestly did I pray it: "Now, O Lord God, let Thy promise be established; for Thou hast made me. . . . . Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people: for who can judge?" (2 Chron. 1:9, 10).

The Tanglin *Barracks*, at Singapore, are situated on two high plateaux, on one of which stand nine bungalows, and on the other two, forming the hospital. These large buildings, so placed as to allow a free circulation of air between them, covered a large extent of ground. To clear the *jungle* all round them to a sufficient distance was no easy matter. It is one thing to cut down cover in England, another to clear jungle on the equator.

Any encroachment on nature there is vigorously defended by the *red ant.* When any one has had half a dozen of these down his back he does not care for more. This rendered it impracticable for me to employ my fellow-soldiers in clearing the jungle. Moreover, the constant heavy tropical showers make vegetation so rapid that, unless every shrub is not only cut down but rooted up, the jungle will grow again as strong as ever in a few months. There was another difficulty—the barracks were *thatched*, and there was a certain danger in burning the jungle within a few feet of those large roofs.

I rode round the barracks day by day after my arrival thinking. On one occasion I saw a large black cobra, which had been killed in a barrack-room in the morning. I had prayed to God and I felt it to be my duty, for my men's sake to work, leaving the result in His hands. Th jungle must be cleared.

The first beginning was that part which form the garden, between the barracks and the cricke ground. It was then jungle, so high that, stanc ing in the road at the bottom of the path, yo could not see the bungalow above it. I wante to make a short cut for those on duty betwee the main road and the guard and orderly-room

This was begun by the defaulters—men und punishment; but finding that they were annoye by the red ant, I determined to employ nati labor, and sent my own gardener and a coolie cut down the remainder.

The wonderful change the *clearing* of this made in the appearance of the barracks—remc ing gloom, and letting in light—and the inter which the men took in this first beginning, couraged me to go on. Happily for my m the officer commanding the troops at Singap took a deep interest in the British soldier, a when I told him my plans for their comfort, once offered to help me, out of a public fund his disposal for the improvement of Governm property.

With this help, with some assistance from the canteen fund, and giving the men the services of my Malay gardener and coolie, I determined to work in earnest. I issued an order that men who were willing to work for the public benefit and for the improvement of Government property should be excused all parades except commanding officer's parade once a week; names to be sent into the orderly-room. I had the willing consent of the whole detachment—400 men. I obtained pickaxes, spades, wheelbarrows, and grass knives from the commissariat.

Then I put the eight Malay coolies under my gardener—a very intelligent man, who was not a little proud of his authority—and gave him my directions as to the clearing of the jungle. As fast as it was cut down by the Malays the British soldiers gathered it, and then, with the pickaxes, they dug up the roots. I had four companies, and I generally worked two at a time in different places.

I was one day going round the barracks on duty, not long after the first clearing had been made, when I halted outside a barrack-room which stands above the cricket ground. Looking down upon what was then thick jungle between me and the canteen, I said to my sergeant-major, "Sergeant-major, what a capital place this would make for a cricket ground! I'm an old cricketer; I used to be very fond of cricket. I'll tell you what it is, we'll make a cricket ground. It would be good amusement for the men."

I looked at his face. There was a very placid smile upon it; and while he stood strictly at attention, he looked at me, as much as to say, "If you had the whole army here you would not do it." Within six months of that time the jungle was gone, and there, in its place, was a cricket ground, having a turfed level ninety yards long, forty wide, and this level having been made in the slope of a hill!

How often, after it was finished, as I rode or walked up to the hospital to talk to some sick comrade, have I seen the slopes of the barracks covered with men watching their comrades at play; and how I have lifted up my heart in thanks and *praise to God*, who gave me the wisdom, energy, and faith in Him to attempt and carry out such an undertaking!

REVOLUTIONARY EUROPE.

Nihilism in Russia—Socialism in Germany—Communism in France—Nascent Socialism in England —America—European Thrones only Supported by Military Force—Conscripted Soldiers Democratic—Coming Increase of Priestly Authority—Tendency toward War, not Peace.

Notwithstanding the present revival of trade in America and consequent improvement in the iron and coal markets in England, there are abundant *premonitory signs* of an approaching "*distress of nations* with perplexity," and of the latter day unparalleled "*time of trouble*," preparatory to the Second Coming of Christ (Dan. 12:1, 2; Matt. 24:21; Rev. 16:12–21, etc.).

These *premonitory signs* were with singular ability grouped together in an article in a London daily paper—the *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 8th—which is characterized as describing in a calm and comprehensive manner a condition of things which demands the serious consideration of thoughtful men and women everywhere. May the Church of the Living God be led into deep searchings of heart and be instant in prayer that she may have such understanding of these signs of the times that she shall know what, as the Lord's Israel, she ought to do. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"It is a commonplace among English Radicals that the revolutionary epoch in politics is virtually closed. That they should entertain such an opinion in the existing state of the world proves how completely they have lost the power of appreciating the real drift of events. The truth is, we apprehend, that since the outbreak of the French Revolution what we may call *the volcanic forces of society were never so threatening as at the present time*; and their action was much less diffused then than it is now.

"NIHILISM AND PANSLAVISM IN RUSSIA.

"At that time Russia, for instance, was hardly affected by the wild passions which convulsed Western Europe; but in our day the majority of her population are profoundly discontented. The more moderate section of the community would doubtless be satisfied if some approach were made to the establishment of constitutional government. The *Nihilists* as a body, however, demand nothing short of complete social reorganization, and their agitation is made all the more dangerous by the fact that it is associated with a vehement enthusiasm for the scheme of *a vast Panslavonic empire*. Moreover, agrarian discontent has largely increased of late in Russia, and the government is evidently disturbed by the progress it has already made.

"SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.

"In Germany the police have succeeded for the moment in silencing the Socialists; but no sensible German imagines that the party has been broken up or even weakened. The Socialist leaders themselves do not hide their conviction that Prince Bismarck did them excellent service in treating them with undue severity; indeed, some of them assert that at the next general election for the Imperial Parliament they will be able to double the number of their representatives.

"COMMUNISM IN FRANCE.

"The Imperialists, the Legitimists, and the Orleanists, however widely they may differ on other subjects, are agreed in believing that *France has still before her a period of revolutionary excitement*; and though the Communist rising was rigorously suppressed, it does not follow that Communist sentiment and opinion were suppressed also. The politicians who admire the Radicals Blanqui and Rochefort may think it expedient to keep in the background for a time; but it would be unreasonable to suppose that they have abandoned what were quite recently their most fervent beliefs, or that they would fail to take advantage of an opportunity favorable to their hopes.

"BUDDING SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

"England herself is not, perhaps, quite so safe from the general peril as she is usually represented to be both here and on the Continent. At this moment an *agitation* of a distinctly *Socialistic* character is being carried on in *Ireland*; and although we need not fear that Englishmen of any class in our day would go so far as to clamor for the death of landlords who insist on their legal rights, there are symptoms of change among ourselves which it would be folly to neglect.

"The English working classes seem to be indifferent to the proposals which the Liberals hope to carry after regaining office. They manifest but a languid interest in schemes for the redistribution of seats and for the extension of the franchise; and most of them have no friendship for a so-called 'reform of the land laws' which seems designed to bring as much land as possible into the hands of prosperous manufacturers. *What they really care about is the relation of capital and labor*; and it is easy to detect in many of the speeches and writings which are understood to represent their genuine opinions a 'note' that has hitherto been absent from English politics.

"In disputes between *employers and employed there is an exasperation of feeling* which was unknown to previous generations except in times of severe distress. The conviction that labor is inadequately rewarded at all times, and that wages ought to be regulated by some other law than that of supply and demand, is steadily gaining ground. English as well as other men are capable of being misled, and it appears certain that many of our fellow-countrymen have begun to accept principles which, if logically carried out, lead to *Socialism*.

"AMERICA.

"In America a considerable party has been formed whose aims are of the most extreme *Socialist* character—a fact which is not only noteworthy as another sign of an almost universal tendency, but because working men in England are naturally more apt to accept American doctrine on such matters than the teaching of French and German reformers.

"EUROPEAN THRONES ONLY SUPPORTED BY MILITARY FORCE.

"The leading Continental nations are very much in this position—they depend for the maintenance of order on their armies. But for the great *military force* at their disposal the thrones of 'the three Emperors' of Russia, Germany, and Austria would be far less stable than they are; nor is it certain that M. Grévy would be long in the Elysée if the French Republic trusted solely to moral support. People on the Continent have become so accustomed to this state of things that few of them reflect upon it.

"In all great historical epochs public order has been secured chiefly by the existence of institutions in harmony with the general sentiment; and when rulers have been compelled to rely principally upon *physical force*, an outburst of destructive passion has rarely been far off. What makes the present position of Europe yet more exceptional is, that the *weapon of military force*, which is alone regarded as effective against revolution, may at any moment break in the hands of those who use it. *Hired mercenary troops* are, as a rule, the ready instrument of the government which pays them; but

"NATIONAL ARMIES OF CONSCRIPTED SOLDIERS, such as those which now prevail all over the Continent, can be trusted only when the executive power fairly represents popular aspirations. It is well known that in Russia and Germany every regiment contains men in sympathy with Communists and Socialists. How far the evil has spread no one can tell; but *Socialist agitators*, who recognize as clearly as their opponents the more important points in the situation, *spare no pains to influence the soldiery* who belong to the working class, where their principles are most prevalent, and their success may already have been greater than is commonly believed.

"Another ominous fact is, that the enemies of existing institutions are not all of them mere ignorant fanatics. Herr Bamberger quite recently warned the Germans that one of the chief dangers of the new movement was that it received support from writers of considerable intellectual eminence. A good many men of ardent temperament, being destitute of the religious faith which would have given them an outlet for their feelings, find a substitute for it in *devotion to vague schemes for the regeneration of mankind*. Agitators of this kind bring to their work an amount of zeal which would have won for them a high place as Jesuit missionaries, and which is all the more likely to be lasting because of its apparent disinterestedness.

"It is probable that one of the first results of the strong revolutionary impulse in Europe will be an

"INCREASE OF PRIESTLY AUTHORITY.

"There is hardly a continental country in which the cry has not been raised that the evils which threaten society are due to the decay of religion, and the clergy of all persuasions are profiting by the general alarm. They proclaim that unless they are allowed to control education ruin must overtake society, and the *frightened middle class* is beginning to ask whether, after all, their pretensions are wholly baseless. The constituencies of Prussia are apparently about to send to Berlin a Parliament which will place the schools of that country under the sway of the Ultramontanes and the extreme section of the orthodox Lutherans.

"In France the Government has been made aware that public opinion would not support it in depriving the Jesuits of their present hold over the educational system of the nation; and one of the principal aims of the new *Austrian Ministry* must be to restore to the Church some of the powers which were recently taken from it. The influence of Communism, therefore, tends to divide society into two classes widely separated from each other—*Socialists* without any belief in the creeds handed down from preceding generations, the other and *Ultramontanes* subject to an exacting ecclesiastical tyranny.

" TENDENCY TOWARD WAR, NOT PEACE.

" The same causes may be expected to have a profound effect on the action of Government. Prince Bismarck has more than once appeared to imply that the demand of workmen for State aid in the establishment of productive associations is worthy of consideration and the existence of a 'Christian Socialist' party in Germany, which is to some extent favored by the Court, is an indication that the German Government may promote Socialism in some form.

" Probably, also, some of those who control the political destines of Europe will sooner or later believe themselves compelled to divert popular attention from home difficulties by the *excitement of war. The Russo-Turkish war was caused in part by the Czar's dread of Nihilism, and the fear of Socialism may easily lead in other countries to similar consequences.* The masses can never be satisfied while excessive military burdens cripple industry; and Bismarck, at least, may hope that another great war would enable him to reduce these burdens by half."

THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

(*Continued from page* 895.)

A WELCOME BEQUEST.

OUTER things at Eureka House looked wondrously little changed to Ellen Morris. What stranger would have deemed that the pleasant English country-house, with its velvet lawn, its neatly clipped yews, its flower-beds bright with flowers, had been the scene but a week before of a death, and a death so fearful! The ruts in the gravel-drive had been made by the wheels of a hearse, but nature had smiled as brightly as the black procession had moved past the laurel border, as if some bridal train had gone by!

So exactly did the lodge and its grounds now look as they had looked a twelvemonth before, that it almost seemed as if Ellen had but awoke from a long terrible dream, and that she would find her mistress reclining as usual on her sofa with her knitting in her hand, and perhaps catch a glimpse of her master, in his blue spectacles, stooping over his desk!

Alec Stewart met Robert and his sister at the door of Eureka House; he had been waiting for their arrival. The old servant's usually gloomy face wore a more kindly expression than was often seen on his hard features, as he rung the hand of Ellen Morris. He then turned to her brother.

" Tell Effie," said Alec, " that Miss Temple wishes me to remain with her here; she is now my mistress, and says that I am never to leave her. I am trusted with the charge of arranging, and packing, and numbering my poor master's collection; it is going off to London next week, cobras and all.

" I can scarcely believe yet that all will so soon be cleared off. Depend on't, we'll be having mothers' meetings, and Bible classes, and children's feasts, and all that kind of thing, some day in the big room in which the books, the bottles, and the beetles, the cases of butterflies and the cases of shells, the skulls, and the adders used to be kept!

" Poor master! poor master! he little thought how soon all would be changed in his house!" And with a sigh to the memory of one for whom few others breathed a sigh, the old butler led the way to what was still the Museum.

Edith passed almost all her time in this room, painful as were to her the associations which it brought to her mind. Miss Temple was engaged in arranging for the removal of the collection which Mr. Vernon had bequeathed to the nation, and also in looking over his papers, for she was his sole executrix as well as his heiress.

Edith's earnest hope was that she might find amongst these papers that recipe for the cure of snake-bites which would be of such priceless value to the world. The death of the discoverer of the antidote did not weaken his niece's faith in the balsam, for in his case the remedy had not been applied until life had been almost extinct.

So anxious was Edith that mankind should not lose the benefit of Mr. Vernon's discovery, that she would readily, nay joyfully, have exchanged all the property which he had left her for one scrap of paper containing the recipe for his balsam.

But the philosopher, in his dread of any one's finding out his secret, and so robbing him of his expected reward, had delayed committing his recipe to paper. To write it out to his dictation had been, indeed, one of the employments which Mr. Vernon had destined for his niece on that " to-morrow " which his eyes were never to see. The philosopher's great secret perished with him' and—far less to be regretted—so did the thoughts on—or rather against—revealed religion, with which the unhappy sceptic had intended to startle the world.

Miss Temple, attired in mourning, was seated at the desk before which she had passed so many wearisome hours in writing to her uncle's dictation. She was using, in making memoranda of Mr. Vernon's property, the very paper and pens which he had provided for her to write out his infidel book.

His museum, as yet, looked quite unchanged, save by the absence of the wire-covered case containing the serpents. With feelings of horror the heiress of the dead man had regarded that case, and, until it could be sent to London, had ordered its removal to another part of the house. Edith could not have looked without a shudder upon those adders, remembering the fate of their owner.

Edith rose from her seat on the entrance of Ellen and her brother, whom she received with her wonted kindness of manner. When, at the lady's desire, they had taken seats, she at once proceeded to business.

" I asked you to come here, Ellen," said Miss Temple, addressing her late aunt's attendant, " that I might myself tell you of what has afforded me sincere satisfaction. I found, on opening my poor uncle's will, that he has given a strong proof of his regret for—for what happened last autumn. Save the bequest of his collection to the nation, Mr. Vernon left but one legacy, and that was to you."

Miss Temple turned and read from the parchment will which lay on the table before her, "*I give and bequeath to my late servant, Ellen Morris, one thousand pounds, duty free, in consideration of my having, by mistake, done her a wrong.*"

" A thousand pounds!" exclaimed the astonished Ellen and her brother in a breath.

" I am very thankful that my uncle has thus remembered you," continued the lady, who, had he not done so, would have herself supplied the omission. " It is interesting, it is gratifying to me, to find that this will is dated the very day after that on which Mr. Vernon saw my dear aunt's ring on my finger. This proves that my uncle lost no time in trying to repair a wrong, when he discovered that one had unintentionally been committed."

Edith was pleased to be able to say a kind word of the dead, thankful to have something to lighten the gloom which shrouded the memory of him who had passed from the earth.

Ellen was moved to tears by the unexpected good news, which came to her like a sudden rain upon a dry and parched-up land. She had suffered so much, she had become so accustomed to look on life as a dreary desert, that she could hardly at first believe that joy and gladness might yet be her own.

Not that Ellen was covetous of wealth, or loved money for its own sake; no, the lust of the eye had never been her besetting temptation; but the gold bequeathed to her would give her the means of repaying her debt to her brother, would enable the Hollands and herself to remain in their own happy home.

It was this thought which made Ellen so joyfully smile through her tears as she turned towards Robert and said, " You and dear Effie will never leave England and Salem now!"

Robert too was glad to remain in his English home, and though he always felt bitterly the wrong Mr. Vernon had done his sister, he was grateful for the aid which came from the philosopher's will. Effie too was delighted to stay at Salem, and the little farm-house was the home of a happy family.

That this is a changing world is an observation often made with pensive sadness, and yet how frequently have we cause to bless Providence that this *is* a world of change.

Certainly Alec Stewart looked as if some softening change had passed over him, as on a clear September day he walked up the little path from the gate to the door of his niece's home. The hard, severe expression had passed away from his eyes; it almost seemed as if his cheek had fewer furrows, his brow fewer wrinkles, than when, in the opening chapter, he was introduced to the reader. Alec looked with pleasure at the climbing rose-bush, still whitened with bloom, which mantled the dwelling, and the boughs of the orchard trees bending under the weight of rosy fruit.

Even Alec could now drink in pleasure from the sound of murmuring bees and the cheerful cackle of poultry. Effie was singing within, at her work, and Alec stopped for a moment before he entered the dwelling.

" Yes, Salem is a choice little nest," muttered the old man to himself, " though I say still that I would never give such a name to any spot on this sinful earth."

Alec carried into the house a parcel which, strange as it seemed to Effie, looked exactly like that which he had brought to her as a present just before her marriage. He found her in her pretty little parlor, with Ellen Morris at her side. Across Effie's knees again lay her wedding-dress of gray silk; the sisters were engaged in doing something to its gay pink trimming.

" What, Effie, busy with your finery?" cried Alec, with a little of his old roughness of manner, as, after kissing his niece and shaking hands with her sister, he took a chair and sat down beside them.

" I find that my husband thinks that my dress will look better, more suitable, without this quilling," said Effie, using her scissors briskly to remove the adornment which she had sewn on with such pride.

The young wife was now watchful against her besetting folly, fondness for dress, that form of the love of the world which she had found to be such a snare. Her ornament should be, Effie thought, the same which Miss Temple always wore—*the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit*, such as becomes a Christian woman.

If Robert were pleased—and Robert *was* pleased with his wife's more simple attire—Effie would no longer care to attract the admiration of other eyes than those of her husband.

" Well, Effie, my girl, have you no curiosity to know what I've brought in this parcel?" asked Alec, tapping with his bony finger the brown paper cover.

Effie's reply was a smile.

" I've a notion that you did not care much for that first present which I made you," observed the old man; " leastways, I judged as much from your looks. I dare say that you've shoved my picture into the hay-loft—or may be into the fire!"

" No, indeed," replied Effie, who was smiling no longer; " the picture is hung up where I can see it most often, and the text-card, 'Love not the World,' is beneath it. That picture does me almost as much good, I think, as Miss Temple's present to me on my marriage, though Robert and I use every day that little book which she gave me."

" You see, Effie, I prized my old picture," said Alec, " though I fancied somehow that you did not. So, thinks I to myself, I'll exchange that print for another that looks newer and brighter. But since you care for the old print, never will old Alec take it away; you shall have this to hang beside it, for as they are of the same size and are framed alike, they will make a good pair.'

While Alec was speaking, he removed the own paper, and he now held up to the view of ie and Ellen a beautiful engraving. The sub- t of the picture was Moses lifting up in the derness the brazen serpent, that the Israelites tten by fiery snakes might look upon it and e.

Effie and her sister greatly admired the print, d agreed that it would look very well as a pair the picture of the wreck.

"It's not the mere look of the thing that I'm nking about," observed Alec Stewart; "some- w the two subjects seem to my mind to fit o each other. The one shows death and ruin, l the other life and rescue."

"You learn much from Miss Temple," ob- ved Ellen.

"I have learned much," replied Alec, with ing. "Though gray hairs are on my head, I not too old to gain knowledge; nay, rather, older I grow I find I've the more to learn; I've some things to unlearn besides. You " he continued very gravely, "a death like t of my poor master was enough to make a reflect, though he should never have re- ted before.

"That death seemed to my mind a kind of able; I could never see an adder again with- thinking of the old Serpent, and the poison er his fangs. But my lady has taught me to k not only of the venom, but of the cure. T ook at what the Serpent has done, and is do- in this poor sinful world, would bring our rts to despair if we could not also look up- d in hope to Him who has bruised the Ser- t's head.

When my lady unclasps her Bible and asks lessing on her reading, I say to myself, 'In . Book lies the recipe for the cure of the on of sin; and that cure is faith in the Son od, who died for sinners.'"

he old man spoke with deep emotion, for Miss Temple's teaching had been blest to his . His past life, full of trouble, now seemed to a discipline which had prepared the soil for good seed, which was now bringing forth d fruit.

esently Robert came in from his work, and our gathered round the family table—a pleas- happy party.

e little home at Salem became one of the ntest, cheeriest spots in England, where peace harmony rested like an atmosphere of light. ert paid no more visits to the "Crown," and wife faithfully sought to make his home an ctive place to him. Miss Temple lived at ka House, and gave her life to the one object rving the Master she loved so well, and do- His work among all classes of her neighbors. often visited Salem, and, like Alec, her faith- ervant, confessed that the little farm had an opriate name.

, with calm rest and joyful hope filling the s of all concerned, we take leave of them, write

END OF THE STORY OF EFFIE HOLLAND.

HE MESSAGE TO THE CHURCHES.

Lesson for Nov. 30. Rev. 3:1 12. Golden Text, ver. 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HE message to the churches, which is con d in Rev. 2 and 3, was no doubt in the first nce a direct commission to each of the ches in Asia which are here addressed by . But at the same time it seems to have a etical signification, and we can easily de- he description of the Christian Church in al during successive ages, in these appeals her Lord and Head. In the message to hurch at Ephesus we detect the first falling from "first love" and "first works." In o Smyrna, the times of persecution: "Fear of those things which thou shalt suffer," -with this church no fault is found; to Per- s, the rising of heresies within the church; hyatira, the supremacy of Rome—" that n Jezebel."

en in the message to the church of Sardis, which begins our subject, we come to the time of the Reformation: "These things saith He that hath the seven spirits of God, and the seven stars; I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." This is the true description of the great body of those who came out from the errors of Rome, who changed with the times: they got a name to live—the truth in doctrine, without the power of real spiritual life; and there are tens of thousands in our Protestant lands to whom this applies in the present day. Oh how often do we hear men and women saying that they have been brought up religiously, that all these things—Christian doctrine, pious habits, etc.—are theirs from childhood; and yet, unconsciously to themselves, the life is wanting: "thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

The Lord's appeal is, "Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, and are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God." No lack was found in the works of Thyatira; but the works of Sardis were wanting. There is something heartrending in the thought, that men who escape from legality, and know the glorious "liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free" (Gal. 5:1), should presume upon that liberty, and say, We are saved by Christ; what need is there that we should deny ourselves and live so unlike the world? We are not going back unto legality again. Alas! this has been too much the tone of Protestantism since the time of the Reformation; liberty has been used "for an occasion to the flesh," and God has not found our works perfect before Him.

"Be watchful." How many have failed through the want of watchfulness and recollectedness of spirit! There is all the difference between a legal watchfulness, when our eye is ever on ourselves, and a divine watchfulness, in which the eye is ever on Him. Then "strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die," *i.e.*, do not tolerate lukewarmness. Then "Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent." We are responsible for all we have received and heard. It is a humbling and bitter truth, that with the influx of life and knowledge, which came in at the time of the Reformation, Christian holiness lowered its standard, so that, with all her fearful errors, the Church of Rome has remained by her writings a standing witness to saintliness of life.

The coming of the Lord is made a threat to Sardis (ver. 3), while it is a promise to Philadelphia (ver. 11): "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy." Those who lead holy lives in the midst of a church which is lifeless—these the Lord calls "worthy." Therefore, courage, you who bear in a hidden martyrdom the burden of dead congregations upon your hearts, who cannot hide from yourselves the state of things around you. There is One who understands you, and who mingles His tears with yours; you are not alone, and as you walk with Him here, you shall walk with Him in white hereafter. This is the only church in which the Lord says any thing about the names of His people; here they are twice mentioned: "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis, etc." "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before His angels." Because they are few, so much the more precious are they.

To all the seven churches there is the same exhortation: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." It is as though He had to look long and far to find an ear on the strain for His voice. Let us hear especially what he has to say to the churches of Philadelphia and Laodicea, for they describe the times in which we are now living. First the Lord speaks of Himself as He that is holy, He that is true, He that hath the key of David, He that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth (Isa. 22:22), and He says, "I know thy works: behold! I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." Now in the wonderful opening of China, Japan, India, Africa, and then nearer home, Italy, Spain, France, etc., to the preaching of the Gospel, we see the open door which no man can shut; and let all who have souls upon their hearts know that a door which seems to be shut *cannot* remain so at the present time. He who has the key is with us, and no human opposition has power to stop us; we have neither to consider circumstances nor people, but the Lord's will and the Lord's Word alone.

"Thou hast a *little* strength, and hast kept My Word." By the blessing of God, our age is one of Bible study, and the Lord recognizes it: "thou hast kept My Word." And again (ver. 10), "Because thou hast kept the Word of My patience, I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." This passage we have before noticed a few weeks since as a promise of exemption from the time of the great tribulation. That which we have to consider in this message to the church in Philadelphia most especially is, the great responsibility which lies upon us because God has set before us an open door. There is no excuse in our days for a disobedience to the command of the risen Jesus: Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature (Mark 16:15); we are witnesses to Him (Luke 24:48), and we are guilty if we do not bear our witness.

It would seem as though a special reward, which may be lost or won, belongs to this church of Philadelphia: "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Thus it is possible to lose a crown which is held out to us. The hours before the Lord comes are so precious, the issues at stake are so great, the call to a life of separation unto God so urgent, and the answer to that call is so rare, so little understood, that the warning to hold fast is indeed needful. And may we not imply that those who do not hold fast, and who do lose their crown, will not be kept from the hour of temptation, etc.? (ver. 10.)

But "him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God;" not only a living stone, but a pillar of beauty and of strength; "and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and my new name"—the name of the bride, the Lamb's wife, Rev. 21:9, 10, and the name of the bridegroom. Is not this to say that Christ will make up the number of those who shall be His bride from this church of Philadelphia, or "brotherly love," as the name means, and which is beautifully significant of the love which exists between Christians of all denominations in our own day, who are following the Lamb at any cost.

If it is so—and in these things which are not clearly revealed we dare not be absolute—then the church of Laodicea represents those who are left behind when the wise virgins go out to meet the bridegroom; those who have no oil in their lamps, who must be purified, and made white, and tried. But before the time of trouble comes, the Lord sends a message to arouse these sleepers from their sloth, and says, "I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert *cold* or hot." Better to be altogether without Christ, than to have Christ and to remain lukewarm about His cause, about lost, perishing sinners. The tone of the Laodiceans is, "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing"—self-satisfaction while souls are perishing, looking only to the salvation of their own souls resting in the work of Christ, without doing any thing for Him; and He says thou "knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee, etc." (ver. 18.) "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten;" and no Christian will ever be purified without chastisement. God teach us all He has to say to us through these messages to the churches.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Speech of the English Prime Minister at the annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of London is always anticipated with considerable interest, as foreshadowing to some extent the policy of the government for the ensuing year. It will be remembered that on former occasions warlike expressions from Lord Beaconsfield excited some alarm. This year that statesman has delivered a speech of a more reassuring character. He said, the aspect of affairs was much more satisfactory than when he last spoke on a similar occasion. Business was now being done which three months ago would have been deemed impossible. The opinion of Her Majesty's Government was that the revival was of a permanent and lasting character. He thought official returns demonstrated that fact, because they showed the revival was not local, but universal. During a period of unprecedented depression there had not been a single meeting to express discontent with the national institutions. He wished brethren in Ireland would be a little more emulous of this example. He was at a loss to comprehend how the Irish people had brought themselves to believe that the best remedy for economical distress was political agitation and social confusion.

It was anticipated that Lord Beaconsfield would throw some light on the relations of England with Turkey and the future of Afghanistan, but the Premier was reticent on both points. The speech, if not absolutely encouraging hopes of peace, is not disquieting, and may therefore be considered negatively satisfactory.

In Afghanistan the Suspicion which Rested on the Ameer of complicity in the massacre of the British, and which was temporarily removed, is again settling down on him. It has been discovered that, on the night before the battle of Charasiab, he was visited in his tent by Naib Mahomed, who commanded the enemy next day, and it is also stated that a plan for his escape from the English camp has been found out. Yakoob Khan is now practically a prisoner. A sentry is constantly on duty inside his quarters, and a strong guard is on duty outside.

The mystery as to what has been done with *the bodies of Major Cavagnari* and his companions has not yet been solved. British relations with the tribes are assuming a more satisfactory aspect, it is reported; but the treachery of the Afghans will necessitate the presence of a considerable force if British ascendancy is to be maintained at Cabul.

The Pope Sent an Address to the Italian Church Congress, at Bologna, recently, in which he spoke of the desirability of reinstating him in his ancient rights, so that he can apply the remedies required by the evils existing in Italy. He also referred to the renown of the Pontifical See in other centuries, when it admitted no other limits on the globe than those of its own divine jurisdiction. He said it should be the desire of Italians to restore, as far as possible, the integrity and plenitude of that religious and civil liberty of which the Vicar of Christ is in need. The wretched condition of the States of the Church while under the rule of the Popes were a scandal to Europe. History shows the remedies spoken of either are unknown to the Popes, or they have been culpably negligent in not applying them when they had opportunity. "God has numbered their kingdom and finished it," for they have been "weighed in the balances" and have been "found wanting."

The Most Sanguinary Naval Fight of Modern days occurred November 8th, at the capture of the Peruvian ram Huascar, which has done such notable service in the South American war. There were two hundred and sixteen men on the Peruvian vessel, and of these only eighty-six survived, and they were all badly wounded. The two Chilian vessels which effected the capture were the Cochrane and the Blanco, both heavily armed ships. The admiral commanding the Huascar was killed, and the three principal officers who successively assumed command after his death were shot down almost instantaneously. The scene on board must have been horrible. An eye-witness writes:

"After an hour and a half's fighting the ram was almost shot to pieces. Still, she discharged her sole remaining cannon at long intervals, as the very turret itself, only thirty feet in diameter, was choked up with the debris of the shattered gun and *the bodies of the dead and wounded.* Below, in the dark passages and narrow compartments of the ship, the scene was frightful. The dying and those who had perished were heaped indiscriminately together, and every few moments a shot from the enemy came crashing through the sides of the doomed vessel."

When at length a boarding party secured the vessel she seemed a veritable shamble. Scenes of carnage like this, show how fearful are the passions of which the heart of man has been the home since the Fall.

Reform in Turkey is being Insisted Upon by the British Minister at Constantinople, but the Sultan, true to the character of his race, is apathetic in the matter. The British Minister is said to have threatened to send for the fleet if the concessions demanded were not promptly made. He has also protested to the Porte against the appointment of Kaimtl Pacha as Counsellor to the Grand Vizier. Kiamtl Pacha was recently dismissed from the Governorship of Aleppo at the joint request of the English and French Ambassadors, because of his oppression of the Armenians at Zeitchun. It is reported that Hafuz Pacha, who is appointed Minister of Police, is the same whose punishment was demanded in Lord Derby's celebrated dispatch after the Bulgarian atrocities.

These appointments indicate that British influence at Constantinople is not so powerful as was believed, and they confirm the suspicion that the Sultan is negotiating with a view to an alliance with his late antagonist, Russia. If this is so, diplomatists believe a general European war cannot be averted.

Mrs. Henry Varley Vouches for the Truth of two cases which have come under her own notice of excellent young men ruined by the Argyll Rooms, the most notorious dancing saloon in London, which the authorities ordered to be closed last year on account of its infamy. In one case a family had at its head a devoted Christian husband and wife, with a bright happy home, cheerful and intelligent society, and a number of sons and daughters, most of whom had decided early for Christ. One of the sons had occupation near the Argyll Rooms, and by some means found his way to the amusements inside its walls. He became acquainted with one of the poor girls frequenting there, and in a few short months became entangled, and so disgusted with himself that despair took hold of him, and one morning he was a suicide.

The other case was that of a son in a prominent Christian family in a northern manufacturing town. He came to London, and was urged by his mother to seek out the friendship of a minister, then pastor of a church near London. But led by some evil companions once to visit that snare of the devil, he repeated his visits. An unholy alliance with one of the girls with whom he danced was formed, and extravagance marked his career. Money must be had for his fast life, and he robbed his employer. Late one Saturday evening the minister and his wife were summoned to Newgate prison to see the son of the northern citizen—*a felon!* Early on Monday they visited him. The bitterness of remorse and guilt was upon him. The depths to which he had fallen he now realized. But it was too late, for justice had hold upon him, and his trial ended in penal servitude.

A Heathen in London.—At an Inquest reported in the London *Telegraph* of October 30th, a boy aged fourteen testified: "I cannot read or write. I have never been to school or chapel. I never knew it was wrong to tell a lie. *I never heard of God.*" The boy is described as an under-sized, sickly-looking, half-fed child, and the day before had been "in charge" of a van jointly with another boy of thirteen, when a wagon coming along knocked his comrade down and, the wheel passing over him, killed him. I is humiliating to think that with all the effort put forth by the Christian Church to evangeliz the world, and the distances missionaries trave to preach the Gospel in savage lands, it shoul be possible for a boy in London, fourteen years age, to make such a confession. He must hav come in contact with Christian men every da but it appears "no man had cared for his soul."

Prince Bismarck has Earned the Name of t Man of Iron, but his life shows he is not destitu of the softer qualities which characterize c dinary mortals. An incident related by a frier of the Chancellor's proves his susceptibility the tender passion. "In his rambles among t Tyrolese Mountains, Prince Bismarck, then si ply Herr von Bismarck, was obliged to have r course at Mitterhad, a small village near Mera to the hospitality of a well-to-do farmer, call Holgner, with whose only daughter Josefa, a bea tiful girl, he fell in love. His affections were ciprocated by the fair one, but the father, a big ed Roman Catholic, interposed, stoically forb ding all further intercourse with the heretic P testant, who, after vain endeavors to appease t animosity of the parent, finally left Mitterh and reluctantly withdrew his suit.

"The poor girl, whose love and sympath were so rudely tried, had eventually to marr Catholic farmer at Salzburg, where she died af giving birth to a daughter. In one of his vi to Gastein, Prince Bismarck, whose name ha the mean time become famous all over the wo retraced his steps to the scene of his early mance, and on hearing of the sad fate of his mer love transferred his interest to her ch The latter, now grown and regarded as the picture of her mother, recently celebrated wedding, on which festive day she was grati by a kind letter and costly presents from mother's rejected suitor."

The London "Lancet," the organ of medical profession, gives utterance to a not warning on the subject of drinking. It s "We hear fearful stories about certain fash able establishments in London, where bo and glasses are kept for the use of ladies find it inconvenient, if not dangerous, to ind in alcoholic propensities at home, and we k that the 'city' (our down town) matutinal of sherry at 11 A.M., followed by intermi drams throughout the working hours of the with the addition of bitters when the cl hour arrives, is by no means given up in Court (the London Wall Street) and Cornh

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Spurgeon's Autograph Album; containin Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's and Mrs. Spurgeon's graphs, may be obtained at 63 Bible Hous through any bookseller. Price 75 cents. *The and Trowel* says: "Our young friends deli possessing birthday albums, and here is one w fit for a queen. We will say nothing of the con but the binding is simply gorgeous. . . . a dainty birthday present, and is equal to an have gone before it; we think we might vent say that it is second to none. Facsimiles of tographs of the pastor and his wife are given i proper places."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. The Circulation is 165,000 Copies.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1879. 13th Year. No. 58—New Series.

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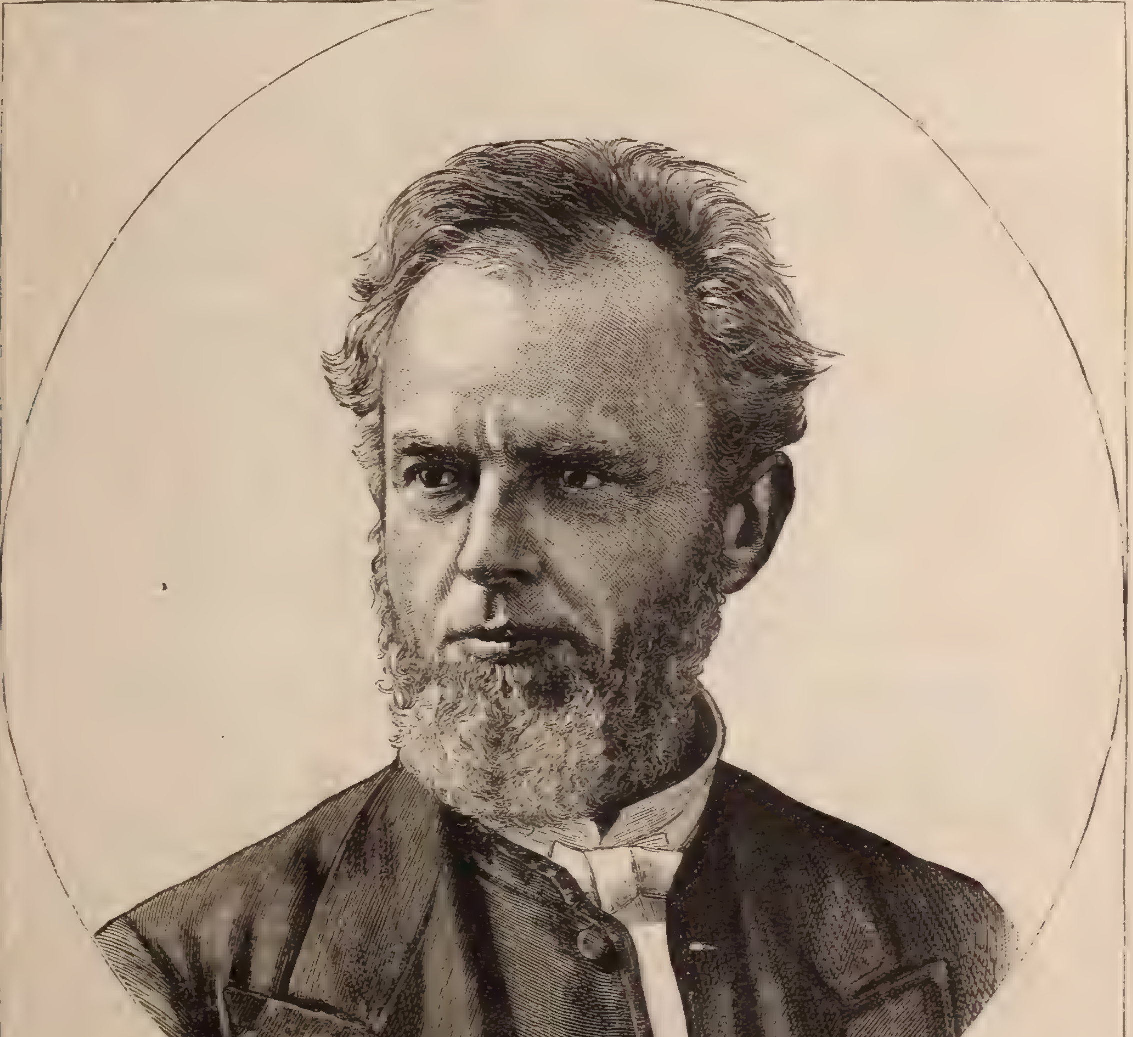

REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D., Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York.

REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D.

Early Years—Appointed Professor in University of N. C.—His Various Labors—Visits Europe—Settles in New York—The Church of the Strangers—Its Origin and Growth—An Anniversary Sermon—Mr. Vanderbilt's Gift—Dr. Deems' Talents—His Power of Work—The Sunday Magazine—His Division of his Time—Story of his Punctuality—His Writings—"That Great Book"—His Preaching—Its Practical Character—Proposed Trip to Palestine—"The Sisters of the Stranger."

THE Church of the Strangers, in Mercer Street, New York, though comparatively new, has come to be recognized among the foremost churches of this city; and its influence for good is felt not only throughout the United States, but in other and distant countries.

In this case we can give our readers no more suitable and welcome portrait than that of the man whom the Lord has chosen to be at the head of the organization which is working so much good for His kingdom.

Charles F. Deems was born in Baltimore, Md., on the 4th of December, 1820. His father was a Methodist minister, and his training was an object of special care with him and with his mother. Having been early converted, and choosing the profession of the ministry, he was sent, at the age of fifteen, to Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania, where he graduated with credit in 1839. He then received an appointment as North Carolina agent of the American Bible Society. Two years afterward, at the immature age of *twenty-one*, he became Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Within a year of that time Dr. Deems married the lady who has now been his devoted companion for thirty-seven years, and who is as much respected and beloved by his parishioners as any pastor could wish his wife to be. She was a native of New York State.

After occupying the Professor's chair in North Carolina University for five years, he was invited to the chair of Natural Science in Randolph Macon College, Virginia. In 1846 he was elected a delegate to the General Conference in St. Louis; and while on duty there he was called to the Presidency of the Greensboro' Female College in North Carolina. In that important position he remained five years, and won the warmest encomiums from the friends of education in the South. While there he received the degree of D.D., in 1852, from the Randolph Macon College. His second degree, of LL.D., was conferred on him the year before last by the University of North Carolina.

In 1858, after several years, of ordinary pastoral work, Dr. Deems was again elected a delegate to the General Conference.

In 1860 he spent six months in a visit to England and the continent of Europe. He landed again in New York the day after Abraham Lincoln's election as President, and as he came up from the Battery and noticed the returns posted up at the *Herald* office, he took in the prospect at once, and went home prepared for the outbreak of civil war.

Soon after his return he was offered the Professorship of History in North Carolina University, but declined it. He organized a male and female school in Wilson County, N. C. Moreover, during the five years previous to 1865 he was Presiding Elder of the Wilmington and Newbern District in the same State.

In the year just named Dr. Deems came to

NEW YORK,

little dreaming of the work God had set for him in this great city. He made a start in journalism, for which he has had a strong taste all his life, and hoped by that means to promote union and good-fellowship between the North and the South. For although himself a Southerner born, he has all his life known how to love men as sons of God and citizens of *the world*.

He was then much straitened in circumstances, and having barely sleeping accommodation for his family, was obliged to seek the shelter and warmth of a neighboring *billiard saloon* for a study, and there, amid the incessant knocking of the balls, he wrote on his knee most of the articles for his journal, a paper about the size of the New York *Observer*, which, as a leading publisher in this city said, attained greater success in one year than any other paper he had known. But his life from that time comes to be identified with the history of

THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS.

A lady who heard Dr. Deems preach in Jersey City extorted a promise from him that he would preach a few times in New York; so he hired the small chapel of the University for one month, and became personally responsible for the rent.

The first sermon was preached on the 22d of July, 1866, fifteen persons, inclusive of the five members of the preacher's family, comprising the congregation. As he was not bound by his promise for more than a month, the Doctor announced on the third Sunday to his hearers, who had largely increased in numbers, that his course of services would terminate the following week, for he was unable financially to go on. A gentleman present at once proposed that a collection should be taken at each service to defray expenses, and Dr. Deems was urged to continue to preach every Sunday morning. To this he consented.

Meanwhile, the preacher's eloquence and earnestness becoming more widely known, his congregation grew rapidly, until the little chapel was too crowded for comfort. An Executive Committee of gentlemen of different denominations was formed, and a resolution was passed to continue to keep the place open for public worship. The church was called "*The Strangers' Sunday Home.*" Before the beginning of another year Dr. Deems was invited to become president of a college; but his people, who had become warmly attached to him, begged him to stay with them. Although there was no prospect that they could support him, and although the permanency of the enterprise was very uncertain, he consented, after consultation with the bishops of his own denomination, to remain where he was, and declined the presidentship.

But the accommodation was too narrow for the congregation, and it became necessary to look for a more spacious room. At that time the *large* chapel of the University was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks, who was a warm personal friend of Dr. Deems's, and took a deep interest in his movements. On the 26th of September, 1866, this good man was called to the Church Triumphant, and his people vacated the large chapel on the last of April, 1867. Then Dr. Deems entered it with his congregation in the following month.

But his flock was still without church organization. There were many regular attendants, and others offered their church letters, desiring to be identified with the important work growing up under the zealous pastor; but these had never been formed into a *church*, as that word is usually understood. So, after continued prayer and deliberation, and after consultation with godly men, it was determined to organize a "free and independent" church of Jesus Christ. This resolution was carried out on the first Sunday in January, 1868, when *thirty-two* persons enrolled themselves, and thus formed the Church of the Strangers in the City of New York. The Apostles' Creed was incorporated into the ritual.

The new Church grew steadily, each communion season adding new members to its roll, some on confession of faith, others by letters from churches of all the denominations—Congregational, Baptist, Dutch Reformed, Lutheran, Independent, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Southern Methodist Episcopal, and Wesleyan. In an

ANNIVERSARY SERMON,

delivered by Dr. Deems in 1871, in which he gave a history of the Church of the Strangers, he mentioned some of the discouragements which attended the enterprise. He said: "Still there were great drawbacks to our work. We were up *three flights of stairs*, in a hire chapel, from which we might be ejected at th close of the year.

"We were *afloat*. Men do not like to mak an attachment to an unsettled enterprise. W had no committee-room, no Sunday-School, n place for social prayer, without heating up tha large chapel. While devoting myself to the pas toral work of a parish circle twelve miles in di ameter, many weary hours were spent in askin whereunto all this would lead, and whether i would not end in a failure. God only knows th heart-throbs that would have been spared, bu which doubtless were necessary for disciplin if we could have foreseen what was in store f us."

But God was providing what was needed b putting it into the heart of Cornelius Vanderbil Esq., to purchase the Mercer Street Presbyteria Church, and present it to Dr. Deems for the u of his congregation. The gift was joyfully a cepted, the necessary repairs were made, D Deems assuming the responsibility of the outla and the church was opened for service on t first Sunday in October, 1870. Many emine clergymen and other gentlemen took part in t exercises, which continued for several day Sermons and addresses were delivered, a prayers offered by the Rev. Drs. Moran North Carolina, Munsey of Baltimore, Bac of New Haven, Konig of Hungary (Europ Marshall of Mississippi, DeWitt, Holdic Skinner, Prentiss, Booth, Durbin, Schaff, H ton, John Cotton Smith, Crooks, Armita Prime, and Mingins, and the Hon. William Dodge.

It was a time of delightful reunion. branches of the Christian Church saw how g it was to have a free church, in friendship w all the other churches, independent, and wit basis upon which all Christians unite, *devot itself to the interests of strangers.*

It is well to explain precisely

THE PROPRIETORSHIP

in the church thus opened, which we can do by quoting another extract from the a versary sermon of 1871. Dr. Deems's w were: "There is one which we are happy t able to set right. It has been said that as C modore Vanderbilt has settled this prop upon Dr. Deems for the term of his natural when he dies the church will go to the Com dore's heirs. This is not so. Nine trust duly elected according to the laws of New Y become residuary trustees; and they and t successors are to keep this property in trust that there shall be a free church for stranger New York forever. It can never revert. It not only a free, but *a full gift.*"

Dr. Deems has acquired a reputation America and Europe for all that makes Christian gentleman. Possessing more ordinary intellectual ability, and having atta a ripe scholarship, he is well fitted to be, i words of one of his admirers, "a succe leader in the grand work to which he is dev his life." His warm heart and ever-ready pathy win for him the confidence of all wh proach him, and in many respects he is emi ly qualified for the duties of a pastor.

An indefatigable worker himself, he poss the faculty of developing the latent capabi of others, and of putting to use the sm talent in those about him. If there is *wo* them, he brings it out. Many a young man his *success in life* to an impetus given him b Deems; and to many young women his v of good counsel and encouragement have p the starting-point for careers of usefulnes honor.

His energy is untiring, and his executive ity remarkable. With a wide parish, exte beyond the far from narrow limits of hi congregation, and including any stranger i York who looks to him for pastoral care, h finds time for *editorial work*. He has for years conducted the *Sunday Magazine*, pub by Frank Leslie, which has met a degree cess that is perhaps unprecedented in the would refer to a passage in the Book of Job, and we pray the power and wisdom of the Holy Ghost in the name of the Lord Jesus for this object.

In Job 33 : 14–28, we find Elihu, who was, according to Job's wish (9 : 33), "in God's stead" (ver. 6); explaining to the patriarch God's dealings with him and with others, "For God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not." Now is sickness His first and chosen language, or *His second language*, which He is driven to use when the first call does not succeed? The sequel shows us—first, He speaks "in a dream, in a vision of the night," etc.,—*i.e.*, by His Holy Spirit; secondly, by sickness (ver. 19–22). And what is His object? "Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."

Our loving God is always seeking to gain our ear, that He may teach us to know Him. He cannot be happy in us, and we cannot be happy in Him, unless a real and mutual understanding is created and subsists between Him and us. If we are not brought into such a position that He can say to us all which lies upon His heart, our education for heaven is at a standstill. God's lessons are everywhere and at all times. There is an intensity of meaning hidden in all the little things of daily life, and blessed is he who can add his testimony to that of Paul, and say, as one of God's instructed ones. "We *know* that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose" (Rom. 8 : 28).

The Lord Jesus Himself became a learner for our sakes. He says (Ps. 40 : 6), "Sacrifice and offering Thou didst not desire; mine ears hast Thou opened." And not only once for all were they opened. He says (Isa. 50 : 4, 5), "The Lord God hath given Me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary; He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned. The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back." And as the Son of Man, His leading was so clear that though He said, "I can of mine own self do nothing," and "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of Myself;" yet He added, "As I hear, I judge: and My judgment is just: because I seek not Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me" (John 5 : 30; 14 : 10). If he needed the opened ear, how much more do we?

God openeth the ears of man, and sealeth his instruction, "that He may withdraw man from his *work*" (see margin), "and hide pride from man." "He that is entered into his rest hath ceased from his own works as, God did from His" (Heb. 4 : 10)—*i.e.*, He has learned that He is crucified with Christ, that in his own person and by his own efforts he can only fail, but in Christ's person, by virtue of His life, and under the authority of His Name, all that God commands has become a glorious possibility. Fruitless, hopeless sighing after an unattainable standard which is cruelly far off, gives way to a calm faith that God "worketh in Him both to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. 2 : 13); and while God thus holds His right place with him, He brings him to a full obedience to His will.

But if man will not hear the voice of the Spirit of God speaking directly, by His word or His providence, then God must use

ANOTHER MEANS

to secure his attention and to carry on the education which his Father's heart longs to see progressing in His creatures. Thus "he is also chastened with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain, so that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat. His flesh is consumed away that it cannot be seen, and his bones, that were not seen, stick out. Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers." This is not an isolated passage. In Lev. 26 : 14–16, and in Deut. 28 : 15, 21, 22, 27, 28, 58–61, sickness of every kind is declared to be the consequence of not hearkening to the Lord. In the New Testament (1 Cor. 11 : 29–32), Paul says, in connection with the unworthy partaking of the Lord's Supper, "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep. *For if we would judge ourselves we should not be judged.*" The consequence of hearkening to the voice of the Lord is declared to be the exemption from sickness (Exod. 15 : 26; 23 : 20–25; Deut. 7 : 12–15; Ps. 105 : 37). These passages are enough to convince us that, in God's intention, sickness is not God's chosen provision for the education of His children.

In the passage we have taken from Job it appears very clearly that as soon as the mind of God is understood by the sick person, healing follows. "If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man His uprightness, then He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom. His flesh [which was consumed away that it could not be seen] shall be fresher than a child's. The soul which drew near unto the grave, and the life to the destroyers, regains power: "he shall return to the days of his youth." And what brings about this marvellous change? God's declaration, "I have found a ransom." He who took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses, and on whom the Lord laid the iniquity of us all, has made provision in His redemption work for soul and body; Isa. 53 : 4–6, "By whose stripes we are healed."[*]

But the sick man must first receive the messenger, the interpreter of God's mind. Instead of being full of his own work and his pride (verse 17), he must learn to be nothing and to understand Christ's work and His mind. In fact, he must be reduced to a listening attitude, and brought into the very relation to God which He sought to establish by His first call to him, "in a dream, in a vision of the night." He must become a learner, and be brought to understand the language of the Spirit, otherwise it were better for him to retain his sickness. Whether the interpreter, the messenger, is Christ Himself (Cant. v. 10), or a servant of God who leads the sick person to an understanding of His mind, the truth is the same as to

GOD'S PURPOSE IN SICKNESS

—to draw man from himself to live Christ.

But some may say that this would be to condemn all God's sick ones as those who have been inattentive to His voice and have refused to be led by the Spirit. We must not shrink from any of the positive conclusions to which we are led by any truth which is evident in God's Word. But perhaps in looking a little nearer into the history of the early Church, where conversion and healing went always hand in hand, we may find some light upon our path. It is very evident that the voice of the Spirit of God was understood in the early Church in quite another manner than is at present the case. When Ananias and Sapphira were guilty of acting a lie, it needed no investigation of man to bring it to light; the Holy Ghost made it known to Peter, and the judgment, direct from God, followed immediately. In such a state of things, half-hearted men feared to join a Church where *the bracing air of heaven* was so strong and pure (Acts 5 : 13). Alas! it is not so now.

If our presumption is correct—that God's first language is that of His own blessed Spirit, and that sickness is His second language—then it is clearly evident that in measure as the first is not heard by the Church of Christ, He must use the second more largely: and this is the fact which we have before our eyes; a Church in which the living members are more frequently instructed, guided, guarded, and purified by sickness than by the direct working of the Holy Ghost. And this position is accepted by the Church at large as the normal state of things, so that the ordinary teaching on the subject of sickness is that it should be accepted, with the help of medical alleviation, as God's chosen means of education. And this very state of things precludes the possibility of judging individual invalids whose whole instruction has lain in this direction.

But if it is not in accordance with the Word of God, is it not time that

WE SHOULD RETURN

to the direct guidance and teaching of God's Spirit, that we should learn to "suffer according to the will of God" (1 Peter 4 : 19), instead of suffering that from which He Himself commands us to seek deliverance (James 5 : 14), and for which He Himself has made provision (Matt. 8 : 16, 17). In the unhealthy state of the nerves, and often of the judgment, induced by sickness, the sufferings which we are called upon to bear for Christ's sake—in family circumstances, in the contempt of the world, in the coldness of Christian brethren who do not understand a whole-hearted surrender to the cause of Christ, in the burden of souls, etc.—become almost intolerable. And thus, while in a few blessed cases of sickness the soul surmounts the circumstances of pain and weariness, and marvellous testimony is given by some sufferers to God's wondrous grace, yet the majority of invalids are more or less slaves to their bodily condition and so are a loss to the Church at large.

And again, are we not responsible for every ray of light upon the mind of God, which He vouchsafes to give us? and ought we, as His children, to reject any portion of His Word because others ignore it? If we shrink from a path to which God's Word calls us, a path of faith and consecration as regards our bodily health, does it not prove that the life of faith is not a ruling power in our souls? Does it not disclose a secret mistrust of God, as though He were "a hard man," and not a loving Father? Is it not to act as though confidence in Him were the sure way to entail more suffering, and as though we were safer in our own keeping than in His? It is only when all the threads of our being—spirit, soul, and body—are in His hands, that He can work out uninterruptedly His whole will in us.

In the passage from Job which is before us (verse 26) we see how spiritual blessing accompanies the healing of the body as soon as the mind of God has been understood by the invalid. "He shall pray unto God, and He shall be favorable unto him, and he shall see His face with joy, for He will render unto man His righteousness." This implies

A CLOUDLESS EXPERIENCE,

and with it comes the power of testimony. "He shall look upon men and say, I have sinned and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; He hath delivered my soul from going down into the pit, and my life shall see the light" (marginal rendering). His "whole body is full of light, having no part dark" (Luke 11 : 36). The testimony of many who have experienced healing by faith in God's Word confirms the truth that obedience to God's commands, whether that in Jas. 5 : 14, or in any other part of Scripture, cannot entail other than blessed consequences, so that the fear of losing spiritual blessing in seeking for healing at God's hands is groundless. The wisdom of our heavenly Father is to be trusted.

As to the question of remedies, which so many raise, the same God who makes use of sickness as a school for those of His children who have not yet found their way into His chosen school can and does also use doctors and medicine for those who have not learned to trust implicitly in Him. But few doctors are in a position to discover to the patient what God has to say by the sickness, and healing without knowing it might prove no blessing. Again, when we take the Lord for our Physician, according to James 5 : 14, and believe that He has undertaken the cure of our bodies, are we free to ask Him at the same time to guide us in the choice of another physician, or that other in the choice of remedies?

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[*] The Hebrew word translated "griefs" in Isa. 53 : 4 is the same as that translated "disease" in 2 Kings 1 : 2; 8 : 8, 9; 2 Chron. 16 : 12; 21 : 18, etc.: and the same as "sickness" in Deut. 7 : 15; 28 : 59, 61; 1 Kings 17 : 17; 2 Kings 13 : 14; 2 Chron. 21 : 15, 19; Ps. 41 : 3, etc. The Hebrew word translated "sorrows," in the same verse, is the same as "pain" in the following four passages: Job. 14 : 22; 33 : 19; Jer. 15 : 18; 51 : 8. It means pain, but it is used for "sorrow," as being the cause of pain.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, November 19th, at **3.15 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Lull in the World of Politics has followed the excitement of the elections. This is refreshing, and would be still more enjoyable if it were of longer duration. But as Congress will meet December 1st the interval of repose is a brief one.

The session immediately preceding a Presidential election is usually characterized by proceedings designed to influence that contest, each party concentrating its energies on such measures as it considers most likely to advance the interest of its candidate for the Presidential chair; and this session will probably be of that character. The questions which agitated the extra session will, it is expected, be allowed to rest. The President's message will deal principally with financial questions, having special reference to a resumption of funding operations. The opening of the fishery question with Great Britain will probably be the only foreign topic of interest.

The annual report of the Postmaster-General has been published. He recommends Congress to appropriate the necessary funds to enable him to make contracts with American steamship lines for carrying the mails to the West Indies and the Spanish Main. He says that his reasons for doing this are primarily to promote American commerce, encourage American shipbuilding, and establish such postal facilities as will bring the countries named into closer relations with the United States.

The Report of the Indian Bureau will be read with interest. The Commissioner says that the only sure way to make Indians advance in civilization, under the best conditions to promote their welfare, is to give each head of a family 160 acres of land and to each unmarried adult 80 acres, and to issue patents for the same, making the allotments inalienable and free from taxation for twenty-five years. Complimentary reference is made to the education of Indian youth at the Hampton Institute, under the conduct of General S. C. Armstrong, and also to the similar school just opened at Carlisle, Pa., by Captain R. H. Pratt, U.S.A., where 158 Indian children of both sexes, selected mostly from the Sioux and the wild tribes of the Indian Territory, are now receiving common-school and industrial education. There are already 13,350 of them under instruction—namely, 6,250 in the five civilized tribes, and 7,100 at the agency schools.

Niagara Falls.—A Proposal was made by Lord Dufferin the late Governor-General of Canada, shortly before his retirement from office, to the State of New York through Governor Robinson, that the Government of the State and the Government of the Dominion should combine to set apart for public uses the land near the Falls. The proposal came up November 20th in a tangible form at the meeting of the Commissioners of the State Survey. It was unanimously resolved that the State ought to acquire the lands on the American side from which the best views of Niagara can be had, and a committee was appointed to present a report to the Legislature after conferring with the Canadian authorities. The extortions practised by private owners at the Falls have been for a long time a subject of complaint by visitors, and the scheme proposed will, it is thought, remove the scandal and by a uniform scale of fees pay for the cost of management.

Father McNamara, the Irish Roman Catholic priest who broke loose from the Pope's authority three years ago and founded the "Independent Catholic Church," was installed as Bishop of that Church on Sunday evening, November 16th, at the Standard Hall, New York. The place was packed to the door, and many persons were obliged to remain outside. Father McNamara's movement is a very important one. He has not adopted all the evangelical doctrines, but he utterly repudiates the two great Romish heresies of the Pope's immaculate holiness and of the power of priests to forgive sins. He uses the Protestant Bible and Sankey's hymns, and he preaches *free salvation* by the blood of Jesus Christ. At his installation as bishop he accepted the Bible as *the only rule of faith* and containing all truth essential to salvation; he promised to preach Christ as the only way of life, and he renounced *the doctrines of the mass* and of transubstantiation, while he partook of the elements of bread and wine as simple emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Son of God. Four Roman Catholic priests have joined him, and he has succeeded in releasing at least one nun from the untellable thraldom of the Convent. Being personally an Irishman, Father MNamara is directing his first and main efforts to free his own countrymen from the bonds of Rome.

Lottery Swindles are being Fought by Postmaster-General Key. He has given orders to postmasters not to pass through the mail the circulars or the money-orders of lottery dealers, and it is expected that he will propose legislation dealing with newspapers which publish lottery advertisements. In New York, where a large proportion of the tickets are sold, post-office orders addressed to lottery agents are not to be cashed. In this way it is hoped that a check will be put to the schemes by which foolish persons allow themselves to be victimized.

A similar infatuation prevails in Asia, for a letter from India states that the kingdom of Burmah is not only cursed with a drunken monarch, but lotteries have been introduced, and such is the spirit of speculation which has taken possession of the people in Mandalay, the capital of the kingdom, that Burmese parents are selling their daughters in order to obtain the means of purchasing lottery tickets, and robberies of the winning ticket-holders are common.

A Perilous Adventure with a Bear is Reported from Stroudsburg, Penn., as having occurred in the woods about four miles from that village on November 10th. A lumberman named Daggers saw a bear crouched on two limbs of a tree thirty feet from the ground. He fired at it, and the bear fell wounded, but not fatally.

This placed the hunter in great peril, for the bear was furious from its wounds, and attacked Daggers at once, giving him no opportunity to reload his gun. The dog sprang fearlessly at the bear, but was caught in the powerful fore-paws of the latter and crushed to death in an instant, without retarding in the least the advance of the bear on the hunter. It rushed at Daggers with distended jaws. He struck it with all his strength over the head with the butt of his gun, which was shivered to pieces, and apparently had no effect on the bear. Daggers kept the barrel of the gun in his hand, and drew his hunting-knife. As the bear rushed upon him he thrust the gun-barrel in its mouth and plunged his knife into its vitals. Daggers backed away from the bear, with the intention of dodging behind a tree and then escaping to a safe distance, but before he could take a step the bear grasped him by the shoulders. A desperate struggle ensued, the bear endeavoring to get the hunter in its hug, and Daggers putting forth every effort to prevent it. Finally, by the tearing loose of his clothing under the sharp claws of the bear, he escaped once more. The flesh on his shoulders was badly torn, and Daggers grew faint from the pain. The bear followed him up so closely that they were again in hand-to-hand contest.

The bear was visibly growing weaker, and the hunter's strength was also gradually leaving him. He tried to run, but could not, and the result now depended on whether the hunter or the bear gave out first. For several minutes they struggled together among the scrub-oaks until Daggers felt that he could hold out no longer, although the bear staggered and fell, and rose with difficulty. The hunter took two or three quick steps to one side, and fell to the ground unconscious. He does not know how long he lay insensible, but when he revived he tried to get up and could not. He dragged himself to the foot of a hemlock tree and rested his back against the trunk. Almost within his reach the great bear lay dead.

A spiritual conflict, of which this incident is a thrilling reminder, is described in the sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, entitled "Satan in a Rage," which we publish in this number of the CHRISTIAN HERALD.

President Lincoln's Ebony Cane was in the possession of the late Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, whose portrait and life appeared in a recent number of this journal, and by him was treasured as a precious relic. In his will now published he thus directs the disposal of that and other treasures: "The ebony cane, used by President Lincoln and presented to me by Mrs. Lincoln after his death, I give and bequeath to the New York Historical Society. *The cane belonged first* to Henry Clay, of Kentucky; was given by him to Judge W. H. Robinson, of Missouri; by him to Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky; by him to President Lincoln; and by Mrs. Lincoln to myself as a friend whom her husband greatly honored. To my beloved friend and physician, Dr. G. Curtli, of Berlin, I give and bequeath my set of medallions of *Nomini Illustri* in four frames, my 'Roman Lamp of Christian Faith,' and *the owl in my library*, to recall *my* sage counsel of many years."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Meetings at Cleveland were thronged to the last by anxious crowds. One who witnessed the scenes there writes: "There are many conversions. Next spring's record will probably show large gains, but the results are not to be measured in Cleveland churches. Mr. Moody has been preaching to Northern Ohio. Excursion after excursion, with its *ten or twenty packed cars*, has daily swelled the throng at the Tabernacle. Ministers and people have gone home with a mighty baptism. The effect on the preachers of the city cannot be estimated. There will be less of rhetoric and more simple Saxon and the Holy Ghost. A most marked change has come in not a few pulpits already. The pews look up in surprise and tearful gladness at the transformed pulpit that pleads, as never before, "O my beloved people, let us return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon us, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

Plans for Rebuilding Tremont Temple, Boston, have been accepted, and it is believed that within six months the work of reconstruction will be completed. The new roof will probably be finished before winter. Several changes are contemplated in the new structure. Its seating capacity will be made larger than before, and it is believed that room will be made for 2700 people. A new organ is among the plans, and a broader entrance will be constructed.

Major Whittle, the Evangelist, Assisted by Mr. McGranahan, will work during the coming winter in Dayton, Ohio.

"Suffocated by the Fumes of Malt," was the erdict of a coroner's jury empannelled to inestigate the deaths of a woman and her child t Williamsburgh last week. The child, who vas eight years old, had climbed on to a cistern ised for storing malt, and peering down through . hole at the top, was observed to become dizzy nd fall through. His mother seized a ladder nd went to his rescue, but did not come up gain. An alarm was given, and some men 'ent into the cistern, and brought both mother nd child out, but both died from the effect of the ases generated by the malt, and the men who escued them emerged in a fainting condition. Ve are familiar with the ravages of this enemy f our race at another stage of its use, but this alamity shows that in all stages it is *a dangerus foe* to humanity.

A Remarkable Conversion was Related by Mr. Moody a few days ago. In one of the meetigs at Cleveland, Mr. Moody read a letter om a lady in Baltimore giving the news of *the ath of a wayward son* for whom prayer had freuently been offered in Mr. Moody's meetings. *e died of thirst* in the Rocky Mountains ; and a cleft of a rock near his body was found an nfinished letter to his mother, telling of his nversion through a hymn his mother had nt. It was the hymn so often sung by Mr. nkey :

"Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

A Disaster on Lake Ontario is Reported from swego, N. Y. On November 17th, the steam opeller Seymour, of Ogdensburg, left Cape Vinnt, at the foot of the lake, at 1 P.M., having tow four tugs, three dredges, and eight scows Buffalo. The tow belonged to John Hulsler the latter city.

At the start the weather was comparatively m, although there were indications of a comig storm. In the night the gale broke upon e little fleet. The sea ran very high, and presely the whole fury of the storm swept down on the vessels. The captain of the Seymour s in easy distance of the ports of Oswego, ngston, Coburg, Port Hope, and Broxton, and is supposed that he tried to reach one of em, but the tempest proved too strong for n.

The vessels were all unsuited to baffle the ves,and the frailer ones were torn adrift and bene unmanageable. The scows capsized, the cles of the tugs parted, and three of them went wn. The Seymour could do nothing but take e of herself or pick up some unfortunate mber of the other crews who had been washed rboard. Six lives were lost and the survis were so near perishing that they had given all hope of reaching land.

he Rev. J. T. Harrison, of the Methodist Crch, Brooklyn, is conducting a series of reval meetings in the Wharton Street Methost Church, of Philadelphia. In the course even weeks nearly 500 persons, it is hoped, e found peace in believing, and crowds still ege the church doors for admission.

Prayer Meeting on the Battlefield of Anam was held the night after the battle. It is s described by the sole survivor, now a sucful preacher in the Episcopal Church in the st :

Exhausted with marching and hard fighting, ad thrown myself on the ground seeking p. Another day would soon dawn, and pers another hard fight was before us, and tired re must have rest. It was late. There was oar of cannon or rattle of musketry heard ; *ead and the dying lay all around us.* I had lain long before Sergeant C. came to me and d me if I would come and pray with him and e of his comrades. Of course, tired as I I got up and gladly went with him. For could tell where we might all be before anr sun had set. We found four young men. were six in all. A little company gathered e on the damp ground on that sad night to to Him who only has power to bless and to

But what became of them? Where are they all now? At Fredericksburg one of the number fell mortally wounded into the arms of Corporal G., and with his last breath spoke of his trust in the Saviour. At Chancellosrville another fell, we know not where ; but as we were going into battle he said to a companion that his hope was in Christ, and He would take care of him, living or dying. At Gettysburg E. and C. were instantly killed. The day before, in a conversation with them, they both said they had peace and confidence in Christ and His promises. Another, the fifth, came out of battle with his limb terribly shattered, and died soon after—died, as he said, happy in his Saviour's love. And now I am the only one left. Five of that little band who met to pray and talk of Jesus and His love on that field of blood and death are gone to the eternal world, and I only, who tell the story, am left."

Who is to Pay Archbishop Purcell's Debts is a question still unsettled. The appeal sent out to the Roman Catholic churches for aid has produced about $75,000, a sum insufficient to pay even the interest due to the depositors in the Cincinnati arch-episcopal bank. Many of the creditors have been utterly ruined, and large numbers are in actual need of food and clothing, for a large proportion of the sufferers by the failure of the bank were among the working classes, and those who had saved their deposits with difficulty out of their scanty earnings.

The question is now mooted whether the ecclesiastical property held by the Romish Church in the name of the Archbishop ought not to be sold for the benefit of the creditors. It was stated emphatically by Archbishop Purcell's friends at the time of the discovery of the debt that he had not used the money for his own purposes, but for the church, in erecting buildings and maintaining schools. If this be the case, although the church may not be legally responsible for the debt, she is so morally ; it is a matter of simple justice for her to refund the money.

A Kindness Done Many Years Ago has brought forth fruit after many days. The wife and daughter of the murdered Agent Meeker relate that they received much kindness during their captivity in the Indian camp from the squaw Susan,and they believe they owe their lives mainly to her efforts. It now comes to light that Susan was herself once rescued from death in a romantic manner. She was captured by a band of Arapahoes, who put up a stake at the mouth of the Cache La Poudre River, intending to burn her to death. The commanding officer at Fort Collins, having heard of the proposed barbarity, by alternate threats and promises obtained Susan's release. It probably was in remembrance of this that she was so devoted to Mrs. and Miss Meeker.

Fine Churches were Charged by Dr. Tudor of St. Louis, at the recent Evangelical Alliance Conference, with being one cause why the masses do not go to church in cities. Dr. Tudor said : "Our fine fashionable churches deter the poor, argue the question as we may. 'Go to your church with this bonnet? And it is all the bonnet I have!' is the irresistible argument on the other side."

The Danger of Sleeping in Church was Illustrated in Brooklyn on Sunday, November 16th, when a lady in a fashionable church in Bedford Avenue fell asleep and did not awake at the conclusion of the service. Her head had fallen below the level of the top of the pew, and the sexton did not notice her when he put out the lights and closed the church. Late in the evening the sleeper waked, and was alarmed at her lonely condition. She rattled at a stained-glass window and shouted until the police hurried to her assistance. The sexton, who had the keys of the church and outer iron gate, was not to be found. A key was found in the possession of one of the trustees. With this the woman was released from her imprisonment, thankful to have escaped from a night's enforced occupation of the empty church.

SATAN IN A RAGE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Woe to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."—REVELATIONS 12 : 12.

I. How Satan Knows when his Time in a Soul is Short—1. When he Finds he is not so Welcome as he used to be—2. When his Accommodation is Curtailed—3. When he Hears Christ Knocking—4. When a Writ of Ejectment is Applied for—5. When he Finds the Holy Spirit at Work—II. How he Displays his Wrath—1. By Persecution — Instance of a Persecuted Young Man—2. By Suggesting Doubts—3. By Arousing the Passions—4. By Accusations—5. By Prmopting to Blasphemy—III. How Satan's Tactics Should be Met—1. Get him out Quickly—2. Cry to the Strong for Strength—3. Gather Courage from the Thought his Time is Short.

THE great battle in the heavenlies has been fought ; our glorious Michael has forever overthrown the dragon, and cast him down. In the highest regions the great principle of evil has received a total defeat through the life and death of our Lord Jesus. For human sin atonement has been made, and the great quarrel between God and man has come to a happy end. Everlasting righteousness has been brought in, and the peace of God reigns in heaven. The conflict henceforth rages here below, and in these inferior regions the prince of this world is warring mightily against the cause of God and truth. Much woe does this cause to the sons of men—woe which will never end till his power is altogether taken away.

Observe concerning our arch-enemy that he exercises *forethought and care* as to the evil enterprise to which he has set his hand. Whatever foolish men may do, the devil *thinks.* Others may be heedless and thoughtlesss, but he is anxious and full of consideration. He knows that his time or "opportunity" is short, and he looks forward to its close, for he is no careless waster of time and forgetter of the end. He values his opportunity to maintain his kingdom, to distress the people of God, and to dishonor the name of Christ, and since it is but a short one he treats it as such.

Among men there are some who know a great many important matters, but act as if they did not know them : their knowledge is so much waste stored up in the lumber-room of their minds and never brought into the workshop to be used for practical purposes. For instance, we know our mortality, and yet live as if we never meant to die. There is great necessity for many of us to pray, "Lord, teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." We must know that our time is short, and that our life will soon come to an end, and yet we fail to know it practically, for we are not as earnest as dying men ought to be. In this the arch-enemy is not so foolish as we are, for he so well knows that his time is short that he remembers the fact, and is actuated by it.

Note well *the direction* in which this knowledge operates upon him. It excites his emotions. The deepest emotion of which he is capable is that of anger, for he knows not how to love. Wrath is his very soul, as hatred is his very life ; he knows nothing of gentleness, nothing of affection, and therefore the fact that his time is short moves within him his master passion, and he hath great wrath. His evil nature is all on fire, and his excitement is terrible.

Nor is the result of knowing that his time is short merely emotional on the part of the arch-enemy, for in consequence of his great wrath he is moved to make earnest efforts. His energy is excited, he persecutes the woman whose seed he dreads, and he pours floods out of his mouth against her. There is nothing which Satan can do for his evil cause which he does not do. *We* may be half-hearted, but he never is. He is the very image of ceaseless industry and indefatigable earnestness. He will do all that can be done in the time of his permitted range. We may be sure that he will never lose a day.

The text tells us that the shortness of Satan's opportunity excites his wrath, and we may gather a general rule from this one statement—namely, that *in proportion as the devil's time is shortened his energy is increased,* and we may take it as an assured fact that when he rages to the uttermost his opportunities are nearly over. He hath great wrath, knowing that

HIS TIME IS SHORT.

I hope there will be something of instruction in this, and somewhat of comfort for all those who are on the right side. May the Holy Ghost make it so.

It shall be seen, even to the last hour of history, that the devil rages the more when his empire is the nearer to its end. At the very last he shall go about to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle. They shall come up in great hosts, fierce for the conflict, to "the battle of the great day of God Almighty," at Armageddon. It shall then seem as if the light of Israel must be quenched, and the truth of God utterly extinguished; but in that dread hour the Lord shall triumph gloriously, and he shall smite his adversaries to their final overthrow.

Now what is true on a great scale is true in the smaller one. Missionaries in any country will generally find that the last onslaught of heathenism is the most ferocious. We shall find, whenever the truth comes into contact with falsehood, that when error is driven to its last intrenchments it fights for life, *tooth and nail,* with all its might; its wrath is great because its time is short. In any village or town in England, or in any other country, whenever the opposition to the Gospel reaches its most outrageous pitch, and men seem as if they would murder the preacher of the Word, you may reckon that the power of the oposition is almost over.

The same truth will apply to every individual man. When God begins His great work in a sinner's heart, to lead him to Christ, it is no bad sign if the man feels more hatred to God than ever, more dislike to good things than before; nor need we despair if he is driven into greater sin than ever. The ferocity of the temptation indicates the vigor with which Satan contends for any one of his black sheep. He will not lose his subjects if he can help it, and so he puts forth all his strength to keep them under his power, and he is especially vigilant and furious when the power of grace is about to prevail for their salvation. I will not, however, dwell upon this point, because it is to be *the* subject of our discourse.

The general fact is further illustrated in the cases of many believers. There are times when in the believer's heart the battle rages horribly, when he hardly knows whether he is a child of God at all, and is ready to give up all hope. He cannot pray or praise, for he is so distracted; he cannot read the Scriptures without horrible thoughts. It seems as if he must utterly perish, for no space is given him in which to refresh his heart, the attacks are so continual and violent. Such dreadful excitements are often followed by years of peace, quiet usefulness, holiness, and communion with God. Satan knows that God is about to set a limit to his vexations of the good man, and so he rages extremely because his opportunity is short.

I thought this morning that I would call attention to one particular instance of the fact which is seen in the soul that is coming to Christ, in whom Satan often hath great wrath, knowing that his time is short. My object is to comfort those who are awakened, and are seeking the Saviour. If they are sore beset, I long that they may find peace and rest and hope very speedily. When the poor man who was possessed with an evil spirit was being brought to Christ, we read that "as he was a coming, the devil threw him down, and tare him." That is the way with the great enemy: when he is about to be cast out his energy is more displayed than ever, that if possible he may destroy the soul before it has obtained peace with God. May the sacred Comforter help me while I try to speak encouragingly upon this subject.

I. Our first head shall be,

HOW DOES SATAN KNOW

when his time is short in a soul? He watches over all souls that are under his power with incessant maliciousness. He goeth about the camp like a sentinel, spying out every man who is likely to be a deserter from his army. In some men's hearts he dwells at ease, like a monarch in his pavilion; their minds are his favorite mansions; he goes in and out whenever he pleases, and he makes himself wonderfully much at home.

In such a case all the man's faculties are so many chambers for Satan to dwell in, and his emotions are so many fires and forges for Satan to work with. But by and by, if divine grace interposes, there comes a change, and Satan, who has lived there twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years, begins to think that he shall not be able to keep this residence of his much longer.

1. He perceives that his time is short, and I suppose he perceives it *first* by discovering that he is not quite so welcome as he used to be. The man loved sin, and found pleasure in it, but now sin is not so sweet as it was; its flavor is dull and insipid. The charms of vice are fading, and its pleasures are growing empty, vain, and void, and this is a token of a great change. Once, whenever a pilgrim sin came that way, the soul kept open house to entertain it with all hospitality, but now it is not half so eager; even the home-dwelling habitual *lusts* do not yield so much content as aforetime, neither is so much provision made for them.

The black prince and his court are out of favor, and this is an intimation that he must soon be gone. When sin loses its sweetness, Satan is losing his power. The adversary perceives that he must soon stretch his dragon wings when he sees that the heart is growing weary of him and is breaking away from his fascinations.

2. He grows more sure of his speedy ejectment when he does not get *the accommodation* he used to have. The man was once eager for sin; he went in the pursuit of vice, hunted after it, and put himself in the way of temptation, and then Satan reigned securely; but now he begins to forsake the haunts where sin walks openly, and he abandons the cups of excitement which inflame the soul; you find him going to a place of worship, listening to a sermon, whereas before he frequented the theatre, and enjoyed a loose song at a music hall. The devil does not like this change, and takes it as a warning that he will soon have to give up the key.

The man does not drink as once he did, nor swear as once he did; nor does he yield himself up with readiness to every temptation. *The fish is getting shy of the bait.* The awakened man has not decided for Christ, but he is no longer at ease in bondage, no longer the glad slave of iniquity. He is on the wrong road, but he does not *run* in it; on the contrary, he pauses, he heaves a sigh and wishes he could leave the evil road; wishes he knew how to leap a hedge and get into the narrow way. Satan marks all this, and he says to himself, "There is not the preparation made for me that there used to be, there is little readiness to run on my errands, and therefore I perceive that my time is short."

3. He is still more convinced of the shortness of his possession of a man's heart when *he hears knocking* at that heart's door a hand whose power he has felt. He knows the kind of knock it is: a gentle, but an irresistible knocking upon the heart. Continual, perpetual, persevering, the knock of one who means to enter; the knock as of one that hath a hole in his hand. He knocketh not as one whose power lies in a blow, but as one whose tears and love are his battery of attack. He hath an energy of compassion, an irresistibleness of gentle love; and as Satan hears his knock, and perceives that the tenant of the house hears it too, and is half inclined to open the door, he is afraid.

When the heart relents at the sound of the gospel summons, he trembles more. If the knocking still continues, waking up the tenant in the dead of night, a sound heard amid the noise of traffic and above the laughter of fools, he says, "My time is short." He knows the hand which broke his head of old, and its knocking is ominous to him.

4. Another indication to the enemy that his time is short is when he knows that the tenant of the house steals away sometimes to court, and asks for *a warrant of ejectment* against him. You know what I mean—when the man feels that he cannot himself get rid of sin, and cannot in his own strength conquer Satan, and therefore cries, "O God help me, O God for Christ's sake drive out the old dragon from my soul, I beseech thee." This is asking for a warrant of ejectment, this is going to the court of heaven and pleading with the great King to issue a summons, and send his officer to turn out the intruder, that he may no longer pollute the spirit. "Ah," saith the evil one, "this is not the place for me much longer; behold he prayeth." More fierce than the flames of hell to Satan are the prayers of convinced sinners: when they pray he must be gone. He must cry "*boot and saddle*" when men sound the trumpet of prayer. There is no tarrying in the camp any longer when the advance guard of prayer has come to take possession.

5. One thing more always makes Satan know that his time is short, and that is *when the Holy Spirit's power is evidently at work within the mind.* Light has come in, and the sinner sees and knows what he was ignorant of before Satan hates the light as much as he loves darkness, and, like an owl in the daylight, he feels that he is out of place. Life comes in, too, by the Holy Ghost. The man *feels,* he become sensitive, he becomes penitent, and Satan, wh loves death, and ever abides among the tombs is bound to fly before spiritual life.

The Holy Spirit is beginning to work upo the man very graciously, and Satan knows ever throb of the Spirit's power, for it is the death o his power, and so he saith, "I will go to th place from whence I came out, for this hous trembles as if it were shaken with earthquak and affords me no rest." Joyful tidings for heart long molested by this fierce fiend! Awa thou enemy: thy destructions shall soon come t a perpetual end!

II. This brings me, secondly, to notice tha inasmuch as the shortness of his tenure excit the rage of Satan, we must next observe

HOW HE DISPLAYS HIS GREAT WRATH.

His fury rages differently in different persor

1. On some he displays his great wrath by st ring up outward persecution. The man is not Christian yet; he is not actually converted y but Satan is so afraid that he will be saved that *sets all his dogs upon him* directly. The poor so goes into the workshop, and though he wou give his eyes if he could say, "I am a Christian he cannot quite say so; and yet his workma begin to pounce upon him as much as if he w in very deed one of the hated followers of Jes They scoff at him because he is serious and sob because he is beginning to think and to be cent, because he begins to listen to the Gos and to care for the best things.

Now if the grace of God be not in awakened man, and his reformation is onl spasm of remorse, it is very likely that he be driven back from all attendance upon means of grace by the ribald remarks of the godly, but if the Lord Jesus Christ has re been knocking at his door, and the Spirit of has begun to work, this opposition will answer its purpose. The Lord will find wi for this poor soul that he may flee away from trial which as yet he is not able to bear. I h sometimes known such opposition even ten undo Satan's work, and answer quite the o site purpose.

I know one who was much troubled a the truth of Scripture and about the doct of the Gospel, although he was a sincere sear into the truth. He commenced to attend this house of prayer, and to listen to the Gospel, rather as an inquirer than as a believer. As yet he could not say that he was a Christian, though he half wished he could. Now it came to pass that the opposition which he immediately received from the world strengthened his faith in the Bible, and became a sort of *missing link* between him and the truth.

The sneers of his comrades acted in this way. He said to himself, "Why should they all attack me on the bare supposition of my being a Christian? If I had been a Mohammedan or a Jew they would have regarded me with curiosity, and let me alone; but inasmuch as they only suspect me of becoming a Christian they are all down upon ne with contempt and anger. Now (said he) why is this? Is not this a proof that I am right, and that the Word of God is right, for did it not say that there should be enmity between the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman?"

The devil did not know what he was doing when he opposed that young man and made a believer of him by that which was meant to drive him into unbelief. If the men of this world oppose the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ more iercely than any other, surely it must be that here is something special in it, something opposed to their sinful ways or to their proud hopes, something which is of God. That was he inference which my young friend drew from he treatment he received, and that inference stablished him in the faith. Thus, you see, Satan often hopes to save his dominion when his ime is short by vehement persecution against he awakened sinner.

2. Much worse, however, is his other method of showing his wrath—namely, by vomiting oods out of his mouth to drown, if possible, our new-born hope. When the hopeful hearer s yet has not really found peace and rest, it will ometimes happen that Satan will try him with *oubts and blasphemies* and temptations such s he never knew before. The tempted one has een amazed, and has said to himself, "How is his? Can my desire after Christ be the work f God? I get worse and worse. I never felt o wicked as this till I began to seek a Saviour." et this is no strange thing, fiery though the ial be.

3. At such time, also, Satan will often arouse l *the worst passions* of our nature, and drive them nto unwonted riot. The awakened sinner will e astonished as he finds himself beset with mptations more base and foul than he has ever lt before. He will resist and strive against the sault, but it may be so violent as to stagger m. He can scarcely believe that the flesh is o utterly corrupt. The man who is anxiously eking to go to heaven seems at such a time as he were dragged down by seven strong demons the eternal deeps of perdition. He feels as if e had never known sin before, nor been so mpletely beneath its power. The Satanic oopers sleep as a quiet garrison while the man under the spell of sin, but when once the heart likely to be captured by Immanuel's love the fernal soldiery put on their worst manner, and ample down all the thoughts and desires of the ul.

4. Satan may also attack the seeker in another rm—with *fierce accusations* and judgments. He es not accuse some men, for he is quite sure them, and they are his very good friends; but en a man is likely to be lost to him, he alters s tone and threatens and condemns. He es, "What, you be saved! It is impossible! u know what you used to be. Think of your st life." Then he rakes up a very hell before e man's eyes. "You!" saith he; "why, ever ce you have pretended to be a little better, d have begun to attend the means of grace, u know you have looked back with a longing e, and hungered for your old pleasures. It is ite out of the question that you should be a vant of Christ! He will not have such a tat- demalion as you in his house. The great Cap- n will never march at the head of a regiment ich is disgraced by receiving such as you.

Bunyan describes Apollyon as standing across the road and swearing by his infernal den that the pilgrim should go no further; there would he spill his soul. Then he began to fling at him all manner of fiery darts, and among them was this one, "Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the gulf of Despond. Thou wast almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the Lions. Thou hast been false already to thy new Lord!"

Think for a moment of *the devil chiding us for sin!* Oh! that the poor burdened soul could laugh at this hypocritical accuser, for he hates to be despised, and yet he right well deserves it. Laugh at him, O virgin daughter of Zion, for this great wrath of his is because his time is short. Who is he that he should bring an accusation against us? Let him mind himself; he has enough to answer for. When he turns an accuser it is enough to make the child of God laugh him to scorn. Yet it is not easy to laugh when you are in this predicament, for the heart is ready to break with anguish.

5. Once more. Satan at such times has been known to pour into the poor troubled mind *floods of blasphemy.* I do not recollect as a child having heard blasphemy. Carefully brought up and kept out of harm's way, I think it could only have been once or twice that I ever heard profane language; and yet, when I was seeking the Lord, I distinctly remember the spot where the most hideous blasphemies that ever passed the human mind rushed through my mind. I clapped my hands to my mouth for fear I should utter one of them. They were none of my inventing, neither had I revived them from my memory: they were the immediate suggestions of Satan himself, who was determined, if possible, to drive me to despair.

Read the story of John Bunyan's five years of torture under this particular misery, and you will see how Satan would say to him, "Sell Christ, Sell Christ, Give up Christ," and as he went about his daily business he would have it ringing in his ears, "Sell Christ, Sell Christ." When at last, in a moment of worry, he thought he said, "Let him go if He will," then came the accusation, "Now it is all over with you. Jesus will have nothing to do with you, you have given him up. You are a Judas, you have sold your Lord." Then when the poor man sought the Lord, and found peace again, some other dreadful insinuation would dog his heels.

John Bunyan was too precious a servant of the devil for him to lose him readily, and the enemy had perhaps some idea of what kind of servant of God the converted tinker would become, and what sort of dreams would charm the hearts of many generations, and so he would not let him go without summoning all the tribes of hell to wreak their vengeance on him if they could not detain him in their service. Yet Bunyan escaped, and so will others in like case. Oh, bondslave of the devil, may you have grace to steal away to Jesus! Hasten away from Satan's power at once, for otherwise he will, as long as he has any opportunity, manifest his great wrath toward you.

III. Thirdly, and briefly, let us think—

HOW ARE WE TO MEET ALL THIS?

How must Satan be dealt with while he is showing his great wrath because his power is short?

1. I should say, *first,* if he is putting himself in this rage, let us get him out all the more quickly. If he would remain quiet, even then we ought to be anxious to be rid of his foul company; but if he shows this great rage, let us out with him straight away. In God's name let the dragon be smitten if he must needs be raving. If there is any opportunity of getting him out, back door or front door, straight away, do not let us loiter or linger even for a single hour; a devil raging, making us blaspheme, and then accusing us, tempting us and betraying us, is such a dangerous occupant of a heart that he is not to be borne with. Out he must go, and out at once. Better have a den of lions dwelling in our house than the devil within our heart.

Lord, turn him out at once by thine own grace. We decide once for all to wage war with him; we will linger no longer, we dare not; we will procrastinate no more, it is more than our lives are worth. Nay, not to-morrow, but to-day out must the tyrant go. Nay, not after we leave this Tabernacle, but *here,* in this very pew, O Lord, drive the old dragon from his throne with all his hellish crew! That is the first advice I give you, let the enemy be cast out at once by grace divine.

2. And the next thing is, inasmuch as we cannot get him out by our own unaided efforts, let us *cry to the strong for strength,* who can drive out this prince of the power of the air. There is life in a look at Jesus Christ, and as soon as that life comes, away goes this prince of darkness as to his domination and reigning power. Oh! soul, there is nothing left for thee but to look to Jesus Christ alone. Worried as thou art, and almost devoured, now is thy time to put thy trust in Jesus, who is mighty to save.

What canst thou do against Satan? Thou wouldst fain be rid of him, what canst thou do? Do nothing but this: Cry to his Master against him. He is mighty, set the Almighty One upon him. He accuses thee, refer him to thine Advocate. Thy sin he brings before thee, throw the blood of atonement in his face. Here is a text that will drive him down to his den: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." And, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

Have done with battling with the wily foe; do not answer the old deceiver. If he tells thee thou art a blasphemer, own it; if he says thou art utterly lost, own it; and then cast thyself at Jesus' feet, and He will overcome thy foe and set thee free.

3. One more comfort for you, and it is this: The more he rages the more must your poor, troubled heart be encouraged to believe that *he will soon be gone.* I venture to say that nothing will make him go sooner than your full belief that he has to go. Courageous hope is a weapon which he dreads. Tell him he must soon be gone. He has been accusing you, and pouring venom into your ear, and making you believe that it is your own blasphemy, whereas it is not yours but his. Say to him, "Ah, but you will be gone soon. You may rage, but you will have to be gone."

"I have full possession of you," he says, "soul and body, and I triumph over you." Say to him, "And would you triumph over me as you do if you did not know that you will soon be driven out?" "Ah," saith he, "you will be lost, you will be lost." He howls at you as if ready to devour. Say to him, "If I was sure to be lost you would not tell me so; you would sing sweet songs in my ears, and lure me to destruction; you have to go, *you know you have.*" "Oh," saith he, "it is impossible you should be saved; you will be damned; you will have the hottest place in hell." "Yes," say you, "but who sent you to tell me that? *You never spoke the truth yet.* You are a liar from the beginning, and you are only saying this because you have to go. You know you have to go."

Tell him so, and it is not long before he will depart. Say, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy; though I fall yet shall I rise again." Tell him you know his Master. Tell him he may nibble at your heel, but you recollect one that broke his head. Point to his broken head—*he always tries to hide it if he can.* Tell him his crown is battered to pieces, and tell him where that deed was done, and by whose blessed hand; and as you tell him these things he will shrink back, and you shall find yourself alone with Jesus.

Then will Jesus say to you, "Where is thine accuser?" You will look around, and the enemy will be gone; and then your blessed Master will say, "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more." The Lord grant us to get such a riddance of our arch-enemy, and to get it this very moment, for Christ's dear sake. Amen.

STANDING BEAR AND BRIGHT EYES.

H. H. writes to the *Independent:*

Standing Bear is one of the chiefs of that Ponca tribe whose removal from their own lands to the Indian Territory has been the subject of much discussion in the newspapers. He is journeying now through our principal cities and towns, for the purpose of soliciting money, to enable his tribe to recover their lands. He is accompanied by Mr. Tibbles, a Western lawyer and editor, who was the instrument of his rescue, by *habeas corpus*, from the United States troops at Omaha, and by two Omaha Indians, Miss Susette La Fleche and her brother, who act as interpreters. Miss La Fleche is known in her tribe as "Bright Eyes," and the Indian name of her father, who is the head chief of the tribe, is "Iron Eyes;" but her maternal grandfather was half French, hence the name La Fleche. She is a well-educated, graceful, winning, lovely girl, has been a teacher in the school on the Omaha Reservation, and speaks English so quaint, so simple, and yet so stately in its very simplicity, that one is lost in wonder until he learns that the only book of value this Indian girl owns is a little edition of Shakespeare, which she won as a prize at school and knows wellnigh by heart.

Standing Bear is a man sixty years old. His face is a gentle one, and stamped with unutterable sadness. His whole bearing is dignified and courteous. His silence is as eloquent as speech, and his gestures are so full of significance, of fire, of point, that' watching them closely, one can often foretell the import of his sentences before Bright Eyes translates them.

I studied the faces of these two, as they were taken by Mr. Houghton, the publisher, through room after room of the busy Riverside Press. Bright Eyes was eager, interested, observant. No process was too complicated for her attention, and her delight was a beautiful thing to see. Standing Bear was interested and observant; but his face saddened moment by moment, and when Mr. Houghton asked him to say a few words to the workwomen, one hundred of whom came crowding up, listening intently, these were the first words he said:

"We are weak and you are strong. It is because we had no books that we are weak and my people are in distress."

Later, they were presented to Professor Longfellow and his daughters, at Mr. Houghton's house. The author of "Hiawatha" seemed no stranger to Bright Eyes; and, when he paid her the courteous compliment of calling her "Minnehaha," she received it with exquisite grace and pleasure, which became a great chief's daughter. The sadness of Standing Bear's face was pathetic.

"He feels much sadder when he is in homes like this," said Bright Eyes. "It makes him think more how different it is for his people. In the public places he does not think so much."

I will give in Standing Bear's own language, word for word, his story of the removal of his tribe from their home. It may not be amiss to preface it by the quotation of a few words from the last treaty which our Government made with them.

We have made four treaties with the Poncas—the first in 1817, the second in 1828, the third in 1858, the fourth in 1865.

This last treaty begins as follows:

"*In consideration of military services, and of other lands ceded to the United States, the Government of the United States cede and relinquish all title and interest in the following described territory.*"

Then follows a description of certain townships and sections.

And it was from this land, thus "ceded and relinquished"—not "set apart for use and occupancy"—that the Poncas were removed by the armed forces of the United States Government. No official document, no other man's narrative—no, not if a second Homer should arise to sing it—could tell the story so well as Standing Bear tells it.

"We lived on our land as long as we can remember. No one knows how long ago we came there. The land was owned by our tribe as far back as memory of men goes.

"We were living quietly on our farms. All of a sudden one white man came. We had no idea what for. This was the inspector. He came to our tribe with Rev. Mr. Henmaie. These two, with the agent, James Lawrence, they made our trouble.

"They said the President told us to pack up; that we must move to the Indian Territory.

"The inspector said to us, 'The President says you must sell this land. He will buy it and pay you the money, and give you new land in the Indian Territory.'

"We said to him: 'We do not know your authority. You have no right to move us till we have had council with the President.'

"We said to him: 'We will see the President first.'

"He said to us: 'I will take you to see the new land. If you like it, then you can see the President and tell him so. If not, then you can see him and tell him so.' And he took all ten of our chiefs down. I went, and Bright Eyes's uncle went. He took us to look at three different pieces of land. He said we must take one of the three pieces, so the President said. After he took us down there, he said, No pay for the land we left.

"We said to him: 'You have forgotten what you said before we started. You said we should have pay for our land. Now you say not. You told us then you were speaking truth.' All these three men took us down there. The man got very angry. He tried to compel us to take one of the three pieces of land. He told us to be brave. He said to us, 'If you do not accept these, I will leave you here alone. You are one thousand miles from home. You have no money. You have no interpreter and you cannot speak the language.' And he went out and slammed the door. The man talked to us from long before sundown till it was nine o'clock at night.

"We said to him: 'We do not like this land. We could not support ourselves. The water is bad. Now send us to Washington, to tell the President, as you promised.'

"He said to us: 'The President did not tell me to take you to Washington; neither did he tell me to take you home.'

"We said to him: 'You have the Indian money you took to bring us down here. That money belongs to us. We would like to have some of it. People do not give away food for nothing. We must have money to buy food on the road.'

"He said to us: 'I will not give you a cent.'

"We said to him: 'We are in a strange country. We cannot find our way home. Give us a pass, that people may show us our way.'

"He said: 'I will not give you any.'

"We said to him: 'This interpreter is ours. We pay him. Let him go with us.'

"He said: 'You shall not have the interpreter. He is mine, and not yours.'

"We said to him: 'Take us, at least, to the railroad. Show us the way to that.'

"And he would not. He left us right there. It was winter. We started for home on foot. At night we slept in haystacks. We barely lived till morning, it was so cold. We had nothing but our blankets. We took the ears of corn that had dried in the fields. We ate it raw. The soles of our moccasins wore out. We were barefoot in the snow. We were nearly dead when we reached the Otoe Reserve. It had been fifty days. We stayed there ten days, to strengthen up, and the Otoes gave each of us a pony. The agent of the Otoes told us he had received a telegram from the inspector, saying that the Indian chiefs had run away; not to give us food or shelter or help in any way. The agent said: 'I would like to understand. Tell me all that has happened. Tell me the truth.'"

(This Otoe agent afterward told Bright Eyes that when the chiefs entered his room they left *the prints of their feet in blood* on the floor as they came in.)

"Then we told our story to the agent and to the Otoe chiefs—how we had been left down there to find our way.

"The agent said: 'I can hardly believe it possible that any one could have treated you so. That inspector was poor man, to have done this. If I had taken chiefs in this way, I would have brought them home. I could not have left them there!'

"In seven days we reached the Omaha Reservation. Then we sent a telegram to the President: asked him if he had authorized this thing. We waited three days for the answer. No answer came.

"In four days we reached our own home. We found the inspector there. While we were gone, he had come to our people and told them to move.

"Our people said: 'Where are our chiefs? What have you done with them? Why have you not brought them back? We will not move till our chiefs come back.'

"Then the inspector told them: 'To-morrow you must be ready to move. If you are not ready, you will be shot.' Then the soldiers came to the doors, with their bayonets; and ten families were frightened. The soldiers brought wagons; they put their things in and were carried away. The rest of the tribe would not move.

"When we got there, we asked the inspector why he had done this thing; and he got very angry.

"Then we said to him: 'We did not think we would see your face again, after what has passed. We thought never to see your face any more. But here you are.'"

(The fine and fiery scorn of Standing Bear's gestures at this passage was something which could not be described.)

"We said to him: 'This land is ours. It belongs to us. You have no right to take it from us. The land is crowded with people, and only this is left to us.'

"We said to him: 'Let us alone. Go away from us. If you want money, take all the money which the President is to pay us for twelve years to come. You may have it all, if you will go and leave us our lands.'

"Then, when he found that we would not go he wrote for more soldiers to come.

"Then the soldiers came, and we locked ou doors, and the women and children hid in th woods. Then the soldiers drove all the peopl the other side of the river, all but my brothe Big Snake and I. We did not go; and the so diers took us and carried us away to a fort an put us in jail. There were eight officers wh held council with us after we got there. Th commanding officer said: 'We wish to kno why you are here.' The officer said: 'I hav received four messages telling me to send m soldiers after you. Now, what have you done.'

"Then we told him the whole story. Th the officer said: 'You have done no wrong. Th land is yours. They had no right to take it fro you. Your title is good. I am here to prote the weak and I have no right to take you; bu am a soldier and I have to obey orders.'

"He said: 'I will telegraph to the Presider and ask him what I shall do. We do not thi these three men had any authority to treat y as they have done. When we own a piece land, it belongs to us till we sell it and pock the money.'

"Then he brought a telegram, and said had received answer from the President. T President said he knew nothing about it.

"They kept us in jail ten days. Then th carried us back to our home. The soldiers c lected all the women and children together; th they called all the chiefs together in counc and then they took wagons and went round broke open the houses. When we came b from the council, we found the women and c dren surrounded by a guard of soldiers.

"They took our reapers, mowers, hay-ra

pades, ploughs, bedsteads, stoves, cupboards, very thing we had on our farms, and put them n one large building. Then they put into the vagons such things as they could carry. We old them that we would rather die than leave ur lands; but we could not help ourselves. 'hey took us down. Many died on the road. 'wo of my children died. After we reached the ew land, all my horses died. The water was ery bad. All our cattle died; not one was left. stayed till *one hundred and fifty-eight* of my eople had died. Then I ran away, with thirty f my people, men and women and children. ome of the children were orphans. We were hree months on the road. We were weak and ick and starved. When we reached the Omaha Reserve, the Omahas gave us a piece of land, and e were in a hurry to plough it and put in wheat. While we were working, the soldiers came and rrested us. Half of us were sick. We would ather have died than have been carried back; ut we could not help ourselves.'

It was while this little band had stopped to est, under guard of their military escort, near Omaha City, that Mr. Tibbles went out to see hem. Standing Bear said to him, then:

"I have done no wrong, and yet I have been rrested twice. Tell me, now, does your law eally do this thing?"

Mr. Tibbles thought not; the highest legal uthority in the State thought not; and the Inians were set free by legal process. But now ehold how the curse of the helpless clings to hem. Being declared "persons" and free, and o longer "wards of the Government," they annot be allowed to go on any Indian Reservaon. They must live as best they can at large mong the white people, who hate and distrust hem. There are only eight men in the band; nd there are fifteen children, mostly orphans—he children whose parents died of exposure and ardship and bad water and malaria—fifteen chilren and six women to be supported.

They are living about seventy-five miles north f the Omaha Reserve. The Omahas help them l they can, and the men work whenever they n get work to do; but no farmer in the Westn country will hire an Indian, if he can help it. he eight men and the six women, with the fifeen children, will see hard times before spring. hey could have planted wheat; but they were ot let out of jail last spring till too late for that. hey have lost even the privileges of slavery; nd, as yet, freedom offers them very little in xchange.

Rejoicing in Privation.—Johannes Bruce, the ounder of the order of Carmelites, though a oman Catholic priest, was a saint indeed, disnguished by his love to God, and his faith. ne day the members of the convent found, that eir whole stock of food was a *single piece of dry ead.* They sat down and asked God's blessing on this crust. They had scarcely returned to eir cells when the bell rang and a man enred with a large basket of provisions, which ere carried with a letter to the prior, who was n his knees praying. He read; the letter dropd from his hands and he began to weep bitrly. The porter, surprised, said, "Why do u weep?" Johannes replied, "Brother, I do t weep without reason. Think how weak the rd must see our faith to be, since He is unlling to see us suffer want a single day without nding visible aid."

At the Conference of the Evangelical Allice at Edinburgh on October 30th, Dr. hite, of New York, gave an interesting acunt of what is being done in the Southern ates among the freedmen to prepare them r Christian work. It is expected, he said, that a few years they will be able to provide such supply of missionaries as would do more to ristianize Africa than could be done by any ropean agency with white men. They had ready eight colleges and eleven normal and ghteen initiatory schools, with 7000 emancipated aves in them, ranging from twenty to forty years age. They had eleven missionaries in the field.

COMING POPISH STRUGGLES.

By Rev. C. H. Hamilton, Rector of Horne, England.

The Tactics of Rome—Revival of her Spiritual Power—New Policy of the Vatican—Bismarck and the Ultramontanes — Rome's Increasing Activity—Testimony of the Press to her Continued Vitality—Corrupted Christianity in League with Antichrist — Rome's Triumph, and Final Destruction.

THE Church of Rome has ever shown a consummate ability in her tactics to meet the ever-changing wants and tastes of each succeeding age. But in one respect alone we mark no change: she has been from the earliest period of her history the consistent and uncompromising foe of light and knowledge and intellectual liberty, and has never hesitated to use whatever weapon the times have placed in her hand to arrest the advance of truth and slay its apostles. Rome is ever wise in her generation: never scrupulous in the use of means, whether it be royalty or revolution, the domain of law or the camp of sedition, so long as it will minister to the revival of her power, she has been ever ready to seize the opportunities of the hour, and with consummate skill to turn them to her own account. Now she is seeking to establish her sway over the masses, not, however, with any intention of elevating them, but lending her aid for the suppression of law and order which stand in the way of her return to power.

Leo XIII., one of the shrewdest Pontiffs that have occupied the chair of St. Peter, has more accurately gauged the spirit of the times than the Pope who preceded him. Though the stubborn resistance of Pius IX. no doubt served a purpose and confirmed the attachment of his own subjects, this defiant attitude could never advance the cause of Rome by a single step. The new Pope has reversed these tactics of passive resistance, and under his directing influence the Church is everywhere resuming her activity. The adherents of the Papacy are no longer commanded to abstain from taking any part in the election of councillors and deputies, and this influence is beginning to affect sensibly the control of states and governments.

Already there are strong evidences of a clerical reaction and *revival of the Papal power* in the kingdoms of Italy and France. In the latter country the Ultramontanes are preparing to war on the question of education, and are raising successfully the old cry that religion is in danger. In Germany a new and unexpected power has been recently placed in their hands. The returns of the late elections show that the two great parties in the State are evenly balanced, and consequently the Ultramontane deputies have it in their power to turn the scale which way they please, and practically control the action of the Legislature.

It is very curious to watch the course Prince Bismarck has elected to pursue in this singular turn of events. Not much more scrupulous than Rome herself in the use of means, provided they will further his political purpose, it seems that he is about to strike hands with his old enemies and enlist them in his service. He will find that he is playing with an edged tool. The Jesuits are at least his equals in craft and design, and we may be pretty sure that the substantial advantages arising out of this strange compact will rest on their side. Probably when they have served his purpose he will seek (as he has done in more than one former instance) to dispense with their services, and may then discover that they have used their opportunity so well in strengthening their position in the Empire that they cannot easily be dislodged. So stubborn has been their resistance to the laws levelled against their ecclesiastical claims that even he has been fain to come to terms with the Papacy instead of continuing to wage open war with it. Rome has winning cards in her hands, and we may trust her to play them well.

Turning for a moment to our own land, we cannot conceal the melancholy fact that Rome is displaying increased activity and daily putting forth more daring claims in this the most Protestant country in Europe. Every year her standing army is largely augmented; the ranks of her priesthood receive new additions; new centres of power for aggression, convents, monastic buildings, homes of refuge are erected, and a steady stream of secession has set in toward her pale—bringing rank, wealth, fashion, and even intellect, as proselytes to her faith. No wonder Rome's hopes are high and her zeal revived when she sees this brightening prospect of a fresh lease of power in every land.

That the belief here expressed in the continued vitality of Rome is shared by the secular press, a brief extract from one of the leading daily newspapers will testify. It appeared recently in an able article under the title, "The Papacy in Italy":

"For many years past it has been clear that the power of the Papacy, so far from being dead or dying, is in truth the most permanently important of the elements which have to be reckoned with in shaping and in forecasting the future of Italy. . . . . The *temporal* power of which the Pope has been deprived is of comparatively small moment. It was material, and could be attacked by force of the commonest kind. But the *spiritual* power that remains to the Pontiff is endowed with this peculiarity, that it is much increased by the destruction of his merely temporal and material sovereignty. Moreover, it is not a power which could be readily measured, and yet to a more marked degree it is a power that could not be attacked by force of a common or easily applicable kind.

"The Church of Rome has latterly shown a disposition to sever the ties which bound it to the civil governments of the world, and to ally itself with the dangerous and disaffected classes."

Thus we may look to see Rome more and more completely identified with the spirit and aims of *democracy*. With her ready power of adapting herself to the conditions of the ever-changing times, she will yet be seen courting the alliance and even wearing the colors of *red-handed revolution.* The book of the Revelation represents her to our view attired in this scarlet livery. And when the last days of this world's troubled history are rapidly drawing to a close, and the *Antichrist* is revealed as the head and front of human wickedness in opposition to Jehovah, apostate Rome, then become the centre in which every phase of corrupted Christianity is merged, will be ready to ally herself to the man of sin, and will give her power to the maintenance of his lawless throne.

Her dream of universal sovereignty will then be realized, but as a dream it will vanish away. Judgment swift and terrible is at hand for her and the partners of her dark apostasy. "The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken in pieces." Then shall He come "whose right it is to reign," and take to Him His great power, and execute judgment upon the ungodly in His fiery indignation. Purged from the defiling presence of infidelity and sin, the rod of the oppressor broken, and the triumph of rebellion forever ended, the throne of creation shall be restored to her rightful Lord, and "the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." "Even so come, Lord Jesus." Amen!

A Preacher on the Walls.—"Some years ago," says a writer, "when I was in the habit of visiting the theatres, I used to observe in the upper story of a railway depot a kind of revolving light made use of for advertising purposes. I have often since thought what an excellent plan it would be to bring home solemn thoughts to the minds of the many who leave the theatres between 10.30 p.m. and midnight. Many a poor, sin-burned, heart-sick soul might by this means be brought to the loving, compassionate Saviour. Single words or short sentences from God's Word might be made to pass in succession before the passing crowds while those engaged in the operation were offering up prayer for a blessing upon the effort."

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

Clifford Grange.

THE village of Clifford, on the sea-coast of old England, consisted of a straggling street of fishermen's houses, stretching in a single line from the shore inland, with scattered cottages and humble farmsteads dotted about the slopes on each side of the deep valley running down to the sea. There was no pier, and there were no lodging houses. The nearest town was five miles off by the nearest road—a rough, and wind-swept path over the cliffs—and seven full miles if you traversed the whole length of the valley in order to reach the highway.

The bay, where it emptied itself, had a small ridge of pebbly beach, beyond which lay a tract of firm, bright sand, stretching in a narrow belt for miles under the cliffs when the tide was out. Almost every man in the village owned some small boat of his own, for the railway was far off, and the inhabitants of Clifford preferred launching their rude, safe fishing craft, and running round with the tide to the neighboring markets, to travelling along the dusty, hot highway, whenever they had any of the produce of their fields or their nets to dispose of.

The whole parish, almost to a single field, was the property of one land-owner—old Charles Clifford, of Clifford Grange, whose ancestors had dwelt there for many generations, gradually rising from the position of farmer to that of gentleman, and as gradually adding field to field until the whole of the parish, with the small living attached to it, had come into their hands. The old man now in possession was *past eighty*. He had been cast in a somewhat rougher mould than his immediate forefathers, and instead of taking any part in the affairs of the county, had led a homely, rustic life, fishing in his own boat, farming his own fields, and ruling his tenants, both farmers and fishermen, with a high hand.

He had not married till late in life, and when his only son and heir was born he was already sixty years of age—a strong-willed, selfish man, neither able nor willing to learn any lesson disagreeable to his egotism. He idolized his boy, the son of his old age, but he did not suffer this idolatry to interfere with the supreme worship of himself. He could not have more perfectly succeeded in ruining his son by indulgence if he had set that end before him as a definite aim.

Master Charlie, as he was called by all the village, grew up wild, ignorant, and reckless, a torment to the men, and a terror to the women of the place. He would not go to school, and the tutors provided for him at home found him unmanageable and incorrigible, but were laughed at or scorned by his father if they made any complaint against him. "The boy can always be managed by me," he said. So true is the Word of God, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son ; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes" (Prov. 13 : 24).

Mrs. Clifford, who was more than thirty years younger than her husband, had been a widow with one child when she married a second time. Until this marriage her life had been spent in large towns—chiefly in London—amid the constant bustle and stir of a populous community. She had been fascinated by the seclusion and quiet of Clifford Grange, and fancied a perpetual peace must reign there.

Moreover, she was a penniless widow, dependent upon relations who kept her grudgingly ; and her young son was a heavy burden to her. She was not fit to maintain herself, or at least thought so. She had never been willing to work steadily, or to do any thing that might be at the moment irksome to her.

When old Charles Clifford had unexpectedly asked her to become his wife, she had consented with alacrity, believing that henceforth she would have her own way in every thing. "Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave," she had said to herself. But as soon as her child was born she was set on one side, and treated, even with regard to his training, as a complete cipher, being hardly more than the housekeeper of Clifford Grange, which from that epoch became the kingdom of the son and heir of Clifford.

Ernest Wren, her elder boy, was ten years of age when his half-brother was born. He was already a thoughtful, advanced lad, prematurely wise from knocking about in the world during the homeless years of his mother's widowhood. He was old enough to feel a sharp pang of resentment at her second marriage, a step which throughout his whole after-life he never fully forgave. But the change was attended with many advantages to him.

Old Charles Clifford was not unkind to the fatherless boy, and in a rough fashion of his own he tried to make a man of him. He succeeded in training the town-bred lad into *a capital sailor*, and a still better farmer. The quiet, beautiful country life won all Ernest's affections, which had so little else to cling to.

The bright, changeful sea, never bearing the same aspect long ; the dangerous cliffs, which he soon learned to scale with the most venturesome of the village urchins ; the wild slopes of the deep valley, with their elegant birch trees and ferns and flowers that lived all the winter through ; the large, well-stocked farmstead adjoining the Grange ; the Grange itself, with its low, wainscoted rooms, and long, dark lobbies, and high-roofed attics, set in the gables—all these took almost the place of human friendships, and awoke in his heart the strong, deep love which no one about him cared to cherish.

It was a heart-breaking trial to Ernest when he was banished from Clifford to a school in London. But the boy distinguished himself at school, having one object before him—that of quickly learning all he had to learn, so as to get back to his beloved Clifford. He won prize after prize, bringing them home at each holiday, with a secret sense that nobody really cared for his success. His master urgently represented to his step-father that he merited an university education, and old Charles Clifford consented to it, reflecting that *the present vicar* of Clifford was an old man, and that the living was in his gift. It would probably be the cheapest and best way of providing for his wife's son.

Ernest cared for nothing so much as coming back to Clifford. The old vicar died opportunely, and he succeeded him, having a few months before married the daughter of one of his former masters. Thus, at twenty-four years of age, he settled down for life as vicar of Clifford-on-the-sea.

There had been no great love between the half-brothers. Each regarded the other with contempt ; Ernest after a quiet fashion, Charles after an ostentatious one. The old man was roughly good-natured to his step-son, but he idolized his heir. Mrs. Clifford favored sometimes one, and sometimes the other, according to the caprice of the moment ; but her whims were of no weight with any of the three men belonging to her, over whom her shallow and fickle nature had no influence.

The parishioners, with the exception of four or five scampish young men, suspected of poaching, petty larcenies, and similar misdemeanors, were all strongly attached to Master Ernest, the quiet, pleasant lad who had grown up among them, and who was now their own young, friendly parson, not over-strict, and *not too long in his sermons*. Master Charlie had grown up among them also, but he was headstrong and domineering, and there was a secret dread of his succession to the estates, which could not be very far off now, and which was looked forward to as a great though inevitable calamity to the whole parish.

As might have been foreseen, as soon as Charles was but little more than a boy, his strong, uncurbed will came into frequent collision with the strong, uncurbed will of his aged father. Old Charles Clifford grew more obstinate and tyrannical as he advanced in years, and began to sink under the infirmities of his great age. His increasing deafness and dimness of sight made him increasingly suspicious and unreasonable.

On the other hand, his son could not submit to any control, and it was enough for him to know that his father had forbidden a thing to cause him ardently to desire to do it. Time after time violent quarrels arose, in which Ernest played the part of peacemaker, the old man being always more readily pacified than his son. But there could be no lasting peace between them. Threats were constantly bandied to and fro—on the one hand of disinheritance, on the other of running away and never more being heard of.

At length young Charles put his threat into execution. When he was little over eighteen he disappeared suddenly, and completely, and no inquiry or search availed to procure a solitary trace of him. Some of the fishermen whispered that he must have been seized with cramp whilst bathing and been carried away by the tide ; but there was no evidence to support this suggestion, and it did not receive a moment's credence at the Grange. Old Charles Clifford knew, though he never betrayed the secret, that a large sum of money had disappeared from the cabinet in his bedroom at the same time as his hopeful son.

Two other events had checkered the somewhat monotonous life of the young vicar of Clifford—the birth of a little daughter, and the death, a few months later, of his wife, who was some years older than himself, and who might be said to have chosen and married him rather than he her. Both of these events took place three or four years before Charles's disappearance.

If it were possible for us to take our *last journey* as we take other journeys, half the terror of it would be gone. We shrink more perhaps from going alone than from entering into an utterly unknown state of existence. Could we only say to one or two of our dearest, most familiar friends, "Come, I will bid good-by to this worl next week if you will go with me. Let us haste to that better land, of which we have so ofte spoken, and so often heard, in our hours of sorrow"—then we might set about our preparations for that great migration with an unusua courage and cheerfulness, as if we were merel flitting to some new home across the seas.

But we are called to pass *singly* to that far-off mysterious shore in darkness and silence, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, knowing nothing Against our will we are stripped of all our customary surroundings, even of the outer self, s much better known to most of us than the hidden, lonely, living soul, which alone has to pas the unseen boundary. It is not change tha daunts us ; it is the utter, absolute strangenes of that future world, and of our place and bearin in it. As the old Book has it, "they shall b afraid of that which is high, and fears shall b in the way, and the almond-tree shall flouris and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desi shall fail : because *man goeth to his long hom* and the mourners go about the streets" (Eccle 12 : 5).

The extreme age of old Charles Clifford, stan ing on the brink of the grave one January nigh did not make the strangeness of the change le painful to him. He had lived so long in this li that the brief, fleeting visions one catches n and then of another world must long since ha ceased to visit him, if indeed they had ever visit him at all. The curtain had become darker a more closely drawn between him and the wo to come.

He was clinging with fierce tenacity to t worn-out, half-paralyzed frame which had be his tenement so long. If he might have his w he would rather remain thus, bed-ridden a barely alive, than venture into the thick darkn he was about to enter. His white head tos to and fro on his pillow, and he groaned i patiently. How poor and short a time it w since he was a boy !

It did not seem long since he was a lad scra bling up the cliff, and hanging by strong yo hands to any jutting crag, or root of ivy, wh the tide roared far below him against the ro e had been dreaming a good deal of his boy-ood of late, going back to the smallest memo-es of childish trifles. Was it a token that his orn-out, sickly spirit was about to enter into me new youth? Truly it is no idle warning at opens the chapter of the Bible from which e have just quoted, "Remember now thy eator in the days of thy youth, while the evil ys come not, nor the years draw nigh, when ou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

There was no trace of youth in his withered, llow face, or in the hands, with their hooked d shrivelled fingers, clutching the bedclothes gher up his shoulders. It was difficult to be-ve that such decrepit old age had ever known ildhood. Bleared and sunken eyes looked out nly and anxiously from under his bushy eye-ows. They could not rest upon an object that d not been familiar and unchanged to them many years. This chamber, which had been s own for more than seventy years, in which had slept and waked night and morning, was s altered than he was himself.

There was the same old carved cabinet where father, and his grandfather before him, had pt their deeds and papers of value; the same king-glass which had reflected his own face ce it was the smooth, beardless face of a boy; e same windows looking out upon the old un-anged landscape.

Was it possible that he was really going to it all the old possessions, never to return to em; his home, which had grown so much a t of himself that he could not conceive of life any kind apart from it? Would he never see sun rise again through the eastern window? y, would the sun rise at all, or the dawn break ough gray clouds upon that unknown world? uld there never more be a farm for him to e over? No fishing or hunting? No tides wing and ebbing? No dinners and suppers? long nights of unbroken sleep?

His face had been turned to the wall for a nute or two, but at these dread questions tossed over again on his pillow, and gazed with a troubled gleam in his eye, looking comfort to the faces of his wife and step-s.

They were sitting on the hearth together, talk-in so low a tone that the old man's deaf and lous ear could not catch a word, though he quite still, and listened eagerly. They did glance toward him, and he felt neglected aggrieved. Already they were drifting away m him; he was losing his power over them. own forlorn loneliness smote him more pain-y, as he watched them, their heads almost ching each other, as they continued their ear-t conversation. They were discussing some ns and schemes with which he could not in-ere. There would be no more planning and eming for him. There was no more for him do in the world—*except* one thing.

Ernest!" he cried, so sharply and loudly t it made them both start and hurry toward bed, "I must speak to you alone. Send r mother away till I want her."

Can I do nothing for you before I go?" she ed kindly, for she had been a good nurse to , and was willing to do her duty by him to last.

No; just do as I bid you. You never do as 're told," he answered peevishly.

Without a word she walked quietly out of the m. Ernest stood still, looking down thought-v on the dying old man. There was not much ction in his steadfast gaze, though there was e sadness and sympathy; but he waited in nce, as if used to his step-father's querulous per, and the dim, mournful eyes of the old were fastened upon him.

I am going fast," he said sorrowfully.

rnest neither contradicted nor reassured him. knew that this was old Charles Clifford's last —perhaps his last hour. He held his peace from good words, for he knew how quickly old spirit of tyranny and opposition was sed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HEAVENLY SONG.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 7th. Rev. 5. Golden Text, verse 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE read of old songs and new songs in the Word of God. Perhaps the earliest is that mentioned in Job 38 : 7 at the time of the creation, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

It is natural when one sings to hold one's head up. Song is made to go upward as though its very meaning were praise; the very birds look up when they begin to sing. Thus when Moses and the children of Israel sung their song of deliverance on the promise side of the Red Sea, Moses said, "I will sing *unto the Lord.*" This is the right direction for song—singing unto the Lord.

The song in the chapter chosen for our subject is a new song, but it is not the first new song in the Bible. Perhaps Ps. 33 : 3, 4 is the first, and the subject of it is the Word of the Lord: "For the Word of the Lord is right." Then there is the new song of David: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and He hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God" (Ps. 40 : 2, 3).

Then there are the two millennial psalms—96 and 98—both new songs of the coming glory of the reigning Messiah. In Ps. 144 : 9 David sings a new song, which is a song of deliverance, and such a song can we ever sing when we perceive how strong is our position in the Lord who fighteth for us, and that "we are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us" (Rom. 8). They who never sing new songs never have new experiences. Like the children of Israel in the desert, they are always going over the same ground, never getting a stage farther on their journey. "Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man which is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old," new songs as well as new knowledge, for the Spirit of God in us is unfailing, like "a well of water springing up unto everlasting life" (John 4 : 14), which never runs dry.

The song of our subject is sung in heaven. God was on the throne, and in His hand a book which no man could open, or read, or even so much as look upon—a book which seems to contain the unfolding of God's purposes. The Apostle John was looking on, for a door in heaven was open to his gaze, and he wept much because no one was found worthy to open the book, etc. And one of the four and twenty elders who sat round about the throne spoke to him and said, "Weep not; behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof. And I beheld," he writes; "and lo! in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain." Jesus by His blood prevails.

"He came and took the book out of the hand of Him that sat upon the throne. And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors (or incense), which are the prayers of saints." These, then, the living creatures, and the four and twenty elders, are the singers of the song. They are but twenty-eight in all, and they seem to stand in a priestly character before God on behalf of others, for they it is who present "the prayers of the saints at the time when this vision shall be realized yet these are not angels; they themselves are redeemed: but are they not the first fruits who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, the fathers, who know Him which was from the beginning, and who having the spirit of the bride are found in the very midst of the throne, and round about the throne, instead of adoring afar off."

And what is their song? They sang a new song, saying, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou was slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us." *Who?* Representatives from all the people and languages on the face of the earth; thus we gather that the number is in itself figurative. And they are all royal priests—priests after the order of Melchizedek. They have learned subjection on the earth, they have learned to occupy with the Master's goods, and thus they are in a position to reign. Having learned priestly work on earth, they are still in heaven priests unto God, and they shall reign on the earth.

Jesus said unto His disciples (Matt. 19 : 28, 29). "Verily, I say unto you, that ye which have followed Me, in the regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." These are conditions attached to reigning with Christ. It is not simply he that believeth, but he that having believed *follows* Christ, and is ready to leave all for Christ, who shall hereafter reign with Him. Rom. 8 : 17 says the same thing: "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, *if so be that we suffer with Him*, that we may be also glorified together."

The company of them who came out of (the see Greek) great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. 7 : 14, 15), are not crowned; they are "*before* the throne," but not *in the midst* of the throne; they serve Him day and night, He dwells among them, and wipes away all tears from their eyes; but it is never said that they reign, or that they are kings and priests. We read of the bride, and again of the guests, "they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb" (Rev. 19 : 7, 9). And while so little of these things is revealed to us, yet there is enough to make us see that there is a salvation so as by fire, and there is "an abundant entrance;" there is a heaven of joy, but there is also a reign with Christ; there is a call to be His bride, one soul, one mind, one being with Him here, that we may be so hereafter; and there is a possibility of losing this "mark for the prize of our high calling," and some one else taking our crown (Rev. 3 : 11).

Now is the time; it is high time to awake out of sleep. Tremendous issues may hang upon what we may regard as trifles. "He which is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." There is a following of Christ, a kingly and a priestly attitude to take and to maintain in every simple detail of our lives. The atmosphere of the human life of Jesus is still on earth for us to breathe. His life, His death, are ours. If we would sing in heaven, "Thou art worthy," let our devotion to Him on earth say, "Thou art worthy." Worthy of my suffering and of my service, worthy of my time and of my strength, let our whole way of life run counter to the world's boast, "We will not have this man to reign over us" (Luke 19 : 14). Let us be kingly, royal in our bearing, seeing all things and doing all things in the dignity of our eternal life, and then our life shall sing His worthiness.

The song from heaven seems to wake up song among the angels; "And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne; and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing." Their song in its turn wakes the whole universe, until "every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth," respond in adoring praise, one vibration of unmingled worship, without one discordant note, to Him who gave His life for us.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Intense Excitement in Ireland has been aroused by the arrest of three men named Daly, Killen, and Davitt, who took part in a public meeting at Gurteen, County Sligo, on November 2d. The arrests were made November 19th, the charge against the accused being sedition and conspiracy, and using language in public calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

The action of the Government has aroused a feeling of bitter hostility in Ireland, and mass meetings are being held to protest against the arrest. A meeting was held in Dublin November 21st, at which *six thousand persons* were present. Mr. Parnell, M.P., the leader of the Home Rule party, spoke, condemning the Government in strong terms, but warning the people against illegal measures. Speaking in the name of his party he said: "The only end and aim which we have proposed to ourselves throughout is this, that the people of Ireland shall own the soil of Ireland."

It is stated that Mr. Parnell's language at the land meetings will be brought before the House of Commons with a view to silencing him in the House.

The cable says the Government are placed in possession of much information by landlords in connection with the rent agitation in Ireland, which, for obvious reasons, the landlords cannot make public. These statements show that some tenants who are in position to pay their rents and are willing to pay are kept from doing so by *fear of outrage* from others who cannot or will not pay. It is understood that a large number of processes of ejectment have been and will be applied for.

The constabulary is under arms day and night in many towns in Ireland, and the military garrisons are being strengthened.

Turkey has Renewed her Promises of Reform in response to the urgent representations of the British Government. The Sultan pledges his word that there shall be no unnecessary delay in the introduction of the reforms demanded by England, and Lord Salisbury, the British Foreign Secretary, has given assurances that his Government fully understands the financial and other difficulties of the Porte, and does not wish to complicate the situation by menace. An Englishman has been appointed the representative of the Sultan to superintend the introduction of reforms throughout Asia Minor. The relations of the two governments have, in consequence of these pledges, become more cordial.

A Terrible Earthquake Occurred in the province of Kansuh, China, beginning on June 29th, and continuing in shocks till July 11th. The most tremendous of the shocks occurred on July 1st, when immense damage was done. Temples, "yamens," city walls, shops, and private dwellings were destroyed, and in several instances completely swallowed up, the destruction extending over *thirty cities and villages.* In the city of Chieh Chow two officials with their entire households were thus ingulfed and disappeared. The loss of life was very severe, but at present it is impossible to ascertain either the number of fatalities or the loss of property. Great distress has, however, been caused by the catastrophe, and the Emperor, in a recent decree in reply to a memorial, expresses sympathy with the surviving sufferers, and orders the memorialist to use every effort to relieve them. Kansuh is an inland province to the north-west, and communication with it is very slow. This will account for the length of time which elapsed before news of the disaster reached the coast.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon took leave of his students at the College November 7th, as he went to Mentone, in France, on Monday, November 10th, where he expects to spend eight weeks, and the prayers of the readers of this paper are requested for the re-establishment of his health and the success of his great work during his absence. By arrangement with his publishers we shall be able to insert each week one of his *unpublished* evening sermons preached during the past summer.

Death in the China Mission Field has been busy, many zealous workers having been summoned home. The death of Bishop Russell, of North China, occurred October 5th. He first went to China in 1847, and was one of the two first English missionaries at Ningpo. Rev. Hugh Ritchie, of Formosa, senior missionary of the Presbyterian Church in China, has died of fever. Mr. Ritchie had labored in that field heartily and successfully for twelve years. The typhus fever which recently was so prevalent in China, following the famine of the previous year, numbered among its victims six Protestant missionaries. We erect statues to men who have died fighting for their country in war, but these noble Christian heroes have fallen in a higher warfare, the warfare of Christ against sin and Satan, and their lives have been sacrificed for the good of the world.

Prince Bismarck and his Tiresome Visitors.—The German Chancellor is said to have been asked by Lord Russell, the British Minister, recently, how he managed "to get rid of that class of importunate visitors whom he could not well refuse to see, but whose room he found preferable to their company." "Oh!" replied the Chancellor, "I have a pretty simple method. My wife knows them pretty well, and when she sees that they are with me, she generally contrives to come in and call me away upon some pretext or other." He had scarcely finished speaking when the princess put her head in at the door, and said, "Otto, you must come and take your medicine; you ought to have had it ten minutes ago." Lord Odo Russell was not long in coming to the conclusion that "his room would be preferable to his company;" so he instantly left.

Losses in Business, like Other Troubles, are fraught with valuable lessons to the Christian, but it frequently happens that the irritation they produce prevents the sufferer learning them. An incident occurred recently at Clapham England, which shows how an earnest Christian may bear such losses not only with fortitude, but in a spirit of childlike docility which no mere formalist can attain. One morning Mr. Thornton, a merchant at Clapham, received notice of a failure by which he would lose a sum equivalent to half a million dollars. On the same morning a minister from the country called at his counting-house to ask a subscription for an important object. Hearing that Mr. Thornton had suffered that loss he apologized for having called. But Mr. Thornton took him kindly by the hand: "My dear sir, the wealth I have is not mine, but the Lord's. It may be that He is going to take it out of my hands, and give it to another; and if so, this is a good reason why I should make a good use of what is left." He then doubled the subscription he had formerly intended to give.

The Expenses of the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Bâle have been paid by the Christian brethren in that city. The British churches forwarded to them a donation of $1000 toward the fund, but the Bâle committee returned the money, saying that their own contributions had been so large that they did not need aid from their foreign brethren, and they have on hand a considerable balance beyond their wants! This liberality is a substantial proof of the sincerity of the Christian spirit in that city.

The St. Louis brethren of the Evangelical Alliance paid all the expenses of the late Biennial Conference in St. Louis, without calling upon the Executive Committee in New York, or upon friends in other places. It has been the experience of St. Louis and of Bâle that the meetings of the Alliance were a privilege the necessary expenses of which they should discharge cheerfully.

The Missionaries of the China Inland Mission at Kin-chan have, it appears, received offers from Chinese parents to sell them girls for their school. The following are the terms proposed by parents: "1. That the betrothal money be fixed at $60, the half of which is to be given to the parents, and half to the school superintendent to use on behalf of the girl at her marriage. 2. That the parents be allowed to receive half their money now and half at the girl's marriage. 3. That the feet be unbound. 4. That the betrothal of the girl be entirely in the hands of the school superintendent. 5. That she may not return home before her marriage. 6. That, i the parents recall her after the three months probation they repay the school for the girl' board at the rate of $2 per month.

The Prevalence of Drunkenness among French children is asserted by a writer in the London *Gentleman's Magazine.* "Again and again a hotel tables," he says, "I have seen childre scarcely more than babies suffering distinctl from alcohol. It is, as travellers in Franc know, the custom in all districts south of th Loire to supply wine gratis at two meals, break fast and dinner, at which the residents in hotel eat in company. Repeatedly, then, i the hotels in French watering places, I hav watched children of five years old and upwar supplied by their mothers with wine enoug visibly to flush and excite them. At Sable d'Olonne one little fellow, whose age could n be more than six, drank at each of two consecu tive meals three tumblers of wine slightly dilute with water. The result was on each occasio that he sprawled over the table, and ended l putting his head in his mother's lap and fallin asleep."

Fifty-nine Students have been Graduate from the College at Beyrout, an institution e tablished by American Protestants, during th past ten years. Four of the graduates are no engaged in the college, ten are practising me cine, two are druggists, eleven are medic students, while eighteen are missionary teache preachers, and translators. From the medic department forty-six students have been grad ated, and from the pharmaceutical, five. At t celebration of the tenth anniversary of the c lege an alumni association was formed.

A Determined Suicide in Russia is Announc The young Countess Vera Koscheleff disappear two days after her betrothal, and wrote that "s was going to bathe in a river on her Crimean tate, and would never return." Her body w found there, sewn in a large straw sack, w *the seams in the interior*, showing that she h sewn herself deliberately in it, as a letter n her said, "from her extreme fear of crawf and water beetles." It is strange that one w had the audacity to take her own life should h shown fear in such paltry matters.

An English Officer's Humane Spirit w shown in his last moments in Zululand. Capt Edgell when shot at Ulundi, fell back into arms of a comrade, exclaiming as his last wor "See that the men *spare the wounded.* Sp the wounded."

Spurgeon's Autograph Album; containing Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's and Mrs. Spurgeon's a graphs, may be obtained at 63 Bible House, through any bookseller. Price 75 cents. *The S and Trowel* says: "Our young friends deligh possessing birthday albums, and here is one whi fit for a queen. We will say nothing of the conte but the binding is simply gorgeous. . . . Th a dainty birthday present, and is equal to any have gone before it; we think we might ventu say that it is second to none. Facsimiles of th tographs of the pastor and his wife are given in proper places."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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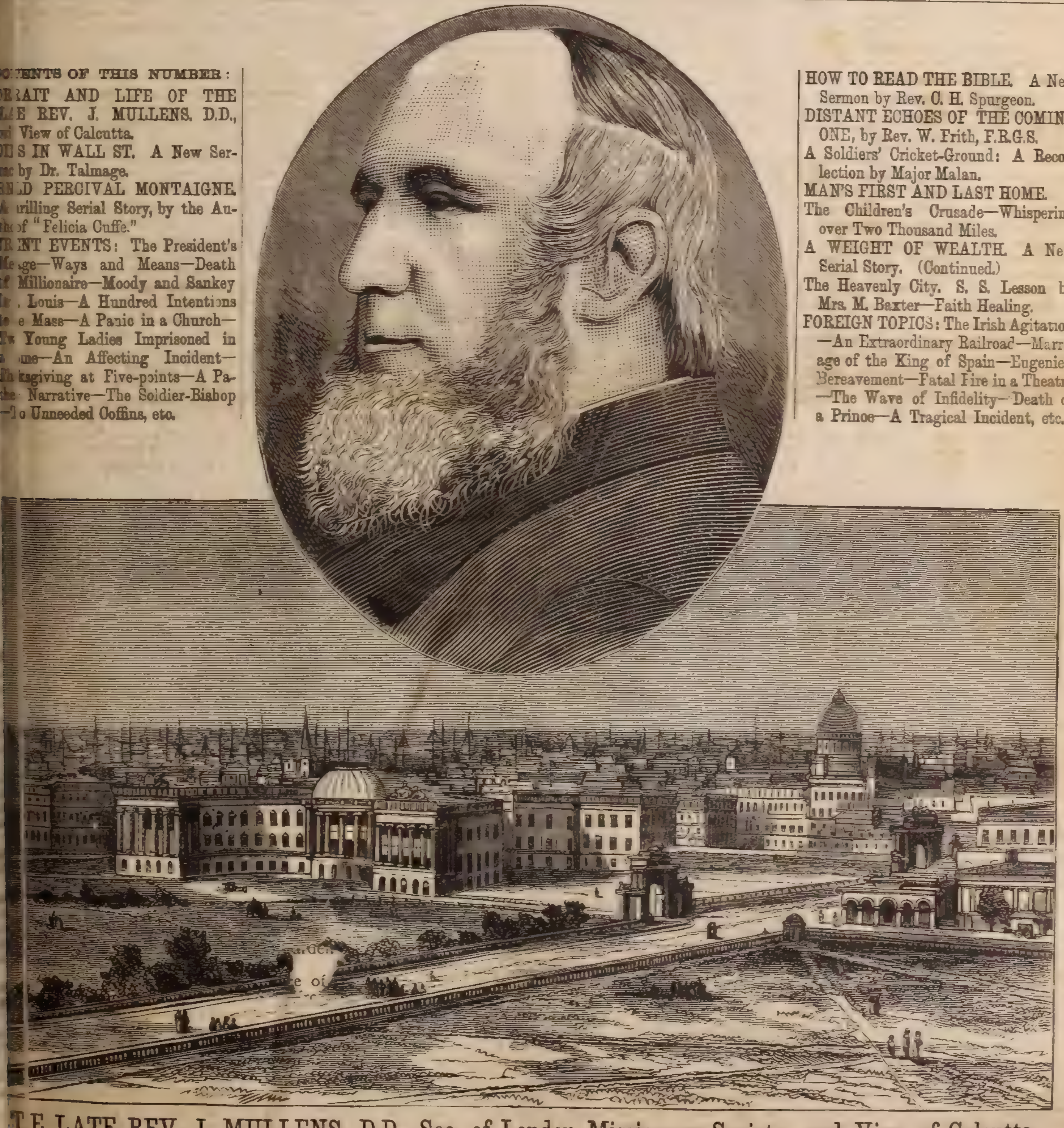

E LATE REV. J. MULLENS, D.D., Sec. of London Missionary Society, and View of Calcutta.

THE LATE REV. J. MULLENS, D.D.,

Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

Birth and College Life—Entrance into the Mission Field—Married Life—A Visit to England—Speech on the Massacre of Missionaries at Cawnpore—Appointment as Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society—A Hindoo Professor's Despair of Hindooism—Dr. Mullens' Memorable Report of 1877—Lord Northbrook's Tribute to his Worth—His Journey to Central Africa—His Lamentable Death.

JOSEPH MULLENS was born in London, England, September 2d, 1820. His father was a deacon of the church at Barbican Chapel, formerly the scene of the labors of the Rev. Dr. Arthur Tidman, who for many years vigorously discharged the duties which afterward devolved upon Dr. Mullens as his successor in connection with the London Missionary Society. Dr. Tidman, as he watched the boy who Sunday after Sunday accompanied his father to chapel, could hardly have thought that among the young people of his congregation there was one listening to him who by and by would be so closely associated with the Society in the prosperity of which, even before he was officially connected with it, he took so deep an interest.

Dr. Tidman, it is well known, was instrumental in introducing several of the young men of his church to the work of the mission field; and Joseph Mullens, at the close of his school-days at Mill Hill, having become a member of the church at Barbican, and having shown aptitude for the ministry, was encouraged by his pastor to seek admission into Coward College, which has since been amalgamated with Homerton and Highbury into the institution now known as New College, London.

The young man's application to be received as a student was granted, and while going through his course at Coward College he graduated B.A. at the London University. In 1843 he went out as a

MISSIONARY TO INDIA,

his field of labor being Calcutta, the capital city. Two years later he married the daughter of the Rev. Alphonse François Lacroix, who for many years had been the devoted missionary of the London Society in Calcutta. In a touching memoir of Mrs. Mullens, written by her sister after her death, we have a glimpse of their *early married life:*

"Her husband stood on a level with herself. They read together, or, when they did not take up the same books, he was accustomed to talk over with her the results of his studies, and describe to her all new facts in history, politics, and science in the religious world at large, and especially in the field of missions. She did the same with him."

In her Bengal Girls' Boarding School she had an important sphere of action, for while her husband was contending with the difficulties of educated young Indians, Mrs. Mullens was quite as earnest in moulding the characters of many of the future wives and mothers who would ere long be exerting an influence that would be potent for good or evil. So delicately yet strongly did she accomplish her task that it was afterward said, "Hers was the most useful life in Calcutta."

It is interesting to note that, in commencing his work as a missionary, the subject of our sketch wisely made it his business to win the attention of those who, on the ground of their educational attainments, might even be called *cultivated Indians.* He showed them that he was no stranger to the difficulties in their way when asked to renounce the faith of their fathers and to accept the Gospel. He would say to them, "I know the difficulties of habit and feeling and of social position. But I know the awful consequences of not being a Christian, the dreadful punishment of irreligion and *unbelief in the eternal fires of hell;* and in love I warn you, in love I invite you, in love to you I seek your eternal welfare. You who fear the present consequences of becoming a Christian, remember the future condition of him who is not so. 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me in this evil generation, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He comes in the glory of the Father and of the holy angels to reward every man according to his works.'"

After he had labored about *ten years* in India he undertook an inquiry into the results attained in that country by missionary effort, and endeavored to make what was then regarded as a complete and connected survey of the entire field of its operations, as well as to estimate the position which had been secured. He entered into extensive correspondence with the secretaries of missionary societies, and with individual missionaries in every part of India, Burmah, and Ceylon. These inquiries were received in the kindest spirit, and called forth a hearty response.

After long study he prepared a pamphlet, enriched with valuable quotations from the papers and letters communicated by missionary brethren. Unhappily, however, two thirds of the manuscript were lost in *the wreck of a mail steamer,* and he had nothing to do but to set about the work again, and to reproduce, as far as possible, from his notes some of the facts which previous study had placed at his command.

In 1861 Dr. and Mrs. Mullens visited England, and some of his speeches during that visit will never be forgotten, especially his speech upon

THE MASSACRE OF THE MISSIONARIES

at Cawnpore during the Indian mutiny, as follows:

"Unwittingly, after the outbreak at Futtehgurh, the missionaries quitted one scene of peril only to fall more directly into the tiger's jaws. Terror by night, the arrow flying by day, were their constant portion. They were pursued, plundered, fired upon, but ran the gauntlet as they best could, and at last arrived at Bithoor, ten miles from Cawnpore, the residence of Nana Sahib. They found, to their dismay, that Cawnpore was in the hands of the Mahratta, and that the bridge of boats provided for their passage was guarded. . . . At length they reached Cawnpore. An hour afterward they were led out on the plain, and were all ruthlessly shot.

"Peace be to their unburied ashes!" cried the speaker, and as he did so, in tremulous tones, there was scarcely a dry eye in Exeter Hall. "May their precious names never be forgotten! May the turf be green upon the soil stained with their honored blood! May the pearly dew and the refreshing rain fall gently upon the sod, and while the winds of heaven breathe over it soft and low, may a voice ever rise before the footstool of mercy, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!'"

It was the knowledge of his large experience that, in 1866, induced the Directors of the Society to appoint him to the Foreign Secretaryship, in connection with the late Dr. Tidman, while Rev. W. Fairbrother and Rev. R. Robinson, who were then giving valuable assistance generally, were set over the Home Department. The speech which Dr. Mullens delivered on the occasion of his appearing before the Society for the first time in this capacity was one which excited the fervent enthusiasm of a crowded meeting.

"Six years ago," he said, "I stood on this platform to say to the members of this Society 'Farewell' on my return to India. Now I come back, not as an invalid, and not from any wish or purpose of my own, but I am here at your invitation to transfer to the work of the Society at home all the affection, the service, and the consecration I have endeavored to give in twenty-two years in your service. Fresh from the field of labor, you will naturally ask me, in Scriptural language, 'Watchman, what of the night?' You have labored during thirty years, you have expended on the missions of India and China something like three quarters of a million of money, you have sent out during the last twenty years more than *one hundred missionaries,* you have maintained in India and China a steady staff of sixty men, and within the last three years you have increased it to nearly eigh Others have been working in like manner. Y may well ask me, 'What of the night?' Let t answer be, 'Night there is, indeed, but t morning is dawning of a day that shall be glo ous indeed.'"

In conclusion he said,

"IDOLATRY IS DECAYING

and dying from the affections of its votaries. will only sum it all up in a single word—a w uttered by a Hindoo professor in the city Bombay, when he said, 'Hindooism is sick u death. I am fully persuaded that it must f only let us stand by it as long as it surviv Look abroad upon our Indian empire, look the vast provinces which God has put under rule. We have a Government wise, experienc just; our trade is extending; our comme is calling forth all the energies of the land its supply of labor; education is high and gre our universities are well-based and give a h tone to that education.

"Throughout the presidencies the native all ranks can now without difficulty get sph for themselves within the Government, and not goaded on to rebellion. I have seen *nat sitting as judges* in the highest court of ap and giving a wise and an efficient aid. I seen that the most wonderful progress has t place in our Indian empire during the last s years, since the mutiny broke out. An indesc ble advance has taken place in the spirit of Government, in the character of its meas in the laws it has passed, and in the whole and manner in which its work as a Govern is carried on. My brethren, we have the w land before us, and we have the command, and possess it.'"

As Foreign Secretary of the London Mis ary Society Dr. Mullens's labors were b means light, although few men have w perhaps with more apparent ease. His re have been beautifully called "truth se music;" but while his large audience has the truth and the music, the year's wo which the report is the crown, to say noth the composition of the report itself, might tax the energies of the strongest man.

In concluding his report for 1877, he "The children of the Egyptian fellah lis name of Jesus; the scholars of our Hot schools, with wondrous harmony, sing th iour's praise. Zulus and Kaffirs, Basuto Bechuanas, have gathered into Ch churches and read in their own tongue th drous Word of God. No superstition is enough to withstand His truth; no condi too degraded to be reached by His forgivi healing power. None are too vile for th purify and save. Come, then, to His f nations and people, dwellers in these new We seek not your gold and diamonds, you and pearl. 'We seek not yours, but you.'"

How much of the glorious work thus d as wrought through the instrumentality Congregational missions is due to the ind ble energy of Joseph Mullens will never b known. But the following high tribute Earl of Northbrook, the late

VICEROY OF INDIA,

at the Annual Meeting of the London M ary Society, at which the above report wa was given to his usefulness:

"I believe," said the noble Earl, "t now an earnest desire among the higher of ladies in India to acquire a thorough education, and that desire can hardly b f unless by *the self-sacrifice of Englis* will devote themselves to this w ong been connected with India, an we the names of those men who ha looked up to more than others in the mis field there. This I know, that your Secretary, *Dr. Mullens,* is one of those all others, has been looked up to as th *of missionary work.*"

Dr. Mullens well thought out every took, and well digested the probable re his past official acts. It is stated that dia he was accustomed to walk upon the flat of of his house, after the other inmates had tired to rest, meditating upon the events of e past day, and lifting up his heart in prayer.

HIS LAST ENTERPRISE.

Early this year Dr. Mullens determined to sit Central Africa, that he might form a cor- ct estimate of that hitherto unknown land as uture mission field. He arrived at Zanzibar June last, and on Saturday, July 5th, he was ported to have reached, with his party, a place lled Kitange, 150 miles from the coast.

After ascending a high hill for the purpose of aking observations, he discovered that he had ken cold. At this juncture Dr. Baxter, a edical missionary attached to the Church Mis- nary Society, who was returning to Zanzibar m Mpwapwa, met Dr. Mullens and his party. nding that the Doctor was determined to push six miles further, that he might spend the bbath in the Church Missionary camp, Dr. xter returned with him.

Upon their arrival at a place called Rubeho, . Mullens showed signs of exhaustion, and his petite had failed him. Dr. Baxter shared his t with him, and watched him with some xiety. By Tuesday Dr. Mullens had so far re- vered as to be able *to walk eight miles* to new nping ground. The walk much exhausted n, and he incautiously drank too freely of very d water. This brought back heavy vomiting, m which he had previously suffered.

During the night Dr. Mullens sent for Mr. uthon, the physician of his party, and asked n to give some advice with respect to a trou- some complaint from which he had been icted for many years. After a time his trou- e was met, and he dozed off to sleep. Next , Wednesday, the 9th, he was decidedly rse, and suffered a great deal of pain. The medical men never left him for any appreci- e time after this. Inflammation of the bowels l set in, and he sank into delirium, and died m exhaustion, at 5.20 A.M., on Thursday, July h.

he body was taken to Mpwapwa, twenty-nine es distant, and on Saturday morning was ied in the Church Missionary Society's burial und at that place.

CALCUTTA.

ALCUTTA is a city of comparatively modern gin, being only one hundred and fifty years . It is built on a deep tidal river, the Hoogh- an outlet of the sacred river Ganges. By ans of this water communication the products the richest granaries of India are brought to cutta for shipment or redistribution.

t is composed of villages which became rap- united when the position was recognized as headquarters of the trade of the Indian Con- nt. The flags of all nations may be seen fly- on the banks of the Hooghly, along which city extends for seven miles.

is larger than any city in the United States. v York, and perhaps Philadelphia, alone ex- ted. Its population ten years ago was 800,- ; of these about 30,000 are English, German, Armenian, and may be called the Christian ulation.

alcutta is called "The City of Palaces." view, which embraces the commercial part he city, presents but few of the larger build- . The open space in front is the *Meidan*, ch is an open grassy plain used for recrea- . It is two miles long, and out of it has taken the land for the pleasure garden of Viceroy's palace.

he *Government House*, the residence of the eroy, Lord Lytton, appears in the front of picture, surmounted by a dome. The spire behind is that of St. John's Church, which used as the English Cathedral until the h nobler structure, St. Paul's, the present edral, was built. The latter building lies far to the left in the English quarter to ap- in our view.

he dome in the background to the right of the view is that of the General Post-Office, which has been recently erected. Beside several handsome mosques, etc., there are nine Episcopal churches, one Established Church of Scotland, and one Free Church (the latter two, which are similar in their construction, are very handsome); two Congregational, three Baptist, and one Wesleyan. Of the European clergy there are thirteen Episcopal chaplains, two of the Church of Scotland, and seven Nonconformist pastors. There are also one Greek priest, nineteen Roman Catholic priests, and five Armenian clergymen.

Of the work of the religious institutions Dr. Mullens's last report spoke most hopefully. He admitted that the European population did not occupy all the accommodation which was provided for them, but he added that the churches were never better attended, and general English society was never more orderly than it was then. The improvements in social and public morality over the old days is wonderfully great.

FAITH HEALING.*

AT a convention at Old Orchard, Me., on Wednesday, July 30th, a meeting was held to receive the testimonies of such as had been healed of diseases by faith.

Dr. Cullis read James 5 : 14, 15 : "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord will raise him up: and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." He then proceeded to state how he came to claim this promise. "I had come to the practice of believing God, and in my reading, coming to this passage, said: '*Is that true?*' 'It must be, yes: Lord give me faith to claim it.' I then began to inquire if in modern times it had been claimed anywhere. I heard of the 'Life of Dorothea Trudel,' who was said to have proved the words true; sent for it and read it. Now I said to God: 'I will claim the promise, and use it, wherever you give me the opportunity.'

"The first case was that of a woman whose possible cure required the use of the knife, and that would be dangerous. I sat down by her side, and said: 'I have been interested in that word in James, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick;" wouldn't you like to try it?' Her reply was: 'I have no feeling on the subject, but I am willing to claim God's Word.' The next day she walked three miles, and was healed of her disease. I could give you *hundreds of such cases.*

Mr. McKenney said: "Five years ago, while residing in Portland, Me., I had a disease to which nothing but the surgeon's knife could give promise of cure. I wrote to Dr. Cullis for a room in a hospital. He said: 'Why not take advantage of the promise in the Epistle of St. James, 5 : 14, 15?' I said: 'I will try it, and believe God. We knelt down together, the doctor laid his hand upon me, and I was healed in body, and fully saved."

A lady said: "Thirty years ago the Lord healed me of a disease through prayer. Nineteen years ago my boy had a fever which left him a cripple. One side perished. We took him from one surgeon to another in vain. Then I resorted to *the Great Physician.* One day I said: 'He is able to save. Now is He willing? He had taken from us two beautiful boys, and left only this cripple. One day I took him on my lap, and he slid down to the floor and ran and is an athlete now, twenty years old."

Rev. F. D. Sanford said: "I was suffering many years from dyspepsia and neuralgia, and was prostrate. Could not eat any thing solid. Every thing distressed me. In the church where I was to labor six persons had claimed the promise, and I was conscious of Jesus saying to me, 'Be ye whole.' Though I had not had a whole night's rest for a long time, I ate heartily that day, and slept like a baby, and have not lost a night's rest since from that cause."

Mrs. Fellows, of Springfield, said: "I suffered a year and a half from a tumor, which I supposed to be of a cancerous nature. Dr. Cullis prayed for me, asking that the tumor might be removed, and all the disease in my system be cured. He said: 'Reckon yourself healed, and you are healed.' At once I felt the sweet blessing of my Saviour, and as I went downstairs I realized that the weight was gone, and walked to the station. Two days after I discovered that there was no tumor left, and I have had no trouble since."

Miss Sisson, six years missionary in India, now of New London, Conn., said: "In India I had a sunstroke, followed by fever, which attacked the brain, and made all mental effort impossible without sensations in my head like the strokes of a trip-hammer. After making any exertion I wanted to sleep for days. I went to Boston for help. I belived in the Word of God, but was not sure that it was His will to heal me, though I thought He would in His time. Some months later there was to be a convention in New London, where I resided. I was still in my feeble state, but said: '*Lord, let me go to the first meeting and pray for it.*' He did so.

"The next morning it was suggested, 'You askasked the Lord to let you go yesterday; perhaps He will do it to-day.' I went again, and stayed a while, when my throbbing head compelled me to retire. The next day a friend said: 'You asked the Lord yesterday, and He permitted you to go. Try it to-day.' Again I went, but could stay only a little while. It was the same in the afternoon. The next day Mrs. Whitney was speaking on the words, 'He is the God of all flesh.' I am very fond of that little word 'all,' and the thought came, 'Why not ask the Lord to cure me?' I asked Him, and said, 'I am healed,' and listened to what she said. Soon the question came to my mind, 'Where is that terrible distress in your head?' and I have not known it since."

Miss Leavitt, of Portland, said: "Six years ago last October some remember how sick I was. For nearly a year I had lost my voice by paralysis of the throat, which the doctors said could not be cured. A friend mentioned to me Dr. Cullis, and I embraced the idea of going to see him. I had settled the matter with my Heavenly Father. The doctor asked me, 'Are you ready to be healed?' My answer was, 'Yes.' He said, 'They that trust in Him shall not want any good thing.' We knelt and prayed, and then I lifted up my voice in the thanksgiving. With my voice came also cleansing from all sin, and since then the Lord has sent me up and down in His work."

In closing the meeting, Dr. Cullis referred to the case of Rev. J. S. Inskip, who was much disabled from the effects of sunstroke. "For months he was not able to preach. One day he and Rev. W. McDonald dined with me, and I said to him, 'Why don't you get cured?' He replied, 'I am getting cured.' 'But,' said I, 'you may be cured now,' and called his attention to James 5 : 14, 15. Said he, 'Oh, that was written for the early disciples.' I replied, 'Suppose you leave out some of the other precious promises—*i.e.*, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,"' and read to him the word of promise. He said, 'Let me see it,' and took the book and read it. At once he said, 'I believe it.' The next day he preached three times.

"Some people yield to the first discouragement, like *my little boy*, who after we had gotten to bed one night, was suffering severely from earache. I did not feel like getting up to wait on him, so I said, 'Charlie, ask Jesus to take the earache away.' I heard him say, 'Jesus, take my earache away.' In a minute he was asleep. In an hour or two he awoke with it again. I said, 'Ask Jesus again to take it away.' He said, hastily, '*I've asked him once, and that's enough.*' A good many people act in that way. They try once, and won't try again."

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* From *Times of Refreshing*, a monthly Record of Christian Life and Christian Testimony, published at the Willard Tract Repository, 239 Fourth Avenue, New York.

DOINGS IN WALL STREET.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, Nov. 30, 1879.

"Riches certainly make themselves wings - they fly away as an eagle toward heaven."—Proverbs 23 : 5.

The Flying Capacity of Riches—Nefarious Practices in Wall St—Early History of the Street—I. Wall St. a Type of Integrity and Villany—A Seven-times-heated Furnace—Benevolence in Wall St.—Financial Wreckers—No Place for Men whose Principles are not Settled—Men who have been Swallowed in the Vortex—Heroism in Wall St—II. Wall St. a Type of Speculation and Gambling—The Stock Dealer's Business Legitimate—The Line Drawn—The Passion for Stock Gambling—Not Peculiar to America—The Tulip Mania in Holland—The Mississipi Scheme in France—The South Sea Bubble in England—The Oil Mania in 1864—A Young Man becoming Insane by Success—The Tragedy—George Peabody's Encouragement—An End to be Dreaded.

Money is a golden-breasted bird with silver beak. It alights on the office-desk, or in the counting-room, or on the parlor centre-table. Men and women stand and admire it. They do not notice that it has wings larger than a raven's, larger than a flamingo's, larger than an eagle's. One wave of the hand of misfortune and it spreads its beautiful plumage and is gone—"as an eagle toward heaven," my text says, though sometimes I think it goes *in the other direction!*

What verification we have had of the flying capacity of riches of late in Wall Street! Encouraged by the revival of trade, and by the fact that Wall Street disasters of other years were so far back as to be forgotten, speculators ran up the stocks from point to point until innocent people on the outside supposed that the stocks would always continue to ascend.

They gathered in from all parts of the country. Large sums of money were taken into Wall Street, and small sums of money. The crash came, thank God, in time to warn off a great many who were on their way thither; for *the sadness of the thing* was that a great many of the young men of our cities who had saved a little money for the purpose of starting themselves in business, and who had $500, or $1000, or $2000, or $10,000, went into Wall Street and lost all. And if there ever was a time for the pulpit to speak out in regard to certain kinds of nefarious enterprises, now is the time.

Stocks rose and fell, and now they begin to rise again, and they will fall again until thousands of young men will be ruined unless the printing-press and the pulpit of the Lord Jesus Christ give emphatic utterance. *My counsel is to countrymen*, so far as they may hear of this discourse, if they have surplus, to invest it in first mortgages and in Government bonds, and to stand clear of the Wall Street vortex, where so many of late have been swamped and swallowed. What a compliment it is to the healthy condition of our country that these recent disasters have in no wise depressed trade! I thank God that Wall Street's capacity to blast this country is gone forever.

Across the island of New York, in 1685, a wall made of stone and earth, and cannon-mounted, was built to keep off the savages. Along by that wall a street was laid out, and as the street followed the line of the wall, it was appropriately called Wall Street. It is narrow, it is short, it is unarchitectural, and yet its history is unique. Excepting Lombard Street, London, it is *the mightiest street* on this planet. There the Government of the United States was born. There Washington held his levees. There Mrs. Adams and Caldwell and Knox and other brilliant women of the Revolution displayed their charms. There Witherspoon and Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield sometimes preached. There Dr. Mason chided Alexander Hamilton for writing the Constitution of the United States without any God in it.

There negroes were sold in the slave-mart. There criminals were harnessed to wheelbarrows, and, like beasts of burden, compelled to draw, or were lashed through the street behind carts to which they were fastened. There, fortunes have come to coronation or burial, since the day when reckless speculators, in powdered hair and silver shoe-buckles, dodged Dugan, the Governor-General of his Majesty, clear down to yesterday at three o'clock.

The history of Wall Street is to a certain extent the financial, commercial, agricultural, mining, literary, artistic, moral, and religious history of this country. Only a few blocks long, it has reached from the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico, from San Francisco to Bangor. There are the best men in this country, and there are the worst. Every thing, from unswerving integrity to *tip-top scoundrelism*—every thing, from heaven-born charity to bloodless Shylockism.

I want this morning to put the plough in at the curbstone of Trinity and drive it clear through to Wall Street Ferry; and so it shall go, if the horses are strong enough to draw the plough.

A TYPE IN THE COUNTRY.

I. First of all, Wall Street stands as a type in this country *for tried integrity and the most outrageous villany*. Farmers who have only a few hundred dollars' worth of produce to put on the market have but little to test their character; but put a man into the seven-times-heated furnace of Wall Street excitement, and he either comes out a Shadrach, with hair unsinged, or he is burned into a black moral cinder. No half-way work about it.

If I wanted to find integrity bomb-proof, I would go among the bankers and merchants of Wall Street; yet, because there have been such villanies enacted there at different times, some men have supposed that it is a great financial debauchery, and they hardly dare go near the street, or walk up and down it, unless they have buttoned up their last pocket, and had their lives insured, or religiously crossed themselves.

Yet, if you start at either end of the street, and read the business signs, you will find the names of more men of integrity and Christian benevolence than you can find in the same space in any street of any of our cities.

When the Christian Commission and the Sanitary Commission wanted money to send medicines and bandages to the wounded, when breadstuffs were wanted for famishing Ireland, when colleges were to be endowed and churches were to be supported, and missionary societies were to be equipped for their work of sending the Gospel all around the world, the first street to respond has been Wall Street, and *the largest responses* in all the land have come from Wall Street.

But while that street is a type of tried integrity on the one hand, it is also a type of *unbounded swindle* on the other. There are the spiders that wait for innocent flies. There are the crocodiles that crawl up through the slime to cranch the calf. There are the anacondas, with lifted loop, ready to crush the unwary. There are financial wreckers, who stand on the beach praying for a Caribbean whirlwind to sweep over our commercial interests.

Let me say it is no place for a man to go into business unless his moral principle is thoroughly settled. That is no place for a man to go into business who does not know when he is overpaid five dollars by mistake, whether he had better take it back again or not. That is no place for a man to go who has large funds in trust, and who is all the time tempted to speculate with them. That is no place for a man to go who does not quite know whether the laws of State forbid usury or patronize it.

Oh! how many men have risked themselves in the vortex and gone down, for the simple reason their integrity had not been thoroughly established. Remember poor Ketcham, how soon the flying hoofs of his iron grays clattered with him to destruction. Remember poor Gay, at thirty years of age astonishing the world with his fortunes and his forgeries. Remember that famous man whose steamboats and whose opera-houses could not atone for his adulterous rides through Central Park in the face of decent New York, and whose behavior on Wall Street, by its example, has blasted tens of thousands of young men of this generation.

I hold up the polluted memory to warn young men, whose moral principles are not thoroughly settled, to keep out of Wall Street. It is no place for a man who shivers under the blast o temptation. Let me say also to those who are doing legitimate business on that or similar streets of which that is a type, to stand firm in Christian principle. You are in a great commercial battle-field. Be courageous. There is such a thing as a hero of the bank and a hero o the Stock Exchange. You be that hero.

I have not so much admiration for the French Empress who stood in her balcony in Paris, and addressed an excited mob and quelled it, as have admiration for that venerable banker on Wall Street who, in 1864, stood on the steps o his moneyed institution and quieted the fears o depositors, and bade peace to the angry wave o commercial excitement. God did not allow th lions to hurt Daniel, and He will not allow th "*bears*" to hurt you. Remember, my friend that all these scenes of business will soon have passed away, and by the law of God's eterna right all the affairs of your business life will b adjudicated. *Honesty pays best for both worlds.*

SPECULATION AND GAMBLING

II. Again, I have to remark that Wall Stree is a type throughout this country of legitimat speculation on the one hand, and of ruinou gambling on the other.

Almost every merchant is to some extent speculator. He depends, not only upon th difference between the wholesale price at whic he gets the goods and the retail at which he disposes of them, but also upon the fluctuation o the markets. If the markets greatly rise, h greatly gains. If the markets greatly sink, h greatly loses.

It is as honest to deal in stocks as to deal i iron, or coal, or hardware, or dry-goods. H who condemns all stock-dealings as though the were iniquities simply shows his own ignorance Stop all legitimate speculation in this country and you stop all banks, you stop all factories you stop all storehouses, you stop all the grea financial prosperities of this country.

A stock-dealer is only a commission-me chant under another name. He gets his commission on one style of goods. You, the groce get your commission on another style of goods The dollar that he makes is just as bright an fair and honest a dollar as the dollar earned b the day laborer.

But here *we must draw the line* betwee legitimate speculation and ruinous gambling You, a stock operator without any property behind you, financially irresponsible, sell one hundred dollars of nothing and get paid for i You sell one hundred shares at ten thousan dollars at thirty days. If at the end of thirt days you can get the scrip for nine thousan dollars, you have made a thousand. If at th end of thirty days you have to pay eleven thou and, then you have lost a thousand. Now tha is trafficking in fiction, that is betting o chances, that involves *the spirit of gambling* a much as anything that ever goes on in the lowest gambling hell of New York or Brooklyn.

At certain times, almost every prosperou merchant wakes up, and he says: "Now, I hav been successful in my line of trade, and I hav a tolerable income; I think I shall go down Wall Street and treble it in three week There's my neighbor. He was in the same lin of business; he has his three or four hundre thousand dollars from the simple fact he wen into Wall Street. I think I shall go too."

Here they come, retired merchants, who wan to get a little excitement in their lethargic vein Here they come, the trustees of great property to fool every thing away. Here they come, me celebrated for prudence, to trifle with the livel hoods of widows and orphans. Do you wond that sometimes they become insane? It is insanity. Do you know there are hundreds young men in Brooklyn and New York who ar

erishing under the passion for stock-gambling?
o you know that in all Christian lands this is
ıe of the greatest curses? Do you know that,
hile I stand here this morning, there are hun-
reds of men in this house in peril.

THE MANIA IN OTHER LANDS.

It is not peculiar to mercurial Americans.
h no! Almost every nation has indulged in
. The Hollanders, the most phlegmatic peo-
e in the world, had their gambling scene in
583. It was called *the tulip mania.* It was a
peculation in tulips. Properties worth half a
illion dollars turned into tulips. All the Hol-
nd nation either buying or selling tulips. One
.lip-root sold for two hundred dollars, another
r two thousand.

Excitement rolling on and rolling on until his-
ry tells us that one Amsterdam tulip, which
as supposed to be the only one of the kind in
l the world, actually brought in the markets
,816,000! That is a matter of history. Of
urse the crash came, and all Holland went
wn under it.

But France must have its gambling expedi-
on, and that was in 1716. John Law's *Missis-
ppi scheme* it was called. The French had
ard that this American continent was built
ıt of solid gold, and the project was to take it
ross the ocean and drop it in France. Excite-
ent beyond any thing that had yet been seen in
e world. Three hundred thousand applicants
r shares. Excitement so great that sometimes
e mounted military had to disperse the crowds
at had come to get the stocks. Five hundred
mporary tents built to accommodate the peo-
e until they could have opportunity of inter-
ewing John Law.

A lady of great fashion had her coachman up-
t her near the place where John Law was pass-
g, in order that she might have an interview
th that benevolent and sympathetic gentle-
an! Stocks went up to two thousand and fifty
r cent, until one day suspicion got into the
arket, and down it all went—John Law's Mis-
sippi scheme—burying its projector and some
. the greatest financiers in all France, and was
most as bad as a French revolution.

Sedate England took its chance in 1720. That
ıs *the South Sea bubble.* They proposed to
ansfer all the gold of Peru and Mexico and the
ands of the sea to England. Five millions'
rth of shares were put on the market at three
ındred pounds a share. The books open, in a
w days it is all taken, and twice the amount
bscribed.

Excitement following excitement, until all
nds of gambling projects came forth under the
ng of this South Sea enterprise. There was a
ge company formed with great capital for *pro-
ding funerals* for all parts of the land. An-
her company with large capital, five million
unds of capital, to develop a wheel in perpet-
.l motion. Another company with a capital of
ur million pounds, to insure people against
ss by servants. Another company with two
illion five hundred thousand pounds capital to
ansplant walnut trees from Virginia to Eng-
ıd.

Then, to cap the climax, a company was
rmed for

"A GREAT UNDERTAKING,

body to know what it is." And lo! six hun-
ed thousand pounds in shares were offered at
e hundred pounds a share; books were
ened at 9 o'clock in the morning and closed
3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the first day it
ıs all subscribed. "A great undertaking, no-
dy to know what it is." An old magazine of
ose days describes the scene (*Hunt's Maga-
ne*). It says:

"From morning until evening Change Alley
ıs full to overflowing with one dense moving
ass of living beings, composed of the most in-
ngruous materials, and in all things save the
ad pursuit wherefor they were employed utterly
posite in their principles and feelings, and far
under in their stations in life and the profes-
ons they follow. Statesmen and clergymen
serted their high stations to enter upon this great theatre, of speculation and gambling. Churchmen and Dissenters left their fierce disputes and forgot their wranglings upon church government in the *deep and hazardous game* they were playing for worldly treasures and for riches, which, if gained, were liable to disappear within an hour of their creation.

"Whigs and Tories buried their weapons of political warfare, discarded party animosities, and mingled together in kind and friendly intercourse, each exulting as their stocks advanced in price, and grumbling when fortune frowned upon them. Lawyers, physicians, merchants, and travelling men forsook their employment, neglected their business, disregerded their engagements, to whirl along in the stream, to be at last ingulfed in *the wild sea of bankruptcy.*

"Females mixed with the crowd, forgetting the station and employment which nature had fitted them to adorn, and dealt boldly and extensively, and, like those by whom they were surrounded, rose from poverty to wealth, and from that were thrown down to beggary and want, and all in one short week, and perhaps before the evening which terminated the first day of their speculation. Ladies of high rank, regardless, of every appearance of dignity, and blinded by the prevailing infatuation, drove to the shops of their milliners and haberdashers, and there met their stock-brokers, whom they regularly employed, and through whom extensive sales were daily negotiated. In the midst of the excitement all distinctions of party, and religion, and circumstances, and character were swallowed up."

But it was left for our own country to surpass all. We have the highest mountains, and the greatest cataracts, and the longest rivers, and, of course, we had to have the largest swindle. One would have thought that the nation had seen enough in that direction during the *morus multicaulis* excitement, when almost every man had a bunch of crawling silk-worms in his house out of which he expected to make a fortune.

But all this excitement was as nothing compared with what took place in 1864, when a man near Titusville, Pa., digging for a well, struck oil. Twelve hundred oil companies call for one billion of stock. Prominent members of churches, as soon as a certain amount of stock was assigned them, saw it was their liberty to become presidents, or secretaries, or members of the board of direction.

Some of these companies never had a foot of ground, never expected to have. Their entire equipment was a map of a region where oil might be, and two phials of grease, crude and clarified. People rushed down from all parts of the country by the first train and put their hard earnings in the gulf.

A young man came down from the oil regions of Pennsylvania utterly demented, having sold his farm at a fabulous price, because it was supposed there might be oil there—coming to a hotel in Philadelphia, at the time I was living there, throwing down a five-thousand-dollar check to pay for his Monday meal and saying he did not care any thing about the change! Then he stepped back to the gas-burner to *light his cigar with a thousand-dollar note.* Utterly insane.

The good Christian people said, "This company must all be right, because Elder So-and-so is president of it, and Elder So-and-so is secretary of it, and then there are three or four highly professed Christians in the board of directors. To join this company is almost like joining the church!" They did not know that when a professed Christian goes into stock-gambling he lies like sin!

But alas! for the country; it became

A TRAGEDY,

and one thousand million dollars were swamped. There are families to-day sitting in the shadow of destitution, who but for that great national outrage would have had their cottages and their homesteads. I hold up before the young men of this congregation these four great stock gambling schemes that they may see to what length men will go smitten of this passion, and I want to show them how all the best interests of society are against it, and God is against it, and will damn it for time and damn it for eternity.

Oh! men of Wall Street, and of all streets, stand back from nefarious enterprises, join that great company of Christian men in New York and Brooklyn who are maintaining their integrity, notwithstanding all the pressure of temptation. In the morning, when you open business in the broker's office or in the banking-house, ask God's blessing, and when you close it pronounce a benediction upon it. A kind of business that a man cannot engage in with prayer is no business to do.

I wish that *the words of George Peabody,* uttered in the hearing of the people of his native town—Danvers, Massachusetts, I wish that those words could be uttered in the hearing of all the young men of this congregation and all the young men throughout the land. He said:

"Though Providence has granted me unvaried and universal success in the pursuit of fortune in other lands, I am still in heart the humble boy who left yonder unpretending dwelling. There is not a youth within the sound of my voice whose early opportunities and advantages are not very much greater than were my own, and I have since achieved *nothing that is impossible* to the most humble boy among you."

George Peabody's success in business was not more remarkable than his integrity and his great-hearted benevolence. I pray upon you God's protecting and prospering blessing. I hope you may all make fortunes for time and fortunes for eternity.

Some day when you come out of your place of business, and you go to the Clearing-house, or the place of custom, or the bank, or your own home, as you come out of your place of business, just look up at the clock of old Trinity and see by the movement of the hands how your life is rapidly going away, and be reminded of the fact that before God's throne of inexorable judgment you must yet give account for what you have done since the day you sold the first yard of cloth or the first pound of sugar.

I pray for you all prosperity. Stand close by Christ, and Christ will stand close by you. The greater the temptation, the more magnificent the reward. But alas! for the stock gambler—what will he do in the judgment? That day will settle everything. That to the stock-gambler will be a "break" at the "first call." No smuggling into heaven. *No "collaterals"* on which to trade your way in. Go in through Christ, the Lord, or you will forever stay out.

God forbid that after you have done your last day's work on earth, and the hushed assembly stands around with bowed heads at your obsequies—God forbid that the most appropriate text for your funeral oration should be "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end he shall be a fool." Or that the most appropriate funeral psalm should be the words of the poet:

> "Price of many a crime untold,
> Gold, gold, gold, gold."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,00- copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening o God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A Strange Refuge.—A Family of Emigrants were recently found occupying a tomb in a cemetery near Providence, R. I., that had been left open. When discovered they had had possession a week, and were using the coffin shelves to put their dishes on.

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 918.)

Alick Gogharty Declares Percival's Innocence to the Chief of Police—Policeman Malone Interrupts the Chief's Reply—He Reveals Haley's Intended Assassination of Percival—He Furnishes Conclusive Evidence of Haley's Untruthfulness—Mr. Lemaire Summoned to Hear Percival Acquitted.

"YIS, that's it," replied Rowley. "The ropes almost eat their way to the very bone, yer honor, and when released Mr. Montaigne couldn't for a long time stand on his feet, for they lost their power, an' more nor that, the gettin' o' it back agin wor nothin' less nor agony."

"Yes," remarked the chief; "but only think of the color put upon all this by the informer Haley! His deposition runs thus: 'The tied man would have remained bound until death for all that Mr. Montaigne ever did for his release;' which is true—the villain!—but with malignant deception true, for, suppressing the individuality of the captive, you perceive," he said to his colleagues at hand, "he adds the odium of his captivity to his sufferings. I declare I never in all my experience came across such a piece of devilish ingenuity."

"But it is a wonderful thing to me," said the chief, also addressing one or two of his colleagues near him, "that if what this man says be true—and I must say it has about it the ring of truth—I wonder, I say, that Mr. Montaigne did not bring the hand of the law upon these scoundrels and punish them. It was certainly wrong of him not to do so, and you see how his omission to perform this public duty has eventuated in his own personal injury."

"I beg your pardon for interruptin' yer honor," said Rowley, "but I think I can explain all that, and it's me noshun, too, that, when ye hear me out, in place o' blamin' me landlord, ye'll altogether excuse him. In thim bad times, yer honor, a Ribbonman meself, I had a friendship for Ribbonmin, and I got Mr. Montaigne, on the road to his uncle's, to where I was takin' him, to solemnly promise me, yer honor, that he would let bygones be bygones, would never tell what had happened, and would take no steps, good or bad, to bring me comrades to justice. Like a gintleman that he is, he has kep' his word, yer honor, and I am downright sartin that if it wor not for me, yer honor, ye would never have heard a word about it. No, if it cost him his liberty, aye, his life, my truth-keepin' landlord wouldn't have brathed, I'm confident, a syllable about it."

Up to this point Alick, who kept his stand near Rowley, observed a perfect silence, but now he thought that matters had reached a stage that made a word from him expedient. When he caught the chief's eye he said,

"It was I, sir, who, at some personal inconvenience, secured the attendance here of the man who has just spoken. Mr. Montaigne, I have the honor to say, sir, is my friend. Under the oath of a false and perjured witness, he is enduring, you must see, sir, an enormous wrong, for the whole of Haley's deposition, taken from beginning to end, amounts, as has been proved, to a gigantic lie. You may think, sir, I speak warmly," said Alick; "I do, for I feel so, and I am persuaded, sir," he added, "from what you have just heard from my brave and honest friend here, Rowley Quinn, that my opinion of this wretched informer Haley's affidavit is shared, sir, by yourself. I therefore respectfully but firmly call upon you, sir, to quash the whole of this base man's lying deposition, and the proceedings founded upon it, and I ask you without loss of time to bring about the release of my friend. Release, you are aware, sir, will be no atonement for the grievous wrong which has been done him; it will at best be only a poor and feeble reparation, but such as it is, I demand it."

The chief had come pretty nearly to Alick's estimation of Haley's affidavit. Yet he was reluctant to openly admit it. Alick's boldness, too, and implied rebuke of the authorities for their easy belief and over-hasty action, somewhat nettled him; and besides this, it would not do at the present crisis of affairs over the country to let it appear that he and those who acted with him had abused their power—had no just ground for what had been done.

He therefore replied, rather tartly, "I would have you to remember, Mr. Gogharty, that it is by mere sufferance, sir, that you are at all allowed to be present at this investigation."

"Granted," said Alick; "but now that I am here you will not, surely, gag my speech, especially when you owe it to me that you are put in the way of rectifying an egregious blunder."

The description was strong, and the chief felt it; and it stung him all the more because it was true. With a stern look he therefore addressed Percival's advocate, saying, "You speak, sir, in a way that I think is not warranted. I am prepared to admit that the first portion of Haley's deposition is false—if you like, basely false. I presume I may admit so much," he said, looking at his colleagues; "but you see, sir," he said, again turning to Alick, "that there are *two parts* in the information, one having respect to Mr. Montaigne's very young days, and the other to his life in Dublin; and it is upon this latter part of the affidavit, sir—a part which has not been at all impugned—that we have acted in putting Mr. Montaigne in security.

"Look here, sir. Leaving out altogether the scene in the Ribbon Lodge, this man distinctly swears that he has seen this Mr. Montaigne, and that several times, at the Capel Street Confederate Club, the worst in the city, and our own detective, Mr. Fox, confirms this statement, besides adding to it some other suspicious facts. This, however, I allow would not fully condemn Mr. Montaigne; but now comes something which I think, without question, does.

"On the — of April, at a meeting held between eight and ten o'clock—you see sir, we know all about it; we have our own means for this, which I will not explain, but which you can imagine, sir, if you like—at this meeting, I repeat, it was resolved by those present that civil war should be begun. And Mickey Haley positively swears that this Mr. Montaigne was present—was the most unmeasured in his language of all those leaders of sedition, and advocated even the most atrocious methods of rebellion. This was, I say, no longer ago than on the night of the — of April, and, of course, sir, the authorities were compelled to take action in the matter, and would not at all be justified in suffering such a firebrand as this to be at large, and particularly at the present time."

At this stage of the chief's speech, which was delivered with considerable energy and oracular distinctness, a policeman stepped forward, and raising his hand in military salute, begged his chief's permission for two or three words.

It will be at once conjectured who he is. He is Policeman Malone, fulfilling his promise to Lucie. Without going home even for refreshment after his long hours of duty, he had hastened to the office in Castle Yard, and taking his stand near the wall, was present during the most important part of Rowley Quinn's statement. Like the others around him, he burned with indignation under the revelation of Haley's lies, and when Rowley ceased speaking, was on the move toward the centre-table in the office to give his quota of evidence, when Alick's assumption of the affair checked him and held him back—and that it was so was fortunate. When he heard the date and hour of the confederate meeting at which it was sworn by Haley that Percival was present, he repeated the act which he had performed before Lucie. He put his hand into his breast pocket, drew forth his memorandum book, and conned his notes. Now, holding forth the book in his hand, he asked permission to read what he had there put down.

"Yes, Malone," said the chief with a nod. "Yet what can it have to do with the presen case?"

"Listen, sir, and judge for yourself," sai Malone, again giving the salute. "On the – of April, at a quarter to ten o'clock, I challenge a man who was looking from a height over th Dodder River. He said his name was Micke Haley, and that he was looking at the gentlema and lady on the opposite side of the river, walk ing in the moonlight. He acknowledged tha he was marking them in spite. What follows,' said Malone, "I put down when I got home for somehow I got it into me mind that I hadn' seen the ind o' the business. This same gentle man and lady I had observed walking up an down the road opposite for more than an hou before this, and they did not leave for home un til on toward eleven o'clock. That's what I'v down, sir," said Malone, handing the note-boo to his chief to examine. "You'll say, sir, I hav no doubt, that the lady and gentleman spent good dale o' their time in perambulatin'. S they did, sir, and they done the same for night and nights before the wan I've named, and fo many a night after. When I noticed it, sir, had, of course, me own idaya about it; and find I wasn't at all out; and, more nor tha though it may sound quare, I have the lady' own word for it. It's the owld story over agai sir; they war busy courtin' "—and as Malon said this he grinned.

"But what I want to be at, sir, is this. I coorse it follows that all this Haley has swor so glibly about Mr. Montaigne being on th night of April the — at the confederate mee ing in Capel Street is ridiculous nonsense fro first to last, and is nothing but a shameful pac of lies."

At these words Alick and Rowley Quinn we so elated that the former clapped his hands, an the latter thumped his heavy stick on the floo and shouted out "Hooray!"

"Order!" sternly cried the chief. "If th unseemly conduct is repeated I will clear t room."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Alick. "I fo got myself; but I hope that, under the circun stances, you will forgive me. Mr. Montaig sir, is, as I have said, a dear and close friend mine, and the perfect vindication of his cha acter now achieved so rejoiced me that I w borne beyond myself. I'll not repeat my offenc sir, but most assuredly I will repeat my demar for the release of Mr. Montaigne, and that wit out the delay of a single hour."

The chief bit his lip. He was not a harsh unamiable man, yet the outspoken testimony Constable Malone did not altogether please hi at all events he would much have preferred th his damaging statement—utterly annihilati every pretence of the authorities for putting keeping Percival in custody—had been given secret, when none but officials were near, for well knew how such a high-handed act of t executive as, in unwonted times, had be practised upon our hero, and which was on rendered possible by the suspension of the co stitutional rights of a British subject, would blazed abroad and made a handle of by assailan of the authorities.

With a firm countenance fixed upon Alick, therefore said,

"Of course, sir this affidavit of Haley's is n worse than worthless—I quite admit that; i deed, by what my subordinate has stated, it utterly demolished. But then, sir, steps wh we, the police, under a sense of public duty, ha considered it necessary to take, cannot be qu so hastily altered as you seem to imagine."

"More is the pity!" broke in Alick. " haste can be too great, sir, for remedying an justice."

"Ah, well, yes, that's true," replied the ch evidently a little embarrassed; "and theref I am going to take the needful steps for Montaigne's freedom. Mr. Wade," he add speaking to one of his colleagues, "will you good enough to step up to Mr. Lemaire's a tell him I should like to see him."

Alick, taking some umbrage at Mr. Lemaire's aring and tone in regard to Percival, had not en him since the evening he left his house to tch Rowley Quinn to Dublin, and he felt not ogether comfortable at the prospect of now eing him. Mr. Lemaire, who was found in his ice, at once responded to the call of the police ief, and when he entered his office was not a tle startled at sight of Alick, and did not, on part, feel quite easy in his presence. Both, fact, were conscious of an unpleasant estrangent. He therefore distantly saluted Alick, and more.

'Mr. Lemaire,'' the chief said, "it gives me ry great pleasure to inform you that Haley's idavit has been demonstrated false from top bottom, and Mr. Montaigne's character stands solutely clear and unimpeached. I say it in e presence of all in this office, for your gratiation, sir, so that any idea abroad to the contry may be publicly set right. I deeply regret, , that we, the police, and I in special, include self—that we, I say, deceived by a perfidious th, have been led into an act hurtful, as I know, your feelings, Mr. Lemaire, and certainly rsh as regards the imprisoned gentleman. ease, sir, see, at your first convenience, that e wrong is undone. My chief reason for askg you to come here, Mr. Lemaire, is that I ay thus openly entrust to you the necessary asures for Mr. Montaigne's discharge from stody.''

It scarcely needs to be said that Mr. Lemaire s delighted at this surprising piece of news, his thoughts at once turned to Lucie. "Dear l!" he said within himself, "thank God, a ight morning has come after your night of sorw, and one that I feel you deserve for your movable fidelity.''

(*To be continued.*)

ISTANT ECHOES OF THE COMING ONE.

Rev. W. Frith, F.R.G.S., Author of "Vox Dei," etc.

National Agitations Precursory to the Formation of the Ten Kingdoms of the Ten Horns—2. The Gradual Return of the Jews to Palestine——3. Prevalence of a Form of Godliness without the Power.

THE most devout and diligent students of od's Word, of all Christian denominations, are ming to be of "one heart and of one mind,'' that the *remoter signs* and antecedents of the cond Advent'' are beginning to appear. And so, it becomes all who thus give attention to is solemn and interesting theme to have a clear tline of this truth in our minds.

And as the silvery morning, with its dewy eshness and inspiring breezes, calls us to arouse om our slumbers and prepare to meet the rising n, so the present prophetic daybreak is calling the sleeping virgins to arise and shine, for, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.'' And while e world is busy in its unbelieving course, let be "as men who wait for their Lord.''

The true and proper attitude of "the faithful Christ Jesus'' is to be that of "virgins'' who e waiting for "the Bridegroom.'' They should characterized by self-abnegation and unworldess—"denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, d living godly, righteously, and soberly in is present world.''

This habit will of course make them appear mewhat singular, and "men wondered at.'' ill, it will secure to those who thus walk a *stfulness of spirit*, a *cheerfulness of heart*, and *ietness of conscience* to which those who follow "the fashion of this world'' will be comparave strangers. *Jesus* will then give them His llowship, and they will realize "the peace of od that passeth all understanding,'' and "the y of the lord will be their strength.''

AND JESUS IS COMING.

1. The signs that are antecedent to that great isis are beginning to appear. The agitation mong the nations of the European continent is e precursor, we believe, of the formation of ose *ten Gentile kingdoms* which it is propheticlly declared shall exist at "the time of the end,'' when "the fulness of the Gentiles shall have come in.'' This is clearly taught by the *ten toes on the great image* of Daniel. And this, perhaps, will involve terrible wars and political convulsions, which will materially alter the geographical boundaries of the continental nations. Still, "the Word of the Lord shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure.''

The "*Eastern Question*'' will find its true solution in this issue. Man is playing his part; but God's hand is in it all. There are "wheels within wheels,'' but "the spirit of life is in the wheels'' (Ezek. 1:21). It is never more true than in the great events of history (which is often "prophecy fulfilled'') that "the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.'' Men may appear to be shrewd and clever diplomatists, and sit in the conclave of councils, and deliberate in the synodical assemblies, and hold an international congress; nevertheless, it is still true, "by ME kings reign and princes decree justice.'' And it is only on this principle that the fulfilment of this and all other prophecy relative to the nations can be consummated.

But this is true: "The Most High ruleth among the children of men.'' "He putteth down one and setteth up another.'' The rise and fall of Babylon "is of Him.'' The establishment of kingdoms and "the ruin of empires'' is according to His will. His declaration is, "I WILL WORK, and who shall let it?'' (Isa. 43:13). His voice to each of us is this: *Restless child*, "be still, and *know that I am God:* I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.''

This is one of the antecedent signs of the Second Advent of our blessed Lord—*He is forming the ten kingdoms*, of which the Man of Sin, the coming Antichrist, will be the head.

2. *Another sign* is this: the gradual

RETURN OF THE JEWS

to their own land in unbelief. This has *already begun*. There is both Jew and Gentile testimony to this fact. The Jews, both in Jerusalem and in other parts of the Holy Land, are largely on the increase. Dr. Edersheim says, "*the return of the Jews to their own land may be said to have already commenced.*'' This has been reiterated in other quarters. And the Jews in Jerusalem at this time may be said to be not only in excess of what they have ever been since the time of Titus, but they are full of hope and enterprise; and though still in "blindness,'' and ignorant of the terrible trial ("the time of Jacob's trouble''—Jer. 30:4–9; 18:22) that awaits them when the "Assyrian'' and "THE ANTICHRIST'' shall come up and besiege their loved Jerusalem; yet they are "planting and building, marrying and giving in marriage'' in the land of their fathers.

And though "the veil is upon their hearts,'' and they are, to a large extent, "a hissing and a by-word among the nations'' (Jer. 25:9), yet they are quite unconsciously fulfilling the prophetic Word. The Lord in His providence is calling them back to "the city of their solemnities.'' The Word is gone forth, *which* MUST *be fulfilled*, "I will say to the north, give up; and to the south, keep not back: bring My sons from far, and My daughters from the ends of the earth'' (Isa. 43:6). This, we believe, is *beginning* to have its *incipient fulfilment;* and though *it may be some years* before we see Israel in their own land; yet the command to restore and return has gone forth—the result will be, "Israel shall be gathered;'' "I the Lord will hasten it in His time.''

3. *A further sign is, the*

PREVALENCE OF "A FORM

of godliness,'' without the power of it. This is painfully patent to all who are waiting for their Lord. At no period in the past history of the world has there ever been so much *profession* of religion. But may we not say, without any breach of charity, that if the test our Lord gave is to be applied, "by their FRUITS (*i.e.*, PRINCIPLES and *practice* together) ye shall know them,'' how small a remnant would be left! Compare, or rather *contrast*, the lives of thousands "who profess and call themselves Christians'' with *the life required* by the Divine standard; and how painful and saddening the discrepancy!

The Lord requires a rigid *nonconformity* to the world, in its *maxims* and *fashions* and expediencies, while too many, alas! are as indulgent in "the pomps and vanities'' of "this present evil world'' as if there were no other life; and the course of our being terminated under "the shadow of death.'' The Scriptures say, "Be not conformed to this world;'' "if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'' And ITS AUTHOR *makes no mistakes!* Yet this is the feature of this age to too great an extent.

A "form of godliness,'' *a splendid ritual*, *a sensuous worship*, *an ecclesiastical millinery*, and *a theatrical performance*—these, to a large extent, are the religions of the many! And where it is otherwise—even where there is "a *sound creed*'' and an "*orthodox faith*''—there is too often a *low state of spiritual life*, "*itching ears*,'' *mere literary criticism*, and "a *restraining prayer before God;*'' while many, as Doeg, the Edomite, are "*detained before the Lord* during divine worship; and their reluctant hearts, like the fool's eyes, are going to and fro in the earth.'' And of too many the Lord Himself might say, "This people draw near to Me with their lips, while their heart is far from Me.''

This is, indeed, a dark picture; but it is true to the facts of life! And if we are true (even *approximately*) in our chronology, the prophecy and the fulfilment correspond (Matt. 24:12).

We *live under the shadow of the coming apostasy.* The clouds of the impending storm are gathering, and the mountains of human guilt are drawing those clouds to a centre, till there shall be a time of trouble indescribable! (Mark 13:19).

This is a remote prognostication, that "He who shall come will come'' (Heb. 10:37). Blessed are they who are ready.

Meanwhile, what is our office? If His people, it is clear and plain. It is no way difficult to ascertain what should be our position. "Let your loins be girt about with truth, and your lamps burning, and ye yourselves like unto men who wait for their Lord.''

Religious Degeneracy of the World.—Mr. J. A. Froude, in the course of an article in the *North American Review*, writes thus of the state of religion throughout the world: "In every corner of the world there is the phenomenon of the decay of established religions. In Catholic countries as well as in Protestant, nay, among Mohammedans, Jews, Buddhists, Brahmans, traditionary creeds are losing their hold. An intellectual revolution is sweeping over the world, breaking down established opinions, dissolving the foundations on which historical faiths have been built up. Science, history, philosophy, have combined to create universal uncertainty, and Catholic France and Italy are no better off in this respect than Germany or England or America.'' How important it is for Christians to remember the apostolic warning: "Seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness'' (2 Peter 3:17).

A Silly Custom, Known as Blessing the Dog, was observed November 3d by the Duc d'Aumale, one of the pretenders to the throne of France. The ceremony took place at his estate of Chantilly, the Duc and many titled guests assembling at the church before daybreak. The party were attired in costumes exactly like those worn in days gone by, when the King of France invited his Court to follow him to the chase. Gravely seated on the steps of the altar, "Rabagas,'' the best and *oldest dog of the pack*, was sprinkled with holy water, and the Orleans cockade was attached to his neck; he received them with some surprise, but committed no indecorum. Last year the dog so blessed, showed his canine contempt for the proceedings by devouring a wax candle. Mass over, the Orleans princes and 300 guests hunted a stag.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, November 26th, at **3.15 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Message to Congress deals principally with the important topic of finance and civil-service reform. On the former subject the President recommends Congress to suspend the coinage of silver dollars till some international agreement can be reached in regard to the ratio at which the "market value" of a silver dollar can be kept equal to that of a gold one. That is to postpone the attempt to return to a double standard.

In regard to the paper currency, the President regards the retirement of United States notes in their capacity as legal tender in private contracts as "a step to be taken in our progress toward a safe and stable currency which should be accepted as *the policy and duty of the Government*, and the intert and security of the people."

In reference to civil-service reform, the President declares that his views are *unchanged*. He alludes with satisfaction to the results of competitive examination so far as it has been tried, and protests against partisan removals from office. He also recommends legislation with a view to the protection of civil servants from levies for political purposes.

The Causes of the Outbreak of the Ute Indians appear to have arisen mainly through a misunderstanding on the part of the red men, induced by their knowledge of previous breaches of faith on the part of the government at Washington. Agent Meeker urged them to plough the land and to acquire other habits of civilized life. But the Indians believed that if they adopted Mr. Meeker's suggestion they would be merely preparing the land for the occupation of the whites, who would claim it as soon as it had been brought under cultivation. This belief rendered them reluctant to abandon the mode of life to which they had been accustomed, and produced a feeling of distrust in their minds against the agent. Mr. Meeker was impatient with them because they did not follow his advice, and so ill-will smouldered between the two parties which the advance of Major Thornburgh fanned into a blaze. In the catastrophe which followed we are reaping the harvest of years of fraud and wrong-doing, of broken promises and cancelled treaties, the issue of the rapacity and greed of unscrupulous men.

The Subject of Ways and Means, if not a fascinating subject, is one of pressing importance nationally as individually. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury just issued will therefore be carefully read, and its statements and recommendations well weighed and considered. As it is the first report since the resumption of specie payments, it is this year unusually interesting. Mr. Sherman estimates the revenues for the current fiscal year at $288,000,000, and the expenditures, exclusive of the sinking fund, at $238,269,135. Should Congress increase the appropriations beyond the power of the surplus to meet them, the Secretary advises the restoration of a moderate duty on tea and coffee, and the levying of an internal tax on the manufacturers of opium.

In treating the question of the retirement of United States notes, the Secretary makes the recommendation that the resumption fund be set apart for the redemption of United States notes, and that the notes redeemed shall only be issued in exchange for or *in purchase of coin or bullion*. The prevailing high prices for public securities, the general feeling of confidence, and the influx of specie to the country, large beyond precedent, all suggest that the present would be an excellent time to invest a portion of the sinking fund in United States notes, and retire and cancel them, thus reducing the maximum of the amount in circulation to $300,000,000, the figure fixed by the Resumption Act.

Death of a Millionaire.—Peter Goelet, an old and highly esteemed citizen of New York, and one of its largest land-owners, died at his residence November 21st. Mr. Goelet was a man of great sagacity and industry, and accumulated a fortune estimated at *twenty million dollars*. He was descended from a French Huguenot who fled from his native land after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and arrived in New York in 1697. He is said to have been charitable without ostentation, and during the war took a special interest in one of the New York regiments, expending money freely to relieve the sufferings of the members who returned sick or disabled, and of the families of those who were killed.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have Commenced work in St. Louis. On November 22d about fifty ministers assembled by invitation to meet the evangelists for consultation in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Moody stated his preference for the plan of districting the city, and appointing a business committee of laymen to arrange with him all details. He objected to any thing that might take the form and have the effect of "red tape;" he feared he would at some unguarded moment break the tape and then "*somebody might get into trouble*." The next step was to appoint a clergyman, one from each denomination, to district the city and report to a permanent committee of laymen, such as Mr. Moody requested. This was done, and the report was adopted and the committee discharged. All the ministers will throw open their churches, or close them as may be thought best, and attend the meetings and work as directed in their several districts. They will meet in mass when called upon by Mr. Moody to see whether the plan adopted is having the desired result in the conversion of souls, and to have further conference. All the ministers are united.

A Panic in a Church Occurred at Waynesboro', Penn., on November 24th, which at one time threatened to involve the loss of many lives. Considerable interest had been excited in the neighborhood by a discussion on the subject of baptism then going on at the Lutheran Church, and the building was filled with a crowd of over 800 people. Both the floor and the galleries were densely packed. Shortly before seven o'clock a bench in the church broke, making a cracking noise, and some one in the congregation called out, "*The building is falling!*" A scene of the wildest excitement followed. A general rush was made for the doorways, which were soon blocked up by the frightened crowd, and, to add to the terror, the railings in the front of the gallery gave way, precipitating the occupants on the heads of those below. The trampling of the crowd and the floors raised a cloud of dust, through which the lighted lamps could only be seen dimly, and another cry, "*The building is on fire*," caused all to redouble their efforts to escape. But they were so tightly wedged that movement was almost impossible. The ministers present endeavored to allay panic, but their voices were drowned by the c and groans of the people. Not until the bui ing had been almost emptied did the peo realize that at no time had there been any ca for alarm. On an examination being made was found that many were seriously inju although, providentially, no lives were lost.

A Subscriber, Renewing his Subscription 1880, writes: "It is *my paper;* I take no ot but our local. Thank God for such a publi tion. I wish it was in every household. I ke it on my desk in the store. Several travell tell me they are going to take it another ye I loan mine until they are pretty well worn o If I had $100 to spare I would send one to eve family here that I could next year. I shall ha to thank God as long as I live for those bless heart-stirring words of Talmage, Spurgec Moody, and not less Punshon and Mrs. Baxter, and all the other dear ones whose nam are in 'the Lamb's book of life.' How I long to *shake hands* and let my eyes feast looking into their dear faces! I seem to ta with them now. 'Oh, blessed home,' where shall see as we are seen, and learn the de meaning of things that have been!"

A Hundred Intentions to One Mass.—Fath McNamara, speaking at Clarendon Hall on Su day evening, November 23d, explained ho many priests of the communion he has le "lump" their masses. An "*intention*" in t Church of Rome means the purpose for whi any person requests a mass to be said and pa for it; and a law of the church is that no ma shall be said unless its specific "intention" be the mind of the officiating priest at the tim But Father McNamara declares that the pra tice is quite common for a priest to receive t money for *one hundred intentions*, and then clear them all off with a single mass. He sa no political schemers come near the Roman Cat olic priesthood in the wholesale character their dodges. The deception of saying one ma for a hundred or so was exposed in Germa several years ago.

Thanksgiving Day at Five Points.—A R porter of the *Daily Witness* entered the Hous of Industry at Five Points, New York, Noven ber 27, and there witnessed an interesting scen which the liberality of some Christian peop had rendered possible. He writes:

"Nearly four hundred children were at wor at one time on the wholesome viands provide in abundance, and the scene was one not to easily forgotten. They were of all nationaliti and colors, the quaint garb of the little Italia children provoking some amusing comment On his way downstairs the reporter struc upon what resembled a Thanksgiving dinner Liliput. Twenty diminutive feasters we seated at *a table not three feet high*, in little arm chairs, enjoying the viands with a grave de corum and solemn countenances, totally diffe ent from the abandon characterizing the part above stairs. The eldest had barely reached th mature age of three years, and the rest were between that period and at twelvemonth younge But little conversation was carried on at th board, and the nurses, gigantic in comparison waited in solemn silence. The visitor coul hardly tear himself away from such a novel an interesting spectacle."

A New York Bell in China.—Some time ag the Woman's Board of New York sent to th Chinese mission a church bell. Mr. Farnha acknowledging its arrival says: "*A tower forty three feet high* has been erected, and the bel placed therein. A bamboo pole rises hig above the tower, from whose top every Sabbat morning a blue flag with a white star is unfurled It can be seen above the Chinese houses at great distance, and the people have alread learned its meaning. It announces the Christia Sabbath to thousands and tens of thouands." This flag unfolded to the breeze, exhibiting its single star, like the Star of Bethlehem, calls the benighted heathen from their dumb and senseless idols to worship the living Jesus.

The Obstacles in the Way of the Reformaion of criminals are almost insurmountable. A tatement made by the warden of the State rison at Bangor, Me., shows how a sincere attempt to reform was thwarted by the cruel prejudices of a heartless woman. A young woman, who served out a sentence of five years' imprisonment, found means of education, and becoming thoroughly reformed and a Christian, left he prison fully determined in God's strength to ead an honest life. She was employed by a dry-goods firm in Portland as saleswoman, and gave erfect satisfaction to her employers, till one day wealthy lady of the place entered the store and ecognized her. Calling the proprietor aside, he told him that the girl had been in the State rison. He replied that he knew it, but that he had done her duty faithfully, and that they ere well satisfied with her. "Well," said the dy, "if you keep her in your store I will either trade with you myself nor suffer any of y friends to, if I can help it." So the proprietor, rather than lose his customer, called in the oor girl and discharged her.

An Affecting Incident, showing the Value of ersevering prayer, is related by Mr. Moody. A short time after I got here I received a letter om Scotland. It was sent to a minister and e forwarded it to me. It was the breathing of loving father. He asked us to look out for s boy, whose name was Willie. That name uched my heart, because it was the name of my wn boy. I asked Mr. Sawyer to try and get on e track of that boy some weeks ago, but all s efforts were fruitless. But away off in Scotnd that Christian father was holding up that y to God in prayer, and last Friday, in yonder om, among those asking for prayers was that illie, and *he told me a story* there that thrilled y heart, and testified how the prayers of that ther and mother in that far-off land had been strumental in effecting his salvation. Don't u think the heart of that father and mother ll rejoice? He said he was rushing madly to struction, but there was a power in those ayers that saved that boy. Don't you think, y friends, that God hears and answers prayers, d shall we not lift up our voices to Him in ayer that He will bless the children He has ven us?"

Two Young Ladies were Imprisoned for half day on the dome of the St. Louis Court House ently. They had gone up to the top, counting e steps as they went, and after enjoying the prosct had found that they could not open a door ding back to the stairway by which they re to return. After six long hours of anxiety d weariness, one of them thought of a device obtaining release. She wrote a few words paper, clamped the slip under the blade of her n-knife, and tossed it into the street. A young n picked up the knife and read these words, itten on the tag in a delicate hand: "We fastened in the dome! For mercy's sake t us out!" He showed the slip to the janitor, d rushing up the winding stairs, opened the or at the top. The girls received him with rs of joy and thankfulness, only regretting ey had not thought of the plan of attracting ention earlier.

How many young people there are whose *dless footsteps* have led them into a position initely more perilous than that of these young ies—positions where they are held captive by tan at his will; and though a means of escape available, yet comparatively few of them take vantage of it.

Two Unneeded Coffins have been Provided the present Sheriff of Scott County, Va. ring the late war Major Wood was the capn and Wilhelm the Lieutenant of the same npany. They had an agreement that in the ent of either being killed the survivor was to ve the remains of the fallen one cared for, d sent to friends at home. At the battle of Dowell, Wilhelm received what was pronced by the surgeons a mortal wound. od, true to the agreement, made the necessary arrangements for forwarding the body of his comrade to his friends, and had a coffin made to contain the remains. But Wilhelm providentially recovered, and the coffin was used for a comrade killed in the battle. Again, at one of the terrible battles fought by the forces of General Lee, Wilhelm received another pronounced mortal wound. The last wound was by far the more dangerous, so Wood again had Wilhelm's coffin made and provided burial clothes, also wrote for the father of the dying man. Wilhelm lingered on for many days, with his coffin ready to receive him when he breathed his last. But at last he rallied, and the second coffin was used for another occupant. Wilhelm completely recovered, and is now sheriff of the county. Like Hezekiah, he must feel that his life is peculiarly the gift of God (Isaiah 38 : 15).

A Pathetic Narrative is Given in the New *York Times* of the death of a young lady named Ida Richards, at Norwalk, Conn. Her lover had been injured in an accident; he had been caught in the machinery about which he was employed, and mangled terribly. She hastened to his bedside, and found the wreck of a strong man. She nursed him with all care and tirelessness, but he died. Ida Richards was a working girl, and a provident one. She had saved a little money, and with it she purchased a lot in Pine Island Cemetery, and there she buried the body. She stood by as they covered the grave, and they were obliged to leave her there; for she said she wanted to watch the place alone. In this dreary spot the girl threw herself upon the grave. The sun was low down in the west when they left her there, and after nightfall, when her friends went to remove her, they found her dead.

If a merely human love was thus powerful enough to stop the course of life at the death of its object, how ought the love of Christ to constrain Christians, so that they "should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them" (2 Cor. 5 : 15).

A Soldier Bishop.—Dr. Gallaher, the New Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, was formerly a Confederate soldier, who fought throughout the Civil War. During the greater part of the time he was Adjutant-General of Buckner's division. After the war he determined to consecrate his life to the service of God. He studied theology, was ordained in 1869, and has since been a rector in New York and in Baltimore. The *Louisville Courier Journal* says that soon after his going to Baltimore a stranger was heard inquiring of a lady in a street-car if she had heard Colonel Gallaher preach. "Colonel Gallaher!" she replied; "I did not know we had any colonels preaching in Baltimore." "Yes, madam," replied the gentleman, "go and hear him preach, for he is *a good preacher;* and more than that, madam, he was a good soldier." The soldier-bishop is evidently one of those men who attend to the Preacher's injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Eccles. 9 : 10).

A Conscience Quickened by Conversion.—A Burlington, Vt., journal says: "About ten years ago the buildings of a person residing in a town some forty-five miles from Montpelier were damaged by fire. They were insured, and the case was duly settled and no more thought of it. On Friday last the person drove to Montpelier, appeared before the insurance company, and gave himself up, stating that he made a false estimate of the losses sustained by the fire. He had recently experienced the power of Divine grace in his heart, and his mind could not be at rest until he had made a clean disclosure of the whole thing to the company and settled for the same. Although a poor man, with a large family to support, he had come all this distance to give himself into the hands of the law. The matter was satisfactorily adjusted, and he departed for home a happier man."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for November may be obtained at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD at six cents a copy.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Have ye not read? . . . Have ye not read? . . . If ye had known what this meaneth."—MATTHEW 12 : 3–7.

The Worthless Studies of the Pharisees—The Saviour's Cutting Reproof—What is Meant by a True Reading of the Scriptures?—I. An Understanding of them—1. To Understand there must be Diligent Reading—2. A Mind well Awake—3. Devout Meditation—The Mothers in the Balearic Isles—Squirrels in the Beech Tree—4. Constant Prayer—5. The Use of all Means and Helps—II. A Search for the Spiritual Meaning—1. Of the Historical Passages—2. Of the Ceremonial Precepts—3. Of the Doctrinal Statements—Anecdote of a Welsh Preacher—III. Such a Reading is Profitable—It Begets Spiritual Life—Gives Comfort—Nourishment—Guidance.

THE scribes and Pharisees were great readers of the law. They studied the sacred books continually, poring over each word and letter. They made notes of very little importance—but still *very curious notes*—as to which was the middle verse of the entire Old Testament, which verse was half way to the middle, and how many times such a word occurred, and even how many times a letter occurred, and the size of the letter, and its peculiar position.

They have left us a mass of wonderful notes upon the mere words of Holy Scripture. They might have done the same thing upon another book for that matter, and the information would have been about as important as the facts which they have so industriously collected concerning the letter of the Old Testament.

They were, however, *intense readers* of the law. They picked a quarrel with the Saviour upon a matter touching this law, for they carried it at their fingers' ends, and were ready to use it as a bird of prey does its talons to tear and rend. Our Lord's disciples had plucked some ears of corn, and rubbed them between their hands. According to Pharisaic interpretation, to rub an ear of corn is a kind of threshing, and, as it is very wrong to thresh on the Sabbath day, therefore it must be very wrong to rub out an ear or two of wheat when you are hungry on the Sabbath morning. That was their argument, and they came to the Saviour with it, and with their version of the Sabbath law.

The Saviour generally carried the war into the enemy's camp, and he did so on this occasion. He met them on their own ground, and he said to them, "*Have ye not read?*"—a cutting question to the scribes and Pharisees, though there is nothing apparently sharp about it. It was a very fair and proper question to put to them; but only think of putting it to them. "Have ye not read?" "Read!" they could have said, "Why, we have read the book through very many times. We are always reading it. No passage escapes our critical eyes." Yet our Lord proceeds to put the question a second time—"Have ye not read?"—as if they had not read after all, though they were the greatest readers of the law then living.

He insinuates that they have not read at all; and then He gives them incidentally the reason why He had asked them whether they had read. He says, "If ye had known what this meaneth," as much as to say, "Ye have not read, because ye have not understood." Your eyes have gone over the words, and you have counted the letters, and you have marked the position of each verse and word, and you have said learned things about all the books, and yet you are not even readers of the sacred volume, for you have not acquired the true art of reading; you do not understand, and therefore you do not truly read it. You are mere skimmers and glancers at the Word: you have not read it, for you do not understand it.

I. That is the subject of our present discourse, or, at least, the first point of it, that, in order to the true reading of the Scriptures,

THERE MUST BE AN UNDERSTANDING of them.

1. I scarcely need to preface these remarks by saying that *we must read* the Scriptures. You know how necessary it is that we should be fed upon the truth of Holy Scripture. Need I suggest the question as to whether you do read your Bibles or not? I am afraid that this is a magazine-reading age—a newspaper-reading age—a periodical-reading age, but not so much a Bible-reading age as it ought to be. In the old Puritanic times men used to have a scant supply of other literature, but they found a library enough in the one book—the Bible. And how they did read the Bible!

How little of Scripture there is in modern sermons compared with the sermons of those masters of theology—the Puritanic divines! Almost every sentence of theirs seems to cast side-lights upon a text of Scripture; not only the one they are preaching about, but many others as well are set in a new light as the discourse proceeds. They introduce blended lights from other passages which are parallel or semi-parallel thereunto, and thus they educate their readers to compare spiritual things with spiritual. I would to God that we ministers kept more closely to the grand old book. We should be instructive preachers if we did so, even if we were ignorant of "modern thought," and were not "abreast of the times." I warrant you we should be leagues ahead of our times if we kept closely to the word of God.

As for you, my brothers and sisters, who have not to preach, the best food for you is the word of God itself. Sermons and books are well enough, but streams that run for a long distance above ground gradually gather for themselves somewhat of the soil through which they flow, and they lose the cool freshness with which they started from the spring-head. Truth is sweetest where it breaks from the smitten Rock, for at its first gush it has lost none of its heavenliness and vitality. It is always best to *drink at the well* and not from the tank. You shall find that reading the word of God for yourselves, reading *it* rather than notes upon it, is the surest way of growing in grace. Drink of the unadulterated milk of the word of God, and not of the skim milk, or the milk and water of man's word.

But now, beloved, our point is, that much apparent Bible reading is not Bible reading at all. The verses pass under the eye, and the sentences glide over the mind, but there is no true reading. An old preacher used to say, the Word has mighty free course among many nowadays, for it goes in at one of their ears and out at the other; so it seems to be with some readers—they can read a very great deal, because they do not read any thing. The eye glances, but the mind never rests. The soul does not light upon the truth and stay there. It flits over the landscape as a bird might do, but it builds no nest therein, and finds no rest for the sole of its foot. Such reading is not reading. *Understanding the meaning* is the essence of true reading. Reading has a kernel to it, and the mere shell is little worth.

2. Now if we are thus to understand what we read, or otherwise we read in vain, this shows us that when we come to the study of Holy Scripture we should try to have *our mind well awake* to it. We are not always fit, it seems to me, to read the Bible. At times it were well for us to stop before we open the volume. "Put off thy shoe from thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." You have just come in from careful thought and anxiety about your worldly business, and you cannot immediately take that book and enter into its heavenly mysteries.

As you ask a blessing over your meat before you fall to, so it would be a good rule for you to ask a blessing on the Word before you partake of its heavenly food. Pray the Lord to strengthen your eyes before you dare to look into the eternal light of Scripture. As the priests washed their feet at the laver before they went to their holy work, so it were well to wash the soul's eyes with which you look upon God's word, to wash even the fingers, if I may so speak the mental fingers with which you will turn from page to page—that with a holy book you may deal after a holy fashion.

3. If these things be so, you will see at once, dear friends, that, if you are to understand what you read,

YOU WILL NEED TO MEDITATE

upon it. Some passages of Scripture lie clear before us—blessed shallows in which the lambs may wade; but there are deeps in which our mind might rather drown herself than swim with pleasure, if she came there without caution.

There are texts of Scripture which are made and constructed on purpose to make us think. By this means, among others, our Heavenly Father would educate us for heaven—by making us think our way into divine mysteries. Hence He puts the word in a somewhat involved form to compel us to meditate upon it before we reach the sweetness of it. He might, you know, have explained it to us so that we might catch the thought in a minute, but He does not please to do so in every case.

I have heard that the mothers in the Balearic Isles, in the old times, who wanted to bring their boys up to be *good slingers*, would put their dinners up above them where they could not get at them until they threw a stone and fetched them down; our Lord wishes us to be good slingers, and He puts up some precious truth in a lofty place, where we cannot get it down except by slinging at it; and at last we hit the mark and find food for our souls. Then have we the double benefit of learning the art of meditation and partaking of the sweet truth which it has brought within our reach.

We must meditate, brothers. These grapes will yield no wine till we tread upon them. These olives must be put under the wheel, and pressed again and again, that the oil may flow therefrom. In a dish of nuts you may know which nut has been eaten, because there is a little hole which the insect has punctured through the shell—just a little hole, and then inside there is the living thing eating up the kernel. Well, it is a grand thing to bore through the shell of the letter, and then to live inside feeding upon the kernel. I would wish to be such a little worm as that, living within and upon the Word of God, having bored my way through the shell, and having reached the innermost mystery of the blessed Gospel.

The Word of God is always most precious to the man who most lives upon it. As I sat last year under a wide-spreading beech I was pleased to mark with prying curiosity the singular habits of that most wonderful of trees, which seems to have an intelligence about it which other trees have not. I wondered and admired the beech, but I thought to myself, I do not think half as much of this beech tree as yonder squirrel does. I see him leap from bough to bough, and I feel sure that he dearly values the old beech tree, because he has his home somewhere inside it in a hollow place; these branches are his shelter, and those beech-nuts are his food. He lives upon the trees. It is his world, his playground, his granary, his home; indeed, it is every thing to him, and it is not so to me, for I find my rest and food elsewhere.

With God's Word it is well for us to be *like squirrels*, living in it and living on it. Let us exercise our minds by leaping from bough to bough of it, find our rest and food in it, and make it our all in all. We shall be the people that get the profit out of it if we make it to be our food, our medicine, our treasury, our armory, our rest, our delight. May the Holy Ghost lead us to do this and make the Word thus precious to our souls!

4. Beloved, I would next remind you that for this end *we shall be*

COMPELLED TO PRAY.

It is a grand thing to be driven to think, it is a grander thing to be driven to pray through having been made to think. Am I not addressing some of you who do not read the word of God, and am I not speaking to many more who do read it, but do not read it with the strong resolve that they will understand it?

Do you wish to begin to be true readers
Will you henceforth labor to understand
Then you must get to your knees. You mus
cry to God for direction. Who understands
book best? The author of it. If I want to as
certain the real meaning of a rather twisted sen
tence, and the author lives near me, and I ca
call upon him, I shall ring at his door and say
"Would you kindly tell me what you mean b
that sentence? I have no doubt whatever that i
is very clear, but I am such a simpleton that
cannot make it out. I have not the knowledg
and grasp of the subject which you possess, an
therefore your allusions and descriptions are be
yond my range of knowledge. It is quite withi
your range, and commonplace to you, but i
is very difficult to me. Would you kindly e
plain your meaning to me?" A good ma
would be glad to be thus treated, and woul
think it no trouble to unravel his meaning t
a candid inquirer. Thus I should be sure to ge
the correct meaning, for I should be going t
the fountain-head when I consulted the autho
himself.

So, beloved, the Holy Spirit is with us, an
when we take His book and begin to read, an
want to know what it means, we must ask t
Holy Spirit to reveal the meaning. He will n
work a miracle, but He will elevate our mind
and He will suggest to us thoughts which wi
lead us on by their natural relation the one
the other, till at last we come to the pith a
marrow of His divine instruction. Seek, the
very earnestly the guidance of the Holy Spiri
for if the very soul of reading be the unde
standing of what we read, then we must
prayer call upon the Holy Ghost to unlock t
secret mysteries of the inspired Word.

5. If we thus ask the guidance and teachi
of the Holy Spirit, it will follow, dear friend
that *we shall be ready to*

USE ALL MEANS AND HELPS

toward the understanding of the Scriptur
When Philip asked the Ethiopian eunuch wheth
He understood the prophecy of Isaiah he
plied, "How can I, unless some man shou
guide me?" Then Philip went up and open
to him the Word of the Lord.

The Lord Jesus Christ pleases to give m
knowledge of His Word, and more insight into
to some of His servants than to others, and it
ours joyfully to accept the knowledge which
gives in such ways as he chooses to give it.
would be most wicked of us to say, "We w
not have the heavenly treasure which exists
earthen vessels. If God will give us the heav
ly treasure out of His own hand, but
through the earthen vessel, we will have it;
we think we are too wise, too heavenly mind
too spiritual altogether, to care for jewels wh
they are placed in earthen pots. We will
hear anybody, and we will not read any thing
cept *the book* itself, neither will we accept a
light, except that which comes in through
crack in our own roof. We will not see by
other man's candle: we would sooner remain
the dark."

Brethren, do not let us fall into such fo
Let the light come from God, and though a ch
shall bring it, we will joyfully accept it. If
one of His servants, whether Paul or Apollos
Cephas, shall have received light from Him,
hold, "all are yours, and ye are Christ's,
Christ is God's," and therefore accept of
light which God has kindled, and ask for gr
that you may turn that light upon the Word
that when you read it you may understand it.

II. But now, secondly, and very briefly, let
notice that in reading we ought to

SEEK OUT THE SPIRITUAL TEACHING

of the Word. I think that is in my text,
cause our Lord says, "Have ye not rea
Then, again, "Have ye not read?" and then
says, "If ye had known what this meaneth
and the meaning is something very spirit
The text he quoted was, "I will have me
and not sacrifice"—a text out of the prop
Hosea. Now the scribes and Pharisees were
for the letter—the sacrifice, the killing of

buck, and so on. They overlooked the spiritual meaning of the passage, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice"—namely, that God prefers that we should care for our fellow-creatures rather than that we should observe any ceremonial of His law, so as to cause hunger or thirst, and thereby death, to any of the creatures th his hands have made. They ought to have passed beyond the outward into the spiritual, and al ur readings ought to do the same.

Notice that this should be the case when we read *the historical passages.* "Have ye not read what David did, when he was an hungered, and they that were with him; how he entered in the house of God, and did eat the shew bread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them which were with Him, but only for the priests?" This was a piece of history, yet they ought so to have read it as to have found spiritual instruction in it. I have heard some stupid people say, "Well, I do not care to read the historical parts of Scripture." Beloved friends, you do not know what you are talking about when you say so.

say to you now by experience that I have sometimes found even a greater depth of spirituality in the histories than I have in the Psalms. ou will say, "How is that?" I assert that when you reach the inner and spiritual meaning of history you are often surprised at the wondrous clearness—the realistic force—with which the teaching comes home to your soul. Some of the most marvellous mysteries of revelation are better understood by being set before our eyes in the histories than they are by the verbal declaration of them. When we have the statement to explain the illustration, the illustration expands and vivifies the statement.

or instance, when our Lord himself would explain to us what faith was, he sent us to the history of the brazen serpent; and who that has ever read the story of the brazen serpent has not felt that he has had a better idea of faith through the picture of the dying snake-bitten persons looking to the serpent of brass, and living, than in any description which even Paul has given so wondrously as he defines and describes.

Never, I pray you, depreciate the historical portions of God's word, but when you cannot get good out of them, say, "That is my foolish head and my slow heart. Oh, Lord, be pleased to clear my brain and cleanse my soul." When He answers that prayer you will feel that every portion of God's word is given by inspiration, and is and must be profitable to you. Cry, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

. Just the same thing is true with regard to the *ceremonial precepts*, because the Saviour goes on to say, "Have ye not read in the law, how that on the Sabbath days the priests in the temple profane the Sabbath, and are blameless?"

There is not a single precept in the old law that has an inner sense and meaning; therefore not turn away from Leviticus, or say, "I cannot read these chapters in the Books of Exodus and Numbers. They are all about the tribes and their standards, the stations in the wilderness and the halts of the march, the tabernacle and furniture, or about golden knops and bowls and boards and sockets and precious stones, and blue and scarlet and fine linen." No, but look at *the inner meaning*. Make thorough search; for as in a king's treasure that which is the most closely locked up and the hardest to come at is the choicest jewel of the treasure, so is it with the Holy Scriptures.

Did you ever go to the British Museum library? There are many books of reference there which the reader is allowed to take down when he pleases. There are other books for which he must write a ticket, and He cannot get them without the ticket; but they have certain choice books which you will not see without a special order, and then there is an unlocking of doors, and an opening of cases, and there is a watcher with you while you make your inspection. You are scarcely allowed to put your eye on the manuscript for fear you should blot a letter out by glancing at it; it is such a precious treasure; there is not another copy of it in all the world, and so you cannot get at it easily.

Just so, there are choice and precious doctrines of God's word which are locked up in such cases as Leviticus or Solomon's Song, and you cannot get at them without a deal of unlocking of doors; and the Holy Spirit himself must be with you, or else you will never come at the priceless treasure. The higher truths are as choicely hidden away as the precious regalia of princes; therefore *search* as well as read. Do not be satisfied with a ceremonial precept till you reach its spiritual meaning, for that is true reading. You have not read till you understand the spirit of the matter.

3. It is just the same with *the doctrinal statements* of God's word. I have sorrowfully observed some persons who are very orthodox, and who can repeat their creed very glibly, and yet the principal use that they make of their orthodoxy is to sit and watch the preacher with the view of framing a charge against Him. He has uttered a single sentence which is judged to be half a hair's breadth below the standard! "That man is not sound. He said some good things, but he is rotten at the core, I am certain. He used an expression which was not *eighteen ounces to the pound.*"

Sixteen ounces to the pound are not enough for these dear brethren of whom I speak; they must have something more and over and above the shekel of the sanctuary. Their knowledge is used as a microscope to magnify trifling differences. I hesitate not to say that I have come across persons who

"Could a hair divide
Betwixt the west and north-west side"

in matters of divinity, but who know nothing about the things of God in their real meaning. They have never drank them into their souls, but only sucked them up into their mouths to spit them out on others.

Did you never hear a sermon as to which you felt that if Jesus had come into that pulpit while the man was making his oration, He would have said, "Go down, go down; what business have you here? I sent you to preach about Me, and you preach about a dozen other things. Go home and learn of Me, and then come and talk." That sermon which does not lead to Christ, or of which Jesus Christ is not the top and the bottom, is a sort of sermon that will make the devils in hell to laugh, but might make the angels of God to weep, if they were capable of such emotion.

You remember the story I told you of the Welshman who heard a young man preach a very fine sermon—a grand sermon, *a highfaluting, spread-eagle sermon;* and, when he had done, he asked the Welshman what he thought of it. The man replied that he did not think any thing of it. "And why not?" "Because there was no Jesus Christ in it." "Well," said he, "but my text did not seem to run that way." "Never mind," said the Welshman, "your sermon ought to run that way." "I do not see that, however," said the young man. "No," said the other, "you do not see how to preach yet. This is the way to preach. From every little village in England—it does not matter where it is—there is sure to be a road to London. Though there may not be a road to certain other places, there is certain to be a road to London. Now from every text in the Bible there is a road to Jesus Christ, and the way to preach is just to say, 'How can I get from this text to Jesus Christ?' and then go preaching all the way along it." "Well, but," said the young man, "suppose I find a text that has not got a road to Jesus Christ." "I have preached for forty years," said the old man, "and I have never found such a Scripture, but if I ever do find one I will go over hedge and ditch but what I will get to Him, for I will never finish without bringing in my Master."

Perhaps you will think that I have gone a little over hedge and ditch to-night, but I am persuaded that I have not, for the sixth verse comes in here, and brings our Lord in most sweely, setting Him in the very forefront of you Bible readers, so that you must not think of reading without feeling that He is there who is Lord and Master of every thing that you are reading, and who shall make these things precious to you if you realize Him in them.'

A PROFITABLE READING.

III. Lastly, such a reading of Scripture as implies the understanding of and the entrance into its spiritual meaning, and the discovery of the divine Person who is the spiritual meaning, is profitable, for here our Lord says, "If ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless." It will save us from making a great many mistakes if we get to understand the word of God, and among other good things we shall not condemn the guiltless.

I have no time to enlarge upon these benefits, but I will just say, putting all together, that the diligent reading of the word of God with the strong resolve to get at its meaning often *begets spiritual life.* We are begotten by the word of God: it is the instrumental means of regeneration. Therefore love your Bibles. Keep close to your Bibles.

There was never a soul that did sincerely seek for Jesus in the Word but by and by He stumbled on the precious truth that Christ was near at hand and did not want any looking for; that He was really there, only they, poor blind creatures! were in such a maze that they could not just then see Him. Oh, cling you to Scripture. Scripture is not Christ, but it is the silken clew which will lead you to Him. Follow its leadings faithfully.

When you have received regeneration, and a new life, keep on reading, because *it will comfort* you. You will see more of what the Lord has done for you. You will learn that you are redeemed, adopted, saved, sanctified. Half the errors in the world spring from people not reading their Bibles. Would anybody think that the Lord would leave any one of His dear children to perish if he read such a text as this: "I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand?" When I read that, I am sure of the final perseverance of the saints. Read, then, the Word, and it will be much for your comfort.

It will be for *your nourishment* too. It is your food as well as your life. Search it, and you will grow strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

It will be for *your guidance* also. I am sure those go rightest who keep closest to the book. Oftentimes when you do not know what to do, you will see a text leaping up out of the book, and saying, "Follow me." I have seen a promise sometimes blaze out before my eyes, just as when an illuminated device flames forth upon a public building. One touch of flame and a sentence or a design flashes out in gas. I have seen a text of Scripture flame forth in that way to my soul; I have known that it was God's word to me, and I have gone on my way rejoicing.

And, oh, you will get a thousand helps out of that wondrous book if you do but read it; for, understanding the words more, you will prize it more, and as you get older the book will grow with your growth, and turn out to be a graybeard's manual of devotion just as it was aforetime a child's sweet story-book. Yes, it will always be a new book—just as new a Bible as if it was printed yesterday, and yet it will be a deal more precious for all the memories which cluster round it.

As we turn over its pages how sweetly do we recollect passages in our history which will never be forgotten to all eternity, but will stand forever intertwined with gracious promises! Beloved, the Lord teach us to read His book of life which He has opened before us here below, so that we may read our titles clear in that other book of love which we have not seen as yet, but which will be opened at the last great day. The Lord be with you, and bless you.

A SOLDIERS' CRICKET GROUND.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

Difficulties in making the Cricket Ground Surmounted by Prayer and Personal Exertions—Danger from the Burning of the Jungle Averted by Prayer—Good Turf Providentially Provided—Another Space Twice as Large Cleared—Flower Gardens Made—The Soldiers' "Morale" Wonderfully Improved—My First Desire thus Granted.

THE *making of the cricket ground* in the jungle at Singapore Barracks, of which mention was made in a previous account, was a work of very great labor. The cutting of the jungle and rooting up the trees was the least part of it. Day by day I committed my work to God in prayer, and I felt sure that He would bring it through. I should otherwise have suffered a great deal of anxiety. It was wonderful how He guided and strengthened me. I knew nothing of engineering, and yet here I was making a level in a slope without either knowledge or instrument. I never thought about this until it was finished.

Morning and evening I was the first at the work, the last to leave it. I gave the men sometimes a day off, sometimes a morning or evening, but with every party I worked. God gave me the strength for it, for I often felt ready to drop. The physical exertion and the heat of the sun, under which I often stood, though I did not allow the men to remain under it, sometimes nearly exhausted me.

When the jungle was cleared it had to be burned. On this occasion, after it was fired a breeze sprung up, and drove the flames down toward a little thatched building near the canteen. I saw the *flames almost touching it*, and high over it. If that building caught, the canteen would go too, and then, if the wind increased, the barracks! I had ordered the bugler to sound the assembly, and then I prayed, "*Lord, change the wind.*" Almost at that moment, to my inexpressible relief, the wind changed and turned the flame right round.

When the jungle was cleared, there was a large hole to be filled at the foot of the slope in order to make a level. This was done by cutting large sods, and handing them down from man to man. I laid almost every one with my own hands. Then there was making the level. The British soldier worked morning and evening, the Malays midday, using the wheelbarrows as well as navvies. The level finished, there was one thing more wanted for a good cricket ground—*good turf*.

This I had discovered about half a mile from the barracks when carrying out the Queen's Regulations that officers are to make themselves acquainted with all the roads in the vicinity of their barracks—a most wise and necessary order. Every morning after work I would ride out for half an hour, following the roads away from the barracks. In so doing I found some beautiful turf, the only real turf I saw in Singapore. It belonged to an old Chinese gentleman, who very kindly gave it to me for the cricket ground.

This turf was brought to barracks by carts; but the larger quantity of the turf for the sides of the ground was cut in different places round the barracks, and drawn by the men in hand-carts with fife and drum. So many loads formed a day's task. Often they would finish their work before breakfast.

Last of all there was the *rolling of the ground*. This was done by means of a large Government roller, which had been used with bullocks for the parade ground. My men soon got it on to the cricket ground, and a company at a time rolled it along to the fife and drum. Thus this work was complete. "No one but you ever thought it would be finished," was the remark one of my brother officers made to me. Except the Lord had put it into my heart, and given me the wisdom, I should never have done it.

It had been a great pleasure to me working with the men, especially as the occupation of their minds and bodies had done their whole *morale* a great deal of good. They all looked much healthier and brighter. The number of cases of drunkenness for the six weeks preceding the commencement of the work had been *ninety-two;* for the six weeks after it had commenced *fifteen*, in four hundred men.

This cricket ground was only a part of the work. We afterward cleared a space twice as large, and made *three more practice grounds.* The whole barracks were surrounded with *flower gardens.* The laying out and arranging these was a delightful relaxation for me. Then on the other side of the barracks we built a gymnasium, with a large flight of steps to it. The steps in the garden were made by my men. When it was all finished I felt that *the Lord had fulfilled the first desire of my heart.* He had given me command of a body of British soldiers, in circumstances, to them, of very great discomfort, and by His guidance and blessing He had enabled me to do as much as could be done to make them comfortable.

"*If you had not come here, sir, very few of us would ever have left this,*" was the remark made to me by a soldier who seldom spoke to me, a few days before we embarked for Africa. *If God had not sent me there* I believe that many of them would have filled a drunkard's grave, and not a few would have committed such serious crimes as would have sent them into penal servitude. I thank God that I did not lose one man in either way.

My comrades took great interest in their gardens. The flowers and shrubs with which they were adorned were such as I have since seen in conservatories in England. The stately scarlet *Dracona* flourished luxuriantly; the *Alamanda Scholli* strove to light up the very gardens with its large golden flowers; and the *red, white, and yellow laurel* retained their beauty, as did the others, all the year round. *Balsams* blossomed everywhere, and sowed themselves. There were beds of *roses*, and of many flowering tropical shrubs, the names of which I know not. Summer never ends at Singapore, and flowers bloom in January as in July.

Officers of the American, French, and Austrian navies, who came to call on us, were much struck by the appearance of the barracks, and could hardly believe that the British soldier had been able in such a climate to do such work.

Not only the body of men who were then serving under me reaped the benefit of these labors. The other wing of the regiment was afterward sent down from Hong Kong, and I could not help thanking God that He had enabled me to do so much for their comfort also. Two other regiments have since then been quartered in these barracks.

In looking back on this period of my service I ask myself this question: What was the power which upheld me through all this severe exertion? Was my own glory or pleasure the motive? Certainly not. I had no thought of either. What was it then which guided and helped me? It was the earnest desire to obey the command in God's Word, "*Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.*"

I had been intrusted by the Government of my country with the care of so many soldiers and of so much property. The welfare of those soldiers and the improvement of that property were *my first duties* according to the will of God. It was *because I delighted myself in the will of the Lord in these duties to Him* that He gave me the desire of my heart.

There is an all-important principle involved in this question. The internal peace of nations is concerned in it. The Word of God has been set aside for centuries by professed preachers of Christ's Gospel. They have taught that the glory of God absolves from allegiance to Cæsar. Nothing could be more contrary to the commands of God.

Had the rulers of Europe understood God's Word, and maintained its principles, they would have repressed that greatest of evils, a false system of religion, their lands would not have been deluged with innocent blood, and the name of the Lord Jesus Christ would not have been so grievously wronged.

The priest may teach that God is glorifi when the law of the State is opposed; the infi that man's reason is magnified when God's W is deposed. *Against both stand eternally* t words of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is Himse in His own person, *the Infallible Word of G* "Render unto Cæsar the things which a Cæsar's; and unto God the things that a God's" (Matt. 22 : 21).

MAN'S FIRST AND LAST HOME.

By William Maude.

Man's First Home a Garden—His Second Hom City—A Disappointing Contrast—Compens ing Considerations — Man Perfected in t Heavenly City—I. Perfected by the Experien of Toil and Suffering—II. Perfected in Soc Union—1. A City's Complex Relationship—A City's Diversity of Rank and Office—A Cit Mystical Unity—III. Perfected in Eternal D ration and Unchangeableness—IV. Perfected all the Divinest Element of Eden-Life—C clusion : Are we Citizens of this Heavenly Cit

MAN'S first home was *a Garden*—a Paradi having within its heaven-appointed boundar deep groves of matchless beauty and retireme orchards whose trees were laden with the choic fruits the as yet unfallen world could produ and an exuberant profusion of the most exquis flowers. Its climate was perfect; the heat w attempered to the most enjoyable degree, a the seasons added only variety to its sources enjoyment without involving any of the viol alternations of heat and cold from which ev the inhabitants of the most favored regions the earth now suffer.

As the sun rose in the morning it disclo such a scene of loveliness as earth has ne since beheld; the air laden with the most quisite odors and vocal with the song of swe throated birds; while as the shadows of ev ing gathered around, the soft and dying bree like a mother's soft hand on the forehead c drowsy child, lulled Adam, "the son of Go to his calm and safe repose, God drawing arou him the star-gemmed curtains of the night, a stretching over him the outspread wings of H omnipotence and love.

This, the first home of man, is thus describe the beginning of the book of Genesis: "And t Lord God planted a garden eastward in Ede and there He put the man whom He had form And out of the ground made the Lord God to gr every tree that is pleasant to the sight and go for food; the tree of life also in the midst of garden, and the tree of knowledge of good a evil. And a river went out of Eden to wa the garden; and from thence it was parted, a became into four heads. The name of the fi is Pison; that is it which compasseth the wh land of Havilah, where there is gold, and gold of that land is good: there is the bdelli and the onyx stone. And the name of the sec river is Gihon; the same is it that compass the whole land of Ethiopia. And the name the third river is Hiddekel; that is it wh goeth toward the east of Assyria. And fourth river is Euphrates. And the Lord G took the man, and put him into the garden Eden to dress it and keep it" (Gen. 2 : 8–1

Man's last home, when redeemed and glorifi is *a City*—

THE NEW JERUSALEM—

a city of almost inconceivable magnitude, stupendous altitude, of magnificent architect decoration. Its foundations of immova strength; its walls blazing with radiant spl dor; its streets not laid with common ear but translucent gold; and its light not tha either sun or moon but the Shekinah-gl with which God ever veils His immediate ma fested presence.

Of this, the last home of man, we have als wondrous description almost at the close of volume of inspiration: "And He carried away in the spirit to a great and high mount and showed me that great city, the holy Jeru lem, descending out of heaven from God, hav the glory of God; and her light was like unt e most precious, clear as crystal ; and had a great and high, and had twelve gates, and he gates twelve angels, and names written eon, which are the names of the twelve tribes srael. On the east three gates ; on the h three gates ; on the south three gates ; on the west three gates.

And the wall of the city had twelve foun- ons, and in them the names of the twelve tles of the Lamb. And he that talked with ad a golden reed to measure the city, and gates thereof, and the wall thereof. And ity lieth foursquare, and the length is as e as the breadth ; and he measured the city the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The th, and the breadth, and the height of it are l. And he measured the wall thereof, an dred and forty and four cubits, according to measure of a man—that is, of the angel.

And the building of the wall of it was of er ; and the city was pure gold, like unto glass. And the foundations of the wall he city were garnished with all manner of ious stones. The first foundation was jas- the second, sapphire ; the third, a chalced- ; the fourth, an emerald ; the fifth, sar- x ; the sixth, sardius ; the seventh, chryso- ; the eighth, beryl ; the ninth, a topaz ; the h, a chrysoprasus ; the eleventh, a jacinth ; twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates twelve pearls ; every several gate was of pearl, and the street of the city was of pure , as it were transparent glass. And I saw temple therein : for the Lord God Almighty the Lamb are the temple of it. And the had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, ine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, the Lamb is the light thereof" (Rev. 21 : 2).

THE CONTRAST

een these *two homes* is great, startling, at sight—may we say it ?—even in some sense ppointing. We most of us sympathize, we ehend, with the poet when he says, "God e the country, but man made the town," we delight to fly, whenever opportunity rs, from the smoke, the crowd, the turmoil, the strain of the great city, to the whole- e air, the exquisite peace, the calm repose, me sweet rural paradise, where, as never d the busy haunts of men, we feel at home nature and her God.

nd though in that holy city—the new Jeru- m—which is to be man's last gorious home— e shall be neither the sorrow nor the sin, weariness nor the distraction of the cities of nations as they now exist ; yet even so, we *a latent feeling* that the sweet groves of n would be better than the almost oppressive y of Jerusalem ; and that we should feel con- usly nearer to God as we heard His voice ing amid the trees of the garden in the cool he day ; then as we listened to the rush of chariot wheels through the great city, gh its streets be paved with "patins of ht gold," and its palaces are ablaze with ls.

the latter case our instinctive feeling seems e expressed in the words of Balaam : "The d his God is with him ; the shout of a King mong them ;" while in the former case we better hope to share the blessed experience braham when God "talked with him, even man talketh with his friend."

evertheless, it needs only a little earnest litation, under the Spirit's teaching, to con- e us that the Divine order is at once the , the wisest, and the most blessed. Sym- cally—and while we do not deny the literal tence of either the garden or the city we t by no means overlook their profound spirit- and symbolical significance—*the city is far dvance of the garden* ; the one must of neces- precede the other, and it is as impossible, as ould be undesirable, that the city should have man's first home, and the garden his last, hat the paradise regained should be simply reproduction of the paradise lost. The truth his conclusion might be established by many considerations ; we shall, on the present occasion, adduce only four.

I. In the first place, viewed typically, the city, as contrasted with the garden, represents humanity as *perfected by the experience of*

TOIL AND SUFFERING.

The popular conception of man's moral and spiritual elevation in the garden of Eden is in accordance neither with the analogy of nature nor the teaching of revelation. That conception is strikingly expressed by one of our great divines, Dr. South, when he says, "An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise."

But where do we find the evidence of this? On the contrary, does not St. Paul distinctively tell us that "The first man Adam was made a living soul ; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit? Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural (literally 'animal') and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy ; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy ; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have the image of the earthy, we shall also have the image of the heavenly" (1 Cor. 15 : 45–49).

Eden was the fair sweet home of man's primeval innocence, and Adam was but as a happy child rejoicing in its beauty and sporting amid its flowers. Every thing around him was in harmony with, and, as it were, reflected, the childhood of our race, the untried as well as unspoiled goodness of humanity as it came from the Creator's hands. As naturally and spontaneously as the flowers bloomed, and the fruit ripened in Eden, so naturally, without toil or suffering, but as by a sweet law of goodness, did man in his innocence display the beauty of sinlessness and render to his Maker the tribute of his obedience and love.

Yet this garden of God, though a present blessedness and a gracious prophecy, *had no past* ; it grew, it was not builded. It was planted ere man was placed in it ; no previous creature toil was involved, nor, in bringing it to perfection, was man in any sense "a fellow-laborer with God."

Not so as regards the city ; that may truly be described as *the crystallization of a history* at once most glorious and most terrible. Those mighty and resplendent walls! through what long ages of unremitting toil were they built up, with the blood of how noble an army of martyrs are their stones cemented, what rivers of tears have washed them smooth, and with what divinely-inspired patience of hope have they been polished till they thus reflect the glory of rising and setting suns! Those streets of gold! Did you ever think why they are said to be "as it were transparent glass?"

Ah! it is because of the awful fires of affliction, trial, and judgment through which even the fine gold had to pass ere it could form a pavement which angels almost fear to tread, and which even the once-pierced feet of Immanuel can touch without pollution. Those high towers, how often their bells sounded rejoicingly when some terrible enemy was overthrown, or some great deliverance vouchsafed! and tolled mournfully when famine stalked through the silent streets, or death laid low the noble and the good! though now the days of Zion's warfare are accomplished, and there shall be no use for bells save to sound over the rejoicing city the peal of everlasting jubilee.

Oh, how full of living memories is the city! and as the white-robed citizens welcome each new-comer and say to him, "Walk about Zion, and go round about her, tell the towers thereof : mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces," how will they continually point out a spot forever associated with some terrible tragedy or some heroic deed, till house to house shall seem to utter speech, and the whole city reveals the entire history of man transfigured and glorified in the light of God's infinite wisdom, power, and love!

(*To be concluded.*)

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

By Rev. A. A. Ramsey.

IN the early summer of the year 1213 a strange-looking boy was noticed wandering from town to town in the southern provinces of France

He was not of the vagrant pauper class. His hand was never outstretched for alms. His voice never sank into the murmur of a beggar's whine.

Nor did he belong to any of the tribes of pilgrim mountebanks and strolling musicians so numerous in those days. He carried neither wizard's wand nor minstrel's harp. An unusual saintliness of mien distinguished him ; and wherever he went he chanted in reverent tones the solemn words, "*Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross!*"

Occasionally he paused to engage in silent prayer ; but, with little intermission, his march was steadily pursued ; while with unwearying constancy and unabated fervor he reiterated the impassioned cry, "*Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross!*"

Soon his presence in a neighborhood excited amazement and awe. He was hailed and revered as the messenger of Heaven. The village through which he condescended to pass was deemed more highly favored than if an angel had stood in its streets. The house wherein he lodged for a night was esteemed as blissful an abode as Eden.

But, after a while, alarm began to mingle with the wonder and awe which this strange youth everywhere excited. His example became as powerful and contagious as a plague. An appalling infatuation seized on all the boys of similar age. No sooner was his voice heard in any town or hamlet than out they rushed from their homes, mustered in his track, and accompanied him blindly whithersoever it pleased him to direct his course. Bolts and bars were useless to restrain them. Prayers and tears were unavailing to divert them from their purpose. From the moment that the spell of this strange leader came upon them, they hastened to forsake father, and mother, and all the dearest associations of life, that they might swell the train that thronged the enthusiast and chant with him, "*Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross!*"

Boys came to him by scores, by hundreds, by thousands, until the ever-increasing host grew so vast that no city would consent to receive them within its walls.

Towards the shores of the Mediterranean Sea their leader pressed, reclining in a chariot lined with cloaks, and followed by an immense excited throng, who filled the air with their sonorous chant, "*Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross!*"

In struggling for the coveted place nearest to the sacred car, and for the honor of touching a thread of their saintly leader's robe, the weaker among them were trampled to death ; and, in the end, all who took part in this fanatical crusade perished—mutilated and famished on the land or drowned in the sea.

This is an incident from the history of what are termed "the dark ages." It is our privilege to live in a more enlightened era.

The crusade of the "Holy Cross" was but idle pastime for the boys of those days. But what is needed to-day is a real crusade against evil in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, "who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world" (Gal. 1 : 3, 4).

Whispering over two Thousand Miles was a feat accomplished lately by Mr. Robert A. Packer, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who for two hours conversed pleasantly with his wife and friends at Syra, Pa., by Edison's telephone. The party were at North End, Nebraska, and the wires of two companies being connected at Chicago, communication with Mr. Packer at Syra became easy. The distance between the two places is two thousand miles, but every whisper was distinctly audible.

This conversation with *unseen* friends illustrates the communion the Christian enjoys with Him whom having not seen he loves. (1 Pet. 1 : 8).

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from p. 927.)

The King of Terrcrs.

"I WAS nearly sixty when my son was born," the dying man went on, "and my head was white as snow. People called me old then, but I felt like a lad. Aye! it was like being a lad again to have Charlie all in a frolic about me. He was a bolder, a merrier lad than thee. 'Ernest was born to be a parson, with no spirit in him,' I said; and Charlie was born to be a roistering squire. Charlie could never have turned out a milksop."

"He was very brave and bold," said Ernest in a soothing tone.

"I doted on every hair of his head," he moaned; "it's cruel of him to forsake his old father—cruel and thankless. I have cursed him hundreds of times for it. How long is it since he went away, and we've never heard a word of him, good or bad?"

"Four years last September," he answered.

"Four years last September! And the rascal knows I'm over eighty-three! He doesn't care to see his old father's face again. Yet I was very good to him. You've been more like a son to me, Ernest, though there's not a drop of my blood in your veins. I've all along said you were like a son to me, and I swore to make you a son in my will. All the neighbors know that.

"'Ernest Wren shall be my heir, and take the name of Clifford,' I've said wherever I went. 'I'll cut the runaway off with a shilling,' I've said, and he deserves it. All the country knows. 'If he isn't at home before I die, he shall rue it,' I've said. Church, market, and everywhere, I've said the same words. Ought I to stick to them, Ernest? Would God Almighty be angry if I broke my word? Is there aught in the Bible about keeping fast by one's bitter curses?"

He had raised himself upon his pillows, and stretched his yellow, shrivelled face toward Ernest, with a passion of anxiety in every line of it. A vehement struggle was going on in his mind. He dared not, on the very threshold of the unseen world, commit any fresh offence that might endanger his own welfare there; yet he could not bear to keep his bitter threats against his only son.

It was a moment of fierce inward conflict with Ernest also. He knew well that Charles had been disinherited, and he himself put in his place, and all his future in this life *depended upon his next word.* Yet he stood there as a minister of Christ to teach the dying man all he would receive of divine truth.

"On the contrary," he said distinctly and slowly, "God requires of you to forgive every one that has trespassed against you. It is your bounden duty to pardon your son."

"Ah, I do, I do!" cried the old man with a sudden burst of tears and sobs. "Oh, I forgive him! I love him! I dote upon him still, Ernest! He must be my son again. I believe now in God Almighty, if He orders me to forgive my own son. I was afraid I must stick to my word and my curses. Oh, God bless you, Charlie! my boy, my son!"

He had fallen back upon his pillows, and lay shaking with sobs. Ernest's face was pale and set as he waited for this paroxysm to pass over. "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven," he said, after a painful effort to speak clearly. "'For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.' 'Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you.'" Ernest felt as if he was reading the words of some solemn sacrament. Death had not yet lost its sacred mystery for him.

Old Charles Clifford lay still for a quarter of an hour to recover his strength for further speech after his fit of sobbing was over. But Ernest did not move away. He stood with his arms folded and his head bowed down, waiting in profound patience for the next word of the dying lips, though the pause seemed intolerably long.

"Ernest," he said at last, opening his dim-sighted eyes, "you know I made a will after Charlie ran away, making you my son. It's in the old cabinet there, and my will when he was born, leaving it all to him. I meant to burn the new one the very day he came home again; but he's never come! Here's the key; bring them both to me. I'll burn it now, because I've forgiven him from the bottom of my heart, for he's my only son, born when I was sixty years of age; and why should I leave what I've got to another man's son?"

He muttered the last words to himself; but Ernest's ear caught every one of them. He found the key mechanically, and unlocked the cabinet door. In a drawer within lay *two packets*, tied and sealed. His hand shook a little as he took them out, and he dropped them hastily on the old man's bed, as though the very touch of them was a pain to him.

With crooked, palsied fingers the dying man took them up, and looked at them through his bleared eyes. "Call your mother in," he said sharply and suspiciously. Ernest hastened to the door and called aloud, without leaving the room. She was not far away, and the next moment she was standing by her husband's bed.

"Take this packet," he said to her, "and drop it in the fire, and let me see it burn away to a cinder. Ernest, you put this one back in its safe place. That's my last will, and you can testify I'm of sound mind."

It was four o'clock in the morning when Ernest left Clifford Grange to return to his own home. Old Charles Clifford was dead, and his death had been a depressing one, so completely had the selfishness of his nature displayed itself, even in the solemn hour of passing away. A stormy wind was driving the thin clouds hurriedly across the sky, where the waning moon shone out now and then with a fitful and watery light. He could not see the sea along the deep lane he was treading, with tall hedgerows on each side; but the moan of it filled the silent air of the night, mingling with the rush of the wind through the leafless trees overhead.

There was no other sound except his own lingering and tardy footsteps. He turned round, and stood longer than he was aware of, gazing at the gabled front of the Grange which stood on the brow of a low rocky hill, with the sheltering cliffs behind, its high roof and strong stacks of chimneys looking black in the fitful moonlight. He knew every stone of the pile of building. It had been the only home he had ever known, though he had had but a step-son's place in it. He had never forgiven his mother for marrying old Charles Clifford; but he had long ago acknowledged the advantages that had accrued to him because of it.

But were they *real advantages?* he asked himself at this moment. Mr. Clifford had given him a college education, and bestowed upon him the small living in his gift. He had drifted into taking orders and becoming a clergyman, because his step-father, with his strong and domineering will, had so ordered it. But who could tell him what he might have become, by his own exertions, had his mother remained a poor widow?

His heart felt very sore as he stood gazing at the black gabled roof of the Grange. He had just been passing through a vehement struggle with a strong temptation; and his victory, so far from making him feel triumphant, had left him depressed and disappointed. He had wished in his inmost heart that it had not fallen to his lot to impress upon the conscience of the dying man the duty of pardoning his graceless son. He had seen the will destroyed which would have made him master of the estate, Clifford of Clifford, in the place of his half-brother. It had been promised to him scores of times, with many an oath; and although he had always disclaimed the promise, even to himself, the hope had unconsciously sprung up in his heart that some day the old place, so dear to him and so little cared for by Charles, might become his own.

It was true that he had been a better son to the old man than Charles had ever been. H had worked for him, submitted to him, carri out his schemes, and waited dutifully upon h whims year after year, whilst Charles had act like the spoiled scapegrace that he was. H had mocked at his father, assiduously oppos him in his plans, done his best to supplant hi and at last deserted him in his old age; yet n Charles was to come into the kingdom, be t young squire, and squander away the money h father had accumulated, simply because he h been born to it, whilst he who had acted the be ter part must go back, for the remainder of t long life stretching before him, to the sm vicarage and scanty stipend of his seaboard pa ish, so ignorant he still was of the deep trut "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance the things which he possesseth" (Luke 12:15

Until now he had not felt deeply discontent with his position, but he had not known befo how much he was unconsciously building up his stepfather's reiterated promises. It was st three hours before the break of day, yet he f reluctant to go home and wake up his elde maid servant to admit him into his cheerle house. It was better out here in the stillness the night, for there was no sleep possible whi thoughts were hurrying faster than the flyi clouds overhead through his wakeful brain. I could hardly confess to himself that his mo was any thing more than the depressing a weary sadness of *witnessing the passing aw into impenetrable mystery* of an utterly selfish a unenlightened soul.

Slowly he turned his back upon Cliffo Grange, and slowly he paced the long deep la which led down to the little fishing villa where every house was closed and no sign of l was to be seen. The cottages were all r homesteads to him, every one of whose inmat he had known from boyhood; and now that was their pastor, he was not wilfully neglect of his duties to them, distasteful as they were him.

Ernest delighted in dwelling amongst peo whom he knew closely. Possibly the absence any strong home affection had made him mo dependent upon the good will of the outer cir of neighbors. He was very popular with his rishioners, though few of the rough men co overcome their reluctance to attend the chur which they were accustomed to look upon a safe and warm shelter for women folk, and such among themselves as had grown too rh matic to brave all weathers on the beach.

From this little strip of shingly beach, wh the boats were now lying above high-wa mark, a narrow and somewhat dangerous p wound upward, round the face of a rock t stood well out to sea, on the highest point which stood a little light-house. Long ago, some far-away dark age, it had been a sm chapel or chantry belonging to an abbey so miles inland; and it looked still like a dimi tive church, with its low porch and dwarf squ belfry, which now held the lantern burn brightly toward the sea. Ernest knew very w that this spot was the favorite haunt of his s faring parishioners on a Sunday, and he felt wonder or resentment at it.

It was dark, for the faint ray of the wan moon hardly touched the glistening whiten of the foam as the sea roared and broke i flecks upon the rocks below; and he co scarcely trace the black outline of the cliff stret ing on each side of the "Lantern Hill," as it called. But he had no need to see the fami prospect. He could name every crag and he land on either side; and as the strong weste breeze blew the spray into his face, he knew most to a foot how high the tide had risen the jagged rocks beneath him.

He sat down on a rude seat under the lig house tower, turning a sad-set face to the d sea. Why, he asked himself at this mom had he suffered himself to be over-persuaded his mother, and coerced by his step-father, drifted by circumstances, into entering Church? His heart was not in his work.

ischarged his duties conscientiously, and would t wilfully omit one of his obligations; but ey were a weariness, not a delight, to him. s desire was for other pursuits. When the en about him talked of their fishing and farmig, their horses and their boats, he could enter sily and cordially into their interests; but when ey were dying, and looked to him to give them mfort and counsel for their souls, *he was at a s.* He had found himself tongue-tied and emirrassed at his step-father's death-bed. It ought t to have been so.

Perchance if he had himself had more love of d and knowledge of Jesus Christ, he might ve awakened some answering emotion in the parting spirit, and it would have passed into other world with less of earth's ignorance and rdness about it. He felt bowed down by his ise of unfitness for his office. There had been nes before this when the same wretched despondency had breathed over him, but now he d fallen into a dark and deep degree of it. If had been what he ought to be as a minister Christ, would his step-father have gone from s life in so dense an ignorance of the charact of God, and the nature of the revelation rist had come to bring? (Heb. 9 : 12).

But irksome as the yoke was, he must bear it. ere had been a half-dream in his mind of givig up his living to his old friend Britton, if the ate should ever come to him. It amazed and imed him to discover how active had been anticipations of supplanting his half-brother; what freedom there would have been in it for nself! How well he could have filled the offi of owner and master, squire and magistrate! arles would do mischief in each of these sitions—Charles, the ignorant, reckless spendift, as selfish as his father, with low habits dering on vices. Ernest had always despised arles while he envied him. He had continuy drawn comparisons between them, and in these comparisons his own character and conct stood out well; yet Charles was to be mas of Clifford!

At last Ernest roused himself from his long verie, stood up shivering, and lifted his soft cap m his head, to let the keen sea-breeze cool his obbing temples. The thoughts that had ssed through his mind he could utter to no n; and he must guard himself against enterning them again, even as passing guests. It s *a poor man's life* he was going back to, omed to it for the remainder of his days; for Charles came into unconditional possession it s little help his mother would get from her unger son, and she would become an adional burden upon him.

Two hundred a year was the full value of his le living. Poverty had not yet looked in rough his window, for old Charles Clifford's de would not have brooked the idea of any e belonging to him being in low condition; now Charles was master he would spend all himself in riotous living. His step-father's t coherent words haunted him as he retraced way homeward: "Ernest has always been a od son to me; I wish I'd done something for n, but it's too late now."

Ernest's vicarage was built in the shadow of church—a small, low house, not much better in the best of the village dwellings; yet such it was he had been content with it until his unger brother disappeared, and his step-father entatiously and continually proclaimed him r to Clifford Grange. Since then he had, unares to himself, looked upon it as a merely porary abode which answered his purpose ll enough till he could move into a larger habition. Now it must be his home for life, for nest had no desire to quit Clifford, for which felt an almost passionate love, and no ambin apart from his beloved village tempted him. had never left it as a boy without suffering m that strange malady, half physical and half ntal, which we call homesickness; and to be ished from it altogether would have seemed him like tearing up his life by the roots.

(To be continued.)

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 14th. Rev. 21 : 21; 22 : 5.
Golden Text, Heb. 11 : 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE golden text for to-day opens up our subject by telling us that the man whose faith constituted him the father of all them that believe "looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God;" and in this expectation he, and the heirs with him of the same promise, "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth" (Heb. 11 : 13). What then are the foundations of the city? "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid—Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 3 : 11). But the *wall* of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb." And again, Paul writes (Eph. 2 : 20), "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the head corner-stone."

It would seem as though the city were built of "living stones"—*i.e.*, redeemed souls," but some representative stones, the apostles and prophets, are with their Lord, foundation stones on which the weight of the building rests.

But what then is this city of which we are speaking? Does it exist now, or will it be in the future? We read in Rev. 21 : 2: "I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." And again (vers. 9, 10): "There came unto me one of the seven angels . . . saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. And He carried me away in the Spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God." Thus we see that the city is the glorified church of Christ, the bride of the Lamb.

The apostle says (ver. 22), "And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." Here on earth we make distinctions between exterior and interior worship. There are none such in heaven; there is no outward and inward there: there every thought will be worship, and His presence the holy place. David said, "One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple." David, thy prayer shall be answered them. Have we David's longing? If not, how can we wish for a life of constant adoration in heaven?

"The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Just what God's children now experience in their souls, the light-giving presence of God which discovers and detects all things, which puts every thing in a true light, and before which nothing can remain hidden; this will be the light of that city which is called the bride, the Lamb's wife. Now are we shrinking from being stripped and laid bare by our faithful God? do we dread to find out our sins? have we a sensitive care for our reputation before men like Saul, who said (1 Sam. 15 : 30), "I have sinned, yet honor me now, I pray thee, before the elders of my people, and before Israel." Is it not patent to all who reflect about it, that if we cannot endure the searching eye of God here, and if we shrink from His all-discovering light, then we are not honest in desiring to spend all eternity in the very fulness of its blaze.

We read on, "And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor unto it." Here it is clear that in the time of the millennium, after the marriage of the Lamb has been consummated, the church in glory will be made a blessing to those living upon the earth. It is not quite easy to understand the expression, "The nations of them which are saved." Does it mean saved from the great time of tribulation? or does it mean those who have received salvation from their sins? In any case the church which (in Gal. 4 : 25, 26) the Apostle Paul contrasts the Jerusalem which now is with the future church glorified, and says, "Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all;" and he quotes (ver. 27) from Isa. 54, applying distinctly to the church of Christ, what is there prophesied of Jerusalem, her fruitfulness, her return from widowhood, her union with Christ as her Spouse: "For thy Maker is thine Husband; the Lord of hosts is His name." And oh, how blessed is the promise with which that chapter closes, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord."

And this heritage is ours while the city is building, while the stones are being hewn out of the quarry and prepared by the various dispensations of God's providence and love for their place in the building; for the city as yet has no existence but in the plans of the great Builder. That which is important for us is to know what are our privileges and responsibilities during the time which elapses until the bride shall be fully adorned for her husband. First, are we living stones? Have we left the quarry of our own natural self-life? Are we one with God about His purpose, to appropriate us as an integral part of His church, so that we have renounced all will about ourselves? do we exist for Him alone, and do we act as though we did?

We find in the words chosen for our subject what is the character of the city: "The street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. Transparent—this is the true character of such as are walking in the light. Any thing which is opaque intercepts the view. Self is opaque. If any one would see Christ through us, they must be unable to see any thing of self in us.

Then "the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." There is no enemy to guard against, there is no need for rest; every effort strengthens, no lassitude, no weariness, no fear. "And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." Why should a lie be mentioned more than any other sin? Because every sin comes from a lie about ourselves or a lie about God? "He that doeth truth cometh to the light," etc. (John 3 : 21). Oh, how strong is the call to be pure from all sin, to have and to maintain a conscience "void of offence toward God and toward man!"

We read next of the "pure river of the water of life proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," and the tree of life, forbidden after the fall, is here growing again. Death had entered Eden, and the tree of life must be guarded by a flaming sword; but life reigns in the new Jerusalem, and the tree of life reappears, bearing twelve names of fruits, yielding her fruit every month; and "the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Healing will be as general there as hopeless, incurable sickness is now. "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity" (Isa. 33 : 24). "And there shall be no more curse." Sickness, sorrow, death, are curses in themselves, but then all these things which come of sin shall be forever done away.

Then "the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it;" no disputed sway. "And His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads." What kind of service? Could He train us here in work with souls, except it were to practise there some mission to lost worlds or races? But that will be service in the light, whereas now it is often in the dark; now we know in part both the condition of others and the mind of God · these shall He know even as also we are known. "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Agitation in Ireland continues with unabated energy. Meetings are being held to protest against the arrest of the three speakers at the Gurteen meeting, and though the leaders in their public speeches advise the people to keep within the law, the country abounds with evidence that a different interpretation is put upon their language. Threatening notices and acts of violence are the practical comments upon their words. "These," says the London *Times*, "are evil omens for the winter, which is beginning to be felt." A disquieting characteristic of the demonstrations has been observed everywhere, but is more noticeable in Sligo than at other places, which is that the processionists exhibit a certain military order and discipline evidently the result of training.

Lord Beaconsfield has had a consultation with Mr. Callan, an Irish Member of Parliament, and conferred with him on a scheme for effecting some alleviation in Irish distress. It appears that the wet weather which prevailed during last summer has rendered unfit for use, the peat used by the Irish peasantry for fuel, and the Government scheme is to send a large quantity of coal to Irish ports to be sold at cost price.

The Marriage of the Young King of Spain to the Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria was celebrated at Madrid November 29th. The troubles domestic and regal which have assailed Alphonso XII. since he ascended the Spanish throne have attracted to him general public sympathy, and that of a more personal character than usually falls to the lot of monarchs. It is not yet two years since he was married to his cousin the Princess Mercedes, whom he tenderly loved. A brief period of five months' happiness flew past, and at its close he was a mourner at his wife's obsequies. A scarcely less bitter pang rent the young man's heart when, a short time afterwards, the sister of his late wife also died. The double blow prostrated him, and it is rumored that but for urgent reasons of state having regard to the future tranquillity of Spain, induced him to again enter wedlock.

The young Queen is described as being exceedingly attractive in appearance and manner, and is said to have won the hearts of those who have come in contact with her.

A Lady Nurse in War.—One of the English ladies who have been engaged in the self-imposed mission of tending the sick and the wounded in South Africa writes: "My boots are worn out; my dresses remind me of a tramp's, being merely held together by one or two patches of a different color; my under-linen is threadbare; my boots are worn out, so I think I shall soon go about barefooted like the Kaffirs. I cannot describe half the amusing shifts we are put to, such as rolling pastry with the broom-handle or a bottle, and drinking tea out of a condensed milk tin; cooking our food on three bars over a wood fire, which, when the wind is in a particular way, makes one's eyes smart as if one had been crying; to say nothing of being obliged to wait till the dinner is cooked, for fear of its being stolen by dogs or Kaffirs. At one station there were but two nurses for one hundred patients."

A Tragical Incident which Occurred in Switzerland last month is another instance of sin leading to despair and misery. The London *Telegraph* of November 15th states that a young doctor, recently appointed to the post of town physician in a Swiss bourg, had for some years previous to his appointment lived a life of sin with the wife of a friend. Shortly after his appointment, however, he contracted a matrimonial alliance with a young lady of respectable family, and was just starting upon his wedding trip with his bride, when the partner of his guilt appeared in the station, and flung herself down upon the rails as the train commenced to move. *The engine passed over her body*, mangling it horribly, and the bridegroom was summoned in his medical capacity to the spot where the unfortunate woman's mutilated remains had been deposited. Unnerved by the terrible sight, he uttered a loud cry, and fell upon the platform in a state of insensibility. Some of the bystanders acquainted his bride with the cause of the suicide commited almost before her eyes, whereupon she turned with loathing from the senseless form of her husband. She at once went back to her father's house, leaving him to the indignation of the crowd assembled in the railway station, who tried to lynch him; and he was rescued with great difficulty by the police and station officers. To complete the horrors of this dismal story, the husband of the unfortunate lady who perished under the wheels of the locomotive, went raving mad upon hearing of her awful death and its cause, and is at present the inmate of a lunatic asylum. When will men and women learn that "the end of those things is death"? (Romans 6 : 21.)

In the South American War a Victory has been won by the forces of Chili. Telegrams from Valparaiso announce that a fierce engagement was fought near Iquique about November 15th, when the Chilians were completely victorious. The defeat of the allied forces is described as crushing. This victory gives the Chilians command of the Peruvian coast from Pisaqua to Iquique, and destroys all possibility of Peru and Bolivia recovering the territory which is in dispute. A Peruvian army of 11,000 men was reported to be advancing in the rear of the Chilian forces, but this movement was probably suspended, as it could not overtake them in time to provoke a diversion in favor of the allied forces in the neighborhood of Iquique. The Chilians may now menace Arica, and even attack Callao and Lima.

"**The Most Extraordinary Railroad in the** world, perhaps," says the London *Echo*, "has now been completed. It is a line up the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, from the level of the Neapolitan Bay to the very edge of the crater. The construction of the line, of course, has been peculiar; it is laid upon a solid pavement of masonry, believed to be perfectly secure from the overflows on either side of lava; there is no locomotive, but a powerful traction engine at either end, and the methods of draught are by steel ropes working on grooved wheels; and should these break there is scarcely a possibility of the train receding downwards at a dangerous pace or to any considerable distance. Comparatively inexpensive as the construction of this miniature railway is, it may prove an exceedingly profitable speculation, considering the perpetually increasing numbers of tourists from the New World and all parts of the Old who flock to that scene and centre of historical marvels."

Dead Sea Products.—**A French Company is** said to have been recently formed for the purpose of utilizing the products of the Dead Sea. An engineer last May visited the ground, to report upon the feasibility of procuring from its waters and shores natron, salt, petroleum, sulphur, and other chemical substances, to be brought by a small steamboat to the north-west shore, near Jericho, and thence to be carried to the Mediterranean Sea at Joppa. At the same point on the sea a small factory will be put up, to reduce crude materials to pure and more compact state. Should the scheme assume a practical shape it will do much to bring about that development of trade with the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean which the study of prophecy leads us to expect.

Eugenie, Ex-Empress of the French, has suffered another bereavement. Her mother died at Madrid November 21st. The ex-Empress was then on her way to visit her. She applied to the French Government through the British Embassy for permission to pass through Paris, and the permission was readily granted. It must have been a sad visit to the scenes of her youth and gayety. A cable despatch says: "Her Majesty started for the Orleans station at seven. The party drove rapidly through the streets, and it was noticed that the Empress, seeming to be wholly absorbed in her thoughts, never glanced at the familiar spots where the happy days of her life were spent. Most of those who saw her face compared its former beauty, so well remembered, with the wan and haggard look that it wore now. Indeed, the Empress is changed beyond the expression of words. Her form is bent and she is prematurely old."

Fatal Fire in a Theatre.—**The Toronto Grand** Opera House was totally destroyed by fire November 29th. The conflagration was first noticed by a policeman, who immediately gave an alarm. When the Fire Brigade reached the spot, a few minutes afterward, the building was one mass of flame. The firemen had no sooner got to work than they noticed a man lodged behind a chimney on the roof. The man was instantly rescued from his perilous position. He proved to be Thomas Scott, the gas engineer of the theatre who occupied a room on the top flat. In accents of agony and horror he told the firemen that there were three people in the room from which he had escaped. The firemen attempted to reach the window of this room by means of ladders, but were driven back by the intense heat and the three unfortunate persons perished in the fire. Their bodies were recovered after the fire had been got under, but they were charred to an unrecognizable mass.

Death of Prince Alamayu.—**This young man** who was the son of the late King Theodore o Abyssinia, died November 14th, at Leeds, England, of pleurisy, at the age of nineteen. At th capture of Magdala, the capital of Abyssinia, in 1869, he was brought into the English camp with his mother, who was at that time dying of consumption, and before she expired she handed th child over to the care of Captain Speke, afterwards called by the prince "*Father Speke*," whi acted as his guardian until the captain's unfortunate death by being shot through the accidenta discharge of his gun while climbing over a stil on a shooting excursion. Prince Alamayu (th meaning of which is "I've seen the world") wa then sent by the English Government, whose war he became, to Rugby. Two months ago he was removed to finish his education at Professor Ransome's residence in Leeds, where he was attacke by broncho-pleuro-pneumonia from a violen cold. He was sensible to the last moment, an quite reconciled to his fate. Shortly before h death he remarked that he was not afraid to di

The Wave of Infidelity Sweeps On.—**Pro** Van Oosterzee, an evangelical professor in Ho land, recently declared: "A wave of infidelit is steadily advancing over Protestant Europ and not even the most favored country will e cape it. They have had it in Germany, and no we have it in Holland; they are beginning to g it in Scotland. In twenty years they will hav it to the full, and all their theology will not sav them." There is reason to fear the profess is right, but the Bible-reading habits and stron practical piety of Scottish Christians, we ma hope, will be used by God to stem the flood.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

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ngle Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1879. 13th Year. No. 60—New Series.

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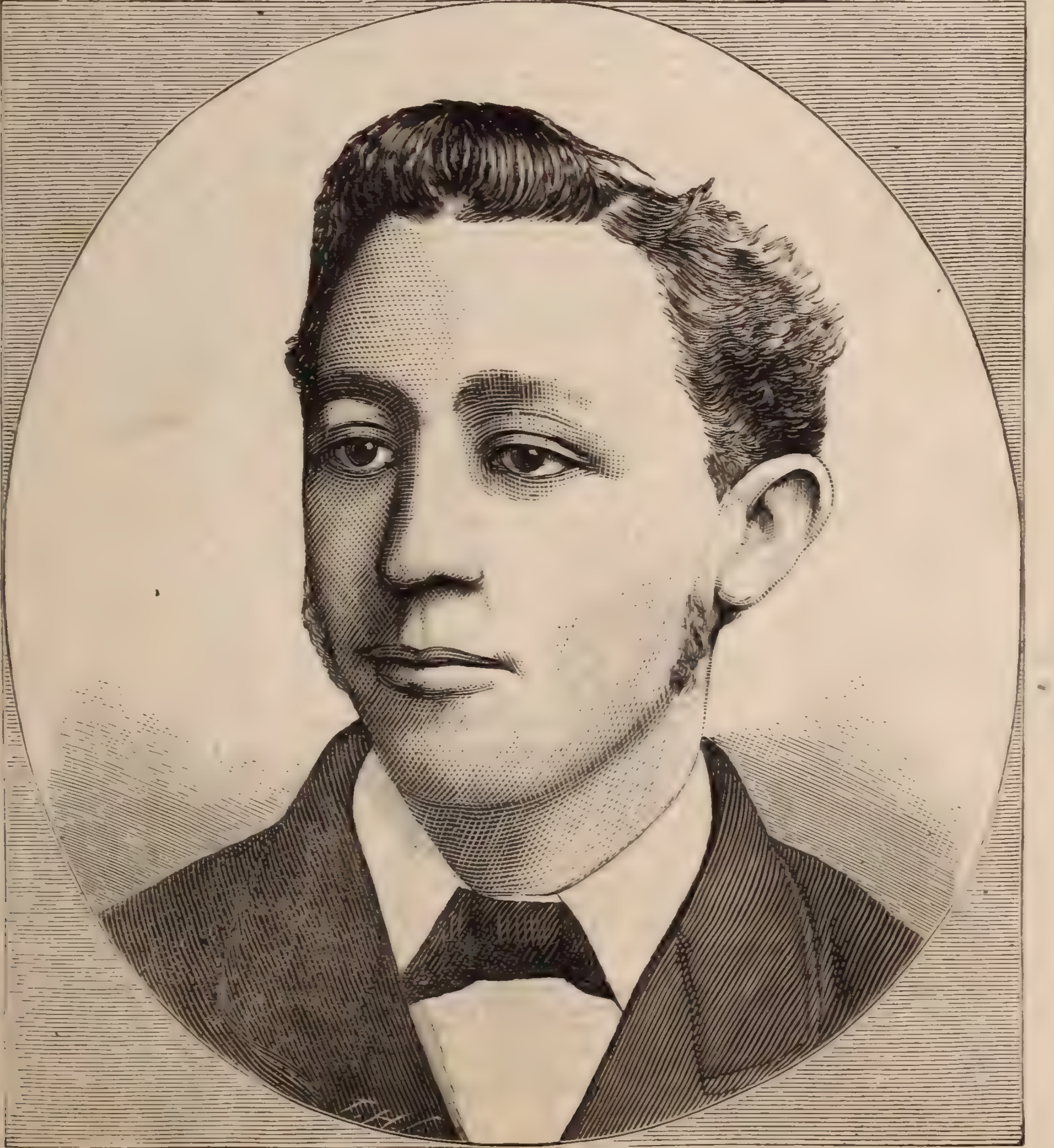

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REV. CHARLES SPURGEON.

His Birth, Early Education, and Membership in the Band of Hope—His Conversion—His Baptism with His Brother—His First Evangelistic Work in Chatham Road, Wandsworth Common—He enters the Pastor's College—Called to be Pastor at Greenwich.

Charles Spurgeon was born in Nightingale Lane, Balham, in the environs of London, on September 20th, 1856. He is one of the twin sons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the foremost preacher of the age, and who has been called by Carlyle "the last of the Puritans." Thomas, the other twin son, who, it will be remembered by our readers, was the subject of a portrait and biography in this paper on May 15th this year, has lately returned to Australia for three years for the benefit of his health.

The progress of these two young preachers is wonderfully promising, and bids fair to maintain in its honored position that name which among so many Christian families has become a household word.

At the age of nine, Charles, with his brother Thomas, was invited to a public meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, convened by the United Kingdom Band of Hope, in January, 1865. He said, before the numerous congregation, that he had always been an abstainer, and, amidst cheering, was presented with a silver medal as a memorial of this event. In the cause of temperance he has since labored heartily, and to the present moment his interest in that noble work remains unabated.

Charles Spurgeon was *educated* at Camden House School, Brighton. Here he was noted as a cricketer, and one of the most active in every sport. Although not so distinguished as his brother in the scholastic department, he nevertheless always acquitted himself honorably, and succeeded in obtaining some handsome prizes.

After a creditable course of study, school was quitted by the brothers in 1874. They returned to Balham, and prepared for the great business of life. Here their pathways, which had hitherto run from infancy in the same direction, began to diverge. Thomas took the route of art, and attained some considerable proficiency in engraving; while Charles, whose perseverance was combined with a firm will, entered the office of a City shipping firm.

Charles Spurgeon's *conversion* took place while he was living at Brighton. He was riding *a blind pony*, and was accompanied by a Christian friend. Their conversation turned into a religious channel. It came on to rain, and they sought shelter under a tree. Charles dismounted, and they both knelt down upon the grass, while his friend offered up a prayer. It was during this short season of communion that the glorious sunshine of truth broke in upon his young heart, and his warm affections and services were henceforth devoted to his Lord. This was the turning-point, to which the religious and prayerful home training of him had long been leading up.

Both the brothers were *baptized* together about that period by their father in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and unitedly admitted into church fellowship. Following upon this step came the desire to prosecute some work for the Lord. This was sought prayerfully, and when found, was earnestly followed out in heartfelt dependence for wisdom and strength upon Him who is the "rewarder of all those who diligently seek Him."

The early training of these youths was singularly advantageous, and they enjoyed home privileges which peculiarly fitted them for the ministry.

The cry raised from Macedonia, long ages past, "Come over and help us," was raised from *a little mission* in the densely populated neighborhood of Chatham Road, Wandsworth Common, and reached Nightingale Lane, where it was readily responded to by the twin brothers. They visited this place and found that meetings were being held in the cottage of a gardener, Mr. Rides, who was somewhat at a loss to find speakers, and through whose efforts, extending over a period of years, this mission was established. This good man was universally respected and esteemed among his neighbors; and his zeal and untiring energy proved a very effectual help to the cause.

Here they labored together, and soon the project of erecting a chapel, formed originally by Mr. Rides, was taken in hand by the two brothers. It was nearly completed when ill-health compelled Mr. Thomas Spurgeon to sail for Australia. In the little mission-room a farewell meeting was held. The place was crowded, and the meeting very affecting. The expressions of love and sincere admiration from these humble but earnest Christians must, indeed, have been gratifying to him, as a proof that the evangelistic work had not been unsuccessful.

Left to pursue this work alone, Mr. Charles Spurgeon felt the increase of labor it entailed. He was then in business, and besides the services on Sunday he held two, and often three, week-night meetings.

At last the commodious and comfortable building was finished, and duly opened by a sermon preached within its walls by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The labors of his son Charles were thus augmented. He had the sole care of this chapel; the only assistance he received was rendered by a young friend in some minor affairs.

Although his father never sought to *persuade* him to become a preacher, doubtless it was an answer to many prayers breathed by the parents when Charles felt constrained to withdraw from commercial pursuits, to enter the Pastor's College, with a view to the ministry, in 1877.

Here, on account of his superior education, he speedily became one of the first scholars, adding to the Latin and Greek, in which he was already proficient, Hebrew and general theological studies.

In the meanwhile it became evident that he was pre-eminently suited for a wider sphere of Gospel work than that of Chatham Road Chapel. The congregations could not be large in so small a chapel; and although he did not use long words or eloquent similes which were above the intellectual capacities of his hearers, yet his sermons were manifestly suited for a more educated class.

Upon leaving this sphere of work he, with Mr. Thomas Spurgeon (who had now returned from Australia), was presented by the congregation with a handsome testimonial, consisting of twenty-two volumes of theological works.

Occasionally he had preached sermons in different parts of England, which were attended with great success, very many souls being converted. Among other places he visited, were Cambridge, Oxford, the Isle of Wight, and several of the large manufacturing towns. All this blessing portended for him a position which has since been realized.

In 1879 he *received a call* from the congregation at South Street, Greenwich. He had preached there once or twice, and at each service the handsome structure was crowded. The call was, after prayerful deliberation, accepted, and Mr. Charles Spurgeon entered upon his first pastorate this autumn, at the age of twenty-three.

The church to which he was called had relapsed into a lukewarm and indifferent state, the numbers being few and no pastor at its head. These difficulties Mr. Spurgeon saw and grappled with. The battle against indifference was gained, and he has been greatly blessed by the Holy Spirit to the salvation of many souls in Greenwich. The building, which was nearly empty, is now filled with nearly a thousand hearers.

Some sceptical people (and where are they not?) expressed an opinion that the crowds were drawn by the magic of his father's name, and that the excitement would only prove a nine-days' wonder. Subsequent events have shown how groundless were their opinions and baseless their expectations.

We feel assured that Mr. Charles Spurgeon has a future of great usefulness before him. He is a popular preacher, because simple, fervent, and evangelical. At times his disco warms into the rich glow of an unconstrai and natural poetry. The chief characteristic his sermons are their very *practical* turn, an *earnestness* of manner which seldom fails to m the hearts of his hearers. We trust that readers will pray for the Holy Spirit to upon him and his Gospel ministrations.

The presence of his son in London is a g comfort and encouragement to the Rev. C Spurgeon during his stay at Mentone, wher has gone for rest and renewal of strength, a ready announced in this journal.

The following cheerful letter from him ir retirement will be of interest to all. It is dressed—

To my Church, Congregation, and
Sermon Readers.

Dear Friends: During my absence you pect to hear from me by means of a little no the end of the weekly sermon. The kindl terest which suggests this expectation is precious to me, and therefore I will not d point it. I would run the risk of being egot cal rather than treat Christian affection coldness. There is none too much of it ir world, and where it survives it deserves t cultivated. More than most men I am fav with brotherly love, and I am most grateful f

I have commenced a short period of re this delightful region. Taking the advic physicians, I left *before* rheumatic affections prostrated me, and I am in hope that I sh this genial climate escape my usual attack. gather strength, and then return in the m of January fortified to endure the rest o winter. On former occasions the major pa my vacation has been spent in slowly recov from weakness of body and depression of s but this time I trust it will be used in gath thoughts and storing force for future use. for me that it may be so, for I would fain on the work of the Lord without the serious drances caused by the sicknesses of former y

Dear friends at home, I entreat you suffer ing to decline. Cheer by your presence who preach for me. Keep up the prayer-ings and the week-night services, and sustai offering for the College, which is at pr somewhat behind. It will need more tha ($194) each week to make up the £1879.

The weekly sermon is always carefully pre by me, and it will not be less interesting be it does not happen to have been preache Sunday. The discourse will be as new to of my readers as if it were delivered yeste since they have *never seen or heard it b* I hope to write a few sermonettes under the trees, and I will do my very best to make interesting. I pray my readers, therefore, imagine that my absence from London will any difference to the weekly publication of sermons. I hope that a little thoughtful r will enable me to preach better when I re but otherwise my temporary absence from land will not affect the regular weekly is the *Tabernacle Pulpit*.

A month or so ago the sermon en "Among the Lions"[*] excited unusual int I hope that the present sermon, entitled Dromedaries," will be found equally u though it is not a solace for the slandere *a stimulus for the active.*

With fervent Christian affection,
Yours most heartily,
C. H. Spurgeon

Mentone, Hotel de la Paix, Nov. 14, 187

A Judge's Testimony to the Morality Jews was given last week in Philadelphia. Briggs, in sentencing a Jew for burglary "You are the first Israelite I have eve convicted of crime. There is no class of that can claim such a record for the obse of the law as your people, and I am very this has happened."

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[*] Published in The Christian Herald of Oc 23d.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

A Sermon by Rev. Charles F. Deems, LL.D.

"He was angry, and would not go in."—Luke : 28.

Twofold Parable—The Prodigal Sinner and the Pharisaic Sinner—The Elder Brother's Bad Traits—1. He was Bad-Tempered—2. He was Envious—3. He was Unfraternal—4. He was a Slanderer—5. He was a Liar—6. He was Mercenary—7. He was Disobedient—8. He was a Hypocrite—The Grand Lesson of the Text—No Hate in the Father's Heart.

It is quite remarkable that preachers so often teach about the Prodigal Son, and so seldom have any thing to say of the Elder Brother; and when they do, that that something is so exceedingly and adroitly apologetic.

Now the parable opens with the saying that a certain man had *two* sons, and goes on to show that the father was unfortunate in the fact that both his sons were sinners. And the parable describes these men as representative and typical men, showing the two types of sin: the one, the outbreaking Prodigal type; the other, the sneaking Pharisaic type. So that every man in his course of sin may probably be found to be in one of these two categories He is at all times *the Prodigal Sinner* or *the Pharisaic Sinner*. We come to-day to consider this Elder Son, who had all the bad traits of his brother save two, and then perhaps had seven additional ugly, sinful characteristics.

. In the first place, he was generally a

BAD-TEMPERED,

uncomfortable individual. That is shown in the whole story that is told of him. Whenever he appears, it makes us feel as though we did not want to have him too near us—a very bad characteristic for any man, Christian or otherwise. His father knew that he was an unpleasant person; he had probably seen this disposition manifested before.

It is remarkable when the younger son was coming in, penitent and falling upon his father's neck, and the father falling upon this son's neck, and there was a fatted calf killed, and feasting and music in the house, that the elder brother was not there, and that his father *did not call him in*. His father knew that, however correct he might be externally, he was an exceedingly uncomfortable son; that there was something in his style of behavior which would put a chill on the festivities should that son come in when they were at their height.

And now, dear brethren, let me stop awhile to warn *you* against being ill-tempered. You know some baptized Christians with whose outward demeanor you can find no fault; but somehow they act as *a kind of rasp;* they dash the blessedness of society with a coldness and bitterness that makes society feel that they are very unpleasant kind of Christians. If you call the attention of one such man to his unfortunate characteristic, he will reply, "Yes, but that is my natural temperament; I cannot help it."

This elder brother might have said the same. But, my friends, it is very far from being the Christian temper, very far from making you useful; and if the Christian temper comes out in your life, it will make you manly and agreeable. I do not believe in that kind of Christianity which makes men rough and ugly. I do not believe in that kind of Christianity which allows you to shelter your lack of manners behind your "frankness." I tell you the greater part of your "frankness" is want of good breeding.

This elder brother was

ENVIOUS

of his repentant brother. He inquired of the domestics, and learned from one of the servants that his brother had come, and instead of being glad at once, he began to be jealous and envious. While that brother was gone he had had full sweep; he was glad he had been gone, and every time he heard of some forlorn scoundrel that had been hanged in a distant place he hoped it was his brother, and said, "Good riddance to bad rubbish; I shall never be troubled with *him* again." But by and by his brother came home, and the dancing and the music made *discord in his ear*. "He was angry, and would not go in." "I will not see my brother in his prosperity; I thought he was dead, done for, gone out of my way; that I could come in and take the whole of my father's affection and estate; but here this fellow comes back and makes all this joy and gladness." His conduct shows all this.

You have seen Christian men that are just that way—Christian men that always groaned whenever any one else shouted—that always grew uncomfortable just as other people grew happy—in whose eyes the blazing light from festive scenes wrought a strange kind of darkness—on whose ear fell the gladness and music and dancing noise of the world around them, and made them feel most miserable. Haven't you often seen that kind of Christian? And that is one reason, dearly beloved brethren, why some men do not like Christianity. They say, "This is a bitter, dark kind of religion."

Again, many Christian men would like to go in the way of sinners. Their conduct shows that they envy sinners. Such a Christian man says, "Here I am, going to the sanctuary every Sunday, fasting on Fridays, giving a portion of my goods to the poor; here I am, denying myself, and taking up my cross, and here are these sinners of the market, these sinners of the ballroom and the theatre—their eyes stand out with fatness, they have more than heart could wish, they are thriving in all their business and pleasure." Men of this temper sit down in the church of God and are envious! Being children, elder brothers in their Father's house, they are envious of the joys that sinners have! Oh! my Christian friends, why should you envy sinners? Why should you, as the Psalmist says, "be envious of evil-doers?" Instead of being jealous, for charity's sake, let them have a little joy, for consider the darkness and bitterness that are to come after.

But in this case there was an additional thing against the brother. Joy on this occasion was natural and wholesome. They *ought* to have had music in the father's house when this son who had been lost was found again. It was right. It was ordered by the father. And just while they were rejoicing over the son that had come back, the elder brother was angry and would not go in.

3. There is a third thing in the young man that ought to be noticed. All along he had been

UNLOVING TO HIS BROTHER.

I want to call the attention of you who are Christian people—for I am speaking now to "good" people, and not to prodigals—to the absolute necessity of being *humane* if you are Christian, and the certainty, if you are not humane, that you are not Christian. The world looks in upon the Church and says, "Behold these professors of religion; there is many a man in the common walks of life more charitable, more humane, with a greater chord of tenderness in his heart than these people." And they tell the truth, and you know it.

There is the great argument of the apostle John: "If you do not love your brother whom you have seen, how *can* you love God whom you have not seen?" 1 John 4:20. If *that poor fallen woman*, having flesh and blood like your wife, your daughter, your mother, does not stir your heart with tenderness and pity and Christian affection, how can you love God whom you have never seen? I appeal to you, my dear friends, on this ground very earnestly. Mark that this elder son, when he was speaking to his father, speaking of his own and only brother, instead of saying, "When this, my *brother*, returns," called him "this *thy son!*" Never in this narrative does it appear that the word "brother" was upon his lips.

Put this to your hearts and consciences, you fine, you well-to-do men, you decent Christian people; have you never felt, when you have looked upon the outcast and the sinner, "Yes, I suppose, somehow, distantly, he *is* my brother?" You have come upon the relationship by going around through God, and making the road as long as you pleased, saying, "Yes, I suppose he is a child of God, and therefore he is my brother," but you feel that there is a great distance between you and this unwashed sinner of the Five Points.

Why, if he had been the right kind of a brother, and had seen the younger son going astray, he would, some evening, have said to him, "Come, brother, let us sleep together to-night; I feel that I should like to lie in your arms again, just as when we were little boys." And then, when the night was on them, he would have gone over his life and said: "Brother, do you not recollect such and such things of our dead mother?" And those old scenes would have been brought up and talked over, and then the boy would have been melted. And then the elder would have told the younger many sweet things his father had said of him, and have assured him of his father's love.

And when the boy went to his father and said, "Give me that portion that belongs to me," the brother would have used persuasives to detain him: and when he started out in the road his brother would have put *the best horse before the best carriage* and gone after him and said, "Come back, dear brother, I will give you half of the remainder of the estate; come back, I will give you all." But it would seem that he never placed one single straw of influence in the way of that brother, to keep him from going away from his father's house; even as our brothers stray away from God, because we do not try to keep them in the family.

And when the prodigal came back, there was no rejoicing in the elder brother's heart. He ought to have known, when he saw the light in his father's house, and heard the rejoicing and dancing, that there was something good going on; but, instead of entering promptly, he sent for the servant to come out, and asked about this thing, and when he heard what the rejoicing was for, he was angry, and would not go in.

Ah! my friends, Christianity—Christ's blessed Christianity—will never take this world until it beget in Christians a love for all their human kith and kin—until humanity be a precious thing in our sight, and the bond of all humanity be recognized by us.

There is a little poem of Leigh Hunt's—a little poem that is worth all the things that have been written in the *Edinburgh Review* from the first number down to the present time, and will be remembered when all the great articles of the great writers in that famous periodical shall be forgotten. It will do me good to repeat them:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great, wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

That is the humanity of the Gospel. Peace to the memory of Leigh Hunt for ever and ever! These are lines that shall live while there is a fibre of brotherhood in any human heart.

4. But this man was not only destitute of love for his brother; he was

A SLANDERER.

It is very easy to speak badly of those we do not love, and we love so few people that most of us are slanderers of the majority of the people with whom we are acquainted. Have you stopped to think of that? There are very few who can say, "I have never spoken ill of man or woman." This wicked elder brother said, "When this thy son that has spent thy goods with harlots was come." He knew that this was a frightful stain on one's manhood, a terrible thing for a brother to say about his brother, and to their common father. It was an audacious slander.

How did he know that his brother had ever been in such scenes as these he depicts? I will tell you how this wicked brother came by the fancy. He knew that if *he* could once slip the noose of his father's control, and go into a new country, *he* would enter such scenes as he painted, and that he would do that which he charged upon his brother. The voice of his own evil nature he mistook for the voice of humanity. Friends, whenever on suspicion you make a statement that is adverse to the reputation of your fellow-man, let me tell you that everybody who hears you has a right to think that you would do just that thing if you were in just those circumstances.

Thus the world is perpetually slandering the Church, and the Church is perpetually slandering the world. The thoughtless man of the world says, "These men are hypocrites: they serve God for gain." Now that is what the devil said of Job, and when you say it of any man, you simply quote the devil's words, and you ought at least to *give the devil credit* for the form of the allegation. And whenever you hear a man say that the Church is serving God for gain, you may believe that if *he* joined the Church he would do it for that motive.

And Christians say many naughty things of men who are just as stainless as they themselves. This is a terrible trick of human nature to paint one's own portrait and put another man's name under it. Supposing a painter should see an ugly man in the street, and call him in and take his portrait, and while the painter stepped out of the room the hideous fellow should seize the brush and put your name under it, you would think him ugly in more ways than one.

5. The elder brother was

A LIAR.

The statements he makes are absolutely false. When men become excited with passion they are very apt to do this. This elder brother committed this sin thrice. He said to their father, "This thy son has gone and wasted thy sub stance." He *had* wasted substance, but it was not his father's. According to the law of the land, the son was entitled to so much, and the father gave him just what belonged to him. And now the elder brother not only utters a slanderous falsehood of the younger, but he tells a falsehood in regard to himself. He says, "*I* have kept thy commandments all the time." He was professing allegiance to his father which was not true, for with the very breath that he was uttering that statement he was proving his disobedience. It was practical disobedience not to join in the festivities which his father had ordered and arranged.

And, in the third place, he made a false statement about his father, because he said: "I have done all these things, yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends." Stop here, and ask what business that boy had with a friend that was not his father's friend. *It is a very bad thing* if a man's son has associates that he does not dare to bring in and introduce to his father. It is a terrible thing, allow me to say, in passing, when fathers make their home so strait and so disagreeable that the boys cannot feel that home is home. This man said he never had a kid from his father, when his father had given him the freedom of the house and the use of all that was therein.

6. Moreover, this elder brother was selfish and

MERCENARY.

He admits unconsciously that he was serving his father for profit. He had done all these things: "And now," said he, "what is the net result? Not a kid. The fatted calf for the prodigal, but not a kid for me." And thus for the kids and the calves, for the fat and the marrow, for the loaves and the fishes, for the gain and the profit, the pharisaic sinner is serving God.

7. In the seventh place, the elder brother was disrespectful and

DISOBEDIENT

to his father. There is hardly any crime I can conceive of so wicked, so demoralizing, as disrespect to parents. The man that is not respectful to his father cannot be pious toward his God. You may settle that now. A girl that is not respectful to her mother cannot have any sincere respect for God. It is out of nature.

Now see this case. His father came out and entreated him before the son said a word. He did not speak harshly to him, and say roughly, "Why don't you come in and welcome my son?" but he threw his arms round him, and said, "*Do* come in and welcome thy brother." But the wicked boy threw back this entreaty, and said, like a master talking to his servant, "Lo! these many years have I served thee, neither have I transgressed at any time thy law, yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends; but as soon as this *thy son* was come" (as though he reflected upon him for being the father of such a wretch)—"as soon as this thy son was come who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

My friends, this is a melancholy picture of the elder brother, so often passed over carelessly. He is in the house; he is in the Church; and, mark, the very sin he charges upon his prodigal brother—that of devouring his substance—is the very sin the elder brother wants to commit now. Here was a man *lost* in his father's house.

8. Lastly, this son was

A HYPOCRITE,

a Pharisee, a man who, under the cover of piety, condemned the sins of others with loud preaching, and endeavored to show the sincerity of his condemnation by vehement exhortations, while he committed these very sins in private. He is a Pharisee that is loud for total abstinence, but has a private closet and a secret key for his bottle. He is a Pharisee that denounces the man who keeps a faro-table, and himself, by sharp, shrewd ways, throws *thousands of dollars* wrongfully into his coffers. He is a Pharisee that condemns, it may be, the men that are struggling down in Wall Street and the Gold Room, while he himself, on a large fat salary, is paid for writing slanders of these his brethren. He is the Elder Brother of our modern times.

[Want of space compels us to omit here several *practical applications* of the text.]

But, my friends, here is, I think,

THE GRAND LESSON

of the text, so far as we are concerned—namely, *that the root of all sin is in the belief that we may enjoy good out of God.* Whenever you think there is any thing in music that you can enjoy outside of God, you are a sinner. Whenever you think that in statuary, in wit, in poetry, in any of the arts and sciences, there is good that you can enjoy outside of God, and say to God, "Give me my substance, that I may go and enjoy it in my own way"—whenever you do that, it is a sin. And whenever in your father's house you say, "I wish my father would leave the house: I am going to invite three or four good fellows, and we are going to have a high time, and we want the key of the cellar and the larder;" or whenever you, my friends in the Church, say, "I want to have a kid and slay it without my father," no matter what that kid is, no matter whether it be sensual pleasure or mental pleasure, if you want to enjoy it without the Father, you sin.

But here is the supreme lesson as touching the Father. If any of you hate the Pharisee as Christ painted him in this parable, stop and consider that *there was no hate in the father's heart.* Let us go home all very humble; for see: "A certain man had two *sons*." They were both his sons, and he behaved toward them in the most fatherly manner. When the prodigal came back he needed consolation and cordial assurances, and the father fell on his neck and kissed him. And when the Pharisee outside refused to come in, the father went out and said, "Oh, my *son*—oh, my SON!"

Mark that tenderness. He has just come from inside the house, and from saying, "This my *son*, who was dead, is alive again; who wa lost, is found," and he goes out and says to th obstinate brother, "My *son*, thou art ever wit me." Is not it beautiful to see how tenderl God loves us? He says these things to th hard-hearted brother: "It is all yours by inheritance—all yours by endowment, if you be good boy; but if lost in your father's home envious and jealous, none of these treasures ca come to you. If you only rejoice with you brother, then all that I have is yours." Oh, m elder brother, God is not angry with you; m younger brother, God is not angry with you.

It is at the bottom and the root of all th other teachings of the Gospel that God is m Father, God is your Father, God is eve man's Father, and that we are all brothers an sisters of this family of sinners that are to saved by Christ. Oh, blessed be the Father th comes out to the prodigal and falls upon h neck; blessed be that Father that comes out the Pharisee and entreats and forgives even *hi* even *him!*

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 935.)

Mr. Lemaire Carries to Percival his Release Percival Teaches Jemmy Mehaffy to Read— Beguiles Jemmy into an Interest in the Bibl Jemmy Likens Percival's Case to Joseph's.

Mr. Lemaire's remembrance of his daughte faithful conduct brought painfully home to mind the memory of his own unworthy sus cions of Percival. He was therefore considera agitated, and felt humbled in the presence Alick at the complete vindication of his frie openly expressed by the police chief. He st a glance at Alick, to read, if possible, from countenance whether his own self-condemn thoughts were echoed in his mind, and he fe ed, from Alick's grave looks, that they we Yet he would fain hope that estrangement not gone too far for a return to the cordiality previous relationships. He held out his ha but slowly and sadly, to Alick, and Alick, see his evident repentance, in token of reconciliat pressed it.

"I have been in the wrong, Mr. Goghart he said, "greatly in the wrong. From wha had known of him, I ought to have had your changing confidence in Percival; but, carr away by the present political crisis, and by assurance given me in this office"—and as spoke he looked at the police chief—" Haley's testimony was confirmed by other have done Mr. Montaigne a cruel wrong. terly I regret it, and I trust he will forgive shameful doubts concerning him. I mean try it, Alick"—and he used the old fami word as encouraged by Alick's reconciliatio "for I cannot endure my present false posit in regard to him. When the requisite docum is filled up, I will take it to Richmond jail, will myself bear to Percival the message of freedom. And would to God my thoughts never consented to his arrest!"

"Will you let me go with you?" Alick eag asked.

"And me too?" urged Rowley Quinn.

"Yes," said Mr. Lemaire, "and gladly. deed, as the instruments of clearing Perciva is you both who, by right, should bear to the tidings of his release. But as I wish to treat his forgiveness for the unfortunate pa have taken, I earnestly ask, Will you let m the one to tell him he is free? What is nee will be done in my office in a few minutes, then we all three can set out for the prison.'

Jemmy Mehaffy's admission to Percival was a w and joyous phase in his prison life. It gave n what he wanted—congenial and satisfying mpanionship—and thus delivered him from his stressing condition of *ennui*. Percival, on the cond day of his incarceration, having obtained om his lodgings at Mrs. Spencer's several arti-es of furniture and other things needful for his mfort, Jemmy had considerable occupation in tting things to rights and arranging "the sther's" cell. Two or three times, absorbed pleasing bustle, he caught himself in the act breaking out into song, and, in great alarm, d barely power to check himself. But as, in s present happy frame of mind, to keep silence s quite impracticable, to compromise matters indulged himself every now and then in a low istle. On several occasions, indeed, fully oc-pied and lost to a wise restraint, the whistle se to a rather dangerous shrillness, so that the rder in the corridor more than once detected mmy's furtive breach of the rules, but he ndly condoned it and pretended not to hear. Bless me!" he soliloquized, "but that is an d fish; one o' the curiousest creatures ever I m across. I'm glad he's not going to bother long. Of course the discipline of the prison uld have to be kep' up, that's sartin, but it uld be as aisy, I do believe, to get a wild cat to harness as bring that chap under prison le. I don't wonder, however, that his master so fond of him, for he seems to me to love, as were, the very ground on which he treads."

Percival, having had brought to him some of s books, spent a good deal of his time in read-g to Jemmy, and to make his prison retirement, twithstanding its seeming hardships, a lifelong on and turn an evil into good, he even under-ok to teach him his letters, and Jemmy, quick intelligence with all his oddity, in a very short ne, under patient and careful instruction, mas-red the alphabet. Percival then, taking all the g words, made Jemmy read the small ones, and was surprising how many pages in an hour ere in this way got over.

It was no uncommon thing, however, for Jem-y, exhausted by his strained attention to beg "the masther" to read a page or two without s *help*, for, to encourage him, so Percival called mmy's slow and halting style of reading. Indeed, masther dear," Jemmy would say, I'd like to lind you a hand, that I wud, but troth, I'm dead beat, and that's a fact, and u know, masther dear, it isn't to be wondered , for, begorrah, for wan big word *you* have to y masther, it's me opinion, and I don't think m far out, that I have to say two, if not three, tle wans. The big wans, it strikes me, mas-er jewel, is mighty like the fathers and others o' the book, and the little wans is the ilder, you onderstand, and big families they e too. Consiquintly there's more o' thim at's little nor o' thim that's grown up."

"All right, Jemmy," Percival would reply. I'll take the troublesome children off your nds, dear fellow, at all events for a little, and anage the fathers and mothers, and all. Just t down there, my good chap, quiet, and listen hile I read you this."

Percival would then read for the absorbed and raptured Jemmy some remarkable passage in istory, or some touching anecdote, or some vely description of character, or some fairy le. Very often, without telling him the name the book, for fear of hurting his conscience or ousing his prejudice, he would read aloud a apter of the Bible. And the old book always serted its power, for nothing so arrested Jem-y as the stories contained in the Divine Word. he account of David and Goliath, of Samson nd Gideon, of Samuel and Daniel, and such ke, as explained and paraphrased by Percival, ver riveted the attention of the admiring and ondering Jemmy, while, again, the sacrifice of aac, the bereavements of Jacob, the sorrows in gypt, the captivity in Babylon; or, in the New estament, the tale of the prodigal son, the par-ble of the lost sheep, and the history of the cru-ifixion, as touchingly expounded by the reader, never failed to arouse his sympathies, and often brought a tear to Jemmy's eye.

"Bedad," he would say, "but that's beyant the commin, and all out beautiful ontirely; nothin' cud bate it. I'm blest, masther, if I cudn't listen to ye from dawn o' day till past midnight—aye, and niver feel the hunger all the time."

"Yes," Percival once replied, "I scarcely doubt it, friend Jemmy; for what I have just read for you are no common words, as you say. 'More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.'"

On the day—Saturday—and about the hour when Mr. Lemaire, accompanied by Alick and Rowley Quinn, arrived at Richmond Jail bringing with him the order for Percival's release, Percival in his cell, with Jemmy sitting on a low seat, was reading to him the history of Joseph. When the part of the story was reached where Joseph, on a false accusation, is put in prison, Jemmy burst out,

"Be all that's lovely, masther, but that's you! Shure, it fits you to a T; you can't deny it. For, don't you see, they towld a big lie, and no mistake, upon the dacent young man that's minshuned in the book—Joseph I mane, a name I'll niver forgit from this day out—but purshuin' to me if it was a bigger lie they towld on him, nor that Mickey Haley—bad luck to him!—as the governor lets out, has towld on you. But go on, masther dear; let us hear, and God bless ye, how it turned out. I'll go bail—not badly."

Percival, much amused, and also struck by Jemmy's remark, proceeded, and he had just completed the account of Joseph's release from prison when Mr. Lemaire and Alick and Rowley Quinn and the governor of the jail and a warder, the latter having unlocked the door, all crowded into Percival's cell. Mr. Lemaire was about to deliver his joyful message, when the governor of the jail said,

"Pardon me, Mr. Lemaire, but I think we had all better adjourn to the corridor."

Thus authorized, into the corridor all, including Jemmy, passed. As may be supposed, Percival was in a tumult of emotion. At the first appearance of Mr. Lemaire and the throng behind him he did not know what to think; such extraordinary and trying complications had occurred in his history that for a moment he feared some additional trouble was about to assail him, and this the more as he could see there was a shade of sadness over Mr. Lemaire's countenance, but a look at Alick's dancing eye, and at the broad grin of satisfaction playing on Rowley Quinn's face, speedily disabused his mind. With a beating heart and light step, therefore, he left his cell at the governor's invitation.

(*To be continued.*)

ROMANISM AND THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

In a lecture on this subject, at Boston, November 17th, Rev. Joseph Cook said: "It is a stern historical truth that Romish priests, when they have had their own way, never yet gave, in their parochial primary schools, instruction enough to fit a population for the duties and responsibilities of free government.

"Romish parochial schools, as tested by five centuries of their history, make no adequate provision for that public intelligence which is necessary to the permanence of republican institutions. Here is the fundamental indictment which history brings against exclusively Romish parochial schools for any people, whether under republican, monarchical, or mixed institutions. The result has been to plunge the masses of the population into *prolonged childhood*, when the Romish ecclesiastical power has been set up over the civil. I might cite here documents to show what the theory of the Romish hierarchy is as to education. I might quote the Syllabus of the Pope, of which all the clamor of ecclesiastics in every part of the world is only an echo. But I prefer higher evidence than official documents. I open the pages of the continents. I point to the spots where Romanism has had undisturbed power for centuries, and in the darkness which gathers upon them I find the proper warning for any republic which, like ours, has in it 6,000,000 or 8,000,000 of Romanists, over whom a foreign hierarchy asserts power.

"'What have you done?' I say to this hierarchy. I am not assailing the laity of the Romish Church, for I have great sympathy with their efforts to escape from the clutches of that historic power which has eclipsed the sun itself in the human soul, and the sun of modern civilization in so many fair portions of the globe. But I say to this hierarchy that they must stand before the bar of public opinion, and be judged by the outcome of their prolonged endeavors, in Canada, in Mexico, in Ireland, in the States of the Church. *A most careful statistician* told me at Rome that when Victor Emmanuel took possession of the Seven Hills the darkness of the population of the States of the Church, in the matter of illiteracy, was greater than the darkness of the population of Spain.

"I pause here to emphasize the terrific power of the confessional in the Romish Church over women, and over men of little education, brought up from their youth to believe that the Romish is the only infallible Church, and that out of it there is no salvation for the soul. There is a custom among the robbers of Italy requiring that when a new confederate is brought into a gang of thieves he shall load a pistol, hold it before a crucifix, and *fire it at the figure of our Lord*. It is supposed that whoever has the audacity to do that will not hesitate to take the life of child, or spouse, or parent.

"Now when education and a deep religious temperament, and much intercourse with ecclesiastics, and none at all with their critics, fill a woman's soul with that beautiful flame of Catholic devotion which we revere so much in many Catholic works—'The Imitation of Christ' is a Catholic book read by all Protestants—when a woman, with a heart like that of the author of that famous volume, is asked to send her child to the parochial school, or else incur the anathemas of the priest whom she regards as the representative of a power at Rome really standing in God's place on earth, we find the woman's soul tested as that of the Italian thief is tested by the requisition to fire at the crucifix.

"Rather than do that, woman's heart will often flame up here in the United States, and defend even a narrow Vatican hierarchy; and I shall not think less of the Romish laity if vast masses of them, with their past education, stand by the extreme doctrines of their priests. Those who have just been imported to our shores are under the control of the hierarchy. You are asking that all women shall have a vote on matters of education, and for one I indorse your earnestness in that particular, and am glad that Massachusetts has given to all women the right to vote on questions concerning education.

"But here are the multitudes of Sisters in the Romish Church. They are under the control of the hierarchy, and the question is, whether we can safely widen female suffrage as long as the broadening of it in Roman Catholic female circles means little more than *the enlargement of the power of the foreign priesthood?* I think I am not altogether wild in standing on Edmund Burke's doctrine, that wisdom can be attained only by experience in these large, novel matters, and that we cannot very accurately theorize in advance concerning the results of so radical a change as female suffrage.

"I am ready to try the experiment of woman's suffrage as to education and temperance. Godspeed all enterprises that seek for freedom to any woman to express herself as to the education of her children, and the protection of her home; but I expect some difficulties that we do not now foresee, and one of them may burst out of the confessional. One of them may come up from the very depths of woman's soul, and show us how, under what she thinks *a divine sanction*, she can vote unflinchingly for the divine rights of the hierarchy."

THE DISPOSITION OF CHRIST

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, Dec. 7, 1879.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Before commencing his sermon Dr. Talmage said :

"I have an announcement to make of much importance. I hope it may be received in silence." Dr. Talmage then read from manuscript the following statement :

"At the beginning of last week the trustees of this church passed a resolution asking me, in consequence of what they style '*the wanton and persistent pursuit and persecution*' of their pastor, that I initiate a movement for the taking of this church out of the Presbyterian denomination. This resolution, coming from my warm and long-tried personal friends, whose sacrifices and services for this church have brought me under strongest obligation—a resolution expressing, as I believe, the feeling of the whole church—absorbs my serious attention, especially when these brethren assure me that they will cheerfully join me either in going or staying.

"I now reply to their letter by saying that no persons so well as the trustees of this church can understand the outrages committed by those clergymen who have the idea that there is not room enough in Brooklyn for this church and theirs. I defy any gentleman in the profession of law or medicine to find any such strange intensity of pursuit as has been demonstrated in my case.

"The chief agents in starting this trial declared in the outset that they wished my acquittal, yet within fifteen minutes after my acquittal they appeal to the Synod for reversal of that decision.

The opinion currently expressed in that community may be true—that our enemies, left in *a sinking condition* by the decision of the Presbytery, are now struggling to get ashore. It is not De Witt Talmage on trial, but his defeated pursuers. These enemies have not been content with assaulting me, but have tried to damage the financial credit of our church by sending to religious newspapers letters packed with financial falsehood.

"Self-appointed detectives have tried to microscopize every imperfection. Our reception of members has been belied ; spies have been sent out, one of whom was found *on the window ledge at night* listening to a conference between myself and church officers. The sanctity of the domestic relation has been invaded by an emissary sent to a branch of my family to see if seventeen years ago there was not a misunderstanding out of which something could be manufactured for Presbyterial effect, who, finding nothing, apologized for the act on the ground that I had given the Presbytery permission to investigate my entire life. This I have in *affidavit taken before a notary public.*

"A misunderstanding between me and a gentleman was exhumed from the place where it was buried three years previously, and made a specification against me, though all the misunderstanding arose from a false and impertinent letter written by one of my assailants in a religious paper damnatory of my church. This pursuer made the trouble first, and then, affronted at the fact that it had been settled three years before, put in the spade of the midnight resurrectionist. I do not wonder at the outburst of righteous indignation of my board of trustees against these ecclesiastics who have taken so much of our precious time and expended thousands of dollars, which they assess upon the churches, incensed because my own church will not help pay for the stilettos with which they have been stabbing us. When Booth shot Mr. Lincoln he did not send to Mr. Lincoln's administrators a bill for pistol and shot.

"But what shall we do? The question is whether, with the vast majority of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church on our side, we shall, to get rid of this group of troublesome men, leave *our beloved denomination?*

To leave the Presbyterian Church would be a difficult step for me. I was born in the Presbyterial family, the Reformed Church being a part of that family. My father and grandfather and great-grandfather served as elders at her altars. I was born in the Presbyterian Church, and there I was born again. She is my mother. I have preached the Gospel twenty-three years in her pulpits. I have taught my children to revere her. I love her ministry, and a more cultivated and consecrated body of men are not to be found in any denomination. She has shown her determination to vindicate my rights.

The majority of the members of the Brooklyn Presbytery are noble-hearted men, and when my case was before them they gave me triumph over my enemies. My Presbyterial friends stood firmly, though every conceivable influence was brought to bear on them to make them antagonistic to myself, one of my friends being offered by one of my assailants an elaborate speech against me, saying in effect, 'You take this speech against Dr. Talmage and deliver it, and you shall have the credit of its being yours.' The plagiaristic bribe was rejected, because that brother had *an abler speech of his own on my side.* We must not as a church do any thing that would imply want of confidence in those clergymen who have so manfully battled on my behalf, or do any thing that would look like ingratitude for their magnificent service.

A DECLARATION OF FAITH.

"I believe in the Brooklyn Presbytery and in the Long Island Synod, and in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and in God the Father Almighty, and the Holy Catholic Church.

It is now only a question how much annoyance and nagging the great Presbyterian denomination will allow my enemies to carry on toward me without official condemnation. Sometimes *I* have thought I would expose *the moral rottenness* of some of my pursuers and show by return of assault how very thin-walled is the glass house of some who are pelting me.

"Gentlemen thinking I ought to fight fire with fire have put in my hands material enough to make a bouquet for scandal-mongers for the next year. But I have no spirit for such work. *I never pursued anybody and I don't mean to begin now.* All I ask is that the Synod of Long Island or the General Assembly of the United States call off these pursuers and let me go on in the glorious work of proclaiming a sympathetic Christ to a suffering world.

"Brethren, our wisdom is to stand still and see the salvation of God. If the Presbyterian Church want us they can have us. If they do not, let them say so, and we will all go together. This church is made up of personal friends. With such men as this Board of Trustees and those whom they represent I could be happy anywhere. If the bad treatment goes on I will say to the Board of Trustees and Session, 'Where thou goest I will go, where thou dwellest I will dwell, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' This church was built for me to preach in, and here I shall preach till God in whose hand our breath is shall tell me to stop.

"From letters received from various parts of the land since the passage of the resolution by the Board of Trustees, I judge that we will stay where we are, and that when my poor work is done you will find engraved on the plate of the casket at the foot of this pulpit the name of *a minister of the Presbyterian Church, who with ten thousand imperfections tried to do his best.*

"My loving salutation to the official Board of the church and for my enemies the prayer of Christ, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' My sermon will be somewhat in the direction indicated by these utterances."

THE SERMON.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."—PHILIPPIANS 2 : 5.

Evil Grows and Propagates—Our Disposition may be made over again—What was the Disposition of Christ—I. One of Great Gentleness—Children and Invalids were Attracted to Him—An Arm out of Joint—Christian Gentleness the Power for Good—II. One of Self-Sacrifice—The Worldly Position Christ might have Won—What is Self-denial?—A Coat that would not Stretch—The Marseilles Physician's Self-sacrifice—III. One of Great Humility—IV. A Prayerful Disposition—More Prayer Needed Everywhere—Luther's Prayer—V. An Industrious Disposition—Not a Lazy Moment in Christ's Life—Tender Footed Christians—Who can Stand the Test?

THERE is nothing more desirable than a pleasant disposition. Without it we cannot be happy ourselves nor can we make others happy When under some sudden provocation in life we lose our temper, we soon after come to new appreciation of proper equipoise of nature. We envy those people who are never thrown into perturbation. We have the feeling that as life goes on, we will be ripened and mellowed and come to more self-control, not recognizing the fact that an evil left in our nature grows to larger proportions, and that an iniquity not cast out may become *the grandfather to a whole generation of iniquities.* We may have our disposition all made over again. Because we do not believe this, we make no improvement.

A man says, "I am irascible by nature, and can't help it ; I am revengeful, and I can't help it ; I am impulsive, and I can't help it." You can help it. There is a way, as my text indicates, of having the disposition of the Lord Jesus Christ implanted in our nature. "Let this mind which was in Christ Jesus be also in you."

So far as God may help me this morning, want to show you what was

THE DISPOSITION OF JESUS CHRIST.

And, first, I remark, it was a *disposition of great gentleness.*

Sometimes He made wrathful utterance against Pharisee and hypocrite, as I showed you in the opening chapter this morning, and He cried "Woe, ye Pharisees and hypocrites, ye whited sepulchres, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" A man who ha no such thing as righteous indignation is no man at all. But while Christ sometimes made these expressions of holy indignation, for the most part His words were gentle and kind and placid This was the more remarkable from the fact that He had all power to tear to pieces His assailants, and did not use that power.

Little children, who always shy off from rough man, clambered on His knees and put their arms around His neck until the people had to tell them to stand back. Invalids so sore with disease that they shuddered to have any one come anywhere near them, implored Christ to put His hands on their wounds. A blind man making a great ado about his lack of vision, the people try to hush him up, saying, "He is bothering the Lord," and Christ comes to where the man is, and says, "What wilt thou that I do unto thee?" *A bad woman* is hustled into Christ's presence, and her pursuers say, "Blas her, denounce her, kill her ;" but Christ looks at her and looks at her assailants, and says with an intonation of sarcasm which I warrant you they never forgot : "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her."

Gentle of hand, gentle of foot, gentle of voice gentle of heart. Whether we have this disposition or not, we all admire it. Just as the mountain bluff or the scarred crag looks down on the calm lake at its feet, and just as the stormie winter loves to merge into the sunshiny spring so whether we have the spirit of gentleness or not, we love to see it in others. For the lack of it, we are not—many of us—we are not fit for the Christian duties of life, we are not fit to ta to the sick, or to administer to the troubled, or to care for the poor.

The effect of outdoor life is to *rub our disp* in *the wrong way.* The thunder of the rl s scorn sours the milk of human kindness. reachery, extortion, the behavior of mean men, ake us suspicious and hypercritical, and stuck or with nettles, and how few of us have the irit of Jesus Christ! We go out in the world y to make it better; for the lack of this ness, perhaps, we make it worse.

sister got her *arm put out of joint.* The ors of the country place came in and they o put that arm in its place, and they ld and they pulled mightily; they pulled he was in anguish, but the bone did not k to its place. After a while the surgeon and with one touch every thing was ad- So we go out for Christian work, and lack of a sympathetic nature, or the lack gentleness of Christ, we make the wounds world worse, when some kind and gentle comes along after us, and by one touch the torn ligaments, and the disturbing are rejoined. Oh! there is more power d in a spirit of Christian gentleness than this high pretension of Christian work. w of one summer's night will accomplish for the grain field than fifty Caribbean inds. Oh for the gentleness of Jesus !

II. But, I remark again, the disposition of was

ONE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

oung man of that day had such brilliant unities opening before him as were opening ore Christ if he had chosen to follow ambition. With power to popularize , he could have attained any official po- No orator ever won such plaudits as might have won from synagogue and rim and sea-side assembly, if He had de- No physician ever gained such a repu- for marvellous cures as Christ might have if He had performed His cures in the e of the Roman aristocracy. I tell you things that you may know what Paul when he says of Christ, "He pleases not lf to show you the splendors of His self- e."

uman or satanic power could have put on the cross, or sent Him into the grave, t Christ decreed Himself to the torture e humiliation. To save our race from nd destruction, Christ faced the sorrows earth and the woes of hell. All motherly herly and brotherly and filial self-sacrifice to insignificance before this extreme of generosity.

ose you had a choice between two roads— road would lead you through a comfort- e in this world and end at a palace, and er road would lead you through all kinds ecution and annoyance and maltreatment, at assassination—which road would you Christ chose the latter.

t is self-denial? It is taking from my t to add to yours, it is my taking a long y to save you fatigue, it is my putting my er under your burden so that you may ss strain, it is a subtraction from my ease osperity that you may have an addition ease and prosperity. How much of that have we? I might better put it in the hape, and say how little of it we have.

destitute little children were passing down eet—brother and sister. The lad had any garments at all, the little sister a coat e had nearly outgrown, and some one ard her saying, "Johnny, come under my ." "Oh," he said, "it's too short!" she replied, "it will stretch!" But it t stretch, and so she took it off and her brother with it. That was Christ on l scale. Taking off His robe that our might be clothed. Self-sacrifice—how e understand of it!

e was a great plague in Marseilles, and ds of people had died of it, and the Col- Surgeons met, and they decided that must be a *post-mortem* examination in hat this disease might be understood and vanquished. The College of Surgeons sat in silence, when Doctor Guion arose and said, "Gentlemen, he who makes this examination dies; some one must make it; for the sake of suffering humanity, I will make it." He went home, made his will, bade good-by to his family, entered the dissecting room, accomplished his work, wrote out the results of it for the benefit of others, and died in twelve hours.

"Magnificent!" you say. "Wonderful self-sacrifice!" But it is a tame illustration of what Christ endured for us. Dying that we might live. Walking the road toward Emmaus. Walking from Capernaum to Bethany. Walking from Jerusalem to Calvary. How much have we ever walked for Him? His head ached, His back ached, His heart ached. How much have we ever ached for Him? Let us this morning look back over the paltry list of our self-sacrifices.

III. Again, I remark that the disposition of Jesus Christ was

A DISPOSITION OF GREAT HUMILITY.

The Lord of earth and heaven in the garb of a rustic! He who pours all the waters of the earth out of his hand—the St. Lawrence, the Amazon, the Ohio, the Mississippi—begging a Samaritan woman for a drink. He whose chariots the clouds are, walking with sore feet. Spreading the heavens for a canopy, and setting the earth for His footstool, and yet lodging with one Simon, a tanner. Jostled about as though He were nobody. Nicknamed, struck at, spit on. Silencing the tempest on Genessaret, and then sitting down in the boat's cabin with the disciples, as though He had only wiped the sweat from His forehead in His father's carpenter shop. Taking the foot of Death off the heart of Lazarus, and breaking the shackles against the grave mouth, and then walking with Mary and Martha as though He were a plain citizen of Jerusalem going out to spend the evening in the suburban village of Bethany.

Was there ever such an illustration of humility? How little we have of that, my brother! We get a few more dollars than some one else, or we get a little higher social position, and oh, *how we strut!* We want people to know their place now. We go around and say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the might of my majesty and for the honor of my kingdom?" Like a man going through the streets of Toronto, Canada, with such pomposity and pretension that a countryman passing through the street wondered who that could be with such an imperial gait, and, his curiosity too much for him, he pursued this great-looking man, and said to him, "Are you anybody in particular?"

Oh, how few men there are who can endure success! There are a thousand men who can endure misfortune where there is not more than one man who can endure victory. Oh, for the humility of Jesus Christ!

IV. I remark again that the disposition of Christ was a

A PRAYERFUL DISPOSITION.

Prayer on the mountains. Prayer in Gethsemane. Prayer on the lake. Prayer among the sick. Prayer on the cross. You cannot mention the name of Christ without thinking of prayer. His prayer for little children: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Prayer for His friends: "Father, I will that they be with Me where I am." Prayer for his enemies: "Father, forgive them: they know not what they do." Prayer for all nations: "Let Thy kingdom come." Oh! *we want more prayer*, more prayer in the household, more prayer in the legislative halls, more prayer among the young, more prayer among the old.

While the Diet of Nuremberg were signing the decree by which Protestants should get their liberty, Martin Luther, in another place, was praying for the accomplishment of that object, and he suddenly arose from his knees, and shouted, "The victory is ours! The Protestants are free!" There was no communication between the room where the Diet of Nuremberg met and the room where Martin Luther prayed. His came directly from the throne of God. Oh, have more of this spirit of prayer!

We want to pray like Daniel, with our face toward the Holy City. We want to pray like Paul: "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" We want to pray like the publican, smiting on the heart. We want to pray like Christ, who emptied His heart of the last drop of blood and then filled it with the sorrows, the wants, the woes, the agonies of all generations.

> "Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
> Witnessed the fervor of his prayer."

V. Again I remark that the disposition of Christ was

AN INDUSTRIOUS SPIRIT.

There was not a lazy moment in all his lifetime. Hewing in his father's carpenter shop, helping the lame man to walk without a crutch, curing the child's epilepsy, giving rations to a hungry host in the wilderness—always busy. Whether talking to fishermen on the bank, or sailors on the deck, or spending the evening in the village —always busy. The hardy men hauling the net ashore full of floundering treasure, the shepherds hunting pasture for the flocks to nibble at, the shipwrights pounding in the dry-dock, the winemakers of Engedi dipping the juices out of the vat and pouring them into the goat-skins—not half so busy as Christ, whose head and hands and heart were all full of work for the world.

How little of that spirit of work we have! *The burden must be light if we lift it.* The church pew must be soft if we sit in it. The sphere must be brilliant if we move in it. The religious service must be brief if we survive it. Fan us, rock us to sleep, sing to us on our way to heaven. Dandle us on the tips of your fingers. Lift us up out of this dusty world on kid gloves, under silken sunshade. Let the martyrs who breasted the fire and flood stand back, and give room for the column of *tender-footed Brooklyn Christians* as they come up to glory!

Oh, for the spirit of hard work! Resolved to go to heaven myself and take everybody with me. Busy in the Sabbath-school, busy in the prayer circle, busy at home, busy abroad, busy everywhere for Christ. Oh! what has the Lord done to you and against you that you betray him? At this moment, when all the armies of earth and heaven and hell are plunging into the fight, will you desert the standard?

My brothers, I have shown you that the disposition of Christ was a disposition of gentleness, of self-sacrifice, of humility, of prayer, of hard work—just five points. Will you remember them? and shall we by the grace of God imitate the glorious example? And are we ready now for the conclusion of the apostle when he said, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His?" Oh, that is overwhelming! You cannot stand that test, perhaps I can't stand it.

And yet there should be no melancholy in this subject, for I verily believe that the seed has been planted in your soul, and that it is going to bear a glorious harvest. I think that the symptoms are favorable for our recovery from sin into the pure life and health of the Gospel. Aim high. Watch. Study. Compare. Do your best. Sheathe not your sword until you have conquered the last enemy. Onward, higher and higher, until you gain the eternal hills. An unfading crown for the victor, but death to every deserter. Let the same mind that was in Christ Jesus be in us.

A Brooklyn Infidel Impressed.—A Young man was offered a little book containing a copy of the Gospel by St. John, one day last week in a prayer-meeting in Brooklyn. He said he was an infidel, but would take the book. He took it and read it, and is now asking the prayers of God's people that he may see Jesus as his Saviour. His Christian mother and others are pleading for his salvation.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, December 3d, at **3.30 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress Assembled for the Despatch of Business December 1st. The President's Message was read, and although it had previously been published was listened to with attention, especially the parts relating to finance. On December 3d, Senator Bayard introduced a resolution proposing to take from the greenback its legal-tender capacity except in payment of import duties. Senator Ingalls immediately introduced a resolution expressing the opinion that the present volume of United States notes should not be reduced, and that said notes ought to continue to be a legal tender in the payment of debts.

Secretary Sherman Deprecates any Financial legislation this session, and believes that the legal-tender property does not increase the value of the greenback or make it any more acceptable to the people. But if Congress accepts Senator Bayard's resolution, and would give the Secretary authority to reduce the value of outstanding legal tenders to $300,000,000, the shock to business would probably be much less than if the Supreme Court should suddenly decide, a year or two from now, that such notes reissued after the war are not a legal tender. The present season of business prosperity, when large quantities of the precious metals daily arrive here from foreign countries, undoubtedly renders this a favorable opportunity for returning to a hard money currency.

A Fourth Attempt to Assassinate the Emperor of Russia was made December 2d. He was proceeding to Moscow, and the train by which he travelled started soon after another carrying heavy baggage. The assassins had undermined the rails intending to blow up the Emperor's train as it passed over the excavation. They, however, providentially mistook the train, and blew up the baggage train instead of the one by which the Emperor travelled. No lives were lost. The Emperor's train had overtaken the baggage train, and the latter was switched aside to allow the other to pass. The Emperor probably owes his life to this transposition of the trains on the journey; but the attempt shows how desperate are the men who lead the disaffected classes in Russia, and how ill-suited are the severe measures recently adopted by the authorities to allay popular discontent.

The Irish Agitation has resulted in another arrest for sedition. The cable announces that Thomas Brennan was arrested December 5th and taken to Castlebar. He is Secretary of the National Land League, and prominent in the Amnesty Association and other political organizations. The expressions which caused the arrest of Brennan were to the effect that he adopted the words of Davitt, and that the time for *resolve and action* had arrived. He will be charged with using seditious language at Balla, and with endeavoring to *seduce the police* from their allegiance.

The *N. Y. Herald*, in an editorial written in view of the agitators coming to this country to obtain assistance for their agitation, warns Irish Americans against aiding an opposition to English law and order. It suggests that if money can be spared to aid the Irish people it should take the form of a fund to aid those who may wish to emigrate or to send to those in absolute need, a shipload of provisions.

The *N. Y. Herald* asserts that from inquiries made, it is convinced that, "no matter what demagogues say, the *ascertained truth* is that the Irish as a people are far better off now than thirty years ago. There is less poverty; there are fewer small holdings of lands. If Parnell could carry out his *crazy programme* the mud cabins would be as numerous ten years hence as they were in 1841."

Brooklyn Lay College.—At a Regular Called meeting of the Board of Trustees, held at the house of the President of the Board, John F. Henry, Esq., Monday evening, December 1st, *the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*, was invited, by a unanimous vote of the trustees present, to be the President of the Faculty of the Brooklyn Lay College and Biblical Institute, upon the recommendation of the six professors, Revs. Edward P. Ingersoll, Charles E. Lord, Wellesley W. Bowdich, Frank Rogers Morse, Melville B. Chapman, and George Lansing Taylor. It was decided for the present to continue the place for college lectures in the Nassau Street Church (Baptist), instead of the Amity Street Church, (Presbyterian), which has been sold to the English Lutheran society.

The Death of Dr. W. Ives Budington, of Brooklyn, occurred November 29th, at the age of sixty-four. For *twenty-three years* he was pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, and won the love and respect of all who knew him. A little more than two years ago a cancer made its appearance on his lip, and it was three times operated on, but it reappeared after each operation in a more troublesome form, and ultimately caused his death.

Three Children were Burned to Death in a Fire which broke out late on the night of December 6th in one of the small pavilions attached to Bellevue Hospital, containing twenty-three persons. One woman died from fright after being rescued. All the others were saved. The first alarm was given by a nurse, who noticed smoke issuing from the ceiling of the ward where she sat. She says, "The flames spread with lightning-like rapidity, and the whole interior of the children's ward seemed to blaze up at once. The smoke was so stifling that for a time I was stunned and overcome with fear, but at length we managed to save some of the little ones. It seemed a long time before any help came, but it did come at length, and every one worked bravely to rescue the sick women." The excitement in that portion of the main building which faces the pavilion was terrible. Women who had been in their beds for weeks rushed from them *frantic with fear*, and it required the utmost exertions of the attendants to restrain them from committing acts which would have been fatal to themselves. All the patients in that wing of the building were removed after much difficulty. It is feared that the effects of the temporary panic will be serious in many instances.

Death of a Centenarian.—The Rev. Samuel West, a local elder of the M. E. Church (an able and useful itinerant minister from 1809 to 1824), died at the family residence near Olive Branch, O. *He celebrated his hundredth anniversary February* 14th, 1879. Had he devoted himself to the ministry as a life-work he would doubtless have been equal to any position the Church has to bestow. His great mistake—and which in his last years he bitterly lamented—was that he had turned aside from the regular work of the ministry. Until within a short period of his death Father West's intellect continued remarkably clear and vigorous. His faith in God simple and tenacious, and the remembrance the Lord's goodness and mercy to him o whelmed him at times with emotion. Hav outlived his contemporaries, there were few were to him companions. He chose to be m alone with God in prayer. The night of death he rose and knelt at his bedside, and fervent prayer commended himself to G knowing that the time of his departure was hand.

A Wise Step has been taken by the New Y Board of Education. Among the lesson bo furnished to the schools is one on Tempera by Dr. Richardson, published by the Nati Temperance Society. It is impossible to o estimate the importance of impressing on c dren the evils of even the moderate use of a holic beverages.

A Large Gift to the Manhattan Eye and Hospital has been received from the Hon. E Morgan, formerly Governor of this State, a member of the Brick Presbyterian Church in city. By a donation of $25,000 he has enti freed the Hospital of debt. During the year the hospital has treated 4000 cases and formed 566 operations, and so great is the sure for want of room that the building mu greatly enlarged. Gov. Morgan has, it is removed a debt from the Brick Church by a d tion of $11,000, and these gifts are a part of $100,000 which he has recently given to be olent objects.

A Desirable Madness.—An English min related the following incident at the F Street Prayer Meeting last week: "A lady her heart to the Lord Jesus, and so beca Christian. Her husband, however, wa avowed atheist. The lady fell sick and The day of her death he sent for her p He could not reach the house in time to see but asked the husband how his wife '*Raving mad*,' was the reply. 'What pro madness did she give?' asked the min Whereupon the infidel informed him tha died shouting 'Victory! Victory, throug blood of the Lamb!'" The minister expr the wish that he himself, as well as the wid man, might so die. The atheist's misco tion is not a modern one. St. Paul's inspir was also mistaken for madness (Acts 26 : 2

The Corruption of the Turkish Govern was the subject of the following scathin nunciation by Dr. Jessup at a meeting in land, where he has gone on his way to "I utterly detest and loathe the Turkish G ment. I look upon it as a most corrupt G ment. I have a positive love for the T people, but the Government from first to detestable beyond description. If I wante quate words to express my loathing fo should have to go to Holy Writ to find for it is only in the Epistle to the Roman I could find language for the purpose." Jessup speaks from personal experience, a words are entitled to the attention of thos ticians in England who are seeking to pr the Turkish Government.

A League against Austria has been f between three provinces north of the Ba namely, Servia, Montenegro, and Bulga which they covenant to raise conjointly a of 236,000 men for their mutual defence. object of this coalition is to resist by for attempt which may be made by Austria tend her territory beyond Novi-Bazar. In the brigand Despotovitch, about whom s was heard during the Russo-Turkish war, bing travellers and putting his captives ture.

A Request for Prayer, Received at th of the CHRISTIAN HERALD from a lady kansas, has been, as desired, forwarded Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. Another r from another part of the country, was Dr. Talmage last week.

The Portrait of the King and Queen o with a view of the royal palace at Madr appear in the next number of this journa

The Death of a Whole Ship's Crew is Reported by Captain Packham, of the brig Westmoreland, which arrived at New York, November 29th. As the Westmoreland was leaving Jacmel, a vessel was towed into that port, which had been found drifting about helplessly. All her crew were dead. In the cabin lay the dead bodies of the master and his officers, while the forecastle berths contained the decaying remains of the sailors. They had all been taken sick, and had apparently been unable to render one another any assistance. The disease which had desolated the vessel was *Black Fever*. That vessel, with its ghastly burden, is a miniature of what this sin-stricken world would have been had not God so loved it as to have given "His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish" (John 3 : 16).

A Lady's Hair Given for Charity.—The Montgomery *Advertiser* says: "A lady in Atlanta, who was made poor by the war and had nothing else to give, has just cut off her magnificent *blonde hair* and presented it to the fund for the orphan children of General Hood, left destitute by their father's death. This case, and that of Mrs. Bryant, of Lowndes County, who gave her hair to the yellow-fever fund, are rare examples, in these days, of woman's sacrifice in the noble cause of charity."

Time Saved by Keeping the Lord's Day.—Hon. William E. Dodge told a story at the Sabbath Convention which indicates that the observance of the Lord's Day on at least one occasion proved in his experience a help, and not a hindrance to business. Forty years ago, after riding for three days and nights in a stage-coach in Georgia, he determined to rest on the Sabbath, though business was pressing, while his acquaintances in the coach went on. The hotel where he stayed was small and unattractive. He asked one of the children if he might go to Sunday-school with them. He went, was asked to teach a large class of young men from the academy in town. He spoke in the afternoon at their request to a full house, and addressed a large gathering in the evening. He took the boat on Monday morning, passed the boat on which his friends had taken passage, after travelling all day Sunday, and got into Mobile one day ahead of the others.

A Good Way to Celebrate a Birthday was adopted by Mr. Edmund Lyon, a member of the Rev. Dr. Shaw's church, Rochester, N. Y., who has made a birthday gift of $25,000 to the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. The example deserves following, and those who have not the privilege of giving sums of so large an amount will remember our Saviour's commendation of the widow who cast her two mites into the treasury.

The Opinion of an English Physician on alcoholic drinks has been published. Dr. B. W. Richardson, in reply to some strictures in the London *Telegraph*, says: "In the dispensary of the apothecary and in the laboratory of the chemist alcohol is a good agent when it is used with scientific discretion by skilled men; beyond this I hold it to be a mischievous chemical, which destroys its tens of thousands a year, diffuses misery and vice in all directions, engenders a constitutional condition of body altogether unnatural, and does *no mortal service* in return for all the evils it originates, sustains, and transmits from one generation to another."

The Agricultural Skeleton in Britain.—Reliable statistics show that the late harvest has been the most disastrous since 1816. In that year agriculture was the staple industry of the United Kingdom, being then *third* in the rank of importance among industries, whereas it now stands *tenth*. The whole of the home production this year is *six* million quarters of wheat, while the required quantity wherewith to feed the population of Great Britain is *twenty-four* million quarters, thus requiring a large amount of money to go out of the country to purchase the eighteen million quarters which are deficient.

The dependence of Great Britain on other nations for food from the foregoing causes is a source of great national danger, for in case of her going to war with any nation, privateers scouring the seas would seriously check the needed importation of the staff of life, and high prices, scarcity of food, popular discontent, and agitation would soon prevail. It is not difficult to see how possible it is for Daniel's predicted "time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time" to arrive at no distant period.

Kossuth, whose visit to this Country and enthusiastic reception are well remembered, has just lost his rights as a Hungarian citizen. The Austro-Hungarian Chamber of Deputies has adopted a bill declaring that any native of the country who voluntarily resides abroad for an uninterrupted period of ten years shall lose his civil status. The Hungarian patriots violently opposed this measure, accusing the Government of levelling it directly at Kossuth, but it was finally carried by 141 votes to 52. Though Kossuth has lost *his rights* as a citizen of Hungary, *the wrongs* he has endured for the sake of his country will make his name more famous in history than any name among his persecutors.

The Publications Exhibited on the Newsstands of our cities, whose indecent illustrations are an offence to the eyes of all who desire the well-being of the community, are being refused admission to Canada. They are prohibited circulation in the Canadian mails, and at the request of the Canadian authorities, American postmasters have been instructed not to forward such matter. It is a pity the law is not enforced to stop their circulation in this country.

Tobacco in School.—It was Reported lately that the boys in one of the principal schools in Pittsfield, Mass., had taken to using tobacco, and an investigation showed that 35 boys out of 60 in the school, between the ages of 11 and 16, were users of the weed, some of them *chewers as well as smokers*. The Principal reports that a number of the lads are plainly showing the ill effects of tobacco in *a lessened capacity for study*; and he desires the co-operation of parents in his efforts to stop its further use.

Diphtheria was Carried into a Town in Vermont recently through careless disregard of proper precautions. A few weeks ago a family of three children, in St. Albans, Vt., had the diphtheria, but made good recovery. After they had been well and about the streets for two weeks, they went to Fairfield and visited in four families. At that time there was no diphtheria in Fairfield, but since then it has broken out in each of those four families.

Boy Pirates.—Ten Young Boys of London, Ont., have been discovered in a plot to buy a schooner and turn pirates on the lakes. They had each purchased revolvers, and were concerting as to weapons of warfare. The money for this outfit, $180, one of the boys stole from a relative. The oldest boy is twelve years of age. The boys said they got their idea of the plot from reading "Jack Harkaway" and other kindred stories.

Another Cable has been Successfully laid, connecting the New World with the Old. It gives direct communication with France. The steamer Faraday, which has been laying it in the bed of the Atlantic, arrived off North Eastham, Mass., on Saturday, Nov. 15th, and after communicating with the shore *through the cable on board by way of the French coast*, the old Atlantic cable, and the American shore line, made a successful landing of the new cable.

A Regal Robber, by self-confession, is the Emperor of Germany, according to Dr. Busch. That gentleman relates that the Emperor William's recent interview with his nephew the Czar of Russia left a certain bitterness in his mind, and he remarked subsequently to General Skobeleff, that unfortunately sometimes exigencies of State, force monarchs to break up the tenderest relationships—that he himself had by the will of God been obliged to *rob dear cousins* of their crowns and lands.

A Lady a Hundred Years Old was Baptized a few weeks ago in England by the vicar of Cottingham.

THE DROMEDARIES.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Text—1 Kings 4 : 20–28.

Solomon's Reign a Type of the Reign of Christ—Kingdom Managed by Officers—I. Each Officer had a Charge—1. The Glory of the Position—2. They Served under a Strict King—3. They Felt their Responsibility—4. The Spirit of the King in his Officers—5. Mischief brought on the Kingdom by the Officers—II. Each Officer Bound to Act according to his Charge—1. As to Matter—2. As to Measure—3. As to Place—4. As to Time—III. Each Officer Received the Supplies Necessary—1. A Great Charge a Guarantee of a Great Supply—2. A Great Supply Indicates a Great Charge—A Desire to Escape Responsibility.

THE last words are the text for this occasion.

From the whole passage you will see that the kingdom of Israel under the sway of Solomon was a fair type of the reign of our Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps it most exactly describes His future dominion, in the long-expected glory of *the latter days*. The present state of the church may be compared to the reign of David, splendid with victories, but disturbed with battles; but there are better days to come, days in which the kingdom shall be extended and become more manifest; and then the Lord Jesus Christ shall be even more conspicuously seen as the Solomon of the kingdom, "who shall have dominion from sea to sea."

Yet even now, as "we that have believed do enter into rest," so do we also enter into the richest provision which is made in the covenant of grace, even at this present; and I may say of all who have come under the sway of Christ, that we dwell in a region of *peace*, seated every man under his vine and fig tree, and none making us afraid. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," and, "therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." "The peace of God which passeth all understanding" doth keep our heart and mind by Jesus Christ

Israel under Solomon had *abundance* as well as peace. What says the historian? They were "as the sand which is by the sea in multitude, eating and drinking, and making merry." It is said that there was such plenty in the land in Solomon's time that gold was of no more value than silver, and silver became of little more value than iron; and as for the other metals, they were little accounted of. So common had precious metals become that they were scarcely precious any longer, they were so plentiful. The whole land flowed with milk and honey, and the people rejoiced and were glad.

Certainly the Lord Jesus Christ has brought His people into a state of the greatest plenty, for "all things are yours; whether things present, or things to come; or life, or death; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." What plenty must that man have to whom the Lord has said, "No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly"! "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." He has given us *carte blanche* in prayer. He has put into our hands the keys of His treasury, and has bidden us take what we will. He has said, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart;" and He has added, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." If we have not, it is "because we ask not, or because we ask amiss."

So, too, we dwell in a kingdom which is ruled with *wisdom*. It is said of Solomon in this chapter that he had wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand on the sea-shore; and Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Is not this also our honor and privilege? Behold, this day the Lord Jesus Christ is "made unto us wisdom." "We have an unction from the Holy One, and know all things" while we dwell in Him; for "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant."

Israel had a king who was full of *power*. Solomon had squadrons of horse and chariots of war, and he was so strong that the kings of the earth dared not come into conflict with him, but paid him tribute. As for our King, He has better forces than horses and chariots of war, for He has but to speak to His Father, and He will presently send Him twenty legions of angels. All power is delivered unto Him in heaven and in earth. The fulness of the Godhead dwells in Him for the defence and help of His people, and if you will but open your eyes you shall see horses of fire and chariots of fire round about your Lord.

The great kingdom of Solomon was managed by a well-appointed body of officers, and certain persons were set over each province, who, amongst other duties, had to provide for King Solomon's table and stable. The table was very sumptuously furnished, as you saw in the reading; and in the stable stood horses of war, and also *swift dromedaries*, which were used in the same manner as our modern post-horses, to carry messages rapidly from one station to another.

These swift horses and dromedaries were made to run from town to town with the royal mandates, and thus the whole country was kept in speedy communication with the capital. Appointed officers were bound to provide for these horses and dromedaries, and all else that concerned the king's business; and my subject at this time will illustrate the likeness between this arrangement and the methods of our Lord's kingdom.

EACH OFFICER HAD A CHARGE.

I. First we shall note that *each of Solomon's officers had a charge*. The text says, "Every man according to his charge." We have officers about modern courts who may be highly ornamental, but when you have said that, there is very little else to add. On high days and holidays they wear many decorations, and glitter in their stars and garters, and sumptuous garments, but what particular charge they fulfil it is beyond my power to say.

In Solomon's court all his officers had a service to carry out, "every man according to his charge." It is exactly so in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. If we are truly His, He has called us to some work and office, and He wills us to discharge that office diligently. We are not to be gentlemen-at-ease, but men-at-arms; not loiterers, but laborers; not glittering spangles, but burning and shining lights.

1. It is an *exceeding glory* to be the lowest servant of King Jesus. It is more honor to be *a scullion in Christ's kitchen* than to be a peer of the realm. The meanest position that can be occupied in the kingdom of Jesus Christ, if any can be mean in such a service, has a touch of divine glory about it; and if we rightfully discharge it, though it be only to wash the saints' feet, we partake in the honor of our Master, who Himself did not disdain to do the like. But no man is put in any office in the church that he may be merely ornamental. We are set in our places with an end and design, every man according to his charge—every woman according to *her* charge.

My dear brother, you do not occupy the post of a minister or a pastor that you may be respected, but that you may "adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things." You are not, my dear brother, ordained to be an elder or a deacon in a church that our Lord may put honor upon you, though He does put honor upon you in it, but that you may bring glory to God—that the people may see the grace of God in you, and may magnify God in you. Churches were not made for ministers, but ministers for churches. We who are officers in the church are not ordained for our own sakes, but for the people's sake, and we should always recollect that fact, and live with it in our eye.

2. Those who served Solomon were officers under *a strict king*, for such was his wisdom that he would not tolerate unfaithfulness in any office. He chose the best men, and so long as he retained them he meant business and expected prompt attention. If they did not do their duty, he did his, and sent them packing. It is very much so in the church of Jesus Christ. I am not speaking as if the children of God could perish; but I do say this, that in the service of Christ if you are not a faithful servant you will soon have to make room for another.

You may be laid aside by sickness, and then you will have suffering instead of serving, or you may be made to drop into the rear rank and go behind and weep in sorrow because you did not faithfully do your duty in the front. Recollect that text, "The Lord thy God is a jealous God," and rest assured that our Lord Jesus Christ is like His Father, He will have the diligent obedience of His servants, and their faithful zeal, or else He will cashier them, and take away their commissions.

The love of our Lord Jesus is of so fervent a character that He cannot bear a divided heart, or a negligent walk in any one of us. There is a text which some Christian people do not like, and so they cut the heart out of it: "Our God is a consuming fire." They say, "God, out of Christ, is a consuming fire" The text does not say so; it speaks of "*Our* God," and that means our covenant God, our God *in Christ*, and it is God in Christ Jesus who is a consuming fire.

3. The officers of Solomon were also obliged to recollect that the

ORDERLY WORKING

of the whole system depended upon each one of them. Solomon had so arranged it that there was a certain troop of horses in a certain town, and the appointed officer must see to their fodder: barley and straw were to be on the spot in full quantity for the horses at that particular depot. It would not have done to send it anywhere else; and if an officer had failed to supply his department, the horses must have starved and the system been thrown out of gear.

Now, in any well arranged Christian church a Christian who is not faithful to his charge little knows what mischief he does; but, as far as he can, he puts the whole machine out of gear, and, apart from the interposing mercy and supreme wisdom of Christ, he would throw the whole economy of the Lord's house into disorder.

The little church cannot prosper because an influential member is where he ought not to be. In a great house the servants must keep their places, and if the cook will persist in doing the chambermaid's duties, and does not prepare the meals, every thing is in a muddle; and if, on the other hand, the maid who has to clean the rooms neglects that duty, but must needs be in the kitchen, there will be no comfort either by day or by night. You can all see the bearing of this upon a Christian church.

4. In Solomon's kingdom it came to pass that *the spirit of the king infused itself into all his officers*, and therefore the country was well governed. Beloved, I pray that it may be so with this church, and with all the churches of Jesus Christ, that the Spirit of our great King may infuse itself into us all. Nothing makes men fight like having a hero for a leader. When Cromwell came to the front nobody was afraid. Away went the cavaliers like chaff before the wind, when once he was present.

And, surely, when our glorious Master, the Captain of our salvation, the standard-bearer among ten thousand, is seen to be in the midst of a church then every thing goes well, and we all fight with confidence and daring. One man sometimes seems to have the power of pervading thousands of other men; his spirit appears to govern, to move, to stir the hearts of his fellow-men till the man lives in them all; and so is it supremely with the Lord Christ. We live in Him, and He lives in us. If we are all moved by the spirit which dwells in Jesus—the spirit of love, of self-denial, of consuming zeal, and of ardor, then all will be done gloriously. If we copy His consecration, His prayerfulness, His boldness and His gentleness, what a troop shall we make, and how well will our Solomon's kingdom be administered!

5. Only one more thought here. *When Solomon's kingdom came to mischief it was through one of his officers.* You recollect that, when Solomon died, Jeroboam split the kingdom in twain, and he was a runaway servant. Whenever a church comes to ruin, we grieve to confess that it is generally through its own officers. I fear it is oftener the ministers than any other persons. The great heresies which have infested the church have not sprung from the mass of the people, but from certain famous leaders; and at this day the heart of our churches, I believe, is infinitely more sound than the ministry. I wish it were not so, but I cannot conceal my fears.

When our Lord was betrayed it was not by private followers, such as Mary Magdalene, Zaccheus, or Joseph of Arimathea, but by Judas, *the treasurer of the College* of Apostles. It was an apostle who sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. Still the fault is equally grievous if it be committed by the lowest officer. As I have already said, we are all servants: we are all clothed with responsibilities, and we can, if the Holy Spirit shall leave us to it, do grievous damage—more damage than the outside world can ever accomplish.

BOUND TO OBEY.

II. Our second head is somewhat like the first. We now note that each man was bound to act according to his charge, "Every man *according to his charge*."

1. The officers were bound to obey their orders; first, *as to matter*. Certain of them had to provide fat oxen for Solomon's table, and others had to see that the roebucks were hunted and that the fowls were fatted for the same purpose; while others were commissioned to provide the barley and the straw for the horses and the dromedaries. As I have already said, if they had gone out of place—if the man who had to provide the barley for the horses had fed the chickens with it, and if the officer who was bound to hunt the roebucks had occupied himself with carting the straw, there would have been great confusion. And so, dear brother, when you will not do what you were evidently meant to do, and are quite able to do, but must needs attempt something quite out of your range, all goes amiss.

Dear friend, have you found out what you can do—what the Lord has fitted you to do, and what He has blessed you in doing? Then keep to it, and do it better and better, and by no means complain of your vocation. Do not find fault with others whose work differs from your own. You should each find out what you can do, and then seek, God the Holy Spirit helping you, to do *that*, to the very best of your ability, out of love to Jesus.

2. Observe that with Solomon it was "every man according to his charge" *as to measure;* for if a man had charge of a barrack where there were two thousand horses, he had to send in more barley and straw than the officer who superintended a smaller barrack of only five hundred horse. The purveyor who was ordered to supply Solomon's table with fat bullocks had to send more than he who fed the tables of the inferior officers.

Note this well, for certain of us are bound to do much more than others. Some of us bear heavy responsibilities, and if we were to say, "I shall do no more than anybody else, I need not overburden myself," we should be unfit to occupy the position to which God has called us. Dear friends, I am not afraid that any of you will do too much for Jesus Christ, but I would like you to try. Just see now whether you can be too ardent, too self-sacrificing, too zealous, or too consecrated. It were a pity that such a thing should not be attempted. I have never known anybody who could accuse himself of so rare a crime. Oh no; we all feel that all we can do, and more, is well deserved by our blessed Master who has given us our charge.

Do remember *the rule of proportion.* If you have five talents, and your brother has only one you may do twice as much as he does and yet fall short. He is faithful with his small capital but your proportion is five times as much, and therefore twice as much falls short of what is expected from you. Many a servant girl gives her fourpenny-piece to the offering, and if the same proportion were carried out among those who are wealthy, gold would not be so rare a metal in the Lord's treasury. A tithe may be too much for some, but a half might not be enough for another. Let it be, "Every man according to his charge," as to measure as well as to matter.

"Every man according to his charge," *applied to place;* for if the servant who had to send in barley for the dromedaries to Jerusalem had sent it off to Joppa, or if the Joppa man had sent all his fodder to Jericho, there would have been considerable trouble and outcry in the stables; and if the fatted beef and the venison for Solomon's table when he stopped in the house of the forest of Lebanon had been sent over to his other house on Mount Zion, the king would have had his table ill supplied.

Some men are not satisfied to serve God in their proper place; they must run fifty miles off or a hundred, before they can work. Is this right? I remember a little text in the Proverbs, "As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place." There is a sphere for every star which decks the sky, and a blade of grass for every drop of dew which spangles the mead. Oh that every one would keep his place!

Many a man have I known who has done nothing till he has found his place, and then he has astonished his friends. I find it so with young men entering the ministry: a brother has not succeeded, in fact, he has been an utter failure in his first position; and yet, when God has opened the proper door for him, he has done marvels. Why did he not succeed before? Because he was out of his place. The best thing applied to the purpose for which it is not suited is a mere waste, and the best man in an unsuitable position may unwittingly be a hindrance to the cause he loves.

Find your place, good brother, and do not be in a hurry to move. He who keeps a shop in a dozen towns in a dozen years will at the end look in vain for a shop which will keep him. The spirit of roving tends to poverty. Those who are eager to move because they imagine that they will leave their troubles behind them are much deceived, for these are found everywhere. You may soon get into some such predicament as Jonah, who thought that all would be well if he could avoid Nineveh trials, but he had forgotten the troubles of being aboard ship in a storm. I do not suppose he ever ran away to Tarshish again. That one experiment satisfied him, and I hope you will profit by his experience.

Do not try running away on your own account, for if you do endeavor to escape your Lord's hard work, I would have you remember that the sea is quite as tempestuous now as ever, and whales are fewer now than in Jonah's day, and not at all so likely to carry a live man to shore. Keep your place: "every man according to his charge."

Once more: every man was to act according to his charge *as to time,* because the passage speaks of each one "in his month." If the January man had taken care to provide for Solomon's table in February, what would have happened? There was a man for February, and there would have been two supplies for one month, but none for the first weeks of the year. If the August officer had kept back till September the corn which was wanted by the horses and the dromedaries in August, what would the poor creatures have done during that month? While the barley was coming the steeds would have been starving. In serving Christ there is a great deal in being up to time, punctual in every thing. Not to-morrow, brother: not to-morrow, that is somebody else's day: to-day is the day for you. Up and do the day's work. Some soul is to be won for Christ, some truth to be vindicated, some deed of kindly charity to be wrought, some holy prevalent prayer to be offered, and it is to be done *at once.* Or ever to-morrow's sun has risen, see that thou hast carried out thy charge, for time in reference to these solemn matters is life. Promptness we always admire in responsible persons. If they have any public duty to do, we cannot endure to see men leaving matters in arrears, to be done by and by, or never done at all. If Jesus Christ "straightway" did this and that, as Mark always takes care to tell us He did, let us imitate His promptitude, and serve God without the sluggard's delays.

PROPORTIONATE SUPPLIES PROVIDED.

III. I close with the third point, that each man would receive supplies "according to his charge." I do not quite understand the precise and definite bearing of my text. Surely it means, not only that one set of officers was to send in the barley, but that another set of officers was to receive the barley and the straw in proportion to the number of horses and dromedaries. "Barley also and straw for the horses and dromedaries brought they unto the place where the officers were, every one according to his charge;" that is to say, according to the number of horses to be provided for, such was the amount of corn and of straw that was sent in for their food.

1. So I gather, first, that concerning the servants of our Lord Jesus Christ *a great charge from Him is a guarantee of great supplies.* There is something very comfortable about this as to temporals. Some declare that God sends mouths and does not send bread; or at least they say He sends the mouths to one house and the bread to another. If it be so, those who get too much bread should send it round to their neighbors. Yet I note that somehow *where there are mouths bread does come.*

It often amazes me, I must confess, and it brings tears to my eyes when I see it, and indeed it is perfectly wonderful, that poor widows with a swarm of little children do feed them in some fashion. The poor woman comes to the Orphanage about a little boy, and she does not like to part with him, but want compels; and when we have said, "My good woman, how many children had you when your husband died?" she has replied, "Seven, sir, and none of them able to earn a penny." "You have been fighting your way alone these three or four years, how have you done it?" "Ah, sir," she answers, "God only knows. I cannot tell you." No, no; and there are many of God's dear children who could not tell you how they lived, but they have lived, and their children too. The Lord leaves them a great charge, and in His own way He sends a supply.

Most of us have found that if our King sends us the dromedaries He sends us the barley. It has been so in my case in the matter of our two hundred and fifty orphan children at Stockwell; our gracious God has always sent us enough, and the boys have known no lack; and when we receive another two hundred and fifty children, and have girls as well as boys, I feel sure our heavenly Father will provide for them all. I hope you will all recollect that the provision must come instrumentally through the Lord's own people, and much of it through *the readers and hearers of the sermons,* but come it will.

If my Lord puts more dromedaries into my stable I shall look for the corresponding increase in the barley and the straw, for I am quite sure He will send it. When I think of my dear friend, Mr. George Müller, with 2050 orphan children, and nothing to depend upon, as they say, but just prayer and faith, I rejoice greatly. He never has a fear or a want, and is as restful as if he were an incarnate Sabbath. If we had twenty thousand orphans to feed, our Master is quite able to supply them all. He feeds the universe, and we may well trust Him. If we have a simple, childlike faith, we shall find that a great charge is a guarantee of a great supply: "Every man according to his charge."

As it is in temporals, so is it in grace. When God gives a man a few people to look after, He gives him grace enough; and when He gives him ten times that number, He gives him more of His Holy Spirit; and when He gives him a hundred times that number, He increases the divine anointing. If the Lord sends you a little trial, dear brother, you shall have grace enough, and if He sends you a huge trial you shall still have grace enough. If He gives you some little work to do in the back settlements, your strength shall be as your day, and if He allots you a great charge in the front of the enemy's fire you shall not come short.

"Every man according to his charge." You will not have a farthing's worth of grace over. You shall never have so much that you can boast about it, and talk of having lived for months without sinning, and the like kind of nonsense. You shall be forced to feel that, when you have done all, you are an unprofitable servant. Never in my life have I had in the morning, left from yesterday's manna, as much as would cover a threepenny-piece. I have always been so hungry that I have had to devour all I could get there and then. I have lived from hand to mouth; the hand has been that of my Lord, which is ever full, and the mouth has been mine and it has been always gaping for more. When in my ministry I have had a double quantity of food, I have had a double number to feed upon it. The Lord's grace has been sufficient for my necessities, but it has never left me room for glorying in self. Still, take it as a sure fact that a great charge is a guarantee of a great supply.

2. Now we will turn the truth over, and say that *a great supply indicates a great charge.* Oh that some would think of this! A man has grown richer than he used to be. Brother, with more barley and more straw you ought to keep more dromedaries; I mean, that God did not send that corn for the mice to destroy, but he means it to be eaten.

The man who much receives but nothing gives is dead while he lives. He who has great receipts should reckon that he has a great charge, and act accordingly. When a brother has great talents, great possessions, great influence—when he is great at any thing—by God's grace let him say, "God requireth great things of me; for to whom much is given, of him shall much be required." It is a law of the kingdom of Christ—a law which he will take care is always carried out.

NO ESCAPE FROM RESPONSIBILITY.

So I finish up with this: somebody will say, "I could almost *wish that I could escape* from the responsibility of being a servant of Christ." Dear brother, take note of these two or three facts.

You cannot better your circumstances as a servant of Christ by *diminishing your charge.* If you say, "I shall not attempt quite so much," you will not improve your circumstances by that course; for if you diminish work, the Lord will diminish the strength. Our great Solomon will stop some of the supplies if you have fewer dromedaries to feed, and so you will be no better off. If you have to keep six He will give you provision for six; if you take to keeping three He will only give you supplies for three, and you will be poorer rather than richer.

Neither can you improve your circumstances by entirely and only *increasing the supply;* for, if you receive more straw and barley, certainly our Solomon will send you more dromedaries. When you have more strength you will have more trials. When God's children do not discharge their service with the means which He intrusts to them, He frequently lets them take shares in a "limited liability company," which is the same thing as throwing your money into the river; or He leaves them to become shareholders in a breaking bank, with unlimited catastrophe as its capital, and this is more terrible still.

It often happens to a man who has scraped and saved, and stinted the cause of Christ, that in his later years he is in straits, and he cries to himself, "It is all gone, and I wish I had used it better before it went. It would have been far better to give it to the Lord than to see the lawyers devour it." Ah! your sin has found you out. Your Master could not trust you, and so He has taken away His goods from you, and now you wish that you had behaved yourself. Let us take warning from such bad managers; and let us see that, as our charge is so we cry for supplies, and that as the supplies come we use them wisely.

Every thing for Jesus, the glorious Solomon of our hearts, the Beloved of our souls! Life for Jesus! Death for Jesus! Time for Jesus! Eternity for Jesus! Hand and heart for Jesus! Brain and tongue for Jesus! Night and day for Jesus! Sickness or health for Jesus! Honor or dishonor for Jesus! Shame or glory for Jesus! Every thing for Jesus, "every man according to his charge." So may it be! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it and for its weekly circulation of more than 165,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MARVELLOUS ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Mr. James B. Silkman, of 54 Wall Street, New York, writes to the *N. Y. Daily Witness:* I have taken special pains to investigate the published account of the most remarkable case of Miss Carrie F. Judd, who was healed of a chronic spinal affection in answer to the prayer of a colored woman who has the "gift of healing," and not only find that the statements are genuine and authentic, but I have procured Miss Judd's signature to the following narrative, which was first written by the young lady to a friend. Her father, Mr. O. K. Judd, of 260 Commercial Street, Buffalo, has for more than a quarter of a century been connected with the American Express Office; the lady herself is a member in good standing of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Buffalo, Rev. C. F. A. Beilby, rector, and is well known by Professor Buckham of the Normal School, etc. I have a letter from Mrs. Mix's husband which corroborates what Mrs. Mix has written.

"*On January* 6, 1877, after a gradual decline of health, I was prostrated with an attack of nervous fever, proceeding from my spine, the result, probably, of a severe fall on a stone sidewalk several months before. My disease grew into settled spinal difficulty, accompanied with hyperæsthesia of my spine, hips, knees, and ankles. So great was the sensitiveness of these portions of my body that it was impossible for myself even to touch them, however lightly, and we often had to take means to prevent *my clothes* touching them. The nerves in my spine and large joints were so unnaturally alive, that they felt as if they were bare, and the slightest noise or jar in the room would cause them to vibrate, giving me great agony.

"I suffered such intense pain in my head that I could scarcely live, and sometimes I could not even stir my eyelids. I could not endure a ray of light, and my sense of hearing was unnaturally acute. We were obliged to exclude everybody from the room excepting those who had the care of me. I became more and more helpless, until I could not turn over alone or move myself a particle in bed, though I helped myself as long as it was in any way possible. Every move had to be made for me with the greatest care. For *eleven months* I could not sit up at all, but at the end of that time I began to improve slowly, and commenced sitting up a few moments each day.

"I continued to improve very slowly until the following summer, when I was able to sit up part of the day, though I could not by my greatest exertions get able to help myself any. The only way in which I could be lifted from the bed to the chair was by being lifted under my arms, as I could endure no pressure on my spine. Owing to the very warm weather at that time, and to the fact of my over-exerting myself when so weak, I was taken very violently worse, and continued to fail in spite of every thing that was done for me, until last February (though I rallied a little the previous Fall).

"Last February I was so weak that it was only by the greatest effort that I could speak even in a whisper, and sometimes I could only move my lips. Often the exertion of speaking only one word in a *whisper* would cause the perspiration to start out all over me. I would lie for hours needing something rather than ask for it. They brought me an alphabet, torn from a primer, but I was too weak to move my finger from one letter to another. I could take no solid food whatever, and my weakness was so extreme that I could scarcely swallow liquid fluid. Often my nurse, after giving me a spoonful of nourishment, would have to wait several moments before giving me another, as it exhausted me to take it. For several months I had been obliged to take 'pepsin' to aid digestion.

"My disease had grown into blood-consumption, and my largest veins looked like mere threads. I was so cold that nothing could keep me warm, and I was emaciated to a mere shadow. Most of the time I could only lie gasping for breath, and I suffered so excruciatingly, even in my sleep, that when I awoke I would be perfectly exhausted; I was so weak that even the weight of my arms and limbs seemed to be dragging me to pieces, and this terrible strain was always constant. My pulse could scarcely be found, and I was not expected to live from one day to the next.

"About this time we heard of a colored lady, Mrs. Edward Mix, of Wolcottville, Ct., who performed wonderful cures by the power of prayer. At my request, sister Eva wrote her a few lines, telling her that I believed her great faith might avail for me if she would pray for my recovery. On Tuesday, February 25th, her answer came as follows:

"'Wolcottville, Conn., Feb. 24, 1879.

"'Miss Carrie Judd: I received a line from your sister Eva, stating your case, your disease, and your faith. I can encourage you by the Word of God, that according to your faith so be it unto you; and besides you have this promise, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." Whether the person is present or absent, if it is a prayer of faith it is all the same, and God has promised to raise up the sick ones, and if they have committed sins to forgive them. Now this promise is to you as if you were the only person living. Now if you can claim that promise, I have not the least doubt but what you will be healed.

"'You will first have to lay aside all the medicine of every description. Use no remedies of any kind for any thing. Lay aside trusting in the arm of flesh, and lean wholly upon God and His promises. When you receive this letter I want you to begin to pray for faith, and Wednesday afternoon the female prayer-meeting is at our house. We will make you a subject of prayer between the hours of three and four. I want you to pray for yourself, and pray believing, and then *act faith.* It makes no difference how you feel, but get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith. Strength will come, disease will depart, and you will be made whole. We read in the Gospel, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Write soon. Yours in faith,

"'Mrs. Edward Mix.'

"Mrs. Mix, you will perceive, quoted several Bible promises, told me to pray for faith, and directed me to leave off all medicine, which I did. She said that on Wednesday, February 26th, the female prayer-meeting would be held at her house, when they would make me a subject of prayer, between the hours of three and four.

"At the time appointed, members of our family also offered up prayer, though not in my room. I felt a *sudden and remarkable increase of faith,* different from any thing which I had ever experienced. There was no excitement, but a feeling of faith and confidence. Without the least fear or hesitation I turned over and raised up alone for the first time in over *two years.* Directly after, with a little support from Mrs. H., I walked to m chair. I had not borne any weight on my feet (except as I made unsuccessful attempts to do so when so much better the summer before) fo two years and two months. During the same hour that prayer was being offered in my behalf a great change was perceptible in my color, circulation, and pulse.

"*Referring to my diary,* which Mrs. H. wrote, find under *Feb.* 28th: 'This afternoon, after sitting up, she walked from her chair to the bed, distance of about eight feet, by taking hold o my arms. The Lord strengthens her every hour. Then under *Feb.* 29th, 'I gave her a sponge-bath and could not help but notice the change in th color of her flesh; instead of the yellow, dea look, it is pink and full of life.' Under Marc 2d: 'Her chest and lungs have been strong; sh has talked aloud a great deal, appetite good, colo fresh and clear.'

"In about three weeks from the time I firs commenced getting better I could walk all aroun the room without even having any one near me in four weeks I walked downstairs with a litt assistance. I walked very steadily from the firs We could almost see my muscles fill out; still, suffered nothing from aching or lameness, would be naturally the case. The first pleasa day in April I went *out of doors* and into a neig bor's. One can fully appreciate the fact of m walking, when I tell him that my spine and lar joints had become so weakened by the hyperæ thesia, that they were like cartilage, and if by a human power I could have been placed upon m feet I should have immediately been all out shape. They however became strong and fir at once. I have continued to improve in streng and flesh. I can walk several blocks witho resting, and since June have taught my class Sunday-school. I have not taken a drop of me cine since February 25th. My friends say tha look much better than I did before I was pr trated.

"I wish to add that Dr. Chas. Cullis, of B ton, whose faith-works and faith-cures are widely known, kindly added his prayers for complete recovery.

"All praise be to Him who, in answer to t prayer of faith, fulfilled His own Word (Jan 5:14, 15), and raised me up from a dying b Yours sincerely, Carrie F. Judd.'

MAN'S FIRST AND LAST HOME.

By William Maude.

(*Continued from p.* 941.)

II. Secondly, regarded in its typical asp the city presents humanity as

PERFECTED IN SOCIAL UNION

in contrast to individual isolation. There w but two individuals in the garden in close simple relationship, of social equality, of un veloped powers, and placed in circumstance absolute independence. Even had Adam and remained long enough in their condition Edenic innocence to have fulfilled the Di injunction, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and plenish the earth" (Gen. 1:28), man c hardly, while he continued to inhabit the gar of Eden and to find his sole occupation in "dressing and keeping," have advanced in litical organization beyond the family.

It was not till the expulsion from Eden been necessitated by the occurrence of the that men began the building of cities and formation of states (Gen. 4:17). But in act antithesis with what is thus written of *garden*, the *city* embodies the threefold id complex relationship, of diversity of rank office, and more especially of a mystical un

1. The city embodies the idea of *comple lationship*. We have not in this case prese to us only the primary domestic relationshi husband and wife, parent and child, bu wider and more complex relations of citiz citizen, of the citizens in general to those p in positions of special influence and auth and of these again, the higher as well a lower, to the supreme ruler, whether govern

g. In the New Jerusalem the Edenic germ-
of the family is indeed retained, but it is
ated and expanded till it embraces the whole
eemed family in heaven and earth, the more
plex relationships involved in which con-
tion can only be adequately represented under
figure of a city, the inhabitants of which,
des their common bond of loyalty and love
he Father-king, hold various subsidiary re-
ons to each other in the way of mutual ser-
, sympathy, and subordination.

Again, the city embodies the idea of *diver-*
of rank and office for the common good.
king, the royal family, the court, the great
cers of state, and the various professions and
ings—all these are found in the capital of an
hly empire, and doubtless will have their
nterparts in the New Jerusalem. For though
heavenly city is indeed described as "the
le, the Lamb's wife," and John has shown
"coming down from God out of heaven as
ide adorned for her husband," yet this most
ious and expressive figure is not intended to
slavishly adhered to as to exclude all others.
he writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, for
nple, speaks of the heavenly Jerusalem as
prehending not only "the general assem-
," and "the Church of the first-born ones,"
also "the spirits of just men made perfect"
brews 2 : 22, 23). St. Paul tells us that as
ere is one glory of the sun, and another
y of the moon, and another glory of the
s, and as one star differeth from another star
lory, so also is the resurrection from the
l" (1 Cor. 15 : 41, 42). And in the last
ter of the Revelation, in direct reference to
New Jerusalem, it is said : "And there shall
o more curse ; but the throne of God and of
Lamb shall be in it ; and His *servants* shall
e Him" (Rev. 22 : 3).

hile, in beautiful harmony with these repre-
ations, we find that the promises made in
Epistles to the Seven Churches to the "over-
ers"—and it is the "overcomers" as such
have the right to enter into the city—ex-
t a sublime gradation of reward, from the
g of the tree of life and exemption from the
nd death to the being made a pillar in the
ple of God, and sitting with Christ in His
ne even as Christ overcame and sat down
His Father in His throne.

Once more, the city embodies the idea of
t we may call *a mystical unity*. The city is
; it has a corporate and ideal existence apart
the mere arithmetical aggregation of its in-
tants, or the number and appearance of its
icular streets. All great cities have a par-
lar character as a whole which distinguish
from all other cities. London is not as
s, nor New York as Constantinople. The
bitants of certain cities have a special name
ied to them, and they boast the possession,
irtue of their citizenship, of special rights,
unities, and privileges. They have common
s for defence, common temples for worship,
mon marts for business, common traditions
e past, and common anticipations for the
re.

ow the ideal unity thus indicated and sought
in the earthly city, is perfectly realized in
New Jerusalem. The heavenly city "lieth
square—the length, and the breadth, and the
ht of it are equal." In other words, it is
xact cube, indicative of perfection, to which
ing could be added, and from which nothing
d be taken away, without destroying its
y and completeness. And the truth which
representation is intended to teach us is
ly the oneness of redeemed humanity, a
h which St. Paul expresses under another
e when he says, "We being many are one
one body" (1 Cor. 10 : 17).

ad Adam remained unfallen, we may reason-
conclude that his descendants, as they
hed the limits of their probation, would in-
dually, by translation, have been transferred
higher state, and thus the city of God would
remained at least beyond the range of
hly vision. But when Christ came to work out man's redemption, the city, as it were, at once began to descend from heaven, for Christ redeemed His people not individually, but rather as one body ; and though it is the privilege of the believer to be able to say, Christ "loved me, and gave Himself for me,' it is only as this is included in the deeper and wider truth—"Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for her" (Gal. 2 : 20 ; Eph. 5 : 25).

III. Emblematically regarded, again, the city, as contrasted with the garden, suggests to us the ideas of

ETERNITY AND UNCHANGEABLENESS.

Summer after summer our gardens delight us with their blooming beauty, but alas ! how soon they wither with the shortening days ! Autumn after autumn the harvest is gathered in, and the denuded fields left bare and bleak to the storms and snows of winter ; year after year the trees are stripped of their beautiful foliage, and stretch forth imploringly their bare gaunt arms, crying aloud in every blast for the coming of eternal spring.

But yon city's walls have stood the storms of centuries, and its gray old towers have looked down, all but unchanged, as the generations of men have come and passed away. Enter this ancient church, and you realize with a strange, vague awe that here the voice of prayer ascended long ages ago, and the organ pealed forth its grand music to men who to you are though they had lived before the flood. The grass withers, the seasons roll on, the generations perish, but the city abides.

Now these ideas of eternity and unchangeableness are presented to us in the New Jerusalem with wondrous force and beauty. In the garden of Eden every object that surrounded Adam was in its nature perishable. Its flowers, however lovely, were doomed to fade ; its fruit, however pleasant to the taste, formed and ripened and decayed ; the seasons, as they succeeded each other, brought with them change and decay as well as renewed beauty and verdure.

But in the heavenly city all is

PERMANENT AND UNFADING.

Time cannot breathe on its incorruptible beauty, or change dim the splendor of its divine light. Perhaps in some moment of thoughtful meditation the question may have suggested itself to us, But how will it really add to my happiness to walk on streets of gold, and be surrounded by walls of jasper, and pass in and out through gates of pearl, and behold the mingled colors of the rarest jewels ?

Will not this cold, hard splendor repel rather than attract ? shall I not feel that I can never be *at home* beneath this weight of glory, within these dazzling walls ? But this is altogether to miss the teaching of the symbolism. The flower perishes at the very touch of fire, but the gold and jewels of the New Jerusalem have passed through the fires fierce enough to melt the very elements of this world, in order that by destruction they might be rendered indestructible ; and hence they are the most beautiful and appropriate materials for the city which is to be "an eternal excellency—a joy of everlasting ages." In the house of immortality there must exist no elements of decay.

IV. Still—and this is the last point that we can notice—the *home-hunger* of the soul seems to be unsatisfied till by looking more carefully into the divine mystery we come to see that

THE DIVINEST ELEMENTS

in our idea of the garden are preserved in the wider conception of the city. That, in other words, the heart of Paradise is inclosed in the casket of the New Jerusalem. We should, in thinking of a city as the last home of the redeemed, bear in mind the fact that the ancient cities of the East differed widely from our modern Western ones. They were not merely a number of buildings crowded together as closely as possible, but covered a vast extent of ground, and inclosed within their walls gardens, parks, and even cornfields, and pasture lands with their flocks and herds.

It is very interesting and very suggestive to notice how some of the features in the description of the garden as man's first home reappear in the description given of the city as his last. "A river went out of Eden to water the garden ;" and in the New Jerusalem John saw "a pure river of the water of life." In the midst of the garden there was the tree of life ; and in the Epistle to the church of Ephesus it is promised, 'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God" (Rev. 2 : 7). There is, then, a paradise in the future as well as in the past. And where is it located ? Plainly *within the New Jerusalem*, for it is written, "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life" (Rev. 22 : 2).

But observe at the same time how every thing is elevated, transformed, glorified. The river of the old paradise was filled only with that water of which "whosoever drinketh of it shall thirst again ;" but the river of the New Jerusalem is "a pure river of *the water of life*, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." The tree of life as it grew in Eden was one, yielding only one manner of fruit, and that only in its season. But the trees of life in the celestial city are many in number, bearing twelve kinds of fruit, and yielding that fruit every month.

Oh, let us not fear that aught that is sweet and beautiful and good on earth shall be found lacking in heaven. It is an eternal truth which the poet expresses when he says,

"All that is beautiful shall abide,
Only the base shall die."

One thing indeed there is, and it constitutes the crowning glory of the city, which had no foreshadow in the garden, where God, if not a stranger, was but a guest ; it is said : "There shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads" (Rev. 22 : 8, 4). In the light of this divine assurance the vision of the olden paradise finally fades and dies, and in the holy city, New Jerusalem, we recognize the Father's house, the eternal home and rest of our immortal spirit.

Reader, art thou, like Abraham, looking for this city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God ? Does the far-off vision of its glory even now cheer and irradiate the oftentimes dark and toilsome pathway of thy earthly pilgrimage ? Canst thou say, with assurance of faith, "*Our* feet shall stand within thy walls, O Jerusalem !" Happy are the people that are in such a case ; for of a truth, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God !"

Scenes of Inhuman Barbarity in Russia show that whatever the power of that country may be, it cannot claim to have emerged from barbarism, or to be governed by the principles of the Christian religion. A case recently described by the correspondent of the London *Times* is an instance of the barbarity of the people and the courts. "The wife of a peasant in the district of Kremenetz appealed to the courts against her husband, charging him with beating and torturing her and with keeping her in the cold without food until she had nearly died of starvation. He had bound her stark naked to a post in the street and requested the passers-by to strike her, which he did himself each time they refused to do so. The inhuman brute had even fastened her down to the ground, and in such a position had heaped stones and heavy weights upon her body until *one of her arms had been broken.* When the wife's accusation was brought before the local tribunal, the wife-beater was found 'not guilty,' on the plea that a husband has the perfect right to beat his wife if he so chooses. On the following day the husband, emboldened by the decision, brought a counter-complaint against his wife before the same court, and it actually declared against the unfortunate woman, and by its judgment she was actually flogged publicly there and then on the spot in the most shameful manner."

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 943.)

Clifford's Heir.

ERNEST looked up expectantly to the small window of the closet adjoining his own study, where his motherless child slept, and which he could enter with quiet footfall any moment of the long evenings he often spent alone and mark every change on the sweet, rosy face asleep on the little bed. He was not disappointed, for Rose was already up and dressed, and was watching for him, with her face pressed close against the window. She ran down swiftly, and he heard her fingers busy at the fastenings of the door, which were but slight ones, for no one feared housebreakers in Clifford. There was no lack of warmth in Rose's welcome. She pulled down his sad face to hers and covered it with kisses.

" How I've missed you, father !" she said. " Why did you stay away from me all night ? I got up so early to see if you wouldn't come. I was going to run up to grandpapa's after you, if you hadn't come soon."

" Rose," he said solemnly, " I was watching with your grandfather till he went away from us all."

" *Where is he gone?*" she asked in an earnest, emphatic tone.

Ernest was silent as he drew his little daughter into the homely room where his breakfast was being laid. What could he say in reply to the important question we ask of each one that passes away from our sight and ken ? He had hitherto been so much occupied with his own position that the thought of the old man's destiny had barely touched his mind. No one knew him as well as he did, no man was better fitted to pronounce upon his doom ; but Ernest's heart sank within him as he vainly tried, for an instant, to follow the journey his step-father had taken since he had left his questioning little daughter.

" He is gone to his own place," he murmured half aloud.

" Is it a pleasant place ?" asked Rose. " Is it where you'd like us two to go, father ?"

" No, no !" he answered hastily, pressing the child closer to him ; " my darling, your grandfather is dead."

" Like my poor mamma !" said Rose in a pitiful tone. " Never mind, father. I'll make up to you for him, as well as for poor mamma. Don't I make up for her to you ?"

" Yes, my little girl," he answered tenderly.

" Are you very, very sorry he is dead ?" she inquired again, after a little pause. She did not find that she felt very sorry. He was a yellow, toothless, rough-faced old man, with a mumbling voice, of whom she had been secretly afraid ; though she had too much native sweetness and grace to show it in any way. " Are you very sorry ?"

" I am grieved," answered Ernest, stroking his child's sunny curls with as loving a touch as a mother's. For the first time he felt an emotion of grief for the old man ; for his *wasted life*, so long in passing, and so solitary in its close. Could it be possible that he had possessed the same absorbing love for Charles which Rose received from him ? What poignant anguish must the forsaken father have undergone ! What a sore spirit must he have carried about with him under his proud mien for many a past month ! The only love that had ever reached the man's hard and selfish heart had pierced it through with many sorrows.

" You'll never be very grieved for long while I'm with you !" said Rose wistfully.

" Why no ! How could I ?" he replied, rousing himself from his mournful reverie. " If my little girl is very good, and very happy, I couldn't be sorry for long. Now give me my breakfast, little woman." It was an unfailing pleasure to him to see the flush of mingled anxiety and happiness that mounted to Rose's face when she was employed in pouring out his coffee, the only part she could yet take in the management of the breakfast table. She was not tall enough to sit down to her task, and she stood at the tray, with a grave face puckered up into supernatural seriousness, as she carefully portioned out the cream and sugar, and poured out the hot coffee, breaking out into a triumphant little laugh as she placed the full cup in safety before him.

" There ! You'll never pour out my coffee for me again," she said, " as you used to do when I was a little girl. Not if I never break any of the cups and saucers ? Don't make believe I'm little again, please. I'm going to learn how to mend your stockings ; and some day, when I am quite tall, I shall wash your surplices and iron them. I'm almost a woman now I think. *Was it very cold and dark all night, father ?*"

" It was neither cold nor dark in your grandfather's room," he answered.

" Poor grandpapa !" said Rose, in a voice of awe and pity ; " did he know he was going away all alone ? Did he want to stay here a little longer ? Would grandmamma have gone with him if she could ? He would have liked somebody to go with him."

" She would rather stay with us as long as she can," replied Ernest.

" Father !" cried Rose, running to him, and throwing herself in his arms, " if you were obliged to go away, I should want to come too. I should never, never like you to leave me behind. Didn't you want to go with poor mamma when God called her ?"

" My little daughter," he answered, with soothing caresses, " we have no choice offered to us. Thank God, we are not called upon to choose whether we will go with those we love, or stay behind ! God calls each of us when He sees it best ; and none can refuse to obey, neither can we go till He calls."

" It is so strange and dreadful," sobbed Rose, hiding her face on his breast, and clasping him more tightly in her arms.

" Why ! how's this ?" he said. " My little woman was quite merry a minute ago, and now she is crying her poor little heart away. Did you love your grandfather so much ?"

" I didn't love him enough," she faltered between her sobs ; " if I'd only known I'd have tried to love him better. And now he'll never speak to me again ; and he's gone alone by himself ; and I'm afraid it's not a pleasant place, for you said you would not like you and me to go there. If I was there I'd ask God to let him go to a quiet room, where he could rest himself a little while, because he is so old ; and he should have some very quiet angels to take care of him. Might I ask God for it ? Perhaps it would not be too late yet."

" You may ask God for every thing you wish," answered Ernest soothingly. There could, he thought, be no harm in teaching his child that : but he was reluctant to burden her young mind with any theory of the great mystery and tragedy which he had just witnessed. It came home to himself more closely than any death had done since his wife's, and had awakened a whole host of questions that slumber easily enough in *the recesses* of the brain as long as death passes by our own circle.

He exerted himself to chase away the gloom on Rose's face ; and presently she was sitting again at the head of the table, chattering almost gayly, though a suppressed sob now and then forced itself from her lips. Her father had soon to leave her to go again to Clifford Grange, and Rose ran upstairs to her little room to ask God to grant a very quiet place to her old grandfather.

Ernest then set out for the Grange, and his way led through the whole length of the village street. The place was in an unusual stir and excitement, with groups of men and women standing here and there talking busily. Only the very oldest among them could remember the death of the last Clifford of Clifford, more than sixty years before ; and the news that their old master had at last laid down the burden of his extreme age had shaken the village as with the shock of an earthquake. There was no other death that could come so closely home to all of them.

They had neither loved nor respected him ; but he had been their chief, with power in hi hands which he could use for their welfare or ir jury. But it was not so much his loss, as th question who would succeed him, that was ag tating them, every one. There was scarcely child among them who had not heard their dea master say that his runaway son should be cu off from his estates, and that his step-son shoul succeed to them. Now would come the confi mation of these oaths, if they had been genuin and true.

But there was the doubt. Old Charles Cli ford had worshipped his son so openly that seemed incredible he could really leave him pe niless and landless. The villagers were veh mently discussing this doubt when Master E nest, as they still called him, became visible i the street. He felt inclined to hurry past witho speaking to these weather-beaten, hard-feature men and women ; but they came thronging abo him with the familiarity of long acquaintance.

" So th' old squire's dead and gone," said th parish clerk, a hale old man of eighty himsel " and we're all a-wondering who's to come aft him up yonder. Please God, I say, as our Mast Ernest's made squire in his stead. That's wh I'm looking for, please His holy will !"

" Nay, nay !" cried a loud shrill woman voice, " Clifford's been Clifford time out o' min Master Ernest 'll never be offended with su as we if we wishes a Clifford to come into it ; a there's none save Master Charlie, as has been lo these four years."

" Well ! we shall all see what we shall see," sa the mistress of the dame-school, the only pers in the village of whom Rose stood in aw " there's a providence in all things ; and Mast Ernest's next to own son to the old squire ; a he's almost a Clifford. He'd get the Quee leave to change his name, so it would be all one

" But it wouldn't be the old breed," object the shrill voice.

" Th' old breed's a bad breed," interrupte sturdy fisherman ; " we don't want Mas Charlie to lord it over us. I'm for Master Erne Hurrah !"

" My good folks," shouted Ernest, to get hi self heard amid the din of contending voic " as a matter of course my brother Charles w come into the estates ; and no doubt he w quickly reappear now he is Clifford of Cliffo Some among you know his whereabouts, o am very much mistaken."

" Not me," " nor me," cried a chorus of voic " We want you to have it ; you'd make a v sight *better squire than parson*," cried out a stro voice after him, as he walked hurriedly " though we've nought to say agen you parson, Master Ernest. It's only my way speaking."

Ernest kept steadily on his way, the wo ringing in his ears. He knew only too well t he did not and could not make a good pars and that the rough honest fellows about h knew it quite as well as he did. What wa that was so necessary to make him a true, e cient minister to the spiritual wants of this lit community, so shut in and hedged round fr the great world ? They loved him heartily af their fashion, and looked up to him as the m learned and scholarly man in the place.

They also looked up to him as one who co give them good counsel about their fields a their boats. There was not a fisherman am them who would not rather have him in his bo on a stormy and dangerous sea, than any ot man in the village. He was a leader am them in all things save one ; but that one the very soul of the profession he had ente into. The moment he put on the garb o clergyman he ceased to be their guide ; and k himself to be the blind leading the blind. A they knew by instinct also (Luke 6 : 39).

As Ernest drew nearer to the Grange, and its quaint old-fashioned gray pile of building ing sheltered within its own curving brow of cliff, these vexing thoughts died away, to place to others as vexing. How would he be to bear to see his brother leading a riotous, reputable life within its walls; and probably in the course of a few years bring the old place to the hammer? It had perhaps grown dearer to him since he had looked at it with the eye of a possible owner than it had been before; but it had always been an object of admiration to him. Charles was not fit to be master of it; yet he was left in absolute, unrestricted, immediate possession.

The house seemed dark and dreary when he ntered it. With a step that echoed noisily hrough the silent, stone-paved hall, Ernest rossed it to the door of the room where he knew e should find his mother. She was seated in a ow easy-chair on the hearth in the darkened oom, her face hidden behind the handkerchief he was holding up to her eyes.

Though she was nearly fifty years of age she vas still slim and almost girlish in figure; and er face, though there were a few lines on the orehead, and crow's-feet about the corners of he eyes, was nearly as round, and fair, and full, s when she had married a second time, twenty-ive years ago. Ernest stooped down to kiss her, ith an unusual emotion of tenderness and comassion for his mother, once again a widow.

It was not probable that she could feel any rofound grief at the loss that had just befallen er. Her husband, like any other man utterly rapped up in self, had made her life a weariness nd burden to her. The little love she might nce have cherished for one who had taken her om poverty, and who was the father of her vorite son, had long ago been worn out. But e had not failed in the fulfilment of her duty wards him; partly, perhaps, because he had ever released his claim upon it. She did not ft up her head when Ernest kissed her; but e moaned a little, and rocked herself to and o, as if bound to prove in this manner the epth of her affliction.

There was another occupant of the room, hower, who hailed Ernest's appearance with eageress; an elderly man, short-sighted, and slightly eaf, who had been sitting sideways by the table, d strumming upon it with his fingers, in a perexed and uncomfortable silence. He sprang up e instant the door opened, and shook hands rriedly and warmly.

"I'm here, Ernest," he said. "I came over is morning to see if I couldn't persuade the d man to do right at last. So he's gone, and m too late! I was at him only a week ago, en I saw him last. Make another will, I said; d he swore he never would. Ah! well! we ust all knock under, sooner or later, as I've en telling your mother. What is it in the urch service? There's 'but a step' between and old Clifford (1 Sam. 20:3). Susan is ore overcome than I expected; but time, Erst, time will work wonders."

"Time has not worked many wonders for me t, uncle," answered Ernest. "Come, mother, must attend to business now my uncle is here. ere are a good many matters to arrange."

"I have no heart for business so soon," murred the widow from behind her handkerchief.

'Come, come, Susan!" said her brother arply, "I cannot leave my business every day, an tell you, to dance upon you. But I know ite well the provisions of your husband's will, d the directions he has left for his funeral; so need not look to that. A *handsome funeral* will be, I promise you, and will cost a mint of ney. But there! he had a perfect right to do at he chose with his own."

(*To be continued.*)

THE LAST WORDS.

S. Lesson for Dec. 21st. Rev. 22 : 6-21. Golden Text, ver. 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IT appears that in this last chapter of the velation two voices were speaking to the Apos John—that of the angel (see 21 : 9), who is same as in verses 6, 8–11 of our subject, and o seems to speak again in verses 11 and 15. en the Lord Himself seems to break in (vers. 7 12, 13, 16–21), God gave the Revelation to Son (Rev. 1 : 1), and Jesus to the angel (21 : 16), the angel to John (22 : 6), and John to the churches (1 : 4).

"And I John saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things. Then saith He unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God." It would seem as though the angel were a glorified man, a redeemed soul like John himself, whom the Lord made use of to bear His messages, and make known his counsels in the future to the Apostle. He himself kept "the sayings of this book," and says to John, "Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book; for the time is at hand."

Is not this injunction, in common with Rev. 1 : 3, and the reiterated declaration of the Lord's speedy coming (chaps. 3 : 3, 11; 16 : 15; 22 : 7, 12, 20), a testimony sufficiently strong against the indifference and neglect of this book among a large number of Christians? What would we say to a wife to whom an absent husband wrote details concerning his return journey, and who laid the latter aside, saying, "It is too complicated and difficult, besides it is not important?" The heart of love would learn every line, search out carefully all the details, make all the needful arrangements, and then read and reread, lest any thing should have been forgotten. When we love our Lord, then all our life is lived in reference to His return, and has a provisionary character until He comes.

It is distinctly asserted that the time is at hand. Therefore, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still." It would seem as though two classes were here mentioned among the saved and two among the unsaved, just or "righteous"—*i.e.*, justified or forgiven, but of the justified some are also "*holy.*" Then of the unjust or unjustified, some are also "filthy," deeper dyed in sin than others, as in the awful descending scale (James 3 : 15): first, earthly; second, sensual; third, devilish."

Now what is our position in the light of Christ's return? justified? thank God! "but as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye *holy* in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy" (1 Pet. 1 : 15, 16). For in whatsoever state we are found when He returns, in that state shall we be *still—i.e.*, so shall we remain. Every opportunity of self-conquest in the name and for the sake of Christ comes only once in our lives; the same may seem to come again, but as it bears another date, it is not really the same, and the victory which is not gained is lost; another may be gained, but that one is lost forever. "Behold, I come quickly," says our Lord; "and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

"I am Alpha and Omega" (*i.e.*, A and O being the first and last letters of the Greek Alphabet), "the beginning and the end, the first and the last." This Christ is in Himself; is He this to us? Is He the first and the last in our business, so that He is considered before ourselves as our business partner, and His interests watched over before those of the business itself? In our pursuits, studies, occupation, work for God, etc., is Christ first, is His word law, has He always liberty of entrance, is He permitted to alter all He will? In our family arrangements, the dress and schooling of the children, the furniture, guests, food, does Jesus rule and reign? is He the first and last considered in every arrangement, or not?

Now follows a blessing. This book is full of blessings. The first words which follow the title are a blessing, and the very closing words are a blessing too. And although the book is full of God's judgments upon sin, the golden thread of blessing runs throughout. Here it is: "Blessed are they that do His commandments" (some MSS. read, "Blessed are they which have washed their robes") "that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." The tree of life, forbidden to fallen man into whose being the principle of death had entered, is now set before redeemed man, who practises the obedience in which our first parents failed, and in whom the principle of eternal life has entered. For without are dogs, etc.—and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie (see also 21 : 27).

"I Jesus have sent Mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." The root of David as well as the offspring. David came of Him who created him, and He came of David through His incarnation. And the bright and morning star. This is the star of which Balaam prophesied (Num. 24 : 17): "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever" (Dan. 12 : 3). But there is only one Morning Star, one who has come to shine in the night and to herald the daybreak of His kingdom.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come." She is no bride who does not enter into the bridegroom's heart and do this work; and because He is come to seek and to save that which was lost, so must His bride, in His name and in His strength, seek for the lost and perishing to bring them unto Him. All the bearing of His bride should say to lost sinners, Come to Jesus; her words and deeds should all proclaim His invitation. There can be no heart to heart intercourse with Jesus if lost souls are no burden upon us. How can we leave those to perish for whom He died if we have any real love to Him?

But again: "Let him that heareth say, Come." The very fact that we have found Him ourselves is our warrant and our obligation to proclaim His salvation to others. Souls are perishing, and we are guilty of their blood (Eze. 3 : 18) if we are not winning them to Christ. It is not for us to put the responsibility on others. Love will find opportunities of speaking to them. But if no message by the hand of a brother reaches some longing soul, yet the Master has one for him. "Let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Thus the responsibility is thrown upon the sinner, and the only possible reason why any sinner is unsaved is that he has not chosen to accept the water of life which is offered to him freely, and *now*.

A solemn warning follows. In Deut. 4 : 2, and 12 : 32, God commanded, "Ye shall not add unto the Word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it." Here in our subject the Lord says, "I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." Thus we see that there are literal plagues, like the plagues of Egypt. "And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." Now, while we know that no man can pluck Christ's sheep out of His hand, who know His voice and follow Him (John (10 : 28), yet such a warning as this is not to be passed over lightly, for the Lord Himself declares that whoever takes from the words which are written in this book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, etc.

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen." What shall we say to Him? Are we ready? Are our bodies, souls, houses, families, businesses, just ready for Him? Can we let out our hearts with John, and cry with tears, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Oh! can we consent to live another hour in a state which does not warrant us in this call to Him to come? Can we be justified in living as though His coming were not imminent? You say, But He has tarried 1800 years. If your eyes are open you will see clear signs of His approach. Readers, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

1880.

As the year 1879 draws to a close, we thank the public of the United States and of Canada for the hearty appreciation with which it has received the CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES. The history of religious journalism in America can show no parallel to the success of this paper. In *thirteen months* it has found subscribers in every State of the Union, in five Provinces of Canada, in South America, in the West Indies, and in Polynesia. Besides, it is sold on the stands of the American News Company, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The extracts given below represent only a small part of all the letters received by us within the brief space of about six weeks. They were taken as they came, yet they represent *thirty-one States*, besides several Canadian Provinces. We receive scores of such commendations every month. This rapid and wide-spread popularity is to be ascribed to:

1st. THE BLESSING OF ALMIGHTY GOD,

whose blessing has been implored by the proprietor and the conductors at every step of the enterprise, and who has been graciously pleased to prosper this attempt to publish *the Gospel for the million*—the pure Gospel and the simple Gospel, without a word of controversy or of denominational doctrines.

2d. THE CHARACTER OF THE PAPER.

The utmost pains are taken to *illuminate* the columns of every number. There is nothing dull or heavy in any part of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. The biographies are freshly written and are always extremely interesting. The serial stories are full of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; we choose this mode to present the Way of Salvation to persons who will not read any other part of the paper. Finally, the latest current sermons of Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage, of which we are *the authorized publishers*, are surpassed by no productions of uninspired man. The gospel has not been preached since the Reformation with greater clearness and power than it is by these two servants of God. Sermons by eminent preachers of other denominations are given occasionally.

3d. THE LOW PRICE.

A single copy, containing both the above-mentioned sermons, costs only three cents. The annual subscription is only $1.50, postage free. There has probably never been a religious paper of any description so cheap in this country; and the CHRISTIAN HERALD is a *first-class* and an *illustrated* paper. This makes it easy to collect subscriptions for it.

The public cannot be too positively informed that the sermons by Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon, published in this journal *without fail every week*, are the preachers' *latest* Sunday morning sermons, and are *authenticated* by them. *Not one is hashed up.* We get a manuscript copy of Dr. Talmage's sermon from the Doctor's own hand at No. 1, South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, every Monday morning; while in the case of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, we have specially arranged with that minister's London publishers to receive *advance sheets* of them, so that we can publish the sermons before any one else can do so.

We offer exceptionally liberal terms to ministers, clubs, agents, and all benevolent and charitable institutions; and we invite any person, lady or gentleman, to act as agent, beginning, if he please, with only a single subscription. Very many persons of independent means have accepted this offer, and have relinquished their commission in order to give the paper to poor people or to unconverted acquaintances. Let any one send to us for a sample copy of our "Agent's Edition," and it will be mailed free.

NOTICE.

Subscriptions may begin at any time of the year, and they are taken for long or short periods; but no commission is allowed on a subscription of less than six months. Any person sending two names with $1.50 each *may get the paper to himself, post free, for a year.* The only restriction we insist upon is, that subscribers must send remittances with their orders. Our "Due Book" has been a plague of our existence during this year; so we have resolved to abolish it entirely. Therefore, let all who wish to renew for 1880, and all new subscribers, write and remit in response to this invitation.

THE following unsolicited expressions of appreciation and of gratitude, received during a *few weeks*, are a specimen of the hearty kindness with which our readers continually encourage us and our contributors in the common service of the Lord:

— —, Miss.: "I can truly say that I will be glad to know that the C. H. has a great circulation in this part of the country. . . . It is one of the best papers published, and should be taken and read by all Christians." (Sept. 2.)

— — —, Pa.: "I am taking a great interest in your paper, the C. H., and would like to make its circulation a still larger one."

— — —, Tex.: "I enjoy the reading of your paper. . . . The sermons cannot be excelled."

— — —, N. C.: "God bless your paper! I look upon it as a weekly treat. I am glad you publish those precious sermons by Talmage and Spurgeon." (Sept. 3.)

— — —, N. Y.: "I confess to surprise at the excellence of the HERALD. It is so good I want it for myself and my family."

— — —, N. J.: "Your valuable paper I esteem as one of the best published."

— — —, Ind.: "We will send the price of the paper for another year as soon as possible. We like the paper well." (Sept. 4.)

— — —, Wis.: "I like the paper very much."

— — —, N. Y.: "I like it very much, and thank you for it."

C. N. H., Iowa: "Your paper is well liked here." (Sept. 5.)

H. N. B., Me.: "I have received the sample copy of the C. H., and am delighted with it. I must have the paper."

H. T. M.: "Your valuable paper is *borrowed*,* read, and appreciated in Glasgow."

F. N. A., Conn.: "I have the HERALD every week from one of our newsdealers, and consider it the choicest of religious periodicals." (Sept. 8.)

J. W. H., Ohio: "I am a reader of your excellent paper, and appreciate it highly. I cannot help wishing you abundant success in your great and good work."

M. B., N. C.: "I am receiving the HERALD regularly, and am well pleased with it. I think it will take wherever known."

L. G. O., Conn.: "For the first time in my life I saw your choice little paper yesterday. My heart went out toward it for myself and this people."

S. J. H., N. C.: "God bless the editors of the C. H.! God bless the sermons of Talmage and Spurgeon to the awakening and conversion of many souls." (Sept. 10.)

T. M., Canada: "It is reported that the C. H., published by you, is a valuable paper. Will you please forward a specimen number."

S. E. W., N. Y.: "Your paper is excellent."

A SUNDAY SCHOOL teacher in Illinois sends ten names for the paper, with the subscription-money, and writes: "These are all small scholars in my class in Sabbath-School. I want to get the paper introduced into their families."

J. C. U., N. Y.: "I would not have my file broken for a good deal."

J. M., Ohio: "—— says he must have the paper."

L. B. B., Va.: "I have read your paper with much pleasure and profit."

W. K., Ill.: "I am well pleased with the HERALD, and like the tone of the paper." (Sept. 11.)

L. M. P., Conn.: "I was very much interested."

B. P. W., S. C.: "Having seen a few copies of the paper, I am much pleased and hope to see it extensively circulated in this section." (Sept. 12.)

S. P. F., N. Y.: "I must say I am very much pleased with it."

E. W., Ky.: "The HERALD comes to my address regularly; I am well pleased with it." (Sept. [illegible])

F. N. D., Tex.: "I have been taking your paper a few weeks, and am much pleased with it; a Christian paper."

S. J. B., Ohio: "I like the C. H. very much better than any paper I have ever taken. Praying that the Gospel which it preaches may reach many, very many precious souls, etc."

[illegible], D. D., Mass.: "Please send a package of your most excellent paper for distribution in my congregation." (Sept. 15.)

J. W. C., Ill.: "I cannot afford to do without the C. H. It makes a volume of the most valuable and practical knowledge. I consider the sermons, expositions of prophecy, and comments on the Sunday-school lessons worth five times the money. May the Lord bless it to the good of the Church and the salvation of many souls."

J. A., Cal.: "The last number was worth its weight in gold to me. No mine of this State is as rich as this, your paper."

A. T. S., Ohio: "All the present subscribers think very much of the paper." (Sept. 16.)

E. H. W., S. C.: "I cannot do without it. I thank God for the noble work that it is accomplishing." (Sept. 17.)

W. B. G., Iowa: "The more I read the more I like it and profit by it. Words cannot express how much I value it. I pity all who cannot drink in the doctrines taught by the C. H." (Sept. 19.)

C. B. E., Ill., calls the C. H. "a valuable paper," and adds, "I am very desirous of doing all the good that lies in my power, and one way is by interesting others in your paper." *The writer pays for four subscriptions for acquaintances.* (Sept. 20.)

J. J., Canada: "I do not think there is a better paper for the price in circulation."

J. C. C., Canada: "It is looked for each week with increasing interest."

W. H. R., Mass.: "I like the paper very much, and others that I have given it to like it well." (Sept. 22.)

W. E. L., Ill.: "Your paper is obtaining a fine popularity in this vicinity."

S. E. W., Tex.: "I like it exceedingly."

A. E., Vt.: "I cannot do without it." (Sept. 25.)

E. C. S., R. I.: "I like the paper very much, and wish to introduce it into this section. Wishing you a grand success, etc." (Sept. 26.)

W. H. E., N. Y.: "I could hardly do without your paper. I think it is the best paper published."

L. M. B., Mich.: We would be glad to devote our whole time to the interests of this much-loved little paper if we could live by it." (Sept. 27.)

F. A. T., Conn.: "I am trying to introduce the C. H. in this community, as I think it is the best religious paper in existence."

J. M. F., Ala.: "We have become very much interested in the paper. We desire the paper to be more extensively circulated in our own immediate country."

J. W., Miss.: "I am so pleased with the C. H. that I would be glad if it had a more extensive circulation in our churches."

A. N. M., Ga.: "I love to read the sermons and prophetic sketches." (Sept. 29.)

W. N. X., Tenn.: (asks for a package of copies for distribution) "I think they would be the means of doing a great deal of good."

J. S. H., Ky.: "I cannot do without the paper."

J. C. N., Ohio; "Please continue sending the paper to me. I am a good deal interested in your paper."

E. R. W., Mich.: "Your excellent paper, I have wanted it from week to week."

J. W. R., Pa.: "I value it more and more for its evangelical influence and character." (Sept. 30.)

A LADY in Connecticut, at a place where there is no pastor, and no religious service except a weekly meeting in her house, writes: "I read one of those good sermons this afternoon in our prayer-meeting. I have given the papers sent to eager hearts and hands."

A. M. C., N. Y.: "I wish you every success, and will do all I can to increase its circulation."

W. H. M., Colo., sends a subscription and says: "Oblige an admirer of your very excellent paper."

H. A. B., N. C., sends three subscriptions and says: "I was much pleased with the specimen copy you sent me."

R. W., Ill.: "It gives me so much spiritual food that I prize it above all my other papers."

J. M. O., Pa.: "Please inform me what time my subscription expires. I do not want to lose a number."

J. McD., N. J.: "I wish to introduce it if possible. I like it. I take it every week from a newsdealer. I think everybody should read it." (Oct. 1.)

P. L. H., Ga.: "Of the many religious papers which I see, I know of none that I admire so well as the C. H."

J. M. F., Ala.: "I ever remain a friend to your paper."

J. H. A., Iowa: "I cannot do without it. I would not think of having it discontinued."

R. G. G., Pa.: "The C. H. is an excellent paper, and I want my children to become enchanted with it, and fancy that the sermons and other good things in it may lead them to Jesus." (Oct. 3.)

R. L., Pa.: "We like the paper very much."

H. R. O., Ga.: "I do not want to lose a paper. I cannot do without it."

M. G., Ark.: "I think more of the HERALD than of any other paper."

H. R. H., Ill.: "I read your paper with unabated interest. To me it is a *model* religious paper."

E. C. J., S. C.: "I receive your paper regularly, and prize the articles on prophecy very highly." (Oct. 4.)

G. M., Md.: "I deem your paper to be well suited to instruct and stir up the colored preachers." (Subscriptions to the amount of *five dollars* enclosed.)

E. M. A., Ill.: "It supplies a long-felt want, and has our very best wishes."

J. N., Tex.: "I read the C. H. and S. of our T. with delight, and am especially pleased with your articles on prophecy. I heartily recommend it to all my friends."

A. G. S., Tex.: "The matter is very excellent. I love the C. H. much. With kind regards and prayers for your success and usefulness, etc."

G. W. C., Canada: "I prize it highly."

M. A. N., Ga.: "The best religious paper, I believe, in this country. I gave —— a copy for a year, and also —— a copy for twelve months. Every one I have ever conversed with on the subject is pleased with the paper. My son, a Baptist minister, takes the HERALD, and is greatly pleased with it."

R. H. H., Kans. "I am perfectly delighted with it. We read it ourselves and loan it to our neighbors." (Oct. 6.)

J. T., Canada: "We love the HERALD."

J. P. M., Ohio: "Am highly pleased with it."

W. A. G., Ky.: "I would not do without the Sunday-schoo Lesson for twice the money."

G. H. A., Conn.: "I am well pleased with the publication. (Oct. 7.)

T. M., Me.: "The C. H. is just the paper I needed, and w like it very much. It brings light and comfort to our home."

E. H., Pa.: "I have read the C. H. with much interest an profit for the last six or eight months."

M. D., Ill.: "We think it is the best paper we have taken."

E. K., Mo.: "I have no words to express how highly I estee your soul-inspiring paper." (Oct. 8.)

J. G. A., Pa.: "I do not like to miss one copy of your valuat HERALD."

S. W. B., Ind.: "I would that each member of my church w a subscriber. God bless the noble men who are making it an i strument capable of doing so much good." (Oct. 10.)

N. G., La.: "I thank you kindly for sending your C. H. They are so full of truth. It is Gospel truth."

W. M., Ky.: "I enjoy the sermons very much."

L. B. R., N. Y., encloses *two dollars* to send the paper t friend, and writes: "I know of no better way of doing good w the printed page. I am already a subscriber and like it much. is strictly a religious newspaper."

R. L. G., N. J.: "I think there is no religious paper like it. recommend it on all occasions." (Oct. 11.)

W. L. S., N. C.: "I am trying to put the C. H. in ev family."

T. B., Minn., encloses a subscription and writes: "Please ward your paper to —— ——, and forward the work of spread the good news. I think your papers are just what we wa (Oct. 14.)

V. N., Ala.: "Our family enjoy your paper very much, an wish —— and —— to have it."

W. N., N. Y.: "I like the paper so much I am trying to in duce it to my friends."

W. B., Canada: "I highly appreciate your paper."

J. H. W., Pa.: "I think the C. H. is an excellent Chris paper and should be in every Christian family." (Oct. 15.)

J. A. G., Ill.: "I have enjoyed your paper so much th take upon myself to do this;" (*i.e.*, to send *five annual subs tions* for acquaintances).

W. D. B., N. J.: "The C. H. is a *necessity* in our family, to friends to whom we furnish it."

C. W. G., N. Y.: "I will do all in my power to further circulation of your valuable paper."

W. J. C., Md.: "It will be the means of doing much good.

J. M. S., Ga.: "Thanking you for the rich feast contain every number, and praying for the continued health of that Christian worker, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, I am, etc."

J. H. S., Md.: "I cannot refrain from saying that every se in these papers by Dr. Talmage is worth (to every lover of (and truth) ten times the price of a year's subscription. The *as a whole*, must prove a blessing to all who read it. May the abundantly reward your labors, is my prayer."

⁂ We have omitted a few cases in which the writers favors while they bestowed praise.

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* We hope it will be *bought* soon!—Ed. C. H.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ıblished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken. This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. LMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, or some other ıinent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc. **The Circulation is 165,000 Copies.**

Single Copies, Three Cents. **THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1879.** **13th Year. No. 61—New Series.**

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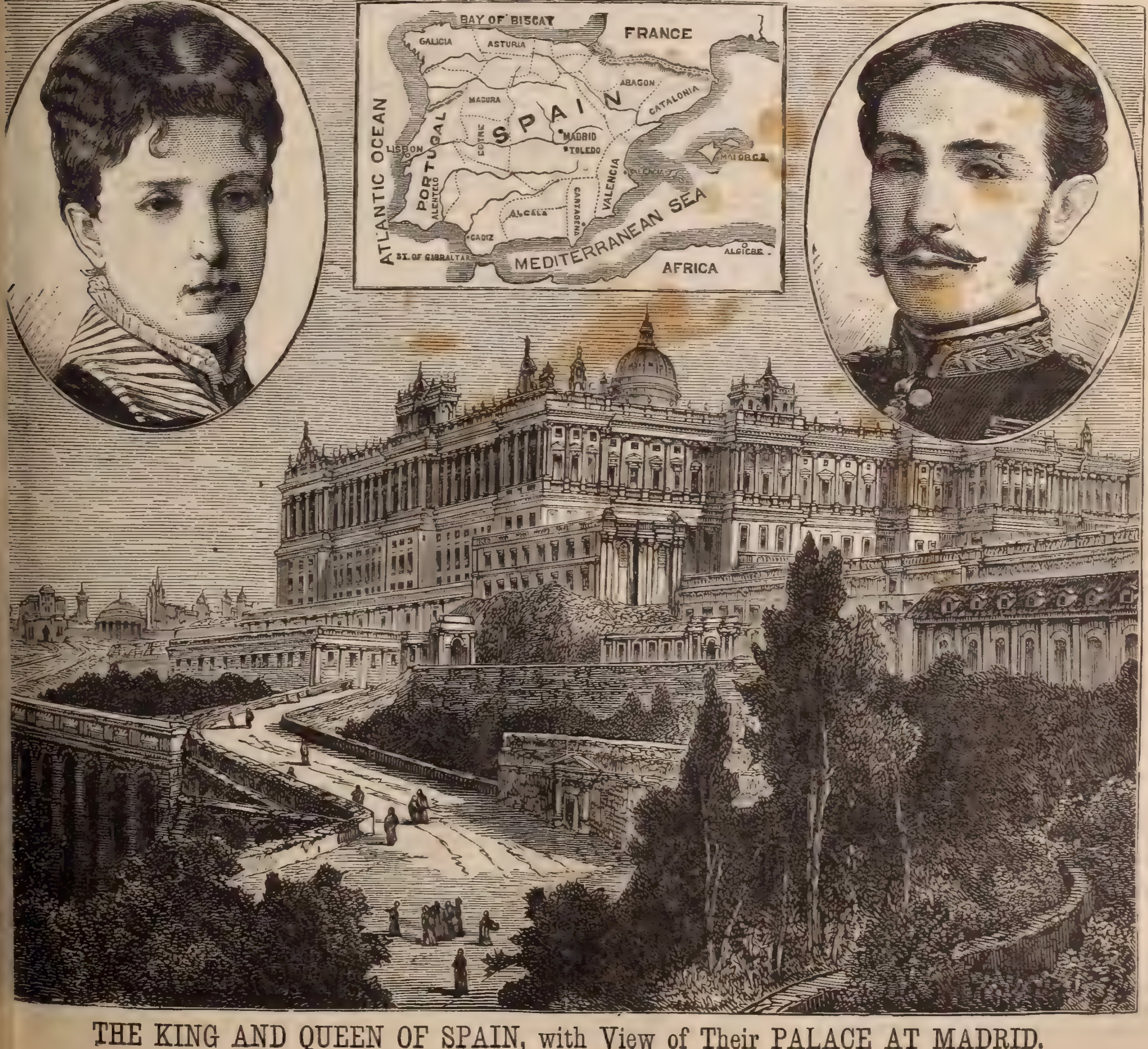
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THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN, with View of Their PALACE AT MADRID.

ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

His Birth, Education, and Exile—Troubles in Spain—"What is Exile?"—He ascends the Throne in 1874—He takes Command of an Army against Don Carlos—Incidents and Character—His First Marriage.

THIS young king boasts of the following medley of names: Alfonso, Francesco de Assisi, Ferdinando, Pio Juan, Maria de la Conception, Gregorio, etc. He is the only son of the ex-queen of Spain Isabella II., and was born on November 28th, 1857; he is therefore 22 years of age at present.

When his mother was driven from the throne of Spain in 1868 by the revolutionary party, he fled with her to Paris. They received a cordial welcome from the Emperor Napoleon III., who on their arrival, accompanied by the Empress, hastened to pay them a visit. *An incident* occurred on the return of the Imperial party which subsequent events have invested with sad significance. Napoleon in conversation with the Empress made some allusion to the sad interview in the presence of the little Prince Imperial, who suddenly exclaimed:

"Where are they going, papa?"

"Who?" inquired the Emperor.

"Why, the king you have been seeing."

"Louis, they are going into exile."

"*Where is exile?*" inquired the child.

The Emperor smiled sadly, and putting his hand on his son's head, made an evasive reply to satisfy the curiosity of the child. He said:

"You shall know when you are bigger."

As our readers are aware, after a few years had passed away the boy had no need to ask for a definition of the melancholy word.

In Paris Alfonso went as a day-scholar to the celebrated Jesuit College of Stanislas. At that time he did not know a word of French, so that language was made his first study. He occupied a little study to himself very simply and plainly furnished, and was treated in all respects on an equality with his school-fellows.

While Alfonso was quickly learning French under his Jesuit tutor,

AFFAIRS IN SPAIN

were in inextricable confusion. The revolution which had driven the Royal Family into exile was the work exclusively of the army and navy, but the nation, disgusted with the personal character of the queen, had acquiesced in the change. But the conspirators discovered after they had succeeded so far, that dislike to the reigning family was almost the only sentiment on which they were agreed. While some advocated the proclamation of a Republic of a communistic character and a redistribution of property, others urged the restoration of the monarchy with their respective protegés for the crown. A provisional government was ultimately appointed to maintain order until the future form of government should be settled by a Cortes elected by universal suffrage.

When the Cortes assembled it was decided by a large majority that Spain should adhere to the monarchical form of government, but when the question arose as to the person on whose head the crown should be placed, innumerable disputes were excited, and the Cortes adjourned, leaving the matter still in abeyance. After a short vacation the Cortes reassembled in November, 1869, and the discussion was resumed.

Early in the year 1870 a project was started to place on the throne of Spain Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a Prussian subject, distantly related to the Royal Family of that kingdom. The relations between the Courts of Berlin and Paris had for a long time been in a strained condition, and this proposal fanned the smouldering embers of jealousy and dislike into a blaze. The Emperor Napoleon declared war against Prussia, and in the struggle which followed lost his own throne.

Prince Leopold's name was withdrawn as a candidate for the Spanish throne, and negotiations were opened with Prince Amadeus, second son of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, who was ultimately elected king by the Cortes, despite the earnest protest of many sincere Republicans. At the time of the election of this prince to fill the throne Alfonso was also a candidate, but while Amadeus received 191 votes only two were recorded for Alfonso.

On the outbreak of the Franco-German War, Alfonso, then known as the Prince of Asturias, removed to Geneva, and thence to Vienna, where he continued his military studies in the Theresianum, or Nobleman's Academy. He remained three months in Vienna, and it was probably during that period that he first saw the lady who has now become his bride. Leaving Vienna Alfonso went to England and entered as a student at the Military College at Sandhurst, where he had as fellow-students the young Prince Imperial of France and the Duke of Connaught, third son of Queen Victoria.

The Italian prince, who as King of Spain sought to restore order and harmony in the distracted country, soon found the task impracticable. He failed to win the allegiance of the Spanish grandees, and the masses of the people were inspired with that aversion to his rule which the people usually entertain for that of a foreigner. He several times narrowly escaped assassination, and weary of his hopeless effort he abdicated in the year 1873.

The abdication of King Amadeus was followed by the proclamation of a Republic, of which Castelar made himself Dictator. The Cortes, however, refused to recognize his authority, and the government passed into the hands of Marshal Serrano, who held office for about a year. The distracted state of the country and the general lack of adhesion among the leaders and the officers of the army and navy brought about a state of anarchy. At this juncture of affairs, on December 29th, 1874, General Martinez Campos and Captain-General Primo de Riviera, supported by the army, suddenly proclaimed the young

ALFONSO, KING OF SPAIN,

under the title of Alfonso XII.

When the news of his proclamation as King reached him, Alfonso was on a visit to his mother in Paris, whither he had gone in order to spend New Year's Day with her.

The following anecdote, which is told by the *Whitehall Review*, relates to this period of his life, and will serve to illustrate the phlegmatic temperament which is one of the distinctive characteristics of Alfonso XII. The telegram announcing the proclamation of the young man as King did not reach the hotel where he was staying, in Paris, till late at night. Every one was asleep except the fond and anxious mother, who, immediately on reading the despatch containing the glad tidings, hurried to her son's bedroom. "See! read!" she cried, waking Don Alfonso from a sound sleep. "You are King of Spain. Permit me, sire," she continued, changing her tone of voice, "*to kiss your hand* as the first of Your Majesty's subjects." Don Alfonso looked at his mother sleepily for a moment, languidly drew his hand from under the coverlet, presented it to Queen Isabella's lips, and then, turning over, fell asleep again without having uttered a word. Many other stories are told of the young king which illustrate this temperament, and which also show him to be possessed of great courage and determination.

Hastening to Madrid he was most enthusiastically received on January 14th, 1875, and on February 15th, 1876, left that capital to take the command of the army which it had been found necessary to place in the field to operate against Don Carlos, his cousin, who had ever since 1873 been fighting, at the head of a large army of Ultramontane adherents, for the throne of Spain. Within a month the young king returned to Madrid in triumph. Don Carlos had been discomfited and had fled; some of his adherents, who were called Carlists, were banished, and others made submission to Alfonso.

In the same year (1876) his mother was allowed to return to Spain. Two years afterwards, June 29th, 1878, he married his cousin,

THE PRINCESS MARIA DE LAS MERCEDES,

Infanta of Spain, and daughter of the Duc d Montpensier. She was then in her eighteentl year. The marriage was violently opposed b the mother of the young king, and she lef Madrid in fury. The Spanish Ministers wer also opposed to the match, but Alfonso ha loved his cousin from his boyhood, and with th determination which distinguishes men of h temperament he insisted on having his own wa The devotion of Alfonso to his young wife ma be gathered from the following expressions h made use of after her early death:

"From my earliest youth she was my on thought. Her image was ever present in m mind, when I passed my examinations at th Vienna Theresianum, amid my comrades at th military school in England, in my study, and the battle lines of Lacar. I loved her as kin rarely do, and I lived with her like the mo affectionate bourgeois. We were never apa We shared alike work, pleasure, and dang Whenever I went out shooting by myself brought her home my bag. I told her befo hand whatever I meant to say in public speech She took deep interest in every thing I did, eve thing I said, and every thing I attempted."

The happiness of the royal pair was very bri for the young queen was stricken with typh fever, and died only five months after her m riage. Alfonso was overcome with grief, shut himself up in his palace to weep over t coffin of his dead wife, and for two months fused to see any one except his secretary, a would not attend to public business. But gr ually his grief was assuaged, and he has now entered the bonds of matrimony.

An account which has been published of

THE KING'S DAILY LIFE,

does not present a very exalted idea of his ch acter or a hopeful one of the good results of reign on the nation over which he is plac A correspondent of a prominent journal sa

"His Majesty rises late, and his first car to bathe his face carefully in Barége water counteract the effects of *a cutaneous affec* which he inherits from his mother. Then, a swallowing innumerable sweet biscuits and large cups of chocolate, he pays a visit to stables; then presides at a Cabinet Cour signs some decrees, and spends the aftern and evening riding or driving about the cap When court mourning does not prevent from doing so, the King, accompanied by sister, goes regularly almost every evening the theatre or opera, and every Saturday sunset he repairs, with his sister and all court, to the Church of Atocha to hear the vice."

A life so empty and frivolous must essarily be a useless one, but as the offic king has of late years become chiefly of an c mental character, they being satisfied *reigning* while their ministers *govern*, it is p ble Spain may not suffer by the inefficienc her chosen king.

MARIE CHRISTINE, QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Her Family and Personal Characteristics—er Charity—Her Marriage—The Wedding T seau—How the Bride said Yes.

THIS distinguished lady is a scion o he ancient and historically great reigning fami of Hapsburg, of which the Emperor of Aust is the head, and in which this handsome bride eld the position of Archduchess. It is a sin lar coincidence that she should have becom he consort of the King of Spain, as her family ve been so intimately associated with Spain i he height of its ancient grandeur, at the tin o Ferdinand and Isabella.

It was very soon after the death of the rst queen of Alfonso XII. that Spanish politi ans recognized the necessity, owing to State re ns, that their king should seek another mat ne nial alliance. Some reports, as far back the month of February, mentioned the Au ian Archduchess Marie Christine Henrietta esirée, daughter of an uncle to the presen Em-his marriage with a princess palatine ary.

he young Archduchess was born in 1858. lost her father six years ago. Her mother, Archduchess Elizabeth Françoise Marie, a widow of the Archduke Ferdinand Vic- of ste, when she married the Archduke les Ferdinand of Hapsburg. Christine had red one of the orders of Chanoinesses which in Prague for ladies of noble birth, and abbess of her chapter, though not bound to the Order for life, no vows being re- these lay establishments. It is by no uncommon for ladies of the court to thus some years into seclusion.

was in this quiet retreat, apart from the capital of Austria and away from the bril- court of the Hapsburgs, that the Princess one day startled with the intelligence that Ministers of King Alfonso had cast their on her as the successor to Queen Mercedes. The first advances in

THE ROYAL COURTSHIP

made through diplomatists, but these pre- having been arranged, Alfonso ap- in person to the Princess for her private nt. He travelled to Arcachon, where she and immediately on his arrival paid a her home. It was dusk. The King pro- turn in the garden. The Archduchess and her stepmother and all the Aus- Spanish courtiers, as had been no aged beforehand among them, remained drawing-room. When the happy pair re- the villa, Christine, who had an engaged her finger, led the monarch to her step- whom she thus addressed in French: the honor, madame, to present to you your husband." Alfonso gallantly kissed of the Archduchess Charles, who, he would accept from him the duty of a

Archduchess Christine has a charm ulness which have won all hearts. tall and slender figure and a lovable blue eyes, dimpled cheeks, and some- air. Her small hands, almost like a and a silvery voice complete a graceful She has been educated under the care of her mother, to whom she is attached. She is as well acquainted with languages as with her own. She paints mostly flowers, and is an ex- pianist. In Gmünden, where the family Archduchess regularly passed the sum- Archduchess occupied herself with ing under the tuition of a clever

claims to the interest and regard of do not depend wholly on her per- appearance, for she is said to have a dis- markable for

KINDNESS AND CONSIDERATION

of those around her. It is related since her childhood she has regularly year a number of *warm garments*, self, to the poor children of Gmün- that she is much attached to her for- s and governesses, and is full of at- regard for her attendants. In Vienna beloved; and her charities have conspicuous as her beauty. Though only to the flattery of courtiers, she the poor, and was always on the er help to those who were afflicted in mind, body, or estate. These ing memorial of her when the hon- antry with which she has been re- nded will be forgotten.

record of honor the Archduchess Madrid on November 24th, and was great demonstrations of welcome sh people. The king and his sis- ministers of state, and the principal military authorities were present at the station, and joined in the public wel- After the public reception the Arch- Madrid, and took up her residence Palace, which is about five miles from the capital, whither she was accompanied by her mother, the Archduchess Elizabeth, and several members of her family.

On the wedding-day, November 29, the bridal procession returned to Madrid, and at the church of "Our Lady of Atocha" the marriage was celebrated in the presence of all the dignitaries of Spain. The nobles assembled in their official robes, which for grandeur have no equals in the world. A much larger company of these representatives of the ancient families of Spain were present than on the occasion of the former marriage of the king, showing plainly that the country is more settled, and that the revolted grandees of "proud Castile" who had rallied round Don Carlos are now disposed to return to their allegiance to King Alfonso.

Our fair readers may be interested in knowing that the trousseau of the Queen of Spain was exhibited in the palace of her uncle, the Archduke Albrecht, in Vienna, for a few days. It was, of course, an object of great attraction. Many of the articles of dress and ornament are copied from ancient patterns in the royal wardrobes of Europe, and on every article the Spanish crown surmounts the Archduchess's monogram. There is enough *house linen* to furnish a whole palace, and lace is lavished in profusion on every thing. Some of the handkerchiefs are embroidered in *pure gold*, and the various costumes are most magnificent, several being trimmed with real silver lace.

The wedding toilet was not exhibited, neither were the twelve dresses which the king, according to an old Spanish custom, presented to his bride. The Queen of the Belgians gave the wedding veil, which was made of Brussels lace, with the Spanish royal arms forming the chief design. The bridal dress was of silver brocade.

THE ROYAL PALACE OF MADRID.

THIS handsome pile, called the *Escurial*, is the most striking architectural feature in the city of Madrid. It is of comparatively recent date, and stands upon a commanding height on the site of a former famous palace, which was destroyed by fire in 1734. Not only the building perished in the conflagration, but with it were destroyed its contents, including many priceless treasures — the great picture, the "Torre Horada," by Titian, diamonds worth fabulous sums, and a pearl called "The Orphan," because it had no equal in the world.

Its *architect* was Giovanna Battista Saccheti, and the great edifice is built of white stone not unlike marble, the whole forming a very fine specimen of Tuscan architecture. Its internal fittings are on very majestic proportions, the ceilings are in fresco, the grand staircase is of black and white marble. Upon this staircase are two lions in black marble, upon one of which Napoleon I. placed his hand when he entered the palace in 1805, with the remark, "At last I hold thee, thou much-longed-for Spain."

Its gardens are not worthy of such a palace. "A Spaniard," one has said, "does not know a garden-bed from its paths." In its stables and coach-houses there are the elements necessary for a Court famed for pageantry and display. There are 500 Catalanian mules in them, and horses from every country. The cream-colored horses from Aranjuez, by which the state coach was drawn at the wedding, are among the finest in the world.

Beneath all this grandeur, trickles the humble river *Manzonares*, which at its best is but a turbid gutter, whose scanty stream scarcely keeps the city washerwomen in water, and which has been the subject of many a joke. A wit told Philip IV., King of Spain, he had better sell his bridge of Toledo, of which he was very proud, and buy a river. It has also been compared to the universities of Spain, having holidays all the summer, and *curso*, a course or current, only in the winter months. This palace is not used during the summer months because of the excessive heat; but the winter is no less a time of danger, for while in the "dog days" every thing seems red-hot to the touch, yet in the winter the sentries are not unfrequently frozen to death at their posts.

The site for Madrid as the capital of Spain was selected by Charles V., King of Spain, first, because the air assisted to ease his gout, and, secondly, because it was the centre of the peninsula of which Spain and Portugal form the whole. But the monarch did not notice that the air of the district is so subtle that while it will not extinguish a light, at the same time it will slay a host.

TRUSTING JESUS.

By the Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken.

SOME little time ago I was conducting a mission in the North of England. There I met with a young person in great distress of soul. She had been several months in that state. I saw she was of *a melancholy temperament*, and I was apprehensive lest the long pressure should in any way affect her mind and ultimately undermine her reason. I tried to set before her what I have been setting before you to-night. She only answered with a shake of the head and said, "I can't trust Jesus; I don't know how." "Will you trust me?" "Oh, yes, I will trust you." "Are you quite sure you trust me?" "Yes, I do."

"But suppose it were a matter of paying into my hands every farthing you possess in the world, so that I should have the means of ruining you and stripping you of all your worldly possession? Suppose there were some reason that led you to feel that that would be expedient, would you do it?" She smiled, and thought a moment: "Well, I do not think I should." "I should be very much surprised if you did; it would be very rash of you to trust an utter stranger with every farthing you had in the world. But supposing it was a great object to be able to tust me, how would you set about it? Would you try to work yourself up into an enthusiasm of trust, so that you should at last say, 'I *will* trust him?'"

"No, sir, I should not set about it in that way." "Well, you would be a great fool if you did; that would not make me trustworthy. But how would you set about it?" "Oh, well, I should make inquiry." "Exactly. You would probably write to the vicar of the parish, the bishop of the diocese, and two or three well-known clergymen, and say, 'Do you know anything about Mr. Aitken?' And if they all bore the same witness and said, 'We have known him from a child, and he is thoroughly trustworthy,' then you would come to the conclusion that you could safely trust your property to me.

"Now, apply that to your soul's relation to Jesus. You find it difficult to believe in Him: *make a few inquiries*. Go and ask that poor penitent woman who bathed his feet with her tears. "Poor sorrowful-hearted sinner, surely thou hast trusted Jesus. Didst thou find Him trustworthy?' I think you will get the answer: 'I came to Him with a heart heavy with woe and wearied with guilt, and I heard Him say, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee."' Go to that robber who is hanging over eternity, the darkness of death and hell ready to swallow him up. Ask him, 'What do you think or know about Jesus?' He would reply, 'I was a poor sinner trembling on the brink of doom—but another stepped between me and hell. Jesus Christ stretched out his own hands, and put them between me and hell, and said, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."'

"Yes, *Jesus is trustworthy*; you may safely trust Him. So you might go through the New Testament, and find out, if you can, whether there is one single instance of a person who trusted Jesus and found Him fail. Then let us go to Him whose witness *must* be true. 'If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater.' What is the witness of God concerning His Son? As I make my appeal to 'the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible,' I seem to get from the throne the answer I have suggested, 'Sinner, I trusted my Son Jesus to save the world; you may trust him safely to save your soul.'"

RELIGION IN COMMON THINGS.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, Dec. 14, 1879.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him."—PROVERBS 3 : 6.

Genuine Religion not Spasmodic—Religion should be brought into Ordinary Life—I. Into Ordinary Conversation — Religion often an Unwelcome Theme—The Difference between Cant and Christian Converse—II. Into Ordinary Employment —Nothing too Insignificant for God's Notice—A Swindling Deacon—A Sabbath all the Week—The Romance Gone Out of Life—Alps Still to Scale—III. Into our Trials—Little Annoyances —In the Sculptor's Studio—How God fashions Character—IV. Into our Ordinary Blessings— —No Gratitude after Uneventful Journeys—Thanksgiving all the Year—The Hiss of Everlasting Scorn.

THERE has been a tendency in all lands and ages to set apart certain days, places, and occasions for especial religious service, and to think that they formed the realm in which religion was chiefly to act. Now, while holy days and holy places have their use, they can never be a substitute for continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words, a man cannot be so good a Christian on Sabbath that he can afford to be a worldling all the week.

If a steamer start for Southampton, and sail one day in that direction, and the other six days sail in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? Just as soon as a man will get to heaven who sails on the Sabbath day toward that which is good, and the other six days of the week sails toward the world, the flesh, and the devil. You cannot eat so much at *the Sabbath banquet* that you can afford religious abstinence all the rest of the week.

Genuine religion is not spasmodic, does not go by fits and starts, is not an attack of *chills and fever*—now cold until your teeth chatter, now hot until your bones ache. Genuine religion marches on steadily, up steep hills, and along dangerous declivities, its eye ever on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

I propose this morning, so far as God may help me, to show you how we may bring our religion into ordinary life, and practise it in common things—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow.

RELIGION IN CONVERSATION.

I. And in the *first* place, I remark: We ought to bring religion into our ordinary conversation. A dam breaks in New England and two or three villages are submerged, or a South American earthquake swallows a city, and people begin to talk about the uncertainty of human life, and in that conversation think they are engaging in religious service, when there may be no religion at all. I have noticed that in proportion as Christian experience is shallow, men talk about funerals and deathbeds, and hearses, and tombstones, and epitaphs. If a man have the religion of the Gospel in its full power in his soul, he will talk chiefly about this world and the eternal world, and very little comparatively about the insignificant pass between this and that.

Yet how seldom it is that the religion of Christ is a welcome theme! If a man full of the Gospel of Christ goes into a religious circle, and begins to talk about sacred things, all *the conversation is hushed*, and things become exceedingly awkward. As on a summer day, the forests full of chirp and song and carol, mighty chorus of bird harmonies, every branch an orchestra—if a hawk appears in the sky all the voices are hushed. So I have sometimes seen a social circle that professed to be Christian silenced by the appearance of the great theme of God and religion.

Now, my friends, if we have the religion of Christ in our soul, we will talk about it in an exhilerant mood. It is more refreshing than the waters, it is brighter than the sunshine, it gives a man joy here, and prepares him for everlasting happiness before the throne of God. And yet, if the theme of religion be introduced into a circle, every thing is silenced—silenced unless, perhaps, an aged Christian man in the corner of the room, feeling that something ought to be said, puts one foot over the other, and sighs heavily, and says, "Oh yes; that's so!"

O my friends! the religion of Jesus Christ is not something to be groaned about, but something to talk about and sing about, your face irradiated. The trouble is that men professing the faith of the Gospel are often so inconsistent that they are afraid their conversation will not harmonize with their life. We cannot talk the Gospel unless we live the Gospel. You will often find a man whose entire life is full of inconsistencies filling his conversation with such expressions as, "we are miserable sinners," "the Lord help us," "the Lord bless you," interlarding their conversation with such phrases, which are mere canting, and canting is the worst kind of hypocrisy.

If a man have the grace of God in his heart dominant, he can talk religion, and it will seem natural, and men, instead of being repulsed by it, will be attracted by it. Do you not know that when two Christian people talk as they ought about the things of Christ and heaven, God gives especial attention, and He writes it all down. Malachi 3 : 16: "Then they that feared the Lord talked one to the other, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written."

IN ORDINARY EMPLOYMENT.

II. But I remark again: We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary employments. "Oh!" you say, "that's a very good theory for a man who manages a large business, who has great traffic, who holds a great estate; it is a grand thing for bankers and for shippers, for the Rothschilds and the Barings; but in my thread and needle store, in my trimming establishment, in my insignificant work of life, you cannot apply these grand Gospel principles."

Who told you that? Do you not know that a faded leaf on a brook's surface attracts God's attention as certainly as the path of a blazing sun, and that the moss that creeps up the side of the rock attracts God's attention as certainly as the wavy tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon cedar, and that the crackling of an alder under a cow's hoof sounds as loudly in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration, and that the most insignificant thing in your life is of enough importance to attract the attention of the Lord God Almighty?

My brother, you cannot be called to do any thing so insignificant but God will help you in it. If you are a fisherman, Christ will stand by you as He did by Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. Are you a drawer of water?—He will be with you as at the well curb, when talking with the Samaritan woman. Are you a custom-house officer?—Christ will call you as He did Matthew at the receipt of custom.

The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars. And yet there are men who profess the religion of Jesus Christ who do not bring the religion of the Gospel into their ordinary occupations and employments. There are in the churches at this day men who seem very devout on the Sabbath who are far from that during the week.

A *country merchant* arrives in the city, and he goes into the store to buy goods of a man who professes religion, but has no grace in his heart. The country merchant is swindled. He is too exhausted to go home that week; he tarries in town. On Sabbath he goes to some church for consolation, and what is his amazement to find that the man who carries around the poor box is the very one who swindled him. But never mind—the deacon has his black coat on now, and looks solemn, and goes home talking about that blessed sermon! Christians on Sunday. Worldlings during the week.

That man does not realize that God knows every dishonest dollar he has in his pocket, that God is looking right through the iron wall of his money safe, and that the day of jud is coming, and that "as the partridge sitt eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that g riches, and not by right, shall leave them midst of his days, and at his end shall fool." But how many there are who bring the religion of Christ into their ev occupation! They think religion is for Su Well now, my friends, I do not think that

Suppose you were to go and to fight fo country in some great contest, would you do the battling at Troy or at Springfield you would go there to get your swords an kets. Then you would go out in the face enemy and contend for your country. take the Sabbath day and the church to *the armory* where we are to get equipped great battle of life, and that battlefield is day, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

"Antioch," and "St. Martin's," and Hundred" are not worth much if we do n all the week. A sermon is of little acc we cannot carry it behind the counter hind the plough. The Sabbath day is of n if it last only twenty-four hours. O my f we must take the religion of Jesus Chr our ordinary occupations.

"Oh!" says some one, "if I had sphere I would do that; if I could have the time of Martin Luther, if I could ha Paul's travelling companion, if I had son and resounding work to do—then I sho into application all that you say."

I must admit that the romance and errantry have gone out of life. There very little of it left in the world. The of Rouen have been changed into smithi classic mansion at Ashland has been cut walking-sticks; the muses have retre fore the emigrant's axe and the trappe and a Vermonter might go over the Al and the Rocky Mountains and see nei Oread nor a Sylph. *The groves where used to dwell have been cut up for firew* the man who is looking for great sphe great scenes for action will not find ther

And yet there are Alps to scale and t Hellesponts to swim, and they are in life. It is absurd for you to say that yo serve God if you had a great sphere. I not serve Him on a small scale, you w on a large scale. If you cannot stand of a midge, how could you endure the a basilisk?

Suppose a soldier should say, "This skirmish, and there are only a few en won't load my gun: wait until I can some great and general engagement. man is a coward, and would be a cowa sphere. If a man does not serve his c a skirmish, he will not in a Waterloo. you are not faithful going out against t handed misfortunes of this life, you w be faithful when great disasters with th dering artillery came rolling down over

IN TRIALS.

III. This brings me to another po ought to bring the religion of Jesus C all our trials. If we have a bereavement, our fortune, if some great trouble blas tempest, then we go to God for com yesterday in the little annoyances of y or office, or shop, or factory, or banki did you go to God for comfort? You

My friends, you need to take the r the Lord Jesus Christ into the most trials of your life. You have your mis you have your anxieties, you have y tions. "Oh!" you say, "they don't character. Since I lost my child, sin lost my property, I have been a very man from what I was." My brother, little annoyances of your life that ar your disposition, clipping your moral and making you less and less of a man

You go into *an artist's studio*. Yo making a piece of sculpture. You sa don't you strike harder?" With his sel he goes click, click, click! and you rdly see from stroke to stroke that there mpression made upon the stone, and yet rk is going on. You say, "Why don't ike harder." "Oh!" he replies, "that shatter the statue; I must make it in y stroke by stroke." And he continues week and month until after a while every at enters the studio is fascinated.

I find God dealing with some man. He ing him for time, and *shaping him for* . I say, "O Lord! why not with one dous blow of calamity shape that man for t world?" God says, "That's not the deal with this man; it is stroke after annoyance after annoyance, irritation ritation; and after a while he will be nd a glad spectacle for angels and men." by one great stroke, but by ten thousand rokes of misfortune are men fitted for You know that large fortunes can scattered by being paid out in small money, and the largest estate of Christaracter is sometimes entirely lost by these pletions.

friends! we must bring the religion of hrist to help us in these little annoy- Do not say that any thing is too insigni- o affect your character. Rats may sink hip One lucifer match may destroy a tem- queen got her death by smelling of *a rose.* The scratch of a sixpenny nail e you the lockjaw. Columbus by asking iece of bread and a drink of water at a can convent came to the discovery of a ld.

here is a great connection between trifles mensities, between nothings and every Do you not suppose that God cares for significant sorrows? Why, my friends, nothing insignificant in your life. How u take the responsibility of saying that ? Do you not know that the whole uni- not ashamed to take care of

ONE DAISY?

"What are you doing down there in the oor little daisy? Nobody knows you . Are you not afraid nights? You will thirst; nobody cares for you; you will you will perish." "No," says a star, atch over it to-night." "No," says the 'I'll give it drink." "No," says the 'll warm it in my bosom." And then d rises, and comes bending down the nd sounding its psalm through the for- I say, "Whither away, O wind! on ift wing?" and it answers, "I am going the cheek of that daisy." And then I *eys at work in the sky*, and the clouds wing water, and I say, "What are you here, O clouds?" They say, "We are water for that daisy." And then I look to the grass, and I say, "Can it be that es care of a poor thing like you?" and wer comes up, "Yes, yes; God clothes s of the field, and He has never forgot- a poor daisy."

friends! if the heavens bend down to significant ministry as that, I tell you willing to bend down to your case, since st as careful about the construction of *a eye* as He is in the conformation of galaxies.

IN ORDINARY BLESSINGS.

ut I remark again: We ought to bring gion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary s. Every autumn the President of the States and the governors make procla- and we are called together in our s to give thanks to God for His good- ut every day ought to be a thanksgiv- We take most of the blessings of life ter of course. We have had ten thou- ssings this morning, for which we have ked God. Before the night comes, we e a thousand more blessings you will ink of mentioning before God. ust see a blind man led along by his dog e learn what a grand thing it is to have one's eyesight. We must see a man with St. Vitus' Dance before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of our physical energies. We must see some soldier cripple, limping along on his crutch, or his empty coat-sleeve pinned up, before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of all our physical faculties. In other words, we are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can wake us up to an appreciation of our common blessings.

We get on board a train and start for Boston, and come to Norwalk bridge, and the "draw" is off, *and crash! goes the train.* Fifty lives dashed out. We escape. We come home in great excitement, and call our friends around about us, and they congratulate us; and we all kneel down and thank God for our escape while so many perished. But to-morrow morning you get on a train of cars for Boston. You cross that bridge at Norwalk. You cross all the other bridges. You get to Boston in safety. Then you return home. Not an accident, not an alarm. No thanks. In other words, you seem to be more grateful when fifty people lose their lives and you get off, than you are grateful to God when you all get off, and you have no alarm at all. Now you ought to be thankful when you escape from accident, but more thankful when they all escape. In the one case your gratitude is somewhat selfish; in the other, it is more like what it ought to be.

Oh! these common mercies, these common blessings, how little we appreciate them and how soon we forget them! Like the ox grazing, with the clover up to its eyes, like the bird picking the worm out of the furrow—never thinking to thank God who makes the grass grow, and who gives life to every living thing, from the animalculæ in the sod to the seraph on the throne. Thanksgiving on the 27th of November, in the autumn of the year; but blessings, hour by hour and day by day, and no thanks at all.

If you were thirsty and asked me for a drink, and I gave you this glass of water, your common instinct would reply, "Thank you." And yet, how many chalices of mercy we get hour by hour from the hand of the Lord, our Father and our King, and we do not even think to say "Thank you." More just to men than we are just to God.

Who thinks of thanking God for the water gushing up in the well, foaming in the cascade, laughing over the rocks, pattering in the shower, clapping its hands in the sea? Who thinks to thank God for that? Who thinks to thank God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer day? Who thinks to thank God for this wonderful physical organism, this sweep of vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this crimson tide rolling through arteries and veins, this drumming of the heart on the march of immortality?

I convict myself, and I convict every one of you while I say these things, that we are unappreciative of the common mercies of life. And yet if they were withdrawn, the heavens would withhold their rain, and the earth would crack open under our feet, and famine and desolation and sickness, and woe would stalk across the earth, and the whole earth would become *a place of skulls.*

O my friends! let us wake up to an appreciation of the common mercies of life. Let every day be a Sabbath, every meal a sacrament, every room a holy of holies. We all have burdens to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them.

If we want to die right, we must live right. You go home and attend to your little sphere of duties. I will go home and attend to my little sphere of duties. You cannot do my work: I cannot do your work. Negligence and indolence will win *the hiss of everlasting scorn*, while faithfulness will gather its garlands, and wave its sceptre, and sit upon its throne long after the world has put on ashes and eternal ages have begun their march.

A GIRL IN A SHOWER OF RAIN.

A Real Occurrence.

On one summer afternoon a little girl about nine years of age was walking along one of the beautiful terraces in the western part of London. The day had been intensely hot and sultry, and, in accordance with the weather, she was clad in simple white.

She tripped lightly and joyously along, for as yet she knew nothing of "the world's vain joys, its temptations, toils, and tears;" every sunset gave her a promise and every sunrise brought a blessing. She was just at that happy period of her life's journey when the future seems most bright and inviting, and her heart was full of hope and pleasurable anticipations. Such a time is fresh in the memory of many; but its duration is generally all too brief. A few years, and the deceit and treachery of the world have wrung the heart, contact with sin and the struggle with the evil in our natures and the snares of Satan and the world have marred the bright picture, and the "not far from the kingdom of God" is made "of the earth earthy."

Even now the sky, meet type of the changeful scene of life, became overcast, the thunder-clouds, which had for some time been gathering, presently burst and discharged, as it were, a continuous *sheet of water*, while the flashing lightning and roaring thunder added terror to the scene. The little girl's thin attire could but ill resist all this. What was she to do? She bethought herself, there was no shelter near—nothing on the one side but a large garden, on the other, fine houses.

"Well," thought she, "I must not stay hesitating; I must go up to one of these large houses, although I dare say very rich people live here, and I must ask them to let me come in till the storm is past." So she summoned up all her courage, and, mounting a flight of steps, rapped at one of the doors. It was opened by a gentleman who looked like a clergyman.

He had seen her from the windows, and asked her very kindly to come in and sit down. She did so, and he began to talk. She stayed till the heavy shower had quite abated, and was thanking him as well as she could for the shelter he had afforded her with such politeness, when he said he was very much pleased to see that she was not afraid to come up and ask admittance, and his prayer for her should be that she might be led to *take refuge from the storms of eternity in the merits of Jesus Christ.*

Much else that he said passed afterward from her memory, but those words remained indelibly fixed upon it, and through many years of mingled joy and sorrow, *had their influence for good*, and when the storms of life beat upon her and the thought of the mysteries of eternity filled her soul, the words she had heard that showery afternoon came to her memory and told her where and how to secure an eternal refuge.

She heard afterwards that the gentleman was a clergyman who officiated in the same district. Time has passed. This circumstance, trivial apparently, perhaps passed from his recollection, but it did not pass from the book of God's remembrance. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" the "*seed*" cast into "good ground may ofttimes bring forth an

HUNDRED-FOLD."

Many such a little passing admonition as those words of the good clergyman were, may be remembered *during a whole life*, and the benefit derived from them eternity alone can disclose. Let none despise such kind admonitions. Rather let them not "depart from them, but keep them in the midst of their heart, for they are life to those that find them" (Prov. 4:20–22).

A Christian Conference was held in Toronto, Canada, this week. Vice-Chancellor Blake presided, and the Rev. George Müller, of Bristol, England, was present. The principal subjects of discussion were: "What the Bible Teaches as to the Second Coming of the Lord," "The Inspiration of the Scriptures," and "Bible Study."

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 949.)

Mr. Lemaire's Confession—Passionate Greeting of Alick Gogharty by Percival—Rowley Quinn Surprised to find Jemmy in Jail—Jemmy begs Percival will not do as the Butler did—Joyful Release—Mrs. Spencer Hesitates to receive Percival into her House.

MR. LEMAIRE then announced the nature of the document he held in his hand, and informed Percival he was rejoiced to tell him that he was free to leave the prison when he pleased. Percival had known nothing of Mr. Lemaire's dark suspicions and suspense of judgment about him, nor of Alick's efforts on his behalf. He took it for granted, therefore, that Mr. Lemaire was the agent of his liberation. With a heart full of gratitude he sprang forward, to seize his supposed vindicator's hand, but to his surprise Mr. Lemaire drew back.

"No, Percival, no," he said. "I am not worthy of your thanks. It pains me to the heart to tell you that I deserve the opposite. There is your liberator," and he pointed to Alick. "Your whole justification, Percival, is due to him. When I shamefully hung back from your cause, he took it up, and spared no toil and shrank from no difficulty to deliver you. I have only brought to you the result of his well-managed and self-sacrificing task, and I have done it that I may ask, for Lucie's sake, your forgiveness."

Percival was dumbfounded. He found it hard to summarize in his mind what Mr. Lemaire's words meant. While touched at his request for forgiveness his heart swelled with pain to think that his Lucie's father had acted in any way to need it. He was in no mood, however, to cherish resentment; Mr. Lemaire was dear to her whom he so tenderly loved, and for her sake, if for nothing else, he must be forbearing. But beside this the remorse of her father for the wrong he had done him was evident. Mr. Lemaire's sad face, and sadder tones, proved the reality of his self-condemnation and regret. Percival therefore advanced once more, took Mr. Lemaire's hand in his, and, in token of his good will, warmly grasped it. This done, his greeting was turned to Alick. Flinging himself upon his neck, he cried,

"You are my good angel, Alick—my loving and true friend! Oh, Alick, how shall I ever repay you!"

"Don't pay all your thanks to me," said Alick, cheerfully. "There, old fellow, keep off; don't be so demonstrative;" and then he added, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "I assure you I'm not—well, we'll not say who; but if you would turn a little of your attention there," and he pointed to Rowley Quinn, "it would be no harm. If it were not for him, Percival, I could have done precious little in this business, I can tell you. It was his brave and honest words that exposed the lying story of the scoundrel Haley."

Rowley Quinn did not hear the reference made to him by Alick, for he was in the most engaging and wondering conversation with Jemmy Mehaffy. After coming from his cell into the corridor it was not long before the eyes of this latter individual fell upon the father of his Janie. Had he suddenly dropped, in full sight, from the clouds Jemmy could not have been more astonished.'

"What, Rowley Quinn, you in Dublin?" he said to himself, "and in the company of Mr. Alick and Mr. Lemaire, and, above all, in the prison here, and near to me. Shure it's past all believin'."

Jemmy rubbed his eyes, and looked again, saying, "Well, I'm blest! You here, Mr. Quinn, to see me. Shure it's nothin' but enchantmint; an' the fairies thimselves must have had a hand in it, for nothin' less wud explain it."

If Jemmy was surprised to see Rowley Quinn in the jail, his surprise was matched in the astonished mind of the honest farmer. To find in this prison the "intended" of his daughter was a discovery that was simply incredible. He opened his eyes with a wide stare, darted forward his hand, when he found he was not deceived, and energetically returned Jemmy's salutation, saying,

"Well, I never! You here, Jemmy, me boy? Who, in the name of all that's wonderful, could have thought it! Why, it bates all that iver wuz hard. Begorrah, nothin' but dhramin' cud aqual it. Arrah, but will ye tell us, me brave gossoon, how it happened?"

"Niver mind about that now," replied Jemmy. "I'll tell it all to ye agin; but it war nothin' that I'm ashamed of," he added, to keep himself right in the thoughts of his interrogator. "I tell you that much, to aise yer mind, Mr. Quinn. But will you tell us—and God bless you—what on airth has brought ye to Dublin, and how is Janie?"

"Oh," said Rowley, "Janie is well, thank God! To use yer own words, me fine fellow, I tell you so much 'to aise yer mind;' but as to me comin' to Dublin, why it's a long story, Jemmy, and again to use yer own words, me man, 'I'll tell it all agin.' Ha, ha! me boy, I have ye. Only let us now, as in dhuty bound, attind to the consarns of 'the masther.'"

It was just at this stage of the interview between these two that Percival, as influenced by Alick's words, approached Quinn. "Rowley," he said, taking him by the hand, "Mr. Gogharty tells me how much I owe to your kind interference on my behalf. Indeed, he says my happy release from prison this hour is more due to what you have done than to his own endeavors."

"Don't believe him, Mr. Montaigne," interposed Rowley. "Shure it was him, say what he likes, that cum fur me, and fetched me, and got the thruth I tould in the police-office from me. And—"

"And, in fact, did every thing," interrupted Alick. "No, Rowley, it won't do. Percival, give him a right shake. I tell you it is he that has wrought out your freedom, and brought it gloriously to pass that this moment, in spite of every foe, you can leave the prison.

"Hooray!" cried Jemmy at this news of "the masther's" liberty. "Didn't I tell you, masther dear," said he, "that it 'id be all like Joseph, the young gintleman that ye read me about? The big lies, as I sed to ye thin was, towld on him and towld alike on you; and so, ye see, is the gettin' out o' prison. Hooray! I say agin;" and quite oblivious, in his joy, of all prison discipline, Jemmy, to the visible annoyance of the governor and warder, shouted so that the corridor echoed it again. But the next moment the thought struck him that liberty to "the masther" in all probability would not be connected with liberty to himself, and that he would, consequently, be taken back to his former lonely and wretched prison experience; and his exultation sank at once to a feeling of sadness. Approaching Percival, he said, in a beseeching and melancholy tone, "Oh, masther dear, whin you git out o' this don't—and God bless you!—go and do the part of that butler chap in the story I have just talked of, who, whin he himself got free—as you read it out, you know—didn't remimber the poor fellow-captive he left in jail behind him, but in his own good luck teetotally forgot him."

"God forbid that I should!" said Percival. "No, Jemmy, my faithful servant and dear friend, I'll not leave the jail without you."

On appealing to the governor, it was found, however, that it would not be needful for Jemmy to remain behind; his term of confinement for four full days was now completed, and he, too, could leave the jail immediately. When this was announced, Percival returned to his cell, and took from it what articles he had introduced which Jemmy could easily carry. The whole group of friends then departed in high glee.

And soon the whole group of friends
them in freedom and joy, and all estran
scattered to the winds, with their backs t
mond Bridewell, was on the way to Mr. Le
residence. They had not gone far, h
before a cab for hire presented itself. P
taking into account Jemmy's and Rowley
laden condition, put them into it; wishi
as a natter of course, to make his toilet
Spencer's before seeing Lucie, he hims
lowed, telling the friends left on the p
that if they did not hurry he would be
them in Rathgar.

"We'll take care, old fellow, you sha
cried Alick, as the cab moved off; "for
as we get opportunity, we'll seek to sho
time of our journey in the same way as
doing."

When Percival, with Jemmy and
Quinn, arrived at his old quarters, Mrs.
received him in a rather dubious state o
She did not like to lose from her house
excellent and profitable lodger as Perci
proved, and yet the statement of Sergea
der that he was a leader among the Conf
made her question the expediency of r
him under her roof as an inmate. Ne
would doubtless criticise what they wo
such disloyal conduct—harboring rebel
besides, to be subject, in all probability,
her premises searched again in the un
way they had been of late was, to say t
undesirable. Percival held out his han
for a cordial welcome, but his salutation o
ship he felt was returned with exceedi
ness. He, however, made no remark, b
ing asked for the key of his rooms, wer
them, to see with his own eyes the havo
had been wrought upon all his lock-up p
described to him when in jail by Jemmy.

A certain amount of repair had been d
a measure of order restored by the care
Spencer; but a rapid survey gave tim
that a very annoying degree of confu
mained, especially among his books and
and the way in which his private corresp
had been exposed was dreadfully vex
when he thought of it he found it har
anger, to repress some not very flatte
thets concerning the authorities. He h
ever, at present no time for a close exa
of the injury done to his property or fo
dulgence of wrath, since he had to prep
self for seeing Lucie. And as he was
Mr. Lemaire to include in his invitatio
and Rowley Quinn, he told them to s
the same toilet-task in which he was
exercise himself.

It is an old saying that where there
there is a way, to which we will add, th
one which is also rapidly travelled over
it proved, for it was not long before
friends, though not social equals, present
selves at Mr. Lemaire's residence. But
had been their movements, they did no
race, for Mr. Lemaire and Alick had ar
fore them. Percival, therefore, did no
knock at Mr. Lemaire's door. He
reached the top of the steps leading to
it was opened, and with one boun
warned of his coming, hastened to rec
Then there was a moment of happines
it is worth enduring a season of som
and trouble to experience—a gleam of j
brighter and blissful from breaking thro
had been a dark and stormy heaven.

After satisfying the first impulse of
Lucie, who had been rapidly told by
their services towards Percival, trans
attentions to Rowley Quinn and Jemn
ing honest Rowley's hand in hers
"How shall I ever thank you eno
Quinn, for your kind and good servi
falsely accused and oppressed? And
my," she afterwards said, giving his h
cordial shake, "may God bless you
I'll never forget your fidelity and lovin
to your master."

(*To be continued.*)

WILL IRELAND EVER BE SEPARATED FROM GREAT BRITAIN?

By Rev. M. Baxter.

Ireland never belonged to the Roman Empire like England—Newton's Prediction—Fenianism—One third of British Soldiers Catholics—The Home Rule Movement—Approaching Conflicts.

PROPHETIC expositors have long maintained that in the latter-day revival of Cæsar's Roman Empire in the form of a ten-kingdomed confederacy, all the countries *inside* the Roman Empire must become separated from the countries *outside* the Roman Empire, and it will thus become exactly reconstituted within its ancient boundaries of the Rhine and Danube and Euphrates. Britain was undoubtedly part of Cæsar's Roman Empire for 400 years, from A.D. 45 until A.D. 436, when the Romans finally withdrew from it, as stated by Gibbon (Ch. 1), and other historians. But *Ireland was never part of the Roman Empire*, and for this reason many prophetic students expect that it must be *at least legislatively* separated from Britain before the ten-kingdomed confederacy can be completely formed.

For instance, an eminent expositor, B. W. Newton, wrote in his "Prospects of the Ten Kingdoms" some years ago, in 1849, these words:

In cases where a country *external* to the Roman Empire is subjected to a country *within* the Roman Empire—the countries thus circumstanced being *Ireland in its relation to England*, and also the colonies of England, etc.—there can be little doubt but that the union between such countries will be dissolved; if not fully, yet to the extent of distinct and independent legislatures being granted, as indeed is already done in the leading colonies of England."

Here was a plain prediction twenty-five years ago founded upon intelligible reasons, and it is wonderful how the march of events during the past twenty-five years points to the probability of its fulfilment. If, on taking a survey of Ireland, we found it, like Scotland, consisting of a Protestant population without any thought of separation from England, then we might regard such a prophecy as a long distance from fulfilment.

But what is the real state of the case? It is a startling fact that of about six million inhabitants of Ireland fully five million are Roman Catholics, who, as a rule, secretly hate British Protestantism, and would be glad to see any Roman Catholic power, like France, subjugate Protestant England. In addition to this *religious* antipathy, there is the *political* hatred borne by the Hibernian Celtic race toward the Anglo-Saxon race as their conquerors.

This chronic Irish disaffection has assumed a dangerous organized form in *Fenianism* ever since 1864. The Fenians are only waiting for England to be engaged in some foreign war to show their power to create trouble and mischief. The old maxims are not forgotten by them, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity," and "He who would against England win must first with Ireland begin." There is real and serious ground of alarm in the fact that *nearly one third of the British regular army consists of Irish Roman Catholics*; and there are 100,000 Irish Romanists in each of the cities of Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, and great numbers of them in Leeds, Edinburgh, and other towns, and two or three hundred thousand of them in London. They are chiefly the lowest class, who have nothing to lose, and who may, therefore, think they are likely to gain by a democratic revolution.

The incendiary conflagrations, by which the desperate Communist Republicans reduced part of Paris to ashes in 1871, showed the reckless fierceness of revolutionary Red-Republicanism. The desperado ferocity of Parisian Communism and of Irish Fenianism is precisely identical. Indeed, the same man has been a leader in each movement. The Communist General Cluseret, who is said to have set fire to the Tuileries with his own hands, resided in London in 1867 as the military Fenian head-centre, and is supposed to have planned the Clerkenwell nitro-glycerine explosion, and the attempted attack on Chester Castle.

In that year large buildings in London, Liverpool, and Manchester were vigilantly watched all night by special constables, in consequence of secret information that the Fenians intended to fire them, as a revenge for the hanging of Burke and others at Manchester. We now see the solid ground that existed for those apprehensions, and it gives some idea of future dangers, when terrible scenes will be witnessed in English cities in riots and uprisings.

Still further, in 1871 the revived Irish agitation assumed an additional form in the *Home Rule* movement, which has well been called *Rome Rule.* Who would have believed twenty-five years ago that there would have been in 1876 about fifty Home Rulers, Irish members of Parliament, in the British House of Commons, pledged to try and obtain an independent Legislature for Ireland—clamoring for an Irish Parliament to sit in Dublin, the same as England's colonies, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, have Parliaments of their own? Surely all this is a considerable preparation for the fulfilment of the prophetic expectation of Mr. Newton and other expositors, that Ireland will be separated from England—at least to the extent of having a separate Legislature.

Great Britain must soon be involved in terrible European wars, although she would earnestly desire to stand free from entangling and hazardous alliances. And then the Home Rulers and Fenians will press their advantage to the utmost, and it remains to be seen whether they will not, unfortunately for England, succeed in practically effecting a repeal of the union between Ireland and England.

Britain's submission to such a measure is scarcely likely to be voluntary, and before such a concession could be extracted from her, she must be reduced to considerable straits, such as being involved in a foreign war, or harassed by another Indian mutiny, or by serious disturbances in England or Ireland. Every prophetic indication presents a dark and gloomy outlook, and suggests grievous disasters.

Another alarming fact should not be lost sight of, that Republican ideas are notoriously gaining ground among many of the working classes in England. Widely circulated Radical newspapers imbue the minds of workingmen with revolutionary notions. The frequent strikes of workmen at the dictation of Trades Unions, with the consequent struggle of labor against capital, create an antagonistic feeling betwen the employed and employers, and fan the flame of democratic fervor, and prepare the masses for the schemes of Communism, Socialism, and Internationalism. Everything is ripening for the "time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time"—introductory to the period of the resurrection and the second coming of Christ (Dan. 12 : 1).

LONGING FOR CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

By Cheyne Brady.

THE resurrection body is essential to our perfect enjoyment of the Emmanuel, the personal God in our nature.

The interval between death and the resurrection is necessarily an imperfect state, imperfect to the departed Christian individually, imperfect to the spirits of the ransomed as a body. So long as death reigns over their mortal bodies, they cannot fully enjoy Christ the personal Redeemer in His glorified state in heaven. The reason is plain. The body is an essential part of the human constitution, and during the time that corruption preys on the Christian's physical nature he is not completely conformed to Him who is perfect God and perfect man in one person.

Again, while He, the Head, is now perfect in His own person, in the absolute sense of the term, His body, the Church, is incomplete so long as the grave is not spoiled of its prey. It is incomplete in a twofold sense: (1) in the *numbers* constituting His body—the bride, the Lamb's wife; and (2) in the *personal constitution* of each member of the body. What a blessed hope, then—the hope of the Lord's advent and of the triumphs of the righteous dead in the resurrection!

There is, therefore, an earnest longing throughout the Church of God in all its constituent parts, and in all ages, for the great consummation.

Christ Himself looks forward with earnest desire to His own glorious appearing, when the church now in heaven and the church on earth shall no longer be separate parts of one great body, but shall in all respects be perfect.

The *souls of the redeemed* now in glory eagerly anticipate the time when their present condition of happiness shall receive an extraordinary enhancement. Their eye is doubtless fixed on the event which shall bring judgment on the wicked and resurrection glory on the righteous. The evidence of this we have in the prayer of the souls beneath the altar, "How long, O Lord! holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

The *ehurch on earth* also waits with long continued watching the marvellous change which shall be effected in her experience at the appearing of Jesus in the clouds. Her sovereign Lord proclaims from the throne, "Behold, I come quickly," and she gives at once the hearty response, "Even so come, Lord Jesus." "To them that look for Him, shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation" (Hebrews 9 : 28).

Not only so, but "the *whole creation* groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," as if uniting with us "who have the first-fruits of the Spirit, who groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, even the redemption of our body; for we are saved by hope" (Romans 8 : 22–23).

It appears then that there is a *universal straining* of the eye, in heaven and in earth, in the spiritual and even in the irrational and material departments of the universe, looking for one grand all-important and all-absorbing event—the second advent of Jesus Christ, emphatically designated "that blessed hope."

The Old Testament is full of intimations of the coming Messiah. From the fall of man the expectations of God's people have been constantly directed to the manifestations of the great Redeemer. The prophets in all ages have sounded the key-note of preparation for the advent of man's glorious Deliverer. The predictions of inspired men of old were not by any means confined to the first coming in humiliation and suffering, but for the most part rather referred to the second coming in great glory.

Even Enoch, before the flood, "prophesied of the Lord coming with ten thousands of His holy ones." The unbelieving Jews rejected Christ's claim, partly because He did not display Himself as an all-conquering King, subduing the world to Himself, and raising them to pre-eminent earthly grandeur.

In the New Testament, the writers already having beheld Christ in the flesh, fulfilling the prophecies respecting sacrifices, humiliation, suffering, and death—having seen Him ascend, after His rising from the dead, to the right hand of God, in order to fulfil the work of intercession—in all their epistles are full of the idea of our Lord's speedy coming a second time in His robes of judicial power and royal majesty.

The all-engrossing nature of the topic may be seen in the fact that in *one out of every thirteen verses*, as has been calculated, throughout the New Testament, there is reference made, more or less direct, to the second coming of the Saviour. Thus frequently and solemnly do Christ and His apostles refer to this momentous occurrence, that it might be next to impossible for men to be indifferent to its approach, and especially that the disciples of the Lord might never cease feeling alive to its importance.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, December 10th, at **3.30 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress Appears to have Settled Down to work with unusual tranquillity. Both parties have abstained so far from the taunts and irritating speeches, which by arousing angry replies obstruct business. Senator Conkling has introduced a bill designed to prevent the spoliation of the bay and harbor of New York by the casting into it the garbage of the city. The bill is generally acceptable, and there is good reason for hoping it will become law.

Notwithstanding Rumors to the Contrary, the President adheres to the opinions on the financial question expressed in his Message. In a letter to a friend, dated December 4th, he says: "The only constitutional legal-tender is gold and silver. Depart from that and confidence is gone. A sound financial policy will bring us money from all the commercial nations of the earth. In good times prepare for hard times; in good times pay debts. The legal-tender notes are debts. Let them be paid by the coin in the Treasury and the coin that is coming in from abroad, and it will not contract the circulation. Let our ship be headed in the right direction. It is a sound policy which has brought good times; the same policy will continue good times." A memorial will shortly be presented to Congress extensively signed by influential persons, praying for the adoption of Senator Bayard's resolution abolishing the legal-tender of the greenback.

In the Midst of Scenes of Squalor and Vice almost without equal in any city in the world, stands Jerry McAuley's mission in Water Street, New York. At its seventh anniversary, December 7th, an account of the work and its financial position was rendered, which showed that as an agency for good it had been abundantly blessed by God. The room was crowded in every part, and hundreds of *disappointed roughs* thronged around the door. When Jerry asked if any one wished to testify what God had done for them there, many reformed men and women sprang to their feet. Besides the spiritual blessings acknowledged, it was shown that godliness has "a promise of the life that now is" as well as "of that which is to come" (1 Tim. 4:8.) One speaker thus feelingly described the visible influence of the work accomplished:

"It meant no more fear of the police or the prison, no more carousals, broken heads, smashed furniture, children fleeing in fear. It meant clean clothes and no more rags—decency and respectability, home, bread and butter, happy wives, in fact every thing."

The mission is free from debt, and it owns the building, lot, and adjoining lot. Jerry expressed a wish to enlarge the building if he could procure the necessary funds, and at once $3730 were contributed, several gentlemen present giving $250 each.

'**Thirty-five Years of My Life have been** spent in prison," was the confession made by a man apparently under three-score years of age, at the above anniversary. He said, "I have been in prison in every part of the world. I had the desire of stealing in my heart *from childhood*, and it was never taken out till March, 1878, when I came into this mission." A woman said, "For seven years the Lord has saved me from drunkenness. When I came to Him I was a beggar, ragged, and filthy. I had signed pledges, but they never did me any good. It was *the pledge I made to Jesus* that saved me." A young man said, "I came from that low den on Chatham Street that 'Jerry' stamped out. There were *nine of us* who started out to follow Christ together, and none of us have yet given up. I earned $21 a week while there, but it all went for drink. It was harder for me to acknowledge Christ here than it was to stop drinking." An old man said, "It is a great privilege to stand up here and speak for Christ. Scarcely ten months have passed since I was plucked out of the mire. Christ has given me the privilege of going about among the slums of this city and speaking for Him. What rapture I had the first time I led a soul to Jesus!"

Mr. Gladstone, the English Ex-premier, has been making an electioneering tour in Scotland. He expects Parliament will be dissolved soon, and desires to represent a Scotch constituency. The platform he advocates is an advanced one, as will be seen by the following items: He declared himself favorable to the abolition of the law of hypothec and of *the law of entail*, and of an increased number of Scottish representatives in Parliament. While not favoring *Home Rule*, he thought that if Ireland or Scotland desired and were able to arrange the local portion of its affairs, it would relieve an overweighted Parliament and accomplish a great national good. Upon the question of *Church disestablishment*, he held that to be a subject for the decision of the people themselves. He is also in favor of "*local option*" being given to townships in the matter of restricting public-houses.

Mr. Gladstone formally resigned the leadership of the Liberal party six years ago, but the reception accorded to him in Scotland indicates that if his party should return to power, he will be expected by the people to be at the head of affairs.

Sedition in Ireland.—Mr. Parnell and Other agitators are announced to sail for this country in the Cunard steamer Scythia, which leaves Liverpool December 20th. They are coming to ask for funds to continue their agitation in Ireland. It is right that the American people should know for what they are asked to contribute their hard-earned money. The following is a specimen of the letters now being sent to the owners of property in Ireland, and indicates the character of the agitation:

"Republican Garrison.—Sir,—Take notice that if you do not abate your rents fifty per cent you will be shot, murdered, or otherwise maltreated, D.V., and may God have mercy on your soul."

By the blasphemous use of the above two capitals the writer endeavors to constitute the Almighty a co-conspirator. The influence of Mr. Parnell and his friends over the men who write such letters is almost as firmly established as is the power of the Roman Catholic priests, and in the minds of thinking men, the leaders, clerical and lay, will be held responsible for the outrages which they might repress if they chose to exert their power.

The Anglo-Afghan Difficulty has not been solved by the occupation of Cabul. A combined movement, preparatory to clearing the country toward the Northwest, was recently begun by General Macpherson and General Massy. General Massy with a force of cavalry arrived at the agreed point of junction too soon. By so doing he encountered a heavy force led by the Afghan general Mahmoud Jan. In the battle that ensued, the English forces lost their guns, but o receiving reinforcements renewed the attack an recovered them. The official report says th Afghans "are admirably led, and two or thre thousand of them are armed with Snider rifle They lost heavily by the cavalry charge an artillery fire, and never wavered. Our loss believed to be eighteen killed, including tw lieutenants and twenty-five wounded, includin one colonel. General Macpherson is now a tacking the enemy. The guides have arriv from Luttabund, and General Baker is comin from Maidan."

A Great Heat Wave is Predicted by Mete rologists to sweep over the continent of Euro in 1880. The Astronomer-Royal of Scotland 1872 published in *Nature* his deductions fro observations of thirty-two years, which he l lieved clearly showed that a recurrence of a gre heat wave might be anticipated every elev years and a fraction. The arrival of this wave predicted would be in 1880. Prior to that thought there would be a period of unusual co which might be expected to set in in the fall 1878. The meteorological records of Gr Britain show that during the past twe months the mean temperature has been lov than at any period since 1813, strikingly fulf ing the expectation of the astronomer. T forecast was based on the *eleven-year peri* nearly coincident with the sun-spot cycles of same duration. A leading meteorological thority says, "Whether the observed weat cycles of eleven years are due to the equally observed sun-spot cycles, or to some other ph ical agency, it would seem clear that we hav this forecast one practical corroboration of theory which ascribes the earth's great ' waves' and their associate 'cold waves' varying solar or cosmical influences."

The Fourth Commandment.—The New Y *Herald* makes this open declaration in its ed rial columns:

"It is an effete delusion that the clergy in or country disapprove of Sunday newspap The experience of the Sunday *Herald* always been that *clergymen and their families* are most eager and appreciative readers." We l this is incorrect, but in godly contrast to i find the following statement by Postma James in excuse for declining to make a Sun delivery of the mails: "We tried the ex ment once before, and found such energetic widespread opposition to it that we had to a don it. Clergymen as well as laymen c upon me, in perfect delegations, to pro against the 'desecration' of the Sabbath, many people either refused to receive thei ters at their houses or wrote to me that they not wish any Sunday delivery at all." The never such a thing as a Sunday issue of the papers in London.

John Wesley's Chapel in Flames.— chapel which John Wesley founded in the Road, London, was found to be on fir Sunday, December 7th. A brief cable me says that notwithstanding the exertions o fire brigade, the building was completely gu The beautiful frescoed ceiling is irreparab jured, and it is feared the roof of the stru cannot be restored. Among the treasured saved from the ravages of the fire were the pit from which John Wesley preached, an *Bible and gown* used by the eminent divine.

Mrs. M. Baxter, whose Valuable Exp tion of the Sunday-school lessons publ each week in this journal has been grat acknowledged by many readers, has been ing meetings at Ittlingen, a village lyin tween Heilbronn and Heidelberg. Altho was snowing hard each day, the meetings always full—even crowded—the people s on the forms and desks of the school; a believe there will be results made known that day." Much opposition is being ma all lay work; Mrs. Baxter desires the pray the readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD half of her work.

A Joyful Thanksgiving was Enjoyed by an ged couple in Medway, Mass., on Nov. 27th. At e outbreak of the war their only son ran away sea, and served under Cushing in the well-nown Albemarle exploit. There all trace of e sailor was lost, and it was supposed that he ad been drowned in the river when the torpedo ploded under the vessel. His sister died a w years ago, and his parents have since been ing in retirement and poverty. But late on ednesday night, Nov. 26th, a man with a scar on s face *knocked at the door* and requested a lodg- g. He was admitted by the old lady, who, hile making a cup of tea, looked closely him, and recognized her lost son. He had en severely wounded by the explosion of the rpedo, but had been taken out of the river by e of the boats which came to the relief of the ew of the Albemarle. He had *lost his senses* by e concussion and wound, and could no more member any thing of himself, not even his me. Finally he fell into the employ of a for- er surgeon of the army, and with him went to plantation outside of Raleigh, N. C. One day e surgeon examined the old wound in his ad, and found the skull fractured and pressing the brain. With the aid of another surgeon e skull was lifted, and the wound again closed adually. The man's condition at once began improve, and he recovered his memory and ental faculties and returned to his parents, as have just related.

The Week of Prayer.—The following pro- amme has been adopted by the United States angelical Alliance, for the week of prayer, nuary 4–10, 1880: Sunday—Sermons on the Fulness of Christ's Salvation." *Monday*— hanksgiving for the blessings of the past year, d prayer for their continuance. *Tuesday*—Con- sion of sin, and humiliation before God. *ednesday*—Prayer for the Church of Christ, ministers, its growth in grace, and its en- gement; and for revivals of religion through- t our country. *Thursday*—Prayer for Chris- n education; for the family, and institutions learning; for Sunday-schools, and Christian sociations. *Friday* — Prayer for nations, ers, and people; for peace and religious lib- y. *Saturday*—Prayer for Home and Foreign ssions; for the outpouring of the Spirit upon flesh, and the conversion of the world.

A Remarkable Case of Healing in Answer to ayer is related by the New York *Tribune*. at journal relates that Mrs. Churchill, of enn's Falls, N. Y., who has been bedridden for umber of years with nervous prostration, and s been unsuccessfully treated by several physi- ns, was recently cured through the instrumen- ity of prayer. She had *a pious Quaker lady* for urse. When her patient had one of her accus- ned hysterical fits of crying and physical de- ession, the nurse would immediately *kneel vn and pray* with and for the sick one, and she overed in answer to their petitions (Matt. 21 :)

William C. Gilman, the Christian Professor d Sabbath-School teacher, whose forgeries, ounting to a quarter of a million dollars, used so much excitement two years ago, re- ved a pardon from Governor Robinson on cember 3d. His original sentence was five rs' imprisonment with hard labor. His un- stakable penitence, and the frank confession he de to his Sunday-School and to the Christian ends whose confidence he had abused, enlisted ch commiseration for him. He said that be- e the panic of 1873 he had misappropriated ds intrusted to his care by *speculating reck- ly.* These irregularities had created a tre- ndous deficiency, to meet which the forgeries been committed. He entreated all who had own him to take warning from his case and avoid the first step from the path of rectitude, ich he assured them inevitably led to others, would end in irretrievable if not eternal n. General sympathy was expressed for the ily of the criminal, and his creditors not only e their own heavy loss, but nobly made up a rse of $60,000, which they presented to his sisters to replace trust money of which their brother had defrauded them. Many efforts were made at the time to obtain Mr. Gilman's pardon, which Governor Robinson, in the interest of justice, declined to grant. During his imprisonment Mr. Gilman's daughter, whom he loved most tenderly, died, and his wife lost her reason through grief at the failure of her efforts to secure her husband's release. She also died a few days ago, and Governor Robinson then felt he could no longer refuse a pardon. It arrived in time to enable Mr. Gilman to attend the lady's funeral. New York has not often seen a more striking illustration of the words, "*God is not mocked*: for whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6: 7.) We confidently hope that Gilman is a child of God's, and God has terribly chastised him. He will next be shown the loving kindness of the Lord. See Isa. 54: 8, and 2. Cor. 4: 17.

Thanksgiving Offerings in Chicago have been made in accordance with a suggestion by Mr. Moody. They were brought to the Chicago Avenue Church on Thanksgiving Day. Some six wagon loads of offerings of *good things of all sorts* meant as thanksgiving gifts to the Lord for the poor in that part of the city, arrived at the church on Thanksgiving morning and were placed in front of the pulpit. These offerings consisted of flour, bread, crackers, cakes, pies, apples, pears, grapes, oranges, lemons, canned fruits, canned meats, fish, hams, dried beef, mutton, chickens, turkeys, ducks, matches, brushes, soap, etc. (Prov. 19: 17.)

The Largest Sale of Stocks on Record in this or any other country occurred November 26th, when Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, the President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, sold to a syndicate in Jay Gould's interest 250,000 shares of the New York Central Railroad stock. The purchasers paid for the stock in United States 4 per cent bonds at cost, thus making the cost to them about $18,475,500.

The British Government appear to have rea-sons for believing that Yakoob Khan, the ex-Ameer of Afghanistan, was implicated either directly or indirectly in the massacre of Major Cavagnari and his party at Cabul. It is now announced that under instructions from the Viceroy of India the ex-Ameer Yakoob Khan left Cabul December 1st for Peshawur, under the charge of Captain Turner and an escort, and will reach his destination in eight marches.

Curious Bible Facts.—The Learned Prince of Granada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the Crown for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the Place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb, death came to his release, and the following researches in the Bible, marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how his brain had sought employment through the weary years: In the Bible the word *Lord* is found 1853 times; the word *Jehovah* 6855 times; and the word *reverend* but once, and that in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The 8th verse of the 117th Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther is the longest verse; the 35th verse, 11th chapter of John, is the shortest. The 37th chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of 2d Kings are alike. The word *girl* occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the 3d verse and 3d chapter of Joel. There are in the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1189 chapters, and 66 books.

Sir William Muir, late Governor of the Northwest Provinces in India, said at a missionary meeting in London recently, it was the Koran that held back the empire of India from progress, and it was the Koran which held back Mohammedans from embracing Christianity. They owed to *the American missionaries* a debt of gratitude for what they were doing in Turkey. He knew well himself the American missionaries in India and their admirable work.

PRAYER TO GOD IN TROUBLE AN ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—PSALM 50: 15

Thankfulness and Confidence Missed—Prayer in Trouble brings Glory to God—I. In the very Act—1. It Indicates a Truthful Recognition of God—2. It is a Sign of Fellowship—3. It Implies Hope in God—4. Exhibits Clinging Affection—Alexander and His Physician—5. It Proves Steadfast Confidence—II. Through the Answer—The Answer is—1. Practical—2. Positive—3. Personal—4. Permanent—III. Our After-Conduct—That should be Marked by the Gratitude of the Heart—Growth in Faith—Increased Patience and Confidence—Trouble an Opportunity.

THE Lord God in this psalm is described as having a controversy with His people. He summons heaven and earth to hear Him while He utters His reproof. This indictment will show us what it is that the Lord sets the greatest store by, for *His complaint* will evidently touch upon that point. We are informed most plainly that the Lord had no controversy with His people concerning the externals of His worship; He does not reprove them for their sacrifices and burnt offerings; He even speaks depreciatingly of these symbolical sacrifices, and says, "I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he-goats out of thy folds." His complaint was not concerning visible ceremony and outward ritual; and this shows that He does not attach so much importance to outward things as most men suppose Him to do.

His complaint was concerning *inner worship*, soul-worship, spiritual worship; His reproof was that His people did not offer thanksgiving and prayer, and that their conduct was so inconsistent with their professions that clearly their hearts went not with their outward formalities. This was the essence of the charge against them. They were faulty, not in visible religiousness, but in the internal and vital part of godliness; they had no true intercourse with God, though they kept up the appearance of it. We see then that heart-worship is the most precious thing in the sight of the Lord. We learn what is that priceless jewel, which must be set in the gold ring of religion if the Lord is to accept it.

Nor is it hard to see why it is so; for it is plain that if a man had kept the ritual of the old law to the very full, yet he might not be in sincerity a worshipper of God at all. He might drive whole flocks of his sheep to the temple door for sacrifice, and yet he might feel no spiritual reverence for the Most High; for it has been proved times without number that the most careful and zealous attention to external ceremonies is quite consistent with the absolute absence of any true apprehension of God and hearty love for Him.

What the Lord missed in His people was not temple rites and offerings, for in these they abounded; but He missed the fruit of the lips giving glory to His name. He missed first their *thankfulness*, for He says unto them, "Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High;" and next He missed in them that holy,

TRUSTFUL CONFIDENCE

which would lead them to resort to Him in the hour of their need: hence He says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

Brethren and sisters, have you failed in these two precious things? Do you fail in thankfulness? May I also venture to ask whether you *pay your vows* to Him? In times of sickness and sorrow you say, 'Gracious Lord, if I am recovered, or if I am brought out of this condition, I will be more believing, I will be more consecrated. I will devote myself alone to thee, O my Saviour, if thou wilt now restore me." Are you mindful of these vows? It is a delicate question, but I put it pointedly, because a vow unredeemed is a wound in the heart.

It is not to thankfulness, however, that I am going to ask attention this morning, so much as to the other sacrifice—namely, *prayer in the day of trouble.* Let me say at the outset that I am struck with wonder that God should regard it as being one of the most acceptable forms of worship, that we should call upon Him in the day of trouble. Such prayers seem to be all for ourselves, and to be forced from us by our necessities; and yet such is His condescending love that He puts them down as being choice sacrifices, and places them side by side with the thankful paying of our vows.

He tells us that our call for His help in the hour of distress will be more acceptable to Him than the oblations which His own law ordained—more pleasing than all the bullocks and rams which liberal princes could present at His altars. Be not backward then, beloved, to cry to Him in your hour of need. *If it pleases Him and profits you,* you ought not to want a single word from me to excite you to do what seems so natural, so comforting, so beneficial.

Are our cry of anguish and our appeal of hope acceptable to God? Then let us cry mightily unto Him. Are any of you in the black waters? Call upon Him. Are you in the hunrgy desert? Call upon Him. Are you in the lions' dens, and among the mountains of the leopards? Call upon Him. Whether you are in peril as to your souls or your bodies, do not hesitate to pray at once, but say to yourself, "Why should I linger? Let me tell the Lord my grief right speedily; for if he counts my call a worthy sacrifice, assuredly I will present it with my whole heart."

I. May the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, enable us to see that calling upon God in the day of trouble brings

GLORY TO HIM IN ITSELF.

I beg you to notice the time that is specially mentioned. Calling upon God at any time honors Him, but calling upon Him *in the day of trouble* has a special mark set against it as peculiarly pleasing to the Lord, because it yields peculiar glory to His name.

1. Note then, first, that when a man calls upon God sincerely in the day of trouble *it is a truthful recognition of God.* Outward devotions suppose a God, but prayer in the day of trouble proves that God is a fact to the suppliant. The tried pleader has no doubt that there is a God, for He is calling upon Him when mere form can yield no comfort. He wants practical, matter-of-fact help, and he so realizes God that he treats Him as real, and appeals to Him to be his Helper. God is not a mere name or a superstition to him; he is sure that there is a God, for he is calling upon him in an hour when a farce would be a tragedy, and an imposture would be a bitter mockery.

Many of your beliefs in God are a sort of religious parade, and not the actual walk of faith. Many have a holiday faith, which enables them to repeat the creed, and say with the congregation, "I believe in God the Father Almighty;" but in very deed they have no such belief. Do you, my hearer, believe in God the Father Almighty when you are in trouble? Do you go to the great Father at such times and expect help from Him? This is real work, and not hypocritical play. There is solid metal about the faith which follows the Lord in the dark, cries to Him when the rod is in His hand, and looks to Him not for sentimental comforts in prosperity, but for substantial help in bitter adversities. What we want is facts, and trial is the test of fact. *Sharp furnace-work* does away with mere pretence, and this is one of its great uses; for that grace which, like the salamander, lives in the fire, is grace indeed.

2. There is more here, however, than this first good thing. When a man calleth upon God in the day of trouble it is because he seeks and in some measure enjoys *a spiritual intercourse with God.* "Call *upon Me* in the day of trouble." That call is heart-language addressed to God: it is the soul really speaking to the great Father beyond all question.

How easy it is to say a prayer without coming into any contact with God! Year after year the tongue repeats pious language, just as a barrel-organ grinds out the old tunes, and there may be no more converse with the Lord than if the man had muttered to the ghosts of the slain. Many prayers might as well be said backwards as forwards, for there would be as much in them one way as the other. The abracadabra of the magician has quite as much virtue in it as any other set of mere words. The Lord's Prayer, if it be merely rehearsed as a form, may be a solemn mockery. But prayer in the day of trouble is honest speech with God, or at least a sincere desire in that direction.

Now, as I have already said, in the sacrifice of bullocks there was no intercourse with God in the case of a great many, and in external devotion, whether it is performed in a cathedral or in a humble barn, there is frequently no coming near to God; but when we believingly call upon God in the day of trouble, then there is no mistake in the matter, we are holding converse with God—"the righteous cry, and the Lord heareth." Intercourse with the unseen, spiritual Father is genuine indeed when it is carried on against wind and tide, under pressure of sorrow and weight of distress: the Lord give us to carry it on, whatever may happen to us.

3. Yet is there more than this; for the soul not only comes into God's presence, but in calling upon God in the day of trouble it is filled with *a manifest hope in God.* It hopes in God for His goodness, for it is a belief in that goodness which is the reason why it feels able to pray at all. The soul hopes in His mercy, or it would dwell in silence and never lift up another cry to heaven. Amid a sense of deserved wrath the heart has a trust in infinite grace, and hence its call.

There is a hope in such a prayer which honors God's goodness and condescension, and equally pays tribute to His faithfulness and His all-sufficiency. He has promised to help those that call upon Him, therefore do we call upon Him; and He has all power to keep His promise, therefore do we come to Him, and spread our case before Him. Little as the act of calling upon God in the day of trouble seems to be, it puts crowns upon all the attributes of God in proportion to the spiritual knowledge of the suppliant.

There may be more honoring of the Lord in a ploughboy's tear than in a princely endowment; more homage to the Lord in the humble hope of a dying pauper than in the pealing anthems of the cathedral, or the great shout of our own mighty congregation. The publican's confession, and His hope in the mercy of God, had more worship in it than the blast of the silver trumpets, and the ringing out of the golden harps, and the songs of the white-robed choristers, who stood in the courts of the Lord's house, and led the far-sounding hallelujahs of Israel.

4. This calling upon God in the day of trouble, again, pleases the Lord because it exhibits *a clinging affection to Him.* When an ungodly man professes religion, as such men often do, he is all very well with God as long as God pleases him. Sunshiny weather makes such a man bless the sun: if God smiles upon him he says that God is good.

Aye, but a true child of God loves a chastening God. He does not turn his back when the Lord seems angry with him; but then it is he falls prostrate in humble supplication, and cries, "Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me: I will not believe Thee to have any real spite against me; if Thou smite me there must be some wise and good cause for it: therefore show me, I beseech Thee." It is very sweet, brethren, when God sends you a great deal of trouble to love Him all the more for it. This is a sure way of proving that ours is

NOT A HIRELING LOVE,

which abides while it gets its price, and goes when wages fail.

God forbid that we should have Balaam's love of reward, and Juda's treacherous greed. A dog will follow a man as long as he throws him a bone, but that is a man's own dog which will follow him when he strikes him with the whip and will even fawn upon him when he speaks roughly to him. Such Christians ought we to be, who will keep close to God when He is robed in thunder. It is ours to will that God shall do what He wills, and ours to call upon Him in the day of trouble, and not to call out against Him when times are hard.

I would trust my God as unreservedly as Alexander trusted His friend, who was also His physician. The physician had mixed a medicine for Alexander, who was sick, and the potion stood by Alexander's bed for him to drink Just before he drank, a letter was delivered t him in which he was warned that his physicia had been bribed to poison him, and had mingle poison with the medicine. Alexander read th letter, and summoned the physician into his presence, and when he came in Alexander at onc drank up the cup of medicine and then hande his friend the letter. What grand confidenc was this! To risk his life upon his friend' fidelity. Such a man might well have friends He would not let the accused know of the libe till he had proved beyond all dispute that h did not believe a word of it.

Is not our heavenly Father in Christ Jesu worthy of even a grander faith? Shall I eve mistrust Him? The devil tells me, my Lord that this affliction which I am suffering wi work me ill. I do not believe it—not for moment do I believe it, and to prove that I hav no suspicion, I accept it joyfully at Thy hand I joy and rejoice in it because Thou hast o dained it, and I call upon Thee to make it wor my lasting good. I will take bitter at Th hands as well as sweet, and the gall shall honey to me.

5. There is in connection with this clingi affection a most *steadfast confidence.* They wh call upon God in the day of trouble becon quiet and unshaken, and abide in full assuran as to the Lord on whom they rely. O troubl one, do not be agitated, do not run away others, but call upon God in calm faith. I not sit down in silent despair and fretfulnes but call upon God; do not be soured into morose state of mind, nor go into the sulks, b call upon the Lord as one who cannot be driv to curse or to be in a passion, but gives hims to prayer. It is a blessed thing when we c say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," and can feel that whatever happens us we never will start aside from our firm c viction that the Lord is good, and His mer endureth for ever.

In fine, this it is which God accepts as hon ing him, that in the day of trouble we shou take all our troubles to Him, pour out hearts before Him, and then leave the wh case in His hands. The child-like uncovering the heart to God alone is very precious to Hi There are times when it is wise to advise a tr bled heart to be quiet before men.

"Bear and forbear and silent be,
Tell no man thy misery."

But it is always wise to bare the bosom to Lord's eye.

Is the slander too vile to be communica even to a single friend? Then follow the exa ple of Hezekiah and spread Rabshakeh's let before the Lord. Is the trial too severe, in much as others are obliged to suffer with y and are therefore turned to speak bitt against you? Then imitate David at Zikl and encourage yourself in the Lord your G Hide nothing. Reserve nothing. *Tell it all, then trust about it all.* When you have once the burden before the Lord leave it with H Do all that lieth in you, that prudence can tate, or common sense suggest, or indu effect, but still make the Lord your mains your buckler, your shield, your fortress and h tower. Say to yourself, "My soul, wait t only upon God, for my expectation is f Him."

A critic may sneeringly say, "It is a very natural thing for a man to cry out to God in the day of trouble, and certainly a selfish thing to run to the Lord because you need His help." "Besides," says another, "it must be a very distracted prayer that such a person offers, and faith under troublous circumstances is a very elementary virtue." But, my good sirs, hearken. Surely the Lord knows best what pleases Him, and if He declares His delight in our calling upon Him in the day of trouble, why should we dispute with Him? It is so, for He has said it. As for us, who dare not raise such quibbles, let us not be moved by them, but continue to call upon Him in the day of trouble, and we shall certainly glorify His name.

II. When we call upon God in the day of trouble it brings

HONOR TO GOD THROUGH THE ANSWER

which the prayer obtains. "I will deliver thee." I ask you, troubled saints, to follow me while I repeat the text with variations, for that is about all I shall attempt. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble"—there is the prayer commanded. "I will deliver thee"—there is the answer promised.

1. In these words we have *a practical answer*. It is not merely "I will think about thee, I will hear thee, I will propose plans for thee, and somewhat aid thee in working them out," but, "I will deliver thee."

Thou shalt have *solid, substantial aid*. Either I will keep thee out of the trouble of which thou art afraid; thou shalt be delivered by never having to endure it; the Egyptians that thou seest to-day thou shalt see no more for ever; thou dreadest the stone at the mouth of the sepulchre, but thou shalt find it rolled away. Or else if thou must come into the trouble, I will deliver thee whilst thou art in it; like Noah, thou shalt be surrounded by the deluge, but the floods shall not overflow thee; like the three holy children, thou shalt be in the furnace, but the fire shall not kindle upon thee. Thou shalt go through the trouble triumphantly, as Israel went through the Red Sea on foot. Thou shalt have such sustaining grace that thou shalt glory in tribulation and rejoice in affliction.

2. Notice, next, that it is *a positive answer*. It is not, "I may, perhaps, deliver thee;" but, "*I will.*" It is not, "I will endeavor to do it," but, "I will deliver thee." Did unbelief say, "But how?" Friend, leave the "how" with God. Ways and means are with Him. He says, "I will deliver thee." To turn round and ask "How?" is to forget that he is God all-sufficient.

"Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere."

Unbelief is very ready with its questions, and too often it inquires, "When?" Friend, leave the "when" with God. He does not tell us when; but the deliverance must come at the right time, because if He were not to deliver us till after we had perished it would be no deliverance at all. If deliverance came too late it would be a mere mockery. The promise comprehends within itself the implied condition that it shall be *a timely deliverance*, for otherwise how should the delivered one live to glorify the name of the Lord?

3. Notice next that *the promise is personal*. "*I* will deliver thee." It is not said, "My angels shall do it," but "*I* will deliver thee." The Lord God Himself undertakes to rescue His people. "I will be a wall of fire round about them." "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

Then, too, it is personal to its object; it is the same man who calls upon God in trouble who shall be a partaker of the blessing. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver *thee*." It is personal, personal *to you*; therefore, dear friend, personally believe in this personal promise of thy God.

4. Recollect, also, that *it is permanent*. You pleaded this promise, some of you, fifty years ago; it is as sure to-day as it was then. If you have a bank-note, and take it to the bank and get the cash, it is done with; but my Master's bank-notes are self-renewing. You can plead His promise a hundred times over, for His word abides for ever; it is fulfilled only to be fulfilled again.

Where are you at this moment, you troubled, downcast one? You said just now, "I shall never be happy any more." Recall those words. Eat them with bitter herbs of repentance: "Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." You said, "That blow has crushed me; I could have borne anything else, but this trial I cannot bear." Tush! Do you know what you can bear? What said the apostle? "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Only have faith in God, and obey and believe the text: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee."

III. Lastly, if you trust your God in your distress, and are, therefore, delivered, the Lord will be

GLORIFIED IN YOUR CONDUCT AFTERWARD.

When a man prays to God in the hour of trouble, and gets deliverance, as He is sure to get it, then he honors his great Helper by *admiring the way in which the promise has been kept, and by adoring and blessing the loving Lord for such a gracious interposition.* I know some of you have seen enough of the hand of the Lord in your own cases to make you wonder and admire forever and ever.

Next, you will honor Him by *the gratitude of your heart*, in which the memory of His goodness will for ever be recorded. This devout gratitude of yours will lead you in due season to bear *testimony to His faithfulness*. You will be indignant at unbelief and will war against it by personal witnessing. You will be very tender toward those who are now in trouble, as you once were, and you will long to tell them of the blessed rescue which God is prepared to perform for them as He did for you.

At the same time, you will *personally grow in faith* by the experience of your Heavenly Father's love and power, and in days to come you will glorify Him by *increased patience and confidence*. You will say, "He has been with me in six troubles, and He will be with me in the seventh. I have tried and proved my God, and I dare not doubt Him."

I know also that you will try to *live more to His praise*. As you see Him bring you out of one difficulty and then another you will feel bound to His service by fresh bonds. You will become a more consecrated man than you ever have been. You will jealously protect your remaining days from being wasted by sloth or desecrated by sin. And let me tell you that even when you die, and come up the banks of Jordan on the other side, you will long to glorify your God. When the angels meet you I should not wonder but what one of the first things you will do will be to say, "Bright spirits, I long to tell you what the Lord has done for me."

We each one owe most to God's grace, and hope to praise Him best. Some of you may think that you are love's deepest debtors, but I know better. I am not going to quarrel with you, but I know one who is so undeserving and yet receives such mercy, that he claims to take the lowest place, and most humbly to reverence boundless grace. Yea, I myself, less than the least of all saints, claim to have received most at His hands. I would fain love Him most, for towards me He has shown the utmost love in treating me as He has done. Am I not saying for myself that which you each would say for yourself? I know it is so, and hence it is that God is glorified by the reverence and love of those whom He delivers in answer to prayer.

I want you to notice with care the persons mentioned in the first clause of the text. You do not see yourself; you only *hear* of yourself. It is, "Call upon me." God is there. There is no direct mention of *you*; you are hidden; you are such a poor, broken-down, dispirited creature, that all you can do is to utter a cry and lie in the dust. There stands the mighty God, and you call upon Him.

Now, look at the next clause, "I will deliver thee." Here are two persons: the Lord stands first, the Ever-glorious and Blessed "I," and far down there are you. "*I* will deliver *thee*," poor, humble, but grateful "thee." Thus we see the Lord unites with His poor servant, and the link is deliverance.

When you come to the third clause, do you see where you are? You are placed first, for the Lord now calls you into action—"*Thou* shalt glorify *Me*." What a wonderful thing it is! For God to put glory upon us is easy enough, but for us to put glory upon Him, this is a miracle of condescension on the part of our God. "Thou shalt glorify Me."

"But," said one in this place, "I do love the Lord, but I cannot glorify Him. I wish I could preach, I wish I could write sweet hymns, I wish I had a clear voice with which to sing out the Redeemer's praises, but I have no gifts or talents, and therefore I shall never be able to glorify Him." Listen: you will be cast into trouble one of these days, and when you are in trouble you will find out how to glorify Him. Your extremity will be your opportunity. Like a lamp which shines not by day you will blaze up in the dark.

When the day of trouble is come you will cry, "Lord, I could not do anything for Thee, but Thou canst do everything for me. I am nothing, but, Lord, in my nothingness I, poor I, do trust Thee, and fling myself upon Thee." Then you shall find that you have glorified Him by your faith. I think you might almost be content to have the trouble, might you not? It seems as if you could not glorify Him anyhow else, and to glorify Him is the main object of your existence. Some Christians would scarcely have brought any glory to God if they had not been led by paths of sorrow, and made to wade through seas of grief.

I leave the blessed subject of the text with you, as a souvenir, till we meet again. The Lord be with you till the day break and the shadows flee away. Pray, also, that He may abide with me, and with all my brethren in the ministry; and may we all in yonder world of rest glorify Him, who will then have delivered us completely from all evil, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

LETTER FROM MR. SPURGEON.

Dear Friends: I have prepared this sermon for the press in a warm and sunny clime, where the leaves have not yet left the trees, and one may sit under his vine and fig-tree from sun-rise to sunset and feel no chill. I am most happy to have escaped my annual season of pain and affliction, and I am gratefully consecrating every day to such mingled rest and study as may, under the divine blessing, enable me to return physically, mentally, and spiritually fitted for my work.

My heart is at home with my people, with the College, with the Orphanage, and all the other works. Specially do I miss the Monday evening prayer-meetings—dear seasons of holy intercourse and sacred joy. Do not forget me when it is well with you. If I have ever been made the means of blessing to your souls, implore the smile of the great Father for me. If there be any love between us for the truth's sake, and because of the union of the saints in Christ Jesus, pray for me. How much I need the aid of your prayers for the discharge of my ministry over so great a flock God alone knows. I am persuaded that the Lord will be with you, and cause you to abound in all spiritual blessings, for he is faithful to his promise, and evermore preserves and sanctifies those who abide in the truth. The Holy Ghost will teach, comfort, and perfect you, for it is his delight to bless his people.

May if come to pass that our churches may be more and more the saviours of the age, the salt amid surrounding corruption, the lights of a dark time. Watch for the good of our beloved country in changes which may soon transpire, and be in earnest for the cause of truth and righteousness, and the cause and kingdom of our Lord Jesus.

My hearty Christian love is with all the brethren in Christ Jesus. C. H. SPURGEON.

Mentone, Nov. 20, 1879.

MY SECOND DESIRE AND HOW IT WAS FULFILLED.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

Discharging the Duties of Chaplain to the Soldiers at Singapore for more than Two Years—Help from a Corporal in a Sunday-School—A Soldier's Converted Boy—My usual Sunday's Work—Week-Day Meetings—The Regimental School—Soldiers on Hong-Kong Rocks.

For myself, one thing
Do I desire of God, and it is this :
. . . .
That I may never be ashamed to own
Christ as my Saviour, God, and all :
But by my life and conversation lead
Some of my fellow-men to trust in Him.
If this He grant, welcome the sultry heat
Of tropic climes—the weakened, fevered pulse !
Welcome reproach, misunderstanding, shame !
Written during the voyage to China.

FROM the time that, by God's grace, I began to work for Him among my fellow-soldiers, I had a very earnest hope that some day I might *find myself in command of British soldiers where I might have the great privilege of preaching the glad tidings of salvation to them.*

When I arrived at Singapore, I found that there was no chaplain for the soldiers of the Church of England in my regiment. The colonial chaplain was in feeble health, and only able to perform the services in the town, three miles distant from our barracks. There was no regular military chaplain for the station. Thus the inestimable privilege of reading God's Word to my men, and telling them of the love and power to save of the Lord Jesus Christ, devolved upon me as commanding officer.

If it was a happiness and a source of thankfulness to be allowed to attend to my men's bodily needs, and look after their temporal comfort, how great was my joy and delight to be able to tell them of Him who loved them, and gave Himself for them ! *The Lord gave me this privilege* during nearly the whole of the *two years and a quarter* I was in command in those barracks ; *thus fulfilling my second desire.*

In the absence of the chaplain, it is the duty of a commanding officer to read the service. On Sunday, therefore, the men off duty paraded in the veranda of the schoolroom bungalow. I always went down the ranks on Sunday morning, to see how the men looked in health ; and many a time I have sent men off to lie down on their beds, in whose faces I saw the signs of fever or ague. After they were seated in the schoolroom, I read the service. The men sang, and very heartily too. The hymn-book we used was one I compiled in 1863.

After the service, which was shortened by avoiding all repetitions, and omitting the communion part, I spoke to my dear comrades, for about ten minutes or quarter of an hour, as simply as I possibly could. Then followed a short extempore prayer, in which I always prayed that all who had then heard of the love of God, and of the forgiveness of sins through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, might be led by God's Spirit to believe, that we might hereafter share together God's everlasting glory. The hearty "Amen" which always followed this prayer made me believe that many did earnestly desire that blessing. I do indeed hope to meet very many in that glory.

As the colonel of my regiment did not wish me to use my own words to the men, and his wish was my command, I used a book, "Truth in Christ," by the Rev. F. Whitefield. This book had been given me by a dear Christian friend, a general officer, and I had kept it always on my table, hoping that the title would attract some of my brother officers. I took a page or two out of this book for my sermon, prefacing it, altering it, and concluding it as was necessary. This restriction, far from being a hindrance, was a blessing, for I should not have had the strength to do this work while the cricket-ground was going on, if I had had to prepare all that I wished to say.

The Lord had provided a helper for me in His work. The *corporal* of my regiment, who acted as *schoolmaster*, was very fond of children. With his help I opened a Sunday-school. All the married soldiers sent their children ; and it was a bright, happy sight on a Sunday afternoon to see the dear little ones gathered together, and to hear them sing their hymns. What a blessing those children were to me ! Often and often, when weary and worn out with work on the cricket-ground, followed by perhaps two hours' painful inquiry into some troubles, and other work, I have gone into the schoolroom. "Now, darlings, give me my text."

The dear little things would at once begin, "*Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.*" How much I could write about them ! It was my pleasure, and that of my good schoolmaster, to try and teach them about the Lord Jesus. After the regiment had moved to Africa,

ONE OF THE LITTLE BOYS, WHEN AT PLAY ONE DAY

gathered his playmates round him and said, "*I should like to go to heaven ; the sun won't burn me there as it does here.*" Dear little fellow, he went there four days afterwards. He delighted in the Lord, and He gave him the desire of his heart.

My *Sunday morning's* work was the service : my afternoons commenced with a reading to the sick in hospital at 2 P.M. Then the Sunday-school, and a class for married women, which was continued for more than a year ; then the Presbyterian service, which I attended with several of my men. A dear friend of mine, a missionary, conducted this during the best part of the time : he would not take any pay from the Government, but he will get his reward by and by. I believe his preaching has been blessed to not a few of those who heard him.

Following this, for the last year, I had the great pleasure of spending my evenings at the *Chinese girls'* school. Here a dear Christian friend always made me welcome, and in this bright and blessed home I used to refresh myself after the work of the day, and gain strength for the coming week. The Christian girls in this school, well taught in God's Word, enjoyed studying it, and we went through the book of Revelation and other portions together on those happy Sunday evenings.

During the week I had *a reading in barracks* of God's Word. To this any men who would come were welcome. I thank God that some did come, and these have since blessed Him that they went to Singapore. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." This meeting was held on Wednesday. On Friday there was a meeting of Christians in the town of Singapore. My dear friend the missionary expounded the Scriptures ; and so much was his teaching valued, that I have seen my men come in wet through, having walked three miles in pouring rain to hear the Word.

There was a monthly missionary meeting at the Malay chapel, and other meetings, which were means of refreshment to me and and my fellow-soldiers.

I had cause for happiness in my *regimental school* here. Thanks to the schoolmaster, a good many men were much helped in their education. When I took command, there were nearly *one hundred* men who could not read and write. When I sent the wing on to Hong-Kong there were *not twenty.* There were no school materials supplied by Government, but some of the men paid for their copy-books, and I found the rest of the things. Here again the blessing of being able to *read God's Word* was my chief motive. If a man cannot read, he cannot read God's Word. The desire to give my fellow-soldiers an opportunity of enjoying that which I had found to be the greatest privilege of my existence made me so earnest in seeking their education.

It is the Lord's wont abundantly to fulfil His children's desires ; certainly He did so to me. Not only did He give me this service for Him with one wing of my regiment, but the wings were subsequently changed, so that I had the privilege of proclaiming the Gospel to the men of the other wing. There went up to Hong-Kong from Singapore a *small band of faithful Christians.* Earnestly were they commended to the grace of God : He has kept them. At first they were able to meet in a little room they hired in Hong-Kong ; but this was taken from them, and they then *met on the rocks* above the barracks, and there praised the Lord.

MR. J. B. GOUGH AT STEINWAY HALL.

A Great Change in London—The People Shamed into Temperance—The Costermonger's Donkey—Increased Use of Beer in America—Brutalizing Effect of Beer—A Brutal Father—"Her Jim"—The Officer's Wife—A Compromise—The Moderation Society.

MR. J. B. GOUGH *delivered an oration* at Steinway Hall, New York, on December 8th. The Hon. W. E. Dodge, who presided, in introducing the lecturer expressed his regret that he was suffering from a cold.

THE ORATION.

My friend Mr. Dodge is not quite right : I have no cold, but I come to you very weary after the hardest year's work I ever did in my life. I remember very well the 22d of last September standing in the pulpit of my friend Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon before an audience of 6500 persons. I felt embarrassed at speaking to so large a company on the same old theme. I was very much relieved when the chairman, Sir Charles Reed, occupied *half an hour* in introducing me. I feel still more embarrassment to-night in coming before you with the same subject—you who have known me so many years and who have heard me so many times.

My whole range of argument is so limited. I am not able to grasp the scientific side of the question, nor the political side, nor the theological side. Those of you who have known me thirty-seven years know I am not capable of giving you an intellectual feast of argument and logic. My way is to draw my arguments *from facts* and to illustrate them *by facts.*

When I returned to England after an absence of twenty years I found a great change. Many things were the same. London with her great population of four millions was there ; but in the great city I saw many improvements, such as the Thames Embankment and the noble Holborn Viaduct. There were *the street boys,* just as impudent as ever. One of them remarked my personal appearance as I met him, and stroking an imaginary mustache said, "It looks werry nice, sir."

With regard to the work in which I have been engaged so many years, I found an immense improvement. It has been lifted into all spheres of society. It has become a live question. Who would have believed that total abstinence would ever occupy its present place, when twenty years ago it was laughed at as a ridiculous absurdity. Why think of it—Canon Farrar has lectured on the subject in the Shelburne Theatre at Oxford, and he said, "Who would have believed it possible that a pledged total abstainer would have ever stood here to speak to Oxford men on the subject of total abstinence ?" Now we have five lord-bishops total abstainers ; I have had four of them to preside at my meetings. Think of a poor American lecturer having to address his chairman as *My Lord.* Think of a total abstinence lecturer being invited to be the guest of the Lord Bishop of Rochester ! Or of an invitation to the Max Muller celebration at Oxford.

Twenty years ago, at a temperance meeting there, they could not get any one to take the chair. They had to send to London for a chairman. The audience made all sorts of interruptions, some of them crowed like roosters. They made me stand still for nearly half an hour, but they did not quite put me down. Now we have bishops and archbishops, canons and dignitaries of all sorts, in the law and in Parliament and in the medical profession, all advocating total abstinence. Now how has this change been brough about ? I will tell you. Englishmen have been alarmed, terrified, horrified, by the ravages of liquor. Their present attitude has been forced on them. They have been

SHAMED INTO IT.

A costermonger's donkey came to the foot of a hill and there he stopped. He obstinately refused to pull up the hill. The costermonger tried coaxing, but it was of no use. Then he tried other measures, but no use. At last he took the donkey out of the shafts and got in himself and pulled the barrow up the hill. "Why are you doing that?" said a bystander. "Well," the man said, "*I thought I'd shame him into it.*"

Well, the English people have been shamed into total abstinence. The London *Times* said: "You may go all over the world and see the lowest degradation of every nation—the Chinese with their opium, the Japanese with the same drug—but nowhere can there be gathered together such filth, such rottenness, such a mass of putrefying sores, as in the purlieus of a well-to-do London Gin Palace." A judge lately said a man often goes into a beer-house a respectable man and comes out a felon. Now drinking in such proportion and producing such debasement and wide-spread misery has driven the upper classes of England into the temperance ranks.

It has forced the attention of *medical men* to the question—even those who stand at the head of the profession. There is Sir William Gull, the physician to the Royal Family, and Sir Henry Thompson, whose income from his profession alone is £70,000 a year—the King of the Belgians paid him £3000 for one operation—and there is Dr. Richardson; all these eminent men have stated it as their opinion that alcohol is not food. The Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, is one of our most earnest advocates. He is one of the greatest biblical critics—theologians is the proper word—in the world, and he goes up and down his great diocese preaching *total abstinence.* The Dean of York presided at one of my meetings.

I was sorry to see in one of your American papers—for I always contrived to see those while I was away, although Dean Stanley said in a speech at the opening of a coffee-house which his sister had built and endowed out of her own means, that what he liked best in America was the libraries, and what he liked least was the newspapers; but I used to find that I could learn more of what was going on in the whole world from an American newspaper than I could from the London *Times.* Well, I was sorry to see from this newspaper that the use of beer was *increasing* in this country. Now it is said that the effect of beer is soporific, and soporific only, a good liquor to sleep on. But what is the fact? Why most of the brutality which exists in England is produced by beer. Beer is the poor man's drink. He cannot afford to drink spirits, for the duty on them is ten shillings a gallon; he drinks beer, and this soporific liquor transforms him into a brute.

Remember, he is not a brute by nature. The Anglo-Saxon has never been a brutal race naturally. Look at the charities of England. Guizot said, "English charities are deep, comprehensive, sincere, and searching." While I was there the Princess Alice disaster occurred. An appeal was made for those made widows and orphans by that catastrophe. Why, there were subscriptions sent in from all parts of England for them. In six weeks there were £98,000 collected. There were not merely gifts of the rich, but the boxes at the Lord Mayor's residence contained hundreds of pounds in bronze, *the gifts of shoeblacks,* and working-men who put in their pennies to help the fund. Then there was an explosion in a mine, then a flood in Hungary, the famine in India and China, and there were appeals for help, and the working classes were found ready to respond.

ANGLO-SAXON BRUTALITY.

No, it is unnatural for the Anglo-Saxon race to be brutal. Yet I have heard Canon Farrar relate that he knew of an English father who went into his house and heard his child crying. "Stop crying," growled the father. But the child continued, and that English father took up his own child and *set it on the fire.* He was under the influence of beer, that soporific drink.

On a miserable evening a woman stood outside a gin palace in the drizzling rain with two children clinging to her skirts. She was looking wistfully at the door, and presently a man came out. "Is my Jim in there?" the woman said. "Yes," said the man. "Ask him to come out." By and by her Jim came out. "Well, what do you want?" he growled. "O Jim! I am so miserable at home, there is no fire and no candle and no bread, and I thought you would be coming home." How did he reply to her? By a blow on the mouth that sent her reeling into the gutter. As she rose and wiped the blood and dirt from her face and turned sorrowfully homeward the man jingled the coin in his pocket with a chuckle, and returned to his cup. Is that soporific?

You say, "Those people belong to *the lower orders.*" But drink is an awful leveller. I was in Jerry McAuley's mission last night, and the people there you would say belonged to the lower orders; but I assure you some of the upper classes of society may be seen there, brought down to the very lowest. I have seen a poor miserable man peddling matches, who was a direct descendant of Sir Philip De Carteret. A man was pointed out to me who had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, who was once a popular preacher, but now could be induced for twopence to preach one of his old sermons in an ale-house.

I received a letter one day in London from *a lady of position* and education, formerly moving in the best classes of society. Her family resided in the West End of London. She had married an officer in the army, who had ruined her and himself by drink. He had sold his commission, and had spent every farthing of the proceeds. She was then living in a single room, and I asked one of the partners in the firm of Partridge & Co. to go and see her.

There was no furniture in the room, nothing but a few orange boxes turned upside down to serve as chairs and tables. There were six children in the room, one a babe only fourteen days old. On one of the boxes was a crust of dry bread and some weak tea, and that was all the provision for the woman and her children. That morning her husband had stolen *their last blanket,* and had got a shilling for it, and there he was, drunk with the money. Yet this man did not belong to the lower orders. His wife wrote to her family describing her want, and asked for help, and they sent her fourteen pounds, but the husband intercepted it and spent it all.

The wife said he would reform if he could obtain employment. We got him a situation as conductor on a tram car. But he would not take it. He was a gentleman, and he would not stoop to the work. Yet some one gave his son *a pair of shoes,* and this gentleman crawled to his son's heap of clothes and stole the shoes, and was drunk all day Sunday with the money.

Such facts as these startled the people of England into temperance agitation; and, ladies and gentlemen, I tell you that if something is not done here, and done immediately, you in the United States will be startled too. I give you this solemn warning, for I feel the coldness of age creeping over me. I cannot expect to maintain my work here much longer. When I went to England I went for rest, but when I saw their organizations and their work and their danger, I should have been ashamed not to join in the labor. They are far beyond us in their organization, though we have many things here superior to those in England. Thank God for that! But there are

THREE SCANDALS

which we have, that would not be tolerated in England. The first is the Sunday concert. Over and over again, recollecting what we see in this country, have I told them, beware of the first introduction of the wedge. Do not permit a Sunday concert. A second thing which would not be allowed there, though we endure it here, is that an alderman should continue to hold office after he had been convicted of intoxication. The third practice they will not permit in England is peddling liquor on the cars. Our cars are regular dramshops; you can get on them any kind of liquor you can name. As I came here there was a man on the train so stupidly asleep from the effects of the liquor he had taken, that they had to shake him to wake him up.

We have in our country, as they have over there, a

MODERATION SOCIETY.

In England it is attached to the Church of England Society. This society is not an entirely total abstinence society. They have two pledges, and when I first went there I thought to myself, "I sha'n't like that: I may be compelled to oppose it;" but when I saw how it worked I got rid of that sort of feeling that if people do not go in my channel they are all wrong; or if they do not run in my groove they are all out of the way. I was very glad even to see this moderate drinking pledge in that society, because it is bringing men into the circle of the grand total abstinence movement, where they see and hear of the evils of drunkenness; and they cannot associate long with men who are right if they are conscientious men, without becoming right in the course of time. And so they are being brought into the ranks of temperance workers.

But after all, it is only a compromise, and I don't like compromise. It reminds me of a negro who was always tempted to steal when he went into any place where there was property. He said: "I went into a boot and shoe store, and I seed the han'somest boots that ever was. I wanted de boots. The debil says, 'Take de boots;' and de Lord says, 'Let de boots alone.' I laid my hands on de boots and my cheek upon de leather, and it was so smooth, and I want de boots. The debil said, 'You may have them; there is two of us.' So I compromise with de Lord, and took a cheap pair of shoes off another shelf."

But still I have no objection to a man walking with me as far as he can go, and then saying "God speed you," when I go on farther. But what would moderation do for me and for thousands of others in New York? The great danger that is connected with this moderation plan is that many will be led to drink a little, and from that become drunkards. There are men who cannot drink moderately. Dr. Johnson could not. "Surely," said a friend to him once, "you can carry off one glass." "No," said he, "the one glass would carry me off." "But," it is said by many, "it is weak-minded not to be able to drink and to stop at any point." No, it is not weak-minded; it is a physical infirmity, and if I am liable to be brought by moderate drinking into inebriety, then it is no more right that I should be encouraged to do that than it is to place a log in a blind man's way.

When I meet so many wrecks of men, men saying, "I am a lost laddie," I am almost thankful I have no son. But

IF I HAD A SON

I would rather show him drinking as it is in the lowest den in Water Street than where his mother sips it and his minister indorses it. "You would not surely take your son into those Water Street dens?" says one. Yes, I would. Those are *the finishing* places, and there he would see the end, and might be saved from ending there himself. There would not be so much danger for my boy. He would say, "What a strange place to bring me to! the very smell of it makes me sick. Take me away! take me away!" He puts his hand to his ears in horror as the first blasphemous word is spoken, and he sees at once the fearful abyss which lies at the end of the path. But take him into a respectable place, where there is refinement and nothing to shock his sensibilities, and he takes the glass and sips it without scruple. There lies the danger.

(To be continued.)

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 959.)

The Subtlety of Temptation.

"WHAT is the date of the will?" inquired Ernest, with a slight spasm of regret as he asked the needless question.

"We drew it up four years ago," answered his uncle, "and it was executed at once by the old squire. There! I'll say no more till after the funeral, unless you wish it opened and read at once."

"I do wish it," said Ernest; "my mother and I know where it is to be found. Shall I fetch it here, or will you come with me to my father's room, and give a glance at it? It would be as well to see that he has made no change."

"Oh! bring it here," exclaimed his mother, in an impatient tone; "though I must say it seems an extraordinary thing to meddle with a man's will almost before the breath is out of his body. If my poor dear Charles was only here there would be no such haste; indecent haste it seems to me."

"If Charles were here he would be master," said Ernest, speaking from a sore heart. He went away without another word, to the chamber where the corpse was lying. There were the peculiar hush, the blank stillness, and emptiness about it which always attend the dreary presence of death. It was a very familiar room to him, for old Charles Clifford had not kept his wife's boy at a distance from him; yet to-day it seemed strange in the white dulled light entering through the shrouded windows.

Not even the ashes of the fire were left upon the hearth, where last night he had watched the will consumed before his eyes, which would have made him master in the place of his prodigal brother. The stiff and straightened form of the dead man lay slightly outlined under the sheet that covered it. Ernest paused for a minute at the foot of the bed, looking down upon it, his brain busy in retracing the past. This lapsed existence, which had had no link of blood-relationship with his own, had yet been bound up with it in the most intimate connection. This man, with his dominant, overmastering will, had filled the position of a father to him; so far as authority constitutes a part of fatherhood.

It was he who had placed him where he was, and chosen in a great degree his life for him; a bad choice, as Ernest felt to the very core of his heart. There was not much grief in his absorbed contemplation of the lifeless form; this death was a release, though it could not undo the mischief he had done.

It could not give him back his youth, and a fresh entry upon manhood, with all its bright possibilities. "*I forgive you!*" he breathed softly; and a momentary moisture dimmed his eyes. With hushed and slow steps, as if fearful of disturbing the sleeper, he crossed the floor to the cabinet, and took from it the will he had deposited there the night before.

The cover bore the date of it on the front. It was twenty-two years back, a few months after the birth of old Charles Clifford's son and heir. Ernest read it half aloud. How well he could recall the earlier years of his little brother's life, whilst he was still a young child like his Rose! There had been no jealousy and contempt between them then. He almost felt a return of the old affection, and the sense of protectorship towards Charles. But he did not linger longer in the room. He carried the packet downstairs, and placed it in his uncle's hands, who cut the ribbon that tied it, and broke the seal with a composure Ernest could not share. He glanced at the date and signatures of the will.

"Ah! I see," he said, glancing up for a moment over his spectacles, "we drew it up, you know, from the old squire's instructions; and I was present when it was signed. Well, well! I wish I'd come yesterday. I did expostulate with him strongly at the time; but a wilful man must have his way. He turned a deaf ear to all I urged on him. He would cut off Charlie and make Ernest his heir."

Ernest involuntarily uttered an exclamation of surprise. His brain whirled, and his senses seemed to be playing him false. He leaned over his uncle's shoulder and devoured the will with his eyes. The date was that of *four years* back; the time when his father's anger raged most fiercely against Charles. Yielding to a sudden and almost unconscious impulse, Ernest crushed up the cover which was lying on the table and thrust it into his pocket. He had not time to deliberate now; he must wait, and reflect, and decide. The lawyer, whose deaf ear was turned towards him, went on with his tranquil comments.

"Ah! no codicil," he said, "three hundred a year to Susan, and right of residence in Clifford Grange for her life; with a few legacies of no consequence. 'The whole of the residue, estate and personality, to my beloved step-son, Ernest Wren, who shall take the name of Clifford.' We valued it, two years ago, Ernest, and reckoned it at over £1200 a year, after Susan's £300 is deducted. And there are splendid openings for improvement, which old Clifford talked of but never set about. By the way, the squire has entailed the estate now; he will not let you be free to play such a high prank as he has. You and your heirs; eldest son, or daughter if you have no son. He was fond of little Rose. But poor Charlie is merely mentioned in the will to be cut off from the inheritance."

"Oh! my poor Charles! my dear boy!" cried Mrs. Clifford. "It's a wicked will, John; it must be set aside. Oh! my darling! my poor boy! Perhaps he made another will and hid it somewhere. Let us go and look this minute."

"Ay! ay! he made another will," said Mr. Wright dryly; "we drew up a will for him when Charles was six months old, and I remonstrated strongly with him about that. We all but quarrelled and parted over it. It was a very unfair will in my opinion; almost as bad, if not quite as bad, as this. He left absolutely every thing to his son, without reserve and without condition. There was no provision whatever for you, Susan; you were left altogether dependent upon Charlie. 'It will make her a good mother to him,' said the old squire; 'she'll keep a civil tongue in her head if she's to look to him for her living.' You know what sort of a living you would get from Charlie."

"That was a more wicked will than this one," exclaimed Mrs. Clifford. "Why! Charles would soon make duck and drakes of his money; and then where should I be! Ernest will do what is right; everybody knows what Ernest is. But my poor boy has always gone wrong, and no wonder, with such a wilful, headstrong man for his father."

Now she knew the contents of her husband's first will, which she had burned with her own hands the night before, she felt quite reconciled to this later one. There would have been no hope for her if Charles had succeeded as uncontrolled master; but Ernest had always been good, and steady, and dutiful to her and her husband. Besides, she was independent of him and mistress of Clifford Grange. She turned to him and lifted up her face to kiss him.

"God bless you, Ernest!" she said; "you'll make a better master than poor Charles. But I am sorry for him. Perhaps he'd have tried to be a good man, if he'd had a chance; but he'll never have a chance now." She sank down again in her chair and began weeping in more real earnest than before; partly with hysterical emotion, but partly with real genuine disappointment for her disinherited son. Ernest had listened and looked on apart from them as if it was all a dream.

"Mother," he stammered, "the estate is not mine. I ought not to take it from Charles."

"But what will you do?" asked his uncle sharply. "Old Clifford had a right to leave it as he chose; and he left it to you. His last will was wiser than the first. Of course Charlie is his own son; but he knew, and everybody knew, the lad would squander it away. What would £1500 a year be to a youngster who would like to spend £15,000? As it is, if he should turn up again—and that's doubtful—you could do something handsome for him; or if he continues a reprobate, you could but keep him out of the gutter at least. Your father knew very well what he was about, you may be sure.

"When I expostulated with him at leaving Charlie without a penny, 'Ernest's a good man,' he said; 'he'll never see him starve. I wish he would!' he said, for he was awfully bitter against Charlie. Then there's your mother. She has her three hundred a year to do what she likes with. It's a younger son's share, and as much as Charlie deserves. Take your good luck, and thank Heaven for it. You'll make a better Clifford than if you'd been born one."

"Of course he will," added his mother pettishly. "Oh! don't begin to harry us all with scruples and doubts. He always promised me my boy should be the same as his own, and he'd act by you as if you were; or else I never would have married him. You are the eldest son, and you're the heir."

"Not old Charles Clifford's heir," said Ernest.

"Yes you are," she persisted; "he's made you heir, and nobody can alter that. Dear me! what would have become of me if he had told me to burn this will and keep the other?—with my own hands too! No provision for me! To think that he'd left me without a penny! I know I should have been compelled to live with you in that poky little vicarage, with nothing to live upon! But now I'm safe, and you are safe; and if Charles comes back we can do something for him. What a comfort that first will was not to be!"

It seemed to her as if she had just had a narrow escape from some dire calamity. The sword that had been hanging over her head was taken away; but she could see both the sword and the frail thread by which it had been suspended. She shivered and quailed at the mere thought of it. But with Ernest she was safe. At last she would be mistress of Clifford Grange; the position she had married for, but had not gained.

After the long wearisome season of bondage were coming those gay, good times she had promised herself when she became old Charles Clifford's wife. She had chafed under a yoke more burdensome than Ernest's. But at length the oppression had ceased, and the oppressor was gone. Already, though he had not been one day dead, she was experiencing the relief of freedom; and this was gathering strength now she knew she was provided for, and left dependent upon no one. She was thankful according to her nature; and when she left her brother Wright and Ernest, she retired to her own room, and half superstitiously knelt down to return thanks for the provision made for her, before sending for her draper and dressmaker, and entering upon the elaborate task of putting on weeds for old Charles Clifford. She honored God with her lips, but her *heart* was far from Him (Matt. 15:7, 8).

Ernest gave what orders were absolutely necessary, and then left the Grange, having agreed with his uncle that the will should not be discussed again till after the funeral. He had kept his own counsel in the first moments of amazement and perplexity, and now he desired solitude and silence, to turn over the whole of the matter in his mind. He was like a man in a trance, unable to catch the end of any clear thread of thought, and unravel it from the vague confusion of his brain.

After a while he found himself wandering aimlessly along the narrow, grass-grown path which followed the crooked bends of the cliffs. The light was dying away behind its thick gray veil of clouds, and the night was coming on swiftly and steadily. But Ernest had neither eye nor ear for any thing outside of himself. His brain was too busy to take note either of the weather or the hour.

There could be no doubt whatever that the will which had been destroyed was the very one old Charles Clifford had intended to preserve. That was as clear as day. The old man's faculties, his sight especially, had been failing him for some months past ; and he must, at some time, after reading his two wills, have inclosed them in the wrong covers.

e had been too precise and clear in speaking of the one he wished to leave behind him for any mistake to be possible. On his death-bed he had forgiven his prodigal son, and revoked the will he had made in an hour of bitter anger against him. He had passed away in the belief that his only child would succeed to the possessions of his forefathers. It was a mere accident that had caused the former will to be destroyed and the later one to be preserved.

ut was it right to call it an accident? Ernest could not deny that it would be a grievous calamity to every other person involved in the matter, if not to Charles himself, for him to come into uncontrolled possession of the estate. There was barely a chance against his squandering it recklessly. To squander it meant that it would soon pass into the hands of strangers ; while the very name of Clifford of Clifford would die away altogether from their ancient dwelling-place.

d Charles Clifford, with his strong family pride, could never have meant that. He had made his first will when his heir was an infant in the cradle. To revert to that would be as much opposed to his real mind as that his stepson should succeed to the lands and take the name. He was keen-sighted enough to know the folly of aving his son absolute master of the place. He had had two wills at variance within himself ; and it was only in the hour of mortal weakness that his passion for his son had triumphed over his conviction that his old house and name would be sacrificed to his prodigality.

rely it was no accident, this slight mistake dim-eyed old man, which had been allowed by rovidence. Ernest did not use the name of "Providence" had permitted the half-ish father to inclose the papers in the wrong rs. Thus he had died more happily ; like an over-indulged child who falls asleep with some dangerous tool in his hands, which is gently drawn away as the nerveless fingers lose their hold. There was no harm done. Power would be dangerous weapon in Charles' hands ; in his would be a blessing to all about him.

at was the right light to see it in, Ernest continued to argue to himself. Providence had allotted the inheritance to the one who could make the use of it. He had not had a finger in it himself. He had even urged his father to forgive Charles. It was his mother, the mother of both of them, who had burned the will ; so that even the mechanism of the error had not been his. He was perfectly free, in will and act, of any plot to seize his brother's birthright. It had come to him.

hat ought he then to do? He had no idea what the law of the land would demand of him and he hardly wished to know it. There had been no third person present during his conversation with his stepfather, and all must rest upon his word and testimony alone. If the law his word, and gave up all to Charles, what would become of his poor mother? Her life had a monotonous bondage for many years, and r old age she would be cast upon the mercy profligate son for the very bread she ate.

, he finally concluded. It would be madness to throw away the responsibility laid upon him for the welfare of others and for the maintaining the name and dignity of an old family. stood alone in the matter it would be quite another question. But was it not his bounden duty to keep silence and enter into possession of the estate?

tore up into small pieces the cover, which no other writing than the words, *Charles ord's Will, Sept.* 14, 1835," and he watched fragments floating slowly away on the light e. Then he felt some regret at having destroyed it ; but why? There was nothing in the s, written though they were in the bold, hand-writing of his stepfather. It was y a slight corroboration of a fact he had ed to keep to himself.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 28th. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR first two lessons for the last quarter were taken from the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which the contrast between the shadow and the substance, the types and the antitype, the old covenant and the new, is so vividly brought out. All the teaching of this epistle leads up to the tenth and eleventh chapters, in which our position in Christ, and the mighty, irresistible power of a life enduring "as seeing Him who is invisible," are unfolded to us.

In the ninth chapter we see Christ as the perfect offering once for all, sanctifying not only to the purifying of the flesh, but purging our "conscience from dead works to serve the living God," because by His own blood He "obtained eternal redemption for us" (verses 12, 14) and He is entered "into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us" (verse 24). Thus our privilege is to have a spotless conscience because Christ is our guarantee that the past is purged, and He is our living witness that we are accepted before God in Him the Beloved. In the tenth chapter we see how in His renounced will we are sanctified ; "a body hast Thou prepared Me," He said, and "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." A prepared body is one in which every member answers the purpose of its creation and responds to the will of God.

"By the which will we are sanctified." By His death we are crucified with Christ ; because He lives we shall live also ; by His sanctification of Himself we also are sanctified (John 17 : 19)—*i.e.*, by entering into His renounced will, and letting Him live out His will in us. In such a position, purified from sinning, living no life but Christ's, and having no will but His, all can become supernatural, and we may learn to live the life of faith taught us in chapter 11.

This is the normal condition of a child of God ; all the precepts of God's Word presuppose this position ; here all things are possible because all things are seen and judged in the light of God and not after human reason. God is owned as Master of His own laws, making and controlling them. Here experience bows to revelation, and the Word of God takes its right place. A man who lives a life of faith gives up looking at persons and things in relation to himself ; he learns to see all in relation to God. This, then, is our lesson. All other things are shadows. Faith, which seems so shadowy to those who do not believe, is the only thing which Scripture calls substance, because it brings and keeps us in contact with God Himself.

Our lesson from the Epistle of James taught us that real faith brings forth fruit in works ; that there is such a thing as dead faith—*i.e.*, an assent to doctrines without the vital power which brings us, and others through us, into contact with the living God. From Peter we learned of Christ as the perfect pattern of His people. By nature we are the exact opposite of Christ, self-idolaters, while He "pleased not Himself." It is but by faith that we can become Christ-like, living in His will as He lived in His Father's will, loving not our lives unto the death (Rev. 12 : 11).

From the apostle John we learned of Christ as the perfect Saviour, who not only reconciles the ungodly but purifies also His own people, and makes them holy that they may be the dwelling-place of God.

It is perfectly true that the same apostle says, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," &c. (1 : 8). But to have sin and to commit sin are two very different things. Paul had sin, but he could say nevertheless, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believe" (1 Thess. 2 : 10), and again, "Be ye followers of me, even as I am also of Christ" (1 Cor. 11 : 1). All sin comes from the maintenance of relations with our own selves. In the measure that we enter into the experience of Paul, "*Not I live*, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. 2 : 20), in such measure the enemy has no hold upon us, and sin cannot take form. The temptation may be there, as in the case of our Lord, but instead of driving us further from our Lord, it may absolutely bring us nearer by the victory which we gain over it.

The last five of our lessons were from the book of Revelation. First, the glorified Saviour who has the keys of death and of hell, death's conqueror, and then His message to the Churches. It is worthy of notice that in these messages He speaks of Himself in every case in some character which is revealed to us in chapter 1. Comp. 2 : 1 with 1 : 13, 16 ; 2 : 8 with 1 : 18 ; 2 : 12 with 1 : 16 ; 2 : 18 with 1 : 14, 15 ; 3 : 1 with 1 : 4, 16 ; 3 : 7 with 1 : 18 ; 3 : 14 with 1 : 5. Then the promises are only to him that overcometh, and they differ, perhaps deepen in character. First, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God" (2 : 7), and the second (2 : 11), "He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death." These promises seem to be more the simple assurance of eternal life than any thing else.

Then (2 : 17), "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Here seems to be something special, not before promised, a secret between the soul and the Saviour. The next promise (2 : 27) is one of power over the nations (*i.e.*, in the millennium). This surely is reigning with Christ : "And I will give him the morning star." I am "the bright and morning star," said our Lord (22 : 16) ; thus it is a special promise of Himself. The promise to Sardis is of white raiment, and "I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before My Father and before His angels." This would seem to be more general again, like the first two.

The promise to Philadelphia is especially blessed : "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and he shall go no more out ; and I will write upon him the name of My God, and the name of the city of My God, new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from My God, and My new name." This promise seems to be specially connected with the bride, the Lamb's wife. To be a pillar which bears the weight of the Church of Christ, to bear the name of the bride, instead of our own name, and more, His new name. This is the promise held out to us probably as the special reward to the overcomers now in our own days. The last of all is a distinct prospect of reigning with Christ : "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne."

Now have we a right to expect the fulfilment of these promises? Are we overcomers, or are we overcome? Only they who enter into Christ's victory, and who regard the world as really overcome, with all its various trials and temptations, can really sing the new song and have their part in the new Jerusalem of which we have heard so lately. Oh, let us think deeply and solemnly, Am I overcome by the dispositions of those about me, by the various vexations and contradictions of my life? Am I overcome by the spirit of worldliness in those around me? Or am I unmoved by all, only brought nearer to God by them, and nearer to those by whom the trial comes? Does every attempt of Satan to cast me down have a contrary effect, because I put it into His hands who makes me more than conqueror through Him?

It is such *alone* who can expect the fulfilment of the promises, who can have part in the bride, the Lamb's wife ; who, partaking with Him here in suffering and endurance, will have part with Him there in the glory. To such the new song is not unknown, and their citizenship is already in the heavenly city—pilgrims and strangers here, they are only at home there. And these are they who with longing hearts echo the last words of our beloved Lord, and say by their lives as much as by their lips, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

1880.

As the year 1879 draws to a close, we thank the public of the United States and of Canada for the hearty appreciation with which it has received the CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES. The history of religious journalism in America can show no parallel to the success of this paper. In *thirteen months* it has found subscribers in every State of the Union, in five Provinces of Canada, in South America, in the West Indies, and in Polynesia. Besides, it is sold on the stands of the American News Company, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The extracts given below represent only a small part of all the letters received by us within the brief space of about six weeks. They were taken as they came, yet they represent *thirty-one States*, besides several Canadian Provinces. We receive scores of such commendations every month. This rapid and wide-spread popularity is to be ascribed to:

1st. THE BLESSING OF ALMIGHTY GOD,

whose blessing has been implored by the proprietor and the conductors at every step of the enterprise, and who has been graciously pleased to prosper this attempt to publish *the Gospel for the million*—the pure Gospel and the simple Gospel, without a word of controversy or of denominational doctrines.

2d. THE CHARACTER OF THE PAPER,

The utmost pains are taken to *illuminate* the columns of every number. There is nothing dull or heavy in any part of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. The biographies are freshly written and are always extremely interesting. The serial stories are full of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; we choose this mode to present the Way of Salvation to persons who will not read any other part of the paper. Finally, the latest current sermons of Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage, of which we are *the authorized publishers*, are surpassed by no productions of uninspired man. The gospel has not been preached since the Reformation with greater clearness and power than it is by these two servants of God. Sermons by eminent preachers of other denominations are given occasionally.

3d. THE LOW PRICE.

A single copy, containing both the above-mentioned sermons, costs only three cents. The annual subscription is only $1.50, postage free. There has probably never been a religious paper of any description so cheap in this country; and the CHRISTIAN HERALD is a *first-class* and an *illustrated* paper. This makes it easy to collect subscriptions for it.

The public cannot be too positively informed that the sermons by Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon, published in this journal *without fail every week*, are the preachers' *lates* Sunday morning sermons, and are *authenticated* by them. *Not one is hashed up*. We ge a manuscript copy of Dr. Talmage's sermon from the Doctor's own hand at No. 1, South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, every Monday morning; while in the case of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, we have specially arranged with that minister's London publishers to receiv *advance sheets* of them, so that we can publish the sermons before any one else can do so.

We offer exceptionally liberal terms to ministers, clubs, agents, and all benevolen and charitable institutions; and we invite any person, lady or gentleman, to act as agent beginning, if he please, with only a single subscription. Very many persons of independ ent means have accepted this offer, and have relinquished their commission in order t give the paper to poor people or to unconverted acquaintances. Let any one send to u for a sample copy of our "Agent's Edition," and it will be mailed free.

NOTICE.

Subscriptions may begin at any time of the year, and they are taken for long or sho periods; but no commission is allowed on a subscription of less than six months. An person sending two names with $1.50 each *may get the paper to himself, post free, for year*. The only restriction we insist upon is, that subscribers must send remittances wi their orders. Our "Due Book" has been a plague of our existence during this yea so we have resolved to abolish it entirely. Therefore, let all who wish to renew f 1880, and all new subscribers, write and remit in response to this invitation.

THE following unsolicited expressions of appreciation and of gratitude, received during a *few weeks*, are a specimen of the hearty kindness with which our readers continually encourage us and our contributors in the common service of the Lord:

——, Miss.: "I can truly say that I will be glad to know that the C. H. has a great circulation in this part of the country. . . . It is one of the best papers published, and should be taken and read by all Christians." (Sept. 2.)

———, Pa.: "I am taking a great interest in your paper, the C. H., and would like to make its circulation a still larger one."

———, Tex.: "I enjoy the reading of your paper. . . . The sermons cannot be excelled."

———, N. C.: "God bless your paper! I look upon it as a weekly treat. I am glad you publish those precious sermons by Talmage and Spurgeon." (Sept. 3.)

———, N. Y.: "I confess to surprise at the excellence of the HERALD. It is so good I want it for myself and my family."

———, N. J.: "Your valuable paper I esteem as one of the best published."

———, Ind.: "We will send the price of the paper for another year as soon as possible. We like the paper well." (Sept. 4.)

———, Wis.: "I like the paper very much."

———, N. Y.: "I like it very much, and thank you for it."

C. N. H., Iowa: "Your paper is well liked here." (Sept. 5.)

H. N. B., Me.: "I have received the sample copy of the C. H., and am delighted with it. I must have the paper."

H. T. M.: "Your valuable paper is *borrowed*,* read, and appreciated in Glasgow."

F. N. A., Conn.: "I have the HERALD every week from one of our newsdealers, and consider it the choicest of religious periodicals." (Sept. 8.)

J. W. H., Ohio: "I am a reader of your excellent paper, and appreciate it highly. I cannot help wishing you abundant success in your great and good work."

M. B., N. C.: "I am receiving the HERALD regularly, and am well pleased with it. I think it will take wherever known."

L. G. O., Conn.: "For the first time in my life I saw your choice little paper yesterday. My heart went out toward it for myself and this people."

S. J. H., N. C.: "God bless the editors of the C. H.! God bless the sermons of Talmage and Spurgeon to the awakening and conversion of many souls." (Sept. 10.)

T. M., Canada: "It is reported that the C. H., published by you, is a valuable paper. Will you please forward a specimen number."

S. E. W., N. Y.: "Your paper is excellent."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher in Illinois sends ten names for the paper, with the subscription-money, and writes: "These are all small scholars in my class in Sabbath-School. I want to get the paper introduced into their families."

J. C. U., N. Y.: "I would not have my file broken for a good deal."

J. M., Ohio: "—— says he must have the paper."

L. E. B., Va.: "I have read your paper with much pleasure and profit."

W. K., Ill.: "I am well pleased with the HERALD, and like the tone of the paper." (Sept. 11.)

L. M. P., Conn.: "I was very much interested."

B. P. W., S. C.: "Having seen a few copies of the paper, I am much pleased and hope to see it extensively circulated in this section." (Sept. 12.)

S. P. F., N. Y.: "I must say I am very much pleased with it."

E. W., Ky.: "The HERALD comes to my address regularly; I am well pleased with it." (Sept. [illegible])

F. N. D., Tex.: "I have been taking your paper a few weeks, and am much pleased with it, a Christian paper."

S. J. B., Ohio: "I like the C. H. very much better than any paper I have ever taken. Praying that the Gospel which it preaches may reach many, very many precious souls, etc."

[illegible] D. D., Miss.: "Please send a package of your most excellent paper for distribution in my congregation." (Sept. 15.)

J. W. C., Ill.: "I cannot afford to do without the C. H. It [illegible] of the most valuable and practical knowledge I [illegible] sermons, expositions of prophecy, and comments on the Sunday-School lessons, worth five times the money. May the Lord bless it to the good of the Church and the salvation of many souls."

J. A., Cal.: "The last number was worth its weight in gold to me. No mine of this State is as rich as this, your paper."

A. T. S., Ohio: "All the present subscribers think very much of the paper." (Sept. 16.)

E. H. W., S. C.: "I cannot do without it. I thank God for the noble work that it is accomplishing." (Sept. 17.)

W. B. G., Iowa: "The more I read the more I like it and profit by it. Words cannot express how much I value it. I pity all who cannot drink in the doctrines taught by the C. H." (Sept. 19.)

C. B. E., Ill., calls the C. H. "a valuable paper," and adds, "I am very desirous of doing all the good that lies in my power, and one way is by interesting others in your paper." *The writer pays for four subscriptions for acquaintances.* (Sept. 20.)

J. J., Canada: "I do not think there is a better paper for the price in circulation."

J. C. C., Canada: "It is looked for each week with increasing interest."

W. H. R., Mass.: "I like the paper very much, and others that I have given it to like it well." (Sept. 22.)

W. E. L., Ill.: "Your paper is obtaining a fine popularity in this vicinity."

S. E. W., Tex.: "I like it exceedingly."

A. E., Vt.: "I cannot do without it." (Sept. 25.)

E. C. S., R. I.: "I like the paper very much, and wish to introduce it into this section. Wishing you a grand success, etc." (Sept. 26.)

W. H. E., N. Y.: "I could hardly do without your paper. I think it is the best paper published."

L. M. B., Mich.: We would be glad to devote our whole time to the interests of this much-loved little paper if we could live by it." (Sept. 27.)

F. A. T., Conn.: 'I am trying to introduce the C. H. in this community, as I think it is the best religious paper in existence."

J. M. F., Ala.: "We have become very much interested in the paper. We desire the paper to be more extensively circulated in our own immediate country."

J. W., Miss.: "I am so pleased with the C. H. that I would be glad if it had a more extensive circulation in our churches."

A. N. M. Ga.: "I love to read the sermons and prophetic sketches." (Sept. 29.)

W. N. X., Tenn.: (asks for a package of copies for distribution) "I think they would be the means of doing a great deal of good."

J. S. H., Ky.: "I cannot do without the paper."

J. C. N., Ohio: "Please continue sending the paper to me. I am a good deal interested in your paper."

E. R. W., Mich.: "Your excellent paper, I have wanted it from week to week."

J. W. R., Pa.: "I value it more and more for its evangelical influence and character." (Sept. 30.)

A LADY in Connecticut, at a place where there is no pastor, and no religious service except a weekly meeting in her house, writes: "I read one of those good sermons this afternoon in our prayer-meeting. I have given the papers sent to eager hearts and hands."

A. M. C., N. Y.: "I wish you every success, and will do all I can to increase its circulation."

W. H. M., Colo., sends a subscription and says: "Oblige an admirer of your very excellent paper."

H. A. B., N. C., sends three subscriptions and says: "I was much pleased with the specimen copy you sent me."

R. W., Ill.: "It gives me so much spiritual food that I prize it above all my other papers."

J. M. O., Pa.: "Please inform me what time my subscription expires. I do not want to lose a number."

J. McD., N. J.: "I wish to introduce it if possible. I like it. I take it every week from a newsdealer. I think everybody should read it." (Oct. 1.)

P. L. H., Ga.: "Of the many religious papers which I see, I know of none that I admire so well as the C. H."

J. M. F., Ala.: "I ever remain a friend to your paper."

J. H. A., Iowa: "I cannot do without it. I would not think of having it discontinued."

R. G. G., Pa.: "The C. H. is an excellent paper, and I want my children to become enchanted with it, and fancy that the sermons and other good things in it may lead them to Jesus." (Oct. 3.)

R. L., Pa.: "We like the paper very much."

H. R. O., Ga.: "I do not want to lose a paper. I cannot do without it."

M. G., Ark.: "I think more of the HERALD than of any other paper."

H. R. H., Ill.: "I read your paper with unabated interest. T me it is a *model* religious paper."

E. C. J., S. C.: "I receive your paper regularly, and prize t articles on prophecy very highly." (Oct. 4.)

G. M., Md.: "I deem your paper to be well suited to instr and stir up the colored preachers." (Subscriptions to the amou of *five dollars* enclosed.)

E. M. A., Ill.: "It supplies a long-felt want, and has our ve best wishes."

J. N., Tex.: "I read the C. H. and S. of our T. with delig and am especially pleased with your articles on prophecy. heartily recommend it to all my friends."

A. G. S., Tex.: "The matter is very excellent. I love C. H. much. With kind regards and prayers for your success usefulness, etc."

G. W. C., Canada: "I prize it highly."

M. A. N., Ga.: "The best religious paper, I believe, in t country. I gave —— a copy for a year, and also —— a copy twelve months. Every one I have ever conversed with on the s ject is pleased with the paper. My son, a Baptist minister, ta the HERALD, and is greatly pleased with it."

R. H. H., Kans. "I am perfectly delighted with it. We it ourselves and loan it to our neighbors." (Oct. 6.)

J. T., Canada: "We love the HERALD."

J. P. M., Ohio: "Am highly pleased with it."

W. A. G., Ky.: "I would not do without the Sunday-sc Lesson for twice the money."

G. H. A., Conn.: "I am well pleased with the publicati (Oct. 7.)

T. M., Me.: "The C. H. is just the paper I needed, and like it very much. It brings light and comfort to our home."

E. H., Pa.: "I have read the C. H. with much interest profit for the last six or eight months."

M. D., Ill.: "We think it is the best paper we have taken.

E. K., Mo.: "I have no words to express how highly I es your soul-inspiring paper." (Oct. 8.)

J. G. A., Pa.: "I do not like to miss one copy of your valu HERALD."

S. W. B., Ind.: "I would that each member of my church a subscriber. God bless the noble men who are making it a strument capable of doing so much good." (Oct. 10.)

N. G., La.: "I thank you kindly for sending your C. They are so full of truth. It is Gospel truth."

W. M., Ky.: "I enjoy the sermons very much."

L. B. R., N. Y., encloses *two dollars* to send the paper friend, and writes: "I know of no better way of doing good the printed page. I am already a subscriber and like it much is strictly a religious newspaper."

R. L. G., N. J.: "I think there is no religious paper like recommend it on all occasions." (Oct. 11.)

W. L. S., N. C.: "I am trying to put the C. H. in family."

T. B., Minn., encloses a subscription and writes: "Pleas ward your paper to —— ——, and forward the work of spre the good news. I think your papers are just what we w (Oct. 14.)

V. N., Ala.: "Our family enjoy your paper very much, wish —— and —— to have it."

W. N., N. Y.: "I like the paper so much I am trying to duce it to my friends."

W. B., Canada: "I highly appreciate your paper."

J. H. W., Pa.: "I think the C. H. is an excellent Ch paper and should be in every Christian family." (Oct. 15.)

J. A. G., Ill.: "I have enjoyed your paper so much take upon myself to do this;" (*i.e.*, to send *five annual su tions* for acquaintances).

W. D. B., N. J.: "The C. H. is a *necessity* in our famil to friends to whom we furnish it."

C. W. G., N. Y.: "I will do all in my power to furth circulation of your valuable paper."

W. J. C., Md.: "It will be the means of doing much goo

J. M. S., Ga.: "Thanking you for the rich feast contai every number, and praying for the continued health of tha Christian worker, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, I am, etc."

J. H. S., Md.: "I cannot refrain from saying that every in these papers by Dr. Talmage is worth (to every lover of and truth) ten times the price of a year's subscription. The *as a whole*, must prove a blessing to all who read it. May th abundantly reward your labors, is my prayer."

⁂ We have omitted a few cases in which the writers favors while they bestowed praise.

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* We hope it will be *bought* soon!—Ed. C. H.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ublished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. AY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1880. 14th Year. No 2—New Series.

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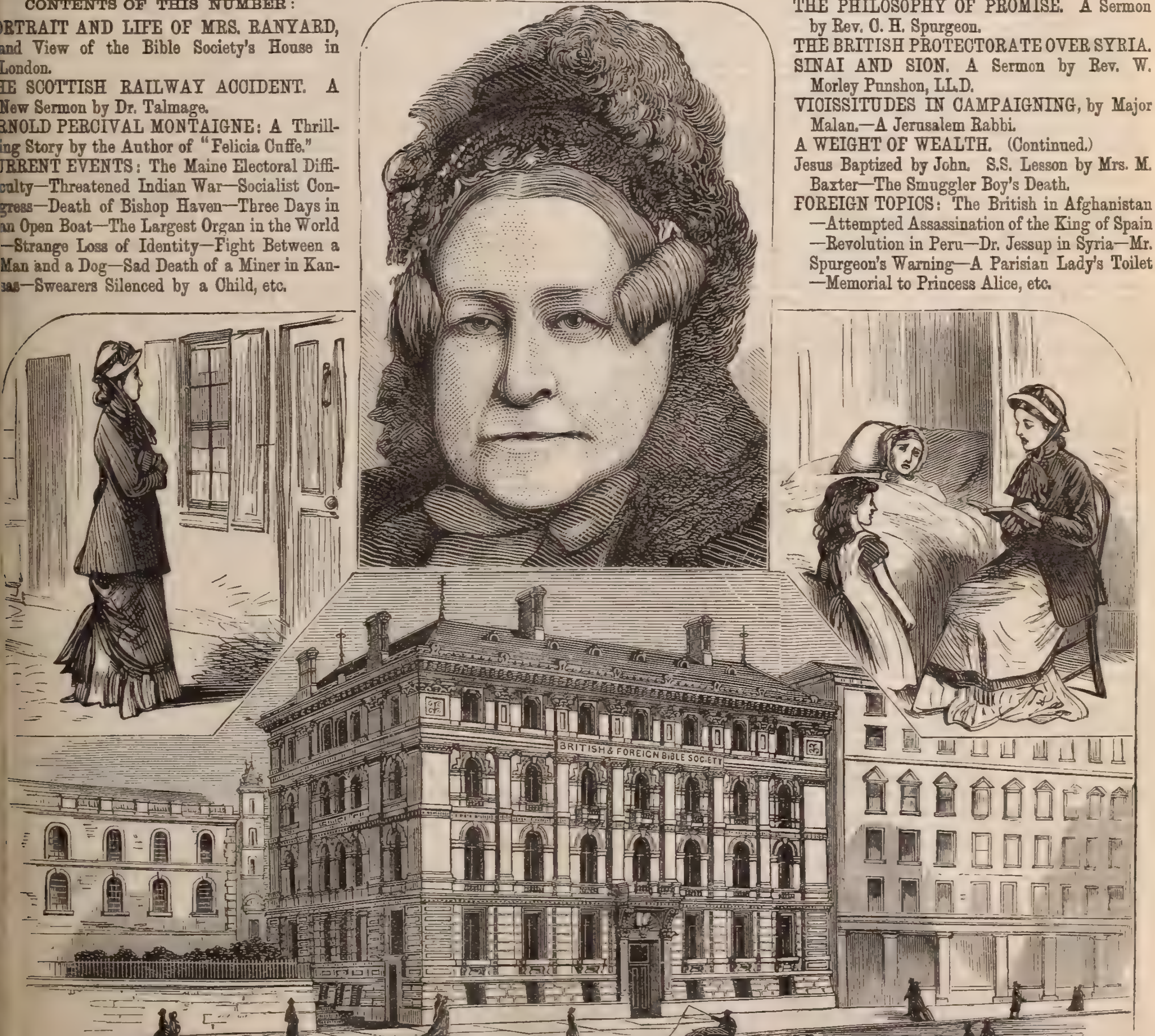

Mrs. RANYARD, Founder of the Bible Mission, and View of the Bible Society's House in London.

MRS. RANYARD.

The Pioneer of Bible Mission Work.

Her Birth in 1810—Wanstead—Her Conversion—She Starts with Elizabeth Saunders on a Bible Mission in Barnet—Both were Stricken with Fever—Elizabeth Dies—Ellen joins her Grandmother's Bible Work in Kensington—She commences Work in St. Giles's, London—Her Mission is Greatly Extended—The Bible Society Helps It—Her Death and Funeral.

WE present to our readers in this issue a portrait and brief account of the salient points of the work of the devoted Christian laborer, Ellen Ranyard, better known as L. N. R., who first wrought in and then organized the work of Bible distribution in England.

The age in which we live is one upon which there is happily written a brilliant record of woman's work for God. Yet in the midst of this grand galaxy of bright Christian stars we would assign Ellen Ranyard a place among those of the first magnitude.

The mission Mrs. Ranyard undertook in London was one involving sacrifice and danger, needing for its successful performance all those qualities of mind and body which go to make up the character of the Christian heroine. To that mission she devoted her life, and its results seen in this life only in part, but known in its fulness in the eternal world, constitute a monument to her memory which will tell of her energy and fearless effort to the end of time.

It appears from notes of her life in her own handwriting, that Mrs. Ranyard was born near Barnet in 1810. Her mother appears to have been an earnest Christian lady, and her grandmother was also engaged in active Christian work. The latter lady at one time held the office of president of the ladies' committee of the Bible Society at Kensington, in the environs of London.

AN EVENTFUL VISIT.

The circumstances which led to her entering on the work which was eventually to fill all her thoughts and to be the one all-absorbing object of her life, are deeply interesting.

In the year 1826, Mrs. Ranyard (then Miss Ellen White) was taken by her mother on a visit to Wanstead, in Surrey, to attend a Bible meeting which was being held at that place. The speakers at the meeting were entertained by a family named Saunders, and there Ellen and her mother stayed during their visit. There were in the Saunders family several daughters, and one of them named Elizabeth was at this time in deep distress. A dear friend and next-door neighbor of hers, to whom under God she owed her conversion, was about to remove to Manchester, and Elizabeth feared that after her friend's departure her own Christian life would be subject to many trials. She was the only one in her family who had experienced converting grace, and in her peculiarly trying position she had suffered much and had found her friend's counsel and sympathy exceedingly helpful. Her friend had pointed out to her that the separation was doubtless permitted by God with the view of drawing Elizabeth nearer to Himself, and teaching her by removing the human prop on which she leaned, to trust solely in Him. But Elizabeth, like many young Christians, found the lesson hard to learn, and at the time of this visit was in a very depressed and apprehensive state of mind.

Mrs. White and her daughter sympathized with the young Christian girl, and on their return to Barnet proposed to take her with them for a short visit. Elizabeth's parents accepted the proposal, for the young lady was in delicate health, having overtasked her physical strength by Christian work in visiting the sick and the poor in company with the friend from whom she was to be soon separated. She needed rest, and her parents thought that removal from the scene of her labors would give her the opportunity she would not take at home to recuperate her exhausted frame. But the Lord's poor are everywhere, and in all places there are souls to whom Jesus is a stranger. Elizabeth could not rest anywhere while she knew that near her lay a field where she might work for her Saviour, and she longed to carry the blessed message of the cross to perishing souls at Barnet as she had done at Wanstead.

A FATAL EXPLORATION.

"One morning during that visit," says Mrs. Ranyard, "I sat at a table drawing. We were alone, and she said to me, 'Ellen, dear, have you ever thought what you will do with your life? You must live to do *something* in God's service.'

"'Perhaps you mean in a Sunday school? My mother will not let me teach there. She says such work is only for converted people, and I am not converted. I like worldly reading, and I wish to see more of the world before I leave it, especially of its books.'

"'Then you *mean to leave it* some time? I wonder what, my dear, you know about the best of books? Do you love your Bible at all?'

"'I have read it through three times,' said Ellen. 'I seem to know all about it. Yes, certainly I love it; but one cannot always be reading one's Bible.'

"'I suppose you never have thought how many of the poor *people* who live in the streets not far from you have *no Bibles to read?*' was the next suggestion.

"'No, I never thought of that, but I liked your Bible meeting very much the other day at Wanstead.'

"'Would you like to leave your painting this morning and go with me to find out how many want a Bible?' said Elizabeth.

"'Yes, I should like to go anywhere with you.'

"Dear Elizabeth had set her heart on the exploring walk, and she obtained my mother's consent under protest. So we set forth, she with a Bible in her hand and a prayer in her heart, and in her pocket a pencil and a little book, a page or two of which she had been ruling in squares, while I was painting by her side. Oh, that last walk in her lovely, holy, gentle life! It led her to *her death*, but to me at that unknown cost to life eternal. She certainly gave prudence to the winds. We must have been out three hours, and we found the people in thirty-five houses on that day without a Bible.

"I came home, having seen for the first time how the poor live; their ignorance, their dirt, *their smells*—for we went upstairs to more than one sick room; and I heard my friend in a way that I had never heard before (though religiously brought up) tell the *good news* of the love of Jesus to the consumptive and the dying: she spoke to them, but the Spirit of God carried the message home to *me*. We finished our work by a talk with an old woman in a filthy shop, who sold coals and greens, and there I never shall forget the odor; and the old woman was deaf and rude; but we actually turned homewards with thirty-five pence in our bag, and as many names in our collecting book.

"She was too tired to talk any more that day, and I remember nothing more that afternoon except that when I went to bed at night I took up my Bible to read my usual chapter with a new feeling for it and a *new light* upon it from all I had seen and heard that day, and I thought I would begin the Book over again for Elizabeth's sake; and as I read 'Let there be light,' there was shed a light upon its pages such as I had never seen before, for my hard young heart was now softened, and a quiet new affection was drawn out toward this new and gentle friend."

In this missionary tour both the friends *contracted fever;* Elizabeth's was typhus, and proved fatal after a short illness. Miss White's was bilious fever. When the watching of the sick one had ceased by her death, the future organizer of Bible mission work came forth from that death chamber with *fixed resolves* and *definite purposes* as to her future work.

THE BORDER LAND.

How that illness affected the survivor, and how it concentrated all her energies on the work which was in the future to make the name of Mrs. Ranyard illustrious in Christian annal
may be learned from the following extract fro
a letter she wrote in reply to a friend who ha
written to inquire where she had been so long

"I have been to a Border Land where the
was but a strange, dim light, where shadows an
dreams seemed real, where I scarce knew ho
there I came, or if thence I should ever pas
where small seemed great as compared with th
standards of earth, where the loss of all wou
scarce have cost a tear, where days wasted
worldly haste were recalled, and where the po
were brought to mind, with their scant fire, ar
bread so hard to find, where I met with a wo
drous friend, whose words had power; and nc
I have come back from that Border Land
earth, and should its trifles ever again engro
me as in the past they have done, I will thi
of how empty and vain they seemed from t
heights of the Border Land."

After such a solemn and memorable *inaug ration*,

THE BIBLE MISSION

in the district of Barnet was to her *sacr
ground;* the sweet memories of her depart
friend, which were fragrant in every part of
seemed to be an abundant answer for all di
culties which presented themselves. Mrs. R
yard attached her mission to the branch of
Bible Society of which her grandmother was
that time president of the ladies' committee, a
became afterwards minute and cash secretary
it.

She chose the uncongenial district of St. Gile
to commence practical organized work. T
district is the worst in London, having its cen
in Seven Dials, the most degraded spot in
city. It is notorious as the haunt of crimir
and vicious persons of both sexes. There p
erty and vice may be seen in their worst for
and sights which shock even those whose ner
are accustomed to scenes of squalid misery n
the observer at every step.

In this district the energetic young Chris
laborer commenced her mission. What
character of the early work of herself and
Bible-women was, she informs us in her pre
to the last volume of the *Missing Link* m
zine, which she edited. She there rem
some of her elder fellow-laborers, ladies wh
different neighborhoods superintended the Bi
women, how in their earliest mothers' meet
they used to see "gatherings of *wild wo*
slip-shod, careless, and in borrowed shaw
who consented to meet, and work, and liste
a Bible story, and "earn twopence."

Not only did she write of the Missing L
and with untiring energy conduct the *Mi
Link* magazine, but beginning we know
how, in that silent way, however, in w
works that are to grow take their origin
trained Bible-women, planted them here
there, solicited and gained the co-operati
ladies to superintend them, gave and got n
of support till there had grown up unde
hand a vast and energetic agency, spread
London, and beginning to branch away int
tant countries, even into Syria and Madag
into India, Italy, and France.

Her Bible looked not at man as a mere s
but as soul and body, and had its healing f
body as well as the soul; so, beside her I
woman and the mission-room gradually s
up a nurse, and here again the links we
only between the direct laborer and the suff
but reached from both of these higher u
her nurses have nurse lady superintende
encourage, counsel, and co-operate with t
just as her Bible-women have Bible lady
intendents. Each of these, learning and
ing lessons of sympathy for the lowest st
domestic life in London, serves as a link t
the fallen, and to convey downward the
those who stand higher.

THE FUNDS.

The British and Foreign Bible Societ
twenty-five cents a week toward the sup
each of her Bible-women, of whom she fo
years engaged upon an average *annua*

h saw the coastguard approach he was ordered t give the alarm.

ometimes he had to watch for hours in the d k, cold, and rain. Before he had learned a ut God he had been afraid to stay upon the l ely rocks, but now he felt that his Heavenly F her would watch over Him. Still there was o thing which troubled the poor boy very m ch—he knew that he was helping others to d what was wrong, and he felt that God would b angry with him; but then if he refused to w ch he would be beaten, and the poor child w afraid, because he dreaded his father's anger a curses.

nd then, too, while he watched he was often in ain, because the cold and damp had seized h d of him and made him very ill, and a fearful c gh would sometimes rack his little body m t cruelly.

he winter passed along, and during the w ry night-watches the boy would often cheer hi self by saying over a prayer, or the psalm, "he Lord is my Shepherd;" or as he thought ab ut his future home above, where no cold, no da ness existed—that home which his own dear Je s had prepared for him—then he would sing o gently to himself his favorite hymn, which th good minister had taught him, "Jesus, lover of my soul"—it seemed so sweet a thought to th poor, neglected, ill-used child, that the great G should care for and love him, body and so ; and then, as he thought thus, he would lo to fly right away to Jesus and be sheltered fr all the storms of life.

t last the boy grew worse and worse; but hi parents did not notice his danger—they only be him for being, as they thought, lazy. *One ni t*, when the cold wind blew and the heavy ra, was pouring down, the captain told his son to o and watch, as they wanted to land a cargo. " ather," said the boy, "let me not go to-ni t; God will be angry with me, and I fear to of d Him; let me not go to-night!" But wi an oath the father drove his son to his w c. Sad, ill, and weary, the boy crawled up th rocks right away from the house, and, oh, ho he longed for rest, for peace, for heaven, an for a fond mother and father to love and ou e him! Cold and wet, he knelt down to pr , and then looked up to the sky, and th ugh the dark clouds there shone forth one br t star, and it reminded him of that star wh h he had read of in his Bible, by which th Lord had led the wise men of the East to he feet of Jesus, and the boy wondered, in is child-like, simple way, whether that star wh h he saw was sent to tell *him* that he must go Jesus; then, as he thought of this, a terri-ble aroxysm of coughing seized hold of him, the was a kind of choking feeling, and the ch sank down on the hard ground, while a la red stream flowed from his little mouth. " sus, dear Jesus!" he gasped, "have pity up Thy little child; fetch me away from this co weary world, and take me up to the glad ho e above." Then he fainted right away.

on after this a coastguard came along, but the was no one able to give an alarm to the sm glers; and as he drew near to the spot he he d a low, weak voice singing very softly and sw ly like an angel—

"Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

en the voice stopped, there was another r cough, a faint struggle, a gasp, a sob, and le soul was caught in an angel's arms and a away to heaven.

ether the coastguard discovered the smug- le through their sentinel having thus died, or wh her his death produced any religious effect p his parents, we do not know, but it must a been a source of joy to the minister that his te hy instructions to the youth were fruitful l ding him to a saving knowledge of Christ, at at last he was safely folded as a lamb the Good Shepherd in heaven.

THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE OVER SYRIA.

THE hopes of the Jews as to the enfranchisement of Syria and Palestine from Turkish oppression and misgovernment have been reawakened by the unexpectedly firm and decisive demand of the British ambassador that the Turkish Government shall effect promised needed reforms in the government of Asia Minor. The *Jewish Chronicle* says:

"If subjected to rigid tests, it may appear unreasoning that scattered millions of the Jews, inhabiting all climes, speaking all languages, and subject to all forms of government, should yet turn toward the East with the utmost solicitude, and feel for the Holy Land a reverence and affection which centuries of exile are incapable of eradicating. In this, as in some other respects, the Jewish mind is peculiarly constituted. Other races have been expatriated, and have forgotten the land from which they sprung; other races have colonized lands and have founded distinct nationalities, or have only hung on to the parent stem by the slender ligatures of language and custom. It is not so with the Jews. Citizens of all countries they are Jews, and through each and all there runs a sympathetic chord which vibrates to the touch of the skilled player. For us, then, *the question of reforms in Asia Minor* is one of the deepest interest. Individually we may be content with our surroundings, but neither reason nor the philosophies of the schools can induce us to forget that Asia Minor is the cradle of our race, the home of our religion, and that at some future period it will witness the culminating grandeur of our spiritual mission."

It is not then surprising that the official announcement in 1878 that England had assumed the Protectorate of the Turkish provinces in Asia should have produced a thrilling sensation amongst the numerous Asiatic Jews who "have," as we are told, "long groaned under Ottoman misrule." The *Levant Herald* recently published a letter from a well-informed correspondent, in which it is said, "Official corruption in Turkey has proceeded to such an extent that the whole body-politic appears to be tainted, and there are depths of iniquity here which are unfathomable." This forcible description of Turkish misrule in Asia Minor is not new. It is language with which the English Government has long been familiar; whilst successive Consuls and Commissioners have reported that nothing human could exceed the abnormal greed and rapacity of the pashas and official classes. "It is not the Sultan who reaps the full benefit of the oppression of his subjects, for only a small proportion of the taxes gathered come into his hands; the sums raised filter through several grades of officials, each reserving for himself what his superior will permit, and a small residue alone reaches the Imperial Treasury at Constantinople."

After waiting more than a year for the execution of promised reforms, the English Government lately commissioned Sir Henry Layard to proceed to Syria and make investigations. What Sir Henry Layard has reported we do not know. On this point Lord Beaconsfield in his Guildhall speech was silent. The energetic action of the British Cabinet on the Porte is, however, sufficient to guide us to the conclusion that Sir Henry Layard found the Asiatic provinces of Turkey much in their old condition, and that there was the danger that the promised reforms would become dead letters unless some extreme pressure was brought to bear on the authorities at Constantinople.

"Every year," says the *Jewish Chronicle*, "increasing numbers of Jews emigrate to the Holy Land, to live or to die there. Wise reforms properly carried out would, without doubt, change the conditions under which the great mass of our brethren live in the East, and greatly lighten the anxiety and labors and pecuniary responsibilities of the Western Jews. If education were encouraged, stability secured, tenures settled and permanent, it would be less difficult for the Anglo-Jewish Association, the Alliance Israélite, and for other kindred institutions to deal effectually with the complex questions of Jewish education and interests in the East than at present. Apart, then, from general principles of humanity, we, as Jews, are directly interested in the carrying out of the reforms in Asia Minor."

The generous eloquence of Lord Sandon in the English House of Commons in 1878, in defending the British Protectorate, was made the subject of what, in connection with such a subject, must be called the ribald jesting of Sir William Harcourt. But the noble lord's sympathy is not ignored or contemned by the Jews. We refer to their own organ, which describes Lord Sandon during his visit to Asia Minor as having "stood over the tombs of ancient civilizations, and realized the unutterable ruin which overlays them. Investing the vanished civilizations of the East, there are mysterious but imperishable glories. For generous minds they possess a fascination which the presence of seething corruption itself cannot entirely dispel. In Asia Minor he saw populations squalid and debased, he saw desolation where fruitful plains once yielded abundance, he saw ruins where stood the emporiums of the world, he saw crass ignorance in the homes of the ancient philosophies; but he saw more: he saw populations inviting Western civilization to repay some of the debt which it owed to antecedent greatness.

"'When are you coming?' was the question which greeted him. Such a question, asked in such a land, was as though the 'dry bones' of the valley, which for centuries had been bleaching under the eyes of a pitying sun, were impatient to be clothed anew. And his lordship replied, 'We are coming!' We are coming with the steam-plough, with railways, with scientific irrigation, with all the resources of applied science, to restore to the East some of its fruitfulness and develop some of its unexhausted resources. We are coming with education to quicken the dormant faculties of races perishing for want of knowledge. We are coming with just principles of finance to take from off the shoulders of the poor the grinding burdens which the oppressor had placed on them, and to do battle with the pestilence which official corruption has bred.

"The assurance which his lordship gave to the native races that England was coming has been in part fulfilled. As we have shown, this step is not without its deep interest to the Jewish race. We may have to wait a long time before all that has been promised will be achieved. There will be obstacles to overcome, and direct opposition to remove before Eastern civilization will live again, strengthened and expanded by the resources of the West. But we may rest satisfied that a British Protectorate in Asia Minor will be the point of a fresh departure which will lead to important results.'

We regard the regeneration of God's ancient people as dependent upon higher and more mysterious agencies than the steam-plough, with railways and the resources of applied science. But it will be a noble achievement to lay even a foundation for the renovation which Lord Sandon foreshadowed, and we shall rejoice if Great Britain shall be endowed with the will and the ability to enforce those measures of reform in Asia Minor the absence of which is fatal to the existence and the growth of nations.

We have a sure word of prophecy to encourage our interest in the future of the children of Abraham, the friend of God, and to inspire hope that the time is drawing near when God Himself "shall arise and have mercy upon Zion; for the time to favor her, yea, the set time is come." The growing interest with which the explorations of the Holy Land have been of late years carried on by Christian missionaries, travellers, and archæologists cannot fail to recall the words in which the Psalmist pleads for the restoration of Zion, for "Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof" (Psa. 102 : 14).

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, December 31st, at **3.30 P.M.,** at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Electoral Difficulty in Maine has been submitted to the judgment of the Supreme Court in the form of questions framed by Governor Garcelon, and the court has promptly rendered an unanimous decision. It is to the effect that the legal technicalities on which the Governor rejected the returns of several cities do not invalidate the returns, and that "a Representative is not to be deprived of his rights because municipal officers have neglected their duty." The judges consider that the formalities prescribed by law are to be understood as "directory" merely, and that they are designed to give unmistakable effect to the decision of the people as recorded at the polls, but that the formalities are not *mandatory*, and therefore if a return be made in which the manifest result of the election is clear the return must be accepted, even if the directions of the law have not been minutely obeyed. As Governor Garcelon has displayed his wisdom in submitting the questions to the court, we may hope that he will give practical effect to the decision, and thus end the uneasiness and apprehension which have prevailed in the State since the election.

Another Indian War is Threatened, owing to Chief Ouray having failed to deliver up the Utes who were engaged in the White River massacre. The time granted for the surrender was extended to December 29th, but Ouray was then still unable to fulfil his promise. As the Indians are convinced that the trial of the men given up would issue in their execution, it is not surprising that reluctance is shown in the matter; but it seems improbable that the suspicions entertained of Ouray's complicity in their concealment have any foundation in fact. But for his efforts the war would have gone on, and the women and children captured would not have been given up. A dispatch from Los Pinos agency dated December 31st says: "Ouray fully realizes the situation, and knows that if the ultimatum of the Commission is not complied with the Utes must go. Chief Guero, second in power to Ouray, being *a medicine man*, has a large following, and has done more than all others to hinder the Commission from accomplishing its work. He is in favor of war, and at the time of the White River troubles wanted to massacre the people living in the garrison, and was only restrained by Ouray." And alliance with the Sioux is feared.

An Energetic and Timely Protest has been entered by Bishop Whittle, of Minnesota, against the wrongs contemplated against the Indian tribes. He says: "A bill has been introduced in Congress to create a Territorial Government over the Indian Territory. The Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Séminoles, Osages, Wyandottes, Senecas, Delawares, Shawnees, and other tribes declare that they will not submit to this wrong. They have hoped against hope that the United States would keep its plighted faith. They say that if all pleas of justice, honor, love of man and fear of God, will not keep us from this robbery, they will raise that battle-cry of the oppressed, 'Liberty or death.' It may be that it is madness for fifteen thousand warriors to fight forty millions of people. We may be sure that if this war does come a cry of agony will go up from a desolated border such as we have never heard. If we take no thought of the millions of treasure which will be wasted, the precious lives which must be sacrificed, can we afford to stand before the whole civilized world as *a perjured nation?* Dare we trample every principle of honor under our feet, and bring down upon ourselves and children the anger of a righteous God?"

The Death of Bishop Gilbert Haven occurred January 3d at Malden, Mass. He was in his sixtieth year, and had held the office of Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church since May, 1872. He was descended from a noted Puritan family of which Chancellor E. O. Haven and Professor Joseph Haven were conspicuous members. He graduated in 1846 at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., of which institution he afterwards became principal. He was an abolitionist of a very pronounced type, and the Philadelphia Conference refused him admission as a preacher on that ground. He then went on a European tour, and on his return settled in Boston, where he occupied the pulpit of an important church, and also edited a religious journal. At his election to the episcopal office he was assigned the diocese of the Gulf States, and took up his residence at Atlanta, Ga. He conducted a party of colored freedmen to Liberia in 1877, and it was during his travels in that country that he contracted the disease which has now resulted in his death. His genial, hearty manner, and thorough earnestness in any cause he espoused, won him a prominent place in the esteem of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A Congress of Socialists has been Holding its sessions at Pittsburg during the past week. Its main business was to select socialistic candidates for the Presidency, and to protest against the injunction of the National Executive Committee prohibiting Socialists joining any military organization. The meetings are described as being very disorderly and characterized by acrimonious discussions. The existence of the order in our midst, reinforced as it is continually by emigrants from all European nations, constitutes a serious menace to our national well-being.

The Rev. W. McAlister, the Faithful and beloved pastor of Seventy-sixth Street Cornell Memorial Church, New York City, died at six o'clock on Saturday evening, January 3d. The event was *awfully sudden*. He preached as usual on the previous Sunday, and also conducted a funeral. Next day he was seized with internal inflammation, and fearing he would die, sent for a lawyer and made his will. His suffering was intense. On Wednesday the physician pronounced his case hopeless, and on Saturday he was unconscious till his death. His son and daughter were summoned from a distance, and both arrived by different routes on Saturday. The son arrived first, but his father did not recognize him; the daughter did not arrive till all was over.

The Story of a Reunited Family was Told at Mr. Sawyer's Gospel Temperance Meeting, at the Y. M. C. A., New York, on New Year's Day. A gentleman said that some years ago he had fallen under the power of intoxicating liquor, and had become so debased and violent that his wife and children were under the necessity of leaving him. After the separation he sank lower, and was almost continually in a state of intoxication. He was led to the Gospel Temperance Meeting, and by the grace of God was saved from the power of his besetting sin. At a subsequent meeting he was relating his experience, and to his great joy, at the conclusion of his remarks, *his wif rushed into his arms* and embraced him. Sh had happened to attend the meeting, and wa overjoyed to hear her husband's account of hi rescue. He had lost sight of her since she lef him, and had almost despaired of ever finding her again. "Now," he said, "I have a happ home and a happy family."

The Pilgrim of the Mayflower is to th American what the man "who came over wit the Conqueror" is to the Englishman—an ancestor whose name is mentioned with hones pride. It is therefore pleasant to find that monument is proposed to Samuel Storrs, one the pilgrims of the Mayflower. His descendant include President Hayes and also many distinguished ministers, lawyers, and judges wh have worthily borne the honored name Storrs.

The Fireman's Gold Medal was Presented De 26th to Captain Meagher, of the No. 3 Hook an Ladder Company, New York. The brave a which won him the medal occurred at a fire i East Fourteenth Street. On arriving at th scene of the fire Captain Meagher found a won an hanging by her hands out of *a four-sto window* which was beyond the reach of th longest ladder in his possession. That ladd was placed almost upright against the hous and Meagher ascending it, stood erect on th second round, 52 feet above the sidewal Standing thus below the woman whose life was intent upon saving, Meagher spoke to h encouragingly. When he had made her cal enough to understand him, he told her to s her limbs and body as rigidly as possible, a then to let go of the window-lintel. She obey him implicitly. As she dropped from the wi dow, he *caught her with his right arm,* a steadying himself by the power of his lim and his disengaged hand on the top round the ladder, passed her to a fireman below hi who carried the woman down the ladder safety. We admire a man who will thus imp his own life to save the life of another, but h many of us forget Him who actually sacrifi His life that through Him we might have eternal!

"**Drawing from Principal on Principle**" w the description given by the late Mr. Alexan Stuart, a wealthy merchant of New York, of practice in money matters during the later ye of his life. It frequently happened that at close of the year Mr. Stuart found that his g to religious and philanthropic objects equalled the income he derived from busin and his private expenses were met by a ded tion from his capital. He was born in 18 and from his twentieth year was an earnest zealous Christian. The Lord abundantly bles his commercial enterprises, and the more gained the more he gave away. He died cember 23, universally regretted.

A Fight between a Man and a Dog t place by arrangement at St. Louis, Mo., Dec ber 22d. The man was a professional pug and fought with his fists, and the dog w Siberian bloodhound. At the end of the counter the dog died, and the man's flesh lacerated and torn from head to foot. A l number of spectators witnessed the disgus spectacle, and apparently felt the same enjoyn of the scene as Spaniards are said to experi at witnessing a bull-fight. The lowest dept degradation to which human nature unreg ated can sink has yet to be fathomed, but is a specimen of one of its gradations.

The Open Channel is the Safest Course t in every-day life as in maritime affairs. pilot of a United States revenue-cutter was if he knew all the rocks along the coast he sailed. "No," he replied; "*it is only sary to know where there are no rocks.*" well known that there are many rocks may wreck a young man's life in the neig hood of the theatre, the dancing saloon the drinking bar. It is not necessary to ine them. The safe course is to avoid the altogether.

The Largest Organ in the World is now under process of construction in the Stewart Cathedral, Garden City, L. I. The *strange peculiarity* about the instrument is that its several parts are placed in different places in the building. One portion is in a tower at the west end, another over the ceiling in the centre of the nave, another underneath the chancel, and lastly the large chimes which hang in the tower are also connected with the instrument, and can be played by the organist with the keys of the organ. The whole is fitted with electrical and hydraulic machinery, which render the labor of playing as easy as that of a small church organ.

This magnificent instrument will be used in the worship of God, and will be listened to with great pleasure by musical connoisseurs.

A Young Scotch Miner, at Cherokee, Kansas, died last week under melancholy circumstances. The young man came to America about eight years ago, and for several years he has been at the Cherokee coal-mines. He was a good young fellow, sober, industrious, affable, and a general favorite. By hard work and the strictest economy he had accumulated enough to buy *a little one*, and sent back to Scotland for his father and mother to come and live with him. They were to arrive last Thursday, and the young man was overjoyed at the prospect of meeting his aged parents, whom he had not seen since he left Midlothian. The very day they were to arrive the young Scotchman was working in one of the mines, when *a car of coal* fell on him at the bottom of the shaft and killed him almost instantly. The aged father and mother arrived a few hours later, all impatient to see their noble boy. It was a sad and terrible disappointment, and even the rough miners wept like children at the grief of the old people and the loss of their loved comrade. One more journey will be necessary to reunite the aged parents with their devoted son. That will be the passage from earth to heaven. But there, there will be no disappointment, for in that place there is no more death.

Three Days in an Open Boat followed by sharks was the terrible experience of eleven men brought into Baltimore on January 3d by an Italian bark. They belonged to the British steamer Borussia, which is supposed to have foundered at sea, as mentioned in our last number. When it was decided to abandon the Borussia on December 2d, the eleven men took possession of a metallic boat, in which they placed some provisions. They lost sight of the other boats during the first night, and in the morning found to their horror they were followed by sharks, one of which actually attacked the boat, and was beaten off with a boathook. A sail was sighted on the evening of December 5. It proved to be the Giacomino, bound for Baltimore, and to their intense joy the men were taken on board and brought to port. This makes twenty-six saved out of a total of 234 persons on board the missing vessel.

The Real Mission of Light Wines.—The report recently issued by one of our Temperance Societies draws attention to the effect produced by the use of light wines, which, when introduced, we were told would have a beneficial influence in checking drunkenness. The report states that the result of experience has been to show that these light wines *produce and increase* an appetite for intoxicating liquors which has issued in the ruin of many young people.

A Modern Magdalene.—The Brooklyn City *Mission Journal* recounts the reformation of one of the worst specimens of the vicious class of women who infest our streets. She was about thirty years of age, had wandered away from her home, and had led for three or four years a dissolute, sinful life. Arrested, convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, she was regarded as *the worst woman that had entered the prison*, violent and ungovernable in her temper, unchaste in her speech and behavior. But the agents of the Mission, by the power of Christian kindness, subdued her violent nature, and led her to seek the knowledge and favor of her offended God. On the profession of her faith she received baptism, and showed by the meekness and gentleness of her conduct the power of Divine grace to renovate and sanctify. After her conversion she was *a power for good* in the prison; the change in her deportment was so apparent and the contrast so strong that the grace of God was magnified. As the period of her imprisonment approached its termination, her friends were communicated with, and they consented to receive her. On her arriving home her first work was for her Saviour, in sweeping out and putting to order for worship the unfinished country church, next to gather for herself a class to teach in Sabbath-school, and to organize a "Cottage prayer-meeting," which meets the same evening and hour of the women's prayer-meeting in the Penitentiary.

An Unexpected Visitor Arrived at a House in Plymouth, Mass., on Christmas Day. The local journal says: "A man, representing himself to be a tramp, knocked at Sylvanus Churchill's door on Christmas Day and demanded entrance. This was refused on account of the illness of some member of the family. He then went to the next house, and after some hesitation, was admitted; when it was discovered that he was a near relative of the family in the house at which he first applied. He had been absent from Plymouth for twenty-one years, during which time he had not been heard from."

Doubtless the want of hospitality was speedily rectified when the returned wanderer's identity was established, but the incident at this season of the year reminds us of One "who came to His own and His own received Him not."

A Strange Loss of Identity has occurred in the case of a prominent jeweller of Cleveland, who suddenly vanished from his home on New Year's day, 1879, and was supposed to have committed suicide. He has been found at East Richland, in the county infirmary. When identified by his friends he could not recall anything, and the narration of familiar incidents and every other device to restore his memory failed to produce any effect upon the mind of the wanderer. He had confidence in what was told him by those around him, and readily consented to return to Cleveland. Pictures of all his friends were shown to him with no effect, and even a very fine jeweller's lathe, which he had spent years in constructing, failed to arouse his dormant memory. With every part of a watch, however, he was perfectly familiar. He converses on all subjects of literature and politics with as much intelligence as any one, quoting from the writings of noted authors, and narrating many important events in the history of public men. His friends, while glad to have discovered him alive, are in deep distress at the oblivion under which he labors, but they may take a consolation from the thought that if his name is written in the Book of Life, he will answer to it in the day when the quick and the dead are summoned to receive their reward.

Swearers Silenced by a Child.—A Crowded Boston train was leaving the depot when a number of well-dressed men entered. They soon engaged in conversation, and oaths were uttered freely. Presently a little girl rose bashfully from her seat, and with many blushes went over to the man whose oaths were the loudest, and, not saying a word, presented him with her little pocket-Bible. The effect was marvellous. The man looked at it for a moment, colored deeply, and showed it to his friends. Not another profane expression was used after that, and the coarse conversation dwindled down to mere casual remarks. At the next station the man to whom the Bible had been given, left the car and presently returned with *a packet of candies*, which he gave to the child, and stooping down kissed the little thing, and whispered in her ear, "I will keep your book and read it as long as I live." How often when older people have been restrained from doing some disagreeable duty by social etiquette, has the work been done by their juniors, and they have been constrained to say as Eli did, we "perceive that the Lord has called the child"!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROMISE.

A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"New things do I declare: before they spring forth I tell you of them."—Isaiah xlii. 9.

God's Special Prerogative—Why God usually gives a Promise of what He means to Bestow—I. In Order to Display His Grace—1. In its Freeness—2. In its Fulness—3. In its Power—II. In Order to Arouse our Hopes—A Great Big Sinner unusually Black—Mistake of Chopping a Text in Halves—Columbus' Three Days' Sail from America—III. To Exercise our Faith—A Gospel Plain as an Axiom leaves no Room for Faith—Two Matters to Believe—IV. To Excite our Prayer—The Blind Man—The Prisoner—Pardon for "Longcomings"—The Minister who Lost his Prayer-Book—V. To Foster Gratitude and Assurance—I Will because I Have.

God has often foretold things to come by the lips of his prophets. I need not give you even a single specimen of the multitudes of instances in which events which could not have been guessed at, which indeed were highly improbable and unlikely, were nevertheless foretold by the Spirit of God through the prophets, and actually came to pass. The Lord claims this as a proof of his Godhead; it is *his special prerogative* to possess omniscience, the knowledge of every thing, and therefore prescience,, or the knowledge of that which will happen in years to come.

I think it most admirable, and it seems another instance of the foresight of the Holy Ghost that the words of my text should stand where they do; for it may not be unknown to some of you that the modern critics, who always try if they can to *tear the bowels out of every text*, and are never satisfied until, like swine, they trample beneath their feet every cluster of Eshcol, have dared to ascribe one part of the Book of Isaiah to a second Isaiah, as they call him, who wrote after the times of Christ; because you see the prophecy so plainly describes our Lord Jesus Christ, that men who will not believe in God or in the inspiration of his holy book are driven to invent the notion that the prophecy was written after the event.

Truly, it might as well have been written afterwards as before, for it is so accurate; but here, as if the Lord foresaw that there would come in the last days scoffers, He bids his servant, in these express words, claim that he speaks things before they come to pass—"Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare: before they spring forth I tell you of them." It remains therefore for these sham Christian critics either to accept the fact that Isaiah's book contains actual prophecies, or else to reject it altogether. Their specious pretence of believing the book to be authentic while they deny its prophetic character is exposed by the words before us.

GOD ANTEDATES HIS MERCIES.

It is not, however, about prophecy that I am going to speak at this time. I wish to bring forth a general principle—the principle that our gracious Lord usually gives a promise of that which He means to bestow. Before His favors come into our hands the sound of them falls upon our ears.

He not only means to bestow the favor, but *he tells us He means to bestow it*, and He has a practical purpose in this information. The philosophy of promise is my topic at this time. Why are covenant blessings the subject of promises? Why does not the Lord give us the blessing without previous intimation? It would be as effectual. Why does He, before it comes, promise it again and again? I shall give five answers to a question which might admit of fifty.

I. And the first is this. God speaks these things before the blessing comes, in order

TO DISPLAY HIS GRACE.

1. First, to display the freeness of His grace.

When He makes a promise of pure grace He does not come to us and say, "If this," and "if that," and "if the other;" but He comes with, "I will," and "I will," and "I will," and "I will," *before we seek Him*, before we have any desire towards Him, aye, and before we have any sense of need of Him. There are many conditional promises for which we ought to be very thankful, but the foundation of them all is an absolute, unconditioned covenant of grace. A redemption was provided for me before I lived, and consequently before I could have known that I was a slave. The Spirit of God was given that I might live, before I knew that I was dead, and consequently before I could have made an appeal for spiritual life.

"No sinner can be beforehand with thee:
Thy grace is most sovereign, most rich, and most free."

2. I think the Lord also tells us what He is going to do before he does it that we may see the fulness of his grace. The Lord says that He will come, not to men who are looking for Him, but to those who have blind eyes and therefore cannot look; that He will come, not to those who are coming to Him, though He will do that, but to those who cannot come to Him, because they are straitly shut up as in a prison-house.

Notice the passage: they are blind prisoners, and cannot come forth, and yet the Lord comes to take the film from the eye, and to tear the iron bar from the window and set the captive free, not because there is any goodness in the poor blind prisoner at the present moment, nor because there ever will be any, but simply because the Lord is full of mercy and delights to display His grace. Christ died for the ungodly. Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost. He is a physician, and therefore comes not to seek the whole, but the sick. To make us know this glorious fulness of His grace He informs us beforehand of what He is about to do.

3. Moreover, I think it is not only to show the freeness and the fulness of His grace, but the power of it; for He speaks very positively: He says that He *will* open the blind eyes, and He *will* bring out the prisoners from the prison-house. Can He do this? Ay, that He can. There can be no question about His ability. When the Lord resolves to save, save He can. Some people believe in a great God in nature, but in *a very little God* in grace. The God of nature can do every thing, and they believe in physical miracles, but according to their notions the God of grace has to consult the will of man, and He has to halt and hesitate, unless dead man will arise and give himself life, and unwilling man will change his own will.

I believe in the omnipotence of God in the kingdom of grace, and that He can change a heart of stone to flesh, and break the iron sinew of the stubborn will, and bow men before him. To me the Almighty is as supreme in the realm of mind as in the world of matter. I do not doubt the free agency of man; on the contrary, I see daily evidence of it. I believe man to be a free agent, and yet he is not and cannot be more powerful in any respect than the Lord of all. The Lord knows how to be master in the kingdom of the human will, and, without violating that will in any degree, He can achieve the eternal purpose of his love.

The Lord's grace is irresistible: His purpose shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure. "This is taking high ground," says one. It is ground blessedly high for sinking sinners; it is such ground as we want who are utterly lost and ruined and undone. *You that can help yourselves may go and do it*, but we who cannot do so are glad to find that God knows what He is going to do, and speaks with the tone of a sovereign, and with the voice of one who has not to ask help from others, but who can work all things according to the counsel of His own will. "Before they spring forth, I tell you of them," saith He: because His grace is mighty He thus speaks of what is going to be done.

That is our first head, then. The Lord announces His purpose, of love to display His grace.

II. Secondly, brethren, I think the Lord announces the covenant blessings He is about to bestow in order

TO AROUSE OUR HOPES.

Many poor souls would actually die before they were saved if they did not get some little hope every now and then while they are in a seeking state. I am not speaking at haphazard now, I am speaking of *cases that I do know*—poor tempted, troubled ones, to whom the promises are as a brook by the way of which they drink and lift up their heads.

Some of you come to Christ apparently very easily. Thank God for it; but I know others who cannot get at the Lord Jesus for the press. They try even to look to Him, but they are blinded by their tears. I cannot excuse their unbelief, but I do pity their poor trembling spirits. They are coming to Christ, but they are like the child of whom we read that, "when he was a coming the devil threw him down and tare him." They are sadly torn and cannot get to Christ.

Now, when the Lord tells his people what He will do they are cheered with expectation. When they read such texts as these, "A new heart also will I give you, and a right spirit will I put within you," and "I will put my law in your hearts, and ye shall not depart from me," and "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more forever;" "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool,"—these poor souls catch at such words of promise, and learn how to hope. "Oh!" say they, "if that promise might be true to me, then I should not perish. Perhaps the Lord will look in mercy upon me."

Every now and then the Lord saves

A GREAT BIG SINNER

—an unusually black sinner; and what does He do with him? He makes him a *walking advertisment* of his mercy, so that others see the infinite grace of God. Men cry out in wonder, "What! has So-and-so found Christ? Then why should not we?" Perhaps the man may have been guilty of great iniquities. He may have been a ringleader in wickedness; but the Lord takes him and washes him from his sin, and opens his mouth to praise His name. When such an one begins to speak of divine love poor tormented spirits catch at the word, and they say, "Why should not I find mercy? Why should not I be saved?" When such a man becomes a living proof of what God can do, the promise stands out to the life before the poor sinner's eye, and he says, "Ah! perhaps, perhaps, perhaps there is salvation for me."

John Bunyan, who had been a drunken tinker, went about preaching the everlasting Gospel like a man who had been in the condemned cell, and had received a pardon; and I tell you the villagers gathered to listen to such a one as he, because they wondered at God's mighty grace. They said one to another, "Has Mr. Bad-man become a pilgrim? Then why should we not start on pilgrimage also? Has infinite mercy changed his heart? Then why should it not change ours?"

I would have you pluck up courage, any sinners among you who are here at this time. Supposing you to be the very worst persons that ever lived, and supposing you to have the worst temper, and the worst disposition, and the worst besetting sins, and the worst habits that ever men had, I tell you the Lord in great mercy has saved just such as you, and He has promised still to deal with great sinners in a way of great love.

Seize hold of this blessed fact, weave a hope out of it, and say, "I need not despair—not even I. I will not despair, then, or sit down and say there is no hope. I deserve to be with the devils in hell; but why should I not be among the saints in heaven? I deserve to be banished forever, but why should there not be a crown in heaven for me? Ah! will not the saints wonder when they see *me* come in? The angels will look down from their harps and say, 'What, is *he* there?' Then I will tell the story of what the Lord has done, and set them wondering over again, till even they shall say, 'It has never been so seen before. Here comes the biggest, blackest, most hell-deserving wretch that ever did enter heaven. Lift up a loftier song than ever. Louder, and louder yet, let the song ring through the heavenly arches, for love has out-loved itself, and grace has out-graced itself above all it has ever done before.'"

I pray God that some despairing soul may grasp these cheering facts and be comforted. I am trying to throw the big net to catch *a whale of a sinner* if he is floating anywhere near my barque. I know if the Gospel net once incloses him it will hold him, for not a single mesh of it will give way, despite his size and his struggling. I would like to put the Gospel so wide, and so broad, that the sheep which is hunted by the dog of hell farthest away from the fold may, nevertheless, come back to the great and gracious Shepherd of souls.

Why, beloved, even God's own believing people need to be told of what God will do, in order to encourage their hope at times. See how the Lord deals with his persecuted ones. When they are hunted, slandered, despoiled of their goods, what does He do? He makes them know that they have a richer inheritance in heaven. He sets before them the joys which He has prepared for them that love him. Now he might, if He liked, have kept all about heaven to Himself, and so have made it a surprise to us; and, indeed, some seem to think that He has done so, but in this they are ill advised.

We know much about heaven even now. "Why," says one, "the Scripture says, 'Eye hath not seen, neither hath ear heard.'" I know it does, but why do you stop in the middle of a text? You make it say the reverse of what it intends to say. Hear the whole of it. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; *but he hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.*" *By chopping it in halves* you made the passage say the very opposite of what it intended. Your eye has not seen it, and your ear has not heard it, but His Spirit has told you concerning the things which He has prepared for you, and this is no little privilege.

I need not stay to tell you how much the Lord has told us about the eternal state, as to our being with Jesus where He is, that we may behold his glory, and may be sharers in that glory forever. He has told us this, to cheer us up while on the road, to encourage us that we may never sink in despair. Going to lie down and die, brother? Do you know how near you are to heaven? Perhaps you will be there in a month. Going to give it all up *now?* Will you be so foolish as to leave the battle just as the victory is won? Brother, does the devil tell you to turn back? He knows how near you are to the glory land.

You are something like Columbus when h was within three days' sail of America, and th sailors bade him stay his course. He could not would not, reverse his venturous prow, bu pushed on and found the new world. Some o us may be within a few days' sail of heaven, an yet do not know it, and the devil has the impudence to persuade us to go back. Shall we listen to the impudent fiend? No, by the grace o God, never! If the journey be long, the en will repay us for it. If the voyage be rough, th brave country will make amends for all the tempests which have wreaked their vengeance upo us. Onward, onward, be our course: to help t to persevere even to the end, the Lord has mad the new things known to us, and has told us o them before they spring forth.

Two good answers to the question are no before us, and each one is an argument for ad ration.

III. But now, thirdly, why has the Lord to us about the mercies He intends to give?

TO EXERCISE OUR FAITH.

The Gospel of God is *a Gospel for believer* and one of God's great objects in the whole a rangement of the Gospel system is to educa our confidence in Him. *I remember speaki* once with a brother upon the room which G has left for faith to work in. We were speaki about the various defences which have been us to prove the veracity of the Christian religion against infidel assaults, and I was remarking upon the manifest failure of certain of them which appeared exceedingly strong at one time, but are now abandoned, because under new attacks they have manifestly failed. My friend was deploring that this book, and the other, which had once been considered as standard works, seemed to have lost power over this generation.

It came to the minds of both of us, that if God had made the Christian religion so clear that you could make an axiom of it, or prove it as easily as you show that twice two make four, there would have been *no room for faith at all;* and then the divine system of salvation must have taken another course, for faith would have occupied a very narrow space in it. The Lord intends that men should exercise faith in His word, for He knows that faith is necessary to us if we are to be delivered from sin.

The Lord has told us what great things He is going to do for sinners; and I want you just to answer the question: Do you believe that He can do this? Come now, thou that art ungodly and graceless, dost thou believe that *God can save thee?* can make thee holy? can make thee gracious. If thou canst believe it, canst thou also believe another thing, namely, that *He is willing* to do this deed of love? Thou canst believe His power and His willingness, thou sayest. Well, the only thing that thou hast now to do in order to be this moment saved is to act out thy belief upon these two points. He can and He is willing—throw yourself upon that power and will. Trust yourself with Jesus now. That is the one demand of the Gospel: "Believe and live." Rest in the fact that He has reconciled you to Himself in Christ, that He forgives you now, because you trust alone in His Son for your eternal salvation. Will you do this at once? Will you rest on Christ Jesus? Then, "Your sins, which are many, are all forgiven." *You are a saved man.*

"Oh! but how," say you, "do I know that I am saved?" Thou shalt feel and know that thou art saved if thou believest, for thou shalt find thyself from this time loving the things which thou didst aforetime hate, and hating the things which thou didst once love; and that simple act of trusting which seems so insignificant, will transform thee, and will so become the hinge on which thy life shall turn. Believing in Christ, thou shalt go out of this house saying, "I am a forgiven man, and I love the God who has forgiven me. I am washed in the blood of Christ, and henceforth will I serve Him.

"Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee."

I am Christ's man forever; I will not grieve him; by the help of His Holy Spirit I will live to His praise. I will tell others what He has done for me, and my entire life shall be a life of obedience if He will but help me and keep me, and sustain me by His gracious power." You see now why the blessings of grace are foretold—that they may become objects of faith. God give you faith to exercise upon them now.

IV. Fourthly, and very briefly, these things are told us before they come to pass,

TO EXCITE OUR PRAYER.

After hope and faith, prayer is quite sure to follow. Note the order: the Lord says that Christ shall come to open the eyes of the blind, —here is *grace.* I picture the blind man as saying, "Jesus is come to open the blind eyes; why should He not open mine?" Here is *hope.* Next the blind man goes on to say, "He says that He will do it if I trust in Him. I know He can. I believe He will. I will trust Him." Here is *faith.* What is the very next thing that the blind man does? Why, he begins to pray to Him. "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Here is *prayer.*

As soon as the first little drop of faith falls into a man's soul, he begins to pray, "Lord, thou hast promised pardon to believers; give that pardon to me. Thou hast promised a new heart; give a new heart to me. Thou hast promised eternal salvation to as many as obey Christ; Lord, give me eternal salvation." Oh that blessed gift of faith! *It soon brings a man to his knees.*

Think of those poor people in the prison-house, too. There they sit in darkness, and they make no sound but groans: but suddenly a voice is heard. Jesus comes to set the captives free. It is repeated, "He comes, He comes to loose the bondaged ones." Inside the prison-house there shines a light in the midst of the darkness, and the prisoners say, "If He comes, why should not He come to us? Blessed be His name, we hope He will come to us." And now you can hear them cry, "Come! Come! Come, Lord! Come quickly! Break these chains! Dispel this darkness. Set us free." And it is not long, when the prisoner of hope begins to pray, before the walls totter, and the captive is free as a bird of the air.

O you that are the people of God, I want you to learn this lesson, that all God's promises which are not fulfilled are meant to stimulate you to pray. Even Christ must pray. Is it not written, "Ask of me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession"?

Christ is to come, but He has taught His church to say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." There is no picture of the princely reign of Christ but what should at once arouse our desires, and those desires should be set on fire with prayer. Thus saith the Lord, "For this will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." And yet if the Lord does not do some great thing before His church prays greatly, the good time is not coming just yet.

I know some churches where the prayer-meeting is a mere form. It is such a little affair that *they might put it in a dish,* cover it up, and lock it up in the pantry, and say nothing about it. It is a miniature concern, a very sickly dwaaf. If God blessed some churches in London in proportion to their prayers, He would not bless them much: for the prayer-meetings are held in the vestry, and that is not full, nor one half full at the best. A prayer-meeting in the chapel itself would look like a drop in a bucket, and so they hide the nakedness of the land by holding *a hole-and-corner meeting* in the vestry. Such things as prayer-meetings in the chapel are not expected, a snug little room is quite large enough.

Alas! there are not many brethren to pray. Two or three prose so long and so drearily, that they fill up the evening, and then they ask the Lord to forgive their *shortcomings;* they would do better to ask forgiveness for *their longcomings,* which are the death of all fervency. There is not much prayer in these long sermonizings, and the whole business is far more formal than real. Scant will be the blessing if the Lord is going to bless them in proportion to their prayers.

Do you wonder that the minister cannot preach when the people do not pray? I see some of you up from the country; perhaps you are deacons, and yet do not attend the prayer-meetings yourselves. I have known such things, and I cry shame upon you. And then you find fault with the minister.

Have you never heard of the minister who suddenly seemed to fail, and when the people complained, he said, "Ah, I may well fail, for *I have lost my prayer-book!*" Some one said, "I did not know you used a prayer-book, sir." "Oh!" said he, "my prayer-book used to be written on the hearts of my people, and while they prayed for me God blessed me and I had success, but they have given up praying for me, and what can I do?" Do you want the man to make bricks without straw? Surely the least thing you can do is to find him straw for the bricks, and you can only find that by means of earnest, united prayer.

V. Last of all, the Lord tells you what He is going to do, and in this He has yet another object in view, namely,

TO FOSTER GRATITUDE

and assurance when the mercy has been received.

When the blessing comes, the man who has received it declares, "I know that this came from God, because He promised to give it. I know that God was in all this because I can see He has acted according to His own declaration. His word has not returned to Him void. He has done what He said, when He said, and as He said: surely this thing is of the Lord. Then comes the inference,—If He has done all this for me in the past, He will do as much for me in the future. He told me that He would help me, and He has helped me; He assures me still that He will be my helper, and I am sure He will, for He changes not.

"Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through."

This is God's way of breeding assurance in the minds of His people. If you notice in the next chapter, the one argument which God seems to use there is, "*I will because I have.*" I will read it to you. "Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob! and He that formed thee, O Israel! Fear not: for *I have* redeemed thee, *I have* called thee by thy name: thou art mine." What then? "'When thou passest through the waters *I will* be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.'

This is God's argument of consolation. Do you not see the force of it? Look in the third verse, "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee. Since thou wast precious in My sight, thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee: therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life." If I paid a full ransom once, I will stick at no expense to gain My precious purchase. If I gave Egypt and Ethiopia once, I will give the same again but what I will have My redeemed ones set free.

If the Lord had meant to be unfaithful He would have been unfaithful long ago. If it had been possible for Him to cast away His people He would have cast you and me away years ago. Does a man bestow much care and labor and expense on that which he intends to leave unfinished? Does a wise man begin to build a house, and then leave the structure unroofed and incomplete? Will God begin the work of grace in you and not complete it? Will He bring you so far on the road to the Golden City, and then leave you and put you to shame? Shall it be said in eternity, "This man trusted in God, and God failed him? This poor sinner rested in the blood of Christ, but Christ could not save him?' Never, oh never!

The Lord has given you many a promise, and He has fulfilled it in order that to-day in your present difficulties, and to-morrow, in your new troubles, you may stand firm as a rock, and feel, "He will help me; yea, He will uphold me; yea, He will deliver me. Therefore my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

I know that safe with Him remains
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.
Then will He own His servant's name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place."

Such faith as this is *God's due.* He deserves nothing less than unmingled confidence. He has never lied to any one of you: never doubt Him till He gives you cause for suspicion, but rest, and quietly wait, and patiently hope, and you shall see the salvation of God. As surely as the Lord liveth, He will not forsake your believing soul, but will be ever at your side, till He hath done that which He hath spoken to you of and brought you home to dwell at His right hand with His dear Son forever and ever. Amen.

Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—Isaiah 42. 1–16; 43–17.

VICISSITUDES IN CAMPAIGNING.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

One more Trial of Faith from the Rain Storm which is Averted by Prayer—Not a Man Caught Cold—Scripture. "Shalls"—A Groundless Accusation Made by a Catholic Soldier, Aided by a Priest, about the Giving of Tracts and Reading of the Scriptures.

THE providential shelter and deliverance we experienced from the storms of rain in South Africa, as already narrated,[*] was still further vouchsafed. After the storm had subsided we prepared to march from *East London*, on the African sea-coast, to *King William's Town*, our destination, which was twenty-two miles distant.

We commenced our journey to King William's Town. I hoped that we should have fine weather; but I was yet to have *one more trial of faith*. I was awoke the morning after our first halt by the sound of rain on my tent. I knew well what this meant—a wet march of more than twenty miles, wet camping ground, wet tents, and my men would suffer as much as if I had kept them in camp at East London.

But I knew also in whom I believed, and that He was able. The word of the Lord came to me at once: "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, *and he prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not.*" I got up, threw my cloak over my shoulders, and began my prayer, saying, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah? O Lord, hear!" And then I prayed that, as He had before delivered my men, He would yet do so again, and cause the rain to cease. I had hardly finished my prayer when an officer in the next tent shouted to his servant, "Any counter-orders for the march?" I answered him with, "No." I dressed, and, putting on my waterproof, walked to the sergeant-major's tent, to tell him to turn out the men. Before I got back to my own tent *the rain had ceased;* and when the men fell in for the march, there were heavy rain-clouds all round, and a low rolling cloud within a few yards of their heads, covering the whole camp, but *not one drop of rain.*

I prayed for strength for the men for what was a long march for men just come from China, and it was granted. The distance was twenty-two miles, the road bad; we had no music but one fife and a drum; and only one old man, who had been more than twenty years in the service, fell out. I find in my diary, "The officers noted the stopping of the rain as very remarkable."

The next day we marched into King William's Town. "Well, major," said one of my officers to me a week or two afterwards, "that was a very wonderful thing; we have just been talking about it. All that rain at East London, and *not a man caught a cold!*" It was wonderful indeed. I have heard since that the men themselves remarked that they had not suffered from all that exposure. And yet it was not wonderful, for it was an answer to very earnest prayer.

Thus the Lord had fulfilled my third desire. He had given me command of a body of men in a position of much danger to them all, and He had enabled me to deliver them out of it.

The foregoing are simple stories, with not much of interest in them for the man who does not believe in God as the hearer and answerer of prayer, and the rewarder of all those who diligently seek Him; but I trust that they will strengthen the faith and cheer the heart of many a Christian.

Very precious is the word *shall* when it occurs in the Scriptures in connection with any of God's promises to those who believe in Him. It is simply the unchangeable decree and purpose of the Almighty and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity. "*Shall* have rest;" "*Shall* have peace;" "*Shall* not come into condemnation;" "*Shall* be saved."

We who believe know the preciousness and value of this little word; but it occurs in connection with other assurances to those who serve God, and they should look upon its fulfilment in these particulars to be just as certain as in those which guarantee their blessing and salvation: "*Shall* have tribulation;" "*Shall* suffer persecution." Yes; as the promises of God cannot be broken where the happiness of His people is concerned, neither can they be broken where the trials which test the sincerity of their faith and love are demanded.

"All that will live godly in Christ Jesus *shall* suffer persecution" (2 Tim. 3 : 12). All those who will sincerely serve God, humbly following the Lord Jesus in His life and example, *shall* suffer persecution. It cannot be avoided, and we should not wish to avoid it, for it only gives our Father occasion to display to us more and more of the riches of His wisdom and love.

While the regiment was at Hong Kong there was sent to the colonel of my regiment, from the Horse Guards, a petition containing *false accusations* against me, purporting to have been written by a soldier of my regiment at Singapore. The colonel was requested to report upon the matter to the officer commanding at Hong Kong. As his letter is official, and an authentic document, I will make an extract from it, as the best explanation of this circumstance. The accusation was in reference to my distributing tracts and reading the Scriptures to soldiers, contrary to their wish—which was untrue.

I would, however, remark, that I should not have noticed this matter at all, but that it led to such further proofs of God's love and faithfulness toward me as ought to be told for the comfort and joy of faith of my fellow-Christians. Without recounting in this book the Lord's last acts of love to me as a soldier, I should feel that I had only half fulfilled my delightful task of praising His goodness.

This, then, is an extract from the colonel's letter in explanation of the petition above referred to: "Sir, in reply to your letter of 4th instant, I have the honor to state Major Malan takes great interest in the spiritual welfare of the men. He himself is a Protestant. Private —— is a Roman Catholic, unable to write well; in fact, he can hardly do more than sign his name. The priest admitted to Major Malan that he had 'lent his pen' for Private ——'s defence in his trial in November, 1870, and I therefore fancy the petition may also come from the same source; and I think, from Private ——'s character, and the evidence of witnesses relative to the occurrences alluded to in the petition, that it is a case of bad feeling on the part of Private ——, backed up by bad advisers."

This was all that referred to the petition. I have not the least doubt but that the colonel was correct in his supposition as to the author of it, for it was sent to me twice. I compared it carefully with letters I have now in my possession, and the handwriting is the same. I must, however, correct a mistake of the colonel's as to the occasion on which it was proposed to lend the pen. A Roman Catholic soldier had informed me at Singapore that two very bad men were trying to get the priest to make a report against me to the officer commanding the troops.

It became, of course, my duty to inform the priest that he was only employed by the Government for certain purposes, and that he had no right to interfere with discipline. I told him the character of the men. I also told him that these soldiers had had an opportunity of reporting me at the last inspection, but had not done so. I further told him, that if they had any complaint, and would bring it forward in the usual manner, I would forward it myself to the officer commanding the troops.

His reply was to the effect that he "was merely to lend his pen," but that he would now desist. It was this of which I informed the colonel, as I did of every thing which occurred in connection with the discipline of that portion of his regiment which was under my command. Such was my duty.

I have stated that the accusations were false. They were fully disproved in every particular, and the evidence sent to the Horse Guards. The officer commanding the troops at Singapore, through whose hands the correspondence passed, told me he was quite sure that the colonel of my regiment was right as to the source of the petition. Why it was written I do not seek to know; the Lord is judge.

Of one thing I am conscious: that I never did any wrong, either to the man whose name was put to it, or to the man who wrote it. As regards the soldier, I had treated him most kindly until he compelled me to do my duty. Had he listened to my repeated earnest entreaties to him to turn from his evil ways, he would never have got into prison. "The Lord reigneth." This is the answer to every perplexity in the path of a Christian. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge. Nothing can happen to one of His children without His permission for their highest good.

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[*] Christian Herald, p. 3.

SINAI AND SION.

A Sermon by Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D.

"For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched."—Heb. 12 : 18.

"But ye are come unto Mount Sion."—Heb. 12 : 22.

Sinai and Sion Represent the Old and New Dispensations—Points of Contrast—I. The Old Sensuous—The New Spiritual—The Sensuous Needs a Centre—The Spiritual System has a Temple—Its Purpose, Worship not Sacrifice—Catholicity of its Aim—Universal in its Application—A Contrite Heart Consecrates any Place—Sinai a System of Rudiments, and Introductory—II. Sinai Represents Rigor—Sion Represents Love—Privilege.

THE apostle here sets forth the dispensation of the Gospel—your dispensation and mine—as very much superior in certain important particulars to the dispensation of the law—mount Sinai, or the mount that might be touched, being put for the law that was given upon it; Mount Sion, literally the southern part of the city of Jerusalem, where David fixed the court and Solomon built the temple, being put for the newer revelation of God in the days of Jesus Christ. Some expositors understand that term Sion as having reference to heaven. But the apostle says, "Ye *are* come unto this state already." It is not a matter of *promise*, but of *experience;* not a future dimly apprehended, but a present actually and consciously realized.

There are several thoughts suggested by the passage that indicate the superiority of Sion over Sinai, and which will impress you, if you will only think of them, that your facilities are greater, and your responsibility by consequence greater, than that of any in former times to whom the messengers of God have come. The two great

POINTS OF CONTRAST

are that I. Sinai was the *emblem of a sensuous*, and Sion *of a spiritual economy;* and, II. that Sinai was *a system of rigor*, and the Gospel is *a system of love.*

I. Sinai is represented as the *mount that might be touched*, that is, something palpable, the emblem of a *material* framework, or a system of gorgeous ceremonies and local shrines, and of impressiveness of external appearance.

I need not tell you that this was very largely characteristic of the system of Judaism. The giving of the law, for example, was an overwhelming address to the senses of the awed multitude. The eye was arrested by darkness that defied the gaze, by the lightning and the tempest which played about the summit of Sinai; the ear was thrilled by the trumpet blast, and was appalled by the thunder. Such was the majesty of the voice which spoke that the listeners crouched beneath its tones, and entreated almost with tears that it might not speak to them again. All the ritual services of the temple, the furniture, every ceremony and every sacrifice of the dispensation, were surrounded with accessories all intended to impress the senses either with sublimity or with terror.

Of course there was an inner life in all this—at least in the palmy days of Judaism—a vital heart pulsating beneath that drapery of symbol. But in the time of the Saviour—the incarnation—the religion of too many had become only a rubric and a creed; the shadow was still grasped tenaciously, but the substance was gone. And this very sensuousness of the Jewish economy necessitated, so to speak, the appointment of sacred places, and a central temple of worship. Hence all those journeys to Jerusalem in times of special festival which were binding upon the masses of the people.

Jerusalem was the centre of the system from which all its light was understood to radiate, and to which the best affections of its people converged as to their chiefest joy. Hence, when the swarthy chamberlain of the African queen heard in the defiles of his native wilderness of the God of the Hebrews, he must go up to Jerusalem for to worship. Hence, in after years of exile, long enough to have trampled out the last spark of nationality, the Israelite turned to this his home as the fire-worshipper to the sun, and Daniel kneeled down three times a day with his lattice open towards Jerusalem. That was, so to speak, the depository of the dispensation's power.

There might be many synagogues; there was *only one temple*. Hence the oracle of Divine wisdom spoke. From this fountain the streams of healing flowed, and all Judea was fertilized and blessed. Here, and here only, the atonement could be offered and the sin forgiven; and there was not a patriot in the tribes, as before his solemn fancy rose up the loved image of Sion, but would invoke upon himself the imprecation,—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning; may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

But now, in contrast with this pomp of ceremonial and localization of interest, ye are come

TO THE SPIRITUAL SION,

filled with the inner man, and with lively human stones building up a spiritual house. God on Sinai gave to the Hebrews a law; God on Sion hath given to His people a life, and now that the age of visible symbol has passed away, the Lord speaks no longer from the lips of seers, or from any chosen or exclusive lawgiver. We are not restrained from impiety by any palpable excitements. The Shechinah has departed from its accustomed habitation in the temple, and there is no process of wholesale and central lustration by which a congregation can be simultaneously forgiven.

We have got a temple yet, but it is for worship, not for sacrifice. We have the ministry of reconciliation yet, but it is not a priesthood by any means in the midst of us; it is just a body of the men who are the messengers in the churches, and the glory of it. We have the sacraments, the godly sacraments which the Saviour ordained in His church, but they are commemorative, not regenerating; not powers to constrain or to meeten for a covenant, but *seals of a covenant* that has been already made. Religion, as the Gospel sets it before you and asks you to receive it, comes, so to speak, in the bareness of the Saviour's incarnation.

No pomps attend it, no patronage commends it to our regard; its glory is not of this world; it stands alone upon the banks of our modern Jordan, unattended by any retinue of circumstance—a living, holy, independent stranger. Without form or comeliness to the beauty-seeking eye of nature, it is loved and it must be loved, for itself alone. It has no preferments in its gift, save those that are beyond the grasp of human hands. It calls men to no reluctant duty, and it offers to mortal weakness no compromise; it only offers *the succor of a grace* that will stoop down from heaven to help it up.

Now, my brethren, what do you think of such a religion? It goes straight into the inner man, and as it finds there not merely fancies vagrant and prodigal motives blemished and alloyed, but idols lurking in the secret places of the heart, revelry with some unclean rites, with some cherished Astaroth or Baal, it says, "I must have these things cleansed. Drive out those money-changers of spiritual usury; I want this temple to be holy, completely holy unto God."

Look at that religion as, perhaps for the first time in his life, it introduces a man to himself, strips him of the flimsy disguise with which he would veil his own deformity, compels him to introspection, turns him off from the excuses of his neighbor's complicity, or from complicity in his neighbor's error; and sets him searching, hunting, so to speak, after the discovery of his own vileness, not, as in former times, trying to hide it from his coward eye. Look at him as it opens up to him a vista of *still increasing purity*, all perfect with a glory that streams upon him from the hill of sacrifice—as it urges him from one spiritual mastery to another, until, brave wrestler as he is, he has thrown the world, and humbled the flesh, and spoiled all the goods of the devil!

THE ELEMENT OF COMMONNESS.

I. And then this religion, thus spiritual in its aim, must surely have that element *of commonness* which will adapt it to us. The Gospel river of life does not branch out into divers streams. There is not there a broad sweep of water for the rich, and for the intellectual, and for the cultivated, and here a little scant runnel, where the poor may now and then come and get healed by the side of its precarious wave. There is no costly sanatorium beneath whose shade patrician leprosy may get by itself to be fashionably sprinkled and healed. Naaman, with all his retinue watching, must come and dip and plunge like common men in Jordan.

There is no sort of salvation, except the one ransom and deliverance that is purchased for rich and poor together by the influences of the Lord Jesus Christ; and the poor beggar—his garment ragged from the havoc of a hundred storms, and his flesh bleeding from the ulcers of a hundred wounds—may dip eagerly into the same Bethesda, and emerge unscarred, and comely as a child. Oh! there is a hopefulness—a keen, *loving, winsome insight*, so to speak—in this religion of Jesus, which constrains it to furnish the very amplest and most bountiful provision. It comes to you, therefore, to every one of you, and it says, "God is a spirit and you are a spirit; you are therefore in God's likeness, and you are therefore capable of God's service."

And then the same spirituality necessitates that *the Gospel shall be Catholic;* that there shall be no shrine more sacred than another: that the old feud between the Jews and the Samaritans shall be altogether discarded as a meaningless thing. Who would think of vaunting his own small synagogue when he stands beneath the grand arches of the universal temple? So there is allied with this commonness—it is necessitated that there should be—*a universality too.* The Jewish economy was a noble law for a people; but if you look for the people now you cannot find them, therefore the law is obsolete. The people are scattered everywhere; there are no elements of a nation at this moment in the holy city.

True, there are those that take pleasure in the stones of Jerusalem, and that favor the dust thereof; and there is a grand future for the Hebrews yet, when they shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and hear Him proclaim for them an Easter and a jubilee; but at present for the masses of mankind there is no binding law in Judaism, nor any pulse or vigorous life. It would be a bitter day, don't you think, for the world's poor pilgrims if they had to go to Jerusalem to worship, like that Ethiopian eunuch of old? It would be a bitter day if they had to prostrate themselves before the shrine of the prophet in Mecca, or if they had to visit any other

EXCLUSIVE PLACE OF SACREDNESS.

Why, with our diversities of language, and national peculiarities, and jealousies of government, that mar the freedom of intercourse, half the world would have to live in the neglect of religious ordinances forever, and the other half might die unpardoned on the journey before they could reach any of those places of healing and of life. How glorious then the revelation, at once the rebuke of the intolerant and the charter of the needy—God is a spirit, and wherever two or three are gathered in His name there He is! How utterly does this unalterable promise silence the dogmas of all *rabid ecclesiasticisms*, and fill the souls of the true worshippers with a very flood of joy!

All that is seemly and decorous in external worship is preserved and left, "but the hour cometh, and now *is*," when the Father "seeketh" in every clime His true and spiritual worshippers. Oh, the beauty of that phrase! It is not the worshipper seeking the Father, it is the Father seeking the worshipper—looking down from heaven to find where the really contrite ones are that in sincerity and truth adore. "The Father seeketh such to worship Him."

Oh! do not think for a moment that by frequenting places that have an odor of peculiar sanctity you can alone acceptably worship God. Have you got a contrite heart? Then that can consecrate the meanest place on earth. It does not matter where the congregation may gather; only let them be a congregation of faithful men, yearning for truth, ready to make any sacrifice to obtain it, and that God, who is everywhere present, will reveal Himself in blessings wherever they may choose to assemble.

They may crowd into the solemn minster, and while the organ peals out its alternate wail and psalm to them it may be a spiritual service, and their hearts may glow in purer light than streams through painted windows. They may draw around *the hearth of the farmer's homestead;* and, while the frost-king reigns outside, their spirits may burn with a warmth that may defy the keenness of the sternest winter. For them there may be a spiritual harvest more plentiful than the garnered store in the barn that has been lent for worship; or a season of refreshing beneath the thatch through which the penitent soul can filter up its sighs for heaven.

On the gallant vessel's deck, with no witnesses of the service but the sky and sea, there may be the sound of many waters as the Lord of Hosts comes down. And in the Alpine solitudes, where the spirit, alone with God mid murmuring streams and bowing pines and summits of eternal snow, uplifts its adoration, there may be a whisper stiller and sweeter and more comforting than that of nature, saying, "Peace, peace be unto you." Oh! it is a beautiful thought that in this, the last of the dispensations, the contrite heart can hallow its own temple!

Wherever the emigrant wanders—wherever the exile pines—in the dreariest Sahara, rarely tracked save by the Bedouin on his camel—on the banks of rivers yet unknown to song—in the dense woodlands where no axe has yet struck against the trees—in the dark ruin—in the foul cell—in the narrow street—on the swift rail—there where business tramps and rattles—there where sickness gasps and pines—anywhere, anywhere in this wide, wide world, if there is a soul that wants to worship, there can be a hallowed altar and a present God.

"Ye are not come to Sinai, but to Sion,"

THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE,

where God is ever ready to bless His people with the fulness of His life and of His grace. Brethren, think of that. These are your privileges; how have you improved them? Oh! if those of meaner opportunities and of scantier means are punished at last because they come short, surely the many stripes and the wrath even to the uttermost must be reserved for the unfaithful ones who have inherited the privileges, and not come to Sinai, but to Sion.

I can hardly dwell upon the other thought, but if you could think of it, it will enhance the estimate of your own superior position.

(*The remainder of this Sermon will appear in our next issue.*)

The Gifts to Missionary Societies Last Year will make 1879 a memorable one in their records. The Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Wesleyan, and Congregational missions received from twelve persons within the year the aggregate sum of $3,000,000.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page 14.*)

The New Vicar.

ERNEST in his new position as Squire Clifford was looked up to as a man of mark. If he was absent from the magistrates' meetings all parties regretted it; and especially the accused, if they happened to be less culpable than they appeared.

His business faculties, which had not found scope as a clergyman, were developed in the successful management of his estate, and the little village belonging to him. It was a singularly prosperous life he led. He was a born master, with a quick eye to detect bad service or good, and a firm, quick will to exact from each person his or her best work.

His lands were farmed to perfection; and his tenants stirred up to vie with him in the careful cultivation of their ground. His village was clean and orderly, with savings-banks and reading-rooms for his people. The church, under his friend William Britton, was as well controlled as his estate. He had his intimate friend living within a stone's throw of his own home, and the woman whom he loved with unswerving constancy and devotion within an hour's walk of him.

His little Rose was blooming into a pretty, sweet-tempered, charming girl. Yet there were times when Ernest's sky was clouded, he hardly knew why. There was a slumbering, subtle sense of *insecurity* underlying all his sunny days. But even this passed away, as year after year went by, bringing no news of his disinherited brother.

William Britton, the friend to whom Ernest had given the living of Clifford, was devotedly faithful in all the duties and offices of his profession. He set them far above every other obligation, and his whole heart was bent upon their fulfilment. There was a good share of *asceticism* in his temperament; and worldly affairs of any kind had little interest for him. He literally took no thought for his life, what he should eat, or what he should drink, or what clothing he should put on.

He might be seen every day of the year, fine or stormy, marching with slow long strides about his parish to the most distant outlying homesteads, dressed in a shabby, white-seamed old coat, which had come very gradually down from the dignity of Sunday wear, to the last stage of brownness that it was possible for a gentleman's coat to exhibit. His tall, spare figure, and gentle, absorbed face were familiar to every one of his parishioners, down to the youngest child that could totter about the fields and lanes, or patter into the tide on the beach.

He knew nothing, and could learn nothing, about farming and fishing; and his parish felt that he was all the more a parson for that. Both farmers and fishermen felt a mutual contempt each for the other's opinion in the calling he had not been born to; and a parson who meddled with neither, but stuck close to his books and his church, was worthy of their deepest respect.

When Mr. Britton stopped to speak to them at their work, with his thin, worn features, and his absent gaze, which seemed always straining to catch a glimpse of something far beyond the poor objects of their interest, they felt themselves in the presence of a spiritual pastor and master indeed, as they had never done with Master Ernest; for so they continued to call their landlord and magistrate.

Though Mr. Britton took no thought for his life, it was essential that some one should take thought for him, and for the food and clothing of the household. The vicarage was full of children, till the small rooms which had appeared so inconvenient and comfortless to Ernest seemed always overflowing with them. There was not much order or neatness in the house, and it would have been a work of difficulty to maintain either; but Mr. Britton was too contemplative and rapt in thought to take much notice of the general discomfort and confusion. His study was in the attics, out of the noise and disturbance; and there he spent most of his time when he was not about his parish business. Mrs. Britton was a meek-looking little woman, with a soft step, and quiet muffled voice, apt to fall into a whisper. She was not a stirring, energetic, bustling person; though the female population of Clifford were in the habit of saying under their breath that she was a deep one.

It was always with a reluctant step that any farmer's or fisher's wife carried her goods to the vicarage, where she was certain to come away beaten in her efforts to make a bargain. The offertory money passed through Mrs. Britton's hands; and though there was very little real poverty or need in the parish, there were low murmurs current among the old folks, whose claims upon it had been more liberally met in Ernest's time.

She had been known to give *twopence* to the mother of a family, plunged into sudden distress by the illness of her husband, with the encouraging remark, "There! that will float you again!" The words had rung into a proverb among the Clifford folk. "We've a rare good parson," they said among themselves, "but parson's wife—she's no better than she should be." (See 1 John 3 : 17.)

There was one cottage in Clifford which was always an eyesore to Ernest, and a plague of heart to Mr. Britton. It was the last in the long, straggling village street, farthest away from the beach, and nearest to the coppices of dwarfed trees and tangled brushwood, where Charles Clifford, in his boyhood, had learned how to snare his father's game and poach on his preserves.

The thick stone walls of this cottage, and the thatched roof, covered with ivy and house-leek, were picturesque enough; but Ernest's eye was offended by the dirt and squalor of the unkept garden, and of the rooms within, which, however, he rarely entered. The old woman living in it, Martha Rush, and her daughter Julia, were the last of the bad lot who had helped to ruin Charles.

Clifford was too small a place to be a desirable dwelling for men decidedly set against the tide; and after old Charles Clifford's death, the little gang of *poachers* and petty larceny delinquents had melted away before the general improvement and prosperity which followed Ernest's succession to the estate. Old Martha Rush, who had been goose-girl at the Grange, and had her cottage almost rent free, was too old to flit away with her gang of sons and grandsons; and her youngest daughter Julia was usually at home with her.

But though Ernest rarely set his foot in the cottage, Mr. Britton visited it as regularly as any other house in his parish. He had never succeeded in winning this old woman to church, though Julia, who was ambitious, had consented to sing in the gallery with the children of the Sunday-school, if Miss Jenny Britton would sing there too. Old Martha Rush went, she said, to meeting in the light-house, where a service was held on Sunday night, at an hour when the parish church was closed.

"I like the ways on it best," said the blear-eyed, bent old woman; "it's more home-like. It does na' matter what clothes I go in; and I hanna' got no church clothes, like Christians. I dun very well at the old light-house. He's my brother-in-law; and there's a chimbley-corner as I can sit in just the same as my own fireside. Church religion's too grand for such as me."

"My good woman, religion is the same everywhere, in church or chapel," said Mr. Britton, in a firm yet mild tone. He had said the same words over hundreds of times, and would say them hundreds of times more to old Martha Rush's dull ears. "Religion is to believe in God, and to love Him. You can do that here, in your own house, in the poorest rags, as truly as the richest personage in the grandest church in the world. *Going to church or chapel is not religion;* it is only part of the outward form of it."

"Ay! ay! I canna' understand," muttered old Martha sullenly, "if it isna religion to go to church, folks is in a bad way. I go to th' old light-house, because I've got no church-going clothes; but I war married in church, and I'll be buried in church, and if that isna religion enough for an old creature like me, God Almighty's very hard to please, and there's more folks like me in a bad way."

"Martha," said Mr. Britton earnestly, "let me tell you once more that God is not hard to please. (Ezek. 33 : 11.) Nay. He loves you, and only seeks your love. He is looking out for you, and is ready to welcome you; like the father in the parable I read to you so often. You recollect? The younger son had gone away into a far country, and had wasted all he had in riotous living; and he was coming home again, ragged, and hungry, and penniless. 'But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion on him, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' That is only a poor image of what God feels for you and me."

"Ay! but it doesn't seem real like," answered the old woman. "I always think of Master Charlie when you talk like that. Th' old master didn't forgive him like the man in the book. Leastways he cut him off from every thing. Laws! it's easier to *tell a tale like that* than to love folks and forgive folks.

"God Almighty's cut me off from every thing, even church-going clothes; and I canna believe as He's willing to give me the best robe, and a ring for my finger, and new shoes for my feet. Nay! I'll be bound to be buried in your church, and if that inna enough, why, I must take my luck with the other folk."

"You leave mother alone, sir," said Julia; "she's in a bad way to-day, she is. But it's true what she said. It was a hard thing of th' old master to cut off his only son. It's ten years since he died, and nigh upon fifteen since Master Charlie ran away. He was a brave, bold young gentleman as ever trod."

"Ay! that he was," muttered her mother.

"I never saw him," answered Mr. Britton, who always felt a yearning of compassion toward the erring and disinherited son; "but there is no hope now that he will ever come back."

"How long was the younger son away in the parable?" inquired Julia with eagerness.

"There is nothing in the parable to indicate the time of his absence," he replied; "he did not come back till he had spent all, and was ready to perish with hunger."

"He came home because he'd nothing to eat," said Julia, with a hard smile on her face; "it wasn't for love of his father or of his mother that bore him. Master Charlie's sure to come back some day, when he's got no more money to spend, and is tired of earnin' any. He'll come home yet; and what will he feel when, instead of his father a lookin' out for him, and a runnin' to meet him he finds another man's son set up in his stead as master of Clifford. Do you think he'll believe in God Almighty's love, sir?"

"If Charles Clifford is still living," replied Mr. Britton, "he cannot expect to find his father alive yet. He knew how old he was, and how little chance there could be of ever seeing his face again; and he trampled on his father's love, and counted it worthless. It is what you are doing with the love of God."

"I think I've got as much religion as the quality," said Julia, with a slightly anxious expression on her face; "Miss Rose isn't more regular than me at church. I shouldn't like to have less than the quality."

But fortunately for Julia, Mr. Britton had not heard what she said, for her mother had spoken to him at the same moment, and he was listening to her querulous tones. His visit was soon brought to an end, and he left the cottage somewhat more faint-hearted than usual at his failure in making any impression on the dull and obstinate mind of the old woman, whose life was drawing so nearly to its close.

Julia Rush was regarded as a link between *the old times and the new* in Clifford. She had not had her full share of the excitement and variety of the former days, when poaching and smuggling and petty thefts had filled the cottage with a rude abundance of forbidden luxuries, besides bringing a succession of stirring and hair-breadth escapes from detection; old times which formed the constant theme of her mother's lamentations.

Nor had she been able to share fully in the new reign of quiet prosperity and comfort which had set in upon the little sea-side village. She was a girl of sixteen when Charles Clifford disappeared, and probably no one had mourned him more deeply, or continued to cherish the hope of his return more faithfully. She had helped her mother in the care of the poultry belonging to the Grange, and so had frequent opportunities of seeing Charles, who had never failed in giving the rosy black-eyed girl a word or smile as he passed her at her work.

he had often watched and waited for hours, and placed herself in his way to catch either the smile or the word. The young heir was three years older than herself, and was almost an object of worship to her. And after he was gone she could not bring herself to look with any favour on the rough young fishermen who tried their rude fashion of courtship with her. For Ida, Charles Clifford was still alive, and certain to come home sooner or later. Probably she was the only person in Clifford who really believed him to be alive, or wished for his return.

Immediately below the cliff on which Clifford Grange was built a tongue of rugged crags stretched out abruptly into the sea, rising at the end into a precipitous platform about a hundred feet from the water. On this platform stood the light-house which old Martha Rush preferred as a place of worship to the church in which Mr. Britton officiated.

narrow path ran along the lower edge of the ridge, which was never quite under water, though in stormy weather the surf and foam broke over it in such a manner as to make the light-house keeper's task far from pleasant. But since Ernest came into his kingdom he had made the path secure and safe by strong walls built on each side, founded so firmly on the living rock that old Elijah Dunnit had been able to set up his Sunday-evening meetings without fear of being left without a congregation.

The *lantern hill*, with its old chapel converted into a light-house, had always been a favorite haunt of the Clifford fishermen. But as for the women, it was only on the fairest and mildest of summer evenings that they were to be found among Elijah's hearers; Martha Rush made her appearance there not more than once or twice in the year.

When Mr. Britton left his incorrigible parishioner, Martha Rush, he turned his steps toward the light-house. It was a fair, sunny day late in February the gorse bushes were ready to burst into golden bloom, and the buds on every bush and tree were beginning to thicken and glisten in the warm sunlight. The vicar passed along with a vague mournfulness of spirit, altogether at variance with the joyousness of the coming spring.

He was not sure to find Elijah Dunnit at his post; but the lantern hill was a favorite spot of his own; for beneath the old gray building was a stone bench, where he and Ernest had spent many an hour in friendly communion. He paced along slowly with long, deliberate strides across the ridge, meditating; and it was only when he turned the point of the road, and saw old Dunnit mending nets on his favorite seat, that his mind was aroused again.

Elijah Dunnit was not as old as many of the men in Clifford, but he had been called old so long that it had become part of his proper name. He was a tall, athletic man, between sixty and seventy years of age, with a brown, honest, weather-beaten face, hair bleached white as snow and blue eyes, still keen and sharp enough to discern objects far out at sea without his telescope.

(*To be continued.*)

JESUS BAPTIZED BY JOHN.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 18. Matt. 3. Golden Text, ver. 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

It is written of the Lord Jesus (Heb. 2 : 17), "In all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren." And consequently we find Him under the obligations of old and new covenants, which were entered into in the first instance by circumcision and baptism. "Jesus Christ was a minister of the circumcision for the truth of God, to confirm the promises made unto the fathers" (Rom. 15 : 8); and by being also baptized He joined together the two dispensations in Himself, in His own person. It would seem that the obligation in the covenant of circumcision, besides the mere outward rite, is included in God's words to Abraham (Gen. 17 : 1): "I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect." And again Paul says (Gal. 5 : 3): "I testify again to every man that is circumcised, that he is a debtor to do the whole law."

Christ alone, out of all who were circumcised, fully kept the law. He spoke of other men (John 7 : 19), and said, "Did not Moses give you the law, and yet none of you keepeth the law?" But He is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. 10 : 4); for He could say, when speaking of His Father, "I do always those things that please Him" (John 8 : 29); and thus His circumcision was "of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God." There is such intense love and sympathy as well as power and holiness in His thus coming down personally into all the circumstances and obligations of man, bringing Himself down to our level, that in His wondrous grace He might raise us up to His, becoming human that He might make us divine.

Just as He was a "minister (or willing servant, not slave, or obligatory servant) of the circumcision *for the truth* of God," so in like manner was He baptized *to fulfil all righteousness;* all was done, endured, entered into, for God and for souls; self was as foreign to Him as love is to the enemy. Baptism both teaches us and pledges us to live a new life—a life such as we have not lived, and could not live in ourselves. We are planted by it into the likeness of Christ's death (Rom. 6 : 5). But that which is planted must first be alive, and it is living souls who are buried with Christ in baptism—*i.e.*, their old self life is pledged to destruction, *buried*, that another life, the life of Christ, may supersede and reign in its place.

For thirty years the Lord Jesus remained in obscurity (Luke 3 : 23), and "then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." There is something touching in this journey of the Son of God. No doubt He came on foot; He did not send for John, but came to him as one amongst the many who were seeking John's baptism. There seems to have been a close dealing with souls there by the river side: the people were baptized in Jordan, "*confessing their sins*" (ver. 6). It was like a large inquiry meeting; John's teaching was like the axe "laid to the root of the trees," and the people could not be silent; earnest, intense longing for their own salvation took possession of them, and they said, "What shall we do then?" As one among these penitents stood the spotless Son of God.

John was full of the Holy Ghost, and "the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God" (1 Cor. 2 : 11.) The same truth which had been told to the Virgin Mary, "that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God" (Luke 1 : 35), was now revealed to John by the very presence of the Lord. "I knew Him not," he testified; "but He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, "Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining upon Him, the same is He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." "I knew Him not;" and yet there was a spiritual consciousness of an unusual presence in that Galilean peasant. So "John forbade Him, saying, I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" Even now John said, by his spirit, that which he afterwards put in words (John 3 : 30), He must increase, but I must decrease."

All this teaching had led up to the moment when Christ "should be manifest to Israel" (John 1 : 31), and he bore witness, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire" (ver. 11). And John, who came to prepare His way before Him, would give place instantly to his Lord. The marvellous popularity of John, and the intense religious excitement, such as has never since been paralleled, when "there went out unto him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan," had done him no harm; a man filled with the Spirit of God has no room in him for self-exaltation, every part of his being is subdued by another victor, and serves the purpose for which it was created and redeemed.

"And Jesus, when He was baptized, went up straightway out of the water; and lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him; and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Jesus was baptized with the Holy Ghost as man, that He might baptize His church. And He was baptized for His mission in the world (Isa. 61 : 1; Luke 4 : 18). He was a buried man, out of sight, and He lived in His Father's will, His life was hidden in God, as ours is hidden with Him in God. The power by which the divine in Him ever supplanted and kept under the human, was the same Holy Ghost who makes us His temple, for He voluntarily *emptied Himself* (Phil. 2 : 7, Gr.,) that He might fill those of us who empty ourselves.

But He had the witness that He pleased God not only for His own sake as man, but for the sake of the faithful John: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." To please God, this is life, breath, to those who live not their own life. All power, all interest ceases, and we lose heart when we are not sure that we please God. "In Him," says our heavenly Father, "I am well pleased." Our house is in Him if we lead the life of those who are "buried with Him by baptism unto death, that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life" (Rom. 6 : 4).

From the moment the full light dawned upon John that this was He for whom He had so long been looking, his preaching underwent a change. Beforehand the stern man of the desert had only seen man's sin in the awful light of God's power and holiness: 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" now a glorious light broke upon Him—he saw the old sacrifices personified in the person of God's Son, and saith, "Behold the Lamb of God, who beareth away the sin of the world" (John 1 : 29); he understood now how the Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all; it was not now always in the tone of reproof and condemnation that he preached—he could speak of the remedy as well as of the evil.

In our teaching with servants, children, classes, etc., are we teaching the old John the Baptist truth, the baptism of repentance, or are we full of the blessed truth, the good tidings of the Lamb of God? A conscience which is aroused to a sense of sin without being led at once to Him who is the sin-bearer, becomes generally hardened or unreal. A man who is in earnest must get relief; if it does not come from the taking away of sin, he will begin to palliate his sins, and excuse them, and take comfort that others are worse than he—only in the light of Christ's death can sin find no refuge; no secret lurking-place, no escape is there. Let us be careful how we deal with souls; tremendous issues are at stake, on which an eternity depends.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Re-occupation of Cabul, the Capital of Afghanistan, by the British forces, has relieved the anxiety felt in England as to the fate of General Roberts and his small command; but the events of the past few weeks have convinced the government that if Afghanistan is to be held, even temporarily, it is absolutely necessary to send reinforcements for the purpose, the small body of troops hitherto employed being clearly insufficient to keep the treacherous and warlike Afghans in check. Accordingly, reinforcements left England for India January 1st, and 10,000 men have been sent through the defiles toward Cabul by the Viceroy of India. The Hindoos in the city report that while General Roberts was at Sharpur *a reign of terror* existed until the place was abandoned by the rebels. Every shop and house was gutted, except those belonging to the Mohammedans. Women were stripped publicly, and men were shot in the streets. It is believed that Russia has had a hand in stirring up the disturbances which led to General Roberts evacuating Cabul, for the brother of the late Ameer, when he fled from Cabul on the return of the British, asked for and received shelter from the Russian commander at Tashkend; and *a cup was found* in the city bearing the inscription: "Presented to Nek Mahomet for valuable services to the Russian Government in 1879."

Another Attemot to Assassinate the King of Spain was made December 30th. As King Alfonso and his young queen were driving through the gate of the royal palace a young man, dressed as a workman, fired two shots from a revolver at the royal carriage; but his aim was bad, and nobody was hurt. One of the balls passed *close to the queen's face*, and another nearly hit one of the royal footmen, but providentially no one was hurt. King Alfonso was driving at the time. The would-be assassin was immediately arrested, and he has confessed his crime. His name is Gonzales, and his age nineteen years. He is a waiter by occupation, and a native of Galicia. It is little more than a year since the last unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the young king.

A Warning to English Christians has been sent by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon from Mentone. The London correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* sends the following cable message: "The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon writes from Mentone that the nation should listen to Mr. Gladstone as a call to make righteousness and peace their guide instead of blustering; he declares that England is wantonly trampling Afghanistan under foot, and warns Englishmen that under such tutors as the *Times* they are becoming *a nation of demons.* The whole letter is an impassioned appeal to the Christian sentiment of the country." It is clear Mr. Spurgeon feels strongly on this question, and believes that England's present policy is an unrighteous one, for as a rule he does not interfere in political matters. On the other hand, many Christian men, who take all the circumstances into consideration, support the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, and believe that the interests of England and of the world are advanced by his policy.

A Parisian Lady's Winter Toilet is described in one of the leading journals of that city of pleasure. The directions are under sixteen heads, and they constitute the author's idea of the whole duty of woman toward her own person. "An hour before you get up," he says, "your maid will light your fire and then screen it with *a silver framework*, lined with rose silk, which will temper the heat and give to the whole room a sort of rosy morning light that warms while it illumines. Then she will bring you on a silver plate-warmer your cup of chocolate, hot and foaming, which you will drink. After you have taken your chocolate you will snooze again for a couple of hours. Then you will put on a *déshabille* of pink satin, lined with swan's-down, enveloping the whole body from head to foot. You may now pass into the bath-room, the atmosphere of which will be kept at an agreeable temperature by little gusts of rose-scented vapor, pumped through an aperture in the wall." A detailed account follows of articles of dress and adornment, and directions for the time of day at which each should be worn; and the author intimates that if his instructions are followed, the ideal of French womanhood will be attained.

It is lamentable that so many ladies obey such teachers, forgetting what is the only true and real adorning of themselves (1 Peter 3 : 3).

Dr. Henry H. Jessup has Arrived Safely at Beyrout, in Syria, after an absence of nineteen months spent in this country and in Great Britain. In a letter to the New York *Observer*, dated December 2d, Dr. Jessup says: "I have travelled not less than 30,000 miles, by sea and land, since leaving Beyrout, and to have accomplished it all without an accident and almost without a detention, and to return with so large a party, all in comfortable health, should certainly make us all grateful, cheerful, and willing workers in the great cause of our Lord and Master. From the day of our arrival until to-day—eight days—our house has been full of visitors, *native and foreign*, whose kind words of welcome have been like cold waters to the thirsty soul. On Sunday morning I found myself at home in the Beyrout pulpit again. The congregation numbered about 560, and it seemed like awaking from a dream to preach again in Arabic after so long an absence."

The Evangelical Alliance Deputation, which lately went to the Emperor of Austria at the palace, Buda Pesth, to represent to His Majesty the deprivation of religious liberty and severe persecutions which many Christians in Austria and Bohemia were suffering, has been graciously received by him. He has promised inquiry, and that justice shall be done if the facts as stated are substantiated. Notwithstanding the law in Austria guarantees full religious liberty, yet for the last nine months all public worship and meetings for religious exercises outside the State-accredited churches have been interdicted, and this has led to persecution. Earnest prayer should be offered on behalf of the persecuted.

A Revolution has Occurred in Peru, and President Prado has taken refuge in flight. General Nicolas de Pierola was proclaimed dictator on December 22d. The telegram announcing the fact states that "the army of reserve at Lima and Callao and the navy accept his government. He has promised to effect the salvation of Peru in the present crisis." A promise so made is little likely to be fulfilled. God alone "can effect the salvation" of that unhappy country, and we cannot hope that He will employ as His instrument a man who does not acknowledge his dependence on Divine aid.

The Experiment of Secularizing the Lord's Day, now being tried in so many American cities, has been in operation for some time in Zurich, Switzerland. The result has been that the shopkeepers, who, in their greed of gain, initiated the practice, find that their seven days' unremitting toil is a bondage not to be endured, and have petitioned the city council to declare all trade on Sunday illegal. This is another proof, if one had been needed, that the statutes of God are wise as well as right.

Royal Benevolence.—A Hamper of Game was forwarded before Christmas by the Prince of Wales for the patients of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, of which his Royal Highness is the president. Queen Victoria has presented 100 pounds of old linen to the Dreadnought Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, for use in the wards. These acts of thoughtful kindness to the poor and sick indicate true nobility of character, and explain how it is royalty is popular in England.

Bishop Gregg, the Primate of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, otherwise called the Reformed Church of England, has published a charge to his clergy, in which he explains the main principle of his communion. He says: "We are one with the Church of England in all points in which the Church of England is one with the Word of God. We have the same 'orders,' obtained through Canterbury —the s
ecclesiastical polity, the same sacraments,
same evangelical forms. We have no 'pries
save the Lord Jesus Christ, and all His spiri
people; no altar, save Calvary; no atoning sa
fice, save the Lamb of God; no regenerating
tism, save that of the Holy Ghost; no 'real p
ence,' save that of Christ in the heart."

Three Boys were Severely Whipped b
Roman Catholic priest recently, for ha
acted as pall-bearers at the funeral of a P
estant boy. The priest has been indicted
assault and battery, and the case excited so
bitter a feeling that *the venue of the trial ha*
be changed three times to avoid disturba
The priest was found guilty, and the penalty
posed will cost him about $328. We are c
told that the spirit of persecution which
graced the Roman Catholic Church in past t
was due to the spirit of the age, and not t
principles of the Church. But recent e
have shown that that Church is of the same
per in these days, and that its tyranny an
tolerance extend into every department of s
life, and that if it ever acquires its old power i
use it as mercilessly as it did in the days o
Spanish Inquisition. Indeed, the Church a
day endorses everyhing that was ever done
members in its name.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who is
wife of the Viceroy of Ireland, has made a
peal to the English public for contribution
fund she has started for the relief of the
tressed poor in Ireland. The amount sh
ceived up to the end of last week was $
This fund will of course be used for the re
absolute suffering, and is entirely distinct
that raised for the mischievous purpose of
Rule agitation by Mr. Parnell and his allie

What is the Inducement?—Mr. Bistan
elder in the church at Beyrout, Syria, addr
Dr. H. H. Jessup from the pulpit on Su
November 28th, said:

"Dr. Jessup, what could have induced
leave such a land as America, such churc
those you have visited, such loving an
lightened and refined Christian people
congregations numbering thousands, whe
might have preached and labored among
and relatives and lived with your family in
to a good old age—what could have i
you to leave all these and come to s
wretched, oppressed, and downtrodden c
as Syria, where there is no real liberty,
curity, or order, and preach to such a p
Sir, this to some of us is a mystery—a pr
mystery. We can only understand it
ground that you are not serving se
Christ! God bless you, sir, in your labors
To the world the self-denial of the missio
incomprehensible, but to the Christian t
swer is quite sufficient, "The love of Chri
straineth us." (2 Cor. 5 : 14.)

A Memorial to the late Princess
of England, whose death, on Decembe
1878, plunged all England into mourni
been decided upon. It will take the
propriate form of an endowment for the
tal and school for nurses in Darmstadt
the princess herself founded, and in wh
took a lively and practical interest.

The Presbyterians of the Whole Wo
to hold their second Triennial Council i
delphia, in September, 1880. Delegates
the countries of Europe where Presbyte
exists are to be present, prepared to m
dresses, read papers prepared for the o
and unite in conference how best to adva
cause of religion. The first council was
Edinburgh, in July, 1877, lasting ten day

Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of the ex-Pre
Great Britain, is one of the most ch
women in Europe, and is personally k
many of the poor in London. Her k
serene countenance charms at once.
spires respect in all, and more than o
well-directed charity after the war made
men forget that her husband's policy
very favorable to them.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

P lished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

his Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. T MAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. H AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

ingle Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1880. 14th Year. No. 3—New Series.

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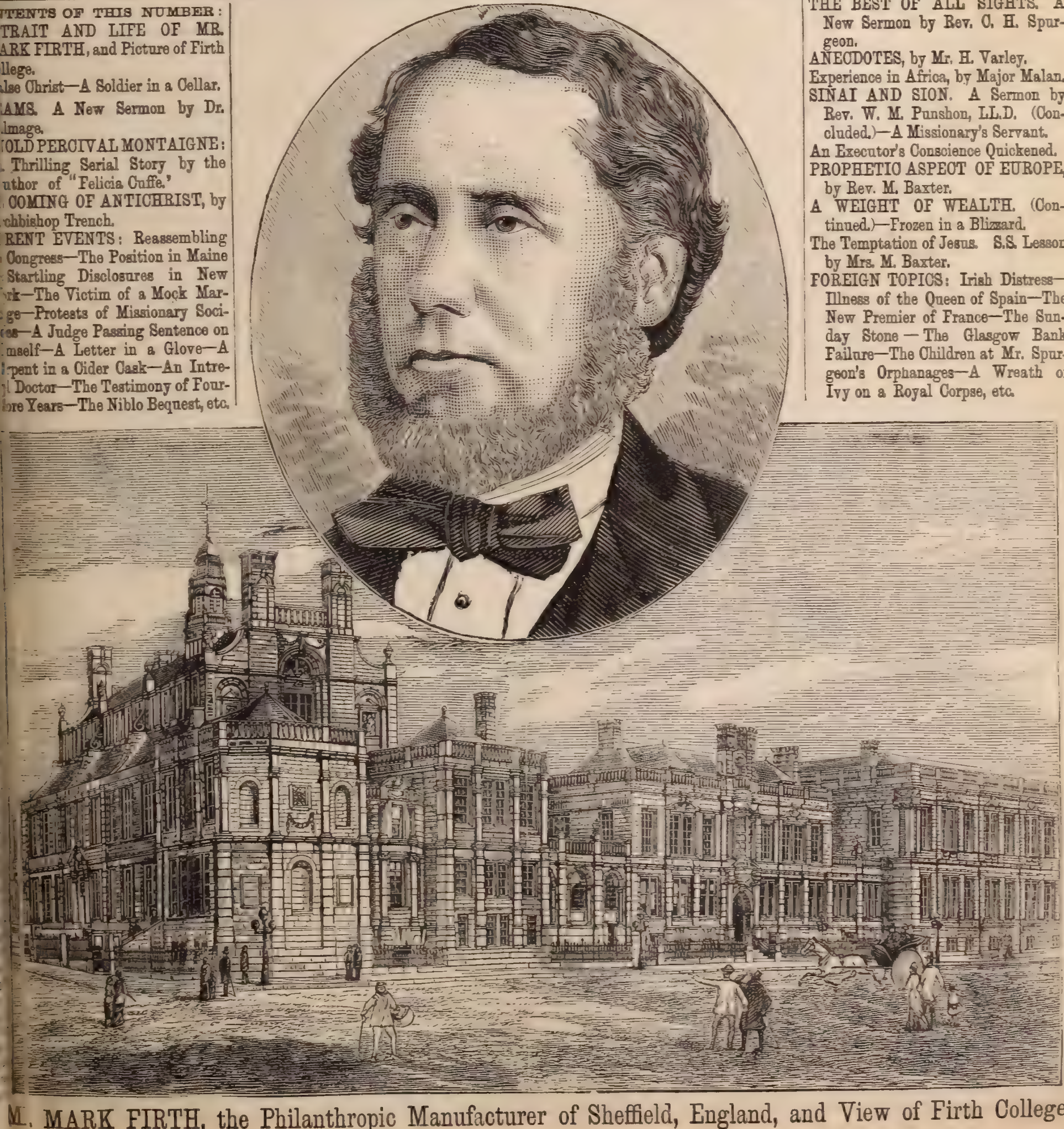

M . MARK FIRTH, the Philanthropic Manufacturer of Sheffield, England, and View of Firth College

MR. MARK FIRTH.

His Birth and Family—Early Business Experience—Mrs. Firth—Their Home at Oakbrook—Its Six Trees—His Almshouses at Hanging Water—A Memorial Window to Miss Firth—His Gift of a Public Park—The Beginning of the Firth College—A Singular Fact in his Life—His Benevolence to the Methodist New Connexion—He Becomes Mayor of Sheffield—The Norfolk Works—Mr. Firth's Great Business Enterprise.

THE world's roll of worthies is filled with names whose owners come from every land, and whose triumphs have been won on all fields. Great generals have written their names there with the blood of their foes and their followers. Great statesmen have won a place there by the ability with which they have steered the nations they served, through the breakers of their time into havens of peace and prosperity. A few names like that of George Peabody have been placed there because they have been identified with generous gifts, devoted to the well-being of their fellows. A high place in the same category ought to be accorded to the name of Mark Firth, the English manufacturer whose munificence has done so much for his native town of Sheffield. We are not so selfish as to overlook a man's merits because the benefits accruing from his generosity are confined to another land. We can afford to admire and applaud one who has the ability and the disposition to do good to his fellows, by whatever name they may be known among men, and to rejoice that God has put it into the heart of any man to seek to elevate and to assist those who, less blessed, belong to the same great family of mankind. Our readers will, therefore, be glad to become acquainted with the work of this great man whose name is so famous in England.

Mark Firth is the son of Thomas and Mary Firth, and was born at Sheffield in 1818. His father died in 1848, but his mother is still living at the advanced age of eighty-three. At the death of his father the family consisted of five sons and two daughters.

Of the sons Mark was the eldest; the second was Thomas, who died in 1858; the third, John, who died at Malta in 1869; while the two other sons, Edward and Charles Henry, are still living, and, in partnership with their brother Mark, they constitute the world-known firm of "Thomas Firth & Sons." The whole family were educated at the school where many of the boys belonging to the middle classes of Sheffield were taught.

The father of Mr. Mark Firth was a steelmaker, employed originally at "Marshall's"—one of the oldest firms in the Sheffield steel trade. He was subsequently engaged at Messrs. Sanderson Brothers' where his remarkable skill in the manufacture of steel made his services peculiarly valuable. After some time, however, the father and the two sons, Mark and Thomas, left Messrs. Sanderson's and started business in Charlotte Street on their own account.

About that period Mark married Miss Bradley, a Nottingham lady, daughter of the late John Bradley, Esq., who was at the time Mayor of Nottingham. The family is one of the oldest and most universally esteemed in the town and district of Nottingham.

For several years Mr. Firth lived in the busy town of Sheffield, and about fifteen years ago he turned his attention to Ranmoor, an outlying suburb of Sheffield, of which he has been appropriately called

"THE PIONEER."

After Mr. Firth purchased the estate upon which he subsequently built Oakbrook—the title being suggested by the rivulet which flows through it—gas and water were extended to the locality. Other manufacturers, merchants, and professional men followed the lead of Mr. Firth, till now there is scarcely an eligible site upon which is not reared a fine residence standing in extensive grounds and enriched by the mingled works of nature and art.

Oakbrook and its grounds, where Mr. Firth entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1875, and lately Prince Leopold, consist of 26½ acres beautifully laid out, and recently Mr. Firth acquired part of Endcliffe Wood, which now forms a fine fringe of fresh foliage on the south-east side of it. The grounds of this palatial residence are well laid out, and Mr. and Mrs. Firth have now *six trees* which have been planted by members of the royal family of England—two by the Prince of Wales, two by the Princess in 1875, and two by Prince Leopold. There is still another, which was planted by the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway during his recent visit.

The first great work with which the name of Mr. Firth will ever be associated was the erection of the

ALMSHOUSES AT HANGING WATER,

Ranmoor, only a short distance from his own house. They cost about $150,000, and were opened in 1870, the first stone having been laid by the Earl of Shaftesbury on March 4th, 1869. The situation is exceedingly well chosen, being cosily sheltered in the valley, with the most picturesque surroundings. There are thirty-six houses, for the accommodation of forty-eight persons, less or more, as the occupants may be married or single. A house is provided for the chaplain and governor. Each house for the inmates has a living room and a bedroom, with larder and coal-cellar, and is supplied with gas and water. It was in reference to these that Prince Leopold remarked in his speech, "I saw him surrounded by the aged folk whose declining years are being soothed and made happy by his considerate forethought."

The inmates have the free occupancy of the houses, and receive, in addition, a weekly allowance amounting to $2.50 for a married couple and $2 for each single inmate. They are required to be natives of Sheffield, of good character, and to be members of some Protestant church or congregation. The Almshouses are under the management of gentlemen of the town, chosen as trustees, in whose name, and that of others who may be elected to succeed them, it is settled "in trust for the benefit of the poor of Sheffield forever."

In the chapel belonging to this institution is a *memorial window* in memory of Miss Margaret Maria Firth, daughter of Mr. Firth, who died at the age of sixteen on October 27th, 1869, a loss which was most keenly felt by her father. In this window, which is a choice work of art, is a very accurate likeness of the deceased young lady.

If the local journal from which we have gleaned the materials for this sketch is correct, a further but less public act of charity in this direction should be mentioned to Mr. Firth's honor. A number of persons who reside outside are supplied with a weekly allowance varying from sixty cents to $1.25. By this means it is intended to reach that class of poor people who would otherwise go into the workhouse. The Almshouses are really intended for those who have seen better days. Mr. Firth's sympathies, we understand, are specially with those who have failed to make their way in business, or who, from ordinary casualties, have declined in position. The above-mentioned addition to the Almshouse scheme promises to become a very important and useful feature of outdoor charity.

Then there came a time when this princely benefactor was balancing in his mind the relative claims to priority of action of the erection of an Orphanage, or the gift of

A PUBLIC PARK

to his native town. The Orphanage was his "first love," but the Public Park was first carried out. The matter once decided upon, Mr. Firth brought his great powers to bear upon it. One site was denied him, another was found unsuitable; but he was not to be daunted. A most eligible estate, called Page Hall, was advertised for sale in a local newspaper. Early the next morning he was seen riding round the outskirts of the estate, surveying it with an eye to his design. His estimate of it was most favorable.

To the gratification of the inhabitants, who always join liberal things with the name of Mark Firth, Page Hall estate was knocked down him at the price of $145,000, and that very d it became known that he had made the purcha for the benefit of the people of Sheffield. Sin that time the Park has been considerably e larged. With these additions the land set apa for the use of the people is about *thirty-six acr*

Mr. Firth is not only benevolent in himse but the cause of well-directed benevolence others. As an example of this may be cited t case of Miss Marshall of Bridgehouses, who le it is said, a considerable sum of money to distributed in any charity or put to any chari ble purpose which the discretion and directi of Mr. Mark Firth might determine—a proof the confidence inspired by genuine firmness a character.

Mr. Firth has been a member of the Sheffi School Board from its formation, having b elected to the honorable position of vice-pr dent. He has been specially prominent in great work rising out of the awakened inter in education—

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SCHEME.

The success of the lectures and classes taught the gentlemen sent from Cambridge has justi Mr. Firth's anticipations. He therefore, early in the movement, sought information a what had been done in Nottingham, and timated that if these lectures and classes g further promise of succeeding in Sheffield would make special provision for the stud having a permanent "home." The result wa gratifying that Mr. Firth gave instructions f site to be secured. Various places were gested; ultimately the site upon which *F College* was subsequently erected in West St belonging to Messrs. Sanderson Brothers & Limited, was secured for about $40,000.

It is certainly a singular and remarkable that the spot chosen is that where Mr. Firth himself employed in his early days. It is that in the history of any man so extraord a change in fortune has to be recorded. stated Mr. Firth's intention is to spend $2 upon the College. It is also his wish scholarships should be established and endo The sum required to carry out the schen scholarships will be $50,000, and in all prol ity Mr. Firth will offer $5000, and challeng town to provide the balance. This, how will be subject to the condition that the su of the movement justifies the erection of manent establishment.

Mr. Mark Firth belongs to the *New Conn Methodist* body, of which he is a libera porter. In early life Mr. Firth was a

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER

at South Street congregation, Sheffield. told that in the discharge of this, as in duties, he showed great diligence, and wa effective and industrious. He was t member of the South Street congregation, he left, with his family, on the erect Broomhill Chapel, which is more conveni reaching from Oakbrook. He remains a m of the Broomhill Chapel, to the building which he gave $2500, and $5000 to the ment. He also contributed very liberally Methodist New Connexion College at Ra near Oakbrook, his princely mansion. his own body he has given more liberally Church of England than to other religio munities, but nearly all deserving interes enjoyed the fruits of the generous promp his nature. In support of every national tion, both local and general, he has frequent and liberal contributor. As a m has adopted "*Deo non fortunâ,*"* which i that he is a Christian from conviction, believer in what is called "chance."

In 1864 Mr. Firth entered the Town of Sheffield, and for three years ad sanitary measures which he clearly fores necessary for the health of the town, bu his fellow-townsmen were not prepared t take. The consequence was he was def

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* From God, not from fortune.

He's not dead, thank Heaven !" was the d tor's reply, "and we have at last brought him r nd a little. He'll know you, sir ; but it's a s ous case, though the skull is not fractured, a at first feared, and the greatest care will be n dful to insure his recovery. Don't go in, si until I prepare him a little for seeing you."

Shure, I knew he'd soon be here," said Jem- though somewhat faintly, when he was told P cival had come. "I expicted it ; and don't b feared, docther, it doesn't at all excite me. S re he cudn't stay away when he knew how a where I was. Go, God bless you ! and bring h in to me."

'ercival was greatly alarmed at his servant J my's condition. He was very pale from loss o blood and from the shock which he received t his whole system. Percival, however, con- c ed his feelings as much as possible, and with a nile approached him.

O Jemmy !" he said, as he stooped over h where he lay, "this is a sad affair. Don't s much, but tell me, my own dear fellow, in a w d how you are, and is there any thing you w I should do for you ?"

Well," said Jemmy faintly, "I don't feel at a comfortable, that's the thruth, masther. Me h d's all in a dhin ; and, masther dear, git me out o his soon, for enthroth I want to be away, far a can, from Bridget's Alley."

r. Moriarty's suggestion was that Jemmy s uld be removed to the nearest hospital, and P cival would have consented to this, but bear- i in mind Jemmy's desire, he asked would it n be possible to take him without risk to his o lodgings in Rathmines ; and being assured t t, with a proper mode of conveyance, that m ht be done, he made arrangements for so d ng.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COMING OF ANTICHRIST.

By Archbishop Trench.*

T e Great Crisis at Hand—The Coming Man—Needed Caution—What will the Issue be ?—he Antichrist of St. John and St. Paul—Anti "not Instead Of, but Against—The seudochrist—Antichrist's Apocalypse.

A TREMENDOUS crisis is at hand for the C rch of Christ, and is growing nearer and m re threatening. We are indeed wrapped a ady in the skirts of the coming storm. It is a ruggle in which every thing is at stake—one f n which the Church must come forth triumph- a , 'as an army with banners,' or not come f h at all ; perishing as the false religions of t world have done ; and itself by this doom be- t ying that it was one of these, in no essential d ering from the others.

When I speak of a crisis which the Church is p sing through, it will be plain to you that I am s aking not of this Church of ours in particular, b of that whole society which claims to rest on a *pernatural basis ;* to be the embodiment of a d ine idea and purpose ; to have God in the n lst of it.

The Man in whom will finally concentrate it- s all the hatred of the world against the idea of a ving God, the great Antichrist who is yet to be r ealed, will oppose and exalt himself above all w ich is called God, or is worshipped ; even the f e religions of the world, in so far as they are w ships at all—acknowledgments by men of a g ater than man—will be hateful to him and w red against by him, no less than the true.

"'THE KINGDOM OF MAN

i at hand'—such will be the good tidings of g at joy which he will proclaim, which his ser- v its and forerunners are proclaiming already. hat will be the end of the kingdom of that cked One a sure word of prophecy has told u ; but meanwhile the waves of the sea rage h ribly, and it must be sorrowfully owned of t Ship of the Church that it is but ill prepared t meet the storm.

'What confusion has overtaken the crew ! Some there are of these who would prefer to knock a *hole in the bottom of the ship* and that all should go down together, rather than that any but themselves should have a share in the navigation of it, or establish their claims to an interest to it, or as much as their right to a passage by it ; while the motley company which remain often find enough to do in hindering where they should be helping one another, not a few of them counting it an omen for good and a pledge of the final safety of the ship, that its crew should thus be broken up into so many discordant bands.

"With all this *unbelief in the air*, with our people liable to inhale it at every moral and intellectual breath they draw, I often ask myself what our present duty toward them is. Shall we seek to forewarn them against assaults on the truth which they are pretty sure to hear of ? or shall we count them sufficiently forewarned in the knowledge which they have of Christ the Saviour ?

"How many of us, forcing our way, it may be, into regions of physical science where we are guests and strangers, may only invite and court defeats ; which many will regard as defeats not of us, but of that faith whereof we had too rashly appointed ourselves the defenders. Thus, who among us does not tremble a little when he hears the doctrine of Evolution taken in hand in the pulpit by one to whom all would most gladly have listened on repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ ; but who certainly has never made a special study of that about which he ventures to speak, nor taken the measure of those whom he challenges to the conflict.

"When I speak this language, do not suppose that there are not for every one of us times to speak, as well as times to keep silence. It is one thing when the votary of physical science stands upon his own ground ; it is another when he intrudes upon ours. There is not the humblest among us who should shrink from meeting him there. The ground which we keep there we keep not for ourselves, but for our King.

"Surely it ought not to be impossible for us, inexpert though we may be in the dialectic fence, to show what the true worth is of those 'ideal substitutes of God,' which the adversaries offer in the room of Him whom they would take from us, by aid of which substitutes they would reconcile us to our loss ; or more audaciously still, would prove to us that we have suffered no loss at all, since, though they may take from us God, they give us something else which will be full compensation, according to that strange delusion of theirs, that they can blot out the sun in our heaven, and yet keep the sunshine still.

"It needs not to have been a man of war from one's youth, it is enough to have learned in our heart of hearts what that means, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty,' to hold and more than hold our own in conflict with one of these ; for indeed what can gainsayers and deniers do here against one whose conviction of the primal truths on which his moral being rest, is anterior to all proofs, unassailable by all disproofs ; who feels that for him, if these were gone,

'The pillared firmament were rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.'

WHAT THE ISSUES WILL BE,

if those forlorn Evangelists of a heaven without a God, and thus of man without a hope, gain a wide acceptance, as it seems only too likely that for a time they will—what the reaction of all this will be on the moral life of mankind it is only too easy to forecast. It is not too much then to say that the whole future of the human race depends on the question whether it will hold fast the idea of a living God, or suffer itself to be robbed of it ; and to you—to every one of us—it is given to contribute in what we have grasped for ourselves, in what we are able to impart to others, our share to the decision."

In connection with this solemn and weighty utterance, it may be interesting to some of our readers to quote some remarks of Archbishop Trench, of a more critical character, from his valuable work on the "*Synonyms of the New Testament.*" "The word Antichrist" (Greek, *Antichristos*), Dr. Trench there observes, "is peculiar to the Epistles of St. John, occurring five times in them (1 Ep. 2 : 18, *bis ;* 2 : 22 ; 4 : 3 ; 2 Ep. 7) ; and nowhere else in the New Testament. But if he alone has the word, St. Paul, in common with him, designates the person of this great adversary, and the marks by which he shall be recognized ; for all expositors of weight, Grotius alone excepted, are agreed that St. Paul's 'Man of Sin,' his 'son of perdition,' his 'lawless one' (2 Thess. 2 : 3, 8), is identical with St. John's Antichrist ; and, indeed, to St. Paul we are indebted for our fullest instruction concerning this arch-enemy of Christ and of God."

Having given his reasons for rejecting the opinion of those who take "*anti*" to mean "instead of" or "in the place of," rather than "against" Christ, and building thereupon the conclusion that the Pope of Rome is the only and final Antichrist, the Archbishop proceeds : "To me St. John's words seem decisive that resistance to Christ, and in defiance of Him, this, and not any treacherous assumption of his character and offices, is the essential mark of the Antichrist ; is that which, therefore, we should expect to find embodied in his name.

"The Antichrist is one who shall not pay so much homage to God's Word as to assert its fulfilment in himself, for he shall deny that Word altogether ; hating even erroneous worship, because it is worship at all, and every thing that is called 'God' (2 Thess. 2 : 4), but hating most of all the Church's worship in spirit and in truth (Dan. 8 : 11) ; who, on the destruction of every religion, every acknowledgment that man is submitted to higher powers than his own, shall seek to establish his throne ; and, for God's great truth that in Christ God is man, to substitute his own lie, that in him man is God.

"THE TERM PSEUDOCHRIST"

(Greek, *Pseudocristos*), with which we proceed to contrast it, appears only twice in the New Testament ; or, if we count, not how often it has been written, but how often it was spoken, only once ; for the two passages in which it occurs (Matt. 24 : 24 ; Mark 13 : 22) are records of the same discourse. . . . . .

"The distinction, then, is plain. The Antichrist *denies that there is a Christ ;* the Pseudochrist *affirms himself to be the Christ.* Both alike make war against the Christ of God, and would set themselves, though under different pretences, on the throne of His glory. And yet, while the words have this broad distinction between them, while they represent two different manifestations of the kingdom of wickedness, there is a sense in which the final 'Antichrist' will be a 'Pseudochrist' as well ; even as it will be the very character of that last revelation of hell to gather up into itself, and to reconcile for one last assault against the truth, all anterior and subordinate forms of evil.

"He will not, it is true, call himself the Christ, for he will be filled with the deadliest hate against the name and offices, as against the whole spirit and temper of Jesus of Nazareth, the exalted King of Glory. But, inasmuch as no one can resist the truth by a mere negation, he must offer and oppose *something positive*, in the room of that faith which he will assail and endeavor utterly to abolish.

"And thus we may certainly conclude that the final Antichrist will reveal himself to the world —for he too will have his *apocalypse* (2 Thess. 2 : 3, 8)—as, in a sense, its Messiah ; not, indeed, as the Messiah of prophecy, the Messiah of God, but still as the world's saviour ; as one who will make the blessedness of as many as obey him, giving to them the full enjoyment of a present material earth, instead of a distant, shadowy, and uncertain heaven ; abolishing those troublesome distinctions, now the fruitful sources of so much disquietude, abridging men of so many enjoyments, between the Church and the world, between the spirit and the flesh, between holiness and sin, between good and evil."

An extract from a Charge to his Clergy, delivered i October last.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, January 7th, at **3.30 P.M.,** at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress Reassembled January 6th, after the holidays. The members of both Houses were slow in making their appearance, but those present immediately proceeded to business. Many new bills were introduced, indicating that a busy session is intended. The Indian Question, including the charges against Commissioner Hayt, is referred to a committee appointed by the Board of Commissioners, and the charges will be supported by General Fisk. Among the new bills introduced is an important one by Mr. Cox, designed to regulate immigration. Among its provisions is a section making it illegal on the part of ship-owners to bring into the United States any immigrants who are paupers or convicts, or are lunatic, idiot, deaf and dumb, blind, maimed or infirm, unless relatives or other persons able and willing to support them are ready to do so. All persons belonging to either of the above classes are to be sent back to the place from which they were brought, at the expense of the owners or consignees of the vessel which brings them. Financial questions will of course be a prominent feature in the debates.

The Maine Electoral Difficulty has not been settled by the decision of the Supreme Court. Governor Garcelon said that the decision of the court may be valuable as a guide in the future, but could not influence him to retract his action. Both houses of the Legislature assembled January 7th. It was expected that a quorum would not be formed, but the presence of Mr. Hale, the only Republican there, made up the requisite number. In the Senate the petitions of the counted-out members were referred to a special committee. The State Capitol was packed with people, but good order was preserved. Several allegations of attempted bribery were brought before the Senate, and Mr. Blaine's name was used in connection therewith; but he indignantly denies any implication with the matter, or that he has been mixed up in the affair in any way. In *the dead-lock of affairs* Major-General Chamberlain issued a general order, stating that in view of the extraordinary situation now presented at the seat of government, he would assume command and protect the public property and institutions of the State, in trust for the people, until the governor's successor has been legally elected and duly qualified.

Startling Disclosures, involving Grave charges against two well-known merchants in New York, have given a shock to commercial society in the city. The suspension of the Grocers' Bank, on December 31st, led to an investigation of its affairs, which disclosed the fact that one of its principal debtors was Mr. J. Lloyd Haigh, whose contract for the wire used in the suspension bridge being now constructed between New York and Brooklyn, had given additional prominence to the house. Mr. Haigh owed the bank about $97,000, a large part of which was said to be covered by securities bearing the names of responsible persons. It is now stated by the receiver of the bank that *the securities are forgeries*, and a prosecution has been commenced against Mr. Haigh.

This disclosure was followed January 8th by another still more surprising. The committee of the New York Produce Exchange having decided on removing their balance of funds from one bank to another, the treasurer was directed to carry the decision into effect. The fund was stated by the treasurer to be $31,000, but on inquiry at the bank it was found to be only $301. The treasurer had used the money in his business, and concealed the fact by keeping a duplicate bank-book. He was so overwhelmed by the impending discovery that he committed suicide. He was highly respected in the city, and business men felt the utmost confidence in his integrity. By the fever of speculation and the haste to be rich, the Bible warns us, men fall into snares, (1 Tim. 6:9).

A Collision on the Elevated Railroad in New York on January 7th, came near resulting in a serious loss of life. There is a junction of the Sixth and Ninth Avenue lines at Fifty-third St., and as two trains approached this junction at right angles to each other, the engineer of each train increased his speed to gain precedence over the other train. The result was that the engines came into collision and were thrown off the track, both injured. But for the support of a building against which one of the engines was thrown by the shock, it and the cars attached would have probably descended into the street. As it providentially happened, the passengers, though much alarmed, were unhurt.

Earnest Protests are being made by the Missionary Societies engaged in labor among the Indians against the Government method of dealing with the tribes. Drs. Alden, Lowrie, Shippen, Strieby, and Firris, Rev. Mr. Morehouse, and Friend Smiley, representing different societies, have had an interview with President Hayes and with the Board of Indian Commissioners, and forcibly stated the case against the administration. The societies are supposed to exercise an influence in the appointments of agents and others who represent the government in Indian matters, but the deputation complained that the gentlemen they had nominated were not appointed by the board, but others had been placed in office who were notoriously incompetent, and for many reasons unfitted for their posts. They also contended that the character of the Indians had been wilfully misrepresented in the press and at Washington, and several ministers spoke authoritatively on the question, they having had direct personal dealings with the Indians.

The Niblo Bequest to the Young Men's Christian Association, New York, amounts to $150,000, and has been paid over. Mr. William Niblo, who died in August, 1878, appointed the Association his residuary legatees, and desired that the legacy might be used for the maintenance and enlargement of the Association library. The money will for the present be invested, and only the income be used for the benefit of the library.

The Victim of a Mock Marriage paid her Life as the penalty of her misplaced confidence at Bath, Pennsylvania, last week. Some months ago a man named George Youngs went to Bath, from Schenectady, where he became acquainted with Miss Alice Boers, the daughter of a prominent citizen. The acquaintance went on until Youngs made a proposal of marriage. The girl's parents were not satisfied as to the young man's moral character, and refused their consent to the match. The pair then ran away and returned in a few days, saying they were married and showed a marriage certificate as evidence. They were received by the parents of the girl, but on investigation it was found that the clergyman's signature to the marriage certificate was forged, and that the ceremony Youngs had performed w mock ceremony at a disreputable house, a b companion of his having impersonated the c gyman. When the news was carried to young wife, she *fell to the floor dead.* You fled, and no trace of him has yet been fou He has a wife and two children in Schenecta

The tendency of books read by young la of the present day is to make them disreg God's commandment to honor their paren and in no instance is it more frequently di garded than in the most important step of t lives, when the wisdom and experience of pare is most valuable.

A Disastrous Fire Occurred in New York January 5th, in which *seven persons* lost their li The building destroyed was Turn Halle, in E Fourth Street. It was used as a meeting-pl for German societies, and the upper floors w occupied by the lessee and his family. A wa was killed by jumping from a window; a b nephew of the proprietor of the hall, was su cated; another waiter was burned to death, a woman servant was suffocated. Two oth were seriously injured by jumping from w dows, both of them dying soon afterward; the proprietor, his wife, and her sister were verely burned. Seven other occupants of building escaped uninjured.

The Fatalities of Christmas Festivities.—F. Janes, of Paris, Ky., met with a sad death Christmas night. He was personating Sa Claus, and while distributing presents, his clo ing, which was covered with cotton, took fi and, before it could be extinguished, he was tally burned. At Pulaski, Ohio, a young m named Lynn was dressed in a costume made cotton batting, to represent Kris Kringle. Sc after the distribution of presents had begun hat, which was made of the same material, tc fire from a wax candle in the tree, and in an stant the flames had completely enveloped hi and it was several minutes before they could extinguished. It is feared that the injuries received will prove fatal.

A Letter in a Glove.—A Little Girl Aw down in Maine wrote a letter and placed it i glove which she had been knitting for a ma facturing firm. It was found by one of t salesmen of a Chicago fancy-goods house, a was read aloud to his associates. It ran: "I a little girl only eight years old. My name Cora Norwood. I live in Bucksport, Me. knit these gloves for eight cents a pair. I w the gentleman who buys them would send m wax doll for a Christmas present, as I have nc and want one very bad." The clerks imm diately purchased a splendid wax doll and f warded it to her by the United States Expre This prompt response to her request from p sons she had never seen was doubtless a pleas surprise to the child, but the happiest result the incident would be that it might lead h thoughts to Him who though unseen is e ready to hear and answer the petitions of H children.

Dr. Deems, Pastor of the Church of t Strangers, New York, said farewell to h church and congregation before starting on h tour in the Holy Land, on the evening of D cember 29th. A large attendance had been a tracted by the opportunity of saying farewell the beloved pastor. After reading the report the year's work, Dr. Deems said good-by to h family, and went on board of the German which sailed at six o'clock the following mor ing. A delegation of the young men belongi to the church accompanied him on board, a presented him with *a basket of flowers.* D Deems will, on his arrival at Liverpool, sta immediately for Alexandria *viâ* Brindisi, make a tour of Egypt and the Holy Land. H expects to be away six months, and during th time his pulpit will be occupied by his son, t Rev. E. M. Deems, who has for the past tw years been pastor of a church at Archmon Colorado. A portrait and life of Dr. Deems a peared in the *Christian Herald*, November 27t 1879.

The Roman Catholic Bishop McCloskey has eed that parochial schools be established where in the diocese of Kentucky. The e closes as follows: "Now, it is our will command that where there is a Catholic ol in a parish, the parents and guardians in places send their children or wards to such olic school, and we hereby direct that this lation be enforced under pain of *refusal of ution in the sacrament of penance.*"

Father Brady says with reference to this decree: The success of our church has its foundation in e success of our parochial schools. Many of rgest and most prosperous congregations— as St. Patrick's and St. John's, for instance their present good state to early prosperity their parochial schools." It is expected that ird of the Roman Catholic children who been attending the public schools will be rawn from them. The edict has created commotion in Louisville, where some 7000 n Catholic children attend the public ols.

The bishop is undoubtedly doing the best for n community, but if he knew what it would have his sins pardoned by Jesus Christ, d of by some priest, he would see that there is no terror in his refusal of absolution. The nent of Christ renders pardon *free*, not ional.

A Serpent in a Cider Cask.—A Farmer in oreland Co., Pennsylvania, was recently seriously ill, and shortly afterward other ers of his family were similarly seized. it was noticed that all those who were g had partaken of cider from a barrel recently purchased from a neighbor. The vender sent for, and questioned as to the ingredients the liquid. He described them and they ose generally used. He then drank, some , and was immediately prostrated by the ymptoms which had appeared in those ken. The head of the cask was then d off and the cider run out: it was then red that a large black snake had entered rel and had poisoned the contents. Solomon likens intoxicating liquor to the bite of a pe and the sting of an adder (Prov. 23:32), his case the ordinary evils of the drink were ied by the actual presence of the serpent.

A Letter of Thanks was Forwarded to the Street Prayer Meeting last week. The aid:

'Toward the end of September we sent you a signed 'James 5:15' to ask you to pray an invalid *who had suffered many years* and mind had become weakened by disease. thought that she was drifting farther and from Christ, and could not return to her ve for him. From that date this tried egan to improve, physically and mentally. general health is to-day better than it has years, and she can now say, with great ce and joy: 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep which I have committed to Him against that We do not feel that we can be thankful to God for what He has done for us, and would like the prayer-meeting to return to Him for His wonderful goodness to

The Testimony of Fourscore Years' Life y years spent in the service of Christ an interesting incident in the service at Paul's M. E. Church, New York, on January e service was one of those held daily at s during the week of prayer, and minis- everal denominations took part in the ings. As the venerable Dr. Stephen H. , rose to address the meeting a deep fell on all present, and he was listened with close attention. He said: "No one brought to Christ a weary and broken heart, without being sent away filled to overflowing with new happiness and new grace. to-day I rejoice to testify that now, *at the of my fourscore years*, I find myself more than ever nothing, and Him more than ever everything. Never before was Jesus so dear to me. Never before was His salvation so precious to my soul. Never before did my pilgrim way seem so smooth, so happy, and so full of peace, as since He has stripped me of every thing of self, and clothed me with the glorious garments of His salvation."

An Intrepid Doctor Recently Placed his life in peril in the exercise of his profession in Texas. He was warned some time ago that having voted as a member of a grand jury for the indictment of a certain band of desperadoes, they intended to murder him. One night a man rode up to his ranch and informed him that the wife of the ringleader of the gang was ill, and that he must attend her. He naturally thought that it was a trick to get him out and kill him, but he got his horse and rode away with the messenger right among the gang of desperadoes, and, dismounting, entered the tent of the woman. There lay the sufferer, while the man who had promised to kill the physician stood near by. The desperadoes were impressed with his courage and his humanity, and trebled his fees instead of shooting him. That was a case of *personal* courage, but the love of Christ has thousands of times inspired *timid* persons with equal courage. (Isa. 40:29.)

Where the Wine Comes From.—Mr. Eli Johnson, in his recent lecture in Brooklyn, explained the way in which "imported wines" and "French wines" are manufactured out of common apple whiskey, fusel-oil, sulphuric and tannic acids, and similar ingredients. Mr. Johnson also warned his hearers, saying, "Cider is made without apples at all, and then from it all kinds of wines are made. Ale and beer are made of capsicum, cocculus indicus, quicklime, copperas, strychnia, and tobacco." In confirmation of his assertions, Mr. Johnson said that "at the death of a prominent wine importer, recently, *not a single bill or invoice* could be found among his papers, but his factory was filled with machinery and drugs for the *making* of liquors. Port and sherry wines were made in this way, at a cost of about *fifteen cents per bottle.* Recipes are published for giving bottles and barrels a time-worn and dusty appearance, to simulate great age."

The Established Church of New York is a title that will surprise those Americans who believed that established denominations had no place on this side the Atlantic. Yet it has been proved by hard facts and figures that the Roman Catholic Church in New York has received at the public expense real estate in the city to the value of three and a half million dollars; and out of the State and City Treasury grants in money to the amount of five million dollars have, during the last eleven years, been made to them. Protestant taxpayers should see to this.

A Judge Sentenced Himself at Memphis, Tenn., recently, to a fine for unpunctuality. It appears that Judge Eldridge is noted for strictness in requiring the officers of his court to be punctual, and is careful to set them the example; but one day he was late himself, and, on mounting the bench, turned to the clerk and said: "Mr. Clerk, you will please enter a fine against Judge Eldridge for absence without an excuse." The Attorney-General and another advocate, to the great amusement of those present, pleaded against this order, reminding the Judge of his punctual habits; but he declared that the fine must stand.

The Cost of a Load of Sand.—It is Remark-able that the obstinacy with which a dispute is pursued frequently involves a larger loss than was originally feared. A legal contest at St. Louis was commenced between two men over a load of sand; one man alleged it to be worth \$1.75, and the other appraised it at \$1.50. The expenses of the contest so far, exclusive of counsel fees, amount to over \$77.

The Portraits of the Rev. Newman Hall, the eminent evangelical minister of London, author of "Come to Jesus," and of his father, the late Mr. John Vine Hall, author of "The Sinner's Friend," will appear in the next number of this journal.

THE BEST OF ALL SIGHTS.

A Short Sermon, written at Mentone, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"But we see Jesus."—HEBREWS 2:9.

The Eyes of the Soul—The Renewed Nature has New Senses—It Actually Sees Jesus—I. The Sight is a Compensation—Sights which Cause Sorrow—The Main Battle Won—A Pledge Given of All the Rest—The White Horse at the Door—II. It Produces Exultation—The Unhappy Condition is Ended—A Thrice Blessed Condition—All Apprehension Cleared Away—III. It Inspires Expectation—As to the Person of Jesus—As to His Place—As to His Position.

IN holy Scripture faith is placed in opposition to the sight of the eyes, and yet it is frequently described as looking and seeing. It is opposed to carnal sight because it is *spiritual sight;* a discernment which comes not of the body, but arises out of the strong belief of the soul, wrought in us by the Holy Spirit. Faith is sight in the sense of being a clear and vivid perception, a sure and indisputable discovery, a realizing and unquestionable discernment of fact. We see Jesus, for we are *sure of His presence,* we have unquestionable evidence of His existence, we have an intelligent and intimate knowledge of His person.

Our soul has eyes far stronger than the dim optics of the body, and with these we actually *see* Jesus. We have heard of Him, and upon the witness of that hearing we have believed, and through believing there has come to us a new life, which rejoices in new light and in opened eyes, and "we see Jesus." In the old sense of sight we speak of Him as of one "whom having not seen we love," but in the new sense "we see Jesus."

Beloved reader, have you such a renewed nature that you have new senses, and have you with these senses discerned the Lord? If not, may the Holy Spirit yet quicken you; and meanwhile, let us whom He has made alive assure you that we have *heard* His voice, for He saith, "My sheep hear My voice;" we have "*tasted* the good word of God;" we have *touched* Him and have been made whole; we have also known the *smell* of His fragrance, for His name to us is "as ointment poured forth;" and now, in the words of our text, "we *see* Jesus." Faith is all the senses in one, and infinitely more; and those who have it not are in a worse case than the blind and deaf, for spiritual life itself is absent.

I. Come, then, brethren beloved, whose eyes have been illuminated, let us muse awhile upon our privileges, that we may exercise them with delight, and praise the Lord with them. First, let us regard the glorious sight of Jesus as a

COMPENSATION.

The text begins with "*but,*" because it refers to some things which we do not yet see, which are the objects of strong desire. "We see not yet all things put under Him." We do not as yet see Jesus acknowledged as King of kings by all mankind, and this *causes us great sorrow,* for we would fain see him crowned with glory and honor in every corner of the earth by every man of woman born. Alas! He is to many quite unknown, by multitudes rejected and despised, and by comparatively few is He regarded with reverence and love. Sights surround us which might well make us cry with Jeremiah, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears;" for blasphemy and rebuke, idolatry, superstition, and unbelief prevail on every side.

"But," saith the apostle, "we see Jesus," and this sight compensates for all others, for we see Him now, no longer made a little lower than the angels, and tasting the bitterness of death, but "crowned with glory and honor." We see Him no more after the flesh, in shame and anguish; far more ravishing is the sight, for we see His work accomplished, His victory complete, His empire secure. He sits as a priest upon the throne at the right hand of God, from henceforth expecting till His enemies are made His footstool.

This is a divine compensation for the tarrying of His visible kingdom, because it is the major part of it. *The main battle* is won. In our Lord's endurance of His substitutionary griefs, and in the overthrow of sin, death, and hell by His personal achievements, the essence of the conflict is over. Nothing is left to be done at all comparable with that which is already performed.

The ingathering of the elect, and the subjection of all things, are comparatively easy of accomplishment now that the conflict in the heavenly places is over, and Jesus has led captivity captive. We may look upon the conquest of the kingdoms of this world as a mere routing of the beaten host, now that the power of the enemy has been effectually broken by the great Captain of our salvation

The compensation is all the greater because our Lord's enthronement is the pledge of all the rest. The putting of all things under Him, which as yet we see not, is guaranteed to us by what we do see. The exalted Saviour has all power given unto Him in heaven and in earth, and with this "all power" He can, at His own pleasure, send forth the rod of His strength out of Sion, and reign in the midst of His enemies. With Him are all the forces needful for universal dominion, *His white horse waits at the door*, and whensoever He chooses He can ride forth conquering and to conquer. At a word from His lips the harlot of Babylon shall perish, and the false prophet shall die, and the idols of the heathen shall be utterly abolished. The empire of wickedness is as a vision of the night, a black and hideous nightmare pressing on the soul of manhood, but when He awaketh He will despise its image, and it shall melt away.

Turn we then, wiping our tears away, from the wretched spectacles of human superstition, scepticism, and sorrow, to the clear vision above us in the opened heaven. There we see "the Man," long promised, the desire of all nations, the deliverer, the death of death, the conqueror of hell; and we see Him not as one who girdeth on His harness for the battle, but as one whose warfare is accomplished, who is waiting the time appointed of the Father when He shall divide the spoil.. This is the antidote to all depression of spirit, the stimulus to hopeful perseverance, the assurance of joy unspeakable.

II. Nor is this sight a mere compensation for others which as yet are denied us: it is in itself the cause of present

EXULTATION.

This is true in so many ways, that time would fail us to attempt to enumerate them. "We see Jesus," and in Him *we see our former unhappy condition forever ended*. We were fallen in Adam, but we see in Jesus our ruin retrieved by the second Adam. The legal covenant frowned upon us as we beheld it broken by our first federal head; the new covenant smiles upon us with a whole heaven of bliss as we see it ordered in all things and sure in Him who is head over all things to the church. Sin once doomed us to eternal despair, but not now, for He who hath put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself hath justified His people by His resurrection. The debt no longer burdens us, for there in eternal glory is the Man who paid it once for all.

A sight of Jesus kills each guilty fear, silences each threat of conscience, and *photographs peace* upon the heart. There remains nothing of all the past to cause a dread of punishment, or arouse a fear of desertion; for Christ that died ever liveth to make intercession for us, to represent us before the Father, and to prepare for us a place of everlasting rest. We might see ourselves as dead under the law were it not that He has blotted out the handwriting which was against us; we might see ourselves under the curse were it not that He who was once made a curse for us now reigns in fulness of blessing. We weep as we confess our transgressions, but we see Jesus, and sing for joy of heart, since He hath finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness.

The same is sweetly true of the present, for we see our present condition to be

THRICE BLESSED

by virtue of our union with Him. We see not as yet our nature made perfect, and cleansed from every tendency to evil; rather do we groan, being burdened, because of the sin which dwelleth in us, the old man which lusteth and rebelleth against the blessed dominion of grace; and we might be sorely cast down and dragged into despair were it not that "*we see Jesus*," and perceive that in Him we are not what the flesh would argue us to be.

He represents us most truthfully, and looking into that mirror we see ourselves justified in Christ Jesus, accepted in the beloved, adopted of the Father, dear to the Eternal heart, yea, in Him raised up together, and made to sit together in the heavenlies. We see self, and blush and are ashamed and dismayed; "but we see Jesus," and His joy is in us, and our joy is full.

Think of this, dear brother in Christ, the next time you are upon *the dunghill of self-loathing*. Lift up now your eyes, and see where He is in whom your life is hid! See Jesus, and know that as He is so are you also before the Infinite Majesty. You are not condemned, for He is enthroned. You are not despised nor abhorred, for He is beloved and exalted. You are not in jeopardy of perishing, nor in danger of being cast away, for He dwells eternally in the bosom of the Lord God Almighty. What a vision is this for you, when you see Jesus, and see yourself complete in Him, perfect in Christ Jesus!

Such a sight effectually clears our earthly future of all apprehension. It is true we may yet be sorely tempted, and the battle may go hard with us, but we see Jesus triumphant, and by this sign we grasp the victory. We shall perhaps be subjected to pain, to poverty, to slander, to persecution, and yet none of these things move us because we see Jesus exalted, and therefore know that these are under His power, and cannot touch us except as He grants them His permit so to do.

Death is at times terrible in prospect, but its terror ceases when we see Jesus, who has passed safely through the shades of the sepulchre, vanquished the tyrant of the tomb, and left an open passage to immortality to all His own.

We see the pains, the groans, and dying strife; see them, indeed, exaggerated by our fears, and the only cure for the consequent alarm is a sight of Him who hath said, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." When we see Jesus, past, present, and to come are summed up in Him, and over all shines a glorious life which fills our souls with unspeakable delight.

III. Thirdly, "we see Jesus" with gladdest

EXPECTATION

His glorious *person* is to us the picture and the pledge of what we shall be: for "it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." In infinite love He condescended to become one with us here below, as saith the apostle, "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same;" and this descent of love on His part to meet us in our low estate is the assurance that His love will lift us up to meet Him in His high estate.

He will make us partakers of *His* nature, inasmuch as He has become partaker of *our* nature. It is written, "Both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." What bliss is this, that we should be like to the incarnate God! It would seem too good to be true, were it not after the manner of our Lord to do great things for us, and unsearchable.

Nor may we alone derive comfort as to our future from His person, we may also be made glad by a hope as to *His place*. Where we see Jesus to be, there shall we also be. His heaven is our heaven. His prayer secures that we shall be with Him where He is, that we may behold His glory. To-day we may be in a workhouse, or in the ward of a hospital, or in a ruinous hovel, "but we see Jesus," and we know that erelong we shall dwell in the palace of the great King.

The glory of Jesus strikes the eye at once, and thus we are made to exult in *His position*, for it, too, is ours. He will give to us to sit upon His throne, even as He sits upon the Father's thr He hath made us kings and priests unto (and we shall reign forever and ever. What of rest, happiness, security, and honor our g ous Bridegroom has attained, He will certa share it with His spouse; yea, and all His pe shall know what it is to be heirs of God, heirs with Jesus Christ, if so be that we s with Him that we may also be glorified toget

How soon our condition shall rise into plete likeness to the ascended Lord we ca tell, but it cannot be long, and it may be a short time. The veil of time is in some very thin, another week may be the only se tion. And then! Ah, then! *We shal Jesus*, and what a sight will it be! Heave in that vision. 'Tis all the heaven our lo hearts desire.

The sight of Jesus which we now enjoy foretaste of the clearer sight which is res for us, and therefore it will be a happy wi to be much in the enjoyment of it. A thou things tempt us away, and yet there is no of them worth a moment's thought in con son. What are works of art and discoveri science if compared with our Beloved? are the gems which adorn the brow of beau the eyes which flash from the face of lovel if placed in rivalry with him? Other ma weighty and important, call for our tho and yet even these we may place in a second when Jesus is near.

We may not be doctors of divinity, m we would desire to be deeply instructed truth; "but we see Jesus." Into many m ies we cannot pry; "*but we see Jesus.*" the divine sovereignty harmonizes with responsibility is too deep a problem fo "but we see Jesus." The times and the s baffle us, the dispensation of the end is d us; "but we see Jesus." Glory over us, seeing prophets! Deride us, ye deep-gl philosophers! We leave you to your boa We are poor, short-sighted beings, and but little; but one thing we know—wher were once blind, now we see, and " Jesus."

This sight has made us unable to see things which now dazzle our fellow-men. can see priestly power in a certain set like themselves. This we cannot see, fo see Jesus," as ending the line of sac priests, and bestowing *a common priesthoo* all the saints. Many see great wisdom various schools of doubt, in which we see ing except pretentious folly, for "we see and all human wisdom pales before the of God, which is perfected in Him.

Come, beloved, let us get to our secret bers of communion, and see Jesus there the hill of Pisgah. Let us turn the p Scripture, and see Jesus there amid the spices. Let us frequent ordinances, es *the breaking of bread*, and see Jesus ther us watch in our experience, as we are con unto His sufferings, and see Him there. go in the field of holy labor, and as we g selves and put on the yoke of service, le our Master there. Yea, in all things let to see our Lord, for nature and Provide perience and Scripture, are hung with which reflect Him. Till the day break shadows flee away, let us continue to ga Him, till our eyes shall actually see Him selves and not another. Be this the gr tinction of our lives: whatever others or not see,

"WE SEE JESUS."

[The prayers of the readers of this Jou requested for the blessing of God upon its in America and England, and those whose articles, or labors for Christ are printed in for its weekly circulation of more than copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to version of many sinners and the quick God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. especially request prayer every Sunday on behalf of their labors.]

EXPERIENCE IN AFRICA.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."—2 Tim. 2 : 12.

All that I have, O Lord ! is Thine ;
  All that I am, Thy Spirit wrought ;
What would I not for Thee resign,
  Whose precious blood my ransom bought !
    Lord, here I am ; *my life, my all,*
    I hold obedient to Thy call.

ALLEN GARDINER.

How a Letter Came—A Last Sunday's Meeting King William's Town Barracks Hospital—Missionary's Sermon—The Commander-in-Chief's Letter.

My regiment had been moved from Singapore to South Africa while the decision of the Horse Guards was awaited as to the complaint of a Roman Catholic soldier against me for distributing tracts and reading the Bible to little gatherings of the men. Very graciously did the Lord prepare for me against the arrival of that decision. How tender He is in all His dealings with His children ! He had appointed that it should reach me in a garrison commanded by one of His servants, with whom I was living as a brother.

Thus, instead of receiving an official letter, the contents of which would have been soon known all over the garrison, a friend told me that a letter had come from the Horse Guards, a friend's voice prepared me for its contents, and a friend's hand gave it to me to read.

The Sunday before it arrived I had gone, as was my wont, to visit the sick of my regiment in hospital. As I went through the wards, I told the men that I would read in a ward in which there was a man very ill of consumption. Several came ; among them two Roman Catholics—an old soldier and a recruit. They walked across the hospital square, to come and hear me read God's Word. They sat close to me, using the Douay Testaments which I had supplied for the hospital.

I read the account of our Lord's visit to the sisters at Bethany. Well do I remember my closing words on that, the last occasion I ever read the Word of God to my fellow-soldiers until after I had resigned my commission : "Yes, my dear comrades, if we do what Mary did—if we believe in the Lord Jesus as our Saviour and Lord—if we sit at His feet and hear His words, the world may do what it likes. We may lose health, wealth, or position ; we may lose friends, or whatever we hold most dear on earth—we have chosen, by God's grace, that *good part*, which shall not be taken from us."

Little did I think that in a few hours I should have taken from me that which I then valued most on earth—the privilege of telling British soldiers of the love of God and the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The same day I heard that a missionary had arrived in town who had been laboring faithfully among the heathen. I went at once to see him. He told me he was going to preach that night, and I went to hear him. His text was : "It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him good." I remember asking myself, "Do I want a sermon on this subject ?" and replying, "Well, if I don't now I may soon, so I had better listen."

Two days afterwards the decision of the Commander-in-chief arrived. There is no need here to say more than this : "I have to request that Major Malan may be informed that it is not within his province to impart religious instruction to the soldiers under his command, and that he must discontinue the distribution of tracts of any religious tendency among them." The plain meaning of the first part of this sentence was, that I was forbidden to speak to my fellow-soldiers about their God and Saviour. The latter part referred to the fact that I had got the families in my regiment to take in the *British Workman* and other similar papers.

Official language can always be variously interpreted ; but no soldier receiving such an injunction from the Commander-in-chief would have otherwise interpreted it. Had I, after the receipt of this communication, spoken to soldiers about God, I might have been charged with the serious military crime of "disobedience of orders."

The demands of the military obedience are, like the commandments of God, exceeding broad. I had not expected such an order ; there was no reason for it. I had not been charged with religious intolerance, or with having been biased by religion in the discharge of my duty. But the Lord had prepared me for it, and when I had finished reading the letter I was able to say, without a regret, "It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

There could be no mistake as to the meaning of the injunction from the Horse Guards. The colonel of my regiment, on receiving a copy of it from me, thus wrote : "I presume it will now be a matter for very serious consideration whether, with hands tied, you remain in the service or devote yourself to the better work."

I simply asked the Lord to guide me. I cast myself on Him. All I prayed was that He would not allow me to go back from Him on account of this, and that He would open me a wide door among civilians.

When the wing arrived at King William's Town, there being no spare room in barracks, I had at once hired and fitted up a room in the town, where the men might go for the reading of God's Word and prayer. This was finished before the order came. That day, or the next, was my evening for reading to my comrades. I went over to the room shortly before they assembled, and told the old soldier who lived in the house to tell them that I was very sorry not to be able to come, but that *I was prevented by duty*. The order from the Horse Guards was, in fact, an imperative prohibition of my doing so any longer.* What course I followed will appear in the sequel.

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* This was some years ago. More liberty is now granted to English officers.—[Ed.]

ANECDOTES BY MR. H. VARLEY.

The Rapid Growth of Sin—The Ruling Passion—Intemperance Written on a Man's Forehead—Do you want to Buy 'Life', Sir ?—The Sultan Gold-Mine—There is no Law against Love—A Forcible Illustration.

THE Rev. Henry Varley has been delivering a series of addresses to young men only, in the north of London. The meetings have been numerously attended, and have been composed of the class for whose benefit these special addresses were designed. We give a few anecdotes which will enable our readers to judge of the faithful appeals made to heart and conscience.

THE RAPID SNAKE-LIKE GROWTH OF SIN.

Joseph Cook called sin an eternal mother, and it is a startling fact that sin breeds. You know that. Let one sin be committed, and see how it will breed other sins, before you are twenty-four hours older, which will exert a strong influence over you. When I was in Australia, I remember a female snake being killed, and afterwards it was found that there were no less than forty-seven tiny reptiles in that snake near the birth ! If you young men give way to sin, the very spawn of that which means permanent moral evil will certainly be scattered through your being. I do not say it may be permanent moral evil at the time, but it will certainly end in that. You know, if I may use a homely example, if there is a potato with even a small speck of disease in it, in the very nature of things that potato can never be perfect. You know that the corruption must spread, and that nothing can stop it. I have seen in Australia some of those giant monstrous trunks that form so many natural bridges over the valleys. I have stood and watched them wonderingly, as they look so sound and massive. "They are dead, sir," says my driver. I do not even ask him, "Will they live again ?" To ask such a question would be an insult to common-sense. And I tell you, sin is on the road to death, and that it must as certainly reach that goal as that the sun will rise to-morrow.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

A physician had a patient nearing his last hour, who in his day had been a great miser. On his death-bed he was seen tightly hugging two bags, one of which was full of plate and the other of gold. "I am so glad you came in, doctor !" said the dying man. "All night long they have been trying to steal my treasures from me, but they shall not !" And then he hugged them closer still. You may say, perhaps, the poor man's brain was affected, but it is the kind of derangement which sin ever carries with it. It is, in so many words, nothing but the harvest of sowing to the flesh.

I met a poor man the other day with

INTEMPERANCE

written on his face as in letters of flame. I had known him as a young man when, in company with others, he could sit down to his three or four glasses of wine, and call it "the feast of reason and the flow of soul ;" but now he had become what I saw him to be—a bloated wreck. Am I the loser to-night because for twenty-seven years I have been a practical abstainer ? Oh, if you want vigorous mental power, if you want the athletic qualities of the runner or the cricketer, do not part with your strength ! I have seen a young man with lustreless eyes, pale and sunken cheeks, trembling hands, cowering even in the daylight from all who knew him. What does it mean ? That he has parted with his glory—his strength. The old adage is true, "You cannot *eat* your cake and *have* it." You cannot have your sovereign in your pocket and spend it.

Said a clerk to me the other day at a bookstall, where I was looking at some of the papers, "Do you want to buy '*Life*,' sir ?"

"No," was my answer, "it is the wrong name for a paper of that kind. You should call it '*Death*.'" Let us have things called by their right names. Gambling, intemperance, and sin in every form should have Death written upon them, for the outcome of them all is to be separated from God, separated from spirituality, from every thing beautiful and lovely, from motherhood and fatherhood, from God. It is to be an eternal orphan. Oh, it is this which inspires me to preach the Gospel to all I meet, to plead with men, to weep for them, if by any means I can save some ! Oh, the havoc sin is making in this great city of ours ! I long—and can you wonder at it ?—for the

SECOND COMING OF THE LORD

to put a stop to the moral carnage on every hand.

When in Australia I went down the mine known

AS THE SULTAN GOLD-MINE.

Its shaft is 800 feet deep. It was computed that about 150,000*l.* was expended around the mouth and on the workings of this mine. I descended, and tracking the narrow passages we came at last to the miners, who, with their lamps in their hats and their tools in their hands, were steadily working away to the vein of quartz in which it was known gold would be found. I said, "Well, you have not come to the gold yet. You must have strong faith to go on working away here." *Now*, some of you know that there was a capital of some hundreds of thousands of pounds wasted through the failure of the veins in which the gold was supposed to be. But let me say that there is not one of you here who shall sink his shaft into God's mine—who, in other words, shall read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the truths of God's Book—without certainly becoming possessed of the wealth which neither moth nor rust shall corrupt, and which no thief shall steal.

THERE IS NO LAW AGAINST LOVE,

but all the commandments are against lust. As Christ's servant, believing that He is at the doors, believing in *His speedy return*, and that the terrible mystery of iniquity is at its close, I implore you to think seriously of this. There is much nowadays that is making our most intelligent men say, "The world is at its wit's end !" I see human rule utterly breaking down everywhere, and it is neither Mr. Gladstone nor Lord

Beaconsfield that England at this moment emphatically wants. England and the world may be said to be sighing for the coming of the King whose administration shall be in righteousness. What is needed now is the firm hand to put down sin, and He is coming who shall put down all rule and all authority under His feet. What is the meaning of that great cry from Russia and the Nihilists? Is there not a prayer going up from multitudes of the oppressed, O God! interpose for us in our dreadful serfdom and slavery? And depend on it that cry does not ascend in vain. God's enemy is sin, and that enemy must be put down by the Second Coming of Christ.

I remember one Sunday hearing a preacher give

A FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION

of a man's powerlessness to recall that which has been said or done. On each side of the pulpit there is a large glass globe, and he suddenly struck one of these. Instantly a wave of sound went floating through the building. He called to it to come back. But it went on still sounding. Presently he said, "You saw me strike that globe? I did it. But I have absolutely no power over the result of my action. That wave of sound is going on and on. And so we are giving out force and influence the issues of which will be irrevocable."

SINAI AND SION.

A Sermon by Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D.

(*Continued from p.* 29.)

"FOR ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched."—HEB. 12 : 18.

"BUT ye are come unto Mount Sion."—HEB. 12: 22.

II. *The Sinaitic was*

A RIGOROUS DISCIPLINE;

the Gospel is a system of love. If you think of all the accessories in the giving of the law, you will find that it gendered bondage; that though the mountain was a material one, yet the people might not touch it; if a beast touched the mountain it was to be stoned or thrust through with a dart. They stood afar off. There was darkness; there was tempest; there was a voice majestical even to terror. When the utterance did come it was a command and precept altogether—not a word of mercy, not the faintest intimation of recovery for the erring, or of salvation for the sinner.

Even when the provision of sacrifice was introduced, the privilege was restricted, and the access was difficult. Only the High Priest could come into the holiest—he only once a year; at all other times it was jealously closed: then not without blood in acknowledgment of his transgressions and in deprecation of the wrath that he had deserved; and whenever the worshippers went into the temple, there was the veil, thick and shrouding and impenetrable, concealing from the view the presence of God. It was a glorious dispensation, notwithstanding; glorious in itself, far above human desert; glorious inasmuch as it gave access to God, and the means of impression and salvation.

But it was introductory, rudimental—an infant stage of God's purposes, which their development has left far behind—only the strict corrective discipline which, like a stern schoolmaster, was intended to bring us to Christ. The system under which it is our privilege to live is very different and very superior. Our God is not remote, but near. He does not shroud Himself in divine darkness, and from *some inaccessible summit* of fire address us in thunder and in flames. We do not come to a solitary mountain, but to a peopled city, gay with the rapture of life and social with the hum of men, the city of the living God. Our law is the Gospel—mercy is the very essence of religion.

Our very threatenings are fringed with sunlight. Our every precept has a promise. In its heart our sacrifice has been once offered, and does not need any repetition, but preserves through countless years its efficacy and its power. Our blood fadeth not in its crimson, our voice falters not in its advocacy; but through all time and for all enormities of crime the blood of sprinkling yet speaks and pleads, all prevalent for the help of man. The holiest is not now concealed—the veil is rent. *The privileged priesthood* has died out as an order in the church, and each one of us, grasping the hand of his divine Daysman, may go right in without misgiving and without fear, and be bold in his access to the throne.

And then, only think of *the companionship.* I cannot enlarge upon it. The apostle takes you very rapidly through it in the verses in connection with the text. The most exalted associations in the universe become yours if you are faithful in the improvement of your privileges. When you come to Mount Sion there will be an innumerable company of angels. Heaven and earth are reconciled and united in the new covenant, and an innumerable company of angels smile down upon the church of the first-born, upon the earliest regenerated, upon the predestined heirs of that heaven in which they abode from the beginning.

The chariots of God on Sinai were twenty thousand, even thousands of angels, but they terrified the people then, and the poor multitude quailed down on the plain, stricken with the consciousness of sin. The angels live yet, and are bright in the glory of their first estate, but they minister to the people now; they bear in their hands some helpless child of grace, lest in the world's rugged and wayward pilgrimage he should dash his foot against a stone. And they look on, for there is no envy in the angels now. There was once, when one of them fell because of it, but they look on now, sympathetic and unenvying, while poor ransomed mortals are lifted up into a glory that is higher and brighter than theirs.

And then, besides this, you come into union with all that believe, all that are professors of the same precious faith, and whose names are written in heaven—your hallowed confederacy. You can claim help from sufferers everywhere; it is a commonwealth. Your wants and sorrows are the wants and sorrows of all. The sympathy of the Hebrew was a very contracted sort of thing—bounded by kindred and clanship, and so on. Hence the priest and the Levite could not come down from the proprieties on the other side of the way and assist the poor plundered stranger. But the sympathy to which you are entitled is a sympathy catholic as the heart of Christ, and universal as the brotherhood of man.

"Ye are come to God,

THE JUDGE OF ALL."

He was the special lawgiver to the Hebrews, and yet they dared not come to Him; but the energy and force of this passage in reference to the Christian is that through Christ he may come straight up to the *Judge*—not to the Father, but to the Judge—and claim by virtue of his substitute acquittal, and smile, and recompense, and reward.

And then we read, "Ye are come to the *spirits of the just* made perfect." For them the tears are shed—for them the crown is won. But you are linked to them yet—by covenant, and by struggle, and by faith you mingle with them. Across the dark waters which separate you there are mutual interests and a hearty oneness of feeling. They look down—a cloud of witnesses—in loving and helpful encouragement of your strife, for they know what it is.

They have struggled themselves, and have themselves overcome; and you, at the heat of the battle, gaze wistfully upward toward them where they are in their brightness and in their beauty, and—

"E'en now by faith you join your hands
With those who went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
Upon the eternal shore."

And then, crown of all other privileges—we could not leave that out—the reason why all other privileges are inherited: "Ye are come to

JESUS THE MEDIATOR,

and to the eloquent blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." The Hebrew's day of atonement only came onc year—Jesus is ever nigh. In all your lapses shortcomings, your sudden yieldings to tem tion, your unworthy acts of compromise to e there is heaven and the divine Advocate. H on earth is the open fountain. Your mean propitiation are ever at hand.

The voice that pleads for you does not k how to be silent. The tired sun may pa sometimes, perhaps, in his march; the l may drop upon weary wings; there may con shadow upon the bright hues of the ocean, a tremor of age upon the everlasting hills; through all times, and through all change, atonement retains its efficacy, and the speal blood yet pleads with its glad tidings before throne. "Ye are not come to Sinai, bu Sion."

Brethren, I want you to know why it is th have brought the matter before you. Why i sinner, I have brought this matter of lofty p ilege before *you*, who have nothing in the w to do with it? Why, that I may just unfol fore you the wealth that you are refusing and unsearchable riches that you are casting av the patrimony that once belonged to you, from which you have been disinherited in co quence of your transgressions.

Why, O *believer!* have I brought this m before *you?* Why, that you may take a lo your treasure—that you may revel in the ri that there is no fear of exhausting, and that may find a force coming from the Saviour' monition, upon the conscience of every o you, "Except your righteousness *exceed* righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees shall in no case enter into the kingdo heaven."

AN EXECUTOR'S CONSCIENCE QU ENED.

MR. GADSBY, a minister residing near chester, England, some years ago was gr in want of twenty pounds ($100). When h gan to prepare for the Sunday work, no text could he think of but, "Lord, help His account of what followed is in the subj words:

"While preaching on the Sunday morni had so many thoughts and illustrations, a out of the subject, that I felt great liber preaching. One of my illustrations was ab man I had known who was *a deacon of a ch* and had been an executor for two orphan chil He was tempted to make use of the money much of it was lost. This so preyed upo mind that he began to drink. He lost his acter, lost his peace of mind, and died, wit reputation of a rogue. 'Now,' I said, 'ha man, the executor, when he first thought o ing the children's money, resisted the te tion by calling on God to help him—help to be honest, help him to do nothing but w professing Christian ought to do—instead c ing the money, his good name, his pea mind, and perhaps his life, God would heard his prayer and saved him.'

"After finishing the service, when I got t bottom of the pulpit stairs, a young man there, with his hat in his hand, wishing me in private. I took him into the vestry requested his errand, expecting it woul something about his soul. For several mi we were both silent, but at length he said:

"'You knew my mother, Mr. Gadsby? when she died, she left me some money—in all she had, except two small sums she w me to give: one sum of five pounds to a old woman of her acquaintance; and speak you she said, "Our minister needs help, wish you to give him *twenty pounds.*" the five pounds to the old woman; but, thi no one knew, I resolved never to give yo twenty. But, while you were talking abo roguish executor this morning, I felt thu struck, and I have now brought you the t pounds. Here it is: do take it, and forgiv

"It was now my turn to be thunderstru was amazed; and while the young man wa ting the twenty sovereigns into my hand, I trembled all over. God had heard my prayer; He had helped me and sent me the twenty pounds. It was mine and I took it. I shook the young man by the hand, and, without putting the money into my pocket, I went quickly home, spread it out on the table before my wife, saying, 'Here it is, here it is. God knew where it was, and He has sent me the twenty pounds, and delivered me out of my trouble. He has heard my prayer and helped me, and I will trust Him, and praise Him as long as I live.' "

A MISSIONARY'S SERVANT.

THE labors of Dr. Morrison, the celebrated missionary in China, were so arduous when he first went there, that he wrote home to the Missionary Society in England to send out another missionary to help him. When the committee received his letter they set to work to inquire among their friends for a suitable young man to go out as missionary. After a while, a pious young man who loved the Lord Jesus came from the country and offered himself. He was poor, had poor clothes on, and looked like a countryman—rough and unpolished. He went to these gentlemen and had a talk with them.

They then said he might go out of the room till they consulted with each other about him. When he was gone they agreed that it would not do to send him to Dr. Morrison as a missionary, as he was but a rough countryman. Finally, they said to one of their number, Dr. Phillips, "Tell the young man that the committee do not think him fit to be a missionary, but if he would like to go out as *servant to a missionary*, we will send him." The Doctor did not much like to do it, but he told the young man that they did not think he had education enough, and some other qualifications necessary for a missionary, but if he would go as a servant they would send him.

Now, many persons would have said, "No; if I can't go as a missionary, I won't go at all." But the young man replied, "If they do not think me fit to be a missionary, I will go as a servant; I am willing to be a hewer of wood, a drawer of water, or do any thing to advance the cause of my Heavenly Master." He was sent out as a servant, but he soon became a preacher, and finally, as the Rev. Dr. Milne, was considered one of the best and greatest missionaries that ever went out to any country.

FROZEN IN A BLIZZARD.

THE much dreaded Blizzard has during the past month visited the State of Minnesota, and several fatal results have been reported. The narrow escape from death of one sufferer is recounted in the Fergus Falls *Journal*. It appears that a resident of Marston was making his way to his home on the night of December 13th, when he was overtaken by the storm; his lantern was blown out and he lost his way. He wandered helplessly in the snow all night, unable to discover his whereabouts, and when morning broke found himself out of sight of any house, and in a part of the country of which he knew nothing. He wandered about all day and through the following night, occasionally burrowing in the snow to get warmth. Just as he was losing all hope and he found his strength deserting him, he was seen by a pastor of the German Methodist church, who procured assistance and conveyed him to the house of a friend. It was found that his nose was swollen with frost and broken open and bleeding. His mustaches and whiskers carried a mass of solid ice, which prevented him from drinking water, for the want of which he was suffering. His face and ears were badly frozen, but worst of all his feet were *solid to the ankles* and his hands nearly to the wrists. His condition excited much alarm, but he was sedulously cared for, and is now recovering. He says that he became delirious while wandering over the prairie, and saw visions of home and family, of warm houses with nicely spread tables, and that he actually advanced to these visions to find them a cold and hollow mockery.

What a type was this hopeless wanderer of the sinner pursuing visions of happiness and peace in the world, before the great Shepherd finds him and leads him to the haven of rest and safety!

PROPHETIC ASPECT OF EUROPE.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

The Four Horn Kingdoms being Formed—Disquietude among All Nations—Infidelity Advancing.

THE Berlin Congress in July, 1878, and the Russo-Turkish war of which it was the settlement, advanced, by a very decided stage, the fulfilment of the prophecy in Revelation 16:12, about the shrinkage and drying up of the Turkish Empire or mystic Euphrates; and also the prophecy in Daniel 8:8, 9, 22, 23, about the latter-day revival of the four ancient horn kingdoms of Alexander's successors, namely, *Greece*, *Egypt*, *Thrace-with-Bithynia*, and *Syria*.

Those *four* kingdoms became all absorbed into the *one* Empire of Turkey, but Prophecy said they must reappear at the Time of the End (Dan. 8:19, 22, 23); and consequently in 1829 *Greece*, and in 1831 *Egypt*, after revolting against *Turkey*, became separate and independent kingdoms.

And now *Thrace* is beginning to be formed, because by the Berlin Congress Turkey in Europe having lost Bulgaria and Servia, thereby has the *Balkan Mountains made its northern boundary, which was the very boundary line of Thrace;* and thus *three sides* of Thrace—the north, east, and south—have already become visible, and it only remains for the *fourth side*, on the west, also to be made visible by further wars; then *Thrace* will have reappeared, just as *Greece* and *Egypt* already have done.

It will still further remain for *Syria* to be separated from Turkey to complete the predicted reappearance of those ancient four kingdoms—an event which will betoken the End of this Dispensation to happen within a few years' time.

For Daniel states in his eighth chapter that when these four-horn kingdoms shall have distinctly reappeared, there will arise out of one of them *a little horn, or sovereign—i.e.*, ruling over a *little* kingdom in comparison with those four larger ones—who shall be a king of fierce countenance and crafty policy, and shall "wax exceeding great, toward the south (Egypt), and toward the east (Thrace and Syria), and toward the pleasant land of Judea." His first rising as a horn *out of* one of the four horns (Dan. 8:9) denotes his *little* kingdom being carved out of one of those four kingdoms, just as if, for instance, he should have Macedon given him out of Greece to reign over.

This Little Horn is afterwards to make a seven years' covenant with the Jews seven years before the End, and gradually to gain power over all nations, and to persecute Jews and Christians everywhere during the final three and a half years, and then perish at Christ's descent at the battle of Armageddon (Dan. 9:27; 7:25; Rev. 13; 19:19, etc.). This Little Horn, or Personal Antichrist, will probably be a Napoleon, and whether Prince Jerome Napoleon, who is now the head of the Bonaparte dynasty, will be the man, events will erelong show.

PRESENT DISQUIETED STATE OF THE WORLD.

The London *Times* of December 16th said: "The approach of Christmas is not heralded this year by signs of 'good-will among men.' In whatever direction the eyes are turned they see swords being sharpened for the strife; on every side the ears are filled with a noise of embittered dispute and mutual threats. *France*, according to the hopes or fears of Frenchmen of all parties, *totters on the brink of a great political crisis.* French democrats are not content with freedom from a military despotism and unchallenged liberty to make what converts they can. The Republic under which they live reminds them too painfully of an ideal Republic which is to commence by a tyranny over opinion.

"*Russia* is staggering under the shock of volcanoes working in darkness, on which repression exercises only the same power as water exercises on burning oil. Military policemen crush the centres of disaffection to find that they have only multiplied them. Russian enthusiasm has emancipated the Balkan populations at the cost of accepting for itself an intolerable yoke of domestic suspicion and terror.

"*Italy*, the instant it has escaped from one parliamentary dead-lock, seems gayly to prepare itself for another. *Spain* has been unable, even amid the festivities of its young king's marriage, to enjoy a truce from internal discords. Externally, the conflict in Cuba has been smothered for a couple of years, to burst out as apparently inextinguishable as ever. *Belgium*, which might have been thought an oasis of orderly constitutional liberty on the European continent, is withered up with ecclesiastical rancor. On one frontier of *Turkey* there is an armed neutrality, in which the neutrality is less conspicuous than the arming. On another frontier there is a sound of war, which may not be the less menacing that Constantinople does not appear to inspire it.

"*Germany* is too strong for open enemies; but its strength is purchased at a heavy price. It is turning railway contractor, with a certainty of the usual results when states intrude into trade. With the same motive of scraping together means for defraying war expenditure in times of peace, the Imperial Chancery is playing fast and loose with every principle which in the range of political economy the wisdom of the nineteenth century seemed to have established beyond the chance of cavil.

"*Great Britain* is no better able than its neighbors to smooth its brow in preparation for Christmas. It is abundantly supplied with matter of contention at home. In *Ireland*, it has a problem to deal with, the more difficult, if not insoluble, that it is no work of the present generation, but of a dozen generations which preceded. On the one side of the Empire darkens the thick cloud of *Irish poverty*, deepened by rhetorical disaffection, eager to protest against every manifestation of charity which does not imply political concessions. The cares of empire on the west are balanced by others on the east. This Christmas the British nation cannot help regarding with anxiety, however unmixed with fear, the perils of its soldiers amid the seething turmoil of *Afghan* anarchy.

"If the world be not satiated with the spectacle of confusion, controversy, and misery throughout *Europe* and *Asia*, then in *Africa Egyptian* bondholders may solace themselves with the prospect of wars in Africa between their debtor and his Abyssinian neighbor. Should a makeweight still be wanted, it is always possible to throw in a revolution in San Domingo, or a bloody war about a guano deposit or *nothing at all* in Chili and Peru."

Prof. Van Oosterzee, an evangelical professor in Holland, recently declared, "*A wave of infidelity* is steadily advancing over Protestant Europe, and not even the most favored country will escape it. They have had it in Germany, and now we have it in Holland; they are beginning to get it in Scotland. In twenty years they will have it to the full, and all their theology will not save them." There is reason to fear the professor is right, but the Bible-reading habits and strong practical piety of Scottish Christians, we may hope, will be used by God to stem the flood.

A Practical Joke with a Fatal Termination was played in Chicago on December 27th. John M. Waite and M. B. Gould, prominent and respected business men of Chicago, intending to play a practical joke upon a colored janitor, disarranged the contents of Mr. Waite's room, and then concealed themselves in a closet until the janitor appeared. The latter becoming excited at the condition of the room, drew his revolver, and hearing a noise in the closet tried to open the door, and failing in that, fired through the door, killing Mr. Gould. The use of revolvers is far too much allowed in this country. Moreover, it seems the height of folly to have played a practical joke on a man carrying a revolver.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 31.)

The Old Lighthouse Keeper.

Elijah Dunnit had earned his epithet *old* from having set himself up early as a teacher of others. He had joined the Methodists of Dartford when there was a drunken and swearing vicar of Clifford, in old Charles Clifford's bachelor days; and his affection for Ernest, and reverence of William Britton, had not shaken his loyalty to his early choice.

He had been *a local preacher* for the Methodists at a time when to be that exposed him to ill-will and persecution in his native village; but he had never wavered. He had forsaken neither his village nor his work as a preacher in it; and his dogged perseverance and undoubted courage had prevailed over his persecutors in the long-run.

Ernest had always felt a strong friendship for old Dunnit, even as a lad, when he had stolen within earshot of his out-door preaching, and found it more interesting than the more literary sermons of the vicar. Old Dunnit was also an excellent authority about the weather and the tides, and he had been the best fisherman in the village, until a sharp attack of rheumatic fever had laid him low, and made it dangerous for him to resume his old occupation.

Ernest had then made him keeper of the lighthouse, where, as he said gratefully, he had always a good roof over his head, and strong walls to keep the wintry storms out. No danger of old Dunnit neglecting his duties as the last keeper had done.

Mr. Britton had found more real friendship with Elijah Dunnit than with any other of his parishioners; and old Dunnit prized his friendship next to Ernest's. Ever since Ernest had become vicar of Clifford, he had led the choir at the morning service, though he could not be present in the afternoon; for he was appointed by the Methodist minister at Lowborough to preach in distant villages, often having to walk five or six miles after his preaching was over, and hasten back without resting, to kindle his lamp in the light-house and hold his own special service there.

This February afternoon, as his clergyman approached him, he stood up and took off his knitted woollen cap, whilst a bright light came into his blue eyes, which were growing a little sunken under his white eyebrows.

"It's a rare sight always, sir," he said, after they had shaken hands cordially, and Mr. Britton had taken a seat beside him; "it's a rare sight is the sea! I'd never grow weary of it. It's part of the Lord's speech that He's utterin' to us day after day; but oh, what a world o' meanin' there is in every word of it! I wonder sometimes if I shall make it out through all eternity. (See Ps. 19.)

"Sometimes it seems to mean perfect peace, and sunshine, and love, and praise; and it looks like unto the sea o' crystal mingled with fire, stretchin' out before the throne o' God, with the harpers standin' on it, harping with their harps. And then a change comes, and it's all wild, and cruel, and ragin', and like unto the wicked that have no peace; and it's constantly castin' up mire and dirt, and I say in my heart, thank God, there'll be no more sea o' wickedness, but there'll be a sea o' glass before the throne. Ah, there's a meanin' in every look of it, if I could only make it out!"

"Elijah," said Mr. Britton abruptly, "what sort of lad was young Charles Clifford?"

"Why," answered old Dunnit, "he was like the sea when it's all foam, and froth, and breakers, and mischief. He was never quiet, was Master Charlie. If I'd only know of his repentance I could almost wish him safe in Abraham's bosom with poor beggar Lazarus. It 'ud be a rare bad thing for Clifford if he ever come back troublin'; even if he'd got conversion he'd always be a light-headed, *skittish* fellow; like the silly women that Paul says are 'ever learnin', and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.' (2 Tim. 3 : 7.) Some folks need a deal o' conversion, and he'd be one of them. He'd want convertin' scores o' times before he'd leave off backslidin'. No, no; pray God Master Charlie may never come back to Clifford!"

"Why, Elijah!" exclaimed Mr. Britton, "are you setting your face against a prodigal?"

"No, sir; not if he be *a true prodigal*," he answered; "let him come home a true prodigal, willin' to be one of th' hired servants, and he'd be welcome. But Master Charlie would never be like that. In these times prodigals are quite angered if they don't find the fatted calf cooked at once for' em, and rings ready for their fingers, and the easiest shoes for their feet. They think it a far finer thing to have gone away and wasted their substance in riotous livin', than to have stayed quiet at home, like th' elder brother that was always with his father.

"And there are folks that teach as much. 'The greater the sinner the greater the saint,' they say. No, I say; the saints o' the Bible were never great sinners to begin with. There's Abraham, and Moses, and Daniel, and the prophets, and John and his fellow disciples. I'd not trust to Master Charlie ever bein' much of a saint; but Master Ernest, God bless him, isn't far off the kingdom o' heaven; he's very nigh its gates."

"Not inside yet?" asked Mr. Britton with a smile.

"Not quite. As far as I can judge," replied old Dunnit, "he's a grand man; but the world has its grip on him yet. But he's at the gate of his father's house, and never strayed away into the far country, like Master Charlie. He's given peace and quietness to Clifford, such as never was in my days. I'd a line or two of one of our hymns runnin' sing-song through my head as you came up here, sir—

'Glide our happy hours away,
Glide wi' down upon their feet.'

Thanks be to the Lord and Master Ernest!"

The old rhyme, which had been running through Mr. Britton's brain came back again as Dunnit spoke, and a flush of self-reproach passed over his pale and quiet face. He wished his mind was freer from old college studies. Here was a point to be gained in his upward course.

"But if Charles Clifford came back, he could have no claim on the estate," he said musingly.

"Folks aren't altogether sure," answered old Dunnit; "there was a talk just at first—a bit o' whisperin' talk—that Master Ernest didn't seem quite easy about taking the place. We were all hearkenin' out for some fresh news, either as Master Charles was come, or Master Ernest would na' enter altogether into full possession. There were folks as said Julia Rush and her mother knew where he was bidin'; but it's ten years ago now since his father died, and no news of him yet. It was his own father that ruined him; for 'He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes'" (Prov. 13 : 24).

A slight shadow of anxiety flitted across the vicar's face, as the thought of his own children rapidly crossed his mind. He was well aware that they never received any chastisement from himself, beyond a mild rebuke, which was seldom heeded.

"It's a hard thing to be a good father," he said.

"Ay, so it is," assented old Dunnit; "it's not a easy thing to be good at aught; even *a good lighthouse man*. Now and again I leave my oil-can till there's barely enow' to keep my lamps burnin' all night. I sometimes do wonder that the Lord said as half the virgins were wise, and only half of 'em foolish. If He'd a said nine out o' the ten were foolish, it 'ud have seemed more life-like. I've had to melt down all sorts o' grease to keep my light up, and all because o' my own folly.

"There's plenty of oil kept up at the Court for me, if I'd only recollect it betimes; but instead o' that I've been forced to take my wife's grease, ay, and the *butter* too once. I made a kind of a parable of it the next Sunday, and told 'em how we were forced to use up our own good things to keep our lamps a burnin', if we neglected goin' to Him as was willin' and eager to give us th of oil.

"God Almighty doesn't wish to take awa gifts—our boats, and nets, and flocks, houses, and children; but if we won't kee lamps burnin' for want of the oil He's rea give us into th' bargain, we're forced to us those other gifts of His. That seemed to hold on them, sir. My wife didn't mind th of her butter when she saw what came of it she takes care I'm never out of oil since th

"Have you many of the men up her Sunday nights?" asked Mr. Britton.

"Mostly the *wastrels*," he replied, "the would come whether there's meetin' or them as have no pleasant fireside, and the are out at service with the farmers, and th love to keep a watch o'er the sea. A few c lasses and women come in the summer, give them no encouragement; it's like h them in the forecastle. Keep to your own says I. There's the church, with a good and comfortable seats, and plenty o' light no slippery path to travel along, shriekin' if slip on a bit of seaweed.

Old Dunnit had spoken out of the fulne his heart, and the vicar neither misunder him nor felt offended with him, though he s with a sudden sense of humor quickly repr

The sun had gone down while they were ing, and he went indoors with Dunnit to k the lamp in the small, square tower.

It was no dwelling-place, but simply the bare walls of the old chapel, with a small in one corner, and a single chair and table b it. A few rude benches stretched acros room; planks, with the bark left on the side, supported on rough logs. At the we end rose the belfry, now the lighthouse t with a ladder leading up into it. This wa Dunnit's meeting-room.

His home was in a little cottage, scarc gunshot away, but well sheltered from th of the winds and waves which beat again lantern hill. Behind it a meadow sloped u cliff; and before it lay a little plot of g never touched by the salt tides, but kept a cool and green by the moist breezes swe across the sea.

Mrs. Britton had come to visit Mrs. D that very afternoon. A very quiet woma old Dunnit's wife—a little older than hi and accustomed to regard him somewhat indulgent mother regards a grown-up son, she has spoiled a little in his young days. received her visitor, the vicar's lady, wit coming civility and ceremony, and h accompanied her to the garden-gate o departing, and was about to turn back in house, when she heard her name called clear, young, ringing voice.

"That's Miss Rose!" she exclaimed t self, and her face brightened with a pe tenderness; "she always reminds me of fl and sunshine, and birds singing; ah! a bright angels too! Clifford 'ud be a du place without Miss Rose!"

She went back to her garden wicket shaded her wrinkled face with her ha watch Rose coming up with swift, half-ru steps from the beach, where Ernest Cliffo making his boat secure against the inc tide. She had grown into a tall, slim girl a simple and natural grace in all her move and a delicate poise of her pretty head, perhaps from Ruth Symons. There w assurance of perfect health and undimmed ness about her, constituting her chief c which worked subtly upon those who had upon life's ordinary lot of impaired vigo only a moderate share of gladness.

Rose had never been ill, and had kno troubles but those arising from her mother's whims, from which her father h ways speedily rescued her. She was the idol village. From the time when she had brought a motherless baby into Clifford, mother in the neighborhood had caresse petted her.

Her father, and Mr. Britton, and old Dunnit had each sown some good seed in her young heart. But she had had no opportunity, as yet, of learning trust in God through bitter mistrust of man, or of cleaving to God because she found it vain to lean upon any fellow-creature. There was no void in her life. Her father was, in her eyes, love and wisdom personified. Clifford was the small kingdom over which she reigned absolutely. Who could be happy if she was not?

As she came up to Mrs. Dunnit, laughing and almost breathless, she bent down her sweet young face, and kissed the old woman who had been watching for her.

"There, mammy!" she said gayly, "that's because you look such a dear, peaceful old darling. I don't kiss everybody, you know; only my father, and granny when she is good, and one person besides—the best, and sweetest, and dearest of all living creatures. Guess who it is."

"Not a sweetheart, Miss Rose!" cried Mrs Dunnit in a tone of real alarm.

"A sweetheart!" echoed Rose with a flash of disdain; "who would want a sweetheart with such a father as mine! No, no, Mrs. Dunnit. It's Ruth; Miss Ruth Symons, my friend, and my father's friend."

"I'm glad it's nobody else!" answered Mrs. Dunnit, greatly relieved; "but you spoke so warm and hearty, Miss Rose, my dear! You're too young yet; and don't you go and throw away your girlhood on a sweetheart. You've got your best days, and make the most of her."

"I hate talking about such things," said Rose with crimson face, and her head tossed back. "But isn't Mr. Britton a good man, Mrs. Dunnit?"

"He's a very good man," answered Mrs. Dunnit heartily.

"Besides," went on Rose, "I have great news to tell you. We are going to London, my father and I! We set off on our travels next Monday morning, early. Father says now I am near eighteen it is time I saw the world a little; but I shall never love any place so well as Clifford. I can't imagine being happy anywhere else; not really happy and at home. I shall enjoy going to London; and we are to be away three months, till the end of May, perhaps. Granny is quite wild because Dr. Welsh says she must not go after all. She has been counting upon it all winter; and she said she would have another doctor, who would let her go; but my father says she shall not come with us, if there is any risk. Mrs. Dunnit, did you ever know two such good men as my father and Mr. Britton?"

"No, never, Miss Rose!" she responded fervently, "none save my old man. Eh! but Clifford is a favored place now! Sometimes I'm afraid it's like old Capernaum, lifted up to heaven; and the folks there wouldn't turn and repent, and it was thrust down to hell, for its hardness of heart.* There's no *upper sort* of sin, Miss Rose, such as Master Ernest and Mr. Britton can see; but there's a deal o' natural sin out o' sight. But there! Don't thee look low cast. Clifford's a favored place; a very favored place."

(*To be continued.*)

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 25. Matt. 4:1–11. Golden Text, Heb. 2:18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

It is written of our beloved Lord, "In all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren" (Heb. 2 : 17), and temptation was not excepted. For only "in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, is He able to succor them that are tempted." He must occupy, by conquering it in person, all the ground which man had lost by sin, and drive the enemy from every position which he had taken.

The three evangelists who deal with the details of our Lord's life on earth all mention that His temptation immediately succeeded His baptism. St. Mark says (1 : 12), "And immediately the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness. And He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts;" no human hand, or voice, or heart to sympathize, but "the angels ministered to Him." St. Luke tells us (4 : 1, 2) that He was full of the Holy Ghost when He was thus tempted: "And in those days He did eat nothing." Both Matthew and Luke tell us that it was *after*, and not during, these forty days, that He was "an hungered."

Every true child of God has to do with temptation, and often the enemy seeks to lead us into great error on this subject. On the one hand he suggests, If you were a child of God, you would not be so much tempted; the Lord's own temptation is our blessed refuge from this lie. On the other hand he leads some of God's children to live in an atmosphere of constant temptation, in which they cannot distinguish temptation from sin, and in which they seem to think it is their misfortune to be overcome again and again, and they are always excusing themselves. Can it be necessary to say that to live by the faith of the Son of God is to live a life of overcoming, in which victory is the result of every struggle, as it was with our Lord? Let us not forget that, being *full of the Holy Ghost*, He was led *by the Spirit* to His temptation, while very often we, being full of ourselves, are led by our own perverseness into ours.

The aim of the enemy in all our temptations is that we may fall into his snare (2 Tim. 2 : 26); God's aim is our perfecting in patience. Therefore He says, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing" (James 1 : 2–4). Thus a temptation defeated may prove our greatest blessing, and though we may fear as we enter into the cloud, yet we have the pledged word of God (1 Cor. 10 : 13), "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

The Lord's example to us is very teaching. When fighting not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, etc. (Eph. 6 : 12), He did not strengthen His body by taking food, but met the enemy fasting. And when the pangs of hunger were allowed to come upon Him, and the enemy came to Him and said, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread," He could speak from the experience of the past forty days that which He quoted from the written Word, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." When we are called by God to fast and pray, not by any spirit of legality or by imitation of others, and when we in this manner pass through deep waters of conflict with the enemy, it is an absolute fact which many of God's people have experienced, that there is a power in the written Word of the living God to impart strength to body as well as soul.

In this first of our Lord's temptations which is revealed to us, the enemy comes to suggest a doubt. He does not say, "Thou Son of God, or because thou art the Son of God, command these stones," etc., but "If thou art." This is just his method with many weak believers. If thou wert a child of God, thou wouldest be much more like such an one. If thou wert a child of God, thou wouldest be much more joyful, etc. And he makes use of his own snares, and says, If thou wert a child of God thou couldst not be tempted about such and such a thing. Let him inject a doubt as to our standing in Christ, he has already then got a foothold, and he can easily lead us from thence into the commission of sin. We are only safe in the certainty of our standing place in Christ. It is neither our likeness to this or that Christian, our joy, our feelings, our freedom from temptation, or aught else in *us*, which makes us to be children of God. But "as many as received *Him*, to them gave He power to become the sons of God" (John 1 : 12).

Jesus was the living Word, and when He used the written Word against the enemy, temptation again on the same point became impossible to Him. And in measure as we become in our experience living examples of the truth of God, one thrust with the sword of the Word is enough to frustrate the enemy. What had he further to say on this point when the Lord Jesus had already proved, during forty days and nights, that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"? Let us also dare by faith to put God's Word in every thing to the proof; thereby we are *temptation-proof.*

The enemy now tried another device. It is as though he had said, "Now thou art so holy and supernatural, thou canst live without food, and nothing can hurt thee;" go a step farther, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from this pinnacle of the temple, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." He would lead on to presumption; and with how many of God's dear children has he succeeded! Oh how many have been placed on the pinnacle of the temple by their reputation, and they have counted on their own strength and their own past experience, and fearful falls have been the result!

The Lord Jesus silenced him with another Scripture. The enemy had met with his Master; in the first temptation he was conquered, and now he knew he had to do with the Son of God; and Jesus in His quotation assumes the authority which for our sakes He had laid down for a time, and said, "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Satan had attempted to bring the power of Scripture to bear upon Jesus; but in missing out a part of His quotation, "to keep thee in all thy ways" (Ps. 91 : 11), the sword of the Spirit had no power in the enemy's hands, while he himself was defeated by it a second time.

The third temptation was the most daring one: "the devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto Him, All these things will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me." Could this be a temptation to Jesus? Let us not forget that He was man, and that He emptied Himself, and then we can get a glimpse of how the Son of God, who "knew no sin" (2 Cor. 5 : 21), "suffered, being tempted." Not the horrible vacillatiom of an unrenounced will, the questioning, How far dare I go without losing my soul? Sin had no attraction for Him. But He suffered. Perhaps the very suggestion of gaining the world, and laying it at His Father's feet, without having to bear the shame and agony which the imputation of the world's sin should bring upon Him, may have caused Him intense suffering. But there was no wavering: "Jesus saith unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

"Then the devil leaveth Him, and behold angels came and minstered unto Him." Luke tells us, "When the devil had ended all the temptations, he departed from Him *for a season.*" This is enough to disclose to us that the enemy had not ceased forever his attacks even upon our Lord. Immediately afterwards we read, "Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee," strengthened, not weakened, by the conflict. He came out of it, having been "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." And therefore is He able to succor them that are tempted. The enemy can meet us on no ground which is unconquered by our great Captain. Therefore sin is so exceedingly sinful in us who are God's children. The provision for our victory is made, we can conquer if we will, although alone through Him.

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* Matt. 11 : 23.

FOREIGN TOPICS

The English Position in Afghanistan continues to excite uneasiness in Great Britain. The latest reports say that every thing gives token of a severe winter, and many persons believe that General Roberts' difficulties have only just begun. The troops have exchanged the thin canvas of their tents at Sharpur for the strong mud walls of houses at Cabul, and the sick are comfortably housed in the barracks. But there is *a great want of winter clothing*, and especially of fuel. Caste is strong among the Sepoys, who refuse to drink at wells which are common to all. Forage for the animals is very hard to find, and the slaughter of horses and camels has already begun. The advantage of holding the city is considerable, and there is no immediate fear that provisions will run out. But what disheartens Sir Frederick Roberts and his countrymen at home is that the war seems now to be *practically interminable.* The crops having been gathered, the tribes have leisure to fight and pillage till the spring. Their check on the heights above Cabul is known to have been very slight. Mahomed Jan, the former Governor of Ghaznee, the most formidable leader in the field, is gathering forces in his old territory. A proclamation of amnesty has been issued, in which only the prominent leaders are excepted.

The Continent of Europe is Rife with Rumors of coming wars. Every day the cable brings reports of complications and jealousies which may at any time produce a general outbreak. The attitude of Russia toward England is declared to be "without question unfriendly," and the English Government will lay before Parliament when it meets, unmistakable evidence of Russian intrigue in Afghanistan. The London *Standard* of January 10th says, "the Governments of Austria and Germany are about to communicate with that of St. Petersburg regarding the concentration of Russian troops in Poland, and, if the reply is unsatisfactory, will adopt defensive measures. Under these circumstances nobody cares to deny that Europe may be on the verge of a crisis which will lead it nobody knows whither."

The Dangerous Illness of the Young Queen of Spain is announced: A despatch to the *Daily News* from Paris says: "It is stated in medical circles that the health of the Queen of Spain has received a severe shock, owing to the attempted assassination of King Alfonso. She has been *attacked with epileptic fits*, to which she was not previously subject." It is to be hoped that Alfonso will see in this new affliction the chastening hand of God, and endeavor to discover whether there is any thing in his life and government, any great sin for which God is punishing him personally.

The Change of Ministry in France has issued in the premiership being intrusted to M. de Freycinet, who is a Protestant. It is remarkable that in a land so thoroughly given over to Roman Catholicism and infidelity so important a position should be held by an avowed Protestant. The new premier has stated his conviction that "the close contact of the Papal power with the civil power *paralyzes its efforts and creates difficulties.*" He is not the first statesman nor the only one now living who has made the discovery that wise and just government is impossible where the Roman Catholic Church is allowed to exercise its power over the people.

The Distress in Ireland Continues to Cause serious apprehension, and it is feared that unless prompt aid be rendered a time of suffering unknown of late years must ensue. Bishop Fitzgerald, in the south-west portion of Cork County, writes: "Private benevolence is doing wonders, but all private or eleemosynary assistance, however extensive, cannot possibly keep the people alive during the next five or six months." A proposition has been made to devote $12,500,000 of the surplus funds accruing from the confiscated revenues of the Protestant Church in Ireland for the prosecution of relief works, but it excites much hostility in certain quarters. The advocates of this measure support it by strong arguments, and it is believed that Parliament will sanction the proposal. It is feared that if the Government remains supine and does not adopt energetic and thorough measures for the relief of the people, a very dangerous impetus to the home-rule movement will be given.

In Connemara, while a number of bailiffs were serving a series of ejectment papers upon several tenants of the district, under the protection of a detachment of constabulary, a large company of tenantry assembled, and finally attacked the ejectment servers. The bailiffs called for help upon the constabulary, who at first fired upon the people, and afterward charged them with fixed bayonets, wounding a large number, some of them, it is believed, fatally. The mob retreated, but continued throwing missiles and firing scattering shots at the constabulary, from behind casual defences by the hedges. The whole district is declared to be in revolt as a result of the disposition on the part of the landlords to press evictions there, and further disturbances are imminent. Two hundred extra policemen have been drafted.

The Glasgow Bank Failure Involved an amount of misery in England and Scotland the full extent of which will never be known. The report of the liquidators, lately published, shows how deep and wide-spread it must be. Over twenty million dollars have already been collected from the shareholders, of whom there were 1819. Some of these were utterly ruined by the first call, which was for $2500 on every $500 share. The next call was for $11,250 on each share, but there were then only 1518 shareholders left on whom to levy it. Of these a large number were unable to meet the call, and many gave up to the liquidators at once the whole of their property. The failure up to the present time has resulted in the entire financial ruin of more than *a thousand persons*, and the liquidators have not yet ended their demands on the remaining shareholders. The vast aggregate of misery involved cannot be imagined, and some individual cases are pitiable in the extreme. Numbers of persons who had invested their savings in these shares, and considered themselves provided for for life, have now to begin again to labor for their bread. How true are the words of Scripture: "Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle"! (Prov. 23:5).

The Turkish Priest who was Condemned to death for assisting a missionary to translate Christian books has had his sentence commuted to *banishment for life.* Sir Austin Layard, the British ambassador, obtained this mitigation of punishment, but not until he had threatened to break off all friendly relations between England and Turkey. At his trial the priest defended himself with ability, showing from Mohammedan law that he had committed no offence, and had done no more than the Porte had in giving permission for the circulation of the Christian Scriptures in the empire. The court, however, which was composed of bigoted Ulemas, who, doubtless, had the priest in abhorrence as a reformer, found judgment against him and notified the Sultan thereof. He was returned to the palace while the Sultan considered his case, occupying a kind of dungeon, with no floor and no furniture save a bed. No communication with him was permitted.

The Intense Cold which has Prevailed in Paris during the last month has drawn forth the charitable impulses of many who have hitherto been regarded as among the most frivolous of humanity. The correspondent of a London newspaper says: "A remarkable feature of the streets is the open-air fires, some of which have been lighted at the expense of the municipality, and others at the cost of wealthy inhabitants before the doors of their houses. The charitable zeal which the rigorous weather has called forth does not seem to abate. There is as great rivalry in good works among ladies as there used to be in *mundane frivolity.* Many have bravely gone to serve in improvised soup-kitchens, and others act as district visitors to inquire into the circumstances of applicants for relief, and with their own hands distribute clothing, both and new, which is collected by good Samari for their famishing brethren and sisters. fore the last war no such spirit of fraternity isted, but since it appears to have gone on g ering strength.'

Eleven Little Orphan Girls—the First ceived into Mr. Spurgeon's newly-formed phanage for Girls—occupied seats on the l platform at the Tabernacle, along with Stockwell boys, on Sunday, December 20th, t presence creating considerable curiosity. services were conducted by Rev. E. P. Ga of Bristol, formerly a student in the pas college. He made an earnest appeal to the gregation not to let the contributions to Spurgeon's institutions languish in the abs of the pastor. He also read a *Christmas g ing* from Mr. Spurgeon at Mentone to his fl The health of the eminent preacher has gr improved.

The Sunday Stone.—In an Oxford Mus may be seen a strange stone. It is compose carbonate of lime, and was taken from a which carries off drain water in a colliery. stone consists of alternate layers of black white, so that it has a striped appearance. was caused in the following way: When miners were at work the water which ran thr the pipe contained a good deal of coal-dust, so left a black deposit in the pipe. But no work was going on—as, for instance, i night—the water was clean, and so a white was formed. In time these deposits quite the pipe, and so it was taken up. Then it found that the black and white layers fo quite a calendar. Small streaks, altern black and white, showed a week, and then a white streak of twice the usual size. This Sunday, during which there was, of cours work for twenty-four hours. For this reas was called the Sunday Stone. Men forget their lives leave a record of their acts ofte seen by them, in which sins they have comm and forgotten will appear as plainly as the l in this stone, if not washed away by the blo Jesus.

A Wreath of Ivy Around the Head Royal Corpse.—The property ivy has of a ing itself to circumstances is most striking lustrated by an incident related in an En journal by Miss Strickland. The body of arine Parr, one of the wives of King H VIII. of England, buried at Sudley, was d terred, through curiosity, on several occas The last time the coffin was opened, "it discovered that a wreath of ivy had entwine self around the temples of the royal corpse berry had fallen there at the time of the pre exhumation, taken root, and then silently day to day woven itself into this green sepul coronal."

Famine in Armenia.—Telegrams Rece from British consuls, dated January 4th, that a terrible famine prevails in the distric Baskaleh and Bayazid, in Armenia. The thorities are helpless to aid the people, and feared the famine will become general on eastern frontier of Turkey.

Discouraging Reports Come from the Ny Mission in Africa. Hostile influences at on the mind of King Mtesa have put him i attitude of antagonism to the missionaries. has accused them of complicity with an sion of his territory by the Egyptians. Hea potentates find it difficult to discriminate tween the acts of Christian governments an religion the missionaries are teaching. know how little Christian principle has t with the policy of governments, but we ca wonder that in the mind of an African kin principle and the policy should be assoc with each other.

The "Tombs of the Kings," which are ated a short distance to the north of Jerusa have recently been purchased by a French and by her orders excavations have been u taken there. Capitals and other architectur mains have been found.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

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Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1880. 14th Year. No. 4—New Series.

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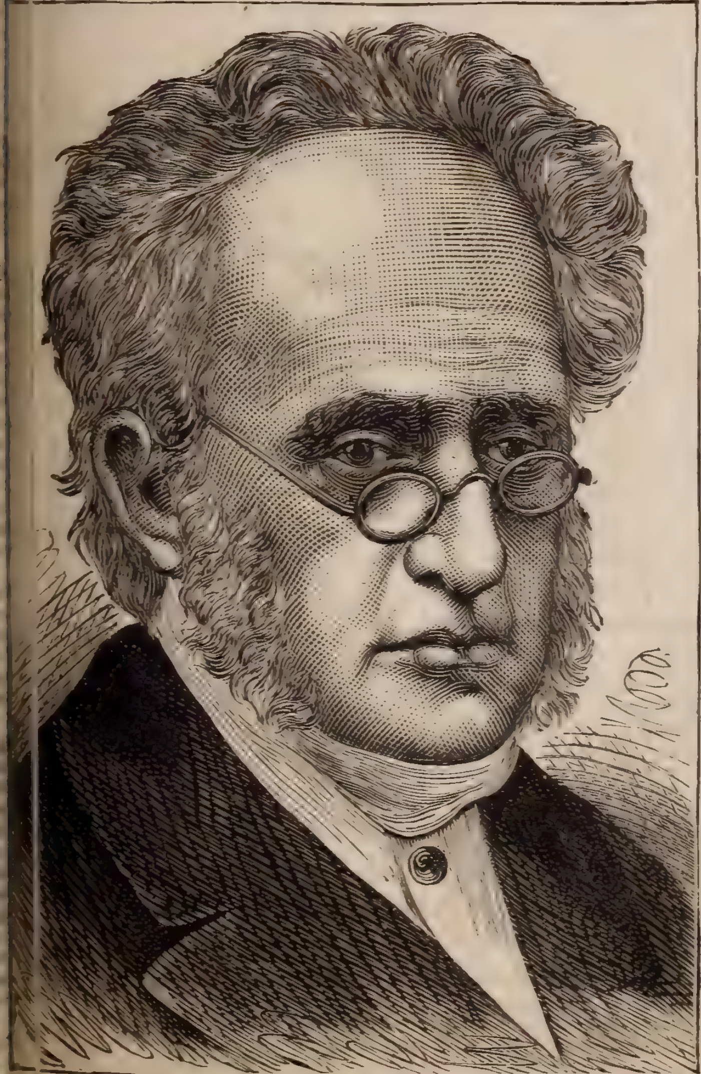
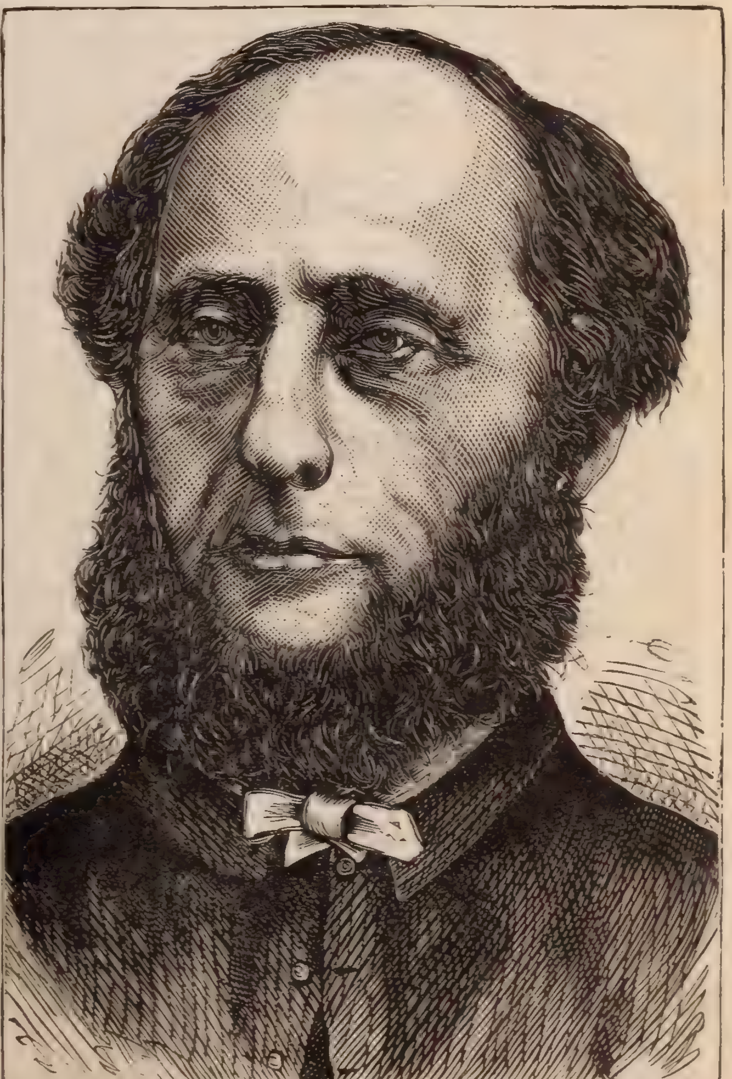


The late Mr. JOHN VINE HALL, Author of "The Sinner's Friend."



Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B., Author of "Come to Jesus."

THE LATE MR. JOHN V. HALL,

Father of Rev. Newman Hall.

His Early Dissipation—His Marriage at Worcester—His Conversion and Spiritual Struggles—His Deliverance from Inebriety in 1818—Anecdotes about Him—How his "Sinner's Friend" was Written.

JOHN VINE HALL, author of "The Sinner's Friend," was born at Diss, in Norfolk, England, March 14th, 1774. His father had accumulated property, but lost it, and "Little Jack" was sent, at eleven years of age, as errand-boy to a bookseller at Maidstone. He soon won the confidence of his employers, and became chief assistant. At the age of twenty-five a higher salary induced him to become clerk and traveller to a wine merchant.

His genial spirit and manners had exposed him to social dangers which were now increased, and he frequently *gave way to intemperance*, and even embraced infidelity, from which, however, he was delivered by reading Bishop Porteus's "Evidences of the Christian Religion." From evil associations he endeavored, after three years, to escape by leaving Maidstone and taking a bookseller's business in Worcester.

In 1804 he there met a young lady whom at first sight he resolved to win. Her mother, Mrs. Teverill, came of an old family, and was justly proud of her daughter, who was good-looking, clever, and well educated. Moreover, she was only sixteen; and Mrs. Teverill became strongly opposed to her union with a stranger who had just opened a shop in the city, and of whose former life unfavorable rumors might have reached her. These difficulties were overcome by the ardor of affection, and in 1806 John Vine Hall married Mary Teverill, who became the guardian angel of his life, and instrumental in his salvation.

During his brief residence in Worcester he had won the respect of all who knew him; but his reformation was superficial, and his old habits of inebriety reasserted their power. His young wife, now a mother, bore up bravely before the world, often transacting his business and writing his letters, to shield him from disgrace. Her only reproaches were irrepressible tears; while, without ceasing, she sought the help of God.

At length those prayers seemed about to be answered. On March 14th, 1812, his thirty-eighth birthday, he became the subject of strong

RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS.

Yet he relapsed again and again into his former habits. The conflict continued for several years, as so graphically narrated in his Autobiography. In 1814 he returned to Maidstone, as master of the bookselling business to which he had gone as errand-boy twenty-eight years before. Old friends greeted him joyfully and again were a snare.

In March, 1816, it was suggested that the craving for strong drink which he was so unable to resist might be treated medically. A physician ordered a tonic, and advised abstinence from brandy. The advice was eagerly followed, but after a season of sobriety wine overpowered him. He was in such distress on recovering from this attack, that on the day when his son Newman Hall was born, May 22d, 1816, he signed a paper, in the presence of two witnesses, giving authority that if necessary the severest measures might be taken, extending even to the confinement of his person. This he delivered to one of them as his own authority for any action they might take, so earnest was his desire for reformation.

On September 22d, 1816, after a long struggle, he was advised by his physician to give up wine and ale, confining himself to porter. He ever after looked back to that day with especial thankfulness as a new era in his life. But two years more elapsed before his final emancipation. After many months of sobriety porter was found to be dangerous, and was relinquished in July, 1818, the doctor still advising him to take table beer, but this also in a few weeks had to be abandoned, since which time, till his death, not a drop of intoxicating liquor of any description ever passed the surface of his tongue. The old temptation lost its power. He had no longer any desire for it. The taste and smell became hateful.

In a private box, opened after his decease, a bottle containing a little sediment was found wrapped up in a newspaper report of his temperance speech narrating his own history. On the outside was written, "This phial is one of upward of 200 of those out of which J. V. H. drank a preparation of steel in the year 1816. It is preserved, like the pot of manna, to show the way in which the Lord delivered his servant out of the wilderness—out of an horrible pit—out of his besetting sin. Oh, praised be the Lord! This medicine was persevered in about seven months. For the last eighteen years nothing stronger than tea, coffee, or milk has ever entered his stomach. November 22d, 1836. J. V. H."

During a period of forty-two years his life was one of progressive

HOLINESS AND USEFULNESS.

Overflowing with gratitude for his own salvation, he devoted himself to the service of his Divine Redeemer and the benefit of his fellowmen. As the author of "The Sinner's Friend," as an officer of a church, as a witness-bearer for Christ in all places and at all times, few private Christians have been more zealous and useful.

In 1850 he retired from business, and four years after left Maidstone to reside in London, where three of his sons were settled. As an elder of Surrey Chapel, and in his daily life, he continued his labors of love, till on September 22d, 1860, the anniversary of the day when he totally relinquished the use of wine, and which he always commemorated with special gratitude, he was taken to the presence of that Sinners' Friend whom he had delighted to extol.

In May of that year, at the age of eighty-seven, he fell from the step of a van and received an injury on his leg, which led to that *fatal illness*. His end was peace. His wife died triumphantly a few years afterwards, aged eighty-five.

He was a good musician. At fourscore he still played well on the flageolet and drew from the flute a peculiarly rich tone, while the fine tenor voice he consecrated to "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" must have been a great acquisition in the convivial circles of his earlier years. He was to the last witty and facetious, had a store of capital anecdotes, and could imitate to perfection the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh diction.

He was always ready to help the weak. He often related how, on hearing the *shrieks of a woman*, he with one blow of his fist felled the ruffianly husband who was beating her, receiving for his reward a wound from the woman's patten, which left its mark on his forehead till the day of his death. Afterward, whenever he saw a man and a woman quarrelling, he moderated his indignation by saying to himself, "Remember the patten!" He once pinioned a highwayman single-handed, retaining him in his grasp till assistance came.

He was punctuality itself. At seven in the morning he was regularly seated at Scott's Bible. At eight, to a minute, he rang for family worship, which he conducted with great fervor, but which was not long. He never kept any one waiting for him a moment. He wrote with his watch open before him to secure exactness.

Why do you believe in Christ? was a question once asked him by a philosophical sceptic. He replied, "I have an argument you cannot answer—I believe in Him because *I feel Him in my heart—He is here!*" Thus he loved the Saviour's cause, and delighted to promote it. His house became a home for ministers, who were entertained with generous hospitality.

No pressure of business kept him from the week-night prayer-meeting or the week-night lecture. Whoever else was absent, his minister might rely on *him*. His motto was "*God first, business next, pleasure last.*" For example: He was the proprietor of a newspaper, one of the oldest and most widely circulated in the county of Kent. For many years it had been customary for the men to work half the day on Sunday. He sent for the foreman and said this m discontinued. The foreman replied that t per could not be published in time, and th men would strike. "Then tell them, a hour's consideration, to come for their and I will find others." From that day n was done there on Sunday.

At Maidstone for a long period he re visited the prison and the workhouse, wh read and expounded the Scriptures. H sionally conducted the week-evening se and in London, until his last illness, quently took part in the devotional meet the church.

But his chief labors were with *indi* No suitable opportunity was ever neglect was his daily prayer that he might bea witness for Christ. When *travelling* he invariably introduce religious conversa so earnest yet so courteous a manner as to give offence; and so as most generall cure respectful attention from all descrip people.

On a voyage to Hull, for example, be with one passenger, he gained the atter all, until the saloon became a church. a constant visitor of the sick and dyin never went out of the door unprovided w ammunition of love, in the form of tract pen also was ever busy, and within a few of his decease he wrote to persons in w felt an interest urging them to seek th All his letters, except those of a merely l character, contained some holy counsel vout sentiment. It is easy to be "in season"—to speak for Christ on public o when asked or expected to do so; but t culty is to do so "out of season." Ho opportunities of doing good are lost b who confine their testimony to meetin vened for the purpose of hearing it!

"THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

But the most important work of his the publication of "*The Sinner's Frien* delighted in daily perusing "Bogatzky's Treasury." One morning the thought that what was so profitable to him mig to others who could not afford to purc book. So he resolved to extract som favorite portions, and print them in a gratuitous distribution. To this he introduction with the well-known a "Sinner, this little book is for you."

Two thousand were printed and giv Applications poured in, and another edi issued. Pious friends then insisted t should bear part of the expense. Thus became public, and soon acquired a v circulation. One by one he withdrew sages from Bogatzky, and inserted oth own, until the entire tract, with the of "*a word to the poor*," could claim h author.

Edition followed edition. Translati were made into nearly thirty languages; lish Tract Society, and that of America it. Nearly two millions of copies are circulation. Its usefulness has been dented. During many years, and from ters, testimony to this effect was pou author. Hundreds of most interesti came to his knowledge, and numberle have been written by him to person spiritual advice and consolation from h author.

The secret of its power was not only ness, its plainness of speech, its exal Christ, its obvious earnestness and sin intense love for the souls of men, but t prayer with which every edition was every copy circulated.

He left four sons, *Newman* and *Ar* are ministers; *Warren*, a printer and at Camden Town; and *John Vine*, who tain of the Great Eastern, and who died.

A THRILLING autobiographical na Mr. Hall will be found on page 59.

lie in these remarkable words: "Verily I you, There is no man that hath left r brethren, or sisters, or father, or moth- ife, or children, or lands, for My sake Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred- in this time, houses, and brethren, and and mothers, and children, and lands, *secutions*" (Mark 10 : 28–30).

hich words of the Lord Jesus it is prob- t Paul referred when he exhorted the at Lystra, Iconium, and Antioch to con- the faith, reminding them that "we rough *much tribulation*, enter into the n of God" (Acts 14 : 22). While John es himself to the seven churches in Asia "brother and companion (or fellow-) *in the tribulation* and kingdom and ce in Jesus Christ" (Rev. 1 : 9).

"the tribulation in Jesus," or in other he Church's tribulation, is *commensurate whole earthly existence.* Its sources ous and constant. Consciousness of her ure, the latent when not overt hostility orld, the malignity of Satan and his d the gracious educative discipline of ne Husband and Lord; these are ever less in operation, and serve to make the of the Church one of suffering and on from her Pentecostal birthday to the her gathering together in the presence of ming Lord, at the sounding of the last

theless, there have, doubtless, been seasons in the history of the Church, he has been called upon to endure tribu- f unwonted severity, when the furnace heated seven times more than it is wont lated, as when it is said to the Church na, "Ye shall have *tribulation ten days*" 10); supposed by some to have refer- he ten great Pagan persecutions through e early Church had to pass.

this tribulation of the Church it is not ntion to speak particularly at present; refore, having thus briefly indicated its and special character, we may at once to notice in the second place

THE TRIBULATION OF ISRAEL.

was most distinctly and emphatically d by the Lord Jesus in what is called rophecy on the Mount," recorded in the ourth and twenty-fifth chapters of the ccording to Matthew, and also, more suc- in the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel g to Mark, and the twenty-first chapter ospel according to Luke. In the first of rratives, having referred to the "abomi- f desolation, spoken of by Daniel the pro- anding in the Holy place;" a prediction ertainly received, at least, an inchoate t in the planting of the standards of the legions—the eagles upon which were of idolatrous worship to the Roman - in the lines of the besieging army under n, and their subsequent setting up on of the Temple after the taking of Jerusa- Titus; our Lord gives a warning to that are in Jerusalem to flee to the ns;" a warning which we know the Christians actually obeyed by fleeing to town on the northern boundary of

en proceeds: "For there shall be great *on*, such as was not since the beginning orld to this time, no, nor ever shall be. cept those days should be shortened, hould no flesh be saved; but for the sake those days shall be shortened" 4 : 15–22). Now the parallel passage in 's Gospel—for that it is a parallel pas- a chronological parallel the most able tators are now pretty well agreed—reads

when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed nies (= "When ye shall see the abomi- of desolation"), then know that the n thereof is nigh." (Luke 21 : 20–24.) we are plainly taught that the period of tribulation extends from the events which led to and accompanied the destruction of Jerusalem to the close of the present Gentile dispensation. Nor is there any real contradiction or even inconsistency between the prophecy as recorded by the Evangelist Matthew and the Evangelist Luke. The tribulation of Israel commences and ends in

A TERRIBLE CRISIS.

The commencing crisis was the siege and destruction of Jerusalem, accompanied by all the appalling sufferings of the Jewish people, of which their historian Josephus has left us so ghastly a narrative; and the closing final crisis is that which they have yet to endure under the last personal Antichrist. These two crises in their main features bear a striking resemblance to each other, and they alone seem to be referred to by Matthew. Luke, however, shows us that they are only the beginning and ending of one long period of tribulation, extending over many centuries of more or less severe suffering to be endured by the Jewish people during their dispersion among the Gentiles.

This interpretation of the narratives of the three Synoptists alone enables us to affect a substantial harmony between them, without having recourse to the arbitrary and untenable assumption that while Luke describes only the events connected with the destruction of Jerusalem; Matthew, on the contrary, refers only to events to take place at the close of this dispensation.

Mark, it is immediately after and in obvious connection with the announcement that "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, *until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled*," that Luke refers to the abnormal celestial phenomena which are to indicate the imminent "coming of the Son of Man with power and great glory." And surely it is difficult to doubt that the time, as well as the events themselves, are identical with those spoken of by Matthew, when he says: "*Immediately after the tribulation* of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light." (Matt. 24 : 29–31.)

The point we desire clearly to bring out is this: Luke, as all admit, speaks of the destruction of Jerusalem as the days of Divine vengeance and wrath, to terminate only with the times of the Gentiles, and to be immediately followed by the predicted signs in the heavens, and the coming of the Son of Man. Matthew tells us that "Immediately after the tribulation of those days," these signs are to appear, and the coming of Christ is to take place.

But when he speaks of "those days," to what days does he allude? What days have been previously spoken of? Plainly, days commencing with the destruction of Jerusalem, and which must continue their course to the end of the present age, since they are to be followed "immediately" by its closing events. Therefore, according to both Matthew and Luke, the tribulation of Israel has already extended over more than eighteen centuries, and in this sense, as well as in that of the severity of its crisis, it may truly be called "a great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world, no, nor ever shall be."

The attempt, which has not unfrequently been made, to eliminate from St. Matthew's prophecy all allusion to the destruction of Jerusalem, seems to us absolutely hopeless. The occasion of the whole discourse was, as we learn from the commencement of the chapter, the disciples drawing Christ's attention to the massive strength and grandeur of the Temple, and His exciting their profound astonishment by His startling reply: "See you not all these things? Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." Revolving these strange tidings in their troubled minds, they on the first opportunity ask Him, "Tell us when shall *these things* be?" By "these things" obviously meaning "these things respecting the destruction of our glorious Temple." Is it possible to suppose, then, that in the discourse which the Lord thereupon delivers, He actually gives no answer, does not, in fact, refer to their special inquiry? Would not this be as though having selected one text, He preached His sermon from another altogether different?

III. The third tribulation, to which we may now proceed to refer, is distinguished from all other tribulations in the same way, and by the same inpired writer, the Apostle John, as the last personal Antichrist is distinguished from all preceding manifestations of the "Mystery of Iniquity;" namely, by the use, in the original, of the definite article. In his first epistle, the beloved disciple writes: "He is *the* Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son" (2 : 22); and in like manner in the book of Revelation (ch. 7 : 14) he speaks of

THE GREAT TRIBULATION;

or, as it is literally, "*the* tribulation, *the* great one." Now this tribulation, though intimately connected with the tribulation of Israel, of which we have just spoken; being, as we apprehend, so far as Israel is concerned, identical with *its closing crisis*, will at the same time by no means be confined to Israel; on the contrary, it will not only embrace the then existing ten kingdoms of the Roman world, but spread the wings of its terror over the whole earth. *It will be the darkest hour in this world's dark history*, as it will be the last before the dawn.

In reference to the Jews, Daniel speaks of it as "a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time; and at that time thy people (the Jewish remnant) shall be delivered, every one found written in the book" (Dan. 12 : 1). Jeremiah says of it: "Alas! for that day is great, so that none is like it. It is even the time of Jacob's trouble, but he shall be saved out of it" (Jer. 30 : 7).

As regards apostate Christendom, this last great tribulation will be the period of Antichrist's tyrannical reign of three and a half years—forming the latter half of Daniel's seventieth week—concerning which we read in Revelation 13, "The dragon gave to him (the beast) his power, and his seat and great authority."

Again, regarding the false prophet who is to exercise all the power of the first beast before him (or, in his presence), it is said: "And it was given him to give breath unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed" (Rev. 13). Hence the "great multitude whom no man can number" who, in the seventh chapter, are said to "come out of the great tribulation," are "*of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues*,"—testifying to the extents of Antichrist's persecution; while to the Gentile church of Philadelphia the gracious promise is given: "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from (or, out of) the hour of temptation, which *shall come upon all the world*, to try them that dwell upon the earth" (Rev. 3 : 10).

We see, then, that the last or "great tribulation" differs from all others, not only in intensity, but extent. Other periods of Divine judgment have affected special classes of mankind, and particular nations, but this shall darken into a very noon of night over all the earth; the Gentile and the Jew, the rich as well as the poor, the righteous and the wicked, all will have to drink of that awful cup, in which will be mingled the fullness of God's wrath and Satan's rage.

Reader, ere we close these remarks, let us ask ourselves this solemn question—supposing, as, indeed, there is much to lead us to apprehend, the awful hour of which we have been speaking to be even now near at hand, *how will it be with us?* Remember, before the flood came Noah and his family were taken into the ark. Before Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed Lot had escaped to Zoar. And, in like manner, ere the "last and direst storm" bursts upon the world, Christ's *ready and waiting saints* will have been caught up to be with Him for ever. "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man" (Luke 21 : 36).

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, January 14th, at **2.30 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Attention of Congress during the Past week has been chiefly devoted to financial questions. Senator Bayard's bill withdrawing the legal-tender quality of the greenback has been unfavorably reported on by a majority of one in the Senate Committee, and the minority presented their favorable report. From the discussion which ensued Senator Bayard is not sanguine of passing his bill.

In the House Mr. Fernando Wood introduced a measure designed to reduce the interest paid on the national debt to three and a half per cent. He proposes to authorize an issue of bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars, which shall be redeemable after the expiration of fifty years; the bonds to bear interest at three and a half per cent, and to be issued in exchange for those now in circulation at higher interest.

The Complication in Maine shows Signs of nearing a solution. Major-General Chamberlain, the commander of the State militia, who was appointed by ex-Governor Garcelon guardian of the State property and buildings, received notification from Mr. J. D. Lamson, president of the Senate, that he had accepted the position of acting Governor, and that he called upon the General to recognize his authority. General Chamberlain wrote Mr. Lamson declining to obey him, and demurring to his title and right to act in the capacity he had assumed. Subsequently the legislature, composed exclusively of Fusionists, the Republicans having withdrawn and formed two Houses of their own, elected as Governor, Major Smith, the Greenback candidate of the September elections. Meanwhile the Republican Houses had obtained a decision from the Supreme Court of the State approving their organization, and General Chamberlain in consequence declined to recognize Major Smith as Governor, alleging as a reason that his claims to the office would not be vouched for by the Supreme Court. The Republican Houses have now elected Mr. Daniel F. Davis Governor, and General Chamberlain has resigned his trust into his hands. It seems probable that the Republican Governor, supported by the Supreme Court and the State militia, will succeed in establishing his authority, and that further agitation may be averted.

The Need of the Country in the Present Day was the subject of some strikingly characteristic remarks by the Rev. Joseph Cook, in the prelude to his last Monday's lecture at Boston. He said: "There is a greater demand for uprightness in this country than there is a supply to meet it;" and added: "It is our duty to keep the Republic pure, and this can only be done by its being governed by pure men." The sacred trust which our forefathers of the Mayflower and of the War of Independence left to us is in danger of being forgotten in these days, as well as the solemn warnings of Holy Writ (Prov. 14 : 34).

A Shocking Disclosure of Cruelty practised under the guise of charity was made January 17th in New York. For some years an institution, known as the Shepherd's Fold, has been in existence for the benefit of little children neglected by their parents. Suspicion was excited by the emaciated appearance of a child in St. Luke's Hospital, who had been an inmate of the home, that the other children were being shamefully treated there. A raid was made upon the place, and a heartrending scene presented itself. Children almost starved to death, covered with dirt and sores, and suffering from diseases brought on by over work and insufficient food, were found in "*the home,*" and evidences in the sleeping apartments and other rooms, of gross neglect and cruelty, which had been practised on the helpless little ones. The children were removed to places of safety, and an investigation has been ordered by the court.

A Sunday-morning Pastime was Interrupted at Yonkers on January 11th. Early on that day the police received intelligence that a cockfight was proceeding at a saloon in the neighborhood. A small force immediately went to the place, and having ascended to the third floor, found eighty-seven "respectable persons" watching a fight between birds from White Plains and Yonkers. Betting was going on, and the most intense interest was being taken in the fortunes of the champions. The "*respectable*" *spectators* were all arrested, and marched through the streets between files of policemen into the presence of Judge E. P. Baird, who fined them $3 each and discharged them. Forty-five birds and the cock-pit were confiscated, and proved a source of embarrassment to the police, who had to procure a separate box for each bird to prevent a general fight taking place between them. The paltry punishment inflicted on the spectators seemed a mockery, but it is satisfactory to find that the confiscation of the birds was a more serious punishment for the owners, several of whom *offered* $100 each *for their pet birds*, which offer was of course rejected. The desecration of the Lord's Day by a sport so degraded ought to arouse Christian citizens to the necessity of some stringent measures being adopted to deliver the community from a repetition of it.

"Four Thousand Unlicensed Liquor Saloons exist and thrive in New York City," is the assertion of Dr. Howard Crosby, who has given careful attention to the subject, and has done all he can to close these places. A reporter of the *Tribune* visited several *licensed houses* in Chatham Street recently, and from his description it seems impossible to conceive how vile a place must be, to be too vile to have hope of obtaining a license. Low, disreputable haunts, where immoral practices are carried on, and where drunken orgies resulting in desperate fights are constantly going on, have licenses showing they have been recommended by inspectors "as proper places to sell liquors," and *besides these* are the four thousand unlicensed places. Surely it is time the responsibility for this state of things were fixed on the proper officials, and they were removed to give place to efficient and God-fearing men.

A Young English Lawyer named Henry A. Holland committed suicide in New York, January 12th. He was twenty-eight years of age, a graduate of Oxford University, and the son of an Episcopal clergyman at Bath, England. He left a letter behind him, in which he said: "I end my life because I have arrived at a point where it appears to me not to be worth while to struggle any longer. . . I die trusting the great unknown future entirely into the hands of Him who can alone control it, if it be controllable; that if I thought it to be against His laws for me to end my life, I would not do it; my faith in His power and goodness is absolute, and I put myself in His hands with as much co dence as I would fall asleep in the arms of best friend." The impatience under trial wh this young man displayed in taking away his was a direct contradiction of his concluding sertion of his faith in God's goodness power. That faith would have taught him t his troubles should have been laid before G whose goodness and power might be trusted t move them, or support him under them. Th who contemplate self-murder ought to rem ber that what they call faith in those circ stances is really presumption.

The Dangers of Ferry Travel on the Crow rivers which run on the east and west sides New York were illustrated last week by events which should be the subject of gratit to God that great loss of life was averted. January 14th the steamer G. T. Olyphant, necting with Hunter's Point, came into collis with a Grand Street ferryboat in the East Ri and was so severely injured that she turned tom upwards. Providentially there were fourteen passengers on board, who were rescued. Had the collision occurred on succeeding trip, the steamer would have crowded with passengers, and many must been lost.

The other calamity was the sudden death his post of duty in the pilot-house of the fe boat Fulton, of the pilot of the boat. The was crowded with several hundred passenger their way from Brooklyn to New York. boat had not left the slip, and, not understan the delay, one of the officials went up to the p house, and found the pilot dead in his chair. his death had occurred in mid-stream, it is cult to see how a serious accident could been averted.

The Homeless Children of New York.— J. J. Astor has sent out recently from the o of the Children's Aid Society a "New party" of 100 homeless children to homes in West and South, at an expense of $1500. makes during seven years a total number of homeless children whom this generous frien the poor has placed in homes, mainly in West, at an expense of $9750. Many of t lads have now grown up, having farms of t own and doing well in the world. In thu moving children from scenes of temptation, giving them an opportunity of leading up and honorable lives, Mrs. Astor has been means of fulfilling God's promise to destitute forsaken children (Psa. 27 : 10).

An Unexpected but Eventful Meeting tween two old friends occurred at a missi Water Street, New York, recently. A sea tain who had found rest and peace in belie at one of the meetings at the Mission H rose at a subsequent meeting and related hi perience. He afterward asked the praye those present for an old friend of his, also a tain, whom he had not seen for some t Having received the blessing himself, he anxious that his friend should also enjoy it. his amazement the man for whom he was as prayers rose in the meeting, and on his ow count asked for prayer. His friend's con for his soul touched his heart, and has bee means of his conversion. Neither of the knew of the presence of the other in the me until the first one rose to relate his experie

Mr. Moody at St. Louis, in Delivering an dress on the Lord's Prayer, dwelt with esp emphasis on the words, "Forgive us our passes *as we forgive* those who trespass ag us." While he was speaking, about fifty pe rose and left the church. Mr. Moody, not their exit, said that he had known persons had heard about this requirement for for ness hastily to leave the church and seek those they needed to forgive, and he h that those who were then leaving the cong tion were prompted by such a spirit.

A Picture of the Tay Bridge in Scotland the terrible accident which occurred there cember 28th, with a full account of the cala will appear in the next number of this jour

The Cunard Steamship Batavia arrived in New York on Jan. 11th, after a passage of *fifteen days* from Liverpool. During seven days it experienced one of the most violent storms ever encountered on the Atlantic, and was in jeopardy every hour of going to the bottom. One of the passengers afterward wrote: "Among the personal effects which I managed to get ashore in of duty is an overcoat which, through continued intimacy with salt water, has become an interesting specimen of cloth transformed to pasteboard. *If I were an ancient Roman*, living in Rome and doing as Romans did, I should hang the coat up in some temple as a votive offering for my safe deliverance. But, being only an American, I keep the coat and give you an account of what might almost be called an adventurous voyage." In Psa. 107 : 23–31, we have the view which the child of God takes of perils by sea. But this passenger, whose life God graciously spared, immediately takes his pen and boasts that though a professing Christian, he has not as much religion as the heathens of ancient Rome.

Seven New York Theatres during 1879 took in almost *a million and a half* of dollars. The exact figures are $1,462,795, as given by the *New York Herald*. One theatre received $26,500 in one month for one popular play. Another theatre took in $1820 on a single night. Another received $23,500 for a series of performances for children. The attendance during the year at eight theatres was more than *two millions and a quarter* of people. These figures do not include half even the large theatres, and they take no account whatever of the hundreds of variety theatres and shows in the city. With such figures before us, the question is not whether it be morally right or wrong to go to the theatre, but whether it be right to countenance, in the most indirect way, such a dissipation of thought and such a fearful waste of time and money. God's word in Rom. 14 : 15–21 affords a plain and forcible answer.

A Miser's Death in a Stable at San Francisco is reported as having occurred December 9th in circumstances of abject misery. The man, whose name was McGlurn, was proprietor of a livery stable, and occupied himself in the most menial employments about his establishment; he had for many years occupied a loft in his stable, and there he died. In his last illness he refused to pay a physician to attend him unless he would guarantee a cure. He left a will bequeathing the whole of his estate to his wife, who with his daughter, are earning a living in Rhode Island *as domestic servants*. He separated from his wife a number of years ago because she bought a silk dress. After the death of this miserable man it was found that he had hoarded money to the amount of $200,000. What a commentary on Ecclesiastes 5 : 11!

The Death of Frank Leslie, the well-known New York publisher, occurred January 10th, at the age of fifty-nine. He was highly respected by his numerous employés, many of whom speak of his kindness to them in illness, and of his benevolence to the widows of their fellow-workmen. He had a strong love for animals, and to Frank Leslie's support Mr. Bergh owes much of the success of his efforts in aid of the suppression of cruelty to dumb brutes.

A Train Demolished a House at St. Louis on the night of December 27th. It appears from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* that a working-man named McCormick and his young wife and infant child occupied a cottage situated directly at the end of a side track of rails, having no bumper to prevent the cars from rolling off. On Saturday night McCormick was away from home at his work, and his wife and child retired to rest early. The woman does not know how long she slept. When she came to her senses she was underneath a wardrobe, a pile of broken furniture, dishes, pictures, and other household goods. Her little baby was by her side, badly bruised, and crying at the top of its voice. The house had been moved several yards from its foundation, and was a complete wreck. A freight train had been backed down the rails and had struck the house with overwhelming force. The woman was much bruised, but not otherwise injured; but it is thought the child will not recover from the shock. Had McCormick been at home and sleeping in his usual place, he must have been killed.

It seems extraordinary that a house should have been built, and people have been found willing to live in it, where it was liable to so terrible a disaster. It is like the more serious recklessness of those who for the sake of gain are content, as Lot was, to live in the midst of wickedness, or who send their children to lucrative employments where they will be associated with people whose example and influence may wreck their eternal future. (Prov. 4 : 14.)

"God's Carriage" is the Name applied to a vehicle which is seen quietly moving about day by day in the streets of Boston. It does not stand at the doors of the wealthy nor even at the doors of churches, but is often seen in localities where vice and intemperance reign supreme, and in poverty-stricken streets. Its mission has to do with lost females who are held in bondage by poverty, vice, and drink. It takes up its living burden and carries it away four miles to the Mount Hope Home, where a gentle lady presides, and where care and Christian love and kindness reign in peaceful quiet. There the lost woman is carefully tended and fed; there no intoxicating liquor offers its seductive temptation; active work and religious counsel with earnest prayer occupy the hours, and after the storms and agonies of vicious life, the inmate feels the place a heaven on earth and goes out again resolved in God's strength to lead a new life. The driver of "God's carriage," with his devoted wife, is thus quietly following in the footsteps of Him who received sinners and saved them.

The Financial Misfortunes of a Christian Philanthropist.—Deep and general sympathy is felt among all classes of society with Mr. George H. Stuart, the well-known Philadelphia merchant, who has been reduced by business losses to absolute penury. The many services rendered by Mr. Stuart to all movements having for their object the temporal and spiritual benefit of men, have made his name widely known, for he not only gave munificently, but worked actively when there was good to be done. He evinced a lively interest in Foreign Missions, and contributed liberally to that cause. The Missionary Refuge at Landour, Northern India, was his gift to the Saharunpur Mission, to all of whose operations he has made large donations. He is a Manager and Vice-president of the American Sunday-school Union. But he is best known as the President of the Christian Commission, whose kindness to the wounded soldiers who fought *under both banners* in the war was universally known. While deeply regretting that financial ruin should overtake this devoted man in his old age, it is matter for rejoicing that the best of his possessions can never be alienated, for it is in the hands of one of whom Paul said, "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. 1: 12).

Mrs. Amanda Smith in India.—The Indian *Mirror*, of Calcutta, says: "Bombay has seen a novel phenomenon. A colored lady, Mrs. Amanda Smith, has come to India to preach the Gospel. She can speak and sing, and her utterances are said to be really powerful. The lady was lately at Poona, where, we are glad to know, our countrymen accorded her a cordial welcome. We hope Mrs. Amanda Smith will come to Calcutta."

A Number of Ute Indians have been Surrendered for trial and for the present apprehensions of a renewal of the war have been quieted. The Indians, under the charge of Lieutenant Taylor, narrowly escaped lynching at Pueblo, Colorado. An infuriated crowd surrounded the hotel where they made a halt, and threats were loudly uttered against the Redskins. It is a matter of congratulation that for the honor of the country these threats were not executed.

THE HUNGER-BITE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"His strength shall be hunger-bitten."—JOB 18 : 12.

Job's Friends did him an Injustice—The Hunger-bite—I. A Curse on the Ungodly—The Strength of Gold—Two Kinds of Hunger—Riches which Impoverish—Poor Solomon—II. A Discipline to Save the Self-righteous—An Aged Cabman—Trusting in Goodness—In Ceremonies—III. A Chastisement for Believers—A Text Chewed All Day—Little and Often.

BILDAD was declaring the history of the hypocritical, presumptuous, and wicked man; and he intended, no doubt, to insinuate that Job was just such a person, that he had been a deceiver, and that therefore at last God's providence had found him out and was visiting him for his sins. In this Bildad was guilty of great injustice to his friend. All the three miserable comforters of Job were mistaken in the special aim of their discourses, and yet concerning the speeches of each one it may be said that their general statements were, for the most part, true. They uttered truths, but they drew *mistaken inferences*, and they were ungenerous in the imputations which they cast upon Job.

It is true that, sooner or later, either in this world or the next, all conceivable curses do fall upon the hypocrite and the ungodly man, but it is not true that when a Christian is in trouble we are to judge that he is suffering for his sin. It would be both cruel and wicked for us to think so. Nevertheless, because what Bildad said was, in the main, true, though unkindly and wrongly applied, we feel ourselves quite at liberty to take a text out of his mouth.

It is true of many persons that their strength shall be hunger-bitten, and I shall speak concerning these words in three ways, noticing first, that *this is a curse which will surely be fulfilled upon the ungodly.* Secondly, *this is a discipline which God often exercises upon the self-righteous when He means to save them.* And thirdly—and it is grievous work to have to say it—*this is a form of chastisement upon believers who are not living near to God as they ought to be*—their strength becomes hunger-bitten.

I. First we shall view our text as

A CURSE

which will be fulfilled upon the ungodly. "His strength shall be hunger-bitten."

It is not said that *they* are hunger-bitten merely, but that their *strength* is so; and if their strength be hunger-bitten, what must their weakness be? When a man's strength is bitten with hunger, what a hunger must be raging throughout the whole of his nature!

Now, a large proportion of men make their *gold to be their strength*, their castle, and their high tower, and for a while they do rejoice in their wealth, and find great satisfaction in gathering it, in seeing it multiplied, and in hoping by and by that it shall come to great store. But every ungodly man ought to know that riches are not forever, and often they take to themselves wings and fly away. Men of colossal fortunes have dwindled down to beggars; they made great ventures and realized great failures. None are secure. As long as a man is in this world he is like a ship at sea, he is still liable to be shipwrecked.

O you that are boasting in your gold, and calling your treasure your chief good! the day may come to you when your strength will be hunger-bitten, and, like the victims of famine, you will find yourselves helpless,—you whose money aforetime answered all things, and made you feel omnipotent.

But it will be said, of course, that it is not in every case that the ungodly man's strength of wealth is hunger-bitten; and I willingly concede it. But it comes to pass in another fashion. How many there are who keep their wealth, and yet, for all that, are very poor! It is not that the gold goes, but it stays by them and does not comfort them. I do not know which would be the worse of the two—to be hungry for want of bread, or to have abundance of bread, and yet remain hungry eat whatever you might. Thousands in this world are precisely in that condition. They have all that heart could wish, if their heart were right; but it seems nothing to them because they have envy in their spirits.

Remember Haman. He is invited to the banquet of wine, he is a chief noble of the empire, he has his monarch's favor; but all that avails him nothing because Mordecai sits in the gate. Envy has cankered his soul, and if he were able to mount to the throne of Ahasuerus himself it would make no difference to him; he would be unhappy there; and all because one poor Jew will not bow to him. There are persons going up and down Cheapside every day who are intolerably wretched about a something which they would hardly like to mention to reasonable men. *A wretched trifle* frets them like a moth in a garment, and all the glory of their position is eaten away: their strength is hunger-bitten.

Where the canker does not happen to be envy it may come to be a passion akin to it, namely, revenge. Alas! that we should have to talk of revenge as still existing upon this earth after Christ has been here and taught us to pray, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." Yet there are ungodly men who even think it right to foster resentments. A word uncourteously spoken, a deed unkindly done, will be laid up, and an opportunity sought for retaliation; or, if not, a hope will be cherished that some blight, or blow from God, may fall upon the offender: and if that offender still bears himself aloft, and lives right merrily, and makes no recompense for the wrong done, the aggrieved one has eaten out his own heart with chagrin, and the strength of his wealth has been hunger-bitten.

Where this has not been the case, it has, perhaps, more frequently happened that persons have been afflicted by avarice. *Nothing more tends to impoverish a man than being rich.* It is a hard thing to find a rich man who enjoys riches. A rich man is a man who has all he wants, and many a man is rich on a few shillings a week: a poor man is a man who does not get what he wants, and people with twenty thousand pounds a year are in that list. In fact, where shall you find such poverty as among those poor rich men?

The miser is often pictured as afraid to sleep because thieves may break in; he rises at midnight to tell over his hoarded treasure, he is afraid lest bonds, securities, mortgages, and the like may, after all, turn out to be mere waste paper; he frets and stews and mars his life because he has too great a means of living—such a man may not be very common, but it is an easy thing to find people who have very much, and yet are just as careful, just as grasping, just as fretful after more, as if they had but newly started in business, and were almost penniless—their strength is hunger-bitten.

If somebody had told them, "You will one day reach to so many thousand pounds," they would have said, "Ah! if ever I get that amount I shall be perfectly satisfied." They have saved that sum long ago, and ten times as much, and now they say, "Ah! you don't know what it is to want money till you have a good portion of it. Now we have so much we must have more. We are up to our necks in

THE GOLDEN STREAM,

and we must needs swim where the bottom cannot be touched." Poor fools! They have enough water to float them, but they must have enough to drown in.

One stick is a capital thing for a lame man, as I know right well, but a thousand sticks would make a terrible load for a man to carry. When any one has a sufficiency let him be thankful for so convenient a staff, but if he will not use what he has until he has accumulated much more, the comfort of his substance is gone, and his strength is hunger-bitten.

There are cases in which the hunger-bite does not take the shape which I could well describe. Instances are met with of persons who have made their gold their strength, who are *altogether unrestful.* Some have thought that their brain was diseased, but it is likely that the disease was lower down, and in their hearts. We have known wealthy men who believed themselves to be poor, and were haunted with the idea that they should die in the poor-house, even when they were worth a million; and others who have quarrelled about the division of a farthing, when the loss of ten thousand pounds would have been a fleabite to them.

In great substance they have found no substantial rest. They have often wished they could be as cheerful as their own menial servants. As they have lolled in their carriage, and looked at the rosy cheeks of the urchins in the village, they have coveted their health and felt willing to wear their rags if they could possess their appetites. As they have looked upon poor persons with family loves and domestic joys, and felt that their own joys were few in that direction, they have greatly envied them. It is a great mercy when the worldling is made uneasy in this world; it is a ground for hope that God means to wean him from his idols. But, alas! there are some who do not rest *here,* and yet will not rest hereafter. They have no rest in all that God has given them under the sun, and yet they will not fly to Him who is the soul's sure repose.

POOR SOLOMON.

I need not dwell for another moment upon the failure of the strength which is found in riches. It is the same with all sorts of men who try to find comfort out of Christ and away from God, their "strength shall be hunger-bitten." What a melancholy instance of this is Solomon! He had an opportunity to try every thing in his quest for the chief good, and he did test every thing, so that we need not repeat the experiment. He was the great alchemist who tried to turn all manner of metals into gold, but failed with them all. At one time he was building great palaces, and when the building fit was on him he seemed happy; but when once the gorgeous piles were finished he said, "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity."

Then he would take to gardening and to the planting of rare plants and trees, and to the digging of fountains; but when he had done enough of this he looked upon his orchard and vineyards and again muttered, "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity." Then he thought he would try laughter and madness: the comic side of human life he would test, as well as the useful; so he plunged into all manner of pleasures, and gathered to himself singing men and singing women, and all delights of the flesh, but after he had drunk deep of that cup he said again, "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity."

Poor Solomon! He had great strength, but *his strength was hunger-bitten.* He looked here and there, up and down, on the right hand and on the left, and found no bread for his soul; he snatched at shadows and tried to feed himself with bubbles; he was devoured with hunger in the midst of plenty; and where the humble people of Israel were blessing the God who satisfied their mouth with good things and renewed their youth like the eagles, poor Solomon was complaining that there was nothing new under the sun, and that it was better for a man not to be born than to have lived at all.

Now remark that if this hunger does not come upon the ungodly man during the former part of his life, it will come to him at the close of it. While we have much to do and our minds are occupied we may be able to put off thought; but when, at last, God sends to us that messenger with the bony hand, whose oratory is soul piercing, the dulness of whose eyeless eye darts fire into the soul, then will all human strength be hunger-bitten.

When death is left alone with the man, then he perceives that his money-bags contain nothing precious, because he must leave them. How now with his broad acres? How now with his large estates? How now with his palatial residence? How now with all that he called dear? How now with his doctor's degree and his learning? How now with his fame and his honor? How now even with his domestic comforts and the joys of life? Hunger-bitten are they all. When he comes to die they cannot help him. The soul that is within him, which he would not allow to speak, now opens its hungry mouth and cries, "Thou hast denied me bread. God, and God alone, could fill me; and thou hast denied me God; and now thou feelest the hunger which has come upon me, and thou *must* feel it, and feel it, too, forever."

Alas, alas, alas! for a man to have spent all his life in earning a disappointment, laboring hard to lose his soul, sweating and straining to lose the race, tugging and *toiling to be damned;* for that is the case of many a man, and that is whereunto the tide drifteth with all mankind who seek for lasting good apart from God and apart from the blood and righteousness of God's dear Son. Of each one of them it shall be said, "His strength shall be hunger-bitten."

I have said these things mournfully to my own heart; but I would say to any of you who may not be rich, but who are looking for your good in your own little home and the comforts of it—any of you young men who are seeking the great object of life in learning, or the like—if you are not living for God, your strength will be hunger-bitten. If you do not "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," whatever you gain and however satisfied you may be for a little while, *an awful hunger* must ultimately come upon you, and you will then lament that you spent your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not.

DISCIPLINE FOR THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS.

II. Briefly, in the second place, we shall speak of our text as indicating a kind of discipline through which God puts the self-righteous when He means to save them.

Many people are very religious, and yet are not saved. They are unsaved because they go about to establish their own righteousness, and have not submitted themselves to the righteousness which is of God in Jesus Christ. Now, these persons may for awhile be very well satisfied with their own righteousness, and if they are not the children of God they will be satisfied with it for life.

Some of them talk in this way: "I don't know that I ever wronged anybody. I have always been honest and honorable in my transactions, and I have brought up my children respectably. I have had *a hard fight* of it, an for all that nobody could say that I ever disgraced my character."

It is not very long ago that I was driven by *cabman,* an aged man, and when I got out of hi cab I referred to his age, and he remarked upo it himself: I said, "Well, I trust when this lif is over you will have a portion in a better world." "Yes, I think so, sir," he said: "I was neve drunk, that I know of, in my life; was alway reckoned a civil man; never used bad language and I go to church *sometimes.*" He seemed t be perfectly satisfied, and to be quite astonishe that I did not express my assurance of his safety His confidence is the common reliance of al classes of Englishmen, and though they may no always put it in that shape, yet that is th notion—that by a sort of goodness, a very poo and mangled goodness, men may after all ente heaven.

Now, when God means to save a man th hunger of the heart comes in and devours all hi boasted excellence. Why, a spiritually hungr soul would take fifty years of self-righteousne and swallow them up like a morsel, and cry f more. Our goodness is nothing compared wit the demands of the law and the necessities the case. Our fine righteousnesses, how the shrivel up like autumn leaves when the Spirit God acts as a frost to them! Our virtues are a meadow in the spring bedecked with golde kingcups, but when the Spirit of God blowet upon it the grass withereth, and the flow thereof fadeth, for all flesh is grass, and all t goodliness thereof is as the flower of grass.

It is a part of the operation of the Holy Gho to wither all the goodliness of human nature, and to destroy all those lovely flowers of natural virtue in which we put such store, cutting them down as with a mower's scythe. In truth, there is none good, no, not one. We are all shut up in unbelief and sin by nature. In the best of natures sin affects the whole body, "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint," and it is a great blessing when the Holy Spirit makes us feel this. Painful is the feeling, but blessed is the result when, once for all, our strength is hunger-bitten.

Ay, and there are some who are very satisfied because, in addition to a commendable life, they have performed *certain ceremonies* to which they impute great sanctity. There is a theory abroad nowadays which some persons who are not in either the lunatic or the idiot asylum believe, namely, the theory that

SACRAMENTAL PERFORMANCES

convey grace. It is wonderful how a rational being can ever think so, but there are persons, who are apparently rational in other things, who believe that the sprinkling of drops of water upon an infant's brow regenerates it, that the eating of bread and the drinking of wine really convey Christ to the soul, and so on: that aqueous applications and materialistic festivities can bring spiritual good to the heart—a monstrous doctrine, worthy of the priests of Baal, but so foolish as to make one doubt his ears when he hears it stated. Because they have gone through these operations, and have been confirmed, and I do not know what besides, they are content.

Others who happen to belong to *a dissenting community* have passed through the ordeal of joining the church, or have attended class-meetings, and have subscribed to the various societies, think that, therefore, they are saved. *Heirs of hell* will rest content with such outward things, but heirs of heaven never can. Their strength, if they make external religion their strength, will by and by be hunger-bitten, and they will cry out, "My God, my soul panteth for Thee as the hart pants for the water-brooks. I cannot be satisfied with outward forms, I want inward grace, and I cannot be content with being told that the grace was with the form. I want to know the grace of God in truth, I long to feel it, I pine to exhibit it in my own life."

To be told I was born again when I was a babe will not satisfy *me;* I want to feel the inner life, the new life of God within my spirit. To be told that I did eat Christ when I ate the bread will not content me; my heart longs to know that Christ is really in me the hope of glory, and that I am living upon Him. If I cannot have communion with God and with His dear Son for myself in my very soul, I turn with loathing from every substitute, ritualistic, priestly, or otherwise.

Beloved, I would have you flee from every sacrament to the Saviour; I would have you fly away from ceremonies to the cross of Christ. There is your only hope. Look to Him by faith: for all the rest without this is but outward and carnal, and can minister no good to your spirit. May your strength be hunger-bitten if you are resting in any thing which is external and unspiritual!

Many a person has known what it is to have this hunger-bite go right through every thing he rested in. I once knew what it was to get a little comfort from my prayers before I found the Saviour, but when the Spirit of God dealt with me I saw that my prayers wanted *praying over again.* I thought I had some sort of repentance, and I began to be contented with it; but when the Spirit of God came I found that my repentance needed to be repented of. I had felt some confidence in my Bible reading and hoped that my regular attendance upon public worship would bring me salvation; but I found that I was after all *mocking the Word,* for I was reading it, but not believing it; hearing it, but not accepting it; was increasing my knowledge and my responsibility, and yet was not rendering obedience to God.

Dear soul, if you are resting anywhere short of Christ, may your strength be hunger-bitten! You are at your strongest when you are utter weakness apart from Him. When you rest in Him completely, and alone, then is salvation accomplished in you, but not till then. May God in His infinite mercy grant that all your strength apart from Christ may be hunger-bitten, and that speedily.

CHASTISEMENT FOR BELIEVERS.

III. Lastly, and very earnestly—and perhaps this last part may have more reference to most of you than any thing I have said—I believe there are many of God's servants whose strength is lamentably hunger-bitten. In this age we are all busy, and through being busy we are apt to neglect the soul-feeding ordinances; I mean the reading of Scripture, the hearing of the Word, meditation upon it, prayer and communion with God. Some of you do not rise so soon as you might in the morning, and prayer is hurried over; and too often at eventide you are half asleep with the many cares of the day, and *prayer is offered in a slovenly way.*

Nor is this all, for during the day when, if you were as you should be, you would be praying, there is this to think of, and that, and the other, and such a pressure of business that ejaculations are few. How can you pray? You did at one time get a text of Scripture in the morning and *chew it all day,* and you used to get much sweetness out of it, and your soul grew; but now, instead of a text of Scripture, you have pressing engagements as soon as you are out of bed. You would, now and then, steal into *a mid-day prayer-meeting*, perhaps, or get two or three minutes alone, but you have gradually dropped that habit, and you have felt justified in doing so, for "really, time is so precious, and there is so much to do in this age of competition."

Dear friend, I am no judge for you, but let me ask you whether you are not becoming hunger-bitten through not feeding upon the Word of God. Souls cannot be strong without spiritual meat any more than bodies can be well when meals are neglected.

There is a good rule I have heard mothers say about children and chickens—"*little and often;*" and I think it is true with Christians. They want little and often during the day; not a long passage of Scripture, perhaps memory would fail, but a short passage now and a short passage then, and a little prayer here and a little prayer there. It is wonderful how souls grow in that way. Alas! I fear all this is neglected, and spiritual strength is hunger-bitten. Let us begin from this time forward to give attention to the sustenance of our souls. Let us daily feed upon the Word of God, that we may grow thereby; so shall our strength no more be hunger-bitten.

A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

An Autobiographical Narrative by Mr. J. V. Hall.

(AT an anniversary of the Temperance Society, in Exeter Hall, on May 17th, 1836, the following description of a conflict was related by Mr. J. V. Hall as his experience.)

In Maidstone (at the beginning of this century) were *twelve* young men who were accustomed, early in life, to meet together for indulgence in drinking and all manner of excess. In the course of time some of them engaged in business; but their habits of sin were so entwined with their very existence, that they became bankrupts. *Eight* of them died under the age of forty, without a hope beyond the grave; *three* others were reduced to the most abject poverty, wretchedness, and disgrace.

One more, the *last* of the twelve, the *worst of all,* remains to be accounted for. He was a sort of *ringleader*, taking the head of the table at convivial parties, and *sitting up whole nights*, drinking and inducing others to do the same—*never going to bed sober.* He was an infidel, a disciple of Tom Paine both in principle and practice, a blasphemer of the Word of God; yet a good-natured man, and would do anybody a kindness. At length he went to reside at a distance, where, for a time, he refrained from dissipation, was married, and every thing seemed prosperous around him; but instead of being thankful to God for His mercy, and watching against his besetting sin of intemperance, he gave way to it, and brought misery to his family and friends, many of whom loved him dearly, because in his sober moments he was disposed to do good to every creature within his reach.

One dark night, being in the neighborhood of Stourbridge, he had been *drinking to excess*, and in a state of intoxication he wandered out of the house, and *staggered amongst the coal-pits*, which are in many places left open and exposed. These he passed in safety; but the road he took went over a canal—he missed the bridge, and *rolled over the bank to the edge of the water.*

And here he seemed to have arrived at the end of his wicked course; but God, who is rich in mercy, had *caused a stone to lie directly in his path*, and thus spared him in this the apparently last hour of his mortal existence—*one turn more*, and he would have sunk into eternal ruin, and his disembodied spirit been ushered into the presence of the Judge of all. The arm of mercy, however, interposed: his senses returned for a moment; he saw the water beneath him; he crawled back again into the road; there he was picked up, and lodged in a public-house for the night.

This miraculous escape, it might have been thought, would have made a deep and lasting impression on his mind; but no—it was viewed simply as a lucky escape, and he continued to pursue his career of sin as ardently as before.

Desperate Battle with a Demon, and the Victory of Prayer.

MR. J. V. HALL then proceeded to say in the same address, speaking of himself in the third person: In spite of his better judgment, the injury to his worldly interests, his desire to be esteemed by his friends, his ardent affection for his wife, together with his religious convictions, he frequently felt his old habit taking possession of him with *demon power*. There were then no total-abstinence societies which might shield him with their sympathy and example. When every one drank, was it to be expected he would abstain? The advice generally given was—"Use, but not abuse." Yet in his case the *use was ever leading to the abuse.* With his peculiar temperament and habits, one glass would so rouse his appetite that self-control was gone, and he rushed forward to the abyss which, when perfectly sober, he abhorred.

One of these sad relapses occurred on occasion of a young *minister* visiting the house and taking *brandy and water at luncheon.* Thinking there could be no harm in following such an example, he filled his own glass, and was again overcome. Entering into company, and responding generously to the greeting of his friends, a single glass would thus sometimes destroy all his good resolutions. But earnest prayers were daily offered for him by his wife, who was indeed his guardian angel. As an encouragement to intercede for others, it may be mentioned that on one particular day she specially prayed even that he, whose life and love were dearer than all the world to her, might die at once a penitent rather than live on in sin. How great must have been the delight occasioned by finding him an hour after in tears, exclaiming, "I have heard as if it was a voice from heaven, saying, 'If thou wilt forsake thy sins, they shall be forgiven!'"

This was an occasion on which, after an indulgence in drinking for some days, having come to his senses, he began to reason with himself upon his guilt and folly, surrounded with blessings, yet abusing the whole; and in an angry, passionate manner, he muttered, "Oh! it's no use for me to repent; my sins are too great to be forgiven." He had no sooner uttered these words than a voice seemed to say, with strong emphasis,

"IF THOU WILT FORSAKE THY SINS, THEY SHALL BE FORGIVEN."

The poor man started at what he believed to be a real sound, and hastily turned round, but seeing no one, he said to himself, "Surely I have been drinking till I am going mad." He stood paralyzed, not knowing what to think, till relieved by a flood of tears, and then exclaimed, "Surely this is the voice of mercy once more calling me to repentance." He fell on his knees, and, half suffocated by his feelings, cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" His besetting sin now appeared more horrible than ever; but *it must be conquered, or he must perish.* Then commenced

A CONTEST MORE TERRIBLE

than that of conflicting armies—than Waterloo, or all other battles whatever—the soul was at stake; an impetuous torrent was to be turned into an opposite course. He now began to search the Bible, which he had once despised. Here he saw that crimson and scarlet sins could be blotted out and made white as snow; that the grace of God was all-sufficient. He refrained from intemperance, commenced family prayer, and hope again revived. But his deadly foe still pursued him, and he was again overcome.

Now his disgrace and sinfulness appeared worse than ever, and with melancholy feeling he cried out, in anguish of spirit, that he was *doomed to eternal misery*, and it was useless to try to avert his fate. His cruel enemy took this opportunity to suggest to his mind that he had so disgraced himself that it would be better to get rid of his life at once, frequently the end of drunkards. The razor was in his hand, but the Spirit of the Lord interposed, and the weapon fell to the ground. Still his enemy pursued him, and seemed to have new power with his sin of intemperance.

He would sometimes refrain for days and weeks, and then again he was as bad as ever. Hope seemed now to be lost, and especially when, one day, after having been brought into great weakness through intemperance, death appeared to be very near, and his awful state more terrific than ever. Not a moment was to be lost; he cast himself once more at the footstool of his long insulted Creator, and with an intensity of agony cried out, "What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? Shall it declare Thy truth? Hear, O Lord! and have mercy upon me: Lord, be Thou my helper."

He sank down exhausted; he could say no more. That prayer was heard, and *a voice from heaven* seemed to reply, "I will help thee; I have seen thy struggles, and I will now say to thine enemy, Hitherto thou hast come, but *no further.*"

A PHYSICIAN WAS CONSULTED

as to the probability or possibility of medicine being rendered effectual to stop the disposition to intemperance. The poor man *would have suffered the amputation of all his limbs*, could so severe a method have rid him of his deadly habit, which, like a vulture, had fastened upon his very vitals. The physician boldly declared that if this poor slave would strictly adhere to his prescription, not only the practice but the very inclination for strong drink would subside in a few months. Oh, *could you have seen the countenance of that poor man when the physician told him of this:* hope and fear alternately rising up, whilst he grasped the physician's arm and said, "O sir! be careful how you open that door of hope, for should it be closed upon me I am lost forever!"

The physician pledged his credit that if his prescription was punctually followed the happiest results would ensue. The remedy was a preparation of steel; and eagerly did the poor slave begin to apply the antidote to his misery. *Every bottle was taken with earnest prayer* to God for His blessing to accompany it. He commenced taking this medicine on the first week in March, 1816, and continued till the latter end of September following; and to the honor and glory of the Lord God Almighty, who sent His angel to whisper in the poor man's ear, "I will help thee," for the glory of God be it spoken, that from the latter end of September, 1816, *not so much as a spoonful of spirituous liquor or wine of any description has passed the surface of that man's tongue.*

The narrative which I have thus detailed might appear almost as a fable, a tale got up for effect, but every syllable is *truth;* and, to the glory and honor of the Lord God Almighty, the man who has been so marvellously delivered is now in perfect health, the happy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he who has been plucked as a brand from the burning, and delivered from the power of Satan, *now stands before you*, and it is from *his* lips that you have heard the goodness of that God whose mercy endureth for *ever!*

THE PRESCRIPTION.

As application has often been made for the prescription referred to, it is here given, simply as a record that in this particular case it was the remedy which by the blessing of God was associated with the cure:

Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 drachms; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm. This forms one draught—two draughts to be taken each day.

MY RESOLVE IN AFRICA.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

"*Thou* therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 TIM. 2:3.

My God, my Father! while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,
"Thy will be done!"

This hymn was written by Charlotte Elliott for my mother on an occasion of great trial.

A Visit to a Mission in Kei—Urged to take the Missionary's Post for a Year—Vicompte d'Orthez the Ancient Protestant Governor of Bayonne's Answer—A Small Soldier who took Two Prisoners—My Resolve to Retire from Active Military Service.

ABOUT the time that I received the order from the Horse Guards to refrain from tract distribution,* a missionary came into the garrison from north of the Kei river. I called on him and his sister. They gave me a very cordial invitation to visit them at their house among the heathen. I asked for a month's leave, purposing to inspect the mission stations between the Kei and Bashee rivers in South Africa. My leave was granted, and I had a most interesting ride of four hundred miles. What I witnessed astonished me as to the result of the preaching of God's Word among the heathen in those parts. At the same time I saw and heard enough to convince me that there was urgent need for laborers there, the heathen numbering tens of thousands. I had the great happiness of preaching the Gospel everywhere. The missionaries gave me a warm welcome.

Those who aid foreign missions should not be discouraged by the statements which are too often made by persons who have been abroad, and who speak against missionaries and their work. The Lord has marvellously blessed the labors of His faithful servants.

The friend I first visited was very desirous of returning to Scotland to see his aged father. He could not do so, as there was no one to take his place. He had been laboring at that station very faithfully for some years. I said to him one day "If they'd give me a year's leave, I would gladly look after your people." "I wish you would indeed," he replied, with much earnestness.

I waited on God, praying for guidance during the three months which followed the receipt of the Horse Guards letter. What ought I to do? I would not disobey the order as a soldier—I could not obey it as a Christian. There was only one thing for me to do, leave the army. Wha was I? An English gentleman serving in th army for love of country and the good of its soldiers. I was occupying a purely voluntary position; and if I could not give satisfaction to th Government, duty and self-respect alike pointe to retirement from it.

A man does not lose his individuality by becoming a Christian. He is still a citizen and subject, and should seek in those positions th glory of God and the good of his neighbor. am aware that some Christians do not agree wit me on this point. They argue the death of th believer to all that is of the earth. While I agre with them in this blessed truth, I see in God Word that Christians have duties in this world

I believe there were principles of divine trut in the declaration of the celebrated *Vicom d'Orthez:* "Ma vie est au roi, mon âme est a Dieu, mon honneur est à moi" (My life is tl king's, my soul is God's, my honor is my own

The body is God's and ours, and also tl State's to which we belong, for loyal duty as su jects, according to His word. The soul is God and ours, for communing with Him and enjo ment of His love. The spirit is God's, but o own to guide us according to His Word in o duty to God and man. "*Honor all men, love t brotherhood, fear God, honor the king*" (1 Pet 2:17).

The nobleman who thus realized his honor a man was not afraid to offend a king rather th shed innocent blood. He was governor of E yonne at the time of the Massacre of St. Barthol mew. Being commanded by the king to slaught the Protestants, he had the courage to refuse do so in a letter of which the following is a tra lation: "Sire, I have communicated the lett of your Majesty to the garrison and inhabita of this town. I have only found here *brave s diers*, good citizens, and *not one executioner* Well would it have been for France had she h a few more men of his stamp!

Yes, a man's honor is his own; for, as t Scripture says, "A good name is rather to chosen than great riches;" and again, "A po man is better than a liar." My duty to G and the feeling that I could no longer consci tiously serve my country, alike dictated reti ment from the service. The Word of God gave full leave to do so. "Art thou called, being servant? care not for it; but if thou mayest made free, use it rather" (1 Cor. 7:21). I h been called, led to Christ, as a servant, a soldi a man under authority. I had not cared fo so long as I could serve God; but now th could not do so, and might be made free, I it my duty to use it rather.

As to occupation and a sphere of usefulnes knew that God would provide them. I had gi myself to the Lord Jesus, and so long as I co serve Him humbly anywhere I cared not. God of Jacob was my God. His promise Jacob was sure to me, "*Behold, I am with t and will keep thee in all places whither thou go for I will not leave thee, until I have done which I have spoken to thee of*" (Gen. 28: I knew by happy experience that "*I am you alway*" is a promise equally well kept to humble servant, whether in Europe, Asia, Afr or America.

My friend's need of a substitute in orde visit his father, and the need of the heat north of the Kei, pointed to his post as a s field of service for my blessed Master. Per ally I felt myself to be most unfit. But this is word of the Lord, "*Not by might, nor by po but by My Spirit.*" The especial strength gave me in this decision was in His words, *shall be witnesses unto Me.*" I knew that soldier is always a witness for his regimen army. If he be faithful and brave he may, i emergency, do the duty of two or more sold

I had learned as a soldier that as long man is willing he is generally enabled to d duty. This was illustrated in the Crimean by the following incident. There was an vanced post on the Inkerman picket, which always occupied by a double sentry—two a one occasion, when the picket was furnished my old regiment, this could not be done. *A :all man*, one of the rear rank of his company, fered to go alone. He did so. He was at- cked, and took *two Russian* prisoners. For is he received the Victoria Cross.

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* See CHRISTIAN HERALD, p. 43.

Having without ceasing entreated the Lord's idance, I received from Him what I could not ubt were indications of His will that I should as *a witness for Him among the heathen*. I ade no plans beyond that of taking my friend's st during his absence. Trusting alone that e who had so wonderfully preserved me as a ldier would keep me to the end, I sat down, d wrote my request to be permitted to retire m the army by the sale of my commission. ever did I write any letter with more perfect ace of mind. At the same time I applied for ave of absence to return to England. I was rn out, and needed rest before entering upon w work.

Earnestly did I pray for grace to endure hard- ss as a good soldier of Christ Jesus. I counted lly the cost of the step I was taking, and my n infirmities in view of the work before me. t it is the privilege of faith to glory in infirmi s and necessities for Christ's sake; for when e believer is weak, then he is strong. "He said to me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee: for My rength is made perfect in weakness'" (2 Cor. : 9).

Fellow-Christian, should you find yourself liged to leave your position for the Lord Jesus' ke, be not afraid. *Put your trust in Him.* emember His words: "*Seek ye first the king- m of God, and all these things shall be added to you.*" Do not gaze at the mountain which es before you as you look on your new path life. Say unto it, in the name of the Lord, *Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, d it shall obey you.*" Go straight to God's ord, and read the history of His dealings with is people of old. *Do not tempt God* by doubt- g His care, His power. The great sin of God's osen people was, "*They spake against God; d they said, Can God?*" (Ps. 78 : 19.)

SHORT HOMILY, SUGGESTED BY THE TAY BRIDGE ACCIDENT.

e Uncertainty of Life—Fearful Condition of Those who Die Unprepared—Needed Observ- ance of the Lord's Day.

AMONG the numerous reflections and remind- s which are suggested by the scene of the dis- trous calamity at Tay Bridge, Dundee, the fol- wing stand out most conspicuously:

First. THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.—It was ancient heathen who said, "Every man's life s within the present; for the past is spent d done with, and the future is uncertain." A t greater authority exhorts us, "Boast not yself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not at a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27 : 1). en are like grass: "In the morning it groweth and flourisheth; in the evening it is cut down d withereth." More than one half of the man race die before they reach manhood. eath is very certain, but the time is very uncer- in. How many there are who think they shall t die because they are in good health; but ey forget that many die in good health, by cidents and other causes.

"Man's uncertain life
Is like a rain-drop hanging on the bough
Amongst ten thousand of its sparkling kindred,
The remnants of some passing thunder-shower,
Which have their moments, dropping one by one;
And which shall soonest lose its perilous hold
We cannot guess."

nce a few moments can turn the healthiest dies into breathless carcasses, how foolish it is venture far from God upon the presumption at death is far enough from us. Should we t rather in the very height of our hilarity deavor to remember that they who feast them- lves to-day may themselves prove feasts for e worms to-morrow?

Secondly. THE FEARFUL CONDITION OF HOSE WHO DIE UNPREPARED.—Strange tales have been told in the wanderings of dying men—tales so full of guilt and crime that those who stood by the sick person's couch have fled in horror and affright lest they should be scared to madness by what they heard and saw, and many a wretch has died alone raving of deeds the very name of which has driven the boldest man away. When Death comes he tears men from the most skilful aid and the tenderest affections. If he find men unprepared for his approach he relents not; they pass away with him into eternity—unconverted, unsaved. It is written of the strait gate, "Few there be that find it." How many people are hurried down into a dark grave, and into a still darker eternity! It may be thy turn next, reader. Are you prepared to die? Have you fled for refuge to Jesus? Have you found forgiveness? These are momentous questions. "It is appointed unto all men once to die, *but after that* the judgment." "The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God."

Thirdly. A PROPER OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.—Life and blessing will attend the man who observes the Sabbath. The importance of its religious observance is seldom sufficiently estimated. The violation of this duty by the young is one of the most decided marks of incipient moral degeneracy. Religious restraint is fast losing its hold upon that young man who, having been trained in the fear of God, begins to spend the Sabbath in idleness, or travelling, or amusement. And so also of *communities.* The desecration of the Sabbath is one of those evident indications of that criminal recklessness, that insane love of pleasure, and that subjection to the government of appetite and passion, which forbodes that the "beginning of the end" of social happiness and of true national prosperity has arrived.

Hence we see how imperative is the duty of parents and of legislators on this subject. The head of every family is obliged, by the command of God, not only to honor this day himself, but to use all the means in his power to secure the observance of it by all those committed to his charge. He is thus not only promoting his own but his children's happiness; for nothing is a more sure antagonistic force to all the allurements of vice, as nothing tends more strongly to fix in the minds of the young a conviction of the existence and attributes of God than the solemn keeping of this day. And hence, also, legislators are false to their trust who, either by the enactment of laws or by their example, diminish, in the least degree, in the minds of a people the reverence due to that day which God has set apart for Himself.

On December 18th, 1841, the Rev. R. Murray M'Cheyne, of Dundee, addressed the following words to his "fellow-countrymen" on behalf of the entire sanctification of the Lord's day:

"A majority of the Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway have shown their determination, in a manner that has shocked all good men, to open the railway on the Lord's day. The sluices of infidelity have been opened at the same time, and floods of blasphemous tracts are pouring over the land decrying the holy day of the blessed God, as if there was no eye in heaven, no day of reckoning.

"Guilty men! who, under Satan, are leading on the deep, dark phalanx of Sabbath-breakers, yours is a solemn position. You are *robbers.* You rob God of His holy day. You are *murderers.* You murder the souls of your servants. God said, 'Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy servant;' but you compel your servants to break Gods law, and to sell their souls for gain. You are *sinners against light.* You are *traitors to your country.* The law of your country declares that you should 'observe a holy rest all that day from your own words, works, and thoughts'; and yet you scout it as an antiquated superstition. Was it not Sabbath-breaking that made God cast away Israel? And yet you would bring the same curse on Scotland now. You are *moral suicides*, stabbing your own souls, proclaiming to the world that you are not the Lord's people, and hurrying on your souls to meet the Sabbath-breaker's doom."

We do not think there is any need for comment upon this bold and Scriptural utterance, and leave it therefore to the prayerful consideration of all whom it may affect. In conclusion, we observe that the North British Railway Company have always been guilty of running trains on Sundays.

The directors of the Caledonian Railway, who are not so guilty, at one time proposed running trains between Glasgow and Greenock on Sundays. The clergy of Greenock were immediately up in arms against the proposal. This, however, would have had little effect with the directors had not the merchants of Greenock come to their rescue, and declared to the directors that in the event of their carrying their proposition into effect, they—the merchants—would send all their goods by river instead of by rail. This of course, as was to have been anticipated, had the desired effect.

SIGNS OF THE END.

THE Illustrated *Christian Weekly* writes: "It cannot be denied that in the moral and religious tone of society at large all the world over, there has been a deterioration and a failure to respond to former remedies, of increasing and notable character. The average Christian conscience has lost much of its tenderness, and does not hesitate to act upon principles, which even a generation since would have been accepted with great hesitation.

"The lines of Christian conformity to the maxims and amusements of the world are much more loosely drawn. The participation in theatrical and operatic exhibitions, the mingling in dances, and Sabbath indulgences of reading and riding and neglect of the service of God, were very differently regarded then by most professors of religion. And as the evil has extended the old remedies of religious warning and instruction have greatly failed of their former effects.

"Is there then, *some general cause* which is affecting the world morally and spiritually, as well as physically? *Are we drawing nigh to the 'last day,'* when 'perilous times shall come'? 'For men shall' then, the apostle tells us, 'be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.'"

The feature of depravity described in the concluding clause, which no one but God could have foreseen, is peculiarly characteristic of the present age.

The Indian Opium Trade.—Mr. Spurgeon, writing in the New Year's number of the *Sword and Trowel*, says: "The opium trade, by almost universal consent, is one of the most iniquitous, most deadly, and most accursed evils of the nineteenth century. If war is slaying its thousands, the opium trade is slaying its ten thousands. Well would it have been if the virtuous and tender-hearted queen of these realms had refused the title of Empress of the Indian empire so long as the self-inflicted curse upon itself and other nations remained. Had it been conferred by India itself in commemoration of the abolition of this gigantic evil it would have been accepted as a reality rather than a romance."

General Jackson and the Unusual Noise.— An officer once complained to General Jackson that some soldiers were making a noise in their tent. "What are they doing?" asked the general. "They are praying now, but have been singing," was the reply. "And is that a crime?" the general demanded. "The articles of war order punishment for any unusual noise," was the reply. "God forbid that praying should be *an unusual noise* in the camp!" said Jackson.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from page 47.)

A Heroine.

FOR the last ten years Mrs. Clifford had had her own way without check. Ernest was one of those men, conscious of their own strength, who are extremely indulgent to the women related to them, and who feel that any unnecessary assertion of their authority is tyrannical. He was over-scrupulous in his chivalrous deference toward his mother; the more so as he felt that there was no very deep esteem and respect for her character in his inmost heart.

It was now, therefore, an almost unbearable trial to her to be debarred from accompanying her son and granddaughter to London. She was still under sixty; and time had not made those ravages upon her good looks which are manifest in many faces. There were no finely-drawn lines of thought and sorrow upon her smooth forehead, and her light blonde hair scarcely showed a streak of gray, while her slight and small figure was still quite young in its erectness.

When she was well dressed—and she was always well dressed now—she might easily pass for being fifteen years younger than she was; and nothing pleased her so much as to be taken for Earnest's wife. She neither felt nor looked like a woman of sixty, for her mind had not grown at all since her marriage with Charles Clifford, thirty-three years ago.

It had attained all the maturity of which it was capable during her first marriage and widowhood, and had never ripened into mellowness, but remained green and hard, like fruit that has grown in poor and stony ground. She had set her heart upon passing this season in London; and now a serious attack of bronchitis had compelled Dr. Welsh to forbid the journey, and above all the exposure to so great a change of climate.

Ernest was by no means grieved. He very decidedly preferred taking his holiday with Rose alone; though he had been too considerate of his mother's feelings to suggest such a course. He was compassionate, and unwaveringly patient and forbearing toward her; but he had never loved her since she had married the old man, whose estate he was now possessing. The impression made upon the boy had been too deep and indelible, ever to pass away altogether as he grew into manhood.

He had not left Rose's training to his mother. The only point on which his will had clashed with her wishes was that of sending the girl to a boarding-school. Rose had never left home, and he had chosen her governesses himself; asking no one's opinion, except Ruth Symons. Silently, though not quite unsuspected by Mrs. Clifford's hundred-eyed jealousy, Ruth had directed Rose's education, and found in so doing, the sweetest occupation of her dreary life.

Ernest was little over forty, and the last ten years had given him an air of distinction and of genial dignity, which had not charactized him as the poor and reserved Vicar of Clifford. The consciousness of being a good landowner, and a magistrate looked up to as one of the best on the bench, sat well upon him. He was a tall, vigorous, handsome man, and like his mother looked even younger than his years.

The certainty of being listened to had made him more fluent, on the platform of the many meetings he was invited to attend, than he had ever been in his pulpit. He was a leader of politics in the county, and reckoned upon as one of the strongest men of his party. Sir John Fortescue, the senior member for the northern division of the shire, made much of Ernest Clifford; especially since he had published a pamphlet on Sir John's favorite measure.

Many a time had Rose's pretty face flushed, and her eyes glistened through happy, unshed tears, as she had listened triumphantly to the applause elicited by her father's well-turned and well-considered sentences. He was engaged to speak at sundry meetings, religious and political, during April and May, to London audiences; and she felt assured beforehand that his eloquence would create a wonderful sensation; for Rose had never heard an orator to compare with her father.

Ernest himself looked forward to these appearances upon a wider stage with diffidence, not unpleasantly flavored with the recollection of the flattering opinions uttered by his bishop, and Sir John and other critics, well acquainted with London speeches. Both he and Rose were about to make their first appearance before the world, on the world's own stage.

Ernest had taken care to provide the means of doing so with a kind of quiet grandeur, suitable to his station. He did not like to be stinted in his expenditure while dwelling in London; and he desired Rose to look her best, the more so as Lady Fortescue had graciously offered to be her chaperone, whenever she wished to go where chaperones were necessary.

He had been very frugal in his personal expenditure in order to provide these funds; for he had made the discovery so quickly made by us all, that really his larger means were *not much more elastic* than his small stipend as vicar had been. Clifford Grange and his position as landowner could not be kept up as it should be, on much less than its full income; and as he had added an extra hundred a year to his friend Mr. Britton's living, it had required strict economy to secure any surplus on his annual outlay.

"It's of no use, Ernest," exclaimed his mother, the Saturday before their departure, "I must go, and I will go. If I'm too ill to go, I'm to ill to be left. It's all a nasty trick of Dr. Welsh's, to keep me here. I'm quite well enough to go with you, I'm quite sure."

"My dear mother," he answered firmly, "Dr. Welsh says the east winds in London might be fatal to you, and you hardly catch them here. It is tedious for you, I know; but there is no danger, if you take ordinary care of yourself."

"Then Rose ought to stay with me," she said peevishly.

"If there were any danger we would both stay," he answered; "but you are to have Jenny Britton with you, and you often say Jenny is more like a granchild to you than Rose. But there is Welsh coming up the drive. Now we shall have his last word."

Dr. Welsh's last word was that Mrs. Clifford could not possibly go. He would not answer for her life if she went. Then she tried to make him say that she must not be left, but that he mocked at. There was no risk at all, if she would simply take care of herself, and keep in a mild, equal temperature. After an animated dispute Mrs. Clifford took herself out of the room in high dudgeon, leaving Dr. Welsh and her son together.

"I've just come from Rockwood," said Dr. Welsh; "the old squire is on the verge of *delirium tremens*, and there's Ruth hovering about him like the angel she is. If there ever was a living saint on earth it's Ruth Symons." The doctor said this without being aware that it was her new, Christ-given nature that made Ruth what she was. (Ezek. 11 : 19.)

Ernest's face clouded, and his brows contracted a little. There was but one flaw in his prosperity, one cloud in his sky. His love for Ruth had grown and deepened during these ten years. What it may have lost in impetuosity and passion it had gained in strength and faithfulness. It seemed as if he was bound to stand by and see her suffer a martyrdom from which he had no power to deliver her. This was growing intolerable to him.

"Is there no chance of the old drunkard's death?" he asked, with a sharp and impatient ring in his voice.

"Well, not much," answered Dr. Welsh, with a half smile, "not if I can prevent it, you see. Of course I shall do my utmost to keep him alive; and I fancy I can drag him through. I know quite well that if I merely withheld such and such remedies, a wretched life would be taken away out of many a household; and the saints like Ruth, would get relief from their troubles.

"But what am I to do, Clifford? I'm sent for to spin out the miserable thread of their lives t the very last moment; and if I did not do a science and practice teach me, I'm neither mo nor less than a murderer."

"Is he very bad?" inquired Ernest, the frow darkening on his face.

"He's so bad," replied the doctor, "that I' banished Miss Ruth from his room, and sent i two strong men to sit up with him. I've hire a nurse for him, too, from the village here, Jul Rush; a strong, robust, handsome woman, wit more muscle in her arm than in mine. She h promised to go, on condition that she is n called a servant. I told her I could get a re lady from London if she did not come, and th decided her. She is to have unlimited authori over the old fellow; and she'll keep Ruth out the room, I'll wager. That is exactly what wanted."

"Then you think there is no danger for him said Ernest.

"Not much," he answered. "Of course the are always chances; but he has pulled throug many a time, and he'll pull through now. H constitution is as strong as a horse's. So Miss Ruth's. Look at her with all her trouble as sound as a bell, with a head as clear as h skin, and that is like alabaster. She is a sple did woman and to think of her being sacrific to that man!"

Ernest's face reflected the disgust upon D Welsh's; but he gave a turn to the conversatio It displeased him to hear the old doctor hims speak of Ruth in such homely terms of admir tion. He would see her for himself that ve evening; his poor Ruth! Why had she been bent upon her course of self-sacrifice ten yea ago? Why had she chosen her father befo him? He had seen the manner of her life, liv beside it, admired and pitied it; but he cou not understand it. With him she would ha passed her days in happiness and peace; s would not have had a wish unfulfilled if he cou have met it. They suited one another; the was no barrier between them; they were equa able to walk together side by side, with no fr ting strain, or sense of inequality.

Yet she had chosen to stay with a brute, w trampled upon her affection, and treated her he would not dare to treat the meanest of s vants. "He treats her worse than a dog thought Ernest, whose own dogs were d friends and companions to him. If Ruth's fath loved her as he loved Rose he might have h patience; but now he could not endure t knowledge of her daily martyrdom.

That evening Ernest was sitting in the sa old arm-chair beside Ruth's fire, as when he h almost fallen asleep with fatigue and exciteme the day after his stepfather's death. His thoug went back to that time as he waited for Ruth come to him; it was most natural that th should run into that channel, though they h long ceased to perplex him, except in rare m ments like these, with the question of wheth he had decided rightly about old Charles C ford's will.

He had left himself to drift in that one imp tant epoch of his life, and he was out in and calm waters, with favoring winds filling sails, and not a rock ahead. Surely the resu proved that he was right. His eyes were closed to-night when Ruth entered with her s footfall and quiet movements. The ten ye that had made him a man who thought wel himself, and who was well thought of by all ab him, had not seen much change in her, sav line or two of more settled sadness on her fa

She had been weeping, evidently, for her e lids were reddened and her lips tremulous, tho she attempted to smile as he hastened to m her. They were friends, but there could be hope at present of a closer tie. Yet Ernest co not refrain from taking both her hands in his kissing her tear-stained face.

"My father is so ill," she said, with a s "that Dr. Welsh will not let me stay with hi

"Ruth!" he exclaimed impetuously, " long is this to go on for you and me?"

"I wish you had nothing to do with it," she answered, sitting down in her own low chair, while he stood before her, looking down at her moodily and almost angrily. "If it was not such comfort to me, I could wish with all my heart that you did not care a straw about it. But, oh! Ernest, you are all the comfort I have."

"Ruth!" he cried, with hot indignation, "do you think I can stand by and see you suffer as you do, and not long to snatch you away from your suffering? I'm not hard-hearted. If I see a dumb creature in any kind of trouble, I cannot pass it by. How do you suppose I feel when I know what you have to bear day after day? You are more precious to me than anything else in life; more precious than my little Rose herself; and I ask myself as well as you, how long is this to go on for you and me?"

"As long as God wills it," she said softly.

"But does He will it?" he asked. "Are you sure that He does require this sacrifice from you? Does He always send the best and sweetest of His creatures to pass through agony? Will He heat the furnace seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated for every saint he has on earth? Ruth, I cannot believe it."

"The Son of God walked with them in the midst of the furnace," she replied, looking up to him with a smile on her pale face, "and the fire had no power, nor was a hair of their heads singed, nor did the smell of fire pass upon them. It is quite true, Ernest. I would rather *stay in the furnace*, with the Son of God beside me, than sit as a queen on a throne of gold.

"Only I am not quite faithful enough yet to escape having my hair singed and getting the smell of fire upon me now and then. It does not burn any deeper, and I am happier than you think—happier than if I forsook my post. I am truly happy; and if I could yet save my father, I should consider my lot more blessed than if I had been your happy wife all these years."

Her voice faltered a little as she uttered the last words, and a vivid color came into the face he was regarding so moodily.

"I have not reached your height," he answered truthfully; "I cannot see things from your point of view. I'm quite blind to your happiness, Ruth; if you could make it visible to me as visible as your red eyelids, and pale cheeks I would take comfort to myself."

"It is all my fault for giving way to crying," she said, in a self-reproachful tone; "you know quite well what inward blessedness is when outward circumstances seem all against us. I own that my circumstances seem very much against me; but have I not your friendship?"

"My love," interrupted Ernest.

"Your love," she continued, with a happy intonation of her sweet voice, "yes! your true, faithful love. And does not Rose love me? Is she not almost like my own child to me? No! I would not change my lot, loving you two, with any other woman under the sun."

"God bless you, Ruth!" he exclaimed.

"I have never said so much before," she went on; "do you wonder to hear me speak so warmly now? Ah! you are going away for a long while; and you have never left Clifford for more than a day or two before. I shall miss you sadly."

"Do not you know why I have never cared to leave Clifford?" he asked. "Don't I like to feel you within an hour's walk of me! Rose has set her heart upon this journey, or I would give it up now. If I had foreseen your father's attack—"

"Do not think of it," she interrupted; "I would rather you were away. What could you do for me? Dr. Welsh will be here every day; and there is no danger, he says. By the time you come back my father will be driving into rtford, to the magistrates' meeting, as usual. No; you must not let me interfere any longer with your plans. Put me out of the plan of your life, Ernest. It is God's will."

"How do you know it is His will?" he asked again.

(*To be continued.*)

TRUE DISCIPLES.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 1. Matt. 5 : 1-16. Golden Text, ver. 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE read in chapter 4 : 23 that "Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people." Our blessed Lord came, not as a Saviour only, but as a king. How unlike other kings! "My kingdom is not of this world," He said to Pilate (John 19 : 36). This unworldly kingdom of the Lord's has laws and principles which are "not of this world," which differ in their origin and in their purposes from all which is of man, and all which is "of the earth, earthy" (1 Cor. 15 : 47).

And it is these heavenly principles which He unfolds to us in the Sermon on the Mount. He was teaching His disciples *in the presence of the multitude*, and thus does He ever. Paul had learned how true this was when he wrote (1 Cor. 4 : 9), "We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men." Oh, how short-sighted are we often, and how little do we understand the heart of our God! He seeks to justify Himself before men to prove the truth of His own word, and to justify His own character, in dealings with His willing and pliable children. And when we fret against the yoke, we hinder this great purpose of our God.

The first principle of Christ's kingdom is poverty of spirit. This is the direct opposite of the world's ideas. A man who has not spirit enough to look after his own interests is looked upon in the world as a fool. A man who does not resent an injury is suspected as having some unworthy sinister motive. The natural man does not see or appreciate the greatness and nobility of living above self, and leaving retaliation to the beasts which perish, and which have no divine origin and no eternal life. To endure grief, suffering wrongfully," to "do well and suffer for it, and yet take it patiently" (1 Peter 2 : 19, 20)—this is to be poor in spirit.

Our Lord next teaches "Blessed are they that mourn," not they that murmur or complain. Unselfish sorrow is as little understood by men in general as unselfish joy. Yet there is a "fellowship of His sufferings" (Phil. 3 : 10), who is our Lord and Head, which is divine, and which belongs to His kingdom. In Ezek. 9 : 4, the "man with a writer's ink-horn" is charged to go through the midst of Jerusalem to "set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof." This is holy mourning, in which self has no place. Those who bear the burden of souls, and those cannot lightly pass over a sin in themselves—these are the blessed mourners who "shall be comforted."

Then there are "the meek," the uncomplaining ones, with heads ever bowed in unquestioning submission. These conquer by enduring, for who can quarrel with one who accepts wrong as a privilege, and who can be jealous of him who takes the lowest place? Oh what mighty power is there in true Christianity! Lived out, the gates of hell could not prevail against it.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness. Like the Ethiopian eunuch, and the wise men who came from distant lands to seek the truth of God, or like Cornelius who waited with his expectant company of friends and relations to hear from Peter, all things that were commanded him of God (Acts 10 : 33)—these are blessed souls. It is a lovely sight to see an old experienced Christian learning of others, and there are none such learners; these fathers in Christ are not ashamed to learn from the little children, for they hunger and thirst ever after more of God, as the hart after the water brooks, and God says "they shall be filled." They who are full already cannot be filled. "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, etc. . . . I counsel thee to buy of Me," etc. (Rev. 3 : 18). Those Christians who take upon themselves to judge others and to criticise, are not among God's blessed ones.

Therefore "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." David says (Ps. 37 : 26), "The righteous is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed." It is this lesson of mercy which the Lord Jesus sought to teach in the temple, when the accusers of the woman taken in adultery stood around, hoping to find an accusation against Jesus on the ground of His mercy to the sinful. He that "knew no sin" said to them, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." He alone was in the position to execute God's righteous law, and He did it not, because in His own Person He fulfilled the law and bore our sins; therefore He said, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more" (John 8 : 7, 11). His ground for mercy was His offering of Himself once for all in our stead—our ground for mercy is quite another—we ourselves are not without sin. Let us learn this lesson in our judgment, and in our treatment of others.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Any iniquity, any thing of self or sin, hinders the faculty by which we discern God in all which happens. To look upon circumstances, persons, possibilities, etc., is to have divided faith; this is not the "single eye." When we attempt to look fixedly at two objects in the same glance, neither is seen distinctly. "In Thy light shall we see light." No heart is pure in which self reigns.

And "blessed are the peacemakers," those who are always seeking to bring about an understanding, to bring together those who have been separated. This is the blessed office of those who win souls—leading them to understand their Father's heart, and pleading for them with Him. And this is the office of those who seek to reconcile divided Christians.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake." Let us notice this is not for eccentricity's sake, not for the sake of the party to which we belong, only for "righteousness sake." When we are persecuted, let us allow the eye of God to search us through and through that there may be no real ground for accusations which are made against us. We may often learn a real lesson of that which is wrong in our inward experience through the false accusations of others. They often hit quite on the wrong thing, but if we are wise we shall not repudiate indignantly what we are accused of because it is false, but leave our justification to God, asking Him if He has anything to say to us through the condemnation of men. All accusation is blessed when it is for *His* sake.

"Ye are the salt of the earth," our Lord goes on to say. Whenever there is salt in our food we are able to discover it: salt makes its presence manifest, and salt preserves too. "But if the salt has lost its savor, which is so strong, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." And this is the type of a lifeless, savorless Christianity, a religion without power, a life which does not tell on those around us.

"Ye are the light of the world." Wherever light comes, and in the degree in which it comes, darkness flees away. We are called to manifest, not to hide, our light, "and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." Are we light-givers to all who dwell in our houses, so that they see and understand God better through what they see of us? This is our privilege as God's light in the world. "The light of the body is the eye; if, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." (Matt. 6 : 22, 23). Faith is the eye of our souls by which we behold Jesus, by which we imbibe light and life from Him. If there be self-confidence mingled with our faith, darkness is produced—we see God through fog and mist. And the Lord exhorts "*Let* (not *make*) your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify (not you), but your Father which is in heaven." "So shine," *i.e.* ever with a view to *His* glory.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Irish Troubles Continue the Leading topic of English attention. The distress in that unhappy country is rapidly increasing, and cases of death from starvation are daily reported. The relief fund organized by the Duchess of Marlborough now amounts to $92,150, and the English Government has offered loans to be expended in works of public utility for the purpose of giving employment to distressed operatives. Queen Victoria was one of the first subscribers to the relief fund ; she gave $2500. Her kindness and sympathy with any of her subjects in trouble was so generally believed, that Mr. Parnell's statement that she alone of the sovereigns of Europe refrained from contributing to the relief fund in 1847 was doubted. It now appears from reliable authority that at that time she gave $10,000, and Prince Albert and other members of the Royal family $2500 each.

Several conflicts between the populace and the men employed to serve notices of ejection on tenants who have not paid their rent, are reported, but the general state of the country is said to show a marked improvement on former periods of distress in Ireland. But for the political agitation kept up by Mr. Parnell and his friends, it is believed that the period of suffering and distress the people are now undergoing would be borne patiently and hopefully by the masses.

The English Position in Afghanistan is Still threatened by hostile movements. Musa Khan, a son of Yakoob Khan, the ex-Ameer, has been brought forward by the disaffected Afghans as a successor to his father. He is a mere boy, but is being used by a military leader named Mahmud Jan to enlist the support of that portion of the people loyal to the former rulers of the land. The grandmother of the boy, a wealthy old princess, is said to have expended a sum equal to $100,000 in getting the representatives of the Afghan tribes together in the boy's interest. The question has been considered by the English whether it would not be prudent to allow Musa Khan to ascend the Afghan throne and to assist him in quieting the country. But it is generally believed that any ruler who was known to be supported by English arms would become unpopular in Afghanistan, as was the case with Yakoob Khan.

Severe Distress in Germany has been Caused by the hard winter following a deficient harvest. The foreign correspondent of a New York journal writes : "Such a severe winter as that under which the populations of Silesia, East and West Prussia, and the Duchy of Posen have been suffering for more than a month past, has not been experienced in North-eastern Europe since the year 1812. It has come like a doom upon the poor people after an almost total failure of the potato crop, upon which the peasantry of these sterile regions mainly depend for their winter sustenance. We read of parents all but naked in wretched empty *rooms forlorn of fire*, the corpses of their children, victims of typhus, lying uncovered on the floor, with no means left to obtain the rudest coffin for the dead, or the coarsest morsel of food for the living ; and of women *driven to despair*, lying down deliberately in the snow to die, in order to put an end to their intolerable misery."

An Imperial Scandal in Russia, it now appears, has given rise to much of the internal trouble afflicting that nation. The quarrels in the Imperial family, which for some time have been notorious, and which involved a separation between the Czar and his eldest son, are said by several journalists to be caused by a sinful connection existing between the Czar and a lady of the court. The Czar has fallen completely under her influence, and allows her to control his policy of government. History records many instances of national disaster resulting from similar sins of kings, and Russia would seem to be another illustration of this principle of divine judgment. It is understood to be under the influence of this wicked passion that Alexander has put aside the projects of reform he had prepared, and which were urged upon him by his son and enlightened statesmen ; and much of the tortuous and capricious policy of the last two years, with all the horrors of the state of siege, are ascribed to the same cause.

A Series of Riots has Taken Place at Pesth, in Hungary, owing to a duel fought between Baron Maithenyi, an aristocratic politician, and Herr Verhoray, the editor of a Radical journal, in which the editor was fatally wounded. The popularity of the wounded man was very general in the locality ; an embittered feeling against the Baron and his friends was excited, which culminated in riotous demonstrations. A Pesth dispatch to an English journal asserts that upward of twenty-five persons were killed and wounded, and that fresh disturbances were apprehended. "The soldiers are confined to their barracks. The ill-feeling against the Tisza Government has doubtless much to do with the present movement. It is feared the provincial towns will follow the example of Pesth."

The Severity of German Rule in Alsace-Lorraine, the provinces wrested from France in the late Franco-German war, may be judged from two recent occurrences at Strasburg. A tobacconist was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for selling cigarettes in *tri-colored wrappers*, on which were printed the words "Souvenir Nationale." At the same time a man was sent to jail for criticising a speech of Bismarck in the hearing of a few people in a coffee-house.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Restoration to Health is making rapid progress. Writing from Mentone on January 1st, he thus addresses his congregation and the readers of his sermons : "Beloved friends,—On this first day of a New Year I salute you with hearty good wishes, and pray that every blessing may attend your future steps. I beg also on my own behalf your prayers that through another year my ministry may be more edifying to the saints, more persuasive with sinners, and more acceptable to the Lord. I thank the great Healer that this day smiles upon me, and sees me free from pain, *reviving in strength*, and restored in spirit. I shall hope soon to be at work again. Oh for an anointing with fresh oil !" We are sure the American readers of his sermons will join in the prayers he asks for.

A Day Among the London Poor.—The Rev. S. Styleman Herring, of St. Paul's Cathedral, whose interest in the sick and poor is well known, thus describes one day's round of visits : "I have just visited—1, a tradesman overcome with grief at late losses ; 2, a master carpenter in hospital through same cause ; 3, a soldier's family without a bed to lie on ; 4, six children huddled over a coke fire, two nearly destitute of clothing ; 5, aged couple with widowed daughter, all wasting away ; 6, descendant of French Huguenots all but broken through want." Mr. Herring, in pleading for these poor people, whom he calls "*his clients*," considers that he is honored in being their advocate. A day will come when such advocates will indeed be honored (Luke 14 : 14).

Disabled Beggars.—A Writer in the London *Standard* has given an account of the system by which the public sympathies are often imposed upon by beggars. The success of a disabled beggar, we are told, depends not only on the extent of his disability, but also on its rarity, and on the way it catches the eyes of passengers. A man who has lost one arm is supposed to be more helpless than one who has lost one leg, and as well as a man wanting both legs. A man who has lost an arm and a leg is twice as valuable a beggar as the one just mentioned. One wanting two legs and an arm rates higher still. While the man who has no arms at all, when such a *rara avis* makes his appearance in the mendicant world, is above all price. We are assured by the writer that women who get hold of peculiarly hideous-looking beggars, inveigle them into *marriage* if they can, in order to perpetuate the profitable connection. He has repeatedly heard women of the lowest class declare that for a husband they would prefer an average begga a day laborer. In consequence, the begga quite run after by marriageable women in sphere. With such facts as these before those to whom God has intrusted this wor goods need to exercise special care how t dispense them ; and where they cannot th selves exercise the necessary vigilance, t should rather intrust the means to experier Christian workers.

The Swedish Protestant Mission in South Egypt has suffered severe persecution in " sequence of the absence of the Governor, don Pasha, who happens to be an Eng Protestant. Mr. Henderson writes : Two verted Abyssinian priests who had received b from us were seized some days ago and flog one had forty stripes, the other forty-t Their backs were dreadfully lacerated, say eye-witness, blood flowed from their mouth nose ; under all this they stood joyfully fa what they had read in the books. After flogging they turned to the officers and s 'To-day you have judged us, but another d coming when He shall judge you for whose r we have suffered this.' They were put in i and taken to a monastery, Debra-Bizen, w they are to be made to pray to the Virgin saints. Do not forget to pray for these, bretl Notwithstanding these circumstances, we going on quietly with our work in the sch and confirmed six of our scholars who par of the Lord's Supper with us."

A Scene at a Wake was Described at a lice Court at Birmingham, England, one d the Christmas week. The corpse the party "waking" was that of a man dead of *malig typhus*, and the wake had continued three ni when a woman present sang a song which the "boys" laugh. A man in the room bottle of whiskey in his pocket, and an old w took it out. The man then seized the w and pitched her bodily over the corpse, w was laid out on a table, and nearly tossed it Another man, who was drunk, was stagg about the room, and tumbled against a ch drawers, which fell on him. The orgies end a promiscuous fight, which brought those p into the police court.

A Wounded Officer was found by Dr. son, the eminent ambulance surgeon durin late Russo-Turkish war, being attended by cassian doctor. This doctor, understandin a bullet had lodged somewhere in the of elbow, was employing his skill to extra and in order to induce it to quit its resting was *sucking the wound*, in the vain hope presently the lead must succumb to the a tion. After some persuasion he was indu surrender his victim to the English "hak who on examination found the bullet to firmly imbedded in the bone as to be whol movable without the aid of surgical instru Had it not been for this opportune introdu the man would have died ; but, as it was, plete cure was effected. The Circassian d method reminds us of the futile methods a by moralists and philosophers to cure the si woes. Not until the Great Physician's po heal is acknowledged and obtained, does a sick soul find healing and peace.

A Fall into a Grave.—"A Shocking tacle," says an English journal, "was wit at an interment at Kirkcaldy recently. all the attendants and mourners had got toxicated as to be unable to conduct them properly, so that one of them when loweri coffin into the grave staggered forward a headlong into the tomb, and became jamm tween the descending corpse and the side grave. He was extricated with great diffic It is to be hoped that his accident may s to him the thought that as he has once be cued from a grave into which he had through the influence of drink, it will be the future to avoid the liquor which is send him to a grave from which there wil extrication till the day when the last grea pet shall sound.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

P ished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

his Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TAMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. H AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

ngle Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1880. 14th Year. No. 5—New Series.

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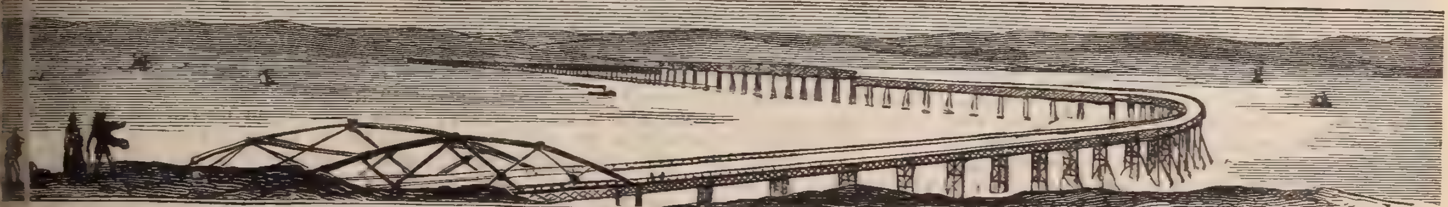
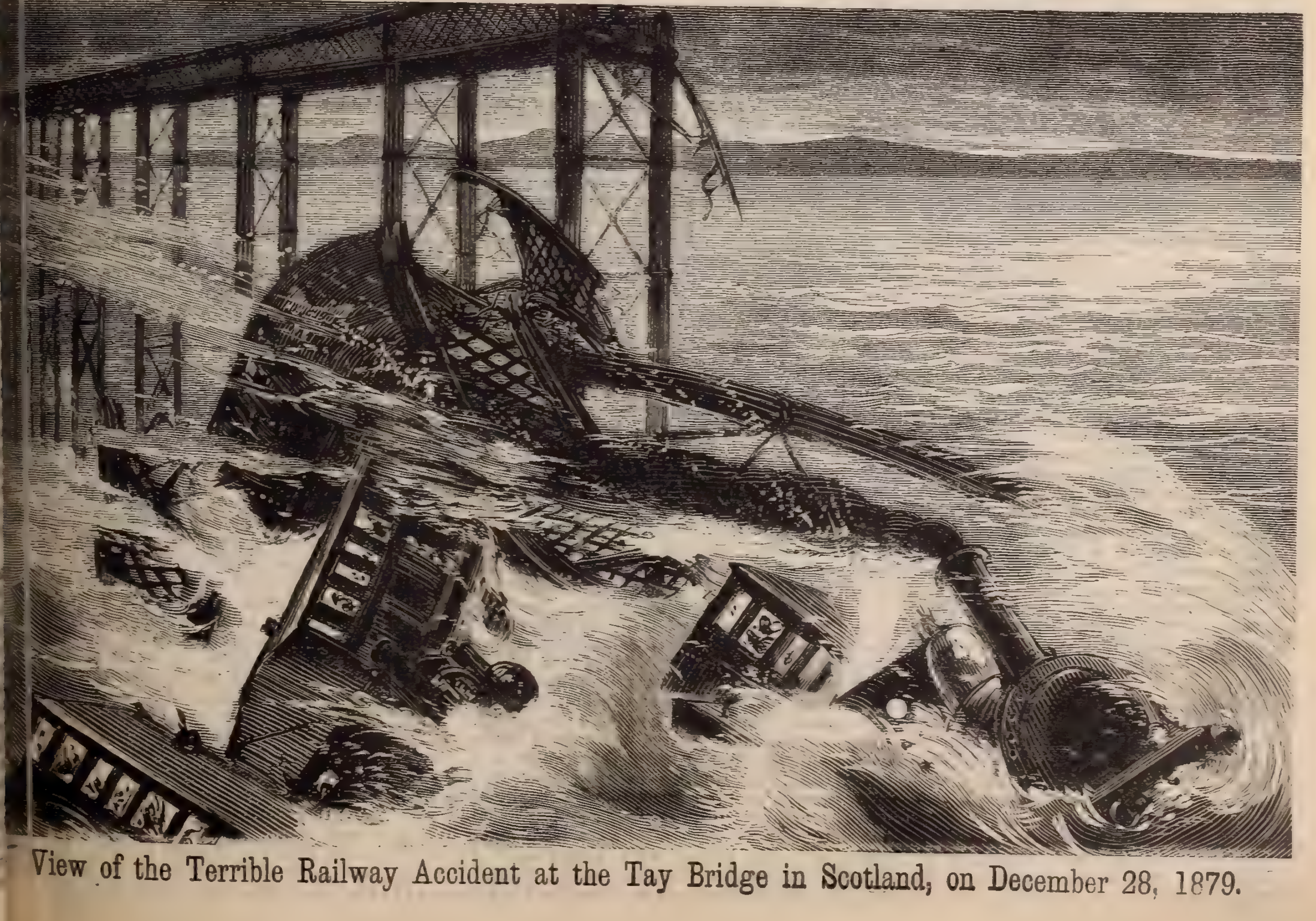


VIEW OF THE TAY BRIDGE BEFORE THE ACCIDENT.



View of the Terrible Railway Accident at the Tay Bridge in Scotland, on December 28, 1879.

THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN SCOTLAND.

How the Calamity was Discovered—News of the Disaster—Description of the Bridge—The Catastrophe Predicted—The Seer of Gourdie—Accidents during Construction—The Opening Ceremony—The Queen's Visit—The Train and its Journey—Narratives of Eye-witnesses—Affecting Incident—Remarkable Escapes—Diving for the Wrecked Train.

IN our issue of January 1st we gave a brief description of the appalling calamity which, on Sunday, December 28th, befell a train while crossing the Tay Bridge on its way from Edinburgh to Dundee. Regarded in its various aspects, and considering the fact that not one person was left alive to tell the tale, it is perhaps the most awful catastrophe that has ever occurred in the history of railway travelling. The train arrived safely at the south end of the Tay Bridge shortly after seven o'clock, and the bridge was then intact, for the signals were given to allow the train to cross it.

HOW THE CALAMITY WAS DISCOVERED.

The train which fell into the river was duly signalled from the Fife side as having entered on the bridge for Dundee at 7.14 P.M, It was seen running along the rails, and then suddenly there was observed *a flash of fire*. The opinion was that the train left the rails and went over the bridge. Those who saw the accident repaired immediately to the Tay Bridge Station at Dundee, and informed the station master of what they had seen. He at once put himself in communication with the man in charge of the signal-box at the north end of the bridge. The telegraph wires were stretched across the bridge, but when the instrument was tried it was soon seen that the wires were broken. Mr. Smith, the station master, and Mr. Roberts, locomotive superintendent, determined, notwithstanding the fierce gale that was raging, to walk from the north side across the bridge as far as possible, with the view of ascertaining the extent of the disaster. They were able to get out a considerable distance, and the first thing that caught their eye was the *water spurting from a pipe* which was laid across the bridge for the supply of Newport, a village on the south side of the Dundee reservoirs. Going out a little farther they could distinctly see, by the aid of the strong moonlight, that there was a large gap in the bridge, caused by the fall, so far as they could discern, of two or three of the largest spans. They thought, however, that they observed *a red light* on the south part of the bridge, and were of opinion that the train had been brought to a standstill on the driver noticing the accident. This conjecture unfortunately proved incorrect.

THE NEWS OF THE DISASTER.

When the nature and extent of the calamity became known, the greatest consternation was spread throughout the whole of Great Britain. In the more immediate neighborhood in which it occurred the greatest excitement was created—excitement the more intensified by reason of the difficulty in ascertaining details of the catastrophe, and information regarding the actual loss of life. The scene at the Tay Bridge was indescribable and heartrending. Thousands of persons congregated around the buildings, and strong men and women were seen wringing their hands in despair.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BRIDGE.

The Tay Bridge, which was opened on Friday, the 31st of May, 1878, was *the largest railway structure* over a tidal stream in the world, it being two miles and thirty-two feet long. The construction of the bridge was commenced in 1871, at a point about a mile and a half above Newport. The engineer was Mr. Bouch (who was knighted a few weeks ago), and the contractors were Messrs. Hopkins, Gilkes & Co., of Middlesborough. At the place where operations were begun the river was nearly two miles wide, with a maximum depth at high water in spring tides of *forty-five feet*, and with a velocity of current as high at times as five knots per hour. The bridge consisted of eighty-five spans, varying in breadth from sixty-seven to 245 feet. Of this latter width there are eleven spans, and two of 227 feet, which cross the navigable portion of the river. At this part the bridge has a height of eighty-eight feet above high-water mark, from which it slopes down to the Fife side with a gradient of one in 356, and toward the Dundee end, where it takes a curve to the eastward. The spans are formed of wrought-iron lattice girders, and the supporting piers were in some cases entirely of brickwork; in others they consisted of a substructure of brick with iron columns. Though the bridge was fragile in appearance, no doubt whatever was entertained of its strength.

THE DISASTER PREDICTED.

It must not be supposed that the accident which has happened has never been prognosticated. Ever since the bridge was projected there have been Cassandras of more or less note who predicted that what has happened would happen. Engineering opinion, however, overrode unprofessional alarmists. Eight or nine years ago the lucubrations of Mr. Patrick Mathew—the seer of Gourdie, as he was called—appeared in a Dundee newspaper. There was no doubt a good deal of nonsense in his matter, but there was at the same time some degree of sense. He called it a high, slender, rainbow-like structure—a description not inelegant, and certainly very true, of the Tay Bridge. He enumerated certain dangers, some of which were chimerical, and others undoubtedly ludicrous. His two principal objections, however, were—first, that it would be unable to resist the storms which sweep along the Tay; and, secondly, that with a train swiftly proceeding along the structure its weight and velocity would act with such centrifugal force upon the curve that the workmanship, unable to bear the strain, would give way, and the carriages with their living freight would be precipitated into the yawning river below.

Mr. Mathews was not alone in his vaticinations, though the most outspoken. Several members of the Harbor Board were against the bridge, particularly Mr. Kerr, a local merchant, and the latter gentleman proclaimed his unbelief in the scheme in no stinted fashion. In fact, for years before, and for a long time after, the commencement of the bridge, the great mass of the people of Dundee had little faith in the undertaking.

But eventually, in a lecture given by Mr. Grothe, the engineer who superintended the building operations, he maintained that when completed it would be sufficient to resist the greatest storm that had ever been known to blow down the Tay, and to support a far heavier train than was ever proposed to be sent over it. The result was that people then began to get proud of the bridge, and invited eminent persons to sail across the river and inspect the embryo piers and girders.

ACCIDENTS DURING CONSTRUCTION.

The building of the bridge was not free from accidents. One of the saddest occurred in 1873, when the bursting of a cylinder in the foundation caused the death of six workmen. Nearly three years ago two of the very girders which have fallen were *blown into the river* by a tremendous gale, but fortunately only one man was lost. Several minor accidents occurred, but the total number of workmen killed during the whole of the building did not exceed eight or nine.

THE OPENING CEREMONY.

After various vicissitudes the bridge was opened on the 31st of May, 1878, and a banquet was held in the Albert Institute Hall (now the magnificent home of the Dundee Free Library and Museum) in honor of the event. Flags waved, bands played, and crowds cheered. The company passed over the bridge in a special train, and walked in procession through the streets of the town to the banqueting hall. The pride of the Dundee people swelled into enthusiasm. Branch railways were made to connect the bridge with places near at hand. Thousands of working people crossed it every Saturday afternoon to enjoy the fresh breezes of the Fife hills, and special trips were run d the summer months to the ancient city c Andrews.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

During the summer of 1879 the height o Dundonians' ambition was attained, and Queen, who had not visited Dundee for twenty years, of her own accord passed thr the town with her suite on her way from B ral to the south, and crossed the bridge. these eighteen months of prosperity the acc has come as a sad blow.

NOT MORE THAN EIGHTY PEOPLE PERIS

Contradictory estimates were afloat for t three days after the catastrophe, and the ber of lives lost was variously estimated. some relief to know that the earlier and estimates have proved incorrect, and tha actual number of the victims has not exc seventy-five or eighty persons, includin railway servants in charge of the train; b accident even now must be regarded as the most appalling of which there is any r

THE TRAIN AND ITS JOURNEY.

It appears that the train, which consis four third-class carriages, one first-clas second-class carriage, guard's break, and e left Edinburgh on Sunday afternoon at stopping, as is usual with many Sunday at nearly all wayside stations. On arrival Fort the train was found to be five minut and here the tickets were collected. The collector says that several passengers *in jok* him if he thought the bridge would be a on such a night.

The train again moved on its journ those on the banks of the river relate tha saw the train enter on the bridge and sp its way across the river. The lookers-c tinued to watch the progress of the train lights being distinctly visible until the l tive entered between the high girders centre of the bridge.

The train was duly signalled from the the south end of the bridge, and the sig promptly acknowledged from the north e two minutes afterward telegraphic com tion suddenly broke down. The signal-m not at the first alarmed at this; but as t did not appear, he reported the matter station master, and that official, with th dee locomotive superintendent, *crawle the iron girders* to discover the cause train's non-arrival. Their task was one siderable difficulty, the high wind cor them to proceed with the utmost These officials were, however, able to enough to see that a great portion of th was wrecked. They retired as quickly a ble to Tay Bridge Station, and endeav repeated signalling, to ascertain whe driver of the Edinburgh train had noti the bridge had given way, as they had se light across the broken portion of the st and had fervently hoped that he had no chasm, and had been able to check his t put back to the Fife shore. All their e call attention were, however, unavaili telegraphic signals meeting with no whatever, and they were forced to the co that the train, with all its living frei fallen or been blown into the river.

This discovery was also made at the s by Mr. Smith, the station master, Roberts, the locomotive superintender *other side of the bridge*, as before mentic

NARRATIVES OF EYE-WITNESSE

At the time of the disaster a fierce was blowing, intensified by squalls of g Rain clouds swept over the sky, while gaps between them the moon shone wi lurid brilliancy. At the moment wher dent took place there were probabl small number of persons who saw any t

At the south end of the Tay Bridge signal cabin, from which the crossi bridge by trains is made known. In th box—glad of the shelter which it affor wild a night—there were two men fo ery is an ugly thing, and when brought to igh leads, I believe, to very awkward results, and specially in a commercial country like Brit n; but then, not a doubt about it, it will nev and can never in *my case* be discovered. I'll ke precious good care of that, for I'll always arrange, and that without fail, to take up the bill fore it comes due. This I can, of course, easi manage, either by discounting, a kind of renewal, or by a rapid sale of the lands which I y. I shall thus quietly, and no one the wiser, mak a nice little fortune, and that by an act this, though some persons call it felony, will no one in the world sixpenn'orth of harm.

T word felony, which came up in this reverie proved, however, a little startling to the courage of Arthur Lemaire. Interpret it to himself as he might, it had, somehow, an uncommonly unpleasant sound and sinister aspect, and he would not have used the word at all—would, indeed, have recoiled from it—had it not slipped out, as it were, inadvertently. Had he paused in his soliloquy for a more euphonious and satisfactory term, he would, no doubt, have put in its place some such phrase as this: "Making unauthorized use of a friend's name," or "Sparing him the trouble of writing it," or something of that kind; but he had not waited to pick and choose a suitable word, so that "felony," to his mental uneasiness and discomfort, had been inwardly spoken.

(*To be continued.*)

WATCHFULNESS FOR THE SECOND ADVENT—WHAT IT IMPLIES.

By Rev. Richard Chester, A.B. Rector of Middleton. Ireland.

Watchfulness Enjoined—Illustrations of what it Implies—Incompatibility of Watchfulness for Christ's Return and the Expectation of Intervening Events—Stages in the Second Advent as in the First—Christ's Coming "for" and "with" His Saints—Danger of Deception.

THERE is no position, with regard to His Second Advent, more strongly inculcated by our blessed Lord and His inspired Apostles, than that of watchfulness. Matt. 24 : 42–44; 25 : 13; Mar 13 : 33–37; Luke 12 : 35–40; 21 : 36; Thess. 5 : 6; 1 Peter 4 : 7, etc.

It is, therefore, very needful that we should clearly understand what it is rightly and fully to occupy and to maintain this position of watchfulness, lest we deceive ourselves, or be deceived by others, upon a subject so important. The figures and illustrations chosen and employed by the Lord himself, and the language used by Him, are surely the best guides to us in this matter.

Is our position at all, and, if so, how far is it, analogous to and correspondent with such?

In the Gospel we find that our Lord bids His disciples (Luke 12 : 35–37) to be like men who, with girded loins and burning lights, are spending the night-time of their Master's absence at a wedding, in utter uncertainty as to the hour of His return, and, therefore, in listening expectation at any moment hearing His knock at the door in order that when they do hear it they may open to Him immediately."

He compares His disciples (Matt. 25 : 1–13) —such of them as, when He comes, shall go in with Him to the marriage—or whom, as it is expressed (John 14 : 3), He will "receive unto himself"—to "wise virgins" who with trimmed and burning lamps have gone forth to meet the coming Bridegroom on His way—while those who at His coming He will exclude from His presence, and to whom His words shall be, "I know you not," are compared to "foolish virgins" who—absent at the moment of His arrival from the company of watchers—shall, on their subsequent effort to join it, find the Bridegroom come—the wise virgins already gone in—the door shut—and the effort to get it re-opened for their admission altogether vain.

Now if these illustrations are to be understood eal to mean what beyond question they seem to imply, is it not evident that we are not fully occupying this position of watchfulness in the sense in which our Lord has thus enjoined it, if—aware as so many are at present that the second advent is approaching—that the close of the present dispensation is at hand—we are nevertheless putting, as many of such are doing, either the Restoration of the Jews, or the Revelation of the last Antichrist, or any other event, or series of events, the occurrence of which must necessarily occupy some not very inconsiderable portion of time, between us and this approaching Advent?

In so doing are we not saying to ourselves and to others "It is true, solemnly, blessedly true, that the day is approaching, but there are some dark hours as yet between us and the dawn. If, therefore, any be disposed toward a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep, there is still some short time for so doing, only they must be careful not to sleep too long." "It is true that the Master is on His return from the wedding, but He is some way off at present. It is not, therefore, positively needful to gird the loins, and light the lamps, and listen for the knock for a half hour or so longer." "It is true that the cry has gone forth, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh,' but He cannot be actually *here* for a little while as yet; there is therefore time for those who have any other pressing matter in hand to be absent for a few minutes more upon their business or their pleasure from among the number of those who are engaged in looking out for Him."

That such is far from being the actual meaning or intention of many of those who are thus regarding events as yet future, as necessarily between us and the Advent, we may rest perfectly assured. But that such is the tendency of their views, and that there is, therefore, in the maintenance of such views a very manifest divergence from

THE POSITION OF WATCHFULNESS

and expectation which our Lord enjoins in the passages to which I have referred, seems to me almost, if not altogether, incontrovertible.

The servants were not to watch for the passing footsteps of some other guests who had been at the wedding, and whose going by might prove to them that the entertainment was at an end, and their Master, consequently, near at hand. It was for the Master Himself, His own actual presence, His own knock at the door, that they were to be in momentary expectation. Even so, it seems evident to me that it is not for preceding events, however significant or conclusive as to the actual nearness of the Advent, that we are to watch, but for the LORD HIMSELF.

I am not aware of any passage of Scripture enjoining watchfulness for events; however, as certain predicted events do occur, they, like buds upon the fig-tree, may be, and are to be regarded by those who witness them, as betokening that "He (margin) is nigh, even at the doors." (Matt. 24 : 32, 33.)

But it will of course be asked, Are not the restoration of the Jews, the revelation of the last Antichrist, and several other most important and significant events distinctly foretold as necessarily to occur before the second Advent? I answer, "Yes, assuredly," if by the second Advent we mean the event foretold Zech. 14 : 1–5; 2 Thess. 1, 7, 11, 1–8; Rev. 19 : 11–21, etc., etc. But if we mean the event foretold, Matt. 24 : 36–44; 25 : 1–13; John 14 : 3; 1 Thess. 4 : 15–17, etc., etc., I venture to reply, "Most decidedly, No!"

Then, it will be said, you make out two distinct second Advents, or rather a second and a *third* Advent, of our blessed Lord. To this I reply again in the negative. No more than I make two distinct Advents out of His first Advent, which nevertheless included in it a coming as an infant to the manger-cradle at Bethlehem, and a coming as a full grown man to Jerusalem, to suffer and to die. There was, be it remembered, an interval, *nowhere foretold*, of thirty-three years between these two comings.

There seems to me to be no reason whatsoever why the second Advent—foretold in many passages of Scripture as one event—should not, nevertheless, consist of two or more separate, and very distinct and different acts or parts, with an interval or intervals between them, any more than there was why the first Advent—spoken of in Holy Scripture before it took place—and still continually spoken of by us in like manner as one event, should not have consisted, as we know that it did consist, of

DIFFERENT ACTS

or parts such as I have mentioned with intervals, unforetold both as to existence and duration, between. The Lord will come *for* His Saints "to receive them to himself" (John 14 : 3; 1 Thess. 4 : 15–17; 1 Corinth. 15 : 51, 52). He will come subsequently *with* His Saints (Zech. 14 : 1–5; Jude 14, 15; Rev. 19 : 11–15). Why may there not be an interval between these? The harmony of Holy Scripture, or rather of the mind and purposes of God as revealed in Holy Scripture, required this in the one instance in order to its fulfilment. Does it not seem to do so equally in the other?

Why may not many, we know not how many, events predicted to occur before His descent upon the Mount of Olives *with* His Saints, occur during an interval between His so doing, and His previous descent *for* them to the air?

Had views, similar to those at present so generally entertained concerning the second Advent, been held by Simeon, and Anna, and all who, at that time, "were looking for redemption in Jerusalem" (Luke 2 : 25–27), can we not well suppose such to have said, "This cannot be the Messiah whom we look for." He cannot come as yet. It has been foretold by the prophet Isaiah that His coming shall be preceded by "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord;" and also by the prophet Malachi that God will send "His messenger before His face, to prepare His way before Him." "This voice has not as yet been heard; this messenger has not as yet gone forth; therefore the Messiah cannot as yet have come." Had they thought or spoken thus we now know how wrong it would have been. May we not be equally wrong if we suppose that the Lord cannot come again until the Jews shall have been restored, and the "Man of Sin" revealed? May God, the Holy Spirit, guide us into all truth.

A FEARFUL JOURNEY.

JUST as an express train was about to start for Scotland, there was seen on the platform a gentleman whose cheek had the consumptive mark upon it. The porters asked him several questions about his luggage, of which there was a good deal, and when he had been asked several times by different persons, another came up, and said, "Where are you going, sir?" Being of short temper, and in great haste, he said, "*To hell!*" A servant of Christ passed by at that moment, and heard the answer. He sought to get in the same carriage, and did so, but at the other end of it; and this gentleman was talking very freely to different persons upon common topics, and the man thought, "I will get a word in if I can." So he joined in the general tenor of the conversation till they alighted at a refreshment station, when, taking the opportunity, he said to the gentleman, "When do you expect to get to the end of your journey?" "Oh," said he, "I am going to cross to such and such a town by the boat to-night, and hope to get to my journey's end about twelve o'clock to-morrow morning." The man said, "I think you misunderstand my question. You said, when the porter asked you just now where you were going that you were going to a very different place." "Ah! yes; I recollect I did," said the gentleman; "but I am sometimes very hasty." The other said to him, "Was it true? Are you going to hell? If so, when do you expect to there?" And he began to talk to him about that sickness which he could see so plainly in his cheek, and warned him that unless he sought another road, and fled to Christ, the only refuge, he would certainly reach that dreadful road. There are some who, if they were labelled as to where they are going would have to be directed "*to hell.*"

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, January 21st, at **4.35 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Financial Questions remain the Topic of the hour in Congress. On January 20th an energetic speech was delivered by Senator Beck, of Kentucky, in opposition to the withdrawal of the legal-tender quality of the greenback. But the general feeling of Congress appears to be that a return to hard money is the only sound and safe course in the interests of the nation. It is also urged that the present prosperous epoch in which an unprecedented influx of precious metals into the country has taken place, is an opportunity to inaugurate the change which should not be neglected. It is therefore considered probable by persons moving in influential circles that some steps of a tentative character in this direction, will be taken by Congress during the session, but that Senator Bayard's resolutions will not pass in their present shape.

Rumors of a Fusionist Plot in Maine to seize the State House have moved the Republican governor to call out the military for its protection. The unusual step has occasioned considerable excitement, and an unprecedented demand for guns and revolvers is reported by commercial men in the State. The plot of the Fusionists is stated by Governor Davis to have included the burning of the houses of prominent Republicans, the doomed houses being indicated by *triangular pieces of paper* which had been affixed to the doors on Thursday night. All the State troops are now on duty, and a Gatling gun commands the entrance and terrace of the State House, while a company of soldiers patrols the streets. The state of confusion produced by the so-called Fusion party it is fervently hoped may end without bloodshed; but there is no doubt hat with two rival executive governments in existence in the State, affairs in Maine are in a highly dangerous and critical condition.

The Ute Indians at Washington complain itterly of the treatment they are receiving. ey aver that they are not allowed to present eir version of the difficulty openly to the pub- , but are restricted in their communications to ecretary Schurz and the officials of the Inte- or Department. Chief Ouray in particular els the injustice with which he is being treat- , and complains that he has not been allowed talk with a single person whom he could look on as a friend. It is also reported that Ouray a his people, the Uncompahgre Utes, are determined not to be banished from Colorado. It is said that Ouray himself declares that if this great government is not able or willing to protec him and his people in their rights, they will try o protect themselves. This of course does not apply to the White River Utes, who, Ouray admits, have forfeited their rights under the eaty.

General Fisk, who is the uncompromising assailant of the Indián policy of the government, stigmatizes the non-payment of the money due the Utes under the Brunot compact as another cause of the trouble. He considers the failure to send supplies to the Utes aggravated their discontent. Referring in his recent speech to the reported impracticability of hauling supplies to the White River Agency in the month of September, General Fisk points out that Major Thornburgh found it possible to take his supply train within a few miles of the agency as late as last October.

General Fisk says that in his opinion another cause of discontent was the mistake made in taking the nomination of Agent Danforth's successor *out of the hands of the missionary society* which had sent him into the field. Mr. Danforth, he understood, felt compelled to retire from the agency at the end of four years' faithful service because of the difficulties of his position, caused by *the neglect of the Indian Office* to furnish supplies, or even to answer his most important and urgent appeals for help.

The Disclosure of the Horrors of the Shepherd's Fold, to which allusion was made last week, reveals more shocking details as the investigation proceeds. In addition to deficiency of food, neglect of the sick, insufficient clothing, and lack of educational training, there are now revelations of gross immoralities, which, though reported to the principal, were suffered to go on unchecked.

A Letter from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon to the American Baptist ministers in reply to their cablegram of sympathy for him in his painful illness, was read at the conference in Brooklyn last week. Mr. Spurgeon wrote:

"I thank the Conference very heartily and humbly. I am honored by such a kind deed, and I am not the less comforted. What greater joy can I have from my fellow-men than to be remembered by them in the hour of affliction with prayers and sympathies? God bless you, my brethren, and reward you a thousand-fold for this loving remembrance of one who has no other right to it but that which arises out of oneness of heart in our one Lord, one faith, and one baptism. By such brotherly kindness may the American and English baptized churches be welded into a more complete unity, so that fraternal love may abound! May the Lord bless and prosper you among the nation to which you belong, and may the truth more and more abundantly prevail upon your continent and with us! I am recovering slowly from a very severe illness, and *your telegram has acted both as a tonic and as a cordial* to me. Again I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

"Fraternally yours, C. H. SPURGEON."

The Tract Society's Work in Texas has been abundantly blessed by God. The State is one third larger than France, and schools are few and churches small and feeble. The herdsmen live from five to twenty miles apart, on ranches occupied on an average by fifteen persons. Into these homes the Tract Society has sent its valuable evangelical publications, and many cases of saving conversion through their agency have been reported. The society expended last year nearly thirty-seven thousand dollars in colportage alone. It has made an earnest appeal for funds to aid in carrying on this good work. The CHRISTIAN HERALD has a large circulation in Texas, and is warmly welcomed from week to week in many families there.

Another Accident on the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad in New York occurred January 24th. The train to which the accident happened is called the "emigrant train," and was used for conveying the employès of the company to their homes after the day's work was concluded. After the last up train from Rector Street had arrived at the northern terminus, about twenty men entered the "emigrant train," which started down the up track, owing to the proper track being occupied with the trains ready for use the following morning. The conductor foolishly ordered the engineer to put on good speed, saying, "We have no stops; go ahead; put on the steam you can;" and also to cross to down track at 135th Street. The arrangen had been to cross at 145th Street, and switches for the purpose were left open.

Arriving at 145th Street, it was the duty of engineer, if he intended crossing, to mode his speed to about six miles an hour; but as intention was to cross ten blocks lower, the t came to the switches at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The switchman signalled open switch, but it was too late, and the en entered the sharp curve. It ran some feet, l ing over on its side wheels, and finally *fell the street;* the coupling-iron broke, which vented the car following in the descent; car struck some empty cars standing on middle track and fell over on its side. The on board the train were all more or less inju and the conductor who was in the engine ca the time lies at the hospital in a critical co tion.

Dr. Harman Loomis, of Brooklyn, the known worker in the cause of Gospel Tem ance, and who was for twenty-five years Secre of the American Seaman's Friend Society, January 19th. His rearrangement of the b of the Bible in chronological order occu much of his time of late years. The work, w is said to be of a very valuable character, just been issued to the public.

A Man's Hand was Caught in the Cogs mill-wheel and held there for six hours at V ville, on January 12th. The engineer of per's paper-mill was engaged soon after mid of Sunday in cleaning the cogs of the wheel turned on sufficient water to move it slo while he proceeded with his work. In some one of his hands became fixed in one of the and the wheel stopped, holding his hand fi The men did not come to work until seve the morning, and the engineer remained for six hours a prisoner with his hand al crushed. There have been cases in which have been thus held by one member of the when the prospects of relief were hopeless, they have amputated the member to save t selves from dying of starvation; thus illus ing our Saviour's command in spiritual ma to sacrifice the right hand or the right eye the soul's salvation is imperilled by eith them.

The Lessons of the Great Pyramid fo the subject of an essay read by Dr. Hoyt a Baptist ministers' conference. To make h marks more clear to the brethren, Dr. hung a chart of the pyramid on the wall, a it explained the different measurements c architectural wonder, whose base covers teen acres of ground, or about four of ou blocks. "It has thirty feet of apex, and is h than the highest known tower in the w As originally finished, it was perfectly sn from the top to the bottom. The grand g is twenty-eight feet high and 1882 inches from which the premillenarians argue th world's great cataclysm will occur in 1882. king's chamber is thirty-three feet long, eminent theologians consider symbolize thirty-three years of the Saviour's li earth."

The great pyramid is the most scienti accurate building in the world; and a few ago an eminent scientist in Brooklyn, who a believer in premillenarian or pyramidal ogy, remarked to Dr. Hoyt that it was *the swerable argument* of the ages and of the against *materialistic philosophy*, because it s the perfection of man in his infancy—a tion which he has not attained to in this progress.

Mr. Moody has applied to Gov. Phel , o souri, to obtain the pardon of Joseph Kee once postmaster of Glasgow, Mo., who is sentence of seventeen years' imprisonme forgery. He heard Mr. Moody preach af committed his forgery, and was converte Mr. Moody's advice he gave himself up authorities and confessed his crime.

Roman Catholic Fair for the Benefit of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, says a recent number of the *Springfield Journal*, Ill., opened last evening at G. A. R. Hall. "The ladies had a number of tables with a variety of articles for sale and raffle. A supper table was arranged with substantial viands. The polls were opened, and voting commenced for a handsome arm-chair, a number of measures, and a silver pitcher.

The voting for the different *prizes* offered resulted as follows, when the polls closed last night, and will be continued to-night :

For the most popular *saloon keeper*, a silver pitcher—Michael O'Conner, 5 ; Henry Eifert, 3 ; F. Loeder, 7 ; Henry Muttera, 1 ; John S oneman, 1 ; George White, 1 ; Gregor Thom 3.

Most popular *liquor dealer*, set of polished copper measures—L. S. Ensel, 1 ; C. A. Helmle, 1 oe Eck, 20 ; C. A. Mauer, 4 ; J. P. Fixmer, 5.

Most popular *brewing company* — Frank R sch, 14 ; Schiltz & Co., 16."

the Church of Rome were founded upon the fe of God and the love of Christ, it would not thus encourage the great curse of America and England.

Sinner Converted through Reading the CHRISTIAN HERALD. One of our subscribers in Pennsylvania writes that he gave a copy of the paper to an intelligent young man, who was brought to repentance by the reading of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon. "He called aloud, '*Oh, Jesus, have mercy on me!*' and in a few weeks I saw him at prayer-meeting, and he stood up and said that that sermon was the cause of enlightening and converting him." Results of this kind are encouraging to the conductors of the CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Joke that Cost a Life.—Mr. William Bailey aged about thirty years, died recently, in B ah, about eight miles from Norwich, Connecticut. He was of strong, hearty physique, and his talents and character gave promise of a fine future. His illness was brief, and of a singular nature. The young man's death was the result of a joke by one of his companions. One day a short time before he was taken ill, William crossed his father's kitchen to sit down in a chair near which a friend was standing. As he stooped down, without looking behind him, his friend jokingly pulled the chair from behind him and he fell to the floor heavily. The jarring blow affected the spinal column fatally. Thoughtless persons by silly acts of this kind often do injuries that they regret all the rest of their lives.

Frivolous Pretexts for Obtaining Divorce are becoming alarmingly successful in the courts. A lady recently gained a judgment in the Virginia Court of Appeals granting her divorce on the ground that her husband, who had been a Democrat, had joined the Republican party. The shock, she said, was too great for her domestic happiness. And the judge accepted the plea. "The husband," he said, "had deserted his friends and gone over to the enemy. It was perfidy, the moral taint of which the wife felt attached to him, and would probably exclude him from the best society in the State." Christ's injunction on this subject appears in these days to have been forgotten or ignored (Luke 16 : 18).

A Convict's Mission has been in Operation for two years in Water Street, New York, and has done much good. A convict named Mike Du n was liberated from prison in the latter part of 1877, and being out of funds went to Jerry McAuley to try to victimize him by extorting money on a false plea. But through Jerry's exhortations and prayers he was brought to God and has established the Convict's Mission through which he has rescued from a life of many of his old prison acquaintances.

A Wife's Loss by her Husband's Slavery to drink has come before the Iowa courts for compensation. The *New York Daily Witness* reports that a business man in Jones County, possessed of considerable property and engaged in a business producing $1500 per year, fell under the power of intoxicating liquor and became a confirmed drunkard. He lost his property and his business was ruined. His wife thereupon commenced a suit under the civil damage act against every liquor-seller in the city. There were eight of them, and seven paid her a sum of money as a compromise. The eighth dealer was condemned by the jury to pay *ten thousand dollars*, to reimburse the money the husband had squandered, and *two thousand* more by way of punishment. The dealer appealed, but the judges confirmed the decision.

The Largest Penalty Inflicted for many Years for injury by accident has been exacted in the case of the Third Avenue Railroad, New York, for injuring a boy. The boy, who was fourteen years old, had, by the accident, two ribs, both arms, a leg, and a collar-bone broken, and will always be incapable of physical and mental labor. The verdict was for fifteen thousand dollars, and considering the quantity of fracturing done by the servants of the company, the damages do not seem excessive.

A Lady's Ribs Broken by her Dressmaker.—The New York *Tribune* relates an incident which shows what risks some ladies are willing to run that they may present a fashionable appearance. The *Tribune* says : A lady's ribs were broken by her dressmaker in Lyons, N. Y., a few days ago. That friend of the household had attempted to fit a dress to her, and had caused so much pain in her right side that the work had to be abandoned. The lady was in a state bordering on hysterics when medical aid was summoned, and an examination revealed the fact that one of her ribs was broken.

One Thousand and Eighty Feet Below the surface of the earth is one of the many out-of-the-way places where the CHRISTIAN HERALD finds its way. At the bottom of one of the pits at Hebburn Colliery, Great Britain, one hundred and eighty fathoms deep, a boy employed to shut the doors for the purpose of directing the current of air, was seen reading a paper to others. On being asked what it was, he said the "CHRISTIAN HERALD," and not only recommended it in the most glowing terms, but was highly delighted because his father, who had been a drunkard, had become much impressed through reading it. This was the first religious paper the boy had known his father to buy. The boy is a converted lad, and is not ashamed to let his light shine in a *dark* place like a coal-mine.

A Ghastly Warning is Furnished to Evildoers by the criminal record of the past week. The brutal murder of two women, one in Chicago, the other in New York, occurred on Saturday, January 17th. In each case the woman was leading an immoral life, and death by violence resulted from association with vicious men. The Chicago victim was shot, and the one in New York was beaten over the head with some heavy weapon until she died. The account in its simplicity carries its own lesson, and ought not to be concealed from young people who may be tempted to forsake the paths of virtue. The beginnings of evil are so insidious, and the first steps aside from the right course seem so innocent and so easy to retrace, that the solemn warnings of life, such as these two horrible crimes, are placed by God like grim finger-posts, in the path of those liable to stray, telling them plainly that the end of these things is physical and spiritual death (James 1 : 15).

A Deaf and Dumb preacher.—Mr. Job Turner, a deaf-mute, who has for some time been acting as a lay reader in connection with a church mission to deaf-mutes, was ordained a deacon by the Rev. Bishop Whittle in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va., last Sunday. A number of deaf-mutes were present. The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted the service and preached the sermon. The address to the candidate, having been written, was read for the benefit of the congregation, as it was delivered in the sign language.

not intend you to take part in the harve
not cause you are such a good hand at sowing ;
hat as He has crops that need sowing all the y

CHEER UP, MY COMRADES!

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Josiah set the priests in their charges, and encouraged them to the service of the house of the Lord."—2 CHRON. 35 : 2.

Different Persons who are Discouraged in the Work of the Lord—I. Those who Think they can do Nothing—Want of Power often Means Want of Will—Incapacity through Sickness—The Law of David—Silent Service of the Sick—Refreshing of Saints, Angels' Work—II. Workers who Think they are Laid Aside—The Uses of Inactivity—Prayer for Those at Work—The Master Gunner—III. Those who Have Small Talent—The Temptation to Idleness Comes most to One Talent People—A Perfect Nuisance to the Devil—IV. Those who are Under Difficulties—A King and his Officer—V. Those who are not Appreciated—VI. Those who have had Little Success—Sir Christopher Wren—A Brave Old Man—The Church that Went to See its Pastor Burned.

JOSIAH, as you remember, in the early part of his reign set his face against the idolatries that prevailed, to root them out of the land. He then bent his thoughts upon repairing and beautifying the temple. After that it was his heart's aim to restore the sacred services. to observe the solemn feasts, and to revive the worship of God after the due order, according to the words of the book of the covenant that was found in the house of the Lord. Our text tells us something of the method with which he went to work ; and it may well serve us as a model.

The first thing is to get every man into his proper place ; the next thing is for every man to have a good spirit in his present place, so as to occupy it worthily. I will suppose, dear friends, that in the providence of God you are in your place, and that by the direction of God's Spirit you have also sought and found the precise form of usefulness in which you ought to exercise yourself. To-night it shall not be my business to arrange you ; but assuming that it is well for you to keep where you are, my object shall be to encourage you to do your work for your Lord without being cast down. I am hardly going to preach so much as to talk to different

PERSONS WHO ARE DISCOURAGED

in the work of the Lord, that we may rouse them up, rally them round us, and encourage them to keep rank.

I. And, first, I would speak a little to *those who think that they can do nothing*. They will tell me that in such a sermon not a sentence can concern them : if I am to encourage men to the service of the house of the Lord, it will be in vain for them, as they can do nothing at all. Well, dear friends, you must not take that for granted ; you must make quite sure that you cannot do any thing before I may venture to speak to you as if it were a matter of fact ; for sometimes there is *a want of way* because there is a want of will. Though I do not go so far as to allege that this is your case, we know too well that "cannot" often does mean "will not," and not to have triumphed may mean that you have not tried. You have been so discouraged that you have excused yourself for inaction, and your inaction has grown into indolence.

Aptitude, I have often noticed, comes with employment, and through negligence and sloth people become *enervated and helpless*. You say that you cannot move your arm, and so you do not move it ; take heed, for by and by your pretence will become the parent of real powerlessness.

But I will take what you have said as being true.

YOU ARE ILL ;

the vigor you felt in the bright days of health fails you now ; you have to suffer pain, weariness, and exhaustion ; you are often detained at home ; and home seems now to you a gloomy hospital all the day long, rather than a genial hostelry when evening shadows fall. Little indeed, therefore, can you do ; so little, that you are apt to reckon it as nothing at all.

Now, I want to encourage you first by reminding you that the law of the Son of David is the same as the law of David himself; and you know *the law of David* about those that went to the battle. There were some that were lame, and some that were otherwise incapable of action, and he left them with the baggage. "There," he said, "you are very weary and ill: stop in the camp: take care of the tents, and the ammunition, while we go and fight."

Now, it happened once on a time that the men that went to fight claimed all the spoil. They said, "These people have done nothing: they have been lying in the trenches: they shall not carry off a share of the booty." But King David there and then made a law that they should share and share equally—those that were in the trenches and those that engaged in the fray. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike. And it was so from that day forward, that he made it a statute and an ordinance for Israel."

Nor is the law of the Son of David less gracious. If by sickness you are detained at home, —if for any other reason, such as age or infirmity, you are not able to enter into actual service, yet if you are a true soldier and would fight if you could, and your heart is in it, you shall share even with the best and bravest of those who, clad in the panoply of God, encounter and grapple with the adversary.

Because you cannot do much you must not infer that therefore you are not saved; for if you were to be among the chief of Christian workers it would not prove that you were certainly a child of God. Do not fret, then, because you are shut out from the cheerful activities in which others share; for, as long as your name is written in heaven, and your heart truly follows after the Lord, you shall have an abundant recompense at the last great day, even though here you are doomed to be a sufferer rather than a worker.

But to me it seems more than possible that some of you, dear friends, whose minds are tinged with melancholy, have painted your own lot in deeper shades than the justice of the case deserves. Is your life indeed a dull routine, which, for lack of busy change and lively enterprise, leaves no record behind? Not so, methinks. "The rich relics of a well-spent hour" do sometimes pour around your path a stream of light that cheers *our* eyes, though it may escape your notice.

I have sometimes been called to visit bedridden persons who have been unable to rise for many, many years, and it has been within my knowledge that their influence has extended over whole parishes. They have been known as poor pious women or as experienced Christian men, and many have gone to visit them. Christian ministers have said that they derived more benefit from sitting half an hour talking to poor old Betsy than they did from all the books in their library, and yet Betsy said that she was doing nothing. Look at your case in that light, and you will see that you can praise God upon your bed, and make your chamber to be as vocal for God as this pulpit ever can be.

Besides, dear friends, do you not think we frequently limit our estimate of serving God to the public exercises of the sanctuary, and forget the strong claims that our Lord has upon our private fidelity and obedience? You say, "I cannot serve God," when you cannot teach in the school or preach in the pulpit, when you are unable to sit on a committee or speak on a platform: as if these were the only forms of service to be taken into account.

Do you not think that a mother nursing her baby is serving God? Do you not think that men and women going about their daily toil with patient industry discharging the duties of domestic life are serving God? If you think rightly you will understand that they are. The servant sweeping the room, the mistress preparing the meal, the workman driving a nail, the merchant casting up his ledger, ought to do all in the service of God.

Though, of course, it is very desirable that we should each and all have some definitely religious work before us, yet it is much better that we should hallow our common handicraft, and make our ordinary work chime with the melodies of a soul attuned for heaven. Let true religion be our life, and then our life will be true religion. That is how it ought to be. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father by Him."

So, then, let the stream of your common life as it flows on, obscure, unobserved, be holy and courageous; you will find that while "they also serve who only stand and wait," you shall not be neglected or overlooked who simply sit at Jesus' feet and listen to His words when you can do no more. This is service done for Him which He can appreciate; complain who may.

Know, too, my dear sister, that by thy sorrows the Lord has drawn out thy sympathies. Thou, my dear brother, know that by the discipline which has chastened thee, thou hast learned to be a comforter. Say you, then, that you cannot do any thing? I know *a few secrets about you* that you forget. You do not reckon yourself up as we reckon you Did you not try to cheer a poor neighbor the other day by telling of the Lord's goodness to you when you were very sick yourself? How started from your eye that tear most sacred shed for a fellow-creature's pain? Is it not your habit, poor sufferer as you are, to let drop just a few words for your Master to others in a like condition whenever you can?

You tell me that you cannot do any thing. Why, dear hearts, the refreshing of God's saints is one of the highest works in which any one can be occupied. God will send *prophets* to His servants at times when they need to be rebuked; if He wants to comfort them He generally sends an *angel* to them, for that is angels' work. Jesus Christ Himself, we read, had angels sent to minister to Him. When? Was it not in the garden of Gethsemane, when He was bowed down with sorrow? Comforting is not ordinary work: it is a kind of angelic work. "There appeared unto Him an angel strengthening Him." A prophet was sent to warn the Israelites of their sin; but when a Gideon was to be encouraged to go and fight for his country it was the angel of the Lord that came to him.

I have known some who have never known suffering or ill-health, and when they try to comfort God's weary people they are dreadfully awkward over it. They are like *elephants picking up pins:* they can do it, but it is with a wonderful effort. God's tried people comfort each other *con amore;* they take to the work as a fish to water. They understand the art of speaking a word in season to him that is weary, and when this is the case they may not complain that they are doing nothing.

II. Now let me address a few words to another class of

WORKERS WHO THINK THAT THEY ARE LAID ASIDE.

"Dear sir," says one, "I wish you would encourage me. I used to be useful once; at least, I was recognized as one of a band of men who worked together right heartily, but since I have changed my residence I am unknown in the neighborhood where I am living, and I seem to have dropped out of the ranks. I have done little or nothing lately, and I feel uneasy about it. I wish that I could get to work." My dear brother, I hope you will; but do not waste five minutes in thinking it over.

These times need so much Christian effort that when a man asks me, "How shall I do work for Christ?" I am accustomed to say, "Go and do it." "But what is the way to do it?" Start at once. Get at it, my brother. Do not be out of harness a minute. But suppose that you are obliged to desist awhile, do not let your interest in the cause of our Lord and Master decline.

than he, our blessed Saviour Himself, was thirt
years—I will not say doing nothing, but certain
ly doing no public work. When you are in a re
tired and inactive position, be preparing for th
time when God brings you out again. If yo
are put away on the shelf, do not rust there, bu
pray the Master to brighten you up so that whe
He comes to use you again you may be fully fi
ted for the work which He has in hand for yo

Spend your time in prayer that you may be
for the Master's use, and, meanwhile, be prom
in helping others. You remember that, at *t*
siege of Gibraltar, when the fleet surrounded
and determined to storm the old rock, the go
ernor fired red-hot shot down upon the men-
war. The enemy did not at all admire the go
ernor's warm reception. Think how it w
done. Here were gunners on the ramparts f
ing away, and every man in the garrison wou
have liked to do the same. What did those
who could not serve a gun? Why, *they hea*
the shot; and that is what you must do.

I am master gunner here generally: heat
shot for me, if you will. Keep the furnace
ing, so that when we do fire off a sermon it m
be red-hot, through your earnest praye
When you see your friends sitting in the Su
day-school, or standing out in the street wo
ing for God, if you cannot join them yet s
"Never mind: I will heat the shot for the
My prayers shall not be wanting, if I can c
tribute nothing else." That is counsel for
who are for awhile laid on the shelf.

THOSE WHO HAVE SMALL TALENT.

III. Others there are who are much disco
aged because they have but small ta
"Oh," they say, "I wish I could serve Je
Christ like Paul, or like Whitefield—that I co
range the country through, proclaiming His
name and winning thousands of converts.
I am slow of speech and dull of thought,
what I attempt produces little or no effect."

Well, brother, mind that you do what
can. Do you not recollect the parable of
men who had talents intrusted to them?
not want to lay undue stress upon the fact
it was the man who had one talent who bu
it. Yet why is he represented as doing so
think it was not because the men of two and
talents do not sometimes bury theirs, but
cause *the temptation lies most with the one t*
people. They say, "What can I do? Wh
the use of me? I may be excused." Th
the temptation.

Brother, do not be entangled in that s
If your Lord has only given you one talent.
does not expect you to make the same int
upon it as the man does with five; but stil
does expect His interest, and therefore d
wrap your talent in a napkin. It is but
strength imparted that any of us can serve
We have nothing to consecrate to Him b
gift we have first received from Him.

You have no self-reliance, you tell me.
take refuge in God, I entreat you, for yo
dently want more of the divine succor. G
get it; it is to be had. He girds the weak
strength. "The young men shall faint a
weary, but they that wait upon the Lord
renew their strength." Why, I think yo
more likely to do good than if you had fiv
ents, for now you will pray more and yo
depend more upon God than you would
done if you had possessed strength of
own.

One other word. As you are not en
with many talents, mind you economize
you have. Do you know how merchant
tradesmen who have only a small capital i
ness manage to compete with those wh
larger means? They try to turn their
over every day. The costermonger
afford to deal out his goods to gentleme
will pay him in three months. Not h
must get his ready money at the door, an
go and buy another stock to-morrow m
and turn it over, or else he could not pick
living with so small a capital. If you ha
ninepence, make it "nimble," and you v

as much profit out of a nimble ninepence as another out of a lazy crown.

Activity often makes up for lack of ability. If you cannot get force by the weight of the ball, get it by the velocity with which it travels. A little man with one talent all ablaze may become A PERFECT NUISANCE TO THE DEVIL, and a champion for Christ. As for that great divine with his five talents, who marches on so sleepily, Satan can always overmarch him. If you can but turn over your one talent again and again, in the name of God, you may achieve great wonders. So I would encourage you in the work of the Lord.

IV. With workers who are *under great difficulties* I would now have a word. I have known the day when perplexities pleased me, dilemmas fforded me delight, and instead of declining a lifficult task I rather liked it. Even now I enjoy uzzling over a problem, and attempting what thers decline. Nothing good in this world can e effected without difficulty. The biggest iamonds lie under heavy stones which sluggards annot turn over. That which is easy to do is ardly worth doing. In the face of difficulty the man of ardent, persevering spirit braces up his erves, sharpens his wits, and brings all his owers into play to achieve an object that will eward his efforts.

Have you great difficulties, dear friend? You re not the first worker for God who has had ifficulties to encounter. Let us go back to loses again. He was to bring Israel out of gypt; but his path did not appear very plain. le must go before Pharaoh and issue God's ommand. Pharaoh looked him through when e said, "Let my people go." The haughty onarch was greatly surprised to hear anybody, specially a Hebrew, talk like that; and so he ade him begone. But Moses returns with, Thus saith the Lord, Let my people go;" and is courage was not even then crowned with mmediate success. There must be plague upon lague, plague upon plague, till at last proud haraoh's heart was broken, the Israelites were ved from the hand of him that hated them; d Egypt was glad when they departed.

Look at Nehemiah, and Ezra, and Zerubbabel, d those that built Jerusalem the second time. hese good men wrought zealously, but Sanballet d Tobiah were jeering and jesting, and trying throw down the wall. If you build a city ithout difficulty, it is not Jerusalem. Be sure that. As soon as ever you begin working for od you will find a great power working against u. If you encounter opposition, take it as a od sign.

When our young men go to a provincial town preach, and I want to know how they are getng on, after listening to their story, I ask, "Has mebody slandered you yet? *Do the newspapers nounce you as a fool?*" If they say "No," I nclude that they are not getting on much. If rist's cause is prospering, the world will reoach the soul-winner; if you do damage to the vil's kingdom he will roar at you. Should ur course be smooth, it is because he says, There is nothing to disturb me in that man's onotonous talk. I need not let fly the fiery rt of calumny at him: he is a chip in the rridge, I will let him alone."

Such a man generally goes through life very mfortably. People say, "He is a quiet, ffensive sort of man." We do not want such diers in the service of Christ. "What a disreeable person!" said a king once of an officer ose sword rattled on the floor. "That sword his is most offensive." "Sire," said the officer, hat is exactly what *your majesty's enemies* nk." When ungodly persons say that we are ublesome, we are not broken-hearted at being t of their good looks. If the king's enemies nk us troublesome, we reckon it to be high ise.

V. Fain would I now speak a passing word of nfort to another class of workers—

THOSE THAT ARE NOT APPRECIATED.

m not going to say much, because I have not ch sympathy with them. Yet I know that the smallest slight chafes those who are over sensitive. They murmur, "I do my best, and nobody thanks me." You think yourself a martyr, and complain that you are misrepresented. Be it so, dear friend; that was your Master's lot, and it is the lot of all His servants. This is a cross we must all carry, or we shall never wear the crown.

Do you fancy that this is a new experience? Look at Joseph. His brethren could not bear him, and yet it was he that saved the family and fed them in time of famine. Look at David. His brothers asked why he had left the charge of the sheep to come down to the battle, suspecting that the pride of his heart had brought him among the soldiers and the standards. Yet nobody could bring back Goliath's head but that young David. Take a lesson from the ruddy hero: take no notice of what your brethren say about you. Go and bring back the giant's head.

Be certain of this, that to be kept in the rear rank is often necessary to future eminence. If you take a man and put him in front, and pat him on the back and say, "What a great man he is!" he will make a false step before long, and there will be an end of your hero; but when a man is brought forward by God, he is often one whom everybody criticises, finds fault with, and declaims as an impostor, but the banter he is exposed to serves as ballast for his mind. When he comes off with success he will not be spoiled with conceit, for the grace of God will make him bow with gratitude. Do not ask to be appreciated. Never be so mean as that. Appreciate yourself in the serenity of conscience, and leave your honor with your God.

THOSE WHO HAVE HAD LITTLE SUCCESS.

VI. I must speak now, in the last place, a little more at length to those who are discouraged because they have had so little success.

It was my great delight a few evenings ago to meet a splendid band of men and women who are the Sunday-school teachers of this church. You will think it strange that I did not till then thoroughly estimate the extent of their work, as I had never added up the total of the various schools; but when I did so, and found that they mounted up to *six thousand children*, I felt full of joy. I shall run over with delight if they increase to twelve thousand in another twelve months. For so large a district this would not be too many, but still our present number is most encouraging.

Now, I know that some of our teachers are working away in back streets, in rooms not connected with any place but this, and we hardly knew of them, because they were pursuing their simple, unobtrusive labors so quietly. Are there any of you who fear that you have toiled in vain and spent your strength for nought? I would entreat you, dear friends, not to be satisfied with casting in the seed unless you reap some good results; yet do not be so faint-hearted as to give up because of a little disappointment. Though you cannot be satisfied without fruit, yet do not cease to sow because one season proves a failure.

I do not know what was the result of Noah's ministry, but I do know that he was a preacher of righteousness for a hundred and twenty years, and yet he never brought a soul into the ark except his own family. Poor preaching we may count it, judging by the influence it exerted: and yet we know that it was grand preaching, such as God commended. Do not, then, grudge the time, or the strength, you lay out in the service of our great Lord because you do not see your efforts thrive, for better men than you have wept over failure.

Did it never strike you that you may be now employed in breaking up ground and repairing the soil from which other laborers who come after you will reap very plentifully. Perhaps your Master knows what *a capital ploughman* you are. He has a large farm, and He never means to let you become a reaper because you do the ploughing so well. Your Master does not intend you to take part in the harvest because you are such a good hand at sowing; and as He has crops that need sowing all the year round He keeps you at that work. He knows you better than you know yourself. Perchance if He were once to let you get on the top of a loaded wagon of your own sheaves, you would turn dizzy and make a fall of it; so He says, "You keep to your ploughing and your sowing, and somebody else shall do the reaping."

Peradventure when your course is run you will see from heaven, where it will be safe for you to see it, that you did not labor in vain nor spend your strength for nought. "One soweth and another reapeth." This is the divine economy. I think that every man that loves his Master will say, "So long as there does but come a harvest, I will not stipulate about who reaps it. Give me faith enough to be assured that the reaping will come, and I will be content."

When old St. Paul's Cathedral had to be taken down in order to make room for the present noble edifice, some of the walls were immensely strong, and stood like rocks. Sir Christopher Wren determined to throw them down by the old Roman battering-ram. The battering-ram began to work, and the men worked at it for hours and hours, day after day, without apparent effect. Blow after blow came on the wall; tremendous thuds that made the bystanders tremble. The wall continued to stand till they thought it was a useless operation. But the architect knew. He continued working his battering-ram till every particle of the wall felt the motion, and at last over it went in one tremendous ruin.

Did anybody commend those workmen who caused the final crash, or ascribe all the success to them? Not a bit of it. It was the whole of them together. Those who had gone away to their meals, those who had begun days before, had as much honor in the matter as those who struck the last blow. And it is so in the work of Christ. We must keep on battering, battering, battering, and at last—though it may not be for another thousand years—the Lord will triumph.

I wish we had the spirit of *that brave old man* who was condemned to the stake. They were going to burn him. He knew that the sentence was to be carried out the next morning, but with a soul full of courage, and with a merry heart, he sat the last thing at night talking with his friends—fagots and fire to face in the morning, recollect—and he said to one of them, "I am an old tree in my Master's orchard. When I was young I bore a little fruit by His grace. It was unripe and sour, but He bore with it: and I have grown mellow in my older days, and brought forth some fruit for Him by His grace. Now the tree has grown so old that my Master is going to cut it down and *burn the old log*. Well, it will warm the hearts of some of His family while I am burning;" and he even smiled for joy to think that he might be put to so good a purpose.

I want you to have that spirit, and to say, "I will live for Christ while I am young: I will live for Him till I die, and if I die a painful death, I will pray to die for Him, and warm the hearts of my brethren. You know that the persecutions of those martyr days begat such heroism and gallantry among disciples as prudent people in peaceful times can scarcely credit.

It is said of the old Baptist church over in the City that the members went to Smithfield early one morning to see their pastor burnt, and when some one asked the young people what they went there for, they said that they went *to learn the way*. That is splendid! They went to learn the way. Oh, go to the Master's cross to learn the way to live and die! See how He spent Himself for you, and then sally forth and spend yourselves for Him.

O Lord, set us in our charges, and encourage us in the service of Thy house! "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; establish Thou the work of our hands: yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it." May the blessing of our covenant God rest upon you, my brethren, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before sermon—JOHN 21.]

DIVERS' PERILOUS PURSUITS.

The Disagreeables—Temperate Men—Divers' Dresses—Under Water—Can They See?—Accidents—Spiritual Lessons.

THERE are many lives full of hardship and danger, and yet their charm is not confined to those who read or write or dream about them. The recent Tay Bridge disaster has called into requisition the skilled services of experienced divers, and it will interest our readers to learn something of the men themselves, and the dangerous work in which they are engaged. "You may depend upon it," said one of their number recently, "no man continues to be a diver from choice. I am a diver because I have drifted into the business, and I have a wife and family to keep. I should like to get as much money as I can in the shortest possible time, and then get out of it." The diver's own estimate of his calling is an interesting fact to begin with; and there are facts which, however prosaically told, are calculated to feed the interest with which, in spite of himself, a romance-loving public will invest his avocation.

FIRST EXPERIENCES

of diving are by all accounts *extremely disagreeable.* Headache and unpleasant sensations in the ears are encountered by every diver at first, and these experiences recur to him when he resumes diving after having been long out of practice, or when he goes to an unusual depth. They are due to the pressure of the air in the diving dress—a pressure which increases as the diver descends. Some suffer so much that they never make a second trial. Only temperate, athletic men, who are not supposed to be subject to any disease, specially attributable to the nature of their work, are found to be practising the diver's calling. But should any thing be wrong with the diver—*if he but have a simple cold*—it tells upon his capacity for diving work. Therefore he may not trifle with his constitution in any way, and many of the men are *absolute teetotalers*, and think it the height of folly to stimulate themselves with alcohol when at work.

THE DIVER'S DRESS.

The dress and attachments now in use cost no less than *five hundred dollars.* The man about to descend first clothes himself in guernseys and overalls to keep his diving dress proper from chafing. The dress itself is of waterproofing, lined with a strong solution of india-rubber. The diver's assistants—often three in number—pull on this dress for him, and attach it to hooks on his breastplate. By means of a metal band and screws, the india-rubber collar of the dress is firmly attached to the breastplate, and the penetration of water rendered impossible. A globular helmet of tinned copper, with brass fittings, is placed on the diver's head and screwed tightly down upon the collar fittings. At each side of the helmet are strong plate-glass windows or bull's-eyes, guarded with brass frames. In front is a round hole, through which the diver can still speak to his friends. He gives them directions about the fastening of his weights. His clogs, each of which has about fourteen pounds of lead attached to it to help him to sink, are examined and found in order. He has "leads," weighing thirty pounds each, lashed to his back and breast, and a "life," or signal line, is carefully fastened around him within reach of his hands. He has a strong knife, or a small axe, in a sheath at his side. His hands only are left bare.

READY TO GO UNDER WATER.

At a given signal one assistant takes hold of a tube, and making sure that one end is properly attached to the back of the helmet, connects the other with an air-pump. He proceeds to pump air into the head-dress, and his companion examines the head and breast-valves which are to relieve his master of the surplus and exhausted air. It is now *safe to shut up the diver entirely.* Accordingly the second assistant screws another window into the hole in the helmet front, hands the life-line to the third assistant, and assists the diver to commence *his descent.* The diver having gone below, has now left *his life in the hands of his assistants.* They are, therefore, bound to be the most careful and trustworthy of men. Often they are brothers or other near relatives of the diver. Two of them keep the air-pump going at the rate of speed required by the diver, and the third finds out and interprets to them his wishes by means of the life-line. The diver *loses all sense of weight* in the water, and suffers only from pressure of air on his head, from coldness of the hands, or general exhaustion. When he has too much air he can relieve himself by opening his breast-valve, or by signalling to his assistants to pump more slowly. The bubbling of the water above the escape-valve on the top of the helmet is always visible in smooth water, and indicates to those above the direction of the diver's movements.

CAN HE SEE?

In the sea, light can reach the operator *through many fathoms of water*, but in the rivers it is often otherwise. Eternally rushing seaward, and gathering in their course the washings of the hillsides, their own often falling banks, and the refuse of every ungrateful village and town through which they pass, the river water is seldom clear. Indeed, in some cases the darkness is *as black as pitch.*

When to the silence and loneliness of ocean or river depths are added *the blackness of darkness* and the *dread presence of dead bodies*, the diver must have courage who boldly descends. In the operations not yet concluded at the Tay Bridge the less experienced divers were by some suspected of succumbing to the terrors of the situation. The suspicion, after all, had probably but small foundation; at least two of the divers strongly declared that no "eerie feeling" would prevent them doing their duty, and said that if necessary they would be glad to bring up the dead even in their arms. Still, the very way in which these men talk of this subject seems to show that below water they *cannot face the dead* with the callousness of men who are brought into contact with bodies on shore—that, in fact, they have to reason with themselves against a natural timidity.

ACCIDENTS SOMETIMES HAPPEN.

A diver from one of Her Majesty's ships once found himself in *a terrible position.* He had gone down to clear the anchor chains of some awkward foul. When he wished to return, he discoverd that, either by the play of the tide, or by his own movements when absorbed in his work, his life-line had got twisted round the anchor cable. He could not give the signal that he wished to rise. His friends above could not haul him to the surface. He cut his rope and climbed hand over hand up fathoms of chain, and reached the top *nearly dead* with exhaustion. An accident occasionally happens to a diver's dress, as when one day a diver was excavating in an old and flooded pit, and a bucket descending upon a helmet with a window on its top, *broke the glass and let the water in.* Only the quickness of the life-line holder saved that diver's life.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEA.

By Major Malan.

THE following incident on my arrival at the seat of war in the Crimea, twenty-five years ago, is one not easily forgotten.

My detachment landed, marched along the wharf of Balaklava, halted, and piled arms. More than an hour was passed waiting for the arrival of a ration of grog, which was issued to the men before commencing their march to the front. I was not at all pleased by the arrival of this refreshment. I had striven to keep the men together, and prevent them from getting drink before starting to join their regiment, and I thought, and still think, that this dram was not only superfluous, but injurious in view of a hot and weary march.

Two old soldiers had joined at Scutari. A greater contrast between any two men it was hardly possible to find. The taller was a very good soldier—quiet, patient, and ready to do anything. The shorter was what is known in the service as "a thorough blackguard." I had discovered this by his defaulter sheets, and had kept my eyes on him on landing, but while I watched the issue of the grog this man slipped away. He returned before the party marched off, and took his place in the ranks.

It is a very heavy pull up the hill which rises above the Balaklava plain, and the detachment halted there for a quarter of an hour. I gave the word "Quick march," and went to the rear-guard to ascertain that all was right. When running after the party I saw that "the old soldier" was standing still, leaning on his rifle, and that he was drunk. I shouted to the sergeant of the rear-guard, which was then moving, to make the man a prisoner. As soon as the drunken man heard my voice it seemed as if he was demonically possessed. He started, grasping his rifle by the barrel, and advanced rapidly toward me. With an oath and several opprobrious adjectives, winding up with "little recruit," he clubbed his rifle, swearing that he would dash out my brains.

He had hardly concluded these words when the gentlest possible tap from the butt-end of Sergeant Fraser's rifle laid him at full length on the ground. He was not in the least hurt, but his rage and indignation at this unexpected stopper to his drunken braggadocio were intense. He had been treated far more gently than he had promised to treat his officer. Sergeant Fraser had perceived what was going to happen, and as the only way of preventing the man from committing an act the consequences of which would have been most serious to him, he gave him a touch on the top of his forage-cap, which, as the doctors would put it, induced a temporary cessation of the cerebral functions, and caused him to measure his length on his mother earth. The rifle dropped from his grasp. Sergeant Fraser picked it up and gave it to one of the rear-guard, which had now reached the spot.

"Get up, and look sharp about it," said an old sergeant of the Rifle Brigade, who was in command of the guard; "we've no nonsense here. You're 'before the enemy' now, and you know the meaning of that!"

The drunken hero did know the meaning o those words, and they had the effect of making him rise quickly from the ground.

Seeing that Sergeant Fraser and the Rifl sergeant were quite equal to the emergency, ran after my men, who had not gone far. I another half hour they were met by the band o the regiment. How my heart beat at this welcome sight! It was a sure sign that the arden desire to join headquarters was near its accomplishment, and the crashing brass and the drum of the band rang out the well-known air,

"'Twas on the plains of Flanders,
Our fathers long ago"

When in another half hour "the draught"—the party of recruits—entered the regimenta camp, they were surrounded by a crowd c tanned, weather-beaten, bearded veterans. A hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a kindl voice said, "The sergeant-major has charge c your men now; come with me to my hut. The senior captain, who had been through th whole campaign, was the brother officer wh gave me this considerate welcome. In a fe moments I had shaken hands with several of m new companions in arms, and after paying m respects to the gallant old colonel of the reg ment, I realized that the ambition of my chil hood had been gratified, and I had a place amor the brave men who fight the battles of the country. I did not sleep much that night, f the booming of the heavy guns was a new ar strange lullaby.

When the orderly-room bugle sounded ne morning, I met Sergeant Fraser just as t prisoners were being marched from the guar tent. "You've not entered that business again him, Sergeant Fraser?" I said, laughing.

"No, sir," said the sergeant; "I knew y would not wish it."

The braggadocio soldier of yesterday was meek as could be when he came before the co manding officer. "Drunk on the line of march." He was "very sorry." He made the usual excuse—it was "the first time he had been brought up since he joined this time." A prisoner could not appear in the orderly-room earlier than the first morning after he had joined his regiment, but officers are glad of any excuse to be lenient, and with a warning that another act of drunkenness would bring him to a court-martial, he was dismissed with a very light punishment for so grave an offence.

A few days afterward, when I paraded with the regiment to go into action, the swaggerer was lying drunk in the guard-tent, as useless as such men generally are when there is any real work to be done!

Again and again, as the scenes of those eventful days rise up unbidden from the past, the calm, quiet, conduct of Sergeant Fraser, the ready zeal with which he engaged in whatever was his present duty, and the pleasure with which he undertook whatever could further the good of his comrades or the interests of the public service, give him the foremost place in his old officer's regard of the many in the ranks of our army with whom I was then so well acquainted.

At Sebastopol there fell on the glacis of that blood-stained earthwork a brother officer who had indeed been as a brother to me. Fellow adets at the Royal Military College, under officers in the same company, we had joined the ame regiment and shared the same tent. Well acquainted with his most private thoughts and acts while living, affection thus records the death of *Lieutenant Wright* in the service of his country. Hope anticipates meeting him again n that better world where war will be unknown, whose inhabitants shall enjoy glory, peace, and est forever.

"To-day the noise of battle;
The next the victor's song!"

It is a mistake to suppose that soldiers delight n war. There have been, and may be, professional butchers, men of no feeling, whose only dea of glory consists in the slaughter and carnage of their fellow-beings. But such men would be epudiated as soldiers in the armies of any civilized nation.

A well-known occurrence in the Peninsular War will give the best idea of the peaceful inlination of contending armies the moment that he stern work of battle has ceased. During the attle of Talavera a short truce was made. Officers and men from both sides went down to rink at a little stream which ran between the ostile armies, and an interchange of the common courtesies of life in the field took place, ntil the bugles recalled the combatants to their anks, once more to renew the desperate struggle. Wars are made by rulers, not by soldiers.

THE MOMENTOUS DECADE.

The Flight of Time—What Will the Eighties Bring Forth—Murmurings of Approaching Storm—An Eternal Name.

THE velocity with which Father Time flies is most apparent to those who look back; but with all his celerity, he moves but slowly and heavily orward to the man whose whole employment is to watch his flight. Time is often blamed as if e were a great thief; it is people's own fault. Use him well, and you will get from his hand more than ever he will take from yours.

The epoch in which we live is characterized y deep solemnity and attended by serious ircumstances. There is a growing conviction among the people of God that every year, yea, every day and hour, brings us with accelerated speed nearer to the great crisis of the world's istory. These are times to make all men think, Christian men especially so; for there is nothing more manifest than that the King of ings is marshalling His armies, preparing His ay, and maturing all things for His Second Advent in glory.

The decade of the *eighteen hundred and seventies* is now a thing of the past, and we have entered on the momentous decade of the *eighteen hundred and eighties*, during which the concluding events of the present Gentile dispensation associated with the Second Advent of Christ are expected by prophetic expositors to be likely to occur. It is, in fact, probable that the decade of ten years from 1880 to 1890 will be signalized by the most unprecedented and momentous occurrences that have ever transpired during the whole 6000 years of the history of mankind.

The year on which we have entered will, we doubt not, be most pregnant with stirring events. The *revolutionary* spirit of the age has faith in nothing but itself, and is laying violent hands on all existing institutions, while an invisible hand seems writing upon every edifice the sentence that startled the Chaldean monarch in the hour of his godless revelry. There can be little hesitation in saying that we have arrived at an epoch in the history of the world in which one of those mighty revolutions, happily rare in the annals of mankind, is impending. Human society, long troubled with a sense of discomfort, is now, as it were, convulsed with birth-pangs.

There are

MURMURINGS AND FEARS

all around us, and to be heard on every side, indicating that there is now stealing over the minds and hearts of the many who have slept too long in the lap of self-indulgence and carnal security a presentiment of imminent calamity; that before long that sinful sleep will be roughly broken by Him who is about once more not only to shake the earth, but also heaven. But, "to the upright there ariseth light in the darkness," and the believer in the Lord knows that when this earthly house is shaken and the old roof falls away, the house not made with hands will display itself in its spiritual symmetry, its imperial beauty, and its abiding strength, and that it will inclose Him forever within its "everlasting doors."

How cheering the hope, amidst the din of war, the acclamations of false joy, the yell of idolatry, and the groans of creation, that a period is hastening when the fleeting shadows and phantoms of the night shall have vanished, and peace shall stretch her shady wings over the sons of men; when rivers of joy shall water this vale of tears; when Cherubim to Cherubim shall cry, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God of Hosts, the *whole earth* is full of His glory (Isaiah 6).

Shall, then, the Christian fill his mouth with dust and his heart with rubbish, occupying his time with that which is not bread, while the true manna of the kingdom is his for the taking, and golden joys and pleasures are his forever? Nay, nay! would it not be better that, instead of our Lord sighing over us, we were found sighing and crying for the abominations that exist, having no part or lot in any of them; being like men that wait for their Lord, that whether He come in the first watch or the second watch, we may be found waiting and longing for His appearing? (Ezek. 9).

Till then the Spirit and the Bride, looking heavenward, say "Come;" the individual believer, taking up the cry, says "Come." And whosoever desires Him, and is athirst for Him, let him too join the cry, and say "Come." "He who testifieth these things saith, 'Behold I come suddenly.' Amen; even so come, Lord Jesus."

How important it is to determine whether we are the friends or the enemies of Christ—whether we have a saving interest in Him! Is He "made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption"? If so, during the year 1880 let our gratitude be testified by a thankful acknowledgment, by a public confession of Christ, by fervent devotion and self-sacrifice, and by an entire acquiescence in the design of His death.

Every thing in this transitory world is constantly shifting and changing. Those things which seem most likely to continue are destined to perish. The earth, however firm and constant in its revolutions, will pause in its course, and be burned up. The ocean, that has borne on its bosom the produce of distant climes, and rolled its waves on the shores of the globe for ages, will disappear. The sun, which has held its position in the solar system with undiminished lustre from the birth of creation, will set to rise no more. The heavens, however magnificent and serene, shall be folded up and pass away with a great noise; the elements, however frigid, shall melt with fervent heat; but the name, friendship, and work of Jesus will evermore endure.

Names, however great in reputation or in history, may be forgotten, but

THE NAME OF JESUS

will be immortally remembered. Prophecy said of Him, "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest." His name *is* great in the imperishable fulness of its meaning, in the peerless character it represents, in the unutterable grandeur of its associations, in the perennial efficacy it imparts, in the radiant hope it inspires, in the priceless blessings it reveals, and in the unfailing perpetuity with which it is invested. "His name shall endure forever." Cities may be laid waste, empires may rise and decay, crowns may rust and thrones crumble into dust, but "His name shall endure" (Psalm 72:17).

When the names of philosophers, heroes, statesmen, and kings have perished, "His name shall endure, and men shall be blessed in Him." His name alone is excellent in all the earth, and shall go down the accumulating ages, gathering influence and fragrance with the flight of years, and awaken new songs of joy among the nations of the saved. His dear name is more effulgent than the sun, more replete with blessings than the earth, and shall survive the wreck of the highest mountain or the deepest rock. "It hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." "God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. 2:8–11).

If Jesus be your Friend, Saviour, Brother, then, dear reader, whatever may be woven by the Divine Artificer in the hidden loom of the future, the year will be to you a happy and most blessed one, and your destiny the eternal companionship of Him who is the altogether lovely, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Jews Bidding for Palestine.—An English society journal says: "A negotiation is on foot between members of the house of Rothschild and the venerable Sir Moses Montefiore on the one hand, and the Ottoman Government on the other, for the cession, under certain conditions, of the Holy Land. The Ottoman Empire is almost at its last gasp for want of ready money. The Jewish race wish a *habitat* of their own. As the Greeks, though a scattered people, living for the most part in Turkey, have a Greek kingdom, so the Jews wish to have a Hebrew kingdom. This, it will be remembered, is the leading idea of George Eliot's 'Daniel Deronda.' Few persons, I fancy, and probably the gifted authoress herself not more than others, imagined that the dream of the Mordecai of those pages was in the least degree likely so soon to be realized. I am not possessed of any information as to the nature of the new Jewish State—whether it is to be Theocratic or Royal—but I am told that the arrangements with reference to it are all but completed. Prophecies have a way of fulfilling themselves, more especially when those who believe in them are possessed of the sinews of Government. The day, 'when the dispersed of Israel shall be gathered into one' is confidently looked forward to, not only by Hebrews, but by multitudes of Christians; and it seems at hand. Lord Beaconsfield, the author of 'Alroy,' would be gathered to his fathers in greater peace were he permitted, under his administration, to see this day and be glad."

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page 63.*

An Unlovely Character.

Ernest Clifford's question was a searching one. He had asked Ruth how she knew that the will of God was for her to reject his offer of marriage, and remain by the side of her depraved and now afflicted father.

"Well,"she said, with a quiet sigh," at anyrate God chooses our relationships for us. I did not choose my father, and brothers, and sisters. But He has made me one of them, of the same flesh and blood; and it seems to me that it is right to stand here in my place, till He sends some one else to fill it, or removes me from it Himself. I must do all I can for them.

"If they were good, and prosperous, and happy, I might be free to be happy myself; happy in my own way. But would God have me forsake them, and leave them all to sink farther into dark depths of misery and degradation, while I was sitting somewhere in the sunshine? That was not our Saviour's life, Ernest."

"I wish I was wretched and degraded," he said, looking at her with a faint smile on his grave face. She shook her head, with a laugh; but still he could not help noticing, with soreness of heart, how red her eyelids were, and how languid was her whole aspect, as soon as the laugh had died away from her lips. Say what she might, it was a dreary, unwholesome life she was leading, shut out from all society and companionship; all but the distasteful intercourse she was forced into with her father's drunken visitors. Squire Symons had forbidden any other of his children to enter his doors, and he was jealous of Ruth holding any communication with them. Few of the ladies in the neighborhood kept up even a slight acquaintance with Squire Symons's youngest daughter; and Mrs. Clifford, who was her nearest neighbor, was too jealous of her to be cordial with her. Ernest thought of it all, as he gnawed his lips, and stared moodily into the fire.

Ruth's thoughts were busy too. She had been passing through a harder time than Ernest himself suspected. Only the day before, by dint of persistent and passionate entreaties, she had wrung from her father a small sum of money to remit to her needy brothers and sisters. They were away in the world, having shaken off their load; but they were not sparing of their claims, or their reproaches, when she was compelled to send a pitiful denial to their appeals.

They were unjust to her, these elder ones, who had not possessed the patience and fidelity which kept her at home. It was growing more difficult to be patient and faithful. She could not keep herself from dwelling sometimes upon what she was giving up for them, and from being tempted to lay down the cross, which was growing so much heavier as years went by. It tried her almost beyond endurance, for Ernest to question whether it could indeed be the will of God to exact from her such a sacrifice of herself.

But Ernest could not see as she saw. He had *never been called* to bear a heavy cross, and to bear it as she did, with doubts and misgivings sometimes assailing her; yet with an inward conviction that it was laid upon her by the hand of God Himself (James 1 : 2, 3). Perhaps the day would come when he would understand why she chose the painful lot of sacrificing herself to her poor, degraded father, and unreasonable brothers and sisters.

As they sat there, not talking much, but each busy with thought, the deep silence of the night was startled by the sudden outbursts of rough shouts and cries from the room where Squire Symons was under the custody of the men Dr. Welsh had sent in to watch him. The uproar resounded through the house, and cut Ernest to the quick. Was it possible to leave Ruth here, within the same walls that sheltered the raving madman? But she remained calm, though sad, and her clear, dark eyes met his own bravely. There was no symptom of fear or excitement about her.

"It is my poor father," she said; "you can do nothing for me if you stay. Go away now; and go to London without any fear or trouble for me. You will write to me some time?"

"I will," he answered. "God bless you, and keep you! You are too good a woman, Ruth. If you were lower down, I should be more worthy of you."

"If I were far, far higher up," she whispered, "I should not feel worthy of you. You are the best man I ever knew, Ernest; and I love you with all my heart."

The next day Ernest and Rose started for London, and Mrs. Clifford remained the sole inmate of the Grange. But as the widow confined herself pretty closely in the house, Mrs. Britton began to feel herself the sole representative of that class to which the village children were taught to look up in the words of the catechism, "to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters." As the only lady in the place, she was bound to pay more frequent pastoral visits than before; those close, domestic, inquisitorial visits for which Mr. Britton was so unsuited.

Clifford was too small to be divided into districts; and the cottagers were accustomed to see first one, and then another, of the gentlefolks, as they called the inmates of the Grange and the Vicarage, enter their houses for a friendly chat. The visitor they liked most to see was Miss Rose, whose face was so bright and winsome, and whose eyes never fastened themselves cruelly on some dirty spot, and whose ears seemed deaf to the cries of the children, unless she had some toy or sweetmeat in her pocket to pacify them. Mrs. Clifford, too, was welcome: she was neither dictatorial nor close-handed; though she delighted in acting the grand lady.

But it was at Mrs. Britton's approach, soft and stealthy, with her muffled voice and blinking, all-seeing eyes, that the faces of the cottage housewives clouded over, as they made a desperate attempt to fling some nuisance out of sight, or hush up some troublesome child. Yet it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to convince Mrs. Britton that she was not a great help to her husband, and a special favorite among his parishioners.

There was nothing to hide or hush up in Mrs. Dunnit's spotless and peaceful kitchen. Her old husband was busily at work in the potato-patch, where she could see him through the little lattice window, whenever she glanced through it. He had brought in a large bunch of wall-flowers, which she had put into a jug of blue ware; and their sweet scent was filling the warm and pleasant room.

It was the hour Mrs. Dunnit most enjoyed. Her household work was over, and the kettle was hanging over the fire, slowly heating for tea, whilst she was knitting by the fireside, with the low-toned boom of the tide stealing in through the open door. It was all peace and quietness, and even her tranquil face fell a little, when she heard Mrs. Britton's subdued "Good-afternoon, Mrs. Dunnit."

"Well, this is comfort, Mrs. Dunnit," the visitor continued, wiping her feet with elaborate care on the mat at the door; "I do envy you, indeed, as much as it's right to envy anybody, you know; not more than that. You are the very picture of plenty and content! If it had only pleased God to cast my lot like yours! But what with the children at the Vicarage, and the strange guests Mr. Britton brings to it, and our many, many claims, I've no hope of comfort like this."

"Children are a great blessing, ma'am," answered Mrs. Dunnit, sighing. It was her sorrow that she had lost all her children, and it jarred upon her to hear any mother complain of the trouble they gave her, as Mrs. Britton was in the habit of doing.

"That was under the old dispensation, you know," remarked Mrs. Britton. "I'm not sure that it is so now, when one is poor. Not in our station, I mean, when they must be well clad, and well shod, and well educated. There, people like you are better off again. You have no anxiety what your sons and daughters are to be. There is always plenty of work they can do. Oh! I wish I could teach other people to be contented with their happy lot."

"Contentment's a rare herb," said Mrs. Dunnit.

"So it is; so it is!" agreed Mrs. Britton; "but you might all cultivate a little of it, couldn't you? Oh! be contented, be contented! I am always saying; you don't know what we have to do and bear."

"It's easy to be content with other people's lot," observed Mrs. Dunnit.

"Yes, we see how many blessings they despise and abuse," replied Mrs. Britton. "Ah! there's good old Dunnit at work in his garden, passing his time away in it. He's contented, I dare say, at this moment."

"Elijah is always content," said his wife, almost huffily; "there never lived a man as cultivated content for himself, and all about him, more than my Elijah. He's as happy as the day's long."

"That's well!" sighed Mrs. Britton; "there's no shoe that pinches him. He has a good place, a good home, and good wages, and no children to hang on him. If Elijah were not content, who should be? Shall I read you a chapter, Mrs. Dunnit?"

Mrs. Dunnit reached down the large old Bible from the window-sill, where it generally lay with old Dunnit's spectacles on the open page. She was far better acquainted with its contents than Mrs. Britton; but she sat still, and listened courteously, whilst the Vicar's worldly-minded wife read through a psalm as part of her pastoral duty. It was a short one, and soon ended.

Mrs. Britton had another call to make before returning home. It was a point with her not to miss seeing Mrs. Clifford every day now she was left alone, with no companionship except her own eldest child Jenny. Two or three times a week this visit was paid late in the afternoon, when Mrs. Clifford never failed to ask her to stay the evening. The dinners at Clifford Grange were always exceedingly good, even when no guests were expected; and no one knew better than Mrs. Britton how much more nourishing it is to sit down to a well-cooked meal, which presents itself with no anxiety or care, than to one which has been a worry to you all the morning. So she mounted with greater alacrity the steep, short cut leading from old Dunnit's cottage to Clifford Grange.

Mrs. Clifford had cherished in her bosom a keen sense of injury from the moment that Dr. Welsh had pronounced his last word against her visit to London. She had been there only once since her first husband died; and she had then gone, an obscure and unnoticed woman. Now that Ernest was shining there as a star of some magnitude in certain religious and political circles, in which glory she must have had a good share, she had been cruelly prohibited from accompanying him and Rose.

Rose's letters were full of triumph and exultation; and the girl was receiving enough attention to turn her head for life. Extreme bitterness and indignation were gnawing at Mrs. Clifford's heart, and the sharpest sting of all was the conviction that her compelled absence was not considered *a great misfortune* by her son and granddaughter.

Jenny Britton was having a rather dull time at Clifford Grange. Now and then she was tempted to think that the blessings of life were very unequally and mysteriously distributed, when Rose was the heiress of Clifford and the idol of every one belonging to her, while she was the eldes daughter of a poor vicar, with a terribly large family, and actually expected to be thankful to take Rose's place in waiting upon a peevish and capricious old woman. Jenny's courage and patience were tested to the utmost, and only kept up to the mark by her mother's tearful exhortations and her father's unwordly sympath and tenderness.

Mrs. Britton lectured her on the advantages o keeping in with the mistress of Clifford Grange, who, with all her faults, was always liberal to her dependants; whilst Mr. Britton, in his dreamy, solemn voice, and his far-away gaze, talked of bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ, telling his daughter it was Christ-like to soothe the fretfulness of an old woman's weary spirit.

Jenny was always glad to see her mother come in to dinner, and for the long evening which followed. Mrs. Britton listened with patient submissiveness to Mrs. Clifford's strictures upon Rose's career, and her caustic anger against Dr. Welsh, and her reflections upon Ernest's neglect.

Now and then, with a soft, purring gentleness, she murmured a half remonstrance, which served only to keep up a pleasant tartness in the conversation—for Mrs. Clifford was pleased with a very slight opposition. Mrs. Britton could also hint at a fault, when she seemed to be pointing out a good quality, and no one could be quicker than Mrs. Clifford in seizing on such a clew.

"I might almost as well be childless," remarked Mrs. Clifford as they drew their comfortable chairs round the glowing fire. "Here I am left, week after week, and month after month, with no companionship except that of strangers."

"Don't say that, dear Mrs. Clifford," remonstrated Mrs. Britton with effusion; "surely you cannot call poor Jenny and me strangers. We have known you far too long not to love you dearly. I believe Rose herself does not love you more than my poor Jenny does."

"I dare say not, I dare say not!" she replied. "I must say Rose is not all I should like my grandchild to be. She has too many ways and whims of her own, and Ernest fosters them most foolishly. For my part I think it is a very good thing for a girl to be brought up humbly, with no high views as to the future; just as Jenny is. I hardly see how it could be managed otherwise; but it is a bad thing for young people to have parents able to study all their likes and dislikes, as Ernest does. It is Rose here and Rose there, as if there was no one but Rose in the world.

"She needs trouble, Mrs. Britton, real trouble; and Ernest shields her from every rough breath. When I was her age I was already Ernest's mother, and that means a deal of sorrow and trouble. I was a widow before I was twenty; a widow, with a fatherless boy. Yes, I had my share of trouble by the time I was Rose's age."

"It is a good thing to bear the yoke in one's youth," quoted Mrs. Britton.

"You may well say that," continued Mrs. Clifford. "I am always saying to Ernest, 'Rose wants trouble. Only look at what my life has been.'"

(*To be continued.*)

THE TRULY RIGHTEOUS.

S.S. Lesson for February 8th.—Matt. 5 : 17, 26. Golden Text, Ps. 51 : 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Our blessed Lord, having announced the principles of His kingdom in the early part of the Sermon on the Mount, proceeds to contrast them with the law of Moses, not in order to depreciate the law, but, as Paul says (Rom. 3 : 31), to "establish the law." "Think not," He says, "that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." He shows how obedience to the law insures a position of honor in His kingdom (ver. 19). And then he adds, "For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

It is important for us to know what was the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, and whether our righteousness comes up to, equals, or exceeds theirs; for unless it exceeds theirs we can in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. Let us hear the testimony of one who shall be his own witness. "I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess" (Luke 18 : 11, 12). What is the Lord's testimony about them? "They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments." They "pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin;" they "make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter;" they "appear beautiful outward" (Matt. 23 : 5, 23, 25, 27). But there is a flaw in all this righteousness: "All their works they do to be seen of men." They know not what it is to stand as Elijah stood, before the living God. They do not understand, as Enoch and Noah did, what it is to walk with God.

It was a righteousness in which self was sought. They had their reward. They sought self-satisfaction, and they found it; they desired the praise of men, and they obtained it. But God was not in all this; there was no exchange between Him and them, no intercourse. They offered to Him without making sure as to whether the offering was accepted. They afflicted themselves with fasting and long prayer, which, without the Spirit of God, must have been a hard service. They compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, for they were zealous and heart-whole in all they did; but nothing came of it. They remained where they were—inflated, intoxicated, with the sweetness of their satisfaction that they exceeded others—to awake one time from their dream in the presence of Him of whose righteousness they were ignorant (Rom. 10 : 3).

Does our righteousness exceed theirs? This is no light question. Some will say, of course it does, for we stand in the perfect righteousness of Christ. This is true of every believer in doctrine, but how is it in practice? Is there no going about to establish our own righteousness? Is there no expectation from ourselves, and no disappointment with ourselves? Is self really out of the question? Does such a thought never arise, "I thank Thee that I am not as other men are"? And, on the other hand, is the righteousness of Christ become, not merely a covering of our unrighteousness, but a life and atmosphere and being by which, in our thoughts and words and deeds, we become "righteous, even as He is righteous?" (1 John 3 : 7).

A faith in the righteousness of Christ, which has no transforming power upon our life and walk, leaves us almost behind the poor Pharisees. They seemed in *their* way to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and although it was not that which God could accept, while the whole foundation was wrong, yet they may rise up in judgment against such as quietly sleep upon the fact that Christ has died for them, and make use of their safety through His blood in order to lead a life of ease and self-indulgence, in which there is no fasting twice in the week, and perhaps no tithe of their property given to God. Surely if the sense of duty, as with Paul, or the spiritual pride of, as with the Pharisee, led them to make sacrifices, surely the principles of faith and love which govern us have not become ruling passions in our souls if they do not lead us to a self-abnegation greater than theirs. We want the searching of such an elder of the church as the Apostle James among us to say, Show me thy faith by thy works.

The first comment in detail which our Lord makes upon the law refers to the sixth commandment, "*Ye have heard* that it was said by them of old time," etc.; "*But I say unto you*, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment," etc. The little child must be reproved for his actions, and they who are under the law must be reproved for acts of transgression. But the elder children must learn to know the thoughts and intents of their hearts, that they also may be set right. "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ" (Gal. 3 : 24). But when we are come to Christ we are under another regimen: "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause," is in the same danger as he who has committed murder—just as the sinful look, in the light of His purity, ranks with the breaking of the seventh commandment.

"Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and then rememberest that thy brother hath aught *against thee*" (not if thou hast aught *against him*), "leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come to offer thy gift." God can accept nothing from us while we are holding a false position with regard to any of our fellow-creatures. As God can afford to forgive the unworthy by means of His great salvation, so we as His children and representatives ought to be able to afford forgiveness to every one who sins against us. But if we sin against them, then God can hold no intercourse with us until all is confessed, forgiven, and brought right. God's children must be righteous in their relations to men, for God's grace cannot stand on unrighteous ground.

This is the secret of much coldness and death among God's children. Old sores are left unhealed, misunderstandings, which an open, humble, and prayerful explanation in the name of the Lord Jesus would have removed, remain festering, and exhale unhealthy odors in the Church of Christ. A man who seeks not his own cannot but be a peacemaker; he has a heart large enough to be the friend of everybody. He thinks more of the loss and the suffering of those who sin against him than of his own loss or suffering, which he takes, not from his adversary, but from God.

The law of Christ's kingdom is, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him." Who is our adversary? In the Greek it is, He who has a legal claim against thee. This is first He whose law and precepts we have set at naught. Let us keep a clear conscience with our God, letting no single thing remain between us and Him, no unbalanced accounts, no open questions. Keep short accounts with God. Moody used to say, "All power in prayer, all brightness and liberty in testimony, is held back by a single known stain upon the conscience, one unchristlike thought indulged." As an eyelash in the eye, which irritates and inflames, as a stoppage in the digestive organs, so the smaller thing in which we are not in harmony with God puts the whole into disorder.

But others, too, have a legal claim upon us if we, who profess to live Christ's life, are continuing to live our own. They have a right to expect that we shall see things in a Divine light, and speak and act with a Divine power; and when they perceive that we are irritated by the same things which would irritate them, or that we are wanting in consideration and failing to place ourselves in their position, that we may spare them trouble, time, etc., they have a claim upon us that we should humble ourselves and confess our fault, without any regard to the provoking cause in them. Oh! this is a hard lesson to learn, and slowly learnt; but when patience has her perfect work, then shall we be "perfect and entire, wanting nothing" (James 1 : 4).

The only possibility of agreeing with those who see all things through the dark fog of their own self-interest, is to acknowledge where we were in fault without referring to their share of it. We live and walk upon the understanding that we Christians are dead men, and have not to be considered at all, so that all the consideration must be expended on those who differ from us; then we are free. And they, if they have any thing of honesty of heart, will soon perceive that we have the best of it; and how much more noble is the Christian's path than that of the natural man! But if we do not obey this command of the Master, what then? We are witnesses of His kingdom, and we cannot lightly sin against its precepts, "lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Distress in Ireland Increases, and Fears are entertained that no adequate provision has been made as yet to prevent large numbers of people dying of starvation. The London *Telegraph* reproaches England with its apathy and the paucity of its contributions. "Every day," it says, "brings nearer the dreadful time when *the last morsel of food* shall be eaten, and the cry of famine, poignant now, shall rend the heavens, and death and disease shall stalk through the land." The *Times* says that nothing blunts the edge of charity so much as the agitation of the land question. Meanwhile Lady Burdett Coutts has despatched her commissioner to the distressed districts, and the Duke of Connaught, third son of Queen Victoria, is preparing to visit Ireland and see for himself the real state of affairs.

The invitation of the House of Representatives to Mr. Parnell to deliver an address is freely commented upon by the English press, and is regarded as an unfriendly act.

General Roberts, the English Commander in Afghanistan, has appointed Sirdar Wali Mahomed, the son of a former Ameer, Governor of Cabul and the surrounding district. It is expected that, should he show capacity for government in this position, he will be proclaimed Ameer. Musa Khan, the aspirant to that position, has been deserted by his followers, owing to dissensions among the leaders, and all danger from that source is thought to be over; but Mahomed Jan, who, notwithstanding his recent defeat, is very popular among the Afghans, will, it is feared, lead an attack on the English at an early date.

A Protégé of Russia, Abdul Rahman Khan, is reported to have left the Russian headquarters and proceeded to Balkh, with the view of putting forward his pretensions to the throne. He is a nephew of Shere Ali, and his father Afzul was once formally recognized by the English as Ameer. But Afzul's government was overthrown by Shere Ali, and his family was driven into exile. Since that time his son has been in receipt of a pension from Russia, and has been treated with distinguished consideration in that country. His arrival at Balkh is thought to be a project on the part of Russia to embarrass England.

A Terrible Colliery Explosion at the Fair Lady pit in Staffordshire, England, occurred January 21st. It is the same pit in which six men were killed last autumn. The report states that 77 men were in the workings at the time of the explosion. The scene at the mouth of the pit was heartrending. Twenty-five corpses have already been brought up, a majority of them being so disfigured as to be unrecognizable. The few who were rescued alive died soon after they were brought up. One of the recovered corpses had lost part of the head. Some of the others were burned to cinders, while some appear to have been killed by the concussion. The disaster is attributed to the gaseous nature of the coal seam. A fire raged in the pit with great violence after the disaster, hindering the efforts of the explorers, and precluding all hopes of any of the victims being rescued alive, but the fire was ultimately subdued, and large quantities of *débris* have been removed, enabling the explorers to proceed more rapidly. It was then officially announced that the total number of deaths was seventy. Toward evening five more bodies were recovered from the mine, and twenty others were found in the pit.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle.—The special services conducted at the Tabernacle by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton, which commenced on December 28th, are being continued. The gatherings, which consist of noon prayer-meetings and evangelistic services in the evening, have been well attended. The New Year's prayer-meeting, although held at the early hour of seven on Sunday morning, drew together at least 500 persons, and in the afternoon there was a service for young people.

A Remarkable Movement for the Promotion of Prince Jerome Napoleon to supreme power in France has just been started by some party which, although obscure at present, may, in the Providence of God, be permitted to carry its point. The Prince still leads a quiet and retired life; but some of his friends or adherents have published and extensively circulated a pamphlet which sets forth his titles to the succession of the Bonapartes. This pamphlet is entitled "Prince Napoleon," and beneath the name figures the Prince's portrait. The pretender, who is at once a prince and a democrat, a possible President and Cæsar expectant, is represented in surtout, wearing four decorations and military medals and the riband of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. The head more than ever resembles that of *the first Emperor.* Nothing could be more imperial, and peasants when they first see it will certainly involuntarily ejaculate "*There is Napoleon!*"

The most is made of every point in the Prince's career which has been to his credit, while his vices and unpopular qualities are studiously passed by. There is also a flattering expression of confidence in the right of the people to say whether a man is or is not fit to be their ruler. Then, after mentioning Jerome's misgivings at the Prince Imperial's departure for the Cape, his grief at his cousin's tragical death, and his letter to the Empress, the pamphlet plainly says: "This event imposed new responsibilities and duties on Prince Napoleon. Everybody acquainted with him knows that he is worthy to continue the Napoleonic traditions, and that they are deposited in energetic and capable hands."

Meteorological Tables have been Published in England, showing that 1879, which closed with a series of awful and devastating storms, was *one of the most remarkable* years of the present century in England. Comparisons have been made as to the rainfall of 1879 with that of sixty-four years back, and it has been found that during the first nine months of the past year no less than 29.0 inches of rain fell, while the nearest approach to that amount was in 1828, and then it was two and one half inches short. During the quarter ending with September rain fell in fifty-three out of seventy-eight days, the total amount being 11.75 inches. In April, May, and June rain fell almost constantly, and the sun was but rarely seen. The month of July was the most remarkable on record, rain falling every day during the first half of the month, *turning to snow* in some districts on the 4th, 8th, and 9th. August brought a change for the better, and agriculturists began to think that their misery was over. But a sudden change took place toward the end, and at its close all hope of saving even a moderate harvest was blighted.

Mr. Henry Varley, the Evangelist, has Conducted a series of mission services recently in York, England. Though the very extreme weather prevented many from attending, the mission has been a very successful one. The Lord enabled His servant to declare the whole counsel of God with faithfulness and power. A number confessed Christ in the inquiry-room, and many others have admitted to be convinced of sin who were not able to stay to the after meetings. In one family, the wife, three sons, and two daughters, all professed to rest on Christ's finished work. The Bible-readings—attended every afternoon by several hundred believers of all denominations—increased daily in numbers and interest, and were times of much spiritual refreshing.

A Turkish Prison.—The Reforms in Asia Minor which the Sultan of Turkey promised in return for the guarantee of England appear to be still far from realization. An American traveller recently visited a Turkish prison at Jaffa, which he describes as merely a large paved court, open to the sky, and opening into it on all four sides were vaulted rooms. On the floors are a few dirty mats, and on them were squatting or lying, some of the prisoners, and a number were walking about the courts. There were seventy-five in all—arrested upon charges of murder, theft, assault, and debt. *All wer*
one common den. No bed-clothing is prov
them; all sleep in their clothes, which are
changed during the time spent in confinen
No food is given them by the authorities.
depend upon their relatives or friends, or
charity of those who pity their condition.
stench of the court was awful. The vi
asked an official if reform had commence
Jaffa, as announced in Constantinople pa
With a cynical smile and an Oriental shr
the shoulders, he replied, "Not yet,"
looked as if he pitied the foreigner's simpli

The First Methodist Chapel in Manche
England, was built in 1750. Christopher Ho
in preaching at a conference some time afte
large chapel in Oldham Street was built,
gratulated the people on the progress Methc
had made in Manchester. "You have here
may be considered," said Hopper, "a nobl
fice, and have now become a great people;
recollect the period when you were few in
ber. When I first made my entrance among
I preached in *an old garret* that overhun
river in the neighborhood of the old b
The coals were in one corner of the roor
looms in another, and I was in danger of bre
my neck in getting up to it. When the co
gation was collected the first evening, it d
consist of more than thirty persons."

Blindness Among Russian Soldiers.
Russian oculist Skrebizky has lately visite
inspected twenty-six military hospitals in F
He estimates the number of soldiers still
who lost their sight during the late war at
2,000. Only four per cent of this numbe
become blind through the direct action of v
causes. The remaining ninety-six per cent o
loss of sight to defective sanitary arrange
want of personal cleanliness, insufficient clo
and bad food. These men were dragged b
potic conscription to serve in a war which
no interest to them, and then disabled by
adequate provision made for them. Prayer
be offered that spiritual sight and saving
Christ may be vouchsafed to them.

An Attempt to Secularize the Sabb
London has been defeated. The
Court of Common Council has refused t
the Guildhall Library to be opened on
afternoons. A petition to have it oper
presented and supported by 557 signat
persons, most of whom gave their addr
the city; but it was met by counter-p
more numerously signed.

A Child was Suffocated by its Moth
recent Sunday in London. The fatl
mother took the child to be christene
Catholic Church in the neighborhood, ar
ward *a pint of rum and a pint of whis*
sent for. Afterward a further quar
spirits was consumed, and it was suppo
during the orgies the child was suffocate
mother. The discovery that it was d
made by the police, whose attention was
to the house by a fight which was goir
side. The mother is only twenty years
and the infant was her first child. She r
in ignorance of its death till the followi
ing.

Unclaimed Treasures.—The London
tor" states that there is a box at th
of England containing "a diamond
coronet, and ear-rings," which belongs
body unknown; and there is a heavy
plate deposited in a private bank near
dred years ago, all record of the own
which is lost apparently beyond ho
owners of these valuable articles are
dead; but the fact reminds us that the
of grace, pardon, and peace offered by
men without money and without
claimed by comparatively few.

Samuel D. Waddy, who has just be
ed to the British Parliament after a s
test in the district which for a long
represented by the late John Roebuc
known in England as a gifted Methc
preacher and platform orator.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Sigle Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1880. 14th Year. No. 6—New Series.

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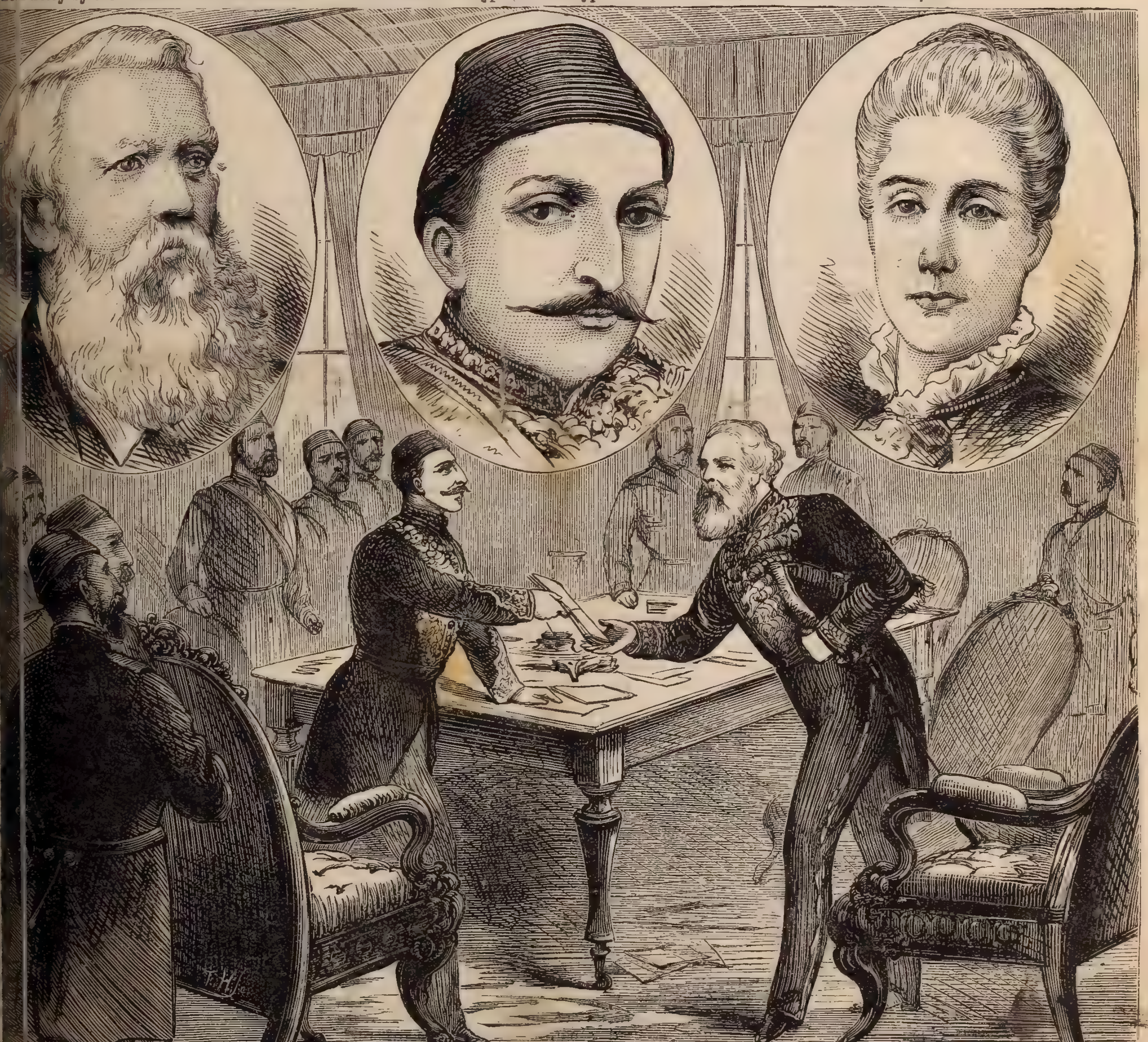

Scene of the Turkish Sultan handing back Dr. Koelle's papers to Sir H. Layard on Jan. 3, 1880, and Portraits of Sir H. Layard, the Sultan, and Lady Layard.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

The Occasion of his Proclamation—Early Life—Personal Description—Visits France and England—Introduces European Customs to his Household—His Studies—A Model Husband and Father—Political Leanings—Attitude toward the Greeks—His Aversion to Dismemberment or Reform—Broken Promises—Recent Quarrel with England—Concedes Sir H. Layard's Demands—Fate of the Turkish Empire.

ABD-UL-HAMID II. was born on August 6th, 1842, and is the fourth son of Abd-ul-Mejid, who died on June 25th, 1861. He was proclaimed Sultan on the 31st of August, 1876, as successor to his younger brother Murad V., who was deposed in consequence of his mental incapacity to transact public business. His installation was attended with all the usual congratulations and rejoicings. Hamid's mother dying young, he was adopted by a childless lady of his father's harem, who, out of the strongest affection for his mother and himself, made him heir to considerable wealth which she possessed.

Like his brother Murad, Abd-ul-Hamid was very dissipated during his father's lifetime, but his robust constitution enabled him to withstand those enervating excesses which utterly prostrated his brother. At the time of his accession to the throne a Turkish correspondent gave a very interesting account of this prince, whom he described as "thin and sinewy-looking, with bright dark eyes and a quick flashing glance."

In 1867 his uncle Abd-ul-Aziz Khan, who was then Sultan of Turkey, concluded a treaty of commerce with France and England, and in July of the same year visited the exhibition at Paris, and a few days afterward went to London, where he met with a most flattering and enthusiastic reception. The present Sultan accompanied Abd-ul-Aziz on his European trip, and contracted a taste for French clothes and French customs, many of which he has since introduced to his own household.

He is exceedingly fond of maps, both celestial and terrestrial, while the study of military, geological, and statistical charts constitutes his favorite pastime. It is reported also on trustworthy authority that he is neither a drunkard nor a spendthrift; indeed, if anything, he is somewhat "near" and parsimonious; he is fond of animals, of which he has a considerable menagerie, and is *the husband of only one wife*, living until just before his supreme investiture at a small palace at Kiahat Hané with her and their children, and, according to the European custom, eating at the same table, and playing with the little ones like a model paterfamilias.

Nevertheless, he is a staunch member of what is called the orthodox Old Turkey party, and is very punctilious in his religious ceremonial observances, though "many-tongued rumor" says that he is not quite so strict a Mussulman and disciple of Mahomed as he professes to be. Though strenuously opposed to what is designated the Young Turkey party, he is no unreasonable fanatic, and is said even to be well disposed toward the Giaours—a term meaning infidel, and applied by the Turks to all disbelievers in the religion of Mahomed as the Prophet of Allah, and especially to Christians. He entertains, however, neither toleration nor consideration for the Greeks, whom he cordially and undisguisedly detests.

During the latter days of his brother's rule he was kept carefully under surveillance, and little was accurately known concerning him, save that, with commendable prudence, he persistently refused to ascend the throne until Murad's state was authoritatively pronounced to be hopelessly incurable, and that as a member of the "Old Turk" party he advocated war with Russia to the death rather than countenance in the most distant manner any compromise which should bring about a disintegration of the Ottoman Empire.

Since the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, he has shown the greatest reluctance to carry out the reforms, both in Europe and Asia, which were expressly stipulated. But upon pressure being put upon him in November last by the English Government, the Porte submitted, and new pledges were obtained for the speedy and thorough performance of its treaty engagements.

Promissory notes are the well-known *diplomatic coinage* of the Sultan's ministers. For twenty years they have been pledging themselves to ameliorate the condition of the Christian populations of Turkey, with what results the world is but too familiar. However, on Saturday, the 8th of November last, the Sultan himself presided at a council of state, and exhorted its members to use every effort toward the regeneration of the country. The Turkish newspapers were at the same time peremptorily ordered by him, under pain of suspension, to cease their virulent attacks upon England.

THE DIFFICULTY ABOUT DR. KOELLE.

All anxiety arising from the reluctance of the Porte to honor its stipulations being allayed, and the task of reform appearing to have been fairly commenced, Englishmen were beginning to breathe freely again, when, at the beginning of the present year, Europe was suddenly startled by the announcement that the British Ambassador had suspended official relations with the Porte. The reason for the movement on the part of Sir A. H. Layard was the utter disregard which the Sultan showed to his demands for the release from prison of a Mussulman schoolmaster named Ahmed Tewfik, who had been condemned to death for assisting Dr. Koelle, a Christian missionary, in the translation of the English prayer-book into Turkish. Dr. Koelle himself was returning home from the schoolmaster's house one evening last September, when he was arrested and taken to the police station. All his papers were impounded at the same time, and retained by the chief of the police.

Under these circumstances the Porte was expostulated with by Sir A. H. Layard, and an application made for the restoration of Dr. Koelle's papers, but no notice whatever was taken of the request. The British ambassador, therefore, on the 24th of December presented an ultimatum to the Porte demanding three things—that the missionary's papers should be returned, that the schoolmaster should be liberated, and that Hafiz Pasha, the police minister, who had been instrumental in securing the death sentence on Ahmed Tewfik, should be dismissed from office.

Every kind of pressure was used to induce the Sultan to yield. Even Germany and Austria united with England in asking the Porte to comply with the British demands. It was apparently felt that the time had come to let Turkey know in the most emphatic manner that Europe must have her will, and that Christendom would not tolerate the putting to death of a man in Europe for assisting a Christian in translating a Christian book.

On the 2d of January news arrived from Constantinople that Sir. A. H. Layard had had a long audience with the Sultan on that day, and that the result had been satisfactory. The confiscated papers were gracefully handed over by the Sultan on the 3d instant, and official relations were resumed as soon as the requisite formalities had been observed. This scene is the subject of our picture on the frontispiece.

And so, for the present, open and final rupture is averted. We say *for the present*, because whatever prudence may characterize the rulers of the Sublime Porte, the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire must be followed by its utter and irremediable ruin. A few years ago the maintenance of the integrity of the empire was made the object of such anxious effort on the part of the chief western kingdoms, that nothing seemed more improbable than its partition. But as has been shown in the prophetic work "Coming Wars,"* much has already been done toward its overthrow. Egypt and Greece have secured separate governments of their own; the Berlin Treaty wrested away some of the finest of its remaining European pr and Syria is being prepared for a similar tion by the assumption of its protectorat British Government.

Thus "The way of the kings from the the Jews—is being prepared, according inspired prediction in Rev. 16 : 12, tho full restoration and conversion of God's people will not be effected until the ush of the millennium, "when the Lord sh up Zion, and shall appear in His glo: 102 : 16).

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* Coming Wars and Ten Signs of the Approaching Crisis, by the Rev. M. Baxter.

THE RIGHT HON. A. H. LAYARD,

British Ambassador in Turkey.

The Coveted City—Sir A. H. Layard's An Early Studies and Travels—His Ex of Ancient Sites—His Excavations at —Contributions to the British Muse Official Appointments—Receives the of the City of London—Becomes M Parliament—Visit to the Crimean Wa cation of his Works—Further Hon Present Post—Recent Diplomatic Ac Results.

FOR many years past, owing to the position occupied by Turkey with re other European powers, the ambassadc Constantinople has been regarded lish politicians as one of the most in diplomatic posts within the gift of Quee ria, and during the great events whi taken place in that quarter of the globe Eastern Question was rekindled by the tion in the Herzegovinia, in the summer it was felt to be more necessary than the British Sovereign should be adequa resented at that coveted city which co the narrow strait between Europe and A

The Right Hon. Austen Henry G.C.B., who at present holds that taken a very lively interest in Easter from early life. He is the son of H. T ard, Esq., and grandson of the late Dr. Dean of Bristol. He was born in March 15th, 1817. Having commen study of the law, which he soon relinqu more congenial pursuits, he, in 1839, s a course of travel, visited various northern Europe, and proceeded throu nia and Roumelia to Constantinople, one period he acted as a correspond London newspaper, and afterward through various parts of Asia, and lea Arabic and Persian languages.

In his wanderings he made it a spec to explore those spots believed to have sites of ancient cities, and when at Mc the mound of Nimroud, he was impelle irresistible desire to examine carefully ity to which history and tradition poi "birthplace of the wisdom of the We hearing that a Frenchman, M. Botta, carrying out excavations at the cost of ernment, and had found a great numbe ous marbles, Mr. Layard longed for th tunity of making similar discoveries.

Returning to Constantinople he laid before Sir. Stratford Canning, who, in erously offered to share the cost of

EXCAVATIONS AT NIMROUD,

and in the autumn Mr. Layard set off f and began his labors in a spot previou turbed. Here he ultimately succeede earthing some of the numerous wonder mens of Assyrian art which enrich th Museum, London, and with which his always be associated. For a time, both the English Government and t Museum authorities failed to appre value of Mr. Layard's researches.

He was appointed Unpaid Attaché t bassy at Constantinople, April 5th, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Lord Russell's first administration for a in 1852. Lord Derby, who acceded to February of that year, offered to reta that capacity until the return of Lord England, and then give him a diplo ment. This offer Mr. Layard, after taking advice of Lord Russell, declined. In the ion cabinet under Lord Aberdeen he was d various posts, which, as they were of a e to remove him from the field of Eastern es, he declined.

853 he was presented with the freedom of ty of London, in consideration of his dis- es among the ruins of Nineveh, and after- went to Constantinople with Lord Strat- de Redcliffe; but, disagreeing with his he returned in the course of the year to nd. In the House of Commons, where he member for Aylesbury, he became the ad- of a more decided course of action on astern Question, and delivered several en- and impressive speeches on that impor- bject.

54 he again proceeded to the East, was a tor of the important events then taking n the Crimea, witnessed the battle of the from the maintop of H.M.S. Agamemnon, mained in the Crimea till after the battle kermann, making himself acquainted with tual condition. He became one of the urgent among the members of the House Commons in demanding the committee of in- into the state of the British army, and he leading part in the investigation to which tributed his evidence.

the formation of Lord Palmerston's first stration, in 1855, he was again offered a ut as it was unconnected with the foreign of the country he declined it, became one leaders of the Administrative Reform As- on, and brought before the House of Com- in June, 1855, a motion embodying their which was rejected by a large majority. 7–8 he spent some time in India, endeav- o ascertain the cause of the rebellion.

he general election in March, 1857, he lost t in the House of Commons for Ayles- nd was also an unsuccessful candidate at n April, 1859, but was returned one of the rs for Southwark in December, 1860.

48–9 he published "Nineveh and its Re- " and in 1853 a second part of the work. Monuments of Nineveh" appeared in , and an abridged edition of "Nineveh Remains" in 1851.

Layard, who had been elected Lord Rec- Aberdeen University in 1855 and 1856, be- Under-Secretary of State for Foreign in Lord Palmerston's second administra- n July, 1861, and retired on the fall of Russell's second administration, in July, He was appointed a trustee of the British in 1866. He was Chief Commissioner rks in Mr. Gladstone's administration, December, 1868, at which time he was to the Privy Council, until November, hen he retired from Parliament on being ted Envoy Extraordinary and Minister tentiary at Madrid, and when Sir Henry as transferred to Vienna in 1877, he then

MBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

ost has been no sinecure, and though a rable portion of his difficult negotiations n subjected to hostile criticism and in- nimadversion, he has, on the whole, dis- the difficult functions of his onerous with conscientiousness and diplomatic His recent action in "suspending official s with the Porte," by which Great Britain prised on New Year's Day, was at first to arise out of a dispute of a very trivial but the light of facts which have since blished has revealed the full gravity of ir. The crisis was, indeed, a very seri-

Ambassador's demands were not pressed n or too firmly, and they were of a na- t left him no opening for honorable re- thout full and complete victory, if such a s possible in diplomatic dealings with ute Turk. It seemed absurd that such a s the suspension of diplomatic relations, rest stage to a declaration of war, should have been necessary to restrain the Turkish Government from executing vengeance, in defiance of its treaty engagements, upon *a poor schoolmaster* whose poverty, rather than his will, had consented to his translating, or correcting the translation, of certain Christian writings.

Sir Austen Layard, it would appear, did not intervene too hastily or too energetically. It was more than three months since Ahmed Tewfik was seized and thrown into prison with the worst malefactors. Much indignation was felt among the Christian community at the outrageous treatment of Tewfik and his impending fate, before the ambassador was moved to insist peremptorily upon his release.

The Sultan himself has taken a keen personal interest in the punishment of Ahmed Tewfik, and has vigorously supported his fanatic spiritual adviser, the Sheik-ul-Islam. The obstinacy with which they have insisted upon so gross a breach of express stipulations shows what chance there is of obtaining from the present Turkish Government, steeped to the lips in bigotry and corruption, any of the reforms for which Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues took credit beforehand as the certain fruits of Lord Salisbury's policy.

The result of the firm stand which Sir Austen Layard took in relation to the recent dispute has been justified by the results. The papers taken from Dr. Koelle by the police, and on which the whole controversy between England and the Porte turned, are now in the possession of Sir Austen Layard, while the release of Ahmed Tewfik has taken place, or will do so in the course of a very brief period of time. His destination is said to be one of the islands of the Archipelago; and the reason for his removal there, is that the Turkish authorities consider that they could not save him from fanatical assaults were he to remain in his own country. It is said that a considerable sum of English money has found its way to the home of Tewfik's family, but we are not told whether it emanated from the missionary society with which Dr. Koelle was connected, from the British Government, or through private benevolence. Sir A. H. Layard has received a formal explanatory letter which he demanded from Hafiz Pasha, the Police Minister, and has declared it to be amply satisfactory. The whole affair may, therefore, now be regarded as completely arranged.

LADY LAYARD.

Her Family—Her Great Humanity—Life in Spain—Her Remarkable Adventure in Saving Marshal Serrano—Removal to Constantinople—The "Ladies' Association."

LADY LAYARD is the third daughter (Mary Enid Evelyn) of Sir. John Josiah Guest, of Dowlais (who was created a baronet in 1838, and died in 1852), by his second wife, Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Bertie, only daughter of the ninth Earl of Lindsey. Her eldest brother is Sir Ivor Bertie Guest, and she was married to the Right Hon. Austen H. Layard in 1869.

As the wife of the Ambassador of Great Britain to the Porte, Lady Layard has greatly endeared herself as a lady of exceptionally kind disposition, and shown herself to be gifted with singular mental and bodily activity. Her extraordinary services at the British Embassy at Constantinople during the Russo-Turkish war in 1876–7, were most highly appreciated both by English residents and visitors in Turkey, more especially the humane efforts which she made in the interests of the wounded soldiers, and the poor refugees who in consequence of the war had fled from their homes to the large cities.

Lady Layard by her great hospitality gained the affection, not only of the wealthy who were on visiting terms at the Embassy, but of the destitute Turks, Armenians, Bulgarians, and other outcasts who sought shelter in Constantinople.

Her ladyship is also deservedly remembered in Spain, where, during the long period of her husband's diplomatic charge of British interests at the capital of Alfonso, she was a leader of the English society, and when the learned minister and his wife took their departure from Madrid the English residents and visitors there felt that they had sustained a great social loss.

During the Spanish civil war, while her husband was Minister Plenipotentiary, Lady Layard passed through some very

TRYING ORDEALS,

one instance of which we now record.

At the time of the Federal Republic in Spain in 1870 Mr. and Mrs. Layard were in Madrid. Marshal Serrano, previously Regent, was supposed to be implicated in a conspiracy to overthrow the existing government, and his life being threatened, he took refuge in the British Legation. As this retreat was considered unsafe for the Marshal, Mr. and Mrs. Layard carried him offin disguise to Santander.

On arriving at the railway station the Marshal gave his arm to Mrs. Layard, while Mr. Layard walked behind with the bags, and in this manner they got safely into the town. The station was crowded by red republicans on the look-out for political fugitives, and if they had discovered Serrano they would have torn him to pieces.

At the principal station on the line the "reds" searched the several carriages, but Mr. Layard stood at one door and Mrs. Layard at the other of the compartment they occupied, to prevent the men from entering; claiming the right of free passage as British representatives.

On reaching Santander Mrs. Layard walked through the crowded station leaning on the Marshal's arm to the British Consul's house. A tug steamer was engaged to take Serrano to Biarritz starting at dusk. At the last moment, just as the tug was starting, the French consul, who had made all the arrangements, insisted on running back for a pillow. In his absence two civil guards came up and demanded permission to search the steamer. Mr. Layard stood in the gangway and with considerable courage refused to admit them. The steamer started, and Marshal Serrano was saved.

There may be some doubt how far Mr. Layard was justified in using his position as British Minister in assisting a Spaniard to escape from his own countrymen, who believed him a traitor; but Mr. Layard probably thought that as he was acting in the interests of justice and humanity, he was justified in using all the power at his disposal. If the Spanish Minister in London had assisted a British subject to escape, there would probably have been some explanation demanded by Queen Victoria's Government, and a gunboat sent to Madrid to wait for it.

For the part she had taken in the matter Mrs. Layard received the thanks of the British Government in a special dispatch, the only instance on record of a lady being so honored.

But when Mr. (now Sir A. H. Layard) was transferred to Constantinople, the noble qualities of Lady Layard were most eminently displayed. Accounts reached the Embassy of the dreadful condition of the wounded Turkish soldiers. The Sultan's means were inadequate for their wants, and a few ladies presented the case to Lady Layard, and as promptly as possible a "Ladies' Association" was formed, with her ladyship as president, and their labors in the cause of suffering humanity will never be forgotten.

With their own hands they worked for many hours a day, and during the period of the war made nearly 60,000 bandages, 2000 shirts, besides many other things suitable to the distressed soldiers' wants. Widows and orphans have reason to bless her name, for she fed, and clothed, and sheltered them. Lady Layard received from the sultan's own hand the "Chefket," a first-class order of mercy.

The Mission at Beyrout, Syria.—Rev. Dr. Jessup, writing to the Turkish Mission Aid Society in London, says: "I have now been at home in Beyrout for three weeks, and have had time to look about me. As the year draws near to its close, the reports of work done, and of work to be done, of fruits gathered and new openings for useful labor, are cheering to the heart."

THE PREY TAKEN.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, February 1st, 1880.

"The lame take the prey."—Isaaih 33 : 23.

Great Achievements Made by Men under Disadvantages—Three Great Poets who were Blind—Other Famous Invalids—Social Disadvantages Overcome—As in the Secular so in the Spiritual—Eminence in Christian Life attained by Invalids—Blindness with Spiritual Sight—A Sublime Answer—Cure of a Lad blind from Infancy—Diseased and Crippled Saints—A Man on Crutches—The Orphans—Orphans made such by the War, who have Prospered in Church and State—Men of Small Talent—Great Works Done by Ordinary Men—Too Many Christian Overlookers—Characteristics of the Successful Christian Worker—An Heroic Rescue by an Engineer—Those who are Astray—A Sinner Slain in his Iniquity—The only Suitable Prayer--A Tremendous Gospel—A Dying Pilot on the North River.

THE utter demolition of the Assyrian host was here predicted. Not only robust men should go forth and gather the spoils of conquest, but even men crippled of arm and crippled of foot should go out and capture much that was valuable. Their physical disadvantages should not hinder their great enrichment. So it has been in the past, so it is now, so it will be in the future. So it is in all departments. Men labor under seemingly great disadvantages, and amid the most unfavorable circumstances, yet making grand achievements, getting great blessing for themselves, great blessing for the world, great blessing for the church, and so "the lame take the prey."

Do you know that the three great poets of the world were totally blind? Homer, Ossian, John Milton. Do you know that Mr. Prescott, who wrote that enchanting book "The Conquest of Mexico," never saw Mexico, could not even see the paper on which he was writing? A framework across the sheet, between which, up and down, went the pen immortal. Do you know that Gambassio, the sculptor, could not see the marble before him, or the chisel with which he cut it into shapes bewitching? Do youk now that Alexander Pope, whose poems will last as long as the English language, was so much of an invalid that he *had to be sewed up* every morning in rough canvas in order to stand on his feet at all?

Do you know that Stuart, the celebrated painter, did much of his wonderful work under the shadow of the dungeon where he had been unjustly imprisoned for debt? Do you know that Demosthenes by almost superhuman exertion first had to conquer the lisp of his own speech before he conquered assemblages with his eloquence? Do you know that Bacon struggled all through innumerable sicknesses, and that Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott went limping on clubfoot through all their life, and that many of the great poets and painters and orators and historians and heroes of the world had something to keep them back, and pull them down, and impede their way, and cripple their physical or their intellectual movement, and yet that they pushed on and pushed up until they reached the spoils of worldly success, and amid the huzza of nations and centuries, "the lame took the prey"?

You know that a vast multitude of these men started under the disadvantage of obscure parentage. Columbus, the son of the weaver. Ferguson, the astronomer, the son of the shepherd. America the prey of the one; worlds on worlds the prey of the other. But what is true in secular directions is more true in spiritual and religious directions, and I proceed to prove it.

INVALIDS EMINENT IN CHRISTIAN LIFE.

There are in all communities many invalids. They never know a well day. They adhere to their occupations, but they go panting along the streets with exhaustions, and at eventime they lie down on the lounge with achings beyond all medicaments. They have tried all prescriptions, they have gone through all the cures which were proclaimed infallible, and they have come now to surrender to perpetual ailments. They consider they are among many disadvantages; and when they see those who are buoyant in health pass by, they almost envy their robust frames and easy respiration.

But I have noticed among that invalid class those who have the greatest knowledge of the Bible, who are in nearest intimacy with Jesus Christ, who have the most glowing experiences of the truth, who have had the most remarkable answers to prayer, and who have most exhilarant anticipations of Heaven. The temptations which weary us who are in robust health they have conquered. They have divided among them the spoils of the conquest.

Many who are alert and athletic and swarthy loiter in the way. These are the lame that take the prey. Robert Hall an invalid, Edward Payson an invalid, Richard Baxter an invalid, Samuel Rutherford an invalid. This morning, when you want to call to mind those who are most Christlike, you think of some darkened room in your father's house from which there went forth an influence potent for eternity.

A step farther: Through raised letters the art of printing has been brought to the attention of

THE BLIND.

You take up the Bible for the blind, and you close your eyes, and you run your fingers over the raised letters, and you say: "Why, I never could get any information in this way. What a slow, lumbrous way of reading! *God help the blind.*"

And yet, I find among that class of persons, among the blind, the deaf and the dumb, the most thorough acquaintance with God's word. Shut out from all other sources of information, no sooner does their hand touch the raised letter than they gather a prayer. Without eyes, they look off upon the kingdoms of God's love. Without hearing, they catch the minstrelsy of the skies. Dumb, yet with pencil, or with irradiated countenance, they declare the glory of God.

A large audience assembled in New York at the anniversary of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and one of the visitors with chalk on the blackboard wrote this question to the pupils: "Do you not find it very hard to be deaf and dumb?" And one of the pupils took the chalk and wrote on the blackboard this sublime sentence in answer: "*When the song of the angels shall burst upon our enraptured ear, we will scarce regret that our ears were never marred with earthly sounds.*" Oh! the brightest eyes in Heaven will be those that never saw on earth. The ears most alert in Heaven will be those that in this world heard neither voice of friend, nor thrum of harp, nor carol of bird, nor doxology of congregations.

A lad who had been blind from infancy was cured. The oculist operated upon the lad, and then put a very heavy bandage over the eyes, and after a few weeks had gone by, the bandage was removed, and the mother said to her child, "Willie, can you see?" He said, "Oh! mamma, is this Heaven?" The contrast between the darkness before and the brightness afterward was overwhelming. And I tell you the glories of Heaven will be a thousandfold brighter for those who never saw anything on earth.

While many with good vision closed their eyes in eternal night, and many who had a good, artistic, and cultured ear went down into eternal discord, these afflicted ones cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He made their sorrows their advantage, and so "the lame took the prey."

In the seventh century there was *a legend of St. Modobert.* It was said that his mother was blind, and one day while looking at his mother he felt so sympathetic for her blindness that he rushed forward and kissed her blind eyes, and, the legend says, her vision came immediately. That was only a legend, but it is a truth, a glorious truth, that the kiss of God's eternal love has brought to many a blind eye eternal illumination.

A step farther: There are those in all communities who toil mightily for a livelihoo They have scant wages. Perhaps they are d eased, or have

PHYSICAL INFIRMITIES,

so they are hindered from doing a continuc day's work. A city missionary finds them the dark alley, with no fire, with thin clothi with very coarse bread. They never ride in t street car; they cannot afford the five cen They never see any pictures save those in t show-window on the street, from which they often jostled, and looked at by some one w seems to say in the look, "Move on! what you doing here looking at pictures?"

Yet many of them live on *mountains of tra figuration.* At their rough table He who fed five thousand breaks the bread. They talk of of the good times that are coming. This wo has no charm for them, but Heaven entran their spirit. They often divide their scant cr with some forlorn wretch who knocks at th door at night, and on the blast of the night wi as the door opens to let them in, is heard voice of Him who said, "I was hungry and fed me." No cohort of Heaven will be bright to transport them. By God's help t have vanquished the Assyrian host. They h divided among them the spoils. Lame, la yet they took the prey.

I was riding along the country road one and

I SAW A MAN ON CRUTCHES.

I overtook him. He was very old. He was ing very slowly. At that rate, it would h taken him two hours to go a mile. I s "Wouldn't you like to ride?" He said, "Th you, I would. God bless you." When he beside me, he said, "You see, I am very l and very old, but the Lord has been a good l to me. I have buried all my children. Lord gave them, and the Lord had a righ take them away. Blessed be His name. I very sick, and I had no money, and my ne bors came in and took care of me, and I wa nothing. I suffer a great deal with pain, then I have so many mercies left. The Lor been a good Lord to me." And before we got far, I was in doubt whether I was giving a ride, or he was giving me a ride! He "Now, if you please, I'll get out here. help me down on my crutches, if you pl God bless you. Thank you, sir. Good-m ing. Good-morning. You have been feet t lame, sir, you have. Good-morning."

Swarthy men had gone the road that da do not know where they came out, but every ble of that old man was toward the shining With his old crutch he had struck down ma Sennacherib of temptation which has mast you and me. Lame, so fearfully lame, so aw lame; *but he took the prey.*

A step farther: There are in all commu many

ORPHANS.

During our last war and in the years immedi following, how many children we heard "Oh! my father was killed in the war." you ever noticed—I fear you have not—how those children have turned out? Starting the greatest disadvantage, no orphan could do for them what their father would done had he lived. The skirmisher sat night, by the light of fagots, in the s writing *a letter home*, when a sharpsho bullet ended the letter which was never fo never posted, and never read.

Those children came up under great disa tage. No father to fight their way for Perhaps there was in the old family Bi old yellow letter pasted fast, which to story of that father's long march, and h suffered in the hospital; but they looke further on in the Bible, and they came t story of how God is the Father of the fath and the widow's portion, and they soon their father's place in that household. battled the way for their mother. They on up, and many of them have already, sixteen years since the war, taken positi church and state. While many of those who suffered nothing during those times have had some go out into lives of indolence and vagabondage, these who started under so many disadvantages because they were so early bereft, these are the ones who took the prey.

MEN OF SMALL TALENT.

A step farther: There are those who would like to do good. They say, "Oh! if I only had wealth, or if I had eloquence, or if I had high social position, how much I would accomplish for God and the church!" I stand here to-day to tell you that *you have great opportunities* for usefulness.

Who built the Pyramids? The king who ordered them built? No; the plain workmen who added stone after stone and stone after stone. Who built the dikes of Holland? The government that ordered the enterprise? No; the plain workmen who carried the earth and rung their trowel on the wall. Who are those who have built these vast cities? The capitalists? No; the carpenters, the masons, the plumbers, the plasterers, the tinners, the roofers, dependent on a day's wages for a livelihood. And so in the great work of assuaging human suffering and enlightening human ignorance and halting human iniquity. In that great work, the chief part is to be done by ordinary men, with ordinary speech, in an ordinary manner, and by ordinary means.

The trouble is that in the army of Christ we all want to be captains and colonels and brigadier-generals. We are not willing to march with the rank and file and do duty with the private soldier. We want to belong to the reserve corps and read about the battle while warming ourselves at the camp-fires, or on furlough at home, our feet upon an ottoman, we sagging back into an arm-chair.

As you go down the street, you see an excavation and four or five men are working, and perhaps twenty or thirty leaning on the rail looking over at them. That is the way it is in the church of God to-day: where you find one Christian hand at work, *there are fifty men watching the job!*

Oh! my friends, why do you not go to work and teach this Gospel? You say, "I have no talent." You have. It may be the carpenter's plane; it may be the mason's wall. The robe in which you are to proclaim this Gospel may be a shoemaker's apron. But woe unto you if you preach not this Gospel somewhere, somehow! If this world is ever brought to Christ, it will be through the unanimous and long-continued efforts of men who, waiting for no special endowment, consecrate to God what they have. Among the most useless people in the world are men with ten talents, while many a one with only two talents, or no talent at all, is doing a great work, and so "the lame take the prey."

There are thousands of ministers of whom you have never heard—in log cabins at the West, in mission chapels at the East—who are warring against the legions of darkness, successfully warring. Tract-distributers, month by month undermining the citadels of sin. You do not know their going or their coming; but the foot-falls of their ministry are heard in the palaces of heaven. Who are the workers in our Sabbath-schools throughout this land to-day? Men celebrated, men brilliant, men of vast estate? For the most part, not that at all.

I have noticed that the chief characteristic of the most of

THOSE WHO ARE SUCCESSFUL

in this work is that they know their Bibles, are earnest in prayer, are anxious for the salvation of the young, and Sabbath by Sabbath are willing to sit down unobserved and tell of Christ and the resurrection. These are the humble workers who are recruiting the great army of Christian youth—not by might, not by power, not by profound argument, not by brilliant antitheses, but by the blessing of God on plain talk, and humble story, and silent tear, and anxious look. "The lame take the prey."

Oh! this work of saving the youth of our country—how few appreciate what it is! This generation tramping on to the grave—we will soon all be gone. What of the next?

AN ENGINEER ON A LOCOMOTIVE

going across the western prairies day after day, saw a little child come out in front of a cabin and wave to him; so he got in the habit of waving back to the little child, and it was the day's joy to him to see this little one come out in front of the cabin door and wave to him, while he answered back.

One day the train was belated and it came on to the dusk of the evening. As the engineer stood at his post he saw by the headlight that little girl on the track, wondering why the train did not come, looking for the train, knowing nothing of its peril. A great horror seized upon the engineer. He reversed the engine. He gave it in charge of the other man on board, and then he climbed over the engine, and he came down on the cowcatcher. He said, though he had reversed the engine, it seemed as though it were going at lightning speed, faster and faster, though it was really slowing up, and with almost supernatural clutch he caught that child by the hair and lifted it up, and when the train stopped and the passengers gathered around to see what was the matter, there the old engineer lay, *fainted dead away*, the little child alive and in his swarthy arms.

"Oh!" you say, "that was well done." But I want you to exercise some kindness and some appreciation toward those in community who are snatching the little ones from under the wheels of temptation and sin—snatching them from under thundering rail-trains of eternal disaster, bringing them up into respectability in this world and into glory for the world to come. You appreciate what the engineer did; why can you not appreciate the grander work done by every Sabbath-school teacher this afternoon?

Oh! my friends, I want to impress upon myself and upon yourselves that it is not the number of talents we possess, but the use we make of them.

GOD HAS A ROYAL FAMILY

in the world. Now, if I should ask, "Who are the royal families of history?" you would say, "House of Hapsburg, House of Stuarts, House of Bourbons." They lived in palaces and had great equipage. But who are the Lord's royal family? Some of them may serve you in the household, some of them are in unlighted garrets, some of them will walk this afternoon down the street, on their arm a basket of broken food; some of them are in the almshouse, despised and rejected of men, yet in the last great day, while it will be found that some of us who fared sumptuously every day are hurled back into discomfiture, there are the lame that will take the prey.

One step farther: There are a great many people discouraged about getting to Heaven. You are brought up in good families, you had Christian parentage; but you frankly tell me that *you are astray*, a thousand miles away from the right track, you say.

My brother, *you are the one I want to preach to* this morning. I have been looking for you. I will tell you how you got astray. It was not maliciousness on your part. It was perhaps through the geniality and sociality of your nature that you fell into sin. You wandered away from your duty, you unconsciously left the house of God; you admit the Gospel to be true, and yet you have so grievously and so prolongedly wandered, you say rescue is impossible.

It would take a week to count up the names of those in Heaven who were on earth worse than you tell me you are. They went the whole round of iniquity, they disgraced themselves, they disgraced their household, they despaired of return because their reputation was gone, their property was gone, everything was gone; but in some hour like this they heard the voice of God, and they threw themselves on the divine compassion, and they rose up more than conquerors. And I tell you *there is the same chance for you*. That is one reason why I like to preach this Gospel, so free a Gospel, *so tremendous a Gospel*. It takes a man all wrong, and makes him all right.

In a former settlement where I preached, a member of my congregation quit the house of God, quit respectable circles, went into all styles of sin, and was slain of his iniquity. The day for his burial came, and his body was brought to the house of God. Some of his comrades who had destroyed him were overheard along the street, on their way to the burial, saying, "Come, *let us go and hear Talmage* damn this old sinner!" Oh! I had nothing but tears for the dead, and I had nothing but invitations to the living. You see I could not do any otherwise. "Christ Jesus came to seek and save that which was lost." Christ in His dying prayer said, "Father, forgive them," and that was a prayer for you and a prayer for me.

Oh! start on the road to Heaven to-day.

YOU ARE NOT HAPPY.

The thirst of your soul will never be slaked by the fountains of sin. You turn everywhere but to God for help. Right where you are, call on Him. He knows you, He knows all about you, He knows all the odds against which you have been contending in life. Do not go to Him with *a long rigmarole of a prayer*, but just look up and say, "Help! help!"

But you say, "My hand trembles so from my dissipations, I can't even take hold of a hymn-book to sing." Do not worry about that, my brother; I will give out a hymn at the close so familiar you can sing it without a book. But you say, "I have such terrible habits on me, I can't get rid of them." My answer is, Almighty grace can break up that habit and will break it up. But you say, "The wrong I did was to one dead and in Heaven now, and I can't correct that wrong." You can correct it. By the grace of God, go into the presence of that one, and the apologies you ought to have made on earth make in Heaven.

"Oh!" says some man, "if I should try to do right, if I should turn away from my evil doing unto the Lord, I would be jostled, I would be driven back, nobody would have any sympathy for me." You are mistaken. Here, in the presence of the church on earth and in Heaven, I give you to-day the right hand of Christian fellowship. God sent me here to-day to preach this, and He sent you here to hear this: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought, and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon." Though you may have been the worst sinner, you may become the best saint, and in the great day of judgment it will be found that "where sin abounded, grace does much more abound," and while the spoils of an everlasting kingdom are being awarded for your pursuit, it will be found that the lame took the prey. Blessed be God that we are, this Sabbath, one week nearer the obliteration of all the inequalities of this life and all its disquietudes.

Years ago, on *a boat on the North River*, the pilot gave a very sharp ring to the bell for the boat to slow up. The engineer attended to the machinery, and then he came up with some alarm on deck to see what was the matter. He saw it was a moonlight night and there were no obstacles in the way. He went to the pilot and said, "Why did you ring the bell in that way? Why do you want to stop? there's nothing the matter." And the pilot said to him, "There is a mist gathering on the river; don't you see that? and there is night gathering darker and darker, and I can't see the way." Then the engineer, looking around and seeing it was a bright moonlight, looked into the face of the pilot, and saw that he was dying, and then that he was dead.

God grant that when our last moment comes we may be found at our post doing our whole duty; and when the mists of the river of death gather on our eyelids, may the good Pilot take the wheel from our hands and guide us into the calm harbor of eternal rest!

"Drop the anchor, furl the sail,
I am safe within the vale."

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 71.*)

The Forgery—How the Proceeds were Invested—A Renewal Refused—Arthur Lemaire's Despair—He Contemplates Suicide—He Resolves to Appeal to his Sister—Lucie Disturbs his Reverie.

ARTHUR LEMAIRE, tempted to forgery by the pecuniary bait, reasoned and sophisticated, and, as a matter of course, his evil self gained the victory. In affairs of prudence, it is said, we should think twice before we act, but in cases of conscience only once.

Arthur Lemaire knew the aphorism, but, alas! he did not act upon it. Copying the autograph of Percival from a letter of his before him, which had been written to his sister, and which Arthur furtively took for the purpose from one of Lucie's drawers, though with some tremor, for an avenging eye as he wrote seemed to peer at him from out a thunder-cloud, he forged Percival's name to a promissory note of the value of $15,000. And as he looked at it when completed, to stay the agitation within him which he could not suppress, he said, "I am sure I do not mean to wrong him of a stiver." And then he added, with a melancholy attempt at humor, to further relieve his feelings, "After all, the use of his name for three months or so isn't much by one who is going to give him for all his days an only sister."

The immoral and perilous transaction succeeded well for a time. Arthur, with the money which he received for the bill upon discounting it at the bank, and having added to it his own small capital, made two or three excellent purchases, one of them to the amount of $45,000. For the capital he had schemed to have in hand, aided by a fresh mortgage of the land for the balance, enabled him to make this large investment, so that, in his own esteem at least, he was becoming an extensive landowner.

A week before the bill to which he had put Percival's name was due, he presented another for the same amount at the bank, intending with the cash received from its discount to pay the outstanding one. Upon calling at the discount office an hour after, however, he was astounded to get the promissory note back, the clerk informing him politely that, from the critical condition just then of the money market, the bank directors, against their general wish, had resolved to contract their discounts, and for the present would only accommodate their long-established and usual connections.

The blood started back from Arthur Lemaire's cheek at this communication, his brain whirled, and for some time he was all but unconscious. He saw too well, at a glance, what the intelligence he had received meant to him—nothing less than that he was a ruined man, that his felonious act must come to light, and that he must face the certainty of social disgrace and imprisonment. Oh, with what a terrible load of misery did he turn away from the bank counter that hour and pass into the street! All things taking their hue from his own inward dismay. With tightened lips and clouded brow he walked he knew not whither, his temples throbbing and his limbs moving mechanically along the pavement. Fortunately none of his friends met him, or his appearance and manner would have led to remark and awkward inquiry. He hardly came to himself until he reached, in the direction of the Phœnix Park, on the outskirts of the city.

"What in the world am I to do?" he frantically inquired of himself. "I am truly in a dreadful position. Fate, black as night, gathering around me. Oh, how the snares of evil entangle those who dally with and yield to them! The glittering baits of sin are surely nothing but allurements of Satan to destruction. And yet," he continued, "who would have thought of things turning out as they have done? It's a shame and a foul wrong for the bank, by its use and wont, first to encourage such an act as mine, and then, in the crisis of need, withdraw its hand so spitefully.

At this moment the waters of the Liffey, the river upon which Dublin is built, and which runs at some distance from the wall on one side of Phœnix Park, and which was now gleaming in the sunlight, flashed upon Arthur Lemaire's vision, and the thought of self-destruction rose up strong and urgent within him. "One determined plunge in there," he said, as he looked toward the stream, "and in a few moments my misery would be over."

He had turned toward the river to contemplate more closely this guilty impulse, when his better nature, from earliest age religiously instructed at home, getting opportunity to speak, suggested to him,—

"The suicide is both a monster and a coward, for he of all criminals does most violence to nature, while he also meanly evades a difficulty, in your case self-made, in place of manfully meeting it. The Lemaires through all the past have never been poltroons; your progenitors, as you have been told at home, have feared none but God, and will you dishonor the name and practically disown the spirit and conduct of your Huguenot ancestors?"

His soul startled and stirred by the voice of his conscience, he, after a little thought, said in response, "No, I will not, must not, be the first to fly from man, and sacrilegiously rush, with all my sins upon my head, into the presence of my Maker! Besides," he added, in a moment or two, "the evil I have done will, I fear, entail sorrow enough at home, without my adding to it the shame and horror which would fall upon all near to me, and especially upon my dear mother, by an act of self-destruction. No! Whatever I do, I am firmly resolved not to heap up guilt on guilt and sorrow upon sorrow in this way."

From ancestral pride and good early teaching brought to this conclusion, the question, however, of what was to be done in his terrible dilemma shortly after pressed itself anew upon Arthur Lemaire's consideration. Should he fly the country, and leave matters to be settled in some way, as they best could, by his friends left behind him? This seemed for a while a promising expedient; yet, upon second thoughts, it did not so strongly commend itself for adoption. Exile was hard, very hard, to entertain—moreover, successful flight was exceedingly problematical; above all, he had formed lately a passionate attachment for a young lady in his neighborhood, and how could he abandon her? Stunned by sudden terror, her image hitherto had not come up before him, but now the thought of fleeing his native land recalled to memory the loved one, and his whole being violently drew back from the project of self-banishment.

Still he moved upon the road along the Phœnix Park wall, lost in utter bewilderment, and at last the form of his sister Lucie flitted in imagination before him. "She has often, to my sore annoyance," he said, "disparaged and rebuked me; but still, as I have good reason to know, she has a kind, sisterly heart, and is, moreover, full of resource, and clear-headed.

"Might it not, then, be well," he asked himself, "to put my case in the best light that I can before her, and see what she would advise? What I have done, it is certain, must, at some time or other, become known to her, and if it will serve me, why not tell it now, and be myself the bearer of the evil tidings?"

After a little further reflection, even a scheme for getting out of his difficulty, to be proposed for Lucie's execution, was suggested to him. "Why should I not, after all, get her," he inquired, "to strongly hint to Percival the dreadful dilemma I am in from the want of 3000*l.*, and, without making known any thing of the forgery at all, ask him through her to lend it me? Why, 3000*l.* would be a mere bagatelle to him, for I know he has a much larger balance at his bankers'. He is, I must confess, too, a somewhat generous fellow—is not over fond of money—and I am pretty certain would therefore not refuse my request. At all events, I am he would not if Lucie would prefer my rec to him, and then, with this loan, why I c meet gayly the forged bill that is coming Without a doubt this is the very way to ge of the cruel and tormenting toils which are ing around me. How came I not to think before? I was a dolt!" And at the wor turned himself in his course, and set his toward his father's dwelling, which now, his wandering steps, was, however, some distant.

Arthur Lemaire brought his reflection a close by "thinking aloud" this summa them, "I am up to my very neck in the sl of difficulty!" At these words he slackene pace—moved yet slower and slower, and came finally to a complete standstill, both b and mentally. Unconscious of all around his mind in stupor and a perfect blank, th no knowing how long he would have th mained had he not been aroused from his erable state of abstraction by a tap on the s der, while a voice, which he recognized a cie's, said pleasantly,

"Arthur dear, what in the name of w are you about, posing yourself in that statu immobility? Have you turned Indian faki sorbed in the contemplation of the absolut what *is* the meaning of your wrapt attitud declare, were it not for your ungraceful m costume, you would not do badly for a mo a sculptor—Marius surveying the ruins of thage—or let us say, had you on my attire, statue of Lot's wife just turned into a pil salt. I could not have supposed, Arthur, added, with a little laugh, "that such a fixedness was possible to your restless nat

It was plain Lucie was in a cheerful moo day, explained by the fact that in the m she had received a letter from Percival, her a full and amusing account of Jemm Janie's wedding, and informing her that or two later he would return to Dublin an his condition of exile, following up the i tion by the stock quotation so well know "absence makes the heart grow fonder," forth. She was thus living in an atmosph sweet delight, and, joyous of heart, was for any little pleasantry. A look, howeve Arthur's pale and haggard face informed a moment there was something gravely with him, and, without seeking to pry in secrets, she anxiously waited to receive himself some explanation of his trouble.

Arthur, however, did not speak a wor truth he did not know what to say or how gin his communication. Impulse to known and dread to reveal the burden mind were at war within him, so that b them in silence reached their father's dw As they walked side by side, Arthur, ho all the time struggled hard in thought cover some path of escape out of his jeopardy, and was desirous especially of some method of introducing in a plausib the subject of an appeal through his sis money to Percival.

It is likely this never would have come had not Lucie herself inadvertently releas from his difficulty. After they entere house, coming with a lively manner in brother's room, where he was again standing, she said, "Arthur dear, I have commission for you. Percival writes me be here in a day or two, and I wish that good fellow, you would go for me to Cl lor's and get them to give you that purs made for Percival, and which I have ask to fit with a gold clasp. They promised have it done at once. Will you to-morro a good brother, ask about it, and see they disappoint me?"

The word purse, as associated with the money, gave Arthur the clew he was so an searching for. It furnished the means of ing about the value, as the world goes, o and gold, and of his own imperious nee

(*To be continued.*)

PROPHETIC IMPORT OF THE SULTAN'S CONCESSION.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

Turkish Persecution of Christians Diminished ever since 1844—The Notable Mohammedan Edict of Religious Toleration in 1844—Six Dates Ending in that Year—Only 45 Years Remaining until 1890, as the End of the Age.

The obliging and even submissive promptitude of the Sultan of Turkey in personally delivering back to the British Ambassador the papers of an arrested missionary, is one of many events which plainly evidence the *nearness* of the close of this dispensation and of the Second Advent of Christ.

More extraordinary is the contrast between the mild and yielding temper of Turkey *now*, and its *former* haughty and fierce intolerance against Christians, when the Turkish Empire was, in Scripture language, *the Second Woe* to Christendom for 391 years, from 1453 to 1844 (Rev. 9 : 15; [illegible]). Evidently the mystic *Euphrates is drying up*, and the Advent of Christ at the Seventh Trumpet and the Seventh Vial is close at hand (Rev. 16 : 12–17).

In the ninth chapter of Revelation the Turkish or Ottoman Power is depicted under the emblem of countless armies of horsemen coming across the river Euphrates and overspreading Christendom in Asia and Eastern Europe like a cloud. And power to kill Christians is declared to be given to them for *a year and a month and a day*, *i.e.*, [illegible]1 *days*, which in the year-day historical fulfilment denoted, according to general agreement of expositors, 391 *years*.*

Now it is most remarkable, as commentators have shown, that it was in A.D. 1453, when the Turks captured Constantinople, that they virtually completed their conquest of the principal provinces which thenceforth were necessarily called the *Turkish Empire*. This formidable persecuting empire then commenced its predicted [illegible] years of the *Turkish Woe*, which consequently ended in 1844. And it was on March [illegible]st, [illegible]44, that the Sultan abolished the persecuting law of killing Christian converts from Mohammedanism, and thus for the first time in the history of the Turkish Empire an *edict of religious toleration* was established in it.

The causes of this intervention of European Powers to obtain this remarkable *edict* were these: In August, 1843, a Christian Armenian youth who, after becoming a Mohammedan from fear of punishment, had returned to his Christian faith, *was put to death*. This called for the interposition of the British Government and its serious remonstrances, and produced, in November, 1843, some promises of no longer punishing such converts with beheading. In December, 1843, however, a *young Greek*, who had become a Mussulman, having returned to his own creed as a Greek Christian at Bilégik, adjoining to Brussa, was executed. This drew forth decisive despatch from the English Government to their ambassador at Constantinople, demanding that Turkey should *abolish, once for all, the execution of converts to Christianity*.

It required the efforts of five European Powers, Austria, Prussia, France, Russia, and England, to overcome the obstinate reluctance of the Porte to change the Turkish law. The difficulties were thus stated by the Turkish Grand Vizier: The laws of the Koran compel no man to become a Mussulman; but they are inexorable both as respects a Mussulman who embraces another religion, and as respects a person not a Mussulman who, after having of his own accord publicly embraced Islamism, renounces that faith. No consideration can produce a commutation of the capital punishment, to which the law condemns him without mercy. The only mode of escaping death is for the accused to declare that he has again become a Mussulman."

The Sultan, even on March 14th, 1844, tried to put off the European Powers with a statement that the law did not admit of such a change; but the ambassadors refused to receive this. Their resolute firmness at length obtained the following

"OFFICIAL DECLARATION"

of the Sublime Porte relinquishing the practice of Executions for Apostasy:

"*The Sublime Porte engages to take effectual measures to prevent henceforth the execution and putting to death of the Christian who is an apostate from the Mohammedan faith.* March 21st, 1844."

The eminent Rev. E. Bickersteth, in his "Guide to the Prophecies," justly observed on this: "The date of this official declaration, March 21st, is very remarkable, as being in fact *the first day of Nisan*, the first sacred month of the Jews in 1844. And this is the more remarkable, as it is connected with *the termination of the remarkable date of the* 2300 *years* (Dan. 8 : 14) which began with Ezra's commission to restore the sacrifices in Artaxerxes' 7th year in B.C. 456–7, and therefore ended on March 20th, A.D. 1844 (Ezra 7). And on the first of Nisan, March 21st, 1844, the (legislative) power of the Mohammedans to persecute Christianity passed away, and liberty was given for Christian worship, the true cleansing of the sanctuary.

"*This is the more remarkable also* as 1844 was the 1260th lunar year of the Mohammedan Calendar (which commences at the Hegira or Flight of Mahomet, A.D. 622), and so the closing year in Mohammedanism of that remarkable prophetical period of 1260 years. A letter from Tangiers, dated June 20th, 1844, given in the public journals, stated: 'It seems that the Moors have always had forebodings of this year. For a long time they have been exhorting each other to beware of the 1260th year of the Hegira, *i.e.*, A.D. 1844.'

"Another material point connected with this event is the passing away of the Turkish Woe of 390 or 391 years (Rev. 9). It is the general voice of Christian interpreters that the sixth angel sounding the second Woe Trumpet describes the Turkish woe. The importance of this fact will be seen by the prophecy in Rev. 9 : 14–18. We are, therefore, clearly on the verge of the great events of the Second Coming of Christ and the Resurrection."

These sound views of Bickersteth, as above stated, are in the main agreed to by other expositors, including Mr. Grattan Guinness, in his "Approaching End of this Age."

No less than *six* prophetic dates apparently terminated in 1844–5, as follows:

BEGINNING.	SIX DATES.	ENDING.
B.C. 676, the captivity of Manasseh and of the Ten Tribes.	2520 solar years, or "seven times," Dan. 4 : 23.	End A.D. 1844.
B.C. 602, the overthrow of the throne of David.	2520 lunar years, bisected in A.D. 622.	End A.D. 1844.
B.C. 456, Artaxerxes' decree to rebuild Jerusalem, Ez. 7.	2300 years, Dan. 8 : 14.	End A.D. 1844.
A.D. 545, the completion of Justinian's Code of Laws.	1290 years, Dan. 12 : 11.	End A.D. 1844–5.
A.D. 622, the Hegira, when Moslem Calendar begins.	1260 lunar years of Mohammedan cal., Rev. 11: 2,3.	End A.D. 1844–5.
A.D. 1453, the capture of Constantinople by the Turks.	391 years, Rev. 9 : 15.	End A.D. 1844.

The momentous conclusion which these facts *seem* to bring us to (for we do not venture a positive assertion) is, that if the 1290 years did terminate in 1844–5, then the 1335 years which commenced with the 1290, and are *only* 45 *years longer*, will terminate about 1890 as the End of this dispensation and as the verge of full blessedness. "Blessed is he that cometh to the 1335 days" (Dan. 12 : 12).

A MOHAMMEDAN AND HIS WIFE CONVERTED.

A VISITOR of the Mildmay Conference Hall Bible Flower Mission in London, relates the following narrative:

It was in a workhouse infirmary that I first met with Jane Bond. She seemed very ill and prostrate, but gladly received the little bouquet I gave her, and as I read the text attached to it, she burst into tears. Grieved to see her so affected, I entered into conversation with her, and found she was much troubled on account of sin.

She did not possess a Bible, but the following week I gave her one, in which I had marked several texts as specially suitable for her to read, and with which she seemed greatly delighted. I was much interested in her case, and took my sister-in-law to see her, who also read with and talked to her of the fulness and freeness of God's salvation. After a short time, in answer to our prayers, we rejoiced together to hear her declaration of assurance that *her sins were all pardoned*—blotted out in the blood of Christ.

Then she told us of her *husband*, who had been born and brought up in the *Mohammedan faith*, and how she longed for him to be a partaker in her joy. We spoke to her of the promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (John 16), which seemed to strengthen and comfort her.

Some years previously Jane Bond had gone out *to India as needlewoman* in the service of a peeress, and had there met with and married her husband, who at that time was a man of wealth and position. In consequence of his marriage with a Christian woman he underwent the most bitter persecution from all his friends and relations, his mother three times employing agents to murder his wife. Fearing that at length these efforts might succeed, he brought her to England. For some time after his arrival here his mother sent him a handsome monthly remittance, but this suddenly stopped, and by its failure he was reduced to the necessity of seeking some employment.

About this time he met with a severe accident, which has caused the loss of his leg, by three different amputations. He was for twenty-one months in a hospital, and his wife meanwhile tried to support herself by needlework, but she was able to obtain so little employment that on his discharge they became reduced to the greatest poverty, and finally applied for shelter to the parochial authorities. The poor woman had suffered so much from want and privation that she became very ill, and was placed in the infirmary, where I first saw her.

We succeeded in finding her husband, and gave him a Bible also. In the course of a few weeks, with the combined help of some of the ladies who visited the same workhouse in connection with the Bible Flower Mission, we took a room for Jane and her husband, and gave the wife some needlework as a means of support. We were very anxious to get the husband something to do also, but on account of his inability for active employment we found this more difficult to meet with. During this trying time deep searchings of heart had been going on, and he was constantly found reading his Bible. I was away from town for some weeks after they settled in their home, and a gentleman connected with the mission took my place in visiting them. Before my return I received a letter from the happy wife, telling me that *her husband was now able to rejoice with her in Christ as his Saviour.*

He has since been baptized in the church, and by this public profession of his faith has given up every expectation of regaining the property he had hoped some day to claim. Lately, a sort of paralysis has set in, and the doctors tell him he will gradually become quite helpless, but he often expresses his gratitude to God for not sending this affliction till He had brought him where alone he can find strength to bear it.

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* The Seven Seals, Seven Trumpets, and many other prophetic visions of the Book of Revelation have double fulfilment. *First*, within nearly 1900 *years*, and *secondly*, within nearly 1900 *days*, just at the close of the first fulfilment. The *First* is called the *year-day historical* fulfilment, and the *second* is called the *literal-day Futurist* fulfilment. Thus the Sixth Trumpet in Revelation 9 has a figurative accomplishment during [illegible]91 *yrs*, and afterward a more literal one during [illegible]91 *days*.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, January 28th, at **4.35 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Maine Difficulty, it is hoped has Reached a final and peaceable settlement. The Fusionist legislature applied to the Supreme Court for an opinion on the situation. As that court had already expressed its unanimous opinion, the course of the Fusionists seemed useless; but it was thought that questions framed *ex parte* might elicit something more favorable to the Fusionists. The judgment of the court was, however, again unequivocally against them. The legislature then met and adjourned until the first Wednesday in August next; but it was generally understood that the adjournment meant dissolution. Accordingly seven senators and twenty-two members of the House went to the State House and took their seats with the Republicans. The seal of the State was in the possession of the Fusionists, and it was feared it might be used in a way to create serious trouble; but on January 31st Mr. P. A. Sawyer, the Fusionist Secretary of State, handed it over to the Republicans with other effects and valuable documents in his possession.

The Removal from Office of Mr. Hayt, the Indian Commissioner, by Mr. Carl Schurz, is a step which has taken every one by surprise except those cognizant of the revelations made before the House Committee which has been sitting with closed doors over three weeks. Something was known of the serious nature of the charges brought against the Commissioner by General Fisk, but it seemed incredible that they could be true, or if true that they could have escaped the knowledge of Mr. Schurz or the President. Scarcely any one believed that Mr. Hayt could have been allowed by either of them to remain in office if such charges could be substantiated against him. It is not certainly known what particular offence on Mr. Hayt's part precipitated his abrupt dismissal; but it is known that Mr. Hammond, formerly a subordinate of Hayt's, had an interview with General Fisk, and made important disclosures which may have so implicated the Commissioner as to have rendered his retention of office impossible.

It is, however, certain that the Utes were badly treated by the bureau, and that evidence was offered to the committee showing that the supplies due according to the Brunot treaty at the Ute agency were deposited 175 *miles away*, and the Indians were required to fetch them thence. Evidence was also given that the Northern Cheyennes had been defrauded, and that *they were starving* when the massacre took place at Fort Robinson.

There is no doubt that the treatment of the Indians by the United States Government has been for some time a grave sin and scandal, and that the cause of religion and even of civilization has been degraded by cheating, lying, and disregard of treaty obligations. The investigation now in progress ought to be continued until the whole system is laid bare, and a radical reform instituted, and so the nation be delivered from this grievous sin against God.

The Duty of Government as to the Liquor Traffic.—At the meeting of the American Temperance Union in Haverley's Theatre, New York, on January 25th, Rev. W. H. Boole protested against the inaction of our administrators in the liquor business. He contended that government, in regulating the sale of poisons the quarantine of vessels coming from infected ports, the storage of combustibles, and the adulteration of articles of food, had adopted the principle of protecting the people against injury from the carelessness or cupidity of unprincipled persons. Having established that principle, he urged that the unrestricted sale of intoxicating liquors by licensed and unlicensed persons was a glaring inconsistency, the abolition of which the people ought to insist upon.

The Rev. George C. Needham, who recently accepted the charge of the Chicago Avenue Church, has found out a way of making his services attractive to the masses. Every week an artist is engaged, under Mr. Needham's instructions, in preparing large pictures to be used the following Sabbath evening to illustrate the sermon. The mountains and rocks of the Bible have formed the subject of two sermons, and the pictures which can be seen all over the church have been found to give a vividness and an actuality to description which arrests the attention which Mr. Needham then directs to the gospel truth he desires to impress. Numbers of persons hitherto unaccustomed to attend any place of worship are in this way attracted to the church, and give a sustained and close attention to the sermons, which are of an eminently practical character.

A Monument to the Memory of Dr. Lovick Pierce, to be erected at his burial-place, Columbus, Ga., is contemplated by the Southern Methodist Church. The services rendered by Dr. Pierce to the Church throughout his long life were too valuable to be allowed to pass without some enduring mark of recognition.

Mrs. Hayes's Social Triumph at the White House is described in a recent Washington letter by Rev. Lyman Abbott. It appears she went to Washington determined not to offer wine to her guests; this was *the determination of a lifetime*, and she would not and could not abandon it. To give a State dinner without wine was declared to be impossible; all Washington society was opposed to her; it even became a Cabinet question. For a year she was a target for the sort of arrows which it is so hard for any woman to bear unflinchingly. But she bore it all; by her patient persistence and her tact she carried the day and conquered social despotism on its own field. *She never has offered wine;* Washington follows her lead; and it is doubtful whether any State capital, not excluding the capital of Maine, is a more thoroughly temperance city than Washington to-day. The moral courage and endurance required for a struggle of this kind can only be rightly estimated by those who have fought a similar battle in their own smaller circles.

The Corner in Grain appears so far to have been a decisive failure, and it is doubtful whether any of the operators will realize the gains they hoped for. As soon as it became clear that the European harvests were so poor that an unprecedented demand for grain would be created, the speculators commenced the gigantic task of buying up all the stocks. The grain elevators of Chicago, New York, and other cities were filled almost to bursting with a stock of over forty million bushels, and a rise of forty-five to fifty cents a bushel immediately occurred. But European purchasers could better afford to wait than the speculators could afford to hold, and transactions ceased; the result has been a downward rush of prices which at one time near being a panic.

Dr. Talmage in his Friday evening le emphatically denounced the scheme. He sa

"The United States is capable of being almoner of the world. Foreign nations c America, 'Give us 230,000,000 bushels of gr and we say, 'You shall have it if you will us more than it is worth.' If this inform is correct, I prophecy the ruin of multitud the grain merchants of the United States. a traffic in the hunger of nations will not b erated in heaven, if it is on earth. *God smash the ring.* If God smites the harvest and there be no food, all we have to do is to to the inscrutable. But if after God has the nation's cup, grasping men lift it be reach of the people I sound the tocsin of al He who gambles in breadstuffs *gambles i man blood*, and with all popular outcry we resist it. Anything that touches the bread tion touches the vitals. This blockade o wheat market robs the masses of the peo home and abroad only to enrich the gambl grain. If we are unjust to other nations, l look out for retribution."

The Ownership of a Large Estate at more is expected soon to come before the for adjudication. It is estimated to be $6,000,000. The present possessors inherit an ancestor named Edward Fell, who squ on the land in the early part of the last cen It appears from documents recently disco that the land in question had been "gra by the British government at a prior da Lady Lucine Germon, a refugee from San mingo, whose heirs, now numbering sixtee sons, have advanced their claim to the pro The question will probably be stubbornly tested and will turn on legal technicalities. Christian may well be thankful that his ti his heavenly inheritance does not resembl of this Baltimore estate. He may be po this world's possessions, but no claim can from him the mansion in heaven purchas him by the blood of Jesus.

The Eighty-Seventh Birthday of Mr. Ed Lyon, of Rochester, was celebrated recentl Mr. Lyon showed his gratitude to God f long and prosperous life by giving $25, the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions directs that the money be invested in U States four per cent bonds, and the intere propriated to *the support of five mission* who shall engage in work west of the M sippi, reports of their labors being made quarter to the church in Rochester of whic Lyon is a member. When the bonds b due in 1907 the Board will be at liberty to what use it chooses of the funds.

On the Outposts of Civilization far W the Missouri a Presbyterian church has jus completed. Though most of its membe in sod houses and holes dug out of the g the church they have erected cost $2000 the day of dedication only $340 remained raised, and that amount was promptly scribed in full, with $100 additional to pu carpets, lamps, etc. The church is situ Beaver City, Nebraska, and is thirty miles west than any Protestant church; it is th one in the county.

A Brave Rescue by a Child is Re from Troy, N. Y. On January 24th tw dren, one a boy four years old, and the o girl of eight, were playing with their sle the street. They lost control of their sle it plunged into the river at the foot street, carrying the boy with it under the His sister rolled from the sleigh before it r the stream. The girl, with surprising c and presence of mind, dashed into the c current until it reached her arm-pits, and her brother, carried him dripping but safe shore.

A Letter from Granville Ohio, with quest for prayer, has been received; a from S. A. P., to be sent to Dr. Talma the Irish Famine Relief Fund.

One Christian Worker, Relying only on the help of God, has been enabled to do great things in Brooklyn. It appears that in that city of churches, with 500,000 inhabitants, only 60,000 attend Christian worship. The Union Mission, organized and conducted by Rev. B. W. Wright, has made the 440,000 outsiders the field of its operations. Its headquarters are 187 Classon Avenue, ormerly a lager-beer saloon, and in that building tales have been told which would move the most stony heart to tears. Once, a father, despairing of his son's ever being rescued from runken habits, resolved on *having him arrested*, ut before doing so took him to the Mission. That young man was so changed by the grace of God, that he is now an active member and earnest worker in a Christian church. Not long since the *touching sight* was seen in the Mission of a dy, her beautiful face bearing witness of the ouble she suffered, coming to the platform and ying her babe there, and kneeling down beseeching mercy and pardon, and going away re- icing in hope.

The Mission its spreading its branches all over Brooklyn, and many who were regarded as hopelessly depraved and lost to society and to od have been reclaimed, and are now clothed d in their right mind. An interesting account the rise and progress of the Mission appeared the New York *Daily Witness* of January 19th.

Seven Hundred Dollars in Answer to Prayer. A Christian merchant of New York related at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting January 15th, for the encouragement of others, an incident which occurred during the week, in his own experience. A remittance of $700 he expected and sorely needed did not arrive, but a letter came postponing payment. The Christian man went with his disappointment and perplexity to the Great Source of help, and bowing his head spread his trouble before the Lord. He had not risen from his knees many minutes, when his clerk, who had been opening the next mail, entered with the contents, among which was *a check far* $ o—*the very amount* of which he stood in need. A person sceptical on such cases read of the circumstance, and being in a merchant's office expressed his incredulity. To his astonishment the merchant said, "The case was my own: here is documentary evidence of its veracity."

A Cockatoo Recently Displayed an Affectionate fidelity to a former owner which carries a silent reproof to many Christian people. The bird was presented to the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia by a gentleman about to visit Europe. He was away *three years*, and on his return visited the gardens. Standing where the bird could not see him, he called it by name. The bird on hearing the well-known voice recognized it immediately, and flew about the cage in an eager desire to see its master. On the gentleman coming within sight, the door of the cage had to be opened lest the bird should injure itself against the bars. The three years' separation had not impaired its memory of former kindness, and it perched on the gentleman's shoulder and evinced all the signs of joy it was capable of. If the nature of the bird could be so affected by the loving care of its owner, how severe is the reproof it conveys on faithless and backsliding Christians, and what an illustration it is of the complaint of God, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider"! (Isa. 1:)

A Child is Becoming Petrified at Cleveland, Oh This remarkable phenomenon is described by the correspondent of the New York Times, who says: "The most extraordinary case of sclerema, or petrifying of the skin, known in medical history, was that of a child brought to Cleveland, from New Philadelphia, January 29th, who is becoming literally a petrified child. The flesh is as cold and hard almost as marble, and while the child, which is nearly three years old, continues to live, it can only freely move its lips and eyes. It has none of the warmth and pliability of human flesh, and sleeps with its eyes open presenting a most ghastly spectacle. Until six months ago it was in perfect health. The disease is one of the connective tissues between the skin and flesh, whose origin is unknown, but is supposed to be caused by perverted nutrition. This is *the thirty-fifth case* discovered, and is an important one, inasmuch as no instance has heretofore been known where the entire body was affected. The child must die, as complete petrifaction will ensue."

This peculiar case is a strange type of physical disease, but in spiritual matters petrifaction is only too common. Large numbers of people in Christian lands have listened for many years to sermons and prayers and to the glad message of peace in the gospel, but have never made practical application of the truth for themselves, and their souls have become hardened until the most earnest appeals have ceased to move them. The word of warning falls on their ears as the seed in Christ's parable is described as falling on the wayside (Matt. 13:4).

"God have mercy on my family! God have mercy on my soul!" was the oft-repeated cry of a man named Mylon as he lay dying on Saturday night at Elizabethport, N. J. He had been intoxicated earlier in the day, and had become embroiled in a quarrel in a bar-room, which he had entered to obtain more liquor. The bar-keeper's wife refused to supply him with drink without payment, and the excited man struck her; the bar-keeper drew his pistol and shot the man fatally in the left side, and fired at his friends who came to his assistance, wounding several of them. The sense of his position overwhelmed Mylon, as the pain of his wound sobered him, and he gave utterance to the cry for mercy which he repeated continually during his dying moments. We can only hope that the piteous cry of the wretched man was heard by a merciful God, but it is a fearful thing to die in such circumstances and at that time to have to offer that prayer.

Messrs. Pentecost and Stebbins commenced evangelistic services in Detroit January 4th, with encouraging prospects of success. The First Congregational Church was the place chosen as the scene of their labors, and a large audience assembled. The Bible readings, which began Monday, the 5th, in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, were removed the next day to First Church for lack of room. The inquirers' meetings have been well attended, and many conversions have taken place.

The Town of Oberlin, Ohio, has been Purified by the closing of all the places where intoxicating liquor was sold. The inhabitants are now turning their attention to the tobacco stores with the view of closing them or preventing the weed being sold to boys in the schools.

A Munificent Donor.—The Large Sum of $77,000 was last week presented by Mr. George Seney, President of the Metropolitan Bank of New York, to the endowment fund of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. This amount makes a total of $130,000 given by Mr. Seney to the same fund within a year. While assisting the young men of the denomination, Mr. Seney has not forgotten the aged ministers, for we learn that recently he sent his check for $2500 to Presiding Elder Beach as his annual contribution to the support of the worn-out preachers of the New York East Conference.

The Negro Exodus.—Gov. St. John, of Kansas, estimates that since last April at least 16,000 colored refugees have arrived in that State, and that not less than 12,000 of them have been destitute of food and means, and very scantily clad. He expects many thousands to come this year.

Subscribers frequently write to us for Single copies of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. We always endeavor to oblige them, but single and occasional copies can more easily be obtained from a newsdealer. Sometimes we receive complaints that the CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot be obtained from a particular newsdealer. Such complaints are promptly attended to, when made to us, but in all cases we desire that our friends will give the name and *street address* of the dealer who does not keep it for sale.

THE KEY-NOTE OF A CHOICE SONNET.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord."—LUKE 1:46.

Mary's Reason for Rejoicing—The Christian's Privilege a Higher Mystery—The Suggestions of Mary's Magnificat—I. An Occupation—1. For All Sorts of People—2. In All Places—3. In Solitude—4. Needing no Money—5. Nor Talent—6. The Greatest Mortals can Engage in it—"Greatening God"—II. A Remedy for Self-Congratulation—Mary knew she would be Famous—III. A Fruitful Utterance for Holy Feelings—IV. A Reason for Hopefulness—In Forecasts of the Future—In Regard to the Salvation of Others—V. A Guide in Theology—Faith Better than Philosophy—How to Magnify the Lord.

MARY had received a wonderful intimation from heaven of which she herself scarcely understood the full length and breadth. Her faith had apprehended a great promise, which as yet her mind hardly comprehended. Her prayer, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word," showed *her joyful submission and childlike confidence*, and this made her blessed with the blessedness of patient hope. Under divine guidance she made a speedy journey into the hill country to see her cousin Elizabeth, and from her she received a confirmation of the wonderful tidings which the angel had brought to her. Elizabeth herself had been favored from above, for the Lord had looked down upon her, and taken away from her the reproach of barrenness. Amongst other choice words, Elizabeth said to her, "Blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord."

When Mary had thus been comforted by her friend, and her spirit had been elevated, and her confidence confirmed, she began to sing unto the Lord most sweetly, saying, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." Now, if it is a good time with any of you—if in communion with some older believer your confidence has been strengthened, make sure that the Lord has a return for it When your own heart is lifted up, then lift u the name of the Lord. Exalt Him when He exalts you.

You will perhaps tell me that the Virgin had very especial reason for magnifying the Lord, and I answer, Assuredly she had. "Blessed is she among women," and we are not backward to own the eminent honor which was put upon her. Blessed indeed she was, and highly favored. But yet, is there any true believer who has not also received special favor of the Lord? Sitting down quietly in our chamber, can we not each one say that the Lord has favored him or her with some special token of divine love?

I think there is something about each believer's case which renders it special. We are none of us exactly like our brethren, for the manifestations of divine grace are very various; and there are some bright lines about your case, brother, which will be seen nowhere else, and some peculiar manifestations about your happiness, my sister, of which no one else can tell. I might not be straining words if I were to say to many a sister in Christ here, "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." And I might say the same to many a brother here: "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among men. The Lord hath done great things for thee, and let thy spirit be glad."

True, there is one point in which we cannot be compared to Mary literally. She was to be the mother of the human nature of our Lord; but there is *a parallel case* in each one of us in which a higher mystery—a more spiritual mystery—gives us a like privilege, for, behold, the Holy Ghost dwells in each believer. He lives within us as within a temple, and reigns within us as in a palace. If we be partakers of the Holy Ghost, what more can we desire by way of favor from God, and what greater honor can be bestowed upon us?

But now, having introduced to you her *magnificat*, we will dwell upon these words, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," and I do earnestly hope that many of us can adopt the language without being guilty of falsehood: we can as truly say as Mary did, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." If there are any of you present to-night who cannot say it, get to your chambers, fall upon your knees, and cry to the Lord to help you to do so; for as long as a man cannot magnify God he is not fit for heaven, where the praises of God are the eternal occupation of all the blessed spirits. If you cannot magnify God, it probably is because *you are magnifying yourself*. May the Lord cut self down and make nothing of you, and then you will make every thing of Him. When you sink in your own estimation, then will God rise in your esteem. May God the Holy Ghost make it so.

I. Touching these words, I notice that, first, our text suggests to us

AN OCCUPATION

for all gracious people: "My soul doth magnify the Lord." Here is an occupation for all of us who know the Lord, and have been born into His family.

1. Observe, it is an occupation which *may be followed by all sorts of people*. This humble woman speaks of her low estate, and yet she could magnify the Lord. All believers, of every rank and condition, can attend to this work. There are some things that you cannot do, but this one thing every gracious heart can do, and should delight to do—namely, to magnify the Lord.

2. This is an occupation which *can be followed in all places*. You need not go up to the meeting-house to magnify the Lord, you can do it at home: you need not step out of your own quiet little room, for you may sit still, and all alone you may magnify the Lord. You may be tossed about upon the sea in a storm, but you may trust His name, and be calm, and so magnify Him. Or, you may be no traveller, and never o a hundred yards out of the village in which ou were born, but you may magnify the Lord st as well for all that.

"Where'er we seek Him He is found,
And every place is hallowed ground;"

and in every place this hallowed occupation may be carried out, and we may always say—at least the place will not prevent our saying, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

3. This is not an occupation which requires a crowded congregation, *it can be fitly performed in solitude*. I suppose that this sonnet of the Virgin was sung with only one to hear it, her cousin Elizabeth. There is *a quorum* for God's praise even where there is only one; but where there are two that agree to praise God, then is the praise exceeding sweet. Ah, my dear sisters, you will never stand up to speak to thousands, and many of my brethren now present would be very timid if they had to praise the Lord before a score. Never mind about that. Praise does not require even two or three, but in the quiet of the night, or in the loneliness of the wood far away from the haunts of men, your soul may pursue this blessed task, and daily, hourly, constantly sing, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

4. This is an occupation also, dear friends, which *requires no money*. Mary was a poor maiden. She had no gold or silver, and yet did she sweetly say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." It is an honorable thing to be intrusted with this world's treasure to lay it out for Jesus. The church has its temporal needs, and happy is that man who is privileged to supply them: but this kind of work can be followed by the child who has no money, and by the workwoman who scarcely knows how to find herself in bread. It may be followed by the poor man reduced to the workhouse; and by the poor woman who lies in the infirmary breathing out her life. "My soul doth magnify the Lord" is as fit for paupers as for peers.

5. And this is an occupation, dear friends, which I commend to all here present, because *it does not require great talent*. A simpleton may sing, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." We have each one a soul, and when that soul has been renewed by grace it can follow this blessed pursuit of magnifying the Lord. Perhaps you have not the abilities of Mary, for she was, doubtless, a woman of considerable culture, like Hannah who preceded her, whose song she partly borrowed. Hannah seems to me to be one of the most gifted women of the Old Testament, and to be worthy of more notice than is generally given to her.

But if you could not write a hymn, if you could not compose a verse, if you have no ability that way, ay, and if you cannot sing—and there are some of us that have such cracked voices that we never shall, and there are one or two brethren here who have such bad ears for time that I generally hear them a note behind everybody else, as I did to-night—well, never mind about that, our souls can magnify the Lord. It is an occupation that does not depend upon the voice, or upon any kind of talent whatever.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord." I would invite all my brothers and sisters here to take this for their occupation as long as they live, and never to cease from it. Nay, even should death for a moment suspend it, let them so praise God that it shall be no new work for them to begin again and praise Him forever in heaven.

6. Dear friends, albeit that this magnifying of the Lord is an occupation to be taken up by all Christians, do not let us think little of it. To magnify the Lord seems to me *the grandest thing we mortals do*, for, as I have already said, it is the occupation of heaven. When the saints of the Most High pass into their glorified state they have nothing else to do but to magnify the Lord.

The word signifies, to put it in a Saxon form instead of a Latin one, to "*greaten God*." We cannot make Him really greater, but we can show forth His greatness. We can make Him appear greater. We can make others have greater thoughts of Him, and that we do when we are praising Him. We can ourselves try to have greater and yet greater thoughts of Him—make Him to our apprehension a greater God than we once knew Him to be; and this, I say, is no mean occupation, because it is followed in heaven by all redeemed and perfected spirits. Even here, it is the end of every thing.

Praying is the end of preaching, for preaching and hearing are nothing in themselves except men be brought to Christ and led to prayer. But then praying is not the end: *praising is the end of praying*. Prayer is the stalk of the wheat, but praise is the ear of the wheat: it is the harvest itself. When God is praised, we have come to the ultimatum. This is the thing for which all other things are designed. We are to be saved for this end, "To the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

Come, what are you doing to-night? Have you been during this day murmuring and complaining and grumbling? End that, and begin praising. Some of you are farmers, and I have no doubt you have grumbled because of the weather. I do not wonder, but I hope that you will not do it any more, but rather believe that God knows better about skies and clods and clouds and crops than you do. If we had the management of the weather, I have no doubt we think we should do it very splendidly, but I question whether we should not ruin all creation. Our great Lord and Master knows how to manage every thing. Let us cease from all criticism of what He does, and say, "My soul does not grumble. My soul does not complain; I have taken up *a better business* than that. 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.' That is her one engagement from which she will never cease."

II. Secondly, if you look at the text from another point of view, it provides for us

A REMEDY

for self-congratulation.

If any one of us had been favored, as the Virgin was, with the promise that we should become the *parent of the Saviour*, do you not think that we should have felt exceedingly lifted up? It was natural that she should be proud, but it was gracious on her part that she was humble. Instead of magnifying herself she magnified the Lord. It was a great thing, and somebody must be magnified for it. Nature would have said, "Mary, magnify thyself;" but grace said, "Mary, magnify the Lord."

If the Lord has been very gracious to any one of us, our only way to escape from vainglorious pride, which will be exceedingly wicked if we indulge in it, is by giving vent to our feelings in quite another direction. Do you notice how she sets off the greatness of God by her own insignificance? "He that is mighty hath done to me great things." "To me," she says. "They are great things, and He is mighty, but they are to me. He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden."

Over against the greatness of God's goodness to you be sure to set in contrast your own meanness and unworthiness. Has the Lord redeemed you, called you, justified you, sanctified you, set you in His church, and given you a name and a place among His people? When you are inclined to run up the topgallants, and to *hang ou all the flags*, and to glory in your flesh, recollec who you are and what you are, and the hole o the pit whence you were drawn, and the roc out of which you were hewn, and say, "Wh me, Lord? Why me?" Begin to magnify th name of the Lord, and that will be a death-blo to the temptation to pride.

Mary knew also that she was *to be famou* "All generations shall call me blessed." Bu do notice how she balances her fame with a other fame. She says, "Holy is His name, an His mercy is on them that fear Him." Sh magnifies the name of the Lord. If He h given her a measure of honor, she lays it at H feet. Mind you do the same. Be not so vain to be lifted up with a little success. We ha all passed through this test of character, and the fining-pot how few of us have borne the f without loss! Perhaps you have preached sermon and God has blessed it; the congreg tion is increased, and crowds are gathering; t probability is that the devil whispers, "You a capital preacher. Well done! You put yo point admirably: God is blessing you. Th must be something admirable in your charac and abilities." Away, away, thou fiend of pit! This is ruinous pride! But suppose, d brother, that the fiend will not go away while finds you musing upon your success, what you to do? Try him with this—"My soul d magnify the Lord." Praise the name of Lord that ever He should make use of suc poor, unsuitable instrument as yourself. G Him all the honor and all the glory, if honor glory there be, and see if the arch-enemy d not take to flight, for God's praises are abl rent to the devil.

In whatever capacity you are serving the L if He puts any honor upon you, *mind you gi all back* to Him. Sedulously and carefully deavor to do this, for robbery here will be fa He will not give His glory to another. I begin to pilfer even a little of the praise, shall find that our Master will reckon us t unfaithful stewards, and give us a discharge we glory in our strength, we have to go out shake ourselves like Samson when his hair lost, because the Lord has taken our stre away from us. A heart that is lifted up self-esteem will soon be cast down in the m

If grace be come to thee, my brothe is a wanton waste of it to pride thyself it. Like the manna in the Israelite's h when kept till the morning, it will worms and stink: no worm ever brought s decay than pride. Bear the shield of honor as an armor-bearer for thy Lord. that thou hast nothing but what belon him. Use all for him, and glorify him for al in all; and so wilt thou do well. I recom the text, then, as a cure for pride: "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

II. Thirdly, and I will be brief on each point, the text is

A FRUITFUL UTTERANCE

for holy feelings. "My soul doth magnify the Lord" is evidently the overflow of a full soul.

There must have been great mixture of feeling in the heart of this holy woman; but these few words furnished expression for every variety of holy emotions. Those feelings were of an opposite character, and yet they all spoke by this one sentence. It is clear that she was filled with *wonder.* Her thoughtful spirit asked, how can so great a thing be true to me? Shall the Son of the Highest be born of Mary, the village maiden? Oh, miracle of condescension!

With the amazement there was mingled, not the unbelief which too often comes of wonder, but an *expectation* of the promised marvel. She believed that the things which were spoken to her would be performed by the Lord, and she looked that God should keep His word to her. How sweetly those two feelings, wonder and expectation, are blended, hidden away and yet expressed, in these few words, "My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

I think I perceive in these words a singular mixture of *admiration* and *calm thought:* a wonder in which there is no surprise. The blessed Virgin is evidently, as I have said before, wonder-struck that such a thing should come to her, and yet there is about that wonder no startling of amazement, but a marvelling which is the result of previous careful thought. She had considered the prophecies and promises, and saw them about to be fulfilled in her seed. She sang in the fifty-fourth and fifth-fifth verses, "He hath holpen His servant Israel, in remembrance of His mercy; as He spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever." She had turned over the subject in her mind, and she came to the conclusion, "He has said He will do this. It is as He spake."

So, oftentimes, when you get a mercy given to you you will be surprised at it at first, but afterwards you will say, "This is even as the Lord promised to me. He doeth no new thing to His servant. It is only my forgetfulness that has made me to be astonished. Did He not promise that He would help me—that He would deliver me—that He would give me all that I needed. And inasmuch as He has done it in this surprising way, my soul doth magnify Him twice over for the wonderful mercy, and for the faithfulness of His covenant love which kept the ancient promise which He made to be yea and amen in Christ Jesus." Again, I say, I commend the text as an expression of your feelings. How sweet are the words, "My soul doth magnify the Lord!" They are full, many-sided, and natural, and yet most spiritual.

IV. Fourthly, I think my text may be used as

A REASON FOR HOPEFULNESS.

It would be well to be wrapped up in this spirit with regard to every thing. The mood which bids us sing "My soul doth magnify the Lord" is full of hope which will be useful in a thousand ways. For instance, concerning *our own providential condition,* let us magnify the Lord. Surrounded with difficulties, let us walk on with confidence, because our great God is equal to every emergency, and can both level the mountains and fill up the valleys. Burdened with labors and straitened by necessities, let us maintain an unchanging cheerfulness, because we magnify the might and the bounty of the eternal Jehovah, whose name is God All-sufficient. When dangers magnified by fear, let God be magnified by faith. When the troubles of our heart are enlarged, let our expectations be enlarged also.

The same God-magnifiying spirit should attend *our glances into futurity,* if we indulge in any, and we are all too apt to do so. Ah! we would like to know, some of us, what is going to happen to us. Fain would we steal a glance behind the screen, and each one see

"What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what dark scenes arise."

There is a desire in most persons' minds to draw away the curtain which God has so wisely placed over the future. This is very wrong of us, and yet it is as common as it is blamable. We all turn prophets every now and then, and when we do we prophesy evil, and therefore it would be well if we would catch the spirit of Mary with regard to our forecasts of the future, and say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

Why do we set our blear-eyed anxieties to watch the signs of heaven? If we must pry, and guess, and speculate, why not employ our brighter powers, and let blue-eyed hope scan the ensigns of the sky? When we meddle with the future how dare we foretell that which would dishonor the Lord? If we must needs write bitter things against ourselves, yet we ought not to write untruthful things against *Him.* When we do forecast the future at all, let us do it in the spirit wherewith we sing, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." Let us be certain that we shall find Him to be a great God in the future, greatly good, wondrously gracious, magnifying his mercy. We shall have troubles, but our soul doth magnify the Lord, for she foresees that we shall ride out all storms with Jesus at the helm, and come safe into port.

Our anxious eye foresees necessities, but our soul doth magnify the Lord, for she sees him with a golden key opening the treasures of David, and supplying all her wants. Our troubled ear can hear the wolf, but our soul doth magnify the Lord, for she sings, "The Lord is my Shepherd, and He will preserve me." In this spirit you may look forward to the swellings of Jordan, magnifying the living God while you yourself lie down to die.

Judge in the same manner with regard to *the salvation of your fellow-men.* Never say, "It is of no use inducing such a man to attend the means of grace. He is a blaspheming wretch. All that he would do if he heard a sermon would be to make sport of it for the next week. I have no faith in taking such a man to hear a ministry which he would be sure to ridicule." Such unbelieving talk is making little of God. Is is not so? Is it not dishonoring God to think that His Gospel cannot reach the most depraved hearts? Why, if I knew that a man had seven thousand devils in him I believe the Gospel could drive them all out.

Get the sinners under the sound of the word, and the worse they are, oftentimes, the more does God love to display the greatness of His grace in casting down the power of their sin. Believe great things of God. I can honestly say this—that since God saved me I never doubted His power to save anybody. All things are possible now that He has brought *me* to His feet, and kept me these years as His loving child. I must think great things of God who has done such great things for so great a sinner as I am.

Christ Himself shall come: be you looking for Him every day, but be constant in his service, working for Him every hour. Believe, too, that He shall reign among His ancients gloriously, and where amid Judea's glades Christ has been dishonored and the false prophet has ruled, there too shall He reign, and Jew and Gentile shall worship and adore His ever-blessed name. I say again, magnify the Lord with all your souls. Greaten God. Expect great things in the future, and with the cheery note of confidence go forward to battle for him whose is the victory for ever and ever.

V. Once more, and I have done. Our text should be used as

A GUIDE IN OUR THEOLOGY.

We will finish with that. Here is a very useful test for young disciples who are beginning to study God's word. "My soul doth magnify the Lord." If you will carry this with you it will often save you from error, and guide you into truth. There is a certain teaching which makes a great deal of man: it talks much of man's free-will, ability, capacity, and natural dignity. It evidently makes man the centre and end of all things, and God is placed in a position of service to his creature.

Dear brethren, let those have this theology who like it, but do not touch it *even with a pair of tongs.* It is of no use to man, for it mistakes his position, and only ministers to his pride. Man's place is not on the throne, but at the foot of the cross. Listen to another theology, in which the sinner is laid low, his sinfulness is exposed, his corruption is unfolded, Christ's redemption is magnified, free grace is extolled, and the Holy Ghost is adored. That is the theology for you, believe it: that is the theology of the Scriptures, accept it. I do not think that you will often be led wrong if this be your mode of judgment: that which glorifies God is true, and that which does not glorify God is false.

Sometimes you will meet with an undoubted teaching of God's word which you do not understand. You know that the doctrine is taught in the word, but you cannot make it coincide with some other truth, and you cannot quite see, perhaps, how it glorifies God. Then, dear brother, dear sister, glorify God by believing it. To believe a doctrine which you see to be true by mere reason is nothing very wonderful. There is no very great glory to God in believing what is as clear as the sun in the heavens; but to believe a truth when it staggers you—oh, gracious faith! oh, blessed faith!

You will perhaps remember *an illustration taken from Mr. Gough,* where the little boy says, "If mother says it is so, it is so if it is not so." That is the kind of believing for a child toward its mother, and that is the sort of believing we ought to exercise toward God. I do not see the fact, and I cannot quite apprehend it, but God says it is so, and I believe *Him.*

If all the philosophers in the world should contradict the Scriptures, *so much the worse for the philosophers;* their contradiction makes no difference to our faith. Half a grain of God's word weighs more with us than a thousand tons of words or thoughts of all the modern theologians, philosophers, and scientists that exist on the face of the earth; for God knows more about his own works than they do. They do but think, but *the Lord knows.*

So, then, I come back to where I started. Let us go forth and practically try to magnify the name of the Lord. Go home and speak well of His name: gather your children together and tell them what a good and great God He has been. Some of you who have *a swarm of youngsters* could not do better than spend half an hour in telling them of His goodness to you in all your times of trouble. Leave to your children the heirloom of gratitude. Tell them how good the Lord was to their father, and how good He will be to His children: tell your servants, tell your work-people, tell anybody with whom you come in contact what a blessed God the Lord is. For my part, I never can speak well enough of His adorable name. He is the best of masters, His service is delight; He is the best of fathers, His commands are pleasure. Was there ever such a god as our God, our enemies themselves being judges?

Magnify His name by the brightness of your countenances. Rejoice and be glad in Him. When you are in sorrow and must needs fast, yet appear not unto men to fast, but anoint your faces and still wear a smile. Let not the world think that the servants of a king go mourning all their days. Make the world feel what a great God you serve, and what a blessed Saviour Christ is, and thus evermore let your soul magnify the Lord. God grant you grace to do so, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—PSALM 34.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 165,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TWO COUNTRY GIRLS IN LONDON.

THE great value of the Homes for Friendless and Fallen Young Women in London was demonstrated recently in the case of two girls who arrived there from a distant country village: a case in which the help came in its best form—that of prevention, in all ways so much better than cure. They were the daughters of a poor widow, who had been left with no other means for her support but the rent of two small houses which only realized about $250 a year.

The widow's daughters had received no education after the death of their father but such as the mother was able to impart. They had been reared carefully, in that pure and strengthening atmosphere of the home from which was excluded that knowledge of the outside world so coveted by young people of both sexes, and which, when obtained, so often brings sorrow and shame. When they attained the ages respectively of fifteen and seventeen, the question arose how they should support themselves, and it was finally decided that they should be placed in a milliner's work-room. The places were obtained, but the remuneration was so small that it barely sufficed to provide clothing for them.

While engaged in this occupation, they made the acquaintance of a woman who had once lived in London, and who dazzled the imagination of the girls by glowing accounts of life in the great city, and the salaries to be obtained there. They soon became dissatisfied with their manner of life, and resolved to "try their fortunes" in London. With great misgiving and with many tears, the widowed mother yielded a reluctant consent to the scheme, scarcely realizing what she was doing, and not aware that there is no solitude like the solitude of a great city.

The girls packed their scanty wardrobe, bade a tender farewell to their mother, and with high spirits set out for the vast unknown city. One evening they found themselves standing unknown in a hurrying crowd, on the railroad platform at Paddington terminus. A more desolate position can scarcely be imagined; they saw their fellow-passengers departing to their destinations, while with sinking hearts they realized their utter loneliness. This was London, but where to go or what to do, they knew not. At length a railroad porter, seeing their bewilderment, approached them, and finding out something of the position, sympathetically directed them to a place where they might obtain cheap lodging for the night.

The next day began their quest for employment. The history of that day was one of successive disappointments and humiliations. Their country dress and manners were not appreciated by the business men who had been raised amid the artificial ways and hardening influences of city life, so with more or less brusqueness the girls received from each employer a decided refusal. Their friend in the country had dwelt on the glories of Regent Street as the Eldorado of milliners, and to this street they directed their steps, applying as they went, at places where there seemed to be some prospect of success. They reached Regent Street about three in the afternoon, and found it crowded with the equipages of the aristocracy, with fashionably-dressed ladies passing to and from their carriages to places of business, grander than they had ever conceived of. They were afraid even to apply at stores so magnificent, and agreed to postpone further application till next day, and to try in some more humble locality.

In a dreamy, bewildered state of mind they wandered up and down that wonderful street for hours, until it became dark and the street lamps were lit. Still they walked on, admiring the windows and the finery displayed there. At length they turned eastward, and were soon in a crowd of persons unlike any they had ever seen. Dressed like ladies, these were talking and laughing loudly, and their bold and impudent demeanor astonished the two strangers. Becoming alarmed at their position, they turned into a side street, and there in the comparative quiet breathed more freely.

They were tired and unable to find their way to their resting-place of last night, and seeing in a window a card with the announcement that a room was to let within, they applied for it. A look of surprise showed itself on the face of the woman who answered their knock, but on receiving the rent for one day in advance, she inducted them into an attic bedroom, in which they could rest their weary limbs.

After an hour or two spent in conversation, they received a visit in their room from a showily dressed female, who had received from her servant a description of the new lodgers. She was one of those wicked women who make a trade out of the fall of their sisters, and when she saw the two simple country girls her busy brain speedily concocted a scheme to effect their ruin and fill her own purse.

An invitation to supper was given and gladly accepted, and the two girls readily descended to a lower room, where a meal was laid. Other girls like those they had met in the street were there, and with them men, whose jokes and laughter filled the room with merriment. Instinctively the girls shrank from the scene, and when one of the men advanced to welcome "the new acquisition to the circle," and attempted to embrace the younger of them, they turned to make their escape. They rushed into the street, resolved if they were followed to appeal for protection to the police.

Near the door a man stood distributing invitations to a midnight meeting, who, seeing the excited state of the two girls, unbonneted and excited, hurriedly leaving the house, addressed them kindly. He heard their story, and succeeded in obtaining, with the aid of the police, the garments they had left behind; he conducted them to the well-known mission house in which Baptist Noel and other eminent philanthropists took so lively an interest. There they were welcomed with true pleasure, and cared for by the sympathetic matron. After a few days spent in that quiet shelter they returned to their village home, thankful for their escape from the dangers they had encountered, and disillusioned as to the delights of City life.

PROPHECY OF THE FOUR LOCUSTS.

THE REV. J. BENNETT, at the Centenary Hall prayer-meeting on January 15th, in his address remarked on Joel 2:25: "And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, my great army which I sent among you." There is no doubt, I believe, that those are four kinds of locusts. According to the original they denote this — the gnawing locust, the multiplying locust, the licking locust, and the devouring locust—four different kinds of plagues, acting in four different ways. I believe it is generally admitted that in these *four locusts* you have an allusion to the *four different empires* which have trodden down Israel from the time of Nebuchadnezzar to the present day—*Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome.* I have seen it stated, and, I think, proved, by an eminent Hebraist who is now gone, that in these four words for the four locusts you have an allusion to the number of years during which each power actually trod down Jerusalem. Most of you know that *in Hebrew every letter has a numerical signification.* They had no numbers, therefore they used their letters for numbers, and if you take the sum total of the numerical value of the letters in the first locust, you will find the *exact number of years during which Babylon trod down Jerusalem.* And so on with the other three locusts. I do not think that can be a mere coincidence; and it seems to me we have there God's statement concerning his people Israel in regard to the future. They have been oppressed, but the hour is coming when He will administer blessing in the Millennium. Such will be their blessing in days to come that it will be like restoring all the years during which they have been trampled under foot.

ANTICHRIST—TYPE AND ANTITYPE

By the Rev. Francis Gell, M.A.

Importance of the Inquiry—Anticipated by t Early Church—St. John's Warning as "Many Antichrists"—Triple Sigificance of t Word "Antichrist"—The Last Antichrist Apostate—The Diabolic Trinity—Probal Time of Antichrist's Appearance—The Myste of Iniquity a Parody of the Mystery of God The Church's Escape.

IT is not a little remarkable, as a sign of t last days, that the great question in all propheti inquiry—that on which all systems of prophe cal interpretation turn—is the same as it was the very first age—"*Who or what is A christ?*" In 1 John 2:18 the term is used i way which shows that in the apostle's lifeti this question had been eagerly debated. " have heard that THE Antichrist (see Gre should come; even now there are many A christs."

A new dispensation had dawned on th *Was it to be the last?* These and such questi were keenly debated among the inter-commu cating churches, as the inspired letters of great apostles passed from one to another, fore the canon of the New Testament was f formed. They had apparently come to the c clusion that the various forms of evil w soon consummate *in a person;* and though clearer revelations of the Apocalypse were before them then, they had, no doubt, pi together scattered fragments of prophetic tr inspired and uninspired, till an erroneous chatology had arisen, which St. John now w —as the survivor of the apostolic band correct.

Very solemnly does the aged divine warn churches that it was, indeed,

THE LAST DISPENSATION,

in which he was then writing; *i.e.*, that no ther proof was to be afforded of what fallen is, and will do.

My dear children, he says, it is indeed the time or dispensation; and it is true, as ye heard, that Antichrist should come. Bu not let your expectation of the last Antic deceive you into supposing there is but There is one, indeed, as brother Paul hath who shall come last, and who shall mar most fully and perfectly all the evil prin that ever have or ever will range thems against the Lord Jesus; but *even now* thos principles are manifested in many form persons.

St. John had to designate those who lapsed into the doctrinal Gnostic errors o own time; but in so doing he laid dow method for detecting the Antichrists of t ture. *Denial of some part of the work Lord Jesus Christ*, or depravation of His pe is

THE ESSENCE OF ALL ANTICHRISTIAN

whatever may be the guise in which it c and however it may be recommended by th cerity or religious zeal of those who intr it. Therefore, he concludes, hold fast wh have heard from the beginning.

There is no progress in theology, no the development, and no truth in any system denies the absolute perfection of the reve already given. Abide, *abide*, ABIDE in that when He shall appear we may have dence and not be ashamed before Him coming.

But while the Apostle directs the minds disciples to the prevailing forms of christianism at that time, and points them from the last Antichrist, in the then far he does not lead us to doubt that all early of Antichrist led on to *the grand final festation of him*, now so near. As in the dom of good, first the blade, then the ear the full corn in the ear; so in the king evil: *Gnosticism*, "the blade;" *Popery* ear," *Infidelity*, "the full corn in the ear." more and more clearly in the course of ti innate tendencies of things intensify; so in almost the closing sentences of Revelat read. "He that is lawless let him be lawless still or still more lawless; he which is filthy let him be still more filthy; he that is righteous, shall be still more righteous; and he that is holy, shall be still more holy."

It is not without deep and awful meaning that we hear that the word "Antichrist" carries within itself

A TRIPLE SIGNIFICATION,

which covers these varied manifestations. Antichrist is *first* the "*Adversary* of Christ." In this sense it applies, as St. John uses it, to all who are, or ever have been, in opposition to the Gospel. *Secondly*, it means "*instead of Christ*." In this sense it fits, at once, with singular exactness, the head of that great masterpiece of Satan who blasphemously denotes himself the Vicar of Christ on earth, thereby arrogating the office of the Blessed Spirit.

Thirdly, the word Antichrist means a *false Christ*, who withstands Christ (see Alford *in loco*) and in this sense it points unmistakably beyond the pope, as the representation of all false sacerdotalism, to one who shall not only pretend to be the Vicar or representative on earth of Christ in heaven, but who shall himself claim as the pope has never done, to be himself the Christ. He will be invested with all the miracle-working deceivableness and incarnate power of the son of perdition who opposeth, and exalteth *himself* above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; sitting, not in a so-called Christian Church at Rome, but in the Temple of God at Jerusalem, showing himself that he is God.

Now, in studying attentively that word in which there is nothing superfluous and nothing insignificant, we find a deep intention in the fact that the very word used in 2 Thess. 2 : 3 to describe the *last* Antichrist, is used by our Lord (John 17 : 12) as the description of the first—namely, Judas Iscariot. It would appear that in the betrayer of Jesus we see

THE TRUE TYPE OF THE ANTICHRIST:

an apostate follower of the Lord Jesus Christ who, having possessed himself of the purse of the Church (he bore the bag and stole what was put therein—John 12 : 6), stimulated by covetousness, which is Idolatry, and by carnal ambition, sat down with our Lord at the Holy Supper.

If this be so, the anxious inquiry of the disciples as to who it was to be who should betray Him, finds its antitype in the eager inquiry of the Church as to who is to be the final Antichrist. Simon Peter, as spokesman of their [illegible] anxious to know, and unable to discover without some special sign from Jesus, beckons the disciple whom Jesus loved, to ask Him. He then, lying back upon that bosom till he could whisper his inquiry unheard by the disciples, asks, "Lord, who is it?"

A sign is given full of significance to us: connecting the action of the betrayer, as the first Antichrist, with the Lord's Supper. This sign is privately given to that disciple who has ever represented all who lie closest to the bosom of their Lord, all loving, leaning, listening souls. Then, privately also, to Judas himself, by assent to a question unheard by the rest, the Lord intimated that he knew his plans, giving him the sop, which signified special regard, to fulfil Psalm 42.

Immediately after that, the devil, that old serpent, enters into full possession of the traitor's heart, affording an acted parable for all after times.

THE MYSTERIOUS CONNECTION

between the supper and his entire possession by Satan, indicated by the words "*after the sop*," giving him to do quickly that which he had probably determined to do conditionally—"he went out"—here the open apostacy from the Church, of the last Antichrist is shown—"*and it was night*"—here the terrible darkness, moral and spiritual, of that world into which he went out. Night prophetically, as well as in his own soul, and in the outer world.

Now the earthly life of Jesus, as has been seen by several deep students of Scripture, is the type of the temporal history of His body the Church. "As He was, so are we in this world" (see John 4 : 17). If so, what do we find? One who had eaten the meat of God with Him lifted up his heel against Him. And so it will be at last. A baptized man, in full communion, but filled with the covetousness which is idolatry, at length fully possessed by Satan, and driven on beyond his own intentions by that terrible possession into becoming the betrayer, with the kiss of hollow peace, of Christ's mystical body.

He will be one who knows the places where they resort, and who offers the mockery of a false reverence ("Hail! Master"), while he comes backed by all the evil secular powers of the Church and the world to betray them to a cruel death. In this false apostle, then, we find the FIRST of a long series of Antichrists, shadowing out some aspects of the nature, the methods, and the end of him who shall be the LAST.

But it has been observed that the true key to unlock the mystery of the last Antichrist is to be found in the antagonistic resemblance he must bear to that Divine nature of which he is the great opponent. For as in Scripture the nature of God is revealed in three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, so the powers of evil have

A THREEFOLD MANIFESTATION.

First, that old serpent, the Dragon: the "liar from the beginning"—Satan, the Devil of Rev. 20 : 2. *Second*, the false prophet or religious teacher of lies. And *third*, the personal incarnation of evil, the Man of Sin.

Of the first person in this diabolic trinity I will not now speak, except to say that he seems frequently confounded with the second and third in the writings of men; though clearly discriminated from them in the book of God (see Rev. 20 : 10; 16 : 13), where all three persons together are finally seen cast into the lake of fire to be tormented day and night for ever.

The second person in the Satanic parallel of the Holy Trinity must be sought for in some continuous antichristian action in usurpation of the functions of the Holy Spirit in the Church of Christ. For this we have not far to seek; for the very essence of the universal system of sacerdotalism which finds its chief head in Papal Rome, is this claiming for a man on earth—or rather for a succession of men—the functions of the Holy Spirit, as the executive on earth, by application to the individual conscience of the work which the great High Priest is conducting in heaven.

The false prophet of Rome assumes these offices. Usurping and misappropriating the gift, she claims to be the dispenser or withholder of all the benefits of the death of Christ, by giving the Holy Spirit to her priests, and planting them between the Saviour and the sinner, in the very place of the Holy Spirit, diabolic wickedness, indeed, the perpetration of which has entailed on its successive representatives the guilt of destroying a hecatomb of souls.

But this usurpation can only last till He, the great High Priest, comes out at last, from the Holiest, to bless His people. Then that imposture must be exploded for ever. And then, as I suppose, in anticipative opposition, by false imitation of the ways of God (which is the key to all satanic manifestation), then, before the day of Christ's coming to judge the inhabitants of the world for their iniquity, will appear upon the earth in the shadows of her darkest night, and amid the tribulations of her last days, the last and greatest and

WICKEDEST OF ALL THE ANTICHRISTS.

A very religious man! But though he can work miracles in co-operation with the false prophet (Rev. 19 : 20), they shall be wrought to destroy the supreme authority of the Word of God, and to deceive all "whose names are not written in the Book of the Lamb's life."

As to the time when He shall appear, may God forbid that we should with an unhallowed confidence speak of those times and seasons which are in the sole power of God; but I incline to believe that it will be between the first appearance of Christ in heaven with a shout with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, suddenly and unexpectedly unheeded by the world, to steal away His Church "like a thief in the night," and the second act of the Second Advent when "He shall come in flaming fire to take vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of His dear Son;" when the Man of Sin shall have fully and adequately fulfilled, 2 Thess. 2 : 4, and Dan. 11 : 36–45 (as the King of Babylon), as Lucifer, (Isa. 14), the Wilful King (Dan. 11), the "Beast" of Rev. 13; the number of whose name is 666, having falsely imitated the King of Glory in each act of His divine procedure as Incarnate Lord.

As the great Mystery of Godliness is God manifest in the flesh, so the great Mystery of Ungodliness will be

SATAN MANIFEST IN THE FLESH.

A man, heading up and developing to their ultimate issues all the false principles of previous antichrists, papal or infidel, in one gigantic form of evil; fit antitype of that typical man of whom the Lord said, "it were good for that man that he had never been born."

The intimate association between the sacerdotal or papal, and the infidel or atheistic Antichrist, is revealed in Rev. 17 : 4, where the scarlet-colored beast or form of life, full of names of blasphemy, carries that drunken whore on whose forehead is written "Mystery, Babylon the Great, Mother of Harlots, and Abominations of the Earth," in the seven-hilled city of Rome—indicating that the last Antichrist must, at first, be in the professing Church, as Judas was, and for a while support it. But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse.

As the tragedy of sin rolls on to its consummation, that spirit which now worketh in the children of disobedience, unhindered by the grieved and departed Spirit of God, unpurified by the salt of the Church, shall pervade all institutions of government, all avenues of knowledge, all sources of power. Man shall make his last effort to be happy without God! Ensnaring and irresistible delusions shall spread their wiles on every path, while demon-worship prepares men's minds to worship the Man of Sin himself. Hero-worship shall culminate in Devil-worship, and intellect divorced from goodness shall rise supreme. A terrible vision of that time to which we are rapidly hastening fills the mind, for these things have begun to come to pass.

But *where is the dove?*

(Canticles 6 : 9). She has gone, undefiled, to her rest in the clefts of the rock. Though she lay long among the potsherds, yet suddenly her wings are covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold! There! winging her upward way, far from the uproar of this distracted earth, to the heaven of her Saviour's presence; they who "have kept the word of Christ's patience" (Rev. 3 : 10) "are kept from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them which dwell upon the earth." Like the primitive Christians from the heights of Pella, they hear the rumors of that destruction, from which they have been by faith in Christ's word, themselves delivered. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!

The Revised New Testament.—It having been stated that the revised edition of the New Testament, soon to appear, will be sold at advanced rates to cover the expenses of revision, the reply is made on authority that the entire expenses of the English revisers have been assumed by the University presses, in return for the exclusive right of printing the revision. The expenses of the American revisers are paid by voluntary subscriptions, and none of the revisers expects any compensation. Therefore, it will be unnecessary to raise the price of the revised edition for the reimbursement of the revisers. There will be no copyright of the book in this country.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from page 79.)

The Wanderer's Return.

THE conversation between Mrs. Cilfford and Mrs. Britton having turned upon Rose and her father's treatment of her, the two ladies settled matters with the complacency people generally display when they are criticising the way parents of their acquaintance bring up their families.

Mrs. Clifford paused, and tossed the long lappets of her lace cap behind her shoulders and folded her jewelled hands upon her lap. Her dress was very becoming to her. She would not have looked so well, probably, in a dark stuff gown and common cap; but in a rich violet silk dress, and an abundance of handsome lace about her, she was a very handsome woman, quite worthy of taking a place in London as Ernest Clifford's mother. This was part of her grievance; she might as well have been wearing her costly attire at one of Lady Fortescue's parties, instead of sitting here, with no admiring eyes upon her except Mrs. Britton's and Jenny's.

"Look at my life!" she resumed, "a widow at twenty, with not a penny of my own. No, Mrs. Britton, not a single penny of my own. I was only twenty-six when poor Mr. Clifford married me, and everybody knows what a neglected wife I was after my second son was born. Every thing had to give way to Charles, just as every thing gives way now to Rose. Ernest might take warning!

It was not of the least use remonstrating with Mr. Clifford; he would ruin my poor Charlie. I often think, though, if Charlie had succeeded to his father's estate he would not have forsaken me in my gray hairs. It is going gray, Mrs. Britton; I have counted several gray hairs since they went to London. Charlie was a most affectionate boy, quite different from Ernest, who is always cold and hard. You have noticed how hard and cold Ernest is?"

"A little so; a very little, perhaps," admitted Mrs. Britton guardedly.

"Very cold and hard," pursued Mrs. Clifford; "so different poor Charlie was! Sometimes I think he grudges me having a right to be mistress of Clifford Grange! Ah! it would have been quite the other way if poor Charlie had only been master; he would have been delighted. But it was very wise of my poor dear husband to leave me mistress; for Ruth Symons would have been here before now, and where should I have been? *Did you never notice that*, Mrs. Britton? Dear, dear! where are your eyes?"

"I never thought of such a thing!" cried Mrs. Britton with warmth; and it was quite true she never had. Ruth Symons was one of her husband's special favorites, a peerless paragon, and Mrs. Britton did not see many attractions in her.

"But I've seen it years ago," said Ernest's mother, shaking her head; "if it had not been for poor Mr. Clifford's will, she would have been mistress here.

OF course Rose knows nothing, and Jenny must not breathe a word about it to her. Ernest goes there two or three times every week, and Rose spends half her time with her. Poor Charlie! he would never have wished to throw his own mother into the background; or gone to London for a season while she was ailing at home. I must say that for Charlie.

"It was very sad to lose him," observed Mrs. Britton.

"Ah! I know what trouble is!" she sighed, "nobody better. And that is just what Rose wants; yes, and Ernest too. He hardly knows what sorrow is. Look at him coming into such a good position, and all through me! Up in London, hand and glove with all kinds of grand people; and me to thank for it all!"

"I can't help blaming him for being ungrateful to you, after you've been such a mother to him!" said Mrs. Britton.

"He never forgave me for marrying again," she went on. "He was only a little boy; but he laid it up against me for a grudge. Yet where would he have been now if I had not married again? He owes every penny he has to me. It isn't as if he inherited from his own father; but he forgets all that! But he inherits through me; and it makes it all the harder for him and Rose to forsake me, and go alone to London."

"And my husband thinks all the world of him!" cried Mrs. Britton, in a tone of suppressed indignation. "I believe he thinks more of his religion than mine!"

"Ah! my dear, they are men," said Mrs. Clifford; "and what men see in one another to have such wonderful friendships, I cannot think. They are a great mystery, Mrs. Britton. I advise Jenny to have nothing to say to them."

"I should love any man that was like my papa," answered Jenny boldly, though with a flushed face, "or like Mr. Clifford."

"Oh, my dear, hush!" cried her mother, in a voice of awe. But Mrs. Clifford only laughed at the girl good-humoredly enough, and called her an innocent simpleton. Mrs. Britton seized the first opportunity to give Jenny a good scolding, reminding her that Mr. Clifford was quite young enough to marry a girl no older than herself if he chose, and his mother would get that notion into her head if they did not take care.

"Then you'll be forbidden the Grange," said Mrs. Britton, as if that would be the worst fate possible for Jenny. But Jenny felt that all her innocent affection and admiration for her father's friend, and her friend Rose's father, had been suddenly nipped by a cruel east wind, and she cried herself to sleep over the idea her mother had just put into her head. So time passed on, and the absentees began to be expected home again.

Twice Ernest fixed the day for returning to Clifford, and twice it was put off at the last moment, after all the preparations had been made for receiving them with a festive welcome. Mrs. Clifford was naturally very much annoyed, though she had partly forgotten her original grievance, and after one or two severe bronchial attacks, had graciously conceded that perhaps Dr. Welsh had been right in prohibiting a London season.

But the prolonged absence of Ernest and Rose was a fresh injury, and their indecision as to the time of their return added fuel to the fire. It was ridiculous to erect arches of evergreens and spring flowers down the village street, and see them wither away in the warm sunshine twice over. "When Ernest and Rose come home now," said Mrs. Clifford, "They must just come like ordinary people—the Brittons for instance."

The second set of decorations were fading fast; the laurels hung limp, and the flowers were shedding their petals, in spite of all the efforts of the village children, who kept them well watered. But they looked bright and gay at a distance, as Julia Rush thought, when she caught sight of them from the cliffs lying between Clifford and Rockwood. The crisis of Squire Symons's illness had long been past, but Julia retained her place as nurse during his slow and fitful recovery from it, and this was the first real holiday she had had since entering upon her duties.

Her long confinement in the squire's sick-room had probably made her more than usually susceptible to the influences of the soft, fresh air, and cheerful sunshine, and gleeful songs of birds. She paused in the cool shadow of the wall under the terrace walk at the Grange to look down on the valley below, with its almost dazzlingly white road stretching up from the bay, and running between green hedgerows till it turned out of sight round the spur of the hill.

The church bells were chiming for evening service, and the clang of the bells sounded up to her ears with a tone of solemn mirth. In Julia's lifetime there had never occurred any occasion for decorating her native village; no coming of age, and no marriage of the heir. But she had heard often of the great rejoicing that had been made when Charles Clifford was born; and the tears started to her black eyes as she looked and listened.

"If it was only for Master Charlie comin' back," she said, aloud, "I'd be almost willin' die."

There was a rustling in the ivy overhe which made her look up quickly, and she s the faces of Mrs. Clifford and Jenny Britton b inquisitively over the wall above her.

"Oh, it's you. Julia!" said Mrs. Clifc "We heard voices, and we wished to see v was there. Why! you must have been talk to yourself!"

"Yes, ma'am; I just said a word or two, maybe you heard 'em," answered Julia.

"No; I did not, indeed," replied Mrs. ford.

"Them arches and flags," said Julia, fi her glittering eyes on Mrs. Clifford's face, "m me think of Master Charlie. There's beer rejoicing since he was born; and I was thin of him, and his merry ways, and his hands face, God bless it! And to think his doited father should cut him off from his own lar We poor folks could never have done that! the quality that's hard upon their own flesh blood."

"It was very hard, Julia," whimpered Clifford, "but I hadn't a word to say to it. Clifford never asked what I thought of it; dear boy!"

"I suppose all that's for Master Erne continued Julia, pointing disdainfully at the orations. "When is he comin' back from don, ma'am? Is it soon?"

"I don't know when they are coming,' swered Mrs. Clifford; "they have put i twice, and I'll prepare for them no more. is the old squire, Julia?"

"He's been awful tedious," she rep "It's not fit for Miss Ruth to be with often; he worries her as he daren't worr I've sent her away scores o' times looki white as a curtain. He's took down my and my strength a little, though I've go upper hand of him. I feel as weak as a this evenin', and ready to cry any minute. Jenny, do you see anybody comin' dow road into the village?"

The white road lay clear and sunny i light all along its course; and a few minut fore *a man's figure* had come into sight. been sauntering slowly toward the villag was now standing still, with his face towa He was too far away for them to distir more than his general appearance, but in and bearing he was like the master of Cliff

"It's Mr. Clifford!" said Jenny *shyl* with the frank outburst of surprise of a few ago. "But where is Rose? and why is he ing home on foot?"

"Hush!" cried Julia, "wait! Oh, it be true!"

She had turned very pale, and both her were pressed against her beating heart. straining eyes were riveted on the figure distance. She looked frightened, yet eag triumphant. The last note of the churc echoed along the valley; and then the w moved on again.

"It's him come back!" screamed Julia Master Charlie!"

"Julia! Julia!" cried Mrs. Clifford, " it? What did you say? My boy! Oh me to him! Bring him here, quick, Where is he?"

But Julia did not answer. She was s her eyes with her hands, shutting out ev ject from their vision, except the one spo the tall dark figure was standing, for h paused once more, as if uncertain what to take. It would have been impossible f to speak just then. The deep devotion s cherished for Charles Clifford from her girlhood made her dumb. She had ne trayed it to any one; and now she mus her guard, if indeed it was true that thi indistinct form, standing irresolute in th ing light, should prove to be the long-l Her eyelids were smarting with unshe but she forced them to look steadily distance.

The eight, and the vigorous, upright bearing re he Master Ernest; but there was a slight, descbable difference, perceptible to her eager es He did not come onward with the quiet, sure step of a master drawing near to his n d rs. This wanderer loitered and lingered his ay, as one to whom no house is open, epun inn. Julia drew a long deep sigh of ngl agony and gladness, and lifted up her le fe to Mrs. Clifford and Jenny, who were tchg her, open-eyed and wondering.

"It Master Charlie!" she said, again, in an stey voice; "he's come home at last!"

Witout another word she darted from them, d sp swiftly downward into the valley, along e dve, through a coppice of young trees, nte by Ernest since he came into possession. e nst reach him before he entered the village. here was no one else to welcome him; t ev his own mother, she thought bitterly. e w come back from his long wanderings; d te was no place for him in his own home. She ined the white road before he passed the te athe entrance of the drive; and she stood der he hawthorn hedge waiting for his apoac her breath coming and going, and her nds ressed again upon her heavily throbbing art. She could see him plainly now, a tall, llet powerful-looking man, with a sunburnt e d with large brown hands, swinging with ery ep he took.

Sheelt her throat was dry, and her lips were rch; but as he came up to her, she dropped n a old-fashioned courtesy; a salutation she d n deigned to bestow on any personage ce r early childhood. He looked at her inisitely and stood still.

"*ster Charlie!*" she gasped, with tremuls.

"D you know me then?" he asked, with a sh pleasure over his sunburnt face. "Yes! n Carles Clifford. But I do not remember u."

"I Julia Rush," she faltered, still too agied answer steadily. "I used to mind the sea n the cliffs."

"A! I recollect," he said.

He alked on down the road, the evening ht sting his long shadow behind him; while e f owed a step or two behind, too breath- t venture upon speaking again. There was en of blank disappointment tugging at her art It was as if a cup had been lifted to the s one parched with thirst, and found to be pt.

He ong years of faithful yearning and waitg fo his return were over; and this was the d c hem! There had been a headlong, pantg rn to welcome him home; and now nothg t. a feeling of dull dissatisfaction. She d it even touched his hand. His face had ghned for a moment at her recognition of m ut he was tramping on again, not lookg rnd at her.

Hisdress was very old and shabby; and the an oots he had on his feet were much worn, ite with dust. But he did not look altothe like a tramp. His step and bearing were ose of a gentleman, thought Julia; and her art melted again into tenderness.

"ster Charlie," she said softly, "don't go rou the village like that! Don't go there al."

"here am I to go?" he asked, turning un sharply. "Is there nobody in Clifford ll ge me a night's lodging?"

"," she sobbed, "your mother's watchin' d witin' for you! We saw you a long way off d an to meet you, and bid you welcome. m traight up to the Grange, Master Charlie. m long the new drive that Master Ernest's ade and nobody 'ill see you in the village. ou ghtn't to be seen like that."

He turned quickly about and entered the ive while Julia crept behind him, not secretly, t mbly and deprecatingly; like a dog that s en chidden, but not absolutely forbidden fow his master.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TONGUE AND THE TEMPER.

S. S. Lesson for February 15th.—Matt. 5 : 33–48.
Golden Text, ver. 48. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." This is our golden text; and a Christian who looks to anything lower than to perfection as his aim is not worthy of the name of Christ which he bears. To seek a relative holiness when God Himself is perfect, is to have little understanding of Him. When He called Abraham to enter into covenant with Him by circumcision, He said, "I am the Almighty God, walk before me and be thou perfect" (Gen. 17 : 1). In Heb. 6 : 1, we are exhorted "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection.

But having such an aim, how are we to arrive at it? Let us take two or three passages. First, Heb. 10 : 14. This is the ground and foundation of all perfection, "For by one offering (of His body once for all. Ver. 10), He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Thus we find that Christ's finished work avails not only for our justification, but also for r sanctification.

But this is not the only passage on subject. We read (Luke 6 : 40) "The d le is not above his master; but every one th perfect shall be as his Master," or "sha fected as his Master" (see margin). was He perfected? "It became Him, om are all things, and by whom are all in bringing many sons unto glory to he Captain of their salvation perfect throu rings" (Heb. 2 : 10). "We must thro tribulation enter into the kingdom of G 14 : 22). Our Master was tried, and we tried unto the very utmost, all real faith love must be put to the proof. In Christ sess by faith a perfect standing before God, tried and proved that we may learn to yield ev inch of ground save that which is heavenly ground and holy ground, and which is inaccessible by Satan.

Yet another passage, in Ja ly brethren count it all joy when ye rs temptations; knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Here we see clearly that perfection in patience is perfection indeed. And how far off from it are we, especially those who are full of energy and zeal? Patience and faith go hand in hand; it is only as we learn by faith to see all things in their relation to God, and to look above persons and things that we can be patient.

Now the "Tongue and the Temper," the subjects of our lesson, are just the things in which the great imperfection of God's children mostly manifests itself. A man whose patience is perfect we have already seen to be "perfect and entire, wanting nothing," and the apostle James teaches us "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body" (James 3 : 2). Thus if the tongue and the temper are right, all is right. "Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you?" says James, "let him shew out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom" (James 3 : 13).

Our Lord in dealing with the sins of the tongue first begins with swearing. He says "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths,'" as enforced in those three strong passages of the law, Lev. 19 : 12; Nu. 30 : 2; Deut. 23 : 23. "But," he adds, "*I say unto you*, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king." God has a right to expect from us the awe and reverence which is His right. *We* have no right to make use of God's throne, or His footstool, or His city to enforce what we say.

The Lord continues to contrast the law with the "newness of life" (Rom. 6 : 4) which He came to live and to teach among us, "Ye have heard that it hath been said an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you that ye resist not evil." This is perhaps one of the most difficult precepts of Christianity to carry into practice. One may argue that if I do not resist I am encouraging evil doings. God is responsible for the consequences of all which He commands. If we who are Christians really carry out this unearthly principle into practice, it will go farther to convince honest sceptics of the truth of Christianity than all the most elaborate logic in the world. They know there must be a power stronger than anything which they themselves have experienced, which can influence a man to act thus against one of the strongest instincts of his nature.

But where do we find men and women who do not resist evil? who turn the left cheek when the right is smitten? who give their cloak to the robber of their coat? and who go two miles with one who compels them to go one? One may meet with many children of God without finding such an one. He continues, "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." But this is to encourage beggary say many. Not if we take a little trouble and find work for those in want, for this is the kindest way of helping them. Only let us not turn away. Let the needy know that in a Christian help is always to be found, if it is only in the succor of their prayers. "Silver and gold have I none," said Peter, "but such as I have give I thee" (Acts 3 : 6); and it ought to be so with every child of God.

Ye have heard that it hath been said "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy" (Lev. 19 : 18; Deut. 23 : 6). But I say unto you, "Love your enemies," this is something more than tolerating them, for the Lord shews us in what manner our love is to be practical. It is to be no mere passing sentiment, but must be equal to blessing them that curse us, and the blessing is not to remain a thing of words, we are to *do* good to them which hate us, and then we are to pray for them which despitefully use us and persecute us. Is this possible? Is it not an ideal standard of perfection which we are to come as near to as we can? God forbid. True, in our own nature we can only be natural men; but by faith in the Son of God, His very instincts become ours—bitterness, revenge, retaliation—which would be only common justice if we lived our own life, become impossible when Christ liveth in us: our self is unaltered, but it is crucified, and He is become our new self.

And the Lord Jesus gives us a glorious reason for thus practically living Christ, "That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, etc." But you will say "We are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3 : 26); how can we then be the children of God by loving our enemies, which seems to partake more of works than of faith? Such a question could never be asked by one who had really learned to love his enemies, for he knows by bitter experience that no efforts can produce love in our hearts; it is only as by faith we love Christ who is love, that we can love those who wound us and wrong us, because we are able by His grace alone to recognize what God would teach us by our trials with them; and we learn not to consider them in their relation to us, but to God.

"For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so?" It is to be expected that they in whom God dwells, they who are His own begotten children by the Word of Truth should be somewhat different from such as follow mere natural instincts. Oh, let us be jealous for the high-toned newness of life, of which we are called to be the witnesses. Let our lives be in distinct contrast to all those who live unto themselves that in tongue and in temper and also in our inmost hearts we may become perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Attention of British Politicians is just now concentrated on the election of a member of Parliament for Liverpool, in the place of Mr. Torr, who died recently. The deceased member was a stanch supporter of Lord Beaconsfield, and the Conservative managers are using all their efforts to elect a candidate of the same political opinions. The election is regarded on all sides as a test of the current of public opinion. The candidates who are contesting the borough are diametrically opposed on the foreign policy of the government and on the best way of dealing with the Irish difficulty. Liverpool is generally regarded as a Conservative borough, but it contains many Irish electors and many Conservative electors who are influenced by the Earl of Derby. This nobleman's influence is now for the first time in many years exerted in favor of the Liberal candidate, and the Irish voters are also drawn in the same direction by a promise to support a motion in Parliament for an inquiry into Irish affairs.

Reports from the Irish Famine Districts contain details of a most distressing character. The Lord Mayor of Dublin writes to the effect that the English people fail to realize the gravity of the Irish crisis, and that except prompt assistance be forthcoming tens of thousands of Irish people must surely die of starvation. He complains that England has contributed less to the Mansion House fund than Melbourne. It is believed that this is occasioned by the serious disturbances that have occurred in Ireland and *the agitation set on foot by Mr. Parnell*, and by the statements he is making in his speeches in America, which persons who ought to know characterize as "gross falsehoods." Lord Godolphin Osborne reports that the distress is *vastly underrated.* Unfortunately quarrels have arisen in the management of the different Irish relief funds, but it is hoped that the government will devise some method of concentrating the various charities under one general head. Mr. John Bright advocated in a speech delivered last week the compulsory sale of certain lands held by the London Guilds in Ireland; and that the English Government should assist tenants to purchase them by lending them three fourths of the purchase money on easy terms. Mr. W. H. Smith, a prominent member of Lord Beaconsfield's government, referred in contemptuous terms to Mr. Bright's proposal, which he called "a sham remedy," but it is not stated what Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues intend doing in the matter.

Another Nihilist Plot in Russia has been Discovered. From the preliminary examination of several Nihilist prisoners arrested recently, it would appear that a second gunpowder plot was on foot in every way similar to that of the 1st of December, both as to the aim in view and the means by which it was to be attained. The conspirators intended *to blow up the Czar* on his next journey to Moscow. It was in his Palace of the Kremlin that the revolutionists intended to execute their plot. When this terrible intelligence was communicated to the Czar, his emotion was so violent that for a moment those of his courtiers who were present were in fear of a fatal nervous attack. The Czar thought that the attempt made on his life at Moscow was the work of one single individual, and he is now terrified on discovering that at Moscow, as at St. Petersburg, there is a veritable committee, organized by the revolutionary party, which has declared against him a merciless war.

Germany is Showing Signs of Uneasiness. She eyes with a great deal of suspicion the movements of Russia. *The sovereigns of the two countries* appear to be on friendly terms, but the military party in both countries are decidedly antagonistic. Reports have been freely circulated of Russia's mustering immense forces along her Western frontier, and it is hinted that their object is the invasion of Germany. Whatever the object is, these movements create considerable uneasiness in that country. It is inferred from the tone of Bismarck's recent utterances that he finds complications of some sort or other growing up around him. His latest utterance has led to the inference that he believes that France and Russia are approaching each other, and that an alliance between them is possible, if not immediately probable. This he regards as an evil sign for Germany. He is not blind to the rapid growth and increased efficiency of the French army. He hints to France that Germany would regard with disfavor any alliance on her part with Russia, whom she regards as one of her most powerful rivals.

A Famine in Persia is Reported. **It is so** severe that people are selling their children for food. Mr. Cochran, one of the American missionaries in Persia, has forwarded an appeal which says: "Already bread riots and mob violence have ruled in the markets two days the past week; some have died of hunger, and the signs are that many more must perish. The Christians are the poorer and more oppressed and suffer the most. In the direction of Bagdad the fa[illegible]ne is very severe, and many are fleeing hither[illegible] *The condition now is terrible*, and before us is [illegible]kness and darkness. The help needed is be[illegible] our power to give, and we know not of who[illegible] ask for help, except first to entreat that [illegible]ercies of the Lord may turn again to [illegible]n to ask the merciful aid of Christians [illegible]God has given more abundantly. This [illegible]peal of 5000 Christian families in our im[illegible] vicinity, and indirectly of ten times as m[illegible]sulmans and Jews in this district."

[illegible]nell's Mission in America is the [illegible] severe condemnation in the press of [illegible]itain. A popular journal says of it: [illegible]erprise is daily growing more danger[illegible]s accompanied by systematic resistance [illegible]and is carried on by appeals to a foreign [illegible] thought by him to be hostile to the [illegible]sh Empire, and the object of which is nothing less than a revolutionary transformation of society by the destruction of one of the accepted for[illegible]n which society is based."

[illegible]of Two French Statesmen is ann[illegible] Duke de Gramont died January 1[illegible]Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Ol[illegible] under the Empire, and conducted[illegible]ions which ended in the Franco-Ge[illegible]War. Since the fall of the Empire the duke has lived in retirement.

Jules Favre died January 20th. He had held office under the Republic which preceded the seizure of power by Napoleon III., and during the existence of the Empire strenuously and persistently opposed its policy, more especially its war with Germany. At the downfall of the Empire he served under M. Thiers, and with him signed the treaty of peace. He was throughout his life a thorough and consistent Republican.

A Protest against the Mode of Conducting the war in Afghanistan.—The United Presbyterian Presbytery of Edinburgh has adopted a resolution calling on the Queen "to exercise her authority to put a stop to the atrocities which are being perpetrated in Afghanistan in burning villages, and in leaving helpless women and children to die of cold and hunger—proceedings at variance not only with the dictates of Christianity, but even with the laws of civilized warfare."

Roman Catholic Priest Shot at in London.—The church of St. Peter, London, was the scene of a shocking outrage a fortnight ago. The mass was being celebrated by a Polish priest, when a pistol-shot was fired at the priest by a man in the body of the church, and the bullet lodged in the altar. The acolyte who was serving mass immediately fled into the sacristy, and locked the door behind him; so that the priest in following was unable to enter. Here his assailant fired two more shots, one of which became imbedded in the crown of the arch over the sacristy door, and the other in the side of the door. The priest at length succeeded in getting round to the front of the church and made his escape. Two more shots were fired after him, one of them piercing the back of a chair at the top of the right aisle of the church. The man rushed
to the back of the altar, and seizing son
massive candlesticks, dashed them to the
breaking them into fragments. He th
up the altar steps and wrenched away t
and framework of the tabernacle and s
the contents on the ground. After
struggle he was overcome and the
taken from him. He is supposed to be

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon at Mentone.—The
at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Jan. 4
conducted by the Rev. James A. Spurg
the announcement was made that chee
ings continue to be received from the pa
his letters Mr. Spurgeon speaks in r
terms of the lovely weather and the c
land of his sojourn; remarking that the
"as the days of heaven upon earth," w
nights are scarcely less beautiful. In
some remaining weakness, it is believed
invalid daily gains strength; and if the
separation shall have so far benefited hi
lessen the severity and duration of his
attack, his family will bless God and
bear his absence. While good news con
France, our readers will be grieved to le
Mrs. Spurgeon has been very ill indeed.
intervals of weakness, however, she co
with a perseverance and energy which fe
exemplify under the circumstances, t
life of self-sacrifice for the good of other

Christian Work in Venice.—A Centra
ing, with its chief entrance on the Squar
Marco, has been secured at Venice for t
of the Free Italian Church. Although
for the purposes of Italian evangelizati
believed that services can also be held
English. During the past year more tha
has been secured for the church in this
by Mr. Arrighi, its agent, and much la
is hoped for in the coming year. Money
sent through Mr. Roswell Smith, of Sc
Co., this city, or directly to the Rev.
McDougall, at Florence, Italy.

The Conversion of a Japanese Physi
cently announced demonstrates the gr
fulness of mission schools. Mr. Curtis
sionary at Osaka, gives the follow[illegible]
his conversion: "This physician had t
the oldest being a troublesome fellow; d
a bad boy. When about thirteen year
ran away from home. The father turne
Christians, with whom he had become so
intimate, for advice. They said, 'Send
to the Christian school at Kiato.
God's grace may change his heart and he
a good boy!' So his father sent the bo
and to the delight of all he became
boy—gentle and good, and his father w
that a religion that could work such a c
worth having. He attended church r
himself, had Christians come and hold m
in his house, and teach him, his wife, h
dren, his servants, and now they all b
And so in this case the prophecy was fulfil
little child shall lead them."

Killed by a Wolf.—A little girl, shut
punishment for some fault in her father
at Baud (a French village), has been kil
winter by a wolf, which, by climbing a
heap, was able to enter by the roof. The
had been at work in the fields at some d
and on the father opening the door to
the child *the wolf sprang out* and made o
ing on the floor the half-devoured remair
victim. This reminds us of the manner i
the great enemy of mankind takes advan
the parental correction with which Goc
His children. In the noontide of their
seeks by every plausible means to compa
ruin, but when the Father comes again to
and comfort His child, then the adversa
to flight. In the most painful circumst
child of God may say, "Rejoice not agai
O mine enemy!" (Micah 7 : 8). The
stance also reminds us that Satan like an
wolf tries to break through every safegua
he may destroy the immortal souls c
Happy are they who can say, "We
ignorant of his devices" (2 Cor. 2 : 11).

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

gle Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1880. 14th Year. No. 7—New Series.

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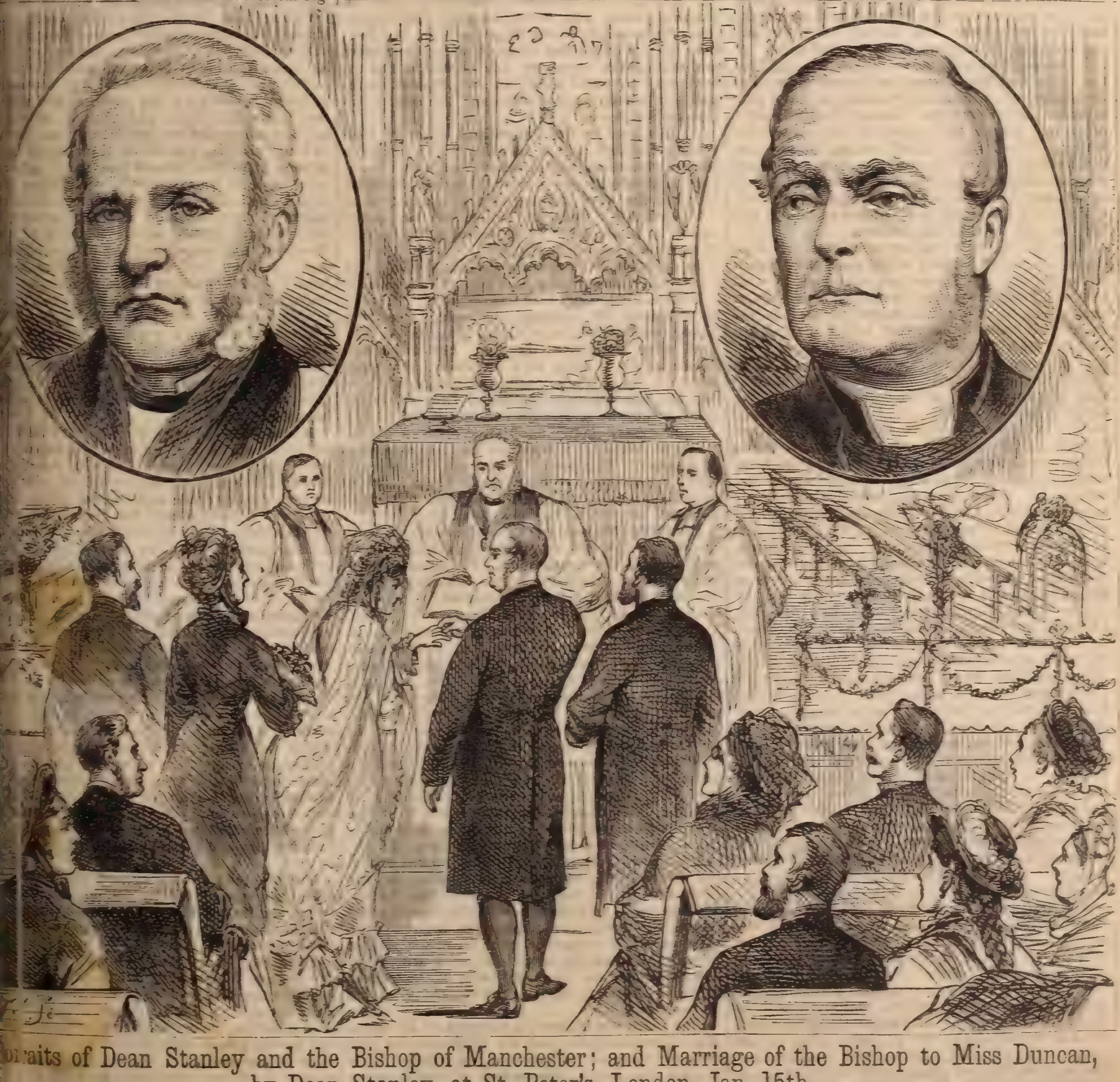

raits of Dean Stanley and the Bishop of Manchester; and Marriage of the Bishop to Miss Duncan, by Dean Stanley, at St. Peter's, London, Jan. 15th.

DEAN STANLEY.

Ancestry—School Life—College Distinctions—"Life of Arnold"—The Oxford "Don"—Canon of Canterbury—Dean of Westminster—Visit to the Holy Land—Literary Work—Visit to America.

WE give to-day the portraits of two of the most eminent living men in the Christian ministry—Dean Stanley and the Bishop of Manchester. For high intellectual gifts, breadth of capacity, clear-headedness, strength of understanding, fearless courage, warm-hearted and far-reaching sympathy, and the absence of littleness of every kind, they have few equals on either side of the Atlantic. The Dean for his keen-sighted exposure of the follies of Ritualism, and the Bishop for his resolute advocacy of the temperance cause, deserve the admiration and confidence of all right-thinking men. The influence of these two men is doubly important in this age of uncertain views and equivocal utterances, and their powerful influence is operative for good in this country as well as in Great Britain. So we feel that our readers will be pleased to see the portraits and know the history of these two mainstays of society and champions of right.

It would, however, be wrong to conceal that the Dean and the Bishop are widely distrusted by evangelical Christians because of their pronounced adhesion to the "Broad Church" party, of which, indeed, the former is the recognized leader. That party is fatally in error on two cardinal points of the Gospel message. It denies man's inherited and inherent depravity, and it repudiates the great act of redemption in which Christ took the sinner's place and sacrificed His life for the world's atonement.

Thus all their work of benevolence is fruitless, except in as far as they stand upon the level of the world's great temporal benefactors. Beyond this we may not judge them; to their Maker they stand or fall. It is better to point to the integrity of their characters and the unselfish purpose of their lives, and to indulge a regret that with so much to raise them to a towering height in the love and admiration of men, their eyes are closed to the ineffable glory of "the Lamb for sinners slain." It is also our privilege to pray without ceasing that God will give them further enlightenment, and enable them yet to consecrate their wonderful talents and their large hearts to setting forth what Bishop Gilbert Haven in his dying moments called "a complete Gospel, a whole Christ." Especially in the case of Dr. Fraser, who now, late in life, has taken to himself a wife, we may unite our congratulations with those of his numerous friends, and hope that he will be spared to enjoy years of happiness and of useful service.

The Very Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of the ancient historical Abbey of Westminster, is the second son of a former Bishop of Norwich, who is well remembered for the nautical enthusiasm which he possessed through life (he longed to be a sailor when a boy), for his love of natural science, and for his singular freedom from religious intolerance, standing on the same platform as Father Mathew, the Irish priest and temperance pioneer. He also preached a funeral sermon on Joseph Gurney, the Quaker philanthropist. For thirty-two years the father was rector of Alderley, where he won all hearts, and it is pleasant to observe how many of his traits appear in the son. The honored mother of Dean Stanley was Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leycester, rector of Stoke-upon-Trent.

The subject of our present notice was born in the year 1815, and at the age of fourteen was sent to Rugby School, of which the year previously the renowned Thomas Arnold had been appointed head master. In 1834 he proceeded to University College, Oxford, where he obtained numerous distinctions, and laid the foundation of the accomplished scholarship for which he is so remarkable. He gained a prize for his poem "The Gypsies," took a first class in classics, won the Ireland scholarship, a Balliol scholarship, and the Newdigate prize, the Latin Essay prize, the Theological prize, and the English Essay prize.

In 1842 occurred Dr. Arnold's sudden death; and Mr. A. P. Stanley, who had been for five years his favorite pupil and for eight years afterward his intimate friend, preached the funeral sermon in Rugby School chapel. Two years later he published the work which first drew attention to the many high qualities of the Dean—his

"LIFE OF THOMAS ARNOLD,"

one of the finest specimens of biography in the English language. In its whole plan and execution it was a model memoir of a noble man, by one whose relation to him is far from being adequately described in the statement that he was a favorite pupil. For though a reverent disciple, the biographer was also the respected friend whom Arnold thought it useful to consult, as his letters show, not merely upon literary matters, but also on other subjects of practical moment. The "Life of Arnold" exerted a *powerful influence in this country*, not only upon the teaching class, who drew abundant inspiration from the example of the Rugby master, but likewise upon a numerous body of young ministers and students of theology, who found in the utterances of Arnold help in their perplexities respecting Christian doctrine and the interpretation of Scripture.

At this time he was Fellow and Tutor of University College, where he endeared himself to several generations of undergraduates by his unvarying kindness and almost fatherly sympathy. He was the very reverse of the usual type of "Oxford don," between whom and the youths he has to teach there is too often an absence of sympathetic feeling.

In 1851 Dr. Stanley was appointed Canon of Canterbury, and during this period he wrote his "Historical Memorials of Canterbury." In 1858 he resigned his canonry, becoming instead a Canon of Christ Church, and chaplain to Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, but now well known as Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1864, when Dr. Trench was made Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Stanley was appointed Dean of Westminster, and he still retains the position.

His literary fame, as first evidenced by his "Life of Arnold," is equal to his fame as a public speaker. The book "Sinai and Palestine," which he wrote after visiting the Holy Land in 1852, is probably the best book yet published on those interesting regions.

He also published a commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians, which has been widely read and highly commended. He has also written a copious "History of the Jewish People," in which the Old Testament history is presented with so much clearness, eloquence of style, and historic and literary illustration, not to speak of learning and calmness of judgment, that not theologians alone, but also cultivated readers generally, are drawn to its pages. The last published volume in the series, which treats of the period intermediate between the Old Testament and the New, is not surpassed as a piece of historical writing by any of the later works of this class which have emanated from the English press. In point of style it takes rank with Macaulay's history, and the best chapters of Froude. The Maccabean period and the reign of Herod are described in a manner to fascinate the attention of every cultivated reader.

But the volume which of late years has probably attained the widest circulation of all the Dean's works is that on Westminster Abbey, with its tombs and monuments. No journeyings among the tombs can compare in interest with this last production, where the Dean's wealth of historical knowledge and familiarity with English literature are employed, with characteristic grace, to illustrate the records of this venerable mausoleum.

Our space forbids even a mention of his many other compositions, and we shall not dwell on the excellence of his sermons, especially of his *funeral discourses*. One which attracted much attention was preached when a certain gifted writer was buried in Westminster Abbey.
that occasion he showed how our Saviou
practically illustrated the "use, the value
the sacredness of fictitious narrative,"
when, in conclusion, he referred to some a
the ideal children of the departed author, "
ing that grave," he observed, "seem to
who crowd around it as though it were the
grave of those little innocents whom he hac
created for our companionship, for our in
tion, for our delight and solace."

HIS VISIT TO AMERICA

in the fall of 1878, and the cordial mann
which he was then received by all Christia
nominations, and even by the Jewish me
of the community, will be fresh in the men
of our readers.

While here he was the guest of Mr.
Field, and during his stay, Mr. Field's hous
[illegible]
a remarkable sermon in
Church, New York, in which, with g
strokes, he sketched the rise and progress
different schools of religious thought whic
left their impress on Christendom. On the
evening an enthusiastic reception was acc
to Dean Stanley by the bishops and past
the Methodist Episcopal Church, at whi
address engrossed on parchment was pres
to him. In the course of the address he
in reply, the dean related how some eight
years ago the President of the Wesleyan C
ence waited upon him, and in courteous
asked that a monument might be admitte
Westminster Abbey to the memory of C
Wesley, "the sweet psalmist of our Engli
rael," and he had then said, "And wh
John?" A monument to the memory of t
illustrious brothers was accordingly erected
Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, clos
monument erected a century before to the
ory of the poet Isaac Watts. "I rejoiced,
the Dean, "to have his monument among
of the kings and the great lights, whether o
ature or science, that adorn the walls of
minster Abbey."

A delegation of Baptist ministers also
on Dean Stanley to express the pleasure
which they welcomed his visit to Americ
to whom he spoke in the same liberal, genial
he had shown to the ministers of other de
nations. The Century Club also entertain
Dean at their house in New York. There
a distinguished company of literary and e
astical celebrities, who cordially united in e
sions of esteem and fraternal regard. Th
Dean fully appreciated the enthusiastic we
he had received from the American peopl
evident from his remarks at that meeting
said that he had been told in England t
would be met with kindness and hospita
America, but he had not been led to expe
thing like what he had experienced. He r
to the pleasant homes in which he had be
tertained during the delightful two m
which he had spent in this country; an
cluded by saying that he was delighted at
fresh bond that cemented and strengthen
kindly feelings already existing between E
and America, and that he wished to retu
heartfelt thanks for all that had been do
said for him and his friends during their s
here.

On his return to England the deck
steamer was crowded by eminent men, a
to see the last of the distinguished Engli
itor, and not until the last bell rang were t
farewells said.

His arrival in England was *sadly opportu*
the Queen was shortly afterwards plun
grief by the death of her beloved daught
Princess Alice; and to no other voice d
give so willing an ear as to that of Dean S
and he was able to offer her the precious c
tions of the Gospel. There has for man
existed a sincere friendship between the
family of England and the Dean, which

others' sides been one of evident respect and esteem. It was remarked a short time ago that Queen Victoria who has shown an unconquerable aversion to visiting London since the death of Prince Albert, came all the way from the Isle of Wight to pay a visit of condolence to Dean Stanley, on hearing of the death of his wife. This lady was Lady Augusta Bruce, daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin, whose name is remembered in connection with the Elgin marbles, and sister of the eighth Earl of Elgin, who died while holding the Viceroyalty of India. A widespread feeling of sympathy for the Dean in this bereavement was expressed by all sections of the Church, even by those who regret his views of theology. It only remains to add, that personally he is one of the most kind and amiable of men, and the most popular Dean of Westminster that has ever been known. He fraternizes most cordially with the leading representatives of Nonconformity throughout Great Britain. He has sometimes entertained them hospitably at the deanery, and has shown his freedom from all clerical bigotry. We trust our readers will pray that the Holy Spirit will abundantly enlighten and bless him during the declining years of his life.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

Early Life—College Honors—Ecclesiastical Preferments—Interest in Education—Election to the Episcopal Bench—Personal Appearance—Sphere of Work—Marriage.

The Right Rev. James Fraser, D.D., Bishop of Manchester, England, was born at Prestbury, near Cheltenham, in the year 1818. Having received a preparatory education at the public schools of Bridgnorth and Shrewsbury, he was subsequently entered as an *alumnus* at Lincoln College, Oxford.

He obtained the Ireland Scholarship in that University in the year 1839, and proceeded to take his B.A. degree the same year, gaining a first class in classics. In 1840 he was elected a fellow of Oriel College. In 1847 he became rector of Childerton, Wiltshire, and from 1858 to 1860 discharged the honorable functions of Chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral.

Having been appointed what is called "Select Preacher" in the University of Oxford in 1854 and again in 1862, Mr. Fraser's interest in the cause of popular education led to his being selected as Assistant-Commissioner in the important inquiry of 1858-60. To the Schools Inquiry Commission in 1865 he presented an elaborate report on the educational systems of the United States and Canada. He was officially connected also with the commission appointed in 1867 to inquire into the employment of women and children in agriculture.

In the year 1870 he was selected by Mr. Gladstone who was then Prime Minister, to succeed the late Dr. Prince Lee in *the bishopric of Manchester.* He was accordingly consecrated on March 25th, 1870, having on the third of the previous month been created D.D. at Oxford by diploma.

Bishops, like other men, are of different characters. The English Church has to-day the energetic bishop, the controversial bishop, the letter-writing bishop, the hospitable bishop, and the platform bishop. These and sundry other varieties are, with more or less distinctness of marking, to be found now, as in the hierarchies of all times. But Mr. Gladstone's appointment to the bench added another type, who may be fairly set down as the *eminently practical bishop.* There is perhaps no one bishop on the English bench at this moment who is so pre-eminently a practical man, in the best sense of the word, as the Bishop of Manchester. He knows his Divine Master's work, and finds an unwearied delight in doing it, not only when he gains the applause of an admiring diocese, but in the teeth of the best organized opposition

His personal appearance is in his favor. He has a pleasant and genial face, a sturdy figure, and an easy and attractive manner. His voice is clear as a bell, sweet when he is pathetic, and thrilling when he is solemn. Persons who have heard him refer to evangelistic work in the slums of the east end of London most fully appreciate his capacity for sympathy and pathos. Plainly does he put the issues of life and death before his congregation. He is free from bigotry of any kind, and very friendly toward Dissenters.

Manchester, too, of English cities is precisely the place for such a man to find a scope for his labors. The moral and social change in Manchester is one of the most significant signs of the times. The city which was once the very symbol and seat of all simple money-making and manufacturing ideas, has itself imbibed the liberal ideas of the world which it has conquered. In former days the birthplace and paradise of the "cotton-lord," it has long ceased to be identified with the notion that calico-making and calico-printing are the great ends either of its own energies or of humanity.

If it has liberalized the whole country in the matter of free-trade, it has liberalized itself in the matter of the arts and literary cultivation. A vehement onslaught on the humanizing influences of the *belles-lettres*, including the Latin and Greek of Oxford itself, would now be as little popular among the leading men of Manchester as a denunciation of the principles of political economy. In few places is the architecture of the once despised Middle Ages more loved or more successfully cultivated than in Manchester. And last, though not least, the personal character and views of its estimable bishop are a matter of real interest and not of contempt in the very centre of the old cotton-making and bishop-scorning interest. Dr. Fraser fills exactly the position for which his character and the gift of God's grace have pre-eminently qualified him, and he never falters in his outspoken denunciation of wrong and earnest proclamation of the Divine mercy.

The work he has done in Manchester is everywhere visible in that great city. There is no name there which commands the respect of all classes so thoroughly as that of Bishop Fraser. Ever intent on ameliorating *the condition of the poor*, he is prominent in all movements for the organization of schemes of relief. *Among the operatives* his voice is constantly heard giving wise practical counsel; advocating moderation in their trades-unions, teetotalism and thrift in their homes, and the cause of education for their children. *To the employers* he speaks in the frank, manly way of a man of the world denouncing the wretched "supply and demand principle," which too often governs the relations of employer and the employed, and which leads the employer to believe that his responsibility to his work-people ceases when he has given them the lowest market rate of pay for their labor. He has taught them that they have other and higher responsibilities, and they have given heed to his teachings. Even those who differ from him on theological grounds confess that the Bishop of Manchester has brought out in the city the living practical influences of religion, and has made his position a power for good in the city which from its devotion to one branch of manufacture has acquired the *soubriquet* of "Cottonopolis."

MARRIAGE OF THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

The marriage of the Bishop of Manchester with Agnes Ellen Frances, eldest daughter and heiress of the late John Shute Duncan, LL.D., of Bath, England, took place on January 15th at St. Peter's, Brompton, London, the Dean of Westminster officiating. The right reverend bridegroom, accompanied by Canon Pearson and the very reverend Dean, arrived at the church at half-past ten. The bride, attired in a bright, silver-gray satin dress and tulle veil, accompanied by her bridesmaids and Mr. H. T. Welch, her cousin, at whose residence she was staying, arrived at a quarter to eleven, and the ceremony at once proceeded. A few friends had assembled, but although paragraphs had appeared in the newspapers mentioning the day, the place where the wedding was to take place was not generally known, and not more than thirty persons were present.

The Dean, who was assisted by the Rev. N. J. Devereux and the Rev. J. Farrington Downes, read the service in a most impressive manner, and instead of the usual exhortation at the close of the ceremony, substituted a short address.

After some remarks upon the happiness of Christian matrimony, he said it was not only the blending together of two souls for mutual society and comfort, not only a constant giving and receiving of mutual sympathy and support, but a new starting-point in life—a new starting-point for a more holy and a more consistent walk before God, an encouragement to embark in new strength and hope upon the duties and best objects of life. A new pledge was given, not as the philosopher said, of new hostages to fortune, but a Christian pledge to God and man that they would fulfil those duties faithfully and well.

Each had secured a new second self—each would rejoice and would sorrow as the other. None else could have so great or so complete a stake in the happiness of each; none else could know so well the character of the other; none else could have the same interest in the welfare, the grace, the goodness of the other, as must be inspired by the thought of that indissoluble union which should be the happiness and glory of both. Many hearts of absent friends were with them at that moment. Many devout aspirations, many manly expectations, many humble prayers, were going up here and elsewhere that the new wedded life now opening might be richly blessed. The day long expected had come at last, and it was the earnest prayer of all that a rich harvest of joy and happiness would follow. "May you," (said the Dean, addressing the newly-married pair) "abound in every good and perfect work! May God guide you with His wisdom continually, so that you may show forth His glory to this generation and His power to all they who are yet to come!"

The newly-wedded couple and their friends then retired to the vestry to sign the register, and shortly afterwards returned to the residence of Mr. Welch, from whence, after partaking of breakfast, they departed to Torquay for the honeymoon.

In regard to the personal appearance of *the bride* at the ceremony, we may observe that she seemed to be nearly as tall as the bridegroom, and to be characterized by a very intelligent and prepossessing countenance, as represented in the picture on our frontispiece.

CHARACTERISTIC BENEVOLENCE.

On the marriage morning, Mr. James Smith, secretary to the Manchester and Salford District Provident Society, received a check for 250*l.* (equal to about $1250) from the Bishop. The letter accompanying the check was as follows:

> "Bishop's Court, Manchester, January 14, 1880.
>
> "Dear Mr. Smith: To-morrow, all being well, will be my wedding-day, and in the midst of my own happiness I should like to mark the day by some little effort to promote the comfort of others in the midst of whom I live. I know of no organization that will carry out my wishes so effectually as the District Provident Society, and if you, as its agent, would kindly undertake to distribute for me the sum of 250*l.*, for which I inclose a check, among the deserving and necessitous poor of those parishes in Manchester and Salford in which at the present time there seems to be most distress, you would lay me under an obligation. After much reflection, I cannot think of any better way of showing my appreciation of *the kind interest which people of all classes* in Manchester have taken in an event so materially affecting my happiness, for which I am deeply grateful to them.—I remain, dear Mr. Smith, yours faithfully, J. Manchester."

The Bishop also sent a check for 50*l.* ($250) to the secretary of the Manchester Young Men's Christian Association, to be distributed in helpful gifts to persons who have seen better days, but who are now suffering acutely from the present depression of trade. On the receipt of the news of the marriage in Manchester, the bells of the town hall and the cathedral rang a merry peal, and the organist at the cathedral played a wedding march.

THE COMING RELIGION.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, February 8, 1880.

"And the children of Israel pitched before them like two little flocks of kids."—1 KINGS 20 : 27.

Some People Think the Bible Behind the Age—An Appeal to Facts—The Bible the Most Popular Book on the Planet—The Church Nearer the Sympathies of the People than ever—Infidelity not so Bold as it was—No War between Science and Christianity—Scientific Theorists at War with Each Other—Christianity the only Exact Science—A Great Trial—The Coming Religion—An Encouraging Fact—The Secular Press Spreading the Truth—The International S. S. Lessons—Science Fails to Comfort the Mourner—The Whole Land a Church—The English Squire's Son and the Workman—Never Talk Scepticism.

WITH thirty-three kings intoxicated in one tent, this chapter opens. They were allies plotting for the overthrow of the Lord's Israel. You know that if a lion roar, a flock of kids will shiver and huddle together. One lion could conquer a thousand kids. The battle opens. There are a great multitude of Syrians under General Ben-hadad, strong as lions. The Israelites are few and weak, like two little flocks of kids. Who beat? The lions, of course. Oh, no; the kids. For it all depends whether God is on the side of the lions or the kids. After the battle, one hundred thousand Syrians lay dead on the field, and twenty-seven thousand, attempting to fly, came along by a great wall, which toppled and crushed them to death.

Which was the stronger weapon—great Goliath's sword or little David's sling? David had five smooth stones from the brook. He only used one in striking down Goliath. He had a surplus of ammunition; he had enough to take down four more giants if they had appeared in the way. It all depends upon whether God is on the side of the shepherd boy, or on the side of the giant.

There have been many in our day who have ventured the opinion that Christianity is falling back, and that in fifty years it will be extinct. They found their opinion on the assumed fact that the Bible is not as much of a book as it used to be, and that portions of it are repulsive to the people. I reply by asking, Which one of the publishing houses of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or Chicago are publishing the Bible today with *the omission of a single verse or chapter?* Are not our publishers intelligent men? And would they, contrary to their financial interests, continue to publish the Bible without the omission of a single chapter or a single verse if it was becoming an unpopular book, and the people did not want it? If Harper, or Appleton, or Ticknor, or Lippincott should publish a Bible with the omission of one chapter, they would not sell ten copies in ten years. The fact that throughout Christendom there are hundreds of printing presses printing the Word of God without the omission of a chapter or a verse, proves that the Bible is popular; and the fact that there are more being printed in this decade than any other decade, proves that *the Bible is increasing in popularity.*

I go through the court-rooms of the country. Wherever I find a judge's bench, or a clerk's desk, I find the Bible. By what other book would they take solemn oath? What is very apt to be among the bride's presents? The Bible. What is very apt to be put in the trunk of the young man when he starts for city life? The Bible. Voltaire predicted that the Bible during the nineteenth century would become an obsolete book. Well, we are pretty nearly through the nineteenth century; the Bible is not obsolete yet; there is not much prospect of its becoming obsolete; but I have to tell you that that room—*the very room* in which Voltaire wrote that prediction—some time ago was crowded from floor to ceiling with Bibles for Switzerland.

Suppose the Congress of the United States should pass a law that no Bibles should be printed in the United States. If there are thirty million grown men and women in the country, then there would be thirty million people armed against such a law. But suppose the Congress of the United States should pass a law that Macaulay's History, or Gladstone's Tracts, should not be read—could you get half as large an army, or the fourth as large an army? In other words, there are, as you know and I know, a thousand men who would die for their Bibles, where there are fifty men who would die for any other book. The fact that there are now more Bibles being printed than ever before, that publishers find it a financial interest for them to continue the publication of the Bible, proves that this book is still

THE MOST POPULAR BOOK

on the planet.

"But" say those who are antagonistic, "Christianity is falling back, from the fact that the church is not as much respected as it used to be, and is not as influential." I reply to that with the statistic that one denomination—the Methodist Church—according to a statistic given me by one of their bishops, dedicates on an average a new church every day of the year. Three hundred and sixty-five new churches in one denomination in a year, and over a thousand new churches built every year in this country. Does that look as though the church were failing in its power, and were becoming a worn-out institution?

Around which institution in our communities gather the most ardent affections? The post-office, the hotel, the court-house, the city hall, or the churches? Why, when our old Tabernacle was burning, there were hundreds of men standing in the streets who never went to church, tears raining down their cheeks. It is because the Church of God stands nearer the sympathies of the American people than any other institution.

Men may caricature the Church, and call it a collection of hypocrites; but when their children are swept off with the diphtheria, for whom do they send? To the postmaster, to the attorney-general, to the aldermen, or to *the pastors of the churches?* And if there be not room for the obsequies in the private house, what building do they solicit? The Academy of Music, the hotel, public hall, court-house? No; the churches. And if they want music on the sad occasion, do they select the Marseillaise Hymn, or God Save the Queen, or our own grand national air? No; they want the old hymn with which we sang their old Christian mother to sleep; they want the Sunday-school hymn that their little girl sang the last Sabbath afternoon she was out before she was seized with the awful sickness that broke father's heart and mother's heart. Oh, you know as well as I do—I shall not dwell on it any longer—the Church of God, instead of being a worn-out institution, stands nearer the sympathies of the people than it ever did, and eclipses all other institutions.

But our antagonists go on and say that Christianity is falling back, in the fact that Infidelity is bolder now and more blatant than it ever was. I deny the statement.

INFIDELITY

is not near so bold now as it was in the days of our fathers and grandfathers. There were times in this country when men who were openly and above-board infidel and antagonistic to Christianity could be elected to high office. Now, let some man wishing high position in the State proclaim himself the foe of Christianity and an infidel, how many States of the Union would he carry? how many counties? how many wards in Brooklyn? Not one.

Ah! my friends, Infidelity in this day is not half as bold as it used to be. If it comes now, it is apt to come under the disguise of rhetoric or fantastic sentimentality. I know if a man with great intelligence does become an infidel, and begins an attack on Christianity, it makes great excitement—of course it does, and people come to the conclusion, weak-minded Christians come to the conclusion, that every thing is going overboard because some man of strong intellect sails Christianity.

If a man jumps overboard from a Cuna steamer, he makes more excitement than all t five hundred sane passengers who continue in t berths or on the decks; but does that stop t ship? does that wreck all the five hundred p sengers? It makes great excitement when man leaps from a platform or a pulpit into fidelity; but does that hinder our glorious Bi from taking its millions into the skies. I tell y Infidelity is not half as bold now as it used be.

Do you suppose such things could be enac now as were enacted in the days of Robespier when a shameless woman was *elected to be g dess*, and she was carried in a golden chair t cathedral, and the people bowed down to her a divine being, and burned incense before he she to take the place of the Bible, and of Ch tianity, and of the Lord Almighty? And wl that ceremony was going on in the cathedral, the chapels, and in the corridors adjoining cathedral, scenes of drunkenness and debauch and obscenity enacted such as the world l never seen. Could such a thing as that tr spire now? No, sir. The police would sw on it, whether in Paris or New York. Infide is not half as bold now as it used to be.

"But," say our antagonists, "Christianit falling back because

SCIENCE,

its chief enemy, is triumphing over it." No deny that there is any war between science revelation. There is not a fact in science may not be made to harmonize with the st ments of the Bible. So said Hugh Miller, said Joseph Henry, so said Professor Hi cock, so said Professor Silliman, so said Pro sor Mitchell.

Joseph Henry, the leading scientist of A ica, better known and honored in the royal s ties transatlantic than any other Ameri lived and died a believer in the religion of J Christ. He knew, Joseph Henry knew, all facts of Geology, and yet believed the Boo Genesis. He knew all the facts of Astron and yet believed the Book of Joshua, the and moon standing still. Joseph Henry k all the anatomy of man and fish, and yet lieved the Book of Jonah.

If the *scientists of the day were all agreed,* they came up with solid front to attack Christianity, perhaps they might make some pression upon it; but *they are not agreed.* often said that we religionists are failing in advocacy of Christianity because we differ in theology. I tell you we do not differ inside church in theology half as much as they d outside the church in science. If they reject religion because we differ on some minor po we might just as well reject science becau scientists differ; but as far as I can tell, the of infidel science against Christianity is n severe as it used to be, because these me antagonistic to each other;—and as far a tell, it is going to be a war between telesco telescope, Leyden jar and Leyden jar, che apparatus and chemical apparatus. *They d agree on any thing.*

Do you suppose that this Bible theory a the origin of life is going to be overthrow men who have different theories—fifty diff theories—about the origin of life? And v Agassiz comes out and puts both feet on the trine of evolution, and says in regard to scientists, "I notice that these young nat ists are adopting as theories in science t which have not passed under observati Agassiz saw what we all see—that there are who talk very wisely who know but very l and that just as soon as a young scientist out the difference between the feelers of a and the horns of a beetle, he begins *to patr the Almighty*, and go about talking about cu as though it were spelled c-u-l-c-h-a-r—culc

It makes me sick to see these literary fop ing down the street with a copy of Darwin one arm and a case of transfixed grassho terflies under the other arm, talking e "Survival of the Fittest," and "Hux- otoplasm," and the "Nebular Hypothe- talking to us common men as though fools! If they agreed in their theories up with solid front against Christianity, rhaps they might make some impres- t they do not agree. Darwin charges march, Wallace upon Cope, Herschel rged upon Ferguson. They do not out the gradation of the species; they do about embryology. What do they agree

iel wrote a whole chapter on what he "Errors in Astronomy." La Place t the moon was not put in the right at if it had been put four times the dis- om our world, there would have been rmony in the universe. But Lionville just in time to prove that the Lord and put the moon in the right place. ny colors woven into the light? Seven, vton. Three, says David Brewster. h is the *Aurora Borealis?* Two and a s high, says Lias. One hundred and miles, says Twinig. How far is the the earth? Seventy-six million miles, aille; eighty-two million miles, says t; ninety million miles, says Hender- hundred and four million miles says Only a little difference of twenty-eight miles! These men say we do not agree on. Do they agree in science? Have e up with solid front to assault our Christianity?

nathematicians do not agree. Taylor's ms are found to have faults in them. nch metric system has wrong calcula- 'alk about exact science! They are in- As far as with my little knowledge I have to explore, the only exact scienee is ity. There is nothing under which you ppropriately write, "*Quod erat demon-*"*

lemen of the jury, have you agreed upon dict?" the court or the clerk says to having been out all night, on coming ave you agreed on your verdict?" If yes, the verdict is taken and recorded. ay, "No, we have not agreed," they back to the jury-room. If one juryman y, "I think the man is guilty of mur- another juryman should say, "I think ty of manslaughter," and another jury- ld say, "I think he is guilty of assault ery with intent to kill," the judge e his patience, and say, "Go back to n now, and make up a verdict; agree hing."

ny friends, there has been

A GREAT TRIAL

for centuries and for ages, between n, the plaintiff, *versus* Christianity, ndant. The scientists have been d and sworn on the jury. They have e for centuries, some of them, and e back, and we say, "Gentlemen of the e you agreed upon a verdict?" They , we have not agreed." Then we say, k for a few more centuries, and then nd see if you can agree, see if you can me verdict." Now, there is not the prisoner in the Tombs Court who would mned by a jury that could not agree, ou expect us to renounce our glorious ity for such a miserable verdict as these rendered, they themselves not having to agree.

subject shall no longer be defensive; *aggressive.* I must show you that in- Christianity falling back, it is on the nd that

THE COMING RELIGION

orld is to be the religion of the Lord rist ten thousand times intensified. It possession of every thing—of all laws, rs, all customs, all cities, all nations. It is going to be so mighty as co[illegible] what it has been, so much more mig[illegible] will seem almost like a new religion.

I am disposed to think this, I adc[illegible] theory, because Christianity has gone on st[illegible] ahead notwithstanding all the bombardmen[illegible] and Infidelity has not destroyed a church, or crippled a minister, or rooted out one verse of the Bible, and now their ammunition seems to be pretty much exhausted. They cannot get any thing new against Christianity; and if Christianity has gone on under the bombardment of centuries and still continues to advance, may we not conclude that as the powder and shot of the other side seem to be exhausted, Christianity is going on with more rapid stride?

I find *an encouraging fact* in the thought that the secular press in this day and the pulpit seem harnessed in the same team for the proclamation of the Gospel. To-morrow there will not be a banker on Wall Street who will not have in his pocket or on his table treatises on Christianity, calls to repentance and Scripture passages, twenty and thirty of them, in the reports of the Christian churches of this city and other cities. Why, that thing would have been impossible a few years ago. Now, on Monday morning and Monday evening, the secular press spreads abroad more religious truth than all the tract societies of the country spread in the other six days. Blessed be the tract societies! We hail them, and we hail these others.

I say it would have been impossible a few years ago. Hundreds of letters would have come to the secular newspaper offices, saying: "Stop my paper; we have religion on Sunday; don't give us any through the week. Stop my paper." But I have been told that many of the secular papers have their largest circulation on Monday morning, and the whole population of this country are gradually becoming sermon readers. Besides that, have you not noticed that papers proclaiming themselves merely secular almost every week have religious discussion in them?

Go back to three years ago, when there was not a decent paper in the United States—decent secular paper—that had not a discussion on *the doctrine of eternal punishment.* Small wits made merry, I know; but there was not an intelligent man in the United States that as a result of that controversy in regard to eternal punishment did not ask himself the question, "What is to be my eternal destiny?" And so seven or eight years ago, when Tyndall offered his prayer gauge, there was not a secular paper in the United States that did not discuss the question: "Does God ever answer prayer? May the creature impress the Creator?" Are not all these facts encouraging to every Christian and every philanthropist?

Besides that, the rising generation are being saturated with Gospel truth as no other generation, by this International Series of Sunday-school lessons. Formerly, the children were expected only to nibble at the little infantile Scripture stories, but now they are taken from Genesis to Revelation, the strongest minds of the country explaining the lessons to the teachers, and the teachers explaining them to the classes; and we are going to have in this country five million youth forestalled for Christianity. Hear it! Hear it!

Besides that, you must have noticed if you have talked on these great themes that they are finding out that while science is grand in secular directions, worldly philosophy grand in secular directions, they cannot give any

COMFORT TO A SOUL IN TROUBLE.

Talking with men on steamboats and in rail-cars, I find they are coming back to the comfort of the Gospel. They say: "Somehow human science don't comfort me when I have any trouble, and I must try something else;" and they are trying the Gospel.

Take your scientific consolation to that mother who has just lost her child. Apply the doctrine of the "*Survival of the Fittest;*" tell her that her child died because its life was not worth [illegible] and go [illegible] your [illegible] see if he is comforted.

Go to *that woman who has lost her husband,* and tell her it was a geological necessity that that man passed out of existence, just as the megatherium disappeared in order to make room for a higher style of creation, and go on with your consolation and tell her that there is a possibility that ten million years from now we ourselves may be geological specimens on the geological shelf, petrified specimens of the extinct human race!

And after you have got all through with your consolation, if the poor afflicted soul is not utterly crazed, I will send out the plainest Christian from my church, and with one half hour of prayer and the reading of Scripture promises, the tears will be stayed, and the consolation, and the joy in that house will be like the calmness of an Indian summer sunset. There will be a glory flooding the house from floor to cupola. Oh! people are finding out themselves—and they all have troubles—they find that philosophy and human science do not keep them when there is a dead babe in the house. They are coming back to our glorious old-fashioned sympathetic religion.

Oh young man! do not be ashamed to be found on the side of the Bible. Do not join those young men who in this day put their thumbs in their vest, and swagger about the streets and the stores, talking about the glorious nineteenth century, about its light being sufficient without any Bible, and without any Christ, and without any God. The time is coming—we may not live to see it, but I should not be surprised if we did see it—when this whole country is to be one great church, the forests the aisles, the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains the pillars, the chain of inland lakes the baptismal font, and the worship the Hallelujah Chorus unto Him who was, and is, and shall be evermore. Oh! come over to the majority—come under the banners of Emanuel.

Vernon was

THE SON OF AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

He was brought up in great elegance. There was a man working on the place by the name of Ralph. Vernon used to often talk with Ralph. After a while Vernon went off to college, and came back with his mind full of scepticism. He talked his scepticism to Ralph the workman.

After a while Vernon went from home again, was gone for years, came back, and among his first questions when getting home was, "Where is Ralph?" "Oh!" said the father, "Ralph is in prison waiting for the day of execution." Vernon hastened to see Ralph. Ralph, looking through the wicket of the prison, said, "Vernon, how good you are to come and see me! I am glad to see you. I hardly expected you would come and see me. I don't blame you, I don't blame anybody: I only blame myself; but, Vernon, I want you to promise me one thing. Will you?" Vernon replied, "I will." "I want you to promise me *never to talk scepticism in the presence of young men,* or indeed in the presence of anybody. You see it might do them harm. When you used to say there was nothing in the Bible, and it didn't make any difference how we lived, we would come out happy at the last, somehow it had a bad influence upon me, and I went from bad to worse until I am here, and I must die for my crimes."

By almost superhuman effort the sentence was changed, and he was to be transported to another country for life. The ship going there was wrecked on Van Diemen's Land. Among those who perished was Ralph, the victim of Vernon's scepticism. Vernon tells the story to-day with tears and a broken heart; but it is too late! Oh! do not talk scepticism, do not talk scepticism. Let God be true, though every man be found a liar!

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* Which was to be proved.

Arthur Lemaire Discovers to his sister his Anxiety—He Suggests that she should Appeal to Percival for him—She Indignantly Refuses—He Threatens her—Percival hears of the Forgery by Arthur Lemaire.

Arthur at first did not reveal to Lucie the criminal origin of his necessity—his heart drew back from the burning secret and felt a sort of shrivelling, as it were, at its touch. The words, however, "I must have, and that within a week, £3000, or I am lost," were quite enough to startle and even dismay Lucie without any knowledge of the guilty fact which lay behind them.

"Three thousand pounds!" exclaimed Lucie in alarmed surprise. "What *do* you mean, Arthur? or what can you have been doing? You greatly agitate me."

"I know I do," he replied sulkily. "I am very sorry, and indeed I am greatly agitated myself; but without entering into particulars, which, of course, you, as a girl, could not be expected to understand, I am so fixed, Lucie, that unless I get the amount I have named, in some way or other, within seven days, I am forever ruined!" and Lucie trembled as she marked, while he spoke, the black despair which sat upon his countenance.

After pondering a while she said, "£3000 seems almost a fabulous sum to me, Arthur, but perhaps it is only because, as you say, I am a girl. Can papa let you have it, do you suppose? He is, I know, very fond of you, Arthur, as his only son; and I am certain if it be at all in his power, will stoop to any sacrifice to help you. He will be home from the Castle, you know, in an hour. Tell him confidently of your need, Arthur, or, if you like, I will open up the subject to him; and, indeed, perhaps that will be the better way both for you and him, for I dread the effect upon him of a sudden announcement of your dreadful jeopardy."

"It would be no use in the world," answered Arthur; and, in a tone full of despondency, "I know all about my father's affairs, Lucie, for he makes me his confidant. He has, it is true, resources much above £3000, but, as I have said, the sum I want must be in my hands in less than a week, and my father's money, I certainly know, is so locked up by his method of investment that it is not realizable. Oh, Lucie, what am I to do? If you knew all you would see that fate, black as night, is gathering over me;" and he stooped his head upon her shoulder for support in his mental agony.

The young girl was greatly affected, and tears gathered in her eyes; observing them, upon looking up for a moment, Arthur got courage to propose what, without such indications of sympathy, notwithstanding his dread extremity, he would not have ventured upon. "Lucie," he said, "there is one that could relieve me—one over whom *you* have unbounded influence," and he gave her a meaning look. "Yes, one word of my great exigency to Percival (and it was long since he had used the familiar word), one word to him from you, and especially with an intimation from you of a wish that he would help me, would get me the £3000 in a moment. Ay, and that too with very little inconvenience to him, for I can tell you, Lucie, he has a large balance at his banker's." Arthur spoke this in a very insinuating and hesitating way, for, mean of soul as he was, he felt, in spite of himself, ashamed of his proposal.

"Ask Percival to favor *you* with £3000!" said Lucie, "and use his love to me as a lever to secure it! What kind of a woman, Arthur, do you suppose me to be? or what can be your notion of propriety and honor? Not for all the world would I bear such a request to Percival, and, above all, such a request, Arthur, from you! I need not remind you of the faithlessness and of your conduct toward him. nor in his presence for some time own me you are fully conscious of the ng past.' As your sister, I am bound to m sorry, very sorry, you are in the ex- ity you speak of—one which you say threatens ruin; but if there be no method of saving you, as you assert, but that which you have mentioned, why, then, Arthur, I must only sorrowfully and reluctantly leave you to your fate, and that though it bring upon our happy home, as I fear, a night of tears."

She was about to leave the room, when Arthur retained her.

"Stop for a moment or two!" he cried; "stop, to give me time to say that my ruin will bring far more than tears to this house; it will bring dark obloquy and shame;" and how this would come to pass he explained by informing her with something of fierceness in his manner of the criminal act he had committed.

"Get me this money from Percival," he concluded, "or make up your mind to have me sent into penal servitude, and you yourself thus made the sister of a felon."

Lucie had not sufficient knowledge of the business world to fully comprehend the serious nature of the crime of forgery, or to understand the stigma which was put upon it by society in general. She knew enough, however, to perceive that it was some act very evil indeed, and that it more or less entailed disgrace and social ostracism both upon the forger himself and his relations, and the thought of this caused warm resentment to rise up within her. Beside all this, that it was the name of her lover, presuming upon his connection with the family, which Arthur had used in his felonious deed, also moved her to anger.

"Arthur!" she said, "I feel as though I can scarcely speak to you, or that I can ever again call you brother, you have so dishonored our name. In days past, it is true, to my sorrow, I have been forced to form no very exalted conception of your moral nature. You have in a hundred ways compelled me to place it at a low estimate, which fact has been a mortification and a pain to me, but never could I suppose that a Lemaire could stoop to such a disreputable act as you say you have committed. You are unworthy of your father, and I feel as though I could almost disown you."

"Hush, Lucie!" cried Arthur, becoming in his turn incensed. "I did not come here, my lady, to be lectured by you—a thing which, I must tell you plainly, you have been rather too prone to of late. What I came about was to get your good services, and in a matter which, you will please remember, concerns your interests as well as mine, and indeed, perhaps, yours more than mine, for if the affair I have spoken of gets wind, as without question it must unless you interfere as I have proposed, it will lead to a break-up between you and Percival Montaigne, for, of course, you must see at a glance he would never marry the sister of a felon. No," he continued, "it isn't at all likely he would. No one for a moment could suppose it.

"I see this view of the matter, as, indeed, it well may, strikes you forcibly, Lucie," he added. She had looked at him with parted lips and a scared expression. "And, to tell you the truth, I don't wonder at your alarm, Lucie, for no girl," he said, with vulgar sarcasm, "would like to lose such a good catch as, with the willingness of your sex, you have contrived to make by hooking Percival. I will, therefore, leave you for a little to ponder the subject I have put before you; and I feel certain that reflection will prove to you that there is nothing for it, in regard to both our interests, but that you use your influence, as I have proposed, to obtain the money which, without delay, I must have from Percival." Feeling confident of the irresistible force of his argument, and concluding that Lucie would now see the absolute need of obeying his wish, however unpalatable, he turned to leave the room, saying as he went, "I'll come back in half an hour, Lucie, to learn your consent."

"You may save yourself that trouble, sir, replied firmly and vehemently, as he was pearing, wounded to the quick by the coars of his speech, "for, whatever may be the I shall *never* bear your request to Perci She spoke the words without a quiver, but Arthur disappeared, and she was left alo the room, the poor girl, overcome by her tion, broke down completely. In a flo tears, she flung herself upon her knees the sofa and buried her face in her hands. sobbing convulsively as though her heart break, she cried bitterly.

She keenly felt that, as Arthur had tol his felonious act compromised grievousl own social position, that her brother's dis ful deed had stained the fair escutcheon whole Lemaire family, and that the genera munity would so pronounce it. After muc tation, and with an agonized heart, she ca the resolve of informing Percival the first tunity of her brother's transgression in f his name, and, since the whole Lemaire c tion was sullied by the act, she would fre from his engagement to her. She felt, i that to give him up would take away th shine from all her future life, but she al that she could not, in honor, jeopardize val's good fame by holding him to the fulfi of a vow which would bring him into ki with a compromised household.

Having, with an indescribable intensity ing, concluded on this step, she next res in her thoughts, how she would act and exactly she would say in her shortly-expec terview with Percival. She also, with a tr heart, set about collecting together the love gifts he had made her, and his ma ers, intending, as a matter of course, to them. Oh, how her heart yearned as love after love-token was added to the parcel table in her room; each object called u to memory the bliss she had known when presented to her, and the happiness of t only served to measure the bitterness present.

Percival did not, however, need to lear Lucie the felonious act of her brother. bank clerk who had handed back to Lemaire the forged acceptance which offered for discount observed the look of upon the young man's countenance which turn occasioned. Long experience gave know that such tokens of inward pertu do not occur without some powerful reas he considered it his duty to intimate to hi what he had noticed, and suggested he bleness of a little inquiry into the circum of the case.

"If Mr. Lemaire," he said, "be so tioned as to make the discount he seeks ter of moment to him, I venture to ask, w not be well for the directors to reconside decision? Mr. Montaigne's name," he "is first-rate and unchallengeable secur that there is no question—and Mr. Lema know, is a gentleman who is well conn might it not, therefore, be both gracious, a matter of business, politic, to meet his nience, and cash this note of hand?"

It was found not long after, upon loo the bank bill-book, that another accept Arnold Percival Montaigne for £3000 hands of the bank, and which had been some three months before, would be d week, and it was at once surmised that ceptance last offered for discount was in o meet the outstanding bill by what was a renewal—an arrangement, it was suppo casioned by some temporary need. Pe history was more or less public in the and, indeed, he and his trustees had som what are called "long-date" deposits at i there.

"In my idea," said a director, "our right, and it is clear to me that Mr. Mo is the party most concerned in this d which has been sought by Mr. Lemair Munroe," he said to the manager, " aine to Mr. Montaigne saying that, though bak, in accordance with a decision pressed by the present critical state of the money had refused early in the day to cash his ce, yet, upon second consideration, it negotiate his note of hand if so doing onvenience him, and that he may come to this effect with Mr. Lemaire."

anager's note Percival found waiting for on the table of the sitting-room in his upon his return from Portarlington. be supposed, its whole tenor was a perdle to him. An acceptance of his, he had been presented for discount at the and had at first been refused, but upon thoughts the directors, to oblige him, escind their decision, "and that he ay so to Mr. Lemaire!"

at, in the name of wonder, can it all Percival asked himself, lost in perplex- have put my name to no note of hand, e never meddled with bill discounting in ; and what on earth can Mr. Lemaire do with such a supposed transaction? I l some mysterious things put before me etime," he added, "but this missive is t insoluble.

(*To be continued.*)

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

By Dr. A. J. Gordon.

HAN EDWARDS thus describes an experiich came to him while a minister at pton: "Once as I rode into the woods ealth, in 1737, having alighted from my a retired place, as my manner commonly , to walk for divine contemplation and had a view, that for me was extraordithe glory of the Son of God as mediator God and man, and His wonderful, great, , sweet grace and love, and meek and ndescension. This grace that appeared and sweet appeared also great above vens. The person of Christ appeared excellent, with an excellency great to swallow up all thought and concepich continued, as near as I can judge, hour; which kept me the greater part ne in a flood of tears and weeping aloud. ardency of soul to be, what I know not e how to express, emptied and annihilie in the dust and to be full of Christ o love him with a holy and pure love; in Him; to live upon Him; to serve w Him; and to be perfectly sanctified e pure with a divine and heavenly pu-"

g the papers which Pascal left behind, ath, there is one which he long carried person, and which contains the record traordinary divine visitation: "It is," Alexander, "one of the most seraphic ons of human language; in some places und rapture and dissolving love seem to ordinary expressions, and he can only wn such broken phrases as '*joy—joy—ars;*'—'*joie—joie—pleurs—pleurs.*'" describes a day in which, like Edwards, eyed upon horseback absorbed in conons of God.

ll that day's journey he neither met, , nor was overtaken, by any. Thus go is way, his thoughts began to swell and er and higher, like the waters in Ezesion, till at last they became an over flood. Such was the intention of his ch the ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, the full assurance of his interest there he utterly lost the sight and sense of ld and all the concerns thereof, and for urs knew no more where he was than if een in a deep sleep on his bed. Arriving, exhaustion, at a certain spring, he sat d washed, earnestly desiring, if it were ure of God, that it might be his parting m this world."

mas Evans, the eminent Welsh preacher, a not less striking passage in his life:

"On a day ever to be remembered by me, as I was going from Dolgelley to Machynlleth, and climbing up toward Cadai Idris, I considered it to be incumbent upon me to pray, however hard I felt my heart, and however worldly the frame of my spirit was. Having begun in the name of Jesus, I soon felt, as it were, the fetters loosening, and, as I thought, mountains of frost and snow dissolving and melting within me. This engendered confidence in my soul in the promise of the Holy Ghost. I felt my whole mind relieved from some great bondage; tears flowed copiously, and I was constrained to cry out for the gracious visits of God, by restoring to my soul the joy of His salvation; and that He would visit the churches in Anglesea that were under my care. I embraced in my supplications all the churches of the saints, and nearly all the ministers in the principality by their names.

"This struggle lasted for three hours; it rose again and again, like one wave after another, or a high-flowing tide driven by a strong wind, until my nature became faint by weeping and crying. Thus I resigned myself to Christ, body and soul, gifts and labors, all my life, every day and every hour that remained for me; and all my cares I committed to Christ. The road was mountainous and lonesome, and I was wholly alone, and suffered no interruption in my wrestlings with God."

THE BLACK LIST.

THE carnival of vice in New York, some of the horrors of which Dr. Talmage graphically depicted in his "Exploration Sermons," published in this journal in the fall of 1878, still continues to degrade this great city. The Society for the Prevention of Crime, of which Dr. Howard Crosby is president, says, in its third annual report, that in the upper part of the city, and within five hundred yards of some of the finest residences, are several resorts, apparently drinking places, but in reality *vile haunts*. It states:

"The bar-room proper is elegantly fitted up, with an extravagant display of glassware and crystal chandeliers, while in the rear, separated by a partition, may be found seated a constantly changing company of as motley a class of persons as can possibly be conceived. Males and females of all ages, all smoking or drinking. The singing of low and vulgar songs, loud remarks and conversation, with frequent and boisterous demonstrations of applause, create an almost Babel-like confusion. Waiters passing to and fro, their efforts taxed in supplying the orders for drinks.

"Drunken and half-drunken men and women, cursing and using the foulest language; *an unlimited license* as to conduct and decency, all point out these places as dens of the vilest character. The females frequenting these haunts are abandoned women of from fifteen to thirty years of age, variously steeped in the degradation of their calling. While the males, who are they? Mostly young men, from seventeen years and upward; not by any means of the lowest class of society, but *sons of our best-esteemed citizens*, merchants' and bankers' clerks, book-keepers and tellers of banks, employés of insurance offices, city, county, and State office-holders.

"With a view of showing up the magnitude of this evil, an effort is now being made to *unmask the personality of the male frequenters* of these places, and the names and descriptions which have already been collected form quite an important share in the archives of the society."

The report says also that an effort is making to secure the names and addresses of the frequenters of gambling houses, intimating that the record may be useful for a merchant to consult in regard to an employé's character.

Mr. D. J. Whitney, the energetic chairman of that department of the society which has for its object the enforcing of existing laws, recently stated in an interview with a reporter of the New York *Sun* that detectives were employed by the society for this purpose. He said:

"Two or four go together, and the names and descriptions of persons they see are filed.

"One afternoon recently, a gentleman and a lady were seen coming out of a house. The gentleman was a highly respected man—a vestryman of a prominent Episcopal church in this city. We went to the keeper of the house and said, 'You must close up and get out of this neighborhood. If you cannot do it yourself, perhaps Mr. So-and-so can help you.' Mr. So-and-so was the Episcopal vestryman. *The house was closed in forty-eight hours.* That is the use we intend to make of the information we get.

"If we can suppress a place quietly by using our information, we do not intend to go further, but some time we may come out with the information, no matter whom it hurts, if the place is not closed. It isn't to be used unless we think it is necessary. Say that there is a defalcation by a merchant or a clerk. If the clerk spent his money in such places our record will show it, and if the merchant did so and so, our record wil show that. We have a case on hand now that will probably end in a defalcation. A cashier is gambling. He lost money last week in a gambling-house—more than his weekly salary amounted to. He can't go on that way long.

"We are not paying much attention to the frequenters of the concert gardens, so called, in the Bowery. No respectable clerks, salesmen, or merchants go into those places, except to satisfy their curiosity. What we are trying to suppress is *the fountain-head*.

That the operations of the society are dreaded by the people who grow wealthy on the profits of these dens of infamy is proved by the fact that in one case alone Dr. Crosby was offered $50,000 not to move against a certain place."

The Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, who is one of the directors of the society, said, "I think that the objects of the society are being promoted by the use of the information collected in the manner described by Mr. Whitney. I think that he is doing just the right thing. It is something that is *striking a blow at an infamous business.* It will have a good moral effect. Persons will not place themselves in a position to be watched if they know that they are to be watched, and if persons do not frequent places of infamy such places cannot exist. That is evident."

The prosecution of such a task, as registering the evil deeds of prominent members of society, necessarily demands no common degree of moral courage, and it was found at a meeting of the executive committee of the society that a majority of the members were not bold enough to endorse and support Mr. Whitney in his proceedings.

The Black Cross.—**Louis XII. of France had** many enemies; and when he succeeded to the throne he caused a list of these to be drawn up, and marked against each of their names a large black cross. When this became known the enemies of the king fled, because they thought it was a sign that he intended to punish them. The king, hearing of their alarm, recalled them, and gave them an assurance of his good-will, saying that he had placed a cross beside their names to remind him of the Cross that brings pardon to all; and he urged them, by his own example, and especially by the example of Him who prayed for His enemies, to go and do likewise. This king had learned the beautiful though difficult lesson of forgiving enemies, taught by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5:44).

A Recognition of Heroism has been made by Queen Victoria, who has just presented $250 to Private George Dodd, of the British army, in recognition of his gallantry in saving a child from death under the wheels of a tram-car in Dublin. The car was going down a steep incline, and could not be stopped. Dodd sprang forward to snatch the child, and would have paid for his bravery with his life had not the pole struck him and knocked him, with the little one in his arms, clear of the rail.

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OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, February 4th, at **4.15 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania met at Harrisburg, February 4th, and by a vote of 133 to 113 instructed the delegates to support General Grant for President, and to vote as a unit on all questions. This result is not satisfactory to any section of the Republican party. The Grant section has the best reason to be satisfied, but even its members see that the narrow majority was secured not by enthusiasm for the ex-President, but by "the machine" operations of the Cameron family, and that if the Cameron influence had not been exerted the Convention would have supported Mr. Blaine. The Blaine and Sherman sections are dissatisfied, because the Pennsylvania delegation being secured for Grant, an unquestionable advantage has been gained by the third-term party ; and this, if followed by a similar result in New York, will go far toward making Grant the candidate selected when the National Convention meets.

The Harrisburg result will, however, have one beneficial result : it will place the Grant movement squarely before the country. Hitherto it has been represented that General Grant might not approve, or even be cognizant of the movement to place him in the Presidential chair. After the Harrisburg instructions he can no longer profess ignorance of the movement.

Democrats see in this success of the third-term movement an opportunity they think ought not to be allowed to slip. Though the choice of candidates *rests with the leaders*, the choice of the President *rests with the people*. The people are perhaps anxious to have Grant for President. If, however, they think eight years in the White House sufficient for one man, they may turn their attention to the candidate the Democratic convention has selected, and should that candidate be unobjectionable to dissatisfied Republicans, there may be a sufficient number of desertions to place him in office. The choice of a Democratic candidate will doubtless be made with this situation in view.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars have been given by the *New York Herald* to start a fund for the relief of the Irish famine, which is already creating terrible distress. This munificent donation only represents a part of what that journal has done for Ireland's extremity. It has obtained information by cable from Dublin, giving particulars of the condition of about two hundred and seventy towns and villages *which are all separately named*, and which contain about 250,000 persons in want of food. That is only the beginning of a famine which will be one of the greatest any country has ever known.

Mr. Parnell's selfish conduct and barefaced misrepresentations may have created some doubt as to a safe channel through which people should send their help to the famishing Irish : so the *New York Herald* has done a public service in offering to receive and *acknowledge* contributions down to a quarter of a dollar. The public may have perfect confidence that money contributed by this means will be promptly and scrupulously given over to a responsible and properly constituted committee, who will make it go as far as possible to give food to the starving and *for no other purpose whatever*. We may add that we will gladly receive contributions sent to the CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, *however small*, and after acknowledging them in these columns, will pay them over as they accumulate, to the *New York Herald*. God has been very good to America, and this appeal amounts to a practical test of our faith in Him. Those are searching words in 1 John 3 : 17, "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, *how dwelleth the love of God in him?*" Personally the Editor contributes twenty dollars.

Indignation too deep for Utterance must be excited in the breast of every Christian citizen by the perusal of a Government record, extracts from which are published by a contributor to the *Independent*. These extracts are in the form of a diary, and they tell in official language the story of the removal of the Poncas to the Indian Territory. We read there that on May 16th, 1877, the Poncas were informed that they must go, and were asked if they would go peaceably or by force. They reluctantly yielded, and on May 21st the march began. Seven hundred persons, more than half of them women and children, trudged over muddy roads, drenched by rain, their tents torn to shreds by tornadoes, walking from fifteen to twenty miles a day, until, on July 9th, they arrived at their destination. On their way, the diary records *almost daily* the death of a child or a woman from weakness and exhaustion. Arrived there they were *set down in a wilderness*, the Government having made no provision of any kind for their shelter, and one hundred and fifty-eight of their number died during the dreary winter which followed.

Language fails in the attempt to characterize as it deserves the inhuman barbarity of this removal. Whoever is responsible for it will have to answer for those cruel murders before the bar of God. But we ought to have their names, so that if they escape punishment in this world, at least their memory may be held up in the history of the nation for the loathing and scorn of their countrymen.

Mr. Parnell's Mission to America has so far been a conspicuous failure. The leading journals of New York and other cities stigmatize it as an aggravation of the ills of the Irish famine, and advise the friends of Ireland to hurry him out of the country as quickly and as quietly as possible. His violent and abusive language has offended the tastes of our best citizens, and his ill-judged accusation against other relief organizations checked, for a time, the outflow of American benevolence. He has stumped the country with one stock speech, in which the statements which were relevant were untrue.

He has quarrelled with the press because, having printed the speech several times, they considered the wild rhetoric too stale for reproduction. He has now quarrelled with his bankers, the eminent firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., who had undertaken to forward gratuitously th
scriptions he obtained for his suffering cou
men. These gentlemen aver that Mr. P
deceived them, and that before they cons
to act as his agents they obtained from him
tinct avowal that his object was purely
itable, and that if he had kept faith with
they would have spared neither expense
trouble in aiding him ; but as he had mix
political agitation with his charity they de
to assist him any longer. This quarre
gentleman has also been so unfortunate
have his most emphatic assertions promptl
authoritatively contradicted, even by R
Catholic archbishops and bishops, who
that while the organizations Mr. Parnel
demns have dispensed relief to all who need
without regard to politics or religion, Mr
nell's fund has, on the contrary, only been
for non-rent-paying tenants ; both of which
ments Mr. Parnell has mendaciously denie

A Ship-Owner's Offer.—Captain Whi
the owner of the British bark Spanker, n
New York harbor, has liberally offered t
vey a ship-load of provisions, *free of cha*
any port in Ireland, for distribution amo
starving people. No sooner was this ge
offer published, than two stevedores, Mr. T
Quigley and Mr. Patrick Keegan, with like
ality, offered to load the vessel free of co
only remains now for some liberal ci
moved by the narratives of suffering pu
daily, to furnish the provisions, and the S
will soon be on her errand of mercy.

A Project has been Started in New
to distinguish the spot on which George
ington took the oath of office as first Pre
of the United States. The site is situa
Wall Street, and is now covered by the
States Treasury. The proposal is to pl
the corners of the building, at a cost of $
the four statues of Washington, Livin
Hamilton, and Clinton, four of the great
tionary heroes.

Jerry Macauley's Mission in Water
New York, is doing a wonderful work amo
most depraved classes of the city. On S
February 1st, a man rose among the audien
in quaint language offered his testimony
good accomplished in his soul. He said : "
saves me to-night from being a drunk
gambler, a thief, and from every sinful ha
and my wife, not long ago, were good-fo
ing drunkards. What we had on our backs
we first came into this mission, put to
wouldn't have fetched *fifty cents in a ju*
Blessed be God, it isn't so now ! If you
what my home was six years ago and saw
night you'd say I've got out of hell into h
My old friends alongshore told me they'
me to hold on until I'd got a dollar to
But blessed be God I haven't gone bac
What is there to go back to? Jesus kee
Every promise in the Bible has been fulfi
my case."

His wife followed him, saying, "Ther
never a more degraded sinner than I was,
shame be it said. My home was a drur
hovel, and the principal thing there w
rum-bottle. I kept coming to this missi
there was so much Romanism rooted and g
ed into me that it took a long time for m
willing to let Jesus in. But I can now
the glory of God, that my sins are all fo
and the past is under the Blood. *In place*
rum-bottle we have the Bible in our hom
it isn't kept for an ornament ; and if Go
us at any time, *we are all packed up and*
to go."

Mr. Moody at St. Louis.—After Mr.
concluded his union meeting in the nort
of the city, the several churches in that
went right on with separate services, each
preaching every night in his own church
North Presbyterian Church, W. C. Fa
pastor, received last Sabbath *thirty-five ac*
to its membership, *thirty-three* of them c
fession of faith. Since then others have e
ed a desire to unite with the church.

e **Sunday-School Union in Minnesota is** g a wonderful work. A Minnesota journal : "The American Bible Society, Tract So- . Sunday-School Union, and Young Men's stian Association are the great union relig- organizations of this country. To none of is Minnesota more indebted than to the ay-School Union. Thousands of dollars been expended, thousands of schools estab- l, many thousands of children protected ignorance and saved from vice by this old society, whose missionaries in Minne- have from the first been men of noble char- and great devotion to the work. In its -western departments alone, the American y School Union has established 408 new y-schools during the last year, with 1559 ers and 12,610 scholars. Three thousand rty-seven destitute persons have been sup- with Bibles or Testaments; 6145 families d, over 2000 addresses and sermons de- d and 116,125 miles journeyed over by their naries during the year."

Unexpected Meeting Occurred Last Week nton, Pa. *The Scranton Republican* nar- hat a gentleman named Mr. John Merchant to this country from England about ten ago and settled in that city. His sister ed him about nine years, and until last Sat- they did not know of each other's where- , yet they have both been living in Hyde during this time, and have attended the church. They spent last Sabbath to- at his residence, and were, as may be im- , as delighted at the discovery of each as they were sorry that the recognition t taken place earlier. This experience is to that of many anxious sinners who after eeking at length find peace. They are o say as Jacob did when he awoke at Luz, y the Lord is *in this place*, and I knew it Genesis 28 : 16).

Energetic Protest against Polygamy is d from Salt Lake City. It appears that the citizens named Jones, who is the d of only one wife, was considered by his ionists to be living below the principles reed, and one day recently a portly and d bishop called upon him to remonstrate. nes learned with indignation the object piscopal visit, and seizing a stout broom- tered the room where the conversation ceeding. Her looks and attitude were acing that the bishop took refuge in nd the woman pursued the disturber of estic peace down the street, making de- tions of hostility whenever she came up e so-called bishop. Polygamy is an out- the laws of God and man, and it is sat- to find that men impervious to argu- nd fearless of the punishment of the law and then placed in ridiculous positions. re many men whom nothing but ridicule e to shame.

aring the Cost.—Colonel Ingersoll, the s infidel lecturer, is fond of dwelling on ries paid to ministers of religion, and dis- in an irreverent manner on the large He asserts that the preachers in this cost the people $12,000,000 every year. g journal significantly calls his attention ct that such calculations are best esti- latively, and invites him to compare the upporting the ministry with other sta- Among other interesting facts, it states lawyers cost about $70,000,000, the crim- ,000,000, and whiskey $60,000,000.

arkable Will.—An Eccentric Clergy- recently died in Worcester, Mass., left im a most singular will. After provid- he payment of his debts, he directed balance of his estate should be applied ing the expenses of services in the Tab- Congregational Church. His books he ne of his parishioners, with whom he home some time before his death. All ons, manuscripts, and papers, letters, to be thoroughly burned, unread. He directed that after death he be placed in a box of unplaned boards, dressed in his poorest clothing, and immediately nailed up; that there be no other religious service than the reading by Deacon Bowker, or some other member of his church, of Psalms 23 and 90, and the singing of his favorite hymn "Lead, kindly light." He then provides: "That after the above exercises, I be taken in an express wagon, or any other cheap conveyance, to be interred in any lot or place or parcel of ground that any member of my church will, for the love of God, give me. I am not ashamed to ask this, for my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ had to be under a similar obligation and to be favored with a like disposition after His death; that no headstone, floral wreath, or other sign be used to mark the place of my burial, as my Lord and God needs no such reminder of the place where my dust reposes."

How a Fortune was Achieved by an Accident is related in a California journal dated January 10th. A certain Mr. Snow had been out all day prospecting, and was returning to his home unsuccessful, when, on crossing a narrow trail, the horse he was riding slipped and fell, carrying its rider with it over a precipitous ledge. Mr. Snow lost all hope of life as he rolled down a fearful descent, but eventually his fall was stopped by a large rock projecting above the snow. The horse, too, had struck the rock with its feet, and Mr. Snow, on recovering his senses after the shock, noticed that something glittered where the iron shoes of the horse had alighted. Breaking off a few pieces, he discovered that it was quartz, three-quarters gold. Examining further he found a vein several feet thick, and realized that he was rich beyond his most sanguine expectations. While he searched he had found nothing, but an accident he feared would be a fatal one revealed to him the precious treasure. How often has an overwhelming misfortune, or a serious illness, revealed to a sin-burdened soul a treasure more precious than gold—Christ the Saviour of the lost!

A Gold Craze has Filled the Brain of a Harmless lunatic who lives near Flemington, N. J. Dressed in miserable rags, and living in a wretched hut in a swamp, the man imagines himself the possessor of enormous wealth. He goes about the neighborhood with a bag, into which he puts pebbles he finds, which he calls *double eagles*. He also collects advertising cards from tradesmen, which he thinks are bank-notes for large amounts. As the poor fellow never attempts to spend any of his fancied treasures, but only hoards them, his pursuit is as *profitable to him* as that of a miser hoarding gold. Many people pity him and laugh at him who are themselves deceived as to the value of their own acquisitions. Only those who possess the pearl of great price know how immeasurably all earthly possessions are outweighed in value by that one treasure offered to all without money and without price. Eternity will show the worthlessness of much that the world esteems most valuable.

Indian Missions.—The American Board has expended more than $1,200,000 on missions among the Indians, and gathered 50 churches, with 4000 members. The mission among the Dakotas returns eight churches and 600 members.

A WOMAN OF A SORROWFUL SPIRIT.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Hannah answered and said, No, my lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit."—1 SAMUEL 1 : 15.

I. Much that is Precious may be Connected with a Sorrowful Spirit—1. Hannah was a Godly Woman—2. A Lovable Woman—3. A Very Gentle Woman—4. A Thoughtful Woman—5. A Blessed Woman—II. Much that is Precious may Come out of a Sorrowful Spirit—1. Hannah had Learned to Pray—2. She had Learned Self-denial—3. Faith—4. She had Learned Much of God—III. Much that is Precious will yet be Given to those of a Sorrowful Spirit—1. Hannah had her Prayer Answered—2. Grace to Use the Answer—3. Power to Magnify the Lord—4. Preparation for Further Blessings—5. She Became a Brave Witness for God.

THE special cause of Hannah's sorrow arose from the institution of polygamy, which, although it was tolerated under the old law, is always exhibited to us in practical action as a most fruitful source of sorrow and sin. In no one recorded instance in Holy Scripture is it set forth as admirable; and in most cases the proofs of its evil effects lie open to the sun. Lamech leads the way, and he is a homicide descended of the murderous house of Cain, and the father of Tubal-Cain, or Vulcan, the fashioner of weapons of destruction: never was this institution the harbinger of peace, but the favorer of strife.

We ought to be grateful that under the Christian religion that abomination has been wiped away; for even with such husbands as Abraham, Jacob, David, and Solomon it did not work toward happiness or righteousness. The husband found the system a heavy burden, grievous to be borne, for he soon found out the truth of the wise man's advice to the Sultan, "*First learn to live with two tigresses*, and then expect to live happily with two wives."

The wife must in nearly every case have felt the wretchedness of sharing a love which ought to be all her own. What miseries Eastern women have suffered in the harem none can tell, or perhaps imagine. In the case before us, Elkanah had trouble enough through wearing the double chain, but still the heaviest burden fell upon his beloved Hannah, the better of his two wives. The worse the woman the better she could get on with the system of many wives, but the good woman, the true woman, was sure to smart under it. Though dearly loved by her husband, the jealousy of the rival wife embittered Hannah's life, and made her "a woman of a sorrowful spirit."

We thank God that no longer is the altar of God covered with tears, with weeping, and with crying out, of those wives of youth who find their husbands' hearts estranged and divided by other wives. Because of the hardness of their hearts the evil was tolerated for a while, but the many evils which sprang of it should suffice to put a ban upon it among all who seek the welfare of our race.

But enough sources of grief remain; more than enough; and there is not in any household, I suppose, however joyous, the utter absence of the cross. The worldling says, "There is a skeleton is every house." *I know little about such dead things*, but I know that a cross of some sort or other must be borne by every child of God.

Probably some Hannah is now before me, smarting under the chastening hand of God, some child of light walking in darkness, some daughter of Abraham bowed down by Satan, and it may not be amiss to remind her that she is not the first of her kind, but that in years gone by there stood at the door of God's house one like to her, who said of herself, "No, my lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit." May the ever-blessed Comforter, whose work lies mainly with the sorrowful, fill our meditation with consolation at this time.

I. In speaking of this "woman of a sorrowful spirit" we shall make this first remark—that

MUCH THAT IS PRECIOUS MAY BE CONNECTED WITH A SORROWFUL SPIRIT.

In itself, a sorrowful spirit is not to be desired.

Give us the bright eye, the cheerful smile, the vivacious manner, the genial tone. If we do not desire mirth and merriment, yet give us at least that calm peace, that quiet composure, that restful happiness which makes home happy wherever it pervades the atmosphere. There are wives, mothers, and daughters who should exhibit more of these cheerful graces than they now do, and *they are very blamable* for being petulant, unkind, and irritable; but there are others, I doubt not, who labor to their utmost to be all that is delightful, and yet fail in the attempt, because, like Hannah, they are of a sorrowful spirit, and cannot shake off the grief which burdens their heart.

Now, it is idle to tell the night that it should be brilliant as the day, or bid the winter put on the flowers of summer; and equally vain is it to chide the broken heart. The bird of night cannot sing at heaven's gate, nor can the crushed worm leap like a hart upon the mountains. There are circumstances of constitution, education, and surroundings which render it difficult for some very excellent persons to be cheerful: they are predestined to be known by such a name as this—"A woman of a sorrowful spirit."

1. Note well the precious things which went in Hannah's case with a sorrowful spirit. The first was true godliness: *she was a godly woman.* As we read the chapter, we are thoroughly certified that her heart was right with God. We cannot raise any question about the sincerity of her prayer, or the prevalence of it. We do not doubt for a moment the truthfulness of her holy joy, the confidence of her faith, or the strength of her consecration. She was one that feared God above many, an eminently gracious woman, and yet "a woman of a sorrowful spirit."

Never draw the inference from sorrow that the subject of it is not beloved of God. You might more safely reason in the opposite way, though it would not be always safe to do so, for outward circumstances are poor tests of a man's spiritual state. Certainly Dives, in his scarlet and fine linen, was not beloved of God, while Lazarus, with the dogs licking his sores, was a favorite of heaven; and yet it is not every rich man that is cast away, or every beggar that will be borne aloft by angels. Outward condition can lead us to no determination one way or another. Hearts must be judged, conduct and actions must be weighed, and a verdict given otherwise than by the outward appearance.

Fools despise the afflicted, but wise men prize them. Many of the sweetest flowers in the garden of grace grow in the shade, and flourish in the drip. True, there are children of the tropical sun, whose beauty and fragrance could only be produced by having bathed themselves in the golden flood, and these, in certain respects, must always stand in the forefront, yet are there choice flowerets to whom the unshaded sun would be death. They prefer a sheltered bank, or a ravine in the forest, under the shadow of the thick boughs, where a softened, mellow light develops them to perfection.

These are not pearls with the mild radiance of peace, nor rubies with the ruddy hue of ardor, nor sapphires with the bright blue of joy, nor emeralds with the restfulness of confidence: but diamonds of the first water, incarnate drops of sorrow, clear and transparent, and soon to be set among the brightest gems in the Redeemer's diadem. Hannah, then, possessed godliness despite her sorrow.

2. In connection with this sorrowful spirit of hers Hannah was

A LOVABLE WOMAN.

Her husband greatly delighted in her. That she had no children was to him no depreciation of her value. He said, "Am I not better to thee than ten sons?" He evidently felt that he would do anything in his power to uplift the gloom from her spirit.

This fact is worth noting, for it does so happen that many sorrowful people are far from being lovable people. In too many instances their griefs have soured them. Their affliction has generated acid in their hearts, and with that acrid acid they bite into everything they touch; their temper has more of the oil of vitriol in it than of the oil of brotherly love.

It is a pity it should be so, and yet so it is that men and women of a sorrowful spirit are frequently to be met with who are unloving and unlovable. The more heartily, therefore, do I admire in true Christian people the grace which sweetens them so that the more they suffer themselves the more gentle and patient they become with other sufferers, and the more ready to bear whatever trouble may be involved in the necessities of compassion.

Beloved, if you are much tried and troubled, and if you are much depressed in spirit, entreat the Lord to prevent *your becoming a kill-joy* to others. Remember your Master's rule, "And thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast." I say not that our Lord spoke the word with the exact meaning I am now giving to it, but it is a kindred sense. Be cheerful even when your heart is sad. There is no need that the world should be hung in black because *I wear crape on my hat.* It is not necessary that every heart should be heavy because I am burdened; of what use would that be to me or to any one else?

For my own part, for the sake of sick and sorrowful people, I am sorry when I hear the knell from the church tower intruding a death note into every mourner's ear, and all perhaps because some heir of glory has risen to the throne of God and of the Lamb. That bell with solemn toll, no doubt, has a voice to the careless, and so far so good, but as the stern voice of melancholy, it is an offence against Christianity, importing that all death is doleful, and causing the sick upon their beds to feel more mournful than needs be.

Publish good news. Ring the joy-bells as loudly as you will; but there is no particular need to be everlastingly pestering everybody with your griefs. No, let us try to be cheerful that we may be lovable, even if we still remain of a sorrowful spirit. Self and our own personal woes must not be our life-psalm, nor our daily discourse. Others must be thought of, and in their joys we must try to sympathize.

3. In Hannah's case, too, the woman of a sorrowful spirit was

A VERY GENTLE WOMAN.

Peninnah, with her harsh and haughty and arrogant speech, vexed her sore to make her fret, but we do not find that she answered her. At the annual festival, when Peninnah had provoked her most, she stole away to the sanctuary to weep alone, for she was very tender and submissive. When Eli said, "How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee," she did not answer him tartly, as she might well have done.

Her answer to the aged priest is *a model of gentleness.* She most effectually cleared herself, and plainly refuted the harsh imputation, but she made no retort, and murmured no charge of injustice. She did not tell him that he was ungenerous in having thought so harshly, nor was there anger in her grief. She excused his mistake. He was an old man. It was his duty to see that worship was fitly conducted, and if h

light, and like the sycamore figs are ripened their bruising. When their own bleeding wou makes them tender of wounding others, a their own hurt makes them more ready to be what of hurt may come through the mistakes others, then have we a lovely proof that "*swe are the uses of adversity.*"

4. There was more, however, than I ha shown you, for Hannah was

A THOUGHTFUL WOMAN,

for her sorrow drove her first within h self, and next into much communion wi her God. That she was a highly thought woman appears in everything she says. S does not pour out that which first comes hand. The product of her mind is evident that which only a cultivated soil could yield. will not just now speak of her song, further th to say that for loftiness of majesty and fuln of true poetry it is equal to anything from pen of that sweet psalmist of Israel, David hi self. The Virgin Mary evidently followed the wake of this great poetess, this mistress the lyric art.

5. Remember also, that though she wa woman of a sorrowful spirit, she was *a ble woman.* I might fitly say of her, "Hail, thou art highly favored! The Lord is with t Blessed art thou among women." The dau ters of Belial could laugh and make merry, regard her as the dust beneath their feet, but had she with her sorrowful spirit found grac the sight of the Lord. There was Penin with her quiver full of children, exulting the barren mourner, yet was not Penin blessed, while Hannah, with all her griefs, dear unto the Lord. She seems to be some like him of another age, of whom we read Jabez was more honorable than his brethren cause his mother bare him with sorrow.

It is now clear that much that is precious go with a sorrowful spirit. Let none of yo spise the downcast, and never think harsh those who are sad. If we be sorrowful ourse let us not write bitter things against ourse but hope in God under all discouragements we shall yet praise Him who is the health o countenance and our God.

II. We come now to a second remark, w is that

MUCH THAT IS PRECIOUS MAY COME OUT SORROWFUL SPIRIT:

it is not only to be found with it, but may grow out of it.

1. Observe, first, that through her sor spirit Hannah *had learned to pray.* I wil say but what she prayed before this great s struck her, but this I know, she prayed more intensity than before when she hea rival talk so exceeding proudly, and saw to be utterly despised. Oh! brothers an ters, if you have a secret grief, learn wh carry it, and delay not to take it there. from Hannah. Her appeal was to the She poured not out the secret of her sou mortal ear, but spread her grief before God own house, and in His own appointed m She was in bitterness of soul, and prayed Lord. Bitterness of soul should always sweetened.

2. In the next place, Hannah *had learn denial.* This is clear, since the very pra which she hoped to escape out of her grea was a self-denying one. She desired a so her reproach might be removed; but if h might be blessed with such a sight she cheerfully resign her darling to be the Lo long as he lived.

Mothers wish to keep their children them. It is natural that they should wis them often. But Hannah, when most ea a man-child, asking but for one, and that the special gift of God, yet does not se for herself, but for her God. She has it heart that, as soon as she has weaned hi will take him up to the house of God an him there, as a dedicated child whom s only see at certain festivals. Read h words: "O Lord of hosts, if thou wilt

on the affliction of thine handmaid, and re-
er me, and not forget thine handmaid, but
ive unto thine handmaid a man-child, then
give him unto the Lord all the days of his
and there shall no razor come upon his
” Her heart longs not to see her boy at
, his father's daily pride, and her own
solace, but to see him serving as a Levite
house of the Lord. She thus proved that
d learned self-denial.
sonally, I bless God for joy, I think I could
imes do with a little more of it; but I
when I take stock of my whole life, that I
ery seldom made any real growth in grace
: as the result of being digged about and
d by *the stern husbandry of pain.* My
greenest in showery weather: my fruit is
st when it has been frosted by a winter's
Woe's me that I should have to make
nbling a confession of my own foolishness,
ith compels me thus to stand among those
ught to be ashamed.
pe that many of you are much more gra-
han I am, and have made much better use
r mercies, and yet I fear that many of my
en must confess that they have made
eadway in spiritual sailing amid the raging
sea than in more halcyon times. A stiff
brings certain of us far more help than
, and even a tempest is not without its
ction. If we have self-denial wrought in
vever costly the process, the result abun-
repays us.
nother precious thing had come to this
, and that was,

SHE HAD LEARNED FAITH.

d become proficient in believing promises.
very beautiful to note how at one mo-
he was in bitterness, but as soon as Eli
d, “Go in peace: and the God of Israel
hee thy petition that thou hast asked of
” the woman went her way and did eat,
r countenance was no more sad.” She
t yet obtained the blessing, but she was
led of the promise, and embraced it, after
ristly fashion which our Lord taught us
le said, “Believe that ye have the peti-
hich ye have asked, and ye shall have
she wiped her tears, and smoothed the
s from her brow, knowing that she was
By faith she held a man-child in her
nd presented it to the Lord.
ill more of preciousness this woman of a
ul spirit found growing out of her sor-
t with one invaluable item I shall close
: she had evidently *learned much of God.*
from common family joys, she had been
near to God, and in that heavenly fellow-
e had remained a humble waiter and
. In seasons of sacred nearness to the
e had made many heavenly discoveries of
e and nature, as her song makes us per-

she now knew that the heart's truest
ot in children, nor even in mercies given
er to prayer, for she began to sing, “My
joiceth in the Lord”—not “in Samuel,”
Jehovah her chief delight was found.
horn is exalted in the Lord”—not “in
tle one whom I have so gladly brought
he sanctuary.” No. She says in the
rse, “I rejoice in thy salvation,” and it
n so. God was her exceeding joy, and
ation her delight.
she had also discovered the Lord's glo-
liness, for she sang, “There is none holy
Lord.” The wholeness of His perfect
r charmed and impressed her, and she
Him as far above all others in His good-
he had perceived His all sufficiency, she
t He is all in all, for she sang, “There
beside thee; neither is there any rock
God.” She had found out *God's method*
dence, for how sweetly she sings, “The
the mighty men are broken, and they
mbled are girded with strength.” She
at this was always God's way—to over-
ose who are strong in self, and to set up
ho are weak. It is God's way to cut down and wither the high and green trees, and to cause the low and withered trees to flourish.

She had also been taught *the way and method of His grace* as well as of His providence, for never did a woman show more acquaintance with the wonders of divine grace than she did when she sang, “He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory.” This, too, is another of those ways of the Lord which are only understood by His people. None but they will ever sing of this singular sovereignty of grace: as for the worldlings, they utterly abhor the doctrine.

She had also seen the *Lord's faithfulness* to His people. Some Christians, even in these gospel days, do not believe in the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints, but she did. She sang, “He will keep the feet of His saints;” and, beloved, so He will or none of them will ever stand.

> “If ever it could come to pass,
> That sheep of Christ could fall away,
> My fickle, feeble, soul, alas!
> Would fall a thousand times a day.'

But here is my comfort, and yours also, “He will keep the feet of His saints.”

She had foreseen also somewhat of *His kingdom*, and of the glory of it. Her prophetic eye, made brighter and clearer by her holy tears, enabled her to look into the future, and looking, her joyful heart made her sing, “He shall give strength unto His King, and exalt the horn of His Anointed.”

Have I not sufficiently shown you that many precious things come out of a sorrowful spirit?

III. And now, lastly,

MUCH THAT IS PRECIOUS WILL BE GIVEN

to those who are truly the Lord's, even though they have a sorrowful spirit.

1. For, first, Hannah had *her prayers answered.* Ah! little could she have imagined, when Eli was rebuking her for drunkenness, that within a short time she should be there, and the same priest should look at her with deep respect and delight because the Lord had favored her. And you, my dear friend of a sorrowful spirit, would not weep so much to-night if you knew what is in store for you. You are sickening and pining away, and will soon go to your long home. You would not be so depressed if you remembered how bright around your head will shine the starry diadem, and how sweetly your tongue shall pour forth heavenly sonnets such as none can sing but those who, like you, have tasted of the bitter waters of grief. *It is better on before!* It is better on before! A short way ahead the road will end or mend!

2. Not only did there come to Hannah after her sorrow an answered prayer, but *grace to use that answer.* I do not think that Hannah would have been a fit mother for Samuel if she had not first of all been of a sorrowful spirit. It is not everybody that can be trusted to educate a young prophet. Many a fool of a woman has made a fool of her child. He was *so much her “duck that he grew up to be a goose.* It needs a wise woman to train up a wise son, and therefore I regard Samuel's eminent character and career as largely the fruit of his mother's sorrow, and as a reward for her griefs.

Hannah was *a thoughtful mother*, which was something, and her thought induced diligence. She had slender space in which to educate her boy, for he left her early to wear the little coat, and minister before the Lord; but in that space er work was effectually done, for the child Samuel worshipped the very day she took him up to the temple.

In many of our homes we have *a well-drawn picture* of a child at prayer, and such I doubt not was the very image of the youthful Samuel. I like to think of him with that little coat on—that linen ephod—coming forth in solemn style, as a child-servant of God, to help in the services of the temple.

3. Hannah had acquired another blessing, and that was the *power to magnify the Lord.* Those sweet songs of hers, especially that precious one which we have been reading—where did she get it from? I will tell you? Hannah's poesy was born of her sorrow; and if every one here that is of a sorrowful spirit can but learn to tune his harp as sweetly as she tuned hers, he may be right glad to have passed through such griefs as she endured.

4. Moreover, her sorrow *prepared her to receive further blessings*, for after the birth of Samuel she had three more sons and two daughters, God thus giving her five for the one that she had dedicated to Him. This was grand interest for her loan: *five hundred per cent.* Parting with Samuel was the necessary preface to the reception of other little ones. God cannot bless some of us till first of all he has tried us. Many of us are not fit to receive a great blessing till we have gone through the fire. Half the men that have been ruined by popularity have been so ruined because they did not undergo a preparatory course of opprobrium and shame. Half the men who perish by riches do so because they had not toiled to earn them, but made a lucky hit, and became wealthy in an hour.

Passing through the fire anneals the weapon which afterward is to be used in the conflict; and Hannah gained grace to be greatly favored by being greatly sorrowing. Her name stands amongst the highly-favored women because she was deeply sorrowing. She shines a bright, particular star among the faithful, and this had not been if she had not been first a woman of a sorrowful spirit. Take up your load, my beloved. Do not become murmurers as well as mourners. Carry your cross, for it is in very truth a golden one. Carry the inward as well as the outward burden, for now for a season there is a “needs be” that ye be in heaviness through manifold temptations, but afterward comes the comfortable fruit. Look for fair results, and meanwhile bear what the Lord appoints you without repining.

5. Last of all, it was by suffering in patience that she became *so brave a witnees* for the Lord, and could so sweetly sing, “There is none holy as the Lord, neither is there any rock like our God.” We cannot bear testimony unless we test the promise, and therefore happy is the man whom the Lord tests and qualifies to leave a testimony to the world that God is true. To that witness I would set my own personal seal. O that it might be mine to do so at the close of life in humble prose, as that sweet poetess Miss Havergal did in richest poesy ere she entered her eternal rest. Here are some of her last lines, and with them I close:

> “Master, I set my seal that thou art true;
> Of thy good promise not one thing hath failed!
> And I would send a ringing challenge forth,
> To all who know thy name, to tell it out,
> Thy faithfulness to every written word,
> Thy lovingkindness crowning all the days—
> To say and sing with me: ‘The Lord is good,
> His mercy is for ever, and his truth
> Is written on each page of all my life'!
> Yes, there *is* tribulation, but thy power
> Can blend it with rejoicing. There *are* thorns,
> But they have kept us in the narrow way,
> The King's highway of holiness and peace.
> And there *is* chastening, but the Father's love
> Flows through it; and would any trusting heart
> Forego the chastening and forego the love?
> And every step leads on to ‘more and more,’
> From strength to strength thy pilgrims pass, and sing
> The praise of Him who leads them on and on,
> From glory unto glory, even here'”

[Portions of Scripture read before sermon—1 SAM. i. 1–3, 9–28: ii. 1–11, 18, 19.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 165,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

PERILS AT SEBASTOPOL.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

"Why am I writing these recollections?" I ask myself: My answer comes from God's Word, "Whoso offereth ME praise glorifieth ME." I desire to offer praise and to glorify him. Is it not written in that portion of His Word where so many of His mercies are recorded, "Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men"? These, therefore, are my reasons for writing these pages. For no other purpose than *to praise God* would I put pen to paper.

It was midnight, 17th June, 1855, before Sebastopol. The regiments for the assault were paraded noiselessly in their camps. The writer marched with his to its appointed place in the trenches. The signal was given for the attack, and with his regiment he advanced. When the assault was over, lying on a camp-bed, his body pierced with five bullet-holes, and not a bone broken, he spoke very plainly of God's great mercy that day to him.

It was an awful morning! A dreadful scene! One over which devils must have rejoiced while angels wept. I have often thought since if the daring devotion and courage there and then displayed were only exerted in the service of God, what wonders we should see! But yet it is easier to rush on to an assault, to almost certain death, than to confess Christ.

Some time ago, after lunching at a railway refreshment room, I wished to give a tract to one of the waiteresses, but felt a timidity at the time in doing it. For ten minutes I hesitated. At last, just as the train came in, I went up to her and said, "You would hardly believe that an officer who went through the assault on Sebastopol was afraid to offer you this tract. But I must now give it to you." I need hardly remark that she received it, and thanked me, with a smile.

God was not only merciful to me on the morning of the battle of Sebastopol, but to many hundreds more in our army. Apart from the know fact that not one shot in several hundred fired ever takes effect, the mercy which watches over every field of battle—*His* mercy — was specially shown to the British army that day. As it tends to His glory, and to the honor of a brave and good general, who did not receive from his country the credit he deserved, I take pleasure in recording the following fact.

I had regained the trenches, when I met *Lord Raglan.* I was leaning on the arm of a sergeant of my regiment. He noticed my wounds, spoke very kindly, and asked me how they were getting on at the front. I told him, in schoolboy language, "Thrashed." I did not know at the time who he was, but I was much struck by his kind face, his calm manner, and his empty sleeve.

He left the trenches, stood out in the open for a moment or two, and then spoke somewhat thus to one of his aides-de-camp, "It's no use; no troops could live under such a fire as this. I never saw anything like it in the Peninsula." Little did I then think that that noble disregard for his own reputation and thoughtfulness for the lives of his men, saved, under God's mercy, hundreds of our soldiers from a useless death on that morning. Now I see that this was so.

The French assault had failed before ours began, for the French did not wait for the signal. Ours was made, and failed. The attack was meant to be a surprise, and this not having succeeded, further assault was at that stage of the siege useless. Nevertheless, the French general ordered a second assault, and many more hundred lives were sacrificed at the altar of vainglory.

The English general, by God's mercy, would not order the assault to be repeated, and thus, as the trenches were crammed at the time with fresh troops, hundreds of the lives of our men were that day spared. I asked the sergeant who it was that spoke to me. He replied, "Lord Raglan, sir." I honor the memory of Lord Raglan as a good soldier, and I praise God who gave him grace that morning not to cover defeat under a heavier loss of life than was, alas! unavoidable.

To *my mother's prayers* I believe now that I owed my many merciful escapes that day. She left me for the presence of God when I was three years old; but I believe that, in answer to her prayers, His love guarded me then, as it has since drawn me to Himself. "I shall never forget your mother's prayers," wrote an old friend to me lately, "so humble, so spiritual, so fervent."

But I fancy I hear some unbelieving heart whisper as it reads this, "Were there no sons for whom a mother's prayers were offered whose bodies were left lifeless before that Redan?" Doubtless many, my friend; but if you are such a mother, I would say, wait until we enter the glory to see whether your prayers were not answered. No one can tell what may pass between a soul and its God in the solemn moment preceding an assault. Remember it is written, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Acts 2:21).

No one can indeed tell what passes between a soul and its God in the anticipation of possible death. How earnestly I prayed that night before lying down to rest! and so did a very dear friend and brother officer, who fell afterward at the second assault. I did not know how to pray; but I *cried* to God, and He heard me; for He does not despise the prayer of the humblest sinner who approaches Him in the name of His Son. I asked for the preservation of my life, and for courage in battle.

Wonderfully were my prayers answered. So thoroughly wes I preserved from fear, that I now remember every act in that awful tragedy as if it were yesterday. The enemy of man has in our days, by a masterpiece of cunning, got most men to disbelieve the truths concerning him set forth in God's Word. He has destroyed his own individuality. It is a pleasant theory, for *time*, to the careless man of the world, but it will prove to have been a terrible delusion in the fast approaching eternity. No one who has been obliged to lie down on a field of battle, and see what goes on, can doubt that *there is a devil.*

Soon after I left the trenches my legs were paralyzed for a few minutes by a bullet striking my right hip. As I lay on the ground I watched the scene. Why were those men killing each other? They had never had any quarrel. They had never wronged one another. They would have preferred to have met in peace. But they could not help themselves! What is the explanation of this scene of blood? *Only one can be given.* "*An enemy hath done this.*" A mighty spirit of evil. An enemy of God and man. This enemy, Satan, is called by the Lord, "the prince of this world" (John 12:31; 16:11).

Why? Doubtless because the world at large serves him instead of God. But also I believe, because *this earth was Satan's principality as an archangel before he fell*, when he was cast out, and his material kingdom reduced to chaos by God. There is, I believe, ample support in God's Word for this meaning of that title. It certainly removes some of the objections made by scientific men to the supposed duration of this world, and explains the gigantic fossil remains of animals whose existence in this world, according to the Bible, has never been known.

Satan still possesses his angelic—his spiritual power, and fearfully he uses it in his endeavor to bring men into his own condemnation.

What I saw was not worth describing. It was a horrible spectacle of human folly, suffering, and death. Satan has blinded men to glorify war, and to sanction manslaughter under the plea of "balance of power" or any other "political necessity." Human life has enough sensation in it, and needs not sensational writing. Oh, for the time when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and they shall learn war no more!

THE JEWS, GOD'S WITNESSES.

By Dr. Horatius Bonar.

The Present Desolation of Jerusalem—The of Restoration Future—The whole Nation jected the Messiah—The Jewish Nation a ness—1. To the Unity of God—2. Against atry—3. To the Supernatural—4. To Subs tion in the Divine Government—5. Of Et Judgment—6. To the Grace of God.

This, brethren, is not the day of Israel's ing. A cloud rests over Jerusalem, but not cloud of glory as in ancient days, for that long since departed. It is the cloud of ind tion and wrath from Him who was once light of Israel and the joy of the glorious Jerusalem lies waste and in ruins, and Gen whose very names the fathers knew not down into their deepest foundations, as prove how thoroughly the Divine threat has been fulfilled. It was once the city o blessing, it is now *the city of the curse;* and not only dug up, but trodden down by the tiles

UNTIL THE TIME BE FULFILLED.

A cloud of gloom rests over the once-gl temple, to which in past ages the twelve went up, and where, three times a year, th ty of the nation was declared—unity in unity in worship, and unity in fortune for and evil. It is now razed to the rock, ar Mohammedan has erected, over the place the great altar stood, a mosque, whose s dome proclaims the conqueror's presence, the massive walls shut out the nation. Jews in the city of their fathers may be s be only strangers. And *the same dark* rests over the land: all is desolation! home of the Ten Tribes is most wretched to tell us that Israel preceded Juda in her tion of the king, and that the tribes north, in refusing the Messiah, brought the same curse which had descended upon The land of the tribes lies waste, becaus were the foremost in rejecting the Lord of It was to these, you will remember, th words apply, "Then began He to upbr cities in which His mighty works had done," etc. The same cloud rests upon th ple no less than upon the land. Their cri the refusal of the Messiah.

This is not the day for Israel. It is the graft that is bearing fruit, and not the old for this shall not bear fruit until the M Himself shall come. Then, but not till shall all Israel be saved. This is the day tile blessing, and any theory which woul Ephraim or Juda into prominence deran order of Israel's grace and of Israel's bl In the absence of Messiah, Israel's land r unblest. It is His presence that must br glory.

TILL HE COME

Israel must be scattered. It is not the blessing to the tribe of Jacob. A remnan ing gathered, but that is all; the rest ar ed. Any theory which assumes this to day of blessing overlooks the truth that rael's fall which has been the riches world. "As ye were a curse among th then, O house of Juda," etc., "so if I sa ye shall be blest." The day of salvation to be until that is fulfilled spoken of prophet. "I will return unto," etc. Any that bases itself on the assumption that the day of Israel's blessing sets aside precation, "His blood be upon us," et all Israel stood at the cross, and too themselves this curse of the innocent blo twelve tribes were represented there, and in the cry of "Crucify Him! crucify And so, on all Israel the sentence came f rejection of the Holy One. It was n heard in Jerusalem, but in heaven ar Parthians and Medes, Greeks and Roma witness to

THE FULL REJECTION

which was to sever Israel from the

The question put, "Is this Jesus wh said to be?" the instant answer was, no!' "What shall be done with Him then?" With one voice, the whole multitude, from Dan to Beersheba, affirmed, "Let Him be crucified." Both sides of the Jordan united in this, it was a great national gathering. It was all Israel that rejected the Messiah and crucified the Lord of Glory. The Apostle Paul recognizes this unity of the nation when he speaks of the promise, Unto which promise *our twelve tribes,*" etc. And it is this unity which represents their oneness in unbelief. It is this universal rejection that demonstrates so fully that it is not the day of Israel's blessing. This time will come in God's own appointed hour. It will come when He comes in glory; but not till then. Never was fuller cup of blessing pressed upon them than when He said, "Come unto Me." And never has such a cup of bitterness been drunk for 1800 years as that which has been their portion because of their rejection.

THEIR CUP OF BLESSING

was the fullest; their cup of trembling has been quite as full. All Israel has been broken to pieces, the land of the twelve tribes has been laid waste, and their cities are a desolation. The fortunes of the land and the fortunes of the tribes went together. When the tribes were blessed, the land was blessed; and when all Israel shall be saved, then shall the wilderness and the solitary place be made glad once more, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. But now let us learn the lessons of which their past and future condition are pregnant.

1. *They bear witness to the One God.* From first to last their testimony is that Jehovah is one. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God." The Lord God of the Hebrews, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is the one living and true God. The whole nation protests against polytheism, and abhors idolatry. This testimony the Jew has continued to bear. Their synagogues in the East and West are witnesses to the same truth.

They were witnesses against *the idolatry of Rome.* When a triumphal arch was erected in honor of the emperor who laid the Jewish nation waste, and on which were engraven the trophies of conquest—amongst these trophies the *Candlestick* taken from the Jewish temple, reminding all who looked at it of the one God who made heaven and earth.

The Romans meant it in contempt, perhaps, when they placed it there, but God meant something else. It has stood for centuries bearing witness for Jehovah, the God of the Jews, and protesting not only in former years against Jupiter, Mars, and the like, but also against the Madonnas and other images of superstitious devotees in later times. Their testimony now may be poor and valueless; still, there it is. Babylon and Nineveh heard their testimony; Egypt and Phœnicia heard it; all Asia and all Europe heard it; there went up again and again the solemn testimony, "Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one God."

2. *They bear witness to the Book of God;* they have kept their treasure faithfully. They can tell its origin and its history; and they bear their testimony to its truth. The patriarchs and the prophets they knew; it is a simple tale of history. They added nothing to it, and they took nothing away. As it came from God's own lips, they transmitted it to us; they guarded its books as the most precious legacy ever bequeathed to man. They give us no *theory* of inspiration. They simply declare that it is the Book of God, and that the words in it are His. At all times has the Jew proclaimed the inspiration of the Scriptures. Men may call it superstition; but the books which we call the Old Testament, they declare to be out and out divine. From this the Jew has never swerved. He believes these ancient Scriptures were written by holy men, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. He takes no middle or hesitating course. Sacred is the dust of Palestine to the Jew; sacred is every fragment of Jerusalem's stone; invaluable every drop of Jordan's water; but there is one thing yet more precious to him—

THE SCRIPTURES OF THE LORD HIS GOD.

3. *The Jews bear witness to the supernatural.* They avow that there are things, and beings, and regions which eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard; that there is a world outside our senses, and outside that which we call nature; a world just as real as that which touches these forms of ours. The supernatural is woven into the creed of the Jew. I do not mean the *superstitious*, but the supernatural. His national history originates in the supernatural, for the "God of Glory appeared unto Abram." His whole story, in every stage of it, connects itself with the supernatural; the records of his Book are a testimony to the supernatural. It is to the supernatural that he points for his peculiar national existence to this day. It is to this that he appeals for his right to the land of Canaan. His offence is rank; it is a brother's murder, and the shadow of a curse darkens his vision. The cry of "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" resounds still. The Jew himself is supernatural in a sense. Other histories are wonderful; *his is miraculous.* We cannot account for the history of the Jew except on the grounds of the supernatural. The story of Israel's annals is purely contradictory, absolutely inexplicable, if you eject from it this element. Its worth and coherence gone, the greatest of histories becomes tame and hollow, a succession of audacious impostures. If the story was meant to be any thing, it was intended to be a testimony to the supernatural, to be a witness to this to the end of time.

4. They bear witness to *substitution* in the Divine Government. The history of the world has revealed the great fact of such an exchange. It is in Israel's sacred books that we find the truth revealed. The first promise of the "bruised heel" is there in the first book of the Bible. The two books of Exodus and Leviticus contain the mind of the Divine lawgiver with regard to it. "The just for the unjust" is the great doctrine taught; an expiation to cancel obligation and set the guilty free. Modern theology may deny the inspiration of these books, but it cannot deny that the doctrine of substitution is there; and He who wrote these books meant that it should be there.

5. They are *God's true witnesses of eternal judgment.* Wrath has come upon them to the uttermost. For eighteen centuries they have been suffering for their awful crime. God is dealing with them as the righteous Lord which loveth righteousness. He has been judging them, He is judging them still. As a nation Judah and Ephraim are under judgment. Wrath is on them to the utmost; they are under sentence of wrath; but in this condemnation there are two parts: the first began when they fell into the hands of Babylon, the second when, having rejected their Messiah, they were broken in pieces. They have thus been enduring a double judgment. Does not their history say, "Oh! do not this abominable thing which I hate"?

If we could but read the significance of the book, what does Jewish history mean? Looking at it simply as a history, the German Goethe was constrained to say, "After all, the stern God of the Hebrews is

THE GOD OF HISTORY."

He saw that all history was a dark entanglement in which the evil predominates over the good, and this could only be admitted in order to see that God is judge as well as father. If this can be said of ordinary history, how much more can it be said of what we call sacred history? If sin is merely a mishap or a trifle, then why have the Jews been doomed to such punishment? Is not this terrible retribution? If sin carries with it such prolonged punishment here, why may it not also carry prolonged punishment hereafter? Is there no testimony to the punishment of sin in such words as these, "All this curse shall come upon them," etc.? What can such words mean, especially as interpreted by Jewish history, but God's terrible hatred of sin? What can we say but that the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; that God is the God of judgment; that our God is a consuming fire?

6. *The whole nation bear witness to the grace of God.* The Jew is the monument of wrath, but he is yet to be the monument of grace. Where sin hath abounded, grace shall much more abound. God's love to Israel shall be seen to be such as many waters cannot quench. It is a love stronger than death, mightier than the grave; and who can tell what will be the glory when God shall receive His long alienated ones back again? If Jesus wept for the Jew in his impenitence, what will be the joy when he becomes an exhibition of pardoning love! And then the glory! the glory of Israel, and of Israel's land! That glory will be the fullest development of grace yet seen. What will it be to the angels in heaven? What will it be to Jesus? It may be seen sooner than we anticipate. The King may be close at hand. Still the old message sounds, "Behold, I come quickly!" The breaking up of kingdoms, the overthrow of dynasties, these are warnings that

THE GREAT DAY SHALL NOT BE DELAYED.

Men may say, "Peace, peace," but sudden destruction shall overtake them. The scoffer cries, "Where is the promise of His coming?" but He will come. What will that day be to the nations of this guilty earth? What will the day be to *thee*, Oh sinner? There is still grace for thee. Through the long-suffering of God there is still mercy for thee. There is forgiveness for thee. Wilt thou have it? Wilt thou take it now? Wilt thou not take it this very night? If not, then thou wilt one day know this, that if thou perishest, thou wilt perish not because God will not save thee, but because thou wilt not be saved. Amen.

THE BISHOP'S MOTHER.

THE present seems a fitting opportunity for relating the following *touching incident* which occurred on October 8th, 1879, at the distribution of prizes in the English School of Sciences and Arts at Keighley. The Bishop of Manchester gave the prizes.

Surrounded by the boys and their parents, the good Bishop suddenly was led to speak of his own mother, and told the story of how she, "not a clever, managing women," had been left a widow with seven children; how her great love and trust in God had helped her to live, sacrifice not only luxury, but comfort, to make a home, bare of all but the most meagre necessaries, bright and happy as that house Beautiful, whose chambers were called Peace, and from which could be seen the hills of heaven. Her husband had invested his means in the ironstone mines of the Forest of Dean, which proved a failure: and he died a broken-hearted man. He (the Bishop) was then fourteen years old.

Most of her children, through her efforts, have risen to positions where they could help to make the world wiser and better. Three sons went out to India—one fell in the Mutiny: another is head of a department of public works there. "She is now," said the Bishop, with broken voice, "in my house, paralyzed, speechless, and helpless; and when I looked at her sweet face this morning, I thanked God who had given her to me. I owe to her all that I am."

Goethe, it is said, always declared that to his mother he owed not only all his genius, but his strength. There is a period in the life of most boys when they feel themselves immeasurably wiser than their mothers; the knowledge they have acquired from books intoxicates them like wine. Probably they find the good woman at home who gave them life, and has sacrificed herself for them daily, is ignorant of their hobby—mathematics, or Latin, or base-ball—and they are too apt to show their contempt in rude disobedience, unless they have been trained in the observance of the eloquent fifth commandment, which is enforced in the New Testament in Eph. 6 : 2, 3.

When a man reaches the position of Goethe or the Bishop of Manchester, he is wise enough to appreciate a mother's unselfish love at its real value.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from page 95.)

A Surprise for Ernest.

JULIA knew it would be better for her to carry out her first intention, and pay her old mother a visit; but she could not bear to let the returned heir go on without her. She must see for herself how he was received at home. It was all pain to her; but the pain of being away from him in this hour of his return would be the keenest.

"Is my brother at home?" he inquired, as they came in sight of the Grange.

"No, he's away in London," she answered eagerly, "him and Miss Rose. There's only your mother at home. Oh, Master Charlie! I wish you'd come back master!"

"I'm come back a beggar," he muttered, more to himself than to her. She felt all the hardness and bitterness of his lot. The old-fashioned, many-gabled house, with its deep bay winodws, and its pleasant gardens stretching round it, stood just before them. Sloping meadows rose behind it, with flocks of sheep straying about them in the fading sunshine. Julia saw it with newly-opened eyes. The young master of it all had returned, and had no share in it. He was coming home a beggar!

There was no mother watching for him at the door; that was plain. But a servant stood looking out, who instantly vanished as he came in sight. Julia still pressed close behind him, quite up to the hall odor, where he paused, as if he would not cross his own threshold unbidden. Julia saw Jenny Britton coming forward quickly, and Charles instantly took off his old cap, and stood bareheaded before her. A sharp, keen pang shot through her, as Jenny came on, with a bright color on her young face, and with eager, outstretched hand, which she offered frankly to the stranger.

"You are Mrs. Clifford's long-lost son!" she exclaimed, with a fresh, girlish warmth in her manner. "You are to come to her at once. She fainted when Julia said it was you; and she's lying on the sofa. Come, come quickly."

He was hurried away out of Julia's sight, without once glancing back, or addressing a single word to her. She could follow him no farther; and turning slowly away, she retraced her path over the cliffs to Rockwood, weeping tears of mingled bitterness and joy as she went.

It was dusk the next evening when Ernest and Rose reached Dartford by the last train. Rose had proposed taking the village and the Grange by surprise, and not running the risk of disappointing them again. She was young and fond of surprises, still believing them to be generally pleasant events. They had to hire a conveyance from Dartford; and as there was a fair at Mitcham, twelve miles away, conveyances and horses were scarce.

After a short delay an old-fashioned gig was produced, drawn by a slow-stepping hack, reluctant to increase the distance between himself and his stall, and ignorant of the superior comfort of the Clifford stables, where he was to stay till morning. In this homely fashion did the master of Clifford and his daughter return home after their brilliant season in London.

It had been the most brilliant time in the life of each of them. Ernest had never stood so high in his own estimation, or in that of his acquaintances. He had developed unexpected popular gifts both in society and on the platform. On the latter he had been undoubtedly one of the best unprofessional orators; and his aid had been ardently sought in the getting up of public meetings.

Rose too had had an undisputed success in the few circles her father had consented for her to enter. She had spent a good deal of her time with Lady Fortescue, who had frequently expatiated to Ernest on the sweetness and charming simplicity of his pretty little daughter. To Rose the last three months had been a time of undreamed-of bliss. Yet her father had noticed of late that she was growing *a little more shy* of him; a trifle less frank and open in her merry chatter.

Her manner had been quieter and more dreamy, and he felt half afraid that her sojourn in town had not altogether agreed with her, in spite of the dainty freshness of her color and the soft clear lustre of her eyes. He had surprised the trace of tears upon her face that morning, when they were leaving London; and those tears of hers had weighed somewhat heavily on his spirits all day.

They were both rather quiet as their poor hack shambled along the moonlit lanes, so intensely quiet after the crowded streets of London. There was scarcely a creature to be seen along the roads, nor a sound to be heard, except the whirring of the night-jar in the coppices, and the hooting of owls calling to one another from the barnyards they passed.

Presently they turned the spur of the hill, which brought them into sight of Clifford, and Ernest checked his horse, which was only too willing to stand still. The little village was bathed in moonlight, with the dark cliffs behind clearly outlined against the cloudless sky, and the foam breaking against them sparkling in the white light.

"Oh, father!" cried Rose, "how delicious it is to be at home again! Oh, I did not know how much I love Clifford!"

"What, crying, Rose?" he said in a tone of distress.

"For joy," she sobbed, "only for joy. Don't let us ever go away again, you and me. Is there anything worth going away for?"

Ernest shifted the reins into his other hand to put his arm round his little girl and draw her pretty head down upon his breast. Rose had never known her mother, and he had always shown a motherly tenderness toward her. She lay there weeping for a minute or two, while he soothed her fondly, telling her she should never go away but when she pleased. Then Rose roused herself, and as they drove on she greeted every familiar object with a merry and tender notice.

"They'll be glad to have us back, daddy," she said, nestling close to his side.

"Thank God we are at home again!" he answered, with a deep sigh of enjoyment. After all, here was his own place, though he had made a name in a few cliques in the great throng of London, and found himself a greater man than he had anticipated. This was his real home, the spot where his life had struck its deepest roots. It was the nest whither all his affections and interests returned to roost by an instinct as true and unfailing as that which brought the swallows back to their homes under his eaves as surely as the spring came.

"Why, father!" exclaimed Rose, "what can grandmamma be doing at the Grange?"

They had passed through the coppice of young trees, and all the front of Clifford Grange stood out before them in the mellow moonlight. But there was no need of the moonlight to show up the house. It was aglow with lights *from within.* The tall, narrow casements of the drawing-room were glittering, and the bay-windows of the dining-room cast a yellow light upon the climbing plants growing about them. The prospect was like what the elder brother in the parable saw as he approached his father's house, where the returned prodigal was being entertained (Luke 15 : 25). Rose broke into a soft, rippling laugh. "She is giving a dinner party," she said; "and we shall take them by surprise."

There was a gate in the way, shutting off the lawn from the coppice, and Ernest called to one of the farm servants whom he saw crossing the yard a little below the Grange. The man was in no hurry to open the gate wide enough for his master to drive through. He realized too keenly how great a personage he should be in Clifford if he were the first to tell Master Ernest the news.

"Master," he said impressively, with his hand on the shaft, as if to check any further advance till all was told, "there's great tidings! Master Charlie's come back; ay, that he is, and mistress is feasting him, and making him as come as flowers in May. The bells have ringing all day. Hark! there they be again."

The merry peals of bells rang out into the moonlight, and Ernest leaned back and liste He could not speak, and no one else broke first silence. Blake, having blurted out news, was intently observant of his master's impressions so far as he should betray t Rose was taken utterly by surprise. She often, in after times, to recur to this mon during which she sat dumb, looking up int father's face, while the bells clanged and gled, and resounded from the echoing jarring in mad merriment.

"Blake," said her father at last, in a st and constrained voice, "drive Miss Rose the house; I have forgotten to call at the arage."

His head felt giddy, and his feet staggere he alighted from the conveyance. In the below him, in his friend's study window, a was burning under the eaves. It looked beacon shining across stormy and dark w He must get quickly down to his friend yon it were only to gain a few minutes of deliber He could not face his brother in so sud fashion.

"Father," cried Rose, rousing up fro dumb surprise, "won't you come in with ?"

"I cannot, my darling," he said, in a to unconscious sadness; "go on without Rose; I shall be in soon enough, but I mu down and see Britton. We ought to have for a minute there first, but I did not th it."

"Must I meet Uncle Charlie alone?" asked; but he did not answer. He was h the reins for Blake to take his place besid and he opened the gate for them himself. was something extraordinary and inexplic Rose in his conduct, but she had not muc for wondering.

In another minute or two she was at th door of the Grange, and Jenny Britton was with open arms to meet her. Behind he Clifford was coming with slow steps, an her a stranger, dressed in her father's c and closely resembling him at first sight.

"Uncle Charlie!" cried Rose, stretchi her hands and running to him eagerly. had been little romance in her life, Rose the habit of thinking; it was a quiet, tr monotonous life, and what little romanc was had been all bound up with the idea father's missing brother. She had ver learned that she must not ask too man tions about her uncle, but this secrecy an tery had enhanced the interest surroundin

It had not been explained to her that he was not the son of that withered, bent ol whom she dimly remembered as her grand and she had no idea that he had succee an estate which, by natural descent, shou gone to his half-brother. Rose had tho Charles only as being a poor, impetuous spirited boy, driven from home by his tyranny. Now that he was come home, these long years of absence—years of pe hardship she was sure they had been—s ready to give him the warmest welcome affectionate nature.

She ran to meet him, seeing no one el scarcely seeing him. Her fair young f flushed, and her eyes sparkling with tear clasped his hand between both her ow lifted up her face to his, too much agit speak the words of welcome trembling lips. Charles Clifford stooped down hes ly, almost reluctantly, and kissed her air of reverence, as if it would be more fit him to bend his knee to her and kiss her

"Can this be Rose?" he asked; Heartsease I used to call her. Ah! I'v forgotten you calling after me as I went valley when I was running away! little lass of three. 'Come back, Uncle come back! come back!' I can hear the you still. And I've come back at last, little Heartsease."

"Thank God!" murmured Rose.

"God bless you!" exclaimed Charlie, the tears starting to his eyes, which had not felt the [illegible] of them since he was a boy.

In the mean while Ernest was making his way, as in a miserable and bewildering dream, in the direction of his friend's beckoning lamp. It was the mechanical result of habit, which always took him there in any unexpected turn of affairs. The Vicarage was as familiar to him as the Grange, and William Britton was more his comrade and friend, his equal in all respects, than any other man on earth.

If Ruth had been dwelling as near to him he would have turned his bewildered steps to her, and probably he would have revealed and confessed all that was in his heart to her. But it was too late to go over the cliffs to Rockwood, and his mind was not yet sufficiently recovered from the shock it had received to think of anything but how he might gain a little time. He was turning his back upon a meeting inexpressibly *distasteful and trying* to him, and instinct guided him to the only friend near at hand who could in the least understand him.

The Vicarage was apparently deserted; there was no Babel of voices in any of the rooms, and no one looked through any door as he entered and straightway ascended the staircase to the attic in the roof, which Mr. Britton had chosen for his study. In the centre was a small writing table, on which a lamp was standing. Mr. Britton was deeply intent upon his book. His high, narrow forehead rested upon a thin, white hand, while the other was laid flat upon the old volume on his desk. It was evident that he was too absorbed to hear either the bells or the entrance of his friend.

Ernest closed the door behind him, but he did not look up. His lips moved slightly, as if forming the words beneath his eye, or whispering some brief, half unconscious prayer. It was a deep sigh from Ernest that at last aroused him, and he lifted up his head, fixing his preoccupied eyes upon him at first with a dreamy abstraction, but waking with a sudden start into keen [illegible] and watchfulness.

"Ernest!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter with you?"

(*To be continued.*)

GIVING AND PRAYING.

S. S. Lesson for February 22d.—Matt. 6 : 11–23. Golden Text, ver. 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Our blessed Lord teaches us transparency of motive in all we do and say. In almsgiving, in praying, in fasting to seek His glory alone. "The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Is our eye to God or to ourselves? Are we living with our expectations in eternity or in time? The Lord warns us against doing alms, praying, or fasting to "have glory of men," "to be seen of men" "to appear unto men." He says the hypocrites do this, and "Verily I say unto you they have their reward;" they have what they seek for; but it is all in the present and nothing hereafter. While the motive is earthly and the manner is earthly, the reward is earthly too, and no record of such deeds is made in heaven. The breath of heaven is not in them; they are dead works from which we must be purged to serve the living God. (Heb. 12.

Oh how dear it is to the natural heart to desire a little credit for what one does! and every tittle of credit which we seek and gain is so much taken from the glory of God, so much attributed to ourselves, so much reward on earth, so much [illegible] heaven. Therefore says our Lord, "when thou doest alms, let not the left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret." And again "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

It was thus that our Lord prefaced the prayer which He has left us as the true model of all prayer, saying, "after this manner therefore pray *ye—i.e.*, God's reconciled children. "Our Father." "Our" for the whole family of God's children must be remembered, and "Father," for we are taught to come with confidence. God calls Himself by many names which express his power and greatness, holiness and majesty, but our beloved Lord chose out of all these the name of Father by which we might draw nigh unto God. Now have we a right to approach in this name if we are not really treating God as our loving Father, if we are failing in our confidence that He orders all things well for us? We call Him "Our Father which art in heaven," and thus at the outset of our prayer we assert our heavenly relationship.

The first petitions which the Lord Jesus taught us are for God and not for ourselves. We do not begin "Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us, etc., but "Hallowed be thy name." It is contrary to the manners and customs of the kingdom of heaven to put self first; God alone must be first. Now how can we consistently pray this prayer while we are sensitive about our own name? Any one hearing us so pray for the first time, would naturally think what an absorbing love and honor must these people have to the name of God! Then how can we thus pray, if we do not believe in the power of the name of our God against temptation, against evil of all kinds, and especially against that evil which dwells in our own hearts? How can we pray thus while we do anything in our own name, commissioned as we are that whatsoever we do in word or in deed we should do all in the name of the Lord Jesus (Col. 3 : 17).

The second petition is again for God, "Thy kingdom come," it is the true absorption in the interests of another. God is love, and no prayer becomes those whose life is drawn from Him, in which a self-devoted love does not have pre-eminence. Thy kingdom, that is in this world, and also in the hearts of men. This is the prayer of the bride who waits for her Lord's return, of the servant long in the missionary field or in the work of evangelization, of the follower of Christ jealous over his own heart for God. My kingdom, the world's kingdom, etc., cease, but Thy kingdom come. Is it not untrue to plead thus when we lift no finger to advance the reign of Christ upon earth. Surely "He that searcheth the hearts" (Rom. 8 : 27) knoweth whether these words are only a vain repetition.

And how many of us are really honest in saying Thy will be done? The very breath of our Lord's life, the meaning of His every word, the outcome of His every deed was thus, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God!" It is as though in this prayer He would let His mantle fall on us that we might come into the divine heritage of His renounced will, and live a human life upon the grave of self.

Having prayed thus for God unselfishly, to pray for ourselves is no selfish thing, but an act of faith in Him; and the Lord teaches us not to look forward. "Give us *this day* our daily bread." Take no thought for the morrow, etc. If we look indeed to God for our daily supply of all we need, and if we believe He has undertaken the care of it, and that His supplies are inexhaustible, how can we be anxious. Anxiety must be the result of unbelief, of doubt that He has really undertaken what we have committed unto Him. And it is Him whom we call Father that we are thus doubting, one who has a right to be trusted by His very relationship, as well as by the unwavering faithfulness of his providing love.

And this petition includes all our other real needs. "Be careful for nothing, but in *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving make your requests known unto God, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4 : 6, 7). Because God is a Father, there is no tiny detail of His children's needs too small to bring before Him. Things which we should be ashamed to trouble others about, we can mention to Him in the privileged freedom of trust and love. God's "everything" knows no exception, and they who scruple to enter into details with God know not "the spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba Father" (Rom. 8 : 15).

"And forgive us our debts" (Luke 11 : 4, "our sins") "as we forgive our debtors." It has stumbled many that the Lord should teach forgiven sinners to ask again forgiveness; and for this cause a certain class of Christians do not make use of the Lord's Prayer. Yet it is only they who are God's children, the "little children" whose sins *are* forgiven for His name's sake (1 John 2 : 12) who can rightly use this prayer and say "Our Father." Thus it is clear that such need to ask forgiveness. In the intense light of God's holiness, how much there may be impure and sinful in us which our dull consciences have not yet perceived, and therefore how needful for us to pray for His forgiveness, even though we may live in the continual consciousness that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. Again our prayer is intercessory, and we plead every petition on behalf of others as well as ourselves—we are doing priestly work and bearing the congregation of the Lord as Aaron did upon our hearts, and this cannot and does not nullify the continuous consciousness of God's pardon for the past which is the sunshine of our own hearts.

But we pray, "as we forgive our debtors." Let our hands be clean in the peerless prayer. Unless our whole souls are free from all shadow of bitterness, of retaliation, etc., how can we pray thus? we are asking God not to do unto us as we *wish* to do unto others; but as we absolutely *do* unto them. We ask that His measure to us may be the same as we measure to others. Are we deceiving ourselves, are we imagining that our love to all men is without a flaw that we dare thus pray? Only as "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me," can I use such a petition without danger to my soul.

The next and last petition is "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation," said the Lord Jesus, "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." He knew what temptation was, and therefore taught us to pray instantly for deliverance from the evil. James teaches us (chap. 1 : 2), to count it all joy when we fall into divers' temptations. The Lord does not mean that we are to desire that all trial of our faith should be removed—all His teaching was to the contrary; but that we should count upon deliverance from the evil so as never to succumb.

"For thine is the kingdom." We begin this prayer in petitions for our God, we close it with attributes of praise to His name. God first and God last. Can we doubt that the Lord Himself used this prayer on earth and in the "Our Father" He unites Himself with those whom He is not ashamed to call brethren. In saying "thine is the kingdom" we are acknowledging His dominion over all circumstances and all people, over our own selves and over others. There is wondrous repose in the consciousness that God reigns, that in spite of all the fearful declension of churches and peoples, God is over all. Thine is the kingdom, we acknowledge no usurper, "the prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me," can we say it as our Master did? Then "Thine is the power." Have we obtained deliverance over temptation, is our will laid down? Have we been enabled to win souls for Jesus, and are we elated at our success? Then must we say if we are honest, *ours* is the power. But if in very deed we know that His own hand hath done it, and that we can of our own selves do nothing, then can we say from the depth of our hearts, "Thine, O Lord, is the power, and thine too is the glory, and our hearts thrill to utter it when we add 'for ever and for ever; no glory to me but all to thee. Amen.'"

FOREIGN TOPICS.

British Political Circles have been Agitated during the past week by two important events. One was the election of a member of Parliament for Liverpool; the other, the opening of Parliament by Queen Victoria in person.

At Liverpool a local politician, a supporter of Lord Beaconsfield, has been triumphantly returned. This result does not alter the position of parties, as his predecessor was also a Conservative, but it is a significant sign of the times. Liverpool is a Conservative town, but it was thought that Lord Beaconsfield's power was waning, and that a Liberal candidate might wrest a success. The candidate was Lord Ramsay, of the aristocratic house of Dalhousie. He was supported by the powerful influence of the Earl of Derby, and he purchased the Irish vote with a pledge which the leaders of his own party acknowledge they could not have given. Yet with all these advantages he has been defeated by a comparatively unknown local magnate. It appears to indicate that the much-talked-of reaction is still an event of the future.

The British Parliament was Opened by the Queen on February 5th for the despatch of business. Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, the Ministerial leaders, were prevented by sickness from attending the ceremony. Mr. Hoppin, the American Chargé d'Affaires, was present, and was remarkable among the gorgeously apparelled throng by the Republican simplicity of his attire. Queen Victoria, in her drive from the palace to the Houses of Parliament, was respectfully though not enthusiastically received. She refused to wear her crown or the royal robes, and requested the Lord Chancellor to read her speech. No intelligence of importance was communicated in what he read, and the ceremony occupied but a short time. It was stated in her Majesty's speech that the foreign relations of the country were friendly, and that the policy in India and Africa would remain unchanged. A reference was made to the Irish famine, and a statement that measures had been taken to afford relief to the sufferers. In the debate which followed it was evident that the Irish policy of obstruction would be continued.

The Russian Intrigues in Afghanistan, which many British journalists and politicians have laughed to scorn as bugbears conjured up for political purposes, are now proved to have had a foundation in fact. General Roberts, the British commander in Cabul, reports that he had a conversation with Yakoob Khan, the ex-Ameer of Afghanistan, in October, 1879, in which the latter stated that the British mission under Sir Neville Chamberlain *was turned back by the advice of the Russian envoy* at Cabul, M. Stolietoff; and when Shere Ali quitted Afghanistan, in December, 1878, he issued a firman to the authorities at Herat, declaring that M. Stolietoff had written him as follows:

"The emperor's desire is that you should not admit the English into your country, and, like last year, *you are to treat them with deceit* until the cold season passes away. Then the Almighty's will will be made manifest to you—that is to say, the Russian Government will come to your assistance. Either by diplomatic action we will entirely cut off all English communication and interference with Afghanistan, or events will end in a mighty and important war."

Shere Ali and his followers relied on these Russian promises, and, like others who have placed confidence in princes, especially Russian princes, was deserted when the time came for their fulfilment. (Psa. 118–9.)

Heart-rending Narratives of Suffering continue to arrive from Ireland. A letter from Clifden, in the extreme west of Galway county, written on the 23d of January, has been published at Dublin, which gives a terrible picture of the position to which things have already come all through that region: "Last evening Clifden presented an appalling picture. Crowds of ragged famished men and women thronged around the doors of the meal-shops clamoring for food. Many had waited up *all through the night* in the bitter frost besieging the houses of the relief committee. Several men seized members of the committee, crying: 'We are starving; we must have food!' Knots of men and women remained in the street until midnight, though the air was intensely cold." A correspondent of a contemporary writes: "According to the most careful calculation I can make after personal visitation, there are sixty heads of families who rise every morning without knowing where they are to get breakfast for their six or eight children; who simply exist from day to day upon poorhouse relief or upon the charity of neighbors only less wretched than themselves. They share with one another like a shipwrecked crew.

"Every week will add with frightful rapidity to the hungry army. By the beginning of March—I deliberately pledge myself to the assertion—five sixths of the entire population of this parish will be absolutely without the means of existence if they are abandoned to their fate. There is not a feather bed left unpawned outside the town. In fifty cabins I did not meet one comfortable pair of blankets. The father of a family of eight, after a weary walk all day looking for work, at night called on me to tell his story, and said *he was afraid to go home* to his children, whom he had left hungry in the morning and not a morsel of food in the house.

King Mtesa, an African Potentate, has Abolished the Slave traffic throughout his dominions. Mr. Mackay, of the Nyanza Mission, furnishes the following interesting narrative on the subject: "Some time ago an Arab arrived from Unyanyembe with guns and cloth, for which he wanted only slaves. Prices thus: one red cloth, one slave; one musket, two slaves; 100 percussion caps, one female slave. I entered the lists at once, and told the king, in presence of the court, how these Arabs, who declare themselves subjects of Seyed Burgash, are transgressing the orders of their king. I told what cruelties are inflicted on the poor creatures on the way to the coast, and of the risk of capture. The king therefore declared he would sell them no slaves, and I witnessed afterward the sale of their cloth, guns, etc., for *ivory only*. Some days after, I gave some lessons on human physiology. That told better than any thing. When all were wondering at the structure of their own bodies, I pointed out the absurdity of Arabs wishing to buy such perfect organisms, which all the wisdom of all the white men could not put together, for a rag of cloth which a man could make in a day. The decree has now gone forth in consequence, that no one in the kingdom is to sell a slave under pain of death."

Recovery and Return of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.—The latest letter received from Mr. Spurgeon contains cheering intelligence. He writes: "Dear friends,—Accept again my heartiest salutations. I hope soon to issue sermons preached at home on the previous Sabbaths, for I purpose, if the Lord will, to leave this shelter on February 2d, or thereabouts. Six weeks of continuous fine weather have, by God's blessing, delivered me from my pains, and enabled me to regain *a large measure of strength;* and the daily tidings from home have also helped to quiet my mind and *revive my spirit.* Oh, that I may be the better for this affliction! As after heavy showers the fountains and brooks run with new force and fulness, so may it be with these sermons now that with me 'the rain is over and gone.' If you, dear readers, are the more refreshed I shall count pain and weakness to be a small cost for so blessed a result.—Yours most heartily, C. H. SPURGEON."

Death of a Christian Nobleman.—Great regret is felt for the death of the young Earl of Roden, at Mentone, whose genial amiability made him so generally popular, both in the Court of Queen Victoria and amongst his personal relations and friends. He was the grandson of the third Earl of Roden, who died in 1870, in a good old age, leaving behind him the record of a long and active life, consecrated to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men. He was a very influential and generally popular nobleman, and, notwithstanding his stanch Prc
tantism, his consistency and charity were ge
ally fully appreciated, even by his Roman C
olic neighbors, but especially by his tenantry
whom he was always kind, and by whom he
much beloved. He was a good landlord,
sincerely desirous of doing good wherever he
opportunity. He was President of the
Bible Society, and foremost in the promotie
Christian Missions both at home and abr
but especially to the Romanists. At his p
resque residence at Tullamore Park, in Irel
he had himself a chapel, where he was habit
accustomed to deliver earnest and impre
addresses on the Sunday evening, full of sc
evangelical Gospel truth.

The Sultan of Turkey Justifying Hims
The Sultan has sent a letter to Sir H. Layar
pressing satisfaction at the resumption of
cial relations, but maintaining that the pro
ings of Dr. Koeller justified the seizure o
papers, and that Ahmed Tewfik deserved
punishment awarded to him, his liberation l
only due to *the clemency of the Sultan.* A
gram from Constantinople states that Sir H
yard intends to reply to the recent note o
Porte on the subject of the missionary inci
disputing the principles it lays down, an
swering its argument. It is reported from
stantinople that Hafiz Pasha, the Sultan's
ister of police, has received from his M
the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Mec
This is the minister whose dismissal is s
have formed one of Sir H. Layard's demar
the case of Dr. Koeller and Ahmed Tewfik.
conduct shows that Turkey does wrong or
ciple, and therefore is likely to repeat the o
when an opportunity occurs.

The Pope's Banker has Absconded; he
aged all the Pope's financial business in I
and has left behind debts amounting to
than 700,000 lire (about $150,000). Severa
ecclesiastical officials, who had intrust
their fortune to the specious swindler, ar
denly plunged into the greatest distress.
the last cardinals created by Pius IX. is s
have suffered so severely by the defaulter t
has not a centime left.

Poison in the Mass.—At Villema
France, a priest, while celebrating mass, p
chalice to his lips, but the flavor of the wi
so abominable that he was forced to re
He continued the service, but was soon t
and obliged to leave the altar ere it w
cluded. A subsequent examination show
presence of a poisonous substance in th
and an inquiry has been set on foot.
the contents of the chalice, it is pretend
miraculously changed, when the priest h
certain words over it, into the literal b
Christ. Can the blood of Christ be pois
Can any harm come to a man from tak
blood of Christ? It seems to us that w
this preposterous assumption of the s
miracle of the mass is brought to any
test, it is at once proved to be a barefa
posture.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon Preached to F
persons recently in his own apartments
tone—probably the smallest audience he
dressed. The text was James 5 : 2, "
heard of the patience of Job, and have
end of the Lord; that the Lord is ver
and of tender mercy." After a general i
tion on Christian patience, the preacher
on two heads—1. *It is not an unheard-*
to be patient; and 2. *It is not an unreaso*
tue to be patient. At the end of his disco
Spurgeon said: "Even we who are l
afternoon have 'heard of the patience
All the ages have this man for their
Let us all remember that affliction will
us if it be impatiently borne; if we ki
goad it will hurt us, but it will not act a
stimulus. If we rebel against God's
tions, we may turn His medicines int
and increase our griefs by refusing t
them. Be patient, be patient, be pa
the dark cloud shall drop a sparkling s

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ublished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. AY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1880. 14th Year. No. 8—New Series.

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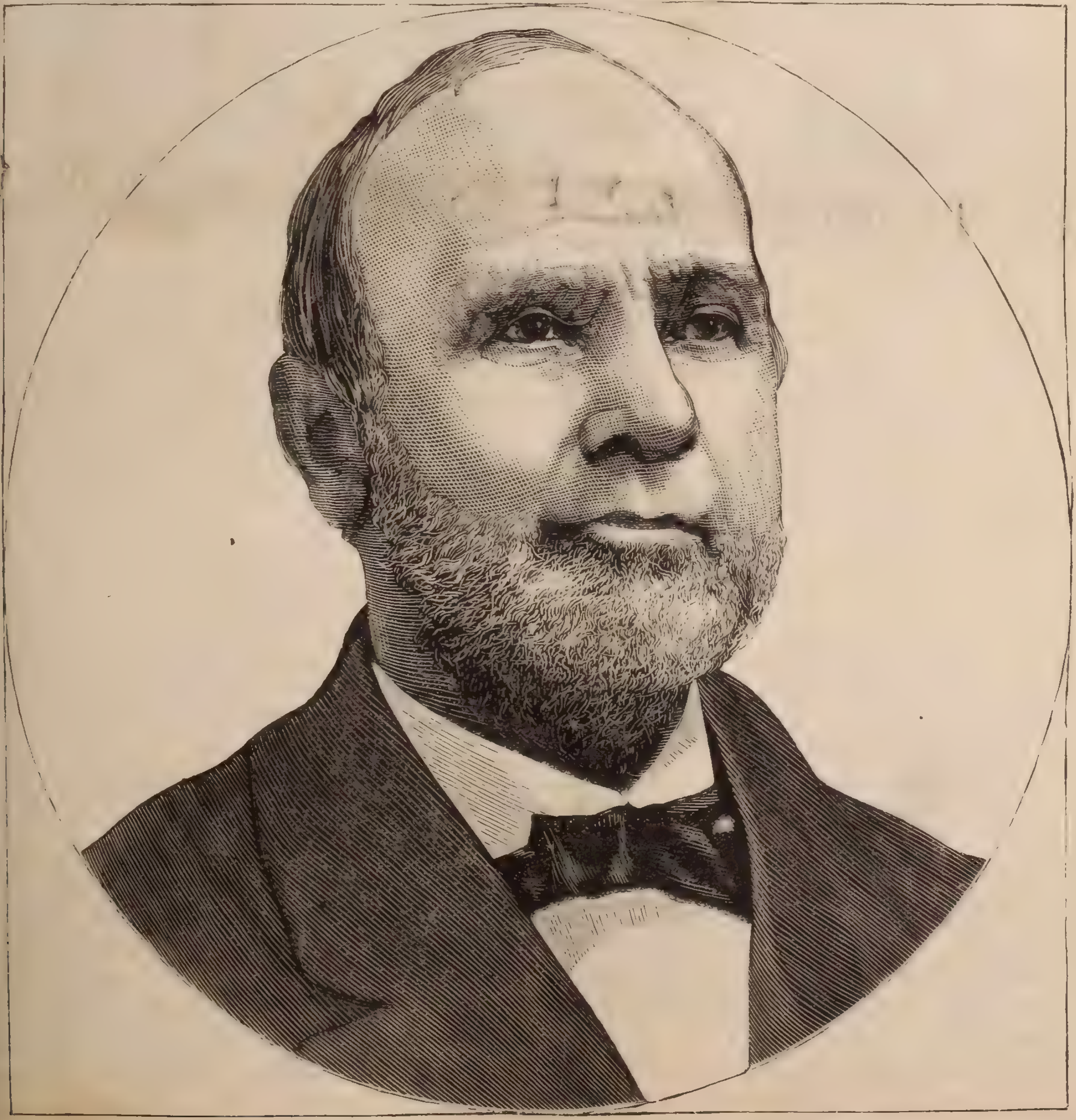

The Late JOHN E. VASSAR, the Earnest Christian Worker.

JOHN E. VASSAR,

The Earnest Christian Worker.

An Aggressive Christianity—Birth and Ancestry—His Childhood—Marriage—Conversion—Domestic Affliction—Employed by the Tract Society—Work at Cleveland—Total Abstinence Mission—A Crazy Man—An Appeal to a Lover—Made Prisoner of War—Work in Camp—Seven Years' Labor—The Prophetic Conference—Death.

WE cannot be too frequently reminded that the mission of the Church of Christ in the world is an eminently *aggressive* mission. The soldier of Christ needs the shield and the armor; but the shield and the armor are not his full equipment. He must have besides them the sword of the Spirit; he must go forth to fight and to conquer for his Master. A general who protects his position with trenches and barricades is doubtless a prudent general, but his king is not satisfied with his performances if he rests content with defensive operations. He must attack and carry the positions of his foes if he is to fulfil the object of his campaign. So must the Christian soldier be ever eager and earnest in his onslaughts on the strongholds of Satan in the world, if he would hear at the last the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Such a soldier was the good man whose career we briefly sketch in our pages to-day. Instant in season and out of season, he was always seeking to win souls for Christ, to rescue from Satan's clutches precious souls which the great enemy was leading captive at his will. Never weary in this good work, he seemed even to have overcome the ordinary weaknesses and infirmities of the body, and to have attained a condition of life in which the intensity of his zeal supported and invigorated his frame instead of debilitating it.

His fellow-workers were amazed at his untiring energy and the immense fund of spiritual force on which he appeared to draw. We know well from whence those supplies of strength came, but we can admire and reverence the man who drew and utilized them, and see in his life a fresh proof of the promise that "they who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." For more than a quarter of a century John Vassar proved the truth of that promise, working on day by day, in full and implicit confidence that the Great Master for whom he labored would sustain His servant and give him fresh power as he required it. The record of such a life is full of interest, but its lessons are not interesting only; they should stir the soul of every reader and prompt him to devote all his energies to the same great and glorious mission, compared with which all other pursuits seem mean and unworthy.

John E. Vassar was born in the year 1813. He was descended from

AN ANCIENT FRENCH FAMILY,

which emigrated to England about the beginning of the eighteenth century. His ancestors were Nonconformists, and they shared in all the opprobrium which fell to the lot of English Nonconformists of that day. At that period to be a Nonconformist in England was to be a member of a despised society; to be the butt for ridicule and contumely; to be hated and despised wherever he went, and not unfrequently to lose civil rights. Toleration was all dissenters claimed; it certainly was all they secured, and very often they did not secure that.

It is not surprising that to men so circumstanced the new world, with its freedom from the domination of an established church closely allied to the state, offered attractions stronger than the ties of patriotism. The best and noblest of English Christians emigrated, and the old Vassar family was not even held by patriotism, for if ties of country bound them anywhere it was to France. Thomas and James Vassar, two brothers, joined the noble band of emigrants, and in October, 1796, they sailed in the good ship Criterion into the bay of New York. They settled at Poughkeepsie, then a village of some four hundred souls. At first they engaged in farming operations, but at a later period Thomas established a brick-yard, at which he industriously labored. He was an earnest Christian, and he selected a wife like minded with himself. They were blessed with six children, of whom John was the fourth.

Not much is known of his earlier years, save that while he did not take kindly to learning and book lore, he was ever ready for active and laborious work. A short, sturdy lad, quick, energetic, and impulsive, he rejoiced in the labor of the yard, and at twelve years of age was glad to shake himself free from the tedium of education and betake himself to manual labor, of which even at that early period he could perform as much as any man on the place. In after years he regretted the educational opportunities he flung away, but it was a characteristic of the boy that then as in after life his restless energy prompted him to engage in active work.

THE BRICK-YARD

was the scene of his labors until his twentieth year, when an accident befell him which set its mark on him for life. Walking over a rude log bridge which spanned a creek near his home, the rough board gave way beneath him, and he fell, breaking his leg so badly that he ever afterward walked with a perceptible limp. He was laid aside for many weeks, and during that period his mother's prayers were incessant that the affliction might be the means of leading her boy to God. But the appointed time had not yet come, and he rose from his bed still a stranger to the Lord he afterward served so faithfully. At the age of twenty-five, he married and obtained employment in a malt-house and brewery at Poughkeepsie. His wife, though the child of Christian parents, was, like himself, still in the bonds of sin.

CONVERSION.

Three years more passed, and then the time of awakening came. In the village Baptist church a revival commenced, and early morning meetings as well as evening services were being held. He was urged to attend these, but in the most decided way refused. Finally his cousin, Matthew Vassar, Jr., fairly hired him to go "just once." He went, and readily promised to do the same again without reward. Before the second service was over, conviction deep and terrible took possession of his soul.

A cherished and valued friend who was present at the meetings writes his reminiscence of a scene still fresh in his memory. He says: "I well remember the night when John Vassar was in such distress of mind, though I was only a child in the Christian life then. The meeting was in the little prayer-room of the La Fayette street house, and, as many were interested, it was filled. I sat next to him in the first seat as you entered from the door. I never saw a soul in such agony as he. The service closed and most of the congregation had retired. As a few were lingering, he begged them not to go, but to stop longer and pray for him. He said *he could not go out of the room till forgiveness had been spoken* and peace had come. A half dozen of us remained and prayed that mercy might be extended and his burden lifted off. Then he broke out into petitions for himself, and such begging for salvation I never heard from the lips of any other penitent. He was more calm before we separated, but not by any means at rest. The next night, however, he was rejoicing in a Saviour's pardoning love."

One of the first revelations that came to him after his conversion was that of his own ignorance. He was an utter stranger to God's word, and though the light of Heaven was within him, all the rich treasures of wisdom and knowledge contained in the Bible were an unopened mine to the young Christian. With the intensity of purpose and determination which were part of his nature, he set himself to learn, and even in his work his mind was constantly dwelling on the same theme. With a piece of chalk he wrote passages of Scripture on the brewery walls, which before night he had stored in his retentive memory.

His growth in knowledge and in grace was rapid, but God knows what is the perfecting process His people individually need, and Joh
sar was called to pass through the fire
which he came forth seven times purified.
comparatively brief period his two childr
father, and his beloved wife were remov
death, and under the successive stroke
suffering and bereaved man, whose affe
like the rest of his character, were stron
fervent, bowed his head and wept. F
moment he was crushed, but in a short ti
light and the consolation of Heaven ente
soul, and he could bless and praise God e
his loneliness.

From this time John Vassar began to
himself more and more to

CHRISTIAN WORK.

In the Sunday-school, in the prayer-m
at revival services, he found work to do,
did it with his might. The earnestne
childlike simplicity of his prayers are eve
remembered with thankfulness by many
who were through his instrumentality
Jesus. At length he resolved to devote his
time to the service of his God, and, throw
his prospects at the brewery, he enliste
colporteur, under the auspices of the An
Tract Society, at a salary of $160 a year, a
mediately set to his work with a full hear

His field of operations for a year or m
the northern or north-eastern portions
linois; more particularly the counties of
Kendall, DeKalb, and Boone. Stopping
cago long enough to meet some old frien
get a supply of the Society's publicati
distribution, he struck out for the new
ments a hundred miles beyond. It was a
of severe trial and hardship to him in s
spects. He was an exile from his home,
ger in a rude country; he often passed his
in his wagon or on the ground under it.
man he met, he sought opportunity to in
as to his spiritual state, and if he wa
Christian he warned him, in the name of
and often with tears, of the deceit and d
sin, and entreated him to forsake it, and
God, assuring him of the blessedness of s
as he, out of his own experience could
He went after men, and kept after them
long perseverance, holding them in hi
and making mention of them unceasingl
God in his prayers, and appearing to the
tervals, till at last he won them to repen

Returning from this field of operatio
short visit to his beloved mother in
Vassar was requested to visit

CLEVELAND,

Ohio, and though he modestly protested
backwoods were the proper sphere fo
bors, he accepted the call. Here a gr
was done, which Mr. Vassar records
and thankfulness.

One incident which occurred at C
should be recorded as an instance of
that may result from a personal appeal
the right moment and in the right spi
attended a revival service in one of the c
and according to his custom spoke to th
seemed to him in need of an earne
Among them was a young printer who
induced by a companion to attend th
for the first time. That young man re
gratitude to God that ever he met Mr.
Describing the circumstance, he says:

"As I arose to pass out, after the
was approached by a person, then a
who asked with mingled earnestness a
ness if I loved the Lord Jesus Christ.
my hand at the same time and held
I can never forget the intense sincerit
first interview. I felt in a moment th
never before met a man who possesse
transcendent consciousness of divine
That stranger was John E. Vassar, a
that hour convictions began to stir
which in time the Holy Spirit used to
to Christ." That young man subsequ
tered the ministry, and is now Rev. G
Stone, D.D., of Tarrytown, N. Y.

Following his work at Cleveland can

n behalf of total abstinence in Dutchess
near his own home. There, in spite of
ion, in spite of ill treatment and threats
his life, he labored diligently and fear-
oing valiant work for the cause. But he
er to be once more directly engaged in
k to which he had given his heart, the
winning souls to Christ. The Dutchess
Association invited him to undertake
work, and he willingly consented. Amid
ches connected with the Association he
for more than seven years, aiding by
nd exhortation in extra meetings, and
y in visiting from house to house.
was that he first took on himself the
'Shepherd's dog," a title which there-
ng to him, and by which he was almost
nown as "Uncle John." It originated
act that he always and everywhere re-
be considered a preacher, declaring that
is office simply to go around and seek
bring under the minister's notice, anx-
troubled souls.

A CRAZY MAN.

tance of Mr. Vassar's eagerness to seize
portunity to speak for Christ is related
J. L. Benedict, of White Plains, N. Y.,
t to Beekman while Mr. Vassar was
ot being sure of his way, he says: "I
a man who was nearing me and walking
and inquired for the place I sought. The
thus addressed pointed out the place,
e next breath said, '*Are you a Chris-*
oung friend?' I answered that I hoped
few more words passed, and then he
remarking that he was 'in a hurry *to*
me sheep.' After greeting my fellow-
nd being introduced to the family in
made his home, I remarked that I had
a crazy man up the road in search of
ep. The whole group laughed outright,
riend said, 'Why, that was John Vas-
ounty missionary; and the sheep that
arch of are the Lord's.'"

r incident of that time shows how the
tranger may kindle the sense of duty
r's breast. Mr. S. was driving along
oad with a loaded vehicle when he met
, who stopped and said, "What may
r name, sir?" The one addressed re-
y name is S." "Ah, you are a dea-
church here, are you not?" was the
"I am, sir," was the answer. "Well,
said the stranger, "my name is Vas-
John Vassar; now, is your wife a
" "I am sorry to say that she is
Have you any objection to my calling
rsing with your family?" "Not the
he least." "God bless you, Brother S.
ning."

ohn passed along, and the deacon
nd turned into a field with his load.
ot gone more than thirty rods when
came to him, "How is this? Here
ger more concerned for the salvation
sehold than I am. This is not right.
t do." Mr. S. jumped off his load,
the horses from the sled, tied them,
l for the house. He arrived just in
ar the prayer. *That load was not*
in for six weeks. Mrs. S. was con-
d forty-two others united with the
h.

AN APPEAL TO A LOVER.

hkill Mr. Vassar once made a call
d at first inopportune. A young man
tered the house, who was soon to be
an excellent Christian daughter in
The prospective husband claimed no
e Saviour. Either accidentally or
we know not which, Uncle John was
the room where the parties were.
in the situation at a glance, but, not
disconcerted, pressed on one of his
s the claims of God, and finding him
half persuaded to accept of Christ, he
nterview by proposing that the lady
self then and there kneel and pre-
se of her friend to God. For a moment maidenly delicacy led her to hesitate; then seeing his evident concern, they all bowed together, and she pleaded for the salvation of the man with whom she was to walk the pathway of life. He was soon a partaker of her faith and trust, and stood beside her a fellow-laborer in the Church of Christ.

UNCLE JOHN A PRISONER OF WAR.

In 1861, the period of the nation's trouble, Mr. Vassar felt it his duty to pursue his Master's work in the army, then in active service. He obtained a commission from the Tract Society, and was soon at the front. He marched with the troops, and, though nearly fifty years of age, kept up with the best. Before reaching Gettysburg he was missed, and several weeks passed before he rejoined his friends. Uncle John had been captured by the Southern cavalry.

When brought into the presence of General Stuart and questioned as a suspected spy, he instantly dissipated the suspicions of the officers by his frank and fearless words for the Master. "I am working as a colporteur of the American Tract Society, to try and save the souls of the dear boys that fall around me daily. General, do you love Jesus?" The general fenced the question with, "I know that good old Society, and have no fear of its emissaries." "But, my dear general, do you love Jesus?" The puzzled officer was relieved by the suggestion of those who had arrested Uncle John, and who were already restive under his close questionings. "General," said they, "take the man's promise that he will not tell of our whereabouts for twenty-four hours, and let us see him out of our lines, *or we will have a prayer-meeting from here to Richmond.*" And so it was decided, and the prisoner of war was released.

An officer who saw much of Mr. Vassar at that time says of him: "In a merely physical point of view, his achievement was prodigious. He began his day at roll-call, and was in a state of intense activity from *sixteen to eighteen hours.* He ate little and slept little, yet never flagged, and never gave out. Week after week, and seven days in the week, the same even high rate of energy was sustained. I suppose there were very few of the eight thousand officers and men of our division with whom in the time he was with us he did not talk, and with the majority of them more than once or twice.

AN IRRELIGIOUS COLONEL SUBDUED.

"It was almost magical the power he had over men. One of our chaplains, taking him to dine with him one day, found no member of his mess present beside himself but the colonel. Now this colonel was irreligious, immoral, and low-bred, and the chaplain feared to have Mr. Vassar say any thing to him, and I think had advised him to that effect. For a little while the earnest man held his peace; then pausing from his eating, said, 'My dear colonel, this is the first time I ever saw you, and perhaps we shall never meet again. I am sure you will not think it amiss if I ask you whether you have an interest in the great salvation?'

"The chaplain's heart leaped up into his mouth. He expected an explosion; but to his surprise the colonel answered the question as simply as it was asked, and with entire civility, and even thanked him for expressing such interest in his welfare. Dinner over, the colonel said, 'Sir, would you like to talk to the men?' Of course Uncle John said Yes, and the colonel absolutely spent half the afternoon in walking with him through the regiment, and introducing him to knots of soldiers here and there, with, 'Here's a gentleman who has something to say to you, and you had better listen to him, for I think he is a good man.' The chaplain followed them around in amazement, and could scarcely credit his senses. The colonel was not converted, but for the time he was subdued.

"During the winter of 1863-64 there was a great revival, and especially in the Third Corps. Meetings were held nightly and *thousands were converted.* Often, not knowing that Uncle John was present, I would be surprised to hear his voice from the rear of the chapel in exhortation. Perhaps that would be the sixth meeting that he had attended that evening."

AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

the Tract Society sent Mr. Vassar to work in Virginia, and afterward to the Carolinas, Tennessee, and Kentucky. Everywhere his work was the same and was abundantly blessed by God. From there he went out West, and in the cabins of Colorado miners he proclaimed the same message of the Gospel. At San Francisco, and even in Salt Lake City, he told the same glad news, and sought with unabated energy to win souls. The following winter he worked in Florida, and the succeeding summer in Kansas.

No place was too distant for him; no toil, however unpromising, did he feel afraid to undertake, trusting only in the strength which had never failed him—the strength of his Master. Seven years more labor did this gallant soldier of the Cross perform, in which he was blessed with a success far beyond that of any other seven years of his work. The record of those years is full of interesting incidents of opposition overcome and of conversions taking place among those whose hostility to the gospel was open and avowed. Our space forbids us to recount any of the details of that seven years' work. We must refer our readers to the interesting biography of Uncle John written by his nephew, from which the materials of this notice are drawn.

HIS LAST JOURNEY

was to New York in October, 1878. He had ardently desired to attend the Prophetic Conference at Dr. Tyng's church, but his friends believing that his enfeebled frame would not bear the journey and the excitement, protested against his visit. But Uncle John had long been an enthusiastic believer in the doctrines of the second coming and personal reign of his Lord, and it was felt that the disappointment he would suffer if he did not attend the Conference would do him more harm than the journey, and the old man had his way. His soul was gladdened by the meetings, and on his return he expressed the pleasure with which he had listened to the eloquent speakers who had enunciated the doctrines which for so many years he had held dear.

But it was clear that the brave man's work was done. He gradually and peacefully sank, his mind keeping clear to the last. Resigned and cheerfully acquiescent to the Divine will, he lay waiting the summons. It came at last, and on December 9th, 1878, with the word "Hallelujah" on his lips, he went to meet his Lord.

There is no need for eulogium on Mr. Vassar's work or his character. The simple record tells its own tale. Numbers of which there is no record on the earth, some of whom are still laboring for Christ here, and others who preceded him to glory, have acknowledged, with devout thankfulness, that his pressing, earnest, personal appeals first attracted them to the Saviour, and that through his instrumentality their names are written in the book of life. Mr. Vassar sought no glory for himself, he only desired that his Master should be glorified, and he gave his life to that one object. He has entered into his rest and "his works do follow him."

The life of John Vassar, to which we have alluded, is a volume of 260 pages, every one of which is full of interest. It is a graphic portraiture of the man and his work. In the foregoing notice we have culled a flower here and there, but numbers of beautiful and touching incidents with which the book teems we have necessarily left unnoticed. We cordially recommend it to our readers. It is obtainable from all booksellers in the United Kingdom as well as in this country; and a copy will be forwarded, on receipt of one dollar, by Mr. Walter B. Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. We are pleased to learn that one of the Boards of Colportage in Edinburgh, Scotland, contemplate purchasing 10,000 copies for circulation there.

THE LAST NIGHT.

An Evening Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Specially Reported for the "Christian Herald."

"The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"—LUKE 12: 16-20.

A Successful Man—God Called him a fool—Prosperity like Salt Water—The Rich Man's Exit from the World—I. Its Contrast with his Life—The Roughest of all Constables—Dr. Johnson on Death—II. It was a Sudden Exit—A Scotch Minister's Death at Breakfast—Night Death's Favorite Time—III. He was Unprepared for it—Yet a Smart Man—He had Time to Make Provision—The Good Man Unhurt by Death—He Goes to a Wedding—The Rich Man a Fool for ever—Where will you Spend Eternity?

THIS Scripture narrative introduces us into a fine farm-house. The occupant has been wonderfully successful. He has not made his money by business dodges. He has never "*cornered*" anybody in stocks. He never lent money on a mortgage with the understanding that it might lie quiet for several years, and then, as soon as the mortgage was recorded, went down to begin foreclosure. He never got up *a bogus company*, sold the shares, and then backed out in time to save himself, leaving the widows and orphans in the lurch, wondering why there were no dividends.

As far as I can tell, he was an honest, industrious, enterprising man. The crops were coming in. The mow and the granary were full, and the men and oxen tugged away at their loads. But the matter was a great perplexity. After you have gone to the trouble to raise a crop you want some place to put it. Enlargement is the word. I see him calculating, by the light of a torch, how much extension of room is needed. So many loads of corn; so many of wheat. It must be so many feet front, and so many feet deep. He says, "When I get the new building done I shall have every thing. Nothing then for me to do but to enjoy myself."

In anticipation of the barn enlarged, he folds his arms and says, "If anybody in all the world is prosperous and happy, I am that man." But *his ear is stunned* with the words, "Thou fool!" "Where did the voice come from? Who dares say that to me, the first man in all this country?" It was the voice of God! "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!"

What was the malady that took him away—whether apoplexy or some mysterious disease that the doctors could not account for—I know not. But that night he expired. He never built the extension. Before the remaining sheaves had been gathered he was himself reaped. They hauled in no loads of grain on the next day; but a long procession (for successful men always have big funerals) followed him out to burial. If the world expressed its sentiments in regard to him, it put over his grave, "Here lies interred a successful man, of great enterprise and influence; and he departs mourned by the whole neighborhood. Peace to his ashes!"

God wrote over his grave, and on his barn-door,

AN EPITAPH OF FOUR LETTERS—

"FOOL." That the Divine epitaph was correct, I infer from the fact that this man had lived so many years and made no preparation for the future; and because he was postponing every thing until he got larger barns. Additional barn-room could not make him happy.

Show me the man made happy by worldly accumulation. Who are the men who have the most anxiety, and work the hardest? The millionaires. Men work harder after they get five hundred thousand dollars than before. They work less at a hundred thousand dollars; still less at fifty thousand; still less at forty; still less at thirty; still less at five thousand dollars; and least of all when they have a salary to live on. The men who have the greatest freedom from care are those who live on their day's wages. *Prosperity is like salt water*—the more you drink of it the thirstier you are. "Soul, take thine ease."

Ah! did a man ever give ease to his soul by such a process? The soul is a spirit. Can material things be expected to feed it? Can the soul eat wheat, or corn, or hardware? What if a man going to San Francisco should make preparation for his comfort from here to Hoboken, and no farther? Would you not call him a fool? But this man, about starting on an everlasting journey, makes no preparation except for this life. The distance from here to the grave is smaller, when compared with eternity, than the distance from here to Hoboken is small, compared with the thousands of miles between here and San Francisco. This man had only thought of the three or four yards of human life, and regarded not the millions of furlongs stretching out into the infinite.

I wish to make two or three remarks about this man's exit from the world.

I. It was in *strong contrast with his life.* His surroundings were as bright as could be. We know more about his barns than his house, but I judge of the style of his house from that of his barn. Men do not take better care of their horses and cattle than of themselves. The house was full of comforts and luxuries. When the table was spread, there was every thing on it to administer to his appetite. The wines were of the best—so long confined that they opened with violent hiss and explosion. The country, not overrun with hunters, sent its best game to the table. The fishermen brought him the best product of the stream, for he could give any price.

If he had a family (and I suppose he had; for most thrifty men have a reason at home why they succeed), they lacked no luxury of wardrobe. When visitors came to that house, the master, no doubt, would take them out and say, "There are twenty acres of grain, ten acres of corn, fifteen acres of grove. See those sheep down in that valley. See those cattle on that hill. *All mine!* Come and look at those fig-trees. There are some figs ripe. *Help yourself. Plenty of them.* See how those grape-vines thrive—and these pomegranates!" Abundance of every thing. Plenty to eat; plenty to wear; and plenty to congratulate. Yet, amid all that, he dies!

HOW IMPUDENT DEATH IS!

It would not seem so bold if it went into that fisherman's hut and took a life. But here it comes stumbling along, not stopping to look at the full barns, or to examine the olives, or to count the herds. It does not even knock. It goes in, as though it owned the whole place, and says, "Come; you must go with me!" Death is *the roughest of all constables*, and makes an arrest without an explanation. The man says, "Wait until I get that new barn done." "No!" "Wait until I settle with my men." "No!" "Wait until I can sell out, and get my estate in better trim." "No!" "Wait until I make my will." "No!" "Wait until I can get prepared." "No!" Death says, "I wait for nothing. I shall touch you twice, and then you will be mine; once on the heart and then on the lungs. There! the pulsation is quiet. There! the breath is gone." "What shall we do with him?" ask the neighbors. "I don't care what you do with him," says Death; "I have done my work; now you can do yours."

Dr. Johnson, having ridden around the park of his friend, said to him, "Ah, my friend, these are the things that make it so hard to die."

What then? Is elegance of surrounding no defence? Cannot a man hide in his full barns or in his rich wardrobe? No! "They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches—none of them any means redeem his brother, nor give a ransom for him, that he should live and not see corruption." Prince Albert b his last in Windsor Castle; and Charles I falls back senseless at his table at Gadshil Albert Barnes expires in a Philadelphia and Willie Lincoln falls asleep in the House; and the successful man of this t his soul required of him in the night tim

II. The man of the text *made sudd* There was no long lane leading up to this

The only warning which he got was on night. It was not a gradual wasting awa

A SHOCK

—and all over. How startled were hands on his place to hear of it. The ne knew not what to make of it. But th surprised one of all was the man himself. moval from this world is always sudden. heard of rare cases where persons said, " day of such a month will be my last;" was so. But the man of the text was n amazed than most people.

Even the most confirmed invalids expe well. They expect some new effect o cines, or a new style of doctor, or a ch climate, will help them. It is while men culating on long days that that decisi comes—while they are expecting an enla of business accommodations, or are ge their crops, or are trying to draft a n —suddenly. And why not? Hold that exquisite ware, and let it drop on the pa

How long does it take to shiver it? not that the delicate bowl of life was br the fountain. Our life is of such delicat anism, so finely poised, so hair-strung, t least collision is fatal. The wonder is th such exquisite machinery, the pivots oftener slip, and the spring break, and works instantly crash. The vast majori race go out of this life without a physic They flash away. You cannot calculate t ity of the time between when the arro the bow and when it strikes the target.

A minister of Scotland, when at b asked for something more to eat, and started to get it, but he cried out, "Hold my Master calleth me. I have breakfas you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus t And as quick as that he was gone. Th train rushes along toward Norwalk brid draw is off. Down the train plunges. a miner, not aware of the foul air of t strikes a match. Instantly two hundred in eternity.

IT WAS NIGHT

when the man of the text went. So it when most of our race depart. A vast of the race die between eleven and thre at night. There seems something in th phere at that time to loosen the grasp and soul. Nearly all of my friends have g in the night. The most of those who di way accident die in the night, because impediment on the track is not seen. is that the flame gets headway before it ered. Then the burglar and the assass sisted by the darkness. The first-born perished in the night. Sennacherib's h the night. Like the man of the text, th the race are called away in the night.

I know not what had been the charac last day this man of the text had lived— it was sunshine or rainy, interesting But I know about the night. It was night. It was a thrilling night. tremendous night. As the voice of comes rushing through the darkness, his pen. He forgets his big barn an sheltered crops. "*This night thy sou* required of thee."

III. The most remarkable thing abou was that *he was unprepared for it.* It *lack of brain* that kept him in unpre A man who could make money as could was not lacking in sharpness. what to plant, and how to culture wh

He was not one of the dead-and-alive o make no progress. His barns were ough before, but they are too small now, ops all the time growing.

as what Americans call "smart," and e English would call "clever." Now, who knows enough to do business knows to save his soul. All of the idiots will l at last.

HE WAS NOT AN IDIOT.

s! how many men are wise for time and for eternity. They know enough when a thing to get the worth of it; but ter away an immortal soul for nothing. ave *every thing insured but their souls.* e careful to have all their titles good ex- t for heaven.

are prompt in their engagements with nd brokers, but fail in their obligations They pull down their barns and build to hold the increasing crops, but have er for their souls so good as a barn. If hould come at them with a sly game, and eat them out of a hundred dollars, they y, "*No you don't!* I see what you are at!" But they allow Satan to swindle t of all the riches of heaven.

er was it *lack of time* that ushered the he text into the last hour unarmed. I he was very busy. Early up and late to erseeing the workmen. From the way ent on about that place, I know he fter his own business, and had plenty to might he not rather have had fifty of wheat less than be caught in the last such a miserable predicament? Yes, ime enough, as every man has, to pre- self for the future. Men talk as though, to get prepared for eternity, they must month or a year to go and sit down and pray.

my hearers, a prayer to God is just as le while on your way to Fulton Ferry, w morning, as in your house on your . A thought about God in Wall Street is elevating as in church on Sunday. s not a cloud that touches only the top igh mountain; *it touches earth all over.* man who has time to eat, or sleep, or s time to be saved. Yet this rich man prepared. He fell: not as a man who stumbles on a road, but as men fall- some Alpine cliff have been watched easantry as they go down—a thousand rling in the air—dashed on the rocks. nan, from the tip-top of worldly pros- ipped and fell.

en centuries have passed since that he. The body of that rich farmer has ughly gone to dust that no one sus- ere it is. But his soul still lives—lives vely than yours or mine. And he re- , as though it were only an hour ago, endous impression of that moment, desperate unpreparedness, there came nto his ears, "This night thy soul shall ed of thee."

een this and five or six o'clock to-mor- ing, the same voice should accost our uld it find us likewise disconcerted? say for many of you. You are not so sed for this world as you are for the at dress you have on will wear out— of fashion—but the robe of Christ's ness will never wear out, for the latest eaven wear the same pattern as the I do not mean to say that you are sin- Christ has made it all right. He has ansfer of your sins and iniquities, so ought to think of leaving this world u think of going *to a wedding.* It is a the marriage of the King's Son. h does death

HURT A GOOD MAN?

much as the tip of his little finger. in letting you down into your last ace shall be scratched in the hand with nall be more damaged than you by he grandest place on earth to sleep, the softest pillow and coverlets, are in the Christian's grave. Jesus took His death-robe and folded it up.

As He came out of the grave He would have cast off his shroud and thrown it into the corner of the tomb, if it were never to be used again. But He knew that you and I would want to sleep there after a while; and so He took His death-garments and folded them up, so that the covering might be ready for us. It shall not be eagles'-down that we rest on, but something softer and warmer than that. It is what David calls the "feathers of the Almighty."

If there is any one on earth that is to be envied, it is *the man who dies well.* Among the eight persons who stood around my father's death-bed, not one was as well off as he. For eighty-four years he had served God as few serve Him. What had he to fear? I do not think he had been so glad sixty-two years before—on his marriage-day—as he was that night, as he was about to go to join her with whom he had companioned for fifty-five years. God said to him, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," and his answer was, "I feel well—very well.

ALL IS WELL.

Peace! Peace!"

But not that way do all men make their departure. Men ought to have their worldly affairs settled so that the executors and administrators will not be confounded; and so that what they have honestly earned be not scattered among those who have no right to it. If the sudden announcement should be made to you to-night, what would be the state of your families? Have you done all that you can do to fit them for heaven?

Could you feel, "Whatever I, as father or mother, could do, I have done. They will remember how I prayed for them and talked with them; and when they look at my picture they will say, 'That was a Christian parent. I want to go in the same way, and gain the same heaven!'" The keys of this organ are twelve feet from the organ pipes; but every time those keys are touched the pipes respond. So these parents are now exercising influences which will respond far on in the eternity of their children. If the play any anthem now, it will be an anthem then. If they play a dirge now, it will be a dirge forever.

But worst of all, I want to know what is to become of you personally. *This may be your last sermon.* The concluding song of to-night may be your last song. This may be your last night; and in such case, "this night thy soul shall be required of thee." What then? Into what scenes would you be introduced? Would you go where your children, and kindred, and friends have gone, or where the man of the text went? They who die without Christ are so thoroughly ruined that they never get over it. The man of the text is to-night just where he was eighteen hundred years ago. Thousands of Gospel calls have been uttered since then. He has not heard one of them. He has been gathering in his crops ever since. But it is

A HARVEST

of everlasting wretchedness. God called him a *fool* in his last hour; and he who dies a fool is a fool forever.

So I ask you, Where will you spend eternity? Oh, prepare for it. Leave it not until the last hour. Leave it not until you become ill; you may never be ill. Leave it not until you get more time; you may never get more time. Leave it not until you get old; you may never get old. Leave it not until the Holy Spirit strives more powerfully; it may never strive again. Leave it not until to-morrow. This night—*this night*—thy soul may be required of thee. And suppose, in that moment, you should say, "Wait until I can kneel down and say my prayers." Death would respond, "No time now to say your prayers." "Wait until I get my friends together, and bid them good-by." Death would say, "You cannot stop to bid them good-by." "But I cannot go into eternity with all these sins about me. Give me time to repent." Death would say, "Too late to repent! *This night* thy soul is required. Yea, *this hour!* Yea, *this minute!* Yea, *this second!*"

Blessed be God, mercy is free. Bought by the blood of Jesus, you have only to believe in Him and be saved. The price is paid. What more is needed by the infinite justice of God than the life-blood of His own Son? Look, I beseech you, look unto Him, and be ye saved. Death, judgment, eternity, are all real; but, praise God, it is real, too, that Jesus died for you: and "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3 : 18).

DR. TALMAGE was absent from the Tabernacle last Sunday; we therefore publish this week an evening sermon specially reported for the CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A SCEPTIC'S DEATHBED.

A True Narrative.

MR. A. lived in London. He was a man of considerable abilities, successful in business, and possessed considerable property; his manners were gentlemanly, and being lively and gay, as well as good tempered, his company was much sought after. With these advantages (to which may be added, very excellent health and an agreeable person) it is not surprising that he was what the world usually calls a happy man, but we must add that he was, in the fullest sense of the word, an infidel and a blasphemer. His greatest pleasure was to laugh at religion, and to burlesque the Bible.

In company he eagerly seized every opportunity of declaring his sentiments, and of laughing at and deriding any person who professed religion. The blasphemies he uttered upon these occasions frequently were such as to strike with horror not only the persons who were the subjects of his jokes, but also the rest of the company; and to such lengths did he proceed that the more moderate of his friends (although not religious characters) when inviting him to their parties, would sometimes require him to promise that he would for the time refrain from profane discourse, which promise, when given, he would strictly observe.

Thus he went on for several years, enjoying a state of strong health, and every circumstance which could contribute to his worldly gratification. At length he was attacked by a severe illness. In a few days the progress of the disease was rapid; he was alarmed, and eagerly inquired whether he was supposed to be in danger. His friends, observing his alarm, and fearing a knowledge of the real state of the case would hasten his end, concealed his danger from him, endeavoring to assure him that his illness would soon abate. At length he was considered as decidedly past hope of recovery, and it became necessary to acquaint him with his danger. His friends did this in the mildest manner; but the truth could be no longer concealed—*he now saw his awful state.*

Instantly he broke out into the most dreadful exclamations, crying out that *his soul was lost,* and for some hours continued to repeat similar expressions, at the same time groaning deeply, and expressed the most earnest desire that his life might be spared for a year, for a month, *or even for a week, that he might declare he was convinced of the falsehood of his former opinions.* In this state he continued for some time.

At length he cried out, "*I am sinking into hell! Oh! the burning—the burning—the torments of hell!*" This and similar exclamations he continued to utter while life lasted (for about thirty hours longer), shrieking and groaning so dreadfully that his friends all fled his bedside, and even the nurse could scarcely be induced to continue in the room. At length he expired on the third day after his danger was communicated to him, the whole interval having been a continued scene of horror and despair which the pen fails to describe and the imagination is unable fully to conceive.

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 103.)

Percival Goes to the Bank to try to Unravel a Mystery—He Finds that Arthur Lemaire had Forged his Name—He Consults with Alick Gogharty about it—Alick Promises to Arrange the Matter.

Percival having read the note which the bank manager had sent him, advising him that an acceptance had been presented for discount, studied the dark problem for some time, and finding a probable explanation altogether undiscoverable, he came to the conclusion that the best step to take would be to go to the bank *instanter*, and demand the purport of the manager's note. Finding, upon looking at his watch, that an hour would elapse before bank closing time, he hurried to a cab-stand, and, hiring a vehicle, told the man to drive him in the direction of Dame Street as fast as possible. Upon asking in the cash-office to see the manager of the bank, he was speedily ushered into that, to many persons, most august presence. We so describe it, for perhaps few men have more to do, humanly speaking, in the decisions of mundane fate than bank managers. When the scales of destiny waver in the balance, that is, in a money point of view (and how much has money to do in the life of mortals !), whether the descending scale shall be to immediate bankruptcy, or to a further lease of commercial existence, or even to a retrieve of fortune, depends often very much upon the awful frown or propitious nod of a bank manager.

"I have called about that note you have been kind enough to send me early in the day," said Percival; "but, to tell you the truth, sir, I don't understand a word of it, and I have taken the liberty of coming to ask you for an explanation."

The manager's idea was that Percival was nettled by the return of his acceptance in the forenoon of the day, and had come to administer a rebuke. He therefore began to apologize for the act, and to explain that the conduct of the bank toward his name was not an exceptional case, but one dictated by a general rule, laid down for the present on account of the critical financial hour. But Percival, as soon as courtesy permitted, interrupted him, and surprised him beyond measure by declaring that no acceptance of his was existent in the world.

"I think you surely must speak, sir, from a lapse of memory," said the manager. "Pardon me, sir, for saying so. I would not without good grounds. Why, I had an acceptance of yours in my hand no later than this morning, and another, to my knowledge, is this moment in the safe of the bank."

Percival was astounded at this assertion—one, too, so distinctly and firmly made. A dreadful suspicion rushed in upon his mind, but a suspicion which he would not for the world wish to come to the knowledge of the bank manager; it would lead to issues which he durst not contemplate; he therefore, though with difficulty, smothered his emotion, and in as calm a voice as he could command asked as a favor to be allowed to see the note of hand which the manager had stated was in possession of the bank.

"Oh, of course," replied the manager. "Its term will not expire for another week, but I can easily lay my hand upon it, and give you sight of it. Pardon me for a moment or two, and I will myself fetch it." The manager soon returned to his private room, where Percival was sitting, with the forgery in his hand. Aye, there it was—the draft at four months of Arthur Lemaire (not of the father, as Percival had for a moment, in spite of himself, dreaded)—the draft of Arthur Lemaire for 3000*l*., accepted in due form by Arnold Percival Montaigne. The manager scrutinized the face of Percival, as he glanced over the front and back of the wretched document.

"It's all right, is it not?" said the bank official, and the question was one which Percival found it immensely difficult to answer. The word "Yes" would bind him to pay it if Arthur Lemaire, as was likely, could not meet it, and he could not tell how many forgeries besides might be in other banking firms for similar sums; and, on the other hand, the word "No" would make the brother of Lucie a felon, and would likely end in breaking her heart. He paused long, to the manager's evident surprise, before he could hit upon any reply at all to the awkward query, so directly and point blank put to him. And then he could only find a halting answer. "I do not clearly remember having seen this document before," he said; "but, as I see it has yet seven days to run, I shall have ample time to brush up my memory;" and to save his truthfulness he added, "if needs be, and before the week is out, Mr. Munroe, I shall call again upon you."

The manager thought it exceedingly strange that a bill for so large an amount could have been signed without recollection. He did not know, however, anything of Percival's habits, whether they were regular or otherwise. When under the influence of wine, at a gaming-table, or anything of that kind, young men, he was aware, did upon occasions what they were not fully conscious of, and for all that he could tell, an occurrence of this sort would explain Percival's obliviousness. "Very well, Mr. Montaigne," he said; "at your convenience I shall be happy to see you."

When Percival got into the street, trembling with excitement, his first thought was to hasten to Alick, whose rooms were not far off, and who he knew was up from the country and in the city. Alick, when Percival entered his room, rose to meet him. At first he was going to exercise a little badinage—was, indeed, preparing to joke him about Jemmy Mehaffy's wedding as the precursor of his own—but Percival's grave look and bloodless cheek gave him to perceive that something calamitous had happened.

"Bless me! what's the matter, Percival?" he asked, in alarm. "I hope, old fellow, nothing so serious as your look would indicate." He replied, "Alick, Arthur Lemaire has forged my name to a bill. It is in the hands of the Bank of ——; I have just seen it, and handled it, so there is no doubt about it. And, oh, what am I to do, Alick? I have come to ask you, for I am so agitated I cannot think. If I let his guilty act be known it will be his ruin, and will blight beyond recovery the happy and innocent lives of those I love." And at the thought of this the young man, in mental anguish, bowed his head and sank, faint, into a chair.

Arthur Lemaire had been no favorite with Alick, and especially since the indication of his character furnished him by Arthur's words and conduct at the period of Percival's imprisonment. From prudential reasons, however, and to keep matters pleasant for Percival in connection with the Lemaire family circle, he had never talked about this matter with his friend. He deemed Arthur Lemaire a man of a selfish, unreliable, and shallow soul—one, in fact, who had no claim on another's forbearance and sympathy.

"It will, no doubt, be fearfully distressing to his connections, Percival," he said; "but, in my opinion, you should just let the matter take its course. It would not be fair to yourself, my dear friend," he added, as he saw tokens of disapproval of his advice on Percival's face, "nor would it be just to society at large, you know, to shield a forger from his due, and, above all, one who, it is plain, means to take a base advantage of your peculiar position as regards the Lemaires. Depend upon it, he calculates upon your presumed weakness, Percival, in thus making free with your signature. Leave him, then, to his fate, Percival, and show him his mistake. The law is just. Take my advice, and let it, therefore, deal with him. You may rest assured he will be called to bear nothing but his desert."

"But then, Alick," replied Percival, in great
anxiety, "look at the consequences which
an exposure as that would bring about.
father is innocent—and his poor mother a
own loved one, Lucie—and Arthur Lem
conviction would bring sorrow and shame
the whole household. No, Alick, I shall
be a party to such domestic ruin as that
entail. I cannot bear even to think of it.
no, Alick, I must, I see, meet the bill, w
comes due, as though it were genuin
thus ward off the dreadful blow."

"What is the amount of the bill?" in
Alick.

"Three thousand pounds," answered Pe

"A pretty smart sum," remarked
"and, for aught you know, it is not th
one in the market. There may be a dozen
for anything you can tell, for I kno
Arthur Lemaire of late has been rather
his purchases of land. Are you prepared
up in succession all his forgeries, Perciva
ever numerous they be?—for it seems to
if you act as you say, it is something
kind that you must contemplate."

Such an eventuality, however, Perciv
not considered. Three thousand pound
sum he could easily meet, and he would
ing to sacrifice as much for Lucie's sak
the peradventure of ten times that amou
a thing not to be thought of, and it made
olution stagger. "I would fain hope,"
"that the acceptance I have seen is the o
in which Arthur has committed himself.
then at the instant he recalled to mind
posing fact that another note of hand fo
sum, purporting to be his, had been pr
by Arthur at the bank that very m
"Alick! Alick!" he exclaimed bitterly.
overwhelmed with dismay and sinking t
the floods are beating high and furious
head, and I could wish, if it were God's
die."

After an interval of oppressive silence
"I cannot bear the dreadful suspense I
It is intolerable; and yet I feel that I
end it by going to Arthur Lemaire mys
interview would be too painful, and, ir
is almost certain he would avoid me.
will you add to my heavy load of oblig
you by seeking an interview with him
him, Alick, wherever he is, and tell
dreadful discovery I have made, and be
once to confess the whole of his crime.
find he has only fraudulently pledged n
for the amount that has been mentione
even double that sum, and that from
funds he is in jeopardy, tell him that,
reprobate his criminal act, I will mee
ceptances as though they were really
and that I will do this to save the hono
utation of the name he bears, and, abov
the sake of Lucie. Will you, dear fr
this," Percival repeated, "and add uns
to your good services toward me?"

"I will," promptly responded Alick.
a little thought he added, "I must ma
ever, one condition, Percival."
that?" he was asked. "This," sai
"that Arthur Lemaire be required to
promise to leave the country, and
making a new beginning to his life in c
colonies. Believe me, Percival, you ca
safety to yourself permit him to remair
think I know pretty well what he is.
ten to one that, let off scot free now,
scare is for some time over, he will, w
new temptation urges, lend himself t
acts to the present, especially as he
from what you now propose to do, the
he may assure himself of from your
the Lemaire family. Yes, Percival, I r
insist upon your getting him to the ar

"It will be hard, very hard, upon
mother," said Percival sorrowfully,
an only son. And yet perhaps, after a
right, Alick," he added, after some
"Not to speak of myself, duty to soci
to dictate some such course. And per
it will be better on the whole, too, f

nse for I cannot think he could ever feel at ease and comfortable near those who he was aware had knowledge of his disgraceful and nin weakness. Yes; you may impose the condition you have named, and I know, Alick, I trust you to do it graciously. I'll walk with you toward Mr. Lemaire's house as far as my in, Alick, and will await you there to learn the result of your interview; and may He who can bring good out of even the worst evil open up to some fitting escape from this wretched ine."

(*To be continued.*)

THE TRUE BRIDE WAITING FOR CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

By Lord Radstock.

Two Contrasted Pictures—A False Bride and a True—Types of Two Classes of Christians—All the Ten Virgins Went Forth—The Influence of the Second Advent Faith on Daily Life.

Christians really held Second Advent truth in the full power of the Holy Ghost, I believe their testimony would go forth with mighty energy throughout the land. If those of us who have obtained pardon for our sins through the precious blood of Christ, possessed that deep spiritual realization of His speedy Coming which we should do, there would be a mighty awakening of the Church of God. We shall do well to give more diligent and prayerful heed to the sure word of Prophecy which is as a light shining in a dark place.

There is one thought to which I desire to call attention. We have in the Book of Revelation TWO CONTRASTED PICTURES—a False Bride and a True Bride (Rev. 17 and 12). This is the Woman arrayed in purple and scarlet, decked with gold and precious stones and pearls—a counterfeit Bride, professing to belong to Jesus but in reality sold to the world, having the outward appearance of religiousness, but with the heart set upon earthly riches and enjoyment and worldly grandeur. The other is a woman clothed with the Sun, and with the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars—the true Bride of Christ, heavenly in her appearance and character, and with affections set on things above, and not on things of the earth.

Now, without entering into the strictly prophetic meaning of these emblems, may we not in a general sense regard them as apt representatives, on the one hand, of mere worldly, carnally-minded professors of Christianity who have the form of godliness but deny the power thereof, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; and, on the other hand, of those true Christians whose hopes are heavenly, and who can say like Paul, "Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body" (Philipp. 3 : 20)?

Now let each one of us settle in our own mind, in the sight of God, which of these TWO CLASSES OF CHRISTIANS we belong to; and whether we can truly say of ourselves "Our conversation is in heaven." Remember that this is *an intensely practical matter*. If we truly believe in the resurrection and ascension of Christ, and in His intercession for us at the right hand as our personal Saviour, and if our affections are fixed upon Him, the desire of our hearts will naturally be visibly to behold Him whom our soul loveth; especially as He has told us that He is coming back again to receive us unto Himself; that where He is, there we may be also (John 14 : 3).

In such case we shall feel that we are strangers and pilgrims on this earth, having here no continuing city, but seeking for one which is to come. I have often refused to give out to be sung by a general audience that hymn, "I'm but a stranger here; heaven is my home." I have felt it was a mockery for those words to be sung by persons who were wholly absorbed in the affairs of this life, and had little or no heart or disposition for the work of the Lord.

Is there not a lesson taught us in the prophetic parable of the Ten Virgins in Matthew 25 : 1–10? They are represented as at first ALL going forth to meet the Bridegroom in expectation of His Advent. All of them are therefore in some sense believers in His Second Coming, yet *they afterward slumber and sleep;* and in the end only half of them are found ready to enter into the marriage when the Bridegroom comes. There is then the solemn fact that even the foolish virgins, who will be shut out, once professed to wait for the Bridegroom. Let me ask you, Have you turned to God from idols (including, among the rest, covetousness which is idolatry) to serve the living and true God; and are you, in the power of the Holy Ghost, waiting for His Son from heaven? (1 Thess. 1 : 10). If so, your heart will not be seeking for or fixed upon an earthly resting-place; but you will have the spirit of the Bride who is not satisfied with anything but the Bridegroom; and you will be like the Thessalonians who received the Gospel, "not in word only, but also in power and the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance" (1 Thess. 1).

See to it that you are not in heart one with the False Bride, a mixture of worldliness and imaginary religiousness, but aim to be one of those who are marked with the very stamp, the very character, the very spirit of

THE ELECT BRIDE

adorned for her husband, indifferent about what the world thinks; not adorned for the world or heeding its opinion, but a bride adorned for her husband. One reason why the world so little heeds our testimony about *the speedy Coming of Christ* is, that we hold it so feebly and not sufficiently in the power of the Holy Ghost. We require to humble ourselves in earnest prayer before God on this account, and to ask Him for grace to be more faithful. Those who are really waiting in constant readiness for the Advent of Jesus should be able to say, as in the sight of God, "Every hour of my life is consecrated to the service of my Master, whether in this or that way; and I live as a servant of the Lord, continually waiting for His coming." Of such we may truly affirm, "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing" (Matt. 24 : 46).

In James 1 : 22, we read, "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." Now just in proportion as we apprehend the reality of the speedy return of our Lord and Master, and feel that it is no matter of mere opinion, but of actual fact; in the same proportion will our life and conversation be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ, and will give plain evidence to the unbelieving world of

THE PRACTICAL POWER

of this doctrine. In Acts 1 testimony was borne by angels that Christ will personally return to this earth. "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

Afterward on the Day of Pentecost in Acts 2 : 25–31, Peter, speaking of David's prophecy of the resurrection of Christ, that "God would not leave His soul in Hades, nor suffer His Holy One to see corruption," explained that David, being a prophet, predicted this resurrection of Christ because God hath sworn that of the seed of David according to the flesh Christ should be raised up to sit upon *the throne of David:* and then he further explained in verses 32 to 35 that Christ being thus raised from the dead is now exalted to the right hand of God in heaven, until His foes are made His footstool. But it is not until this future conquest and subjection of His foes that Christ will return from the right hand of God in heaven to sit upon the throne of David in Palestine, and to reign personally during the millennium of a thousand years, as the Son of David and King of Israel over all the twelve tribes of the Jewish nation converted and restored to their ancient land, as well as over the whole earth (Romans 1 : 3; 2 Tim. 2 : 8).

"OH, JIM, I'M SAVED, I KNOW I AM!"

ONE of the esteemed deaconesses of Mildmay Conference Hall, London, relates the following incident:

A few years ago a blacksmith was earning three pounds ($15) a week, but, alas! spending it in sin and intemperance. *His wife*, conscious of her attractive appearance, was wholly given to the world. Music-halls and theatres were her constant resort. Having a good voice she was herself a singer at one of the lower class of variety theatres. Her love of dress and jewelry was unbounded; and, yet worse, *swearing* had become with her a habit of speech. The wretched couple, as may be supposed, led a miserable life; in the husband's fits of intoxication he cruelly beat and kicked his wife, and she returned angry words.

At this time a brother of the wife was brought to his last illness by his excesses. A missionary visited him, but the *terrible agony of his closing days*, and his fearful shrinking from death made an impression on the sister's mind never to be removed. She became deeply conscious of her sins, and resolved, among other good resolutions, to leave off swearing; but the force of habit again and again overcame her. She became ill, but refused the advice of a neighbor to apply to the Medical Mission, although her husband was incapacitated from work by a *bad foot*, which was subsequently *amputated*.

She dreaded "the preaching," but at length gave way, and went. She afterward joined the mothers' meeting and Bible class, admiring all she saw, yet apparently with her heart untouched. At one of the prayer-meetings, however, the *awfulness of appearing before God unforgiven* thoroughly aroused her. She could not go to bed that night, fearing to wake up in hell.

One of the deaconesses, hearing of her state, visited her and put the Gospel before her, speaking to her husband at the same time, and urging him to pray, to which he replied that he was "too bad to do so." At this time he opposed his wife's attendance at the meeting, but admitted that there was a marked improvement in her conduct and temper.

"Annie, you're better tempered than you used to be."

"Oh, Jim!" she said, with tears, "I *am* trying to be good, but it's very hard, and it's time for you to do the same, for we've been a wicked pair."

One or two of the workers tried to lead the burdened woman to the cross, and when at last the full glory of it shone into her soul, she *danced for joy*, exclaiming, "*Oh, Jim, Jim, I'm saved, I'm saved; I'm forgiven, I know I am!*" And from that time her peace was as a river, under a sense of the greatness of the pardon which could blot out sin of so deep a dye. Still her husband laughed at her as mad, and threatened to prevent her going to the Bible classes, to which she replied, "Jim, if I were dressing to go to a theatre or concert-room you wouldn't debar me from going; you had better follow me now."

Strange to say the half-drunken man *did* follow his wife, and was thoroughly sobered by what he heard. Sin was found by him to be "exceeding sinful;" and at length *he too rejoiced in the free pardoning love* of God in Christ.

Since then they have both lived most consistent, earnest lives. He has had to pass years of suffering, which can only end with the dissolution of the body. During the ten months spent in St. Bartholomew's Hospital he *testified for Christ*, and was blessed to more than one of his fellow-patients, and the delicate man who hobbles about with one leg on crutches is respected by all. In that poor home love and contentment dwell, the children are daily instructed in the Scriptures; and as we look at the bright testimony of the parents in daily life we can only exclaim, in admiration of the mighty power of grace, "What hath God wrought?" "Brands plucked from the burning to show forth His praise."

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, February 11th, at **4.40 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Interoceanic Canal has been the Principal subject before Congress during the past week. The Senate has adopted a resolution calling on the President for copies of recent correspondence on the subject. It is generally believed that President Hayes holds decided opinions in favor of enforcing the Monroe doctrine with regard to the canal, and that he will at the fitting time give unequivocal expression to them.

A proclamation was issued by the President on February 12th, warning persons contemplating settling on the *Indian Territory* that such an act was illegal, and that prompt measures would be taken to remove them from the Territory should they enter it, and that " if necessary the aid and assistance of the military will be invoked to carry the laws on the subject into execution." The proclamation has given rise to considerable discussion, but the general impression prevailing is that the President is in earnest, and his warning is no empty form.

Some amusement has been produced at Washington by a personal matter. It seems that a Senator objected to the appointment of a Rev. Mr. Simmons to the office of census supervisor, and gave as his reason that in his letter of application Mr. Simmons had spelled "excellency" with one "l." It has been discovered that the Senator who considered correct spelling so important in a recent communication spelled "marshal" with two ll's, and "controversy" "controversy."

The Real Secret of the Indian Trouble appears to be that the law of the United States does not recognize the Indian as a person. He has no acknowledged claim for legal protection, and he cannot own land. If a wrong is done to his person or his property he cannot sue for compensation, and though he may cultivate land he has no title to it, and may be removed from it when it suits the white man to enter into the fruits of his labor. What wonder under these circumstances that the red man is dissatisfied, discontented, sees no hope in his life, and gives trouble! It appears that Judge Dundy, of the United States District Court of Nebraska, has decided that the Indian *is* a person in the eyes of the law, but his decision has been contested and overruled by the Government. Now that public opinion has forced the Indian Bureau to put its house in order, it would be a good time to agitate the question why the Indian should be excluded from the rights enjoyed by other citizens. So long as right and justice are absent in our relations to the Indian, so long will he be a thorn in the side of the government, and so long shall we as a nation be responsible for crimes committed in our name by unscrupulous officials.

The Irish Famine Relief Fund instituted by the *New York Herald* has so thoroughly commanded the confidence of the American people, that in ten days more than *one hundred thousand dollars* have been added to it and the money is still coming in. The Duchess of Marlborough has applied to the proprietor of the *Herald* for the privilege of distributing the money, but he has deemed it inexpedient to accede to her request. He proposes to disburse the large sum through a committee representing all classes, and has even been so magnanimous as to invite Mr. Parnell to be one of its members, in order that those starving families who are supporters of that gentleman may have a member on the committee who will see that their claims are not overlooked. The proprietor professes his desire that the only requisite necessary to give an applicant a claim on the American fund is *need*, and that none shall be denied relief on political or religious grounds.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have received during the first four months of the present financial year, terminating January 1st, donations amounting to $92,656.39, and legacies, $23,613.68, making a total of $116,270.07, which is an advance of nearly $20,000 on the average receipts for the corresponding period during the past three years. It is satisfactory to learn that the Board has shared in the period of national prosperity, and it is hoped that the encouraging prospects for the remainder of the year will be realized.

Mr. Moody's Work at St. Louis has at length reached the masses of the people. Mr. Moody entreated the prayers of Christians for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and in answer to those prayers God has granted the blessing. The St. Louis correspondent of a contemporary writes: "The most notable of all the meetings has been the Monday morning *prayer-meeting of ministers*. The first one was a meeting which will not be forgotten by those who were in attendance. Mr. Moody himself came with the feeling that he was not enjoying the fulness of the blessing as he needed it for the work in hand. And nearly all the ministers were longing for more of the Holy Spirit, and with confession and strong outcrying to God for a personal blessing the time was spent. Tears, even to audible sobs, were the external evidence of the sincere exercises of soul within. Many have said that they were never in such a meeting before. The result has been that most of the ministers have been greatly blessed in their home work since, and the tidings have come from the meetings that the several churches are holding by themselves, that God is bringing numbers to Himself in places where Mr. Moody has not been at all. Mr. Moody's own meetings are also very successful, and many inquiries and conversions result."

Suicide on a Wife's Grave.—A man was found lying dead on his wife's grave in Queens County, L. I., on February 9th, from a wound in his head made by a pistol bullet. His revolver lay between his knees, and on his person there was this note: "Life without my beloved wife, who died on the 19th of last month, is now dark and of no value to me. It is useless for a man to live when he is tired of *all the pleasure the world has*, and when he is also tired of life. Would it be worth while to starve for such a future? I am going willingly to my grave, for I know it will unite us in the c grave. I say farewell to the whole world Many men have felt after bereavement that t remainder of life would in consequence be v dreary for them, and yet they have not co mitted suicide. But this man gives the key his despair when he says he has tired of " the pleasures the world has." Then when, s feited with pleasure, the day of trouble car there was no support or consolation left. H he possessed the living faith of a Christian, would, though sorrowing over his loss, not h been as those "who have no hope," but wo have waited in patience for that blessed when "those who sleep in Jesus will God br with Him" (1 Thess. 4 : 13).

A Noble Rescue was Effected near New Y on February 3d. A steam-tug was towin boat laden with sulphuric acid, when a viol hurricane swept across the river. The tug, f ing that both vessels would be lost if they mained connected, threw the rope which attac the boat and made for the creek between Bla well's Island and the Westchester shore. boat, with three men and a woman on board, thus left helpless and was cast on the rocks the island. The waves broke over the every minute, and it was clear that unless as ance was rendered the four lives would be At this juncture a steward and a few of the ployés in the Hospital seeing their danger se a yawl the storm had blown on shore, and tho unaccustomed to the work rowed at the ris their lives to the poor creatures on the ro All lives were saved, but in a few minute would have been *too late*, for the party were just safe when they saw the wrecked boat b in pieces and go down. Gratitude beyond pression must have been felt by the res party to those who had perilled their live save them; but how often do men forget the who came from Heaven and gave His lif save them from a far worse doom than that watery grave!

Boys Draw Inferences and are Shrewd servers, as was demonstrated in a Northern some time ago. A gentleman who had ent a restaurant to get a cup of tea, noticed bright boys poorly clad, and apparently frozen, looking with longing eyes at the do nuts exposed for sale. The coldness of evening, and the evident hunger of the prompted him to treat them to a supply of delicacy. Having accepted the gift, one of boys stepped up and thanked him for his ness, putting at the same time the sugg question, "Say, mister, do you keep a chur It was plain that the boy thought that kin betokened some connection with a church.

Bishop MacNamara is now in Boston pr ing and lecturing. His meetings are cro and much good is being done among the R Catholic people. In his first meeting in B he gave a sketch of his life. He said he w child of devout Roman Catholics, who des him for the priesthood. He was educated "*hedge schools*," so that nothing repugna Catholicism should ever be taught him. ing Ireland, he came to Boston, studied t while, then entered the seminary in St. In the seminary he read the Bible, whic kept as a reference-book, and out of that g first idea of defects in Catholicism. He w dained priest in Brooklyn, where he founde built a church. Visiting once the chapel Sailors' Home, in Cherry Street, he w much impressed by the pious exhortati the chaplain that he *threw himself upon hi* among the ignorant sailors and was conv He had already been censured by his eccle cal superiors for his liberal views, and n gan his career as an Independent Catholic

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contrib received up to Monday, Feb. 16th:

B. Aitken...
Bernard Rolfe, New York......................
D. Clinton Taylor, Oakland, Cal.............
J. G. T., Pittsburgh, Penn.....................
Forwarded to *New York Herald*..............

The Dying Words of Bishop Haven on January 3d to the Rev. Samuel Upham, who went to see him, were, "Preach a complete Gospel: a whole Christ, a whole heaven, a whole hell, the whole Bible from end to end." His physician on leaving said, "Good-night, bishop," and he answered, "Good-night: next time it will be *Good-morning*.'" Then he closed his eyes, and some thought the spirit had fled, but he opened them again, and looking at the Rev. Mr. Mallalieu, said, "I have been looking for the cold river, but *there is no river there;* only a broad plain leading up to the throne." Soon afterward his spirit crossed the "broad plain."

A Drunken Mother's Negligence has reulted in a horrible state of things. Emma Brest, the mother of several children, resides at Philadelphia, Pa. One of them, a little girl nine years old, was blind, and by reason of her affliction would have been the especial care of her mother had that mother been like other women. But Mrs. Brest is a drunkard, and all her children have been shamefully neglected. The little blind child was of course unable to help herself, and in consequence was the principal sufferer from her mother's propensities. After dragging on a pitiable existence for nine years, the little thing died from neglect. Some neighbors entering the house found the body of the child covered with vermin and *partially devoured by rats* in an upper room. The mother has been arrested and held for trial. This horrible narrative shows how indulgence in vice transforms even the natural affection of a mother, and degrades her to a lower level than that of the brutes.

Wounded by a Lead Pencil.—One of the trangest accidents on record occurred lately at Hartford, Conn. Some five weeks ago a man was noticed to stumble and fall. He immeditely became insensible, and on being taken home a surgeon discovered a slight wound in his body, close by the heart, and thought the man had been either stabbed or shot. A few days later the surgeons, who have watched the ase with much interest, probed the wound, and, o their astonishment, a whole lead pencil, which had been sharpened but once, was extracted. It had been in his vest pocket and had been driven into his body by the fall. The man is very weak, but it is thought he will recover.

A Biblical Precept was Pleaded as an Excuse or intoxication in the Essex Market Police Court, New York, on February 6th. A prisoner had been brought before the judge on a charge of being drunk, was released on the plea that the man had obeyed the injunction in Proverbs 31 : 7: 'Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." The judge seems o have overlooked the real meaning of the pasage, and also to have forgotten *an important element in the case*, namely, that while this man was drinking away his earnings his three children were almost starving in his deserted home. If he prisoner had been anxious to obey the other precepts of the Bible he would not have been araigned at the Police Court.

A Parental Monster has been Unearthed at Philadelphia. On January 31st a girl, fourteen ears of age, was seen to jump into the Delaware River, and was rescued by a passing boatman. The story she told her rescuer and repeated to he police deserves notice, as showing what deravity and degradation may exist unknown in he midst of a religious community. It seems he girl's father has lived *for several years* with his two daughters in a dilapidated little shanty. Dirt inches thick carpeted the floor. The only entilation was from a door and a window, three of whose panes were stuffed with old rags. They ad no visitors or friends, for the father allowed o intercourse whatever with the neighbors. They never went to school or to church. The man's only means of livelihood was catching tray dogs, which he would kill and boil and ender the fat. He compelled his children to ve on the meat of the dogs he caught. From heir infancy he had taught them to use the fat or butter, and they do not know the taste of eal butter. He made considerable money from selling the dogs' bones and skins, but never spent a cent, except for rags to cover his chilren's backs or to protect them from the cold when all three lay down at night in the one miserable bed made of rough boards. At meal-time their dog-meat was fished out of an old iron boiler and they sat on boxes to eat it. The girls often contemplated suicide. It is satisfactory to learn that the monster of a father has been committed to jail.

The Cipher Dispatch.—Dr. A. J. Gordon relates in *The Watchword* the history of a cipher dispatch. A number of gentlemen were engaged recently in raising funds for the endowment of a college professorship. It was suggested that an appeal be made to a wealthy friend of the college who had already given liberally to the institution. A request was accordingly sent, and the answer was telegraphed back immediately, "Put me down a cipher." To some persons that would have seemed a disappointing answer, but the gentleman who received the dispatch rightly understood it. He referred to the record of the last subscription from his correspondent and added a cipher to that amount. Then the cipher became valuable; it raised the sum from *one thousand* dollars to *ten thousand*. So the Christian feels himself to be nothing, a mere cipher, but Christ at the head of the church being all and in all, His merits extend their value to every member who has been added to Him by faith.

A Railroad Conductor Underwent a Trying ordeal some time ago. He was an industrious man, and had worked his way up to the position he held by nine years, good conduct as brakeman. He received notice that the company had agreed to run a circus train into the city in which he lived, and it was timed to arrive there about midday *on* Sunday. The notice stated that he had been appointed to take charge of the train. The conductor was a Christian and a Sunday-school teacher. He had to consider, besides his own scruples of conscience, the effect his presence on the train would have on those who looked to him for an example. He sought earnestly Divine guidance, for it was hard to throw away his nine years' labor by refusing to run the train and so losing his situation. At length his duty became clear.

He went to the office and walked up to the manager, and said in a respectful tone: "I have been detailed to run the circus train Sunday morning, and I cannot do it on the Sabbath." To his profound astonishment the manager looked him full in the face and said: "*You!* been detailed to run *Sunday trains!* I am surprised! You go right home, and don't you worry about Sunday trains." He has never been detailed for Sunday work since, and is still in the company's employ. But the men who *offered* to do *work for extra pay upon the Sabbath have long since been discharged.*

A Vigorous Effort is Planned for this Year's campaign by the officers of the M. E. Church Extension Society. The income of the Society for 1879 amounted to $151,000, being an increase of $41,000 over that of 1878. A much larger increase is expected this year, which will be devoted to the erection of churches in needy districts.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has just been received. They are now on sale at the office of the Christian Herald, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118; $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birthday Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

FOR THE CANDID AND THOUGHTFUL.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when Jesus saw" ["Saw him," so it should be] "that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark 12 : 34.

The Scribe Half-hearted in his Temptation—He may have been Spokesman for a Party—I. Christ's Commendation—1. The Scribe Possessed Candor—2. Spiritual Knowledge—3. A Correct Estimate of Inward and External Religion—Childish Quibbles of this Era—4. He Recognized the Supremacy of God over Man's Whole Nature—5. Did not Despise Outward Religion—II. The Question Suggested—Did the Scribe ever Enter the Kingdom—Several Doors by which he may have Entered—His Condition Similar to that of Paul—Christ's Character must have Attracted him—A Sincere Searching of the Scriptures would Reveal Christ to him—He was Moved by the Holy Spirit—He may not have Entered—Through Fear of Others—A Terrible Doom.

This man began with Christ as a foe, and he ended as a friend. It does not quite appear from Mark, but it is plainly stated by Matthew, that the scribe asked a question of the Saviour "*tempting Him*." He was, therefore, an enenemy. Put the mildest sense you like on the word "tempt" and it will retain the idea of an unfriendly testing; yet nothing could be more hearty in the end than the verdict with which he commended our Lord's answer, "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth." Our Lord Jesus Christ has an almighty power over men's minds; He possesses irresistible charms by which He turns adversaries into advocates.

He has *a secret key* which fits the wards of human hearts, and He can open that which seems to be the most securely closed against Him. "Never man spake like this man," for in His voice, even in his humiliation, there were traces of the eternal fiat which of old spake the primeval midnight into noon.

It strikes me that *this scribe was half-hearted* in the work of tempting our Lord, even at the first. I should imagine him to have been a very superior man among his fellows, a man of greater light and discernment than the rest, and of greater ability in statement and discussion. Possibly for this cause his brother scribes selected him, and put him forward to ask the testing questions. Now, it will sometimes happen that a man is thrust forward by others to do what he would never have thought of doing of his own accord, and quite unwillingly he acts as the mouthpiece of a set of people whom he half despises.

Our Lord Jesus Christ is a ready reader of human hearts, and He very soon discovers whether what a man does is being done of himself or whether He is acted upon by a power behind. He discerns the difference between the malicious adversary and the less guilty victim of circumstances.

These words of mine may be reaching persons who have opposed a religious movement, or fought against a gracious truth, not because they themselves would have done so if they had been left alone, but others have egged them on and made use of them, and thus they have been drawn or driven into a false position. The people whom they have been accustomed to lead have led them: it is too often the fate of leaders. The circle of which they have been the centre and the head has imprisoned its own apparent master, and made him captive, so that he fights against that which in his heart he half suspects to be right. If, even now, he could be set free from his surroundings he would side with the right.

Friend, my blessed Master can read your heart, and understand the pressure under which you are acting. I pray that as he reads your inmost soul he may see what of good there remaineth among the evil, and deliver you out of the false and dangerous position into which you have drifted. Jesus can set you right, my friend—can take you away from the entanglements of your surroundings, sever you from those who are making a tool of you, but who are at the same time sinking you down to their own level: can bring you to be his own friend, and lift you up to His own standard, so that you too shall be the champion of everything that is good and true, and shall go forward with Him as your Master, bearing His cross, and looking to wear His crown.

Although the scribe in the narrative before us appeared first under the aspect of an antagonist, and tried to tempt our Lord, yet before long the great Teacher had put him into such a mental condition that He said of him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." At this time I shall first notice *the commendation which is here expressed;* and then, in the second place, I shall dwell for a little while upon *the question which is here suggested*—suggested, I think, by no idle curiosity, but very naturally suggested: Did this man, who was so near to the kingdom, actually enter it, or did he not?

I. May the Holy Spirit instruct and impress us while, first, we consider

THE COMMENDATION

expressed: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." I am not going to use this text after the usual fashion. It has been made the heading of a catalogue of characters who are supposed to be not far from the kingdom of God. It is a very proper thing to address hopeful persons, and to give descriptions of conditions about which there is much that is cheering, and yet much to create anxiety; but the text itself does not deal with many cases, but with one whom Jesus judged to be not far from the kingdom of God, of whom it gives us such information that we see why he was thus spoken of.

It speaks of one particular individual: "*Thou* art not far from the kingdom of God;" and it tells us that Jesus said this because He saw that he answered discreetly. We may infer without fear of mistake that any man who would answer as this man answered is not far from the kingdom of God. Let us read his answer: "Master thou hast said the truth; for there is one God, and there is none other but He; and to love Him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices."

1. With care let us investigate this reply and see how far it might be our own language. The first point in which our Saviour saw that the scribe was not far from the kingdom of God was this, that *He possessed candor*, and possessed so much of it that he rose superior to party considerations. He was a scribe, and naturally he took the side of the scribes and pharisees, but still he was not so much a scribe and pharisee that he would follow them against the truth. He kept himself open to conviction, and as soon as the Saviour had given a fitting answer to the question, he did not, as other pharisees would have done, sneer at Him, and continue still to pick fresh holes in His coat, but, like a candid man, he said, "Well, Master, thou hast answered rightly;" and thus he did, as it were, separate himself from the unjust and bigoted party for whom he had been the temporary spokesman. He did not avow himself to be a disciple of Christ, yet he gave the great Teacher His due, and said of Him what he felt bound to say, namely, that He had answered rightly.

Now, my brethren, there is always some hope of a man who is candid, and there is more hope still of one who, being placed by circumstances among the bigoted and prejudiced, nevertheless breaks away from bondage, keeps a conscience, preserves his eye from total blindness, is willing to see light if light is to be had, and is anxious to know the truth if the truth can be brought before him. It gives me great delight to meet with such persons, even though they confess that they are of a sceptical turn of mind, when it is clear that they are ready to yield to evidence, and are *not mere cavillers*.

Time is wasted upon men who have made up their minds, or who *have no minds to make up*, but enquirers are worth trouble, and those who will admit right and truth when they see it are among the most hopeful of hearers. We do not wish people to open their mouths and shut their eyes and swallow everything that we may like to give them, yet the mouth ought to be open, or at least willing to be opened, as well as the eye, or our service at the gospel feast will be a weary task. When hearers are willing to receive the truth as well as to examine what they hear, they are in a good state. They will not only "prove all things," which a great many will do, but they are ready also to "hold fast that which is good," which some will not do: among such persons was the scribe.

2. A second point is, perhaps, even more clear. This man also possessed

SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

It is a great error to suppose that ignorance can do anybody any good. There is a religion which prefers to have ignorant people to deal with, but we have learned the truth of what Solomon said: "That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good." To be ignorant of the law of God is to be far off from the kingdom; and to be ignorant of the Gospel is also to be in a measure far off from the kingdom: but this man knew the law, and knew it well. He had a spiritual appreciation of its range, meaning, and spirituality. Notice how he puts it: he puts it well. He says, "To love God with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength—this is the first commandment."

Here we see, first, that he mentions *sincere love*, in the words, "to love Him with all the heart." God is to be loved, not in name, not with lip language, not with mere pretence, but with the heart. God requireth by His law the hearty obedience of His creatures. Next the scribe puts it, "With all thy understanding;" that is, God deserves and demands the *intelligent* love of His creatures. He does not ask blind love of them: He desires them to know something of Him, and of His works, and of His claims upon them, so as to love Him because He deserves their affection. The understanding must justify and impel the affections.

Then, he puts it, "with all thy soul;" that is, with *the emotional nature*. Love God with feeling—not coolly, but with the whole force of your feeling. Love Him with your soul, for soul love is the soul of love. And then he adds, "and with all thy strength;" that is to say, *intensity* is to be thrown into our love to God. We are to serve Him with our might, and throw all our whole energy into His worship. Thus he gives us, under four heads, a description of the kind of love which the law of God requires of us—sincere—"with all thy heart;" intelligent—"with all thy understanding;" emotional—"with all thy soul;" intense and energetic—"with all thy strength." This the scribe knew, and it was most valuable knowledge.

3. A third point is more remarkable still, because it is to be feared that hundreds of professed Christians are nothing like so near to the kingdom of heaven as this man was. This scribe *knew the superiority of*

AN INWARD RELIGION

over that which is external, for he declares, "To love Him with all thy heart is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices."

Thousands at this hour are publicly teaching us that the principal point of religion is that you shall be duly and properly baptized and confirmed, and shall reverently and properly receive the sacrament. They lay stress upon your receiving before you have your breakfast, and upon the breaker of the sacred bread having been duly touched on the head by a bishop, and I do not know what else of mere outward circumstance. Books have been written about how the service is to be performed, and how it is not to be performed, and a great noise has been made about a piece of bread which was brought before a court of law. I believe a very great dignitary has been so weak as to certify that this baked dough has been "reverently consumed;" and yet this is not a heathen country, nor are we worshippers of fetiches!

Great importance is attached to the style of garment, which should be worn by priests on Holy Monday, or Good Friday. Colors vary according to the almanack and the age of the moon. I must confess I need all my gravity when I think of copes, and girdles, and surplices, and gowns being matters of serious discussion. Surely these *poor dupes of superstition* are far, very far, from the kingdom of God, which is not meat and drink, nor clothing, nor posture, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Their whole line of thought is alien to the mind of God, who is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

Now, a man who has come so far as to shake off the superstition of confidence in external worship is not far from the kingdom of God. He who knows that if saved it will be by a spiritual change, and not by going to a place of worship, not by repeating prayers, not by joining a church, not by being baptized, not by taking the sacrament, knows more than many; and he who also knows that loving God with all his heart is an absolutely needful evidence of his being a child of God, and longs to feel that love, is not far from the kingdom.

4. Another point is manifest in this man's confession: *he saw very plainly the supremacy of God over the whole of our manhood.* It was clea to him that there was but one God, and tha man was made on purpose to be one and undi vided in His service. He perceived that ma should love, honor, and serve that one God wit all his heart, with all his understanding, with al his soul, and with all his strength. Do you know that, dear friend? Come now, if you are not saved man, I will ask you—Do you recognize thi to be true, that it is your bounden duty to serv your God with all your heart and understanding and soul, and strength?

DO.YOU ADMIT THIS?

If you do, and if you are an honest man, yo are not far from the kingdom of God, becaus honest men earnestly endeavor to pay thei debts, and when they find that they cannot, the are distressed. If you are in distress of min because you cannot meet your obligations t God, then you are not far from the kingdom. rejoice in your discovery of shortcoming, failur and inability, for these lie near that hearty pen tence which is the sister of saving faith, and th sure herald of joy and peace.

5. Once more only. Although this hopef scribe recognized the value of spiritual religio and the need of heart-work, and of the heart b ing wholly given to God, *yet he did not desp outward religion so far as it was commanded God.*

He says that to love God is better th whole burnt offerings and sacrifices; which w an admission that these things were good their places. He was no rejecter of ceremoni which are commanded, because of the supers tion of will-worshippers who invent ceremonie We are not to give up the baptism of believe because of the unscriptural rite of infant sprin ling, nor to forsake the Lord's Supper becau of the popish mass. Ordinances of God a good in their places, and what is to be dread is the perversion of them by thrusting them in the place of better and more important matte Thus the scribe showed a well-balanced mind round, and proved himsef not far from the kin dom of God.

My dear friend, are you prepared to lay ho of truth wherever you find it? Are you p pared to break away from party ties and fam prejudices? Are you prepared to believe th the inward and spiritual part of religion is i nitely superior to the external part of it, be right or be it wrong? Do you also admit t divine supremacy of God, and His right to y in all respects? And are you willing to ta ordinances, such as He has ordained, in th place, and not out of it? Then, if all th things be in you, your character resembles t f this scribe of whom Jesus said, "Thou art ot far from the kingdom of God."

I am right glad to meet with you, for you are ot far from submitting to the divine authority, ince you are already found admitting its right o you. I trust you are not far from entering nto the realm of spiritual religion, for you aleady value it. You are not far from the priviege of being wholly renewed in heart, since ou see the need of it. How glad I am that you hould be now listening to the Gospel! Hapier still shall I be if God shall help me to say he right word to you at this good hour. The ord send it!

ID THE SCRIBE EVER ENTER THE KINGDOM?

II. Our second point is the question sugested—*this man came so near to the kingdom: id he ever enter it?* We do not know. If anyody were to assert that He did not I should be eady to question his statement. If anybody ere to declare that he did, I should at once deand his authority for the assertion. We reeive no information from the Scriptures, and it s always better where the Word of God is silent o be silent ourselves. We should also observe nother very good rule: if you have to judge of man's state, and know but little of it, always udge it favorably. Judges usually give a prisner the benefit of the doubt; and when a man s not a prisoner, when he has come so far toard grace as this scribe, let us at any rate hope hat he did enter into the kingdom.

I see no reason why he should not have done so; nd that is my first answer to the question. He hould have done so. Having come so far there ere many doors by which, God's Spirit being ith him, he might have entered into the kingom; I mean doors of thought, by which the Holy Spirit would readily have led his candid ind into the faith of Christ. I will show you ne.

There was in after years another scribe, a rabi—you will recollect his name—who said, "I onsent unto the law, that it is good; but I see nother law in my members, warring against the aw of my mind, and bringing me into captivity o the law of sin which is in my members. O retched man that I am! Who shall deliver e from the body of this death? I thank God, hrough Jesus Christ our Lord." You see the rocess of thought. It is a very simple one.

This scribe sees the law of God to be a spirital law, demanding the obedience of his heart, is understanding, his soul, and his strength. f he had thought awhile he would, as a candid an, have said, "I have not kept this law. What is more, I cannot keep it. If I try to eep it I find a something within me against hich I struggle, but which, nevertheless, brings e into captivity to another law—a law of selfhness, a law of sin." Then, as a man anxious o be right, he would have said, "How can I be elivered? Oh that I might be set free to keep e law of God! I cannot abide in this bondge. I ought to keep this law, I shall never be appy till I do love God with all my heart, for He ought to be so loved, and I perceive that here can be no heaven to a heart which does ot love God intensely, for this is one of the esentials of peace and rest. How can I get at it?"

In such a condition as that, if he had heard he sweet invitation of our Lord, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I ill give you rest," would he not have leaped at he sound? Do you not see the simple doorway or such a man as that to become a Christian? He had come so far that surely he should come little farther. Let us trust that he did. At any ate, if any of you have come so far, may God's pirit lead you to take those other steps, and to nter into the kingdom, submitting to the sweet overeignty of the Prince Immanuel, whose ceptre is of silver, and whose servitude is an onor and a delight to all His subjects.

That is one door; now follow with me another rack. Suppose this man had really loved God ith all his heart, and understanding, and soul, nd strength—I will not say perfectly, for that ould be supposing an impossibility, but supposing that he had truly and sincerely loved God, he could not have been an hour in the company of the Lord Jesus without feeling the deepest union of heart to Him. Would he not have exclaimed, "This man, too, loves God with all his heart?" He must have perceived it, for the zeal which Christ had for the Father was immeasurable; it flashed in every gleam of His eye, it tinctured every word that fell from His lips.

Jesus lived for God, and glorified the Father with all His heart and soul, and any person who truly loved God would soon have perceived that fact. "Ah!" he would have exclaimed, "here is one who loves God better than I do; here is one who honors God more than I do; here is one who is more consecrated, more devoted, more godlike than I am." By that door he would have been led to admiration of Jesus, to communion with Him, and ultimately to belief in Him as the Messiah. Let us hope that the scribe was so led, for the way is plain enough.

Here is another door. You notice that he said that to love God was more than all burnt offerings and sacrifices. Now, suppose that with that in his mind he had sat down, and said, "This loving God is the main thing; why, then, is the law encumbered with burnt offerings and sacrifices? If they really are inferior to the moral precepts, and especially to the spiritual precepts, why are they there at all?" Then methinks he would have seen that they must be there for a spiritual purpose.

And suppose he had begun to try and read the meaning of the paschal lamb, or of the daily lamb, or of the sin-offering, why, methinks, if he turned to that blessed fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and began to read it in order to understand the sacrifices of the old law, it would have happened to him as it did to the eunuch when Philip opened to him the Scriptures—he would have seen Jesus in them all. He must have seen Him.

There is another road by which the scribe might have been led to the Saviour. Think again. Suppose that he had continued to glow and burn with love to God. As that love grew the understanding would also become enlightened with it, and the soul would rise toward God. You know why that would be. It must be because the Holy Spirit was in the man, for no man loveth God or striveth to love God, with all his heart, and understanding, and soul, and strength, without there being in secret and unknown to him a divine power at the back impelling him in that direction. Now, do you think that the Holy Spirit would thus work in the man and not reveal Christ to him for his salvation? I cannot believe it.

Still, as I have said, there is the dark supposition that *perhaps the scribe never did enter the kingdom.* He may have been so near to the kingdom, and yet he may have lacked the one thing needful. If it were so, it was a grievous fact; and all we can now do is to profit by it. What could have been the reason why he did not enter the kingdom? I cannot tell, we know so little of him; but if we might infer from the little we do know, I should suppose that if he did not enter it was from the unworthy motive of being swayed by his fellow-men.

We judged that when he came to Christ to put the question, he came not of his own mind and motion. We began by thinking that he seemed half-hearted in his opposition, and that so he the more readily turned from a questioner into a candid admirer. It is, however, just possible that, being the spokesman for others, he had grown fond of taking the lead; and if he did not really enter the kingdom, it may have been because he would have lost his place in the front rank of scribe and Pharisee, and this was too great a price to pay for truth and righteousness.

I have known a man deeply impressed with religious things, and feeling his way aright; but a little company of half a dozen whom he met in the evening, of whom he was the leading spirit, have sufficed to hold him in bondage. They invite him to come again; they miss his genial society, his jest, his song, his merry talk. He cannot face it out, and tell them that he has a call elsewhere, a call to nobler things. He has not the resolute will to lead them in another direction, and dreads even to make the attempt. He wants to be the leading man; and so he gives up what his conscience suggests to him rather than not be the leader of men whom in his heart he must know to be unworthy of such a homage. In his own mind he thinks them fools; but, still, he is afraid that they should think *him* so, and therefore he becomes a greater and more guilty fool than they.

OH, THAT FEAR OF MEN,

that fear of men! You may meet with here and there a man of the better sort who begins to feel, "Yes, there is the light there: light worth having." He breaks away from his party and its surroundings, and for a while is eager for the truth, which he has half discovered; but he fears the cold shoulder which society would give him, dreads the jeer of "Sir John," and the sneer of "My Lord."

The half-opened eye is closed with saddest determination from fear of other children of darkness, who would mock at its better sight. This is a sight which might make an angel weep. Jesus is sold, but not for so much as clinked in the hand of Judas; He is bartered for a fool's smile, and for the company of the vain and frivolous. Ah me, that ever the sun should behold so dread a sight!

Multitudes who know the truth, and are not far from the kingdom of God, nevertheless never enter it, because of the fear of man, the love of approbation, the horror of being laughed at and jested at. With such vile fetters immortal souls are bound for execution, and held back from everlasting blessedness.

Oh! if I speak to one who hesitates, let me remind him that, however it may look to-night to be a daring step to be decided for Christ, it will look very differently soon when the great trumpet shall sound, and ring o'er earth and sea, and the dead shall rise, and the judgment-seat shall be set, and the great white throne shall be unveiled. Then it will be seen to be a far more desperate daring to deny the Lord even to save life itself.

I was thinking that, if the Lord were to pay men in their own coin, what an awful thing it would be if those who are now not far from the kingdom were told by the Lord, "You shall stay there forever. You, who heard the Gospel, and did not accept it, must stop where you are." Halt, sir! not a step more! Close to the gates of heaven—you stop there! To hear its music forever, and to gnash your teeth forever, because you cannot join in it! To hear the songs of the righteous, while you wail forever! To know the brightness of bliss, but to be yourself in the black darkness forever! To be within an inch of heaven and yet in hell! The living water flowing at your feet, and yet your tongue forever parched! The bread of life nigh at hand, and yet you cannot eat!

Oh, think of it! Eternally not far from the kingdom! If you would not wish to be so, oh, be not out of Christ another minute! May God's Spirit enable you to leap right away from your undecided condition into living faith and loving obedience to Christ.

> "So near to the Kingdom! yet what dost thou lack?
> So near to the Kingdom! what keepeth thee back?
> Renounce every idol, tho' dear it may be,
> And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 165,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A HIGH CHURCH YOUNG LADY CONVERTED BY A METHODIST MINISTER.

ON an eminence, near the banks of a flowing stream in England, stood the proud ancestral hall of Alice's father. Not far distant, in the wooded demesne, was the old Abbey Church.

There had been a change of ministers. An evangelical pastor had been succeeded by a young Oxford divine, who set himself to restore what he called the customs of antiquity in the ancient edifice.

The plain window was accordingly replaced by one with painted devices of saints. The altar was raised a few steps, and enveloped in a crimson cloth, on which was embroidered a large golden cross. A pair of long candles lit up the chancel. Ever and anon costly flowers adorned the table. Gorgeous vestments, richly embroidered robes, and such like millinery, attracted the fair part of the audience. A dozen little boys, in long white garments, graced the chancel, and, in whining tones, aided the minister to chant the services. Imposing ceremonials, bowings and mutterings, imparted an apparent devotion and mystery to the exercises. In fact, High Churchism, or Ritualism, became the order of the day.

Alice was an only child and heiress. Lovely and accomplished, she lived for this world, and this world offered her no ordinary attractions. Idolized by her parents, and beloved by an accepted suitor, she knew not the meaning of a wish ungratified.

She entered zealously into the innovations of the new incumbent, deluding herself with the idea that she was thereby devoting her talents to God's service. She procured red-leaved church-services covered with crosses and books of devotion illuminated with curious devices: on festival days she helped to decorate the temple with rare red camelias and other costly flowers; and thus her mind was drawn off the real object of worship, and she became wrapt up in religious formalism.

But an unexpected visitor arrived at the mansion. A pale messenger came to Alice. A hectic flush suffused her beautiful face, rendering it, if possible, more lovely still. The eagle eye of affection soon perceived that the seeds of consumption had been laid. The skilled physician pronounced the heartrending verdict that her days were numbered, and that the career of love and self-indulgence would soon close.

Alice sank by degrees, and, as she lay on her couch, surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth could procure, began to think how sad it was to leave her loving friends and all her brilliant prospects, and to go—where? where?

She could not find an answer satisfactory to her soul.

So she sent for the High Church clergyman. He came. The family were assembled. He produced a missal. They all knelt round the bed. He intoned the service for the sick. Having received her confession and pronounced absolution, he, with peculiar genuflections, administered the Sacrament, and placing his hands on her, blessed her, and pronounced her a good child of the Church. He departed perfectly satisfied with his own performances, and assuring the parents that all was right.

Was Alice satisfied? She had submitted to all. She had endeavored to join in the service, but in her inmost soul she felt a blank.

"Father," said she, "I am going to die. Where am I going?" The father gave no reply.

"Mother, darling, can you tell me what I am to do to get to heaven?" No reply save tears.

"I'm lost! lost!" she exclaimed. "Am I not, father? Is there any one who can tell me what I must do to be saved?"

At length the father spoke:

"My child, you have always been a dutiful daughter, and have never grieved your parents. You have regularly attended the Abbey Church, and helped in its services, and the minister has performed the rites of the Church, and expressed himself satisfied with your state."

"Alas! father, I feel that is not enough. It is no rest to my soul. It is hollow—it is not real. Oh, I am going to die, and I know not where I am going! Oh, the blackness of the darkness! Can no one teach me what I can do to be saved?"

Alice was attended by a little maid, who was in the habit of frequenting a meeting held in a barn in the village, where prayer and praise were offered up in simplicity, and where they sang the old hymns—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains;"

and—

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load"

She longed to tell her mistress that she might "wash and be clean," but felt diffident. At last she took courage, and just as the Israelitish captive said unto Naaman's wife, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy," she told her mistress, "There is a preacher in the village who proclaims salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and urges us to accept the forgiveness freely offered in the Gospel."

"Oh that I could see him!" exclaimed the dying girl.

Alice besought her father to invite the Methodist preacher to the house; and, though he thought it extraordinary, her wish was law.

Again the family were assembled, and the man of God entered the room. The dying girl, raising herself, appealed to him: "Can you tell me what I must do to obtain rest for my soul, and die at peace with God?"

The preacher then set before her the way of salvation through Christ, and entered fully into a description of His work on behalf of sinners.

The awakened sinner listened with breathless attention. She received the Word of God, which revealed Christ to her soul. The glad tidings of salvation fell as balm upon her wounded spirit. Her face was lit up with heaven's sunlight. Looking upward, she exclaimed, "Oh, what love! what grace!

'Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;'"

and in a few days she departed, to be with Christ.

HEALING BY FAITH.

A REMARKABLE case of faith followed by healing is narrated by the Rev. Edward Ebbs, a Congregational minister of high standing in Canada. It appears that a gentleman namd Hart removed from Canada to the State of Illinois; there he was a deacon of the church, and was much respected in his neighborhood, having for some time been a member of the State Legislature. He has a daughter aged seventeen, who was the pride and joy of the family. About two years ago she became afflicted with a disease which baffled the skill of the best physicians in the State and of others who were summoned from Canada in consultation.

She suffered from complete prostration and physical derangement. At times, for six or eight days together, she could not take any kind of food. Her sense of hearing was so acute, that it was necessary to keep the whole house painfully hushed. In like manner her sight at times had to be guarded by the utter exclusion of light. Her sense of touch was sometimes so sensitive all over the body, that it was exceedingly difficult to render her necessary attentions. Her physical sufferings were greatly aggravated by occasional spells of cramping, when she lost muscular self-control, but retained full consciousness. Her arms and limbs would then be drawn backward, and with sudden relaxation, unless prevented by force, her body would be projected off the bed. This continued for above a year, and the doctors finally gave up hope.

For a week or ten days the parents had been intensely exercised in heart, and agreed that they would beseech the Lord that if not consistent with His will to heal her, He would release her from life. In this extremity the father had gone to Ottawa to have yet another conference with one of the advising physicians. The mother left in charge of the sufferer took up the Bible and proposed to read a few verses. She turned to Matt. 9: 20–22, and the parallel passage in Mark. After reading she said, "Tilla, do you believe that Christ is able now to heal you as He did this woman?" She responded promptly in the affirmative. The mother responded, "Do you believe He is willing to do so?" The daughter replied "No." After a short silence she qualified this, which led the mother to add, "I believe He is willing! Pray that He may give you faith to ask this blessing." (Tilla was a professing Christian.) The mother kneeled and prayed; while uttering her petitions, Tilla interrupted her, saying, "*Stop, mother; I am healed!*" She at once sat up in the bed, and asked for her clothes that she might dress herself. But an urgent need of food at once asserted itself, which was at once supplied. And what is very remarkable, this first meal was comfortably digested, and the functions of the body at once seemed restored to their normal condition. The young lady is now perfectly recovered, and has resumed her studies at college.

TEN SIGNS OF THE APPROACHING END.*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

Whisperings of the Coming Storm—A Wondrous Map of the Future—A General Agreement as t Dates—A Popular Fallacy—The Apocalypse Given Sixty Years after the Ascension—The Office of the Holy Spirit is to Show us Thing to Come—Only Worldlings ought to be Take Unawares—The Great Landmark—The Te Signs—1. The World-wide Preaching of th Gospel.

THE existing aspect of the world is undeniabl unnatural and anomalous. The stream of event is rushing impetuously into new and unexpecte channels, like a foaming torrent that has over topped its banks. Indications symptomatic o some impending catastrophe are discoverable o every side, like the whispered mutterings of a approaching thunderstorm or the hoarse subterranean rumblings that portend a volcanic eruption.

We are living in times when the Christian an the Infidel, the Statesman and the Divine, see to agree in the expectation that some great crisi is at hand. The public mind, both at home an abroad, is held in the calm of a feverish suspens Amid these thick clouds, all eyes are fixed wit an eager gaze upon the dark and coming futur But who shall unravel its mysteries? Who ca decipher its solemn roll of fate? Who ca pierce with steady eye into the depths of futur history, and read there, as in a mirror, the judg ment or mercy in store for after generations?

It is here that the wisdom of the world stan rebuked, and its oracles are all mute and silen The research of its historians here proves futi and ineffectual; the policy of its statesmen baffled and confounded. The future continu veiled from every worldly eye in deepest my tery; and every effort of human pride, witho the aid of Revelation, to decipher the solem handwriting, proves utterly abortive.

Divine prophecy is the only light that can r move this impenetrable darkness. There G Himself reveals to His own servants the gre outlines of His providential government of t world, and enables them, by patient search, trace through the past and the future the gra deur and the majesty of His high counsels love. In the books of Daniel and Revelati ere is revealed to the diligent search and pa- nt study of the humble and devout Christian *wondrous pictorial map* of the future history d destiny of the nations of the earth.

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by ma *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, a Description of Approaching Events," with two ma and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contai valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on the events, at 63 Bible House, New York.

It is a notable fact that some point of time thin the general epoch from 1866 to 1890 has en computed to be the termination of the

PROPHETIC DATES

d consequent end of this dispensation, by ore than *one hundred and fifty* Expositors of ophetic Chronology. Hence this period has en expected to be the probable epoch of the lowing events: the dissolution of the Turk- empire, the great wars and revolutions of the ter-day final crisis, the formation of the ten- ngdomed confederacy, the re-establishment of e Jewish nation in Palestine, the translation watchful Christians to heaven, the full revival the Napoleon dynasty over Europe, the sub- quent Great Tribulation and Persecution roughout Christendom, and the personal de- ent of Christ at the battle of Armageddon establish His millennial reign over the rth.

Some of the principal dates, which have been derstood to terminate somewhere about this och, are the 6000 years from the creation of an—and the 2520 years from Nebuchadnezzar's th—and the 1260 years from the commence- ent of the temporal power of Popery and Mo- mmedanism, between the years 606 and 622 e era of the Hegira, from which the Moham- edans reckon their calendar)—and the 360 ars from Luther's Reformation in 1517–30.[*]

But many persons, instead of aspiring to stand on the observatory of prophecy, and with the escope of revelation to gaze on the scenes of turity, entertain the popular fallacy that it is possible to discover the time when the Day of dgment and Second Coming of Christ and Mil- nium will commence; and to this end they metimes quote the passage in Mark 13 : 32, Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, , not the angels that are in heaven, neither e Son, but the Father." It is manifest, how- er, that persons are guilty of the sin of unwar- ntably adding to the words of God (Rev. : 18) who explain this text to prohibit the owledge of the month, or year, or general sea- n of Christ's Advent, inasmuch as the passage ly specifies "*the day and hour*" to be un- own.

The slightest consideration also shows that ese words, being spoken in *the present tense,* ferred entirely to the time when they were ut- red, and could not fairly be understood to re- te to the advanced period in which we are now ing. It was not said, "No man shall know," t simply, "No man knoweth;" and, more- er, it was added, "Not even the Son." rely no one dare assert that the Son Man *does not now know* the day and hour of is own Second Advent, since He has ascended to the right hand of the Father in heaven; d, therefore, it is evident that the application these words was entirely limited to the time en the Son of Man was on the earth in an un- orified state, and cannot extend to the present riod, seeing that it cannot *now* be the case that t even the Son knows the day or hour.

Furthermore, the Book of Revelation was ven in Patmos to St. John sixty years after rist's ascension, and was bestowed by the Fa- er *for the express purpose* of foreshowing "the ings which must shortly come to pass," and the things which shall be hereafter" (Rev. : 1–10). Consequently we now have very much ore information as to future events than was ven at the time when it was said, "No man oweth the day or the hour."

Indeed, prior to the day of Pentecost, it was distinctly declared to the disciples, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His power"—it was, however, added, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" (Acts 1 : 8), and this power to know the times and seasons began to be bestowed at Pentecost by the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to "*show us things to come*" (Acts 2; John 16 : 13), and by whose teaching the Church is to increase in the knowledge of the prophecies toward the time of the end, when the words shall be unsealed and unclosed (Dan. 12 : 4, 9).

Various portions of Scripture distinctly intimate that although hypocrites and worldlings will be overtaken unaware by the Day of the Lord, yet that as the approach of summer is ascertainable from the budding of the fig-tree, so, when certain predicted events come to pass, watchful Christians will be enabled by discerning such signs of the times to lift up their heads, knowing that the Lord's second coming is nigh, even at the doors.

The Apocalypse furnishes a marvellously exact map or picture-history of all the leading events of the Gentile dispensation between the first and second advent of Christ. Standard year-day expositors universally admit that at least six seals, six trumpets, and six vials have been entirely or very nearly fulfilled in their year-day accomplishment, and thus we are living on the eve of the year-day seventh seal, seventh trumpet, and seventh vial, which are closely connected with the beginning of the Millennium (Amos 3 : 7; Matt. 24 : 32–43; John 15 : 15; 2 Pet. 1 : 19; 1 Thess. 5 : 4).

THE GREAT LANDMARK,

however, to be watched for is the formation of all the countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire into a *ten-kingdomed confederacy*, and then the rise of an eleventh little sovereign, a Napoleon, who will make a *seven years' covenant* with the Jews, according to the last verse of the ninth chapter of Daniel, about seven years before the consummation and Millennium.

The best modern expositors now admit that there is a year-day historical fulfilment of the seals, trumpets, vials, and some other prophecies of Revelation within about 1900 *years*, with special reference of the 1260 years of the persecuting reign of the Papal and Mohammedan Antichrists; but that there will also be at the final crisis a more exact *literal-day* fulfilment of all the prophecies of Revelation within about 1900 *days*, in special connection with the 1260 *days* of the persecuting reign of the personal Infidel Antichrist.

The signs of the times are very admonitory of the approaching End of this dispensation, and convergently meet and commingle in the present epoch in a manner in which they never met or commingled previously. They may be summed up under ten leading divisions.

I. THE WORLD-WIDE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL IS A SIGN

foretold in Matthew 24 : 14: "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and *then shall the End come.*"

Since the great era of the French Revolution in 1793–1815, nearly all the numerous Home and Foreign Missionary and Bible and Tract Societies of Protestant Christendom have been established, and the Scriptures have been translated into upward of 200 languages, whereas prior to 1792 they were not printed in more than fifty languages. More progress has been made in diffusing the Gospel during the last seventy years than within the previous 1700 years.

The marvellous revival of evangelical religion in Great Britain and America, under the labors of Whitefield, Wesley, and the Methodists, during the half century preceding the epoch of 1792, greatly prepared the way for these missionary movements. The heralds of the Cross of Christ have now carried the message of salvation from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, and have penetrated into the interior of China and the heart of Africa, and landed on the shores of Japan.

The Gospel is, however, yet to have by far its widest proclamation in this age during the future interval of a year and a half between the ascension of the 144,000 watchful Christians to the heavens and the subsequent final 3½ years of Antichrist's great persecution; for a body of preachers, denoted by the angel in Rev. 14 : 6, will then be sent forth to preach "the everlasting Gospel, to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," with the special announcement superadded that the closing "hour of God's judgment is then come." Thus will be fully and finally accomplished the prediction of the faithful and true witness in Matthew 24 : 14.

Its proclamation is not to convert the world previous to the end; on the contrary, when the Son of Man comes, people in general will be found to be as wicked as they were in the days of Noah and of Lot; and the armies of the nations will be assembled to fight against the King of kings at Armageddon (Luke 17 : 27, 28; 18 : 8; Rev. 16 : 14; 19 : 19). Although, by the preached Gospel, "God visits the Gentiles to take out a people for His name," yet the majority of mankind will reject the testimony, and "wax worse and worse in the perilous times of the last days," until "the tabernacle of David is built again," and the Jews are fully restored to Palestine at and after the Lord's second advent, and then "the residue of men and all the Gentiles" who survived the battle of Armageddon "will seek after the Lord," and become for the most part really Christianized during the subsequent Millennium (Acts 15 : 14–17; 2 Tim. 3; Isa. 66; Zech. 14).

(To be continued.)

A SPANISH SERVANT-GIRL.

At Oviedo, in Spain, one morning a servant-girl was going along the street, when an acquaintance called to her, "Come here, girl; are you with Mrs. S. now?" "Yes; I have been there for a week."—"It would be better for you to be in the worst house you could find." "Why?" asked the girl, who was eighteen years old, and intelligent enough. "Why? Because she is a Protestant." "What does that matter to me? If I do my duty and she does hers I will be satisfied." And she went to market.

Three or four days afterward her mistress said to her, "Would you like to hear something out of this book?" "Why not?" and the lady read to her out of the New Testament. "Do you like it?" "Yes; what you read is good, but—" and after some hesitation she told her what she had heard said against her in the street for being a Protestant. "Well, we are Christians, or, as that woman told you, Protestants; but how do you like the book?" "Well, I like it, and would like to hear more out of it."—"Then you can come with me to-night to the Protestant church, and you will hear the pastor." "Is the pastor a Protestant too?"—"Yes, he is the minister of the Protestants." "Very well, I will go." The pastor noticed that evening a new face in his audience, but did not speak with the girl, though he prayed for her. "Did you like what the pastor said?" "Yes; can we go often?"

The next evening the girl, accompanied by a child of her mistress, entered the room of the pastor. She wished to speak to him. "What do you want, my child?" "Oh, sir, I want to know, *Did Jesus die for servant-girls?*"—"Why do you want to know that?" "I felt last evening that I am very bad, and if Jesus did not die for servant-girls, I am lost."—"Are you a sinner?" "Yes."—"Can you read?" "Yes."—"Read that text." And she read, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "If you wish to be saved, poor or rich, mistress or maid, if you confess yourself to be a sinner Jesus died for you." The joyful news filled her heart. "What can I pay?" she asked. "God's grace is free, but you can tell others the favor God has shown to you." She became a messenger of salvation to her family and her village.

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[*] The old chronology, by which Christ's Nativity as supposed to be about 4000 years from the cre- ion of Adam, has been shown by many modern ronologers to be defective, as it omitted at least one ndred and twenty years in the time of the Judges. e real date of Christ's Nativity seems to be be- een 4115 and4120-25, so that thus the 6000 years ould end not later than 1890.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 111.)

The Conflict Renewed.

"I HAVE had a blow," Ernest said in an unsteady tone. He felt as if he had received a blow literally, and was staggering under its force. Mr. Britton sprang up and pushed him into his own chair.

"Is it Rose?" he asked in a choked voice; "has anything happened to Rose?"

"No, no," said Ernest, recovering himself a little; "Rose is all right, thank you! But, William, my brother, has come back after all these years."

"And is that a blow to you?" cried his friend.

"It is a great blow to me," answered Ernest; "a terrible misfortune."

A fresh outburst of the bells suddenly filled the attic with their deafening clangor. Ernest laid his arms upon the desk and dropped his face upon them. For a minute or two Mr. Britton gazed at him with an almost blank stare of astonishment, and then he moved away from him to the little casement in the roof, and looked across the valley to the glittering windows of the house on the opposite cliff.

All day long there had been in his heart a deep, subtle, all-pervading sense of almost heavenly happiness and love. He was witnessing a living parable of the love of God toward His returning prodigals. The house yonder had thrown its door wide open to receive its long-lost son, and all the mirth and gladness that had surrounded him had seemed but the *counterpart and similitude* of the rejoicing in the presence of God over a repentant sinner.

Such a day of realizing the unseen and eternal realities had seldom fallen to his lot, and he had been rapt away into a trance of spiritual ecstasy, from which Ernest's entrance had roughly and painfully recalled him to earth and its contradictions.

"Ernest!" he exclaimed, in a tone of bitter anguish, as if the cry had been wrung from the very depths of his heart, "Ernest, can you be *a Christian?*"

It was the poignant grief of his friend's voice, rather than his words, that smote on Ernest's ear. He lifted up his head, and showed a face disturbed by contending emotions. The tranquil, prosperous, satisfied expression had already faded away from his handsome features. He looked anxious and bewildered; but he was no longer stunned by his blow. His brain was bestirring itself; but at this moment it exerted itself only on the words that William Britton had just uttered. He looked across at him with an air of anger and indignation.

"How can you ask me if I am a Christian?" he said; "you, who know what my life has been! Who has seen me plan and toil for the good of all about me, if you have not? Am I not a good son, a good father, a good landlord, a good friend, William?

"You know, if any man knows, whether I have shirked any call of duty. Do not you know what my faith is? I hold the same creed that you do; I am a priest in orders, as you are. Surely if any friends ever took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company, it is you and I who have done so. Why do you ask me if I can be a Christian?"

His voice faltered as he repeated the question, with a secret and irresistible doubt. What had his religious life been if it had not really been subject to the laws of Christ? He was well known as a religious man; he owed much of his influence to his reputation for piety. There were few men of his acquaintance who so fairly deserved the name of Christian. Yet his heart shrank and fell as he tried to look at himself, and at the long, prosperous course his life had run till now.

"Ernest," said his friend, in a voice almost as low and quiet as the voice of his conscience, "if a younger brother of Christ's had been lost to Him for many years—lost in sin and misery and estrangement—would he have felt it as a terrible misfortune when he came home again?"

"No, no; impossible!" he answered.

"'I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience,'" quoted William Britton, "who should know them better than I? But there must be something wrong with you, Ernest. To be a true Christian is to think as Christ thought, to feel as He felt, to live as He lived.

"It is to have the same mind that was in Him; to be, all of us, as Christ in the world; each one in his own sphere of duty. To forget ourselves is to remember Christ; to forsake all is to follow Him. It is a height far above me, but I am reaching forward to it; and the summit is all glory and peace and joy. But oh, Ernest, it is far above me yet."

"It is immeasurably above me," groaned Ernest as his head sank again upon his hands. "I thought I was one of His loyal disciples, but I feel now as if I had never heard His voice calling me."

"Is it a dark hour?" asked his friend's quiet voice.

"It is utter darkness," he answered. "Have I been false, or is religion all a lie? I have *no hold* on Christ at this moment. Is it possible that He has never reached out His hand to me? Have I been building my house on sand, while I believed I was on a rock?"

"Have you seen your brother yet?" asked William Britton.

"No," he answered, looking up again; "the news struck me down as if I had had a blow. I could not face him just then, and I sent Rose on to meet him first. No one on earth knows the trouble and difficulty lying before me; and I cannot tell you to-night, William."

"But you will go home and welcome your brother?" he said.

"I must," he replied, "and the sooner the better. I ran down here to gain a moment's breathing time. Have you seen him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Britton; "we had a short thanksgiving service this morning, and all the village came to the church. He seemed deeply moved, even to tears; I could hear his voice joining in the prayers. We cannot judge yet; but there is hope that he is weary of his long career of wilfulness, and is come home a changed man. I have been thinking of him all day, coming back penniless, and foot-sore, and travel-stained, to find no father to bid him welcome. That must be a bitter blank to him."

"He could not expect to find his father alive," said Ernest, somewhat sternly; "but I must go and see him for myself, I suppose. I hope he is a changed man; for he will do little good to himself or any one else if he is not changed. He was a shallow, obstinate, selfish lad when he went away; and if he remains the same as a man, I cannot rejoice at his coming back again."

So saying, Ernest retraced his path homeward slowly. The time had not come yet for confronting the dim questions of right and wrong, which were beginning to awaken into life in his brain. At present he must concentrate himself on the duty immediately before him, which he could not delay any longer—that of seeing his unwelcome brother, and giving him a reception as nearly approaching a welcome as could be.

The hall-door stood open, as it always did during the summer months, and he entered his home unnoticed. The drawing-room door was open too, and he could see the group within, whilst remaining unseen himself. Rose had thrown off her hat and mantle, which were tossed carelessly aside on a chair, and was sitting beside her uncle, with her blue eyes fastened upon him as he spoke. Mrs. Clifford was gazing at him with an unusual tenderness in her expression; and Jenny Britton was listening to the *traveller's stories* with rapt attention.

These women were petting him and spoiling him already. Ernest could not help owning that he was a good-looking, animated, and attractive scapegrace. There was not a trace of the returning prodigal about him. He was wearing one of Ernest's own suits, and wore it with an air of proprietorship, altogether different from tl awkward and embarrassed aspect of a ma dressed in borrowed clothing.

His face was lit up with smiles; and he w talking with a happy fluency of his wanderi life. Rose's rosy lips were parted, as if sl could scarcely breathe, until the exciting narr tive of his adventures was ended. Ernest fe that if he could have seen his brother ragged, ar travel-stained, and troubled, as William Britt had depicted him, he might more easily have r ceived him to his heart.

But here was the same Charles as of old, n another; self-satisfied and shallow-hearte quite content with the present moment, havi no penitence for the past, and no earnest resol tion of amendment in the future.

"There is my father!" cried Rose, starting as he passed over the threshold, and hasteni to drag him forward to his brother; "Unc Charlie is come home again after all these year poor Uncle Charlie!"

She pronounced the last words shyly, a looked from one to the other with an innoce delight shining through her eyes. She alm expected to see them fall upon one anothe neck, and embrace each other, like the pictu she had seen of the lost son welcomed ho again. Mrs. Clifford looked on with a mom tary thrill of terror agitating her calm self-co placency. Here were these two sons of h meeting: Ernest, the usurper, and Charles, t rightful heir. How would they meet one other? How would they adjust their conte ing claims?

Would Ernest give his brother welcome, would he order him out of the house—the ho he had forfeited? Would Charles fire up, as had been wont to do, and meet Ernest wit tempest of accusation and reproach? The t ror deepened upon her as her two sons look steadily into one another's faces in silence, fore Ernest stretched out his hand to Charles

"Well, Ernest?" said Charles haughtily.

"Welcome home, Charles," he said, sligh emphasizing the word *home*. That was th greeting after nearly fifteen years' separati but Mrs. Clifford heaved a deep sigh of rel whilst Rose's look of innocent delight chan into one of intense astonishment. The li party broke up very soon after, for Charles co not resume his jaunty, light-hearted talk in nest's gloomy presence. Rose lingered beh the others for a minute or two with her fat whose grave face had awakened already so vague misgivings.

She laid her hands upon his shoulders, looked at him with all her soul in her clear e It seemed as if she had some question to which she could not put into words, and wh no words of his could answer. He gazed b into the depths of her appealing eyes unfli ingly, until the thin, blue-veined lids closed them, and Rose hid her face on his breast, cl ing to him with a deprecating tenderness in clasp.

"Father!" she murmured, "are not you g to have him home again?"

"Not yet, my darling," he answered emnly; "pray God I may be some day!"

Then Rose kissed him again and again, silently went her way, and left him alone.

He was quite alone at last; all the house quiet with the quietness of night following c upon the cheerful sounds of day. The draw room, a pretty, pleasant room, filled with s knick-knacks as a young girl like Rose love gather about her, kept the traces of its recent cupants. The windows were still open to ad the scented evening air, though a fire was b ing on the hearth; and Ernest drew his seat to it, as if he felt cold, and sat down with chin resting on his hands, and his eyes sta into the glowing embers.

He had no absolutely new subject for consi ation. He could recall hour after hour of c deliberation in the earlier years of his pos sion, when he had gone through all the a ments for and against himself, never comin definite verdict or decision. He had fre- ently bewildered and perplexed himself with question of what he must do if Charles ever ne home.

f Charles came home! But he was come w; and the subject of deliberation had anged into a point on which action was neces- sy. He could no longer pursue the even tenor his way, without settling to his own satisfac- n, whether it was the right way or not. "There is a way which *seemeth right* unto a n; but the end thereof are the ways of ath" (Prov. 14 : 12). Ernest was suddenly ced to look at the end; and the misgivings at had been lulled to slumber in his soul were aking into vigorous life.

Was he now to act upon old Charles fford's will, as it had been written under the iluence of strong and bitter resentment against truant son; or upon old Charles Clifford's l, as he knew it to be, when the old man's n eyes made the mistake which consigned the ong document to the flames?

The change in the father's mind, from resent- nt to forgiveness, had not made his son one it fitter to succeed to the estate. There was t the shadow of a question that Ernest was better man; the one most qualified to carry the name of the family into which he had en adopted, and to work out the greatest ben- to all concerned; even to Charles himself, if continued to be the reckless spendthrift he always been.

This was no longer a subtle problem to be cked through the mazes of his brain, and left last in some dark *lurking-place*. It had leaped denly into a question of duty, to be clearly ined, and rigorously followed out. The son, o had despised and forfeited his birthright, s beneath the roof of his long line of forefa- ers. He was of the same blood as the first fford who had built these strong walls genera- ns ago, which now sheltered the last scion of ir race.

A long line of Cliffords seemed to be trooping st him in the ghostly stillness of the night. s it for a stranger they had worked, and led, and saved? Did they reject their latest ir, because he had failed as a spoiled boy to fil the duties of his early manhood? There uld be but one answer to that.

But it was not merely the dead Cliffords and arles he had to consider. There was his mo- er, who had no settlement made upon her by r husband's first will, which had left her ut- ly dependent upon Charles. And there was se: he must think of her. She was the very ughter of the place; the flower and crown of He could no more think of Clifford apart m Rose, than he could imagine Rose living ywhere but at Clifford.

All the fairness of the sky, and the sweetness the air, and the luxuriance of the flowers emed to centre in her. She had grown out of em all, like some rare blossom, that had had favorable influences playing about it. Could exist in any other place? The faint, soft se-bloom of her cheeks, and the richer crimson her lips, and the clear shining of her eyes, uld they not fade and pale in any other air? Rose's heart would break if she must leave ifford; and was it just that Charles's delayed urn, after fifteen years of wilful absence, ould push out those whose heart-strings had und round and round the place in happy emories, and innocent associations?

(To be continued.)

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

S. Lesson for Feb. 29, Matt. 6 : 24–34. Golden Text, 1 Peter 5 : 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text teaches us that it is our priv- ge to live on earth without anxiety, "Casting your care (*i.e.*, anxiety) on Him, for He reth for you." Now do we believe that God res for us individually, that He occupies Him- lf with our health, our business matters, our ans, our relations to others, our reputation, etc.—yes, even our comfort, and certainly our happiness? Do we believe also that He cares for our souls; for every temptation, every danger, His ready help is there? Then how can we consistently be anxious and careful about any one thing; how can we doubt that He who cannot fail in anything He undertakes, will bring our cause safely through?

Unbelief in God's fatherhood lies at the root of all anxiety. A child who counts upon the daily provision made by loving parents does not seek by any means possible to come by a piece of bread and bring it to the dinner table lest there should not be enough. Many Christians believe that all good things come from God, but they believe it in a general, indistinct kind of way, without being able to count upon His interference in all the trying details of a day, which tell with endless wear upon the spirit which has not learned to cast all care upon Him who careth for us. Some, even of God's children, live in one unvarying ferment of anxiety, always foreboding that which may happen in the future, creating subjects of trial which may, and probably will, never come to pass.

A feeling of being unwell leads such persons to conjecture at once what they shall do if such and such an illness seizes them—what shall they do with the children, how arrange about such and such engagements which they have made, how do such and such duties which lie before them. And often this dreaded illness does not come at all; and had there been one steady look up to God, and a quiet firm casting of the whole affair into His hands, all the anxiety would have been spared, and there would have been a song of praise to God for His deliverance, instead of the dissatisfied, restless looking out for a new subject of anxiety.

Others are anxious about business. If such and such an account is not paid by such and such a date, how can I meet my payments? And the worrying calculation as to the chances whether the money will or will not come in to date wears the spirit of the business man. Why does he not calmly, confidently lay the matter before the Lord, knowing that His "arm is not shortened," and thus count upon His help, with a subject will, that if things are not ordered as he would wish, they will still be better ordered, that the Lord of the whole earth must do right.

Our blessed Lord says, "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. *Therefore* I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat," etc. Anxiety is the service of Mammon; in God's sight it is idolatry and robbery of the honor due to Him. He says, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye (His own children) not much better than they?" These birds of heaven have no other thing to live for than to seek their food and rear their young. But we, the children of the living God, possessing life eternal as His own, are we to live as the fowls do, and do nothing better? and are we to remain God's children, and yet exercise less faith in Him than the very fowls of heaven?

He instances again the lilies of the field: "They toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Can we not, then, trust God to provide food and clothing without feeling that the whole burden lies upon us? Some may say, Then we can be idle and still trust God? God's Word contains the whole truth, but all does not lie in a single passage. Paul writes to the Thessalonians (2 Thess. 3 : 10), "This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." Our loving God never meant that trust in Him should be an excuse for idleness, but only a cure for anxiety.

After adducing the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field as objects of our Father's care, our beloved Lord shows us how unworthy care is of a child of the living God. "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Should the heart of one who has God for his Father be filled with the same anxiety, fear, and dread as that of one who has no personal acquaintance with the Almighty God, and who only dreads Him as a mysterious power which he cannot approach? Does it not give the lie to the spirit of adoption? Is it not enough to make unconverted people believe that God's care for His people is only a pious imagination which belongs to our religion, but which has nothing tangible or practical about it?

We pity the poor little London Arabs who have either no parents, or, often, worse than none; shall we act as though we were to be commiserated like them, and as though we were groaning under the neglect of our heavenly Father? "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing" (Psa. 34 : 10). David says again, after the experience of a long life, "I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread" (Psa. 37 : 25). The same God who rained bread from heaven upon His people of old, who fed Elijah by the brook-side and in the widow's house, and the same Lord Jesus who fed the multitudes in the desert is the living God for us as well as for them. He only asks to be trusted; and trust without trial is nothing but a sentiment.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." God and His affairs must have the pre-eminence with His children. We are called to be witnesses that God is God (Isa. 43 : 12). If we allow every passing trifle, every temporal need, to occupy our first morning thoughts, to be the burden upon us during the day, to lie down with us at night, and thoughts of God and of His work in the world to be the exception which we turn to when we have leisure, it is only too evident that these earthly things come first and the kingdom of God last.

It is our high privilege *in* all these things to seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness when our hearts are in the right place, and when we see them only in their relation to Him. So doing we may count surely on His promise, "all these things shall be added unto you." God cannot fail us. He may try our faith, but He cannot be other than faithful. It is no risk to trust Him, and most surely Paul's question may be ours—"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" It would be strange inconsistency in God to save our souls at the inconceivable price of the offering of His own Son, and yet exercise so little compassion toward us that He would manifest no care for the food and clothing which we require.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow (*i.e.*, no anxious thought), for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." God simplifies our life; He gives us one day at a time; if we add our own burdens to those He gives us by taking thought for the morrow, then it is we and not He who bring perplexity and anxiety into our life. He knows the measure we can bear. Some say, "But I must make plans for the future in hiring servants, buying in provisions, renting the house, etc.; how can I do these things if I take no thought for the morrow?" Then pray over each thing as it arrives, leaving the settling of every question to the perfect and unbiassed wisdom of God. And if the answer to a prayer about the morrow is not clearly answered at once, rest assured that the very waiting for the answer is a provision of love which forms part of our Father's care, and that it will be made clear if we wait for it patiently.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Uneasy Apprehension is Prevalent in England relative to affairs in Afghanistan. It is nearly certain that the English Government suggests to Persia that she should occupy Herat, and is promising to protect her should she do so. Persia is under promise to the European Powers to make no movement toward Herat, but as her agreement had reference principally to English interests, it is believed that if England desires it, or even is willing to acquiesce, the occupation will take place. The project is dreaded because it may entail additional responsibilities on England, and is also a direct affront to Russia.

The English Conservatives have won Another electoral victory. This time it is in the Metropolitan constituency of Southwark. Three candidates were proposed for the vacant seat—two Liberals and one Conservative. Lord Beaconsfield's supporter received a larger number of votes than those given to both his antagonists added together. At the less important Parliamentary election of Barnstaple, the Liberal candidate was returned, but the result at Southwark is regarded by the Liberals as a very discouraging blow.

M. Cremieux, a Distinguished French Statesman, died February 10th. He was eighty-four years of age, and had borne a creditable part in the political history of his country since 1840. He was a Jew, and the President of the International Jewish Society. His beloved wife had died only eight days previously, and M. Cremieux is thought to have suffered a shock which at his age was fatal.

Dr. Koelle, the Object of the Recent Persecution in Constantinople, described in this journal of February 5th, is in a state of peculiar perplexity. He knows that he goes hourly in danger of his life from Moslem fanaticism, but he believes that the power of the Mohammedan delusion over the masses of the Turks is gradually weakening, and that a wide door for the propagation of the Gospel of Truth among them may soon open, and he longs for it in prayerful hope. Dr. Koelle is not supported by any missionary society, but is living on a small pension of his own, and, moreover, is himself supporting the wife and family of the Turkish schoolmaster, Ahmed Tewfik, who assisted him in the work of translation, and who has been harshly banished to the island of Chios.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, whose Generous gifts to philanthropic objects of all kinds are well known, proposes, according to a cable despatch, to devote the large sum of $2,500,000 to the purchase of land in Ireland, which she will let out in small portions, at moderate rents, to industrious tenants.

Killed in a Theatre.—A Remarkable Death occurred January 20th in a theatre at Birmingham, England. The building is lighted by the electric light, and the brass connections used in its production for the stage are hung over the orchestra when the lights are not in use. Mr. Bruno, the euphonium player, when leaving the orchestra, caught hold of the two connections and received the full shock of a powerful battery. He was rendered insensible, and died in about twenty minutes. A frightful death to die, and a terrible place in which to die.

Europe is Threatened with a Military Epidemic. Russia has been busily engaged completing the great scheme of army organization which she devised in 1874. The Russian principles of Panslavism embodied in the Treaty of San Stefano of 1877, and so offensive to Austria, have broken up the alliance of the three Emperors of Austria, Russia, and Germany. The eastern frontier of Germany is found to be not exactly "scientific." On the other hand, France is arming more than ever. There are rumors of an understanding between France and Russia. Under these circumstances Prince Bismarck has resolved to increase the German army. This increase will add 26,000 men in time of peace, and in the event of war 150,000 men. What will be the effect of this scheme upon England? One thing is clear, if the spirited foreign policy of the last three years is to be continued, she will have vastly to increase her army. Recent demonstrations have only revealed the fact that English military power is any thing but formidable.

With the increasing prevalence of Nihilism in Russia, Socialism in Germany, and Communism in France, it seems highly improbable that the people of those countries will long bear the intolerable pressure of military conscription and taxation to maintain their enormous armaments. *A great revolutionary explosion* cannot be far distant, and the predestined tremendous war between France and Germany, by which France is to become extended to the Rhine, seems looming in the near horizon.

A Bequest to Atheism has Recently been made by a Scotchman. The London *Record* says: "Mr. William Thompson, of Montrose, has bequeathed £3000 (about $15,000) to Mr. Bradlaugh, the notorious infidel, to be applied at his absolute discretion to the propagation of anti-theological and advanced political views. The money has just been paid over, and Mr. Bradlaugh has exercised his 'discretion.' The National Secular Society, of which Mr. Bradlaugh is President, receives about £1500, and amongst the other beneficiaries figures the fund for securing Mr. Bradlaugh's election as member of Parliament for Northampton, which is awarded £100." It is horrible to contemplate the condition of a man who went out of the world leaving such a bequest in his last will and testament.

A Son Mourned as Dead Returned to his home recently at Brighton, England. Nearly two years ago the English Government ship Eurydice foundered in the Channel, and nearly all on board her perished. As she was a training ship her "hands" consisted chiefly of boys, and many a home had to mourn the loss of a promising son. Amongst others who were plunged in grief was a family named Marchant, living at Brighton. Their son had left home some time before to join the Eurydice, and amongst the list of the drowned was that of poor young Marchant. His friends mourned his loss, and never thought to set eyes upon him again. To their intense surprise, however, the young gentleman a few weeks ago walked into the house hale and hearty. It appeared he had not joined the Eurydice, but another ship—the Shah—and that since he left home he had travelled 65,000 miles, and had visited the four continents.

English Girls Unsafe in European Cities.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, who has long resided in continental cities, says that no English girl (away from her friends) is safe, morally, in any town of France or Italy. Not that the morality of these nations is lower than that of their Teutonic neighbors, but that the healthy intimacy between the sexes which pervades English social life is apt to become a snare under the very different circumstances of residence abroad. He would, therefore, strongly advise parents to hesitate before allowing their daughters to accept any situation which would involve risks so momentous. If a daughter is bent upon travelling to obtain a livelihood, she would, he believes, find *the United States* or the Colonies far safer and more promising than the continent of Europe.

Mons. Gambetta, the most Powerful Political leader in France, is a bachelor, but he was once on the verge of a matrimonial alliance. The story of the breaking-off of the engagement is an interesting one, and reflects great credit on the statesman's character. M. Gambetta had proposed to a beautiful young lady with a large fortune, and had been accepted; but the lady stipulated that an aunt of Gambetta's, then living with him, should not reside under the matrimonial roof. Now Gambetta was deeply attached to his aged relative. In the days of his poverty and obscurity she had been faithful to him, had toiled for his comfort, and thought no labor too menial to perform if it ministered to his happiness, and he could not bear to discard her in the days of his prosperity. His attachment to the young lady, and the advantages her wealth would confer upon him, had to weighed in the balance against the claims tried friendship and his sense of right.

In the end Gambetta bade adieu to the lady her fortune, rather than do what he conside a mean and ungenerous thing. How often Ch tians fail in similar trying circumstances! command is, "Be not unequally yoked togethe yet many good men and women, when cont plating marriage, do not regard personal p as the one indispensable requisite in the c panion they choose for life. They are satis if they have worldly advantage, or beauty, or l and go to a home where the Saviour to wh they owe their soul's salvation will not be a come guest. They are frequently led by s alliances into sin, and, like Solomon, fors their God at the solicitation of their partne life.

A Remarkable Brick from the Wall of B lon bears the inscription of one of its mig kings, and in the centre of the inscription footprint of one of the dogs which wand about the crowded streets. It was the cus to impress the royal mark upon the bricks for public works, and, while this particular b was lying in its plastic state to dry, a vag dog had accidentally trodden upon it. During lapse of ages the king's inscription has bec entirely illegible, while the footprint of the is perfectly distinct. The name of the mi ruler of Babylon is as completely unknow that of the half-starved dog which wand through the streets of the proud capital in se of food. Ay, so far as the mark of eith concerned, the footprint of the dog has decid the advantage over the inscription of the k Even so all earthly records are blotted ou the busy finger of time, and only those th abide forever which are done for God, which are noted in His book.

A Request which no Man can grant was sented to a missionary by a poor Hindoo He was drawn by what he had seen of the bea of the Christian character in the lives of who had let their light shine before men, t sire to become a Christian himself. He foll the missionary about wherever he went, and tinued pressing the same request, "*Make Christian; make me a Christian.*" The sionary, glad to see the young man's an told him of One who had the power to d him the act he so desired, and advised hi offer constant prayer to Him. The result that the young man was soon seen returni the mission house, rejoicing in the consciou of a new heart and a right spirit. He who has the power to change the stony heart heart of flesh had granted the prayer always finds prompt acceptance at the Thro Grace.

The Curious Custom of Breaking a Gla Jewish weddings originated, according Jewish journal, at the house of Rab Ashal, while celebrating—as it was the custom wit parents of the bridegroom in those days to the nuptials of his son, observed that the pany were too hilarious, and that, in ord check the fulness of their joy, he broke in presence a cup made of glass. This check overflow of their spirits. The custom afte became as general as the Egyptian one whi troduced a mummy at banquets, or the R which brought forward a skull on occasi triumph.

Queen Victoria and the Sunday-school tenary.—Her Majesty, through the Archb of Canterbury, has intimated to the Com of the Church of England Sunday-school tute her desire to become patron of the ment promoted by the committee for comm rating the establishment of Sunday-school.

A Fortune Arriving Too Late.—One best known rag-pickers of Paris was lately dead in her bed in a noisome house at martre, Paris. Her body was half devou rats when it was discovered. The brother dead woman had been seeking her to annou her her inheritance of a fortune of $400,00

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

uished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.
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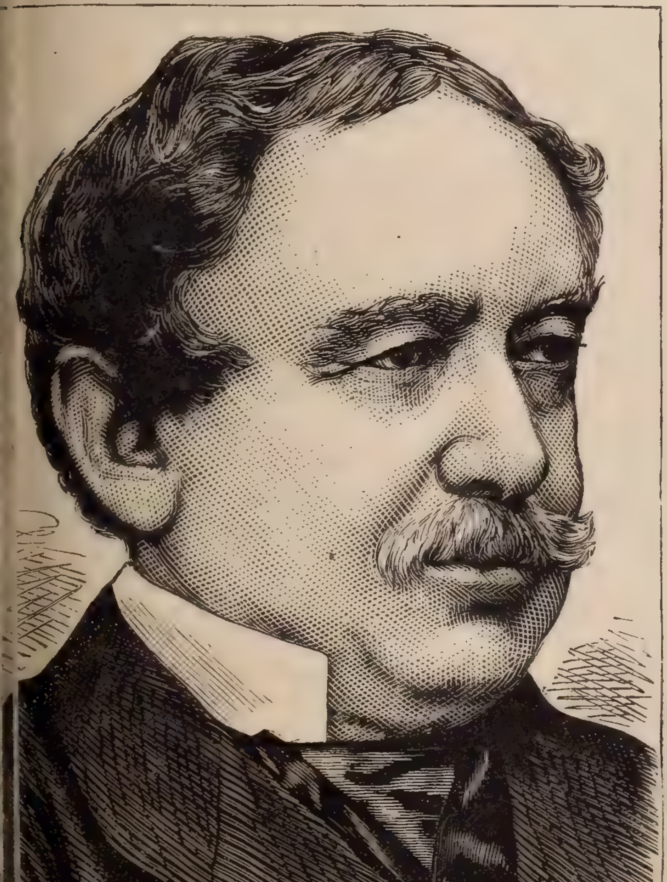
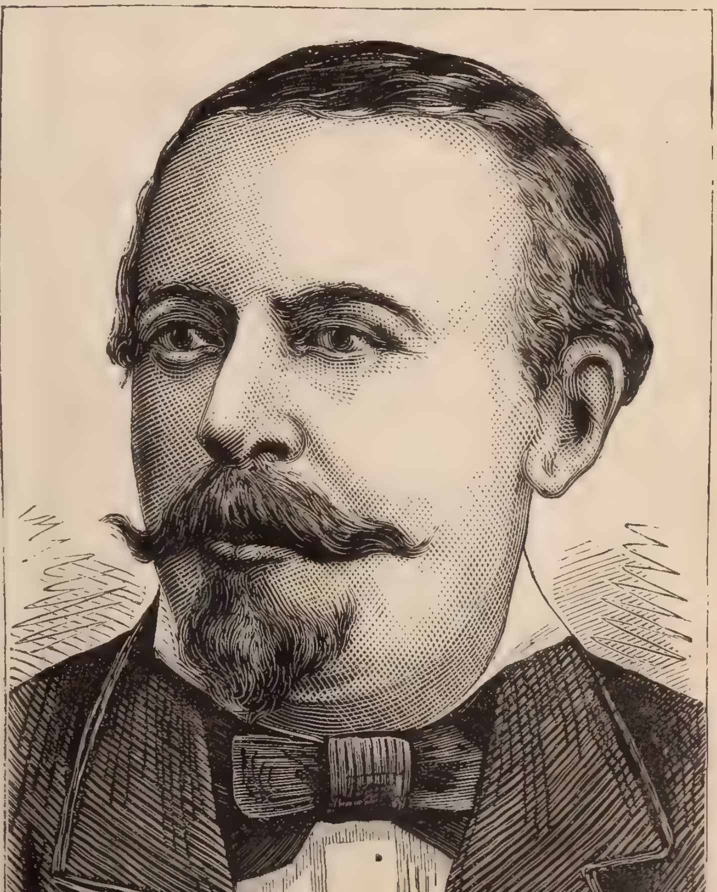
ROLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE. A Thrilling ial Story by the Author of "Felicia Cuffe."
tter from the Commander-in-Chief: a Recollecn by Major Malan—An Aged Blind and Deaf man's Conversion—A Crimean Officer's Avowal.
TEN SIGNS OF THE APPROACHING END, by Rev. M. Baxter. (Continued.)
CURRENT EVENTS: Congress—The Death of Mr. Lenox—The Shepherd Sentenced—A Hopeless Drunkard's Work—The Albany City Hall Burned—From Jail to Altar—A Valuable Claim Sold—A Desperate Fight with a Bear—A Night of Peril—A Young Lady's Kindness Rewarded—The Salvation Army—A Law Against Swearing, etc.
THE FIRST MARTYR. A Sermon by Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D.
BELOVED AND YET AFFLICTED. A Sermon Delivered at Mentone by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
A WEIGHT OF WEALTH. (Continued.)
Count Moltke on War—The Maid and the Visitor.
The Saviour's Golden Rule. Sunday-School Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter.
FOREIGN TOPICS: Another Attempt to Assassinate the Czar—The English Parliament—An Accident to the Princess Louise—Death of Dr. Keith—A Bequest to the Salvation Army—A Bible with Pins in It, etc.





WM. HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D., ARCHIBALD FORBES,
the Eminent Newspaper Correspondents.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.,

The Pioneer of War Correspondents.

War Correspondents—Birth and Family of Dr. Russell—His Early Successes—Joins "The Times"—His Travels as Special Correspondent—The Potato-famine Districts in Ireland in 1846—The Crimean War in 1854—The Indian Mutiny in 1856—The United States in 1861—The Franco-German War in 1870—The Prince of Wales's Tour in India in 1876—The Transvaal in 1879.

THE excitement in military and Parliamentary circles in England about "Bull Run" Russell's strictures on the slackness of discipline among the British troops in the Transvaal, presents a good opportunity to give the portraits of the two famous war corresponedents, Dr. W. H. Russell and Mr. Archibald Forbes.

In commending war correspondents, we must not be supposed to approve of war. But as long as there are wars, the war correspondent will be a necessity of the case, and perhaps its least unpleasant feature. The correspondent is the only representative of the public in a campaign. The commanders are almost obliged to give their whole or their first attention *to the fighting*, and if the commissariat fail, or the wounded be neglected, or tyranny be exercised, or the peaceful population be outraged by riotous soldiery, or even the poor beasts of burden be cruelly overworked, there is no one to lift up a voice against the wrong except the special correspondent, who is there for the express purpose of looking on and then telling the whole truth.

If he lack sense or be untruthful, he may do untold mischief, as was instanced during the late campaign in Afghanistan, when the Government of India was actually driven to the unwise expedient of excluding correspondents from the force altogether. But if the correspondent have capacity, he will be a safeguard against much harm.

The duties of a war correspondent require a rare combination of moral, intellectual, and physical excellences, together with varied knowledge of civil and military life. The most important qualification, if he be fit for his work at all, is self-possession and tact to go in and out where he is a perpetual nuisance, and yet to avoid giving offence. The two gentlemen, sketches of whose lives are now to follow, have, during careers of thirty years, shown the highest capacities for their profession, Dr. Russell peculiarly excelling in dignity of mind, and Mr. Forbes in energy at execution.

DR. RUSSELL is descended from an old English family long settled in the city of Limerick, and was born at Lilyvale, County Dublin, the residence of his maternal grandfather, Captain Kelly, on March 28th, 1821.

While at school under the tuition of the Rev. E. Geoghegan, in Hume Street, Dublin, he showed early signs of a taste for literature, which he developed rather than the military studies for which that school was famous. In this he was possibly encouraged by the remarkable success achieved in the department of letters by his near relative the Archdeacon of Clogher, who was not greatly young Russell's senior in age.

In 1838 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and while studying for a fellowship he commenced a series of character sketches of native Irish incidents, which he gathered at fairs and wakes, etc. By these he gave a new lease of life to an expiring Dublin journal, and even to this day some of the "Irish bulls" he gave to the world continually reappear, sometimes newly dressed as fair specimens of real Irish life and humor. Such ability for descriptive writing was soon harnessed to the then rapidly advancing chariot of the London *Times*.

In 1842 he accepted his first engagement on the staff of that paper, in which position he supplied some lively, humorous, yet faithful descriptions of election scenes in Ireland.

1843 saw him installed in London on the Parliamentary staff of the *Times*, and after a year's experience he was selected to superintend the large staff of reporters who were engaged in recording the proceedings of the numerous Railway Committees during the railway mania, which was then at its height.

The Repeal and similar demonstrations occurring shortly after, the leading journal determined to inaugurate a new era in journalism—Special Correspondents. Mr. Russell was the first to occupy this new post. So well did he acquit himself, and so much were the public pleased with, as well as surprised by, the novel newspaper enterprise, that Mr. Russell was sent, in 1846, to Ireland to depict the horrors of the *potato famine* in that country. His vigorous word-pictures aroused the sympathy of all classes, and soon help worthy of a Christian country was pouring in at all the ports of the unhappy country in need.

Notwithstanding his rising popularity on the press, he entered the Middle Temple for the study of the law in 1846, and in the same year married Mary, second daughter of Mr. Peter Burrowes, of Warren Lodge, County Dublin. In 1850 he was called to the Bar, and although he was employed on several election petitions before Parliamentary Committees, he never enjoyed a large share of legal practice. . The attention he gave to press writing militated against his success when he was retained as a barrister.

His military associations at school enkindled a love for matters connected with the army, and enabled him, almost unconsciously, to acquire a familiarity with its details. Old schoolmates of his, and after pupils from the same school, abounded in every department of the service. He therefore gladly accepted the pioneer position as WAR CORRESPONDENT, which the prescient editor of the *Times* sought to establish. He went to *Denmark*, and sent to that journal graphic descriptions of the war of 1849–50. After further foreign experience on special occasions, he was selected as Special Correspondent to the *Times* on the outbreak of the war between England and Russia in 1854. Although the government favored the novel enterprise, he was not allowed to leave England with the "Guards," who were among the first troops to depart. But the *Times* was not to be balked; he was therefore sent, *viâ* Marseilles, to Malta. From thence he sailed with the advance guard of the British expedition, which first landed at Gallipoli, on Turkish territory, under Sir George Brown.

From thence he proceeded to the *Crimea*, the scene of the war, where he witnessed the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and the capture of Sebastopol, as well as many minor engagements. His position was no sinecure. He had to share with the army the privations caused by the fearful storm of November 14th, 1854, and also the perils of the winter siege, which reduced the British army to a condition truly described by Lord John Russell as "miserable, pitiable, and heartrending." This state of things was mainly known in England through the columns of the *Times*. Many were the invectives which were poured by the military commanders upon the hapless head of Mr. Russell, and his novel vocation was designated "organized eavesdropping." But the country was aroused, and steps were taken which saved the remnant of the army. Food, medical stores, and comforts, with Miss Nightingale and her "angels" to administer them, were poured forth when the distress was known.

He was scarcely a year at home again when he was sent to India to depict the *Indian Mutiny*. But during the interval between these two wars he gave to the country a graphic description of the coronation of the present Czar of Russia in 1855.

So desperate and difficult was the position in India, that Lord Clyde could not permit him to accompany the army unless he enrolled himself for the occasion as a combatant. This he willingly did. He is said to have been in the first rank of the surprising party which drove out the Sepoys from their strong positions in front of
Lucknow, and opened a way for the relief o
sick and dying garrison. He and ten o
held a pass at Rohilcund for an hour against
whelming odds of rebels, until relieved b
arrival of the British troops. At Oudh als
greatly distinguished himself, and was deco
with the Lucknow clasp. Upon his return
India, in 1858, he started the *Army and*
Gazette, of which he has been editor ever si

His next mission as war correspondent w
the seat of the war between the North and S
in the UNITED STATES,
in 1861, where his experience was valuab
his journal. This enterprise was sudden
minated after the retreat of the Northern f
at the first battle of Bull Run. It was al
that he had taken a conspicuous part i
retreat, but there are perhaps two sides
story. Whatever the fact, the consequenc
that Russell returned to England.

A measure of quiet was then enjoyed by
in which his reputation was as much enh
as by his descriptions of battle scenes. H
sented to the world most graphic represent
of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, at
sor, in 1863, and of the laying of the *At*
Cable in 1866. In the latter year he was p
at the decisive battle of Sadowa, which
Prussia the victory over Austria. About
time the literary distinction of LL.D. wa
ferred upon him. He was attached to th
of the Crown Prince of Prussia in the *F*
German War in 1870, though he would hav
ferred being with the French army. In
dreadful war other journals, and notabl
Daily News, had the courage to send "Spe
to represent them. The letters of Dr. R
did not very much increase the importa
the *Times*.

He had accompanied the Prince and Pr
of Wales on their Eastern tour in 1869. B
crowning honor of his life was his select
historiographer of the Prince of Wales'
TOUR IN INDIA
in 1875–76, upon which he wrote a v
which, with its rich embellishments, wil
live as a valuable historical record.

Dr. Russell has, during his varied expe
been loaded with foreign medals and honor
sibly merited by the energetic recipient.
the general public will, we think, accor
the honor due to him for the improved
modation afforded to British troops durin
transport between England and India.
change is mainly owing to his vivid descr
of the miserable ship life of the troops o
voyage to the East, which led to the G
ment building a fleet of huge *floating b*
of which the Serapis, which took the Pr
Wales to India, is a specimen.

Dr. Russell's sympathy for the oppress
ever manifested, but never more than whe
oppressors and oppressed were subjects
British Crown. He always showed a
regard for the truest honor of his nativ
and in the exposure of wrongs which see
him to tarnish its escutcheon, his trench
has been vigorously employed.

In May last, Dr. Russell, left England w
Garnet Wolseley for South Africa as the
Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.
been induced to leave his old journal and
himself to its enterprising rival. In his
from Cape Colony and the Transvaal
scribed the administration of the depe
and the progress of the campaign agai
Zulus with the originality of thought wh
tinguishes him.

He wrote rather severely about the
acts of the British soldiery, although the
probably not worse than the outrages
have been committed in all wars, excep
of Cromwell's God-fearing army. Sir
Wolseley foolishly gave the lie to Dr. Ru
an official dispatch, and the correspond
just written a letter showing *the fact*
which he based his statements. This let
come like a bombshell upon the civil pop

con nued, putting on a severe and solemn air, led you, I must say, to be guilty of a most rdonable offence toward a *fiancé*; and as ord that is to be, I decree on the spot that hall atone for it with a kiss."

I was about to press the fine, but again she ped him, and then there burst out from her tter cry, "What I have said, Percival, is ain and dreadful fact; and do not smile so dulously, but let me make known to you he roof of Arthur's guilt."

I errupting her, Percival said. "Lucie, darin you need not tell me any thing. I know d more than you can say, and I am greatly ised and exceedingly angry that Arthur d have troubled you with his private affairs nost unpleasant secrets. It is both wicked nd oolish of him; for what have you to do, rling, with his evil-doings and self-sought oules?"

(*To be continued.*)

E SIGNS OF THE APPROACHING END.*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page 125.*)

e Atrophy of the Turkish Empire—B. W ton's Opinion—Tillinghast's Prediction in —Ancient Powers of Turkey—Its Succes- Depletions—Syria to be Entirely Separate.

he drying up of the Euphrates or

TURKISH EMPIRE,

pproaching separation from it of Syria.

re is scarcely any sign of the times that s more clearly to the nearness of the final han the decay of the Turkish power. Sev- ndred expositors, who have written dur- e last three hundred years, agree that rying up of the river Euphrates," under th vial, in its historical fulfilment, must the overthrow of the Ottoman empire, as in Revelation 16 : 12–15, "*And the sixth ured out his vial upon the great river Eu-; and the water thereof was dried up, e way of the kings of the East might be ed. And I saw three unclean spirits . . . h unto the kings of the earth and of the world, to gather them to the war of that ay of God Almighty. Behold, I come as a*

her prophecy in Daniel 8 : 9, 22–23, shows ortly before the final crisis, the Turkish is to become broken up into the original orn kingdoms of Greece, Egypt, Syria, at now constitutes nearly all the rest of . These four horn kingdoms, into which der the Great's Macedonian empire was ded, are predicted in Daniel 8 : 22, 23 to be ly re-existent in the *latter times*, at the isis. It is a remarkable sign of the times th Greece and Egypt have been practi- ssevered from Turkey since 1822, and it mains for Syria to be divided off from it, n the four kingdoms will re-exist. These *four* of the *ten* kingdoms of the predicted Empire Confederacy, and therefore there ound for the apprehension that they will permanently absorbed into Russian ter-

ems, however, to be intimated that Russia esently *assist to break up the Turkish Em-* nd, possibly, even if it were to seize Con- ople, it must *be driven back by other Euro- wers*, because the central part of Turkey, of the future ten kingdoms, must remain from Russia.

V. Newton, the eminent commentator, predicted in his book "Prospects of the ngdoms," published in 1849, that Turkey come completely separated from Greece, Egypt, and Syria, for the reasons above mentioned. He wrote:

"We learn from Daniel 8 : 8, 22, 23, that four of the future ten kingdoms of the Roman empire will be the kingdoms of Alexander the Great's successors, which formerly passed into the power of Rome—that is to say, Greece, Egypt, Syria, and the rest of the dominions of Turkey.

"The eighth chapter of Daniel throughout its whole course declares that its theme and burthen is respecting '*the time of the end, when the transgressors shall have come to the full*' (verses 17–23); and it regards the four kingdoms of Alexander's successors as *re-existent* at that closing crisis. '*The latter time of their kingdom*' corresponds with the time 'when the transgressors shall have come to the full.' These four kingdoms, therefore, *must be revived*.

"A few years ago, perhaps, this would have been thought impossible. The maintenance of the integrity of the Turkish empire was made the object of such anxious effort on the part of the ruling kingdoms of the West, that nothing seemed more unlikely than its partition. Yet it has been in part dismembered; and Egypt and Greece have already separate governments of their own. It is also a fact that a similar

SEPARATION OF SYRIA

has been in contemplation. Such a separation would be an almost necessary concomitant of the return of the Jews to Palestine; and, as soon as that is accomplished, the four kingdoms will re-exist."

In the author's prophetic book, entitled "Forty Coming Wonders," published in 1866, the following remarks were made under the head of the "Seventh Wonder:"

"Two hundred years ago, when the Turkish empire was at the summit of its power, and then included in its dominions Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Barca, Egypt, Syria, Greece, Moldavia, and Wallachia, *Tillinghast* predicted that the sixth vial in Rev. 16 : 12 must eventually effect its ruin, although there was no prospect of it at that time. He wrote in 1655:

"'By *the river Euphrates*, we are to understand the Ottoman or Turkish empire. It is called *the great river*, because of the great multitude of people and nations therein. The people who at this present time are of all others accounted the greatest are the Turks, who therefore, and no other, are here to be understood; especially as the river Euphrates, in the ninth chapter, under the sounding of the sixth trumpet, by general consent of expositors, has reference to the Turkish power.

"By *the Kings of the East* we are to understand the Jews, who, upon the pouring forth of this vial, shall return to their own land, and be converted to Christ; the pouring out of this vial preparing a way for both. They are called Kings of the East from the honor and dignity which God will put upon His people (Micah 4 : 8; Isa. 61 : 9; Zech. 8 : 23). God, in His wonderful providence, will so order, that at the appointed time of the Jews' return, the power and the multitude of the Grand Seignior, who is now the greatest monarch in the world, and holds their land in possession, shall be much wasted and consumed.'

"Wonderful as then seemed the prospective overthrow of so mighty an empire as the Ottoman power, yet since 1823–8 it has manifestly been coming to pass. The commentator Galloway, in 1802, expressed his surprise as to how the sixth vial would bring about so marvellous a result. He said, 'Perhaps the means will remain concealed until the events themselves shall remove the veil.' The mystery, however, began to be dispelled in 1821, when Greece seceded from Turkey, and fully established its independence after the battle of Navarino, in 1827, at which the Turkish fleet was destroyed. The Ottoman government was further weakened in 1826 by the slaughter of 30,000 Janizaries, the flower of its forces; and in 1829 by Algeria being wrested from it by the French, and by Egypt successfully casting off its authority. Moldavia and Wallachia were also separated from it in 1857.

"The population of the remaining parts of Turkey has has been fearfully reduced at the same period by unparalleled pestilences, conflagrations, military conscriptions, and misgovernment; so that Lamartine said, in 1834: 'The Ottoman empire is no empire at all: it is a misshapen agglomeration of different races without cohesion between them; with mingled interests, without a language, without laws, without religion, and without unity or stability of power. You see that the breath of life that animated it, religious fanaticism, is extinct. You see that its fatal and blinded administration has devoured the race of conquerors, and that Turkey is perishing for want of Turks.'

"Although the process of the drying-up of the Turkish empire has reached a very advanced stage, yet it evidently is not yet fully accomplished; for the Turkish government still exists, notwithstanding the fact that more than half of its former territory has been torn from it, and that unparalleled depopulation has taken place among the rest of its subjects. Its complete desiccation or drying-up will apparently consist in the displacement of the present reigning dynasty and Mohammedan government by a totally different one—probably a more Europeanized one chosen by the voice of the people—and this is quite as likely to be the result of national bankruptcy and popular revolution as of foreign invasion.

"*The entire separation of Syria from Turkey* is also indicated to happen at the same time, leaving the northern parts of Turkey adjacent to Constantinople, which correspond with the ancient Thrace-with-Bithynia, to form the fourth distinct kingdom in addition to the three kingdoms of Syria, Egypt, and Greece.

"The present Turkish government is the most despotic imaginable. The Sultan has practically almost absolute dominion over the lives and property of his subjects, and his pachas, viziers, and cadis administering the government are generally corrupt, rapacious, and tyrannical. There are in European Turkey *ten million people*, of whom scarcely more than *three millions* are Mohammedans; and in Asiatic Turkey there are about three million nominal Christians of the Greek Church, in addition to twelve million Mohammedans. Thus, out of the total population of *twenty-five millions*, only fifteen millions belong to the dominant Moslem race and religion, which tyrannize over that country.

"Hence, as the Turkish woe under the year-day sixth trumpet consisted in the conquest of Turkey by the Moslem Euphratean horsemen, in 1453, whose descendants are now despotically ruling it, so the abolition and ending of that Turkish woe, by the figurative drying-up of the Euphrates under the year-day sixth vial, will consist in the overthrow of their supreme power, and in the establishment of a new government over Turkey, which shall be more in agreement with the desires and principles of its millions of nominal Christians, as well as Mohammedans.

"Many politicians have expected that Russia would annex Turkey to its dominions, but prophecy entirely contradicts such a supposition; because nearly all the present Ottoman empire lies within the original Roman empire, and therefore must be included within the future ten Roman empire kingdoms, which are to be united in a confederacy (Dan. 7 : 24 : 2 : 42).

"Universal suffrage, the democratic despotic principle of government, will in due time be established throughout the Ottoman territories. A brief season of increasing prosperity and revival of commerce and projection of schemes of improvement may accompany these changes, especially in consequence of the return of the Jews to Palestine; and short-sighted men of the world may anticipate the rise of a new era of freedom and happiness in the East; but the great tribulation will soon follow, and make manifest the unsubstantial foundation of such hopes."

(*To be continued.*)

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* racted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. *mphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and ion of Approaching Events," with two maps large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains quotations from Forty Expositors on these **Address, 63 Bible House, New York.**

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, February 18th, at **3.00 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Greenback Platform was Presented to Congress on February 14th by Mr. de la Matyr, of Indiana. It contains many proposals, the principal of which is the abolition of specie as a basis for the currency, and an unlimited extension of the issue of soft money. Mr. de la Matyr professes to see in his project a scheme which would "regenerate" not only this country, but "the toiling millions of the old world." He denounces the money basis as the curse of the country, uncertain and reliable, and desires a standard which no banker or broker can depreciate. There is no doubt that among certain classes these ideas find supporters, but among business men and those statesmen who have observed the effects of a paper currency having no basis of coin, in other countries, the greenback nostrum to "regenerate" the world will be contemptuously rejected.

The policy of attaching political riders to appropriation bills again came up for discussion but without reaching any tangible result.

Relief for Ireland.—A Bill has Passed the House authorizing the use of one of the vessels of the navy or the charter of a merchant ship to transport food, etc., to the starving Irish. It is probable that a merchant vessel will be chartered, as several have already been offered for about one half the sum which it would cost to remove the armament from a ship of war and prepare her to act as a transport.

The Death of Mr. James Lenox, at New York, on February 17th, removes from society in the city one of its most philanthropic and generous members. He was the founder of the Lenox Library, one of the most valuable institutions of the kind in America. He also led the movement which resulted in the establishment of the Presbyterian Hospital, and the Presbyterian Home for Aged Women. To these and similar institutions Mr. Lenox gave during the last twelve years of his life the large sum of *three million dollars.*

Mr. Lenox was born in August, 1800, was educated in the New York public schools, and graduated at Princeton in 1821. The foundation of his fortune was in a piece of land bequeathed to him by his father, Mr. Robert Lenox. This land Mr. Robert Lenox purchased in 1817 for $10,700 from an estate thrown on the market by the death of an old friend. The price was considered far beyond the value of the land; but Mr. Robert Lenox offered that sum as a delicate mode of assisting the family of his friend. The city of New York has grown since that day, and the land Mr. Lenox bought for $10,700 is built over with fine residences, and is probably worth to-day more than $10,000,000. As Mr. James Lenox sold portions of the ground he expended large sums in the public interest, and gave away other valuable portions for sites of various institutions, to the endowment of which he contributed munificently. Mr. Lenox was unmarried, and lived a very retired life; he was a member of the Presbyterian Church under the pastoral care of Dr. Paxton.

Sentence on Mr. Cowley, the Manager of the Shepherd's Fold in New York, who had been convicted of cruelly starving and neglecting the children committed to his care, was pronounced February 20th. In passing sentence, the Recorder said, "You have had a fair and impartial trial. You were defended with great ability, and every opportunity was given to you to explain the charges against you or to refute them. The jury were anxious to do justice between you and the people, and after hearing the evidence on both sides they came to the conclusion that you were guilty, and in my judgment they could not have arrived at any other conclusion. The sentence of this Court is that you be *confined in the Penitentiary for one year* and fined two hundred and fifty dollars, and at the expiration of your sentence you are to stand committed until the fine is paid."

Application was made after the sentence to three judges for a stay of proceedings, but in each case, after examining the papers, the application was peremptorily refused. This punishment, exemplary in its severity, may be useful as a warning to any persons who may contemplate using the disguise of charity to cover selfish schemes.

A Law against Profane Swearing.—The Senate of Maryland has passed a bill, which had previously passed the House, to punish by fine and imprisonment in jail, at the discretion of the Court, any person who shall by loud and unseemly noises create disturbance in any neighborhood or in any city or town, or who shall *profanely curse and swear*, or use obscene language on or near any street or highway within the hearing of any person passing. Should the governor sign the bill and the law be enforced, a decided improvement in the language of the citizens will be effected. Apart from the sin of the habit of swearing, it is injurious and shocking to those who have to listen to it. Children and young people in the public streets and on cars are now, in our great cities, forced to hear the name of the Most High blasphemously used in horrible oaths appalling to the ear. It is both satisfactory and creditable that the citizens of Maryland are endeavoring to make the practice penal. The Mosaic law dealt more rigorously still with this class of sinners (Lev. 24 : 10–16).

The Work of "a Hopeless Drunkard" named Soutar, at Newark, N. J., is of a most hopeful character. Police Justice Mills, of that city, says he knew him from 1867 to 1875 as an irreclaimable inebriate, whom he was in the habit of sentencing frequently to terms of imprisonment varying from ten to thirty days. He was released from one of these seasons of enforced retirement in 1875, when the praying women of Newark invited him to a Gospel temperance meeting, and promised to pray for him. Mr. Soutar said it was of no use; but at that time he did not know the power of prayer. Later when he found a surprising change coming over him, and his thirst for liquor abating, he had a different estimate of prayer. By the grace of God he was reformed and converted, and then the first t
he thought of was, how he could help ot
afflicted as he had been. He has now es
lished a home for inebriates, relying for ai
Christian liberality, and he has asked the ju
to *commit men* to his home instead of to pr
when they have been convicted of drunken
in the hope that its influences will be more
ducive to their reformation than those of
jail. The home is well arranged and mana
and among its reforming agencies Mr. Sc
has established a small library of useful b
with a reading-room, on the table of whic
places the CHRISTIAN HERALD, the *En*
Alliance, and the Newark daily papers.
home will accommodate twenty boarders,
Mr. Soutar is sanguine that under the ble
of God great good will result from his effort
is certainly one in which all Christians
heartily sympathize.

The New York "Daily Witness."—We
with sincere regret that the effort of Mr. Do
to establish a daily journal conducted on
ious principles, "witnessing for evangelica
ligion, temperance, and every good cause,
against all forms of evil"—an effort in whi
has persisted for over eight years—has s
proved a failure. It is announced that th
culation it has attained is not sufficient to
the cost of production, and that unless a
increase of purchasers takes place immediat
issue will be suspended. The proprietor as
the prayers of Christians everywhere that th
ness shall not be silenced in the city, but th
may be encouraged by an increase of supp
continue its issue, and that God may be gl
by its mission. We cordially commen
Dougall's request to our readers.

A Subscriber from Waste Paper.—A La
a Western State writes to us: "I had be
our store one day and bought a few parcel
after I got home, on undoing them, I foun
one parcel was wrapped in THE CHRI
HERALD—the first one I ever saw. And
to subscribe for it. I think it the best p
ever saw."

Mr. Aitken, the Editor of this Paper,
start yesterday on a *rapid* tour to some p
Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tex
turning by way of Tennessee and Kentuck
ters relating to personal, not to editorial,
may be addressed to him at the followin
offices: Jacksonville (not later than Marc
Cedar Keys, New Orleans, Galveston, Me
Louisville (Ky.), and Cincinnati.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Wat
(monthly) for January and February, 1880,
had, price *six cents* each, at 63 Bible Hous
York.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—W
much pleasure in announcing that another la
signment of volumes by this eminent aut
preacher has just been received. They are
sale at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York, and are offered at
low as to bring them within the reach of eve
Twelve Sermons on various subjects, with pho
of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Plou*
Talk, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth,
The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, a volum
sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a
cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vol
as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthd*
This popular gift-book contains a suitable
selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for e
in the year, with a blank space opposite
graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. S
appear at their respective birthdays. The
elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents.
tances should accompany orders.

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contri
received up to Monday, Feb. 23d:

Miss Hannah Cresse, Rio Grande, N. J..
J. W. Kilbourn, Trenton, O............
L. J. B., Anderson, S. C. ....

Forwarded to *N. Y. Herald*..........

A Friend, New York..................
" Sandy Spring, Md...........
William T. Griffith, Lebanon, O........

The Albany City Hall was destroyed by Fire February 10th. The fire at first appeared to be rifling, but the construction of the building with its network of flues caused the flames to break out twice after the firemen believed they had been extinguished. Strenuous efforts were made, to save the records and county documents, which reach back to and antedate the old Dutch Knickerbockers. These attempts were in measure successful, and the men emerged rom the dense, blinding smoke that filled the alls and corridors, each with his arms piled full with old books and musty packages of papers, which were the more valuable for their antiquity and the yellow stains of age. Load after load was carried out until the heat forbade furher entrance. Great efforts were made to save he portraits of the Governors of New York tate, about twenty in number, which were on he walls of the Common Council Chamber; nd all of them were taken out, but most of hem were more or less seriously damaged. This ollection of pictures is said to be the only omplete set in the posssession of any State. t embraces the oil portraits of every Governor rom the time of George Clinton, 1777, down o Gen. John A. Dix, the portraits of Governors iden and Robinson not yet being added to the st.

From Jail to the Altar.—A Prisoner who is ndergoing a sentence of two years' imprisonment at Richmond, Va., was granted a few ours' freedom on February 10th for the purpose of getting married. The crime for which he being punished is that of murder. He had ruck a young man who he believed had insulted the young lady he has now married, and when e was struck in return had shot his antagonist ead. He appealed to the higher courts, but e sentence was confirmed, and after the final ppeal had failed it became necessary to remove m to the penitentiary. Application was made the prison authorities to allow the marriage take place before his removal, which was anted. The prisoner in charge of a jailer was ken to the residence of a relative of the bride d the ceremony performed, after which *the nvict bridegroom* was taken back to jail, leaving s bride in a state of tearful distress. The shockg event, involving sad consequences for all ree of the parties implicated, is a lesson which ould not be forgotten. The readiness to rent an injury which all displayed, and the horble crime which was the issue of the quarrel, ould remind us that "a prudent man deferth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a ansgression" (Prov. 19:11).

A Valuable Claim was Sold for a Small Sum tely in an attempt of the vender to defraud. merchant of Virginia City won by a gambling ansaction an undeveloped gravel claim near evada City, said to be worth about *two huned dollars*. He was anxious to make a profit the claim, and without ever seeing it he rote to some capitalist acquaintances that he ad a claim worth a fabulous sum, which he ould sell for $2000, being pressed for money. he bank was next visited, $500 worth of gold ust and nuggets bought, and buried by the wner's directions about the claim, according the process known as "salting." When the tending purchasers arrived they prospected e ground a little, and were satisfied. They id the $2000 the same day, and got possession the ground. Work was at once begun, and ey took out $8000 in three weeks. The salter" was so taken aback that he was hamed to speak of the loss, and is now aware at they who try to overreach others fall into snare. (Psa. 7:15.)

A Desperate Fight with a Bear is Described a Philadelphia journal. It took place in a ve near Bushkill. The cave is in the midst of a rest, and an old man named Sheldon has made his home. A few days ago Sheldon went out search of firewood, and was absent from his ve about an hour. When he returned he was mazed to see *a large black bear* crouching in e corner of his underground abode. Before he could get out of the cave, however, the bear sprang toward him, dealing him a hard blow on the shoulder. Sheldon drew his knife and struck the creature in the neck, but the wound only infuriated him. He at length succeeded in getting out of the cave, where the struggle was renewed, the bear getting him in his embrace and nearly hugging the breath out of him; but the old man was fighting for life, and drove the knife into the monster's heart, killing him instantly. As the bear fell dead, Sheldon fainted, and was found unconscious, several hours later, by a party who were passing through the forest.

This struggle reminds us of the desperate combat the Christian sometimes has to wage with the enemy of souls who often seizes the opportunity of loneliness to come unawares on those he would make his prey. Then is the time for the soul to call upon the Saviour, who conquered the same antagonist in the wilderness.

A Night of Peril on the Ice was Experienced by a man named Penn, of Gananoque, last week. He was one of a party who were crossing the St. Lawrence on a sleigh by moonlight. Suddenly the ice broke up and the sleigh went under. In this critical position three of the men battled through the water to the larger cakes of ice floating about, and each secured one for himself. The wind blew so fiercely that they were obliged to crouch on their hands and knees, and in that position float with the ice, hoping it might drift near the shore, then more than a mile away. After drifting for some time one of the men decided to make an effort to swim ashore, and plunged into the icy river. But he must have been drowned almost immediately, for his companions saw no more of him. Soon a second also plunged into the water; he was *crazed by the cold*, and thought he was taking the hand of his wife, whom he seemed to see before him. Penn was thus left alone, his limbs numbed with cold, and his clothes encrusted with ice more than an inch thick. All that night he drifted, and he was giving up hope, when just as the morning broke, he was seen from the shore and rescued by a boat sent for his relief. He has been a total abstainer for many years, and believes that but for that fact he must have succumbed to his sufferings of that terrible night.

A Young Lady's Kindness met with its Reward recently, after many years had elapsed. A young man was studying at Yale College, whose father was very rich and supported his son in grand style at the university. Suddenly the old gentleman failed and had to withdraw his son from college. The youth went to work and learned a trade as a machinist. While he was at his work his old associates refused to have any thing to do with him. The young ladies, with whom he had been a great favorite, failed to recognize him when they met him. One day while going from his work he met a wealthy young lady who had been his friend. He had his tin dinner-bucket over his arm, and supposed she would cut him as all the rest had done. She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as "Tom," and insisted that he should call and see her as he had always done. She said: "There is no change in you, as far as I am concerned." The years rolled on. The young workboy became wealthy, and owner of a factory in which 1500 men and women are employed. The young girl grew to womanhood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum of money from the rich man, and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little property. The capitalist sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for her husband's indebtedness; and now the son of the millionaire is going to marry the daughter of the one woman who was faithful and true to the young workboy whom others despised.

Three Members of the "Salvation Army" have arrived in Philadelphia and begun a series of meetings, which thus far have been largely attended. Conversions are already reported, and further assistance in the work is expected soon from England.

BELOVED, AND YET AFFLICTED.

Notes of a Sermon Preached before an Audience of Invalid Ladies at Mentone by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."—JOHN 11:3.

A Favored Trio—I. The Fact—He whom Thou Lovest is Sick—Not an Astonishing Circumstance—He was only a Man—Under a Peculiar Discipline—Sickness a Source of Benefit to the Afflicted—Of Good to Others—II. The Fact Reported—A Constant Correspondence—Jesus Sure to Support the Afflicted—He may Give Healing—III. The Result—A Prayer which may be Crossing Ours—Longing for the Evening to Undress—IV. A Question—"Does Jesus Love You?"

THAT disciple whom Jesus loved is not at all backward to record that Jesus loved Lazarus too; there are no jealousies among those who are chosen by the Well-beloved. Jesus loved Mary and Martha, and Lazarus; it is a happy thing where a whole family live in the love of Jesus.

They were a favored trio, and yet, as the serpent came into Paradise, so did sorrow enter their quiet household at Bethany. Lazarus was sick. They all felt that if Jesus were there disease would flee at His presence; what then should they do but let Him know of their trial? Lazarus was near to death's door, and so his tender sisters at once reported the fact to Jesus, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."

Many a time since then has that same message been sent to our Lord, for in full many a case he has chosen his people in the furnace of affliction. Of the Master it is said, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses," and it is therefore no extraordinary thing for the members to be in this matter conformed to their Head.

I. Notice, first,

A FACT

mentioned in the text: "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." The sisters were somewhat astonished that it should be so, for the word "behold" implies a measure of surprise. "*We* love him, and would make him well directly; *thou* lovest him, and yet he remains sick. Thou canst heal him with a word, why then is thy loved one sick?" Have not you, dear sick friend, often wondered how your painful or lingering disease could be consistent with your being chosen, and called, and made one with Christ? I dare say this has greatly perplexed you, and yet in very truth it is by no means strange, but a thing to be expected.

We need not be astonished that the man whom the Lord loves is sick, for *he is only a man*. The love of Jesus does not separate us from the common necessities and infirmities of human life. Men of God are still men. The covenant of grace is not a charter of exemption from consumption, or rheumatism, or asthma. The bodily ills, which come upon us because of our flesh, will attend us to the tomb, for Paul saith, "We that are in this body do groan."

Those whom the Lord loves are the more likely to be sick, since they are *under a peculiar discipline*. It is written, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Affliction of some sort is one of the marks of the true-born child of God, and it frequently happens that the trial takes the form of illness. Shall we therefore wonder that we have to take our turn in the sick chamber? If Job and David and Hezekiah must each one smart, who are we that we should be amazed because we are in ill-health?

Nor is it remarkable that we are sick if we reflect upon the great *benefit which often flows from it to ourselves*. I do not know what peculiar improvement may have been wrought in Lazarus, but many a disciple of Jesus would have been of small use if he had not been afflicted. Strong men are apt to be harsh, imperious, and unsympathetic, and therefore they need to be *put into the furnace and melted down*. I have known Christian women who would never have been so gentle, tender, wise, experienced, and holy if they had not been mellowed by physical pain.

There are fruits in God's garden as well as in man's which never ripen till they are bruised. Young women who are apt to be volatile, conceited, or talkative are often trained to be full of sweetness and light by sickness after sickness, by which they are taght to sit at Jesus' feet. Many have been able to say with the Psalmist, "It is good for me to have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." For this reason even such as are highly favored and blessed among women may feel a sword piercing through their hearts.

Oftentimes this sickness of the Lord's loved ones is *for the good of others*. Lazarus was permitted to be sick, and to die, that by his death and resurrection the apostles might be benefited. His sickness was "for the glory of God." Throughout these nineteen hundred years which have succeeded Lazarus's sickness all believers have been getting good out of it, and this afternoon we are all the better because he languished and died.

The Church and the world may derive immense advantage through the sorrows of good men; the careless may be awakened, the doubting may be convinced, the ungodly may be converted, the mourner may be comforted through our testimony in sickness; and if so, would we wish to avoid pain and weakness? Are we not quite willing that our friends should say of us also, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick?" .

II. Our text, however, not only records a fact, but mentions

A REPORT

of that fact: the sisters sent and told Jesus. Let us keep up a constant correspondence with our Lord about every thing.

"Sing a hymn to Jesus, when thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint."

Jesus knows all about us, but *it is a great relief to pour out our hearts before him*. When John the Baptist's broken-hearted disciples saw their leader beheaded, "they took up the body and went and told Jesus." They could not have done better. In all trouble send a message to Jesus, and do not keep your misery to yourself. In his case there is no need of reserve; there is no fear of his treating you with cold pride, or heartless indifference, or cruel treachery. He is a confidant who never can betray us, a friend who never will refuse us.

There is this fair hope about telling Jesus, that *He is sure to support us under it*. If you go to Jesus, and ask, "Most gracious Lord, why am I sick? I thought I was useful while in health, and now I can do nothing; why is this?" He may be pleased to show you why, or, if not, He will make you willing to bear His will with patience without knowing why. He can bring His truth to your mind to cheer you, or strengthen your heart by His presence, or send you unexpected comforts, and give you to glory in your afflictions. "Ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us." Not in vain did Mary and Martha send to tell Jesus, and not in vain do any seek His face.

Remember, too, that *Jesus may give healing*. It would not be wise to live by a supposed faith, and cast off the physician and his medicines, any more than to discharge the butcher and the tailor, and expect to be fed and clothed by faith; but this would be far better than forgetting the Lord altogether, and trusting to man only. Healing for both body and soul must be sought from God. We make use of medicines, but these can do nothing apart from the Lord, "who healeth all our diseases." We may tell Jesus about our aches and pains, and gradual declinings, and hacking coughs.

Some persons are afraid to go to God about their health: they pray for the pardon of sin, but dare not ask the Lord to remove a headache; and yet, surely if the hairs outside our head are all numbered by God, it is not much more of a condescension for Him to relieve throbs and pressures inside the head. Our big things must be very little to the great God, and our little things cannot be much less. It is a proof of the greatness of the mind of God that while ruling the heavens and the earth He is not so absorbed by these great concerns as to be forgetful of the least pain or want of any one of His poor children.

We may go to Him about our failing breath, for He first gave us lungs and life. We may tell Him about the eye which grows dim, and the ear which loses hearing, for He made them both. We may mention the swollen knee and the gathering finger, the stiff neck and the sprained foot, for He made all these our members, redeemed them all, and will raise them all from the grave. Go at once, and say, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."

III. Thirdly, let us notice in the case of Lazarus

A RESULT

which we should not have expected. No doubt when Mary and Martha sent to tell Jesus they looked to see Lazarus recover as soon as the messenger reached the Master; but they were not gratified. For two days the Lord remained in the same place, and not till He knew that Lazarus was dead did He speak of going to Judea. This teaches us that Jesus may be informed of our trouble, and yet may act as if He were indifferent to it.

We must not expect in every case that prayer for recovery will be answered, for if so nobody would die who had chick or child, friend or acquaintance, to pray for him. In our prayers for the lives of beloved children of God we must not forget that there is *one prayer which may be crossing ours*, for Jesus prays, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." We pray that they may remain with us, but when we recognize that Jesus wants them above, what can we do but admit His larger claim and say, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt?"

In our own case we may pray the Lord to raise us up, and yet though He loves us He may permit us to grow worse and worse, and at last to die. Hezekiah had fifteen years added to his life, but we may not gain the reprieve of a single day. Never set such store by the life of any one dear to you, or even by your own life, as to be rebellious against the Lord. If you hold the life of any dear one with too tight a hand, you are making a rod for your own back; and if you love your own earthly life too well, you are making a thorny pillow for your dying bed. *Children are often idols*, and in such cases their too ardent lovers are idolaters. We might as well make a god of clay and worship it, as the Hindoos are said to do, as worship our fellow-creatures, for what are they but clay? Shall dust be so dear to us that we quarrel with our God about it? If our Lord leaves us to suffer, let us not repine. He must do that for us which is kindest and best, for he loves us better than we love ourselves.

Did I hear you say, "Yes, Jesus allowed Lazarus to die, *but He raised him up again?*" I answer, He is the resurrection and the life to us also. Be comforted concerning the departed, "Thy brother shall rise again," and all of us whose hope is in Jesus shall partake in our Lord's resurrection. Not only shall our souls live, but our bodies, too, shall be raised incorruptible. The grave will serve as a refining pot, and this vile body shall come forth vile no longer.

Some Christians are greatly cheered by the thought of living till the Lord comes, and so escaping death. I confess that I think this no great gain, for so far from having any preference over them that are asleep, those who are alive and remain at His coming will miss one point of fellowship in not dying and rising like their Lord. Beloved, all things are yours, and death is expressly mentioned in the list; therefore do not dread it, but rather "*long for evening to undress*, that you may rest with God."

IV. I will close with

A QUESTION—

"Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus"—does Jesus, in a special sense, love you Alas, many sick ones have no evidence of any special love of Jesus toward them, for they have never sought His face, nor trusted in Him. Jesus might say to them, "I never knew you," fo they have turned their backs upon His bloo and His cross. Answer, dear friend, to you own heart, this question, "Do you love Jesus?" If so, you love Him because He first loved you Are you trusting Him? If so, that faith of your is the proof that He has loved you from befor the foundation of the world, for faith is the toke by which He plights His troth to His beloved.

If Jesus loves you, and you are sick, let all th world see how you glorify God in your sickness Let friends and nurses see how the beloved o the Lord are cheered and comforted by Him Let your holy resignation astonish them, an set them admiring your Beloved, who is so gracious to you that He makes you happy in pain and joyful at the gates of the grave. If you religion is worth any thing, it ought to suppor you now, and it will compel unbelievers to se that he whom the Lord loveth is in better cas when he is sick than the ungodly when full o health and vigor.

If you do not know that Jesus loves you, yo lack *the brightest star* that can cheer the nigh of sickness. I hope you will not die as you no are, and pass into another world without enjoying the love of Jesus: that would be a terribl calamity indeed. Seek His face at once, and i may be that your present sickness is a part o the way of love by which Jesus would bring yo to himself. Lord, heal all these sick ones i soul and in body. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal ar requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor in America and England, and those whose sermon articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; an for its weekly circulation of more than 175,00 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmag especially request prayer every Sunday mornin on behalf of their labors.]

A LETTER FROM THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND A PRACTICAL REFUTATION

A Recollection by Major Malan.

Committing our Way to the Lord—Unfounde Statement in the Horse Guards Letter—Leav Refused—The Inspection—The General's Su prise.

THE exhortation to delight ourselves in th Lord, promising that He shall give us the desir of our heart, is followed by this assurance *Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also Him: and He shall bring it to pass; and H shall bring forth thy righteousness as the ligh and thy judgment as the noonday.* By His marvelous grace He led me to believe in Him. Fait is the gift of God, who giveth to all men liberally. If you need it and wish it, *Ask, and shall receive.*

He then led me to commit my way to Hin to trust in Him, and He did bring it to pas But the man who serves God in this wicke world *must* suffer in some way. Misunderstanding or persecution he *must* have. Therefore it promised for the comfort of all the servants o the Lord, that He will bring forth their righ eousness—that they acted faithfully towar Him—as the light, and their judgment—that b His grace they acted for the best toward men—as the noonday. What a tower of strength th blessed promise has been in all their trials to th followers of the Lord Jesus!

To some of His children the Lord fulfils th word even in the days of their earthly pilgrimage. He allows them to suffer for Him, and H afterwards brings forth their righteousness the light.

The paragraph of the Horse Guards letter which I referred in a previous chapter* was t this effect: "The Commander-in-Chief has always found that discipline deteriorates in cor where religious parties exist, and he has remarked that the wing of the —th regiment was no exception to that rule when under the command of Major Malan." I do not believe that the Commander-in-Chief dictated or directed this sentence. I have not one word to say against him. Public letters are written by staff officers who sometimes judge too hastily.

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* Christian Herald, page 43.

The Christian officers and soldiers of our army are entitled to justice from their superior officers. There are none more faithful or loyal in he army. As long as they do their duty, their eligious liberty should be respected. Unless *hey* can be proved to have created breaches of discipline, they should not be deprived of that iberty upon every frivolous and vexatious complaint.

It is not lawful to forbid officers and soldiers who hold the same views of the Christian faith to meet together to study God's Word. Not only does this do no harm, but it does a great deal of good.

There were no "religious parties" among the oldiers under my command. There are official documents to prove that discipline did *not* deteiorate.

"He shall bring forth thy righteousness as he light, and thy judgment as the noonday." This was my comfort when I had finished reading he Horse Guards letter. It would have troubled me greatly but that the Lord stood by me and trengthened me. He knew the truth. He would sooner or later justify me: whether now r in the day when every secret thing shall be evealed, I left to His will. I never expected hat He would do it before I left my regiment. By return post from headquarters, after the resgnation of my commission had been received, here arrived two letters. One was from a priate soldier, which I will proceed to quote.

"Dear Sir: I hope you will not think it mpudent of me for writing you this letter. I was thinking of it since I left your command, ut my position of life prevented me from doing . I always had a desire of returning you my most hearty thanks for the book (a Douay Tesament) you presented me with after we went om Singapore to Hong Kong, *as also all my mrades join with me in thanking you* for your kind present to them. Dear Sir, there is a rumor ere that you are about to leave the regiment, *which we would be very sorry for.*"

He then expresses, in as strong language as man can, how pleased he and his co-religionts, many of whom he mentions, would be to erve again under my command, giving as is reason, "*We were never better off than what we were when we were under your mmand, as you always gave us all kinds of dulgences concerning our keeping up of our ligious principles, which we shall never forget or you if it laid in our power to do you any assistance.*" This from an Irish Roman Catholic soldier, to me, his old commanding officer. I felt it as *God's answer to the Horse Guards letter.* he Lord led him to write it. When I had nished it, the tears flowed freely from my eyes. looked up and said, "Thou shalt answer for e, O Lord my God."

Beloved Christian reader, what a God is ours! ere was *His proof* that there was no religious arty, save one of love, among the soldiers under y command. Here was *His proof* that disciine had not deteriorated in the wing I had comanded. On the contrary, by His grace I had ound my soldiers to myself by the strongest tie uman nature knows—the heaven-given band of ove. Love, because for Christ's sake I had ved them.

My application for leave to England had been fused on the ground that my services could ot be spared. It was a momentary disappointent, but I knew that all was well. A few weeks terward the general commanding the forces the Cape of Good Hope came to inspect the oops in garrison. I need hardly remark that now committed my cause to the Lord in earnest prayer. My dear friend the commandant nd I met for special prayer, that the Lord would give us good success and prosper our work.

The day of the inspection I was enjoying a psalm, as usual, before breakfast, in the garden of our mess-house, when in the portion for that day I came upon this verse, "*I have stuck unto thy testimonies; O Lord, put me not to shame*" (Ps. 119:31). I closed the book with a shout of joy. It was my Lord's assurance that He would not now fail me. Lieutenant-General Hay, an officer who by his indefatigable exertions in the rifle instruction of our army had done so much to improve its military power, was the inspecting general. He had commanded a regiment nineteen years as lieutenant-colonel, and was very strict in duty.

He inspected the men by companies under arms. The wing was then put through the usual exercises of an inspection by myself and other officers. The general told the men before they marched off parade that he was extremely pleased with all he had seen. "As to cleanliness on parade, steadiness in the ranks, and when moving under arms, there is nothing to be desired." Following this there was the inspection of the books, kits, and barracks. The companies were upwards of a hundred strong.

After looking at the books of the first company, the general asked the captain how much it was in debt. The debt was under three pounds. "How many depositors have you in the regimental savings-bank?" was the general's next question. "Fifty-nine, sir," was the reply. "What?" said the general. The officer repeated what he had before said. "Well," said the general, "*I never saw any thing like this before in my life.*"

(To be continued.)

AN AGED BLIND AND DEAF WOMAN CONVERTED:

Or, Gospel Teaching under Great Difficulties.

One of those excellent ladies who devote themselves to the spiritual good of humanity, and who has founded a Soldiers' Home in a garrison town in England, received recently a letter requesting her to call upon a woman said to be in deep spiritual distress. She went, and found the person alluded to was an elderly woman, nearly seventy, totally blind and totally deaf, speaking so indistinctly that it was difficult to make out any thing she said; but she seemed deeply depressed, groaning from time to time her utterance, "miserable," "miserable," making evident her deep distress of mind. The obstacle in the way of communicating with her seemed insurmountable. She could see nothing, she could hear nothing, and she could explain nothing.

The lady, deeply affected by her case, took the trouble to ascertain how she had been brought up and how long she had been thus disabled.

It appeared she had attended a Sunday-school for some years, and that her disability arose from the accident of a heavy school form falling upon her foot, so that her instruction had been little.

After prayerful thought upon her case, the suggestion occurred of making with the finger the form of letters upon the palm of her hand. The trial began with the letter O. After a time she seemed to perceive what was being done, and evidently tried to utter the letter. The next trial was with the letter G. This was tried first as a capital letter, but the poor woman could not be made to understand it. The next trial was a small g, which, after a time, she seemed to comprehend. Then followed the difficult task of the leter D, which, with perseverance, was accomplished, and a pause made by inscribing rather rapidly G-o-d several times in succession. The poor woman at last seemed to comprehend, and attempted to utter the word "God."

The task went on, the letters l-o-v-e-s were tried in the same way, and, after great efforts, the word "loves" seemed to be comprehended. Then followed the letters m-e, and by tapping upon her breast she seemed to understand. The whole sentence was then formed rapidly over her palm, and again and again, until she seemed to repeat the words and grasp the sentence "God loves me." This was one whole day's work.

The next day she was visited again. Her face expressed more calmness, with evident pleasure at receiving her visitor, and encouraging efforts on her part to say "God loves me." The slow course of instruction was again pursued, and other texts, such as "Jesus Christ died for sinners," "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Passages containing the pith of the Gospel were from day to day taught to her, until after some weeks the miserable expression of countenance entirely vanished, and she looked cheerful and happy, repeating the texts which had been taught her, showing by her manner of dwelling upon them that the joy of salvation was realized by her, and the peace of God rested upon her soul. It was evident the Spirit, who had wrought on her soul the deep conviction of sin, had given her living faith in the Saviour.

She is still living, a monument of the tender mercy of God, and a striking instance of the blessing which results from persevering Christian effort.

A CRIMEAN OFFICER'S AVOWAL.

By the Rev. Marmaduke Osborne.

I was travelling a little while ago on the London and Northwestern Railway. The train stopped at Oxford Station. A gentleman got into the compartment in which I was, and the train started, and away we went together. We very soon got into conversation. He was in great trouble. He had been to Oxford to identify his brother, who had been drowned while bathing. He told me all about himself and his brother They were both military men, and they had both served in the Crimean War and in the Indian Mutiny, and were at home on furlough. They had been at their father's house, and his brother left to visit an Oxford friend. The two friends went to bathe, and they were both drowned whilst bathing; and this gentleman went on telling me all the particulars, and I let him talk, for I saw it relieved him. And when he had done I thought it was my turn, and I said, "How important we should always be prepared for death and eternity, because we never know when the summons may come!" He turned round upon me, and said, "Oh! you are a clergyman. I suppose you believe in a future state." "Yes, I do."—"Well, I don't know whether I do or not. Sometimes I do, sometimes I do not; but I will tell you one curious thing. I have been telling you I am a military man and have fought in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, and I was in one of those transport ships that came to grief and was at that time in very great danger of going to the bottom. I have been in the field of battle when the bullets have been whizzing past my ears, and the shells bursting on every hand, and my comrades have been falling on my right hand and on my left, and it is an uncommonly curious thing, but *at such times I always begin to pray.* I am not a praying man. I do not profess to pray; but always when I have been in danger of that sort, very soon I instinctively begin to pray."

Ah! that is what most people do. That is what many people would do very soon now if they were told, for example, that the Master would be here within a few hours. But it is needless to say that it is most perilous to postpone prayer until the hour of manifest danger, for "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6:2); "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart" (Hebrews 3:15; Isaiah 55:6).

A Light to Light the whole City has been arranged for by the city government of Cleveland, Ohio. It is to be of 10,000 candle power, and to be placed in the dome of the County Court House. The contractors agree that if the light is unsatisfactory they will not require payment. Should the experiment be as successful as it promises, the citizens of Cleveland will have in their midst a practical illustration of Matt. 5:14-16.

THE FIRST MARTYR.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Punshon, LL.D.

"And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."—Acts 7 : 59, 60.

Lives not to be Measured by Years—The Church's Danger and God's Remedy—The Earliest Martyr—We may Learn from this History, I. The Secret of Stephen's Meekness and Courage—Men not Born so—The Treasury not Exhausted—Anecdote of an Officer—II. The Christian Inherits Persecution—Persecution Natural to Man—Its Spirit not Dead—III. God's Grace is most Present when most Needed—As thy Day thy Strength.

The period of our Redeemer's incarnate life was thirty-three years; the period of our Redeemer's public ministry was *three years only.* In that brief space of time all His marvellous works, all His elaborate discourses, and all the great scenes of His passion and agony, were crowded. In that brief space of time He endured all that was necessary in the matter of personal suffering, and accomplished all that was necessary in the preparation of His disciples for their work of progress and of prayer.

Length of life is not to be estimated by the winters over which it is spread. *Some lives are short at seventy,* because the record of them is a blank and insignificant vacancy. *Other lives are protracted at thirty-five,* because a history has been pressed within the span. *Men live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial.*

After the ascension of our Saviour, and the Baptism of Pentecost, with its first result of blessing in the sudden and simultaneous conversion of 3000 souls, the apostles preached boldly, undeterred by the fetters of the council, until all Jerusalem was filled with the doctrine, and the faithful among the adherents to the ancient faith wondered whereunto this thing would grow. Hitherto they had fulfilled with indomitable courage and tenderness the wish that lurked in the command of Christ to begin at Jerusalem; but there were broader purposes in the Redeemer's heart than the moral conquest of Jerusalem could satisfy. The Gospel was a Gospel of the world: the covenant of which His death was the seal had stipulated for *the conversion of the world.*

It was necessary, therefore, that the truth should not be locked up in the favored city to the exclusion of the parts adjacent, or "all the nations" and the uttermost ends of the earth, equally in the covenant, would have remained destitute of the tidings of blessing; but *there seemed some danger lest in the growing prosperity and success of the Church at Jerusalem the outside world should be forgotten,* lest Peter and his companions should re-enact His own experience on the Mount of Transfiguration, and as they gazed upon the converts ripening into a brave and generous piety should say, "Lord, let us build us tabernacles here." God seems to have provided against this danger by removing for a season the restraint in which He had held the opposition of the carnal mind.

Persecution was stirred up against the faithful. The clamorous tongue silenced the confessor's testimony. Some were imprisoned, others were banished; but the imprisoned ones rejoiced in their bondage, and the banished ones became missionaries everywhere preaching the Word.

The Church, moreover, had not yet all its orders of honor. It had its consistent believers, and its brave confessors, and its willing evangelists, and its noble-hearted apostles, but upon its bead-roll of martyrdom no name was yet inscribed. This reproach was very speedily to be wiped away. There, in the person of that deacon of the Church, wise in administration and excellent in council, a brave disputant, a faithful witness, and withal full of the Holy Ghost,
THE EARLIEST MARTYR STANDS
—the first of that noble army who have in all ages resisted unto blood, and whom righteous heaven and regenerate earth alike conspire to honor. "And they stoned Stephen."

It does not seem to have been the result of any adjudication even of prejudiced authority. He was arraigned, but he was interrupted in the midst of his defence, and stoned to death in an ebullition of popular fury. It was a tragic scene. Outside the city must the martyrdom be accomplished; for such is the treachery of the human heart that these superstitious assassins shrank with horror from the thought of defiling their streets with blood, and after the murder was over, they would have deemed it a sin of fearful enormity to sit down to the banquet with unwashed hands. Outside the city, therefore, must the murder be accomplished. There in the midst of the infuriated mob,
HOUNDED TO HIS DOOM,
you see him stand with the angel-face upon which the new beauty was already blushing, heavenlier now than when he stood before the council, because nearer to the glory which tinted it; and as the stones are thrown, and the hard rain falls pitilessly about him, he sinks upon his knees—how else could the first martyr die?—and inheriting the spirit as well as the sufferings of the Master whom he loved, his last breath is a prayer for his murderers—"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

It was finished—finished. There, on the ground, is *a battered casket from which the jewel has escaped*—the prison-house of clay from which the man undying has gone up to be with God; and round it there, when the last passionate slayer has departed, and the last curious spectator has gazed upon the corpse and gone, there come a multitude of angels chanting the requiem through adoring gladness, "so He giveth His beloved sleep." "And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

Now that is a scene I want you to contemplate. I do not mean that you should do this by any labored attempt at devotion; I would rather you should come with your hearts open and learn the lessons that lie upon the surface of the narrative, and that commend themselves most easily to the judgment and to the heart.

I. Now, the first question surely that arises in the heart of every one of you will be,
WHAT IS THE SECRET
of all this meekness and of all this bravery? How came Stephen to be thus self-possessed before the frowning sanhedrim—thus fearless amidst that excited multitude in his home-thrusts of truth—thus brave in the crisis of trial, and forgiving in the moment of death?

As we mentally put ourselves in his position, and try to realize each successive danger, we feel that something more than physical bravery, more than the endowment of mental hardihood, is necessary to sustain us here. It must be some supernatural bestowment to account for all this superhuman tenderness and all this superhuman courage.

Then comes the further question, *This supernatural endowment, is it an exclusive blessing*—the heritage only of the few faithful—*or is it the common heritage of all mankind?* May it be yours and mine? These are questions that become interesting to us, as we dwell upon the developments of holy character that are presented in the life of Stephen. Brethren, the answer to the question is to be found in the character of the man. The secret of all this meekness and of all this bravery is to be found in the character of the man. *You do not leap into this boldness of character* in a moment, as Minerva is fabled to have leaped fully armed from the brain of Jupiter.

There was no mystic charm by which the graces clustered round him. He had no patented and sealed prescription of holy growth that is not allowed to any one beside. He had faith, and it was the gift of God to him just as it is the gift of God to us. He had the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Spirit waits, and is available for us as well as for him by the bloodshed of his surety and of ours; and the *only difference*—I want you to grasp this thought—between ourselves and him is that
HE GRASPED THE PROMISE
with a holier boldness, and lived habitually in a closer fellowship with God. There was no natural advantage that he had over us.

He was born in sin as we are. He started from the same level of disadvantage as we do. He had no natural superiority over us by which to command more favorable conditions to overcome his enemy and ours. Just as we do, by repentance and faith, by childlike trust and clinging, by the continual exercise of graces and continual trust in the Master and Captain of our salvation, he rose to be the hero that he was.

And *the treasury is not exhausted;* and the Benefactor is just as willing to bestow as ever, and His ear listens to the sound of the faintest supplication, and His hand is stretched out that it may bestow the abundant blessing to-day. Dear friends, it is not physical courage that is the secret of this moral bravery. There are men in this world of ours who can climb, without flinching, the serried slope that is swept by the bristling cannon, who would be the first to plant the scaling-ladder against the parapet and climb the wall of a besieged city, and who can go right up to the cannon's mouth in search of the bubble reputation, who yet are the veriest cowards when a moral duty is difficult, or when they have to maintain an unpopular principle, or when they have to avow a faith against the laugh of the scorner.

Some of you will remember *a story that occurs in*
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DESPATCHES
—how he once sent two officers upon a service of considerable hazard, and as they were galloping to the spot of rendezvous, the one, looking at the other, saw his lip quivering, his cheek blanched, and the moisture of fear upon his brow. Reining in his horse, the other exclaimed, "*Why, you are afraid!*" "I am," was the officer's reply; "and if you were half as much afraid as I am you would relinquish the duty altogether. Without wasting another word upon his ignoble companion, the officer galloped back and complained bitterly that he had been sent on a service of such hazard in the company of a coward. What was the commander's reply? "Off, sir, to your duty, or the coward will have done the business before you get there."

And the great duke was right. There was physical timidity—perhaps the result of a sensitive and nervous organization—but there was an imperial regard to duty which bore him above his fears to triumph.

And that has been illustrated many a time in the history of the Church. Sensitive and shrinking natures, that have quivered like an aspen at the very probability of danger, have been embraved into the heroism of sacrifice when the time of trial came. Ay, and often the Church's martyrology records instances of suffering endured for Christ by delicate and high-born womanhood, and how she who in her ancestral home was screened from harm, so tha the very winds of heaven could not visit her to roughly, has stood, when the trial came, statel as the cedar in the storm. Ay, and often eve childhood has anticipated its manliness, and ou of the mouths of babes and sucklings God ha perfected praise (Psalm 8). It is
CHRISTIAN FAITH IN ACTION
that is the stuff out of which martyrs are mad They are what they are from no muscular sinew or well-knit network of nerves, but from the i dwelling and demonstration of the Spirit of God Now you will be all of you tried, if you have n been tried already. There are times in ever man's life when the clouds pour down the wate that they have long been gathering, and whe the skies send forth their mightiest thunderin of sound. Do you want to bear yourselv bravely in that day? Do you want to come o more than conquerors then? Do you want s to comport yourself that the temptation th bows your spirit to the dust, and almost ren your heart in twain, shall not be able to sha

your principles a hair—do you want that? Then let the life that you now live in the flesh be a life of faith in the Son of God.

It is the daily drill that makes the battle-hero. It is the breasting of the stream full oft that makes the swimmer strong. It is the orderly self-command in the vexations of the household, and in the wasp-like annoyances of every-day life, that prepares the soul for the confession made amidst a tempest of slander, and for the heroism when all the powers of battle are laughing at the carnage and the havoc and the slaughter.

II. The second point I want to bring out is that *the lot of the Christian is generally a lot of persecution*—

AN INHERITANCE OF PERSECUTION.

So far as we know, there was nothing at all in the character of Stephen to account for this envenomed hostility shown him. He was reputed learned and honorable, and as the Church's almoner, his office at any rate was benevolent and kind; and he was consistent, and so his life was a keen power of rebuke to others. He was fearless and faithful, and so he made enemies. He was unanswerable, and that was a crime too great to be forgiven; and so "they stoned Stephen."

And if you look into Church history you will find that *the lot of the true Church has always been a lot of suffering*. Take the old prophets, those kings of the former time, uncrowned: although they wielded an empire far more worthy of being wielded than the empire which depends on sceptres and palaces, yet they were the subjects of derision and of insult; all of them were derided, some of them were slain. Nearly all the primitive apostles weaved the martyr's amaranth into their crowns of thorns.

Pagan Rome vindicated, in ten general persecutions, her right to the attribute of cruelty, as well as by her merciless edicts and infamous slaughters; and in her *autos-da-fé* and protracted and cruel Inquisition, *Papal Rome* has not been a whit behind her. But Rome has not had any monopoly of persecution; it is a disgrace in which she, alas! has had many fellows. Numerous have been the instances in those of a contrary creed in which persecution has been born of power, and in which, in the delirium of newly acquired influence, men have trampled at once upon the restraints of society and upon the precepts of creed.

Nay, apart from ecclesiastical systems, *the seeds of*

THE PERSECUTING SPIRIT

are in your heart and mine. We have no need to be bitter against others. *There are many ways in which persecution shows itself.* The natural heart, the carnal heart, is in enmity—not indifference, mark you, but positive enmity—against God; and if a man will be a Christian—not a thing *called* "a Christian," for that is a very different affair to being a Christian after Christ's type and model—depend upon it, the world hates him, and it hates his beauty still.

There are many ways, you know, in which the spirit of persecution can be manifested. The husband may interpose to forbid his wife's devotion, or a father may be inexorable in the denial of his child's privilege, or the reward may be withdrawn, or the preferment withheld, or the suspicion insinuated, or another wing may be given to the slander. Oh! there are a thousand ways in which the latent hate can be shown: *a shrug of the shoulder can show it;* a glance of the eye can show it; the deprecating hypocrisy that can lurk in the wave of a hand can show it. All these, in certain forms, have been abettors to this spirit; or the barbed adjective, the envious whisper, the dissembling smile, have burnt into a fire hotter than Smithfield ever gathered round about it. Brethren, do you know any thing of this?

If your course is against the world, it is the course of the thunder-cloud in whose heart there is the living fire. If you go with the world's followers, or with them so nearly and so constantly that they mistake you for one of themselves, they won't persecute you. Is it, *therefore*, I wonder, that the age of persecution has so largely ceased? Is it *therefore* because the witnesses have sometimes faltered and sometimes borne false witness? Is it *therefore* that men have ceased to persecute us? Oh, then we are the sort of prophets that men like—the prophets who prophesy smooth things, who daub over men's consciences with untempered mortar—who make the heart comfortable.

Oh, for the spirit of Micaiah, the son of Imlah, from whom the rebellious Ahab could extort nothing but. "*As* the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak." Brethren, we must be faithful as God's witnesses; we must be tender too. *If we tell them the Redeemer's testimony, we must deliver it with the Redeemer's tears.* We must look straight-eyed and kindly upon the vilest, as a man ought to look upon a man, for we are both royal, although the one is wearing and the other has worn his crown; but we must be still faithful as God's witnesses. We are part of His. Earnest in our protest against error, more earnest in our protest against wrong-doing, all Christ's witnesses are bound to be thus faithful for the truth; and if we are, persecution cannot harm us, but unfaithfulness can and will.

III. The next thought I want to impress upon you is, that *God's grace is always most intimately present when it is most sorely needed.* I hope there are some hearts prepared to learn this lesson. In the former life of Stephen, before he was called upon to fill the office of witness and evangelist, no doubt he had grace according to his day, but with special and onerous duty there came replenishment and supply. Look how it came upon him like a baptism in the gloom of the fierce council, when all they that were looking upon him steadfastly saw his face as it had been the face of an angel! Listen! how it enabled him to testify to the divinity of Jesus, for he was the *proto-martyr*—nobody can rob him of that—*for the divinity of Jesus!*

Hark! how it enabled him to testify to the Messiahship of Jesus. Hark! how it trod out of his heart the last fiery emblems of malice and revenge, and made him forgiving and heavenly-minded, as his Master was; and then with a rare vision opening above, he broke from his baffled murderers, and laid his bleeding brow upon his Lord's bosom.

The grace came just at the time he needed it. Yes, and the promise still is,

"AS THY DAY IS."

You draw upon your resources once and think them exhausted, and that you have no right to go to the particular promise, as if there is no virtue in it now. Remember "as thy day is, thy strength shall be." That text fits into days when the winter is dreary and the spirit of the hurricane waits to be let loose; days when the sky is leaden; days when the spirits are depressed; days when the sky is bright and the air clear, and there is an elasticity in nature, and when the frost braces one up; days when, like the workmen of old, we must work with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other; all sorts of days. "As thy day is"—they are all covered, they are all included—"as thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

And have you not felt it and heard of it in the experience of those combatants who now rest from the conflict as we hope to do? Don't you remember them telling you how the time of their deadliest peril was often the time of their most blessed delivery? how when the dread waters threatened to swallow them up they were just the pathway for the chariot of the delivering Redeemer; and when He was seen walking upon the sea there appeared a great calm? Have you not sat by the bedside of dying saints and wondered, as they spoke to you of heaven, of unearthly beauty, and songs so sweet that no minstrelsy on earth could vie with them, as if, while the outer scenes were being lulled, an invisible hand had opened the beauties of the other world and given a keener eye for the prospect of beauty, and a keener ear for the melody of sound?

Cold science calls these things the phantasms of the intellect, the dreams of an imagination disordered and for the time insane. But why should not God open heaven to His Stephens still? and what better fitted to cheer them in their trouble, and to brace them in the great fight that they have to wage against the enemy of their souls?

Many a time when the dying Christian has lain upon his death-bed happy in the love of Christ, apparently unconscious of human sight and sound, the spirit has gone under some celestial escort to the summit of some spiritual Pisgah, and there has beheld the King in His beauty and the land that was afar off. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

THE MAID AND THE VISITOR.

Miss V. M. S. writes: "In the summer I was invited to C—— Park, where I had never previously been. Before going, I earnestly prayed that Jesus would go with me and bless my testimony to some one there. But, alas! the week was just ended: I felt as if my prayer had not been heard at all, and that there had neither been work out of doors nor in-doors for me to do; nothing but a steady downpour of rain; and the servants, of whom there were many, seemed far too grand and too engrossed with company to attend to any thing I had to say. But it was not so. My last day there was Sunday. I had lent the young maid who waited upon me a little book, and at night I asked her if she had read it. She replied she had, and that she liked it. 'Oh, miss,' she said at length, 'I said to the butler downstairs in the servants' hall directly you came, "I am certain that that young lady loves Jesus, and that she has Him for her friend," and, oh,' she exclaimed, bursting into tears, 'how I wish that Jesus was my friend too!'

"What could I then do but first inwardly thank Him who had thus prepared my way, notwithstanding my unbelieving fears; and then in an earnest conversation and prayer point the poor girl to Him who was waiting to be *her* friend too, even the 'friend that sticketh closer than a brother!' She thanked me again and again with tears as the first lady who had ever prayed with her, or spoken to her about her soul; and I left early the next morning, rejoicing to think that a visit which seemed so unpromising had not been altogether in vain. Still, I was humbled when I thought that that young servant had no doubt been wondering all the week why I did not speak to her—she was evidently waiting for a word.

Count Moltke, the Famous Military Strategist and Commander-in-Chief of the German army, lately sent the following reply to a Saxon workman, who had written suggesting a decrease of military burdens:

"Who does not participate in the heartfelt wish to see lightened the heavy military burdens which Germany is obliged to bear, being, as she is, situated between powerful neighbors? The Princes and the Government share in the same wish, but this happy state of things cannot be hoped for until all nations acknowledge that every war, however successful, is a general calamity. Even our Emperor is not able to bring about this desirable conviction, which can, in fact, only be produced by a better religious and moral education of the populations, and this is the work of centuries. Neither you nor I will live to see it.—Yours truly, H. V. Moltke."

Count Moltke evidently is not aware that the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation intimate that possibly before the close of the present century the personal Second Advent of the Prince of Peace, amid terrific wars and revolutions, will cause the nations to "beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks," so that "they shall learn war no more," and then the peaceful period of one thousand years will run its course (Isaiah 2:4; Rev. 20).

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from page 111.)

Julia's Ambition.

ERNEST saw now, as he sat meditating after his meeting with Charles, and looking back with mournfully keen eyes, that he had suffered himself to drift into a dangerous channel, rather than distinctly chosen to enter upon it. It had been easier, and had seemed wiser, to keep his own counsel, and suffer affairs to take their course, than to publish the mistake that had been made. That far-off time could not be recalled ; and suddenly he discovered the heavy chain he had forged for himself (Num. 32 : 23).

He was in the very prime of life ; held in high esteem throughout the country ; the best Clifford of Clifford that had ever lived within those old walls. There was not a fleck upon his reputation, nor an apparent flaw in his character. He had almost doubled the value of the estate, and had greatly increased the prosperity of his little village. His influence was great both in religious and political circles ; and he exercised it with a scrupulous conscience. He was useful, and rejoiced in his usefulness.

Was he to throw it all to the winds, and beggar himself, his mother, and Rose, because a good-for-nothing scapegrace had seen fit to return from some far-off country, where he had wasted his life and substance in riotous living? If he did, Charles would soon squander the estate away, and go off on his wanderings again. What good would come of that to any one?

At this turn in his reflections, a subtle memory of familiar words stirred softly in his brain : "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye ; if, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! "No man can serve two masters : for either he will hate the one, and love the other : or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon" (Matt. 6 : 21–24). And thus with a clearer light dawning in his mind he betook himself to rest.

Charles Clifford was awake betimes the next morning. He had been thirty-six hours at home, and he was already growing weary of the decorum and propriety that reigned over it. Yesterday had appeared intolerably long to him, for his mother would barely let him out of her sight. She had insisted upon going with him when he made his inspection of the stables and farm-buildings ; and he had had her on his arm when he went down into the village.

Most of the men and women had greeted him warmly enough, but there had been no great enthusiasm of welcome, as there would have been for an heir coming into his estates. He had been received as a younger brother, whose going and coming made little difference to the tenants. It had not been so in his younger days.

It was with a sore heart that he walked about his father's fields alone this morning. He felt the value of what he had forfeited more keenly than he had ever done. There was not a drop of Clifford blood in Ernest's veins, he said to himself as he tramped doggedly along ; yet here he was lord and master of every foot of Clifford land. It was all very well for his mother to make a fuss over his return, and melt into tears, and break into laughter, and play a regular comedy about it. But Ernest gave him a scant welcome, and turned him the cold shoulder. He was regarded as an interloper in his own home.

Charles knew before he came that his father's will was all regular and unassailable ; and that there was no loop-hole through which he might hope to creep into his lost birthright. He had made sure of that years ago. But he had never felt how hard it was as he did now. He had a hungry craving for enjoyments that were quite beyond his reach.

If this comfortable little estate were his by law, as it was by natural inheritance, what a figure he would cut in the county! Ay! in London itself, as long as his funds lasted. But what could a fellow do, without a penny in his pocket? It seemed more difficult to believe, now he was here once more, that his father could have kept his grudge against him to the last.

He wandered on aimlessly along the cliffs. The thick clumps of gorse were glowing, with their rich golden tints, in the early sunshine. Here and there he stood on the edge of a narrow ravine, dipping down into the sea, with the water tumbling to and fro with the tides in the chasm below. In every cleft grew some green outgrowth of the spring, concealing the gray and jagged points of the precipice under the ceaseless flutter of their leaves.

The shadows from the sky slept upon the sea, moving slowly across it with the soft passing away of the clouds. It was supremely quiet. As far as his eye could reach the water was rippling gently, without a sail upon it to break the monotony. There was no sound except the singing of the birds and the ceaseless moan of the sea.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "it's enough to send a fellow to sleep for evermore! I must get some life into this place, or march off again, and make myself scarce. And what's the good of staying here, aggravating myself? I'll see what Ernest is willing to do for me, and then I'll be off."

By this time he was high enough on the cliffs to look down upon Rockwood, nestling in its own little glen. The place was almost as familiar to him as Clifford Grange, for he had been a great favorite with Squire Symons in his boyhood. He saw a woman leaving the house by the side entrance, and begin to climb the steep path which led to where he was. It could be no one else but Ruth Symons, who had been the object of his first boyish love.

Charles loitered about to meet her, with a smile at his own folly ; yet with his pulses throbbing a little faster, as this lightfooted figure drew nearer. Jenny Britton had told him the day before that Ruth was the handsomest woman in the neighborhood. Excepting Rose, Jenny had added. Now he had seen Rose he acknowledged that Ruth might be very handsome, without being quite as lovely.

Had Ruth still that soft, colorless, creamy complexion, with those dark liquid eyes he remembered so well? It was certain she could not lose her shapely, well-poised head, and her stately presence, though she was no longer a young woman. She must be two years older than himself, and he was over thirty. Over thirty years of age! It was enough to make any fellow feel serious to be that age, and know he had not a penny of his own.

The woman was sufficiently near to him now for him to see that she was not Ruth, but Julia Rush. Yet Julia was no unpleasing object to look upon. Her face was a rich brown, well shaped and handsome, and her bold black eyes were bright enough to invite a second glance. She had caught sight of him, and recognized his figure as it stood out clear against the sky on the brow of the cliff, and she was redoubling her speed to overtake him.

There was some spirit in a woman who could tear along like that, he thought. It occurred to him that Julia had been the first to welcome him when he was tramping, footsore and heavy-hearted, down the road to Clifford. He must wait and speak to her, and give her one of the gold pieces with which his mother had filled his purse yesterday ; for Charles was lavish with his money when he had any, and he fancied he should like to see the glitter in Julia's eyes when the coin was transferred from his hand to hers.

"Good-morning, Julia," he said as she approached him closely, panting and breathless, with her red lips parted and her cheeks flushed. "I never saw you again the other night ; but I did not forget you. I wanted to give you a keepsake for being the first to welcome me home. Here, take this, and buy yourself a gown, or something or other."

Julia had not found her voice yet, but she turned away indignantly from the proffered gold. It seemed to her heartless in him to offer it to her, who had met him, ragged and almost barefoot, tramping homeward like a beggar.

"Put it up, Master Charlie!" she cried as soon as she could speak ; "put it up. I haven't kept you in my mind all these years to need any thing like that for a keepsake. If you'd brought me any bit of a trifle from foreign parts, I'd have kept it till the last day of my life—ay, and had it buried with me in my coffin! Night and day you've never been out o' my mind, and do ye think I'll take money from you now?"

"By George!" he ejaculated, gazing curiously at the agitated woman.

"Nobody wanted ye back save me!" she went on eagerly ; "they're a set o' traitors, every woman's son of 'em! Master Ernest is the landlord for them. They've never given you a good word nor a good wish. 'A good riddance!' says they. 'He's the rightful heir, is Master Charlie!' says I, 'And God Almighty will bring him back some day, and put him in his own place again!' And He has, bless His name!"

"I'm afraid He's had very little to do with my coming back," said Charles, "and He has not set me in my own place again."

"No ; but I can put you in the way to get back your own," she answered.

"How can you do that?" he asked incredulously.

"Listen to me," she said, in a low, eager voice, pressing near to him, lest she should be overheard even on the cliffs. "The day after th' old master died, toward evening-time, I was out here along these very cliffs, looking after the geese that had strayed away from the fallow-field, and who should I see but Master Ernest comin' along i' the dusk.

"It was bleak and dull, and the wind was risin', and I wondered to see him goin' off to Rockwood so soon after he was gone, only I knew he was courtin' Miss Ruth, and maybe he was eager to tell her all the news. But instead of goin' straight on he kep' walkin' up and down, up and down, one way one minute, and the next way the next minute, all in the dusk and the cold, and I hid behind the furze, hardly knowin' why.

"I'd been full of you all day, thinkin' as how you'd come home again to be master, and there'd be good old times all over again, and I was overjoyed like. Well, I watched Master Ernest pull a paper out o' his breast pocket and begin to *tear it up into little tiny scraps*, and strew them about as he wandered up and down.

"When that was done, and he was off to Rockwood, I stole out, and searched up and down, walkin' where he walked, and pickin' up every scrap I could see. Some had blown away with the wind, and some had fallen over the cliff ; but I lay down and crawled to the edge and stretched over as far as I durst and snatched up two or three off the brambles below me. It was almost dark, and when I came first thing in the morning there wasn't one to be seen."

"And what have you done with them?" he asked as eagerly as she had spoken.

"I've kep' them safe, every one," she replied. "I never durst tell nobody ; for they're all traitors, and took Master Ernest's side as soon as they heard he was to be master. But I can't make nothin' out of the bits ; I'm no scholar. They're all here in a little silk bag I made on purpose, and they've never been out o' my bosom these ten years. If we could find some shelter, we could look at them at once."

"Yes, yes!" he said fiercely. "I always suspected some foul play."

Julia's black eyes were riveted upon his face, and he could not fail to see that she had both a profound sympathy for him and an equally profound belief in the importance of her communication. They sought a sheltered nook under the brow of the cliff, and he sat down beside her, while she emptied her little silk bag into her lap. It was a moment of intense happiness to Julia, one she had been dreaming of and looking forward to all these years, and the reality was more blissful than the anticipation.

The possession of this little silk bag had been like a secret distinction to her, which had made her hold herself aloof from all her village suitors. She had given herself airs in the sight of all her world, and had often been laughed and jeered at for her assumption of superiority. The little seed of ambition sown many years ago had sprung into a great tree, and she was sitting under the shadow of it with great delight.

The rightful heir of Clifford was here, close beside her, bending over the treasured scraps of paper, and arranging them with more practised fingers than her own. She could scarcely breathe for very happiness. Was she going to replace him in his lost inheritance? Would this cherished secret of hers make him again the master of Clifford? If it did, how would he reward her?

A blissful vision flashed across her excited brain of being his wife. Why not? Other women as lowly born as herself had married gentlemen of far higher degree than Charles Clifford, who had never seemed as far removed from the rank of her own class as Ernest did. Julia would never have dreamed of marrying a learned scholarly man; but Charles had always chosen the company of people below him, and accommodated himself to their ways.

He was sitting now at her side in close contact, as any fisherman or farm servant in Clifford might have done, who was accustomed to rest under the first hedgerow, or ridge of rock. She had long been striving to make herself a lady, and she indulged the happy belief that she was very superior to the women of her own station. She was almost Charles's equal. Why should she not become his wife and mistress of Clifford, if she played her cards well?

As Julia dreamed these dreams Charles diligently fitted in the morsels of yellow and stained paper upon her lap. Most of them were quite blank, with not a single character upon them. Those that contained some writing did not fall in consecutive places. Still there was sufficient to prove to him that the handwriting was his father's, and there was a date of which the last and least important figure was missing—"Feb. 10, 184-." He found also the word "y," and the half word "wi—." Charles stared at these fragments with a blank and puzzled expression, not with the triumphant air Julia was hoping for. She ventured to lay her own hand upon his to arouse his attention.

"What is it?" she asked; "what do you make out? Is it th' old master's will?"

"I can't make it out," answered Charles, "but there's some foul play in it, I'll swear. I never believed my father would cut me off, his only son. No, no. You're a jewel, Julia, I shall never forget what you've done for me. How can I repay you? Tell me, for I'm ready to do any thing you ask—in reason."

He dropped his voice over the last words, and Julia did not catch them. She shrank from the idea of having gold offered to her again by him; no lady could take money for any service she might render. Her color came and went, as he looked at her for a reply.

"Not now," she said; "wait till you're master of Clifford again, and then I'll tell you.

(To be continued.)

THE SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

S. S. Lesson for March 7, Matt. 7 : 1–14. Golden Text, ver. 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR beloved Lord and teacher, having first taught the rudiments of the laws of His kingdom in the Sermon on the Mount, and then contrasted the law of God under another dispensation with His own teaching, continues in chapter 6 to establish God's just claim to our honor and our confidence; while in chapter 7 He proceeds to treat of the relations which we, as children of God, bear to one another. First of all He attacks the strongest of all propensities, the spirit of judgment. "Judge not that ye be not judged." Oh, how this strikes at the root of much of the conversation among God's children, who recount and debate upon the faults of others! How it strikes at the root of many sins of thought, when unkind and harsh reflections upon the ill-doing of others is indulged in, and no spirit of loving compassion prompts to yearning and longing for their deliverance, and to lying low before God in prayer for them until the evil is removed. "Thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest," says Paul (Rom. 2 : 1). How much afraid should we be to cast the first stone at another if we bore in mind the law of condemnation, "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Continuing His teaching, He says, "And why considerest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye," etc. "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam that is in thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." Here is a law of the inner life. The eye is a delicate member, and none but they who see clearly have any power to detect defects in the eye of another. Exactly in the same way the conscience is a delicate member, and only such whose consciences are pure and unsullied have power to discern the state of others' consciences. We must see clearly, must have no object which impedes our own vision, no hindrance to our own sight, if we would be God's instruments to separate between men and their sins.

Next follows a passage which has been strangely misunderstood. "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and then turn again and rend you." Some believers say that they cannot think it right to announce the Gospel to everybody, lest perchance it should be to those who are not the elect of God, and who are consequently dogs and swine. We have no right to treat any one as a dog or a swine who has not proved himself to be such, and according to God's Word it is not the unconverted but the backsliders who are thus designated. When the Apostle Peter applies the proverb, "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire," he is speaking of such as "have escaped the corruptions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and who are again entangled therein and overcome (2 Pet. 2 : 20–22). To such let us be careful how we speak of the deep things of God, or of any deep experience which we may have; they will only trample them under their feet until there is a confession and humbling before God.

Our Lord now teaches us from the example of our God how ready we should be to respond to the appeal of others. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." Let us observe well that all is in the present tense; every one that *asketh*, *receiveth*, not that hath asked, not will receive. The moment of asking is the moment in which God undertakes the matter for us, although it may not turn out according to our preconceptions. The Lord Jesus shows us that no appeal to God can be in vain; the very nature of our God makes Him responsible for everything which is really committed to Him by His own children. But we must *appeal* to God, and not only express wishes. If asking does not succeed, then seek; if seeking does not avail, then knock. Prayer is no experiment; God is always conscious of His children's cry, although the answer may seem sometimes to tarry.

Perseverance in prayer is rare. Our dear Master says (Luke 18 : 1) that "men ought always to pray and not to faint." And the words of James 5 : 7, 8, are most needful for us when our intercession for others or for God's cause seems to be fruitless. "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain. Be ye also patient." Never let us forget that while we have one object in view—that for which we are interceding—our loving Father always has two; He bears also upon His heart the education of His children, and sometimes His tarrying is needful for this end.

But to encourage us He adds, "What man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things unto them that ask Him?" God is the Father of fathers, and He would be unworthy of the name of Father if He deceived a trustful and expectant child. But are our prayers really expectant prayers—so expectant that when we are asking according to the will of God, no apparent delay staggers us, and a denial does not so much as occur to us, this is prayer which knows the three degrees asking, seeking, knocking, and which results in receiving, finding, opening.

Our Lord annexes to this strong assurance of God's goodness the word "*Therefore.*" "Therefore," He emphasizes, "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." Because God's heart is so great, and His hand so large toward us, we are bound in honor to have a large hand and a ready, and a loving, generous heart to others. As Christ put Himself by His incarnation into our place, so by love are we to put ourselves into the place of others, and to deal with them as we would be ourselves dealt with, for this is the doctrine of God, "the law and the prophets."

Our Lord in the end of His discourse makes a strong appeal with regard to the very groundwork of His salvation. He has been teaching something of the narrow way, but there is an entrance gate to be passed first before one step upon this way can be taken, and so He says, "Enter ye in at the straight gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way which leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." The broad way is the popular way; to follow the multitude is ever to do evil (Ex. 23 : 2).

Many of the feeble, almost useless, God-dishonoring conversions which we meet with arise from the fact that many who seek and find and accept Christ as a Saviour, who know the power of His blood to save from condemnation, remain in the straight gate and standing in the doorway. Instead of making progress on the narrow way, they hinder others from entering in by their inconsistency. God has adapted the gate to the way, the grace which separates us from our sins to the responsibility of a life and walk which is holy and divine. "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Matt. 19 : 6). The word of God never contemplates such a thing as the bestowal of peace and pardon, which has been purchased by the blood of Christ, only for the enjoyment of its possessor. Christ gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works (Tit. 2 : 14).

The Lord's command is, Enter in, stand no more without. Really entered, there is no other foothold than the narrow way. The gate is Christ. "I am the door" (John 10 : 9), and every step is Christ; for He says, "I am the way" (John 14 : 6). Let none be daunted because "few there be that go in thereat." Every saved soul has gone in there, and although a narrow, it is a tried path, and safe. Oh, should there be some unconverted soul reading these lines, whose life until now has been all lost upon the broad way, turn now and face the matter! The Lord Jesus offers full pardon and full power to him who will enter in and cut the connection with his old life and thoughts and desires, leaving forever the broad way for the narrow.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Fifth and the Boldest Attempt to Assassinate the Czar of Russia was made February 17th. The Czar was sitting in his private apartments conversing with his daughter, who is married to the second son of the Queen of England, and who was on a visit to St. Petersburg. One of the imperial servants had announced that dinner was served, but the Czar continued talking with his daughter for a few minutes. Then he rose, and was about proceeding to the dining-room when the sound of a loud explosion was heard; and it was discovered that the room where the repast was laid had been *blown up by dynamite*, and ten soldiers, who were on guard in the room, had been killed. Had the Czar attended to the first announcement of dinner, he and his family must have been all destroyed. The scene is thus described by an eye-witness: "The lights were extinguished and the gaspipe burst. The princess, the officers, and the valets went blindly through the dark, and then poured promiscuously through the door of the royal apartments. The sovereign was found groping his way out of the fatal quarter. All who saw the sight—the picture of Alexander II. leading his daughter away from the mine of dynamite—say it was one that could never be forgotten."

The life of the Czar has for some time been one of daily torture. When he went abroad he was surrounded by a cloud of mounted officers, who concealed the carriage and protected the inmate with their bodies. *In the palace* he was accessible only to diplomatists, dignitaries, and officers of the household. *At chapel* detectives occupied seats that were formerly reserved for distinguished visitors. Detectives infested the kitchen. *Every dish was tasted* by persons of rank, specially selected for the purpose. The emperor did not even venture to open his letters, documents steeped in poison having repeatedly been sent to him.

It is conjectured that the plot was devised by some persons desirous of hastening the advent to the throne of the Czar's eldest son, who is supposed to be more liberal in his policy than his father. General sympathy is expressed for the Czar throughout Europe.

In the English Parliament some Excitement has been produced by a technical breach of privilege committed by Mr. Plimsoll, the well-known friend of the sailors. Mr. Plimsoll is anxious to promote legislation which will oblige ship-owners to carry grain in bags instead of in bulk. Two members of the House of Commons had opposed Mr. Plimsoll's motion, and he issued a placard denouncing them in very plain terms. He was called to account for this proceeding, and had to apologize. In his apology Mr. Plimsoll took care to insist that the passage of his bill was necessary in justice to sailors, and it is thought that his unparliamentary placard will not retard his bill. It is well known that *many ships have been lost* through the grain cargo shifting in the rolling of the ship, and thus preventing her righting.

An Afghan Debate.—In the House of Lords a brilliant assemblage, including five members of the royal family, assembled February 20th to hear the Duke of Argyll's attack on the Afghan policy of the government.

Lord Beaconsfield said the British Government considered that the time had arrived when they should settle forever who should possess *the great gates of India*. The policy of the Government, distinctly and repeatedly declared, had not swerved for a moment. Complete command of the great gates of the Indian empire had been obtained with absolute success.

Many things had occurred which the Government had not contemplated, but nothing had occurred which for a moment could induce them to modify or change their policy. He said they could not leave Afghanistan while it was in a state of anarchy.

The Groundless Nature of the Charges against General Roberts of wholesale executions in Cabul is shown by the following telegram he has sent to the English authorities in London: "No one was executed unless convicted of attack on the Residency. No soldiers shot for fighting against us." A convoy of treasure and ammunition reached Cabul safely on February 1st. The defences of Bala Hissar and the Shirpoor Cantonment are stated to be progressing very satisfactorily. There have been severe snowstorms at Cabul.

Persecution in Russia.—The Russian "Golos," in a leading article, calls attention to a case which, if, as there is every reason to believe, it is true, is calculated to excite great indignation. It seems that in the prison of Suzealya are at the present moment *an Archbishop and two Bishops*, of the Starolbryatsi or Old Believers. Their only crime is that of having held to their faith and performed their office accordingly; yet for this they have languished in confinement respectively *twenty-six, twenty-two, and seventeen years*. They have petitioned that the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession would be a fitting occasion for granting them their release.

An Accident to the Princess Louise, Daughter of Queen Victoria, and wife of the Governor-General of Canada, occurred February 15th. She was driving in a sleigh with her husband and attendants to hold a reception, when the horses suddenly became unruly, and by the time they reached the lodge, at the main entrance, they were travelling at a rapid pace. An attempt was made to run the animals in, but without success, and in turning the corner the sleigh swung round with great force, striking a lump of ice and causing it to capsize. The terrified animals increased their pace and dragged the sleigh on its side for about 400 yards, until, nearing New Edinburgh bridge, the Hon. Mr. Bagot who was in a sleigh in front, with great presence of mind jumped for one of the horses' heads and succeeded in catching the reins. Then with a sudden jerk he partially checked the team, thus enabling the groom to seize the other animal.

The sleigh was then righted and the occupants assisted out and driven to Rideau Hall, when it was found that the Princess had received a contusion on the right side of the head and a cut on the lobe of the right ear. The other members of the party escaped with slight bruises.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Keith, the Venerable author of "The Evidence of Prophecy" and other valuable works, who on his first visit to Palestine was accompanied by Drs. Black, M'Cheyne, and Bonar, died recently in England in his *eighty-eighth year*. He resided during the last years of his life in one of the resorts for invalids in the Midland Counties. He was able, with the aid of a lens, to read, and was conversant with all the current events in national and social life. He watched with interest European events, and especially is this the case with anything connected with the tribes of Israel and their restoration to their own land. His chief joy on the Sabbath was to hear one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. A little girl read to him, and he declared that "he had *the best preacher* and heard *the best sermon* in the town." Dr. Keith, in his last book, "History and Destiny of the World and the Church," shows that the Napoleon dynasty will be revived and regain dominion over Europe. He was not at all staggered in this belief by the temporary victory of Germany at Sedan in 1870.

An Eight-year-old Child Decorated.—Miss Esther Bowden, a little maid of eight years, living in Devonshire, England, has just received *the medal of the Royal Humane Society*, with a handsome testimonial explanatory of the circumstances under which she earned it. On November 30th she was returning home from Sunday-school with a younger sister and their governess. The governess suddenly turned giddy and fell into the pond, six feet deep, which they were passing. The brave little girl had the cleverness instantly to dispatch the smaller sister to the keeper's lodge for help, while she herself bent over the pool trying to lay hold of her drowning governess. This she did, but in the effort she overbalanced herself, *fell into the pond*, and sank. Never losing her presence of mind, she retained her grip of the governess, and when she rose t the surface she still held her by the right han while with the left she caught hold of some sho bushes. In this position they remained for abo five minutes, the child calling for help. At la a passing workman heard the cries, and helpe the governess and child out of the water. Th former was much exhausted and partially inse sible, but her brave little rescuer appeared qui uninjured.

The Salvation Army in England has Receiv substantial pecuniary aid from Miss Harvey, a elderly lady living at Leamington, England, wh died on February 1st. She gave personally to Ca tain Maycock, of the Salvation Army, who ha obtained some notoriety through being fined an imprisoned for obstructing the streets, 300*l*., an 1200*l*. more for the local cause. She has likewi left him the house in which she resided, and b queathed 1000*l*. to General Booth, of the Salv tion Army, for the cause generally, making total of $12,500, besides the house, which is wor $2500 more. She had given the Wesleya about $20,000. The Salvation Army is doing great work among the poorest and most degra ed classes, who are unable to contribute materi ly toward the necessary expenses. This libe bequest will encourage Mr. Booth in his labo

Memory Refreshed by the Telegraph.—A Ge tleman who resided in Berlin went to Paris du ing the late International Exhibition. On l arrival he wrote home the address of the boa ing-house where he had decided on staying. few days afterwards, while taking a walk in t city, he lost his way, and to make matters wor could not recollect the name of the street wh his lodging was situated. In this dilemma thought of the letter he had written home, a the bright idea struck him of telegraphing to family at Berlin for the missing name. The ply came in half an hour, and he easily found way back. When the Christian strays from t ways of the Lord, and among the business of world and the vicissitudes of life "forgets name of his God and stretches out his hand t strange God" (Psa 44 : 20), he does not le his way back from the persons and things wh surround him. Happy is he if, when he disc ers his helplessness, he thinks of his home heaven and applies there for directions as to proper course.

A Bible with 168 Pins in it.—An Old L who had been from her youth a diligent Bi reader found in her old age that her eyes grown too dim to find her favorite passa So that she might not lose sight of them, stuck pins into them, one by one, and after death they counted one hundred and sixty-ei When people went to see her, she would c her Bible, and, feeling over the page after pin, would say, "Read there," or "Read her and she knew pretty well what verse was st by that pin, and what one by this pin. She c indeed say of her precious Bible, "I love commandments above gold; yea, above fine g they are sweeter to me than honey and honeycomb" (Psa. 19 : 10).

The Brutalizing Effects of Beer Drinkin Englishmen, on which Mr. Gough comme in his recent oration, is exemplified in a M chester newspaper report. It states that a sat down to tea with his wife, and after the went out to a public house, where he occu the honored and dignified post of chairman "free-and-easy." From this place at closing he returned, and finding his wife asleep, the of the pot-house deliberately *poured paraffin her* and the bedclothes, and setting then fire, burnt her to death. Yet this man sober was a kind and affectionate husband.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Orphans and lected children in England have attain world-wide celebrity, and the good work there is attested by philanthropists of that other lands. We hear with regret that a se outbreak of scarlet-fever in the girls' hom occurred. There were at the latest acc 153 children and adults suffering from the demic.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1880. 14th Year. No. 10—New Series.

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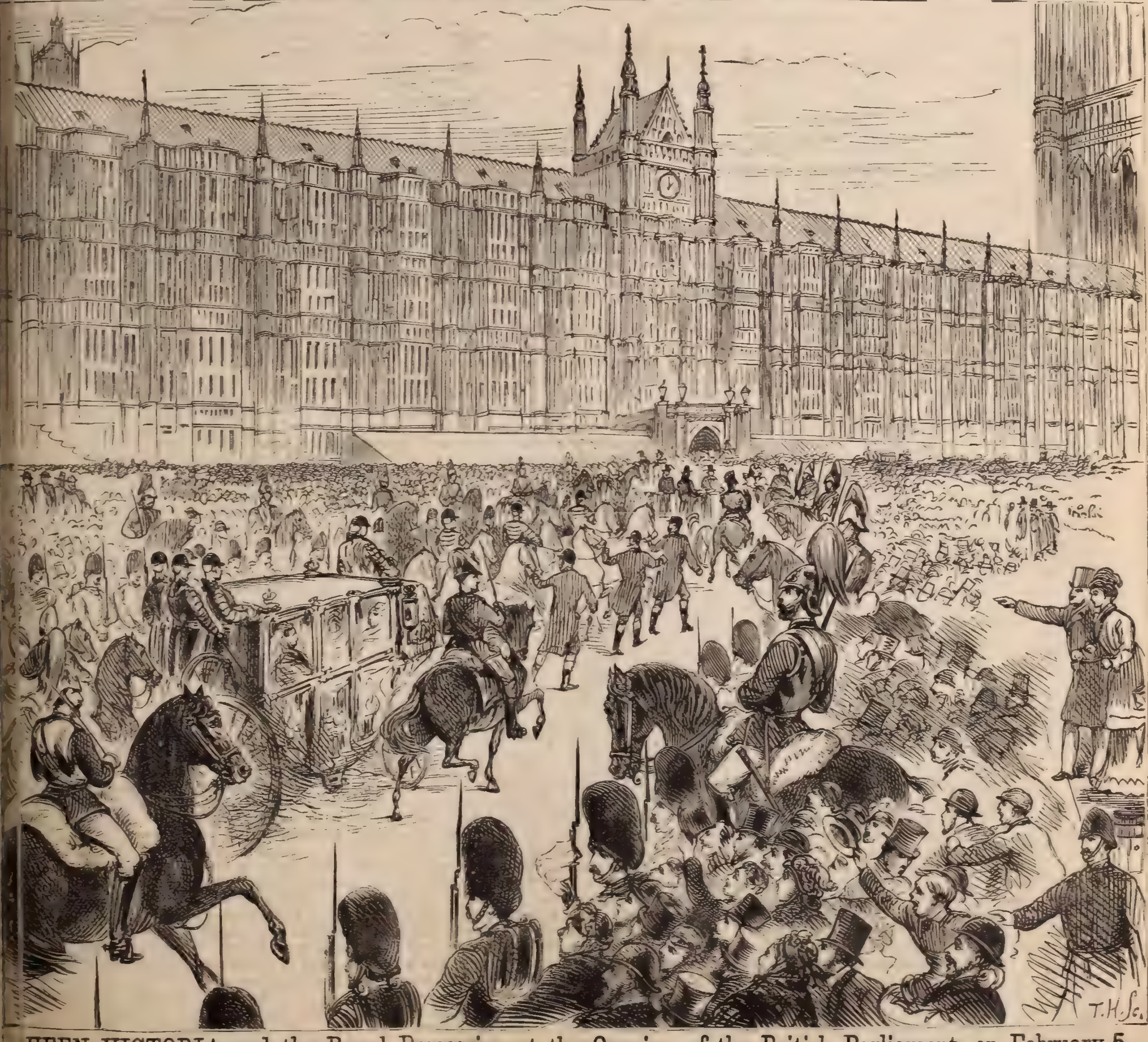

UEEN VICTORIA and the Royal Procession at the Opening of the British Parliament, on February 5.

THE OPENING OF THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Queen and the People—From Buckingham Palace to Westminster—Arrival of Visitors—Anecdotes of Queen Elizabeth—The Yeomen—Ordeal of Battle—The Present Parliament—An American Gentleman's Difficulties—The U. S. Representative—A Grand Spectacle—The Queen's Appearance—Reading the Speech.

WE give to-day on our front page a picture of Queen Victoria going in state to open her Parliament, on Thursday, February 5th.

The announcement, made a few days previously, that the Queen would again open Parliament in person, instead of by commission, was received throughout England with feelings of undoubted satisfaction by all classes. In the first place, the English people have very few opportunities of displaying their loyalty to their monarch by assembling to greet her in a royal progress; and in the second, there is a deep-rooted *love for a pageant* of any description, which the matter-of-fact ideas so prevalent in the present day have utterly failed to eradicate.

One question that exercised the minds of all concerned was the consideration of

THE WEATHER,

which for a few days previous had been of a character to damp the ardor of all but the most enthusiastic. Thursday morning, therefore, was looked for with much anxiety, particularly as the evening before, London was visited by one of the thickest and worst fogs that *an extraordinarily foggy winter* has produced. Though the morning broke in fog, it was not of that black and choking kind of a few hours earlier, but still sufficient to make any prolonged stay in the open air undesirable and uncomfortable.

It did not, however, apparently have any great effect upon those who were determined to see the sight of the day—provided atmospheric conditions would admit of such a result—as from an early hour the whole of the route to be taken by the procession was fairly occupied by those resolved to be in time to witness the preparations for the coming event.

Perhaps of the whole of the ceremonies that from time to time take place in the metropolis there is none that gives such a small display to the visitor as the state procession through the Park from

BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO WESTMINSTER,

the character of the route preventing the profuse manifestation of bunting and colored baize that would inevitably result from a progress through the streets. The principal signs only appear at almost the finish—namely, from the top of Parliament Street to the entrance of the House of Peers.

Nearly all the houses in the former thoroughfare were *decorated* in some way or another, and the majority of them had *rows of seats* arranged outside, the scarlet cloth on which lent brilliancy to the scene. At the foot of Westminster Bridge and at Great George Street, as well as at all entrances around Palace Yard, strong *barriers* were erected, which enabled the police to easily keep the difficult place of convergement from various quarters quite clear. Inside the railings of

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

and St. Margaret's Church small stands were erected, in which the friends of Dean Stanley and Canon Farrar found accommodation, the view extending completely to the Peer's entrance to the House of Lords, where *a canopy of red and white striped awning* had been put up. The only signs of any thing unusual at the Government offices was the draping of some of the Home Office balconies with scarlet cloth. Between the Abbey and the Church were the Westminster scholars, whose hurrahs were specially audible.

Railway trains brought numbers of visitors from all parts far and near, and great was the gratification expressed when, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the sun, after a great struggle, broke through the clouds, giving promise of the advent of "Queen's weather."

That there should be a display of scarlet and gold liveries, black, bay, and cream-colored horses, guards of Grenadiers, an escort of gayly-caparisoned and helmeted Lifeguards, postilions, and Yeomen of the Guard, and policemen, gayer than usual in their full-dress uniforms, *without a ray of sunlight* to bring out the beauties of the scene, was felt to be almost a public calamity.

As half past twelve approached the throngs of people, both in the streets and park, gradually increased, the pleasant change in the weather having evidently no inconsiderable effect upon the spirits of all concerned. With the advent of the sun jocularity, which, up to that time, whenever it had appeared was of the most forced character, once more resumed its sway in the London crowd, bringing forth frequent ebullitions of that description of wit, often degenerating into horse-play, which characterizes the genuine Londoner.

The number of police under orders were 3422 of all ranks, including over 100 mounted men, and nearly 200 plain-clothes members of the Criminal Investigation Department, judiciously distributed throughout the line of route amongst the crowd.

EMBARKATION AT OSBORNE.

The Queen left her palace at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, and was to have reached London at half past one, but the dense fog considerably delayed her arrival.

Her illustrious predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, however, was once detained on a similar occasion by far more serious troubles. She was on a visit at Cranbrook a few days before the opening of "the House," when *the fullers*, who for conscience's sake had fled from Flanders and settled near that town, wished to show the Queen some specimens of their skill as woollen workers and fullers. Elizabeth passed through their settlement and stayed for the night at a mansion now owned by Viscount Cranbrook.

The next morning, on her return to London by way of Staplehurst, the road was found to be in such a wretched condition, in consequence of the heavy rains, that *the royal carriage stuck fast*. The sturdy fullers, however, lifted it out of the deep ruts, and, to enable the Queen to reach town in time, they laid down a number of thick blankets on the road, so that the equipage might pass over the deep holes and furrows without further inconvenience.

To illustrate the great difference between the days of "good Queen Bess" and the Victorian era, it may be mentioned that Queen Elizabeth lived much at her palace at Greenwich, and when she proceeded by road to Westminster to open Parliament, wherever she turned along the line of route *every one fell down upon his knees*. So pleased was she, on one occasion, with the great devotion and loyalty of the *villagers* of Bermondsey that she made them a grant of a piece of land, and endowed a fine school, which has since been rebuilt in Tooley Street, near London Bridge.

She was guarded the whole of the way by *fifty gentlemen pensioners* with gilt battle-axes, the originals of the Yeomen of the Guard, who attended Queen Victoria's carriage commanded by Lord Skelmersdale.

The route taken by Her Majesty on Feb. 5, from Buckingham Palace through St. James's Park, was at one time the main avenue of a dense forest, which was well stocked with game; and after Henry VIII. (in 1546) had formally opened the business of the House, he invited the Peers to mount their steeds and start *for a hunt* from the front entrance of Westminster Hall.

In 1646, just a century later, Dr. Sydenham, a celebrated physician, was sitting at his window in Pall Mall, then the royal route to the House, watching for the procession, and smoking a pipe, with a silver tankard before him, when a rough fellow made a snatch at the tankard and made off with it; nor was he captured until he reached *the bushes in Bond Street!* now one of the busiest and most crowded streets of London.

THE ORDEAL OF BATTLE.

In ancient times it was customary when the
King came to open Parliament, for the gr
officers of State who were charged with
dereliction of duty to be tried by battle on
open space bounded on the west by Westmins
Abbey and on the south by the Houses of P
liament. In the time of Edward III., John
Visconti and Thomas de la Marche fough
battle there before the King, who in the ind
ment is styled "the most honorable prince in
Christendom." De la Marche won the bat
and was *thereby held to have proved* the charg
cowardice which he made against his unfor
nate opponent. The vanquished De Visc
was given by the victor to the Prince of W
as a captive slave.

It may be of interest to our readers to rem
them that the

FIRST OFFICIAL ACT OF THE QUEEN,

after her coronation in 1838, was to open
Parliament in person, a new one assembling
the occasion, as on the death of the monarch
then existing Parliament is always dissol
This is only the *fifth* time Her Majesty
opened the business of the session *in pe*
since the death of the Prince Consort in 1
The last occasion was in 1877, immediately a
her proclamation as Empress of India.

In some respects the present session is

A CONSTITUTIONAL PHENOMENON.

The current Parliament has already sat the
complete sessions which usage has regarde
the full length of a Parliament under the Sep
nial Act, and it has now entered its seventh
sion, against that usage. But the Parlian
itself is not yet the oldest even of Queen V
ria's reign. It is just a month short of six
since it first met. The Parliament of 1859
ed five weeks more than six years, and sat s
times, but did not make seven full sessi
The present Parliament met on the 5t
March, 1874, and if it now sits till the usual
in August it will have been longer in dur
than any Parliament since the first Parliame
George I., whch passed the Septennial Act.

At a quarter to two o'clock Her Majesty
Buckingham Palace, and as the great clo
Westminster was striking the hour of two
Royal *cortége* reached the House.

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN—

Mr. G. W. Smalley, the London correspon
of the New York *Tribune*, thus describes hi
ventures in attending the ceremony:

"As I passed on, I was repeatedly aske
show my ticket, and on approaching the
sanctuary a close examination of it took pla
was so early that no similar pass, apparently
come under the notice of the gray-haired c
bearer who stood at the last doorway. 'W
this?' he asked. I replied with humility t
was an order of admission to the House of L
proceeding from the office of the Lord
Chamberlain, and signed by the Deputy
Chamberlain. Satisfied on this point, the
haired one next scanned me sternly from he
foot. '*You are not in full dress*,' said h
answered that I believed my costume
sponded to the requirements of the Lord C
berlain. 'No,' rejoined he, with incre
severity; 'you are in evening dress. Full
means court dress.' I began to think.
not only in peril of being shut out from the
mony I had come to see, but perchance of
sent to the Tower for high treason. So I
with as much polite decision of manner
could muster:

"'I AM AN AMERICAN.

This dress is the dress I wear at the lev
the President of the United States. It i
the dress which the Minister of the U
States wears at the Court of St. James.'
settled the question, and I mounted the
and passed into the space known for th
being as the foreign gentlemen's gallery, w
further ceremony."

IT WAS A GRAND SPECTACLE.

The House of Lords is a very interesting
even when it is empty, but it is of course s
its best on an occasion like that of Februa
The subdued gaslight gave warmth to a br

wrten, or he himself had foolishly said, it still renined a fact that Arnold Percival Montaigne we *not* a Roman Catholic; yet he could not dintangle his medley of ideas at the moment, an the Superior, from Mr. Gogharty's look an manner cognizant of the fact, gave him no tir to recover himself.

(*To be continued.*)

SIX ONE THINGS.

A ermon by Rev. D. L. Moody, preached at St. Louis, February 22d.

One thing thou lackest.—II. One thing I krw.—III. One thing is needful.—IV. One is yo Master.—V. One thing I do.—VI. Not one th g hath failed.

E have for our subject this afternoon six on things that it is very essential that every chl of God should have.

The first is in the eighteenth chapter of the go el according to Luke, and the twenty-second ve :

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

is young nobleman that came to Christ to in ire what he should do that he might inherit et al life, was a lovely character. It is written th the Saviour Himself loved him. But he lacd one thing; he lacked salvation; he lacked ernal life.

is very often said in our meetings by those co ng to present their friends and relatives for pr ers: "He is such a noble husband; he is su a noble father; he is such a noble young m. He only lacks one thing." Well, if he lacs that it seems to me he lacks everything.

l that a dead man lacks is one thing, and that is e. He would be alive and walking around if were not for that one thing. All that a dr kard lacks from being a temperate man is ju to give up his cups, but then it is a fearful th g to be lacking that one thing, and it mars hi whole life. All that a beggar lacks is one th g, and if he had wealth he would be a rich m, he would not be a beggar.

man may be a wealthy man, he may be an hc rable citizen, he may be a cultured man, he m be an educated man, he may be a good father m a good husband, a kind, gentle, loving son m all that, and yet if he lacks eternal life it wc d be better that he had never been born th to die without salvation.

w let the question come home to-day, do we ack that one thing—do we lack it?

Now, the next one thing that I want to ca your attention to, is that one thing that the bli l man knew, in the ninth chapter of John: hereas I was blind, now I see." He says

"ONE THING I KNOW."

hat was it? It was that "I was once blind an now I see." He knew what he had got: he kr his eyes were opened. There is assurance fo ou.

is man had an experience. He had someth g to tell. "He answered and said, 'a man th is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine ey and said unto me, go to the pool of Silo, and wash; and I went and washed, and I re ved sight.'" He just told the simple story. u need not tell any more, just your experien. That is all the blind man did and he had a od testimony.

Then said they unto Him, Where is He? H id, I know not."

e didn't tell what *he didn't know*. He just to what he did. Said he, "I don't know w e He is."

w, I am afraid if he had been like some of us e would have said; "Now there is going to trouble, and I will keep still and have nothin to say. I have got my sight and that is en gh. I will go off home and mind my own bu ness."

e what he says: "They say unto the blind m again, what sayest thou of Him?" He m ht have said, "I haven't seen Him. I don't kr w. All I know is that He just put clay on m eyes and sent me to the pool of Siloam to w, and I got my sight. I don't know; I haven't made up my mind yet." He might have evaded the question. He might have dodged it. But he had too much courage, for this man had got a blessing and he wasn't going to conceal the truth. He just spoke out what his opinion was, "He is a prophet."

But they said unto him, "Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner."

They are going now to get him to testify against Christ.

"He answered and said, Whether He be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

And all the philosophers of that day couldn't beat him out of that. All the arguments they could bring forward couldn't make him believe he hadn't got his eyes open.

And when men try to tell us that we haven't been converted, that we haven't a different experience from what we had before we found Christ, we cannot help but laugh them right in the face. Don't we know? Didn't that man know that he had been feeling his way around Jerusalem, that he was blind, and was trying to feel his way for twenty odd years, and now he had his eyes open and walked right straight through the streets of Jerusalem without any one's aid, any one's help?

And so you can call that assurance. That man was sure that he had got his sight. And so we can be sure that we have got the eyes of our soul open, if we will. It is the privilege of each child of God to know that he has been born into the kingdom of light.

III. Well, the next one thing that is needful, is communion. The first thing is to be born of God; the next thing is to know it, and the third thing is to just be brought in communion with Him. Let me read:

Jesus answered and said to Martha, "Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but

ONE THING IS NEEDFUL;

and Mary hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken from her." Mary has chosen that better part. There was that one thing needful for Mary. It was to sit at the feet of Jesus and to listen to Him. Martha was busy doing something for Christ; but Mary was sitting at His feet, learning and receiving something from Him. Now, there is not a thing that I can do to please the Master so much as to sit down and let Him talk with me.

There is nothing that will glorify Him as much as to be in communion with Him at least one hour a day; and I don't believe any man or woman can be a healthy, growing Christian that does not have secret communion with the Lord and Master. That is God's college. You may go to all the colleges in America; you may go to all the theological seminaries and still not learn this lesson; and I believe that is one reason why so many men stop in God's work—they don't go through God's college; that is, they do not sit at Christ's feet and learn of Him, who is meek and lowly of heart. Now, one drop of God's power is worth more than all power there is in the world. It is not intellectual power; it is not the power of art or of culture that the churches need so much to-day as it is the power of the Holy Ghost. That is what we want. We want the Holy Ghost power coming down upon the Church. We can't get that communion if we don't commune with Jesus Christ; if we don't sit at his feet and learn of Him as Mary did and let Him talk to our souls. We can't get that power in the colleges and schools. We can only get that in God's college.

IV. ONE IS YOUR MASTER.

That is the next thing. Now, we have been brought through fellowship and through communion to sit at Christ's feet, and if this idea that He is our Master has taken full possession of us, then we shall live to please Him and not to please the public.

One is your Master. Is it the Lord or yourself? Is it God or is it pleasure? Is it God or is it business? Is it the God of heaven or the god of wealth? Now, what is it? We have only one master. Now, a great many peole bow down to *the god of fashion;* that is their god; they worship fashion; fashion is their master. Others bow down to public opinion. "What will they say at the club-houses? What will they say in society? What will they say in the circles of business if I come out and identify myself with the son of God and with the believers? What will they say?" Never mind what they say. If you are to be a child of God you are to trample public opinion under your feet. *Take care of your character;* your reputation will take care of itself. Live for another world, not for this. You can't live for both worlds at the same time; and if you want to be an out-and-out Christian and fit to be used by God, keep your eye single; let it be for the glory of God, not for your own glory.

V. Well, the next one thing is, "now

ONE THING I DO,"

and i would like to give you right here two C's—consecration and concentration. I think that we Americans need to be preached to on this very point—or these two points—consecration and concentration. There are so many professed Christians who are attempting to do so much; they literally do nothing. If they only concentrate their lives upon some one point and direct all their energies and strength right to that point—just centralize their lives upon some one thing to do, and thoroughly do it, do it well—their lives will tell, and when they are dead and gone they will be missed.

If I am a Sunday-school teacher, let me take a class and hold it. If I happen to be called out of town on business, let me write letters to those children; let me follow them up; and if they leave this city and go to another city, let me follow them with letters, feeling that I must answer to God for that class; that I took that class to train them for God and eternity; that I am to do it thoroughly and well. Then God will bless such labor, if you just keep it up and do it heartily for him. "This one thing I do."

The afflictions, the troubles and the perils that we encounter in this wilderness of life ought to lift us higher and nearer to Christ and not drive us away from Him. If we keep our eyes single on this one thing; if we keep our eyes on Christ, looking to Him, working for Him, we shall not be disappointed or discouraged.

VI. Then the last one thing is over there in the last chapter of the Book of Joshua: "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord thy God spake concerning you."

NOT ONE THING HATH FAILED.

This old man was going to his rest now, in the meadows of Hermon. His locks had turned gray. For one hundred and ten years he had tried the God of the Hebrews, and had found Him true.

Where has God ever broken one promise He has made? Man has broken his word. God has never broken His word. These promises are true, my friends, and whenever you come to the promises you may know that they are going to be fulfilled. "Heaven and earth may pass away; but God's word shall not pass away; not one jot nor one tittle of His word shall fail.

"*God's promises are not dated*, and because I don't get my prayers answered just the day that I want them and just the way I want them, it is no sign that God is not going to answer my prayers. He will do it in His own time, and all true prayer is answered because we finish by saying, "Not my will but Thine be done."

So we must not doubt God's word. God's word is true, and all the promises He has made are yea and amen, and He will fulfil every word. And what we want is just to trust Him. Some one has said there is not a sorrow without a comfort; there is not a desert without a fountain; there is not a night without a morning; and there is not a ripple of sorrow that shall cross our path, but there is comfort in Christ if we will go to Him for it. He has promised to bind up broken hearts, and He has promised to comfort those who mourn, and let us take Him at His word and believe what He has promised.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, February 25th, at **8.30 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republican Convention of New York, held at Utica on February 25th, instructed the delegates to vote for General Grant. This result is a triumph for Senator Conkling, whose brilliant speech and skilful management had a powerful influence in the convention, as Don Cameron's had at Harrisburg. The majority for Grant was only 37 in a vote of 397; it is therefore obvious that the third term is not a thoroughly enthusiastic movement in New York State. For all practical purposes, the small majority will be as useful at Chicago as a larger one, but its moral influence on other States will be much reduced by its proportions.

The Vermont Convention, which met on the same day, urged the nomination of Senator Edmunds, but did not instruct delegates.

The Democratic National Convention will be held at Cincinnati on June 22d. This selection is not considered to indicate a victory for any candidate, although prominent Democrats believe it to be an augury of defeat to Mr. Tilden, whose conduct of the campaign in the State election in New York was severely commented upon by members of the National Democratic Committee.

Encouraging Progress is being Made at the School for Indians at Carlisle, Penn. A visit of inspection was paid to it last week by the Secretary of the Interior, several members of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, and two members of the Board of Indian Commissioners. The result was considered very satisfactory, and much surprise was manifested at the proficiency of the children in arithmetic reading, etc. To appreciate the full significance of this examination, it should be remembered that it was conducted in a language of which they knew nothing a few months ago, and that the Indian in his native state finds the mystery of figures the most incomprehensible of the enigmas of civilization.

The boys are learning to assist the blacksmith, the carpenter, and the shoemaker who are connected with the establishment. They are reported to be tractable and willing, and promise to become efficient mechanics. The girls are being taught coarse needlework, cooking, and general housework, and manifest a disposition to become expert in a short time.

The opposition of the Indians to the education of their children is reported to be dying out, and letters have been received by the Secretary of the Interior from several of the Indian agencies, representing that the Indians are now willing to send as many children to school as the Government will make provision for.

A bill is pending before the Indian Committee of the House, making provision for a number of Indian schools similar to that at Carlisle; and it was in this connection that the visit of inspection was undertaken. It is probable that in this experiment lies, under the blessing of God, the solution of the vexed Indian problem.

The Real Cause of the Prominent Position held by the United States in the great family of nations was pointed out by the Hon. Richard W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, at a meeting in Association Hall, New York, on February 22d. He said: "What has made this country great? Other nations have been struggling for centuries, while this country has been only one hundred years in existence, and it yet stands in the first place. The answer is plain. Our fathers brought with them across the briny deep *the Holy Word of God.* Herein is the mystery, if there be any mystery, about our grandeur. It is the Bible that has made us great. We are a Sabbath-keeping people. Men say we have no power to interfere with the natural right of individuals—that a man may spend Sunday as he pleases. But society has a right to make laws for its own protection. I take it there is no principle better fixed in the American mind than the determination to insist upon the conformity by foreigners to our Sunday legislation. A government without the Sabbath cannot stand long enough to totter and fall of itself."

Those Veterans of the famous War of 1812. who are living in the vicinity of New York were seen on Sunday, February 22d, sitting in *the pew once occupied by George Washington* in St. Paul's church. It was Washington's birthday, and the white-headed comrades of the Father of his Country chose this way of showing their respect for his memory. Dr. Mulchahey, the pastor of St. Paul's, in the course of his sermon, welcomed the brave defenders of their country who fought in that war so many years ago, and trusted that they were engaged in fighting the good fight which would only end when they were called hence.

The Christian Convention at St. Louis, over which Mr. Moody presided, held its sessions on February 24th, 25th, and 26th. There was a large attendance both of ministers and laymen, representing all denominations of Christians. Among the subjects discussed were "How to reach non-church-goers," "What can be done for Young Men," "Cottage Meetings," "Parlor Bible Studies," "How to promote Christian Temperance," etc. The meetings were remarkable for the earnestness and practical interest manifested by all present, and an apparently sincere desire to find the best means of spreading the Gospel among the masses. Earnest prayer is being offered that the practical suggestions made, and the free interchange of ideas, may be blessed by God to the stirring up of God's people to work for Him, and to the conversion of many souls.

The Sudden Death of Dr. C. P. Bush, the New York Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is a loss to the cause of missions which will be severely felt. On Sunday morning, February 22d, he delivered his lecture on "Fifty Years' Mission Work in Turkey," in the First Congregational Church at Albany, and had an engagement to address the Sunday-school at three o'clock in the afternoon. But between the two services, while sitting in the house of a friend, he was seized with illness, and expired before medical assistance could be procured. Last summer and fall he spent Great Britain, where he visited the venera African missionary Moffat, the father-in-law Livingstone; he happened to be in the rooms the London Missionary Society at the time wh the tidings of the death of Dr. Mullens were r ceived; he also attended the Conference of t Evangelical Alliance at Basle. Thence he tra elled to Constantinople, visited Smyrna, Eph sus, and other places of Christian interest, a the classic scenes of Greece. He was obliged abandon his project of travelling into Cent Asiatic Turkey, where his daughter is a missi ary; he returned in the early winter to chosen work.

Dr. Bush was sixty-five years of age at t time of his death. He was ordained in 18 and became Secretary to the Board in 18 The disease which removed him from the sce of his labors was an organic affection of t heart.

A Floating Church was Dedicated on Sund February 22d, in the river at the foot of Hend son Street, Jersey City. Flags were hoisted the craft in the river, and there appeared to a general feeling of rejoicing among the cre Some time ago Captain Nicholls, a retired s man, who accumulated a fortune at the bu ness and is now living at leisure, conceived idea of such a place of worship. To secure means with which to build it, he starte subscription, and gathered in about $300. contributed as much more from his priv means, and three weeks ago had the deck one of the boats in the cove cleared for building. On this he erected a plain woo structure, capable of accommodating about worshippers. On Sunday afternoon the float church was opened for worship. Several of ministers of various denominations in Jer City have consented to fill the pulpit on Sun afternoons, and there are encouraging prosp of great good being done.

A Check for Fifteen Hundred Dollars sent a few days ago by a business man at Louis, to a neighbor whom he had wron some years before of that amount. He listened to the preaching of Mr. Moody, and Holy Spirit had blessed the word to his con sion. One of the first things he did when had found peace was to draw this check, t showing the influence his change of heart over his life in the world.

The Headquarters of the Woman's Natio Temperance Union have been established at Bible House, New York. Miss Frances E. lard is President, and Miss Mary T. Burt Se tary. The inauguration of the new centre t place February 26th, at which the Hon. Will E. Dodge delivered an address, and Miss Est Pugh, one of *the original "crusaders,"* sketc in a short but vivid manner the history of movement. Very encouraging reports have received from other cities, and it is believed the prospects of blessing on the woman's w are very hopeful.

Major Whittle has Closed his Evangeli work at Rochester, Minn., after a fortnight very earnest and apparently successful la with the co-operation of four churches. evangelist went immediately to Mankato, M

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contributi received up to Monday, March 1st:

Balance from last week	$
Miss E. Johnson, Saybrook, O.	
Collected by Wm. Janney and Wm. Johnson, Carthage, Mo.	
H. W. B., Owosso, Mich.	
Robt. Morrison, Mt. Sterling, Ill.	
E. T. Stoddard, Cresco, Ia.	
A Friend, Lawrence, Mass.	
S. T., Silver Creek, N. Y.	
Rev. Jno. Branston, Plum Hollow, N. Y.	
Mrs. Mollie E. Rogers, Toccopola, Miss.	
J. T. Rogers, " "	
J. S. Furr, " "	
Frank Sauter, " "	
R. E. Journett, " "	
Fred. Vockel, Pittsburgh, Pa.	
	$3

Disastrous Fire, Resulting in the Destruction of property valued at a million dollars, and the loss of two lives, broke out on Broadway, New York, February 20th. The buildings destroyed were occupied by several wholesale dry-goods firms, whose stocks, when once the flames seized them, were rapidly consumed. The premises, though very deep, had only a small frontage, and were therefore difficult of access to the firemen, who found their most effective position was on the roof. The brave men held their dangerous position for some time, but at length *a* [illegible] *crash* was heard, and to the horror of those who witnessed the conflagration, two firemen were seen to fall through the opening into the burning mass beneath. They were burned to death almost instantly. The men were much respected by their comrades, who were deeply affected by the sad occurrence. They were remarkable for their courage, and one of them wore a medal commemorating his daring rescue of a man and woman from a burning building in North William Street, three years ago.

Mr. Pentecost's Work at Detroit is Receiving abundant blessing from God. A correspondent of the *Daily Witness* writes: "All the meetings are crowded to overflowing, and the Evangelical clergy and ministers attend as often as possible on the platform. Undoubtedly a great awakening has been had both in Detroit and Windsor. Multitudes have come and accepted Jesus, and many are on the point of doing so. The interest is increasing every day and spreading over parts of the city, the inhabitants of which do not usually attend churches.

"On Monday evening all who have been converted or brought back to Christ are to give in their names, and *write in a book* what denomination they wish to connect themselves with, that the pastors may be able to aid them in their further course."

The Death of Mr. Benjamin Brandreth, the manufacturer of the noted Brandreth Pills, occurred in New York, February 19th. He enjoyed a high reputation in the city among local philanthropists for his ready and liberal contributions to public institutions. It was mainly through his efforts that Trinity Church, Sing Sing, was erected. His career in this country shows how large a harvest may be reaped here by judicious enterprise. He was born in England in 1808, and came to America in 1837. Here he introduced his medicines and advertised them freely. The rates of advertising were then low, but for some years he expended over $60,000 a year in that way. He leaves an estate valued at about two million dollars.

Gratitude for Afflictions.—The Rev. H. O. Sheldon, of Oberlin, Ohio, relates the following: "Once I called at a cabin on a pastoral visit to a maiden lady, whose infirmities allowed her very seldom to attend preaching. I found her with every limb distorted. Her clinched hands could only be opened enough to hold the crutches, with which, at times, she could walk a little. Upon inquiring if she was the subject of much pain, 'Oh yes,' she replied, 'I have not had *one night's sleep* for pain, these seventeen years. I doze at turns, and lie awake and think about God and Jesus.' Upon my quoting, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God,' with emphasis she said, 'Oh yes; I was a vain, proud, unconverted sinner, and God sent this rheumatism and took away my beauty and my health, and made me a poor, deformed cripple, and set me to thinking, and taught me to love Him.'"

A Man Died to Save his Tribe in Arizona some years ago. Mayor Prince, of Boston, Mass., related recently an incident he had heard from General Averill, who had commanded in the U. S. army in Arizona. The general stated that while he was there an Indian slew a white man, and then made his escape to the woods. Orders came from Washington to demand the murderer from his tribe, and to inform them that unless he was delivered on a certain day war would be made on the whole tribe. The Indian chiefs with their followers hunted for the murderer for several days, but failed to find him. They held a council, and sent a deputation to the commander of the U. S. troops, saying they could not discover the fugitive, but would continue the search, and would deliver him as soon as he could be found. But the commander said his orders were imperative, and that unless the man were brought in, dead or alive, he should commence war on the day named. Another fruitless search was made, and another council was held, when one of the warriors said, "We cannot find this man, and they will make war upon our tribe; our women and children will be killed; *take me and shoot me*, and lay my body down before the officers." And after a while this was done. The warrior was shot, and his body was laid at the feet of the officers.

The noble act of this Indian in dying to save his people reminds us of the atonement of Christ; but it has this difference—that while the Indian died for his friends, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. 5 : 8).

A Remarkable Manifestation of the So-called Spiritualists which has puzzled spectators perhaps more than any other, is that of a man in a state of trance, professedly under the influence of some deceased scientific man, discoursing intelligently on a scientific subject of which in his waking hours he knew nothing. This phenomenon has unhappily convinced some persons who were unconvinced by puerile manifestations. The Rev. Joseph Cook, in his latest Boston lecture, described the way in which this might be done. He said that Prof. Grimes, of Chicago, once explained the structure of the brain to a young man under the influence of magnetic mesmerism, and told him the information all came from Spurzheim, the noted phrenologist. A few days afterward, the young man was *mesmerized* again before an audience, and he then delivered a lecture lucidly describing the brain and its operations, and said that he was the medium of Spurzheim. Some of the audience were aware that the young man was utterly ignorant of anatomy, and would doubtless have believed his assertion, had not Dr. Grimes explained the mode by which he acquired his knowledge. It is very probable that other Spiritualistic phenomena might similarly be explained, if the exhibitors were not making money by the show.

A Religious Revival of a very Encouraging character has been in progress at the University of Middletown, Conn., for the past two weeks. The entire college is under its influence. On February 13th studies were suspended, and students and faculty devoted themselves to prayer. Fully four fifths of the students were present. The president impressively conducted the service, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was manifest. All classes of students were moved by the power of this awakening. Many conversions have already occurred.

The Loss which the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions will sustain through the failure of the bank in Liverpool in which it had funds deposited is $49,000. About $7000 only of this sum has thus far been made up by subscriptions.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has just been received. They are now on sale at the office of the Christian Herald, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

EXPECTED PROOF OF PROFESSED LOVE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Shew ye the proof of your love."—2 Cor. 8 : 24.

Love the Outcome of Faith—Four Questions—I. What is the Excellence of this Love?—1. It is Divine in its Origin—2. Surpassing in its Energy—3. Vital in its Necessity—4. Warranted by Facts—5. Eminent in its Achievements—II. What is this Proof?—1. Toward God and the Lord Jesus—2. Toward God's Ministers—3. Toward God's People—4. Toward the Ungodly—III. Why is this Proof called for?—True Love longs to Prove Itself—That it may become a Blessing to Others—Because it is Reasonable—IV. Who calls for the Proof?—Our Lord—It should be Spontaneous.

In every believer's heart there is love to God. He cannot else be a child of God. In every Christian's soul there is love to Jesus Christ. How could he be a Christian otherwise? As a consequence of this, in every Christian's bosom there is a love to the brotherhood: "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." In every Christian's breast there is also a love to all mankind. He practises that second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The spirit of God has cast out the demon of selfishness; and in proportion as that is the case the man possesses the mind of Christ, which is love. As all the law is fulfilled in one word, which is "love," so the outcome of our holy faith is also contained in that one word, "love." Oh, that we were *saturated with it!*

Where there is true love in the heart it becomes a working principle. It does not lie dormant, but it works—works abundantly. It is a vital principle, and where there is life there is movement and a measure of activity. It is a principle that grows, and out of its growth there comes fruit. For these reasons, and in these ways, true believers give sure proofs of the love that is in their hearts.

I wish to speak to you, at this time, by answering four questions.

WHY SHOULD THIS LOVE BE PROVED?

I. First, what is the excellence of this love? that we should be so anxious to prove it? This Christian love must have some great worth about it, or else we should not be exhorted by the apostle once and again to prove that we have it.

1. First remember that true love to God and the saints in the Christian heart is *divine in its origin.* We should never have loved God if He had not first loved us: and unless His Holy Spirit had turned the stream of our affections in that direction, we should have run away from God and have hated God, but we should neither have loved Him nor His people. It is the nature of the seed of the serpent to hate the seed of the woman, and as long as we were under condemnation and wrath, and in our natural estate, we were *on the serpent's side*, and we warred against that which is good.

"The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." If therefore we have even a spark of love to God, God must have given it to us. It is therefore a precious thing, because it is of God, and we ought to take heed that we assuredly possess it; and we also should endeavor so to live that others may be convinced that this divine principle rules our spirits.

2. As it is divine in its origin, so it is *surpassing in its energy*, for true love to God exceeds all other love. Does not Christ tell us that—that a man must love Him better than father or mother, or the dearest relative He has, or else he does not love him at all? Christ will not be *put off with the leavings* of our hearts. He must have our whole heart. All human affections, which are natural and proper, are to be held in subservience to this grand and master passion which is to set our soul on a blaze—love to God in Christ Jesus. He loves not Christ at all who does not love him first and best. This affection, like Aaron's rod, must swallow up all

others, and our whole heart must belong to the Lord our God.

We must take care that we give proof of an affection which is so surpassing in its energy, for surely if it has such force it must produce its own proof. If it were some minor passion—some little narrow jet of flame that might light up a corner of our being, we might not be so particular about it, but if it is to fire our entire manhood it must produce some effect, or else we may well question whether we possess it.

3. This love is absolutely *vital in its necessity.* If it can be proved that a man does not love God, love Christ, and love his people, then the life of God does not dwell in him. Life and love are two words singularly alike, and when we get to the bottom and radical principle of the spiritual nature, we perceive that they are singularly bound up together, insomuch that "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

These are some of the apostle John's *great little words*, which, in their miniature form, contain whole worlds of meaning. Beloved, we must love God, or else we are not in Christ. Hence the importance that the proofs of our love should be very distinct and unmistakable. We should make our calling and election sure; and those things never can be sure unless we have abundant proofs of our love. It is vital in its necessity.

4. However great that love becomes—and I have spoken of it as rising to a superlative degree—it is *warranted by the facts of the case.* Love to God—I will not spend a word in justifying it. Love to Christ—how can it be needful to commend it to you?

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands our soul, our life, our all."

And it shall have it too. Do you not say so, my brethren? Do you not yield to this soft yet mighty bond—soft as silk, yet strong as iron? It holds us fast; we cannot escape from it. Not love Christ? Not love His people? Not love the world of sinners lost? Oh! sirs, surely we were of all creatures the most brutish if we were to dispute the necessity of love. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

Go and love Jesus Christ *till men call you a fanatic.* Go and love Him till you give all your goods to feed the poor. Go and love Him till you lie in a prison till the moss grows on your eyelids. Go and love Him till you burn to ashes at the stake, and you have not loved Him one whit more than He deserves. Oh! our best Beloved, thy deservings warrant us in permitting our zeal for thee to eat us up, and eaten up we would be for thy glory's sake!

5. This love to Christ has been in all ages very *eminent in its achievements.* Wherever love reigns in a Christian it makes him strong. Faith laughs at impossibilities, and cries, "It must be done;" but love performs the deed, for "faith worketh by love." Love is the right hand of faith. What have not men done out of love to Christ? Truly the time would fail me to tell of its exploits. What you shall do, dear sister, if you become full of love to Jesus, will astonish you; and what you shall do, dear brother, if the love of Christ burns through your soul, will far exceed what you have dreamed of as yet.

Oh, for more love! Let the martyrs tell you what poor suffering flesh and blood can do when love strengthens it. Let holy women that have debated and disputed and bled and died for Christ, in all their timidity and weakness made brave as lions for Christ, tell what love has done. Let the walls of the Colosseum at Rome, let the arenas of hundreds of amphitheatres tell how bravely men have played the man; how bravely women have met death for Christ's sake. *All that the Church wants* is the Holy Ghost to baptize her into the love of Christ, and nothing will be impossible to her.

Thus have I tried to commend this love, and surely we ought to be able to prove that we have it. If we have any question as to whether we have it or not, let us find no rest day or night till the grand debate is ended. We must love Christ or perish. Oh! by the certainty that His saints shall see Him face to face and be like Him, let us rise to something nobler in the form of love to Him than we have ever reached as yet.

This is the love which we are to give proof of.

II. Secondly,

WHAT IS THIS PROOF?

The text says, "Show ye to them, and before the churches, the proof of your love." What proof shall we show?

There are so many forms of action which would prove love to Christ that I cannot possibly go through them all, especially as each person, I believe, will give a different proof of His love. There is (to use a difficult word) an idiosyncrasy about each believer. He is a man by himself, and his love, if it is genuine, will take a form peculiar to himself in the proof which it gives.

1. Certain proofs look *toward God and the Lord Jesus.* If you love Him, you will keep His commandments, and His commandments are not grievous. If you love Him, you will seek to honor Him—to spread the savor of His glorious name. If you love God in Christ Jesus, you will be anxious to extend His rule over the hearts of men. If you love God, you will long for communion with Him: you will not be satisfied to live for days without speaking with Him. If you love Him, you will grieve yourself when you grieve Him; your heart will smite you when you have gone astray. If you love God, you will long to be like Him; you will strive after holiness.

If you love God, He will reign over you; Christ will be your King; your mind will be under subjection to Him; your thoughts will be guided by Him; your opinions will be taken from His word; your whole life will be seasoned by His Spirit which dwelleth in you. Do you not see that there are hundreds of ways in which you can show proof of your love toward God? Oh, that we may not be found wanting in any of these things!

2. We may show this love, in the next place, *toward God's ministers.* I cannot help mentioning them because the apostle so distinctly in this chapter speaks of himself and his brethren. And one special way of showing it is this: If they speak well of you, do not let them have cause to retract their holy boasting, and to say with tears, "I was deceived in these people." If any have brought you to Christ, be an honor to them and to the Gospel that they preach, because, dear friends, the world turns round, and however retired a minister may be, yet worldlings are sure to throw the inconsistencies of his people in his teeth.

They say, "That is one of So-and-So's people: see how he acts;" and our ministry is hindered, and our hearts are grieved, whenever those who profess to have been brought to Christ walk unworthily. Show us a proof of the love you often express to us as your servants in Christ Jesus by endeavoring so to walk that when we give in our account we may do it with joy and not with grief, for that would be *unprofitable to you.*

3. Next, show proofs of your love *in reference to God's people.* How can that be done? Some of you need to have this thing gone over with you because you have evidently forgotten it. If you are God's servants you love His people, and the first proof you should give is to go and join with them. Say, "Where the list of their names is kept I will count it an honor to have my name enrolled." Certain of you say "I should count it an honor, but I have hardly the courage to come forward."

What! have I been sitting these various days to see the timid ones, and have you not all come yet? We will have another time for you, then, and try if we cannot get you right, for really we are not so frightful as you think we are, and you need not be timid about telling to a poor servant of Jesus Christ that you really love th name of his Master. He will be glad, and will you be. Nay, but you say you are h afraid of yourself. I wish you were altogeth afraid of yourself. The more afraid of yours the better, for you are good for nothing in you self. But do not be afraid of trusting yours with Jesus, and when you have so done th the very next thing is to become

IDENTIFIED WITH THE VISIBLE CHURCH O CHRIST.

If you say, "I love the brethren," the bret ren may turn round and say, "Give us a pr of your love. Cast in your lot with us." I as she did who, though she had been a heath nevertheless clung to one who worshipped t true God, and said, "Whither thou goest, I w go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: t people shall be my people, and thy God God."

But when you have joined the church, th surely you should show a proof of your love a hearty fellowship with the saints. We do want you to put your name in the book and be a professor, and then to sit in one of th pews up in the corner and come in and go and never speak to anybody. I meet even with some who say, "I have been for months the Tabernacle, and nobody ever spoke to me

Well, I know that there are so many earn Christians on the watch here to speak with str gers that if you have not been spoken to it m be your own fault. Perhaps you are some dre fully stiff body, and you have frightened th I do not know, but it may be so. There some who look as if they said, "Do not co near me. I do not want any questions as me." We have some brethren and sisters will break through your stiffness though, I c say; but if it really is so, I am very sorry fo and it need not be so any longer.

Speak to somebody at this very service. not dislike to hear a low hum of godly conve tion before service begins, though some pe think it horrible; neither do I deprecate a l lingering upon the steps and around the bu ing; you are holding fellowship one with other, and I like that it should be so, for w not meet too often. It is no desecration of Sabbath or of the place of worship for Chris people to speak with one another to edificat When you join the church join it in earnest, converse much with the people of God, an your hearty zeal show them a proof of love.

And then unite with them *in all their ser* The school wants Sunday-school teachers. love Christ, you say, and you love the you show us a proof of your love. Come and in that good work. There is somethin other that you can do for Jesus, and for church; do it, and thus show us a proof of love.

Show the proof of your love by comfo the saints in affliction; by helping them as as you can when they are in need; by de ing their good name whenever you hear railed at; by suffering nobody to speak ag them falsely when you are by. *Stand u them.*

Show them the proof of your love by be with their infirmities. The church is not fect, and if it were *it would not be perfect you had joined it.* You who have so many mities yourself should patiently bear with infirmities of others. If the saints are n you would like them to be, remember, neve less, that they are dear to the heart of Ch and he perhaps sees in them beauties you would see too if you had more be yourself.

Perhaps your power to find fault arises your having so many faults yourself; and were more sanctified, and more like Christ would fix your eye as well upon the beaut their character as upon their defects. Sh the proof of your love. I am not speaki though I did not see among you abu proofs of your love; but I am speaking to vho perhaps, as yet, have never realized their osition of privilege in reference to Christ and o His people; and they have never let their earts go out as they should go out toward hose whom Christ has purchased with His re-ious blood.

4. Show us tne proof of your love *to the un-odly* too—to this great city of four millions. how us the proof of your love by trying to natch the firebrands from the flame. Be up nd doing. Stand at the street corners, if you an, and preach Jesus Christ. Scatter the rinted Gospel in every room to which you have ccess. Talk of Christ to your workpeople. peak of Him to your companions. Endeavor o spread *this potent all-heal*, this cure for all nanner of spiritual diseases, for otherwise, talk s you may, profess as you may, we shall have o say to you, "Show us the proof of your ove."

I have only given ou a sort of charcoal ketch of what might be the proof of your love: have not drawn the picture or laid on the olors. Think, dear friends, how you can give uch proof at once.

III. But now, in the third place,

WHY IS THIS PROOF CALLED FOR?

Somebody says, "Why am I called upon to rove my love?" Do not grieve even if I press very hard upon you, for your case will be mething like that of Simon Peter when he too as pressed exceedingly.

Peter was grieved when his Master said to im the third time, "Simon, son of Jonas, lov-st thou Me?" Now the Lord did not ask it be-use He doubted him, for He knew Peter's eart. Peter's appeal was a true one, "Thou nowest all things. Thou knowest that I love ee." Do not therefore resent it, and say, Why should I prove my love?"

No, but just listen. *True love always longs to rove itself.* It does not need a command to do . It is waiting for an opportunity. It is so ith your domestic life. You know that it is . I need not give instances. What a pleas-re it is to show love to those we love! In a r higher degree, what a delight it is to a Chris-an to do something for Jesus! If you have ever done any thing distinctly for Jesus, what rt of a child of God can you be?

I love my Master's service, and I can truly say at I think that I would do any thing for His eople: but I am not quite so sure about that I am about the feeling that I would do any ing *for Him.* When I get a hold of some-ing that is distinctly and undividedly for my ord's glory, I am so glad to do it. To break alabaster-box of ointment upon his head is a ch delight: truly it might have been given to e poor and have blessed the poor, but Jesus imself is best. "It is a waste," somebody urmurs. Yes, yes, but *to be wasteful for Christ the noblest economy.* O hearts that love your ord, never count the silver when you are spend-g for Jesus! Break the box! Pour out the ntment! The room will be filled with the erfume, and it will not be wasted. Even if ere were no nostril to smell it, if Jesus alone d the refreshment of it, it would be all the tter.

I like to enter the glade of a forest where ere are spots unseen of eye of man, and thick-s of brake through which nobody but the red er has ever passed. I delight to sit down by a tle rippling brook upon a bank of thyme un-secrated by human foot, and think, "This is od's garden, and every leaf waves for Him."

How dare the poet say that flowers which ere born to blush unseen are wasting their fra-ance on the desert air? Why, they are flower-g for God, and He delights in them, and they e just the best-used flowers in the world. h, to be just such a flower as that at times, and feel that you have got away—away from the rdens where men may come and praise or dis-aise, and offer mercenary prizes for flowers d fruits—away where God sees you, and de-ghts in you! We should try to work for Jesus ly. Proof is called for, not because Jesus doubts, but because He loves to please us by giving us opportunities of proving our love.

But one reason why we are called upon to prove our love is *that it may become a blessing to other people.* The Corinthians were to prove their love because the poor folks at Jerusalem were starving. It would be of no use for the Corinthians to sing a hymn about charity while the poor saints at Jerusalem had not a loaf to eat. No, they must prove their love, that it might be a benefit to others, and that the influence of that love might spread to others, because the apostle says, "If you Corinthians do not discharge your promise, those people at Macedonia will *throw it in my teeth*, and do nothing themselves, and therefore, for the sake of the churches in Macedonia, you must be liberal."

So, beloved, oftentimes one man, by serving his Master well, stirs up a whole regiment of other Christians, who become ashamed to be doing so little. I may preach a great many sermons, brethren, but they will do very little good compared with what your sermons will do if, as a church, you live up to the mark as Christians. If in holy love, and concord, and every grace, you abound, other churches will say, "Look at this church." Oh, that you may be such saints that others may be encouraged in their work for Christ by you! that is why you are asked to prove your love.

You are asked to prove your love, for *it is reasonable that you should do so.* God did not love you and keep it to Himself, and say, "My name is love, but I will *do* nothing." No: He gave His Son from His bosom, His only Son, and that Son He gave to die. *God is practical.* That which He feels He does: that which He speaks is done. We have many idle words, but the word and mind of God come out in deeds of grace. Is it not right therefore that we should give practical proof of our love?

IV. Time fails me, or I would have dwelt on the fourth point, namely,

WHO IS IT THAT CALLS FOR THIS PROOF of our love?

I will leave out everybody else but one, and say, it is *your Lord*, your own dying, living Saviour, who says, "Show me the proof of your love." I will tell you how He is saying it. Affliction has come into your house. There is a dear one dead; and Jesus says, "Now will you kick against me, or will you yield me your treasure? Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these dear ones? If so, thou wilt part with them and not complain." "Mary, dost thou love me better than mother, or sister, or friend? If so, thou wilt bless me when I take them away. *Now is thy time;* show me the proof of thy love by bowing before my chastening, and loving me still." Our Lord only takes from us what He gave to us; let us therefore bless His name. Bereaved one, that may be the proof of love to which He is calling *you.*

Perhaps you have had a difference lately with one to whom you ought to be united in friendship, and now your conscience is saying, "Christians ought to live in peace and love." But Satan is saying, "You were not to blame. Do not humble yourself before such a proud person as your opponent." But my Lord and Master says to you, "Show me the proof of your love. Forgive him for my sake even to seventy times seven; and if you have wronged him confess the wrong, and humble yourself for my sake. Because I washed my disciples' feet, show me the proof of your love by washing one another's feet." Attend to that admonition, I pray you.

But possibly there are some here who have had in their minds the project of doing something unusual for Jesus, or the church, or the poor, or for missions to the heathen. Satan has said, "You must not give so much as that." Jesus says, "I have prospered you: when others have failed in business I have taken care of you. Show me the proof of your love." Will you not hear His call? Do not hold back your hand, and do not want anybody to persuade you, because that will spoil it all. It must be spontaneous. It must come from your own heart, moved only by the Spirit of God, if you wish it to be accepted.

Perhaps I am addressing a young man who has been for years a member of the church; and it is crossing his mind, "What shall I do to show my love?" and it is his ambition to be a missionary in a distant land. Keep not yourself back, my dear young brother. Should it rend a fond connection, or cost you your life, give Jesus such proof of your love as His Spirit suggests to you. Or is it that you ought to speak to people about their souls? The Lord will throw somebody in your way. Give a proof of your love by a holy bravery, and speak right out for Jesus Christ, and do not be ashamed. The Lord invites you to a closer fellowship with Himself, to come higher up the mount of God, and to be more thoroughly consecrated.

I leave this with you. If you love Him, show it. If you do not love Him, tremble. I will not repeat what the Scripture says, as though it came from myself, but I would have you recollect it. Paul says, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha"—cursed with a curse at the coming of Christ. So it must be if you love not Christ.

Oh! if you do love Him, be inventive. Think of a new thing that nobody else ever did for Jesus. Strike out a fresh path. Deny yourselves comforts to have the comfort of proving your love, as His Spirit shall guide and help you; and to His name be praise evermore.

[Portion of Scripture read before sermon, 2 Cor. 8.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 175,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

The Death of a Universalist, at Elmira, N. Y., is described as a warning to others by Dr. Peter Stryker. The Universalist was a Swede, who came to this country in 1864. He was possessed of considerable means, and spent his time in travelling. While camping out on a hunting excursion he caught a severe cold, which developed into pulmonary disease. He hastened back to New York, but was unable to get farther than Elmira, and there his sorrowing friends surrounded his dying bed. Being told that his hours were numbered, he expressed his willingness to die. But his friends were not satisfied about his spiritual condition, and met in another room for prayer that he might be fitted to die before the final moment came. After this it was noticed that a terrible fear of death came over him, and instead of his former callous demeanor, he evinced the utmost concern. He admitted that he had been trusting to the doctrine of universal salvation, and now found no comfort in it. At his request a Christian minister was sent for, and Dr. Stryker came. Faithful gospel teaching, aided by the working of the Spirit, in answer to earnest prayer, brought the dying man the better hope, and he departed rejoicing in the Saviour. But Dr. Stryker says he will never forget how utterly the Universalist doctrines *broke down in the trying moment.*

An Idol Unearthed.—An Arab Quarrying stone near Gaza recently unearthed the image of a god of the Philistines. The idol is fifteen feet high, and represents an aged man, with hair in long ringlets, and a long beard, one arm being crossed over the breast, while a drapery covers the shoulders. The pedestal bears no inscription, and is carved in one huge piece with the figure, which was found in a recumbent position, buried in the sand on the top of a hill near the sea, and is supposed to have been removed from its original site. The Pasha of Jerusalem has placed a guard over the image to preserve it from injury.

ETHEL'S TRIAL.

On a calm moonlight evening two persons were strolling up and down a path which ran under an avenue of trees beside a gently flowing river.

But the tranquillity without had no counterpart in the breasts of the two companions slowly pacing the narrow path. They were lovers, and were about to part, it might be for years, and this was the farewell walk at a familiar trysting-place. They had been companions from childhood, for the parents of both were not only neighbors, but friends, bound to each other by cordial liking and by the ties of Christian fellowship. The farms they occupied lay near each other, and the children of both families had grown up together as one family. David was a younger son, and when it became clear that he had conceived a passion for Ethel that was deeper-seated than mere boy and girl regard, the parents of both were glad that the affection which united themselves would live again in the lifelong union of their descendants.

After consultation and prayer it had been decided that David should accept a clerkship in a merchant's office in a distant city, which an influential friend of the family was able to place at his disposal. The salary was only $500 a year to start with, but a few years' hard work and strict integrity would be rewarded with an income on which he might support a modest home. Matters having been thus arranged, the young people had gone for a last stroll, on the evening prior to David's departure.

Not a word was said by either of constancy; *that was understood*, and either would have scorned to speak of that which each felt was beyond doubt. But one thing Ethel felt she ought to say, and that she hesitated to put in words. At length she said:

"David, dear, the excitements of city life—you will not let them draw you away from the Saviour?"

His reply came quickly, firmly, only too firmly, as of one "who thinketh he standeth:" "No, love, I am not so weak as to be moved by outward circumstances in matters of the soul."

So with a long, earnest farewell they parted, he to the city, she to toil patiently in the home and wait the glad news that her lover had won the prize which should make them one.

Two years passed, and news came regularly from the city office to the country homes of steadily advancing prosperity and bright prospects ahead. At length a happy commotion was caused by intelligence that a short holiday had been granted in the office, and David was coming home for a whole week. At length he came, and the night of his arrival was like a burst of summer light into a dark chamber.

But a cloud, at first no larger than a man's hand, appeared on Ethel's horizon before she retired to rest that night. Some incidental mention of the Sunday-school had been received by David with a gesture of impatience, and though fear, like a knife, had gone into Ethel's heart, no word was said, and she alone saw that David's love for Christian work was abated.

Conversation the next day elicited from him that his religious principles, or as he called them, his opinions, had undergone a decided change. They were, he said, "unsettled." Not that he accepted infidel dogmas, but he could not believe as he once had done. He had attended the ministry of a celebrated preacher in the great city who had taught that the opening chapters of the venerated Book were not history, *but a drama, a mere fiction*, and that the records of miracles and much else, scattered through the sacred volume, were but beautiful fables. From this ministry he had passed with other young men by easy stages to giving his Sunday to hearing popular lectures by men noted for the boldness of their utterance, and for what was known as *free thought*. Their teachings had destroyed his faith, and had given him in exchange nothing but uncertainty. He denied nothing, he affirmed nothing; he said, "*I do not know.*"

"Not know!" exclaimed Ethel, "when the Word of God states these things as facts. David, you are breaking my heart."

"There," said David, in a soothing, caressing tone, such as one uses to a scared child, "do not worry your little head with these matters. Go on believing while you can; I do not want to unsettle your faith, and it is very natural for you to believe as you have been taught."

Ethel sank on a seat and buried her face in her hands. The tone of superiority David assumed hurt her less than the conviction that he had lost his hold on the faith and hope that were to her dearer than life. She said no more, but turned homewards with an aching heart.

That night she slept little. The question of what it was her duty to do disturbed her too much for slumber. Many times she left her couch, and on bended knees sought light from heaven. "Dear Lord, what shall I do?" was the cry she breathed. But toward morning the prayer changed. Then it was, "Lord, give me the strength to do and to bear." Light had come into her soul, and she saw that union with David in his present state was impossible for her. There could be no union of hearts while he shut his heart from the faith and love so dear to her. But what a struggle it was for her, and dire need was there to ask help where it was to be found.

Help came; with many tears she told David her decision, and though deeply moved by his distress, she received strength to resist his arguments and entreaties. So the visit so ardently expected, so long desired, ended in bitter tears and an aching heart.

Years passed away, and the quiet, gentle girl still moved along the even course of her daily life. Something of the buoyancy and elasticity of other days had left her step, the look of joyous delight in life was missed from her countenance; but instead there had come a calm, serene light, the product of the struggle through which her Lord had brought her victorious. Not that she had ceased to think of David, or ceased to feel the bitter disappointment which had fallen upon her; but she had been given that perfect peace in which the Lord will keep those who trust in Him.

By common consent David's name was not mentioned in her hearing. His parents and her own knew too well how her heart had been wounded, and were too anxious that that wound might heal, to revive the recollection of her suffering. But one day the tell-tale face of David's mother revealed that some trouble had fallen. Ethel, more gentle than of old, made quick to sympathize by her own suffering, saw the cloud and asked the cause.

"David is ill," sobbed the mother. "The doctor says it is a serious illness, and his father has gone to fetch him home."

A few days after, a vehicle carefully cushioned, and driven slowly and with great caution, drew up at the old farm, and David was lifted from inside, where he had lain moaning in pain, and carried to his room.

"May I help you nurse him?" was the gentle but earnest petition Ethel made.

"God bless you," was the mother's reply. "I desire nothing better."

That evening Ethel took her place by the sick man's bed, and though he was too ill to know who smoothed his pillow, yet it was a comfort to Ethel's heart to be doing something to alleviate his suffering. Many days the young life hung in the balance, and Ethel was unwearied in her patient labor. At last one night, while David's mother had gone to take a short rest, David opened his eyes, and grasped Ethel's hand as she stood by the bedside.

"Ethel, is it you?" he asked. "Ethel, I am dying, and my soul is lost! lost! lost!"

Calmly and gently she answered him, pointing to the Saviour. But he persisted, "There is no hope. I have sinned against light; I have denied the Lord, and He has given me up. I believe all now, but I have lost all, and I am dying in despair."

But David did not die. The disease had reached its crisis that night, and it had taken a favorable turn, and by slow and painful stages he gained strength. That was the happiest time Ethel had ever known. To sit by the side of the invalid reading to him out of the precious Book of the tender love of Jesus; reading to him the words of Jesus to Peter after His resurrection; of the return of the Prodigal, and other passages full of comfort and consolation, was to her a joyful occupation.

David was a man no longer in spirit: he was subdued, his spirit was childlike. Cavilling and doubting had passed away, and a simple trusting faith had taken its place. He believed and was at peace. He loved the Saviour, and the next place in his heart was occupied by her who had been the means of his restoration, and when after his complete recovery he had stood with her at the altar, and the village minister joined them in a lifelong union, few men were happier or more grateful than he.

TEN SIGNS OF THE APPROACHING END.*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page* 135.)

3. The Preparing of the Way of the Jews to Re turn to Palestine—The Great Confederacy—4. The Three Demon Spirits—Infidelity an Spiritualism—Revolutionary Socialism—Jesuit ical Ultramontanism—Their Frog-like Charac ter—Their Midnight Activity Significant—5 The Gathering of the Nations to War—Th Result of the Action of the Demon Spirits—Disturbed State of Europe—A Terrible Strug gle Coming.

3. The preparing of the way of

THE JEWS TO RETURN TO PALESTINE.

The object for which the Euphrates or Turco Mohammedan empire is to be dried up, is state to be "that the way of the kings from (not *of* the East may be prepared" (Rev. 16 : 12). Thi has been universally understood by commentators to be a prediction of the return of the Jews as they are a kingly royal nation, deriving thei origin from Eastern countries. Among th numerous expositors who have written on this the celebrated Rev. Samuel Eyles Pierce, whos published works amount to many volume wrote in 1809:

"The Pope arose (fully) about the same tim in the West as Mahomet in the East, who a sumed the prophetic office in 612. Hence it hat been commonly said, they will fall nearly t gether. Toward the close of their 1260 years th following events will most assuredly take plac because the mouth of the Lord hath spoken i The Jews will receive and enjoy a national rest ration to their own land of Judæa. Popery ar Mohammedanism will be destroyed. The Go pel will have an universal spread: a nation w be born at once: the knowledge of the Lord w cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.

"When the sixth vial shall be poured out the great river Euphrates, it will cause the d solution of the Turkish empire; then a way w be prepared for the Jews to return to their ov land. And under the sixth vial, 'three uncle spirits of demons will come out of the mou of the dragon, the wild beast, and the fal prophet, and go forth to the kings of the ear and of the whole world to gather them to t battle of that great day of God Almighty' (Re 16 : 13, 14). This is yet unaccomplished, a will be followed by the judgments of the sever vial. These are judgments which remain to accomplished on the enemies of Christ, in co parison with which all we have read, seen, heard of, are as nothing. But there will be su distress as is inconceivable. Antichrist will prevail. His power will increase. His conquests will be great.

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by m *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, Description of Approaching Events," with two m and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* conta valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on th events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

"THE GREAT CONFEDERACY
of Antichrist will consist of the wild beast, or Roman empire, under its *last head*, and the false prophet or ecclesiastical power of the papacy, and the subordinate vassal kings of the Latin empire. When the Ottoman empire is overthrown, and this great confederacy of Antichrist completed, and when Antichristian France with *Bonaparte or whomsoever may be his successor* have carried all their designs into execution, and Judæa falls into their hands, it seems probable that they, not knowing what to do with so much territory, will willingly give leave for the Jews, the ancient proprietors of Judæa, to return unto it, and freely possess it. And when they first return, it will be in an unconverted state.

"As it respects the time of this call of the Jews, and the distress which will then be, Daniel gives it thus: 'And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth up for the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time. And many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and the rest to shame and everlasting contempt' (Dan. 12 : 1, 2). This will be toward the close of the 1260 years when God will cease the scattering of His holy people."

Of late years considerable numbers of Jews have returned to Jerusalem and Palestine; and after the ten-kingdomed confederacy shall be formed, Antichrist will arise as a little horn or sovereign (Dan. 7 : 24), and will make a seven years' covenant with the Jews to protect them in Jerusalem, and to guarantee them permission to maintain their temple-worship. This will be the final seven years of the present dispensation, according to Daniel 9 : 27, as interpreted by more than one hundred expositors, of whom the Rev. T. Parker, in 1646, was one of the earliest.

This will only be a *partial and political* restoration of the Jews, chiefly in an unconverted state, as described in Ezekiel 38 : 8, 11, 12, and Isaiah 66 : 3. Their full restoration and conversion will not be until the end of the seven years, when the millennium is ushered in. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in His glory" (Psalm 102 : 16).

4. The active going forth of the three unclean frog-like, miracle-working demon spirits of Antichristian Infidelity, Revolutionary Democracy, and Jesuitical Ultramontanism.

Simultaneously with the drying up of the Euphrates or Turkish empire under the year-day sixth vial, three unclean demon spirits, like frogs, are predicted to go forth among the nations out of the mouths of the dragon, and the wild beast, and the false prophet, working miracles (Rev. 16 : 13, 14).

The *first spirit*, out of the mouth of the *dragon*, or devil, is necessarily that of *Antichristian Infidelity*, and the most remarkable modern manifestation of Satanic opposition to Christianity is

SPIRITUALISM,
which is a revival of sorcery and witchcraft. It arose at Rochester, in 1847–48, and, like a new false religion, has been propagated with marvellous rapidity, so that there are now a large number of Spiritualists in the United States, in France, England, and other parts of Europe.

Spiritualist mediums are persons possessed by demons, and having familiar spirits, in much the same way as the Witch of Endor, and the demoniacs out of whom Christ cast unclean spirits. The prophecy speaks of them as being *like frogs*, which are more active in the darkness than in the daytime. And thus mediums prefer dark circles in order to obtain manifestations from the spirits. That these are *unclean* spirits is shown by the system of free love and abolition of marriage, and by the communism and socialism which advanced Spiritualists often strongly advocate.

Several thousand persons are at the present time in lunatic asylums owing to the pernicious influence of Spiritualism upon them, and tens of thousands of persons have been led by it to give up their belief in the verities of the Christian faith. Other modern forms of this *infidel antichristian* spirit out of the mouth of the Dragon are Colensoism, Voyseyism, Darwinism, and Huxleyism.

The *second spirit* of

REVOLUTIONARY DEMOCRATIC DESPOTISM
goes forth out of the mouth of the seven-headed and ten-horned wild beast, which represents the Roman empire. The seventh and last head of this wild beast will be a Napoleon, and therefore a spirit out of the mouth of this wild beast will be, to a certain extent, a *Napoleonic* spirit, which is emphatically one of revolutionary democratic despotism, blended with an insatiable spirit of military conquest. The workings of this revolutionary spirit have been manifest of late years in the revolutions of the Sepoys in India, and in Communistic outbreaks in France and Spain.

In 1848 a foretaste, on a small scale, of what these three spirits will do in the future was exhibited in the French Revolution. "Like the sudden eruption of a volcano," as Beale, in his "Armageddon," justly observes, "these three spirits burst forth, scattering death and misery around them.

"Atheism, communism, socialism, red republicanism—the elements of apparent liberty, but, in truth, the chains of darkness in which Satan binds the souls of men as with fetters of iron—were the accursed fruits of the working of these spirits. Stirring men up to bloody strife, urging them on in fiendish triumph to the overthrow of all established institutions, they broke down thrones and altars in the name of liberty, and cast titles, honors, property, into one promiscuous heap at the feet of *that incarnate Moloch* of the day, the Red Republic of Communism."

The *third spirit* out of the mouth of the False Prophet, or Romish Church, is the spirit of

JESUITICAL ULTRAMONTANISM.
It is especially active throughout France, and has largely promoted pilgrimages to so-called sacred shrines, and it has brought to pass the proclamation of the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility—a doctrine which binds Papists implicitly to obey every command of the Pope. It is partly by Ultramontanism producing disunion between the Catholic and Protestant German States that France will ultimately conquer Germany.

It is, in fact, one of the most formidable foes that Bismarck has to fight against, and it will eventually coalesce with Communism and Socialism, to which it is now antagonistic. It will also be one of the agencies by which the Napoleonic Dynasty will be raised to its final supremacy.

It is singular that France is the chief seat of these three spirits of Infidelity, Revolutionary Democracy, and Ultramontanism, which the prophecy compares *to three frogs;* and *three frogs* were formerly the coat-of-arms, or national crest, of France under Clovis. A lesser manifestation of this third spirit of Romanism may be seen in the spread of Ritualism in the Church of England.

The great swelling utterances, ceaseless clamor, prolific multiplication, intrusive pertinacity, slimy contamination, and amphibious politico-ecclesiastical nature of these latter-day Infidel, Revolutionary, and Jesuitical spirits renders their comparison to *frogs* the most lifelike and graphic that could be conceived; and as the croaking of frogs in tropical climates is loudest at midnight, so must we expect the croaking of these three Frog-like Spirits to wax loudest as we approach the world's hour of *midnight*, which, in the Parable of the Virgins, is placed just before the Bridegroom's coming, and which is the darkest hour preceding the dawn of the unsetting Sun of Millennial Righteousness that shall soon arise with everlasting healing in His wings.

5. THE GATHERING OF THE NATIONS TO WAR is predicted to be the result of the going forth of the three unclean spirits of Infidelity, Democratic Revolutionism, and Ultramontane Popery to the rulers of the earth and of the whole world —"To gather them to the war of that great day of God Almighty" (Rev. 16 : 14). And all this happens just before the epoch of Christ's second advent is announced by Himself to have then arrived—"Behold I come as a thief" (Rev. 16 : 15).

It is an ominous sign that throughout all Europe vast and unexampled military preparations are being made. France, Germany, Austria, Russia have larger and more formidably equipped armies than have ever been known. The muskets and artillery of the first Napoleon's armies were clumsy and puny weapons compared with modern Miniè rifles and Armstrong cannon; and the timber ships, which constituted England's "wooden walls," are entirely superseded by iron-clad men of war.

The troubled political state of the European nations leads them to augment their standing armies and their navies, and to provide their forces with the most deadly instruments of destruction. (Joel 3 : 9, 10; Ezek. 38 : 4; Dan. 12 : 1; Matt. 24 : 7–21; Zech. 14 : 2, etc.).

The Rev. G. S. Faber, in 1852, in his "Revival of the French Emperorship," which showed that the Napoleon Dynasty was the seventh head of the Roman empire, destined to be healed of its Waterloo deadly wound, said,

"The three unclean spirits have not yet fully gone forth to the Kings of the Earth to gather them to *the war of that great day of God Almighty;* but we perceive them ready prepared harmoniously to co-operate for a bad end—*Infidelity* and *Military Despotism*, called into action by Revolutionary Anarchy and *Jesuitism* of the most arrogant and tyrannical Ultramontane school. Their co-operation might once have been thought paradoxical, but we have already seen enough of their conjoined practices to feel little difficulty in believing that they will cordially act together, and will be the main artificers of the final great Antichristian Confederation (Rev. 16 : 14).

"We are constrained to arrive at the anticipative conclusion that we must indeed expect this general war in Europe in no great length of time; and when we consider the baleful perfection to which the military art of destruction has now been carried, we may readily understand the force of the declaration that in the latter scenes of this internecine war, which opens out at the commencement of the Time of the End, synchronically with the Restoration of the Jews, *there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, even unto that same time* (Dan. 12 : 1).

"And another impressive sign of the times and indication of our appalling nearness to Daniel's predicted Time of Trouble is the impending *Extinction of the Ottoman Power*, which is ominously looming on the prophetic horizon. With rare unanimity commentators have agreed that the drying-up of the waters of the mystic Euphrates during the sixth vial, under which we are now living, *must* import the final dissolution and destruction of the Ottoman Power. And there seems to be a general anticipation that the fall of Turkey is not far distant; and the consequent quarrel of the great European Powers about its division, like the quarrel of wolves over a carcass, which they have jointly deprived of life, will probably be the cause of that final predicted war which, commencing in Europe, will pass, at the Time of the End, into Palestine (Rev. 16 : 12).

"Fearful events are coming upon us. I, in my eightieth year, shall probably be taken away from the evil to come. That evil is coming, I make no doubt; but it is evil introductory to great good. For when the predicted Antichristian Confederacy shall have been broken, and when at last its mighty armaments shall have perished between the two seas, on the mountains of Palestine (Dan. 11 : 45), then will be inaugurated that holy and happy period which is usally distinguished by the name of the Millennium."

(To be Continued.)

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 143).

A Suitor for Rose.

It was late that morning when Ernest came down to the sunny breakfast-room, which he found deserted. Charles had ridden over to Dartford, he was told, and Rose and Jenny were unpacking the luggage from London, which had just arrived, under Mrs. Clifford's superintendence. He was glad to be alone. The feverish and fitful sleep that had visited him had refreshed neither mind nor body. His spirits had been exhausted by the sharp mental conflict of the night before, and he felt it a relief to be spared the effort of keeping up a conversation.

He found himself anxious, preoccupied, and undecided. He felt himself altogether at a loss; a strange experience for Ernest, whose intuitions were swift and clear, and his decisions equally sharp and defined. A voice from heaven would have suited him at this juncture, but there is no voice audible to ears deafened by the world. The world's trumpets had been braying too lately around him for him to hear the low still voice, full of awe, which calls us out of the darksome cave wherein we dwell, into the light of God.

A servant came in to bring him the letter-bag, which did not reach Clifford till late in the morning. There was a letter for himself, and another for Rose, which he sent at once to her. His own lay before him on the table for a while, his troubled heart and busy brain still pondering over his present difficulty. At last he took it up, and the color mounted to his pale and anxious face, for it brought a fresh complication to be dealt with.

"Dear Clifford: My son and I called at your hotel a few minutes after you left to-day. I must therefore write to you instead of speaking, and I must do it with equal frankness. Our young people, it seems, have formed an attachment to each other, and Robert gives me no peace till I lay the matter before you.

"I need not say that your daughter is all I could desire for my son's wife. We should welcome her most cordially into our family. But I am compelled to own that Robert must marry a wife with some considerable dowry. Miss Clifford is everywhere regarded as your only child and heiress, but it is absurd to take it for granted that a man of your age will never marry again.

"Consequently it is incumbent upon you and me to come to some definite understanding before either of us gives our consent to the young folks. I am disposed to believe you have no objection to my son. You saw a good deal of him while you were in town, and I can only add, if this marriage is as agreeable to you as it is to me, we may set the lawyers to work at once.

"Yours truly,

"R. Fortescue."

Ernest tossed the letter from him with a gesture of impatience. Why! Rose was but a child still; a little, innocent, heedless girl, into whose head no thought of a lover could come. It seemed but yesterday that she was sitting on his knee and reading stories of fairies and mermaids in her shrill, childish voice. He could not entertain the idea of his little Rose loving any man but himself. There was so much dainty natural charm about Rose that must be spoiled, he thought, if it was displayed to any other eyes but his own, her father's.

Yet if Rose were ever to marry and leave him, no match could be better than this one. Young Fortescue was heir to a good estate, a little encumbered, as Ernest knew, and to his father's baronetcy. Rose's new home would be within ten miles of Clifford—a pleasant distance. He had not looked at the young man as a probable suitor for his daughter, but all he had observed of him was favorable. The letter he had just read from his father implied that an attachment was already formed; if so, Rose was in love. Rose in love was a fresh element of anxiety and sorrow.

It seemed almost a shocking thing to Ernest to be compelled to ask his young daughter if she loved this unwelcome candidate for her hand. It needed a mother's delicate tenderness, he fancied. How could Rose tell him what she felt for the young man, who had been an utter stranger to her three months ago? Three months ago! Was it possible the child could learn to love any one in so short a time?

All the other affections of her life had developed slowly, and struck root naturally. There might be some mistake, and he was being anxious about a chimera. They had taken Rose's freedom from conventional shyness and reserve for a sign that she had given away her heart to the first suitor that came.

But Rose had had a letter, possibly from young Fortescue himself. Ernest summoned all his resolution and courage to aid him in asking his little daughter this unpleasant question. It was part of his chivalrous devotion to his motherless child not to send a formal message by a servant bidding her come to him, but to go himself to seek her. Rose's room was one she had chosen when they first came to Clifford Grange, because of an oriel window in it, raised two or three steps from the floor, and looking out upon the sea.

It was a low, spacious room under the roof, with long and narrow casements, giving glimpses of the country lying about the house. She had hoarded here all the treasures she had gathered during her life. The plume of peacock's feathers, that had charmed her eyes years ago, was still preserved and cherished, and every shelf and window-sill was crowded with the foreign curiosities brought for her by every sailor Clifford-born, who had carried them over sea and land as an offering for their Miss Rose.

Her mother's water-color sketches, stiff and raw in color, hung upon the walls, with her father's school-boy drawings of boats, crags, and water, destitute of perspective and devoid of shadow. The whole place was filled with keepsakes and trifles of no value save in Rose's eyes. A mere lumber-room if she was not in it; but in her presence it was like a shrine, to which every poor votary had brought some willing offering.

Rose was sitting in the oriel window, gazing out with soft, dreamy eyes over the sea. The letter was folded caressingly between her small white hands. The pretty head, and rounded chin, and sunny curls, were clearly defined against the sky, and Ernest stood on the threshold for a few moments, looking at her with a keen pang of sorrow in his heart. This bright blossom of his had grown up in an atmosphere not its own, and if it must be transplanted into rougher climes, how would it bear the change?

What would Rose be without her little kingdom, where she had queened it so gracefully? A poor man's daughter! How could she be that? She had been like the lilies; she toiled not, neither did she spin. The sole purpose of her life had been to give delight to others by her sweetness and beauty. If she should be uprooted, would she not be like those flowers of Paradise, "that never would in other climates grow?"

"Rose!" he said at last, in a quiet voice. Yet she was startled, and her face grew crimson. As he drew near to her he could see the tears swimming in her blue eyes, and the letter crushed in her unconscious grasp. Ernest spoke again in his tenderest manner.

"Is your letter from young Fortescue?" he asked.

"Yes, father," she answered falteringly.

"And you love him, my darling?" he said.

"Oh! I think so," cried Rose, bursting into a passion of tears, and running into her father's outstretched arms, as she had been used to do in every time of trouble.

But Ernest felt that this too must be weighed in the balance before he formed his final resolution.

Under any circumstances Ernest would have gone over to Rockwood to see Ruth on this first day of his return after so long an absence. He had never entered the faded and sombre little sitting-room belonging specially to her with a heart so perplexed and burdened. He was longing for a plain path, and his path was intricate and clouded.

Even with Ruth he could not converse with the frank unreserve which had been the chief charm of their intercourse. Hitherto Ruth had been the confidante of all his plans and purposes. But he had come to a knot in the skein of life which could not as yet be shown to her. No human being could see the whole matter, with all its bearings, beside himself.

If he should finally resolve upon abiding by his step-father's later will, and thus setting aside what he knew to be the old man's intentions in his dying hours, he could never tell Ruth. There must be always this secret between them. It had been between them, in fact, all these years, but it had been slumbering and inoperative, scarcely making itself felt even by him. Now it would have an active, all-pervading existence for him—a reflected influence upon all belonging to him. It is in circumstances like these that the abundant promises in God's Word of help in time of anxiety become precious to the Christian (Psalm 37 : 24; 55 : 22; Prov. 13 : 5, 6).

Ruth had caught sight of Ernest coming over the cliffs, and she had run away to add some trifling decoration to her simple and inexpensive dress. She did it as a sort of homage to him, though he was unaware of it. When Ernest came to see her she liked to wear ribbons of the color he was fond of, and she wished to smooth out of sight the few silver lines that were beginning to shine among her dark hair.

She had been enjoying a more complete rest than had been her lot for years. Her father's illness had been protracted; but Julia Rush had borne the chief stress and strain of it. Julia had proved an efficient and invaluable nurse, and Ruth felt very grateful to her. She had not been placed on a footing with the servants, according to the stipulation she had made; and she had gained so much mastery over her patient that she was able to keep him from plunging into any new excesses.

None of the old, disgraceful boon companions had been admitted into Squire Symons's presence; and he was submitting to Julia's rule with a singularly good grace. Ruth was making up her mind that she must practise some new economy, if possible, in order to find the means of retaining Julia permanently in her position as attendant upon her old father.

Ernest was almost startled by the change in Ruth's appearance when she came to greet him. She was looking younger and happier and brighter than she had done for years. The tranquillity congenial to her nature, which had been banished by the dreary isolation of her circumstances, was dawning upon her face. The joy of seeing him again was shining in her dark eyes; and as she came toward him, with frank and hearty gladness, he felt that he could not separate himself from her by a self-imposed exile from Clifford.

"So poor Charles is come home at last!" she said as soon as their first greetings were over. He was holding her hand in his own, but he dropped it hastily as she spoke these words; and Ruth knew instantly that Charles's return was looked upon as a misfortune. Her heart sank a little with an inward chill. Was Ernest so excellently good in every other relationship, about to show himself in the light of a hard and stern brother? She looked up wistfully into his face as she waited for him to speak.

"Yes, Charles has turned up again," he said with gloomy emphasis. "Ruth, I cannot pretend to rejoice. I know you women are all ready to make a hero of him; but I cannot. In my eyes he is the same Charles who ran away; only many years older."

"But surely," she answered, "surely you are glad to know he is alive and well! Your brother, Ernest! It does not seem so long ago since you left no stone unturned to find out whether he was still living, and where he was. Do you forget?"

"That was for a year or two after his father's death," he rejoined; "if he had come back then all would have been well. I could have welcomed him home then; but not after all these years! We were getting on so well without him; and now our black sheep is among us again. What am I to do with him?"

"Do with him!" she repeated; "were we not all lost sheep once? and did not our dear Lord come down to the wilderness, seeking us who had gone astray? It is not difficult to know what to do with a brother who comes home repentant."

"My dear Ruth," he said impatiently, "Charles is no penitent, I assure you. I find it a much harder matter to settle than to talk about. He cannot go on wearing the best robe, and having the fatted calf killed for him every day. The question is, what am I to do with my prodigal, in his father's house?"

He paced up and down the melancholy little room restlessly. The question was not put so much to Ruth as to himself. If she had become his wife ten years ago he would have laid bare his inmost heart to her, and taken her counsel in his hour of bewildering temptation. He knew instinctively what her counsel would be; the counsel of a woman utterly ignorant of the world. How gladly would he have blotted out those ten intervening years, and placed himself back again in his little vicarage, with Rose only the poor vicar's daughter!

He might have done his uttermost to counteract the mischief of his younger brother's influence and possibly he might have succeeded in restraining him from extreme wildness. At any rate he would himself have kept his hands clean and his conscience clear. He would not now be burdened with a secret which he was ashamed to tell to the woman who loved him best. Ruth looked down with sad eyes, not caring to lift them to Ernest's cloudy face.

Ernest Clifford was yet a stranger to the promise "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God" (Isa. 50 : 10).

"There is another difficulty," he said, after a while, seating himself beside her and opening Sir Robert Fortescue's letter. He read it aloud, in a hard, dry tone. It was plain to her that he did not altogether like it; but she could not see why. She did not speak, even when he folded it up and returned it to his pocketbook.

"Ruth," he said, in a softened voice of great earnestness, "I wish I could reply by saying that you had consented to be my wife."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried; "Ernest, how can I? We decided long ago that I must stand at my post. I believe God has placed me here, and must be faithful to Him; or how could I be faithful to you? But let us set the matter at rest forever. You have been very happy all this time; and why should we not go on as we are, friends always, but knowing that we shall never be more to one another? Do not let me stand in the way of Rose's happiness. I must not bring shame on my father, even for your sake. He is my black sheep."

(*To be Continued.*)

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

Lesson for Mar. 14.—Matt. 7 : 15–29. Golden Text, James 1 : 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR subject for to-day opens with a warning, "Beware of false prophets." Before we examine in Holy Scripture the character of false prophets, let us first consider what persons these are who stand to us in the light of prophets. Surely, not only preachers, although they exercise this office most directly; but also chosen friends to whom we look up, and on whose opinion we rely, and also all those to whom we speak of our circumstances, and who have therefore right to pronounce judgment upon our actions and the actions of those who are connected with us: all these are placed more or less, either by God or by our own selves, in the light of prophets to us. And the Lord would warn us as to our choice that we should never allow ourselves to come under the influence of those which are false.

Scripture discovers to us two methods by which we may discover whether the prophets are true or false. First in this chapter, "Ye shall know them by their fruits," *i.e.*, by the manifestation in their lives of all which they say and teach. They may come in sheep's clothing, outwardly appearing as the members of Christ's flock, but what is the spirit which actuates them? Is it that of the wolf which "scattereth the sheep" (John 10 : 12), *i.e.*, which causes division and dissension instead of disseminating love? "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Only that which is divine can bear divine fruit, the thorn bears thorns, and the natural man can only produce what is natural, and not that which is divine, while the nature of Christ in a teacher can only produce what is Christ-like.

It is the most dangerous thing to fortify a carnal spirit in ourselves by calling upon some one else whose spiritual standard is no higher than our own to justify or to excuse us. "I really could not help being vexed, it was so provoking," we hear it often said; and the party appealed to replies, "Yes, indeed, it is a wonder you bore it as well as you did." And such expressions among Christians, who profess to believe that "*all* things work together for good to them that love God," and yet, when appealed to, speak as false prophets, showing their sympathy on the side of nature, and not of grace. Can God make a mistake in His Fatherly providence, and allow us to be placed in circumstances in which vexation is justifiable? And yet a Christian has said to another Christian that it was so; is not this a false prophet?

The second method of discovering the false prophet is shown us in 1 John 4 : 1, 3, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God," etc. Why should the confession that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh manifest a spirit which is of God? Our blessed Lord came on earth to be the second Adam (1 Cor. 15 : 45, 47). The first Adam "begat a son in his own likeness, after his image" (Gen. 5 : 3), and the second Man, which is the Lord from heaven, "shall see His seed" (Isaiah 53 : 10) begotten of God after His image. If Jesus Christ has come in the flesh, and introduced into men a new nature which is divine, then we are responsible to be divine like Him and in Him, "to put off the old man, etc., and to put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. 4 : 22–24). A spirit which confesses that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is a spirit which can excuse nothing in itself which is contrary to Jesus Christ. It is a spirit which sees, hears, and knows Jesus only.

How, then, are we to distinguish between false prophets and true? It is not enough that their word comes to pass. Such may happen, and God says, "If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, . . . thou shalt not hearken to the words of that prophet, . . . etc., for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul" (Deut. 13 : 1–3). In Deut. 18 : 21, 22, the non-fulfilment is made the gauge of the prophet's words. But in Jer. 23 : 22, we have a close test, the prophet is tried by his spiritual power over others. God says, regarding prophets, "But if they had stood in My counsel, and had caused My people to hear My words, then they should have turned them from their evil way and from the evil of their doings." Here is the good fruit which manifests the true prophet's power to make others depart from evil.

In our Lord's teaching, as well as in that of John the Baptist, the axe is laid to the root of the trees, and "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire." The fruit which God looks for from the teacher and the taught is always the same: "Not every one that saith unto Me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." Praying without doing God's will, attending religious services and Bible readings, while the life is not subjected to the will of God—this can avail nothing.

And our Lord lifts the veil of the future, and shows us how in *that* day—the day when the fruitless tree shall be cast into the fire—*many* will be utterly surprised that they are not saved. Oh, what a revelation have we here! Men who live and die in the belief that all is well with their souls, and who will wake up at that day to find themselves deceived. *Many* will say to me in that day, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name?—then there are preachers, Gospel preachers, among them—"and in thy name have cast out devils; and in thy name have done many wonderful works?" Then there are among them those who have healed the sick and cast out devils by the power of the name of Jesus, and yet we read, "Then I will profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity."

O God! lay thine axe to the root of the tree with us all, that this most awful picture be not realized in us; purge out all which is unreal and unholy, all which is not Christ; and, O reader! weigh thyself in God's balances lest He weigh thee and thou be found wanting. It is the rule of our loving God that, "If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged" (1 Cor. 11 : 31). It is not enough that we are respected members of our several churches, that we teach in the Sunday-school, that God blesses us in the conversion of souls, that we have faith to heal the sick, or even to cast out devils in His name; there must be in all these things the ceaseless doing of His will, the leading when and where *He* will, the working, not haphazard at our convenience—we must learn to wait His convenience.

How then may we know the will of God? Paul writes to Timothy, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrines, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. 3 : 16, 17); and only by a thorough knowledge of His word can we come to an understanding of His mind, through the enlightening power of the Holy Ghost, who guides us into all truth.

This is confirmed by the words which follow in our subject, "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." "These sayings of mine," *i.e.*, the Word of the living God, this is our sure rock, but it is one which we must not only know of, but build on; *i.e.*, we must not only hear, but *do*. Rains, floods, winds, there will be, on the part of Satan, the world, and the flesh, and these are allowed by God to try us; but the will which is anchored in the expressed will of God is immovable; there is no vacillation, there are no regrets, there is no wavering experience. Such a spirit life can stand trial: "it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

And just as firmly as he stands who carries out with honest purpose the will of his God as soon as he knows it, just in so great danger stands the man who hears, *i.e.*, understands the will of God, and fails to do according to his knowledge. The storm of circumstances, temptations, natural disposition, etc., which grounds the obedient child of God more firmly on the rock, razes to the foundation the building of him who hears and does not. To know God's will and not to do it is diabolical. God is not to be trifled with. If He comes down so low as to make known to us His will, it is the least thing we can do to obey it. His love can command or will nothing which is injurious to us, and it is both a wrong and a treachery to Him if we fail to obey Him. The end of disobedience is ruin.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The English Parliament is Debating on the propriety of adopting measures to defeat the obstructive policy of its Irish members. For several sessions the Home Rule party has endeavored to force from the House of Commons a consideration of its scheme for granting to Ireland some concessions which may lead to the affairs of Ireland being managed by a separate Parliament composed exclusively of Irish members. As the British House refused to consider such a scheme, the Home Rule party has revenged itself by obstructing English legislation by a strained use of the forms of the House, such as repeated motions to adjourn made in the course of debate. The ministers now propose that any member considered by the Speaker to have been guilty of unfair tactics shall be refused permission to speak for a specified length of time. The Liberal leader, the Marquis of Hartington, supports the Cabinet in this proposal, but it is stated that Mr. Gladstone will oppose it.

The German Military Preparations, which Prince Bismarck continues to aver are merely proportionate to the population, according to the long-existing military law of the Empire, evoke daily the comments of the European press on the subject. A French-Italian paper says Germany has taken up a decidedly adverse position to Russia, and is preparing to make war on that power with the aid of Austro-Hungary. If this war, which it believes to be *inevitable and imminent*, should be limited to Germany and Austro-Hungary on the one side and Russia on the other, the evil would be relatively moderate; but would France let slip such a favorable opportunity to try a revenge? "Would that were so!" adds the paper, "but we dare not hope it. And, should France draw the sword, what will be the attitude of Italy? Can she remain neuter? In any case she must arm strongly, if only to protect her neutrality. Such is the sad situation which Prince Bismarck's policy is preparing for us and all Europe. He alone is the author of the *dark and alarming future* which we must seriously prepare to meet."

Scripture prophecy, as interpreted by many diligent students of the Word, indicates that a tremendous war involving nearly all European nations is in the near future.

The Nihilists Threaten to burn St. Petersburg during the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession to the Russian throne. With grim humor they have sent notices to the authorities, informing them that they need not trouble themselves to make arrangements for illuminations on the occasion of the Czar's anniversary, as the revolutionists are preparing for such an illumination as has not been seen since Nero burned Rome. The Nihilists have hitherto been able to execute their threats, but it is to be hoped that these desperate men may be defeated in an attempt so horrible as that of burning the city.

An Inquiry into the Disaster to the Railway bridge over the Frith of Tay, on the night of December 28th, by which many lives were lost, is now proceeding at Dundee, Scotland, before the Board of Trade. Several painters who painted the bridge last summer have testified that they saw *numerous bolt-holes empty*; that they found bolts in holes where there should have been rivets, and found rivets without heads and bars loosened and nuts unscrewed; that one of the supporting columns of the high girders which was *cracked from top to bottom* was held together with four hoop bands; that sometimes, while they were painting the bridge, its oscillation was so great they feared it would fall. The evidence has created considerable sensation, but its value cannot be estimated until the railway inspectors are heard on the subject.

An Alliance between England and Persia.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Daily News* states that, according to intelligence which has reached him from a reliable source, a treaty has been signed between England and Persia, consisting of three clauses. By the first, Persia is permitted to take the city of Herat; by the second, she is to aid England in Afghanistan; and by the third, England is to construct a railway from Teheran to a port on the Persian Gulf. The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* has an article upon the occupation of Herat by Persia, in which it says that if the Persian Government acts against Russia, it will be at its risk and peril. The *Golos*, an influential Russian journal, says the idea of Persia occupying Herat without assistance is absurd. Thus the dangers of war between England and Russia are not yet dissipated.

The Sultan of Turkey and the English.—A Constantinople correspondent says that the situation in Turkey has become exceedingly grave, and that English influence is at its very lowest possible ebb. Until recently the Turkish attitude was one of passive resistance only. It is now one intended to show by acts that Turkey will not be dictated to. The Porte will not have reforms, and is taking every effort to show that it will not be led in the way of civilization by English advice. The Sultan has been giving evidence of ill-will to the English. He recently insisted upon the dismissal of every Englishman employed in the Turkish navy, and it was only when the Minister represented that this would disorganise the service that his majesty contented himself for the present with directing that a lost of such *employés* should be drawn up. At the same time he intimated his intention to dismiss the greater part of them.

The Christian Liberality of a Merchant has been rewarded by God with increased prosperity. At his own cost he supported a number of native missionaries in India. Being asked one day how he could do it, he replied, "When I served the world, I did it on a grand scale and at princely expense; and when, by His grace, God called me out of darkness, I resolved Christ should have more than the world had had. But if you would know how I can give so much, you must ask of God, who enables me to give it. At my conversion I told the Lord His cause should have a part of all my business brought me in; and every year since I made that promise it has brought me in *more than double* what it did the year before, so that I can and do double my gifts in His cause."

John Dunn, the Englishman who was selected to be one of the chiefs of Zululand on account of his previous connection with the Zulus, is a man strangely unsuitable for such a post. His character is not one fitted to inspire the savages with respect for Christian England. Major Malan, who formerly commanded a British regiment in South Africa, writes in *Africa*, his missionary journal: "John Dunn was *unworthy*, because, from all accounts, he was a trader in fire-arms to the Zulu chief for years before the war. He must have known well, like every other white man, that sooner or later a conflict was unvoidable between the powerful Zulu king and his army and the white colonists of Natal. He was *unqualified*, because a white man who could condescend to wallow in the mire of Kaffir polygamy was not a fit representative for the British nation in the eyes of an intelligent people. No service which a knowledge of the country and acquaintance with the chiefs enabled him to render during the war could entitle him to this honor."

A Turkish Trick Appears to have been played with the design of injuring Dr. Koelle, the missionary whose persecution by the Turkish Government was described in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 5th. A book denouncing the Moslem religion has been found among Dr. Koelle's papers, and has been made a ground of complaint against him. It is proved that the book is one of a number sent to Constantinople *sixteen years ago*. The Bible Society's agents refused to receive it, on the ground that it spoke in disrespectful terms of Moslemism. The package was therefore left at the Custom House. Shortly after, a man was observed at the Stamboul Bible Society's house to be placing some books secretly on a shelf. When he went out these books were examined, and found to be copies of the objectionable work. They were mediately removed. This was in 1864. N day the *zaptiehs* (police) entered the building make a forcible search, and immediately ceeded to the shelf in question. Finding books had been removed, all interest in search ceased. The books are evidently kept stock by the Turks to be placed surreptitio in the possession of Christians in order to br false charges against them.

Miss Havergal's Jewels.—A few months be the death of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, sweet and accomplished missionary poet whose portrait and life appeared in the CHTIAN HERALD October 23d, 1879, she sent to Church Missionary Society her jewels, value $ Had she been strong enough, she herself w have gone to India. Her friends have start memorial fund, which is called the "Fra Ridley Havergal Missionary Fund," to be pended by the same Society in the training employment of native Bible-women, and in translation and circulation in India of suit and selected portions of Miss Havergal's bo

A Reliable Blind Leader.—During the palence of one of those dense fogs which been so frequent lately in London, a gentle was trying to find his way out of Hyde P He knew the road well in ordinary weather, was unable to find it in the fog, which preve his seeing a yard ahead. At length he m man of whom he inquired his way. "C with me," said the man; "I can show you way; the fog does not affect me; *I am bli* The man who could see surrendered himse the guidance of the man who could not see, was led safely to his destination. It is thus men learned in philosophy and scientific kn edge have sometimes been led in the wa God by men whose educational attainments natural abilities are inferior to their own (I 10 : 21).

A Thief was Detected in a Church in recently. An infant was to be baptized, while the nurse was waiting with the chil her knees, a man came up and asked pe sion to kiss the little one. His request granted, for in France such instances of sp neous affection are not uncommon. Whil embrace was being bestowed the nurse f hand in her pocket, and exclaimed, "Th The man ran away, but was captured wit woman's purse in his possession. Men wh tend church and simulate emotions they d feel, that they may pursue wicked design not few in other countries besides France. are not always so promptly detected.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the Cable inform occupied his pulpit at the Tabernacle on F ary 15th, and preached with his accust power. Whilst at Mentone he preached i French Protestant Church. The church crowded half an hour before the time anno for the beginning of the service, and many had to leave without finding even stan room. A large portion of the congregation sisted of French, German, Norwegian, D and other foreign admirers of Mr. Spurgeon regularly read his sermons in the various tr tions. Though Mr. Spurgeon did not " with tongues," still his utterance was so di and his style so admirably simple, without ing anything of its originality and *verve*, many of his foreign hearers it was an agr surprise to find that the celebrated E preacher was so much more intelligible tha had ever ventured to hope.

An American Missionary Ill-used in —Rev. Nathan Sites, of the American Met Episcopal Mission, has been attacked by th of Yenping-foo. In accordance with the of the district magistrate, he had close chapel and refrained from preaching; yet walking quietly through the streets he wa laid and severely beaten. In fact, his perse were upon the point of drowning him, wh magistrate arrived, and barely succeeded i ing his life.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.
This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880. 14th Year. No. 11—New Series.

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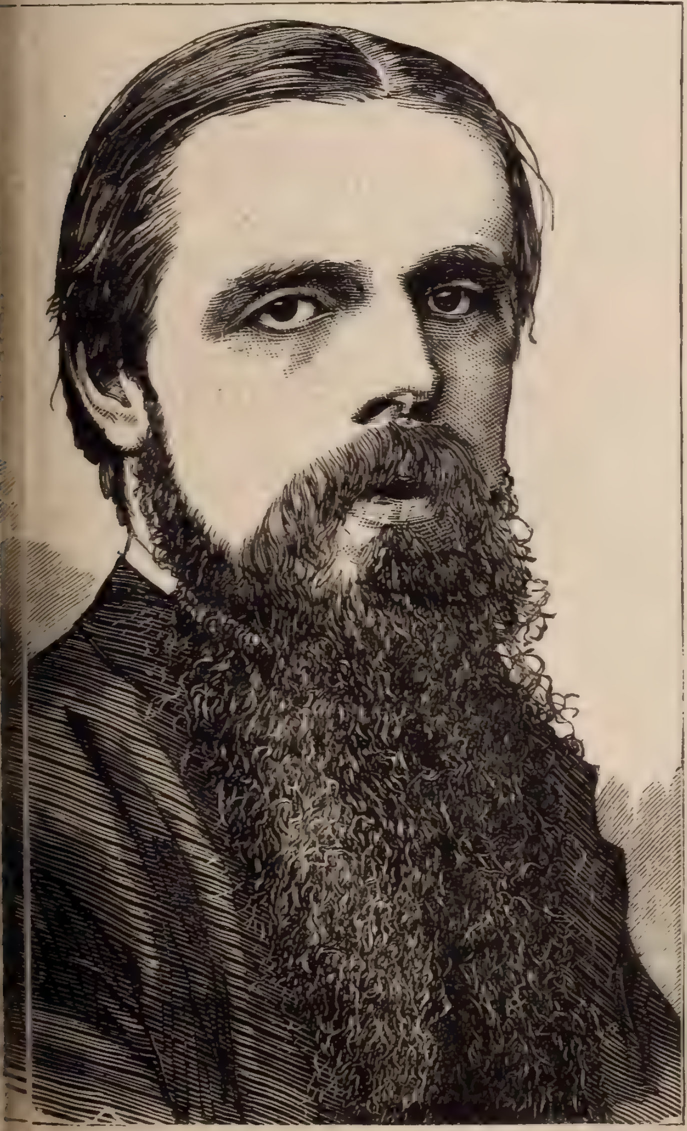
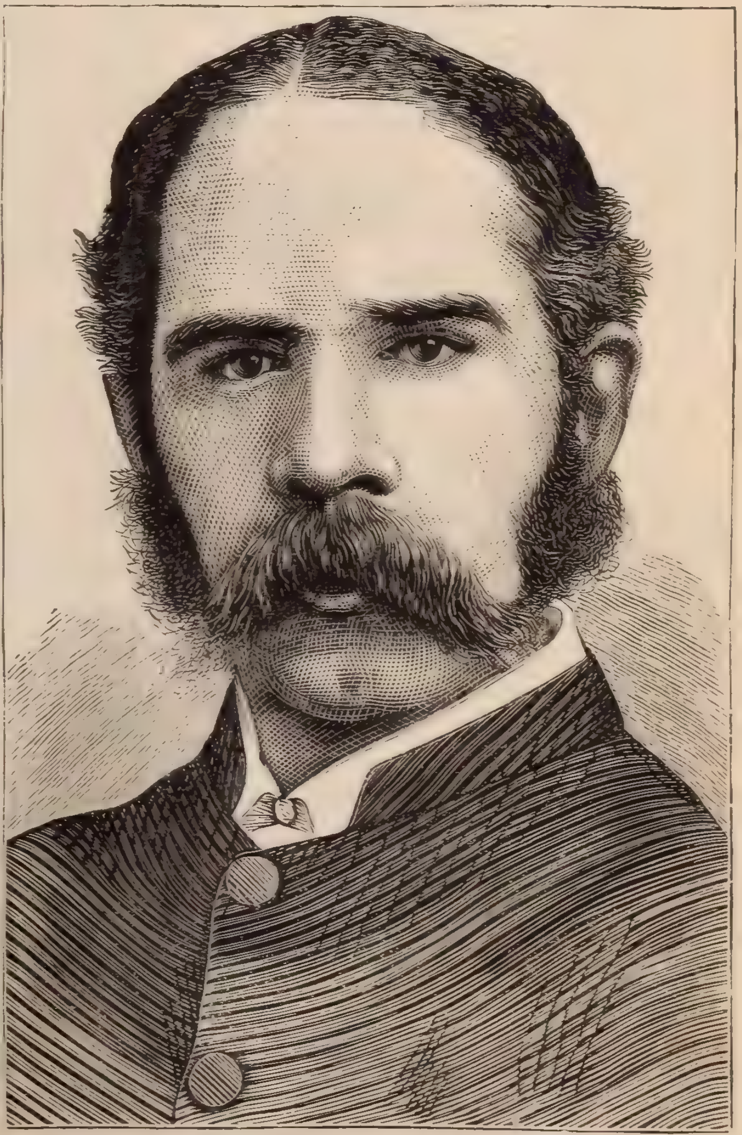


Rev. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN.



Rev. HENRY PELHAM STOKES.

The Famous Mission Preachers.

THE REV. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN,

The Eloquent Mission Preacher.

Early Life—Self-Education—Early Conversion—The Youthful Evangelist—At College—Dangers of the University—Curacy at Mildmay Park—Twelve Days' Mission in London—Removal to Liverpool—Remarkable Blessing at Leeds in 1875—Association with Mr. Moody—Resignation of his Living and Devotion to Evangelistic Work—Character of his Teaching.

CONSIDERABLE surprise has frequently been expressed by Christians who are not familiar with the history of the Established Church of England at the great divergence existing between its ministers in matters of doctrine. The cause of that divergence is to be found in the principles on which the church was established. The design held prominently in view was to make the Church of England the church of all the people of England, and to make it so comprehensive in its doctrine as to admit men of all shades of opinion who agreed on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The consequence has been that men are found identified with the Church whose creed so nearly approaches that of the Church of Rome that only matters of minor detail separate them from that church, and even the ecclesiastical courts of the realm have in many cases failed to show cause in the canons of the Church for their expulsion.

Again there are men occupying the pulpits of the Church whose teaching approaches very closely to that of Unitarians, and these too contend that they can conscientiously give their "unfeigned assent and consent" to the thirty-nine articles of the Church while they preach a system of theology in which the Atonement holds a very subordinate place.

Again there are others who with earnestness and faithfulness present to their hearers the doctrines of the cross, and preach Jesus the one and only Saviour of the world. This party is called the Evangelical party as distinguished from the Ritualists and the High Church party, and to their efforts, under the blessing of God, is due the fact that the English Church has not sunk into the slough of Ritualism or become petrified on the cold rocks of Unitarianism.

Among the Evangelical party, shines, conspicuous by his earnestness, fidelity, and eloquence, the eminent preacher whose sermons we have occasionally had the privilege of presenting to our readers, the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken. We are this week enabled to give his portrait and a sketch of his useful life.

William Hay M'Dowall Hunter Aitken was born in 1841. He is the son of an earnest evangelical clergyman and mission preacher, the Rev. Robert Aitken, who died in 1873, more than seventy years old. His father at his birth was the incumbent of St. John's Church, Liverpool, England, but he afterward removed to Cornwall, where for twenty-four years he labored in a district about which perhaps the best thing that can be said is that it never failed to furnish a field for hard and continuous effort.

The duties and responsibilities of a Christian parent were to Mr. Aitken, Sr., no unmeaning form of words. He wanted his boy to become a man of God—a man who should be useful to the world—and that desire he ranked far above worldly distinctions or worldly prosperity. It is the custom in England to send boys intended for the clerical profession to a great public school such as Eton, Harrow, or Rugby preparatory to entering one of the universities. But this Christian minister dreaded the influence of a public school on his son. He was anxious that he should be kept "pure and unspotted from the world," and therefore he decided that though he might get a better classical and mathematical education at school, yet it would better conduce to his spiritual health and training that he should spend his early years in the old parsonage at his father's side.

On one occasion a friend managed to obtain a presentation for him to Merchant Taylors' School, a thing that most parents would have greatly prized. He put the paper into the fire, and only told his son of it some weeks afterward. But even in the matter of scholarship and secular learning, the boy's being thus thrown somewhat early on his own resources, and being left to acquire knowledge for himself and for its own sake, may not have been wholly disadvantageous to him, for at least it had the compensating value of inspiring habits of industry and self-help, and may have tended to develope and foster a certain independence and originality of thought.

He seems to have been very early impressed by the power of divine truth, and to have begun to evangelize even as a boy. Before he reached *his sixteenth year* he was engaged in Sunday-school teaching and in conducting cottage meetings.

HIS FIRST MISSION.

When he was seventeen he went on a visit to his uncle, the well-known Scotch evangelist, the late Mr. Hay McDowall Grant, of Arndilly. He was to deliver addresses in the neighboring town of Elgin, and so great was the interest awakened there that his uncle determined that he should accompany and assist him in a tour which he proposed making in the extreme north of Scotland, as a substitute for Mr. Brownlow North, who was unable to fulfil an engagement in that locality.

It was during this tour that Mr. Aitken first discovered that God had permitted him in some degree to inherit the evangelizing gifts of his father. In the town of Thurso thousands flocked to the meetings, and on one occasion not less than 4000 persons were addressed by this youthful preacher and his uncle.

Unquestionably this early success exercised an important influence upon his subsequent career in more ways than one. It indicated, to him the work for which he was most suited, and at the same time stimulated him to prepare himself for it. The memory of this wonderful manifestation of divine power served him in good stead in many a dark hour of intellectual doubt and conflict in his subsequent career. After reading for a few months with a private tutor, he matriculated at Wadham College, Oxford, at the close of the year 1859.

Though he found himself somewhat backward in the elements of a classical education, he surprised his tutors by announcing his intention of reading for classical honors; and owing to his natural aptitude for mental philosophy, and especially for logic, he succeeded in obtaining a second class on the list of classical honors. During the whole of his university course Mr. Aitken continued his evangelizing work, conducting a mission service regularly twice a week in a room in the suburbs of Oxford.

No thoughtful man can pass through Oxford in our day without having the foundations of his faith severely tested, and Mr. Aitken has often referred in his sermons to the severe intellectual conflict through which he passed at this time. One text, he has often said, was

HIS SHEET ANCHOR

in these days of trial—"*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.*" This was what he felt his soul demanded, and he could find it nowhere else. He has often since expressed his belief that he was specially prepared by this severe discipline to be the better able to sympathize with and help those who are passing through a similar ordeal.

After taking his college degree in 1865, Mr. Aitken found himself perplexed by the offer of no less than sixteen different curacies, while two or three Oxford Professors urgently pressed him to come into residence, and seek to get a fellowship, which he had good prospects of obtaining. The event which finally decided his choice was the visit of the widely-beloved Rev. W. Pennefather, Vicar of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, London, to Pendeen, to persuade him to become his curate—a step which was recommended also by his father. During his subsequent curacy with Mr. Pennefather

AT MILDMAY PARK,

he was in sole charge of the large iron h which Mr. Pennefather held his Conferenc fore the erection of his present Conference In this Mr. Aitken formed a regular cong tion and carried on a continuous mission w

In the year 1867 he married a young (Miss Barnes) who had long been a clos devoted friend of his incumbent, and wh proved in every way a helpmeet worthy of Mr. Aitken has often been heard to say t his parish he considered his wife's work successful and satisfactory than his own certainly her self-denial in surrendering so of her husband's society for the sake c Lord's work argues a devotion to that wo inferior to that of her husband. Deep an was the affection that existed between the W. Pennefather and his curate, and to his fell, when that saintly man was called t rest, to commit his remains to their last re place.

In the year 1869 the celebrated

TWELVE DAYS' MISSION

took place in London. It proposed to en men of all parties, but, as a decidedly Church tone was given to it by its origin Mr. Pennefather was censured by some p for permitting his curate to take part in it. sequel has, however, more than justifie fondest hopes that Mr. Aitken and other gelical preachers who took part in the mov entertained, and indeed this mission may be looked back upon as the date of a new the history of the English Church.

In reference to his curacy with the Re Pennefather at Mildmay Park, Mr. Aitke said, "As I look back to the five years which I was connected with him in the mi I regard it as no small privilege that for ei months I lived under his roof and saw hin personal friend alone could see him, as who walked with God."

In 1871 Mr. Aitken was appointed by M Horsfall Bros. to the charge of Christ Cl Everton, near Liverpool, where he remain four and a half years. During this period endeavoring to be faithful to the home du his position, he so mapped out his time give a considerable portion of every year t sion work, and the Church of Christ at lar reason to be thankful that he followe course.

MISSION AT LEEDS.

Perhaps the most remarkable blessing tl ever rested on his labors was at Leeds, year 1875. Beginning with small thin services went on swelling, until at last the *Victoria Town Hall could not contain th sands* that flocked to the services. In th dle of the day the hall would be filled wit 3000 people, and at night anxious souls be numbered by hundreds. About the time Mr. Aitken energetically co-operatec

WITH MR. MOODY AT LIVERPOOL,

to whom he continued to act as a sort o tenant during his stay in England.

Mr. Moody's influence and suggestion bined with the precarious state of his health, decided Mr. Aitken to leave Liv and give himself up entirely to evang work. Indeed he clearly felt that the strain of parochial and mission work was w him out before his time. He resigned his pool parish in the autumn of 1875, and set Holmside, near Derby, where his home During the subsequent two years he con meetings, which were very largely atten churches in the towns of Huddersfield, Sh Hull, Manchester (cathedral), Blackburn tingham, Hertford, Doncaster, Halifa mingham, Newcastle, Southsea, besides visits to London.

While Mr. Aitken is very definite in hi gelical views of elementary truth, he has tense *repugnance to party spirit*, and has taken a prominent part in controversy. same time, with a sincere desire to be libe charitable, Mr. Aitken combines a hear all priestly pretension, and above all, *ray of the confessional.* His preaching zed by simple statements of Gospel ered with intense earnestness, genu- forcible illustration, and a yearning mmend the truth to every man's the sight of God.

V. ENRY PELHAM STOKES.

The Mission Preacher.

nd Education—Desire to Enter the Attends Mr. Moody's Meetings— the Seat for Him—The Arrow of —His Conversion in Answer to his Prayers—His Meeting with Mr. Ait- nters Holy Orders—Conducts Suc- sion Work.

Henry Pelham Stokes was born at Sussex, England, November 25th, ather is Rector of Whitton-cum- and Rural Dean. He was educated zabeth's School, Ipswich, under Dr. proceeded from there to the Uni- Oxford, where he graduated at lege in the year 1874. At a very expressed a great desire to become and often used to erect a pulpit in ouse, and preach to his family and aying there.

now in *the presence of the King* recall the sermon on a portion of 's Progress," and tell of the earn- simplicity which characterized it. hool life, however, his tastes seemed very rapidly, owing to his being in the society of his cousin, Col- Palmer Warden, who served in the xpedition, and for the rest of his s inclinations were turned toward

he had made up his mind to enter raining school at Sandhurst, and his name for the 23d Royal Welsh parents, who were against his en- ny, decided that he should proceed and accordingly he matriculated old desire for the army became stronger, whereupon he entered University Rifle Volunteer Corps, with them in the autumn manœu- gain wishing to join the army.

career at Oxford *the foundation of rinciples* seemed to be completely falling into the society of some ng men, for three years this con- which time the early impressions seemed to be buried, but happily ally soon to burst forth into "new-

of his Oxford life he remained in g for his commission, and during ved in the giddy whirl of fashion- One evening, while playing a with some friends, the Holy Spirit down upon him and brought a to his mind to

AND HEAR MR. MOODY.

this desire that he gave expres- ch naturally caused some degree among the company assembled. was perfectly wretched all that he following morning came down ill more miserable. Many of his y in Rotten Row (the Hyde Park ve) remarked it, and asked him if which he replied, "*Something is e. I cannot tell what.*" After ening he drove up in a cab to the Hall, Islington, and on reaching hundreds coming away, unable on. Nothing daunted, he pushed h the crowd, and found one seat ar end of the hall, and when giv- t of his conversion from the pul- ays,

EPT THAT SEAT FOR ME."

y hear a very small portion of the was on the text, "The Spirit say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Mr. Moody went on to say, "Perhaps there are some who are deaf, who do not hear the Spirit and the Bride; perhaps there are some hungry and not thirsty. Therefore God said to His beloved disciple John, Before we close our book let us put the offer of salvation as broadly as we possibly can, 'Whosoever will;'" and, *pointing right at him*, he said,—"'Whosoever' that is you, young man." It was the King's arrow of conviction. He saw it all, and was among the first to rise when Mr. Moody asked those who wished to become Christians to stand up to be prayed for.

He walked out with hundreds of others into the inquiry room, and the Lord sent Captain the Hon. Reynolds Moreton up to him, and on the evening of March 23d, 1875, he "passed from death unto life." Directly after his conversion he was appointed secretary to Captain Moreton, at the Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, and here he was trained in evangelistic work for six months; and just before proceeding to Italy for a holiday he was suddenly sent by God, in a remarkable way, to the Highlands of Scotland, *where he met with Mr. Aitken*, at that time incumbent of Christ Church, Everton, Liverpool. The result of that meeting was, the way was opened for him to take holy orders, and shortly afterward he was ordained to the curacy of Christ Church, Everton, under Mr. Aitken's successor, the Rev. R. D. Monro.

Here he labored with much blessing for eighteen months, during which time he was sent to conduct a few missions. The Lord graciously owned

HIS MISSION WORK,

and his gift as a mission preacher seemed to be brought out at once. At this time, amid several offers, one came from Mr. Aitken inviting him to join him in his mission work. It seemed to be unmistakably the Lord's call, and therefore he left his curacy in January, 1878, to join Mr. Aitken in his great work.

His conversion under God was *an answer to his mother's prayers*; and in addressing large congregations of women, he always urges the mothers present to go on pleading for the conversion of their sons and daughters. The Lord owns, in a marked way, the special addresses to special classes he gave at the Chilton Mission. One of his most blessed mission services was to *the railway men in the station* at East Stonehouse. The Lord did great things through him among the ragwomen at Dublin; among the children at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens; among the servants at Spitalfields; among *the navvies at their dinner hour*, among whom he sat for a short time, day by day, talking to them of the things concerning the kingdom, in a brotherly, happy manner, the signs following.

We hope that earnest prayer will be offered by our readers for the rich blessing of God to be continued upon his ministrations and those of Mr. Aitken.

RESULT OF THE INSPECTION.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

General Hay's Commendatory Report and Request to Major Malan not to Resign—The Major Adheres to his Resolution—God's Faithfulness to His Promises.

GENERAL HAY, on his return to Cape Town, after inspecting these troops under my command at King William's Town, when telling an officer of this inspection, said, "I could see that the men were determined that they would do well; and *they did it all for him.*" He was quite right. Soldiers will stand by officers who treat them with justice and kindness. On this occasion, as of old, the Lord, for His own and His servant's sake, made them willing (Ex. 35 : 21; 36 : 1).

It was my duty as commanding officer to wait upon the general until he had left the barracks. We walked across the parade ground alone. I was silent. I could not help thinking of all that the Lord had shown me to-day. "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle" is His word to His servants in all their trials; "stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you."

"Well, major, I must honestly tell you I have never been so mistaken in any man as I have been in you." Thus began the general. "I came up here thoroughly prejudiced against you. The Horseguards correspondence, reports I had heard about you, etc., made me expect to find another state of things. I assure you I think very differently now."

"I thank God it is so, sir."

"Yes, I had expected to find everything in confusion, your officers discontented, and your men—why, I find everything in perfect order; everybody happy. *I never saw such a happy body of men before in my life.*"

"I thank God, and you too, sir, for those words."

The general simply remarked that many years' experience among soldiers enabled him to see that my men were happy, and that this depended upon the commanding officer.

We then walked on for some time in silence. At length he began once more. "You will excuse me, major. I have no wish to intrude in your private affairs; but, knowing as I do why you are leaving the service, I consider it my duty, in the position I occupy, to request, for the sake of the country, that you will reconsider the step you have taken, and withdraw the resignation of your commission. I will write to the Horseguards and explain the real state of the case." He added more than this, urging me not to leave the service.

It was some time before I could make any reply. Could I have ever expected to hear such language from a general of our army? I was reminded of Daniel's words, "Forasmuch as before Him innocency was found in me. And also before thee, O King, have I done no hurt." Love of country and of my comrades urged me to remain.

But I had been led to see, a few days before, that it was God's will I should go to the heathen. I had told a magistrate, among whose people I had proposed to work, that it was my purpose to come and live for Christ among them. I could not, now retreat, and I had no wish to do so.

"Thank you, general, very much. It is too late now. I have passed my word that I will go with the Gospel of Christ to the heathen north of the Kei, and, God helping me, I will do so."

He expressed his regret at this decision, hoping that I should yet change my mind. He spoke most kindly to me. When we were outside the barracks I asked his leave to call on him at his quarters that evening, and we then parted.

I was in his room at the time appointed. "General, I have come to ask you to grant me leave to proceed to England."

"I cannot refuse your leave," he replied, "I find everything in such admirable order. *No man could spoil your men in four months.*"

Here was *the Lord's answer* to the charge against me that I had deteriorated discipline.

I assured the general that the officer on whom the command would devolve was quite competent to perform the duty, or I should not have asked for leave.

He dined at mess with us that evening. I learned in conversation with him how deeply he was interested in the welfare of the British soldier. When I bade him good-night he gave me a most cordial invitation to visit him at Cape Town on my way to England.

When I returned to my quarters that night I thanked and praised the Lord who had fulfilled to me His Word—"*He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.*"

Fellow-Christian, are you suffering for the Lord's sake? Have your efforts to serve Christ our Lord drawn upon you misunderstanding or calumny? Count it all joy. Let patience have her perfect work. Let your yieldingness be known unto all men; the Lord is near (Phil. 4 : 5). Either now or in the glory "*He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday*" (Psalm 37 : 6).

THE BLESSING AND CURSE OF MORTGAGES

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, March 7th, 1880.

"We have mortgaged our lands, vineyards, and houses, that we might buy corn, because of the dearth. We have borrowed money for the king's tribute."—NEHEMIAH 5 : 3, 4.

The Israelites' Mortgage—A Blessing and a Curse—Commercial Enterprises founded on Mortgage—The Mortgage a Blessing—What Mortgage has Done for all Nations—A Church Mortgage a Legitimate Transaction—The Hardest Thing to Kill is a Church—Church Credit Superior to Business Credit—Corporations have Souls—The Mortgage a Blessing—The Blessing Becoming a Plague—The Mortgage like Rheumatism—The Tabernacle Debt an Occasion of Offence—A Hindrance to Usefulness—A Private Letter—The Plan Proposed—My Cry for Relief—The Difference between Subscription and Payment—The Spiritual Blessings of Eleven Years—The Last Year the Best—Victory over Assailants—Reception in Europe—A new Departure.

GOOD-MORNING to the Israelites, just got back from Babylonish captivity to their dear old city of Jerusalem! But to reconstruct their homes and their temple and to pay their taxes was a tough struggle. They borrowed money at 12 per cent, according to verse eleven, and that is a killing rate of interest. They had plastered everything over with mortgages—mortgages on their houses, mortgages on their lands, mortgages on their vineyards, and mortgages on their families. But the mortgage had been a blessing. By it they had bought corn and saved the life of their families, and paid the taxes, so keeping their property from confiscation. But now

THEY WANT TO BE DELIVERED.

The mortgage blessing has become a mortgage curse, and there are tears in *this pronunciamento:* "We have mortgaged our lands, vineyards, and houses. We have borrowed money for the King's tribute."

The history of the mortgage would be the history of the domestic, social, financial, political, and ecclesiastical progress of all ages. It will be useful if I can intelligently and practically speak this morning of the mortgage as *a blessing and as a curse.*

There is much absurd and wholesale denunciation of borrowing money. If I should request all those who have never asked a loan to rise, there would not out of this audience one get up, unless it were some one who had acted so badly from the start that he knew *no one would trust him.* At the inception of nearly all enterprises, great or small, a loan is necessary. You say this is not so when one is born to large inheritance. Then the man borrows of his father. The younger son, in the parable of the prodigal, borrowed his one third and cleared out.

All the great estates were founded on obtained credit. The mortgage rebuilt Chicago, the City of Palaces—yea, built it the first time. Dig down under the great warehouses and palaces of our cities, and you find the five dollars, the one hundred dollars, or the one thousand dollars with which the estates began.

Years ago *an Irishman landed* with fifty cents in his pocket on the Battery, asked the loan of one dollar from an entire stranger, and now is among the New York princes. Let a young man, as soon as he can pay one fourth the value of a house, buy it, put on it a mortgage for the other three fourths, marry a prudent wife, and then with four hands toil until it is all theirs.

By the industry, the forecast, the wholesome economy, and the good habits which are thus compelled, tens of thousands of young men have been saved for both worlds. Others who were resolved on purchasing no homestead until they had sufficient to pay the entire amount have meanwhile got on them the habits of dissipation which put such a heavy *mortgage on their bodies and souls* that they do not live to get a homestead at all.

Out of one hundred thousand homesteads now clear from incumbrance, ninety-nine thousand started with a mortgage. The mortgage has built the railroads, purchased the farms, levelled the mountains, dredged the bays, bridged the rivers, built the cities, and put the world centuries farther on in civilization than it would have been without it. All the nations stand on a mortgage. You say better that they stood on solid ground. Yes, but suppose during our last war or the war of the Revolution it had been impossible for us to borrow money. As a nation we would have perished from history. When nations are assailed they must fight or die.

To show the vast foundation of mortgage, the United States owe more than two billion dollars, France over three billion, England over three billion, Spain over one billion, Italy over one billion. Pull the mortgage out from under nations and Europe and America would tumble into barbarism, anarchy, and annihilation. A mortgage is merely borrowed strength of others to help us in crises of individual or national life on the promise that we will pay them for the help rendered.

But what is true in secularities is more true

IN ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS.

If churches had not been built till all the money could be raised, tens of thousands of our best churches would never have been built, and millions of those who are now Christians on earth or saints in heaven would never have been comforted or saved. The old Collins line of steamers went into bankruptcy, but that does not change the fact that they transported hundreds of passengers in safety across the sea; and if all the churches in Christendom to-morrow went down under the thump of the sheriff's hammer, that would not hinder the fact that they have already transported thousands into the kingdom, and have done a stupendous good, that all earth and hell can never, never undo.

There is an enormous absurdity in the idea that a church must not be dedicated until it can all be paid for. All consider it right to borrow for a secular institution. Is it not right to borrow for a religious? Is not the Lord as good pay as a Baring, a Rothschild, or the Vanderbilts, or the Astors? It is safer to borrow for the church than for any other institution, because other institutions die, but a church seldom. I have lived in this city eleven years, and, notwithstanding all the hard times, but two churches have died, one a Reformed church and the other a Methodist church, and I understand that they have both come to resurrection. The spirit of John Livingston would not let the one rest in its grave, and the spirit of John Wesley would not let the other stay dead.

The hardest thing in the universe to kill is a church. Men sometimes get mad and go away from churches, and, getting at a safe distance off, look back, and expect to see all tumble into a mass of ruins; but the church stands, because God stands with it, and a man had better plant his foot very firmly and solidly and roll up his sleeves and brace himself before he attempts to throw the Almighty. He who attempts to throw a church attempts to wrestle down Omnipotence. But for the advantages of the mortgage the majority of the most useful churches would not have been built. But for the blessing of the mortgage during the recent hard times many of the missionary societies would have stopped and their missionaries have been called home. Next to the happiness of cash down to forward religious movements is the happiness of being able to get the money on loan.

The wide slang against churches in debt had better cease until business men give no notes, ask no extension, get no discount, apply for the use of no name on their paper, pay no bonuses, and seek no accommodation "till next week." By the time the world does business cash down the church will do business cash down. The banks and insurance companies and great monetary institutions of the country cannot appreciate the good they do when to asylums and universities and churches they loan money.
They get not only the six per ce
which the law allows, but the bles
God who is to such institutions the c
What they lend to the church t
Christ. They have not only the p
security, but the strongest name o
is that of the Lord Almighty.

It is a lying proverb that says "
have no souls." During our exp
church we have found corporations i
and Brooklyn which, having per
officers and directors, had *twenty s*
added—the great soul of corporate

We have not forgotten that whe
financial midnight of this country w
rebuild our church after its destruc
an insurance company said, "Here
and the president of the company
is a thousand dollars, my own priv
tion. Say nothing about it."
have souls.

When the Israelites of my text w
build their homes, and wanted to b
for that purpose, the mortgagors d
them have it, though I wish they h
twelve per cent.

THE BLESSING BECOMING A P

But after a while the mortgage
the text ceased to be a blessing a
plague. It had helped them throug
and ecclesiastical crisis, but now the
it no longer, and they cried out for
blessing lies too long *it gets to be*
the first moment the farmer can g
gage off his farm, and the mercha
gage off his merchandise, and th
mortgage off his home, and the ch
tution the mortgage off its asylum
ligious society the mortgage off its
had better do it.

I have heard people argue the ad
dividual debts and national debt
debts; but I could not, while the
going on, control my risibilities.
such debts keep the individual an
and the State busy trying to pa
doubt of it. So rheumatism keep
busy with arnica, and neuralgia kee
busy with hartshorn, and the coug
ges, and the toothache with lotion
no argument in favor of rheumatis
gia, or coughs, or toothache. Be
ble, get rid of these things and
something else.

A church that is obliged to take
its time in nursing its mortgages
its mortgages amputated. On the
is free from debt *it mutiplies itsel*
stead of spending its time in mixi
the fortification walls, it spends it
limbering its guns against the com

No church in either hemisph
friends than this glorious Brookly
and everywhere multitudes inn
praying for its welfare, and we
lands that it is a blessing to the
let us have our church-decks cl
and we will, God helping, shake
the thunders of Armageddon. W
dous audience-room is here! Wh
stalwart men and consecrated w
an illimitable field! What unpar
tunities! Only one hindrance.

I do not ask anything of you t
prayers. I have what I believe is
from God in this matter, and it
a private letter which a West
wrote to a newspaper editor, and
allowed to see, in which the write
do you allow Dr. Talmage to be
misrepresented by those clergym
debt on his church? Open your
subscription, and we people will

Over that idea I have broode
three or four weeks, and

I PROPOSE THIS PLA

which, with the help of these ge
press, who have been with us so
that I have come to look upon t

ce, be successful. Through the report
mon, or through a personal card in
ls, I hope to reach all our friends
t the earth, and to say to them :
r one dollar. By enlarging our old
year, building our first Tabernacle
ear, then enlarging that on the suc-
ar, and, after its total destruction by
ng the substantial and commodious
the present, and doing all this while
was in great financial depression, we
large debt. We yet owe $59,554.42.
has been so misrepresented and so ex-
that it has been a huge obstacle in the
usefulness. We run against it in
ement. My clerical enemies have
e chief cudgel with which to pound
have used it in newspaper correspond-
image me and my church. Ever and
debt is the egg over which Satan
s wing and hatches out a Presbyterial
some other malformation.

R THIS MY CRY FOR RELIEF.

: in the name of Christ and the
irst : Will *all those who read my ser-*
one dollar each through the editor of
n which they read them, that I may
d from this load? Between these
myself there has been a warm rela-
any years. I have been told again
these readers would clear my church
if I asked them. If I have been of
or help to them, let each one send
rch one dollar. I will give them bet-
, and every week for the next twenty-
I live so long.
e who read the sermons to audiences
ouses and churches with no pastor,
e of this matter in their neighbor-
lp me out of this thraldom. One
each would do it. You say it would
accomplish it. Yes, but they are not
rous as you are, and what is every-
ness is nobody's business, and if there
lus some great charity would get it.
"I thought the church debt was paid
was all subscribed and on condition
uld all be paid. But some persons,
th the church, left it, and refused to
ubscriptions, and so the whole plan
. We want no more subscriptions.
dollar in money. We want it now.
rsonally acknowledge the receipt of
to the person who sends it, such a
name and address, whether it be sent
or of some paper, as I prefer, or to
urthermore : Will all my friends of
and of this time send a dollar each?
of all denominations, my friends in
y and out of it, young and old, a dol-
sympathizers with my work, whether
orth or south of Mason and Dixon's
d a dollar each with their blessing,
ine in return. I ask all my friends,
ave seen them or not, in this way to
of the hands of my enemies, clerical
want to preach the gospel without
This debt is the only obstacle, but it
broad and exasperating.
s from any source I receive response
eal I will reply with my own hand,
ang *the scroll of names* in my study
ore me who did the work of emanci-
to remind me that the work was
ny people. My friends have often
or being too modest in asking money
purposes, and as being a very poor
ive me credit that by this one solicita-
llar from everybody, I have become
beggars.
I have in this anniversary sermon had
he Christian temporalities. Of the
ssive and spiritual affairs I mention
de that in these

EVEN YEARS OF PASTORATE

ceived 2026 members, and these but
o of the multitudes here converted to
g other churches in this and other
and other lands. If we had enough faith we could have ten thousand conversions in a year. God is ready, but the trouble is we are not ready.

Some men are *afraid of revivals.* I am afraid of not having them. The world is to have two universal conflagrations. Before the final one, which turns the round earth into ashes, there is to be a conflagration of religious awakening that will set all nations into a blaze. The morning telegrams, before they transmit the state of the money markets, will give intelligence of kingdoms saved. For that final consummation God told Guttenberg to invent printing, and Robert Fulton the steam-engine, and Morse the electric communication, and Cyrus W. Field the submarine cable, and Edison the telephone, and Eli Whitney the cotton-gin, and De Lesseps the Suez and Darien Canals. All the wheels, and all the levers, and all the batteries, and the winds and the lightnings, and all the land, and all the sea shall feel millennial pressure.

If fifty years ago some one had been wild enough to prophesy that Europe and America would be in instantaneous communication he would have been handed over to the doctors to be treated for mental aberration. I should not wonder if before these young men get to be sixty years of age, instead of the union of two hemispheres they shall see a grander marriage—the marriage of earth and heaven, all the towers celestial and terrestrial striking the wedding-bells! Hosanna! Hosanna!

During these eleven years I have dwelt among you I consider the past year the most fortunate. As a pastor in an anniversary sermon is expected to be somewhat autobiographical, I will say there have been *two events* which afford me especial satisfaction. One is the complete defeat of my clerical enemies. It seemed to many as if they had planned our extermination. God overruled their assaults, to the making for us innumerable friends, through the strengthening of our church in all departments, to the opening of many new doors for preaching the gospel through the printing-press; and, whereas, when they started the combat they were the plaintiffs and I the defendant, by providential ruling they have become the defendants, anxious about their own reputation, crying aloud for investigation. Let them stand as a warning to all men that the spirit of pursuit is the spirit of the devil, and that when Haman builds a gallows for another, himself hangs on it. Toward them I cultivate a forgiving spirit, while at the same time I would be unchristian and an ingrate if I did not recognize the fact that God gave me complete victory over them. All the revenge I wish against my pursuers is that our church debt be paid so that they can no longer use it to our disadvantage.

Another event of the year that fills me with gratitude was my reception in Great Britain and Ireland during last summer. The story of kindnesses received in all the towns and cities will never be told in this world. What encouragement to work, what faith in God, that foreign visit gave me! The high and the low and all classes met me with a heartiness of welcome which I cannot describe. Whenever an Englishman or a Scotchman or an Irishman appears at these church doors, give him the best attentions, in memory of foreign kindnesses shown your pastor. One of my anticipations of heaven is of meeting the mighty assemblages to whom in foreign lands last summer I preached the gospel. "There shall be no more sea." From the banks of the Hudson I wave a salutation to dwellers on the banks of the Shannon, the Clyde, the Doon, and the Thames.

I thank you for your kindness and forbearance during the last eleven years. It required all the trials we went through to consolidate us. After the departure of my excellent and successful predecessor, Rev. Dr. Rockwell, a name I mention with great affection, there was a long interregnum between pastorates, and the church scattered and nearly ecame extinct. The church could muster only nineteen votes to make out a call for me eleven years ago. This congregation has come together more suddenly perhaps than any other congregation was ever gathered. All strangers, all denominations, all conditions, it was necessary that our old church be burned, and that from time to time we should be maligned and caricatured and assaulted, and go through the Red Sea. All these things drove us closer together, until now we are one till death do us part.

I think you will either bury me or I will bury you. We have struck hands in everlasting friendship. We may part a little while at the marble pillar of the sepulchre, but we will meet each other beyond it. How many have crossed over during these eleven years! What crowds of beautiful children who skipped down to the margin of the river and sprang into the loving arms of Christ! And how many of the aged, whose footsteps got shorter and shorter until they stopped eternally to rest!

How near it brings heaven and earth when part of a family is here and part there! When our hands of affection reach up, and their hands of affection reach down, I think we almost touch each other. Oh, children, and parents, and brothers and sisters glorified, bend this way! bend this way! In your behalf, oh ye bereaved of earth, I stand on tiptoe and reach up and grasp the hand of celestial greeting! Hark! That must be the tramp of their blessed feet coming through the gate to meet you!

From this day let our church take

A NEW DEPARTURE

into wider catholicity, grander enterprise, and higher expectations. If after what God has done we ever doubt, we deserve to be wiped out, and some minister of more faith take the pulpit and a congregation of more gratitude take the pews. God's goodness to us puts on us a mortgage, not like that spoken of in the text which takes only part, but a mortgage of gratitude for all we have, and all we are, and all we expect to be.

God helping, we must make this year more telling than any of its predecessors. Instead of a slight skirmish for God, let us bring on a general engagement. Shield in left hand, battle-axe in right hand, strike! Strike now! Strike through! and if in the battle you fall, let your last words be those of a brigadier-general who, dying at Spottsylvania, when desiring to be turned in the hospital, and they asked him which way, he answered: "Turn my face toward the enemy!"

The Bethany Institute in New York has commenced the ninth year of its existence. It has done a most useful and efficient work in the training of lady missionaries, of whom 178, educated there, are now laboring for Christ in this or other lands. An important branch of study pursued in the institute is that of medicine, which is under the supervision of competent professors, *who give lectures gratuitously* to the students. The knowledge thus obtained enables the missionary to alleviate physical suffering, and in doing so gain a hearing for their more important mission where otherwise the door of usefulness might be closed. There are now thirty-four ladies studying there.

The Presentation of a Walking-stick to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon by Mr. John B. Gough is an interesting event. During his recent visit to England the intercourse between the American champion of temperance and the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was of the most cordial kind; nor has their friendship cooled now that the two families are separated by the Atlantic. Since his return home Mr. Gough has consigned to London *an ebony walking-stick*, with a massive gold head, elegantly chased, the centre being inlaid with a piece of California quartz dotted over with the precious metal in its natural state. The inscription runs, "To the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon with the affectionate regards of John B. Gough." In addition to this Mr. Gough also sent $125 as a donation to Mrs Spurgeon's Book Fund for poor ministers.

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page 151.*)

Mr. Gogharty is Worsted in Argument by the Wily Jesuit Superior—He Appeals to the Sense of Justice of the Superior.

"You are silent, Mr. Gogharty," said the Superior, "and, though conscious of the truth of all I have stated, you will make no admission. It does not matter, however," he added, "for I have here in my hand three letters—one your own, and two others—containing the positive testimony of unchallengeable witnesses to the fact of Arnold Montaigne's conversion to the holy Catholic Church, and that quite within the twelve months which I assigned for our holy and blessed enterprise. I dare say you will at once guess who are the writers of these two letters. One of the unimpeachable witnesses is the Rev. Jerome Grant, and the other is Father Prout, the parish priest of ——, near Portarlington. Shall I read to you what they say, Mr. Gogharty?" and without waiting for a reply he said, "I think I had better."

The Superior was opening the epistle for perusal, when Mr. Gogharty, having recovered from his condition of mental perplexity, with great energy interrupted him.

"What in the world, Mr. Superior," he cried, "has all this to do with the matter before us? Granting that what Mr. Jerome Grant and Father Prout once wrote to you is true, what has that to do with the present question? Arnold Montaigne is no Papist now; but upon the condition of his being one depends, you are well aware, the possession by my son Alick of the Percival property."

"Quite so, Mr. Gogharty," said the Superior with a placid smile, "but not the fulfilment of my engagement, my dear sir. That required me, you will remember, to accomplish, if possible, the conversion—which I have done—of Arnold Montaigne to the true faith, not his abiding in it. That is a matter which would, of course depend upon God's will and the measure of grace in young Montaigne's own heart, and, alas!"—the Superior, as he spoke, piously raised his eyes—"the measure of grace has proved too small, and 'the dog has returned to his vomit, and the sow to its wallowing in the mire,' and," in a severe and stern voice he added, "your own conscience, Mr. Gogharty, will bear witness that this young man's relapse to heresy is entirely due to your breach of my injunctions, and your stupid and wicked interference.

"I told you never from the time we parted, without my direct and positive leave, to take hand or part in this matter. You gave your solemn promise to this effect, but you perfidiously broke your word, and now, sir, you must abide the consequences."

As the Superior spoke, confusion, rage, and fear by turn took possession of Mr. Gogharty: confusion, for he saw at a glance that Percival's temporary relapse to Roman Catholicism fulfilled, if not the spirit, at all events the letter of the Jesuit's bond; rage at himself and Alick, the one the instrument and the other the occasion of Percival's return to his early faith; and fear, because now, without his payment to the Jesuits of the promised £2000, he saw he could not claim his deeds, and he knew that their absence from his hands would some day be sure to entail a professional catastrophe. Casting about in his thoughts his dreadful dilemma, he came to the conclusion of appealing to the generosity of the man in whose power he felt himself, and who eyed him so keenly and with such self-possession as he stood before him.

"Superior," he said, in a more subdued tone than he had before used, "I confess I have been to blame, but my joy at seeing your miraculous success was so great I could not curb my impetuosity. You see, however, Superior, that from the abortive nature both I and my son are shut out from any share in the Percival property."

"Quite so," remarked the Superior, with his former placid smile, "for your possession of the estate, according to the old knight's will, depended upon this Arnold Montaigne's continuing a Catholic. You are quite right there, my dear sir," he added, as though Mr. Gogharty needed any confirmation of the fact. It was said, however, not from this idea, we fear, but to torture him.

"But then, Superior," said the wretched Mr. Gogharty, in a whining tone, "I never could have anticipated such a course of events as has taken place, and I cast myself, Superior, upon your mercy. It was upon the supposition of this property coming to my family, you know, that I promised you the £2000. I think, Superior, you must see *that*. And surely, as that supposition has failed, and I gain nothing by Montaigne's temporary Romanism, you will return me my deeds as freely as I gave them."

The Jesuit Superior, however, had no such intention; he had this man in his grasp—a man who he believed was wealthy. He had also expended upon this scheme of Percival's perversion considerable thought and time. Were his labors, then, to go for nothing? He thought not, and especially since his "Society" in — was any thing but rich, and needed money to further its operations.

"You are a lawyer, Mr. Gogharty," he said, "and will know whether it is the custom of the world to forego reward for laborious and successful service. My certain belief is, it is not. In any case, however, as the head of our Society here, I cannot and will not surrender my just claim upon you. See, sir, here are the deeds which you left in pledge with me;" and, to tantalize the lawyer, he took them from a safe close at hand and laid them on the table. Then pressing his fingers upon them, he slowly and distinctly said,

"Mr. Gogharty, when these papers were given me you solemnly engaged, in the presence of my brother here," and he nodded toward that worthy, "that, upon my winning Arnold Percival Montaigne to the Catholic faith, you would pay me, for this sacred Society over which I preside, £2000. According to the testimony of your own letter, of two faithful witnesses, and of your words now spoken, that consummation was duly effected. I have nothing to do, sir, with subsequent occurrences, which I neither brought about nor provided for; and my final resolve and declaration is this, that, unless you fulfil *your* part of the covenant between us, these deeds shall never leave my custody."

"But, Superior," cried Mr. Gogharty, greatly agitated, "I declare solemnly I have not the money. Through the discovery of our—I mean, Superior, your plot, I have lost even the Percival agency, and am become a very poor man, and am altogether dependent now upon my general practice. The want of these deeds will be my utter ruin; for goodness' sake do not drive me to destruction."

"No fear of that, Mr. Gogharty," was the response; "none in the least, sir. You surely can compass £2000, at all events, if not directly, yet indirectly. Why, your son Alick, from the absurd and fantastic friendship, as you call it, which he has shown to this Percival Montaigne, must have, I should say, an unbounded influence over him. There is plenty of money there, sir—*plenty*. Use, your son, sir, to come at it. Whether you will or not, however, of this be certain, Mr. Gogharty, I have spoken my last word about this £2000, and will keep to it."

The suggestion of the Superior was one which we are aware Mr. Gogharty could by no means carry out. "No, the thing can't be entertained for a moment," said the lawyer to himself. "I know well what a reception I should meet with from that high-flown Alick if I could screw up my courage to propose such a measure to him. He'd scout the very idea of it, that he would, and, while professing in his usual style to be very sorry for me, would tell me to my face that I only got my natural deserts for against the innocent Percival, fors conspirators.

"Yet what in the world shall I there ever a respectable professional in so trying a position?" and Mr. G cerely and deeply sympathized with his dreadful dilemma. Since confe fault and appeal to the Superior's Cl erosity, as he called it, had failed, M thought he would now see what virt in a little braggadocio and threateni not, however, feel much encouragen expedient as he looked at the firm li ble features, and cool and stern dem Superior as he sat before him. But only strategy, he thought, that now him. He was, besides, as we know, what irascible temper, and the adva the Superior was taking of him, deemed a mere quibble, roused his i

"Superior," he said, "you mus aware of the sharp practice, for I nothing else, which you are trying t me. I have not hitherto called i wished this affair between us to be cably and pleasantly, but, since I fir deal with a man that knows nothing imity, and is set upon pushing an u tage to the uttermost, instead of re deeds, temporarily placed in your h demand them. You have given me lent, Superior, no *quid pro quo* for legally, you have no right to retair pleased, then, to place them at hands, and do not force me in a cou to expose you and the confounde schemes of you and your fraternity.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SALVATION AR

Farewell Meeting in London to t Battalion.

Aspect of Whitechapel—Headquarte vation Army—Mr. Booth's Wo Farewell to Mr. Railton and S Lasses Detached for an American Presentation of the Flags—Tou ments.

Whitechapel, in the east of L the district to which one would w one's steps when intent on passir evening. On the one side of White one seems to thread a labyrinth markets, where the trade of this c ited in perhaps its least pleasing as the other side one passes so many and wholesale tobacconists' stores t ger might be pardoned if he erro posed the inhabitants of Whitecha freely in gin and tobacco.

But when the inconveniences of in Whitechapel are surmounted, a hall, once a market-place, until M cured it, is reached; the elements a passing the pleasant evening to whi adverted.

The hall at No. 272 Whitechape enormous building. It is well sea lighted, and for the head-quarters Mr. Booth would search long, ev limited supplies of cash in his poc he can testify most emphatically is for, to use his own language, he i state of semi-beggary), for a more s for his work.

Mr. Booth has labored here with for many years, but latterly the fer ious enthusiasm thrown into his perhaps never been equalled sinc electrified his audiences in Mo Wesley carried the banner of the umph through the half-civilized Western England.

For many years Mr. Booth has be by a noble band of workers, but there has not been one more faith from the nature of the work he more useful, than

MR. GEORGE SCOTT RAILTON.

the man whom, perhaps, the "General," Booth is called, can the least spare, and has felt it laid upon his heart to allow o go to America as "Special Commis-" with power to conquer, if he can, the ontinent for Christ.

It as to bid him farewell before starting on nomentous campaign that the crowded g assembled on the evening of Feb. 12. we are told, went forth to meet Goliath sling and a stone, and George Scott n left for America, on Saturday, February t two o'clock, from the tidal basin in the hip Australia, for the conquest of Amer- a, ccompanied simply by six country girls. ow little else than that Christ died to save that they have been washed in His blood, at the same fountain is open for all whom n induce to plunge into its healing and ng waters.

Th building was crowded long before the g began, and there was a spirit of enthu- and of religious fervor which for intensity ve never seen equalled. Among the in- d spectators of the scene at the opening, erved Lady Cairns, Mr. S. A. Blackwood, obert Paton, and prominent ministers and m.

neral!" Booth soon made his appearance the meeting. He is a tall, somewhat thin, her prepossessing man, with an aquiline d a piercing eye, though time has made hat gray the locks that once were jet His eyes are, perhaps, the most remark- ature of his face. Fully half a moment he makes a "point" you can tell it is com- the flashing of the eyes.

Th control he exercises over his numerous fol- is paramount. He is obeyed instantly hout question; but the obedience is the f love, and not fear.

Hi wife also accompanied him to the plat- nd did good service when it came to her address the meeting. We have rarely a lady speak to more purpose or more to the hearts of her hearers than Mrs. ; and if what we heard of her advocacy rsday be a specimen of her general style ery, no one need be surprised that the as so greatly blessed her efforts all over ntry.

Mr Bramwell Booth, the son of this most couple, was on the platform and off it— everywhere—making all the arrange- for a comfortable and happy meeting; we saw him moving about, his heart so in the work, we could not help thinking ppy his parents must have been to have so thoroughly in sympathy with them.

was a good deal of singing before the s began, and more hearty singing was never heard before. Verse by verse was out by Mr. Booth, and the more striking s evoked such exclamations as, "Halle- "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!" and the he excitement became greater as various f other hymns were taken up and chanted ame refrain. One verse was taken from hymn,

> "The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day."

, and living thieves, too!" said a man oncertina, with great heartiness. her hymn commenced,

> "Oh, I do love Jesus!"

ress being laid on the word *do*, the refrain e usually associated with a worldly song, ropriated to holy purposes here.

r was then offered by several in the meet- h men and women. Nearly all present own, and many of the concluding parts tences were lost in the cries for mercy, clamations of gratitude to God.

Booth himself prayed for the hearts of all ed so that we might, like Christ, be ever bout doing good. "People," he said, ying this is the cure and that is the cure of England's woe, but we have found out the cure—it flows from Calvary." Toward the end of his prayer he became greatly animated, and his hearers with him, and this feeling was not lessened by the singing of another hymn, with perhaps the loudest chorus we ever remember to have heard.

It was at this stage that Mr. George Scott Railton, the

"COMMISSIONER FOR AMERICA,"

appeared. He was clad in the uniform of the Salvation Army, which seemed to be a dark thick serge, with red braid round the collar. He is a most intelligent-looking man, and one whose services we can readily believe the "General" will miss.

He was followed by six country-looking girls, also dressed in the plain dark habiliments of the female portion of the army, with neat black straw hats, trimmed with a red band, on which were the words, in illuminated letters, "Salvation Army." The girls were modest in demeanor, and apparently quite absorbed in the great mission to which, for the time at least, they had devoted their lives.

The reason Mr. Railton was furnished solely with these "officers" for his American campaign is not apparent to those unacquainted with the strategy of the Salvation Army, but "General" Booth, who has shown that he knows how to manage this kind of work better than any one else, has purposely chosen these apparently weak instruments that the excellency of the power may be seen to be of God.

The first speaker was "General" Booth himself. He reminded his hearers that it was fourteen or fifteen years since, a few yards from where he now stood, he commenced the work of the Salvation Army, but he had no conception to what lengths it would grow. He had no plans. All was before him as a sheet of white paper. He only knew that the thousands who were passing to and fro had souls, and that the blood of Christ was as much shed for them as for the frequenters of churches and chapels, and that it could perform as miraculous transformations upon their hearts and lives as it had done upon his. There must, he felt, be some way of reaching them.

Well, out of that effort—the story of which in its fulness and spiritual romance had yet to be told—sprang all the work that had since resulted. He was not going now to tell what the Lord had done, but let his hearers bear in mind that it was not because they had not successful fields of labor at home that they were sending some of the army abroad. There was an amount of work on hand that almost defied contemplation.

At this very hour he could point to two cathedral cities which were being convulsed from one end to the other, from their centre to their circumference, and at this very moment there were thousands struggling to get into the meeting-places in order to listen to the words of mercy at the lips of the simple evangelists of this army. But how did this

CALL FROM AMERICA

arise? A dear young girl was converted by the Salvation Army when at Coventry. Her mother and father were godly people, and had previously joined the army, and God rewarded them (as He rewarded everybody who aided its operations) by the conversion of their daughter—and what reward to any godly parents was equal to that of the salvation of their child? They made her into an "officer" of the army, and she was sent to be trained for a while to the North of England.

She went to America with her father and mother; they went into the streets and got a few of the rebels converted, and a most marvellous movement had been the result; but he could not stop to give the details, which are fully told in the *War Cry*, the official organ of the army.

Well, he had been led to set apart for this work in America, in response to the appeal for help made, Brother Railton, his esteemed secretary, and there were six dear sisters who were leaving father, mother, friends, and home, at such short notice that they had hardly had time to weep.

For six or seven years Brother Railton had been *his right hand*, in season and out of season, and a more devoted, godly, and capable man there did not breathe. He believed he would do great things for God and through God in America. He would receive from the funds 200*l.* and have to sign a legal document, properly sealed and prepared for registration in two courts—in the Court of Chancery on earth and in the Court of Redemption on high. He expected to get the 200*l.* back from the States very soon after the commencement of this "spiritual buccaneering."

A hymn was here sung, after which Mr. Whittington, solicitor to the Salvation Army, read two documents couched in the usual legal phraseology, the first authorizing George Scott Railton to go into "all the States of America" on the work of the Salvation Army, but to act solely under the command of "General" Booth, and the second was on the part of Mr. Railton accepting the office. The deeds having been duly signed, Mr. Railton spoke at some length on the object and

PURPOSES OF HIS MISSION,

and his intention to fulfil it to the best of his ability as God should help him. He defended the army from any charge of carrying the military idea too far, and said that past ideas of spreading religion were, in his belief, *thoroughly inadequate*, and had been foisted upon Christian people by the devil, so as to prevent the prevalence of Christ's kingdom. He hoped they would be more and more determined to say, "You must not live without Christ; you must not reject Him."

The Rev. Lancelot Railton, brother of the last named speaker, though not a member of the Salvation Army himself, said he thanked God his brother belonged to it. If the dear sainted father and mother who trained them both for God were here, they would rejoice at the honor conferred upon their family. His mother used to say she didn't care if her boys were sweeps so long as they served God. (Mr. Booth, "That's the right sort of mother!") His mother went to Sweden and mastered the language, and employed herself afterward as a missionary schoolmistress in the West Indies, where she married his father. An attempt was made to dissuade her from undertaking a toilsome voyage, and a work which seemed not likely to be productive in good, but she said, "If I can only be instrumental in saving the soul of one little black child I shall be quite ready to go."

Mrs. Booth then presented the banners—one for Philadelphia and one for New York—to Mr. Railton. On them were inscribed the words, "Blood and Fire."

In a remarkable address, which embodied a most original exposition of the career of Gideon, showing his great achievements with weak instrumentalities, Mrs. Booth commended the leader and his six followers to the God of Jacob, and prayed that His blessing might descend richly upon them.

Five of the girls addressed the meeting at this stage in a few words of deep earnestness and religious feeling. One was from Salisbury, two from Nottingham, one from Hammersmith, one from Stoke Newington, but the sixth did not speak.

Mr. Bramwell Booth briefly addressed the meeting, and bade Mr. Railton, who has been more than a brother to him, a touching farewell.

Mr. Booth said the funds had been lately recruited by donations of 50*l.* from Mr. Denny, 30*l.* from the Rev. M. Baxter, of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, 20*l.* from Mr. Webb, and 10*l.* from Mr. Terry.

The immense meeting, which had remained intact up to this moment, though it was verging upon ten o'clock, then sang its closing hymn and separated.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, March 3d, at **2.45 P.M.,** at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate Spent Nearly the Whole of last week in discussing the Fitz-John Porter case, in which an effort is being made to reverse the decision of the court-martial held seventeen years ago.

In the House Mr. Fernando Wood introduced his refunding bill, which was received with marked coldness, both by his own party and his opponents. The object of the measure is to liquidate the existing public debt at the earliest practicable period, and meanwhile to secure the lowest practicable rate of interest. For this purpose it is proposed to issue 3½ per cent bonds, thereby effecting a saving in interest of $14,481,042 per annum. The bill also provides for the issue of bonds redeemable at the expiration of twenty years, in order that the payment of the debt may not be prevented by the unwillingness of the holders of bonds to sell them at a fair price. It is also provided that the principal of the debt shall be reduced by the utilization of the surplus revenues, as far as the necessary expenditures of the Government will permit.

The speech of Mr. De la Matyr on the Greenback platform was understood by many persons to imply the advocacy of an unlimited extension of the issue of soft money. It appears that Mr. De la Matyr does not go so far as this. He desires an extension of the issue limited by the necessities of the people.

A Chinese Exodus from San Francisco is reported. The presence of the Chinese laborers in the city has long been an offence to Denis Kearney and the orators of the sand lots, and active measures have been adopted *to drive them out* of the locality. The companies employing Chinamen have been waited on by a deputation and have been warned in unequivocal terms that the Chinamen must be dismissed. The Mayor of San Francisco is believed to sympathize with these proceedings, and the companies do not therefore feel assured that if they resist the dictation of the sand lots party they will receive the protection of the authorities. They have, in consequence, in many cases complied with the demand, and large numbers of Chinamen being thrown out of employment are on their way to the Eastern cities. Some intend settling in Philadelphia, but the majority are coming to New York. The Chinese minister at Washington has made the San Francisco proceedings the subject of protest to the President as an infraction of the Burlinghame Treaty. Considerable heroism was manifested in the recent disturbances by an intelligent Chinaman named Yung Wing, who, while trying to protect the Chinese coolies, was cautioned that he was putting his life in danger; he replied that perhaps it was *the best thing he could do with it.* If he thought he could do his people any good he should have no delicacy about his life at all.

An Anti-Fraud Ballot-Box was Exhibited by Rev. Joseph Cook at his Monday evening lecture at Boston, March 1st. Its adoption was recommended by many distinguished men as an effectual means of preventing some of the commoner modes of deceit which have disgraced our elections. This mechanical device consists of a square glass box with movable top and bottom. It contains a hook on which the ballots must be strung and an enumerator which registers the number of persons placing their votes there. This contrivance, the inventor claims, will detect any man placing more than one ballot at a time, and will also prevent any returning officer cancelling or altering a ballot once deposited. In view of the severe struggle which must shortly take place throughout the Union, such an invention is one of weighty importance, and if its merits are such as are claimed for it, its adoption should be universal.

A Measure for the Solution of the Indian problem has been agreed upon by the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs. It is proposed to allot homesteads to the Indians, the titles to which shall be absolute and—for 25 years—inalienable. The Indians will be placed under civil and criminal laws, having *the same footing in the courts as white men* now have. The assistance given to the Indians by the Government is to be continued to some extent, but only so far as may be needful to lead them up to a position of self-maintenance.

Dr. Talmage Addresses to the Readers of his sermons, in the discourse preached last Sunday morning and printed on another page of this journal, a special appeal which we heartily commend to the readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. Many of them have written us testifying to spiritual blessings received through the instrumentality of Dr. Talmage's sermons published from week to week in these pages. Dr. Talmage is laboring under a crushing weight of debt, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which the Tabernacle was built. Here is an opportunity of proving in a practical way that the gratitude expressed is a sincere and genuine feeling. We shall be happy to receive and forward to Dr. Talmage any contributions we may receive, and will acknowledge them each week in the CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Battalion of the Salvation Army has been commissioned by General Booth to come to America and work here for Christ. The extent to which the efforts of the Salvation Army have been owned and blessed by God in Great Britain has been previously mentioned in these columns. The movement was at the outset opposed by many, while even Christians stood aloof from it, doubting its usefulness and objecting to its methods. But General Booth kept on his way, working amongst the very lowest classes of English society, and God has granted him signal success. The London correspondent of the New York *Herald* had an interview with Mr. Booth recently, and says of his work: "There is much about the movement to rouse opposition and contempt, but if it can reach the millions whom no other agency can reach, and there can be no doubt that it is doing such, it ought to be hailed with pleasure, and not decried and discouraged." Mr. Railton, the leader of the band commissioned for Ame was Mr. Booth's "right-hand man," and his thorough confidence. On another page be found a report of the meeting held in don to bid farewell to the party under o "to conquer America for the Saviour." Railton and his friends left London in the tralia February 14th, and their arrival is h expected as we go to press.

A Sunday Evening Theatrical Perform was stopped by the police in New York on ruary 29th. A number of German Jews h ranged for the representation of a play in race Garden Theatre, to be followed by a and a large company, numbering 2500 o most aristocratic section of the Jewish co nity, assembled on the evening in question. device of charging a dollar for "hat-ch instead of for tickets of admission was ad to evade the law. But just as the hour a for the curtain to rise the manager app and announced that the performance had *interdicted by the police.* Much disappoin was expressed, but ultimately the audien persed, receiving their money back at the It is satisfactory to find that the law agains atrical performances on Sundays is not alto a dead letter, and that influence and wealt ed to "arrange" an amusement which have been a scandal to the city.

The Report of the Chickering Hall Gospel Services, conducted by the Rev. S Colcord, states that the results of the pa have exceeded any previous year. Exc the warm months, the congregations hav the hall, and sometimes have overflowed i ranking as one of the largest congregati the city. A very large proportion of tho have attended these services are non-c goers, who would hear gospel preachi where if not at the hall.

Inquiry meetings have followed the S afternoon preaching services, and many sought the way of life. How many hav really converted to Christ it is not for say; God, who searcheth the heart, alo tell; but apparently the number has bee large. Many have been introduced to m ship in churches of the various Evangeli nominations.

Mr. Moody's Meetings at St. Louis been thronged with eager crowds since th of the Christian Convention. Special will be made during the month for *the r tion of drunkards.* Captain Latimore a Morton, of Chicago, and Mr. Bliss, of more, who have had personal experience curse of liquor, will remain some time. perience of Messrs. Latimore and Bliss, a before the recent Christian Convention, a most thrilling and effective character. meetings will be held every night—one Central M. E. Church, for persons general the other for men only, at Tenth and streets. Mr. Sankey will sing at the d meetings, as will also a volunteer chorus.

Diminishing the Work of Police Co one result of temperance agitation. zealous laborers in the cause is Mr. J Drew, who has recently been lecturing i gia. He made Atlanta his central poi from there worked at different spheres neighborhood. The Blue-ribbon Club lished at Savannah through his effort ported to include 2500 members. The b of the Atlanta Police Courts has fallen teen per cent since the movement comme

Irish Famine Relief Fund. Contril received up to Monday, March 8th :

A Friend, Huntsville, Miss... ....
Jas. Newman, Bates Mills, Miss..........
A Friend, Turin, N. Y......................
Sunday-school, Sandy Run, Pa..........
Subscriber, Murdocksville, Pa...........
Jno. Williams, Williamsburgh, Tex.......
A Friend, Lansford, Pa.....................
Jas. S. Fain, Poor Hopes Farm, Tenn......

Forwarded to N. Y. *Herald*..............

A Child's Chest was Examined by the Tele- one in a city of Georgia, only a few weeks o. The child's mother was servant in a house ere there was a telephone connecting with a ntral office among the places of business. e lady of the house became alarmed at the ild's coughing, and calling by the telephone to r family physician, who was nearly a mile dis- nt, asked him if he could listen to the cough rough the wires. The physician said yes, and his ear to the instrument while the child ughed at the other end. He heard the cough tinctly, and prescribed some remedy which on proved beneficial.

A Dog Like Elijah's Ravens.—A Local eacher of the M. E. Church, South, now liv- g, relates that some years ago he was in great- reduced circumstances, and put up with his fe and a large family of children in a hut on a ot of waste land, having no seed, and no tools dig with, and nothing to eat except what God nt him from day to day. Before long a neigh- r passing by *offered him a dog*, which he ac- pted with a laugh, saying, "My case could t be worse: I am ready to take all I can get." s boys took the dog out hunting every day, d the man now says, "For a long time I and family had nothing to eat except what that g brought to us—a rabbit, a raccoon, a 'pos- m, or something of the sort every day."

An Owl at Sea.—As the White Star Trans- antic steamer Celtic passed the coast of New- ndland on her last passage here, and when she s *eight* hundred miles from the nearest land, hite owl alighted on the spars of the ship. hen it was brought down to the deck the d was found to be nearly dead from cold and nger, and almost too weak to eat. However, slowly recovered, and is now perfectly well. It a land bird, and is supposed to have been own off the coast of Newfoundland by the sterly gales which had for some days previous evailed there. Finding itself once out at sea, it d probably ceased making efforts to reach the d and had drifted before the gale, its only ef- ts being to keep above water. The bird must ve possessed remarkable powers of endurance have kept up so long. The owl measures arly five feet from wing to wing. The neces- y for continuous exertion night and day to ep itself from destruction must have been a ing ordeal for a land bird, and when it at t found a resting-place on the ship it must ve been thankful, if birds can feel such an notion. The anxious soul once brought to e up all efforts to save itself and rest wholly Christ, enjoys a similar sense of peace and st and security.

The Price of Success is only Known to those o pay it. A Boston gentleman was recently ngratulated on the prosperous issue of some ock-exchange speculations. He replied, "My ogress for the past nine years has been through torturing existence, and if I have reached the al of success I think I have fairly earned it, d any one who wants to get it at the same ice has my sympathy." This is the experience many persons whom the world envies. And metimes the successful man acknowledges that e prize when attained is by no means worth e struggle. But no man has ever heard a ristian who has spent his life in the service of s Master speak disparagingly of the service or e reward.

A Presentation by Chinese Converts to Chris- nity was made to their Sunday-school teach- s at St. Louis, on the Chinese New Year's Day. e Celestials had kept the matter exceedingly iet, and no one had the slightest idea of what s going on until they had taken possession of e Y. M. C. A. rooms and began to decorate. ey brought with them a large and not very epossessing-looking wooden box, which had idently seen hard usage. It had every reason look battered, for it had made the passage from nton, China, to San Francisco, and thence ross the continent to St. Louis. The appear- ce of the receptacle was soon forgotten en the contents appeared. The first thing shown was a hanging basket of Chinese workmanship. A companion basket of this next appeared. Both were hung at the sides of the room. Between them was suspended something which resembles a Chinese pagoda, with revolving figures set inside, the subject of which is "The Charge of the Fortress." It was provided with six little white china cups containing dips, which, being lighted, caused by the heat which they emitted a large number of figures gayly dressed to revolve, and displays considerable ingenuity in construction. Each of the lady teachers of the Sunday-school was presented with a small hanging basket, while the superintendent and the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., received beautiful handkerchiefs of red Chinese silk. It is clear that the Chinese are grateful for the efforts made by the Christian people of St. Louis to enlighten and convert them.

The Prayers of Two Christian Men were Answered in a very significant way lately. A city missionary in Brooklyn was perplexed by the want of money for the purposes of his Mission, and carried his trouble to God in prayer. A merchant in New York needed money to fulfil a contract he had made, and he also prayed for help. The merchant received the supplies he needed from an unexpected source, and after giving thanks for the timely succor he opened his Bible, and the first passage which caught his eye was: "Honor the Lord with thy substance and the first fruits of all thine increase" (Prov. 3:9). He knew what would be his profit on the contract he was now able to execute, and as a practical evidence of his thankfulness he at once dispatched a large proportion of it to the Brooklyn City Missionary, who would, he knew, put the money to a good use. Thus God, who knows the circumstances of all His children in supplying the need of one, prompted him to help another.

The American Missionary Association is now free of debt. During the past year it paid off an indebtedness of $37,389. Among the colored people of the South an important work has been accomplished by this association. It has at present in the Southern States eight chartered institutions, twelve high-schools, and twenty-four common-schools, with a total of 163 teachers and 7207 pupils, in all of which Christian knowledge is promulgated. In addition there are about 5200 Sunday-school scholars under its charge.

Mr. E. Payson Hammond's Work in Canada still continues to enjoy the blessing of God. He has been laboring at St. Catherine's, Ontario, assisted by all the evangelical ministers of the city. Many young men and women, as well as children, have found Christ. A captain of a lake steamer came to the meetings for the first time last Friday night, being led there by his wife, who was hopefully converted two nights before. He went home from the inquiry meeting angry, but soon returned, showing deep feeling. Saturday he went round among his comrades, urging them to come to the meetings. Monday night he confessed Christ before the whole congregation, and went actively to work among inquirers. His brother, another lake captain, and his brother's wife, are also among the saved, as are two who have been avowed infidels.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has just been received. They are now on sale at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

THE ROYAL PREROGATIVE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The first he preached after his return from Mentone.

"He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death. But God shall wound the head of His enemies, and the hairy scalp of such *an one as goeth on still in his trespasses.*"—PSALM 68: 20, 21.

In the Old Testament God is All in All—His Glory should be more Vivid still under the Christian Dispensation—I. The Prerogative—The Power over Life and Death—1. The Prerogative His by Right—2. God has the Power of the Prerogative—An Aged Minister—3. He has often Exercised the Power—II. The Character of the Sovereign—1. Salvation the Most Glorious of God's Designs—2. The Most Delightful of his Works—3. We Live under the Dispensation of Mercy—4. To the Covenanted specially the God of Salvation—III. The Solemn Warning—The New God of Modern Thought—God is not Indifferent to Character—He will Smite the Rebels—Proud Nations to be Smitten—His Smiting an Utter Overthrow.

WHATEVER may be said of the Old Testament dispensation, however dimly it may have revealed certain truths, there was one matter about which *it was clear as the sun.* Under the Old Testament economy the Lord God of Israel is ever most conspicuous. God is in all, and over all; and from the pages of the prophets as well as from the lips of the temple choirs we hear loudly sounding forth the note, "The Lord shall reign forever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Hallelujah!" By priest and prophet, saint and seer, the one testimony is borne, "The Lord reigneth."

You cannot read the Book of Job without trembling in the majestic presence of the Almighty; nor can you turn to the Psalms without being filled with solemn awe as you see David and Asaph and Heman adoring the Lord, who made heaven and earth and the sea. Everywhere, from Abraham to Malachi, man is of small account, and God is all in all. Very little consideration is given to any fancied rights and claims of man, but wonder is expressed that the Creator should be mindful of him.

It will be a great offence if, coming into the brighter light of the New Testament, we are less vivid in our conceptions of the glory of God. If God should be less clearly seen in the person of our Lord Jesus than he was under the symbols of the law, it will be the fault of our blinded hearts. It will be ill for us to turn day into night, and *like owls to see less* because the light is increased. Let it not be so among us, but let it be in our churches as in Israel of old, of which it is said, "in Judah is God known; His name is great in Israel."

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son," and by Him as the incarnate Word He has revealed Himself with a sevenfold splendor, and therefore it should be our soul's great delight to perceive God in all things, to rejoice in His presence, and to magnify Him in all things a King of kings and Lord of lords.

The Psalmist in this particular case ascribes to the Lord universal action and power over us, for he ascribes to Him the mercies of life and the issues of death. He says, "Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits." The Lord heaps up His favors till their number loads the memory, and their value burdens the shoulders of gratitude.

The outline of this morning's discourse, as indicated by the text, is just this: first, *the sovereign prerogative of God*, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death:" secondly, *the character of the sovereign* with whom this prerogative is lodged, "He that is our God is the God of salvation:" and then, thirdly, *the solemn warning which this Great Sovereign gives* in reference to the exercise of His prerogative; weighty are the words, may the Holy Spirit cause us to feel their power—"God shall wound the head of His enemies, and the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his trespasses."

I. First, then, with deep reverence let us speak upon

THE SOVEREIGN PREROGATIVE

of God—" Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." Kings have been accustomed to keep the power of life and death in their own hands. The great King of kings, the sovereign Ruler and absolute Lord of all worlds reserves this to Himself—that He shall permit men to die, or shall give them an issue from death at His own good-will and pleasure. He can alike create and destroy. He sendeth forth His Spirit and they are created, and at His own pleasure He saith, " Return, ye children of men," and lo ! they fall before Him like autumn's faded leaves.

The prerogative of life or death belongs to God in a wide range of senses. First of all as to *natural life*, we are all dependent upon His good pleasure. We shall not die until the time which He appoints ; for our death-time, like all our time, is in His hands. *Our skirts may brush against the portals of the sepulchre,* and yet we shall pass the iron gate unharmed if the Lord be our guard. The wolves of disease will hunt us in vain until God shall permit them to overtake us. The most desperate enemies may waylay us, but no bullet shall find its billet in any heart unless the Lord allows it.

Spiritually, too, this prerogative is with God. We are by nature under the condemnation of the law on account of our sins, and we are like criminals tried, convicted, sentenced, and left for death. It is for God, as the great Judge, to see the sentence executed, or to issue a free pardon, according as He pleases ; and He will have us know that it is upon His supreme pleasure that this matter depends.

So too does the Lord deliver His own believing people from those " deaths oft" which make up their experience. Though we are in Christ Jesus delivered from death as a penalty, yet we often feel an inward death, caused by the old nature, which exercises a deadening influence within us. At such times God the Lord can give us back the fulness of life. He can restore our soul from the pit of corruption and cause us not only to have life but to have it more abundantly. The issues from death are with the quickening Spirit, and when our soul cleaveth to the dust He can revive us again till we rejoice with joy unspeakable.

As the climax of all, when we shall come actually to die, and these bodies of ours shall descend into the remorseless grave, as probably they will, in the hands of our Redeeming Lord are the issues from death. The archangel is even now waiting for the signal : one blast of his trumpet shall suffice to gather the chosen from all lands, from the east and from the west, from the south and from the north. Then death itself shall die away, and the righteous shall arise

> " From beds of dust and silent clay
> To realms of everlasting day."

" I am the resurrection and the life," saith Christ, and He is both of these to all His people. Is He not life, for He saith, " Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die?" Is He not resurrection, for He saith, " He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live?" That bright illustrious day in which the saints shall rise with their Lord will show how unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.

1. Concerning this prerogative we may say, first, that to God belongs *the right to exercise it.* This right springs, first, from his being our Creator. He saith " all souls are mine." He has an absolute right to do with us as He pleases, seeing He hath made us, and not we ourselves. Men forget what they are, and boast great things ; but truly they are but as clay on the potter's wheel, and He can fashion them or can break them as He pleases. They think not so, but He knoweth their thoughts, that they are vain.

This right of God to save is further made manifest by the redemption of His people. It might have been said that God had no right to save it by saving He would abridge His justice ; but now that He hath laid help upon one that is mighty, and His only begotten Son has become a victim in our place, to magnify the law and make it honorable, the Lord God hath an unquestionable right to deliver from death His own redeemed, for whom the Substitute has died. Our God saves His people in consistency with justice : no one can question His doing right even when He justifies the ungodly. His right and power over the issues from death are in the case of His own blood-bought ones clear as the sun at noonday, and who shall dispute with Him ?

Our text, however, puts the prerogative upon the

ONE SOLE GROUND OF LORDSHIP,

and we prefer to come back to that. " Unto God *the Lord* belong the issues from death." It is a doctrine which is very unpalatable in these days, but one nevertheless which is to be held and taught, that God is an absolute sovereign, and doeth as He wills. The words of Paul may not be suffered to sleep—" Nay, but Oh, man, who art thou that repliest against God ? Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why hast Thou made me thus ?" The Lord cannot do amiss ; His perfect nature is a law unto itself.

2. Enough with regard to that matter of right. I go on to notice that *the Lord has the power of this prerogative.* With Him is the ability to deliver men from natural death. Jehovah Rophi is a physician who is never baffled. Medicines may fail, but not the great Maker of all plants and herbs and useful drugs. Study and experience may be at a nonplus, but He who fashioned the human frame knows its most intricate parts, and can soon correct its disorders.

Certainly, as to the soul, there is no case of man so far gone that God cannot find an issue out of its death. He can cast out seven devils, and a legion of diabolical sins. To God the Lord belong the issues from death, however foul the sin, and however forlorn the condition caused by transgression. He who raised Lazarus from the grave after four days can raise the most corrupt from the grave of their iniquities. Oh, that awakened sinners would believe this !

I remember reading of *an aged minister* who had for some years fallen into deep despondency. He gave up his pulpit, and kept himself very much alone, always writing bitter things against himself. At last, when he was on a sick-bed, a servant of God was sent to him, who dealt wisely with him. This good man said to the despairing one, " Brother, do you believe that passage, ' He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him ' ?" " I believe it," said he, " with all my heart, but I am convinced—" Here the other stopped him, " I do not ask what your convincements may be, nor what your feelings may be, but I come to say to you, the man who trusts that promise lives."

This plain declaration of the Gospel was made by the divine Comforter the means of supreme consolation to the despairing one ; may it be equally useful to all those who hear it. He who can hang his soul's hope upon the infinite ability of Christ to save is a saved man. He that believeth on Him hath everlasting life. What a blessing this is !

The devil may tell me that I never can issue out of deserved death, and that I am shut up forever under the just results of my trespasses ; my own conscience, knowing my undeservingness, may also condemn me a thousand times over ; but unto God the Lord belong the issues from death, and He can and will pluck me from between the jaws of death since I believe in Him. He is able to bring up those whom He ordains to save even from the utmost depths of despair. The absolute right of God is supported by almighty power, and thus His prerogative is made a matter of fact.

3. Nor is this all ; *the Lord has actually exercised this prerogative* in abundant cases. As to those issues from death which are seen in restoration from sickness, I need not remind you that these are plentiful enough. At times these have come in a miraculous form, as when Hezekiah had his life lengthened in answer to prayer, and when many others were healed by the Saviour and his apostles. Life has been preserved in a lion 's den, and in the belly of a fish, in a fiery furnace, and in the heart of the sea. Death has no arrow in his quiver which can hurt the man whom God ordains to live.

God has exercised this prerogative spiritually. In what a myriad of cases has He delivered souls from death ! Ask yon white-robed hosts in heaven, " Has not God displayed in you His sovereign power to save ?" Ask many here below, who have tasted that He is gracious, and they will tell, " He saved me." Divine will, backed by divine power, worked out the sovereign purpose of love, and here we are, saved from so great a death by love invincible.

II. Thus have I set forth the prerogative ; and now, secondly, follow me with your thoughts while I show

THE CHARACTER OF THE SOVEREIGN

in whom that prerogative is vested. We cannot upon this earth exhibit much love to human princes who claim absolute dominion. Imper alism is not to our mind. Among the worst curses that have ever fallen upon mankind have been *absolute monarchs ;* nowadays men shake them off as Paul shook off the viper into the fire The Lord grant we may see the last of all despotic dynasties, that the nations may be free.

We cannot endure a tyrant, and yet if w could have absolutely perfect despots it might b the best possible form of government. Assuredly, the great and eternal God, who is King o kings and Lord of lords, is absolutely perfect and we may be well content to leave all prerogatives and vest all powers in His hands. He ha never trampled on the rights of the meanest, no forgotten the weakest. His foot doth not needlessly crush a worm, nor doth he beat down a fl in wantonness. He has never done a wrong, no wrought an injustice. *We* oppress each other but the Judge of all oppresses none. The Lor is holy in all His ways, and His mercy enduret forever ; and the amplest prerogatives are safel lodged in such hands.

Our text yet further tells us who it is in whos hands the issues of life and death are left : " H that is our God is the God of salvation." Sinner, your salvation rests with God, but do n therefore be discouraged, for that God wit whom the matter rests is the God of salvation or of " salvations," for so the Hebrew has it What mean we by this ?

1. The Scripture signifies, first, that *salvatio is the most glorious of all God's designs.* Go was pleased with creation, but not as He is wit redemption. When He made the heavens an the earth it was every-day work to Him, and H merely spake and said, " It is good ;" but whe He gave His Son to die to redeem His peopl and His elect were being saved, He did not spea with the prosaic brevity of creation, but he san Is it not written, " He shall rest in His love, H shall rejoice over thee with singing ?"

2. Ask ye yet again what this meaneth—" H that is our God is the God of salvation," and w remind you that *the most delightful works whic the Lord has performed have been works of salvation.* To save our first parents at Eden's gat and give them a promise of victory over the se pent, was joy to God. To house Noah in th ark was also his pleasure. The drowning of guilty world was needful, but the saving of Noa was pleasant to the Lord our God. He destroye the earth with his left hand, but with his rig hand He shut in the only righteous ones found. To save His people is ever His joy : goes about it eagerly. He rode upon a cher and did fly, yea, He did fly upon the wings of th wind when He came to deliver His chosen.

He takes delight in deeds of grace : *these a*

HIS ENJOYMENTS.

He comes in His royal robes and puts on H crown jewels when He rises to save His peopl and therefore His servants cry aloud, " ble our God, ye people, and make the voice of H praise to be heard ; which holdeth our soul life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved

This then is the God in whom is vested all sovereignty over the issues from death. He takes pleasure, not in the destruction, but in the salvation of the sons of men. Where could the prerogative be better laid up?

3. "He that is our God is the God of salvation" also means that at this present time the God who is preached to us is the God of salvation. *We live at this moment under the dispensation of mercy.* The sword is sheathed, the scales of justice are put by. Those scales are not destroyed, and that sword is not broken, nor even blunted, but for a while it slumbereth in its scabbard. To-day over all our heads is held out the silver sceptre of eternal love. The angelic carol, first heard by the shepherds at Bethlehem, lingers still in the upper air, if you have ears to hear it—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

4. Once more: "He that is our God is the God of salvation" means this, that to his covenanted ones, *to those who can call Him "our God," He is specially and emphatically the God of salvation.* There is no destruction for those who call Him "our God," for "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Jesus came not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. "This God is our God forever and ever, he will be"—our destroyer?—no, "He will be our guide even unto death." This God is our sun and shield, and He will give grace and glory.

Now mark well this fact: we who believingly call the Lord our God this morning will tell you that we are saved entirely through the sovereign grace of God, and not through any natural betterness of our own, nor through anything that we have done to deserve His favor. He who saith, "I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal," is He who has quickened us, though we were dead in trespasses and sins. Surely He who has exercised His prerogative so kindly toward us may be trusted to exercise it toward all who come to Him according to His gracious invitation.

If there be any man who says, "I rejoice in the election of God, because, although He has saved me, He hath left others to perish," I desire to have no sympathy with His spirit. My joy is of a far different kind, for I argue that He who saved such an unworthy one as I am will cast out none that come to Him by faith. His election is not narrow, for it comprehends a number that no man can number, yea, all that will believe in Jesus. He waiteth to be gracious, and him that cometh to Him He will in no wise cast out.

The wedding feast needs countless guests, and every seat must be filled. We wish that all the human race would come and accept the provisions of infinite love, and we are anxious to go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. We rejoice to know that if any man be shut out from Christ and hope he shuts himself out, though at the same time we feel that if any man be shut in he did not shut himself in, but undeserved grace wrought out his salvation. Justice rules in condemnation, but grace reigns in salvation.

If there is any man here who thinks that he has been saved as the result of his own will, apart from the powerful grace of God, let him *throw his cap up*, and magnify himself forever. "*Glory be to my own good disposition!*" But as for me, I will fall at the foot of the throne of God, and say, "Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ. Hadst Thou, O God, left me to my own free will, I had continued still to despise thy love, and to reject thy mercy." Surely all the people of God agree that this is the fact in their own case, however they may differ theoretically from the general statement.

Yes, the prerogative of life and death is in good hands; it is in the hands of Him who is the God of our salvation, and I beseech every one here present who is not saved to be encouraged to bow before the throne of the great King, and sue for mercy of Him who is so ready to save. Go home and try to merit salvation, and you will waste your efforts. Go about to fit yourself for mercy, and to fashion some good that may attract the regard of God, and you will befool yourselves, and insult the majesty of heaven; but come just as you are, all guilty, empty, meritless, and fall before the great King, whom you have so often provoked, and beseech Him of His infinite mercy to blot out your transgressions, to change your natures, and to make you his own, and see if He will cast you away. Is it not written, "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared?" And again, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." His throne is a throne of grace. Mercy is built up forever before Him.

III. Our last duty is to hear

THE SOLEMN WARNING

of our sovereign Lord. A new god has been lately set up among men—the god of modern Christianity, the god of modern thought, a god made of honey or sugar of lead. He is all leniency, gentleness, mildness, and indifference in the matter of sin. Justice is not in him, and as for the punishment of sin, he knows it not.

The Old Testament, as you are, no doubt, made aware by the wise men of this world, takes a very harsh view of God, and therefore modern wisdom sets it on one side. Forsooth, one half the Word of God is out of date, and turned to waste paper. Although our Lord Jesus did not come "to destroy the law or the prophets," but to fulfil them, yet the advanced thinkers of these enlightened times tell us that the idea of God in the Old Testament is a false one.

We are to believe in *a new god*, who does not care whether we do right or wrong, for by his arrangement all will come to the same end in the long run. There may be a little twisting about for awhile for some who are rather incorrigible, but it will all come right at last. Live as you like, go and swear and drink, go and oppress the nations, and make bloody wars, and act as you will; by jingo, you will be all right at last. This is roughly the modern creed which poisons all our literature. But let me say, by Jehovah, this shall not be as men dream. Jehovah, the Judge of all the earth, must do right.

The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob is the God of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; the God of the whole earth shall He be called. He hath not changed one whit in the stern integrity of His nature, and He will by no means spare the guilty. Read then the last verse of our text, and believe that it is as true to-day as when it was first written, and that if Jesus Himself were here, the meek and lowly one would say it in tones of tearful solemnity, but He would utter it none the less. "God shall wound the head of His enemies, and the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his trespasses."

It is clear from these words that God is not indifferent to human character. Our God knows his enemies; he does not mistake them for friends, nor treat them as such. He regards iniquity as a trespass, and therefore He has not broken down the bounds of law, nor the hedges of right; there are trespasses still, and God perceives them, and notes them down, and such as go on in their trespasses are trying his long-suffering and provoking His justice. God sleeps not, neither does he wink at human sin, but calls upon all men everywhere to repent.

And it is clear too that God has the power to smite those who rebel against Him. Dream not of natural laws which will screen the wicked—"He shall wound the head of His enemies." They may lift up those heads as high as they please, but they cannot be beyond the reach of His hand. He will not merely bruise their heels, or wound them on the back with blows which may be healed, but at their heads He will aim fatal blows, and lay them in the dust. He can do it, and He will.

The proud may vaunt themselves of their beauty: their hairy scalp, like that of Absalom, may be their boast, but as the Lord made the hair of Absalom to be the instrument of his doom, so can He make the glory of man to be his ruin. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. No man is out of the reach of God, and no nation either. The great ones stand on high upon their lofty places, and they talk about the "vulgar crowd," and despise the godly of the land. As for foreign races, how lightly are they esteemed, though one God has made them all. Populations and nations, what are they? Mere food for powder when a proud nation is set upon its own aggrandizement. Overturn their kingdoms, slaughter their patriotic defenders, redden the earth with blood, burn their houses, starve their women and children. Doth God know, and is there judgment in the Most High?

We are a great people, and have the men, the ships, and the money. *Who shall call us to account?* Yet let the still small voice be heard. Thus said the Lord to a great nation of old, "Thou hast trusted in thy wickedness: thou hast said, None seeth me. Thou hast said in thine heart, I am, and none else beside me. Therefore shall evil come upon thee; thou shalt not know from whence it riseth: and mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put it off: and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou shalt not know." From such chastisements good Lord deliver us.

When the Lord does put His hand to the work of vengeance His smiting will be terrible, even

AN UTTER OVERTHROW,

for it will be a smiting upon the head. If He doth not smite His enemies until the hour of death, what a blow will they then receive! They boasted of their self-righteousness, or of their greatness; but, oh, what terror will seize them when at the last moment, while they dream of heaven, they are smitten down into the unfathomable deep, where woe shall be the everlasting reward of their daring rebellion against their King!

Warriors of old times would when they went to battle often shave off all their hair, except those locks which are on the hinder part of the scalp; yet when they turned to flee it frequently happened they were grasped by their pursuers by their flowing hair. God does not often take the wicked by the forelock, for He has great patience, and bears with them. In special cases, as when young men through dissipated habits hasten on their doom, He takes them in front; but as a rule He waits in mercy, and yet He suffers them not to go unpunished, for at the last He seizes their hairy scalp. If for fourscore years infinite patience should permit a man to continue in his rebellion, yet if he goeth on in his trespasses at the very last God shall thrust His hand into his hairy scalp and grasp him to his destruction.

Turn ye, then, ye that know not God, turn ye at His rebuke this morning, for the rebuke is meant in love; and if I have used hard words it is because my heart is honestly anxious that you would repent and escape to Him who hath in His power the issues from death. I am not like yon flatterers who tell you that there is a little hell and a little God, from which you naturally infer that you may live as you like. Both you and they will perish everlastingly if you believe them. There is a dreadful hell, for there is a righteous God. Turn ye to Him, I entreat you, while yet in Christ Jesus He sets mercy before you. He is the God of salvation, and entreats you to come and accept of His great grace in Christ Jesus.

The Lord bless this word according to His own mind, and unto Him be praise forever and ever. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 175,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE RUINED GLASGOW MERCHANT.

By J. A. Anderson.

A FEW years ago I had fever when I was in Buenos Ayres, South America. After I was discharged from the infirmary, I was very weak, and consequently was unfit to resume my usual occupation. Fortunately I had saved a little money, and put up in the Cheval de Blanco, a French hotel, well conducted and cheap. It was a dreary life, however, being confined to my bedroom, and when able to be out I used to go to the margin of the river Rio de la Plata, and there enjoy the cool and refreshing breezes ; which put new life in me.

One Sabbath evening in the month of March (the autumn there), I quitted my hotel for my favorite seat under the trees of Paradise which grew by the river. It was a beautiful evening. The sun was about to sink in the deep waters. As I lay and watched it dipping bit by bit, my fancy conjured up beautiful scenes.

At last the glowing orb set, but the scene was enhanced. The moon was now far up, and shed its pale light on the throbbing bosom of the mighty river. I was about to rise—for the air at last was getting to be chilly—when my attention was arrested by some *object crawling* to where I sat. "What could it be?" I thought. In a moment I had my revolver out and was prepared for it. At last it stood up erect. IT WAS A MAN! What an object! H's trousers scarcely came over his knees. His feet were bare, and I could see that he had got them cut on the sharp stones—they were covered with blood. Poor fellow, he was shirtless ; an alpaca coat was the only covering he had on. His beard was matted and twisted ; his eyes bloodshot ; his lips black and parched. His hat was an old felt one, and the rim hung over his naked neck. Never in my life had I seen such an object. Slowly he approached, and when about two yards from me he said,

"Do you speak Spanish, señor?"

"*Muy poco*," I said, "What do you want?"

"I am an Englishman, and have not a single *pesos*. For the love of God, help me!"

I said to him in English, "What has brought you to this pass? You are a disgrace to your country. Come, tell me honestly, and if I can help you I will do so."

"Oh, thanks! I have not tasted food for two days. Do you see yon boat on the beach? It has been my home for the last four months. The covering of my bed has been the sky, and my bed itself the rotten planks."

"Come, tell me what has caused this ; have you been ill?"

"Yes, yes, I have been ill. I have been mad, and am mad now. A thirst is choking me, and I'll die unless you help me. Is there a God? Is there no hand to help me? Must I die?"

"What is wrong with you?"

"I want *cana* (white rum). My mouth is dry. I can't speak. Give me two *pesos* (4c.), for the love of God."

I was not a total abstainer ; indeed, up to this time I did not look upon drink as an evil, and seeing the awful anxiety of the man, I gave him two *pesos*, when he started for a *café* in the Paseo de Julio. He was not long absent, for he soon returned with a bottle full of *cana*.

"Will you take a drop?" he said. I refused, when he applied the bottle to his parched lips and drank about the half of it ere he stopped.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "there's life in the bottle. I feel the *cana* going through me. Now I can speak. What a lovely evening! See how the little waves are tipped with the pale rays of the moon. One would think they are silver!"

The poor fellow in two minutes was a changed being. From his conversation I could easily see that he had been a "something," so I at once determined to find out what he had been.

"You are an Englishman, you say ; are you not a Scotchman?"

"When I said I was an Englishman, I only gave the usual answer to such a question. I am a Scotchman, and was born in Glasgow."

"Indeed? I know Glasgow well. Your name?"

"John R——"

"I knew a Mr. John R——, a manufacturer in Glasgow. Did you know him?"

"Where was his place?"

"Near the Exchange."

"*I am he!*"

"*You!*"

"Yes ; pray your name?"

I told him, when he at once knew me. We sat for some time in silence. No doubt he was busy thinking of the past ; at least I was. The last time that I saw Mr. R—— he was standing on the steps of the Royal Exchange. He was then a smart young man, and considered "cute" by many. He was, however, known as being a "wet" hand, and too frequently treated buyers and drank with them.

When I looked at the miserable, idiotic person sitting by my side—for the drink had wonderfully improved his spirits—I could not help putting the question to myself, "Can it be really he?" Alas, it was too true! Once a merchant, now an outcast ; once respected, now a beggar! What a change! My heart yearned for him ; indeed, as I thought on the way he was living, the tears started to my eyes. I could not take him to a hotel ; I could not even take him to a *café*; so I made up my mind to hear his story, which I now give nearly in his own words.

"I am an only son and received a fair education. It was not my mother's fault if I did not get more of the school. My father died when I was only ten days old. I think no man had ever such a mother. She loved me. She would have cheerfully died to have done me a service. Drunk or sober, I can see her ; even now I can see her calm, thoughtful face traced with sorrow and pain. I had always lots of pocket money, *which was my ruin*.

"It is the old story. I frequented the theatre, the singing saloons, and night hotels, before I was out of my teens. I was considered clever ; could sing a good song, tell a good story, and, in short, was a jolly good fellow. My conduct was crushing my mother's heart, but *then* I had no heart to feel. Time passed on. My mother had about 2000*l*., and I asked her to give it me to commence business with. I said it would settle me in life. Poor soul, she freely gave her all. I commenced business, and did well for a time, but my companions led me to contract bad debts. I sent goods to Buenos Ayres, but I did not get any advance on them.

"My mother died. Yes, I believe of a broken heart. This sobered me for a time, but only for a time. About a year after her death I married a lovely woman. I loved her ; God knows I love her still. Shortly after our marriage I had to call a meeting of my creditors. They sent me out to Buenos Ayres to look after the consignments there. I arrived in Buenos Ayres, sold the goods, and kept the proceeds. This is all that is left of me!"

"What about your wife?"

"My wife! Oh, sir, when you mention *her* it is like pouring boiling lead on my brain. I cannot think of her ; it would drive me mad to think about her. My wife, she is an angel. She is pure, ay, and beautiful as a summer's morn. I hope she thinks I'm dead. Why, sir, my brain reels as I think of the past. I must drink, drink, drink till I die."

We sat together for some time ; and when I left him I gave him twenty *pesos* (80c.) I said I would see him the following evening.

The next day I was walking along Calle San Martin, when I saw a crowd of people. I asked what was wrong. "A man has been run over by the car, and they are taking him to the dead-house." I followed the crowd, and entered the dead-house and viewed the body. To my horror and grief, it was the mangled remains of poor John R——. I never found out properly how he met his death, but it was a great relief to my mind when I was told he was sober, and a greater relief still when fifteen *pesos* were taken from his pocket.

TEN SIGNS OF THE APPROACHING END.*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page* 157.)

6. The Development of Rapid Intercommunication—The Telegraph an Instrument in the Fulfilment of Prophecy—Society a Huge Powder Magazine—7. The Increased Study of the Prophecies—The Words Shut up until the End Approaches—The Cry that is to Awaken all the Virgins—8. The Increasing Number of Religious Revivals—The Ten Days' Missions—Rev. W. H. Aitken—Spurgeon's Sermons—Moody and Sankey—George Muller.

6. The development of

RAPID INTERCOMMUNICATION

throughout the earth, and the spread of education and knowledge, is a striking feature of these last days. The prediction that at the Time of the End "many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased" is often referred to as indicating this (Dan. 12 : 4). This is a necessary preparation for the universal reign of the Personal Antichrist during his predicted three and a half years, because otherwise, without these modern agencies of swift locomotion and transmission of intelligence, there would not be sufficient time for one man within so short a period to have complete power, not merely over the ten kingdoms of a revived Roman empire, but, to a certain extent, over "all kindreds, and tongues, and nations," and to gather ALL NATIONS to Jerusalem to the battle of Armageddon (Zech. 14 : 11 ; Dan. 7 : 25 ; Rev. 13 : 5, 7).

It is only by the present means for diffusing knowledge by the application of steam to printing presses, and by the telegraph, that sufficient information could be disseminated to cause all the ungodly throughout Christendom within three and a half years to renounce their former religions, and to embrace the new religion of worshipping the future Napoleonic Antichrist as their god, for "all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him" (Rev. 13 : 7, 8 ; 2 Thess. 2).

Within only the last thirty or forty years railways, steam vessels, and telegraphs have been brought into general use, and by means of them astonishing changes have been introduced into the social, commercial, and military movements and operations of mankind. The internal resources of countries have become largely developed, and the nations are drawn more compactly together, and, as it were, within speaking distance of each other.

The prophet Nahum, in his vision of Christ's coming to judgment, most plainly describes the *swift running of railway carriages* on their errand of conveying military hosts to the battlefields of that day : "The chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of his preparation. The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways : they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings" (Nahum 2 : 3, 4).

By the invention of telegraphs the difficulty is obviated that used to be felt in relation to the prophecy that "they that dwell on earth" shall hear of the death of the two personal witnesses in Revelation 11, and exult over it for three and a half literal days, which would have been too short a period for the news to have been carried through all Europe without telegraphic communication. Furthermore, the very perfection to which manufactories, and arts and sciences, are now brought, tends to lift up the heart of the ungodly and to lead them to make an idol of intellectual and material progress, and to ripen them for the deceptions of the coming Antichrist.

The historian Alison has suggestively said, "Great consequences must inevitably result from this prodigiously enhanced rapidity of communication, but it is hard to say whether the consequences will be for good or for evil. Is not the unexampled rapidity with which Europe took fire in 1848 (with revolution from the Paris outbreak) a decisive proof that the increased rapidity in the communication of thought among the nations tends to convert society into a huge powder magazine, liable to blow up on the first spark falling into it?"

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events," with two maps and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on these events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

Ultramontane, democratic, and other conspiracies are much facilitated by the quick transmission of intelligence; and thus, for example, a Romanist rebellion in Ireland might soon communicate itself to the large English cities in the shape of fearful mob riots by the Irish Romanists, who swarm in those cities.

7. THE INCREASED STUDY OF THE PROPHECIES, and loud proclamations of Christ's speedy advent by the raising of the midnight cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," is a sign specially predicted to accompany the TIME OF THE END. In Daniel 12 : 4 it was said, "O Daniel, shut up the words and seal the book, even to the Time of the End: many shall run to and fro: and knowledge shall be increased." Now, although these words may bear, in a general and secondary sense, the meaning usually assigned to them—viz., the increase of travelling and of knowledge in these latter days—yet certainly their primary and particular meaning is, as the Hebrew text implies, that *the words are to be shut up* and the book sealed until the Time of the End; but that then many shall eagerly examine and go over the pages of the book, and knowledge of its words shall be increased.

This has *begun* to be fulfilled of late years by the publication of numerous expositions of Daniel and Revelation, by which a flood of light has been cast upon the prophecies which previously were like a hermetically-sealed book. Still, even now the Christian Church at large is comparatively in a state of *midnight* darkness, coldness, and silence in relation to the speedy Advent of Christ, as foretold in the prophetic parable of the Ten Virgins in Matthew 25 : 1–10, "While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept." But the rest of the prophecy will soon be fulfilled, "And at *midnight* there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then ALL those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps," etc.

These words foretell that there will be *a tremendous stir* and unparalleled excitement throughout the whole Christian Church, like the arousing and the lighting up of a vast city in the dead of night, so that actually ALL Christians, even the *Foolish* who are to be left behind to the Great Tribulation, as well as the *Wise* who are to be translated to heaven before the Tribulation, will arise and trim their lamps and give heed to the prophecies and signs of the times in relation to the Speedy Advent of Christ. And at the same time hundreds of preachers will loudly proclaim the personal coming of Christ to be close at hand, their special message being, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

No such extraordinary movement as this has yet taken place, but it will come to pass when events of such a striking character and unmistakable significance shall happen as the extension of France to the Rhine and formation of the Ten Kingdomed Confederacy, and the subsequent rise of the Napoleonic Antichrist as an eleventh little sovereign (Dan. 7 : 24), and his SEVEN YEARS' COVENANT with the Jews. Such events will convince many of the nearness of the End.

The prophecy in Revelation 12 of the sun-clothed woman, which represents the Christian Church *travailing in labor*, pained to be delivered of a *man-child* (which denotes the first-fruits company of saints translated *before* the three and a half years Tribulation), also shows that there will be a great *agitation and commotion* throughout the visible Church preparatory to the catching up to heaven of the man-child, or first-fruits body of translated saints, at Christ's Advent.

8. The increasing number of RELIGIOUS REVIVALS* and evangelistic meetings and aggressive efforts of Christian zeal and activity indicate the Time of the End to be at hand. Before great Judgments have been brought in past times on any nation, God has frequently caused special religious warnings to be given it. Thus, the Jewish nation was favored with the preaching of Ezekiel and Jeremiah before their subjugation by the king of Babylon, and with the ministry of John the Baptist and of Christ and his apostles before the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman armies.

The British Isles have been remarkably favored with religious revivals since the year 1859, when a powerful spiritual awakening visited the North of Ireland and resulted in the conversion of thousands. Since then the awakening spread to Scotland and England, and many churches were greatly quickened, prayer-meetings multiplied, evangelistic services instituted in theatres, halls, and in the open air, and many revival preachers raised up. The London Open-air Mission Society has about two hundred unpaid open-air preachers who are preaching every week.

The holding of special revival services for a week or ten days under the title of mission services has now become very general throughout the Church of England, and powerful revival preachers, such as the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, are engaged incessantly in carrying on such services, which are aided by personal conversation with anxious souls after the preaching; and through these means very many are converted.

A great work of evangelization has also been carried on ever since 1854 by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's spoken and published sermons, which probably have reached at least 50,000 persons every week, and many able preachers have been trained in his college and have permanently gathered large congregations in various parts of the country. It is remarkable, too, how many laymen, who used to think that all preaching should be left to ordained ministers, have been recently raised up as successful evangelists, including several noblemen, such as Lords Radstock, Farnham, Cholmondeley, Cavan, Polwarth, Cecil, Teynham, Garvagh, Carrick, Congleton, etc.

The unparalleled religious revivals in 1873–4–5 that accompanied the evangelistic meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, London, etc., are an extraordinary sign of the times. Their meetings gave a marvellous impulse to religious activity all through Great Britain, and the wide diffusion of their hymns and tunes has greatly contributed to the promotion of spiritual life.

Mr. Moody is *a firm believer in the speedy personal Advent* of Christ, and often observed in his sermons that he was strongly impressed with the conviction that these religious revivals were the prelude to some tremendous judgment, either of war, famine, or pestilence, presently to befall Great Britain, and to cut off thousands of its population.

The important subject of Christian consecration and holiness—"the higher Christian life"—has been brought forward more prominently of late years, and an eminent instance of faith in Christ and of encouragement to Christians to pray to God, as the "rewarder of all who diligently seek Him," has been given in the instance of Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, who, in answer to faith and prayer alone, has during the last forty years received and expended about three quarters of a million of pounds ($3,650,000), upon home and foreign missions, and principally upon his Ashleydown Orphan Houses, in which about two thousand orphans are at present maintained. His whole work costs more than £1,000 a week, and though he is more than 70 years old, he preaches as earnestly as ever. His book, "The Lord's Dealings with George Muller," published at Nisbet's, Berners Street, London, and in America as the "Life of Trust," should be read by every one.

This closing era of the Christian dispensation is also characterized by a wonderful multiplication of charitable institutions and missionary and religious societies, and by an encouraging increase in their annual incomes. All this is the *commencement* of an enlarged outpouring of the Holy Spirit in these last days, as predicted in Joel 2 : 28–32, and Isaiah 59 : 19, for "when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him," and thus the working of the three unclean spirits is opposed by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

It is, moreover, in immediate connection with the approaching "Time of Trouble such as never was" that special mention is made of "many being turned to righteousness." And the prophetic parable of the Marriage Supper foreshows that the greatest ingathering of souls will be *at supper time*, just before the Marriage Feast at the Lord's return, and will consist largely of the most neglected classes from the *highways and the hedges* (Dan. 12 : 1–3; Luke 14 : 17–23).*

But a far greater and more general religious revival than has ever been known will soon begin, when, after the *ten-kingdomed confederacy* and the *seven-years' Covenant* have been formed, ALL the virgins—*i.e.*, all Christians—will arise from their present comparative slumber and trim their lamps, in expectation of Christ's Second Advent (Matthew 25 : 7).

(To be continued.)

DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

SOME years ago, a Scotch boy contracted a liking for the life of a sailor, and prevailed on his parents to allow him to go to sea. His name was James, and his father was a respected citizen of a town six miles from the coast. On James's first voyage to Calcutta he kept up the habit of praying in the forecastle before turning in to his hammock, for he had been accustomed to do so regularly at home. Nobody said any thing to him on the matter, but Bob Shearer, an able seaman, watched him.

In Calcutta some of the seamen left the ship, and others were engaged in their place to work the ship home. One of these was "a rough," whose first name was also Robert. Hence he was called English Bob, and Shearer was called Scotch Bob. One night, soon after the homeward voyage began, James was on his knees, when the eye of English Bob happened to fall on him. "I declare," he cried, with an oath, "here's a younker praying. Did you ever?" And thereupon he flung a heavy shoe at his head with excellent aim. Before James had time to rise, Scotch Bob had the coward by the throat and told him to come upstairs and settle with him at once.

The result was that English Bob was soundly thrashed. That night James went into his hammock without praying. But he had not time to fall asleep before Scotch Bob came and pitched him out. "What do you mean, you young coward? *Say your prayers like a man!* Do you think I'm going to fight for you and be disgraced in this way?" And so James never again failed to kneel before he slept, and tells to this day that his being ashamed of his Father in heaven and of the Saviour who died for him was well rebuked by the friendly courage of Bob Shearer.

Long after these events occurred, and when he was at the head of his profession, and his name had a title before it, James had pleasure in finding Bob Shearer's mother, and bringing her to visit the mother who taught him to pray. This story is related by James himself.

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* This *eighth sign*, and the succeeding *ninth one*, on the Napoleonic dynasty, are rewritten in the seventh edition of this pamphlet in 1876.

* Since the above was written a remarkable confirmation has appeared in the success which has attended the work of the Salvation Army in Great Britain. Thousands of persons of the lowest classes of society, degraded and vicious, have, through the blessing of God on the efforts of this band of devoted men, been brought out of spiritual darkness into the glorious light of God's countenance.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 159.)

Ernest Perplexed.

RUTH had no idea how keen a reproach was conveyed to Ernest by her last words. He had often said to himself that Ruth was a saint and a martyr; but he had hardly thought of her as one immeasurably before him in the Christian life. He had felt himself capable of martyrdom. He saw now, as by a sudden flash, what a perfect self-denial her whole life had been, and that the love of her Redeemer was her controlling motive.

She was, by her own choice, in the wilderness, upon the rough and stormy mountains, bruised, afflicted, and wounded, patiently seeking to bring back her lost sheep. He was grudging the return of the prodigal son, who had sought home of his own free-will. A clamor of voices made a Babel in Ernest's conscience; but there was no certain voice.

"I will never give you up," he said curtly, and Ruth's face brightened; "but what answer must I give to this letter? Shall I tell Sir Robert that I have the most definite intention of marrying again as soon as I have the chance? He could not ask me to hamper Clifford Grange with any large dower for Rose. I wish I could say she did not care for the young jackanapes! Why do children fall in love so young, Ruth?"

"I loved you earlier than that," she answered in a low voice.

"God bless you, my darling!" he rejoined. "Would you really have married me if I had been only the poor vicar of Clifford? Would you marry me now if I did not know where to look for my next year's income?"

"If I were free to marry you at all," she said, "I would become the wife of Ernest Clifford if he had not a shilling in the world."

She said it fervently, her deep eyes looking frankly into his. Ernest felt her words to be absolutely true; but would Ruth Symons become his wife if she knew that he was holding an inheritance not indisputably his own? He quitted her side and paced to and fro again across the room.

"Why should you not settle half of your estate upon Rose," she said at length, "if that would satisfy Sir Robert? Surely you and I could live on the other half. You have no idea of how little I spend; and I have been poor so long I should feel embarrassed if I was ever as rich as you are; besides, I have my own fortune from my mother—three thousand pounds; that brings in more than I spend upon myself. Could you not promise half to Rose? We could not be happy if she was not, dear child!"

"God bless you, Ruth!" he exclaimed again, becoming more and more unsettled by his troublesome secret, "you are worlds too good for me; but I cannot settle yet. There is Charles come home again; how do you suppose he feels at seeing a stranger in his own place under his father's roof? How can I promise half the estate to Rose when, perhaps I ought to give up the whole to Charles?"

"Give up Clifford Grange to Charles!" said Ruth in amazement; "oh, Ernest, I never dreamed of that. Go away forever from Clifford and leave him master there? Oh, my dear Ernest, do not act rashly! consider it well. It seemed so providential to us all when old Mr. Clifford made you his heir. You had been a better son than Charles to him, and no one wondered at it.

"Be quite sure you are right before you give up the power intrusted to you. Of course you must make ample provision for him, but do not give him more power and influence than you can help. See what my poor father has done for Rockwood. I have always looked to Clifford as one of the happiest places in our county. I have thanked God often that He has made you master there."

"But what am I to do?" he asked; "must I drive him from his home again?"

"No, that cannot be right," she said, her face showing her perplexity; "oh, Ernest, how easy it would have been if you had been left in trust only till he came home! Then we should all have known exactly what your duty was. But it was left so absolutely to you it seems impossible that you ought to give up every thing. It is hard for him, poor fellow! How can he ever be happy with the thought of his own father dying and never forgiving him? How hard it will be for him to seek the love and forgiveness of God!"

"He does not care much about either," said Ernest. It seemed to him that it would have been comparatively easy to resign all his own worldly advantages to one who was worthy of them. To William Britton, for instance. Or he could have settled the reversion of his estates upon Rose and young Fortescue; nay, he could have given up the present possession of them and contented himself with a trifle. But to cast his pearls before Charles; his property, his influence, his authority, his reputation! How Charles would trample them under his feet! His brother was come home, giving no sign of repentance, making no promise of amendment.

Ernest talked about him to Ruth, but with no solution of his difficulty and but little tranquilizing effect upon his disturbed spirit. He left her at last, still undecided how to answer Sir Robert Fortescue, or what he ought to do with his brother's birthright.

After his interview with Julia Rush on the cliffs, Charles took his brother's horse and rode over to Dartford to see his uncle Wright, carrying with him Julia's little silk bag and its treasured contents. His uncle was on the very point of starting for Clifford to see him and welcome his return. Charles had always been a favorite with him, and he had done his utmost to prevent old Charles Clifford making his second will; though when he found all his remonstrances were in vain, it had been drawn up in his office, and executed and attested in his presence.

Of late years he had grown increasingly proud of the position taken by Ernest in the county, and had learned to rejoice in what he looked upon as the lucky chance that old Clifford's will had been made in his favor. When, therefore, Charles told him his story, and fitted in the ragged fragments of yellow paper on his desk, so as to display the few words inscribed upon them, he merely shook his head.

"My dear lad," he said, "I feel very strongly for you—very strongly indeed; but this is all rubbish; there is positively nothing to shake Ernest; nothing even to suspect in the way of foul play. Ernest is quite incapable of that. I can testify that he was ready to move heaven and earth to discover you when your father died.

"Come, come; you are both my nephews, my sister's sons, and if there is one favorite with me, it's you, Charlie. But I tell you, you could as easily shake Clifford cliffs as Ernest. It is hard upon you, of course; but, my boy, why did you run away? and why did you not come back sooner? When one's father is over eighty, there's small chance of his living long, and Ernest was always like a son to him. He is a good man, is Ernest, and everybody knows you are a scapegrace."

"But what does all this mean?" asked Charles angrily, pointing to the torn papers on the desk.

"Nothing to any purpose," replied the lawyer; "apparently it's only the cover of your father's first will, which was made when you were a baby; see, the date is in the forties, and the last will was in the fifties. If you had the will itself it would be worth no more than waste paper. No, Ernest did his best to find you, and no doubt if you had come forward then he'd have acted handsomely by you. But you chose to stay away ten years longer, and he is Clifford of Clifford. Even if he was willing to give it up then, he would not do it now; he could not with all the claims there are upon him. Look at Rose, brought up as his heiress. What could he do with her, to say nothing of himself?"

"He's no Clifford," growled Charles.

"Now, now," interrupted his uncle, "we have forgotten all that. He has raised the name all through the county; but he is bound to make some provision for you, of course; I will see to you having a nice younger son's portion. Your mother has saved two or three thousand pounds too, and she must leave all she saves to you. Ernest has nearly doubled the value of the property. His oyster-beds bring him in a very good percentage. He has some sloops, and carries on a capital coasting trade. Ernest's head is worth two of mine; he will be a very wealthy man before he dies."

"It's all with my money," cried Charles, striking the desk with his clenched fist till the fragments of paper flew in all directions; "he was a beggarly parson, with no more than two hundred pounds a year, when I went away. It's my money has done it."

"Ernest's head and your father's money," said Mr. Wright; "he had a right to do as he chose with it, and he knew you would make ducks and drakes of it."

"The estate ought to have been entailed," answered Charles; "but who would have expected any father to be such an unnatural brute as to oust his own son and put another man's son into it? A wicked will like that ought not to stand good by law."

"But the estate was not entailed, and the will stands good," replied his uncle; "you have not a leg to stand upon, my poor Charlie! Make yourself as pleasant as you can to Ernest, and I'll see what I can do between you."

Charles rode back to Clifford in a very different mood from that in which he had galloped to Dartford. Julia Rush's faithful custody of the scraps of paper had been all in vain. He tossed the faded silk bag away contemptuously into the first ditch he came to, feeling angry with her for having awakened false hopes. Ernest was safe in his possession of Clifford; and even Charles's sanguine imagination, which was always looking for something to turn up, could no longer cherish the expectation of recovering his forfeited birthright. He must take his uncle's advice, and make himself as pleasant as he could to his elder brother.

This was by no means an easy task. He did not see Ernest till they met at the dinner-table, and then he was silent and preoccupied. It was quite another thing to make his way with his mother and Rose. Rose's sweet face was lit up with radiant smiles, whilst his mother hung upon every word he uttered, as if she was delighted with all he said. Jenny Britton, too, was encouraging in her fresh country-bred simplicity.

But Ernest did not seem to hear Charles's wondrous stories and somewhat silly attempts at wit. Even when they were together after dinner, an interval of a few minutes only, they could hit upon no safe topic of conversation; and Ernest soon found an excuse for leaving his brother to enjoy his wine alone.

When Ernest entered the drawing-room he found only Mrs. Clifford and Jenny. It was still daylight, though the sun was low in the sky, and long gray shadows stretched over cliff and sea. Rose had stepped out, through the open window, upon the grassy terrace, with its border of summer flowers, among which the evening primroses and tall white lilies were gleaming softly in the tender night. She was flitting to and fro restlessly, as though some unquiet emotion had taken possession of her. Her head was cast down, and her arms drooped at her side. Ernest watched her sorrowfully for a minute or two before going out to join her. This was no longer his playful, light-hearted child! He drew her hand fondly through his arm, and they paced up and down the grassy terrace for a little while, with soundless footsteps and silent lips.

"Father, *may I answer his letter?*" whispered Rose at last.

"Whose letter?" he asked; for, in the multitude of perplexing thoughts crowding upon his mind, he had well-nigh forgotten that Rose had a letter to answer, as well as himself.

Mr. Robert Fortescue's," she replied in a demure tone, and then, breaking into a low, tremulous laugh, she went on, "but I'm not to call him Robert, like everybody else. I've given him a new name, that no one will use but me. I call him Richmond, because we saw one another first in Richmond Park. You recollect meeting him, father? Under those beautiful old trees! I never saw trees so beautiful as those."

"And has he given you a new name?" inquired Ernest, feeling as if every word of Rose's stabbed him to the heart.

"No," she answered, "he says he loves the name of Rose; it is for love, you know. *May I answer his letter*, dear father?"

"How do you like Sir Robert Fortescue?" he asked, evading her question.

"I should not like him much if he was not his father," said Rose, "but I know no one ever had such a father as mine! Richmond said so over and over again. He is like a disciple to you; he is ready to follow you anywhere, and do exactly what you wish him to do. He said he had never known any one half so good and clever as you are. That was before I ever thought he loved me; but I could not help loving him for what he said of you."

"Cunning young rascal!" thought Ernest. "When did you know he loved you, Rose?" he asked.

"Not for certain till this very morning," she replied, dropping her voice again to a happy whisper. "Yesterday when we left London I made up my mind that I'd been only a silly girl; and when we reached home at night, and I saw how lovely and peaceful it was, I felt as if I should never care to marry anybody or go away again, but live with you always, like Ruth lives with her father. But this morning his letter came and then I knew. He loves me with all his heart. Oh! I cannot tell how happy I am. But I have not answered his letter; I would not till you gave me leave."

Again for a few minutes they walked along the soft sward of the terrace in silence, so blissful to Rose that she did not care to break it by speaking again.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

S. Lesson for Mar. 21. Matt 8 : 1–17. Golden Text, ver. 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Our golden text for to-day is the key-note of all which the Holy Scriptures teaches us of Christ the Great Physician our Healer. He "healed all that were sick, *that it might be fulfilled* which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." This quotation, from Isa. 53 : 4, shows that it is absolute bodily pain and disease which He bore upon the cross for us, as well as our sins, for the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." And just as surely as He wills that His word shall be fulfilled in our souls, so surely does He will it to be fulfilled in our bodies also. He has provided a perfect redemption for our entire being from the effects of the fall; it is ours to appropriate it to ourselves. When He was on earth no sinner and no sick person came to Him in vain, and He healed and forgave not out of pity, but that His word might be fulfilled.

The special passage in the Old Testament which names God "Jehovah thy Physician" a condition seems to be annexed to healing. "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have put on the Egyptians, for I am the Lord that healeth thee" (or Jehovah thy Physician). The same condition is repeated Ex. 23 : 20–25, Deut. 7 : 12–15, and, on the other hand, Lev. 26 : 14–16, Deut. 28 : 15, 21, 22, 27, 28, 35, 58–61, for they do not hearken. And this is confirmed in the New Testament (1 Cor. 11 : 30–32).

It is doubtless on this ground of Christ's redemption that the Apostle James founds his exhortation to the sick members of the church (the only exhortation in the whole Word of God addressed to them as a class). "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The Lord healed *all* that were sick, making no exception in any case among those who came to him; the apostle also makes no exception. Is *any* sick among you, etc. The only cases of the sick, and who came in contact with Jesus and were left unhealed, were the sick at Nazareth (Luke 4 : 23, Matt. 13 : 58, Mark 6 : 5, 6), and those who were afflicted with divers diseases at the Pool of Bethesda, and who in the presence of the great Healer, and even in the presence of the cure of the impotent man, sought their deliverance from the troubled waters of the pool and not from Him.

We have too long been in the same case, and looked to other means which God in loving mercy has often employed for our healing, taking for granted that which is certainly not expressed in Scripture, that the healing of the sick and the exhortation of James are for apostolic times and not for our own day. And some who have wakened up to the fact that Jesus Christ the Saviour and Jesus Christ the Physician is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever, and who recognize that the gifts and calling of God are without repentence, yet stand in the place of the leper in our lesson for to-day, and they say, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean." "If Thou wilt." How can He will other than the fulfilment of His own Word? "I will," He says, "be thou clean." But, say many, I have prayed for years that I may be healed, and yet it has not pleased God to answer my prayer. Let us seek solemnly in the light of God to investigate the cause.

First, for what purpose do you desire and pray for healing? Is it that you may enjoy the use of your powers, or is it that you may carry out the will of God? Do you want to be healed for your sake, or for God's sake? Is the healing in itself the end you propose to yourself, and do you expect it from the compassion of God, who does not like to see His children suffer? From the references we have given, as well as from Job 33 : 14–33, we perceive that God's aim with regard to us is quite another. Sickness or health are in His hands not ends but means by which He works out His own purposes of love and glory in us. When His first voice or language (Job 33 : 14) is not understood, He uses another (ver. 19)—*i.e.*, sickness, but with the same end in view, the education of His children. If He can gain our ear without employing sickness and lead us to judge ourselves in the light of His Word, we should not be judged, and He could take away sickness from us (1 Cor. 11 : 31; Ex. 15 : 26).

If we desire healing, let our motives be holy and divine, that we may serve God with every member we possess, and at all times; and let us seek it, not as a favor of God to us individually, but for the fulfilling of His Word. Let us seek to know all that His Word says about it, and although neither past experience nor the opinion of other Christians may coincide with our deductions, let God be true, and every man a liar. We can afford to wait when we stand on the firm ground of His Word, that He may justifiy by facts all which He has therein declared, for "the Scripture cannot be broken" (John 10 : 35). We see therefore that there may be three hindrances to healing—the lack of an opened ear (Ex. 15 : 26), the expectation from other means (John 5 : 4), and unbelief (Matt. 13 : 58). We must not wonder that these things are not at all apparent in the cases of those whom the Lord healed when on earth. But His redemption work was not then perfected and the light of the written Word was dim in comparison to our days, when the whole revelation of God is within every one's reach.

In the case of the centurion's servant there is much to be learned. From Luke 7 : 3 we find that this Roman was so diffident that, not liking to venture, Gentile as he was, into the presence of the great Jewish prophet, he sent the elders of the Jews to Jesus to request Him to come and heal his servant. Later he seems to repent of having asked too much at Jesus' hands, and he sends friends (ver. 6), saying, "Lord, trouble not Thyself, for I am not worthy etc." And in our subject, we find that he must have followed after his friends, and that he says, in answer to the assurance of the Lord Jesus, "I will come and heal him," the same thing which he had said by his friends, "I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof, but *speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.*"

Here is a Gentile who has had no scriptural instruction, and yet whose faith in the Word of Jesus is so strong that he does not even require Him to come in contact with his servant. He believes that, just as he himself said to this man "Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to his servant, Do this, and he doeth it," so He, to whom all things in heaven and earth are subject, has but to command, whether near or far, and the sickness which is subject to His sway *must* depart. Have we a like faith? Do we look away from what is probable or improbable, away from past experience and present hindrances, and do we regard *not only* what the Lord has said, *but everything* which the Lord has said on the subject?

The Lord Jesus manifests deep joy in the centurion's faith, and says, "Verily, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, no in Israel. And I say unto you that many shall come from the east, and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham (the father of all them which believe), and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, but the children of the kingdom shall be cast into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth"—*i.e.*, faith and its reward will be given when men expect it least. And He said to the centurion, and He says unto us, "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." And his servant was healed from the selfsame hour. But let us remember that our faith and our knowledge go together; if we understand that God requires an opened ear, we can expect no healing until the ear is opened, while for such as are in ignorance of God's requirements, simple faith may be the only condition of healing.

Passing on from the centurion, Jesus came into Peter's house and saw his "wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever. And He touched her hand, and the fever left her, and she arose and ministered unto them." A simple case, but Oh, how full! no unbelief to hinder as at Nazareth, and the presence of Jesus and His touch drove away the fever. And the healed body took its right place at once, and ministered to Jesus and to His disciples. It was a day of healing, and "when the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils; and He cast out the spirits with His word." We think we are right in saying that He never laid His hands upon those who were possessed with devils, but always cast them out with His word, while in many cases He touched, took by the hand, or laid hands upon the sick, but not always. The great power lay in His word, and shall it not be so now? If indeed "He healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses," shall we not be jealous that His word may be fulfilled in us, and that we Christians may be witnesses to the world that the Great Physician heals now as much as ever those who come unconditionally to Him, yielding up their bodies to be living sacrifices unto Him, and instruments whose only use shall be to glorify Him, and do His pleasure. Oh let us remember that we have no right to seek healing for ourselves; we are to glorify God in our bodies and our spirits, which are *His*.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Accession of Alexander II. to the throne of Russia was celebrated March 2d with great pomp. Distinguished representatives of European nations flocked to St. Petersburg to join in the festivities, and congratulations were telegraphed by friendly sovereigns. The Nihilists had threatened to burn St. Petersburg on the occasion, and a request had been sent to London by the Russian Government, that in the event of a conflagration breaking out, a detachment of firemen might be sent to assist the Russian brigades. But the Nihilists did not attempt to execute their threat, and the day passed peacefully if not enthusiastically.

The Czar has made one of his generals—General Melikoff—practically military dictator of the empire, and even stronger repressive measures are expected under his hand than those of the Czar. An attempt to assassinate the newly appointed functionary was made March 3d by a young man who fired a pistol at him as he stepped from his carriage. The general providentially escaped injury.

A Grave Public Scandal is Reported in the telegrams from Great Britain. The government has formulated a scheme to purchase the stock of the London Water Companies for a sum equivalent to $150,000,000. The price is stated by Conservative and Liberal newspapers to be far above the market value of the shares, and a determined attempt is expected to be made by the Liberals to cancel the bargain. It is authoritatively stated that last year, before overtures were made for the purchase, the outside value of the property was estimated at $85,000,000, but as soon as it became known that the government contemplated acquiring the stock the price of shares was forced up. As many members of Parliament of both parties are shareholders in the companies, an opportunity will be afforded for proving their disinterested fidelity to the interests of the people.

The Longest Tunnel in the World, that through Mount St. Gothard, was completed February 29th. It is over *nine miles* in length, and has been seven years in construction. Its cost is $9,700,000. It affords direct communication between Germany and the Mediterranean Sea, and will do much toward opening up the resources of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Hitherto all persons travelling between the Rhine valley and Italy had to travel by diligence over the mountain, or make a long detour by way of Geneva. The tunnel is one of the greatest engineering triumphs of the age, and has been a work involving much danger, owing to the caving in of the rocky roof and the frequent irruption of water. Many lives have been lost during its construction, the most notable being that of M. Favre, the contractor in charge of the work, to whose melancholy death we referred in a former number of the Christian Herald.

A Temperance Appeal by English Clergymen has been forwarded to the archbishops and bishops of the established church. It is signed by *fourteen thousand* ministers. The petition says: "We, the undersigned clergy of England, venture respectfully to appeal to your lordships, as the only members of our order in Parliament, as such, most earnestly to support measures for the further restriction of the trade in intoxicating liquors in this country. We are convinced, most of us from an intimacy with the people extending through many years, that their condition can never be greatly improved, whether intellectually, physically, or religiously, so long as intemperance extensively prevails among them, and that intemperance will prevail so long as temptations to it abound on every side."

Restrictions of Liberty of Worship in Austria have been modified but slightly. The Rev. Edwin Adams, of the American Board of Foreign Missions at Prague, has made an earnest appeal to the Austrian Government, and has been allowed a degree of liberty. Mr. Adams is permitted to hold worship in his own house, in presence of invited guests, but he must first give legal notice, and in the customary formal manner secure the attendance of a policeman. Children under six years of age may be brought by their parents, as the law regards these young persons unable to understand anything. But children from six to fourteen are excluded, if either they or their parents belong to any of the religious bodies recognized by the Government. The theory is that such children might hear something calculated to unsettle them as to the faith of their fathers, or otherwise to demoralize them. The legal fees incident on each service amount to about a dollar. Outside of this it is considered necessary to make a trifling donation to the policeman in attendance.

A Demand for New Testaments has arisen in Greece. The Greek Minister of Education has issued an order to school inspectors to add the New Testament to the reading books of the national schools. The number of copies of this neglected book required by the schools is now greater than the missionary depositories there are able to supply, and an enterprising publisher has issued the Gospels, and is getting out the other parts as quickly as possible. Before this order it was with difficulty that the missionaries could sell a thousand copies a year in all the kingdom, and there was no native publisher brave enough to risk his money and his reputation in publishing the book.

The Astuteness of the present Pope as compared with the "*Non possumus*" of his stubborn predecessor has been unmistakably manifested. Those English clergymen who, by the pathway of Ritualism, had arrived at the point when they were ready to take the final step of joining the Romish communion, were in many cases deterred from doing so by the fact that they were married, and so would, by the canons of the church, not be allowed to preach or officiate as priests. The Pope has now smoothed away this difficulty by a concession. Married perverts may in future perform all the functions of the priest with some exceptions. This is a satisfactory reform. Many clergymen will join the Roman Catholic communion, and true Protestants will be spared the pain of seeing men occupying Protestant pulpits and receiving Protestant pay while preaching Romish doctrines and undermining the faith of their congregations. We trust that now, being let go, they will go to their own company.

An Exciting Rescue was Effected at Plymouth, England, on February 9th. Five boys were playing on the beach, when they entered *a cave in the rocks*, and remained there until the tide, which flowed with unusual rapidity, completely hemmed them in. Their screams were heard from the road above, but no boat could be sent to their relief owing to the surf at the mouth of the cave. The waves were dashing in, and it was manifest that in a few minutes the boys' cries would be finally silenced. Ropes were procured, and two seafaring men were lowered over the precipitous rocks above the cave's mouth through the seething spray, and allowed themselves to be washed by waves into the cave far enough to seize a boy, when they were hauled up. This was repeated until, amid ringing cheers, the last boy was drawn through the waves to the road. No wonder that the people pressed around these two brave seafaring men to shake hands with them. But there are those around us in imminent peril of eternal death, for whose rescue efforts as earnest should be made. They are perishing—a hand may help, may save them; and then how melodious will be the congratulations of heaven—how sweet the Master's encomium, "Well done!"

Baby-farming in England has Received another warning. A woman at Chester was charged recently with neglecting to give proper nourishment to a child entrusted to her by its mother, who had to labor for a living for herself and her child. She gave the nurse $25 as a first payment, but the child was found by an inspector of police lying in a basket in a horribly emaciated condition. It came out in the evidence that the only nourishment it was allowed was some skim-milk twice a day, at morning and nig "It had nothing but the dry bottle to suck at day." The jury found her guilty, and the ju sentenced her to six months' hard labor, obse ing that "this was a terrible offence, which law relating to manslaughter had probably contemplated."

A Porcelain Regiment.—A Paper has Lat been discovered in the State archives of Sax which contains some curious particulars of corps in the Prussian service known as "Porcelain Regiment," and from which present First Dragoons and the Third, Fou and Fifth Regiments of Cuirassiers claim have sprung. According to tradition, the ment was bought by King Frederick Willia Prussia from the King of Poland for some c porcelain vases; and the documents lately l in the Saxon archives show that substant the tradition was correct. *The men were va at twenty thalers each,* (about $15.) and the w regiment at 12,000 thalers; while the porc given in exchange for them was considered worth considerably more.

How to Make Diamonds is a Problem w has engaged the attention of European che for some time. Mr. James MacTear, of Glas thought he had solved the question, but Pr sor Maskelyne, of the British Museum, four testing his productions, that they would not all the tests it is customary to apply to gems. A fellow-townsman of Mr. MacTe Mr. Hannay, has, it is announced, succeed the enterprise. His diamonds have been nounced genuine by Professor Maskelyne, is an eminent authority. They will cut sap which can only be done by the diamond they may be consumed on platinum in the manner as the mineral diamond. The m by which Mr. Hannay makes his artificial has not been disclosed, but it is said to be ple process, with comparatively inexpensiv terial. If the rumor turns out correct, orna which have cost fabulous sums will sudden come almost valueless, and those who hav large parts of their fortunes in their pu will regret the expenditure. The condit those who for the sake of the Pearl of Price have suffered loss is very different. gem will outweigh during all eternity every ly possession (Matt. 13 : 16).

"I Ken the Lord, and He kens me," poor uneducated Scotch boy who was str on a bed of sickness, expecting death. Christian friend had visited him and ha him that at death *the angels* would ca spirit to heaven. The poor boy was al at the thought. "I have had nothing with the angels," he said; "I ken the Lo He kens me, but the angels would not what to do wi' me." His fears were at dissipated, and he fell asleep in Jesus, ful vinced that his soul would be safe after parture. The simple trust evinced expression "He kens me," was a positio older and more highly cultured Chr have failed to reach.

A Carriage Builder and Publican.— significant and suggestive inquiry was m cently by one member of the Canadian ment of another during a discussion on t perance question. Mr. Ford, of Queen's in alluding to a member of one of the fam the province who had lately died and been in a pauper's grave, in consequence of of intoxicating liquors, said that such stance was "*a temperance lecture in a nu* Mr. Pugh, a member from Halifax, imme rose to oppose Mr. Ford, and stated that himself a liquor-seller, and that the b was just as honorable and legitimate as age-builder's. Mr. Ford promptly res and said: "I build carriages, and whe out a fine wagon and put it to rolling al street, I say, '*That is my work.*' I would honorable member from Halifax if *he* is of *his* work as he sees it *rolling along the* Mr. Ford's query is also "a temperance in a nutshell."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1880. 14th Year. No. 12—New Series.

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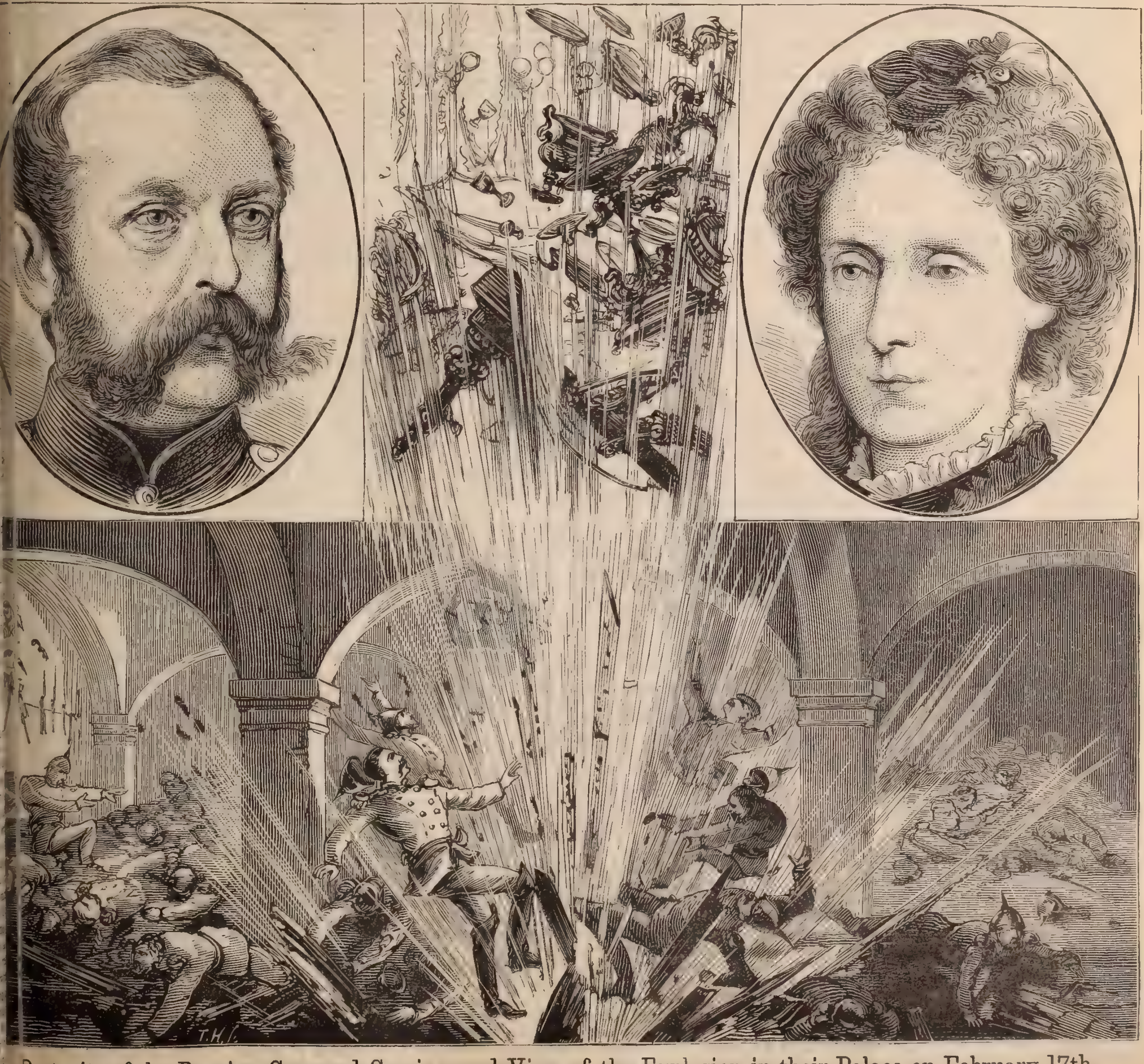

Portraits of the Russian Czar and Czarina, and View of the Explosion in their Palace on February 17th.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

His Birth in 1818 and Early Life—Crimean War—Becomes Emperor in 1855—Emancipates the Serfs—Other Moral and Religious Reforms.

On Tuesday March 2d was celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the Czar Alexander II., to the throne of Russia. For a quarter of a century the lives and liberties of eighty-six milions of people have been committed into his hands. This is no figure of speech, for the Government of Russia is despotism pure and simple, and in every part of that vast land, which comprises one seventh portion of the habitable earth, the will of the Czar is the highest law. To the Russian peasant, as to the Russian noble, there is no appeal from the decision of the Czar. In him are centred all legislative as well as all executive powers, and he rules without check and without restraint.

We think it dangerous to confide the executive functions of our government, limited as they are, by a clearly defined constitution, to one man for a longer period than four years ; but in Russia unlimited power is confided in one man for his life, and to his son after him, although, as the Preacher observes, "none knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool." That Russia is in a state of semi-barbarism will be inferred from this fact, for in no country where intelligence, education, and culture exist among the people would such a government be endured.

Russia, however, must not be judged by the same rules as other countries. She is the youngest of European nations, and the rigors of her climate and the exclusive policy of her rulers have combined to keep back the march of civilization, which intercourse with other nations would have facilitated. Looking back to early periods of Russian history, as well as to more recent epochs, the rapid advances she has made are astonishing. She has grown during the last century as rapidly as other nations have grown in many centuries, and though she is yet far behind them, yet she must be credited with the advances she has made.

To no other sovereign since Peter the Great is Russia so deeply indebted as to her present ruler Alexander II., whose portrait we publish to-day.

He was the eldest son of the Emperor Nicholas I., and was born April 29th 1818. His

EARLY YEARS

were passed at St. Petersburg, under the care of his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached. She was the daughter of Frederick III., King of Prussia, and she lavished on her first-born son all the wealth of her affection, caring for his wants and his training like a peasant mother. But Nicholas was a stern parent and had no desire that his boy should grow up under any softening influence. He wanted him to be a hard. inflexible man, and feared that under his mother's care the boy would be ill-fitted for the position he was destined to occupy. Accordingly he was, in his seventh year, placed under the direction of military governors, and his life was regulated on the principles and rules of the barrack-room. The change was an unwelcome one to the young prince, who had never any predilection for a military life, and as soon as he could, he obtained permission to complete his education by travel. While visiting Hesse Darmstadt, in 1840, he fell in love with the Princess Maria, daughter of the late Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and in 1841 was married to her.

Returning to Russia he found that his dislike of a military career had to some extent estranged from him the love of his father, and the confidence of the party who by his father's favor was most powerful in the State. His younger brother, Constantine, a cruel, merciless young man, was in the opinion of these men more suitable for the throne, and at one time it was believed that he would succeed Nicholas. But the aged Czar, despite his own personal preferences, had strong prejudices in favor of the established order of succession, and declared his will that his eldest son should succeed. So determined was he on this question that when Constantine, encouraged by his popularity, openly insulted his brother, he was promptly and severely punished by Nicholas, and was made to take a solemn oath of fidelity to him in a public ceremonial.

Alexander's

ACCESSION TO THE THRONE

occurred in a time of disaster. War had broken out between Russia on the one hand, and England, France, and Sardinia on the other. The disasters of that war unquestionably shortened the life of Nicholas, and his last days were embittered by the tidings of one defeat after another inflicted on his troops by the allied Powers. He died March 1855, and Alexander peaceably succeeded him. Soon after his accession proposals for peace were made by him which after the fall of Sebastopol, were accepted and ratified in the Treaty of Paris.

After peace had been proclaimed, Alexander set himself to effect those internal reforms in the empire, which in the days of his youth he had resolved should be his first care when he had power. He was opposed by the party known as the Old Russian Party, with whom he has never been popular. One curse of the country was the system of serfdom, by which twenty-three millions of human beings were held in abject slavery. After many fruitless efforts to induce the nobles to emancipate them voluntarily, he issued an imperial order in 1861, providing for the extinction of slavery within two years. For this act the nobles have never forgiven him.

He has also reformed the army, abolished that terrible coporal punishment in it, which had been so long a dark blot on the military customs of Russia, made great improvements in the various educational establishments, instituted trial by jury, abolished the farming of indirect taxes, and established elective provincial representative assemblies.

While sedulously cultivating the arts of peace, however, the Czar has not neglected those of war, and his military expeditions have been almost invariably attended with success. In 1862, despite his naturally humane and benevolent disposition, he countenanced, if he did not authorize, the exercise of barbarous severities in repressing the Polish insurrection, worthy of the most bloodthirsty tyrant who ever sat on a throne. By the more recent measures of his government, directed against the unruly tribes of the Caucasus and Central Asia, many important provinces have been added to the empire, and others brought to acknowledge themselves as mere feudalities of the Czar.

But these measures have been characterized by a policy of ruthless self-aggrandizement and harshly repressive domination, which are utterly inconsistent with the promises of the earlier years of his reign. There has too, in the ordinances he promulgated as recently as last year, by which a large part of the empire was placed under martial law, been noticed an indication either that the humane disposition of his younger days has passed away, or that he has fallen under the influence of wicked persons who move him to cruel acts.

His Majesty is father of six children now living. The eldest son, who is Czarewitch or heir-apparent, is the Grand Duke Alexander, born in 1845 and married in 1866 to Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister to the Princess of Wales. His only daughter, Grand Duchess Marie, was married in January, 1874, to the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria.

Of the wicked attempts which have been made upon his life we speak in another column ; but in concluding our brief biographical sketch it is due to its subject to state in clear terms the fact that the Russia of Alexander is as far ahead of the Russia of his father Nicholas in moral and material advancement, as is the England of Queen Victoria in advance of the era of George III. As already indicated, the nation awoke to a new life with the advent of the present Czar, and though that life has manifested itself in strange forms and with ill-chosen guidance, believe that the good effected will ultimat tend to the advancement of the people and glory of God.

The most encouraging fact in the present c dition of the country is that there is now open Bible and *unrestrained Bible circulation* Russia. Though the Russian Church is as of error as the Romish Church, and is infer to that church in many respects, it stands above it in others. It has no Tridentine Co cil, no "infallible" pope, no strict auricu confession, it does not exclude the laity fr the cup, it has no purgatory, with its acco panying terrorism and roguery, and no celib priesthood. Russia is open to that progr which always follows the circulation of Go Word and the spread of the Gospel.

Under the Emperor Nicholas there were newspapers and magazines, and the writers these saw Siberia looming in the distance for blunder or political offence, but in the pres reign the periodicals and newspapers are a written and well supported. In the extent their information and the talent of their artic they are ahead of the French press.

Though the education of the lower classes very backward, yet the ball is gathering as rolls. The army is now on the short system service, and every soldier is required to kn how to read. What a contrast to the times Nicholas, when reading was almost a disqua cation ! Middle-class female education has tained a singularly high position. We h already referred to judicial reforms and the provement of the police, which have been an calculable good in bringing justice home to common people, and in relieving them to a c siderable extent of the incubus of a tyranni espionage under which they formerly groane

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THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Her Imperial Majesty Marie Alexandrov Empress of Russia, originally Princess Maxir iana Marie of Hesse, is the only daughter of late Grand Duke Ludwig II., and the siste the reigning Grand Duke Ludwig III. of He She was born on the 8th of August, 1824, married on the 28th of April, 1841, to the ti Grand Duke Alexander Nicolayevitch, at p ent the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia.

The Empress herself is distantly related to royal family of Great Britain, being the siste Prince Charles William, father of Prince Lud of Hesse, who married the Princess Alice 1866. The alliance of the Hessian dynasty w the Imperial family of Russia is one of those merous features which have for nearly a cent contributed to the friendship and good un standing between the people of Germany Russia, and in the case of this illustrious la her latent influence must doubtless have some share in preserving the dominions of brother almost intact after the war in 1866 which all the minor States of Germany w greatly affected.

Still, it is well known that her Majesty ha all times scrupulously refrained from mix herself up with political affairs, so far as effect produced on public matters can be tra to her. It is rather by the genial influence her individuality than by any kind of active terference that such an effect was ever wroug The Empress devoted herself to other thi than politics.

In all these parts of Russia, of Germany, of Italy, in which she has from time to time journed, frequently for the benefit of her c cate health, her Majesty has made her known and beloved as the true guardian of poor, and many are the acts of genuine cha that may be traced to her, although she had served the divine injunction that her left h should not know the deeds of her right. benevolence is especialy known in her country, whose people delight in calling "the good Empress."

THE EXPLOSION IN THE CZAR'S PALACE.

Causes of Attempted Regicide—Description of the Winter Palace, the Scene of the Explosion, and Details of it—The Nihilist Conspiracy.

The renewed attempt on the evening of February 17th, to assassinate the Czar of Russia comes within the category of crimes which stand forth in history with an unenviable prominence. Regicide is unfortunately one of those glaring outrages frequently plotted but happily seldom ending in success. No matter how good or how great a reigning sovereign may be, an effort is pretty sure to be made sooner or later to take his or her life, and for this there are very apparent reasons.

First and feeblest, and also the most harmless, is the insane desire of wicked minds for notoriety and in such instances the endeavor does not usually succeed. Then comes private malice and after that revolutionary designs, which are undoubtedly the most dangerous of all. The real crime which was so near being a complete success in St. Petersburg, on Tuesday February 17 must, we fear, be placed in this last class.

Following on what has gone before, and because of the terrible condition into which political society in Russia has drifted, it appears abundantly plain that the explosion of a mine under the Imperial Winter Palace was a deliberate attempt of the Revolutionary party to rid themselves of a monarch whom they detest; and the would-be perpetrators of the awful crime evidently would not hesitate at destroying the whole of the reigning family of Russia, provided that they were sure the Czar would be one of the victims.

The circumstances are simply horrible. And they are all the more terrible when we remember that, beyond all doubt or question, some of the most intimate *employés* of the Romanoff dynasty could not but have been perfectly well aware of what was intended.

So far as the information received can be relied on, the Winter Palace was literally undermined just at that part where the Imperial family were fairly certain to be at a fixed time; and it seems to have been a singularly providential accident that they escaped destruction.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WINTER PALACE.

It covers 700 square feet of ground, and its inmates number 6,000 persons when the Czar is in residence. It is built on the banks of the Neva. In front there is a large open space called the Palace Square in which stands Alexander's Column, a monolith of red granite eighty feet high. On the right of the palace is Peter's Square, which contains the celebrated statue of Peter the Great, and the Field of Mars, a parade ground large enough for 40,000 men to manœuvre in. On the left side of the palace is the Empress Catherine's Hermitage, now a museum, and connected with it by a covered way. It is, in fact, a square building, like a large barrack, with a large space in the interior the square.

OUR PICTURE ON PAGE 192

shows its front on the Palace Square facing Alexander's Column.

Every story in the Winter Palace is separated by *vaulted ceilings* of great depth, one from the other, and the walls are three yards thick. Oak parquet is placed over the vaulted flooring. The guard-room, under which the mine was laid, is immediately under the Imperial family dining-room with which the back-stairs communicate.

Every member, high and low, of the Imperial household and the officers of the Guards have rooms in the Winter Palace, which on the ground floor and topmost story is honeycombed with suites of small apartments. This practically renders the back-stairs and corridors of the Imperial abode as public as any street, and on festival days at the palace the crowd passing in and out is generally too great to be closely watched by the policemen.

Between six and seven o'clock on February 17th, the Czar, with his daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, were about to repair to the dining-room, when the report of a terrific explosion in the building suddenly terrified and detained them. In an instant afterward his Majesty was informed that the banqueting-hall was a wreck, and that an accidental delay had saved him and his guests from probable death. Dinner had been fixed for the usual hour, and the Emperor, with the Duchess of Edinburgh, was in an adjoining room waiting for the appearance of Prince Alexander, who happily on this occasion was guilty of a slight breach of punctuality, to which his Imperial kinsman and patron probably owes his life. The Empress, still very feeble, was asleep in a remote part of the palace, nor were her slumbers disturbed by the shock and roar of the explosion. When conscious of what had occcurred, the Emperor, though visibly moved, never for a moment lost his self-possession, and his daughter, too, displayed exemplary composure.

An official inquiry was at once commenced as to the circumstances of the explosion. The mine was placed immediately under the guard-room, and was filled with dynamite and gun-cotton. The basement under the dining-saloon blew up with such violence that *a gap ten feet long and six feet wide* was made in the flooring. No less than forty-seven of the soldiers on guard have been wounded, while ten of them are dead. It will be remembered that

THIS IS THE FOURTH UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT

on the life of the Czar within a few months. Last April he was shot at by Solovieff; still more recently an attempt was made to take his life when landing at Odessa; and later still a mine was exploded while the Czar was travelling by rail from Odessa to Moscow.

No human precautions seem capable of preserving the life of a man who is plotted against on all hands and from every direction; who is, as a matter of fact, living over a mine dug under his private apartments; who appears unable to trust any living being of his household, and who has ample reason to see the sword of death always overhanging him, and its grim shadow attending him wherever he goes.

Were the Emperor a private individual there can be little doubt that his wisest plan would be to retire altogether from a position that can be no better than a living torture; but, placed as he is, *abdication* might seem to indicate a lack of courage and a yielding to intimidation, which is just what the Nihilist conspirators aim at, and which would gratify the aristocracy who are disaffected toward him because of his emancipation of their serfs and of his tendency toward liberal reforms.

A man in such a condition carries the most crushing of burdens. The worst of curses, *terror*, is about his bed and his board, his coming in and going out. The precautions of Cromwell—the shifting of rooms, the alteration of times of appointment, and so forth—seem to him the only method of safety. The uncertainty as to friends and foes which besets him is almost the worst part of the evil. The sentry who presents arms as he passes, the servant who hands him his clothes or his food, may be—in some cases, it would appear, *must* be—in league with his unknown enemies. For months, almost for years, the Emperor of a vast empire has been living this life, and the only marvel is that he continues to survive it. We can but pray that his troubles may lead him to exercise true faith in Christ as his Saviour.

These attempts on the Czar's life plainly show that "in these last days perilous times have come." Their constant recurrence shows that hitherto the crusade against Nihilism has been utterly unavailing. One conspirator may be sent to Siberia or to the gallows, but another promptly takes his place. Nor are these crimes the sort of crimes in which failure deters, for the political conspirator is, above all men, prone to inspire himself with the motto, "Better luck next time." Unless Russian statesmanship admits itself to be incompetent, something must be done by it to render the life of the Czar tolerable and safe, and the condition of the country something different from its present state of seething discontent and murderous outbreak.

This conspiracy is an outbreak of the revolutionary spirit predicted in Daniel and Revelation to agitate all nations at the time of the Final Crisis, and we must expect developments of social violence and fierce insurrection to increase and multiply throughout the whole world during the few remaining years of this dispensation.

JUGGERNAUT PILGRIMAGES IN ORISSA, INDIA.

MR. HUNTER gives a vivid picture of these pilgrimages. Day and night, through every month of the year, troops of devotees arrive at Puri, and for three hundred miles along the great Orissa road every village has its encampment. At the time of the great festivals the bands follow so closely that they form a continuous procession miles upon miles in length. They march in orderly companies, each under its leader or guide.

These guides may properly be called the missionaries of the idolatrous Juggernaut. About six thousand of them are attached to the temple, from which they take their departure for every section of the country. The arrival of one of these pilgrim-hunters is a memorable event in the still life of a Hindoo village. He is known by his half-shaven head, coarse tunic, knapsack, and palm-leaf umbrella.

He waits, patiently chewing his narcotic leaf, until the men have gone into the field, and then makes a round of visits among the women. He works alike upon their hopes and fears, their piety and their folly. The older ones long to look upon the face of the merciful god who will remit the sins of a life. The younger ones are allured by the prospect of a journey through strange lands. Widows catch at any thing to relieve the tedium of their blighted existence; childless wives long to pick up the berries from the child-giving banyan which grows in the sacred inclosure.

In a few days the idol's missionary has picked up a band of pilgrims. Fully nine out of ten are women, and when the bands come together on the great Orissa road they present a motley spectacle. Here are a company of white-clothed slender women from Lower Bengal, limping wearily along. Next a train, clad in bright red or blue, with noses pierced with rings, trudges stoutly forward: they are the rugged peasantry of Northern India. Now and then is a lady from near Delhi, ambling along upon a little pony, while her husband walks by her side.

A bullock cart creaks past upon its wooden wheels. A long train of palanquins conveys a Calcutta banker and his family. Sometimes there is a great north-country rajah, with a whole caravan of elephants, camels, and horses. But ninety-five out of every hundred are on foot. Mingled with all are devotees of every sort, some covered with ashes, some nearly naked, with matted hair stained yellow. Almost all have their foreheads streaked with red and white paint, a string of beads around their necks, and a stout staff in their hands.

So this great pilgrim army marches hundreds of miles along burning roads, across unbridged rivers, through pestilent jungles and swamps. Many perish by the way; all are weary and footsore. But no sooner are they within sight of the holy city than all the miseries of the journey are forgotten. They hurry across the ancient bridge with shouts and songs, and rush to one of the great artificial lakes and plunge beneath the sacred waters.

The dirty bundles which they have carried all the long way are opened, and yield forth their treasures of spotless cotton, and the pilgrims, refreshed and cleanly clad, proceed to the temple to partake of the sacred rice which has been cooked within its walls—that sacred rice for which the idol Juggernaut is fabled to have longed in his old jungle home, and of which he is now supposed to partake in his temple.

THE POUTING SON.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, March 14th, 1880.

"And he was angry, and would not go in."—Luke 15 : 28.

The Elder Son in the Parable Neglected—One Son was a Rake and the other a Churl—A Premium on Vagabondism—The Elder Brother still Lives—He is a Type of Men in Our Day—I. The Self-congratulatory Man—Good Men always Humble—Two Kinds of "Higher Life Men"—II. The Man who has no Faith in the Reformation of Others—Prodigals Kept back by Incredulity—From what a Height to what a Depth—Who that Man was—The Ruined Glasgow Merchant—III. The Spirit of Envy and Jealousy—Jealousy in all Professions—Prayers for Rain Explained by a Mohammedan—A Grumbling Soldier Shot—IV. The Pouting Christian—Contrasts in a Picture—Surrender All!

Many times have I been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the parable. I received a letter this week from Canada, saying, "Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze, and the cranching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant.

I confess that never before now have I been able to train the *camera obscura* upon the elder son of the parable. I never could get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a side-face, or a three-quarters, or the mere bust, but a full-length portrait as he appears to me.

The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side, and the other goes down over the starboard side; but *they both go down*.

From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries. Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "thrum!" go the harps, "click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle. The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic.

He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goat-skin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the Oriental schottische. No. There he stands. His brow lowers. His face darkens. His lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation. He sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step.

HE IS IN A TERRIBLE POUT.

He criticises the expense, the injustice, and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bare-headed and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He says, "Father, you put *a premium on vagabondism*. I stayed at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but this scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted, and slams the door after him.

THAT SENIOR BROTHER STILL LIVES.

You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant, he said, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

I. First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self-congratulatory, self-satisfied, *self-worshipful man*. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self-righteous man of my text, like every other self-righteous man, was *full of faults*. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. *He was disobedent*, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion, and instead of being a pauper, was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother.

The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in all my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer-meetings, and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; keep your hand on your pocket-book! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show-window than inside on the shelves.

This self-righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now there are *two kinds of higher-life men*. The one are admirable, and the other are most repulsive. The one kind of higher-life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer-meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and Heaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a wing and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure.

The other higher-life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist, is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home, and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home; runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills, or running up a difficult line of figures, and asks him how his soul is; makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on; that by climbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands!

I tell you plainly that a roaring, roy
bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me
higher-life malformation. The former
pent; the latter never gets over his phai
The younger brother of the parable cam
but the senior brother stands outside
oblivious of his own delinquencies and
pronouncing his own eulogium. O hov
easier it is to blame others than to bla
selves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed
pent, the serpent blamed the devil, the
brother blamed the younger brother, ar
of them blamed themselves.

II. Again, the senior brother of n
stands for all those who are *faithless*
reformation of the dissipated and the di
In the very tones of his voice you can l
fact that he has no faith, that the reform
the younger son is genuine. His entire
seems to say, "That boy has come l
more money. He got a third of the p
now he has come back for another thi
will never be contented to stay on the far
will fall away. I would go in too and rejo
the others if I thought this thing was g
but it is a sham. That boy is a confirr
briate and debauchee." Alas! my frie
the

INCREDULITY IN THE CHURCH

of Christ in regard to the reclamation
recreant. You say a man has been
drinker. I say, "Yes, but he has ref
"Oh!" you say, with a lugubrious face,
you are not mistaken, I hope you are
taken." You say, "Don't rejoice too m
his conversion, for soon he will be unco
I fear. Don't make too big a party for
turned prodigal, or strike the timbrel t
and if you kill a calf, kill the one that i
commons and not the one that has bee
ating in the paddock."

That is *the reason why more prodiga*
come home to their father's house. It is
infidelity in the church of God on this
There is not a house on the streets of
that has not in it a prodigal that retu
stayed home. There could be unrolle
you a scroll of a hundred thousand na
names of prodigals who came back fo
formed. Who was John Bunyan? A
prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter?
turned prodigal. Who was George W
the thunderer? A returned prodigal.
could go out in all the aisles of this c
day and find on either side those who,
astray for many years, have been fait
their eternal salvation is as sure as tho
had been ten years in Heaven. And yet
you have not enough faith in their retu

You do not know *how to shake hand*
prodigal. You do not know how to
him. You do not know how to greet h
wants to sail into the warm gulf-stream
tian sympathy. You are the iceberg
which he strikes and shivers. You sa
been a prodigal. I know it, but you
sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnin
elder brother, and if you are going to
one would think some people would be
to go to perdition to get away from y
hunters say that if a deer be shot the o
shoves him out of their company, and
eral rule is, away with a man that
wounded with sin.

Now, I say, the more bones a man
ken the more need he has of a hosp
that the more a man has been bruise
with sin the more need he has to be ca
human and divine sympathy. But for
there is not much room in this world—
who want to come back after wandering.
of room for elegant sinners, for sinners
and satin and lace, for sinners high-
for kid-gloved and patent-leatherd sin
sinners fixed up by hair-dresser, po
and lavendered and cologned and friz
crimped and "banged" sinners—pl
room!

Such we meet elegantly at the

urches, and we invite them into the best ith Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher to the house of God, and put soft otto- under their feet, and put a gilt-edged book in their hands, and pass the con- on box before them with an air of apology, hey, the generous souls! take out the ex- portmonnaie, and open it, and with dia- d finger push down beyond the ten-dol- pieces and delicately pick out as an ex- n of gratitude *their offering to the Lord of*

such sinners plenty of room, plenty of But for the man who has been drinking is coat is threadbare and his face is ery- ed, and his wife's wedding-dress is in the oker's shop, and his children, instead of n school, are out begging broken bread at ement-doors of the city—the man, body, nd soul on fire with the flames that have from the scathing, scorching, blasting, ng, consuming cup which the drunkard trembling, and agonized, and affrighted, esses to his parched lip, and his cracked and his shirking yet immortal spirit—

NO ROOM.

if this younger son of the parable had not far off, if he had not dropped so low in , the protest would not have been so se- out, going clear over the precipice as the r son did, the elder son is angry and will in.

be not so hard in your criticism of the est thou thyself also be tempted. Do you *who that man was* who, Sabbath before aggered up and down the aisle in this disturbing the service until the service stop until he was taken from the room? a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ ister denomination! That man had ed the Gospel, that man had broken the of the holy communion for the people. hat a height to what a depth! Oh! I was ere was no smiling in the room when that s taken out, his poor wife following him is hat in one hand, and his coat on her t was *as solemn to me as two funerals*—the of the body and the funeral of the soul. lest thou also be tempted.

nvalid went to South America for his and one day sat sunning himself on the when he saw something crawling up the wriggling toward him, and he was af- . He thought it was a wild beast, or a and he took his pistol from his pocket. e saw it was not a wild beast. It was a immortal man, a man made in God's age; and the poor wretch crawled up to t of the invalid and asked for strong and the invalid took his wine flask from ket, and gave the poor wretch something k, and then under the stimulus he rose gave his history.

He ad been a merchant in Glasgow, Scot- He had gone down under the power of drink until he was so reduced in poverty was living in a boat just off the beach. " said the invalid, "I knew a merchant gow once," a merchant by such and such ; and the poor wretch straightened him- l said, "I am that man." "Let him that h he standeth take heed lest he fall."

III Again, I remark that the senior brother ext stands for the spirit of

ENVY AND JEALOUSY.

senior brother thought that all the honor d to the returned brother was a wrong to He said, "I have stayed at home, and I o have had the ring, and I ought to have e banquet, and I ought to have had the s."

for this spirit of envy and jealousy com- wn through the ages! Cain and Abel, nd Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and ai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and An- Caligula and Torquatus, Cæsar and Pom- lumbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cam- nd the brother he slew because he was a marksman. Dionysius and Philoxenius, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters. Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy from which he dies. Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other! Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other.

Religious jealousies. The Mohammedans praying for rain during a drought, no rain coming. Then the Christians begin to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mohammedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying; but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that He sent rain right away so He would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died, and a statue was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body and it is killing to the soul.

How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business! How seldom it is you hear a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh! my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in the way of assault. The French general, riding on horseback at the head of his troops, heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine, a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider, and he fell dead. Then the general said, "How much safer it is to walk than to ride!"

IV. Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for

THE POUTING CHRISTIAN.

While there is so much congratulation within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many pouting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of the churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—pouting, pouting, pouting at society, pouting at the fashions, pouting at the newspapers, pouting at the church, pouting at the government, pouting at high Heaven.

Their spleen is too large; their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cruets in their castor always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper! Oh! come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the pouting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had embraces for the returning prodigal and coaxing words for the splenetic malcontent.

Ah! the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist, in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we might better understand the forgiving and the radiant face of God. That is

THE MEANING OF IT

—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever, and forever, and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples, and Heaven in his soul. Oh! I fall flat on that mercy. Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and Heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches! Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all!!

Oh! go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother, was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.

The Horrors of the Famine in Persia have not abated. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* narrates some heartrending details witnessed in the famine-stricken districts. He says: "Parents have sold their children to get bread. One grandmother took poison when she found it impossible to obtain food for herself and grandchild, that he might live. A father, unable to see his children dying before his eyes, procured one more meal, *thoroughly poisoning it.* A woman from one of the Mohammedan villages brought two little girls, and throwing them at my feet exclaimed, 'Take them for your own if you will; they are starving, as are my other children.' The poor have parted with cattle and household goods, to the bed on which they sleep. Many are almost naked, and multitudes, barefooted, are facing the cold, pitiless storms, begging for bread." Another letter speaks of "not only the hordes of poor people who have been transformed into beggars, who make demands on our aid and sympathy, but many respectable and hitherto well-off persons, who are brought to the verge of starvation."

A Struggle to Overcome a Bad Habit.—In the course of a recent address Mr. John B. Gough said: "I knew a man who undertook to give up the habit of *chewing tobacco.* He put his hand in his pocket, took out his plug of tobacco and threw it away, saying, as he did so, 'That's the end of it.' But it was the beginning of it. *O how he did want it!* He would chew camomile, he would chew toothpicks, quills—anything to keep the jaws a-going. No use! he suffered intensely. After enduring the craving for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, he made up his mind. 'Now it's no use suffering for a bit of tobacco; I'll go and get some.' So he went and purchased another plug, and put it in his pocket. 'Now,' said he, 'when I want it awfully, I'll take some.' Well, he did want it awfully, and he said he believed that it was God's good Spirit that was striving with him as he held that tobacco in his hand. Looking at it, he said, 'I love you. But are you my master, or am I yours? You are a weed, and I am a man. You are a thing, and I am a man. I'll master you if I die for it.' Every time he wanted it he would take it out and talk to it. It was six or eight weeks before he could throw it away and feel easy; but he said the glory of the victory repaid for his struggle."

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 167.)

The Lawyer Seizes the Papers—He is Captured and Overpowered—The Jesuit Explains the Position—Mr. Gogharty Hopes the Deeds will not be Required in his Lifetime—The Deeds Demanded by his Client's Lawyer—He Asks the Aid of his Son.

THE only reply Mr. Gogharty got for some time for his dangerous threat, as he considered it, was a sarcastic smile on the face of the Superior, but after a few seconds that threatened ecclesiastic, with a contemptuous curl of the lip and careless composure, said,

"Oh dear no, Mr. Gogharty, you will not, I am sure, do that. You, of all men, would not have the heart to bring odium upon our excellent and holy brotherhood; not, however, understand me, from any affection for us, but simply, *my dear sir*"—and these last words were spoken with a sort of mocking regard—"but simply, *my dear sir*, for your own sake, for you well know that in exposing us you would disastrously expose yourself.

"No, Mr. Gogharty, no, sir, you will never attempt to execute your angry threat, for, let me also tell you, it is a very stupid one, and a menace that, unless blinded by passion, you would not give way to, Mr. Gogharty"—an exhortation which was given with an aggravating air of moral superiority—"a menace, I say, that you never would have uttered. Self-interest, they say, *my dear sir*, is an absorbing motive in mean and covetous souls, such as yours is, I fear, Mr. Gogharty: you'll forgive me for saying so."

Mr. Gogharty felt that every word that had been spoken to him was true: that with his character already shaken by his deprivation of the Percival agency he could never afford to peril a further exposure. If it came to be known that he could make private use of bonds and deeds intrusted to his keeping, he doubted not that every client he had would leave him, and not only so, his name would be struck from off the roll.

The workings of his countenance betrayed the agony within, and the Superior seemed rather to enjoy Mr. Gogharty's misery, for, it must be remembered, he was of the genus and temperament of those Inquisitors who, as history attests, could sit in the torture-chamber with their victim, and, while he was put to the "question" on the rack, or torn with red-hot pincers, could impassively look on with no shade of pity for the sufferer, but rather with the air of one who was witnessing an interesting experiment as to the amount of endurance possible in a recusant heretic.

Mr. Gogharty, however, after a while got time to reflect that, whether by bringing the Superior to a trial in open court or not, it was certain his transgressions as a lawyer in connection with these deeds, which lay somewhat beyond his reach on the table in front of him, were destined sooner or later to a disastrous disclosure. He would be required by his client to produce them some day, but to produce them while they were held by this man he knew would be impossible. Have them into his own hands, therefore, he *must*, or face certain destruction. The money to redeem them, he was conscious, he neither had nor could raise, and his case, he saw, was altogether desperate.

In his despair his eye fell upon the documents he so craved. They lay near a small raised desk on the table where the Superior sat, who indeed had one hand gently laid upon them. The question flashed up into Mr. Gogharty's mind, "Why not make a spring and seize them?" To do this would require him to make a rather long stretch, for the table was wide, and the papers, tied together with red tape, were at the farther side of it. However, since Mr. Gogharty was not of diminutive stature, the feat was possible.

Consequently Mr. Gogharty determined to make a desperate effort to seize the papers on the other side of the table.

In order that he might excite no alarm, he deliberately took two steps toward his coveted treasure, as though he were only coming nearer the Superior for some closer conversation. And then, when his body touched the table's edge, he made one wild tiger-spring toward his prey, got hold of it, clutched it tight, and, recovering his feet before the Superior could grasp him, he hurried toward the door of the apartment, intending to flee from the Jesuit's house to his city lodgings, and there conceal himself. It required some time, however, to turn the handle of the room door and open it, and ere this could be effected the Superior and his colleague in the apartment were upon him. Both of them at the same instant seized the lawyer and retained him.

He held on to his captured deeds, however, long and convulsively, nor were they, all crumpled and torn, taken from his determined grip until, faint from exhaustion, he could battle for them no longer. Deprived of his seizure, Mr. Gogharty was forced to the centre of the room, pressed into a chair, and then his black-robed conquerors, six of them, stood in a circle around him, ready to resist in a moment should he attempt to make another raid upon his papers. The baffled lawyer had no mind, however, for a second assault.

He therefore kept the seat provided for him, and, silent and pale, looked up at his antagonists. The Superior was the first to speak. "Mr. Gogharty," he said, "I hope we have not hurt you; I say it sincerely, and you will believe me when I remind you that your life is a matter of some importance to our sacred brotherhood. Should anything serious happen to you, you know these deeds we have recovered from your robber grasp would be of little worth—we could not retain them; but so long as life and health are yours we shall not despair of obtaining the rather handsome sum for which you have pledged them. But, *my dear sir*, your violent attempt to plunder me of these papers, was, to say the least, exceedingly irregular—an act for which I am sure you feel regret, and especially since it has proved abortive. I would be justified in giving you into the hands of the police, Mr. Gogharty. I will not, however, do this, and I will candidly give you my reason.

"Once for all, Mr. Gogharty, let us understand one another. It would not do for *you* to have this affair between us noised abroad, and I frankly admit neither would it do for *me*. Not, you understand, that our holy principle—that all things are lawful for the Church—would not permit the bargain that exists between us; but you see, Mr. Gogharty, harsh things are thought and said of our sacred order by the prejudiced and bigoted in these lands, and our transaction would be evilly interpreted and spoken against. We both, then, you see, have an interest in keeping matters quiet. I will therefore condone your ungentlemanly and most unseemly behavior—for my own ends alone, if you will have it so; and do you, for *your* ends, keep quiet my claim upon you; only remember that it is certain you must sooner or later discharge it. There, you may go, Mr. Gogharty, but without your deeds, which, I repeat, shall never again reach your hands without payment to me of my well-earned equivalent."

With this as his final deliverance the Superior, through a small door behind him, went from the room, and Mr. Gogharty was left in the presence of the satellites only. The lawyer felt it was no use to make appeal or remonstrance to these subordinates. After a glance, therefore, upon their unimpassioned and stony faces, he rose from his chair, went for his hat, gave a slight bow to his victors, departed from the Jesuit establishment, and hastened to his city lodgings, and there, alone in his sitting-room, reviewed and revolved again and again his distressful and melancholy circumstances.

"It is all due to Alick," he again said to himself, with a passionate stamp of his foot after his painful meditation. "Had it not been for him all would have been a grand success, for, as rascally Superior truly says, Montaigne was fi and cleverly caught in the Pope's trap, and Percival property was fairly won, and would hour belong to me and mine had not that sc mine—the provoking blockhead!—in a fit o surd self-sacrifice delivered his rival. Yet, again reflected, "as things turned out it rea too bad of those Jesuit sharks to hold me tc bargain. And yet, 'pon my word," he ad upon second thoughts, "I think I'll do them

"It certainly would be very awkward— awkward indeed for me—if those deeds sh be asked for; but, there, 'pon my word, likely they will never be asked for—at least ing my life," he added. "Years have pa since they were placed in my trust, and no has ever sought for as much as a look at tl It is therefore most probable that many c years shall pass before any inquiry is made them, and then, peradventure," he contin "I shall be in my grave, and shall have left confounded Jesuit and Alick to settle it betv them. And, bless me, won't that fellow priest find in Alick his match, aye, and more that."

Mr. Gogharty, notwithstanding the epithe liberally bestowed upon his son, had in his s mind a high estimate of Alick's ability an ergy. "By my word, Alick will floor him. sacerdotal swindler confessed that this would not bear the light. Alick in the twinl of an eye will see this, and, 'pon my consci will drag the whole business into the very of day unless the Jesuit surrenders him t papers. Any exposure of my conduct when in my grave Alick will feel, as I was goir say, that any exposure of my poor folly will little consequence, and so this cunning J *will have no counter mine* to blow up, and have to yield at discretion. Why, it will my bones shake with laughter in my *gra* hear of it in the other world." And in th ticipation of such a triumphant conquest the Superior's craft Mr. Gogharty became s what jocular in his lonely lodgings.

"Yes, this will be just my strategy. Le Jesuit, if he will, keep those deeds, and good may it do him. 'Tis a hundred to shall, at all events, not need them. I'll pl memorandum in my safe, however, stating they are, and under what circumstances. will come upon it when at my death he possession of my papers. And then, sure en their will be the mischief's own tiff betwee priest and the Puritan (for Alick's nothing and, as in old Noll's time, there isn't a dou which side will be the victory."

This resolve and conclusion restored Mr. harty's mind to a considerable degree of nimity; he ate a hearty supper that night—i became somewhat hilarious. He, howeve retiring to bed, slept well, and next mornir turned to his home in ——.

All things went on favorably for a time deeds in jeopardy were not inquired after Mr. Gogharty's practice was weekly increa In all probability the lawyer's expectation have been fully realized, and he would have to his grave in peace and quietness, so far as bonds were concerned, had not an event occ which Mr. Gogharty should have taken in calculation, but did not; he forgot that his might die as well as himself, and *before him* in such case new legal arrangements on th of the heir of his client, involving, as they monly do, a new legal agent and adviser, necessitate the forthcoming of these for documents. Such an eventuality actuall curred. Mr. Gogharty's client, whose deeds in the Superior's possession, suddenly diec Mr. Gogharty had a formal demand fror heir's lawyer to transfer them to him.

The letter he received was not only unlc for, but was as a bolt from the tranquil he and Mr. Gogharty became greatly agitated. goodness!" he exclaimed; "but this i astrous and dreadfully perplexing. W plague is life! One flatters one's self when t was going on pretty well with the hope of a little comfort and quietness, and, hang it, in an hour's time there is nothing but a sea of troubles. Whatever shall I do about these demanded papers? This brother limb of the law that writes to me is as crafty and suspicious as a fox, and I shall never be able to put him off or bamboozle him. Would that this sudden death had come to me and not to my client." Scarcely had he uttered the words, however, when a voice within seemed to echo, "Sudden death!" and in a lower tone, like a second reverberation, again was heard within, "Sudden death!" and then conscience added, "What would that be to you, Gogharty, but sudden ruin?" "Alas!" cried the wretched man, "what a strait is mine! It looks like ruin here or ruin beyond, and which to choose I wot not."

In moody silence the lawyer sat long in his private room unable to arrive at any possible course of action. But at last the reflection came to him, "You postponed in your thoughts this difficulty as one to be encountered and met by Alick. Why not tell him of the whole business at once? You believe in his energy and intelligence; see then if he can devise any solution of this difficult problem. It is true you may expect his indignant reproof for your breach of trust. But then you can retaliate upon him, since your dilemma springs from his doing." Consoling himself with this prospect and intention of reprisal, the lawyer wrote to Alick, who was in Dublin, intimating that he greatly wished to see him.

Alick was pleased to get this letter: its general tone was warmer than his father had now for a long time used toward him; and yet his heart, too, a little misgave him, for he feared its warmth was due to some trouble which had overtaken his father, of his own seeking, from which he wanted him, Alick, to extricate him. Nor was the surmise, as we know, unfounded.

We shall not relate the details of the interview between Mr. Gogharty and Alick; neither shall we describe Alick's sorrowful indignation and remonstrance at his father's dishonorable act in pledging the bonds, nor Mr. Gogharty's mingled expressions of penitence and recrimination. We shall only state that, upon his father's revelation of the whole case, Alick resolved to proceed to —— at once, and taking a legal friend—a Christian brother—with him, to see the head of the Jesuit household.

(To be Continued.)

MR. MOODY'S INTERVIEW WITH A SWEARER.

His Carriage and Cigar—Tears in his Eyes—The Character he had Won—"What do you Want?"—Trying to Give up the Habit—That Sin Goes with the Others—Trembling on the Platform—An Elder in the Church.

THE following incident was related by Mr. Moody in the course of a recent address to young men at St Louis: One evening a man drove up to the building where our meetings were held. He had *a fine looking carriage*, and he had his hat on one side of his head and a cigar in his mouth, and he acted as if he didn't want any one to know that he was attending the meetings; and in a careless way he was assuming that he didn't care particularly what was going on; but I noticed that he was listening, and I noticed that the tears stood in his eyes. He was trying to conceal it. You know some men act very strange. They don't want you to know that they are affected, and they put up their hands to their faces, and all that. It is not manly for some men to shed tears for sin. It is manly to do a great many mean and contemptible things, but

IT IS NOT MANLY

for a man to shed a tear over his sins. I said to some of the friends, after the meeting was over, "Who is that man that drove up in a carriage?" "Well, that is Mr. P——." "Is he a Christian man?" "A Christian man! I will venture to say there is not a man within a hundred miles that has done the damage to the church that that man has done." "Well, how is that?" "Well, he is one of the wealthiest men in this part of the country, and he is a man of great influence, but *one of the most profane men*, and one of the most vulgar and obscene talking men that is in the community."

"Well," I said, "he is interested."

"No," was the reply, "he is not. If you had heard what he said about you down street today, and the fun he has been making of you and the meetings, you wouldn't think he was interested."

"Well," I said, "you can't tell anything from that. Some men, when the Spirit of God wakes them up, talk right opposite to what they feel. It is no sign, and I will go up to his house and see him, if you will tell me where he lives." They said: "You had better not go. He will only curse you."

"That will not hurt me. It will hurt him more than me. He has not power to curse me."

I went up to the man's house and I met him coming out of the gate of his yard. I said, "I believe this is Mr. P——."

The man straightened up. "Yes, sir; that is my name. What do you want?"

"Well, I would like to ask you a question, if you have no objection."

"What is it, sir?"

"Well, I am told that you have been blessed above every man in this county. That God has given you great wealth, and I am told that He has given you a beautiful wife and a beautiful family of children, and I am told that He has given you good health, and they tell me all that He has ever received in return from you has been curses and blasphemy, and I would just like to ask you why you treat your Lord in that way?"

Well, the man's countenance fell. "Come in," said he, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. He couldn't conceal them then. I went into his drawing-room and took a seat on the sofa, and the man said: "How can I help it? If I have tried it once I have tried a thousand times to stop swearing, and I can't do it. I curse my wife, and I believe I love her. I have got, as you say, a lovely family of children, and as I sit at the table, and before I know it, I am cursing them. I feel ashamed of myself. I confess that I am a bad man, but I can't help it. I have tried and tried and am trying, but I am

GROWING WORSE ALL THE TIME."

"Well," I said, "I know all about it: *I have been there.*"

"What," said he, "did you ever swear?"

"Yes."

"Well," says he, "how did you get rid of it; how did you ever stop?" I said, "I never stopped; *it stopped itself.*"

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, one night I let the Lord Jesus Christ come into this heart of mine, and I have never had any desire to swear since."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir; that is so."

"It don't seem possible that you ever swore."

"Well, it don't to me. I am a stranger almost to myself. I wonder at myself. It don't seem possible." And then I went on and told him how he could be saved.

"Well," says he, "I don't understand that."

"No," I said, "but the Lord will reveal it to you if you really want to get the victory over sin, if you want to get the victory over profanity and over every other sin; for if God is going to save you *it must be thorough work*, not only to break off one sin, but all sin. But God lays the ax right at the root of the tree. He don't come to save a man from one sin, but from all sin. And when God works He makes thorough work of it." Well, I preached Christ to him, and after a while I said: "Let us get down here and pray." And after I had prayed I said:

"NOW, YOU PRAY."

"Me pray?" said he, "why, that would be downright blasphemy. I don't want to add sin to sin. Me pray? That would be mockery."

"Why," said I, "don't you want God to forgive you? Don't you want God to have mercy upon you?"

"Yes," says he, "I do."

Said I, "That is honest. Now tell God what you want and ask Him to have mercy upon you." After I had prayed the poor fellow began to pray, "God be merciful to me a great sinner," and when I got up to leave, he said, "Now what shall I do?" "Go right down to the church of God and let these people know that you have made up your mind to be a child of God—to be a Christian." "Why," said he, "go to church? Oh, I can't do that? Why, what would people say?" "Oh," said I, "you have got to trample that under your feet. Never mind what they say. Do right because it is right."

There may be imperfections in the church, but the longer I live the more I am convinced that the best people in this world are in the church after all. Men may say all the

MEAN AND CUTTING THINGS

they have a mind to against the church, but if I wanted to find *a holy man in St. Louis* I would find him in some church; if I wanted to find *a godly sainted woman* I would find her in some church. Men are under the power of the devil when they are attacking the church and saying that the church is not the purest institution under heaven. To be sure it is not perfect, but if you want to find holy, godly men you will find them in the church.

And so I said, "Go right down there; take your stand among God's people." "Why," says he, "I'm not fit." "Well," says I, "God will make you fit. Go right into the church and tell them you want them to pray for you and to be known as on the Lord's side." And the next morning at the prayer-meeting Mr. P. was there. I was sitting in front of him, and when he got up he put his hand on the settee that I was sitting upon, and he trembled; I knew the man was trembling; and there was *a hush came* upon that audience.

It had been years and years since that man had been seen in the church unless at some funeral. There are some people who never go to church except to funerals. He was like Saul among the prophets, and when he rose every one wondered what he had to say. He says, "I want you to pray for me; I want to be a Christian, and if God can save a poor sinner like me I want to be saved." And we did pray for him, and that man is an elder in that same church to-day. He didn't have to stop swearing; it stopped itself.

I tell you if you take Jesus Christ into your heart and give Him full possession of it, those sins that have been pulling you down, those sins that have been marring your life and making it dark and bitter will flee away. That is the way to drive away darkness—to let the light in. Christ is the light of the world, and if you will let Him into that dark heart of yours to-day just let Him save you in His own way and give up trying to save yourself in your own way—if you will just surrender yourself unreservedly to Him, He will save you.

The Irish Famine.—The Correspondent of the New York *Tribune* in Ireland telegraphed on February 21st, "*The distress is greater than has been represented in America.* It is increasing rapidly, and spreading in many directions. *Fever is breaking out* in numerous districts, the physicians say it is produced by want. Pathetic accounts of *nakedness and extreme want* come from Arran Island, Valentia, and other isles on the west coast. Similar stories come from the Counties of Cavan, Fermanagh, Leitrim, Limerick, Monaghan, and Roscommon. A Dublin paper publishes a cable dispatch saying that American contributions will now probably cease, because it is reported from Dublin that the fund there is sufficient to prevent further suffering. *No such fund exists in Dublin*, and unless liberal contributions continue, that probably hundreds, and possibly thousands of families will perish."

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, March 10th, at **12.00 M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was pronounced March 8th on the subject of the Election laws comprising the questions which agitated the last regular session of Congress and made the extra session necessary. The decision sustains completely the constitutionality of the Election laws. It declares the power of Congress to regulate the election of Representatives in all particulars in which they may require regulation; to do so by explicit and exclusive enactment, or by the partial adoption of the regulations made by the States; to provide for the appointment of Federal officers to attend to these elections, *and of Marshals and Deputy-Marshals* to see to their enforcement, and it declares the power of Congress to provide for the punishment of any person who shall violate the regulations thus made by Congress or taken from State authority. The two Democratic judges of the court dissent from the judgment. Thus all the Republican judges are on one side and the Democratic judges on the other.

A Committee of the House of Representatiyes has received from M. Lesseps an explanation of the details of his interoceanic canal scheme, and a message on the same subject has been sent by the President to Congress, accompanied by the State correspondence. The President's message is clear and explicit as to the position the United States Government occupies in reference to the canal. He declares that the United States cannot consent to the control of such a canal by any European Power, or by any combination of European Powers. He points out that any promise European Powers might make to protect the canal would be worthless, inasmuch as no such power could interfere to protect the interests of a canal without taking steps upon American soil which the United States would regard as "wholly inadmissible." The President expresses his conviction that the interests of the canal will not suffer by this declaration, and that the controlling influence of the United States over it "will be found not only compatible with, but promotive of, the widest and most permanent advantage to commerce and civilization."

It is understood that Congress is fully in accord with the President on the subject. Mr. Evarts also presented a report in which it was shown that the Government was bound by the treaties executed in former years to protect the isthmus, and could not therefore permit the interference of any European Power.

The position of Great Britain, however, will, it is thought, *be antagonistic*, and the London *Standard*, an organ of the British Government, has declared that as the ships of Great Britain will form the bulk of the traffic through the canal, it will be necessary for that country to possess permanent control.

A Reign of Terror in San Francisco, which a few days ago seemed imminent, has, it is hoped, been averted. The followers of Denis Kearney, the sand-lots agitator, passed resolutions threatening that if they were interfered with in their attack on Chinatown they would inflict "a punishment so swift and terrible that the reader of history would shudder at the record." A declaration so violent was regarded by the citizens as a menace too dangerous to be disregarded; a committee of two hundred was formed, and all citizens on the side of law and order were invited to enroll themselves as a protective force. The large number of citizens who came forward appears to have surprised the sand-lots party, and more moderate language has been used since. Denis Kearney has been arrested on a charge of using violent and obscene language, and will be tried for the offence. Altogether a more hopeful state of affairs exists, but the large purchases of fire-arms for the city, and the number of unemployed laborers wandering about the streets, indicate that the social atmosphere is in a highly explosive and dangerous condition.

The Officers of the Salvation Army Detailed for service in America arrived in New York March 10th. An account of their voyage, furnished us by Mr. Railton, will be found on another page. Their first indoor service was held on Sunday evening last at Harry Hill's Music Hall in Houston Street, New York. In selecting this notorious place Mr. Railton has acted on the principle of the Army in England, that where vice and profligacy are most rampant there the Salvation Army is most needed. The hall was crowded with persons who had the appearance of being its habitual frequenters, and though the spectacle of the Salvation Army in uniform on the stage must have been a novel one to them, they gave the proceedings their quiet and respectful attention. Mr. Railton announced that the Army would be at Hudson River Mission Hall, in Ninth Avenue, every night this week. Two of the officers have gone to Philadelphia to commence work in that city.

The Montana, an Ocean Steamer of the Guion Line, which left New York March 2d, *has been wrecked* on the coast of Wales. The steamer, next to the Arizona, is the largest and best-built ship of that line. She arrived safely at Queenstown March 12th, and having landed some passengers and the bulk of the mails, proceeded on her voyage to Liverpool. Early on the morning of the next day a dense fog prevailed, and the speed was reduced. About 3.30 A.M. the passengers and crew were alarmed by *a sudden shock* and a heavy grating sound. The vessel had struck on the rocks at Church Bay. The captain was on the bridge, and he instructed the doctor, who ran on deck at the first alarm, to arouse the passengers. The boats were at once got out. There was no confusion, and no panic, the captain telling the passengers that if they quietly obeyed orders all would be right. Six females, with the third officer and a pilot, were placed in one boat, and six males in another with the fourth officer. These were pulled to Holyhead. In the meantime guns were fired and blue lights burned, showing the locality of the disaster. A subsequent telegram announced the safe arrival of all the passengers at Liverpool. The captain and crew remained on the vessel, the forward compartments of which are full of water. She is afloat aft, but there is not much prospect of saving her.

How the Miserable Indian Wars Have arisen may be learned from an incident which occurred in a parley between United States officers and the chiefs of the Modoc Tribe. An order had come from the Government to remove these Indians to the Klamath Reservation, *peaceably* or *forcibly*. The peace trial failed, and suddenly soldiers surrounded the Modoc camp. The Indians snatched their arms, but as Major Jackson, commanding the United States troops, wished for no bloodshed, a parley was had, and the Indian chief advised his people to lay down their arms. They all did so except one man, who had seen his father killed by a mob of white men, twenty years before, while going to warn some other white people of danger from another tribe of hostile Indians. A lieutenant was ordered to disarm this Indian. He, with oaths and insulting epithets, ordered him to lay down his arms. The Indian offered to do so *if decently addressed*, affirming that "he was not a dog." The officer drew his revolver instead, both fired at the same instant, and both fell dead. *An Indian war* followed, which cost the Government about two hundred lives and $3,000,000.

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., Preached a Thanksgiving sermon on March 7th, on the occasion of his attaining his eightieth year. His theme was the continual necessity of looking heavenward, and he praised God for having given him so many opportunities of preaching that necessity. Though his venerable face shows the marks of his advanced years, his voice and the enthusiastic manner which characterized his youthful labors are unchanged. A portrait of this venerable servant of Christ, with a sketch of his life, appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 27th, 1879.

The Delegates from America to the Great Raikes Sunday-school Centenary, to be held in London next June, have been appointed to represent the M. E. Sunday-school Union. They are General Clinton B. Fisk and Dr. W. H. De Puy. The programme comprises a reception of foreign delegates at 56 Old Bailey; a choral service in St. Paul's Cathedral; a gathering of teachers and scholars at the Crystal Palace; concert by the great orchestra, singing on the terraces, etc.; a great meeting in Exeter Hall; and a sermon, on July 2d, *by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*, and communion service, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. On Saturday, July 3d, the Raikes Memorial Statue on the Thames embankment will be unveiled. Prayer should be offered that the convention may be blessed to the stirring up of those interested in Sunday-school work to a fresh dedication of themselves and renewed exertion in this great cause.

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contributions received up to Saturday, March 13th:

Mrs. M. Jackson, Columbus, Miss.	$1 0
Friends in Hanover, Mich.	10 7
T. D. Weld, La Grange, Ark.	5 0
W. P. Weld, " "	2 0
W. T. Beaty, " "	1 0
J. H. Lounsbery, " "	1 0
W. Thomas, " "	1 0
E. P. Burrows, " "	5
W. W. Hickey, " "	5
Ben. Paterson, " "	2
Greenwood Church, Rev. R. A. Sublett, Greenwood, Tex.	25 0
A Friend, Bethel Spring, Tenn.	2 0
Forwarded to N. Y. *Herald*	$50 0

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church.—We have much pleasure in acknowledging the following contributions forwarded to the *Christian Heral* in response to Dr. Talmage's appeal:

Mrs. W. J. Valentine, N. Y. City	$1 0
F. A. S. Storer, Boston, Mass.	1 0
Mrs. Catharine G. Love, Providence, R. I.	1 0
E. L. Kennedy, Bloomsbury, N. J.	1 0
L. S. Sterrit, Newburg, N. Y.	2 0
J. S. W. Sherman, Boston, Mass.	1 0
	$7 0

A Source of Income Cut Off.—The Demand that "the Chinese must go" is so loud and often repeated in California that many inquiries have been made as to the cause of the antipathy to the race. A clew to one reason for the anti-Chinese agitation is furnished by a correspondent of the *Independent*. A San Francisco lady said to him, "The Chinese are most valuable domestic servants. Before they came we were obliged to employ Irish girls, who charged us from $25 to $45 a month. The real secret of this outcry against the Chinese is that the Catholic Church can no longer levy a tax on every Protestant family of five dollars a month, which used to be added to the Irish girls' wages; and the Irish girls openly avowed it." No wonder the priests object to the introduction of Chinese labor.

The Sunday Evening Concert has been Introduced at Toronto by the lessee of the Royal Opera House. He asserts that his object is to afford recreation for those hard-worked persons who are unable to attend performances on other evenings. The concerts are described as a jumble of sacred, sentimental, and comic music. The Canadian authorities consider that the lessee's philanthropic enterprise is not a disinterested one, and that it is besides an infringement of the law. Legal proceedings have been commenced against him, which the Christian citizens pray may result in the wicked innovation being summarily put down.

The Largest Mortgage in the World has been foreclosed. A Kansas journal announces that this month a tract of land fifty-one miles by thirty-eight in extent, lying in Colorado, and known as the Maxwell land grant, is to be sold on mortgage foreclosure. This sale will be the largest on a foreclosure *ever made in the world*. The mortgage calls for $5,000,000. The sale will no doubt fire the ambition of capitalists to possess so vast an estate, and the purchaser will be regarded as an enviable man; but there are many persons unknown to fame, whom the world despises or pities, whose possessions exceed even that princely holding. We are told of certain men poor in this world's goods, that *all things* are theirs (1 Cor. 3:21).

Thirty Thousand Prayers Answered.—George Muller, of the Bristol Orphanage, England, in the course of an address at Chicago last week replied to the question, "Why our prayers are not all answered." He said the question resolved itself into three points of consideration: First, Do I ask for things which are according to the Word of God? Secondly, Do I ask in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ? And, thirdly, Do I believe in the willingness of God to answer the prayer? Even suppose all three points to be settled, it still behooved them to await God's pleasure in answering the prayer. There was no promise from God that He would answer in a given time." As for himself, he had received 30,000 *answers to prayer in the same day* in which he had made his supplication, but, on the other hand he had to wait often weeks and months and years before the blessing came in response. In some instances he had waited for twenty years and in one case he had prayed for thirty-six years, and the blessing asked for had not yet arrived. He did not, however, have any doubt of its coming.

A Dispute over a Calf, which has for some time produced considerable unpleasantness between two deacons of a church in Illinois, has recently been settled by their minister. The deacons had turned their cattle loose into a pasture, and among them were two calves so much alike as to be undistinguishable even by their owners. One calf belonged to one deacon and one to the other, but the similarity was not important so long as both calves were there; but some thief stole one of the calves and then both men claimed the other. The dispute ran so high that at length a lawsuit was threatened, but eventually it was agreed to submit the question to the arbitration of the minister, both deacons promising to abide by his decision. Meanwhile the calf had been sold for $16, and the question was who should have the money. The minister advised them to put the $16 which the calf had sold for into the missionary treasury, and assured them that if they had any doubt, in their minds as to which of them it was who was giving the money, the Lord knew all about it, and He would settle it justly and equitably. The deacons accepted this mode of settlement, and the Board of Missions entered the donation as "calf money."

Fall of a Snow Avalanche in Nevada.—Eight men were passing on foot through a narrow, deep cañon in Nevada, when they saw an immense bank of snow detach itself from the precipitous side and slide rapidly down toward them. Three of them escaped injury by running, two took refuge behind stumps, and were subsequently rescued alive, and three were killed by burial under tons of snow. It is almost impossible to realize what must have been the sensations of those eight men when they perceived the danger threatening them. However light-hearted they may have been before, the sight of that descending mass must have banished every thought but that of self-preservation. They did not notice the signs of danger till they saw the avalanche moving, and so it will be with many in the day of which we are warned (1 Thess. 5:3), when men will say, "Peace and safety until sudden destruction come upon them." In that day no exertion will deliver. Happy are they whom the Lord at His coming finds watching. (Luke 12:37.)

An Entire Congregation Organized into a Temperance Society.—Rev. Alfred Corn, writing from High-Tower, Ga., to the Gainesville *Eagle*, says: "At the close of preaching last Sabbath at the High-Tower Baptist Church I proposed to the entire congregation to organize themselves into a temperance society, which was done by a unanimous vote save one, a stranger, who, I learned, sanctioned the measure afterward. The old Washingtonian pledge was adopted in due form." The evils of the drink traffic are brought home to the church daily in startling form. They appeal to all those who have a sincere desire for the welfare of their fellows to take a decided stand in this matter and to show by example and precept that they do not sanction the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors in any way. This Georgia congregation sets an example which is worthy of imitation.

Sanitary Reforms are Reported to be in active progress at Memphis, and the Health Board, which possesses more power than heretofore, hopes to have them completed before the hot weather comes. All the rotten wood pavement, which is believed to hold the germs of yellow fever, is being replaced by stone, and a new system of sewerage has been introduced, which it is hoped will do much to render the city a healthy locality.

The Second Volume of the Christian Herald, comprising Nos. 37 to 62, (July to Dec. 1879) may be had, elegantly bound in cloth, at No. 63 Bible House, New York. Price $1.75.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for March may be had at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has just been received. They are now on sale at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

YOUR PERSONAL SALVATION.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls. Of which salvation the prophet shave enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you . . . . which things the angels desire to look into."—1 PETER 1:9–12.

"Let thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, even thy salvation, according to thy word."—PSALM 119:41.

A Change of Messengers but not a New Salvation—I. The Salvation Commended—1. It is a Salvation of Grace—A Blessed Tautology—2. It is by Faith—3. It has Engrossed the Thoughts of the Prophets—4. The Apostles Testified to it—5. The Angels Desire to Look into it—6. Christ its Substance—7. The Holy Spirit its Witness—II. The Prayer Recommended—1. It is a Gracious Prayer—2. Supported by Gracious Arguments—3. It will be Answered.

THESE two texts will be to me as a bow and a sword: the first for shooting the arrows of truth, and the second for close quarters in dealing with individual consciences. You will see the reason for the pair of texts as we proceed. May the Holy Spirit make use of both according to His own mind.

Last Sabbath-day I discoursed upon the God of salvation: this morning our principal object is to speak of that salvation itself. I then tried to show that God is always the same, and that the God of the Old Testament, unto whom belongeth the issues from death, is the God of our salvation still. My first text runs upon the same line, for it teaches us that the prophets of old, who spoke by the power of the Holy Spirit, testified concerning the same salvation which has been reported to us by the apostles as actually accomplished.

There has been *no new salvation*; there has been a change in the messengers, but they have all spoken of one thing; and, though their tidings have been more clearly understood in these latter days, the substance of the good news is stiil the same. The Old Testament and the New are one, inspired by the same Spirit, and filled with the same subject, namely, the one promised Messiah. The prophets foretold what the apostles reported. The seers looked forward, and the evangelists look backward: their eyes meet at one place; they see eye to eye, and both behold the cross.

I shall aim this morning at commending the salvation of God to those of you who possess it, that you may be the more grateful for your choice inheritance; and still more shall I labor to commend it to those who possess it not, that having some idea of the greatness of its value they may be stirred up to seek it for themselves. Ah, my unsaved hearers, how great is your loss in missing the salvation of God! "How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?" Oh, that you might be rescued from such folly!

Perhaps God, the Holy Spirit will show you the preciousness of this salvation, and then you will no longer neglect, despise, or refuse it, but will offer the prayer which I have selected as a sort of second text, and entreat the Lord to let His mercies come to you, even His salvation. The prayer may be helpful in enabling you to take with you words and turn unto the Lord. God grant it may be so!

I. First, I shall in much simplicity, with a vehement desire for the immediate conviction and salvation of my hearers, try to *commend the salvation of God* by opening up what Peter has said in the verses before us.

1. Let me urge you to give earnest heed to the salvation of God, because

IT IS A SALVATION OF GRACE.

The tenth verse says, "Of which salvation the prophets have enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of *the grace that should come unto you.*" Salvation is altogether of grace, grace which comes from God in His mercy to man in his helplessness. The Gospel does not come to you asking something of you, but its hands are laden with gifts more precious than gold, which it freely bestows upon guilty men. It comes to us, not as a reward for the obedient and deserving, but as a merciful boon for the disobedient and undeserving. It treats with us, not upon the ground of justice, but upon terms of pure mercy. It asks no price and exacts no purchase; it comes as a benefactor, not as a judge.

In the Gospel God giveth liberally and upbraideth not. We are accustomed not only to say "grace," but "free grace." It has been remarked that this is a tautology. So it is, but it is a blessed one, for it makes the meaning doubly clear and leaves no room for mistake. Since it is evidently objectionable to those who dislike the doctrine intended, it is manifestly forcible, and therefore we will keep to it. We feel no compunction in ringing such *a silver bell* twice over—grace, free grace. Lest any should imagine that grace can be otherwise than free, we shall continue to say, not only grace, but free grace, so long as we preach.

Only give intimation that goods are to be had gratis, and your shop will be besieged with customers. Those who want us to notice their wares are often crafty enough to put at the head of their advertisement what is not true, "*To be given away:*" but salvation's grand advertisement is true; salvation is everything for nothing: pardon free, Christ free, heaven free. "Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Our good Physician has *none but gratis patients.*

Since the boons which the God of all grace grants to sinful men are beyond all price, He does not barter and chaffer with them, but makes His blessings free as air. I am sure that if you feel yourselves to be guilty, the very idea of being saved by grace will have a charm for you. To a thirsty man the sound of a rippling stream is music, and to a convinced conscience free pardon is as rivers of water in the wilderness. Oh, that all the world would listen when we have such a message to tell.

2. Again, your closest attention may well be asked to the salvation of God when you are told in the text that

IT IS BY FAITH.

"Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." Salvation is not obtained by penances, painful and humiliating; nor by despondency and despair; nor by any effort, mental or spiritual, involving a purchase by labor and pain; but entirely and alone by faith, or trust, in the Lord Jesus.

Now it is singularly foolish that men should cavil at this which ought to please them. The very simplicity of faith they cavil at. What, shall it be so, that the Gospel shall be regarded as too easy a thing? Will men quarrel with mercy for being too generous to them? If there be a condition, is it wisdom on our part to contend with God, because that condition seems to be too slight? What would you have for a condition? Would you have it proclaimed that men must be saved by works? Which among you would then be saved? Your works are imperfect and full of evil. The law cannot justify you, it condemns you. As long as you are under the law, hath not the Holy Spirit declared that you are under the curse? Ought ye not, ye sons of men, to bless God that salvation is of faith that it might be by grace, and that it might be possible to you, and sure to all the seed?

3. The Gospel of salvation ought to be regarded by you, *for it has engrossed the thoughts of prophets.* The text says, "Of which salvation the prophets have enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you." Those great men, the choice spirits of the ages which they adorned, were delighted to preach of this salvation as a blessing to be hereafter revealed. They did not themselves altogether understand what they were called to reveal, for the Holy Spirit often carried them beyond themselves and made them utter more than they understood. The inspiration of the Bible is *verbal inspiration.* In some cases it must have been only verbal; in every case it must have been mainly so.

The human mind is not able to understand and to express all the thoughts of God, they are too sublime; and therefore God dictated to the prophets *the very language* which they should deliver—language of which they themselves could not see the far-reaching meaning. They rejoiced in the testimony of the Spirit within them, but they were not free from the necessity to search, and to search diligently if they would for themselves derive benefit from the divine revelation. I know not how this is, but the fact is clearly stated in the text, and must be true.

Oh, my hearers, how diligently you ought to search the Scriptures and listen to the saving word! If men that had the Holy Ghost, and were called "seers," nevertheless searched into the meaning of the word which they themselves spoke, what ought such poor things as we are to do in order to understand the Gospel? It should be our delight to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the doctrines of grace. Surely it must be a crime of crimes to be living in utter neglect of a salvation which gained the attentive mind of Daniel, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel.

4. Furthermore, when prophecy had ceased, the Holy Spirit came upon another set of men of whom our text speaks. Peter says of these things that they "are now reported unto you by them that have preached the Gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." *The apostles followed the prophets in testifying to this salvation,* and with the apostles there was an honorable fellowship of earnest evangelists and preachers.

I will not stay to point out to you the admirable character of these men, but I would beg you to observe that, having seen Christ Jesus for themselves personally, they were not deceived. Many of them had eaten and drank with Him: all the apostles had done so: they had been with Him in familiar intercourse, and they were resolute in bearing witness that they had seen Him after He had risen from the dead. These men spake with the accent of conviction. If they were duped, there certainly never was another instance of such persons, and so many of them, being so utterly deluded. They continued throughout all their lives to bear hardships and to endure reproaches for the sake of bearing witness to what they had seen and heard, and all the apostles but one died a martyr's death rather than allow the slightest suspicion to be cast upon the truth of their report.

These noble bearers of glad tidings continued to report this salvation till they had finished their missions and their lives, and therefore I feel that for us in these times to trifle with God's Word, and give a deaf ear to the invitations of the Gospel, is an insult to their honored memories. You martyr them a second time by contemptuously neglecting what they died to hand to you. From the dead they bear witness against you, and when they rise again they will sit with their Lord to judge you.

5. Nor have we merely prophets and apostles looking on with wonder, but our text says, "Which things *the angels desire to look into.*" We know very little of these heavenly beings: we know, however, that they are pure spirits, and that the elect angels have not fallen into sin. These beings are not concerned in the atonement of Christ so far as it is a ransom for sin, seeing they have never transgressed: they may, however, derive some advantage from His death, but of that we cannot now speak particularly.

They take such an interest in us, their fellow-creatures, that they have an intense wish to know all the mysteries of our salvation. They were pictured, you know, upon the ark of the covenant, as standing upon the mercy-seat, and looking down upon it with steady gaze. Perhaps Peter was thinking of this holy imagery. They stand intently gazing into the marvel of Propitiation by blood. Can you quite see the beauty of this spectacle? If we knew that a door was opened in heaven, would not men be anxious to look in and see heaven's wonders; but the case is here reversed, for we see a window opened toward this fallen world, and heavenly beings looking down upon the earth, as if heaven itself had no such object of attraction as Christ His salvation. Watts sang not amiss when gave us the verse—

> "Archangels leave their high abode
> To learn new mysteries here, and tell
> The love of our descending God,
> The glories of Immanuel."

Methinks, if I saw an angel intently ga upon any object, if I were a passer-by, I sh stop and look too. Have you never noticed ir streets that if one person stands still and l up, or is occupied with gazing into a shop dow, others become curious and look also would enlist that faculty of curiosity whic within every man, and prompt you to search the angels as they pry into the underlying m ing of the fact and doctrine of atonement? stand at the cross-foot ravished, astounded: all heaven to this day has never ceased its am ment at the dying Son of God, made sin for and will none of you spare an hour to look way and see your best Friend?

6. We have already gone a long way with text, rising step by step. We have stood w angels gaze; now behold another wonder rise beyond them to

THE ANGELS' MASTER.

Christ is the substance of this salvation. what saith the text? The prophets spake forehand of the sufferings of Christ and the that should follow." Ah, there is the point. save men Jesus suffered. The manhood an Godhead of Christ endured anguish incon able.

All through His life our Lord was "a m sorrows and acquainted with grief." His the bravest heart that ever lived, and the ge spirit that ever breathed, but the most cru and downtrodden. He went from one e our heavens to the other like a cloud of pathy, dropping showers of blessing. All trials of His people He carried in His heart all their sins pressed heavily upon His soul: daily burden of care for all His people was as none can sympathize with to the full, though like Him they have kept the flock of

I have sometimes had intense sympathy Moses—I hope I am not egotistical in comp small things with great—when he cried, "W fore hast thou afflicted thy servant? and w fore have I not found favor in thy sight, thou layest the burden of all this people me? Have I conceived all this people? h begotten them that thou shouldst say unt Carry them in thy bosom, as a nursing f beareth the sucking child, unto the land thou swarest unto their fathers? I am no to bear all this people alone, because it i heavy for me." But what was the care o tribes in the wilderness on Moses' heart com with the myriads on myriads that lay the heart of Christ, a perpetual burden t spirit?

The sufferings of His life must never b gotten, but they were consummated by agonies of His death. There was never s death. Physically, it was equal in pain t sufferings of any of the martyrs; but its p arity of excessive grief did not lie in His b sufferings; *His soul-sufferings were the s His sufferings.* Martyrs are sustained by presence of their God, but Jesus cried, "My my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" cry hever came up from the stakes of S field, or from the agonies of the Spanish *da-fe*, for God was with His witnesses: b was not with Christ. Here was the dep His woe.

Now, I pray you, if you will manifest sign of thought and softness, remember t the Son of God became a man that He suffer to the death for men, it is hard tha should turn deaf ears to the salvation whic accomplished. I hear from His cross Hi complaint, "Is it nothing to you, all that y by? Behold, and see if there was ever s like unto my sorrow, which is done unto Oh, if you are born of woman, and have a at has any flesh about it, think well of the sal- tion, " the grace which is brought unto you," the sufferings of the Son of God.

7. One other step remains. It cannot be gher; it is on the same level, and I beseech u to stand upon it and think a while, you that ve thought so little of yourselves and of your od. It is this. *The Holy Ghost is the witness all this.* It was the Holy Ghost that spake in e prophets; it was the Holy Ghost who was th those who reported the Gospel at the first; is the same Holy Spirit who every day bears tness to Christ.

Do you not know that we have miracles in the ristian church still? Scoffers come to us and y, " Work a miracle, and we will believe you." e do work these miracles every day. Had you en present at a meeting held here last month u would have heard something not far short of e hundred persons one after another assert at by the preaching of the Gospel in this place ely their lives have been completely changed. the case of some of these the change is very vious to all persons acquainted with them. ow was this great change achieved? By the ly Spirit through the Gospel of your salva- n.

I have seen moral miracles quite as marvellous their line as the healing of a leper or the sing of the dead. This is the witness of the ly Ghost which He continues to bear in the urch, and by that witness I entreat you to stop d think of the blessed salvation which can rk the same miracle in you.

I. So far have I commended my Lord's salva- n, and now I would desire you, with all this your own minds, to turn to the prayer in the e hundred and nineteenth Psalm: " Let thy rcies come also unto me, O Lord, even thy vation according to thy word." Use the yer with this intent: Lord, I have been ring what prophets and apostles and angels nk of Thy salvation, what Thy Son and what y Spirit think of it; now let me humbly say at I think of it: O that it were mine! O that would come to me! This, then, is my second d. I would *recommend the prayer of the lmist.*

. I will say about it, first, that it is in itself

A VERY GRACIOUS PRAYER,

it is offered on right grounds. " Let *thy cies* come also unto me." There is no mention merit or desert. His entreaty is for mercy y. He pleads guilty, and throws himself n the prerogative of the King, who can par- offenders. Are you willing, my dear hearer, who have never sought the Saviour, are you ling at this moment to stand on that ground, to ask for salvation as the result of mercy? shall have it on such terms, but you can er be saved until you will own that you are lty and submit to justice.

t is a gracious prayer, because it asks for the nt thing: " even *Thy salvation,*" not a salva- of my own invention, but " Thy salvation." 's salvation is one in which His divine sov- gnty is revealed, and that sovereignty must accepted and adored. Do not dispute against 's salvation, but accept it in its entirety, just t is revealed.

eceive the salvation which the Lord planned ternity, which He wrought out on Calvary, which He applies to the heart by the Holy rit. You need salvation from sinning as well salvation from hell, and that the Lord will you. You want salvation from self to God, that, too, He will bestow. Ask for all that Lord intends by His salvation and includes it. " Let thy mercies come also unto me, Thy salvation."

ou see, dear brethren, that the prayer is put he right form, for it is added, " Even Thy sal- on *according to Thy word.*" He wishes to be ed in the manner which the Lord has ap- nted. Dear hearer, where are you? Are you den away *in the foggy corners?* I wish I could a hold of your hand and speak as a brother ou You do not want God to go out of the of His word to save you: do you? You are willing to be saved in the scriptural way, the Bible way.

People nowadays will do anything but keep to the Word of God, they will follow any book but the Bible. Now, do pray the Lord to give you the salvation of the Bible in the Bible's own way. Lord, if Thy Word says I must repent, give me Thy salvation, and cause me to repent; if Thy Word says that I must confess my sin, give me Thy salvation in the confession of sin; if Thou sayest I must trust to Christ, Lord, help me now to trust Him; only grant me Thy salvation *according to Thy Word.*

Observe that the whole prayer is conceived and uttered in a humble spirit. It is " Let Thy salvation *come* also unto me." He owns his helplessness. He can not get at the mercy, he wants it to come to him. He is so wounded and so sick that he cannot put on the plaster nor reach the medicine, and therefore he seeks the Lord to bring it to him. He is like the man half dead on the road to Jericho, and needs that one should pour in the oil and wine, for he cannot help himself by reason of his spiritual lethargy and death.

2. In the second place this prayer may be

SUPPORTED BY GRACIOUS ARGUMENTS.

May the Spirit of God help you to plead them. I will suppose some poor heart painfully longing to use this prayer. Here are arguments for you. Pray like this. Say, " Lord let Thy mercy come to me, for I need mercy." Do not go on the tack of trying to show that you are good, because mercy will then pass you by. To argue merit is to plead against yourself. Whenever you say, " Lord, I am as good as other people; I try to do my best," and so on, you act as foolishly as if a beggar at your door should plead that he was not very badly off, not half so needy as others, and neither scantily fed nor badly clothed.

This would be a new method of begging, and a very bad one. No, no; tell out your case in all its terrible truthfulness. Say, " O Lord, I feel that nobody in all this world needs Thy mercy more than I do: let my need plead with Thee, give me Thy salvation. I am no impostor, I am a sinner: let Thy mercy and Thy truth visit me in very deed." Your soul's wounds are not such *as sham beggars make* with chemicals: they are real sores: plead them with the God of all grace. Your poverty is not that which wears rags abroad and fine linen at home; you are utterly bankrupt, and this you may urge before the Lord as a reason for His mercy.

Next plead this: " Lord, thou knowest, and Thou hast made me to know somewhat of what will become of me if Thy mercy does not come to me; I must perish, I must perish miserably. I have heard the Gospel, and have neglected it: I have been a Sabbath-breaker, even when I thought I was a Sabbath-keeper; I have been a despiser of Christ, even when I stood up and sang His praises, for I sang them with a hypocrite's lips.

In every man's case there will be a conviction that there is a something so special about his guilt that there will be something very special about the mercy which can put that guilt away. Plead then the peril of your soul, and the glory which grace will gain by your rescue. Plead the greatness of the grace needed, for Christ delights to do great marvels, and His name is Wonderful. " Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great. Lord, save me, for I am a nobody, and it will be a wonder indeed if Thy grace shall visit me."

Then you can put this to the good Saviour. Tell Him if He will give you His salvation, He will not be impoverished by the gift. " Lord, I am a thirsty soul; but Thou art such a river that if I drink from Thee there will be no fear of my exhausting Thy boundless supply." They put up over certain *little nasty, dirty ponds* by the roadside, " No dogs may be washed here." Pity the dogs if they were! But no one puts up such a notice on the banks of great, glorious Old Father Thames. You may wash your dogs if you like, and his flood will flow on; there is too much of it to be so readily polluted. So is it with the boundless mercy of God. God permits many a poor dog of a sinner to be washed in it, and yet it is just as full and efficacious as ever.

You need not be afraid of enjoying too much sunlight, for the sun loses nothing by your basking in his beams. So is it with divine mercy: it can visit you, and bless you, and remain as great and glorious as ever. Out of the fulness of Christ millions may still receive salvation, and He will remain the same overflowing fountain of grace.

There is another plea implied in the prayer, and a very sweet argument it is—" Let Thy mercies come *also* unto me, O Lord." It means: " It has come to so many before, therefore let it come also unto me. Lord, if I were the only one, and Thou hadst never saved a sinner before, yet would I venture upon Thy word and promise. Especially I would come and trust the blood of Jesus: but, Lord, I am not the first by many millions. I beseech Thee, then, of Thy great love, let Thy salvation come unto me."

You notice in the parable of the prodigal that

THE FORLORN FEEDER OF SWINE

was the only son that had gone astray, and consequently the first that ever tried whether his father would receive him. The elder brother had not gone astray, and was there at home, to grumble at his younger brother; but the poor prodigal son, though he had no instance before him of his father's willingness to forgive, was bold to try by faith his father's heart. None had trodden that way before, yet he made bold to explore it. He felt that he should not be cast out. But when we hear any of you say, " I will arise, and go to my Father," scores of us are ready to leap out of our seats and cry, " Come along, brother, for we have come, and the gracious Father has received us."

I do not know whether the elder brother is here to murmur at a penitent sinner; I am happy to say I have none of his spirit. It will make my heart happy; the bells of my whole nature will ring for joy if I may only bring one of my poor, prodigal brothers back to my great Father's house. Oh, come along with you, and let this be the plea: " Thou hast received so many, O receive me." Cry, " Bless me, even me also, O my Father." Jesus has not come to the end of His saving work yet. There is room for you, and there will be room for thousands upon thousands yet, until the Master of the house hath risen up and shut to the door.

3. I will close by assuring you that this blessedly gracious prayer, which I have helped to back up with arguments, *will be answered by our gracious God.* Oh, be sure of this, He never sent His prophets to preach to us a salvation which cannot be ours; He never sent His apostles to report to us concerning a mere dream; He never set the angels wondering at an empty speculation; He never gave His Son to be a ransom which will not redeem; and He never committed His Spirit to witness to that which after all will mock the sinner's need. No, He is able to save: there is salvation, there is salvation to be had, to be had now, even now.

We are sitting in the light in this house while a dense fog causes darkness all around, even darkness which may be felt; this is an emblem of the state of those who are in Christ: they have light in their hearts, light in their habitations, light in Jesus Christ. O come to Him and find salvation now. May God bring any that have been in darkness into His marvellous light, and bring them now, and unto His name shall be praise for ever and ever. Amen and amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—1 Peter 1.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 175,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY'S CONVERSION AND THE NEGLECTED CAMELIA.

I WAS brought up religiously, as the world uses the expression ; my parents taught us that to go to a theatre was sinful and evil. While at home I was strenuous in teaching at the Sunday-school, playing the organ at the parish church, tract-distributing, holding Bible classes, etc.

After my marriage I was persuaded to go to London amusements, theatres, concerts, and the like. At first I had misgivings of conscience, but soon they were all hushed, and in the spring of 1869 I was looking forward to a gay season in London. Having taken tickets for *a reading by Charles Dickens*, before leaving my country house I went into my conservatory and gathered a *white camelia* to wear in my hair, sealing the stalk and putting it carefully into a little tin box to keep it fresh for the occasion, little thinking that before the time came to wear it I should have lost all taste for such amusements, and the flower would be left to die in its little receptacle, my soul having, through grace, obtained "eternal life."

I was invited to stay two days with my sister and her husband, who, through mercy, are Christians not in name only, but in deed and in truth. I regretted that I could not refuse the urgent desire expressed for me to be with them, knowing the time would hang heavily on me, the only subject in their household of real interest being the Lord Jesus and His glory. When I arrived I found my brother-in-law at home, suffering from indisposition. During conversation he said, "Have you ever heard me relate the circumstances of my conversion ?" On my replying in the negative, he told me how he had had exercise of conscience and knew that his soul was not safe for eternity ; but Satan whispered, "If you give up the world and make a profession of religion you will be sure to fall, and then you will be worse off than ever."

Continuing unhappy and unsettled, he spoke to a brother in Christ, who took him aside and read to him the 53d chapter of Isaiah. When he came to the blessed verse, "All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all . . . with His stripes we are healed," he could see it all. The way of escape had been provided by the judgment being borne by the sinner's substitute. It seemed to him like a glorious pattern woven by a skilful workman, every color in its place shining brightly, and he finished the account by saying, 'Blessed be God ! ever since that moment I have never had one doubt of my complete acceptance and salvation."

How I secretly longed to be able to echo that joyful certainty in my own heart ; but, instead, there was nothing there but the hollowness of the world, the blank wretchedness of uncertainty. I was told some of the Lord's people were coming to a Bible-reading at his house. I cannot forget the happy faces of those who came with their Bibles in their hands. I knew I was the only hypocrite present, and when they knelt to ask the Lord's blessing I said, "Lord, do not hinder the blessing because I am here." I rose to leave as they were meditating on Hebrews 11, when this thought came with mighty power into my soul—I shall be punished forever in hell if I do not believe Jesus died for *me*. I had believed that He died on the cross, but never that His death had atoned for *my* sins, and now I saw with terrible reality that unbelief as to *this* would sink my soul into the lowest hell. Then came the Word of God over and over in my stricken heart : "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar ; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son" (1 John 5).

On arriving at home the Word of God said to me, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin." I said, "What, Lord, all the long black list of the sins of my whole life ?" The answer came, "As far as the east is from the west, *so* far hath He removed our transgressions from us." Then I began to praise : "Jesus, Thou shalt never hear the last of this.

"Loudest of the crew I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace."

I longed for a voice so loud that all the world might hear that Jesus had stooped to save such a guilty one as me. I could see, by faith, my new-found Saviour, once bleeding, dying on the cross—bearing "our sins in His own body on the tree." My head was a fountain of tears of joy, and, falling to sleep that night, I said, "Lord, I will lie down in Thine arms for the first time in my life." And now I can say those same sweet real words, "Blessed be God ! never since that hour have I had one doubt of my complete acceptance and salvation."

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Safe Arrival after a Troublous Voyage—Hot Fight on the High Seas—Reception in New York.

THE Steamship Australia, conveying the officers of the Salvation Army detailed for service in America, arrived on Wednesday, March 10th, having been *twenty-five days at sea*. The vessel had barely cleared the English Channel when one of the cylinders burst, and with one engine the passage had to be made, against contrary winds, and at times through stormy weather. But had the accident occurred just six hours earlier, it is all but certain that the vessel would have been wrecked on the Scilly Islands.

Many of the passengers were taken off by the Steamship Elysia, of the same line, which passed the Australia on Thursday, the 4th, but the Salvation Army officers preferred to remain on board *the boat which was being prayed for* by so many thousands of their comrades at home, even if, as they were told was highly probable, they should have to be put on biscuit only, rather than leave the vessel thus specially insured.

The captain and all the ship's company treated them with the greatest kindness, so that they were able to hold three services on board daily. But the very large majority of the passengers preferred card-playing to prayer, and the meetings repeatedly aroused the same sort of hostility which the Army is accustomed to encounter when it marches to storm some citadel of the enemy of souls ashore.

The little party might have been seen praying, speaking, and singing at one half of a table, the other half of which was occupied by the card-players, while others endeavored to drown the sounds of Jesus' name with *comic songs*. In every case, however, the name "high over all" prevailed before the close of the meeting, the heaving breast and falling tear repeatedly testifying to the effect produced upon many hearts.

The officers of the ship offered to put a stop to any sort of opposition, but the Army preferred not to avail itself of any such special protection, so that victory might be won, not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord.

Immediately after landing at Castle Garden the party held a brief service, a large crowd speedily gathering and listening with profound attention. The hymn,

"With a sorrow for sin,
Let repentance begin ;
Then conversion of course will draw nigh ;
But till washed in the blood
Of a crucified Lord,
We shall never be ready to die,"

having been sung, and some words of exhortation and invitation addressed to the crowd, prayer was offered, and the party marched off. Being dressed in uniform, they naturally attracted much attention, and the newspapers have all described them and their work day after day, so that they have every prospect of obtaining their first requisite—the ear of the crowd. They will commence operations in the open air immediately, and their first indoor service was held in Harry Hill's Music Hall on Sunday evening. They are hoping to secure some warehouse or other large unused building for permanent use.

TEN SIGNS OF THE APPROACHING END.*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page* 173.)

9. The Infliction of a deadly Wound upon the Napoleon dynasty—The revived Napoleon—Historical Evidence—Waterloo and Sedan—Another Napoleon to arise—Prince Jerome and Prince Louis—The vile Person of fierce Countenance—Not to arise as Sovereign until the Ten Kingdomed Confederacy is formed—An Ecclesiastical and Political Headship.

9. The infliction of "a deadly wound by the sword of war" upon

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY

at Sedan as well as at Waterloo, preparatory to the predicted future healing of that deadly wound, and to the rise of the final great Napoleonic Antichrist, is a notable sign of the End.

The Battle of Sedan, in September, 1870, was a remarkable prophetical event, clearly predicted in Revelation 13 : 3, 14, as *the wounding to death by a sword* of the seventh governmental headship of the Roman empire, which in fact is the Napoleonic dynasty, as upward of one hundred expositors firmly maintain. And this prophecy states that *the deadly wound is to be healed*, to the astonishment of the whole world, and that then the revived Napoleon is to have *power given him over all kindreds and tongues and nations ; and al that dwell upon the earth, except the elect, shal worship him as their god: and he will make wa with Christians and overcome them for three an a half years* (Rev. 13 : 5–8).

In short, he will become the Great Antichris of the last days, whose fearful character is foretold in 2 Thess. 2 as the *Man of sin and son o perdition*, who is to sit in the rebuilt temple o God at Jerusalem, claiming worship as God, an at last is to be destroyed by the brightness o Christ's personal Coming—and as the *Little Hor* of Daniel 7 and 8, who is to wear out the saint for three and a half years, and to think to chang times and laws, but is to have his body given t the burning flame when the Son of Man come in the clouds of heaven. His career is also described as that of "the King who shall do according to his own will" in Daniel 11 : 21–3 and to the end of Daniel 12.

The historical evidence that the Napoleon dynasty is the seventh governmental headship o the Roman empire, or seven-headed and ten horned wild beast, is as follows. The interpre ing angel explained the seven heads in Revelation 17 : 10 by saying to the Apostle John "*They are seven kings* (or forms of government *five are fallen* (*i.e.*, passed away—viz., Monarch Consuls, Tribunes, Decemvirs, Dictators) : *an one* (the sixth head) *is : and the other* (the seventh) *is not yet come: and when he cometh must continue a short space. And the wild bea that was and is not, even he is the eighth, and of the seven, and goeth into perdition—and th that dwell on the earth shall wonder when th behold the wild beast that was and is not and y shall be* (verse 8)—*i.e.*, that was alive, dead, an alive again—in fact, wounded to death, an healed of its deadly wound.

The sixth head, which was in existence in S John's time, was the Roman emperorship, whic never ceased to exist in the person of some representative until A.D. 1806, when the title of Roman emperor was formally renounced by Franc II., Emperor of Austria, as stated by Alison, th historian, owing to his being defeated by Napoleon Bonaparte. At that time Bonaparte wa actually master of Rome and Italy, which he annexed to the French empire, and thus the Napoleon dynasty became the seventh governmental head of the Roman empire, the princip portions of which it conquered.

But the Napoleon dynasty only "continued hort space," as predicted, for, in 1815, it was wounded to death" at the battle of Waterloo, s foretold in Rev. 13:3. Then, in 1848–51, ouis Napoleon became Emperor of France, and as beginning to restore his dynasty to sover- ignty over Europe, but in the war to regain the hine frontier he failed, and it was again wounded to death" at Sedan, in September, 870. Nevertheless, the prophecy states that it to be "healed of its deadly wound, and all the orld is to wonder."

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by ma *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, ar Description of Approaching Events," with two ma and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contai valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on the events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

Therefore, within a few years' time at the fur- hest another Napoleon will arise, and gradually store that dynasty to supremacy over the coun- ies of the Roman empire, and he will reign as niversal monarch during the final three and a alf years over "all kindreds, and tongues, and ations," until his destruction at Armageddon Rev. 13:7).

This interpretation of the Napoleon dynasty, eing the *seventh headship*, which, according to ev. 12 and 17, is to be revived and become the st form of Antichrist, has been maintained in bstance by J. H. Frere in 1815, Rev. G. S. aber in 1818, Rev. H. Gauntlett in 1820, ev. E. Irving in 1826, and subsequently alto- ther by about forty clergymen, including the evs. Dr. Keith, S. Garratt, J. G. Gregory, A. ausset, etc., and by more than sixty laymen, in eir published prophetic treatises.

A great surprise is in store for all who deem e Napoleon dynasty to be hopelessly dead, or, least, irrecoverably disabled from taking any ading part in European affairs for many years come. So far from this, it has died only to e again with more irrepressible vitality. It has len only to rise once more with elastic rebound a greater height. It has been defeated only advance with surer steps and more deep-laid emes to future conquests. Its failure is the ecursor of its ultimate success. Its present akness is the prelude to its eventual strength. A Napoleonic hand will again wield with irre- tible energy the sceptre of

EUROPEAN SUPREMACY;

d pen despatches for which the world shall nd on the tiptoe of eager expectancy. A Na- leonic voice will agan speak, and the tenor of utterances, flashed on telegraphic wings to tening nations, be awaited with breathless in- est in Cabinet Councils and Parliaments, in urts and camps, upon Bourses and Mercantile changes.

A Napoleonic eye will again review squad- ns, battalions, and regiments of vast military sts marching with enthusiastic shout of "Vive poleon," and emerging from hotly-contested ttle-fields with restored prestige, and with tory inscribed upon their banners. A Na- leonic ear will again be saluted with flatteries, ch as were addressed by his courtiers to the st Napoleon, who, when he asked them what ople thought of him, was told, "Some men nk you are an angel, and some a devil, but all ee you are more than a man;" and on an- her occasion he was told that the Almighty eated him and rested from his labor. The Na- eonic name is to regain its pristine ascen- cy, and become associated in men's minds h a new and marvellous career of successful itary exploits, so that the world shall uncon- ously utter the predicted challenge, "Who like unto him? Who is able to make war h him?" (Rev. 13:3.)

History is about to repeat itself in presenting new and unexpected Napoleonic career of ndless ambition and achievement, like that h which Napoleon Bonaparte dazzled and as- nded Europe during the first fifteen years of present century. Originally emerging from obscure position, Bonaparte suddenly shot up a comet to an unexampled height of exalta- n. Entering the French army as a lieutenant, became in a few years its commander-in-chief. He invaded Egypt and Syria, and conquered lland, Belgium, Spain, Austria, and the Italian tes of Savoy, Venice, Naples, Genoa, and scany. He raised his three brothers, his ther-in-law, and son-in-law to be the five kings over Holland, Spain, Westphalia, Naples, and Lombardy; and he became Imperial Head and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, consisting of sixteen German States. He was thus altogether sovereign over the principal central countries of the original Roman Empire, and Rome was likewise in his military possession.

The rapidity and extent of those marvellous triumphs of Napoleon Bonaparte are now about to be not merely equalled, but very much surpassed by a modern Napoleon, who is announced in prophecy to arise before long as an eleventh Little Horn or Sovereign after a Confederacy of Ten Sovereigns shall have been established over the whole extent of the Roman Empire, and then to overthrow three of them, and gradually, after a few years, to become Roman Emperor for three and a half years over ten new kings elected by universal suffrage over the ten kingdoms of Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and the North African coast (Dan. 7:24–5; Rev. 13 and 17).

We are standing, in truth, upon the threshold of the most colossal, gigantic, and stupendous events. We have arrived at a crisis in the world's history of thrilling interest, and of the most spirit-stirring and awe-inspiring character. We are on the point of witnessing the fulfilment of the impressive prophecy—"All the world shall wonder when they behold the (Napoleonic) empire that was and is not and yet is."

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON AND PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

If at the present period we could not discover any Napoleon at all qualified to become a mighty monarch, then these prophecies might appear unlikely to be soon fulfilled. But it is an extraordinary fact that there are Napoleons now living precisely adapted to accomplish these prophecies. It is unnecessary for any one to say positively that *Prince Jerome Napoleon* (who was born in 1823) will become the Antichrist, but no other Napoleon seems more likely than he. The writer published, in March, 1873, in his pamphlet, "The Coming Napoleon," the following remarks:

"*Prince Louis Napoleon*, who was born in 1856, is the lineal successor of his father, the late ex-emperor Louis Napoleon III. (who died in January, 1873). But although he has the number 666 contained in his name, yet hitherto, at least, he is lacking in the characteristics of being a *King of fierce countenance understanding dark sentences*, and *a vile person* (which the Great Antichrist must be according to Dan. 8:23 and 11:21, as well as an *Infidel*, Dan. 11:36, 37, and a *Red Republican Democrat* prefigured by the *uncrowned scarlet* wild beast of Rev. 17). It will remain to be seen whether some Napoleon who is more of *a fierce countenance* and a *vile person* does not after some time take his place.

"*Prince Jerome Napoleon*, who is fifty years of age, is not the direct legitimate successor of his cousin, the late Louis Napoleon III., but is far more qualified to be so than Prince Louis Napoleon, as far as political experience, antecedents, and ability are concerned. He has always been a great Democrat as well as a Voltairean freethinker, and therefore is well adapted to become the latterday Democratic Antichrist.

But in public life hitherto he has been opposed to the temporal power of the Pope, whereas the latterday champion of Democracy is also to be an *Ultramontanist* and champion of the temporal power of the Pope at the outset of his career, in order to further his own aims, although afterward he is to destroy that temporal power and to despoil the Romish Church. Hence there must be a change in his views regarding the temporal power if he is to become the Personal Antichrist who is to be at first a zealous Ultramontanist as well as a Radical Republican.

"The indispensable characteristics of being a sovereign of *fierce countenance* and a *vile person*, which are totally lacking in Prince Louis Napoleon, are remarkably manifest in *Prince Jerome*, whose countenance is fierce and defiant, the very image of the face of Napoleon I., and although he is possessed of great mental powers and eloquence, yet somehow or other he has contrived to be vilified and ridiculed in Paris for many years—one of his popular nick-names being *Plon-Plon*.

"The London *Weekly News* of February 1st, 1873, said of him: '*Plon-Plon* the first? it is very difficult indeed at this moment to see, even for one month, into the political future of France; but no man who has the slightest acquaintance with French politics would hesitate one moment in declaring that, come what may to our volatile and unfortunate neighbors, they will never tolerate *Prince Jerome Napoleon* as a ruler among them."

The Rev. R. A. Purdon, in his *Last Vials*, for December, 1854, wrote of him:

"Napoleon I. had all the characteristics of the Seventh Head of the Roman Empire or seven-headed wild beast. The Eighth and Last Head is to arise out of the Seventh, according to Revelation 17:10, 11; and therefore we expect the Eighth Head to be a member of the Napoleon family. Whether the particular individual will be a man with a square-cut face, and dark eyes, like *Prince Jerome Napoleon* now (1854) in command of a Division of the French Army in the Crimea, or whether he be a man with an oval face and blue eyes, like the Emperor Louis Napoleon, can make no difference. Which Napoleon it is cannot matter, so long as the Eighth Head is a Napoleon."

It must, however, be carefully noticed that whatever Napoleon is to be the Antichrist, or Little Horn, *he will not arise as a sovereign* until after the Confederacy of Ten Sovereigns has distinctly appeared; for in Daniel 7:24 we read that the ten horns are ten Sovereigns that shall arise; and then another, the Little Horn, shall arise after them, and shall subdue three of the ten kings. Also, in Daniel 8, we are told that this Little Horn is to arise out of one of the four Macedonian kingdoms—viz., Greece, Turkey, Syria, or Egypt.

Apparently, at first he is to arise as a Little Horn, or Sovereign, ruling over some little territory parcelled out of one of those four countries—some province or provinces belonging to them—possibly Palestine, or perhaps some of their islands, such as Cyprus, Candia, Sicily, or Sardinia, which once belonged to Greece.

Then, somewhere about that same time, he will make his predicted seven-years' covenant with the Jews (Dan. 9:27), and then, two or three years afterward, he will attain dominion over *all* the ten kingdoms. But at first he only subdues three of the ten kingdoms, and the ten-kingdomed confederacy seems then to become, to a certain extent, weakened for a year or two, until he reconstitutes it under his imperial rule (Rev. 17:12, 13).

Hence it seems that any Napoleon who is a *Sovereign before* the ten-kingdomed Confederacy is formed cannot be the Antichrist, who is only to arise as a Horn, or *Sovereign after* that Confederacy has appeared.

Nevertheless, the Coming Napoleon, although not then a *Sovereign*, may, in some way, occupy a distinguished position in the predestined tremendous wars or revolutions by which France must be extended to the Rhine, and regain Alsace, Lorraine, Metz, Strasburg, etc., and reverse the defeat of Sedan, and form the Confederacy. For the predicted "healing of the deadly wound" of the Napoleon dynasty will seem more complete, if as the defeat of Sedan was incurred under a Napoleon, so the foreordained reversal of that defeat by the French should take place under a Napoleon, as an influential military or political leader, although he may not at that time be actually a *Horn* or *Sovereign*.

If a Bonaparte—for instance, Cardinal Lucien Bonaparte—should become "Infallible" Pope—the Two-horned Pope of Rev. 13:2—the power of the Napoleon dynasty would evidently be greatly promoted. It is surely a strange coincidence that just at this time there exist Bonapartes ready to become the ecclesiastical and political Heads of the Roman Empire.

(To be Continued.)

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page 175*).

Charles Clifford's Advocates.

It will readily be believed that Mrs. Britton was taking unbounded interest in the exciting event that had visited Clifford, where exciting events were "few and far between." The whole village was agape with curiosity and expectation.

Julia Rush had let fall a few mysterious words, hinting at a speedy revolution in affairs; and it was reported furtively that she had the means of driving out Master Ernest, and setting up Master Charles in his forfeited birthright. Of course Ernest knew nothing of these rumors, nor did they reach Mr. Britton's ears, closed as they were to the echoes of mere worldly gossip. But Mrs. Britton was aware of them from the first, and pondered over them quietly, not breathing a syllable of them to any of those whom they concerned. Her maternal hopes were all aroused.

If Charles should turn out the master of Clifford Grange, what a chance there would be for Jenny? She was still a welcome visitant at the Grange, and she was always reckoned a pretty girl when Rose was away; and Rose could be no rival in this case. She had seen Jenny hearkening, open-eyed and eager, to Charles's traveller's tales, and Charles was not insensible to her simple enthusiasm.

Mrs. Britton grew intensely anxious to learn the whole truth; and who was more likely to know it than Julia Rush's aunt, Mrs. Dunnit?

So thinking, she made up her mind to pay a visit to the old lady. After the usual greetings and some general observations, she came to her point in a seemingly careless manner.

"Who would have expected Mr. Charles to come home again, after all these years? You knew old Mr. Clifford?"

"I've dwelt in Clifford all my days, and I knew the old master well," said Mrs. Dunnit.

"Ah! and was he so wrapt up, as they say, in his son?" she asked, "or was he very fond of Mr. Ernest Clifford? Ernest Wren, he was then, his stepson. Were you and Elijah astonished when the estates came to him?"

"Me and Elijah went down on our knees to thank God for it," she replied, with more vivacity than usual. "Master Clifford was a wrathful man, and a very wilful man; and he'd sworn great oaths he'd cut off Master Charlie if he didn't come home afore he died. But none of us believed it till the will was read. It seemed almost too good to be true."

"But I hear say Mr. Charles will come into his own yet," suggested Mrs. Britton, with an impartial and curious tone.

"That's Julia's fine talk, set her up for a conceited madam!" answered Mrs. Dunnit. "She'll be sayin' Master Charlie's goin' to marry her next. No, no. We do have some misgivin's that Master Ernest maybe'll give up to him. You see it is his birthright, and it's cruel and unfair to him, and our Master Ernest can't abide any thing that's unfair. Somehow it seems like Jacob takin' Esau's birthright from him. But it was a bitter bad day for Clifford when Master Charlie came back, if he is to be master again and turn out Master Ernest."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Britton, committing herself to nothing.

"If Master Ernest gives up the Grange," continued Mrs. Dunnit maliciously, "I hear folks say as Master Britton 'll give up the Vicarage to him, and we shall lose you and him, ma'am."

"No, surely," ejaculated Mrs. Britton, as a sudden scathing dread flashed across her mind. She felt, with an ominous heart-sinking, that Wiliam would do it, if Ernest would let him. William would think nothing of turning out to beggary and starvation, if these came in the path of self-sacrifice. She had no very high opinion of Ernest. But she had not a high opinion of any one; her nature was not capable of real trust.

If Ernest had gained the estates in any underhand way, as she was quite willing to believe, he would have no scruple in taking back the living he had bestowed upon his friend. She recoiled with dread from the too vivid idea of going back to some *poor curacy* in a large town, where they would be nobodies, and where she would meet with no little helps to eke out their scanty income. In her terror she murmured, "God forbid!"

"Amen!" said Mrs. Dunnit. "God forbid, as Master Ernest should give up to Master Charlie! But if he do, why nature says as he must go to the Vicarage again. You've only been here these nine years, but he's always lived amongst us, since he was a little curly-headed lad. And there's Miss Rose, she's been born and bred amongst us; she's like our own daughter, seein' as she never had her own mother, poor lamb! She's just the same as own child to every woman in Clifford. I couldn't fancy to think of Clifford without Master Ernest and Miss Rose. Either squire or parson he must be."

"But, my good woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Britton "the living was given to Mr. Britton for live. No person could deprive him of it."

"God bless him! He'd be the first to see the rights," said Mrs. Dunnit cheerfully, conscious of Mrs. Britton's dismay; "he's a true gentleman and a godly Christian; and he'd never keep another man out of his dues. I'd trust Mr. Britton for that. So I say again, God forbid Master Ernest should give up to Master Charlie!"

"But isn't Mr. Ernest keeping his own brother out of his dues?" asked Mrs. Britton somewhat spitefully.

The old woman's face fell. She did not like to look at the question from that point of view. It was quite evident to her that right and justice would demand the restoration of the church and vicarage to Ernest; but she was not prepared to admit that Ernest was bound to resign his estates to the born heir. Her dread of Master Charlie's reign was too real and too great to allow her to see clearly in that direction. She could only shake her head and repeat, "God forbid it! God forbid it!"

The long summer days passed heavily to all at Clifford Grange. The conflict in Ernest's mind did not come to a speedy conclusion, for he was taking time to observe his brother narrowly. There was no evidence of any change having transformed Charles's character. He was simply the sort of man his boyhood had foretold. If he became master of Clifford Grange, he would be the least estimable Clifford that had ever owned it. In ten years' time, Ernest felt sure, the estate would pass into the hands of strangers and Charles be begging for his bread. Was it not his duty to hold fast the property?

The idea that his elder brother had robbed him by foul play of his inheritance had not been dismissed from Charles's mind, though he had thrown away as worthless the poor evidence of such a crime. He had never practised self-control; and now, though it was to his interest to make himself agreeable to Ernest, he could not refrain from an occasional outburst of angry insolence, alternating with an almost servile deference to him.

He made free with the horses and boats belonging to the house; and he lounged about Clifford, talking with the fishermen on the beach, with hints and innuendoes of Ernest's unlawful usurpation of his birthright. There was a certain sense of justice in the hearts of the men which recognized the claims of the only son to his father's property, and which was kindled into stronger life by Charles's presence.

Each one felt that his small possessions—his boat, his cattle, his household furniture—which he had inherited from his forefathers, he held in a sort of trust for the children that were coming after him. His sons were the grandsons of the father who had left him his goods; and there was a natural law which required of him that after he had served his own life with them, they should pass into the possession of those in whose veins the same blood ran. Yet all the while they knew that Ernest's ownership of Clifford Grange was the most beneficial circumstance every one connected with the estate.

Mrs. Clifford, with all the force of a wea minded woman, took the side of her young son. She behaved as if she could not ma enough of him, and she supplied him with much money as he chose to demand from h under the transparent subterfuge of borrowin Every day the fatted calf was killed, the b robe worn. She invited her friends and neig bors, from far and near, to come and rejoi with her over her long-lost son; and a succ sion of somewhat dreary festivities took place Clifford Grange, enjoyed by no one except Jen Britton.

Jenny's mother kept her well supplied wi pretty, fresh muslin dresses, and an almost u restricted supply of ribbons and gloves. T cost was not very great, and Mrs. Britton f that Jenny was having her chance now. Ern was bound at least to provide handsomely f his brother, who had come home at last safe a sound, though a beggar. Why should not Jen share Charles Clifford's fortunes?

Julia Rush had felt it to be a great blow wh Charles told her that her cherished secret h proved utterly worthless. She scarcely believ it, especially as Charles harped upon the noti that there had been foul play somehow. I took his obligations to her very coolly, and c not make her heart beat fast with gladness kissing her again. In fact he was really irritat against her for kindling hopes that had been rudely extinguished by his uncle.

He almost felt a grudge against her becau the papers had not turned out of more valu When she asked him again for the little silk b she had carried in her bosom for ten years, told her how he had tossed it away, utterly different to the chagrin she felt. Julia sh some bitter tears over the loss; she would ha given her year's wages for that little bag.

"Ernest," said his mother one morning, in cold and distant manner, "my brother Wrig writes me he is coming over to-day. It is hi time to see what is to be done for Charlie. I very hard for him, poor boy! cruelly hard see you here in his place. You should recoll you were not born a Clifford. Of course, if poor, dead husband had taken my advice, should have shown him how very unjust it w to cut off his own son, and quite against wishes. Right is right. But Mr. Clifford alwa kept me in the dark, and my poor boy suffers it."

"I have not yet finally decided what I sh do," answered Ernest; "it is a more diffic question than you suppose. You would ha me deliver up every thing into Charles hands

"I hardly say that," replied the mother m ingly. "Charles is rather a spendthrift. St I cannot help feeling he is the rightful own He goes ordering about more like the ow than you do. He *thrashed one of the lads* t morning right soundly; and that you wo never do. Anybody could see with half an which is the born master."

"The born tyrant," interposed Ernest, w mingled indignation and sadness.

"Just like his poor father," continued M Clifford. "Oh! there's no question as which is the true Clifford of Clifford. N poor, poor Charlie! he is not in his right pla He was so very young when he ran away. tells me he was actually on his way home, w close at hand, when he heard his father w dead, and how he had left you every thing, a he went off again, broken-hearted. If he h been a fortnight earlier he would have found father alive, and it would all have been alter It was one of his shipwrecks that hindered h from being home in time. He has been in great number of shipwrecks.'

"Then you wish to see Charles master here said Ernest.

"Well, I only wish what is right," she swered; "I cannot believe it is right for poor boy to be a beggar in his own fath house. You would not like Rose to be turn ou n that way for a woman that was not a bit rel ed to you. Blood is blood, and blood is thi er than water. Right is right, and wrong ca never be right."

ter having delivered herself thus oracularly, Mr Clifford leaned back in her chair and adjus d her lace lappets with an air of infinite sel omplacency. As usual when he was in perple ty, Ernest was marching up and down the roo ; but though she hated to see it, she dar not give way to her petulance. She was alw s a little awed by her elder son ; but Charlie ver gave her the same insufferable feeling of ing looked through and silently condemned. She elt sure that Ernest had found her out, and kne her thoroughly, though his manner towa her was unvaryingly kind and considerate. Ch ie would think more of her opinion than e d.

E Ernest was not disregarding his mother's opi on now. On the contrary, he was pondering ver every word she had uttered. Especially e dwelt upon his brother's statement that e s on his way home when his aged father lie As a man watching the outbreak of a hre ening tempest takes heed how a straw is lo , he was carefully considering the least hi that had a bearing on the momentous ue on on hand. He dared not say to himself he was absolutely incapable of saying it—" ll hold what I have, in spite of conscience, u ightness, of responsibility to a higher rule ha he mere legal processes of a court of law."

Y it was difficult to make sure of that higher ule whilst there were so many conflicting lai to adjust. As yet he resembled the man *ra lly restored to sight*, who saw men as trees alk g. His thoughts and plans and desires ere ll vague, dim, and wandering. He could ot en his eyes and see the path of righteous ess retching before him in a clear light. His ot r's words took the same obscure form and ga to haunt his troubled brain.

(*To be continued.*)

EVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S esson for March 28. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

T first four lessons of the quarter were n from the life of our blessed Lord previous H ministry ; the next eight from His teachi is ministry in *word*, and the last from His ni ry in *deed*, His healing power. Whatever e rd Jesus was as man, He was for us, born r (Isa. 9 : 6), persecuted even in infancy for tized for us to "fulfil all righteousness" 3 : 15), for He is "the end or fulfilling of e for righteousness to every one that be e" (Rom. 10 : 4) ; and He was tempted for n that He Himself hath suffered being mp d, He is able to succor them that are mp d" (Heb. 2 : 18).

In verything which He has been for us or ne r us He opens and prepares the way that s uld do or be something for Him. He ho though He was rich, yet for our sakes ca poor" (2 Cor. 8 : 9), teaches us to co e as little children, to become little as came little, as He "made Himself of r utation" (Phil. 2 : 7), or, according to reek, "emptied Himself ;" so must we am empty ourselves, to have no reputation s, no self-life. And all this, not with fish end of our own spiritual progress wi , but the advancement of His kingdom, is ry in the world. It is not written "Ex pt be converted and become as little chil en ye shall not be *holy*, but "ye shall not te into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. : 3 Now our great object in life is to seek firs the kingdom of God and His righteous ss" *i.e.*, His interests before ours even in holy ing fully persuaded that while we seek His ter ts He will not fail to seek ours. And ou we may be led into Egypt, into an un ow land where we are all unknown, and no e y understand the life of God which is us r sympathize with our heart's desire to ri our God, yet it is the right way by which He leads us, and while the world knoweth us not, the Shepherd says, "My sheep hear My voice and *I* know them," etc. (John 10 : 27).

But in temptation ? can we be also tempted for Christ's sake and not for our own ? Truly yes. For while "the trying of our faith worketh patience" in us, it brings glory to the Lamb, by whose blood alone we can overcome the enemy (James 1 : 3, Rev. 12 : 11). It is of the utmost importance that we should not look upon temptation as a personal matter, lest we lay ourselves open to pride and vainglory if they are overcome, so falling into sin in the moment of victory, and robbing Jesus of His glory, or, on the other hand, lest we lay ourselves open to discouragement if they are not overcome. If we look upon every temptation as an assault of the enemy upon Christ Himself in His members, how can we doubt that He will undertake for his own glory, and how can we be uplifted when He gains the victory, seeing that He has done it and not we ?

In the lessons taken from our Lord's teaching we must first perceive that the standard which He sets up is divine, not human, that it is far above the highest moral standard of the natural man ; it is not an assertion of the rights of man with regard to his fellow-man, but it brings in the very law by which God guides Himself and makes it the rule of our conduct. It is newness of life, divine life, proceeding from and maintained by God Himself, and it is only as buried with Christ and risen into His life that we can love the holy precepts which condemn all the instincts of our self-life and discover its utter impotence to fulfil them. But when once we have discerned, in the light of God, the holy dignity of His will, then a divine enthusiasm animates us to be before His eyes true disciples.

We have already seen that "the gospel of the kingdom" (Matt. 4 : 23) contains precepts, and manifests a tone which the natural man can neither imitate nor understand. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him : neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2 : 14). Therefore we must not be hurt or surprised if, in following these holy principles, we are misjudged and condemned, and unworthy motives are imputed to us ; it can not be otherwise. "Ye are dead," says Paul, "and your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3 : 3). How then can we expect those whose eyes are not opened to understand a life which is hidden from them ? The very sentiment of pain at being misunderstood, when we are poor in spirit, meek, persecuted, etc., when we love our enemies, when we resist not evil, etc., is a clear evidence that we do not understand our position as dead and buried with Christ. That which is dead has not power to feel.

Therefore, in order to be true disciples, we must renounce completely all thought of being understood or encouraged by the world, or by half-hearted Christians while our standpoint is not in their horizon, for we look at ourselves, at the world, and other Christians from God's point of view, and not from man's. But this is just the reason why we are to esteem all others better than ourselves (Phil. 2 : 3). And this we can do without hypocrisy if we know ourselves, for in measure as we walk in the light we shall be aware of our own unfaithfulness, while we cannot so well perceive that of others. And thus we can rejoice when men revile us and persecute us and say all manner of evil against us falsely for Christ's name's sake, and we can afford to love those who thus deal with us, because we know without being divine in their spirit, they cannot understand that which is divine.

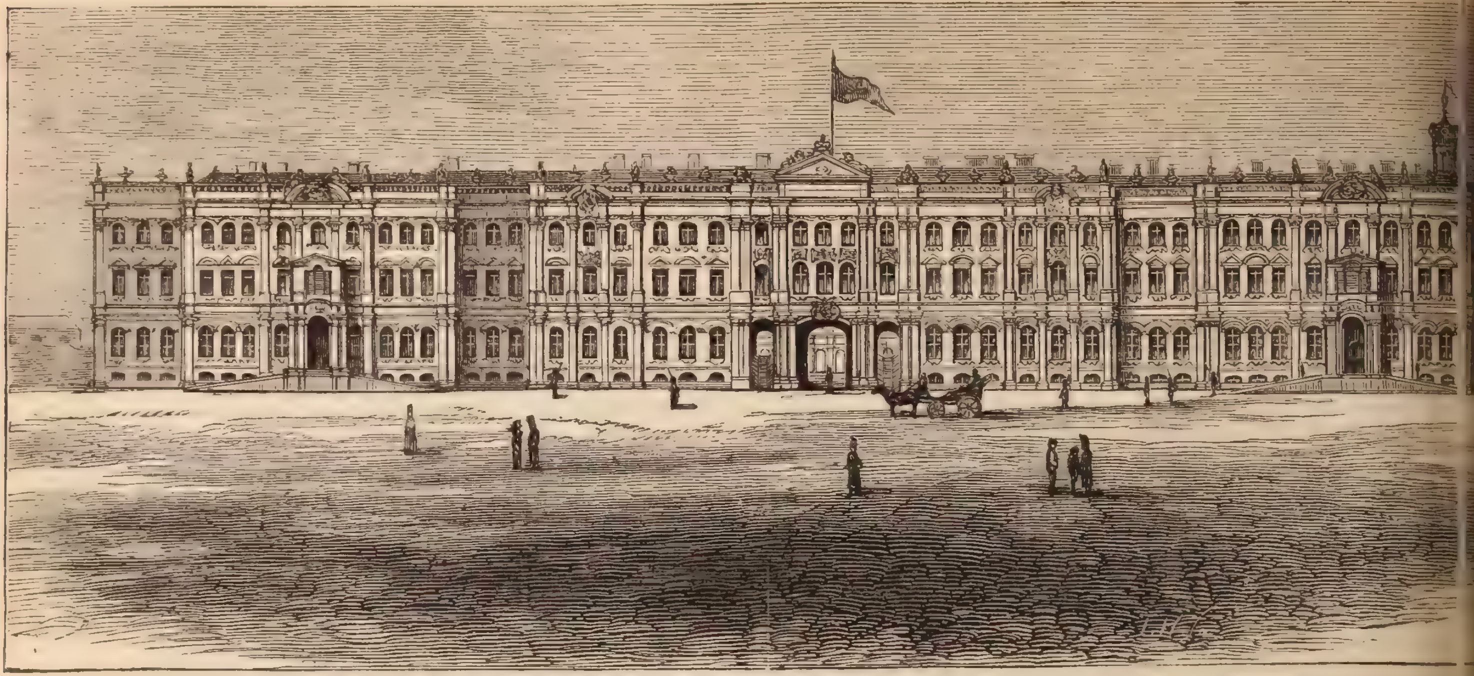
In the light of this newness of life the Lord Jesus passes in review many practical questions, the regulation of the tongue, the eye, the temper, for God and not for us, the giving and praying for God chiefly, and for us only as greater glory shall accrue to God thereby. In the Lord's teaching, self—*i.e.*, our own nature—is not considered, no place is left for it, it is dead and buried with Christ, that He may have all the place as His rightful dominion. Like the four cherubim in Ezekiel, Christ's true disciples are called to be "And they went every one straight forward : whither the Spirit was to go, they went ; and they turned not when they went" (Ezek. 1 : 12). With one purpose, with a single eye, no hesitation, saying like Paul, "One thing I do" (Phil. 3 : 13), so is the true Christian called to live and walk. Always subject and yet always free because it is a willing subjection, a subject will which is brought into union and harmony with God, not a crushed will which is trodden under foot by a mightier.

Oh, God wills that heaven's atmosphere should be brought down to earth, and for a little time it was so after Pentecost, and then disputes arose, and tainted air found its way in among the witnesses of the living God. But surely in our day the Lord, the Holy Ghost is working here and there an intense longing to return to the purity and power of the first days of Christ's church on earth. Let us be true to our position of honor as dead in ourselves, and alive only unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord ; let us deny ourselves all claims of self to judge, to will, to have, and nothing can hinder the return of primitive holiness and power ; for God's sake let us arise and put on our own strength and our beautiful garments (Isa. 52 : 1), that the cry may soon go forth, "The marriage of the Lamb is come and His wife hath made herself ready."

But our Lord in His teaching does not forget that we are in the flesh, and He opens up to us our Father's care, that in the entire self-abnegation to which we are called, we may yet have nothing to fear, since He who cares for the sparrows and the grass of the field knoweth that we have need of earthly things, and He says we are better than the fowls. It is so impossible to live the life of God while one trace of earthly care or sorrow rests upon our spirits. The reflection of God's will upon our souls is like that of the landscape on a perfectly still lake—one ripple, and the reflection is broken and marred.

The last two of our lessons from the Sermon on the Mount treat of that which we owe to our fellow-men. First, to do unto others as we would they should do unto us ; and we have seen how, if we are to be unselfish with regard to God, we must be so also in our faithfulness to our brethren. It must be love from heaven coming down to earth, not earthly love meeting earthly love. God's love does not consider itself, but sacrifices itself, and real love to our brethren must do the same. Our final lesson from this blessed discourse of our Lord's was on the false and the true, and we saw how nothing could stand before God which had not its foundation strongly set in Christ, no tree could remain which did not bring forth good fruit. All unreality, all work which cannot stand the fire must be burned from the children of God. A fiery trial is to try us (1 Cor. 3 : 13, 1 Pet. 1 : 7, 4 : 12). Oh, that we may be found fire-proof, having nothing which is destructible, nothing which is not eternal.

Our last lesson treated of the healing of our blessed Lord, His ministry in deeds of power, His redemption from sickness as well as from sin. We have seen how unbelief and disobedience are hindering us from entering upon the full possession of that heritage of power which four times in the Gospels is spoken of as committed to the apostles (Matt. 10 : 1, 8, Mark 3 : 15, 6 : 7, Luke 9 : 1), once to the seventy (Luke 10 : 9, 19), and once to them that believe (Mark 16 : 17, 18). What then shall be our position in face of such a state of things ? Shall we not arise and begin to take God at His word, and honor Him by expecting the fulfilment of His promises ? We cannot be deceived if our eye is single and we have His glory alone at heart. It is His cause not ours that we would seek, not a personal benefit, but the fulfilment of His own word. It is going out upon the water with Peter, where every step is on His word alone, where we feel and experience nothing, but His word which created the heavens and the earth, must be more solid than the earth which is created, let us then believe.



Front View of the Czar's Winter Palace in St. Petersburgh. (See page 179.)

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Dissolution of the British Parliament has been announced to the Houses. It is expected to take place March 23d. This event caused general surprise, for, though it had been predicted as likely to occur at an early date, an impression was prevalent that the present session would be concluded before it took place. During the next four weeks there will be general excitement throughout the country, for English political customs differ from ours in that every seat in the House of Commons is declared vacant at the same time, and though all elections are not held on the same day, they are usually held during the same week.

Before separating, the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented his financial statement for the year. He announced that the revenue had not equalled the expectations on which he framed his estimates last year, and that in consequence there was a deficit of £3,356,000 ($16,310,000). The cost of the Zulu War to England is equal to over *twenty-five million dollars*. The Chancellor stated that during the six years the Conservative ministry has been in office the national debt has been reduced by £20,342,000 ($98,658,000).

The English in Afghanistan.—A Cabul Dispatch reports that Abdul Rahman Khan has been repulsed. The insurgents have made overtures to the British. The Afghans are favorably impressed by the establishment of a dispensary hospital at Cabul, where 11,000 patients have been treated during the past two months. There is much sickness among the Kuram Valley force.

No Peace in Europe.—That there is to be no peace in Europe the *North German Gazette* still maintains. It continues to affirm that, while Germany is eminently peace-loving, and averse to disturbing her neighbors, there are among those neighbors some who are not of the same disposition. The *Gazette* insists upon it that "war is in sight," and that military movements in Russia have a warlike meaning hostile to Germany. This journal is known to be generally inspired from the Imperial Chancellor's office.

Appalling Accounts Continue to Arrive from Armenia and Kurdistan. The famine extends over an area of 100,000 square miles. Five months must pass before another harvest can bring relief. An appeal for help has been published in England, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and a number of other prominent gentlemen.

The Political Issue on which the Electoral contest in Great Britain will be fought is variously stated by the leaders of the two parties. Lord Beaconsfield is debarred by his position as a member of the House of Lords from issuing a manifesto to the people; but he has written a letter to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which has been published, and will doubtless serve the same purpose. In this letter the Premier endeavors to force the contest on to the question of Home Rule in Ireland.

The Liberal leaders, on the other hand, arraign the whole foreign and domestic policy of the Government, and protest against the issue being narrowed down to one of Home Rule in Ireland. They contend that the Premier learned from the Liverpool election that if he could identify his opponents in the eyes of English constituencies with the Home Rulers, he would discredit them and insure their defeat, and that his letter is the result. They disclaim any desire to grant Home Rule for Ireland, or to disintegrate the empire.

Both parties are sanguine of obtaining a majority in the new Parliament, though neither hopes to gain a large majority. The fear is expressed by moderate politicians that the two parties will be so evenly balanced that neither will be able to govern without the aid of the Home Rule party, which aid must be purchased by humiliating concessions.

General Melikoff's Coat of Mail.—The Russian correspondent of the London *Telegraph* says: "Undoubtedly the life of General Melikoff was saved by *a chain shirt* worn under his uniform. When the Nihilist emissary attempted to assassinate him on the 3d inst., he was on the General's right, and the bullet tore a hole in the latter's coat, between his ribs and hip, where penetration with deadly effect was a certainty had not the protecting mail arrested the bullet."

The Effect of Giving Herat to Persia under a British Protectorate is thus stated by the correspondent of a leading journal: "If Herat be allotted to Persia, the 'British Protectorate' in the East will extend from Constantinople to India. England will secure a union with Herat, receiving a right of passage for her troops from the harbors of the Persian Gulf through the whole of Iran, and a concession for the construction of a railway along this line. S
this really occur, the Treaty of Cyprus
receive its full realization by the completio
chain which would bring the whole of Mah
tan Asia, from Propontis to the gates of
into a state of dependence upon England.'

The Jesuits in France.—An Effort has
made by M. Jules Ferry to get the Jesui
cluded from educational institutions in F
but his bill has been defeated in the Senate
statutes already in existence the members
Society of Jesus have no rights, and are
lawed; but those clauses of the law whic
thorize their expulsion from the country ha
been enforced, and have practically lost all
for years past. In Ferry's bill the Jesuits
not named, but were spoken of with referen
this old law against them. It forbade th
ployment as a teacher of any person belongi
a society forbidden by the law. It is now
that the republican government will rigidl
force the old law and keep the Jesuits out
schools by keeping them out of the countr

Bible Teaching like Tattoo Marks.-
prayer a South Sea Islander offered at the
clusion of a Sabbath service was as fol
"O God, we are about to go to our resp
homes. Let not the words we have hea
like the fine clothes we wear—soon to be
off and folded away in a box till another Sa
comes round. Rather let Thy truth be lik
tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till deat

The Prince of Wales has a Kindly and A
manner which is not common with the ma
of royal personages. A recent instance
character is related of him. On the nig
February 27th, during the Afghan debate
House of Lords, he noticed among the s
tors Lieutenant-General Sir Samuel Browne
commanded the Khyber column durin
operations in Afghanistan last year. Sendi
him, the Prince said, "We are going to
quiet dinner in one of the rooms here,
you have nothing better to do, the Princes
myself will be delighted if you can dine wit
Sam Browne, a rugged soldier, was som
nonplussed, for he had left one arm on a
field in the Indian Mutiny, and feels a little
ward when he dines without his own con
tion knife and fork. However, with assis
he satisfactorily managed the repast, at
the Princess Beatrice and Princess Frede
Hanover were also present.

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LORD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE. A Thrilling Serial Story by the Author of "Fel a Cuffe."

RRENT EVENTS: Congress — Denis Kearney's Sentence—Death of Dr. Dashiell —The Salvation Army—An Unanswered Prayer—Conversion through the Telephone—M. Lesseps' Visit to New York—A Substitute for the Beer Garden—A Destructive Tornado—A Man Attacked by Wolves—A Dog with a Diamond Collar—Home for Intemperate Men, etc.

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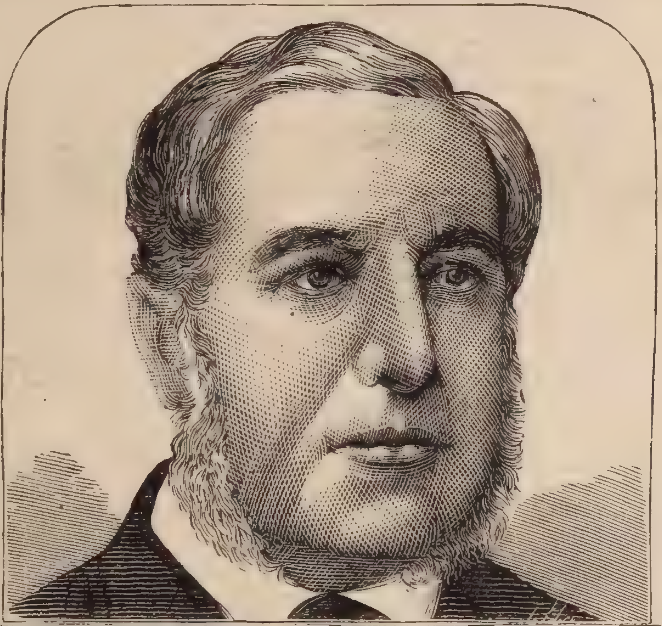
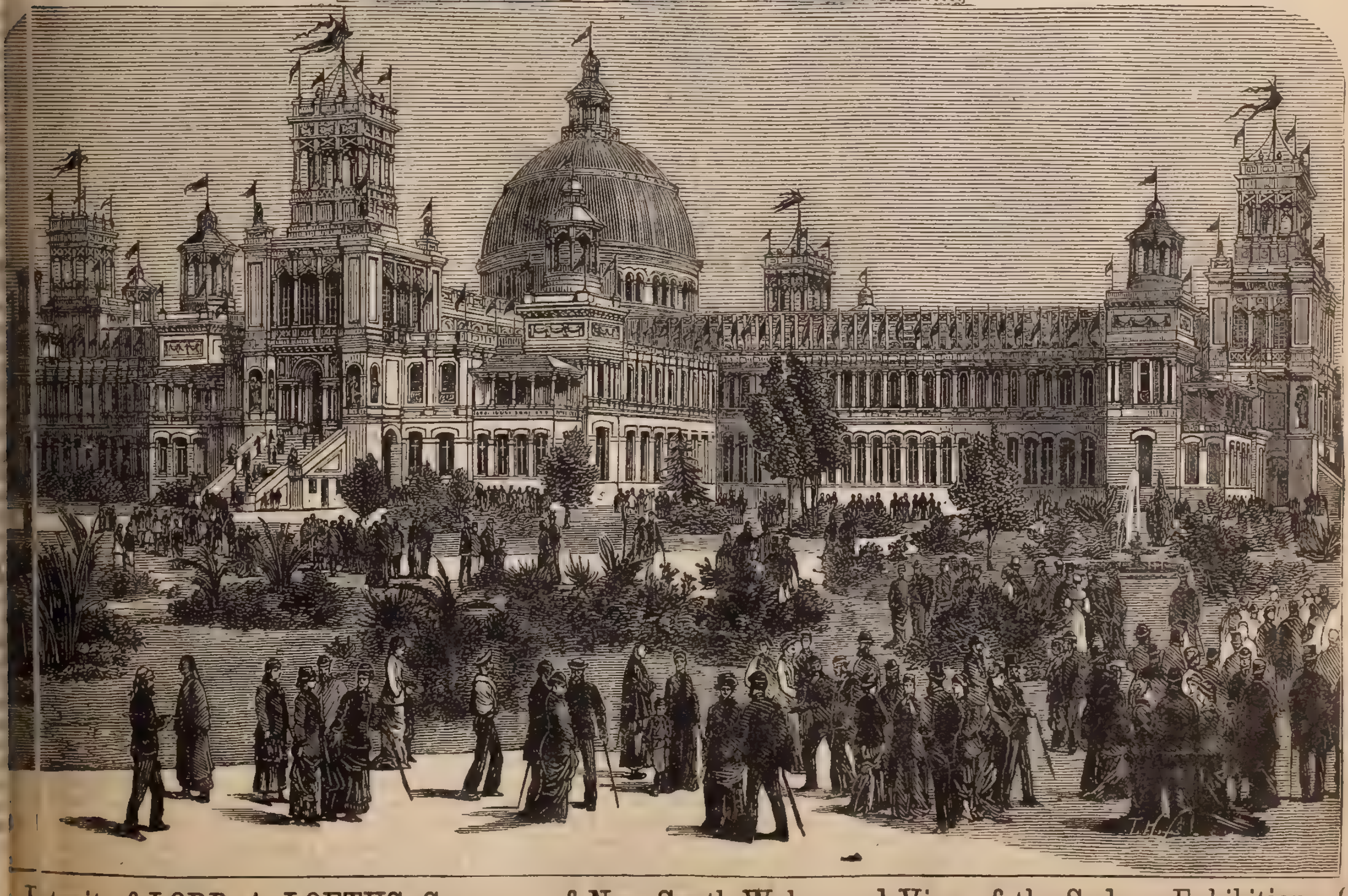
THE SALVATION ARMY; Work in New York.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH. (Continued.)

The Power of Christ. S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter.

FOREIGN TOPICS: The British Electoral Campaign—Coolness between France and Russia—A British Colonel Captured by Brigands—A Chinese Ambassador Sentenced to Death—Execution of a Nihilist—Swallowing Land—A Jaguar Releasing an Englishman, etc.





Portrait of LORD A. LOFTUS, Governor of New South Wales, and View of the Sydney Exhibition.

LORD AUGUSTUS LOFTUS,

Governor of New South Wales.

Education—Diplomatic Appointments—The Royal Representative at the Marriage of Prince Leiningen—Transference to Berlin—Marriage —Removal to New South Wales.

The Right Hon. Sir Augustus William Frederick Spencer, commonly called Lord Augustus Loftus, is the fourth son of the second Marquis of Ely by his wife Anna Maria, daughter of Sir H. W. Dashwood, Bart. He was born October 4th, 1817, and is consequently now sixty-two years of age. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered at an early age the British diplomatic service, in which he rose to the highest honors, having been appointed *attaché* at Berlin in 1837. In 1844 he was promoted to be paid *attaché* at Stuttgart. Subsequently he accompanied Sir Stratford Canning (now Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe) on his special mission to the courts of Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and Athens (March, 1848).

Having been raised to the rank of Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart in 1852, he served in that capacity at Berlin in 1853, and he fulfilled the important duties of *chargé d'affaires* at the Prussian Court on no less than four occasions between the years 1853 and 1857, for periods varying between four and six months at a time. Having been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Vienna in 1858, he was selected by Queen Victoria to represent Her Majesty at the marriage of her half-brother, His Serene Highness Prince Leiningen, with the Princess Mary of Baden, at Carlsruhe, in August, 1858. Lord A. Loftus was transferred to Berlin at the end of 1860.

On the elevation of the mission at Berlin to the rank of embassy, he was transferred to Munich, which was on that occasion raised to the rank of a first-class mission. His lordship had now been upwards of twenty-five years in the diplomatic corps, when it was thought fit to reward his distinguished services by bestowing upon him the Cross of Knight Commander of the Order of Bath. He was promoted to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of Prussia in 1866, and soon afterward advanced to the rank of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. He was sworn a Privy Councillor in 1868.

After the political changes which followed the battle of Sadowa, Lord Augustus Loftus was appointed Ambassador Extrarodinary and Plenipotentiary to the North German Confederation, and he had been upward of two years at his new post at the Embassy at Berlin, when the Franco-German war broke out, in July, 1870.

THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY.

He was transferred in the autumn of 1871 to the charge of the English embassy at the court of the Emperor Alexander II., at St. Petersburg. Never at any time had British relations with Russia been of a more delicate nature—never had the want been more keenly felt of an ambassador who should combine foresight with tact and unmistakable firmness.

Russia was then engaged in that incessant game of intrigue and violence which culminated in the late Russo-Turkish war, and was at the same time pushing in Asia as well as in Europe what she is pleased to call "her mission," and her progress toward the Oxus was threatening British security in India.

Under those critical circumstances, Lord A. Loftus was never found wanting in any of the qualities which an ambassador, situated as he was, had to display in no ordinary degree. The British Blue-Books of the last seven years bear testimony to his vigilance, to his energy; and his famous despatch of November 2d, 1876, in which he gives an account of a memorable conversation between the Czar and himself in the palace of Livadia, formed a prominent turning-point in those important negotiations.

After having been nearly eight years at this important post, and creditably discharged its onerous duties during so critical a time, Lord Augustus Loftus is now transferred to the equally honorable, but far less laborious and exacting, post of representative of Queen Victoria in New South Wales.

By his marriage (in 1845) with Emma, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral Greville, C.B., Lord A. Loftus has had four chldren, of whom three are living, two sons, Augustus and Henry, and a daughter, married to Colonel the Hon. Frederick Wellesley, youngest son of Earl Cowley.

It may be of interest if we add to this outline of his career the following, which we find in the Russian daily papers at the period of his transference: "Much regret prevails among the British colony in St. Petersburg at the removal of Lord Augustus Loftus, who has been designated for the office of Governor-General of New South Wales. His lordship, who has represented the British Empire under the most trying circumstances at this court for nearly a decade, deserves, for the really admirable way in which he guarded the interests confided to his care, the highest gratitude and respect of his countrymen. He leaves not because his Government is in the least dissatisfied with his services, but entirely at his own wish.

"It is well known that Lord Augustus Loftus, the father of a large family, and not possessed of ample private means, has long been desirous of quitting a post which, although endowed with a large income, necessitates a far greater expenditure than his emoluments. Of all the leading capitals, St. Petersburg is the costliest; and, somehow or other, the British Ambassador at the Russian Court is expected to surpass in display all his colleagues accredited there.

"Having thus longed for his recall, continually delayed on account of the tension existing between England and Russia, it is quite natural that his Excellency should accept the offer made him. As Governor-General of New South Wales, Lord Augustus, transplanted from a sphere in which his mental powers were tried to the utmost, will enjoy comparative repose, and a salary equal to his present one ($35,000 per annum), without in the least entailing, however, such heavy cost of representation. The best wishes of his countrymen, who always found in him a ready counsellor and often generous patron, will escort Lord Augustus to the distant shores of the Australian continent."

The Reception of Lord Loftus at Sydney.

The *Sydney Echo* of August 4th, 1879, gave the following account:

"The arrival of our new Governor by the steamship Zealandia yesterday gave the public timely notice of the official landing, and the reception to-day was accompanied by an enthusiastic popular demonstration.

"This morning the city presented a gay appearance, as far as it could be produced by a liberal display of flags and streamers, and the ships in harbor were gay with bunting. An hour before the time appointed for the landing, crowds of citizens had gathered on the wharf and landing-places adjoining the stage opposite the Custom-House, and the concourse spread along the quay and streets to the number of about 10,000 persons.

"A royal salute was fired as the barge reached the landing-place, where his Excellency was received by Sir Henry Parkes, Premier. Afterward the mayor of Sydney advanced, shook hands, and, on behalf of the corporation of Sydney, offered to his lordship a cordial welcome to the city; and said they trusted that his Excellency might long enjoy the honorable position which he now occupied as representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty in this portion of Her Majesty's dominions.

"In reply, his Excellency thanked the mayor and corporation for their kind address and friendly greetings, which, he said, he interpreted as an expression of loyalty and attachment to the Queen. His Excellency assured them that during his residence in the colony it would be his constant aim to further the prosperity and welfare of Sydney, and to develop the commercial and industrial interests of the colo
doing which he should feel that he was
ing out the wishes of Her Majesty the Q
who, in her tender solicitude, watched ov
happiness and welfare of all her subjects
parts of her extended empire.

"He had had a long sea-voyage, and alth
the sea had for him its beauties and char
had also its inconveniences and discom
but he felt fully compensated by the marv
beauty of this enchanting spot, which fa
passed any thing he could conceive. H
more than fully compensated by the kin
cordial welcome he had received on landi
these shores.

"His Excellency's remarks were fol
with loud cheers, and as he proceeded to h
riage the military band struck up the Na
Anthem.

"His Excellency then entered the carri
waiting for him, accompanied by his ai
camp, his sons, and Sir Henry Parkes,
start was made for Government House, a
loud cheers from the surrounding spect
Every balcony and point of vantage alo
route was crowded with spectators, and l
the guard were crowds of people, some i
veyances and others on foot, eager to c
glimpse of the new Governor, and chee
cheer rent the air as he passed along.
gether the scene from the time of the dep
from the Circular Quay was brilliant in t
treme, and additional effect was given
bells of the churches ringing out merry p

THE SYDNEY EXHIBITION.

Our frontispiece gives, with the port
Lord Loftus, a picture of the front elevatio
present Sydney Exhibition Building, whi
covered glass building, like the Sydenhan
tal Palace, and is one seventh of a mile lo

On the 30th of July, 1849, the late la
Prince Albert, the Consort of Her M
Queen Victoria, propounded to four mem
the Society of Arts, at Buckingham Pal
conception of the Great Exhibition, and t
established his title to the practical aut
of a most important design. In it we
prised powerful agencies tending to prom
great fourfold benefit of progress in the
trial arts, of increased abundance or dim
stint of the means of living among men
cific relations between countries foun
common pursuits, and of what may be
reciprocity in general culture.

In May, 1851, the Prince, who had
his idea with much confidence and dil
saw his design carried out with trium
success. Its nearest analogue in past
would appear to have been the Frankfor
the sixteenth century.

Great discoveries are commonly to b
in germ, either unobserved or imperfectl
oped, long before the publication and
ment which mark the stage of maturity
idea, and makes them part of the gener
erty of mankind. So came the printin
so came the steam-engine, so have come
inventions which have proved a means c
ing and bounty to the race. The tru
d'être for collections and exhibitions of th
ucts of industry and skill was indicate
great author Sully, two hundred and fif
ago, who says, "I conceived a though
pointing a large room with its first ra
make a magazine for models of whatever
curious in machinery, relating to wa
trades, and all sorts of exercises, noble,
and mechanical; that all those who asp
perfection might improve themselves in
lent school."

The experiment has been tried with
success since 1851, in different Europe
tals, and in the Centennial Exhibition
country. Its latest manifestation took p
September 17th, 1879, in the opening of t
ney International Exhibition, New South
The effort was in every way worthy of the
and enterprise of the Australasian co

The building shown on our front page covers seven and a half acres of space. The Government voted a sum equivalent to $250,000 as an instalment toward its erection, but the total cost has been nearly double that sum.

The building has a nave 800 feet long, and transept 500 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 60 feet high, surrounded by a gallery 25 feet wide on each side, and two aisles 50 feet wide and 25 feet high. On the south-western side are what may be termed annexes, or continuations of the aisles, 450 feet long by 100 feet wide, and 25 feet high. On the north-eastern side is a basement 100 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 20 feet high. At the intersection of the nave and transepts a [illegible] dome, 112 feet in diameter, and towers 50 feet square at each of the four entrances, break the horizontal line of this vast structure.

The building was designed by Mr. James Barne colonial architect, to whom the city of Sydney is mainly indebted for its principal architectural adornments, and he personally superintended its erection. It was opened with great magnificence on September 17th, 1879, by Lord Augustus Loftus, the newly-appointed Governor of New South Wales, and will close, we believe during the present month.

The American representative at the exhibition is the Hon. Oliver M. Spencer, Consul-General of the United States at Melbourne, who will also represent this country at the approaching Melbourne Exhibition. Many American manufacturers are among the list of exhibitors at Sydney. Besides the usual array of sewing machines and printing presses, the visitors to this far-away exhibition have an opportunity of examining American books, carpets, artificial teeth, photographs, paints, canned goods, etc.—a totally insufficient exhibit, of course, to give foreigners any adequate idea of our resources, but enough to show that our people are beginning to awaken to the importance of advertising their wares in other markets than our own. Ten years ago Americans hardly knew there was a foreign market for anything but the raw materials; but last year our exports of manufactured articles reached $136,500,000.

There is not a year in which a new market does not open for some American product or manufacture, and often in the least likely places. We now send butter and cheese to the butter-making Netherlands, beef to England, steel to Sheffield, muslin to Manchester, watches to Switzerland, carpets to Kidderminster, and shoes to Northampton. England is as yet our best customer only because we are better advertized in England than elsewhere. That the distance of this market at the Antipodes has no deterring effect is shown by the fact that this city ships horse-cars to New Zealand at a cost of transportation of over $200 each, and agricultural implements to Australia.

A Converted Spanish Shoemaker.—Mr. Blamire, who, with Mr. Wigstone, left *Mr. Spurgeon's College* seven years ago to labor in Spain, [illegible]ted the following interesting narrative of God's blessing on their labor at the Home of Industry on February 19th: "At Vigo three of us were out one day selling Bibles. We sold none all that morning. I went into a shoemaker's shop and asked him to buy a Bible. He shook his head at the Bible. I gave him an outline of the book, beginning at the Old Testament 'In the beginning,' etc. Then we come to the New Testament and the Virgin Mary, and then you get their attention, etc. At last he bought one, and read through it rapidly. A friend of his went to see him one day, and said, 'You ought to come and hear these men preach.' He said, 'I have got a book of theirs here, but do not understand a word of it; I will go and hear them preach,' and, to use a Spanish expression, he got nailed on the spot,' and came to us every day to ask us questions. He had to give up his work for a fortnight. After many prayers and simple expositions of the Word he was saved. He said, 'I am happy now,' and that man has never looked back."

FAREWELL TO MY REGIMENT.

A Recollection by Major Malan.

"Because thou hast made the Lord, my refuge, the Most High, thy habitation, *there shall no evil befall thee.*"—Ps. 91 : 9, 10.

ONE of the "standing orders" in God's Word is, "*There shall no evil happen to the just*" (Prov. 12 : 21), come what may. Let the foundations be cast down, the Lord's word to His people is, "Say ye *to the righteous, It shall be well* with him" (Isa. 3 : 10). Blessed assurance! "*All things shall work together for good.*" "*Nothing shall by any means hurt you.*" What unlimited promises of blessing and protection! Well may Christians, those who do indeed believe in the Lord Jesus, be commanded to "rejoice in the Lord alway."

No; *no evil* can happen to the righteous. It was no evil when the enemies of the Gospel massacred the helpless inhabitants of Merindol, in France, the *home of my forefathers*, because they worshipped God through Christ. They suffered for righteousness' sake, and theirs is the kingdom of heaven. It was *no evil* when the Socinian doctors of Geneva turned my beloved grandfather, pastor Malan, out of his ministerial office in the National Church because he preached Christ. It was *no evil* when he was dismissed from the professorship by which he maintained his family for the same cause. He knew this. He went back to my grandmother, who told me this story, and, throwing on the table a few francs, said, "Jenny, this is all we have in the world. Let us pray." He who declared that no evil shall happen to the righteous did not forsake him. It was *no evil* when I found myself, through the circumstances I have before narrated, led to leave the British army.

No; it was no evil. I have never ceased to thank God for having permitted it. No words of mine could adequately convey my sense of the blessing He has made this event to me. It was a great trial while it was going on. But its result, like the result of *all* His dealings with His people, is that I praise Him. "*Call upon* ME *in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify* ME" (Ps. 1 : 15). I did call on Him in my trouble; He did deliver me; and now it is my pleasure to glorify Him.

No evil. That which most troubled me in giving up my profession was leaving the little band of Christian soldiers in my own regiment. To them I was deeply attached; and I knew well that, although I might never speak to them upon the Gospel, in obedience to the order received, a smile would cheer them, and that my presence and example would help them in serving the Lord.

But even here the Lord assured me that His *grace* would be *sufficient for them.* I knew that HE would not fail His word, that they should never perish, and that none—man or devil—should take them out of His hands. It is *now*, at the time I am penning these lines, *nearly four years* since they left me to go to Hong Kong, and this is the report received by last post concerning them: "*All the old hands remain steadfast in the faith.*"

The Lord has added others to this little church in my old regiment, and my heart is full of gratitude and praise to Him for these mercies to them and to me.

The time came for me to say farewell to those among whom I had tried to live as friend and brother, as far as the relentless demands of military discipline will allow. *Twelve years*, except two on the staff, had been spent among these brothers-in-arms. Toward each one I had a strong feeling of Christian love. The Lord gave me full proof in parting "how holily and justly and unblamably" I had behaved myself among them by His grace.

The night before I left the regiment, after I had bidden my comrades farewell on parade, had resigned the command "in orders" to the next senior officer, and had said good-by to my brother officers at mess, I invited any of my fellow-soldiers who wished to meet me in the room I had hired for them for reading God's Word and prayer. There was no disobedience of orders in this. I had resigned my commission and my command, and was virtually no longer a soldier. The room was full. Many there, Roman Catholics and Protestants, I never expected to see. I spoke to them of HIM only who is the Light of this dark world; urged them to take HIM as their Light, and to walk in His light.

I shall never forget my partings on that occasion. Next morning all my old brother officers went down to the town *to see me off* by the mail cart—a compliment which I duly appreciated, and which every soldier knows is not paid to a commanding officer who is not respected. I called on the general as I passed through Cape Town. He was most kind to me. I received much kindness from other officers. It was on the anniversary of the Lord's great deliverance toward me at the assault on Sebastopol that I had the joy once more to land in England.

When I landed I was very ill. I was worn out; my strength was exhausted. I now know that if I had not resigned my commission when I did, I should, humanly speaking, *never have seen England again.* My physician told me that I was a spirit in a shell, that I had no body in me. It is far better for Christians to depart and be with Christ; and for that we should all have an earnest desire. Nevertheless, to abide in the body may be more needful for others; and as long as He sees this good for us, we should be glad to remain to labor for Him.

Work for the Lord Jesus on this earth is, as far as we know, the highest honor that created beings can enjoy. Angels cannot tell sinners of salvation in His name. Only His redeemed on earth can do this. Yes; far from any evil, this very thing had prolonged my days. "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days" (Prov. 10 : 27).

No evil. I could have appealed to the Horse Guards against the restriction imposed upon me by the letter of the adjutant-general, but this I knew would be useless. A friend urged me, as a matter of principle, to allow the case to be brought forward in *the House of Lords.* He had interest enough to secure this. I declined for several reasons. One was: An appeal to Parliament would have implied that I was not satisfied with the Lord's will concerning me. As I was perfectly satisfied with it, and did not doubt that He had permitted all that had happened to me for His own glory and my abundant blessing, I had nothing to complain of or against which to appeal.

No evil indeed. My return to England brought me once more into the society of Christian friends. Some of my own relations gave me a warm welcome. The pleasure of meeting those we love soon makes us forget past trials. I enjoyed a long and delightful visit at Beckenham, with my beloved mother in the faith, and my kind friend her husband.

No evil. My retirement from the army was duly gazetted; the whole of that day my soul was full of praise and thanksgiving. I found myself continually saying these lines, most appropriate to the story of my life as a soldier:

"With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love.

I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land."

As I lay down my pen after having tried thus briefly to sketch a soldier's experience of the love of God, memory takes a retrospect of these years. Blessed be God the Father, all the sins are forgiven! Blessed be Christ the Saviour, who put them away by His own blood! Blessed be God the Holy Ghost, who revealed to me this priceless love, that precious Saviour! How many scenes rise before me! The Crimea, India, America, China, Singapore, and Africa, each has its special record of God's goodness. What countless and undeserved mercies!

SILVER WINGS.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, March 21st, 1880.

"Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."—Psalms 68 : 13.

In Egypt the Israelites had to Sleep among the Utensils of Work and Cookery—Sin the Hardest of all Taskmasters—I. What Religion will do for a Man's Heart—Cheerfulness without Religion—Trouble Kills it—The Christian Independent of Worldly Success—II. Religion Enables a Man to be Useful—Three Spectacles—Napoleon's Life and Death—Voltaire's End—Paul's Life Work—Death-bed Contrasts—A Minister's Son and his Infidel Friend—Scene at a Hotel—III. What Religion will do for a Man in Heaven—Watching of Loved Ones Gone Before—Only a Question of Time—How Louis Phillipe Lost his Empire.

I suppose you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian slavery. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brick-kiln there were also other utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food—and when these poor slaves, tired of the day's work, lay down to rest, they lay down amid the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work. When they arose in the morning they found their garments covered with the clay and the smoke and the dust, and besmirched and begrimed with the utensils of cookery.

But after a while the Lord broke up that slavery, and He took these poor slaves into a land where they had better garb, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. *Let Pharaoh make his own bricks.* When David in my text comes to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brick-kilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes saw people in the East cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she had often seen, just before sundown, pigeons, doves, which had, during the heat of the day, been hiding among the kettles and the pans with which the food was prepared, picking up the crumbs that they might find—just about the hour of sunset would spread their wings and fly heavenward, entirely unsoiled by the region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird. And as these pigeons flew away the setting sun would throw silver on their wings and gold on their breasts.

So you see it was not a far-fetched simile, or an unnatural comparison, when David in my text says to these emancipated Israelites, and says to all those who are brought out of any kind of trouble into any kind of spiritual joy, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Sin is

THE HARDEST OF ALL TASKMASTERS.

Worse than Pharaoh, it keeps us trudging, trudging in a most degrading service; but after a while Christ comes, and He says, "Let my people go," and we pass out from among the brick-kilns of sin into the glorious liberty of the Gospel; we put on the clean robes of a Christian profession, and when at last we soar away to the warm nest which God has provided for us in Heaven, we shall go fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

I am going to preach something this morning which some of you do not believe, and that is that *the grandest possible adornment* is the religion of Jesus Christ. There are a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible; they have not properly examined it. Dr. Johnson said that Hume told a minister in the bishopric of Durham that he had never particularly examined the New Testament, yet all his life warring against it. Halley, the astronomer, announced his scepticism to Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton said, "Now, sir, I have examined the subject, and you have not, and I am ashamed that you, professing to be a philosopher, consent to condemn a thing you never have examined." And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it something impractical, something that will not work, something Pecksniffian, something hypocritical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful you might compare it to a chaffinch, you might compare it to a robin redbreast, you might compare it to a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

But how is it if a young man becomes a Christian? All through the club-rooms where he associates, all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiseration. They say, "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should so have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no particular present worth!"

Here is a young woman who becomes a Christian, her voice, her face, her manners the charm of the drawing-room. Now all through the fashionable circles the whisper goes, "What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, that such a graceful gait should be crippled, that such worldly prospects should be obliterated!" Ah! my friends, it can be shown that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace; that religion, instead of being dark, and doleful, and lachrymose, and repulsive, is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

I. See, in the first place,

WHAT RELIGION WILL DO FOR A MAN'S HEART.

I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder, I do not say but that he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged; but there comes into his soul *an immense satisfaction.*

A young man, not a Christian, depends upon worldly successes to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows well how to spend, every thing goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes—there are many young men in the house this morning who can testify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone; he goes down, down. He becomes sour, cross, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the church, blames every thing, rushes perhaps to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble drowns his body, and drowns his soul.

But here is a Christian young man. Trouble comes to him. Does he give up? No. He throws himself back on the resources of Heaven. He says, "God is my Father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine—Christ is mine, Christian companionship is mine, Heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have

A TITLE DEED TO THE WHOLE UNIVERSE

in the promise, 'All are yours.' What though my worldly friends fall away? Ministering angels are my body-guard. What though my fare be poor and my bread be scant? I sit at the King's banquet."

Oh, what *a poor, shallow stream* is worldly enjoyment compared with the deep, broad, overflowing river of God's peace, rolling midway in the Christian heart! Sometimes you have gone out on the iron-bound beach of the se when there has been a storm on the ocean, an you have seen the waves dash into white foam a your feet. They did not do you any harm While there, you thought of the chapter writte by the Psalmist, and perhaps you recited it t yourself while the storm was making commentar upon the passage: "God is our refuge an strength, a very present help in time of trouble Therefore will I not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountans be carried int the midst of the sea; though the waters there roar and be troubled, though the mountain shake with the swelling thereof. Selah."

Oh! how independent the religion of Chris makes a man of worldly success and worldly ci cumstances! Nelson, the night before his las battle, said, "To-morrow I shall win either peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey." An it does not make much difference to the Christian whether he rises or falls in worldly matters he has everlasting renown any way. Other plumage may be torn in the blast, but that sou adorned with Christian grace, is fairer tha the dove its wings covered with silver, and it feathers with yellow gold.

You and I have found out that *people who pr tend to be happy* are not always happy. Look a that young man caricaturing the Christian religion, scoffing at every thing good, going int roystering drunkenness, dashing the champagn bottle to the floor, rolling the glasses from th bar-room counter, laughing, shouting, stampin the floor, shrieking. Is he happy? I will go t his midnight pillow. I will see him turn the ga off. I will ask myself if the pillow on which h sleeps is as soft as the pillow on which that pu young man sleeps. Ah! no. When he open his eyes in the morning, will the world be bright to him as that young man who r tired at night saying his prayers, invoking God blessing upon his own soul and the souls of h comrades, and father and mother and brothe and sister far away? No, no. His laughte will ring out from the saloon so that you hea it as you pass by, but it is *hollow laughter;* in is the snapping of heart-strings and the rattle prison gates. Happy! that young man happy Let him fill high the bowl; he cannot drown a upbraiding conscience.

Let the balls roll through the bowling-alley the deep rumble and the sharp crack cannot ove power the voices of condemnation. Let hi whirl in the dance of sin and temptation an death. All the brilliancy of the scene cann make him forget the last look of his mother he left home, when she said to him, "Now, m son, you will do right, I am sure you will right; you will, won't you?" *That young ma happy?* Why, across every night there flits th shadows of eternal darkness; there are adde coiled up in every cup; there are vultures despair striking their iron beak into his hear there are skeleton fingers of grief pinching the throat.

I come in amid the clicking of the glasses a under the flashing of the chandeliers, and I cr "Woe! woe! woe! The way of the ungod shall perish. There is no peace, saith my Go to the wicked. The way of transgressors hard." Oh! my friends, there is more joy one drop of Christian satisfaction than in who rivers of sinful delight. Other wings may drenched of the storm and splashed of the te pest, but the dove that comes in through th window of this heavenly ark has wings like t dove covered with silver, and her feathers wi yellow gold.

II. Again I remark, religion is an adornme in the style of

USEFULNESS

into which it inducts a man. Here are tw young men. The one has fine culture, exquis wardrobe, plenty of friends, great worldly su cess, but he lives for himself. His chief care for his own comfort. He lives uselessly. H dies unregretted. Here is another young ma His apparel may not be so good, his educati may not be so thorough. He lives for othe s happiness is to make others happy. He is self-denying as *that dying soldier*, falling in the nks, when he said, "Colonel, there is no need those boys tiring themselves by carrying me the hospital; let me die just where I am."

So this young man of whom I speak loves d, wants all the world to love Him, is not amed to carry a bundle of clothes up that k alley to the poor. Which of those ing men do you admire the better? The one ham, the other a prince imperial. Oh, do you ow of any thing, my hearer, that is more utiful than to see a young man start out for rist?

Here is some one falling; he lifts him up. re is a vagabond boy; he introduces him to a sion school. Here is a family freezing to th; he carries them a scuttle of coal. There eight hundred millions perishing in midnight then darkness; by all possible means he s to send them the Gospel. He may be ghed at, and he may be sneered at, and he be caricatured; but he is not ashamed to everywhere, saying, "I am not ashamed of Gospel of Christ. It is the power of God the wisdom of God unto salvation." Such oung man can go through every thing. There o force on earth or in hell that can resist h..

show you

THREE SPECTACLES.

pectacle the first: Napoleon passes by with host that went down with him to Egypt, and with him through Russia, and crossed the tinent on the bleeding heart of which he set iron heel, and across the quivering flesh of h went grinding the wheels of his gun-car- es—in his dying moment asking his attend- to put on his military boots for him.

pectacle the second: Voltaire, bright and ned and witty and eloquent, with tongue voice and stratagem infernal, warring nst God and poisoning whole kingdoms with infidelity, yet applauded by the clapping ds of thrones and empires and continents— last words, in delirium supposing Christ ding by the bedside—his last words, "Crush wretch!"

pectacle the third: Paul—Paul, insignificant erson, thrust out from all refined association, rged, spit on, hounded like a wild beast from to city, yet trying to make the world good Heaven full; announcing resurrection to e who mourned at the barred gates of the l; speaking consolations which light up the of widowhood and orphanage and want the glow of certain and eternal release; aunted before those who could take his life, heek flushed with transport, and his eye on ven; with one hand shaking defiance at all e foes of earth and all the principalities of and with the other hand beckoning mes- er angels to come and bear him away, as he "I am now ready to be offered, and the of my departure is at hand; I have fought good fight, I have finished my course, I kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up ne a crown of righteousness which the Lord, ighteous Judge, will give me."

hich of the three spectacles do you most ire? When the wind of death struck the ueror and the infidel they were tossed like gulls in a tempest, drenched of the wave and of the hurricane, their dismal voices heard ugh the everlasting storm; but when the and the wind of death struck Paul, like an ross he made a throne on the tempest, and day floated away into the calm, clear sum- of Heaven, brighter than the dove, its wings red with silver, and its feathers with yellow go.

! *are you not in love* with such a religion— igion that can do so much for a man while ves, and so much for a man when he comes ie? I suppose you may have noticed the rast between the departure of a Christian the departure of an infidel. Deodorus, dy- n chagrin because he could not compose a equal to the joke uttered at the other end of his table. Zeuxis dying in a fit of laughter at the sketch of an aged woman—a sketch made by his own hand. Mazarin, dying playing cards, his friend holding his hands because he was unable to hold them himself.

All that on one side, compared with the departure of the Scotch minister, who said to his friends, "I have no interest as to whether I live or die; if I die I shall be with the Lord, and if I live the Lord will be with me." Or the last words of Washington, "It is well." Or the last words of McIntosh, the learned and the great, "Happy!" Or the last word of Hannah More, the Christian poetess, "Joy!" Or the last word of the wounded and dying soldier in the hospital, in his delirium mistaking the call to the other world for the roll call of the regiment, and answering in his last moment, "Here!" Or those thousands of Christians who have gone, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

BEHOLD THE CONTRAST.

Behold the charm of the one, behold the darkness of the other. Now I know it is very popular in this day for young men to think there is something more charming in scepticism than in religion. They are ashamed of the old-fashioned religion of the cross, and they pride themselves on their free thinking on all these subjects. My young friends, I want to tell you what I know from observation that while scepticism is a beautiful land at the start, it is the great Sahara Desert at the last.

Years ago

A MINISTER'S SON

went off from home to college. At college he formed the acquaintance of a young man whom I shall call Ellison. Ellison was an infidel. Ellison scoffed at religion, and the minister's son soon learned from him the infidelity, and when he went home at vacation broke his father's heart by his denunciations of Christianity. Time passed on and vacation came, and the minister's son went off to spend the vacation, and was on a journey and came to a hotel. The hotel-keeper said, "I am sorry that to-night I shall have to put you in a room adjoining one where there is a very sick and dying man. I can give you no other accommodation." "Oh!" said the young college student and minister's son, "that will make no difference to me except the matter of sympathy with anybody that is suffering."

The young man retired to his room, but could not sleep. All night long he heard the groaning of the sick man, or the step of the watchers, and his soul trembled. He thought to himself, "Now there is only a thin wall between me and a departing spirit. How if Ellison should know how I feel? How if Ellison should find out how my heart flutters? What would Ellison say if he knew my scepticism gave way?" He slept not. In the morning, coming down, he said to the hotel-keeper, "How is the sick man?" "Oh!" said the hotel keeper, "he is dead, poor fellow! the doctors told us he could not last through the night." "Well," said the young man, "what was the sick one's name; where is he from?" "Well," said the hotel-keeper, "he is from Providence College." "Providence College! what is his name?" "Ellison." "Ellison!" Oh, how the young man was stunned! It was his old college mate—*dead without any hope.*

It was many hours before the young man could leave that hotel. He got on his horse and started homeward, and all the way he heard something saying to him, "*Dead! Lost! Dead! Lost!*" He came to no satisfaction until he entered the Christian life, until he entered the Christian ministry, until he became one of the most eminent missionaries of the cross, the greatest Baptist missionary the world has ever seen since the day of Paul, no superior to Adoniram Judson. Mighty on earth, mighty in Heaven—Adoniram Judson. Which do you like the best, Judson's scepticism or Judson's Christian life? Judson's suffering for Christ's sake, Judson's almost martyrdom?

Oh! young man, take your choice between these two kinds of lives. Your own heart tells you this morning the Christian life is more admirable, more peaceful, more comfortable, and more beautiful. Oh! if religion does so much for a man on earth,

III.. WHAT WILL IT DO FOR HIM IN HEAVEN?

That is the thought that comes over me now. If a soldier can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he goes into the battle, how much more jubilantly he can afford to shout "Huzza!" when he has gained the victory! If religion is so good a thing to have here, how bright a thing it will be in Heaven!

I want to see that young man when the glories of Heaven have robed and crowned him. I want to hear him sing when all the huskiness of earthly colds is gone, and he rises up with the great doxology. I want to know what standard he will carry when marching under arches of pearl in the army of banners. I want to know what company he will keep in a land where they are all kings and queens forever and ever.

If I have induced one of you this morning to begin a better life, then I want to know it. I may not in this world clasp hands with you in friendship, I may not hear from your own lips the story of temptation and sorrow; but I will clasp hands with you when the sea is passed and the gates are entered.

That I might woo you to a better life, and that I might show you the glories with which God clothes His dear children in Heaven, I wish I could this morning swing back one of the twelve gates that there might dash upon your ear one shout of the triumph, that there might flame upon your eyes one blaze of the splendor.

Oh! when I speak of that good land, you involuntarily think of some one there that you loved—father, mother, brother, sister, or dear little child garnered already. You want to know what they are doing this morning. I will tell you what they are doing. Singing. You want to know what they wear. I will tell you what they wear. Coronets of triumph. You wonder why oft they look to the gate of the temple, and watch and wait. I will tell you *why they watch and wait* and look to the gate of the temple. For your coming. I shout upward the news to-day, for I am sure some of you will repent and start for Heaven. Oh! ye bright ones before the throne, your earthly friends are coming.

Angels, poising mid-air, cry up the name. *Gatekeeper of Heaven*, send forward the tidings. Watchman on the battlements celestial, throw the signal.

"Oh!" you say, "religion I am going to have; it is *only a question of time.*" My brother, I am afraid that you may lose Heaven

THE WAY LOUIS PHILIPPE LOST HIS EMPIRE.

The Parisian mob came around the Tuileries. The National Guard stood in defence of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe, "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." "No," said Louis Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Phillipe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the general, "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the general, "it is too late now; don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. Away from the earth went the House of Orleans, and all because the king said "Not yet, not yet."

May God forbid that any of you should adjourn this great subject of religion, and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late—too late, you losing a throne in Heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth.

> "When the Judge descends in might,
> Clothed in majesty and light;
> When the earth shall quake with fear,
> Where, O where, wilt thou appear?"

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(*Continued from page* 183.)

Alick Gogharty has an Interview with the Jesuit—War Declared—A Mandamus Served on the Jesuit—Interview between Percival and Alick—A Decision Arrived at.

Alick Gogharty upon asking to speak with the Superior perceived both suspicion and reluctance upon the attendant brother's face. He therefore, with pardonable guile, told him who he was, and that he had called to arrange about the deeds which his father had left in his custody. Both the attendant brother and the Superior, when they received Alick's message, supposed, as the sender intended they should, that the arrangement meant was payment of the money demanded. With promptitude, therefore, Alick and his friend were ushered into the Superior's presence.

"My father," said Alick, after one or two formal and introductory remarks, "has not repeated his application to you for his bonds since his interview with you in this room, because unable to redeem them on your terms, he has left them lie in your custody, Superior, hoping, I confess, that events would not require him to use them. Circumstances, however, have transpired of late which make it necessary that they should be in his own keeping, and I have his power of attorney to authorize your handing them over to me, which I respectfully, but firmly, require you to do."

"Certainly, Mr. Gogharty," responded the Superior. "That I am quite ready to do; but of course you know the covenant between your father and myself; he has, for service rendered, to reimburse this sacred foundation £2000, which sum, I take it for granted, he has commissioned you to pay."

"No, he has not," promptly replied Alick. "It is not in his power, and if it were, with my consent it never should be done."

Affecting great surprise at such an absence of honorable regard in a son for his father's liabilities, the Superior was about to interrupt, when Alick said,

"Stay, Superior, until I have done. You speak of service rendered, but how such a perversion of language is possible in one calling himself a servant of religion is more than I can understand. I am quite aware of what you refer to, Superior—the perversion by nefarious schemes of my friend Arnold Montaigne from the faith of his fathers, and that for the most sinister motives in my father's mind. Call you that service, Mr. Superior! and service to my father forsooth! Why, every principle of right should have made you repudiate such a task, and have influenced you to warn my father from the hideous crime which he, a Protestant, was seeking to have perpetrated. No, Superior, there is no definition of service current or possible in any civilized community in the world that would include the task you performed, or rather sought to perform. And therefore, as you have not the shadow of a right to hold those documents, in an evil hour put within your power, I call upon you here to give them up."

Alick moved a step or so toward the man he addressed in token of an expectation of compliance, but the Superior had no intention of surrender; quite the opposite. "Mr. Gogharty," he said, "you have taken upon you, sir, to tell me *my* duty. I now tell you, young man, what is *yours*; and my suggestion to your father when he was here I in conclusion repeat to you. Employ the resources of this Montaigne to relieve you if your own are insufficient, for I do not question that with him your influence, for reason I need not explain, is unbounded."

"Superior," retorted Alick, "do not encourage yourself with the thought that, to shield my father and spare my own feelings as a son, I will screen you. Too long has my father warranted you in calculating upon this method of defence. Exposure will be his temporal ruin, no doubt, but I will take care to raise him from that, and, thank God! I am in a position now to do so. Hold those deeds if you like, and refuse my authorized demand; my possession of them is only a question of time. But make up your mind to this, Superior: you shall answer in a court of justice, and that speedily, both for your reception and your retention of them. Good-day, Superior." And with this curt salute Alick, followed by his friend, left the apartment.

When they reached the street, Alick's friend said, "That was capitally done, and though the fellow, thoroughly disciplined by his system, braved it out, I could see he didn't feel altogether comfortable. But what will be your next move, my friend?"

"Oh," replied Alick, "I haven't the least uncertainty about that. I shall proceed to ——, and see the lawyer who is acting for the heir of my father's late client. I shall put him in possession of all the facts, and leave him, or rather urge him, to deal about those deeds both with my father and this Jesuit. I know pretty well what Mr. Hawke is: he's as keen and active as a sleuth hound on the scent. This case will excite all his energies, and I prognosticate rather lively times for this Jesuit."

Alick's prophecy was not long of fulfilment. In a few days a mandamus was served upon the Jesuit Superior for the surrender of the pledged documents. Matters, he felt, therefore, were becoming rather serious. From his standpoint as a Jesuit, we know, he had done nothing either in regard to Percival or the deeds to merit either blame or punishment; he had only been, in his belief, subtly zealous for his church. But at the same time he was fully conscious he should never get the general public to see with him.

A consultation, therefore, was held by the senior members of the Jesuit household as to the most expedient method of meeting the present difficulty; and it was resolved to temporize matters, not, however, with the heir's lawyer, nor with Alick, but with Mr. Gogharty, senior. "He is more pliable," said the Superior, "and no doubt if an offer were made, within his means, of securing those deeds, he will snap at it." Accordingly, this gentleman soon received a courteously worded invitation from the Superior to an interview at St. Xavier's, which the lawyer, without consulting or even informing Alick, by return of post accepted. While his father was absent from home, fulfilling this acceptance, Alick ran over to Oakwood Hall, the newly purchased residence of Percival, to see him.

"Percival," said Alick, after a brief introductory conversation, "I am sorry to say it is a matter anything but pleasurable that I have come to see you about." And then giving a significant glance at Jemmy, who was standing on one side, he gave Percival to understand that he wanted some private conversation with him.

"Jemmy," said Percival quietly, "go tell Tom I shall need the carriage in an hour." Jemmy in a twinkling comprehended the hint.

He then informed him of the whole of the circumstances concerning the deeds, of which we have already put the reader in possession. After this recital, Alick went on to say:

"Mr. Hawke, the heir's law agent, showed more kindness of heart in the matter than any one had given him the credit of possessing. He was quite reluctant, Percival, to drag the affair to light, lest in prosecuting this Jesuit Superior he should have to expose my father, who is a brother professional man, and thus also pain me.

"But, Percival—but, Percival," repeated Alick, in deep emotion, "my father's conduct all through has been so bad, each revelation of his character, to my bitterness of soul, only opening up to view deeper and deeper gulfs of iniquity, that I cannot, Heaven help me! seek to shield him any longer."

"Oh, Alick!" cried Percival, "your tidings are unutterably sad, and I cannot express my grief for your dreadful trouble, and sore predicament; and what can I say, my dear friend, to comfort you, especially as my wretched weakness and fickleness are at the bottom of all yo are suffering? Had I been faithful, as was m duty, to my dear father's memory and his Protestant creed, this Jesuit Superior, there is n ground to question, would have kept his promise to your father, and at the twelve months close would, without fee, have returned him hi deeds; or even when I was beguiled from th faith, had I continued in my folly this harn would not have reached you; so that in either way Alick—and I say it with deepest shame an remorse—my unstable soul is at the very roo of all your trial.

"Alick, let me pay that money to this mar which he makes the condition of surrenderin the deeds, and then allow the matter to pas into oblivion, and be settled quietly. I fe bound to offer some atonement for my folly, an you well know that this is to me the easiest an smallest I can make."

"Ah, Percival," rejoined Alick, "permit m to say you are, I fear, quite too free with yo money. Three thousand pounds for Arthu Lemaire, and the two thousand which you no propose for the Jesuit, would make, you shoul see, a considerable aggregate. But, Perciva it cannot, must not be. Every moral instin within me revolts at the thought of those Je uits in —— encouraging fraud and preying sc free upon society, and that in the name of r ligion; and, above all, of making booty of th substance of the old knight, Sir Percival, yo testator, that sturdiest of Protestants. Ho ever, there can be no debate on the matter. is settled beyond change between Mr. Hawk and me that this affair shall come before a pu lic tribunal; that is, Percival," added Alic "if you, sinking personal considerations, w give your consent; and it is to get this that have come."

"Heaven bless you, Alick!" exclaimed Pe cival, as he clasped his hand. "Was ever ma so favored with a friend as I am in you? Th only thing is, you make me feel so little besi you, Alick. I have no hesitation, however, replying to your question. It *will*, I kno bleed my very heart, Alick, to speak in op court the details of my treacherous, most unf ial, and apostatizing folly—my insane dream an hour; but let it bleed. If it help to bri these spiritual conspirators to justice, and gi me opportunity of stating in public, before m countrymen, the grounds of my return from Christ-dishonoring and superstitious creed, it a small thing that I should suffer. Alick, wh you will, summon me as a witness; I shall a pear."

"Thank you, Percival," said Alick. "Fro what I know of your public spirit, I did not a ticipate a different answer; but still, as I ha stated, Mr. Hawke and myself felt it was on right that you should be consulted. That ma ter now settled' I wish to talk with you abo another thing," added Alick. "There are t points, you see, Percival, in this affair abo that Superior and those deeds—one, that received them knowing they were, I am forc to say, embezzled; and the other, should th count happen to fail, that he retains them und a pretence of having fulfilled his contract in yo conversion, Percival, to the Church of Ron of which he declares, as my unfortunate fatl tells me, 'he has certain proof.'

"Now, Percival, old fellow, if the indictme should reach this stage, I would have you to well prepared to assert clearly and boldly bef all who may be present your firm adhesion pure scriptural Protestant belief, and the grour of your rejection of the Romish creed. I w now say good-by, Percival, for I promised see Mr. Hawke as soon as possible after I h brought the matter before you. I left my ho with your Tom, whom I saw as I came up avenue near the stables, and will go to hi Good-by!"

Jemmy, following within call, came to wh Alick mounted. With a warm adieu, the lat gave rein to his steed and soon vanished.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Work in New York.

Characteristics of the Army—Harry Hill's—The Mayor's Prohibition—The General's Ultimatum—Crowded Meeting in Water Street—The Hudson River Mission Hall—Mr Railton's Plans.

The daily journals of New York have devoted a considerable portion of their space to the operations of the Salvation Army in the city. But readers who form their estimate of the Army and its labors from those reports are likely to form a very partial, if not absolutely erroneous, opinion. Covert sneers and half-concealed contempt run as an undercurrent through out their descriptions. They speak of this little band of devoted Christians as Nehemiah and his laborers were spoken of by their enemies, who said "What do these feeble Jews? Will they make an end in a day? Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of rubbish?" But the Christian who knows that "it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord," that souls are won for Him, needs only to follow the Salvation Army through one day's work to see why such writers are deceived, and to cherish a very different hope as to the results of their efforts.

The first characteristic of this little band that impresses a Christian spectator is their reliance on God, and the next is their faith in the power of prayer. Those two characteristics, which distinguish every one of the detachment, are the key to the secret of their success. They know their own weakness, their own incapacity, but they believe that God can work through the meanest, the most inadequate means—that He can work through them—and they believe also with a fervor of faith which we have rarely seen equalled that He *will work* through them in answer to their prayers. What Christian will question, with these two elements in their character, that they are laborers for Jesus whose work should have the hearty indorsement and earnest prayers of every lover of the Saviour?

AT HARRY HILL'S.

The service at this most notorious of New York's haunts on Sunday night, March 14th—the first indoor service in the city, to which we briefly alluded in our last issue—was an event scarcely any who witnessed it will ever forget. A variety performance is held in the place every Sunday night, and a large crowd of men and women who never enter a place of worship regularly congregate there to spend the evening in smoking and drinking, and listening to music and worldly songs. The same crowd, filling every seat in area and gallery, and blocking up all the avenues, was present when Mr. Railton and his companions replaced the usual occupants of the stage.

In a few well-chosen words Mr. Railton explained to his hearers why he was there, and what he hoped to accomplish through the power of the Spirit. Then the hymn "You must be a Lover of the Lord" was sung, and at its conclusion he pronounced the words (novel within those walls) "Let us pray." Mr. Railton knelt on the stage, with his face to the audience, and offered an earnest prayer, which was followed by prayers from the other officers of the Army. Then the hymn "I'm a Happy Soldier on my way to Heaven" was sung, and at its conclusion Mr Railton read the parable of the Marriage Supper (Luke 14 : 16–24), and in stirring words, and with impassioned earnestness, urged his hearers to make no excuses, but come to the Saviour there and then.

Each member of the band afterward addressed the meeting in simple, unadorned language, speaking of their own conversion and of the happiness they had enjoyed since coming to the Saviour, and begging those who heard them to come too.

At nine o'clock Harry Hill stepped upon the stage and made an explanation. He dwelt principally on the—to him—incomprehensible conduct of Mr. Railton in refusing remuneration for "his services." Mr. Hill said twenty-five cents admission had been charged, and he was prepared to pay the Salvation Army twenty, or five-and-twenty dollars, as he would any other company who came on that stage; but Mr. Railton had obstinately refused to receive a cent. He did not know "how he expected to get a living." Mr. Railton then thanked Mr. Hill for his offer, and explained why he could not accept the money, and told the meeting that *he had no fear for their living;* "the Lord always provided for those who trusted in Him."

Mr. Hill's speech had been regarded as a sign that the service was over, and the regular performance was about to commence. Cigars were lighted, and drinks called for. Amid the clatter that ensued Mr. Railton and his friends fell on their knees once more and besought God that although no apparent good had been done, yet that the word spoken might not return to Him void. The sight of the giddy, frivolous throng conversing in merry tones with each other, while the Army knelt on the stage, was a deeply impressive spectacle.

THE MAYOR'S PROHIBITION.

An application had previously been made to the Mayor for permission to preach in the streets. The Mayor informed Mr. Railton that permission would be cheerfully given if he were an ordained minister. On the Commissioner stating that the only commission he held was from General Booth, the Mayor replied that the city ordinances would not allow him to grant permission. This was a disappointment; but still hope was not lost, and Mr. Railton forwarded to the Mayor an earnest appeal to grant the desired authority, and, as *an ultimatum*, informed him that unless he received it in two days he must reluctantly remove his headquarters to another city. As the Mayor remained obdurate, the headquarters will be located at Philadelphia, three of the officers remaining in New York to carry on the work.

IN WATER STREET.

The old Mission House at the corner of Dover and Water Streets was densely crowded on Thursday afternoon, March 18th, to listen to the exhortations of the Army. Sailors, stevedores, laborers of all kinds were there in large numbers, and listened attentively to the earenst words of the speakers. Prayer, singing, and simple but impressive addresses occupied two hours, and many hard and callous countenances were at the close marked with tears.

Every evening last week, services were held at

THE HUDSON RIVER MISSION HALL,

at Twenty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, and on several evenings the room has been so crowded that it was found necessary to hold an overflow meeting at Dr. Tyng's Mission Hall. The same plans of conducting the service were observed as at the first meeting at Harry Hill's, except that at the Mission members of the Army walked down the aisles while hymns were being sung, and spoke with any whose countenances indicated that their hearts were touched.

The service on Thursday night, March 18th, was unusually impressive. A deep solemnity pervaded the crowded meeting, and at its conclusion several persons knelt at the platform and asked the prayers of the congregation that they might find peace in believing.

When Mr. Railton asked for *quarter-minute testimonies* for Christ, many rose in different parts of the building, and in a few words spoke of the joy they had experienced since they had been saved. Two young men said that they had recently come to America, and they had found Christ through the instrumentality of *the Salvation Army in England.*

Mr. Railton has secured the Odeon Theatre at Newark for services, and on last Sunday he and two of his officers occupied the stage there, three of the band remaining in New York, while the other two are laboring in Philadelphia.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for March may be had at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

MR. GWYTHER AND THE DYING INFIDEL.

THE late Rev. James Gwyther was hastening home from a committee meeting one very busy day to prepare for evening service when a Christian surgeon met him and begged him to call upon an avowed infidel, who might die in an hour, and could not live a day. He went at once. The sick man had been known to him for many years as being honest, sober, and industrious. On his arriving at the door the wife exclaimed, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Gwyther; but I fear my husband will not receive you."

"Say, please, I have come to make friendly inquiries, and should like to shake hands with him once more."

On entering the sick-room he was accosted by the sick man. "I am pleased to see you, Mr. Gwyther, but mind, as a *friend,* not as a *minister.*"

"As a friend I came, and it would be unkind not to do so when I heard you were ill."

For some time they chatted about general matters and the future of the family. At last Mr. Gwyther rose to leave. Fixing his keen, tearful eye upon the man, he said, "And now I suppose I must say farewell—perhaps forever."

"But you will call again, Mr. Gwyther?"

"Yes, early in the morning. But, my friend, you may not be here to receive me. Now, as a minister, I shall not presume, contrary to your wish, to offer a word of counsel; still, as a friend, let me ask you to give me one promise."

"And what is that?"

"That when I am gone you will offer a favorite prayer of mine. It will do no harm; it may do you much good. I will tell you why I ask it. My honest conviction is that you fail to see eye to eye with me because you have not humbled yourself to ask light from God. That is why I wish you for once to pray."

"And what is the prayer?"

"'Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.'"

"I learned that as a child from my mother. Well, I promise you. Good-by."

Next morning at nine o'clock Mr. Gwyther was there again.

"My husband will be glad to see you this time—and as a *minister* too," exclaimed the wife. "Thank God, light has begun to break upon his mind."

So it was. On entering the room Mr. Gwyther found the man very weak, but ready to converse. He told the struggle it had been to keep the promise that had been extracted from him the previous night. During the struggle the thought occurred that it was *pride* which kept him from yielding; and that pride and self-righteousness had been his besetting sins through life; that in very deed he was a sinner—and one doubly guilty because he had in vain tried to stifle convictions which had never left him; that he deserved, and would receive, punishment, if he died *impenitent.* Then the thought of God *as revealed in Christ* occurred to him. He remembered the Saviour's mercy to the malefactor. He began to long for salvation *from sin and pride,* and since God alone could make so radical a change as he needed, how reasonable it was that he should pray! The words put into his lips by Mr. Gwyther exactly expressed his new-born desires, and without further delay he determined to crucify his pride.

At midnight he had risen in bed and turned upon his knees. Hour after hour found him still praying, and at dawn of day he was able to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." Peace, deep and sweet, "passing all understanding," possessed his mind and heart. And now he wished only to express his gratitude to Mr. Gwyther, and to ask for further instruction.

With what gladness of heart it would be given we can well imagine. And the fact that it was received with the meekness of a little child accounts for the joy which reigned in the heart of the man whose life was ebbing away. He died at noon, glorifying and praising the Lord his God.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, **$1.50** per annum, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

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We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of specimen copies to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, March 17th, at **12.45 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Deputy-Marshals Bill, **which has been** the subject of so much acrimonious debate, has at length advanced one stage toward settlement. An amendment moved by General Garfield was accepted in the House on Friday, March 19th, by a vote of 115 to 107. The amendment was apparently received by Democrats as the least objectionable compromise likely to be offered, and was accepted as the best way out of an embarrassing position. In the form finally adopted, General Garfield's proposition provides that an equal number of deputy-marshals hereafter appointed to serve at elections shall belong to each political party, and that they shall be appointed by the Judges of the Circuit Courts instead of by the United States Marshals. Mr. MacMahon had announced that the decision of the Supreme Court on the subject would not be recognized, so that the acceptance of Mr. Garfield's proposition occasioned some surprise.

A Proposal that Congress do Adjourn on May 24th has been introduced by Mr. Buckner, of Missouri, but it is extremely improbable that the state of public business will be sufficiently advanced to permit of an adjournment on that date. The regular business of the session is in arrear; in fact it has hardly been commenced. Not one of the large general appropriation bills has yet been reported to the House, and several of the bills have not yet been touched by the Committee on Appropriations. These alone could not be disposed of before the date named in Mr. Buckner's resolution. There is also other business that must be attended to. Congress would scarcely venture to adjourn without enacting some measure to provide for the refunding of that part of the public debt which will fall due next year. Any law on this subject will demand careful deliberation and a full discussion in both Houses. Besides all this, there are many questions on which legislation cannot be postponed without national injury.

Denis Kearney's Arrest on the Charge of using violent and obscene language has resulted in his conviction. He had neglected to demand a jury trial, believing that a person so influential in San Francisco would not be severely punished; in fact he openly stated his expectation that "a fine of twenty dollars would settle that little affair." Judge Rix, who tried the case, appears to have entertained a different view of the Sand-lots orator's offence, for he has passed upon him a sentence of *six months imprisonment and a fine of one thousand dollars.* This sentence, the Judge explained, was not inflicted from vindictive motives, but to express the opinion of the court on the danger to society liable to be produced by harangues like those Mr. Kearney has been wont to deliver. A conference has been held between representatives of the two parties which oppose each other in the city, in which Mayor Kalloch was one of the representatives of the workingmen. The result has not been made public, but is said to have been of a satisfactory nature.

The Death of Dr. R. L. Dashiell, the Corresponding Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society, occurred March 8th. He was regarded as one of the ablest men in the Methodist ministry, and his loss will be severely felt. Dr. Dashiell was born at Salisbury, Md., in 1826, and was admitted to the Baltimore Conference in 1848. He was elected President of Dickinson College in 1868, which post he occupied until he accepted the appointment of Missionary Secretary.

The Salvation Army has been Prohibited by the Mayor of New York from preaching in the streets. This act has not prevented its officers doing effectual work in the city. The morning of each day during the past week they spent in the squalid locality known as Five Points. In the saloons, in the wretched tenements—anywhere that the miserable, the vicious, and the depraved were to be found, there they sought to win souls for Christ. The evenings found them at the Hudson River Mission Hall, which was crowded every night. Open-air meetings in a vacant lot opposite the hall preceded the indoor meeting.

The headquarters of the Army will be fixed at Philadelphia, in which city, Mr. Railton informs us, there will be no opposition on the part of the authorities to street preaching. On another page will be found an account of their work in New York up to this date.

A Prayer Unanswered.—A Remarkable Incident was related at the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting last week. It illustrates the truth that it is often for our own good that our prayers for specific blessings are left unanswered. A widow on whom devolved the care and support of several children was living in small apartments in a tenement house. Unable to pay the rent, she was told by her landlord that she must seek other quarters. This was a hard blow, and she prayed God to avert it. But in spite of all her prayers she had to go; *the Lord had apparently forgotten to be gracious.* Other quarters were found, into which the widow and her little ones removed. Not many days afterward she was offering thanks that her prayer had not been answered. A fire had broken out in the old tenement house from which she had been ejected, and *the majority of the children in the house had perished in the flames.*

Children at Prayer-Meetings.—An Important testimony to the influence of the prayer-meeting on families was recently related in conversation by the elder of a Christian church. He said that three fourths of all the prayer-meetings he had ever attended were under *very discouraging circumstances*, only two families uniting their members to sustain them. Said he, "They were held at Union Grove," and added: "But the families were pretty large; uncle's numbered eight and father's ten, and what is worth noting is the fact that every one of both families is now a Christian." He said he had known his father *to stop the corn planter* at noon when he could have finished planting in the afternoon in order to attend the mee which was held at three o'clock. Another cited a case where ten children, big and li were taken regularly to prayer-meeting by t mother, through all their youthful years, every one is a Christian.

A Conversion through the Medium of Telephone occurred last week in the mining gion of Lake Superior. A gentleman who been aroused to a sense of sin and the nece of seeking salvation, but who had not yet fo peace in the Saviour, was in an office whe telephone was in use, and requested permis to witness its operation. Putting his ear to instrument, he listened, and there came thro the transmitter, sounding with strange be and power, the words, sung by four little child

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear.

The appeal went home to his heart, and he t and then determined in God's strength to cl to Jesus.

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contribut received up to Saturday, March 20th:

Rev. E. D. Kendig, Fisherville, Va.	$
A Friend, Princeton, Ind.	
Danish Baptist Church, Cedar Falls, Iowa.	1
A. B. M., New Lisbon, Ohio.	
Bethel Community, Hopkins Co., Tex.	1
M. E. Sunday-school, Saranac, Mich.	
Forwarded to N. Y. *Herald*.	$3

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church.—Co butions received up to Saturday, March 20th.

A Friend, Salem, Mass.	$
Charles Porter, Dover, N. H.	
Jno. Smellie, " "	
Constant Sears, East Dennis, Mass.	
Mrs. Job Tower, Northampton, "	
Miss Arsula Clark, " "	
Miss Sarah Nash, " "	
Mrs. Jehiel Russell, Greenwich, N. Y.	
Fred. Mockel, Pittsburgh, Pa.	
M. J. & L. M. Doyle, Baltimore, Md.	
Fred. Taylor, Chester, Pa.	
A Friend, Clinton, N. J.	
Jas. W. Howarth, Glen Riddle, Pa.	
A Mother, Hackensack, N. J.	
Thos. Waddell, Bay View, Wis.	
C. C., Pittshurgh, Pa.	
Mrs. E. B. Colby, Kewane, Ill.	
A Reader of C. HERALD, Silver Creek, N. Y.	
Jno. Johnston, Blackinton, Mass.	
Mrs. E. Davis, Hillsdale, Mich.	
John Getz, Fredericktown, Ohio.	
J. R. Harris, Boston, Mass.	
John Cragg, Clyde, N. Y.	
H. W. Kettering, Union Deposite, Pa.	
O. L. A. F., Trenton, N. J.	
A. Bryant, Holt, Miss.	
F. W. Collyer, Coxsackie, N. Y.	
W. E. Settle, Balston, N. Y.	
Mrs. O. B. Strong, Huntsburg, Ohio.	
Chas. T. Mason, East Otto, N. Y.	
Hamilton McElnea, Chicago, Ill.	
Thos. Pattison, Oshtemo, Mich.	
Esther A. DeKalb, Middle Granville, N. Y.	
E. L. Brichbill, Oberlin, Ohio.	
Mrs. S. M. Haster, Crawfordsville, Ind.	
Mrs. D. Willock, Marine, Ill.	
Mrs. S. A. Cochran, Brownsburg, Pa.	
E. D. Scott, Scandia, Kan.	
Ciayton St. John, Linderville, Ohio.	
John Moore, Victor, Mich.	
Thos. Gibbard, " "	
G. W. Blackman, Des Moines, Iowa.	
A. W. Moore, Owensville, Mo.	
Dr. H. W. Bramel, " "	
L. L. Keiser, Naperville, Ill.	
Mrs. Mary Jane Irving, Jefferson, Iowa.	
W. S. Griffith, Lebanon, Ohio.	
Rev. Jno. Wittenberger, Platteville, Wis.	
Chas. J. Bartlett, Lewiston, Me.	
Mr. R. Kee, Algonquin, Ill.	
Rev. O. P. Rogers, Marengo, Ill.	
Dr. J. H. Brearly, Norristown, Ark.	
E. H. Wright, Gaffney City, S. C.	
Mrs. M. M. Burgess, South Walden, Vt.	
James Tonge, 4 Willoughby Street, Lawrence, Mass.	
Forwarded to Dr. Talmage.	$

he Visit of M. Lesseps to New York has atacted renewed attention to his interoceanic cail scheme, but the distinguished visitor confeed when his visit came to a close that alough he had been received personally with th utmost courtesy and enthusiasm, his project ha not found favor in the eyes of American engiers or capitalists. They have no faith in his sc me, preferring the shorter route with locks or nnels. The route advocated by M. Lesseps is rty-five miles in length, of which seven are th ugh solid rock. Its principal advantage is th it will need no locks, and would thus facilita and expedite the passage from the Pacific to th Atlantic. M. Lesseps estimates the cost at $1,000,000, and believes that shipping of the an al amount of six million tons would pass th ugh it and would pay a toll equivalent to te per cent on the cost of construction. A ne survey of the isthmus by the United States Go rnment is proposed, that the merits of the dif ent routes may be finally settled.

ubstitute for the Beer Garden.—The New Yo Coffee-House Company (limited) has been org ized by the election of Mr. Joseph W. Dr el as Chairman, Mr. Morris K. Jesup as Tre urer, and Mr. Henry E. Pellew as Secretar and arrangements are being made to plant fe-houses in the most frequented thorougare and most densely-populated localities. Comnodious premises in suitable localities will be eas l and fitted up, and furnished in a cheerful nd ttractive style, so as to compete successfully respects with the beer saloons and garden They will consist of refreshment rooms, whe working people may enjoy, in company wit their friends, tea, coffee, cocoa, milk, and oth simple refreshments, including food, with hea ful recreation, instruction and amusement.

A isastrous Tornado Passed over Cleveland, hi on March 5th. The storm struck the bluff t e south side of the lake soon after midigh and in its progress tore up trees and hrubbery, and demolished chimneys and buildngs It swept along at the rate of fifty miles a ur. The roof of a seminary in Woodland ave ue was lifted bodily and dashed to the ro d. At Newburgh the whole west end of a ew uilding of the Cleveland Rolling Mill Coman was crushed in, while the roof was carried eve l hundred feet away. A dozen workmen ere buried beneath the falling timbers. One as illed, four were severely injured, in all rob bility fatally so, and five others were badly urt The total damage throughout the city as stimated at nearly $100,000, not less than hir dwelling-houses being more or less damgec

A an was Attacked by Wolves in his Own arn few days ago at Clermont, Bradford Co., enn The farm is somewhat isolated, being tua d on the borders of a dense forest. om aints have been prevalent for some time at attle have been killed by the wolves, but w not thought that they would dare to enter rm buildings. It is supposed, however, that m of them were rendered desperate by hunr, or the farmer going to feed his cattle ear a strange noise, and entering the barn disve d two large wolves trying to kill one of e imals. He was armed only with an ordiary table-fork, and the wolves turned upon im. For some time his position was extremely il, but after suffering several wounds he cc ded in slaying his ferocious assailants.

In atitude for a Brave Rescue.—Rev. E. Pay- n ammond, in a recent address to children, lat the following incident. He said: W e I was in Detroit I noticed the gentleman w se house I was a guest looking wistfully ut a window which commanded a view of the ad or a long distance. The side of the genm 's face was disfigured by great scars, which ld f his having received serious wounds. I ke him what he was thinking about, which a wered by a touching narrative. 'About ne ears ago,' he said, 'I was looking out of is indow, when I saw a horse galloping up e rd. There was no one in the carriage but a little girl. I ran downstairs and out on the road just in time to stop the horse, but in doing so I was knocked down and almost killed. The father of the girl coming up, jumped into the carriage and drove off. For three days I remained unconscious between life and death. On regaining consciousness the first question I asked was, "Where is the little girl?" but they could only say that she was unhurt. For these nine years I have been confined to the house with chronic neuralgia. My physicians say I shall not recover. I would have died for that little girl, and yet she never came to thank me.'" Such ingratitude arouses indignation, but how many are there for whom Jesus actually died who are guilty of still worse ingratitude?

A Dog with a Diamond Collar is Advertised as lost in the recent issue of a daily journal. The animal had around its neck a gold chain bearing a plate in which were inserted diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, so arranged as to form the name by which the dog was known. It is supposed that thieves carried off the animal for the sake of the jewels it carried, but the owners grieve more for its loss than for that of the gems, so that possibly a compromise may be effected by which the thieves keep what they prize, and the owners recover their lost pet. The desire for display and ostentation has seldom gone so far as this, of lavishing jewels on the decoration of a dog. While people are dying of hunger, and souls are perishing in darkness and ignorance, and missionary societies lacking funds to preach the Gospel to the heathen, it seems incredible that money should be spent in so silly a fashion (Matt. 19:21).

A Scene of Desolation was Produced at Frankfort, Ind., on Wednesday, March 11th, by a terrific boiler explosion which occurred at the large flax mill of Lehman, Rosenthal & Co. The mill was situated on the outskirts of the town, and was a large structure. Such a spectacle of ruin, desolation, and misery has seldom been seen. From what can be learned, it appears that, the morning being chilly, ten of the men had assembled in the engine-room to warm themselves, and that while they were there the explosion occurred. *Not one of the ten escaped instant death.* The destruction was complete. Not a piece of the boiler exceeding three hundred pounds in weight can be found anywhere. The brick foundation on which the boiler stood was scattered so that scarcely one brick lay upon another. Mangled and distorted human bodies lay about the fields, some thirty feet from the boiler house, although one body was thrown a hundred and fifty yards. Every one of the unfortunate men was horribly mutilated. Two had their heads entirely blown away. It is supposed that the boiler was worn out, and that the small amount of water in the boiler was all converted into steam and gas in an instant, thus producing the explosion.

Christian Home for Intemperate Men.—An effort is being made to found a permanent institution for the above purpose in New York. The amount needed is $100,000, and Messrs. William H. Vanderbilt, C. K. Garrison, William E. Dodge, James Talcott, and others have already subscribed $30,000 towards that amount.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has just been received. They are now on sale at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

THE LILY AMONG THORNS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters."—SOLOMON'S SONG 2:2.

A Sacred Marriage Song—The Church Christ's Bride—She is like a Lily among Thorns—I. In her Relation to Jesus—1. She has His Love—His Love a Distinguishing Love—Openly Avowed—2. She Reciprocates His Love—3. She Bears His Likeness—4. Her Position Draws out His Love—5. She is thereby Kept for His Own—II. In Her Relation to the World—1. She has Incomparable Beauty—2. An Intrinsic Excellence—3. Called to Endure Singular Trials—Persecution of the Thorns—The Truest Flower Mission.

WE shall not enter into any profitless discussion this morning. We take it for granted that the Song of Solomon is *a sacred marriage song* between Christ and His church, and that it is the Lord Jesus who is here speaking of His church, and indeed of each individual member, saying, "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters."

I will not even enter into any disquisition as to what particular flower is here intended by the word translated "lily," for it would be very difficult to select a plant from the Holy Land about which travellers and botanists would agree. The lily, which we should most naturally fix upon, is, as I have gathered from books of travel, not at present found in that country, though we may not therefore be sure that it was never there, or may not yet be discovered. Several other fair and beautiful forms, according to the fancies of various travellers, have been preferred to occupy the place of the plant intended by the original Hebrew, but none of them quite come up to the ideal suggested to an English reader by our translation.

I will for once take the liberty to clothe the Scripture in *a western dress*, if need be, and venture to do what Solomon would surely have done if his Song of Songs had been written in England. I shall assume that he means one of our own lilies: either the lily of the valley or one of those more stately beauties, matchless for whiteness, which so gloriously adorn our gardens. Either will do, and serve our turn this morning. "As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters."

It is of small moment to be precise in botany so long as we get the spirit of the text. We seek practical usefulness and personal consolation, and proceed at once in the pursuit, in the hope that it may be with us as with the great Bridegroom Himself, of whom the golden canticle saith, "He feedeth among the lilies."

Many are taking root among us now, newly transplanted from the world, and it is well that they should be rooted in a knowledge of their calling by grace, and what it includes. They ought to know at the very commencement what a Christian is when he is truly a Christian, what he is expected to be, what the Lord means him to be, and what the Lord Jesus regards him as really being; so that they may make no mistakes, but may count the cost, and know what it is that they have ventured upon. Thinking over this subject carefully, and anxiously desiring to warn our new converts without alarming them, I could not think of any text from which I should be able, in the exposition of it, better to set forth the position, condition, and character of a genuine Christian.

Jesus Himself knows best *what his own bride is like;* let us hear Him as He speaks in this matchless song. He knows best what His followers should be, and well may we be content to take the words out of His own mouth when in sweetest poetry He tells us, "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." Join me, then, my brethren, at this time in considering

OUR LORD'S LILIES,

how they grow.

Concerning the church of God, there are two points upon which I will enlarge: first, *her relation to her Lord;* and secondly, *her relation to the world.*

I. First, I think my text very beautifully sets forth the relation of the church, and of every individual to Christ. He styles her *my love.* An exquisitely sweet name; as if His love had all gone forth of Him, and had become embodied in her.

1. The first point, then, of her relation to Christ is that *she has His love.* Think of it, and let the blessed truth dwell long and sweetly in your meditations. The Lord of life and glory, the Prince of the kings of the earth, has such a loving heart that He must have an object upon which to spend His affection; and His people, chosen from among men, whom He calls His church, these are they who are His "love," the object of his supreme delight.

"Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it.". He looked on His people and He exclaimed, "As the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you." Every believer, separated from mankind, and called unto the fellowship of Christ, is also the peculiar object of His love. Not in name only, but in deed and truth, does Jesus love each one of us who have believed on Him. You may each one of you say with the Apostle, "He loved me;" you may read it in *any tense you please:* He loved me; He loveth me; He will love me, for He gave Himself for me.

This shall be your song in Heaven, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory." Let your hearts saturate themselves with this honeyed thought; Heaven lies hid within it, it is the quintessence of bliss—Jesus loves me.

This love is *distinguishing love,* for in its light one special object shines as a lily, and the rest, "the daughters," are as thorns. Love has fixed on its chosen object, and compared with the favored one all others are as nothing. There is a love of Jesus which goeth forth to all mankind, for "the Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works;" but there is a special and peculiar love which He beareth to His own. As a man loveth his neighbors but still he hath a special affection for his own wife, so is

THE CHURCH CHRIST'S BRIDE,

beloved above all the rest of mankind, and every individual believer is the favored one of Heaven. The saint is united to Christ by a mystical union, *a spiritual marriage bond,* and above all others Christ loves the souls espoused to Him. He said once, "I pray for them. I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me;" thus indicating that there is a specialty about His intercession. We rejoice in the largeness and the width of Jesus' love, but we do not therefore doubt its specialty.

The sun shines on all things, but when it is focussed on one point, ah, then, there is a heat about it of which you little dreamed! The love of Jesus is focussed on those whom the Father hath given Him. Upon you, my brother or sister, if indeed you are a believer in Jesus Christ, the Lord's heart is set, and He speaks of you in the words of the text as "my love," loved above all the daughters, precious in His sight and honorable, so that He will give men for you and people for your life.

Observe that this is a love which *He openly avows.* The Bridegroom speaks and says before all men, "As a lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." He puts it upon record in that book which is more widely scattered than any other, for He is not ashamed to have it published on the housetops. The love of Christ was at first hidden in His heart, but it soon revealed itself, for even of old His delights were with the sons of men, and He bent His steps downward to this world in divers forms, or ever Bethlehem's song was sung. And now, since the Incarnate God has loved and lived and died, He has unveiled His love in the most open form, and astonished Heaven and earth thereby. On Cavalry He set up an open proclamation, writ in His own heart's blood, that He loved His own even unto the end.

2. This love, wherever it has been revealed to its object, *is reciprocated.* By this, dear hearer, shall you know whether this text belongs to you or not. What sayest thou when Jesus asks of thee, "Lovest thou me?" Is your heart warmed at the very mention of His name? If you can truly say with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee," then rest assured you love Him, because He first loved you. Doubt not the fact, but be well assured of it, that love in your heart toward Jesus is the certain and infallible pledge of His infinite, eternal, and immutable love to you.

3. Next,

SHE BEARS HIS LIKENESS.

Notice the first verse of the chapter wherein the Bridegroom speaks, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys." He is the lily, but His beloved is like Him; for He applies His own chosen emblem to her—"As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." Notice that He *is* the lily, she is *as* the lily, that is to say, *He* has the beauty and *she* reflects it; she is comely in His comeliness which He puts upon her. There is no beauty in any one of us, but what our Lord has wrought in us.

Note, too, that He who gave the beauty is the first to see it. While they are unknown to the world, Jesus knows His own. Long before anybody else sees any virtue or any praise in us, Jesus descries it, and is pleased therewith. He is quick to say, "Behold, he prayeth," or "Behold, he repenteth." He is the first to say, "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself." Love's eyes are quick, and her ears are open. Love covers a multitude of faults, but it discovers a multitude of beauties. Let us bless and love Him because He deigns to think so highly of us who owe everything to Him. "Thou art," saith He, "my love, as the lily."

There is *a wealthy household,* honored and famous among the old county families, but in it there is no lover of the Saviour except one, and she perhaps is a little maid whose service is among the pots, yet shall she be as the wings of a dove covered with silver. "As the lily among thorns" shall she be. All the kingdoms of the earth are but thorn-brakes to the Lord Jesus compared with His church. The Lord has given to His people His likeness, and that likeness He looks upon and loves.

4. Bringing out still further the relationship between Christ and His church, I want you to notice that *her position has drawn out His love.* "As the lily," saith He, "*among thorns,* so is my love." He spied her out among the thorns. She was at the first no better than a thorn herself; His grace alone made her to differ from the briers about her; but as soon as ever He had put His life and His grace into her, though she dwelt among the ungodly, she became as the lily, and He spied her out. The thorn-brake could not hide His beloved. Christ's eye toward His people is so quick because it is cleared by love.

There may at this time be in a Popish convent one truly seeking Jesus in spirit and in truth. He spies out the believer among the trusters in themselves, and calls her His love among thorns. There may be at this moment in the most godless haunt in London a poor, trembling heart that loves Jesus in secret: the Lord knows that heart, and it is to Him as a lily among thorns.

You, perhaps, are the only serious working-man in the shop in which you earn your daily bread, and the whole band hold you in derision. You may hardly know yourself whether you are really a Christian, for you are sometimes staggered about your own condition; and yet the enemies of Christ have made up their minds as to whose you are, and treat you as one of the disciples of the Nazarene. Be of good courage, your Lord discerns you, and knows you better than you know yourself. Such is the quickness of His eye that your difficult and perilous position only quickens His discernment, and He regards you with the more attention. The thorns cannot hide you, thickly as they cluster around you: in your loneliness you are not alone, for the Crucified is with you.

"As the lily among thorns" wears also other meaning. Dr. Thompson writes of a tain lily, "It grows among thorns, and I h sadly lacerated my hands in extricating it fr them. Nothing can be in higher contrast t the luxuriant, velvety softness of this lily, the withered, tangled hedge of thorns about Ah, beloved, you know who it was that, in ga ering your soul and mine, lacerated not hand only, but his feet, and his head, and side, and his heart, yea, and his inmost soul

5. Yet once more I think many a child of may regard himself as still beng a lily am thorns, because of his afflictions. Certainly church is so, and *she is thereby*

KEPT FOR CHRIST'S OWN.

If thorns made it hard for Him to reach us our salvation, there is another kind of th which makes it hard for any enemy to com us for our hurt. I look on John Bunyan prison writing his "Pilgrim's Progress," a cannot help feeling that it was a great bles for us all that such a lily was shut up among thorns, that it might shed its fragrance in famous book, and thereby perfume the ch for ages. You that are kept from roamin sickness or by family trials need not regret t things, for perhaps they are the means of ma you more completely your Lord's.

How charmingly Madame Guyon wrote she was immured in a dungeon. Her wing closely bound, but her song was full of lib for she felt that the bolts and bars only shu in with her Beloved, and what is that but erty? She sang:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.

"Nought have I else to do,
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing
But still he bends to hear me sing."

"As the lily among thorns," she lived in p shut in with her Lord, and since the worl quite shut out, she was in that respect a g

II. But now, secondly, our text is full struction as to

THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE CHURCH TO WORLD.

1. First, then, *she has incomparable b* As compared and contrasted with all else, as the lily to the thorn, brake. Did not our say of the natural lilies, "Solomon in a glory was not arrayed like one of these?" when I think of Christ's lilies, adorned i own righteousness, and bearing His own i I feel that I may repeat my Master's word say, with emphasis, "Solomon in all his was not arrayed like one of these!"

Though the church may seem to be littl poor and despised, yet is she better than princes and kingdoms and glories of the He means that the true Christians are infi superior to ungodly men. These ungodl may make a fair show of virtue, and the have much prudence and wit, and count selves wise and great, but Jesus calls all u verted ones "thorns," while his own bel one He compares to "lilies." The thorn worthless, they flourish and spread, and c the ground, but they yield no fruit, and grow to be cut down for the oven. Alas is man by nature, at his best!

As for the lily, it is a thing of beauty joy forever; it lives shedding sweet pe and when it is gathered its loveliness ador chamber to which it is taken. So does th bless his generation while here, and whe taken away he is regarded with pleasure Heaven above as one of the flowers of God will ere long be transplanted from amo thorns to the garden inclosed beyond the where the King delights to dwell, for is far too fair to be left forever amid l briars.

and let me say that I am sorry to add, a hristian is as superior even to a professing an as a lily is to thorns. I know churches h there are many who make a profession, me! it is a pity that they should, for ife does not adorn their doctrine, their is not consistent with the indwelling of ly Spirit. They live like worldlings, to money, or to carry on business, or to end eating and drinking, or to dress and go ies; they are as much for this world as *were never renewed*, and it is to be feared ver were.

not, however, be at all astonished, for it e so; he who is full of the grace of God ways be as the lily among thorns, even in fessing church. May you be distinguishe your fellow-professors, for I fear that it be so your life will be a poor one.

then, is the relationship of the church to ld, and of Christians to the world, that e as much superior to the unregenerate l and spiritual beauty as the lily is to the among which it finds itself.

condly, in the comparison of the saint to we remark that *he has, like the lily, a surexcellence.* I point not to its beauty just t to its intrinsic excellence. The thorn it of the curse: it springs up because of Thorns also and thistles shall it bring nto thee." Not so the lily: it is a fair the blessing which maketh rich without row of carking care. The thorn is the wrath, and the lily is the symbol of Diovidence. A true believer is a blessing, hose leaves heal and whose fruit feeds. uine Christian is a living gospel, an emt of good-will toward men. Did not covenant blessing run, "In thee and in shall all the nations of the earth be " I cannot refrain from quoting a meditation of one who loved the Song non, and drank into its spirit. He says hurch. She is

ant thing, where all is gloomy else,
ent, where all else is barrenness;
om in the desert, that proclaims
no friendless outcast, hopeless doomed
erse scenes of wickedness and grief,
grim as he is, has One who plans,
y to protect but cheer his way.
r testifying desert flower,
ding forth the story of God's love,
onderful it is that busy throngs
ot to look on thee! That few reflect
strange fact of thine existence still,
mong thorns—a life in death,
t from, yet in contact with the world;
g, yet unconsumed; though cumbered, free
lorious liberty!"

church is a blessing, a blessing abiding ttering its delights in the midst of the and each particular believer is in his a blessing too, "as the lily among

weet odors of the lily of the valley are own; perhaps no plant has so strong a out it of intense and exquisite sweetness ily of the valley which is found in Palesuch is the sanctified believer. There is something about Him, a hallowed savor oeth out from His life, so that His grais discovered; for grace, like its Lord, be hid."

I was resting in the south I wandered de of a flowing stream, gathering handaiden-hair fern from the verdant bank, walked along I was conscious of a most fragrance all around me. I cast my eye rd and I saw blue eyes looking up from s at my feet. The violets had hidden es from sight, but they had betrayed es by their delicious scent. So doth a n reveal his hidden life; his tone and nd manners bespeak his royal lineage, the spirit of God be in him. Such are le of God; they court no observation, but are like that modest flower of which the poet says:

"She ne'er affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun;
She to no state nor dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit,
And sheds a lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade"

I want you, dear Christian people, to be just like this: to have about you a surpassing wealth of blessing, and an unrivalled sweetness of influence by which you shall be known of all men. Is it so with you, or are you as rough and stern and *repellant as a thorn-bush?* Are you as selfish and as quarrelsome as the unregenerate? Or do you shed yourself away in sweet odors of self-denying kindness in your families and among your neighbors? If you do so, then doth Jesus say of you, "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters."

3. The last point with regard to our relationship to the world is that the church and many individual Christians are called to endure

SINGULAR TRIALS,

which make them feel "as the lily among thorns." That lovely flower seems out of place in such company, does it not? Christ said, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep among" *sheep*—no, no, that is my mistake—"as sheep among *wolves*."

It is a very blessed thing to be as sheep among sheep: to lie down with them under the shadow of the great rock, and feed with them in green pastures under the Shepherd's eye. This is our privilege, and we ought to value it greatly, and unite with the church and frequent its ordinances; but even then we shall, some of us, have to go home to an ungodly family, or to go out into the world to win our bread, and then we shall be as sheep among wolves. Grow in the church and you will be lilies in the garden; still, you cannot always live in the Tabernacle, and so you will have to go back to the ungodly world, and there you will be lilies among thorns.

The lily startles you if you find it in such a position. Often you come upon one of God's elect ones in a most unexpected manner, and are as much amazed as if an angel crossed your path. This is the wonder of the lily among thorns. You are making your way over a wild heath and come to a tangled thorn-brake through which you must force your way. As you are driving through the dense mass, rending and tearing your garments, suddenly you stand still as one who has seen a vision of angels, for there among the most rugged brambles a lily lifts its lovely form and smiles upon you.

So have you met in a black slum, where blasphemy abounded, a beauteous child of God, whom all recognized as such, and you have felt amazed. So have you in a wealthy family full of worldliness and vanity come upon a humble man or patient woman living unto Christ, and you have asked, How came this grace to this house? So, too, in a foreign land, where all bowed down to crucifix and image, you have casually met with a confessor who has stood his ground among idolaters, protesting for his God, not by his speech so much as by his holy walk. The surprise has been great. Expect many such surprises. The Lord has a people where you look not for them. Think not that all His lilies are in His garden; there are lilies among thorns, and He knows their whereabouts.

Many saints reside in families where they will never be appreciated any more than the lily is appreciated by the thorns. This is painful, for the sympathy of our fellows is a great comfort. Lilies of the valley love to glow in clusters, and saints love holy company, and yet in some cases it must not be; they must live alone. Nor need we think that this loneliness is unrelieved, for God goeth out of the track of men, and He visits those whom His own servants are passing by. The poet saith,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But the poet forgot that God is in the wilderness and the solitary place, and the sweetness of lonely flowers is His.

The flower which blooms for God alone has a special honor put upon it, and so hath the saint whose quiet life is all for Jesus. If you are unappreciated by those around you, do not therefore be distressed, for you are honorable in the sight of God.

The lily is altogether unassisted too by its surroundings—"the lily among thorns" borrows nothing from the growth which gathers about it. A genuine Christian is quite unhelped by ungodly men; what is worse, he is cumbered by them. Yet through divine grace he lives and grows. You know how the good seed could not grow because of the thorns which sprang up and choked it, but here is a good seed, a choice bulb, which flourishes where you could not have looked for it to do so. God can make His people live and blossom even among the thorns, where the ungodly by their evil influences would choke and destroy it.

We should not do justice to this text if we failed to see in it a reminder of the *persecution* to which many of the best of God's people are subjected. They live all their lives long like the lily among thorns. Some of you, dear friends, are in this condition. You can hardly speak a word but what it is picked up and made mischief of; you cannot perform an action but what it is twisted, and motives imputed to you which you know not of. Nowadays persecutors cannot drag men to the stake, but the old trial of cruel mockings is still continued; in some cases it rages even more fiercely than ever.

God's people have been a persecuted people in all times, and you only fare as they fare. Bear well the burden common to all the chosen! Make no great wonder of it; this bitter trial has happened to many more before; and you may well rejoice that you are now in fellowship with apostles and prophets and honorable men of all ages. The lily among thorns should rejoice that it is a lily and not a thorn, and when it is wounded it should consider it a matter of course, and bloom on.

But why doth the Lord put His lilies among thorns? It is because He works transformations, singular transformations, by their means. Remember how it is written, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." He can set a Christian in a godless family till first one and then another shall feel the divine power, and shall say, "We will go with you, for we perceive that God is with you."

Such holy work among ungodly people is the truest and best "*Flower Mission.*" They do well who give flowers to cheer the poor in their dreary habitations, but they do better still who are themselves flowers in the places where they live. Be lilies, my dear brethren; preach by your actions, preach by your kindness, and by your love; and I feel quite sure that your influence will be a power for good. If the Holy Spirit helps all of you to stand among your associates as lilies among the thorns, the day will some when thorns will die out, and lilies will spring up on every side: sin will be banished, and grace will abound.

An Australian gentleman told me yesterday that in his colony *the arum lily* abounds as much as weeds do with us. When will this happen spiritually on our side of the globe? Ah, when! Blessed Lord, when wilt thou remove the curse? When wilt thou bring the better days? These are ill times, wherein the thorns grow thicker and more sharp than ever; protect thy lilies, increase their number, preserve their snowy whiteness, and delight thyself in them; for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Matthew 10.]

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS ARE PUBLISHED AND INSERTED IN THIS JOURNAL WITH HIS CONCURRENCE, AND REVISED BY HIMSELF.

A BUSINESS MAN'S TARNISHED CROWN.

By R. T.

Twelve Years of Worldly Lukewarmness—Consumption—Remorseful Reflections—Vivid Realizations of Loss of Degrees of Glory—Startling Announcement of Christ's Speedy Advent—Even the Saved may Lose Degrees of Reward.

A YOUNG man who was very zealous for the honor of God upon earth, and also for the salvation of souls, began, after a time, to allow the interests of his increasing family and his success in the world as a man of business gradually to draw his attention from the things of the Lord to the cares of this life; and often when those with whom he usually met in Christian fellowship were assembled together for worship, and speaking to each other of the things of God, he was to be found at home with his ledger, attending to his accounts, or arranging what must be done on the morrow.

This went on for some twelve years—not, however, without many warnings from the Lord and admonitions from his brethren—till he was nearly forty years of age, when a consumption seized him; still his business absorbed his attention as long as he was able to attend to it.

The time came at last when he was laid aside entirely; then he saw his sin and folly, and more than once in his last hours did he speak in language such as follows:

"Oh, how unwise and wicked I have been to neglect the things of God for the cares of this life, and to prefer too much what I thought was my duty to my family to the society and communion of His people! Although my conduct before men has been blameless, yet the last twelve years of my life are lost. It would have been better for me had they never have been given me, because I have used them for myself and not for the Lord. I have been careful about my own things, and not the things which are Jesus Christ's. I shall blush when I see his face (1 John 2 : 28). I shall hold down my head as I go into His presence, for I have deprived Him of the joy He would have had in saying to me, 'Well done, good and faithful servant;' for how can He do so when I have been so unfaithful?

"I shall see others come forward in that happy day and take their crowns of reward, and their positions in the glory for faithful service done to Him while they were upon earth; but I shall have none to receive, because I have allowed this present world to rob me of them through my unfaithfulness (Rev. 3 : 11; 1 Cor. 3 : 15; 2 John 8).

"Oh, how foolish I have been to make such an exchange, to neglect that which is eternal for the things of this world, which perish with the using, and which I must now leave. How I have dishonored that glorious Lord Jesus who has bought me with His blood; and how unlike in my walk have I been to the apostle Paul, who said, 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ' (Phil. 3 : 7, 8). But how very different to this have I been! and because I have been so unlike Paul in my walk through life, I am unlike him now in my last moments. For I cannot say as he did, when he was about to leave this world, 'I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day.'

"But with me it has been just the opposite to this; for instead of my having fought the good fight of faith, I have been gathering of this world's goods, and seeking to enrich my family, and make myself *comfortable and at home on this earth*, which has crucified my Lord and Master; and therefore, instead of finishing my course with joy, I am cut off in the midst of my days, and am full of sorrow and regret. Neither have I kept the faith, for I have been very unfaithful; hence I know that there is no crown of righteousness laid up for me, as there was for Paul. I have not loved his appearing; and the time for service which was given me is past, it is gone forever. The Lord in His great mercy is now taking me away from the earth, because He knows the longer I am left in it the more I shall be taken up with the things of this world. I own His goodness and love, and bow with thankfulness, because it is His own hand which is doing it.

"Oh, dear friend, let my loss be your gain, and let me entreat you to use faithfully every moment of time which is given you in this world, and everything you possess, for Christ and His saints, and I shall have the delight in seeing you in that day have an 'abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' You will receive from His hands your crown and place of honor in the glory, while I shall be content with a much lower position, because I have lived to myself and not to Him who died for me and rose again."

But the night in which he died was still more solemn. There were two or three Christians in the room with him, when, a short time before his departure, he raised himself up in bed in the greatest amazement and delight, and, lifting up both his hands, said, "Oh, there is something going to take place. Christ IS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE HIS FATHER'S THRONE and come into the clouds to call His saints up to meet Him in the air! *Don't slumber, nor sleep.*" He then laid himself back on the pillow and breathed his last without a sigh.

This dying testimony of one who belonged to Christ is very solemn, not only as it regards the near approach of the Lord Jesus to gather up His Church, but also as to our faithfulness to Him during His absence; and it also shows the great desire this dying brother had that we should not do as he had done, but that we should be found watchful and sober; and though I know that this is not the time for human revelations, but rather for believing the inspired written revelation of God, yet many times since, when I have felt my eyes begin to grow drowsy and myself tired of watching, I have remembered these dying words, and it has helped to quicken my steps forward to run with patience the race set before me, looking unto Jesus.

And surely whatever will help to do this in such days as ours is valuable, when everything around is so calculated to make us grow weary and faint in our minds, and hide that day of glory from our view, and when so many whom we believe to have eternal life in Christ yet, like this young man, are allowing themselves to be deceived by present things. Our salvation depends not on our doings, but on what the Son of God has done for us; for there is nothing more clearly revealed in Scripture than that believers are saved by grace, through faith, and that not of themselves; it is the gift of God (Eph. 2 : 8).

But it is also revealed in Scripture, that those who are thus converted and saved may, through carelessness of walk, become blind, and not see afar off, and may forget that they were purged from their old sins (2 Peter 1 : 9); not able to look back to the cross nor on to the glory with clearness and certainty, therefore are not living in the enjoyment of that which is really given them, and are great losers, both here and in the glory hereafter (1 Cor. 3 : 13–15; Phil. 4 : 4). For we are told over and over again in God's Word that the Lord Jesus will in that day give to those who are saved different positions in the kingdom, according to their works (Luke 19 : 12–26; Rev. 2 : 23; 22 : 12).

They who have sown sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and they who have sown bountifully shall reap also bountifully (2 Cor. 9 : 6). We read of some having that which they have been building burnt up, but they themselves saved, yet so as by fire (1 Cor. 3 : 15). Others, again, having an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (2 Peter 1 : 11). Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not *in vain in the Lord*" (1 Cor. 15 : 58).

TEN SIGNS OF THE APPROACH END.*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page* 189.)

**Daniel's Image, a Picture History—The
Universal Monarchy—The Portion of th
ent Period on the Image—The Divisi
Two—The Two Formed into Ten—Th
and Iron and their Meaning—The Fou
Beasts—Eighteen Kingdoms to be Red
Ten—Five Western Kingdoms—Five
Kingdoms—All Governments to be Dem
Monarchic.**

10. OUR manifest nearness to the end
iel's symbolic image, which is the great
dar of prophecy, and to the final subdivi
all Cæsar's Roman Empire into a ten-king
confederacy.

In Daniel's second chapter a metallic
of a man was seen by Nebuchadnezzar in a
and was explained by Daniel to repres
history of the Gentile nations, from Neb
nezzar's time down to the second con
Christ. It was in fact

A PICTURE HISTORY

of the four universally-powerful Gentil
pires, which were to be raised up to chas
Jewish nation for their unfaithfulness,
become invested with that supreme kingl
which the Jews forfeited by their disob
(Dan. 2 : 31–45).

This great Image appeared to be of
brightness and terrible aspect. Its head
gold, its breast of *silver*, its loins of *bra*
its legs of *iron*, and its toes partly of
partly of *iron*. At last a stone cut out
hands was seen to descend upon the toes
Image, and shatter into atoms the whole
from its golden scalp to its clay-iron feet
the Stone then swole out and expanded,
came a great mountain, and filled the
earth. This is the Divine Stone, who
troy the present national governments
earth, and establish His personal milleni
over all nations.

And this will be the *fifth universal m*
over "*peoples, nations, and tongues,*" o
Christ will be the temporal monarch u
earth, as visibly as the four previous u
monarchs, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Al
the Great; and Cæsar. (Dan. 14 : 19; 6 :

Daniel distinctly explained first the
head of the image to signify the Babylo
Chaldean empire, which was then ruled
Nebuchadnezzar; second, the *silver breas*
note the subsequent Medo-Persian
which afterward conquered and superce
Babylonian on the eventful night when
the Mede slew Belshazzar and "took t
dom" of Babylon, as recorded in Daniel

He thirdly indicated the *brazen loins* to
the Grecian or Macedonian empire, whic
ander the Great, at a later period, est
upon the ruins of the Medo-Persian ki
and this was further prefigured in Dan
the Grecian He-goat with a notable hor
ander the Great) casting down and treadin
foot the Medo-Persian Ram.

Then fourthly, came the Roman empi
responding with the *iron legs* of the Ima
which at the time of the birth of our Sav
conquered all the territories of the
three Empires, viz., of Babylon, Medo
and Greece, and was reigning over the
world, as in fact we see from the decre
Roman emperor, Cæsar Augustus, in Lu
that "*all the world*" was subject to him.

The Roman empire was afterward divi
two halves—the Eastern branch and the
branch—the dividing line being much t
as the present boundary line between
and Turkey. Two Roman emperors, Val

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by
Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each
First pamphlet contains "Ten Signs of the
Description of Approaching Events," with t
and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet*
valuable quotations from Forty Expositors
events. Address, 63 Bible House, New Yor

alens, reigned simultaneously over these
stinct branches which thus exactly corres-
nd with the two legs of the image.
upper parts of the prophetic Image have
n accomplished in past events, and all that
mains to be fulfilled is *the lowest part of*
age. Our present chronological era in
eam of Time coincides with the *feet* of
age; and we are soon to enter upon the
of the *Ten Toes* which Daniel interpreted
n Ten Kings who are to arise and subdi-
iong themselves the entire territories of
Roman empire, extending from the Eu-
in the East to the Scotch Highlands in
st. And in conformity with the emblem
toes being placed upon each foot, there
e *five* of the future ten kingdoms in the
half of the Roman empire, and *five* in
stern half. It is obvious that very mo-
s political changes and revolutions in
Asia, and Africa, are inevitable, in
o bring to pass this predicted tenfold
isi.

THE CLAY AND IRON.

markable circumstance in this Prophecy
each of the Ten Toes is to be partly of
partly of *Iron.* What a contrast there
een the Image's head of *pure gold*, sym-
the absolute autocratic power of Nebu-
zar, derived directly from God, and the
clay mixed with iron. Democracy and
can power is denoted by the *clay*—the
principle of government, which is ex-
by the maxim, "Vox populi, vox Dei"
ice of the people, the voice of God. The
of each of the Ten Toes being com-
partly of *potters' clay*, it seems clear that
acy will gain increasing power in each of
Kingdoms; and already the tendency
ocratic governmental principles to
hroughout those kingdoms is a marked
he times.

FOUR EMPIRES FORESHOWN AS FOUR WILD BEASTS.

carnal imagination of the worldly mon-
ebuchadnezzar, the four universal em-
Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome ap-
nder the aspect of a grand and stately
a man; but to the sanctified mind of
prophet Daniel they appeared as four
destructive *wild beasts.* Daniel, in his
chapter, relates a vision of them rising
fter another out of the sea of tumultous
as *a lion, a bear, a four-headed leopard,*
-horned wild beast.
rophecy makes it plain that the ten
e ten individual kings, who are not to
til the last few years of this Gentile dis-
n, near the time of the Second Advent
(see Daniel 7 : 20–27 ; Rev. 17 : 12–14).
only have these ten sovereigns reigning
a Cæsar's Roman Empire yet to *appear*
ture, but when they do appear, *they must*
in a confederacy, and agreed in main-
ne and the same policy and line of ac-
ccordance with the emblem of their be-
sented as ten toes on *one body*, and ten
one head, and therefore all moving to-
nd in the same direction.*
present time there are

EIGHTEEN SOVEREIGN POWERS

ingdoms, republics, or states) occupying
territories of Cæsar's original Roman
viz.: 1. *Britain*; 2. *France*; 3. *Spain*;
5. *Austria*; 6. *Greece*; 7. *Turkey*;
It is most probable that these eight
will, with additions or diminutions,
of the ten kingdoms of the predicted
, and the *Ninth* will be *Syria* separated
key; and the *Tenth* may be the *Danu-*
vinces north of the *Balkans*, such as
Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania, etc., with perhaps part of *Hungary*, or else *Tripoli*, with *Tunis*, may be the *Tenth* kingdom, if it is not annexed to *Italy* or some other country.

The remainder and less important of the Eighteen Sovereign Powers now existing within Cæsar's ancient Roman Empire are: 9. *Tripoli* and *Barca;* 10. *Belgium;* 11. *Luxemburg* and western *Holland*, on the French side of the Rhine (the King of Holland is the Grand Duke of Luxemburg); 12. *Bavaria;* 13. *Wurtemburg;* 14. *Baden;* 15. *Portugal;* 16. *Tunis*, governed by a Bey; 17. *Morocco* and *Fez*, governed by the same Sultan; 18. *Switzerland.*

The *last-mentioned* nine of these now existent *eighteen* kingdoms, or states, or republics, within the Roman Empire territory, must soon *disappear as separate and independent powers*, and become annexed to the *first-mentioned nine* kingdoms, which, with *Syria*, will in the main form the ten sovereignties of the Ten Sovereign Horns.

Hence the Ten Prophetic Kingdoms, when completely formed, with five in the Western and five in the Eastern half of the Roman Empire, will probably be found to be in the main as follows:

THE FIVE WESTERN LATIN KINGDOMS.

1. Britain, which however will probably be separated from Ireland, as Ireland was never part of the Roman Empire, and on this account many consider that Ireland cannot possibly form any part of the future ten kingdoms. It is an ominous sign that the majority of the Irish are notoriously disaffected, on religious grounds, toward the British Government; and the Fenian organization, the Home-Rule agitation, and the spread of democratic and republican ideas in that country, indicate that England's difficulty may become Ireland's opportunity.

2. Spain, with Portugal annexed to it. The recent revolutions in Spain, the disturbing influence of Ultramontanism, and also of extreme Communism in it, and its present unstable government, point to further changes in that country.

3. France, extended to the Rhine, as the ancient boundary of Gaul and of the Roman Empire; and, therefore, necessarily including Belgium, part of Holland, Luxemburg, Rhenish Prussia, Alsace and Lorraine; also Switzerland. There will also be part of Baden and part of Bavaria, and Wurtemburg, belonging to the Roman Empire, to be added either to France or Austria. As these changes will unavoidably necessitate the defeat of Germany, and as the German Empire seems now so powerful and irresistible, and France seems comparatively weak and impotent, such an enlargement of France appears, humanly speaking, improbable. Yet assuredly this will happen before long, by some means, such as a fatal internal revolution in Germany, fomented by the Ultramontanes and Radicals, or by a successful alliance of France with other nations, or as the result of a general war in Europe, arising out of the invasion and dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. Germany and Russia, which are outside the Roman Empire, may be expected to stand together in antagonism to Britain, France, Austria, Turkey, and the rest of the ten kingdoms, which will be formed into a triumphant confederacy in opposition to them.

4. Austria, separated from Bohemia and Moravia (which were not part of the Roman Empire), and probably modified otherwise. The Roman wall ran from Ratisbon on the Danube to Bingen on the Rhine. All of Baden and Bavaria, south of that wall, as well as Wurtemburg, will belong either to France or Austria. Hungary may possibly be separated from the rest of Austria.

5. Italy, or else Algeria, if Italy is incorporated with France, as one Franco-Italian kingdom, such as Napoleon I. created. Bonaparte's scheme of conquering Italy and Rome, and annexing them to France, may be repeated by the future revived Napoleon. It is clear that the Great Antichrist must become Master of Rome in order to be Head of the Roman Empire. But on the whole it is more likely that Italy, however much conquered by France, will remain a distinct kingdom.

THE FIVE EASTERN KINGDOMS.

6. Greece, enlarged considerably northward. It is evident from Daniel 8 : 9, 22, 23, that four of these five Eastern kingdoms will be the four ancient Macedonian kingdoms revived and restored to re-existence—viz., Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey-without-Syria (ancient Thrace): for they are spoken of as re-existent at the Time of the End. *In the latter time of their kingdom, when the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance* (the final Imperial Antichrist) *shall stand up, etc.*

7. Egypt, with perhaps the addition of Tripoli and Fez, if Tripoli-with-Tunis does not become the fifth Eastern kingdom.

8. Syria, separated from the Turkish Empire, which must soon be overthrown and dismembered; for this *mystic Euphrates must be dried up that the way of the kings from the East* (*the Jews*) *may be prepared.* The Eastern Question must soon be solved, by Palestine being restored to the Jews. Will this be preceded by Russia attacking Turkey, and by a general war on the Eastern Question, or by the Jews purchasing Jerusalem from the Sultan?

9. Turkey, south of the Balkan Mountains, and separated from Syria.

10. Tripoli with Tunis, or else the Danubian Provinces, Bulgaria, Servia, and perhaps Roumania, and part of Hungary.

These Ten Kingdoms are also foreshown to become—at least, in their latest stage—governmentally

DEMOCRATIC-MONARCHIC,

and ruled by ten kings elected by universal suffrage; for each of the ten toes is compounded partly of clay and partly of iron—clay representing *popular democratic power*, and iron, *monarchic absolutism.* Moreover, the *whole body* of the wild beast in its later form is scarlet, showing that sovereign power, of which scarlet is the emblem, will then be vested in the collective body of peoples composing the empire.

Still further, this scarlet wild beast is itself predicted to become *its own last Head;* "the wild beast that was and is not, *even it is the eighth*" (Rev. 17 : 10). Its peoples will elect their last ten kings by universal suffrage, and they will be united under the future Great Napoleon as their Imperial Head, during the final three and a half years.

What is termed the *Reconstruction of Nebuchadnezzar's Image* will be effected by the Final Great Antichrist, who will mould all the countries belonging to the ancient Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Grecian, and Roman empires into one mighty ten-kingdomed empire, and will reign as Emperor over their Ten Democratic Kings during the final three and a half years, and will thus reorganize in his own person all the power and dominion that once belonged to the golden head, silver breast, brazen loins, and iron legs, and become greater even than Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander the Great, or Cæsar.

The earlier confederacy of ten horns, or kings, will precede the rise of the Napoleonic Antichrist, and his seven years' Covenant, and will consist of ten entirely different Sovereigns from the later confederacy of ten horns.

In Daniel 7 : 24, the ten horns are seen at the Time of the End to make their first appearance upon the wild beast or Roman Empire, and then a Little Horn is seen to arise in their midst after them, and to overthrow three of the ten horns, and gradually rises to vast dominion, and at last wear out the saints for three and a half years, and then perish at Christ's descent.

This shows very clearly that the Ten Kingdomed Confederacy of Britain, France enlarged to the Rhine, Spain-with-Portugal, Italy, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, Tripoli, will distinctly appear before the Napoleonic Anti-Christ arises at all as a *Horn* or *Sovereign*, because he only *begins* to arise as a *Little Horn* or *Sovereign of some small State*, after the Confederacy of Ten Horns has fully appeared, according to Daniel 7 : 8, 20, 24.

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added in 1879.] Since the above was print-
and Bulgaria have attained political inde-
n 1878–9, so that the *eighteen* sovereignties
aps be considered to have become *twenty.*
rus has been given to England. On the dia-
poli is marked as the *tenth* kingdom, which
nay be the *Danubian Provinces*, if *Tripoli*
l to another country.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 191).

[As some of our readers may not have seen the past chapters of this story, we give the following sketch of the principal events up to the point from which the story continues.

Charles Clifford, the squire of Clifford Grange, who, at an advanced age, had married a young widow, died, leaving a son named after himself, and a stepson, Ernest Wren. The former, who had been thoroughly spoiled, ran away four years before his farher's death, and the old man thereupon disinherited him, and, with the help of his wife's brother, a lawyer named John Wright, made a new will, bequeathing all his property to his stepson, and requiring him to carry on the family name and inheritance. But on his death-bed, old Charles Clifford sent for that will, together with his first will, which had never been destroyed, and in the presence of Ernest, directed his wife to consume it (the second one) in the fire. By his first will the squire left every thing absolutely to his son Charles but by the second he had given his widow £300 a year, with right of residence at Clifford Grange. When the will was opened the day after Charles Clifford's death, it turned out that the old man had, at some time or another, by mistake, exchanged the covers of the two wills; so that when he burned, as he thought, the second will, it was really the first that was in the cover. Ernest had a severe struggle with himself whether to act frankly or to keep his secret to himself and take what seemed the wisest course. Ernest was the vicar of Clifford, on a small stipend, but being an unconverted man, he he had little pleasure and little success in his work. The general feeling was that it would be the saving of the estate if it fell into his hands instead of into those of his wild and reckless half-brother. Finally Ernest decided upon this course: to advertise freely and make every other effort to recall his runaway brother, and, if he failed, to assume the inheritance himself, with the intention of making good provision for his brother should he turn up at any future time. Accordingly he conferred his living upon an old college friend, the Rev. William Britton; and during a solitary walk along the cliffs, he tore to pieces the cover of his father's will which bore a date nearly twenty years earlier than the date of the will it had contained. Ernest was at that time a widower, with a little daughter, Rose. Not far from Clifford lay Rockwood, the half ruined estate of Squire Symons, a dissipated and profligate man, who had been forsaken by all his family except one amiable, accomplished, and beautiful daughter, Ruth, who devotedly remained by her post. This lady and Ernest had known each other from their childhood, and a strong sympathy had grown up between them. On the evening after the will was read, Ernest walked over to Rockwood, and in the course of conversation with Ruth Symons almost involuntarily declared his passion for her, but she firmly declined to abandon her father in his miserable condition.

Ernest had taken the name of Clifford and had proved himself a wise and prudent squire. He had by careful management increased the value of the estate. After some years he took a holiday in London and there had made many friends, among them Sir Robert Fortescue, whose son proposed marriage to Ernest's daughter Rose. On his return from London he found his half-brother had returned to his home during his absence and had been welcomed by his mother. Then the question arose in Earnest's mind of what he ought to do. Should he carry out the last wishes of his step-father or retain the property under the will. Ernest found it difficult to decide. From this point the story proceeds.

Self-Condemned.

ERNEST wished to hold a conversation about the will with his uncle, though he could do nothing toward really helping him to a decision, whilst the fundamental fact was concealed from him. Mr. Wright lost no time in beating about the bush. Both of them were his nephews, and if he liked Charles best, he admired Ernest most. Ernest was a rising man, coming into importance in the county, and incomparably the best master there had ever been at Clifford. Charles was not fit in his uncle eyes to be trusted with either money or influence; yet there was just reason why he should be handsomely provided for by Ernest.

"I hope you are ready to do something handsome for the poor fellow," he said to Ernest.

"What should you call handsome?" he asked.

Mr. Wright paused. He had sounded Mrs. Clifford as to her intentions, and found her obstinately resolved to hold fast her own money. She had been saving the greater portion of her income since her husband's death, and had invested it at a high percentage in Ernest's improvements. The £300 per annum bequeathed by Mr. Clifford's later will had grown into £500. But she was quite determined not to lose any of it.

Mr. Wright had boldly promised to secure £300 a year for Charles; but if his mother would not do any thing, it must all come out of Ernest's pocket. At the very time, too, when Rose was likely to be a much greater expense to her father. He did not know of Sir Robert Fortescue's letter, or he would have felt the difficulty still greater.

"We must take into consideration the poor fellow's extraordinary position," he said; "all the country is talking about it. There is no doubt he has a natural right to every thing; and in many lands he would have the legal right. English law, however, steps in, and says every man may do as he likes with his own, with certain restrictions.

"He may indeed limit his successor to a life interest only in his estate, and entail it upon others. Charlie's ancestors might have done this; and his father could not have disinherited him. But they each left their successor free; and you have reaped the benefit. Still the natural right remains the same. What my father and forefathers gained ought to be mine, not another man's. I considered old Clifford's will unjust, and I did my utmost to get him to alter it. You must take all these circumstances into calm and fair consideration, Ernest."

"Do you think me covetous?" asked Ernest with a half smile.

"No," answered his uncle, in a dubious tone, "but you know the value of money. You only reckon twenty shillings to the pound, while poor Charlie counts five-and-twenty. Covetous? Why, no! Not miserly nor greedy. About as covetous, I suppose, as other men, who have a good snug income in their hands, and are making a good use of it. You were always afraid of being poor, when you were quite a little lad."

"Was I?" he asked sorrowfully.

"Well! You have the eyes of all the country upon you," said Mr. Wright; "there's nothing else talked about at Dartford. I am satisfied you will deal liberally with your brother, whether your love him or not. I always feel sorry for that elder brother in the parable, you know, who stayed at home, and was good to his father; and when young scapegrace turned up again, and all the house went mad over him, I don't wonder he was angry. It was all right for the father to be glad; but brothers are different. I hope he made the best of it, however; and you will do the same, Ernest."

"As soon as I know what is best," answered Ernest.

Though the atmosphere of Clifford was charged with electricity, and every one else was conscious of it, Mr. Britton continued to breathe the calm air of devout abstraction. It had been settled that he should take a brief holiday after Ernest's return from London, and he left home early the next week, surprised and disappointed at his wife's steady refusal to accompany him.

Mrs. Britton could not think of quitting Clifford while a storm was hanging over it which might sweep away her own welfare in its swift career.

From the time that Ernest had given up the living it had been his practice to take his friend's duty in his absence. As soon as the office ceased to be compulsory it became a pleasure to him. He had a sense of solemn enjoyment in standing up among his own people, and leading their prayers, like the princes of old, who were also the priests of their subjects.

The villagers, on their part, liked to look up occasionally to Master Ernest in the though on the whole they were inclin more critical of his sermons than of tl ar's. "Master Britton's head has got thing inside it," they were wont to sa Master Ernest's got fifty. "We canc for as much from him." Ernest knew q their estimate of his ministrations; but also they enjoyed them as much as he d could not be jealous of his friend's super his own ground.

There was a great concourse of curi ple the Sunday of Mr. Britton's absence brought some of them there they could themselves. Mr. Wright had driven o Dartford. Julia Rush had walked al cliffs from Rockwood; and still more Ruth Symons had come, and was seate Rose in the Grange pew.

The crowded congregation, filling eve of the little church, struck Ernest wit usual sense of awe. There was sc strange face among them; but he felt would have been an easy task to fac gers in the stead of these neighbors and ents, looking up at him with their keen a gaze.

Their thoughts had been occupied on topic as his own. They had been try and sitting in judgment upon him; tl yet their verdict was in suspense. It re great effort to steady his voice and reac familiar words.

An ever-growing gloom and heaviness oppressed him. He feared that it mi itself heard in the tones of his voice, ar in the expression of his face. He stri get the mastery over himself, and he p ceeded. But who was he, that he sho thus to stand between God and man should his voice, rather than any other up in the solemn accents of prayer?

All the week he had been in confli battle-field of the world; *walking by th light, and reasoning by the world's* There was many a man there better fit up his unfettered hands in quiet trust t

Then there rushed through his minc ollection that he had once filled this p quitted it, to go up, as he thought, to He had ceased to be the vicar of C order to become its master. The bro with their promising outlets into wor perity, had seemed better to him, mo of his powers, than the charge of th peasant souls.

It was true he had given to them a b tor than he had been himself. Yet all like the rich man in the parable, his o had been the owning of lands, and the p of influence and reputation, and the go of this life. He had deluded himself fancy that he was serving God. He b been serving Mammon.

How he got through the service, an mon that followed it, he could not tell faces below him blended into a confu as he repeated mechanically the word eye fell upon. He felt glad, when it to take refuge in the vestry and sit blank stupor.

The old sexton came in when the co had dispersed, but he bade him go and key in the church door. Rose tapp window, and his eyes were lifted to face, looking in upon him through panes; but he only shook his head at h tion to walk up the cliff with her and h

How quickly would he cut the kno not untie, but for Ruth and Rose! fully would he go back to his old des of vicar of Clifford, could he but blot last few years.

The bells did not ring for afternoo and the news ran from lip to lip that h nest was not well enough to do the vi again. Such a circumstance had neve before, and it seemed as astonishing a tous as an eclipse of the sun. Moreov remaining alone in the vestry, *with the door locked inside.*

Mr. Britton was known to indulge in long spells of meditation and prayer inside the church, with the key turned to prevent intrusion. But Master Ernest was altogether a different personage. There must be something amiss.

A large number of strangers had come again for the afternoon prayers; and there was a good deal of visiting of neighbors in consequence. The early tea-tables of the village were crowded. There was much guessing going on, and a fine thrill almost of terror.

Could it be true, as Julia Rush had said, that Master Charles was going to law to turn out his elder brother? And did Master Ernest feel somehow that he was in the wrong? Why could not they share and share alike? If they went to law they would lose all their money, no doubt; and what would become of Clifford then? It was quite clear, in any case, that something must be going to happen.

The day was still warm and bright at seven o'clock, the hour for old Dunnit's meeting. There were more people than usual wending their way along the rocky pathway, for they clearly needed a centre for meeting, and old Dunnit was sure of having some very clear opinions of his own.

Julia Rush had been spending the day with her mother, who made her appearance with her, feeling that once a year it was incumbent upon her to pay her duty to the Almighty, by listening to a few good words; and she preferred old Dunnit's good words to Mr. Britton's more regular and more cultivated ministrations.

Mrs. Dunnit locked up her straying poultry, and went with her husband to the lighthouse. The ancient chapel was as full as it had ever been, in the days when the most popular preaching friar had called his congregation together by the tinkling of the bell in the low, square belfry. Elijah took up his post on the threshold, as being the most convenient spot from which to address his hearers, and from which he commanded a view of the rocky pathway leading up to the lighthouse.

It was a little after seven in the evening when Ernest left the church, and was seen by many inquisitive eyes to saunter down to the beach slowly and languidly. He turned mechanically into the path up the hill. It had been a favorite haunt of his since his early boyhood. The little tongue of rock stretching out into the water was ordinarily quiet and deserted, and from the far end all view of the village was cut off, and there was nothing to be seen except cliff and sea.

Ernest had forgotten it was Sunday evening. He was so absorbed in the conflict still raging within him that he could not give a thought either to the time or place. He was going on, like a man deaf and blind, who is led by some friendly hand which has grown so familiar that he hardly feels its clasp.

It was here he had come the night old Clifford died, and he was coming again, half-unconsciously, to knit up the ravelled memories of the past. But as he came below the lighthouse he was startled out of his reverie by the sound of voices.

Old Dunnit's sunburnt face and silvery head stood out clearly against the gray and weather-stained stones of the ancient porch. There was an expression of placid happiness upon his face. He saw Ernest at the foot of the steep rocky staircase, and he beckoned to him to come up with a gesture of welcome, though he did not pause in giving out the hymn that was about to be sung by the congregation within.

Ernest could distinguish a crowd of men and women in comparative darkness within the lighthouse, swaying to and fro with the energy in which they put their whole strength of voice into the singing. It was the custom still in that remote country place for two lines, or half a verse to be read aloud by the preacher and sung by the people, producing a quaint alternation of full-toned singing and quiet speech.

(*To be continued.*)

THE POWER OF CHRIST.

S. S. Lesson for April 4th.—Matt. 8 : 18–34. Golden Text, ver. 27. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN our last lesson we were considering the Lord Jesus in His office and in His power as the great Physician, to-day we think of Him in His power over the elements of earth and the demons of hell. And let us bear in mind that since He "emptied Himself" (Phil. 2 : 7, see Greek), He wrought His mighty works in "the power of the Spirit" (Luke 4 : 14), and He received that power as Man in order to transmit it to us.

But in order to receive and exercise the power of Jesus we must learn to follow Him. He "saw great multitudes about Him," and instead of being elated with success, "He gave commandment to depart unto the other side." He did not reason with but simply obeyed His Father; "As I hear I judge," He said (John 5 : 30), and He knew with absolute certainty that it was not His Father's will that He should there and then respond to the wants of these great multitudes. There may have been some self-seeking about them which must be kept in check, as in John 6 : 26, 27, "Ye seek Me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled."

In any case the Lord Jesus shunned and did not court popularity, and it is an essential requisite to the exercise of God's power that we should shrink from it too. We learn from the scribe who would follow Him whithersoever He should go, that the cost must be counted. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Are we willing to take what seems to be the risk of following Him who was a homeless stranger upon the earth He made? Can we leave all anxiety about earthly needs calmly and confidently to Him? If not, we are in no position to exercise God's power upon others. We must be free from ourselves, at liberty from and at rest about ourselves, if we would be blest to Him. From another of His disciples we learn that no other thing must take precedence of the call to follow Him. "Lord, suffer me *first* to go and bury my father" was a plea not strong enough to excuse the follower of Christ. "Follow Me; and let the dead bury their dead," was His answer. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God." If we cannot follow Christ in what appears to us to be our positive duty, that cannot really be our duty in the sight of God.

When Jesus "was entered into a ship, His disciples followed Him. And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but He was asleep." While others were awake and in terror, the Lord Jesus slept. The storm without, the tossing of the vessel, did not affect Him; as Man He trusted implicitly in His Father's providence. We have our storms and many times of tossing. Are we as calm in the midst of difficulty and danger as when all seems to go well with us, or are we like the disciples?

The disciples came unto Him and awoke Him. That which the raging of the storm could not do, the need of a disciple accomplished at once. "Lord, save us; we perish," they cried. "And He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The disciples believed they were in danger, and they were not quite sure of the Lord's power and willingness to deliver them. It is probable that they regarded the power which He had displayed over sickness and evil spirits as something exceptional, instead of taking one deliverance as a ground and warrant for expecting His deliverance upon all occasions.

Thus their unbelief grieved Him, and He asked them, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm. But the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?" Had they understood Him, they would have marvelled if He had *not* done it. Nothing grieves and dishonors our God so much as unbelief. "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed," He says, or "if ye have faith and doubt not," such and such things shall happen (comp. Matt. 17 : 20; 22 : 21; Mark 11 : 23; Luke 17 : 6).

"And when He was come to the other side, there met Him two possessed with devils, coming out of the tombs, exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass by that way. And, behold, they cried out, saying, What have we to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of God?" What a meeting! These wicked lost spirits, not satisfied with their own eternal ruin, but rejoicing in their horrid tyranny over those two souls and bodies which they were making their playthings; so fierce that they were the dread of all men. And they come in contact with Him, who, though God over all, had emptied Himself of His glory, and who was so humble and lowly that no one could be afraid at His presence. And yet the fierce devils tremble before the meek and lowly Jesus, and they recognize sooner than His disciples that He is the Son of God.

But what a question! And yet, more or less, this is the cry of every unconverted soul. An instinct which seems to be part of our very immortality drives us to think of our relations with Him who has created us. But those devils knew not only the power of their Creator, they knew that in the Redeemer there lay vested a power over them which made them tremble. It is no secret in hell that "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth" (Phil. 2 : 10). "Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?" they ask. Unhappy creatures, they know that torment awaits them, and their occupation "before the time" is to torment others. It has been said that to make others happy is divine, to make others suffer is devilish. And there are souls, and many of them, who would rather run the risk of spending long ages with such beings as these than to yield themselves now unto God, and giving themselves over as living sacrifices unto Him.

In the Redeemer's presence the devils ceased to have power over the poor victims, and there seems to have been a shrinking on their part from remaining disembodied. "There was a good way off from them an herd of many swine feeding. So the devils besought Him saying, If Thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine. And He permitted them." Why was this? Some unthinking persons say it was wanton destruction on the part of our beloved Lord. Far, far from it. Swine's flesh was forbidden to the Jews, and here, in spite of the law of their God, these children of Israel were openly keeping herds of swine. It was the Lord's love to the souls of the Gadarenes that He would execute judgment upon that which was to them an occasion of sin. And how did they take it? They that kept them fled," etc. "And, behold, the whole city came out to meet Jesus; and when they saw Him they besought Him that He would depart out of their coasts." *And he went.*

No joy was there because the devils were cast out. They were content to retain the devils if they might have their swine. Poor miserable earthlings! And this is a picture of thousands of immortal souls. Intoxicated with the pleasure of some fleshly gratification, fascinated with some earthly honor, a trivial dignity, some tiny position of power among men, there is no welcome for, or even tolerance of, Jesus in their midst. They have taken their choice, and an awful choice it is, because it involves the great hereafter. And it is a most solemn lesson which we learn here, that Jesus is not besought in vain to let a soul alone. Oh, let men beware how they make such prayers as these. The miserable cry of the devils was not so terrible as this. They say, "What have we to do with Thee?" These Gadarenes say, "We will not have to do with Thee." Jesus made no offer of salvation to the devils; had He done so they might have accepted Him; but the Gadarenes threw away their chance; they might have had the Saviour and the Healer among them, and they would not. God keep any of us from doing likewise.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The English Electoral Campaign has been vigorously opened. The Liberal party is especially energetic in the canvass. Mr. Gladstone has made several speeches to crowded assemblies, and appears to be very popular in northern districts. So great is the enthusiasm respecting him, and so intense the desire to listen to his orations, that free tickets distributed to electors have been purchased from them for prices as high as thirty dollars each. It is a somewhat embarrassing circumstance to the Liberals that Mr. Gladstone is not the leader of the party, though the most popular man in it. He resigned the leadership after the last general election. The London newspapers say that it is impossible to prognosticate the result of the election.

Apprehensions of Difficulties between France and Russia have been entertained during the past week. The Russian Ambassador at Paris applied to the French Government for the extradition of Hartman, a Nihilist, who had taken refuge on French soil. The French Ministers declined to surrender Hartman on the ground that sufficient evidence of his identity had not been furnished. They also declined to keep him in custody while fresh evidence was sent for, whereupon Hartman, as soon as he was at liberty, fled to London, where he has avowed his complicity in Nihilist plots. The Russian Government is incensed at the conduct of the French authorities, and Count Orloff, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, has resigned. His resignation is assigned to other causes, but the Hartman business is believed to be the real cause, especially as the French Minister at St. Petersburg has applied for leave of absence.

The Anglo-Afghan War.—A Dispatch from Cabul to the London *Times* says the general aspect of affairs there is hopeful. No hostile gathering is known to exist in any quarter, and the approaching agricultural season is likely to leave the people little leisure for war. The latest accounts from Ghuznee indicate a strong likelihood that Mahomed Jan will submit, and that the puppet, Moosa Khan, will be restored to his mother at Cabul. Abdul-Rahman Khan makes no sign. The troops at Cabul will be reinforced by four regiments of native infantry.

War is Threatened Between Russia and China. The Chinese correspondent of the New York *Herald* reports that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the gravity of the situation. A sudden warlike spirit seems to have gained possession of the Chinese people. On all sides there are symptoms of a coming struggle, before which all the wars of the Empire will fade into insignificance. The Green Banner Army is being carefully trained in the principles of European tactics. Their spears and matchlocks are being replaced by rifles. A general inspection has been ordered by the War Minister, the accounts of the war departments overhauled, and the coast defences strengthened. A number of foreign drill-masters have been brought to Tientsin, which is the principal garrison town of the Empire. Preparations are being already made for calling out the irregular volunteers, who are only mustered in the gravest crises of the State. In a word, the Flowery Land is awakened from its torpor, and seems determined to meet the coming crisis with vigor.

An English Officer Captured by Brigands.— Colonel Synge, who was recently despatched by Sir A. H. Layard to distribute relief to the Mussulman refugees in Eastern Roumelia, was proceeding to his destination accompanied by his wife, when he was seized by brigands. Niko, the leader of the band, who made the seizure, demands a ransom of £15,000 ($73,000) and a free pardon. For some time the brigands who have captured Colonel Synge have committed depredations in the neighborhood of Mount Olympus, the sufferers being Turkish subjects. Gradually they approached Caterina, until finally they were attracted by the farm occupied by Colonel Synge, near Salonica. The Colonel made a gallant resistance; several of the brigands were killed, but on the band receiving reinforcements, they laid an ambush, into which the Colonel falling, he was taken prisoner. A long time afterward a letter from Colonel Synge reached Mr. Blunt, the British Consul at Salonica, begging that no troops should be sent in pursuit, as if any were sent the brigands would murder him. The Turkish Government has ordered the governors of Salonica, Monastir, and Kossovo to spare no endeavors to bring about the release of the prisoners. On account, however, of the heavy snows which are blocking up the roads and passes, communication is nearly impossible between the points where there are troops and the mountains to which Colonel and Mrs. Synge have been carried.

A Chinese Ambassador has been Sentenced to death. Chung How, the Chinese Minister at St. Petersburg, who had been sent to adjust the difficulties between Russia and China, is to be beheaded. The Six Boards and the Nine Courts and other judicial bodies at Pekin were instructed to inquire into his conduct while conducting the mission, and particularly into the question whether any part of the 5,000,000 taels, to the payment of which he pledged the Imperial treasury, had found their way into his own pocket. His stipulations were reviewed by the Board, and held by them to be unpatriotic and prejudicial to the dignity of China. Foreigners, and especially Russians, believe that the Emperor thinks that the indemnity is too great, and that the best way to avoid paying it is to withhold his ratification of the treaty, and to make Chung How the scapegoat.

Reformation in Armenia.—Archbishop Mighuditch, of Armenia, now in London, has given an account of the recent reformation in the Church of Asia Minor. Thirteen year's ago when *American missionaries* had been long at work in the country, he was chosen to combat the views of the strangers and was thus led to study the doctrines of reformed Christianity. He soon learned that his own Church was full of error, and set to work to convince his clergy. Abandoning his ecclesiastical work, he began to teach, and, in spite of the persecution with which he was treated, he succeeded in drawing around him a congregation of some 300 persons, and a firman to build a church was obtained from the Sultan. Between £300 and £400 have been expended upon the edifice, this amount having been principally contributed by the late Bishop Gobat and the late Rev. W. Newton, who through all his difficulties have been his firm friends. The Archbishop has gone to England to ask for support, and to acquire a better acquaintance with the English language.

The Compromise Between the Pope and Prince Bismarck appears to have been finally arranged. The Pope having made the concession that the names of priests appointed to livings are henceforth to be officially submitted by bishops to the secular authorities, peace between Berlin and the Vatican has become possible. About one thousand vacant livings will be refilled, and some clauses of the ecclesiastical laws will be repealed.

A Memorial of the British Officers who Fell at Isandula, in Natal, has been prepared for the Queen, containing *a lock of the hair* of each within a silver casing. At a religious service held on this scene of disaster to the English troops, the burial office was read and the communion administered by the Bishop, who said he had three objects in holding that service at Isandula: That the bodies of Christian men should not be left without one word of peace and love being said over their graves; that the protecting hand of Providence might be recognized; and that a practical outcome of the work might be the establishment of a mission. It is proposed to erect a church on the spot where the service was held.

A Jaguar Effected the Release of an Englishman from a perilous position recently in Honduras. The London *Telegraph* relates that Mr. Fowler, the Colonial Secretary of Honduras, while exploring the interior of the colony, was overtaken by a drove of wild pigs who attacked
him savagely. He endeavored to drive
off, but failed, and finally took refuge i
branches of a large tree. Soon the whol
were around his hiding-place, gnashing
teeth at him, grunting, and sharpening
tusks against his tree. These animals a
only ferocious but patient, and rather th
an object of their anger escape, will wait
for days, so that the Secretary feared he s
remain in the tree until he fell from exhau
Just as he was giving up hope he noticed
of fear in his enemies, and presently they a
hastily away. The cause of their flight wa
seen in the presence of *a large jaguar*, the
erate foe of the pig, who hotly pursue
drove. As soon as the ground was clea
Fowler descended, thankful that the enm
tween the animals had saved his life. T
has sometimes happened in the provide
God that the believer has been rescued
danger through the quarrels of his assa
"The righteous is delivered out of troubl
the wicked cometh in his stead" (Prov. 11

Swallowing a Yard of Land.—In a B
address to English workingmen Lord
said: "We have heard a great deal re
about the peasantry becoming owners o
and having gardens, fields, and farms o
own. Now an acre of good agricultural l
worth, on an average, about £60, or as
as possible *3d.* for every square yard. I w
how many workingmen consider that, whe
order threepennys' worth of beer or spirit
are swallowing down a square yard of goo
cultural land."

The Nihilist who Attempted to Assas
the Russian General Melikoff was a Russi
by birth. He has been hanged on the Sen
sky Plain, in the presence of 50,000 peopl
was dressed in black, with a flat cap on his
tied under the chin, and *a board on hi*
bearing his accusation as a State crimina
was exhorted by a priest of the Greek C
which he once joined, but he manifested
indifference, and was with difficulty preva
to kiss the crucifix.

The London *Standard*, in commenting
event, says: "It can hardly be denied th
Nihilists are, for the moment, masters
situation. They have established terror th
out Russia, in an empire of seventy mill
people, where there have now arisen soc
political difficulties the like of which
scarcely been paralleled in history. It m
be asked by alarmists if the stream of F
tion breaks forth, will it be confined to
alone? Can we be sure that the rest
Continent will escape the flood which
threatens to sweep all before it?"

An English Nobleman, Lord Adelbert
the brother of the Marquis of Exeter, ha
preaching in Edinburgh. Ten years ago
an officer in the Rifle Brigade, he wa
known on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa
along which he cruised in a boat, with
which he pitched at night as his Gospe
quarters. He would preach wherever h
a few people to form a congregation, a
the means of doing much good.

A Fortune Amounting to Two and a Ha
lion dollars has just been left Sir H. Hav
son of the brave English General whose h
during the Indian Mutiny is matter of h
The fortune comes from a cousin of Sir
Havelock's father, named Allen. Mr.
was one of those gentlemen who are do
by *earth-hunger*. Forty years ago he ca
the possession of a small estate on the b
the Tees. To this he added land whene
portunity offered, till at the period of hi
he was proprietor of 6000 acres, yielding
nual income of £13,000. Twenty years
made his will, leaving this property to h
trious cousin. When Sir Henry died h
ferred the property to his son, the prese
net, but he hampered the bequest with t
dition that for twenty-one years the rent
estate should, with the exception of some
be appropriated to the purchase of fre

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ublished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

Ti Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. AL GE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. AY ITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary oi Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1880. 14th Year. No. 14—New Series.

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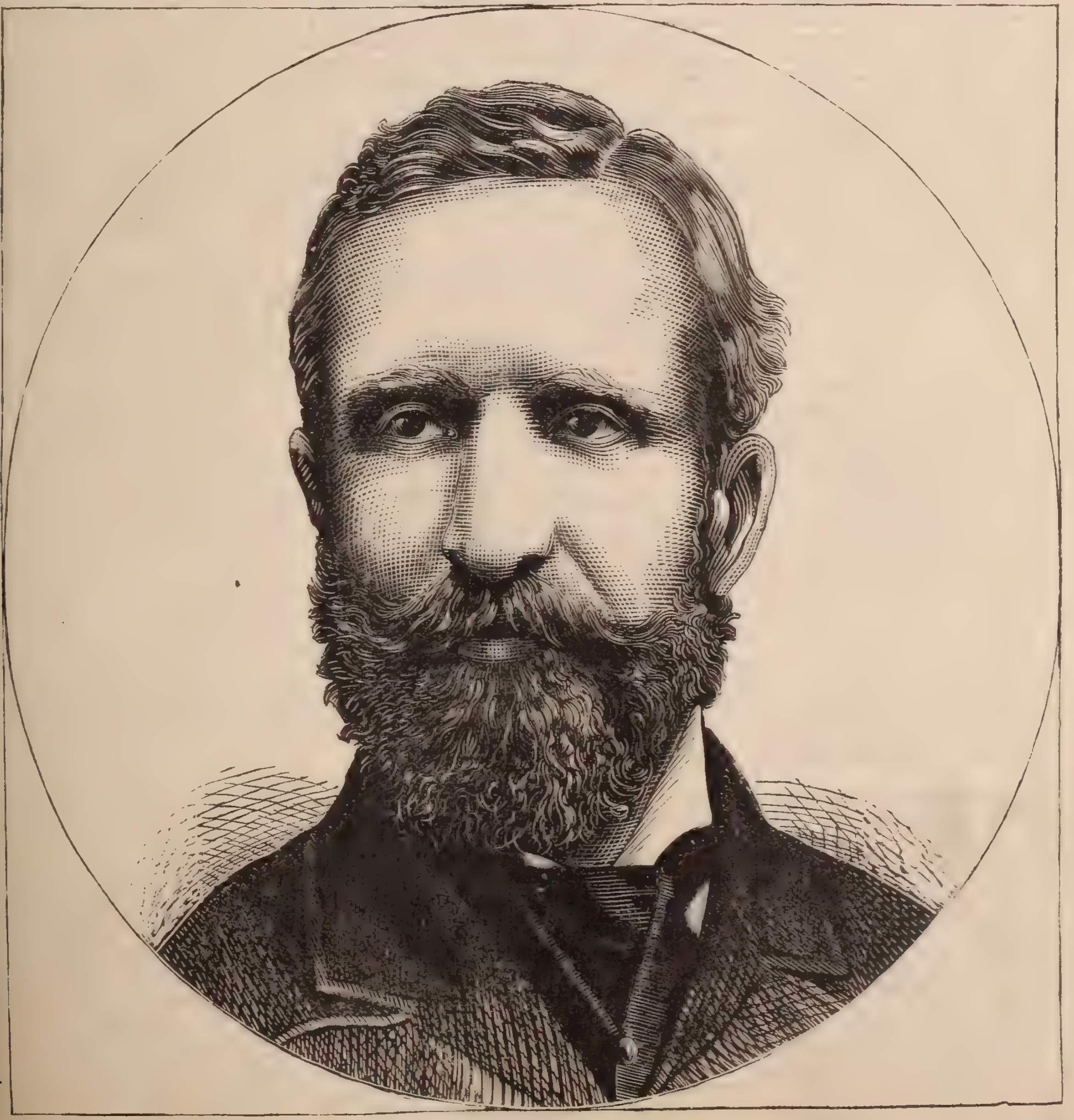

MAJOR MALAN: Author of a "Soldier's Experience" and of "Travels in Africa."

MAJOR MALAN,

The Christian Soldier.

His Christian Relatives—Enters the British Army—At the Attack on the Redan—Wounded and Sent Home—His Marriage—Sickness and Death of Mrs. Malan—His Conversion—Leaves the Army—Missionary Work—Mission to Africa.

THE Recollections of Major Malan, extracts from which have appeared from time to time in the CHRISTIAN HERALD, have excited a general desire to know more of their author. We have this week the pleasure of presenting his portrait to our readers, with a brief sketch of his eventful life.

Cæsar H. Malan is the second son of a clergyman of the Church of England whose sphere of labor is at Broad Windsor, a small town in Dorsetshire. His grandfather was the eminent Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, whose memory is treasured by the churches throughout the continent of Europe. His writings, his labors, and his earnest evangelistic efforts are remembered in Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, Scotland, Ireland, and England, and have borne their fruit in ever corner of the globe. His *tracts* have led more than one officer in the British army to the faith of Christ, and among them that faithful servant of the Lord, the late *Captain Trotter*.

Major Malan, though brought up surrounded with Christian influences, was at the conclusion of his educational career an unconverted young man. He was the child of many prayers, but when the time came for him to choose a profession he had not given his heart to the Saviour. He decided on being a soldier, and though there have been many eminent Christians who, like Havelock and Hedly, Vicars, have been enabled to serve God faithfully and with a blessing to themselves and others while in the army, it may be doubted whether Major Malan would have made this choice had he at the time been converted to God. He entered the British army in 1854, just at the time that his country was engaged in war with Russia. He was present at the closing scenes of that campaign, and took an active part in them.

Of the terrible scenes of

THE STORMING OF THE REDAN

fort, in which he was wounded, he thus writes: "To my mother's prayers I believe now that I owed my many merciful escapes that day. She left me for the presence of God when I was three years old; but I believe that, in answer to her prayers, His love guarded me then, as it has since drawn me to Himself. 'I shall never forget your mother's prayers,' wrote an old friend to me lately, 'so humble, so spiritual, so fervent.'

"But I fancy I hear some unbelieving heart whisper as it reads this, 'Were there no sons for whom a mother's prayers were offered whose bodies were left before that Redan?' Doubtless many, my friend; but if you are such a mother, I would say, wait until we enter the glory to see whether your prayers were not answered. No one can tell what may pass between a soul and its God in the solemn moment preceding an assault. Remember, it is written, 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.'"

His wounds before Sebastopol were of a severe character; he was brought home in a helpless condition, and took up his abode in a country village until he recovered. Here the etiquette of society and professional fellow-feeling led the lord of the manor, a retired cavalry officer, to call upon the wounded officer. From this initial step sprang a friendship which ripened with time. The visits continued to possess interest for the "young hero," as the villagers were accustomed to call him. In due time an invitation came to the young officer to dine at the manor house; there he met a daughter of his military friend. He had seen her before, when on horseback by the side of her father, when the latter made a short halt to salute his young comrade. He was soon made to feel as one of the family. An order for Lieutenant Malan to return to the Crimea seemed for a time to sever the tie of friendship between him and the occupants of the "great house." But time, which heals all breaches, soon revealed the fact that the young soldier's name was a talisman in that house. Returning to England once more at the close of the war, the friendship was renewed, and matters between himself and the Colonel's daughter made some progress, at least in the young lieutenant's mind.

Soon the Indian Mutiny called him away again. Here he suffered from fever, and after four years' service he returned to pay another visit to the old Elizabethan home, this time *as captain*, at the age of twenty-one, and was privileged to see again in the flesh her of whom he had so often fondly thought. The tale of love was at last unfolded, to meet a tender, loving response. The lady proved to be a fitting partner for the young officer's consecrated life. They were married in due time.

The marriage was an exceedingly happy one, but after a short time a disease developed in this amiable Christian lady against which medical skill failed to cope. It became evident that she must die, and her husband was plunged in deep grief.

Of this period he writes: "I was obliged to go to the south of France for the health of *one dearer to me than myself*. From her I was determined I would not part. She was sick, and no one could nurse her better than I could. It was a question where my regiment would be sent on leaving Aldershot, and on this depended my further soldiering. If sent to any station in Ireland or in the north of England, away from her friends, I should leave the service.

"At that time there was *one company* of infantry quartered in the Weymouth Barracks. Weymouth is about twenty miles from what was then her home. My regiment was moved from Aldershot; and when I returned from France *my company was the one* in those barracks. I bade my wife good-by, mounted my horse, had a delicious ride across the hills, and on entering the barrack-square at Weymouth found myself surrounded by my men.

"The next day I did my duty and rode home. Thus, day by day, I was able to do my duty and cheer my sick wife, until she was able to join me in Weymouth. *Our God, chose the best place for her, and the only quarter where I could have continued to serve in the army.* Am I wrong in thus praising His faithfulness?

"One day one of my men came up to me and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but how is Mrs. Malan? I have often wished to ask you. We would ask you every day, but we don't like. You cannot think how much the whole company feel for you!'

"These words touched me. My precious one had helped me on two or three happy occasions in trying to give pleasure to my men, and they knew the interest she felt in them. Soldiers are very grateful to ladies who treat them with kindness."

Mrs. Malan's death occurred soon after this, and her husband grieved bitterly, but not as those without hope.

Major Malan's

CONVERSION

took place in India, and at the close of the Indian Mutiny, in 1859, he hesitated as to the course he ought to follow, and which would be likely to be most beneficial to him in the service of Christ he had now resolved to enter. After prayerfully weighing the respective advantages of the life of a country gentleman and that of a soldier he decided to continue in the army. Here another difficulty met him—a difficulty suggested by unbelief. He thought he could serve the Master better in a strange regiment, where he was not known, than among his old comrades.

He traces the means which led up to his conversion very clearly, and narrates them in his work, "A Soldier's Experience of God's Love," for the encouragement of Christian friends at home who have soldier or sailor friends abroad. He lays great stress upon Christian letter-writing as
a most useful means. He says, "I was co
ted by my mother, before she was calle
with the Lord, to the care of a lady, a re
who was an earnest Christian. I doubt n
her teaching in my early childhood sov
grace the seeds of God's truth in my he
also met two Christian women whose ki
exercised a powerful influence over me ar
the temptations of a soldier's life.

"But what first drew my heart towa
Lord Jesus was a visit which I paid, *one*
few hours, before going to India, to Beck
Rectory, Kent, well known as the house
Marsh's son-in-law, the Rev. F. Chalme
his dear wife; but, above all, the letters
mother's friend, Mrs. Chalmers, written
when in India, were most blessed to me
told me more of the love of the Lord Jesu
I had ever heard before, and urged me
Him and give my heart to Him. These
were the only commentary I had for the
tures, and with my daily study of God's
they were most blessed to me. Various
were the means used, but, God be prais
result was my salvation. '*He brought m*
banqueting house, and His banner over
LOVE' (Canticles 2 : 4).

"Let my own case, and that of tw
officers, encourage the writing of such
These two owned the same name, and we
ing in the same regiment. A letter wr
one was read by the other. *There was*
take, for God meant it. Both were le
lieve by the reading of that letter."

He thus relates the culmination of
means in the triumph of belief and the i
of peace:

"I was riding back from mess one nig
my camel, grieving over the uselessnes
life for the glory of God and the good
when, as a ray from Heaven, there came
mind the verse of a chapter I had rea
men, '*All we like sheep have gone astray;*
turned every one to his own way; and
hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all'
6). What! THE INIQUITY OF US ALL
all MY iniquity—that means *all my sins*
sion as well as commission, all my sins, p
ent, and future—all laid BY GOD ON
all borne away, all forgiven. Oh, the jo
the peace! How I got down from m
ran to my room, and falling on my kne
God, praised and blessed Him and the
sus Christ! I have often since been
and distressed by sin, but I have, tha
never, never lost *that peace—the peace*
full, and eternal forgiveness of sins th
blood of Christ."

He thenceforward devoted his energi
well-being of his men, until he received
considered was an order from the
general of the army restricting him i
deavors to do good in his regiment, and
fore left the service. He was at this ti
tered at King William's Town, in Ka
command of a wing of his regiment, w
had made *tours to the various missio*
among the neighboring tribes. The
awakened by these visits and the need

THE AFRICAN PEOPLE

caused him to feel, when obliged to leav
fession, that he had been *providential*
field in which he might be able to help
of the Gospel.

He thus writes, with probably the la
in mind: "I cannot as an old soldier
testimony better than with the pray
loyal subject of Queen Elizabeth's,
Jewel, '*Thou, O most merciful Fath*
defence in these dangerous times. Give
to—Victoria—Thy servant.' This is
from the depth of my heart. O Lord
the Queen and country. 'Hallowe
name by the preaching of Thy Word an
Thy kingdom—even the kingdom of
Jesus—come. Thy will be done in ear
in heaven. Lead us not into temptat
deliver us from evil.'"

He threw himself with all his heart

missionary cause. After a short rest in England he went back to Africa, and spent more than two years in visiting the various mission stations in the colony, in Kaffraria, Basutoland, and Natal, and in laboring as an evangelist among the Kaffirs. He built a mission station among the Galeka Kaffirs, which was burnt down in the recent war in that part of the colony.

is experience in Africa led him to the conclusion that it is by *native African evangelists* that the Gospel must be proclaimed to the tribes in Central Africa. The courage, endurance, and zeal of the native preachers eminently qualify them to do this work in a region and climate most trying to Europeans. To advocate this cause he has recently visited France and this country, urging the churches to send native evangelists from their missions in Southern Africa to the tribes in the interior.

As a result of correspondence with missionaries interested in this system of evangelization, and at their earnest request, Major Malan has been led to propose and establish a "Native African Missions' Aid Association." The Earl of haftesbury, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Lord Polworth, the Rev. Dr Moffat, and many other well-known Christian men and women are among his most zealous supporters.

Two doors are open in the interior of Africa for native evangelists from the south who understand the languages there spoken. The Scriptures and other needful books are already translated in those languages, and nothing is needed but the funds to send on the laborers. The native missions are led and superintended by experienced European missionaries.

To further this great and important enterprise is now *the avowed life-object* of the former soldier. It is a glorious warfare, whose aim is peace and salvation. The tribes in the interior of Africa have need that Christians of all nations should send them light, liberty, and life.

Interesting sketches of various important events in Major Malan's life have been published in this journal. The first was "How I Became a Soldier." This sketch appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 15th, 1879.

MOMENTOUS EXPEDITION OF FIVE MISSIONARIES FROM ENGLAND TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

FAREWELL meetings have been held at Mr. Guinness's Missionary Institute, and at Mildmay Conference Hall, London, to meet five of his missionaries who were leaving London for Central Africa. They are Messrs. Adam McCall, of Leicester, J. Clarke, Harvey, Lanceley, and Mrs Richards, who went out to her husband, a missionary there.

The Congo, or Livingstone River, as it has been renamed by Mr. H. M. Stanley, runs almost across Central Africa, and is ten miles broad in some parts, and about 2000 miles long. Henry Stanley, the celebrated explorer, spent three years in crossing Africa, chiefly along the route of the Congo River. That part of Africa is thickly populated, and supposed to contain *fifty million inhabitants*, all sunk in heathenism, and to whom only *fourteen* missionaries have gone out.

The present expedition consists of Mr. McCall and four Scotch missionaries. The carpenter of the party, Mr. McKergow, has already preceded them. They are going to establish an Industrial Mission Station at *Stanley Pool*, on the banks of the Congo River, three hundred and fifty miles from where they will land on the African coast.

When arrived at Stanley Pool these missionaries will try to acquire the language of the natives and to reduce it to writing, to teach the people to read in their own tongue, to translate the Bible into it, and also to teach them English. They will be instructed, not only in the law, and in the Gospel of God, but also in the arts of peace, shown the advantages of properly constructed dwellings, and how to build them; shown the wonderful results to be achieved by the use of hammer and nails and other carpenters' and joiners' tools; by the use of simple machinery to save labor, as, for example, the water-wheel, for grinding corn and raising water for purposes of irrigation.

Iron ore abounds in the country. The natives will be taught the use of forge and bellows, improved modes of agriculture, and how to raise the many valuable products their climate is capable of producing—coffee, sugar, cotton, arrowroot, tapioca, maize (two or three crops a year), as well as fruits and vegetables without end. The introduction of the art of *shoemaking* will be an invaluable benefaction in a country where the unfortunate natives so sadly need protection to their feet from the merciless "jigger" and other noxious insects, while the dispensary and medical mission will perhaps more than any thing else attract native confidence and respect. Mr. McCall has a fair knowledge of the healing art, and will commence this branch of work at once; ultimately, and indeed as soon as possible, it is intended, if the Lord will, to send out a fully qualified doctor.

The vessel in which they have gone out will call at the port of Teneriffe for twenty donkeys and twenty Kroomen to carry their baggage over the three hundred and fifty miles. The cost of taking them to Stanley Pool and establishing their proposed industrial settlement there will be about $6000 for the first twelve months.

MR. ADAM M'CALL, THE LEADER

of this expedition (who, as far as his own expenses are concerned, goes out at his own cost), is the son of Mr. McCall, a gentleman of position in Leicester, and was converted there, about the end of 1878, under the preaching of the eminent minister, the Rev. Newman Hall, at a mission service. He is about thirty years old, and is an architect and surveyor by profession. During the seven years from 1872 to 1878, inclusive, he travelled over between fifteen and twenty thousand miles in South and South Central Africa. He traversed in various directions and repeatedly the Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, Griqua Land West, Natal, the Transvaal, Bechuana Land, the Matabele country, and the Zambesi valley, visiting the celebrated Victoria Falls and the upper waters of the Zambesi, some two thousand miles inland from Cape Town. During two years of his stay in South Africa Mr. McCall was professionally engaged in the Civil Service of the Government, and during the last two years which he spent in the far interior, traversing regions almost untrodden by white men, he was quite cut off from all contact with civilization, and for twelve months did not even receive a letter. He was then hunting elephant, buffalo, and other "big game."

He visited the remote stations of the London Missionary Society among the Matabele, and stations of other societies in Bechuana Land and elsewhere, for, although unconverted himself at the time, he sympathized with such Christian efforts. He met also M. and Madame Coillard, the French Protestant missionaries, during their detention as prisoners by the chief Lobengula.

In 1878, after this considerable experience in African life and travel, Mr. McCall returned to England, intending to go back almost immediately to the Zambesi valley, with a view of exploring the Chôbe River (since descended by Major de Serpa Pinto), and of taking a series of photographic views of the country. He had already partly made his arrangements, when all his desires and feelings about his life were suddenly changed by his conversion to God. Old things passed away; all things became new to him! He could no longer live for mere self-pleasing. His earnest inquiry was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" The answer was quickly and strongly borne in upon his conscience.

He must return to Central Africa, to the "dark continent" he knew so well; not now to amuse himself, but to serve Christ; not to hunt the big game of the interior, but to be "a fisher of men;" not as a mere explorer and traveller, but a missionary of the Gospel. The Master had surely been training him, all unconsciously to himself, for work which He wanted to be done. He had been preparing an instrument for a special service, and now by His spirit He called him to it. Mr. McCall gladly, and with his whole heart, devoted his life to mission work in interior Africa; and when the peculiar claims of the Congo region were pressed on his attention, he decided, after much prayerful consideration, to offer his services to the Livingstone Inland Mission for the purpose of leading this expedition up to Stanley Pool on the Upper Congo.

He rightly felt that, after his long exile in Africa, and in view of his recent conversion, he needed some time for the study of the Scriptures and for the enjoyment of Christian fellowship; and though in certain respects he required no preliminary training, yet he wished to increase his knowledge of medicine by spending the last few months at the London Hospital, and for the last twelve months he has been studying in the East London Institute, where he has won a high place in the esteem and regard of all who knew him. His interest in the Congo Mission has deepened continually, till it has become an intense and consuming zeal.

A DIVORCED WIFE RECLAIMED FROM THE STAGE.

WHILE members of Christian churches are discussing the question whether they can consistently attend the theatre, an incident has occurred in a Western city which throws some light on the influence exerted by the stage on young people. The story is told in *The Youth's Companion*, and the closing event in the narrative transpired very recently.

A young girl became infatuated with a taste for private theatricals. She married, and years passed, but the passion continued unabated. Neither husband nor child could supply the place of the poor excitement of playing queen or chambermaid in some little parlor comedy.

There were plenty of flattering friends to assure her that she was a Siddons lost to the world. Her home was neglected, her child given over to the care of ignorant servants, while she pored over books of plays, or declaimed before the looking-glass.

At last, half maddened by this excited vanity which she called "genius" and "ambition," she fled from her home and went to a large city. There she procured *a divorce from her husband* on the ground of incomptibility of temper, and prepared herself for the stage. She made her appearance at last, and it proved an utter failure. Instead of applause she received only indifference and laughter.

She found in the theatre not the fairy scene of triumph she had fancied, but hard drudgery. Her companions were coarse women and coarser men. Shocked, mortified, and wretched, she hid herself in a garret and tried to support herself by sewing; grew poorer week by week, and at last was reduced to utter want.

A friend found her, and sent to her husband, who, unlike most men, came to her at once with all the old love which she had so sorely abused. He found her at *the very gates of death*, and brought her home. She is now a wife and mother again, made humble and faithful by an experience which has purified her as by fire.

If the foolish girls who envy the painted queens that sweep across the boards of our theatres could know their real lives, the drudgery, the pain, the incessant temptation to evil, which is their daily lot, they would be cured of all wish to share such dangerous and unsavory triumphs.

The Chinese Refugees from San Francisco will, on their arrival at Eastern cities, find a friend in Mrs. Sargent, of California, now staying in New York. She has received many applications for Chinese servants. She is considering proposals to erect an immense Chinese laundry at Saratoga, and other watering-places. It is likely that 5000 Chinamen will be brought East to engage in various labors.

THE DECORATED GRAVE.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, March 28th, 1880.

"In the garden a new sepulchre."—JOHN 19 : 41.

The Spirit of the Flowers—The Garden in the Suburbs of Jerusalem—The Sepulchre Prepared by Joseph—The Most Celebrated Tomb of all Ages—The Fight at the Sepulchre Door—I. Post-mortem Honors Contrasted with Ante-mortem Ignominies—Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey—Less Stone and more Blankets—Horace Greeley's Life and Funeral—II. Floral Decoration Appropriate for the Place of the Dead—Christ Buried in a Garden—What the Flowers on a Grave Say—Turn All the Cemeteries into Gardens—III. The Dignity of Unpretending Obsequies—The Funeral of the King of the Universe—IV. You Cannot Keep the Dead Down—The Glory of the Resurrection Body—Four Gardens—The Good Ship Constellation—The Ship Zion.

LOOKING around the church this morning, seeing flowers in wreaths, and flowers in stars, and flowers in crosses, and flowers in crowns, billows of beauty, conflagration of beauty, I feel as if I stood in *a small heaven*.

You say these flowers will fade. Yes, but perhaps we may see them again. They may be immortal. The fragrance of the flower may be *the spirit of the flower;* the body of the flower dying on earth, its spirit may appear in better worlds. I do not say it will be so. I say it may be so. The ancestors of these tuberoses and camelias and japonicas and jasmines and heliotropes were born in Paradise. These apostles of beauty came down in the regular line of apostolic succession. Their ancestors during the flood under ground, afterward appeared.

The world started with Eden, it will end with Eden. Heaven is called a Paradise of God. Paradise means flowers. While theological geniuses in this day are trying to blot out every thing material from their idea of heaven, and, so far as I can tell, their future state is to be a floating around somewhere between the Great Bear and the Dipper, I should not be surprised if at last I can pick up a daisy on the everlasting hills and hear it say, "I am one of the glorified flowers of earth. Don't you remember me? I worshipped with you on Easter morning in 1880."

My text introduces us into

A GARDEN.

It is a manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He belonged to the Court of Seventy who had condemned Christ, but he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had absented himself when the vote was to be taken. At great expense he laid out the garden. It being a hot climate, I suppose there were trees broad-branched, and there were paths winding under these trees, and here and there were waters dripping down over the rocks into fish-ponds, and there were vines and flowers blooming from the wall, and all around the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem court-room, how refreshing to come into this suburban retreat, botanical and pomological!

Wandering in the garden I behold some rocks which have on them the mark of the sculptor's chisel. I come nearer, and I find there is a subterranean recess. I come down the marble steps, and I come to a portico, over which there is an architrave, by the chisel cut into representations of fruits and flowers. I enter the portico. On either side there are rooms—two or four or six rooms of rock, the walls of these rooms having niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. Here is one room that is especially wealthy of sculpture.

The fact is, that Joseph realizes he cannot always walk this garden, and he has provided this place for his last slumber. Oh! what a beautiful spot in which to wait for the coming of the resurrection! Mark well this tomb, for it is to be

THE MOST CELEBRATED TOMB IN ALL THE AGES.

Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ has just been murdered, and His body will be thrown to the dogs and the ravens, like other crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and efficient hindrance. Joseph, the owner of this mausoleum in the rock, begs for the body of Christ. He washes the poor mutilated frame from the dust and blood, shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think that regular embalmment was omitted. When in olden time a body was to be embalmed, the priest, with some pretension of medical skill, would point out the place between the ribs where the incision must be made; and then the operator, having made the incision, ran lest he be slain for a violation of the dead. Then the other priests would come with salt of nitre and cassia, and wine of palm-tree, and complete the embalmment. But I think this embalmment of the body of Christ was omitted. It would have raised another contention and another riot.

THE FUNERAL

hastens on. Present, I think, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, the wealthy man who had brought the spices; and the two Marys. No organ dirge, no plumes, no catafalque. Heavy burden for two men as they carry Christ's body down the marble stairs and into the portico, and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting-place it ever had. Coming forth from the portico they close the door of rock against the recess.

The government, afraid that the disciples may steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, order the seal of the Sanhedrim to be put upon the door of the tomb; the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the Government of the United States or Great Britain, to be followed with great punishment. A company of soldiers from the tower of Antonia is detailed to stand guard.

At the door of that mausoleum *a fight takes place* which decides the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel against military. No seal of letter was ever more easily broken than that seal of the Sanhedrim on the door of the tomb. The dead body in the niche in the rock begins to move in its shroud of fine linen, slides down upon the pavement, moves out of the portico, appears in the doorway, advances into the open air, comes up the marble steps. Having left his mortuary attire behind Him, He comes forth in workman's garb, as I take it from the fact that the women mistook Him for the gardener.

That day the grave received such shattering it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry can never mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death, taking side with the military in that fight, received a terrible cut from the angel's spear of flame, so that he himself shall go down after a while under it. The King of Terrors retiring before the King of Grace. The Lord is risen. Let earth and heaven keep Easter to-day. Hosanna!

I. Some things strike my observation while standing in this garden with a new sepulchre. And first:

POST-MORTEM HONORS IN CONTRAST WITH ANTE-MORTEM IGNOMINIES.

If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulchre, why could not they have given Him an earthly residence? Will they give this piece of marble to a dead Christ instead of a soft pillow for the living Jesus? If they had expended half the value of that tomb to make Christ comfortable, it would not have been so sad a story. He asked bread; they gave Him a stone.

Christ, like most of the world's benefactors, was appreciated better after He was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are the world's attempt to atone by honors for the dead for wrongs to the living. Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey, attempts to pay for the sufferings of Grub Street.

Go through that Poet's Corner in Westmin Abbey. There is Handel, the great musician, whose music we hear to-day; but while I at his statue, I cannot help but think of discords with which his fellow-musicians to destroy him. There is the tomb of John den, a beautiful monument; but I cannot but think at seventy years of age he wrote o being oppressed in fortune, and of the con that he had just made for a thousand vers sixpence a line. And there, too, you find monument of Samuel Butler, the autho "Hudibras;" but while I look at his monu in Poet's Corner, I cannot but ask myself w he died? In a garret. There I see the c tablet in the Poet's Corner—the costly tabl one of whom the celebrated Waller wrote, ' old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, has issued a tedious poem on the fall of man. I length of it be no virtue, it has none." The a beautiful monument to Sheridan. Poor S dan, if he could have only discounted that ument for a mutton-chop!

O you unfilial children! do not give your ents so much tombstone, but a few more blar —*less funeral and more bedroom.* If five cent of the money we now spend on B banquets could have been expended in ma the living Scotch poet comfortable, he w not have been harried with the drudgery exciseman. Horace Greeley, outrageously ab while living, when dead is followed to Greenwood by the President of the U States and the leading men of the Army Navy. Massachusetts tries to atone at the of Charles Sumner for the ignominious re tions with which her Legislature denounce living Senator. Do you think that the tor Springfield can pay for Booth's bullet?

Oh! do justice to the living. All the j you do them, you must do this side the gat the necropolis. They cannot wake up to the number of carriages at the obsequies, notice the polish of the Aberdeen granite, read epitaphal commemoration. Gentler mausoleum in the suburbs of Jerusalem c pay for Bethlehem manger, and Calvarean and Pilate's ruffian judiciary. *Post-m* honors cannot atone for *ante-mortem* ignom

II. Again: Standing in this garden of th sepulchre, I am impressed with the fact floral and

ARBORESCENT DECORATIONS ARE APPROP

for the place of the dead. We are glad among flowers and sculptural adornments spent the short time of His inhumation.

I cannot understand what I sometimes the newspapers where the obsequies are nounced and the friends say in connection it, "Send no flowers." Rather, if the allow—I say if the means allow—strew the with flowers, the hearse with flowers, the with flowers. Put them on the brow— suggest coronation; in their hand, it will victory.

Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow conservatory and arboretum contribute to leviation. The harebell will ring the vi The passion-flower will express the sym The daffodil will kindle its lamp and ill the darkness. The cluster of asters will constellation. Your little child loved f when she was living. Put them in her now that she can go forth no more and them for herself. On sunshiny days take a garland and put it over the still heart.

Brooklyn has no grander glory than its wood; nor Boston than its Mount Au nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill; no cinnati than its Spring Grove; nor San F co than its Lone Mountain. But what sh say of those country graveyards, with the broken down and the slab aslant, and the caved in, and the grass the pasture-grou the sexton's cattle? Indeed, were your and mother of so little worth that you afford to take care of their ashes? Son turn out all hands, and straighten the sla nk up the mound, and cut away the weeds, d plant the shrubs and flowers.

Some day you will want to lie down to your st slumber. You cannot expect any respect r your bones if you have no deference for the nes of your ancestry. Do you think these lics are of no importance? You will see of w much importance they are in the day when e archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all ur cemeteries into gardens.

III. Again: Standing in this garden of the w sepulchre, I am impressed with

E DIGNITY OF PRIVATE AND UNPRETENDING OBSEQUIES.

Joseph was mourner, sexton, liveryman, had tire charge of every thing. Only four people *the burial of the King of the universe.* Oh! let s be consolatory to those who through lack means, or through lack of large acquaintance, ve but little demonstration of grief at the ves of their loved ones. Long line of glitter- equipage, two rows of silver handles, casket richest wood, pall-bearers gloved and scarfed, not necessary. If there be six at the grave, Crist looks down from heaven and remembers t is two more than were at His obsequies.

ot recognizing this idea, how many small perties are scattered, and widowhood and hanage go forth into cold charity. The de- ted left a small property, which would have n enough to keep the family together until y could take care of themselves, but the fu- l expenses absorbed every thing. That went crape which ought to have gone for bread. an of moderate means can hardly afford to in any of our great cities. By all means do or to the departed, but do not consider fu- l pageant as necessary. No one was ever e lovingly and tenderly put away to sepul- than Christ our Lord; but there were only people in the procession.

V. Again: Standing in this garden with a sepulchre, I am impressed with the fact that

YOU CANNOT KEEP THE DEAD DOWN.

al of Sanhedrim, regiment of soldiers from tower of Antonia, floor of rock, roof of rock, s of rock, door of rock, cannot keep Christ in crypts. Come out and come up He must. e out and come up He did. Prefiguration. -fruits of them that slept. Just as certainly e come down into the dust, just so certainly ill come up again. Though all the granite e mountains were piled on us we will rise. gh buried amid the corals of the deepest n of the Atlantic Ocean, we will come to urface.

ith these eyes we may not look into the face e noonday sun; but we shall have stronger n, because the tamest thing in the land to h we go will be brighter than the sun. We have bodies with the speed of the light- Our bodies improved, energized, swift- clarified—mortality, immortality. The of the grave taken off its hinges and flung to the dust.

my brethren! *death and the grave are not ch as they used to be*; for while wandering is garden with the new sepulchre, I find he vines and flowers of the garden have letely covered up the tomb. Instead of arden there are *four gardens*, opening into other — garden of Eden, garden of the 's sepulchre, garden of the earth's regen- n, garden of heaven. Four gardens. n, O earth! Bloom, O Heaven! O earers, wake up to gladness on this r morning. This day, if I interpret it right, joy—it means peace with Heaven, and it peace with all the world.

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nected with this day of good-will to men, is something outside the harbor of New which stirs my heart to the last crimson and thrills me so I can hardly speak while k of it. Behold,

E OLD WAR-FRIGATE CONSTELLATION,

ut by the United States Government toward d, armed with bread. Five hundred tons ef. Oh! I do not know whether you have looked at this event as I have. Yesterday morning in the storm I went up on the top of my house to see if I could catch a glimpse of the masts of the Constellation.

What a scene for Easter morning! That means that Christ is risen. Command that ship, O Christ of Gennesaret. Thou who didst break the loaves of bread to the five thousand, break that bread to the fifty thousand. O Thou who holdest the winds in Thy fists, fill her sails with prospering breezes! Would that the men might run up beside the Stars and Stripes the one-starred flag of Bethlehem and the blood-striped flag of the cross.

Wait a little longer, bear up a little longer, O dying men of Ireland! O starving women! O emaciated babes! The Constellation is coming! —the Constellation is coming to stream light into the darkness of your long night of suffering. Once covered with smoke of battle, now covered with the benedictions of Easter morning. Oh! does not it seem as if the millennium was opening? That ship constructed to battle England going forth now over the waters to carry relief to some of her starving subjects. Better than sword into the ploughshare, better than spear into pruning-hook, is that old war-frigate turned into a white-winged angel of resurrection to roll away the stone from the mouth of Ireland's sepulchre. Come forth, Lazarus, come forth!

Oh! bring more flowers. Wealth of flowers here to-day. Bring forth more flowers. Wreathe them around the brazen throat of the cannon; plant them in the desert that it may blossom like the rose; braid them into the main of the returned war-charger. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. All around the earth strew Easter flowers. And soon the rough voyage of the church militant will be ended, and she will sail up the heavenly harbor, scarred with many a conflict, but the flag of triumph floating from her top-gallants. All Heaven will come out to greet her into port, and with long-reverberating shout of welcome will say: "There she comes up the bay, the ship Zion, the glorious old Constellation."

If it were a week-day and I were on that ship's deck, I would shout "Huzza!" but as I am on the deck of the Gospel ship, and on the Lord's day, I will shout "Hosanna!"

A CAMBRIDGE PROFLIGATE SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

The Misfortune of a Rich Legacy—Deserted by Dissipated Friends—Befriended by a Clergyman —Intended Suicide Prevented—Converted, and Ordained a Clergyman.

Albert G. was the son of an English country gentleman of good fortune and social position. The boy was brought up with a view to entering one of the professions, and was sent to Cambridge. Here he showed considerable talent and much industry, and was expected to do well in the final examinations, and to attain, if not a distinguished, at least an honorable position.

Unhappily, at this stage of Albert G.'s career a great misfortune happened to him in the loss of his father, and a greater one still in a legacy —the result of his father's death—of some thousands of pounds. It may seem a strange thing to call this *a misfortune*, but no one who has had much experience of life can have failed to know of many instances in which the sudden acquisition of property has proved a very serious misfortune indeed.

It was so in this case. The young student cast his books into the fire or sold them to the second-hand booksellers, relinquished all ideas of earning his living, left the University, and plunged at once into that vortex of folly and profligacy which London life offers to such as are unwise enough to be deluded by it.

The natural result of course followed. "Light come, light go," is an old and true proverb. Albert's legacy was a considerable one, but it was not proof against the powers of a lengthened course of extravagance. Albert's money vanished along with his character, his friends, and his happiness. For a while his former companions helped him and stuck close to him, but this sort of help was soon at an end. The young country gentleman, the promising Cambridge student, the fortunate legatee of a comfortable property, became a pauper in the London streets. In this plight the remorse drove the wretched young man to the verge of insanity and the determination to commit suicide.

The circumstances under which this was prevented were somewhat peculiar. By the good providence of God, Albert G. fell at this juncture into the hands of a godly young man, a friend of times gone by, but who had taken the narrow road instead of the broad.

When others deserted he helped and stood by the fallen young man, assisted him as far as his then scanty means allowed, and, above all, spoke to him continually of repentance, amendment, and the freedom and fulness of God's pardoning love in Jesus Christ. But all for some time appeared of no avail, and at last, as the pair were one day passing along the Strand, Albert G. announced his intention of at once throwing himself off Waterloo Bridge and terminating his earthly existence.

The friend remonstrated, pleaded, and struggled with him in vain. The wretched profligate had evidently made up his mind, and determinedly wended his way toward the place he had selected. Arrived there, he shook his friend by the hand, bade him good-by, and then, despite of all the endeavors of his companion to the contrary, actually mounted the balustrade for the purpose of putting his design into execution.

It was evening, and there were few passengers, and none just at hand. Albert's friend knew not what to do. Possibly, up to the actual moment, he had thought it impossible that a man should do such a deed deliberately; and now, if he should leave his friend for the purpose of summoning assistance, he would at once cast himself off, and be inevitably drowned or dashed to pieces. But man's extremity is God's opportunity. Now it was that an apparently trivial and entirely unexpected circumstance occurred.

Poor Albert still retained, as far as he could, the dress of a gentleman, and though destitute of money and friends, had not yet parted with his decent clothes. He now had on a very fairly respectable coat, and on this his friend's eye fell. The glance suggested a method of at least obtaining some delay. "Well," he exclaimed suddenly, "if you must destroy yourself, it is a foolish thing of you at any rate to throw yourself into the water with such a coat as that on. Why not give it to me first; it might serve some other poor fellow."

This may seem a very trivial circumstance, but I relate *strict facts*, and important facts are often seemingly trivial. This very triviality saved Albert's life. This remark seemed to him a sensible one; he came down from the balustrade, and taking his coat off, gave it to his friend. But by this time some passengers had arrived; his companion appealed to them, and, backed by them, succeeded in persuading Albert to enter a passing vehicle and be driven to his friend's lodgings.

And this, by God's mercy, was the crisis of the young man's life. Once stayed in so singular a manner on the very verge of self-destruction, his mind thenceforward recoiled from the abyss to which he had allowed himself to be conducted. His conscience, once awakened, permitted him no rest until he found pardon and peace at the cross of Christ.

Albert G. is now living—a clergyman of the Church of England. By years of penitence and steady good conduct he regained his character; and finally offering himself as a candidate for holy orders, was accepted, and permitted to declare to others the story of that Divine love of whose efficacy and far-reaching power his own history afforded so conspicuous an example.

His history appears to me to be most instructive on several points, but more especially on this: *Be patient.* Sow the good seed, and though it may be for many years dormant, yet it may spring up, and bud, and fruit.

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 198.)

Mr. Gogharty again Visits the Superior—The Jesuit's Generosity—A Bargain Struck—Mr. Gogharty Seeks a Loan—The Deeds Returned.

Mr. Gogharty was punctual to the day and hour of his appointment with the Jesuit Superior, and on his arrival was led along the passage, now well known to him, into his presence, where he sat, as before, behind a large table in an inner room. He had no time, however, to indulge himself with thoughts of the past, for the Superior rose to greet him, and, to Mr. Gogharty's satisfaction, seemed more cordial than usual in his manner.

"I have sought the favor of this visit from you, Mr. Gogharty," he said, "that I might have some little further conversation with you respecting those deeds of yours left in my care." Mr. Gogharty remembered that the same Superior had declared to him that he had spoken his final word about these same documents, and that its burden was "No surrender." The lawyer's hopes, therefore, rose amazingly at this offer on the Superior's part of a renewed negotiation. "What new mischief does it mean?" he said within himself. "I'm surprised if it doesn't look something like a capitulation at discretion. I shouldn't at all wonder but that Alick, the scamp, has him somehow on the hip, and that this reverend priest, not liking to yield to him, the youngster, would save his honor by knuckling under to me." Mr. Gogharty's high expectations, however, were very much depressed by the Superior's next words.

"I am sorry, Mr. Gogharty," he said, "that from untoward events you are not in a financial position to meet your engagement in connection with those papers. I am sorry for your sake, Mr. Gogharty, that it is so, and I am sorry for ours. As becometh the servants of the true Church, our community, indeed, is poor, but still, a little of this world's silver and gold, as fairly earned, I think you will acknowledge, my dear sir, would be a boon. I do not wish, however, Mr. Gogharty, to be harsh with you; it would not, you know, be in harmony, my dear sir, with the title of our blessed order, the Society of Jesus, and therefore, to meet your narrow circumstances, I will take upon me to remit half of our righteous claim upon you, and promise to hand you your deeds upon payment to me, or to my banker for me, of 1000*l*. It will be a great sacrifice, Mr. Gogharty—a very great sacrifice, indeed—but for your convenience, sir, and to relieve you of a troublesome difficulty, through my solicitation on your behalf with our society it will be made."

We fear, however, it must be told that this was not the real motive of the Superior's large abatement; doubtless he had the mandamus in mind. Like most of his order, he was a master in casuistry, and could, upon his Jesuit principles, not merely with an easy, but even with an approving conscience, both accept those deeds and force from Mr. Gogharty the money which he would fain demonstrate was due from him; yet it was not at all expedient that Jesuit feats of skill to entrap Protestant wards of Chancery, or that the reception by a Jesuit Superior of deeds placed in his hands, wittingly, in a breach of trust, should be blazoned before the world. He did not, on the other hand, relish the idea of losing all he once made sure to get, and hence his offer to Mr. Gogharty; but, liberal as the proposed compromise seemed to the Superior, it was far beyond the lawyer's means, as reduced by various losses.

"One thousand pounds!" exclaimed Mr. Gogharty, in disappointment and surprise. "Would that I possessed it! But I am, to my sorrow, in no such lucky case. Why, you might as well, Superior, ask me to pay you down a million—and I declare before Heaven I speak the truth—I had hoped from your letter and your fair words, Superior, that, pitying my sad case, you were going to let me off altogether. That would only be the just and handsome thing; and, 'pon my word, it's not right of you, Superior, to disappoint me."

"Your statement, Mr. Gogharty," he said, "seems almost incredible. What! a man in your social position not able to compass 1000*l*.? It is an astonishing statement, but I suppose I am bound, sir, to receive your assertion, since you must know best your own means, and consequently, straining a point, and taking upon me a serious personal responsibility, I promise, sir, that if 500*l*. be paid into the —— Bank, to my credit, by two o'clock the day after to-morrow, I will give into your hands the papers in controversy between us." Mr. Gogharty was about to protest that even this sum was beyond his capacity to meet, but the Superior cut him short by saying, with a wave of his hand, "Any further colloquy, Mr. Gogharty, is utterly useless. Raise this money, sir, last mentioned, *how you may*, it must be paid or, before Heaven, I shall hold the deeds, and this," he added, clenching his teeth, "though it work us both mischief."

After this stern deliverance again the Superior withdrew from the room through a side door, and Mr. Gogharty, resuming his hat, had to leave.

When he gained the street he walked along the pavement, with slow step and hung-down head, buried in thought, to discover some path from the maze of his difficulties. "There is certainly a slashing difference," he said to himself, "between 2000*l*. and 500*l*.; and the fellow, to use a lawyer's phrase, has taxed his own bill with a vengeance. But I do not see that it makes my case one whit the better; and certainly that, too, is all Alick's fault—the dog!—for were it not for him I should be this minute in a position to be able, if I liked, to buy and sell, bag and baggage, this wretched Jesuit and all his confraternity.

"It is true there is that 300*l*. lying in the bank, rents paid me by Mrs. Weed's tenants, but—bother it!—I'll have to remit it her to the Continent, where she's gone—the quean!—to recruit herself, at the most in three weeks, that is when the Ballymicarry tenants pay their portion of the rents. Widows somehow never *can* wait for their money, and to put her off would be just impossible; and in any case, even if that could be done—hang it!—what use would it be? for 300*l*. wouldn't meet a demand for 500*l*. And yet," he continued, with a pleasing turn of thought, "if I could manage to get these deeds into my hands wouldn't it be a rare feat? Alick's little game would be spoiled, and a stopper would be put on that Hawke's impertinent nonsense. But, then, can it be done? Let me further turn the matter over."

The more, however, Mr. Gogharty pondered the present problem of his life, the more did it seem insoluble, and he reached his lodgings in as inextricable a "quandary" as ever.

After a time, to divert his thoughts a little, he took up a daily newspaper from his table, and in casting a glance over the advertisement columns one of those well-known offers to supply money to any person upon any terms met his gaze. Mr. Gogharty knew too much of the ways of the world, and especially of the ways of the sharpers of the world, to be caught by the high-sounding phrases of the third-rate money-brokers and bill-discounters in the advertisement before him—words, in fact, implying that the advertisers had in hand quite a superfluity of cash, and only wanted to know some deserving needy man—and every needy man, as a matter of course, thinks he is deserving—who would kindly accept a portion of it. Mr. Goghary, indeed, had had, in days gone by, a case on hand for a client of his against the firm of Kytesbeek & Claus the advertisers before him, because of an extortionate and usurious piece of practice of theirs. But still, when a man's affairs are brought to a dead lock, why, he must do the best he can to extricate himself," Mr. Gogharty reflected, "and at all events postpone, if possible, the evil day; for who can tell," he soliloquized, "what unlook for happy event may turn up to change the pect of things and place on *terra firma* a p fellow like me floundering in a slough of d pond."

He resolved, therefore, to see on the morr Messrs. Kytesbeek & Claus, and negotiate w them a loan for 200*l*. on his own personal sec ity. Messrs. Kytesbeek & Claus recognized lawyer, and were quite ready for business w Mr. Gogharty honored them with his applicati "They would accomodate him to any amoun they intimated, "upon valid security, and comparative trifle above the market rate of terest, too, just to meet expenses," they sa "but personal security, as it meant more or risk, would of course, Mr. Gogharty would derstand, require them to charge a correspo ing rate of interest." Mr. Gogharty win when he was asked to give a note of hand 300*l*. upon condition of a payment down in c of 200*l*. but after some hesitation and protest consented.

"This, with Mrs. Weed's 300*l*. that I'll d from lodgment will nicely meet, and in g time," he reflected, "the Superior's reduced mand, and sure, I shall not want the wid mite for a little; and who knows where mo meanwhile, may come from? And in any ca he inwardly concluded, "I'll trust Alick hero, to stand by me if the worst comes to worst. Of course, as he can't understand fitness of a dodge—the fool!—I'll not tell the secret of my necessity, and supposing, in absurd simplicity, that it's one come in a reg business way, I know I can depend upon hi help me."

Long before two o'clock, therefore, on the appointed, Mr. Gogharty placed to the perior's credit in the —— Bank the 500*l*. quired, and getting a receipt from the bank this effect, he hastened, with it in his han the Jesuit establishment. Ushered into the perior's presence, he held out to him the voucher, and asked for his deeds. As the J took it from the lawyer's hand a gleam of p ure passed over his face, but the next instant mental sunshine seemed overcast by a c The truth is, the Superior felt for a mom glad surprise at the promptitude of Mr. harty's act, for he had feared that peradven even his last quotation was really beyond lawyer's purse; but now he strongly susp that Mr. Gogharty had been only feigning erty, and that he, the Jesuit, had been dupe triumph of the world over the church—w dreadfully aggravated him.

He saw, however, that it was too late to matters, and that, to maintain his consisten a priest of the true church, he must kee word of promise. Rising from his little on the table, where he had sat, he opened safe, already mentioned, in the room. Mr. harty immediately saw, held in the Super hand, his coveted deeds; not, however, time to tantalize him merely with the sight reaching them forth without a single ren but with a cold, yet courteous bow, he them into the lawyer's possession. Mr. harty, with a lawyer's trained caution, the red tape tied around them, read the and saw that they were the genuine docum Then, in a demonstrative manner, showin exceeding joy, he grasped and held them breast, and with an explosive, "Good day perior!" he took his departure.

(To be Continued.)

Revival in Colorado.—A Correspon dating from Golden, Colorado, writes t most hopeful work of grace is proceeding He says: "The Methodist, Baptist, and P terian ministers have united their efforts i noble work, laboring for eight weeks with derful zeal. Golden was never so spiri blessed, and God's sun seems to crown mountain-tops with a grander halo than ev fore."

WHAT COMING WARS MAY WE EXPECT?*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(Written in [illegible].)

Wars Caused by the Alliance of the Ten Kingdomed Confederacy.—2. The Extension of France to the Rhine—What a War will that Extension Involve!—France probably Assisted by Great Britain—Another Alliance to Resist Germany and Russia—Rise of a Latin or Roman Emperor.

ONE cause of the coming wars will be the predestined formation of a ten-kingdomed *allied confederacy* of Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt and Tripoli, which can scarcely be brought to pass without some adequate motive, such as a mutual alliance in order to resist some common danger. Nations do not usually ally themselves together except in times of war, and for the purpose of opposing some common foe. Unless these countries are attacked by some external enemy they are not likely to become banded together in a ten-kingdomed coalition.

Hence we must conclude that their alliance will be brought about by some of them being attacked by Russia or Germany (which are outside the Roman Empire), or both those Powers combined. In fact it is difficult to understand how the ten-kingdomed confederacy can result from any other cause. Now it is manifest that if Russia were to invade Turkey and try to seize Constantinople, it would be almost certain to find itself opposed by *Britain* for the sake of its Indian dependencies, and by *Austria*, and probably *France*, which has always objected to Russian possession of Constantinople, as well as *Egypt* and *Turkey*, which at present includes *Syria*.

Here, then, would be six of the predicted *ten* kingdoms leagued together at once. And the remaining *four*—viz., *Spain*, *Italy*, *Greece*, and *Tripoli*—would in due time be brought into the anti-Russian confederacy, although at first Greece, and possibly Italy, might side with Russia, as Greece and Russia have always a religious union in the Greek Church.

Moreover, in presence of such a widespread alliance, *Germany* could scarcely remain neutral, and if compelled to take sides, would be more likely to side with Russia than with the anti-Russian confederacy. Here, then, at once would be the embryo formation of the ten-kingdomed confederacy.

Another cause of the coming wars will be the predicted

EXTENSION OF FRANCE TO THE RHINE

in order to restore it to its original boundaries of ancient Gaul, and to *revive and reconstitute the Roman Empire* within its former limits of the Rhine and Danube, which all standard expositors expect to be accomplished in the latter days, in fulfilment of the emblem of the *ten-horned wild beast* in Daniel 7 and Revelation 13.

The extension of France to the River Rhine will necessarily involve the annexation to French territory of Switzerland and part of Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, Rhenish Prussia, Alsace and Lorraine, with the fortresses of Metz and Strasburg, at present garrisoned by Germans, and probably part of Baden and Bavaria.

An additional prophetic necessity for the annexation of these countries to France is found in the fact that the whole territorial extent of the Roman Empire contains at present eighteen Kingdoms or States, and cannot therefore attain its predicted form of only ten kingdoms unless some of the smaller ones are annexed to the larger ones, so as to reduce their total number to ten instead of eighteen. But what extraordinary military supremacy and successful wars there must be on the part of France before all this can be accomplished! What frightful conflicts seem to be implied between France and Germany before Germany will submit to be driven across the Rhine, as assuredly must be the case according to prophecy!

In fact this coming war between France and Prussia will be a reversal of the battle of Sedan: and what terrible reverses and disasters are thus inevitably awaiting Prussia! An indemnity equivalent to a thousand million dollars was demanded from France on its defeat by Prussia, but what indemnity will France demand from Prussia when it achieves such marvellous victories as to regain the coveted Rhine frontier! And in connection with all this there will be, sooner or later, the revival of the Napoleonic dynasty and the healing of its Sedan deadly wound. (Rev. 13: 3.)

The following remarks on this point were written by the author three months after the battle of Sedan, and published in a prophetic pamphlet in January, 1871, while the Prussian army was laying siege to Paris:

"It is singular that politicians already expect that in the *event of Russia ever attacking Turkey* there would be five of the predicted ten nations of the Roman Empire most likely at once allied against the Czar—namely, *Britain, France, Austria, Turkey, and Syria* (which last named is not yet separated from the Turkish Empire); and three more of the ten nations—namely, *Egypt, Greece*, and *Italy*—would be very likely before long to join the alliance of the above-mentioned five. It is also seen to be inevitable that, sooner or later, Germany will side with Russia in such a contest.

"Prophetic students, however, are not left to mere conjecture; for let it be carefully noted that we gather most assuredly from prophecy that within a few years' time a gigantic conflict and stupendous struggle has to be fought out to the death, amid scenes of carnage and bloodshed, far surpassing even the Franco-Prussian war, between the Germanic and Russian nations on the one side, and the above enumerated Roman or Latin nations on the other side, with such decisive result that Germany and Russia will be completely defeated—Russia more entirely vanquished than at the end of the Crimean War—and Germany driven altogether across the Rhine, so that all the left bank of the Rhine, including Belgium, Luxemburg, and the Prussian Rhine provinces will be annexed to France, for the predicted revival of the Roman Empire necessitates the extension of France to the Rhine, as its original frontier.

"But what scenes of slaughter, butchery, and desolation must be witnessed in Europe in order that these predestined events may be all fulfilled! With what desperate fierceness, and unconquerable determination to die rather than surrender, will not the Germans fight before they yield up the impregnable fortresses of Metz, Strasburg, and several other Rhine fortresses, which they have lately gained after protracted sieges!

"We much fear that one of the causes that will lead to this ultimate victory of France will be the assistance of the British army. Every indication of prophecy leads to the conclusion that Britain cannot then avoid being dragged into most desperate and sanguinary wars; her Government, which was recently rejoicing with premature glee over the saving of a few thousand pounds by discharging 20,000 soldiers, will soon be spending tens of millions of pounds over the military estimates, and tens of thousands of her sons will fall slain upon hotly-contested battlefields.

"Another cause that will contribute to French success is the predicted separation of the *South German States*—Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg—from the North German States, because the former belonged to Cæsar's Roman Empire, and will have to be incorporated with the ten Roman nations. Although they have lately been united with the New German Empire, yet we must expect them to become ere long separated from it, either by voluntary insurrection and revolt, or by being wrested from Germany by the Latin nations.

"The recent creation of a united German Empire, with King William of Prussia as Emperor of twenty-four German kings or princes—all confederated together—is an example which will in due time be followed by the creation of

"A LATIN OR ROMAN EMPEROR

as head of ten Roman kings. The Latin nations will mutually agree that their only chance of successfully resisting the attacks of Russia and the formidable union of German kingdoms will be to organize a similar union of German kingdoms.

"Louis Napoleon's declaration to his soldiers at the outset of the Franco-Prussian war, in September, 1870, that it would be 'a long and serious one,' has been derided because of the sudden rapidity with which the Germans seem to have settled matters in their own favor. But in reality those words will prove true. For although the present war may soon end in a temporary peace, yet it is only the beginning of a great conflict, which is to end in a few years' time in the triumph of the Latin armies over the Teutonic and Sclavonic. Another phase of this inevitable conflict may very likely be an attack of Russia upon Turkey, as this seems a necessary prelude to the restoration of the Jews to Palestine."

Again, in May, 1871, the author published in a periodical these remarks:

"Few things can be more astonishing than that we have every reason to expect, prophetically, that France, which is now considered to be of little account in European politics, and to have sunk into the position of a third-rate European power, will in a few years' time succeed, probably under a Napoleon, in driving the Germans across the Rhine, and becoming the most powerful nation in Europe. That the newly-formed German Empire, composed of twenty-five allied German States and kingdoms, with their invincible armies, should within a few years become so dismembered and crushed as to lose Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemberg, Rhenish Prussia, and Alsace and Lorraine, with Metz and Strasburg, would seem to require almost a miracle to produce such a catastrophe; yet Prophecy appears distinctly to announce such a result."

(*To be continued.*)

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. First pamphlet contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events," with two maps and [illegible] large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains [illegible] quotations from Forty Expositors on these events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York

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A Collection of Coins.—A Noted Flower-painter, M. Tremblay, has just died in Paris of heart disease, after passing his last years in the greatest wretchedness. As he had not been seen for several days, his landlord caused his room in the Rue la Béotie to be entered by force, when the inmate was found dead in bed. The police-officer, on searching through the deceased's papers, with a view to finding a clew to his relatives, discovered a chest filled to the top with gold coins, most of them belonging to the time of Napoleon I. and Louis XVIII. The old painter had acquired a passion for collecting coins, and his store was rich in rare specimens. Rather than part with any of them, he had for years undergone the greatest privations. How this poor man answers to the description of Ecc. 4: 8, "There is no end of all his labor; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither saith he, For whom do I labor and bereave my soul of good?" We do well to search for *coins*, like the woman who lighted a candle and swept the house and sought diligently till she found the lost coin, which was an emblem of a lost soul (Luke 15). And these spiritual coins, when found and brought to Jesus, can be restamped with the image and superscription of God in the transforming mint of divine grace. "He that winneth souls is wise" (Proverbs 11: 30.)

Turkish Intolerance.—Dr. Jessup, Writing from Beyrout, Syria, says the Government at Constantinople has given notice that hereafter any Moslem who becomes a Christian *will be put to death*, and that any foreigners subverting Moslemism by teaching Christianity shall be imprisoned without notification to their consuls

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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Last week's edition of the Christian Herald was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, March 24th, at **12.20 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Time of the House of Representatives has been taken up to a serious extent during the past week by a question of order. Mr. Richard W. Townshend had introduced a bill containing proposed changes in the Revenue Laws. Under ordinary circumstances the bill would have been referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, but as that Committee had intimated that no new bill would be entertained, Mr. Townshend asked to have his bill referred to the Committee on the Revision of the Laws, and as its title appeared to indicate that it legitimately belonged to the province of that Committee, permission was given. When it became evident that the revenue was affected by the changes proposed in the bill, an attempt was made to alter the reference. Violent and acrimonious discussion ensued and *lasted through three days*, in the course of which personal feeling ran so high that violence was only prevented by the intervention of the friends of the principal parties. Eventually it was decided to consign the bill to the charge of the Committee on Ways and Means.

In the Senate the questions arising out of the appropriation of the money awarded to this country by the Geneva arbitration on the Alabama Claims against Great Britain, formed the principal feature of debate. Several Senators protested against the delay that has existed in the settlement of this matter.

A New Treaty with China is in Prospect. President Hayes has appointed a commission to visit China, investigate all commercial questions pending between that country and the United States, and negotiate a treaty in place of that recently submitted by Minister Seward. The head of the commission will be President Angell, of Michigan University. His two colleagues have been chosen for the schools of opinions which they represent, one of them being an exponent of the sentiment of the Pacific coast upon this question, the other a well-known writer on international law, who has had a practical diplomatic experience. It is stated on high authority, that the Chinese Government has offered to withdraw Chinese subjects from America if all citizens of the United States will leave China. Such an arrangement would be very prejudicial to the trade of California and the Western States, between which and China there will probably be a fast-increasing interchange of commodities.

A Suggestion is Made by a Leading Journal of New York to obviate the difficulties of an ex-President's anomalous position as it at present exists under the constitution. As things stand, an ex-President finds it difficult to resume his former occupation on his retirement from office or to hold aloof from politics. The suggestion offered for consideration is that every ex-President shall *ipso facto* become a member of the United States Senate for life, with a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year, and having a voice and a vote in all the proceedings of that body, like any other senator. Such a senatorship would continue our ex-Presidents in the public service as the representatives of the whole people of the United States, and not of particular States or localities—that is, a national senatorship in its representative character. The people, in electing their President, would at the same time elect a national senator for life, in the event that he should survive his presidential term, or terms, if twice elected.

The Relief Ship for Ireland set Sail for that country on March 27th. The Government had placed the stanch old frigate Constellation at the service of the donors, and the warlike armament having been removed, she was filled with the evidences of peace and good-will. Provisions and clothing were freely contributed, and she started on her mission of charity amid enthusiastic cheers from the crews of the ships in port. It is expected that her voyage will occupy about twenty days, and her destination will be Kingstown or Queenstown, according as the Herald Relief Committee may desire.

The fund started by the *New York Herald* for the relief of the sufferers by the Irish Famine amounted on March 27th to the magnificent sum of $317,911. This, with the money contributed to the Parnell Fund and the grant of $100,000 from Canada, forms a noble offering from the people on this side the Atlantic to the destitute on the other side.

It is a great relief to learn from a letter by the Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of the Viceroy of Ireland, that the gifts from America and the sums contributed in Great Britain have allayed the apprehensions entertained of the grievous loss of life likely to ensue from want of food. There will be serious distress and widespread destitution, but the funds contributed by the charitable have placed in the hands of the devoted friends of the sufferers the means of coping with the worst phases of the famine.

A Liquor Prohibition Law has Passed both Houses of the Iowa Legislature as a constitutional amendment, which will go to the next Legislature for ratification. It provides that "No person shall manufacture for sale, or sell or keep for sale as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine, and beer. The General Assembly shall by law prescribe by regulations for the enforcement of the prohibitions, and shall thereby provide suitable penalties for the provisions of the law."

The Death of Big Snake, the Brother of Standing Bear, was thus described by Rev. Joseph Cook in the prelude to his last Boston lecture: "Only of late has Congress been told how the brother of Standing Bear died. Twice he had been arrested, for no adequate cause. A merely technical offence put him in danger of being sent once more to prison. Soldiers were employed, and they tried to seize Big Snake; but he threw them all off. He opened his robes, and showed his assailants that *he had no weapon.* The officer called for handcuffs and more soldiers; but the Indian threw them all off. Overpowered by numbers the Indian was thrust against a wall, and a soldier put the muzzle of his rifle to the unarmed man's head and shot him through the brain. 'After he was d so says an eye-witness, under oath before gress, 'I examined his clothing, and foun weapon about him.'" Citizens should knov details of crimes committed in their name b Indian officials.

Local Option has Triumphed in Illi where the constitution allows local electio decide whether or not liquor shall be sold i towns. At the late election, of the 832 t voting on the liquor question 645 were ca for "no license." The most vigorous ca sers against the liquor traffic were the lad the State, who worked most enthusiasti against the enemy of domestic peace and h ness.

A Singular Disaster Occurred at Mon March 19th, which was near causing a se loss of life. The remains of the City Rec were laid out for burial in his house, and a ber of lighted tapers were placed arounc coffin. The room was heavily draped with c which was ignited by the tapers, and alth two policemen were in the room at the tim flames baffled their efforts to subdue them the whole interior of the dwelling was compl destroyed. The inmates of the house tool uge on a balcony, from which they were lov by ropes at the imminent risk of their lives

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contributio ceived during the week ending Saturday, 27th:

H. Church, South Vineland, N. J.	[illegible]
Sophie Trellin, Pattersonville, La.	[illegible]
B. C. Mooman, Great Forest, Va.	[illegible]
Jas. T. Miller, Kewanee, Ill.	00
Forwarded to N. Y. *Herald*	00

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church.—C butions received during the week ending Sat March 27th.

Chas. Erdman, Nepesta, Col.	00
H. Atherton, " "	00
L. Eaming, Rio Grand, N. J.	00
L. Sloan, Montgomery, Ala.	00
Mrs. R. M. Button, City Point, Wis.	00
Mrs. F. D. Waterman, " "	00
Peter Simons, " "	00
John Sullivan, " "	00
W. H. Smith,	00
Chas. Hingiez,	
T. Derini,	
R. W. Button,	
Mrs. Vanderhoof, New Brunswick, N. J.	00
F. W. Mc Master, Columbia, S. C.	00
T. W. Fain, Dandridge, Tenn.	00
Mrs. L. C. Harward, Jacksonville, Fla.	00
Mrs. Clara Freeman, Jefferson, Ia.	00
Thos. G. Whiskard, London, Canada.	00
Elder J. M. Myers, Carrollton, Texas.	00
Mrs. J. W. Pierce, Boston, Mass.	00
A Friend, Baltimore, Md.	00
Brother and Sister, Baltimore, Md.	00
A. D. Maine, New York.	00
W. H. S., Wacoasta, Mich.	00
Rev. John Branston, Plum Hollow, Ia.	00
A. J. Hutchinson, Providence, R. I.	00
M. McMichael, Rockford, Ill.	00
A. J. Smith, " "	00
Samuel Parkinson, Elimville, Canada.	00
Sarah Lakey, Boston, Mass.	00
Miss Sarah Wiles, Springdale, Wis.	00
Mrs. A. M. Freligh, Watervliet, N. Y.	00
Mrs. L. R. Chapman, Huntington, O.	00
Rev. R. M. Hughes, Lime Springs, Ia.	00
H. Palmer, Bullard, Conn.	00
Robert Armstrong, Elmira, Ill.	00
Adam Armstrong, " "	00
George Armstrong, " "	00
S. F. Simmons, Stockton, Pa.	00
Wm. Muir, Salina, Kan.	00
Adrian Keith, " "	00
Sophia Trellin, Pattersonville, La.	00
Clara Henderson, Springford, Canada.	1 00
Mrs George Eadie, Sherbrooke, Canada.	1 00
Isaiah Hogshaw, Salem Mass.	1 00
C. J. Bergen, Jamaica, N. Y.	1 00
F. H. Viering, Enterprise, Kan.	1 00
Mrs. A. B. Davis, Baltimore, Md.	1 00
Two Scotch Girls, Lawrence, Mass.	2 00
Forwarded to Dr. Talmage	0 00

The Work in Detroit of Messrs Pentecost nd Stebbins was brought to a conclusion March 8th, and the evangelists have now gone to Vaterbury, Conn. Their work in Detroit was ontinued seventy-five days. Two, three, and ften four services were conducted daily, a part f the Saturdays only being excepted. Attracve troupes were at the theatres, Mr. Ingersoll ame and lectured, but day after day a continuus throng pressed to the Bible-readings, the usiness men's meetings, the sermons, and finly to the inquiry and testimonial services. sual church services were continued throught the city, but the interest and power of the ntral meeting kept on increasing to the last. he largest churches and halls were only too rait, and large numbers frequently turned vay. A Detroit pastor says "the churches are ore vigorous, the Bible is better appreciated, stors are more highly honored, and many obcles to vital, practical Christianity in the city e broken. Above 600 persons have given their mes as newly converted or restored."

Mr. George Muller, of the Bristol Orphanages, ile at Milwaukee last week preached twice on nday, and addressed a meeting every evening English or German. He dwelt much on his orite topics, Faith and Prayer. For the comt of a lady who had been ill for some months l who found it difficult to keep her trust in Lord as to her future recovery, *Mrs. Müller* t this message: "*Tell her for her comfort* t we have found amid many vicissitudes of and many trials during many years, our atest trials have proved to be our greatest ssings." And Mr. Muller said: "Give her me this passage of Scripture, All things work ether for good to them that love God. This have to be received by *faith* now, but by by it will be *seen*. And it is for the glory God that we *believe* it now because it is His rd."

essrs. Moody and Sankey Close their Servis at St. Louis this week and are going to Tas for a short trip. Mr. Moody's Sundayming labors in *the colored churches* of the city ha been greatly blessed. The colored people ha been delighted with his preaching, and my conversions among them are reported. M Moody has not suffered from the severity of th climate. Last week Major Whittle, assisted by Ir. and Mrs. McGranahan, began a series of Gbel meetings in Dr. Brookes' church at St. Los. Saturday and Sunday afternoons of the we are devoted to the children.

Man Driven Mad by a Puzzle.—Daniel Conroy of Erie, Penn., has gone raving mad over the 'fifteen puzzle." This puzzle consists of fiftn blocks numbered from one to fifteen plad on a board of sixteen squares, and the difulty consists in placing the blocks in consecive order without lifting them from the boal. Conroy was a strictly temperate man, a deved husband and kind father. For several day he neglected his business and applied himselfonstantly to the game, until his brain gave waynder the attempt to master the 13, 15, 14. Onlonday morning he grew violent, seized his infat child and was placing it on a hot stove wh the neighbors rushed in. He was overpoved and a body of police carried him to jail, whe he now lies, a raving maniac, scratching the ame on the wall and shouting "Fifteen, thiren, fourteen."

A Boston Boy was Trusted by a Bishop, dur the session of the Episcopal Convention, and eturned the compliment by *trusting the Bish*. The Bishop of Louisiana, in crossing the mmons, met a boy whose face he fancied, and alling to him, asked him if he had any thin to do just then, to which he said no. "A you a good boy?" The little fellow scraed his head and replied: "I am not a very ood boy." That candid answer inspired he shop with confidence, and he then said, after iving his name and address: "I want you o go to a certain place and get a bundle for me and ing it to my hotel. There will be a charge of $ here is the money to pay it, and half a dollar which you will keep for doing the errand." On his return to the hotel, the bishop's friends laughed at him for his credulity, telling him that he would never see the boy or the bundle or the money again; but in half an hour the lad returned, bringing the bundle and a receipted bill for $8.50, the bishop having made a slight mistake as to the amount that was due. "How did you manage to pay the extra half dollar?" he inquired. "I took the money you gave me for the job. *I knew that you would make it all right.*" And "all right" it was made, to the mutual pleasure of bishop and boy who had trusted each other.

A Challenge by a Father was Answered by his son at one of Mr. J. B. Gough's lectures in Pennsylvania. At the close of the lecture a gentleman rose and was announced as Judge of the Quarter Sessions. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, before the audience is dismissed I wish to say a few words in defence of myself and the class I represent. Now, it is very hard to have it said that I set a bad example. Now, I am a moderate drinker; a respectable moderate drinker. Who dare say any thing against me? Who ever saw me the worse for drink? If young men followed my example they would be as I am, respectable and respected. *I challenge the country* to say whether my example is a bad one." A man in the audience, evidently under the influence of drink, here made a loud interruption. Some one said, "Put the man out," and a gentleman said, "No, let the man remain; *he is the only son of the Judge*—his only son has tried to follow his example, and there is the result. He is so drunk that he would disturb a respectable meeting."

A Sermon Worth $500.—A Newly-ordained Episcopal clergyman, not far from Springfield, not long ago read a sermon of Bishop Shelly, announcing the fact that the sermon was not his own. In his congregation there happened to be a native of the place who has prospered in California, and at the close of the service the returned Californian asked if that sermon was his own. The young rector said it was not, and gave the credit to whom it was due, whereupon his questioner said: "As you are about to build a new church I will give $500 towards it. The sermon just read was *worth that to me*. Here is my note to that amount."

The Telephone has been Introduced in the churches of another Western city. Besides the church in Columbus, Ohio, that has utilized this implement, and one in Illinois, the experiment was tried last Sunday at the Cumberland, Indiana, Presbyterian Church. A microphone was placed on the pulpit and connected by telephones with the houses of a number of infirm and aged members, who were thus enabled to hear distinctly the entire service—organ, choir, and sermon. Many indications point to the probability of the wide adoption of the telephone in churches as one of the essential auxilliaries of the Sunday service.

The Second Volume of the Christian Herald, comprising Nos. 37 to 62, (July to December, 1879), may be had, elegantly bound in cloth, at No. 63 Bible House, New York. Price $1.75.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has just been received. They are now on sale at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

THE FAIR PORTRAIT OF A SAINT.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"My foot hath held his steps, his way have I kept, and not declined. Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips; I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food."—JOB 23: 11, 12.

Job's Friends a Warning against Hasty Conclusions—I. Job's Holy Life—1. He Walked after the Divine Rule—2. With Great Carefulness—3. With Great Tenacity—Barefooted Women at Mentone—4. With Promptitude and Speed—What would Jesus do—5. Job did not Decline from God's Way—Neither from it nor in it—Beware of Decline—Some Decline through Poverty—Others through Riches—Others through Fashion—6. Job did not Go back—II. Job's Holy Sustenance—1. God Spoke to Him.—2. He Treasured up God's Words—3. He Lived upon them—4. He Esteemed them more than his Necessary Food—The Words of his Mouth.

THUS Job speaks of himself, not by way of vaunting, but by way of vindication. Eliphaz the Temanite and his two companions had brought distinct charges against Job's character: because they saw him in such utter misery they concluded that his adversity must have been sent as a punishment for his sin, and therefore they judged him to be a hypocrite, who under cover of religion had exercised oppression and tyranny. Zophar had hinted that wickedness was sweet in Job's mouth, and that he hid iniquity under his tongue. Eliphaz charged him with hardness of heart to the poor, and dared to say, "Thou hast taken a pledge from thy brother for naught, and stripped the naked of their clothing." This last from its very impossibility was meant to show the extreme meanness to which he falsely imagined that Job must have descended—*how could he strip the naked?* He was evidently firing at random.

As neither he nor his companions could discover any palpable plot in Job upon which they could distinctly lay their finger, they bespattered him right and left with their groundless accusations. They made up in venom for the want of evidence to back their charges. They felt sure that there must be some great sin in him to have procured such extraordinary afflictions, and therefore by smiting him all over they hoped to touch the sore place. Let them stand as *a warning to us* never to judge men by their circumstances, and never to conclude that a man must be wicked because he has fallen from riches to poverty.

Job, however, knew his innocence, and he was determined not to give way to them. He said, "Ye are forgers of lies, physicians of no value. O that ye would altogether hold your peace! and it should be your wisdom." He fought the battle right manfully; not, perhaps, without a little display of temper and self-righteousness, but still with much less of either than any of us would have shown had we been in the same plight, and had we been equally conscious of perfect integrity.

He has in this part of his self-defence sketched *a fine picture* of a man perfect and upright before God. He has set before us the image to which we should seek to be conformed. Here is the high ideal after which every Christian man should strive; and happy shall he be who shall attain to it. Blessed is he who in the hour of his distress, if he be falsely accused, will be able to say with as much truth as the patriarch could, "My foot hath held His steps, His way have I kept, and not declined. Neither have I gone back from the commandment of His lips; I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food."

I ask you, first, to inspect the picture of *Job's holy life*, that you may make it your model. After we have done this, we will look a little below the surface, asking the question, "How was he enabled to lead such an admirable life as this? Upon what meat did this great patriarch feed that he had grown so eminent?" We shall find the answer in our second head, *Job's holy sustenance*—"I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food." May He, who wrought in Job his patience and integrity, by this our meditation teach us the like virtues by the power of the Holy Ghost.

I. Let us sit down before this sketch of

JOB'S HOLY LIFE;

it will well repay a meditative study.

1. Note, first, that *Job had been all along a man fearing God and walking after the divine rule.* In the words before us he dwells much upon the things of God—"His steps," "His way," "the commandment of His lips," "the words of His mouth." He was pre-eminently one that "feared God and eschewed evil." He knew God to be the Lord, and worthy to be served, and therefore he lived in obedience to His law, which was written upon his instructed conscience. *His way was God's way;* he chose that course which the Lord commanded. He did not seek his own pleasure, nor the carrying out of his own will; neither did he follow the fashion of the times, nor conform himself to the ruling opinion or custom of the age in which he lived: fashion and custom were nothing to him, he knew no rule but the will of the Almighty.

Whether the way be rough or smooth, up hill or down dale, through green pastures or burning deserts, let God's way be your way. Where the fiery cloudy pillar of His providence leads be sure to follow, and where His holy statutes command, there promptly go. Ask the Lord to let you hear His Spirit speak like a voice behind you saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." As soon as you see from the Scriptures, or from conscience, or from Providence, what the will of the Lord is, make haste and delay not to keep His commandments.

2. Let us now consider Job's first sentence. He says: "*My foot hath held his steps.*" This expression sets forth great carefulness. He had watched every step of God—that is to say, he had been minute as to particulars, observing each precept, which he looked upon as being a footprint which the Lord had made for him to set his foot in; observing, also, each detail of the great example of his God; for in so far as God is imitable He is the great example of His people, as He saith, "Be ye holy, for I am holy"; and again, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

Job had observed the steps of God's justice, that he might be just; the steps of God's mercy, that he might be pitiful and compassionate; the steps of God's bounty, that he might never be guilty of churlishness or want of liberality; and the steps of God's truth, that he might never deceive. He had watched God's steps of forgiveness, that he might forgive his adversaries; and God's steps of benevolence, that he might also do good and communicate, according to his ability, to all that were in need. In consequence of this he became eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

Notice here that the expression has something in it of tenacity; he speaks of taking hold upon God's steps. The idea needs to be lit up by the illustration contained in the original expression. You must go to mountainous regions to understand it. In very rough ways a person may walk all the better for having no shoes to his feet. I sometimes pitied the women of Mentone coming down the rough places of the mountains barefooted, carrying heavy loads upon their heads, but I ceased to pity them when I observed that most of them had a capital pair of shoes in the basket at the top; and I perceived as I watched them that they could stand where I slipped, because their feet took hold upon the rock almost like another pair of hands. Barefooted they could safely stand, and readily climb where feet encased after our fashion would never carry them.

Many Orientals have a power of grasp in their eet which we appear to have lost from want of use. An Arab in taking a determined stand actually seems to grasp the ground with his toes. Roberts tells us in his well-known "Illustrations" that Easterns, instead of stooping to pick up things from the ground with their fingers, will take them up with their toes; and he tells of a criminal condemned to be beheaded who, in order to stand firm when about to die, grasped a shrub with his foot. Job declares that he took hold of God's steps, and thus secured a firm footing. He had a hearty grip of holiness, even as David said, "I have stuck unto Thy testimonies."

That eminent scholar, Dr. Good, renders the passage, "*in His steps will I rivet my feet.*" He would set them as fast in the footprints of truth and righteousness as if they were riveted there, so firm was his grip upon that holy way which his heart had chosen. This is exactly what we need to do with regard to holiness: we must feel about for it with a sensitive conscience, to know where it is, and when we know it we must seize upon it eagerly, and hold to it as for our life. The way of holiness is often craggy, and Satan tries to make it very slippery; and unless we can take hold of God's steps we shall soon slip with our feet, and bring grievous injury upon ourselves, and dishonor to His holy name.

Beloved, to make up a holy character there must be a tenacious adherence to integrity and piety. You must not be one that can be *blown off his feet by the hope of little gain,* or by the threatening breath of an ungodly man: you must stand fast and stand firm, and against all pressure and blandishment you must seize and grasp the precepts of the Lord, and abide in them, riveted to them. Standfast is one of the best soldiers in the Prince Immanuel's army, and one of the most fit to be trusted with the colors of his regiment. "Having done all, still stand."

4. To make a holy character we must take hold of the steps of God in the sense of *promptness and speed.* Here again I must take you to the East to get the illustration. They say of a man who closely imitates his religious teacher, "His feet have laid hold of his Master's steps," meaning that he so closely follows his teacher that he seems to take hold of his heels. This is a blessed thing, indeed, when grace enables us to follow our Lord closely. There is His foot, and close behind it is ours; and there again He takes another step, and we plant our feet where He has planted His.

A very beautiful motto is hung up in our infant class-room at the Stockwell Orphanage—

"WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?"

Not only may children take it as their guide, but all of us may do the same, whatever our age. "What would Jesus do?" If you desire to know what you ought to do under any circumstances, imagine Jesus to be in that position, and then think, "What would Jesus do? for what Jesus would do that ought I to do." In following Jesus we are following God, for in Christ Jesus the brightness of the Father's glory is best seen.

Many a sorrow will you avoid if you keep close at your Master's heel. You know what came of Peter's following afar off; try what will come of close walking with Jesus. Abide in Him, and let His words abide in you, so shall you be His disciples. You dare not trust in your works, and will not think of doing so, yet will you bless God that, being saved by His grace, you were enabled to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, by a close and exact following of the steps of your Lord.

The next sentence runs thus: "*His way have I kept;*" that is to say, Job had adhered to God's way as the rule of his life. When he knew that such and such a thing was the mind of God, either by his conscience telling him that it was right, or by a divine revelation, then he obeyed the intimation and kept to it. He did not go out of God's way to indulge his own fancies, or to follow some supposed leader: to God's way he kept from his youth, even till the time when the Lord Himself said of him, "Hast thou considered my servant Job a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?" The Lord gave him this charact to the devil, who could not deny it, and d not attempt to do so, but only mutter "Doth Job serve God for nought? Hast th not set a hedge about him and all that he hath

When he uttered our text Job could have plied to the malicious accuser that, even wh God had broken down his hedges and laid h waste, he had not sinned nor charged G foolishly. He heeded not his wife's rash co sels to curse God and die, but he still bles the divine name even though every thing taken from him.

5. The third clause is, "*And not decline*," by which I understand that he had not decli *from* the way of holiness, nor declined *in* way. First, he had not declined from it, had not turned to the right hand nor to the l Some turn away from God's way to the ri hand by doing more than God's word has den them do; such as invent religious c monies, and vows, and bonds, and become perstitious, falling under the bondage of pri craft, and being led into will-worship, things that are not Scriptural. This is as t wandering as going out of the road to the would be.

Ah, dear friends, keep to the simplicity of Bible. This is an age in which Holy Scrip is very little accounted of. If a church cho to invent a ceremony, men fall into it, and p tise it as if it were God's ordinance. Aye, a neither church nor law recognize the perf ance, yet if certain self-willed priests choos burn candles, and to wear all sorts of bed ments, and bow, and cringe, and march in cession, there are plenty of simpletons who go whichever way their clergyman cho even if he should lead them into down heathenism. "Follow my leader" is the of the day, but "Follow my God" is the n of a true Christian. Job had not turned t right.

Nor had he turned to the left. He ha been lax in observing God's commandm He had shunned omission as well as commis This is a very heart-searching matter; for many there are whose greatest sins lie in sion. And remember, sins of omission, th they sit very light on many consciences though the bulk of professors do not think them sins, are the very sins for men will be condemned at the last. How prove that? What said the great Judge was an hungered and ye gave me no meat, thirsty and ye gave me no drink, sick prison and ye visited me not." It was they did not do that cursed them more what they did do.

Furthermore, I take it Job means that h not even declined *in* that way. He did not with running hard and then get out of b and sit by the wayside and say, "Rest thankful," but he kept up the pace and decline. If he was warm and zealous o remained warm and zealous; if he was in gable in service, he did not gradually tone into a sluggard, but he could say, "I ha declined." Whereas we ought to mal vances toward Heaven, there are many wh after twenty years' profession, no forward they were, but perhaps in a worse state.

OH, BEWARE OF A DECLINE?

We were accustomed to use that tern ago to signify the commencement of a co tion, or perhaps the effects of it; and in decline in the soul often leads on to a consumption. In a spiritual consumpti very life of religion seems to ebb out b and little. The man does not die by a that stabs his reputation, but by a secre ness within him, which eats at the vitals liness and leaves the outward surface fair save us from declining.

I am sure, dear friends, we cannot, m us, afford to decline much, for we are n earnest, none too much alive now; but one of the great faults of churches, so m the members are in a decline that the ch comes *a hospital instead of a barracks.* Many professors are not what they were at first: they were very promising young men, but they are now performing old men. We are pleased to see the flowers on our fruit-trees, but they disappoint us unless they knit into fruit, and we are not satisfied even then unless the fruit ripens to mellow sweetness. We do not make orchards for the sake of blossoms; we want apples. So it is with the garden of grace; our Lord comes seeking fruit, and instead thereof He often finds nothing but leaves.

Some decline *because they become poor:* they even stay from worship on that account. I hope none of you say, "I do not like to come to the Tabernacle because I have not fit clothes to come in." As I have often said, any clothes are fit for a man to come here in if he has paid for them. Let each come by all manner of means in such garments as he has, and he shall be welcome. But I do know some very poor professors who, in the extremity of their anxiety and trouble, instead of flying to God, fly from Him. This is very sad. The poorer you are the more you want the rich consolations of grace. Do not let this temptation overcome you, but if you are as poor as Job, be as resolved as he to keep to the Lord's way and not decline.

Others fly from their religion *because they grow rich.* They say that three generations never will come on wheels to a dissenting place of worship, and it has proved to be sadly true in many instances, though I have no cause to complain of you as yet. Some persons when they rise in the world turn up their noses at their poor friends. If any of you do so you will be worthy of pity, if not of contempt. If you forsake the ways of God for the fashion of the world you will be poor gainers by your wealth. The Lord keep you from such a decline.

Many decline *because they conform to the fashions* of the world, and the way of the world is not the way of God. Doth not James say, Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." Others wander because they get into ill company among witty people, or clever people, or respectable people, who are not gracious people. Such society is dangerous. People whom we esteem, but whom God does not esteem, are a great snare. It is very perilous to love those who love not God. He shall not be my bosom friend who is not God's friend, for I shall probably do him but little service, and he will do me much harm. May the grace of God prevent your growing cold from any of these causes, and may you be able to say, "I have not declined."

6. One more sentence remains: "*Neither have I gone back from the commandment of His lips:*"—that is to say, as he had not slackened his pace, so much less had he turned back. May none of you ever go back. This is the most bitter grief of a pastor, that certain persons come among us, and even come to the front, and after a while turn back and walk no more with us. We know, as John says, "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us; but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us:" yet what anguish it causes when we see apostates among us and know their doom! Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God. Let Lot's wife be a warning. Season your souls with a fragment of salt from that pillar, and it may keep you from corruption. Remember that you can turn back, not only from all the commandments, and so become an utter apostate, but there is such a thing as backing at single commandments. You know the precept to be right, but you cannot face it; you look at it, and look at it, and look at it, and then go back, back, back from it, refusing to obey. Job had never done so. If it was God's command he went forward to perform it. It may be that it seems impossible to go forward in the path of duty, but if you have faith you are to go on whatever the difficulty may be.

The negro was right who said, "Massa, if God say, 'Sam, jump through the wall,'' it is Sam's business to jump, and God's work to make me go through the wall." Leap at it, dear friends, even if it seem to be a wall of granite. God will clear the road. By faith the Israelites went through the Red Sea as on dry land. It is ours to do what God bids us, as He bids us, when He bids us, and no hurt can come of it. Strength equal to our day shall be given, only let us cry "Forward!" and push on.

There is the picture which Job has sketched. Hang it up on the wall of your memory, and God help you to paint after this old master, whose skill is unrivalled.

II. Secondly, let us take a peep behind the wall to see how Job came by this character. Here we note

JOB'S HOLY SUSTENANCE,

"I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food."

1. First, then, *God spoke to Job.* Did God ever speak to you? I do not suppose Job had a single page of inspired writing. Probably he had not even seen the first books of Moses; he may have done so, but probably he had not. God spoke to him. Did He ever speak to you? No man will ever serve God aright unless God has spoken to him. You have the Bible, and God speaks in that book and through it; but mind you, do not rest in the printed letter without discerning its spirit. You must try to hear God's voice in the printed letter.

When the Spirit of God speaks a text right into the soul, when God Himself takes the promise or the precept and sends it with living energy into the heart, this is that which makes a man have a reverence for the word; he feels its awful majesty, its divine supremacy, and while he trembles at it he rejoices, and goes forward to obey because God has spoken to him. Dear friends, when God speaks be sure that you have open ears to hear, for oftentimes He speaketh and men regard him not. In a vision of the night when deep sleep falleth upon men God has spoken to His prophets, but now He speaks by His word, applying it to the heart with power by His Spirit.

If God speaks but little to us it is because we are dull of hearing. Renewed hearts are never long without a whisper from the Lord. He is not a dumb God, nor is He so far away that we cannot hear Him; they that keep His ways and hold His steps, as Job did, shall hear many of His words to their soul's delight and profit. God's having spoken to Job was the secret of his consistently holy life

2. Then note, that *what God had spoken to him he treasured up.* He says in the Hebrew that he had hid God's word more than ever he had hidden his necessary food. They had to hide grain away in those days to guard it from wandering Arabs. Job had been more careful to store up God's word than to store up his wheat; more anxious to preserve the memory of what God had spoken than to garner his harvests.

3. We learn from our version of the text that

JOB LIVED ON GOD'S WORD.

he reckoned it to be better to him than his necessary food. He ate it. This is an art which some do not understand—eating the word of the Lord. Some look at the surface of the Scriptures, some pull the Scriptures to pieces without mercy, some cut the heavenly bread into dice pieces and show their cleverness, some pick it over for plums, like children with a cake; but blessed is he that makes it his meat and drink.

He takes the word of God to be what it is—namely, a word from the mouth of the Eternal, and he says, "God is speaking to me in this, and I will satisfy my soul upon it; I do not want any thing better than this, any thing truer than this, any thing safer than this, but having got this it shall abide in me, in my heart, in the very bowels of my life, it shall be interwoven with the warp and woof of my being.

4. But the text adds that he esteemed it more than his *necessary* food. Not more than dainties only, for those are superfluities, but more than his necessary food, and you know that a man's necessary food is a thing which he esteems very highly. He must have it. What, take away my bread? says he, as if this could not be borne. To take the bread out of a poor man's mouth is looked upon as the highest kind of villainy; but Job would sooner that they took the bread out of his mouth than the word of God out of his heart. He thought more of it than of his needful food, and I suppose it was because meat would only sustain his body, but the word of God feeds the soul.

The nourishment given by bread is soon gone, but the nourishment given by the word of God abideth in us, and makes us to live forever. The natural life is more than meat, but our spiritual life feeds on meat even nobler than itself, for it feeds on the bread of heaven, the person of the Lord Jesus. Bread is sweet to the hungry man, but we are not always hungry, and sometimes we have no appetite; but the best of God's word is that he who lives near to God has always an appetite for it, and the more he eats of it the more he can eat.

I do confess I have often fed upon God's word when I have had no appetite for it until I have gained an appetite. I have grown hungry in proportion as I have felt satisfied; my emptiness seemed to kill my hunger, but as I have been revived by the word I have longed for more. So it is written, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled;" and when they are filled they shall continue to enjoy the benediction, for they shall hunger and thirst still though filled with grace.

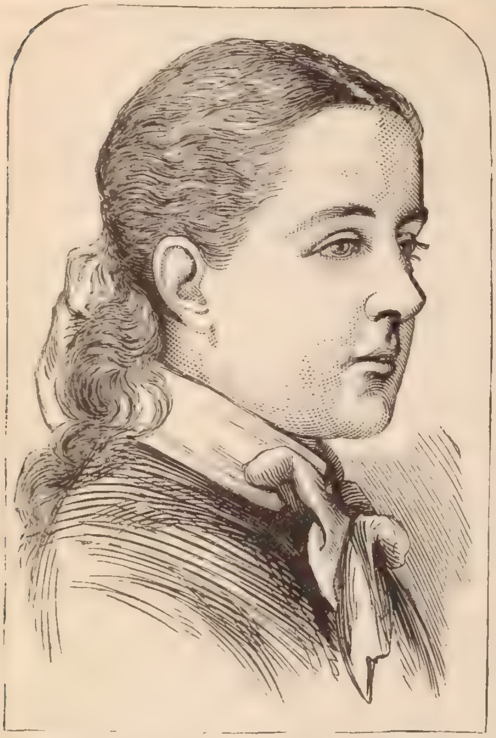
No more, except it be this: you cannot be holy, my brethren, unless you do in secret live upon the blessed word of God, and you will not live on it unless it comes to you as the word *of His mouth.* It is very sweet to get a letter from home when you are far away: it is like a bunch of fresh flowers in winter time. A letter from the dear one at home is as music heard over the water; but half a dozen words from that dear mouth are better than a score pages of manuscript, for there is a sweetness about the look and the tone which paper cannot carry. Now I want you to get the Bible to be not a book only, but a speaking-trumpet, through which God speaks from afar to you, so that you may catch the very tones of His voice.

You must read the word of God to this end, for it is while reading, meditating, and studying, and seeking to dip yourself into its spirit, that it seems suddenly to change from a written book into a talking book or phonograph; it whispers to you or thunders at you, as though God had hidden Himself among its leaves and spoke to your condition; as though Jesus who feedeth among the lilies had made the chapters to be lily-beds, and had come to feed there.

Ask Jesus to cause His word to come fresh from His own mouth to your soul; and if it be so, and you thus live in daily communion with a personal Christ, my brethren, you will then with your feet take hold upon His steps; then will you keep His way, then will you never decline or go back from His commandments, but you will make good speed in your pilgrim way to the eternal city. May the Holy Ghost daily be with you. May every one of you live under His sacred bedewing, and be fruitful in every good word and work. Amen and amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 119: 9-40.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 175,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



MISS CHARLOTTE ANGAS SCOTT,
Of the University, of Cambridge, England.

A FEW years since the friends of the movement to further the higher education for women established a college at Cambridge, England, for the reception of young women who were emulous of following the same lines of study as the gentlemen in the College Halls of the ancient and world-renowned University.

The movement in its initial state met with considerable opposition, but not nearly so much as had been anticipated by its large-hearted and chivalrous originators. After necessary negotiations suitable premises were secured, which received the name of Girton College, and very speedily a number of valuable scholarships were established, in which provision the wealthy London guilds and companies were conspicuous by their munificent liberality.

The fair subject of our sketch (whose portrait we give), Miss Charlotte Angas Scott, of Girton College, in January last passed an examination which, but for her sex, would have placed her in the position of Eighth Wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge. She is the daughter of the Rev. Principal Scott, B.A., and LL.B. (Lond.), Principal of Lancashire College, Manchester, and is under twenty-two years of age.

The highest honor hitherto won by any lady has been among the senior Optimes, second class. The *Times*, in a leader on this interesting fact, remarks: "Girton College students have acquitted themselves creditably on former occasions, but last January they outdid all their former achievements. The examiners for the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos have for several years past been in the habit of sending copies of their questions to Girton, and of looking over the answers. Among the Girton candidates this year was Miss Charlotte Angas Scott, and Miss Scott has been ranked among the Wranglers. Cambridge etiquette does not seem to permit the exact place attained to be officially or semi-officially stated. As, however, the competitors are arranged according to marks, of which a fixed number is assigned to each question, the examiners must have held Miss Scott entitled to the honor not only of a Wrangler, but of a specific place among the Wranglers."

Her education, until her entrance at Girton, was carried on almost entirely in her own home. In December, 1872, she first went into the Cambridge Junior Examination, and in the following year to the Oxford Junior, in both cases obtaining first-class honors. She passed in Latin, Greek, pure mathematics, religious knowledge, French, English, and applied mathematics, in the last four of which she was distinguished.

In consequence of this position scholarships at Newnham Hall, Cambridge, and at Bedford College, London, were offered to her; but she elected to compete for an Entrance Scholarship at Girton (preferring that college because it imposes conditions on its students precisely corresponding with those imposed by the university on candidates for degrees), and obtained the Goldsmith Company's Scholarship.

Her tutor while at Girton was Mr. Temperley, of Queen's College, until last summer, when he was appointed Moderator. Mr. Routh, a well-known and highly successful Cambridge tutor, was then applied to; but, on account of his numerous engagements, was unwillingly obliged to decline. For the last three months she has read with Mr. Walker, of Queen's College.

The advocates of the higher education of women will congratulate Miss Scott upon her unexampled success, and themselves upon the fact that, were women not ungenerously excluded from academic honors, three other ladies, Misses Staley, Kerr, and Jackson, would have come out in the third class. It is also worthy of note that some of the female students from Newnham Hall, who were informally examined in the Michaelmas Term last year, were similarly successful.

In this connection it may gratify our numerous lady readers to learn that the names of twenty-nine ladies appeared in the list of candidates who passed the matriculation examination of the London University in January last. Two of them are in the Honors division, and one of these is at the top of the list, but is disqualified by age for the first exhibition. Seventeen ladies also passed in the first division, and five in the second division.

THE GLASGOW "BADGER" AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

The Boy's Promise—Becomes a Gambler—God strikes him Speechless—Brutal Treatment of his Mother—The Saved Dancer—"I'm such a black 'un"—Return Home.

THE dying father laid his hand upon the boy's head and made him promise to meet him in heaven. But bad company led him wrong. He became a gambler, and later still a blasphemer, and then a drunkard. The great city of Glasgow could, perhaps, hardly find a sinner against God and man more deeply sunk in iniquity and more widely known than "The Badger."

Still God watched him. One Sunday he left home early, telling his mother he should go to some mission room, and, wandering to the outskirts of the city, spent the whole day with some mates, gambling in an empty loft; toward evening he ventured and lost the last coin he had; high words followed, and in the dispute he called upon God to strike him dead if the piece of money was not his own. In that moment God did strike him speechless and senseless to the floor, to be carried home by his mates an hour or two later.

But he hardened his heart, and drank more and more. Sometimes found drunk under the tap-room table, the publican would drag him out into the street, and coming to himself, he would find his head bruised and bleeding in the gutter.

One night, infuriated with strong drink, he returned home about midnight and found the door fast. Climbing up to the window, he smashed it, and rushing to his poor old mother's room, dragged her down the stairs, and threw her into the street, heedless of entreaties and tears. Verily he had become a wretch indeed—almost a fiend in human form.

When men are sunk to this depth of brutalization by drink or vice of any sort, what is to be done for them? The sad answer, which facts, alas! only too abundantly supply, is, "Let
be left to sink into the grave, godless, hop
miserable. Let their homes remain the
wasted desolations that violence and d
have made them. Let their wives, forgett
their hopeless anguish all tenderness and
fly to drink as the only possible solace for
ceaseless woes, and become wrecks more
if not more vile, than their husbands. Se
their children go to the board school, and
that, instead of becoming intelligent ruffi
rogues, they will rise up under the beni
fluences brought to bear upon them for
half-dozen hours out of the twenty-four,
enlightened and useful generation!" Do
religious world believe in the existence
great Divine power able to cope with, to
to change, to purify the vilest of sinne
there no balm in Gilead? Is there no ph
there? If so, why is not His mighty sa
accomplished among the lost everywhe
it for want of agents sufficiently devo
bring to bear upon those who most need
only remedy that can really meet their de
case? Or is it because religious society, l
religious society of the days of Jesus Ch
too respectable to mingle with the de
the "sinners" in fact, and compel th
come in to sit at the great guest table?

At Bridgeton Cross, with a bitter blea
blowing in their teeth, one damp and
night, a little band of Salvationists, gath
usual in a ring, where singing—

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven
When you die."

The Badger, with empty pockets and
tered coat, happened to be passing, and
to listen. When the singing ceased, h
remarked, "what a set of fools!" I
Badger made answer, "*Be quiet, lad.*
summat in it. I'm going in to hear them

That night among the speakers from t
form of the crowded building was a m
had been a dancer at some low concert-h
told how God had saved his soul. "
dancer!" said the Badger to himself: "
can save a drunkard!"

But deliverance was not yet. Satan
and actually got this man, though so
convicted, to lead others in making suc
labaloo as quite upset the meeting. T
night they did the same thing; but th
time the Badger came he was smitten
Word of the Lord. He says,—

"After the speaking the captain (
came to me, and says, 'Will you be save

"'Me—*me?* I'm such a black 'un.'

"'But the blood of Jesus can make t
est clean.'

"'Well, but I'm such a black 'un.
bad.'

"'But Jesus Christ came to save th
and the worst.'

"And then I thought of my father's
'Andrew, lad, meet me in heaven; and
ber the eyes of the Lord are ever on y
I cried. I never cried before, but it b
down, and I fell at the penitent form,
night God for Christ's sake forgave my

At home, over the smouldering e
what had been a fire, with her gray h
aching head bowed in her hands, weary
self, the Badger' mother waited for hi
She heard his step, and exclaimed, wit
"Lord help!" But the new-born son
with tears in his eyes, laid his trembli
upon her shoulder, and said, "Mother,
religion, bless the Lord, and there's su
it!"

It is not be wondered at that this m
to sing in the streets, that he loves th
tion Army, that to-day he is one of man
ing under its banners in the city of Gla

The Prophetic News and Israel's W
(monthly) for January and February, 188
had, price *six cents* each, at 63 Bible Ho
York.

HE BLOOD OF THE PASSOVER.

rmon by Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D.

"nd the blood shall be to you for a token upon he uses where ye are: and when I see the blood, wi pass over you."—EXODUS 12 : 13.

The Bondage of the Israelites in Egypt—The Plagues Brought to Bear on Pharaoh—God's Provision for his People—I. Man, like the Israelite is in Circumstances of Sorrow—A Worse Captivity—In Greater Peril—II. A Remedy Provided—The Great Doctrine of Atonement—Christ's Death more than an Example—More than Attestation—Sacrifice Necessary to Salvation—God is not Vindictive—The Sufferings of Christ Spontaneous, not Enforced—What the Blood Means.

IN the design of God to humble the proud onch of Egypt, and to achieve deliverance s captive people, He had brought plague prodigy to bear upon Pharaoh. Blow after ad been struck at the most popular idolad each as it passed was but the omen of creasing disaster. There had been fire, il, and darkness successive swarms of th me and offensive things had subjected the opl to annoyance; the Nile's delicious water en polluted, and had become a very thg; the locusts had blighted the harvest; rain had destroyed the cattle; and sore gevous sickness had wasted the strength me

The monarch's contumely, infidelity, and pride however, proof against combination even of mous miracle; there must be therefore yet re visitations of vengeance. The appeal st made to slain affections as well as to ked fears. The angel was commissioned to iselessly through the land at the hour of ni t, and to breathe upon each Egyptian lli. Alas for the homes upon which that thg passed! In every house the first-born e st beloved was slain. The land was covdenly with terrified and weeping famia each one on whom the stroke had n. llying out to ask his neighbor's symy, et that neighbor speeding on the same nd as himself. But Pharaoh, like too hers, convinced while smarting under t, but hardening himself on its withal efused still to let the people go.

length, however, by the divine power even pri and stubborness were broken down; e God poured out His vengeance upon op essors of His people, He provided for pele with equally signal care. They were o select a lamb—"a lamb for a house" the lamb with certain *significant observ* sprinkle the blood of the slain lamb sides and upper posts of the door; and was commissioned to pass over the ch thus presented the appointed meal.

E BLOOD WAS TO BE A TOKEN

t house where God's people were; and t angel saw the blood, he relaxed his sheathed his sword, he passed quietly lessly by. They were then to dress *lamb*, accompanied by further signifiobservances, and they were to shrine the the whole transaction as a precious forever.

erest in this, as in most of the other s of the Levitical economy, consists in tnship to higher institutions and to a wed provision; it consists in the preby them of our Surety and our Saviour, once the *Surety* and *Saviour* of uni. We are warranted in making this ou remember, by the expression of e, who tells us that Christ, our passcrificed for us. (1 Cor. 10 : 7.)

ere are just two points of analogy to I ould like just for a few moments to attention to-day. First, we, like the Israel, are in circumstances of *sor*ndly, for us, as for them, there has *edy provided.*

rve, in the first place, that we, like the children of Israel aforetime, are in circumstances of sorrow. It is not necessary that I should enlarge upon this head. The correspondence is most accurate, and will be very easily discerned. It appears, perhaps, principally in the two great characteristics of bondage and of peril.

Take the first thought:

THEY WERE IN BONDAGE.

A change had passed upon the fortunes of the Hebrew people since the death of Joseph. A king had arisen who had no respect for his memory, and who became inflamed with jealousy by their growing aggrandizement and numbers. They were reduced, therefore, to a state of vassalage, and made to work with rigor at the toil of captives and of slaves. Their oppressions increased with their years, until they groaned by reason of their bondage, and their cry went up unto God.

Now how much worse than the captivity of ancient Israel is the *captivity of fallen man*! We ourselves are naturally in bondage. In place of submitting to the better will of God, we are naturally lorded over—and it is a fearful tyranny—either by disordered passions or by the demon who wields them at his anarch will. Ever since the Fall, the orderly government of the soul has been disturbed, and the passions, luxuriant of evil, have run riot upon reason's throne.

You remember how *Scripture bears out this assertion* by the frequent representations it gives of sinners as being themselves subject to bondage. You remember that it is said, "He that committeth sin is the servant of sin." "While they promise them liberty they are themselves the servants of corruption." Know ye not that "of whom a man is overcome, of him also he is brought into bondage." They are "led captive by the devil at his will."

Brethren, think of this matter, I beseech you. There are some of you whom I address to-night—refined, tender, delicate in your sensibilities—whose eyes will be suffused with tears, perhaps, at the recital of fictitious sorrow; it may be that you have grieved oftentimes over the woes of God's ancient people quivering beneath the lash of the taskmaster, goaded by the oppressor's wrong. Pity *yourselves*, I charge you, for *your* slavery is worse than theirs.

There are many circumstances which make the bondage that is put upon you—the yoke of intolerable oppression under which you are at this moment writhing—infinitely worse than theirs. They were brought down by superior force; by the strong hand of power their liberties had been disastrously cloven down. Your slavery is self-imposed, is voluntary. Your own will has consented to the bondage. Your own hands have riveted the chains.

The *body* of the Israelite only was at the mercy of the spoiler: his spirit was free, exulting in a bright republic of his own. Yours is *heart*-slavery; the iron has entered into your soul. Their oppressor, whatever the degradation attached to his service, was at least a king, and in some sort there was dignity in their bondage; but yours is the very vilest slavery, because you are slaves of a tyrant who is himself a slave, who has felt the bitterness of defeat without its softening, and who in demon revenge for his disgraceful banishment from Heaven will exert the most intolerable oppression upon you.

Above all, their deliverance was accorded to them in token that they were in amity with, rather than opposed to, the God who wrought the deliverance, and by whom all the miracles of power were performed; but you, happy sinner—*happy in your miserable bondage*—are like prison birds singing songs of freedom amid the bars and gratings of your cage. Listen, I pray you, to the voice, if it pierce through your dungeon walls—listen to the voice which is speaking to you to-day. Christ has come *on purpose* to give liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison unto all such as are bound.

Then, if you take the next thought—the thought of *peril*—you find the analogy to be equally close, and equally wonderful. The Israelites were

IN CIRCUMSTANCES OF PERIL.

The Lord was about to execute in their sight His strange work of judgment. The peril was to come very near. A thousand were to fall at their side, ten thousand at their right hand. They could almost hear the flapping of the angel's wings as from dwelling to dwelling he sped darkly on. The silence of the midnight air was to be broken by the wailing from vacant homes, from which a loved one had suddenly departed; and if any among themselves presumed upon his nationality, and neglected the appointed memorial, his nationality would cease to save him, and he would be involved in the common destruction which had overtaken the rest.

Now, brethren, the transgressions of our race, the depravity which we inherit, the sins which we individually commit, expose us to consequences that are *far more imminent and far more terrible.* Not alone, as in the great day of Egypt's disaster, will the trouble fall upon the nearest or upon the best beloved of kindred. Ourselves must bear it. Each one of us in the great day of arbitration and of recompense must for himself answer, and in himself bear the penalty; and for each one of us the judgment comes at the hour of our departure from the body. Day after day, month after month, year after year, one, and another, and another are passing from our side to the judgment. We have known them; we have loved them; we have worshipped with them; perhaps we have *sinned* with them; and they are passing from us to the judgment.

"*We* are to the margin come,
And *we* expect to die."

Oh! thanks be to God, there is a sign in Heaven—a sign by which that delegate of the vengeance of an aroused Creator knows when and whom he is to strike, and knows when and whom he is to spare.

(*To be concluded in our next issue.*)

The Erection of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Girls' Orphanage is to be commenced soon. Mr. Spurgeon writes: "Having purchased and paid for the ground for the Girls' Orphanage, I am now anxious to proceed with the undertaking. The first block of buildings will consist of the houses for 250 girls, with schools above them. I have not yet obtained a contract, but I have reason to believe that the works with drainage, etc., will cost £8000. Of this I have promises to the amount of £3000. I now commit this new enterprise to the guardian care of the Lord of heaven and earth, hoping that He will so prosper it that the first stone may be laid on my birthday, June 19th."

Two Liquor Dealers were Arrested in New York on Monday for selling liquor the previous day. The information on which they were charged was contained in the pathetic appeal of a wife and mother which she sent to Dr. Crosby, President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. She said: "I am a broken-hearted wife and mother, all on account of the rum-shops being kept open on Sundays. My husband had $17 last Sunday morning when he left us at nine o'clock. *We were nearly famished from cold and hunger*, but he took all his dollars to a liquor saloon, and stopped there till noon on Sunday. He then went to another saloon and drank there till four o'clock. He then returned home, and kicked and beat me till I fell nearly dead. Ah! Doctor, save him from hell, and my dear children from ruin! Ah, save him and them and me, Doctor, from the rum-shops!"

Father McNamara, the Converted Roman Catholic priest, still continues to receive the blessing of God on his labors. In this city upward of 2000 have joined the new movement, and it is proposed to build a church. The Rev. J. A. O'Connor, who has left the Roman Catholic Church to assist the reformer, states that since last September, when he entered upon the work, Father McNamara and himself had received over two hundred Romanists into their Church.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from page 207).

A Pointed Shaft.

As Ernest approached the little meeting in the lighthouse that Sunday evening, Dunnit was reading the lines:

"No foot of land do I possess;
No dwelling in the wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man."

While these lines were being sung, with many an old-fashioned quaver, he offered half his book to Ernest, as he had often done when the master of Clifford had been a boy, before he had gone to college and taken orders.

The memory of those days brought a smile to Ernest's worn face, as he took his place beside old Dunnit. The heart of the old fisherman glowed with delight. Master Ernest was as dear to him as his own son could have been, and he felt no embarrassment at the idea of preaching before him. When Dunnit was preaching, no thought of himself could intrude. He spoke to his little congregation as he would have talked to each man singly, if he had been sitting beside him on the rude bench under the lighthouse wall.

Now, as Ernest sat just within the porch, old Dunnit stood on the threshold, and with his white head thrown back, and his every feature bright with inward gladness, he prepared to address his uneducated audience.

There had been a slight stir and commotion among the people at sight of Ernest, but it quickly subsided into decorous tranquillity, and the pleasant, cheery tones of old Dunnit alone broke the silence.

"'And when Jesus saw that, He was very sorrowful. He said, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God!' (Luke 18:24, 25.)

"Jesus was sad when He saw that! What do you s'pose He saw? The poor widow that had only a mite, all the livin' she had, and she put that into the treasury box? Or the blind beggars, poor men! sittin' by the roadside beggin'? Or that sick woman, which had suffered many things of many physicians, and spent all she had, and was nothin' bettered, but rather grew worse? Or did He look into that bag Judas took care of, which was so often empty? Or was He thinkin' of His own disciples that had neither silver nor brass in their purses?

"P'raps, if we'd been set to guess, we should have guessed any o' these. Or we might have guessed He was thinkin' how lonesome He was, and how far from His Father and His Father's house. Jesus was sorely vexed, but it was for none of these things. *He had just seen a rich man!*

"Ah! the dear Lord was thinkin' about rich men. A minute before He felt so sorrowful, one o' them had come to Him, very eager to learn how to win eternal life. He was a young man, a ruler, with plenty of power, and I dare say he ruled over his folks quite well and justly; better than most men, p'raps. There's not a word said against him by anybody.

"We know he wasn't too much set up by bein' a ruler; for he comes runnin' to Jesus, and kneelin' down to Him in the way; aye! kneelin' in the sight of all th' crowd and on the dusty road, just like the poor leper that once came to Jesus, beseechin' Him, and kneelin' down to Him, and sayin' unto Him, 'If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' No, no; he didn't give himself airs though he was a ruler, and a rich man. He knew Jesus could tell him how to win eternal life; and he was not too grand to kneel down for such a blessin' as that.

"Aye! and Jesus beholdin' him loved him. Loved him; think of that! Jesus loves us, every one, thank God! but maybe there was somethin' very special about this young man that made him very pleasant in the Lord's eyes. We all know what it is to see some kind, sweet face, like our Miss Rose's, God bless her! and we love it all in a moment, without stoppin' to think why. We know Jesus loved His disciple John, and chose him to sit beside Him at supper, and let him rest his head upon His bosom. And He loved this young ruler.

"Poor rich young man! He might have had the Lord Jesus Christ for bosom friend; he might have lived with Him, hearkenin' every day to His blessed words, and lookin' upon His blessed face, and feelin' the clasp of His hand. But he missed it all; poor fellow! poor fellow!

"'What lack I yet?' he asked. He felt he wanted somethin', though he was so rich he had everythin'—save eternal life. That was what he lacked—eternal life. An awful thing to miss that is, either in this world or the world to come. What is eternal life? Why! the Bible tells us plain. 'This is eternal life, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.'

"The poor young man had kept all the commandments, but he did not know God yet, nor Jesus, who had come to make God known. But he felt he was lackin' somethin'. 'Come, know me!' said Jesus. 'Take up thy cross and follow me, for that is the only way to eternal life.

"'You shall live with me, like these poor men, my disciples; and I will teach you about my Father, till you know Him and me. You can only know the Father through me!' What! was there no other way for him to win eternal life? Must he give up his rulership and his possessions?—great possessions they were. Could he have no treasure except treasure in heaven? Then the rich man went away grieved and very sorrowful.

"I don't wonder at the Lord bein' very sorrowful too. Poor folks came and could get all they wanted from Him. Sick folks were healed, and blind folks received their sight. Sad folks were comforted. Even lepers and folks possessed with devils were set free. But when *rich folks* came the Lord could do nothin' for them. They had got all they wanted, except eternal life. Except eternal life, mark you! and they were too rich to win that in the only way it can be won. He may well be very sorrowful when He looks at rich men.

"'It's easier,' said Jesus, very sorrowfully, 'for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.' 'Well! that's impossible!' say the disciples; and they were astonished out of measure. They were never so astonished as at that; they were exceedingly amazed. Even when Jesus told them beforehand of the manner of His death they were not so amazed and astonished out o' measure.

"'Who can be saved if a rich man cannot?' they asked; 'a rich man has everythin' his own way. He's a ruler, and everybody gives way to him. He's plenty of time; there's nothin' to hinder him from keepin' the commandments from his youth up. He can give loads o' money away, and nobody blames him. Who, then, can be saved?' Ah! they never thought the kingdom o' heaven is as men runnin' a race; and who can run well that is laden with thick clay? If a man is passin' over clayey ground, and he clogs his own feet with it, how is he to win a race? He was a young man, and nimble enough to run along the high-road to meet with Jesus; but his soul was heavy laden with the pleasures and the cares o' riches, and could not run up the shinin' road to God.

"Through a needle's eye! Isn't that much the same as enterin' in at the strait gate? The gate's just wide enough to let our souls in, but it can't be stretched to let in one rag of our possessions. If we poor folk love our bits of cottages, or our gardens, or our boats, so as to make us forget God, why we are trying to drive our camel through the needle's eye; and it can't be done. We're what the world calls poor, almost all of us, but we can make Jesus very sorrowful.

"If we were out in a great storm, with darkness comin' on, and rocks, strange rocks, ahead, and us driftin' on them, and we saw a quiet ha-
ven close by, only with a channel so na
and so low an archway to go under that we
lower our masts and see that our tackli
all taut and tight, would we go on to the
and be lost rather than run into that saf
bor? Nay; wouldn't we quit nets, and
and all, and escape with our bare lives?
would, you would. Well, then, for your
sake get rid of all that keeps you back
God; enter in at the strait gate; go th
the needle's eye.

"Peter said, 'We have forsaken all a
lowed thee; what shall we have there
Ah! Peter, are you goin' to make a b
with the Lord? But the Lord was not
with him. The disciples had done the
first; they had done what the rich ma
not do. They had forsaken all they h
followed him. They had gone throug
needle's eye. And what did Jesus p
them? Everlasting life! The only thi
poor rich young man lacked. Well do
ciples! good and faithful servants! y
lack nothin'; enter ye into the joy of ou

"The kingdom of God! There are
folks or poor folks there; no great
small men. 'The rich and the poor
gether; the Lord is the maker of them a
makes men rich or poor as He sees fit,
what is best for every one of us. 'We
nothin' into this world,' says Paul to Ti
'and it is certain we can carry nothi
'The love of money is the root of all
says again, 'which while some have cov
ter, they have erred from the faith, and
themselves through with many sorrows.
might well be grieved about the rich
man. He went away to pierce himself
with many sorrows.

"But I was wishful to say a word
about the kingdom of God. Paul was
up into the third heaven, and heard u
ble things, which it is not lawful for m
ter. That is the grand palace and thro
kingdom; but the kingdom of God i
this life. Paul says, and he knew bet
most men, that its righteousness and pe
joy in the Holy Ghost. It's mostly an
able thing, but I'll tell you all I can abo

"There's righteousness. You and
can live in this world in a way to p
righteous God. I know I've my fa
failin's; all of us have; but there's
thing I do that I can look up to Go
and know He is pleased with it. 'I d
those things that please Him,' says Jes
Lord! Thou wert His only begotten
whom He is ever well pleased. But w
always do things that please Him; o
times, when we are most like little
playin' at work, and thinkin' they ar
father's boat down into the sea with t
hands, while he's pullin' with might a
and smiles at them for helpin' him. G
down upon us when we think we're hel

"Then after righteousness comes p
peace that Jesus left to His disciples.
goin' into glory, and He left His peac
—a peace passin' all understandin'. I
tell you what it is like, though it is uns
Sometimes I've been far away from la
open sea, and there's been nought bu
above me, and the blue water all ar
The sky seemed like the sea, and the
like the sky; all calm, quietness, pe
land there, with its work and worry.
let myself float on it, like a babe ly
mother's lap, looking up to the blue s
above me.

"That's how my soul is with G
restin' upon Him in a great calm
There's nought but God above and be
all about my soul. When it lifts up it
looks around there's nought but G
seen; there's no fears, no cares, no
rowin' for itself. Above it there i
smilin' face of God. This is peace;
unspeakable and full of glory is I d
yet, but my joy shall be full, and no

take it away from me. This is the kingdom of God.

'Rich men that love their riches, and poor men that hate their poverty, cannot enter in, except through the needle's eye. Which of you will pass through this needle's eye?"

Old Dunnit had been standing with his face turned toward the dusky group of listeners, singing silently in the dimly-lighted interior, while Ernest had remained in the corner of the porch, from which he could see the sunlit cliffs. As the old man's voice, growing tremulous as it came near the close, altogether ceased, he moved quietly away, and taking an unfrequented track, was soon beyond the sound of the singing which rose and fell at measured intervals. It was a lovely summer evening, and Ernest sought a quiet, solitary spot on the cliffs, where no eye could see him, and no foot pass by.

He wished to be alone. All day his soul had been dwelling in darkness; and a new light was dawning upon it, solemn and mysterious as the daybreak after a tempestuous night. In his dread of poverty and his desire to be rich he had fallen into his temptation and the snare spread for him, and had erred from the faith. He had shut himself out of the kingdom of God.

Then there came to him one of those *strange and mysterious crises* in the history of the soul which none know save those who are called to pass through them. A deep awe overwhelmed him and he hid his face even from the dying light of the day. The earthy husk of life was stripped off and shrivelled up in the presence of the mighty influence that swept over him.

His soul was wrestling for a greater blessing than he had ever dreamed of before. Not a word came to his lips, or was fashioned in his brain. He was not conscious of the flight of the solemn hours. The quiet sounds of night did not penetrate his ear, and the soft summer breeze touched his head without arousing him. So motionless was he, he might have been dead.

But when he raised his head and lifted up his pallid, awe-stricken face, there was no more irresolution in his heart. Clifford lay below him in the dusk of the summer's night, with its sleeping cottages and strip of silver-sand, where the white fringed waves were rippling quietly. Above it stood his home, with one light burning still in Rose's window.

The church stood out clearly on its little slope of rising ground. All this was his own no longer. He must go out into the world recognized no more as the prosperous land-owner and popular magistrate. There would be conflicting and false rumors about him, and for a few days he would be the wonder and talk of the county. Then he would be forgotten, and Charles would be Clifford of Clifford.

He had suffered the bitterest pang for his daughter's sake. As yet indeed he did not know what the conflict had cost him, but it was over. There was a great calm in his inmost soul, as of one whose feet feel the steadfast rock beneath them, after long buffeting with mighty waves of the sea. He knew that he had only one Master, and that the yoke of all other servitude was broken from off his neck. The love of the world had been cast into the consuming fire of the love of God, and had been destroyed forever. He had entered into the kingdom of God.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE INVITATION OF CHRIST.

S. S. Lesson for April 11th, Matt. 11 : 20-30. Golden Text, ver. 28. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The title of our subject to-day refers only to the verse which is chosen for our golden text. We will begin by seeking to learn its deep lessons. "Come unto me," said our blessed Lord, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Shall we ask of Him, "Lord, is there profit in Thy service?" There is a ready answer, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Without Christ, so much labor and no profit; with Christ, so large a recompense for so little service. "Come *unto* me," he says—*i.e.*, Come, until you reach me, thyself; don't stop half way; don't be satisfied with my gifts; it is myself you want, and I will give you rest. Labor which brings no return exhausts and depresses, but Jesus, although he calls to service, provides a service which strengthens instead of exhausting, and which is rest in labor.

It matters not in what position we may be—of danger, difficulty, temptation, or sin—this invitation is addressed to us as the only way out of it—*i.e.*, by coming to Jesus. O how many of God's own children labor to conquer temptation instead of coming to Him with it! how many weary themselves in the effort to extricate themselves from danger or difficulty instead of simply applying to Him who has promised to instruct and guide them in the way in which they should go, and guide them with His eye. In the life of most of us it is not the things we have to do lying directly in the way of our duty which weary and perplex us, but the planning, the uncertainty, the after-regrets which belong to a life in which the guidance of God is occasionally but not habitually recognized.

A mother desires to place a boy at school. She is a Christian woman, and of course she prays for guidance, but does not expect it to be so definite and clear that she will only have to act upon it. There is a school perhaps in which there is the best of instruction, the highest class of boys, but no distinctly spiritual influence. She hears of another in which the Christian influence is all that she could wish, but she has heard that the instruction is not of the best order. Now what shall she do? Has she a right to sacrifice the good of her boy's soul to mere human learning? But then has she a right to place her boy at a disadvantage as regards learning, so that he may run the risk of being called a religious ignoramus, and of himself rebelling against the mortification of such a position? From this ferment of debating thoughts the Master calls, "Come unto me; I know what is best for thy boy; deliver over the matter to me with quietness and confidence, and thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee, saying, 'This is the way,'" etc. (Isa. 30 : 19-21).

A Christian falls ill, and then there is the labor of consulting physicians, of entering a very slavery of regimen, of undertaking expensive journeys to seek another atmosphere, sometimes a submitting to dangerous and most painful operations. Jehovah, our Physician (Ex. 15 : 26. Heb.), calls, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Another Christian has some moral weakness, shyness, nervousness, etc., which make things which are simple to others an intolerable burden to him or to her. He meets beforehand the occasions which are likely to try him, he seeks to muster up courage to face them; makes, as it were, a rehearsal, which, alas! only weakenss him where the occasion is really present, and then he is disappointed and heavy laden to find all this labor futile. Jesus calls him away from himself and says, "Come unto me; behold, I make all things new" (Rev. 21 : 5).

Others labor and are heavy laden under the pressure of heavy bereavement, and they seek, by change of scene, by difference of occupation, by cheerful society, etc., to lull the cry of an aching heart, but all in vain. It is the alone office of Jesus "to comfort all that mourn" (Isa. 61 : 2), and He says to every heavy laden mourner, "Come unto me."

But the heaviest load, and the most weary, is the load of sin; the hardest labor is in the service of sin. Place side by side the man and woman who have served sin, the thief, the drunkard, the miser, the profligate, the liar, the prostitute, the fortune-teller, the woman of the world, etc., etc., with ten men and women who really love Christ, and in which rank of the two do we find the weary and the heavy laden? On the faces of which do we see the deeply-traced lines of care and suffering and unrest? Which are they who look old before their time? Such a survey will confirm the words of the wise man, "The way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. 13 : 15). But the call of Jesus knows no exceptions; from sin as well as from all else, from sin whether in the case of the lost sinner or that of the back slider, the Master calls, "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest."

But relief and rest are not all he offers; he calls us to an education, for Jesus is come to seek souls who shall be "to the praise of the glory of His grace" (Eph. 1 : 6) during an endless eternity, souls which shall "honor Him" (Isa. 58 : 13). Therefore He continues: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Christ has not redeemed us that we may live as masters of our own life, but that we may learn of Him to do the will of God, and in the learning and in the doing "ye shall find rest unto your souls." The first necessity with a scholar is that he should be willing to receive instruction. Here is a teacher who has been a learner upon earth, who is Himself meek and lowly of heart, and who offers to teach us the same blessed virtues. But in order that we may learn we must be under the yoke. Practically we must act as those who are at school, and have faith that all the lessons we receive are the best adapted to insure our progress. Our Teacher has his eye on the great eternity for which He is seeking to fit us, a destiny of which we know nothing as yet; let us have faith in Him, and take His yoke of submission and obedience in every thing upon us, and we shall rest in the blessed confidence that He cannot but succeed to attain His end with us.

He declares, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." He never says that we shall have no burdens, but it is our own burdens which are the heavy ones, and these He invites us to cast upon Him (1 Peter, 5 : 7; Ps. 55 : 22). He lays His burden upon us, the burden of the Lord, of souls, of the state of His church, etc.; and because it is borne for Him, and every personal care for soul or body has become His concern, His burden becomes one that His true disciples would not dispense with. Other yokes are far from being easy (see Isa. 10 : 27; 14 : 25; 47 : 6; 58 : 6), but His yoke has been made easy because He as man has worn it first, and He as man has practised all the renunciation of Himself to which He calls us. His will is always blessed when we put ourselves out of the question, as in Rom. 12 : 1-3, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice. . . ."

Our Lord had been upbraiding the cities wherein most of His mighty works were done, because they repented not. He showed them they were more guilty and in greater danger than Tyre, Sidon, and Sodom. "I say unto you," he adds, "that it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you." And again, speaking to Capernaum, "It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee." At that time Jesus *answered*, "What does this mean?"

"I thank Thee, O Father," He says, "Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." It seems in a way to have broken upon Him that God would make known His mind to the very lowly ones, and therefore His call that we should learn of Him who is meek and lowly of heart. "Even so, Father," etc. There was intense joy in the human heart of Jesus to discover His Father's mind. Then, as a preface to His invitation, He says, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father." He calls us to come to One who is potent to help. All things, all circumstances, all powers, are subject to Him. "And no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him." Therefore how great is the contempt which those manifest toward Him who refuse His invitation!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Exciting Struggle for Political Power in Great Britain is now at its height, and both parties are using all their endeavors to succeed. The uncontested constituencies number less than one hundred. There are 658 seats to be filled, and for these 1091 candidates have offered themselves. Of this number 499 are Liberals, 495 Conservatives, and 97 Home Rulers. Party managers on both sides predict that the contest will be fiercer than any seen during this generation. As yet, there is no ground on which to base any prognostication of the result; but it is a significant fact that at the Carlton Club in London, which is the Conservative headquarters for the kingdom, expectations of an increase in the number of Lord Beaconsfield's supporters are not so sanguine during the last few days.

Mr. Gladstone's indefatigable labors have brought on an illness which has laid him aside for a few days, but he is now reported to be recovering. In the course of a recent speech he used expressions hostile to Austria, which have excited ill-will toward him in Europe. In the same speech he called Russia "the friend of liberty"—an appellation which must have surprised even the Liberal friends of that nation. Foreign readers of the speech consider the idea "so utterly unintelligible as to baffle all attempts at a reasonable explanation."

The Marquis of Hartington, the Nominal leader of the Liberal Party, defined, in an address to his constituents on March 25th, the changes of policy which would ensue if he and his party were in a majority after the election. He said "they would not stake the interest or honor of England on the maintenance of the independence and integrity of an unreformed Turkish Government; they would not treat the relations of the Turkish Government with its Christian subjects as a matter of interest only to Russia and Turkey; they would not try to disturb the concert of Europe; if it was united as to what should be done they would do all in their power to promote that concert."

That definition appears to indicate that the Liberal foreign policy would be to accord with the majority of the European nations, whatever that majority desired. Such a policy is *an eminently safe one;* but it is doubtful how far it would be satisfactory to a large majority of English citizens, who like to see their country leading rather than following in the councils of Europe.

A God-Dishonoring Policy is the Expressive appellation given by the London *Record* to the British proceedings in Africa. In its issue of March 12th it says, "We fully sympathize with the indignant complaints which have been made in our columns as to the God-dishonoring course pursued by our officials in South Africa as to Christian missionaries. So long as the whole of South Africa was under the administration of Sir Bartle Frere, there was no room for complaint; but since Sir Garnet Wolseley became Her Majesty's High Commissioner in Zululand, the counsels of Mr. John Dunn seem to be in the ascendant. Almost the first act in Mr. John Dunn's administration as British Resident included *an attack on missionaries;* and although the remonstrances it occasioned drew out explanatory modifications of his Anglo-Zulu policy, Sir Garnet Wolseley's own words have been justly condemned as unworthy of the representative of a Christian Queen and a great Christian nation."

It is, to say the least of it, singular that in Africa, a continent indebted so heavily to such missionaries as Dr. Robert Moffat and David Livingstone, the presence of missionaries should be so restricted. And it is still more remarkable that England should be the power to impose the restrictions.

The Russian Nihilists are as Active as ever in issuing denunciatory manifestoes, declaring that they will be satisfied with nothing less than a constitution, and the abdication of the Czar, to which the government replies by unlimited arrests and domiciliary visits. According, however, to the latest reports from St. Petersburg, General Melikoff has begun to think that, perhaps, after all, there has been a little too much "repression" of late, and is now constantly closeted with the Czarewitch, with whom he is said to be busily drawing up a scheme of liberal reforms, by the promulgation of which it is hoped that the Nihilist party will be divided, and consequently weakened.

The proposed constitution is said to include comparative liberty of the press, restrictions of the authority of the police, the extension of the prerogatives of the provincial councils, and the free expression of opinion. These reforms are to be intrusted to twenty-six committees, one for each of the governments of Russia. It is expected also that some of the recent sentences of exile will be quashed. It is the general opinion that many innocent persons have been sent to Siberia, and from Odessa alone no fewer than six hundred prisoners have been deported, most of whom in an ordinary trial would not have received such an extreme sentence.

Retrenchment in Turkey appears to have been vigorously commenced. Telegrams from Constantinople state that the economical reforms recently decided upon by the Council of Ministers are of a very extensive character, including *reductions in the salaries* of many State officials. The Grand Vizier, whose salary was formerly $15,000 per month, will in future receive only $1250, the other Ministers being paid at the rate of $1000 per month. We are also told in the same telegrams that "the Porte proposes to invite the co-operation of foreign capital for carrying out industrial undertakings in Turkey."

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Annual Church Meeting.—The Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, has just held its annual meeting, and the statistics showed the increase by baptism during the year as 305; by letter, 100; by profession, 37; by restoration, 3; total, 445. The present numbers are 5290. In the Sunday-school there are 1200 scholars and 105 teachers; 42 scholars have joined the church during the year.

The Centenary of Dr. Chalmers, the Distinguished Presbyterian Free Church minister, fell on March 17th, and the occasion was celebrated at various places in Scotland. Dr. Chalmers was born in 1780, and died in the year 1847. Mr. Gladstone, the famous English statesman, says: "He was indeed one of nature's nobles, and most of the qualities which stamped him with that character were obvious to all who came across his path. I do not mean merely his rich and glowing eloquence, but his warrior grandeur, his unbounded philanthropy, his strength of purpose, his mental integrity, his absorbed and absorbing earnestness." As an instance of his singular simplicity and detachment from the world, he declined the offer of a valuable living, because in the position offered him he would not be so well able to promote the interests of the poor.

One of the Victims of the Tay Bridge Disaster had attended divine service on the day of the calamity. His body has been picked up to the eastward of Tay Bridge. It was identified as that of Mr. David Jobson, oil and color merchant, West Dock Street, Dundee. Mr. Jobson had been to Perth on Sunday, December 28th, assisting at the opening of a mission station, and was returning home when the accident happened. *His Bible was found in his pocket*, and his gold watch, money, and jewellery.

Lord Radstock, the English Nobleman, whose preaching has been so signally blessed of God, has been the means of the conversion of the Russian General Pashkoff, who is creating (says a London society journal) a sensation on the banks of the Neva by his preaching of the Gospel. The General is one of the wealthiest landowners in Russia, and possesses vast estates in the Ural Mountains, which have only seen his face once, and that several years ago, when he came into possession of the property. On that occasion the General was so mobbed by the peasants, who had a thousand and one complaints to make against his steward, that he vowed he wou never pay them a visit again. General Pashk is doing much good among the leaders and f lowers of Russian society. Let us hope a pray that he will also spread Gospel instructi among the peasants on his estates, in one which alone there are over 10,000 peasants, a not a single school.

A Converted Cab-driver at Hastings, Enland, went to his employer and told him he wou have to leave off Sunday work. His employ said, "Then you are not the man for me." T cab-driver replied, "I am sorry to lose my e ployment, but I am determined to do what right and trust the consequences to God." Th man had four children, and he went home a commended himself to God in prayer. Afte few days a lady he had been in the habit of dr ing out every day told him it had been laid her heart as to how he was getting on. He t her how things had turned out, and she bid h go and buy a horse and cab and she would for it. He was to have the money without terest and to pay it back if he could. A Ch tian friend had occasion, not long ago, to on him, and found that he had not to go int back-yard and up some steps over the stable, went up to the front door of a good house, w bay-windows each side the door, and the had then four horses and cabs of his own. C scientious faithfulness to God often has its ward even in this life.

A Child was Rescued by a Horse fro watery grave recently in France. A Europ newspaper relates a remarkable instance of affection of animals toward those who are k to them. A farmer in one of the southern partments of France had a rough shaggy ho whom no one about the place liked on acco of its stubborn ways and uncertain, intract temper. The farmer would have got rid of brute but for the fondness his little son, a c six years old, had for it. The child could any thing with the horse, and would feed fondle it like a pet. The horse apparently ciprocated the child's affection, and would c like a dog at his call. One day lately the were away at their work and the mother attending to some domestic duty, when the ch playing in the garden, fell into a deep pond would have been drowned had not his f footed friend, loose in the stall, heard the fam voice cry out in fright, and going to the edg the pond, drew him out by his garments.

An Elephant Detective.—In India each phant is attended by a keeper, who has to it its food. A gentleman suspected that on his elephants did not get his due quantity of and one day he charged a keeper with stea the rice which he should have given to the phant. The man began to deny the charge, was declaring his innocence in the most sol way, when the animal, which was standing raised its trunk, lifted the man's turban his head, and shook it, when out fell a quanti rice! The thief, thus convicted, at once down and confessed his crime. He was of co punished, and the elephant always afterw got his proper amount of food. The keeper ably thought that as the dumb animal he wro was the only witness of his crime he woul cape detection, and was doubtless much surp at the decisive proof so unexpectedly furnis A day will come when many crimes the perp tors imagine to be absolutely and finally con ed will be disclosed and a just punishmen flicted.

The New Bishop of Jerusalem Appointe Queen Victoria has arrived in his diocese met with a hearty reception. The party Ramelah at sunrise, says a corresponden east wind prevailing as piercing as any o Norfolk coast in March. After lunche Kirjath-jearim they arrived at Colonia, w they met with warm greetings, the valley crowded with people from Jerusalem. A body of mounted soldiers escorted them Jerusalem, and every community in the City sent a representative.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ingle Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1880. 14th Year. No. 15—New Series.

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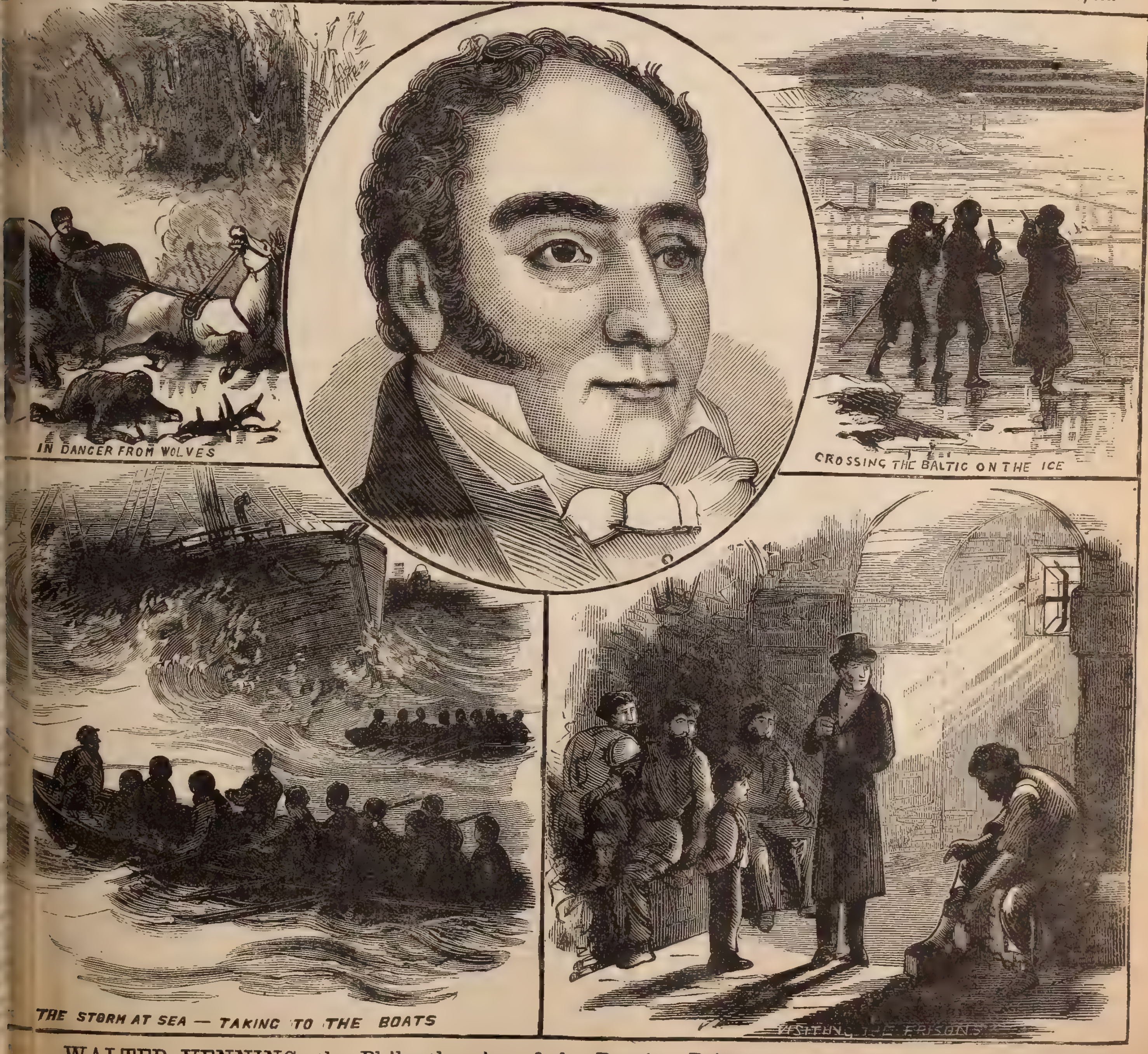


IN DANGER FROM WOLVES

CROSSING THE BALTIC ON THE ICE

THE STORM AT SEA — TAKING TO THE BOATS

VISITING THE PRISONS

WALTER VENNING, the Philanthropist of the Russian Prisons, and Scenes in his Life.

WALTER VENNING,

The Russian Prison Philanthropist.

Early Days—Commercial Training—Starts for St. Petersburg—Reverence for the Lord's Day—Perilous Journey on the Ice—Religious Experience—His Father's Happy Death—An Earnest Prayer—Joins Dr. Winter's Church—Chooses a Sphere of Usefulness—"Prison Discipline Society"—A Contrite Culprit—Friends at Court—Visits Moscow—Distinguished Associates—Saving an English Girl—A Wreck—An Attack of Fever—"Asleep in Jesus"—Eulogy of a Prince—Monument.

WALTER VENNING, the subject of our portrait this week, was born at Totnes, Devonshire, England, on the 15th of November, 1781. In that salubrious and beautiful neighborhood he spent his early days, under the tender care and vigilant superintendence of his pious parents, whose devoted attachment to their youngest son Walter made them ever solicitous to train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

His father was engaged in commercial pursuits, and young Walter was carefully educated with a view to the same honorable employment. Before he had attained his sixteenth year he embarked on the ocean of commerce with the fairest prospects, and, removing to London, remained with his elder brother, William, for two years; but with a noble intrepidity, and stimulated by a spirit of legitimate enterprise, he resolved to quit his native shores to augment his fortunes, and starting for *St. Petersburg*, joined his brother John, who had a large mercantile establishment in that city. Here he remained for a considerable time, and uniformly acted with candor and integrity.

On his arrival in this splendid northern capital he would not join his youthful associates in their jovial festivities *on the Lord's day*, nor did he ever shake off what is profanely called "the prejudices of education," so as to run the same length of vice which many of his companions did. His principal restraint employed by God's grace was his *memory*. With the rapidity of lightning and the force of an electric shock memory presented to his mind the holy example and valuable religious instruction of his beloved father. This operated as a constant and powerful check upon him, and by the grace of God the impetuosity of youthful passions was effectually curbed.

CROSSING THE GULF OF FINLAND ON THE ICE.

In October, 1807, he proposed to visit his native country, but the severity of an early winter delayed the execution of his purpose. With his natural ardor, however, and quickened by the desire of reaching England that winter, he hired two men to accompany him in an attempt to cross the gulf on the ice, though it was nearly seven English miles direct to Cronstadt.

In commencing this enterprise they had first to traverse a pathless wood for about two miles before they reached the sea-shore. On their arrival they found the ice was scarcely strong enough to bear their weight. Hoping, however, that it would increase in thickness as they advanced from the shore, they proceeded, as represented in *our picture*, trying every step with poles, which often penetrated through the slightly formed ice, and betrayed how near they were to a frozen tomb.

As they approached the current of the River Neva they found the water scarcely congealed; to advance in that line was impossible, to return was extremely perilous; and therefore they resolved to prosecute their course by a circuit higher up the gulf. Here they found their path more firm, yet so slippery that they were thrown down every few yards of their progress, which rendered their situation more hazardous, as every fall endangered the breakage of the ice, which would at once have plunged them into the water and entailed certain death.

But the God of his fathers still watched over him, and though cold, bruised, and exhausted, yet he arrived at Cronstadt before nightfall, in perfect safety, to the utter astonishment of his friends who heard of his adventure. From thence he obtained a passage in a small and crazy vessel down the Baltic, amid all the rigorous terrors of a northern winter, and at length arrived safely in England.

HIS CONVERSION IN 1810.

Soon after his arrival at home he became deeply convinced of the necessity of a personal interest in the Divine favor. Hitherto he had been a stranger to those cheering and animating prospects which arise from a participation of the mercy of God, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Like the ancient inhabitants of Ephesus, he had been living "without hope and without God." Often had he felt the unsatisfying nature of worldly pleasures; their sapless, momentary, evanescent joys could never fill his soul; but happily for him he had returned to the midst of dear Christian friends, who could direct him to the unfailing source of permanent and unutterable bliss.

About this time also his venerable father died, and the sacred tranquillity, the joyful hope, and delightful prospects which he experienced on his dying bed greatly strenghtened Walter's desires after that felicity which flows alone from genuine religion. The dying saint gave valuable testimony to the worth of an unchanging Saviour, and the moment before he closed his eyes in death he exclaimed, "There is light"—the radiance of immortality breaking in upon his happy soul.

These particulars deeply affected the susceptible heart of Mr. Venning. He read and studied the Scriptures with real solicitude. He sought after truth as a man in earnest, and the Father of mercies did not let him seek in vain.

One Lord's day evening, in December, 1810, he was reading the third sermon of Dr. Doddridge, on "Regeneration," when, to use his own language, "I felt my mind overpowered with delight, so that tears of joy ran down my cheeks. I immediately fell on my knees, and never prayed more earnestly than in repeating, 'Lord, take me by the hand!' I never experienced any thing equal to the exquisite delight which I then felt.

HIS ACTIVITY AS A MEMBER OF DR. WINTER'S.

In the beginning of 1811 he was called to Dartmouth, Devon, to attend the funeral of his mother, and during the visit he became acquainted with the Rev. T. Stenner, the official successor of the venerated John Flavel. Mr. Stenner having obtained his confidence, he informed him of his religious experience, and of his wish to join the church at New Court, Carey Street, London, then presided over by the well-known Rev. Dr. Winter. Having been duly proposed as a candidate for fellowship, on the 6th of September, 1811, he became a member of the church.

Several spheres of useful labor were suggested to Mr. Venning by Dr. Winter, and he chose for his department to visit the abodes of sickness and administer relief and comfort to the afflicted and dying. By this means his ear became familiar with the tale of woe; his tenderness and compassion increased, and his visits of mercy were unremitting. The habit of praying and conversing with the poor, the sick, and the dying became the means of strengthening and employing his mind, and no doubt laid the basis of those more extensive exertions of disinterested benevolence which principally characterized the latter years of his life.

In the year 1816 "The Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline" was formed, and at once enlisted his sympathy. The promoters of this society were men of kindred spirit with himself, and he entered so warmly into their plans that much of his time was spent in visiting the prisons of London, endeavoring to impart religious knowledge to those who were confined in them. A singularly happy instance of the success of his labors greatly encouraged him, of which the following is the substance:

When visiting Coldbath Fields Prison, London, he saw amid the culprits a fine lad of engaging manners and prepossessing countenance. He inquired particularly into his case, and found that he was imprisoned for the first offence. Anxious to snatch this juvenile offender from the jaws of ruin, he gave him much patien struction, watching his conduct and looking marks of contrition. In this he happily succ ed, and the lad was subsequently placed wi tradesman, whom he faithfully served, and Venning felt amply repaid for all the toils he dured in the service of humanity.

This circumstance operated on Mr. Venni mind in the most powerful manner, and so couraged him that when he was once inviti young gentleman to engage in the same mer labors, he said to him, "Only succeed in recl ing one offender and it will make you a *p* *man* forever."

HIS PRISON MISSION WORK IN ST. PETERSB

The works of benevolence which now occu the attention of Mr. Venning called forth energies of his character in a manner at on delightful and unexpected that his friends convinced that God was training him for very extended sphere of usefulness. W therefore, they knew that he proposed to *St. Petersburg* with a view to promote the anthropic plans of the Prison Society, the joiced in the contemplation of the field of C tian labor which was open to him.

The ship in which he embarked left Grave on May 18th, 1817. A pleasant voyage of teen days brought him to Elsinore, a pc which it was customary for vessels to stay t they entered the Baltic. Mr. Venning av himself of the delay to visit Copenhagen, *the prison*, and thus to commence in the c of Denmark his mission of humanity t north.

A short passage of seven days brought th to St. Petersburg. This was Mr. Venn *fourth* visit to the Russian metropolis, an years had elapsed since his last departure. only intended a short visit now, but variou cumstances conspired to protract it. One r was, the cordial reception he met with; an the greatly improved state of religious soci the city; a third, the enlarged opening whi saw for all plans of promoting religion th the exertions of the Bible Society; and f the opportunity for his favorite employm visiting the prisons.

Mr. Venning's intelligence and piety m out at once the course he was determin prosecute. He was resolved not to act the lating part of a religious borderer, or to d that debatable land which affords a sa tory abode to many professors of religion withdrew from the ordinary round of g society, and attached himself only to thos like himself, were making "the glory of the chief end of their existence. He wa introduced to several individuals of sp rank and eminent piety in the Court Petersburg, who were anxious to employ talents and their influence for the amelic of human wretchedness.

Having secured the friendship of Prince ander Galitzin, he obtained through him p sion from the Emperor Alexander "to vi Russian prisons at all times," on the cor that he should draw up a report of their s be laid before his Imperial Majesty. He a Prince Galitzin that he should think of n else but prisons; and, consequently, he n declined all commercial business, but a absented himself from the Exchange should be in any way interrupted in his b lent operations.

The abodes of misery of every name Petersburg were now visited by him da day, and many a prisoner, bowed dow affliction and iron, was cheered, instructe saved by his ministration. In January, 1 wrote thus to his sisters: "All my attenti time have been taken up since my arr visiting the prisons, houses of correction houses, hospitals, mad-houses, etc., and just completed my inspection of them, an forwarded the report of my observations to Galitzin, who will lay it before his I Majesty, with a memorial pointing out t ture of prison discipline upon the improve h, with the blessing of that glorious Being hears the groaning of the prisoner and s up the broken-hearted, will, I trust, be uctive of much good."

HIS VISIT TO THE MOSCOW PRISONS.

he Imperial Court removing to Moscow, and ce Galitzin inviting Mr. Venning thither to re the prisons of that city, he rejoiced at so able an opportunity, and in the middle of a ous winter set off, on the 11th of February, He thought nothing of the fatigue of a ey of 520 miles, when he knew that he t obtain additional opportunities of promot- g is philanthropic schemes and securing the of his fellow-creatures.

ring this journey to Moscow an accident red which, but for the interposition of the e hand, might have had a fatal termination. darkness of night coming on before the final of the day's distance was covered, and the road through the forest being longer was anticipated, the travelling party were red by hearing amid the death-like still-

H DEEP BAYING OF HUNGRY WOLVES, AND THE CARRIAGE WAS OVERTURNED

same, and the occupants were in danger the predatory and voracious creatures. ever, through the kind providence of an atchful Father, though some of the party uch bruised and all were greatly terrified, was sacrificed.

is city he was honored by an interview with incess Mestchersky, who entered decided- his views, and translated his Memorial Russ. This distinguished lady accom- him in his first visit to the Moscow pris- ; nd so fully were her Christian sympathies orth by the scenes she witnessed that, on nation of the Female Association for Visit- isons in St. Petersburg, she left the mag- e and luxury of the Taurida Palace for the n prison, every day, to read portions of iptures to the female convicts, and to them with work and instruction.

Venning not only visited the prisons, hos- workhouses, and mad-houses of Moscow, o those of Novgorod and Tver. The metropolis, Novgorod, exhibits a most ing object in the cathedral of St. Sophia, ontains pictures painted *before* the arts ted Italy, and which were most probably from Greece, while the situation of on the lofty banks of the Volga, is very nd imposing. These, however, had no r Mr. Venning. Writing to his sisters return from Moscow, he says: "When u that *my sole object was to visit prisons* not expect from me airy descriptions of d and Tver."

g other distinguished ladies who united es into a society to promote the benevo- hemes of Mr. Venning was Mrs. Kaza- the widow of the late Minister of State nterior, who was appointed President of s' committee. Mr. Venning, at her own equest, accompanied her in her first visit risons, and very affecting scenes took ween this lady and the female prisoners. them, with tears, that she came to do od. They were astonished, and after and affectionate converse with them, ade them weep, she supplied them with for work. Some whose offences were re recommended to mercy, and her Ex- ent them all a good dinner the next day own kitchen.

nning's benevolence was not absorbed pless criminals he visited. His papers at he constantly had a great variety of distress to relieve which were not be- ublic eye. One day he was found re- an unhappy English girl, who was rom her country and robbed of her vir- heartless betrayer, who left her impover- deserted to die in a foreign land; but ely aids she was delivered and brought t of the Saviour. Another day he was llecting money among his friends for a poor but very respectable widow and her orphan children, for whom he obtained that assistance which saved her from a prison and the children from want.

In August, 1820, he contemplated a visit to Denmark and England, with a view to enlarge his sphere of usefulness; but the Prince of the kings of the earth, who fixes "the bounds of our habitation" and has "a set time for man on the earth," had determined that his career of benevolence should shortly close.

He sailed from Cronstadt, on the 9th of August, in the George, an American vessel, bound to Copenhagen. After having been three days at sea the tempestuous weather drove them upon a reef of rocks in the Gulf of Finland, not one hundred miles from the port which they had left. Here the ship was immovably fixed for fifteen long hours, and during a dark night they were in fearful expectation of being engulfed by the angry waves which beat against them. Part of a valuable cargo was cast into the deep, and at length the captain told Mr. Venning he must abandon the vessel to the destruction which was now inevitable. Mr. Venning encouraged him, and

THEY TOOK TO THE BOATS.

They saw vessels pass, yet they were not discovered; but at length they were seen and rescued from their perilous situation.

On his return to Cronstadt he was congratulated by the officers of the guard frigate upon his having received what, in the idiom of their country, they call "a new life." But he was attacked with serious illness before he could leave that place, doubtless the result of his fatigue, and exposure, and was reduced to such a state of weakness by fever as to prevent his walking. At length he was able to go to his brother's country house, where he was favored with the Christian sympathies of his friend Prince Galitzin.

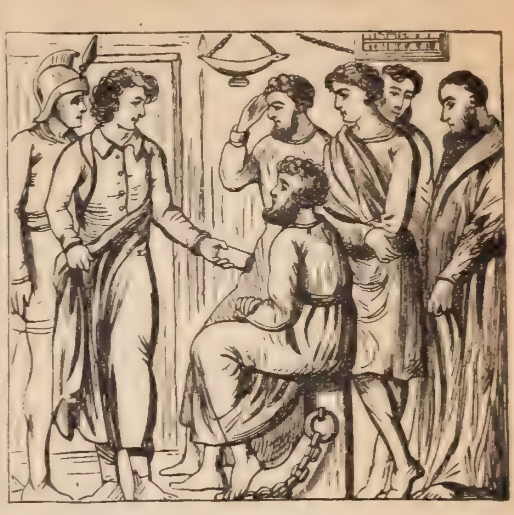
Nothing dismayed by the perils of the sea, he again took passage for Copenhagen, in the ship Alexander, and though his continued indisposition again disappointed, it did not destroy the purpose, the execution of which he felt was uncertain and which he never accomplished.

While he was yet in a delicate state of health he went as usual to the prison. At this time there was a prisoner dangerously ill of typhus fever. Both Mr. Venning and a friend of his who accompanied him received the infection. Mr. Venning's attack assumed the usual symptoms of a cold, and made insidious progress, which for seven days alarmed neither the physician nor himself, till at length decided symptoms of typhus appeared, which continued, with some delusive intervals, for seven days more, when the attack of

TYPHUS FEVER ENDED IN HIS DEATH.

It was on Monday, January 10th, 1821, when the doctor, with Mr. John Venning, entering the room with some other Christian friends, they found him apparently insensible. They, however, kneeled around his bed in prayer, and commended his departing spirit to Jesus, and it took its happy flight to heaven during the same night, in the fortieth year of his age.

A few days after his funeral the annual meeting of the Prison Society was held, when his bereaved friend, Prince Galitzin, pronounced a eulogium which proved alike the affection of the friend and the piety of the Christian. It closed with a proposal to erect a public monument to his memory. "Not splendor, nor vain show, nor empty eulogy," said the Prince, "ought to constitute the symbols of this monument, but a smplicity which shall speak to the heart and excite to pious reflections. While Russia has to show near one frontier the ashes of his countryman, who marked the first traces of amelioration in the condition of prisoners and of the sick and suffering, ler her also show another monument of a *second Howard—here*, a worthy follower and emulator of the good deeds of the *first*. The Lord blesseth His work when He bestows the instruments of His grace on earth; the Lord has accomplished His work when He taketh them to Himself in heaven."



FAC-SIMILE OF THE BAS-RELIEF ON THE MONUMENT IN ST. PETERSBURG TO WALTER VENNING, the PHILANTHROPIST.

This has been accomplished. The monument is a square tomb, as shown above, surmounted after the Russian taste, with an irradiated cross. A *bas-relief*, representing Mr. Venning entering a prison, with a Bible in his hand, occupies the front side, beneath which are inscribed, in Russian and English, the appropriate words, "I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME; I WAS IN PRISON AND YE CAME UNTO ME"; and also Revelation 14:13.

On the reverse side is placed an inscription in Russian, of which the following is a translation: "The Society of St. Petersburg for the Improvement of Prisons have raised this monument to the memory of their beloved fellow-laborer, Walter Venning, the countryman of Howard, and founder of the prison institutions of this country. He was born in November, 1781, and died in the Lord Jesus Christ on the 10th of January, 1821."

Thus is the memory of the philanthropist honored by those who witnessed his self-denying labors. But his reward is in heaven and in the witness he had that he pleased God. That reward is more enduring than granite, and it is given to many whom the world knows nothing of, or knowing them, despises as fools and fanatics.

The Fowl's Feathers and Slander.—One Day a lady presented herself to Father Philip Neri, accusing herself of being a slanderer. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired he. "Yes, father, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said Philip, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is still greater; for your penance do as follows: Go to the nearest market and purchase a chicken, just killed, and still covered with feathers; then walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along. Your walk finished, return to me." Accordingly, she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on the journey, plucking it as she went along. In a short time she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desiring to receive some explanation of one so singular. "Ah," said Philip, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders; now do the second part and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers that you have scattered." "But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in every direction. How can I recover them?" "Well, my child," replied he, "so it is with your *words of slander:* like the *feathers* which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back now if you can. Go, sin no more."

THE TEMPEST HUSHED.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Evening, March 21st, 1880;* and specially reported for the Christian Herald.

"And there were also with Him other little ships, and there arose a great storm of wind. And the wind. ceased and there was a great calm."—MARK 4 : 36-39

A Scene of Beauty—The Embarkation—Jesus Asleep in the Ship—The Storm Rises—Calmed at the Word of the Lord—I. It is Important to have Christ in the Ship—Commercial Enterprise—Financial Storms—II. Voyaging with Christ not always Smooth Sailing—The Christian Martyrs—Suffering for Christ now—III. Good People often Alarmed—Afraid the Church will Founder—Afraid of Revivals—A Foolish Captain—A Minister Sent for to Stop a Revival—His Impressive Illustration—IV. Christ's Divinity and Humanity—V. Christ can Hush all Storms.

TIBERIAS, Galilee, Gennesaret—three names for the same lake. No other gem ever had so beautiful a setting. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance: the surrounding hills high, terraced, sloped, groved, so many hanging gardens of beauty; the waters rumbling down between rocks of gray and red limestone, flashing from the hills, and bounding into the sea. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, every thing attractive and beautiful; all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm-tree of the forest to the trees of a rigorous climate.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched *one wave of beauty* on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing the lake, and countrymen in fish-smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a wonderful, what a beautiful lake!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it

AN EMBARKATION.

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out: not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy every thing they could seize; but a flotilla, bearing messengers of life, and light, and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from one side of the starboard to the larboard, or from the larboard to the starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and His head touched the pillow, than He is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm, as it comes on with ready stride, with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay trembling among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessels loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliff of the waves and then plunge.

The bell struck two, as with thunder-crash; and overboard go cargo, tackling, and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto Him: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes *the cry of drowning men*. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from His beard. He has one word for the sky, and another word for the waves. Looking upward He cries, "Peace!" Looking downward He says, "Be still."

The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars re-light their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with *His foot on the neck of the storm*. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm of the Saviour's countenance, and they cry out: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

I. The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have

CHRIST IN THE SHIP;

for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! We must always have Christ in the ship. Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. Many of you in these days of revived commerce are starting out in new financial enterprises. I bid you good cheer. Do all you can do. Do it on as high a plane as possible. You have no right to be a stoker in the ship if you can be an admiral of the navy. You have no right to be a colonel of a regiment if you can command a battalion; you have no right to be engineer of a boat on river-banks, or near the coast, if you can take the ocean steamer from New York to Liverpool. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have *Christ in every enterprise, Christ in every voyage, Christ in every ship*.

There are men here who ask God to help them at the start of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them.

But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After a while the storm comes, and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his life-boat, and the long-boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off: he must go down: no Christ in the ship. Here are young men just starting out in life. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadow. There may be in it arctic blasts, or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well.

You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after a while, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash forward midship, when by one turn of the wheel you are hurled backward, and the bowsprit is shivered, and the halliards are swept into the sea, and the gangway is crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Young man, take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

II. But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ

THEY MUST NOT EXPECT SMOOTH SAILING.

These disciples got into the small boats, and
I have no doubt they said, "What a beautifu
this is! What a smooth sea! What a b
sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this b
and as for the waves under the keel of the
why, they only make the motion of our
boat the more delightful." But when the w
swept down, and the sea was tossed into w
then they found that following Christ was
smooth sailing. So you have found it;
have found it. Did you ever notice the e
the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ?
would say that if ever men ought to have
smooth life, a smooth departure, then those
the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have
such a departure and such a life.

St. James lost his head. St. Philip was
to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had hi
dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark
dragged to death through the streets.
James the Less was beaten to death wi
fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck thr
with a spear. They did not find following
smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all
in the tempest! John Huss in the fire;
McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the
genses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covena
—did they find it smooth sailing.

But why go to history when I can
into this audience to-night and find a sc
illustrations of the truth of this subject.
young man in the store trying to serve
while his employer scoffs at Christianity
young men in the same store antagonistic
Christian religion, teasing him, tormentin
about his religion, trying to get him mad.
succeed in getting him mad, saying, "Yo
pretty Christian." Does this young man
smooth sailing when he tries to follow C
Here is *a Christian girl*. Her father de
the Christian religion; her mother despis
Christian religion; her brothers and sister
at the Christian religion; she can hardly
quiet place in which to say her prayers.
she find it smooth sailing when she tried
low Jesus Christ? Oh, no; all who woul
the life of the Christian religion must suff
secution; if you do not find it in one wa
will get it in another way.

The question was asked, "Who are *thos*
est the throne?" and the answer came
"These are they who came up out of great
lation;—great flailing, as the original h
great flailing, great pounding—" and ha
robes washed and made white in the bl
the Lamb." Oh, do not be disheartene
child of God! take courage. You are in
ous companionship. God will see you th
all these trials, and He will deliver you.

III. My subject also impresses me wi
fact that

GOOD PEOPLE SOMETIMES GET VERY M FRIGHTENED.

In the tones of these disciples as they
into the back part of the boat, I find t
frightened almost to death. They say: "
carest thou not that we perish?" They
reason to be frightened, for Christ was
boat. I suppose if we had been there we
have been just as much affrightened. F
more.

In all ages very good people get very
affrightened. It is often so in our day, a
say, "Why, look at the bad lectures; l
the Spiritualistic societies; look at the
errors going over the Church of God:
going to founder; the Church is going to
she is going to go down." Oh, how man
people are affrightened by unbelieving ini
our day, and think the Church of Jesu
and the cause of righteousness is goin
overthrown, and are just as much affrig
as the disciples of my text were affrig
Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniqui
going to triumph over righteousness.

A lion goes into a cavern to sleep.
down, with his shaggy mane covering th
Meanwhile the spiders spin a web acr
mouth of the cavern, and say, "We have c
him." Gossamer thread after gossamer

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* Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Tabernacle last Sunday, we therefore publish to-day a Sermon delivered on a previous Sunday evening

spun until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spiders' web, and the spiders say, "The lion is done; the lion is done." After a while the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spiders' web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain.

So men come, spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ; He seems to be sleeping. They say, "We have captured the Lord; He will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured, and captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after a while the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse Himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get affrightened in other respects; they are *affrightened in our day about revivals.* They say, "Oh! this is a strong religious gale; we are afraid the Church of God is going to upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the Church that are going to be of no use to it;" and they are affrightened whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches.

As though a ship captain with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo should say, some day coming upon deck, "Throw overboard all the cargo;" and the sailors should say, "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have *a peck of chaff* that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who seem to be tending that way. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; *the Lord will divide* the chaff from the wheat.

Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, I wish they would sweep through our cities to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock. The Lord willing, I will preach in Philadelphia in a great revival started under the ministry of one of our Lay College boys, a young man, who, three years ago, went out from here preaching the Gospel of Christ to twelve hundred souls. That is to be the celebration to-morrow at eleven o'clock—twelve hundred souls brought into the kingdom in this one church through his ministry. O that these gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century a revival broke out at Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said, "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston

TO STOP THE REVIVAL.

Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went up; he looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall very slowly through, between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling away from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as *that cane is falling* through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling very slowly." And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom as the cane kept falling and falling until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said, "But the grace of God can stop you, as I stopped that cane;" and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh, for the gales from heaven, and Christ on board the ship. The danger of the Church of God is not in revivals.

IV. Again my subject impresses me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here He is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired He looks, what sad dreams He must have! Look at His countenance; He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at Him, He is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, He falls asleep; He is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat: I hear Him say, "Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at His feet, and the tempests folding their wings in His presence; He is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble, and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat, and say, "O, Christ! weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross." A man, a man. But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death, and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say, "O Lord Jesus Christ, Thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief; hush all my temptation, hush all my sin." A man, a man; a God, a God.

V. I learn once more from this subject that

CHRIST CAN HUSH A TEMPEST.

It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized, yet Christ rises, and He puts His foot on the storm, and it crouches at His feet. Oh, yes! Christ can hush the tempest.

You have had trouble. Perhaps it was *the little child* taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the falling rafters and the crumbling stairways.

Perhaps it was *an aged mother.* You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket, or in the locket, didn't look as well as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church. Or your property gone, you said, "I have so much bank stock, I have so many government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms"—all gone, all gone.

Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ hushed the tempest. Your little one was taken away. Christ says, "I have that little one; I have captured him. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said, "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break." So you will find Jesus hushing the tempest.

There is one storm into which we will all have to run, the moment when we let go of this life, and try to take hold of the next, when we will want all the grace we can have—we will want it all. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death: all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the screaming wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears, calm, satisfied, peaceful; all is well.

Jesus hushing the tempest. "By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, all shall be well. Hushing the tempest. Hushing the tempest. Strike eight bells. All is well.

"Into the harbor of heaven now we glide;
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright, silv'ry tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God, we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last."

THE DOOR IN THE WALL AND HIDDEN TREASURE.

In the city of Lyons, in France, was a poor and childless widow, into whose desolate garret Want had entered as an armed man. She was not entirely without some feeling of dependence upon the God of the fatherless and the widow, but she was a misguided Romanist, and knew much more about saints and guardian angels than of Jesus Christ and what He has done for us.

One day, as she was sitting alone in her comfortless, half-empty room, it struck her that there was a singular outline on the beams of the wall. The walls had been whitewashed, but she thought it looked as if there had been a square opening in one of them which had been carefully closed with a kind of door. She examined it more closely, and the thought occurred to her, "Perhaps there is some treasure hidden there," for she remembered, as a child, the fearful days of the Revolution, when no property was safe from the men of "liberty and equality." Perhaps some rich man had concealed his treasure there from their rapacity, who had himself fallen a victim to the Revolution before he had time to remove it. And perhaps one of the saints, to whom she daily prayed, had preserved it there for her, to sweeten the evening of her days.

She tapped with her fingers, and the boards returned a hollow sound. With beating heart she tried to remove the square door, and presently succeeded, with some difficulty; but alas! instead of the gold and silver she hoped to see she beheld *a damp, dirty, mouldy old book!*

In her disappointment she was about to restore the boards again and leave the book behind them to mould and crumble away; but a secret induced her to take it out and see if there were any bank-notes or valuable papers in it; but no, it is nothing but a book—a mouldy volume!

When she had recovered from her vexation she began to wonder what book it could be that some one had hidden away so carefully. It must surely be something extraordinary. So she wiped it clean, and set herself to read. Her eyes fell upon the words, "Therefore, I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." Fascinated by the strange tidings, she continued to read on. And the words that she read appeared to her so sweet and precious that she read on during the whole day and far into the night, almost forgetting to eat or sleep.

The next morning she sat down again to the damp old book, the words of which made an ever-deepening impression on her soul. She began to see that she had indeed found a treasure, and an invaluable one. Her little chamber no longer looked so desolate; her food, which had so often seemed to her as the bread of tears, now appeared to her more like bread from heaven; and her solitude was relieved by the presence of the great King, from whose book of gracious words streams of unimagined blessedness flowed. She had the book cleaned, and it was to her as meat and drink by day and by night, until in a few years she was permitted to close her eyes and enter into the joy of her Lord.

ARNOLD PERCIVAL MONTAIGNE;

Or the Heir of a Deferred Inheritance.

A Thrilling Story by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 214.)

Alick's Announcement—Mr. Gogharty Surprises his Son—Gripper and Tipper—The Jesuit's Arrest—A Faithful Flock—The Bailiff is Unexpectedly Blessed.

WITH the documents in his possession Mr. Gogharty reached his home early next day, and found that Alick was there, who told him, after the usual filial greeting, that he desired a little conversation with him, and both retired to Mr. Gogharty's private room.

"I wish to prepare you, father," said Alick, "for what will prove a very distressful business to us all. Mr. Hawke, as he said he would, has taken out a writ to attach that Jesuit superior in —— for receiving those deeds from you, father, knowing that they were another's property, and also for retaining them in spite of the *mandamus* of the Court. Of course, father, you also cannot hope to escape; for, oh, father—and forgive me for saying it!—you, as you well know, are at the root of this whole bad affair, and it breaks my very heart to be obliged to say it." And poor Alick's eyes, filling with tears as he spoke, proved how true was his statement.

"A writ, consequently, will likewise be issued against you, father, since you have not given up—as indeed you could not—these deeds to the new heir's solicitor. Do not be surprised, therefore, father, if in a day or two you are under arrest. And would to God, father, that such a measure could be called unjust and unmerited! But, father"—and here Alick utterly broke down and cried aloud in his grief—"but, father, you know that, with all my partiality as a son, to my shame, I could not say so."

Mr. Gogharty at first was a little touched by the spectacle of his son's sorrow; but, with the parchments in question now safe and sound in his hands, he felt he was master of the situation, and could snap his fingers in the face of Mr. Hawke and his bailiff. "You may dry up those crocodile's tears, Alick, as soon as you like," he said, "and have done with this 'boo-hooing.' You know in your heart of hearts that any trouble that has come to me of late has no one but you to answer for it. Bless me, what an envious position this hour might have been mine were it not for you and your nonsense! Hang it! if the very thought of it isn't enough to drive one crazy; and, on my word, you are a pretty fellow, to be sure, to lecture even your father!

"What right have you, sir, to charge me, I want to now, with breach of trust; or that good man, the Jesuit Superior you have talked of, with receiving embezzled property?" And then, ignorant of much that had transpired between his son and the Superior, and forgetful at the moment of what he himself had told Alick, Mr. Gogharty dared an interpretation of the matter which he felt would exonerate himself and cover Alick with confusion. "Now listen to me," he said; "my placing those deeds, sir," and the word *sir* was fiercely spoken, "was *no* breach of trust. Getting, in the way of business, to know this Jesuit Superior, who, though you will not admit it, is a very religious man, and knowing that his safe was far more secure than mine, I asked him, as a favor, to keep secure for me those parchments until I should need them—a request which he kindly granted, and a trust, sir, which he has duly honored and fulfilled—the proof of which see, to your shame and utter confusion, thou mischief-making and undutiful son. Here are the deeds you have made such a fuss about, and surrendered upon my demand;" and taking them from his lock-up place, he held them in triumph before the astonished gaze of Alick. "You and that Hawke," added Mr. Gogharty, "had better take care what you are about. I am ready any moment to hand him the new heir's deeds, and a fig for him and his tipstaves"—and Mr. Gogharty, as he said this, snapped his fingers in Alick's face.

The lawyer's representation was, we are aware, an utter perversion of the facts of the case. He was perfectly conscious of this, and so was Alick; yet what opening was there on the instant for the unravelling of his lie? there were the deeds. Alick knew the emptiness of his father's pocket, and therefore if the Jesuit Superior had not surrendered them "without money and without price," as was said, how else could his father have obtained them?

The secret of the method came out in two or three months' time, when Alick, to save his father from a jail, had to meet his note of hand in Kytesbeek & Claus's hold; but, in the present hour, the £500 consideration all unknown, Alick had to give the Superior credit for a wise if not a high-minded generosity. "I am afraid I have too harshly judged that man," he said within himself. "At all events, the writ, it is plain, cannot be served against him now—it would be most unjust and indeed would place both Hawke and myself in a rather awkward fix, for a suit-at-law for an unlawful arrest would gain, from a Roman Catholic jury, rather smart damages.

"Father," said Alick, "I am delighted you have come by those parchments. Thank God, father, who has in some marvellous way moved the heart of that Jesuit to pity, and, scot free, to save you. Surely, father, remembering the avarice of these men, well may we sing,

> "'God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform.'"

Mr. Gogharty, keenly bearing in mind the pitiless hand that screwed £500 from him in his poverty, could not by any means enter into Alick's ascription of praise for a miracle wrought upon Jesuit hearts; he, however, kept his own counsel, and not until forced by coming eventualities did he attempt to correct Alick's interpretation of the ways of Providence.

"I had intended," continued Alick, "to remain at home for some time to comfort my mother under the trial which threatened her—you borne to a prison from us, father, as I feared. But now, thank heaven, that dark cloud has passed away, and I am free to return to Dublin, which I must do at once, for that writ against the Superior must immediately be quashed." And to carry out this measure, with a light-hearted adieu to his mother, Alick, by the next train, returned to the city.

When he arrived at Mr. Hawke's Dublin agent's office in —— Street, he found, however, that in all likelihood he was too late. The writ for the Superior's arrest had been put in the hands of two bailiffs, Gripper and Tipper, in the morning, and they had declared they would intercept the Superior on his return from celebrating mass in a Roman Catholic church near the Jesuit establishment where he often officiated. It was therefore to be feared that they either had the Superior already in hold, or would have him under arrest before any messenger now could prevent it. Upon Alick's tidings of his father's statement, and that the deeds in question were recovered, no time was lost, however, in seeking to prevent, if possible, awkward complications. And Alick was so anxious in the matter that he accompanied the clerk who was sent by Messrs. —— to keep the bailiffs from committing both themselves and their employers.

As they entered the street where the bailiffs lived they observed several persons not far from Gripper's door, talking earnestly and a good deal excited, and they opined at once that their evil anticipation was realized. Yes, the Superior was in custody; and, at his request, had been taken, not direct to prison, but, for a money consideration, to Gripper's dwelling, as being what is termed a "spunge house"—a place where debtors, upon bribing their captors, are kept in private hold for a little season, until, peradventure, by the interference of friends or otherwise, their creditors may be satisfied, and they themselves spared the ignominy of a jail.

The Superior's object in getting himself taken to Gripper's house was of the same kind. He wished, for strong reasons already stated, to avoid a commotion and a bruit in connection with Mr. Gogharty and the Percival affair. If were taken to the public jail the whole c from newspaper report, would be full of the n next morning, and ten thousand tongues wo fashion into as many shapes the nature grounds of his arrest; while if taken to G per's for a time it was likely he could manag quietly compromise matters, or, if not, th were several of his wealthy coreligionists in city who, if asked, would bail him to any amo and get him free.

His appearance, however, was known to ev one in this part of the city; and, unfortuna for his present purpose, so was Gripper's. Wh therefore, the Superior and Gripper were s moving along the pathway side by side, i manner to suggest closer relationship than of casual occupants of the same thoroughfar was not long before it was settled in the mi of the lookers-on that a foul sacrilege had b committed, and that a vile "body-snatcher" dared to touch one of "the Lord's anointed.

To the Superior's deep annoyance, his pa sans, male and female, lost no time in medita reprisal, and in arousing themselves for a l of holy war. Women flung themselves u their knees on the pavement—some to ent the Superior's blessing as he passed, and ot to heap curses on poor Gripper's head. larger number of the fair sex, more violent practical, summoned their lords to a "resc or hounded on younger and less bearded he to "punch," as they cried out, the bailiff's h The call to a "shindy," especially when sou out from female tongues, is one that seldor never goes unanswered in the land of Erin. a running of feet and a clamor of angry sh were heard up and down the thoroughfare, a passionate and vociferous crowd gath around the priest and his arrester.

We fear it would have fared badly with Gri—that he would have been torn in pieces not "for love," but for hate, would have knocked down and trampled in the dust by s of infuriated fellow-countrymen—had not Superior—not, we fear, in mercy, but from diency—interfered on his behalf. "My frien he said, "I thank you for your loving zeal I command you, one and all, not to injure man. He that lays a finger on him I shall c my enemy. I am going to his house at my desire—I have official business there" (this haps, was straining a point, but, as the s shows, it gained its end); "and as Mr. Grip presence," he added, "is necessary, he ac panies me. Now, good people, all return q to your homes, and God bless you."

The priest's words, like oil upon the tro waters, quelled the tumult in a moment. " the blessin' o' the Vargin and of all the sai glory, Mr. Gripper, be on you and yours may the Lord spare you the darlint wan at He's laid His han's on!" was one of the dictions pronounced now upon Gripper; one Amazon, who had been foremost in th set, was overheard saying to her neigh "Musha and entroth, I always thought Gr was a dacent man, and I say it, and will st it, that anny wan with half an eye might Shure, he has the looks of a saint, dear wan that's good to thim at home, runnin' f priest. Yees'd have committed a morthal lay a finger on 'im, and so I towld ye."

Gripper for a moment or two could sc realize the happy and marvellous revolutio had been effected in his circumstances—s of rage exchanged for whispers of peace; b Superior called him to his senses by sayi an undertone and rapidly, "Mr. Gripper, be moving at once, and use this lull for rea your dwelling, without molestation." Th monished, Gripper, followed by the Superi commenced his movement toward his doo was reached, and as it was open, since his disturbed by the outside commotion, had to look out, he had no need to knock. and bailiff therefore were soon out of sig in safety.

(To be Concluded.)

WAT COMING WARS MAY WE EXPECT?*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(Continued from page 215.)

. General Disruption and Military Struggle to Fcede the Reduction of the Eighteen Kingdns to Ten—4. An Ultramontane Crusade wl Stir up War—Present Influence of the Fmish Priesthood—Wanted, a Leader—Brita's Destiny—Will She Lose Ireland?—The Fgress of Sedition in Ireland—England's Ext nity Ireland's Opportunity.

3 *The inevitable change of eighteen kingdoms ates into only ten kingdoms* within the Roman im re territories will be the cause of other wa and revolutions. We have already seen ow this will necessitate the absorption and me ng of Belgium, Luxemburg, Switzerland, tc. nto France; and it must further be noticed ha Portugal will have to be annexed to *Spain*, whi can scarcely be effected without some war r revolution on that Peninsula; also Bohem, Moravia, and Gallicia, which were *outside* e Roman Empire, will have to be separat- d om *Austria*, and there may be other on lerable changes in the condition of the res t Austro-Hungarian Empire. *Greece* will av o be enlarged northward, so as to include he aly, and thus regain its ancient limits. anc *Syria* will have to be separated from ur y, which presupposes some great blows b struck at Turkey before it will consent to uch loss of territory.

4. nother cause of the coming wars will be e *'tramontane Crusade* which is now being ep ed by the Jesuits throughout Europe for st ng the Pope's temporal sovereignty over on of which the Italian Government de- iv him in 1870. The Jesuits are plotting to eta the South German Catholic States from rot tant North Germany, and it will proba- v their success in this direction that will or te the predestined victory of France over er ny, which will in fact be a victory of the om h Church, and will probably sooner or ter e followed by the restoration of the Pope's emp al power over Rome, so that he may be- om eated on the Seven Hills.

In e time the Catholic Church will become m unistic, and a coalition be formed between er lism and Communism, as is plainly pre- icte by the *Red-Republican uncrowned* ten- ng med confederacy carrying on its back the car Woman of Rome just before the final ree nd a half years. (Rev. 17:9).

Th approaching Crusade to restore the ope temporal sovereignty was foreseen by the ev. R. A. Purdon, in his monthly periodical La Vials," on July 1st, 1871. He said:

" ophecy tells us that

"THE SCARLET WOMAN

all ontinue and shall be seen riding upon the n-h ned wild beast, in Rev. 17, just before e fal three and a half years. She may in- eed e reduced to great extremities for a time, ut s will revive, and revive again, until she ov thrown by the personal Antichrist and s te kings.

"e recent dethronement of the Pope, in- ead of destroying Popery, as some persons ave nagined, has only confirmed the influence the Roman Pontiff. His real power is not in s sovereignty, but in his sway over the *minds* d *gination* of his subjects. As a Sovereign rinc his subjects were few, but as Ruler of the ind of Romanists, he is monarch over mil- ons. All the Roman Priesthood through the orld re now plotting to revive the Papal sov- eig .

" ew Crusade is at the point of beginning th nineteenth century. Almost 600 years o w fought the Last and Eighth Crusade of Christendom against Islamism. A new or Ninth Crusade seems about to begin, not of Christendom against Islam, but to enthrone the Pope on the Seven Hills. The terrified Priesthood is collecting all its forces for one Ninth and final Crusade. What a strange event!—the Middle Ages revived in the nineteenth century—a Crusade of Christendom against Christendom.

"The Roman question will soon become the question of the day, and expand into a new Crusade. Austria, Ireland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland will contribute their contingents, and AMERICA will probably not be wanting with its contingent. Peter the Hermit scarcely led a more numerous host to Palestine in the First Crusade than the *Hermits* of the nineteenth century will lead to Rome in the Last.

"URBAN gave his blessing to the First Crusade, and PIUS, or his successor, will give a threefold blessing to the Last. All that will be required will be a fit man to take the lead—a second Godfrey of Bouillon, destined to become, not King of Jerusalem, but Emperor of Rome! What mighty events may spring from this Roman question—a Crusade, a conquest, and an empire—great in themselves, but doubly great as leading on to the prophetic scenes of the Last days.

"WANTED, A LEADER

for the Ninth Crusade—a new Godfrey of Bouillon." No leader presents himself to our mind as prophetically suitable unless he bears the name of NAPOLEON. We cannot disregard the mystery of that name—its peculiar and prophetic import. 'The Lion of the Thicket,' 'The Lion of Jeremiah,' (4:7), its containing the number 666—its imposing sound, as if it were created to impress the imagination—its undying fame and marvellous vitality, surviving defeat and captivity, and taking its captors captive—raising Napoleon III., in 1848, when almost unknown, to an imperial height, and influencing the mind after half a century sevenfold more than the name of any conqueror of this day.

"The place of the Scarlet Woman is on the Seven Hills, according to Rev. 17, therefore she cannot quit them. She is to ride upon the Wild Beast,—*i.e.* the Latin nations, under the leadership of the subsequent Personal Antichrist; therefore it is Antichrist himself, and no other, who is to be her champion toward the End. She must regain her sovereign power as a queen, dependent upon them, and her connection with the Seven Hills cannot be broken off until the final three and a half years." (Rev. 17).

BRITAIN'S DESTINY—WILL SHE BE SEPARATED FROM IRELAND?

Prophetic expositors have long maintained that in the latter-day revival of Cæsar's Roman Empire in the form of a ten-kingdomed confederacy all the countries *inside* the Roman Empire must become separated from the countries *outside* the Roman Empire, and it will thus become exactly reconstituted within its ancient boundaries of the Rhine and Danube and Euphrates.

Britain was undoubtedly part of Cæsar's Roman Empire for 400 years, from A.D. 45 until A.D. 436, when the Romans finally withdrew from it, as stated by Gibbon (ch. 1) and other historians. But *Ireland was never part of the Roman Empire*, and for this reason many prophetic students expect that it must be *at least legislatively* separated from Britain before the ten-kingdomed confederacy can be formed.

For instance, an eminent expositor, B. W. Newton, wrote in his *Prospects of the Ten Kingdoms*, twenty-five years ago, in 1849.

"In cases where a country *external* to the Roman Empire is subjected to a country *within* the Roman Empire—the countries thus circumstanced being Ireland in its relation to England, and also the colonies of England, etc.—there can be little doubt but that the union between such countries will be dissolved; if not fully, yet to the extent of distinct and independent legislatures being granted, as indeed is already done in the leading colonies of England."

Here was a plain prediction twenty-five years ago, founded upon intelligible reasons, and it is wonderful how the march of events during the past twenty-five years points to the probability of its fulfilment. If, on taking a survey of Ireland, we found it, like Scotland, consisting of a Protestant population without any thought of separation from England, then we might regard such a prophecy as a long distance from fulfilment. But what is the real state of the case? It is a startling fact that of about six million inhabitants of Ireland fully five million are Roman Catholics who, as a general rule, secretly hate British Protestantism, and would be glad to see any Roman Catholic power like France subjugate Protestant England. In addition to this *religious* antipathy, there is the *political* hatred borne by the Hibernian Celtic race toward the Anglo-Saxon race as their conquerors.

This chronic Irish disaffection has assumed a dangerous organized form in *Fenianism* ever since 1864. The discontented portion of the population are only waiting for England to be engaged in some foreign war to show their power to create trouble and mischief. The old maxim is not forgotten by them, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." There is real and serious ground of alarm in the fact that *nearly one third of the British regular army consists of Irish Roman Catholics;* and there are 100,000 Irish Romanists in each of the cities of Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, and great numbers of them in Leeds, Edinburgh, and other towns, and two or three hundred thousand of them in London. They are chiefly the lowest class, who have nothing to lose, and who may therefore think they are likely to gain by a democratic revolution.

The incendiary conflagrations by which the desperate Communist Republicans reduced part of Paris to ashes in 1871 showed the reckless fierceness of revolutionary Red-Republicanism. The desperado ferocity of Parisian Communism and of Irish Fenianism is precisely identical. Indeed the same man has been a leader in each movement. The Communist General Cluseret, who is said to have set fire to the Tuileries with his own hands, resided in London in 1867 as the military Fenian head-centre, and is supposed to have planned the Clerkenwell nitro-glycerine explosion, and the attempted attack on Chester Castle. In that year large buildings in London, Liverpool, and Manchester were vigilantly watched all night by special constables in consequence of secret information that the Fenians intended to fire them, as a revenge for the hanging of the five Fenians at Manchester. We now see the solid ground that existed for those apprehensions, and it gives some idea of future dangers, when terrible scenes will be witnessed in English cities in riots and uprisings.

Still further, in 1871 the revived Irish agitation assumed an additional form in the *Home Rule* movement, which has well been called *Rome Rule*. Who would have believed twenty-five years ago that there would have been in 1876 about fifty Home Rulers, Irish members of Parliament, in the British House of Commons, pledged to try and obtain an independent Legislature for Ireland—clamoring for an Irish Parliament to sit in Dublin, the same as England's colonies, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand have Parliaments of their own. Surely all this is a considerable preparation for the fulfilment of the prophetic expectation of Mr. Newton and other expositors—that Ireland will be separated from England, at least to the extent of having a separate Legislature.

Great Britain must soon be involved in terrible European wars, and be dragged into the predestined ten-kingdomed confederacy, although she would earnestly desire to stand free from entangling and hazardous alliances. Yet she will not be able to stand aloof from European conflicts; and then the Home Rulers and Fenians will press their advantage to the utmost, and it remains to be seen whether they will not succeed in practically effecting a repeal of the union between Ireland and England.

(To be continued.)

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* Eracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. axte n two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. irst *nphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and escriion of Approaching Events," with two maps d fo large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains at quotations from Forty Expositors on these ents Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, March 31st, at **2.10 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Immediate Deficiency Bill Providing for payment of the Deputy Marshals was passed in the Senate on Thursday, by a strictly party vote. The issue of this hotly contested question now turns upon the light in which the President may view the compromise effected. It will be remembered that he said, when the question was under discussion last session, that he would approve a fair and reasonable measure on the subject of the Federal elections, presented in such a way that he might deal with it on its merits, and not complicated with the moral obligation to sign a general appropriation bill. But opinion is divided on the question whether he will consider the bill, as it stands, "a fair and reasonable measure."

Considerable dissatisfaction prevails on the subject of the settlement of the Ute Question, and it is considered probable that after all the proposals of Mr. Schurz will be rejected by Congress.

The Removal of the Cheyennes, their Escape from the Indian Territory in 1878, and the Camp Robinson massacre, have formed the subject of an investigation by a select committee of the Senate, and some startling facts have been revealed. Broken treaties, culpable negligence, and gross inhumanity are charged against the Indian Bureau. The Committee has visited Lawrence, Kansas, where several of the Cheyennes were imprisoned, and subsequently took testimony at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency and Fort Reno, in the Indian Territory. During the present session it has also listened to the evidence of officers of the Indian Bureau.

As to the Poncas, the only defence made by the Government is that the commissioner "made a mistake." This mistake has already caused the loss of over 300 lives, and is likely to cause the loss of many more, for the district to which they have been removed is described as utterly unfit for habitation. White Eagle has lost his wife and children by malarial fever, and though he was a fine specimen of athletic manhood, is now a mere wreck, not likely to live through the summer. All the Poncas ask is, that they may be allowed to return to land, theirs by inheritance for three centuries, to the houses they built and the farms they tilled. Such a demand cannot righteously be refused on any grounds yet brought forward.

A Gratifying Fact with an Ominous Drawback is contained in the National Balance Sheet for last month. During the month of March the National Debt has been reduced $14,719,000; that being the largest reduction made in one month since April, 1872. The principal contributors to this satisfactory result are the customs receipts and the Internal Revenue, which indicate a decided advance in the financial prosperity of citizens. It is, however, *a lamentable fact*, that the figures indicate an alarming increase in the consumption of liquor and tobacco; from which fact we are reluctantly compelled to draw the inference, that the moral and temperate habits of the community have not improved in the same ratio as business profits. God is giving this country abundant pecuniary prosperity; it will be a grievous thing if it is received without a sense of responsibility, and expended in sinful pleasure and indulgence.

Sunday-school Teachers, and all those who are interested in Sunday-school work in New York and the vicinity, will welcome the announcement that the New York Sunday-school Association will hold a meeting at the Broadway Tabernacle, at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, on Monday evening, April 12th, at which the conductor, Mr. C. R. Blackall, will deliver an address on the classification of pupils. Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, New York, will also speak; his subject is "What we can and what we cannot teach in Sunday-school."

Edison's New Discovery seems likely to surpass all his preceding discoveries in its pecuniary results. The search to which the ancient alchemists devoted their lives has apparently approached nearer to success in Edison's hands than in any hitherto recorded. By electricity and chemistry he is able to produce from certain clays large quantities of gold, after the microscope and the ordinary mercurial applications have failed to indicate its presence. The discovery, Edison states, was purely accidental. He needed considerable quantities of platinum for his electric light, and in experimenting on clays which he thought would contain it, he found, not the platinum he expected, but gold which he did not expect. From some kinds of clay he can produce out of one ton, at a cost of five dollars, gold of the value of $1400.

An Invitation to Church.—The First Baptist Church of Indianapolis on Sunday mornings sends a messenger to the city hotels with small printed cards of invitation to the church services, which are distributed to the guests. After the invitation the cards have these words: "If tempted, or in trouble, or neglected, or a stranger, the pastor may have a word for you."

A Lion Caused a Panic in a Theatre at Philadelphia on March 29th. Nero had been introduced on the stage and had been loudly applauded by the audience. The curtain had gone down and the stage was crowded with actors and actresses. Nero was led quietly to his cage, some ten feet behind, by the keeper who had him in charge during the day. Just at this moment a large and rather ferocious-looking dog approached the lion's cage. Just as soon as Nero beheld the dog, he rose to his feet, and with a roar which startled all bit at one of the iron bars, which parted as though it had been made of wood. In a twinkling another bar was snapped by his vigorous jaws. Before, however, Nero had had time to snap the third bar, which would have given him liberty, the keeper secured the chain which was fastened around the animal's neck.

Had the animal become excited when out of his cage it is horrible to think what might have occurred. The craving for the element of danger in public amusements is an evidence how utterly those amusements in their simple form fail to afford satisfaction to those who frequent th
The fact has been noticed both in Great Bri
and in this country, that no performances ar
popular as those in which the performers ex
their lives to imminent danger. The asse
is not incredible, that many theatre-goers of
day would enjoy the spectacle of a Spanish
fight.

Homes for Worn-out Ministers.—At the
York Conference of the Methodist Episc
Church on April 1st, it was announced
the Hon. Thomas H. Suckley had given
Conference a five thousand-dollar farm of
acres, at Rhinebeck, N. Y., upon which to
homes for the worn-out preachers of the Co
ence. To build these houses $1600 had
subscribed by various laymen, but $1000
was needed. Within fifteen minutes this
was raised among the pastors of the Confer

The Cotton Mills of Georgia and South
lina promise to be the source of a conside
increase of wealth to those States, and th
ample thus set will doubtless be followe
other Southern States. Hitherto the raw
rial has been exported at a return of abou
cents a pound, and has been bought back
in a manufactured form at high rates. Th
sult of the establishment of the mills has
that the article has been exported at tw
three cents a pound in its manufactured
thus keeping in the States several millio
lars which would otherwise have gone to ou
manufacturers, besides giving employme
several thousands of operatives.

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contribu
received during the week ending Saturday, Apr

Jas. B. Monlin, Glasgow, Ky
Mrs. H. Trigg, " "
Mrs. Kilgore, " "
Mrs. L. Delvaux, " "
Mrs. L. M. Landrum, Glasgow, Ky
Mr. Warder, " "
Friends, " "
Kennie McBradley, " "
Mrs. C. L. Johnson, Saybrook, O
S. N. Dix, Montgomery Centre, Vt
J. L. Dean, M.D., Spring Hill, Tex
W. M. Hering, " "
J. R. Herring, " "
H. L. B. Fullerton, " "
T. J. Harrison, " "
J. H. Galbreath, " "
J. H. Johnson, " "
R. B. Marsh, " "
J. C. Hague, Thorntown, Ind

Forwarded to N. Y. *Herald*

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church.-
tributions received during the week ending
day, April 3d:

Mrs. C. L. Johnson, Saybrook, O
J. Kethel, Verona, Wis
W. P. Sloan, Golconda, Ill
F. W. Merrick, Steuben, N. Y
Wm. P. Chandler, Boise City, Idaho
S. B. Erwin, Des Arc, Ark
Mrs. W. C. Dodge, Oakland, Cal
C. F. Youberg, Chicago, Ill
Wm. Youberg, " "
M. DeGroot, Janesville, Wis
Mr. R. Alvarado, Tex
Jas. H. Shawgo, Baltimore, Md
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S. Lindsley, Isle St. George, O
Rev. T. D. Gester, Glen Riddle, Pa
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Rev. C. C. Kimball, Kansas City, Mo
A Friend, New York City
Mr. Jno. Williams, Williamsburgh, Tex
Jas. Brandon, " "
Jno. Williams, " "
Jno. Williams, Rockland, Mich
Reader of *C. Herald*, Fairmount, W. Va

Forwarded to Dr. Talmage

The Conversion of a Thousand Sinners is the ful event over which the M. E. Church at harton Street, Philadelphia, has just held thanksgiving services. The Rev. Thomas Harrison commenced his labors there last September and the result has been that one thousand persons have come forward to confess Christ and seek an entrance into His visible Church. As is usual in similar cases, objections are taken to Mr. Harrison's method of conducting services, and many sincere Christians have held aloof in consequence. But according to the reports, remarkable and unquestionable conversions have certainly occurred, and when sinners are turned from the error of their ways and are found sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed and in their right mind, all who love the Lord Jesus Christ will surely rejoice over such a harvest of souls as this Philadelphian church has garnered. Mr. Harrison was a student at Brooklyn Lay College.

Warning to Drunkards was given in New York recently by Judge Cowing. In response to the plea of a prisoner charged with stabbing a man, that he was drunk when he committed the crime, the Judge said that this was not an excuse for the offence, but *an aggravation of it*, and that in future he should add to the penalty when the crime was committed under the influence of liquor. Considering how many crimes are due "to the influence of liquor," such a determination on the part of Judge Cowing is justified by circumstances, and it is hoped will do much to check the brawls now so frequent in the saloons of the metropolis.

"From the Skies" is the Remarkable Name given to the grandson of the late Rev. Dr. Armstrong, one of the first missionaries of the American Board to the Sandwich Islands, who was baptised recently at Saybrook, Conn. The name bestowed on the infant was "Kulani," a name signifying "From the skies," and was chosen by King Kalakaua I., who was a playmate of the father of the child. The king had no doubt reason for tracing the mission of the child's ancestor to the skies, and desired to express his conviction in that way. But all parents should regard their children as from the skies in another sense—a trust from God for which they are responsible to Him.

A Present from a King.—Alphonso, King of Spain, has sent a photograph of himself, beautifully framed, in Spanish enamel of gold and silver on steel, to the Historical Society of Missouri. The picture bears the King's autograph, and is a token of approval of the Society's intended celebration of the anniversary of the first Mississippi exploration. This gift from royalty will no doubt be highly prized by the Society; but what royal gifts can compare with the gift of the King of kings, which, though infinitely transcending them in value, is not appreciated by the world? (2 Cor. 9 : 15.)

The Virginia Judge and the Ducks.—"I read once of a judge," said Mr. Moody in a recent sermon, "who was all the time talking to an old slave about religion, and one day he says to his slave 'Now,' says he, 'Sambo, how is it that you are all the time talking about the conflicts that you have with the devil? I don't have any, and think my life is better than yours, because I am at peace with myself; I don't have any trouble or any conflicts, but you are all the time talking about conflicts; sometimes you say that you have to ask the Lord to forgive you, and you pray to get strength for victory the next time. Now' says he, 'I don't know any thing about that and I get on.' Well, the poor man couldn't answer the judge. They went on for some discussion and the judge who was very fond of hunting always carried his gun with him, and he came to a pond of water and saw some ducks, and he got out his gun and he blazed away and killed one duck and wounded another. He didn't say any thing about the dead duck, but he says to the slave, 'Jump into the water and get the wounded duck, and don't let it get away.' So the slave rushed into the water and got the wounded duck and brought it out, and after he got the wounded duck, 'now,' says the judge, 'go and get the dead one.' So they put the two ducks in the wagon and started on, and after going a while, the colored man says: 'Judge, I think I can answer your question now;' 'I think I understand it.' Says he, 'Do you remember when you killed that duck you didn't send me after the dead one first?' The judge says, 'No; because you could get that out any time; it was dead, and couldn't get away, but the wounded one is the one you want to secure. 'Well,' said the slave, 'that's just the difference; you are dead in sin, and the devil has got you and lets you alone; he don't trouble you, but I am trying to get away from him, and that's why I have these battles.'"

"Playing Like a Christian" was the description given by a little boy of the influence of religion on one of his playmates lately. "I know she is a Christian now," said the boy, "you may take every thing she has away from her, and do what you like to vex her. but she never gets angry. When we used to play at first, if she did not have every thing her own way, she would say, 'You are a nasty, ugly boy, and I won't play with you.' But *she never gets like that now.*" Even in her play this child was obeying the Master's injunction, "So let your light shine" (Matt. 5 : 16). How often is it possible thus to preach practical—the best of all—sermons!

In Memory of Robert Raikes.—On Sunday, May 30th, services commemorative of Robert Raikes, the originator of Sunday-schools, will be held in all the Sunday-schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The American Bible Society.—At a Meeting of the Board of Managers, at the Bible House, on March 4th, the financial statement was presented, showing the receipts for February to have been $40,208.19, and the disbursements $43,618.46. The Committee on Publication reported that a third edition of 3000 copies of the New Testament in the dialect of the Gilbert Islands had been printed.

A Whole Town has been Built in Five months in Missouri. "The place now called Stanberry," says a writer in the Chicago *Interior*, "was five months ago an open field with not a house in sight. To-day it is a town of 900 people, and a railroad town at that, with the office of division superintendent, railroad houses, workshops, etc. *But this is only half the story.* A number of the people who went there did not leave their religion behind. They thought not only of their own houses, but the house of God. Consequently, last Thursday evening, March 18th, Drs. Allen, Strange, and Luther had the pleasure of organizing a very promising Presbyterian church.

An Extraordinary Railroad Accident Occurred at Annville, Pa., on March 17th. A train had been switched on to a siding to allow of an express train passing, and the passengers had alighted for a little exercise. They were with a singular lack of caution allowed to walk on the very track over which the express was travelling. Suddenly the express was seen approaching, and before they could escape it dashed into the panic-stricken group, killing one man instantly and fatally injuring several others.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has been received. They are now on sale at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

A PLAIN ANSWER TO AN IMPORTANT INQUIRY.

A Short Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."—JOHN 6 : 29.

The Labor of God—What must we Do?—Faith the Most Pleasing Work to God that Man can do—I. It is a Comprehensive Summary of all True Work—It Produces Holiness—All Graces Come from it—II. Faith Pleasing to God in Itself—1. It is the Creature Acknowledging its God—2. It Accepts God's Way of Reconciliation—3. It Puts Honor on Jesus—4. It Places the Believer in a Position of Childlike Rest—III. It is the Test of Working for God—Without it the Spirit of Work Wrong—Motive for Work Fails—IV. The Seal of All Other Blessings—Election—Effectual Calling—Final Perseverance—Resurrection.

NOTICE the connection, or you will miss the meaning of the words; for at first sight it looks as if our Saviour taught us that it is the work of God for us to believe on Him. Now that would be quite true; and it is very plainly taught in other parts of Scripture that faith is the work of God; but that is not the teaching in this particular instance, as will be very plain if you look at the context.

First, our Saviour said to the people, "See how you labor after the bread of your bodies. You have been running all round the coast to find me in order that I might feed you again with loaves and fishes. Now," says he, "let your labor run after something better. Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth to life eternal." He gently rebukes them, "Do not spend all your strength in seeking after temporal good, but think about your immortal natures. Satisfy the hunger of your spirits, the better part of you."

They immediately answered, "You tell us to labor after the bread that does not perish. What shall we do that we might work the work of God and so obtain it?" Our translation fails to let us see that they used precisely the same word as the Saviour had done. He said "labor," and they said, "What shall we do that we may labor *this labor of God?* What is it?" They took him at his word, and they put a question in accordance therewith.

When men begin to be aroused about spiritual things, they naturally cry, "What must we do to be saved? What must we do that we may work the work of God?" It is a faulty question, it is a question very much shaped by their ignorance and error. They suppose that there are works to be done, and merit to be earned, by doing and obeying a law, and so they put it in that shape—"What shall we do? What shall we work that we may work the work of God?"

The Saviour did not chide them for the shape of the question. It was not the time to expect accuracy, but he gave them such truth as they could understand, and he replied, "You want to know what work you must do that shall be 'the work of God,' or a work pleasing to God. This then is 'the work of God'—the work most pleasing to God of all the works that can be done by man—that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent."

Does any man object to faith being called the work of man? If he does, I ask him wherefore he objects. It is true that faith is the gift of God, but this does not militate for a moment with the other truth that faith is the work of man: for it is and must be the act of man. No one in his senses can deny that. Will you venture to say that man does not believe? Then I venture to tell you that he who does not personally believe in Jesus is a lost man; and if there be such a thing as a faith which is not a man's own act and deed it will not save him.

The man must himself believe or perish: this is the plain doctrine of Scripture. Repentance is wrought in us by the Holy Ghost, but we must ourselves repent, or we never shall be saved. Faith is wrought in us by the Holy

Ghost, but the Holy Ghost does not believe, or repent: these are *a man's own acts.* With our hearts we believe unto righteousness. If we do not believe then we are not partakers of the promise which is given to those who do believe. Faith is, therefore, the work of man; and it is the chief of works, the work most pleasing to God, the most godlike work, or, as the text puts it, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent."

To open up this one thought I pray for help from on high: it is just this, that *faith is the most pleasing of all the works that man can do.* It is here called "the work," but not strictly and properly, for it can never be ranged with the works of the law, from which it essentially differs; but the Saviour took up the word which they used, and spoke to their ignorance that He might instruct them.

I. Regarding it as a work, faith is most pleasing to God; for, first, it is

THE COMPREHENSIVE SUMMARY

of all true work. *There lies within the loins of faith every possible form of holiness.* As a forest may lie asleep within an acorn, so within the bounds of faith, little though it be, every virtue lies hidden. It may be microscopic in form, but it is certainly there, and only needs development. Repentance dwells in faith, for he that believes in Jesus Christ unto salvation knows that he is a sinner, and he must have some hatred of sin, or else he would not have taken Christ to deliver him from his sin. Love to God is there, for, most assuredly, when I trust a man—completely trust him—it would be impossible for me to do so unless I felt some leaning of my spirit toward him; and the complete trusting of the soul to Christ, which is faith, has had in it no small measure of love to Christ.

I know what some of you have said—"Is that all that I am to do in order to be saved? Am I simply and alone to believe in Christ—that is, trust myself with him?" Yes, that is all, and it is so small an act that the most uneducated heart can perform it, but yet within it there are *inconceivable mysteries* of goodness.

What is more, *all the graces come out of faith in due time*, for faith sums up the whole of a Christian's life. Now, my brethren, I challenge you to read the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews, and see if you can think of any thing noble, brave, glorious, which has not its counterpart in that chapter. But recollect, it is a description of the heroism—not of this virtue or of that, but of faith. In the long list, beginning with Abel and going down to the last, faith wrought all.

From faith comes the power that stops the mouths of lions, quenches the violence of flames; out of weakness becomes strong. It is faith that tramples on temptation, it is faith that overcomes the world. It is faith that attains to holiness. Within the compass of that little babe whom you hold in your hand, a slender weight that you can scarcely feel, there are all the elements of yonder man of six feet, who leads the van in the royal host, and so the true Christian man in the perfection of the stature of Christ is all within the babe in grace who cries, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

I can well understand why our Saviour should say, "If you wish to work the work of God, you must believe in Jesus Christ whom He hath sent," for in that act lie all the virtues, and out of that act will grow all the virtues in due time.

II. But now, secondly, this simple matter of trusting Jesus Christ, which is called

FAITH, IS, IN ITSELF, MOST PLEASING TO GOD.

1. First, *it is the creature acknowledging its God.* While a man says "I do not care about my soul," he lives in atheism, disowning God, living as if there were no God. When a man says "I need no saving," that is contradicting God's testimony, wherein he declares that we are all gone out of the way and have altogether become abominable. When a man says "I may be wrong, but I can get right of myself. My own good deeds will save me," he is setting himself up in independence of his God, in fact, making himself his own God, and so, practically, setting up another God.

But when the man cries, "I have sinned," there is an acknowledgment that the law is good and holy and just. When he then adds, "I have so sinned that I deserve punishment, and I submit myself to it," there is a recognition of the court of heaven, and an admission of the righteousness of its sentences. The rebellious heart submits itself to the authority of God. When he further says, "But I have heard, great God, that Thou hast given Thy Son to bleed and die for sinners, and that He is able to save to the uttermost them that trust Him, and I do trust Him," the submission of the man to God is complete.

Before, he said, "I do not believe it. It does not stand to reason," that is proud reason still a rebel. Or he said, "It may or may not be so, but I do not see the peculiar beauty of an atoning sacrifice." There again is the proud heart kicking against God. But the man comes into his right place when he believes. When he believes in Jesus Christ and accepts mercy through the great sacrifice, God is well pleased because his poor erring *creature has come into its right place*, and God sees in the act of faith the restitution of rectitude.

2. Again, God is pleased with faith because *it accepts God's way of reconciliation.* God has given Christ that He might reconcile us to Himself by Him. When a man says, "I take Christ to be my Saviour," he accepts God's way of reconciliation, and then God must be reconciled, for He has promised so to be. As He longs to be reconciled, and willeth not that any should perish, but that they should come to repentance, so does He rejoice when they are willing to make peace with Him in His own appointed way. It shows a deference to His wisdom, a confidence in His love, a yielding to His divine will, and that is what He seeks after. All this, I say, is included in faith, and makes it well-pleasing to God.

3. Perhaps the most acceptable element in faith to the eye of God is the fact that *it puts honor upon Jesus Christ*, for He dearly loves His Son. We cannot tell how deep is the love of the Father toward His only begotten Son. That which dishonors Jesus must be very obnoxious to the Father, and your self-confidence, my friend, is a dishonor to the merit and salvation of Christ, and God abhors it; but when you fling that all away, and have no hope but in the great atonement which He has made, then, I say, because your faith honors Jesus, therefore God delights in it, and He will honor your faith.

4. Faith restores us by putting us into a place of *childlike rest.* If a son has fallen into the hands of a malicious individual, who has whispered into his ear that his father hates him—that he is doing all he possibly can to ruin him—at first the youth will not believe the accusation, but perhaps after a while he begins to think it true. From that time forward every action that his father does, will be interpreted the wrong way; and if there be any thing in the father's life which is more kind than usual, it is highly probable that this poor misled boy will see a deeper subtlety of malice in it than in his father's ordinary actions. The lad will break his father's commands, and vex and anger his father. What is the first thing to be done to set that youth right? You may make him dread his father, and then he will behave properly in his outward actions, but he will only be waiting his time to break loose. Suppose it to be possible to make him believe in his father, and to be assured that his father loved him, and had all along been the kindest man on earth, he would run into his father's arms. He will be willing enough to obey a parent whom he trusts: it will be his delight to do so.

You have won his confidence, and every thing is right now. This is what faith does to us. The devil and our own corrupt nature say, "God is unkind, for He has made an awful hell," and so on. Faith interposes and cries, "He has put away His wrath. He has made full atonement for sin. He is willing to rece us." Then faith says, "Trust Him; trust H implicitly;" and when the soul has done th then faith testifies, "He has loved you with everlasting love. Jesus died for you, and has provided a heaven for you." Let this known and felt, and what a change takes pla Oh, then, you hate your sin! Oh, then, y are ready to say, "How could I play the f against one so kind, so good, so right?" Un this impulse you will serve Him, and live for H

III. And now a third reason why faith is great a thing is this—that faith in Jesus is

THE TEST OF WORKING

for God, for all the works that ever were, w out faith in Jesus Christ, are not works for at all.

Let me explain and prove my point. Supp that a person should say, "But I mean to for the great God, and work for Him." W out faith *the spirit of work is wrong.* My fri suppose you said to me, "I will live for and spend my life in your service, but I am going to believe what you say"? There w be a point of disagreement between us w would render it impossible for you to be of service to me, or for any thing that you did t of any value to me. You call me a liar to b with, and then say you serve me.

Many of you that have heard the Gospel perhaps think that you are serving God, th you have never believed in Christ: but, I you, your best actions are nothing but w washed sins. All that you do must be dest of real excellence, because you begin by ma God a liar. It is a hard word, say you. I not help it; it is the word of John, the gentle spirit among all biblical charac John says, "He that believeth not hath God a liar, because he hath not believed o Son of God." If you begin by calling G liar I do not care much what you do after I would a great deal rather you should be r than immoral, and sober than drunken; after all, you will be lost in either case i persevere in calling God a liar. All your ness will be a sham if you will not beli Jesus.

Without faith *the motive of work*

"But," cries another person, "I believe I deserved well of God; I have kept myself right, and I have performed many good de What have you done them all for? "I been working for my salvation," says on other words, you have been working for yo *Pay yourself then!* Self is first, and last; works are selfishness from top to bottom. have been trying to be good to get to h by it.

It is a mean, beggarly life that begin ends with self! Your Maker, whom you bound to love with all your heart, you hav loved at all, except that you have mean tended to love Him in order to save yo You had a kind of cupboard love to Him as an ass or an ox might have to a corn- a stall, but no real affection. How can yo form a virtuous act while self is your lord?

Suppose that one of your family will what you tell him. He brazens you ou says he will have his own way; and then h into the garden and he plucks you a flow he expects that the gift will please you. Brought in a rebellious hand! While he wilful state and boiling over with bad te Does he think to please you by such a You say, "No, my child, that cannot be must first bow before your father and ac edge that you have done wrong." He ma his lips, and say he will never obey yo then ask to kiss you. Will he have hi Assuredly not till first of all he will s That is just the condition of many a seek God. He has a wicked pride in his hea a rebellious will, and if he will believe in will be a proof that his pride and rebell given up; but if he will not yield and neither can he expect that God will save

IV. I would say, in the fourth place, that ith in God is a most blessed and acceptable ng, because it is

THE SEAL OF ALL OTHER BLESSINGS.

Notice that faith in God is the seal—first, of r *election*. Read the thirty-seventh verse, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me." Now, if you come to Christ, dear friend, you are one that his Father gave Him. You are e of His elect. Oh, what a blessing this is! The doctrine of election is full of rich comfort to all who are interested in it, and election itself is the greatest of all favors. "But how am I to know that I am one of God's elect?" By this testimony, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me."

n the next place, faith seals our *effectual calling*. If you look a little farther down you will see, "No man can come unto Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day." These are the express words of Christ, and they show that every man that comes to Christ must have been drawn by the Father; that is to say, that effectual calling has exerted its divine power upon him. No man need say, "Am I drawn of the Father?" after he is once sure that he has faith in Jesus Christ; for you never could have believed in Jesus Christ except this had been given you from heaven.

he next thing that faith assures us of is *final perseverance*. Read the forty-seventh verse—"He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." You need not raise the question, "Have I received everlasting life?" Raise this question first: "Have I believed in Jesus Christ? If so, I have everlasting life." Not a life, mark you, that will last you up to the end of the quarter, when you take a new ticket—nor a life that will preserve you to old age, and then leave you to temptation and death. No, "he that believeth on Him hath *everlasting* life," and it is not everlasting life if it does not last forever. Herein he that believes has the guarantee of final perseverance. Did not Jesus say, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand"?

his is a great deal for faith to bring to us, but it is not all, for two or three times over we are told here that whosoever believeth in Christ shall be raised up again at the last day: so that faith secures *resurrection*. Read the thirty-ninth verse and then the forty-ninth verse: "This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." How do I know that I shall have a blessed resurrection? How can I be certain that though the worms devour this body, yet when Christ shall stand in the latter day upon the earth, in my flesh I shall see God? I may be sure of it, because I believe in Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

"Alas!" you say, "I do not feel right." Never mind your feelings; trust in Christ. "Oh, but I am such a sinner!" "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." "Alas! but I have tried before." Away with all your trying before. Have done with trying, and accept the finished work. Trust Jesus now. "Do you mean that if I now do trust myself with Christ I shall be saved while sitting in the pew?" I mean even so. Be thou whosoever thou mayest be, this night look to Jesus and be saved.

Thou wilt have done with thyself, and will commit thy soul in the hand of Jesus, who has power to save those that rest themselves upon him thou art saved. Oh, that those who have heard this Gospel many times would now for the first time really understand it, and say, "Is this, after all, the greatest of all works—that I do believe in Jesus Christ whom He hath sent? Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief, and save me now." O God, help many to breathe the prayer of faith at this moment, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Portion of Scripture read before Sermon. John 6 : 25–65.]

MARTHA, THE CLERGYMAN'S HOUSEKEEPER.

By Rev. W. E. Littlewood, M.A., Vicar of St. James's, Bath.

Many years ago, before I was married, it was necessary that I should set up housekeeping and have a housekeeper. The sort of housekeeper that I wanted was of a very humble kind—not a lady-housekeeper, who should see that others did the work, but rather a respectable woman, who might be trusted with money and marketing, and who would do much of the domestic work herself.

I had numerous applicants for the post, and my choice finally rested on Martha ——. She was a hard-featured, large-boned woman. If she had ever been good-looking the good looks had long faded out of her somewhat stern visage, and her voice was rough and grating. My pupils—for in those days I had boys living in my house—were in no small awe of her. Her demands on them as regards silence, feet-wiping, clothes-tidying, and so on, were far too extensive for the boyish mind.

However, we very soon found that our housekeeper, beneath this rough and gaunt outside, was a truly Christian woman. I had had reason to think so—in fact, that was one of the points which decided me—at the very outset of her engagement, for she had made it a matter of express stipulation that she should be permitted to attend her place of worship twice on Sunday, and once in the week. But when the woman came under closer observation, then we found that her religion was not one of mere ceremony and outward attendance upon forms, but of true and hearty devotion.

She was not clever by any means; nor had she much to say for herself; nor fair to outward view, as has been already stated; but she was not "slothful in business;" she was "fervent in spirit," and she "served the Lord." In her simple way, she tried to teach the rough and ignorant girl that helped her; she nursed a sick boy, not only as to the body, but as to the soul, and took the most diligent care of my interests.

I have described her excellencies; now let me go on to point out what at first I presumed to be her faults. These were that she never seemed to have any money, and that she habitually wore dresses which my lady friends informed me were scarcely good enough for her position.

When this was pointed out to me I could not but observe that Martha's garments were decidedly shabby, and unbefitting her position as housekeeper. The other matter struck me more. To my certain knowledge she had no poor relations, and yet it was evident that she had never laid by a penny. She was now in receipt of good wages, and certainly did not spend her money upon fine clothes. Yet the woman never seemed to have change even for a five-shilling piece.

How was this? Where did her money go to? What secret way of pauperizing herself had this apparently good woman got? Surely she did not spend it in intoxicating drinks, or any thing of that kind? I was fairly puzzled. I carefully observed her, but could discover nothing. How was it?

At last I thought I would ask Martha herself. And how unfortunate it is that we do not oftener take this simple and most effective way of dispelling our unworthy suspicions about each other! "Go and tell thy brother alone." It requires courage, I know; but there is One who gives counsel and *strength* to those that ask Him.

Well, Martha soon made the matter as clear to me as it was to herself. What did she do with her money? Why, she spent a certain sum on her clothes. Then she paid so much to her place of worship, and then *she subscribed all the rest to the Foreign Missionary Society*. She was in fact doing far more for her Master's cause than I was. What I gave, I gave, so to speak, of my abundance; but this poor woman cast in all her living.

When I came to examine Martha I found that the principle of this conduct was one of simple faith. She read in her Bible, "The Lord will provide," and she *believed* it. She believed that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ was the one way of salvation for all men, and therefore she was quite willing to make any sacrifice in her power in order that this one Saviour might be preached to the heathen in all the world. As for her own future, she left that to her God. She believed in His promise never to forsake those who trusted in Him.

And did her God forsake Martha? By no means. I watched this woman's after course, as may be imagined, with the greatest interest. Circumstances altered with me, and she took a situation elsewhere. Sickness afterward came upon her, and premature old age, but friends arose, as if by magic, from unthought-of quarters. Yet it was no magic—it was the providence of her heavenly Father. She lived for some years after she left me, but she was always provided for; and, I believe, always able even to the last to contribute something toward the cause she had most at heart—the preaching of the Gospel among the heathen. She died in peace, and now her soul dwells with her Saviour.

Would that every one gave in proportion as much as she did to Missionary Societies to send the Gospel to the heathen.

THE CRUELTIES OF HOSPITALITY.

By Mrs. G. S. Reaney,

Author of "Life Scenes and Life Stories," "Friendly Words on Every-day Life," etc.

A City Clerk's First Glass at the Sunday Dinner of Christian Friends—His Consequent Declension into Drinking and Smoking and Recklessly Fast Life—Mr. T.'s Fall Through a Christian Lady's Claret—An Evangelist Made a Drunkard by a Christian Colonel's Porter.

Either through ignorance or thoughtlessness even the most kind-hearted people may perpetrate cruelties a knowledge of the full extent of which would burden them with lifelong sorrow. Reflection in many cases would prevent well-disposed men and women from bringing on themselves the responsibility of putting a stumbling-block in the way of a brother for whom Christ died.

G. S—— leaves his happy country home for life in London as a city clerk. Trained by both parents to habits of sobriety, he goes into the world of London life a total abstainer. He has been prepared for the possible laughs and taunts of his brother clerks. He fights the battle manfully when the attack commences. He has, like Daniel, purposed in his heart "not to defile himself," and mocking laugh or taunting jest cannot move him.

His mother has written to some Christian friends in London, pleading with all the eloquence of a mother's love, "Please look after my boy." The first Sunday finds him their guest for the day. At dinner it is proposed to take him to a neighboring Sunday-school, of which his host is superintendent.

"You had better fortify yourself with a glass of wine," the host says good-temperedly, helping himself to port; "the locality is low, and the children are not of the cleanest. I always fortify myself. You can't do better than follow my example!"

G. S—— has met the taunts of brother clerks, he has faced the sneers of young companions, but this is a new way of putting matters. He hesitates to declare himself an abstainer; and his host, out of most kindly-intentioned hospitality—so at least he calls it—fills the young man's glass, and talks fluently of Sunday-school work, its privileges and its responsibilities.

G. S—— is soon known in the office to have given up his practice of "total abstinence from intoxicating drinks." The young clerks who had voted him "slow," and "a country fellow whose acquaintance was not worth cultivating," are not so careful to keep aloof from him now that they know he "takes his drink like a sensible chap." That fact removes untold objections to the thought of making a friend of him. The same fact surrounds G. S—— with numberless temptations from which as a total abstainer he was more or less free.

"A fellow who can drink his glass of wine can surely smoke a cigar." Well, having given in in one thing since he left the country, why not in two? No one will deny the fact it is only manly to be able to smoke a *manilla* without feeling *seedy*. G. S—— resists feebly, but remembers that his kind host of Sunday smoked his pipe after the evening service while sauntering round his garden and discussing what more could be done to reach the masses than the Christian Church had already attempted. He remembers this, and—yields.

"To be able to smoke and drink, and not play billiards! Why, of course a country fellow is not supposed to know every thing, but—well, he appears a little *soft* to those who do know!" G. S—— hears the words tremblingly. He has promised his mother never to go to a public billiard-table. Yes; but he also promised her to keep his pledge. Surely he was not to blame in growing—manly?

"Well, what can be the harm in going to a theatre or music-hall? You smoke and take your glass, and play billiards like an adept. Where can you find harm in simple amusements such as the stage affords?" Once more G. S—— resists, and once more—yields. And while the fond mother's heart is resting in the thought of her boy's safety in the "City of Temptation," because his Sundays are, for the most part, spent with her Christian friends, those Christian friends have (unconsciously, we admit) with their own hands led G. S—— beyond the line of security. As a teetotaler he stood aloof from companions likely to lead him astray. As one who could take his glass, he was at once on the same platform with certain young men, to be intimate with whom was to be enticed into mischief.

To-day the door of those "Christian friends" is closed to G. S—— because of his reckless habits and sadly-stained life, though they still offer the wine to their young guests, and by life and word uphold its good to "fortify" for work in the vineyard of Him who hath said, "It is impossible but that offences will come; but woe unto him through whom they come."

MR. T.'S RELAPSE INTO DRUNKENNESS THROUGH THE CLARET OF THE KIND-HEARTED STOCKBROKER'S WIFE.

Mrs. W—— is known far and wide as a Lady Bountiful. It is a refreshing sight to see the children of some London court gathered in the field which borders the lawn of her pretty suburban home, once, and sometimes oftener, during the summer of each year. Among these children Mrs. W—— moves with queenly grace and courtly speech. A select number of guests assemble on the lawn, and from time to time are taken into the dining-room, the windows of which open down to the sloping grass, for such refreshment as Mrs. W——'s hospitality affords.

Mr. T—— is present; a stranger brought there by a friend. To him Mrs. W—— offers wine, as she has done to every other guest. He refuses with heightened color. She has the decanter with its sparkling contents within her hand. She holds it up, and says with a winning smile, "Not *one* glass?" and passes on to another guest. The politeness which has led her to offer the wine forbids her to press it. Mrs. W—— is a born lady, and as such her influence is the weightier. But the question and the tempting sight of well-filled decanters present a special trial to Mr. T——, who is hot and thirsty. He asks to be excused if he "changes his mind," and helps himself to claret—"only a light wine; claret *can* hurt nobody!"

That night Mrs. W—— is chatting over the events of the day with her husband, who came home late from the Stock Exchange. She has been giving detailed accounts of the city children's undisguised delight, the pleasure of friends, and the kindly way in which every thing appeared to go. "And now, dear," she concludes, "I am just getting *my* bit of joy out of it all in feeling how many lives may have been helped to better thoughts and purposes, for true enjoyment *must* uplift and refine. How very thankful we should be for the power given us of helping other lives!" and good Mrs. W—— wipes away some gently-shed tears.

Mr. T—— had for five years fought a weary battle with a deadly appetite—the love of drink. A brave young wife had stood beside him, urging him to perseverance and heroic effort "for the children's sake." That morning Mr. T—— left home for a two days' visit to a friend. Life seemed very bright to him as he kissed his wife and children, and prayed, "God bless and keep you all!" and his heart beat high with joy as his baby son—just recovered from an illness—softly stroked his cheek, and answered, lispingly, "And God bless papa!"

Ten hours later and, broken-hearted and crushed to the earth with the sense of failure, Mr. T—— finds his way into a low public house, to drink yet another glass to quench the thirst which has possessed him like a demon ever since the first draught of simple claret from Mrs. W——'s hospitable table had passed his lips a few short hours before. He has no glad memories of the morning's adieu at home *now*; no yearning for the morrow when he should return; no fondly-cherished thoughts of baby's kiss and prayer. He is a madman—possessed by a deadly thirst, a horrible craving! What matters it to him that he has shocked his friend by his lack of courtesy in preferring to spend his evenings at low public houses instead of returning with him to his villa by the Thames? What does he care what becomes of the morrow? He has only to do with the present; and now he has but one thought, one desire, one purpose in life—and that to drink, drink, drink, till he has done with thoughts, done with desires, done with purposes!

Alas for the hospitality which hath power, though it be but once in a thousand times, to turn a man into a fiend!

Mrs. W—— always considers her "outing for the London children" a great success, and congratulates herself that, while her husband earns the means, she can scatter broadcast the bounties of hospitality. Would Mrs. W—— take any exception to the *success* of *that* day could she know the story of Mr. T——'s fall?

A PREACHER MADE A DRUNKARD BY A CHRISTIAN COLONEL.

Colonel G. has for many years been the main supporter of the Gospel Mission Hall in the town of ——. To this house the evangelist, whether working man or gentleman, finds hearty welcome; indeed he always says, and means it too, that he himself is the honored one in being privileged to be the host of any of the Master's servants. So Sabbath by Sabbath (when not in the Highlands at his shooting-box) the Colonel "entertains" the Gospel Hall preacher. He is free in manner, and kindly in speech. He soon wins the heart of his guest by speaking of his own conversion, and before the "Good-night" is said on Saturday evening the Colonel is high in the respect and esteem of his visitor.

"You must take a little stout to strengthen your chest," says the good-natured Colonel, well frothing a glass he pours out, and offering to his guest. His guest is on principle a "total abstainer," but he has owned to a weak chest in talking with the Colonel, and feels a little awkward in now declining his proffered hospitality. "I think I am as well without it," he begins to falter timidly.

"Nonsense," says the Colonel, smiling; "you do not know until you have tried."

The evangelist feels weary, sinking, yearns for success in that day's meeting, and—drinks the stout.

Years afterward a drunken, dissolute man, who carries about the most woful memory a man can have—that of a life once devoted to God's service, and now given up to the devil's—says, with all the bitterness of soul possible to his lost position,

"I am what I am to-day through the *hospitality* of a Christian man! He urged me to t for my health that which once had nearly t death to my soul. Of course he *didn't know* how was he likely to? But he, and he alon responsible for my utter, utter ruin of to-day have lived to hold as my direst punishment memory of having once preached the Nam now blaspheme! Alas! alas! my case is singular. Hundreds, like myself, meet t death-blow through the hospitality of Chris people. It is *because* they are Christians death comes the more stealthily. One is one's guard as to the devil's wiles when sits as an honored guest at the table of Lord's people! Woe is me, my ruin nigh makes me mad! I want to repent turn to the Lord, as I have by my preachin years gone by led many, many others to do, b *cannot repent*. I have fallen where I cannot feel sorrow for sin. Oh, that first glass of st Oh, that Christian gentleman who murdere soul to save my body!"

"The language of a madman!" True, even a madman's talk may have germs of t in it. Oh, reader, think! It is the Christ privilege to "use hospitality one to anoth as it is also his duty; but surely, oh, surely, day like this the hospitality should be su shall not *poison* the lives it seeks to nourish

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THE BLOOD OF THE PASSOVER

A Sermon by Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL

(Continued from page 221.)

"And the blood shall be to you for a token the houses where ye are: and when I see the b I will pass over you."—Exodus 12 : 13.

II. I observe, secondly, for us, as for the dren of Israel of old, there is a remedy prov

THE GREAT DOCTRINE OF ATONEMEN is of course here of necessity brought out b us. That is, in fact, the gist and the burd the text. For us, as for the children of Is there is a remedy provided. You reme what that remedy was. They were to sla lamb; they were to sprinkle the blood o lamb upon the side and upper posts of the the angel was to see the blood; and whe angel saw *the blood* he suspended the veng and passed harmlessly away. And as b blood of the victim sprinkled upon the posts, seen by the destroying angel, wrat averted from them and deliverance secur by the blood, of Jesus, seen by divine ju sprinkled upon our hearts, wrath is ward from us and everlasting salvation is sec You remember that the apostle in the Epis the Hebrews calls this the "*sacrifice* of the ver."

Now, observe here, that, as in all cases of cal prefiguration there is an exactitude o filment between the type and the antity in all cases of typical prefiguration the an is vastly superior to the type. It is so The deliverance before us, great and merci it undoubtedly was, was from temporal only. The salvation of Christ rescues from interminable danger—a world from lasting ruin. The numbers benefited b type, large as they were to them, were up whole limited and scanty. The second ment, finding in all men the relationshi common need, uplifts all men into a co and into a ransomed brotherhood.

Now you will not fail to perceive ho analogy that is before us disposes of t cinian hypothesis, that Christ died only ample's sake—merely to give us an exam the highest type of embodied humanity— that other hypothesis—that His death w *attesting seal* of the *validity* of His tea The lamb certainly did not die either ample's sake or for attestation's sake. offered in sacrifice. To preserve the an Christ, its antitype, must be offered in sa too.

It would seem, then—and this brings the heart of the matter—it would seem that *fice is essential to salvation*—that Christ es have suffered—that without the shedding f ood there could be no remission of sin. Go requires blood, it would appear, ere He can passionate and forgive ; and in that require- e He is righteous and holy. How stands the as?

I will be acknowledged at once that He who man had an indisputable right to *govern* in The provisions of that government, more- ve will be embodied in a law distinct and in- ellible in its enactments and provisions. Ob ience to that law will issue in an increasing ue of glory. *Disobedience,* as its last pen- lty will entail *eternal death.* Now you re- ber that there have never been more than ovenants between God and man—the cove- of works and the covenant of grace.

hat I have just stated was the essence of the ant of works under which man was placed len, "Do this : live. Disobey this : die." Ada's was a covenant of works, for if lapse nade—if loss was incurred—in that cove- here was no provision at all for recovery. The fe of the transgressor was unconditionally ed, and was at God's disposal. God was by that covenant to sustain those who mmaculate, and to punish those who were il. He would have been unrighteous if He unished the innocent : He would have equally unrighteous if He had cleared the il. When man fell, therefore, his life was tely, unconditionally forfeited. He was G's disposal, and he might at God's pleas- ve been at once annihilated, or have been nned to a blasted immortality.

B here

MERCY COMES IN—

nan another chance—proffers the welcome ition, not that sin shall be unpunished, at the sinner shall be saved, that the sin be branded, but that the individual shall hat humanity, disrobed of its lordliness ethroned from its elevation, should wan- ith the curse of Cain upon its brow—a you remember, which, while it brands the protects the criminal against the conse- s which otherwise would inevitably fol- w.

other chance was in the proposition that hould be found *a substitute ;* and in that moment, when there was silence on earth, en there was silence in Heaven, the voice from the midst of the throne, "Here am me. Lo, I come—in the volume of the t is written of me—to do Thy will, O "It became Him by whom are all to make the captain of our salvation per- ough suffering."

you, God's name *must* be glorified : that first essential of creation. It ought to en glorified by the unswerving obedience creature ; it might have been glorified e creature had sinned by His terrible nent : it must be glorified—glorified with onor—by the vicarious death of the Re- em.

some will say, as they have said, of the ent, "Your God must be vindictive : st have an abstract delight in suffering ; y an everlasting punishment for the of a brief earthly lifetime ?" How ready y,

IF GOD HAD BEEN VINDICTIVE

ht have abided by the covenant, and sim- ied out the provisions of that covenant. had been a perpetuation of the race at by one we should have lain down and But how different the method of His ontaneously projecting the Atonement ; His best to render it universally availa- d when to rescue man from the ocean of which threatened to engulf him, there a sacrifice of infinite value, "He spared own Son, but freely offered Him up for all.

till they say, shifting the ground of the n, "He must be vindictive ; else why the Son of His love before His wrath sin should be appeased ?" How it might set this objection at rest if you remember that it was a *spontaneous,* not an *enforced,* offering. Our Saviour seems to have had that sort of objection in His mind when He vindicated His own volition—the freedom with which He had offered Himself upon the cross. "No man taketh my life from me ; I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

And besides this thought, which at once vindicates the offering from the suspicion of injustice, you remember that it was an offering undertaken for the sake of an equivalent recompense, and that "for the joy that was set before Him" He "endured the cross" and "despised the shame ;" and while God, in fidelity to His covenant engagements delivered Him up for man, in fidelity to His covenant engagements also He sustained Him under the suffering, and He exalted Him because of the suffering to an honor and a royalty grander than could ever have accrued from creative wisdom or from the demonstration of His governing power.

"But why," they say still—

"WHY SEE THE BLOOD?

Why insist so much about the sight of the blood?" Why? Because blood is the sign of life taken, and life taken is the execution of the sentence, "Thou shalt surely die!" Why? In order to vindicate the equity of God's procedure and the perfection of God's character to other intelligences and to other worlds. Why? That pardon might be seen to be not a yielding of claim, not a weak and capricious and infirm indulgence, but a pardon *for a reason*—a reason divinely impressive, a reason universally acceptable.

Why *see* the blood? Why, that the Pharisee and the hypocrite and the self-righteous man might be awed by the remembrance that He is a just God, and that the poor penitent of trembling heart, of anguished eye, and remorseful self-upbraiding, might exult in the consciousness that the just God is still a Saviour. "Behold, therefore"—for nowhere but here can it be so well distinguished—"behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God."

Now you see, brethren, what is *the meeting-place of God's mercy* for the sinner. It is just the cross ; and it is just the cross because upon that cross the sacrifice was offered—because upon that cross all things have been purged with blood, and "without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sin." You find it in all dispensations ever since the Fall.

Look at Abel's firstling offered upon the altar and accepted, whle the whirlwind scattered the deistical offering of fruits and flowers. Look at the savor of the sacrifice of Noah : it rose accepted unto Heaven from the summit of Ararat ; and the genial springtime ever recurring in its beauty, and the luxuriance of golden grain, are attestations of that sacrifice still. Take the Jewish tabernacles at the time of their great public festivals, when the hearts of the people were throbbing, and their eager feet were speeding toward Jerusalem. Listen to their song as they set out on pilgrimage, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts ;" and then as companies of pilgrims join them, all intent upon one shrine, you hear the song intensified and becoming louder—"my soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord ;" and then, as the valley of Baca is gained and passed, and the turrets of the city appear full in view, the chorus swells—"my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God?" What is the meaning of all this? Why this longing, and intense, and vehement desire?

Because in front of that tabernacle is *an altar*, and there is *blood upon that altar.* Its horns, its side, the priest's hands as he stands to minister the basins and vessels of sacrifice, are all red with blood ; and that blood tells of God pacified ; and that blood tells, in type, in symbol, of man *even to the uttermost forgiven.* This is the meeting-place, again I say, between God's mercy and the sinner.

Wherever the cross is uplifted, there any poor sinner that is anxious to be delivered from sin may come, and be sure of meeting God—*be sure of meeting God.*

Down through the ages there has been the same manifestation, and at last, in the fulness of time, in the midst of the ages, when tradition had given place to history—when the latest bright-browed prophet had uttered forth his burden—Christ died, "the just for the unjust," manifesting Himself upon the world's broad platform, and in the sight of the sun, just in order that on the widest, amplest, broadest, grandest, most magnificent scale God might see the blood.

And it is so yet. Depend upon it, there is *no change in this matter,*

THE ONLY PLACE OF MEETING

between God and the sinner is the cross of Jesus. The only place where God can receive an offering that shall be acceptable in His sight is the place where the sinner recognizes the Atonement, and trusts upon that Atonement alone.

Oh! it is because of that Atonement that you and I have any hope about us at all. It is because of that Atonement that saints in all ages—some before Christ looking forward to it in faith—multitudes since Christ looking back upon it in faith—have been able to "rejoice in Christ Jesus, and to have no confidence in the flesh." God always sees the blood.

Under the Christian dispensation it is *impossible* for you to come wrongly to the altar, because God always sees the blood. He sees the blood, and the tears of the Magdalen are dried. He sees the blood, and Simon is triumphant in Satan's sifting time, and walks the yielding sea with faith unfailing. He sees the blood, and Paul triumphs in the refiner's fire, and bears the thorn in the flesh without murmuring, and feels that his keenest agony is his best earnest of Heaven. He sees the blood, and John, wrapped round as with an asbestos garment, comes out of the boiling oil unhurt and glad. He sees the blood and the martyr Stephen breaks away from his murderers to pillow his bleeding head upon his Lord's breast. He sees the blood, and the dying thief from the jaws of enfolding damnation leaps up to a harp and a crown.

Yes, God sees the blood, and the sigh of the thoughtful and of the contrite is registered, and the prayer of the penitent is heard ; and the painstaking endeavor is recorded, and the faith is counted for righteousness, and the struggle after purity is marked, and the affliction is sanctified, and there is light at eventide ; and death, the last enemy, is destroyed, and the trumpet sounds, and the graves open, and the angels welcome and eternity unfolds through its everlasting years the grandeur of its beatific vision ; and all this because this moment, and every moment, God looks and sees the blood.

Brethren, it is because of that blood, and because of the sight of that blood in Heaven that we are at this moment *out of hell.* Oh! many a time, many a time, think you not that from the scenes of impurity and from the scenes of oppression, from the place where the demon of war sits and howls, from all the places of demoniacal oppression and wrong, from the place where theft and lust and murder prowl and prey—think you not that a cry has gone up many a time—a cry loud and strong—for vengeance against the oppressor?

Aye, and the eye of the Judge, it may be, bright and piercing and quick, has had the sword in hand, and the sword has been brandished for destruction ; and then He has glanced at the Man at His right hand and the bared and brandished weapon has gone back again to its scabbard, and the sinner has been spared.

But for those whose hearts have not been sprinkled with that blood, what can He see but the pollution of sin—sin that demands a fiercer punishment because of the salvation despised and rejected? For them there remaineth nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment. How is it with you? How is it with you?

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page 223*).

Ernest's Decision.

It was more than ten years since Ernest had turned aside into that way which had seemed good in his eyes, but he had held the estates against the silent protest of his conscience no longer than eight days. He had been fully persuaded, possibly because he wished it, that his step-brother was dead, and that Clifford was fairly and justly his own.

Even during these eight days the conflict had been more on behalf of his daughter than for himself. But now he was resolved to face the reality, to be true. What he could do to shield Rose from suffering he would do; for himself he was almost ready to welcome it.

But the path was no easy one to pursue, though the inward barriers were cast down. It was a solemn night for Ernest, as he deliberated over his immediate action. Charles must be reinstated in the house of his ancestors, while he must turn out into the world, with a shadow attending him which would cling to his name and dim the fair reputation he had won.

He was utterly stripped of all, even of his name, for he would no longer be Clifford of Clifford. Now that the question was settled, he could see his position with great clearness; he must become an almost penniless man, with a suspicion dogging him like his shadow. For how would the world understand what he had done? What would those nearest to him think of it? How would Ruth, how would Rose bear it?

He came down late in the morning and inquired for Charles, who was gone into the village, the servant told him. Charles had not been present in the church the day before, in spite of Rose's entreaties that he would go with her to hear her father preach. The irritation of the continual sight of his elder brother occupying the position that was his by birthright was working within his shallow nature as much deep hatred as he was capable of feeling.

He had met with Ruth as she came out of church, and walked with her over the cliffs to Rockwood, where he stayed the rest of the day, and late on into the night. Julia Rush had found him there on her return from her uncle Dunnit's preaching, and as soon as Miss Ruth left her father and his guest she relaxed her stringent rule, and indulged her patient and Master Charley with something very nearly approaching the carousals so strictly forbidden by Dr. Welsh. Squire Symon's glass she watched over herself, but Charles was at liberty to drink as much as he pleased.

The consequence of this was that Charles was feeling dull and in low spirits this morning. Whenever his spirits sank there was a lurking imp of self-reproach ready to lift up its head and torment him with vexing thoughts of his old father dying, without recalling the curses he had invoked upon him. At these seasons Charles felt himself accursed. He was superstitious; the old stories told him in his earliest years, by the credulous and ignorant fishermen of a former generation, had struck deep roots in his ill-informed and untrained mind.

He had a fixed, unshaken faith in the power of a curse, and of the sheer impossibility of escaping from its malign influence. His father's malediction hung over him like an eternal threat, never to be repealed. This morning he had awoke from a hateful dream, in which he had seen vividly his father's withered face, and heard his broken voice muttering curses against him.

He was making up his mind that he must quit Clifford, where every spot recalled his father, and seek some stirring scene where he might stifle such memories. He strayed absently through the church-yard, and into the church, the door of which was open. The walls of the old chancel were covered with marble tablets to the memory of past Cliffords of Clifford and Symons of Rockwood.

His father's monumental stone was there, containing simply his name and the dates of his birth and death. There was no epitaph, no panegyric on his virtues—"Aged 83." Those were the last characters. All the other Cliffords had records of their having been good fathers, good husbands, and good friends. But no praise had been accorded to this last old man. He had lived and died—that was all. Charles stood gazing at it with maudlin tears in his eyes.

"Father," he muttered, "if you'd forgiven me I'd have given you a better stone than that."

He turned round hastily, hearing a footstep in the aisle. It was Ernest coming up to him. There had been no interview yet between the brothers without a feeling of chilly reserve, and almost a sense of animosity between them. But at this moment Charles was soft-hearted. His thoughts had been dwelling on the past, and he could remember how proud he used to be of his big brother, when he was yet a young boy, not old enough to rush into sin. How good Ernest had been to him when he came home for his holidays! He had indulged him with all the sympathetic kindness a big boy sometimes shows toward a little one.

Charles could recollect riding aloft on his shoulders over the fields, and swimming out with him toward the white-crested waves which tossed and played with him safely while his brother's arm was about him. He could not forget how earnestly Ernest had striven to turn him aside from his mad career of folly and disobedience, nor how he had pleaded with him never to carry out his threat of running away from home. The hardship of seeing Ernest made the head of the family consisted in the fact that he was not really his own elder brother and heir to the estate. It would have been no grievance if Ernest had been born a Clifford.

These thoughts hurried through Charles's mind as Ernest came deliberately up the aisle, and he held out his hand in silence and *grasped Ernest's hand* warmly. Ernest was startled and touched to the quick. There had been no sign of sensibility or of penitence before in the returned prodigal, yet here he was standing before his father's monument with tears in his eyes. The old love for his younger brother, so soon smothered by the fatal indulgence that had ruined him, sprang afresh into Ernest's heart. He clasped Charles's hand with a hearty pressure.

"Ernest," he said, after a long pause, and speaking in broken accents, "it's an awful thing to have your own father's curse hanging over you! It can never be unsaid now, you know, and it's always working against me. How can a fellow repent and grow better when his father's curse is on him? I'm like Cain; I'm doomed to be a vagabond on the earth as long as I live." Ernest was grasping his hand still, and looking into his face with a grave and steady regard. He could love his prodigal brother now, and feel a keen and deep desire for his welfare. But Charley's words stung him. Was it true that he had been binding his brother's soul to sin during all these years?

"Would you have repented if your father had forgiven you?" he asked.

"How can I tell?" replied Charles almost petulantly. "He died cursing me; he cut me off, his only son."

"He forgave you before he died," answered Ernest; "he forgave you fully, and he restored your birthright to you, as he thought. He gave our mother the will which disinherited you, as he believed, and bade her burn it."

"By George!" exclaimed Charles, turning very pale.

"It was almost the last thing he said in his life," continued Ernest, "at the last hour. Till then he held fast by his resentment, and nobody knew he had forgiven you but me. But at the last he intended to make you amends. There is no curse upon you. Charley, my poor fellow, if that has kept you back from repentance and a better life, I shall rejoice forever in what I am about to do this day."

"My old father forgave me!" he muttered

"Fully," answered Ernest; "he intended destroy his last will, which disinherited y He always meant to destroy it the day you ca home again, and he had it burned, as thought, and as I thought too, on his dea bed. But he had made a mistake; he had the wrong will into the wrong cover. He g my mother the will he wished kept, and k the one he wished destroyed—the one that m me his heir. It was a fatal mistake for me."

"More fatal for me," said Charles with a f sneer. The suspicions that had been awake by Julia Rush came back upon his mind w fresh force. A sudden low suspicion was m fest in his tone and manner which made Er wince.

"It was a mistake full of harm for us bot he said. "It would have been best for me have made the truth known at once; but sev considerations weighed strongly with me. made every possible inquiry after you; I ad tised in every colonial paper, and in the c American papers, begging of you to return.'

"Ah! I saw some," interrupted Char "but I'd heard the old man had cut me off a shilling, and I did not choose to come h to eat humble pie from a half-brother that no right to the property or the name. George! it's a queer story; it'll take a g deal of looking into, this will."

"If you had come home," said Ernest qui "as soon as you saw my advertisement, I sh have reinstated you. I took neither name property till I felt almost satisfied you dead. You have been at home eight or days, and I am ready to relinquish all to you

"Make me master of Clifford?" exclai Charles in intense surprise.

"I have already sent for Uncle Wright,' continued, "to advise us. He will satisfy that I am acting in perfect fairness. There be some little delay, but from this time you the sole owner of the estates in my Charles, let this be the *turning-point* in life. You are not a foolish, headstrong lad listen to reason. You will step at once in good position, with a fair income—larger any of your forefathers had, and sufficient the life of a country gentleman who looks his own lands and manages his own af You will have considerable power and influ for which you must one day give accoun God.

"If you have been troubled by the tho of your father's anger and curse, how more you should be afraid of God's! I plore you, make this the point at which will turn away from your follies and sins seek God's forgiveness. You would have so your father's forgiveness if you had come before he had died. Remember you have si against God as well as against him."

"I have, Ernest, I have!" sobbed Ch overcome for the moment, but for the mo only, by conflicting feelings. It was charac tic of him that he gave no thought to E and the change in his circumstances. Th lurking terror of his father's curse was forever. He had been forgiven and reins by the poor old man, whom he had deserted whom he could now afford to forget. H no longer the penniless, dependent brothe ble to be cut adrift at any time, and sent into the cold, inhospitable world.

He was the real master and owner of Cli and Ernest the supplanter was giving u birthright to him. It was his own place; else could have any claim to it? He must g know all the ins and outs of this extraord story. Why had he been left wandering a in poverty and loneliness, while there was a estate waiting for him? He should like to a clear understanding about it.

"Not here," said Ernest, when he gave ance to this wish. "Your uncle Wright aged all your father's affairs, and as soon comes I will go through it all. I wish to nothing, nor to keep any thing back. I wi for my own soul, and I pray God yours may be delivered also."

"I wonder how long he will be?" rejoined Charles impatiently. "You're a parson, Ernest, and bound to talk good, you know; but I can't think of any thing else till I know all. I'm glad enough to know the old man forgave me," he added in a lower voice.

"He forgave you fully," Ernest reiterated with the greater emphasis, as he saw that his father's pardon had taken hold on his shallow nature.

"And I'll promise to forgive you fully," said Charles, once more holding out his hand to his brother; "yes, I'll forgive you beforehand, though I don't clearly understand it all. You need not be afraid of me, Ernest."

He spoke in a tone of superiority, such as Ernest had heard often in the later years of his brother's boyhood, when they had half angered and half amused him. He could not feel either anger or amusement at this moment. With a foreboding heart he looked earnestly into his handsome face, with its voluptuous, vacillating expression. Was he called upon to relinquish all the goodly work of his life into grasping, selfish hands like these, and trust all his generous schemes to a self-indulgent, worthless nature like this?

But Ernest could no longer do evil that good might come. He had entered into the kingdom of realities, where perfect integrity was essential, at whatever sacrifice. He must go straight onward, and trust all results to God.

"I'll go and meet Uncle Wright," said Charles.

For a short time Ernest remained alone in the church, pacing up and down the sunlit aisle. He almost marvelled at himself that he could ever run into such a snare as to give up his station for the possession of his stepfather's lands. What would he not have given to be merely the vicar of Clifford once again, with no aspirations after a wider sphere!

Charles hurried away to the stables—his own ls now—and ordered the groom to saddle Ernest's horse for him. The man demurred, and said his master might want to ride himself, whereupon Charles struck him sharply across the shoulders, quite after the manner of old times. He felt himself the master again.

He did not spare the horse as he galloped on the highway to Dartford, for he was impatient to see his uncle and pour out the whole r as far as he knew it, to him. He overshot his mark in his eagerness, and missed his uncle, who had taken another road to Clifford.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

S.S. Lesson for April 18, Matt. 13 : 24–30, 37–43. Golden Text, ver. 39. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The subject of our lesson for to-day is the second of seven parables which illustrate the dispensation under which we are living. It is worthy of note that while the last six of these are likened to the kingdom of heaven, the Sower and the Seed, which is the introductory parable, is not. There is a reason for this, because it illustrates not the kingdom, the Church, but the preparation for the kingdom—*i.e.*, the preaching of the Gospel.

But when the Lord begins to speak of the kingdom of heaven, His Church on earth, He first shows us in the Wheat and the Tares, the Mustard Seed and the Leaven, the outward aspect of the professing Church, and then alone with His disciples He explains the Wheat and the Tares, and proceeds to enter upon the inward aspect of His Church in the parables of the Treasure hid in the field and the Merchantman seeking goodly Pearls. It then concludes with another parable teaching the same lesson as the Wheat and the Tares, for the mixture of converted and unconverted is typified as much by the net which gathered of every kind as the sowing of tares by the enemy in the field where the owner had sown good seed. And this last parable may represent the widespread preaching of the Gospel in our own day where so many are gathered into the outward profession of Christianity waiting for the sifting-time which will surely come.

"The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way" (vers. 24, 25). What a lesson we have here! While men sleep the enemy of souls is awake and busy, and it is just when the children of God are inactive, quietly reposing in security, that the enemy does the most damage. Let a congregation become satisfied with their religious life and walk and flatter themselves that all is well with them, and say, "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing" (Rev. 3 : 17), and they may be sure that the sower of tares is at hand. "When the blade was sprung up and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also." Only when the wheat was in ear could the difference be perceived. There was life in the tares as well as the wheat, but the fruit was altogether lacking. "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them" (Matt. 7 : 20).

In our Lord's explanation of the parable to the disciples He declares, "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man: the field is the world: the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one: the enemy that sowed them is the devil." It is Jesus Himself who sows His own children in the world—a strange field, one would think, for the development of that which is divine, and yet all things are possible to God. And as Jesus the Son of God lived a life which was divine in its every thought and word and work, in our nature, in our world, and in our circumstances, so has He made it possible for us also to live such a life on earth. Let us never forget that "we walk by faith not by sight" (2 Cor. 5 : 7). According to all appearances it would seem that to plant a child of God in the midst of a worldly family, with all kinds of temptations to seek the honor, pleasure, and riches of the world, which are exactly adapted to allure his natural heart, would be ruin to all that was spiritual in him. And yet under the ordering of God it answered with Joseph in Egypt, with Daniel in Babylon, etc., etc.

God has not set His children in the world without giving them influences counter to those of the world, and much more powerful. "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world" (1 John 4 : 4). And thus we find not only such as Joseph and Moses standing before the kings of Egypt, Elijah and Elisha before the wicked kings of Israel, and Judah, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Daniel before the kings of Babylon and Persia, but also the little captive maid (2 Kings 5) in her humble sphere could flourish in the unlikely atmosphere of Naaman's house in Syria. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. 8 : 31).

The servants of the householder drew his attention to the tares, and said, "Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he said, Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest," etc. Oh, how little have we learned this lesson! What a darling idea it has been of almost all earnest souls to weed out the unspiritual from their congregations and retain only the children of the kingdom, or to separate and form churches of such? And yet what has it come to? Where do we find that man's separation has produced a church full of love, of power, of holiness, etc.? Alas! too often the divisive spirit, which is contrary to love, has been fostered by the very zeal and jealousy for God which led to a separation, and a spirit of judgment which is the exact contrary of the spirit of Christ has been produced. Perhaps the deep humiliation of being linked in our church life with those who are unconverted may prove the most blessed, although painful discipline for the true Christian who understands the personal danger of such, and feels also the detriment done to the cause of the Master by the presence of these tares in the professing church.

The mustard seed and the leaven are also types of the mixed condition of the outward Church. One grain of mustard seed only was sown—a seed which is called the least of all seeds; but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. Whatever the mustard seed may designate, it is meant to convey to us that of which the Lord makes the least, and of which man makes the most. The Apostle Peter warns the "elders" against being lords over God's heritage, teaching them rather to be ensamples to the flock (1 Pet. 5 : 3); and the Lord Himself said, when His disciples had been disputing which among them should be the greatest, "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all and servant of all" (Mark 9 : 35). Had the pastors of the Church from the beginning been rather servants of all than lords over God's heritage, "the birds of the air," the unclean spirits, could not so readily have found their place among the branches. The leaven again leavens the whole lump, but what is this leaven? Not certainly Christ, but the powerless God dishonoring religion of our day, the name to live, the having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof (Rev. 3 : 1; 2 Tim. 3 : 5).

We turn from these parables of the external thing which is called the Church of Christ, and which extends over all countries so-called Christian, which includes all state churches and all nonconformist churches, for we are all too sadly alike in our declension to attempt making distinctions among us, and we read, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field" (ver. 44). Here we have, not the proclamation of salvation, for that is by no means hidden, and can never be bought. *That* is "without money and without price" (Isa. 55 : 1). *That* is commissioned to be preached to all the world, to every creature (Mark 16 : 15). But the hidden treasure when it is found is hidden, not proclaimed, and for joy thereof the finder goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field.

Now there are thousands of souls who have rejoiced in God's pardoning love through Christ, and who can yet live very comfortably without losing their value for the things of this world. Many converted men are as keen in the way of business as unconverted men, many are as sensitive about the world's opinions. But such souls have never discovered the treasure. Union with Christ as the Spouse of their souls has never become the one all-absorbing passion of their lives. He has not as yet so shone into their souls that every other light has grown dim in such a radiance. The ennobling call to be partakers of the divine nature having escaped the corruption which is in the world through lust (2 Pet. 1 : 4), has not dazzled the holy ambition of the eternal life which is in them. Once that Christ is known as the hidden treasure, there is no more restless dissatisfaction if our motives are misinterpreted; He knows, and that is enough.

But in order to possess this treasure he who finds it goes and sells all that he has. He is called to so great a partnership—"joint heirs with Christ"—that all which is not of eternal value is regarded as worthless; he sells it that he may buy the other. Oh! if we had only eyes to see how great is the vocation to which we are called, to stand on God's side of every question, the side of right, the side of power, the side of holiness; that we are called to think, speak, and act divinely, because the spirit of God dwells in us, surely the littleness which makes us cling to our petty rights, our unsatisfying pleasures, our mistaken and near-sighted will, must give way, and we should seek God's treasure at any cost. The seeker for the treasure must buy not the treasure only, but the field which contained it; and the child of God who finds it as the hidden treasure and the pearl learns to take the world upon his heart; he becomes large-hearted, because the narrowing principle of self has ceased to act.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British Parliamentary Elections, so far as their results have been declared, give a decided gain to the Liberal party. Three hundred and eighty-eight of the 650 members of Parliament have been chosen. Of these 235 are classed as Liberals, 137 as Conservatives, and 16 as Home Rulers. The same constituencies returned at the last election, in 1874, 179 Liberals, 193 Conservatives, and 16 Home Rulers. There are still 262 members to be elected, and should these be of the same party as those chosen at the last election, the Liberals will have a majority of 12 in the new House of Commons. It is probable, however, that the reaction which has reversed the position of parties in the constituencies already heard from, will operate in the others, and if so the Liberals will have a good working majority in the House. We are sorry to notice among the list of new members elected the name of Charles Bradlaugh, the notorious infidel, who is elected by the town of Northampton.

Speculations are already rife as to who will be the new Premier, for it is generally expected that Lord Beaconsfield will accept the verdict of the constituencies as a condemnation of his government, and resign before Parliament meets. Mr. Gladstone is unquestionably the most popular man in the party, but as he resigned the leadership in 1874, it is expected that some other member of the party—possibly Lord Granville—will be invited to form a ministry. The duty of indicating a successor devolves on Lord Beaconsfield, who, as adviser of the Queen, will recommend her to summon the statesman he considers best fitted for the post. The success of the Liberals has caused considerable rejoicing in Russia, but other European governments are said to regret the result of the election. There is no doubt that the foreign policy of England under a Liberal government will be radically different from that of the last six years.

Mr. Parnell has met with a Rebuff at an Election in Ireland. Since he returned he has assumed a position many leaders of political opinion have considered somewhat dictatorial. At a meeting held at Enniscorthy, on March 28th, to select a candidate for Parliamentary election, Mr. Parnell endeavored to get a friend of his own nominated; but the meeting was so decidedly opposed to Mr. Parnell and his friend, that they were not allowed to speak. Mr. Parnell was pelted with rotten eggs, his clothing torn, and his hat smashed. It was only by the intervention of the police armed with rifles that he was rescued and conveyed in safety to the railroad station.

In Roscommon a large and influential meeting also protested against Mr. Parnell's dictation; and at Cork, where he has caused himself to be nominated, he has been denounced by the Bishop and other influential citizens. He was invited to contest Sligo County, but as he desired to represent Cork, *he nominated his secretary* to run in his place. The act was deemed so insulting to the constituency, that the nomination was withdrawn.

The French Government gives Evidence of its determination to rid the country of the Jesuits. The laws under which the expulsion is based are the subject of much debate throughout France; the Jesuits and their friends the Legitimists denouncing them as obsolete, while Bonapartists and the majority of the Republicans assert their validity. The Jesuits have announced their intention of contesting the question in the courts of law, and the Bishop of Angers says that the whole Roman Catholic Episcopate is ready to rise in defence of the Jesuits. The government says that the struggle is one for sovereignty, and that there will be no peace or permanence for the Republic so long as the Jesuits are allowed to control and direct the education of the rising generation.

A New Object of Idolatrous Worship has been set up in Russia. Its claims have been established in the eyes of the ignorant and superstitious people by the late explosion. In the guard-room of the Winter Palace, the scene of the late terrible explosion, there was a picture of the Virgin Mary. The explosion having destroyed the frame but left the picture intact, the latter is credited with the miraculous preservation of the Emperor, and has become an object of the deepest veneration.

Thirty-three Years' Waiting for a Teacher has been the experience of some islanders near the coast of China. In 1835, Dr. Meadows, in making a journey along the coast of China, called for a few hours at a small island, where he distributed some tracts and small religious books. The island remained unvisited by any European for thirty-three years, when a missionary went thither and began to preach the Gospel. To his astonishment, one of his hearers said, "We know that doctrine;" and on being asked whence they had obtained their knowledge, the man replied, "Many years ago a foreigner came here and left some little books and other writings, which contained that doctrine which you preach. He gave them to my father, who charged me when dying to read them, and keep them carefully, and perhaps some day *God would send some one* who would teach us the doctrine more fully." The result of the seed sown by Dr. Meadows, thirty-three years before, was the formation of a church which speedily numbered sixty members, and is now in a healthy and thriving state.

The Wedding Present to Dr. Fraser, the Bishop of Manchester, England, will take the form of a public benefit. The committee in charge of the funds have decided to devote the whole of the money to the foundation of a scholarship at Owen's College, to be called the Bishop Fraser Scholarship. This scheme has the decided approval of the bishop, who expressed his preference when the idea was first broached that it might issue in a public rather than a personal profit.

English Bishops for China.—The London *Standard* says: "An anonymous donor has given to the treasurers of the Colonial Bishoprics Fund 10.000*l.* for the endowment of a missionary bishopric in North China. The donor has stipulated that the selection of the bishop shall be vested absolutely in the Archbishop of Canterbury for the time being; and that all existing missions of the Church of England shall be under the bishop about to be appointed. These are at present two in number—one at Chefoo, maintained by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the other at Pekin, supported by the Church Missionary Society. The Colonial Bishoprics Fund has added 1000*l.* to the endowment, and the Christian Knowledge Society is about to vote another 1000*l.*"

The Light in a Clergyman's Window in the early morning hours was the first link in a chain that ultimately ended by God's blessing in the conversion of an English workman. During a recent mission a poor man was asked to attend one of the services. At first he refused, but afterwards said, "I will go to hear that parson who has the light in his window." On being asked to explain himself, he said that no matter however early he went to his work, he always saw a light in the window of a clergyman's study which he passed every day, and he thought that preaching must be the best worth hearing that had so much preparation beforehand. He went accordingly, and the sermon was blest to his conversion. Diligence in the service of the Master made an impression on the workman's mind more distinct than that produced even by direct appeals.

Thousands of Weddings in one Day.—The marriage season next May, at Guzerat, in the Punjaub—where certain caste, the cultivators, or Kudwa Kunbis, marry *only once in twelve years*—will, says the London *Graphic*, be unusually gay this year, for some thousands of weddings will take place owing to the cheapness of food. As no one can be married in the interval, the merest children are often amongst the brides and bridegrooms. There are but two marriage days, which the *Times of India* tells us are chosen in the following curious mann Representatives from twelve villages assem in the temple of their tutelary goddess M Different dates are written on small pieces paper, which are rolled into pills, and a yo girl is chosen to pick up any two of the pell These are opened, and the two dates named the paper are announced to the caste throu out the district. There will be a general fe val and great rejoicing, in which the whole p ulation will participate. The festival is sug tive, though different in all other ways, of universal rejoicing of God's people when Redeemed of the Lord will sit down at Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

Brigands in Sicily.—Brigands Recently ried away a son from his father at Valle Vita, promising to restore him on paymer £6000. The father gave information to the lice, and by their activity the brigands were covered, and a cave near Caltabellotta named as the place where the boy was t found. The father and the soldiers, on ente the cave, found *the bones of the boy* lying at the flesh having been eaten away by dogs vultures. The boy had been murdered by brigands in revenge for the supposed treac of the father in giving information to the pc

The Fever Epidemic in Dr. Barnardo's H in England has abated. There have been fresh seizures, and those who have been atta were, by the latest accounts, recovering. Barnardo is now endeavoring to secure fr charge, or at a low rental, some large hou the seaside, where the convalescent may r health and strength. One hundred and six the inmates have been prostrated by the dis

Mrs. M. Baxter, whose Expositions of Sunday-school lessons appear every week in journal, has been lately preaching near D dorf, in Germany. She has for some time su greatly from neuralgia, but is *looking sol* *the Lord* and not to human remedies for Prayer is asked on her behalf for patience faith and deliverance in God's time. She remarkably healed by faith a year ago strengthened, though she had been forme invalid. But healing by faith does not those who are the subjects of it exemption all future attacks of illness, which are perm by God in order to call faith and trust into cise, and for spiritual teaching.

Fate of an Actress.—An Actress, who often played her part before applauding ences, and had seen many strange vicissitu life, was recently found at Newcastle, Eng in a coal-hole, drunk, with a bottle of whis her side. Some of the friends connected the Salvation Army invited her to a me She attended, signed the pledge, and has been converted. That woman's home, if i be so called, was one of worst dens in New She was got out of the place, and a room for two shillings a week. The first art furniture she purchased was a bucket; sh it would do to fetch water in, and when upside down would do to sit on. She ha an actress, and had *two husbands killed* same profession—one by falling from a tr but she had been discarded by all when fo the Hallelujah Army. Some of the lady e lists attended to her wants, and she is now well.

Perils in Palestine.—The Rev. T. F. W writes from Jerusalem: "Quite lately I Jaffa. During the journey down I expe a signal instance of God's protecting ca was dark, when we suddenly came upo bodies of two murdered men lying acro road. The horses shied, and we had a escape from being thrown over the bank. at that part of the road is very steep murdered men were a rich Jew from Jer and a peasant from a neighboring village murder could not have taken place muc than half an hour before we arrived on th and the robbers must have been hidden where in the neighborhood when we but God protected us from harm."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ublished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M· AY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1880. 14th Year. No. 17—New Series.

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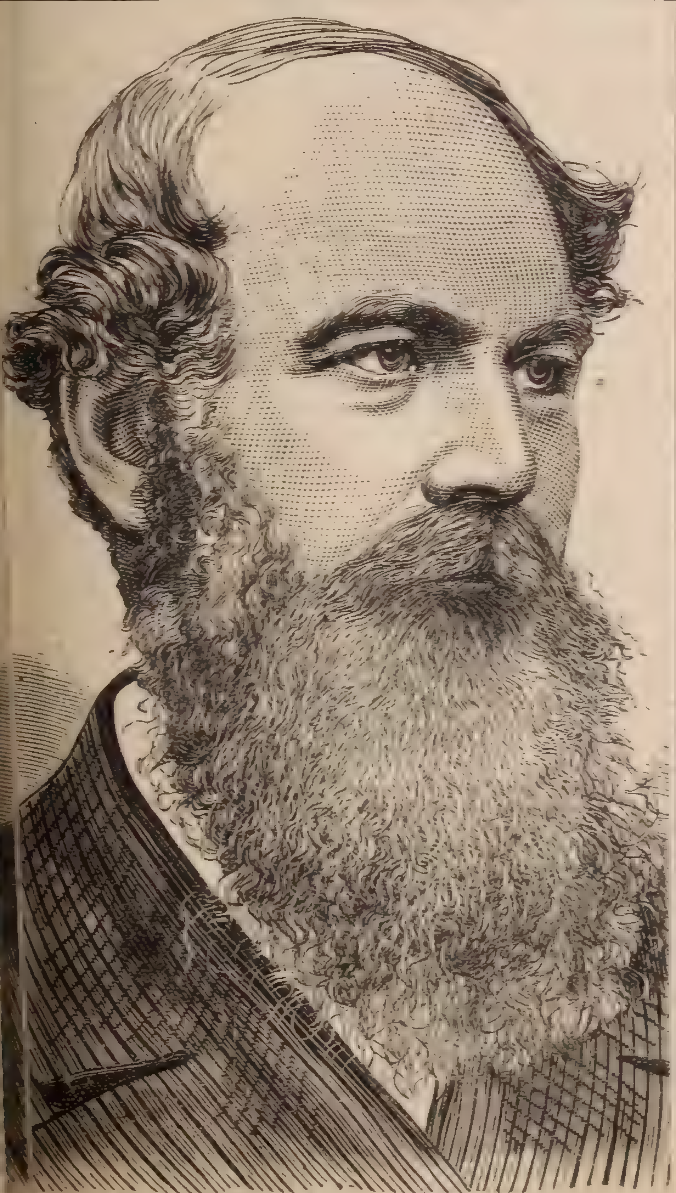

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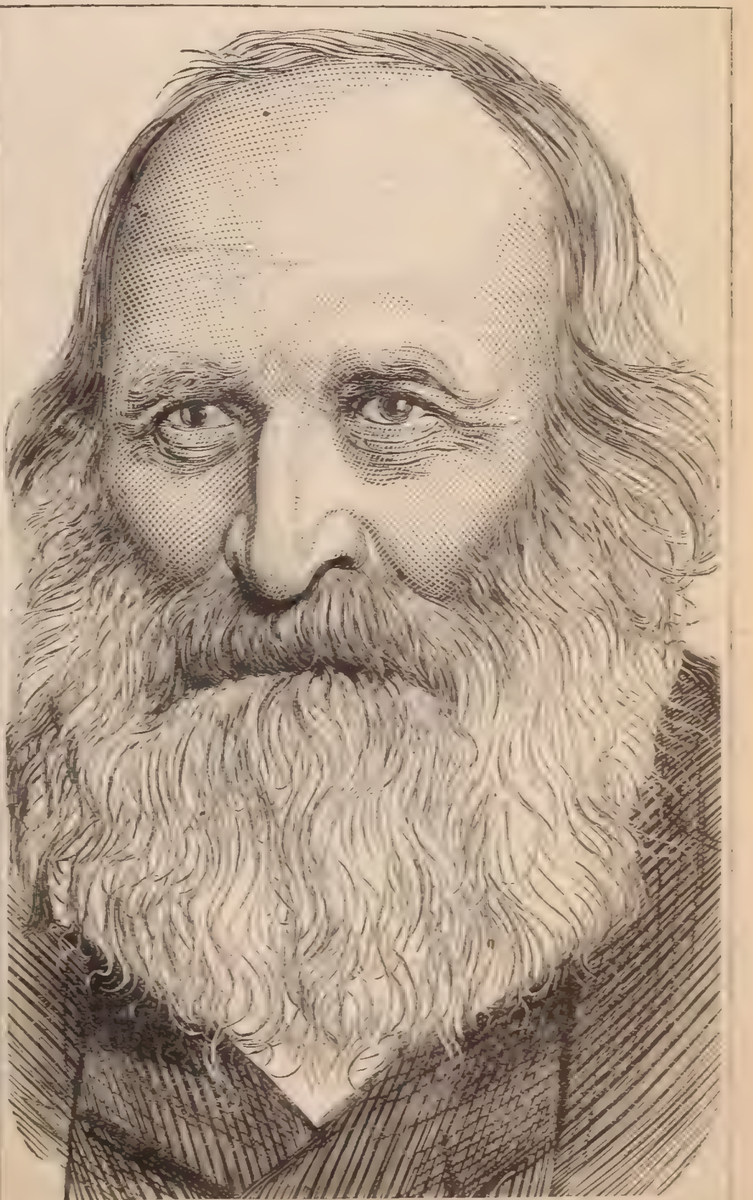

REV. DR. A. KEITH,
The Celebrated Author of "Evidence of Prophecy," &c.

THE REV. J. C. RYLE, M.A.,

Author of Evangelical Tracts.
Appointed first Bishop of Liverpool.

School Life and Companionship—University Career—His Love of Athletics—The Commercial Crisis of 1841—Becomes a Clergyman—Scenes of Labor—Effect of Mr. Ryle's Preaching—Becomes Vicar of Stradbroke—Reputation and Success as a Tract-writer—His Picture of Old English Churches—Torpor—His various Useful Publications.

Among the evangelical clergymen of the Church of England at the present time, Canon Ryle is distinguished as a bold and unflinching opponent of the Ritualistic movement in that Church, and as a prolific and successful writer of popular religious tracts. Some account of a clergyman whose life has been one of incessant activity, and whose numerous and widely diffused publications have done so much for the cause of Christian truth in this country as well as in England, and who has now been appointed to a bishopric, will no doubt be acceptable to our readers.

The eldest son of John Ryle, Esq., first M.P. for Macclesfield in the Reformed House of Commons, John Charles Ryle was born at Park House, near Macclesfield, on the 10th of May, 1816. At Eton, where he was first educated, he was a pupil of Dr. Hawtrey, and there he associated with the late Vice-Chancellor Wickens, Lord Lyttelton, Canon Lonsdale, the present Lord Kinnaird, and others who have attained to eminence or usefulness in the present day. From Eton he went to Oxford University, and studied first under Dr. Short, afterward Bishop of Adelaide, Australia, and then under Dean Liddell, the well-known head of Christ Church. At Oxford he was a contemporary of such men as Stanley, Jowett, Rawlinson, and Waldegrave; and was first-class in classics in 1837. His name will be found in the same first-class with that of Dean Stanley. Notwithstanding his honors, it, however, requires to be said that both at school and college Mr. Ryle was better known as a *cricketer* than as a scholar. He was successively captain of the Eton and the Oxford Elevens. Indeed, he has been known to regret that he gave so much time to cricket, and has expressly said that it would have been better had he devoted himself more to literary work and less to athletic amusements.

Mr. Ryle was not originally intended for the ministry. His father was a banker both at Manchester and Macclesfield. Till the age of twenty-five his eldest son looked forward to entering the House of Commons as member for his native town of Macclesfield. The overruling hand of God's Providence, however, disarranged this plan. In the commercial crisis of 1841 both Mr. Ryle's banks were obliged to stop payment, and the banker himself was completely ruined. In that year his eldest son left his native county with nothing but his University degree to help him on in the world, not knowing what was before him. After a short interval of doubt and hesitation as to his future course, and after declining the situation of private secretary to a well-known statesman, Mr. Ryle finally decided on entering the ministry. He was accordingly ordained deacon in 1841, and priest in 1842, by Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester.

Entering on

MINISTERIAL WORK,

Mr. Ryle was first curate of Exbury, in the parish of Fawley, in the New Forest, near Southampton. In 1844 he was appointed rector of Helmingham, in Suffolk, by Lord Lyndhurst, at that time Lord Chancellor. *Helmingham* is a small agricultural parish, with a population of three hundred souls, without a village or even a shop or public-house, lying nine miles north of Ipswich. Helmingham Church, though small, has a high square tower, and occupies a beautifully retired spot. It is full of ancient monuments of the Tollemache family, to whom the parish almost entirely belongs. Like almost all Suffolk churches, it is *built of flint*, with stone groins and window mouldings. In the quiet and rural retirement of Helmingham, Mr. Ryle continued for *seventeen* years. The smallness of his charge enabled him to write much, and to do good service in various ways as a speaker and preacher, both at Ipswich and in other parts of Suffolk.

Mr. Ryle's preaching was, from the first, pointed, vigorous, and searching. The parishioners of Helmingham were fortunate in acquiring and retaining so long a pastor of such evangelical fervor and earnestness. At the age of twenty-eight he preached to them his first sermon, the substance of which, under the title, "I have something to say to thee," was printed and privately circulated among his people. It has since had a wider circulation, and was, perhaps, the first of that numerous series of tracts, the product of his busy pen, so widely and so largely read in this and other lands.

In 1861 Mr. Ryle was presented to the Vicarage of Stradbroke, by the present Bishop of Norwich. *Stradbroke* is a large, isolated, rural parish, of about thirteen hundred and fifty people, halfway between Norwich and Ipswich, and seven miles from any railway station. It is the principal village of the Hoxne Hundreds, which contain twenty-four parishes. Strange as it may appear, there is neither a mile of railway nor a resident lawyer in the whole Hundreds; nor, until after Mr. Ryle's appointment to Stradbroke, was there even a money-order office or a telegraph wire.

The quiet parishes of Stradbroke and Helmingham will, however, be remembered in aftertime as associated with the active efforts of the subject of our notice, who has striven so hard to maintain the pure Protestant character of the Church of England, and to commend to all classes the vital doctrines of evangelical Christianity.

Mr. Ryle has published more than two hundred and fifty tracts, varying in size from a handbill of one page to forty-eight pages; and these tracts have obtained an aggregate circulation of more than two millions in Great Britain and Ireland. Many of them have been translated into the French, German, Portuguese, Italian, and other continental languages, as well as into Welsh and Gaelic.

The success of Mr. Ryle as

A TRACT WRITER

is owing, first, to his own vivid apprehension of what are known as the distinctive doctrines of the Pauline theology; and, secondly, to his hearty and home-going style of writing—a style which at once arrests and commands the reader's attention. But while, by his evangelical writings, Mr. Ryle has done his utmost to commend the doctrines of free grace, and to lead sinful men to the Saviour, he has also striven, by earnest advocacy, to remove the evils which cling to the Church of England, and to make it a more efficient exponent of its own doctrinal standards, and the trustworthy guide and instructor of the English people. By various oral addresses, and by repeated publications, he has sought to influence and direct the opinions of Churchmen.

The period between 1730 and 1830 Mr. Ryle showed was specially instructive, as a period of *remarkable revival from abounding religious declension* and spiritual deadness. The following is his picture of the

STATE OF THE ENGLISH CHURCHES PRIOR TO THE GREAT AWAKENING

under Whitefield and Wesley: "The Church of England existed in those days with her admirable Articles, her time-honored liturgy, her parochial system, her Sunday services, and her ten thousand clergy. The Nonconformist body existed with its hardly-won liberty and its free pulpit. But one account, unhappily, may be given of both parties. They existed, but they could hardly be said to have lived. They did nothing; they were sound asleep. The *curse* of the Uniformity Act seemed to rest on the Church of England; the *blight* of ease and freedom from persecution seemed to rest on Dissenters. Natural theology, without a single distinguishing doctrine of Christianity, cold morality, or barren orthodoxy, formed the staple teaching, bot in church and chapel. Sermons everywhe were little better than miserable moral essay utterly devoid of any thing likely to awake convert, or save souls. Both parties seemed last agreed on one point, and that was, to *l the devil alone*, and to do nothing for hearts ar souls. And as for the weighty truths for whic Hooper and Latimer had gone to the stake, ar Baxter and scores of Puritans had gone to gac they seemed clean forgotten, and laid on tl shelf."

Mr. Ryle lamented that the men who accor plished this great work are not enough known ai not enough valued; and he has himself done b best from time to time to call attention to the merits and labors. His most systematic effort this direction was the preparation of a series papers for a popular periodical, and which, co lected and republished in 1869, form his inte esting and instructive volume, "The Christi Leaders of Last Century." His object in tl publication, he informs us, was to bring befo English Churchmen and the Christian public a comprehensive form the lives, characters, a work of such men as Whitefield, Wesley, R maine, Rowlands, Grimshaw, Berridge, Ver Toplady, Hervey, Walker, and Fletcher. believe," he says, "that, excepting Luther a his Continental contemporaries, and our o martyred reformers, the world has seen no su men since the days of the apostles.

It was not by dint of mere earnestness, or negative teaching, as Mr. Ryle shows, that results achieved by Whitefield and his conte poraries were brought about, but by a style preaching at once thoroughly doctrinal, positi dogmatical, and distinct. The subject-mat of that preaching was the sufficiency and supre acy of Holy Scripture, the total corruption human nature, the death of Christ as the c satisfaction for man's sin, justification by fa the universal necessity of heart-conversion a new creation by the Holy Spirit, the insep ble connection between true faith and perso holiness, together with God's eternal hatred sin and love toward the sinner. Such ind are the themes which form the pith and esse of Mr. Ryle's own pulpit discourses and pra cal writings. The burden of his preachin one word, is Christ, the refuge and rest of si men.

As a means of *promoting the evangelical* and fervor of the Church, Mr. Ryle has iss several collections of hymns. His "Spiri Songs," first and second series, were follo by his "Hymns for the Church on Earth;" recently he has published a new collection, ui the title of "The Additional Hymn-book." the preface to this volume, he says that hymns which are plain, simple, and manly those which the people learn to love most remember best. And so as to tunes. Mr. is satisfied that the hymn-tunes that are r popular draw out a burst of singing, and cor a distinct, clearly-marked air, and have an i scribable swing, life, and decision about t from beginning to end.

With a man of Mr. Ryle's earnestness deep convictions, and at a time when car principles are at stake, it was inevitable many of his writings should take a disti controversial form. He sees clearly that

RITUALISM

is a Romeward movement, leading to Po and he has in very various ways done his be resist it. "For peace's sake," he excla "let us be ready to concede much. In ind ent matters let us allow the utmost liber men's consciences. But *we must never gi Christ's truth*. If any persons want to hav sacrament of the Lord's Supper formally clared to be a sacrifice, or want a sacrificial to be formally legalized at the communion- of the Church of England, let us resolve fi that we will never consent.

Low Churchman and Evangelical as he would be a mistake to suppose that Mr. wishes to compress English Churchmanship roove of his own party. In what is meant a comprehensive church, he sees that there be room for the different schools of opin- n but "when the Reformed Church of Eng- renounces her Protestant principles, and back to Popery," then, he says, "her life lory will have clean departed, and she will worth preserving. She will be an offence od, and not a resting-place for any true ian."

T most laborious of all Mr. Ryle's numerous y undertakings is his "Commentary on ew Testament." This work entitles him e a place among the most able and pious mentators of the present day.

r. Ryle," says a writer, "is one of the ngers of the good news sent to the fallen of mankind, and he simply applies himself work of his commission. In this work he ng and eloquent. To this he devotes him- solutely. He meddles with nothing else. s great gifts for the task. He is known ery Low Church congregation, and on Evangelical platform in England. His verywhere revives the flagging attention. is a healthy force about the man that people up, and his power is greater than e words would seem to imply."

Mr Ryle was appointed rural dean of the Hundreds in 1869, and afterward honor- on of Norwich. He was then presented deanery of Salisbury, and has now been ishop of the new and important diocese rpool where we trust he may prove in- gly useful, and the divine blessing may a ndantly upon him.

ATE REV. ALEXANDER KEITH, D.D.

-Education—Choice of Profession—His Book—Occasion of its Publication—Sub- it Works on Prophecy—Visit to the -Conversion of a Consul—Establishment Jewish Mission—Interesting Episode— ation of Ministerial Work—His Last at Buxton.

KEITH, whose portrait appears on our ge, has been widely known for many the author of several valuable *books on* . He was *born* at Keithall, Aberdeen- otland, in the year 1791, and died on ight, February 15th, at Buxton, Derby- the advanced age of eighty-nine. He son of a highly respected clergyman, ived his *education* at Marischal College, n.

ing his father's *profession*, he was set- Cyrus, Kincardineshire, as a minister stablished Presbyterian Church of Scot- the year 1816. In 1823 he appeared be- world as an *author*, and published the ion of his book entitled "Evidence of h of the Christian Religion from the it of Prophecy," which has since passed upward of forty editions, and has been into various languages.

iblication of this book arose from a cir- e in his ministerial experience. A lady of his congregation requested him to er husband and persuade him to ac- her to church. He did so, but found and of the lady very sceptical as to the he Bible, and the divine origin of Chris- With this gentleman Dr. Keith had cussions, in which he presented and n his attention many proofs that the he word of God. Among others Dr. uced the present condition of the Jews and unanswerable witness to the truth anity. His thoughts were awakened ore ample investigation of the subject, ork, since widely known as Dr. Keith's

EVIDENCE OF PROPHECY,"

mediate result.

s intrinsic merit and the literary ex- this his maiden literary production, ation of its writer's reputation as a was established. A number of other works on cognate subjects followed at intervals, including "The Signs of the Times," published in 1831; "Demonstration of the Truth of the Christian Religion," in 1838; "The Land of Israel," in 1843; "The Harmony of Prophecy," in 1851; and "The History and Destiny of the World and of the Church according to Scripture," in 1861. He also published some controversial papers in reply to the Rev. E. B. Elliot's "Horæ Apocalypticæ," and to Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine."

In 1839 Dr. Keith was one of a deputation—the other members of which were the Rev. Dr. Andrew Bonar, the Rev. R. M'Cheyne, and the Rev. Dr. Black, of Aberdeen—sent by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to Palestine and other Eastern countries, with the laudable purpose in view of founding a mission to God's ancient and scattered people Israel.

During this visit to the scenes of Scripture history he gathered, with his accustomed sagacity and assiduity, a vast amount of information, which he subsequently published under the title of "A Narrative of the Mission of the Jews," and which, with characteristic skill and manifest appropriateness, he also turned to account in the later editions of his principal works, in the way of supporting the positions therein maintained.

The Rev. R. Rowton, of Buxton, says: "I inquired of him the result of the

MISSION TO PALESTINE

of M'Cheyne and A. Bonar, Black and himself, as a deputation from the Church of Scotland, in 1859, with reference to a Jewish missionary effort there, and he replied that there was then no opening there, but that, returning homeward through Hungary, he was the instrument of conversion, apparently, to the then Archduchess of Austria; and with the promise of her protection during her life, he was able, on his return home, to recommend Pesth as the centre of a Scottish mission to the Jews, that Dr. Duncan was selected as first missionary, and the Rev. Adolphe Saphir (the well-known Presbyterian minister of London), and his father as the first-fruits of the Mission."

The *Free Church of Scotland Monthly Record* for April says: "It was through an Arabic translation of one of his books ('Demonstration of the Truth of the Christian Religion') that Dr. Meshâkah, of Damascus, more than thirty years ago was converted to the faith of Evangelical Christianity. Dr. Meshakah was consul for the United States in Damascus; and his writings have been more influential on the side of Protestant Evangelical Christianity in Syria since 1848, and in Arabic-speaking countries generally, than those of any other writer. Meshâkah was a man of some authority in the Greek Catholic Church, and his conversion made a great stir; his books are still regarded in the East as standard works in the controversy between the Oriental and the Evangelical Churches."

In 1840, owing to precarious health, Dr. Keith had to relinquish the active duties of his ministerial charge, and his son, the Rev. Alexander Keith, M.A., author of a "Commentary on Isaiah," became his colleague. At the Disruption, in 1843, Dr. Keith conscientiously joined the Free Church, and was for some years the convener of its Jewish Mission Committee. He might doubtless have held higher office had he so chosen, but the state of his health rendered the acceptance of any overture of that description impossible.

About six years ago the Doctor visited Buxton for hydropathic treatment, and finding the climate most favorable to his health, he became attached to the place and to friends who had gathered round him, and there he remained till the close of his life, generally spending some part of the summer in the salubrious locality of the Bridge of Allan. He was, however, for some years almost absolutely confined to his bed by an affection of the heart, leading to dizziness whenever he lifted his head from his pillow; but his intellect remained clear and vigorous, as his hope maintained an unclouded brightness to the last. He seemed always cheerful, calm, and composed, simply, and without doubt or question, awaiting the Master's call. Up to the last he had Mr. Spurgeon's sermon read to him every Sunday.

His wife was Miss Jane Blaikie, who came of a well-known Aberdeen family, two sons of which, Mr. James Blaikie and Sir Thomas Blaikie, were Lord Provosts of the city of Aberdeen. Two sons of the deceased divine, besides the Rev. A. Keith, already referred to, are Dr. G. S. Keith and Dr. Thomas Keith, Edinburgh.

Dr. Alexander Keith was a man of a singularly amiable and affectionate nature—a devout Christian gentleman of a catholic type. He took a vivid interest in current events, especially in all missionary affairs, as heralding and preparing for the coming of the Lord, and was always ready for conversation on subjects of prophetical inquiry. He was an enthusiast in

PROPHETIC STUDY;

and his first work—which, like all those which followed, insisted strongly on a literal interpretation of prophecy—was long esteemed one of the best of its kind on the subject which it treated.

During his last days he adverted with gleaming eye to the present influx of Jews to Palestine as an earnest, he believed, of their national return thither, and reminded his friends of Ezekiel's vision, chap. 37, remarking that the scattered bones drew together to form the national skeleton *before* the Spirit of life had entered into them.

In his "History and Destiny of the Church and of the World,' he expounded Revelation 17 very clearly, showing that the Napoleon dynasty is the seventh governmental headship of the seven-headed wild beast which represents the nations of the Roman Empire, and is the headship which "was, and is not, and yet shall be" (Rev. 17:8); in other words, it is to be revived ultimately to more extensive dominion than in the first Napoleon's days. This belief he continued to cherish to the last, not being staggered by the marvellous overthrow of the Napoleon dynasty at Sedan on September 2d, 1870, but maintaining that a Napoleon will yet become the head of France and Europe, defeating Germany, and extending the limits of France to the Rhine.

It is singular that the late Emperor Louis Napoleon, during his exile in England in 1872, inquired for and obtained a copy of this book at a bookseller's in Torquay, and presumably read the prophecies in Revelation 17 about his own dynasty. This is somewhat analogous to Alexander the Great having the career of his empire—the he-goat—explained to him from Daniel 8 by the high priest in Jerusalem.

The Bible was to the venerable Dr. Keith literally the Word of God. He took the promises just as he found them in the sacred page. He gave to them the affiance of a nature in which the instinct of reverent obedience was strong. He exercised a faith that was without a murmur and without a doubt. Only they who waited in his sick-chamber knew how patient he was. Singularly averse from giving trouble, and grateful for even the smallest attention, he always thought more of others than of himself. One of the last inquiries which he made was whether there were any poor whom he could relieve, or any sick and afflicted to whom he could minister. And this thoughtfulness for others was partly the secret of his uncomplaining endurance. Never was the shadow of impatience seen to flit across his face. Those who watched him as he slept in the quiet of death saw in it the emblem both of the tranquil faith and patience of his latest years, and of the rest into which he has now entered. His work was done.

There are certain lives so early cut off and lifted up that in our poor, limited vision we pronounce them to be incomplete, unfinished. This could not be said of Dr. Keith. He did a long day's work, and he has now received the reward which is all of grace.

MISTAKES ABOUT THE SOUTH CORRECTED.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, April 18, 1880.

"Give me a blessing: for thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water."—JUDGES I: 15.

The South Needs an Irrigation of Divine Mercy—An Honored Grave—Rottenness of Politics—The South Seriously Misrepresented—I. The South does not desire to have Slavery Reinstated—North and South of One Mind on the Subject—Reformation Needed at Home—II. There is no Antagonism to Settlers from the North—The Men who will not be Welcomed there—The Burial of a Northerner in Charleston—Advantages Offered by the South—The Region for European Immigrants—The best Way of Settling the great National Difficulty—III. The South is Loyal—A Stupendous Sight—Those sad Four Years—The two Rows of Graves—A bright Vision of the Future.

CALEB'S daughter had been married to General Othniel, and she had received from her father as a wedding-gift a farm at the south, in a sunshiny and warm region. She asked the further gift of some springs of water near by, so that her farm might be properly irrigated, the water brought down through tunnels and aqueducts: "Give me a blessing; for thou hast given me a south land; give me also sprirgs of water."

This nation can say that God has given us a south land, and it is a *magnificent reach of country;* but it especially needs to be irrigated from the fountains of divine mercy, and this nation ought to offer the prayer most devoutly, "Give us a blessing, for Thou hast given us a south land; give us also springs of water."

To meet engagements in nine of the Southern States, and to catch a glimpse of the Southern springtime, and to see how those regions are recovering from the desolations of war, I started a few weeks ago southward, equipped with my mind full of questions, and hungry for information on all social and political, moral and religious subjects.

Among other things, I had a grave in Georgia to visit—the grave of my uncle, Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, for twenty years the President of Ogelthorpe University. After walking among the ruins of that institution, from which many men went forth to bless the earth, which institution was slain by the war, I went to see his last resting-place. When the war opened, his heart broke, and he lay down to rest near by the scene of his eminent usefulness, his grave covered with a monument adorned by his own name and the suggestive Scripture passage, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." He was one of those contemporary ministers of the South who, after eloquent words for God and earnest service, are resting from their labors. Dr. James H. Thornwell, his biography by Dr. Palmer a holy enchantment, and Dr. Smythe, and Dr. Duncan, and Dr. Pearce, and many others.

But my mission was not with the dead, but with the living. I went southward with no partisan predilections. I had no prejudices. I was resolved on coming back to report what I saw, whether it might meet with general favor or the condemnation of one or both sections. I had no political record to guard or look after, since most of my ministry has been passed since the war closed.

My admiration for the Democratic and Republican parties, as mere parties, is so small, that it would take M'Allister's most powerful magnifying glass to see any thing! *American politics are rotten*, and that party steals the most which has the most chance!

At the South all the doors of information seemed to be open. I talked with high and low—with governors of States and water-carriers, lawyers, clergymen, doctors, judges of courts—and I found that there had been a persistent and in some cases most outrageous, misrepresentation of the feeling at the South by the correspondents of some of our Northern secular and religious newspapers, and by overbearing and dishonest men who, going from the North to the South, behaved there in a way that excited no friendliness.

I found out that if a man behaves well at the South he will be treated well. There is no more need of severe governmental espionage in Charleston and Atlanta and Augusta than in New York and Brooklyn. The feeling at the South to-day has been so misrepresented, that I shall devote this morning's sermon to the correction of the misapprehensions, and to the overthrow, so far as I may be able, of some of the slanders.

THE SOUTH DOES NOT DESIRE THE RESTORATION OF SLAVERY.

I. The first misrepresentation in regard to the South that I wish to correct is, that the Southern people want to get back and have reinstated negro slavery. Why, all *the people are glad to get rid of it.*

The planters told me that they could cultivate their land now at less expense under the new system of labor than under the old. A planter, who had a hundred and twenty slaves before the war, said that there was so much care necessary in looking after so many slaves, and in looking after the aged who could not work, and helpless colored childhood, that there was constant anxiety and vast expense and exhaustion. Now they have nothing to do but pay the wages when they are due, and each family looks after its own invalids and minors.

Submit to the ballot-box of the Southern people to-day, the question, "Shall slavery be reinstated?" and all the wards, and all the cities, and all the counties, and all the States would give thundering negative. They fought for the institution eighteen years ago, but now they congratulate themselves at the overthrow of the institution.

God be thanked that, North and South, at last we have one sentiment on that subject; and those Northern politicians who keep the subject of American slavery rolling on and rolling on are doing a thing as useless and inapt as it would be to make the Dorr Rebellion of Rhode Island or Aaron Burr's attempt at the overthrow of the United States Government a test for our fall elections. The whole subject of American slavery is dead and d——d.

I said to the planters: "How do these men work now under the new system?" and they replied, "They work well; we have no trouble. There was a good deal of trouble just after the war closed, and a demoralization and disorganization consequent upon a change of things; but now they work most admirably, and they work far better than the Northern men who come here and work, because the climate seems better adapted to the colored people, who will on a summer day, at their nooning, go out and lie down to enjoy the sun." My friends, all this talk about the dragging of the rivers and the lakes of the South to haul ashore negroes murdered and flung in, while it may be believed by many at the North, is a falsehood so absurd it is hardly fit to mention in a religious assemblage.

The white people of the South feel their dependence on the dark people for the culture of their lands; the dark people feel their dependence on the white people for the payment of their wages. From what I have seen of the oppression of female clerks in some of the dry-goods stores at the North, and from what I have seen of the oppression of some young men at the North on small salaries which they must take or get nothing at all, I have come to the conclusion that there is more consideration and sympathy for colored labor at the South to-day, than there are consideration and sympathy for some of the employés in some of the dry-goods stores on Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn; Broadway, New York; Washington Street, Boston; Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. In all the land and in all the earth there are tyrannical employers, and their maltreatment of subordinates, white or black, deserves execration. But in the work of reformation let us begin at home.

NORTHERN SETTLERS WELL TREATE

II. Another impression in regard to the
that I wish to correct—and that is, that th
antagonistic to having Northerners come
there and settle. The whole impression
here at the North has been, that if Northern
down South, they are Ku-Kluxed, kept
society, or, getting into society, throw
again, and in every way made uncomfortal

From the States where I visited the cry
and I bring it to-day in their name, "*Sen*
your capitalists, send down your Northern
ing machines, come and buy our plant
open stores, build cotton-factories and ric
—come by the hundreds, by the thousar
the millions, and come right away." I
here that that is the sentiment of the Sou

Of course there is no more admiration
South for Northern fools and Northern bra
than there is here. If a man going Sout
put his valise at the depot, then go up
nearest plantation, and say by his manne
words: "We have come down here to sho
Southern people how to farm; we whipp
in the war, now we are going to whip
agriculture. I am from Boston, I am;
the 'Hub.' How much you look like a
shot at South Mountain! I believe it wa
brother. I marched right through here
14th Regiment of volunteers; I killed an
tered a heifer on your front stoop. What
miserable race of people you Southerne
Didn't we give it to you? ha! ha!"—such
as that, to say the least, will not make a
ble impression! And he will not be ve
elected as elder of one of their churches.
he should open a store he would not ge
customers, and if such a man as that sho
a free and rapid ride on that part of
which is most easily removed, and be se
without much reference to the desirab
the landing-place, you and I would not b
estants.

If a moral man go South, and he e
just ordinary common-sense, he will
come, he will be made at home, and comi
Brooklyn, he will be just as well tre
though he came from Mobile. A Southe
tleman (in the audience) nods his head a
as to say, "That's so."

AN ILLUSTRATION.

I could give many illustrations. I gi
There went from this church seven
years ago a member, to reside in Cha
South Carolina. He took no fortune.
cantile assiduity he toiled on, up. Was
ceived well? Was he treated well? Ju
yourselves when I tell you that a few da
when his lifeless body was carried into th
copal church of Charleston, where he wa
tryman, the members of the Board of T
sembled in the church, the children a
patrons of the Orphan Asylum of which
director, and a great throng of the best
amid a wealth of floral and musical trib
the Charleston *Courier* describes as ma
occasion almost unparalleled in the hi
private obsequies.

Why, this side of heaven there is not
hospitable people than the people of the
and I bring you from those States whi
the pleasure of visiting, I bring you t
invitation for immigration that way. Th
is to rival the West as an opening
American enterprise. Horace Greeley'
of "Go West" is to have its addenda
South."

The first avalanche of population t
will make their fortunes. It is a national
ity that such a large proportion of th
of the South at great expense should
North, in order to be transferred into us
ric. The few factories at the South are
neers of innumerable spindles which are
begin the hum of the grand march on th
of the Savannah and the Appalachicola
Tombigbee.

There is Georgia with its 58,000 squar
there is Alabama with its 50,722 squar

re is South Carolina with its 34,000 square es, there is North Carolina with its 50,704 are miles, and other States, not ten per cent heir resources yet developed. When will our crowded populations in these Northern cities a the wings of the morning and fly to those ons where they may have room to turn nd and plenty place to take a full breath, n expand, and be masters of their own cornies, their own rice swamps, their own cotton tations, their own lumber forests ?

nd to be had there from $1 to $20 an acre. Tr el from here to that region $15, if you are not particular about the way you go. Afraid of h eat ? Why, the thermomenter in New York summer rises to a higher point than in gia or North Carolina, although in those s the heat is more protracted. Afraid of ever ? The death-rate in Georgia just equals eath-rate in Michigan. The death-rate in gia, according to the number of the population is less than the death-rate in Connecticut Maine. Going either West or South you robably have one acclimating attack. It nly be *a different style of shake!*

re is no more need that England, Ireland, cotland want room or want bread. I rethat there is such a vast population coming foreign lands here ; twenty-one thousand ndred and sixty-eight people arriving in York last month, March, to make their resi- in this country. And let me tell you, of them *the very best people of Europe.* do I mean by " best "? I mean industrious oral.

thousand people last Tuesday, in and Castle Garden, waiting for transporta- While you put on extra trains to carry vest over the Pennsylvania and the Erie e New York Central, put on extra trains Baltimore and Ohio, and all the great to Charleston and Atlanta and Chatta- that they may go South. Vast opportu- pening.

cursing the South, and stop lying about uth, and go South and test the cordiality welcome and their resources of mine and ion and forest. Why, my friends, that is *this national difficulty is to be settled.* thousands of young men from the North, young men, intelligent young men from th, are to go South and make their resi- here, and they will invite the daughters outh to help them build houses amid the ias and the orange-groves, and their chil- ill be half North and half South—half arolina and half Vermont, half Georgia New York ; and then to divide the country will have to divide the children with some ord as Solomon sarcastically proposed division of a contested child, and the n father will say to the Southern mother, , my dear, let us *put our political feud to this cradle!"*

tatements so long rampant at the North thern people do not want moral and in- s people to come from the North to the I brand that statement as a falsehood, p and kept up for base political purposes.

LOYAL TO THE GOVERNMENT.

II. nother wrong impression in regard to th that I want to correct is, that the there are antagonistic to the United overnment. These people submitted to ement of the sword certain questions, they are submissive to the decision. no fight in them.

k about the fire-eaters of the South. If fire, they have a private platter of coals ate room. I sat at many of their tables w no such style of diet. Neither could poon or a fork or a knife that seemed been used in eating fire! Why, sirs, the most placid people you ever saw. them, their property all gone, at forty years of age starting life, with one e foot, and one eye, the missing mem- ficed in battle. It is simply miraculous, *vork of the Lord Almighty*, that those people are as amiable and as cheerful as they are, and it is dastardly mean in us to keep speaking of them as waspish and acrid, and saturnine and malevolent.

I have travelled as much as most people have in this and other lands, and I am yet to find a more affable, more delicately sympathetic, more whole-souled people than the people of the South.

The people of the South are loyal to-day, and if a foreign foe should try to set its foot on this country by way of intimidation or conquest, I believe the forces of McClellan and Beauregard, Bragg and Geary, Grant and Lee, would come shoulder to shoulder, the blue and the gray, and the guns of Forts Hamilton and Pickens and Sumter would join in one great chorus of thunder and flame.

The fact is, that in this country we have had *a big family fight*, and if a neighbor should come in and try to interfere, you know what the result would be. Husband and wife in contest, the one with a cane and the other with a broomstick—let an intermeddler come in and he gets all the advantage of both cane and broomstick! I have sometimes thought that the North and the South will never understand each other until the approach of a common enemy makes us a common cause. God forbid that that day should come. But if foreign despotisms think there is in our government no cohesion, no centripetal force, they *have only to test it.*

Instead of thirteen original colonies, *we own from ocean to ocean ;* but that is no sign of lack of governmental grip. By steam and by electricity the government is under more speedy and easy control now than it was at the start. At the foundation of the government it took an official document two weeks to cross the country ; now, it takes two minutes. San Francisco and Galveston and Des Moines are to-day nearer Washington than Richmond was then. There never has been a day of more thorough consolidation and unity than now. Would that the people all appreciated it.

You see

THE WHOLE IMPRESSION OF MY SOUTHERN JOURNEY

was one of encouragement. The great masses of the people are right. If half a dozen politicians at the North and half a dozen politicians at the South would only consent to die, there would be no more sectional acrimony. You see it is a mere case for undertakers! If they will bury out of sight these few demagogues, we will pay all the expense of catafalque and epitaph, and of a brass band to play the "Rogues' March!"

In time, under God, this will all be settled. The generation that follows us will not share in the antipathies and the bellicose spirit of their ancestors, and they will stand in amazement at the state of things which made the national cemeteries at Murfreesboro and Gettysburg and Richmond an awful possibility.

Week before last, I took a carriage and wound up Lookout Mountain. Up, up, up. Standing there on the tip-top rock I saw five States of the Union. *Scene stupendous and overwhelming.* One almost is disposed to take off his hat in the presence of what seems to be the grandest prospect on this continent.

There is Missionary Ridge, the beach against which the red billows of Federal and Confederate courage surged and broke. There are the Blue Mountains of North and South Carolina. With strain of vision, there is Kentucky, there is Virginia. At our feet, Chattanooga and Chickamauga, the pronunciation of which proper names will thrill ages to come with thoughts of valor and desperation and agony. Looking each way, and any way from the top of that mountain, earthworks, earthworks—the beautiful Tennessee winding through the valley, curling and coiling around,

MAKING LETTER "S."

after letter "S," as if that letter stood for shame, that brothers should have gone into massacre with each other, while God and nations looked on. I have stood on Mount Washington, and on the Sierra Nevadas, and on the Alps; but I never saw so far as from the top of Lookout Mountain.

Why, sirs, I looked back seventeen years, and I saw rolling up the side of that mountain the smoke of Hooker's storming party while the foundations of eternal rock quaked with the cannonade. *Four years of internecine strife* seemed to come back, and without any chronological order I saw the events: Norfolk Navy Yard on fire; Fort Sumter on fire; Charleston on fire; Chambersburg on fire; Columbia, South Carolina, on fire; Richmond on fire. And I saw Ellsworth fall, and Lyon fall, and M'Pherson fall, and Bishop Polk fall, and Stonewall Jackson fall.

And I saw hundreds of grave trenches afterward cut into two great gashes across the land, the one for the dead men of the North, the other for the dead men of the South. And my ear as well as my eye was quickened, and I heard the tramp, tramp of enlisting armies, and I heard the explosion of mines and gunpowder magazines, and the crash of fortification walls, and the "swamp angel," and the groan of dying hosts falling across the pulseless heart of other dying hosts.

And I saw still farther out, and I saw on the banks of the Penobscot and the Oregon and the Ohio and the Hudson and the Roanoke and the Yazoo and the Alabama, widowhood and orphanage and childlessness—some exhausted in grief and others stark mad, and I said, "Enough, enough have I seen into the past from the top of Lookout Mountain. O God!

SHOW ME THE FUTURE."

And standing there, it was revealed to me. And I looked out and I saw great populations from the North moving South, and great populations from the South moving North, and I found that their footsteps obliterated the hoof-mark of the war chargers. And I saw the Angel of the Lord of hosts standing in the national cemeteries, trumpet in hand, as much as to say, "I will wake these soldiers from their long encampment."

And I looked and I saw such snowy harvests of cotton and such golden harvests of corn as I had never imagined, and I found that the earthworks were down, and the gun-carriages down, and the war barracks were all down, and I saw the rivers winding through the valley, making letter "S" after letter "S"—no more "S" for shame, but "*S*" *for salvation.*

And as I saw that all the weapons of war were turned into agricultural implements I was alarmed, and I said, "Is this safe?" And standing there on the tip-top rock of Lookout Mountain, I was so near heaven that I heard two voices which some way slipped from the gate, and they sang, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And I recognized the two voices. They were the voices of two Christian soldiers who fell at Shiloh; the one a Federal, the other a Confederate. *And they were brothers!*

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 175,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TO THE READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

DEAR FRIENDS: I thank all who have contributed toward the liquidation of the Tabernacle debt. I have acknowledged, together with the treasurer, the receipt of all moneys accompanied by the address, but as many have sent without giving their names, I take this mode of expressing my warmest gratitude.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE,
Pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle.

APRIL 19, 1880.

THE LAST OF THE O'G.s; OR, THE LOST INHERITANCE RESTORED.

By Mr. Henry Martin, author of "Felicia Cuffe," "Arnold Percival Montaigne," etc.

The Stagnant Country Town—The Cathedral-like Avenue—The O'G.s' Ancient Castle—Its Confiscation after Earl Desmond's Rebellion—Its Restoration and Second Confiscation after James II.'s Rebellion—The Disinherited O'G.s Annual Act of cutting a Green Sod—My Interview with her in the Park, etc.

K—— is a quiet, dull, uninviting town in the county of Cork, Ireland—half a century behind the age—a place which, standing apart from the main line of traffic, has not wakened up to the life and stir of the nineteenth century. The only houses of the least pretension, along its principal street, are the Griffin Arms Hotel, the lawyer's dwelling, and the doctor's, the clergyman's, and the priest's; while the market-house and the National School, the Protestant church and the Roman Catholic chapel, comprise the whole number of its public buildings, none of which can boast of any architectural beauty.

It is, we believe, considered that the place of one's abode has a powerful influence upon the general disposition and character. K—— would furnish an excellent illustration of this doctrine; for "Like town like people" is the adage which, we fear, rises spontaneously to the mind of most strangers upon coming into contact with the good folk of K——. "Talk of the exile and self-sacrifice of a missionary in India," said a laborer fresh from the mission-field to me one day, as we walked up the main street of the prosaic little town; "it is my belief that lifelong Christian work in such a place as this is accompanied with tenfold greater self-denial than in India."

Not far from K——, however, there is a fine demesne within which is the splendid residence of Lord N——. From the handsome entrance, *the long avenue* right up the whole way to the mansion is lined on either side with some of the noblest trees, the growth of centuries, in the South of Ireland. With outspread roots, for long distances only half buried in the soil—and from great living pillars, gnarled, many-grooved, and bark-furrowed—elms and oaks send aloft ten thousand massive boughs, whose smaller branches, meeting and interweaving overhead, afford "when summer is green" a cool and solemn shade, grateful to mind and body, and which form a colonnade of height and breadth and grandeur such as cannot be vied with by any *cathedral* in the world.

At a short distance from Lord N——'s superb modern abode are the remains of another lordly habitation. The ruins of *an ancient castle*, its limestone walls are of unusual thickness and height, are battlemented at the top, and pierced here and there with very narrow openings. The entrance of the castle is now almost concealed by ivy, which, though of vigorous growth, has only been able to scale, half way, the great walls it clings to. The watch-towers, far above them, rise at each angle of the lofty rectangular building. This castle in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was the residence and stronghold of the O'G.s—one of the most powerful of the Irish chieftains, who acknowledged a kind of fealty to the great Earl of Desmond, whose estates and authority extended in that day over the greater part of the province of Munster.

When Earl Desmond, instigated by the Spanish Government, rebelled against the English queen, and was crushed beyond the power of further resistance by the Lord Deputy, he was placed under ban as "the Irish enemy," and the whole of his lands were confiscated, as were also the estates of every dependent chieftain who, in loyalty to the claims of feudal obedience, had followed him to the field. Under this ban and forfeiture, the O'G.s were included. In the depth of winter the chieftain and his wife and sons and daughters were driven from their castle abode, and forced to seek food and shelter from their followers, who almost to a man remained faithful to the ancient house, and concealed and protected the chieftain and his household in the fastnesses of the neighboring mountains.

After the lapse of a few years, however, in the shifting politics of the times (for, strange to tell, within fifty years, at that period, no less than three confiscations and partial restorations were known in Ireland), the O'G.s recovered their patrimony, and lived again in the old castle, ruling their sept, as in the days before the Desmond rebellion.

For a considerable time, with not more than the usual anxieties and changes of human life, affairs went on pretty tranquilly with the O'G.s, until, to their bane and sorrow, as well as to his own, James II. landed at Kinsale, to do battle in Ireland with his son-in-law, Prince William of Orange, for the English throne. The O'G.s, at the news of his landing, could not resist the temptation to join their forces to his, and to cast in their lot with a king whom they unfortunately regarded as their lawful sovereign, and who also in addition was, like them, a Roman Catholic.

It would take too long to recite the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of the struggle. History has recorded them at length. Suffice it to say, that at the capitulation of Limerick the chief O'G. and his sons were among the number of those who, after a long defence, under the skilful Sarsfield, were compelled by disease and famine to surrender to the generals of William. The terms granted to the conquered were life, and unmolested quiet, under surveillance, in their own country, or a free passage to France, there to enter, if they pleased, the service of Louis XIV., "the Grand Monarque."

Half of the O'G. family accepted life in their native land, and half of them chose perpetual exile, and helped to form the Irish Brigade, whose feats of arms on many a battle-field in the cause of France forced an English king, in after years, to bemoan the fate that had robbed him of such splendid soldiers.

The members of the O'G. household who had elected to remain in the land of their birth had chosen a lot of hardship, contempt, and poverty. The English Government could not reinstate a family which had so often proved fickle in their loyalty; they were therefore stripped of every possession and reduced to utter indigence, while their lands and fine old stronghold near K—— were transferred to one of William of Orange's adherents, whose descendant, Lord N——, holds them at the present hour.

The O'G. family, however, never in heart consented to the forfeiture. The descendants of those who had chosen to remain in Ireland lived in the district for generations, and, in each, cherished in their bosoms a burning sense of wrong. Never did they give up faith in the coming of a day when "they should have their own again." It was indeed their conviction that in all the past they never had been really evicted from their inheritance, but were its true and virtual owners still; and this conviction was based upon an act which every year, upon a certain day, without a single omission, had been performed, from that time in which, as they alleged, "might had conquered right."

The act—a curious and interesting one—was this: to *cut a green sod* from some part of their former demesne, and to store it in a recess of the humble cottage which for long years they had been forced to rest content with as their dwelling. Since the day this practice was begun, scores of such "cuttings from the soil" had been laid by and piled up carefully by hands which now lie mouldering in the grave.

A few years ago, when on a visit to K——, I heard of what may be called this annual ceremonial of the family of the O'G.s. Upon inquiry I learned that at that time only one representative of the family remained—a lady—and I was told that on the morrow would be the day for her cutting from the demesne the customary portion which it was imagined would perpetuate her family's original ownership of the property.

"Does Lord N——," I asked, "put no hindrance to the act?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "He says it g fies the respectable old folk the O'G.s, never has, and never will, do him or his harm; and his directions to his dependants to take no notice, and to offer no molestati

I resolved that I would be in the demes the morrow, and would get, if possible, into versation with this relic of an old Irish fam

On the following day I saw Mrs. O'G. i park, half-way down the glorious corrid trees which has been mentioned, and a sma of service, which I was fortunate enough to der, gave me a favorable introduction to he dog of Lord N——'s, which happened to large, fiercely attacked her, and with some culty I drove the furious animal away.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Progress of the Work.

THE services carried on by the Army in York have already been blessed by the Lo the salvation of many who were but a few ago far away from Him.

"WHAT FUN IT WOULD BE," said a father to his daughter as they walk the Mission Hall, "if we were to get conv before we come away!" Little did he thin this was just what God was about to a plish. But before they left the place enough both father and daughter fell at th of Jesus, and found peace through believ Him.

Two sisters from amongst those who ha blessed in these meetings have given them up to go forth in the Lord's name to others, and many more are eager to follo example.

The Grand Union Hall, in Seventh A New York, where for years evangelistic s have been carried on in connection wit Tyng's church, has now been secured f use of the Army in New York permanentl though the rental ($1000) is a heavy cha an organization so young to undertake, sisters have no anxiety, their confidence Lord being increased by all that they hav already.

IN NEWARK

the same wonder-working power has also b perienced, some of the readiest speakers day being the scoffers of yesterday. In s all its discomforts, the Odeon Theatre, was taken for the services, has been fille all sorts and conditions of men, and not more desired by many of those who h entered a church for years than to be here daily, noon and night, taking part services.

Arrangements are being made for the nent occupancy of this or another buil the town.

IN PHILADELPHIA,

where the Lord has already raised up fo self hundreds of witnesses, in connection w two corps formed by the Shirley famil emigrated last year from England, a thir ing, the Music Hall, Frankford, has ju opened, the first officer raised from am ranks of the American converts assist English sister in holding the services. of the most abandoned sort have been g both in the open air and in the Music H there is every prospect of a glorious worl

More than a score of those converted i adelphia have *offered to leave all* and g the strength of God to rescue others, as soon as suitable openings can be fo means provided, it is the intention of th missioner to extend the sphere of operat

Headquarters have been established in 4 3d Street, Philadelphia, where any propo extension will be welcomed, and furthe mation can be obtained.

As several of the converts are German, tended, as soon as possible, to hold ser some districts for the special purpose c ing those from the Vaterland who have all regard for religion.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

A Temperance Story.

reat Preparations—An Unwelcome Visitor—Waking Up—A Startling Spectacle—"Run for the Police"—Forgiven and Dismissed—Obliterating the Marks—Renovation and Reconciliation.

MRS. BURTON was the widow of a respectable adesman, who had left her a comfortable inome. She was nearly sixty years of age, a earty Christian and of great good nature. If ere was any one of her worldly possessions which she felt she might justly take pride, it as in her best bedroom. It was the largest om in the house, and the best furnished.

Mrs. Burton's youngest daughter—her moth's darling, and who was happily married—had nt word that she was coming to spend a short ne with her, and would arrive the next day. onsequently, one of Mrs. Burton's first conrns was to set about a complete "cleaning wn," as she called it, of the bedroom.

Martha, the servant, put on a clean apron, and r mistress stood over her as she brushed the pet and attended to various other little duties, It Mrs. Burton would not trust her to do any the dusting. With her own hands she oothed the drapery of the bed upon which r daughter was to sleep. She brought two iminated texts, which she had not long since ught at a bazaar, and hung them up, the one er the looking-glass—which she had festooned h muslin and lace—and the other over the mney-piece.

n hanging the latter, her eye rested upon the ntel-shelf and detected several spots upon its ite surface. She could not make up her mind pass them over, and she dispatched Martha the nearest painter's for his pot of white nt, and then with great care gave the shelf of chimney-piece a new coat. It was getting r tea-time before it was completed, and the lady was growing tired with her busy day's k; so with a sigh of content and a last look of gled satisfaction and pride round her best room, she left it, giving strict orders to Mar- not to think of entering it again that even-

Irs. Burton's house stood in a private street o the outskirts of the town, and it was consided so secure and respectable a neighborhood if Martha went on an errand she generally the door just ajar, if she was going to be y only a few minutes.

happened that evening, soon after night- she ran out to return the paint-pot to its er; and not a minute afterward a man, ed Marshall, staggering along the street in elplessly drunken fashion, laid his shaking d upon the handle, found the door open, ped in, and, by one of those unaccountable ks of drunkenness, walked straight upstairs, out making himself seen or heard, and, open- the first door, stumbled into the best bedn. He flung his old battered hat upon the ly-painted chimney-piece, and, steadying self by it, drew off his heavy boots, and, with is soiled and dirty clothing upon him, crept etween the lavender-scented, blanched, milke sheets and pillows of Mrs. Burton's best

was no doubt a happy circumstance that old lady was far too tired at bed-time to care to ake a look at her best bedroom. She coned herself with locking the door and carryway the key, resolved to see how the paint drying the first thing in the morning. Be- long she and Martha, with their unknown t, were all soundly sleeping under one roof.

was early in the morning when the drunk- slumber was broken by some unaccustomed d without. He opened his eyes and ched himself drowsily, but the next instant as wide awake, and his outstretched arms ined outstretched in utter astonishment.

herever could he be? He raised himself to take a survey, and his eyes fastened the illuminated text over the fireplace. ad been brought up as an ornamental signpainter, and the fanciful letters did not puzzle him. The words did not remove his bewilderment, but they turned his thoughts into another direction.

"Thou, God, seest me!" he read half aloud. "Thou, God, seest me!" he repeated. What! did God see him at that moment? He could see himself in the large looking-glass, and he could not turn away his gaze from it. There was he, in the midst of the sweetness and cleanliness and purity, a wretched, begrimed, vile object, not fit for his own eyes to look upon. Wherever his hand fell there was a stain upon the whiteness. The pillow upon which his head had rested—how different it was to the other pillow which he had not touched! He was disgusting, even to himself. He wished he could not see his own face and form in that dainty room. And was it true that God saw him—just as he was, degraded below the beasts?

Just then he lifted his eyes to the wall above the glass. There hung the second text. "God is love!" he read aloud. "What!" he cried; "love! Is God love? Does He love me? Oh, no; that would be impossible. I hate myself; the children hate me; Jenny hates me. And they may well hate me. If God sees me He cannot love me. Oh, if He would but love me, or turn away His eyes from me that He may not see me! I cannot bear to think that He sees me. 'Thou, God, seest me!' 'God is love!'"

The poor fellow was half distracted with the multitude of his thoughts, and the idea of getting up and making his escape did not once cross his mind. He could not have done it, for the key of the door lay at the bottom of Mrs. Burton's pocket. She was dressing by this time, anxious to see how her painting of the last day was drying; and as soon as she was ready she hastened to her best bedroom, opened the door solemnly, and entered with a careful step.

It would be impossible to describe Mrs. Burton's first emotions. She saw the intruder slowly drag himself out of the white bed-linen and stand trembling before her, the most abject, wretched creature she ever remembered to have seen.

"I don't know how ever I came to be here," he said; "I know no more than this bed-post; but I'm an honest man, missis; I am, for certain! I don't mean no harm!"

"Harm!" gasped Mrs. Burton, who had not yet recovered her speech.

"I wish I wasn't here, I do," he continued. "I didn't mean to do it, I'm sure. Please to forgive me, missis, and I'll never do it again as long as I live."

"Why!" cried Mrs. Burton, "when did you get in here?"

"I was very drunk last night," he stammered, "and I must have turned in unknownst to myself."

"Drunk!" she exclaimed; "a drunken vagabond in my best bed! Whatever shall I do? I shall never fancy it again. But you shall go to jail for this, I promise you. Martha, Martha! run for the police."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Marshall; "forgive me this once. I've a poor wife and family at home. If you send me to jail they must go into the poor-house, and we shall all be ruined."

"I can't forgive you," said Mrs. Burton, with tears in her eyes; "you've ruined my best room. I shall never have any more pleasure in it. You must go to jail for it, or I shan't have a moment's peace. No, no! Don't speak, you drunken brute you! Whatever can I do? whatever can I do?"

"Well," he answered, despairingly, "if I go to jail for it I suppose God'll see me there too."

The heart of Mrs. Burton always echoed to that name, and her conscience smote her. She looked steadily at her strange guest, and followed the direction of his eyes, which were turned upon the text on the wall. "Thou, God, seest me!" she said, half aloud and involuntarily.

"Is that true?" asked the man.

"Yes," she answered, and her conscience reproached her again.

"Is the other true?" he asked, pointing to the second text.

"Oh, yes, that is true," she said warmly.

"I wish I could believe them," cried Marshall. "Are they both true for me?"

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed. "'God is love!' He sees and loves us all. Yes; He sees and loves me, and He sees and loves you. Yes, yes; I was forgetting that. It's very hard, very hard indeed, for me to see my best room like that. Yes, it is. He knows it's very hard. I shall never fancy it again. But I won't send for the police. You may go away now."

With a very abject look Marshall slunk downstairs and out into the streets. He could not get his adventure out of his head. He felt a desire to creep away from the miserable, grimy creature he had become. To think that God's eye dwelt upon him was almost insupportable; but whenever this thought grew too terrible to him, the other words came back to his mind.

It was soon after midday that Marshall presented himself at Mrs. Burton's door, with a paint-pot in his hand. Martha answered his hesitating knock, and opened the door wider for him to enter.

"You're the painter, I suppose," she said.

"Ay!" he replied.

"And sadly you're wanted," she continued. "There's finger-marks everywhere—door-posts, chimney-piece, and lots of places. To think of such a thing! Missis is almost crazy."

Marshall said nothing, but, taking off his boots at the foot of the stairs, followed Martha meekly. Mrs. Burton sat in the middle of the room, a picture of dismay and grief. She uttered a little scream when she saw him enter.

"Please, ma'am," he said, "I'm a painter by trade, and I'll do my very utmost to make it all sweet and clean again. I'm very miserable, ma'am. I'd do anything to make you amends."

"You cannot make me amends," answered Mrs. Burton.

"But you'll forgive me, won't you, ma'am? And you'll let me paint out my marks?" said Marshall, in an earnest tone.

"I can hardly forgive you," she answered; "but I suppose I must. Yes; I know I must. 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' Yes; I must. Man, I forgive you."

"And you'll let me paint out my marks?" he asked.

Mrs. Burton only nodded her head in answer; and Marshall proceeded with a most careful touch to efface all the marks of his grimy fingers. He felt very sad and humbled, and he often looked up to the texts upon the wall.

"I've finished, ma'am," he said at last; "but I shall never forget this job. And I shall never forget those words, 'Thou, God, seest me!' 'God is love!'"

He went home, but the words went with him, in his heart and in his mind. He did not try to shake off the impression, but took every means in his power to deepen it. Poor Mrs. Burton, as soon as she could recover from her vexation, sought out him and his family, and became their friend and teacher, striving her best to bring them to realize more strongly than she had done herself that God both saw and loved them.

Some few years after this Marshall invited Mrs. Burton to take tea with him and his family, on the occasion of entering into a new house. It was not so large as her own, but it was as exquisitely clean, and Marshall himself was a man who would no longer shock her fastidious neatness. In the sitting-room, where the family usually assembled, he had painted upon the walls, in letters of many colors, his two favorite texts, "Thou, God, seest me!" and "God is love!"

"Ah!" he said, "I never knew those words till that morning I saw them first in your best bedroom."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Burton; "and I never understood them so well before that time as I do now. Yes, yes; God sees us all, and God loves us all."

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, **$1.50** per annum, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN, 63 Bible House, New York. The paper may also be obtained weekly from all newsdealers in the United States and Canada.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, April 14th, at **12.20 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate has passed the Bill to carry out the provisions of the agreement as to the Ute Indians. Almost at the close of the debate an amendment was adopted without debate, providing that if the Utes do not ratify the agreement within four months, then the army of the United States shall protect them in the peaceable possession of their entire present reservation.

The Army Appropriation Bill, with the rider attached prohibiting the employment of troops at the polls, was passed by the House on April 13th by a vote of 118 to 95. The Republicans all voted in the negative.

There appears to be a unanimous desire among the Republicans that the President shall veto this bill if the Senate should send it to him in its present form. Some of the Republicans express the belief that he will do so.

The Democratic Members of the Senate Committees have been considering the subject of the mode of counting electoral votes. They have decided to recommend that Congress shall adopt a new rule, providing that in case only one certificate of the electoral vote of a State be presented to Congress, it shall not be rejected except by *the affirmative vote of both Houses*, and that in case of dual returns, neither shall be counted unless the two Houses agree that one of them is the true and valid return.

The Republican Conventions of the States of Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri, and Massachusetts have been held during the past week. In Iowa, the delegates elected to attend the National Republican Convention at Chicago are solid for Blaine, and they were instructed *to vote as a unit.* In Kentucky, the delegates were instructed for General Grant, but a resolution was passed pledging all delegates to vote for the nominee chosen at Chicago. In Missouri, delegates pledged to vote for General Grant were elected, and instructed *to vote as a unit.* The Massachusetts Convention assembled at Worcester April 15th, and elected the Edmunds ticket for delegates-at-large by a considerable majority. Ex-Governor Boutwell made a vigorous speech in favor of General Grant. He was followed by Rev. James Freeman Clark, who strongly opposed the previous speaker. He referred to President Hayes as "one who had done his work nobly and well"—an expression of opinion which elicited enthusiastic cheers.

Temperance Legislation in Michigan is the subject of agitation in that State. A convention is to be held on June 8th to secure an amendment of the State Constitution, by which it shall be enacted that "the manufacture and sale of spirituous, malt, and vinous liquors in this State, except for medicinal, mechanical and sacramental purposes, is prohibited, and there shall exist no property right in such spirituous, malt, and vinous liquors, except such right to manufacture and sell for medicinal, mechanical, and sacramental purposes, and no other, as may be directly conferred by law."

A Strange Case of Personal Violence has occurred among the cadets at West Point. A colored cadet named Whittaker was found on the morning of April 6th in his room, bound hand and foot to his bedstead, with his ears slit and his hair cropped; he was apparently unconscious, and the pillow under his head was saturated with blood. He asserted that he had been attacked in the night by three men, who had brutally ill-treated him and left him as he was found. He also said that he had been warned in anonymous letters that such an outrage would be committed on him, and that he had been subjected to contumely and isolation on account of his color while he had been at West Point. A searching investigation is being prosecuted respecting the affair. Suspicion exists that the cadet's injuries were self-inflicted in order to escape an examination in which he feared he would fail. But the motive appears inadequate to account for such an act.

Anniversary Week.—As far as is arranged, the great missionary and philanthropic societies which have their centres in New York City will hold their annual meetings this year in the Broadway Tabernacle, and in the following order:

Sun., May	9.	Am. Home Missionary Society,	7:30 P.M.
Mon., "	10.	Women's Union Miss. Society,	3 "
" "	10.	Am. Seamen's Friend Society,	7:30 "
Tues., "	11.	N. Y. Sunday-school Assoc'on,	3:30 "
" "	11.	Am. Sunday-school Union,	7:30 "
Wed., "	12.	Am. Tract Soc'y, Bus. Meeting,	10 A.M.
" "	12.	Am. Female Guardian Society,	3 P.M.
" "	12.	Am. Tract Society, Addresses,	7:30 "
" "	12.	N. Y. Instit. for Deaf and Dumb,	3:30 "
Thurs., "	13.	New York City Mission,	3:30 "
" "	13.	Women's Nat. Christ. Tem. U.,	10:30 A.M.
" "	13.	Young Ladies' Christ. Tem. U.,	1:30 P.M.
" "	13.	N. Y. Soc. for Suppr'n of Crime,	4 "
Fri., "	14.	National Temperance Society,	7:30 "
Sun., "	16.	Am. Board Com. Foreign Miss.,	7:30 "

The Robert Raikes Centennial will be celebrated, under the auspices of the Foreign Sunday-school Association, in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, Wednesday, May 5th, at 10:30 A. M. The session will be continued in the afternoon and evening.

It is hoped that friends of these societies will arrange their plans to visit New York during Anniversary Week.

Two Prominent Ministers of the Gospel in New York have passed away during the past week. Dr. M. S. Hutton, for nearly forty years pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, died suddenly on the morning of April 11th. He had risen at his customary hour and in his usual health, and had entered his study, when his family heard a heavy fall, and on going to ascertain the cause found him lifeless on the floor. Death had resulted from disease of the heart. Dr. Hutton was born in 1803, and had spent his long life in earnest and zealous service for Christ. He occupied several positions of influence, indicating the high esteem in which he was held by his Christian friends. He was a director of the American Bible Society, a Councillor of New York University, and of other religious and philanthropic institutions.

Dr. Samuel Osgood, of the Episcopal Church, died April 14th. His death was caused by congestion of the lungs and heart-disease. He was descended from an old family originally fro Hampshire, England. He was born in 1812, an his first ministerial work was in the Unitaria Church, but in 1869 he paid a visit to Europ where he came in contact with brethren of eva gelical denominations. On his return he toc orders in the Episcopal Church, to which durir the remainder of his life he was an earnest ar faithful minister. He was well known and muc respected in literary circles, and he was tl author of many theological works.

A Double Service was held at St. Ann Church, Brooklyn, on April 11th. A number deaf-mutes occupied front seats, and many frien of the work among deaf-mutes, including clerg men and churchmen generally, were presen The service was read orally by the rector, Re Dr. Schenck, and *interpreted concurrently into t sign language* by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, rect of St. Ann's Church, who afterward made address in relation to the work.

One Beneficial Result of Messrs. Moody a Sankey's work in St. Louis was the raising $40,000 for the purchase of headquarters for Young Men's Christian Association in that cit Mr. Moody was thoroughly in earnest in his solve to raise this sum, and in his appeal we from man to man, from office to office, fr house to house. Mr. S. M. Edgell, of I Goodell's church, said to him, "Put me do for $5000 and draw on me for another $5000 it is needed." It was soon needed; and so wi this princely gift Mr. Moody pressed forwa and raised the whole amount necessary to pu chase the building. Mr. Moody was zealou assisted by the Christian ministers of all deno inations.

Graves are being Protected from Robbers some parts of the country by a new kind of t pedo. The numerous cases which have occur since the Stewart outrage, of graves being de crated has led to the invention of a torpe which will explode if any person other than ce etery officials, who know its position, disturb coffin. At the funeral recently of the venera Prof. Dascomb, of Oberlin, one of the new plosive machines was placed in the earth so as protect his corpse.

A Dead Man Preaching a Sermon.—A gen man speaking at a religious service in New Y last week attributed his conversion, under blessing of God, to the sermon preached to h by the sight of a corpse. The speaker was th a slave of drink. Wandering through the stre he came to a place that he afterward lear was Bellevue Hospital. He entered the Morg and there saw the body of one who had j died, slain by rum. "If you do not stop y evil course," something said to him, "in a hours, in a few days at the most, you will li that man now does among the unknown dea He saw the madness of his sin, and cried to (for mercy. He determined that his future should be spent in the fear of God.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchm (London) for April may be obtained at the of of the CHRISTIAN HERALD at six cents a co Back numbers may be had.

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contributi received during the week ending Saturday, A 17th: Mrs. A. Miner, Huntington, O., $1; Mrs. I R. Chapman, Huntington, O., $1; Two Frie Middleborough, Mass., $2. Total forwarded to Y. *Herald*, $4.

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church.—(tributions received during the week ending Sa day, April 17th: H. H. Barlow, Enfield, Mass., Reader of CHRISTIAN HERALD, Enfield, Mass., A Friend, Enfield, Mass., $1; Miss Maria Cas Enfield, Mass., $1; C. W. Switzer, Meadowvale, $1; G. D., Johnstons, S. C., $4; Mrs. C. S. Bu Jamestown, N. Y., $1; Mrs. F. E. Miner, Hun ton, O., $1; Jno. W. Bowers, Mt. Sterling, Ill., Mrs. A. Armstrong, Elmira, Ill., $1; A Friend, ville, Conn., $1; A Scotch Widow, Indianap Ind., $1; Wm. Griffith, Paris, Wis., $1; C. B Baltimore, Md., $1; L. A. C., Baltimore, Md. J. H. C., Charleston, S. C., $1; Eliza C. Harr Warrensville, O., $1. Total forwarded to Dr. mage, $20.

Brutal Prize Fight Took Place by Arrange- mt near Philadelphia, on Sunday, April 4th, be een two men known as Bruiser Callahan and Br ser McGuire. The match had been talked of n sporting circles for some time; but the po e did not interfere to prevent it, and the me fought twenty-three rounds, in the presence of oo people, without any interruption. McG e was so badly hurt that he is thought to be n condition of great danger, and his opponent a led from the city. So disgraceful a spectacle ould have been shameful on any day, and it s ubly shocking to think it took place on a Su ay.

Credulous Planter in Virginia has been willed by gypsies. He received a letter signed D Worton," stating that there was a silver min on his plantation. Later Mrs. Worton all on him, and said that there was *a charm po the silver mine,* which could not be removed wit ut the presence of a package containing ro o. The planter procured the money, and he rapped the bills in brown paper and prayed ve hem. This performance was repeated several mes. Finally she went away, and her dupe u that she had taken the bills and left pieces p er in their place. Men will fall into almost ay ap of which the bait is a large fortune, but e ernal riches of God's grace which are fe to all who seek, are too often neglected d spised (1 Timothy 6 : 9–11).

Te Thousand Dollars for a Drink of Water.— ur g the civil war a Federal officer fell wounded i ront of the Confederate lines in Virginia. s lay there in agony he cried aloud for a in of water. It was a dangerous service, for lle were flying around the spot; but a av Confederate soldier named Moore, unable se even an enemy suffering unaided, jumped er e breastwork and gave the officer his can- f water. Deeply grateful, the wounded m ked the name of the brave fellow who had ke his life to give him water. They did not e h other again, but *The Home Journal* says oore has recently received a communica- om the Federal officer, announcing that will be paid him in acknowledgment of p of cold water given him in his extrem- ven in this life the brave soldier has ex- ed the faithfulness of the Saviour's prom- (Mtt. 10 : 42).

he afe Kind of Wine.—An Amusing Inci- s related by Dr. Carroll, of Newburgh, in co rse of a temperance lecture recently. He t Mr. J. B. Gough went to Oxford, Eng- lecture on temperance, and the college er aduates sent one of their number to the fo to argue the question. He, with much co idence, made a finished argument for or rinking, based on Christ's changing the to wine at the wedding-feast. His com- eered him to the echo, and thought his t unanswerable, and Gough was twitted efeat. "Young men," said he solemn- dmit that your champion has forestalled has said for me just what I came here e you to do. *Drink all the wine you can* is made entirely out of water!"

man was kept from Suicide in a Re- manner recently. A city missionary e incident at a daily prayer-meeting on , as having happened within his per- owledge. The woman was so oppressed stic trouble and want of food, that she home with the purpose of committing But while on her way she thought she rn back home to pray first, for though backslider, she had once been the sub- eligious impressions. She returned to e, and as she prayed and read her Bible, faith and peace came to her heart. She arose, resolved to live, and r Christ. But present necessities had ught of, and she made up her mind to arity. Going again to the street, she out six blocks, when she was impressed at a house she passed. She had never fore, but she would beg now if need be. nothing, however, to mark this house as the place where help was to be found. But to the door she went, and soon learned that the occupant was a Christian gentleman, who never turned any such applicants away without hearing the story of their distress. He heard and helped, and now husband and wife thank God for the tribulation that brought signal blessings to their home.

Fifteen Thousand Children are fed Daily by the New York *Herald* Irish Famine Relief Committee. Dr. George H. Hepworth, the Congregational minister formerly of New York, who is an energetic member of the committee, writes: "You can judge of the work which has been done by your committee and of its urgent need when I tell you that one thousand little ones who were fed at the beginning of last week had grown into more than eight thousand by Saturday, and will be increased to fourteen thousand in the course of three or four days. Very many schools had become almost empty, because the children were *so constantly hungry* and so nearly naked that attendance was an impossibility." Subsequently another member of the committee adds, "During the week we have added, under the committee's direction, seventy-nine schools and 6396 children, as you will see by the lists inclosed. The committee is now providing daily with a full, wholesome meal, 15,345 children."

A Blind Preacher named Wells has Received sight through a successful operation in the Missouri State Institute. By the operation, a cataract was removed from one of his eyes. Mr. Wells states that he resided in South-west Missouri, and gained his livelihood by preaching. He was connected with the Methodist Protestant Church. He was born in North Carolina—*born blind.* His father and mother were blind, and their parents were blind. He could not trace the disease farther back in the family. He was 36 years of age, and had never, until after the operation, been able to see in any respect. Besides his parents and grandparents being blind, three of Mr. Wells's children are blind, and are at present inmates of an educational establishment, and two have their sight.

The Cost of a Bad Book.—A Gentleman saw recently a copy of Voltaire lying on the centre-table in Mr. Robert C. Ingersoll's parlor in Washington. "How much did this book cost you?" inquired the gentleman. "The Governorship of Illinois," was Ingersoll's laconic reply. It is to be feared that unless the Spirit of God should bring about a spirit of repentance and faith in the soul of this reader of Voltaire, the Governorship of Illinois is but a small instalment of the cost he will have to pay.

A Faithful Attendant.—A little girl seven years old, left locked up in a room with her baby sister by its mother, in Cincinnati, a few days ago, while she went out to her work, set her clothes on fire by accident. When the poor mother returned the child was able to speak, and said she had not called for help because she was "*afraid of waking the baby.*" In a few minutes she was dead.

The Second Volume of the Christian Herald, comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec. 1879), may be had, elegantly bound in cloth, at No. 63 Bible House, New York. Price $1.75.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has been received. They are now on sale at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects,* with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk,* in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit,* a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David,* a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

A POWERFUL REASON FOR COMING TO CHRIST.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"A great multitude, when they had heard what great things He did, came unto Him."—MARK 3 : 8.

Opposition did not prevent Multitudes coming to Christ—I. The Attraction—1. They believed what they had heard of Jesus—2. The Report caused them to Hope—3. Urged to come by their Sad Condition—II. The Gathering—1. Hearing did not Content them—2. They did not wait for Jesus to come to them—A Scotchman and his Pastor—3. They did not Stop at the Disciples—4. They must have left their Business—5. Many came from a great Distance—A borrowed Bible—6. They came with their Ailments about them—III. The Result—Not one Repulsed—All were healed—The Attraction Grew—Reasons for coming to Christ—An Incident in Mr. Spurgeon's Home.

THE opposition of the great ones of the earth did not, after all, hinder the cause of Christ. The Pharisees, who were the leaders of religious thought, combined with the Herodians, who were *the court party,* to destroy Jesus; but at the very moment when their wrath had reached its highest pitch the crowd about the Saviour's person was greater than ever. Let us not, therefore, dear friends, be at all dismayed if great men and learned men, and nominally religious men, should oppose the simple Gospel of Christ.

Those who came to Christ in such great multitudes did not all come from right motives, and I shall not assume that they did. Some came from idle curiosity, no doubt; others came to listen to what He had to say, but were not prepared to believe in Him. We know that many came to be fed with loaves and fishes, swayed by the most mercenary motives. Still, in the case now under notice, large numbers came to Jesus because they had heard of the great things which He did, hoping that He would do something of the same kind for them; for multitudes of those who came were sick folk, plague-smitten, stricken with disease, and they came that by touching Him they might be delivered from all their sufferings. This boon they gained, and glorified the name of the Lord.

For our present purpose only we shall just now view those who literally came to Christ as the types of those who come spiritually. Many, I trust, who are present at this time will come to Jesus for the same reason that these people came, namely, because they have heard of the great things which have been done by Him.

Three things are before us. The first is *the attraction,*—"They had heard what great things He did:" secondly, *the gathering*—"They came unto Him;" and, thirdly, the context furnishes us with this, *the result* of the attraction and the gathering. We find it written "He had healed many; insomuch that they pressed upon Him for to touch Him, as many as had plagues."

I. THE ATTRACTION—

"*they had heard what great things He did.*" My dear hearers, the case of these people is parallel with your own. There must be very few of you here but what have heard of the great things which Jesus Christ has done.

1. Let us note, first, that *these people had heard with somewhat of a believing ear.* Stories floated about concerning one who had healed blindness, palsy, leprosy; and they accepted the statements as facts. A lame man told how he had been made to leap like a hart, and a blind man declared that his eyes had been opened, and as these wonders passed from mouth to mouth these people believed them to be true.

I know that even those of you who are not converted yet believe what is recorded in these four Gospels concerning the miracles that Jesus wrought. You believe that Jesus Christ has done great spiritual wonders for multitudes. You have been told of great sinners whose hard hearts have been softened, whose characters have been changed, whose lives have been renewed, whose sins have been forgiven. You have met with such, have you not? You do not think that conversion is all a delusion; you have not reached that degree of unbelief. Indeed, instead of unbelief, you are filled with ardent admiration and feel a measure of desire to be yourself saved; and while sitting in this house you have often said, "Yes, I believe it is so. Oh that the mighty grace of God would renew me, and that I could touch the hem of the Saviour's garment that He might save even me."

Believing so much as you do, you ought in all reason to believe more. I mean you should go on to trust Him who has wrought these great things, and place your own case in His hands and leave it there. This is the legitimate course to pursue. Yet it grieves me that so many of you do not proceed to this saving point, but linger on the borders of faith. You see the river of the water of life, and wish to drink, for you are sure that it would quench your thirst, and yet you are in danger of perishing in sight of the flowing stream. O Holy Spirit! remove the madness of sin, and teach men true wisdom.

2. The many who came to Jesus felt themselves drawn because they had heard of the great things which He had done, and believed them; they proceeded, however, to the second step which I have already indicated, for *they drew from what they had heard an argument of hope.* They said, "Has He done these great things to others? Why should He not work the same gracious miracles upon us?" The palsied man said, "He that was sick as I am has been recovered; surely, if I could get near to Jesus, and could catch His eye, He would restore *me.*"

Oh that my unconverted hearers would act reasonably at this time, and draw a like conclusion! Oh that your hearts would say—Jesus Christ has wrought great deeds of grace; He is evidently willing to work more; let me, then, come to Him and trust myself in His hands. If this be a time of cool, collected thought, and the Holy Spirit work in us wisdom, it will again happen that "A great multitude, when they had heard of the great things which Jesus did, came unto Him."

3. One more step should be mentioned. *No doubt these persons were partly urged to come to Him by their own sad condition.* Some of them were full of pain through bodily plagues, and others suffered poverty and wretchedness through being blind, halt, lame, or withered, and they were anxious to be delivered from their infirmity and the poverty which came of it. Being convinced that their cases were similar to those which had been healed by Christ, they felt an eager desire to see what He could do for them.

But, recollect, these people did not *only* come because they were sick or because they felt they were sick, for they had long known and felt their sicknesses, and had remained at home, or had resorted to other physicians, or to Bethesda's pool, or to some other famous fount. They came to Jesus, because, knowing and feeling their need, they also perceived that Jesus was able to meet their case.

Come, then, to Christ, O my sin-stricken hearer! because, be your condition what it may, He can meet it. Are you troubled with hardness of heart? By His Spirit He can take away the heart of stone, and give you a heart of flesh. Is your difficulty unbelief? You cannot see the truth, but the Lord Jesus can open the eyes of him that was born blind. Is it a case of want of power? Is your hand withered? The Lord can bid the withered hand be stretched out and it shall be done. It is not possible that there should be any moral or spiritual disease about any one of you that will baffle the power of my great Lord and Master.

II. Secondly, I shall ask you to think of

THE GATHERING.

We have seen the attraction, now let us see what it drew together. "They came unto Him."

1. Observe, then, that *hearing did not content them.* I wish I could say this of all my hearers. These people heard the story of what Christ had done, and I should not wonder but what they said, "It is good news; rehearse it in our ears a second time." They were told that He had opened the eyes of a blind man, and a blind man who heard it cried out, "Gladsome tidings: tell me that again." I should not wonder if that blind man went many times to the house of the person who reported the cure, and said, "Tell me again of this matter." The woman, too, who was sick with internal disease, said, "You told us of one that was healed; tell us of that marvel again."

Yes, but what would you have thought if they had kept on week after week, saying, "Tell us that story! tell us that story!" and then had gone home and said, "We feel so much better: we feel comforted by hearing this good news"? What fools they would have been to have been satisfied with a mere report of other people's cures, without going to the great Physician to obtain healing for themselves. Did you not sing the other day,

> "Tell me the story often,
> For I forget so soon,
> The early dew of morning
> Has passed away at noon"?

Why should you be told that tale so often? Will you never draw the inference that Jesus is able to save *you*, and will you never go to Him *for yourselves?* I am afraid that some of you are getting satisfied with coming to the Tabernacle, and that you are beginning to think, "There is hope for me; I always hear the Word of God; I am a regular hearer of the Gospel of Jesus." Yes, but that is not it. Those who are hearers only are not blessed in the deed.

Oh that this fooling would come to an end! Think me not harsh, I am but honest; *it is fooling, and nothing better*, to go on hearing the word and refusing to obey its call. May God's grace lead you to come to Jesus at once. Oh, do not be hearers only! Turn your faces Christward, and accept His great salvation.

2. Observe next, that *these people did not wait until Jesus came to them.* That we are to wait till Jesus comes to us is a common error: a sort of orthodox wickedness, a rebellious unbelief dressed out as humble submissiveness. I have known this preached—that we are to wait at the pool of the ordinances, in the hope that one of these days the angel may trouble the pool and we shall step in. These who talk so are not as a rule the most successful of soul-winners, and that fact reminds me of

A STORY OF A SCOTCHMAN

who had attended the ministry of an episcopal personage for some years. At last Donald forsook the Episcopal church, and when he was missed the pastor came to him. "Why don't you come to the church, Donald?" "Because I want to be saved; and I get no good with you." "Ah!" said the bishop, "you should wait at the pool." "I have been waiting at the pool a long time," said Donald, "a very long while, and no good has come of it." "But, Donald, you know the man who waited was healed at last." "Ah, well, sir, but he had some encouragement, for he saw some step in before him, but all these years that I have waited at your pool I have never seen one step in yet, and therefore I will wait no longer."

Donald was right; no man can afford to run so terrible a risk as to remain in disobedience in the bare hope of some unpromised salvation. The Gospel narrative does not teach us to wait at the pool. I want to call particular attention to that fact. See you the crowd lying round the pool of Bethesda? What did Jesus do when He came walking along that morning through the five porches? Listen, ye sick folk, waiting still at the pool. Does He say, "Wait patiently"? Not a word of it; but, singling out a man who was among the most despairing, he said, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." *That is the Gospel.* It is a divine command to believe and live.

3. Note again that *these people did not stop at His disciples.* Satan tries to keep men from Christ by pointing them to ministers, evangelists, or other eminent believers. Persons are impressed under a sermon, and they say, "I should like to speak with some Christian man." That is very good, but after all it i the thing which is commanded by the G You are to believe in the Master, and it wi suffice to speak to the servants. "But I like to go into the inquiry-room," says Very well, I do not condemn that action *the best inquiry-room* for a seeking sinner own bed-chamber, where he seeks the L once, with no one between him and hi deemer.

Why, if you could pick out the most e and thoughtful divines that ever lived, an could have twelve of them locked up at ho that you might go and talk to them all d all night long, it would not be worth *o farthing* to you, and it might even be an to you, if it kept you from going straight sus Christ. There is no salvation in me *ministers must not be mistaken for prie* shake off the thought of being a priest a shook off the viper from his hand. I hav said I would sooner be called devil "priest" if by that word is meant that any priesthood beyond that which belong my fellow-Christians, or any power to sin, or to impart grace.

My ministry is for the extolling of Jes not for the magnifying of myself and my ren. I dare not say, "Behold the pries Behold the church! Behold the sacram My one business is to cry, "Behold the L God!" I point you away from all minis Jesus Christ, the minister of the new co who alone can save your souls.

4. Observe again that *these people wh to Jesus in such crowds must have le business.* I do not know what became farms, their olive gardens, their cattl shops, but they certainly left them to jou Jesus. We do not commend any man f lecting his business and daily calling; will say this, that when a man's soul saved he cannot be blamed if he neglec thing till it is.

That woman who came out in the r with her water-pot to draw water from was doing a very useful and proper actic dare say those at home needed water tc but after she had heard Christ speak, it ten, "The woman left her water-pot." of those at home may have said, "Whe water, mistress?" But she would re have not thought of the poor water-pot. see a man that told me all things tha did; is not this the Christ?" Ah! if leave your water-pots to find Christ very well be excused.

Elections occupy men's thoughts ju but what are all these compared with your calling and election sure? You a dates for heaven, and there is more im in eternal election than in all other under heaven, for when every thing have passed away this must endure. S one thing needful, with Mary, even if y a while neglect what Martha thinks t urgent demands of the household.

5. *Many of these people, too, came fro distance.* Some came from the sou Judea; others came from the north, fr and Sidon; some from across the r dan; others from the hills of Edom. roads and deep rivers could not keep th who resolved to come to Christ.

I delight to see the holy ingenuity of minds when they are eager to find the they will do any thing to obtain salvatic member that years ago, when Bibles we common as they are now,

A VERY, VERY POOR MAN,

who was impressed with his need o longed to read the Word of God, and he went to a shop to ask the price of hand Bible—the cheapest, the oldest on hand. "Ah!" said he, as he shook "I have not money enough to buy it, take great care of it if you will lend from Saturday night till Monday you won't miss the sale of it, and I m art of it." As soon as he gained the friendly an he gave himself up to the precious book till e moment he had to return it, and so sought find Christ.

Ah! you have Bibles, some of you half a dozen them, but you never look at them; the dust the unread books condemns you; you take trouble to reach the Saviour. God save you om this carelessness, and may you resolve to me to Jesus whoever may oppose. Be eager listen to His Gospel, though you may have r to go to hear it, and may have roughly ueezed in the crowd. When you hear the Gosl, cry to the Lord God for His blessing upon ; though dark thoughts may gather, and tan may try to thrust you back, be not reoved from your purpose. Make a push for aven and holiness. Never does the Lord rk in any man a firm resolution to find the viour and yet allow him to perish.

5. One thing I want to call very particular attion to; it is this: *these poor people came Jesus with all their ailments about them.* I ow they did, because we read that they pressed on Him to touch Him, and He made them ole. Now, suppose they had said, "We will come till we are recovered," then, of course, y needed not to come at all, and our Lord uld have been a superfluity to them. But he that was blind came blind, he who was le hobbled as best he could, and he who was sied came shaking and trembling; *but they come.*

he poor people who had all sorts of dire plaints, even those who had devils in them, e just as they were. That is the point to ch I would bring every man here who has not e to Christ: you are to come just as you Are you a drunkard? You have to give he drink, but you must come to Him as you to help you to give it up. Have you lived ncleanness of life? Come and trust in Christ, unclean as you are; trust Him to make pure. Have you been dishonest? Come to Him as dishonest, that He may make you st. Do not attempt to make yourself fit salvation, for it is clear that no one is so fit aving as the lost, no one so fit for washing e foul, no one so fit for healing as the sick. me to the Saviour; come just as you are. h the spirit of the hymn—

> ne needy and guilty, come loathsome and bare;
> can't come too filthy; come just as you are."

u think that it is needful to begin the work self, what is that but to insinuate that the Lo Jesus cannot do any thing till *you* have ed the work? Would you have it to be osed that He is not quite up to the mark, needs help from *you?* Is He so poor a Sa- that He is nothing till you enable Him to ? Think not so, but come along. You heard what great things He has done; come, to Him, even now, that the same great s may be wrought in you.

I will not say much upon the third point, is

THE RESULT.

all that came to our Lord, multitudes h they were, *not one was ever repulsed:* no, ne. Since the world began, has one soul driven away from the Saviour's door? ll ye it in Gath, publish it in the streets elon, if ever Christ shall be found casting sinner, for then may the adversary justly over the defeat of the Gospel. I chal- all time; I challenge heaven, and earth, ell, to bring a case in which my Lord and r ever cast out a soul that put its trust in It cannot be.

A none were repulsed, so *all were healed:* ven so all who now believe in Christ are of sin and its plagues. "Ah," say ob- "you preach faith as the way of salva- *We confess the charge;* and glory in it, it is most true that it does save men. you ought to bid people do good works in to salvation." See here, good sir; if the who believe in Jesus do not perform works, and if this faith does not make them moral, honest, sober, holy people, then we grant your point; but who shall assert that the doctrine of faith is other than purifying and sanctifying when we can bring multitudes of proofs that this very preaching up of faith and not of works is the most effective cause of virtue and holiness?

Those who cry "Works, works, works," have generally but *a scant supply* of such wares. Remember the age of Laud and his popish preaching. Who were the followers of that theology but the libidinous cavaliers? Those who preached salvation by grace—pray, who were they but the godliest men in the nation, the Puritans, against whom no man could bring any charge save that they were too sternly good, and kept the Sabbath too precisely, and walked before God with too much gravity? I wish the same fault could be found with us all. If that be vile, we purpose to be viler still.

> "Talk we of morals, oh! Thou bleeding Lamb;
> The grand morality is love of Thee."

How can this divine morality of love be wrought in us unless the Lord Jesus by His Holy Spirit bestows upon us a heart to trust Him, and to take Him and Him alone to be our salvation?

One thing I cannot help mentioning, and that is, as every one that came to Christ was healed, it followed that *the attraction grew.* Say there had been five hundred healed; then when the people came, and a hundred more were benefited, there were six hundred to draw; and the next day, if there were a hundred more healed, there were seven hundred to attract others. Now, there never was a time since the world began when there were so many reasons for a sinner's coming to Christ as there are this morning. Just think of it. Every soul whom the Lord has saved is another argument that He is able to save *me.*

I desire now to spend a few minutes in real, hard, earnest work, in which may God the Holy Spirit help me, while I plead with those who have never come to Jesus, that they should come to Him at once. My dear hearer, if you have often heard about what Christ has done, and yet have never come to Him yourself, that He might work a similar work of love in you, I pray you be not hindered any longer.

First, come because *His very name invites you*—Jesus, a Saviour. You are sinful; but He has forgiveness. Come to Him. You will be well met—a sinner and a Saviour. Can two more congruous things come together? His name is Christ, too; that is, Anointed. Now, God has anointed Him with power to save, and commissioned Him to save, and He must and will discharge His high office by saving those who come to Him.

Our Lord's power should also encourage you to come to Him. Of that I have already spoken. Nothing has ever baffled Him yet. Stormy winds and raging waves obey Him; the very devils flee before Him. Come along with you. He is mighty to save; therefore come and hang the whole weight of your souls upon Him.

Next, *let His character allure you.* There was never such a mass of love as Jesus is; He speaks no harsh word to coming sinners: he giveth them mercy liberally, and upbraideth not. Hath He not said, "I will receive them graciously and love them freely"? Oh, come to Jesus.

Come to Jesus because God has made *it His glory to pardon sinners.* Constantine had a son whom he much loved, and he wished the nation to honor him; and so while his son was yet a child he caused him to sign pardons and charters, so that all gracious acts of the king bore the prince's signature. The Prince Emmanuel signs and seals divine pardons for the chief of sinners; and the great God in heaven loves that His Son should give pardon to sinners, for it endears Him to men and brings Him honor. Since it will honor Him to save you, come to Him, and be not afraid.

Again, let me remind you of *the preparations* that are made for saving sinners. Christ has died to save them, He shed His blood to save them, and do you think He will have these preparations wasted? I smiled last night at

A LITTLE INCIDENT

in my own home. Three of our friends had been writing hard for me all day, and my wife expecting them to tea had spread the table bountifully, and adorned it with choice flowers.

I came into the room and said, "They cannot stop to tea, for there is a meeting at the Orphanage, and they say they must hurry off." I confess I felt sorry as I looked at the table and all its adornments. My own good wife replied, "No, no; they cannot go; they must have their tea. I cannot spread a table like this and nobody to come and eat. Go out and fetch in those highwaymen who want to run off: compel them to come in." I fetched them in, and they were by no means loth to sit down and partake. It would have been a great disappointment to the kind hostess if no one had eaten what she had provided. This is a homely story, but it sets forth the need there is that our Lord's provisions of grace should be used.

One thing more I have to say. I cannot tell if it will have power with anybody present, but I hope it may. I wish you would come to Jesus even *for His servant's sake.* If I were a sculptor fashioning a statue, I should feel that every stroke I took made a permanent impression, so that if I only wrought a little upon the hard stone I should make some progress, and my work would remain. Alas! my labor is not thus abiding in reference to some of you. I do my best each Sunday, but I am not much the forwarder, for you seem to be *statues of ice,* and the six week-days melt away my one day's work. It is weary work thus to labor in vain.

A painter takes his brush, and though he may be executing a very difficult portrait, yet every stroke tells, each tint and touch of color denotes progress. Alas! I seem as if I wrote on the sand with some of you; the week's tide obliterates the Sabbath's marks.

I read the other day of *an old minister* who had been some twenty years without a conversion, as far as he knew, and yet he was a really earnest man. At last, having much prayed over it, he announced that he should preach no more in that place, but resign his charge, and the reason he gave them, with many tears, was, "I am doing no good among you, there are no souls saved, and perhaps if another minister filled my place you might listen to his appeals. At any rate, I will not stand in the way of one who might be more useful, and so I bid you farewell."

As he went out an old woman named Sarah said, "Oh, sir, you cannot go, for you were the means of leading me to Christ some three or four years ago." "You," he said, "Sarah, I thought you were one who did not care for my ministry." "Oh, sir," said she, "it has been my meat and my drink." "Woman," said he, "why did you not tell me as much before? My heart has been breaking for you."

In the course of the week twenty or thirty came in to testify that they had sought and found the Saviour through his ministry. All he could do was to say, "Bless the Lord, I'll not leave my post; but why did you not tell me of it before? Oh the sleepless nights I might have missed if you had but told me!" Some of you may have been saved, and yet you have never confessed the blessed fact, and I put it to you, whether you do well and kindly by His servant thus to rob him of his wages, and keep back comforting news from his burdened heart.

However, that may pass. You who have not sought and have not found my Lord, what message shall I take home this morning to my Master when I go upstairs to speak with Him alone? Shall I tell Him you will not believe on Him? I set Him before you once again as able to save you; will you again refuse Him? Or shall the message be that you will trust in Him for salvation? God grant that you may give a wise reply for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon, Mark 3.]

A CHICAGO MAN'S LEASE OF LIFE.

In the course of one of his recent sermons at St. Louis, Mr. Moody related the following incident:

I remember a few years ago I was closing a meeting in Chicago, and I invited all that were anxious for their souls to rise for prayers. There was a man in that congregation whose children had been in my Sabbath-school for some time, and I had got very much interested in him and also in his wife. That man rose for prayers.

I was so rejoiced that I went right to him and got hold of his hands, and I said: "You are coming out now for Christ, aren't you?" The man was trembling, and the tears ran down his cheeks, and, like Agrippa, he was almost persuaded. He said: "But there is one thing that keeps me from coming." "What is that?" I said. He said: "The fact is, *I lack the moral courage.*" Naming a friend of his—"if he had been here to-night I should not have risen; and I am afraid when he hears that I have risen for prayers, he will begin to make sport of me, and I won't have the courage just to own up that I want to be a Christian. But I know if I want to be a Christian that I have got to confess Christ openly. I have got to come out and confess Christ."

I said: "You are right in that, but if heaven is what it is represented to be in the Bible, it is worth coming out and taking a stand for and being laughed at for a little while." He believed that. I just explained to him the best I could the way of life, and I got down and prayed with him. I thought surely he would come that night, or that he would be back the next night and accept Christ.

The next night he came back, and I found him in the same state of mind. I urged him again; I pressed upon him the claims of Christ, and I prayed with him, and he came back the next night; he came night after night. It seemed as if he came to *the very threshold of heaven*, and one step more would have taken him in. John Bunyan describes a

A SIDE-WAY DOWN

to the pit from the very gates of heaven; and it seems as if he took that side-way, and, as he came to the very threshold of heaven, he turned away. Then he fell off from the meetings, and the Spirit that had been striving so mightily with him left him.

At last the man got so that if he met me on the street he would dodge me, and he would go to the other side of the street or would go off some side street—didn't like to see me. Six months or so passed away, and I got a message from him stating that he was sick and he wanted me to come and see him. I went to his house, and he was on what he thought was his dying bed, and he said: "Do you think there is hope for me now at the eleventh hour?" I said: "I believe there is hope for any man that wants to be saved." I took my Bible and I read to him and quoted promise after promise, and I got down and prayed with him.

Day after day passed, and, contrary to all the expectations of all his friends and physicians, that man got off his sick bed. I went one day down to see him. He was well enough to get out of the house. It was a beautiful sunny day, and he was sitting in front of his house. I took my seat by his side, and said: "Well, now, you will be well enough to come up to the church soon, and when you are, you are going to confess Christ, are you not? You are going to let all your associates know that you are on the Lord's side, are you not?"

"Well," says he, "Mr. Moody, I have made up my mind to be a Christian, but *I am not going to be one just now.* Next spring I am going over Lake Michigan, and I am going to buy me a farm and I am going to settle down, and then I am going to be a Christian; but I can't be a Christian in Chicago. I have got so many associates, and there are so many temptations, that there is no use in my trying;

I CAN'T BE A CHRISTIAN HERE."

"Well," I said, "if God hasn't got grace enough to keep you in Chicago He will not have it to keep you in Michigan. It isn't change of circumstances you want: it is a new heart. If you have Christ in your heart, you can serve Him here as well as anywhere."

I pressed upon him the claims of Christ, and finally he said: "I have made up my mind that I am not going to be a Christian now; next spring I will settle this question."

"Well," I said, "you don't know that you are going to live till spring; and I remember—I always shall remember—the laugh—it was a sort of forced laugh, a hypocritical laugh—with which he answered. "Why," he said, "*I have got a fresh lease of life;* I expect to live twenty years longer; I am getting well; I am well now, only I am weak; I shall get my strength back in a few days, and then I will be all right, and I am going to settle this question when I get into Michigan; then I will be a Christian.'

I said, "How dare you say that? You have no lease of life."

Says he, "I will take the risk;

I'LL RISK IT."

When I pressed him harder, he got angry, and he said: "Well, Mr. Moody, you needn't trouble yourself any more about my soul; you attend to your business and I will attend to mine."

I saw that it would do no good to talk to him any more, and I left him. I left him with a very sad heart and a very slow step. It was Thursday, about noon; I remember the day of the week and I remember the hour that I left that man. Just one week from that day a message came from his wife urging me to come at once in great haste. I went to his house and I met his wife at the door weeping.

I said: "What is the trouble?"

"Why," she says, "my husband has had a relapse; he has been taken down again, and I have just had a council of physicians here, and they have all given him up to die."

I said, "Does he want to see me?" Knowing how he felt the week before, I thought it strange that I should be sent for. She says, "No, he don't want to see you." "Well," I said, "why did you send for me, then?" "Why," she says, "I can't bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind." I said, "What is his state of mind?" She says, "*He thinks his doom is sealed*, and he will be in hell in a little while." She was not a professing Christian. I went to his room. When he heard the door open he turned his eyes toward the door, and when he saw who it was he turned his face away from me.

I went up to the bed and spoke his name and said, "How is it with you?" It was as silent as death in that chamber; not a word came from him. He was speechless. I went around to the foot of the bed where I could look him in the face, and I spoke again, and I said, "I want you to speak to me." He looked up at me, and he says, "It is too late, sir. You need not talk to me any more about my soul. There is no hope for me. I shall be in hell in a little while. My damnation is sealed."

I tried to tell him the way of life again, and to convince him of the truth of the promises; and when he saw me getting down on my knees he says, "*You need not pray for me,* Mr. Moody; you can pray for my wife; she will soon be left a widow; you can pray for my fatherless children; they will need your prayers; but you need not spend your time in praying for me." I tried to pray, but it seemed as if *my prayers didn't go out of that room;* it seemed as if the heavens above me were brass; it seemed as if my voice hadn't any power with God in prayer, and after prayer I got up and took that hand, and the cold, clammy sweat of death was upon it, and death was then feeling for the cords of life, and I bade farewell to that friend, and I never expected to see him in time or eternity. It was one of the saddest partings of my life.

This was about noon. He lingered until the sun went down behind those western prairies, and the next day his wife told me that from the time I left the house till he died all he said was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I a not saved." Just as he was expiring his w noticed that his lips were quivering, and that was whispering something, and as she leaned ov him, all she could hear was the faint whisp "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, a I am not saved."

Dear friends, how dark is a Christless life a a Christless death; a Christless grave and Christless eternity! How dark! How dar How sad! Don't let the harvest pass, don't the summer end, and you not be saved. D friends, be wise to-day. Your sins may blotted out if you will; let God have mercy up you. Don't be discussing this little thing a longer, but just come out boldly and take yo stand for Jesus Christ. It will be *the best* day your life if you do it.

WHAT COMING WARS MAY WE E PECT.*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page* 253.)

Events Preceding the Three and a Half Years Ten Red Republics to become Ten Democra Monarchies—Power Given to Antichrist—I Image Set Up—The Sign Borne by his S vants—Alliance of Infidelity with Superstiti

To the proceeding of Antichrist a nat prophetically described as Sheba, and Ded and the merchants of Tarshish, with all young lions thereof, and which is underst to signify the maritime, commercial, and colo ing *nation of Great Britain*, will demur and monstrate with the great Antichrist in depr tion of his projected expedition. The expost tion is, however, tacitly predicted to pr unavailing, and the remonstrating nation m itself at that period, in common with the res the civilized world, speedily fall under Antichristian despot, because there is give him (as the Roman Empire's seventh h healed of its Waterloo and Sedan deadly wou "power over all nations" during the subseq final forty-two months or three and a half yea (Rev. 13 : 3, 5, 7; Dan. 7 : 25; Ezek. 38.)

During several months, however, before commencement of the final three and a years, and while the period of universal warf represented by the red horse of the Sec Seal, is being fulfilled, and while the great A christ is preparing and carrying into effect great invasion of Palestine with a vast federacy of the leading armies of Christend there will be various wonderful events acc plished.‡

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, Description of Approaching Events," with two and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* con valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

† If England is the prophetic Tarshish, her ca ties are thereby additionally foretold. "For th of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one t proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifte and he shall be brought low, and upon all *the* of Tarshish" (Isa. 2 : 12–16), "Howl, ye *shi Tarshish*, for your strength is laid waste. Pass to Tarshish. Howl, ye inhabitants of the Isle" 32 : 1–14). The ultimate ruin of the navy of shish is apparently to be caused chiefly by fu gales and storms. "Thou breakest the ships of shish with an east wind" (Psalm 48 : 7). It s from Isa. 18 : 1, 2, that the prophetic Tarshi modern maritime nation is probably to help to back some Jews to Palestine at their partial re tion by the great Antichrist at the commencem the seven years of the covenant week; and also at their complete millennial restoration by (Isa. 60 : 9), after Antichrist's destruction a close of that seven years, when England and nations will be delivered from Antichrist's thre a half years' despotic rule.

‡ It is important to observe the distinction be the great Antichrist's two separate expeditions a Jerusalem—the one just *before*, and the other *after* his final three and a half years of uni

Satan, who is now the prince of the power of the air, will then, with all his angels, be driven down entirely to the earth; and their demonizing power and raging among mankind being thereby extraordinarily increased, will be the prime cause of the subsequent great persecution during the final three and a half years. An immense number of Christians, however, will at this time be supernaturally removed to a wilderness, and miraculously fed there by God during those final three and a half years. (Rev. 12 : 6 7; Eph. 2 : 2; 6 : 12.)

The first four literal day trumpets will also be introduced by terrific thunder and lightning, and an earthquake, and will startle the world by bringing down hail and fire, mingled wth blood, and burning up all green grass, and turning a third part of the sea into blood, and making poisonously bitter a third part of the freshwaters, and darkening a third part of the sun, moon, and stars. (Rev. 8; Luke 21 : 25; Joel 2 : 30; 1 9.) Furthermore, the great Antichrist, who as yet will only be a republican ruler, having previously introduced his troops into Egypt and Syria (*the kings of the south and of the north*), will overcome all their opposition, and will by that time be gaining power over all the other ten-horn kingdoms.* (Dan. 11 : 23-43; 8 : 22-23

Britain, another of the ten-horn kingdoms, lying inside the boundaries of the Roman Empire, will now, if not three or four years earlier, most probably have become governmentally *separate from Ireland*, which is outside the boundaries of the Roman Empire; and through the subtle conspiracies of Romanists and democratic revolutionists, if not by foreign aggression, will *be falling under the great Antichrist and the Romish power*. For power is to be given to the ten-horned and two-horned persecuting powers, in Rev. 13, over *all* nations. All the nations lying within the limits of Cæsar's original Roman Empire having been cast into the crucible of revolutionary disorganization, will now emerge in the form of a confederacy of TEN ULTRAMONTANE RED REPUBLICS controlled by the Papacy, which then, for a brief period, will be re-established in temporal power at Rome. This Confederacy is represented by the *uncrowned scarlet ten-horned wild beast* carrying the Scarlet Woman on its back in Rev. 17.

A few months later this confederacy of *Ten Red Republics* will be changed into a confederacy of *Ten Democratic Monarchies* as represented by the *crowned ten-horned wild beast* in Rev. 13, and ten new kings will be elected † by universal suffrage or plebiscites to reign over them during the ensuing final three and a half years, commencing in the midst of the seven years of the Jewish covenant week. (Dan. 9 : 27.) The Papacy will then be no longer like a queen riding on the ten-horned wild beast, but will be degraded into the position of a submissive two-horned satellite, stripped of all temporal power.

These ten kings will unanimously give their power and strength to the great Antichrist, as their imperial head, constituting him, in fact, a modern Roman emperor, and thus elevating him to a height of power greater than that of Cæsar, Charlemagne, or the first Bonaparte. And they will at last make war with the Lamb at Armageddon, and there perish together with Antichrist.* (Rev. 17 : 12, 13; 13 : 1; Dan. 2 : 42.)

The great tribulation during
THE FINAL THREE AND A HALF YEARS.
will then commence.

By this time the midst of the seven years of the Napoleonic-Judaic Covenant Week will be reached, and the great Antichrist, like another Nebuchadnezzar, having encompassed Jerusalem with his armies, will capture that city, and, notwithstanding his previous seven years' covenant with the Jews, will cause their sacrifices to cease, and lead forth many of them into captivity among the nations, and place his image, the abomination of desolation, in their temple, and even himself proceed to sit there, as the predicted Man of Sin, "*showing Himself that he is God*" (Dan. 9 : 27; 11 : 31, 40, 41; 12 : 7-12. Matt. 24 : 15-22. Mark 13 : 14-22. Luke 21 : 20-25. 2 Thess. 2 : 3-10. Ezek. 38 : 15, 16. Zech. 14 : 1, 2).

It appears also that a similar imperial image will be commanded to be set up in almost every town, city, and village throughout the above-mentioned ten kingdoms of the Roman-Empire countries, comprising, of course, England, and probably also in other parts of professing Christendom, including America, especially wherever there are many Romanists, Spiritualists, or Communists. Liberty of commerce will be granted to none but such as have imprinted on their forehead or right hand one or more of the personal proper names of the Great Antichrist, or the mystic number 666, which his names, singly or conjointly, will contain, as the sum total of their letters in the Greek language. The thirteenth chapter of Revelation fully describes this.

A remarkable event will precede, and greatly promote the erection and adoration of Antichrist's image, viz., "the healing of his deadly dynastic wound," and this has long been understood by many learned expositors to denote the future complete revival over Europe of the Napoleon dynasty, the seventh dynastic head of the wild beast or Roman Empire.

Bands of furious zealots, instigated by demon influence, will be commanded to search out and bring to the test every individual, both small and great, and to put to death those who will not worship the image, or receive the mark, of the latter-day Mahomet. It is probable that the superhuman satanic power and skill, which is to be permitted to be exercised in his behalf, may find one form of its development in the invention and construction of such inconceivably destructive missiles and engines of warfare as to make resistance to his armed hosts almost hopeless. He is also to "think to change times and laws" by establishing a universal Napoleonic code, and perhaps a new currency and a new calendar, dating from some epoch in his career, instead of from the birth of Christ, just as Mahomet did (Daniel 7 : 25).

The consequent reign of infidelity, linked with despotism, will be far more widespread and desolating than the Reign of Terror in France in 1793;* and will be characterized by far more daring avowals of impiety and blasphemy than were ever reached in the days of Voltaire and Robespierre. Their atheism stopped short at the national rejection of the worship of God, but the atheism that will signalize the period of the three and a half years' latter-day persecution will proceed to the assertion and establishment of the worship of man in the person of the Franco-Roman Emperor, the Napoleonic Cæsar of the last days, especially on the ground of "the deadly wound being healed," which his dynasty received at Waterloo and Sedan (Rev. 13 : 3-15; 2 Thess. 2; Dan. 11 : 36, 37, etc.). This will most likely first be commenced by some of the Jews beginning to hail him as their Messiah.†

When the Christian witnesses are then martyred for three and a half years, the imperial Herod of infidelity and the ecclesiastical Pilate of superstition will be made friends, although they may previously at times have been at enmity between themselves, and the latter will command persons to exclaim, regarding the former, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." The imperial Jehu, driving furiously in the chariot of *universal subjugation*, will, indeed, destroy the temporal power of the ecclesiastical Jezebel, and strip her of her costly trappings and accumulated riches; yet there will remain the skeleton framework consisting of the Romish ecclesiastics, headed by the Pontiff, and constituting a Jesuit association of powerful influence, to compel mankind to worship the Bonapartean Baal.

It will then be found that the Balaam of the Vatican will become a potent ally of the democratic-despotic Balak, the Franco-Roman Cæsar, who will be the Emperor of the ten kings ruling over the Roman world. Not only will the Great Emperor—represented by the ten-horned wild beast—be a Napoleon, but it need occasion no surprise if the Pope of that period—represented by the two-horned wild beast—is a Bonaparte; and perhaps some, or all, of the ten kings may be Bonapartes.

(*To be continued.*)

Driving Faith.—Archbishop Whateley says that many a Christian professes perfect readiness to follow the will of God, when really he only follows it as *a driver does his horse*—drawn by it indeed, but holding the reins tightly in his own hands all the time, and compelling it to go in his own way. One person proposes *to believe* on Christ, but *not to confess Him*, since in his opinion circumstances impose secrecy on his discipleship, for the present at least, in spite of the explicit words, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart" (Rom. 10 : 9). Another stands aloof from ordinances of God's Church, which he admits are plainly enjoined, because forsooth having rendered a spiritual obedience, forms are counted needless. "I had rather obey," said Martin Luther, "than to work miracles."

A Legacy has been left to Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D., the distinguished Wesleyan minister, of some thousands of pounds sterling, bequeathed by his uncle, Sir Isaac Morley, of Doncaster, England.

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and persecution. His first expedition will be for *plunder and depredation*, "to take a great spoil" (Ezek. 38 : 1-16; Luke 21 : 20-24; Dan. 11 : 40-43,) while the people are living in prosperity, peace, and plenty, just previous to the three and a half years of great tribulation in which they are afterwards to be led into captivity and made desolate, and the abomination set up in their temple (Dan. 12 : 11; Rev. 11 : 2; Matt. 24 : 15-21); the second expedition for *revenge and murderous extermination*, "to destroy and utterly to make away many" (Dan. 11 : 45; Psalm 83 : 4; Ezek. 38 : 18-23), when he is smarting under the six literal vial-plagues at the end of the three and a half years' tribulation, and, therefore, gathers all his armies to Armageddon (Rev. 16 : 14-16). There is an implied, though not expressed, interval of three and a half years between verses 17 and 18 of Ezek. 38 (just like the eighteen centuries between verses 9 and 10 in Zech. 9).

The ten-kingdomed Confederacy seems to be to a certain extent broken up when Antichrist first arises as a little horn and subdues three of the ten horns; and he does not seem to gain power over *all* the ten horns until two or three years after his conquest of the three horns and his seven years' covenant.

It is not improbable that the actual appointed term for which the ten kings will be elected to reign may be a semi-septennate of three and a half years, as the French President, Marshal Mac Mahon, was elected for seven years, and the President of the United States for four years.

* A clear distinction must be noticed as to Daniel's ten confederated horns or kings who arise *before* Antichrist arises, as a little horn or sovereign, and then he subdues three of them, and so that ten-kingdomed Confedracy seems then to be broken up. (Dan. 7 : 24). Antichrist will make his seven years' covenant about that time, and about two or three years afterwards will gain power over all the ten-horn kingdoms, and will get ten new democratic kings elected over them. Perhaps some of them will be Bonapartes, just as Napleon I. made five of his relations European monarchs.

* In the year-day fulfilment of Revelation the French Revolution of 1793 is only called "a great earthquake" (or *agitation*, Greek *seismos*); but the world-wide Revolution of the seventh year-day vial during the final four or five years is called "an earthquake such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great" (Rev. 11 : 13; 16 : 18).

† In Dan. 11 : 36, 37, *the desire of women* means the same as *the desire of nations*—namely, Christ the promised Messiah, to give birth to whom was the earnest desire of Jewish women.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 255).

"Through Much Suffering."

THERE was a pathetic patience and tenderness in Ernest's tone as little by little he unfolded to Rose the story of the past, and the crisis of the present. Rose's blue eyes seemed to grow darker and deeper as she listened.

"Who are you then, father?" she asked, "if you are not my grandfather's own son—not Clifford of Clifford?"

"I am nobody!" he answered.

"And I am nobody's daughter," she exclaimed; "I am not even Rose Clifford!"

She dropped his hand, and left her seat beside him, flitting away to the oriel window, where she stood looking out, with her back toward him. He could see only her slim, erect figure, and her bright head bent down a little. Her brain seemed in a whirl. Had she really heard her father say that he had no right to this pleasant home of theirs? That he had already given it up to its legal owner? That he had not even a right to the very name they bore?

If all this was to be swept away, her own identity must be swept away with it. She had never lived anywhere alse but at Clifford; she knew no other people. At this moment she forgot even her love for Robert Fortescue. If there was no Rose Clifford, what miserably deluded girl was she?

"It was cruel of him!" her heart cried in intense bitterness. Until this hour she had felt a passionate admiration of her father; a perfect, unquestioning faith in him. Rose had never yet suffered from being tempted; and it is hard for a young, innocent creature to make allowance for either folly or crime.

That her father should have been guilty of anything approaching to a deviation from the strict path of rectitude; that there should be even the *appearance* of evil in his conduct, was unutterably intolerable to her. This was why he could not rejoice when his younger brother came home. Oh, if she could but reinstate her father in his grand pre-eminence over other men! But that could never be. He was not the heroic, princely, sublime personage her fancy had delighted to portray him. He had fallen; and the deadly wretchedness of disappointment had taken possession of her heart.

"Am I to lose you also, Rose?" he asked, after a long silence.

The words, and still more the tone in which he spoke, touched her to the quick. She was all that was left to him, that was clear. Since the morning he had given up lands, and friends, and fame, his name almost, in obedience to the demands of his conscience, he had nothing belonging to him but his little daughter. If she stood aloof from him he would be altogether forlorn and deserted.

Rose uttered a low cry, and clasped her hands together. She understood now why Ruth Symons still clung to her father. Nothing could set aside that relationship. Whatever he might become, or wherever he might go, he would be her father. With a second low cry, Rose flew across the room, and flung herself into his arms.

"Then I have my little girl still!" he said in an agitated voice.

"Oh, yes! yes!" she cried, clinging to him with all her might; "but it will make all the difference in the world to us."

"It will," he answered sadly.

"We shall be quite poor, you and me?" she said.

"Quite poor!" he repeated. "We must leave Clifford."

Leave Clifford! She had not had time to think of that. Leave the place that belonged to all her past life; the old familiar fields, the cliffs, the sea! Leave all the people whose faces she knew and loved, and who had cared for her longer than she could remember! She could quit the house, which was no longer her home, which had never rightly been her home; but how could she leave Clifford? Yet the sudden recollection that for the last few days she had admitted to herself the possibility of living elsewhere flashed across her mind.

"Father," she said softly, "of course you will come and live with me when I am married? Robert will wish it, I know. He thinks there is nobody in the world like you. Oh, father, may I not write and ask him to come over and hear all these things from you? I could never make him understand all in a letter. I must tell him how poor we are now. But none of us will mind about being poor."

For a minute or two Ernest did not answer, reluctant as he was to dissipate his daughter's unworldly ignorance. It was possible, certainly, that young Fortescue might remain true to Rose. Ernest's own disposition toward women was of a chivalrous and romantic turn. But he knew very well that Sir Robert Fortescue would set his face as a flint against the marriage of his son with a penniless girl. It would be best to prepare Rose for the trial lying before her, with regard to this young and innocent love of hers.

"My dear child," he said after a pause that had seemed intolerably long to her, "do you imagine his father will consent to his son being poor? What do you think Sir Robert Fortescue will say of me? He will call me an impostor, and a knave, or a fool. He might have been my friend, possibly, if it had not been for this love between you and his son; but now he must blacken my character to save his own."

"Father!" ejaculated Rose, looking at him in terror.

"My darling," he went on, "if Robert Fortescue is worthy of you he will be true to you; and though you may have long and many troubles before you, you will be happy at last; all the happier for the trouble beforehand. You may write to him, Rose, if you wish it. Only remember, love, remember, you have no mother to read your letter before it goes."

"I shall remember," replied Rose.

Ernest stooped his head to kiss her fair, simple, young face. He would have purchased her happiness by a life of wretchedness for himself. But it was not possible to separate their lots. If any stigma rested upon him, it must rest also on her. His poverty was hers; his exile from Clifford swept her from this peaceful home into the wide world, where he must seek his fortune. "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children." There was no evading that law.

There was unbounded excitement in Clifford and the neighborhood when it was known that Ernest was about to relinquish the estate to his younger brother, the rightful heir. Julia Rush was satisfied that her discovery of the torn paper was at the bottom of it, and she told her story triumphantly about the village. His enemies, of whom he had a few, as every man has, asserted that he had forged old Clifford's will, and that, though he was a clergyman and a magistrate, he had often passed sentence upon offenders against the law much less guilty than himself.

Charles Clifford kept silent, and so did Mrs. Clifford. Gradually it had dawned upon them that no power outside himself could have forced Ernest into giving up the possessions he held. They saw that he had done a deed of which they felt themselves incapable. Mr. Wright was continually either praising Ernest's nobility, or blaming his want of common prudence in not securing terms for himself; and by degrees the idea took root in their minds that on the whole Ernest had done a great deal more than could have been expected of him. So they held their tongues, and spoke neither good nor evil.

But there was one person in Clifford whose inmost heart quailed when the news reached her. Mr. Britton was not at home yet, but he was coming at the end of the week; and his wife knew his first impulse and his fixed determination would be to resign his living in Ernest's favor. There was little in common between Mr. and Mrs. Britton. She was an unconverted woman, and understood nothing of the inner life her husband lived. So, in the present emergency, her whole thoughts we those in this life.

It would never do to lose Clifford Vicarag Suppose dear Jenny became mistress of Cliffo Grange, how sweet it would be to live close b side her! Mrs. Britton put on her bonnet a hurried away to see Ernest, and make sure the was no feebleness in him which would acce her husband's sacrifice.

Ernest was busy in the library, surrounded papers and letters, which had been the accum lation of years, but which must now necessar be sorted out, and the greater part of them stroyed. "He looks fully his age," thoug Mrs. Britton, with some satisfaction; though Ernest was only four years younger th her husband, he had always looked ten ye younger, and she had grudged him this triv advantage.

He met her with a friendly smile as she enter the room with a timid aspect and walked acr the carpeted floor, as if it had been paved w egg-shells. For Rose's and Ruth's sake, Ern was favorably inclined toward all their sex; a Mrs. Britton was the wife of his dearest frie so he gave her a cordial reception.

"My dear Mr. Clifford," she said in her hu blest tone, "surely, surely, this terrible ne cannot, cannot be true! You are not going give up Clifford to your brother Charles, as p ple say?"

"I have given it up," he replied; "the d of gift is being prepared by our lawyer."

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried, clasping hands; "what a terrible trial! What a trial us all—to you, and our sweet Rose, and my p William! William is bound up in his char his very heart and soul are in it. It would br his heart to leave his poor dear people, who so attached to him. He thinks of his pa night and day—more than he does of me, own wife, and seven children. Seven child Mr. Clifford! And there is no chance of bishop doing any thing for William. He has influential friend in the world; and he ne seeks a favor from any one."

"I hardly understand you," said Ernest.

"Why, of course, if you give up Clif Grange, William will feel bound to give up vicarage to you," she answered; "it will be first act; I know it will. He never minds w he goes, or what he wears, or eats and dri so that he is at his work. He hardly think the children, except their souls. Someb must think of these things; and, oh! Mr. ford, remember there are seven of them, and have only Rose. I ought to have sent Je away from home as a governess, but your kind mother is so fond of having here here, she is hardly nineteen yet. I know we ough give up our home and all we have to you, b can't see what will become of us all."

Her voice faltered, and she hid her face in handkerchief. Mrs. Britton was not abl weep easily; and, though she was in real al and terror at this moment, not a tear-drop tened in her eyes. But hiding her face had the same effect upon Ernest.

"My dear Mrs. Britton," he said earne "this is quite a mistake of yours. Such an as taking William's living from him crossed my mind, or any one else's except y I'm quite sure. No, be comforted. I'd so beg my bread than take his post from him."

"But William will be all on fire to do know he will," continued Mrs. Britton; " lieve he'd like to live in a wilderness, and b with manna rained down from heaven on pose for him. He was quite content with hundred and twenty pounds a year, and di care how brown and frayed his clothes wer whether he had meat for dinner or not. been so happy and comfortable here on hundred pounds a year, and so many little from our good neighbors, it made me wretched to think of going away to only racy again. If you would only give me a so promise that you would not let William up the living?"

ow solemn a promise do you want?" he e with a half smile. "I assure you nothing th would prevail on me to take William's Besides, neither my brother nor I would Charles could not like to see me still in ace, and he would not give the living to u may depend upon it. Send William to soon as he reaches home, and I will make ar reason."

Britton went away greatly comforted. and special consolation in the idea that would never appoint his brother vicar of pish; and if so, her husband's living was d she was secure in the comfortable rnest had given to them. She encoun- harles and congratulated him with effu- t might have been the dearest wish of rt to see him reinstated in his right.

nean little humbug!" said Charles to for he had no high opinion of women, Ernest had. He did not trouble himself ery courteous to her; but she did not is lack of courtesy. She was accustomed of herself as a poor vicar's wife, and it ectly easy to her to bow down to wealth er, which at this moment were repre- her by Charles Clifford, from whom she ite humbly pocket any impertinence.

Britton reached home on Saturday and as soon as he heard the start- he rushed off to seek his friend. He ely, he said, with an eager light shining e. to strike his tent and go out again, he knew not, under the same guidance hich had brought him to Clifford.

reminded him of his wife and children. he innocently declared, was of the d as himself, and his children were but to whom every change was a pleasure, did not find decent poverty a hardship. hould any Christian deem poverty a ?" he asked with a kindling face. Was laster poor? A carpenter working for bread? And should the servant be master, the disciple above his Lord? ly when Ernest urged upon him that it utely impossible for himself to remain d after all that had taken place, and other vicar, more to Charles's mind, appointed in his place, that William consented, with tears, to retain the e his friend had given to him.

hall at least be a hundred a year poor- id, in a slight accent as of triumph; brother continues to grant us that dred, you will accept it from me, Er- u will pledge yourself to that?"

k I may pledge myself to that," an- nest, smiling at his friend's enthusiasm ance of human nature—of Charles's particular. But this was hardly fair Britton, who had had little opportu- owing Charles, and whose faith in his tures was only a little less than his od.

s Ernest quite fair to his younger The two tall, stalwart men were often is time, passing from field to field to- parently on good terms, while Ernest to the new proprietor what he had e past, and what he had meant to do re.

vas gloomy and sometimes surly, but to Ernest's plans with close atten- lling all the time that he should re- ich interest in them now they con- no longer.

(*To be continued.*)

HE TRANSFIGURATION.

son for May 2d.—Matt. 17 : 1–13.
xt, John 1 : 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

verse of the chapter preceding that our subject is chosen reads thus: ay unto you, There be some standing shall not taste of death, till they see man coming in His kingdom." No had reference to that which follows: six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them; and His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light."

Peter, who had confessed Him to be the Christ, the Son of the living God. And although he had failed to understand the mind of his Master, and had savored, not the things which be of God, but those which be of men, the Lord had no grudge against him, and the very next thing we read of Peter is, that he was still one of the chosen three, a witness of Christ's glory. If the disciples had only the suffering, humiliation, and death of their Lord to which to look forward, they might easily fall into discouragement, understanding as little as they did of the resurrection. And thus Jesus, in His wondrous love and tenderness, gives them a glimpse of His glory which should be enough to confirm their faith in Him, and to banish forever, or at least, render inexcusable, any doubt.

He "was transfigured before them;" "the form of a servant" (Phil. 2 : 7) was changed into the glory of the Lord; the face which was to be "marred more than any man" (Isa. 52 : 14) "did shine as the sun," for it was the same light that shall make the sun needless in the city which is "the bride, the Lamb's wife" (Rev. 21 : 9). For "the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof" (Rev. 21 : 23). His raiment was white as the light. In Ezekiel 1 : 26–28, where the prophet sees the vision of Christ in glory, he says, "From the appearance of His loins even upward, and from the appearance of His loins even downward, I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about."

Let us not forget that whatever our beloved Lord received as man, He received for us, as though to pass it on to us. "We know that when He shall appear," said one of this very three, who were at this time privileged to see His glory, "we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John 3 : 2). And Paul says, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory" (Col. 3 : 4). Here is our glorious hope. "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

But transfigured bodies must possess transfigured souls. The body always follows the soul. It is not in the first moments of spiritual life that the likeness of Christ is so wonderfully manifest in the features of some of His children; when we see it we know the soul has been long in communion with Him. It is not the first downward steps which print upon the drunkard and the impure of both sexes the grievous stamp of degradation. The first steps upward and the first steps downward are in the soul, and the body follows.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren," says the apostle Paul, "by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed" (the same word in the Greek as *transfigured*) "by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God" (Rom. 12 : 1, 2). If our souls, our minds, our wills and affections are transfigured from earthly to heavenly, from self life to Christ life, then they demand, as a natural consequence, bodies which are "fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself" (Phil. 3 : 21). And this work is the work of the Holy Ghost, who utilizes all circumstances which are arranged by our heavenly Father to carry on His work in us.

Returning to our blessed Lord's transfiguration, we read (ver. 3), "And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with Him." Blessed company! Two transfigured ones, one of whom had died and the other was translated without dying! just like that company who shall meet Christ in the air at His coming to take away His people (1 Thess. 4 : 14, 17). We learn from Luke 9 : 31 that Moses and Elias "appeared in glory," *i.e.*, with transfigured bodies, "and spoke of his decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." What an insight this gives us into the fact that the death of Jesus is the central point of all things for saints in glory as well as to the church militant on earth.

Peter was entranced; he had *believed*, now he *saw*, that Jesus was "the Christ, the Son of the living God," and he never wanted to go back to earth again. The same spirit which would have spared Jesus suffering, "Pity Thyself," would now rest upon the mountain, and leave a world of lost souls to perish. "Lord, it is good for us to be here," he says: "let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias;" "not knowing what he said," is added in Luke 9 : 33. And truly Peter knew not how little he understood Christ's redemption and His heart of love to all sinners. He thought only of what was good for him. And there are thousands of believers in the present day, who spend their time in going to meetings, or hearing sermons which are *good for them*, they think, and who forget the command of the Master to "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16 : 15).

"While He yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them; and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." The Father would draw all attention off the two glorified saints and fix it on Jesus alone, and then He said, "*Hear Him.*" Instead of having your own ideas as to what is good, instead of giving your own opinion, "Hear Him." "When the disciples heard it, they were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid. And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only." And with Jesus only they must come down from the mount of glory to meet with sin and sinners and with all the power of the enemy, but it was enough. The radiance was gone, the exultation, the marvellous atmosphere of heaven up there was no more around them, the holy men whom they had seen were no longer visible, but enough, Jesus was with them.

"And as they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of Man be risen again from the dead." The Jews of His time had the Scriptures read in the synagogue every Sabbath day. They must often have heard the words of Isa. 35 : 4–6, "Behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; He will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped: then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing," etc. The fulfilment of these words was so evident in the daily doings of the Lord Jesus, that He could appeal to it (Matt. 11 : 5) as a proof of His identity, and the Lord seems only to have allowed those who had previously believed to receive confirmation from heaven during the time of His life on earth, as in the cases of John the Baptist when Jesus was baptized, and the disciples on the mount of transfiguration.

The disciples then asked, not in a captious, but an inquiring spirit, "Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come? And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, That Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. . . . Then the disciples understood that He spoke unto them of John the Baptist." It was prophesied of John the Baptist, "He shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias," etc. (Luke 1 : 17), in fulfilment of Mal. 4 : 5), "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." And in Matt. 11 : 14 our Lord says, "And if ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come." It is yet a question whether Elias will not be one of the two witnesses (Rev. 11 : 3–6).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Question of who will be Prime Minister in England still occupies the attention of the British public. The desire of the people for Mr. Gladstone's leadership becomes daily more decidedly manifest, although leading politicians and members of Parliament are generally believed to be averse to committing the reins of government to his hands. Even Conservative journals acknowledge that Mr. Gladstone is the choice of the country, and confess that no government has much hope of permanence in which he is not a leader.

Now that the election returns have been analyzed, it is discovered that the Conservatives, although defeated at the polls, actually received more votes by 118,000 than they did at the last election when they were so decisively victorious. It is therefore evident that the votes which have now turned the scale against them were those of electors who were not entitled to vote at the former election or, being entitled, did not exercise their right.

Otero, the Man who tried to Murder the King of Spain, was executed April 14th. Persistent efforts were made to obtain a commutation of his sentence. Even the young Queen, whose nerves were so shaken by the attempted assassination, joined with the friends of the condemned man in pleading for mercy. It is understood that the King would have reprieved him but for the influence of the foreign ministers at his court, who represented to him that the alarming increase in the number of regicides throughout Europe would render leniency in this instance unwise. It gives a favorable impression of the young King's character that he consented with reluctance to his assailant's execution.

Mr. Gladstone and the Church of Scotland.—As the disestablishment of the Irish Church was the work of Mr. Gladstone, some apprehension was felt by the Scottish electors lest he should deal in a similar way with the Church of Scotland if he had the power. The question was therefore put to him by one of his present constituents. In reply Mr. Gladstone pointed out the distinction between the two churches. He said: "The Church of Ireland represented a miserable minority of the people, but the Church of Scotland represented a very large majority of the people. When the question of the Church of Scotland came to be discussed it would be calmly discussed by men meeting on a footing of equality. It was to the sentiment of the people of Scotland they must look when it came to be discussed. The decision must be a real manifestation of the wishes of the people, in order to bring about a fresh issue in regard to the question."

The Serious Illness of Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Chancellor, is announced. He has been for twenty-four years the leading minister of the Russian Empire, and has directed both its domestic and foreign policy. The advanced age of the eminent statesman renders it extremely improbable that he will survive the attack by which he has been prostrated.

Fears for the Safety of the large British training-ship Atalanta are entertained in London. She carries eleven officers and 300 young seamen. She is a sister vessel of the Eurydice, which foundered off the Isle of Wight in the spring of 1878, having on board 325 officers and seamen. The Atalanta was last seen at Bermuda on January 29th, and is therefore seventy-three days out. She was expected at Portsmouth some weeks ago. She had water for sixty days. The Channel fleet have been ordered to search for her. Torturing anxiety reigns in many British homes as to the vessel and the young lives she had in keeping.

Missions in Zululand.—Although the ar-arrangements made for the resettlement of Zululand were not favorable to missions, there seems good reason to hope that the country will be really thrown open to the Gospel. John Dunn does not appear to be beyond the reach of Christian public opinion. The outcry raised against his intolerance has had influence with him, and he has been showing kindness to the missionaries of his neighborhood. Recent intelligence from that region is that the work of evangelization is about to be begun at Isandula. By a remarkable providence, the district containing the graves of so many British soldiers has been assigned to a chief who is not only favorable to the establishment of a mission among his people, but has for years shown his desire to be himself instructed by the church, and to have his followers brought under the influence of church teaching. To preach Christ in such a spot is indeed to take a sublime revenge on the authors of the massacre.

An Episode of the Occupation of Cabul.—The *Pioneer* says: Perhaps one of the most curious episodes of the occupation of Cabul by English troops, after well-nigh forty years' absence, is that a well-known Major in one of the Goorkha battalions finds himself again in Cabul, his birthplace in the days of the old occupation. Born in Cabul, he was carried by his mother, the wife of a staff officer of the army, through all the horrors of the dreadful retreat, was borne into captivity, released by British cavalry, and grew up to bear Her Majesty's commission, and again to enter Cabul. Stranger still, the jailor of his mother has come to Cabul, and visited his prisoner of bygone days.

A Prominent Hindoo Priest in Central India was baptized on a profession of faith in Jesus Christ in the beginning of February. He lost faith in idolatry about three years ago, but he was not brought to a knowledge of the truth till about eighteen months ago. He would have been baptized then, had it not been for his unwillingness to part with his *poita*, or Brahmanical thread. "Do let me," he entreated the missionary, "become a Christian and keep the *poita*. I will take it off," he continued, "while I am being baptized, and I will put it on again." It took him more than a year to overcome in the conflict. Blessed be God, at last His grace conquered. The man who had "believed with the heart unto righteousness" could not remain any longer without "confessing with the mouth unto salvation." His relatives were very angry with him at first, and his wife *threatened to destroy herself*. This priest was held in great repute by the people. "Now that Bisso Nath has become a Christian," they say, "we also will think of the religion of Jesus."

London Missionaries in North China write home that an extraordinary interest in their meetings is shown by the Chinese women. Mention is made of one who for several months walked a distance of five miles every Sunday in order to attend the services. Others have walked ten miles, and usually remain the entire day, returning home on the morrow. "With many of them," says a report, "all trust in idols is gone; a few have laid hold of the great facts of the Gospel."

The Cruelty of Fashion.—The Capture of bright-plumaged birds for feminine adornment is reducing the number of the beautiful Indian kingfishers. A correspondent of a Lahore journal, quoted by the *Times of India*, speaks of meeting two men bearing odd-looking baskets strolling along the shores of a lake in the evening, and who were birdcatchers from Madras. Their baskets contained the feathers of two hundred kingfishers, and they would sell for less than ten dollars at Madras, and the men stated that bands of their brethren were scattered over the country all the year round, their spoils being sent to England.

A New Gun, surpassing in Destructive Power any existing implement of warfare, has been invented by Sir W. Armstrong, of London. This fearful weapon is capable of firing *a thousand shots per minute* and killing a man on a horse at a mile range. It has a compact appearance, can be taken to pieces and easily carried about, can be applied to military and naval use, and the mechanism of it is simplicity itself; the revolving band has two compartments, into which, as they whirl around, metal cartridges drop from a tall oblong case fixed over the centre of the barrel. A quarter of a million of dollars to have been spent on experiments neces perfect the gun, which is now declared b military expert to be a complete s Prophetic expositors have expressed thei that the last few years of this dispensation marked by the appearance of new warlike ments of great power.

A Small Prize Won at a Great Cost.— cal contest is reported from Valparaiso b two rival pianists. For forty-eight ho Madrid *Imparcial* tells us, the anta pounded away at their pianos, stopping to eat, drink, nor rest, and bound by on conditions of the contest *not to play a sin of dance music.* One of the pianists pla "Miserere" from the "Trovatore" 150 and at the end he fell forward on the pia while his adversary was carried off to the in a precarious condition. Like the matches with which we have unfortuna come so familiar, this trial of endurance best but an instance of foolish and mis energy. A prize won at the cost of lif permanent injury to health is surely wo great a cost, unless it is such a prize as t apostle won (Phil. 3 : 13, 14).

A Man Entombed Alive in a Tree.— lar discovery was recently made in Styria woodcutters felled a venerable oak in th of Drömmling. It was found to be holl was soon brought to the ground. A skeleton, in excellent preservation, closed. Even the boots, which came a knee, were almost perfect. By its sid powder horn, and a silver watch on wh engraved the name "H. von Krackowitz It was the skeleton of a man between th forty years of age. It is conjectured th engaged in hunting, he climbed the some purpose and slipped incautiously hollow trunk, from which there was no and he probably died of starvation.

What Whiskey is Useful for.—The Guthrie, of Scotland, was a strong ten man. On one occasion he expressed his of whiskey in these words: "Whiskey is its place. There is nothing like whiske world for preserving a man when he But it is one of the worst things in the preserving a man when he is living. want to keep a dead man put him in wh you want to kill a living man put whi him."

A New Zealand False Christ has ap the person of the principal leader of t Maori, named *Te Whiti*, who is a reli thusiast and fanatic of the most advan a man of self-denying life. He is well re Holy Scriptures, particularly in the portions. He announces that he is Jesu that his second advent is at hand; th be accomplished by the crucifixion of h the Europeans, after which he will r restore to life all the Maories who h killed in the wars, drive all the Europ the sea, and will then become the King Zealand. Te Whiti has been, it is sai all through his career, adverse to the of blood, and declares that if the go were to allow him to be king he would his people from fighting.

Heathenism in England.—A writ English journal says: 'Visiting a co lage in Worcestershire, a few weeks called on a feeble old man, some *sevent age*, and found him totally ignorant of pel. I told him as simply as possible o who came from heaven on purpose to sinners, and I made him count on his fo the words, 'He died for me.' After several times he could just remember I shall never forget his look as he said, they be *the most wonderful words I ev* for one man to die for another; nob *told me that.*' With tears in his eyes he me to go down the village and tell t just what I told him, for he knew it them good."

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THE LAST OF THE O'G.'s. A Short Serial Story by the Author of "Arnold Percival Montaigne."

Fileer's Death-bed—An Inconsistent Angler and Martha the Dressmaker.

WHAT COMING WARS MAY WE EXPECT? by Rev. M. Baxter (Continued).

CURRENT EVENTS: Congress—The State Conventions—The San Francisco Tragedy—A Town Destroyed by a Cyclone—The Madison Garden Catastrophe—A Check on the Liquor Traffic, etc.

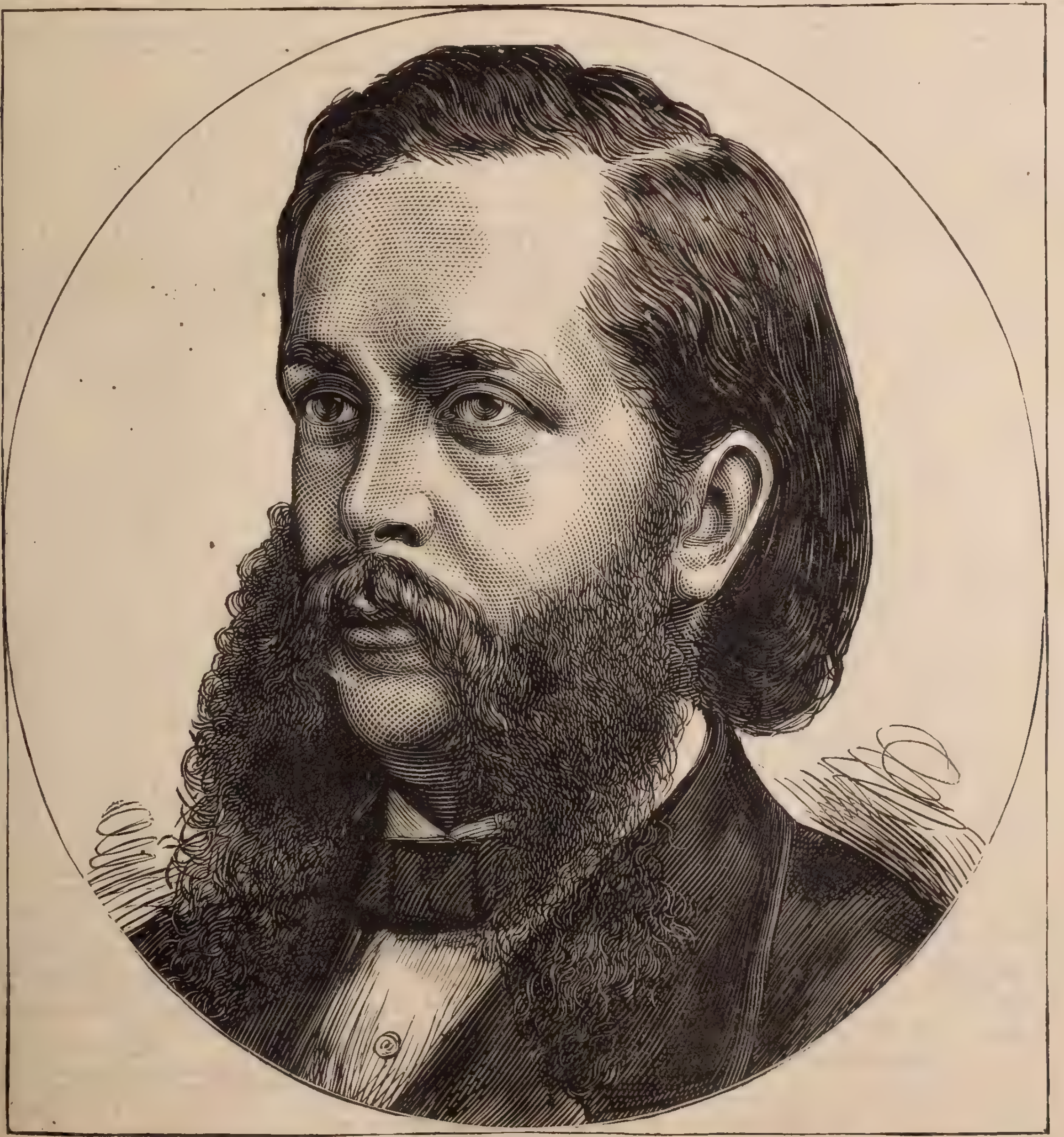
FOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED. A New Sermon, with Anecdotes, by Rev. D. S. Moody.

AT SCHOOL. A Short Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH (Continued).

Jesus and the Young. S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter.

FOREIGN TOPICS—The Newly Appointed Premier of Great Britain—The French Prime Minister on War—Defalcation of a Clerk of the Rothschilds—Christian Work Among London Ballet-Girls, etc.



DR. CULLIS, OF BOSTON, Founder of the Consumptives' Home.

DR. CULLIS, OF BOSTON.

His Wonderful Work of Faith.*

The Beginning of his Great Work—A Wrong Beginning—The Right Way—The Growth of the Work—Three Clusters of Buildings—A Branch Work in India—Two Heroines—Miss Wheeler and Miss Sisson—Dr. Cullis's Daily Habits—His Early Bereavement—His Dedication to God—Remarkable Answers to Prayer—The Ten Dollar Bill—A Child's Penny—Faith Cures.

SEVENTEEN years ago the idea was flashed upon Dr. Cullis of providing for homeless, penniless consumptives. He received it as from God, but leaned to his own understanding to carry it out (Prov. 3 : 5). His first plan was to have a grand hospital in a high place of Boston, built and sustained by appeals to the princely givers of the metropolis, and conducted under the direction of a noble Board of Managers. It took two years' experience to convince him that this human mode of procedure must be relinquished, and a plan of *simple reliance upon God* followed out.

As Father Mills said, "God inhabits eternity; therefore He is never in a hurry." He patiently waited, and let His young servant work his own idea out, until at last his high thought of a grand hospital was brought low, and God's lowly thought of a humble home was accepted in its stead. God Himself was also acknowledged as the only one to whom appeals were to be made for money, and whose direction should be taken in the management of this humble home. How far the example of George Müller, of Bristol, was instrumental in leading the Doctor to this conclusion we do not know.

At the end of two full years Dr. Cullis bought, on mortgage for twenty years, a common dwelling-house in Willard Street, one of the low places of Boston, for the comfortable care of *twelve sufferers*, with a matron and nurse. He most joyfully dedicated it to God on the 27th of September, 1864, as

THE CONSUMPTIVES' HOME.

This was the beginning. Dr. Cullis had no money of his own. He was a young physician, and desired this work that he might devote his own surplus earnings to its support, and for the rest ask and receive it all from God. He did not regard the mortgage as debt, because the house itself was security.

A second house was added, and soon a third and fourth, the four standing back to back with a space between, which was filled up by a building connecting all as one Home.

In due time all these were paid for, and three others were bought—one for a *Children's Home*, another for a *Deaconesses' Home*, and a third for a *Mission Home* and *Chapel*. Subsequently it became evident that this cluster of Homes must have larger space and a better place for expansion and perfection. The Divine Hand that founded and sustained it was not long in pointing out Grove Hall, on Boston Highlands, as the chosen locality.

The spot where that stood had been singularly overlooked by the keen-eyed speculators who were on the lookout for such places. It contained thirteen acres of ground, overlooking harbor and bay, and was more like a portion of an English nobleman's park, with its grand old trees, than like part of a crowded city. It was purchased for the low price of $90,000.

There are now

THREE CLUSTERS OF BUILDINGS

upon it, scattered at regular intervals among the old elm-trees. Centrally, in the first place, with an avenue on each side leading up to it from the road, stands the Grove Hall cluster, consisting of the original hall, four stories high, with its portico-tower and wings, a stately mansion occupied as the *Consumptives' Home*, and two new buildings known as the *Spinal Home* and the *Chapel for the Dead*.

On the right, in another cluster, are, first, *Grove Hall Church*, the mission church for the neighborhood, preached in from Sunday to Sunday by Dr. Cullis; and, second, the *Deaconesses' Home*. A little farther along is the third group, comprising the *Children's Cottage Homes*, No. 1 and No. 2, with ample room for cottages that are to come. The whole together make up a beautiful little village by itself, while round about the grounds, on all sides, are private residences, each in its own unwalled garden of flowers, shrubs, and trees.

How unlike this is to the castle in the air the barrack-like hospital first conceived in the mind of Dr. Cullis! It has come into existence so naturally that Topsy's answer to the question, "*Who made you?*" "I don't know—*I 'spect I growed*," suits it exactly.

The Children's Homes are real cottage homes, without a single line or angle of the military cut so often induced in orphanages, through overstrained orders in manners and dress; and the daily chapel services in Grove Hall and the Sunday worship in the church are much more like the home greetings, in the freedom of love, among children gathering around an adored father, than like the stately formalities of the assemblies of those very little acquainted with each other, and less so with Him whom they distantly worship.

Here, then, crowning one of the high places of the New England metropolis, is this beautiful village-like cluster of homes—a real crown, better than golden; one branch of the work commenced, thirteen years ago, so humbly in Willard Street in its one lowly dwelling-house.

Besides this wonderful cluster of Homes there are three other branches of the work.

There is, first, the *Beacon Hill Branch*, planted upon another of the high places of the town, within a stone's throw of the famous State House of Massachusetts. It comprises,

1. *Willard Tract Repository*, now grown from its small beginning thirteen years ago in Willard Street, Boston, to be a considerable publishing house, with branches in New York and Philadelphia.
2. *Faith Training College*, with an efficient corps of professors and a large number of men and women in training for various Christian work.
3. *Beacon Hill Church*, now in its sixth year, with its excellent pastor, the Rev. C. Squire.
4. *Faith Chapel*, in and around which the College, the Church, and the Repository are all accommodated.

Another important branch of the work is that of *Foreign Missions*, begun in 1875, at Basim, in Central India. Miss Lucy R. Drake was first sent out; and in a little more than a twelvemonth she so far mastered the Mahrattee and Hindoostanee languages as to begin to speak in them to the people. In the first two weeks of her public ministry she spoke to

SIXTEEN HUNDRED PERSONS

who had never heard of the Lord Jesus Christ. She also opened a Missionary Home in a large district unvisited by missionaries.

About a year later this lady was joined by Miss Wheeler and Miss Sisson, who entered upon their work, and maintained their post with a fortitude probably unparalleled except in the annals of Christian heroism. Miss Drake's health failing, the two other ladies, ignorant of the language, inexperienced in the country, without a house, without money, and without sympathy, stood firm for eight months, actually "joying in the God of their salvation" (Heb. 3 : 18). Then their reward came.

The account of that period of trial is so graphic that it will reward any one who reads it. It is contained in the Fifteenth Annual Report, obtainable for twenty-five cents at any of the Willard Tract Repositories.

Still another branch of the work is a *Cancer Home* in the village of Walpole, fifteen miles from Grove Hall. It was opened in 1878, and has already made some progress.

"These *four branches* of this work," say writer we quote, "are the *frame* for the po of Dr. Cullis. The most life-like photogra him, apart from this framework, would c no idea of the man. Indeed, the man hi seen and heard, would give no idea of him he were not known by his fruits. One happened to me to be approaching Bosto train in company with Dr. Cullis and two very dear friends. Seated near, there stranger attracted to us who soon let us that one object he had in view was to s work of Dr. Cullis. 'Aye,' I said, 'how is that we have met you! One of our n is Dr. Cullis himself. Can you tell which is

"He indicated first one and then anothe til he came, last of all, to the right one youngest and most playful of all, and could believe us when we assured him that this w founder and conductor of the great wo which he had heard so much.

"The weight of the work does not o Dr. Cullis in the least. He takes no a thought for to-morrow, though there are scores of mouths to fill, and a world of w be done; but he is as playful as a child, for a romp with his children the moment h home, and full of pleasantry all the day Every Sunday, when at home, he preac the morning in

"GROVE HALL CHURCH,

and sometimes has meetings elsewhere afternoon or evening, or both. Every d sides worship in his own family, he h morning's cheery conference with the w of the Homes in the Highlands, and a in the Chapel of the Consumptives' Hom sees every inmate, besides directing as to affairs of the day. He reads his numero ters, answers some, and gives full instr about others; looks minutely after all r and expenditures; visits a large circle of p in and about town who cannot come to h ceives a still larger number some days office, and prays with many of them.

"He keeps the record of all his work and reports it annually in detail; sees ma come to him to be shown the way of sa or instructed more perfectly as to the p rest of faith and power for service so bl exemplified by him. Once a week, on T afternoons, he holds a public meeting i Chapel. Often through the week he meetings in other places; during term eight months of the year, acts as Presi Faith Training College, and lectures once to the classes on Christian work; and mo month he manages editorially two mont pers—the *Times of Refreshing*, for Christia another journal for the unconverted; a the minute oversight of a large and growi of publications in the form of books and

"Any idea of him as a man robust f infancy, a prodigy of health and strength, be wholly untrue. He suffered immen childhood and youth from weakness an tration. Indeed, he had a sad and so young life of it all the way up to manhoo was obliged after an apprenticeship to b to give it up, though his heart was in it, of health and strength to pursue it; and constrained to study for his profession. his heart was not in it at first, simply for strength to engage in any other occupati

"More than the infirmities of age seem fallen to the lot of his youth, and now in t of maturity (he is now about 46 years of enjoys more than the ordinary freedom a piness of childhood. In fact, he is a real the solution of which can be found onl *joyfulness of his Christan experience.*"

The story of his

EARLIER EXPERIENCE

and later consecration, and final entrance freedom and fulness of rest and blessing in our Lord Jesus Christ, has a spice of r and of sadness about it, all the more me for the gladness which has come out o him. The present Mrs. Cullis is the I nd wife. Like many another youth, he *fell* *ve* before the time that the wise and prudent ght fitting; and then, against all sage coun- land some strong opposition, he married the g lady of his choice.

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* Many of the particulars in this sketch are taken from the valuable "Life of Dr. Cullis," by the Rev. W. E. Boardman, which may be obtained at any of the Willard Tract Repositories.

fore this he had been confirmed and be- a communicant in the Episcopal Church. oung wife had gone farther and become a believer in Christ. A little while only they together, when the wife wasted and died of nption—with the brightness of the glory ven beaming from her face, and with the s of joyful anticipation on her tongue. llis's anticipations from this world died ier, and at the bedside where her body was in death he gave himself in the dark to -to live and earn money in his profession, or himself, but for the advancement of the h of Christ.

was quite young, and only entering upon reer as a physician in partnership. Im- tely he separated himself from his partner et up on his own account. He grew in fa- d practice, and money flowed in upon him. id not hoard it or use it upon himself, but freely in such channels as commended elves to him, until one day the text, "*To n his work*," suggested to him the idea pecial work for every man, a special work n. Upon this he meditated until the time a stranger called to ask about some place oor homeless consumptive ready to die in eet for lack of some better place. Then d, "Here is my work. I will accept it."

he came, not very long after the conse- at the bedside where his wife's body was to apprehend the grace of God in giving n to die for sinners, and to see himself as f the sinners for whom Christ died. He sted most deeply of earthly bliss during time of his beloved wife; but now, for the me, he began to *drink at the fountain of ly joy*. Then followed the deep, sweet re- him in actual experience that it is *better than to receive*. Soon after came the ac- ce of the *special work* designated by the r him, and the disappointment of his hu- ethod of building the hospital.

came the work itself: and his whole nt out in it with joy and gratitude to God ry contribution in aid of it in answer to But cares grew with the work, and vexa- ame. If there had not been more for Christ than he had so far apprehended, ittle foxes, after all, would have spoiled es" (Cant. 2:15). He saw this, and be- rnestly desirous of a deeper experimental dge of Jesus, by which he should be de- from fret and worry and vexation, and p and carried foward in perfect peace.

st, in a moment, this came. He was re- or reading the Lord's Prayer, and came ords, "Lead us not into temptation, but us *from evil. For thine is the kingdom, power, and the glory*." This flashed upon e light and glory of the fact that it be- to the Lord alone to deliver us from evil. ly he transferred the responsibility for sent and perpetual deliverance from the t tormented and threatened him, from to the Lord, and began rejoicing in Him oy doubled over to him above all he had own before.

that time rivers of living water have ed to flow from his inmost being; and ow so great a work has grown up under d, and so great a joy has pervaded it, d it with the sunshine of God's glory.

evere trials of faith recorded in the An- ports which Dr. Cullis has issued for the een years remind one of the similar ex- s related in

GEORGE MÜLLER'S

Trust." And equally glorious are the s of God's faithfulness to His promises. one example:

ober 15th, 1878. This morning I had a elve dollars to pay for milk. The man at the Home yesterday that he would call for the money this morning. See how the Lord delivered. The mail brought from Philadelphia, Pa., five dollars; I had four dollars and fifty cents in my pocket, and this was all the money I possessed. I prayed that I might find the money at the Home; on reaching there I found in the box two dollars. I went to the Spinal Home, and found in that box twenty-five cents; this made eleven dollars and seventy-five cents; twenty-five cents more were needed. I went to both of the Children's Homes, and found not a cent in either box. I looked to the Lord and asked for the other twenty-five cents. I returned to the Home and found that in the *ten minutes of my absence* a visitor had dropped into the box twenty-five cents. Bless His dear name! That bill was paid. 'The mountains shall depart, and the hills shall be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, saith the Lord'" (Isa. 54:10).

Every copy of the Annual Report contains the following

STATEMENT

to stop the mouths of detractors:

"*There is no Fund, Endowment, or known Pecuniary Provision whatever existing for the support of the Home; no human friend of it who has ever made any promise, express or implied, to preserve it or relieve its necessities; and no person in any way connected with Dr. Cullis who has the control of means sufficient to do more than render small contributions toward its maintenance.*" During the last year the Lord sent in cash thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-five dollars and fifty-eight cents; and for the fifteen years the Home has been established, without any solicitations from man, but in answer to prayer, God has sent the amount of three hundred and eighty-six thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven dollars and ninety cents! So does He honor those that trust in Him.

One gift of ten dollars from a poor widow came with this interesting story. The woman's husband died seven years ago; at his death a friend gave her ten dollars, saying, "You may need a little help now." She told the Lord that if He would take care of her, she would give the ten dollars to Foreign Missions, and as He had wonderfully cared for her, she sent Dr. Cullis the identical ten-dollar bill.

In another touching case the donor was a member of Dr. Cullis's own family: "My little four-year-old was present at Grove Hall on Sunday morning when Dr. Jewett preached. During the course of the sermon he exhorted all that had not done so to put a box for missions on their centre-table and train their families to systematic giving. When I next went into my sitting-room I found on the Bible, on the centre-table,

A PASTEBOARD BOX,

without a cover, turned upside down, having a hole in the bottom of it of convenient size for dropping in money, and underneath was a penny. My little four-year-old had placed it there, and it contained her all."

Our space forbids our going into details regarding the extraordinary cases in which God has put forth His miraculous power to heal persons in hopeless sickness for whom Dr. Cullis prayed the earnest, fervent prayer of faith. It will be understood that Dr. Cullis, while earning his livelihood by the exercise of his profession, like any other physician, makes no charge to persons who, believing in God's power to heal, and in Dr. Cullis's strong faith, come to him with the request that he will simply intercede with God on their behalf.

Many of these cases are narrated in a volume, "Faith Cures." Others are published as they occur in *Times of Refreshing*, a well-printed monthly paper, which, together with *Word of Life*, another periodical by Dr. Cullis, may be obtained at the Willard Tract Repository, Boston, New York, or Philadelphia.

We shall be glad if this imperfect sketch interests Christian people in a man who is great in works of benevolence and great as a witness for God.

A FUSILEER'S DEATH-BED.

By John W. Russell (of the English Royal Artillery, Malta).

Sick—Groping for Light—Dawn—A Dying Question.

AFTER the lapse of five years I feel constrained to send forth this true account of the last moments of Private A——, 101st R.B. English Fusileers, in Citta Vecha Military Hospital, Malta, in the earnest hope that God in his great mercy may lead some of my comrades to decision for Christ.

He had been sent from the hospital at St. Elmo to the one in which he died, in the hope that the change from town to country might fully restore him, and until a week before he died he cherished a hope of again recovering, and thought that he might yet be spared to witness for the Lord Jesus.

But beautiful scenery, kind, skilful doctors proved of no avail. He who doeth all things well had ordered it otherwise. It was soon evident, not only to himself but to all who saw him, that his hours were numbered; that soon he must enter the presence of Him before whose throne we all must stand.

Though earnestly desiring to find peace, Satan seemed to throw difficulties in his path until the last day; then all was bright, all was plain; Satan was despoiled of his prey, and our comrade was enabled to cast himself body and soul on Him who careth for him. From this time till his death no dark shadows flung themselves between him and his God—no doubts obscured the presence of Him who was about to guide our friend through the dark valley safe to his Father's house of many mansions.

As he found his end approaching he desired us all to come round his bedside to hear his last, his dying words. There we stood, his wife and a few comrades, gazing on the face of one from whom all pain appeared to have vanished, upon whose countenance there was celestial calm and peace.

He shook hands with us all, saying he wished he had spent his whole life serving God, beseeching one and all to "seek the Lord while he may be found, to call upon Him while He is near."

With his last breath he put to all the question, "Will you meet me in that bright land above?" Our answer was scarce given when the last struggle was over.

What a change! Oh, how glorious! No longer on an hospital cot, his body sometimes convulsed with agony, but in the land where none shall say, "I am sick," and where there is no more pain; no longer in the uniform of H.M.'s 101st, but clad in robes of snowy white.

Five years have passed, and yet that question rings in my ear, "Will you meet me in that bright land above?" Comrade, don't you hear it? It comes from one like you, a soldier, from dying lips, with head propped up and but a moment to live. Don't you hear it? Listen, oh, listen! He asks through me to-day, "Will you—you—you—will you meet me?" Where? Not on the battle-field, not on earth, but in that bright land above.

An Earnest Desire for Spiritual Teaching has arisen in Spain. Wesleyan missionaries say that it is no unusual thing for their missionaries to receive a written requisition from villages signed by forty or fifty inhabitants, asking them to come and preach the Gospel to them. Like France, they have had about enough of Romanism, and begin to understand its hollowness.

Arrowroot Exchanged for the Bible.—In the Island of New Hebrides, in the Southern Ocean, three thousand seven hundred pounds of arrowroot were shipped recently for London by the native Christians who have been gathered in by the Gospel within the last thirty years. Their offering is to make payment for an edition of the Old Testament, as it is now being issued in their language. Silver and gold they have not, but what they have they freely give.

WEIGHED.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, April 25, 1880.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."—DANIEL–5 : 27.

The Work of Two Million Builders—O What a City!—The Balance Lifted—God's Balance the Only Perfect Balance—Religion should take Hold of This Life—God will Weigh the World—Churches—Nations—The Napoleons Weighed—The Balance of the Sanctuary—Who will be Weighed?—The Moralist—The Formalist—The Worldling—The Final Scrutiny—The Unforgiven, Weighed—The Christian in the Balances—Weights that do not Turn the Scale—The Christian Side Comes Down—Nothing Wanting—A Policeman's Courageous Act—Suffering for Others.

BABYLON was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, *two million men* were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city sixty miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which the material for the building of the city had been digged.

There were twenty-five gates on each side the city; between every two gates a tower of defence springing into the skies; from each gate on the one side, a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets fifteen miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and to keep it from the ruin of the city, a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of this river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning this Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace seven and a half miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country, and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon; and, so to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain four hundred feet high. This mountain was built out into terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead, and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky.

Standing below and looking up it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom, or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I supposed she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would.

There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple an image, just one image, which cost what would be our fifty-two million dollars.

O WHAT A CITY!

The earth never saw any thing like it, never will see any thing like it. And yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices. Drink to the health of the king. Drink to the glory of Babylon. Drink to a great future.

A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look as intoxicated men will—with vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes an intensity, and it is an affrighted look; and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room and puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of fiery terror circling around and circling around as though it would write; and then it comes up and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the king: "Weighed in the balances, and found wanting." The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace are followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now Death is king, and he is seated on *a throne of corpses.* In that hall there is

A BALANCE LIFTED.

God swung it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities, on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in this country with false weights and measures and balances, and the government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break, or some of the metal may be clipped, or in some way the equipoise may be a little disturbed.

You cannot always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound, and you pay for one thing and you get another; but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God, a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again.

If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and He calls upon His recording angel to mark it: "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel, "Mark down so many apples too few—*an imperfect measure.*"

We may cheat ourselves and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood, at school, is correct: that twenty hundredweight make a ton, and one hundred and twenty solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less. And a religion which does not take hold of this life as well as the life to come is no religion at all.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of this morning, that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which can weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations, and weigh worlds. "What!" you say, "is it possible that

OUR WORLD IS TO BE WEIGHED?"

Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side the balances suspended from the throne—if on that side of the balances he put the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and the Himalayas, and Mount Washington, and all the cities of the earth—if He put them on one side of the balances they would crush it. No, no. The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities, and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins and away will go the opportunities, and God will say to the messengers with the torch, "Burn that world! Weighed, and found wanting!"

So God will weigh churches. He takes a g church. That great church, according to worldly estimate, must be weighed. He pu on one side the balances, and the minister the choir and the building that cost its hund of thousands of dollars. He puts them on side the balances. On the other side of scale he puts what that church ought to be, its consecration ought to be, what its symp for the poor ought to be, what its devotic all good ought to be. That is on one That side comes down, and the church, not able to stand the test, rises in the balances does not make any difference about your nificent machinery. A church is built fo thing—to save souls. If it saves a few when it might save a multitude of souls, will spue it out of His mouth. Weighed, found wanting!

So God estimates nations. How many He has put the Spanish monarchy into the s and found it insufficient and condemned it! French Empire was placed on one sid scales, and God weighed the French Empir Napoleon said, "Have I not enlarged Boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories Champs Elysées? Have I not adorned Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded House?" Then God weighed that natio He put on one side the scales the Empero the Boulevards, and the Tuileries, an Champs Elysées, and the gilded Opera-hous on the other side He put that man's abo tions, that man's libertinism, that man's s ness, that man's godless ambition. Thi came down, and all the brilliancy of the vanished. Weighed, and found wanting!

What is that voice coming up from S Weighed, and found wanting! Prince Im slain on the Zulu battlefield—the good E this moment on the way to find the spot he fell. Before leaving home giving her to the chief church in Paris. The goodn her heart and the goodness of the Prince Im not able to save that great house, which ha condemned in the time of Napoleon. We and found wanting!

But I must become more individual and personal in my address. Some people sa do not think clergymen ought to be sonal in their religious addresses, and th the Sabbath-day it ought to be a treatment jects in the abstract. I do not think tha What would you think of a hunter who go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer abstract? Ah! no. He loads the gun, the butt of it against the breast, he runs along the barrel, he takes sure aim, an crash go the antlers on the rocks. And so want to be hunters for the Lord, we mus sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are treat things in religious discussions.

If a physician come into a sick-room, d treat disease in the abstract? No; h the pulse, takes the diagnosis, then he mal prescription. And if we want to heal so this life and the life to come, we do not treat them in the abstract. The fact is, y I have a malady which, if uncured by grac kill us forever. Now, I want no abstr Where is the balm? Where is the physic

People say there is a day of judgment c My friends, every day is a day of judgmen you and I this morning are being canv inspected, weighed. Here are *the balance sanctuary.* They are lifted, and we must weighed.

WHO WILL COME AND BE WEIGHED

Here is *a moralist* who volunteers. He of the most upright men in this city of Brc He comes. Well, my brother, get in—g the balances now, and be weighed. But gets into the balances, I say, "What is that you have along with you?" "Oh," h "that is my reputation for goodness, and ness, and charity, and generosity, and kin generally." "O my brother! *we cannot that;* we are going to weigh you—you. stand in the scales—you, the moralist. Pai es?" "Yes," you say, "paid all my debts." ave you acted in an upright way in com- ity?" "Yes, yes." "Have you been kind e poor? are you faithful in a thousand rela- in life?" "Yes." "So far, so good.

But now, before you get out of this scale, I to ask you two or three questions. Have thoughts always been right?" "No," you "no." Put down one mark. "Have you the Lord with all your heart, and soul, and , and strength?" "No," you say. Make er mark. "Come now, be frank, and con- hat in ten thousand things you have come —have you not?" "Yes." Make ten and marks. Come now, get me a book enough to make the record of that moral- eficits.

brother, stand in the scales, do not fly from them. I put on your side the scales e good deeds you ever did, all the kind you ever uttered; but on the other side cales I put this weight which God says I put there—on the other side the scales pposite to yours I put this weight: "by eds of the law shall no flesh living be jus- " Weighed, and found wanting.

, the balances of the sanctuary are sus- d, and we are ready to weigh any who Who shall be the next? Well, here is

A FORMALIST.

comes and he gets into the balances, and ets in I see that all his religion is in genu- s and in outward observances. As he nto the scales I say, "What is that you n this pocket?" "Oh!" he says, "that stminster Assembly Catechism." I say, good. What have you in that other ?" "Oh!" he says, "that is the Heidel- atechism." "Very good. What is that ve under your arm, standing in this bal- f the sanctuary?" "Oh!" he says, "that urch record." "Very good. What are se books on your side the balances?" he says, "those are Calvin's Institutes." brother, *we are not weighing books:* we ighing you. It cannot be that you are ing for your salvation upon your ortho- Do you not know that the creeds and ms of religion are merely the scaffolding building? You certainly are not going ake the scaffolding for the temple. Do t know that men have gone to perdition catechism in their pocket?"

t," says the man, "I cross myself often." Ah that will not save you." "But," says n, "I am sympathetic for the poor." will not save you." Says the man, "I he communion table." "That will not u." "But," says the man, "I have had e on the church records." "That will you." "But I have been a professor of forty years." "That will not save tand there on your side the balances, ill give you the advantage—I will let you the creeds, all the church records, all istian conventions that were ever held, ommunion tables that were ever built, side the balances. On the other side nces I must put what God says I must e. I put this one-hundred-pound weight other side the balances: 'Having the godliness, but denying the power there- om such turn away.'" Weighed, and anting!

he balances are suspended. Are there rs who would like to be weighed or who eighed? Yes; here comes

A WORLDLING.

ts into the scales. I can very easily see s whole life is made up of. Stocks, s, percentages, "buyer, ten days," thirty days." Get in, my friend, get se balances and be weighed—weighed for and weighed for the life to come. He I find that the two great questions in are, "How cheaply can I buy these and "How dearly can I sell them?" I dmires heaven because it is a land of *money must be "easy."*

I find from talking with him that religion and the Sabbath are an interruption, a vulgar interruption, and he hopes on the way to church to drum up a new customer! All the week he has been weighing fruits, weighing meats, weighing ice, weighing coal, weighing confections, weighing worldly and perishable commodities, not realizing the fact that he himself has been weighed.

On your side the balances, O worldling! I will give you full advantage. I put on your side all the banking houses, all the storehouses, all the cargoes, all the insurance companies, all the factories, all the silver, all the gold, all the money vaults, all the safety deposits—all on your side. But it does not add one ounce, for at the very moment we are congratulating you on your fine house and upon your princely income, God and the angels are writing in regard to your soul: "Weighed, and found wanting!"

But I must go faster, and speak of

THE FINAL SCRUTINY.

The fact is, my friends, we are moving on amid astounding realities. These pulses which now are drumming the march of life, may, after a while, call a halt. We walk on a hair-hung bridge over chasms. All around us are dangers lurking ready to spring on us from ambush. We lie down at night, not knowing whether we shall arise in the morning. We start out for our occupations, not knowing whether we shall come back. Crowns being burnished for thy brow, or bolts forged for thy prison. Angels of light ready to shout at thy deliverance, or fiends of darkness stretching up skeleton hands to pull thee down into ruin consummate.

Suddenly the judgment will be here. The angel, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, will swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer. "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." Hark to the jarring of the mountains. Why, that is the setting down of the scales, the balances. And then there is a flash as from a cloud, but it is the glitter of the shining balances, and they are hoisted, and all nations are to be weighed.

The unforgiven get in on this side the balances. They may have weighed themselves and pronounced a flattering decision. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. Now they are being weighed in God's balances—the balances that can make no mistake. All the property gone, all the titles of distinction gone, all the worldly successes gone; there is a soul, absolutely nothing but a soul, an immortal soul, a never-dying soul, a soul stripped of all worldly advantages, a soul—on one side the scales. On the other side the balances are wasted Sabbaths, disregarded sermons, ten thousand opportunities of mercy and pardon that were cast aside. They are on the other side the scales, and there God stands, and in the presence of men and devils, cherubim and archangel, He announces, while groaning earthquake, and crackling conflagration, and judgment trumpet, and everlasting storm repeat it: "Weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

But, say some who are Christian: "Certainly you don't mean to say that we will have to get into the balances? Our sins are all pardoned, our title to heaven is secure. Certainly you are not going to put us in the balances?" Yes, my brother. We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, and on that day you are certainly going to be weighed.

O FOLLOWER OF CHRIST! YOU GET INTO THE BALANCES.

The bell of the judgment is ringing. You must get into the balances. You get in on this side. On the other side the balances we will place all the opportunities of good which you did not improve, all the attainments in piety which you might have had, but which you refused to take. We place them all on the other side. They go down, and your soul rises in the scale. Cannot weigh against all those imperfections.

Well, then, we must give you the advantage, and on your side the scales we will place all the good deeds you have ever done, and all the kind words you have ever uttered. Too light yet! Well, we must put on your side all the consecration of your life, all the holiness of your life, all the prayers of your life, all the faith of your Christian life. *Too light yet!* Come, mighty men of the past, and get in on that side the scales. Come, Payson, and Doddridge, and Baxter, get in on that side the scales and make them come down, that this righteous one may be saved. They come and they get in the scales. *Too light yet!* Come, the martyrs, the Latimers, the Wickliffes, the men who suffered at the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the Christian's balances, and see if you cannot help him weigh it aright. They come and get in. *Too light yet!* Come, angels of God on high. Let not the righteous perish with the wicked. They get in on this side the balances. Too light yet!

I put on this side the balances all the sceptres of light, all the thrones of power, all the crowns of glory. Too light yet! But just at that point, Jesus, the Son of God, comes up to the balances, and He puts one of His scarred feet on your side, and the balances begin to quiver and tremble from top to bottom. Then He puts both of His scarred feet on the balances, and the Christian's side comes down with a stroke that sets all the bells of heaven ringing. That Rock of Ages heavier than any other weight.

But says the Christian, "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes. If some one should come and put on the other side the scales all your imperfections, all your envies, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with Christ on your side the scales. Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Chains broken, prison-houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free! Weighed in the balances, and nothing, *nothing* wanting.

Oh! what a glorious hope. Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack, Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept Him? will not this whole audience say: "I am insufficient, I am a sinner, I am lost by reason of my transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord and my God, my life, my pardon, my heaven. Lord Jesus, I hail Thee." Oh! if you could only understand the worth of that sacrifice which I have represented this morning to you under a figure—if you could understand the worth of that sacrifice, this whole audience would this moment accept Christ and be saved.

We go away off, or back into history, to get some illustration by which we may set forth what Christ has done for us. I shall not go off this block. I shall not go to last year. I go to last night in front of this church, when a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashed through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though to hurl them to death, and a mounted policeman—that brave fellow you and I have often seen passing up and down every day in front of this church—that mounted policeman, with a shout clearing the way, and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses and to save a calamity, when his own horse fell and rolled over him. He was picked up half dead.

Why were our sympathies so stirred? Why was I not content until I went last night and got the whole story? Was it merely because a man was hurt? No. It stirs our sympathies to have a man hurt, but more because this one was hurt for others. That was self-sacrifice. No one heard that story without having the tears start.

But I tell you another story this morning—how Christ, the Son of God, on the blood-red horse of sacrifice came for our rescue, and rode down the sky and rode unto death for our rescue. Are not your hearts touched? That was a sacrifice for you and for me. O Thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice! come this morning, and ride through this assemblage on the white horse of victory.

THE LAST OF THE O'G.s; OR, THE LOST INHERITANCE RESTORED.

By Mr. Henry Martin, author of "Felicia Cufie," "Arnold Percival Montaigne," etc.

(*Continued from page 262.*)

Mrs. O'G.'s Surprise about Mr. Martin's Restored Patrimony—His Explanation—Her Reluctant Abandonment of her Earthly Longings.

MRS. O'G. was a woman of about forty years of age—tall, dark-haired, of black piercing eyes and regular features, now somewhat flushed from the excitement of her recent peril. Her dress was neat and simple, and of the most inexpensive materials; but there was about her whole appearance and bearing that undefinable dignity and refinement, which, among all races, Saxon or Celtic, appertain to persons of gentle birth.

After the interchange of some remarks of a general character, I said to her, "Under the pretence of ignorance I will not ask you the meaning of that emerald tuft which you are so carefully carrying on your arm. I have been told the history of your family in these parts, and of the annual ceremony which this summer morning you have been performing."

"Ah, yes," she replied, "all these lands, and that fine old castle yonder, were once the possession of my ancestors. They were our own by absolute right—none could claim hold upon them. Independent as kings, and as proud, were the O'G.s, in the grand old times in Ireland. But the English foreigner came in, coveted a dominion to which he had no right, envied my fathers their possession and their princely rule, and by the law of the strongest we have long been despoiled of our patrimony and power.

"Not but that we have had our revenge," she added. "On many a blood-stained field, the O'G.s, foremost in the fight, have laid the Saxon, steeped in gore, at their feet. Especially was it so at the battle of Fontenoy, when the English ranks, bearing all the French columns in distraction and panic before them, had the tide of victory borne back upon themselves by the well-timed and impetuous onslaught of the Irish Brigade. It was a day of glory for the Celt, long to be remembered."

As Mrs. O'G. spoke, there was a flash of triumph in her eyes, and her words were so graphic and well-spoken, that no one could doubt she was describing a scene which often before had passed across her imagination.

"Do you take a pleasure," I inquired, "in contemplating those dreadful days of carnage? Have you no pity for human misery, even though it be in the case of those whom you account your foes? There has been heard in this world a Voice Divine which teaches us to leave vengeance with God, to love our enemies, to be 'tender-hearted,' and if any man have a quarrel against any, to 'give no place unto wrath.'"

"Well," she answered, "perhaps as a woman, who ought to have a gentle heart, I should stand rebuked before you, and as a rule I have disciplined myself to submission and patience; but when my thoughts run upon the wrongs which, as an ancient family, we have known, I cannot keep my anger down, and the fire of an indignation, which I had imagined almost dead, flashes up hot and fierce within me.

"Of late, too," she went on to say, "I have perhaps brooded more than usual over the loss of our inheritance. You have been told, I dare say, that for long generations the O'G.s have never despaired of getting back their own. We have always kept ourselves in contact with our patrimonial soil; for centuries we have retained a portion of it near us, and have thus been able to feel that our hands, as it were, have never been parted from it. These cuttings from our ancient demesne"—and she pointed to the green tuft she carried—"have perpetuated our ownership, and have been as earnests to us of full possession in the future.

"But then again," she continued, and her voice faltered, "I am now the only survivor of the O'G.s. When I die, our race will be extinct; and even though it were not so, recent statutes, confirming the title-deeds of every landed proprietor in Ireland, make it hard to believe that the English Government could, even if they would, make restitution to us of our rightful domains."

The sadness of her tone, as she expressed this long-cherished but now all but vanished hope, was rather touching.

Giving her a look of sympathy, I said, "Mrs. O'G., would you wonder to hear that he who stands before you was also once dispossessed of a great inheritance?"

"Indeed!" she quickly responded; "how was that? Where did your family property lie? I hope you will tell me your story, for, somehow, there is a consolation in the history of another's trouble."

I answered, "The inheritance I speak of, without the least disparagement to the one you have in your thoughts—which I confess is a singularly noble one—I can assure you far surpassed it in importance and value."

"I can never believe that," she warmly replied; "it is impossible. Why, for miles on this hand and on that, far as your eye can see, the lands of the O'G.s extended—lands the most picturesque and fertile in all this region; and as to power, it was as kings the O'G.s ruled the sept, which, in this neighborhood, owned their sway. But, not to dispute the matter with you, upon what plea were you deprived of your patrimony?—one, I have no doubt, as false and wicked as that which served the tyrant in our case. Lawless power has never yet been thwarted in its designs of plunder for want of an excuse."

"Ah," I responded, "I have never been able to lay the flattering unction of such a persuasion as that to the forfeiture over which I, and the family to which I belong, once mourned. We deserved to lose our patrimony. With shame and self-reproach I have to admit it, for we were false and recreant to our good and rightful King. We owed all we had to His noble generosity; but we rebelled against Him, and gave our allegiance to His sworn foe. He could not but act as He did—our base ingratitude more than justified His conduct."

As I uttered these words, Mrs. O'G. scrutinized my face as if to see whether they sprang from real conviction and feeling. Apparently satisfied with the result of her inquiry, she observed:

"I think you seem to say that, however just was the forfeiture of your family estate, it has been restored to you. Is that the case? If it be so, you and yours have experienced a far better fortune than has been ours. We never have confessed, and never shall confess, that we were rebels or traitors. We gave allegiance where we believed it was rightly due—the brand of falsehood or treachery has never been borne by an O'G.; and yet to this hour we have been outcasts from our own. Ah! what of justice or equity is there in this world?"

I replied, "You have understood me quite correctly. Our forfeited inheritance has been fully restored. Indeed, more than that, privileges greater than we had formerly known have been added to the original estate, and we stand higher in our Sovereign's esteem to-day than before we failed in our allegiance to Him. Not that I myself have personally entered into actual possession of all that has been secured to our family—my time has not yet quite come for that. I am, however, an heir to it, and have this hour, as a living man, sure and valuable pledges of what must without fail come to me in a day not far distant."

"Well, that is surprising," Mrs. O'G. exclaimed when I informed her that the title of my lost inheritance had been restored to me. "And how different your case is to mine—no pledge of our inheritance have I, except this little 'grass sod.' But tell me, has the restoration of your inheritance been accompanied with no unpleasant conditions imposed upon you—no humiliations hard for a proud mind to sto Such is the usual practice, you know. An was the restoration brought about? You est and yet perplex me."

"The *terms* of our reinstatement," I r "is one of the most singular things about fact there are no conditions, or, if there they are only these—that we simply *cla birthright, mentioning the name of Him* purchase regained it."

"Oh, then," she broke in, "it was chased for you, was it? Indeed, I was beg to imagine that in some such way the affa have been managed. Free and magna concessions are rather scarce things in th and grasping world."

"Yes, our patrimony has been regai purchase," I replied; "but still the rest of the family estate to us has been an act told generosity on the part of our Sov The purchaser was a close connection family, but the ransom He paid was fr treasure of the King."

It was evident, from the fixed look th O'G. fastened on me, that the more I a her inquiries the more was she perplexed. ing gained my purpose of arousing her cu I resolved now to speak to her plainly, longer in parables.

"It is evident, Mrs. O'G.," I said, "t do not understand me. My words hav meaning which your thoughts, runnin different direction, have not perceived. been speaking not of this world's estate that inheritance which, as His children, t Father in heaven put us in possession He called us into being, but which sin h ped from us.

"It was a sad day when your ancesto ruthlessly driven from yonder castle day, no doubt, of dismay and weeping; was their cup of sorrow to that bitter woe which man as a transgressor was f taste, when from his first abode of innoc love he was cast forth from the presence as a fugitive and vagabond, into a wilder sin-stricken world!

"But need I tell you, Mrs. O'G., of th which, through the grace of God, h wrought in man's position and prospec Christ, the Son of man and the Son o Divine, yet human—one having our ver and yet the Eternal Word—the Elder B our race, our Lord, and yet our nearest —by Him—glory forever to His n *family inheritance lost* by transgression *restored*; and more than that, for by Christ we are begotten to 'an inherit *corruptible* and *undefiled*, and that *fa away*'" (1 Peter 1:4).

My words at first had rather a startli upon Mrs. O'G.—they ran counter to t current of her ideas. There was somet a mental shock and collision in her mi yet I could see that a shade of disapp soon passed over her features—for it is fact of human nature, that affairs of even when mere trifles, are discussed wi fold keener zest than those which perta immortal existence.

"Oh, I perceive," she said, "it is of things you are speaking. Well, yes—it no doubt, to turn the thoughts to such but I quite supposed it was some intere sode of your own family history you w to favor me with."

"And is not your supposition tru joined. "It is of my family history I speaking—of my family, *and yours*, f all the children of God by faith in Chr And why should it not be fraught with est possible interest to both of us? A poor and vain and perishing is the gr heritance of this world. 'Vanity of and 'Passing away,' are written upon and fairest objects of earth. 'The thi are seen are temporal; but the things not seen are eternal'" (2 Cor. 4:18).

(*To be concluded.*)

WHAT COMING WARS MAY WE EXPECT.*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(Continued from page 269.)

THE Final Three and a Half Years—The Predicted Trouble—The two Witnesses—The Demon Horseman under the Sixth Trumpet—A great Religious Revival—The Double Fulfilment—Armageddon—The Wrath of the Wilful King.

THE latter three and a half years† of the seven years will be the period spoken of in the last chapter of Daniel as "THE TIME OF TROUBLE, such as never was since there was a nation, even unto that same time," continuing for three and a half *times*, or years, after the idolatrous abomination of desolation is set up;‡ and it will also be the period predicted by our Lord in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, in the words:

"When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, then let them which be in Judæa flee into the mountains, for then shall be GREAT TRIBULATION, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be; and except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved, and woe unto them that are with child and to them which give suck in those days" (Matt. 24 : 15–22 ; Mark 13 ; Luke 21).

This will also be the time of desolation foretold in the twenty-fourth chapter of Isaiah and the twenty-fifth of Jeremiah:

"Behold the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. And it shall be as with the people so with the priest, as with the servant so with his master, as with the maid so with her mistress, as with the buyer so with the seller, as with the lender so with the borrower, as with the taker of usury so with the giver of usury to him. The land shall be utterly emptied and utterly spoiled, for the Lord hath spoken this word. The curse hath devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate, therefore the inhabitants of the earth are burned, and few men left. The mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth. The city of confusion is broken down, every house is shut up that no man may come in. There is a crying for wine in the streets, all joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone. The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard; and it shall come to pass in that day the Lord shall punish the hosts of the high ones that are on high (the evil spirits), and the kings of the earth upon the earth and they shall be shut up in the prison (of the bottomless pit).

"A noise shall come even to the ends of the earth, for the Lord hath a controversy with the nations. He will plead with all flesh; He will give them that are wicked to the sword. Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Behold, evil shall go forth from nation to nation, and a great whirlwind shall be raised up from the coasts of the earth. And the slain of the Lord shall be at that day from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth; they shall not be lamented, neither gathered nor buried, they shall be dung upon the ground" (Jer. 25).

Throughout all this period of three and a half years the Two Witnesses clothed in sackcloth (probably Elias and another) will bear testimony as predicted in the eleventh chapter of Revelation, and preach upon the earth, and have power to smite it with plagues, and to turn waters into blood, and to shut heaven, so that it may not rain during those three and a half years. If any man attempts to hurt them, he is to be slain by fire breathed from their mouth. But at the end of this period Antichrist is to kill them, and after their dead bodies have lain unburied in the streets of the great city for three and a half days, and been spitefully gazed upon by the exultant multitudes, they are to be raised up, and ascend to heaven in a cloud. At the same hour an earthquake will cause the tenth part of the city to fall, and destroy seven thousand men of distinguished names.

This final crisis of three and a half years will also be the period of the literal fufilment of

THE THIRD, FOURTH, AND FIFTH SEALS

in the sixth chapter of Revelation—the *third seal*, during the commencing year and a half, being a time of *mighty famines;* the *fourth seal*, during the following year, being a period when *death and hell*, prefigured as seated upon a pale horse, will have power given them over the fourth part of the earth to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with pestilence, and with the beasts of the earth; and the *fifth seal*, during the next final year, being a time of *continued martyrdom* of the myriads of Christians that are to be slain by command of the Wild Beast and False Prophet, and also the season of approaching retribution.

During the same crisis the *fifth trumpet*, beginning about three and a half months after the commencement of the three and a half years, will cause swarms of demons in the form of *supernatural scorpion locusts** to come out of the bottomless pit of hell, and, without at all injuring the grass or trees, to continue for five months to torment with their stings those who have not the seal of God on their forehead, so as to drive them to seek for death, but death shall flee from them (Rev. 9 : 1–12).

The *sixth trumpet*, beginning about a year and six months after the commencement of the three and a half years, will cause two myriads of myriads of infernal monsters—*lion-headed horses and demon horsemen* with breastplates of fire and jacinth and brimstone—to come up near the Euphrates from the bottomless pit, and led by four evil angels, to go forth during thirteen months slaying the third part of mankind by fire and smoke and brimstone breathed out of the mouths of the horses, which will also have tails, like serpents, injuring people. Whether these monsters will be *visible or invisible*, the effect will be like that of a plague, and the slaughter apparently at the rate of several hundred thousand every day during thirteen months (Rev. 9 : 13–21).

At the close of these thirteen months of unparalleled slaughter there will be, according to the tenth chapter of Revelation, a considerable *religious revival*, or Protestant Reformation, in many parts of Europe, particularly in England, Germany, and Switzerland, just as at the Reformation formerly under Wickliffe, Luther, and Calvin, although most people still remain impenitent. A large company of Christians will escape these various tribulations and massacres by remaining hidden during the three and a half years in a wilderness, and being there miraculously fed, as described in the twelfth chapter of Revelation.

Thus the Pentecostal Revival and the subsequent papal persecution of 1260 years, and the Crusades, and the Reformation, will be acted over again within the final 1890 days, just as they have historically been acted within 1890 years, there being *a double fulfilment* of Revelation, first within 1890 year days, and secondly within 1890 literal days.

THE COMING BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON.

Immediately at the close of the three and a half years (the latter half of the covenant seven years), during which the Great Tribulation and Persecution is to continue, there will be a great earthquake, and brief darkening of the constellations; and the sign of the Son of Man will begin to appear (Rev. 6 : 12 ; 11 : 13 ; Matt. 24 : 29 ; Joel 2 : 31).

The Great Antichrist will then also become indescribably exasperated and troubled with "tidings out of the East and out of the North," apparently relating to the discovered approach to Jerusalem from the north-east of Asia of the "Kings from the East," or lost ten tribes of the Jews, who will be led by Providential guidance—perhaps by the sign of the Son of Man—to march back from their remote Asiatic retreat, where they have been hidden for so many centuries, and to cross over the literally dried up river Euphrates, in order to take possession of their ancient home in Palestine (Dan. 11 : 44. Literal-day, Rev. 16 : 12 ; Isa. 11 : 15 ; 44 : 27 ; 19 : 23 ; Zech. 10 : 11). At the same time, most likely, symptoms of disaffection among those of the other two tribes that were previously restored to Palestine by the seven years' covenant will be reported (Zech. 12 ; 14 : 14).

The wrath of this Wilful King will be still further kindled by the miraculous resurrection of the two slaughtered witnesses a few days previously, and of the consequent repentance of the affrighted spectators, and their unanimous ascription of glory and worship to the God of heaven instead of to himself (Rev. 11 : 7–14). His anger will, moreover, be inflamed by the dreadful plagues of grievous sores, and the rivers and seas becoming as blood, and the scorching of the sun and subsequent thick darkness, produced by the first five vials in their literal-day fulfilment during the month subsequent to the three and a half years (Rev. 16).

Perceiving, then, that some desperate exploit must be accomplished in order to retrieve his waning reputation, and to reassert his endangered supremacy, he will issue an urgent and imperative summons to his satrap princes in every land to assemble such an overwhelming and invincible array of military forces as to make of Jerusalem and of the Jews *a signal monument of his terrible vengeance*, by sweeping from the face of the earth every Israelitish man, woman, and child, and razing to its lowest foundations their metropolitan city (Dan. 11 : 44 ; Ps. 83 : 4 ; Ezek. 39 : 2 ; Zech. 12 : 2, 3 ; Joel 3).

Among his numerous battalions summoned to this war of extermination will be found the military hosts of the ten vassal kings of the revived Roman Empire, and contingents and auxiliaries from divers regions of Asia, Africa, and America, for "miracle-working spirits shall go forth to the kings of the earth and of *the whole world*, to gather them together to the battle of that great day of God Almighty—into a place called, in the Hebrew tongue, *Armageddon*" (Rev. 16 : 13, 14, 16 ; 17 : 13, 14 ; 19 : 19).

Breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and resolved in his fury to destroy and utterly to make away many, this second Sennacherib will go forth with irresistible impetuosity, and, pressing onward, will "plant the tabernacles of his tents between the two seas (the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea), upon the glorious holy mountain," little recking that he is here speedily to "come to his end, none helping him" (Dan. 11 : 45 ; 2 Kings 19 : 21–31).

Gazing with sullen pride upon the massive legions of his mighty men of war, he will doubtless begin in anticipation to exult over victory as within his grasp; when lo! a dense darkness will unexpectedly supervene (Joel 3 : 1–15 ; Ezek 32 : 1–8 ; Isa. 13 : 4–10 ; Mark 13 : 26 ; Matt. 24 : 31 ; Luke 21 : 27 ; Rev. 1 : 7 ; 7 : 9 ; literally Rev. 11 : 15, 18 ; 14 : 15, 16 ; 16 : 15 ; Dan. 8 : 13), and presently the midnight gloom be as suddenly succeeded by the preternatural dazzling appearance of the Lord Jesus and the heavenly hosts coming in the clouds.

(To be continued.)

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. First pamphlet contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events," with two maps and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains whole quotations from Forty Expositors on these events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

† Dan. 7 : 25 ; 12 : 7 ; 11 : 2, 3 ; 12 : 6, 14, speak of the three and a half years. A *time* means a year, just as *seven times*, in Dan. 4 : 32, meant *seven years*.

‡ The periods of 1290 and 1335 days mentioned in the last chapter of Daniel are respectively thirty and seventy-five days longer than the 1260 days. This additional interval of seventy-five days will be the period of Antichrist's overthrow by the seven vial plagues of Rev. 16. These 1260, 1290, and 1335 days are typically fulfilled as so many years in the history of the Papal Antichrist from 547 A.D. to 1885–6.

* These locusts will be evil spirits assuming that form, like Satan appeared as a serpent to Eve.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, April 21st, at **12.15 P.M.,** at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Democratic Convention of the State of New York assembled at Syracuse, April 20th. The rival—or Tammany—convention also met at the same time in the same city. The efforts to promote a union between the two, and thus to produce harmony in the party in view of the approaching Presidential election, utterly broke down, and there will in consequence probably be two sets of delegates sent from the State to the National Convention. The regular convention voted for the unit rule, but abstained from instructing for Mr. Tilden. It was, however, believed that the instruction would have been a mere matter of form, as out of the seventy delegates appointed, sixty are known as Tilden men, and the unit rule thus secures the whole delegation. When the National Convention meets at Cincinnati it seems probable that Mr. Tilden's influence may be strong enough, if dexterously used, to give him the power to select the candidate, if not to secure the nomination for himself. The Democratic Convention of Vermont chose delegates who are supporters of General Hancock, but instructed them to observe the two-thirds rule, and not to vote as a unit.

Republican State Conventions have been held in Georgia, Virginia, and Oregon. In Georgia the delegates go uninstructed, and are to act in the best interests of the party. They are believed to be mainly men who are opposed to a third term. In Virginia the delegates are instructed for General Grant, and the unit rule is adopted. In Oregon the instruction is for Mr. Blaine.

The Bill Providing for a World's Fair in New York in 1883, which passed the Senate some weeks ago, was passed by the House on Monday, April 19th, by a vote of 144 to 56, the opposition being composed of the Democratic members from the South. In the Senate the Geneva Award Bill has again been under consideration, the contested point being the claims of the insurance companies on a share of the money recovered from Great Britain. Ultimately the Senate decided that the settlement of the disposition of the sum lying in Treasury should be indefinitely postponed.

A Town in the West was Utterly Destroyed by a hurricane on April 18th. The tornado which swept through Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Indiana produced *a scene of devastation* at Marshfield, Mo., of a heart-rending character. Eyewitnesses of the approaching storm say it was a frightful-looking black cloud, lined with fleecy white, funnel-shaped, and moving with wonderful velocity, *blowing away every thing in its path*, which was about half a mile wide at this point. Trees three feet in diameter were twisted off, telegraph wires snapped, and houses were blown from their foundations. Cattle, hogs, sheep, horses, and poultry were whirled into the air and carried a great distance. The noise of the storm, the crash of falling houses, and the cries and screams of terrified people made a moment of horror that defies description. What was a beautiful, peaceful town of 800 inhabitants twenty-four hours before is now a waste of desolation. Out of 200 dwelling-houses, not more than twenty are left standing, and few of these are uninjured. The ruins were on fire in several places, and property of the value of $350,000 was destroyed. *One hundred dead bodies* were extricated and buried. About 200 hundred persons are reported to have received serious injuries, and 150 families are homeless.

A Distressing Calamity Occurred at Madison, Garden, New York, on Wednesday, April 21st in which four persons were killed and many others seriously injured. A grand charity fair in aid of the fund for providing free beds in the Hahnemann Hospital was being held in the building, which was crowded by fashionable ladies and gentlemen. About nine o'clock in the evening large pieces of plaster were observed to fall from the ceiling of a room where dancing was going on, and shortly afterward a wall eighteen feet high, which had been recently built to increase the accommodation of the garden, fell with a loud crash. It was calculated that *over three thousand persons* were in the building at the time and an indescribable scene of confusion ensued. Every one made a rush for the doors, and many ladies were injured in the stampede. Within a comparatively short space of time the building was clear, and then the firemen, who had been summoned, began clearing away the débris. The richly dressed bodies of three ladies were found under the fallen wall. Twenty-two injured persons were also found, and those whose cases were serious were removed to the hospital. One gentleman, well known as a writer of considerable ability, who was passing along the street at the time of the catastrophe, was so seriously crushed by the falling timbers, that he has since died from the effects of his injuries. Another sufferer, a lady who was only slightly injured, died April 24th from the nervous shock she sustained at the time of the accident. The sad calamity is another of those solemn warnings, continually sent to us, of the uncertainty of life and the necessity of being always prepared for the hour of death.

The Murder of Charles de Young, Editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, on April 23d, by Rev. I. M. Kalloch, the assistant minister of the Metropolitan Temple of San Francisco, is one of those shocking crimes which show to what depths of moral degradation men are hurried by uncontrolled passion and the craving for revenge.

It will be remembered that, last August, Charles de Young shot Rev. I. S. Kalloch, the Mayor-elect of San Francisco, injuring him seriously, though not fatally. He was to be brought to trial for the offence at the next session of the courts, and in the interval had taken a journey to Kansas and Massachusetts to collect evidence in his defence. This evidence related to Mayor Kalloch's past life, and bore more particularly on a trial in which the Mayor had been arraigned for the commission of a detestable crime, and in which he escaped conviction by a disagreement of the jury. Reports of the trial were circulated in the city soon De Young's return, and acrimonious a simultaneously appeared in De Young's which so exasperated the Mayor's eldest that he resolved to murder his father's ass He lay in wait for him at the *Chronicle* and as soon as he saw the editor there, tered and deliberately shot him dead.

The crime is very deplorable *in itself*, evidence of the spirit of lawlessness e among certain classes of society; but rendered especially lamentable by the fac the murderer is a minister of the Gospel. enemies of Christ will doubtless make crime an occasion to blaspheme, forgettin in all ages men have called themselves name of Christ who have never given hearts to Him, or received the baptism Holy Spirit.

More than Twenty Men, Women, and dren came forward as seekers for salvation meeting of the Salvation Army, on S night, April 25th. It is sometimes obje the conversions at regular revival service they take place under circumstances of ab excitement. But up to the moment of for seekers on Sunday night there was symptom of sensation or excitement, excep was caused by the misbehavior of some la came there to make fun. There was n meeting at which the silent power of G more manifestly present. See John 16: the Holy Ghost had not been working the audience, not a soul would have ask way of salvation. It will be an honor to Christian to identify himself, in thought deed, with this great work, which is alre dounding to the glory of God. And we b the prayers of all readers of the CHR HERALD that God will continue to give and strength to the weak women who hav day to face the determined opposition world and the devil in this arduous work.

An Efficient Check on the Liquor Traf operation in St. Johnsbury, Vt. In tha only liquor for medicinal purposes can b and that only by an appointed agent, wh keep an accurate record of the date of s name of the buyer, and the "denominati the liquor, which record is to be ins weekly by an auditing board from the men of the town, *and published in the newspaper*.

The Tide of Immigration to these from Europe promises to exceed during t rent year that of any single year in the of the country. During the first three of the present year ending March 31 number of emigrants arriving was *over th thousand* as against only eleven thous the corresponding period of three month year, and if this ratio is kept up for the ing nine months of the year, the total over four hundred thousand in all. The is not from Ireland, as was expected, but pally from Scandinavia and Germany.

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contril received up to Monday, April 26th:

S. Svenson, Georgetown, Col...............
Miss Hadig Ostergreen, Georgetown, Col...
Miss C. Anderson, Georgetown, Col........
Mrs. Anderson, " " ....
Mrs. A. Johnson, " " ....
Miss A. Nelson, " " ....
Mrs. Delew, " " .. ..
A Friend, West Hampton, N. Y.............

Forwarded to *N. Y. Herald*........

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church tributions received during the week endin day, April 24th: Mrs. Thos. Sinclair Ingers $1; D. A. Sinclair, Dayton, O., $1; Mrs. W thews, Centre, Ralls Co., Mo., $1; A Frien nebago, Ill., 2; A Friend, Millen's Bay, N. C. H. McFarland, Brownsville, Oreg., $1; A Santa Fé, N. Mex., $1; J. F. Sproul, Picto ing, Ca., $1; Walter Lock, Pawnee City, N Mrs. Thos. M. Joseph, Galveston, Tex., $ forwarded to Dr. Talmage, $11.

The Mission in Baxter Street, New York, here several ladies have for some time labored votedly for Jesus, has been signally owned and essed by God. The meetings are held in a use which was formerly notorious as the ndezvous of the most dissolute and desperate aracters in the city, and the surroundings are, en now, so vicious and depraved that they uld repel the delicate and refined ladies who rk there, if these were not moved to the labor love for Jesus and for perishing souls. Several markable cases of conversion have taken place re recently among the abandoned classes, and ch good is being done. One case is that of a young man who had fallen into vicious ways, was induced to attend the meeting, where he was touched by the power of the Holy Spirit and brought to the feet of Jesus. A respectable merchant, hearing of the circumstance, took him into his employ, and he is now *an honest and efficient clerk.* But for the intervention of God through the Baxter Street Mission, he acknowledges he would now have been one of the worst among the vicious criminals of the city. Funds are needed to give temporary assistance to such outcasts as stand in need of help, and to aid in defraying the necessary expenses of the Mission. Donations in aid of this deserving work may be sent to Mrs. Doolittle, 42 Baxter Street.

Rare Spirit of Acquiescence in the Divine Will was recently displayed by a poor woman in Atlanta, Georgia, whose last moments are described in *The Index.* She was a poor woman, supported entirely by charity; she had scarcely an education, but she had learned a lesson many highly-cultured people have failed to learn. Having endured great bodily affliction for many years, her disease reached its last stage, and she lay apparently at the point of death for four or five weeks. Every day and almost every hour was thought to be the last, but to the astonishment of all she continued to breathe. Her sufferings were very severe, and knowing her to be ready for the great change, her friends were almost hoping for the moment of her release. Said one of them to her, "Well, M——, are you ready to go?" "Yes," said she, "ready to go, but *willing to wait!*"

The Quadrennial General Conference of the M. E. Church will meet (God willing) at Cincinnati on May 1st. There are 450 delegates from all parts of America, and from every part of the world where the Church has a Conference. Ba o Ramchunder Bose, *a converted Brahman,* represents the lay membership of the North India Conference. The Conference may sit for four or six weeks, and the proceedings will be fully reported in *The Daily Christian Advocate,* which is to be issued by the Methodist publishing house as long as the Conference lasts. The Bishops of the Church will preside one after another in the order of their seniority. We expect to give a portrait and life of Bishop Simpson in next week's Christian Herald.

A Wife's Prayers Answered.—At one of the n Street prayer-meetings last week a gentleman said: "The last time I was here, one of the requests for prayer read thus: 'Pray for my husband's salvation; I shall pray for him as long as I live.' *That was my wife's petition.* Her heart was set on my salvation. For twenty long years she had been praying for me, and told me repeatedly that if she died before I became a Christian, she would spend her last breath in prayer to God in my behalf. My friends, God has heard that faithful wife's prayers, and has heard the prayers you offered for me, and I am here to-day, a saved man."

One of those Shocking Accidents which result from trapeze performances has occurred at the [illegible] Philadelphia. The Davene family—father, mother, and daughter—perform a daring feat, *the great attraction of it* being the danger which attends it. Mrs. Davene hangs head downward, with her feet in two small rings fastened at the top of the standard. Fastened over her shoulders and about her arms she holds the ropes of a small trapeze, from which her husband suspends himself, likewise head downward. In this position he catches his daughter Lucy, a slender child, as she swings from a trapeze fifty feet distant. She is first caught by the hands, then by the feet, and a third time by the hands, turning a somersault in the last feat as she swings from her trapeze. As she was about to perform the feat on April 14th, she fell from the trapeze, striking at full length on the ground. When picked up she was senseless and bleeding. It is almost impossible to tell the result of her injuries as yet, as the spine may be injured. It is notorious that the largest crowds are attracted to performances where the danger is most imminent. It is therefore obvious that much of the responsibility rests on those who witness the feats.

Mr. Francis Murphy, the Popular Temperance lecturer, has received from his friends the gift of a house in Philadelphia. Mr. Murphy took possession of his new home April 10th, and for the first time in ten years gathering his six children under one roof. "The last time they were together," says *The Record,* "was a year after Mrs. Murphy died, and when the father had given up his life of dissipation, and had begun, in a feeble way, to preach temperance. He was too poor then to support them, and placing the girls in an orphan asylum and the boys on farms, he started out on his crusade. When he had saved forty dollars he removed the girls from the asylum and placed them in Christian homes, where he maintained them."

Fire has Devastated whole Districts of New Jersey since April 13th. There have also been extensive woodland fires in parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Providentially no lives are reported lost, though there has been a great destruction of property. Several valuable mills, farm buildings, and private residences have been swept away; and if the inhabitants of the threatened districts had not vigorously fought the conflagrations it is not improbable that many villages and smaller settlements would have been reduced to ashes. Large districts, some of them covering over a hundred square miles, are described as looking like a vast charcoal pit. The roar of the fire could be heard a mile away, and people in the track of the wind watched day and night to extinguish any conflagration that might be caused by the sparks it carried. The origin of the fires is not thought to be incendiary, but they may have been caused by carelessness, as at this time of the year the undergrowth is crisp and dry, and a spark will easily ignite a large fire in the resinous forests.

Mrs. M. Baxter, on whose Behalf Prayer was requested in a recent number of the Christian Herald for her recovery from a painful illness, is now holding meetings in Germany, at which she is assisted by two English ladies, much blessed. After suffering intensely from neuralgia some hours every day for forty-three days, she has been *completely freed from pain* from April 3d up to the present time, without any other remedy than faith and prayer.

The Second Volume of the Christian Herald, comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec. 1879), may be had, elegantly bound in cloth, at No. 63 Bible House, New York. Price $1.75.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has been received. They are now on sale at the office of the Christian Herald, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects,* with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk,* in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit,* a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David,* a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

AT SCHOOL.

A Short Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art my God."—Ps. 143:10.

A Prayer about Doing—The Prayer of a Man already Saved—A Blameless Life the Best Defence against Slander—I. The Prayer Itself—1. What it Means—A Holy Prayer—A Humble Prayer—A Believing Prayer—A Practical Prayer—2. The Intention of the Prayer—God's Will to be done Thoughtfully—Immediately—Cheerfully—Constantly—Universally—Spiritually—Intensely—3. What is Involved in the Prayer—Decision of Character—Courage—Humility—Spiritual Life.—II. Its Answer—1. A Reason for Expecting it—2. The Need for the Answer—3. How the Answer Comes—The Example of Christ—Of Christians—By the Holy Spirit.

This is a prayer about doing, but it is perfectly free from legal taint. The man who offered it had no idea of being saved by his doings, for in the second verse of the psalm he had said, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." This is not the prayer of a sinner seeking salvation, for salvation is not by doing the will of God, but by believing in Christ. It is the prayer of the man who is already saved, and who being saved devotes himself to the service of God, and wishes to be taught in the fear of the Lord. "Teach me to do Thy will, O God!"

The connection leads us to make the remark that David looked upon the doing of God's will as his best escape from his enemies. He speaks of his cruel persecutors. He declares that though he looked all around he could find none who would help him. Then he prays, "Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art my God." And, depend upon it, the surest way to escape from harm is to do no ill. If you are surrounded by those who would slander you, your best defence is a blameless life; and if many are watching for your halting and maliciously desiring your fall, your safety lies in holiness. The very best prayer you can pray for your own protection is, "Teach me to do Thy will." If you do right none can harm you.

This prayer was suggested by the perplexity of the psalmist's mind. He was overwhelmed, and did not know what to do, and therefore he cried, "Teach me to do *Thy* will, O God." He had come to *a place where many roads met,* and he did not know which path to take; and so he prayed God to guide him in the way appointed. I commend this prayer to all who may be sorely puzzled and anxious. You have exercised your own judgment, and you have, perhaps, too much consulted with friends, and yet your way seems entirely blocked up: then resort to God with this as your heart's prayer, "Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art my God."

May the Spirit of God now bless us while we open up this short prayer that we may be helped to understand it, and use it. First, we will speak upon *the prayer;* and then, secondly, upon *its answer.*

I. And, first,

THE PRAYER ITSELF.

1. Let us notice its character.

It is a holy prayer. "Teach me to do Thy will." The man who utters this language desires to be free from sin, for sin can never be God's will. Under no circumstances whatever may I do wrong and fancy that I am doing God's will therein.

I have read of *an extremely poor man* who wanted fuel for the fire for his children, and the text came to his mind, "All things are yours." Armed with this text, he thought he would take a little wood from his neighbor's wood-pile; but very happily there came to his mind another text, "Thou shalt not steal." He was quite clear about its meaning, and so he let the wood alone; but he recollected afterward how that text had saved him from a great transgression.

Depend upon it, whatever circumstances or impressions may seem to say, it is never God's will that you should do wrong. There are devil's providences as well as God's providences.

When Jonah wanted to go to Tarshish, he found a ship going thither; and I dare say he said "*How providential!*" Yes, but no providence can ever be an excuse for sinning against God. We are to do right, and therefore we pray, "Teach me to do Thy will."

It is *a humble prayer*—the prayer of a man of deep experience, and yet, for all that, and perhaps because of that, a man who felt that he needed teaching as to every step he should take, When you do not want teaching, brother, it is because you are too stupid to learn: you may depend upon that. It is only a very young lady fresh from a boarding-school, who has "finished her education," and it is only *a great fool of a man* who thinks that he can learn no more.

Those who know themselves best, and know the world best, and know God best, always have the lowest thoughts of themselves. They have no wisdom of their own except this, that they are wise enough to flee from their own wisdom, and say to the Lord, "Teach me to do Thy will." This is a holy prayer and a humble prayer, and commends itself to every holy and humble heart.

And then notice that it is a *believing prayer*—"Teach me to do Thy will; *for Thou art my God.*" There is faith in God in this claim. "Thou art my God;" and there is faith in God's condescension that he will act as a Teacher. Brethren, we have two faults. We do not think God to be so great as He is, and we do not think God can be so little as He can be. We err on both sides, and neither know His height of glory nor His depth of grace. We practically say, "This trial is too mean; I will bear it without Him." We forget that the same God who rules the stars condescends to be a Teacher, and teaches us to do His will.

We heard once of *a President of a great nation* who nevertheless taught in a Sunday-school: it was thought to be great condescension, but what shall I say of Him who, while He sits amid the choirs of angels and accepts their praises, comes down to His little children and teaches them to do His will!

Let us now notice what the actual request is. In so many words it says, "Teach me to do Thy will." So, brethren and sisters, it is *a practical prayer*. He does not say merely, "Teach me to know Thy will"—a very excellent prayer that; but there are a great many who stick fast in the knowing, and do not go on to the doing; these are forgetful hearers, deceiving themselves. An ounce of doing is worth a ton of knowing. The most orthodox faith in the world, if it be accompanied by an unholy life, will only increase a man's damnation. There must be the yielding up of the members and of the mind unto God in obedience, or else the more we know the greater will be our condemnation.

The psalmist does not say, "Lord, help me to talk about Thy will," though it is a very proper thing to talk about, and a very profitable thing to hear about. But still doing is better than talking. *If t's were w's* there would be more saints in the world than there are; that is to say, if those who *t*alk uprightly would also *w*alk uprightly it would be well; but with many the talk is better than the walk. Better a silent tongue than an unclean life. Practical godliness is preferable to the sweetest eloquence.

The prayer is, "Teach me to do *Thy will.*" There are some who long to be taught in all mysteries; and truly to understand a mystery aright is a great privilege, but their main thought seems to be to know the deep doctrines, the mysterious points. Truly, it would be a good thing to understand all knowledge, "and yet show I unto you a more excellent way;" and that excellent way is to live a life of humble, godly dependence and faith, and to show forth in your life the love that was in Christ Jesus. Lord, I chiefly long to know Thy will: teach me that, and I am content.

I have already said that this prayer asks that we may do God's will, not our own. Oh! how naturally our heart prays,

"LORD, LET ME HAVE MY OWN WAY."

That is the first prayer of human nature when it is let alone; "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice? Let me have my own way." That desire will sometimes enter the Christian's heart, though I hope it will not long remain there. We may be praying, "Lord, not my will, but Thine be done," and yet the wicked, rebellious heart may be saying inside, "But do let it be my will, Lord: do let it be my will." Still do we cling to self.

What does he mean by doing God's will? Does he not mean, "Help me to do as Thy word bids me"? For the will of God is put before us very plainly in *His law*, and, especially, in that law as viewed in the hand of Christ. "This is the will of God, even our sanctification." To serve Him devoutly, and to love our neighbor as ourselves—this is the will of God. May His Spirit help us! "Teach me to do Thy will, O God!"

That will also takes the form of *providence.* Out of two courses equally right we sometimes have to ask the question, "Lord, what is Thy will here?" There is nothing immoral in either the one or the other, and hence our difficulty, and then we come to the Lord and say, "Here is a case in which Thy law does not guide me, otherwise I should decide at once, but wilt Thou now show me what Thou wilt have me to do?"

The prayer seems to me to have all that compass, and much more.

2. But I would answer another inquiry. What is the intention of the prayer as to manner? It does not say, "Lord, enable me to do Thy will," but, "*Teach* me to do Thy will," as if there were some peculiar way of doing it that had to be taught, as when a young man goes apprentice to acquire a trade. Lord, I would put myself under indentures to Thy grace that Thou mayest teach me the art and mystery of doing Thy will.

HOW OUGHT GOD'S WILL TO BE DONE?

It should be done *thoughtfully.* A great many Christians are not half as considerate as they should be. We should go through life, not flippantly like the butterfly that flits from flower to flower, but like the bee that stays and sucks honey, and gathers sweet store for the hive. We should be seriously in earnest; and one point of earnestness should be

"With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure,
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure."

Lord, help me to do Thy will, seriously bending all my soul to the doing of it; not trifling in Thy courts, nor making life a play, but loving Thee with my understanding.

The Lord's will should be done *immediately.* As soon as a command is known it should be obeyed. Lord, suffer me not to consult with flesh and blood. Make me prompt and quick of understanding in the fear of God. Teach me to do Thy will as angels do, who no sooner hear Thy Word than they fly like flames of fire to fulfil Thy behests.

His will should be done *cheerfully.* Jehovah seeks not slaves to grace His throne. He would have us delight to do His will: yea, His law should be in our heart. O brothers and sisters! you need to pray this: "Teach me to do Thy will!" or else you will miss the mark.

Teach me to do it *constantly.* Let me not sometimes be Thy servant, and then run away from Thee. Keep me to it. Let me never weary. When the morning wakes me may it find me ready, and when the evening bids me rest may I be serving Thee until I fall asleep.

Teach me to do it also, Lord, *universally*, not some part of it, but all of it, not one of Thy commands being neglected, nor one single part of my daily task being left undone. I am Thy servant; make me to be what a good servant is to her mistress, neglecting none of the cares of the household. May I be watchful in all points.

Teach me to do Thy will *spiritually*, not making the outside of cups and platters clean, but obeying Thee within my soul. May what I do be done with all my heart! If I pray, help me to pray in the spirit. If I sing, let my heart make music unto Thee. When I am talking others about Thy name, and trying to spread t savor of Jesus, let me not do it in my o strength, or in a wrong spirit, but may the H Ghost be upon me!

Teach me to do Thy will *intensely.* Let t zeal of Thy house eat me up. Oh that I mig throw my whole self into it! This little pray grows, does it not? Pray it, brothers and s ters, and may the Lord answer you!

3. Once again, there are necessary qualit which we must seek if we would sincerely p this prayer, "Teach me to do Thy will." Th you must have *decision of character*, for so never do God's will, though they wish they d and they regret, they say, that they cann they resolve that they will, and there it en *O you spongy souls!* Some of you are sa squeezable. Whatever hand grips you shape you. Decision is needed, for you can do God's will unless you know how to s "No," and to put your foot down, and decl that whatever may happen you will not t aside from the service of your God.

If the Lord shall teach you to do His will, y will also need *courage.* The prayer virtu says, "When my enemies ridicule me, teach to do Thy will. When they threaten me, te me to do Thy will. When they tempt me, te me to do Thy will. When they slander teach me to do Thy will, to be brave with bravery which resolves to do the right, leaves the issues with God."

It is a prayer that necessitates *humility.* man can pray it unless he is willing to stoop wash the saints' feet. "Teach me to do will." Let me be a scullion in Thy kitchen i I may glorify Thee. I have no choice but t Thou be all in all.

It is a prayer, too, *for spiritual life*, and m of it, for a dead man cannot do God's w Shall the dead praise Him? Shall they tha down to the pit give Him thanks? Oh brothers and sisters; you must be full of li you are to do God's will. Some professors not quickened one third of the way up yet hope they have a measure of quickening, bu does not seem to have reached the extremiti

There may be a little quickening in the he but it has not quickened the tongue to con Christ, nor quickened the hand to give to Ch or to work for Christ. They seem to be l dead. O Lord! fill me with life from the so my foot to the crown of my head, for how c do Thy will unless Thy Spirit saturates through and through, till every pulse is co crated? I would be wholly Thine. "Teach to do Thy will."

THE ANSWER TO THE PRAYER

II. I will not detain you many minutes the second part of our sermon, in which we a say a little upon its answer. There is the pr "Teach me to do Thy will." Will it ge answer? Yes, brethren, it will assuredly o an answer of peace.

1. For, first, *there is a reason for expectin* "Thou art my God." Oh, yes, if we were ing this of some one else we might fear "Thou art my God" is blessed argun When I think of what the Lord is, I am ce that He will be willing to teach me to do will. Moreover, He has promised to do it. will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way thou shalt go. I will guide thee with eye." And, again, He is glorified by so d for it brings glory to God when His peopl His will; therefore may I expect for all reasons that He will teach me to do His wil

2. Again, dear friends, it needs to be answ "Teach me to do Thy will. Lord, there i body who can ever teach *me* Thy will e Thou do it. I shall never learn it of m This scholarship I shall never pick up by ch Lord, unless Thou hold me fast, and teac with Thy supremest art, I shall never learn Thy will as I desire to learn it." You s turns away from every other teacher to his *he puts himself to school to God* alone. And is the prayer, "Teach me to do Thy will

hou art my God." Brother, you must have is teaching, or else you will never do God's ll. No strength of nature, no wit of nature, n ever suffice to serve the Lord aright; you ust be taught from above.

3. There are many ways in which God gives is answer to this prayer—"Teach me to do y will." We have received one wonderful swer to it already. He has given *Jesus Christ be our Example.* There is no teaching like tual example. If you want to know the will God, study the life of Christ.

The Lord is pleased to give us fainter copies that same will of His in His saints. Read the red biographies of the Scriptures. Watch the *y lives* of those who are among you, who live ar to God, and follow them so far as they fol- w Christ. They are not complete copies; re are blots and blunders: still, the Lord es teach young people by the godly lives of ir parents, and He instructs all of us by the graphies of devoted men and women.

loreover, the Lord has a way of teaching us *His own Spirit.* The Holy Spirit speaks in ret whispers to those who are able to hear n. It is not every professing Christian that the visitations of the Spirit of God in per- al monitions, but there are saints who hear a ce behind them saying, "This is the way, k ye in it." God guides us with His eye as l as by His Word. Opened eyes can see in a ment what the Lord means.

le has *gentle* means. His daily dealings in ng tenderness are guides to us. Every mercy is star to pilot us to heaven. When we are willing to be guided so easily, He will teach y *rough means.* The Lord has a bit and a p for those who need them. He will restrain by affliction and infirmity, and sometimes sten us very sore with losses, bereavements, ression of spirit, and the like: but in some or other He will hear the prayer for teach- for it is a covenant promise, "All thy chil- shall be taught of the Lord."

trust we have, all of us who know the Lord, ed the prayer, "Teach me to do Thy will; Thou art my God." Now, mind, my dear nd, mind that you do it sincerely, and *know t you are at,* because after offering such a ion as this, you dare not go into sin. You ot say, "Teach me to do Thy will," and go off to frivolous amusements, or spend evenings in vain and giddy society, because would be an insolent mockery of God. ach me to do Thy will," you say, and then p and do what you know to be clean con- to His mind and will: what defiant pro- y is this!

not offer this prayer with a reserve. Do say, or mean, "Teach me to do Thy will in oints but one. That is a point in which I Thee have me excused." I am afraid that in believers do not want to learn too much. e known them not like to read special pas- of Scripture. Perhaps they trouble them inally, or as to the ordinances of the Chris- faith, or as to matters of church discipline; y do not paste those pages together to hide bnoxious passage, yet they do not like them ed too much. They would rather read a which looks more to their mind. But, er, if thou and a text have a quarrel, make directly. Thou must not alter the text; thy creed, alter thy life, alter thy thought, the Holy Spirit helping thee; for the text ht, and thou art in the wrong. Search the of God and abide by what you find there, y nothing else. Where the Bible leads you ound to follow, and following its guidance hall not walk in darkness. Seek to know ill of God; and when you know it, carry it nd pray the Holy Ghost to take away the st idol you have known—the thought that s you best—out of your mind, if it is con- to the supreme will of the eternal God. ord grant we may thus pray, and thus be .

s! unconverted people cannot pray after shion of my text. They have, first of all, to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ before they can do the will of the Lord. May you all be led to believe in the Saviour, and when you have so done then may the Holy Ghost lead you to pray, "Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art my God."

The Lord bless you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[Portions of Scripture read before Sermon—Psalms 142 and 143.]

THE INCONSISTENT ANGLER AND MARTHA, THE DRESSMAKER.

By Mrs. G. S. Reaney, Author of "Life Scenes and Life Stories," "Friendly Words," etc.

A Day's Fishing—A Miniature Beer-Barrel—The Drunkard kept in Countenance—The Blacksmith's Prayer—"I Will if you Will"—The Devil's Work—Martha, the Dressmaker—The Lady of "Broad Views"—A Fatal Influence.

It is quite possible for worthy and well-meaning persons to weaken rather than strengthen the lives around them, in consequence of failing to realize the force of their own influence and example. Such persons will probably sooner or later find that little matters which seemed but "trifles light as air" have had important effects in making or marring the lives of others.

Mr. F—— is a Christian of many years' standing. He has preached by word and by life the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and is looked up to as a most "consistent Christian." While deploring the evils of drink, he feels it his duty to take his glass of sherry regularly for dinner. If spoken to on the subject by teetotalers, he assures them that as a Christian man he takes his stand on the side of *temperance* rather than of *total abstinence,* and on no occasion where it is necessary to warn or counsel does he lose the opportunity; and so far from the position he takes *hindering* any good he might do, he feels it strengthens his influence, as the one spoken to knows that he is admonished by a man holding no *extreme* views, and therefore will the more willingly allow himself to be reasoned with.

Mr. F—— has had a Sunday from home, preaching twice to crowded village audiences. Many eyes have rested upon his face, eager hearts have waited on his words, and in the village homes that night grateful voices have uttered many an earnest "God bless him!" Monday morning comes, and Mr. F—— accepts his host's invitation to have "*a day's fishing* before he returns to town." Under the escort of a little lad, Mr. F—— starts off for some neighboring "Mills."

The eyes which rested upon his face yesterday behold him now as he passes through the village, and the eager hearts which waited so hungeringly for his words are waiting now to gather to themselves any and every influence of his life. Mr. F—— smiles and nods to one and another of his village friends, who, in their earnest gaze on the young preacher, do not fail to note that the lad who accompanies him, with fishing tackle and a little hamper of provisions, carries under his arm a miniature barrel of beer.

"Ah, *he's* none of your straitlaced, I see," says a drunkard; "I shan't mind going to hear *that* chap preach again now I know *he belongs to our side.* Ah, Mary, lass, you thought you had got me in a corner last night when you were on at me to give up the drink, and you said there was no being good without giving it up, but I've caught you now. You would be quite contented like now, wouldn't you, if I were as good as *him?*" and the drunkard points with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Mr. F—— and laughs a low, drunken laugh.

And "Mary, lass," weeps in secret to feel how an earnest Christian man has stood in the way of her husband ever becoming a Christian. Last night "John" promised to give up the drink as the first step toward "better things;" this morning he takes comfort from the fact that Mr. F—— sees no harm in it, and—the sequel is yet to come.

Mr. F—— is just passing the village blacksmith's shop, and he pauses to say "Good-morning." Joe Thurston is at the forge. He was at the "meeting" yesterday, and something was stirred up within his heart—the heart which some people had pronounced hardened beyond power of softening—a thought of bygone years, his early boyhood so joyous and innocent, his mother's teaching and her prayers! He had not gone to rest that night without a prayer: "Lord, keep me from the drink, and help me to begin life afresh." He meets Mr. F——'s "Good-morning" with a beaming smile.

Then, as his eyes droop in bashfulness lest Mr. F—— should think he is "making too free," or "putting himself forward," since it was to his master, not to him, he spoke, he catches sight of the little ale-cask under the small boy's arm, and the heart that prayed last night, "Lord, keep me from the drink," prays to-day, "Lord, let me keep from taking *too much drink.*" Too much! Poor fellow! How *useless the prayer,* when the very first half-pint quite kindles a fire within him which burns up any power of reasoning as to where the "little" ends and the "much" begins.

Quite unconscious of the fact that he himself is sowing tares among the seed he scattered on the Sabbath, Mr. F—— reaches the "Mills," and prepares himself for the full enjoyment of the day's fishing. At the first draught of ale—"the delicious home-brewed," supplied by the Christian host whose guest he has been since Saturday—Mr. F—— generously asks his boy attendant if he will like a glass? With a flushed cheek the lad says, "No, thank you, sir;" and then, when pressed, says, "I'm a teetotaler, sir!" "That's right, my boy," says Mr. F—— warmly (patting his own conscience gently in feeling so ready to sympathize with the boy's position). "When did you sign the pledge?"

"Oh, I haven't signed no pledge," says Jimmie cautiously; "I only put it down in my pocket-book the day I started, and since then father and brother have joined me, and uncle Tom does say he'll begin too when the hay harvest is in."

Mr. F—— is pleased with the boy's frankness, and, anxious to lose no opportunity of doing good, he continues softly, keeping his eye fixed upon his float, and thereby unable to note the varied expression on Jimmie's face while he is speaking,

"Well, Jim, I should advise you by all means to sign the pledge. It has many advantages. It will keep you firmer to your promise, it will spare you a little taunting from your companions, who will think more of your being *pledged* than merely promised, and it will help you to be firmer in inducing others to follow your example. Do you see my argument?"

"Oh, yes, quite, sir," replies Jim; "and what you say is very right, sir. I can't make no objections to what I know to be truth. Well, sir," Jim continues, after a moment's pause, "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll sign if *you will!*"

Mr. F—— is very much taken up with his float at this moment, and soon discovers that his hook requires a fresh bait. It is some minutes before he can give Jim any attention, and then he merely says, "You see, Jim, I am not a drinking man, so I have no need to sign the pledge. If I were a—"

"Christian, sir?" interrupts Jim; "I thought you was a Christian, sir, because you preaches; and I thought Christian folks were over-particular to keep clear of things which do the devil's work? Beg pardon, sir, but it was a Christian man that made a teetotaler of me, and though I haven't signed no pledge, I'm in earnest to be a Christian myself."

"I hope I'm a Christian too" says Mr. F——, with just a shade of annoyance in his otherwise good-tempered voice.

"Well, sir," replies Jim meditatively—he has no float to divide his attention, so he gives all his thought to the point under discussion—"if I thought I could be a drinking Christian like you I'd rub that mark out of my pocket-book, for it does cost me something, I can tell you, to refuse a glass of beer, say a morning like this, you know, sir!"

Mr. F—— does not know, or does not care to know, what it costs Jim. He is beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. Has he not given up himself, body, soul, and spirit, to work the works of his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, and is he not giving just one little bit of influence on the side of the "works of darkness" which belong to another master, and he not a saviour, but a destroyer?

MRS. L. DE C—— AND MARTHA, THE DRESSMAKER.

Mrs. L. de C—— has long felt it to be her mission in life to gather about her the young servant-girls and others of the neighborhood on the Sunday afternoon. From forty to fifty assemble weekly in her dining-room, and over these Mrs. L de C—— exercises an influence as powerful as it is beautiful.

The question of total abstinence comes up. One of the class, *Martha*, a young dark-eyed girl of twenty—*a dressmaker*—has given up the use of stimulants on account of a drink-loving father. Many admire her for this, but some are cruel enough to sneer. Mrs. L. de C—— is brought into a discussion upon the subject, and while praising the daughterly love which leads to self-denial, gently affirms that, as a principle, "moderation" in all these matters is much more consistent with a truly Christian character than total abstinence.

Mrs. L. de C—— is very decided in her opinions. She is a woman of large heart and broad views. She cannot bear to "trammel" or "bind down." She argues that there is strength of character in freedom of action, and weakness in narrow or circumscribed practices.

Mrs. L. de C—— talks most fluently, and her class hang upon her every word. Possibly her theories would have been substantially less prone to mislead could those to whom she dealt them forth have been able to fight the battle of life on the spot where they listened to her words of counsel, namely, in her dining-room.

But, alas! for Mrs. L. de C——'s theories, life and its temptations had to be met in the rough by-ways of a rough world, and one and another yielded upon points where they were weakest, when but for Mrs. L. de C——'s influence they might have been the strongest.

Martha, the good daughter who had given up her stimulant to help to total abstinence a drunken father, fell herself a victim to the love of drink ere she reached thirty years of age. As a heavy-hearted wife she *flies to that* of which she has been taught to think it right to take a little. The "more" grows upon her so stealthily that she does not realize her position until, too late, she finds she is fighting for dear life with an appetite—a thirst—as cruel as it is torturing.

Crushed to the earth, she wails in her woe. Separated from husband and children, she curses all and every influence which has made sinning thus more possible, more easy. Mrs. L de C—— is by her side to help, but of what avail to-day the pleading, urging, and exhorting? The influence which could have touched with splendid might the impressionable heart of girlhood fails to reach the heart of womanhood, hardened by a cruel and subtle habit.

Alas, for lost opportunities! Alas, for the use of an influence *possible* of such direful results!

Mrs. L de C—— would like to live her life over again, but—she cannot.

Reader, are you so living in every detail of Christian life and influence as in the hour of death you would wish you had lived? You cannot live your life when it is passed over again, but you can to-day live it *well*, and give to its closing hours fewer regrets and lamentations: "No man liveth to himself." For the sake of others and of Him whose name you bear, examine well *your* life with all its blessed opportunities, and see if your influence ever misdirects those whom you yearn to help and guide into safe paths.

FOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

A Sermon, with new Anecdotes, by Rev. D. L. Moody, preached at St. Louis.

I. How Can I be Saved To-day?—Mr. Moody on the Wrong Road—The First Step after Discovery is Right About Face—A Change in Politics—II. How May I Know whether I am in the Right Way or Not?—A Journey according to Guide-Book—III. Shall we have to Stop Trying?—Not Doing, but Believing—God's Religion in Four Letters—A Vessel on Fire—A Man Carrying Coal—IV. What is it to Believe?—An English Nobleman's Offer—The Night before the Chicago Fire.

I WANT to answer four questions to-day. The first, How can I be saved to-day? Next, How can I be sure that I am saved? And the third, How can I be saved if I stop trying? And the fourth, What is it to believe? Now, these are some questions that I have had letters written to me about, and friends have spoken to me often, and I thought to-day I would like, if I could, to just answer these questions.

A week ago to-day I was speaking of instant salvation—how a person could be saved all at once—and during the past week I have had quite a number speak to me and say I didn't make that quite plain; they couldn't understand how a person *could be saved all at once.* Now, to-day, I want, if possible, to help those that are anxious to be saved; and I don't know as I can do it any better than by some illustrations.

I. HOW CAN I BE SAVED TO-DAY?

I was going off to preach one day last summer, and it was in a strange country that I had never been in before, and I crossed a river, and when I got across the bridge I found two roads—one went this way, and another started off and ran that way—one up the river, and another down. There was no guide-post, and I took the road that I thought was right. I felt that that was the right road; I went on a little way, and I began to think. "Well, now, perhaps I am wrong; I am going by my feelings altogether, and I think I better just make some inquiries;" but I thought I was all right; I felt pretty well, and so I went on.

But I began to be uneasy again and I said, "Well, now, I will just stop and inquire." So I reined my horse up to the first house I came to, and I said, "Does this road lead to Conway?" And the man said, "No, sir; it is just taking you straight away from Conway; you ought to have gone up the other road." Well, Conway was right back of me; I was going right away from it. Now, I felt that I was right part of the time, but when I got uneasy and felt as if I might be wrong, there were some misgivings about it, and I hadn't the assurance that I wanted. I then stopped and made some inquiries, and the moment that the man told me I was wrong, I believed his testimony, I took his word, and I didn't say, "I will now consider what I will do;" I didn't drive on and say, "I hope this road will twist around and get into the right road;" but I turned my horse right straight around. It was *a pretty short turn, too;* almost tipped the buggy over, I remember that; but I turned the buggy round and I got done following my feelings. *I took the man at his word*, and I reined my horse right back, turned my face and the horse straight about, and started and went right toward the town that I was to preach in.

Now, that is repentance. If you are convinced to-day that you are in the wrong road, you don't want to stop to discuss what you are to do, but just do what God tells you to do—turn right straight about. As some old divine has said, when a man is born, he is born with his back toward God, and when he is converted God turns him right around with his face toward Him. That is conversion; and you can do that to-day. That is conviction. You are convinced that you are in the wrong way.

That is what it is to be a Christian, and that is what it is to take the first step—

RIGHT ABOUT FACE.

Suppose I was a member of some polit party, and there was an election coming off n week, and I had been in that party for ye and this afternoon in this meeting I hear so thing that convinces me that the party is wro and if that party should succeed at the polls get into power—the party that I belong to— they should carry out their principles, it wo be ruin to the government; and I am a v patriotic man, and I want to save the gove ment; I am fully convinced that the princi are wrong: what do I do? I leave that pa and go to the other party; I not only do th but go to work and bring over every one th can; that is sudden; that is quick.

Now, there are two parties in this world: party that belongs to the kingdom of dark and the party that belongs to the kingdon light—those that are fighting for God and th that are fighting against Him. There are two parties in this world. The Cross of Cal divided the world, and it has been divided since.

II. Now, the next question—

HOW MAY I KNOW WHETHER I AM IN RIGHT WAY OR NOT?

Now that is a very important question; I will give you an illustration. Supposin wanted to go to New York. Supposing I never been out of Stoddard's Addition, an wanted to go to New York. I go and get a way guide and that guide tells me to go to Union Depot. I go down to that depot, a get on to a train, and the guide-book tell that that train will cross the Mississippi R on a very expensive bridge, and it will take to Indianapolis, in the State of Indiana, then it will take me to Cleveland, in Ohio; then that I will come to the Niagara River, that I will cross the Suspension Bridge. Th tells me I will come to a very important cit the State of New York, Rochester, and that I will go a few hundred miles farther East, I will come to Albany, and then I will turn so ward from that city, and go right down banks of the Hudson River.

Now, I find that the guide-book corresp with my experience exactly. I get on that and I come to all these towns and to all t places, that the guide-book speaks about, a have very good reason to believe I am o right way. If I have never been to New or have never seen a man that ever came New York, I still have very good reason t lieve that I am on the right way, and that going to New York.

Now, people tell us, how do you know this book is reliable? How do we know we can rely upon it? Why, this book just responds exactly with our experience. If will just look at the book, you will see that just as true as any guide-book you have seen, and you will find that it will be *a safe* through this dark world.

I went to God twenty odd years ago to be given of my sins, and God spoke peace t soul, and there was a sense of forgiveness came to me that I had never known be And so I find as I look all through this that it corresponds exactly with my experi and I have very good reason to believe that in the right way. I don't want any more a ance than I have got, that heaven is at the e the road, no more than I should if I were down the Hudson that I was on the way t city of New York. I have passed station station, and I found that it was all accordi the guide-book.

III. Now, another thing that has troubl many is,

SHALL WE HAVE TO STOP TRYING?

I made a remark here some time ago, t a person wanted to be saved he had got to up trying and let the Lord save him; as lo he tried he could not be saved. And I found a good many have stumbled over saying, and it has made some people a deal of trouble.

Now, I want to explain to you, and I think I can, how it is important for you to stop trying if you are to be saved. It is to him that worketh not, but believeth. Some one has said that man's religion is in two letters—d-o; and you will always hear a man who knows nothing about grace talking about doing; do, do, do, that is man's religion. But *God's religion is in four letters*—d-o-n-e; He has done it all. When Christ cried on the cross, "It is finished!" it meant that, that salvation is finished, it is complete, it is worked out; and all I have got to do is to accept it. It is a gift, and I haven't got to work for it; I can't buy it; it is to him that worketh not but believeth.

Now let me give you children an illustration which I think you can understand. Suppose this platform to be the deck of a vessel, and we are out a thousand miles from land, at sea. *The vessel is on fire*, and we go to pumping the water up to get water to put out the fire, and we work hard, but the flames gain on us instead of our putting out the fire.

The vessel is bound to go down. We are lost—every hour, every minute, it is becoming more hopeless. But up comes a lifeboat, and the captain of the lifeboat cries out, "Leap into the lifeboat! leap into the lifeboat! you can't save that wreck; it is going down—it is going to burn up. Well, Mr. Whittle says, "Moody, I am going to leave this, I am not going to wait any longer; it will not be possible to save the vessel and he leaps into the lifeboat. But I say, "I'm going to try harder; I am going on pumping and pumping;" and I go on pumping and pumping, and the lifeboat leaves me and I go down, and *I am lost because I try to save myself* I am lost because I keep on trying and will not give up.

Now, what we want is just to leap out of the old wreck and just take a leap toward God. God has stamped this life with death; God says that no flesh shall stand in His presence; He has stamped it with death, and there isn't any hope for those who are working all the time trying to patch up this old Adam nature; they are losing time, and the quicker they give it up the better. It is out of self and into Christ; it is just to leap out of that old wreck and into the lifeboat. That is not working, is it? It is just leaving your own works, your own righteousness, and just stepping out of every thing and taking Christ as the lifeboat.

When Mr. Sankey and I were walking the street of Sunderland, in England, one day, there was

A MAN CARRYING COAL

a few hundred yards ahead of us, and before we got to him we noticed that he fell down; they took him up and carried him off into a drug-store and when we got there we made inquiries and found the man was dead; he fell dead.

A few days afterward I was walking up another street in that city and I saw a man carrying in coal, and I stepped up to him and put my hand upon his shoulder and I said, "I was walking up this street the other day and I saw a man carrying in coal just as you are here. He seemed to be perfectly well when I was within a few hundred yards of him, but by the time I got to where he was he was a dead man;" and I said, "Now suppose you were to fall dead here, what would become of your soul?"

The man's face was all covered with crock, all black, but he smiled and said, "*I am trusting another* for my salvation." I did not need say any thing more. He had the idea: "I am trusting in another for my salvation." Behold, God has become my salvation, and I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength; He has also become my song and my salvation."

Now we have trust in another, and He will [illegible] Christ never betrayed a trust yet, and He never will and He never can. And what we want to do to-day is to trust in Him and believe that He will do just what He has promised to

Now the question comes up, you say, "Believe or trust;

IV. WHAT IS IT TO BELIEVE?"

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." It is believing God's record of His Son; it is to believe that Jesus Christ will do just what He has promised to do. And what does He promise to do? He promises to save all that come to Him; to save all that call upon Him; to take every one that will come to Him and that trusts Him for salvation; for he says He will in no wise cast out—"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Well, then, I will come; and He gives me the power to come: He don't bid me come without giving me the power to come.

Suppose I should say to my little child, who is eleven months old and can't walk, suppose I should bid it to walk, to come to me, and the child wouldn't come. Why? Because it couldn't. Suppose I should punish that child for not doing it, wouldn't you say that I was a very unjust and cruel father to do such a thing as that? Now, do you believe that God in heaven bids you or I to come to Him and that He don't give us the power to come? Do you believe that He commands all men, now, everywhere, to repent and don't give them the power to repent? Do you believe that He commands us to believe on Him and then does not give us the power to believe?

There was

ONE OF THE NOBLEMEN OF ENGLAND

who was converted a few years ago, and when he got a taste of this living water he wanted to publish the tidings, and he went to his castle. Nearly every one in the town lived on his land, and he gave out that he would preach the Gospel. Well, being a wealthy nobleman, and having been *a very wild man*, his tenants were greatly excited at the idea that his lordship should preach, and there was a great turnout to hear him; but he wasn't a very fluent speaker, and that really isn't what we want; it is men who will tell you the truth, not the most flippant and fluent speakers; the man who has the most influence with a jury is the man who tells the truth; so this man stood there and he told the truth, the best he could; but because it wasn't very eloquent, and they didn't believe it—that's what the trouble was, they didn't believe the Gospel—when the next meeting came off there were not many there, and about the third meeting he didn't have a hearer.

But he was not going to be disappointed that way, and so he got out posters and had them circulated all through the town, and he stated in those posters that if there was any man living in that parish that was in debt, if he would come to his office between 9 and 12 o'clock in the morning, and bring around vouchers proving that he was in debt, that *he would pay his debts.*

Well, the people began to read, and men began to talk about it; and it was talked about all over town. One says, "John, do you believe that statement that his lordship is going to pay our debts?" "No," the other says, "I don't believe a word of it; it is a joke; there is nothing true in it." But when the day came there was a good deal of talk as to whether any one was going around to get their debts paid; and men were on the lookout to see if any men did go, in order that they might make sport of them; they thought it would be a good joke on them.

But about 11 o'clock a man was seen walking by the office, and he was looking all around over his shoulder to see that no one saw him; and all at once he slipped in; he went in as if he was guilty of some wrong act; and he says when he found his lordship there, "Is it true that you will pay any man's debts?" "Yes," his lordship replied, "it is quite true; are you in debt?" "Yes." "Have you brought the necessary vouchers?" "Yes." He looked them over, and he said, "Is this all you owe?" "Yes." And he drew a check, and handed it to him; and now he said, "I want to talk with you;" and he kept him there until 12 o'clock—didn't let him out before 12; and, meantime, two other men came and had their debts paid, and when 12 o'clock came he let them go.

When the men got outside they found the outsiders were there waiting for them, and they said to them: "Well, he paid your debts, didn't he?" "Yes," they said; "he paid them." "*You don't mean it?*" they said. "He didn't, did he?" "Oh, yes," the men said; "he paid our debts; we mean it." "You don't say so—paid all your debts?" "Well, let us see it." They wouldn't believe it, and then the men pulled the checks out of their pockets and showed them, and said: "There is the evidence." "Well, what fools we were that we didn't go in and get ours paid," and they wondered if it was too late now; and they went in; but it was too late. The nobleman had said that he would pay all debts from 9 to 12 o'clock, just three hours: but these men didn't believe it. Well, now, the fact was the same; he would pay their debts; he was able to do it, and the fact was the same; and it didn't change the fact because those men didn't believe it.

Now, men tell us that believing on the Lord Jesus Christ will not save us. They say there is no truth in that, but that don't change the fact. *God says it will: man says it won't.* Who are you to believe? Will you believe man who lies, or will you believe God who cannot lie? Do you believe that God will do what He has promised to do?

NOW, WILL YOU BE SAVED?

I remember preaching in Chicago one night; it was a Sunday night in October; I had been preaching for five Sunday nights on the life of Jesus Christ. I had commenced clear back in Bethlehem, and had followed Him along until I got to the text, "What shall I then do with Jesus, which is called Christ?" Christ was then in the hands of Pilate; and I made that night *one of the greatest mistakes of my life.* I said to that audience, I want you to take this text home with you; and I gave that audience until next Sunday night to decide that question. I gave the audience a week to decide that question. And do you know from that night to this I have never been guilty of such an act.

I have no right to give you another hour. As the messenger of God, I am to bring you to a decision, if I can, this very moment. I don't know what a night may bring forth. As I closed that meeting with those remarks, giving that audience a week to decide that question, the Court-House bell, not more than half a block away from that hall, was tolling out the death-knell of that city. I didn't know it then, and Mr. Sankey did not; and the last time his voice rang out in that hall he sang the words:

"To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh."

And so it was. Little did we know what was going to take place. I went home that night, and before 12 o'clock that hall was in ashes; before 2 o'clock the church where I worshipped was in ashes; before 3 o'clock my own home was in ashes; and do you know I have never met that audience since. Right around Farwell Hall there were quite a number of people perished in the flames, and I have very good reason to beleve that some of those men who heard me that night perished that night; and one of them, in order to hide away from the flames, crawled into a great iron water-pipe and was roasted right near the hall.

I want to urge you people to-night to settle this question: What will you do with the Son of God? Will you accept Him or will you reject Him? If you will receive Him here, He will receive you yonder. If you reject Him here, He will reject you yonder. If you confess Him here, He will confess you yonder. If you will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ now, He will save you. Will you be saved?

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page 271*).

ROSE'S ORDEAL.

"How much do you reckon the estate is worth?" asked Charles one morning as he and Ernest stood on a high point and could see a goodly portion of it stretching round them.

"In hard cash it is worth £50,000," answered Ernest; "to me it is worth more than any money you could name."

"By George!" exclaimed Charles, "I cannot make out why you gave it up; not out of love to me, I know. Look here, Ernest, I can't bring myself to make any charge on the estate for you or my mother; I must be free to do what I like with my own. But I promise to take care of her; and if you are ever in want of ten or twenty pounds—I don't mean once or twice, but as often as you like—you just let me know, and you shall have it. I'll stand by that."

He grasped his brother's hand in a close grip that spoke more than his words, which had expressed his thoughts more awkwardly than he had intended. He was neither eloquent in speech nor refined in feeling, but Ernest knew from that moment that he possessed a good deal of influence over his half-brother.

It was not in Ernest's nature to linger at Clifford after having installed Charles as its proprietor. It was better to bear the pang of leaving his old life than dally with it. He had no oppressive cares for the future, uncertain and untried as it was. He was still in the prime of life—only a year or two over forty—and from his active, out-of-door mode of living, young for that age. He dwelt with some satisfaction on the creditable appearance he had made in London at several of the spring meetings, and relied with some confidence on the favorable impression he had made. To London he resolved to go. Where else, indeed, could he seek his living?

He was obliged to leave Rose behind him, and for the first time in her life the child felt herself alone. It was yet but a few weeks since she had received the letter on which her hopes were still living, though they were growing fainter and fainter every day. She had written to Robert Fortescue a girlish letter, full of shy hopes and fears; but there had come no answer to it.

Her father had been in communication with Sir Robert; but he had not shown her any of the correspondence. There was a blank, void feeling of disappointment and inexperience in her heart. She did not know what to think, what to believe. One thing she could not believe—that he would desert her.

Poor little Rose! Her father was not only gone away, but she had altogether lost the father she had blindly idolized and reverenced. He was more worthy of her love than before; but she felt he was not the pattern of mankind, without a flaw, that she had fondly thought him. Was she not even now suffering for his sin? Her home, too, was lost, had crumbled away under her feet, carrying into ruin her charmed childhood.

Even herself was gone down in this earthquake; for instead of being the queen of the little fishing-village, heiress to one of the loveliest spots of earth, and, as a result of this, worthy of being the chosen wife of the future Sir Robert Fortescue, what was she? The daughter of a penniless man, whose fair name was under a cloud, and who was held guilty by some of a crime approaching to dishonesty.

Here was ground for amazement and for deep anguish of spirit. Not one grief, but many griefs had met Rose's soul on its delicate and dainty paths, and turned it aside on to the dark mountains. As long as her father was with her she had hidden her anguish under a placid smile that had almost deceived him, in spite of his tender and vigilant love for her. He knew she could not but suffer; but he had no idea how deep and keen her suffering was. He dared not tell her there was no hope for her young love, trusting it would die away gently for lack of nourishment. As soon as he could make a home for her in London she was to go to him.

But as soon as Ernest was gone, and his quiet vision could no longer detect any change in her aspect, Rose began to droop. The frank, blithe face that had always been turned to him for sympathy grew worn and sad; the springing step became slow and languid, and all the mournful amazement of this dire calamity spread itself around her.

Jenny Britton was too gay to have much fellow-feeling for her, for her spirits were kept in a constant tumult of glad surprise by her mother's lavish liberality, and by the attentions of Charles, who expended a good deal of his idle time upon her. Rose held herself aloof from her uncle, whose return had worked all this wretchedness, and he felt somewhat sore at her avoidance of him. So she was bereft of Jenny's companionship.

Rose shrank even from Ruth Symonds. Her father had solemnly confided her to Ruth, who had come over frequently to Clifford Grange, notwithstanding Mrs. Clifford's coldness of demeanor, to see after her beloved charge. Next to Ernest, Ruth loved Rose more than any one else in the world; but the girl's sick heart turned away from her. In this hurricane all her trust had been destroyed, and her faith and love uprooted. Robert Fortescue had forsaken her; her father was not the demigod she had fancied. All was lost. She had not yet learned the great secret of laying up treasure in heaven. There was nothing before her to live for.

The old dames and the mothers in the village watched Miss Rose with open-eyed anxiety. They made much of her, and bewailed in her ears the change that had rendered her no longer Rose Clifford of Clifford. Old Dunnit and his wife spent many sleepless hours thinking of her, and devised little schemes for giving her pleasant surprises. But surprises had no longer their charm for Rose. They summoned a sad, faint smile to her pale face, which almost broke their hearts, and set them consulting with one another what they could do. It is not much that can be done for a bruised and wounded spirit.

"There's only One can comfort her," said old Dunnit mournfully, "Him as carried the lambs in His bosom. She's like a poor lost lamb wanderin' away from the fold, and I must seek her. I must comfort her some way, if the Lord 'ud only put it into my hands to do. For I reckon it's Christian folks that must do the Lord's work for Him—the outside work, such as givin' one another a kind word and a helpin' hand. He'll do all the deep work Himself."

"She's daunderin' along this moment to the lighthouse," said Mrs. Dunnit, in a pitiful tone; "all alone she is, poor blossom! It 'ud have been better for her if Master Ernest had stuck to bein' only a parson!"

That was the thought that was dwelling in Rose's mind, as she seated herself on the stone bench under the lighthouse. To her utter amazement, she found herself envying Jenny Britton's lot—that lot which had seemed so hard and poor to her only a few weeks ago. If only her father was the vicar of Clifford! Ernest's love for this quiet parish was deepened into a passion in Rose's girlish heart. Every thing about Clifford was glorified in her imagination. There were no cliffs, no bay, no landscape, no skies equal to those that had stretched around her and above her from her infancy. She gazed across the gloomy sea with still more gloomy eyes. She was almost glad there was a storm gathering. Storms seemed more natural than sunshine and soft breezes. Why should creation be joyful when she was in utter wretchedness?

"My dear!" said old Dunnit's voice close beside her, startling her out of her mood of solitary misery, "there's tempest in th' air. Come along, come along wi' me, down to your old mother Dunnit as is lookin' out for you."

"O Dunnit!" she cried, "I'm going away to-morrow, and I shall never live here again. Never mind the storm. I want to stay here till it's quite, quite dark; till the tide has go down and the sun has set. It is the last time

"You are going to your father, Miss Rose he answered. The voice in which he spoke w questioning, but there was a tone of reproach it. She was going to her father, yet she there in utter wretchedness.

"Yes," she said.

"Such a father as he is!" continued old D nit tenderly. "When you were a little lass t couldn't speak a word plain, I've seen him car in' you in his arms about wi' him wherever went, like a mother. Many and many a ti when I've met him hidin' you in his bosom agai the cold wind or a sudden storm, I've said myself, 'Ay! that's how my heavenly Fathe bearin' me and carryin' me, and hidin' me fr the tempest, though I don't know Him any b ter than that little lamb knows her fathe He's taught me many a lesson out of his l for you."

"O Dunnit!" exclaimed Rose, with a d sob of reviving tenderness toward her abs father.

"He's taught me many a precious lesso repeated Dunnit; "out o' church, out o' chur I say, for he wasn't altogether to my mind in pulpit. But out o' th' pulpit there never such a man, never! His life's been a grand o always stirrin', and encouragin', and bette everybody about him. It's been a rare grand so far, and it will be grander now he's got i the kingdom o' heaven.

"What do you know about my father?" as Rose timidly.

"I know everythin', my dear lamb!" he s touching his cap in token of respect for Ern "He came and told me all. It was a sore te tation, my dear, and he's broken through snare. He's a grander man to me, Master nest is, than if he'd kep' on bein' parson. wasn't cut out for a parson, and he was cut for a squire. I can barely see the mote in brother's eye, though it's been big enoug keep him in darkness. But he's in the ligh last, the clear light. 'He that loveth his bro abideth in the light, and there is none occa of stumbling in him.' Master Ernest stum but he is on his feet again, and runnin' or race now."

"The world won't think so," moaned half to herself. She was stung by the tho of her father being blamed. But if she c only regain her old confidence in his good and wisdom she would not feel so very deso

"We've nothin' to say to the worl answered Dunnit cheerily, "the world is u our feet. It 'ud be a strange thing for *the* *to stoop* to listen to a crowd of chatterin' s rows findin' fault wi' his flight up to the Never mind the world, Miss Rose. Shut eyes to the world and keep 'em open to father. There's only two loves, and they ar one over against the other, as far as the ea from the west. There's the love of the w and the love of the Father! 'If any man the world, the love of the Father is not in h says John. There's no findin' a loop- through that. And Master Ernest has pa from the one to the other, bless the Lord!"

Rose felt greatly comforted. Old Dunnit looked upon as the oracle of the village—Mr. Britton spoke of him as an authority o ligious matters—if he praised her father ra than blamed him, there could be no reason she should refuse to restore him to his old in her love. There was another sorrow i heart of which Old Dunnit knew nothing guessed nothing. No one in Clifford susp that brief blissful dream of hers from whic was slowly and reluctantly awaking. She h they would never know it. She looked u old Dunnit after a long pause, with a wan on her face.

"I am not so sorry to go away now," sh simply. "I am going to my father, and not expect ever to know any one better th is."

"There you spoke a true word, Miss R

cried Old Dunnit, "*get a good grip o' that.* Master Ernest's a good man and a grand man. Don't you hearken to the world, my dear; the world's always makin' mistakes. It crucified the Lord of glory. There's many more folks beside me as thinks Master Ernest one o' the best o' men. Not without his faults and flaws, my blossom! There never was but one man on earth that had no fault in him. But you be sure, whether your father's master of Clifford or earns his daily bread like one of us, he's a good good man. You hold fast by that, Miss Rose. You're like the apple of his eye to him, and if there's the smallest change in you he'll feel it. Whatever comes, you keep faithful to your father."

But when Old Dunnit was smoking his last pipe by his cottage fire, he shook his head sorrowfully as he recalled Rose's sad face and the dimness of her bright eyes.

(*To be Continued.*)

JESUS AND THE YOUNG.

S. S. Lesson for May 9.—Matt. 19 : 13–28. Golden Text, ver. 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

In our subject for to-day we learn how Jesus dealt with little children; the inexperienced, the simple and trusting ones; and also with young men. First we see that some, probably mothers, who had learned to know Him, "brought unto Him little children, that He should put His hands on them, and pray." It was so natural that they should long to bring their little ones into close and personal contact with the blessed Saviour. That their own children should have the touch of that hand which had healed so many, and be under the breath of that prayer which they saw had power with God—this was the ambition of these mothers in the lifetime of our Lord.

How about the mothers in our day? Those Christian mothers must come into personal contact with Him themselves, in order to bring the little ones to Him; and so it is with us: our surest method of leading little children to our Lord is to let them see and feel that we are often, nay, always, in His presence. Let them hear us speak of Him and to Him; let them know we hear when He speaks to us. Let them be conscious that He is Master of all we are and all we do. When they ask any thing of us, let them know that we cannot decide it without going to consult the Master as to whether it is His will; and by living thus near Him ourselves, we shall be bringing the little ones to Him. All our teaching of Jesus will be lifeless and powerless upon them if they do not see the power of it in our own experience.

"The disciples rebuked them." This is too often the case: disciples too often stand as a barrier between Jesus and the children, instead of bearing them in their arms to Him. On the other hand many believers doubt the reality of the conversion of children, and state it as a dogma that these early conversions do not last. They will even go so far as to inject doubt into the minds of children who have found Jesus, by saying, If you were really converted, you could not do this or that, instead of saying, Because you belong to Jesus you have power through His grace to conquer this or that, and a little Christian must never excuse a fault because Jesus gets the blame. On the other hand, many believers are a great stumblingblock to the little eyes and ears which are so quick to watch and listen to what surrounds them. Children are so literal in their faith that they cannot understand inconsistency. They have their own systems of theology, which are formed more or less from what they see. "Mother," said a little boy of [illegible] "It doesn't matter how often I sin, because Jesus died for all sin, so I can always get forgiven." How came he to such a conclusion? A converted servant in the house was frequently giving way to evil tempers. Let the mother live the hatred to sin, and the children will believe that sin is hateful.

"Mother, Jesus didn't bear our punishment," said a little boy of five. "How so?" was the reply. "Why, He didn't go down into hell and stop there always; He bore something else, but not our punishment." The little mind had not grasped the value of the Person who bore the chastisement, not only the just for the unjust, but the king for the subject, the Creator for the creature. That boy's mother, when in her childhood she asked questions of this nature, was always hushed as though it were a sin to think about holy things; but the boy's question made her feel how near the Person of the Lord she must live that her boy might grow up in an atmosphere of faith and of reality in divine things.

Never let us think that children are incapable of understanding divine truth: they seize it, on the contrary, more readily than others do. God could work with the simplicity of a Samuel, when Eli could not be trusted because of his weakness regarding his sons (1 Sam. 3). The little captive maid (2 Kings 5 : 2, 3), was worthy of the Christian dispensation, for she knew how, not only to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully," and take her exile and slavery without repining, but also how to put her worst enemy, by whose power she had been forced from her own land, in the way of being healed of his leprosy. God knew how to make the young Josiah a King of Judah such as might put many of his predecessors to the blush: "And like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, according to all the law of Moses; neither after him arose there any like him" (2 Kings 23 : 23–25).

Perhaps the greatest danger in the spiritual teaching of children is to teach them only half the truth. If they learn how Jesus died to save them, and this is all, the natural tendency will be to make use of the grace of God in order to serve their own purposes, and the horrible suggestion of the wicked one to do this or that, because they can be forgiven afterward, will not be fruitless. If, however, they are taught that we are forgiven *in order* that we should live holy lives, that Jesus put away our sins *in order* that we should be able to follow Him and *in order* that we should be His property, to do henceforth His will and not our own, the conscience will be kept in exercise, and they will understand their relations to the Saviour far otherwise. Jesus laid His hands on the children; were they not sealed for God?

Apparently about the same time, a young man, an inquirer, came to Him and said, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life?" We may gather from the fact that this incident appears in the first three gospels, that it conveys a teaching which is invaluable. He was "a young man" (ver. 20, 22). he was also in high position, a "ruler" (Luke 18 : 18), and "Jesus beholding him loved him" (Mark 10 : 21). His question shows that he is ready to make a sacrifice; he was rich, and perhaps had Jesus replied that he must give one half of his possessions he would have gladly done it. He seems to have lived in the fear of God, according to the light which he possessed, and something in the presence or in the teaching of Jesus seems to have struck him, for he says "*Good* Master." Jesus immediately inquires, "Why callest thou Me good? there is none good but One, that is, God"—as though to sound him whether he recognized Him as the Son of God, and He adds, "But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." The young man rejoins, "Which?" and the Lord replies by quoting the sixth, seventh, eight, ninth, and fifth, summing them all up in the words of Lev. 19 : 18: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

This was the sum total of his duty toward man, and he fondly thought he had fulfilled it, for he said, "All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?" And the Master only shows him the imperfection of his service in revealing the claims of God upon him. He said unto him, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow Me." Some may object that this reply savors of the law more than the Gospel. But the question was not like that of the jailer who saw his danger and wanted to be saved. Here is a man who has heard of eternal life, who is not consciously guilty of any breach of the law of his God, but who sees that this eternal life has not taken possession of him.

As a Jew, one of God's chosen, he does not see God's gifts to be of grace, but a heritage, which calls nevertheless for certain requirements. But those requirements are too much for him: the call made upon him is to be nothing and to have nothing. He would seek eternal life that he might *be* something and *possess* something in spiritual attainment, and he had not understood that eternal life is life out of death. Oh how many there are like him, who have an earnest, zealous desire to live unto God and to lead holy lives! but there is a reserve in their hearts, a desire to inherit, to grow into, and so to gain credit for spiritual attainments. This gave rise to the Lord's words "Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

But riches do not always consist in earthly possessions. When Jesus says to the Laodicean church (Rev. 3 : 17), "Because thou sayest, I am rich, etc.," He is not speaking of temporal riches, but spiritual pride and fulness. Any feeling of self-satisfaction, of being any thing or possessing any thing, in a spiritual sense, is to be "rich;" self-consciousness, or any thing which fixes our eye on ourselves, savors of the same thing. It is when we lose sight of ourselves, seeing ourselves only in Christ, that we are poor in spirit. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple" (Luke 14 : 33). We must forsake all that *we* have and possess only that which Jesus has. As long as we build upon experience, spiritual gifts, knowledge, light, or any thing else which we possess, we are too rich to enter into the kingdom of God; we have in some measure a little kingdom of our own.

"When His disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved?" Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible." Man's nature will not be against itself, self cannot deny self. But when God comes in, He makes impossible things to be possible. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3 : 3). On every hand, in God's Word, we learn the same lesson—nothing for ourselves, nothing of ourselves, all for God, all of God.

Then answered Peter, and said unto Him, "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed Thee; what shall we have therefore?" When Jesus "beheld them" (ver. 26) He could see in Peter's heart that which led to this question. Peter had not learned the lesson; he was priding himself that he, at least, and the other disciples, were not rich; had they not left all and followed Jesus? but the very saying so, and the very looking for reward, manifested the spirit of being something, of desiring to have something. Jesus answered, "Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed Me, in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." But lest they should think this was a monopoly, He adds, "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." But to follow Him there must be no more seeking of *our* own, but only His own. Then, possessing the nature of Christ, we become heirs and "*inherit* everlasting life." "He that overcometh shall inherit all things" (Rev. 21 : 7). "But many that are first shall be last, and the last first." Self pushes men to place themselves forward as Peter was doing, but God's first ones place themselves last.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Lord Beaconsfield has Resigned, and Mr. Gladstone has been appointed Premier of Great Britain. The Queen, presumably acting under the advice of Lord Beaconsfield, requested Lord Hartington, the nominal head of the victorious party, to accept the position, but he declined, being convinced that he would be unable to enlist the hearty support of his party, in the face of the popular enthusiasm for Mr. Gladstone. The Queen is said to have urged the Marquis to accept the post, and to have expressed her belief that with the assistance of Lord Granville, the leader of the party in the House of Lords, he could form a cabinet the nation would approve. The Queen's importunity is stated to have been caused by her personal dislike of Mr. Gladstone, which was confirmed by the representations of Lord Beaconsfield and of foreign statesmen, that British influence abroad would be prejudicially affected if Mr. Gladstone were placed in power.

Lord Hartington was, however, firm in his refusal, but consented to confer with Lord Granville and communicate the result to the Queen. Both statesmen subsequently waited on her Majesty, and assured her that Mr. Gladstone's appointment was a necessity; he was accordingly summoned to Windsor and instructed to form a cabinet.

The result is significant, as indicating the advances made in Great Britain in the direction of popular government. The prejudices of the sovereign, the influence of foreign ministers, and the desires of the aristocracy were all arrayed on one side, and the will of the people emphatically expressed at the elections on the other. The will of the people triumphed; even under Republican institutions the people could not have won a more decisive victory.

The French Premier is Described as a Determined opponent of war. Conversing with a newspaper correspondent recently, he said: "I did my duty during that unfortunate campaign against Prussia. But it is precisely because *I saw it face to face*—because I felt the enormous sacrifice it had cost the country—that there is no more passionate adversary of war than myself. France must be in a position to defend herself, but she will never enter upon another war—never, so long as I remain at the helm. Neither is there a strong desire for a war of revenge among the French people. Since the well-to-do bourgeois is no longer able to buy out his son from service, a spirit of peace has entered every home and every heart."

The Proposed Expulsion of the Jesuits in France has been made the subject of protest by the Pope. The Nuncio representing him in Paris has handed President Grévy a letter defending the religious congregations. The Pope discountenances violence, but declares *stubbornly for resistance* in the law courts and elsewhere to the action of the state. He sides with the Jesuits, who are now indispensable to the Vatican. The cable states that not a single unauthorized congregation will demand Government sanction, and all those menaced are prepared for legal resistance, and are resolved if that fails to shut up and emigrate to Jersey, Belgium, or the Basque Provinces of Spain. The contest will be a fierce one, but France has suffered so much through their influence, that the Jesuits will not get much sympathy from the public.

Reforms in Asia Minor Appear to be Definitely abandoned. It will be remembered that by the Berlin Treaty the Sultan of Turkey pledged himself to introduce many reforms there, and England undertook the protection of his Asiatic dominions on those conditions. But the correspondents of English journals assert that there is no longer any question about introducing reforms into Asiatic Turkey. Nothing more has been heard of Baker Pasha's mission to Armenia, and it would appear that he has been sent there in order to be got rid of. Great dissatisfaction prevails among all classes of the Turkish and Christian population against their government. It is a fact that there is no government in that country, and as for security of life and property, especially in the interior of the country, it is a mockery to speak or think of such a thing. A gentleman who was captured some months ago by the Turkish brigands, near Smyrna, had to pay for his release a ransom of one thousand pounds Turkish; yet the government have not taken the least trouble to make any inquiry about it. *The complaints of the people are directed against England* as well as the local government.

The Recovery of the Train which was wrecked at the Tay Bridge, Scotland, on December 28th, was completed on April 7th. One of the third-class carriages is comparatively entire; the four wheels are standing, with part of the end of the carriage and a door. Of the guard's van nothing remains save the lower frame and the brake apparatus and the guard's seat. The brake is uninjured, and does not seem to have been applied. The whole of the ironwork is broken and twisted, and the axles of the carriages are in some cases bent into semicircular form. The coupling links are all broken and the buffers smashed, and the general state of the ironwork presents evidence of the terrible force of the shock caused by the fall.

A Clerk of the Great Financial Firm, the Rothschilds, at Vienna, has confessed to extensive defalcations. He thought that his early knowledge of the operations of the firm would render it safe to follow their example. He therefore appropriated the funds placed in his care, and bought stocks and shares when his employers bought, and sold when they sold. But he lost heavily, not having taken into account the possibility that the other branches of the Rothschilds were working in combination with the Vienna house, and that therefore the operations he knew of were only a part of the plan. Theclerk has been an industrious, frugal man, who has worked his way by many years' labor to an honorable position, which he has now lost in his haste to become rich. His ruin is a lesson to young men to withstand temptations to dishonesty, no matter how safe they may appear.

The U. S. Ship Constellation, laden with Gifts of American citizens for the suffering poor of Ireland, arrived at Queenstown on April 20th, after a very rough voyage. The Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria, immediately started with seven gunboats to aid in the distribution of the provisions to the poor. A consultation between the Duke, the commander of the Constellation, and the members of the *Herald* Committee took place. The officers said that some parts of Galway had food for only five days, and that it was necessary to send thither at once. It was finally arranged that gunboats laden from the Constellation should go to North Donegal, to West Donegal, with the islands and headlands, to Sligo, to North-west Mayo, to the West Galway coast, to the West Galway Islands, and to South Galway and its islands. The object of the committee is to give the greater part of the food to those places where it is *difficult to find provisions at any price*, such as the islands. It is evident that where meal may be bought it is better to send money. This is what the committee is doing. After the fleet has been loaded the remainder of the cargo will be distributed by rail. It is expected that the Constellation will be entirely cleared out by May 15th or 20th.

Captain the Hon. R. Moreton, so Well Known in connection with the Conference Hall at Mildmay Park, London, is coming to this country to settle in Iowa. When he resigned the superintendence of the extensive and multifarious evangelistic operations that are carried on at the Conference Hall, the Christian workers and others engaged in connection with that religious agency presented him with a substantial token of regard and acknowledgment of his useful and valuable services. Rev. Dr. Edmond, of Highbury Presbyterian Church, on their behalf, presented Captain Moreton a purse containing £600, also a watch and a barometer; and the wives of the north-east London *cabmen* sented to him a compass and case in recogni of his services in promoting the erection of men's rests in that part of the metropolis.

Christian Work among the Ballet-girl the London theatres is making progress, several aristocratic ladies and gentlemen evinced a lively interest in the movement. a meeting of theatrical employés at Exeter on April 5th, the Countess Cairns, wife of Lord High Chancellor, the Marchiones Ailsa, and the Earl and Countess of Aberd were present, and took great interest in the ceedings. Lord Aberdeen, after expressing pleasure he and the Countess felt at among them, urged upon them the nece of seriously considering the advice given by Christian friends, from time to time. He fel deepest interest in their welfare, and concl by saying that the Countess had had a nu of books made into parcels, and it would her great pleasure if each person present w accept one. He could vouch for the books interesting. Every one present received Countess's present as she left the hall, the most satisfaction being manifested at her ness.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, who is now in I writes under date of February 12th: "I am in body and soul; have just held a week's tracted meeting at Nang-poor, where the gave us rich blessings. Some were conve and many of the Lord's people were sanct At the service held on Sunday—my last here—fifteen rose for prayers. Many na came during the week, and I believe that Spirit of the Lord moved on the hearts of of them. Poor things! It costs them a sacrifice to be Christians. My heart cries o God for them, that they may accept of C and a full salvation."

Blessing the Decanters.—A well-known odist preacher was invited to occupy the pit of a chapel in a country village not miles from Bradford, England, one Su evening. After service the chief inhabita vited the minister to supper at his hous which he had also asked several other fri The supper table was laden with good th among which decanters and glasses fi prominently. When all were seated at the the host requested the minister to ask a ing. The latter rose, and quietly taking al glasses and decanters placed them at one e the table, opposite the host, remarking th would ask a blessing on the eatables if the would do the same on the drinkables. Th appreciated this practical reproof, and refr from asking a blessing on the liquors; the per was eaten, but only *one* glass was touch

A Prince Physician.—In a Recent Num the German official Gazette is recorded th nouncement that Prince Charles Theodo Bavaria has qualified for and been duly adm to the right to practise as a medical man the limits of the German Empire. He has tised in Bavaria for some years past wit siderable success, especially in cases inv delicate surgical operations, and has been disposal of his many patients at all hours night and day. He is a specialist of so nown in eye diseases. Alike wealthy and ous, *he relieves the necessities of his poor ents*, besides curing their ailments.

The Mayor of Leeds, England, Mr. Ta is a decided temperance man. He recent tertained the Town Council at an official d at which no intoxicating liquors were pro At the dinner to the judges of the Assize the same rule was observed. In mentionin circumstance publicly, he observed: "E Her Majesty Queen Victoria visited Leed might be well entertained on the same prin at least she would be if she visited the hal ing the time that it was my official hon have had no wine in my house for forty and I made no exception in the mayor's at the town-hall."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Pu shed at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.
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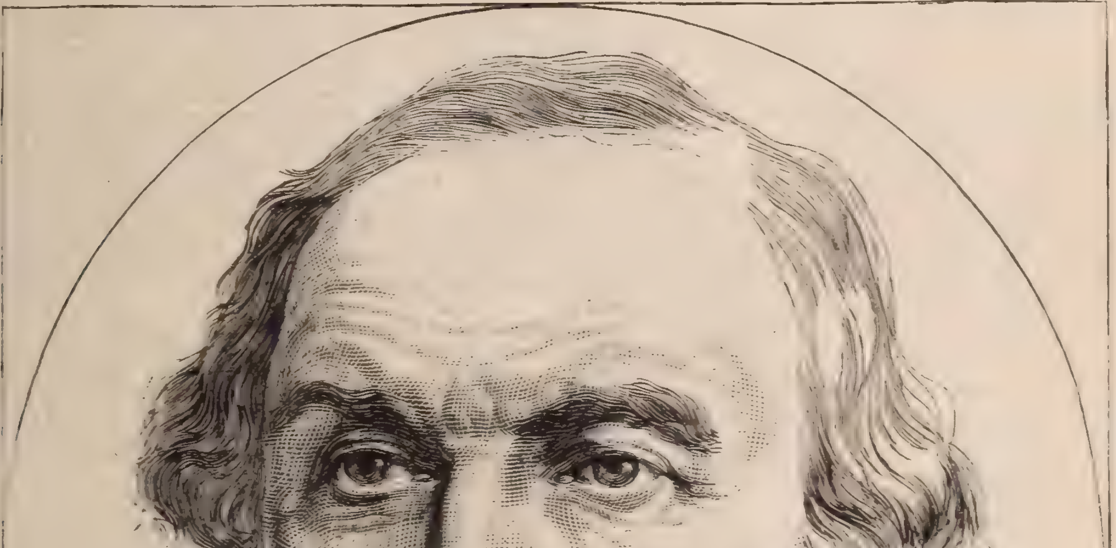

The Rt. Hon. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the new Prime Minister of Great Britain.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.,

Prime Minister of Great Britain.

His Birth and Parentage and Education—He enters Parliament—His Appointment to Office—His First Political Works—His Latin Version of "Rock of Ages"—He Resigns his Office and his Seat for Conscience' Sake—He is Elected Member for Oxford University—He Leaves the Conservative Party in 1851—His Successful Appeal for the Oppressed Neapolitans—He becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1853—Prime Minister in 1866—The Irish Church Disestablishment Bill—The Liberals go out of Office in 1874—His Private Habits.

THE statesman to whom has been intrusted the responsible and honorable task of guiding the affairs and framing the policy of the British Empire, is admitted by both friends and enemies to be a man of no ordinary ability. He has been more enthusiastically praised and more bitterly assailed than any living politician in England, but the question of his eminent capacity has never been disputed, even by those who differ most widely from the principles which guide his public life. From a friendly or a hostile standpoint, his character is remarkable; it teaches lessons useful alike to the ordinary citizen and the statesman. A man of indefatigable industry, indomitable energy, and profound learning, he is at the same time a brilliant orator and a financier of extraordinary skill.

As a parliamentary leader he is less successful. Intensely in earnest himself, he is negligent of the small acts and graces of life which would win to his side less earnest men. With scant courtesy or consideration for the feelings and prejudices of others, he takes the straight course to his point, and those who are in the way get uncomfortably crowded. The easy grace of Lord Palmerston, who would take the sting from an opponent's speech with a jest, or smooth the irritation of a discontented or dissatisfied supporter with a genial, humorous explanation, has no part in Mr. Gladstone's character. With a perfect greediness for labor, he takes out of the hands of his subordinates duties belonging to their office, and even if he performs them more efficiently than they would have done, he alienates their regard and abates their enthusiasm for him as their leader.

The want of tact, the hasty, impatient temper which characterize Mr. Gladstone, render him peculiarly unfitted for the position of leader of a party—a position in which tact and patience are even more requisite than the most brilliant abilities. When in 1870 he was at the height of his power, he took no pains to conciliate the Nonconformists, whose exertions had materially contributed to return his party at the elections. While he enraged his opponents by what they termed robbery and confiscation, he neglected to attach his friends to himself and his policy by concessions of small importance in his eyes, but which they considered essential as principles. It thus happened that when he dissolved Parliament in 1874 and appealed to the country for a verdict on his policy, he was opposed by a party united into a compact phalanx by hatred of him and his measures; while his followers, although they acknowledged the brilliance of his achievements, were chilled into apathy by discourtesy and neglect of their wishes in minor matters. Defeat followed, and Mr. Gladstone in a fit of chagrin refused even to lead the party whom his own blunders had involved in discomfiture, and retired to sulk like a child in his tent.

The Marquis of Hartington, the eminently respectable statesman whom the Liberal party elected to lead their defeated, disorganized forces, has since that time conducted its affairs with rare patience and far-sighted skill. He made no brilliant speeches, he initiated no remarkable movement, but he made no enemies, and he won the confidence and regard of his followers; and now that the voice of the people once more calls for Mr. Gladstone, he steps down from his post of leadership with a cheerfulness and a grace Mr. Gladstone is incapable of displaying.

Such a man, in his strength and in his weakness, is the eminent statesman who is at present the most popular politician in Great Britain, and on whom has devolved the duty of shaping the policy of his country during the next few years. The leading events of his history are as follows:

The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone is the *fourth son* of the late Sir John Gladstone, Bart., of Fasque, Kincardineshire. Sir John was well known on the Exchange at Liverpool, where he was extensively engaged in business when the subject of our sketch *was born* there on December 29th, 1809.

Mr. Gladstone's mother was the daughter of Mr. Andrew Robertson, Provost of Dingwall, whose descent the genealogist Burke traces from *Robert Bruce, the patriot king of Scotland.* The name, it appears, was originally spelled Gladstanes or Gledstanes, *gled* meaning, in the Scottish Lowland dialect, *a hawk*, and *stanes* meaning *rocks.* The practice of calling a man by the place of his abode instead of his proper name still obtains in many of the rural parts of Scotland. In early times such names often adhered permanently to the individuals to whom they were given. To these circumstances the ancient Gladstone family doubtless is indebted for its name.

His *early*

EDUCATION

was acquired at Eton, and he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, as a student in 1829, remaining there until 1831, leaving at Michaelmas in that year with distinguished educational honors—a Double First in Classics and Mathematics. While there he exhibited an almost *superhuman industry* and a wonderful aptitude for learning, neither of which has in the least abated or become dimmed in his subsequent career, but on the contrary they have increased with his years.

After leaving the University of Oxford he spent a year in a *Continental tour*, which period was devoted to the study of men, manners, and things in the various countries of Europe. In 1831 he *entered Parliament* as a conservative member for Newark. He had been in "the House" but two years ere Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, saw in his mercantile origin, in the success of his university studies, his habits of business, and his high character, a commingling of traits which go to make a successful statesman. He therefore *appointed him* to the unimportant post of a junior Lordship of the Treasury. In the next year, 1835, he was appointed Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs. But as Sir Robert Peel's ministry was only four months in office, Mr. Gladstone, with his chief, was soon sitting on the opposition benches.

HIS FIRST BOOK.

Relieved of official duties, Mr. Gladstone devoted his leisure to the production of a book which at its appearance created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain. It was entitled "The State in its Relations with the Church." It was received by the whole Conservative party as a masterpiece of reasoning, and as conclusively proving the necessity for the existence of an established church under a Christian government. He argued that one of the principal ends of government as government was the propagation of religious truth, and to that end it was its duty to build and endow churches and support a body of clergy. The enthusiasm with which the work of the young politician was received, unbounded as it was at first, abated when Lord Macaulay reviewed it in the *Edinburgh Review*. The great reviewer showed how utterly nonsensical Mr. Gladstone's arguments were, apart from their conclusion; and to demonstrate their absurdity, applied them to other corporations which, like governments, were organized for special purposes—such as a stage-coach company or a body of railroad directors. Going carefully through the book, and using Mr. Gladstone's abstract propositions in the affairs of daily life, he proved their absurdity and laughed the book into oblivion.

During the same period of exclusion from
office he devoted himself with delight
classical studies. He was then, and sti
superlative master of the language and lit
of Greece and Rome. He has published
sacred verses not appreciably inferior in g
those of Buchanan or Milton, and as a H
student his "Studies of Homer and th
meric age" entitles him to a well-earned
among scholarly critics. Classical study
him a delightful pleasure, and it is rel
him that on one occasion when his seat
liament hung in the balance, and he was t
of torturing anxiety, he shut himself in hi
on the decisive polling-day, and spent t
ious hours in translating Homer. He is c
with having written the most elegant Lati
lation of Toplady's hymn, "Rock of
while sitting on the Government benches i
House" at night, to relieve the wearine
dull debate.

OFFICIAL WORK.

In 1841 Mr. Gladstone came back to
again under the leadership of Sir Rober
and occupied for two years the subordin
sition of Vice-President of the Board of
He then stepped into the office of Presi
the same department, a position in wh
ability began to have weight in the min
councils. It was also required of him, by
of his office, to state to the House of Co
the commercial policy of the Governme
once his aptitude for dealing with *fina*
discovered. The revision of the tariff i
known as Free Trade, proved his ability,
principles which he laid down as co
therewith have served to guide every subs
Chancellor of the Exchequer.

When the Government, in 1845, pro
grant to *Maynooth* Roman Catholic Col
Ireland, Mr. Gladstone, objecting, *resig*
office in the Ministry; and to show furth
the aim of his life has not been place-hunt
during the next year, when the *Repeal of*
Laws was brought forward by the "Peeli
the moderate Conservatives were then
resigned his seat for Newark, because th
of Newcastle, who owned the borough, a
was his patron, held anti-repeal views.

Upon his *re-entering Parliament* for t
versity of Oxford, he threw the weight
great debating power into the scale in
University Reform and the *Removal of*
Disabilities. Up to that time no Jew co
cupy a seat in Parliament or hold any offic
the Crown. Mr. Gladstone asked for p
the disloyalty of the Jews as a people, w
alleged should be the only reason for
clusion of a race. His claims have bee
dantly justified by the use which the Jew
made of the privileges then gained for th

Up to this period Mr. Gladstone ha
known as a Conservative, and a conten
writer of authority wrote of him, "He is
man of unblemished character and of
guished parliamentary talents, *the rising*
stern and unbending Tories." Those Tori
rested their hopes on Mr. Gladstone in 18
an opportunity to moralize on the muta
hopes placed on men, and especially on
cians, when they look at Mr. Gladstone
the leader of the ultra-Whigs.

In 1851 Mr. Gladstone *severed himself*
from the great Conservative party; and
same year he was called by purely dome
cumstances to Naples. There his huma
stirred to its very core by the unheard-
talities of King Bomba, who had imp
20,000 of his subjects without trial. His
ate cry for redress sounded through
civilized world. In a letter he then wrote
was translated into every language in
and sent to the various Courts, he sa
have seen and heard the strong and
pression used, 'This is the negation
erected into a system of government.'
him Lord Palmerston was on the side of
and the sword of Garibaldi eventually
out for the Neapolitans the just vengeanc
Mr. Gladstone had invoked on their tyra

n 1852, when Lord Derby became Prime Min- r, Mr. Gladstone declined to join his Min- y; and the Budget, which was propounded Mr. Disraeli, who was then Chancellor of the hequer, was so severely criticised by Mr. dstone, that Lord Derby's Conservative Min- was overthrown. Lord Aberdeen then ned a Liberal Government, of which Mr. lstone became *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, in 1853 he made his first great financial ch, bringing forward a Budget. After the olution of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet in 1853, Gladstone did not take any prominent part 'arliamentary affairs for several years, but pied himself a good deal in literary studies. vas invited in 1859 to join Lord Derby's Ad- stration, but declined. He, however, un- ok the delicate diplomatic task of *Commis- r to the Ionian Islands*, the object of which to negotiate the transfer of those islands British ownership to Greece. In this un- king he was entirely successful.

the Administration of 1859 Mr. Gladstone, ancellor of the Exchequer, was instrumen- the repeal of the paper duty and in con- ng the commercial treaty with France.

the general election of 1865 he was defeated e University of Oxford by Mr. Gathorne , now Lord Cranbrook, but he was elected outh-west Lancashire. In the election of however, he lost his seat after a fierce con- which excited the most intense interest ghout the country. His victorious oppo- as this time Mr. Cross, who became Secre- or the Home Department. This event, er, did not exclude him from Parliament, electors of *Greenwich* had a few days pre- returned him by a large majority.

n the death of Lord Palmerston took place 6, Mr. Gladstone became leader of the of Commons, and Prime Minister of Eng- nd brought in a *Reform Bill.* He was, er, displaced by Mr. Disraeli's Ministry for ears; but again, in December, 1868, be- Prime Minister, and in 1869 the Irish Disestablishment Act was passed.

anuary, 1874, Mr. Gladstone dissolved nent, and at the General Election which the votes were, for the first time, taken et ballot. The result was that 351 Con- e members were elected, and only 302 s. Hence Mr. Gladstone at once *re-* and Mr. Disraeli, now Lord Beaconsfield, Prime Minister, a position he occupied st month, when on the result of the entary elections being made known, he , and Mr. Gladstone has succeeded

PRIVATE LIFE.

ladstone is an early riser, and when at en Castle, his country residence, may be ortly after eight o'clock in the morning, down to prayers in the village church, is son ministers. Early devotion and t over, he gives the remainder of the , till the gong sounds for luncheon at ock, to work, reading, writing, medita- o the performance of arithmetical feats Cabinet Minister has ever surpassed, proper season, to a bout of *tree-felling*, he is an expert. After luncheon, more ollows, and in due time he shows him- nner to be "a singularly temperate man nd drink."

gh he is the best controller of the *Na-* chequer that England has ever had, oriously by no means a wealthy man, his *charities* are almost reckless. In the his long walks in the neighborhood of *his pockets* have an astonishing knack ng themselves, and amusing stories are having had to walk home inconvenient of ten and twelve miles in the dark be- his inability to raise so much as a rail- As Prime Minister he refused an in- salary, and it is not generally known *s never drawn the pension* to which he entitled since his retirement from wing plainly that he has no desire to become rich or even to increase his comforts at the nation's expense.

His piety is, in its manifestations, of a humble and unaffected character. Even when Prime Minister of England he has been found in the humblest houses, reading to the sick or dying consolatory passages of Scripture in his own soft, melodious tones.

As an *orator*, he has, perhaps, no equal except it may be Mr. Bright. He can marshal the multitudinous details of any question on which he may be speaking with greater power than any debater in the English Parliament. It is this unique characteristic which gave him the power which even his opponents are willing to accord to him—to make the dry facts of his Budgets eloquent. Figures beneath his manipulation acquire a lofty significance. He has not the wit of Lord Beaconsfield, and his words are more copious than his rival's; but when delivered in his usual melodious tone, as clear as a bell, there is a fulness and a beauty in the sentences as they trip rapidly from his tongue.

Under Mr. Gladstone's former administration exceptional commercial prosperity was enjoyed by the British people, and when he resigned he left a surplus of $30,000,000 in the National Exchequer. He now takes office at a period of sore commercial depression, and with a deficiency in the Budget of $10,000,000. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone's advent to power may be the signal for a revival of former prosperity.

A FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

NEAR the close of the civil war a gentleman residing in a Southern State deemed it prudent, the Northern army being within four miles of his residence, to conceal his State bonds, plate, and other valuables. He decided on burying them in the woods; but as this concealment required assistance, it was necessary to take one of his slaves into his confidence. The man he selected was one whom he knew to be a consistent Christian. With this slave's aid he buried his treasure, and only he and his master knew the hiding-place. When the Northern troops came two days afterward, they were informed by the slaves, then emancipated, which of their number knew of *the buried treasure.* The man was ordered to disclose the spot where it was hidden, but he knew if he did so his former master would be ruined, and he refused. Six men with loaded pistols pointed at his head repeated the order, and gave him twenty minutes to decide whether he would obey or die. Life was very sweet, and the slave burst into tears, but told them *he would rather die than break his word* to his master. The rough soldiers were touched by the faithful fellow's heroism, and released him unharmed. It is often said that religion makes men weak and unmanly, but this Christian slave is an instance of the injustice of the charge. He was faithful even in peril of death. The above facts were furnished to the CHRISTIAN HERALD by the man's master, Mr. Samuel N. Stevens, of Asheville, N. C.

A KINDNESS WHICH KILLED A MAN.

SOME time ago the glad message of the love of God to sinners was received by one who for many years had been enslaved by the dreadful habit of drinking to excess. But the grace of God had prevailed, and he had given it up as part of the sins of his past life, thus proving to those around that he was on the Lord's side. What a change it was! Now his comrades heard from his lips the grand old story of redeeming love; and as God's precious word never returns to Him void, it may have been used of Him to the salvation of some souls.

For some time he did run well as a Christian. He was intelligent, earnest, consistent, never so much as touching that which had been such a curse to him in his unconverted days. Some time after he went to visit Christian friends. He was asked during his stay to take some intoxicating drink, which he decidedly refused, on the ground that as it had been his besetting sin it would be unwise to touch it. His friends urged him to take it again and again, but he stood firm in rejecting it.

"But," said one, "you are a Christian now, and you are at liberty to take it in moderation, if you withstand the temptation of drinking to excess." He yielded to the tempter, and at once the old appetite returned, and the craving came on with renewed power. A sleepless night followed, and he longed for morning to dawn that he might get out and seek to satisfy the awful thirst.

Morning came at length, and as soon as the door of the house was open he got out, and the first public-house he came to he began eagerly to drink. Now down the steep incline he went with rapid strides, until, after lying out one night in the rain, consumption began to do its deadly work, and soon he was found on a bed of sickness, weak and helpless, diseased and dying. Conscience lashed him now for giving way to this terrible passion. The tempter mocked him, and there, in all his suffering, was a spectacle over which angels might weep—a Christian dying, and dying from the effects of drink.

His friend, through whom he had received the message of mercy, was sent for. She came, read with him, and prayed; but what could be done? Excuses were made: he had been asked to take it, a Christian had given it to him. He said to the friend who had been the means of blessing to him, "I know that I am saved. I know that Jesus died for me, and I am His for eternity. But I have sinned, grievously sinned, and dishonored His holy name. But I would not have done it for my comrades, I would not have taken it from any ungodly man; but *a Christian gave it to me.*"

From day to day his strength became less, and it was seen that the end had come. Shortly before he passed away he wrote a dying letter to the friend who had visited him, closing with these solemn words, "A Christian gave it to me."

A MAN DROWNED IN LAKE MICHIGAN.

By Mr. Moody.

A few years ago a couple of friends of mine went out into Lake Michigan bathing; I think my friend Mr. Whittle remembers them—Mr. Wells and Mr. Baker. It was the 4th of July, and both of them were very fine swimmers, but Mr. Wells was taken with the cramps and the water was very cold. Mr. Baker swam out to him at once to rescue him, and the moment he got near him (he was a strong man) he put both arms around him, and they both went down under the water. Mr. Baker managed to get away from him under the water, and when they rose, Mr. Baker says, "Now, Wells, there is no trouble about my rescuing you; I can save you, *if you will only just give up trying to save yourself.* I can take you by the hair of the head and I can pull you to the shore, and there will be no trouble; now if you will just make me a promise that you will not attempt to save yourself and not seize me again, I will rescue you;" and the drowning man promised that he would yield himself up; and my friend Baker swam to him again, and the moment he got near him Wells seized him again, and they both went down, and it was a great struggle for life; but under the water Baker managed to get away from the drowning man a second time, and when he r he swam out to where he could touch h and got his head above the waves and stood and saw his friend die withi him; he heard his dying to saved him without an stopped trying to s

And so, my ing to sav all up, an —the I here saved i

COMMON-SENSE IN RELIGION.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, May 2, 1880.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."—ST. LUKE 16 : 8.

The Great Want of the World—A Praying Christian in a Sleeping Car—More Common-Sense Wanted—I. In the Building and Conduct of Churches—II. In Obtaining Religious Hope—The California Gold Fever—Gold in God's Love—Fatalism applied to Religion but not to Business—No Conscript in the Army of Christ—III. In Building and Enlarging Christian Character—Investing the Soul—Declared Dividends ought to be Looked After—IV. In Reading the Scriptures—A Man Lost on the Mountains—V. In the Matter of Prayer—A Merchant Waiting for Goods—VI. In Doing Good—A Faded Picture Restored.

THAT is another way of saying that Christians are not so skilful in the manipulation of spiritual affairs as worldlings are skilful in the management of temporalities. I see all around me people who are alert, earnest, concentrated, and skilful in monetary matters, who in the affairs of the soul are laggards, inane, inert.

The great want of the world is more common-sense in matters of religion. If one half of the skill and forcefulness employed in financial affairs were employed in disseminating the truths of Christ, and trying to make the world better, within ten years the last juggernaut would fall, the last throne of oppression upset, the last iniquity tumble, and the anthem that was chanted over Bethlehem on Christmas night would be echoed and re-echoed from all nations and kindred and people: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Some years ago, on a train going toward the South-west, as the porter of the sleeping-car was making up the berths at the evening-tide,

I SAW A MAN KNEEL DOWN TO PRAY.

Worldly people in the car looked on, as much as to say, "What does this mean?" I suppose the most of the people in the car thought that man was either insane or that he was a fanatic; but he disturbed no one when he knelt, and he disturbed no one when he arose. In after conversation with him I found out that he was a member of a church in this city, that he was a seafaring man, and that he was on his way to New Orleans to take command of a vessel.

I thought then, as I think now, that ten such men—men with such courage for God as that man had—ten such men would bring the whole city to Christ; a thousand such men would bring this whole land to God; ten thousand such men, in a short time, would bring the whole earth into the kingdom of Jesus. That he was successful in worldly affairs, I found out. That he was skilful in spiritual affairs, you are well persuaded. If men had the courage, the pluck, the alertness, the acumen, the industry, the common-sense in matters of the soul, that they have in matters of the world, this would be a very different kind of earth in which to live.

I. In the first place, my friends, we want more common-sense *in the building and conduct of churches*. The idea of adaptiveness is always paramount in any other kind of structure. If bankers meet together, and they resolve upon putting up a bank, the bank is especially adapted to banking purposes; a manufacturing company put up a building, it is to be adapted to
nufacturing purposes; but adaptiveness is
always the question in the rearing of
s. In many of our churches we want
more room, more ventilation, more
ums of money are expended on
es, and men sit down in
n how he likes the
ery well, but I
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he pillars.
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O my friends! we want more common-sense in the rearing of churches. There is no excuse for lack of light when the heavens are full of it, no excuse for lack of fresh air when the world swims in it. It ought to be an expression, not only of our spiritual happiness, but of our physical comfort, when we say: "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts! A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."

II. Again I remark: We want more common-sense *in the obtaining of religious hope*. All men understand that in order to succeed in worldly directions they must concentrate. They think on that one object, on that one subject, until their mind takes fire with the velocity of their own thoughts. All their acumen, all their strategy, all their wisdom, all their common-sense, they put in that one direction, and they succeed. But how seldom it is true in the matter of seeking after God! While no man expects to accomplish any thing for this world without concentration and enthusiasm, how many there are expecting after a while to get into the kingdom of God without the use of any such means.

A MILLER IN CALIFORNIA,

many years ago, picked up a sparkle of gold from the bed of a stream which turned his mill. He held up that sparkle of gold until it bewitched nations. Tens of thousands of people left their homes. They took their blankets, and their pickaxes, and their pistols, and went to the wilds of California. Cities sprang up suddenly on the Pacific coast. Merchants put aside their elegant apparel, and put on the miner's garb. All the land was full of the talk about gold. Gold in the eyes, gold in the ears, gold in the wake of ships, gold in the streets—gold, gold, gold.

Word comes to us that the mountain of God's love is full of gold; that men have been digging there, and have brought up gold, and amethyst, and carbuncle, and jasper, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and all the precious stones out of which the walls of Heaven were builded. Word comes of a man, who, digging in that mine for one hour, has brought up treasures worth more than all the stars that keep vigil over our sick and dying world.

Is it a bogus company that is formed? Is it undeveloped territory? Oh no; the story is true. There are hundreds and thousands of people in the house this morning who would be willing to rise and testify that they have discovered that gold, and have it in their possession. Notwithstanding all this, what is the circumstance? One would suppose that the announcement would send people in great excitement up and down our streets, that at midnight men would knock at your door asking how they may get those treasures. Instead of that, many of us put our hands behind our back, and walk up and down in front of the mine of eternal riches, and say: "Well, if I am to be saved, I will be saved; and if I am to be damned, I will be damned, and there is nothing to do about it."

Why, my brother, do you not do that way in business matters? Why do you not to-morrow go to your store and sit down and fold your arms, and say, "If these goods are to be sold, they will be sold; and if they are not to be sold, they will not be sold: there is nothing for me to do about it." No, you despatch your agents, you print your advertisements, you adorn your show-windows, you push those goods, you use the instrumentality. Oh that men were as wise in the matter of the soul as they are wise in the matter of dollars and cents!

This doctrine of God's sovereignty, how it is misquoted and spoken of as though it were an iron chain which bound us hand and foot for time and for eternity, when, so far from that, in every fibre of your body, in every faculty of your mind, in every passion of your soul, you are a free man—a free man, and it will no more to-morrow be a matter of choice whether you shall go to New York by South Ferry or Fulton Ferry; it will be no more a matter of choice with you to-morrow whether you shall go to Boston or Philadelphia, or stay at home, than it
is this morning a matter of free choice wh
you will accept Christ or reject Him.

In all the army of banners there is, *n*
conscript. Men are not to be dragoone
heaven. Among all the tens of thousa
the Lord's soldiery, there is not one m
will tell you, "I chose Christ; I wanted
I desired to be in His service; I am not
script—I am a volunteer." Oh that me
the same common-sense in the matters
ligion that they have in the matters of the
—the same concentration, the same pus
same enthusiasm! In the one case, a s
enthusiasm; in the other, a consecrated
siasm.

III. Again, I remark: We want mor
mon-sense in the building up and enlargin

OUR CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

There are men here who have for fort
been running the Christian race, and the
not run a quarter of a mile!

No business man would be willing to h
investments unaccumulative. If you in
dollar you expect that dollar to come
bringing another dollar on its back. What
you think of a man who should invest ten
sand dollars in a monetary institution, t
off for five years, make no inquiry in re
the investment, then come back, step up
cashier of the institution and say, "Ha
kept those ten thousand dollars safely
lodged with you?" but asking no question
interest or about dividend? Why, yc
"*that is not common-sense.*" Neither is
that is the way we act in matters of the s

We make a far more important inve
than ten thousand dollars. We invest o
Is it accumulative? Are we growing in
Are we getting better? Are we getting
God declares many dividends, but we
collect them, we do not ask about them,
not want them. Oh that in this matter
mulation we were as wise in the matters
soul as we are in the matters of the world

IV. How little common-sense *in the*
of the Scriptures! We get any other bo
we open it, and we say, "Now what d
book mean to teach me? It is a book on
omy; it will teach me astronomy. It is
on political economy; it will teach me
economy." Taking up this book, do we
selves what it means to teach? It mean
just one thing: get the world converted,
us all to Heaven. That is what it pro
do.

But instead of that we go into the Bibl
anists to pick flowers, or we go as pugilist
something to fight other Christians with
go as logicians trying to sharpen our
faculties for a better argument, and we
like this about the Bible, and we do
that, and we do not like the other thing.
would you think of

A MAN LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN

Night has come down; he cannot find
home, and he sees a light in a mountain
he goes to it, he knocks at the door; the
taineer comes out and finds the travel
says, "Well, here I have a lantern; you
it and it will guide you on the way hom
suppose that man should say, "*I don't*
lantern, I don't like the handle of it, there
or fifteen things about it I don't like; if y
give me a better lantern than that I wo
any"?

Now, God says this Bible is to be a
our feet and a lantern to our path, to
through the midnight of this world to t
of the celestial city. We stop and say w
like this about it, and we do not like t
we do not like the other thing. Oh, ho
wiser we would be if by its holy light w
our way to our everlasting home!

Then we do not read the Bible as we re
books. We read it perhaps four or five
just before we retire at night. We ar
and sleepy, so somnolent we hardly kno
end of the book is up. We drop our eye
on the story of Samson and the foxes,

some genealogical table, important in its place, but stirring no more religious emotion than the announcement that somebody begat somebody else and he begat somebody else, instead of opening the Book and saying, "Now I must read for my immortal life. Heaven and hell are involved in this Book."

How little we use
COMMON-SENSE IN PRAYER!

We say, "Oh, Lord, give me this," and "Oh, Lord, give me that," and "Oh, Lord, give me something else," and we do not expect to get it, or getting it, we do not know we have it. We have no anxiety about it. We do not watch and wait for its coming.

As a merchant, you telegraph or you write to some other city for a bill of goods. You say, "Send me by such express, or by such a steamer, or by such a rail-train." The day arrives. You send your wagon to the depot or to the wharf. The goods do not come. You immediately telegraph, "What is the matter with the goods? We haven't received them. *Send them right away.* We want them now, or we don't want them at all." And you keep writing, and you keep telegraphing, and keep sending your wagon to the depot, or to the express office, or to the wharf, until you get the goods.

In matters of religion *we are not so wise as that.* We ask certain things to be sent from heaven. We do not know whether they come or not. We have not any special anxiety as to whether they come or not. We may get them and may not get them. Instead of at seven o'clock in the morning saying, "Have I got that blessing?" at twelve o'clock, noonday, asking, "Have I got that blessing?" at seven o'clock in the evening saying, "Have I received that blessing?" and not getting it, pleading, pleading—begging, begging—asking, asking until you get it. Now, my brethern, is not that common-sense?

If we ask a thing from God, who has sworn by His eternal throne that He will do that which we ask, is it not common-sense that we should watch and wait until we get it?

But I remark again: we want more
COMMON-SENSE IN DOING GOOD.

O how many people there are who want to do good, and they are dead failures! Why is it? They do not exercise the same tact, the same ingenuity, the same stratagem, the same common-sense in the work of Christ that they do in worldly things. Otherwise they would succeed in this direction as well as they succeed in the other.

There are many men who have *an arrogant way* with them, although they may not feel arrogance in their soul. Or they have *a patronizing way*. They talk to a man of the world in a manner which seems to say, "Don't you wish you were as good as I am? Why, *I have to look clear down before I can see you*, you are so far beneath me." That manner always disgusts, and always drives men away from the kingdom of Jesus Christ, instead of bringing them in.

When I was a lad I was one day *in a village store*, and there was a large group of young men there full of rollicking and fun, and a Christian man came in, a very good Christian man, and without any introduction of the subject, and while they were in great hilarity, said to one of them, "George, what is the first step of wisdom?" George looked up and said, "Every man mind his own business!" Well, it was a very rough answer, but it was provoked. Religion had been hurled in there as though it were a bombshell. We must be natural in the presentation of religion to the world.

Do you suppose that Mary, in her conversations with Christ, lost her simplicity? or that Paul, thundering from Mars Hill, took the pulpit tone? Why is it people cannot talk as naturally in prayer-meetings and on religious subjects as they do in worldly circles? For no one ever succeeds in any kind of Christian work unless he works naturally. We want to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem from the grass of the field.

We all want to imitate Him who talked with farmers about the man that went forth to sow, and talked with the fishermen about the drawn net that brought in fish of all sorts, and talked with the vine-dresser about the idler in the vineyard, and talked with those newly affianced about the marriage supper, and talked with the man cramped in money matters about the two debtors, and talked with the woman about the yeast that leavened the whole lump, and talked with the shepherd about the lost sheep.

Oh, we might gather even the stars of the sky and twist them like forget-me-nots in the garland of Jesus. We must bring everything to Him—the wealth of language, the tenderness of sentiment, the delicacy of morning dew, the saffron of floating cloud, the tangled surf of the tossing sea, the bursting thunder-guns of the storm's bombardment. Yes, every star must point down to Him, every heliotrope must breathe His praise, every drop in the summer shower must flash His glory, all the tree branches of the forest must thrum their music in the grand march which shall celebrate a world redeemed.

Now, all this being so, what is the common-sense thing for you and for me to do this morning? What we do I think will depend upon three facts—

THREE GREAT FACTS:

The first fact, that sin has ruined us. It has blasted body, mind, and soul. We want no Bible to prove that we are sinners. Any man who is not willing to acknowledge himself an imperfect and a sinful being is simply a fool and not to be argued with. We all feel that sin has disorganized our entire nature. That is one fact. *Another fact* is that Christ came to reconstruct, to restore, to revise, to correct, to redeem. That is a second fact. *The third fact* is that the only time we are sure Christ will pardon us is the present. Now, what is the common-sense thing for us this morning to do in view of these three facts? You will all agree with me to quit sin, take Christ, and take Him now.

Suppose some business man in whose skill you had perfect confidence should tell you that to-morrow, Monday morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock, you could by a certain financial transaction make five thousand dollars, but that on Tuesday perhaps you might make it, but there would not be any positiveness about it, and on Wednesday there would not be so much, and Thursday less, Friday less, and so on less and less—when would you attend to the matter? Why, your common-sense would dictate, "Immediately I will attend to that matter, between eleven and twelve o'clock to-morrow, Monday morning, for then I can surely accomplish it, but on Tuesday I may not, and on Wednesday there is less prospect and less and less. I will attend to it to-morrow."

Now, let us bring our common-sense in this matter of religion. Here are the hopes of the Gospel. We may get them now. To-morrow we may get them, and we may not. Next day we may and we may not. The prospect less and less and less and less. The only sure time now—now. I would not talk to you in this way if I did not know that Christ was able to save all the people, and He could just as easily save all the people in the Tabernacle as though there were only one person here. I would not go into a hospital and tear off the bandages from the wounds if I had no balm to apply. *I would not have the face to tell a man* he is a sinner unless I had at the same time the authority of saying he may be saved.

Suppose in Venice there is a Raphael, a faded picture, great in its time, bearing some marks of its greatness. History describes that picture. It is nearly faded away. You say, "Oh, what a pity that so wonderful a picture by Raphael should be nearly defaced!" After a while a man comes up, very unskilful in art, and he proposes to retouch it. You say, "Stand off! I would rather have it just as it is; you will only make it worse. After a while there comes an artist who was the equal of Raphael. He says, "I will retouch that picture and bring out all its original power." You have full confidence in his ability. He touches it here and there. Feature after feature comes forth, and when he is done with the picture it is complete in all its original power.

Now God impresses His image on our race, but that image has been defaced for hundreds and for thousands of years, getting fainter and fainter. Here comes up a divine Raphael—I shall call him a divine Raphael. He says, "I can restore that picture." He has all power in heaven and on earth. He is the equal of the one who made the picture, the equal of the one who drew the image of God in our soul. He touches this sin and it is gone, that transgression and it is gone, and all the defacement disappears, and "where sin abounded grace doth much more abound." Will you have the defacement, or will you have the restoration? I am well persuaded that if I could by a touch of heavenly pathos in two minutes put before you what has been done to save your soul, there would be an emotional tide overwhelming.

"Mamma," said a little child to her mother, when she was being put to bed at night, "mamma, what makes your hand so scarred and twisted, and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night, after I had put you to bed, I heard a cry, a shriek up-stairs. I came up and found the bed was on fire, and you were on fire, and I took hold of you and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off, and trying to get you away, I burned my hand, and it has been scarred and twisted ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but I got that, my child, in trying to save you."

O man! O woman! I wish to-day I could show you the burned hand of Christ—burned in plucking you out of the fire, burned in snatching you away from the flame. Aye, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned heart—burned for you. By His stripes ye are healed.

AN INCREDULOUS CAPTAIN.

An Incident Related by Mr. Moody.

WHEN France and England were at war, and a French vessel had gone off on a long voyage—a whaling voyage; and when they came back they got out of water, and they came near an English port, and they wanted to get some water, but they were afraid that they would be taken if they went into that port. But some people in the port saw them—saw their signal of distress and sent word to them that they need not be afraid; that the war was over and peace had been declared. But they couldn't make those men believe, and they didn't dare to go into port, although they were out of water.

But at last they made up their minds they had better go in and surrender up their cargo, and surrender up their lives to their enemies, than to perish at sea without water; and when they got in they found out that peace had been declared, and that what had been told them was true.

There are a great many people that don't believe the glad tidings that peace has been made. Jesus Christ made peace when He perished on the cross. He satisfied the claims of the law; this law that condemns you and I has been satisfied by Jesus Christ. He has made peace, and now He wants us just to enter in, just to believe it. And there is not a thing to hinder us from doing it if we will.

We can just enter into that peace this minute if we will. We can get *perfect peace*. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.

Faith is an outward look. Faith does not look within: it looks without. It is not what I think nor what I feel, nor what I have done, but it is what Jesus Christ has done, and so I will trust in Him with all my strength, and that strength will never fail. There is an inward peace; there is an outward peace. There is a peace with God and there is a peace with man. We can have all four kinds if we will.

THE LAST OF THE O'G'S; OR, THE LOST INHERITANCE RESTORED.

By Mr. Henry Martin, author of "Felicia Cuffe," "Arnold Percival Montaigne," etc.

(Concluded from page 278.)

"SPIRITUAL Matters," Mrs. O'G said, "are things unseen, you know, and are so impalpable and shadowy. I look, but cannot realize them—as mere ideas, without body or form, they float before the mind, and are to me like mocking phantoms. But, see! Look out there!" and pointing to the landscape glowing in sunlight, while she moved her arm in a circle, she said, in an excited tone, "These lands, and that lordly old castle, are palpable to the senses—I see and feel them. Even if I would, I cannot get rid of their presence. Ah! they haunt me in my very dreams."

"There have been those in the world, however," I answered, "to whom the heavenly kingdom, though unseen and spiritual, was as real and visible as this domain of your ancestors is to you. Of the patriarchs we read—'These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having *seen them* afar off, and *were persuaded* of them, and *embraced* them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth' (Heb. 11 : 13); and you and I are required to be like them, for the inspired injunction is, to be 'followers (imitators) of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.'"

Looking on the ground, she remained for some time silent; and, as I saw that her thoughts were busily engaged, I was careful not to disturb her. After awhile, half to herself and half to me, she said, "It is hard, *very hard, to abandon a long and deeply cherished hope*—one around which the longings and pride of the spirit have clustered for years. How is it possible for me to free myself from that around which my thoughts, day and night, have entwined themselves, and to fling the forces of my being upon a new and distant object, even though it be full of the glories of an endless life?

"As well ask that old oak there"—and she pointed to a noble tree that was near—"to unwind and loosen his roots and fibres from the soil and deep rock-crevices into which for long centuries he has pushed them, and to submit to be transplanted to another and a foreign region, and to take kindly and vigorously to it, as if it were his native soil. No, it cannot be done."

"But the first part of your supposition," I observed, "has occurred—at least, if *you* have not given up your long-cherished hope it has *of itself* all but receded from you, and you have confessed as much. Why cling to an expectation which, you must know, can never be realized? These lands are gone from the O'G.s for ever. Forgive the assertion, but, as the last of your race, it is certain that my words are true. Well will it be if that fact lead you to seek the inheritance which *can* be yours, purchased by Christ for all mankind, and put into the possession of each one who will accept it.

"The rebellion of your ancestor has never found an earthly sovereign able or willing to condone it; but it has not been thus in God's kingdom of grace. 'When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son.' Through the offence of one many were dead, but 'the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.' Sin once reigned unto death; but grace now reigns 'through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord'" (Romans 5).

"But how am I to make these words—which you say are not yours, but God's—an actual truth in my own case?" Mrs. O'G. asked. "If I were disposed to act upon them, how am I to realize them? what work must I do? what consideration am I to offer to heaven? what task or what penance must I undergo or endure?—there is surely some equivalent demanded."

"There is none," I replied, "and could be none. To make God our debtor is, in its pride and blindness, the great impulse of the human heart; but it is a delusion and an impossibility. We must take heaven as we do the sunshine and the rain, as a gift, or never enter it. The equivalent has been paid apart from us by 'the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.' By simple faith in Him, by loving trust upon His boundless grace and infinite merit, we become the children of God, and 'if children' (it follows, argues St. Paul from the very relationship, and therefore the notion of an equivalent is absurd), 'then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ,' who Himself, as the Son of God, 'inherits all things.'"

Taking her hand I said, with an earnestness that was sincere, "Mrs. O'G., as one who knows by experience something of the power of faith in Christ to kindle in the human bosom the sure expectation of a glorious immortality, and also as one who feels in some degree the earnest and foretaste of the good life to come, namely peace and love and joy, let me entreat you to abandon your clinging to hopes which must perish in despair, and to 'seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.'

With these words I bade her farewell, and each going in a different direction, along the lights and shadows of the grand colonnade of trees, standing out so distinctly upon that glorious summer day in the once demesne of the proud O'G.s, we parted.

. . . . . .

A few days afterward I left K——, and *some years passed away* before I had occasion to revisit it. In the course of conversation one day, with my friend there, the name of the O'G. family was introduced.

"What did you say to Mrs. O'G.," asked my friend, "upon the day you met her in the demesne when you were last in K——?"

Before giving him the substance of what passed, I inquired the cause of his question.

"Because," he answered, "it seems to have had a wonderful effect upon her. She—who like all her race about here, according to the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant, was amongst the most worldly of the worldly, forever hankering after the earthly possessions which her ancestors had lost, never, to all appearance, able to lift a single thought heavenward—some time after you left began to manifest deep interest in religious things.

"She has become quite a useful member of society in K——, busying herself in all good works in the place, so that from being disliked for her bitterness and pride, she has become quite popular. And a wonderful change it has wrought in her very appearance—her face, once morose and melancholy, has become a region of cheerfulness and smiles.

"She still goes on the appointed day to take from Lord N——'s demesne the customary grass turf, because, she says, she does not wish to give up an old traditional practice, but declares *that* to be her only motive now, as she has found out the secret of securing the earnest of an inheritance immeasurably excelling what her fathers once owned. She visits the demesne, however, far oftener than before; we frequently observe her pass this way toward the gate. On many a fine day she is to be seen under the shade of some great tree, seated upon its root-slope, intently reading a book, and common report says it is a Bible."

While we were talking, one of the keepers of Lord N——'s demesne was observed to move with unusual haste up the main street of K——, and on arriving at the door of Dr. Boland's, to knock violently, as though the messenger of some urgent call. It was an occurrence of sufficient magnitude to arouse the still and quiet little town from its normal state of drowsiness, and the report soon spread that an accident had happened in the park, and that the subject of it was Mrs. O'G., a fact which a good deal startled my friend and myself, as we had just been speaking about her. Such coincidences, however, are so frequent in human life, as every one knows, that though strange they should not
prise us.

Along with some others we hastened tov
the park, and from the gatekeeper learned
Mrs. O'G., as was not unusual, had visited
demesne about noon, and for a quiet perus
her book had seated herself under a tree;
the oak-tree she had chosen that day was,
happened, one of the oldest and most decaye
the grounds; that right over her stretch
great leafless bough which, though withe
had retained its position as long as any o
the place could remember; but the time o
fall had come at last, for without warning it
descended with a crash upon Mrs. O'G.,
when one of the keepers hurried up, was f
beneath it bruised and wounded, and in a sw

When my friend and myself hastened to
spot pointed out by our informant, Mrs.
had recovered her consciousness, but to our
tress we could see was in considerable pain.
I stooped down to assist Dr. Boland in his e
ination of her injuries, she, to my surprise
pleasure, recognized me and feebly said, w
smile, "The things which are seen are temp
but the things which are not seen are eter
(2 Cor. 4 : 18).

The result of Dr. Boland's examination
unsatisfactory—a limb was broken, and she
received grave internal injury. He requ
means of removing her to her home, and o
Lord N——'s carriages was placed at her ser

Before leaving the place of the accide
picked up the book she had been perusing,
open at the page she had been reading by a
mark fastened in the leaves. It was a Bibl
the open page contained the 4th chapter
Corinthians—the one at the close of whic
found the words which some years before
been quoted to Mrs. O'G., and which a
minutes before she had faintly repeated.

The hurt which Mrs. O'G. had so sing
received, though not immediately destructi
life, in a day not distant proved fatal. I
several opportunities of conversing with her
to my joy discovered that the words which
before I had spoken to her had proved, i
good providence of God, "the savour o
unto life."

"Pondering your words," she said, "I a
woke as from a dream. I was given to see
grasping at phantoms, I had been sacrificir
alities—that clinging with a mad and desp
hold to *one family inheritance*, I had been
gether oblivious of *another, the heavenly*—
pared with which the former, at best, was
feeble type and faint shadow.

"I am fully conscious," she added, "th
recovery is hopeless. In not many days the
summons will come; but it is my assur
as a child of God, by faith in His Son, I
enter the Father's kingdom to claim my
mony—my great birthright. And is it not
derful," she continued, "the call I receiv
enter it came to me while seated in the e
forfeited inheritance of my ancestors, and
over it was in a carriage, yes, and one of
N——'s, our supplanter, that I commenc
it were, the journey after the accident
shall end in my restitution to my eternal h
But so it is, and I see the hand of a loving
in it."

Mrs. O'G.'s anticipations were well-fou
In a fortnight after the accident she died
her last words were—"God shall wipe aw
tears from their eyes; and there shall
more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, n
shall there be any more pain: for the f
things are passed away;" and "He that
cometh shall inherit all things, saith God
I will be his God, and he shall be My son"
21 : 4, 7).

I followed her remains to the grave,
which, at Lord N——'s expense, a table
since been erected, with this inscription:

"*To the memory of Rosa, the last of the*
who in death was introduced to what she h
deemed her real and truest family inheritan

MARY WHITE'S SONG, AND WHAT IT DID.

The Promise—The Sick Child—The Mother's Thought—A Loving Errand—A Song in the Street—An Answered Prayer—A New Supplication—Father's Return Home.

"O MOTHER, I'm so thirsty!" and a feverish little face was held up to the poor worn-looking woman who brought a broken glass containing water to the side of the bed as the child called her.

"I wish father would come; he said he would bring me an orange;" and Jessie sank back, and began again her restlessg tossin from side to side while every sound on the stairs brought an eager, expectant look on her painfully pinched features, as if she were waiting for some one.

The mother sighed. Her soul—her whole life burden was in that sigh. Poor woman! She had long since lost all trust in her husband's many old promises, for a passionate love of drink had taken hold of him—*such* a hold, that it brutalized the man, and he could bear to see his patient wife and pretty children suffer rather than deny himself the indulgence which was rapidly ruining both soul and body, as it had already ruined his prospects and his home.

Hours went wearily by, but no father came to little expectant Jessie, who moaned with pain, and turned away from the dry bread which was all her mother had to give. Not a penny was in the house—no firing, no food for the sick child; and poor Mary White sat with her infant in her arms trying to hush its cries, as she pondered over the thought which had been in her heart all day.

That thought was this—how she might earn a few pence to get food for little Jessie; she could not leave the little ones and go to work, even if she had been strong enough. She had not a friend in all the great city to help her, for she was a stranger, and country-bred. Only a month ago her husband had brought her to London, with the promise of keeping from the vice which had disgraced him in his own village. That month had been a time of worse suffering than before. Not only had James White given way to drink, but Mary herself had been ill, and now she grew worse daily for the want of proper food.

All this the agonized mother thought over in the long day-hours, and she could see but one course before her. She had still a clear, sweet voice; and, shameful and degrading as it seemed to her, she resolved as evening fell to go into the streets, and try thus to earn a trifle with which to buy Jessie her orange.

"Mother 'll not be long, darling," she said, bending down to the sick child as she fastened her shawl round her with trembling fingers. "Mother is going to get you an orange, and she'll soon be back."

A faint smile passed over the pinched little face, and Jessie lay still listening as her mother went down the dark, creaking stairs with the baby in her arms, and out into the sharp, keen night air. The child was content, knowing that the promise would be kept.

Once in the street, poor Mary White walked a few yards in doubt where to go. It must be somewhere away from her wretched room, in some road where mothers lived with happy, well-fed children in comfortable homes—mothers whose hearts God might touch with pity for the singer. On she went, till streets and dirt and dirty, fever-stricken alleys were left behind. Turning into a quiet road where she saw lights shining from behind the drawn curtains, she began, with a trembling voice, to sing that ballad she had sung in her happy girlhood many a time as she cheerily worked by her mother's side in her country home.

No one heeded the singer. Her song was ended, and no voice called her. What should she do? The picture of Jessie lying on her miserable bed rose before the brave, broken-hearted mother—of Jessie crying with pain and weariness.

"O God! have mercy on me. Send help to me in my great need," was the cry of the burdened heart, and once more, with tearful eyes and quivering voice, Mary sang—*an old plaintive song*. The tones of her voice grew less agitated, for something seemed to assure her she had not asked God's help in vain. Presently a curtain was drawn back from a window, and a fair little face appeared.

Mary White saw the small hand pointing her out, but she could not hear the child's appeal to its mother for "the poor woman and the little baby." She felt, as she was called to the door, that God had answered her prayer.

Back, now, to the narrow streets and passages; but, oh, how light and thankful was her heart! Sixpence in her hand, besides pieces of meat, bread, and other things wrapped in a parcel, and carried under her shawl. What riches it seemed!

Entering a shop, Mrs. White bought two oranges, and took them up to the waiting child, who smiled with almost inexpressible gladness at the sight.

"It was God's doing, Jessie, darling," said the poor mother. "I'm afraid I have been forgetting Him a long time, and yet He is good to me. I asked Him to touch some one's heart, and He did it."

"*Perhaps He would make father good* if you asked, mother," said the dear child, forgetting for a moment her unaccustomed delight.

Far into the night Mary White thought of those words, as she waited for her husband's staggering step, yet waited in vain. Never yet had she made *that* prayer to God; but she offered it then; and asked, oh, so earnestly, that her husband might be brought back to his old self—the steady, honest man he was when she married him.

A week went by, and nothing was seen of James White. Again and again his wife went out in the evening to sing, for thus only could she find a way of earning bread; and though sometimes she merely brought back a few pence, she never came in empty-handed. But her oft-repeated prayer for her husband remained unanswered. God's time had not yet come.

Meanwhile Jessie's little, flickering life failed fast. "No food, no care could help her now," the doctor said, as he went away one evening from the cheerless and desolate attic. All that night Mary White sat by the dying child, with hot tears falling down her thin, sorrow-stained cheeks. As morning dawned heavy footsteps came up the narrow stairs straight to the room where Jessie lay half-unconscious; but the sound roused her.

"Father! father!" she cried, as the door opened, and White stumbled drunkenly in. "*You* didn't bring my orange, but mother did. She went out and sang, and God made the rich people sorry for her. O father! be good to her, for she has been praying for it; and there'll be no one but you left, except the baby, for I'm dying, the doctor says;" and the dear child sank back exhausted.

That last word went a good way to sober White. Dying! *His little Jessie dying!* He had cared for her once, until the cruel drink had drowned every good and fatherly feeling. Now he went with unsteady steps to the bedside.

"Jess, look at me," he said. "I'll bring you an orange. I don't want to be a bad father to you. I'll mind, that I will." But the child's eyes had closed forever to this world, and she would need no love or care from parents again.

For days James White sat in heavy, silent grief in the darkened room, thinking remorsefully of the past. It was then he saw the sin and folly of the course he had been following; it was there, by his dead, coffined child, that he promised in the power of the Divine might never again to give way to the vice which had brought misery and suffering and an early death to little Jessie. Nor did he promise in vain, for that was the beginning of better days, and Mary White could soon rejoice that God had heard her prayer and saved her husband.

It was not long before once more they had their tidy rooms, in which several other children were born to them; and though they were often hard pressed and anxious, they never again sank down into the misery and distress which had taken Mary White out as a singer in the London streets to get an orange for little feverish Jessie. Now her voice is heard only in soothing her young children, in singing songs and hymns which she learned in her own early days and in the house of God on Sundays, where she loves to utter the praises of the Father in heaven who has been so good to her, and heard and answered the prayer she made when she was burdened with so great a load of misery.

Sometimes the children wonder why "mother" can always spare a halfpenny for a poor street-singer when she hears one. They do not know the story we have told, and how "mother" feels as if perhaps her little help may be part of the answer God is giving to the cry of suffering which goes up from an aching and troubled heart.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF A RESCUED FLY.

By Mr. Moody.

I REMEMBER going home one night when we were in England preaching; we went home rather late from church, and I was very thirsty and I sat down to a little lunch, and the lady of the house says, "Mr. Moody, is there any thing you want that is not on the table?" "Well," I said, "if it is not too much trouble I would just like a glass of water;" and instead of their bringing water in pitchers as they do in this country, they generally have it in glass jugs; and she went and got a jug of water, and I took it and turned out a glass, and I saw a little fly in the water, that was just struggling faintly, as if it had been there some time and had just given up all hope of getting out.

I set the jug down and I thought that I would not trouble the lady to get any more water; but finally the lady said, "I notice, Mr. Moody, you haven't drank the water; I thought you said you were thirsty; shall I get you some more water?" I said, "No, madam, I will not trouble you to-night;" and the lady said, "Is there any thing the matter with the water?" I said, "To be honest, there is a fly in the water." "Ah," she said, "if Edith was only up she would have had that fly out." Edith was her little daughter, about ten years old; and she said, "Edith was very merciful; she never would see any thing suffer." I said, "She shall not be any more merciful than I," and I took a pickle fork and put it in the water where the poor fly was just giving up the struggle, I suppose—just giving up to die, and the moment I put that fork right to the place where the fly was, it laid hold of the fork and I just drew it out of the jaws of death, and I put that little fly into my warm hand; it was cold, and it began to move a little, and by and by it began to move its little wings, and at last it flew away, and I suppose if it could have spoken it would have said, "Thank you; you redeemed me."

Now that fly couldn't save itself. There it was; it had given itself up to die; it couldn't get out, and some power outside of itself had to save it. And so, my friends, we are helpless; we can't save ourselves; we have to have some power outside of ourselves to save us; and when we discover that truth and give up trying to save ourselves; when we give up struggling and trying, and say, "Lord, I will trust you; I will trust you; now save me;" and just fall into His arms. He will save us. So it is to him that trieth not; we are to give up all trying.

A Project for Opening up the Dark Continent, as Africa has been called, has been proposed by Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, England. The project is to build a steamer and place it on Lake Tanganyika, with a commission to visit the people on its shores and along the banks of the rivers connecting it with the Nile, and to carry the gospel to the heathen tribes there. He offers to donate a sum equivalent to $15,000 for the purpose. This is not the first large sum he has given toward the cost of evangelizing Africa.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, April 28th, at **2.10 P.M.,** at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate has Devoted Much of its Time to the discussion of the condition of the West Point Academy. Energetic protests have been made by several senators against the ostracism to which Whittaker, the colored cadet, is reported to have been subjected. The conviction was expressed that if proper discipline and gentlemanly conduct could not be enforced under so experienced an officer as Gen. Schofield, it would be better to revert to the former system of management. Senator Burnside delivered an earnest speech on April 29th, in which he insisted that West Point should be a national institution, in which all inmates should receive fair and equal treatment.

A caucus meeting of Republican Senators was held on April 30th, in which the question of adjournment was considered. No action was taken on the subject, but an impression prevailed that Democratic Senators desired to adjourn by June 1st, and it was decided that if such an attempt was made, the caucus would co-operate with them. The meeting of the National Convention being fixed for June 2d, an early adjournment was considered desirable.

The Republican Conventions of the States of Ohio, South Carolina, California, and Arkansas assembled on April 28th. In Ohio the Convention adopted a resolution presenting John Sherman to the country "as a fit candidate for President, and respectfully urging upon the Republican Convention at Chicago his nomination, and requesting the district delegates to vote for his nomination." The unit rule was not adopted, and as at least ten delegates pledged to Mr. Blaine were elected, the vote of the State at Chicago will be divided. The Convention was decidedly anti-Grant.

In South Carolina the Convention was enthusiastic in the cause of the ex-president, and the delegation to Chicago was instructed to vote for him, to vote as a unit, and to continue to vote so, throughout all the ballots.

The California Convention was unanimous for Mr. Blaine, and instructed the delegates to vote for him as a unit. Mr. Blaine's record on the Chinese Question has probably increased the enthusiasm felt for him on the Pacific coast.

The Arkansas Convention sat up all night at Little Rock on April 28th, discussing the Presidential question. After an exciting debate, the delegates were instructed to use their individual and collective efforts, so long as General Grant's name was before the Convention, to secure his nomination. This adds twelve votes to the Grant body. At the head of the delegation are two ex-senators who had some experience under the first and second terms. They are expected to work energetically for a third term.

Democratic Conventions have been Held in Pennsylvania and Connecticut. In Pennsylvania the unit rule gave rise to an acrimonious debate which lasted several hours. Ultimately it was rejected by a majority of three. The platform adopted is chiefly concerned with the charge of fraud in the last Presidential contest. Delegates were not instructed, and their preferences are variously estimated. The general belief is that they are about evenly divided between Tilden and Hancock. At Hartford the delegates were also left uninstructed. It was remarked that Mr. Tilden was held in great respect by the Convention, but his nomination was apparently regarded as undesirable.

A Destructive Tornado Struck the City of Macon, Miss., on the evening of Sunday, April 25th. Twenty-two persons lost their lives in the storm and thirty-two were seriously injured. A man and his wife and his whole family were among the killed, and the body of one of the children was found a quarter of a mile away from the scene of the disaster. So violent was the wind that the depot and surrounding buildings, consisting of railroad shops, roundhouse, telegraph office, stores and residences, were blown to atoms, and thirteen loaded cars lifted bodily off the track. The path of the cyclone was 150 yards wide. The body of a woman was found without the head. One family took refuge in a cellar and escaped, all except a negro girl, who was killed before reaching the place of refuge. A car on a railroad track *was blown through a house* occupied by Mr. J. Blackwell and family, injuring all, but not dangerously. A number of animals were killed. So terrible are the forces at God's disposal for destroying all the works of man at the last day. (2 Pet. 3 : 10.)

A Fine of a Thousand Dollars and One Year's imprisonment in the penitentiary was the sentence pronounced, April 26th, on each of five men convicted of attempting to purchase votes with money bribes in Pennsylvania. The accused were men moving in respectable society, who hoped to escape punishment on account of their social position and political influence, but Judge Pearson, in passing sentence, said, "The Court must issue its mandate in accordance with the law, whether it is in the case *of a man worth a million of dollars* or the beggar in rags who steals a loaf of bread." A judge who holds this view of his duties is an honor to the bench.

After the convicts had spent four days in jail, the Board of Pardons of the State intervened and they were released. The fine, however, was not remitted, nor can the shame of having been sentenced to the Penitentiary be effaced.

A Munificent Donation has been Made by ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia toward the endowment of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky. He has given $50,000 in cash, which will yield an annual income of $3000, for the special purpose of founding another professor's chair. The ex-Governor's example has stimulated another liberal donor, who offers to give to the same cause $10,000, providing *fourteen other persons* will each contribute the same amount, or miscellaneous contributions can be raised to the amount of $140,000. The income of the institution during the past year has only sufficed to cover one half of the expenditure, and a special effort is being made to establish this new endowment fund, so that with a regular and assured income the institution, whi
is giving a sound training to upward of eigh
students, may continue and extend its usef
work. Earnest efforts are being made to fi
fourteen persons liberal enough to give $10,o
each, so that the offer may be utilized.

The Twenty-third General Conference of t
Methodist Church duly assembled at Cincinn
on May 1st. Three hundred and fifty-thr
delegates answered to their names when the r
was called. It was noticed that the delegat
were younger men than have hitherto attend
these quadrennial conferences. An address
welcome was delivered by Bishop Wiley, wh
official residence is in Cincinnati, to whi
Bishop Simpson responded. Dr. Woodruff,
New York East Conference, was unanimou
elected secretary.

Special Christian Services have been H
among the Mormons in Utah during the past t
weeks. The missionary conducting them wri
to New York asking for the prayers of Christi
for a blessing on his work. He preaches
crowded congregations every night, and ma
have been converted, some of whom have b
Mormons, and these have, in consequence of th
becoming Christians, been forsaken by their r
atives. They relate a piteous story of their p
secutions, but they declare that *if they starv*
death they will not forsake Christ. There
scores of people now under conviction, but s
is the power of Mormonism and the influenc
others over them that they tremble, fearing
cross the line. Their position is similar to t
of the Jews who in the time of Jesus feare
follow Him. The converted Mormons have
their comfort and encouragement the promis
reward, as true to-day as when Jesus uttered
(Luke 18 : 30.)

A Practical Mode of Celebrating the Rob
Raikes Centennial has been suggested by
Cherry-street Baptist Sunday-school of Phila
phia, which has voted that all the Baptist S
day-schools in the United States should be
quested to celebrate the *Robert Raikes* Sun
school centennial by contributing *ten cents*
each teacher and *five cents* for each scholar
ward a permanent fund for the American
tist Publication Society, the interest to be
in establishing Sunday-schools in this cou
and in other lands.

The Largest Number of Immigrants on Re
landed at Castle Garden during the past mo
Up to the evening of April 30th the mon
arrivals were 45,274. The significance of t
figures lies in the fact that they increase d
and that the prospect for May is for an eq
large immigration. This is at the rate of
half a million a year, and while there is no
ticipation that our accessions from abroad
reach that enormous aggregate, it is quite w
in reason to suppose that it may equal 400,0

The resources of Castle Garden, ample as
have always been, are now taxed to the utm
The officers and clerks of the Emigra
Commission have scarcely time to eat or sl
being frequently kept busy until nine o'cloc
night in receiving and registering immigr
and caring for their trunks and boxes as the
landed from the barges which bring them
the steerages of the steamers.

"Not for New York," was the Reply
by a converted actor recently to an offer
large sum of money if he would return to
theatrical profession. The reply indicates
ex-actor's estimate of the difference betwee
present position as a Christian and the pos
he occupied in the world (Heb. 11 : 26).

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church.—Co
butions received during the week which ended S
day, May 1st: Mr. J. T. Taylor, Gilmantown, Wis
Robert Mortland, 29 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh
$1; Mrs. Jane Irving, Mystic Bridge, Conn.,
C., Baltimore, Md., $1. Total amount, forward
Dr. Talmage, $5. Two letters, from Walker,
and Philadelphia, Pa., directed to Dr. Talmage,
been received and sent to him.

Two letters have been sent to the Fulto
Prayer-Meeting in accordance with the requ
their writers.

An Interesting Relic of Revolutionary Days was presented to the government on Thursday, April 22d. It is a little mahogany writing-desk, about 18 inches long, 12 inches wide, and 3 inches deep, upon which the Declaration of Independence was written by Thomas Jefferson. The desk bears an appropriate inscription, which was placed upon it by Mr. Jefferson. It was presented by the children of the late Joseph Coolidge, Jr., of Massachusetts, who married Mr. Jefferson's granddaughter, and to whom the desk was given by Mr. Jefferson. Resolutions thanking the donors were passed, and it was decided that the desk should be carefully preserved in the State Department.

Restitution has been Made by a Converted horse-thief. A Washington journal states that the President recently received the following letter inclosing $130: "My compliments to Your Honor. Dear Sir, I was in the army of the late war, a Union soldier, and I did a great wrong by taking a horse belonging to the government and sold him and kept the money. I became convicted for the deed, joined the M. E. Church, and asked God for mercy, and I had to promise him *to pay for the horse*, and I did so, and he forgave my sins, and now I am able to pay the money in to your hand, as it belongs to the government. Please find enclosed $130, which you will please accept."

A Traveller was Caught in a Snow-Storm on the Cascade Mountains on March 25th. He knew that his life depended on his exertions, but the snow retarded his progress so that he was *seven days making a distance of fifteen miles*—all the time in snow from twenty to thirty feet deep. His little sack of provisions in the meantime became exhausted, and he was compelled by hunger to kill his old and faithful hunting dog, and devour the carcass. He arrived at his destination at Albany, Oregon, in a state of utter exhaustion. His terrible experience, in constantly battling with physical weariness and prostration, fearful of taking rest lest he should not again awake, is a type of the lives some men lead who are the victims of evil habits and who have to be ever watchful lest they be overcome by their own passions.

The Injuries Entailed on Youthful Smokers have been investigated lately by an eminent physician, who reports that of 38 boys, aged from [illegible] to 15, who had been in the habit of smoking, 22 suffered from various disorders of the circulation and digestion, *palpitation of the heart*, and more or less craving for strong drink; 12 boys were frequently troubled with bleeding at the nose; 10 had disturbed sleep; 12 had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared after discontinuation of tobacco for ten or twelve days. The physician prescribed for them the usual remedies given for weakness and nervousness, though with no appreciable success until they had relinquished smoking, when health and strength were speedily restored.

Temperance in the International S. S. Lessons.—At the meeting of the Chicago Presbytery, April 12th, Judge S. M. Moore moved a resolution, which was adopted, that the International Committee on Sunday-school Lessons for 1881 be requested to prepare one lesson on Temperance for the thirteenth Sunday in each quarter. The opinion is becoming general and emphatic that the causes of Temperance and of missions should be taken more prominently into account in the scheme of Christian training in all our Sunday-schools.

How Murders are Caused.—A Leading Southern Journal observes: "Whiskey and the practice of carrying deadly weapons are at the bottom of nine out of ten of bloody offences perpetrated by the people. The carrying of concealed weapons is bad enough in itself. A passionate impulse, a crook of the finger, and—death! *It is killing in haste and repenting at leisure.* When he who has a weapon in his pocket is excited by whiskey, arousing the savage instincts which are found in every breast, his control over himself is gone. His brother man is hurried into eternity with as little concern as a fly is crushed on the wall."

Readers of the daily press and persons familiar with the proceedings of criminal courts can confirm this testimony. It is folly to speak compassionately of a man who commits a murder as having acted on a sudden impulse, if he has deliberately placed a deadly weapon in his pocket and thén excited his passions with liquor. A man who acts so is morally guilty of premeditated murder, for he has taken effective measures toward the commission of the crime.

The American Baptist Missionary Union's receipts from donations and legacies during the past month amount to $95,000, which sum exceeds the receipts of the corresponding month of the previous year by $35,000, and is the largest sum ever received in one month. The total receipts for the year, from donations and legacies, are $191,043.85, which amount will no doubt be increased by at least $50,000 from other sources. The debt has been reduced to $8000.

A Man Guillotined Himself at Chelsea, Mass., a few days ago. He had been depressed in spirits owing to ill-health. With strange eccentricity he chose as the means of death the guillotine, the instrument which obtained such notoriety in the first French Revolution. He secretly constructed it in his barn. Two joists served for the uprights, and he fastened a solid block of wood between their lower ends, with a hollow for his neck. A piece of plank was arranged to slide between the joists. On the lower edge of this plank the blade of a broad axe was securely fastened, and on the top rested fifty pounds of stone in a box. A tin pail with holes punctured in its bottom was so fixed, that being filled with water at the outset, it would release the axe when a certain quantity of water had leaked out. It is supposed that the man had experimented carefully with his guillotine, for it seems to have worked exactly as intended. He was found under the instrument with his head cut off. The heinous crime of self-murder was in this case deliberately planned and carefully executed.

A Novel Method of Overcoming a bad Habit is said to have been adopted by Chief-Justice Oliver Ellsworth, who resolved to cure himself of the habit of snuff-taking, which had acquired undue power over him. He took his snuff-box to *an unoccupied room in the garret* of his house and left it there. When he wanted a pinch of snuff he had thus to ascend and descend several flights of stairs in order to obtain it. The judge soon became tired of taking snuff under such self-imposed difficulties.

Mr. Williams, who Assisted Mr. Moody at St. Louis, and who was charged with abandoning his wife, but was subsequently proved to be entirely innocent of the charge, has instituted a suit for libel against a newspaper. The article complained of purported to give an accurate account of Mr. Williams' married life, with strong comments on his desertion of his wife. Some woman had claimed the preacher as her husband, who had deserted her long before, but Mr. Williams was proved to have been *a boy four years old* at the time the woman's marriage was contracted. The newspaper has confessed damages to the extent of $5000, and has offered to pay that sum to Mr. Williams. This will perhaps make the writers for the secular press more careful in publishing infamous, and groundless charges against the ministers of God (Psa. 7:15).

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are on Sale at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

ON WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU?

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me."—EXODUS 32:26.

The Question of Moses—The Secret of his Power—One Man Saved the Cause—I. The Decision—1. On a Most Important Theme—2. Should be Taken as Early as Possible—3. It will Influence all Future Decisions—4. The Decision should not be Difficult—5. It Involves but One Alternative—II. The Avowal—1. It Implies a Coming Out—2. A Coming to the Leader—3. To One Another—III. With the Avowal should come Consecration—Every Man on the Lord's Side should Obey His Will—Serve Him with Energy and Activity—At all Hazard and Cost—The Worship of the Golden Calf pretty General Now—What a Man is Worth—Beware of Superstition in Association with Worship—Of Sinful Amusements.

DURING the last few days, in which the stir of a general election has moved the most quiet of our streets, every one of you must have been asked many times on which side you are. Some are enthusiastic on this side, and some are quite as warm on the other, and the interest of all ranks and classes is aroused. Now that the Lord's day has come I hope you will forget all about politics and listen to me while I ask a far more important question, namely, "*Who is on the Lord's side?*" May God grant us grace to give an honest answer, and may that answer be, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

Before I enlarge upon this exceedingly personal and practical question, I must ask you to remember the man who asked it. It was Moses who put this question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" and he put it to Israel when sin was rampant in the camp. It is well to remember that he stood there as *a lone man*, the solitary champion of Jehovah, and challenged the whole nation to decide for God. His own brother had practically deserted him, and become the means of making the golden calf; the seventy elders who ought to have been by his side were none of them present with him; except his lieutenant Joshua, he stood alone in the midst of the multitude just when they were intoxicated with their lustful pleasures and their fanatical worship.

He was *equal to the emergency.* Thoughtless altogether of his own safety, dauntless, brave, and bold, he dashes down their idol, and commands it to be ground small and cast into the water of which the nation would drink. He upbraids them to their faces, and strides among them, as much superior to them all as a shepherd is superior to the flock he tends. You admire his courage, you wonder at his supreme power, and you inquire for the secret of such sovereign strength.

Moses must have worn about him a dignity most commanding, a royalty far superior to that which comes of birth or office. Know you not whence he derived that majesty? He had been for forty days alone with God. Heavenly communion makes a man strong. He had been in the secret place of the Most High: he had spoken with God face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend, and it was not likely that he should fear the face of man after having seen the face of God.

There stood Moses, like a lone rock in the midst of the tempestuous sea. The tumult of the people raged around him, but he was firm and unmoved. He became indeed the one fixed point upon which the very existence of true religion depended. All the partisans of godliness remaining in the camp, hidden and concealed, rallied to his call, and *the one man saved the cause.*

So has it been in history, not once nor twice, but many a time. A single determined man, full of God's Spirit, has confronted the whole mass of the people, has breasted the rushing torrent of popular prejudice, and has not only stemmed the current, but turned it in the opposite direction, even as Moses did. Being girt with the power of God, and having learned to dwell on high, the one believer has become the heroic leader of a band of earnest hearts.

Thus much concerning Moses. God make us to be like him. Let us now consider Moses' question and command: "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." I think I see here three very important points. The first is *decision*—a man must be on the Lord's side. Secondly, here is *avowal*, "Let him come unto me:" if he be on the Lord's side, do not let him skulk away in his tent, but let him confront the adversary. And, thirdly, here is *consecration*, for those on the Lord's side were to come to Moses, that they might do the Lord's bidding, and fight the Lord's battles at all hazards.

I. First, then, here is

THE DECISION,

or being on the Lord's side.

1. *It is a decision upon the most sublime and important theme* which can ever come under a man's notice. Here are the two camps, God and Satan, truth and falsehood, holiness and sin. On which side are we ranged? When I see a man pausing as it were between the two hosts, and saying to himself, "Which shall have my heart? Which shall command my service?" I feel that he tarries in a position at once hazardous and sublime, for whichever that choice shall be *it means eternity;* it means heaven and all its glories, or it means hell with all its terrors.

About all other matters you should go to work with such a measure of consideration as they deserve, but to this business you must bring your weightiest thought; you must concentrate all your wit and wisdom, and judge and decide upon this matter with all calmness and deliberation, but with all solemnity of resolution and sternness of determination, so that having once made your choice by the directing grace of God you may stand to that choice world without end.

Are there any here who have not decided upon this point? It is time you did, for it is a dreadful thing for a man to be standing there, midway between God and the devil, between Christ and Belial, between heaven and hell, for, whether he knows it or not, that midway place which he thinks he occupies is really on the wrong side. So our Lord Jesus judges it—"He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

2. This decision, dear friends, so important and weighty, *should be made as early as possible.* It is not a matter which we can afford to leave in the balances, hanging in suspense. Oh that young people would think of this, and not waste the best part of their lives in halting between two opinions! When Agesilaus came to the borders of Macedon he sent the laconic message, "As friends or as enemies?" The answer was, "We must stop awhile, and take advice." His reply was, "*While you advise, we march.*"

Happy is that young man who can say to others, "While you are considering, I have decided; while you are hesitating, I have pushed on and given my heart to God; while you are temporizing, I have already entered into conflict with sin, and death, and hell; while you are counting the cost, I have already reckoned the reproach of Christ to be greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt." Happy he who first crosses the Rubicon of decision, drawing his sword against sin, and throwing away the scabbard, that he may never make truce or treaty with the foe.

3. This is a decision of the greatest importance, for *it will influence every subsequent decision throughout life.* If God's grace shall lead me to say, "Yes, write my name down in the roll of champions on the Lord's side," then from that day forth every other question will be read in the light of that decision. If you are on God's side, whatsoever things are pure, honest, and of good report will find a friend in you. You will never be on the side of drunkenness, nor on the side of oppression, injustice, or war; for in being on the side of God you are the advocate of sobriety, justice, and peace.

True religion is meant for field and street, for polling-booth and market: it gives a tincture to everything with which the man comes in contact, and, find him where you will, you see that he is on the Lord's side, because he is on the right side. The follower of Jesus takes that side which for a season may be unpopular, but which is, according to the law and to the testimony, right in the sight of God. Take care, then, how you make your decision as to God, since on that pivot your whole character will turn.

4. As to this decision *there ought to be no possible difficulty.* A man should decide for God, since He is his Creator. Dare you think of being opposed to Him that made you, and who can crush you as easily as a moth? He is our Redeemer, the Lord that bought us with His blood: is it possible that we can be on any other side than His? He is our daily Preserver, in whose hand our breath is, and can we live in antagonism to Him? Our relation to our God ought to be an easy question to decide when we recollect our obligations.

Who wants time to debate when the way is plain? And yet *it is sadly true that, through our sinfulness, an honest, sincere, practical decision is not soon arrived at.* No, it never will be arrived at except the Holy Spirit shall influence our minds and deliver us from the thraldom of our sinful lusts.

5. One other remark must be made: *this decision involves but one alternative.* If we are not on God's side, we are on the opposite side. All through the word of God there is no preparation made for a third party. There is a very numerous body of people who try to inhabit *the Betweenites.* They will, if they can, go on both sides, or on neither side; they want to be let alone: they wish to keep themselves to themselves, and say nothing and do nothing either way.

Now, there is no preparation made for you either in this world or in the next: there is no synagogue of the undecided on earth, and no purgatory of middle men in the unseen world. As to this world, there is no comfort held out to you; you are not praised, but you are denounced by the Scriptures, and even cursed most bitterly, for not coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty. You are regarded as enemies to God until you are His friends; and it must be so, for he that is not honest is dishonest, he that is not chaste is impure, and he that is not for God is necessarily against Him.

It is a matter about which *a soul cannot be colorless:* so far from this being possible, this matter is one about which there is usually much intensity of feeling one way or another; for God hath fervent friends and bitter foes. All great questions raise in men's minds strong movements one way or the other, and this greatest of questions is sure to do so.

II. Secondly, let us consider

THE AVOWAL.

"Who is on the Lord's side? *let him come unto me.*" The Hebrew is more sharp. It reads like this: "Who is on Jehovah's side? To me." It is like the cry of one who strikes the first blow in war, and, unfurling the standard, summons men to enlist. "For God—to me." "If you really are His servants, come and gather to me."

1. In this avowal there is, first of all, *a coming out.* They were to come out from amongst the idolaters. You who are on the Lord's side, away in your tents, whither you have gone that you might not join with the riotous crowd—come to me! You that are away there in the furtherest limits of the camp, who have gone to be quiet from all this noise and uproar—come into the gate of the camp to me, and show yourselves. None must hide their colors this day.

Now then, I say this morning to you who are on God's side, do not conceal your religion; be not wickedly reticent; be not ungratefully retiring, but come forward. "Come ye out from among them; be ye separate; touch not the unclean thing." There is too little separation from the world nowadays among Christian professors.

I do not wonder at the question *a little girl asked of her mother* when she had been read the New Testament: "Mother, don't you th it would be very nice if we could all move aw and go and live where there are Christians Her mother said, "Why, there are many Ch tians around us." "Oh no, mother—not l those I have been reading of in the New Te ment." I am afraid the child was right, thou there are some New Testament Christians e here. I wish there were many more who in things followed not the fashions of the world: the follies of the times, but walked with Go the separated path where Jesus' footsteps seen.

2. This avowal, however, was not a mere c ing out only: they were to *come to the lea* Moses stood there and said, "Let him come *me.*" He stood there as God's representat and seemed to say, "I am on God's side; t is no question about that, though I stand alo now let others who are on God's side com me." "Ah!" you say this morning, "we we had a leader bold and brave to whom could come." I reply, you have such a lea Where is he? He is gone into the hig heavens, but your faith may see Him. It is Lord Jesus Christ who is first and foremos God's side: He proved it by His life, and pr it by His death, and this morning He bids that are on God's side to come to Him.

3. And yet there is this much more abo Those who were to come to Moses were of co to *come to one another.* When Moses said, " is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto He was virtually gathering a church, and listing an army of men whose hearts God touched. Such came forth at Moses' Come, then, ye that love the Lord, come join with others who think as you do. Do birds of a feather flock together?

Friend, if I am on the Lord's side, and art on the Lord's side, why should w strangers to one another? There are few en to stand up for Christ; surely they ought knit together in closest affection. Unit strength, and as we have no strength to s let us be united. Come forth you that kno Lord, and avow your allegiance by joining others who love your King: enlist unde same Captain, and inscribe your names i same muster-roll.

III. In the third place, with this avowal sl come

CONSECRATION.

Those who are on the Lord's side shoul merely give their names, but give thems When we are on the side of Christ, we belo Christ. Every man who really is on the l side should feel that he is *bound to obey God's*

I thank God that I learned this lesson first I knew the Saviour. I did not think in matters of religion I was to follow my f or any other good man. It seemed to m God had put into my hand the Bible, and to read it, I was to find out with diligent s ing whatever the Lord taught me in that and I was to believe and to do as His taught me. I feel it now to be a great co to my heart that *I took nothing at second-* I received my doctrine not of men, neither taught it, but I went directly to the well- and drank from the source itself, by the ing of the Spirit of God. I want you all this.

Do not follow a church; do not follo great preacher; pin yourself to no man's To the law and to the testimony, if they not according to this word it is because t no light in them. If everybody would there might still remain diversities of judg but I am inclined to think that unity in do and in practice would be far sooner attai this habit than by any other means. If ea would go to the Word for himself, and no settle down in *an "ism" learned from so else,* we should know the truth and come to in our views of it. *A Spartan in the mi battle* was about to kill his foe; his swo uplifted as the trumpet sounded a retreat, back his weapon ; and when one said, " Why you allow him to escape?" he replied, " I ld sooner obey my general than kill an nny." For a Christian there is nothing like bedience. " To obey is better than sacrifice, n to hearken, than the fat of rams." Let us that.

hen we come to be on the Lord's side we not only to be willing to obey His will, but *re to serve Him actively and energetically.* des said to these men, " Gird every man his d upon his thigh." You are not to enlist he Lord's side to idle away your time. s of people think when they get into osom of the church that they are to sleep like babes in their mothers' arms. The coach goes by, and they climb to a box f they can, and ride ; but the idea of ever ng the coach, the idea of working for the r, enters not into their heads. It must e so with us. We must throw our activities ur energies into the side which is God's, as the tribe of Levi fought valorously st the rebellious people.

we must do this at all hazards and costs. men had a very painful duty to perform. were made executioners of their brethren, vere found guilty of high treason against heir King. It cost their hearts much to ery man his brother or friend, but if they them obdurate in their idolatry they were manded to slay them without mercy, and id so. Their hand did not spare, neither eir eye have pity upon any who persisted ellion. They were thorough with God, must we be. When you join Christ's there must be a cutting off of right arms plucking out of right eyes if necessary ; nust be a mortifying of the flesh with its ons and lusts. We are called to a battle must prepare for it, and not be afraid.

, because these men were thus faithful to ey were made the teachers of Israel ever rd. They were to be preserved and made han conquerors because of their stern ness. They had smitten through the f God's enemies, and now the prayer of n of God breathes this blessing over them ss, Lord, his substance, and accept the f his hands : smite through the loins of hat rise against him, and of them that im, that they rise not again." Levi God's enemies. God will smite His enemies. Those who mind God's work shall find d works for them.

ld have every man who is on the Lord's d who has avowed it, follow the Lord's all things, cost what it may. You will he Bible doctrines which the world will e as harsh : hold them, and let them cruel if they please. You will have to stern doctrines which will smite the tall human pride, and thwart the pleasing ons of fleshly minds ; publish them less. God will justify you in so doing, dicate you from all aspersions. Allow vations. Make no provision for the fulfil the lusts thereof. If you are " a f the cross, a follower of the Lamb," it to do what God bids you.

in conclusion to show the suitability of ct to this present time. I am sure it is of season. " Who is on the Lord's et him come to Christ and consecrate his day to Him. For first,

SHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF IS PRETTY GENERAL NOW.

e esteemed according to the amount of hich they possess ; indeed, we say a worth so much." Though *the man be worth a pair of old shoes,* yet if he house, a fair estate, and a huge capital, d to be worth so much. Poor little In many cases his worth might be *your thumb-nail.* It is not the man worth : his house, his lands, and his the worth, but not the man.

ant that none of us may ever be found ng the golden calf. Yet to get into *society* the meanest things are done. I do not know what sort of thing *society* may be, but I have heard that it is a very wonderful achievement to get into society ! to have the privilege of enjoying the empty ceremonies and hollow shams of stupid splendor ! To have the privilege of talking to those persons who spend more on their dress than on their religion. From what little I do know of this wonderful thing called " society," I have felt no ambition to partake in its felicities ; and yet to get into society I have seen men fling away their principles, forsake their friends, stifle their consciences, abandon their church fellowship, and become traitors to their God. The Lord save those of you who are prosperous from being thus degraded.

The next thing you need to be firm and strong about is *the superstitions which are too often associated with religious worship.* Remember, God is to be worshipped, and God only. That is the essence of the first commandment ; but God is to be worshipped in His own way—that is the essence of the second commandment. The first is, " Thou shall have no other God," and the second virtually is, " Thou shalt not make any graven image to represent God, nor bow down to it, nor worship it."

Moses made the rebellious *people drink their God,* as a punishment, but in these times persons live among us who literally eat their God as an act of devotion. The high spiritual mystery in which we are described as spiritually feeding upon our Lord Jesus has my deepest and most solemn reverence, but the superstitious opinion that men can and do literally eat the flesh of Christ under the form of consecrated bread arouses my abhorrence and disgust.

The worship of what is called the Blessed Sacrament is as vile an idolatry as the worship by the Egyptians of onions and other pot-herbs which grew in their own gardens. There is not a pin to choose between the one and the other : and yet this is getting to be common. Bread, which is nothing but bread, and when you have said all you can say over it still remains bread, must not be produced in a court of law ; or if it be so produced, a great bishop, who should know better, assures his brethren that he has taken care that it is reverently consumed. I wonder what became of the mouldy bread ?

Oh, that ever I, an Englishman, should be forced to believe that another Englishman in this nineteenth century *reverences the baker's paste !* Great God in heaven, is this the country of Latimer ? is this the land of Gospel light ? or have we clean gone back to Rome, and all its idolatries ? I want you to be very stiff and straight about this. Do not pay religious honor to any thing which can be seen by the eyes ; worship no symbol, however ancient : *worship God only.* Abhor every act which approximates to reverence paid to pictures, images, crucifixes, pyxes, wafers, chalices, or altars. Away with the whole idolatrous business : no epithet of scorn will be misapplied if it be turned against these superstitions.

I will not now quote the words of ridicule which our fathers poured upon this wickedness, but I beseech you follow them in sternly refusing by word, or look, or sign to pay the slightest regard for objects of superstitious reverence, lest by mingling with the heathen you incur their guilt. These idolatrous Israelites would have pleaded that they did not worship the golden calf, but they worshipped Jehovah, under the figure of a bull ; and then they said, " See what a beautiful emblem it is ! The bull is the image of strength, and God is almighty. How instructive it is ! The ox ploughs our fields, and so produces our harvests—what a teaching symbol of the goodness of God ! Many of the common people will learn more from this than from a sermon."

Certain artistic people would add, each one in his own manner, " This symbolic worship is so tasteful that it helps me to worship. When I was in the camp, and there was no golden image, I could never enter into such a bare worship, but I greatly admire this decorous and hearty service. The extemporary prayers of Moses and his brother were too poor for me. *That beautiful bull is æsthetic,* and arouses thought and emotion, and the ceremonial of Apis is to my mind quite a model. Give me a little of Israelitish-Egyptian, in which you have the old embellished by the new, and by the help of music and genuflections I can indeed adore." You know who they are who talk in this fashion nowadays.

The next point is, I would to God we were on the Lord's side in view of the

SINFUL AMUSEMENTS

which appear to have such charms for many that even Christian people go quite as far as they should in reference to them. When they had bowed before this golden calf they " rose up to play," and very pretty play it was. It does not bear explanation. There is about the world a good deal of this " playing." Beware of every amusement which prevents your redeeming the time, or tends to pollute the mind.

We have better joys than the wanton and the foolish can bring to us. We say of a pastime—if this is pure and clean, if this is health-giving to the body, or restful and invigorating to the mind, we are not led by any old-fashioned whim to denounce it, and we do not denounce it : but if about it there is a taint of vice or a temptation that way, or if it be mere folly, we cannot endure it. We venture not where Jesus could not have gone. We would not go where we should be afraid to die, or should tremble to hear *the trumpet announcing the coming of the Lord.* Stern teaching this. Are you enough on the Lord's side to bear it ?

I pray God to put backbones into modern professors. Every other part of their bodies seem to grow firm except their spinal column, which remains soft and easily distorted. We want to be made resolute and faithful on the Lord's side. " Oh," says one, " these are small points." Yes, but I want you to be like the Spartan who painted on his shield a fly. " Your escutcheon is very small," said one. " True," said he, " but I hold it very close to the enemy." If our points of conscience seem to be small, so much the more need that we hold them in the very faces of those who think little of the things of God.

Lastly, we need firm decision for God, and bold avowal of it in *this day of general tampering with principle.* Numbers of people whom we meet say, " You are right, no doubt, but—" Now, the Christian way of talking is, " If it be right we know no ' but ' !" " Oh, yes," says one, " I agree that it is the straight thing, and yet—" A genuine Christian has no " and yets." If words plainly mean such and such a thing, he uses them in that sense, and not in an unnatural sense, and he never dares to say, " I know that such and such things are wrong, and they trouble my conscience, but still you see I am doing a vast amount of good, and we must submit to a little evil in order to gain a great good."

The plain Christian will do no evil that good may come : he loathes the Jesuitical notion. He believes that it is a great evil to attempt to do good by doing evil. To him truth, right, the teaching of God, the will of Christ, are supreme objects. Oh that you all possessed this spirit and were steadfast in it ! In your family circle, in your business everywhere, be true, be thorough, be upright, be godlike, be Christlike, and may the divine Spirit help you to this, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Exodus 32.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it ; and for its weekly circulation of more than 175,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people, Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A MIDSHIPMAN'S FIRST VOYAGE.

By Commander W. H.

I WAS thirteen years of age when I was recommended, about half a century ago, as a first-class volunteer to Commander P. C. Handfield, who was at that time appointed to commission H. M. brig Delight, at Plymouth. I arrived at Plymouth by the tender which conveyed *pressed* seamen and the *sweepings of gaols* to man the numerous ships of our navy. I was sent on board the receiving frigate, where all these men had to be examined, and from thence drafted to different men-of-war ships. My captain was on board selecting men, and I was introduced to him.

He was a fine, tall, handsome man, and very kind; but he and the other captains laughed heartily at my dress, for I was rigged out by my dear mother as an Hibernian Marine schoolboy. He sent me on board the Delight to his clerk, and directed him to take me to a tailor and put me in proper uniform.

Shortly after we sailed for the Mediterranean with despatches, and encountered severe contrary gales at S.W., in the Bay of Biscay. I was dreadfully sick, and was in the master's (now navigating officer's) watch: he was a fine sailor and a middle watcher, but *fond of his grog*, which he sent me down to the gun-room to bring up to him. If I had shown a taste for it, I would, no doubt, have contracted the same unfortunate propensity. When we arrived off Valetta, Malta, it was evening, and we had to wait, not having enough light to enter the harbor. The master had the first watch, from 8 P.M. until midnight; *he was not sober, and did not keep the ship off the land:* an awful gale came on, accompanied by thunder and lightning. In the second or middle watch the master was relieved by his mate, some of the guns broke loose, and the men who were employed to secure them observed by the flashes of lightning that we were quite *close to land.* All hands were piped up, and the anchor let go, and most providentially it firmly held.

Captain H. was sick in his cot bed; he came on deck in night clothes, and gave his orders with courage; and seeing that nothing else could save the ship and the lives of ninety-six men and boys, he at once ordered the masts and sails to be cut away, which was the means of preserving us all. The lightning flashes were so vivid that a pin could have been seen on the deck, and the thunder was truly dreadful. The *first lieutenant* had been suddenly awakened from his sleep by the captain's clerk, with the exclamation, "Mr. B., we are all lost!" When he came on deck he cried like a child, and was useless to the captain; from that night he lost his reason, and *died insane* a few months afterward, in the Greek Archipelago.

Strange to say, the captain himself was *completely cured* by the exertion and energy called forth by the peril. After the storm had subsided he summoned all the officers to his cabin, and offered up prayers for our preservation, which was indeed miraculous, for two days afterward, when the anchor was hove up, a strand of *cable* was found to be *cut through* by rocky anchorage. The monks in the island—near where St. Paul was shipwrecked—were seen offering up prayers for our safety. When the gale ceased the brig was towed into the harbor of Valetta. Sir Thomas Duckworth arrived about this time at Malta with a fleet of men-of-war, on his way to pass up the Dardanelles, for we were then at war with the Turks. The carpenters of the fleet were set to work to remast the Delight; and in an extraordinary short space of time she was rigged, sails bent, and we sailed for Milo, in the Archipelago, to hire pilots, to join the squadron, to take it to Constantinople.

While we were making the best of our way, *the new rigging stretched*, our topmasts were carried away, and the fleet passed us by, and went up the Dardanelles; we had to wait at the island of Tenedos until they reurned; we were then sent to Salonica and Corfu, and ultimately returned to England with despatches.

Captain H. always made the young midshipmen attend prayers in his cabin on Sunday, and as I could find out the usual prayers in the Prayer-book—of which others appeared ignorant—I became his gig midshipman and aide-de-camp, and he was my friend and patron. My second voyage to the Mediterranean was more disastrous. I have written this little narrative from a standpoint which looks back on a long vista of years. *I am now an old man*, and, dear reader, there is a day coming when we must all pass through a voyage which may prove either a storm or a calm according as we are prepared to meet it—I mean the last great passage of the soul from time into eternity. There is only one Pilot who can guide us in safety into the haven of rest, and that is—"JESUS CHRIST, *the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.*" He passed through the deep waters of death, and rose victorious over them. He is *willing* and *waiting* to pardon sinners, and save unto the uttermost.

FINDING "GIRL" IN THE BIBLE.

THE following incident, narrated by *The Evangelist*, shows that events which are often called "coincidences" are really the fulfilment of God's promises to His children (Prov. 3 : 6).

An English town missionary often passed a lodging-house in his district which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by his friend, who feared that his life would be thereby endangered. He became at length so uneasy, that he determined to risk all consequences, and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out, "Who's there?" and at the same moment a vicious-looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away.

'Let him come in and see who he is and what he wants," growled out the same voice. The missionary walked in, and bowing politely to the rough-looking man whom he had just heard speak, said:

"I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood to read with and talk to the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish also to talk with you and your lodgers."

"Are you what is called a town-missionary?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the fierce-looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you *a question out of the Bible.* If you answer me right, you may call at this house and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like; if you do not answer me right, we will tear your clothes off your back and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that?—for I am a man of my word."

The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said:

"I will take you."

"Well, then," said the man, "here goes. Is the word *girl* in any part of the Bible? If so, where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question."

"Well, sir, the word *girl* is in the Bible, but only once, and may be found in the Book of Joel 3 : 3. The words are, 'And sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.'"

"Well," replied the man, "I am dead beat: I durst have bet five pounds you could not have told."

"*And I could not have told yesterday,*" said the visitor. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word girl, and got the Concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know, and does know, what will come to pass, and surely His hand is in this for my protection and your good."

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident has been overruled to the conversion of the man, his wife, and two of the lodgers.

WHAT COMING WARS MAY WE PECT?*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page 279.*)

**The Second Ascension—Apostary Reachin
Climax—A Chaotic Conflict and Mutual Sla
ter—The Dismay of Antichrist—The
Christian Trinity—Seven Months of Bur
The Commencement of the Millenium.**

At this critical juncture in the battle b
angels will be seen in rapid flight descendin
taking up to the heavens in

THE SECOND ASCENSION

the great multitude of all true Christians
surviving on the earth, including 144,000
verted Jews.†

So far from trembling at these visible t
of impending retribution, the latter-day Ph
will become more hardened in his determin
to struggle to the very last against the p
and the power of the Most High. No l
purposing simply to fight against human
such as the Jews, he now deliberately resol
"stand up against the Prince of princes,
to "make war with the Lamb," their I
Messiah, whom he perceives to be descend
contest with him the sovereignty of the
(Dan. 8 : 25 ; Rev. 17 : 14 ; 19 : 19).

An interval of two or three days is thei
cated to ensue; while human apostasy r
its most daring climax, in Antichrist, wi
armies, preparing personally to oppose and
the descent of Christ and His armies
earth; another Goliath in very deed enteri
lists against the Son of David; the Man
challenging to combat the God of heave
creature offering battle to his Creator. Tl
Antichristian hosts stand marshalled in h
defying desperation, with a lurid phos
glare reflected upon their ghastly counte
from above, when unexpectedly *a fright
mult* arises from all quarters of their can
confusion, as confounding as that of B
heard on every side.

The mutual hatreds and jealousies th
long been fermenting among the vario
tions of the heterogeneous and ill-as
troops will burst forth in a tempest of irr
ble fury. "Every man's sword will be
his fellow." Syrians, Turks, Greeks, Egy
English, French, Spaniards, Italians, Ge
Lybians, Russians—all will be mingled
chaotic, fierce, and sanguinary conflict of
slaughter. "Every horse will be smitte
blindness and his rider with madness.'
cavalry soldiers, changed in a moment i
ing maniacs, and mounted upon frenzied
rendered unmanageable by instantaneou
vation of sight, will naturally discharg
fire-arms and unsheath their swords with
ferocity against their fellow-companions
right hand and on the left, as if contendi
their most mortal foe (Zech. 12 : 4 ;
Ezek. 38 : 21).

The battle-field will speedily resemble
mense shambles swimming in blood,
strewn with reeking masses of palpitatir

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by
Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each
First pamphlet contains "Ten Signs of the
Description of Approaching Events," with t
and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet*
valuable quotations from Forty Expositors
events. Address, 63 Bible House, New Yor

† In the literal fulfilment of Revelation d
five years between the First and Second As
at Christ's Second Advent, the 144,000 i
are entirely Jews caught up in the Secon
sion after the three and a half years' persec
the 144,000 in Rev. 14 are not stated to be
all, but are the Wise Virgins (verse 4, see a
25), and are evidently caught up in the
cension before the three and a half years'
tion. Thus the 144,000 in Rev. 7 are to
tinct from those in Rev. 14. The seve
seventh trumpet, and seventh vial in their
fulfilment last during the final five years, an
literal day fulfilment extend over the final
The seventh seal, mentioned in Rev. 8 : 1
described throughout in Rev. 19.

according to the prediction " that the blood shall come up even unto the horses' bridles by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs" (Rev. 14 : 20).

THE CARNAGE

will be most terribly appalling. Gushing torrents of the purple tide of life will flow profusely over the grassy plain, like the bubbling cataracts of the antediluvian inundation, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up. In strange unison with the war-whoops and din of strife will be heard the shrill scream of the eagle, the wild cry of the vulture, and the hoarse croak of the raven, as dense swarms of birds of prey wheel overhead, and expectantly contemplate this transition of the flower of earth's armies into food for the fowls of the air and beasts of the field. And lions and tigers and leopards will hasten from their mountain lairs to revel upon the unwonted feast (Ezek. 39 : 17 ; Rev. 19 : 17 ; Ezek. 29 : 5).

Nor will the sword alone devour the vast majority of these warriors that are predicted then to meet their doom. Great hailstones, and fire and brimstone, will be rained down upon the horror-stricken combatants, and an earthquake, greater than ever before known, will violently shake the globe from its centre to its circumference, casting down the cities of the nations and every wall to the ground, and imparting to Megiddo's plains a spasmodic shudder, by which, in many places, hundreds may be engulfed, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, in the yawning chasm. And the flesh of many of them shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongues shall consume away in their mouth" (Rev. 16 : 21, 18 ; 11 : 19 ; Ezek. 38 : 20, 22 ; Zech. 14 : 12).

Meanwhile the Imperial Antichrist, gazing upon the scene with emotions of the deepest dismay, like those of his famed ancestor at Waterloo, when the line of the Old Guard wavered and broke, is suddenly seized by the celestial executioners of the judgment written, and, together with his inseparable companion, the Roman Pontiff, hurled headlong—precipitated alive into the flaming lake of Tophet. Thus will the two confederate political and ecclesiastical heads of the apostate Roman empire descend into the lake of fire, in their bodies, *without dying*, many centuries before Satan or the resurrected wicked are cast into it : just as Enoch and Elijah have ascended to heaven in their bodies, without dying, many centuries before the resurrection of the righteous (Rev. 19 : 20 ; Isaiah 14 : 22 ; 30 : 27–33 ; Dan. 7 : 11 ; 8 : 25 ; [illegible]5 ; 2 Thess. 2 : 8).

But although two out of the three persons of the *Antichristian trinity* of the dragon, the wild beast and the false prophet, then sink down side by side into everlasting burnings, yet the first of them, Satan the Dragon, will at that time undergo a different fate by being bound with a great chain, and condemned to spend the Millennium separately in the bottomless pit—there to brood in gnawing despair over the ignominious discomfiture of his nefarious plots (Rev. 20 : 1–3 ; Isa. 24 : 21, 22).

At the closing crisis of the above-mentioned battle of Armageddon, the Lord Jesus having visibly descended upon Mount Olivet with all His saints, who had previously been caught up in the first and second Ascensions, and having in the greatness of His strength rent asunder that ancient mountain, from its summit to its base, will be looked upon and acknowledged by the beleaguered Jews in Jerusalem, with deep contrition for their past unbelief, as the promised Messiah whom their forefathers wickedly pierced. And becoming then suddenly converted, according to the typical example of the Apostle Paul, by the personal manifestation of the long-rejected Saviour, they will afterward most zealously preach the Gospel of Christ to those who are left alive among the Gentile nations (Zech. 14 : 4 ; 12 : 9, 10 ; Jude 14 ; Isaiah 63 : 1 ; 61 : 6 ; 11 : 9, 10 : 60 : 3, 11).

Comparatively few survivors will be found anywhere, except among the heathen ; for at this crisis the incorrigible and unrepentant will be cut off by devouring fire being sent upon them. But even some of the combatants at Armageddon will be spared in the general slaughter, and converted and sent as missionaries to the unevangelized communities afar off, and will be instrumental in persuading them to " cast their idols to the moles and to the bats," and to bow down and worship before Jesus only. Simultaneously the dispersed Jews, wheresoever found, will be brought in triumph to Jerusalem as a present to the Lord of hosts (Ezek. 39 : 6 ; Isaiah 66 : 16, 19, 20 ; 2 : 20 ; Dan. 7 : 27 ; Zech. 9 : 10 ; Rom. 11 : 15 ; Isaiah 60 : 9).

The herculean task of burying the slain that fall at Armageddon will occupy the Jews for seven months, and they will not finish the work of burning all the wood found amid the wreck and fragmentary ruins of the battlefield until the end of seven years. Jerusalem will become the earth's millennial metropolis, to which multitudes from every nation will make annual pilgrimages, and Rome, the long-established centre of the world's apostasy, will, by a volcanic earthquake, be rendered a permanent lake of sulphurous flames, in which the Antichristian leaders will apparently be placed during the Millennium, as visible monuments of the enkindled wrath of the Anointed Lamb (Ezekiel 39 : 9, 12 ; Isaiah 51 : 2, 3 ; 9 : 14 ; Micah 4 : 1 ; Zech. 14 : 16 ; Rev. 18 ; 19 : 3 ; Isaiah 66 : 23, 24 ; Ps. 2 : 12).

The few remaining inhabitants of the earth will rapidly increase and multiply during the ten centuries of the Millennium, under the government of the Lord Jesus and the glorified saints, who will come down from day to day from the Heavenly Jerusalem visibly to reign over them, and " the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Rev. 20 : 21 ; Ezek. 40 to 48 Isaiah 11 : 9).

THE MILLENNIUM.

The condition of the earth at the commencement of the Millennium of a thousand years spoken of in the twentieth of Revelation, is also described in the twenty-fourth of Isaiah. " The inhabitants of the earth are burned, and few men left." The few unconverted that are thus left and spared after the two ascensions of the righteous will become, for the most part, truly converted, and constitute the nucleus of the new population that will speedily refill the entire globe.

As the general conflagration, depicted by St. Peter, does not take place until the end of these thousand years of the Day of the Lord, the state of society and of the nations during that period will be somewhat the same as now, except that, instead of " the whole world lying in wickedness," as at present, it will then come to pass that " the earth will be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea" (Ezek. 39 : 6 ; Isaiah 24 : 6 ; 66 : 16 ; Jude 15 ; 2 Thess. 1 : 8 ; 2 Peter 3 : 10 ; 1 John 5 : 19 ; Isaiah 11 : 9 ; Habak 2 : 14).

Then shall Christ have " the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession ;" and " the idols He shall utterly abolish ;" " He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth ;" " for all nations shall come and worship before Him ;" and there shall be given to the Son of Man " dominion and glory and a kingdom, that all people and nations and languages should serve him ;" and " the kingdom, and dominion, and greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High ;" " and they shall reign with Christ over the earth for a thousand years" (Psalm 2 : 8 ; Isaiah 2 : 18 ; Zech. 9 : 10 ; Psalm 72 : 8 ; Rev. 15 : 4 ; 11 : 15 ; 20 ; Psalms 86 : 9 ; 66 : 3, 4 ; Dan. 7 : 14, 27 ; 2 : 44 ; Rev. 20 : 6 ; 5 : 10).

People will then cease to maintain standing armies, or formidable navies : for " they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks ; nation shall not lift up sword against nation ; neither shall they learn war any more ; but they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid." The fertility of the soil will be also greatly increased : for " the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose" (Micah 4 : 3, 4 ; Isaiah 2 : 4 ; Hosea 2 : 18).

Venomous reptiles will become innocuous, and the beasts of prey will lose their savage natures ; and the lion and bear shall graze peaceably beside the flocks and herds ; " the wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock" (Isaiah 11 : 6, 7, 8 ; 65 : 25 ; Ezek. 34 : 25 ; Hosea 2 : 18).

Mankind will, however, still continue subject to death, which does not cease until after the Millennium ; but *patriarchal length of life* will specially be allotted to the Jews ; for amongst them " the child shall die a hundred years old," and " their days shall be as the days of a tree" (Rev. 20 : 14 ; Isaiah 65 : 20, 22). All the Jews surviving Antichrist's persecution will have been restored to Palestine, and will become all righteous and truly converted, and shall all " know the Lord, from the least even unto the greatest," as will also a very large proportion of the Gentiles (Isaiah 60 : 21 ; Jer. 31 : 31–34 ; 32 : 36-44 ; 33 : 7–16; Ezek. 11 : 17–20 ; 28 : 25, 26 ; 34 : 13, 25, 26 ; 36 : 24–28, etc., and in the minor prophets).

According to the fourteenth of Zechariah, there will, however, always remain among the Gentiles some feigned and insincere converts to Christianity, coercively ruled by Messiah, " with a rod of iron," and sometimes insubordinately refusing to attend the annual feast of tabernacles at Jerusalem, to which multitudes from every nation will make yearly pilgrimages ; and at last, after the Millennium, these feigned converts will break out into the Gog and Magog rebellion (Psalm 2 : 9 ; Rev. 19 : 15 ; Zech. 14 : 16–19 ; 8 : 20, 22 ; Isaiah 2 : 1, 3 ; 66 : 23 ; Rev. 20 : 8, 9). *This second rebellion* of the Magog nations is plainly after the Millennium ; but their first insurrection, described in Ezek. 38, is at the Armageddon War before the Millennium.

Nevertheless, if only half of the millennial population shall be truly righteous, there will then be a greater number of righteous persons on the earth in one generation than there have been altogether in all the past two hundred generations, because at present there are not estimated to be more than *four or five* million truly godly Christians among the existing *thirteen hundred* million inhabitants of this globe ; and, indeed, a thousand million are supposed to be heathen who have never heard of salvation through Jesus Christ.

Moreover, instead of merely thirteen hundred million, this earth is capable of containing, and very likely will contain in the Millennium, at least a hundred times that number of inhabitants.* At that time the twelve tribes of Israel will reoccupy Palestine, which will be divided afresh among them, and enlarged from the Mediterranean and the Nile to the Euphrates and Persian Gulf (Gen. 15 : 18 ; Ex. 23 : 31 ; Deut. 11 : 24 ; Josh. 1 : 4 ; Ezek. 47 : 13–21 ; 48).

The earthly Jerusalem, together with a new Jewish temple, will be rebuilt on a scale of unapproached magnificence, as described in the last nine chapters of Ezekiel, and in the latter part of Isaiah ; and will be nine miles square, or *eighteen thousand measures*, that is, about thirty-six miles in circumference (Ezek. 48 : 35).

(*To be continued.*)

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* This earth is eight thousand miles in diameter, and contains two hundred million square miles of surface, of which only sixty million square miles are dry land ; hence there are 38,400 million acres of land, at 640 acres to a square mile. And if we reckon that three fourths of this land surface will be cultivated, there will be three fourths of 38,400 million acres—that is, 28,800 million acres—under cultivation ; and then, computing an acre of soil of millennial fertility to produce every year enough food for seven persons, there would be thus sufficient food annually for seven times 28,800 million persons ; that is, just about 200,000 million persons, which would be 150 times greater number than the present population of 1,300 million people.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH

In London.

(*Continued from page 287.*)

When Ernest met Rose at the London terminus he was startled with a sudden and quite natural surprise at the loveliness of his little daughter. They had never been separated for a fortnight before, as they had been now; and memory is but a poor substitute for sight. Her face had lost its girlish quiet, but it had gained a higher beauty by the half-unconscious mournfulness which looked out through her blue eyes. Her smile was no longer bright and ready, but it had a world more tenderness in it; and her voice was less ringing, but softer and lower. She was no longer a child with no shadow of a care upon her; and it brought a sharp pain to his heart to perceive the change.

The lodgings he had taken seemed intolerably dingy and miserable for Rose, when he came to look at them through her eyes. He had surrounded her hitherto with every thing that was pretty and elegant — little dainties lying altogether outside his own life, but forming an important portion of hers; and it struck him keenly how comfortless and mean this new dwelling-place would appear to her. But how could he alter it? He was a poor man in quest of work; no holiday task in these times.

"I hope it will be only for a little while, my darling," he said, as Rose's eyes wandered from one shabby object to another; "very soon, as soon as possible, we will have a little home of our own, and you shall be the mistress of it."

"Father," murmured Rose, hiding her head on his breast, and lifting her hand caressingly to his anxious face, "father, I do not mind where —with you."

She fully believed it, and meant it as she spoke. Anywhere with her father. She roused herself, and tried to chatter and laugh like the Rose of old; stealing furtive glances at his altered face. For he too was changed. He looked old and grave compared with the rich and prosperous man who had found a welcome entrance into many a high circle.

It was the close of the season, and the special meetings had long been over, and the speeches made at them forgotten, except by the orators themselves. The county families, and the bishop with his wife and daughters, who had taken so much notice of Rose, had all gone out of town, and were scattered abroad. Sir John Fortescue only was in London, being kept there by the late parliamentary proceedings; but Ernest had not come across him. The correspondence that had passed between them made them mutually desirous to drop all acquaintance.

London, therefore, was changed. To Rose it was a mere labyrinth of hot and dusty streets, broiling under the August sunshine, with not a breath of fresh air to cool her fevered lips. Presently she found her way to Kensington Gardens, where there were green and leafy avenues and corners less frequented than others, where she could sit for hours undisturbed, panting for the breezy cliffs of Clifford, and pondering over the lost days of the spring-time, when life had stretched before her as one long holiday of unbroken joy and gladness. Was it possible that only three months parted her from that blissful time?

But for Ernest London was the hunting-ground for a livelihood for Rose and himself. He had seen his bishop, and given him a plain, unvarnished account of his first fault, and of the restitution he had made; and the bishop had offered him the first living that should fall into his gift. But he could not resolve to enter the Church again for a living. He had felt no real call. During the seven years in which he had been vicar of Clifford he had not kept the solemn injunction of his church: "See that you never cease your labor, your care and diligence, until you have done all that lieth in you, according to your bounden duty, to bring all such as are or shall be committed to your care, unto that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to that ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ, that there be no place left among you either for error in religion, or for viciousness in life."

He had not done that at Clifford. It was clear in his memory how irksome the duties of his pastoral office had been. Now that he knew more of the kingdom of God, and of eternal life, he marvelled at his own temerity in rushing into so sacred a post as the ministry. It would be impossible to him henceforth to take the charge of souls as a means of gaining a livelihood for himself.

If it had not been for Rose, he felt that he could have gone out as a missionary into some half-civilized communities, or some savage land, where his power of management and direction and his physical strength could have been turned to use. He would have gladly joined some mission enterprise that was full of difficulty and danger, and flung all his energy into it.

He made one or two inquiries in this direction, but he did not push them, for there was Rose to be considered, and Ruth. What could these two do without him? He must have a very distinct, emphatic call, an unmistakable assurance that it was the will of God, before he could forsake these two, as the disciples had forsaken all to follow Christ.

Somewhat heavy-hearted, he bethought himself at last of the editor of a religious newspaper, whose acquaintance he had made during the spring, when he had been the welcome speaker on several platforms. They had held some friendly converse together whenever they had chanced to meet; and he had struck Ernest as being a shrewd, sensible, keen-witted man. Such a man, if he was in truth a Christian, could be of service to him in his present straits. For Ernest's funds were ebbing fast, though he had no dread of actual poverty. It was with some difficulty that he penetrated to the editor's office, and when he reached it he was received with stiffness and coldness by his former acquaintance. The editor rose from his chair when he was announced, and did not sit down again, though he motioned him to a seat.

"You do not remember me?" asked Ernest, also standing.

"Quite well," he answered.

"You are, perhaps, aware of the change in my circumstances since I saw you last?" he resumed.

"Perfectly," was the reply.

"I have to begin life anew," continued Ernest.

"You are in orders," interrupted the editor; "your bishop was speaking kindly of you, the last time I saw him, at Sir Robert Fortescue's. There would be no difficulty in getting a curacy or a small living."

"I cannot take a charge again," he said, "unless as a missionary, where I should have something more than the routine work of an English parish. I had no right to be in the Church when I was there. I cannot, however, offer myself as a missionary at present, till I see whether my daughter could rough it with me. I want something to do for a while that I can do here till she grows accustomed to this great change."

"Sit down, Mr. Clifford," said the editor, resuming his chair, "and let us have a friendly chat together."

In another minute Ernest had entered once again upon a full narration of his story to this casual friend, whose face was half hidden from him by the hand that covered his eyes. When it was ended, he stretched out his hand to Ernest, and grasped his heartily.

"There's one post I know of you could enter into at once," he said, "but the salary is small —not more than three hundred pounds a year. We are looking out for a secretary for our mission to seamen. The duties are stiff. There are the chief seaports to visit, and to hold meetings at, where you would have to be the chief speaker; and now and then a sermon to preach on behalf of the mission. All the correspondence would fall to you, and the one clerk who is always at the office. There would be reports to write, and notices, etc., to newspapers, at tively put, you know. Of course we desire a thoroughly in earnest."

"I would take it gladly, if you think me able," said Ernest.

"You're the very man," replied the e heartily, "almost a seaman yourself. I sha the committee this very night, and they jump at you. We could never have hope get a man like you."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Ernest.

"What! for such a fall in the world?" the editor. "You were introduced to me a weeks ago as one of the leading men in county; and now you are going to be the elling secretary of a poor mission, yet i infancy."

Their eyes met with a frank, comprehe gaze, and both smiled as they shook hands with a friendly clasp.

"Thank God!" they ejaculated at the instant.

It was still the early autumn, but thoug sultry heat of the summer was gone, the st of London, with their ceaseless stir and cl of many sounds, were oppressive to the heart of Rose, pining for her native place, its fresh sea-breezes and tranquil silence. tude in the midst of a throng of fellow-crea was a new thing to her, for in Clifford every was familiar, and every tongue had some to say to her. There was something inex sibly painful to Rose's warm and girlish he passing a continuous stream of people, might be so many phantoms hurrying away some ghostly world of which she knew not and whither she could not follow them.

It was a relief to her when her father fo settled employment. He set about seeki house for Rose at once, in the suburbs, f could not think of planting his little cou bred daughter in the midst of streets, neither fresh air nor sunshine could come t readily. They fell in with a little old-fash cottage on Epping Forest, before the bea the autumn was over; and Ernest, seeing t struck Rose's fancy, immediately offered hi as tenant for it.

It stood at a short distance from one of the roads intersecting the Forest, upon an open resembling a village green, about which wer a few scattered dwellings, most of them than the cottage, and one or two of the mansions of wealthy people. Past the garden in front of their new home swe avenue of chestnut trees, on which the po brown nuts were just bursting through prickly husks.

It was this avenue that had caught Rose at first. Behind the house stretched the low glades of pollard trees and tangle of wood and bracken, and wild, uncultivated with shallow pools lying in the hollows, an and there clumps of old oak trees and m cent beeches which form the forest. Th cluded spot, within six miles of London, s almost as free from the din of traffic as C itself.

The wind, blowing softly through the and over the fields of fern and bramble cool and fresh. The sky was still as blu summer, and the leaves were only beginn change their dark green for brilliant hues low or crimson. Hollyhocks and sunflowe some late roses were blooming in the c garden. It seemed a paradise to Rose aft months of dreary solitude in the stifling of London.

Rose fought bravely against the *hearts and homesickness* that were pressing her ha undermining her strength. She laughed as as she had done in her old home, but it longer the merry, impulsive laughter, could be traced to no cause except that of mirthfulness. The servant, who had recommended to them by the wife of the fr editor, never saw her smile when her fath away. The absence of all familiar wounded Rose's eye.

The utter newness of the furniture, which she hoped to choose herself, contrasted painfully with the dear old household chattels at home, as she still called Clifford. All was strange, and to Rose strangeness was terrible. Very soon her father was necessarily occupied with his new engagements, which were many and various. Some of his work he could bring home, and Rose was never so happy as when he was busy among his papers, in the little room which was called his study.

(To be continued.)

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

S. S. Lesson for May 16th.—Matt. 22 : 1–14. Golden Text, verse 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE parable which forms our subject for to-day has evidently a primary application to the Jews, who as a nation have lost the privilege of being the bride of Christ. It is often confounded with that of Luke 14 : 16–24. There are some points of resemblance, but the difference between them is most essential. The feast of Luke 14 is evidently prepared for the guests, but in our parable we read, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage *for His Son.*" It is a type of God's joy, in which those who know Him are called to participate. We know well that enemies and strangers are not the guests usually bidden to a marriage feast; it is the near relations and the friends of years who are expected to throw themselves into the joy of those who shall be united. Consequently, while they who are bidden in the parable of Luke typify the unconverted, the appeal here is to the children of God, who are called away from their own joy, sorrows, interests, to enter into the joy of their Lord.

In the parable of Luke those who would not come made an excuse—there was a perception that things were not as they should be. In the question of mere safety from hell and destruction it is not difficult to awaken the unconverted thus far, to make at least an excuse for not being saved; everybody does this; and it is an acknowledgment of conviction stifled—it is a proof that the Holy Spirit has been doing His work and has been resisted. But they who were called unto the marriage made no excuse whatever—"*they made light of it.*" Oh, how truly does this represent the spirit of the religion of our day! Everything which is addressed to the selfish instinct of self-preservation is received, or at any rate recognized; men acknowledge the necessity of seeking after that which is best for themselves; but it needs the divine instincts of Christ's nature in order to enter into the teaching of Christianity, which is nothing for self, all for God.

"If any man will come after Me," said our blessed Lord, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me" (Matt. 16 : 24). There is a company "which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth" (Rev. 14 : 4); but these are "first-fruits," the best and ripest, because they have understood their vocation. The call to the bride in Ps. 45 : 10, 11 is in full accordance with what we have been saying: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him." Let us here learn a lesson. There can only be union where there is something which unites, and love which is unselfish can never unite with self. Thus, however much we may say that the Church is the bride of Christ, and however much we may claim to be one of her members, there is an utter impossibility of union with Him personally unless we possess the bride-spirit and become bride-souls.

The first requisite to the bride is silence: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider." We cannot listen to God's voice unless all is still within us—all questionings, all agitation, all energy of self. Our heavenly bridegroom is the Word. He wants in His bride one who is receptive, who can receive what He gives. "Incline thine ear:" there must be the bowing down, coming low to receive His instructions; and if we have any thing of the bride-spirit, and we still do not incline our ear, He will bring us to it in His own way by some physical or other suffering. He must have in his bride a reflection of Himself; she must be a mirror, a still lake where He manifests Himself.

The next requisite is, "Forget also thine own." All reference to self, all care for self, all consideration for, even all recognition of, self, must cease, that we may find ourselves only in Him. This was the life of Jesus. He "pleased not Himself" (Rom. 15 : 3), sought not His own (1 Cor. 13 : 5), but did always those things which pleased God (John 8 : 29). And unless we possess the same spirit we can no more be really united to Christ than oil can mix with water. How, then, obtain such a spirit? Beloved in Christ, all the power of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, is at work to produce this spirit in you and me, to wean us from self, and to make us divine. Believe this fully, and you will learn to understand and enter into God's dealings with you. And when a call comes, like that in our subject, to leave any thing you may be occupied with, however needful and important it may seem to be, do not hesitate to leave it, that you may be at God's disposal for all that He wills. Your part and mine is to yield ourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and our members as instruments of righteousness unto God (Rom. 6 : 13).

It is only when we learn to forget our own that the Lord can see beauty in us; and this beauty is "the beauty of the Lord our God" (Ps. 90 : 17); it is the divine nature (2 Pet. 1 : 4) of which we are made partakers if we escape "the corruption which is in the world through lust" ("epithumia," which means rather the strong desires of our natural will, the life of self, than fleshly lust); it is "the life of Jesus" . . . "manifest in our mortal flesh" (2 Cor. 4 : 11). But how glorious the anticipation! "Then shall the King greatly desire thy beauty." The bride in the Song of Solomon says, "My beloved is mine, and I am His" (Cant. 2 : 16); but *mine* is first and *His* is last. In Cant. 6 : 3 there is a change: "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine;" self is last here, He has increased, she has decreased (John 3 : 30), and the result is, "I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me" (Cant. 7 : 10). Now the King can greatly desire her beauty because it is His own.

In our parable, when the king sent forth his servants to call them which were bidden to the wedding "they would not come." The first appeal contained no other inducement than the marriage of the king's son. But now he adds other inducements: "Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready; come unto the marriage." In His tender love and consideration our Father tells us that there is something for us as well as for Him in the call to the marriage. But, alas! while the main call is not addressed to selfish interests, the bidden guests are not attracted by it. "They made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise." *Their* ways instead of *His* way, their interests before His. And so it is even now. Among the mass of those who are converted, how few leave their own interests for His! how often the farm, the merchandise, the position in society, take precedence of the love of souls!

And even amongst Christian workers and earnest winners of souls, how often we find the need for the reiterated lesson, "Forget also thine own." How often we hear workers choosing their work, saying, "I like working amongst such and such a class, or in such and such a locality, but I do not like such and such another place and work; I like to work with so-and-so, but I cannot work at all with so-and-so." Where is the forgetting one's own where such a spirit is manifest? Again, the painful jealousies and divisions among Christians, which can only exist where self lives. Do not all these things come from the failure to accept the marriage invitation, to forget our own for His, to deny ourselves and take up our cross and follow Him? And do we not see that while such a spirit lasts, union, marriage union, with Christ is an impossibility?

"And the remnant took his servants, and entreated them spitefully, and slew them." Persecution does not often arise from the simple preaching of the Gospel. But when the lives of those who are converted become so changed that they are a standing reproach to the selfish policy of the world and of half-hearted Christians, then it is that these latter are stirred up to enmity, and as a rule persecution takes its rise from them. This provoked the wrath of the king, as this will provoke our God to send the time of great tribulation upon the earth, and especially upon Christendom. And in the "distress of nations, with perplexity" (Luke 21 : 25), which we see before our eyes, the unsettled state of kingdoms and empires, the stupendous military preparations throughout Europe, it may be we are on the verge of this time of trouble.

"Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy." Let us notice that in the parable of Luke nothing is said about worthiness; we are saved by the blood of Jesus, not because we are worthy, but unworthy. Here, however, there must be a fitness—a worthiness to come to the marriage of the Lamb. And the condition of worthiness is to have no other preoccupation. Neither gifts nor service for the Master, neither knowledge nor experience, can make us worthy if we are occupied with these things instead of with Him. It is only when filled with the knowledge of His will that we can "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing" (Col. 1 : 9, 10); we can only "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love" (Eph. 4 : 1, 2); always in living out of ourselves and in Him.

"Go ye therefore," says the king, "into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage." God is marvellously unveiling His truth in our days, and there is a preaching, not only of salvation from sin and everlasting death, proclaimed with the utmost clearness, but also there is a preaching of holiness. It is not only, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest;" there is also the cry, "Come unto the marriage." And the reports of those who work among the native Africans, the Chinese, and in many of the dark places of earth, bear witness that some of these who were so far off are they who most intelligently and with the most whole-heartedness lay hold of, and live out, the deep principles of true Christianity.

The servants went out into the highways and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good, and the wedding was furnished with guests. How explain that the higher calls of Christianity can attract bad and good, *i.e.*, converted and unconverted? There is something in the call to self-renunciation which awakens the ambition of certain minds, and without passing by the cross they endeavor to practise Christian principles, and to take their place among the guests at the marriage feast. Such are the earnest-minded and devoted who give their lives to good works, but without standing on the work of Christ's redemption. These are like the man who had not on a wedding garment, who thought that his own clothing was good enough. "Friend," said the king, "how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" And he was speechless. It is only as condemned, crucified with Christ in His death, only as washed in His most precious blood, that we have any standing ground with our God. We deserve what Christ suffered, and only through the virtue of His atoning blood can we lay claim to any place in the palace of the king. The guest who entered under false pretences was cast "into outer darkness;" for "many are called, but few are chosen." Many are saved, but few are amongst the chosen bride-souls.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Public Attention in Great Britain has been concentrated, during the past week, on the selection Mr. Gladstone was making from among his supporters, of men to fill the various ministerial positions at his disposal. These appointments have not been made without considerable jealousy and irritation. The party of which Mr. Gladstone is the head comprises men with a wide variety of political principles. At the one extreme are the Whigs, whose ideas of political change are so moderate, that they are but little removed from Conservatives; at the other extreme are the Radicals, many of whom would rejoice in the substitution of a republic for a monarchy.

Early in the week the Radicals saw with dismay that Mr. Gladstone was giving the most important offices to the Whigs, and the inference was drawn that his government would not differ from that of his predecessor in a sufficient degree to satisfy the more advanced section of the party. An intimation was conveyed to the statesman that unless the Radicals were represented in the Cabinet, that section would not consider themselves bound to support his measures. The situation was serious, for if Mr. Gladstone found himself opposed by the Conservatives, the followers of Mr. Parnell, and the Radicals, his majority would be insufficient to constitute a strong government. A concession was therefore necessary, and it was made.

As the Cabinet is now formed, Mr. Gladstone occupies two offices himself: he is first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Granville, who is better known for his suavity and courtesy than his firmness, is Foreign Minister; Lord Selborne, an eminent Christian and an able lawyer, is Lord High Chancellor; Mr. Fawcett, *the blind statesman*, noted for his profound knowledge of Indian affairs, has the control of the Post Office; and Mr. Chamberlain, an avowed republican, is President of the Board of Trade. Sir Charles Dilke, also a republican, is Under Foreign Secretary, his duty being to represent the Foreign Office in the House of Commons, and answer all questions on Foreign Affairs raised there, the principal Foreign Secretary being in the Upper House. The two last-mentioned appointments are the concession made to the Radical wing of the party. The other offices are filled with moderate men, such as usually constitute the Liberal Cabinets. The new Ministers have now to seek re-election by their constituencies, it being a principle of the British Constitution that a member of Parliament vacates his seat in accepting office. As a rule they are re-elected, but in this case opposition is threatened in one or two instances.

An Atheist's Difficulty.—Charles Bradlaugh, recently elected Member of the English Parliament by the citizens of Northampton, is placed in an embarrassing position by the oath required to be taken by all representatives. He objects to the oath, first, because he does not believe in the existence of God, and therefore would stultify himself by calling upon God to witness the sincerity of his oath; and, secondly, because he, being a republican, objects to swear fealty to the Crown and Constitution.

The oath has already been twice modified—once to admit Roman Catholics, and secondly to admit Jews. Mr. Bradlaugh now desires it may be dispensed with altogether to admit him. Mr. Bradlaugh is by no means a desirable acquisition to the House of Commons, and there will doubtless be decided opposition to any proposal to lower the standard so as to secure his presence there.

There has been more Fighting in Afghanistan. A correspondent of the London *Times* reports that on April 19th a fierce engagement took place near Ghuznee, between the Afghans and the British under the command of General Stewart. The Afghans numbered about fifteen thousand, and while General Stewart was preparing to attack them three thousand of the enemy's horse rushed upon both flanks of his line. After an hour's desperate fighting the enemy was beaten, and the whole body dispersed over the country. The Afghans lost over a thousand killed. Another engagement occurred at Hydabad on April 25th, in which General Ross achieved a decisive victory over the Afghans. These accounts confirm the belief that the English supremacy in Afghanistan will be obstinately contested by the Afghan tribes.

A Russian Mechanic has been Arrested, who is believed to have been concerned in the explosion in the Czar's Winter Palace on February 17th. His name is Sheirtch; he is a Lithuanian, and a nephew of the Governor of the Province of Kalouga. Three persons of higher rank have also been arrested—it is presumed on account of disclosures made by Sheirtch.

Correspondents of the European journals report that the condition of *the three Russian invalids* occasions much anxiety. The Empress is being kept alive only by stimulants, and is believed to be rapidly sinking; Prince Gortschakoff, notwithstanding his unexpected improvement, cannot be expected to recover; and the Emperor is said to be in a critical condition, brought on by the shock to his nerves produced by the successive attempts on his life. On the three lives now trembling in the balance hang serious issues, not only to Russia, but to the rest of the world.

Horrible Atrocities in Bulgaria are again reported. It was hoped that when Bulgaria was freed from Turkish rule law and order would be maintained, but the Bulgars appear to be no less brutal than their former masters. European journals contain details of revolting deeds recently committed, of which Bulgarian soldiers, led by Russian officers, were the perpetrators.

The Sultan of Turkey is being Pressed for money by his creditors. The Constantinople correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* telegraphs that the Turks are almost at the end of their resources. There is little money coming in from the impoverished provinces, and the custom-house receipts are inadequate for the requirements of the departments. On Monday last several army and navy contractors went to the palace, demanding an interview with the Sultan, for the purpose of securing a settlement of their accounts. Some of them were received by the Chamberlain, and stated that they were ruined by the Porte and were unable to provide further provisions. As there is no money to meet the emergency, it is greatly feared that the supply of provisions to the army will be stopped. The sum due the contractors is more than $5,000,000. *The merchants will now supply for cash only.* Rations were heretofore supplied to officers and their families, but are now furnished to officers only. Their families are consequently suffering great deprivation.

The Meetings Held by Rev. E. Payson Hammond in Montreal, Canada, are being greatly used by God in the conversion of adults as well as of children. Mr. Hammond, in the course of a letter written to Mr. Dougall, of this city, says: "Rev. Dr. Douglass, of the Methodist Theological Seminary, stated publicly, yesterday, that he had known Montreal for thirty-five years, and that *the city had never been moved by God's Spirit as now.* The work among the children has been far greater than when I was here before, for it has reached all parts of the city. St. James' Street Church is crowded nightly." It is the largest building in the city devoted to Protestant worship.

An Explosion with a View to Robbery took place on April 24th, in the gaming room at Montecarle. It seems that a large cartridge was placed under the clock on the mantelpiece near the *trente-quarante* table. The force of the explosion was so great that it shattered the windows; the lights were extinguished, and a scene of the most terrific disorder ensued. Hundreds of people rushed wildly about in every direction; many persons fainted, and a large number were seriously wounded by the falling glass of the chandeliers. The explosion was the work of a number of robbers, who succeeded in get away with upward of 150,000 francs. In panic which followed several persons were t pled under foot, and the number of thos jured in one way or another is very large. end of the main room was completely wrec Montecarle has acquired an unenviable re tion as a place for unrestricted gambling, an doubt the thieves hoped to secure an even l booty.

Female Drunkenness in London.—The J of one of the London police courts recentl occasion to call attention to the great nu of women who were brought before hi charges of drunkenness. On one day fi women were so charged; on another o eleven prisoners placed in the dock for offence eight were females; and this sta things, the judge observed, was perfectl graceful, and in future more severe steps have to be taken with regard to this f drunkenness. There was a great increase and it was a miserable and disgraceful th see woman after woman brought before hi after day for drunkenness. Fines were im on those female prisoners of whom nothin known, but those who were shown to be fre occupants of the dock were sent to prison.

The Police or the Salvation Army?—Mr ry Varley attended a meeting of the Sal Army at Barnsley, England, recently. I scribed the testimony of many of the co among which was the following: "The L praised for sending the Army to Bar that's what I say. I well remember how I 'em talking about the young women a-pr in the market-place, an' I went, and I sc lered 'em. Some of my mates said, 'You pretty follerin' them in the streets, didn't They meant it a-jeerin' like; but, my f afore this I've follered the policeman, a said nought about it. I'd rayther foller vation Captain an' our other friends a praise the Lord. Why, afore I joined th all my things was in the pawn-shop, an why, bless 'em, my home is summin' oughter be. I only wish they'd comed *my missus knows the difference*, and the knows it, an' all; and I means by His hold on."

The Russian Factory Workman's L health are sacrificed to rapid profits, an far more in the power of the grasping, ur factory-owner than the serf of twenty y was in that of the nobleman landown Russian workman, as a rule, *is never wages in money*, but in groceries, cloth firewood, all of bad quality, and furn shortened quantity—thanks to a widel system of false weights. They are treac encouraged to get into their employer's a certain amount, and thus their future are made sure of. The hours of work are some factories fifteen hours a day—and dren work as long as their parents. T hands sleep in underground cellars o wooden sheds—men, women, and chi huddled together. Their habits and t are still those of the serf-peasant. The before their employer, for to them he i personation of the old historical and st authority.

Too Much Washing.—A Daily Pa "The wretched beggars whose feet ar every year on Good Friday by the King are the most unhappy of mortals. forced to take six foot-baths a day fo previous, and *a whole army of chirop* let loose upon them to extract corns, perfume." It is a well-known work o the Church of Rome to wash the feet in imitation of our Saviour. No washed His disciples' feet, because the been walking on a dusty road in op without stockings; but Romish dev the feet of people who are poor eno them do so without asking whether to be washed. The Pope's own foot not washed.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ed at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.
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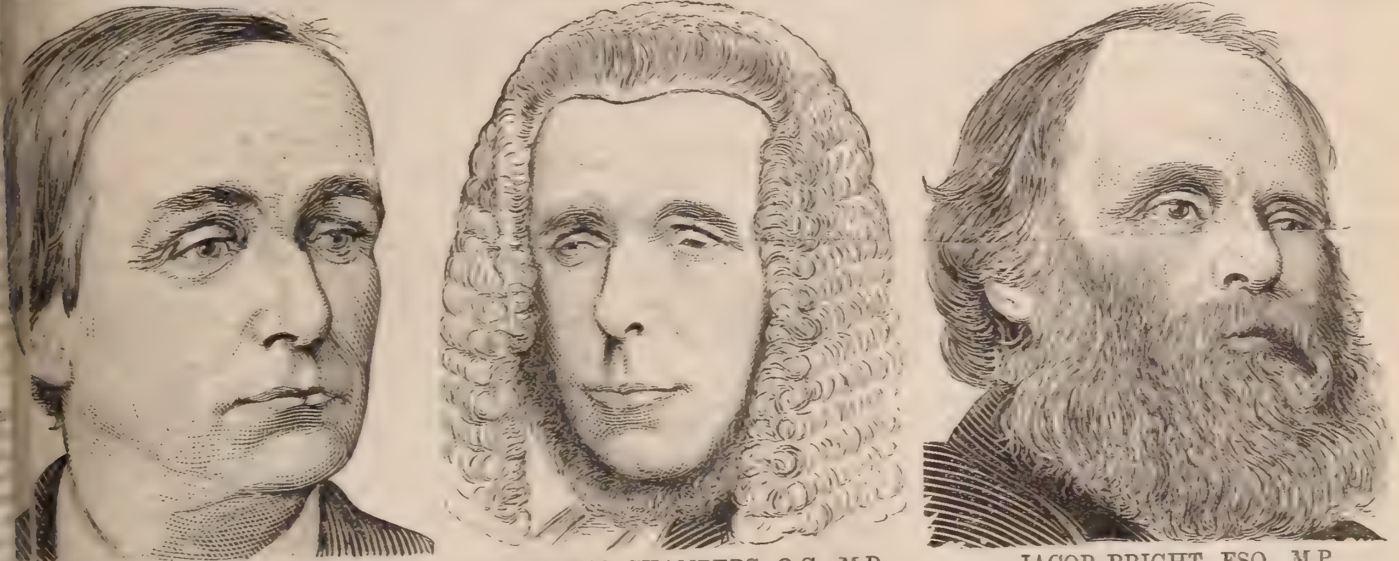

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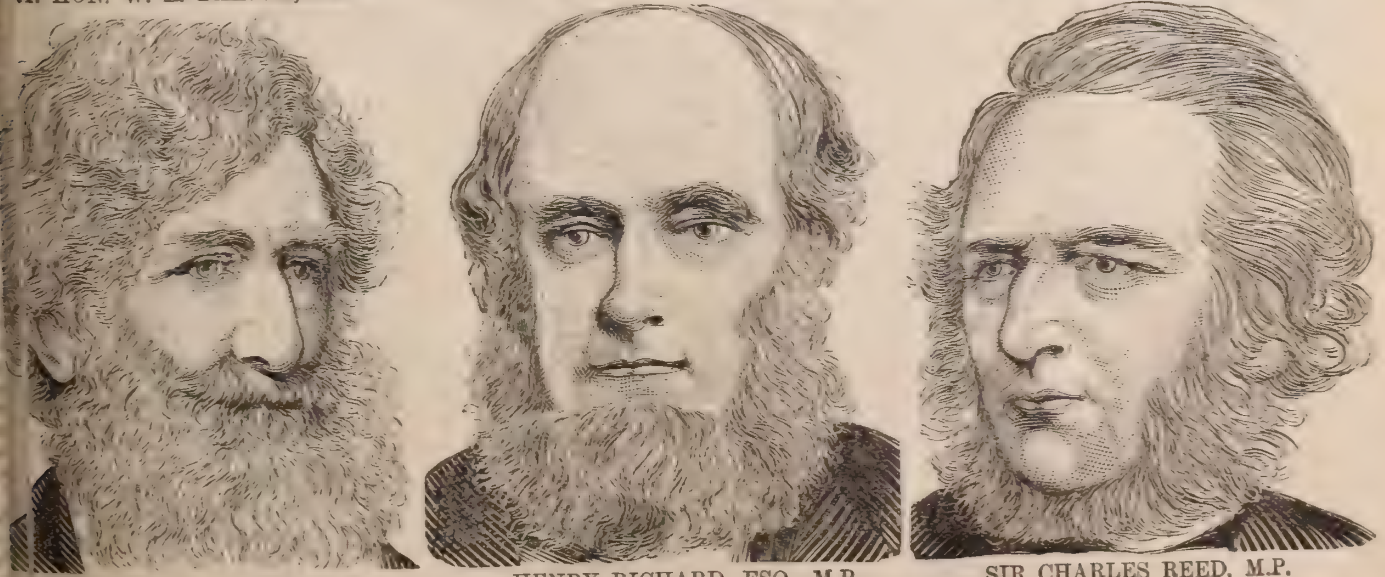

SIR ROBERT CARDEN, M.P. HENRY RICHARD, ESQ., M.P. SIR CHARLES REED, M.P.

Six Prominent Members of the British Parliament.

OUR SIX PORTRAITS.

RIGHTLY understood, the position of *chosen representative of the people* is one of the most honorable positions to which any man can attain. Far above the appointments of the Executive is that the citizens confer when they say, "Go thou and make our laws, and represent us in the councils of the nation."

There is also a reflex consideration in the choice. An ignoble or unworthy choice indicates a lack of wisdom in the people. As Carlyle forcibly expresses it: "Given the men people choose, the People itself in its exact worth and worthlessness is given. A heroic people chooses heroes and is happy; a valet or flunky people chooses sham-heroes, *what are called quacks*, thinking them heroes, and is not happy." It would be well for themselves and for the whole nation if every constituency recollected that fact at the polls, and each man, as he registers his vote for the candidate of his choice, remembered that the man for whom he votes will be regarded as the representative of his own character and that of his fellow-citizens.

In the recent General Election in Great Britain, the six constituencies, of whose representatives we give portraits to-day, have honored themselves in selecting as their Members of Parliament men renowned for their religious and philanthropic character. In such men they may well place confidence.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. BAXTER,

Liberal Member for the Montrose Burghs.

THE Right Hon. W. E. Baxter was born at Dundee in 1825, and, after passing through the high school of that town, studied in the University of Edinburgh. In 1855 he succeeded the late Mr. Joseph Hume as Member for the constituency he now represents. He had more than one offer to take office, but he persistently declined, he accepted the post of Secretary to the Gladstone's adminis Admiralty. Three years later he became Secretary to the Treasury, and this position he held till he resigned in 1873. The same year saw him become a member of the Privy Council. He is a merchant engaged in foreign trade, and his place of business is in Dundee.

He is well known to members of various religious societies, and on missionary occasions especially has spoken with considerable power. He is the *author* of several well-known works, including "Impressions of Central and Southern Europe" (1850), "Tagus and Tiber," "America and the Americans," "Hints to Thinkers," and "Free Italy," which appeared in 1874. In his "America and the Americans" he gives a description of the commencement of his *voyage* to New York, with which many who have made the Transatlantic voyage will, perhaps, keenly sympathize: "For the first few days the well-seasoned enjoy a monopoly of good things, their companions meanwhile lying in a dreamy, half-torpid state in nauseous cabins, trying to get their heads lower and even lower still, loathing the sound of the dinner-bell, and so helpless that one might, without a shadow of resistance on their part, throw them to the fishes! One cold, cheerless morning in March I lay in my narrow crib on board a Cunard steamer, listening to the sound on deck, and debating within myself whether I should muster courage enough to rise. The state-rooms in these vessels are entered from the other side of a long, narrow passage, and the doors are generally left ajar, so as to admit the fresh air.

"The steward whose business it was to arouse the sleepers was presently heard descending the companion, and never shall I forget the shouts of laughter which greeted him when, knocking at the door of a cabin where slept a little Frenchman from New Orleans, and announcing, 'eight o'clock, sir; time to get up, sir. Your trousers at the door, sir,' he received for answer in a tone of calm resignation, 'Oh, vell, take dem away; I shall never need my trousers no more!'"

While in America Mr. Baxter paid great attention to the *religious condition* of the country, to its educational system, and Sunday-school plans.

Mr. Baxter has also travelled over the greater portion of Italy, and, much as he admired the scenery and the wonderful works of art which attracted annually so many visitors, he was more deeply interested in the political state and prospects of the country, and felt convinced from all he heard and saw that there was a great future before it. He prayed that while permitted by a kind Providence to remain undisturbed in possession of the temple of art and the garden of Europe, it might become increasingly irradiated with Gospel light.

SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, Knt., Q.C.,

Liberal M.P. for Marylebone, and Recorder of the City of London.

THIS gentleman, whose portrait will be readily distinguished by the horse-hair wig which, in common with all English judges and barristers, he wears while in the courts, is Recorder of the City of London, as well as a prominent member of the House of Commons. He is a native of Hertfordshire, though of distinguished Scottish descent. He was *born* at Hertford in 1814, and was *educated* at Clare Hall, Cambridge. On leaving the university he commenced the study of law, and kept his terms at the Inner Temple, London. Having completed the usual curriculum, he was *called to the bar*. Being but twenty six years of age at the time of this event, he spent a considerable period in the practice of his profession ere he aspired to a seat in Parliament.

An opportunity was in 1852 afforded by which it was possible for him to attain the coveted position of M.P., and his nomination was invested with the greater honor as it was associated with his native town, Hertford. He represented this borough until 1857, when he was *elected Common Serjeant of London*. In this capacity he always showed great consideration for those persons whose limited means compelled them to conduct their own defence, when charged before him, and who disdained the plea *in formâ pauperis*.

Perhaps in addition to his generous disposition, Sir Thomas remembered Lord Lyndhurst's reply to Mr. Cleave, the newsvender, who was tried before his lordship for some offence against the government. Mr. Cleave began his defence by observing that he was afraid he should, before he sat down, give some awkward illustrations of the truth of the adage, that "he who acted as his own counsel had a fool for his client." "Ah, Mr. Cleave," said his lordship, with great pleasantry, "don't you heed that adage; it was framed by *a lawyer*."

In 1861 he was appointed a *Queen's Counsel*, and in 1865 was chosen one of the *Members of Parliament for Marylebone*, which constituency he has continued to represent ever since. In Parliament he has shared with Mr. Newdegate and the late Mr. Whalley the duty of keeping public attention drawn to the necessity of official *supervision of convents by state officers*; but the *Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister* he has adopted as his own, and with the regularity of the returning seasons he presents it to the House for acceptance. Hitherto he has not been successful, but he patiently bides his time.

He was *knighted* for his judicial services in 1872, and in 1878 he was appointed to succeed the late Mr. Russell Gurney as *Recorder of the City of London*, which office he now holds, and for which he receives an annual salary of $15,000. Though his official position is created and maintained for the purpose of repressing crime by means of punishment, still Sir Thomas loses no opportunity in his private capacity to support such measures and agencies as may issue in the prevention of crime and the reformation of repentant offenders. He is said to have endeavored by personal conversation to induce criminals upon whom he has passed sentence of the law to submit to the reformi fluence of the Gospel. He has manifeste interest in various religious and philant institutions and undertakings, and at th Meetings he presided over the Annual M of the Sunday-School Union at Exeter H May 6th.

JACOB BRIGHT, ESQ.,

Liberal M.P. for Manchester.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT, like his disting brother, the Right Hon. John Bright highly esteemed member of the Soci Friends, and for many years his opini religious and political questions have l accord with those of this peace-loving c nity. As a speaker he has not the chas vigorous eloquence of the member for B ham, but he has the faculty of marsha collection of facts into array, and can sup denounce them according to the convict has of their justice or the contrary, with ing clearness and force which in Parliar circles carry great weight.

In the late election he retained the Manchester which he had won in 187 told the electors that the Parliament he to see was one with much of the spirit ing to that of 1868, and that he was des seeing the people of the three kingdor With a touch of keen business wisdom pressed the belief that with a Liberal Ch of the Exchequer we should have s arising "which would not be muddled but be remitted to the people to the g vantage of the whole community.

He has taken as deep an interest in *tion of temperance* as the most arde abstainer can desire, although those seeking for political action for the sup of intemperance might not in all points to eye with him. At a yearly meeting society four or five years ago, he said t liament might fairly be asked to mal changes as the shutting up of publi when decent and well-behaved people indoors and a-bed, and to preserve orde streets. He was candidly of opinion yearly meeting of the society should ha ing to do with the question of legislatio

Mr. Jacob Bright has also courageou dered assistance to Mrs. Josephine Bu the devoted band of ladies at work witl opposition to the State regulation of vice in Great Britain as the Contagious Disea It has been for some time in operation soned towns, and its supporters desire i sion throughout the kingdom, while M Bright, Mrs. Butler, and some other people seek to have the act rescinded is in operation.

SIR ROBERT W. CARDEN, K

Conservative M.P. for Barnstaple, and A of the City of London.

THIS prominent *magistrate* and *alde* the City of London was *born* in 1801, in Square, a part of the metropolis scarcel the sound of "Bow Bells," yet Sir Ro lay claim to the citizenship of "no mea He has been *Lord Mayor*, and in climbi that distinguished position he duly a every round of the civic ladder. He fol father's profession of *stockbroker*, and i ally supposed to have a share in th newspaper, which he inherited by righ *mother*, who was a daughter of the late ter, the founder of the fame and prosp that journal.

His early aspirations were toward a *life*, and he went so far in that directi be gazetted an officer in the 82d Regime he left his military life for the equally one on the Stock Exchange, he *marr* Andrews, daughter of Dr. Andrews, of Foot.

His first attempt to enter Parliament unsuccessful one for St. Albans in 185 ough was afterward disfranchised for corrup- Alderman Carden paying the expense of the tigation which led to the step. The period g which he has *occupied a seat* in the House he two years which preceded the general on of 1859, when he sat for Gloucester. as *rejected* in 1865 by Marylebone, and a months since by *Barnstaple*, the borough ich he was returned at the recent general n.

was the founder of the City Bank, but his *thropic efforts* will far eclipse his other actions. He is a great supporter of the *Shoeblack Brigade*. The new movement m the tide of intemperance by means of hunter attraction of *coffee palaces* has Sir t's hearty co-operation. The *school train-* *ips* on the Thames find also in him a sym- ic helper. The *flower-girls* who ply their in the open space in front of the Royal ge have not looked to him in vain for tion when attempts have been made to e them, until now they are as a body d as an institution in the City. The f their huge baskets of beautiful flowers day cheers the hearts of many a *city waif* hose breast has vanished all hope of ever a flower growing in the country.

Midnight Mission in London, which has valuable work among the fallen women etropolis, has always found in Sir Robert usiastic and energetic friend. No man eener sympathy with suffering and misery r Robert, and wherever there is any soci- anized for their alleviation his aid and are always ready.

HENRY RICHARD, ESQ.

iberal M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil.

RY RICHARD was born at Tregaron, his eing a highly esteemed member of the Calvinistic Methodists, a powerful and body in the Principality. He himself that when he was young, Wales was, y speaking, in a state of great apathy. ember," he says, "when I was a boy, all itics of the magazine received in my house were compressed into about half of most insipid summary at the end." s true, not only in relation to his own he country, but to Wales generally.

he lost, however, in this direction, he an gained in another and a higher. No have heard him speak of his early days, read his descriptions of the religious es which surrounded him like a health- osphere, without feeling that he had a ecious privilege than those who politi- joyed greater advantages. The great reachers whom he was constantly hear- his boyhood were unrivalled masters of loquence.

uld be interesting, especially with Mr. as our guide, to linger long over these ys, and to hear him tell of the great reli- *en-air gatherings* of which he retains a membrance, when the whole population rict for many miles round, suspending ness and labor, would flock together "Sometimes the platform was pitched rom the sea-shore, the softened murmur cean mingling with, as if it bore burden sound of sacred song that from the ed multitude arose like a stream of rich perfume, and stole upon the air. es it was in an open glade amid rich d scenery, a spot being usually chosen e greensward sloped up gradually from e on which the ministers stood, forming natural gallery. And as the surround- s, gently swayed by the wind, bent and it might almost seem, amid the solemn ons of the scene to the excited feelings eople,

the forest leaves were stirred with prayer.'"

amid such kindling associations that, tle more than a youth, Henry Richard himself resolved to become *a preacher of the Gospel*, and to devote his life to the work of winning souls. He was but eighteen when he *entered Highbury College* as a student, the Rev. Dr. Halley then being Principal. Very beautiful in after years was it to notice the affectionate esteem in which each held the other. On the conclusion of his college days Mr. Richard accepted the *pastoral charge* of the church at Marlborough Chapel, London. His ministry was a happy combination of the thoughtful and the fervent, and he was instrumental in establishing a large and vigorous church fellowship. His views upon what is shortly called the Peace Question may be said to be the convictions of a lifetime, and as a young minister they were firmly expounded. It was not surprising, therefore, to find him becoming *Secretary of the Peace Society*, and relinquishing the pastorate that he might devote undivided attention to the defence and wide diffusion of peace principles.

It is on record that during the period of the Russian war he was successful in bringing arbitration before the representatives of the great Powers who were then assembled in Paris to settle the conditions of peace. He succeeded in placing a memorial before the Plenipotentiaries proposing some system of international arbitration.

The result was satisfactory. Lord Clarendon brought the subject before the assembled Plenipotentiaries, and they adopted a resolution in which they expressed, in the name of their Governments, the wish that States between which any serious misunderstanding might arise, should, before appealing to arms, have recourse to the good offices of a friendly power. Mr. Gladstone viewed this proposal as being in itself a great triumph, a powerful engine on behalf of civilization and humanity.

Mr. Richard has counted no trouble too great in the diligent discharge of the duties belonging to his position. He has attended at Brussels, *congresses* which have been held at Brussels, Frankfort, London, Edinburgh, and Manchester, with a view to promote international peace. *In company with the late Mr. Elihu Burritt*, of whom he was an attached and intimate friend, he visited France, Belgium, Holland, and most of the States of Germany, with the object of bringing the question of peace under the notice of those whose position gave them power to spread or to hinder the promotion of its principles.

His labors in this direction brought him into connection with those distinguished men, Joseph Sturge and Richard Cobden, whose efforts in the cause of peace are well known.

In 1860 he addressed a letter to the directors and supporters of Bible and missionary societies against their invoking any military or naval protection to defend Christian missionaries in foreign lands, or desiring the secular arm to chastise or menace the heathen into submission.

Of Mr. Richard's well-known "Letters upon the Social and Political Condition of Wales" there is no need to speak. In 1868, when he was *returned as M.P.* for Merthyr, his countrymen were loud in their enthusiasm, and his success in the House of Commons, where his brilliant powers of debate have been employed in the cause of religion, philanthropy, and peace, has amply justified the choice of his constituents. He has been again elected to fill his seat in the new Parliament. It may be added that Mr. Richard has, in the high capacity of chairman, presided over the interests of the Congregational Union.

SIR CHARLES REED, Knt.,

Liberal M.P. for St. Ives, and Chairman of the London School Board.

THIS gentleman has not occupied a seat in the House of Commons since 1874, when he retired from Hackney. At the present general election he has secured a seat for St. Ives, Cornwall, in the Liberal interest. He was *born* at Sonning, near Reading, where *his father*, Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed, was the Congregational pastor. Dr. Reed was the founder of the Orphan Asylum at Reedham, Surrey, and the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, and was an earnest supporter of every kind of philanthropic enterprise. It is said of him that his benevolent mind had imbibed the spirit and made for him the motto of his life of the last verse of the first chapter of the Epistle of James. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Having devoted himself to the Christian ministry for some years, he felt that there remained for him a further opportunity to exemplify in his own person his attachment to his Master and His pure religion in providing for helpless orphans.

Sir Charles was *educated* at the Grammar School of the borough which he represented in Parliament, and finished his studies at University College, London. He is the head of a large firm of type-founders in London, Messrs. Reed & Sons. Besides being actively concerned in the great charitable institutions founded by his father, he is *Chairman of the London School Board*, of which he had been Vice-Chairman since its formation. Upon his appointment to this office he *was knighted*, and received the degree of LL.D. *from Yale University*. He is also President of the Sunday-School Union, and obtained for the public the great boon of the free opening of the Guildhall Library by his writings and agitation.

He aims at no civic distinctions, but labors hard in all benevolent matters where good can be done without ostentation. He *married*, in 1845, Margaret, daughter of the late Edward Baines, of Leeds. He is a member of the Congregational body, and a J.P. for the county of Middlesex, and an officer of the Legion of Honor of France.

[illegible] writes: "It is impossible to declare all the goodness of God as felt by us during the past three months. At length the fever has entirely disappeared from our Village Home, leaving in our minds a chastened, holy feeling, as of the realized presence of the Master. Altogether 170 children and adults were attacked, some very seriously. The rapid onward progress of the disorder alarmed us all. Cases occurred in every cottage, in spite of the utmost precaution. Some of these were very well marked and some very serious, although the greater proportion had the disease in a mild form. When at our wits' end and our resources had been well-nigh exhausted, earnest united supplication was made to the Lord for deliverance. *From that very hour* relief came, the disease slowly but surely abated, and, although occasional fresh cases occurred, none of these were serious. *Now all are convalescent, and we have not had one death*; while the gracious softened tone among the recovered patients, as well as among their companions, fills our hearts with thankfulness and our eyes with tears.

A Rescue from a Pit.—An Illustration Showing the superiority of Christ's religion over the so-called religions of the East was used by a converted Chinaman. He said: "A man had fallen into a deep pit, and lay groaning in the miry bottom, utterly unable to move. *Confucius* passed that way, and looking over into the pit, said: 'Poor fellow! I am very sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: If you ever get out, be careful you don't get in again.' And that was all he could say for him. Next came *the Buddhist priest*, and looking down at him, said: 'Poor fellow! I am pained to find you in such a condition. I think if you could scramble up two thirds of the way, or even half, I might reach down and help you out.' But the man was unable to move. Last of all *the Saviour* came by, and hearing his cries, went to the edge of the pit, and reached entirely down to the bottom, and lifted him up, and set him on his feet, and said: 'Go, and sin no more.'"

SICKNESS IN THE MANSION.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, May 16, 1880.

"A man mighty in valor, but he was a leper."—2 Kings 5 : 1.

Everybody has Something he Wishes he had not—God is thus Whipping us Ahead—Naaman's Wife Goes for Sympathy to her Maid—The Finger of Childhood—The Little Child Beholds the Star of Pardon—The World-renowned Invalid—Good-bye Naaman—Naaman had Two Diseases—The Message Sent Out—Naaman's Indignation—His Servants' Entreaties—The Prescription Tried—The Wild Huzza—A Changed Man in the Congregation—The Two Things Naaman did—He got out of his Chariot—The Chariot of Pride—He Washed—Naaman's Return—The Soul Cured of its Leprosy.

HERE we have a warrior sick; not with pleurisies or rheumatisms or consumptions, but with a disease worse than all these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you. General Naaman, the Commander-in-chief of all the Assyrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person.

ULCERS! ULCERS!

Get out of the way of the pestilence! If his breath strike you, you are a dead man. The Commander-in-chief of all the forces of Assyria, and yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup, or the hostler that blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out: "Is it possible that our great hero, who shot Ahab, and around whom we came with such vociferation when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?" Yes.
David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a termagant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club-foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and you, and you, and you, and you,

SOMETHING YOU NEVER BARGAINED FOR,

and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright; otherwise, we would always want to stay and eat these fruits, and lie on these lounges, and shake hands in this pleasant society. We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stay on the doorstep, and therefore He sends aches and annoyances and sorrows and bereavements of all sorts to push us on and push us up toward riper fruits and brighter society and more radiant prosperities. *God is only whipping us ahead.*

The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of heaven than other people had, was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures it is only to show to you a brighter one. If He sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because He is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality. It is to push you on, and to push you up toward something grander and better, that God sends upon you, as He did upon General Naaman, something you do not want.

Seated in his Assyrian mansion—all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle; the corridors crowded with admiring visitors who just wanted to see him once; music and mirth and banqueting filling all the mansion, from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling. *Naaman would have forgotten* that there was anything better, and would have been glad to stay there ten thousand years.

But, oh! how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang, as you read the closing words of the eulogium: "*He was a leper! He was a leper!*" Ulcers—dripping, loathsome, excruciating ulcers.

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor, wringing her hands and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All poultices have failed. The surgeon-general and the doctors of the royal staff have met, and they have shaken their heads, as much as to say, "No cure; no cure!" I think that the office-seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. I think that the most of the employés of the establishment had dropped their work and gone out to look for some other situation.

What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story; as sometimes, when overborne by the sorrows of the world, and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy *of some humble domestic*—Rose, or Dinah, or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

WHAT A SCENE IT WAS!—

one of the grandest women in all Assyria in cabinet council with a waiting-maid over the declining health of the major-general! "I know something," says the little captive maid, "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a medicine-man by the name of *Doctor Elisha*, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away."
cal talent in all the land cannot cure that leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said: "This is a judgment on you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't they snatch me off in the night, breaking my father and mother's heart? and many a time I have lain and cried all night because I was so homesick." Then, flushing up into childish indignation, she might have said: "Good for them; I'm glad Naaman's got the leprosy; I wish all the Assyrians had the leprosy." No. Forgetting her own personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the suffering of her master, and commends him to the famous Hebrew doctor.

And how often it is that

THE FINGER OF CHILDHOOD

has pointed grown persons in the right direction. O Christian soul! how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say: "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the Divine Physician? "Oh," you say, "it was my little Amie or Fred or Charley that clambered up on my knees, and looked in my face, and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and all the time stroking my cheek, so I couldn't get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers."

There are grandparents here who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of mothers here who are Christians. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the Divine Physician? "Oh!" you say, "*my child, my dying child*, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. Oh! I never shall forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard; but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ, I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath-school this afternoon, and you will find hundreds
of little fingers pointing in the same dire
toward Jesus Christ and toward heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated
there must be a world hanging at a c
point in the heavens, and a large prize
offered for some one who could discove
world. The telescopes from the great ob
tories were pointed in vain; but a girl at
tucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope, and
ing through it, discovered that star, an
the prize, and the admiration of all the
nomical world, that stood amazed at her g
And so it is often the case that grown
cannot see the light, while some little ch
holds

THE STAR OF PARDON,

the star of hope, the star of consolatio
star of Bethlehem, the morning star of
"Not many mighty men, not many wis
are called; but God hath chosen the
things of the world to confound the m
and base things, and things that are not, t
to nought things that are." Oh! do not
the prattle of little children when th
speaking about God, Christ, and heaven
see the way your child is pointing; w
take that pointing, or wait until, in the w
some awful bereavement, God shall li
child to another world, and then it will
you upward? Will you take the point
will you wait for the beckoning? Ble
God that the little Hebrew captive po
the right direction. Blessed be God
saving ministry of Christian children.

No wonder the advice of this little
captive threw all Naaman's mansion a
hadad's palace into excitement. *Good-*
man! With face scarified, and ridged,
flamed of the pestilence, and aided by th
supported him on either side, he stag
to the chariot. Hold fast the fiery co
the royal stable while the poor sick man
swollen feet and pain-struck limbs int
nicle. Bolster him up with the pillows
him take a lingering look at his brig
ment, for perhaps the Hebrew captive
mistaken, and the next time Naaman
that place he may be a dead weight
shoulders of those who carry him—a
chieftain seeking sepulture, amid the
tions of an admiring nation.

Good-by, Naaman! Let the chariot
gently over the hills of Hermon, lest he
invalid. Here goes the bravest man
day, a captive of horrible disease. A
bulance winds through the streets of D
the tears and prayers of all the people g

THE WORLD-RENOWNED INVALI

Perhaps you have had an invalid go
your house on a health excursion. Y
how the neighbors stood around a
"Ah! he will never come back again
Oh! it was a solemn moment, I tell you,
invalid had departed and you went
room to make the bed, and to remove t
cine phials from the shelf, and to th
the shutters so that the fresh air might
the long-closed room. Good-by,
There is only one cheerful face lookin
and that is the face of the little Hebrew
who is sure he will get cured, and who i
she helped him.

As the chariot grinds out, and the
mounted courtiers, and the mules la
sacks of gold and silver and embroide
of apparel went through the gates of D
and out on the long way, the hills of
and Ephraim look down on the proces
the retinue goes right past the bat
where Naaman, in the days of his hea
to rally his troops for fearful onset, a
the procession stops and reclines a wh
groves of olive and oleander; and Gen
man so sick—so very, very sick.

How the countrymen gaped as the p
passed! They had seen Naaman go p
whirlwind in days gone by, and had stoo
at the clank of his war equipments; but

miserate him. They say: "Poor man, he ever get home alive; poor man!"

whole procession brightens up at the prospect of speedy arrival. They drive up to the of the prophet. The charioteers shout, oa!" to the horses, and the tramping hoofs inding wheels cease shaking the earth.

COME OUT, ELISHA, COME OUT;

ve company; the grandest company that me to your house has come to it now. No side Elisha's house. The fact was, *the had told Doctor Elisha* that the sick captain was coming, and just how to treat him. In when you are sick and the Lord wants you well, He always tells the doctor how to you; and the reason we have so many ng doctors is because they depend upon wn strength and instructions and not on d God, and *that always makes malpractice.* e out, Elisha, and attend to your business. Naaman and his retinue waited and and waited. The fact was, *Naaman had ases*—pride and leprosy; and the one hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha is ng that General Naaman, so he sits quiis house and does not go out.

a while, when Naaman, he thinks, is d, he says to a servant: Go out and tell Naaman to bathe seven times in the rdan out yonder five miles, and he will rely well."

THE MESSAGE COMES OUT.

at!" says the commander-in-chief of the forces, his eye kindling with an animach it had not shown for weeks, and his fist clinched until the bloody ichor isn the cracks, and his swollen foot stamphe bottom of the chariot, regardless of What! isn't he coming out to see me? thought certainly he would come and me cabalistic words over me, or make egmatical passes over my wounds. Why, think he knows who I am. Isn't he ut? , when the Shunamite woman came to rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with it well with thy husband? is it well child?' and will he treat an untitled ke that and let me, a titled personage, in my chariot and wait and wait? I dure it any longer. Charioteer, drive sh in the Jordan! Ha! ha! the slimy the muddy Jordan—the monotonous I wouldn't be seen washing in such a hat. , we watered our horses in a better river t on our way coming here. The beaur, the jasper-paved river of Pharpar. hat, we have in our country another e river, Abana, with foliaged bank, nt ever swift and ever clear, under the shadows of sycamore and oleander. Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damasr than all the waters of Israel?"

ose Naaman felt very much like we el, if by way of medical prescription should tell us to go and wash in the or the Rhine. We would answer: the Connecticut and the Hudson just Or, as an Englishman would feel if old by way of medical prescription he and wash in the Mississippi or the St. He would cry out: "Are not the nd the Shannon just as well?"

t was, that *General Naaman needed to* every Englishman and every American earn—that when God tells you to do a must go and do it whether you unthe reason or not. Take the prescripher you like it or not. One thing is nless General Naaman does as Elisha him, he will die of his awful sickd unless you do as Christ commands will be seized upon by an everlasting vay.

AND LIVE—DISOBEY AND DIE.

over-arching, under-girding, stupendative!

eneral Naaman could not stand the test. The charioteer gives a jerk to the right line until the bit snaps in the horse's mouth, and the whirr of the wheels and the flying of the dust show the indignation of the great commander. "He turned and went away in a rage." So people now often get mad at religion. They vituperate against ministers, against churches, against Christian people. One would think from their irate behavior that God had been studying how to annoy and exasperate and demolish them. What has He been doing? Only trying to cure their death-dealing leprosy. That is all. Yet they whip up their horses, they dig in the spurs, and they go away in a rage.

So, after all, it seems that this health excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead failure.

POOR, SICK, DYING NAAMAN!

Are you going away in high dudgeon and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment, his servants clamber up into it and coax him to do as the doctor said. They say: "It's easy. If the doctor had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It's easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the sake of the nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just try this Jordanic bath." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say."

The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get in the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of the chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river and steps in until the water comes to the ankle, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream, just a little inclination of [illegible] immerse him.

HE BOWS ONCE INTO THE FLOOD,

and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye; and his attendants look at him and say: "Why, General, how much better you do look." And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood and comes up, and the shrivelled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish has gone out of the limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure," and he bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester or a scar or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him.

He steps out on the bank and says: "*Is it possible?*" And the attendants look and say: "Is it possible?" And as, with the health of an athlete, he bounds back into the chariot and drives on, there goes up from all his attendants

A WILD "HUZZA! HUZZA!"

Of course they go back to pay and thank the doctor. People ought always to pay the doctor. When they left the prophet's house they went off mad; they have come back glad.

People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now we are to them an intolerable nuisance because we tell them to do *things that go against the grain;* but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but afterward gladly received the Gospel at our hands. They once called us fanatics or terrorists or enemies; now they call us friends.

Yonder is a man—*I speak a literal fact*—who said that he would never come into the church again. He said that two years ago. He said: "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. He is a Christian, his wife a Christian, all his children Christians, the whole household Christian, and I shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our undying coadjutors are those who once heard the Gospel, and "went away in a rage."

Now, my hearer, you notice that this General Naaman did two things in order to get well. The first was—he got out of his chariot. He might have stayed there with his swollen feet on the stuffed ottoman, seated on that embroidered cushion, until his last gasp, he would never have got any relief. He had to get down out of his chariot. And you have got to

GET DOWN OUT OF THE CHARIOT

of your pride if you ever become a Christian. You cannot drive up to the Cross with a coach and four, and be *saved among all the spangles.* You seem to think that the Lord is going to be complimented by your coming. Oh no; you poor, miserable, scaly, leprous sinner, get down out of that.

We all come in the same haughty way. We expect to ride into the kingdom of God. Never, until we get down on our knees, will we find mercy. The Lord has unhorsed us, unchterioted us. Get down out of your pride. Get down out of your self-righteousness and your hypercriticism. We have all got to do that. That is the journey we have got to make on our knees. It is our infernal pride that keeps us from getting rid of the leprosy.

But he had not only to get down out of his hariot. *He had to wash.* "Oh!" you say, "I am very careful with my ablutions. Every day I plunge into a bright and beautiful bath." Ah, my hearer! there is a flood brighter than Croton or Ridgewood. It is the flood that breaks from the granite of the eternal hills. It is the flood of pardon, and peace, and life, and heaven. —That flood started in [illegible] accumulating flood, until all earth and heaven could bathe in it. Zechariah called it the "fountain open for sin and uncleanness." William Cowper called it the "Fountain filled with blood." Your fathers and mothers washed all their sins and sorrows away in that fountain. O my hearer, do you not feel like wading into it?

WADE DOWN NOW INTO THIS FLOOD,

deeper, deeper, deeper. Plunge once, twice, thrice, four times, five times, six times, seven times. It will take as much as that to cure your soul. Oh! wash, wash, wash, and be clean.

I suppose there was a great time when General Naaman got back to Damascus. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid; but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus, I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband; he was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out clapping her hands and shouting: "Did he cure you?

DID HE CURE YOU?"

Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!"

But a gladder time than that it would be in Brooklyn, or wherever this sermon shall be read, if the soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the King's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner, and would put their arms around your neck, and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O Lord God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

"THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY'S CREED."

By Mr. Henry Martin.

(*Concluded from page* 311.)

Ned's Study of the Bible—Little About the Virgin Mary in it—Its Inexhaustible Freshness—Its Beautiful Descriptions of Christ's Love—No Purgatory Mentioned in it—Stephen and the Dying Thief—Affecting Adieu.

TAKING the handsome but somewhat worn Bible again in his hand, Ned Cassidy went on to say:

"It would be hard for me to tell you, sir, how Kathleen and myself have pored hour after hour over the sacred pages of this Book, especially in the winter season, when there is no work for me to do as guide to visitors. The long evenings seemed to pass over our heads in no time. Its contents at first greatly surprised and a good deal disappointed us. I had especially wished to get it to learn from it all about the blessed Virgin; but, though I turned over and examined every page from beginning to end, I could find in the Book really very little concerning her.

"It just told me about the visit of the angel to her, announcing the mystery of the Saviour's incarnation; of her going down to Bethlehem to be taxed, and the birth of Jesus Christ there; of her visit to the temple, and her flight into Egypt; of her forgetting the lovely boy Jesus, her divine Son, on His first visit, when twelve years of age, to the temple at Jerusalem, and her sorrowful search for Him during three days; of her telling Jesus of the want of wine at the marriage of Cana of Galilee; of her coming with His brethren to seize Christ, supposing Him (in a moment of unbelief) to be 'beside himself'; of her mournful visit to Calvary, and of Jesus when dying on the cross commending St. John to her as now her son, and her to John as now his mother. [illegible] blessed Virgin's name at all in the Bible: it is in the Acts of the Apostles, where she is mentioned as in the upper room in Jerusalem with the apostles after the ascension of Jesus, and before the descent of the Holy Ghost in tongues of fire on the day of Pentecost. I couldn't find, sir, that St. Paul, in any of his fourteen great letters, or epistles, ever mentions her at all, nor St. Peter in his letters, nor St. John in his, and this struck me as being a very strange fact altogether.

"It is true a woman clothed with the sun is spoken of in the twelfth chapter of the book of the Revelation (the Apocalypse); but it is very clear to me, sir, that that woman means the Church of Christ under the figure of a woman, and not the blessed Virgin.

"But, sir, while we could find upon the whole so little about the blessed Virgin Mary in the Book, it was brimful of Jesus Christ and His Gospel, and we never grew tired of the Saviour's precious words, or of reading about the Saviour's miracles. Oh, sir, when He was on earth what a time it was to be blind, or lame, or deaf, or dumb! It was only for the wretched to go to Him, and relief was had in a moment; even the very dead were restored from the grave to their weeping friends, and bitter tears were turned into laughter."

"Yes, Ned Cassidy," I remarked, "and that very Jesus has the same power now, and uses it, and in a higher manner. It is the souls of men He now heals."

"True for you, sir," he replied, "and I know something of His power. You remember the man that was born blind, and who received his sight, saying to the scribes and Pharisees, 'Once was I blind, but now I see'? Why, sir, the words fit *me* to a nicety, for I can truly say, 'Blind in mind once was I, but Jesus Christ, by His Spirit, has touched my dark soul, and the brightness of a day not of this world has poured its gladness upon me.'

"There was one thing, sir, in connection with the Book that greatly struck me. No matter how often I read a chapter (and some of them I have read scores and scores of times), it always seemed new, and each time something I had not seen in the words before caught my attention. *One* reading of another book almost tires you, but God's Book, sir, seems like a hundred books in one, and is ever *as a morn in May, fresh and beautiful*; or it's like the lakes out there, sir. Often as I see them, and I have looked on them from childhood, they are ever fresh and beautiful, and each day I find something in them to admire that I had not seen before."

"Will you tell me, Ned Cassidy," I replied, "two or three of the things that most struck you in your study of the Book? I do not want to pry into your secrets, Cassidy, yet I am curious to know how the Book appears to one that late in life comes into contact with it."

Pausing for a little, he answered, "The whole Book was so new and wonderful to me, sir, that I find it hard to say what impressed me most; but I think nothing half so moved and delighted me as *the loving heart and tender pity of the blessed Saviour*, Jesus Christ, holy be His name! Why, sir, as the Book shows, He never refused a helping hand to the sinful and the miserable; of the thousands on thousands of suppliants that flocked to Him, He never turned away one—no, not even one. And the more sinful and wretched any one was, if only with a true heart longing for deliverance he came to Him, the more ready was the Lord to help and bless him. And, sir, it was all done freely too, 'without money and without price.'

"Another thing, sir, that greatly moved me was *the prompt help of the Saviour*. Those who came to Him He saved and blessed them on *the very spot*. I had been accustomed to see men over the country perform for weeks and months *hard and sore penance*, thinking thereby to make the Lord at last willing to forgive and save them; but according to the Book, sir, the Lord is always ready on the instant to pardon and save. As the Book elsewhere says, He *blots* out sin—mark, sir, *blots* it out, and that is a thing which even a child knows is done in a moment. It seems to me that the Lord's word is, 'Now, now this hour; even as you are I am willing to bless you.'

"One thing more, sir, I should like to remark, if my talk is not too free, for it's a new thing for me to have one to whom I can open my mind. I see I must soon be done, for the storm is spent and the clouds are breaking, and you and this gentleman will be wanting to go. What I wish to mention is this. The Book seems to teach that to a forgiven man when he dies heaven is *immediate*. Though I didn't say much, for I was a feared to do so, often and often, at many a wake and 'berrin' this thought used to come over me with a tremble and horror. The soul of the corpse that lies there so calm and still in that coffin is, as the priests say, this hour in purifying pain, aye, in an agony of fire; and how long it is to be endured even the dead man's priest himself isn't sure.

"But the Bible, sir, reads that *at once* the blessed *St. Stephen*, first of martyrs, expected the Lord Jesus 'to receive his spirit.' One night, thinking over this, however, the thought occurred to me. Ah, well, he was a man full of the Holy Ghost, as the Book says, and besides was baptized with blood, dying as a martyr, and therefore, as fit at once for heaven, he entered it; but his instantaneous admission to glory can furnish no such hope to ordinary Christians. The thought troubled me, until one day I chanced to come upon the account given in the book of *the dying thief*.

"'If ever man needed,' I said to myself, 'a long and purifying process to fit him for heaven, it was this thief and murderer, who at the beginning even reviled the Saviour Himself on the very cross.' Yet to him, upon his repentance and faith—yes, to him, vile up to that hour as he had been—the blessed Lord said, '*This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.*' Oh, what a change it must have been to him, sir, when death released him! One moment he was on a cross fainting and dying, and the next was in the glorious heaven of the Lord in paradise! It makes me hope and believe, sir, that if I the same Lord, when I come to die, He give me in His infinite grace at once a His divine kingdom."

"Ned Cassidy," I said, "how ha neighbors acted toward you under the n you have got from the Book?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "perhaps been to blame, but both me and Kathl kept our thoughts very much to oursel first we felt eager to make known to ot blessed truth we had found—we imagi there wasn't one of our neighbors bu have thanked us; but our endeavors taken kindly; we were rebuffed, rebuke last suspected for heretics, except by three. It was said, Who were we, to pr know more than others around us? sufficed for long generations in the pari surely satisfy us? Some of those who our most familiar friends nicknamed there were many who were quite read persecute and injure us.

"I cannot tell you, sir, how great tempest of fear and doubt that at times and hard upon us, as King David ha waves and billows went upon us.' So the conflict, that me and my wife reso we would talk to others very little up matters, and that we would pray and the Holy Spirit's further guidance an edge.

"But your present visit to our huml sir, has been of God to us. While you gentleman talked together, little did you how your words were thrilling with joy heartstrings of those whose lowly ro vored by your presence. We soon saw 'discourse' that the thoughts we en were not confined alone to our bos what *we* believed was also the faith that the light we had seen was indeec light of God, and that the dayspring Christ's own Gospel had visited us. I sir, that made me suddenly exclaim my wife 'Kathleen, as sure as I l gentlemen believe as we do.' A sur happiness that I could not keep ur overmastered me."

"Excuse you, Cassidy!" I cried; " been the means, in God's hand, of brin piness to you, you are the means of happiness to me. Thank God for this of the power of His Word, simply a when read with a devout and child-l 'to make wise unto salvation,' to 'co soul,' 'enlighten the eyes,' and 're heart.' Your diligent study of the made you, my friend, no mean discip Lord; you have drunk deeply into t edge and spirit of His glorious Gospe have far outstripped many whose gr leges far and away surpass your small o

At these words a flood of gladne to rush into Ned Cassidy's bosom, beamed upon his face, and yet a tear tr his eye; seizing my hand he warmly p I knew what it meant, though no spoken. He had found a brother—a l Christ: and the fact that he was not al convictions and experience, but was ship of thought and feeling with the m a great spiritual kingdom, filled him that was too deep for utterance.

As may be supposed, both my frien self were reluctant to lose the acquair man whose history was so remarkab structive, and upon whose heart the w was so singular. It had been our in spend the next day upon the Killar we therefore asked him to act as He eagerly assented, and it was arra he should meet us in the morning nea ing-stage on Ross Island, at the rear castle. His extraordinary and peril ture on that occasion, in connection *Foley and the Eagle's Nest*, will form t of our next narrative (in the CHRIST ALD for May 27).

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HAT COMING WARS MAY WE EXPECT?*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(Continued from page 317.)

R. R. A. Purdon's Interpretation continued—he Disappearance of the Saints—The True iltonic War—The Defeat of the Devil—The arriage of the Lamb—The Marvellous Scene The Golden City.

HE atmospheric heavens are at this period cpied by the Devil and his army (see Ephesias 6 : 12) ; the armies of Satan are encamped on he azure fields of the skies, like an army of encamped upon a plain.

The Devil will be attacked by Michael and his ls, and will be driven by force of arms from the eavenly places, neither shall 'their place be fod any more in heaven.' Then the Great Dr on shall be cast out into the earth, and his an's shall be cast out with him. 'Therefore rejce, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. W to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea for the devil is come down unto you, having reat wrath, because he knoweth that he but a short time.' And then, while some e saints flee into a wilderness for 3½ years, ths will be left to endure Antichrist's persecut (see Revelation 12 and 13 throughout).

"hile these great events take their course t heavens, what will be the condition of the art? Astonishment and dismay at first, and ar ned impiety at last, will overspread the or When the morning comes, tens of thousan will be missing—*vanished together, without aving a trace behind!*—one taken and oer left! All other thoughts will be overhe ed ; all other conversation will cease. The sa earance of those saints will occupy every in The public journals will be filled with te gence, poured in from all sides, of this micu us vanishing of thousands.

'EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE'

In countable mystery'—will resound every- both in conversation and in the daily blations. 'Where are they gone?' will be iversal question. Error, misunderstanding, hd dismay will fill the hearts of those who behind. Yet a glimmering suspicion of al fact will arise in the minds of a few. ubt the removal of the Watchful Christians will be a most powerful means for awakening ose who constitute the Woman's Seed er he Wise Virgins shall be gone. No ext on, no miracle, has ever been so effectual t rapture of the Living Saints will prove, rning the hearts of the disobedient to the sd n of the just.'

" en the war will break forth in heaven.

THE TRUE MILTONIC WAR.

y suppose that clouds and darkness and r in the atmosphere, will indicate to the he tremendous conflict in the skies. We y ppose that the elements will be shaken, ven heaven itself will shake throughout erlasting frame.'

e battle will be won, and the Devil and his driven headlong from the skies. They own into the earth, like a discomfited nd fill the whole atmosphere of the globe. rth will become peopled with demons, y formidable by their strength and numt by their implacable rage. Knowing eir time is short, they will compensate brevity by a sevenfold effort. 'Woe to abiters of the earth and of the sea!'

ny a one who now scoffs at these awful will then—too late—upbraid his own nd wish that he could exchange places e meanest of the translated saints! Then be compelled to own that the least in the gdom of heaven is greater than the greatest upon earth. To such it will be a terrible surprise when 'one shall be taken and the other left;' then the war of angels shall shake the heavens, and Satan and his armies shall be driven into the earth to glut their rage upon mankind. Then, indeed, the sleeping congregations will awake. They will turn round upon those who have failed to warn them, and upbraid them with their faithlessness. They will cry out in their anguish, 'Woe unto me! The treacherous dealers have dealt treacherously; yea, the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously.' The treacherous dealers are the preachers who have suppressed the solemn truth of Christ's Second Appearing and Millennial Kingdom, and have set up their own feeble voice in place of the thunders of the Messiah.

"After the 3½ years, when Babylon the Great—apostate Rome—has been destroyed, and *before* the fall of the Wild Beast (the Antichrist) and False Prophet: at Armageddon, a mighty event is to take place in heaven,—

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB

(Rev. 19 : 2, 3, 7). 'And her smoke rose up forever and ever;' 'Let us rejoice and be glad, and give honor to Him, for the Marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready.' The connection is self-evident. The smoke of Great Babylon, that European Gomorrah, ascending from the earth, mingles with the golden clouds which encompass the gold-veiled Bride. The terrible judgments of the earth are contrasted with the refulgent serenity of heaven. Just as the world begins to perish, the saints begin to reign.

"Long before this time the Wise Virgins have been removed from the earth. Their removal is to take place before the first seal, and before the 3½ years' reign of Antichrist. But the Bride is not completed at the removal of those saints. There are confessors and martyrs; all those who are to be behead [illegible] and which have not worshipped the Wild beast (*i.e.*, the Infidel Antichrist), neither his image, neither have received his mark in their foreheads or in their hands!' all these are to be embodied with those saints, and to complete the Bride. Until these martyrs and confessors have been taken up from the earth, the Bride or Church is not complete. But when all have been taken up (after the 3½ years), and united with those who went before, then the Bride is completed, and there is no more delay.

"The seventh vial has then been poured out, and Great Babylon has been destroyed; but the Antichrist and his armies are still in full strength, collected together at the siege of Jerusalem; the war between heaven and earth is still raging; the Jews are still under the wrath of God when the Marriage of the Lamb takes place. It is not, as one might think, in a time of peace that this event occurs, but in a time of deadly war and indescribable terrors. Strange time for so joyful event!

"But the Marriage is in heaven, not upon earth. Far above in the azure sky, in the golden fields, in the soft and lovely light from the face of God, above the blood-stained earth, above the sun itself, in the pure, unsullied air, the Marriage of the Lamb takes place. Above the thick, black smoke of apostate Christendom, above the ruins of all human pride, above the eagle's flight and the terrific mountain cliffs, the saints in their glorious bodies shall stand in unimpaired serenity.

"They have no fear of death; they are no longer affected by material laws: the elements have no power over their bodies: to them it will be as natural to rise as it is to us to fall. As *the Bride of the Lamb* they are gifted with His attributes—glory, immortality, and light. With the purity and swiftness of the sunbeams, with the force of lightning, with an inward spirit as perfect as the body, they stand in the centre of celestial life, the brightest objects of that world of brightness. Angels themselves must give precedence to the Bride, and yield up to her the inmost circle around the throne. There in the place of honor in heaven stands the Church before the throne of the Lamb, as a Bride standing at the altar.

"Taking the multitude of which the Church or Bride is composed, God then takes in His hand

THE GOLDEN CITY,

the New Jerusalem, in that hand which holds the heavens, and lets it gently descend over the multitudes of the Church, like a veil of golden network over a bride upon her marriage-day; and with that golden veil He covers and envelops all the millions of the Church; the veil descends to the feet like that of an Eastern bride, and nothing but the veil is seen. A multitude of persons, but a *single veil* for all, and so the diversity of persons is changed into a *unity* of aspect.

"The millions of the Church are thus brought forward as one individual bride under the encircling veil of the golden city. The ceremony is finished, the marriage is completed; and those whom God hath joined together, shall no man and no created thing be able to put asunder. The whole idea and essence of the marriage of the Lamb is a perfect and eternal union between the Divine Man from heaven and the men of dust and ashes from the earth. It is the taking up of a people out of the dying world and absorbing them into union with the Lord of Life.

"When the marriage of the Lamb has taken place, it is followed by a banquet, the most magnificent, we may be assured, that even heaven itself has ever seen. It is called the 'Marriage Supper of the Lamb' (Rev. 19 : 9). What a feast will that be! Imagine all the splendors of Eastern kings, of Imperial Rome, of over-civilized Europe, and what are they when compared with the splendors of the marriage of the Lamb?

"Those present at the august and imposing banqueting-room are [illegible] gates are pearls, the light of the banqueting-room is the light of God's countenance!

"The last supper of the Lord with His disciples was in the earthly Jerusalem, at a humble table in an 'upper room,' and darkened by the heaviest cloud that ever fell upon human hearts—the shadow of the cross. But the next supper; how different! In the golden city, in the upper skies, at a table decorated by all the skill of heaven, covered with celestial light, with the cross behind and a happy eternity before them, the disciples in resurrection bodies will again sit down to supper with their Lord.

"The splendors of this Marriage Supper of the Lamb can neither be imagined nor described, nor its divine music, nor its celestial conversation. The golden harps shall be strung, and the immeasurable vault of heaven shall be filled with the melodious voice of glorified millions—a voice as perfect as their beauty; and a song shall be raised, which shall pierce the clouds, and bring back harmony even to the earth: 'Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!' 'They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

"When this wondrous feast has ended, another scene of a far different kind shall follow. Heaven is not a place of unvarying occupation or of incessant feasting. It is a place of sublime action, as well as of sublime music. The manifold gifts and matchless construction of the mind and body were never intended for one monotonous occupation or one unwearied state. The employments of heaven will be as various as the capacities of its inmates. The Marriage Feast being ended, the saints go forth to *Battle*. The Lord with His glorified Church then goes forth at the head of His armies to tread down the wicked as ashes, and to suppress the reign of evil forever, and to slay the armies of Antichrist, as described in Revelation 19."

(To be continued.)

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* racted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. ted in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. *amphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and cr ion of Approaching Events," with two maps f large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains quotations from Forty Expositors on these Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, **$1.50**

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, May 12th, at **11.35 A.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

[illegible] favorable to Mr. Blaine. Of four State Conventions held on May 12th he is the choice of three. Michigan adopted a resolution in his favor and selected Blaine delegates, leaving them uninstructed. West Virginia and Nevada instructed its delegates for Blaine. The Florida Convention was enthusiastic for the ex-President; it elected Grant delegates, with instructions to vote for him as a unit so long as his name was before the National Convention.

There has been a bolt in Illinois before the State Convention meets. The Cook County Convention, which includes Chicago, assembled on May 10th to select delegates to the State Convention. Early in the proceedings the supporters of General Grant, believing that they would be ignored in the selection, separated themselves, and held another meeting, and selected delegates of their own. Two sets of delegates will therefore be sent from Cook County, and the Convention will have to decide which of the two it will receive.

The Democratic Convention of Wisconsin elected delegates on May 12th. They were uninstructed, and are considered merely as prominent members of the Democratic party, having no decided Presidential preferences, except that they will vote steadily against Mr. Tilden's nomination.

The Adjournment of Congress was voted by the House on May 15th, to be fixed for May 31st. The arguments of those Representatives who opposed the resolution, were that the interests of the country demanded action upon the tariff, the bill to change the method of counting the electoral votes, the Funding bill, and *twelve hundred other bills* which have been reported by the Committees. Besides these, great inconvenience is experienced by the failure of Congress to pass the appropriation bills. There is no money to pay the fees of jurors or witnesses, or the board of prisoners left for trial, to pay revenue officers, or to provide gas and water in the Post-Offices, Custom-Houses, and other public buildings throughout the country. In New York the Chambers of Commerce have guaranteed the payment of the gas bill at the Post-Office, but in Boston the work has been done since May 13th by the light of lanterns. The money has been duly furnished by the tax-payers, but the needful appropriation bills are not passed. It seems scarcely likely that Congress will adjourn leaving such an accumulation of business unperformed.

Over Thirty-seven Million Bibles have been issued by the American Bible Society during the sixty-four years of its existence. At the annual meeting in the Bible House, on May 13th, it was stated that during the last year the managers issued from the Bible House 1,129,078 copies of the sacred volume. Of these, 45,218 copies were sent to foreign lands. The receipts for the last year amount to $608,342.28, of which $221,728.38 was from legacies; $257,287.14 in payment for books; and $129,329.77 from gifts and other sources. Over $1,750,000 had been disbursed by the society, and now a bequest of $50,000 would soon be in the treasury to be expended in revising and publishing a new version of the Bible.

The Town of Milton, Pa., was Almost Entirely destroyed by fire on May 14th. The fire broke out at noon in the finishing shop of the car-works, and a high wind prevailing at the time carried the flames in the direction of the town. Aid was telegraphed for to adjacent towns and was promptly rendered, but before the flames were brought under control *four hundred buildings*, including all the churches, were destroyed, and some six hundred families rendered homeless. The loss is estimated to be nearly two million dollars.

A telegram states that contributions are pouring in from all points. Provisions and clothing are arriving from all the near towns. Two hundred tents from the State Arsenal reached there and were erected in a field for the accommodation of the homeless. Many of those who [illegible] for in the near country districts.

The Methodist Conference now assembled at Cincinnati has passed by a unanimous vote the following resolution: *Whereas*, The purity and exalted character of the family and social life of the White House at Washington is not surpassed in the history of our country; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembled in Ohio, the state of the nativity of the President, Rutherford B. Hayes, and of Mrs. Hayes, hereby express our high appreciation of the personal worth and noble example of the President and his wife; and we recommend to the women of America the heroic conduct of Mrs. Hayes in regard to temperance, and especially *the beautiful symmetry of her Christian life.*" Four additional bishops were elected on May 12th, as follows: The Rev. Henry W. Warren, of Philadelphia; Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL.D., President of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; John F. Hurst, President of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.; and Dr. E. O. Haven, Chancellor of the Syracuse University. The election occupied the entire day and created much interest.

The Sudden Death of Chief Judge Sanford E. Church, at Albion, N. Y., on May 14th, has caused a painful shock throughout the community. He had been slightly unwell for a few days, but had been able to attend to the duties of his office. On Friday evening he called at the Orleans County National Bank, on his way to his office, and while there was seized with severe pain in the chest. He was driven to his residence and a physician was summoned, but before medicine could be administered, he was seen to struggle convulsively and fall over on his side, dead.

The deceased Judge was sixty-five years of age, having been born at Milford, N. Y., in 1815. He had twice occupied the position of Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York, and was offered a third nomination, but declined it. He was chosen Comptroller in 1857, and administered the affairs of his office with remarkable ability. When the Court of Appeals was remodelled in 1870, Mr. Church was enthusi cally nominated for Chief Judge, and was ele by the enormous majority of 88,000. His had been before the country several times possible Democratic candidate for the F dency, and in 1868 the New York deleg cast the vote of the State for him in the seven ballots, but he was never nominated. a Judge, Mr. Church enjoyed the confidenc respect of his associates and of the bar, an opinions carried great weight with the p He was an earnest and consistent member Episcopal Church.

A Subscription has been Declined fo sake of principle by the directors of the Chr Home for Intemperate Men. At their me on May 7th they decided not to accept th nual subscription of about fifteen hundre lars paid them by the Commissioners of E The reason is not that the home is wealth has no need of the money; for it is notor straitened in its efforts by lack of means. reason is that the directors are aware th money given by the commissioners is d from the traffic in intoxicating liquor, an feel that for conscience' sake they must it. Their action will be approved by the of temperance, who will doubtless tak that the funds of the institution are not ished by the consistency of the directors.

A General's Prayers were Accepted servant as an indication of approaching Some officers during the war were on on sion speaking to Jim, the colored serv General Stonewall Jackson, about his m habits, when the following testimony was "Yes; *the general is a great man for pra* all times. But when I see him get up many times in the night to pray, then there is going to be something to pay; a straight and pack his haversack, because he will call for it in the mornin'." The was doubtless unconscious of his servant' vation of his devotions and of the infere drew from them, but so does the earnes tian preach silent sermons to those who s him which are no less effectual for being p in actions instead of in words.

The Future of America was Sketched i of a sombre character by Dr. Goodwin, cago, at the Broadway Tabernacle, New Y May 9th. The occasion was the annive the American Home Missionary Socie the vivid picture Dr. Goodwin drew of t gers which menace our national life sho up every Christian citizen to renewed e the cause of his Master. Dr. Goodwin the influence of Socialism, Mormonis Roman Catholicism, and proved by fa statistics how grave reason he had for h Having shown that the centre of the n moving gradually in a western direct pointed out that the three gigantic sys error are making rapid progress in that and are growing in wealth and status. fluence of the Western States will ere paramount in the Republic, and if that i is controlled by the enemies of Christ under the banner of Popery, Commu Mormonism, or a combination of the th result must be disastrous to the natio Goodwin's views drawn from facts and it will be observed, coincide with those eminent men who have given careful s the unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Wa (London) for May may be obtained at t of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six c

The Second Volume of the Christian comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec may be had, elegantly bound in cloth, a Bible House, New York. Price $1.75.

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Churc tributions received during the week whic Saturday, May 15th: James Penn, Purl $1; Jno. T. Brarey, Central Point, Cal., $1 forwarded to Dr. Talmage, $2.

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contrib ceived from "A Christian of Montana," $2.

A Meeting in the Old Brewery, New York, n Tuesday, May 4th, was of an unusually intersting character. It is now nearly thirty years ince the building was a tenement-house occupied y 300 people, among whom were the worst riminals in New York. The journals of that ay described it as "*the devil's own fort*, which e held against Church and State." From it roceeded all manner of vice and iniquity, and it arbored men guilty of the foulest crimes in the lendar. The place was dreaded even by the west class of citizens who live in Five Points, which the Old Brewery is the centre. Even e police dared not enter it save with their relvers in their hands, and then they were in nger of their lives. Now the Old Brewery is e headquarters of the Five Points Mission, and ousands of families have reason to thank God the beneficent influences which have flowed om it. In 1852 the place was purchased for ssion work, chiefly through the exertions of ne Christian ladies, who were assisted by the quence of Mr. J. B. Gough. The meeting d on May 4th, was to celebrate the anniversary the Mission, and to receive the report.

ev. Joseph Cook not a Spiritualist.—In one his latest Boston lectures Rev. Joseph Cook lt with the subject of Spiritualism, and menned several phenomena he had witnessed ich he could not understand. The lecture e rise to the report that Mr. Cook had bee a convert to Spiritualism. He has now tten to the newspapers emphatically denying truth of the report.

Death from a Scratch.—William B. Steeples, iver for the New Jersey Express Company, ding at Newark, slightly scratched his left d three weeks ago while handling boxes. He no attention to the wound. Soon his hand an to swell, and finally reached enormous proions. It was then discovered that *he had been* [illegible] Medical assistance was called in, it was too late; he died on May 7th.

he laws regulating our physical nature also y to our moral and spiritual nature. Little which the world calls venial it frequently pens that the sinner thinks nothing of, but r a time their effect is seen in a seared conce and a readiness to commit sins of deeper until the sinner becomes an utter spiritual k. It is only when the Holy Spirit has enened the soul that the smallest sin is seen to hat it really is—the heinous thing God hates.

Missionary Attacked by Robbers.—The Wm. Patterson, superintendent of the hodist Mission in Mexico, writes to the ville *Advocate*, that while he was on his to the scene of his labors he was attacked ighwaymen. They shot at him, providenonly hitting his hat; they struck him with guns on the back of his head and in his crushing his nose and injuring his eyes. r robbing him of all he had with him at the, they left him bleeding in the road, where he until mercifully rescued and cared for by the pants of a passing diligence. Those who te their lives to the work Jesus committed is disciples, to go into all the world and h the Gospel to every creature (Mark 16: are even in these days in peril of their lives, they need the prayers of the Church that may be sustained in their work

Alarming Oil Fire broke out near Rew Pa., on May 6th. Two workmen were atting to explode a nitro-glycerine torpedo oil well owned by the Oakshade Oil Com. As the torpedo was being lowered the made a flow of oil, throwing the torpedo of the hole against the derrick. Instantly was a terrific explosion, scattering the enhouse, boiler-house, derrick, and machinery fferent directions. The oil caught fire and up into the air *a hundred feet in a blazing n.* The ground for miles around was cov with a thin layer of oil and oil-soaked s. A strong wind was blowing from the and the fire spread with frightful rapidity in irection of Rew City. The people of that were paralyzed with fear, and tried to remove their household goods before the fire reached them, but so great was the speed of the flames that nothing could be saved and *the village was totally consumed.* The people ran for their lives, and sought a place of shelter in an open field.

On the same day another oil fire broke out at Gillmor, six miles from Rew City, which spread from tank to tank until the whole mountain side was *a sheet of flame.* As far as can yet be learned, no lives were lost, but the loss of property was very great.

Theological Students and Croquet Playing.—The colored theological students of the Richmond Baptist Institute have been in the habit of playing baseball and croquet, but some of the brethren in the neighborhood thought that the amusement was inconsistent with their profession, and two aged deacons called upon the students and remonstrated. The latter replied: "We do not believe there can be any sin in our taking such exercise; but, if it hurt your conscience, we will play croquet and ball no more while the world standeth."

The reply of the students indicates that whether they were right or wrong in croquet playing, they had received the true spirit of Christ, which is one of self-renunciation.

A Letter Asking for Prayer was Read at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting last week from a young lady in England who had read in the English edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD the narrative of a young lady who had been healed of a sore sickness in answer to prayer. For many years she has been an invalid, unable to leave her room, and a great sufferer. For four years her father has suffered in the room below hers, and neither has seen the other in all that time.

A Friend who would not Wait.—A Dissipated young man was converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings and subsequently joined Dr. Tyng's church in New York. Some time afterward he met in the city one of his former associates, who was [illegible] him and asked him to celebrate their meeting with a drink in [illegible] neighboring bar-rooms. But the young Christian refused, saying:

"I have a Friend with me."

"I don't see any one with you."

"You can't see Him, but He is here."

"Bring him in with you."

"No; He never goes into bar-rooms."

"Then let him wait outside."

"No, no," was the final answer. "My friend is Jesus Christ, and if I go in with you He'll not wait."

How many temptations would a Christian be saved from if he only considered whether Jesus would go into certain places which are sometimes considered innocent and harmless!

"Her Pilot was Asleep Below" is given as the simple and sufficient explanation of the disaster that happened to the Guion steamer Montana, which was grounded and wrecked upon a rock off the English coast on Saturday, March 13th. Of how many shipwrecked souls might the same thing be said, "The pilot was asleep below"! "What I say unto you," said our Saviour, "I say unto all, Watch, and pray, lest ye fall into temptation."

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has been received. They are now on sale at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

SALVATION BY WORKS, A CRIMINAL DOCTRINE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"I do not frustrate the grace of God: for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain."—GALATIANS 2: 21.

The Doctrine Insinuating—Plausible—A Natural Doctrine—Arising from Ignorance—Pride—Unbelief—I. The Two Great Crimes of Self-Righteousness—1. It Frustrates the Grace of God—2. Makes Christ to have Died in Vain—It is a Sin against Sinners—Against Saints—Against the Well-beloved—II. These Crimes Committed by Many People—1. Those who Trifle with the Gospel—2. Those who have no Sense of Guilt—3. Those who Despair—4. Those who Mangle the Gospel—5. Those who Apostatize—III. No True Believer Guilty of those Crimes—Two Great Principles.

THE idea of salvation by the merit of our own works is exceedingly *insinuating*. It matters not how often it is refuted, it asserts itself again and again; and when it gains the least foothold it soon makes great advances. Hence Paul, who was determined to show it no quarter, opposed every thing which bore its likeness. He was determined not to permit *the thin end of the wedge* to be introduced into the church, for well he knew that willing hands would soon be driving it home: hence when Peter sided with the Judaizing party, and seemed to favor those who demanded that the Gentiles should be circumcised, our brave apostle withstood him to the face.

He fought always for salvation by grace through faith, and contended strenuously against all thought of righteousness by obedience to the precepts of the ceremonial or the moral law. No one could be more explicit than he upon the doctrine that we are not justified or saved by works in any degree, but solely by the grace of [illegible] uncertain sound, but gave forth the clear note, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." Grace meant [illegible] tampering with the matter, [illegible] endure any of its meaning.

So fascinating is the doctrine of legal righteousness that the only way to deal with it is Paul's way. Stamp it out. Cry war to the knife against it. Never yield to it; but remember the apostle's firmness, and how stoutly he held his ground: "To whom," saith he, "we gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour."

The error of salvation by works is exceedingly *plausible*. You will constantly hear it stated as a self-evident truth, and vindicated on account of its supposed practical usefulness, while the gospel doctrine of salvation by faith is railed at and accused of evil consequences. It is affirmed that if we preach salvation by good works we shall encourage virtue; and so it might seem in theory, but history proves by many instances that as a matter of fact where such doctrine has been preached virtue has become singularly uncommon, and that in proportion as the merit of works has been cried up, morality has gone down.

On the other hand, where justification by faith has been preached, conversions have followed, and purity of life has been produced even in the worst of men. Those who lead godly and gracious lives are ready to confess that the cause of their zeal for holiness lies in their faith in Christ Jesus; but where will you meet with a devout and upright man who glories in his own works?

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS IS NATURAL *to our fallen humanity*. Hence it is the essence of all false religions. Be they what they may, they all agree in seeking salvation by our own deeds. He who worships his idols will torture his body, will fast, will perform long pilgrimages, and do or endure any thing in order to merit salvation. The Romish Church holds up continually before the eyes of its votaries the prize to be earned by self-denial, by penance, by prayers, or by sacraments, or by some other performances of man.

Go where you may, the natural religion of fallen man is salvation by his own merits. An old divine has well said, every man is *born a heretic* upon this point, and he naturally gravitates toward this heresy in one form or another. Self-salvation, either by his personal worthiness, or by his repentance, or by his resolves, is a hope ingrained in human nature, and very hard to remove. This foolishness is bound up in the heart of every child, and who shall get it out of him?

This erroneous idea *arises partly from ignorance,* for men are ignorant of the law of God, and of what holiness really is. If they knew that even an evil thought is a breach of the law, and that the law once broken in any point is altogether violated, they would be at once convinced that there can be no righteousness by the law to those who have already offended against it.

Nor is it ignorance alone which leads men to self-righteousness: they are also deceived by *pride.* Man cannot endure to be saved on the footing of mercy; he loves not to plead guilty and throw himself on the favor of the great King; he cannot brook to be treated as a pauper, and blessed as a matter of charity; he desires to have *a finger in his own salvation,* and claim at least a little credit for it. Proud man will not have heaven itself upon terms of grace; but so long as he can he sets up one plea or another, and holds to his own righteousness as though it were his life.

This self-confidence also arises from wicked *unbelief,* for through his self-conceit man will not believe God. Nothing is more plainly revealed in Scripture than this—that by the works of the law shall no man be justified, yet men in some shape or other stick to the hope of legal righteousness; they will have it that they must prepare for grace, or assist mercy, or in some degree deserve eternal life. They prefer their own flat[illegible] searching God. The testimony of the Holy Spirit concerning the deceitfulness of the heart is cast aside and the [illegible] good, no, not one, is [illegible]ner denied. Is not this a great evil?

Self-righteousness is also much promoted by the almost universal *spirit of trifling* which is now abroad. Only while men trifle with themselves can they entertain the idea of personal merit before God. He who comes to serious thought, and begins to understand the character of God, before whom the heavens are not pure, and the angels are charged with folly—he, I say, that comes to serious thought and beholds a true vision of God, abhors himself in dust and ashes, and is forever silenced as to any thought of self-justification.

At this time I desire to shoot at the very heart of that soul-destroying doctrine, while I show you, in the first place, that *two great crimes are contained in the idea of self-justification.* When I have brought forth that indictment, I shall further endeavor to show that *these two great crimes are committed by many;* and then, thirdly, it will be a delight to assert that *the true believer does not fall into these crimes.* May God, the Holy Spirit, help us while meditating upon this important theme!

I. TWO GREAT CRIMES

are contained in self-righteousness. These high crimes and misdemeanors are frustrating the grace of God, and making Christ to have died in vain.

1. The first is *the frustration of the grace of God.* The word here translated "frustrate" means to make void, to reject, to refuse, to regard as needless. Now, he that hopes to be saved by his own righteousness rejects the grace or free favor of God, regards it as useless, and in that sense frustrates it.

It is clear, first, that if righteousness come by the law, the grace of God is no longer required. If we can be saved by our own merits we need justice, but we certainly do not want mercy. If we can keep the law, and claim to be accepted as a matter of debt, it is plain that we need not turn suppliants, and crave for mercy. Grace is a superfluity where merit can be proved.

A man who can go into court with a clear case and a bold countenance asks not for mercy of the judge, and the offer of it would insult him. "Give me justice," he says; "give me my rights;" and he stands up for them as a brave Englishman should do. It is only when a man feels that the law condemns him that he puts in a plea for mercy. Nobody ever dreamed of recommending an innocent man to mercy. I say, then, that the man who believes that by keeping the law, or by practising ceremonies, or by undergoing religious performances, he can make himself acceptable before God, most decidedly puts the grace of God on one side as a superfluous thing as far as he is concerned. Is it not clearly so? And is not this a crimson crime—this frustration of the grace of God?

He makes the grace of God to be at least *a secondary thing,* which is only a lower degree of the same error. Many think that they are to merit as much as they can by their own exertions, and then the grace of God will make up for the rest. The theory seems to be that we are to keep the law as far as we can, and this imperfect obedience is to stand good, as a sort of composition, say *a shilling in the pound,* or fifteen shillings in the pound, according as man judges of his own excellence; and then what is required over and above our own hard-earned money the grace of God will supply: in short, the plan is every man his own Saviour, and Jesus Christ and His grace make-weights for our deficiencies.

Whether men see it or not, this admixture of law and grace is most dishonoring to the salvation of Jesus Christ. It makes the Saviour's work to be incomplete, though on the cross He cried, "It is finished." Yea, it even treats it as being utterly ineffectual, since it appears to be of no avail till man's works are added to it. According to this notion we are redeemed as much by our own doings as by the ransom price of Jesus' blood, and *man and* [illegible] *shares,* [illegible] the work and in the glory. This is an intense form of arrogant treason against the majesty of divine mercy:

A CAPITAL CRIME,

which will condemn all who continue in it.

More than that, he who trusts in himself, his feelings, his works, his prayers, or in any thing except the grace of God, *virtually gives up trusting in the grace of God altogether:* for be it known unto you, that God's grace will never share the work with man's merit. As oil will not combine with water, so neither will human merit and heavenly mercy mix together. The apostle saith in Romans 11:6, "If by grace, then it is no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work."

You must either have salvation wholly because you deserve it, or wholly because God graciously bestows it though you do not deserve it. You must receive salvation at the Lord's hand either as a debt or as a charity; there can be no mingling of the ideas. That which is a pure donation of favor cannot also be a reward of personal deserving. A combination of the two principles of law and grace is utterly impossible. Trust in our own works in any degree effectually shuts us out from all hope of salvation by grace: and so it frustrates the grace of God.

This hoping to be saved by our own righteousness *robs God of His glory.* It as good as says, "We want no grace; we need no free favor." It reads of the new covenant which infinite love has made, but by clinging to the old covenant it puts dishonor upon it. In its heart it murmurs, "What need of this covenant of grace? The covenant of works answers every purpose for us." It reads of the great gift of grace in the person of Jesus Christ, and it does despite thereto by the secret thought that human doings are as good as the life and death of the Son of God. It cries, "We will not have this man to save us."

A self-righteous hope casts a slur upon the glory of God, since it is clear that if a man could be saved by his own works, he would naturally have the honor of it; but if a man be save the free grace of God, then God is glori Woe unto those who teach a doctrine w would pluck the crown royal from the hea our sovereign Lord and disgrace the thron His glory. God help us to be clear of this offence against high Heaven.

I grow warm upon such a subject as this my indignation rises against that which dishonor to my Lord, and frustrates His g This is a sin so gross that even the heathen not commit it. They have never heard of grace of God, and therefore they cannot slight upon it: when they perish it will be a far lighter doom than those who have told that God is gracious and ready to par and yet turn on their heel and wickedly boa innocence, and pretend to be clean in the of God. This is

A SIN WHICH DEVILS CANNOT COMMI

With all the obstinacy of their rebellion, can never reach to this. They have never the sweet notes of free grace and dying love ing in their ears, and therefore they have used the heavenly invitation. What has been presented to their acceptance cann the object of their rejection. Thus, ther hearer, if you should fall into this deep you will sink lower than the heathen, lowe Sodom and Gomorrah, and lower than the himself. Wake up, I pray, and do not d frustrate the grace of God.

2. The second great crime which self-jus tion commits is *making Christ to be dead in* This is plain enough. If salvation can the works of the law, why did our Lord die to save us? O thou bleeding Lamb of Thine incarnation is a marvel, but Thy upon the accursed tree is such a miracle of as fills all heaven with astonishment. W dare to say that Thy death, O incarnate was a superfluity, a [illegible] Do they dare think Thee a generous but enthusiast, whose death was needless? thousands virtually do this, and, in fact, so who make it out that men might hav saved in some other way, or may now be by their own willings and doings.

The doctrine of salvation by works i against all the fallen sons of Adam, for cannot be saved except by their own what hope is left for any transgressor? shut the gates of mercy on mankind; y demn the guilty to die without the possib remission. You deny all hope of welc the returning prodigal, all prospect of P to the dying thief. If heaven be by thousands of us will never see its gates. that I never shall. You fine fellows may in your prospects, but what is to become You ruin us all by your boastful scheme.

Nor is this all. It is a sin against the for none of them have any other hope ex the blood and righteousness of Jesus Remove the doctrine of the atoning blo you have taken all away; our founda gone. If you speak thus you offend the generation of godly men. I go further *mongering is a sin* against the perfec above.

The doctrine of salvation by works silence the hallelujahs of heaven. H choristers, what meaning is there in you You are chanting, "Unto Him that lo and washed us from our sins in His own But why sing ye so? If salvation be by your ascriptions of praise are empty fl You ought to sing, "Unto ourselves w our garments clean, to us be glory fore ever;" or at least "unto ourselves wh made the Redeemer's work effectual share of praise." But a self-lauding n never heard in heaven, and therefore sure that the doctrine of self-justificatio of God.

I charge you, renounce it as the foe and man. This proud system is a sin of dye against the Well-beloved. I cannot to think of the insult which it puts u lying Lord. If you have made Christ to live in ain, that is bad enough; but to represent Him s having *died* in vain! What shall be said of his? That Christ came to earth for nothing is statement most horrible; but that He became bedient to the death of the cross without result ; profanity at its worst.

II. I will say no more concerning the nature f these sins, but in the second place proceed to ie solemn fact, that

HESE TWO GREAT CRIMES ARE COMMITTED BY MANY PEOPLE.

I am afraid they are committed by some who ar me this day. Let every one search himself id see if these accursed things be not hidden in s heart, and if they be, let him cry unto God r deliverance from them.

1. Assuredly these crimes are chargeable on *ose who trifle with the Gospel.* Here is the eatest discovery that was ever made, the most onderful piece of knowledge that ever was re-aled, and yet you do not think it worth a ought.

The death of Christ is nothing to you—a very autiful fact, no doubt; you know the story ll, but you do not care enough about it to sh to be a partaker in its benefits. His blood y have power to cleanse from sin, but you do want remission; His death may be the life men, but you do not long to live by Him. To saved by the atoning blood does not strike as being half so important as to carry on ur business at a profit and acquire a fortune your family. By thus trifling with these cious things you do, as far as you can, frus-e the grace of God and make Christ to die in n.

. Another set of people who do this are *those have no sense of guilt.* Perhaps they are urally amiable, civil, honest, and generous ple, and they think that these natural virtues all that is needed. We have many such, in om there is much that is lovely, but the one g needful is lacking. They are not con-us that they ever did any thing very wrong, think themselves certainly as good as ers, and in some respects rather better.

ou are very bad, because you are so proud as hink yourself righteous, though God hath that there is none righteous, no, not one. tell your God that He is a liar. His Word ses you, and His law condemns you; but will not believe Him, and actually boast of ng a righteousness of your own. This is presumption and arrogant pride, and may Lord purge you from it!

Another sort of people may fancy that they escape, but we must now come home to . *Those who despair* will often cry, "I I cannot be saved except by grace, for I uch a great sinner; but alas! I am too great ner to be saved at all. I am too black for st to wash out my sins." Ah, my dear d, though you know it not, you are making the grace of God, by denying its power and ing its might. You doubt the efficacy of Redeemer's blood, and the power of the er's grace.

hat! The grace of God, is not that able to ? Is not the Father of our Lord Jesus able rgive sin? We joyfully sing—

"Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who hath grace so rich and free?"

you say He cannot forgive you, and this in eeth of His many promises of mercy. Oh ot so: let not thine unbelief give the lie to

4. And those, I think, commit this sin in a measure, *who make a mingle-mangle of the l.* I mean this: when we preach the Gos-e have only to say, "Sinners, you are ; you never can be any thing else but in and of yourselves: if that sin of yours doned, it must be through an act of sover-race, and not because of any thing in you, at can be done by you. Grace must be to you because Jesus died, and for no reason; and the way by which you can that grace is simply by trusting Christ. By faith in Jesus Christ you shall obtain full forgiveness." *This is pure Gospel.*

If the man turns round and inquires, "How am I warranted to believe in Christ?" If I tell him that he is warranted to believe in Christ because he feels a law-work within, or because he has holy desires, I have made a mess of it: I have put something of the man into the question and marred the glory of grace. Those who mingle their "ifs," and "buts," and insist upon it "you must do this, and feel that, before you may accept Christ," frustrate the grace of God in a measure, and do damage to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

5. And so, once more, do *those also who apostatize.* Do I speak to any here who were once professors of religion, who once used to offer prayer in the assembly, who once walked as saints, but now have gone back, breaking the Sabbath, forsaking the house of God, and living in sin? You, my friend, say by your course of life, "I had the grace of God, but I do not care about it: it is worth nothing. I have rejected it, I have given it up: I have made it void: I have gone back to the world." You do as good as say, "I did once trust in Jesus Christ, but He is not worth trusting."

You have denied Him, you have sold your Lord and Master. I will not now go into the question as to whether you ever were sincere, though I believe you never were, but on your own showing such is your case. Take heed lest these two terrible crimes should rest upon you, that you do frustrate the grace of God, and make Christ to be dead in vain.

III. On my third point I shall carry with me the deep convictions, and the joyful confidences, of all true believers. It is this, that

NO TRUE BELIEVER WILL BE GUILTY OF THESE CRIMES.

In his very soul he loathes these infamous sins.

First of all, *no believer in Christ can bear to think of the frustrating of the grace of God or the making of it void.* Come, now, honest hearts, I speak to you. Do you trust in grace alone, or do you in some measure rest in yourselves? Do you even in a small degree depend upon your own feelings, your own faithfulness, your own repentance? I know you abhor the very thought. You have not even the shadow of a hope nor the semblance of a confidence in any thing you ever were, or ever can be, or ever hope to be. You fling this away as a foul rag full of contagion, which you would hurl out of the universe if you could.

I do avow that though I have preached the Gospel with all my heart, and glory in it, yet I cast my preachings away as dross if I think of them as a ground of reliance: and though I have brought many souls to Christ, blessed be His name, I never dare for one moment put the slightest confidence in that fact as to my own salvation, for I know that I, after having preached to others, may yet be a castaway. I cannot rest in a successful ministry, or an edified church, but I repose alone in my Redeemer.

What I say of myself I know that each one of you will say for himself. Your almsgivings, your prayers, your tears, your suffering persecution, your gifts to the church, your earnest work in the Sunday-school or elsewhere—did you ever think of putting these side by side with the blood of Christ as your hope? No, you never dreamed of it; I am sure you never did, and the mention of it is utterly loathsome to you: is it not? Grace, grace, grace is your sole hope.

Moreover, you have not only renounced all confidence in works, but you renounce it this day more heartily than ever you did. The older you are, and the more holy you become, the less do you think of trusting in yourself. I know there are some who never felt themselves to be sinners, who shift about as if they were sitting on thorns when I am preaching grace and nothing else but grace; but it is not so with you who are resting in Christ. "Oh, no," you say, "ring that bell again, sir! Ring that bell again; there is no music like it. Touch that string again, it is our favorite note."

The true believer is also free from the second crime: *he does not make Christ to be dead in vain.* No, no, no, he trusts in the death of Christ; he puts his sole and entire reliance upon the great Substitute who loved and lived and died for him. He does not dare to associate with the bleeding sacrifice, his poor bleeding heart, or his prayers, or his sanctification, or any thing else. "None but Christ, none but Christ," is his soul's cry.

He detests every proposal to mix any thing of ceremony or of legal action with the finished work of Jesus Christ. The longer we live, I trust, dear brethren, the more we see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. We are struck with admiration at the wisdom of the way by which a substitute was introduced—that God might smite sin and yet spare the sinner; we are lost in admiration at the matchless love of God, that He spared not His own Son; we are filled with reverent adoration at the love of Christ, that when He knew the price of pardon was His blood, His pity ne'er withdrew.

We are one with Him, and being one with Him we realize more every day that He did not die in vain. His death *has* bought us real life: His death *has* already set us free from the bondage of sin, and *has* even now brought us deliverance from the fear of eternal wrath. His death has bought us life eternal, has bought us sonship and all the blessings that go with it, which the Fatherhood of God takes care to bestow; the death of Christ has shut the gates of hell for us, and opened the gates of heaven; the death of Christ has wrought for us mercies, not visionary or imaginary, but real and true, which this very day we do enjoy, and so we are in no danger of thinking that Christ died in vain.

It is our joy to hold

TWO GREAT PRINCIPLES

which I will leave with you, hoping that you will suck marrow and fatness out of them. These are the two principles. The grace of God cannot be frustrated, and Jesus Christ died not in vain. These two principles, I think, lie at the bottom of all sound doctrine. *The grace of God cannot be frustrated after all.* Its eternal purpose will be fulfilled, its sacrifice and seal shall be effectual: the chosen ones of grace shall be brought to glory. There shall be no failures as to God's plan in any point whatever: at the last when all shall be summed up it shall be seen that grace reigned through righteousness unto eternal life, and the top stone shall be brought out with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it."

And as grace cannot be frustrated, so *Christ did not die in vain.* Some seem to think that there were purposes in Christ's heart which will never be accomplished. We have not so learned Christ. What He died to do shall be done; those He bought He will have; those He redeemed shall be free; there shall be no failure of reward for Christ's wondrous work: He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.

On these two principles I throw back my soul to rest. Believing in His grace that grace shall never fail me. "My grace is sufficient for thee," saith the Lord, and so shall it be. Believing in Jesus Christ, His death must save me. It cannot be, O Calvary! that thou shouldst fail; O Gethsemane! that thy bloody sweat should be in vain. Through divine grace, resting in our Saviour's precious blood, we must be saved. Joy and rejoice with me, and go your way to tell it out to others. God bless you in so doing, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon, Galatians 1:11; 2.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 175,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A DOCTOR'S FATAL INHERITANCE.

A Temperance Story.

(*Continued from page* 316.)

Miss Garrington's Recovery—An Operation by an Intoxicated Surgeon—Arthur Disappears—Found in a Low Court Robbed and Suffering—His Terrible Death.

Poor Mrs. Garrington sank back into a chair and covered her face with her hands. "My God! my God!" she exclaimed, "this dreadful thing has come upon us at last! What shall we do? O dearest Lord, have mercy and pity upon us!" I made no attempt to check the mother's passionate grief for some time, but at last I appealed powerfully to her reason, and told her all would yet be well. I advised her to say nothing to her daughter, but to treat her with increased kindness—a recommendation I knew needed no urging.

Mrs. Garrington and her daughter, who had recovered, soon after this went abroad for change of air and scene, and Arthur remained at home alone. The occasional fits of gloom to which he was subject were now more frequent, and he appeared to be listless, and to have lost that interest in his profession which had so distinguished him. Every thing he did now seemed to be done with an effort, and though I often called and literally dragged him into society, I could not effectually arouse him from his lethargy. He was passionately fond of music, and I prevailed upon him to frequent the opera. This restored him to cheerfulness more than any thing, but the influence soon passed away, and he relapsed into the morbid condition into which the shock of his sister's mishap had thrown him.

Some time after this there was a patient in a well-known hospital suffering from aneurism of the heart, and it had been determined to try upon him the last resource known in such cases. His right arm was to be removed from its socket, and Arthur was selected to perform the operation. On the day appointed the patient was prepared, and Arthur arrived punctually, and immediately set to work. But there was something in his air and look so wild, so horrible, that I gazed at him with a terrified glance. The students in the room nudged each other and whispered, "Look at his eyes!"

The fixed, glassy stare, the stolid, vacant face, was to me appalling at such a moment, and I remained spellbound until the operation, thank God! was successfully and cleverly performed. "He is drunk!" said some one near me, and when I looked up Arthur reeled, and laughed an idiotic laugh. I rushed to him, seized his arm, and dragged him from the room. It was too true; he was drunk, hopelessly intoxicated, and how he had got through the operation I could never tell. He told me afterward he remembered nothing about it.

He kept away from the class-room after this, and as several days elapsed without hearing any thing of him, I called in Russell Square. To my surprise his servant informed me that his master had not been home for four days. He had come home hurriedly one evening, sent to get a check cashed for a large amount, and had not since returned. He said nothing of his intention to stay, but from the largeness of the amount of money he had taken and his long absence the servant concluded he might have gone to join his mother, who was staying at Ems. But he had taken no clothes with him, not even a change of linen; and the servants did not know what to do, and asked my advice.

I did not wish to unnecessarily alarm his mother, so I thought, before taking any steps, it would be advisable to wait a day or so longer. However, two days after he had not returned, and I wrote to Mrs. Garrington asking if Arthur had joined her. In due course an answer came that he was not at Ems—why did I write? Was Arthur not at home? and if not, what had become of him? I was to telegraph reply immediately. Well, there was nothing else to be done, for I became really alarmed, and I telegraphed Mrs. Garrington to return home at once. She soon arrived with her daughter, and they were both distracted on learning the news.

Miss Garrington was the first to recover her self-possession, and she lovingly soothed her mother's bitter anguish. She had regained her health, and although she had long suffered from the memory of that painful event in her life, I could see that she was chastened, and had at last found that joy and peace in Christ, where alone any real happiness can be found. Would that Arthur could have gone with faith and confidence to the same Source of all strength!

One night, returning home through Oxford Street, London, rather late, I felt myself plucked by the sleeve, and turning round I confronted a shabbily-dressed female who asked me if I was not a doctor. "I have often seen you, I think," said she, "with that good doctor who comes our way so often."

"Yes, my good woman," I quickly replied. "What of him? Where is he?"

"Oh," she said, "then I am right; I am so glad; come with me."

"Is he alive?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "but terribly ill." She led me through Drury Lane into an abominable-looking court, and stopped outside a wretched house.

"Come upstairs," said she, "and don't be afraid."

There was no light, and I groped my way up, convinced that I ran no risk, though I was in a notoriously evil neighborhood. In a small room, destitute of furniture except a table and chair, I saw by the faint glimmer of a candle the figure of a man lying in one corner on a mattress. His hair was matted, his face unwashed, and with the bloodshot eyes and swollen lips I could scarcely recognize my poor friend Arthur.

It was indeed he, but oh, how changed! The woman said she had noticed him drinking in the locality for several days with some of the vilest characters, and at last she had discovered him in the street one night lying utterly helpless, without coat or waistcoat, of which he had been robbed. She had once received some kindness from him, and she knew he was a medical man, but did not know where he lived. She had brought him in and sheltered him, poor as her accommodation was. He had been raving of his mother, but was now quiet.

I could see he was conscious, though his frame was trembling from his past excess. He recognized me, and turned his face to the wall. He was too feeble to stand, and I had him at once placed in a cab and conveyed home.

The meeting between the mother and son I will pass over; it was too harrowing to describe. He recovered very slowly, and he was completely broken in spirits. Nothing could remove the depression that followed this debauch, and I was not surprised to hear that he had come to the determination to relinquish his profession. His case appeared to me hopeless, and the family soon after went to a watering-place in the South of England. Letters often reached me, and I was afraid things were not going on well, when one day I received a telegram begging me to come immediately.

I went by the first train, and was not much surprised to hear that Arthur had again given way to drink. He had become so bad and unmanageable that the local doctor had sent in a man to watch. He was in the height of delirium when I entered his bed-room.

"Come on, come on!" he shouted to me, "you mean, pitiful, white-livered scoundrel; you would take my life, would you?" and, breaking from his keeper, who sought to hold him down in bed, he darted out of the room downstairs, and into the street.

With nothing but his shirt on, and his hair streaming in the wind, he sped like lightning up a cliff that overhung the sea. It was impossible to overtake him, but he turned and looked at us for a moment, and then sprang into the sea. Tossing his arms wildly up, he shouted, "Come on, come on!" and sank out of sight forever.

THE SPIRIT OF POWER AND LOVE

Sermon by Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; b of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."—2 Ti OTHY I : 7.

Unfailing Affection of Christ and the Apostles Paul's Intrepidity and Last Utterances—I. Tl True Spirit of Power not Physical, but Mor and Spiritual, Strength—Its Varied Characte istics and its Value.

It is recorded as an example of the unfaili affection of our Saviour toward those whom I had chosen out of the world, and made partake of His wondrous life, that, having loved H own that were in the world, He loved them un the end. His was a constancy of affection th suffered no abatement, either by human frail or by His own *crushing weight of adversity* a sorrow.

Similar constancy of regard in imitation His loving example seems to have been exhib ed by the apostles toward the churches whi they had been instrumental in establishing, toward those whom they tenderly designate their children in the faith. With an affecti fatherly in its solicitude and undimmed by t lapse of time, Paul watches over churches a fortifies *the young evangelist* whom he had ju inducted into his sphere of holy trial. Alwa anxious to forward the cause of his Master, suffers neither sickness to abate nor fetters paralyze his usefulness, and he writes this Ep tle "as an ambassador in bonds."

Already once has he been before the bar Nero; and, although forsaken by recre human hearts, the Lord stood by him a delivered him out of the mouth of the li But he knows that the danger is not over, t he will be a second time summoned, and t distinct and near there looms upon him shadow of martyrdom.

But this thought gives him no pain. It be but, to him, the introduction to the fi chariot in which he will the sooner cleave skies. How sublime his attitude as he stan *Paul the aged.* The young blasphemer tra formed into the veteran saint, looking cal down the vale of the future, and absolut losing sight of death in the thought of recompense beyond it. "I am now ready to offered, and the time of my departure is hand."

"Of my departure"—as if he were just m ing from one room to another in the gr house of life, and that was all. "The tim my departure is at hand. I have fought a g fight, I have finished my course, I have k the faith: henceforth there is laid up for m crown of righteousness, which the Lord, righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Now, words coming from such lips, at suc time, are eminently worthy of attention. prepossessions of yore have been confirmed later experience. Any thing which the glow fancy might have persuaded the unripe judgm to adopt hastily, has been corrected by the p ress of years. The things of earth appea all their littleness, for eternity looms sol and large upon the view. The mind get clearer insight and a farther-reaching visio the death-hour projects the invisible, and then, with all the past in memory, with all boundless hope of future glory at hand, apostle gives us his matured judgment of Christianity which he loved so well.

Now, words from an apostle like this, a time like this, when he looked straight ac the river and saw the shining ones on the o side, could not fail to be fraught both with dom and solemnity for those of us who wis learn; and he tells us that

THE SPIRIT OF OUR CHRISTIANITY,

wherever it is wisely and perfectly embodie not the spirit of fear, but the spirit of power love and of a sound mind. And as the w of the world are the same, and as the Ch has spiritual forces in the midst of her that intended to win the world to Christ, the s pression of Christianity *must be accepted now*, order that it may be displayed, not morbidly, it in its comeliest and most winning aspects, fore the sons of men.

The spirit, therefore, which the Church should hibit to-day must be a brave, affectionate, ber one—"for God hath not given us the irit of fear, but of power and of love and of a und mind." Let us look at these things for moment.

The apostle's negative affirmation and his first firmative one may be considered as the same—the spirit of fear being put in opposition to the spirit of courage, which is attended by the spirit of power. The main design of the affirmation in the connection is to give weight to the exhortation which follows it, "Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me, his prisoner."

1. The remembrance of his unsupported appearance before the tribunal of Nero seems to have haunted the apostle's mind and to have evoked a fear that the bravery of confessorship should die out of the Church; lest the faith that was valiant enough at a distance should fail before the rod of the lictor or before the axe of the headsman. So, he says, the spirit which God has given us, which is the very essence of our religion, is not dastardly craven-heartedness at the prospect of disaster, but the courage that will avow its faith and do its duty in the presence of every possible danger—*not the spirit of fear, but*

THE SPIRIT OF POWER.

The world's old *idea of power*, you know, was connected, both in classic and in pagan times, with physical energy and stalwart, muscular strength, such as slumbered in the right arm of Hercules or dwelt in the sinews of his Scripture prototype, Samson. While these were prodigies of strength, fit types of the crusaders and warriors of the world's later age of chivalry, there was not an atom of real power in the one or in the other.

The prowess of the physical courage which you can purchase for a shilling a day was impotent against *the giants of lust and malice* and pride, and there are significant and humbling lessons of bravest physical energy coexistent with the utmost moral cowardice, as, for instance, in the case of a Samson upon the lap of Delilah. Intellectual eminence, considered by itself and without any corresponding excellence, we are entitled to regard as among the world's lost powers.

I know, of course, all that can be said on the other side. I know that genius wields an empire in its own realm of undisputed lordship. I know the resolute will always find the abject roth beneath their commanding will. I know, too, that in the world's past, a past for the most part of strife and struggle and imperiousness and superb regal spirit, the men whom the chroniclers have canonized have been the brave forces, which they seemed to impress upon each succeeding age; but I know, too, or I think I know, that Christianity is gradually leavening the nations, and that, as the world grows wiser and better, its admiration will be dispensed for the heroes of its ancient worship with only very prudent parsimony.

Intellectual eminence, then, is not spiritual power, for it can consist (witness numberless instances) with vicious practice—and some of those who have scaled its loftiest heights have stooped to such low-souled meanness, that the poet has well described them as

> "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

No, *the spirit of power* is very different from all this. It can only dwell in a heart that is renewed—which to the foundation of *faith* has added *courage* as the first and among the noblest of Christian graces. The minister who preaches the truth as he ought, who doesn't smooth it down that it may fall blandly on courtly ears, who does not shrink from the utterance because the utterance causes an unpleasant twinge in the countenances of some who listen to him;

THE BRAVE CONFESSOR

who makes a stand for some noble principle, as against the pride of rank, and wealth, and office, and intellect, and the coarser pride of money, and, in spite of scathing slander, maintains his hold upon it; the struggling tradesman, newly brought under the impulse of the Christian principle, who will close his shop on the Sabbath at the risk of losing his most profitable trade, and who spurns the deceptive hand-bill, and the cooked accounts, and the fictitious capital—both the enormous dishonesties and *the little lies of trade;* all who hold to the truth when friends shrink away from their side, and the air is dark, and the heavens rattle with the roar of the storm—all these have gone quietly aside into some Jerusalem of God's adoption, and have tarried until they have been endowed with power from on high—the spirit of power, power in rebuke, power in perseverance, power in consistent living, power in the allegiance of a holy life, power in the diverse paths of Christian witness-bearing.

Oh, I sometimes long for that race of Hebrew prophets back again!—strong-souled, loyal men, who feared God so much that they had no room for any other fear whatever. They would not have been ashamed of Jesus. They would have gone without the camp, if necessary, bearing His reproach, and the Church filled with such witnesses, would have gone forth to the conquest of the world.

To my idea, what is meant by the apostle by the *spirit of power* is not complete yet, nor can it be without the introduction of another element, which our old fathers used to call

UNCTION

—the communion with the Holy Ghost, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, making the man and the truth alike instrumentalities of power, and it is just this upon which we have to depend for the conversion of the world to Christ.

This mysterious, *subtle power* is not talent, for the unlettered frequently wield it. It is not scholarship, for it has waited upon men who have been guiltless of all science except the science of saving souls. It is not eloquence, for it has come forth from lips that have stammered out their painful words, and whose style has broken hopelessly loose from the trammels of every classical model.

It is not the exclusive heirloom of the ministerial office. It is not the treasured possession either of poverty or of riches. I will tell you what it is; it is the Lord's secret that He whispers in the ears of those who reverently fear Him. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant."

The spirit of power! He conferred it upon Christianity in the first age of its promulgation, and more wonderful than all physical conquest was its rapid spread in the teeth of barbaric brutality, the Stoic eloquence of Greek philosophy, the overbearing rites of Isis, the magnificent paganism of Rome. Then the spirit of power cleaved its onward way. God preserved it in the Church during those dreary middle ages, when, although crusted over with selfishness and sin, enough of life remained to preserve and to transmit the truth, and when underneath the crust there smouldered the hidden fire which burst out afterward into the Reformation.

The spirit of power! He conferred it upon our fathers of the last century, and they lighted

THE CANDLE OF LIVING GODLINESS

that has never gone out until this day.

The spirit of power! He bestows it in copious supply upon all who seek it yet, and wherever it comes error is abashed at its presence, and wrong-doing falls before the lightning of its eye, and the mountains flow down at the sight of it, and the feeblest believer under its inspiration rises into the strength of David; and David, purified from all sources of disaster, becomes valiant as the angel in his song.

The spirit of power! God has given to us the spirit of power: where should we look for it else? From whom should we expect it, but from Him—from Him whom giving doth not impoverish—from Him whom withholding doth not enrich? All who have exerted this power, all who have been benefited by this power, the Lazaruses who have been brought again to life by it, and in whose face the life is shadowed with a new and hallowed inspiration, the apostles and the prophets who have been commissioned to resuscitate the dead, and to whom the wondering multitude would fain have offered worship and sacrifice, are the first to rebuke them in tones of indignant denial.

Costlier than all price is the free gift of God. Richer than the wealth of California can buy, it is without money and without price; and as the right-hearted only are partakers of it, others are excluded, lest there should be any like Simon Magus, who would fain have purchased this gift of God with money. God hath given to us the spirit of power.

Brethren, is it true? Is it a romance, or is it true? Do you believe it? Is it wrought into your spirits as a conviction that there is somewhere or other this spirit of power that God has made ready to bestow upon you? What! power to restore my Lord to His dominion—power to dethrone the usurper who reigns over so many fair hearts, to leave an embalming influence behind me—power to present myself at last in the fulness of a fulfilled mission, with troops of children whom I have been instrumental in winning for the Master—"Here am I, Lord, and the children whou Thou hast given me"—power like this all reserved, laid up in God's treasury for me, and I, the feeble, foolish, erring thing, full of wickedness and sin! Brethren, there is enough in the thought to drive us to our knees in a pertinacious besieging of the throne of grace such as we have never known before.

God wonders, I tell you, why their power is suffered to lie idle in His hands. It is your treasure if you choose to take it, and, if it were possible to condense into one brief word the passionate want of the churches, in this age of multiplied organizations and multiplied movements, that one word is *power*. "God has given us the spirit of power."

(To be concluded.)

Healed by Faith.—The Rev. B. Lounsbury, of Albany, New York, writes: "I am a minister of the Gospel; had overworked my brain and nervous system, and as a result was unable to fix my attention upon any subject long at a time, or to endure much labor. My attention was called by Robert Boocock, M.D., of Coxsackie, Greene Co., N. Y., to 'Faith Cures' as performed through Charles Cullis, of Boston.

"At once I associated in my mind these cures with our Lord and Saviour's commission as recorded in the last of the Gospel by Mark, where he is recorded as saying that those who believe on Him shall, together with other things, 'lay their hands on the sick and they shall recover.' Also with the Scripture, 'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.'

"I believed this promise, saw no reason why it should be limited in its application and effects to any one locality, and concluded to prove it. I asked Dr. Boocock, who also is an ordained minister of the Gospel, if he had faith to pray over me and anoint me with oil in the name of the Lord. Upon his replying in the affirmative, I asked him to do them, which he did. I felt myself at once cured; the symptoms of disease all ceased; I felt my strength return, and have experienced it increasing daily since. Through not working my body much for years my muscles were small and soft. I commenced doing work on a farm, was able to work from light until dark each week-day, and now my muscles have grown hard and firm."

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

Julia "Made a Lady."

(Concluded from page 319.)

CHARLES CLIFFORD muttered an oath or two when he found, on coming down to a late breakfast on the day that Mr. Britton removed his daughter from the grange, that Jenny's pretty face was gone, and none but his mother's was left to meet him at his table. He made a call at the vicarage during the day, but saw only Mrs. Britton, who told him, with a beating heart, and in her meekest voice, that Jenny was going away from home, as a governess. "She'll be a confoundedly nice governess," said Charles, but that was all.

There was a vague plan, half formed in Charles Clifford's mind, that he would never marry, and that upon his death the estate should revert to Ernest or Ernest's heirs. He knew perfectly well that his step-brother had yielded obedience to a higher rule of right than any he himself felt. An uneasy love and respect for Ernest was born of this conviction ; and though he could not bring himself to make any compensation to him by giving up even a small portion of his hereditary possessions, he took pleasure in the idea of enjoying his life to the utmost, and of bequeathing any thing that might be left at his death to his half-brother's family.

Charles also felt a very distinct dislike to the responsibilities and restraints of marriage. He had led a free and wandering life, and was already older in many ways than Ernest. It had never been his lot to come across any marriage that had worn a smiling aspect in his eyes ; and he had an unconquerable dread of linking his fate either with a vixen or a simpleton, whose claims would very much interfere with his own liberty and gayety. "*A short life and a merry one,*" was his motto, delivered boastfully at the dinner-table, to his comrades.

But of all this Mrs. Britton was necessarily ignorant ; and she could not quite forego her hope of seeing Jenny the mistress of Clifford. Never was fond mother more difficult about a situation for a daughter. Nothing pleased her. Even the wife of the rural dean was baffled, and almost offended ; as much offended, indeed, as one clergyman's wife could be with the wife of the vicar of the next parish.

Mr. Britton could not understand how his efforts to remove Jenny to a distant home were frustrated. Mrs. Britton remained the meekest and humblest of women ; and the objections she raised to every place that was open to Jenny were so plausible he could not gainsay them. He did not like Jenny staying in Clifford, but he could not get her out of it. Even when Ernest urged that she would come and spend the winter with Rose, who sadly needed a companion, the welcome door was closed in Mr. Britton's face.

"You should recollect, my dear," said Mrs. Britton, in the severest tone she had ever used to him, "that there is no elderly lady like Mrs. Clifford living in the house ; and your friend Ernest Clifford is quite as likely to marry as Charles. He is little over forty, and a most attractive man. I really cannot consent to send Jenny there for several months."

"Louisa," he said reproachfully, "Jenny is quite a child ; not two years older than Rose."

"She does not think of him as an old man, I can tell you," she replied. "I ought to have kept her more at home than I did, but she was under my own eye, besides Mrs. Clifford being at the Grange. No, my dear, if you would like Ernest Clifford for a son-in-law, send her there ; I have no power to prevent it, but she shall never go with my sanction. You may talk to her yourself if you please."

Mr. Britton felt quite miserable, and exceedingly perplexed. He could not fix the idea in his mind of his old friend becoming his son-in-law. Speaking to Jenny only made the matter worse, for she blushed and stammered, and said she would do what he chose ; the poor girl having been made uncomfortable about Rose's father. He was forced into declining the invitation ; and Rose was doomed to solitude.

But Mrs. Britton was not the only person whose eye was upon the coveted position of mistress of Clifford Grange. Julia Rush, who saw him frequently at Rockwood, found food for her secret hopes in Charles' gay carelessness and familiarity. There had been a close intimacy between him as a boy, and Squire Symons, in spite of the difference in their age ; and this intimacy was renewed on a more equal footing.

Thanks to Julia Rush and her supremacy, Squire Symons was in better health than he had been for several years ; and few days passed in which Charles did not visit Rockwood or Squire Symons was not seen at Clifford. The boat, in which Ernest and Rose had so often run along under the cliff to Rockwood, was still constantly sailing to and fro ; and the path along the edge of the cliff was as frequently trodden. Ruth felt the change more keenly than if all intercourse between the houses had ceased.

Julia had been making the most of her opportunities of studying the customs and manners of gentlefolks. She had Ruth as a model ; and though she felt the full difficulty of her task, confidence was usually stronger than despair. Charles took inexhaustible pleasure in Julia and her airs and graces. She was always "good fun," he said to himself ; and he paid her a good deal of attention, in which she failed to perceive the tone of mockery. He had not forgotten the faithfulness with which she had watched for his return ; and he allowed her to believe that it was somehow due to her worthless scraps of paper that he had come into his inheritance. It was November—the same November that was so foggy and full of gloom for Rose. Here the days, short as they were, were warm and sunny.

It was a month of quiet calm and rest, as if the winter's sleep were stealing on silently and softly to take earth and sky into its embrace. Charles Clifford himself was not altogether insensible to the profound peace of this tranquil season, as he was crossing the cliff to Rockwood. More than once he stood quite still, gazing absently across the sunny waters, not thinking, but vaguely *wishing himself a better man.* He had not learned that it was to make him so the Son of God came down from heaven.

He had been standing thus for a minute or two, watching the progress of a three-masted ship in full sail, with her white canvas reflected on the water, when he was startled by the sound of Julia Rush's voice close beside him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Clifford," she said, with an affected smile.

"Good-morning, Miss Rush," he answered, taking off his hat mockingly.

"Ah ! now you're makin' fun of me, Master Charlie," she said, blushing crimson ; "I know you think I can never make a lady of myself ; but I'm a better woman than most of 'em. They're a pack of idle, selfish, good-for-nothing hussies, except Miss Ruth ; fit for nothin' that I know of."

"So they are, Julia," he assented good-humoredly.

"I know folks that think me quite good enough to be a lady," she continued, "those that know a right good woman when they see one. There are folks that are always tellin' me I'm handsome and clever, and could hold up my head with the best. Do you think that's true, Master Charlie?"

"Quite true, Julia," he said ; "it's truth, when truth is as sober as a judge. I've always been of that opinion myself."

A sudden pallor spread over Julia's brown and red face, and her brilliant black eyes looked at him through tears.

"Oh, Master Charlie !" she cried, "do you really think so? I've been tryin' to make myself a lady, for your sake. I've loved you all these years, and kept faithful to you, and never let any man court me nor kiss me—no, not once. It isn't because you are the master of Clifford. If you was only a poor workin' man, I'd rather wash your clothes, and cook your
victuals, and carry your dinner to the field, tl
marry the richest man in Dartford ; I would
certain. Oh ! do believe me, Master Char
And it's me that helped you to get your rig
and made you what you are ; and I'm tryin'
very best to be a lady like Miss Ruth, that
think so much of ; and I don't eat as much
want, no more than she eats, and I've left
drinkin' beer, and I walk quiet and soft ;
it's all for your sake, Charlie !"

The mocking smile certainly passed a
from Charles's face, but it changed merely
an expression of blank amazement. "Ind
Julia, this is folly," he cried ; "such an
never entered my head. Come, come ; giv
this silly notion of being a lady ; it only m
you uncomfortable and ridiculous. You a
handsome, fine young woman, and be con
with that. You may marry very well ye
you don't look too high."

"I suppose you're too high?" stamm
Julia, half angrily and half imploringly.

"Much too high, my good girl," he answe
not unkindly. "I'm not a marrying man,
you'll never see me bringing a new mistres
Clifford Grange. Women are very pretty c
ures in their places, and I'm fond of se
them when they are as handsome as you
I've no mind to marry. There's only
woman I ever saw that I would marry, and
would no more look at me than an angel
heaven. I'll tell you who she is, Julia, and
you'll know there's no chance for me—no
waited a hundred years. It's Ruth Symon

"Miss Ruth !" exclaimed Julia.

"Yes," he replied, looking down at R
wood, which lay below them, with a disc
late smile ; "I might be a good man y
Ruth would take me in hand. You can k
secret, I know, and you will keep that fo
But you get spliced as soon as you can,
There's no chance of having me."

"That's what I mean to do," she answ
wiping her eyes. "I'd sooner wed you tha
grandest of 'em all ; but if you won't mak
a lady, somebody else will. You'll hear
weddin' very soon, Mr. Clifford."

She dropped him a rustic curtsey, hal
antly, and tossed her head as she turne
back upon him, and walked away in a ver
nified and ladylike manner, as she flattere
self. Charles watched her till she was
sight, and then he laughed aloud, till the
and seagulls on the cliffs around flew out
ing and screaming with a clamor that dr
his laughter.

Julia was not without a definite plan i
of disappointment with Charles. She
him ; but if her love was lost, why shou
ambition be ungratified too ? She hurrie
to Rockwood, and entered Squire Symo
ting-room, with the firm, vigorous tread
to her. He looked up at her with admi
mingled with a little fear.

"I'm come to give you notice ; I must l
she said abruptly.

"Then what is to become of me?" he
in a peevish tone. "Do you want me
killed by bad nursing?"

"No ; but I'm goin' to leave you
answered. "There's Miss Ruth."

"My daughter is not strong enoug
said. "Come, Julia, you know I cann
with you. What can I do to keep you?"

"Well, it's not your fault, and it's
fault," replied Julia, casting her eyes
ground ; "but folks are beginnin' to talk
say you ought to have an old woman
you."

Squire Symons sat silent, and Julia st
far from him, crying. It was not the fir
that the idea of securing Julia by marry
occurred to him, and he was not alt
averse to it. But there was Ruth ! How
she feel if he made Julia mistress ! He w
of Julia as his nurse ; but as a gentle
could not help dwelling a little upon
grace and ridicule he would bring upon
by marrying his servant. Yet if she lef

as much the same as having his death-warrant gned and sealed. He had learned to lean on her more than he did on Ruth. She uld allow him to run a certain length in his vorite vice, while Ruth tried to prevent him king a single step. Julia could restrain him om fatal excesses, by indulging him a little, t Ruth could not restrain him at all.

"It would be the death of me for you to go," said.

"Nobody can nurse you like me," she swered; "but I've my name and character to k to; it's all I've got. I must go."

Julia, would any thing prevail upon you to y with me?" he asked, trembling and shiver-i.

"If you'd make a lady of me," she suggested, ling that she ventured all on this one chance.

It's only my daughter I'm thinking of," he wered querulously. "I'd marry you to-mor-r, but for her."

It shouldn't make no difference to Miss h," she replied, with repressed eagerness; m very fond of her, and there should be ery thing the same. If you'll make me a lady, be true and kind to you, and nurse you bet-than ever I nursed you before; but if not, I t go. Choose for yourself."

You can't go, Julia," he said, "and there's nd of it."

ut the end of it, so far as Julia's ambition concerned, did not come till she was driv-from Dartford to Rockwood as Mrs. Symons few weeks later.

(To be Continued.)

GETHSEMANE.

S. Lesson for May 30.—Matt. 26 : 36–50. Golden Text, verse 39. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

is holy and solemn ground that we tread as we draw nigh to behold those suffer-of our Lord which no human eye looked . The battle of the cross was first fought won in Gethsemane. Let us tread softly, h! may we learn something of what we owe im Who for our sakes "became obedient death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. : Our beloved Lord said (Luke 12 : 50), "I a baptism to be baptized with, and how am itened until it be accomplished." Surely baptism of blood in Gethsemane was that ich He referred.

blessed Lord's whole life was one offering nself. "Wherefore *when He cometh into the* He saith, Sacrifice and offering Thou st not, but a body hast Thou prepared Me. rnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin Thou ad no pleasure: then said I, Lo I come (in lume of the book it is written of Me) to y will, O God." He was the living sacri-ho was not only to pour out His life once l, but in every moment, and by every . He was to be a living Renunciator of lf, choosing the will of His Father instead own at every point. In all the humbling stances of His birth and early youth, enunciation for the Son of God!

this complete consecration of our beloved ntered into every tiny detail of His life. o could multiply the loaves among the de would not turn stones into bread to His own hunger, while He was proving man shall not live by bread alone, but by word which proceedeth out of the mouth " (Matt. 4 : 4). He of whom it was said r man speak like this man" (John 7 : 46), o could say "the words that I speak ou, they are spirit and they are life" : 63), yet spoke none of these words of without His Father's direction: "the hat I speak unto you I speak not of My-t the Father that dwelleth in Me, He he works" (John 14 : 10); He with whom ay is as a thousand years, and a thousand one day" (2 Pet. 3 : 8), would not raise from the grave until the hour of His s choice was come; nor would He even e water into wine at the marriage supper in Cana of Galilee until His hour was come (John 2 : 4). He said to His brethren (John 7 : 6), "My time is not yet come: but your time is alway ready." All through His holy and blessed life we see the renouncement in great things and little, and He had all throughout the consciousness of His Father's smile.

But in Gethsemane He must pass through an experience which from all eternity He had never known; He must face the fact that in taking our place upon the cross the real anger of His Father against sin most fall on Him, and He must enter into the awful death of God's displeasure. And among all those for whom He would bear this unspeakable agony there was none who could understand or sympathize with Him. Leaving eight of the disciples, He took with Him "Peter and the two sons of Zebedee." We know that deep grief seeks to hide itself; it cannot endure the presence of many. "He began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here and watch with Me." What an opportunity to have! what an opportunity to lose!

"And He went a little farther"—He must be alone—"and fell on His face and prayed, saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me, nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." In Heb. 5 : 7, 8 we read of our beloved Lord, "Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto Him that was able to save Him from death, *and was heard in that He feared*, yet learned He obedience through the things which He suffered." And this seems to correspond with Luke 22 : 42: "Father, if Thou be willing to remove [marginal rendering] this cup from Me; nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done."

Can it be that the Father *was* willing, that He who asked this only petition on His own behalf in all His life of suffering *was heard*, and nevertheless even when the answer was in His hands, He laid it back in His Father's hands and let Him choose for Him? This is self-renouncement, this is our power and our example. By this holy will of Jesus a lifelong offering, you and I, dear reader are sanctified to God "through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all" (Heb. 10 : 10). Had there been one flaw in the offering of His will, no renunciation of our will could have availed us for an instant. God must have perfection. And being made perfect, our precious Lord "became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them who obey Him" (Heb 5 : 9), *i.e.*, who do His will as He did His Father's will.

"And He cometh unto the disciples and findeth them asleep." At the moment of Jesus' birth the population of Bethlehem was asleep; only a few shepherds were awake; when Jesus rose from the dead, Jerusalem was wrapped in sleep, and now at the time of His great agony the disciples, the nearest to His heart, were sleeping. Who enters into the sufferings of our Lord? He who "knew no sin" (2 Cor. 5 : 21), and yet was identified with every sin of every sinner. We who were born in sin, and who have known sin during our whole life, can little conceive what must have been the horror, to Him who was all purity, of the loathsome atmosphere which He was entering. He must appropriate all the unholy motives and be the Representative of all the ignoble self-love which led to sin in every child of Adam. As fully as we now appropriate His pure and holy life, so fully must He in that awful hour make our unclean life His. Is it a wonder that He "resisted unto blood"? (Heb. 12 : 4.) Is it a wonder that He prayed "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me"?

The Word of God declared to Adam regarding the forbidden fruit (Gen. 2 : 17), "in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die:" the principle of death is bound to departure from God. There is life for body and soul in obedience to the Word of God (Deut. 30 : 6 20; 32 : 46, 47, etc.). In the Lord Jesus there was no principle of death; He could not have died as man except He had borne our sins, and as death which is brought forth by sin accomplished (James 1 : 15, Gr.) drew nigh unto Him, and cast its unnatural shadow upon Him first in the garden, no wonder that He shrunk from it with such inexpressible sorrow. Let [illegible] not forget that if faith in Christ, the ide[illegible]ing of ourselves with Him, brings us into a new world of love and light, power and purity, it is because first our sins brought our Saviour into a world new to Him, of degradation and bitterness.

After the first fearful conflict, when He found the disciples asleep, He spoke to Peter, "Simon, sleepest *thou?* Couldst not thou watch one hour?" (Mark 14 : 37.) It was Peter who had said (Luke 22 : 33), "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both into prison and to death;" and now an hour later he cannot even keep awake while the moments are passing in which the most stupendous struggle is taking place. So much for Peter, so much for you and me. But He who was under such a weight of anguish had still an excuse for His sleeping disciples: "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation: *the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.*" Here is love, the tenderest, the most delicate; while Himself in the furnace, He was occupied with others. Lord, make us like Thee.

"He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me except I drink it, Thy will be done. And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy. And He left them," this time in silence, "and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words." No bitterness, no reproach against these disciples: now after the third time, He cometh to them and said, "Sleep on now, and take your rest." Yes, rest for the sons of men was secured at an awful price. "Behold," He continues, "the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

"And while He yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude, with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people." Could it be that he who was one of the chosen twelve, to whom Jesus had given "power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases," and sent "to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick" (Luke 9 : 1, 2); and who, in common with the other eleven, had "preached that men should repent" and had cast out many devils and anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them" (Mark 6 : 12, 13)—could it be that this Judas should betray Him? Oh what a lesson this teaches us! Neither knowledge nor gifts, nor even communion with the Lord, can save us from the gravest sins while we have a divided heart and seek any thing for our own selves. Judas may have thought, He who can do so many miracles can surely save Himself from the hands of these men, and I may as well profit by the chief priest's money: but he was not free to seek his own, he belonged to another; and so do we.

"Now he that betrayed Him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He; hold him fast. And forthwith came he to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master; and kissed Him. And Jesus said unto him, *Friend*, wherefore art thou come?" Not in irony, but from a heart which hath nothing against His betrayer, Jesus said "Friend." Many are against Him, but He is against no man, until He comes again "to take vengeance upon those that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thess. 1 : 8). "Wherefore art thou come?" Must it be an apostle who betrays Jesus? Even so. And now also Jesus is wounded in the house of His friends (Zech. 13 : 6); for every unchristlike word and action is a betrayal of His cause, betraying Him into the hands of sinners. It is giving the world a ground for saying that the work of Jesus is a failure, and that Christianity is only one among many opinions of which every man has a right to hold or to reject what he will.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Mr. Gladstone has appointed as Viceroy of India the Marquis of Ripon, who a few years ago joined the Roman Catholic Church. On this subject the London *Rock* very pertinently obser[illegible] "The last act of Lord Beaconsfield's Government was the appointment of a thoroughgoing Protestant, Canon Ryle, to the Bishopric of Liverpool. The first act of Mr. Gladstone's Government is to appoint a thoroughgoing Roman Catholic pervert to be Viceroy of India. Considering that our sovereign, by the law of the land, must be a Protestant, it does seem extraordinary that her majesty's representative in India should be a Roman Catholic—more Romish than the Romanists themselves, as all perverts from Protestantism are. *We have come to a crisis* at last, and what may be in store for this nation in the not remote future it is not difficult to foresee. The old landmarks, one by one, are being taken down." Another indiscreet act is that the *Earl of Kenmare*, who is a Roman Catholic, is appointed *Lord Chamberlain*, and will thus control the appointment of most of the attendants in the queen's household. How many Jesuits in disguise will consequently be placed about her majesty it is impossible to say.

Three Events During the Past Week have diminished the prestige of the British Government. The apology of Mr. Gladstone to the Austrian Government for the remarks made prior to his appointment, which apology is said by German and French journals to be the most abject ever wrung from the chief of a great nation. Secondly, Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster-General, made a charge against the late government, he had to retract the next day; and, thirdly, Sir W. V. Harcourt, who accepted the post of Secretary for Home Affairs, has lost his seat in Parliament. There is, however, no doubt that the new government, despite these matters, is very popular in the country.

The Irish Famine has been Brought Formally under the attention of the new British administration by a deputation from the Dublin Mansion House Relief Committee, which waited on Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The Lord Mayor said *the distress was not likely to be mitigated before the end of July*, and as the committee had no reason to hope that their resources would suffice until that time, they left the matter in the hands of the government. Mr. Gray read telegrams from Clifden, Galway County, stating that if immediate relief were not given, *people would die by the score*. Mr. Forster replied that the government fully recognized the extent of the distress, and added: "We are doing our utmost to alleviate it by means of loans to landlords."

The French Jesuits are preparing a Refuge in England. Sayes Court, near Deptford, England, the seat of that Evelyn family to which the celebrated writer of the "Diary" belonged, has been purchased by the French Jesuits, who intend to set up there an educational institution. Six members of the Jesuit order are guests of the Duke of Norfolk, whose invitation to them is said to have been unlimited. Six others are in the Scotch Highlands at Rothesay Castle, the guests of the Marquis of Bute. There is a report that two Jesuits have gone to Dublin with a view to inspecting certain properties for sale in Ireland, which may be adapted to their needs. About forty members desire to make their home in that country. A considerable number have already taken up a residence in the Channel Islands.

The British Agricultural Outlook.—Mr. James Caird, who is an eminent authority on agricultural matters in a letter to the London *Times* says: "Nothing like the present depression in the agricultural interest has been since the repeal of the corn laws. In nine years there have been seven defective wheat harvests, the last culminating in intensity, and including in its grasp a portion of the animal in addition to the other produce of the land. In England, where the bulk of the wheat crop is grown, there has been lost in these years a fourth more than a whole year's wheat crop—a loss to the wheat-growers of more than £30,000,000 sterling, with no compensation in higher prices." He suggests, as the best mode of dealing with American competition, that farmers give their attention to the production of articles which will not bear long storage or carriage, such as milk, fresh butter, early meat, vegetables, hay, straw, potatoes, and the sugar beet, as the only mean of keeping them from ruin.

The Injuries the Princess Louise, the Royal wife of the Governor-General of Canada, sustained when her sleigh was overturned on February 15th have turned out to be more serious than was at first supposed. It will be remembered that her ear was severely cut and bruised; it now appears that it must have been injured internally, for although the external wound has healed, the slightest noise or sudden sound causes her to suffer acute pain, which is succeeded by inflammation. She will shortly return to England for surgical treatment.

The Cheapest New Testament yet Produced is one by Mr. Elliot Stock, an English publisher, who has just issued a pocket English Testament, with copious notes, references, and introductions, three maps, and twenty-four illustrations, *for one penny* (two cents). The object of the issue of the Sacred Book at this exceptionally low price is to give Christian people the opportunity of circulating the Word of God throughout the length and breadth of the land, at the slightest possible cost.

The Conversion of Charles Reade, the Popular novelist and dramatic author, whose works have been for many years extensively read on both sides the Atlantic, was, when first reported, generally received with incredulity. We notice now with sincere pleasure that Dr. R. L. Stanton, in a communication to the *Independent*, states that he received lately from the lips of Mr. Reade's pastor an account of the change of heart which the talented author has evidently undergone.

For many years Mr. Reade professed himself a rationalist, and his works show that he had not received the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit. The death of an intimate friend, upon whom Mr. Reade was conscious that he had exercised a baleful influence, first produced uneasiness in his heart, which has by the blessing of God led to his giving himself to the Saviour. The Congregationalist pastor to whom Mr. Reade went for counsel in his anxiety and distress, describes his present disposition as childlike and humble, sincerely seeking Christian knowledge and opportunities for doing Christian work. Those who have read Mr. Reade's works will appreciate the change that has passed over the writer (2 Cor. 5:17).

Memorial to Prince Louis Napoleon.—By command of Queen Victoria, a stone cross has been erected on the spot where Prince Louis Napoleon lost his life. The cross bears the following inscription: "This cross is erected by Queen Victoria in affectionate remembrance of Prince Napoleon Eugene Louis Joseph, Prince Imperial, to mark the spot where, while assisting in a reconnaissance with the British troops, on the 1st June, 1879, he was attacked by a party of Zulus, and fell with his face to the foe." A statue of the Prince will also be placed in Westminster Abbey.

A Clergyman was Reproved by a Bride during the marriage ceremony recently. The Princess Pauline of Würtemberg, feeling a sincere affection for an eminent physician, has married him in defiance of the prejudices of her family. He had won her regard in the first instance by his unremitting attentions to her sick father, to whom she was devotedly attached. At her marriage the clergyman, with a singular lack of propriety, reminded the bridegroom that in marrying him the royal bride had surrendered a good deal that was esteemed grand and valuable in life. When the bride's turn came to make the marriage response she added to the word "yes" the following words in a quiet tone: "I declare I give up nothing that can at all be val
in comparison to the happiness awaiting
and I consider my lot a most enviable one."

The royal bride probably spoke, in the ful
of her heart at the slight given to one she lo
somewhat hastily and too confidently of the
tainty of the happiness awaiting her.
future is in the hands of God, and may be o
happiness or of misery; but if she and the
band of her choice have given their hearts to
they will in all the vicissitudes of life hav
joy of knowing "that all things work tog
for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8
This joy is offered to all, of whatever stati
society.

Two Little Irish Boys Walked Two Hu
miles recently to see if "the good Duch
Marlborough" would give their father
pounds to help him to pay his rent. They
respectively twelve and fourteen years ol
had undertaken that long journey, asking
way as they went, to prevent their father
ejected from his cottage. The Duchess p
them for their filial affection, and promis
send their father the money. They were
taken to the clothes-room, and their ta
garments changed for a new suit of twee
Having been regaled with a substantial
they were brought before the ladies of the
mittee, who rewarded the brave adventure
a pocketful of silver. Next morning the
their first ride in a train, accomplishing
hours a distance that took them twe
days to walk. On the same day the as
secretary to the relief fund wrote to the
priest, inclosing a post-office order f
pounds, payable to the father of the boys.

A Blind Man used to Sit in one of the
streets and read from a Bible with raised
to passers-by among whom the charita
posed gave him money. On one occa
lost his place, and while he was searchi
his fingers for the place where he had bee
ing, he kept repeating aloud the last wo
he had read: "there is none other
"none other name." A passer-by, who
had been sadly troubled by certain fa
trines, heard the words repeated ag
again, and felt the message come ho
heart there and then. He said, "N
Jesus, and there I will cling." Thes
were to him as life from the dead.

A Natural Electric Light shone on th
of a missionary in Syria recently. Dr. J
his latest letter from Beirut, describes
which partially demolished a house w
was staying. He had gone to Shmeir, o
Lebanon, to administer the ordinanc
Lord's Supper, and slept at the house of
tian physician whose labors for the phy
spiritual good of the people have been
cessful in Syria. During the night a
storm, which had been threatening all
from which Dr. Jessup had been merci
served as he crossed the mountain
above the sea, burst in great fury ove
lage, and partially unroofed the p
house. His host told Dr. Jessup
went out into the storm and "saw on t
the lightning-rod a huge star of elect
parently as large as a man's head, a
mained several minutes unchanged."
before, the party had been wondering
villages as Shmeir would be lighted wit
electric light. The doctor now remark
have had the electric light introduced
village, and without expense."

The Blue Ribbon Army Organizat
the direction of Mr. and Mrs. William
doing a great work in London. The
in the Hoxton Music Hall have since
mencement, in March, 1878, been at
over 900,000 men and women, many
have been rescued from lives of dissip

Over Two Hundred Sermons were
in London on April 18th on beha
Church Temperance Society. On the
evening a grand festival service w
Westminster Abbey.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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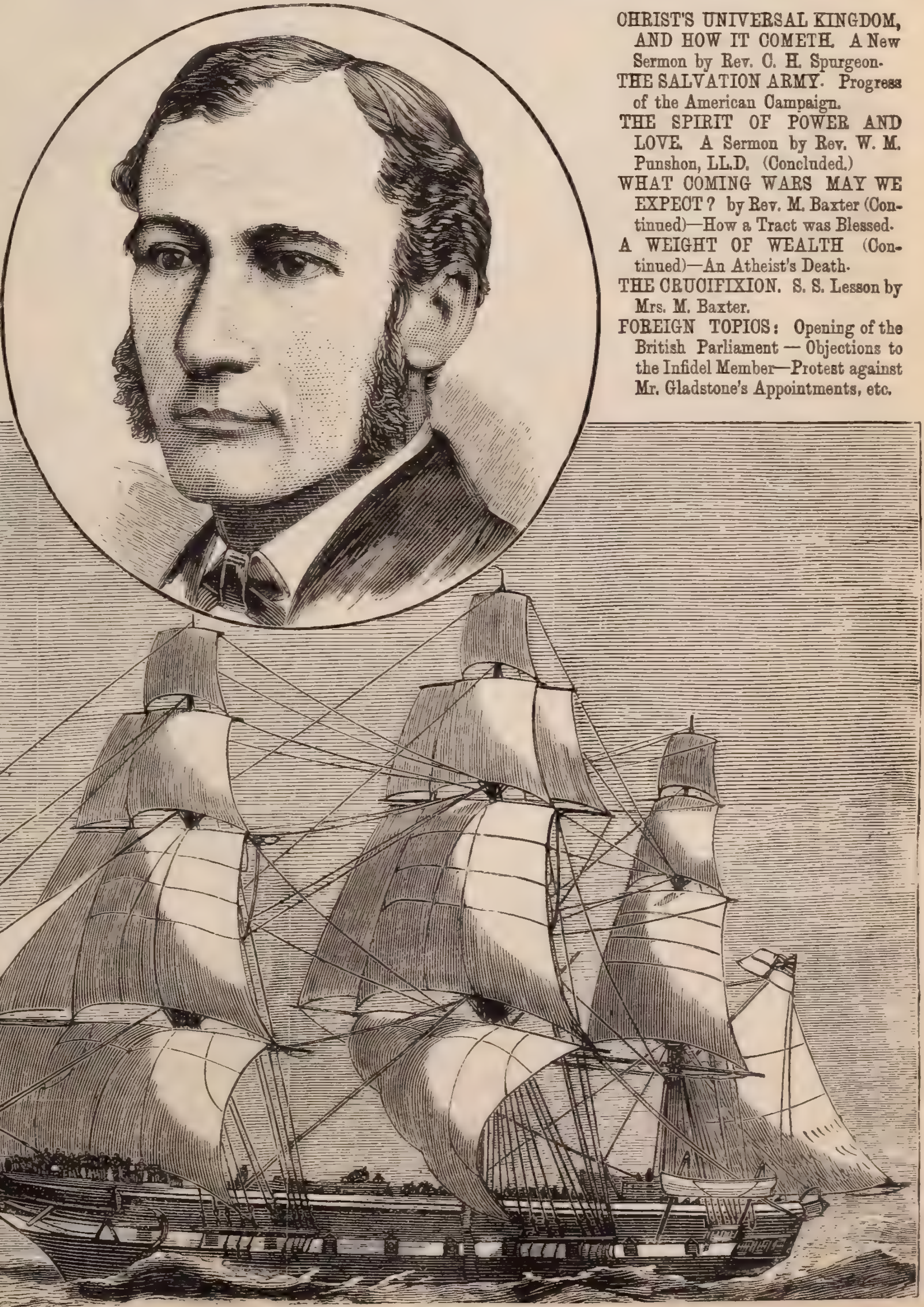


Captain FRANCIS STIRLING, and the Missing British Training Ship Atalanta.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS STIRLING, R.N.,

Commander of the Atalanta.

Naval Cadetship—Becomes Midshipman—Distinguishes himself in the Crimean War—Is Appointed Mate—Takes Part in the China War—Obtains a Lieutenancy—His Ship Destroyed by Fire—Is Made Commander, and Returns to China—Revolt of Malays—Gazetted as Captain—His Interest in the Welfare of his Crew—His most Highly-prized Ornaments.

THIS gallant British officer, about whose safety, together with that of his crew of well-trained officers and young seamen, much anxiety has been experienced by the public generally for many weeks, was *born* at Bedhampton, near Portsmouth, on April 1st, 1839. He had not reached his fourteenth year when, in March, 1852, he *entered* his sovereign's *service* as a naval *cadet;* and after a brief theoretical and technical training in the Portsmouth Dockyard College, he went to sea in the Blenheim, in which vessel he served in the English Channel, under Capt. Henderson, until May, 1853.

Having honorably terminated the period of his cadetship, he attained the status of *midshipman* in the Highflyer, under the late Capt. John Moore, C.B., and distinguished himself in the Black Sea throughout the war between Great Britain and Russia, especially at the bombardment of Sebastopol, on the 17th of October, 1854, in the capture and occupation of Kertch, in the same campaign, and all the operations on the coast of Circassia.

In July, 1856, he was transferred to the Sans Pareil, under the command of Capt. Astley Cooper Key, C.B., and served as midshipman and *mate* under that humane and Christian commander with much distinction. During the China war of 1857–8 young Stirling displayed intrepid heroism in the operations of the Naval Brigade, in the assault, capture, and occupation of Canton, for which he received a medal with clasp, and was nominated for promotion. The capture of Canton will be ever memorable, not only for the decisive character of the conquest which was achieved by British valor, but also for the pre-eminent humanity of the victors toward the vanquished.

On the 28th of June, 1859, he obtained a *lieutenancy*, and was immediately appointed to the Mars, serving throughout her commission under Captain, now Admiral, J. H. Strange on the Mediterranean Station until the early part of 1863. After a year's course of study in the gunnery ship Excellent, Lieut. Stirling was appointed, 24th of March, 1864, to the Bombay, the flagship of the present commander-in-chief at Devonport (Admiral Elliott), and was acting in the capacity of second lieutenant when she was destroyed by fire, off Monte Video, in December, 1864, and ninety of her crew perished by burning or drowning on that calamitous occasion.

In the ensuing March, Lieutenant Stirling was transferred as *first lieutenant* to the Narcissus, and remained in her during her subsequent commission under Captain J. C. Wilson, and on returning home, in 1869, he was appointed, on the 14th of September of that year, *flag lieutenant* at Portsmouth to his former friend and commander, Rear-Admiral Key. Three months afterward he was elevated to the rank of *commander* and appointed to the Invincible, in which responsible capacity, after some coastguard service in the river Humber, he returned, in 1874, to Hong Kong, *China*, where as *sole commander* of the gunboat Thistle he sustained his appointment.

Commander Stirling shortly afterward brought his ship to Singapore, and while cruising in the Straits of Malacca was called upon to take service against the Malays, who had defied the power of Great Britain. For his marked bravery with his Naval Brigade on shore during this rebellion he was often specially mentioned in despatches for "zeal and energy and distinguished service." As a well earned reward for personal merit, and the successful issue of his operations, Commander Stirling was specially promoted to the rank of *captain* on his return to England in March, 1876.

His distinguished career and recognized proficiency in seamanship pointed him out as pre-eminently qualified to assume the command of the training-ship which was to take the place of the Eurydice, which, as will be remembered, foundered off the Isle of Wight on Sunday afternoon, March 24th, 1878, and in which three hundred young sailors were drowned. He therefore commissioned the Juno, afterward renamed the Atalanta, on September 17th, 1878.

The ship had been for some years the housing hulk of the water police in Portsmouth Harbor, and on Captain Stirling's suggestion several alterations were made in her rig, and after a few trials, which by experts were pronounced quite satisfactory, he set sail in her for the West Indies, with nearly three hundred youthful seamen and a selected staff of officers. From this voyage the Atalanta has never returned.

Captain Stirling was one among the gradually growing number of commanding officers who, with strict and inflexible regard for all that the discipline of the service demands, are characterized by urbanity and generous consideration for their subordinates, and foster by their ungrudging encouragement every agency which exerts a moral *or religious influence* upon the crews with which they are intrusted. The time is nearly past when any of Queen Victoria's officers can be found inimical to any steps in this direction initiated by any other person than the ship's *chaplain*, or even view with a well-bred coolness the earnest work of *that* officer if he is a sincere lover of souls.

Not long since, dominated by an erroneous idea, the British War Office checked Major Malan in his loved work of soul-winning. It was presumed by the authorities that the discipline of the service would suffer, forgetting that in the case of a Christian soldier or sailor the most powerful motives exist to stimulate him to a conscientious discharge of duty which are absent elsewhere. In both services it has been proved that Christian men give less trouble than others to their officers, and never flinch from the perilous post of duty to which they are called.

As a Christian commander, while naturally concerned for the spiritual and eternal welfare of his numerous youthful crew, Captain Stirling was, according to the statement of one of the young men who sailed with him, equally solicitous for their temporal safety and material comfort. He says that in a terrible gale which they encountered on leaving the West Indies, and which lasted seven days, Captain Stirling was rarely off the deck, keeping a sharp watch on the instrument which measured the rolling of the ship, and manifesting the utmost anxiety for the crew.

Captain Stirling had *three medals*—the Crimean, with the Sebastopol clasp; the Turkish; and the China, with the Canton clasp; but the ornaments which he prized most highly were of a moral and spiritual character, among which may be enumerated "a meek and quiet spirit." Though he was as brave as a lion, his Christ-like grace and beauty shone forth conspicuously. His concern for the honor of his queen and country was only surpassed, as it was intensified, by his fealty to the Saviour.

THE MISSING SHIP ATALANTA.

Two years ago England was lamenting the loss of the unfortunate Eurydice in a sudden gale of wind off Dunnose, Isle of Wight, and now, after waiting wearily for weeks, her sister training-ship, the Atalanta, it is feared has also foundered with all on board. A few particulars of her at this juncture may prove both acceptable and interesting.

The Atalanta sailed from Portsmouth, England, for the West Indies on November 7th, 1879, six months ago, on a cruise of instruction under the able command of Captain Francis Stirling, a brief biography of whom precedes this article. She is classed as a fourth-rate corvette, of 958 tons, a training-ship for ordinary seamen, h been converted from the frigate Juno. Sh one of the well-known Vestal class, the bro and shortest ships of the frigate class that ever built.

The missing vessel was built at Pembrol 1844. She measures 131 feet long by 4c wide. After service as a man-of-war she used as a police hulk in Portsmouth harbor 1877, when the water-police went into barr and upon the foundering of the Eurydic was fitted as a training-ship for young sa After her *first* cruise to the West Indie armament was somewhat reduced, the defic of weight being made up by iron ballast. fore and main masts were reduced in lengt her other spars in proportion; and, afte *second* cruise, her rolling keels, which wer water-tight, were removed, and one was recalked.

On the 7th of November, 1879, as al mentioned, the Atalanta left Portsmouth, three hundred young seamen on board, fc West Indies, on her *third* cruise of instru with orders to return home about April 4th consequence of two cases of yellow-fever ring on board, Captain Stirling determin proceed at once to Bermuda, where he a on January 29th, and left on the 31st for land, the crew being then in good health, which date no intelligence has been re either of the vessel or her living freight. the

> "Ships that sailed for summer isles,
> But never came to shore,"

of which Hervey sings, the story of the A ta's voyage is henceforth a blank. Having her to Bermuda and her departure fron port, there is no further record of he silence.

No tidings have arrived at Portsmou Devonport to alleviate the anxiety of dist friends and relatives; no wreckage has discovered in the wide expanse of the signals of distress were neither seen nor i conjecture is speechless; the telegraph ha tried to every available port, but no satisf answer has been received; the authorit sad and serious; the Admiralty has no hope; and meanwhile the precise fate Atalanta remains a mystery. But the trustworthy opinion now is, that she c grief shortly after leaving Bermuda, doubt is now entertained that she found the terrific gale of February 12th. Trul moves in a mysterious way His wonders form. Britannia boasts her rule over the but she oft finds them far too powerful puny arm to cope with. One alone, wh winds rage, and waves roll mountains hi say, "Peace, be still," with the assuran He will be obeyed.

It was at first hoped that the non-ar the ship was caused by Captain Stirling leaving Bermuda, deciding to prolong hi in accordance with the original orders. time having expired without any news vessel, commands were given for her m despatch vessel Salamis to proceed at on Gibraltar to the Azores, and make inqu each of the islands for any traces of t lanta. The ships of the Channel Squadr received orders on the 10th of April to from Gibraltar to the Azores, and cruis on the track from Bermuda. It was hop that the Bacchante, in which the Pr Wales' two sons were sailing homewa Bermuda, would have fallen in with the ship if she had been dismasted, and rende ance. But the Bacchante arrived brin tidings.

Painful enough was the story of the lo dice, that went down in the bitter snow sight of friends and England—at one proudly sailing upon the ruffled surface of and the next suddenly disappearing fr and carrying to death almost every soul o But there was at least a consolation, w fitful and fatal storm had passed away, i the mast-heads that too surely marked the sailors' graves in "the dark caves of ocean," and a pious office to perform in hauling the old hulk to the land which so truly mourned for her gallant crew. If it be true that her sister training-ship has been the victim of a similar casualty, there will be no comfort or satisfaction of the kind for those who eagerly anticipated her homeward journey, and were waiting the signal to welcome her. She has disappeared no one but Heaven knows where. The Admiralty authorities think she may have been dismasted in one of the severe storms which have of late so frequently swept across the Atlantic; but all is conjecture, and must remain so while the silence of the seas continues unbroken.

There is, indeed, something intensely impressive in the solemn silence that surrounds this lost vessel, as there is in the stupendous loneliness of a ship becalmed at sea, if her course be out of the ordinary tracks of commerce. Seldom, however, is it that ships do go in unknown depths away from all eyes, and with no requiem but the cry of passing sea-birds or the howling of the winds. There is usually some vessel on the horizon. The last despairing survivors find their way somehow or other across the interval of ocean; a broken boat, a spar, a sail, or some scrap of wreckage sooner or later discovers the dismal story. But up to the present there has been no voice or language to clear up the mystery of the missing Atalanta and her crew. The anxious relatives need all our sympathy and prayers.

A SOLEMN VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

The voyage of the missing ship will suggest a reference to the fact that we are all sailing upon a wide, deep sea, over which fierce blasts or wild Euroclydons are constantly sweeping. It is the sea of life, which at the moment of death is merged into the boundless ocean of eternity. Toward that ocean every human bark is now sailing. Now, storms and tempests assail every vessel but as the last cape is passed and the craft glides into the great ocean, a wide separation instantly takes place. Not a class separation of battered old hulks to the one side and luxurious yachts gayly decorated to the other. It is no separation of wealth and rank, from poverty and obscurity; in both fleets will be seen the poor and the rich. The dividing line is one higher than that the world draws, and it is drawn with unerring hand. Those who have accepted Christ as their Saviour, their helm and compass, their guiding star, enter into the light of the Father's countenance, while those who have rejected the Gospel go to nether darkness, unbroken by star of hope or ray forever.

AN ATHEIST'S TERRIBLE DEATH.

ONE evening a minister called upon a gentleman who was very ill, and evidently dying. No one was in the room but his physician and an intimate friend of the dying man, whom he loved, and whom by his evil influence he had ruined. As soon as the minister entered, the gentleman said:

"You and the doctor are come too late. I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead."

"Heaven," said the minister, "was merciful—"

"Or I could not have been thus guilty," he replied. "What has it not done to bless and save me? I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I plucked down ruin."

The servant of Christ commenced his entreaty by pointing the wretched man to the blessed Redeemer. At the mention of that dear name, he exclaimed, "Hold, hold! you wound me! This is the rock on which I split—I denied His name."

He refused to hear any thing about the Saviour of the hopeless and lost, or take any thing from the physician. He lay quite silent, as far as torturing paroxysms of pain would permit, till the clock in the room struck the hour. Then, with agonizing vehemence, he said:

"Oh, time, time! it is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart. How art thou fled forever! A month! Oh, for a single week! I ask not for years; though an age were too brief for the work I have to do."

On the minister urging him to believe in Christ, and telling him that heaven was a blessed place—"So much the worse," the sick man said. "'Tis lost! 'tis lost! Heaven is to me the severest part of hell." Prayer was proposed.

"Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray—nor need I. Is not Heaven on my side already? *It closes with my conscience*: Its heaviest strokes but second my own."

His friend being much affected, even to tears, at this (who could forbear?), with a most affectionate look he said:

"Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee. Dost thou weep for me? Nay, that's cruel; what can pain me more?"

Here his friend, quite overcome, would have left him.

"No, stay. Thou still mayest hope. Therefore hear me," groaned out the sinking man. "How madly have I talked! How madly hast thou listened and believed! But look on my present state as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if strung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason—full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the very jaws of mortality is, doubtless, immortal."

The minister of the Gospel was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor on his asserting the two prime articles of the creed of the Bible, extorted by the rack of nature, when the hopeless victim of his own mad folly said, very passionately:

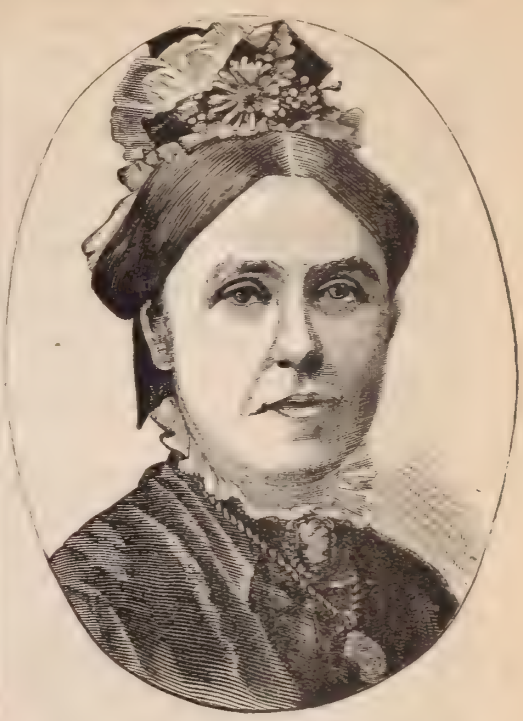
"No, no! Let me speak on. I have not long to speak. My much injured friend! My soul, as my body, lies in ruins—in scattered fragments of broken, blasphemous thought. Remorse for the past throws my mind on the future. Worse dread of that awful, unknown future, strikes it back again on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. All is dark—horribly, oppressively dark. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for the consuming flames; *that* at least is not an everlasting flame; *that* is not an unquenchable fire."

Both friend and minister were struck dumb with dismay. Yet, soon after, the awful stillness was once again broken, and with an eye which rolled in a very frenzy of distraction, and with a face which betokened the extremity of despair, he shrieked aloud:

"My atheistic principles have poisoned my friend; my selfish extravagance has beggared my boy; my fiendish unkindness has murdered my beautiful wife! And is there yet another, a deeper, a hotter hell? Oh, Thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if only it hides me eternally from Thy just frown."

Soon after this, tottering reason was hurled from her throne, and his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, nor ever forgotten. And ere the morning's sun arose, the most wretched man expired.

"Showing Himself that He is God" (2 Thess. 2:4). A rich American, now resident at Rome, desiring to possess the bust of Leo XIII., engaged the services of the celebrated sculptor Tadolini. The latter, not content with a simple portrait of the head of his church, went to the Vatican and asked permission of Leo XIII. to reproduce his features from the original. The pope consented. When the work was finished Leo congratulated the artist, who asked him to trace a word on the still fresh clay. To the Pope took the burin from the sculptor, and wrote, with a smile, "*Leo de tribu Juda*"—"The Lion of the tribe of Judah."



MRS. FRASER,

Wife of the Bishop of Manchester, England.

Her Practical Philanthropy at Bath—Her New Sphere of Usefulness at Manchester.

THIS lady is the eldest daughter of Mr. John Shute Duncan, of Weston, Bath. She was widely known for her practical philanthropy. Such was the energy with which she applied herself to this laudable work, that she sought out cases for charitable help with a pertinacity worthy of imitation by many a hired almoner, and her investigation of every case presented to her notice by others was with the utmost care. Miss Duncan did, indeed, recognize her responsibility most fully, although it was not to man that an account need be rendered in her case. But the motive which evidently prompted her in all her works of charity was a full recognition of her duty to her Master, which she desired to render through the medium of her more needy fellow-creatures. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

From this good school, in and around fashionable Bath, this benevolent lady has been transferred in the order of Providence to busy Lancashire, with its teeming thousands, where squalor, disease, and poverty, the natural concomitants of drink, may be found in, alas! too great abundance. The reason for this transference of her kindly offices from the south to the north of England is her marriage with the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester. This event took place on January 15th last; the details of the event were given in our issue for February 12th. In her new sphere, with the weight of influence which her worthy husband can add to her endeavors, how useful will be her position in the midst of a dense population, among whom distress, in its many grim forms, is an abiding factor!

That the popular bishop and his wife will endeavor to guide the charity of the rich into proper channels and distribute them upon a systematic basis, few can doubt who know the bishop's antecedents. These, conjoined with the characteristics of his fellow-helper, which we have already alluded to, will be, we hope, sensibly felt among the poor in the diocese of Manchester.

The cable informs us that the mother of the Bishop of Manchester, to whom he has referred more than once in terms of filial endearment and to whom he was devotedly attached, died a few days ago at an advanced age.

THE DESPOTISM OF POLITICS.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, May 23d, 1880.

"I was free born."—ACTS 22 : 28.

Paul's Declaration of Independence—How to Break the Despotism of Politics—A Protest against the Tyrannous Machine—I. We must Refuse to Believe in a Quadrennial National Crisis—There have been Pivotal Elections—Generally the Only Thing at Stake is Official Patronage—There is no Cause for Disquiet—The Green Bottle Flies—II. Neither Party is Immaculate—The Louisiana Board as Bad as the Garcelon Trick—Both Parties need Radical Reformation—Who Ought to be the Next President—A Man of Established Moral Character—A Respecter of the Christian Religion—A Large-hearted Man—The Great Panacea—Christianization of the People—Gladstone's Apology—No Matter who is President if God is King.

So, seventeen hundred years before Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of American Independence, Paul wrote his declaration of independence. *Some official brag* had been telling how that, by eminent services or through large compensation, he had purchased his liberty, when Paul, bethinking himself of the fact that Tarsus, the place of his nativity, had been manumitted by Antonius, responds to the braggadocia in these words, practically : " My freedom dates farther back than yours ; I am not a liberated slave ; *my cradle had no shackle on the rockers* ; my mother was not a serf ; I was free born."

That is descriptive of all the population born in this country during the last seventeen years, and is true of all the white population ever born in this country. And yet the attempt constantly is being made to manacle the people.

CHAINS ARE BEING FORGED

for our slavery.

I speak to you this morning on the despotism of American politics, and how we are to break that despotism. We are on the eve of the great Presidential nominations. The troops are gathering for Chicago and Cincinnati. The air is hot with political imprecation. We are all being whipped into line as far as is possible. One of three or four pairs of spectacles we are to wear, or suffer for it. The political guillotine is rolled out, and the recalcitrants are shown the knife for their neck, and the basket into which their head will probably roll.

The managers of *the political " machine"* are tightening the screws and making more firm the cranks. Delegates are having a stout rope of " instructions" put around their neck, and have intimated to them that if they vote contrary to the behests of their party the rope will tighten until their facilities for respiration may be seriously interfered with.

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego are commanded to bow down to the images set up, or be roasted in the furnaces seven times heated. Every town and village and city and neighborhood has what is called, in old-fashioned English parlance, its " boss," and every State its larger " boss," and then all these " bosses" meet together and elect a great National " boss." Against this despotism of American politics I utter a protest, and demand that at convention and at ballot-box and everywhere, without hindrance and without malediction, men shall vote as they think best, God their only judge.

NO QUADRENNIAL NATIONAL CRISIS.

I. First, if we would resist this despotism of American politics we must refuse to believe every four years that everything is at stake. If our institutions are so rickety that every four years they are in danger of smash-up, the sooner they go to pieces the better, and we have a government substituted which has in it some of the elements of durability.

I remember ten Presidential elections, and each election the leaders of parties told us, with vehemence ghastly and terrific, that everything was in danger of ruin. As near as I could calculate, we were about *a quarter of an inch from the eternal precipice.* Men went to the ballot-box tremulous with omens. Carriages were sent to bring aged voters and invalids. At party expense they were brought, and patriots who by strange coincidence at the same time were candidates for office, lifted these invalids out of bed into wagons with pillows and mattresses, and supported them to the ballot-box, while they dropped, for the very life of the country, their precious vote.

I admit there have been *pivotal elections* on which everything turned , but more than half the time there has been *nothing at stake but official patronage.* This disposition to magnify peril and work before the eyes of the nation, on wires, the skeleton of danger every four years halts our American commerce and demoralizes everything.

What do Western merchants want to come to buy goods for in New York if next autumn the land is going to be a howling wilderness ? Merchants in all styles of business will tell you that every Presidential year is a dull year. Everything is unsettled. What do men want to buy ploughs and harrows for, if before they get their crops in, according to the intimation of some, we are to have a bloody Cæsar on the throne who shall have vultures and buzzards caged as ordinary pets, and, as these men intimate, may turn the Senate Chamber into a Coliseum, where shall be thrown to the lions all those who are opposed to the third term ?

Or, on the other hand, a paralytic President who will pension the Confederate generals, and reinstate American slavery, and let the South miserably eat up the North. Why, the political orators are getting out their old speeches that they made in the Fremont campaign, and in the Lincoln campaign, and in all the campaigns since, for the speeches do just as well for the one campaign as for the other, for we are always in imminent peril and always just going to ruin, and therefore they do just as well now as they did forty years ago.

When I was a lad eight years of age I heard the first political speech of my life. *I stood barefooted* in the broiling sun, at Somerville, New Jersey, and heard a Western orator show me conclusively that if William Henry Harrison instead of Martin Van Buren was elected President of the United States, there would be no use of my living to grow up, for there would be no country to live in ! A few months ago I went to Boston to lecture in the Music Hall, and I heard in the ante-room that night that a celebrated orator from the West was to speak in Faneuil Hall ; so I hurried through my work and hastened down to Faneuil Hall, the cradle of liberty, and I found the cradle that night was rocked by the very same speech that I had heard in the days of my boyhood, and that the country was in the same imminent peril as forty years ago ; and the only difference I could observe was that in the one speech it was William Henry Harrison, and in the other it was Benjamin F. Butler.

Some of us remember when Henry Clay and James K. Polk were contestants for the Presidential chair. When Henry Clay was defeated, my father, pale and sick with the news, sat down and said that all was lost. He had felt the magnetism of that splendid Kentuckian, whose name I cannot pronounce without enthusiasm tingling from scalp to heel. But was everything lost ? Why, that election gave us the Texan domain, rich beyond all agricultural estimate, and opened the door for annexation after annexation, until now, when the wind blows from the west our national flag dips in the Atlantic, and when the wind blows from the east the flag dips in the Pacific.

We were told that the existence of the country depended upon Mr. Lincoln's second election to the Presidency. After his second inauguration he died, and Andrew Johnson put the administration in just the opposite direction, and

WE STILL LIVE.

Last autumn we were told the prosperity of the State of New York depended upon the election between Mr. Robinson and Mr. Cornell. We changed officers ; but I do not see any wonderful change in the prosperity of the St The sun rises about the same time it did year this month. The tides come in with al equal strength.

My Christian fellow-citizens, while the con election shall have greater or less importanc tached to it,

LET US QUIT THIS CRISIS BUSINESS,

and believe that God built this country to st I have made up my mind that the Almigh capacity to keep his nation on the marcl prosperity does not entirely depend upon ei the Chicago or the Cincinnati Convention.

If there ever was a time when we could af to have a calm, deliberate, unfevered Preside election, this is one. There is no crisis. tween any two of fifty good men named for Presidential chair there will not be a half cent change in your taxes, nor the thousar part of an inch of variation in your nati prosperity. The only difference will be th the Democrats come into power the Rep cans will have to get out, whereas if the publicans stay in power, then their men will their places. But in many cases there may even be that difference, for professional p cians forecast the result, and they change political sentiments in time to save their tunes ! A good sailor sets the sails accor to the direction of the wind.

A journalist not far from where I stand me that after there had been a change in a tain administration he went into a place w there were many employés of the governm and he expected to find new incumbents ; lo ! they were the same old incumbents, when he asked how it was, they told him just at the time the administration happene change they changed their sentiments, and it " conscientiously !"

The lion of our nation's strength is covere over with *green-bottle flies* that are sucking life-blood out of its neck and flanks, and or first Tuesday in November the old lion may ribly shake himself, and there may be a nev of green-bottle flies, but more hungry, to their places. Do not stand agape as to wh to come next. Go and attend to your h business. Do not believe the despotic pol bureaus which tell you that the country danger of going to ruin. It is no more in da of going to pieces than the moon is in dang going to pieces.

II. Again : If we want to resist the despo of American politics, we must realize that

NETHER PARTY IS IMMACULATE,

and we must judge for ourselves as to who i best man for official position. Do not vot the man merely because your party nomi him. To show how much better one par than the other, I put side by side the Louis Returning Board and the political schem Maine last autumn ; the Belknap frauds o one party, the Tweed larcenies of the other p There is a difference between men ; but bet the two parties as parties there is just the d ence as between fifty and half a hundred.

Both parties need radical reformation, an the time they are fully reformed, perhaps or both of them will be reformed out of ence. But you say, " Is there no test ? are have no preferences ?" Ah ! so far from s that, I declare that the man who refuses to or neglects to vote is not worthy of Ame citizenship. But do not be submissive to wire-pullers ; do not go kneeling before d gogic behest.

The question with a vast multitude of peop

WHO OUGHT TO BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT THE UNITED STATES ?

I remark, in the first place, he ought to man of *established moral character*. It is a ter of congratulation that the most of the didates on both sides are moral men.

Some of us can look back to the time whe gubernatorial or Presidential position men named who were libertines and drunkard gamblers. One of our Vice-Presidents was s is drunk. A United States Secretary of State was once carried from his office in a beastly state of intoxication. The American Congress again and again has been disgraced by men who could not walk straight, yet pretending to represent Delaware, Illinois, and New York.

am glad that now the question of morals comes into the political discussion. I care not how much talent a man has if he is bad. Genius is worse than stupidity if it move in the wrong direction. A nation of homes needs over it a man who has regard for the sanctity of the domestic circle. A nation of young men looking up for example needs over it a man of undisputed integrity. A man who cannot govern himself cannot govern forty-four millions. Our churches, our universities, our schools, and our homesteads must vote for good morals.

oreover, our coming President must be

A RESPECTER OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

I apply no religious test; but a country discovered by a Christian man and settled by the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenots and men of other nationalities who, persecuted for their sentiments, came here and took possession of this continent in the name of the God of Heaven—that nation must have over it a respecter of the Christian religion.

The foundation of our institutions is not, as has been sometimes stated, the Constitution of the United States, but the Bible. Without that, republican institutions are an everlasting impossibility. Our first President was a Christian, and the coming President must at least be a respecter of religious institutions.

A LARGE-HEARTED MAN.

I go further, and say our coming President must have a heart large enough to take in all the States and Territories. If he be a Western man and he despise the seacoast, and is chiefly anxious to change the commercial centre, if he be an Eastern man, and he is disposed to denounce all the West as in favor of repudiation; if he be a Southern man, and think only of the North as an ignoble generation—if he be a Northern man and he wants to keep the old grudge up against the South, and wants to fight over the battles that were settled seventeen years ago—that man must not be backed by convention or by ballot-box.

The *country needs a bigger President* than ever before—because the country is bigger. When Washington took his seat as charioteer, he had only thirteen coursers to drive. Now, there are thirty-eight, and *some of them are very skittish!* Of course, with the wire bit of the telegraph they can be guided much easier than one might suppose; but still there are increased responsibilities. Three fourths of this century has been taken up with sectional strife. Now, let us have twenty years for something else.

Let the political orators get out their old speeches that discussed dead issues, and send them to the paper-mill and have them changed into white sheets, on which they shall write one good rousing speech about the moral, or commercial, or agricultural, or mining prosperities that are now about to burst upon us. Do not let the despotism of politics make you believe there are only one, or two, or three, or four men that can save this nation. There are a hundred that can save it. In other words, *it is saved.*

The old ship of state has got out into calm waters, and it does not require any very skilful navigation. The flowers of this spring-time have covered up the Northern and Southern graves, and let no hoof of contention trample the flowers. In pulpit, and on platform, and in convention, and at ballot-box, let us plan amity.

WHY DO WE WANT TO FIGHT

any longer? Is life so long we are in a hurry to get rid of a surplus of it? Is the sword better than the wheat-cradle? Can we not raise rich pasturage except by mouldering human bones and the red rain of human carnage. I pray God there may be no more use for the musket in this country except for holiday turn-out. I pray God that the time may hasten on when your navy-yards will be museums containing ships that were used in barbaric ages, when nations settled their quarrels by slaughter.

I pray the time may come when *the eagle shall be taken off our coin*, and there shall be substituted the dove, the bird of blood giving way for the bird of the olive-branch. Peace once established, let it be established forever. I give you, my friends, as a panacea

FOR ALL POLITICAL ILLS

and a preventive of all national calamity, the Christianization of the people. Get their hearts right and they will vote right.

Have you any idea that the professed politicians of this day will lift our country to its high destiny? They never did anything but get office and make trouble. The masses of the people rose up again and again, and commanded national reformation. Professed politicians got us into the four years' war. Did they get us out of it? No. The people came and fought out the fight, and then commanded peace.

Professed politicians again and again have ruined our American commerce. Did they ever restore it? No. The people rose, and with hard-handed and besweated industry overcame the financial calamities. To the people, then, we look, praying God for their evangelization. Let a practical Christianity take possession of the ballot-box, and that will settle illegal voting. Let practical Christians take possession of the primaries and the caucuses, and that will give us righteous nominees.

Let Christian apology like that which William E. Gladstone the other day sent to the Austrian Government, be the key-note for the settlement of all difficulties between men, between states, between nations. I know some denounce that apologetical letter of Mr. Gladstone as weak-minded and as imbecile. I pronounce it sublimely Christian. If men can settle their difficulties by apology, why not nations? Instead of bullets and gun-carriages and cities on fire and national massacre, let us have explanation and treaty and forgiveness and apology.

Oh, I believe, my friends,

GOD HAS GRAND THINGS FOR THIS NATION.

Never was the prospect so bright as it is, this Sabbath morning. The churches of God, instead of being a select car for a few passengers with tender feet on soft ottomans to ride to heaven in, will be thronged by the great masses. The Mississippi, the Ohio, the Hudson, rolling on from source to outlet, will not find, after a while, an overtasked workman, or a single waste place.

The morning, laughing on the eastern coast, will give glad salutation to evening waving its red banner on the western coast. And agriculture shall bring all its sheaves, and mining all its precious metals, and manufacturing all its adroit fabrics, and art all its pencils and chisels, and literature all its printing-presses, and commerce all its masts, and religion all its altars and towers, and put them down at the feet of Him on whose vesture and on whose thigh is written "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Most High God of Plymouth Rock, and Bunker Hill, and Valley Forge, and Appomattox Court House, protect this nation! *I care not who is President if God is King.* When to Him from all parts of this land the doxology shall rise, we will give grateful, prolonged, universal, and triumphant "Amen!"

AN AUSTRALIAN JEWESS BROUGHT TO CHRIST.

A Jewish lady, who had been brought up by religious parents, landed in Australia one Sunday evening, after a long passage from England. A mirthful party had been assembled to meet her, and in the festivities of the hour she joined most heartily. In describing her subsequent career, and her happy translation "from darkness to light," she thus writes:

"For twelve months I went into every kind of gayety Melbourne afforded—dress, balls, the opera. I met a gentleman to whom I became attached: our affection was mutual, but the thought of marriage I could not entertain, as he being a Christian, and I *heart and soul* a Jewess, it seemed out of the question. However, time wore on, and I at last consented to marry him, though I knew it would involve the leaving all who were dear to me. Before we were married I exacted a promise from my husband that he would never use any arguments to make me believe in Christ, as I was determined to live and die a Jewess.

"I will not dwell upon my married life; my husband was all in all to me—I wanted nothing more. God blessed us with two dear little children, and He who gave them to me only knows the agony of mind I endured in the thought, 'How shall I teach these little ones what I do not believe myself?' for I had made up my mind, simply out of love to my husband, that they should be brought up in their father's faith.

"Although I attended God's house regularly, my heart was in no way changed, and I never thought of Jesus as my Saviour. But after my second child was born I became earnestly impressed with a desire to become a Christian. My prayer at that time always was, 'O God, if it be right, let me believe!'

"There came a time of trial that I must pass over quickly. My beloved husband was taken suddenly from me. So unexpected was the blow that I could hardly realize that he had gone. I knew he had died in the faith of Jesus, and I—I was as far off being a Christian as the first day I met him. I felt that God had dealt cruelly in crushing me so, taking all the youth and brightness out of my life. It seemed impossible to live, and I felt nothing but the desire to be with my loved one again. Many a day have I lain on his grave in the damp, and prayed that God would take me: but God, 'while I was yet a long way off,' took compassion, and showed me that only *in one way* could I ever hope to see my husband again. The desire to be a Christian now became part of my life.

"One day I was reading the old, old story, when something whispered to my soul, 'He suffered all this *for you*,'—and the truth seemed to burst upon me like a flash of lightning. I had found the Saviour—*my* Saviour—and such a flood of love as came into my heart for Him I cannot describe. I went into my room, and on my knees I sobbed aloud for joy. Words fail me in attempting to tell you half my Saviour is to me now. He is indeed my all; and I can say, 'The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.'

The Centenary of the Memorable Dark Day occurred last week, and has recalled public attention to a phenomenon which has never been satisfactorily explained. It was on May 19th, 1780, that darkness spread itself over the New England States. The records of the day state that by ten o'clock the air was loaded with a thick gloom. The heavens were tinged with a yellowish or faint red; few, if any, ordinary clouds were visible. The sun, in disappearing, took on a brassy hue. By eleven o'clock it was as night itself, and from this time until three in the afternoon the darkness was extraordinary and frightful; at noon the keenest eyes in-doors could not see to read the common print. So far beyond any ordinary fog was the effect that stages on the road either put up at the nearest hotel during the mid-day hours or carried candles or lanterns to enable the perplexed driver to see his way.

The journal of the Connecticut House of Representatives puts on record the fact that "None could see to read or write in the house," the deepening gloom that wrapped about the city darkened the rooms of the State House, and set the lawgivers trembling with the apprehension that the Day of Judgment was at hand, and a motion for adjournment was made. Colonel Abraham Davenport, afterward Judge of Stamford, Conn., said, "I am against the adjournment. Either the Day of Judgment is at hand or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, *I wish to be found in the line of my duty.* I desire that candles may be brought."

NED CASSIDY AND THE EAGLE'S NEST.

By Henry Martin.

A Pleasant Sail on Killarney Lakes—The Island's Image Reflected in the Mirror-like Lake—The Soul's Reflection of God's Image—Legend of O'Donohoe on his White Horse—Christ Sleeping on the Ship in a Storm—The Soul's Storm Stilled—Beautiful Scenery.

According to our purpose to have a day on the Killarney Lakes,* my friend and myself, after a brief visit to Muckross Abbey, were at the landing-stage, Ross Island, at nine o'clock next morning, the appointed hour. Ned Cassidy was waiting for us at the boat's side, having secured a crew of four oarsmen, a coxswain, and a bugleman to attend us. He warmly greeted us, and after we had embarked, leaping into the bow of the boat, he pushed her from the shore, and in a few moments more we were out on the lake.

As he passed us on the landing-stage he had whispered hurriedly, "These men, though not altogether of our way of thinking, are a right decent set of fellows; out of a good many, I have chosen them for our companions to-day, so that we can talk pretty freely in their presence."

The day was a delightful one for our excursion, calm and bright, yet not cloudless; fleecy masses, white as snow, floated lazily along the azure depth above us, and their shadows sweeping over mountain and hill, wood and forest, island and lake, added variety and solemn grandeur to the enchanting scenery around us.

To those only accustomed to the rattle of a cab over the "stony street," or the uneasy jog of a railway train, how pleasant is the motion of a boat on the smooth surface of a lake; it is change of place without the sense of movement.

"Look back, gentlemen," said Cassidy, after a little, "upon the island with its fine old castle from which we have lately started. See how every tree, every rock on the shore, every broken turret and battlement of the old ruin there, is *pictured on the water*. There is an island and an island, a castle and a castle, the one *the very image* of the other. Is it not beautiful? It was very different, gentlemen, the other day when I was here. The sky, indeed, was as clear as this, but a squall of wind having rushed down yonder mountain, the surface of the lake was broken into a thousand waves, and not a portion of the fair scene, now reflected without a single flaw, was visible.

"The island, and the castle, and the rocks, gentlemen, of course were all in their places as they are this moment, waiting, as it were, for the lake to *reflect* them, but, in the state in which the water then was, it was all to no purpose. The lake couldn't receive their image."

"Ned," asked my friend, "has there been anything like this elsewhere in the world? I think there has, and, if I mistake not, so do you. Perfectly as the lake to-day reflects the surrounding shores and the beautiful heaven spread out in such calm majesty above us, as perfectly did *man's soul once reflect* a still higher and purer heaven, for we were made in the image of God, 'in righteousness and true holiness;' but, alas! sin has effaced the image, or rendered it all distorted and broken. God still looks down upon His sinful creature, man, waiting and longing that he may receive and reflect again His likeness all glorious in holiness; but so long as evil remains a master-force within us, God's loving yearning is in vain."

"At times," remarked Cassidy, "when I'm on the lake here, my thoughts go back to the day when the blessed Lord Jesus and His apostles used to sail on the Sea of Galilee. Though called a sea, I think, sir, it must have been a sheet of water something like this, because at times I have observed it is called a lake."

"You are right, Cassidy," I answered; "it is called the Lake of Gennesaret, and it was a sheet of fresh water, as this is, but somewhat larger, and also the surrounding headlands were not wooded like these. If I remember right, it was thirteen miles long and six broad, which would make it a good deal bigger than any of the lakes in this neighborhood."

That the men rowing were attentively listening to our conversation was here proved, for Alick Flannagan, the bow oarsman, cried out, "I'm told, sir, this lower lake on which we are now rowing, and which is the largest of all the three, is about five miles long and three broad, so that the sea on which Ned says the Lord Jesus used to sail was a great sight bigger than this."

"If what people say be true," broke in Andy O'Toole, another of the oarsmen, "it's a very different person indeed from the blessed Lord that floats at times over *these* waters. They say, sir, every seven years *the great O'Donohoe*, one of the old Irish chiefs, but who long since has been dead and gone, returns to earth, and, a ghost himself, rides a snow-white phantom steed over the lake in the early mist-wreathed morning, and gallops up to a castle there on yonder hill, restored by magic; but it's only for an hour or two that either he or his castle is to be seen, the wise ones say, for when the sun gets up strong O'Donohoe and his white horse and his castle, all decked with diamonds, vanish into air."

"These stories," rejoined Cassidy, "may be all very well in their way, and I shouldn't altogether like to lose the remembrance of them, for they are links as it were to bind one to the old times and ways of thinking; but you know well, Andy, they aren't true. There was a time, however, when tales like these used to fill my head from morn to night, and nothing else in the world beside did I think of; and somehow I used to feel, too, as if they were true. But I don't mind telling you and my comrades here—indeed, you know it pretty well already—that I have found out better stories to link, in my mind, with the lakes than any of these. And the stories are all true, Andy, every one."

Then speaking to me, Ned added, "You, sir, will remember the beautiful account in the Book of the *blessed Lord in the ship* with His disciples, *fast asleep* in the stern, I suppose overcome with the heat and toil of the day. Any one to look at Him then would have taken Him for a feeble mortal like themselves—a mere man and nothing more. But you remember, sir, as He thus lay a storm came, and struck the little ship, and nearly heeled her over, sunk her gunwale under water, and she began to fill. The Lord, however, lay on, unaware, as it were, of it all, so weary was He, buried deep in slumber.

"His disciples for a little bore up bravely against the danger, and did their best to meet it; but the wind continuing to press down violently upon the vessel, all their courage at last gave way, and, death seeming to stare them in the face, they came hurriedly to their blessed Master, and woke Him somewhat roughly, saying, 'Lord, save us; we perish;' and the blessed Lord, prompt to hear the cry of those dear to Him, arose, and, raising His hand, He said '*Peace*' to the winds, and '*Be still*' to the waves, and there was a sudden hush and quietness, so that the great storm became a great calm.

"Oh! it was wonderful, and it fills me with delight to think of it. What a change it was for the disciples from the hurry and dismay of the past minute to the rest and ease of the present! Well might the men marvel and say, 'What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?'" (Mark 4 : 41.)

Cassidy became quite animated with his narrative, his color heightened, and his voice rose as he spoke; and while he proceeded his companions in the boat looked at him in a kind of wonder. When he was done they glanced significantly at each other, but said nothing.

"Cassidy," remarked my friend, "all our blessed Lord's miracles are marvellous and touching, but, besides demonstrative of His command over nature, they are signs and proofs of His power and goodness in another kingdom, namely, that of *the soul*. A short time since we were talking about the similitude betw the lake here when all disturbed and wa broken, and a human soul disquieted and m tered by evil passion and sin. When in t state there is no likeness to God within us, real happiness, and no fitness for death or other world, and the danger is unspeakable.

'No human power could have calmed storm you have told us of on the Sea of Galil or could have stayed even one of its waves. disciples' own efforts would all have been v to keep them from a watery grave—toil struggle would have only added to the agony death; but what human effort itself could ne have done was at once accomplished by *di* application to the Lord Jesus.

"It is hard to get men to believe it, but ye is a fact, that no labor of ours can put to the force of evil passion within us. At ev new temptation 'our sins, like the wind, ca us away.' But what human power never accomplish the cry of simple faith to Jesu once can do. He is the Prince of Peace, and the blood of His cross has made peace. W He by His Holy Spirit breathes upon the the conscience finds a rest which is not of world, the heart is renewed, *the storm of pas is stilled*, and a new kingdom takes its p within us—a kingdom 'of righteousness, pe and joy in the Holy Ghost.'"

Both my friend and myself imagined t these words found a response in the minds the men before us. They could remember t Ned Cassidy, who was now the most exemp man of their acquaintance—sober, kind, for ing, and forbearing—was, before he becam student of the Bible, often the worse for a drop too much," as those who themselves d mildly express it—was selfish, revengeful, rather quarrelsome, quick to resent an inj while very slow to pardon one. It seemed t that more than one of his comrades said wi himself, "I feel sure that Ned must have g direct to the great and blessed Lord Jesus help and blessing on himself. We all foun hard to explain the great change that it plain for months past had come over him, this fact would account for it at once."

We had by this time traversed the greater of the way from Ross to Dennis Islands, were approaching the channels which, on either side of the latter island, lead to the dle or Torc Lake. In our course we passed eral smaller islands, both on the right hand the left, such as Pigeon Island, Crane Isl Yew Island, and on our right hand a beau islet, named rather fantastically Darby's den.

Besides these whose names we have g there were several others—some of them rocks of grotesque form—studding the b of the lake; but whether wooded heights lichen and moss-covered crags, or barren r whitened by the sun or discolored by the w storms, they, one and all, added to the lovel of the landscape.

After passing "Darby's Garden" we pa into Glena Bay, and as we neared the heigh our right, we could imagine, so easy was the tion, that our boat lay still, and that it the mountain itself which was ever growing lifting up its masses of tree-covered rock h and higher into the heavens, gradually filli the scene, and awe-inspiring us with its fai majestic presence. The illusion was comp and wondrously beautiful.

Here our *bugleman* first brought his art requisition; as we floated along some dis from the impending precipices, he every and then sounded out a vigorous blast. Th sult was magical; every projecting crag and of rock reflected the sound, *echoed* and echoed, and seemed to spiritualize it, so t hundred voices filled the air with what se more than earthly music. Thus we proce every advance affording renewed pleasure, we arrived at the channel to the Upper La the Glena side of Dennis Island.

(To be continued.)

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* See Christian Herald page 326.

TH SPIRIT OF POWER AND LOVE.

Sermon by Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.

(Concluded from page 333.)

“or God hath not given us the spirit of fear ; but f wer, and of love, and of a sound mind.”—T OTHY I : 7.

e Spirit of Love—Mercy as well as Power b ng to God—Teaching of the Storm on the L e of Galilee—3. The Spirit of a Sound Mind.

2. AND God has given us also

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

s n the gift of power enough ? No ; because ow is sometimes haughty, and people don't ke pride, and are not won by it. Power is om imes repulsive in its littleness and in its fe ation of superiority. “ It is noble to have gi t's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a iar ;” and so the spirit of power must be iel d by the spirit of love.

T spirit of power and love—this is just the ha ter of God, just that that makes up a m nent part of the perfection of the charac- r God. God hath spoken : “ Once, twice ve heard this, that *power* belongeth unto od What is the result in such a revelation ? im y to abase me in the dust ? simply to cause e hide my face in my hands before the daz- in glory ? simply to put into my lips the ex- res on of the wondering Peter, “ Depart from e, r I am a sinful man, O Lord” ?

B the revelation does not end there : Al unto Thee, O Lord ! belongeth *mercy*.” hu can feel that power and mercy are in the m hands, and that there is a guarantee that is nnipotent shall be used, not to blast me, t bless me, not the power of the lightning, t e power that does not wake a baby from s mbers and enriches and sustains and es all.

S ar as I know, you can't get this spirit of ve oined with the spirit of power except in ri ianity. It is no use sometimes launching t discriminate condemnation of the old at n symbols. There was a good deal that s orth knowing in them. Courage, endur- ce all the hardy virtues, if you like—grow in at n soil, under the shadow of the old phi- so ies, where you may read of some of the bl types of natural men.

W n I speak of the Ciceros, the Senecas, e atos, and the Aristotles, I speak of men n ordinary calibre. There was a hardihood c acity for deed and for suffering in these at n. But after all, when we think of them, w we think of them ? With a sort of awe ; th passionless and distant admiration. They n wake the heart-throbs ; they do not uc the chords of deepest feeling.

Ar it is just the union of the spirit of power d ve that is manifest in all Christianity— ni st in the Saviour's life, manifest in the in g of His disciples for their work, and ow g them that the teaching that was to win e rld must be a teaching of love. Don't u member the

W NDERFUL TEACHING OF THAT STORM

on he Lake of Galilee. You have read it an imes, but have you read it intelligently d connection with what goes before and at omes immediately after, viz., the feeding th multitude ? Do you remember what hap- ne hen ? The disciples were a little envious ca so many people were crowding in upon e ster, and so interfering with their selfish joy ent and privilege, and they said, “ Send e ltitude away.”

c fancy how the Saviour looked at them, H may have said, “ You are not fit to be st s yet, if you send anybody away *from* me. y b iness is to bring everybody *to* Me, and t send anybody away ; but I will teach you less h by and by.” “ Send them away, that ey ay go and buy themselves victuals.” Giv ye them to eat.” That is an easier busi- ss. “ There is a lad here with five barley ave and two small fishes ;” to be sure, what e th among so many ? “ Cause ye them t do n, and leave the rest to Me.” And ther the basketful swelled into the banquet, and the fragments were greater than the original provision. But you read here, and these side-lights give us a knowledge of the Saviour's mind more richly than any thing besides—“ He told His disciples to go in a boat to the other side, while he sent away the people.”

They do not complain. They said, “ Send the multitude away ;” but He said, “ *I will send you away too*, and you shall know from experience in hard times what it is to be without the Lord you love ;” and so, whilst the multitude went to their homes, the disciples put to sea, and the storm arose, and

THERE WAS NO SAVIOUR IN THE SHIP.

The first watch of the night came and went, and there was no deliverer ; and the second watch departed, leaving the skies blacker and the storm more fearful than before.

The third watch came and went, and still no deliverer came ; and then in the fourth watch, just before morning—and they say the darkest part always comes before the dawn—in the fourth watch, just when He had taught them sufficiently, and when they were in the very agonies of despair, and found that they could do nothing, just when they were beginning almost to have the shadow of a doubt whether He could do any thing at all, just then He walked upon the water, and there was a great calm : and when they got safely to land they were better apostles, depend upon it, for that night's anxious vigil.

They knew from experience what it was to feel the pangs of an absent Master, and you don't find them saying “ Send the multitude away,” any more. No ; the teaching of love was the teaching of the Master, and it was evidenced in the preparation of the apostles for their work.

And so it is in the experience of us all. It was the spirit of love in each case prompting the messenger, and in each case inspired by the great Spirit of God, that made London thieves some years ago attentive and grateful, while nobility doffed his coronet to whisper to them of hope and mercy ; and that, in Scutari's feverish wards, drew tears from dark eyes, and stayed the oaths upon profane lips, while there flitted from couch to couch the type of noblest and of truest womanhood.

And it is the experience of the ministers of Christ yet ; the experience of Greenland's missionaries, who labored away for years, flinging their moralities upon sterile soil, and then, in what was intended to be a farewell sermon, preached just once about the love of Christ, and found the frost of Polar hearts melting beneath the warmth of its spell ; and such is the experience of many a missionary and minister of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Oh, just as there are gleams of light in the darkest cloud, and glimpses of sanity in the most audacious madness, so there are chords in the most stubborn and difficult human heart which the hand of kindness knows how to strike to those sensibilities that find their best relief in tears. It is the old fable, you know, transformed into fact. The cloak, that the driving sleet and pelting hail only made the man wrap more around him, is flung off at once and forever when the Sun of Righteousness appears with healing in His wings.

The heart must speak to the heart about the love of the Saviour. We want utterances of kindness and looks of love—looks that children understand (for you can't deceive a child), that the most accomplished hypocrite would fail to simulate. You must convince people that you love them, and then draw them by the cords of love that are the mightiest and most effectual bands of a man.

I trust we shall have more of this *winsome teaching*. It is upon it we are to depend for the silencing of the scoffer and the largest acquisitions to the Church of Christ ; and as these witnesses multiply, by the blessing of God we shall see greater things than these—brawny arms of labor lifted up in prayer, cheeks down which suffering has chiselled many a tear-stroke, eyes glancing with unspeakable calm and contentment, sunny smiles of unutterable loving-kindness, where a while ago the oath was the living emphasis, and the blow the fierce appeal ; rich and poor meeting together as children of the same dear God—working for the uplifting of the ransomed earth, and rejoicing in the hope of the same promise of the wealth of heaven. Brethren, it is His love that is to accomplish this. Oh, let us see that it be shed abroad in our hearts' appeal.

3. “ The spirit of power and love, *and of*

A SOUND MIND.”

The Lord won't be served by madmen. His must be an intelligent, a reasonable service, nothing disproportionate, nothing unnatural, nothing exacting, and therefore to the spirit of power and the spirit of love He adds the spirit of a sound mind.

There is no madness in Christianity. “ Paul, thou art beside thyself ; much learning doth make thee mad.” Which was the madder, I wonder, the man who spoke or the man to whom he spoke ?

You may look at a Christian. He is the spirit of power and the spirit of love, and if he be a shapely Christian—a Christian altogether of God's making—he has the spirit of a sound mind. Look at his eye. It does not glare with unnatural fires : it is only a sparkle from the sunshine of the soul. Feel his pulse. It is not fevered ; it is healthy, robust, athletic ; and his mouth speaks forth none but the words of truth and soberness.

Now here is the shapely Christian—praying, affectionate, sober. This is what God wants for His witnesses. Brethren, wherein we have come short of this, I charge you, and I charge myself, let us go to our knees, let us go into our closets, let us go to the great Source of truth and blessing, and ask that we may be truly furnished for every good word and work. May God's blessing rest upon His Word ! Amen.

HOW A TRACT WAS BLESSED.

THE following incident, related by Bishop Riley, of Mexico, at a recent meeting of the Religious Tract Society, points to an interesting succession of men who have been instrumental in the Lord's hand in promoting the spread of the Gospel in Spain, and who were links in one chain of which the first link was the blessing of God on a tract

A tract published in Italian by *an American missionary*, and left at the door of the house of the late Dr. De Sanctis when he was a parish priest in Rome, was eagerly read by him. It pointed to and led him to the Bible, and the true interpretation of it. The study of the Bible led him to the Saviour, and he gave up his high position and prospects in Rome, and became a preacher of Protestant truth.

At Turin he began to preach. There a Spaniard, Ruet, heard him, and accepted from him the Gospel message. Ruet went to Barcelona, was imprisoned and banished for the faith's sake, took refuge at Gibraltar, and there began to work for Christ.

Here another young Spaniard, Matamoros, heard him preach. He asked for a copy of the New Testament, compared Ruet's teaching with it, found that they were in harmony, and joined him. He returned to Spain, and began to work there, and was imprisoned for three years ; but, though silenced, he was able to do some work through the press.

One of his publications came into the hands of a Roman Catholic priest, Cabrera. These words of our Lord were specially brought home to him : “ Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.” He gave up his position, came to Gibraltar, worked there as a sign-painter, till, under General Prim's Government, he was at liberty to go back to Spain. His work as a Protestant minister, first at Seville and now at Madrid, is well known.

Who can tell, when in faith he plants a little seed, whereunto it will grow ?

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NEWSDEALERS.

Any complaint that the Christian Herald cannot be obtained from a particular newsdealer is promptly attended to if we are given the name and *street address* of the dealer who does not keep it for sale.

Last week's edition of the Christian Herald was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, May 19th, at **11.35 A.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate has Passed the Marshals Bill, Introduced by Senator Bayard, by a strictly party vote. The measure provides for the appointment of deputy-marshals for election by the judges of the Circuit Courts, the officers to be of different political parties. Senator Edmunds opposed the measure on the ground that officials so appointed would be practically irresponsible, and also that the bill was inconsistent with existing laws regulating the appointment of supervisors.

No provision has yet been made for the fees of the marshals. One United States marshal in Iowa, who has advanced $10,000 to keep his office in operation, was compelled to inform the Attorney-General a day or two ago that he was unable to pay any more money out of his own pocket. The courts in that district, therefore, will be obliged to suspend business until Congress passes the appropriation for the purpose.

Nothing has been done either to provide money to furnish *lights and water* for the public buildings, or to pay the salaries of internal revenue officers.

The Conventions.—Republican Conventions have been held during the past week in Illinois, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, and Alabama. In Illinois the question of the Cook County delegation was settled by a compromise in which 36 Grant and 56 anti-Grant men were admitted. The result of the convention, so organized, was that a resolution was adopted naming General Grant as the choice of the convention, a solid Grant delegation was elected and instructed to vote as a unit for the ex-President.

Minnesota and Dakota instructed delegates to vote for Senator Windom, but as Blaine is the choice of the majority of the delegates elected, the conventions have been counted as practically Blaine victories. Nebraska elected a solid Blaine delegation. Alabama sends a Grant delegation, instructed for him under the unit rule.

Only two States and one Territory have yet to choose delegates for Chicago. They are Colorado, Louisiana, and Idaho, and the aggregate delegation from the three will be 24 votes. Thus 732 delegates of the 756 have been chosen, but the accounts of the preferences of the delegates given by the bureaus of the candidates differ so materially that it is impossible to form an accurate estimate of the position. It is, however, manifest that at the opening of the National Convention General Grant will be the strongest candidate. The danger his supporters apprehended of his missing the nomination of his own State being now averted, there seems a strong probability of his success at Chicago. This position has been achieved principally by the dexterous management of prominent men in the Republican party, and does not appear to have been the spontaneous action of the rank and file. Grave apprehensions are entertained by many thoughtful members of the party that the tactics which may avail at the National Convention will be ineffectual in the decisive test of the elections.

A Call to Prayer on the Subject of the Presidential election has been issued, signed by nineteen eminent ministers of New York. It is as follows: "In view of the fact that the nominating conventions of the political parties in June next will designate those citizens to whom the choice of the people for the chief magistrate of these United States for four years next ensuing will be restricted, the undersigned ask their brethren of all denominations to unite with them in making Sabbath, the 30th of May, a special occasion for prayer to Almighty God that he will vouchsafe to guide and direct these assemblies in the choice of men fit for the suffrages of the people."

The Secretary of State has Received Official thanks from the English government for the relief sent to Ireland in the Constellation. Sir Edward Thornton, the British minister at Washington, states that, in compliance with an instruction which he has received by telegraph from Earl Granville, her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he has the honor to convey to the government of the United States the sincere and cordial thanks of her Majesty's government for its generous and friendly conduct in having dispatched the United States ship Constellation, loaded with provisions, which were so much needed for the relief of the distressed subjects of her Majesty in Ireland, and which, besides being a substantial aid to them in their affliction, have been accepted by all her Majesty's subjects as a proof of the friendly feelings entertained toward them by the government and citizens of the United States.

The Dangers to which Immigrants are Liable on their landing in New York were illustrated last week in the cases of two Englishmen, one of whom was decoyed into a saloon and robbed of all he possessed, and the other lost all his money to a man who invited him to a game at cards in a low resort in a street near the pier. It is also feared that female immigrants have been deceived by respectably dressed women, who frequent the docks and offer to perform little services for them when they arrive. They are thus led into conversation, and induced to enter houses of ill-repute and eventually live an immoral life.

Reports of Massacres of White Men by the Utes come from the reservation. In one case seventeen men are said to have been killed, only one of the party which set out on the expedition escaping to tell the tale. In another case twelve of a party of twenty-five are reported killed. There seems every probability of a Ute war if decisive steps are not taken by the government to settle the question on right principles.

The American Sunday School Union held its fifty-sixth anniversary at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on May 11th. It appears from the report that during the last fifty-six years 68,431 schools have been organized, with 441,085 teachers, and 2,916,599 pupils. The amount expended in missionary operations from 1824 to 1880 is $2,549,588.89, of which about $567,470 was for books and papers. During the last year 1277 new schools were organized, with 5629 teachers and 46,727 scholars; 2908 other schools have been visited and aided.

Dr. P. S. Henson, of Philadelphia, in course of an able address, drew attention t tain dangers which he apprehended in co tion with our Sunday-school system. He There was danger at present from the multi of books on the Bible, that *the Bible itself* *be neglected.* The speaker regretted to not tendency to abandon the old system of *mem ing passages of Scripture.* Even if chi could not fully grasp the meaning of ce verses, the remembrance would afford great consolation in old age. Another d lay in the anti-parental system of the age. ents sent their children to Sunday-school, they took their ease at home. The Su school should be an auxiliary to the parents not the sole instructor of their children.

A Murderous Plot of a Peculiarly Inge character providentially failed in New Yo May 12th. The Spanish Consul-Genera that day, received a small package by mail, which he tore the paper covering. A pastel box was then disclosed. The Consul rem the lid, when instantly there was an expl and several red-hot balls were projected the box, nearly hitting him. The lid had attached to the side of the box in such a w that its removal would cause the explosi some dangerous compounds and force the out with the force of a pistol-shot. The age was mailed at Philadelphia, but no cl the cowardly assassins has as yet been di ered.

A Deplorable Accident has Occurred a gola, Ind. A dwelling in that town, occupi Mrs. Smith, was destroyed by fire on May Mrs. Smith was absent at the time *attend dance* several miles distant. She left thre dren at home, a boy fourteen years old, an girls of the ages of nine and five years, wh ished in the flames. A man who was sle in the cellar also perished. He had gone late at night *in an intoxicated condition.* was unmarried, and twenty-five years old. roof of the building fell in before the fir discovered. The charred remains of the dren were gathered together for interment the mother returned from her dance.

The Society for the Prevention of Crue Children in New York had its origin in a t ing incident. A charitable lady was visi dying woman in an East Side tenement ho the poorest part of the city, and asked her couldn't do something for her. "Yes," r the dying woman, "I can't die in peace that unnatural stepmother on the other s the wall is beating poor little Mary Ell death." The lady applied to the polic they said the law would not allow them to fere without evidence. She then appea several charitable societies, but they coul according to their charters, take action private matter. Nothing daunted, she a to the Society for the Prevention of Cru Animals, and the secretary, Mr. Henry rescued the child, had the cruel stepmoth prisoned, and put little Mary Ellen in a home. The result was that the aid c Bergh's society was asked in so many cases that finally the Society for the Prev of Cruelty to Children was organized.

The Bible on the Ironing-Board.—The sion work among the Chinese in Boston is ing rapid progress. Mr. Cushing, who su tends the mission, speaks in a recent re strong terms of the earnestness and since the Chinese converts in their efforts t scriptural knowledge. In some cases th not only devote all their hours of relaxat the study of the Bible, but even during hours of labor the sacred volume may b placed on their ironing-boards, so that wh ing their work they, at the same time, c to memory the precious promises of the

Irish Famine Fund.—Contributions re during the week which ended May 22.

A Friend in Maine	2
A Friend New Lisbon, Ohio	1
Total	3

An Interesting Telegram. Mr. B. Aitken writes from Cincinnati: "The day after Dr. Foss, President of the Wesleyan University, was elected bishop by the General Conference at Cincinnati, he received the following beautiful message from his family:

"310 Elm St., Middletown, Ct., May 13th.

"Rev. C. D. Foss, D.D.—We stand by you as usual, but rejoice with tears.

"May, Fannie,
Millie, Rossie,
Helen."

Stolen Daughter Recovered after the Lapse of fifteen years.—An interesting history is that of the wife of a gentleman named Mr. Henry Mtt, now residing near Hempstead, N. Y. When only three years old she was carried off by a sailor, who, having a quarrel with her father, adopted that mode of revenging himself. He left her on a desolate point of the coast, careless what became of her. She would doubtless have died had not a gentleman who was on a fishing excursion noticed her, and, pitying her helpless condition, confided her to the care of a worthy couple living on Barren Island. She grew up without learning anything of her parents, and was married. Shortly after her wedding a friend of her husband remarked a striking likeness in her countenance to that of a lady she knew who had lost her child. Further inquiries led to the discovery that she was the child stolen fifteen years before. The joy of the parents may be imagined. As the face of the daughter furnished the key to her lost identity, so ought the character and daily life of Christians so closely to resemble in their simplicity, self-sacrifice, and freedom from guile the character of their Master that the world may know without hesitation that they are the sons of God.

Ill-gotten Wealth is never Productive of happiness, even in this world. A practical illustration of this fact occurred in New York last week. The body of a middle-aged man dressed in a suit of blue, found off Governor's Island on May 11th, was identified at the Morgue as that of a man who, during the war, had amassed a large fortune as a saloon-keeper and had squandered it afterward in riotous living. He has latterly been living on the bounty of his brother-in-law, but his intemperate habits producing unpleasantness, he was expostulated with and in his excitement went out and drowned himself.

A Judge's Experience.—In Sentencing a Prisoner to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary on May 18th, Recorder Smyth of New York gave utterance to a statement which ought to be carefully pondered by our legislators and public men. The convict was the son of respectable parents, remarkable for their refinement and high principle, but he had become the slave of intoxicating drink, and while under the influence of liquor had caused the death of a man with whom he had quarrelled. The judge said his experience on the bench had demonstrated to him that "*seventy-five per cent* of the cases which came into the courts had their origin in the use of intoxicating liquor.

A Five-Dollar Bill was Surreptitiously Placed in a man's pocket at a prayer-meeting, in New York some time ago. He rose to offer prayer, and a stranger seated behind him felt an uncontrollable impulse for which there appeared no cause either in the man's dress or manner, to give him money. He felt a delicacy in offering it to him, so *he quietly slipped the five-dollar bill into his pocket*, and said nothing about it. The next day he and a friend to whom he had spoken of the strange impulse and the result, attended another prayer-meeting, when, to their surprise, a man arose in another part of the room to tell of God's help in the time of great trial. He had been very sick, and thus his means had become exhausted. He left home the day before, not knowing whence the overdue rent was to come. He returned at night penniless, as he supposed, but going to the pocket of his coat to take out his handkerchief, something fell out and dropped on the floor. It was a five-dollar bill; a counterfeit, surely, he at first thought, but perfectly genuine, as he was soon convinced. Thus God often acts *directly* upon the minds of His children, and moves them to do His work in ways they do not understand at the time.

A Christian Editor Shot.—The Hon. George Brown, editor of the Toronto, Ont., *Globe*, died on May 9th from the effects of a pistol wound inflicted in March last by a discharged employé. Mr. Brown was a Scotchman, who came to America in 1843. He was engaged in journalistic work in New York for a short time, subsequently removing to Toronto, where he published the *Presbyterian Banner*. After a short period that journal was discontinued, and the *Globe* was issued, and soon became the leading liberal journal of Canada. Mr. Brown took a prominent part in politics, and was much respected by men of all parties. He was a life Senator in the Dominion Parliament, and had given considerable attention to the question of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. During his illness he suffered from delirium brought on by the shock to his nervous system, but in the intervals of suffering, when his mind was clear, he expressed submission to the will of God, and his undying faith and joy in the sacrifice of the Saviour.

A Piteous Appeal for Prayer was read by Dr. Cuyler at the anniversary of the National Temperance Society held last week in New York. "I am killing my mother; I am killing myself," wrote a young man, and asked for the prayers of the Christian friends that he might be delivered. It was a deplorable case, for, as Dr. Cuyler observed, the writer's sin was matricide and suicide, but Satan's chains were so strong that no human power could break them. The young man knew who could rescue him, and besought others to unite their prayers with his to the great Deliverer that he would exercise His power over the enemy of souls.

A Preacher was Interrupted at Portland by a sailor who was desirous of understanding an illustration the preacher had used. In the course of the sermon he said he was once out on a lake in a boat, when by a mishap he lost both oars. The wind was rising, night was coming on, and he was in imminent danger of being swamped and finding a watery grave. What could he do? Evidently nothing himself; so he knelt down and prayed long and fervently for deliverance. He placed himself in the hands of the Lord, and so was saved. The sailor listened to the story with breathless interest, and was manifestly disappointed that the details of the rescue were omitted. After waiting until the end of the sermon, he rose in his pew, as the benediction was about to be pronounced, and said, "Say, Mr. Preacher, I want you to tell me how you got ashore." The minister explained that a man saw him from the shore and put out in a boat to rescue him.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for May may be obtained at the office of the Christian Herald. Price six cents.

The Second Volume of the Christian Herald, comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to December, 1879), may be had, elegantly bound in cloth, at No. 63 Bible House, New York. Price $1.75.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has been received. They are now on sale at the office of the Christian Herald, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

CHRIST'S UNIVERSAL KINGDOM, AND HOW IT COMETH.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Ask of Me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."—Psalms 2 : 8, 9.

The Sublimity of the Divine Calm—We may be Confident since God is so—I. The Whole Earth Christ's Inheritance—The Covenant with Abraham—Confirmed in the Sacred Writers—II. This Universal Dominion is to be Asked For—The Prayer Commanded by God Himself—It will be Effectual—The Prayer should Include All Lands—III. This Dominion to be Gained by the Power of God—Not by Force—Nor by Civilization—IV. All the Confederacies of the Earth to be Broken Up—The Rod of Iron—The Silver Sceptre—Daniel's Image.

Observe, dear friends, the wonderful contrast between the violent excitement of the enemies of the Lord, and the sublime serenity of God Himself. He is not disturbed, though the heathen so furiously rage, and their kings and mighty ones set themselves in battle array. He smiles at them; He hath them in derision. You and I are often downcast and depressed, and our forebodings are dark and dismal, but God sits in His eternal peacefulness, and serenely overrules tumult and rebellion. The Lord reigneth, and His throne is not moved, nor His rest broken, whatever may be the noise and turmoil down below.

Notice *the sublimity of this divine calm.* While the heathen and their princes are plotting and planning how to break His bands asunder, and cast His chords from them, He has already defeated their devices, and He says to them, "Yet have I set My King upon My holy hill of Zion." "You will not have My Son to reign over you, but nevertheless He reigns. While you have been raging I have crowned Him. Your imaginations are indeed vain, for I have forestalled you, and established Him upon His throne. Hear Him as He proclaims my decree, and asserts His filial sovereignty."

As if it were a banquet rather than a conflict, the Lord God, as Himself a king, speaks to the King's Son, even to His Anointed on His right hand, and having owned His royal rank, confers upon Him the highest honors. At great feasts many a monarch has been known to say to his favorite, "Ask what I shall give thee, and nothing shall be denied thee this day." Even thus doth the great Father say to His glorious Son the Prince of Peace, "Ask of Me, and I will give thee the heathen, Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth, Thy possession." He bids Him open His mouth wide, and request a boundless dominion. He will give Him distant nations, yea, and the whole round earth, to be His kingdom. There is an air of regal festivity and peaceful joy about all this which strangely contrasts with the uproar of the adversaries.

Brethren, I wish we could enter in some measure into this sublime quiet. We may well be confident since God is so. If the Captain be assured of victory it behooves the common soldier to be bravely hopeful. The battle is the Lord's, and since He is the Lord God omnipotent, fear about the issue of the conflict is foolish and wicked. All events are in His hand—His hand who can dash whole worlds to dust, or make them when it pleases Him. What can stand against the Almighty will? Who shall say unto Jehovah, "What doest Thou?"

In this eternal all-sufficiency is our rest, and we may therefore cease from anxiety. Stand thou still, my weary brother, and see the salvation of God. Put not forth thy timorous hand to stay the trembling ark, but know that Jehovah can protect His own. Lay thy Martha cares aside: sit at thy Saviour's feet, and listen to His voice. He will tell thee that God reigneth yet, and that His anointed shall reign also. Despite all opposition, the sacred purpose will blossom into the actual providence, and the providence will ripen into salvation. God's plan will be carried out without failure in any point, and there is no cause for alarm.

Our text suggests to us this morning, first, that *the kingdoms of the earth, and the earth itself, are Christ's inheritance*—"I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance." Leave out those little words which the translators have inserted, for they but feebly help the sense. "I will give the heathen, Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth, Thy possession." When we have dwelt upon that, we shall then notice *that this is to be had for the asking:* "Ask of me, and I shall give." Thirdly, we shall note that *the power by which the dominion shall be gained is altogether of God:* "I shall give." And, fourthly, we shall remark that in order to complete the conquest of the world *all existing and all future confederacies against the Lord, and against His Christ, shall be utterly destroyed:* "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

CHRIST'S INHERITANCE.

I. For our comfort let us notice the teaching of the text that the Lord will give to Christ the heathen as His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth as His possession. This I take to refer to our Lord as man. Already as God the kingdom of the divine Son ruleth over all. There never was a limit to the reign of Jesus as God, not even when He was hanging on the cross; He was the everlasting Father, even when He was "the child born, the Son given."

It is in His wondrous nature as God-man Mediator that these words may be understood, for so the Apostle Paul evidently interpreted them. The mysterious sentence, "Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten Thee," may refer to the deep and secret truth of the eternal filiation of our Lord, whatever that may be; but Paul quotes it in the thirteenth of Acts as referring to His resurrection. Here are his words: "And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that He hath raised up Jesus again; as it is also written in the second psalm, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee."

It is in resurrection power that Christ comes forth, and God gives to Him to have dominion over the earth and all that is upon it. Because He liveth and was dead He hath the keys of hell and of death. By virtue of His humiliation He reigns. For the suffering of death He is crowned with glory and honor. We now speak therefore of Jesus Christ the risen One, who once died, but has now risen from the tomb, and quitted this earth for the splendors of the New Jerusalem.

Our conviction is that this same *Jesus is to reign over the whole world.* I shall not enter into the question whether this will be accomplished before His second advent, or will be the result of His glorious appearing. I should not like to assert that this consummation will be reached before His advent, for that might seem to militate against our duty to watch for His coming, *which may be at any moment:* on the other hand, I would not venture to assert that the Gospel cannot be universally victorious before His coming, because I perceive that this opinion is *a pillow for many an idle head,* and is ruinous to the hopeful spirit of missionary enterprise. It is enough for me that a wide dominion will be given to our Lord at some time or other, and that assuredly His kingdom shall embrace all the nations of mankind. The whole earth shall yet be filled with His glory; the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head and clear the world of his slimy trail.

For the next few minutes you will be so good as to keep your Bibles going, for the appeal must be to God's own Word. I gather that the kingdom of Christ is to be so extensive as to comprehend all mankind, first, because of the exceeding breadth of the prophecy of it which was made to Abraham in Genesis 12 : 3. That is an old covenant promise which refers to Abraham as the father of the faithful, and to His one great seed, even Jesus, the promised Messiah. Here are the far-reaching words—"In Thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

Assuredly they are not as yet all blessed in Him to such an extent as to exhaust the divine meaning. When God in covenant promises a blessing it is no light thing, and therefore I am sure that this grand covenant blessing of the nations is something more than a name. Though I doubt not that the whole earth is to some extent the better because of the coming of Christ, and His peace-making death, and the spread of His pure faith, yet I cannot believe that multitudes who live and die in the thick darkness of ignorance and idolatry are really blessed in Christ in such a sense as to make it

A COVENANT BLESSING.

How much are Tartary, China, and Thibet blessed by the Gospel? There must be something better yet for all the families of the earth than anything they have hitherto received. All the families of the earth shall yet know that the promised seed hath lived and died for them, and some of every kindred and tongue shall find salvation in Him.

Jacob, too, when he spake concerning the Shiloh in Genesis 49 : 10, said, "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." By the people is not meant the seed of Israel, but the nations, or the Gentiles; so the Septuagint and the Syriac understand it, and so indeed it is. Jesus, our great Shiloh, sets up the standard, and His chosen rally around in ever-growing numbers till the dispersed of Babel shall find in Him a new centre, and a pure language shall be given to them in Him. The words mean not "gathering" only, but a willing obedience, the fruit of faith and the expression of piety.

Moses, too, in Deuteronomy 32 : 21, to which passage Paul in the Romans so especially refers, speaks of the heathen nations when he says, "I will move them to jealousy with those who are not a people; I will provoke them to anger with a foolish nation." Truly this is fulfilled in these days when the Gospel line hath gone out throughout all the earth, and its words unto the ends of the earth.

When we reach the Psalms we come into the clear light of prophecy concerning the kingdom of our blessed Master. Our text stands first, and is sufficient in itself: the heathen are to be His inheritance, and the utmost bounds of the world are to be His possession. Turn to that famous passion psalm, the twenty-second. Its pathos with regard to the griefs of the crucified One is deep and touching. You see Him hanging on the tree, a gazing-stock to scoffers, with His tongue cleaving to His jaws, and His heart melting like wax in the midst of His bowels; and yet ere the psalm closes the plaintive gives place to the triumphant, and the dying One cries, "All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Thee. For the kingdom is the Lord's: and He is the governor among the nations."

How glowing is the language of Psalm 72! Can we expect too great things for our King when we remember the gracious words beginning at the eighth verse: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." These terms include the most barbarous tribes that exist, and they specially mention nations which boast that they were never conquered: such as the untamed rovers of the wilderness, who centuries ago laughed at the Roman power. The legions which subdued all other peoples could not conquer the sons of Ishmael; fleet of foot as a hart, swift as a young roe, they fled over the desert sands, out of reach of the pursuer; yet these shall bow before our Lord, and joyfully pay Him homage. He will sway His sceptre where sceptre was never owned before; He shall set up a throne where all other authority has been laughed to scorn.

We expected to find, and we are not disappointed in our expectation, that Isaiah would be sure to speak concerning these things. See what he says in his second chapter. "It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it." I can but give samples. The passages abound all through Isaiah in which there is the intimation of the general spread of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Nor is Isaiah alone in such prophecies as these. I cannot detain you by reading what Ezekiel saith concerning the ever-deepening waters which shall carry life to all lands; and I will only mention one word of Jeremiah, because it so peculiarly proves that the homage paid by heathen nations to our Lord will be that of their hearts; and that the reign of Christ, whatever it may be else, will certainly be a spiritual reign. Jeremiah 3 : 17: "They shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord; and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of the Lord, to Jerusalem; neither shall they walk any mor after the imagination of their evil heart."

CHRIST WILL WORK A HEART-CHANGE.

when He shall win the nations to allegiance and this shall lead to a manifest change of life—"neither shall they walk any more after the imagination of their evil heart."

Daniel, that John of the Old Testament, o course saw more clearly than any the comin kingdom of the Anointed One. What doth h say in chapter 7 : 18? "But the saints of th Most High shall take the kingdom, an possess the kingdom forever, even foreve and ever. Until the Ancient of days cam and judgment was given to the saints of th Most High; and the time came that the saint possessed the kingdom. And the kingdo and dominion, and the greatness of the kin dom under the whole heaven, shall be give to the people of the saints of the Most Hig whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, an all dominions shall serve and obey Him." Ca anything be more positive than this last word

Look how the idols are to be destroyed a cording to the prophet Zephaniah (2 : 11 "The Lord will be terrible unto them: for H will famish all the gods of the earth; and m shall worship Him, every one from his plac even all the isles of the heathen." Zechari says to the same effect (9 : 10): "He shall spe peace unto the heathen, and His dominion sh be from sea even to sea, and from the river ev to the ends of the earth." (14 : 2) "And t Lord shall be King over all the earth: in th day there shall be one Lord, and His name one

Lest I should weary you, I forbear to qu any more. To me it is evident beyond all c tradiction that according to the whole run Scripture the kingdom of Christ is to exte over all parts of the earth, and over all races a conditions of men, and therefore I charge y *never despair* for the grand old cause.

An infidel notion is abroad that these differ religions have sprung up at different times developments of the religious instinct, and t they may all profitably exist side by side w ours. It is admitted that the religion of Ch is excellent, and that it deserves a large foll ing, but still other religions have their adv tages and must not be despised: nay, someth better than the Gospel of Christ may yet be covered. This is the current talk in cer circles, and we would at once express our ho at it. Jesus is not to share a divided thr Cast ye with abhorrence from your souls e such blasphemous thought. Jesus must r till all enemies are put under His feet, an Him all rivals are enemies.

II. It appears from our text that

THIS UNIVERSAL DOMINION IS TO BE AS D FOR.

Thus saith the Father to His glorious "Ask of Me, and I will give Thee." Bel Jesus fails not to ask. We do not doubt He responds to the Father's invitation, asks for His inheritance. This is the w which the psalm before us touches upon priestly character of Christ as combined kingly office. He ever liveth to intercede, a part of His daily intercession is to ask that heathen may be His inheritance.

ur union with Him has given us a kingdom—same kingdom as that which He claims. He nself has said it: "It is your Father's good sure to give you the kingdom." As surely He sets His Son upon His holy hill of Zion, surely will the Lord bring us all there. Our ers therefore should daily rise together with pleadings of the great Intercessor Himself. ord! Thine is the kingdom, and the power, the glory; let Thy will be done in earth as in heaven.

his prayer is one which is *commanded by God self*. About its fitness we can, therefore, e no doubt. Your Saviour taught you to "Thy kingdom come." In this text we it prescribed as a prayer to the Well-beloved — Ask of me"; and therefore it is certainly a er prayer for us, and we may use it without stion. We are highly honored in being per- ed to present such a petition. Whatever we forget, never from our private interces- s let us omit the prayer that the heathen come to glorify Christ.

is a joy to know that *this prayer will be ef- al* to the full. It is no vain desire, no m of a fevered brain: the infinite wisdom of Himself suggests it, for He says, "Ask, I shall give thee." This union of precept promise is found attached to every covenant sing, but here it is conspicuously and dis- tly stated in so many words, "Ask, and I l give thee." Concerning this thing the nise of God is definite, we may therefore with full assurance. Let us avail ourselves of his plain direction every hour of our lives. O hurch of God! ask on Christ's behalf, and the Lord God will give Him the kingdom.

t our prayer be wide and far-reaching. Let desires embrace the world. Pray not for own country only, though it needs it, and *alone knows how much*; but pray for the nies, the Continent, and the far-off lands. A that all heathens may become Christians. P d that the whole round earth may be the L's: that the uttermost parts of the earth resound with songs in His praise. On this His blood has fallen; the precious drops d not be gathered up again, and so this e remains blood-marked —the one star upon h the Son of God poured out His life. It be the Lord's: the sacrifice of Calvary has e it sacred to the Son of God.

our government marks with the broad ar- those stores which belong to it, so did st upon the tree, when the blood fell from hands, and feet, and side, mark, as it were, something more full of meaning than the d arrow, this round earth on which He , and it must be forever and ever His by right of urchase and ransom. It was made subject to anity for a little season, but it is to be re- ed from it; and when it shall be purified beautified in the day of the manifestation of the sons of God, you will not know it: for it come forth as "a new heavens and a new , wherein dwelleth righteousness."

II THIS DOMINION IS TO BE GAINED BY THE POWER OF GOD.

otice the text, for it is very explicit: "Ask of Me, and *I shall give Thee*." The power and of God will be conspicuously seen in the gation of this world to Christ: every heart know that it was wrought by the power of in answer to the prayer of Christ and His ch. I believe, brethren, that the length of spent in the accomplishment of the divine has much of it been occupied with getting f those many forms of human power which intruded into the place of the Spirit.

you and I had been about in our Lord's day, could have had everything managed to our , we should have converted Cæsar straight by argument or by oratory; we should have converted all his legions by every s within our reach; and, I warrant you, Cæsar and his legions at our back we would have Christianized the world in no time; would we not? Yes, but that is not God's way at all, nor the right and effectual way to set up a spiritual kingdom. Bribes and threats are alike unlawful, eloquence and carnal reasoning are out of court, the power of divine love is the one weapon for this campaign.

A Roman emperor professed to be converted, using a deep policy to settle himself upon the throne; then Christianity became the state-patronized religion; it seemed that the world was Christianized, whereas, indeed, the church was heathenized. Hence sprang the monster of a State-church, a conjunction ill-assorted, and fraught with untold ills. This incongruous thing is half-human, half-divine; as a theory it fascinates, as a fact it betrays; it promises to advance the truth, and is itself a negation of it. Under its influences a system of religion was fashioned, which beyond all false religions, and beyond even Atheism itself, is the greatest hindrance to the true Gospel of Jesus Christ. Under its influence dark ages lowered over the world; men were not permitted to think; a Bible could scarcely be found, and a preacher of the Gospel, if found, was put to death.

Frequently do we meet with the idea that the world is to be converted to Christ by *the spread of civilization*. Now, civilization always follows the Gospel, and is in a great measure the product of it; but many people put *the cart before the horse*, and make civilization the first cause. According to their opnion, trade is to regenerate the nations, the arts are to ennoble them, and education is to purify them. Peace Societies are formed against which I have not a word to say, but much in their favor; still, I believe the only efficient peace society is the Church of God, and the best peace teaching is the love of God in Christ Jesus.

The grace of God is the great instrument for uplifting the world from the depths of its ruin, and covering it with happiness and holiness. Christ's cross is *the Pharos of this tempestuous sea*, like the Eddystone lighthouse flinging its beams through the midnight of ignorance over the raging waters of human sin, preserving men from rock and shipwreck, piloting them into the port of peace.

Oh! that we could keep in perpetual motion the machinery of prayer! Pray, pray, pray, and God will give, give, give, abundantly, and supernaturally, above all that we ask, or even think. He must do all things in the conquering work of the Lord Jesus. We cannot convert a single child, nor bring to Christ the humblest peasant, nor lead to peace the most hopeful youth; all must be done by the Spirit of God alone, and if ever nations are to be born in a day, and crowds are to come humbly to Jesus' feet, it is Thine, Eternal Spirit, Thine to do it. *God must give the dominion*, or the rebels will remain unsubdued.

IV. Thus the power of God worketh to bring about the kingdom of Christ; and this involves the breaking up of all

THE CONFEDERACIES

which now exist or ever shall exist for the hindrance of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Our text employs a figure which is very full of meaning: "He shall break them with *a rod of iron*." He breaks not the subject nations, nor the inherited heathen, but the kings of the earth who stood up and took counsel together against the Lord, and against His Anointed. Against these He will lift up His iron rod of stern justice and irresistible power.

Over His own inheritance He will sway *a silver sceptre* of love; over His own possession He shall reign with gentleness and grace; but as for His adversaries, He will deal with them in severity, and display His power in them. How shall they stand out against him? They have formed their confederacy with great care and skill: as when men prepare clay and make it plastic for the potter's use, so have they made all things ready; they have set their design upon the wheel, and caused it to revolve in their thoughts, and with great skill they have fashioned it. Lo, there it stands finished, and fair to look upon. Yet, at its very best, it is nothing more than a potter's vessel. It may be of the purest clay and of such exquisite workmanship that it shall enchant every man of taste, but it attaineth to be nothing more than an earthen vessel, and therefore, woe unto it when the rod of iron falls upon it.

Woe to all human societies and brotherhoods which are framed to resist the Lord. Mark the conflict and its end! It is brief enough. A stroke! Where is the hope of the Lord's adversary? Gone, gone, utterly gone; only a few potsherds remain. Oh for such a smiting of the apostacy of Rome! Oh, for one touch of the iron rod upon the imposture of Mohammed! Oh, for a blow at Buddhism, and a back-stroke at the superstition of Brahminism, and at all the idols of the heathen! Woe unto the gods of the land of Sinim in that day; a single stroke shall set the potsherds flying. Wherefore, then, should we fear, although they plot and plan; although a solemn conclave of cardinals be held, though the Pope fulminate his bulls, though the Sultan ordain that every convert to Christianity shall be put to death, though still the scoffers revile at Christianity, and say that it spreads not as once it did? A speedy answer shall confound them, or if not speedy, yet

THE STROKE SHALL BE SURE.

Our King waits a while. He hath leisure. Haste belongs to weakness; His strength moves calmly. Only let Him be aroused and you shall see how quick are His paces. He redeemed the world in a few short hours upon the tree, and I warrant you that when He getteth that iron rod once fairly to work He will not need many days to ease Him of His adversaries, and make a clean sweep of all that set themselves against Him. If you want to see how it will be done, read, I pray you, Daniel 2 : 31 : "Thou, O king! sawest, and behold a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay."

It was a strange conglomeration: all the metallic empires are set forth as combined in one image; which image is the embodied idea of monarchical power, which has fascinated men even to this day. The prophet goes on to say, "Thou sawest still that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them: and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth."

And so it is to be: the vision is being each day fulfilled. The Gospel stone, which owes nothing to human strength or wisdom, is breaking the image, and scattering all opposing powers. No system, society, confederacy, or cabinet can stand which is opposed to truth and righteousness. I, even I, that am but of yesterday, and know nothing, have seen one of the mightiest of empires of modern times melt away on a sudden as the rime of the morning in the heat of the sun. I have seen monarchs driven out of their tyrannies by the powers of a single man, and a free nation born as in an hour.

Evil is short-lived. Truth shall yet rise above all. The Lord saith, Overturn, overturn till He shall come whose right it is, and God shall give it Him. Woe unto those that stand against the Lord and His anointed, for they shall not prosper "Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—
Psalms 2 and Acts 13 : 13–14.]

ANNIE SAVED BY A TEXT IN A COAL-BOX.

ANNIE BROWN was a servant in a pretty seaside lodging-house in the West of England. As long as health and strength continued she went cheerfully through her work without making any complaint. Her mother, however, had died of consumption, and Annie had inherited the fatal disease. A troublesome cough commenced, and she felt herself getting weaker day by day. She began to think, What if I should die as mother did? What would become of me after death?

Annie was very ignorant. She occasionally went to the house of God, but did not understand much of what she heard; and now her thoughts troubled her, and she could not silence them. She had been honest and industrious, but yet her conscience told her she was unfit to stand in the presence of a holy God, and her sins became a heavy burden to her. She had heard that Jesus died to save sinners, and she knew she was one, but how was she to obtain this great salvation?

She had no Christian friend to help her, none to whom she could open her heart, and tell its deep distress. Her mistress advised her to talk with a boarder in the house, who she thought knew more about such things. The girl watched eagerly for an opportunity to unburden her heart to the boarder.

But the boarder knew no more than the mistress; she could only tell her that God was very merciful, and would not expect much from a poor ignorant girl. There was no comfort in this, no easing of the burden of a guilty conscience, no way to get rid of sin. And so the days went on and the burden grew heavier, and the cry went up from the depth of Annie's heart, "What must I do to be saved?" God heard that cry, and speedily sent peace. The boarder's bell had rung one day for more coals to be put on the fire, and Annie, throwing them on, caught sight of a piece of paper—it was part of the leaf of a Bible. She took it out of the *coal-box*, and as she did so, these words caught her eye, "*Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.*" A gleam of gladness broke into her heart.

Forgiveness! Why, that was just what she was longing for. It must have been Jesus who spake these words, she felt sure; but who did He say them to? Perhaps it was some one who had given costly gifts or done some great thing to merit such a blessing. Carefully she put the fugitive leaf in her pocket, determining to search the Bible until she found the words.

All that day she was unable to get time for her search, but at night, on going to bed, she put her little Bible under the pillow, "and as soon," she said to herself, "as ever the daylight comes in at the window, I will try to wake and begin."

She did awake soon after the sun was risen, and sitting up in bed in the early morning, turned over leaf after leaf in her eager longing to find the words. After a while she came to them, and again and again she read through the narrative, which she found in the ninth chapter of Matthew's Gospel. Yes, there it was; there could be no mistake about it; they *were* the words of Jesus, and he to whom they were spoken a poor, sick man. His friends had brought him to Jesus, and Jesus, seeing he needed forgiveness, had offered it to him at once; then surely He would do the same for her, for was He not the same Jesus now? God's Spirit was in her heart and leading her to Jesus.

Quickly she sprang out of bed, and on her knees begged for pardon, her one plea being her deep need. And the same voice which had spoken pardon eighteen hundred years before seemed to speak to her. It was as if she had heard Jesus say, "Be of good cheer, *thy* sins are forgiven *thee*." She believed Him at once; she rose from her knees with the burden all gone; she had taken it to Jesus and left it there, and her heart was full of joy.

Ere-long her strength gave way from consumption, and she could not continue her work. She had no home to go to, so, taking a very humble lodging, she moved there; but though she had no earthly parents, her Heavenly Father knew her need, and speedily raised up kind, Christian friends to help her. One lady, whom she much loved, visited her constantly, and learned many lessons of simple faith and trust from Annie's sick-bed. "I often think," the dying girl said one day, "when you come here we are like the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, for Jesus Himself draws near and stays with us. And when you see my shabby funeral go by, don't you think I'm there; oh no, I shall be in the glory with Jesus."

At last, without an earthly friend to smooth her dying pillow, she passed into the presence of that Saviour whom she had so truly loved and trusted, washed in His blood, and freely forgiven, to join the song of the Redeemed in praising Him forever.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

THE AMERICAN CAMPAIGN.

A Despatch from Commissioner Railton.

Success in Philadelphia—"My Mother did not Know Me"—The Work of the Different Corps—A Blessing in New Jersey—Saloon Meetings—A Crowded Meeting—Councils of War to be Held.

SINCE we last reported, the Army has continued to push on mainly in the various districts of Philadelphia, where it has now seven stations and corps. The original FIRST PENNSYLVANIA CORPS has removed from the old factory in which the work began to a large hall (the Athletic, Thirteenth Street, above Jefferson Street), where the large numbers desiring to attend will be able to gain admittance without the great discomforts experienced at the old place, whose hallowed memories, however, must always endear it to the hearts of the many who never entered a place of worship for many a year till curiosity led them there.

THE SECOND PENNSYLVANIA continues in their hall at Forty-first and Market Streets, where God has wrought with them so wondrously.

"MY OWN MOTHER DID NOT KNOW ME yesterday," said a young man, who four weeks ago was one of the most wretched objects we ever saw, but is now in a most respectable position, and appears altogether a new being. We could well believe him, for he would not have been recognizable even by some of us but for his voice.

THE THIRD PENNSYLVANIA (Frankford) has an array of fifty speakers on its platform every night, most of whom have been notoriously godless men and women up to the time of the army's coming into their midst. And this success has been attained through the mercy and power of God, in spite of the illness of the English sister who is in command.

THE FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA (Germantown) occupies the entire upper floor of a large building over the railway depot, where large congregations have been nightly gathered, and although the time has not yet come to reckon up results, there are abundant signs of coming victory.

THE FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA is being raised in the southern half of the city, in a Presbyterian church in Spruce Street, lent by the trustees, it being no longer required by the original congregation (a noble example, by the way). The daily prayer-meeting has been held near this spot for weeks, and has gathered daily hundreds of all classes, who have listened, as they stood in the front part of a store thrown open to the street, to the testimonies of the Lord's soldiers. Many have come into the store for prayer, and some have found peace with God. But the want of evening meetings near the spot has prevented our gathering as yet the greater part of the fruit which will now undoubtedly appear.

THE SIXTH PENNSYLVANIA has for its battery an empty theatre at the corner of Eleventh and Wood, one of the most central positions in the whole city. The building was first a church, but has since been used for all manner of purposes, even for boxing. This seems to rende it all the more attractive to the Salvation Army

Not far from it are many of the vilest haunt of iniquity, and the large population of all sort within reach holds out the prospect of a gloriou harvest. This building will very probably become the permanent headquarters of the army.

As to the First New York, the notices of th local press perhaps render it unnecessary to sa more than that the salvation of souls goes o nightly, in spite of the mean attempts of rough and other opponents to create disturbances.

THE FIRST NEW JERSEY (Newark) continue to witness in the Odeon Theatre more and mor marvellous displays of the Divine power. Th other Sunday afternoon no less than 78 persor testified in little more than an hour to the wor derful goodness of God to their souls. Oppo tunity has been found, notwithstanding oppos tion in certain high quarters, to parade th streets and hold open-air demonstrations.

THE SECOND NEW JERSEY has been formed Camden, where some very remarkable circun stances have occurred. One young man, whi seeking mercy, fell back on the floor in what a peared to be just like "the Jerks" mentioned connection with religious movements many yea ago. Writhing all along the floor he lay f nearly an hour amid the most hardened si ners in the hall. But at length he arose rejoi ing in God, and has since continued daily witness for Christ both out of doors and i When converted he was in rags.

Several persons who carried on their busine on the Lord's Day attended the meetings a were deeply convinced of sin, but struggl against it, hoping to be able to hold to the wor still. But one evening one of these said to t others, quite in joke, "I'll start if you will"—r ing to his feet as if to go to the penitents' benc The others, to his dismay and surprise, took seriously, went forward, and soon had the joy seeing their jocular companion follow them the feet of Jesus.

THE THIRD NEW JERSEY is being raised Atlantic City. Our first thought in establishi a corps here was to complete our Philadelpl operations by attacking the multitudes w flock from that city to the sea every Sund and some of them for weeks and months. E the congregations gathered so far have c sisted almost exclusively of residents in Atlan City, and almost all of them persons of the v roughest and worst descriptions. The const flow of bad language, the utter disregard of t Sabbath, the prevalence of drinking and gan ling in this city have astounded us; but h at the same time encouraged us to labor among the large congregations of the very s we want who daily assemble and who g promise of so much better things to come.

SALOON MEETINGS.

At a meeting held in a saloon some we back, many were in tears, and one who among the converts has ever since been on our bravest soldiers in Philadelphia. She duced a saloon-keeper with whom she had sp many a day to invite us to his house on Th day, the 13th.

We marched there about sixty strong, and h meetings in the bar-room, kitchen, and fr room upstairs, every inch of standing room the house being occupied, and great crowds rounding every door and window. The att tion of all around was excellent, and sev sought the Lord.

One poor woman sought salvation an hou two later, kneeling on the ground at the o nary evening open-air meeting. She had b convinced of sin in the saloon, but had not found the Lord. The following day a v greatly increased crowd listened in the open at the noonday meeting, and we have every p pect of a very greatly enlarged work in every w

We purpose (D.V.) to hold councils of wa New York and Newark, N. J., the 29th, 30th, 31st, by means of which we trust many ma stirred to give themselves more fully than to the Lord.

HAT COMING WARS MAY WE EXPECT?*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page* 327.)

Drunkenness of the Scarlet Woman—The ry before the Avenging—The Compound Sys-em of Apostacy—The Last Enemy of the hurch — What can Deliver ? — The Coming evivals.

HE late Rev. E. Bickersteth repeatedly re- ed in his prophetic books to the future and l persecution of Christians for three and a years ; and as one proof of it, he empha- d the fact that the Scarlet Woman is pre- ed to be especially drunk with the blood of saints *just before* her future destruction. In Lent Lecture in 1848, on

THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON,

in his "Signs of the Times," p. 35, he said : It is remarkable that the Wild-beast which esents the ten kingdoms of the secular Ro- Empire, and which *has* crowns on its ten s in Rev. 13, has *no crowns upon its ten horns* Rev. 17, as if to describe *the revolutionary ges* which seem about to commence. The lonish Harlot, the Papacy, is trying again ount and command the Wild-beast, and, before her destruction, is foreshown to ride iumph upon the ten kingdoms of the Wild- t which shall ultimately assist in her de- tion. It may, then, in conjunction with lelity, have a brief season of triumph, with ter persecution of Christians.

We must not look at the future glory of the ch of Christ without looking at its previous rings. In the intervening space of time that yet to elapse before the accomplishment of rst resurrection of the saints (Rev. 20 : 5, 6) ave many reasons from the general testimony e Scripture to believe that there will be a period of great trial and temptation. Va- intimations of prophecy show us that the ies of Christ will have a temporary tri- before their final fall ; and the servants rist will have to endure a short but bitter cution.

Babylon, the Great, the Mother of Harlots, is ibed as *drunk with the blood of the saints before* her burning. The ten kings of the loms of the Roman Empire are to *make with the Lamb*, and with His called and n and faithful people, JUST BEFORE those tings are finally overcome (Rev. 17 : 6, 16,). The elect are to *cry day and night unto* just before they are avenged by the coming e Son of man (Luke 18 : 1–8)."

c Rev. T. R. Birks, Professor of Divinity mbridge, in his book, "The Later Visions niel," and in his Lent Lecture of 1847, ex- ed the view that *Infidelity, Heathenism,* and *mmedanism* will become united with the *cy* in

A COMPOUND SYSTEM OF APOSTASY.

he Papacy, as directed by the wilful king niel 11, the future infidel Antichrist, will last days fill up the measure of its apos- and gather to itself those partial features Antichrist which are now to be seen in mmedanism and its open rejection of the f God. A leader will arise, the last per- head of this *compound system of evil ;* and enism, Popery, and Mahommedanism will ibute to supply the features of this system quity. The wilful king in this last stage power, and represented by this leader, ome down like a whirlwind upon the land ael. Success for a time will attend his ban- so that, in the words of Habakkuk, 'he will to himself all nations, and heap to him- l peoples.'

"Previous to this time the Jewish restoration to Palestine will have commenced ; and their temple will have been built in Jerusalem. There this fierce and mighty king will seat himself as a sovereign, and claim to be the object of divine adoration. This king of pride will take Jerusalem, the holy city, for his seat, and there plant his standard and claim divine honors from the subject nations, as a worship to be paid in his person to the (so-called) dignity of regenerate and gloried humanity, freed from the long delusion of past ages. The faithful witnesses, who protest against his idolatry and blasphemy, will be persecuted with great wrath, and hunted out for destruction.

"Thus this last enemy of the Church of Christ will be neither Popery nor Infidelity alone, but a *strange union* of both. It will be infidelity, not as it was seen at its birth, naked and hideous, but now full-grown in Satanic wisdom, and clothing itself with all the robes of superstition. It may, perhaps, adopt every thing to Christianity, except Christ Himself and His salvation. It may boast its forms and ceremonies, its creed and miracles, its temple and altars, its priesthood and costly offerings, its high antiquity and the *Catholic consent* of admiring nations. All that is beautiful and mysterious may be pressed into its service and do homage at its shrine.

"Then when art and taste shall have lent all the beauty of their decorations, and architecture all its grandeur, and antiquity all its mystery, and talent all the sorcery of its eloquence—then amidst the sound of harp and psaltery of all pleasant music, the gigantic delusion may move on to its short triumph, and heat sevenfold the furnace of the last persecution for the Church of God. Now, what power can raise us above this temptation, and break the spell of this last enchainment? Nothing but the Gospel of Christ in all its depth and fulness, and in the power of the Holy Ghost, and above all *the Gospel of the coming kingdom* of the Son of Man."

THE COMING GREAT RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.

The Christian Church's present condition of *midnight* darkness, silence, coldness, and drowsiness, in relation to Christ's speedy Advent, is represented in the prophetic parable of the Ten Virgins by these words, "While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept." But, it is added, "And at *Midnight* a cry was made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh : Go ye out to meet him. Then ALL those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps" (Matt. 25 : 1–10).

These words plainly predict an extraordinary awakening of attention throughout the Christian Church to the subject of Christ's speedy Advent. They indicate a marvellous stir, excitement, and agitation among Christians, such as can scarcely be conceived possible. The *Midnight Cry* will be the loud preaching of Christ's speedy Advent, consequent upon the startling events then transpiring, such as the coming tremendous wars and revolutions, the extension of France to the Rhine, the formation of the ten-kingdomed confederacy, the revival of the Napoleon dynasty, the rise of the Little Horn, his seven years' covenant with the Jews, and the renewal of their sacrifices between eight and ten months after the Covenant, etc.

These events will cause an extraordinary sensation, and lead Christians to seek for a supply of the oil of prophetic knowledge and faith in the speedy Advent of Christ. Very many true Christians—the foolish Virgins—while honestly seeking, by prayer and study of the Scriptures, to obtain this oil, will be left behind through lack of it when Christ comes into the air to raise the deceased Saints and to translate the *first-fruits* company of 144,000 watchful Christians to heaven without dying (Rev. 14 : 1–5 ; 1 Thess. 4 : 16) about two years after the Covenant. This great revival is also prefigured by the Christian Church travailing in labor to give birth to the man-child, or translated body of Christians (Rev. 12 : 5) ; and it will be most intense during those two years.

Another still greater Revival will take place immediately after the translation of the first-fruits Christians, for then an Angel representing a Body of preachers will go everywhere proclaiming, "Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come." And vast numbers will be converted by this last warning message, so that, at the end of the subsequent 3½ years' tribulation and persecution, there will be a great multitude, which no man can number, come out of *that great tribulation* (Rev. 14 : 6 ; 7 : 14), and stand before the throne of God in heaven—being, in fact, the *harvest* company caught up in the second translation. (Matt. 24 : 29–31 ; Rev. 14 : 15, 16).

A far greater number of people will be converted and saved during the 3½ years' tribulation, than during any past 3½ years in the history of the world. As the *Harvest* must be one or two hundred times larger than the *First-fruits* of 144,000, there will thus be at least fifteen to thirty million people converted during the Great Tribulation. Thus, in its highest sense, God's promise to Noah will be fulfilled—"It shall come to pass when I bring a cloud over the earth, *the bow shall be seen in the cloud.*"

In the present critical condition of the world, there is more need than ever for fervent prayer on behalf of the dark places of the earth, and for a larger outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all members of the Christian Church. Let each examine himself whether he be in the faith. It is of the first importance for every one to ascertain whether they have been *born again,* for, "Except a man is born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3 : 3). No human being can escape eternal perdition, except by becoming *born again,* or, in other words, by being *converted.*

This momentous change is not produced by baptism, or by a mere reformation of conduct, or by living a decent, moral, respectable life. There are thousands, who are excellent outward Christians, attending services, partaking of the Communion, maintaining family worship, and fully believing every article of Christian faith, who are yet not born again, and consequently will be cast forever into the lake of fire unless they undergo this change. In cases where this inward transformation has been effected, those who have experienced it will take a *real* delight in constantly meditating upon the Scriptures, in frequently engaging in secret and social prayer, and in *personally* laboring to make known the Gospel to others by such means as visiting the sick and destitute, giving religious instruction in schools for the poor, distributing tracts, and warning their unconverted friends of the necessity of fleeing to Christ.

Those who desire to become *born again* must be convinced that they are, by nature and by practice, utterly sinful and corrupt, heirs of wrath, born under a curse, and with the sentence of condemnation to eternal perdition registered against them in heaven ; but that God has given His Son to die in their room and in their stead, and now offers a full and free pardon and eternal happiness to all who believe on Him and surrender themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to His service, and who pray earnestly, in the name of Jesus, for pardon and for a new heart until they feel they are answered.

When the sinner is truly converted, he feels that he has undergone a startling and indescribable change, as if he was in a new world ; old things are passed away, and he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus. Let those who have not yet attained to this momentous change no longer resist the tender invitations of the Saviour who has died for them, and who offers salvation freely to the worst of sinners. Let such persevere in secret prayer, in all places and under all circumstances (for no special place or posture is essential to this), until they feel and know that they have become born again. Let them do this, remembering that Jesus is willing to listen to the most guilty and depraved, and is abundantly able to transform them from slaves of Satan into children of God.

(*To be continued.*)

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* xtracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. , in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. *pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and ption of Approaching Events," with two maps ur large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains le quotations from Forty Expositors on these . Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from page 335.)

An Unpleasant Surprise.

JULIA'S marriage was a secret, except at the church where she had been married. She heaped warm wrappers about her old husband, and kept both the windows of the carriage closed, though she was herself gasping for the fresh air. But she leaned back with a languid and indifferent air, such as she had noticed in carriage ladies, and looked out with partially closed eyelids on the narrow glen running down to the sea, of which she was now mistress.

It mattered little to Julia that the hedges were broken into gaps and the gates falling from their hinges, or that there was every symptom of bad farming and reckless neglect. The tumbling-down old house did not seem mean to her. She was the lady of Rockwood, and her heart was swelling with satisfied ambition. Upon Squire Symons' thin arm she laid her large, strong hand, encased in white kid gloves, for Julia knew that a bride must wear white gloves, if she had no other bridal finery.

"*John*," she said, and the old man started as if she had shot him; "I hope you will live a long while!"

"I will live as long as I can, my dear," he answered shortly. Old times had been busy with him, and he had been thinking of his first marriage with Ruth's mother, the last Sir Robert Fortescue's young sister, and the belle of the county. He felt unreasonably irritated by Julia calling him John, though she had no kind of hesitation in using his Christian name. She was his wife, and meant to be a good wife, but she did not mean to be Mrs. Symons of Rockwood, yet live in it as if she were merely Julia Rush.

She was very kind to him when they reached home, and waited on him, and fussed about him, until he felt that, after all, he had not been guilty of an utter blunder in paying so highly for her care. When he had had a comfortable lunch, and was lying down for a nap on the sofa, she gave a last touch to his pillow.

"John," she said, "I'm goin' to tell Miss Ruth."

Squire Symons felt a twinge of grief for Ruth; but he was too comfortable to experience any deep regret. He could not see what difference his second marriage should make to her; Julia would be very much the same as she was before. At any rate, he decided to leave them to settle the matter between them, and he fell into a gentle doze, being tired with the day's unusual exertion and excitement. His new wife, drawing on her white gloves again, went slowly and somewhat hesitatingly upon her errand, and entered Ruth's parlor with a beating heart.

"Miss Ruth, I have something to tell you," she said respectfully standing just within the door; for Julia held Ruth in a kind of sacred reverence.

"You are not going to leave us, I hope?" answered Ruth. She had fancied Julia was growing restless and discontented, and she looked at her earnestly. Her gaudy wedding bonnet and her white gloves brought a flickering smile to Ruth's grave face. Julia stood silent for a minute or two, twisting and untwisting her fingers in evident embarrassment.

"Miss Ruth," she stammered at last, "we've been married this mornin', but it shan't make no difference to you; I'll wait on you almost like a servant. I've never been in service, and I've always kept to myself, though I've been laughed at for makin' myself a lady. I've never been at all in company with common folks, Miss Ruth."

"Whom have you married?" asked Ruth, smiling. "I hope it is a good marriage, Julia."

"It's him: your father; Squire Symons," muttered Julia. "We were married this mornin'."

"My father!" exclaimed Ruth. Her head dropped upon her hands, and she was silent, struck dumb with sudden pain and amazement. This was the end, then, of her long and patient self-sacrifice! She could not help thinking of how she had refused to be Ernest's wife, and had spent all her youth and early womanhood at her post as guardian over her father; and now he had set this ignorant and vulgar woman at the head of his house. It was all to end in Julia Rush becoming the wife of his old age.

"Miss Ruth, why don't you say somethin'?" asked Julia, after a long pause, rapping the table impatiently with her knuckles. This utter silence alarmed and irritated her. "Don't treat me like a baby," she added; "it shan't make any difference to you, I say."

"It must make a difference to me," answered Ruth gravely. She felt bewildered still. The suddenness of the announcement had stunned and shocked her. Yet her clear, calm judgment quickly recalled her to the true position of affairs. If what Julia had said was true, it would do no good to resent her father's conduct. "Sit down, Julia," she added; "you are my father's wife, and I cannot behave to you as his nurse only. Let us talk over this change quietly. I do not want to say a word that either you or I might regret. How did you and my father come to think of such a thing?"

"He was afraid of me leavin' him," said Julia, dropping down into the chair which Ruth pointed out; "and I wanted to be a lady."

"A lady!" repeated Ruth, with a half smile.

"I like to be made much of as well as other folks," replied Julia, tossing her head, "and do nothin' all day but sit in a parlor, and drive about in a carriage, and play music, and paint pictures. Just like you do, Miss Ruth."

"Why, Julia!" exclaimed Ruth, "I would have changed places with you gladly. I wish I had no duty except to earn my own living. Do you know that *I have never left this house for a single night for fourteen years?* I have never been able to have my own friends to visit me here. It is years since I saw the face of any of my brothers and sisters, though I have loved them dearly. My father would not suffer them to come here, and I dare not leave him—no, not for a night.

"I have been obliged to sit up late to see him safe in his own room—yes, safe in his own bed, before I dare sleep myself. I have never slept soundly and peacefully as you sleep. And now that my long task is over, I have scarcely a friend in the world. My brothers and sisters are scattered, and have no home to give me."

"You won't go away, Miss Ruth," interrupted Julia; "I never meant to turn you out."

"There is no use in my staying any longer," she said sadly; "it may have been a useless sacrifice all along, but I believed it to be my duty. I found this cross close at my feet, in my own home; and it seemed to me that I must take it up and bear it for Christ's sake. Now you will have to bear it, Julia."

"Oh! Good sakes!" cried the new wife, bursting into tears, "I'll do my duty as well as I can. I'm going to be a good wife to him, though he is forty years older than me. But don't you go away from your home for me, Miss Ruth."

"*I have a home to go to*," said Ruth, with a faint flush on her clear pale face, and a smile stealing round her lips; "you have set me free, though you have put yourself into bondage. You'll not be free to come and go as you please."

"Oh! I shall be free enough," answered Julia. "I can manage John, though you can't. I'm going to keep him sober, trust me, now I'm Mrs. Symons. I'm harder than you, Miss Ruth; and it'll not fret me to death to hear him cursin' and swearin' and going into 'rageous passions. I am fitter for it than you; and I'll try to do my duty by him. Couldn't you wish me good-luck just once?"

"My poor girl, I wish you all the happiness you can have," replied Ruth; "but do you know how *poor* my father is? He has barely a hundred a year; and if I had not given him my income he would not have had enough to live upon. He has mortgaged his land so deeply that almost every penny goes to pay interest Do you understand, Julia? we have less tha three hundred a year, and two hundred of tha is mine, my own. He can give you nothin when he dies; not even the old furniture i this house. There will not be a farthing fo you; he has spent all he has already."

Julia's face grew pale. It had never crosse her mind that gentlefolk could be actually poo though she knew that the place was falling in ruins for want of necessary repairs; and th the whole household establishment consisted an old servant-woman and a young girl und her. Squire Symons had every comfort a many luxuries; and he always spoke careless of expense, as of a thing not to be consider for a moment. Julia stared hard at Ruth. S seemed to be conscious for the first time h shabbily she was dressed, and how careful s was of all personal expenditure. Julia clasp her hands together, with an almost tragic g ture of consternation.

"Miss Ruth!" she cried, "is it tru Couldn't he leave me well off, like a lac Should I have to go to service again if he di Oh! Miss Ruth, it's very cruel. He's fo years older than me; and I might have wed self well over and over again but for thinkin bein' a lady. Oh! don't go away, and t your two hundred pound with you. We coul hardly keep a servant if you did, and it's a house; and it would be hard work to do all cleanin' and cookin', and wait on him into bargain! Oh, Miss Ruth! if you'll only s I'll be just the same as if I wasn't his wife."

"Nonsense, Julia," said Ruth sternly; " are his wife, and that makes all the differenc o me. Do you suppose I could ever forget ? No; I stood nearest to him, and it was m ot to bear the continual burden of his poverty sickness and vice; but you have taken my p e. My task is mostly over."

Yet Ruth spoke sadly. She had always e- lieved that, in spite of all his failings, her f er loved her, and leaned upon her as much m affection as from weakness. It was a shock nd a bitter disappointment to her to discover he had sunk low enough to practise so ch cunning and concealment, as to contract a s et marriage with his servant. It was a relea to her; but it had not the softening influen accompanying it that would have come wit er father's death. Her freedom had a chilly se of disgrace and chagrin clinging to it.

"Go away now, please," she said, af a pause, to her father's second wife. Juli ad been collecting herself while Ruth was s ng, and considered it would be best to put a bod face on the matter, even if it should pr e a great blunder. Her little world must n see that she had made a grievous mistake in nb- ing to the height of her ambition. If ma ing a gentleman could make her a lady, the she was one assuredly; and who had ever hea tell of a Mrs. Symons of Rockwood going out service? Such a thing could not be; it m be impossible! Still she felt herself at sea, unknown currents. She dropped a deeper c tsey than usual to Miss Ruth before quittin the room.

"If you please, Miss Ruth," she said hu bly, "I mean to make him a good wife anyhov I've took him for better, for worse, for rich for poorer; and I'll stand to it. I know cle Dunnit 'll say it's the Lord's doings; f I'm fitter to manage him than you ever was Miss Ruth."

A few evenings later Ernest was w king slowly along the frosty road leading hon ward from the nearest station, under the starr dark ness of a wintry sky. He had been in ely happy all day in his office; for the one th denied to him in his days of prosperity w now falling into his hand. Ruth Symons had om- ised to be his wife. He had missed Ruth om panionship sorely.

Until this complete separation he h not known how dependent he was upon he sym pathy and appreciation. Rose was sca ly

›mpanion to him ; she felt no interest in his ıoughts or work, and his work was growing ore and more congenial to him, as it brought m into contact with many minds. With Ruth ıd with this constant stir of intellectual life, so fferent from the stagnation at Clifford, he ıould feel that he had gained instead of losing, the surrender of Charles' birthright.

But as he loitered along the road he could not ose his heart to some intrusive dread as to how ose would receive Ruth as her mother. He had ways been told that she was a spoiled child, ıd that he spoiled her, and he was not quite re that this was not true. He felt a chivalus devotion to his daughter. She had been e first object on whom he had been able to vish the passionate tenderness of his heart, for s first marriage had been a mistake of his boyıod. Rose, his little motherless child, with r utter dependence upon him, and her pretty by ways, had struck a chord which had never ased to vibrate. If she was not happy he uld not be.

He had been very anxious about her of late. ıe first cold of the winter had nipped her, as it ıd nipped the blossoms in the garden.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE CRUCIFIXION.

S.S. Lesson for June 6th.—Matt. 27 : 35–50. ›lden Text, 1 Pet. 2 : 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

If the entering into the cloud of His Father's spleasure in Gethsemane, was unspeakably bitr to the Son of God, how much more the conmmation of that bitterness upon the cross ! Reproach hath broken my heart," He says (Ps. : 20), "and I am full of heaviness, and I look: for some to take pity, but there was none ; ıd for comforters, but I found none." Neither ›d nor man could stand with Him in that awl hour. As in His life He was the incorporate ghteousness of man, so upon the cross He ıs made in His substitutionary work the inırporate sin of man, and in bearing our sins in is own body on the tree He must also bear ıe consequences of our sins, sickness, and ıath, that His redemption might include all hich man needed, and might nullify the effects the fall.

Thus, although we have to wait for the full alization of the redemption of our body om. 8 : 23) "till Christ shall return, and ll "the dead shall be raised incorruptible. ıd we shall be changed ;" till this corruptle shall have put on incorruption, and this ortal shall have put on immortality (1 Cor. : 52, 53) ; yet the provision for all which demption includes has already been made ›on the cross. Isa. 53 : 3 is rendered in any translations "full of pain and sickness," a man of pains and acquainted with sickness," ıstead of "a man of sorrows and acquainted ith grief." All translations agree in the 5th ıd 6th verses, "He was wounded for our transressions, and bruised for our iniquities ; the ıastisement of our peace was upon Him, and ith His stripes we are healed." Thus, our ace of soul and healing of soul and body are rovided for in His redemption. Then, "All e like sheep have gone astray, we have turned very one to his own way, and the Lord hath ıid on Him the iniquity of us all," or "hath ıade the iniquity of us all to meet on Him" ee margin). Thus there is no sin, past, present, or future, which He hath not borne in our ead, and for which the chastisement has not lready fallen upon Him.

Our golden text says, He "bare our sins in His wn body on the tree, *that* we, being dead to n, should live unto righteousness : by whose ripes ye were healed." This establishes clearly hat all connection between us and sin is cut off y the cross of Jesus, "that ye being *dead unto in*," etc. "If One died for all, then all died" 2 Cor. 5 : 14. See Gr.) : in His death we have uffered the reward of our sins, and having done o, we may and can, in His name and by His race, "live unto righteousness." Only let us remember that our place is with Him upon the cross, with Him in shame and death, that, in fact, we are to look for no other treatment from man than that which Jesus experienced. "God forbid that I should glory," said Paul, "save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me and I unto the world" (Gal. 6 : 14). The world must find us dead to its spirit, its allurements, its praise, its blame, while we live in the life of the crucified, and the world will be just as irresponsive to us ; "the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not" (1 John 3 : 1).

Between the time of His agony in Gethsemane and His death upon the cross, our beloved Lord was brought before the judgment : first, the ecclesiastical court of Caiaphas the high-priest (Matt. 26 : 57–65), before whom Jesus made no defence ; then before the judicial court of the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, before whom also He answered nothing to the accusations of the chief priests and elders (Matt. 27 : 12). Before Herod also, who questioned with Him in many words, "He answered him nothing" (Luke 23 : 9). The part our Lord took was before God, and not before men ; He gave an answer heavenward in the offering up of His body once for all a sacrifice for the sins of others. These human courts of justice were but faint types of the bar of God, where He stood in those awful moments chargeable with the sin of a world. *With* man He had nothing to do ; *for* man, every thing ; and *by* man He suffered, although He would not recognize man's hand in it, but prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" (Luke 23 : 34). O beloved friends ! are we living in His stead a life dead to the world, in which we are silent to all accusation of man ?

Before He was placed upon the cross, "they gave Him vinegar to drink mingled with gall"—some say to deaden the pain ; "and when He had tasted thereof, He would not drink :" He would drain the cup of suffering to the dregs. "And they crucified Him." Then it was that soul and body were crushed together under the wrath of God against sin. Every form of sin, perhaps also every form of sickness, lay there upon Him, as beforehand every form of temptation had been permitted to assail Him. He must tread upon every step of ground which the enemy of souls had gained in man's nature, that He might conquer and win it back in His own person, and give us conquered ground to stand upon.

They "parted his garments ;" and the only human body which had never in a single fibre served the purposes of sin, was exposed to the gaze of sinners. "And sitting down, they watched Him there ; and set up over His head His accusation written, This is Jesus, the King of the Jews ;" an accusation which we make an attribute when we pray, "Thy kingdom come ; . . . Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory," knowing as we do that He and His Father are one (John 10 : 30). That He might the more be "numbered with the transgressors" (Isa. 53 : 12), there were two thieves crucified with Him, and He had the joy of taking one with Him into Paradise. Near to Jesus none can remain indifferent ; there must be decision for or against Him, and thus it was with the two thieves (Luke 23 : 39–43).

Then came the bitter scorn of His enemies. First, the vulgar, unthinking rabble, always ready to take the popular view of things, saying, "Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save Thyself. If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." Oh ! if He had accepted the challenge, if He had come down from the cross, what sinner could have been saved ? But He who had been proof against all temptation to justify Himself, even innocent as He was, was also proof against the mockery of those He died for. "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted ; yet He opened not His mouth : He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth."

Then the chief priests, scribes, and elders, they who for "envy had delivered Him" (Matt. 27 : 18) ; they who, knowing the Scriptures, ought to have understood that He was the Son of God, but who looked upon His ministry as a reflection on their own powerlessness to convert or to heal—these lowered themselves by joining the very rabble, and said, "He saved others : Himself He cannot save." Oh ! it was too true. The position He had taken as sin-bearer put it out of His power to save Himself. Love "seeketh not her own." And we, if we would represent Him, must cut off from ourselves every retreat whereby we might spare ourselves. Let it be said of us as of Him, They save others ; they never save themselves. "If He be the King of Israel," they say, "let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe Him. He trusted in God : let Him deliver Him now, if He will have Him ; for He said, I am the Son of God."

They thought He was securely fastened there, but no nails of human manufacture could have kept Him there had He not willed to remain until His work was done. They thought in their sinful irony that they were proving to the multitude how His claim to the Godhead was false and blasphemous ; they were not prepared for His grappling with a stronger foe than the nails which bound Him there, and escaping also from "the pains of death, because it was not possible that He should be holden of it" (Acts 2 : 24). But Jesus knew all that should come upon Him, and that the words should be fulfilled, "All they that see me laugh me to scorn ; they shoot out the lips, they shake the head, saying, He trusted in the Lord that He would deliver Him ; let Him deliver Him, seeing He delighted in Him" (Ps. 22 : 7, 8). "The thieves also which were crucified with Him cast the same in His teeth."

"Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour ;" Luke adds (23 : 45), "and the sun was darkened." Was there silence in that blasphemous crowd, during those three hours ? We know not. Only one eye might look upon the fearful crisis, when the concentrated condemnation and chastisement of man's sin was visited upon that one devoted Head, that one devoted body, when the iron entered into His soul, and even then all was dark, no light from His Father's countenance. "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him ; He hath put Him to grief" (or afflicted Him with sickness). He had prayed for His murderers. He had commended His mother to the beloved disciple, and the disciple to His mother (John 19 : 26, 27). But now it would seem that the three hours passed in silence, until that exceeding bitter cry broke forth, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me ?" Oh ! there was an answer, the offering was accepted, and He could utter other words, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke 23 : 46).

"After this, Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst. . . . . When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished ! and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost" (John 19 : 28–30). Yes, it was finished, and blessed be God, it remains finished unto this day. Oh that the whole world knew and believed in the finished work of their salvation and sanctification, by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all ! Because it was finished, "the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom ;" God's hand did it, the Divine rent the human, and so it is ever. God must break and supersede man. And there was no longer any veil needed ; the veil "is done away in Christ (2 Cor. 3 : 14), and we "have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh" (Heb. 10 : 19, 20). Because it was finished, "the graves were opened ; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and appeared unto many." He must have even then the first-fruits of His victory over death.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The New British Parliament has Assembled, and the programme of the Cabinet has been announced in the speech from the throne. It appears to be the intention of the administration to insist on the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin being scrupulously executed, such fulfilment being regarded as "essential for the avoidance of further complications in the East." In Afghanistan the efforts of the government will be directed toward the establishment of institutions favorable to the independence of the people and friendly to Great Britain. In Ireland the policy of conciliation is to be tried. "The Peace Preservation Act," which gave the government the power to arrest persons suspected of treasonable intentions, is not to be renewed, and the administration expresses its hope that the loyalty of the Irish people will demonstrate that coercive measures are unnecessary. Other portions of the speech indicate that a measure will be introduced to remove the restrictions which prevent Nonconformists being buried in the cemeteries of "the Church of England;" also a law permitting farmers to kill the hares and rabbits which eat their crops, but which they are now prohibited from destroying; and a law to give workmen who may be injured in their occupations a legal claim on their employers for pecuniary compensation, in cases where the injuries have not been produced by negligence of the sufferers.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the Atheist, Elected Member of the British Parliament, was received on his appearance there with a storm of opposition. Sir Henry Wolff made an earnest speech against his being admitted. He urged that Mr. Bradlaugh should be excluded from the House because he was an avowed atheist, and also because he had published a book entitled "An Impeachment of the House of Brunswick," in which sentiments were expressed proving that the author was disloyal to the reigning family. Sir Henry Wolff's motion was said by the speaker of the House to be unprecedented, but strictly in order, and Mr. Gladstone moved for the appointment of a select committee to take the case into consideration. English journals state that Christian men throughout the country are putting pressure on their representatives in Parliament to vote for the exclusion of Mr. Bradlaugh, whose presence in the House is regarded as disgraceful to the country.

A Protest against the Roman Catholic Appointments in the new British ministry has been made by the British Reformation Society through Lord Oranmore and Browne. Among the reasons assigned for the protest is the following: "Because it has been so ably shown by the *Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone* in certain pamphlets that no one can now become a convert to Romanism without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his loyalty, civil and mental, at the mercy of another; and because the spirit of a neophyte is expressed in the words, 'a Catholic first and an Englishman after,' which we take to mean that the convert intends, in the case of any conflict between the Queen and the Pope, to follow the Pope and not the Queen, and because the Marquis of Ripon, being in this position, it is, according to this showing, unbecoming to the dignity of the Empress of India and to the well-being of her subjects that he should fill this very important position." Mr. Gladstone in his reply says that the appointments were made on account of the fitness of the candidates, and that their religion will not interfere with the equity of their conduct.

The Famine in Persia still Continues and increases in severity. Many are dying daily at Oroomiah. In the mountains some of the families are living on *bread made of flaxseed*, which makes them ill, but it is all they can get. Mrs. Van Hook, a missionary's wife, of Tabriz, writes: "We are having a very cold winter, and although famine here is comparatively nothing to what it is in Oroomiah, the distress is fearful, and people are dying of hunger. One poor woman said she would rather have a knife put in her side than to struggle with life any longer. They say that in the memory of living man there has never been such a famine as now." Whatever Christians can do in the way of sending bread to these famishing Persians is so much toward breaking down the strongholds of Mohammedanism and building up the Church of Christ in its stead, for with the bread that perishes there is distributed at the same time the precious bread of life.

A Converted Cripple's Offering.—Rev. E. Payson Hammond, writing from Montreal, where he is still laboring successfully for Christ, relates the following incident. In one of the children's meetings in the Baptist church a sweet little girl with a curvature of the spine, and walking with a crutch, handed me *a bouquet of white flowers*, saying it was to show her love for her dear Saviour, whom she had found two weeks before. The tears were in her eyes as she told her story, and those standing around were deeply moved. Next evening I related the circumstance, and a young girl, who had recently come from England, was led by it to feel her sinfulness, and last night, in the young converts' meeting, she related the story of her conversion, and the severe struggle through which she had passed, in a way that affected all who heard her. She said: "I am an orphan, and alone in this country; but now I have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

A Wise Landlord.—The Earl of Zetland, who recently announced his intention to close all buildings on his estate where intoxicating liquor was sold, has refused to accede to the request of the commissioners of Graingemouth, which village is built on his estate, that he should rescind his order. In his reply his lordship says that four fifths of the ratepayers and all the clergy have, in a memorial, expressed their thanks for his decision, and that they are the best judges of their own interests.

At a Sunday-School Conference held in London, to consider the best plan for celebrating the centenary of Sunday schools in June next, Sir Charles Reed, M.P., reviewing the history of those schools, said that when a census was taken in 1851 it was supposed that 250,000 teachers were engaged in the gratuitous instruction of the young, and that they had 1,108,000 children in their charge. The Sunday School Union alone was this year able to report that there were no fewer than *a million children* at present in schools connected with their organization, and in addition to these were to be reckoned all the children in schools belonging to the Wesleyan body and the Church of England.

The Bible in China.—In the Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, presented at the annual meeting, occurs the following interesting passage: "The heart of China is hidden from us, but beneath her placid face strong feelings are at work of which we see signs at both extremities of her vast diameter. The moment is propitious for enlarged effort, and your committee are prepared to make it. An old friend of the society, who conceals his name, but reveals his character under the aphorism, 'God's book is the best,' has placed *one thousand pounds at the disposal of the committee for colportage in China.* The arrangement made last year with the China Inland Mission, by which two members of that body were set apart for colportage in the famine-smitten districts, will be continued and enlarged. Never before was the interior of China so widely traversed; never was there so good a hope that in every province, including even the remotest, the salvation of God would go forth as a lamp that burneth."

A Boy in a House of Correction in London was visited recently by Dr. Barnardo who had known him as a bright, intelligent character. On talking with him about the matter, he found that, having had *his evenings free* from five o'clock, the lad had fallen in with bad companions, who had led him into gambling and other evil practices, until he had been found robbing his employer's till. Dr. Barnardo said he believed that gambling, improper places of amusement, and evil literature are mighty powers for evil in injuring respectable lads, who, if they had friendly advice and assistance, would probably be preserved from entering upon a path of evil.

A mission has been established in London, with the view of meeting this difficulty. The institution is open every evening for the use of the lads, and there are a variety of ways in which they can pleasantly and profitably occupy their time. The industrial work comprises instruction in carpentering, fret-saw work model and frame making, and wood-turning The devotional consists of a Bible-class for young men on Sunday afternoons, a short Gospe service on Sunday evenings, a Bible-class fo young believers on Wednesday evenings, and prayer-meeting on Saturday evenings. In addition to these, there are a reading-room an library, as well as a band.

Mrs. M. Baxter writes from Wesel, a Strongl fortified town on the borders of Belgium, which was once the refuge of Protestants from Romis persecution: "There is a little company of converted men and women who band together an hold meetings for mutual benefit, but they nee the influence of the Holy Spirit to awaken the to evangelizing activity and power. Our mee ings are well attended, and God is blessing soul Some little opposition in the papers has done good, as it has helped to advertise the meeting The Lord overrules."

A Railway Accident Averted by Boys. An accident which might have been attende with disastrous consequences was averted March 3d, on the Great Western Railway in En land, by the thoughtful action of two boys. the passenger train from Malmesbury was pas ing through Somerford station on its way Dauntsey, before reaching the latter station t driver saw two boys standing across the met and holding their hands up. He stopped t train, and found that the bridge crossing the riv had given way. Thus by the thoughtful acti of these two boys an accident of an appalli character, in which many lives must have be lost, was prevented.

Seven Thousand Dollars, which were queathed to the Roman Catholic Church so time ago by an Australian merchant, have been paid by his executors. The money was to the Church "for the deliverance of his s from purgatory," and the executors refuse pay the money until proof is given that the tator's soul has been released. As this pr cannot be given, it is probable that the leg will never be received, and so the credulous m chant's foolish intentions be thwarted. It strange that men whose business sagacity is clear-sighted should allow themselves to be posed upon by crafty priests, who offer to g spiritual blessings for money. There is "one mediator between God and men, the m Christ Jesus" (1 Timothy 2:5), and to H every man has access.

The Torn Bibles in Italy.—An Incident very suggestive character came to light year. In 1871 a maritime exhibition was hel Naples, and a considerable distribution of Sc tures took place. It was feared that the dis bution was not very "discriminating," man the copies being immediately torn up. A porteur last year during his labors at Naples with an old acquaintance whom he had kn as a Roman Catholic and an irreligious man, united with the Methodist Church of Nap Explanation was eagerly asked and frankly en. He had seen in 1871 some *lads tearing b in pieces.* He had gathered up some fragme among them St. John 10 and 11. Illness an flection had been his commentators, and Holy Spirit had led him to the knowledge of Lord. All is not lost even when pearls prov have been cast before swine.

The First Railroad Engineer has just in England at the age of eighty-two. He in the employ of George Stephenson, and the engine of the first passenger train over Stockton and Darlington Railroad, on Sep ber 27th, 1825.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880. 14th Year. No. 23—New Series.

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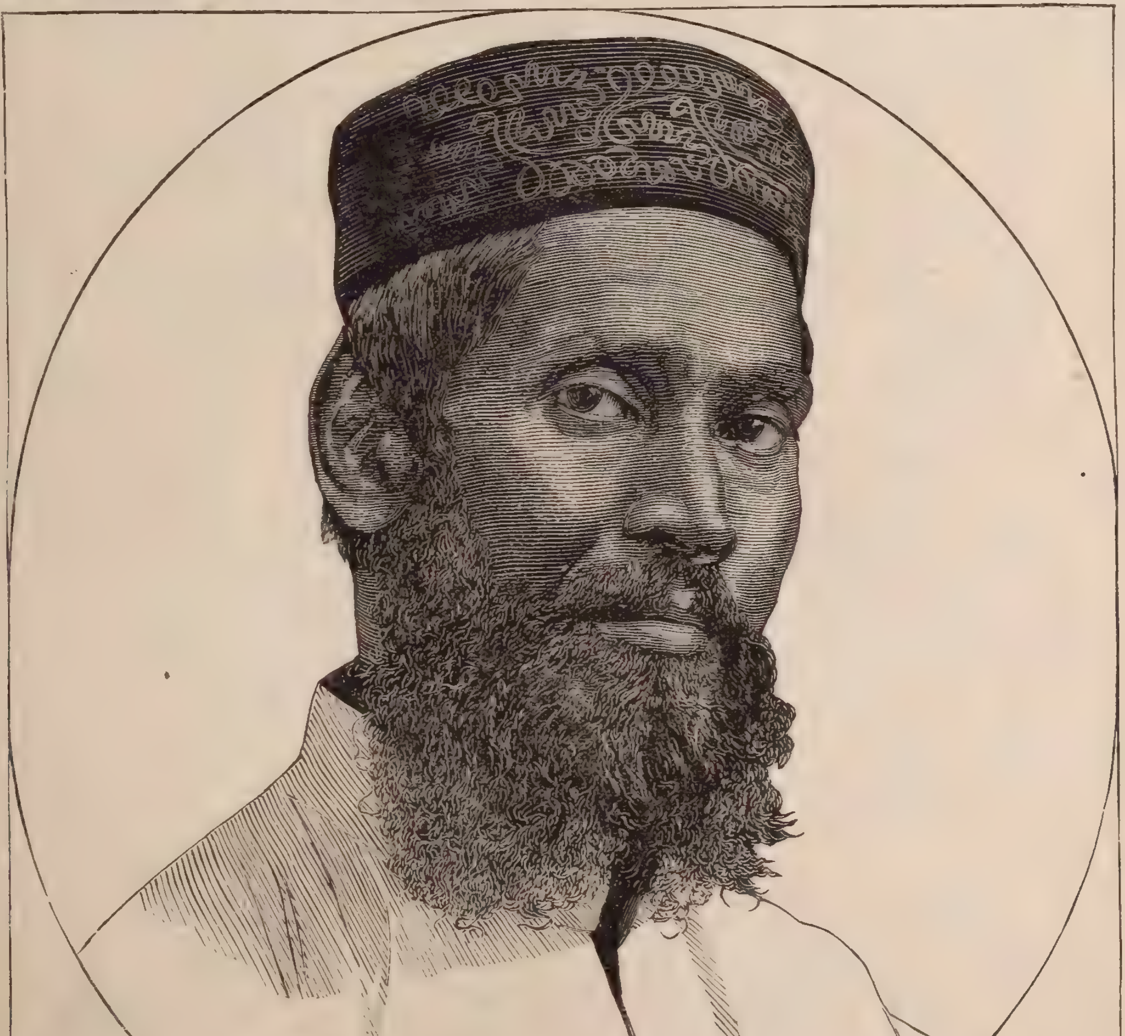

Mr. RAMCHUNDRA BOSE, a Native Christian from India.

BABOO RAMCHUNDRA BOSE.

A Guest from India—Costume of a "Baboo"—The Bose Family—Ramchundra's Boyhood—Hindoo Caste-Restrictions—Horror of Leather—Ramchundra Sent to School—The Great Scandal of Christendom—First Religious Impressions—A Serious Conversation—Hindoo Boys Studying the Bible—Mr. Bose's Baptism—Interprets for Bishop Thompson—His Fall and Restoration—The Ladies of the Zenana Mission—Licensed to Preach—Chosen Delegate to the General Conference—An Overwhelming Welcome—Work in Cincinnati.

THE Christian Church of America has this summer for its guest a converted Hindoo who has crossed two oceans and journeyed half round the world to represent the North India Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the General Conference now nearly concluded in Cincinnati. Our readers will inspect his portrait with interest. The dress is a compromise with European fashion, such as has come much into use among the educated natives of India. We usually associate our ideas of oriental costume with a conspicuous turban ; but the fact is, that while the Arabs, the Persians, the Afghans, and the people of India generally, wear turbans, and indeed are not considered dressed without them, the "Baboos," like the ancient Jews, usually go bareheaded. Caps like the one shown in our portrait, are sometimes worn for convenience, but do not form a recognized article of the dress.

"Baboo" is not a name, but simply a title of courtesy, like Mister or Esquire, applied in the Province of Bengal to all Hindoos of the educated classes, except the priests and scribes, who are addressed as *Pundeet*. Mr. Bose is a member of the *Kyasth* or *literary* caste. There are but three surnames belonging to the members of this caste, the first being *Bose*, the second *Ghose*, and the third *Mitter*. Every Kyasth, whatever may be his own proper name, has one of these three for his surname. Indians call themselves by their first names, so there is little confusion from many of them having the same surname. Thus while we say Mr. Bose, the gentleman's own people call him Baboo Ramchundra. The following is a *facsimile* of Mr. Bose's signature in the Bengalee language:

শ্রীরামচন্দ্র বসু

Ramchundra Bose was born in 1836, in the village of Rajpoor, near Calcutta. His father was "Moonsiff," or subordinate judge, there, and all his family were connected with the legal profession. One of his uncles is a lawyer of note. The father was duly impressed with the necessity of keeping up the literary character of his family and giving his boy Ramchundra an education. But, as temple-service was to form no part of the lad's profession, he thought it unnecessary to trouble him with religious teaching. So Ramchundra grew up to his twelfth year without an idea of God or heaven. By reason of the force of European civilization in Calcutta, he also escaped many of the caste-restrictions which are rigidly imposed upon the mass of Hindoos in India.

For a Hindoo boy is carefully instructed how to preserve his caste pure from contamination ; and if he does any thing to violate his caste, he is banished from the society of every friend and associate he has, and his nearest relatives will have nothing to say to him ; nor is he allowed to enter even his father's house from fear of his polluting it.

He is taught never to take his meals without first bathing, and never to eat on a table, or even on a carpet or mat, or a wooden floor, but always on *mother earth ;* also never to taste food which has been cooked by any person but one of his own caste. He is instructed not to touch a dead body or a dead animal ; nor to handle any article of leather. His shoes are slipshod that he may put them off and on without touching them with his hands, and his books are bound in nothing stronger than cloth or palm-leaf. He dare not burn a tallow candle or anoint his head with bear's-grease ; and if he ride on horseback his saddle is of cotton and his bridle of rope. All the cold of Siberia would not induce him to sleep under a buffalo robe.

Mr. Bose was first sent to the school of his village, where he learned reading, writing, and arithmetic in his own language. Then, when he was eleven years of age, it became necessary to send him to a school where English was taught ; for there are small prospects in India before educated men unless their education embraces a considerable knowledge of the language of the ruling race. In the providence of God, young Ramchundra was sent, not to a government school, but to the school of

THE FAMOUS MISSIONARY

Dr. Duff, in Calcutta.

The full import of this will not be understood unless our readers are aware that the British Government has for a hundred years past put its ban upon the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

This is perhaps *the greatest scandal in Christendom*. The British Government has received from God the high trust of ruling India and raising its people to the civilization in which England itself has been so signally prospered. That civilization has been a *Christian* civilization. Yet the authorities in India, supported if not instigated by the Cabinet and Parliament at home, ignore the Disposer of kingdoms (Dan. 4 : 25), and, while they have covered the country with free schools, they absolutely prohibit the Bible to be taught or read, even as a textbook of the English language, in any of them. The rising generation of educated Hindoos is, in consequence, forsaking heathenism to embrace infidelity ; and the public official interdiction of their own Scriptures, by the professedly Christian rulers of India, is not the smallest obstacle to the labors of missionaries. Thus it was a blessed thing that the boy Ramchundra was sent, not to a government school, but to a school conducted by ministers of Christ.

The effect of daily instruction in the Bible upon Ramchundra's mind was to inspire him with affection for the Book, chiefly because of its associations with the kind and unselfish men who were his daily teachers. He conceived no regard for the mission cause ; but rather, in his boyish spirit of mischief, used to attend places where missionaries who were unacquainted with him engaged in open-air preaching, and, in company with other lads, attempt to draw the preachers into controversy. At the very time, however, that he made this sport, he was inwardly convinced that the Christian religion was true. Consequently he made a practice of attending religious lectures, and of reading works on the Christian evidences, and so he became logically confirmed in his conviction. There also grew in his soul a desire to live an upright life, although he had no sense of sin as a thing hateful to God, and no realization of his need of the Saviour.

THE FIRST TIME

he read the account of the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, it was by himself in his own room. He was strongly moved, and made up his mind that those who crucified the Son of Man must have been murderers of the deepest dye. He now thinks that that was the time the Holy Ghost began the work of conversion in his heart. Some time after that, one dark night in Calcutta, he was returning home from a religious lecture with his cousin, who was more deeply convinced of the truth than himself, when the latter remarked, "It is of no use for us to attend on Christian instruction if we do not obey the precepts we are taught."

That remark led to a conversation, the result of which was that these two young men agreed to meet statedly for the purpose of considering the claims of Christianity. They were soon joined by other young Hindoos who had been inwardly stirred about their souls, and the well-known book, James's "Anxious Inquirer," was read and studied at their meetings. However, strange to say, these earnest young men *neve prayed together ;* they merely talked, and offere up prayers to God in secret afterward. Eventually Ramchundra and his cousin resolved upo a decided step, and leaving their home, too refuge in the Mission House of the Free Churc of Scotland.

Thither they were followed by their parent and relatives, who, however, did not resort t violence as the friends of young converts sometimes do in India and China ; but, after using good deal of persuasion and entreaty in vain gave up the young men and went home. A fe days afterward the two converts were

BAPTIZED

by the Rev. Dr. Mackay, of the Free Church c Scotland. This occurred in 1851. But not withstanding his seeking and receiving baptism Ramchundra was *not converted* then ; but there reason to believe that his cousin was. The latt has lived a consistent Christian, and is now th principal of an important Mission School. H daughter was the first girl who passed th entrance examination of the Calcutta Universit Ramchundra was convinced of his need of Saviour and of the sufficiency of Christ's aton ment to save him, and he was impelled by strong desire after a better life ; but the Ho Ghost had not changed his heart. A sad ar grievous fall was to bring him to the feet of t Saviour.

On completing his studies he received an a pointment in the government service, and w transferred to Seetapoor, in the Province Oudh. There is an interesting allusion to hi at that period of his life in "Our Oriental M sions," by the author, Bishop Thompson; w visited India from this country in the end 1864. The bishop says : "We had an intere ing meeting here in Mr. G.'s parlor. The co gregation was partly of soldiers, partly of nat citizens. I opened with singing and pray and a discourse to the English, to whom I ministered the Lord's Supper. I then delive a discourse to the Hindoos, which, I am to was interpreted beautifully by *the head teac* of the Government College in this city, a nat who was converted under the ministry of Duff."

Mr. Bose was the interpreter referred to. It he did not long preserve his respectable sta ing. He contracted the habit of drink intoxicants, and indulged it to excess till became a drunkard and lost his character. H ing broken his caste by the step of becomin Christian, he was bound by none of its str restraints, but gave way to all the drunka vices and sank to a very low depth of degra tion. His Hindoo acquaintances, who had n seen a man of his respectability sink so l naturally attributed his fall to his having saken Hindooism, and one of them observed conversation with a friend, "Baboo Ramch dra is a good fellow : he would have bee first-rate man if he had not become a Christia

The unhappy man remained in this plight, hopeless slave of strong drink, till eight y ago ; and it will readily be believed that his was about as hard as the case of John B. Go h. But God rescued him through the agency of Methodist missionaries in Rohilkhund, of the North-west Provinces of India. T missionaries were the Rev. Messrs. Thob n, Cunningham, Craven, Knowles, and Messr the first two of whom have returned to his country as delegates, along with Mr. Bos to the General Conference. Dr. Thoburn and others found him and took him to the La Mission Home at Lucknow, the capital of O h.

There he attended a class-meeting and engaged in *silent prayer* for the first tim for years. He had previously held doubts as t the reality of sudden conversion ; but that nigh the case of the Apostle Paul was sent home t him with convincing power. He went home, and after lying in bed for a time got up in the middle of the night and pleaded long with G for mercy and forgiveness. When he rose fro his knees the invitation of Jesus in Matt. 11 : –30

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S MEETINGS IN LONDON.

r C. Reed's Dingy Tract—A Man Converted by is Son's Prize Bible—Tract Statistics—Benefited by an Alligator's Bite—A Buddhist and Tracts—Happy Death-bed Scenes Through Tracts.

THE Eighty-first Anniversary of this Society s held at Exeter Hall, London, on Friday ening, May 7th. Sir Charles Reed, M.P., cupied the chair.

The *Chairman*, in the course of an address in ich he spoke in the highest terms of the rk of the Society, held up a little dingy tract, ich was nearly eighty years old, and said : This dingy-looking religious tract of four ges which I have in my hand, badly printed on poor paper, sold in 1801 at the price of a thing, or twenty-pence a hundred. It is a tract itten and addressed to a little child, bearing every page of it the Gospel truth, and when I l you what the last verse of the hymn is upon e fourth page you will understand what I ean :

> " 'For all who early seek His face
> Shall surely taste his love ;
> Jesus shall guide them by His grace
> To dwell with him above.'

"That tract, preserved carefully by one who ved me much, was given to me when I was a ild, and the influence of that tract will be best derstood by you when I tell you that, poor it looks, it is so precious to me that I preserve among the treasured things of my household. is number 52, and from that poor beginning s grown and increased by thousands the esent long catalogue of the publications of e Religious Tract Society.

MAN CONVERTED BY HIS SON'S PRIZE BIBLE.

"In reference to the prizes offered by this ciety every year to 4,000 meritorious scholars ho have voluntarily presented themselves for amination, I have heard it said—but I do not lieve it, I am sorry to say—that in every house London you can find a Bible. That was hat George III. desired to see ; but none of us ve yet seen it. There are houses still destute of God's Word, and a reference in the eport enables me to tell you of one case of useilness resulting from the *gift of this Bible. A an* who was urged by a city missionary to go a mission-hall meeting said, after objecting go with the missionary, 'I don't think the ible can be true ; but still I will read it again, d see if it is true or not. My second son, seph, was taken to the Crystal Palace, and ad a Testament presented to him in the year 76. I will open that, and see if the Scriptures re true.' That man opened it and read it, and e truth of the passages of the Testament awned upon his mind, and he became quite ightened. He said, 'I could only read one or o verses at a time ; still, I could not resist oking into that Book. To my wife's surprise, told her one Sunday morning that I was going the mission-hall that night with her. She ould scarcely believe me. She said she always rayed that the time would come when we ight go together to the mission-hall, and we id go that night.' Now that is only one case ut of many which has came to my knowledge the value of giving these prize Bibles."

Rev. Dr. Manning presented an abstract of he Report, from which it appeared that during he past year 538 new publications, of which 125 ere tracts, had been issued. The total circulaion from the home depot, including books, racts, periodicals counted in numbers, cards, nd miscellaneous issues, had reached 65,616,690, f which 27,215,190 were tracts ; while the isues from foreign depots amounted to 12,000,000, naking a total circulation for the year of 77,616,90. The total amount received from sales, nissionary receipts, and all other sources, inluding last year's balance, was 172,595*l*.

BENEFITED BY AN ALLIGATOR'S BITE.

The *Bishop of Rangoon*, in his speech, narrated he following anecdotes of the good resulting from tracts : "Let me give an instance of the good one tract did to a man in Bassein, on a branch of the Irrawaddy. He had fallen into the river and was *bitten by an alligator*. The alligator had laid hold of the man's leg, but he was rescued. When he was taken to the hospital the surgeons found it necessary to amputate the limb. He was confined for a long time in bed in that hospital—an English hospital provided by the Government. A tract was given to him, and he read it with such avidity that he asked for more tracts, and he went on reading with such earnestness that his mind became convinced of the truth of the Gospel ; and once when he was asked by a missionary, 'Do you love Christ now?' he replied, 'I love Him as much as I love my life ;' and when he recovered from his wounds, and a false leg was put upon his thigh, he went out a free man, rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free. He was baptized, and is now a Christian.

"I will now give you an instance of *a Buddhist* who was laughed at, sneered and jeered at by some of his companions because he read Christian tracts. 'Do you suppose,' said he, 'that I do not read those Christian tracts? I have read as many as I can get hold of, and I mean to read a great many more.' That gives you a specimen of how eager the Burmese are to read tracts. He took out an old, worn tract from his pocket, and began to read aloud, and then he turned round and said, 'This God, spoken of in this tract, will conquer yet, and if you will only read for yourselves you will find it out, too.' I might multiply instances to the same effect. It has been my privilege to circulate these tracts with my own hand, and I can assure you, along the banks of the Irrawaddy, going with a missionary who could speak the Burmese language, I have given away, in towns of 5,000, 6,000, and 7,000 inhabitants where, scarce any mission work is being accomplished, immense numbers of tracts ; and they have been received with such eagerness that my store has been exhausted long before all the people were supplied. They will not only take them, but read them and study them, because they have very few books to read."

HAPPY DEATH-BED SCENES.

Rev. George Everard said : "Let me just take you to two or three scenes where the Tract Society has been working in quiet. I will take you first to a *death-bed in Manchester*. A hardened profane, erring unbeliever was lying on his bed of death. He would permit no clergyman, no minister, to speak to him. His Christian daughter came up to nurse her father. On Sunday night she said, 'Shall I read to you?' 'If you like you may,' he said, and she took up '*Little Dot*.' She read to him that touching story. When she had finished he said, 'Read it again,' and she read it again and again, and that book led him to see his sin. He was in blank despair for many a day, but the prayer of 'Little Dot,' '*Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow*,' led him to peace, and with his dying breath he prayed that prayer, rejoicing in the Saviour. When he was laid in his grave his daughter threw in a few daisies, for, she said, Little Dot threw in the daisies where the soul had been blessed, and it was Little Dot that converted my father, and I thought I ought to throw daisies, like she did, into his grave.

"Let me take you for a moment to another quiet scene, where a tract of this Society was blessed of God. A young lady of nineteen, a fair, beautiful girl, who had been in my Bible-class for many years, but had not found Christ, lay on her death-bed. There was read to her a tract. '*Only trust Him*,' and she asked me again and again, many times over, to read that long prayer, and that tract was the means of leading her to her Saviour. I shall never forget *that death scene*. I never in my life before saw such joy and such sorrow strangely mingled together—joy, for she saw the gates of heaven open ; and sorrow, for she said, again and again, 'I have only a death-bed consecration to give Him ; I wish I had a life to give Him!' As she was dying she bade her Christian sister take the remains of the money in her desk, and give them for the purchase of copies of that tract, and 4,000 copies were scattered among the people with the money which that dying girl gave.

"Let me just mention another instance of the blessing which has come from the publications of your Society. I had a nephew, a young man. He was a brave, tall sailor boy, of six feet five inches. He went to sea as careless and thoughtless a lad as ever I knew. He never listened to his uncle's instructions ; he never listened to a word I could say to him ; but when far away in Chinese waters he went to the captain's chest and cleared it out, and he found an old book published by this Society—'*Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted*.' The lad took it up, and he read it ; and it brought him to his Saviour. He died on the next voyage, and as he died his last words were, 'Farewell, mother—farewell England. Welcome Jesus—welcome eternity—welcome Heaven!' "

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON

then gave the concluding address, the substance of which is printed on another page of this issue.

STRIKING CASES OF REFORMED DRUNKARDS.

AT the meeting of the Wesleyan Home Missionary Society, in London, the Rev. John Stephenson, Norwich district missionary, said, "Not far from one of our preaching places was a public-house called the 'White Horse ;' and I announced that I would run a horse against the publican's horse ; the news spread, and the farm men came in from a great distance. I preached on 'Death on the Pale Horse,' and one young man came down the aisle to the prayer-meeting, looking as though he heard the hoof of the pale horse after him. That young man found the Lord, and the character of that village was greatly changed. In my own district of Norwich and Lynn, God has converted some of the most abandoned sinners in the place. One evening I had impressed upon my mind as a text, 'He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' A man in the village—a backslider—had been going from public-house to public-house ridiculing religion and holding up that very passage to scorn and contempt. He attended God's house that night, heard that very text preached from, was struck with conviction, and found the blessing of God. A friend took that man home and said to his wife, "I have not brought you a new husband, but your own husband improved into a new man.'

"A man who had been very respectable was brought down through drink. He went home tipsy one Saturday night, but was induced to attend the Methodist chapel on the following evening ; he was struck with conviction, and found mercy. I got him taken back to the situation he had lost, and last Thursday night I saw him in his class-meeting happy in the Lord. If any person askes me what was the greatest barrier in carrying on his work, I would say, *drink*. Some years ago I visited a good man, whose wife was so tipsy that she could not pour out the tea. The man said he was covered with shame for me to see it, and told me he had poured the drink down the sink again and again, but all to no purpose. That woman's intemperance killed her husband, and when he was lying dead she took a sermon and sat down to read it as his body lay upon the bed. It is my custom when men are converted to God to try and induce them to sign the temperance pledge.

"After going into thousands of homes of the working-men in this country, and seeing so much discomfort, I have come to the conclusion that when the bread-winner comes home from the field or the factory, and finds no comfort, he goes to the public-house in order to find brighter lights and warmer fires. What is wanted is that the girls in day-schools should be taught to cultivate habits of tidiness, frugality, sobriety, and religion ; and then as wives they will be powerful auxiliaries in promoting the great temperance movement."

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, May 26th, at **12.15 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The National Republican Convention assembled at Chicago is the centre of political interest, and tidings of its action are eagerly anticipated. Louisiana sent eight Grant and eight Sherman delegates. The Colorado convention instructed its delegates for Grant, but passed a complimentary resolution on the Blaine candidature. It is estimated that the ex-President's supporters at Chicago number at least 315, or 64 short of a majority, and those politicians interested in his nomination claim for him a still higher number. If the unit rule is enforced, the chances of General Grant's nomination will be materially increased, as both New York and Pennsylvania will then be solid for him; but should the unit rule be set aside, and delegates allowed to vote according to their individual preferences, the recent declaration of delegates in both States shows that he will lose many votes which in the various estimates have been counted for him.

The Demand Made by Mr. Evarts on Great Britain for damages on account of the violation of treaty rights in the attack on the schooners in Fortune Bay, in January, 1878, was rejected somewhat haughtily by the Conservative administration, but the Gladstone ministry admits that America has ground for complaint, and has suggested that the matter be settled by arbitration.

The Senate passed Mr. Morgan's Joint Rule for the government of the electoral count, by a strictly party vote, on May 24th. The rule was energetically opposed by Senators Conkling, Edmunds, and other prominent members of the Republican party, on the ground that it placed in the hands of the party which happened to be in the majority in Congress, the power of *thwarting the will of the people.* It was also urged that the effect of the rule would be to make Congress practically a Returning Board, the functions of which would extend to *the qualifications of individual electors.* Mr. Thurman, in defending the action of the Democratic party, contended that the powers which had been criticised were similar to those conferred by the Electoral Commission Bill, which had been supported by Mr. Conkling and other Republican Senators.

The Morgan rule is one of four measures dealing with the election laws which have been presented to Congress by the Democratic party. The other three are: 1. The bill changing the mode of appointment of the special deputy marshals. 2. A bill prohibiting marshals from arresting without legal process; and 3. A law which prohibits marshals from arresting any election officer while in the performance of his duties on election day. It will be seen that, although dealing with different questions in connection with the subject, the same principle is involved in all the four measures.

A Business Failure of a Magnitude unequalled since the panic of 1873 gave a shock to commercial and financial circles last week. The suspension of the Reading Railroad Company, promptly followed by that of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, involves an aggregate capital of $188,000,000 besides a heavy mortgage debt. The two enterprises were practically one; the failure of the one necessarily brought down the other. The extent of the companies' operations may be gathered from the fact that they controlled 800 miles of road, 150 miles of canal, a line of iron steamers, and held more coal territory *than any corporation* in the world. The failure affected the financial markets in all the great cities, and depressed all American securities.

The Catastrophe in the Madison Square Garden has caused the Mayor of New York to move against the Superintendent of Buildings, whom he charges with incompetency, negligence, and corruption. The verdict of the coroner's jury in the case, reflected on the same official, and if the Mayor has substantial grounds for his accusations, the interests of the public demand that prompt measures be taken to prevent the recurrence of so terrible a calamity.

The Sudden and Excessive Heat which prevailed during the last few days of the past month produced considerable suffering and caused many deaths. The thermometer in New York for several consecutive days registered *ninety-four degrees in the shade*, the highest point the mercury is known to have reached in any month of May during this century. The average number of deaths per day in the city of New York during May is 68, but since the prevalence of the heat-wave they have been over 120. Many sad cases are reported of persons leaving their homes to go to their business in the morning in robust health, and being stricken down with the heat and dying before night. To those who are putting off all considerations of religion to a period of sickness, and who are neglecting to seek the Saviour in the present, these sudden deaths address a solemn warning (Prov. 27 : 1).

The American Missionary Association, at its annual meeting held at Boston on May 26, reported that it was just entering on its nineteenth year of work in the South, during which time it expended $4,800,000, $3,000,000 of which were employed in the education of the colored race. During the same period it sent into the South over 5300 missionaries and teachers. It has nineteen educational institutions in its jurisdiction, and sixty-five churches have grown up under its auspices. Over 15,000 pupils were taught by graduates from its institutions during the past year. Mr. Thomas Bicknell, in describing a recent tour in the South, said that there were *no better schools in the country* to-day than those in that part of it, and that the ruling sentiment was in favor of popular education.

Mr. Moody's Farewell to St. Louis.—On Tuesday, May 25th, Mr. Moody held a reception in the new building in St. Louis which by his efforts has been secured for the Young Men's Christian Association. The ladies of several churches, aided by the young men of the association, provided and served ice-cream and other refreshments. A very large number of people attended the reception, expecting to say "*good-by" to Mr. Moody;* but very few were able to do so, as most of his time was occupied at a little table in one corner of the lecture-room, writing "*Compliments of D. L. Moody,*" on the margin of a tract on "Regeneration," written by a gentleman in England, the tracts being seized an carried off by eager hands as fast as they wer indorsed. Mr. Moody scarcely looked up o spoke to any one. At 8.30 in the evening visitors were invited to the main hall for prayers after which the writing on the margin of th tract was resumed. Mr. Moody and family lef for their Massachusetts home on Wednesday The fine building now owned and occupied b the Y. M. C. A. will remain a monument to hi energetic work for the association in St. Louis.

The General Assembly of the Presbyteria Church of the United States, convened at Mad son, Wisconsin, has passed the following resolution: "That we hereby express our gratitude t God for having furnished to the country and th world, through President and Mrs. Hayes, suc an example of practical regard for Christia principles, and that we especially recommend t the women of America the heroic stand whic has been taken by Mrs. Hayes in regard to *Sal bath observance and total abstinence.*"

The Home for Inebriates in New York stil continues its beneficent work, although its managers grieve that, owing to a lack of funds, the are prevented doing so much good as they migh if they had larger premises to accommodate th many applicants waiting for admission. Th house can only lodge twenty-five men at on time, and there are one hundred persons desiro of sharing in the help it affords. At a rece meeting where the inmates related their exper ence, the following weighty testimony was give "Intemperance is not a disease, as some a sert. *It is a sin:* it promotes disease, as oth sins do. But the indulgence of the appetite f strong drink is *sin*, and to be *cured* by the blo of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin."

What Should be Done with Newspapers a periodicals after they have been read, may learned from an appeal by Dr. A. E. McDonal medical superintendent in charge of the asylu of the Department of Public Charities and C rection, who has written a letter bearing tes mony "to the very great value of the work do in supplying newspapers and periodicals to the *mates of public hospitals* and asylums." adds: "In the particular institutions under care the patients have derived inestimable be fit." Books, magazines, and illustrated weekl sent to the State Charities Aid Association, dropped into the boxes provided at the depo will be distributed in the hospitals and asylu Numbers of men who never attend a place worship or read religious works are, while on sick bed in a hospital, in a state mind whe tract or a Christian periodical might be means of awakening an interest in spiritual c cerns.

Henry Enders, a Scholar in the Bethel S day-school at Cincinnati, Ohio, the largest S day-school in the world, had his hand torn between the bumpers of a train on the Lit Miami Railroad last fall. He was very pati and gentle in his suffering, but lockjaw set and the day he died, having recovered power of speech, he called his mother and s to her: "Mother, come help me to sing Bethel Sunday-school hymn, 'Safe in the a of Jesus.'" With a clear, strong voice he joi her in singing, and as he closed the lines,

> "Hark, 'tis the voice of angels,
> Borne in a song to me;
> Over the fields of glory,
> Over the jasper sea,"

he fell asleep in death, and passed away to home of the soul beyond.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchm (London) for May may be obtained at the of of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Second Volume of the Christian Her comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec. 18 may be had, elegantly bound in cloth, at No. Bible House, New York. Price $1.75.

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church: C tributions received during the week which en May 29, D. F. Morrow, Sugar Town La., Ephemia Morrow, $1; Mrs. P. S. Pratt, East C N. Y., $1. Total forwarded to Dr. Talmage, $3.

"Are You a Fortune-teller?"—A Bible-wo- an, working among the colored people in New rleans relates the following incident, which oc- irred a few weeks ago :

Passing along the street I noticed one man d four women standing at the door of a ouse and looking eagerly toward me. As I proached, one woman came up to me and quired, "Are you a *fortune-teller?*" I id, "Why do you ask?" She answered, Because you look like one." I told her I s not, but if they would all go into the room d listen to me I would read to them about fortune each of them might have—one that uld cost them nothing. I read to them the th chapter of Isaiah, and tried to tell them mething of the blessedness of religion. hile we were kneeling in prayer, the Holy irit convicted each of sin; four of them ex- essed desire for salvation, if it were not too e. As I was leaving they said, 'The Lord nt that fortune-teller here.'"

A Prosperous Year.—Dr. Murdock, Secretary the American Baptist Missionary Union, an- unces that the donations and legacies of the st month amount to $95,000, which sum ex- eds the receipts of the corresponding month the previous year by $35,000, and is the larg- sum ever received in one month. The total eipts for the year, from donations and lega- s, are $191,043, which amount will probably increased by at least $50,000 from other rces.

A Man who had been given up as a Hopeless nkard, but who has now been for some time pletely reformed, explained at a prayer-meet- on May 25th the only means which, in his nion, were efficacious in such cases as his. said: "I tried every means of deliverance, all in vain. I signed the pledge; I went to inebriate asylum; I knelt down and asked to take my life away if I ever tasted liquor in. But I did not want a correct life for the e of serving God, but only for my own sake, so the Lord did not answer my prayers. mother's prayers for my salvation were wered, and *Jesus led me to Himself*. In the rs which have followed, amid all the many uences for evil in the life of a large city, I e proved Jesus to be an all-sufficient Saviour. sent His word and healed me."

Wall Street Speculator Committed Suicide May 23d. He had realized a considerable une in trade, and had retired with the inten- of spending the rest of his life in quiet, but subsequently contracted a passion for spec- ing in shares. He was unsuccessful, and lost vily. The excitement and vexation over- ned his reason, and he shot himself. This is of many instances, constantly occurring in ch the pursuit of riches becomes a mania and rates to the injury of mind and body. The on is continually being taught that those devote their lives to the acquisition of lth "pierce themselves through with many ows" (1 Timothy 6 : 10).

School over Two Centuries Old.—The ool of the Collegiate Dutch Church in New k celebrated its two hundred and thirty-third iversary on May 27th. It was founded in 7 by nine men, chosen for the first time hat year by the Director and Council of New sterdam, under authority of the Dutch gov- ment, being a school in connection with the blished Dutch Church. For more than one dred years the school was kept in various es in the neighborhood of Bowling Green in d apartments. In 1759 it was removed to Street, and thereafter to other localities, il the present permanent school was built.

Terrible Railroad Accident Occurred to a day excursion train which left Big Trees on 23d for Santa Cruz, Cal., on the occasion he Independent Rifle Picnic. There were rly two hundred persons on the train. At a ve in the road the first car jumped the track he left and the second car to the right, a d remaining on the track. The people on first two cars were thrown into a confused mass toward the bank, the cars passing over those who were thrown across the track. Those unhurt immediately set to work to assist the wounded and look after the dying and dead. Fourteen dead bodies were extricated, and twenty-five wounded persons were removed, many of whom it is feared will not recover from their injuries.

The calamity is another warning against the sin of Sabbath breaking. It is a fearful thing to be hurried into eternity while in the act of violating the law of God.

The Increase of Female Drunkenness.—At a meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in New York on May 24th, the managers stated in their report that the progress of their work had made them painfully aware of the increase of drunkenness among women, not only among the poor but among *the rich and gifted*, and the responsibility of work thus cast upon temperance workers was great. The Union was discouraged by the lack of interest shown by the churches, but had resolved to work for the establishment of a home for drunken women.

A Swearing Son was Reclaimed in Answer to prayer recently in Buffalo. He was the son of godly parents in Syracuse, and had left that place for Buffalo, where he found employment in a store. Shortly after a gentleman, resident at Syracuse, visited Buffalo, and, being in the store where the young man was engaged, heard him utter a terrible oath. On returning home he told the young man's parents that he had heard their son thus swear. They said nothing in reply, and the man expressed surprise that they were unconcerned when told that their son, so piously trained, should so deport himself. "You will never hear him swear again," said the father.

That son had come home bringing good news. The previous night he had been laid under deep conviction of sin, and could get no rest until he cried to God for mercy. "Were you not praying for me, father and mother?" he asked. They had been. While they were agonizing in prayer at home their son was brought to his Saviour.

A Boy Eleven Years of Age Died from Intoxication in New York on May 26th. He was employed in an office in Washington Street, and drank a quantity of whiskey given him by a man in the office. He became completely inebriated, and in his stupor fell from a window into a paved yard. It is satisfactory to learn that the coroner ordered the arrest of the man who gave the boy the spirit which caused his death. It is to be feared that there are also many persons having the control of children who are contributing to their moral and physical death by giving them small quantities of intoxicating liquor. Children acquire very easily an appetite for strong drink, and those who encourage such a propensity incur an appalling responsibility.

A Portrait and Life of the Rev. J. T. Inskip, editor of the *Christian Standard and Home Journal*, will (God willing) be given in next week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, together with some particulars of the great evangelizing tour round the world, upon which Mr. and Mrs. Inskip, with a party of other ladies and gentlemen, are to start on the 26th of June.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works.—We have much pleasure in announcing that another large consignment of volumes by this eminent author and preacher has been received. They are now on sale at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, No. 63 Bible House, New York, and are offered at prices so low as to bring them within the reach of every one. *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman's Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cents. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fifty sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homiletical exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as far as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthday-Book.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passage selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every day in the year, with a blank space opposite for autographs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon appear at their respective birthdays. The book is elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remittances should accompany orders.

SENTENCE OF DEATH, THE DEATH OF SELF-TRUST.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead."—2 CORINTHIANS 1 : 9.

Encouraging Effect of Scripture Biographies—Paul's Heavy Trials—The Good Effect of such Affliction—I. The Disease, Trusting in Self—1. All Men Liable to it—2. Evil in All Men as it is Evil in an Apostle—3. It must be Evil, as God Interposed to Save Paul from it—4. It is Very Hard to Cure—II. The Treatment—Sentenced to Death—By the Conditions of Life—Echoed by Self-Consciousness—Produced a Sense of Helplessness—A Strong Man Drowning—Precautions in his Rescue—III. The Cure—Prevented Trusting in Self—Brought to Trust in God—The Spiritual Balance-Sheet—Self a Liability not an Asset—Danger of Life.

WE are justified, dear friends, in speaking about our own experience when the mention of it will be for the benefit of others. Especially is this the case with leaders in the church such as Paul; for their experience is rich and deep, and the rehearsal of it comes with great weight, and is peculiarly valuable. We are all the better when we are distressed for discovering that such an one as Paul was also subject to heaviness: we feel safe in following the line of conduct which was marked out by the great Apostle, and we are hopeful that if he came out of his troubles which were so great, we may also be delivered out of ours which are comparatively so little.

These footprints on the sand of time help us to take heart. By tracing the footsteps of the flock, we are helped to return to the fold and to the shepherd. It would have been a great calamity if such men as David and Paul had, through a fear of seeming egotistical, withheld from us a sight of their inner selves. God has been pleased to fill a large part of the Bible with biographies and histories of human actions, in order that we who are men ourselves may learn from them.

God grant us grace to make good use of the treasure of experience which is stored up for us in His word! How rich, how varied, how admirably selected! If one man can learn by the life of another, surely we ought to learn from such memorable lives as those immortalized in the Scriptures. Especially may we see ourselves as in a mirror while we steadily look into the heart of Paul.

The particular experience of which Paul speaks was a certain trial, or probably series of trials, which he endured in Asia. You know how he was stoned at Lystra, and how he was followed by his malicious countrymen from town to town wherever he went, that they might excite the mob against him. You recollect the uproar at Ephesus, and the constant danger to which Paul was exposed from perils of all kinds; but it must not be forgotten that he appears to have been suffering at the same time grievous sickness of body, and that the whole together caused very deep depression of mind. His tribulations abounded: without were fightings and within were fears.

I call to your notice the strong expressions which he uses in the eighth verse: "We were pressed," he says. The word is such as you would use if you were speaking of a cart loaded with sheaves till it could not bear up under the weight: it is overloaded, and threatens to break down and fall by the way. Or the word might be used if you spoke of a man who was weighted with too great a burden, under which he was ready to fall: or perhaps, better still, if you were speaking of a ship which had taken too much cargo, and sank nearly to the water's edge, looking as if it must sink altogether through excessive pressure. Paul says that this was his condition of mind when he was in Asia: "We were pressed."

To strengthen the language he adds, "out of measure." He was pressed out of measure; he could convey no idea of the degree of pressure put upon him—it seemed to be beyond the measure of his strength. Then he adds another word, "above strength," because a man may be pressed out of measure, and yet he may have such remarkable strength that he may bear up under all. Paul says that the pressure put upon him was beyond his strength ; he was quite unable to cope with it, and his spirits so failed him that he adds, "insomuch that we despaired even of life."

He gave himself up for a dead man, for no way of escape was visible to him. Into whatsoever town he entered he was followed by the Jews ; the fickle mob soon turned against him ; even the converts were not always faithful. He had been stoned and beaten with rods, and men had sworn to take his life. Perils of robbers beset him in lonely places, while tumult and assault befell him in the cities. Meanwhile, the thorn in his flesh worried him, afflictions and cares of all kinds weighed upon him, and altogether his mind was bowed down under the pressure which had come upon him. What a deep bass there is in this note, "We were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life!" May we be spared so grievous a condition, or, if that cannot be, may we be profited by it.

We shall in the sermon of this morning, as the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, may help us, endeavor to show the reason for such affliction, and the good effect of it. First, I shall direct your attention to *the disease* mentioned in the text as one to be prevented by the sentence of death—"that we should not trust in ourselves." Secondly, we shall dwell for a little upon *the treatment*, "we had the sentence of death in ourselves ;" and, thirdly, we will observe *the cure*, "we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead."

I. The first point is

THE DISEASE

—the tendency to trust in ourselves.

1. And we remark upon it, first, that this is *a disease to which all men are liable, for even Paul was in danger of it.* I do not say that Paul did trust in himself, but that he might have done so, and would have done so, if it had not been for the Lord's prudent dealings with him both in the matter of this great trial in Asia and in the incident of the thorn in the flesh. Where a sharp preventive is used it is clear that a strong liability exists.

My brethren, I should have thought that Paul was the last man to be in danger of trusting in himself : so singularly converted, so remarkably clear in his views of the gospel ; indeed, so thorough in his faith, so intense in his zeal, so eminent in his humility was Paul that all could see that his reliance was upon grace alone. No writer that ever lived has set in so clear a light the fact that all things are of God, and that we must walk by faith and depend alone upon God if we would find salvation and eternal life : and yet you see, my brethren, it was possible that the great teacher of grace should have trusted in himself.

It is plain, then, that no clearness of knowledge, no purity of intent, and no depth of experience can altogether kill in our corrupt nature the propensity to self-reliance. I have heard men say several times, and I have been ashamed as I have heard the boast, "I am sure there is no likelihood that I should ever trust in myself ; I know better." Brother, you are trusting in yourself when you say so : the subtle poison is in your veins even now. You do not know what folly you can commit. You are such a fool that even while you say, "I know my folly," you are probably even then betraying your self-conceit. What do we know? We know not what spirit we are of. We are capable of almost everything that the devil is capable of. Ay, and if the grace of God should leave us, though we had been exalted to stand like Paul and say, "I am not a whit behind the very chief of the apostles," yet should we fall, like Lucifer, and perish with pride. The silliest of the vices may overcome the wisest of saints.

Trust in self is one of *the most foolish of sins,* though the commonness of it hides its contemptible character. When we say, "I am surprised that I should have acted so unwisely," we betray our secret pride, and confess that we thought ourselves wonderfully wise. If, my brother, you knew yourself you would not be surprised at anything that you might do. If you had a proper estimate of yourself it would rather cause you surprise that you were ever right than that you were sadly wrong, for such is the natural weakness, folly, and vanity of our deceitful hearts, that when we err, even in the most foolish way, it may be said of us that we are only acting out our own selves, and we should do the same again, if not worse, were we left by the Spirit of God.

2. Notice, secondly, that *trusting in self is evil in all men, since it was evil in an apostle.* Paul speaks of it as a fault, which God in mercy prevented, "that we should not trust in ourselves." Why, beloved, if you or I were to trust in ourselves, we should be fit objects for ridicule and derision, for what is there in us that we can trust to? But as for Paul, in labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, laying himself out for the church of God with heroic zeal, and wearing himself out with self-denials, at first sight it seems that there was somewhat in him whereof he might glory.

If this be so : if his revelations from God, if his deep experience, if his intense consecration, if his remarkable wisdom, if his splendid education, if his logical mind and fervent spirit—if all these combined could not warrant him in trusting to himself, what folly would be ours if we became self-sufficient? If a lion's strength be insufficient, what can the dogs do? If the oak trembles, how can the brambles boast? If such poor things as we are dare to be self-confident, we deserve to smart for it.

3. We see, dear friends, in the next place, that *it must be highly injurious to trust in ourselves, since God himself interposed to prevent his dear servant from falling into it.* The Lord warded off the evil by sending Paul a great trouble when he was in Asia : thus doth our all-wise and almighty God arrange providence to prevent His servants from falling into self-trust.

Peradventure, our heavenly Father is at this present time afflicting some of you, denying you your heart's desire, or taking from you the delight of your eyes, placing you in circumstances where you are puzzled and bewildered, and do not know what to do at all ; and all for this reason, that you may become sick of yourself and fond of Christ ; that you may know your own folly, and may trust yourself with purpose of heart to the divine wisdom : for, rest assured, nothing can happen to you that is much worse than to trust yourselves.

Let me, then, think most solemnly of the fact that if I am relying upon myself for acceptance with God, or for power to serve him, I am cursed. I am so, and I must be so, because trusting in myself means idolatry, and idolatry is a cursed thing. The self-truster puts himself into God's place, for God alone is to be relied upon. "Trust in *him* at all times ; ye people, pour out your heart before *him.*" Trusting in yourself, you lift yourself into the throne where God alone may sit, and so you become a traitor. To trust yourself is the result of a gross falsehood, and it also imputes falsehood to the God of truth ; for you do, as it were, deny that God can be believed, and you assert that you can be trusted ; whereas, the Lord declares that no man is the proper object of trust. "He that trusteth in his own heart," saith he, "is a fool ;" but you will not have it so, and therefore you give God the lie.

4. Yet, brethren, this fourth remark must be made, that *this evil is*

VERY HARD TO CURE ;

for it seems that to prevent it in Paul it was necessary for the Great Physician to go the length of making him feel the sentence of death in himself ; nothing short of this could cure the tendency. On another occasion it is written, "Lest I should be exalted above measure, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me." In the case mentioned in our text the buffeting of Satan does not seem to have sufficed ; but God in his providence and love saw it necessary to cause the sentence of death to ring out its knell in the apostle's heart.

A sentence of death ! Can you conceive the
feeling of a man who has just seen the judge put
on the black cap and pronounce sentence o
death. The condemned cell, the iron bars, the
prison fare, the grim warders, these are nothing
but sentence of death—sentence of death ! Thi
is terrible. Paul must feel that woe. A shar
knife was needful to cut out the cancer of self
trust even from such an one as Paul. This bit
ter potion, bitter as gall, he must drink even t
the dregs. The sentence must not only be i
his ear, but be in his very self. "We had th
sentence of death *in ourselves.*" Nothing shor
of this could prevent his being polluted wit
self-trust ; for if less suffering would have suf
ficed, the Lord would have spared him so drea
a sorrow.

As stones fall toward the earth, so do w
gravitate toward self. If we are zealous, sel
trust says, "What a zealous man you are, yc
can certainly carry everything before you."
we grow diffident, then this same pride whi
pers, "What a humble, modest person you are
you are not conceited or rash, you can well l
trusted. If God grants us a little success
working for him we blow the trumpets that
men may be aware of it. Our Lord can scarce
send us on the commonest errand witho
danger of *our becoming like Jack-in-office,* t
proud to be borne with. The Lord cannot allc
us a little sweet communion with Christ b
what we say, "Oh, what joy I have had. Wl
delights at his table ! What a precious seas
of private prayer ! I am somebody."

Yes, we are prone to sacrifice before this bas
of idols—I say the basest of idols, for sur
there is no idolatry so utterly degrading as
worship of one's self. Alas, we cannot get
of the flavor of the Egyptian leeks and onio
self clings to us as a foul odor not to be got
of our unclean flesh. Does the Lord teach
much of His word? Then we grow proud
knowledge. Does the Lord help us to com
His people? Then we set up at once for so
thing wonderful in the Church. Does Ch
reveal Himself to us as he does not to the wo
Ah, then our heads are ready to smite the st
we are so great. God save us from this su
malady, this spiritual leprosy. I think I
add, even if nothing else but the sentenc
death in ourselves can stop us from trustin
ourselves, then let even this remedy be used

II. But now I invite you for a few minute
look at

THE TREATMENT

ordained for the apostle's cure : "We hac he
sentence of death in ourselves," which me s,
first, that *he seemed to hear the verdict of a th*
passed upon him by the conditions which surro d-
ed him. So continually hounded by his li-
cious countrymen, he felt certain that one ay
or other they would compass his destruc n,
so frequently subject to popular violenc he
felt that his life was not worth a moment's r-
chase ; and, withal, so sick in body and s de-
pressed in spirit he felt that he might a ny
moment expire.

The original conveys the idea, not only f a
verdict from without, but of an answer of a ent
from within. *There was an echo in his cons us-*
ness, an inward dread, a sort of present ent
that he was soon to die. The world threa ned
him with death, and he felt that one of ese
days the threat would be carried out, and hat
very speedily. And yet it was not so ; h sur-
vived all the designs of the foe. My bre ren,
we often feel a thousand deaths in fearin one.
We die before we die, and find ourselves a e to
die again. Death seems certain, and y the
bird escapes even out of the fowler's hand Just
when he was about to wring its neck flew
aloft. Hark, how it sings, far above his ach.

"Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." A witty saying puts it, "Let us never say die till we are dead;" but then we shall most truly say we live for ever and ever. Let us postpone despair till the evil comes.

Into a low state of spirit was Paul brought: death appeared imminent, and his eye of faith gazed into the eternities, and this prevented his trusting in himself. The man who feels that he is about to die is no longer able to trust in himself. After this manner the remedy works our health. What earthly thing can help us when we are about to die? Paul needed not to ay, "My riches will not help me," for he had no wealth. He had no need to say, "My lands nd broad acres cannot comfort me now," for he had no foot of land to call his own: *his whole state lay in a few needles*, with which he made nd mended tents. His trade implements and manuscript book or two were all his store.

He says, in effect, "Nothing on earth can elp me now. My tongue, with which I preach-d, cannot plead with death, whose deaf ear no ratory can charm. My epistles and my power f writing cannot stand me in any stead, for no en can arrest the death-warrant: it is written, nd I must die. Friends cannot help me. Titus, imothy, none of these can come to my aid. either Barnabas nor Silas can pass through he death-stream with me: I must ford the tor-ent alone." He felt as every man must who is a ue Christian, and is about to die, that he must ommit his spirit unto Christ, and watch for his ppearing. He determined, whether he did die live, that he would spend and be spent for he Lord Jesus.

What was more, I think Paul means here that *e sentence of death which he heard outside rought within his soul a sense of entire helpless-ss.* He was striving to fight for the kingdom nd gospel of Christ, but he saw that he must baffled if he had nothing to rely upon but mself; he was hampered and hemmed in on ery side by the opposing Jews, who would not rmit him to go about his work in peace. He spaired even of his life.

He was not able to get at his work, for these rsons were always about him, howling at him, tering falsehoods against him, and hindering m. He became so worried and wearied that was pressed and oppressed, immeasurably aded and brought into such a state of mind at all inward comfort failed him, and he was liged to look above for succor. His faculties re cramped as with a mortal rigor, his reason gued against him, and his imagination rather eated terrors than expectations. He knew the perience so poetically described by Kirke hite in his hymn upon the star of Bethlehem:

"Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem."

nd he also knew the joy of the other two lines the verse—

"When suddenly a star arose:
It was the star of Bethlehem."

ul's mind was so struck with death within nself that he could not stem the torrent, and uld have drifted to despair had he not given nself up into the hands of grace divine, and oved the loving power of God.

Ah, there are times with some of us when we pear to lose all power to think aright, when set ourselves to a subject, and our brain will t exercise itself upon it; when we wish to do ht, and cannot tell which of two courses is proper one. At times we cannot make out way; we kneel to pray, and find that we nnot pray as we were wont to do, the whole rgy and force of our spirit seems to be shriv-ed up as though the simoom had blown over meadow of our soul, and left every blade of ss and floweret dead beneath its burning ath. Such things do happen unto men, and en they happen this is God's severe but effect- treatment, whereby he prevents their trust- in themselves.

think I need not say any more about this edy, except to notice that the Lord uses the same treatment in dealing with men who as yet are not saved. Why is it that one of the first works of grace on a man is to take away all his comfort and hope? I will soon tell you.

Suppose that a poor man had fallen into such a state of mind that he could not bear the sun, but lived in perpetual candle-light. He dreamed that no light could equal his poor tapers, and he despised the sun—*candles for him, he hated daylight.* By the way, I am not wild in this supposition, for there are people who cannot worship God without candles, even in the daylight, and yet they are not said to be insane. But to return to the imaginary case: our poor, weak-minded friend is prejudiced against the sun, and we aim to bring him into brightness. How shall we proceed? I think we had better blow out his candles, and leave him in the dark, and then, perhaps, he will be willing to try the light of heaven. Then I would take him out of doors and let him see the sun; and, after he had once beheld its superior light, he would never be able to praise his poor candles again. The first thing is to blow his candles out; and the first thing to bring a man to Christ, the divine light, is to put out his own feeble tapers of self-trust.

I have heard of one who fell into the water and sank, and a strong swimmer standing on the shore did not at the same instant plunge in, though fully resolved to rescue him. The man went down the second time, and then he who would rescue him was in the water swimming near him, but not too near, waiting very cautiously till his time came. He who was drowning was a strong, energetic man, and the other was too prudent to expose himself to the risk of being dragged under by his struggles. He let the man go down for the third time, and then he knew that his strength was quite exhausted, and swimming to him he grasped him and drew him to shore. If he had seized him at first, while the drowning man had strength, they would have gone down together.

The first part of human salvation is the sentence of death upon all human power and merit. When all hope in self is quite gone, Christ comes in, and with his infinite grace rescues the soul from destruction. As long as you think you can swim you will kick, and struggle, and drown; but when you see the futility of all your own efforts, and perceive that you are without strength, you will leave yourselves with Jesus, and be saved. The eternal power will come in when your power goes out. The sentence of death in yourselves will prevent your trusting in yourselves; death recorded and death confessed to be a just penalty will expel all vain hope, and grace will be welcomed, and the heart will believe with a true faith wrought in it by the Spirit of God.

III. Thirdly, let us think of

THE CURE.

It was sharp medicine, but it worked well with Paul, for we find first that Paul's self-trust was prevented: any rising token of it was effectually removed. He says, "We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves." Under this influence he preached as though he ne'er might preach again, a dying man to dying men. To bring death very near to the mind is a solemn, searching, sanctifying exercise.

Remember, this was only half the result in Paul's case, for he does not only say that by this sentence of death he was delivered from trusting in himself, but he was led to trust "in God which raiseth the dead." Now, my brethren, we have come out of the gloom of the sepulchre into the glory of the resurrection. "God which raiseth the dead" is our hope. The doctrine of the resurrection is essential to the Christian system, and Paul takes it for granted. When he was delivered from trusting in himself, because of the sentence of death, the first thing he did was to trust in the God and Father of his risen Lord.

For first he argued thus: If I die, what matters it? God can raise me from the dead. If they stone me, if they smite me with the sword, if they fling me headlong into the sea, I shall rise again.

He inferred, also, that if God could raise him from the dead He could preserve him from a violent death. He that could restore him if he were dead and rotten in the tomb could certainly keep him from dying till all his life-work was accomplished. This inference is true.

"Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till he bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love thinks fit."

Immortal is every believer till his work is done. Paul felt this and was comforted.

Brethren, we need to get away more and more from ourselves, and we shall never do it till we write this down in our books, that self is dead, —we must make a corpse of it. We sometimes hear that in setting forth the balance-sheet of a banking establishment a mistake was committed by putting down a doubtful asset at too high a value; we must keep clear of such a blunder in making up *our spiritual balances.* There is no fear of undue depreciation if you say of anything which belongs to self, "It is good for nothing: set it down as worthless." If, then, you have written yourself down at twenty shillings in the pound, my dear brother, I warn you that you will never realize it. But you say, "I never thought to get more than half-a-crown in the pound out of self"—you will never get that in good money. "Well, I will put it down at a farthing in the pound." You will never realize even that; *it will cost you more to get it than it is worth:* it is a deception altogether.

He that trusts in himself not only gets not a farthing in the pound out of what he trusted in, but he is a loser by his foolish confidence. I should not like to realize myself; it would be an awful loss, and leave a great gap in my exchequer; for what am I but a mass of wounds, a bag of necessities, a mountain of weakness, a world of infirmities, and nothing else worth mentioning? Do not put yourself down in your spiritual assets at all except as a debt, a liability, and an incumbrance. Say, "Self is dead," and you will be happy if you find that he is dead, for the most of your trouble will come from his being too much alive. That old corrupt nature —ah, the vagabond, if he were indeed dead, and would never struggle again, what a mercy! But there is *life in the old dog yet*, life of a troublesome sort, full of mischief. Wisdom reckons self as a dead and worthless thing, to be mortified, but never to be trusted. Folly talks otherwise, and bids you think well of yourself, but do not listen to its dotings. He says, "You are getting an old man now; those gray hairs have brought experience and wisdom.

No; but there is no fool like an old fool; mind you do not become another example of that old saying. Do not say to yourself, "Ah! now you are a man of wide experience, you are; you are not like those narrow-minded people who never went beyond their cottage or the hedges of their little farm. You have had a splendidly wide experience." Ah! but no blunder is so great as the blunder of a great man: no man is capable of doing so much mischief as the man who has capacity for doing great good.

"Oh, but," says another, "I am so careful, so guarded, that there can be no fear of me." Yet no one is so likely to sleep as the watchman who flatters himself that he does not even doze. So it used to be in the old days; and you watchful people are sure to go wrong if you are proud of being watchful. If, on the other hand, you feel that you are not as watchful as you ought to be, and pray to be made more so, you will be kept right. Trust in ourselves is a kind of mania which will breed worms and stink, and it will make our house unbearable and ourselves sick. Sweep it out! Oh, for a state of weakness that is strong in the divine strength. Oh, to be nothing, to be nothing, that God may be all in all! Amen and amen. So let it be.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—
2 Corinthians i.]

WHAT COMING WARS MAY WE EXPECT?*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page* 349.)

The Sixth Headship—Conditions of the Seventh fulfilled in Napoleon—The Revival of the Dynasty Predicted—Are you for the Lamb?

THE REV. W. MEYNELL WHITTEMORE, D.D., Rector of St. James, London, wrote as follows in a discourse, published in 1853, upon "Napoleon, the Seventh Head:"

"The seven-headed wild beast of Revelation represents the political Roman Empire; and its *sixth governmental head*, that was in actual power in St. John's time, A.D. 97, was the Roman emperorship, which was continued by a succession of emperors until it was abdicated by the Emperor Francis of Austria, in 1806, and thus became extinct. At this period, then, we are to look for the rise of the *seventh Roman head* or sovereignty.

"We find the conditions or qualifications of this new *Seventh Head* furnished in Napoleon Bonaparte's

FRENCH EMPERORSHIP.

"First. In 1805 Napoleon I. became King of Italy; and after the above-mentioned abdication of Francis, it was decreed that the Roman States held by the Pope should be united to the French Empire, and that the French Imperial Prince (Napoleon II.) should be called the King of Rome; and that the French emperors should be crowned at St. Peter's in Rome, as well as at Notre Dame in Paris. The power of Napoleon I. rapidly extended over the western Latin empire. This *Seventh Head* was distinct in its official designation from the preceding *Six Heads*. Its decree affirmed that the city of Rome should be called the second city of the empire, thus depriving it of its metropolitan dignity, although claiming its possession. It was a *Roman Head*. Its special military ensign was the Roman eagle; its representative attempted the revival in himself of the characteristics of Augustus Cæsar, Justinian, and Charlemagne; its manners and pretensions were assimilated to those of ancient Rome; the descent of Bonaparte was traced to some of the Paleologi, who had taken refuge in Corsica; and the seven-hilled city of Rome was not only actually in his possession, but was officially annexed to his dominions. As the Seventh Head he towered majestically and terribly over the Latin Empire.

"2. Then the Emperor Bonaparte 'continued only a short space.' His formidable dominion ended at Waterloo, in June, 1815, after a brief existence of eleven years (Rev. 18 : 10).

"3. And it was destroyed by the stroke of a foreign sword. It seemed a mortal wound. Who that saw the fallen emperor pacing, like a shackled tiger, the prison-ground of St. Helena, could have conjectured the restoration of his dynasty? The empire seemed broken up forever (*wounded to death by a sword*) (Rev. 13 : 3–14).

"But it was conjectured. In 1828, the Rev. G. S. Faber published his 'Sacred Calendar,' in which he plainly asserted the revival of the French emperorship, as demanded by prophecy. He then wrote these words: 'It cannot but follow, from the very terms of the prophecy, that in the person of some or other successful adventurer, the Francic emperorship will be revived while the reanimated wild beast is emerging from the agitated abyss of some tremendous political revolution.'

"This is a remarkable instance of clear penetration into the meaning of prophecy. At the time Mr. Faber wrote there was no *probability* of a restoration of the French emperorship. Yet prophecy said that the slain head would revive, and so this sagacious student of the apocalypse asserted the revival of that political power which had expired at Waterloo.

"We believe that awfully important events are to be transacted subsequently to the reappearance of the seventh head of the wild beast; because when vitality is restored to the deceased Roman Empire, and to its slain seventh head, that empire—as the mystic wild beast—is to originate a gigantic confederacy against the Gospel of Christ, and is to ally *Infidelity*, *Despotism*, and *Popery* against the true disciples of Jesus. For when the sixth vial is poured out (Rev. 16 : 13), *three unclean spirits* issue from the mouths of the Dragon, the wild beast, and the false prophet, and moving among the kings, excite them to an unholy alliance and to an impious war. Their success is exhibited in the gathering of the kings to 'the battle of the great day of God Almighty.' In other words,

THE RENOVATED ROMAN EMPIRE,

in conjunction with the Papacy, and under the influence of Satan, will employ such demon-like influences in continental kingdoms that a fierce war will arise, directed against the Church of Christ. This will be the final struggle between the wild beast and the Lamb.

"The coming struggle will be most emphatically a war of opinion. The battle may be political, but its spirit will be theological. The unclean spirits will animate the crusaders against Protestantism. It will be the battle of the Reformation on a larger scale, with more virulent animosities, and involving more tremendous interests.

"When will these events happen? *Probably soon.* We are, as it appears, living under the effusion of the (year-day) Sixth Vial. We may *presently, therefore, expect the complete overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, signified by the drying up of the Euphrates.*

"In a few years, then, we may expect to witness extraordinary occurrences. The Papacy, in a new inebriation of blood, will prepare for her final, insane, and furious assault on the saints of the Most High. Is she not even now, by a return to her persecuting policy, skirmishing, as the prelude to the great war? *Despotism*, banding the continental nations in a league against freedom, will lend its aid to the coercion of thought and the enslaving of conscience. Infidelity—the spirit of Satan—will be sure to work vigorously where *Popery* and *Despotism* rule.

"But when at last the Seventh Vial sheds its portion of wrath, there will be political confusions, general anarchy, an irruption from Russia, the destruction of Papal Rome, the overthrow of the Roman Empire, the battle of Armageddon, the conversion of the Jews, and the complete and supernatural discomfiture of the enemies of Christ.

"The question will be asked before long, *Who are on the Lord's side? who?* May it not be wise therefore now to ask yourselves that question, and to decide how your conduct is to be shaped should you live to take part in the great things *which will soon begin to come to pass?*

"ARE YOU FOR THE LAMB?

"Have you realized your need of His atoning blood? Have you looked in faith to Him, as the sacrifice for sins? have you placed your reliance on His perpetual intercession? And have you yielded yourselves—body, soul, and spirit—to his service, and for his glory? Is your life actuated by love to Jesus? Is your soul the temple of His presence? Are your energies employed in the advancement of His kingdom?

"Are you for the Lamb *avowedly?* Is it a fact patent to the world? Can men take knowledge of you that you are with Jesus? Are you living epistles, on whose open page you have inscribed these words, 'FOR THE LAMB'? Is there no shrinking from the confession of His name? Is there no following of your Saviour afar off?

"Are you for the Lamb *exclusively?* Are you for nothing else in comparison? Has He all your heart, soul, and strength? Can you abandon the world, self, ease, wealth, health, renown, happiness—all that is endeared and precious—in order to take your station in the ranks of the soldiers of the Cross?

"*For the Lamb!* What a privilege! To contend earnestly for His cause, to receive His approval, and to share His triumph? It is only thus that you can calmly anticipate the future, which looms terribly with its awful visions.

"But, perhaps, *you are against the Lamb*. Look to it. You may be mistaken without knowing it. You may think that neutrality is not enmity. But you are in error. Could you be neutral, it would be a sin. But, in fact, it is impossible to be neutral.

"If you are unconverted, you are under Satan's control, who works in the children of disobedience; you are practically leagued with the 'false prophet.' Every man, says an old author, is born with a pope in his heart. You *must* have something to rest upon, as a hope for eternity; and if this be not Christ, it is something which is akin to the delusions of Rome. You are depending, it may be, upon your good works, upon your prayers, your tears, your vows, your renunciation of some evil practices, your religious ceremonies, your participation in sacraments, or upon your interest in the prayers of others. If you are in such way, deriving comfort in the prospect of eternity—and most probably you are doing so, if you are not a subject of converting grace—you are, in principle, if not in name, a thorough Papist!

"*Will you not be for the Lamb?* If you have been undecided, be decided now. If you have not thought seriously about these things, think seriously about them now. Surrender yourself to Christ. Determine to be His forever. Resolve that, though other Lords have had dominion over you, yet henceforth you will be called by His name, and make mention of his righteousness only. Do this in dependence upon that Holy Spirit who will strengthen you with all might in the inner man.

"Let us exert ourselves for the wider diffusion of the Gospel. Let us not neglect to send it t the lands of heathenism; but let us remembe how much the Continent of Europe needs th light of its truth and the leaven of its grace Let us not quietly surrender the millions o Europe to the idolatrous thraldom of spiritua abominations. We cannot hope to evangeliz the empire, nor to convert the false prophet—they are doomed to perdition; but we ma hope to convert some of the *subjects* of thei kingdoms; we may save *individuals*. Let fresh augmented, persevering efforts be made, to cove the whole extent of the 'wild beast's' territo with the knowledge of Christ. Let us take ca and send Bibles everywhere.

"Every living person is included in the promis Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise ca out.' 'God so loved the world that He ga His only begotten Son, that whosoever believet in Him should not perish, but have everlasti life. For God sent not His Son into the wor to condemn the world, but that the wor through Him might be saved. He that believe on Him is not condemned; but he that b lieveth not is condemned already, because hath not believed in the name of the only beg ten Son of God. He that believeth on the S hath everlasting life, and he that believeth n the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of G abideth on him.' 'The Son of Man came not be ministered unto, but to minister, and to gi His life a ransom for many.'

"Let us preach the Gospel everywhere, palaces and in hovels, in the market-place a under hedges, on the highway and at the fi side. Let the word of God have free cour Let an evangelical ministry be secured eve where, at any cost. Let new lay enterprises undertaken, so as to bring the Gospel to bea where its influence is especially needed—up the multitudes of the ungodly poor which crowded in innumerable courts and alleys.

"Let the true nature of Popery be plainly forth. Let it be clearly shown how Popery hi or falsifies the Bible; prefers her saint's-day God's Sabbath; makes the Christian minist despotism over consciences; supplants, by the intercession of Mary, the mediation of Christ; converts prayer into vain repetitions; teaches the expiatory power of penances—creates a justifying righteousness out of human merits; deifies sacraments, and sends the trembling penitent for pardon to an absolving priest!

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events," with two maps and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on these events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

"Let us work, and hope, and wait. *Work*, for the night cometh; *hope*, for the morning of millennial joy and glory shall succeed; and *wait* that we may mark, amid the revolutions of empires and the distresses of nations, the wonderful accuracy of the divine prescience, the Lord's care of His people, and at last the triumph over Satan, and the conquest of the kingdoms of this world for our God and His Christ" (Rev. 9:15).

MR. SPURGEON ON THE DUTY OF DISTRIBUTING TRACTS.

At the Religious Tract Society meeting in Exeter Hall, London, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon made the following among other remarks:

What are tracts very often but sermons which have been used as sermons, and peradventure will be used again? I heard of one who said, "They can never say that our minister preaches without heart: he has a heart, and gets his sermons by it." I have no doubt some tracts and some books that have been issued by the Tract Society and by others have been used, and so actually grow into living sermons again. If we cannot do it with our own voices, we must spread the Gospel, and the way to do it is by a tract. Do not give up the speaking for Christ. Do not believe in giving away a tract and holding your tongue. But not only speak when you have opportunity, but also give away books and tracts, and so get at more than you might be able to reach with your own voice.

How many hundreds, and even thousands, owe their conversion distinctly not to what they have *heard*, but to what they have *read?* Therefore, what God hath owned, let us continually use. Scatter tracts and books thick as the leaves of autumn. Let them fly on every wind, and fall into every home throughout all the world, for who can tell but in every case where they go, God may bless them. Let us expect great things of God.

I thank God for this Tract Society, because it *works by the way of tracts.* I am glad it has never given up tracts because they are not very fashionable things, and sometimes in some places heir form is very much against them. People know what a tract is, and they are on their guard gainst it. But the Tract Society is always dapting the form and matter to modern times.

I should like to ask whether each one of you is rying to do something to serve God. The *tract* s especially precious in my eye, because it does offer an opportunity to the weakest and the eeblest to be doing something to serve God. Set to work, and you can do this if you can do othing else—*distribute tracts.* It is a sorrowful hing for a man to have done nothing whatsoever or his God. I have heard of a man in the olden imes who used to say to his wife on Sunday morning, "Mary, there is a church-bell ringing, ou go to church and *pray for us both.*" So she id; for years she went to church and prayed for hem both. One night he had a dream, and he reamed—partly superstition mixed with the ream—that *he and his wife* wanted to go to eaven, and they came to the gates, and Peter ame out to ascertain who they were, and when hey both hoped to enter, Peter said to the wife, *You go in for both.*" Wherever the dream ame from, it contained a great truth. We cannot shake off our personal responsibility, and if e attempt to do so we shall lose for ourselves he eternal personal privilege. Do not give sleep o your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids till you ave trusted your Saviour and begun to serve im.

I have felt grateful to the Tract Society for eeting by new publications different sceptical ews which have sprung up. Certainly it is not every error that needs to be met by controversy. The Greek king listened to an oration in defence of Hercules, and when the orator had done he said, "It was a very fine oration, but I never heard anybody find fault with Hercules in my life." I have seen books in defence of things that nobody ever doubted, except perhaps a few obscure people, and the books in defence of the truth have rather contributed to spread doubt than to be of any service. But the Tract Society has done wise, good service in this matter. It has shown the world that if a learned man errs there is another learned man to set him right, and in whatever field it may be, whether the field of criticism or the field of science, Christianity has its champions, and can hold its own. I do not at all share in the fears of some people about the *dreadful books* that come out. I believe it is the people that cry out against a dreadful book that sell it generally. People buy it to see what it is.

I am also grateful to this Society for books about *common secular subjects*, into which godly sentiment and holy, practical precepts are interwoven, but which are not distinctly and immediately religious, because at times everybody wants to read something secular. Often a poison is insinuated into the soul in connection with the secular reading, and as all the public won't read Dr. John Owen and John Howe, they must and will at times read something that is lighter, and I am glad the Society takes care that something is provided which is really good. It may be asked, Are these good books? Well, what do you mean by "good?" Good for my grandmother who used to sit by the fireside and read the Bible? No, bless her heart! she would have said to me, "Boy, I cannot give up my Bible for all your pretty books: they will do for the children."

They may not be good books for us sober divines; but there is a servant-girl yonder, and she has got a novel: see how she is taken up with it; see the tears in her eyes—some young fellow, who will get married, after all—something dreadful, an awful murder happened, and it finishes up beautifully. [Laughter.] I say if I can get that book away and give her "Jessica's First Prayer" I shall be doing her good. I do not say that I am going to read all these books on a Sunday, or yet preach them from the pulpit; but everything in its place and order. A handsaw is an uncommonly *bad thing to shave with*, but it is an admirable thing if you want to get through a hard bone. So some of this literature is adapted only to its own ends, and ought never righteously to be looked upon and judged apart from the end for which it is destined.

I also feel very thankful to the Tract Society for *its books for the young*, and for *the great work it does abroad.* The needs of some of the countries on the Continent are urgent beyond expression. A Christian literature is needed for those countries which have just been emancipated from Catholicism. If it were not for this Society, some of those places would be without Protestant literature at all. Help it, then, dear friends—help it with all your hearts.

Remember the story of the man who had a band of musicians, and he wanted them to play a piece very loudly, and he said to them, "Blow!" and they blew until their cheeks were ready to burst. He said, "Louder!" and they blew again. When he said "Louder!" the next time, they replied, "It is all very well for you to say 'Louder,' but where is the wind to come from?" So you should not only cheer me in the sentiment, but help to raise the wind for this Society. You are the very people to help this one. You have heard of the Irish people that met in the vestry to consider which of the two windmills in their parish should be stopped because there was not enough wind to turn the two of them. They were exactly like those people who think they must stop giving to one or two societies because they give to so many. No; as you give, you will be prospered; as you serve the Lord you shall be enabled to serve Him.

I was noticing to-day in the "Summa" of *Thomas Aquinas* there is a picture of him, and Jesus Christ meeting him. Jesus says, "Thomas, thou hast served me well. With what shall I reward thee?" And Thomas answers, "With Thyself, my Lord." Oh, but that should be the very thought that should be, and will be, in every loving, earnest heart—"My Lord, I would serve Thee; and if Thou wilt accept me, and ask me what my reward shall be, I will reply, '*Thyself, my Lord. Oh, show me more of Thyself!*'" Go and give tracts away, and talk about Jesus, and you shall see Him. Shut yourself up and do nothing, and you shall not behold Him.

Dr. Horatius Bonar, the Eminent Student of prophecy, in replying to a friend who had written to him during the parliamentary struggle in Great Britain, said: "The views which Scripture gives us of the condition of the world and the Church in 'the last days' are of great importance, and help us in the solution of many political problems. Departures not only from the faith, but *departures from all faith*, are to be expected, and revelation will ere-long cease to be recognized as our teacher. God, it is said, will not think the worse of a man for not believing the Bible; nor ought the question of faith or unbelief to be entertained by us in judging a man's character. His agreement with us in politics is to override all that. This last state of the world is now unfolding itself and developing its leaven of negativism and agnosticism in many forms. A universal solvent is at work, ejecting divine truth from all the great questions of the day. This disintegration must, ere-long, level all barriers and landmarks, leaving human self-will the master of the world. This individual self-will having assumed the noble name of liberality, is now revealing itself, and will continue to do so till it ripens into him who is to do 'according to his will'—the lawless one of the Apostle Paul. The withdrawal of the Christian element from social and political questions must not only lead to failure in their solution, but issue in results of the most disastrous kind. The exercise of that essential element must sooner or later *undermine law and subvert government.* It may still leave room for political Christians, but none for Christian politicians. I need not say how widely these two classes differ."

A Communion Service was held in a Cavern in Syria lately by Dr. Jessup. In a recent letter to *The Observer*, Dr. Jessup describes the interesting service. While visiting at Shmeir he was invited to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in a house on a mountain, where a blind Christian woman lay at the point of death. A number of the members of the church at Shmeir accompanied him. Dr. Jessup says: "The house is in a cave, and the adjoining room is packed full of snow for the Beirut market next summer, and here lay the poor woman, suffering from pneumonia and rheumatic fever, and the water was dropping from the roof of the rock on one side. As there was no window in the room, the door stood open, to give us light enough to conduct the service, and the snow came drifting in. I found this poor, blind, sick woman to be Jeleely, formerly a pupil of Sidon Seminary. She insisted upon sitting up in her pallet-bed spread on a mat on the floor, while we went on with the service.

"It seemed to me a very solemn occasion, as much so as if it had been in some grand church and with a great congregation. *The roaring of the tempest* among the rocks outside gave us organ music on a scale not often equalled, and the dark recesses of the cave within gave a 'religious light' dim enough to awaken solemn thought, were such accessories needed at such an hour.

"The bread and the wine were passed around. Seven of us united with Jeleely in the communion, and the suffering sister again thanked us all, and, after a few verses of 'My faith looks up to Thee,' in Arabic, we bade her farewell. I shall not soon forget that communion in a cavern, on that stormy Sabbath-day."

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from page 351.)

Ernest and Ruth Married.

Ernest felt in every fibre of his being that Rose was sick both in body and mind, though she made vain attempts to be the shadow of the merry, light-hearted girl she had been a year ago.

He had called in a physician, who told him she was suffering from nostalgia, which he could remember as attacking himself in all its subtle force whenever he was absent as a boy from Clifford. But Rose would not listen for a moment to any mention of going back to Clifford Grange. She laughed at the idea of homesickness, and assured her father he was troubling himself for nothing. But nevertheless Ernest was troubled.

What could he do if she steadily set her face against Ruth. He could hardly breathe as he thought of it. It would be dooming his delicate little Rose to death to force her into any conflict like this. If it should prove a fresh grief to her after all the storm of trouble that had been beating against her, what must he do? If Rose had been about to marry Robert Fortescue, how timely this last event of Squire Symons' marriage would have been. That cruel blow was the true secret of Rose's illness.

It was near the close of the year, a December night, frosty and clear, with the stars glittering, and the hoar-frost pencilling out every leaf and every blade of grass. He paced to and fro under the bare chestnut trees, looking up to the lighted windows of the little room where she was waiting for him, and wondering what kept him away so late. At length, weary of his own wavering, he rang the bell and rushed quickly upstairs, so quickly that Rose was not quite prepared for him. She was leaning back languidly in her easy-chair, with her eyes closed, but as he entered she sprang up with forced gayety.

"I have some news for you, my darling," he said.

"Good news?" murmured Rose, her color going and coming, and her heart beating fast under his arm. She had only one idea of good news. Had he seen Robert? Was it all going to be right again? She believed that if he and her father could only see one another, all must come right.

"I hope so; nay, I am sure it is good news," he answered; "you are not going to be left alone much longer. I have found a companion for you."

"Is Jenny coming?" asked Rose.

"No, not Jenny; Ruth," he said, afraid to look into his daughter's face.

"Ruth!" she repeated, clasping her hands; "oh! father, I am so glad. She will help me to be good. I've not been very good lately, I know. Did you really say Ruth?"

"Yes, my darling," he said delightedly. "Ruth, our Ruth! Do you love her?'

"Oh yes!" she answered with fervor; "I love her next to you, only *a very, very long way* below you, father. *Almost* next to you," she said, her pale face growing red again as she remembered her love to Robert. "How soon will she come?" she asked after a while, with her hands on his shoulders and her shining eyes looking eagerly into his. "Is she coming directly?"

"Directly," he repeated, in a tone of unconscious gladness. "My darling," he added caressingly, "I should have married Ruth years ago, when you were almost a baby, if she would have left her father. But she would never leave him to sink into lower degradation, though I could have shielded her from every sorrow. I can shield you both from trouble, or at least I can share trouble with you. You will not be one whit less dear to me, Rose, when Ruth is my wife."

"Do you love her very much?" asked Rose.

"More than words could tell," he answered. "Ruth will be your mother, my darling. You will take her for your mother? my only fear is for you."

"Don't be afraid for me," she answered. "I love her very, very dearly; only a long, long way below you, father."

She could not grudge her father his happiness, yet it made her own lot more blank. It seemed another element in the strangeness that surrounded her. How was she to behave when he was no longer simply her father. She cried herself to sleep that night. Her heart was restless, and even this once stable love was growing an uncertain resting-place for it.

There was no reason for delay, and Ernest and Ruth were married during January in Clifford church. The marriage was kept so close a secret that no one but old Dunnit was admitted to witness the ceremony. Ruth's father gave her away with many misgivings as to the exchange he had made in taking Julia Rush in her place, and Julia herself was present at Ruth's own request. It was an intense satisfaction to her to sign her name as witness in the parish register, Julia Symons, it was the first time she had had occasion to write it, and her fingers could hardly hold the pen. Dunnit signed his name in large, crabbed characters, and clasped his hard knotty hands over the book, as he was used to do over his Bible.

"Now, the Lord love them and bless them!" he said; "surely, it's a great mystery! Ay! it's an unspeakable mystery that men like us, wi' our angers and tempers and sins, should stand in the place of our Lord to His church! Yet it's true! we live and toil for the wives at home, and life and labor 'ud be unbearable if we hadn't them to think of.

"And the Lord's life of toil and sufferin', what would that have been if He hadn't borne it for His people that He loves? It would have broken His heart long before He came to Calvary and the cross. There's only two women here," he continued, looking round at Ruth and Julia, with a smile lighting up his wrinkled face; "but let every one of us in particular so love his wife even as himself."

"That is what I have always done, and shall continue to do," said Squire Symons, turning to Ernest. "Ruth has always been a good daughter, and I trust to you to make her a good husband. We will bid you farewell here, and wish you all happiness. You are going up to the Grange to inform Mrs. Clifford of this event?"

"Yes," answered Ernest, "we must not leave without seeing my mother."

But there was no pleasure in the fulfilment of this duty. The secret had been kept from her, or otherwise it would have been no secret; but they knew what reproaches they would have to meet. As yet it had not oozed out even in the village, and by going at once to Clifford Grange they would prevent it reaching her through any other means. The house seemed quiet and desolate as they drove into the old court-yard and alighted at the ancient doorway.

Charles was away from home, and the place was empty of guests; even Jenny Britton was not allowed, on any pretext, to visit at Clifford Grange; though a desirable situation had not yet been found for her. Ernest led Ruth through the place, no longer his own, to the sitting-room, where he had heard old Charles Clifford's will read; and there sat his mother disconsolately reading an old novel, and surrounded by unbroken stillness.

"Good gracious, Ernest!" she ejaculated, as they entered; "Ernest and Ruth Symons," she added; but words failed her, as her elder son, after kissing her smooth cheek, introduced Ruth to her as his wife.

"Your wife!" she repeated, gasping with amazement and incredulity.

"We were married this morning," Ernest hastened to explain, "and are just come from the church to tell you before any one else knew. Ruth promised to be my wife eleven years ago; and now her father has married again, she felt herself free to keep her promise. Mother, we have loved each other dearly these eleven years."

"Well! well!" exclaimed Mrs. Clifford ungraciously, but kissing Ruth's offered cheek; "I always thought there was something in the background. You've been very close about it, though it will not make much difference to me as it is; and I wish you joy. Oh, yes, I wish you joy. Though how you are to live on such an income as you have, Ernest, is quite a mystery to me.

"Rose, too. I wonder how Rose will like it. Now you'll learn how unreasonable children are in setting their faces against second marriages. You never liked me marrying again; and you're going to have the same trouble I had. However, it is your own affair; and I congratulate you with all my heart, I'm sure."

She tossed back her lace lappets and stroked her hair with her white hand as she was wont to do. Except for an additional line or two on her smooth, round forehead, she looked precisely as she had done since her husband's death.

"I should have liked to have known you were going to be married," she said again peevishly; "it is disagreeable to be taken by surprise in this way. My own son, too! There is so little stirring just at present, it would have been quite a diversion to decorate the church, and get up a breakfast. Some of the county people would have some on Ruth's account. I dare say Sir John Fortescue might have been prevailed upon. But you never did ask my opinion, Ernest, or you would never have taken the estate, and then given it up again, as you did. I never knew anybody make such blunders as you do."

"I have made no blunder to-day," he said joyously. His mother's peevishness had no power to touch his happiness.

"That remains to be proved," she resumed. "'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.' You might have been such a comfort to me! Charles invites all the riff-raff of the country here; racing men, and blacklegs, and mountebanks of every description; and then he tells me I'm too old to mix with his friends—they are not used to old women! Those are his very words, I assure you. He says my place is to look after the maids and the cooking; as if I was only his housekeeper. And, Ernest, I can't get him to pay me my income, and there are two quarters passed, and he owes me £150—*one hundred and fifty pounds*—and he says he has not a penny to spare. And now you have married again; and I have no comfort in either of my sons."

She melted into tears at the recital of her ow griefs. There was a dim misgiving in her min that Ernest would expect some handsome wedding-present from her; and she was feeling miserably poor as well as lonely. Charles was no paying her allowance, and he was squanderin money away on frivolous and unworthy objects The prosperity of Clifford, so carefully built u by Ernest, was already in danger of being d stroyed by Charles' extravagance.

"I will write to Charles," he said.

"I don't believe he will ever do any good, moaned his mother. "Twenty times a day I' wishing you and Rose were back again. I w mistress then; and I will say that for Ros that she never flew in my face, though yo spoiled her so. Poor Rose! she is going pay for her happy times now, with a stepmothe Don't interrupt me, Ernest. Of course she all perfection in your eyes; and I dare say s is perfect; but all the same Rose will not li it. Ruth will pardon a grieved and disa pointed mother for speaking out plainly."

"Rose and I know each other well, and lo each other dearly," said Ruth gently.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, shaking her hea "but nobody ever did love a stepmother, y know. I don't know what would have be done if Ernest had brought you here. I cou not have given up the position my poor de husband left me; and there could not ha been two mistresses of Clifford Grange."

"What will you do if Charles marries asked Ernest. "Mr. Clifford's will only ga you a right to a home in the house; it did make you absolute mistress of it. You m not expect that Charles's wife will not be s mistress here."

"In that case I should go," cried Mrs. Clifford, bursting into tears again. "My sons would drive me out of house and home. O, Ruth! pray that you may have no children to make your old age bitter. You would set your wife over me, Ernest!"

"I should certainly make my wife mistress of my home," he replied almost angrily; "but do not let that imaginary grievance vex you now, mother. We can stay no longer, for we must catch the train at twelve; but we thought it right to come up to see you before leaving."

"It would have been very odd," she answered, "if my own son was married, and I was the last person to know of it. I wish you joy; and more dutiful children than I have. Charles ran away on the sly; and you are married on the sly! What did I ever do to have such sons? But I forgive you, Ernest. May you never experience the bitterness of a lonely old age!"

They left her in tears, after receiving from her a chilly kiss and a sobbing good-by. As they passed along the familiar passages and hall to the door, both looked grave and troubled; but Ernest catching Ruth's eye lifted furtively to his face, smiled down on her with a tender though deprecating smile.

"My mother!" he ejaculated, in an apologetic tone.

"And my father!" she said, an answering smile breaking upon her clouded face. "We must bear with them both. We are happy enough to bear with them all, and with one another. We are to bear one another's burdens."

"I will bear yours, now you belong to me," he said fondly, as he wrapped her up carefully from the winter's cold. "Mine at last!" he added. "I'm happy enough now to bear a heavy burden."

(To be continued.)

AFTER THE RESURRECTION.

S.S. Lesson for June 13th, Matt. 28 : 8-20. Golden Text, verse 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"JESUS and the resurrection" was ever the theme of those witnesses whom He sent into all the world to "preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16 : 15). In Acts 2 : 31, 32, alluding to David, Peter says, "He, seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of Christ, that His soul was not left in hell, neither His flesh did see corruption. This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses." Again (3 : 15): ye "killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses." Again, in Acts 4 : 1, 2, we read, "the captain of the temple and the Sadducees, came upon them, being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead." Peter declared (verse 10) that the impotent man stood before them whole by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, "*whom God raised from the dead*," and in the same chapter, when the disciples were a second time filled with the Holy Ghost, "with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus." And we find also that Stephen (Acts 6 : 56) and Paul (Acts 13 : 30-37; 17 : 31; 23 : 6; 24 : 21; 26 : 23) preached as much as Peter did, the blessed doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection.

But why should so much stress be laid upon the resurrection? Is it not by the *death* of Jesus that we are saved from our sins? Let God's Word be the answer. Rom. 4 : 25 reads, in the original, "Who was delivered *because of* our offences, and was raised again *because of* our justification." That is, had not his propitiatory death procured our justification, Christ could not have been raised; God could not have put away sin except the sacrifice was perfect. Thus, "if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins." God's wrath against sin, when it was laid upon our blessed Lord as the sin-bearer, was as real as though he were guilty of the world's sin. And except his death had been a just atonement, he could not stand now before the throne.

But because Christ is raised, we know that His death justifies us. Sinful, unworthy, meriting nothing but God's wrath in ourselves, yet, as represented in Him, we are justified, the sentence is passed upon our sins and executed in the person of Christ, and His resurrection is a standing witness that it is accomplished.

Our subject for to-day begins with the return of the women from the sepulchre. Mary Magdalene was the first to whom He appeared (John 20 : 14; Mark 16 : 9). She went to bring His disciples word, but it seemed as though she could not keep long away, and we found her again coming to the sepulchre in company with Mary the mother of James, and Salome (Matt. 28 : 1), "and other women which were with them" (Luke 24 : 10). They had seen an angel who "descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it." To the women the angel said, "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen as He said." They who seek Jesus risen have nothing to fear.

But the chief priests, the Pharisees, and the keepers of the sepulchre fear; they are cast into consternation. The chief priests seem to have had a misgiving; they implored that the sepulchre should be sealed and made sure *unto the third day*, because Jesus had said, "After three days I will rise again." These enemies of the Lord had seen such proof of the power of His words that they would make sure against their fulfilment. Their pretext was, "His disciples will come by night and steal Him away." Probably in the depth of their hearts they feared more than this. When the earthquake took place, and the angel descended, the keepers saw "Him; His countenance was like lightning, and His raiment white as snow: And for fear of Him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men." They who know not Jesus risen have everything to fear. When they shewed unto the chief priests all the things which were done, they assembled the elders, and took counsel how to save their reputation and get out of the dilemma.

Oh, had they gone to God and humbled themselves, had they come openly forward and acknowledged their sin and their error, it might have been well with them. But they bribed the soldiers with "large money" to say what must have condemned themselves and the soldiers too, that the disciples stole Him away while they slept. A sleeping guard in the Roman army was guilty of death. But there are those who practically disallow the resurrection of Jesus Christ in our day. Many who preach the doctrine of justification, but when the power of a risen Christ begins to manifest itself in their midst, when souls are saved and pass from death unto life, they try to hush it up and explain it away. They will have a dead Christ in a sealed grave well watched and guarded, but a living Christ, with all power both in heaven and earth, they are not prepared for.

The women "departed quickly from the sepulchre, with fear and great joy, and did run to bring His disciples word. And as they went to tell His disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held Him by the feet, and worshipped Him." Only Mary Magadalene, the last at the cross, and the first at the sepulchre, must not touch Him (John 20 : 17). "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God, and your God." Jesus was not yet ascended when the women held Him by the feet. But these had stood afar off when Jesus was on the cross, and the Lord shows them special tenderness. Mary was close by His cross, and He treats her with special confidence. She must have no personal gratification, but she, who understood His death and His resurrection, must be the first messenger of His ascension to the very apostles themselves. For some reason the disciples seem to have tarried in Jerusalem another week before they went into Galilee (John 20 : 26-29). There, it would seem, He gave "commandments unto the apostles whom He had chosen: to whom He shewed Himself alive after His passion, by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God"

The great burden which lay upon the Master's heart in these days in which He lingered on earth after His resurrection, was that of the perishing souls for which he died. All the four evangelists bear testimony to this fact. In our subject, St. Matthew records that He said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach (Gr., make disciples of) all nations," etc. St. Mark records (16 : 15, 16). "He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to *every creature*. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth, not shall be damned." St. Luke records (24 : 46-48), He "said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye (the eleven and they that were with them. Verse 33, comp. Acts 1 : 13-15), are witnesses of these things." John, in recording the Lord's question to Peter, which was three times repeated, tells us also how He enjoined him, "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs (John 21 : 15-17).

Thus the commission to win souls is clear and unmistakable. Luke 24 : 33, 46-48, compared with Acts 1 : 13-15, shows us that it is incumbent on laymen and on women as well as those who are called to the office of the ministry. Mark 16 : 15 shows us that we are not to limit God's grace; He sends us to *every* creature, however sunk in sin or however self-righteous, however hardened or however indifferent, however sceptical or however superstitious. Now if millions of heathen have never heard of Christ, and if thousands and tens of thousands in Catholic and Protestant lands have never received a personal call to come and receive free grace through Jesus Christ, who is in fault? Jesus sent one hundred and twenty persons to preach the Gospel to every creature. If He thought them capable of doing this work, surely, now that there are thousands of believers, we ought to be able among us to bring such light to bear upon every living human creature that each one should be brought into a position of responsibility about his own soul.

Many may make excuses and say, I have not the time, I have not the means, I have not the gift, I can speak no foreign tongue. First, What are we doing where we are? Are we missionaries in the houses where we live, in the shops where we deal? Are souls precious to us? Is the fire of love to souls kindled within us, and are all earthly considerations of rank, comfort, honor, utter dust and ashes to us, in comparison to the value of souls for which Christ died. Were it so, no want of gift or of language would hinder us, no want of means hold us back. We would go forth in the mighty strength of that warrant from the Master. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore." If the silver and the gold are His, then He has enough for me; if the power to speak with new tongues is in Him, then He will give me what I need: He will never send me a warfare on my own charges; He bears all the charges, blessed be His name.

But let us not forget that one part of our commission is, "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Unless we ourselves observe in our lives that which the Lord has commanded us, how shall we teach others? Oh, it is blessed to win souls, but how many who are won sink back into a life of religious selfishness, making themselves, instead of God, the centre of their being. Is it not because the soul-winners are not themselves conformed to the image of God's Son (Rom. 8 : 29)? St. Luke tells us that the Lord commanded the disciples to tarry in the city of Jerusalem until they should be "endued with power from on high;" Let us learn from this the need of God's power with which to work, and then go forward, because He is with us always, "unto the end of the world."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British Government is Seeking to Promote a union among the European Powers to enforce on Turkey the fulfillment of her treaty obligations. A circular note has been issued by Lord Granville, drawing the attention of the powers to the points of the Berlin Treaty not yet executed. Lord Granville expresses the wish of the English Government to see the Berlin Treaty promptly enforced, and he particularly refers to the Greek frontier question and the cession of territory to Montenegro as being matters which are still unsolved. He invites the powers conjointly to ask Turkey *at what time* she proposes to acquit herself of the obligations imposed upon and accepted by her. Prince Bismarck is said to have signified his intention to communicate with Austria before gving a reply. According to a telegram to the London *Standard*, France and Italy have already intimated their intention to adopt the English proposal; Russia alone is reserved. It is expected that Turkey will protest her extreme willingness to carry out the treaty, and as usual make promises of amendment.

An Effort to Procure the Recall of Sir Bartle Frere from his post in South Africa has been made by a number of members of the Liberal party in the British Parliament, and a memorial urging the step on the Premier has received over a hundred signatures. In his reply to the demand Mr. Gladstone spoke in the highest terms of Sir Bartle Frere's personal character and abilities. He declared that his recall would derange all the proceedings which have been taken with a view of colonial confederation; that when the question of confederation was settled it would be the duty of the government to consider Sir Bartle Frere's position with regard to general questions of colonial policy, and whether the government could continue to be responsible for him.

Prince Bismarck, who is Probably the most powerful statesman in Europe, is described by the correspondent of a daily journal as suffering from serious physical prostration. He writes: "The weariness which Prince Bismarck manifested in his recent speech in the Reichstag was noticeable also in his whole demeanor, which in its lassitude was a marked contrast to his activity in past days. He walked into the House with difficulty, heavily supporting himself on his stick. Toward the end of his speech his words became almost inaudible. His friends affirm that he suffered intensely from the mental and physical effects of his speech in public, and was obliged to retire to bed immediately on his return home. The Chancellor's nervous irritability is said to exceed all bounds. Any trifle is sufficient to arouse his anger and make him lose all self-command."

Mass in the Tower of London.—For the First time since the reign of Henry VIII., a military mass is now celebrated in the Tower for the benefit of the Roman Catholic officers and men of the Guards stationed there. This result has been mainly brought about by the efforts of the Rev. Father Bowden, who was formerly an officer in the household brigade.

Christian Work in Persia is receiving the blessing of God. A letter was read at a public meeting in New York last week from a lady in Persia who conducts a school for girls, containing thirty-eight daughters of the Nestorians, some of whom are nominal Christians, and many others very real Christians. There are also *fourteen Mohammedan girls* in the school. One of the latter was lately taken sick, and thought she was going to die. She felt that she was unprepared for death. In great mercy the Lord spared her, and she resolved to seek the Saviour. She sought her teacher's presence again and again, asking the teacher to pray for her. Then one Sunday afternoon she came to the teacher to tell her that she knew now she was a Christian. "How do you know?" was asked. "I know my heart was cold last Sunday; now it is warm; I love Jesus, I know that Jesus loves me, and has forgiven me my sins." There was evidence which her teacher considered justified the belief that this scholar had inded experienced a change of heart. Her father, too, has become impressed that he is a sinner before God, and prayers are being offered that he may find peace in believing.

The Temperance Hospital in London is a complete success. The report at the recent sixth annual meeting greatly encouraged those who are undertaking this reform in medical treatment. With the 140 in-patients and 1177 out-patients under the care of the hospital, *alcohol has not been used* in a single instance, and the death-rate had been only four per cent, which is much lower than in the general hospitals, where the cost of beer alone sometimes exceeds that of bread. This hospital will do a good work for humanity if it continues to furnish practical proof that even as a medicine alcohol is unnecessary and often mischievous in its effects.

Professor Nordenskjold, the Arctic Explorer, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent, has stated some curious things about the climate in regions of perpetual snow: "The cold is by no means so insupportable as is supposed. We passed from a heated cabin at 30 degrees above zero to 47 degrees below zero in the open air without inconvenience. At 15 degrees below zero a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. At once frozen by the wind it falls in *a fine powder*. At 40 degrees the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke changes at once into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air and make a light, continuous noise, like the rustle of a stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up, and the earth opens and vomits smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by coming in contact with ice on the beard. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice, which must be carefully removed before one can open them."

Nonconformity in the British Parliament is now of considerable strength. The Congregationalists number twenty five members—a larger number than in any other Parliament since the Commonwealth—all of whom belong to the Liberal party. The Baptists have five; the Wesleyans, nine; the Society of Friends, sixteen; the Unitarians, nineteen, and the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, three. There are five Jews returned, one of whom is a Conservative. The Scotch Presbyterians number twenty-nine, the Irish Roman Catholics forty-eight.

A Montreal Rumseller's Stock thrown away.—At one of the revival meetings in Montreal a rumseller related his experience. He said: "I was a wholesale and retail liquor-seller. I scoffed at revivals, hated evangelists; but out of curiosity attended the meetings in St. James Street Church, where the Spirit of God brought home the truth to me. I then realized my lost condition, and after a struggle of a few days I accepted Christ. I then rolled my barrels of whiskey, gin, and *rum into the streets, and knocked the heads in*." Next night his friends were with him, holding a prayer-meeting until one o'clock in the morning, in the very room where for years gambling and carousing had often aroused the attention of the police; the singing attracted the attention of these city officials, and they came up the stairs and bolted into the room, expecting to arrest a lot of drunken gamblers; but to their surprise they found a few Christians singing praises to Him who had redeemed them with His own blood. That man is now leading a consistent Christian life.

The Real Head of the House of Bonaparte.—Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte has written a letter concerning his family to an English friend, in which he says: "Of the four brothers of Napoleon I., Lucien, my father, and Jerome are the only two who are represented by living descendants. Cardinal Bonaparte being Charles Lucien's eldest son's son, and Lucien being Jerome's eldest brother, the Cardinal is incontrovertibly, whatever may be pretended to the contrary, *the sole and the real chief of the Bonaparte family* the ordinary sense of the word. Prince Napol Jerome, and after him his two sons, thank Napoleon III., and according to the constitu of the Second Empire, was undoubtedly the mediate heir of the emperor, and after his de and before his adhesion to the new rule the c of the imperial dynasty. But the Cardina the true chief of the family."

A Chinese Military Mandarin was Conve in an English hospital some time ago. He commanded a war-junk in Formosa, where was wounded in a fight with some pirates. suffered great agony from his wound, and Chinese doctors could not cure him, nor relieve his sufferings. He was induced to e the Foreign Hospital at Amoy, where an Eng surgeon performed an operation on him w wrought a cure.

While in the hospital he heard one of missionaries preaching in Chinese. The was, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures earth," etc. This roused his attention, an became a zealous convert to Christianity. rejoining the military service he began to pr his new faith, and in consequence had to ch between giving up his rank in the army o religion. He chose to give up everythin his faith, and after some time he qualified for became a teacher at the chapel at Polam, w he zealously performed his duty and lived o small salary.

The Czar and the Pope.—The latest taken by Russia in its treatment of the Ro Catholics within its dominions has greatly tled the Vatican. A decree has been issu the effect that all persons born of Roman olic parents since 1836 and themselves pro ing that faith, shall be considered to belor the Russian Greek Church, and that *it sh illegal* for them to continue *to believe* in the trines of Romanism. The Pope has se strongly worded protest against the decree.

Mrs. M. Baxter writes: "In Wesel God pleased to give much blessing to His V There were also some precious tokens tha tracts, which we give away by thousands doing a good work. One day we went i village, by invitation, to hold an evening ing. C. walked to a second village to away tracts. I went into the woods to be with God, and on my return heard the stra noise; it was about a hundred childr wooden shoes following C., who had been s ing to them in the churchyard. We h meeting for children in the afternoon, women at night; some found peace. This we are at Mulheim on the Ruhr, and have meetings. The Lord is 'confirming the with signs following.'"

A Salvation Army Mission to Irela commenced by General Booth. A meetin held at the "headquarters," in Londo Monday, May 3d, for the purpose of prese colors to "officers" about to proceed o evangelistic work. The hall was crowde at the meeting after tea the General inti that the idea was entertained of sending s missions to France, Germany, and Ho Quarters, it was announced, had been secu both Belfast and Londonderry, where the ations will be carried on. Mrs. Reynolds "captain," and Miss Strong is the "li ant," and they will be accompanied on th paign by four other young women, all of have rallied to the standard of the through Mrs. Reynolds's exertions in N ham and elsewhere.

The Death of Rev. John Curwen, name is well known in connection with the to which many of our Sunday-school hym sung, is announced. He was a Congrega ist minister in England until 1867, wh health broke down, and he established a p and publishing business. Among his p tions was "The Child's Own Hymn- which commanded an extensive sale. H born at Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, in 18

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

blished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. LMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. Y AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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version of a Blind Chinese Septuagenarian.

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES: An Opium Smoker Tied to a Bed—An Extraordinary Welcome, etc.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Republican Nomination—The Irish Famine Relief Fund—A Member of the Tweed Ring Dead—A Saint's Bones Seized in the Custom-House—A Scorpion in a Package of Newspapers—Remarkable Verification of a Dream, etc.

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SAMUEL: AN EXAMPLE OF INTERCESSION. A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

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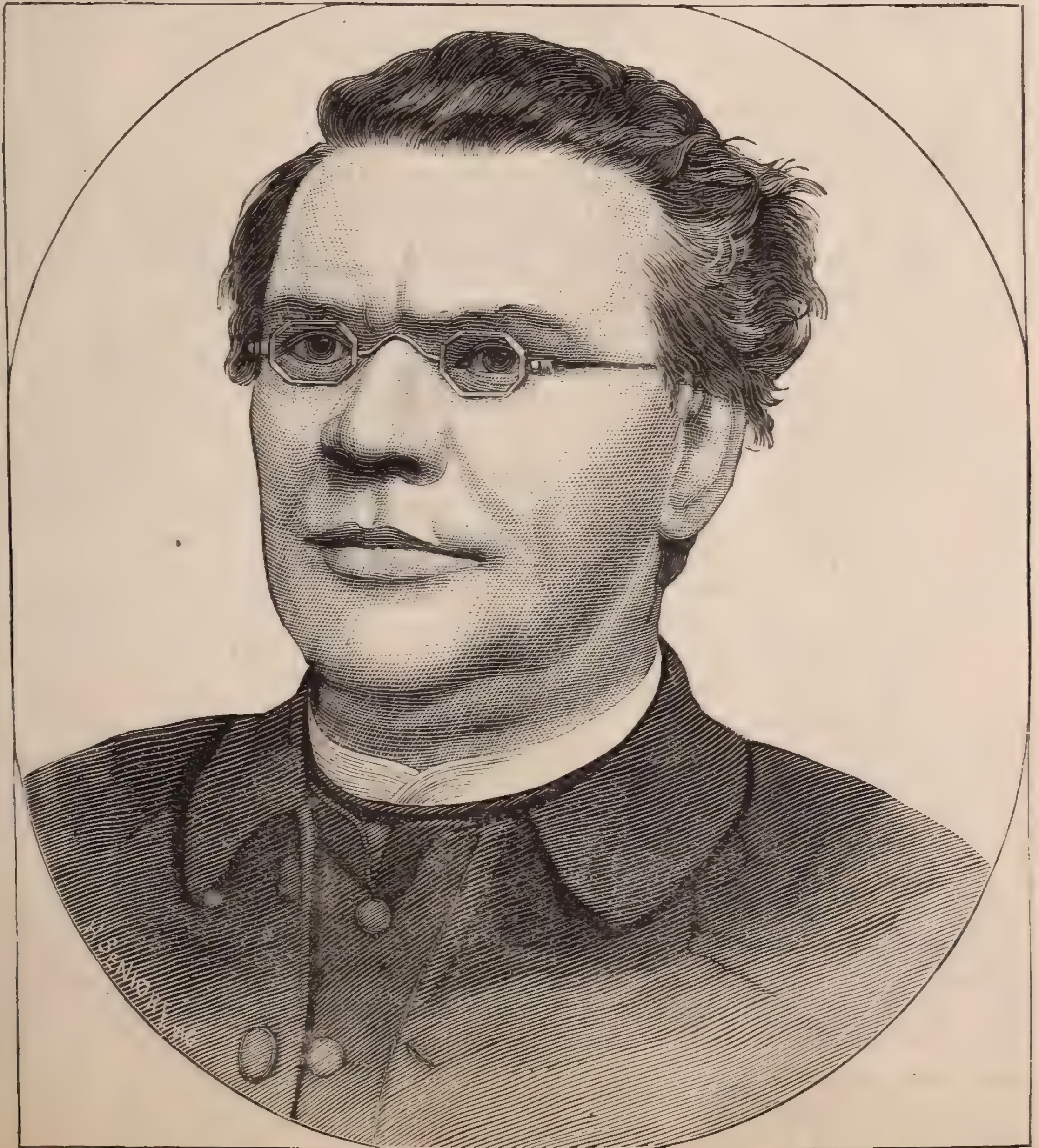
Ministry of Jesus, S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter.

FOREIGN TOPICS: Death of the Empress of Russia—A French Duel—Great Britain and Turkey—Mr. Gladstone's One Sleepless Night, etc.



Rev. JOHN S. INSKIP, President of the National Camp-Meeting Association.

REV. JOHN S. INSKIP.

Born in England—Immigration to America—Converted under Bishop Scott—Turned out of his Father's House—His Father Relents and is Converted—Enters the Methodist Ministry—"What a Man to Raise a Mob!"—Entire Sanctification—Receives that Grace in a Strange Manner—Great Results—Mrs. Amanda Smith—First Holiness Camp-meeting—The National Camp-meeting Association—Becomes a Preacher of Holiness—Travels to the Pacific Coast—Withdraws from Pastoral Work—Holiness Journals—Life and Character—Coming Tour Round the World, and the Round Lake Camp-meeting.

THE subject of this sketch is an Englishman by birth, but an American by education and life. He was born in Huntington, England, the birthplace of Oliver Cromwell, on the 10th of August, 1816. When he was five years of age, his parents immigrated to America and settled, first in Wilmington, Del., and afterward in Chester County, Pa., where he was converted on the 2d of April, 1832, under the ministry of the Rev. Levi Scott, now the senior bishop of the M. E. Church.

Mr. Scott preached on the words, "They began with one consent to make excuse" (Luke 14 : 18), and looking down casually at John Inskip, said, "That lad will say he is too young." The young man had imbibed *infidel views* from his father, who was a sceptic, and had never been in a church, but the preacher's direct remarks went home to his conscience. Old Mr. Inskip was very angry at his son's conversion, and, after trying in vain to make him renounce his faith in Christ, turned him out of his house.

The lad of sixteen went forth homeless, carrying his possessions in a bundle, vexed at heart but strong in faith, cheering himself with the song:

"Oh! how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!"

His father saw him go out of the house, not knowing whither, and was so affected that he went after him and brought him back, and himself believed in Jesus and lived and died a faithful Christian man. As the time drew on for the son to make a plan for life, he chose the ministry for a profession, and in 1836 he was received into the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Church. He continued there for about nine years, and was then transferred to the Ohio, or what is now the Cincinnati, Conference; and in other seven years he was transferred to the New York East Conference; then to the New York Conference; from thence to that of Baltimore; and finally, back to New York East, of which Conference he is still a member.

Mr. Inskip was four years President of the Preachers' Meeting at New York, and while stationed at Baltimore, he became prominent as a preacher and pastor. It is related that on one occasion, when he was addressing a large audience with remarkable power, a politician of note put his head in at the door, and after looking on a little while, said, "*What a man to raise a mob!*" So struck was the man, in his own standpoint of a platform orator, by Mr. Inskip's power of influencing an assembly. Having thus laid the foundations of a reputation, Mr. Inskip, accompanied by his wife, paid a short visit to Europe in 1859 or 1860.

But it is as one of the foremost exponents of the *higher life* of

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

that Mr. Inskip is best known, and any history of the man would be absurd which did not exhibit him most conspicuously in that character. The following account of the process by which his mind became fully awakened to this subject is from the pen of his close friend, the Rev. W. McDonald:

"The subject of entire sanctification early attracted his attention; and he became profoundly interested therein at the time of his ordination, when the bishop asked him the solemn and heart-searching *questions*, 'Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?' 'Are you groaning after it?' etc. At that moment he came very near to this great salvation. A little encouragement from any one familiar with the deep things of God [1 Cor. 2 : 10] would have been of infinite benefit to him, and might have so modified his subsequent experiences as to have greatly increased his power with God and man.

"Often a similar crisis occurred in his life, but, alas! was allowed to pass away unimproved. In two or three instances the land of Beulah was clearly in view, and with the aid of a devout guide he could have entered in and possessed the rest of faith.

"Various influences combined to change his *views* of the doctrine, and more especially of the experience, of Christian perfection. His mind, it is true, adhered to the doctrine as a peculiarity of his creed. He was supported in his adherence by a kind of denominational tenacity which led him to contend for the doctrine while discarding the experience. The doctrine he found in all our standard authorities; and, knowing it as a 'specialty' among Methodistic ideas, he was constrained to protect and advocate it on all suitable occasions.

"Notwithstanding this, he became exceedingly hostile to a *profession* of the experience. His hostility assumed a more reprehensible form than doubt or scepticism. It became, in fact, a deep-seated and unyielding prejudice, and sometimes developed in the most *uncharitable criticisms* upon those who professed the blessing and the methods which were adopted to promulgate it. His remembrance of this fact is often occasion of great humiliation before God and his brethren. . . .

"For nearly two years prior to the time it pleased God to bestow this grace upon him, he had been living a more devout life than at any former period of his history. His personal religious state had been more prominently in view, and excited a larger measure of attention and effort than usual. This was not, however, with any special reference to the attainment of the definite blessing of purity. He was seeking 'a closer walk with God,' and frequently was conscious of extraordinary power in the pulpit and divine communion in the closet. His religious experience during this period was of an improving character. He was under the control of the sentiment expressed in the line,

"Nearer, my God, to thee; nearer to thee!"

Yet the idea of seeking entire sanctification as a definite blessing did not enter his mind."

This was Mr. Inskip's state of mind, when at the Sing Sing camp-meeting, on August 19th, 1864, his wife,

MRS. INSKIP,

sought and found the blessing of perfect sanctification. She had been deeply interested in the subject before setting out for the camp-meeting, and had been present at most of the meetings in which the subject of holiness was specially presented. Her entire time had been given to the great matter, and all the energies of her soul had been aroused and drawn toward it.

At length, on the morning of the last day of the meeting, the Lord heard and answered her cry. The question was suggested to her mind, "Will you be willing to acknowledge this blessing to your husband and others?" She said within herself, "Yes;" and, looking to Jesus by faith, she felt the all-cleansing blood applied and knew that she was every whit whole. "In an instant," says a narrator, "the great transaction was done." Upon returning home, Mrs. Inskip took the first opportunity to testify in the church of what God had done for her, and immediately a number of persons came forward to the altar seeking a similar blessing.

The impression made on Mr. Inskip's mind was such that it led him to call to God for a larger measure of the influence of "the Spirit of truth" (John 14 : 17; 15 : 26; 16 : 13), that he might be a more efficient laborer in the vineyard. He was wonderfully enlivened, and his whole soul was stirred within him. Yet he di
not at once determine to seek definitely th
blessing of holiness.

He was at that time pastor of South Thir
Street M. E. Church, in Brooklyn, and on th
Sunday morning after Mrs. Inskip's public con
fession (August 28th), he preached on Heb
12 : 1, and while pressing the point of the tex
upon his audience, he frankly acknowledge
that he was himself no better than a seeker aft
an even walk with God. His appeals wer
nevertheless, very urgent and direct. He crie
out in a vehement manner, "Brethren, lay asic
every weight. Do it *now*. You *can* do it now
and therefore you *should*. It is your privileg
and therefore it is your duty, at this moment
make a consecration of your all to God, and d
clare you will henceforth be wholly and forev
the Lord's." He repeated these and simil
words several times with increasing force a
earnestness, when all at once

A VOICE

seemed to say to him, "*Do yourself what y
wish the people to do.*"

He saw the inconsistency of his own positi
in a moment, and, throwing off his backwar
ness, he put forth strong faith and exclaime
"Come, brethren, follow your pastor. I am
termined to lay aside every weight. I c
heaven and earth to witness that I now decl
I will be henceforth wholly and forever t
Lord's." Then he cried out with his eyes
ward heaven, "I am, O Lord, wholly and f
ever thine!"

"In this act of commingled consecration a
faith," writes the Rev. W. McDonald, "
wondrous work was done, and he was at o
divinely assured of its consummation. T
bliss, the peace, the triumph of that hour
never be forgotten. Then, indeed, he felt
joy of the Lord was his strength. A new ph
of spiritual life seemed to be revealed unto h
and he went forward in the path of duty w
such alacrity and vigor as he had never kno
before.

"The effect upon his congregation was tr
amazing. Up to this time there had been
marked indications of any revival interest am
the people. But in the evening of the day
ferred to the altar was filled with penitents,
eight souls were happily converted to God.
work went on with wondrous success and pov
Over *three hundred* persons were converted
a large number were sanctified wholly durir
series of protracted meetings held in the chu
and a week-day meeting for the promotio
holiness being afterward held weekly in the
sonage, some scores of others received the s
grace."

It will be of interest to mention here,
some years subsequently, when Mr. Inskip
pastor of Greene Street M. E. Church in
York, the colored evangelist, *Mrs. Ama
Smith*, received the blessing of entire sancti
tion at one of his services.

A year or two after these events the Rev.
B. Osborn, now a presiding elder in the S
India Conference of the M. E. Church, sug
ed to Mr. Inskip that a camp-meeting shou
held specially for the promotion of holi
The idea was taken hold of and a call was is
to all persons favorable to holding such a n
ing to assemble in Philadelphia to make
rangements for it. A number of brethre
sponded to the call, among whom was the
Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Baltimore, who pre
on the occasion. Vineland, N. J., was
upon as a suitable place, and there, in due
the camp-meeting was held to the glory of
and the mighty strengthening of the churc

It was a time of great prayer. We are
that all the business of the meeting was t
acted by the brethren on their knees. T
mented *Rev. Alfred Cookman* was there, a
voked God's presence and blessing with
usual fervor. And thus, in these hallowe
cumstances, was formed the

NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATIO

which has spread over all the land. Mr. I sen *President*, and the Rev. W. McDon- -*President* of the Association.

that time the prominent members of the ion received calls to hold special ser- d holiness meetings in various parts of itry, and in the spring of 1871. Mr. In- invited by Bishop Ames to accompany is conferences in the West. He accepted tation and did good service in leading s and people into the enjoyment of per- , after which he joined a party of Asso- nembers at Omaha, and went with them acific coast. These brethren had a *large -tent* with them, and they held meet- acramento, Santa Clara, and San Fran- nd on their way back they held a meet- lt Lake City. Immediately after their hey joined a larger body of their mem- held services at Round Lake and at where Mr. Inskip was temporarily *pros- sunstroke.*

ccess of these and other such labors led ip to retire from the work of the pas- nd ask to be placed on the *supernu- st* of the Methodist ministry.

llowing is an abridgment of his own ex- of the step, which he made and printed ne: "For many years past the convic- my mind that the Lord called me to a ld of operation than that furnished by ar pastorate has been increasing in clear- strength. Many of my most devoted iding friends, both of the clergy and ve frequently urged that I ought to on a line of evangelistic effort, insisting ould serve the cause of the Redeemer that way than any other.

demand upon my time and energies the National Camp-meeting arrange- been full as much as I could endure on to the labors of a heavy pastoral The recent invitation to the Pacific d a call from the other side of the At- d numerous other urgent solicitations al service, presented to the members tional Association a state of facts which d all that some of us were divinely called he emergency. Upon looking candidly rfully into the peculiar qualifications, nces, and surroundings of each, all o be perfectly agreed that the under- ught to give himself to this special " Mr. Inskip's friend, Mr. McDonald, ned his pastoral work at the same time milar reasons. Since that time these men have been able to give their whole reaching the Gospel of salvation and eetings for the promotion of holiness. st now turn to the subject of Mr. In-

LITERARY CONNECTIONS.

ocate of Christian Holiness, a well- ly conducted, excellently printed, and resting monthly magazine, was started ational Camp-meeting Association at July, 1870, not to record the proceed- e Association, nor to further its in- ut to further its *object*. The Vice- of the Association, Mr. McDonald, nted its editor. The journal was well d, and its size was increased from six- s to twenty pages in the second year of ation. Communications from Mr. en have been frequent in its columns. her journal of the Association, of . Inskip himself is the editor, is the *Standard and Home Journal*, publish- e Rev. Andrew Cather, at 921 Arch hiladelphia. This is a weekly paper, age broad sheet, which succeeded the *Home Journal* formerly published by Mr. Wallace, editor of the *Ocean Grove* These two organs of the Association a circulation of about 18,000. They t in able hands during the absence of s on their great tour round the world, t of which is given farther on in this le.

ject of this short sketch, apart from the special graces bestowed on him by the Spirit, is a man of unusual mental abilities and of peculiar energy and individuality of character. His industry is great, his conscientiousness in fulfilling engagements is remarkable, and he is methodical in all his habits. His manner is genial and his kindness is great, his character being modelled and controlled by his heavenly Master. Indeed, the conspicuous feature of his daily life is *loyalty to God:* he seeks to know God's will and to do it. On this principle, he, some years ago, broke off the habit of smoking. He enjoys excellent health and has much power of endurance. During a tour through some of the Southern States, in the winter just past, he preached ten or twelve times a week, besides frequently making short addresses, from the beginning of November to the end of March, with only two intervals of a few days each.

He is very sociable and conversational with his friends, and he makes friends of all the Lord's people. He holds all he possesses at God's service, and gives largely out of his slender means. In all his work for God he is aided and supported by his excellent wife, who is a ready and impressive speaker at meetings, and to whom he has been married above forty years. He had an only son, but lost him about twenty years ago.

THE ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING.

THE Rev. W. B. Osborn, who was the first to suggest a camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness, about two years ago, just before he went to India, proposed to Mr. Inskip that he and a party of members of the Association should make

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD

with the view of stirring up the churches to an earnest endeavor after the high standard of Scriptural holiness. The guidance of the Holy Spirit was sought in prayer, and the idea was deemed to be practicable. It was submitted to all friends and well-wishers of the Association, and funds sufficient to warrant preparations for the long journey were received.

These preparations have been completed, and (God willing) the party, consisting of the Revs. Mr. Inskip, W. McDonald, and J. A. Wood, and their wives, will sail in the National line steamship, The Queen, on June 23d. Other ladies and gentlemen will accompany them of their own choice, and paying their own expenses, but the friends of the Association are responsible for the six persons we have indicated, who will, however, receive no remuneration for their mission.

After working some time in the United Kingdom, the party will proceed directly to India, to which they have been cordially invited by the Methodist Conferences, and which will be the principal field of their testimony and labor. We intend shortly to give the portrait and life of a distinguished Indian missionary, and we shall then say something about the great field that lies open in India waiting for the Lord's harvesters. From India the plan of the party is to go to Australia and so to make their way home. The time of their absence may be about eighteen months. Copious reports of their progress and their meetings will be given every week in the *Christian Standard*.

We need scarcely say that the missionaries will be followed by the prayers of thousands of the Lord's people, both for their personal safety and for the design of their journey, which, if the movement be indeed of God's doing, will produce a growth visible in the churches of Europe, Asia, and Australia. The tour has been specially endorsed by the New York East and New England Conferences of the M. E. Church, and by several eminent servants of God, one of whom, *Bishop Simpson*, has given Mr. Inskip the following letter of commendation:

"It gives me pleasure to say that Rev. John S. Inskip is a minister of good standing, as well as of age and experience, in the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have known him well for many years as an active, devoted, and efficient laborer in the Lord's vineyard. In his visit to foreign countries he is accompanied by Mrs. Inskip, who is also well-known to the Church as an earnest and successful Christian lady who has been of great service in assisting in protracted and revival services. They are both commended to the courtesy of Christian friends, and the blessing of God is invoked upon them.

"M. SIMPSON, Bishop M. E. Church."

The departure of this Christian band is to be celebrated by a camp-meeting of extraordinary interest at Round Lake, which begins the day after to-morrow (12th inst.), under the presidency of Mr. Inskip. May that be a time of exceptional manifestation of the Holy Spirit and of divine grace to those who come together there, and a time of special encouragement to the time-honored servants of God who have to travel *twenty-four thousand miles* of sea and land before they set feet on their native shores again.

Mr. Inskip's hair is more gray than it was when the portrait from which our cut is made was taken, but in other respects the likeness will be recognized as a faithful one. The portrait and this sketch may be an acceptable memento to his many friends till it please the Lord to let them see his face once more.

A BLIND CHINESE SEPTUAGENARIAN.

The following incident is related by Rev. J. R. Wolfe, an English Missionary in China:

About seven years ago I visited *Chak Tu*, a large city in the northern part of the province. We opened a chapel there, and it was a great day in the town, because the foreign man had come there and opened a Religion Hall. The people came in crowds to listen, and as they went through the principal street they made a great noise and commotion. They met *a blind man, seventy-five years of age*, who inquired what all the noise was about. They said, "Don't you know that we are going to hear the foreign man who has opened a Religion Hall?"

Then the blind man said, "I will go too." They took him by the hand and led him down the street, and brought him to the Church Missionary chapel. The missionary got up at the other end of the chapel and read this text: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then the blind man jumped upon his feet and clapped his hands, and said, "Thank you, sir, very much, that is just what I have been longing for and praying for for many years." The people said, "He is mad; turn him out." He answered, "No, I am not mad, but I know what I want, and what I have been praying for for many years." Six months after that I went to the same place, and seven men were brought to me for baptism. Among them was the dear old blind man. This was *the old man's story:*

"When I was twenty-five years of age I came to the conclusion like many others, that idolatry was vain. In despair one morning, as I was walking behind my house in a field, I saw a glorious ball of fire jump up out of the East, and I fell down and worshipped the rising sun, saying, 'Oh, Sun, take away the load from my heart.' Again, as I was walking in the fields, I said to myself, 'Perhaps the moon can save me,' and I prayed to the moon for twelve long months. But no peace came to me either from the *sun* or from the *moon*. Next I turned to the glittering *stars*, and for a year I worshipped them.

"But they brought me no comfort. One day I threw myself on the ground and said, 'If there be a Ruler above the stars, reveal Thyself to me.' But no voice came from the Ruler above, and I went on my weary course in the world till I became a blind old man, bearing a burden in my heart, when I heard a commotion in the street, and asked what it was all about. I went to hear the foreign man preach. I heard him describe the great God above, and then he went on speaking of His love to man. I could stand it no longer, and jumping on my feet, I exclaimed, 'That is just what I want.' (Applause.) Now, to-night, here I am, standing at this font, about to be received into the Church of Jesus Christ."

JUBILEE.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, June 6, 1880.

AT THE RECEPTION OF FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN SOULS.

"This day shall be unto you for a memorial."—Exodus 12 : 14.

The Passover Scene—Scottish Covenanters Saved by a Deluge of Rain--This Day Memorable through Eternity on many Accounts—I. We Rehearse a Death Scene—Death always Impressive—The Death of Christ Singularly Sad—Dying among Enemies—Dying to Save the World —II. A Reunion—A Grand Family-Circle—The Communion Table Widens to Receive the Church Universal—III. It Arouses many Gracious Memories--The Fathers Gone Before—IV. It is a Confessional—V. It is Anticipative.

[Before commencing his sermon, Dr. Talmage, who was accompanied on the platform by Rev. Mr. Harrison (the boy preacher), the Rev. Drs. Drake, Gilbert, Evans, Gray, See, and Davidson, the Rev. Mr. Hastings, the Rev. Alfred Taylor, and "Father" Pierson, looking on the upturned faces of the congregation, which crowded the Tabernacle in every part, said: "This is a stupendous scene on the glorious first Sabbath in June—our Pentecost. I ask the entire congregation to join us in singing, 'Ho! my comrades, see the signal!'" Then he read that famous Moody and Sankey hymn, and it was sung with thrilling effect.

Then Dr. Talmage said: "I will now read the muster-roll of the Lord's army, of persons recently received by letter and on profession of faith, and to-day made members of our church." Then he read a list of 416 names. They embrace *three of the pastor's own children;* of one of the converts, as he read her name, Dr. Talmage said: "She died after her conversion; she joins this church militant to-day, but has already joined the church triumphant in heaven." After he had concluded the list of new accessions to the Tabernacle Church, he said that the total membership was now 2061.

"I am in great perplexity," said Dr. Talmage. "This work of grace has been going on for six weeks, and constantly deepening and widening. On Friday evening last the Tabernacle could not seat all who came. I had given notice that on that evening the Rev. Mr. Harrison would terminate his work with us. And yet how can we close? I never was in greater perplexity. I put the question to this congregation, not to church-members alone, but to men of the world as well, whether in this outpouring it is best to stop now? What shall we do? I cannot take the responsibility. Brother Harrison can tarry with us a day or two longer. I ask all those whose common-sense tells them it is better to go on for two or three evenings to arise in their seats." All the five thousand arose. Dr. Talmage next expressed his unqualified approval of the boy evangelist's work, and said that he would continue for several evenings longer.]

THE word "passover" was a very significant word. It described a scene when the destroying angel, with one stroke of his wing, left one dead in each Egyptian household; but the door-posts of the houses of the Israelites being sprinkled with the blood of the lamb, the destroying angel passed over. And so to-day we celebrate *a grander passover*, all peril fleeing from our heart because the door-posts of our souls are sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb of God. Christ, our Passover, sacrificed for us. "This day shall be unto you for a memorial."

The sacramental Sabbath, whether in American church, or English chapel, or Scotch kirk, is more impressive than other Sabbaths. The light is holier, calmer, sweeter. The voices are more tender. Its touch is softer. Its memories are more chastened. Christian graces suddenly ripen like orchards on the hill fronting the south. The wine, juice pressed from grapes of the celestial vineyard, and the bread broken to drop from the hand of Him who fed the five thousand.

We walked to church this morning with more thoughtfulness. There is more tremulousness in the hymn, and when we give each other Christian salutation at the close of the service we feel thrilling, through body, mind, and soul, the great doctrines of Christian brotherhood.

Our mind goes back to the time when our fathers among the Highlands of Scotland celebrated the sacrament among the mountains, their enemies pursuing them, they drinking the wine from rough-hewn bowls, wooden bowls, and dipping the water for the baptism from the rocks, until once they heard *the voices of the enemy* coming up the hill, and the pastor cried, "O Lord, the Shepherd, save Thy sheep!" and suddenly a cloud burst and a deluge came, and swept down in torrents over the mountain-side, whelming the persecutors into destruction, and saving the Covenanters. So, O Lord, let the cloud of Thy mercy burst to-day, that our sins may be whelmed and our soul saved ("Amen!").

Amid the ten thousand million ages of eternity you will remember this first Sabbath in June, 1880. This is the amethyst of days, it is the pearl of days, it is the diamond of days, it is the day of days. This day shall be forever, and forever, and forever a memorial. There are three or four things that make this occasion all-absorbing in interest.

I. The first is,

WE REHEARSE A DEATH SCENE.

That is always touching and arousing. Though you be in a hotel, and a stranger is dying, how softly you walk around the room, and if you come to his dying couch you come with head uncovered. Even the joker ceases his jests, and if you close the eyes of that stranger you do it with deep emotion.

But I tell you of *One who died among his enemies* and among strangers. When we die we die for ourselves, and we die amid all kindnesses. Bathings of the hand, bathings of the head, bathings of the feet, some one to hold our hand in the last agony, some one to give us the farewell kiss. Not so with Christ. He died among enemies, and He died among strangers, and He died in torment, and he died for others.

He might have walked a king among the gardens that sloped to the sea. Instead of the unwashed rabble that followed Him, He might have thrilled sanhedrims and universities with His eloquence. Instead of crossing Genesareth in a fishing-boat, He might have waited until the waters were calm, and smoothly He might have crossed that sea. But no, He must suffer, He must be hounded, He must die. The kind for the cruel, the good for the bad, the divine for the human.

Oh, how obligated we feel to anybody who saved our physical life! If you sink in the flood, and a man with strong oar pulls out toward you and brings you to the land, you never can forget this kindness. If you are in battle, and a horseman rides by, intercepting the assault of the enemy, why, you never can forget that kindness. Here I tell you to-day of a conqueror, Jesus Christ, on the white horse, who, in the very moment of His victorious charge, fell, as the lances of death struck Him.

> "Was it for crimes that I had done,
> He groaned upon the tree?
> Amazing pity, grace unknown,
> And love beyond degree!"

II. But this is further an absorbing occasion because it is

A REUNION.

I knew what was meant when that woman, seated beside a young man, made no answer to my question. "*This is your son?*" I said to her. She made no reply, but burst into tears. I knew all the story. It was a prodigal got home again. It was the dead alive, the lost found.

Oh, how many reunions of families to-day! A little while ago, husband and wife were divided by the religious choice. Now, to-day, under the cross, they are remarried for eternity. One on earth, one in Heaven. Reunion of all God's people.

Other days we go our own way. You move in one circle of society, you move in another; you travel in one path, and you travel in another; but on a day like this we come on the same platform, gazing upon the same death anguish, clinging to the same cross. This does not seem like a church to me to-day; it seems like *a great family circle*, where we all join hands around the cross. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one cross, one Christ, one doxology, one Heaven.

And *this table*, which seems to be onl
or eight feet long by three or four fee
widens until all the Christians of our o
nomination may sit at it, and widens and
until all Christians of all denominati
Christians may sit at it, and widens and
until it bridges the sea, and transa
Christians sit at it, and widens and wider
the redeemed of Heaven mingle in th
munion, church militant, church triumph

> "One army of the living God,
> To whose command we bow;
> Part of the host have crossed the flo
> And part are crossing now."

And ye ministers of religion from all den
tions of Christians [addressing the com
clergymen seated on the platform], it is
for our souls to-day. Many of you have
long in the Lord's harvest field. I gi
congratulation to-day, I bid you welcome
With some of you the work is nearly do
the Lord will soon call you home. Go
that those of us who stand in the pulpit
ing Christ may be as faithful as thos
preceded us.

And when some of you are gone, we
our hand on your cold brow and say
father, my father, the chariots of Israel
horsemen thereof!" and then and there
swear new allegiance to that Christ for
you toiled. Reunion! Reunion!

III. Another thought makes this a v
pressive scene—a very impressive and ab
scene—and that is,

IT AROUSES MANY GRACIOUS MEMOR

There is not a person in the house bro
under such circumstances but his min
back to childhood days—long before yo
the meaning of the bread and the wine
sacrament, and you sat in the gallery,
side pew while your parents or older b
and sisters partook of the elements, or,
in the same pew, you remember how yo
your mother's dress and said, "What d
mean? what do you do that for? what
in the cup? what is that on the plate?"

You remember how more tender you
was on sacramental day; and you re
your mother, how she stood in silence an
ed at you, not saying a word, but her ey
with tears. Dear old souls! they are go
but until our dying day we shall associa
with this glorious ordinance, and when o
work on earth is done, we will go up an
side them in the Heavenly Church, as
our childhood we sat beside them in the
church.

> "Blest are the saints beloved of God,
> Washed are their robes in Jesus' bloo
> Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
> Their glories splendid and sublime."

IV. There is another thought, givin
tenderness to this occasion, and that is,

A CONFESSIONAL.

There were times, perhaps, when if a m
said there was any imperfection in our ch
we would have felt insulted, and we wou
said, "You don't understand who you a
ing to: do you doubt my honor?" Th
are children of God have passed that fe
sensitiveness. In the presence of the sac
the Son of God, we think of what we ha
and what we have neglected to do, and o
melts within us; and instead of boasting
like crying, "God be merciful to me
ner!" There is not a man on the platf
morning but can pray that prayer.

Oh, yes! with His dying lips Christ a
our service, but what a poor service
rendered! Of this short life we have be
God even a fragment. Some of us have
old age, and have not begun to serve Hi
this is a confessional. Brethren in th
try and brethren out of the ministry,
Christian people, let it be a confessional.
be one place more humble than another,
to take it. If there be one prayer more i
nate than another, we ought to offer it.

confession more bitter than another, we gh to weep it out.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin."

nce more I remark, that this scene is lly tender and impressive because

IT IS ANTICIPATIVE.

re not to stay here much longer. Our h wants us home. The Church on earth is e vestibule of a grander Church on high. ne will soon come when our names will sed off the earthly books, and there will thing in the margin to indicate that we ne up to join *a higher communion.* s not going to let His children lie in the The grave is no place for us to stay in. ord shall descend with a shout, and the the archangel, and all the dead in Christ se." The white robe in which they put ur last slumber must get whiter. We se: we must rise. "Behold He cometh uds, and every eye shall see Him." God pe away all tears from their eyes, and hall be no sighing, and God shall be the ing home of our immortal spirit. must pause. We enter upon a scene f equalled, has *never been surpassed* in any since the Day of Pentecost. A great le this morning start on in the Kingdom st, publicy avowing themselves on the ide. "And when the day of Pentecost come, they were all with one accord in ce, and suddenly there came a sound aven as of a rushing mighty wind, and re tongues of fire."

e conclusion of the sermon Dr. Talmage right hand of fellowship to the new , and baptized by sprinkling 165 of They were of all ages, from a child of ears to a gray-haired man of 82].

EMPERANCE ANECDOTES.

ional Temperance League Meeting in —Bishop How and a Cabinet Minister ipwreck—A Notable Answer—A Minis all—The American Aquatic—Mr. An a Teetotaller for Forty-six Years—Sam k giving up Tobacco.

nual meeting of the National Temper gue of Great Britain was held in Exeter don, on Monday, May 3d.

nual report was read by the secretary, and stated that the number of men in is about 60,000 and of these upward re registered abstainers; and of the s in training-ships more than one-half ed the pledge, and 58 officers have also About 20,000 out of Britain's 120,000 re believed to be abstainers. The total income of the National Temperance as been about £7000.

shop of Bedford, Dr. How, in the his speech, said: *I am myself a total* If one can do something by one's ex interfere with the drinking habits of f one can break through in some little e trammels of custom which make it unpleasant sometimes not to take a ine when everybody else does so, it is g a very high price for the thing which king to accomplish. Self-denial is al olesome and good thing. member

WHEN I WAS A BOY,

n was not supposed to lose his char respectability—a "gentleman" I he was called—if he now and then the drawing-room slightly intoxicated er. Nowadays that is all gone. Such not tolerated anywhere, and if a man a friend's drawing-room after dinner for wine I do not think he would be ain very soon. It was not so once. I g a day or two with the late Mayor of the summer before last, and he was day going to open the thirty-second cocoa-house in Liverpool, and he told me that the thirty-one were answering. That was a very happy piece of news.

I was sitting the other day by the side of one of our eminent Cabinet Ministers. We were talking about total abstinence, and he said, "I will tell you what total abstinence will do (you can understand he was not a member of this League); it will foster and encourage all sorts of sins which lie beneath the surface, and which it will help to excuse and palliate, because it makes drunkenness the only sin in the world." I was obliged to laugh at that, as I told him *the story of the monk* who was given his choice by the Evil One which of the three sins he would commit. Drunkenness was one of the three, and the other two I will not mention. He thought drunkenness so much the less sinful that he chose that, and under its influence committed the other two. I don't believe there is a grain of truth in that gentleman's argument. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Dr. Grosart, in the course of his speech, said: "Over in the great Republic of the United States and in Canada, and to a large extent in Australia, you will scarcely find, among the thousands and tens of thousands there, a minister of the Gospel or Sunday-school teacher who is not a personal total abstainer.

One dark and tempestuous night

A SINKING SHIP

was slowly but surely settling down into the deep. Through the black dark night the Three Bells, of Glasgow heard the guns pealing pleadingly, and returned this answer: "Ship ahoy! the Three Bells, of Glasgow, will lay by you till daylight." It lay fast through the watches of the night. Gun answered gun, and still nearer came the Three Bells, of Glasgow, and at last, just when the wreck was lurching, all the souls on board were saved. Now, to the wives, the mothers, the husbands, the young men, and the maidens, the boys and the girls, to one and all who have been trampled upon and stained by our social habits and customs in regard to strong drink, I would sound out, "We are lying by you; we do not mean to forsake you; we ministers of the Gospel, we Sunday-school teachers, we Christian men and women, we, by the strength of Jesus Christ, do not mean to forsake you, but to work on, and on, and on, aye, and until the kingdom of the devil shall be destroyed, and the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ shall be established."

A NOTABLE ANSWER.

Mr. Kegan Paul, in his speech, said: At a teetotal meeting in a town in Somersetshire, a gentleman was sitting in the front row who for many years had subscribed to the teetotal society, though he never became a total abstainer. He applauded the speakers with all his might, and at the end the chairman appealed to him, and said, "Our friend So-and-so has been here for many years. He has subscribed to our society; he has applauded our speakers, he has done everything that he possibly could for us, and now will he have the goodness to come on the platform and say why he doesn't join us altogether?" This gentleman accepted the challenge, and he advanced the only argument that I have never been able to answer against total abstinence, and which I have never heard anybody else answer. He said, "You have convinced me of the evil that this drink is doing; you have convinced me of the large number of persons who ought to support your movement, but you have not convinced me of one thing—*you have not convinced me that I don't like it.*" There I believe is the one sole argument against our cause.

The Rev. J. R. Wood said: I was once the victim of what has been called "the huge delusion" of modern society, that I could not do my work without a little wine. I thought it was necessary to my health and efficiency, and I conscientiously took it. But at a meeting in this hall four years ago, some admirable speeches were made, and among them an address by Sir Henry Thompson. Now, that address opened my eyes. I saw that a little wine was not only unnecessary, but that my health would be better without it, and also my working power. Long I had desired to do something in the cause of temperance, but I had been debarred by the consideration I have just mentioned. As soon as I saw that I was the victim of a delusion, I did what any wise man ought to do—*I immediately abstained.*

A MINISTER'S FALL.

Not so long ago, in a northern city, there was borne to the tomb in the midst of lamentations indicating great love and respect, the venerable form of a minister of that body to which I belong. That minister had held a high and honorable position in that city for upward of forty years. He had a son, who also became a *Nonconformist minister*, treading in the steps of his father—but not entirely. Presently that young man became the victim of drink. Disgraced in our ministry, he obtained admission into another, but disgraced himself repeatedly, and finally he was found drinking the sacramental wine in the house of God, and now, for aught I know, that man, in the very city where his father lived and toiled, haunts a common lodging-house, and is thankful for a cup of cocoa and a cheap bed.

Mr. John Andrew said: When I was in my teens I came across the autobiography of Dr. Franklin. There is an incident in his life which made a strong impression upon my mind. Dr. Franklin had a strong desire to visit the old country, as young men across the Atlantic have felt since. He came to this metropolis and obtained employment in a large printing establishment. He was a water-drinker, and in derision was called

THE AMERICAN AQUATIC,

but he could do what no other man in the establishment could do. His muscular power was greater than that of any of them. He tried to persuade his fellow-pressman that he was making a great mistake to drink, and to show him that the nourishment in it was just the quantity of barley that was in it, and that was precious litttle.

Last January I completed *forty-six years* of teetotalism. I have five children who have never tasted these liquors. My partner in life has been a teetotaller nearly as long as myself, and known to some upon this platform, and I have never had occasion to regret the step which I took in January, 1834. The late Canon Stowell, in a sermon, says to all, especially to young men, "Make a rule of this sort—*not to bet* for a single farthing." Now, if there are strong reasons for such advice, there are reasons ten times stronger for resolving never to take intoxicating liquors as an article of diet. I think in that sermon Canon Stowell relates this fact, that Cook, the victim of Palmer, said one day to two youths who were going to the races, "Now, my young men, don't bet at all." This was a man addicted to betting himself for many years. And I would say to young men—make the same rule against taking intoxicating liquors.

I once heard Sammy Hick, the Village Blacksmith, at a missionary meeting, and I shall never forget it. In one part of his life he was

A SMOKER,

and one day a poor woman asked him for some relief. Sammy gave sixpence, for he was a generous man, and he saw that this small gift gave great joy to this poor woman, so he began to think, "*How many sixpences have I blown away in smoking?*"—and he resolved that he would give up the pipe. A short time afterward Sammy was very poorly, and people told him it was because he had given up the use of tobacco, and that he should return to it. A medical man was called in. I don't know whether he did it to try Sammy's firmness or not, but he said he had better begin smoking again, or he would not be answerable for the consequences. Sammy said, "I told the Lord, my divine Master, I would never smoke again, whatever might be the consequence, and if death should come—why I'm prepared for it." Sammy soon afterward got better, but never resumed the pipe again.

NED CASSIDY AND THE EAGLE'S NEST.

By Henry Martin.

(*Continued from page* 358.)

Foley's Foolhardy Climb to the Eagle's Nest—Attacked by the Eagles, he cries for Help—Dan Foley's Perilous Position—Ned Cassidy's Courageous Adventure to Rescue Him.

On re-embarking to proceed up the channel to the Upper Lake, after a little, Ned, who had marked with pleasure the delight which the echoes afforded us, said, "Once on a time, sir, when I used to hear these echoes, and that was often (yet I never tired of listening to them), I used to think of fairies and spirits, and in imagination gave them the credit of the delicious music.

"But of late, sir, I never hear those echoes but I think of that night when the angels sang the birth of the blessed Saviour Jesus Christ on the plains of Bethlehem, or of the visions of heaven in the Book of the Revelation (or Apocalypse), where they sing forever, joined by the 'harpers harping on their harps,' in music sweeter than this world can afford."

"Ned," I rejoined, "the same thoughts came to me also as I heard those sounds just now, surpassing human skill. And there is a verse of a great English poet which I must repeat for you, which is a wonderful description of the angels' hymn on earth when Christ was born.

"'When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal fingers strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loth to lose,
With *thousand echoes* still prolongs each heavenly close.'"

"That *is* fine poetry and no mistake, sir," exclaimed Alick Flannagan, "and I believe the man that made it (an Englishman, I think you said, must have been to the lakes before he wrote those words, for the last line describes to the life the echoes of Killarney. Is it long since he was in these parts, sir?"

"Alick," I replied, "he never was in Ireland that I know of, though he took great interest, from peculiar circumstances, in this country, and he died long, long ago; but you are right as to the poetry—*John Milton*, who wrote it, was the greatest poet, perhaps, the world has seen."

The men having rowed a considerable distance along a natural canal which is about three miles long, the boat at last passed into a narrow channel, so narrow indeed that soon there was scarce room for our men to ply their task; before, however, it became so contracted, our boatmen gave several long and strong pulls at the oars; then shipping them, the boat drove on from the impetus, and passing through Coleman's Leap (so called from a tradition that a man thus named had once sprung across the channel here, though twenty-five feet wide) we rode out upon the waters of the Upper Lake.

It is an expanse studded with tree-covered islands, and is encompassed on every hand with lofty mountains, one peak, Carran Tual, rising to the height of 3410 feet. The lake is so embosomed by these great eminences that, looking round, and back to the spot where you had entered, there appears no place of egress, and you seem to be totally excluded from the outer world.

But in our narrative we must return to the Eagle's Nest or pyramidal rock, near which we left Dan Foley and the party to which he was guide. After we passed them and had left the rock with its echoes, Dan and his party reached it. There were some ladies in the boat, but the gentlemen and boatmen and guide—as too often, alas! happens in modern society—had been making too free with "the bottle" that does not "cheer," but inebriates. Talking of the eagles and their nest, one of the ladies, little thinking of what would follow, expressed a wonder whether there were eaglets in the nest, or eggs, and, if the latter, what sort of eggs it was that eagles laid, their size and color.

"That's a thing," said Dan Foley, who was close by, "that I have often wished to know, and the thought has often come over me to climb the rock and try; but as it is not allowed us to disturb the birds, and as the rock is high and steep, I have never to this hour attempted the feat;" and then he added, with an oath, "I'll not let this day pass, however, without trying it."

"Never, Dan!" replied his comrades. "You're not going to be a fool like that! It would only get us into trouble, and risk your own neck into the bargain, for to climb safely more than a thousand feet to that nest is impossible."

"Well, you'll see," muttered Dan, "before the day is out, whether it's a break-neck job or not, for I have made up my mind to risk it."

The party dined at the side of the channel on which the rock stands. Here of course addition was made to the morning's indulgence, until more than one or two of the company had passed some way beyond the bounds of sobriety, and in the midst of their merry-making Dan Foley was missed. Whither he had gone none of his comrades could tell; he left in silence, with hint to none, and all were so intent upon the liquids and viands before them that his departure was unnoticed. What could have become of him? After a while curiosity was changed to anxiety.

A voice, however, half way up the great triangular rock which overhung them soon put an end to all uncertainty as to what had become of Dan. His shout, feeble from the height, informed them that he was off for the eagle's nest, jokingly asking them to wait for an eagle's egg for supper.

"Let us follow him," said his comrades, with one voice, "and force him back. To reach the place he has got to is easy enough, but if he attempts the upper part of the rock, his life, fool that he is, with the drink he has got, isn't worth an hour's purchase."

Dan, perceiving in a few moments that he was pursued, with increased energy sought to scale the rock, resolved not to be frustrated in his purpose. The progress he made, considering the steepness of the cliff, was marvellous, and yet at each success the danger and the difficulty were augmented. Higher and still higher he climbed, clinging to long grass, shrub, rock-plant, or fern, until at last he neared the hollow beneath the shelving rock on which the nest of the eagle was built, and he could hear the young ones cry.

The foolhardy attempt of the invader had not been unnoticed by the parent birds; with a sharp scream they rushed through the air from afar, and then, when close to the rock, afraid to attack the foe who had dared to molest their home, with outstretched necks and beating wings they flew round and round the rock which formed the apex of the pyramidal mass, and at each time they came to the rock's side where Dan was they swept on furiously, wheeling close to his head, making more loud their screams of fear and anger.

Only twelve or fifteen feet of the rock were now above him; but, nearly steep as a wall, it was the most difficult part of the ascent. Just beneath the nest the shelf of rock sharply jutted out, forming a natural starting place and landing stage for the eagles in their daily flights. If Dan could only reach that point with his hands he believed he could draw himself up and accomplish his enterprise; but how could the sharp projecting ledge be laid hold of? it was so far above his head, and he had brought no rope to aid him.

Examining his position, however, a little more closely, he came to the conclusion that, by working from the corner of the rock where, weather-worn, it had formed rude steps and footholds, he could reach an elevation from which he might throw himself to the jutting ledge and master the difficulty. Rapidly forming his plan, he sought to put it into execution.

With hands and feet, at the outer ledge of the great block of stone, some yards in elevation, he upraised himself, and thus gaining the height that was necessary, with a mad and desperate spring he threw himself toward the point he wished to reach, and, wonderful to tell, s
ed in gaining it. Grasping it hard wi
hands he hung from it, and then endeav
he had purposed, to draw up his body
shelf of rock the nest rested on, strivin
his efforts by pressing his feet forcibly u
inequalities in the face of the precipice:
had made a false calculation: the rock
spot was smooth and slippery, and, press
as he would, he could find no foothold.

He then tried to draw himself up by h
alone, but he found that to do so was q
practicable; and there the wretched ma
his whole weight on his arms, from the
ledge, with a thousand-feet wall of ro
broken here and there by a ledge or less
beneath him.

The eagles, seeing his jeopardy and h
ness from having both arms engaged, n
hesitated to assail him boldly, and it w
by keeping his head down, and close as
to the rock, that he could preserve his
eyes from their rage and violence; as
blood flowed from many a scar on his n
shoulders. He cried and screamed f
The comrades he had fled from with pa
entreaty he now called to his assistance.

Fortunately help was at hand to res
from his perilous position. Andy O'T
Ned Cassidy, with other comrades, an
the base of the great cliff in our boat s
Dan Foley had discovered himself and
design, hastened to his assistance.

Their arrival on the narrow stony p
from which Foley had clambered in the
of his ascent to his present perilous
scared the eagles from their attack, w
far was a relief to him, though still t
birds wheeled in rapid circles around
uttering fierce cries.

But the question was, how were
panions to save Foley from destructi
was a strong man, and his arms, accus
the oar, were muscular, for he had of
as boatman as well as guide; but he
hang by his hands from the rock for
yet there seemed no way of getting him
the narrow ledge on which his comrade

One of them, Mick O'Hagan, a
Foley's, declared he would not take a
pounds to climb where Dan was; an
was he above them, and so contracted
standing-place, that to propose to cat
his fall, if he would let go his hold,
madness—his weight would most certa
come and overbalance them, and so in
fellows in his own destruction.

The miserable man's entreaties were
he feared to die, and especially the a
that menaced him. "Is there none o
save me?" he cried; "none of you to
helping hand? none of you to keep me
horrible death that threatens me?"
name of humanity—in the name of th
Virgin—in the name of God and His
besought their aid; but every cry was

Not a comrade dared to get nea
seemed indeed impossible, and two o
gan to return down the rock unwillin
the despairing cries of the wretched
witness the last moment of his agony
must let go, and be shattered to destr

Observing his failing strength, and t
thing were to be done to save life i
done quickly, Ned Cassidy, as if he co
no longer the vain cry of a fellow-ma
said to Andy, who stood next him,
can't stand this; if these comrades
do nothing, I will in God's name t
him; and may He give me the needed

"What," replied Andy, "will yo
life for the man who has hated you?
would have taken your own life if d
law had not hindered him? To do
friend would be a tremendous sacrif
an enemy, why, it's not natural. A
ber the wife and little ones at home
sides, to save Foley is, I believe,
The power of man can't do it. He h

mself into this terrible fix. and must now be ft to bear the consequences."

Leaning toward him Ned whispered, "The ook, Andy, says, 'Love your enemies; do ood to them that hate you.' 'If thine enemy nger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink,' d 'Overcome evil with good.' If it be a duty give an enemy common things, as meat and ink, how much stronger, Andy, must be the ligation to save his life? Besides, Dan, I ar, is not in a fit state to die, and what then uld become of his precious soul? So don't to hinder me, for to seek to rescue him I'm solved, and I think to *succeed is possible.* Now re goes for an attempt which I quite believe ll be successful."

(*To be Continued.*)

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES.

The Work in China.

Great City—The Commencement of the Enterprise in 1850—An Extraordinary Welcome to a Missionary—An Opium Smoker Tied to a Bed —Suicide of an Inquirer.

HE EARL OF CHICHESTER presided at the eigh first annual meeting of the Church Missionary ciety of Great Britain on May 4th, and Lord rns, who until a few weeks ago held the office Lord High Chancellor of the kingdom, took t in the proceedings.

An interesting narrative of the progress of sion work in China was given by the Rev. J. Wolfe, who has been laboring in that vast d for many years. He said: I cannot speak day about the vast empire of China, with its .000,000 of inhabitants, but I must speak ply of one small spot in that great empire, ere I myself have been permitted to labor for last eighteen years, namely, the province of *kien* and the city of Foo Chow. It is just ut thirty years since a Church missionary was t to that great city. The province of *Fukien* the smallest of the eighteen provinces of na proper, and contains a population of about 000,000. It contains eighty-five or ninety ed cities, for every city in China is surnded by a high wall. There are also in the vince a great number of large towns and ages. The great city of Foo Chow contains hin it, according to Chinese estimate, 600,000 ple. Outside its walls there are 500,000 re, while in the beautiful vale of Min there is ther million, so that altogether in the city the vale there are upward of 2,000,000 ple.

ere the Church Missionary Society has been oring for the last thirty years. *During their t eleven years, from 1850 to 1861, in the great of Foo Chow not a single soul had been brought Christ.* The missionaries had labored there eleven long years. They had toiled and wept prayed, and some of them had died there, at the end of eleven years *not a soul had been ught to Christ.* There was not a sign or low of any influence produced upon the ple. It was then that the Church Missionary iety at home determined to give up the sion. They said, "We have labored here eleven years and no results have been proed; now we must give up the Mission." But man was there whose name should never be gotten. I refer to the *Rev. George Smith.* said: "I will not give up the Mission; I determined to hold on." He accordingly ded with the Society not to give up the Mission, and he was permitted to remain there.

wo or three months afterward God allowed to reap the first sheaf of *the great harvest* ch has since been gathered at Foo Chow. in a wonderful and mysterious Providence, w months after reaping that first sheaf that brother was himself called to his rest in ven. But his successor resolved to hold on the Mission amidst great difficulties and ls, which were very great indeed. The result that in 1861, in Foo Chow, *three or four verts* had been gathered in. In 1879, there e more than *three thousand native Christians*, and over one hundred churches and chapels, and there were one hundred stations and one hundred and twenty native catechists and teachers scattered all over the province of Fukien. These results have not been brought about without great difficulties and persecution and trial.

I will give you some idea of how this work has been carried on. About fourteen or fifteen years ago I first made a long journey into the province of Fukien, and I came back determined that, by the grace of God, I would not rest satisfied until I saw a catechist and a teacher in every one of those towns and villages. (Cheers.) And I have been permitted to see a great deal of it carried out. In over one hundred towns and cities and villages there is now a native catechist preaching the Gospel. I will endeavor to give you an idea of one of those stations.

A VISIT TO A CHINESE TOWN AND EXTRAORDINARY WELCOME.

I remember *going about fourteen years ago into a large town* which contained about 10,000 inhabitants. It was night-time when we came to the place, and it was *very dark and wet.* We wanted a lodging, but we could not find one. The people were afraid of the foreigner. My catechist and servant said, "We cannot get a lodging here to-night." I said, "We must have a lodging. It is raining very hard, and we cannot stand out in the cold." A man then came forward and said, "Foreign man, I will give you my house to-night. I will give you a room in my place." Well, we got into this room. It was a sort of loft over a shop, and we made ourselves as comfortable as we could. As we were sitting quietly my native catechist came to me and said, "You cannot stop here to-night, for this is *an opium-seller's.* If you remain here to-night you cannot preach to-morrow, for the people will not listen to you because they hate the opium." I said, "Oh, very well; if that is so, certainly we must go into the streets."

So we packed up our bag and baggage and walked into the street. A man said, "Why, here is the *foreign ghost* in the street again! How is that?" Said another, "I heard him say that he would not stop there to-night because So-and-so is an opium dealer." Thereupon twenty voices together cried out, "I will give you my house." Of course we could not accept the twenty houses, but we accepted one of them.

We came to a large house. The Chinese have no lights or proper sanitary arrangements in their cities and towns, which are consequently very dark and very filthy. Well, we got into a large house, and the owner said, "You are to have this place as long as you remain here, and you can do just what you please."

We went into the house, and commenced at once to preach the blessed Gospel of peace which had brought us all the way from England. We preached for over an hour and a half, and then I sat down on a chair and went fast to sleep. A man caught me by the collar and said, "Foreign man, rise up and tell us more about that. We do not hear a foreign man every night." I said, "No; I am very tired, and must go to bed." The man then said, "Let him go to bed. The foreign man can speak reason; let him go to bed."

I then retired to my room, and they went to my servant and said, "What does the foreign man, your master, eat?" I mention this in order to show that wherever we go, all over the province of Fukien, the people receive us with kindness, and give us everything we want. I say that *the Chinese want the Gospel*, and that it is only from the literary class and the Government authorities that we receive opposition.

Well, the question was asked as to what I was accustomed to eat. My servant's reply was, "Beef at breakfast, beef at dinner, and beef at supper. Beef all the day long." The people thought this was very remarkable. My servant added, "He has *fresh eggs* too for breakfast; for he will not eat rotten eggs." Rotten eggs, I may remark, are eaten with great relish by the Chinese themselves.

Next morning I found on my breakfast-table *fresh eggs* and also a basin of milk. The Chinese never drink milk themselves, but my host went overnight to a farmer and said to him, "You must keep the calves from the cows to-night, and bring down the milk to my house in the morning, in order that the foreign man may have it for breakfast." The Chinese themselves never eat beef, but they went that night and *killed a cow* in order that I might have beef for breakfast, for dinner, and for supper. As long as I remained in that place I was fed like a prince. I stayed a week there preaching and talking about Jesus. What has been the result? I was the first missionary ever seen in that village. Now, *after fourteen years' labor, there are* 3,000 *or* 4,000 *Christians in that place* and in the country round about. All these Christians do not, however, belong to the Church Missionary Society. I was the first missionary to go there, but our dear, zealous Wesleyan brethren went there too, and opened churches and chapels, and God blessed them wonderfully. We rejoice, yea, and we will rejoice, that the blessed Gospel has been preached by the Wesleyans, and that God has blessed it to the salvation of thousands of souls. The native Christians have provided their own churches, chapels, and teachers, without any help whatever from the Church Missionary Society.

AN OPIUM-SMOKER TIED TO THE LEG OF A BED.

Then there is the great city of *Ku Tieng.* Fourteen years ago no missionary of Christ had ever been there. *A poor man* came to me and said, "I am *an opium smoker*, and all my family smoke opium. What am I to do?" I replied, "You must break off that habit before you can become a Christian." He then for three or four months placed himself under instruction, but he could not give up the opium. Again I informed him that he never could be admitted into the Church until he gave up the opium. He attempted to give it up, and I never can forget the struggle of that poor man. When the time for smoking the opium came round he said, "I must have the opium!" and it was given to him.

Then he said, "When the time comes round again *tie me to the leg of the bed* so that I cannot get the opium." They did so, and he thus overcame that inveterate habit. He was received into the Church of Christ, and died a few months ago an earnest and a triumphant Christian.

SUICIDE OF A CHINESE ENQUIRER.

There is a growing desire on the part of the people of Fukien for the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the blessed message of salvation. About three months before I left China last year *a man knocked at my study door.* I said to him, "What do you want?" He replied, "I have come from such and such a place, and I want you to send a catechist to my village to teach us about the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ." I said that in consequence of pecuniary and other difficulties we were unable to do so. Again he begged me to send a catechist, but we sent him back with this answer, "No." In the course of a fortnight he returned, with three other men, and repeated the request. I consulted my colleagues, and we came to the conclusion that we could not send a catechist.

At the end of three weeks the man came back, with four or five others, and again asked for a catechist; but the answer was the same, "We cannot send you a catechist, but we advise you to go home and pray together." Three days after that they came back, and the next news was that *the man had committed suicide* because we could not send him a catechist to teach him about Jesus. No one but a missionary who looks into the dark abyss can fully understand the scene that this sad incident brings before him. Let us determine that there shall be no more suicides among the Chinese because we will not send them the news of the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50
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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, June 2d, at **1.35 P.M.,** at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The National Republican Convention at Chicago performed a work which may be useful to leaders of both parties, if they have sufficient sagacity to benefit by it. There has of late been apparent a disposition on the part of prominent men to map out a programme and present it to their party as an instrument as binding as the order of a general in the field to his soldiers. Any objection to the scheme has been denounced as mutiny. Such a spirit of domination is inconsistent with the theory of republican institutions, and the Convention has acted wisely in administering a rebuke to those who manifested it. Senator Cameron, at the opening of the proceedings, refused, as Chairman of the National Committee, to put certain resolutions to the vote, or to allow an appeal from his decision. This high-handed procedure was summarily overcome by a resolve on the part of certain members of the Committee to remove him from the chairmanship, upon which Mr. Cameron gave way. The unit rule adopted by many State Conventions was also denounced at Chicago, and the irksome yoke which would have forced delegates to vote against their own convictions and those of their districts was promptly taken off. The line where discipline ends and despotism begins cannot be too closely watched by the people.

Gen. Garfield has been selected as the Presidential candidate of the Republican party. This issue was reached on Tuesday, June 8th, the sixth day the Convention had been in session, and after thirty-six ballots. The first ballot was taken at 10.40 A.M. on Monday, with the following results: Grant 304, Blaine 284, Sherman 93, Edmunds 34, Washburne 30, Windom 10. Twenty-seven ballots followed without any material change in the position, but on Tuesday, after eight ballots had been taken, Gen. Garfield was nominated.

The Irish Famine Relief Fund.—From a statement just published, it appears that the Herald Relief Fund is being expended in a manner that fully justifies the magnificent confidence which the benevolent public placed in the well-known and influential men who formed the relief committee. The statement accounts for £35,748, 2s., 1d., or about $178,000 of the money subscribed, and of that sum not more than £205, 18s., or about $1000, was consumed by the expenses of disbursement. Every penny of the remainder was given for actual relief.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who is Prince Alfred of England, and who has worked with zeal to help and relieve the famine-stricken, made a speech in London on June 1st, in the course of which he said: "We have also to thank *the citizens of America* for the great and generous help they have sent to Ireland. (Cheers.) It was my good fortune to be able to be at Queenstown to assist in the distribution of that magnificent cargo which was sent from America. (Cheers.) I must say that the distress is not over yet, nor will it be over for at least two months and a half, when the first crop—the potato crop—will be gathered and is followed by the general harvest.

"Until then, in many cases, actual relief by feeding the population in some portions of the west of Ireland, including the islands, must be continued. Otherwise the starvation which would have occurred in the first instance but for such relief will occur; yet I hope all those who are here this evening will bear in mind, and tell others who are charitably inclined, that *the time has not yet passed* when much good may be done by sending subscriptions to those great funds which have already done so much to relieve the distress."

The Death of Richard B. Conolly at Marseilles, in France, on Mav 30th, removes from the world a man once unenviably conspicuous in New York affairs. He held the office of Comptroller during the dominance of the Tweed Ring in 1860-70. Of *the fifty millions* of which the city is believed to have been robbed, Conolly was stated, in the civil suits against him, to have secured *eight* for himself. He had invested it in personal property, and was thus able, when the crash came, to carry it into exile with him. For ten years he has been a wanderer on the earth generally choosing for his sojourn countries with which the United States has no extradition treaty. The obloquy he endured is stated by persons who knew him to have crushed his spirit, and to have rendered him thoroughly miserable (Job 18:11-15).

Mr. Moody recently visited the Indian Territory, and in an interview with a reporter of the *New York Tribune* expressed his opinions on the troublesome Indian question. He said, "the invasion of the territory by miners is *a shameful thing*. There are gold and silver enough elsewhere without interfering with the rights of the Indians to get them. God will punish this government if it allows the Indian Territory to be invaded. I was much encouraged from what I saw among the Indians. I think Mr. Schurz's plan for their management is the correct one. He is on the right track. But this disregard which is beginning to be shown for their rights is a terrible wrong.

"Before coming East I spent a few days in the Indian Territory for the purpose of getting girls for my new seminary in Northfield. I secured the promise of twelve, whom we shall educate to be missionaries to their people. They are to come here next fall. They belong to different tribes and are all anxious to come. *This is the only way* to settle the Indian question—educate and convert to Christianity the children; for the Indians have a strong love for their children, whose influence over their parents may be made of much avail."

Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., LL.D., whose name has been for fifty-eight years identified with the American Board of Foreign Missions, died on Sunday, May 3th, in his eighty-fourth year. The son of an eminent Congregational minister, he gave his heart to God in early life, and resolved to devote his life to missionary service. His health, however, was found to be too delicate to permit of his working in foreign climates, and his talents were of that order which enabled him to serve the cause he loved with usefulness in his own country.

As early as 1822, when Dr. Anderson was only twenty-six years of age, he performed the duties of Secretary of the Board during the illness Mr. Evarts, and two years later was appoint Assistant Secretary. In 1832 he took charge the Foreign Department as Corresponding Secr tary, a position he held until his resignation 1866, when he was elected a member of t Prudential Committee, and during nine yea longer regularly attended the weekly meetin of that body. He was the author of several va uable works on missionary topics, and for sever years was chief editor of the *Missionary Heral*

Mr. Moody preached at Cooper Union, Ne York, on Sunday evening, May 30th, a deep impressive sermon on "*the five things*" nece sary to salvation. The hall was crowded every part by people anxious to hear the em nent evangelist, who spoke with his accustom earnestness and power. At the close twenty-tw persons rose for prayers. During the evenin Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan sang several duet the pathos of which thrilled the entire audien and moved many to tears.

The Union Congregational Church, Brookly was destroyed by fire on June 3d. A strawber festival had been held in the building on t previous day, and the meeting had not broke up until a late hour. It was thought that t lights had all been carefully extinguished, b about two hours afterward the church was foun to be on fire. The flames had obtained secure a hold that, notwithstanding the vigoro efforts of the fire companies, the building w burned. The loss is estimated at $50,000 again which there are insurances to the amount $30,000. The valuable library belonging to D Wild, the pastor of the church, was in a buil ing adjoining the church, and was almost whol destroyed.

The Revival Services at Dr. Talmage's Ta ernacle were brought to a close on Frid evening, June 4th. Mr. Harrison, "the bo preacher," assisted by Dr. Talmage, has he services every evening except Saturdays for s weeks, and as a result over four hundred pe sons have been received into the church at t Tabernacle. On Sunday, Wednesday, and Fr day, last week, Dr. Talmage administered t rite of baptism by immersion to those among t converts who had expressed a preference for th form of baptism, and last Sunday over a hu dred others were baptized by sprinkling.

Drew Theological Seminary.—The Visiti Committee of this institution has issued ninth annual report, which is of a very grati ing character. Although this seminary is on in the thirteenth year of its age, it has a bo of alumni numbering two hundred and twent five, occupying positions of usefulness in t church in various parts of the United Stat The endowment fund, which was swept away the failure of Mr. Drew, has, by the exertions Dr. Hurst and other members of the facult now reached the sum of $300,000.

The library has during the past year been au mented by the valuable collection of Dr. C born, of Richmond, England, purchased a presented to Drew Seminary by one of the tru tees. Among other treasures in the collecti are a volume of *Wesley's private diary and grandfather's Bible*, together with MSS. of W Thompson and John Haime, and the letters John Nelson and Samuel Taylor.

"The Broken Net."—A Subscriber offers f dollars toward printing for free distribution second edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD May 13th, which contained Dr. Talmage's markable sermon on *revivals*, entitled "T Broken Net." If several other persons will j in this action, we will get a new edition of t paper printed on the scale of one thousa copies to every $20 paid, and will bear the c of sending the papers by express either to t parties who subscribe the money or to suita persons in different parts of the United Sta and Canada, who will distribute them consci tiously. There should be no delay in respondi to this proposition, for we shall not be able, af ordering a certain number of copies, to mak new order and increase the number.

The Governor of Georgia on Sunday-Schools. -It is as true now as in Christ's day that ie world hates the godly man (John 15 : 19), nd the Christian Governor of Georgia is no exeption to the rule. Charges have been made gainst him, which he was able successfully to ebut at a public meeting held at Atlanta, May 3th. Among the charges was one that he had eglected official duties for Sunday-school work. n his reply Governor Colquitt said he believed Sunday-schools, in the religion that established them, and in the statesmanship that aches that it is better to educate forty young en to lives of virtue and religion than train he boy for the gallows. He was charged, too, th attending "nigger meetings." For *thirty ars he had attended Sabbath-schools* and urches, and he did not believe that his being overnor made him too great to meet the mblest of his fellow-men at worship. No sition was so high, and to which he might atn, that it could make him forget his duty and sponsibility to his God.

A Scorpion was found in a Package of Newspers sent from New York to New London, nn., on June 1st. *The New London Telegram* tes that a newsdealer, on opening his parcel t morning, was startled to find among the pers a young scorpion. Considerable alarm s felt at first, but by deft manipulation the eature was pinned to a board, and he soon after ng himself to death. The bundle in which was found came up on the New York boat, as it was near some bunches of bananas ile in transit, the presumption is that he left hiding-place among the bananas and made way into the parcel.

o unusual a circumstance suggests the wish t the moral scorpions concealed in the pages o many periodicals excited as much fear, and e as promptly destroyed as this real scorpion.

. **Remarkable Verification of a Dream** urred in New York on June 3d. Mrs. Marsh, dy living in Twelfth Street, called at the oners' office to make inquiries as to her her, of whom she had heard nothing for some s. She said she had come there to inquire use *she had had a dream* which gave her the ression he had died a violent death, and a r had been sent to her by another brother in and that morning, saying that he had dreamt milar dream. The clerk, on searching the rds of the office, discovered an entry of the dental death of a man of the name inquired and further inquiries proved conclusively the entry related to Mrs. Marsh's brother.

Living on Borrowed Time" is the Descripti Dr. Van Santvoord of New Baltimore, N.Y., s of his life. He is a minister of the Rormed Protestant Church, and celebrated *his tieth birthday* on June 3d. He is the oldest g alumnus of Union College, and as a g man was known for scholarly attainmes. He still maintains to a wonderful degree his ntellectual vigor, conversing with intellie upon the religious topics of the day with argument and a keen appreciation. His misterial career was a very successful one, and he as the means of winning many souls for his Saour. He has always regarded his time as no his own, but having passed the allotted three sc years and ten, he calls his present life a life on orrowed time.

Saint's Bones Seized for Duty in the New Yo Custom House.—A case containing a wax fig arrived at New York last week from Ro. It was seized by the Custom House offirs, who were about to break it open to ascain the quantity of wax on which to charge dut when appeal was made to the Collector, and the following facts were made known :

e box was a reliquary, or shrine, containing the figy of "Saint" Discolius, martyr. *The bones saint* were discovered in 1802. They have articulated and covered with wax, so as to repduce the form of the original, who appears to ve been a very young man, with long, fair hai nd almost feminine features. The imitated fles is semi-transparent, showing the outlines of the bones beneath. On the forehead is a cut or scar, designed to show the manner of death. The body is richly clothed in silk of various colors, magnificently embroidered with gold. Near the head is a glass bottle set in brass, and supposed to contain some of *the blood of the martyr*. The case is consigned to a nunnery at Cincinnati. Superstition doubtless sets a high value on such a relic, and when it reaches Cincinnati it will probably be deeply venerated, but to those who worship God in spirit and in truth the relic partakes of the character of the brazen serpent which Hezekiah broke up because the people burned incense to it (2 Kings 18 : 4).

An Ox with Gold in its Stomach.—A Montana butcher on dressing the carcase of an ox he had slaughtered, a few weeks ago, found in its stomach, mixed with fine sand, gold of the value of five dollars which the animal had swallowed with the roots of the grass it had torn up. Considerable excitement was caused among the man's neighbors at Fort Macleod, who were anxious to ascertain where the ox had been feeding that they might acquire possession of the rich soil. Doubtless vigorous and persevering search will be made for the treasure. Worldly riches never fail to attract people, though eternal riches "laid up in heaven which fail not," and are offered freely, without money and without price, lie unsought by the multitude, and those who describe them, and proclaim the way to secure them, often speak to unheeding ears.

A Widow's timely Discovery.—Prayer was solicited recently at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting for a widow in sore pecuniary straits who was in urgent need of forty-six dollars which she was under obligation to pay on a day then close at hand. Almost the only property left her by her husband was a box of legal documents, which having been examined by a New York lawyer and pronounced worthless, she commenced destroying. But a suit was in progress in a Western court in which the documents in the widow's chest formed valuable evidence and were the object of search. On their production by the widow she was paid $250 for them, and on May 31 she sent a statement of the facts to the prayer meeting where her petition had been presented, desiring that thanks might be offered for her timely rescue from her pressing difficulty.

No Criminals in the Prison and no Poor in the poor-house is the gratifying condition of Potter County, Pennsylvania. At the last term of the Quarter Sessions Court the district attorney stated that he had no indictment to present to the grand jury; the sheriff said he had no criminals in the prison, and the directors of the poor reported that no paupers were being supported at the expense of the people. The fact was so remarkable that the editor of the *Observer* wrote to the prothonotary of the county for confirmation. The reply of that functionary furnished not only confirmation but explanation also, for he wrote: "Potter county has had *no licenses to sell liquor for nearly thirty years.* Therefore our jail is empty about ten months in the year."

"**My Father broke many Women's Hearts,**" said a daughter of Brigham Young to some officials of the Mormon body who recently called on her to induce her to return to "the church" she had quitted. "A religion which breaks women's hearts," she continued, "and ruins them is of the devil. That's what Mormonism does." It is a pity that the deluded creatures in Europe whom Mormon missionaries are inducing to come to Salt Lake are not made aware of the convictions thus forced on one who saw so much of this scandalous system, which is profanely called a "religion."

An Illustrated Paper of an immoral Character is being offered for sale on the Southern lines of railroad, and the statement is made that it is under the patronage of the Young Men's Christian Association. This is one of Satan's methods of endeavoring to bring institutions he hates into disrepute. The Y. M. C. A. has nothing to do with the paper in question.

SAMUEL: AN EXAMPLE OF INTERCESSION.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Moreover as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you; but I will teach you the good and the right way."—1 Samuel, 12 : 23.

The Privilege of Praying for Others—The Unspeakable Value of such Prayers—Samuel in the Forefront of Intercessors—I. His Habit of Intercession—The Significance of his Name—The Success of his Prayers—II. His Provocation to Cease from Intercession—The Slight the People put on him—Their Rejection of his Solemn Protest—III. His Persevering Intercession—He Prayed for Saul until God checked him—The Sin of Neglecting Intercessory Prayer—IV. His Sincerity—He Showed it by Following Prayer with Teaching and Warning—A New York Christian Reproved by his Child—The Service of Strangers.

It is a very great privilege to be permitted to pray for our fellow-men. Prayer in each man's case must necessarily begin with personal petitions, for until the man is himself accepted with God he cannot act as an intercessor for others; and herein lies part of the excellence of intercessory prayer, for it is to the man who exercises it aright a mark of inward grace, and a token for good from the Lord. Thou mayest be sure that thy King loves thee when He will permit thee to speak a word to Him on behalf of thy friend.

Moreover, it shows an enlarged heart, a participation in the spirit of love, and a growing likeness to Christ. Earnest longings for the good of those around us show that we are beginning to take our right position toward our fellow-men, and are no longer living as if we were ourselves the sole end and aim of our own existence.

Such prayers are often of *unspeakable value* to those for whom they are offered. Many of us trace our conversion, if we go to the root of it, to the prayers of certain godly persons. In innumerable instances the prayers of parents have availed to bring young people to Christ. Many more will have to bless God for praying teachers, praying friends, praying pastors. *Obscure persons* confined to their beds are often the means of saving hundreds by their continual pleadings with God. The book of remembrance will reveal the value of these hidden ones, of whom so little is thought by the mass of Christians.

I commend, therefore, to you, my brethren and sisters in Christ, the abundant resources of intercessory prayer; use them without stint. My friend, hast thou nothing to ask for thyself? Then thou art indeed very rich; but if thou hast ever come to such a height of happiness as that, now use thy power in prayer for the church and for the world.

What if, like Abraham, thou art thyself secure, yet pray for the cities of the plain which are soon to be overwhelmed with destruction. If, like Esther, thou dwellest in the king's palace, art thou not come to the kingdom for such a time as this? Therefore, seek an audience of His Royal Majesty, and pray for those of thy race who are in jeopardy. If, like Nehemiah, you hold a high position in the royal courts, turn it to account for the banished ones, and when you next wait upon the King, present to him a petition for your brethren.

It is to incite you to earnest intercession that I have selected this text. I would have you stirred up to diligent supplication by

THE EXAMPLE OF SAMUEL,

who is worthy to be placed in the very forefront of intercessors.

I. Let us first dwell upon *his habit of intercession*, for it was most manifest in Samuel. We gather this from the text. He says, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in *ceasing* to pray for you." It is clear therefore, that he had been in the continual habit and practice of praying for Israel; he could not speak of ceasing to pray if he had not hitherto continued in prayer. Samuel had become so rooted in the habit of prayer for the people that he seems to start at the very thought of bringing his intercession to an end.

The people, measuring the prophet by themselves, half suspected that he would be irritated with them, and would, therefore, deny them his prayers ; therefore in the nineteenth verse we read, " All the people said unto Samuel, Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God, that we die not." They greatly valued his prayers, and felt as if their national life, and perhaps their personal lives, depended upon his pleadings ; therefore they urged him as men who plead for their lives that he would not cease to pray for them, and he replied, " God forbid that I should."

The denial of his prayers does not seem to have entered his thoughts. To my mind the words represent him as astonished at the idea, horrified and half indignant at the suggestion — What I, Samuel, I who have been your servant from my childhood since the day when I put on the little ephod, and waited for you in the house of the Lord ; I that have lived for you and have loved you, and was willing to have died in your service, shall I ever cease to pray for you ?" He says, " God forbid." It is the strongest expression that one can well imagine, and this, together with his evident surprise, shows that the prophet's habit of intercession was rooted, constant, fixed, abiding, a part and parcel of himself.

If you will read his life you will see how truly this was the case. Samuel was born of prayer. *A woman of a sorrowful spirit* received him from God, and joyfully exclaimed, " For this child I prayed." He was named in prayer, for his name Samuel signifies " *asked of God.*" Well did he carry out his name and prove its prophetic accuracy, for having commenced life by being himself asked of God, he continued asking of God, and all his knowledge, wisdom, justice, and power to rule were things which came to him because " asked of God."

He was nurtured by a woman of prayer at the first, and when he left her it was to dwell in the house of prayer all the days of his life. His earliest days were honored by a divine visitation, and he showed even then that waiting, watchful spirit which is *the very knee of prayer.* " Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth " is the cry of a simple, sincere heart, such as the Lord ever accepts. As to

THE SUCCESS OF SAMUEL'S PRAYERS,

read his life, and you will find that he wrought great deliverances for the people. In the seventh chapter of this book we find that the Philistines grievously oppressed Israel, and Samuel bravely called the people together to consider their condition, and bade them turn from idolatry, and worship the only true God, and promised them his prayers as a boon which they greatly valued. These are his words : " Gather all Israel to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord." He then took a lamb, and offered it up for a burnt-offering wholly unto the Lord, " and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel, and the Lord heard him." This is one of the grand events of his life, and yet it is fairly descriptive of his whole career. He cried, and the Lord heard.

Samuel's prayers were so prevalent that the very elements were controlled by him. Oh, the power of prayer ! It has been ridiculed ; it has been represented as an unscientific and an unpractical thing, but we who daily try it know that its power cannot be exaggerated, and do not feel even a shadow of doubt concerning it. There is such power in prayer that it " moves the arm that moves the world." We have but to know how to pray, and the thunder shall lift up its voice in answer to our cry, and Jehovah's arrows shall be scattered abroad to the overthrowing of his adversaries.

When in his old age the people began to turn against Samuel, and to express dissatisfaction with his unworthy sons, it is beautiful to notice how Samuel at once resorted to prayer. Look at the eighth chapter, the fifth verse : the people said unto him, " Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways : now make us a king to judge us."

The old man was sorely grieved ; it was natural that he should be. But look at the next words. Did Samuel scold the people ? Did he send them home in a huff ? No. It is written, " And Samuel prayed unto the Lord." He told his Master about them, and his Master said to him, " Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee , for they have not rejected *thee* "—do not lay it to heart as if it were a personal affront to thee—" but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them." This slight upon God's servant was a rejection of God Himself, and He would not have Samuel lay to heart their ingratitude to Him, but think of their wicked conduct to the Lord their God.

Instead of going about and telling one and another of the opprobrious things that have been said about us, it were well to go straight away to our closet and rehearse them in the ears of the Lord. Samuel was thus, you see, throughout his whole official life, a man mighty in prayer, and when the people left him and followed after their new-made king, our text shows that he did not cease to intercede for them. He says, " God forbid that I should cease to pray to God for you."

Nor was this all, when Saul had turned aside and become a traitor to his divine Lord, Samuel made intercession for him. One whole night he spent in earnest entreaty, though it was all in vain ; and many a time and oft did he sigh for the rejected prince. The old man had been, from his youth up, an intercessor, and he never ceased from the holy exercise till his lips were closed in death.

You cannot discharge your responsibilities as relatives, as citizens, as neighbors, nay, as Christian men, unless you often make supplication for all ranks and conditions. To pray for others must become to you a habit from which you would not cease even if they provoked you to the utmost degree ; for you would only cry out, God forbid that I should cease to pray for you, for it would be a great sin in the sight of the Most High.

II. Now, secondly, I call you to notice in Samuel's case

HIS PROVOCATION

to cease from intercession, which provocation he patiently endured.

The first provocation was *the slight which they put upon himself*. The grand old man who had all the year round made his circuit from place to place to do justice had *never looked at a bribe.* He had done everything for them without fee or reward. Though he had a right to his stipend, yet he did not take it ; in the generosity of his spirit, he did everything gratuitously, like Nehemiah, in after days, who said, " The former governors that had been before me were chargeable unto the people, and had taken of them bread and wine, beside forty shekels of silver ; yea, even their servants bare rule over the people ; but so did not I, because of the fear of God."

Samuel throughout a long life had kept the land in peace, and innumerable blessings had come to Israel through his leadership ; but now he was getting old and somewhat infirm, though he was far from being worn out, and they seized on this excuse for setting up a king. The old man felt that there was life and work in him yet ; but they clamored for a king, and therefore their aged friend must give up his office and come down from his high position. It displeases him when he first hears their demand, but after a little time spent in prayer he resigns his position very pleasantly, and all his anxiety is to find the right man for the throne.

When the man is found he is full of care that the Lord's anointed shall be guided aright in the kingdom ; and without a thought about himself he rejoices at the sight of one whose opening days promised so well. His deposition was a hard thing, mark you, an unkind, ungenerous thing ; but he did not pray one atom the less for the people because of it ; probably he prayed much more ; for as his mother prayed most when the sorrow of her heart was greatest so was it with him. You can see the son in th mother in many respects, and in this point i particular that he prays most when he is mos grieved. *As the sandal-wood tree perfumes th axe which smites it*, so his bleeding heart poure out petitions for those who grieved him.

Beyond the provocation which came from their slight upon himself, he felt wounded b *their utter rejection of his solemn protest.* H stood before them and reasoned with them i the clearest possible manner : " What do yo want a king for?" he seemed to say. " Th will be the manner of the king that shall reig over you ; he will take your sons and appoin them for himself, for his chariots, and to be h horsemen ; and some shall run before his cha iots. He will take your daughters to be confe tionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers and he will take your fields, and your vineyard and your oliveyards, even the best of them, an give them to his servants. He will take th tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, an give to his officers and to his servants : and h will take your men-servants, and your maid-se vants, and your goodliest young men, and you asses, and put them to his work. He will tak the tenth of your sheep ; and ye shall be his se vants ; and ye shall cry out in that day becau of your king which ye shall have chosen you and the Lord will not hear you in that day."

There was *sound common-sense* in all thes and every word turned out to be true in fact b fore long, and yet they would not listen. Th said " Nay, but we will have a king over u that we also may be like all the nations ; a that our king may judge us and fight our ba tles." Despite

THEIR REJECTION OF HIS WARNING,

the venerable man did not grow testy. It sometimes the infirmity of wise men of yea and weight, that when they have presented clear case, presented it earnestly in all simp city of heart, and the thing looks as plain as th twice two make four, then if their hearers deli erately persist in defying their warning th grow peevish, or perhaps it is more fair to s they exhibit a justifiable indignation.

Some aged men would have said, " Well, the I will have nothing further to do with you shall go somewhere else. I shall leave Ram and journey to some other land where, perhap they may hear the word of the Lord." Not he is always hopeful, and if they will not do t best thing possible, he will try to lead them do the second best. If they will not ab under the direct rule of the Lord, as their ki he hopes that they will do well under a hum king who shall be a viceroy under God, and he continues hopefully to pray for them, and make the best he can of them.

At last it came to this, that the nation m have a king, and their king must be crown They must go to Gilgal to settle the kingdo and then Samuel stood up and in the wo which I read to you just now he declared h he had dealt with them, how he had never frauded nor oppressed, nor taken anything fr them, and he told them that their choice king was to some extent a rejection of God, t they were putting aside the best of rules and most honorable of governments to go dow the level of the nations. Still, *they rejected last appeal*, and it is beautiful to my mind to how calmly he drops the question when he given his last address, and made his most emn appeal to heaven. Their obstinate herence to their whim did not cause him to strain prayer on their behalf. " God forb saith he " that I should cease to pray for yo

The practical lesson of this is that when are tempted to cease from pleading for cer persons you must not yield to the suggest They have ridiculed your prayers ; they tell that they do not want them ; they have made a taunt and a jest of your pious wishe their behalf. Never mind. Retaliate by greater love. Do not cease to wrestle with for them. It may be you have been very much disappointed in them ; your heart breaks to see how they have gone aside, yet go with your deep anxieties to the mercy-seat, and cry out again for them. What will become of them if you leave them to themselves? Do you not leave off interceding, my dear friends, though you are provoked to do so in ten thousand ways. In addition to this, you see that, after clearly putting the case in the earnestness of your soul before them, they reject the right, and they choose the evil ; but let not that daunt you. *Never let a sinner master you*, and he will have done so if by his sin he drives you to neglect prayer.

Perhaps you have sometimes been tempted to wish you could pray for the dead ; let that vain wish stimulate you to be in earnest for the living. Agonize in prayer while your entreaties can be heard. Your husband, good woman, what if he does grow more drunken and more profane, pray for him still ; for God who can draw out leviathan as with a hook, can yet take this great sinner and make a saint of him. What if your son does seem to be more profligate than ever, follow him with many entreaties, and weep before God about him still. Loving mother and gracious father, join your fervent cries day and night at the mercy-seat and you shall yet obtain your desire. Let nothing quench the flame upon the altar, nor the hope in your souls.

As I have already said, Samuel prayed all the more because of the trouble that came upon him : let it be so with you. Samuel never could separate himself from the people ; he never tried to disentangle himself from being one with them, but he laid their case upon his breast. He was the very heart of Israel, vitally united to the whole body, and he could not be torn away from his beloved people. Herein lies the secret of intense intercession. Do, I pray you, try to make the interests of others your own interests. Do not think it is enough that *you* are saved. Do not sit down and fold your arms, and make *a pillow for an idle head* out of the sovereignty of God.

A heathen philosopher once said, "I am a man, and everything that concerns man interests me;" how much more should the Christian say this, since he should be like his Lord and Master, who was the standard of a generous-hearted, self-sacrificing man. The Son of Man was one of our Lord's favorite titles to denote that he linked his life with our manhood. Be you also true sons of men, brothers to all mankind. I charge you, if you know how to pray for yourselves, exercise the sacred privilege of intercession for others.

III. I come, in the third place, briefly to notice Samuel in

HIS PERSEVERING INTERCESSION.

Though the people thus provoked him, he did not cease from prayer for them ; for, first, there and then, he offered fresh supplication for them, and that cry was heard, and Saul was dowried with a rich measure of favor to start with. Samuel did not cease his prayer for Saul when Saul had gone far astray, for we find this passage : "Then came the word of the Lord to Samuel, saying, It repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king, for he has turned back from following me, and hath not performed my commandment ; and it grieved Samuel, and *he cried unto the Lord all night*."

"All night!" I think I see the old man in an agony for Saul, whom he loved. Old men need sleep, but the prophet forsook his bed, and in the night-watches poured out his soul unto the Lord. Though he received no cheering answer, he still continued to cry ; for we read a little farther on that the Lord said to him, "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul?" He was pushing the case as far as ever he could push it, till the Lord gave him warning that there was no use in it.

It is to be admired in Samuel, that, even though Saul may have committed the sin which is unto death, and Samuel had some fear that his fate was fixed, yet he prayed on in desperate hope. The apostle John puts the case thus : "If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask and he shall give him life for them that sin not unto death. There is a sin unto death : I do not say that he shall pray for it." He does not in such a case forbid our prayers, neither does he encourage them, but I take it that he gives us a permit to pray on. We do not know for certain that the most guilty person has indeed passed the bound of mercy, and therefore we may intercede with hope. If we have a horrible dread upon us that possibly our erring relative is beyond hope, if we are not commanded to pray, we are certainly not forbidden, and it is always best to err on the safe side, if it be erring at all. We may still go to God, even with a forlorn hope, and cry to him in the extremity of our distress.

When the prophet knew that Saul was hopelessly rejected he did not cease to pray for the nation, but went down to Bethlehem and anointed David, and when David was pursued by the malice of Saul we find him harboring David at Ramah, and exhibiting the power of prayer in his own house and in the holy place ; for when Saul came down thinking to seize David, even in the seer's house, there was a prayer-meeting being held, and Saul was so struck with it that he took to prophesying himself, and lay down all night among them disrobed and humbled. Men exclaimed, "Is Saul also among the prophets?"

The malicious king could not venture to touch Samuel. The prophet was a gentle, mild, loving man ; and yet the black-hearted Saul always had an awe of him, so that he took hold of his skirts for protection, and after he was dead wickedly sought to his supposed spirit for guidance. The man of God had evidently impressed the tall reprobate with the weight of his holy character. It is written that God was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground ; and this was because he was a praying man.

I pray you, therefore, dear friends, still persevere in supplication, and be supported in your perseverance by the knowledge that it would be a sin to cease to pray for those who have been the subjects of your petitions. Samuel confesses that it would have been sinful on his part to abstain from intercession. How so? Why, if he ceased to pray for that people, he would be neglecting his office, for God had made him a prophet to the nation, and he must intercede for them or neglect his duty. It would show a want of love to the Lord's chosen people if he did not pray for them. How could he teach them if he was not himself taught of God? How could he possibly hope to sway them if he had not enough affection for them to cry to God on their behalf?

Now, brethren and sisters, it will be sin on your part if you neglect the mercy-seat. You will grieve the Holy Spirit, you will rob Christ of His glory, you will be cruel to souls dead in sin, and you will be false and traitorous to the Spirit of grace, and to your sacred calling. You are kings and priests unto God, and what are you to offer as priests if you do not present before the Lord prayers and supplications for the children of men? Therefore, stay not your intercession lest the Lord be grieved with you.

IV. Our last point is that Samuel showed

HIS SINCERITY

in intercession by corresponding action, for he says in the words of the text, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you ; but I will teach you the good and the right way." So far from leaving off praying, he would be *doubly diligent* to teach them ; and he did so.

If I knew where gold was to be had for the picking up, and I wanted my neighbor to be rich, I would tell him of the precious deposit, and ask him to come and gather some of the treasure with me. But many never think of inviting a neighbor or a friend who is a Sabbath-breaker to go with them to the house of God ; and there are thousands in London who only want an invitation and they would be sure to come, once, at any rate, and who can tell but that once might lead to their conversion?

If I desire the salvation of any one I ought to tell him as best I can what his condition is, and what the way of salvation is, and how he may find rest. All men are approachable at some time or in some way. It is very imprudent to rush at everybody as soon as you see them, without thought or ordinary prudence, for you may disgust those whom you wish to win ; but those who earnestly plead for others, and bestir themselves to seek them, are generally taught of God, and so they are made wise as to time, manner, and subject.

A man who wishes to shoot birds will, after a while, become expert in the sport, because he will give his mind to it : he will, after a little practice become a noted marksman and know all about guns and dogs. A man who wants to catch salmon has his heart set upon his angling, and becomes absorbed in the pursuit. He soon learns how to use his rod and how to manage his fish. So he who longs to win souls, and puts his heart into it, finds out the knack of it by some means, and the Lord gives him success. I could not teach it to you, you must practise in order to find it out ; but this I will say, no man is clear of his fellow's blood simply because he has prayed to be so.

I have heard of *one who prayed in New York* for a certain number of very poor families that he had visited, and he asked the Lord that they might be fed and clothed. His little son said, "Father, if I were God, I should tell you to answer your own prayer, for you have plenty of money." Thus the Lord might well say to us when we have been interceding, "Go and answer your own prayer by telling your friends of my Son."

There is a power in your gifts ; there is a power in your speech ; use these powers. If you cannot personally do much, you can do a great deal by helping another to preach Christ ; but chief and first you ought to do somewhat by your own hand, heart, and tongue. Go and teach the good and right way, and then shall your prayers be heard.

And finally, to come to a point that lies much upon my heart, I wish this evening so to speak to the crowd of strangers who will come and hear me that many may be turned unto the Lord.* Many of these people will not come because they want to hear the gospel, but because they have heard that *I am an odd man*, and they are curious to hear and see *so eccentric a person*. Never mind, they will hear the truth ; for it shall be my earnest endeavor to preach Christ crucified, and Him alone. I beseech you, every one of you, to pray for a blessing.

I charge you by everything that is kind to myself, by everything that is benevolent to your fellow-men, by everything that is grateful to my Lord, do pray that there may be a blessing upon the word that shall be spoken. Who knows how many may be brought to the Saviour's feet? They will not be hearers of the same kind as certain of you, who have grown hardened by hearing the gospel : many of them will be quite fresh people to whom everything will be new.

In all departments of work let the workers cry unto God that He will this night save souls and get glory to Himself. I shall be deeply thankful to you, and my Lord will bless you ; therefore, do it, I pray you, for His sake. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon
1 Samuel 12 : 1—23.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it ; and for its weekly circulation of more than 175,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors]

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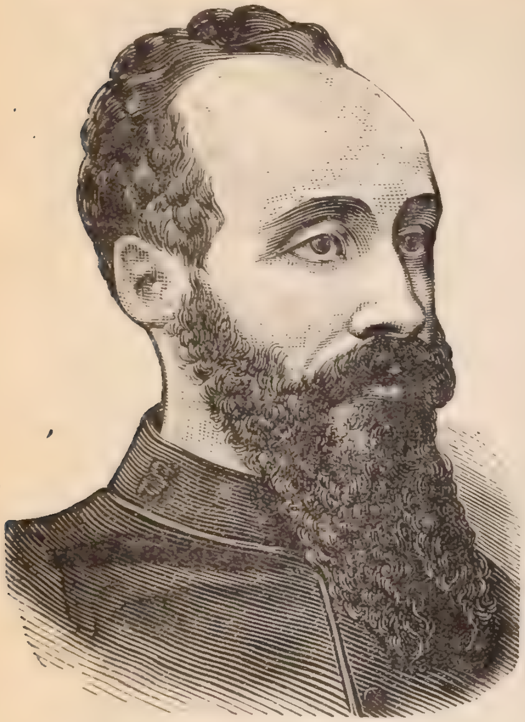
* A night when the regular congregation absented themselves from the Tabernacle at Mr. Spurgeon's request, in order that strangers might have an opportunity of attending.



GEORGE SCOTT RAILTON.

Leader of the Salvation Army in America.

Early Advantages—Death of his Parents almost together—The Day and Means of his Conversion—His Work for Christ when at School—His union with the Salvation Army—Invasion of America.

SOME men are born leaders among their fellows, and, however they may be repressed by their surroundings, they will eventually rise to the position for which they are fitted by nature. Such a man, undoubtedly, is Mr. Railton, of whose life we herewith present a brief sketch, and of whose work in this country we have already given some accounts.

He is a native of Scotland, and was *born* in Arbroath, on July 6th, 1849. His *father* was a Wesleyan minister and missionary, who was blessed with a true help-meet in his amiable and devout wife. Under her pious care the children, of whom there were several, were drawn by loving influence and earnest solicitude to the Saviour. The *early training* of Mr. Railton was thus passed in a home regulated by the strictest rules of Puritanism in its better aspects. Add to such influences, and the fervent and effectual prayers of such parents, his conversion by the Spirit to Christ, and we have what has unmistakably revealed itself—an earnest soldier of the cross, who is willing *to be* or *to do* anything that he may win souls for his Great Commander.

Mr. Railton places the date of his *conversion* in the year 1860, when he was about eleven years of age, four years before he was bereft of both his *parents*, who *died within twenty-hours of each other*, in 1864. He says that on the Sabbath on which his conversion took place he was, by his own desire, left alone at home. After the rest of the family had gone to the chapel, his spirit being oppressed by reason of a deep sense of sin, he locked the door, and so assuring himself of the impossibility of interruption, he read and prayed, meditated and sang, and it was during these exercises that he *entered into the glorious liberty of the children of God*. The particular hymn used by the Spirit was "Depth of Mercy," which he sang to the tune of the German Hymn, desiring to realize deeply his guilt in the sight of God. With each verse his conviction became deeper until his power to sing utterly ceased at the verse :

> "Whence to me this waste of love?
> Ask my Advocate above ;
> See the cause in Jesu's face"

And then he talked to himself about the Saviour's love till with rising faith, he was enabled to cast all the burden of guilt upon the sin-bearer and to rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven. But it was not till three years later that he made the *surrender* of all he was and had or ever would have *to the service of his Deliverer*, a resolution which only they who know him best know how faithfully he has kept ever since. While at Woodhouse Grove Academy, for the sons of Wesleyan ministers, he was consumed with the desire for the conversion of the whole school ; and ministers in the Wesleyan Church to-day owe under God their conversion at that period to his fervent spirit and dauntless zeal for his Master's cause while he himself was only a junior pupil. It was his parents' privilege to know of this usefulness of their son ere they entered into their rest.

When the great work of the *Salvation Army* was started in London, Mr. Railton was engaged in commercial pursuits, and never became acquainted with what was then only a small East End mission. He was earnestly striving, however, to save souls, and, having but slender means or influence to bring to the work, he redeemed his former vow by putting his knowledge of several of the European languages out to interest for his Lord. He recognized in the foreign seamen who frequented the London docks possible jewels for that Master's crown, to gather whom beneath his banner, he with a few other kindred spirits, labored hard.

While immersed in this work he conceived the project of invading Africa single-handed for the Lord ; indeed, he went even farther than that, for he included the *whole world* in his programme of aggression. So far as he was concerned he was prepared to enter the "Dark Continent" by way of the Congo, and bury himself in order to disseminate Gospel truth among the inhabitants of the interior.

But it was while he was engaged in the battle against sin among the teeming thousands in the North of England that a copy of Mr. Booth's *Christian Mission Magazine*, with its yellow cover, fell into his hands. A brief perusal of this soon convinced him that in the work which this magazine represented was the special place for which the Lord, by *His* education, had fitted him. He was a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry at this very time, but had determined that if received he would follow in the track of the early Methodists, and would strive to bring back the church to its original system and life.

The discovery of a people who were actually carrying out the ideas and plans of John Wesley was a delightful surprise to him, and he did not hesitate for a moment to abandon the prospect he had in connection with one of the largest religious denominations in the world, and to throw in his lot with the even then small and almost unnoticed Christian Mission. Into this work, therefore, he threw himself, and has stood by Mr. Booth and his fellow-helpers amid reproaches, afflictions, and persecution, and even personal suffering, never wanting by day or night.

Passionately military in all his tastes, he always scorned any approach to effeminacy in dress or manners, and has striven to inure himself to "hardness," as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He rejoices in the acquired ability to enjoy a hearty meal of dry bread and to sleep soundly on bare boards or on the ground whenever necessary. So earnest was his devotion that he would accept *no fixed salary* for his really invaluable services ; but whatever he conceived he really had need of, which was not more than would starve an ordinary mortal, that only would he accept.

This is the man, who, with the noble band of sisters, has come to America to spread the knowledge of the God who rejoices to give salvation to those who ask Him. The Spirit helping him, what can withstand the influence of such a pioneer? But he is even now looking with longing eyes across the Atlantic on fresh aggressions on benighted Germany and awakening France. Emigrants from those and other lands on the Continent are being saved around him, and he longs for the day when he shall head them, and invade their native lands for the Lord. In his last letter to the general, he says, "If you race me into France, I will race you into Germany."

It cannot be charged upon Mr. Railton that his consuming zeal is unaccompanied by knowledge, for his language in public and extensive writings amply disprove such an insinuation. Doubtless he is not so weak as to be cast down by a little untoward worldly criticism, and we know that he thanks God for the past and expects a still more glorious future.

WHAT COMING WARS MAY WE EXPECT?[*]

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page* 365.)

Extract from Dr. Duffield's works—Five signs marking the Time of the End—Rev. E. Irving on the Victory over the World—The Second Coming of Christ a time of Manifestation—The Glory conferred on the Saints.

THE Rev. Dr. G. Duffield, the eminent pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Lansing, Michigan, published in 1842 his learned "Dissertations on the Prophecies relative to the Second Coming of Jesus Christ" (434 pages), in which he said :

"Ever since the French Revolution, in A.D. 1793–8, when very probably the seventy-five years, for the Time of the End, commenced[†]

THE PECULIAR SIGNS,

both moral and political, which are predicted to mark the Time of the End, have been developing.

"1. The *general preaching of the Gospel throughout the world* is announced by our Saviour Himself to be an event which shall give notice of the end of this present dispensation (Matthew 24 : 14) ; and already the Gospel has been preached in nearly every nation ; and the Bible has been translated into upward of two hundred languages.

"2. Another sign anterior to Christ's coming is the wasting of the Ottoman Empire, or *drying up of the Euphrates* under the sixth vial, during which He utters the note of warning, 'Behold I come as a thief.' The European powers endeavor with united effort to uphold Turkey in its integrity, for they dread its partition, as the signal for a general war. Yet it has already lost Greece, Egypt, Servia, Moldavia, Wallachia, and Algeria, and is destined still further to be weakened.

"3. A further sign is *the progress toward the resuscitation of the ancient Oriental kingdoms of Greece, Egypt, and Syria*. The *king of the north* (Syria) and the *king of the south* (Egypt)—relatively north and south in regard to Jerusalem—are predicted in Daniel 11 : 40–45 to be finally revived as *independent sovereignties*, and to act their part in the last scenes of the great tragedy. Already Greece and Egypt are virtually independent states, and indications are clear and decisive that in *the future decline of the Turkish Empire*, or on its ruins, Syria is destined to revive as a new political sovereignty ; and the return and re-establishmnt of the Jews in Palestine to take place.

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[*] Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by ia ma *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the EndDnap description of Approaching Events," with two ms, l and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on these events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

[†] [Note by Editor.] These 75 years are the prolongation of the 1335 years beyond the 1260 years (Dan. 12 : 12 ; Rev. 11 : 3 ; 12 : 6). The *primary* 1260 years of Papal power date from A.D. 533–47, when Justinian's Code of Laws was promulgated, and end in 1793–1806, the era of the French Revolution and of Napoleon's Code of Laws. The 1335 years date from A.D. 533–47 to 1868–82. The *secondary* 1260 years of Mahomedan and Papal tyranny date from 606–22 to 1866–82.

"4. Another sign of the coming of Christ, and which there are reasons to believe we are approaching, is the rise of *some great military power*, the last form of Antichrist, whose temporary triumph shall be marked with violent persecution, and by the slaughter of the Witnesses (during three and a half years).—Rev. 17 : 7-12.

"These events have not yet occurred. Many expositors believe Antichrist will be the last head of the political Roman Empire—a politico-ecclesiastical power—and will receive, through the influence of the Pope, the temporary support of the Ten Kings, the antichristian nations of Europe, and will make Syria and Palestine the centre of his dominion, and probably Jerusalem his capital ; and for a season terribly persecute the people of God, and suppress the profession of Christianity.

"There may yet be an embodiment of all that is corrupt in Popery, Mahomedanism, and Judaism, developed in some new antichristian apostasy in Palestine among the Jews. Certain it is that the eye of Napoleon Bonaparte was turned to that part of the world and that he entertained the design to establish there an independent maritime power, whose alliance might be useful to France in her movements in the Mediterranean, and in her jealousy of British commerce.

"France thirsts for military glory : and this project may be realized by some schemes of warlike enterprise which she may excogitate, affecting Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. Prophecy teaches us that these three countries will be the theatre where the last form of Antichrist will develop his apostasy persecutions, and idolatry, and where afterward in the subsequent Millennium the cause and kingdom of Jesus Christ shall have their most illustrious honors. The expositor Fraser considers that the Papal power will ultimately be transferred from Rome to Judea, and extend its influence in Asia, and flourish on the ruins of Islamism (Isaiah 19 : 25).

"In Revelation 17 the apostle describes a woman arrayed in scarlet, and sitting on a scarlet-colored wild beast, having seven heads and ten horns. The wild beast signifies the political Roman Empire ; and the woman, Papal Rome. In all probability the wild-beast's seventh and last head or form of sovereignty, which was predicted to exist *only a short time* but afterward to be resuscitated prior to the destruction of the wild-beast itself, and the woman (Rev. 17 : 10, 11) was the military empire of France which reached its greatest power and glory under Napoleon Bonaparte, and which continued *but a short time* from 1806 to 1815, and was *killed by the sword* of the allied sovereigns at Waterloo in 1815 (Rev. 13 : 3, 14) ; but which will revive in an ascendant political and military dynasty, in the formation and development of which France is destined to act a conspicuous part ; and by means of which the way will be prepared for the exhibition of the last and infidel phase of Popery at the epoch of her destruction.

"5. A further sign heralding the coming of Christ, is *the spread and prevalence of the spirits of Infidelity, of Despotism, and of Popery* among he nations of the earth ; thus preparing the way for the last convulsive scenes of revolution and of the conspiracies among kings and their armies against the peace and happiness of the world and the cause of Jesus Christ. These are he three unclean spirits of demons, the symolic frog, which come out of the mouths of he dragon, and of the wild-beast and of the alse prophet to prepare the way of far great commotions, and to lead on and gather 'the kings f the earth and of the whole world to the war of hat great day of God Almighty' (Rev. 16 : 13). The Lord's coming in the clouds of heaven is presignified by all these things, and is even at he doors. Meanwhile He is sealing His people, ouring out His Spirit and gathering in His elect. Verily, we must be blind indeed, if we cannot iscern the signs of the times."

The following passage from the works of the

REV. E. IRVING

ill in this connection be read with interest :

"Our victory over the world and the flesh, over sin and Satan, over evil angels and wicked men, over death and the grave, can only be accomplished by the salvation of Jesus Christ, and by fervent faith and prayer to Him for succor and assistance, and by the mighty power of God working in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure, and not by any natural strength or power resident in us. You cannot in your own strength withstand Satan's assaults, or rise superior to the dominion of sin, or disease, or death. Can you say to disease, Depart ? or unto pain, Gnaw my vitals no more ? or to sorrow, No longer poison my peace or consume my life ? Can you say to the clay-cold lips, Breathe upon me once more ? or to the death-bound tongue, Speak to me again that my soul may be comforted, and my hopes revived ? or can you say to the grave, Give me back my dead, thou devourer ? or to corruption, Feed not on my darling ?

"Canst thou, O man ! abrogate or reverse any one of these bitter stings which trouble thy soul's condition from the cradle to the tomb ? Canst thou strike a covenant with conscience that it shall not bite or sting ? or with sin, that it shall not be masterful and oppressive ? or with the tongue, that it shall not be false ? or with the eye that it shall not be covetous ? or with the flesh that it shall not be lustful and voluptuous ? or with life, that it shall not be full of pride ? or with any thing beneath the sun, that it shall not be full of vanity and vexation of spirit ? Unless thou comest to Christ for salvation and forgiveness, thou art unprepared to meet death, or the issues of judgment, which are more terrible than death.

"Our recovery from a fallen and sinful condition can only be effected by the Almighty operation of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. The gift of Christ from the bosom of the Father, to die upon the cross, in our stead, to atone for our sins, was an act of unspeakable love ; whence it is written, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John 3 : 16). And again : 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends (John 15 : 13) : but herein is the love of God manifested, that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us' (Rom. 5 : 8). And, oh ! who can measure the greatness of that love of God to us, which yielded up His well-beloved Son to such shame and sufferings for our sakes. Who can contain the knowledge of it, except the Eternal Fountain of love from whom all that is blessed and lovely doth proceed. And as the love of the Father was transcendent in permitting His Son to come forth to save the fallen sons of men, so also was the love of the Son, in willingly coming to save us. For He was not a creature, or of finite power, that He could be compelled to obey. And at

"THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

we shall behold Him, 'whom not having seen, we love : we shall see Him as He is : in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory' (1 Peter 1 : 8 ; 1 John 3 : 2). We shall see all the glorious attributes of his Godhead manifested in His Manhood : the Son of Mary glorified into the Son of God : and clothed with the all-sustaining-power of God—not in humiliation, as formerly, but travelling in the greatness of His strength : not as a servant, but as a sovereign, uniting in Himself all the tender intercessions of the Priest, and the powerful majesty of the King —a Priest upon his throne forever (Hebrews 8 : 1). And we shall see the prison doors of death unbarred and the grave yield up her dead, and then shall come to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory (Isaiah 25 : 8).

"We shall then be gathered with all the saints of God, who in their flesh shall see Him, and shall stand in their lot in that latter day, the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, the glorious army of martyrs, the general assembly of the First-born, whose names are written in Heaven, the Church of the living God, the whole host of the redeemed, whom Christ shall bring with Him, and we who remain alive till His coming shall be caught up with Him into the air, and so shall be forever with the Lord (1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17 ; Heb. 12 : 23). This is not a cheerless parting, like death, but a joyful meeting and eternal union of those who are spiritually dear to one another. For natural affection will then be no more, and spiritual affections alone will remain. Then our brother and sister and mother will be they who have fulfilled the will of our Heavenly Father (Matt. 12 : 50).

"In the next place, this body of sin and death shall be exchanged for the likeness of Christ's glorious body, for sinful flesh and blood shall not inherit that kingdom, nor corruption inherit incorruption ; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body ; 'it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory ; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.'

"In the next place, we shall be forever with the Lord, partakers of His throne, partakers of His crown, and partakers of His government ; His assessors in judgment, His deputies in power, ruling over the cities of His dominion, and judging the tribes of the sojourners upon the earth. We shall be like the Lord, who ascended up from the earth, as easily as He descended : and who in His resurrection-body passed to and fro without let or impediment of matter, and governed the elements with a sovereign control. And so shall we in the exercise of that government and sovereignty over the earth, with which we shall then be endowed, be like Adam, a king in his majesty, whom the elements of nature and all the living, moving creatures harmed not, but delighted to obey.

"And we shall behold all enemies subdued under the feet of Christ the Second Adam, and the accuser of the brethren of Satan cast into the bottomless pit for a thousand years, and with him all his evil angels, which are now dwelling in the natural man and ruling the earth. Finally, we shall behold the earth and all its sojourners, living in peace and blessedness under the government of the Lord Jesus Christ (Dan. 7 : 13, 14 ; Zech. 14 : 9 ; Rev. 20) ; nature re-possessed of all its original beauty, and society of all its proper blessedness : with peace, gentleness, and meekness restored on every hand, all men blessed in Jesus, and calling Him blessed : nothing to hurt or destroy, in all God's holy mountain : and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the channels of the deep."

(To be continued.)

The Roll-Call Unanswered.—A private soldier, by his general good conduct and willingness to be of kindly service to all his comrades, had won the affection of his regiment and the esteem of his commanding officer. He was always to be depended upon, and was never found in those scenes in which so many of his comrades took delight. He was, of course, called "a Methodist," and jeered at on account of attending religious meetings whenever he had the opportunity. The young soldier, however, took no notice of these petty persecutions, and when beset more sharply than usual, might sometimes be seen taking from his breast a printed leaf, which he would look at for a moment and then return to his pocket. It happened that his regiment was ordered into action, and after bravely doing his best, on a most disastrous day, the young soldier fell mortally wounded. In the excitement of the contest this was unnoticed, but by and by, at the close of the attack, when the roll-call was read, it was found he did not answer to his name. His officer was deeply touched, and did not think it beneath him to join the search party sent out to pick up the wounded. It was not long before they arrived at the place where the young man had fallen. A placid smile was on his face, and his hand clasped in death the leaf he had so often been seen looking at. On it was found these words : "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from page 367.)

Mrs. Symons.

No one had been more surprised at old Squire Symons's second marriage than Charles Clifford, but it had been also a source of considerable amusement to him. Julia's efforts to be quite a lady continued to afford him constant entertainment; and when the check of Ruth's presence was removed, he visited Rockwood more frequently. He thought Ernest a lucky fellow to have won Ruth in spite of his poverty and his downfall in the world; but he had indulged no hope of winning her himself, and there was no insincerity in the hearty though somewhat melancholy congratulations he sent to them. Ernest was having the best of it again, he thought to himself.

As he crossed to and fro along the cliffs from Clifford to Rockwood he often stood on the point from which he could see the greater portion of his lands, looking at them with a dissatisfied heart. He knew he was extravagant; but he could not be so reckless as he had been when his sudden spurts of good fortune put him in possession of funds, which were as lightly lost as they had been lightly won.

To lose now was to lose the property, for which a long line of ancestors had toiled and schemed; and he had natural feeling enough to grudge that loss. He hated to feel that the acres would slip through his fingers as surely as the coins had done before; yet he could not deny himself, or turn his nature into another channel. He must have a merry life at any cost.

In the mean time he tried to gain as much merriment as sufficed for him at Rockwood, where Julia always made him welcome. She took good care that her husband should not sink into any excess that might endanger his life and her own position; but she could not find it in her heart to refuse Charles anything she could get for him. Though Ruth had shared her little fortune with her father, still allowing him half her yearly income, Julia did not find it any easy task to be the lady of Rockwood on two hundred pounds a year.

It was not very pleasant to be a lady on means so small, and with all the neighborhood, even her own old friends, turning the cold shoulder upon her. She found herself left very much alone, and she could not help welcoming every visit from the handsome scapegrace whom she had helped back to his estates, and for whom she still felt a lurking fondness. Squire Symons himself urged him to come often, almost with tears in his eyes.

Mrs. Clifford had suffered many hardships during her life, but she had never suffered one so cruel as to be compelled to invite Julia Rush to Clifford Grange. Old Martha Rush had been goose-girl, and Julia herself, in her girlhood, had tended the geese upon the cliffs. It was an unheard-of degradation to entertain her as a guest. But Charles was inexorable, and Julia enjoyed nothing so greatly as visiting at Clifford Grange. There was a close relationship between her and Mrs. Clifford, since her step-daughter, Miss Ruth, had become Mrs. Clifford's daughter-in-law; and she never failed to communicate the contents of Ruth's letters to her father.

She almost drove Mrs. Clifford to distraction by speaking of her sons as Ernest and Charlie; though Charles only laughed good-temperedly when she complained to him about it. It was in vain that Mrs. Clifford assumed her most distant and haughty manners; Julia had a native confidence which was quite a match for any fine ladylike-airs. She was strong in the consciousness that she was Mrs. Symons of Rockwood; and if her dress was not so costly or so tasteful as the elder lady's, it was much more gaudy, and, in Julia's own eyes, much grander.

Mrs. Britton, humble as she felt it her duty to be, fully shared Mrs. Clifford's indignation and disdain of Mrs. Symons. She seldom failed to obey any summons from her dear old friend, though Jenny was not permitted by her father to set a foot within the doors of Clifford Grange. Charles respected his clergyman, and avoided him.

But he had readily guessed the secret of Jenny's exclusion, if his mother's petulant complaints had not revealed her suspicions of Mrs. Britton's ambitious hopes, and for sheer want of amusement he made the pursuit of little Jenny Britton his favorite pastime. It cost Mr. Britton many a sleepless hour; but never did mother rejoice more in secret over the success of her tactics; while Mrs. Clifford was terrified beyond measure at the idea of Charles bringing a wife to Clifford Grange, and that wife being Jenny Britton.

The new position to which she had climbed was by no means sweet to Julia. The bondage, borne so patiently by Ruth, was a very real burden. Now that she was left to the sole companionship and management of her old husband, the confinement became close and the work hard. She had looked on, and thought that Ruth had little to do but amuse herself; but she found that she had fulfilled a circle of daily duties which now fell upon her.

There were no more long hours in which she could safely leave Squire Symons under a careful guardianship and walk over to Clifford to visit her infirm and grumbling mother or her aunt Dunnit. *Faithfulness* was the groundwork of poor Julia's character; it was natural and instinctive to her. She had satisfied her ambition; but she could not endure the thought of seeming to forsake her friends. Her mother was almost a disgrace to her; yet she could not, without much pain, refrain from paying her frequent visits.

She had besides harder work to do—drudging toil and labor which tested her physical strength severely. For Julia was no slattern, and she did not like to see dust gathering upon the furniture, which would be hers at least as long as Squire Symons lived. The young maid-servant had been dismissed, and Julia had double duty to do. There were nights of wakefulness and watchfulness, and days of toil and care. The whole responsibility of keeping her husband free from excesses, which would have proved fatal to him, fell upon her.

She began to lose bulk and color, partly to her alarm and partly to her *gratification*. The long and narrow old-fashioned mirrors reflected to her scrutinizing eyes a face growing paler and more careworn, and a frame visibly lessening. She fancied that she was getting more like Miss Ruth, with her clear, colorless complexion, and her air of patrician refinement. But she could not help feeling, in spite of all, that she was paying a higher price than she had reckoned on for the object of her ambition.

At last, one morning in May, she ventured to leave Rockwood to go over to Clifford, and spend the day with her mother. She had not been able to stay long with her since the day of Ruth's marriage, and many a querulous message had reached her. It was by no means a pleasant duty to face the old woman and sit listening to her complaints. Now her daughter was a lady she could not understand why she had not money enough to provide lavishly for all her wants and fancies, and Julia had not the heart to tell her that she had scarcely a shilling she could use as she pleased. At last she grew weary of sitting in the dark little cottage, listening to her mother's grumblings, and as the afternoon wore on she announced her intention of going to have tea with her aunt Dunnit.

It seemed a strange thing to Julia to walk down the village street again, nodding to one old neighbor after another, who stood and watched her enviously from the cottage doors, but gave her no very cordial greeting. The children rushing noisily out of school and climbing the hedgerows or scampering down to the beach, and the mothers calling to them to come in to tea, struck a deep and melancholy chord within her.

There would never more be any life like this for her, full of innocent pleasures and work that was no drudgery, done always for love and not for wages. To keep home for a husband and four children dear to her, to labor for them because she loved them, would not be her lot. She had had her choice, and had chosen foolishly.

Julia hardly put her vague and forlorn feeling into words, but it was none the less there. Rockwood, with its large, old empty rooms, and its lonely silence, was on her mind as she stepped into her aunt Dunnit's spotless and shining kitchen, with its door opening upon the garden and the sunshine glistening on its shelves of crockery and the burnished brass candlesticks on the high mantle-piece. She sank down wearied into the arm-chair on the hearth, with its well-stuffed cushions, soft with the feathers of her aunt's famous poultry, and covered with many-colored patchwork put together by her aunt's fingers.

This was a very palace of homely comfort, and one like it had always been within Julia's reach. Mrs. Dunnit busied herself in getting tea, and while Julia looked on with her black eyes glittering through tears she made ready the little round table and watched the kettle for the first symptoms of boiling, to secure the earliest bubbling of the water to make her old man's tea, and to prevent any drops splashing her clean hearth. Julia breathed a heavy and very bitter sigh.

"Look out and see if Uncle's comin', my dear," said Mrs. Dunnit, hearing the sigh, but passing it over as not to be talked about; and give him a call if you see him."

Julia stood for a few moments on the door-sill, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking out on a scene as old as her earliest childhood to her. There was nothing new in the little garden, or the green meadow beyond, or the peep of the sea in a fork of the cliffs. The cluck of the hens calling their chickens, and the blissful grunting of the pig basking in the sunshine, were as old to her. But she had never stood at the cottage door, with tear-dimmed eyes and a failing heart, as now.

Why had she not been content with the chance of such a home as this? She might have married some one who had loved her, and who would have grown old with her, as her uncle and aunt had done. But she belonged neither to her own folks nor to gentlefolks, as it was; and no husband or child would go on into old age with her and brighten up those chilly days. It was a terrible mistake that she had made.

Mrs. Dunnit was inclined to make more of Julia, seeing her in such low spirits. She broiled some rashers of bacon, and poached some of her famous eggs for tea. How delicious the food tasted to Julia in the pleasant cottage-kitchen, with the kettle singing a tune upon the hob, and the spring breezes blowing in through the open door, salt and fresh from the sea!

Squire Symons was particular about his meals, and she was obliged to prepare richer and less simple food at Rockwood for him, and they were eaten in larger rooms; but then she felt compelled to sit up straight and stiff, and take care lest she brought down some cutting reproof from her husband, who had been accustomed to see Ruth at the head of his table. Oh, how foolish she had been!

"Master Charlie came back from London last night," remarked Old Dunnit, as they sat at tea. "He's been seein' Master Ernest, thank the Lord! There shouldn't be no enmity betwixt them, for they're all but brothers. He says our Miss Rose's as white as a lily, and her little hands are like egg-shells. She's pinin' away, he's afraid, and she won't hear of comin' back to Clifford."

"O Elijah!" cried his wife; "can't nothin' be done? Miss Rose's like our own child, poor little motherless blossom! It'll be a sore grief to every one of us if anything mischances Miss Rose. It's likely she'll pine, leavin' Clifford for London, where there's no good air, no good victuals, nor good milk and eggs. Couldn't she come home again?"

'Master Charlie's been talkin' to me," re- ed old Dunnit "He's not all bad, is Master Charlie, and maybe he'll turn to the Lord ne day. He says he'll go clear away for the nmer, and leave Clifford Grange for Master nest, if he'll come to it for three or four nths. It 'ud be like old times again."

It can't ever be like old times again," said s. Dunnit sadly.

Did he say anythin' about *my daughter*— s Ruth?" inquired Julia. It was one of the ets of her elevation to dwell upon the close nection she had with Ruth, who was always d to her, and treated her as her father's wife.

Of course he'd see Mrs. Ernest Clifford," her aunt severely; "but I never heard of daughter of yours, Julia. To marry a nken old noodle does not make you the her of a lady like Miss Ruth, Julia Rush."

Come, come," interposed old Dunnit, ng from the tea-table, "let bygones be by- es. Julia can't unwed herself, if she wished er so. We must reap as we sow, but don't us hurry on the harvest. Julia, you come g wi' me to the Lantern Hill."

(*To be continued.*)

MINISTRY OF JESUS.

S. . Lesson for June 20th.—Heb. 2. Golden Text, Luke 9:35. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

UR subject for to-day commences with the d "Therefore," showing us that it is con- ed with the preceding chapter. "God, at sundry times and in divers manners e in time past unto the fathers by the proph- hath in these last days spoken unto us by Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all gs, etc.;" *therefore* we ought to give the earnest heed to the things which we have d, lest at any time we should let them slip, the word spoken by angels (or messengers; *llos* means both angel and messenger) was lfast, and every transgression and disobedi- received a just recompense of reward; how we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. if they escaped not who refused Him that e on earth, much more shall not we escape turn away from Him that speaketh from en" (Heb. 12 : 25).

hat then does this Scripture say of Christ's salvation? He hath "by Himself purged sins" (ch. 1 : 3), He hath made "reconcilia- for the sins of the people" (ch. 2 : 17), by race of God He hath tasted death for every (2 : 9), "He is able to succor them that empted" (2 : 18), He hath put the world to in subjection under man (comp. 2 : 5, with . and through death He hath destroyed that hath the power of death, that is, the " (2 : 14). If we are not rejoicing that *our* re purged, if *we* are not standing as recon- to God, if we do not see *our* sins punished e death which Jesus tasted, if *we* are not red in temptation and delivered from the f death, it is because through our unbelief ndifference we have neglected this great ion. No man has a right to retain his sins the Son of God has borne and purged It is as much a wrong to the Lord as to lf if he remains under condemnation and the power of sin. The very largeness of grace intensifies our responsibility.

man who has heard the gospel of the grace d can remain longer in his sins without g contempt upon the sacrifice of Christ. sin committed by him who has heard of gracious deliverance, is as much a denial r Deliverer as was Peter's denial of his ; if He "*hath* delivered us from the power rkness" (Col. 1 : 13), then darkness in has no power over us, and to yield to it is n Satan in giving the lie to the work of . More and deeper issues are at stake in se of every sin of every sinner, than merely n salvation, Christ's word and honor and ork are at stake. Because He has purged ns as a whole, we ought every one of us to rged individually, and we wrong our Lord if we are not so, for we are despising His Word. God holds us responsible, not for our feelings which we cannot always control, but for the way in which we treat His Word. "He that rejecteth Me," said our Lord, "and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him: the word which I have spoken the same shall judge him at the last day" (John 12 : 48).

We read (ver. 16) "Verily, He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham." Thus He took on Him the nature of a fallen race that He might stand on the same ground as man stands, and fight over again the battle with the enemy in which our first parents fell. All which they lost He has regained, and regained for us. But as He became one with us in order to regain it, we also must become one with Him in order to possess the fruits of His conquest. Just as death was impossible to the living God, just as, in order to suffer for sin, He must needs live a life out of Himself and in man, so must we by faith in Him live a life out of ourselves in Christ, in order to possess His victory. While we are occupied with our sins, our feelings, our desires, our hope, or our will, we are not occupied with Christ.

How then do *we* stand with regard to Christ's great salvation? "He gave Himself for our sins that He might deliver us from this present evil world (or age) according to the will of God and our Father" (Gal. 1 : 4). Is the end for which He gave Himself attained in us? Are we influenced by this present evil age? Do we partake of its spirit? Are we moved by the opinion of others? Does the ruling spirit, "all seek their own," affect us, and are we doing anything for selfish ends, for our own comfort, honor, prosperity, health, etc., without first considering God's interests and His will? If it is so, Christ's great salvation, which is competent to deliver us, has not effected its purpose. Why? We have neglected it, and God asks us how we shall escape. How can we escape the responsibility, how answer for our neglect?

Again the Apostle Peter tells us, "Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, etc." (1 Pet. 1 : 18, 19). Here again we learn that we *are* redeemed by the blood of Christ, from all which is aimless, fruitless, empty, in our manner of life. It is no excuse for us that we say, "My father always did so and so, and thus it cannot be wrong:" we are redeemed from the vain manner of life which we have received from our fathers. "Every one of us must give account of himself to God." We are not responsible for our fathers, but for ourselves. Every generation will be judged undoubtedly according to the light and knowledge with which God has blest it; and if, in any generation, some part of God's truth may have been hidden, it is perfectly conceivable that God may not hold such a generation responsible as He would another, in which a greater fulness of light had been vouchsafed. But how sinful must it be in His eyes, that men who live in the fulness of Gospel light justify worldliness, prevarication, selfishness, etc., on the ground that society demands it, or the position in society demands it, etc. O, let us know no demands but those to which Jesus signs His name, and which are consistent with those who by His blood are redeemed from such obligations.

But how then are we redeemed from this present evil world by His blood? If we have indeed taken our position in Christ, then we see condemned, not our *sins* only, but *ourselves*, we see all which the world has admired in us to be worthy of death, and we judge it to be so by believing in Jesus in whom we were condemned. All which can justify the world, all which makes things present to be of importance, all which exalts man, is condemned and crucified in Jesus. Thus "the world knew Him not," the world had no attractions for Him. He had no attractions for the world. By believing in Him we renounce ourselves, put off our old man, and we put on Christ. Henceforth it is not we personally who are to be considered, but Christ who liveth in us. Henceforth it is His will, His interests, His honor which rule us, and not our own, and *therefore* "the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not" (1 John 3 : 1); by the cross of Christ the world is crucified to us and we unto the world (Gal. 6 : 14). Every motive henceforth is directly counter to the world's motives, and the prince of this world can have nothing in us because he has nothing in Christ (John 14 : 30).

Our beloved Lord saves us from our own nature by imparting to us His nature, which "seeketh not her own" (1 Cor. 13 : 5) which pleaseth not itself (Rom. 15 : 3), which does not its own will (John 5 : 30, 6 : 38). He brings us out from this present evil age that He may teach us to breathe the air of eternity, and fit us to reign with Him in the future. "For unto angels hath He not put in subjection the world to come" (*i.e.*, probably the world in the time of the Millenium), but with regard to man it is written, "Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet. This is our inheritance in Christ Jesus, but not yet possessed, for it is added, "But now we see not yet all things put under Him." Alford translates thus the following verse, "But Him that is made a little lower than the angels, even Jesus, we behold on account of His suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; in order that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man. Thus we see that it is only through death that man can regain his lost inheritance, and Jesus died that death."

But there was yet more to be done. He must not only pay the ransom, but also regenerate the nature which He had taken. Thus it follows (ver. 10) "For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. It is thought and even spoken by some believers that, because Christ has suffered for us, we are not to suffer. This is the most fatal error. "The disciple is not above his Master: but every one *shall be perfected as his Master*" (Luke 6 : 40, margin). And this is confirmed in many other passages, especially (1 Pet. 4 : 12, 13), "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." Inasmuch as, or in proportion as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; there are sufferings in which we have no fellowship *with* Him, in which He cannot partake; He can have compassion for us when we suffer chastisement through inattention to His voice, but as it is a path which He never trod, there can be no fellowship; that is reserved for the suffering which is for His sake. "For both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." To sanctify means to set apart or reserve to a holy use. Jesus for our sakes sanctified Himself, that we also might be sanctified, through the truth, He set Himself apart as man for God's use, that it might be possible to set us apart also through His redemption work for God's use.

Now, can we answer the great question of our subject, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" There is a possibility of our hearing God's truths and yet letting them slip (ver. 1), and even of receiving "the grace of God in vain" (2 Cor. 6 : 1). The apostle argues (ver. 2, 3) "If the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward, how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? If no sin or disobedience could escape the all-seeing eye of God, or evade His perfect justice, even though no man could keep the law (John 7 : 19), how then can we escape condemnation if we neglect a salvation which places obedience and holiness within our reach? God teach us by His Holy Spirit our immense responsibility.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Death of the Empress of Russia, which has been considered imminent for several months, occurred on June 3d. She was fifty-six years of age, and her illness had been a long and painful one. She was married to the Czar, then only heir-apparent to the throne, in 1841. The later years of her life were embittered by the estrangement which had arisen between herself and her husband, and by the vicious life he led. She had given herself up to the guidance of the priests of the Greek Church, and under their influence occasionally advocated measures which, had they been effected, would have been disastrous to the country. Personally she was distinguished for her kindly and charitable disposition, and among the poor she was known as "the good Empress."

The New British Ministry is being Fiercely assailed in the press, although it has not yet had time to fully manifest its intentions. The appointment of the Roman Catholic Viceroy of India is severely condemned. One of the leading journals says: "The explanation of the appointment evidently is that the Prime Minister wished to conciliate those Roman Catholics whom he had offended by his impulsive attack on the Papacy. He apparently forgot that the Charybdis of Protestantism was very near the Scylla of Roman Catholicism. And after all the Roman Catholics have not been conciliated, for there is no class which has been more deeply offended by Mr. Gladstone's literary articles."

The Chilians achieved a Decisive Victory over the allied forces of Peru and Bolivia on May 30th, at Tacna. The allies had all their available strength in the field, and as they were thoroughly routed, there is hope that this protracted struggle is now nearing a conclusion. The bombardment of Callao was commenced according to the notification of the Chilian admiral on April 22d. The fleet, armed with long-range rifled guns, threw shot and shell into the town with impunity, being just beyond range of the guns in the shore batteries. Only a few of the inhabitants were injured—none seriously. The buildings of the town and the shipping in the harbor suffered severely, the railroad station being almost destroyed by shells which crashed through the roof and tore up the flooring.

Mr. Goschen, the Special Minister sent by Great Britain to Turkey, had an interview with the Sultan on June 3d. He explained that his first duty was to fulfil his mission to the Queen's satisfaction; at the same time the friendly relations subsisting between England and Turkey inspired him with the desire to be of service to the Sultan and his people. He concluded as follows: "I am convinced of your Majesty's ardent desire to ameliorate the position and assure the prosperity of your subjects, without distinction as to race or religion. I shall be happy if my efforts may contribute to the desired result." Mr. Goschen appears to entertain more hopeful views of the Sultan's "ardent desires" than European statesmen generally do, and recent events suggest a doubt whether he has valid grounds for his conviction on the subject.

Lord Beaconsfield in a Recent Speech to his political friends said that had the elections resulted in a victory for his party, he should probably have retired from the leadership, but as the party was in a minority, he conceived that his duty was not to desert his followers in the hour of their defeat. This decision is exactly opposite to that taken by his rival, Mr. Gladstone, who resigned when his party was vanquished and assumed the leadership when it was victorious.

A Duel between M. Henri Rochefort, a Leading Parisian journalist, and M. Koechlin, the brother-in-law of the Chief of Police, took place on June 3d, and has caused a profound sensation in Paris. The quarrel arose out of charges made in an article by Rochefort imputing dishonorable conduct to the Chief of Police and his relative. A challenge was given and accepted, and the duellists fought with swords near the Lake of Geneva. M. Rochefort was wounded in the breast, one telegram says dangerously, but other telegrams say only slightly. The fact that the wicked practice of duelling still exists in France is not a hopeful sign of the progress of that country, either in a moral or religious sense of the word.

Mr. Gladstone's One Sleepless Night.—Dr. Theodore Cuyler relates a conversation he had with the British Premier when in London. He says: "When I congratulated Mr. Gladstone on his vigorous health and power of achievement, he told me that he owed his good health to two or three rules well carried out. He carefully avoided the sins of the table, he took a great deal of muscular exercise with his axe, and he never allowed anything to rob him of his sleep. 'When I shut my chamber-door at night,' said he, 'I lock out all cares of state and of everything else.' He said that *only one thing had ever kept him awake*, and that was one evening when at Lord Lyttleton's place he had begun to cut a tree down, and darkness and a storm came on. He laid awake in some anxiety lest that tree should blow down!"

The Nucleus of a Second Kingdom of Israel.—The London correspondent of a daily journal writes that it is rumored in well-informed circles that among the projects which Mr. Goschen is to recommend for the Sultan's acceptance is that of forming into a united Jewish colony the districts of Gilead and Moab, which are at present inhabited only by a few nomad tribes. The Ottoman Government would retain its suzerain rights over this territory, and would receive in return for its concession a number of millions from certain capitalists, who have undertaken that they shall be forthcoming. Sir Moses Montefiore and several other wealthy Israelites favor this plan. The new colony would be subjected to the authority of *a Prince of Jewish race* and religion, and would serve as the nucleus of a second Kingdom of Israel.

A Raft Surrounded with floating Corpses.—The captain of a vessel which has arrived at Queenstown from Demerara reports that on the 30th of April he passed a raft which had apparently been made on board of a man-of-war or a first-class steamer, as it was bolted together, not lashed, and that afterward he saw several corpses dressed in white. The newspapers are inclined to connect the raft with the missing training-ship Atalanta. A telegram says that another vessel saw the same raft and two corpses dressed as seamen in the navy. Calculations as to location made by other authorities are thought to prove that the raft cannot have belonged to the Atalanta, although its construction appears to indicate that it was made on a similar ship.

The Egyptian Slave Trade.—Colonel Gordon, the British officer who is known in the East as Gordon Pacha, in a pamphlet issued by the Anti-Slavery Society, says: "The Khedive of Egypt and his subordinates have permitted the resuscitation of the slave trade in Central Equatorial Africa, and every order which I gave concerning the suppression of this abomination has been cancelled. It is time we should cease to accept the evasions and excuses of the Egyptian authorities. A decided message upon this point, delivered by the English and French governments, would have great effect. The slave trade will never be put down by the voluntary action of Egypt under its present ruler."

An Office Boy's Son Becoming Lord Mayor of London.—The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Truscott, mentioned at a public meeting on behalf of the Printers' Asylum recently that his father had made his fortune, and he hoped his own children would make theirs, in the printing trade. His father, some seventy years ago, in a town in the west of England, then a lad of nine years of age, through family misfortune, was compelled to take a situation involving the sweeping out of a printing-office. For three years he continued in that position, and was then bound apprentice. At nineteen years of age he married, and soon after came to London, having to borrow to pay his passage. He was at once employed by good firm, from whom he changed to the of of the King'sprinters, where he became forem After continuing there for a time he resolved go into business on his own account, and lived to compete successfully with his old m ters for the government work, and he left son in a position which resulted in his bec ing Lord Mayor of London. He died twen one years ago, and his last utterances w "Place over my grave the simple words, ' the memory of James Truscott, printer.'"

Condy's Fluid Instead of Wine.—Sacril met a fitting punishment in the case of a cha thief lately, who, bursting into a vestry in L don, tried the wine, as he thought, and foun "poisonous." It is now found that he dr *several ounces of Condy's Disinfecting Fluid* un the impression that it was raw spirits. He been caught, and is to be tried, but he a that no amount of imprisonment can equal punishment which his disinfecting dose infli on him.

A similar disagreeable surprise was exp enced by some thieves at Stepney, Lond some time ago. They had broken into the ernacle of the Rev. Archibald Brown, who a student at Mr. Spurgeon's College, and is pastor of one of the largest churches in Lond They effected an entrance a few hours after ordinance of baptism had been administe and the water not having been run off, but in the baptistery, the marauders, on their wa the vestry in search of booty, suddenly fel and received a thorough saturation, in addi to a fright, which they are not likely to forg

Mrs. M. Baxter Writes from Mulheim Rhein: "Our meetings at Mulheim an Ruhr were large and much blest. A Luthe pastor was present every evening. He is a g man. The Lord has given us much encour ment by the circumstance of our meeting several in this neighborhood who found p two years ago, in a young ladies' school in S zerland when I was there. They have held their faith, sometimes amid much difficulty. place, Mulheim am Rhein, and the other heim are both manufacturing places. We everywhere *real hunger for the simple Gos* Tracts are well received by the people. We prayer on behalf of our work."

Eleven Nihilists have been tried at Petersburg and convicted. Two of them condemned to death, and the others to per of hard labor varying from twenty years to years. Four of the prisoners were female

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church.— have received one dollar from Mrs. J. Laird, Mil Bay, New York.

Irish Famine Relief Fund.—Contribut received up to Saturday, June 5th:

A Friend, Chili, Ill. . . . .$
Previously acknowledged. . . . .

Forwarded to *New York Herald*. . . . . $

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watch (London) for May may be obtained at the office CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. LMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M Y AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

ingle Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1880. 14th Year. No. 25—New Series.

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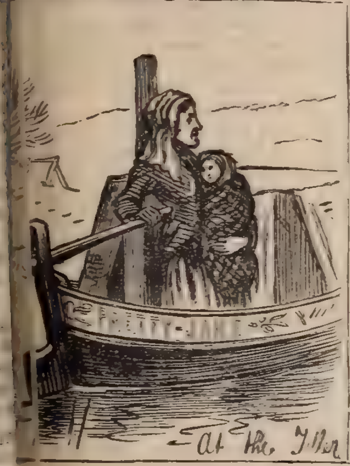

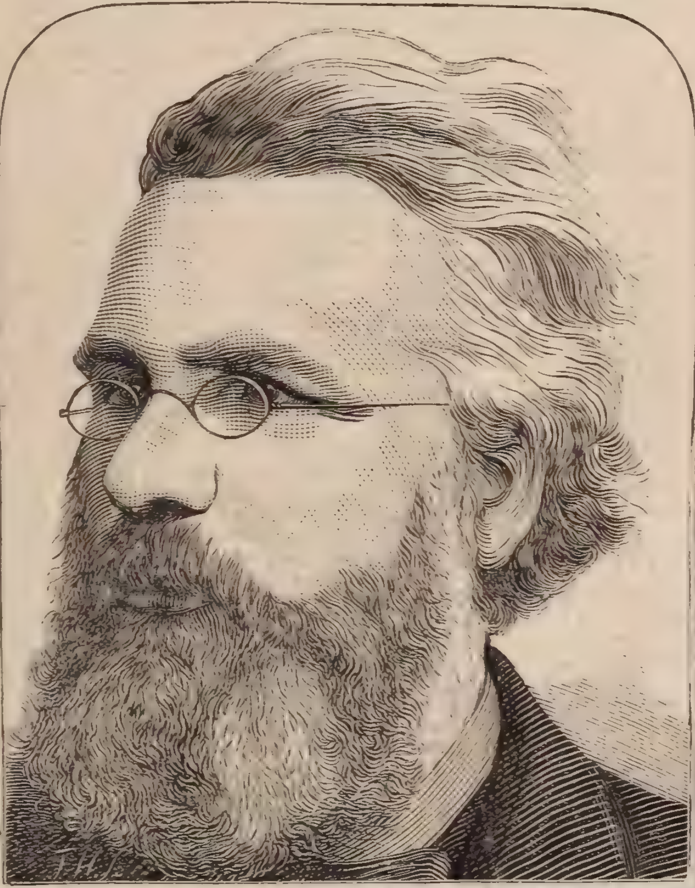

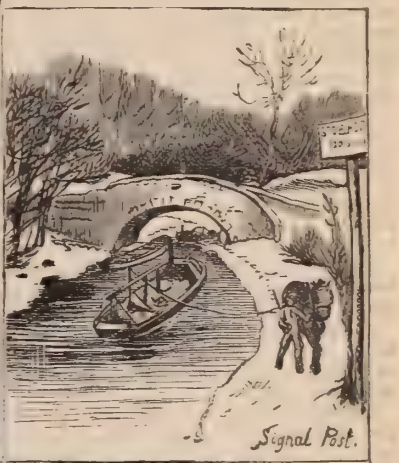
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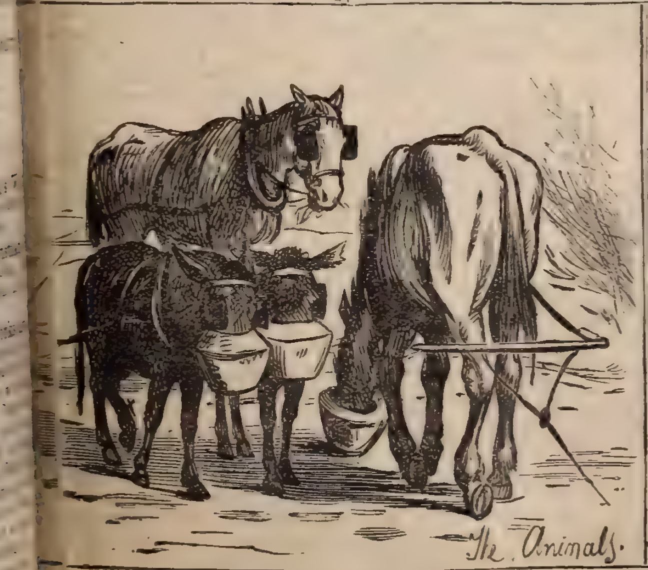
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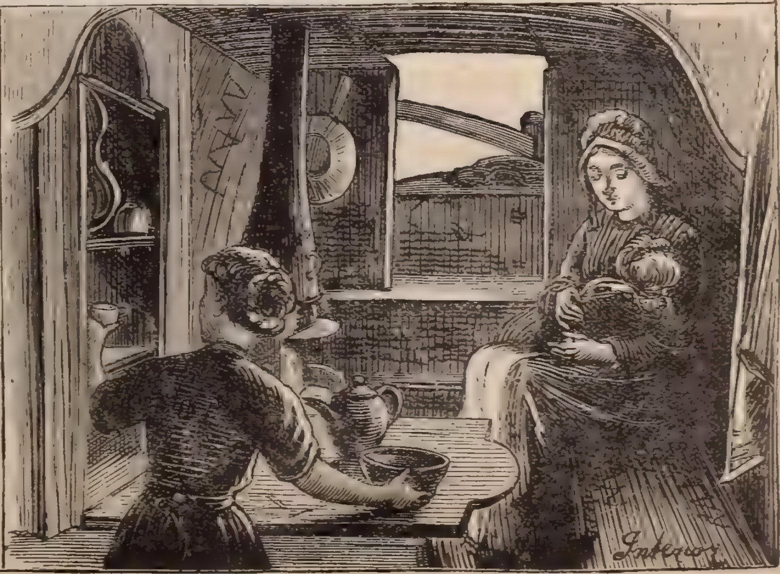

Mr. GEORGE SMITH, the Friend of the Oppressed Classes in England.

MR. GEORGE SMITH, OF COALVILLE, ENGLAND.

Who is George Smith?—His Birth and Parentage—Deborah Smith and her Husband—George's early Taste of Toil in a Brickyard—His Attempt at Self-Help—His Appeal to the Home Secretary on behalf of the Brickyard Children—He meets with Opposition from Masters and Men—Sympathy from the Queen—His First Legislative Victory—He goes on to Help the Canal-boat Workers—A Boatwoman's Opinion—He succeeds with the Canal-boat Act—He is Saved by a Dog—Jane Garner's Letter—He begins Work among the Gypsies—Pictures from Gypsy Life—"Moses" and "Deliverance"—His great Self-sacrifice.

THIS gentleman represents, by name, at least, a very large family, but he has won for himself considerable distinction among the "Smiths" for his unparalleled efforts to ameliorate the wretched condition of the "boaters" on the English canals, the women and children working in the brickyards, and the gypsy children.

He was *born* at Clayhills, Staffordshire, England, on February 16th, 1831. As nearly the whole of his life has been passed in the Potteries and at Coalville, he has a claim to be heard upon the works of philanthropy which he has espoused with such noble earnestness. His *father*, William Smith, was a brick and tile maker, which calling the subject of our sketch followed, working at every branch of the business. For centuries his ancestors occupied one of three workmen's cottages at Tunstall which were constructed out of an old farm-house known by the high-sounding name of "Canal Hall." A name thus associated with George Smith had a suggestive reference to the great work of his after life.

His grandmother, Deborah, was a notable woman; she came of an old Cheshire family, and had rare gifts which she exercised for the good of her fellow-creatures. She was village doctor, village nurse, and village missionary. Besides these, she filled other important niches in the fabric of village life, for which her superior tact and knowledge eminently fitted her. A grateful fragrance yet lingers round the memory of this good woman, and to be in any way connected with Deborah Smith is still a sure passport to favor in the neighborhood where she exercised her healing and consoling arts.

The grandfather of George, who was the husband of this notable lady, came of a good family. With him Deborah was certainly not "unequally yoked," for he seemed to possess the same acquirements in which she excelled, and to which was added more resolution than his wife possessed.

George Smith's earliest instructor was a Primitive Methodist "dame," who attended to his culture from his third to his seventh birthday. From her educational manipulation he passed to the brickyard.

He thus relates

HIS LABORS AT NINE YEARS OF AGE:

"I had continually to carry about forty pounds of clay upon my head from the clay heap to the table on which the bricks were made. When there was no clay I had to carry the same weight of bricks. This labor had to be performed, almost without intermission, for thirteen hours daily. Sometimes my labors were increased by my having to work all night at the kilns. The result of the prolonged and severe labor to which I was subjected, combined with the cruel treatment experienced by me at the hands of the adult laborers, are shown in marks which are borne by me to this day. For all this labor I received sixpence (*twelve cents*) a day!"

It is doubtless the memory of the intense suffering which he endured at this period which moves him to the utterance of the passionate pleadings with which he is wont to move the audiences to which he addresses his appeals in behalf of the little slaves under worse than *Egyptian bondage*.

His case was by no means an isolated one, and illustrates in his own experience the severity of the work to which the wretched children are subjected in the brick-fields. He further says, "On one occasion I had to perform a very heavy task. After my customary day's work I had to carry 1200 nine-inch bricks from the maker to the floors on which they were placed to harden. The total distance *walked* by me that night was not less than *fourteen miles*, seven of which I traversed with eleven pounds' weight of clay in my arms, besides lifting the unmade clay and carrying it some distance to the maker. The total quantity of clay thus carried was *five and a half tons*."

When about eleven years of age he set his heart with stern determination to add to his scanty education. For two years he had to sit up all night twice a week to watch the ovens—this, too, after the customary day's work of carrying forty pounds of clay about the yard for thirteen hours. For this extra labor he received a shilling. This sum formed his "educational endowment;" and when we consider how money "burns in a child's pocket," and how many temptations must have passed before the overworked and neglected child, we perceive in his self-denial the early dawn of the *energy* and *perseverance* which he has developed to such a conspicuous degree in after life. The weekly shilling was equally divided between night-school fees and books. With these slender acquirements, well-improved, he slowly but surely made his way, step by step, up the ladder of his business. That his services were valued is evident, for he was *fourteen years* in the service of one firm. He has also the merit of being an inventor, his production being a pretty ornamental brick, now in general use in the "Queen Anne" style of houses.

With this preface we proceed to notice Mr. Smith's

PUBLIC LABORS,

which have so distinguished him. In 1864 he took the first step in his attempt to mitigate the hardships of the boys and girls who labor in the brick-fields. He laid their case before the Secretary of State, and his advocacy was of a practical nature. He closed his case with these words: "I aim at telling simply a dark chapter in the annals of the poor. Throughout *I speak that I do know*." It needed little eloquence to show, as Mr. Smith essayed to do to the Social Science Congress, how great was the degradation which prevailed in English brick-fields, and the urgent need there was for legislative interference. He showed that there were from 20,000 to 30,000 children of both sexes, between the ages of *three* and *seventeen*, engaged in this demoralizing labor, herding together almost from infancy in a manner tending to the grossest immorality and impurity. Young girls between the ages of nine and thirteen were allotted the task of removing a mass of clay, weighing in the aggregate twenty-eight tons, to a distance of seven yards, their wages varying from eightpence to tenpence a day.

Soon after his letter to the Home Secretary Mr. Smith commenced in earnest his agitation to obtain the application of the principles of the Factory Acts to this business. The masters were quickly on the alert and combined for resistance to Mr. Smith's humane efforts. Even the laborers, from the same principle of self-interest, equally reprobated his steps, and, indeed, went so far as to burn his effigy in his native village. But Mr. Smith was not to be daunted, and was not without encouragement. He received letters of sympathy from such exalted personages as Queen Victoria, the Kings of Belgium and Holland, and from the Presidents of the United States and France. In 1872 the *labor* of many years was brought to a *successful close* by the passing of an Act of Parliament in the January of that year. The 25th of July, 1877, when the Act came into operation, must have been a proud day for poor brick-yard children no less than for George Smith, who on that day saw his victory registered in the hearts of the rising generation of clay-workers as well as in the archives of the country. The working of the Act during the subsequent two years has proved that no such serious interference w the brick business has resulted as was ant pated by the masters, and the cost of the bri has not been affected even to the extent o a penny per thousand.

His great energy forbade him now to sit d and fold his arms with complacent satisfacti On the contrary, he had in the struggle, wh had thus ended in victory, gathered a mas facts, with which he went forth on a fresh c paign against ignorance, distress, and imm ality, the people for whom he pleaded this t being the miserable creatures employed in

ENGLISH CANAL BOATS.

In October, 1873, he published his first let upon this matter in London and provir papers. In these he estimated the "floa gypsies," as he termed the "bargees," or boat at 100,000, the majority of whom were born live all their days in the filthy holes dignifie the name of cabins. One woman on boa barge at Paddington said to Mr. Smith, rel to the *status* of women in barges, "The boat who first put a woman into a boat c deserved hanging."

In his endeavors to raise the 70,000 wo living on and working in connection with ba he saw but two means of remedy—the Law the Gospel. As *an earnest Sunday-school s intendent*, Mr. Smith clearly discerned how latter was to be applied; but he strove to s the application of sanitary laws first as an u necessity, which was perhaps all that was *practicable* at that period. Failing to obtai insertion of a clause in Mr. Plimsoll's Mer Shipping Act, he at last secured the ear Royal Commission, and related stern facts were as surprising to the members of it as were novel. An Act was passed which p every barge afloat under some local san authority, and the children under the su sion of the School Board of the district which the barge hailed. This Act receive royal assent on August 14th, 1877.

But when the Act was passed Mr. Smith's was not done. It appeared evident to hin the Government intended that the Act s fall through; but Mr. Smith was not the m stand by and see his work of enfranchisem the thousands of helpless ones become a de ter. Consequently, on January 1st of this y started from Coalville in order to *walk to L* along the banks of the canal, to see for h whether the Act which came into operati that day was being carried out. The mo had at the time in his pocket was worth a dollars, the greater portion of which w hausted by the time he reached Rugby by start on his pedestrian tour. The weather very severe, the snow deep, and the frozen, he was able to inspect each boat.

But if favored in one respect, he was at advantage in others. The heavy sno obliterated all the ordinary tracks. Whe ing Willowby, a village on his route, he th to take a near cut to his next point, a called Braunstone. For this purpose he l canal side. Crossing a bridge, he ent stubble-field. Failing to find his way, an ness coming on, he attempted to retra steps, but he was confronted by a fierce dog, to whom he gave the name of " The animal would not allow him to p and forced Mr. Smith to alter his cours subsequently reached Willowby, where that night at the Four Crosses Inn, wh served Dean Swift as a night refuge in a venture while on his journey from Lon Liverpool, by the mail-coach, about 1740.

The next morning, on surveying the the battle between himself and "Sport," clearly that the animal was a *messenger* sent by the Almighty to save him from for the direction in which he was walkin have led him into the river where the broken, at a lonely spot where no one w all probability, have heard any cries for

In connection with Braunstone, the a town, Mr. Smith records the only answe his letters that he has ever received from a t-woman, as not one in a hundred is able to d or write. The woman had an addition of ee little babies to her family, and had re- ved the £3 which the queen usually gives on such occasions. We give the letter as a iosity :

" JOHN GARNER.

Sir Master smith I am very much a blige to
y sir fer beeing so kind to us sir: i did not
e your Letter till 15 Janury 1878. Sir mister
ith so have have Lost to 2 of our Babeys the
oyes sir. I send my Best respects to you
si

'JANE GARNER.

e bered one
Janoury
think we shall Rayer one sir. Sir smith we
gone up to Paddington when your kind Let-
lid Came to Braunstone.

"I thank your

"SIR SMITH."

reaching Paddington Canal basin Mr. h found that not a single boat had been tered nor an inspector appointed. He ly resorted to his usual means to compel nwilling Government to do its duty—the c press. Now the eighty-five canals are ought under the operations of the Act.

MR. SMITH'S WORK AMONG GYPSIES.

. Smith, having secured a second victory in ission of mercy, now looked around for ext oppressed class upon which to turn his itable energy for their relief. He found he sought in the *gypsies*. To prove that arge class needs legislative interference, we t one case which he cites. It is that of a nown gypsy woman who has for years tted" in the neighborhood of Wormwood s, in the suburbs of London :

e had six brothers and one sister, the family born in tents, and only one of the could read a little. She has had *nine* en born in a tent, four of whom are alive, ly one could read and write a little. She *venteen* grandchildren, and only two of can read and write a little, and thinks this average of other gypsy children. She tells t she got a good living for more than twenty by telling fortunes to servant-girls, old and young men, mostly out of a book of she could not read a sentence or tell a let- he said she had heard that I had taken cause of the poor gypsy children to get educated, and, with hands uplifted and n her eyes, which left no doubt of her g, said, 'I do hope from the bottom of rt that God will bless and prosper you in rk till a law is passed, and the poor gypsy n are brought under the School Board, eir parents compelled to send them to as other people are. The poor gypsy are poor ignorant things, I can assure She also said, 'Does the queen wish all r gypsy children to be educated?' I told t the queen took special interest in the of the working classes, and was always to hear of their welfare. Again, with ickling down her face, she said, 'I do he Lord for such a good queen and for noble-hearted woman. I do bless her. u, Lord, bless her!'

er some further conversation and taking vith her in her humble way in the van, she hoped I would not be insulted if she ne, as from a poor gypsy woman, a shil- help me in the work of getting a law o compel the gypsies to send their chil- school."

GYPSIES ON WANDSWORTH COMMON.

esent another case "in evidence" which th has collected, which shows clearly the object at which he aims: "A few e I wended my way to a large number es located in tents, huts, and vans near orth Common, to behold the pitiable of some sixty half-naked poor gypsy and thirty gypsy men and women living escribable state of ignorance, dirt, filth, and misery, mostly squatting upon the ground, or otherwise making their beds upon peg shavings and straw. Not more than four of these poor creatures could read a sentence or write a letter.

"In creeping almost upon 'all fours' into one of the tents, I came across a real antiquated but a good kind of gypsy woman, named Brittannia Lee, who boasted that she was a Lee of the fourth generation; and in sitting down upon a seat that brought my knees upon a level with my chin, I entered into a long conversation with the family about the object of my inquiries—of which they said they had heard, viz., to get all the gypsy tents, vans, and other movable habitations in the country registered and under proper sanitary arrangements, and the children compelled to attend school wherever they may be temporarily located, and to receive an education which will in some degree help to get them out of the low, heartrending condition into which they have been allowed to sink.

"Although Mrs. Lee was ill and poor, her face beamed with gladness to find that I was trying, to do the gypsy children good, and she said she should be pleased to show her deep interest in my work, and asked me if I would accept all the money she had in the world, viz., one penny and two farthings. With much persuasion and hesitation, and under fear of offending her, I accepted them, which I propose keeping as a token of a woman's desire to do something to improve her 'kith and kin.' With many expressions of 'God bless you in your work among the children; you will be rewarded some day,' we parted."

Mr. Smith finds heartfelt sympathy everywhere among the gypsies themselves. He records that he visited the gypsy camp on Mitcham Common, and heard that a gypsy woman was ill in one of the tents. He entered and sat down to converse with her and the attendant. He found that she had recently been confined, and had no food in the tent. Mr. Smith gave her a shilling, all that he had, and with which he purposed getting something to eat after his walk from Croydon. The woman's sense of gratitude was stirred, and said, "What can I do to show my gratitude? My child is not named, and I will name it whatever you please." After considering awhile this unexpected proposition, he suggested that the name should be "Deliverance." He subsequently discovered that her previous child was named "Moses," a curious coincidence.

We might present pages of narratives similar in character to those we have culled from the published records of Mr. Smith's labor; but so great has that work been, that his deeds of faith and labors of love will never be adequately known except by Him in whom he believes and on whom he trusts in his efforts to relieve the suffering, to guide the erring, and to put to shame the open sinner by the pure light of the Gospel. The great aim of Mr. Smith's operations is to bring the brickmaker, the boater, and the gypsy to Christ. Mr. Smith's *earnest purpose* is shown by the fact that he had paid out of his own pocket more than 2,000*l.* to get the Bills passed, and has sacrificed an appointment as brick and tile engineer of 450*l.* a year to see that they were carried out, and to assist other necessitous classes.

He is, therefore, a poor man to-day. This has been recognized, and a committee has been formed, with Lord Aberdare for its chairman, the Earls of Derby, Shaftesbury, and Aberdeen, and several members of Parliament in its membership, to raise a fund to provide for his wants in order that he may devote the remainder of his life to philanthropic works without the anxiety caused by a struggle for daily bread.

The Portrait and Life of Rev. Thomas Harrison, "the boy preacher" whose work at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other places, and now at Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle has been so signally blessed by God, will appear (God willing) in our next Number.

A BRITISH OFFICER ON TEMPERANCE.

At a Temperance Meeting recently held in London, Colonel Anderson said: For many years I served in India, among the Hindoos, the most temperate races in the world. I hold in my hand the last monthly return of the "Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association" in India, from which it appears there is a total of 8,249 names registered by that association alone, and so encouraging a state of affairs has been greatly brought about by the blessing of God on the exertions of my valued friend, the *Rev. Mr. Gregson*, who is

THE JOHN GOUGH OF INDIA,

and not merely a temperance orator, but also an evangelist, whose great powers for usefulness found a vent last December in ministering to the sick and wounded in the British entrenched position at Sherpore, near Cabul, and I rejoice to think he is now ministering to the Mussoorie and Landour congregation in the Himalayas.

Missionaries tell us that the drunken habits of so many Europeans in India are a very great hindrance to the advancement of the Redeemer's cause in the East, and it used to be said before the days of railways and canals, that had the British been turned out of India all they would have left behind would have been *pyramids of empty bottles!* Depend upon it, there would be fewer cases of heat apoplexy in the East if pure filtered water and the ever-welcome tea were drunk instead of the wine, the spirits, and the beer, when the thermometer is perhaps 157 degrees outside in the sunshine, for no mortal constitution can stand many years' perpetual soaking in heating, intoxicating drinks, morning, noon, and night, in any climate, but especially in the tropics, where drink, like oil, simply feeds the flame.

In my younger days, about two-thirds of the time that I served with a native regiment—I was adjutant—I never saw *a drunken sepoy*, but it is, I am sorry to say, well known that of late years many of the wealthy natives, who have thrown off the restraints of caste, have at the same time given way to drink; and here I may mention that many regret that canteens were ever sanctioned for any section of Her Majesty's native Indian forces.

It is a very sad sight in England to see the many well-dressed, respectable-looking *young women* who unblushingly go into *public houses* in broad daylight, while I must say it grates on my ears, after a long absence abroad, to hear these public-houses quoted as familiar landmarks, and patronizingly spoken of as the Green Man, the Angel, the Sun in the Sands, the Red Lion, and so on. Further, is it not

A NATIONAL DISGRACE

that in no other country in the world are such enormous sums selfishly and criminally expended in drink; and hence death, suffering, poverty, and sorrow indescribable has been the portion of vast numbers in this realm of Britain? I believe however that with God's blessing, example will do wonders. In numberless instances abstaining has not been merely a change of living, but it has led up to a saving change, and although there is but one way of salvation, and one name given among men whereby we can be saved, yet let us urge Christians at any rate to abstain, that they may be able to say, "Don't do as I tell you, but do as I practise!"

Since the Word of God condemns drunkenness, gives examples of its disgraceful effects, tells us that it leads to other vices, as also to poverty, to sickness, and assures mankind that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven, let me ask every Christian man and woman in this audience, be they rich or poor, young or old, to henceforth *avow herself and himself an abstainer* for example's sake. Example is better than precept, and may the good Lord induce His people to deny themselves the indulgence in what is a dubious, because an unnecessary, luxury, and one which is undoubtedly a fruitful source of misery and wretchedness to such untold multitudes at home and abroad.

THE SINKING OF THE NARRAGANSETT.

A new Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, June 13, 1880.

"A night and a day have I been in the deep."—2 Corinthians 11 : 25.

Ancient and Modern perils of Navigation—The calamity which stuns the Nation to-day—God only saw what was coming—That terrible scene—"Save my child"—Some very practical lessons—I. The responsibility of those who have the care of life and property—Awful blame somewhere—The Pastor's responsiblity—II. Brilliant surroundings no Security against Death—III. When the disaster came all prayed—Prayer not so much of a farce after all—IV. The danger of dense fogs—Fishermen's lives lost through the fog—Spiritual fogs—The Herbert Spencer fog—"Our dear Grandfathers the gorillas"—V. The importance of being ready for sudden transition—Death generally sudden—The cemetery of dead ships.

[Before commencing his sermon, Dr. Talmage read another long roll of the names of persons received into membership at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, making 530 during the present Revival, so that now the Tabernacle has 2,150 members, this being the largest Presbyterian membership in the world.]

WHETHER Paul's ship had been broken to pieces by a storm, or whether it had collided with another vessel, I know not; but here we find him floating on a plank in the Mediterranean Sea, and for twenty-four hours. "A night and a day have I been in the deep."

The perils of ancient navigation were very great, among other things because *the sea was so solitary*. If a ship were disabled, it might move over the waters day after day, and week after week, and month after month, and not sight a sail. But I think that in our day, notwithstanding all our lighthouses, and all our compasses, and our sextants, and our ironclads, there is just as much danger, now coming not from the solitariness of the sea, but from *the multiplicity of crafts*. Any one who has noticed the great fleet of ships going in and out the Narrows, or up and down Long Island Sound, has been amazed at the fact that there are so few casualties.

The nation is to-day stunned and staggered with calamity. When those two floating palaces were ploughing through the waters of Long Island Sound and nearing each other on Friday night, only the eye of God saw that they were coming into collision. We are at the season of the year when parts of families make hegira into the country. Many of the schools have come to vacation, and the young people were impatient to be away. There is nothing more beautiful than the disposition of heads of families to send their households to the mountains and the springs and the farms, while the men must stay and toil in the sweltering city and fight out the battle for bread. How glad they are if their families can be in a cooler and better atmosphere.

God only saw what was coming. The fog stooped upon the Sound, and the steamers slowed up, and the whistles blew, and the bells rang, yet nevertheless at a quarter to twelve o'clock on Friday night, the Stonington crashed into the Narragansett, and perhaps fifty and perhaps a hundred, after struggling first with the flames and then with the waters, surrendered their immortal spirits to God who gave them.

I will not rehearse that scene; there was in it a pathos and

A TRAGEDY ALL INDESCRIBABLE,

when that aged woman cried out, "*Never mind me, save the young people!*" when that mother cried out, "Never mind me, *save my boy!*" when those young men, frenzied with the appalling scene, took their own lives.

Alas! alas! alas! While they are searching the waters for the dead, and while the telegraph offices are thronged with the pale-cheeked and the agonized, waiting for intelligence, it is becoming that we bow our hearts before God this morning, in sympathetic prayer for all the bereft while we mourn for the loss of some of the most valued of society, some who to-day but for that calamity, would have been preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that we learn

SOME VERY PRACTICAL LESSONS

for our own souls.

I. In the first place, this calamity of last Friday night on Long Island Sound impresses me with *the responsibility* of those who hold the lives, the bodies, the property, or the souls of people in their care.

I will not at this early point in the history of that disaster pretend to say who was to blame. Some say it was the captain, some say it was the company, some say the blame was on the Stonington, some say the blame was on the Narragansett. I will not attempt to decide. I invoke the law of the land with severe scrutiny to find out who was to blame and bring chastisement upon those who have hurled hundreds of families into awful bereavement. The fact is that this whole country has already been empanelled on the coroner's jury and has rendered a verdict saying:

THERE IS AWFUL BLAME SOMEWHERE.

Captains of steamships, conductors of railtrains, engineers of locomotives, architects of buildings, pilots of steamboats, have great responsibilities.

Yet ministers of the Gospel and Christian workers who have under their care the spiritual interests of the people—they also are to keep ringing the alarm bells, they are to stand on the outlook, they are to obey the injunction, "What I say unto you I say unto all—watch." I tell you *I would rather be captain* of a steamship driving a hundred human lives into destruction than a minister of religion, or a religious worker, with a defective theology driving thousands and tens of thousands of immortal souls into everlasting shipwreck. "When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand."

"'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled the Saviour's hands."

Oh! my friends, whatever be your responsibility, if you have under your keeping the bodies, the minds, the property, the souls of men, beware how you discharge that responsibility. Remember the Narragansett.

II. Again, that disaster Friday night, on Long Island Sound, impresses me with the fact that

BRILLIANT SURROUNDINGS

are no security against the last enemy. You and I perhaps have been on that Narragansett. It was a beautiful ship. The furniture exquisite, the pictures, the upholstery, all the appointments, just what you would like to have had them, and yet, notwithstanding the passengers were so brilliantly surrounded, they were called away.

The fact is, Death has just as much regard for the Nantucket whaler as he has for the splendid Narragansett. Belshazzar at the banqueting hall; Napoleon III. in the mansion at Chiselhurst; Charles Dickens in his beautiful home at Gad's Hill; the Prince Consort in Windsor Castle, summoned away.

An armed sentinel stands at the gate of every palace, and when some one approaches, the sentinel cries, "Halt!" and whoever the dignitary may be, he must halt or be pierced through; but Death comes up to the gate of the palace, and he captures both the sentinel and the gate.

On that Narragansett, there were those who could have given their $50,000 for another day's existence; $100,000 for another day of existence, $200,000 for another day; but *Death will not receive a bribe.* He comes in with muddy feet from walking amid the upturned earth of the new-made grave, and blunders across the tapestry, and sets his spade against the head-board of the rosewood bedstead. "They that possess themselves in the multitude of their riches, none of them can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom that he should not see corruption." "The wise men die, likewise the fool and brutish person perish, and leave their wealt others."

Oh! do not let us be deluded with the idea cause we may have brilliant home, brill equipage, brilliant companionship, brilliant roundings, that therefore there is any safety.

III. The disaster of last Friday night on L Island Sound further shows me the fact there are many people who have not yet persuaded of *the nonsense of prayer*. I do suppose there was a person on board that ve but had heard argument used against Ch tianity. There was not a person on that ve but had heard prayer scoffed at and derided, yet all the reports say that when the disa came

THEY ALL PRAYED.

The prayer was heard from the Narragan to the Stonington. Those who were on the ragansett and escaped say there were scores hundreds of people in the water all prayi "God, save my wife! God, save my child! save me!" Hundreds of people, scores of ple crying: "O God! O God!"

Yes, they prayed; and if Tyndall had there, if the sceptics of this day had been th they would have all prayed. That would been the prayer-test. Oh! we may scoff at Cl tianity, and we may deride supplication be God, and we may say the creature cannot a the Creator, and it is absurd for one to k down and pray unto nothingness, expectin get an answer. We may do all that surrou with pleasant circumstances, but in the da calamity and darkness we will pray.

It is not so much of a farce after all, is it is not so absurd after all, is it? They prayed. Oh, my friends, ye who have sins pardoned, ye who have wounds to be heale who have burdens to be lifted, ye who hav mortal souls to be saved, why not now in day of your prosperity learn this art, this art?

"Restraining prayer we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armor brig
And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees.
Were half the breath that's vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me."

Yes, they all prayed, they all prayed.

DENSE FOGS.

IV. Again: I am impressed by the di of Friday night on Long Island Sound, the danger there is in a dense fog. Ther no cyclone that night. Sometimes the k of the lighthouses neglect their duty and a will drive on the rocks; but all the lighth on the coast of Long Island Sound were their duty that night. A dense fog came and that was the cause of the disaster. was what brought the Arctic and the Ve gether in that great calamity that some remember.

When I was going to Liverpool and our was ploughing on near Newfoundland coa ing a fog, I remember I heard the poor men in their fishing smacks blowing thei horns. They were afraid of being run do some steamer, and many of the poor perish every year in the fog. No one knows they perish. They simply do not come ho

Well, it is not only ruin for the body, bu ruin for the soul. Do you know that is all the trouble in spiritual matters? N would drive directly on the rocks if he co them. It is because men are cheated, they are mystified, because they are befog

Here is *the Herbert Spencer fog*, whi that life is a combination of heterog changes, both simultaneous and succes correspondences with external coexistenc sequences. Yes, that is what life is here is *the Huxley fog* about protoplasm here is *the Darwinian fog* about the o the species, and *our dear grandfathers, th las* and the chimpanzees!

And there is the fog of Pantheism, and the fog of Rationalism, and the fog of Materialism, and the fog which Strauss and Schenckel and Renan have thrown around about the head of Christ. Anything but believe that God made the worlds, and that the Bible is plenarily inspired, and that Christ, the Son of God, came to save sinners. Anything but that.

Why, there are wiseacres abroad who would be glad to be pall-bearers and grave-diggers at the same time at one decease, and that at the decease and the burial of the Lord God Almighty. They think there is not room enough for God and them in the same world. They want to push Him off the edges of the universe, and they fill the world with their fog, and the scores of people who went down in Long Island Sound during the fog are very few as compared with the thousands and millions who in this favoring of scepticism have crashed into immortal shipwreck.

Sometimes a strong breeze will very suddenly clear away a fog. So I wish a gale from Heaven might sweep away all this fog of scepticism. When I see so many people around me drenched and soaked, and floundering in the dense fog of unbelief, I fall deeper in love with the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. Oh! these wiseacres would only come and believe the Gospel, how much perturbation they would escape. How happy they would be if they could but just learn the first three questions and the first three answers of the shorter catechism:

> "Who made you? God.
> Who redeemed you? Christ.
> Who sanctifies you? The Holy Ghost."

Oh! Sun of Righteousness, scatter the fog. Remember the Narragansett!

Once more: This disaster of Friday night impresses me with the importance of being ready for sudden transition. Some of the papers say that there were only TWENTY MINUTES between the collision and the time when the vessel sank. Some say that in ten minutes many of them had perished. I suppose that in five minutes many had gone down. Just think of it. Twenty minutes! What a short time, if any of them were not ready for the eternal world?

Twenty minutes! Fifteen of them would be used in the effort to get ashore. Fifteen of them in the expectation that the lifeboat might come. Fifteen in the hope that some strong swimmer might take them ashore. Fifteen gone only five left, and the five minutes split into two parts, the one half to look back upon life, the other half to look forward to a great eternity. Twenty minutes! Fifteen minutes! Five minutes! Oh! does not that show every common-sense man that he ought to be ready for sudden transition?

"Oh!" say some men, "I won't go on shipboard. If I go to Boston, I'll take the railroad. I'll never risk my life on the Sound, nor by any steamer." You cannot escape in that way. When you leave this world in all probability you will leave suddenly. Has not that been the history of most of your friends? It has certainly been the truth in regard to most of your own friends who have gone. They may have been sick for months or for years, but when they went, they went suddenly. It was a surprise to all of us; so it was to you with your friends.

When the Avondale Mine exploded, how long did those poor miners have to prepare for the next world? Not half a second. When the "draw" was off at Norwalk, when the bridge broke at Ashtabula, how long did the passengers have to prepare for eternity? Five minutes? No. Three minutes? No. Two minutes? No. One minute? No. *The twinkling of an eye.* "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Oh! ought we not to be ready for sudden transition?

Can you imagine that beautiful steamer gone? The furnaces are out. The pulsating of that great machinery has all ceased. It is a dead steamer, and it is buried. It is buried in THE CEMETERY OF DEAD SHIPS, that great cemetery of dead ships, the Arctic, the Cambria, the North Fleet, the Atalanta, the City of Boston; but the time will come when all the dead of Long Island Sound and all the dead of the Atlantic will rise. The trumpet will sound through all the caverns of the deep as well as through all the valleys and the mountains. Day of light. Day of darkness. Day of joy. Day of sorrow. Day of victory. Day of defeat. Day of resurrection.

A voice comes from that dead steamer this morning, saying: "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave whither we are all hastening. A man is stupid beyond all reclamation who cannot learn that lesson from this awful calamity. Oh, we want to be housed in God, we want this morning to be so encased by divine mercy that nothing can harm us.

Do you suppose that calamity did any harm to God's children on board that steamer? No harm. Sudden death was to them sudden glory. The angels of God hovered over the burning Narragansett and those who died in Christ went straight to the bosom of Jesus. Oh! do you not want that refuge? Do you not want to fly to that fortress this morning?

I believe there were three or four Eddystone Lighthouses. Henry Winstanley built a lighthouse. It was of very fantastic shape—Eddystone Lighthouse on the coast of England—and the people said "that lighthouse will not stand the storm." "It will," said Henry Winstanley, "and I hope I may be in it when the first and worst storm comes down." The lighthouse was completed and there was a heavy storm gathering Perhaps it was time for the equinoctial, and Henry Winstanley, with some of his workmen, went into the lighthouse to spend the night.

Oh, it was an awful storm that swept down the coast of England. Next morning the people went down to find the lighthouse. It was gone. Not so much as a fragment of a wall left. Only two twisted iron bolts.

So men get themselves up into the lighthouse of their scepticism; so men get themselves up into the fortress of their egotism; so men get themselves up into a state of defiance against God, and they say, "We are secure; we are not afraid; let all the storms of death come, let the cyclone of the judgment come, we dare all danger, we despise all threat." Suddenly God breathes on them and they are gone. *Only two things left: a grave and a lost soul.* Remember the Narragansett!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 175,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors]

THE ROSE AND SIGHTLESS BABE.

A TOUCHING scene in a railway carriage was witnessed recently. A little girl, four or five years old, was accompanied by her mother. The child now and then turning her face, full of childish love, up to her mother, muttered some almost unintelligible words of affection. Opposite to mother and child sat a young lady, who often smelled a fresh rose which she held. The innocent little one before her attracted her attention, and the natural kindliness of the sympathetic woman's heart prompted her to offer at once the fragrant flower to the little budding lily opposite. So she leaned a bit forward and spoke,

"Baby want the posy?"

But the child seemed not to hear. Perhaps it was the noise of the moving train that prevented. Then she spoke a little louder, and held the flower forward temptingly.

"Baby may have the posy."

The mother heard, for she looked toward the other lady and smiled—and, oh, such a look of heart-felt gratitude, of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with such an expressive tinge of sorrow as is seldom seen. And still the lady of the rose pressed upon the little one's acceptance of the flower.

"Baby, take the rose," holding it almost to the child's hands. And now it seemed she was heard, for the blue eyes turned full upon her would-be patron, and then in a moment she strangely drew back and turned her eyes appealingly toward her mother's face. The lady with the flower showed her bewilderment in her look, while a pained expression flitted across the face of the mother, who leaned forward and whispered just a word,

"My darling is blind!"

Then the whole sunless, darkened life of the fair little being—fair as the flower which had been offered to her—came up before the mind. All beauty shut out from her forever! For her no foliage-strewn, flower-studded scene to follow the bleakness of winter. No looking with awe into the mysterious depths of the night sky, sparkling with glittering, twinkling star-gems, for over those blue eyes the Creator, in the mystery of His designs, had hung the impenetrable veil. No expectant gaze toward the mother's face for the gentlest smile that ever soothes a childish trouble; only the blind passage of the little hand over and over those features, for one moment of which that growing little one will often and often willingly offer years of existence. For her the birds will sing, but loveliness of form and feather are not. For her, while the babbling stream may make mysterious music, its dimpled waves and winding reaches do not exist.

How bitterly vivid all this, as the lady opened the little hand and shut within it the thornless stem of the rose, now bearing a tear on its petals!

OLD ZACK'S SUNDAY LEG.

DR. S. H. TYNG, JR., relates the following incident in a recent number of the *Youths' Companion:*

Old Zack lived in Virginia. He was a veteran of the last war, and supported himself by doing "chores" for the neighborhood. In one of his many battles he lost a leg, and limped around on a wooden substitute. It was not one of the new patent legs, but a right old-fashioned broom-handle stick, fitted with leather straps to the stump of flesh.

Old Zack was well known by his "walk and conversation" among all the townspeople. In cabins, and by the wayside, it was not an unusual thing to see a group around this lame leader, listening to his stories of the battle-field.

And everybody liked Old Zack. The good people of the town watched the wear of the old wooden leg, and thinking it dangerous for Zack to use it any longer, sent to Richmond and bought for him a brand-new one, with springs and joints and toes. It had all the modern improvements.

Zack was apparently delighted with his present. He wore it one day, but seemed to be conscience-stricken over the extravagance. The next day he appeared on the streets with the old broom-handle buckled on his stump. The first of his friends who met him with remonstrance received for reply,

"De ole leg will do berry well for de weekdays, but de new leg shall be presarved for de Sundays."

Who has not heard of Sunday clothes, Sunday faces, and Sunday manners? But Sunday legs are a novelty. Perhaps so in name, but not in fact. We all know people who hobble round, week after week and year after year, on a poor week-day principle, that may without warning break and give its owner a serious fall. Don't do it any longer, reader. Use the strong Sunday legs every day if you would be safe. Carry the words of the good Book into the week; then "shall the lame man leap like a hart."

NED CASSIDY AND THE EAGLE'S NEST.

By Henry Martin.

(Continued from page 375.)

A Hazardous Climb—Dan Foley's Deliverance and Gratitude to Cassidy—The Sail Home—Shooting the Arch—The Best Pilot—The Safe Return.

LOOKING up, and raising his voice to the place where Foley still clung, Ned cried out, "Dan, hold on, my boy ; never let go. I'll do my best to save you, and may the blessed Lord Jesus give me strength !"

Moving to the corner of the rock by which Foley had climbed, Ned, employing the same method he had used, clambered hand over hand, and reached the height from which the foolish man had made his spring to the projection from which he now .hung. Instead, however, of following his mad example, Ned clambered on, higher still. The ascent was most difficult, but, his head clear and his nerves steady, by care and skill he mastered it, and at last reached the apex of the rock, and then carefully stepped to a spot right over the shelf of rock on which the eagle's nest rested.

The shelf was six or seven feet beneath where he stood, but lowering himself, hanging by his arms, he landed safely upon it. Kneeling down he then with one hand firmly grasped a jutting stone fast in the rock behind him, and with the other hand laying hold of Foley with desperate effort he dragged him up and on to the place on which he himself rested. Dan, when he felt his feet on a firm foundation once more and knew that his life was snatched from the jaws of death, flung his arms round his preserver's neck, and then fainted. It was long before he recovered, but, tended by Ned, he gradually returned to strength and consciousness.

Their descent to the boat was slow and perilous, but, aided by the comrades of both, the bank of the river was reached in safety.

The conduct and bearing of Dan Foley to Ned Cassidy during the remainder of the day was a very interesting study. Both arrived at the boats in quite an exhausted state, so that their services as guides could scarcely be asked for longer by either party of tourists. Ned remained with us, for, finding us more in sympathy in all respects with his character and feelings, he would not think of leaving us, and Dan made an urgent request to the gentlemen and ladies to whom he had engaged himself in the morning to be allowed to enter the boat in which his deliverer was, and when it was granted he took his seat beside him.

"Ned, I'm ashamed of myself," he said after a while, "and of all the evil things I have done and said against you. From this hour I shall never look at you without hating and despising myself. Because you differed from me on some religious points, I dared to think myself a better man than you ; but this day you have proved to me that I was woefully mistaken. Had it been you that hung from the rock to-day instead of me, and that I had been in your place looking on, I might have shuddered at your coming doom, but not a hand would I have put forth to save you.

"God help me ! I fear a kind of satisfaction would have been in my heart to see you dashed to atoms, and I would have counted it a just judgment from Heaven upon you ;" and then, the tears rushing to his eyes, he cried, "Oh, Ned, will you, can you ever forgive me ?"

"Don't vex yourself, Dan, my dear fellow," responded Cassidy, "about sayings and doings that I hope now are things past and gone forever ; but let me tell you, Dan, it was what I learned from 'the Book,' which you despised and hated me for reading and believing, that enabled me to do for you what I did to-day. As I saw you cling in death's agony to the rock, there was a voice within me which said, 'Let him perish, he has been your wrong-doer ;' and there was a time when only that voice would have spoken in my bosom ; but to-day *another voice* drowned within me the natural cry for revenge.

"It was the voice of the blessed Book, Dan, and it bid me remember how the holy martyr St. Stephen prayed for his very murderers—and above all how your Saviour and mine, when dying on the cross, said to His Father in heaven, for those who mocked and crucified Him, 'Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do.' Oh, Dan, if you and all my countrymen would but devoutly read the Book and drink in its spirit, and live it, what a blessed time would be seen in old Ireland ! There would be no longer strife and hatred and bloodshed in the land, but loving each other, and helping each other, we'd have about us peace and prosperity ; in place of the nations of the world scorning us, they'd admire and envy us, and we shouldn't see the thousands on thousands leave the land which now every year fly from it."

The return home was, if anything, more enjoyable than the morning excursion. In the natural canal between the Upper Lake and the Lower, we had the stream now with us, rendering any effort of the boatmen unnecessary ; and the smoothness of the water, the stillness of the air, the windings of the river, giving us each minute a new prospect of rock and wood and towering mountain, afforded continually new pleasure to the eye and the heart.

The old Weir Bridge spans the channel by two arches, not very far from Dennis Island. One of the arches is not navigable, for the water in foam dashes over the rocks within it ; but the other arch is passable for boats, although the flood rushes with a considerable descent through it. "Keep your seats steadily," cried out Martin O'Rorke, our coxswain, "and there is no danger. I have shot this boat through here a thousand times without a mishap, and my eye and hand ain't now going to fail me."

We did as directed—sat quietly and silently, glancing now at Martin and again at the smooth rush of waters before us. He skilfully brought the boat to the middle of the current ; the men who had been gently rowing just to keep her straight with the flood then shipped their oars ; the sweeping waters caught her ; we felt an accelerated motion, which quickened each moment ; we were in the shadow of the arch, then under it, and again, quick as thought, we flashed as it were into the open heaven beyond.

"I have sometimes thought," said Ned, addressing himself to me, "that

SHOOTING THAT ARCH

is something like dying. It is the changing of one region for another, under a momentary shadow and darkness, and borne on by a flood that is irresistible ; and then how important it is to come to die in a right manner, just as it is for the boat to take the right position in the stream. Were she to come to the arch awry, with her beam on, once in the strong current it would be next to impossible to right her, and the flood, which otherwise would have been but a swift passage to light and safety, would have proved destruction.

"And is it not thus with dying ? I don't say, sir, that the God of all grace cannot save a man in the last hour—the dying thief was saved on the cross—but it strikes me it's a terrible risk to run, and no man that values his soul should venture it."

"It's a fine thing, anyhow," joined in Andy O'Toole, "to have a good pilot, either for this world or the next. When Martin, there, has his hand on the tiller, not an ace do I fear the old Weir Bridge arch—aye, when the flood is twice as strong as it is this evening, for I know his skill and pluck will beat it ; and so with the dark arch of death that Ned has talked about, with the help of good Father Mulcahy, my parish priest, I don't fear it."

"It is, indeed, a good thing," my friend here remarked, "to have a wise and faithful friend to cheer and help us in our last hour. But I think that Ned could tell you of *a far better pilot* than Father Mulcahy ever could make."

"The pilot he means, Andy," said Ned, "is
the blessed Lord Jesus Himself, who came
deliver them who through fear of death were
their lifetime subject to bondage' (Heb. 2 : 1
David said, In the dark 'valley of the shadow
death' He is with me (Ps. 23 : 4). And
own promise is, 'When thou passest through
waters, I will be with thee ; and through
rivers, they shall not overflow thee' (Isa. 43 :

"I respect Father Mulcahy," added N
"perhaps as much as you do. I believe he t
to do what he thinks is his duty ; but thou
he has been at many a deathbed, he yet does
know, from his own self, what dying is. B
Andy, it is not so with our blessed Lord.
strange and wonderful to tell, He, though G
has passed through all the experience—kn
from what He Himself has felt what it is to
for He thirsted, fainted, agonized, expired on
cross, and committed His spirit to the hand
His Father in heaven.

"If Martin here had never himself steere
boat all through the arch, on to the other s
however *good-hearted a pilot* he might be, yo
fear to trust him. It is the man who has actu
done the thing you'd prefer to look to, especi
if he was always at hand, willing and ready
the work. And thus it is with the great Savi
Andy ; He has, as I have said, gone Him
through the whole experience of death, an
ever near to guide those who love and trust H
through 'the dark flood.'

"Is it, then, wise—is it gracious—to look a
from Him, and put the safety of your preci
soul in the hands of even the best and kindes
fellow mortals ? The blessed St. Paul says, w
looking to Christ alone, 'O death, where is
sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? . .
Thanks be to God, who giveth us the vict
through our Lord Jesus Christ.' "

"Aye, but the Lord Jesus Christ can't
seen," spoke out Alick Flannagan. "He's l
ago gone to heaven ; but Father Mulcah
always to the 'fore,' and that makes a h
difference."

"Well, I don't know all about that," answ
Andy, after a moment's pause ; "when my
sister was dying, for hours before she pa
away her eyes were glazed and dim, and w
his reverence came I don't think she had
least knowledge of his presence. Even her h
ing was gone, for when we spoke she didn
all mind us, not even her mother."

"I have known of many similar cases,"
marked my friend, "and yet I have no d
that your beloved sister was perfectly consc
of the spiritual world."

"Might it not have been with her," a
Ned, "as it was with the blessed St. Step
His enemies could see nothing : but he, loo
up, the Book says, saw 'the heavens opened,
the Son of man standing on the right har
God.' It is plain to me, that the eye of
body is not the only means of sight. Fai
the eye of the soul, Andy, and to those
really believe in Him Jesus the Lord is al
near."

"True for you, Ned," I rejoined ; "and
many a dying Christian, unconscious of
friends around, as a faint smile of recogn
has passed over the features, the last words
the lips have been, 'Lord Jesus,' proving
was near them, and that they saw and
Him."

Thus conversing, our hearts and thou
fully engaged, time flew swiftly past, an
were almost unconscious of the progress
our boat was making.

On nearing the shores of Ross Island,
ever, from which we had started in the mor
we were roused from our reverie.

"Take the gentlemen round to the nort
of the island," shouted our bugleman,
Fagan, "till I give them a concluding spec
of the magic of the Lakes." Choosing a f
position, once more his bugle rang out
awakened the Killarney echoes. We wil
attempt to describe them ; we have tried
task already, and are conscious we have
to give a due conception of their wonders.

ll only add that, charmed and instructed by scenes we had witnessed, we were rowed to landing-stage near the ruined castle, and s was brought to a close a day's excursion, remembrance of which will long remain aded in our memories.

our next Number we hope to publish first chapter of a new serial story en- ed "Rochester Tower," by the popular horess Miss M. A. Paull.

TE GOSPEL AMONG THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

T a missionary meeting in London, Arch- con Kirby, who has been preaching the Gos- to the Indians in the North-western dis- ts of Canada, gave an account of his work. said :

et me mention three things that we are doing North-West America—education, transla- , and the preaching of the Gospel. We are ating the young in the principles of God's d and in devotion to Christ. The first mis- ary of the Society went out to North Amer- n 1820, and in 1821 an institution was form- or the education of native youth. But be- that institution was formed the work of ed- ion had already begun. The first missionary ng founded a mission at York Factory, took *little boys* a journey of three hundred miles, when he started with them he taught them prayer, "*O Lord, give me Thy Holy Spirit Jesus Christ's sake.*" God answered that er. Those two boys became first assistants he school then native catechists, then or- ed clergymen. One of them died full of ors, fruitful in good and holy works, a few s ago ; the other is still a veteran mission- n the mission field in North America.

SPOGAN GARRY'S CAREER.

ne governor of the colony at that time, Sir rge Simpson, brought *a native boy* to the ionary and asked that he might be edu- d. He was educated and ultimately was ized. After a time he expressed a desire to ack to his own tribe ; he was a good boy, name being Spogan Garry, but was rather ond of being on horseback. Some one said ne missionary, "You will never do any good that boy ;" but the missionary, old Arch- on Cochrane, replied, "Ah, you don't know prayer and faith will do." At last he away, and nothing more was heard of him long time. Many years after an American ionary found in the Rocky Mountains, e gold had been discovered, a native village e everything was well ordered, and where head man, who spoke English, made the le to observe the Sabbath day, and on his iring what was the name of the head man, rned out to be Spogan Garry.

nd then Bishop Anderson for sixteen years, a zeal and devotion which never tired, de- d himself very largely to the work of instruc- in that land. Then his mantle fell on his e successor, the present Bishop of Rupert's l ; than he a more devoted laborer there is n the mission-field, and he, too, devotes his gth and energy to St. John's College, h he has made a power for good in the land. n I went to North-West America, in 1828, a school of one hundred native children. of those children is now the *Prime Minister anitoba*, and during the last election, on be- taunted with his humble origin, he said, hat I am, thank God, I owe to the Church ionary Society."

hen I went among the Esquimaux, a little e ago, I wished to bring back with me a h to be instructed. The natives would have 1 me any number of girls, but I wanted a At last I found a child whose mother con- d that although it was dressed as a boy it in reality a girl. She had, it appeared, ed God would give her a son, and, having a instead, had dressed her up as a boy, the next best thing to having a boy being, she said, to *dress the child up like a boy*.

SPECTACLES FOR PRINCESS LOUISE.

I had another boy from Chesterfield Inlet, and the Princess Louise having recently inquired in Canada where she could get something to prevent snow-blindness, she was supplied with a pair of spectacles, which she fell in love with at once, that were made by my little Esquimaux *protégé*. Archdeacon Macdonald was brought up in the school, and there is no man whose labors have been more successful or more blessed by God in the whole mission field. There is in this great city of London a gentleman who was educated in the mission-school at Red River, who has for twenty-five years been the *master of the Stationers' School*, and who now lives in Bolt Court, and in the very house which Dr. Johnson once occupied there.

It is most important that natives who have not the preaching of the Gospel should at all events be taught to read the Word of God and be supplied with that Word. On one occasion I visited a mission station, and I found that when the very first service was performed there, one hundred and fifty Indians, having the Word of God and the prayer-book in their hands, were able to join intelligently in that service. We have in North-West America but one message for dying men, the message of "Christ, and Him crucified."

INDIANS' POCKETS CONVERTED.

John Wesley used to say that he never believed in a man's conversion until his *pocket was converted*. Our people will bear this test. Talk about giving ; they give with princely munificence ! At our annual missionary gathering they always give me forty or fifty pounds a year for the Church Missionary Society. Two or three times an Indian has brought to me as his contribution the skin of a black fox—the most valuable of all skins—feeling that he ought to give his best to Him who had done so much for his soul. A native has given in that form what was worth 2*l.* 10*s.*, even in Canada, and would be worth 5*l.* in England. I plead on behalf of the Indians of North-West America. If they are destined as a race to pass away, if they must recede before the advancing wave of civilization, then, in God's name, let us give them a name and a place in that kingdom which shall never pass away.

MISSION WORK IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

REV. C. T. WILSON, who has been laboring for Christ at Uganda, addressed a large meeting in London on May 4th. He was accompanied by the following chiefs : of Uganda, Namkadde, Kateriaba, and Sawadu, who have come from King Mtesa's kingdom in Central Africa, which was discovered by Mr. H. M. Stanley. These chiefs were of coal-black complexion, and were dressed in white garments. King Mtesa has sent them to ascertain positively, *whether there is really such a place as England* has been described to be by the missionaries, as he has considerable doubts on the subject.

Mr. Wilson said : My tale is one of *sowing*, or, rather of preparing the ground for the seed. It is only three years since Lieutenant Smith and myself set foot on the shores of *Uganda*. The people there are not inclined to receive the Word. They do not care about it. The idea of too many in this country of a missionary in Africa seems to be that of a man standing under a tree with a Bible in his hands and preaching to an attentive African audience, but I never saw this picture realized in Africa. The people don't want our mission ; they don't take an interest in it. You have to arouse interest ; you have to stir up their hearts in order to induce them to listen to the message of the Gospel.

Then again *their language is exceedingly difficult*. Before we went to Uganda no European ever studied the language ; the people have no literature, no printing, no books of any sort. Our first work was to reduce the language to writing, and that was a work of no small difficulty and no small responsibility. We had to consider carefully what characters would best express the sounds. Well, we have not been idle in that respect. I have brought from Uganda a vocabulary of five thousand words, and a number of native stories, songs, and tales, and have an outline of a grammar. This may seem little for three years' work ; but still a foundation is laid, and, after a time, we may be able to give the people the Bible in their own tongue.

But, besides the difficulty of writing the language, there is the difficulty that the people have *no words to express our Christian ideas*. How are we to teach a man that God is a God of holiness and that He hates sin, when there are no words in his language to express either God, or holiness, or sin ? But we have succeeded in teaching people to read, and I must say that the result of this educational work has been exceedingly good. The natives are remarkably quick-witted, and learn to read with very great ease and with great rapidity. But there is another thing that we have been able to do. We have been able to hold some sort of religious services. During the two years that I was there we were constantly preaching to an ever-varying audience the truths of God's holy Word.

Wherever there is a good work going on, Satan is sure to stir up opposition, and he has done so at Uganda. Many of you have perhaps heard of the French Jesuit Mission which was sent to Uganda some time since. The French missionaries brought with them such presents as they knew would be most acceptable to King Mtesa, *artillery and ammunition*. For a time they may possibly succeed in turning our missionaries out ; but I hope they will not, and if they do, their success will, I think, not be permanent. If our missionaries take their stand, as they will do, on the simple Word of God, the Jesuits will not be able to oust them for good ; they must prevail in the end, because the Jesuits will not deny that the Bible is the Word of God. Uganda is not the only place round the Victoria Nyanza which the mission has reached. All round that beautiful lake, where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," there is a teeming population waiting to receive the Gospel of Christ. There is plenty of work to be done. Give us fifty men to-day and before to-morrow we could find a station for every one of them. We want you also to establish a chain of mission stations on the south coast. We have two or three already ; we want to have more. See what you can do to advance the great work of carrying the Gospel to Central Africa. There is much need of prayer for us, and I would say to you, "Brethren, pray for us." Pray for us that God may raise up men to take up this great cause. We have been three years on the Victoria Nyanza without gaining a convert, but we feel sure that God will give us souls.

I would also beseech your prayers on behalf of our black guests (the three Uganda chiefs present on the platform). Pray that what they see in England may give them a desire to learn of Jesus, and pray that the story which they take back to their king when they return may lead him to become a subject of the King of heaven. I believe that the visit of these men to this country is likely to conduce to the civilization of Central Africa. We should never have brought them to this country if we had not believed that. We brought them here from no political motive, but in the hope that their visit, and the report which they were likely to make after returning home, would be instrumental in opening up that part of the world to the missionary, to the Gospel, and to civilization.

The Persian Famine.—A Telegram referring to the famine in Kurdistan, Armenia, and Western Persia, states that 40,000 persons must be fed for two months if they are to be kept alive. The telegram implores for money to purchase the grain which is still in store at Mousul. *One hundred and thirty-eight persons* have died of starvation at Bashkaleh. Twenty-six villages are utterly destitute. One hundred and seven persons have died of starvation at Alashgerd.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, **$1.50** per annum, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, June 9th, at **1.05 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

In Congress the Interest taken in the Chicago Convention has interfered with the progress of business, during the week. On Monday, June 7th, however, the Senate bill ratifying the agreement on the Ute question which has been so long delayed was passed by the House, and we may now hope that some definite statement will soon appear as to the land to be allotted to the Indian tribe. They have relinquished their large possessions on the understanding that each man shall have a plot of ground guaranteed to him by law from which he may gain a living for himself and his family. This promise should be carried out in the spirit as well as in the letter, and the land allotted ought to be adequate in extent and in character for the purpose.

The Bayard Deputy Marshals Bill passed in the House, and the General Deficiency Bill has at length passed the Senate and the House.

The Republican Press and the Party generally have accepted the nomination of General James A. Garfield for President, with satisfaction. The feeling expressed on all hands being, that if the particular candidate desired could not be nominated, General Garfield was the next best selection that could have been made. A large number rejoice over it for the sole reason that it is a decisive rejection of the third term movement, which they regarded as antagonistic to the principles of Republican government. The nomination of General Grant, it was urged, was objectionable also for other and personal reasons, among which was the one most frequently pressed, that, although he had proved beyond question his capacity as a successful general, he had failed in his first and second terms to appoint to responsible offices men of honor and integrity, and had suffered mere politicians, in whom the country had no confidence, to administer its affairs. The manner in which his nomination had been pressed in the State conventions was regarded as somewhat dictatorial, and contributed to his defeat in the convention.

General Garfield increased at Chicago the popularity he had previously acquired by his moderation and courtesy, and though his nomination was unexpected it was received with general enthusiasm by all sections except that of the third term, the adherents of which held firmly together to the last.

The nomination of General Chester A. Arthur, of New York, for Vice-President, was made on the first ballot. The convention having passed early in its sittings a resolution approving the administration of President Hayes, who removed General Arthur from office, the Vice-Presidential nomination has occasioned some surprise in the country.

A Serious Bank Failure has Occurred at Newark, N. J. On Friday June 11th, the First National Bank of that city was compelled to close its doors. The crisis was produced by the refusal of the Third National Bank of New York to honor the paper of the Newark Bank which was presented the previous day to the extent of $40,000. A meeting of the directors was immediately called, and a consultation was held with other banks in the city who proffered assistance if valid security were given. It was then discovered that every available security the bank held was already pledged, and the capital stated at $300,000 had been reduced to $75,000. In this state of affairs no resource was left, and the bank closed. Painful rumors of dishonesty are in circulation, but as the cashier is absent on account of ill-health nothing definite is yet known. It is believed that bill-holders and depositors will eventually be paid in full.

A Tank of Petroleum was Struck by Lightning on June 11th at Titusville, Pa., and produced a scene of devastation rarely witnessed in that locality. The tank contained 20,000 barrels of oil, and when struck it exploded with terrible force, blowing the roof of the tank into fragments and breaking the windows of houses for some distance away. The oil took fire, and pouring like lava down the hill set fire to two other oil tanks, each containing 30,000 barrels. The torrent thus augmented flowed toward the city, and was not arrested by the waters of a stream in its path. In a short time the southern portion of Titusville was enveloped in flames. Aid was telegraphed for to other cities and was promptly rendered, but the flames were not subdued until a large number of houses, an iron bridge, and several factories were destroyed.

A Shocking Disaster, resulting in Serious loss of life occurred, a little before midnight on June 11th. Two steamers of the Stonington line, the Narragansett bound for Stonington, and the Stonington bound for New York, collided in Long Island Sound, near the mouth of the Connecticut River, and the Narragansett was sunk. A heavy fog rested on the water at the time, preventing the vessels sighting each other until the disaster was inevitable. The bow of the Stonington *crashed in the side* of her sister vessel, cleaving it almost to the wheel. The water rushed in through the chasm and the terrified passengers, numbering about 350, rushed on deck. There a fresh horror awaited them. The blow had upset the boiler and furnaces, and *the vessel was on fire.*

The scene is described as one of terror such as will never be forgotten by any one who witnessed it. The vessel rapidly sinking, the flames enveloping the decks and revealing the frightened passengers clad in their night clothes rushing up and down, screaming in distraction. A few men who had retained their presence of mind were at work trying to get out the boats and rafts. But the davits were rusty and would not work; eventually, however, a boat was floated; but it was found to be without plugs, and it sank. Then corks were hastily cut from life preservers and fitted into the other boats and they were floated, but no oars could be found, and the men had to use pieces of board instead of oars. This lasted but a few minutes, and then the steamer sank, leaving the water black with drowning passengers. Providentially the steamer City of New York was near the scene, and promptly lowered her boats and life rafts, as did the Stonington, and it is believed that over two hundred and fifty persons were rescued, and taken on board the two vessels.

The passengers of the Stonington were transferred to the City of New York, and both vess
remained near the scene of the disaster until da
break, in the hope of picking up any passenge
who might be floating on portions of the wrec
Some of those rescued then returned to Stonin
ton on the Stonington, and the others we
brought on to New York by the City of N
York. Nearly all of them had escaped witho
any clothing except what they wore in their slee
ing berths which was soaked with water.
both cities accommodation was offered by t
hotels to the rescued passengers, irrespective
their pecuniary condition and gifts of clothi
were promptly sent by the citizens.

Among the Twelve Corpses already recover
from the wreck of the Narragansett is that
the Rev. E. B. Lockwood, pastor of the Six
Eighth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, w
was on his way to Westerley, R. I., where
had promised to preach last Sunday. Bef
the disaster he had sat in his stateroom readi
Paine's "Age of Reason." On the flyleaf
wrote: "*If I were to go down with this boat*
night, I should be ashamed to have this bo
found with me were it not that I read it to ref
its doctrines." Mr. Lockwood was alive wh
taken from the water, but died of exhausti
after his removal to the Stonington.

A List of Delegates to the Sunday School Ce
tenary, to be held in England June 28th to J
3d, has been issued by the New York Sund
School Association. It embraces the names
ministers and laymen from nearly every State
the Union, and from many Canadian provinc
The meetings will be of a most interesting ch
acter, and we are glad that the New World w
be well represented on the occasion.

The National Temperance Society, 58 Rea
Street, New York, publishes a "Temperar
Lesson Leaf" for the last Sunday in each qu
ter, much in the style of the "Internatio
Sunday School Lessons." This "Leaf" c
tains text, outline, home readings, questio
explanations, illustrations, hymns, respons
readings, and primary lessons. It is carefu
prepared by committees from the National Te
perance Society, and the Woman's Natio
Christian Temperance Union, contains four la
octavo pages, and will be furnished at the l
price of 50 cents per hundred. Specimens s
free on application.

The General Synod of the Reformed Chur
assembled last week in Brooklyn. The grea
portion of its sittings was occupied by a disc
sion on Freemasonry, many of the brethren
siring to follow the example of the Rom
Catholic Church and exclude Freemasons fr
the pale of the church. Several eminent min
ters who are Freemasons protested against t
speeches made on the subject, and said that t
principles and ceremonies of the order had be
misrepresented by those who opposed it. Th
did not impute wilful misrepresentation, b
believed that owing to the secrecy connect
with the order, the brethren had in the abse
of reliable information been misled in their c
ceptions of it. After discussing the questi
during three sittings, the Synod on June 1
rejected the motion condemning Freemasonry

Mr. Charles W. Sawyer, whose Work in t
cause of Christian temperance in New York h
been so successful, is suffering from ill-heal
brought on by overwork, and has been advis
to desist and seek rest for a time. This he w
now do, but meantime the good work will
on. Mr. M. L. Hallenbeck, who was convert
under Mr. Sawyer's preaching some years ag
will conduct the services in the hall of t
Cooper Union, during Mr. Sawyer's absen
He asks for the prayers of Christians for a ble
ing on his labors.

A Donation of Five Dollars to the Funds
the Home for Inebriates in New York, has be
sent to us by L. E. We have had much pleasu
in forwarding it to that institution. An increa
in the income of the Home would enable its ma
agers to receive many applicants whose cases
of a hopeful character, but whom a want
funds has compelled them reluctantly to refus

The Testimony of the Reformed Presbyterian nod of America, during its session in Phila- lphia, on a matter which students of prophecy ive observed, is as follows: " Never was infi- dity more bold or blatant. Newspapers are blished professedly in the cause of infidelity. w books are written and old books reprinted, d lecturers go from city to city and town to wn in the interests of the same unholy cause. d when an infidel lecturer of note appears in of our cities, large audiences, paying high ces for admission, crowd the halls and hail h applause the most profane and blasphe- us utterances of the speaker. Closely allied h infidelity, and manifesting itself with no boldness, both in this nation and those of rope, is Communism. Here it declares war inst capital and seeks to put fetters upon la- ." The Synod advised fasting and prayer ler these ominous circumstances.

Gambler as Juryman.—During the Calling new panel of the petit jury in a court in Colo- recently, several men asked to be excused n service. Among them was Newton Adams. hy?" asked the Judge. " I am a gambler." ou are a common gambler, are you?" asked Judge. "Yes, sir," said Adams. "Well, are excused." Then, turning to the Sheriff, *ake this man into custody*." A look of blank nishment settled on Adams' face. He went with the court officers, and returned in a few rs with Alexander Lewis as his bondsman. identity of the bondsman had to be estab- d, and it was shown that he also was a bler so, he too was arrested, and six writs dictments for gambling found by the grand were immediately served upon him.

Fine of Sixty-seven Cents per Oath has been cted by the Justices of the Peace on a citizen ennsylvania for profanity in the public ts. The total fine amounted to $16.08. An al to a higher court revealed a technical in- ality in the proceedings, and the sentence reversed, but Judge Pershing, in giving his ion, said that the action was good in law, observed:

The general prevalence of profane swearing ates that the statute under which this ndant was convicted has long been buried of sight. Perhaps its resurrection in this may accomplish some good, by showing who have no regard for the law of God the law of the land imposes on them a lty of from forty to sixty-seven cents, to be wed by imprisonment, accompanied with a of bread and water, on refusal to pay, for and every time they pollute the atmo- e with their profanity."

o Brothers reunited in New York last week a separation of thirty-two years, adopted olish practice of celebrating their meeting ge potations of liquor. One was a shoe- r and the other a sailor, and they had not each other since 1848 when as young men separated in Ireland, the one to emigrate s country, and the other to sail around the . They were sincerely attached to each , and their joy at meeting after so long a ation was excessive. But before they had wenty-four hours in each other's company liquor they imbibed transformed them uman fiends; they quarrelled and fought, ow one of them lies in an hospital in a l condition, and the other is in prison ng trial for assaulting his brother.

udge who Saved a Life.—An Incident in reer of Judge Charles J. Folger, whom nor Cornell has nominated as successor to te Chief Judge Sanford E. Church, is relat- the *Watertown Dispatch*, which illustrates cisive and intrepid character of the judge. years ago a train, while standing at the at Geneva, was run into from behind by r train. One gentleman was killed and l badly injured. The indignation of the at the station was so intense that an at- was made to lynch the offending engineer nd there. They had dragged him from his , and were about to take his life, when Judge Charles J. Folger, who was travelling by the train, plunged into the crowd, and, throwing the rioters right and left, took the engineer under his personal charge and protected him from violence. The judge's fearless conduct seemed to have awed the crowd, and they allowed the engineer to be removed by his protector. The incident suggests the thought to the Christian that he owes his own escape from eternal death to the Great Judge who, though at the last He shall judge the world, yet has laid down His life a ransom for men.

The New Missionary Seminary at Northfield Mass., which Mr. Moody hopes to organize during this year is intended for the special education of poor girls for missionary work and teaching. It will accommodate about 100, and will be arranged much like Mount Holyoke Seminary. Mr. Moody has $50,000 already raised for it, and after finishing it he intends to build a school of much the same description there for boys. Mr. Moody has arranged to pass the summer at this work, personally supervising the building of the seminary, and holding religious services only in the immediate neighborhood.

A Minister's Advice followed. At the recent pastoral reception of the Rev. Dr. Anderson at the Baptist church, South Boston, Rev. Dr. Eddy related an amusing incident which occurred during the early years of his ministry. Among his congregation was an old lady of a rather querulous disposition who complained to him of the speeches made at religious meetings by the deacons. She considered them foolish and irrelevant. The doctor half humorously advised her instead of complaining to sing from a well-known hymn, the words:

> " Were half the breath thus vainly spent
> To heaven in supplication sent," etc.

At the next meeting the doctor delivered an address and sat down with a feeling of perfect satisfaction, when instantly the old lady astonished him by singing in an audible voice, the words he had suggested to her as a reproof for the deacons.

An Earnest Christian Statesman has been selected by Gov. Colquitt to represent Georgia in the United States Senate. When General Gordon resigned his seat a few weeks ago, it became the duty of the governor to appoint his successor. True to the religious principles which have characterized his career, he has conferred the appointment on Ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown, a gentleman distinguished as much for his piety as for his munificence in all efforts for the advancement of religion. He is an energetic member of the Baptist Church, and frequently preaches both at outdoor services and in the chapels in the State. He recently gave $50,000 toward the endowment of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky. It would be well for the nation if many more of such men were selected for the honorable and responsible position of legislators.

The Achievements of a Devout Christian woman, now over ninety years of age, a native of Wellfleet, Mass., show how the consolations of religion enable its possessor not only to bear adversity, but to struggle under it and to overcome the difficulties of life. Mrs. Drusilla Laha, at the age of twenty-four, found herself almost penniless with two children, one four and the other two years old. Her husband, who was a sea-captain, had been wrecked and rendered, by the exposure he had endured, a helpless invalid for life. Some women would have regarded such a position as hopeless, but this woman, trusting in God for strength, set herself the task of supporting her husband and children. She commenced business in a very small way, but by her attention and careful management it increased, and she had the satisfaction of providing for her husband, educating her boys, and starting them in business. With her prosperity her heart was opened toward the poor, and she adopted, clothed, and provided for twenty orphan boys and girls, who are now doing well in various positions. So God honors and blesses those who trust in him (Psa. 34 : 17–19).

DIVINE SURPRISES.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

" When thou didst terrible things which we looked not for, thou camest down, the mountains flowed down at thy presence."—Isaiah 64 : 3.

God's Immutability a ground for hope.—I. The Divine Presence the one hope of the People of God—The rent veil of the Temple—God's presence with the Israelites—The hope in our day—In the person of Jesus—In His Life and Second Coming.—II. It creates Great Surprises—Jacob's Experience—In Works of Grace—"What a Wardrobe"—Conversion of an English Clergyman—Billy Bray, the Cornish Methodist.—III. It dissolves difficulties.—IV. The same Results to be expected in our day—The Promises the same as of old.

THE people of God were in a very sad state when this chapter described them. Isaiah pictures them as brought into the lowest degree of fear and sorrow. He pleads with God to return to His chosen people, and restore their former peace and prosperity. He makes use of the past as an argument for the future, and recites the wonderful acts of God in days gone by as an encouragement to expect that He would do the like again.

If it were not that God is unchangeable, no inference could be drawn from His past behavior toward us; but inasmuch as He is immutably the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever, we may safely infer that what He has done He will do again. They say that history repeats itself: it were more true to say that God abides the same, that His ways are everlasting, and His mercy endureth forever. Therefore it is good and sound pleading to say, Thou hast done this and that, therefore again make bare thine arm, and once more let thy people rejoice in thy faithfulness and thy power."

While we may all do this on behalf of the Church of God, and find a rich store of arguments in her past history, we may also *do it for ourselves*. Some of us are now getting into years, and we have known the Saviour for thirty years or more: we ought to be well supplied with reasons for trusting Him, and I am sure we are so. Let us look back on the past, and remember how He has forgiven our transgressions, how He has recovered our backslidings, how He has relieved our necessities, how He has cheered our despondencies, and strengthened our weaknesses: He that is our God is still the God of salvation, and he will continue still to bless us, even to the end.

Because the Lord is my shepherd, and now maketh me to lie down in green pastures, therefore I conclude that surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." At the back of whatever I shall have to say this morning will lie *this grand principle*—that as the past is, so we may expect the future to be in reference to God's dealings with us.

Let us come more closely to our point. From the text, and from its connection, I gather, first, that *the presence of God is the one hope of his people*. In this text the prophet speaks of God's doing terrible things when He came down among his people. We shall next notice that *the presence of God creates surprises:* He did "things which we looked not for:" we shall observe, thirdly, that *the presence of God achieves wonders*—"the mountains flowed down at thy presence:" and then, lastly, we shall come back to where we started, and reflect that *we may expect the like results from the divine presence* if we are privileged to enjoy it.

I. First let us meditate upon the fact that

THE DIVINE PRESENCE

is the one hope of the people of God. The prophet shows that he believed this, for he commences the chapter by a most ardent cry to God that he would come into the midst of His people: " Oh that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down." A little before this (in the fifteenth verse of the previous chapter), he had prayed, " *Look down* from heaven;" but it is the characteristic of true prayer that it grows as it proceeds: he begins by asking God to look down; but he gathers intensity of desire and confidence of faith, and here he cries, "*Come down.*"

When our divine Lord opened the way by which God could come to us poor guilty men, he did not lift the curtain nor fold it up: but the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and so the door was left wide open forever; for none can ever fix the veil in its place again. It was through the open heavens that Christ went in where He now stands to plead for us, and by that open heaven the sacred Spirit descended to rest upon the Church. The impetuous character of the simile here used shows that the prophet looked upon the divine visitation as *the one thing needful* for Israel.

The desire of the prophet in the present instance is abundantly justified by the history of God's people in all times: for when the tribes were in Egypt what could set them free from the iron bondage?--what but the presence of God? The whole of the story of Israel proves the same truth. God's presence was Israel's glory. When they grieved Him and provoked Him, then the feeblest of the nations round about them tyrannized over them. They were an insignificant and defenceless nation of themselves; but when God shone upon them they were great among the nations, and the sceptre of Israel was stretched from sea to sea. "God with us," when written on Israel's banner, secured them honor and conquest; but without God they could do nothing.

Dear friends, this truth which is thus borne out in the history of God's ancient people, is certainly true with us. The favor of God is the hope of all His people. First, we see this in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, when did you and I ever obtain comfort, or receive hope of acceptance, until we saw God with us in our flesh? The world must have perished if God had not come down to it in the person of His dear Son. At Bethlehem the wondrous mystery was seen: the Godhead veiled beneath the form of a babe. This was the birth of hope.

So, too, when the Lord Jesus comes to any one of us by His Spirit our hope begins. We see Him as our Immanuel, and we are comforted. Dr. Watts most sweetly sings:

"Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

"But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins."

God saves us by coming to us in Christ with an atonement in His hands, wherewith to put away our sin.

Yes, and our hope of the perfection of our salvation still lies in the coming of Christ to us. We expect that when He cometh in the latter day, though our bodies may have seen corruption, and the worm may have devoured them, yet in our flesh we shall see God. When Christ shall come a second time the Archangel's trump shall sound, and then shall we receive the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body, for which we now hopefully wait. Because He lives we shall live also, and because He shall come to be revealed, we also shall be manifested.

Our Lord's first coming in our flesh hath given us eternal salvation; His coming to us by His Spirit hath wrought in us a living faith, and His second coming by and by is the grand object of our hope. That day and hour no man knoweth, for the Father keepeth it in His own power; but the consummation of all our hopes is wrapped up in it, and therefore do we cry, "Come quickly; even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen." So, you see, brethren, it is the presence of God with us in Christ which is the ground of all our hope.

UNTIL OUR LORD'S GLORIOUS ADVENT,

the presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church is our only dependence for success in all that we attempt. If we meet for prayer, it must be praying in the Holy Ghost, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought till He instructs us. It is hard praying to an absent God: the Lord's presence is the life of a prayer-meeting. If the Lord be not there to inspire the prayer, He is not there to hear the prayer. When we preach it is poor testifying if we have not the Lord's anointing resting upon us, and His presence all around us. If the Spirit of God be not with the preacher, a silent tongue might be as efficient as the most eloquent speech. So is it with our missionary enterprise: it must be a failure unless the Lord be in it from first to last. Every missionary might fitly say, "If thy Spirit go not with me, carry me not up hence." Vain will it be to organize societies, enlist subscribers, and enter upon actual effort, and to spend money and zeal thereon, if the Lord be not there. "Without me ye can do nothing," said our Lord of old, and the same is true unto this day.

Even in heaven itself the presence of God is the source of joy and perfection. Up yonder they need no candle, neither light of the sun, because the Lord God giveth them light: if He were not among them it would be dark as death-shade. The blessed ones drink from the river of His pleasures; no other stream makes glad the city of God. Their life is His life: their bliss is His own divine pleasure; they enter into Christ's glory, and they are filled with Christ's joy. Is it not clear enough that our most essential need is the nearness of God to our souls?

II. The second point I wish to bring before you is, when the Lord comes

HIS PRESENCE CREATES GREAT SURPRISES.

"When thou didst terrible things *that we looked not for*, thou camest down."

It has always been so. Whenever God has come to men he has always surprised them. Even the most expectant among men have found their expectations far exceeded; while those who have been depressed, and have prophesied dark things, have been altogether taken aback to see the goodness of the Lord.

God came to Jacob's house, and his favorite son was sold for a slave—the Ishmaelites took him down into Egypt. "Ah," said Jacob when he thought on this and his other trials, "all these things are against me. He could not make out that there could be any good intended of the Lord when he cried, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye would take Benjamin away."" And yet God was doing great things for him which he looked not for; for Joseph was set upon the throne of Egypt that he might provide a refuge for his old father and his brethren in the days when there should be a famine over all the earth. God was doing for the trembling patriarch "things which he looked not for."

I shall not stop to give instances in the history of God's people because they will occur to your own minds. Often did they cry out, "Thou art the God that doeth wonders! Who is like unto thee?"

It has been even more so in the works of grace. See what God has done for us in matchless mercy. When He stood at the gates of Eden and talked with Adam, and cursed the ground for man's sake, could any onlooking angel have imagined that in all this God intended to display the greatness of his mercy, so that where sin abounded grace should much more abound? Did any man, did any angel, did any seraph, ever imagine that the Son of God would come down to be born into this rebel race? Did it ever enter into their conception that he would die, the just for the unjust, to bring men to God? Do you not think it a most amazing thing that sinful men should be born again, and adopted into the family of God?

"Behold what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!"

This was an honor that we looked not fo Moreover, God having made us to be His chi dren, did we ever look that He would make His heirs? Yet he saith, "If children, the heirs; heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ. Did it ever enter into man's heart to concei that the Church should be married to Chris wedded to Him in bands of everlasting lov This is wonderful.

How is it that we continue to be surprised what God does? I answer, first, because o largest conceptions of God fall short of t truth. The man who has, like Enoch, walk with Him for years, yet knows little of Hi Ah, my brother, you do not know the heigh and depths, the lengths and breadths of wondrous liberality yet. God is infinite. are as a tiny shell on the beach, we cannot h the ocean, and therefore the measureless ma must always be a marvel to us.

Besides that, I am sorry to say our faith shamefully weak, and does not look out for gr things. We have never had such faith in G as He deserves at our hands. We have *ne believed Him for more than twopence*, when ought to have believed in Him for all the g of Ophir. He is worthy of a trust boundless the sea, and we have scarcely relied upon H beyond the mere drop of a bucket. By doi "exceeding abundantly above what we ask, even think," the Lord puts us into an ama state. It will always be so. Even in heaven shall still be astonished, as the poet puts it—

"Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture *and surprise*,
His loving-kindness in the skies."

It is a most blessed thing it is so. I am glad that God does those "things which looked not for;" because, first, it keeps our fresh and sweet, and puts far from us monot and routine. You people who have no must find a threadbare tale; one week must very like another, and one year as another you; but some of us can sing—

"Still has my life new wonders seen."

Novels! I assure you that *no novel can equa interest* the unvarnished facts of Christian perience, especially in the case of those who much tried. Facts surpass fictions in t power to surprise. The makers of roma may rub their foreheads as long as they like, they cannot invent stories at all comparabl those which happen to us in our ordinary li We do not get tired of living, because the something new every morning in the good of the Lord; fresh revelations are brought by the trials we are called to endure.

Thus He increases our knowledge. When and I enter upon a new trouble, we ought t on our knees and thank God that He is abo elevate us to a higher grade of disciple Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promoti When He puts me to greater pain my thinks me in a fit state to be introduced int inner chamber. The Christian's experi is like that of the man who is conducted an outer court into *inner rooms*, unti reaches the innermost of all.

I do not know how many rooms there are within another in the place of heavenly wis but this I know, that whenever the Lo about to introduce His servants into a still secret chamber where they shall be nea Himself, He generally sends them a new tri test them and to discover whether they can a fresh instalment of His revelations of Bless the Lord for trials, for they prov Lord's faithfulness, and endear him to hearts.

Surprising mercies tend to rouse our tude. Have we not marvelled at the goo of the Lord? "Bless the Lord," we have "I never dreamed of such love. This wa of my difficulties is excellent, but it is one I could not have foreseen. I am glad brought into straits that I might see ho Lord could bring me out of them." I a sh I had been with Shadrach, Meshach, and bednego, in the fiery furnace. It must have en a fine thing to walk unhurt among those owing coals, and to come out, and be able to y of all your garments, to your children and ur children's children, "These have passed rough the fire. See *the hose and the hat* which vore amid the flames; there is not a smell of e upon them." *What a wardrobe* to pass on your children's children, to show what the rd had done! Some of us can do this spiritu- y, for our hearts are stored with grateful emories.

Dear friends, I know that some of you can tell instances in which the presence of God has ought great surprises for you, and I can join in doing so. If you have had rich experi- es be sure to tell them to others.

Perhaps you remember that a fortnight ago, the Sabbath morning, I preached of Paul's experience, and I said that the experiences the saints were a treasure, of which they were trustees, for the benefit of others.* A well- own and beloved brother in Christ was here t morning—I refer to Mr. W. Haslam, a gyman of the Church of England—and he so y agreed with the remark that he carried it by sending me a book, in which he has writ- out the story of the first twenty years of his istry. I have much enjoyed the reading of narrative, and to carry out the principle, I now give you in brief the story of

MR. HASLAM'S CONVERSION,

n instance of "things which we looked not ." You have all heard of Billy Bray, the nish Methodist, who was so mighty in prayer. re was a certain hill that Billy was accus- ed to pass, for which he prayed with all his ht, till he believed that his heavenly Father given him that mountain, so that all the s that lived on it should be saved.

e visited all the houses, and obtained a bless- for the inhabitants, but as there were only e houses on the hill he prayed in his own le way that more might be built. It seemed dd prayer, and the neighbors did not think it wise one, but nevertheless it was fulfilled. e time after when he visited that place he d that Mr. Haslam had built a church and ools there, and his joy was great until he red the church. At the sight of the sur- d choir and the ritualistic performance Bray was greatly downcast, and said that it nothing but an "old Pusey." Billy went e and set himself to pray again for that hill, the fact was quite unknown to those who the objects of his petitions.

on the Lord hearkened to the cry of His ant, and it came to pass that the Lord ed Mr. Haslam. His gardener fell sick, and he time of his illness his churchmanship d to comfort him; a Methodist brother ed him and was the means of his conver- . When the man told Mr. Haslam that he converted he was very grieved and disap- ted; he felt that he could never make Cor- men into Churchmen; they were confirmed matics. His favorite and most promising chman had become a Dissenter, and was ally praying that his master might become same. What was to be done?

. Haslam had occasion to visit Rev. W. Aitken, and told him the defection of the ener. "Why," said Mr. Aitken, "you are onverted yourself; I am sure of it, or you d not have come here to complain of your ener." Conviction came into Haslam's , his former hopes vanished, and in sadness ought the Lord. Mr. Aitken said, "The thing you can do is to shut the church up, ell your people you will never preach again ou are converted."

could not do that, but on the Sunday ing he went, ill and sad, to read the ers, determined to send the people home as as they were finished. Instead of that his eye lighted on the text, "What think ye of Christ?" and he thought he would make a few observations upon that question before dismissing the congregation.

For the rest I will quote his own words, lest I should seem to color the incident by telling it in my own language. "As I went on to explain the passage, I saw that the Pharisees and Scribes did not know that Christ was the Son of God, or that He was come to save them. They were looking for a king, the son of David, to reign over them as they were. Something was telling me, all the time, '*You are no better than the Pharisees yourself*—you do not believe that He is the Son of God, and that He is come to save you, any more than they did.' I do not remember all I said, but I felt a wonderful light and joy coming into my soul, and I was beginning to see what the Pharisees did not.

"Whether it was something in my words, or my manner, or my look, I know not; but all of a sudden a local preacher, who happened to be in the congregation, stood up, and putting up his arms, shouted out in Cornish manner,

'THE PARSON IS CONVERTED!

the parson is converted! Hallelujah!' and in another moment his voice was lost in the shouts and praises of three or four hundred of the congregation. Instead of rebuking this extraordinary 'brawling,' as I should have done in a former time, I joined in the outburst of praise; and to make it more orderly, I gave out the Doxology—'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow'—and the people sang it with heart and voice over and over again. When this subsided, I found at least *twenty people crying for mercy*, whose voices had not been heard in the excitement and noise of thanksgiving. They all professed to find peace and joy in believing. Among this number there were three from my own house; and we returned home praising God."

This is a memorable illustration of the statement that when God comes down among a people he does things we looked not for. You may hope that the divine Spirit will still display His power over the most unlikely persons to the glory of His grace. He can save the most obstinate, and bring opposers to the feet of Jesus. Plead with Him to do so.

IT DISSOLVES DIFFICULTIES.

III. Thirdly, *the presence of God dissolves difficulties.* I would bring you back to the text again; for perhaps you are beginning to forget it. "When thou didst terrible things which we looked not for, thou camest down, the mountains flowed down at thy presence." This is a blessed sentence, "The mountains flowed down at thy presence." Israel had enemies which were strong and powerful, nations and kings towered above them like great mountains, but whenever God came to help them the kingdoms dissolved, the people were conquered, and the mountains and hills were laid low.

At this present time great systems of error oppose the Gospel of Jesus Christ; I need not mention them, for they are before us, and seem to rise like giant Alps, overtopping our faith. Blessed be God, the Church only needs the divine presence in the midst of her, and all the systems of error will flow down at His feet like glaciers which dissolve in the summer's sun.

Many hearts are *hard as granite rocks:* you may pray for them, talk to them, preach to them, but all in vain. What is required is the presence of God, and then hearts of stone are turned to flesh, dead souls feel the beating of spiritual life, and corruption is overcome of resurrection power. Do not be afraid, brother. No heart can stand out against the grace of God, when it comes in all its power.

Within our own selves also we may see mountains of difficulty, but if we go to Christ, and so obtain God's help, every mountain shall sink and every rock melt.

"Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy mercy, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found."

There is nothing in you, there is nothing round about you, there is nothing on earth, there is nothing in hell, that can stand against you if you have God on your side, and you have God on your side when you put your trust in Jesus Christ. Between here and the eternal glories of heaven nothing shall ever stand against you if you do but trust in Jesus.

IV. Lastly, *we may expect to see the same results from*

THE DIVINE PRESENCE TO-DAY,

and to-morrow, and as long as we live. God is the same.

As to spiritual wonders, people think that Pentecost was with us once, but never can return; but Pentecost was only the Feast of *First Fruits*, and first fruits predict the harvest. God will do greater things in the latter days than He did at Jerusalem at Pentecost. He says to us, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." We do not believe in Him. "If the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" There is such *a microscopic quantity* of it that no eyes but His which are like a flame of fire could spy it out. Yet I say, God is the same, and as worthy to be trusted.

And, brethren, *we are the same.* "No," you say, "we are not, we are not such good men as those who lived in the olden times." I answer that they had the same passions and infirmities as we have now. There was not a morsel of good in the apostles, martyrs, and confessors but what God put there. One earthen vessel is of the same clay as another, and the same God may put the same treasure into one as well as into another. He can bless you and me as he did Peter, James, and John. Human nature is human nature still, both in its degradation and in its possibilities.

Brethren, *the promises are the same.* "Oh," say you, "how is that? Are not some of them out of date?" No; the covenant is made up of abiding promises, suitable for all ages, and all of them are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. We have the sure mercies of David: they stand fast for ever and ever.

Mark you, there are things to be done yet by God which will astonish us beyond measure. We shall cry out against ourselves for our drooping and desponding thoughts; for by and by, perhaps ere some of us see death, we shall behold greater things than our fathers saw, and shall clap our hands for very joy. Read the chapter which follows our text, and see *what God is going to do.* "I am sought of them that asked not for me; I am found of them that sought me not: I said, Behold me, behold me, unto a nation that was not called by my name."

Israel is also to be gathered—"I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains: and mine elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there." O blessed hour, when the Jew shall worship the Christ whom he crucified! That is not all. There is coming yet—who knoweth how soon?—a new creation. "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind."

There will come a time in which the shortening of life after the deluge shall be remedied. "There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old. As the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands." Yes, and there comes a time of universal peace. "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord." Verily, verily, I say unto you, this text is true. When God shall do terrible things which we looked not for, He shall come down among us, and the mountains shall flow at His presence. Amen and amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—
Isaiah 63; 15-19; 64.]

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*ee "Sentence of Death, the Death of Self- ." Christian Herald, June 3d.

WALTER GORDON'S RESOLUTION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A Temperance Story.

A Growing Habit—The Sofa Claimed—The Publican's Purpose—An overheard Conversation followed by Happy Results—Walter's Vow—A Friend in Need—Mrs. Gordon's Surprise—Three Years afterward.

STEP by step Walter Gordon had sunk from a position of respectability to that of a confirmed inebriate. When he first commenced visiting the tavern, he did so with a feeling of shame, which led him to go at times when he was likely to meet but few persons. But as the habit *grew upon him* he became more reckless of public opinion. Gradually his income from his business—he was a carpenter—diminished; people began to be afraid to trust him with commissions, for they would probably have to wait a longer time than was convenient.

Walter was a married man. At the age of twenty-five he had united himself to an estimable woman, who, though she brought him little in the way of worldly goods, proved an excellent wife. They had now been married ten years, and had one child, a boy of six.

Of course their worldly circumstances had been sensibly affected by Mr. Gordon's course. Their little hoard in the savings bank had dwindled away. Next commenced the diminution of their domestic comforts. It cost Mrs. Gordon a long fit of weeping when one day the landlord of the village tavern, a rough man, with neither principle nor refinement, drove up to the door, and, on her opening it, announced that *he would take the sofa.*

"The sofa!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, in amazement.

"Certainly! Hasn't your husband told you of it?"

"Why should he tell me?" inquired the wife, not yet suspecting the truth.

"He sold it to me," said the landlord, looking shame-faced, in spite of his brazen effrontery.

"And without saying a word to me about it?"

"That's his affair, not mine."

"What induced him to sell it? How much did you give him for it?"

"He was owing me a debt—a matter of two or three pounds," muttered the landlord.

"And this debt was for drink, I suppose," said Mrs. Gordon, bending her eyes searchingly upon the landlord like an accusing spirit.

"Well, and suppose it was? I suppose it's a debt for all that."

"You can take the sofa," said Mrs. Gordon. "It is in that room. But I warn you, John Glover, that the riches you are fast accumulating will bring you no happiness. Ruining your fellow-men is a great price to pay for wealth."

"When I want to hear preaching I can go to church," muttered the landlord.

A month afterward the Gordons moved from this comfortable house which they had hitherto occupied to a miserable old building which had not been tenanted for a long time, and ought to have been pulled down. But it had fallen into the hands of John Glover, the tavern-keeper before referred to, and he had persuaded his victim to hire it.

Sad days succeeded the removal. All that was good had gone the same way as the sofa. Walter Gordon was seldom at home. It had long since *lost its attractions* for him, and he was generally to be found in the barroom, where the landlord was gracious, and his drunken hilarity and jests were appreciated by the company. It was not quite time for the landlord to break him. That he would defer until his victim was *completely ruined,* and there was no prospect of getting any more money from him.

One cold night Walter Gordon had remained in the barroom longer than usual. He had remained until all his companions had slipped off one by one, and he was left alone. He, too, would have gone had he not fallen into a drunken stupor, which left him *half insensible* to what was going on.

At this time a stranger entered the room, and wished to speak to the landlord alone.

"I have no fire elsewhere," said the landlord. "You can speak freely here."

"But—" expostulated the stranger, pointing over his shoulder at Walter Gordon, who was reclining on a seat.

"Oh, that will make no difference. He's a poor drunken fellow, and will not comprehend anything that is going on."

"Nonsense!" said the other? "I shouldn't think you would harbor such miserable fellows as he."

"I shan't much longer," said the landlord, carelessly; "*I've most cleaned him out, and when I have I shall order him off.*"

The landlord supposed Walter Gordon was too intoxicated to hear what he said. Walter Gordon *did* hear the last words that were spoken, being, as has been said, only half unsconcious. He had still manhood enough left to feel them acutely. He had never before felt the full measure of his degradation. Now it was presented to him in a very humiliating way.

"So I'm a poor drunken fellow!" thought he to himself. "That's what the landlord says, and he ought to know, *for he made me what I am.* And yet, no, I cannot say that, for if I had not given my *consent* his efforts would have been powerless." These thoughts ran through Walter's mind.

This declaration filled him with secret indignation, and yet it was only what he might have known before. But the landlord's manner had been so smooth and polite that he had never suspected the opinion which he entertained of him. His first impulse was to leave the room, but something restrained him. Without appearing, therefore, to have heard what had been said, he continued to lie quiet for a few moments, then, yawning naturally, he staggered slowly to his feet.

"Going?" inquired the landlord, in his usual smooth tone, and with his hypocritical smile.

"Yes, it's getting late," said Walter.

"You won't take another glass—for a night-cap, you know?"

"No, I won't take any more to-night," and Walter slowly walked out of the room. He did not hear the landlord's sneer,

"The first time I ever knew Gordon to decline drinking. He must have had an overdose to-night."

Out in the fresh air a new spirit seemed to possess Walter Gordon. Reflection had completely sobered him. He looked back at the building from which he had just emerged, and exclaimed, in a resolute voice,

"*I will never drink another glass of liquor in that room, or any other place, so help me God!*"

It did him good to make that resolution. He felt instantly, he knew not how, a conviction that God would surely help him; and in spite of his ragged clothes, his destitute family, and miserable prospects, he was cheered by the hope of better things.

His wife was awaiting him with an air of depression that pained him to witness. He wanted to tell her of his new resolution, but decided not to do so till he could give her some decided proof that it would be carried into practice.

The next morning early Walter Gordon awoke and left the house, his wife supposed for the tavern. She was mistaken. He bent his steps to the house of an old Christian friend, Mr. Holmes.

"Mr. Holmes,'" said Walter Gordon, "I have heard you are intending to build a barn."

"Yes," he replied, "I am thinking of doing so."

"Have you engaged any one to build it?"

"No," he said, hesitatingly. He anticipated what was coming next, and it embarrassed him.

"I am in want of work, and will do it as cheap as any one."

Mr. Holmes looked down. He was evidently trying to frame a refusal.

"I would take care that the work was well done."

"Yes. I know you are a good workman but—"

"But my intemperance is an objection, suppose you will say."

"Frankly, now that you have mentioned it *that is the objection*—the only one I have—but as you will admit, I think, a weighty one."

"It is; I freely acknowledge it. But, Mr Holmes, I made a resolution last night never t touch intoxicating liquors from henceforth."

"Do you think you have strength to abide b that resolution?" said the deacon eagerly "Are you willing to sign the pledge?"

"I am desirous of doing so," said Gordon.

"What, may I ask, led you to form thi resolution?"

In answer to this question Walter Gordon detailed to the gentleman the particulars wit which the reader is already familiar.

"And now, do you think," he said, in conclusion, "that you are willing to trust me wit this job?"

"I will trust you," he said heartily, extendin his hand to Walter Gordon. "God forbid tha I should discourage you in your resolution by refusal. Perhaps, however, it will be better t employ you by the day, trusting to you to mak the job a short one, since you might find i difficult to get trusted on your own respons bility."

"Thank you, sir, for your consideration. have, I am aware, *destroyed my credit.* I sha be happy to take it on your own terms. Whe shall I begin?"

"I will order the timber to-day, so that it ma be on the ground to-morrow. Meanwhile, have little jobs around the house sufficient t occupy you to-day."

That evening Walter Gordon came home six o'clock, somewhat to his wife's surpris How much greater was her surprise when took from his pocket his day's wages, sayir kindly,

"Clara, you must need some money for hous hold expenses."

"Oh, Walter," she said, with tremulous ho at his unwonted action, "can it be that you—

"That I have reformed? *With Heaven's he I think I have,* Clara. I shall try to be a bett husband in the future."

There was joy in the humble home of Walt Gordon that night—the joy of a wife who h found her husband, and of a husband who h found himself.

Three years passed by. At the end of th time Water Gordon was well, prosperous, a happy, while *the landlord had sunk into a drun ard's grave,* which he had prepared for so ma others.

WHAT COMING WARS MAY WE EXPECT?*

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(Continued from page 381.)

Rev. G. S. Faber's Treatise—The Fall of t Sixth Head—Eight Predicted Marks—A Nir Characteristic Still Unfulfilled—Near Approa of the General War—The Time of Trouble—T Fall of Turkey—The Revival of the Empire France—The Deadly Wound and Final Destru tion.

THE REV. GEORGE STANLEY FABER, Preb dary of Salisbury, England, and a celebrat author of several voluminous prophetical a theological books, published in 1852, a treati under the title "The Revival of the Fren Emperorship anticipated from the necessity Prophecy," in which he expresses the follow views:

"The Seven Heads of the political Ron

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by m *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, Description of Approaching Events," with two m and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* cont valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on t events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

mpire or Seven-headed Wild-beast in Revelaon 17 and 13, are its Seven successive Politics r Forms of Government. From the angel's ssertion of a naked historical fact, that the ixth Head or Polity was in actual existence at e time when he spoke (for he said, *five are llen, and one is*, Rev. 17 : 10), we are infallibly rtain that this Sixth Policy or Form of Government was

THE ROMAN EMPERORSHIP ;

d this primary fact furnishes a general basis d a sure clew, to the hierophantic discourse. 'e must obviously trace the historical course of is Sixth Polity until its ultimate *fall* or *exction*, because *at* or *just before* its extinction, e Seventh Head or Polity must appear to take place.

"Now this Sixth Head or Roman Emperorip, which was in existence in St. John's time, ntinued until 1806. For it was a fundamental inciple of Roman Law that *the Territorial man Empire and the Gubernative Roman nperorship* were, each alike, a strict UNIT. ence whatever number of *personal* Emperors ght be at the same time governing the Roman npire in both its Eastern and Western divisions, ey were each alike, and all collectively deemed E EMPEROR.

"Now, in 1804, just two years before the fall the Roman Emperorship, there had started a new Polity, which under the new title of French Emperorship, as embodied in poleon Bonaparte, was *actually* master of me and Italy, and which not long afterward mally annexed Rome and the Roman States its already ample dominions. This French nperorship has appropriated to itself

EIGHT PREDICTED MARKS

characteristics of the Seventh Head :

"1.—It *had not yet come* in St. John's time ording to Rev. 17 : 10 ; but it sprang into stence in 1804, at the very time requisite in ler to become the Seventh Head, viz. : just ore the fall of the Sixth Head or the Roman perorship in 1806.

"2.—It proceeded fully to occupy the place of t Sixth Head or Roman Emperorship.

"3.—It had *the sovereignty and possession of seven-hilled city of Rome*, which is an essential racteristic of each one of the Seven Heads ause they are a *double symbol*, representing only the Seven Hills of Rome, but also the en successive Forms of Government over the man Empire (Rev. 17 : 9, 10).

"4.—It *continued only a short space* of time m 1806 to 1815, according to Rev. 17 : 10.

"5.—It was also *wounded to death by the sword* military violence at the battle of Waterloo in 5, according to Rev. 13 : 3 ; a death broadly tradistinguished from only the *Fall* of all the er Heads.

"6.—It *experienced an extraordinary revival* n its deadly wound in 1852, when the French perorship was restored in Napoleon III., so t it reappeared as an Eighth Head, although *lly* no more than the Seventh Head restored political life by the healing of its deadly nd—thus fulfilling the prophecy, *and the d-beast, that was and is not, even he is the hth Head, and is of the Seven* (Rev. 17 : 11 ; 3).

"7.—It *ascended from the abyss*—the figura- Oceanic *Abyss* of Turbulence and Revoluary Agitation in 1848 (Rev. 17 : 8).

"8.—It has *revived* previous to the end of the years, which was necessary in order to act predicted part at the time of the end.

All these eight predicted characteristics of Seventh Head have now been minutely fuld in the French emperorship. They prove efore, with a force of demonstration, little rt of mathematical, that the French emperip is the predicted Seventh Head of the bolic Wild-beast or Seventh Polity of the nan Empire. And its revival from its deadly nd in fulfilment of Revelation 13 : 3 ; 17 : 8, furnishes a most illustrious attestation to prescient accuracy of the divinely inspired k of the Apocalypse. There is

A NINTH CHARACTERISTIC

necessarily yet unfulfilled, viz. : that at the end of his future career this Seventh Head is predicted to *go into destruction* at the final battle in Palestine. '*The Wild-beast that thou sawest, was and is not, and shall ascend out of the abyss and go into destruction*' (Rev. 17 : 8) : also, '*The Wild-beast that was and is not, even he is the eighth and is of the seven and* goeth into destruction' (Rev. 17 : 11).

"Prophecy required that vitality should be restored to the sword-slain Seventh Head in order to fulfil its predicted destiny, namely : the *Forming a Grand Confederacy against true Christianity and engaging in a fearful War of opinion for the purpose of suppressing it* (Rev. 16 : 13–16 ; 17 : 14). In conjunction with the revival of this Seventh Head, we see too an evident preparation throughout Papal Europe for the predicted *War of opinion*, with a diabolically increasing animosity against the Protestant principles of the Reformation. This dreadful war will commence in Europe before the close of the 1260 years,* and will ultimately pass into Palestine.

"The agents, who are to stir up this war will be the three unclean Spirits of Demons, issuing from the mouths of the Dragon, the Wild-beast, and the False Prophet. They are even now in existence, though they have not yet fully gone forth to the Kings of the Earth to gather them to the war of that great day of God Almighty : as a fact, we now perceive ready prepared harmoniously to co-operate for a bad end, INFIDELITY and MILITARY DESPOTISM, called into action by Revolutionary Anarcny, and Jesuitism of the most arrogant and tyrannical Ultramontane school. Their co-operation might once have been thought paradoxical, but we have already seen enough of their conjoined practices to feel little difficulty in believing that they will cordially act together against Pure Religion, and will be the main artificers of the final great Antichristian Confederation (Rev. 16 ; 14).

"We are constrained to arrive at the anticipative conclusion that we must indeed expect this *General War in Europe* in no great length of time ; and when we consider the baleful perfection to which the military art of destruction has now been carried, we may readily understand the force of the declaration that in the latter scenes of this internecine war, which opens out at the commencement at the Time of the End; synchronically with the Restoration of the Jews, *there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation even unto that same time.*

"Some details of this Time of the End are described with wonderful particularity in the last five verses of the eleventh chapter of Daniel. The expedition of the Roman Wilful King into Palestine will there meet with temporary success, but he is destined afterward to *come to his end and none shall help him.* The particular locality marked out for the utter destruction of this Seventh Head, together with the False Romish Prophet, being '*between the two seas* (the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea) *on the glorious holy mountain*,' in the vicinity of Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives (Dan. 11 : 40–45 ; 12 : 1 ; Zech. 14 : 1–4 ; Rev. 19 : 19). And according to Zechariah 14, a *literal*, though only *temporary*, manifestation of our Lord on the summit of Mount Olivet, may be expected.

"Bishop Hurd justly remarked more than sixty years ago, that even then the 1260 years must have been near their close, since the domineering tyranny of the Papacy had been in more or less active operation little short of twelve centuries. And another impressive sign of the times and indication of our appalling nearness to Daniel's predicted Time of Trouble, is the impending extinction of the Ottoman Power, which is ominously looming on the prophetic horizon. With rare unanimity, commentators have agreed that the drying up of the waters of the mystic Euphrates during the sixth vial, under which we are now living, *must* import the final Dissolution and Destruction of the Ottoman Power. And there seems to be a general anticipation that the fall of Turkey is not far distant : and the consequent quarrel of the great European Powers about its division, like the quarrel of wolves over a carcass, which they have jointly deprived of life, will probably be the cause of that final predicted war, which, commencing in Europe, will pass, at the Time of the End, into Palestine (Rev. 16 : 12).

"Fearful events are coming upon us. I, in my eightieth year, shall probably be taken away from the evil to come. That evil is coming, I make no doubt ; but it is evil introductory to great good. For when the predicted Antichristian Confederacy shall have been broken, and when (as was also the judgment of Bishop Horsley and other writers) its mighty armaments shall have perished between the seas on the mountains of Palestine, then will be inaugurated that holy and happy period which is usually distinguished by the name of the Millennium.

Some good men have imagined that by the gradual increase of knowledge and religion, we shall glide as it were imperceptibly into the promised purity and felicity of the thousand years. But prophecy speaks in a very different language. There must be an effectual cleansing before the world can be fit for the reception of a Pure Universal Church, and the appointed instrument of cleansing is widely spread tribulation."

The following was the summing up of the whole lengthy argument published by Mr. Faber, in 1818 (fifty-four years ago) :

"In the picture-history of Revelation 13, the Wild-beast appears with one of his Seven Heads *wounded to death* by the stroke of a sword, yet notwithstanding his temporary death by the sword, the Wild-beast afterward revives in consequence of *his deadly wound being healed.* The wound, however, which is thus healed, is the wound which was inflicted on *the short-lived Seventh Head.* But the wounded short-lived Seventh Head was the short-lived FRENCH EMPERORSHIP which was wounded to death by the sword at Waterloo in 1815. Therefore the French Emperorship is that mortally wounded Seventh Head whose deadly wound is destined to be healed. The healing of it can only denote the political event of the *re-establishment of the French Emperorship.* Whether it be revived by Napoleon Bonaparte, or by the son of Napoleon, or by any other military adventurer—the naked fact of its revival is but too plainly foretold by the voice of inspiration.

"And the *Rise of the Eighth Head* described in Rev. 17 : 11, corresponds with the Healing of this sword-slain Seventh Head in Rev. 13 : 3 (for the healed Seventh Head will appear as an Eighth Head, though in reality only the Seventh one revived).

"Hence the grand conclusion from the whole is immediately brought out :

'"The predicted yet future Eighth Head or Form of Government over the Roman Empire, will be the revived Emperorship.

"The unerring voice of Prophecy pronounces that under the French Emperorship in its revived condition, the Roman Empire will go into utter political destruction : its final rebellious armament being cut off between the two seas of Palestine, and in the immediate vicinity of the glorious holy mountain. The Wilful King will there perish : and there will be, at the same time, an actual manifestation of Christ himself upon the Mount of Olives. Truly we live in a period so pregnant with extraordinary events that we may well be stirred up to no ordinary degree of seriousness" (Dan. 11 : 36–45 ; Zech. 14 : 4).

(To be continued.)

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* In his Supplemental Third Volume of Dissertations, published in 1818, Mr. Faber demonstrated the 1260 years (Rev. 11 : 3 ; 12 : 6) to end somewhere between 1862 and 1875. This gave a judicious margin of a dozen years, and is much preferable to his later inclination toward a particular year within that margin.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page 383.*)

A Catastophe.

Old Dunnit had seen the tears in Julia's eyes and the wanness of her face, and his warm heart ached for her. This was the time, he thought, when perhaps *a word in season* (Isa. 50 : 4) might win her from foolishness to wisdom. It was yet a long way off sunset, for May days are in no hurry to close, even when the winds are bitter enough to make one long for the cosey warmth of wintry firesides. There had been a fresh north-westerly breeze blowing over the sea for some hours, and during the heat of the day it had been warm and welcome. It was not yet cold, but there was a chilliness creeping landward from the sea which foretold a coming storm.

Old Dunnit and Julia pursued their way to the lighthouse in silence, and were still silent when they gained the little platform of rock beneath its walls, from which they could see a long line of coast, ending on each side with a headland stretching into the sea, and there joining the long line of clouds which lay almost like mimic cliffs beyond the dim blue of the water. Cliff and sea and sky were all that could be seen.

"Ah! there's sorrow on the sea, and it cannot be quiet," said Old Dunnit; "but it seems as if I loved it all the more, and thought of it all the more, for the sorrow. It 'ud seem strange if it was always at rest and quiet; it wouldn't be like this world, Julia. Maybe the Lord loves us the more for the sorrow we have, that cannot let us be quiet, 'specially you young things, as haven't learned to find rest in Him."

"Uncle Dunnit," sobbed Julia, "I've been pretty nigh wishin' all day as I'd never wed Squire Symons. It's all turned out pride and vexation," she added, after a mournful pause; "but if I repented ever so, it couldn't ever be different; I couldn't unwed myself. I should have to keep on bein' his wife, and never have a good man like you for my master, to love me and work for me, as you do for aunt.

"It's poor consolation to call Miss Ruth my daughter and make believe I'm a lady, when I'm harder worked than I ever was. I'm like *a dog at a fair*, dressed up in a scarlet coat and a hat, and walking on two legs. Nobody thinks he isn't a dog. Master Charlie laughs and makes game of me, and Mrs. Clifford never speaks a word to me if she can help it, when I go to dinner there. But if I repented, what 'ud be the good? It 'ud be all the same; and I'm a miserable woman."

"No, no, Julia, my lass," said the old man tenderly; "it all depends upon whether you are sorry of your sin or your punishment! If you repent of your pride and folly, God can take those away and make you wise and humble. And your punishment wouldn't be all the same if you could believe God was watchin' over you, and carin' for you, and lovin' you with all His heart. For it's with all His heart God loves us. He doesn't say to us, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart,' and then only give us *a bit* of His own love.

"No, no, Julia *all* His might, *all* His strength, *all* His heart—that's how Jesus loved His disciples; and that's how He loves us still. You didn't know what you might have been, when you wished to be a lady. Why! you might have been one of the daughters of the Lord God Almighty! [2 Cor. 6. 18.] What is a lady to that? Miss Ruth herself thinks nothin' of bein' a lady, because she knows she is one of God's children. And so may I, and so may you, my lass! There's neither high nor low, rich nor poor, in His sight. He couldn't love the Queen herself more than with all His heart."

Julia could not answer. She knew that her uncle Dunnit had talked like this before, but it seemed as if she had been deaf, and could not hear his words. But she heard them now; and oh! could she believe them? would God forgive all her folly and pride?

She looked tearfully across the tossing sea, toward the cliffs under which lay her new home, where life was so difficult. The little cove at Rockwood, for it was hardly a bay, was not in sight, but round the rock which hid it she saw a boat coming—the Clifford boat, once Ernest's now Charles's. Charles had rigged it with a saffron-colored sail, distinct from every other sail along that coast. In the westering light it looked like *a gorgeous butterfly* flitting over the soft dim blue of the sea, and catching the sunshine on its flame-colored wings.

She watched it listlessly for a few minutes, sobbing now and then like a chidden child. Then her thoughts began to stir. Charles had visited Rockwood while she had been away; and there would be no one at hand to check either him or her husband, who was likely enough to avail himself of his unwonted freedom. It was the first holiday she had taken since her marriage, and what if it ended badly! She had married Squire Symons with her eyes open, knowing him to be a drunkard. There was no hope of his growing any more temperate, or of keeping from fatal excesses, unless he were closely watched, as Miss Ruth had watched him. Well! if God would only forgive her, she would bear with him, and have patience with him; and do her utmost to be a good wife to him. So she resolved—little thinking what was before her!

"Uncle Dunnit," she said sorrowfully, "I must be goin' home now."

Yet she did not turn away at once, but followed the flutterings of the saffron sail for a minute or two. The tide was in Charles's favor, though the wind was against him; but the little boat was performing some unaccountable manœuvres. It was hovering dangerously near a long line of reef, which was covered at high tide, but which was beginning to show its black and pointed crest through the surf that danced and wavered along it.

Near to it the rocks were worn into deep, parallel furrows, over which the sea swirled to and fro, as it rose and fell, and bounded at last tumultuously against the foot of the high precipice, upon the brow of which lay the little path to Rockwood. There was a strong eddy just there at any time, but at this time, with the tide flowing and the wind pressing heavily upon the water, it was more than usually dangerous. Yet, apparently, Charles Clifford had loosed the sail; and the little boat was reeling and staggering in the current, with the sail almost dipping into the water.

"I can't think what Master Charlie can be about," said Julia in an anxious tone; "see how his boat's bobbin' up and down. Who can be steerin', uncle?"

"He'd little Johnny Tucker wi' him," answered old Dunnit, "when he set out. Johnny's a good steersman, lad as he is; but I'll run in and fetch my glass. It's just inside the porch here."

Julia could not take her eyes off the boat, while old Dunnit was searching for it with his telescope among the rocks. At last he fixed it within the range of his glass; and he cried out in a voice of alarm.

"Why! it's old Squire Symons at the rudder," he exclaimed, "and Master Charlie's tryin' to get it out of his hand. Johnny isn't there. They'll be borne on to the rocks. Good Lord! good Lord!"

The last words were spoken not in the common profane manner, but in a tone of entreaty, as if he saw one who could help, and was crying to him to stretch out his hand.

"They're fightin'," he cried, "fightin' for the rudder! They don't see where they are goin'. Are they mad, Julia, or drunk?"

Julia lifted up her voice and uttered a long, shrill, piercing cry of warning; but the wind bore the sound inland, against the cliffs. Yet almost as if in answer to it a loud call for help reached their ears. The sail, all aflame with the evening sunshine, and swelling with the western wind, was drifting down fast into the furrows and deep hollows of the rocks.

"Quick! quick!" cried old Dunnit; "there's my boat down below. I've a strong arm ye and so have you, Julia. There's not a mome to lose."

The fishing-boat was moored at the foot of rude staircase cut in the rock; and it was not minute's work to seize the oars and push o through the tangle of wrack into clearer wate Julia had not spoken since she had uttered h wild, ineffectual scream, and she did not spea now. All her strength was needed for her oa though the languor and weakness she had felt day seemed replaced by a marvellous vigor.

She had her back to the point whither th were rowing; but from time to time she glanc round and searched the waters for the glowi and fluttering sail. As long as it was in sig there was hope that all would be right; but h slowly was their clumsy fishing-boat making way against the tide! How long it was befo they could get away from the current whi flowed round the Lantern-hill! Julia heard Dunnit murmuring a prayer, but her throat w too dry to say, "Amen."

He was sitting on the bench before her, a she saw his face as he turned round to lo toward the boat. An expression of terror w stamped upon it. He turned back, and be himself with desperate effort to his oar; a Julia did the same. Were they to be too late

"Lord! have mercy on their souls!" s heard him say in an awe-struck undertone.

It seemed to Julia as if these muttered wor compelled her to look round, though she m lose a stroke of her oar, and she saw in moment the amber sail drifting on the tossi waves, and the boat breaking to pieces on t sharp point of a rock that had *pierced it throug* No call came across the water, though they w near enough to hear it, if there had been a The boat was held fast by the tooth of rock, a it was probable that one or both of the men i clinging to it for safety: though the wh foam was tossing over it, as if in triumpha delight over a new toy. The silence was ominous answer to this hope; and as old Dun and Julia came up to the boat they saw tha was empty.

Julia stood up on the bench, and look around. Beyond the reef, closer under t cliffs, was a channel, comparatively smooth, a beyond that a strip of sand, lying below t overhanging cliff. The slanting light of the s fell brightly on the yellow sand, and she co see, flung upon it like a weed, the body Charles Clifford. A few minutes brought th through the straight, smooth channel to t sand; and she sprang out and ran eagerly to side. A low moan, as she tried to move hi made her start again to her feet.

"He's not dead!" she shouted to her unc as he fastened his boat; "it's Master Char and he's not dead."

She shaded her eyes with her hands to lo out steadily over the glistening sea; but th was no other form to be seen. If her husba had indeed been in the boat, he was lost. Dunnit was beside her now, and bending o Charles Clifford; and she had not time yet think of the old man, whose wife she had be Dunnit knelt down, and placed his arm unc Charles to raise him a little; but the sharp ago he seemed to suffer made him desist. This w not the unconsciousness merely of a half-drown man. Some deeper injury had befallen him.

"We must move him higher," said he, " high as we can. It's nigh on four hours to hi tide. We can't carry him to th' boat; and boat can't come nigher. We must lift h higher on th' sands, Julia; it's as much as we c do, that is."

It taxed their strength to the utmost; Julia was exhausted, and old Dunnit was unu to lifting heavy burdens. Charles was utte helpless and unconscious, though now and th he groaned as they moved him by degrees to spot of greater safety. Then they stood a looked at one another in questioning bewilderment. What were they to do next?

(*To be Continued.*)

EVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSON.

S. Lesson for June 27th. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR lessons for the past quarter have shown our blessed Lord in His ministry of love and power among men. In our first lesson we rned how the elements of earth and also the wers of darkness are subject unto Him. w, then, should we fear one step of the way which we are called to follow Him? True He ver promises us exemption from trial, on the ntrary, "we must through *much* tribulation er into the kingdom of God" (Acts 14 : 22); very branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, t it may bring forth more fruit" (John : 2); "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you with sons; for what son is he whom the father steneth not?" (Heb. 12 : 6, 7). But although d's children are far more liable to be tried afflicted than others, yet He who has minion over all the outward and inward wers which could aggravate or alleviate the l, He who has loved us unto death, is to be sted; the Christ of power is He who, having ed His own which were in the world, "loved m unto the end" (John 13 : 1).

t is this Christ of power and of love who ites such as labor and are heavy laden to e unto Him. Who can carry His invita- ? Surely only such as have laid their own vy load on Him, and who therefore can say the prophet whose iniquity was taken away his sin purged, "Here am I; send me" (Is. 3). Such can be "ambassadors for Christ," hough God besought by them, and they pray in Christ's stead, "Be ye reconciled to " (2 Cor. 5 : 20). The Lord directs us as to re and to whom the invitation is to be made. o ye," He says, "into all the world, and ach the Gospel to *every creature*" (Mark 16 : and as to the manner (Luke 14 : 21, 23), "Go quickly into the streets and lanes of the , . . . go out into the highways and hedges, compel them to come in, that my house may filled." Energy, perseverance, self-denial, needed in the giving of Christ's invitation inners.

ut the fruit of a wide-spread call to sinners ot all good. The parable of the Sower and Seed is a lesson of humiliation which some istians never have learned; they are so loth cknowledge that the seed sown upon the ever did spring up, that it ever had any although God says it had. And then the bling lesson of that which was sown among rns; it is the good seed, it has life, but gs forth no fruit to perfection. Every istian worker would like to have only credit- conversions for God's honor's sake. But educates His working children by the iliations they meet with in their work, and e and more we are brought to see how all is grace, and how it is no credit to us, but to only, that we ourselves have been kept backsliding. Then the most humbling on of all is that of the Wheat and the Tares, terrible mixture of saved and unsaved, godly worldly, not only in our national churches, gradually creeping in and spoiling all bodies eparatists.

ur next lesson was on Confession and Cross- ing. The two subjects are nearly connected. one is bold enough to take up his cross for whom he is ashamed to confess before men. confession of Christ is closely allied to child- confidence in God. What is it which makes difficult for some to say a word for the ter? Only the fear of the suffering which volved in it, the reproach in the family, the ness and contempt of those who once emed us. Now, are we decided, like Paul, ount all things but loss for Christ? Then t things were gain to us, those we count loss Him (Phil. 3 : 7, 8). For instance, instead eing pained at the coldness of those who are to us, we can, for Christ's sake, welcome it, experience a wondrous joy in the midst of the very pain, because it is real fellowship with His sufferings. If worldly people lose confidence in us because they cannot understand our motives, and they suspect and suggest that we are influenced by a desire to render ourselves peculiar, we cannot smart under such an imputation, for they whose whole life in every detail reverts to self, can in no way understand a life in which every motive is entirely unconnected with self-interest. The cross of remaining under false imputations soon ceases to be a cross when it is taken up for Christ's sake, and it is wonderful how impervious we become to the opinions of men.

Our fifth lesson for the quarter was from the Transfiguration, and we learned that as the human body of Christ was transfigured, so shall we also be transfigured at His coming; but we also learned that even now He is carrying on a work of transfiguration upon us, changing us more and more into His likeness. Our part is, never to resist the Holy Ghost, but to obey God's Word with implicit confidence; and where His Word does not decide, for instance, as to which of two duties, both imperative, we should give the precedence—which among, many letters asking spiritual counsel, it is necessary to answer first, etc.—we may count upon the clear direction of God if we are in the habit of obeying unquestioningly and immediately all which we have recognized to be His will, without one thought as to whether it is convenient to us to do it or not. Faith and obedience bring us into a region where self has nothing to say, where the reins of our entire being are in the hands of another, and, being pliable in His hands, He can attain His own ends in us and by us; "we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works" (Eph. 2 : 10), and, except He is hindered, surely He will make His work perfect; God does nothing by halves. And in measure as we are transfigured, subdued unto Himself (Phil. 3 : 21), His power will manifest itself through us, and then our lives as parents will "suffer," and help "the little children," the young men and women of our families, to come unto Him.

In the call to the marriage feast we recognized the appeal of our God to leave all that is ours for His sake, to be absorbed with His concerns instead of our own; and this that we may have part in the marriage of the Lamb, and enter into the joy of our Lord. The bride of the Lamb is never represented in the parables of our Lord. The bride spirit is seen in the wise virgins who looked only for the Bridegroom, not for a reward of their faithfulness like the servants, not for judgment like the sheep (see Matt. 25). The whole teaching of our blessed Lord is a call to union with him. He calls us not only to renounce sin, but our very selves, the instinct of self-love which belongs to our very nature. But why? In Him we find a new and different nature, and we are made partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption which is in the world through lust (2 Pet. 1 : 4), or our natural desires, as the word means in the Greek; *i.e.*, if we deny ourselves, take up our cross, and follow Christ.

Union cannot exist between those of different natures. A man cannot unite himself to a creature of a lower order of being. And we must possess Christ's nature in all its instincts, principles, and powers if we are to be united to Him as His bride. There are living creatures which prey upon and destroy one another, between whom union is impossible, and just as really the spirit of Christ and the spirit of self destroy and displace one another; therefore there is no possibility of union between them. The whole object of this dispensation is to take out of the Gentiles a people for His name, a bride for the Lamb, the Son of God. In the Old Testament the heir was "under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the Father" (Gal. 4 : 2). The child must be under the law to learn obedience. "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."

The son who is come of age is capable of understanding and entering into his father's mind and thoughts. But we receive the adoption of sons that we may pass on into a higher, nearer relationship. The son can throw himself heartily into all his father's plans, and seek to execute them, not because he is obliged, but because, as son, it is his joy and honor to do so, but they are still his father's plans and not his own. With the bride it is otherwise; here mine and thine cease to be; "they twain shall be one flesh; so then they are no more twain, but one flesh" (Mark 10 : 8), and thus spake Paul "concerning Christ and the Church" (Eph. 5 : 31, 32). "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit" (1 Cor. 6 : 17). And when shall we be made one spirit with Him if it is not now? Oh, let us then be joined unto the Lord, rejecting everything in ourselves or out of ourselves which could bring the smallest separation between Him and us. Let no other consideration weigh with us but this simple one, He wills it, or He wills it not. Any other is to bring something in between the beloved of our souls and us.

The judgment, as we have seen, meets us where we are, in the family of God or in the world. Oh, how solemn does life become when we think that nothing escapes the recording angel (Ezek. 9 : 2, comp. to Rev. 20 : 12, and 2 Cor. 5 : 10); for although we cannot believe that God's children will be judged with the world, yet "we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ" (Rom. 14 : 10). Our lesson from Gethsemane shows us judgment executed upon our blessed Lord, and consummated upon the cross.

One of our later lessons, after the resurrection, brought us to consider the power as well as the commission lodged in our hands by virtue of the death and resurrection of our Lord. In the first three Gospels the commission to widespread evangelizing is clearly given. Matthew and Mark, who were themselves apostles, mention only the apostles as recipients of this commission; but Luke, the physician, mentions (Luke 24 : 33) not the apostles only, but "they that were with them," viz., the hundred and twenty of Acts : 1 13–15, composed of the apostles, the women, Mary the mother of Jesus, and His brethren. Luke also mentions how he opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures, clearly testifying the need of Scripture knowledge "that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. 3 : 17). And it is Luke who records the words of Jesus to them all "Ye are witnesses of these things" (24 : 48). We cannot wonder at this when it was he who tells us of the seventy disciples who were sent out after the sending of the twelve with the same commission and the same power (Luke 10).

Mark dwells on what the Lord said as to the fruits of their preaching—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; in My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover" (16 : 16–18). So, while Matthew contains the Lord's words, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore," etc., and "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (28 : 18–20), and Luke His command that they should tarry in the city of Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high, Mark mentions in detail the manner in which the power should be manifest; so that when, in Acts 4 : 29, 30, the disciples pray that with all boldness they may speak Christ's word, they plead, "by stretching forth Thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Thy holy child Jesus." In our last lesson we considered the ministry of the Lord Jesus, as embodied in Heb. 2.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Principal Political Topic in Great Britain during the week has been the introduction of the financial scheme of the government by Mr. Gladstone. That statesman is acknowledged even by his opponents to be a master in financial matters, and, although his measure takes people by surprise, general confidence is expressed in the wisdom of the scheme. Its principal feature is *the abolition of the malt tax.* For more than a generation this tax has been the subject of agitation by the farmers, and conservative candidates at every election have been required to pledge themselves to work for its abolition. Mr. Gladstone by taking this step has removed from the hands of his enemies an effective weapon which always told heavily against his party in the rural districts. As the change will involve a loss to the exchequer of $5,000,000 a year, the government proposes to increase the income tax and impose a tax on beer to make up the deficiency. The tax on imported wines is to be reduced by arrangement with the French government. We have yet to learn how the total abstinence societies will regard the measure, and as the cable does not render clear what effect will be produced by removing the tax from the raw material to the manufactured article, their opinions cannot be estimated. If, however, the effect will be to reduce the price of intoxicating drinks it is obvious that, however financially wise the step may be, it is a grievous mistake from a moral point of view, and one that so clear-sighted a statesman as Mr. Gladstone was not expected to have made.

The Condition of Turkey is Desperate. A speedy reopening of the Eastern question is anticipated by European statesmen. The country is politically dying. In the coming crisis, which we are glad to see rapidly approaching, we are content to know that the *coup de grace* to the moribund ' curse of the East," "the abomination of desolation," by which Jerusalem is now being "trodden down" of the Turkish "Gentiles," will be administered by the fittest agent to do the work. The collapse and death of Turkey is imminent. Then may be expected to come on the last question in the great controversy ;—"the battle of the eagles and the vultures," to decide who is to possess the prey ; and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Israel, the return of Judah and Israel to their own land, and their acquisition at the Gate in anticipation of the time of yet greater sorrows, when "the coming struggle" and the dreaded Armageddon war shall arrive.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in a Letter written to a friend recently thus expresses his view of the appointment of the Roman Catholic Marquis of Ripon to the post of Viceroy of India :

"I deeply regret the appointment of Lord Ripon to Viceregal power. I confess I do not understand the motive for it. I am for giving all men an equal political status, for such I conceive to be their rights as men. But experience of Romanists on the throne has led the nation to pass an Act excluding them from it, and I fear the need of such an Act of self-protection has not ceased, for Romanism has not changed. It seems, therefore, to be a dangerous infringement of a great national safeguard to put a Romanist into the pro-regal or Viceregal office. I would not allow *a Mormonite to be judge of the divorce court*, because his professed religion disqualifies him ; and if Lord Ripon believes that the Pope has power over sovereigns, and considers himself bound to obey him, I judge him to be disqualified too."

The Salvation Army.—On May 25, at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, London, Mrs. Booth, wife of the "general," delivered a lecture on the "Principles, Measures, and Aims of the Salvation Army." She stated that, according to the most carefully compiled statistics, *more than ninety per cent* of the working population of Great Britain never crossed the threshold of either church or chapel. Until she had mixed among the masses of the people she had never imagined that such human beings existed as she had seen by the Tyne side, in South Wales, and in Lancashire, where men had pulled a poor little girl-captain down a flight of steps, and kicked her, only because she had tried to bless them and to do them good. It was to reach the untaught, unthinking, and unwashed, over whose heads the ministrations of the Church had flown, that her husband had started the Salvation Army, and acting on the principle of adapting means to ends, they had sought to arouse attention by striking and novel appeals. Much good had been effected, and much more might have been done had the magistrates and police protected the preachers and kept the "roughs" in order, instead of siding with them against the preachers. They had now 5280 men and women speaking in public every Sunday and nearly every night ; these were unpaid ; and there were besides 267 "captains," paid evangelists.

The Roman Catholic Appointments of Mr. Gladstone have already caused a difficulty. Lord Kenmare, the Roman Catholic Lord Chamberlain, finds among the function of his office that of appointing the queen's chaplains, and the Lent preachers in the Chapel Royal. As it would be an anomaly for a Roman Catholic to perform that duty, it has been transferred to the Lord Steward.

Fifty Thousand Bibles and New Testaments have been sold in England during the past twelve months through the agency of "the gospel carriage" established by Mr. Henry Morehouse. Besides this seventy thousand periodicals and five hundred thousand gospel books have been given away by the same means. The Bible carriage resembles a small omnibus, and is large enough to carry several evangelists and singers, with their stock of Bibles, Testaments and religious books and tracts. On either side is but a single window, and there are no steps behind. The entrance is from the platform in front, on which the singers and speakers stand. It travels through the country attending fairs and markets, the evangelists using the opportunity afforded them by the assembled multitudes to preach the Gospel, and much good has been done. The work was suggested to Mr. Morehouse by an earnest Christian lady in Ireland, who defrayed one half the cost of the carriage.

Sunday Schools in Port-au Prince, Hayti, have been established by Mrs. J. Straight, a Christian lady, who is a teacher in one of the government schools. She formerly resided in Europe and acquired a knowledge of the French, German, and Swedish languages, which has rendered her services in Hayti exceptionally valuable. Having given her heart to the Saviour she has devoted all the time, not occupied in her schoolastic duties, to laboring for Christ among the poor and ignorant. Without aid from any society, she has been able to do a valuable work in Port-au-Prince, among both children and adults.

A Mission School in Liberia, West Africa, has been established by Rev. David A. Day, who has also erected a chapel for religious services. He is endeavoring to raise a fund for providing scholarships of $30 each to assist pupils who are unable to pay for board. Coffee trees are being planted on the ground near the mission, the produce of which is sold and the proceeds used to defray necessary expenses. In a few years it is believed the little plantation will provide wholly for the mission.

Colonel Synge's Experiences while in the hands of the brigands are related in a letter just published. It will be recollected that he fell into the hands of Turkish brigands while he was arranging for the distribution of relief to the starving Bulgarians, and was ransomed at the cost of $70,000.

While negotiating for his ransom his captors feared that troops would be sent against them. Colonel Synge says : "They told me that had such an attempt been made, they would have made me a jacket *à la franca—i.e.*, removed the skin of the upper part of the body—and then roasted me alive.

"I very well knew that such a scheme wou only have been resorted to as a last resourc and assured them they were mistaken. Ho ever, on the occasion I was dictated anoth letter demanding the ransom. If it were n sent within five days my ears would be sent i in eight days my nose, and in ten my head.

"After a weary time in the cave, for it w bitterly cold, and in the day-time they rarely a fire unless the weather was foggy or snow w falling, I was told that all had been arrange Taken out, blindfolded, mounted on a mule, a sometimes riding, sometimes picking my ov way, I was brought down to the vicinity of C erina and released."

A British Novelist's Complaint appears in t *International Review* for June. Mr. Will Collins asserts that he has lost some thousan of pounds by the publication of his works America. He complains bitterly that publish have sold his books here in cheap form withc giving him any remuneration. There is no dou that cases of individual hardship occur in whi authors of both nationalities have suffered, t in this particular case little sympathy will be fe Parents and Christian people generally, ha cause to wish that Mr. Collins could claim a muneration for the American edition of l works, and that it might be so high as to curt their circulation here, or, better still, stop it together.

Two Graves in the churchyard of Astl Worcestershire, England, preach an impress sermon. One is the grave of a young man w had wealth, position, and influence, but w had wasted it all through the terrible power strong drink. The other is the grave of Fran Ridley Havergal, the Christian poetess. O she had had an opportunity of speaking to t young man in a drawing-room, and pleadi with him for his soul. It is remarkable t they now lie side by side, waiting for the res rection. In the event of our decease before coming of the Lord, which of those graves ours most resemble ?

A Russian Nun.—A colporteur went lately a Greek convent near Moscow. He laid his T taments on the table in the refectory, a offered them for sale. Immediately he was s rounded by all the nuns ; one of them wished buy a Testament in large type, but had not money necessary for its purchase. Seeing great desire to have the book, the colport told her he could easily wait for the mon The nun was very much astonished that man, without knowing her, acted thus. So time after he came again into that same c vent. The nun paid her debt most thankful and said she could not find words to express comfort she found in reading that book. "I life ! it is freedom !" she exclaimed ; and t time she bought a Bible.

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church.—T dollars received from L. A. C., Baltimore, M

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchm (London) for June may be obtained at the office of CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

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Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

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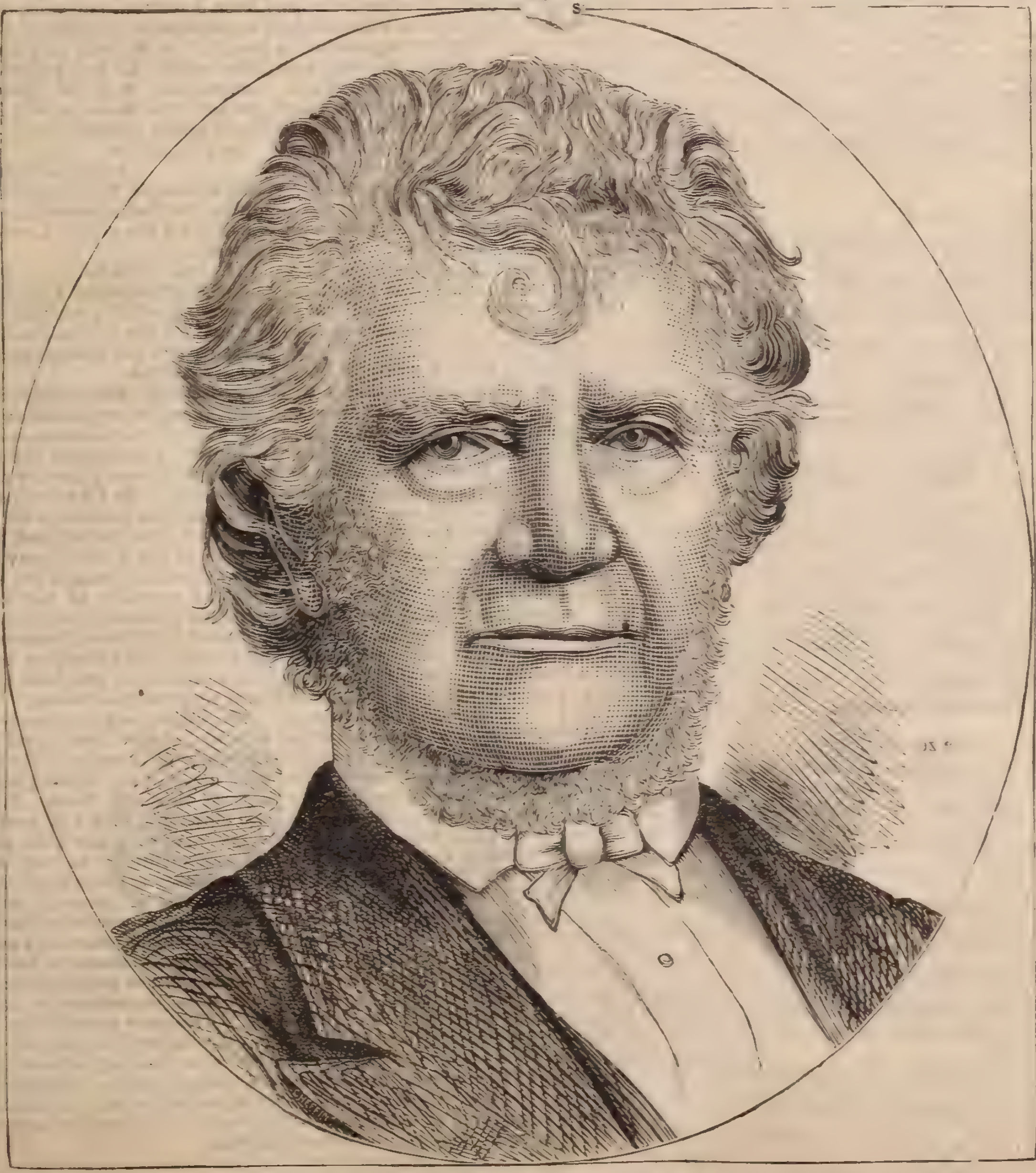

MR. ROBERT BAXTER, an Eminent Christian Lawyer in Great Britain.

MR. ROBERT BAXTER.

His Early Life as a Lawyer at Doncaster—His Acquaintance with Edward Irving, the Great Preacher—His Promotion of the Great Northern Railway Bill, and other Public Companies, as Parliamentary Solicitor—His Efforts in the Cause of Education, Religion, and Total Abstinence—Testimonial to him from his Native Place.

MR. ROBERT BAXTER is one of the best known evangelical Christian laymen of the British metropolis, and, notwithstanding his venerable age, is active in attendance upon religious meetings and in addressing assemblies of the unconverted whenever he finds opportunity. He possesses *a special interest* to our readers, being the honored father of the Rev. M. Baxter, the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and author of "Coming Wars," and other treatises. He is of a Leicestershire family, which claims relationship with Richard Baxter, author of the "Saint's Rest," and which for nearly two hundred years has been settled at Atherstone and at Stoke Golding in that county. His father, Mr. Dudley Baxter, of Stoke Golding, was a magistrate and a deputy lieutenant, and the lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of the Leicestershire militia.

The subject of this memoir was born in 1802, and was a third son. His early years were passed at Stoke Golding, and he was articled in a lawyer's office at Atherstone. At the age of *twenty-one* he received the offer of a lawyer's business at Doncaster, where he settled in 1824. In the following year he married Miss Paget, the youngest daughter of Mr. Paget, a banker of Tamworth, and for the next six years he devoted himself to the routine of his profession, and gained a high reputation for talent and energy.

He was also active in

RELIGIOUS WORK,

and was one of the first to establish, in the Deanery of Doncaster, auxiliaries of the Church Missionary, and Bible, and other religious societies, and to commence a system of *district visiting among the poor*—labors which at that time were new to the public mind, and provoked much opposition. He was also very assiduous in the cultivation of literature, contributing many papers to leading religious reviews. He was also the chief promoter of the erection of Christ Church, Doncaster.

In 1830 Mr. Baxter's attention was drawn to the subject of *Scripture prophecy*, which at that time was taken up by a large number of earnest men in the churches of England and Scotland, including the Rev. Hugh M'Neile (the late Dean of Ripon), the celebrated Joseph Wolff, and the equally celebrated Henry Drummond, of Aldbury, and the Rev. Edward Irving. Both by personal intercourse and by participation in publishing the great prophetic periodical of that day, the *Morning Watch*, Mr. Baxter joined earnestly in the investigations of those scholars respecting the speedy approach of the Second Advent.

Mr. Irving was then in the zenith of his fame, attracting immense congregations by his eloquence, and drawing round him a separate band of devoted but misguided men and women, who were engrosssed in the expectation of the restoration of miraculous gifts to the Church. In the autumn of 1831 their excitement was raised to the highest pitch by reports of miraculous cures among a kindred congregation of Presbyterians in Scotland, and by simulated utterances of wonderful power, which seemed to coincide with the gifts of tongues and prophecy recorded of the Apostolic Age. After a brief trial Mr. Irving acknowledged these utterances as inspirations from above, and sanctioned and encouraged them in his church.

Mr. Baxter did not enroll himself with Mr. Irving and join the Irvingite Church until January, 1832. But then the power with which he spoke, and his great ability, gave him at once an important place in the congregation, and made him one of the most notable of their leaders. He continued among them about four months, when the failure of important predictions unanimously proclaimed by those who were supposed to have "the gift of tongues," and in which he himself had taken part, convinced him that the so-called predictions were

A DELUSION.

With decisive strength of mind he at once publicly declared that he had been mistaken, and came up to London to endeavor to convince and save Mr. Irving, who was then on his trial before the Presbytery of the Scotch Church, and at the crisis of his fame.

Failing in this object, he published a "Narrative of Facts," which had *an immense public effect*, and proved a death-blow to the further rapid extension of the sect. Some of his companions, including several clergymen of the Church of England, followed Mr. Baxter in withdrawal from the Irvingite communion, while others remained in it. Among the latter the most noted was Mr. Henry Drummond, M.P., who for many years afterward continued to sit and speak in the Parliament, and who lived and died the chief prophet and pillar of the Irvingite or "Catholic Apostolic" Church. Mr. Drummond's son-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, is now a leading member of that church.

Returning to Doncaster, Mr. Baxter resumed his business as a lawyer until the terrible visitation of *Asiatic cholera* in the autumn of 1832, which struck down hundreds of the inhabitants. Mr. Baxter gave up his time to organizing a system of house-to-house visitation, and with devoted courage chose for himself the Marshgate district, where, from the low situation and the poverty of the people, the disease raged in its most virulent form. Assisted by a Methodist local preacher, Mr. Thomas Parsonson, he undertook the spiritual and temporal care of the most wretched portion of the town, and spent days and nights in finding out and relieving those who were struck with cholera. Both he and Mr. Parsonson were attacked by the disease, but recovered, and resumed their work.

We now come to a new era in Mr. Baxter's life, when he removed from Doncaster to London, and commenced the career of

PARLIAMENTARY SOLICITOR,

by which he is best known. Doncaster was upon the line of the Great North Road between London and Edinburgh, and down to 1836 was traversed daily by numerous mail and stage coaches, and other means of communication between the metropolis and the northern counties. But the encroachments of the iron horse had begun, and the *Midland Railway*, continuing the London and North-Western Railway from Rugby to York, was opened in 1836, and entirely diverted that stream of traffic. The coaches ceased to run, the posting was discontinued, the stage wagons were taken off, and grass grew on the old North Road, while the traffic passed at a distance of ten miles.

The effect on the prosperity of Doncaster became apparent. Trade dropped off, the residents diminished in number, and a general stagnation and decline set in. But in 1844 a project was set on foot which has since restored the fortunes of Doncaster, and nearly doubled her population. The project was to make a direct railway from London to York, following nearly in the line of the old London Road. With Mr. Beckett Denison, M.P., Mr. Baxter took up the scheme, and organized the *London and York Railway Company*, now the *Great Northern*, of which Mr. Denison became the chairman, and Mr. Baxter and Mr. Rose the solicitors. The bill was opposed by the promoters of two other new projects, the Direct Northern and the Cambridge and Lincoln Railway Companies, as well as by all the old companies. The preliminary tribunal of the Board of Trade reported against the London and York Company, and in favor of the Cambridge and Lincoln Company.

The contest which followed was the greatest in the annals of Parliament. Its magnitude may be inferred from the fact that no fewer than twenty barristers appeared daily in the House of Commons committee room; and the Commons committee sat eighty-four days, throug the greater part of two sessions of Parliamen the standing orders being suspended for so tr mendous an investigation. The final decisio was, however, in favor of the London and Yor into which the Direct Northern Company ha then been merged, and an act was passed in 18 for the execution of the project under the no well-known title of the *Great Northern Railwa*

The same year (1846) saw the commenceme by Mr. Baxter of the *South Yorkshire Railwa* It was designed to supply railway communic tion from the South Yorkshire coal-pits (the comparatively few in number, and sending the coal by the River Don), to join the Great Nort ern at Doncaster, and to transmit their produ over the Great Northern, Midland, and Nort Eastern Railways. This scheme was final passed in 1847, and the railway constructe The effect on the production of coal was wonde ful. From producing 800,000 tons per annu before the railway, the South Yorkshire distri has increased to a production of 2,000,000 to annually. [The ton of coal in Great Britian 2,240 lbs.]

After his successful promotion of the *Gre Northern* bill, he was for more than thirty yea chiefly occupied in parliamentary and railwa business, at the head of the large firm of Baxte Rose & Norton, and since its dissolution in 187 at the head of the firm of Baxters & Co. In t long list of railway bills and public companie bills which he has promoted in parliamenta committees may be mentioned the Unde ground, the Metropolitan District Railway, a the Thames Embankment.

In 1868, at the

GENERAL ELECTION

to Parliament, Mr. Baxter was Conservative ca didate for the representation of Hull, and aga in 1870 for the city of Londonderry, but witho success.

He is an attached member of the Establish Church (Protestant Episcopal), acting with t greatest cordiality with all Nonconformists, a he has, for the last half century, taken a prom nent part in the advancement of many evange cal associations.

Possessing deep religious convictions, wi great power of organization, he was foremost the place of his residence to initiate the syste atic district visiting of the poor at a time wh such a work was a novelty and subject to mu opposition. At his own cost and labor, in ord to further the education of the working classe he, in 1835, collected and analyzed from eve parish of the great county of York, containi two millions of people, the state of the scho and the numbers of the scholars. In conce with the Central Education Committee of Yor he aided in the establishment of the Committ of Council on Education in 1839, under whi the educational progress of Great Britain h been so greatly improved.

Mr. Baxter is a very ready public speaker, a has well stored his mind in travel throu Europe and *America*. He has visited the pri cipal cities of the United States and Canada, well as those of France, Holland, Switzerlan and Germany, and has made himself general acquainted with the laws and customs of tho nations. Though now seventy-eight years ol he possesses a remarkable degree of health a energy, and is generally engaged in his leg business every week day, besides speaking som times at evening meetings and generally delive ing Gospel addresses on Sunday.

As an earnest *total abstainer*, he takes especi interest in promoting the cause of temperanc He is Treasurer to the Church of England Te perance Society for the province of Canterbu and a few years ago offered £100 to the guara tee fund of £10,000, provided nine others cou be found to accept his challenge by the end the year. This object was successfully acco plished.

The following is an extract taken from

HIS SPEECH

at the celebrated Lambeth Palace Temperan ing convened by the Archbishop of Canter- in 1873: "We welcome the presence of Grace here, for from this meeting will go the voice of condemnation, strong and and ringing through the land, that will greatly to form the public opinion which sire. Every clergyman will more than see that it is his duty to work. I never clergyman who did not mourn over this never yet met a clergyman who would not me such an institution as this. I must not you further, except by saying that no hing in this country will work such a e upon the population as will greater rance and abstinence from intemperance. is the great bane; it is the prevailing it is the sore canker at the root of all the 's prosperity, and we must therefore ad- ourselves to this giant evil, and wrestle t in the grace of God and in the faith of Word, and so we may turn the hearts of ople, and be made the means in our day neration of working *such a change* that xt one that will follow us will look back he drunken habits of the lower classes as ank God, can look back upon the drinking of the upper classes, and say they are s of history, and that they now torment more."

public speaker at religious meetings at Hall and other places in London, Mr. 's voice has frequently been heard during t thirty years. In conjunction with Lord ck he founded in 1865 the *Evangeliza- ciety*, of Surrey Street, London, which, the energetic secretaryship of Capt. W. th, now has an annual income of about . He has also been an active promoter Daniell's *Soldiers' Homes* at Aldershot, m, Colchester, and Plymouth.

kewise was from the first a zealous friend *Midnight Meeting Society*, of which he is er. Its first meeting was held nearly years ago in St. James's Restaurant, bout 250 unhappy wanderers were wel- to a tea meeting and addressed by the on. and Rev. Baptist Noel and others, the result seventeen fallen persons were , and at subsequent meetings very many en reclaimed.

also President of the *Christian Com-* (of which Lord Shaftesbury is patron), ciation of about one hundred unremune- hristian workers, who preach the Gospel khouses, lodging-houses, mission-halls, and the open air. It was founded in the Rev. J. Wesley, and its present y is Mr. J. Atkinson.

her very useful society—the London *r Mission*—has from its commencement co-operation as a member of its com- and for many years he has aided the *School* movement in London.

ay add that

THE POOR AND NEEDY

roughout his long life constantly found sympathy and help.

e pretty village of Stoke Golding, in rshire, on June 5th, at the Workman's tasteful building, erected by him at a bout $10,000 for the use of the villagers pot where stood the old hall in which born, a number of the inhabitants and ring clergy assembled, and requested ptance of *his portrait* in oil, an excel- ness, painted by Mr. Pratt of Birming- d of an address. These he accepted in expressing his great appreciation of and of the kindly expressions of esteem ard with which Mr. Eustace and Mr. he spokesmen on the occasion, accom- ied.

. Baxter has now two sons and five s living, and twenty *grandchildren.* st son and partner in business, Mr. Baxter, who was also held in high s a statistical writer, died in May, 1875, e of forty-eight years. His second son, M. Baxter, we have already mentioned; and his third son, Mr. Frank Baxter, is a lawyer. One of his daughters married Mr. John Hall, an Irish magistrate of Letterfrack, Connemara; another married the Rev. H. Disney, the eloquent and evangelical Vicar of Hinckley, Leicestershire; and another married the late Rev. Edward Pym, Vicar of Willian, Herts.

A Portrait of Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., of Brooklyn, and a sketch of his life will appear (God willing) in our next issue.

A VICAR'S EXPERIENCE.

At the Band of Hope Anniversary in Exeter Hall, London, on May 12th, the Rev. Simon Sturges, vicar of Wargrave, said:

I love the little children with all my heart. It was my love for little children that led me to take up this temperance work, which has been the happiness of my life for many years. Who does not feel the greatest compassion for the drunkard's children? And then look at the *unfortunate marriages* cursed through drink. "My husband has taken to drinking. I do all I can for his comfort, but my happiness is entirely blighted;" such is the despairing cry of many a young wife. I have had a large experience with children. I am connected with schools as a *diocesan inspector*, and there are three large schools in my parish, having 500 children. One of these is an *industrial school* with 150 children. It is a *teetotal establishment*. The superintendent, the matron, the schoolmaster, the mistress, the chaplain (myself), never have a drop of alcohol in that building. What is the consequence? These children go away to their places and write me letters saying how happy and prosperous their lives have been because they have received proper instruction in this matter. These children, and the children about me now, are young travellers in the journey of life, and I feel that there is no nobler work in the world than to put a young traveller on the right road.

I heard Dr. Alfred Carpenter relate this fact: He attended a lady once who had two dear little boys, and he said to her, "Don't give these children wine." The lady said, "You don't understand my children's constitution." She gave them wine. They both grew up to be drunkards, and both died of *delirium tremens*. It is a terrible thing for a child to look in the face of its parent and say, "You taught me to drink, and that has been my ruin." Children should be kept away from the drink, because it is a terrible temptation, and next, because it is a great expense. Numbers of men, to my certain knowledge, are in the workhouse, and need not have been there but for their own improvidence. They say, "Sir, if we had to live our lives again we should not be here. But it's no use preaching to us. We are old men. Go to the children, go to the young men, and tell them to put away this temptation."

The Liberal and Conversative governments alike have done their best to ruin the children. What a sight will these young people see when they leave this building. They will have to go through something like a Balaklava charge,

> "Cannon to right of them,
> Cannon to left of them,
> Cannon in front of them;"

and how could they escape destruction?

I was lately travelling in a railway carriage, and *a young woman* took out a brandy bottle, and having helped herself handed it to me. I refused, whereupon she said, "I like to see people enjoying themselves." I replied, "I enjoy myself. I am one of the happiest men in the world." And so I am—in fact, almost as happy as Sir Wilfrid Lawson was when he learned that all the publicans were out of Parliament. I congratulate the friends of temperance upon the introduction of Dr. Richardson's "Lesson-book" into schools. As regards Sunday closing, nine to one of the laboring men are in favor of it, and when I asked them why, they said, "*For he sake of our children.*"

THE STUDENT'S MARVELLOUS DREAM.

A bright, intelligent, open-hearted youth entered the University of Dublin early in the present century. The first act of his collegiate life beautifully evinced his natural unselfishness and generous thoughtfulness for others. His mother was a lady of good family and refined manners, but a widow of slender means. He resolved, therefore, if possible, to relieve her of the burden of his support and education by obtaining a sizarship.

Such was this young man. Possessed of superior talents, full of warm and noble impulses, a true friend and charming companion, he was very much the counterpart of the young ruler in the Gospel whom Jesus, beholding with tenderest interest, loved. But, as in his case, one thing was lacking to the young student, and that one thing essential to his highest usefulness and happiness. His heart was not yet given to the world. Neither had the love of Christ yet been felt as a great and wonderful reality. The reading of skeptical authors and the flippant conversation of ungodly fellow-students were fostering the deep-rooted unbelief of his heart. Friendly remonstrances were for a time unavailing. But a change came at length in a most unexpected and singular manner.

One morning he appeared at breakfast with an unusually troubled and anxious expression in his face. Something peculiar had evidently occurred. When asked what was the matter, he replied,

"I had a dream last night that I shall not easily forget. It was *very awful*. I felt as if I had somehow fallen over a precipice, and was sinking headlong downward to a line of jagged rocks below. It was a terrible moment, and I thought that in another instant I should be a crushed and bleeding corpse. But just as in an intense agony of mind I felt as if all was over with me, there glided forth from the side of the cliffs *a glorious Form, all radiant with brightness*, in whose face the most winning *tenderness* was blended with unutterable *majesty*. I saw it was no other than the almighty and compassionate Saviour. He quickly caught me in His arms and held me up. *At once my fears vanished.* I felt myself safe, and as He drew me more closely to the cleft of the rock on which He stood, He said, 'See, you were hurrying fast to destruction; but I am your Deliverer. Trust in Me; keep close to My side; I will never let you go, but will guard you henceforward from every peril.'

"When I awoke I was deeply convinced that, although it was a dream, it must have been sent as *a message to me from heaven*. It is indeed true. I have been going downward to ruin, rejecting the Saviour, and despising His Gospel. Still, now I do trust Jesus has saved me and I am His. It is so merciful of God."

This proved to be the turning-point in his spiritual history, the crisis which decided the tenor and character of his whole after-life. He left college a decided Christian, and as years rolled on became an eminent servant of God. His career was short, but it was "the path of the just." Early called to his rest, he was found ripe for glory, and his death was lamented as a public loss.

Surely the hand of God was in all this. An old writer remarks that "the Almighty often hangs great weights on slender wires." Sometimes a casual *word* bears fruit in a holy and useful life. Sometimes, as in the case of *Martin Luther*, a sudden stroke, by which a companion is hurried into eternity, is used by the Holy Ghost to stir the slumbering conscience. Occasionally a passing vision of the night touches the springs of the hitherto dormant consciousness, and imparts to it a new and heavenly impulse. And when we think of cases like the patriarch Jacob's, of Colonel Gardiner, and of John Newton, we may well be led to magnify the manifold wisdom of God.

To the truth embodied in the dreams, and not to the impressive imagery of the fading vision, we must ascribe the happy and abiding results which followed them.

HIGH OVER ALL.

A new Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, June 27, 1880.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 PETER 2 : 7.

The Cause of Hard Times—Want of Faith brings Ruin in Spiritual and Commercial Matters—Christ Precious—I. As a Saviour from Sin—The Chemistry of the Gospel—II. As a Friend—Business Friends—Family Friends—Christ Always in Town—A Sailor's Narrative—III. As a Final Deliverer—How Cruel Death is!—The Sepulchre a Lighted Castle—Is there Laughter in Heaven?—The World not Good Enough for you—Christ Crucified Again—"Who will Furnish the Nails?"—"Lord Help that Woman"—That Young Man—A Cup Bearer to the Soul.

[Two hundred and forty new members were received into church membership, at the Tabernacle on Sunday. Dr. Talmage read a list of their names, and gave them the right hand of fellowship. This addition brings the total number of church members up to 2,280, being an increase as the result of the special services conducted by Mr. Harrison of 656.]

FOR six years this country had very hard times. What was the matter with the stores? with the harvests? with the men? It was a lack of faith. Money enough, goods enough, skilful brain enough, industrious hands enough; but no faith. Now I have to tell you that what ruins the commercial world ruins the spiritual. Our great lack is faith. That is the hinge on which eternity turns. What was it that lifted Paul, and Luther, and Payson, and Doddridge above the ordinary level of Christian character? It was the simplicity, the brilliancy, the power, and the splendor of their faith. Oh, that we had more of it! God give us more faith to preach and more faith to hear. "Lord! we believe; help thou our unbelief!" "To you which believe He is precious."

CHRIST AS A SAVIOUR.

I. I remark Christ is precious to the believer, *as a Saviour from sin.* A man says: "To whom are you talking? I am one of the most respectable men in this city; do you call me a sinner?" Yes! "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." You say: "*How do you know anything about my heart?* I know that about it, for God announces it in His Word; and what God says is always right. When a man becomes a Christian, people say: "That man sets himself above us." Oh, no. Instead of setting himself up, he throws himself down. He cries out: "I was lost once, but now I am found. I was blind once, but now I see. I prostrate myself at the foot of the cross of the Saviour's mercy."

What a grand thing it is to feel that all the bad words I have ever uttered, and all the bad deeds I have ever done, and all the bad thoughts that have ever gone through my mind, are as though they had never been, for the sake of what Christ has done. You know there is a difference in stains. Some can be washed out by water, but others require a chemical preparation. The sin of the heart is so black and indelible a mark that no human application can cleanse it, while the blood of Jesus Christ can wash it out forever. Oh, the infinite, *the omnipotent chemistry of the Gospel.* Some man says: "I believe all that. I believe God has forgiven the most of my sins, but there is one sin I cannot forget." What is it? I do not want to know what it is, but I take the responsibility of saying that God will forgive it as willingly as any other sin.

"O'er sins, like mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise."

ONE UNFORGIVEN SIN.

There was a very good man, about seventy-five years of age, that once said: "I believe God has forgiven me, but there was one sin which I committed when I was about twenty years of age that I never forgave myself for, and I can't feel happy when I think of it." He said that one sin sometimes came over his heart, and blotted out all his hope of heaven. Why, he lacked in faith. The grace that can forgive a small sin can forgive a large sin. Mighty to save. Mighty to save.

Who is the God like unto our God, that pardoneth iniquity? Oh, what Jesus is to the soul that believes in Him! The soul looks up into Christ's face, and says: "To what extent wilt thou forgive me?" And Jesus looks back into his face, and says: "To the uttermost." The soul says: "Will it never be brought up again?" "Never," says Christ. "Won't it be brought up again in judgment-day?" "No," says Christ, "never in the judgment-day." What bread is to the hungry, what harbor is to the bestormed, what light is to the blind, what liberty is to the captive, that, and more than that, is Christ to the man who trusts Him.

Just try to get Christ away from that Christian. Put on that man the thumb-screw. Twist it until the bones crack. Put that foot into the iron boot of persecution until it is mashed to a pulp. Stretch that man on the rack of the inquisition, and louder than all the uproar of the persecutors, you will hear his voice like the voice of Alexander Le Croix, above the crackling faggots as he cried out: "O Jesus; O my blessed Jesus; O divine Jesus, who would not die for thee?"

CHRIST AS A FRIEND.

II. Again, I remark that Christ is precious to the believer, *as a friend.* You have commercial friends and you have family friends. To the commercial friend you go when you have business troubles. You can look back to some day—it may have been ten or twenty years ago—when, if you had not had that friend, you would have been entirely overthrown in business.

But I want to tell you this morning of Jesus, the best business friend a man ever had. He can pull you out of the worst perplexities. There are people in this audience who have got in the habit of putting down all their worldly troubles at the feet of Jesus. There is a man before me who once said to me: "*When I want a hundred or a thousand dollars* and cannot get it, I go to Christ. He never left me in a predicament. I always get relief some way."

Why, Christ meets the man on Broadway and Wall Street, and Fulton Street, and says, "O business man, I know all thy troubles. I will be with thee. I will see thee through." Look out how you try to corner or trample on a man who is backed up by the Lord God Almighty. Look out how you trample on him. Oh, there is a financier that many of our business men have not found out. Christ owns all the boards of trade, all the insurance companies, and all the banking houses. The Vanderbilts and the Goulds may own the railroads; but Christ owns the Vanderbilts and the Goulds and the railroads.

How often it has been that we have seen men gather up riches by fraud, in a pyramid of strength and beauty, and the Lord came and blew on it and it was gone; while there are those here to-day who, if they could speak out in this assemblage, or dared to speak out, would say: "The best friend I had in 1837; the best friend I had in 1857; the best friend I had in 1873;

THE BEST FRIEND I HAD IN NEW YORK

for the past four weeks has been the Lord Jesus Christ. I would rather give up all other friends than this one."

But we have also *family friends.* They come in when we have sickness in the household. Perhaps they say nothing; but they sit down and they weep as the light goes out from the bright eyes, and the white petals of the lily are scattered in the blast of death. They watch through the long night by the dying couch, and then, when the spirit has gone, sooth you with great comfort. They say: "Don't cry. Jesus pities you. All is well. You will meet the lost one again."

Then, when your son went off, breaking your heart, did they not come and put the story in the very best shape, and prophesy the return of the prodigal? Were they not in your house when the birth angel flapped its wing over your dwelling? And they have been there at the baptisms and at the weddings. Family friends! have to tell you that *Christ is the best friend.*

Oh, blessed is that cradle over which bends. Blessed is that nursery where walks. Blessed is that sick brow from Jesus wipes the dampness. Blessed is tha where Jesus breaks the bread. Blessed i grave where Jesus stands with His scarre on the upturned sod, saying: "I am the rection and the life; He that believeth though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Have you a babe in the house? put it in arms of the great Child-lover. Is there one in the house? think of Him who "Damsel, arise." Are you afraid you wil to want? think of Him who fed the five sand. Is there a little one in your hous you are afraid will be blind, or deaf, or think of Him who touched the blinded e snatched back the boy from epileptic c sion.

Oh, He is the best friend. Look ove family friends to-day and find another th be compared to Him. When we wa friends, they are sometimes out of town.

CHRIST IS ALWAYS IN TOWN.

We find that some will stick to us i perity who will not in adversity. But comes through darkest night, and amid g est sorrow, and across roughest sea, to c you. There are men and women here who have been dead twenty years ago but for They have gone through trial enough to e ten times their physical strength. Thei erty went, their health went, their familie scattered. God only knows what they su They are an amazement to themselves th have been able to stand it. They look a once happy home, surrounded by all c Gone! They think of the time when the to rise strong in the morning, and walk ously down the street, and had experie health they thought inexhaustible. Gone

Everything gone but Jesus. He has them. His eye has watched them. His otence has defended them. Yes. He h with them. They have gone through d and He was a pillar of fire by night. Th gone across stormy Galilee, but Christ h foot on the neck of the storm. They f waves of trouble coming up around them ally, and they began to climb into the rock of God's defence, and then they s they looked over the waters: "God is our and strength, a very-present help in t trouble; therefore we will not fear thou earth be removed, though the mount carried into the midst of the sea, thou waters thereof roar and be troubled, thou mountains shake with the swelling t Selah." [Psa. 67 : 1-3]

The other day

THERE WAS A SAILOR

who came into the Bethel in New Yo said: "My lads (he was standing among s I don't know what's the matter of me. to hear a good deal adout religion and Jesus Christ. I don't know that I have ligion, or that I know anything much Christ; but when I was mid-Atlantic I up one day through the rigging, and there to come light through my soul. I ha different ever since, and I love those that hated, and I feel a joy I can't tell you. I don't know what is the matter of me." A sailor got up and said: "My lad, I know the matter of you. You have found Jesu enough to make any man happy."

"His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him t

CHRIST AS A FINAL DELIVERER.

III. I remark again, Christ is precious believer, *as a final deliverer.* You and after a while get out of this world. H there, one perhaps may come on to eig ninety years of age, but your common-sen you that the next twenty-five years will la majority of this audience in eternity. Th years will thin out a great many of these ly circles. This night may do the work for of us. Now, why do I say this? *To scare* No; but just as I would stand in your , if I were a business man and you were a ness man, and talk over risks. You do not ider it cowardly to talk in your store over oral risks. Is it base in us this morning to a little while over the risks of the soul, that or eternity?

my congregation death has the last year doing a great deal of work. Where is your r? Where is your mother? Your child? brother? Your sister? Oh, how cruel does seem to be! Will he pluck every flower? he poison every fountain? Will he put on every door-knob? Will he snap every -string? Can I keep nothing? Are there armed weapons with which to go out and nd against him? Give me some keen l, sharpened in God's armory, with which I stab him through. Give me some battle- at I may clutch it, and hew him from hel- o sandal.

ank God, thank God, that he who rideth e pale horse hath more than a match in who rideth on the white horse. St. John the contest, the pawing of the steeds, the the battle-cry, the onset, until the pale came down on his haunches, and his rider e dust, while Christ, the conqueror, with ed voice declared it: "O death, I will be ague; O grave, I will be thy destruction."

HE SEPULCHRE IS A LIGHTED CASTLE

shore of heavenly seas, and sentinel angels up and down at the door to guard it. The nd the dampness of the grave are only the of the white surf of celestial seas, and the reathing of the dying Christian, that you s gasping, is only the long inhalation of r of heaven. O, bless God for what Christ he Christian soul, here and hereafter.

ard a man say, some time ago, that they laugh in heaven. I do not know where he s authority for that. *I think they do laugh* *ven.* When victors come home, do we not ? When fortunes are won in a day, do we ugh? After we have been ten or fifteen away from our friends, and we greet them do we not laugh? Yes, we *will* laugh in . Not hollow laughter, not meaningless er, but a full, round, clear, deep, resonant ak of eternal gladness.

O the glee of that moment when we first see ! I think we will take the first two or years in heaven to look at Jesus; and if, thousand years, there should be a moment the doxology paused, ten thousand souls cry out: "Sing! sing!" and when the s: "What shall we sing?" the answer be: "Jesus! Jesus!"

O you may have all the crowns in heaven; I t care so much about them. You may ll the robes in heaven; I do not care so about them. You may have all the scep- heaven; I do not care so much about You may have all the thrones in heaven; ot care so much about them. But give sus—that is enough heaven for me. O I long to see Thee. Thou "chief among usand, the One altogether lovely."

e may be some in this house who have in, this morning, hardly knowing why ave come. Perhaps it was as in Paul's you have come in to hear *what this bab-* *veth*; but I am glad to meet you face to nd to strike hands with you in one ear- alk about your deathless spirit. Do you my friend, that

VORLD IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

eats. It fades. It dies. You are im- . I see it in the deathless spirit looking m your eye. It is a mighty spirit. It is ortal spirit. It beats against the window cage. I come out to feed it. During t week the world has been trying to feed husks. I come out this morning to feed that bread of which if a man eat he will hunger. What has the world done for you? Has it not bruised you? Has it not betrayed you? Has it not maltreated you? Look me in the eye, immortal man; and tell me if that is not so. And yet, will you trust it? Oh, I wish that you could forget me. the weak and sinful man, that I might vanish from your sight this morning, and that Jesus might come in.

Aye, He comes here this morning to plead for your soul—comes in all covered with the wounds of Calvary. He says: "O, immortal man, I died for thee. I pity thee. I come to save thee. With these hands, torn and crushed, I will lift thee up into pleasures that never die." Who will reject—who will drive Him back?

When Christ was slain on the cross, they had a cross, and they had nails, and they had hammers. You crucify by your sin, O impenitent soul, the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is a cross; but where are the nails? Where are the hammers? "Ah," says some one rejecting Christ—some one sitting in the gallery,

"I WILL FURNISH THE NAILS.

I don't believe in that Jesus. I will furnish the nails." Now we have the nails; who will furnish the hammers? "Ah," says some hard heart, "I will furnish the hammers." Now we have the nails and the hammers. We have no spears; who will furnish the spears? "Ah," says some one long in the habit of sin and rejection of Christ's mercy, "I will furnish them." Now we have all the instruments: the cross, the nails, the hammers, the spears; and the crucifixion goes on. Oh, the darkness! Oh, the pang! Oh, the tears! Oh, the death! "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

Lord Jesus, help that man. He sits far back to-day. He does not like to come forward. He feels strange in a religious assemblage. He thinks perhaps we do not want him. O, Jesus, take that trembling hand. Put Thine ear to that agitated heart and hear how it beats. O, lift the iron gate of that prison-house and let that man go free.

Lord Jesus, *help that woman*, she is a wanderer. No tears can she weep. See, Lord Jesus, that polluted soul, see that blistered foot. No church for her. No good cheer for her. No hope for her. Lord Jesus, go to that soul. Thou wilt not stone her. Let the red-hot chain, that burns to the bone till the bloody ichor hisses in the heat, snap at Thy touch. Oh, have mercy on Mary Magdalene.

Lord Jesus, *help that young man*. He took money out of his employer's till. Didst Thou see it? The clerks were all gone. The lights were down. The shutters were up. Didst thou see it? Oh, let him not fall into the pit. Rememberest thou not his mother's prayers. She can pray for him no more. Lord Jesus, touch him on the shoulder. Touch him on the heart. Lord, save that young man.

There are many young men here. I got a letter from one of them who is probably here to-day, and I shall have no other opportunity of answering that letter. You say you believe in me. Oh, do you believe in Jesus? I cannot save you, my dear brother. Christ can. He wants and waits to save you, and He comes to-day to save you. Will you have Him? I do not know what our young men do without Christ—how they get on amid all the temptations and trials to which they are subjected. Oh, young men, come to Christ to-day, and put your soul and your interest for this life and for the next into His keeping.

In olden times, you know, a *cup-bearer* would bring wine or water to the king, first tasting it himself, showing there was no poison in it, then passing it to the king, who would drink it. The highest honor I ask is that I may be *cup-bearer to-day to your soul.* I bring you this water of everlasting life. *I have been drinking of it.* There is no poison in it. It has never done me any harm. It will do you no harm. Oh, drink it, and live forever.

And let that aged man put his head down on the staff, and let that poor widowed soul bury her worried face in her handkerchief, and these little children fold their hands in prayer, while we commend you to Him who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities: for to you which believe He is precious.

FEET-WASHING.

By Dr. A. J. Gordon.

FATHER SANFORD, our aged Christian neighbor, called at our house on his way home from church, as he often did, to tell us about the sermon. For he was a man who not only had a great relish for the Word of God, but great fondness for communicating to others what he had received himself.

"It was upon feet-washing," he answered, when we inquired, as usual, what his minister preached about. "He did not hold,', he went on to say, "that it was a literal requirement which Christ made when He said, 'If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet ye also ought to wash one another's feet.' Feet-washing was a type of cleansing. The priests ministering in the sanctuary were first sanctified by the sprinkling of blood at the altar. But in passing on, their feet would become defiled, by contact with the floor, and so they washed their feet at the laver. So we are first cleansed by the blood of Christ, once for all. But since our feet are in daily contact with this sinful earth, we have to be cleansed again and again by 'the washing of the Word.'

"And not only so, we have to keep others in this cleansing. We have to confess our own sins, that we may be purified, and we have also to admonish our brethren of their sins, and to pray for them, that they may be purified. So, washing one another's feet means to admonish each other of faults and sins, to correct and cleanse each other by the ministry of the Word of God. This was the substance of our ministers sermon; and though it seemed to me rather new and rather figurative, I think I was blest by it."

Such was the account of the morning sermon, as given by Father Sanford. But the good man is much given to "improvements," so he went on with the following quaint comment: "If washing one another's feet means rebuking and admonishing each other, I thought, *How important it is that the water be of just the right temperature.*

"*Hot water will not do.* We pluck away the feet instinctively and instantly if they are plunged into water too hot for them. And they who would reprove others successfully should beware of heat or sharpness or anger. Such reproofs are more likely to do harm than good, to provoke evil rather than prevent it.

"*Ice-water will not do.* A cool and formal style of rebuke only creates coldness in return. A strain or style of reproof in which the reprover speaks as if he were not a man of like passion, and which betrays, not an affectionate interest in the person reproved so much as a quiet air of satisfaction with self—reproof of this kind will hardly do more than chill and distress.

"*Lukewarm water will do.* It is bad to drink, but good to wash with. If you give it to one, in preaching, in a tepid and indifferent style of pleading and presiding, he 'will spew it out of his mouth.' But in rebuke it is just the thing. Here we must let our *moderation* be known to all men. We must rebuke at an even temperature, and then we shall benefit without causing a shudder of dislike or a blush of resentment." This was the old Christian's comment on feet-washing.

Pomare, the Queen of Tahita and Moorea, died last September, in the seventieth year of her age. When she was born, missionaries had just come to the South Sea Islands, but not a single convert had been won to Christ. When Pomare died she had beer many years a faithful Christian, more than 300 islands had become wholly Christianized, and on nearly all the rest Christian workers were making known the Gospel.

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By M. A. Paull.

(Continued from page 407.)

Constance's Grief—Miss Calvert's Sympathy—Mrs. Anerley's Return Home--The Rev. Hermann Ferguson—His History—The Minister and the Young Ladies.

Constance kept guard beside her dead father. A couch had been hurriedly arranged upon the platform, and the empty tabernacle in which William Anerley's soul had dwelt was laid reverently upon it; the loving eyes closed forever, the form fast growing stiff and cold. So they waited, doctor and friends and child, through an hour or two of that solemn evening, waited for the coming of the wife and son. Below, in the narrow street, at costermongers' stalls and butchers' shops, men were busy and noisy with the business of this life. At the gin-shops and beerhouses they were drowning their best instincts, and noblest aspirations in drink. But the Mission Hall was quiet—quiet with the still presence of the dead.

In many a humble Christian house which had been blessed by the Albert Mission *the event of the evening*, the awfully sudden death of their beloved friend and counsellor, was being discussed with broken voices and tearful eyes. Widows were recounting his goodness to them; parents his kindness to their children; husbands his faithfulness to themselves about the drink plague and the wasteful tobacco; and rough men spoke of his mercy, and his tenderness, and his generosity with a choking in their throats and big sobs that shook their brawny chests.

A cab rattled up through the crowded streets, driving as fast as possible among the encumbrances on every hand; but even the eager traders made way for it, as if they understood its business, and it drew up at the Mission Hall. Hastily a lady and a gentleman, and the worthy man who had summoned them, alighted from it.

"Is he better now?" were the lady's first words, as she hurried tremblingly up the narrow stairs, closely followed by her son Cecil. On the threshold of the hall Miss Calvert met her.

"Dearest Mrs. Anerley," she said, pityingly, "with him 'it *is* well;' but, oh! for you—how *will* you bear it?"

Cecil Anerley was entirely overcome at this intelligence. He had not realized the possibility of death. His father had but a few hours before left them apparently in the enjoyment of health, and to find him dead was beyond his most dreaded expectation. Mrs. Anerley would not believe it. "Let me see him," she said; "my voice may rouse him. There must be some mistake. What do the doctors say?"

They led her along the room and up on to the platform, where Constance sat beside her father's body.

And when poor Mrs. Anerley saw the white face and marble brow, and felt the cold hands, she uttered a piercing shriek, and would have fallen, had not Constance, aroused to energy at that sound, caught her in her arms. "Lean upon me, dear mamma; I am going to take care of you now."

Mrs. Anerley suffered Constance to place her in a chair, leaning her aching, throbbing temples against her child's shoulder as she knelt beside her, and gave way to an outburst of terrible grief.

Poor Mrs. Anerley could not think—could not act in the first hour of her sudden bereavement—others must think and act for her. To Constance these earliest hours after her father's death were full of the deepest, most agonizing thoughts she had ever had. It was as if an earthquake had overthrown her life, and revealed to her the worthlessness and folly of all things earthly. *Her father dead!* Gone from them forever; and the life before her that looks so long to *a girl of sixteen* must be all lived without him. The pillar of her house had fallen; would the house be ever again fit for human habitation?

Behind these thoughts, embittering and darkening all things, was a phalanx of other thoughts yet blacker, yet more terrible, and the dread she had for herself of that unknown life upon which her father had already entered. To her it was the Great Unknown Land, and awful were its mysteries. She had been rudely parted from the being she loved and honored most of all; and should she thank God for *that?* And could he reasonably expect her to be thankful and grateful that she was fatherless, that she had been made an orphan and desolate? Yet, oh, how miserably conscious she was that this rebellion of hers against God separated her from her father, whose chief delight was to do God's will! Would it separate her eternally?

Yet God had never tried her father thus. His life had been calmer and brighter than hers, and he had been contented with his lot, which she was not; she had heard him say that few men were more richly blessed than he.

What was that they were saying? Constance roused herself from her meditations to learn some of the common every-day matters of fact that did not concern her, she thought, till suddenly she came into close contact with them. Her father having died in another parish to that in which they lived, his body could not be removed till after the coroner's inquest. It was thought best that Mrs. Anerley should go back to her house very soon—her condition needed the comforts and quiet of her home; and Constance had best accompany her, leaving her brother free to attend to matters that must take place at the Mission Hall, where arrangements would be made.

"And leave papa here?" cried Constance passionately. "Not take him home with us?"

Mrs. Calvert drew her aside. "My dear child," she said in her gentle voice, so full of pity now, "the law forbids that your dear father's body should be removed at present, before the inquiry is made into the cause of his death. Don't make things more difficult for your poor dear mother, Constance; I see she is very much comforted by you. Whatever you feel, dear, hide your feelings for her sake, and you will be blessed for the sacrifice of self. There is your sister, too; remember she does not even know as yet the full extent of her loss. In her delicate state of health this suspense is bad for her."

"The truth will be worse, Miss Calvert," said Constance sadly; "but I thank you for what you have said."

Mrs. Anerley, weeping and sighing hysterically, was led away, and down to the carriage. Constance lingered a few moments behind, alone on the platform. She stooped and kissed the dead lips that had ever, when alive, spoken kind words to her, kind even when they reproved; she arranged the soft wavy hair upon the pale, open brow, and knelt for an instant beside that still form, to cry softly, "God forgive me!" and then with great scalding tears welling up from her heart into her eyes, said piteously, "Come back to us to-morrow, papa!" and was gone. She descended the stairs to the carriage, feeling that she had lived several years since she ascended them with her father earlier in the evening.

Outside the carriage, talking to her mother, who had just entered it, was a gentleman whom she at once recognized. But she had no heart to speak to him now; she only bowed her head as he opened the door of the fly for her to enter.

"You will wait for me one minute, Mrs. Anerley," he said softly; "I will accompany you home."

"Oh, thank you!" said the poor widow. "I shall be so very much obliged to you if you will. You can help us about Emmie; poor darling, she knows nothing certainly yet."

"I am going with you, am I not, mamma?" Constance asked, and hated herself the next moment for her self-importance.

"Yes, dearest child, but Mr. Ferguson will be such a comfort to us. I am sure you will like him to come."

Constance did not answer, save by a rather dreary "Yes, mamma, if you *wish* it," and then relapsed into silence. Presently the gentl returned to them. He gave directions t driver, and they were driven away. What terminable distance it seemed to Constance was in reality a drive of many miles thr poor streets and good streets—streets tee with life, streets silent almost as a church streets fashionable and frequented, streets mentioned in polite society streets made fc interesting by past history, and streets note at all in any save parish records.

At last they came to the dear home, the in Eglinton Terrace, that had been as an refuge from every annoyance, but was n desolate. Emmie ran out when she hear carriage, and stood in the open doorway top of the steps. The air was sharp and and Constance, in an agony of fear lest a loved should die, ran up to her sister, and her arms about her.

"Go in, go in, darling," she cried; " or we shall have you dead too."

"Dead! Constance!" said the poor girl, ing white even to the lips. "You don't can't mean papa is *dead*."

Over and over again the wail of agony peated in this poor sorrowing, suffering Emily Anerley's troubled cry was but the in No. 12 Eglinton Terrace, of a grief ever in existence somewhere.

Hermann Ferguson, to whom Mrs. A so naturally turned for comfort in her trouble, was the minister of the church the Anerleys attended, and of which she a late husband were members. Hermann F son was a man who had begun to make his in a northern town by his brilliancy of int and effective utterance, and who had the been invited, while still under thirty ye age, to take the oversight of a metrop flock.

Hermann Ferguson's name was not alto suggestive of brilliancy. We should no urally expect a very great degree of vivacit sparkle from a mixture of German and S and to these races, though not on both si immediate descent, he owed his origin. mother was a blue-eyed woman, by name Hermann; his father an Englishman of S parentage, who had formed Maria's acq ance when he studied at Bonn University. mann Ferguson himself was born at Aix-l pelle, where his parents had lived for th year of their married life.

Mr. Ferguson, senior, was then the ma a large and flourishing academy for boy had destined his eldest son for the sch profession and a reversion of the school. the youth's longing to enter the minist continued sense that he was called by preach the Gospel to men rather than to it to children, overcame the opposing wis his wise parent, and he was permitted pare himself for his future work by going of the colleges of his denomination.

These college days Hermann Ferguson declared were the happiest of his life. T thusiasm for study, the delightful theol arguments with fellow-students, the agr companionship of chosen friends, the pl society to which they were made welcome spected heads of families, the innocent a ments, the hours of determined labor wit and pen, the racy lectures of the professo kindness of the motherly matron and he ingness to shield them from the evil results intentional misadventures—all were dwelt by Hermann Ferguson with interest and d

From a large manufacturing town i North of England, with its princely trade its hard-headed, 'cute-brained artisans, h come to be listened to and criticised by an cratic congregation in London, most of moved in good society, and whose yc members were, some of them, tainted b supposed belief in systems of philosophy they had not brains to understand.

Hermann Ferguson, unappalled by thes vellously clever youths and maidens, had be honest to them—to expose their fallacies arlessly; to bring their false reasoning to the ucible of justice and truth, wherein all lies, hether of thought or action, must be found able to bear the test.

The young minister had loved and respected 'illiam Anerley above most men; their inter- urse had been free and brotherly, unrestrained the difference of age. As one of his deacons, r. Anerley had been a tower of strength to the ung man. His grief at his death was ex- eme; he was trying now to show his affection r his memory by tenderness to his bereaved es.

Like all other young ministers, whether good- oking or otherwise, and especially when hand- me, as Hermann Ferguson undoubtedly was, th a bold, manly, intellectual beauty, he had d to run the gauntlet of at least a dozen and half ladies, old and young, widows and spin- ers, who persistently and perseveringly set eir caps at him. Some young ladies went so as to call him "a duck of a man." "By no eans a flattering or appropriate title," quoth ermann dryly, when he heard of it; "a drake a man" would be better; or a very Draco, rchance, if I could have the punishment of ese foolish girls."

By which it will be seen that the minister was newhat hard-hearted, and had not much sym- thy with feminine sentimentality. He was en cruel enough to groan instead of rejoice at h successive arrival of the many pairs of slip- rs which reached him, delicately wrapped in ver paper, with an outer covering or cover- gs variously and wondrously folded, and finally nscribed in delicate caligraphy, which read us:

"Rev. Hermann Ferguson,
4 Albany Street,
Westbourne Road."

n a delightful great cupboard in his bedroom, which his landlady permitted him to take en- e possession, he stowed away the slippers, ich accumulated so much too fast for him to ar out even a sixth part of them that every w and then he sent a pair to his less fortunate others and male friends, and even to a married nister or two, always under a strict promise secrecy never to reveal whence they came.

The attentions of the ladies to their pastor re not even confined to coverings for the feet. r instance, it was excessively embarrassing to finely organized, sensitive fellow like Her- nn to receive a small silver teapot, with F. neatly engraved on the side; and as he de- ted smoking, in utter contempt of his German cestry, the gift of an elaborately-worked cigar- e, filled with prime Havanas, and a gorgeous oking-cap, was, save the cap, a great waste of inine ingenuity and silver. He immolated cigars on his hearth, "that they might not any fellow an injury;" the cap occasionally orned or crowned his head when he took a p; the cigar-case was tossed ignominiously o his great cupboard.

(*To be continued.*)

oung Men Deciding on a Sphere of Acivity themselves, who may be attracted by am- ous motives to public life, will do well to member that no matter how wise and valuable services they may render to their country, how sincere their efforts in her cause may yet the reward they anticipate may never be oyed. As an illustration of this fact they y consider the present position of several cials of Great Britain. Lord Chelmsford, Sir tle Frere, and Sir A. Layard, who labored their country during one of the severest es in British history, have, without exception, ped failure and unpopularity from efforts nowledged to have been well meant, well ised, and thoroughly patriotic. It is even ted that Sir Garnet Wolseley's arrangements the Cape have made him very unpopular. ly in the service of Christ can the faithful vant safely say, *I know* that henceforth there aid up for me a crown, etc. (2 Timothy 4 : 8).

PROPHETIC EXPOSITION.*

(*Continued from page 407.*)

Rev. T. Jones in "The Interpreter"—The Seventh Head a Napoleon—Who are the Witnesses—Rev. J. S. Jackson's Views on the Napoleonic Dynasty.

THE REV. THOMAS JONES, M.A., Rector of Creaton, England, published in 1835, a "Sober View of the Millennium," and in 1836, "The Interpreter," in which he said:

"The Scarlet Woman in Revelation 17, is the Church of Rome, and the seven-headed wild-beast on which she rides is the Roman Empire. The seven heads represent seven mountains on which the city of Rome is built. This is the metropolis of the Roman Empire on which the woman is seated. The seven heads are also stated by the angel to signify seven forms of government.

"Five heads of the wild-beast had fallen when John had the vision. The sixth head fell in 1806, when the Austrian Emperor relinquished the title of Emperor of the Romans.

THE SEVENTH HEAD

is evidently Napoleon Bonaparte, who 'continued but a short space, and received the deadly wound with the sword' at the decisive battle of Waterloo (Rev. 13 : 3). And now he '*is not*.' The Roman Empire has no head at present (Rev. 17 : 8–11). But his 'deadly wound shall be healed' in the eighth head which is yet to come. This will be of the seven, probably of the seventh, that is, of the same form of government with that of Bonaparte's.

"The Sixth Vial appears to predict the final overthrow of the *Turkish power*, represented by the drying up of the waters of the Euphrates, to prepare the way for the overthrow of the ten-horned wild-beast and the false prophet. It is supposed that this vial has already commenced, and that the Turkish Empire will gradually decline, and be finally annihilated by some mighty power, perhaps Russia.

"Popery and Mahomedanism sprang up at nearly the same time, about the year A.D. 606; one in the West, the other in the East. They were predicted in the eleventh chapter of Revelation to distress and persecute the true Christian Church for a period of 1260 years, and then to come to their end, and perish forever. When this period commences can never be *exactly* ascertained until the prophecy be fulfilled. But it is generally computed that these two Antichristian powers sprung up somewhere about A.D. 606, and ever since then they have trodden under foot the true Church of God, and will continue to do so until the end of the 1260 years.

"The great battle of Armageddon will probably be a succession of many battles, which will terminate in the total overthrow of all Antichristian powers. Agents will be employed everywhere by these powers to gather their armies together at that great day. Three evil spirits or false principles will proceed from the *dragon*, the devil, and the *wild-beast*, the Antichristian Roman Empire, and the *false prophet*, the Papal Church: and will be emissaries to go forth with false doctrines to deceive the nations and gather them to this great battle of God Almighty, where they shall fall to rise no more. This formidable contest will take place about the close of the 1260 years, when the Witnesses shall be slain and remain dead a short time (three years and a half), and then live again, but their enemies shall never see the light (see Revelation 11 : 3 to 13).

"The Witnesses are the ministers and members of the Christian Church who profess and proclaim the true Gospel of Christ, and testify against the abominations of Popery. They are predicted to *prophesy in sackcloth* during the *whole period* of the 1260 years: and therefore they are still prophesying, and they have not yet been slain The power which is to slay them, is the *wild-beast that arises from the bottomless pit*, that is, the Roman Empire in its last form, and the instruments, which he will employ to effect his purposes, will be, it appears, Papists and Infidels.

"The Witnesses are thus to be killed or politically silenced and crushed as Witnesses, about the time that Antichrist approaches his end. But after three years and a half shall have elapsed, the Lord will revive them again, endue them with fresh power from on high to renew their testimony to the great confusion and terror of their enemies, upon whom tremendous judgments will fall. And then a most glorious period will commence for the Christian Church, which will last for a thousand years, and the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of Christ" (Rev. 20).

THE REV. J. S. JACKSON, a Church of England clergyman, foreshowed in his book, "*The Millenial Church*," in 1831, that the Napoleonic Franco-Italian Emperorship, which perished at Waterloo, would be re-existent by about 1868 in connection with the shaking of the nations accompanying Christ's Second Advent. He said respecting the Wild Beast's Seven Heads:

"The *Sixth Head* (the Roman Emperorship) continued until the subversion of the Germanic (or Germano-Roman) Empire in 1806; and the *Seventh Head*, which was only to 'continue a short space' (Rev. 17 : 10) arose immediately in the Franco-Italian Emperorship founded by Napoleon Bonaparte. It was from 1806 to the Battle of Waterloo, in June, 1815; and it then received a *deadly wound*, and now is not (A.D. 1831), but '*yet is*,' or, more properly, yet shall be; it shall again spring up in the revival of the Seventh Head of the Roman Empire, or Wild Beast in its Eighth Form, which is '*of the seven and goeth into perdition*.' (See Rev. 17 : 8, 11.)

"The Seventh Head revived corresponds with the Wilful King of Daniel, 'who shall come to his end, and none shall help him' (Dan. 11 : 36-45): also with that 'Lawless One (*anomos*), whom the Lord shall destroy with the brightness of His coming' (2 Thess. 2 : 8). A few short years may now suffice to prove who this Portentous Being, the revived Seventh Head of the Roman Empire shall be.

"The career of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Seventh Head of the Roman Wild-beast, was a kind of type or representation of the time of greater shaking, and more intense convulsions which await a guilty and suffering world, under the despotism of the Seventh-Revived Head and Last Form of the Infidel Power."

(*To be continued.*)

Turning the other Cheek.—A Swiss Colporteur entered a three-story house, in which, according to the custom of the country, three different families lived. He was warned not to try the ground floor. However, he went there and was met with an order to leave the house instantly; nevertheless he stayed, urging the man and his wife to buy and read God's Holy Word. The man then rose in a rage and struck him a severe blow on the cheek. Up to that moment the colporteur had stood quietly with his knapsack on his back. He now deliberately unstrapped it, laid it on the table, and turned up the sleeve of his right arm, all the while steadly looking his opponent in the face. The colporteur was a very strong man. Addressing his opponent he said: "Look at my hand, its furrows show that I have worked; feel my muscles, they show that I am fit for work. Look me straight in the face; do I quail before you? Judge then for yourself, if it is fear that moves me to do what I am about to do. In this Book *my Master says*, 'When they smite you on one cheek, turn to them the other also.' You have smitten me on one cheek, here is the other. Smite! I will not return the blow." The man was thunderstruck. He did not smite, but bought the Book which, under the influence of God's Spirit, works marvels in the human heart.

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events," with two maps and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on these events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, June 23d, at **12.30 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Nomination of General Winfield Scott Hancock of Pennsylvania, as the Democratic candidate for the presidency was effected by the Cincinnati Convention on the second ballot. The first ballot was taken on Wednesday evening June 23d, when nineteen candidates received votes. Of these General Hancock headed the list with 171 votes. Next came Senator Bayard with 153 votes, and then in the following order Payne, Thurman, Field, Morrison, Hendricks, Tilden, and Ewing. The other ten names received less than ten votes each. Mr. Tilden's letter to the New York delegates, declining to be put in nomination, was regarded by many persons as insincere, but it was apparently accepted in good faith by the convention, for on the first ballot only 38 votes were recorded for him. According to the Democratic two-thirds rule, 492 votes are necessary to a choice, and the first ballot therefore was merely an index of the relative strength of the candidates. On Thursday morning a second ballot was taken in which Hancock's vote stood at 320. Before the result was announced the delegates of Wisconsin changed from "scattering" to a solid vote for Hancock. The example was quickly followed by other States, and in the confusion a second roll was called which gave Hancock 705 votes, which, on the motion of Mr. Mack, of Indiana, was made unanimous. As a sign of General Hancock's strength in the country, it was stated by one of the delegates to a reporter, as *a fact without precedent*, that General Hancock was the second choice of all the supporters of other candidates in the convention. Mr. William H. English, of Indiana, was nominated for the Vice-presidency.

General Hancock is a Native of Montgomery County, Pa., and was born February 24th, 1824. He is consequently little more than fifty six years of age. He comes of a line of soldiers; his great grandfather served under Washington, and both his maternal and paternal grandfathers fought in the Revolutionary War. One of them was captured on the high seas, and was incarcerated until the end of the war *in the English prison* of Dartmoor. General Hancock's father served in the war of 1812, but was at the time of his son's birth practising as a lawyer in the courts of Montgomery County. It was decided that the boy should have a military training, and accordingly, having completed his rudimentary education in Norristown; his native place, he was entered as a student at West Point. He graduated in 1844, as number eighteen in a class which included Generals Grant, McClellan, Stonewall Jackson, and other men afterward distinguished for service in the field.

His first service was in frontier duty in the Indian Territory, and in 1847 he won his brevet as first lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct" in the Mexican campaign. At the outbreak of *the civil war* he was at Los Angeles, Cal., acting as quartermaster, and in August 1861 was summoned to Washington. His services during the following campaigns are well known. He was *seriously wounded* on July 3d, 1863, at *the battle of Gettysburg*, and for some time his life was despaired of, but in May, 1864, he was again in the field and took an active part in the concluding operations of the war.

After the assassination of President Lincoln he was placed in command of the troops at Washington, and was afterward commissioned as commander of the Fifth Military District, with head-quarters at New Orleans, an appointment he resigned in 1868. In 1872, he was appointed commander of the military division of the Atlantic, with head quarters in New York city, where he has since resided. This appointment, made upon the death of General Meade, was creditable to *President Grant*, since, unfortunately, he was not on speaking terms with General Hancock.

The nomination has been received by the Democratic party generally with approbation. The fact that the Union soldier will probably find his chief support in the South is regarded as a sign that the campaign will not be fought on sectional issues, but be principally of a political character. Doubt was expressed in some quarters as to the strength of the candidate as opposed to General Garfield, from the fact that, while the Republican candidate had a political and a military training, the record of General Hancock was of a military character only; but with the bulk of the party the feeling is one of entire satisfaction.

Mr. William H. English, the Democratic Candidate for the vice-presidency was born at Lexington, Ind., in August, 1822. He devoted himself with so much diligence to study during his *early* years that at the age of eighteen he was admitted to the Bar. Having served with credit in several civil appointments, Mr. English was elected in 1851 member of the State Legislature, and though only twenty-nine years of age was chosen Speaker of the House. The following year he was elected to Congress, and was subsequently re-elected three times by increasing majorities, serving until 1861. While he was in Congress, the discussions on the admission of Kansas were agitating the Houses. Mr. English took an active part in the question, and mainly through his efforts "the English Bill" was passed. When the war broke out Mr. English was offered the command of a regiment by Governor Morton, but he declined the offer and retired to private life. With two other gentlemen, Mr. English in 1863 founded the First National Bank of Indianapolis, and until recently occupied the post of president of the bank. He is reported to have amassed a fortune of several million dollars.

A Mysterious Epidemic Broke out in the Town of Adams, Mass., on June 15th, and passed over a belt of country two miles wide. Between fifteen hundred and two thousand people, or fully *one fourth of the population*, were prostrated by a disease resembling cholera morbus, and from a cause yet unknown, though it is generally attributed to *atmospheric influences*. About half-past eight that night it rained heavily there, though no rain had fallen in towns six miles away, and the air became suddenly and intensely chilly. A fog seemed to rest over the town, which was described as having an odor like that rising from a damp cellar after it has been closed for a lo time. About ten o'clock people began to l sick. Hardly a family escaped, and in some i stances whole families were sick. Three of tl doctors were rushing from place to place, vain trying to answer their hundreds of calls, whi a fourth doctor was helpless with the prevailir disease. The sickness in most cases laste three or four hours, but did not prove fatal i any case.

Dr. Talmage has Sent by Post a Circular t each of the converts added to his church durin the recent revival, in which he asks the followir questions:

"You have connected yourself with th Brooklyn Tabernacle. What can you; and w you do for Christ's sake?

"1. Will you work in the Sabbath School, the Young People's Association, or in the praye meetings, or in visitation of the sick and poor, in the Tabernacle Temperance Society or in al

"2. Will you belong to one of the twel especial divisions of new members, which w meet once a week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday nights, and be under the leadership Christian gentlemen selected for that purpos yourself choosing the night of the week mc convenient, and the leader?"

A list of leaders is appended to this questio

Dr. Talmage will meet all the twelve divisio together every few weeks. The object of t divisions will be growth in grace, helpfulness, a sociability.

Dr. Deems had a Narrow Escape from Dea during his European trip. In a squall in t Mediterranean Sea he was washed across t deck of the steamship and carried over the b warks on the opposite side. His foot caught some coiled rope, and he hung over the si until rescued.

Dr. Deems has made brief visits in Londo Paris, and Rome; but his time has been chie spent in the Holy Land, obtaining material for t "Life of Moses," on which he has been f some time engaged. He arrived in New Yor on Sunday morning, the 27th inst., and is e pected to occupy his pulpit next Lord's day. portrait of Dr. Deems, and a sketch of his li appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD, Novemb 27th, 1879.

A Daring Rescue from a Burning House w accomplished by a boy *only twelve years old* June 26th, in New York. A five-story teneme building in Third Avenue, densely populate was found to be on fire early in the mornin The people in the house were busy with th household duties, and in many cases did n hear the cry of fire. As soon as the alarm reach the several floors, they clutched any valuabl they had, and crowded down the staircases.

Oswald Morrissey, the little boy alluded t made his escape, and was soon at the street e trance, when he recollected that the *infant ch* of a neighbor was asleep in a room on the t floor. Without staying to think of danger, rushed up the stairs through the flame a smoke. He snatched up the sleeping babe, a pressing it to his shoulder, passed through t fire again, down the four flights of stairs to t street. A fireman stood at the door, and the b *fell fainting* into his arms, his clothes on fi and his back and shoulders burned, but *with t babe unhurt*. Such a story is not likely to forgotten in the families of the rescuer or t rescued, and may remind them of One who ga His life freely to save from eternal destructi those who come to God by Him.

A new Mode of Checking Drunkenness h been adopted at Medford, Mass. The autho ties have ordered that all persons who ha been convicted of drunkenness during t past six months, and all persons convict thereof in the future shall have their nam posted in every licensed saloon, and the propr tors notified not to sell liquor to them under pe alty of revocation of license. This it is hop will make the rum sellers more cautious in su plying liquor to those who are ruining the selves, and their families by their besetting sin

A National Difficulty has been Caused be reen our government and that of Spain by an tack on a schooner flying the stars and stripes. he schooner was plying between Jamaica and hiladelphia, and belonged to a vessel company the latter place; she was overhauled off e American coast on the 31st of May by a panish man-of-war, and searched for arms sup sed to be intended for the Cuban insurgents. fore the Spaniards got on board two shots ere fired at the schooner, greatly endangering e lives of the crew. Explanations have been manded from Spain by Mr. Evarts.

A Life of Sin and Shame came to a Tragic d in Ohio recently. The drug-stores of Tiffin, hio, were visited on June 6th by a young lady attractive appearance and apparently of a perior station. She purchased at each a small antity of strychnine which she took away with . Having secured sufficient for her purpose dissolved the deadly poison, drank it, and d in a few hours. Some years ago she was a t-hearted merry girl, the beloved daughter fond parents who indulged her every taste. oung man of high social position, to whom was engaged to be married, ruined her and erted her. After this her downward path rapid. At length, overcome by remorse, she ealed to her parents, who had turned her out heir house, to forgive her and take her back; they refused. Unable to bear the upbraid s of conscience longer, she resolved to com suicide, and carried her resolution into ect. This is another of those sad events ch tell in words of solemn warning the les too often unheeded that the way of trans sors is hard. (Prov. 13: 15.)

Destructive Scourge Resembling the An t locust in its ravages has attacked the crops me portions of the State of New Jersey. It alled "the army worm," and it is twenty s since it appeared last. When once the ns attack a wheat, rye, corn, or grass field, do not pass out of it until nothing edible is it. They avoid clear ground, but will strip a vated field quicker than a mowing-machine. instance of the destruction accomplished noted on Wednesday night, June 9th, when worms entered an eight-acre lot, ready for est, and in twenty hours totally destroyed thing upon it.

hat a Wink of the Eye might have Real is told by Mr. James W. King in a contem ry as an instance of official integrity un ed by temptation. A speculator heard that nalgamation between two joint-stock com es was projected, which would afford an op inity to make a large sum of money by pt purchases of shares. He was acquainted an official holding a subordinate and poorly position in one of the companies, and went m to obtain reliable information. But the al was a Christian man and a man of honor, knowing the information would operate to disadvantage of his employers, refused to hether the amalgamation was contemplated t. "I can make $300,000 by my specula f you will tell me," said the tempter, "and I ive you half." "I cannot betray my trust," he reply. "You need not speak," said the lator, "*just wink your eye* and I shall know, *ou shall have* $150,000." The temptation ierce, but the Christian conquered it. A ays afterward, when the amalgamation was leted, the speculator reproached his ac tance for not giving the information, but as told that an approving conscience was price. It is satisfactory to learn that the ul official prospered in his subsequent and is now receiving a salary of $25,000 a

A Little Girl's Sufferings in the Court of cery recently affected the hearts of all who ssed them, yet they were powerless to help A wealthy resident of Passaic, N. J., pro a divorce from his wife in this city several s ago, and was awarded the custody of o children. He obtained control of one children at once, but the other—a girl of 13 years—was not given up, and the father instituted legal proceedings to gain possession of her. A return was made to the writ before Vice-Chancellor Van Fleet, at Newark, on June 18th.

The girl begged so earnestly to be permitted to remain with her mother, that every person in the court-room was affected. She told the court that she loved her mother dearly, and that her father had not treated her kindly, and she did not want to go with him. With *tears in his eyes* the Vice-Chancellor explained to her that he had no discretion in the matter; that his own inclinations would be to let her stay with her mother, but the law would not allow it under the circumstances. He said she could visit her mother sometimes, and as her father was very wealthy, while her mother was almost destitute, she would have pleasanter surroundings with him than with her mother. The devoted child declared that she would be happier with her mother in the deepest poverty than with her father, no matter how wealthy he might be. When the girl got home she sank to the floor in an agony of grief, and has since been prostrated with a raging brain fever, and the physicians give no hope of her recovery. Thus do the innocent suffer for the sins of the guilty.

A Testimonial to Mrs. Hayes.—A Suggestion has been made by the Women's Christian Temperance Union "to the friends of temperance reform throughout the country, irrespective of party, sect, or organization, as to the propriety of uniting in some suitable testimonial in approval of the noble stand taken by Mrs. Hayes *in excluding intoxicating beverages* from the tables of the Presidential Mansion."

"I Want to be an Angel" is the First Line of a hymn sung in the language of every land where there are Sunday-schools, but though many people love the hymn, few know anything of its writer. Her name was Miss Sydney Gill, and she died in Newark, N. J., on June 12th. She was the daughter of the late Bennington Gill, of Philadelphia. While her father was doing business as a merchant in Birmingham, England, sixty years ago, Miss Gill was born, the youngest of four children. Her childhood was spent in England, but soon the family removed to Philadelphia. There, after her father's death, Miss Gill and her sister conducted a large boarding-school for young ladies. They retired twenty-four years ago, and Miss Gill removed to Newark and took up her residence with her brother-in-law, Dr. Wilson. Her death was unexpected. She had made arrangements to spend the summer at the sea-shore. Miss Gill was closely identified with Newark Protestant charities, having long been secretary of the Female Charitable Society, and being identified with other institutions. She was a member of the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, of which Rev. Dr. Joel Parker was pastor. One Sunday they had an anniversary celebration, and between the morning and afternoon services Miss Gill wrote the hymn. It was read then for the first time, and afterward published.

An Expensive Citizen.—A Convict was Lately discharged from the Connecticut State Prison, at the age of 19, who had spent his childhood in an almshouse, his youth in a reformatory school, and his early manhood in several prisons. The authorities will try to get him off on a long whaling voyage under a good captain, in the hope that restraint, discipline, and absence from temptation will even now reform him.

Sarah Bernhardt, the Actress who Aroused so much enthusiasm in London last year, is now again playing there, and the aristocracy of England crowd the theatre where she is, to do her honor. Even Mr. Gladstone we much regret to say attended a performance last week and sent her a letter expressing his pleasure and admiration. It is reported that she has accepted an American engagement, but it is to be hoped that a woman who so openly defies the moral sense of the community, as to introduce into the society where she goes her two *illegitimate children* will not be welcomed here with the enthusiasm which she has met in the Old World.

UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS.

A New Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."—Matthew 25 : 30.

"So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do."—Luke 17 : 10.

"His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—Matthew 25 : 21.

The Path Narrow as a Razor's Edge—I. The Verdict of Justice—1. The Unprofitable Man was a Servant—Licensed Loiterers—2. He Thought Ill of his Master—Pleasures Outside the Church—A Dissatisfied Servant had better Leave—3. He did not Think himself Unprofitable—4. What he Did and what he Did Not Do—He did not Use his Talent for Himself—Nor Squander it—A Lazy Schoolboy—5. The Man Condemned—A Dreadful Wage—II. The Verdict of Self-abasement—A Cruel Letter—How is it Possible to Profit God—Service Due as a Debt—All Work Unprofitable because Imperfect—III. The Verdict of Grace—"The Well Done" Given to Faithfulness—Sovereign Grace—A Cardinal's Dying Prayer.

There is a narrow path between indifference and morbid sensibility. Some men seem to feel no holy anxiety: they place their Master's talent in the earth, leave it there, and take their pleasure and their ease without a moment's compunction. Others profess to be so anxious to be right that they come to the conclusion that they can never be so, and fall under a horror of God, viewing His service as a drudgery, and Himself as a hard master, though probably they never say so. Between these two lines there is *a path, narrow as a razor's edge*, which only the grace of God can enable us to trace.

THE RIGHT WAY

usually lies between two extremes: it is the narrow channel between the rock and the whirlpool. There is a sacred way which runs between self-congratulation and despondency, a very difficult track to find, and very hard to keep. There are great perils in the consciousness that you have done well, and that you are serving God with all your might; for you may come to think that you are a deserving person, worthy to rank among the princes of Israel. The danger of being puffed up can hardly be overestimated: a dizzy head soon brings a fall. But perhaps equally to be dreaded on the other side is that sense of unworthiness which paralyzes all exertion, making you feel that you are incapable of anything that is great or good. Under this impulse have men fled from the service of God into a life of solitude; they felt that they could not behave valiantly in the battle of life, and therefore they fled from the field before the fight began, to become hermits or monks; as if it were possible to do the Lord's perfect will by doing nothing at all, and to discharge the duties to which they were born by an unnatural mode of existence.

Blessed is that man who finds the strait and narrow way between high thoughts of self and hard thoughts of God, between self-esteem and a timid shrinking from all effort. My desire is that the Spirit of God may guide our minds into the golden mean where holy graces blend, and the contending vices, equally natural to our evil hearts, are all excluded. May the Spirit of God bless our three texts, so that we may be put right, and then by infinite mercy may be kept right until the great day of account.

Let us read Matthew 25 : 30.

"And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

I. In this our first text we have

THE VERDICT OF JUSTICE

upon the man who did not use his talent. The man is here styled an "unprofitable servant" because he was slothful, useless, worthless. He did not bring his master interest for his money, nor render him any sincere service. He did not faithfully discharge the trust reposed in him as his fellow-servants did.

1. Notice, first, that *this unprofitable person was a servant.* He never denied that he was a servant; in fact, it was by his position as a servant that he became possessed of his one talent, and to that possession he never demurred. This man acknowledged that he was a servant even to the last; and though he was *impertinent and impudent* enough to express a most wicked and slanderous opinion about his master, yet he neither denied his own position as a servant, nor the fact that his talent was his lord's, for he said, "Lo, there thou hast that is thine." In thus speaking he went rather further than some professing Christians do, for they live as if Christianity were all eating the fat and drinking the sweet and not serving at all; as if religion had many privileges but no precepts, and as if, when men were saved, they became

LICENSED LOITERERS,

to whom it is a matter of honor to magnify free grace by standing all the day idle in the market-place. Alas, I know some who never do a hand's turn for Christ, and yet call him Master and Lord. *Ill will it fare with them at His coming.*

2. This man, though a servant, *thought ill of his master*, and disliked his service: he said, "I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed." Certain professors who have stolen into the church are of the same mind: they dare not say that they regret their having joined the church, and yet they so act that all may conclude that if it could be undone they would not do the like again. They do not find pleasure in the service of God, but continue to pursue its routine as a matter of habit or a hard obligation.

This unprofitable servant looked upon his master as one that reaped where he never sowed, and used the rake to gather together what he had never scattered: he meant that he was *a hard, exacting, and unjust person*, whom it was difficult to please. He judged his lord to be one who expected more of his servants than he had any right to look for, and he had such a hatred of his unjust conduct that he resolved to tell him to his face what he thought of him.

This spirit may readily creep over the minds of professors; I fear it is brooding over many even now, for they are not content with Christ. *If they want pleasure they go outside the church to get it:* their joys are not within the circle of which Christ is the centre. Their religion is their labor, not their delight; their God is their dread, not their joy. They do not delight themselves in the Lord, and therefore He does not give them the desire of their hearts, and so they grow more and more discontented. Devotion is a dreary engagement to them; they wish that they could escape from it with an easy conscience. They do not say as much to their secret selves: But you can read between the lines these words, "*What a weariness it is.*"

It is no wonder when things come to this pass that a professor becomes an unprofitable servant; for who can do a work well which he hates to do? Forced service is not desirable. God wants not slaves to grace His throne. A servant who is not pleased with his situation *had better leave;* if he is not content with his master he had better find another, for their mutual relationship will be unpleasant and unprofitable. When it comes to this, that you and I are discontented with our God, and dissatisfied with His work, we had better look out for another lord, if any such will have us, for we shall certainly be uprofitable to the Lord Jesus from our want of love to him.

3. Note next that, albeit this man was doing nothing for his master, *he did not think himself an unprofitable servant.* He exhibited no self-depreciation, no humbling, no contrition. He was as bold as brass, and said unblushingly, "Lo, there thou hast that is thine." He came before his master with no apologies or excuses. He did not join with those who have done all, and then say, "We are unprofitable servants;" for he felt that he had dealt with his lord as the justice of the case deserved; indeed, instead of acknowledging any fault he turned to accusing his lord.

It is even so with false professors. They have no idea that they are hypocrites, the thought does not cross their minds. They have no notion that they are unfaithful. Hint at it, and see how they will defend themselves. If they are not living as they ought to do, they claim to be pitied rather than blamed; the blame lies with Providence; it is the fault of circumstances: it is the fault of anybody but themselves.

They have taken the trouble to dig in the earth and hide their talent, and they as good as ask, What more do you want? Is God so exacting as to expect me to bring more to Him than He gave me? I am as grateful and prayerful as God makes me—what more will He require?

4. It should give rise to much searching of heart when we notice

WHAT THIS UNPROFITABLE SERVANT DID,

or, rather, what he did not do. He carefully deposited his capital where no one was able to find it and steal it; and there was an end of his service. We ought to observe that he did not spend that talent upon himself, or use it in business for his own benefit. He was not a thief, nor in any way a misappropriator of moneys placed under his charge. In this he excels many who profess to be the servants of God, and yet live to themselves only. What little talent they have is used in their own business, and never upon their Lord's concerns. They have the power of getting money, but their money is not made for Christ; such an idea never occurs to them. Their efforts are all for themselves, or—to use other words to express the same thing—*for* their families.

A professing Christian may toil till he becomes a rich man, an alderman in the city, a Lord Mayor, a member of Parliament, a millionaire; but what does that prove? Why, that he could work and did work well for himself; and if all this while he has done little or nothing for Christ, he is all the more condemned by his own success: *if he had worked for his Lord as he worked for himself*, what might he not have accomplished? The unprofitable servant in the parable was not so bad as that: and yet he was cast into outer darkness. What then will become of some of you?

Furthermore, the wicked servant did not go and misspend his talent: he did not waste it in self-indulgence and wickedness as the prodigal son did, who spent his substance in riotous living. Oh, no; he was a much better man than that. He would not waste a halfpenny; he was all for saving and running no risks. The talent was as he received it, only wrapped up in a napkin and hidden in the earth—put into a bank, in fact, but a bank which gave no interest. He never touched a penny of it for a feast or a revel, and therefore could not be accused of being a spendthrift with his lord's money; in all which he was superior to those who yield their strength to sin, and use their abilities to gratify the guilty passions of themselves and others.

I grieve to add that some who call themselves servants of Christ lay out their strength to undermine the gospel they profess to teach; they speak against the holy name by which they are named, and thus they use their talent against their Master. This man did not do so; he was bad enough in heart for anything, but he had never openly become so base a traitor. He never employed learning in order to raise *needless doubts*, or to resist the plain doctrines of the Word of God; this has been reserved for divines of these latter days—days which produce monsters unknown to less educated times.

His lord called this servant "wicked." Is it, then, a wicked thing to be unprofitable? Surely wickedness must mean some positive action. No. Not to do right is to be wicked; not to live for Christ is to be wicked; not to be of use in the world is to be wicked; not to bring glory to the name of the Lord is to be wicked to be slothful is to be wicked. It is clear tha there are many wicked people in the world wh would not like to be called so. "Wicked an slothful:" these are the two words which ar riveted together by the Lord Jesus, whos speech is always wise. A schoolboy was aske by his master "What are you doing, John? He was called up, and thought to be quite cle by saying,

"I WAS DOING NOTHING, SIR;"

but his master answered, "That is the ve thing for which I called you out, for you oug to have been doing the lesson which I set you. It will be no excuse at the last for you to cr "I was doing nothing, sir!" He who do nothing is a "wicked and slothful servant."

5. *This man was condemned to outer darknes* Notice this:

HE WAS CONDEMNED

to be *as he was*, for hell, in one light, may described as the great Captain's saying, "*As y were.*" "He that is unjust, let him be unju still; and he that is filthy, let him be filt still." In another world there is permanen of character: enduring holiness is heaven, co tinual evil is hell. This man was outside of t family of his lord. He thought his lord a ha master, and so proved that he had no love him, and that he was not really one of h household. He was outside in heart, and his lord said to him, "*Remain outside.*"

Besides that, he was in the dark: he h wrong notions of his master; for his lord w not an austere and hard man, he did not gath where he had not strawed, nor reap where had not sown. Therefore his lord said, "Y are *wilfully in the dark:* abide there in the dar ness which is outside." This man was enviou he could not endure his master's prosperity: gnashed his teeth at the thought of it. He w sentenced to continue in that mind, and so gnash his teeth forever.

What must it be to be forever outside t family of God! Never to be God's child! F ever in the dark! Never to see the light holy knowledge, and purity, and hope! F ever to gnash one's teeth with painful conten and abhorrence of God, whom to hate is he O for grace to be made to love Him, whom love is heaven. The unprofitable servant ha *dreadful wage* to take when his master reckon with him, but who can say that he had not w earned it? He had the due reward of his dee

I must now call your attention to *the sec text:* "So likewise ye, when ye shall h done all those things which are comman you, say, We are unprofitable servants: have done that which was our duty to do." Luke 17: 10.

II. This is,

THE VERDICT OF SELF-ABASEMENT,

given forth from the heart of servants who h laboriously discharged the full work of the d This is a part of a parable intended to reb all notions of self-importance and human me When a servant has been ploughing or feed cattle, his master does not say to him, " down, and I will wait upon you, for I am dee in your debt." No, his master bids him p pare the evening meal and wait upon him. *services are due*, and therefore his master d not praise him as if he were a wonder an hero. Neither are we to boast of *our* servi but think little of them, confessing that we unprofitable servants.

A CRUEL LETTER.

Whatever of pain may have been caused the first part of the discourse, I trust it will o prepare us the more deeply to enter into spirit of our second text. Both these texts graven on my heart as with an iron pen, b *merciless wound* inflicted when I was too fe to bear it. When I was exceedingly ill in South of France, and deeply depressed in sp —so deeply depressed and so sick and ill th scarce knew how to live—one of those malici persons who commonly haunt all public m and especially ministers, sent me anonymou a letter, openly directed to "*That unprofitable servant C. H. Spurgeon.*" This letter contained tracts directed to the enemies of the Lord Jesus, with passages marked and underlined, with notes applying them to myself.

How many Rabshekahs have in their day written to me! Ordinarily I read them with the patience which comes of use, and *they go to light the fire.* I do not look for exemption from this annoyance, nor do I usually feel it hard to bear, but in the hour when my spirits were depressed, and I was in terrible pain, this reviling letter cut me to the quick. I turned upon my bed and asked, Am I, then, an unprofitable servant?

I grieved exceedingly, and could not lift up my head, or find rest. I reviewed my life, and saw its infirmities and imperfections, but knew not how to put my case till this second text came to my relief, and answered as the verdict of my bruised heart. I said to myself, "I hope I am not an unprofitable servant in the sense in which this person intends to call me so; but I am assuredly so in the other sense." I cast myself upon my Lord and Master once again with a deeper sense of the meaning of the text than I had felt before: His atoning sacrifice revived me, and in humble faith I found rest.

By the way, I wonder that any human being hould find pleasure in trying to inflict pain upon those who are sick and depressed; yet are here persons who delight to do so. Surely, if here are no evil spirits down below, there are ome up above, and the servants of the Lord esus receive painful proofs of their activity. Let me, then, if you have felt any pain from the rst text, lead you to the point at which I per onally arrived when at last I could thank God or that letter, and feel that it was salutary edicine to my spirit.

In the first place, *in what way can we have rofited God?* Eliphaz has well said,

CAN A MAN BE PROFITABLE UNTO GOD.

he that is wise may be profitable unto him lf? How can we dream of putting the Eternal debt to us?

Dear brethren, we ought to recollect that *hatever service we have been able to render has n a matter of debt.* I hope our morality is t fallen so low that we take credit to ourselves r paying our debts. I do not find men in busi ss priding themselves and saying, "I paid a ousand pounds this morning to such an one." Well, did you give it to him?" "Oh, no; it s all owing to him." Is that any great thing? ave we come to such a low state of spiritual rals that we think we have done a great deal en we give to God His due? When we have rsevered in the hard work of ploughing till no ld is left untilled, when we have done the asanter work of feeding the sheep, and when have finished by spreading the table of com nion for our Lord: when we have done all have done no more than was our duty to ve done. Why boast we, then, or cry for a charge, or look for thanks?

Over and above this there is the sad reflection t, alas, *in all we have done we have been un fitable through being imperfect.* In the ughing there have been balks, in the feed of the cattle there have been harshness and getfulness, in the spreading of the table the nds have been unworthy of such a Lord as serve. Can any of you look back upon your vice of your Lord with satisfaction? If you . I cannot say I envy you, for I do not sym hize with you in the least degree, but trem for your safety.

s for myself, I am compelled to say with mn truthfulness that I am not content with thing I have ever done. I have half wished ive my life over again, but now I regret that proud heart allowed me so to wish, since probabilities are that I should do worse the ond time. Whatever grace has done for me knowledge with deep gratitude; but so far have done anything myself *I beg pardon for it.*

pray God to forgive my prayers, for they have been full of fault: I beseech Him to forgive even this confession, for it is not as humble as it ought to be; I beseech Him to wash my tears and purge my devotions, and to baptize me into a true burial with my Saviour, that I may be quite forgotten in myself, and only remembered in Him.

Once more, we cannot congratulate ourselves at all, even if we have had success in our Lord's work, since *for all that we have done we are indebted to our Lord's abundant grace.* If we had done all our duty, we should not have done anything if His grace had not enabled us to do it. Of thine own have we given unto thee, great God! So far as anything has been worth Thine accepting, it was Thine own beforehand. Hence the best are still unprofitable servants.

If we have special cause of regret because of some evident error, we shall be wise to go in a lowly spirit and confess the fault, and then go on doing the work of each day in a plodding, hopeful spirit. Whenever you get distressed because you cannot do what you would; whenever you see the faultiness of your own service, and condemn yourself for it, the best thing is to go and do something more in the strength of the Lord. If you have not served Jesus well up to now, go and do better. If you make a blunder, do not tell everybody, and say that you will never try again, but *do two good things* to make up for the failure. Say, "My blessed Lord and Master shall not be more a loser by me than I can help. I will not so much fret over the past as amend the present and wake up for the future."

Have courage: you are not serving a hard Master after all; and though you very properly call yourself an unprofitable servant, be of good cheer, for a gentler verdict shall be pronounced upon you ere long. You are not your own judge either for good or ill; another judge is at the door, and when He cometh He will think better of you than your self-abasement permits you to think of yourself: He will judge you by the rule of grace and not by law, and He will end all that dread which comes of a legal spirit and hovers over you with vampire wings.

Thus I have brought you to *the third text.*

"His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—Matthew 25 : 21.

III. I shall not try to preach upon that cheering word, but shall only say a word or two upon it. It is much too grand a text to be treated upon at the end of a sermon. We find the Lord saying to those who had used their talents industriously, "Well done, good and faithful servant." This is

THE VERDICT OF GRACE.

Blessed is the man who shall own himself to be an unfaithful servant; and blessed is the man to whom his lord shall say, "Thou good and faithful servant."

Observe here that the "Well done" of the Master is *given to faithfulness.* It is not, "Well done, *thou good and brilliant servant;*" for perhaps the man never shone at all in the eyes of those who appreciate glare and glitter. It is not, "Well done, thou great and distinguished servant;" for it is possible that he was never known beyond his native village. He conscientiously did his best with his "few things," and never wasted an opportunity for doing good, and thus he proved himself faithful.

It is better to be faithful in the infant-school than to be unfaithful in a noble class of young men. Better to be faithful in a hamlet over two or three score of people, than to be unfaithful in a great city parish, with thousands perishing in consequence. Better to be faithful in a cottage meeting, speaking of Christ crucified to half a hundred villagers, than to be unfaithful in a great building where thousands congregate. I pray you be faithful in laying out all that you are and have for God. As long as you live, whatever faults you have, be not half-hearted or double-minded, but be faithful in intent and desire. This is the point of the Judge's praise—the servant's faithfulness.

This verdict was *given of sovereign grace.* The reward was not according to the work, for the servant had been "faithful in a few things," but he was made "ruler over many things." The verdict itself is not after the rule of works, but according to the law of grace. If he shall ever say, "Well done" to you and to me, it will be because of his own rich grace, and not because of our merits. And, indeed, this is where we must all come and where we must all keep; for the idea that we have any personal merit will soon make us find fault with our Master, and His service, as being austere and hard.

I have sometimes admired how men who have denied the doctrine of salvation by grace, as a matter of theology, have, nevertheless, admitted it in their devotions. They have entered into controversy against it, and yet unconsciously they believed it. An extreme case is that of

CARDINAL BELLARMINE,

who was one of the most inveterate enemies of the Reformation, and a renowned antagonist of the teaching of Martin Luther.

It is reported, and I believe on excellent authority, that this great man, who had all his life long been crying up salvation by works, when dying, breathed a prayer in Latin, the translation of which would be something like this: "I beseech God, who weighs not our merits, but graciously pardons our offences, that He would receive me among His saints and His elect."

Is Saul also among the prophets? Does Bellarmine at the last pray like a Calvanist? Such a case makes one hope that *many others may be saved in an apostate church.* Thank God, many are a great deal better than their creed, and in their hearts believe what, as polemical theologians, they deny.

Lastly, brethren, with what infinite delight will Jesus fill our hearts if, through divine grace, we are happy enough to hear him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, if we shall hold on to the end despite the temptations of Satan, and the weakness of our nature, and all the entanglements of the world, and keep our garments unspotted from the world, preaching Christ according to our measure of ability, and winning souls for Him, what an honor it will be! What bliss for Him to say, "Well done." The music of these two words will have heaven in them to us.

Mind, however, that you are those who are doing all and are faithful. I hear some people speak against self-righteousness, to whom I would say, "You need not say much about that matter, for it does not concern you, since you have no righteousness to be proud of." I hear persons speak against salvation by good works who are *in no danger of falling into that error,* since good works and their lives have long parted company.

What I do admire is to see a man like Paul, who lived for Jesus, and was ready to die for Him, yet saying at the close of his life, "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." Go on, brothers, and think not of resting till your day's work is done. Serve God with all your might. Do more than the Pharisees, who hope to be saved by their zeal. Do more than your brethren expect of you, and then, when you have done all, lay it at your Redeemer's feet with this confession, "I am an unprofitable servant." It is to those who blend faithfulness with humility and ardor with self-abasement that Jesus will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON —Matthew 25 : 46.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 175,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A HAPPY HOME; OR, JUST FOR FUN.

A Temperance Story.

"HURRAH! hurrah! our school has broken up for the holidays, and here come some of the pieces!" shouted Dick Martin, rushing into the room, followed by his two brothers, and up went three caps spinning to the ceiling, and when they were caught, up they went again with another shout which made the room ring again.

But let me introduce you to the parents of these wild young madcaps, who are thorough English boys to the very back-bone—lighthearted, open-hearted, kindly disposed, and generous, yet free and impulsive to a degree. While they are putting away their caps and books, and settling themselves down to the tea-table, at which father and mother are already seated, suppose I tell you the secret of the comfort and happiness that gladden the hearts of all within this pretty cottage home. There sits Richard in his flannel jacket, with little Mary on his knee, his wife meanwhile busying herself with those pleasure-giving little duties known as "getting the tea."

The sweetest picture of all in this domestic scene is Richard's wife, Mary, who, in her neat evening dress, is, as before remarked, getting the tea ready. There is something about her gentle, quiet manner that seems to pervade the whole room, imparting a charm to all she touches. Everything appears to be better in some way from her hands having been connected with it. She is one of those quiet, tender, womanly souls, who are able to make their presence felt wherever they go. But I promised to tell you the secret concerning this happy family, and in as few words as possible I will keep my promise. Richard was a cabinet-maker, one of the most skilful of his class, and five years before my story opens, if you had asked me to show you the most wretched hovel in the village of Strawgate, I should have said, "Come along, then, and I'll take you to see Richard Martin." Of course the cause of all this could be found without searching far. Go to the public-house nearest Dick's hovel, and there you are face to face with the one great temptation that proved more than a match for poor Richard; consequently he had to succumb, and soon became one of the most inveterate drunkards for miles around.

No one could get Dick Martin to sign the pledge. Others in the village signed from time to time, and became sober men, but no one had ever been able to make any impression upon Richard. The master for whom he worked would have given almost anything if he could have induced him to reform. All the early part of the week he spent in drinking; then, during the two or three days left, he would keep sober, and earn as much as his shopmates who had worked all the week.

Among Richard's fellow-workmen there was a shrewd, steady-going teetotaler, called Tom Foster, who had been instrumental in saving many from the demon Drink, and, as may be imagined, had tried every plan he could devise to rescue Richard, but without success. One day Mr. Shaw, Tom's master, a man with a heart full of kindly feeling and consideration for others, said to Tom, "Foster, you have done a good work here among your fellow-workmen, for there is many a happy home now in Strawgate that owes all its comforts to you. Now can't you persuade Martin to be a teetotaler? I have just had to refuse a very lucrative job (work of a kind that I could not intrust to any one but Martin) because I knew that, through his drinking habits, it would never be done by the time wanted. Now look, Tom; it wants a month to Christmas, and if you can get Richard to sign the pledge, and keep it till New Year's Day, I'll make your wife a present of a silk dress."

"I have had many a try, sir," said Tom, "and I'll try again harder than ever, not so much for the dress, but for the sake of Richard and his poor family, who would often starve but for us." And Tom left his master's office and wended his way home, trying, as he walked along, to devise some plan by which he could induce his companion to sign the pledge. He had not proceeded far on his way before he met Richard.

"Good evening, Dick," said Tom; "you are just the very man I want."

"Am I?" stammered Dick, trying to pass on, for he was always a bit ashamed to face his teetotal shopmate.

"Stop, stop!" said Tom, detaining him by the arm. "Now listen to me a moment. You have it in your power to do me a great kindness, and I know you are not the man to refuse, for you have said many times that if you could ever do me a good turn you would."

"Ah, and I will too," said Dick earnestly; "for you and your missis have been good to me and mine many a time. But I can't make out in what way such a worthless fellow as I can be of service to you, for I'm no good to myself nor any one else. But, no matter, I'll do it, if it's in my power," said Dick, with emphasis, not dreaming for one moment what was required of him.

"I knew you would, for you are a good-hearted fellow, in spite of your imperfections," said Tom. "Just come in here," he continued, leading the way into a coffee-shop which happened to be near, "and I'll tell you all about it."

Tom called for two cups of coffee, and when they were brought, said, as he pushed one of them towards Dick,

"Drink that, lad, and listen to me. I have been married seven years next month, and during all that time one of the ambitious desires of my wife has been to have a black silk dress. Less than half an hour ago Mr. Shaw and I were talking about you. Master was saying what a clever fellow you were at your trade, and that if you would only give up drinking it would please him so much he would give anything in reason—in fact, he went so far as to say, 'Tom, if you can get Dick to sign the pledge, I'll give your wife a new black silk dress for New Year's Day.' There! now the secret's out; you can't refuse that, so here's the book," he continued, taking it from his jacket pocket. "Down with your name at once," and, without waiting for a reply, he pushed the pen and ink, which happened to be on the table, toward him as he spoke.

"Done!" said Dick. "I'll do it—just for fun!"

Nothing more was said on either side, so for a few moments the awkward scratching of Dick's pen was the only sound that broke the silence. The next minute Dick's name and address were sprawled across the paper in large, clumsily formed letters, that might have been read from the opposite end of the room.

"There!" said Dick, throwing down the pen with the air of a man who had done something desperate; "but it's only for a time, mind—just for fun!"

"Thanks," said Tom. "I knew you would do it to oblige me," and, closing the book, he rose to depart, anxious to hurry away, in case Dick might change his mind. "You are just the good sort of fellow I always took you to be. And on New Year's Day you shall come to my house to dinner, bring the missis and the children, and we'll have a jolly, happy day together; and you shall see my wife in her new silk dress—*your present*. Good-by." And shaking Dick heartily by the hand he departed, leaving his shopmate almost stunned with astonishment; for it had all happened so suddenly he could hardly believe it true.

As Dick wended his way home his mind lapsed into such a state of sullen gloom he almost overturned a poor pedler who chanced to come in his way.

"Ah, drink, drink again!" muttered the old man, as he gazed at Dick's retreating figure staggering down the road. "I should have been a rich man years ago if it had not been for the cursed drink."

Dick kept plodding on, stumbling at every step, for he was in a bad humor; he felt quite angry with himself to think that, in a semi-drunken moment of good-tempered weakness, he had done that which he had so firmly resolved never to do. In this dissatisfied condition of mind he at last reached his wretched dwelling, much to the surprise of his wife, who was wearily working away with her needle, that she might add a trifle to the small pittance Dick brought home every Saturday night; for nearly all that he earned at the end of the week had to go to pay for what he drank at the beginning. Without saying a word to his wife, Dick sat down on an old box—for they hadn't a chair in the place—took off his boots, and, flinging them with savage force to the opposite end of the room, slipped off his seat into the corner upon a nondescript heap of old rags—the nearest approach to a bed they could afford—and was soon fast asleep.

(*To be concluded.*)

SIN AND MERCY.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D.

(*Concluded from page* 413.)

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins."—ISAIAH, 44 : 22.

II. Matchless Mercy—The great Bible Theme—The last Stamp of the Signet-ring—The First Stoop of Divinity—The Sufficiency of the Salvation—No Barrier to Salvation—The Sinner Within the Pale—The Rainbow in the Cloud.

BRETHREN, this is the *Scriptural estimate*—not mine—this is the Scriptural estimate of the *morality that is without godliness.* Upon the fairest, loveliest, and most blameless specimen of that morality Christ looks and says—"I know that you have not the love of God within you;" and it is just because of this one fact that every mouth must be stopped, and all the world counted guilty before God.

Brethren, I do account it a satisfaction, among the manifold unworthinesses of my ministerial life, that I have ever kept this inviolate, and that on this matter the trumpet from my lips has given no uncertain sound. I insist upon it, as indispensable to the minister of Christ, that he should set forth the guilt—the personal guilt and the personal danger of every member of his charge; that he should proclaim

NO PEACE AS LONG AS THERE IS NO GODLINESS;

war to the grave as long as sin lords it in undisputed ascendency over the human soul—care corroding the delights of the sinner, sorrow smiting upon his path, anxiety crossing his transactions, remorse lashing him through the earth like a doomed and stricken spirit, as long as he is led captive by the devil at his will.

This is just the place to which I wish to bring you at the finishing of the first head of this discourse—not that they are sinners who dwell in the far-off regions of heathenism—oh! how easy it is to acknowledge that—not that they are sinners who crowd the hulks for punishment, or who breathe in prisons the foul and pestilent air; not that they are sinners who join in the drunkard's revels, or frequent the harlot's haunts; but that you—that you, with abundant light, with many appliances, with matchless privileges, with a striving spirit, with a loving Son, with a long-suffering Father, with the light of many Sabbaths, with the voice of many teachers sounding in your ears—that you are sinners before God, that between you and that heaven to which you would fain some day get, there is *a chasm, so awful and so infinite,* that nothing but the Divinity can bridge it over, that upon you there is gathering an amount of wrath and of wretchedness which nothing but the blood of the heaven descended Saviour can effectually wash away.

II. Well, now, if that were all, it would be indeed a melancholy message that I had to bring in your hearing to-day, but I now come to the second thought—

THERE IS MATCHLESS MERCY.

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins."

It might seem strange, it does seem strange, that after this declaration of apostasy and of impenitence the prophet should not have gone away after pronouncing sentence of doom. We might have supposed that his very heaviest thunders would have been launched out against the transgressors, that when he spoke of sin as a cloud he would have gone away without leaving any hope of mercy. Is not God a just God? Is He not angry with the wicked every day? Are not His perfections united to oppose sin wherever it is found? Do not sins of enormity and of aggravation expose to a terrible punishment?

And yet when the voice does speak it is *not* the voice of vengeance, but of mercy. The whirlwind passes over us, but the Lord is not in the whirlwind; the earthquake comes, but the Lord is not in the earthquake; the fire burns fiercely, but the Lord is not in the fire; and after the whirlwind has spent its force, and after the rocking earth is still, and after the fire has ceased to burn, there whispers *the still small voice*, and as we listen we hear it as it speaks, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins."

Premising—which we have no time to prove to-night, if, indeed, proof were necessary, premising that this method of reconciliation must provide, somehow, for the purity of God, and of the vindication of the honor of His throne, and that all has come about by the atonement, the accepted atonement, of Jesus, we proceed to observe upon this God of mercy. That the character of God as the God of mercy is

THE GREAT BIBLE THEME.

Why, the whole tale of the Bible is a tale of grace. Every promise distils it; it is the bur-len of every prophet's message, and of every poet's song; evangelists lived only to point out ts wonders; apostles preached only to unfold ts precious meaning.

The *last* words of the Bible—oh, I never can orget this!—the last words of the Bible, after it was finally closed—ay, finally closed, as a complete and authoritative revelation—the last words f the Bible are words of grace—as if the angel ngered to utter them, as if he uttered them st in order that they might make the deepest npression upon the mind; as if the former con-ext of the Bible were made valid by *the last amp of the signet-ring*, "The Spirit and the ride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, ome, and let him that is athirst come, and hosoever will, let him take the water of life eely."

I said sin was everywhere; *so is grace*. Where n hath abounded, there grace doth much more bound, and like the rich music of some ever-resent and majestic river, it goes rippling on st the habitations of every man, never ceasing its flow, never drying up, never freezing over, ntinually bearing its musical message to the r and to the heart of the world. This is the ee, the repeated, the everlasting testimony of e Word—"As by the offence of one judgment me upon all men to condemnation: even so by e righteousness of one, the free gift came on all men unto justification of life."

This gift of grace, you remember, was not own in the world until the entrance of sin. here had been many attributes of God before; ere had been His power before; there had en His righteousness before; there had been s goodness before; but grace was, so to eak, a new idea, *a new fountain* struck out of e heart of the Deity. There was power in the ndrous creation of the universe, in the fiat of e word which bade all things be, and they re; there was righteousness and there was sdom, in the administration by which the unise was adjusted, and by which all things were ot in their order; there was goodness, pure, ential goodness, in the love of God to Adam fallen; but there was no grace until there was s.

There was *no room for grace* in a universe ere there was no room for sin; but, just as d always puts

THE POISON AND THE ANTIDOTE

together, when sin came into the world, grace came into the world, and as soon as man had bereft himself of every love compelling quality, and had become alien and degraded, and desolate, and prostrate, and trampled, then it was that God opened the Divine nature to let out the fulness of the love which should recover and which should redeem him. All former manifestations of God had been ascents—ascents to higher, and higher, and still higher elevations; this was *the first stoop of the Divinity*; this was to show, not how high Divine love could climb, but how deeply Divine love could come down that it might snatch from the dunghill and from the grave those who had sinned, and that it might uplift them with the Divine favor. "Oh, the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and of the mercy of God!"

I announce it now, and I rejoice to announce it as an indisputable fact, that God can be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Christ died for you! Christ died for you all. The everlasting Son of the everlasting Father became the weary babe in the manger at Bethlehem, became the homeless traveller along the journey of life, became the saddened victim in the Garden of Gethsemane, became the spotless sacrifice upon the accursed tree; and the declarations of Scripture which announce that by that sacrifice salvation has been purchased, are both explicit and numerous. The Saviour comes, and as He points to His wounds He addresses His message to you, "This is my blood of the New Testament, shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins." "Be it known unto you"—it is announced formally as a royal proclamation—"Be it known unto you that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." "Unto Him that hath loved us"—that is the song of the redeemed, and they are never tired of singing it—"Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever."

Brethren, it is on the cross of Christ that the law is magnified, and the bargain is sealed, and holiness glories in its most illustrious radiance. The cross is the fulness of love; the cross is the security of peace; the cross is the pledge of salvation; and the application of the blood of Jesus, not its intellectual apprehension, but the application of the blood of Jesus, secures pardon, and holiness, and heaven. I do rejoice that these statements are so frank and so clear, and I put them before you now. I address you all. There is no need of painful lacerations, no need of cruel penances, no need of costly works, no need of piled-up sacrifices, in order to purchase your salvation. Broad and long upon your hearts I would write the old, old Gospel-message—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

There *is* mercy, and, oh, I want you to look at

THE SUFFICIENCY

with which this salvation is invested. As aggravated as your sins have been, so abundant is the mercy of the Lord. Now, brethren, consider; I speak to you all in good faith; I offer you all salvation, through Christ Jesus, if you will but repent and believe. I need not trim my phrase; I need not beware of my words, because the thought steals over me as I speak that some of you have no power to obey the summons which I give. I am charged by my Master with the deliverance of one simple Gospel-message, and I will not blaspheme the honor of the God I serve by supposing that He has given any one of you a command which He has deprived you of the power to obey.

Brethren, out upon all dishonoring manifestations of the character of the God we serve; out upon all perversions of the all-mighty and all-merciful truth as it is in Jesus! I do indignantly protest against any teaching which would hang the fetters of an everlasting malice upon the cross of my Saviour, and I tell you—I tell you with a frank and fearless outspokenness which knows no apprehension or misgiving—that

THERE IS NO BARRIER

to your own present and eternal salvation except the barrier which your own hands have piled. There is mercy for you.

Do you want *proofs* of it? Search the Bible through from the beginning to the end, you find frequent, explicit, and continual declarations of the Word. If you are not a sinner, then, indeed, I do not know of a salvation for you, unless from the first moment of your existence to the last you can keep the commandments of God without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. If you are not a sinner, there may be some fear that you are out of the pale of the Gospel redemption, for Christ died for sinners; but if you *are* a sinner, not all the morbid ingenuity of human unbelief, and not all the sophistry of the old demon of the pit, can prevent you from entering, if you will, into the charter of liberty wherewith Christ waits to make His people free.

And what are you, I wonder, that you should be excluded from the pale of the Gospel salvation? You may tell your own tale if you will; surely, if you are penitent you will make it black enough against yourself; you may state your own case if you will. You have been neglecters of the great salvation, have you? Invitation after invitation has fallen upon you unheeded. You have broken loose from the restraints of a father's counsel, and from the tenderness of a mother's care, and they are both gone—both gone; and before the gray hairs had time to come upon them your wickedness drove them to the grave. You have asked long since for your portion of goods, and have wasted your substance in the far-off land in riotous and in prodigal living. You have trampled upon Gospel privileges; you have been a dark blasphemer; you have been a terrible drunkard; you have been sadly licentious; you have been awfully selfish; you have been profane in your thoughts as well as in your words; and all your life up till now, though sometimes you have had to trample on many hindrances, all your life up to the present has been spent in rebellion against God.

Well, what then? I wait for more. Imagine crime on crime; add enormity to enormity; heap up aggravation and aggravation, "like Alps on Alps arise;" go to the extremest verge of possibility in guilt; stand upon the mouth of the pit; listen to the tramping of demon feet, and feel already round you the claspings of the spiral wreaths of flame: I do not care. "Let the wicked man forsake his ways." Can you hear that? If you are within the sound of my voice,

YOU ARE WITHIN THE PALE

of the redemption of Jesus. If you are within sound of any Gospel ministry, you are within the pale of the redemption of Jesus—"Let the wicked man forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and unto our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

They are, undoubtedly, terrible sins, those sins of yours; they are very vile; they are very frowning; they are very colossal; they are very Titanic:

> "But though your sins as mountains rise,
> And swell and reach to heaven;
> Yet mercy is above the skies,
> And they all may be forgiven."

It is a dark cloud, but on its bosom there is planted *the rainbow*, belting the heavens with its hues of beauty, spanning with its brilliant arch the darkest destiny of man, tinting with a strange gladness the cheek of hot despair, resting upon the wrath of the world as a beautiful covenant of peace.

Oh, *there is rest for you* in Jesus, and if you will but come now, with all the burden of your sins upon you, and clasp the cross, you may expect the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls. There is mercy: mercy for the vilest, mercy for all, mercy for you; and God waits now that He may say to each conscience here, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins."

May God grant you all mercy! Amen.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from page 414.)

A Blighted Life.

Two days and nights passed by before Charles Clifford regained his full consciousness. He knew nothing of the lapse of time. There was neither memory nor foresight stirring in his brain. A dark gulf of two lost days, like broken links out of a chain, separated his past life from the future.

When he came to himself he lay for a while perfectly still, making no effort to move. There was profound silence around him, and the room was lighted by a lamp which he could not see. It seemed *only an hour or two*, and surely he had fallen asleep somehow during the interval since he had been drinking with old Squire Symons, and laughing over the trick they had played upon Julia, when they had together forced the rusty lock of the old wine-cellar, the key of which she had carried away in her pocket. They had been as merry over it as boys.

But Charles's mind was awake, and had awakened from its long stupor with fully its natural vigor. How was it then that he had so clear an impression of inviting old Squire Symons to go back with him to Clifford, and fetch Julia home? He could recollect distinctly how he and the white-headed, stooping old man had gone down to the beach and set sail, Squire Symons taking the helm. He could actually see him again seated in the stern of the boat, and hear him swearing at the chilly wind. How was it then that he came to be lying in Squire Symons's bed? This was his bedroom; he knew it well enough to recognize the place he was in.

He could only answer the question by coming to the conclusion that he had drunk more of the old wine they had found in the cellar than he had intended; and that he had never left Rockwood at all. He was vexed with himself; more vexed than usual, for he knew he might have done Squire Symons a mischief; possibly have led him into a dangerous excess, in Julia's absence. He had been lying quite still until this moment, but now he wished to draw the curtain which screened the head of the bed.

But how was this? His muscles no longer instinctively obeyed his will. He could move his arms and turn his head from side to side on his pillow; but no other movement seemed possible to him. He made a second effort, and a third, bringing into play all the force of his will, and all the nervous power he possessed; but he could not stir himself. He lay like a log. There was no longer the usual correspondence between his will and the heavy framework of bone and flesh which formed its prison. He could not understand it, or believe it.

It was a queer thing, he thought, to put him into Squire Symons's own room. After all, it would be best to turn over a new leaf, and give up these dangerous indulgences. He knew what he would do—get the bishop to find another living for Britton, and persuade Ernest to come back to Clifford Vicarage. If Ernest and Ruth were living near to him, "by George!" he could, and he would, keep himself straight.

The nightmare must be over, or he could not reason so clearly. Who ever heard of a man forming schemes of reformation like these, when under the effects of a nightmare? He would get up now. But though the veins in his temples grew swollen, and drops of perspiration started to his forehead, with the vehement efforts and the secret dread that was stealing over him, he could not bestir himself and rise from the bed. What was the matter with him? He groaned aloud, as he asked himself this question.

In an instant he heard a footstep cross the room, and Julia looked down on him nervously. She was dressed like a nurse, in a simple cotton gown, and her hair was tucked away under a white cap. Her face was pale and full of care and sorrow. She looked very unlike the Julia he was used to see.

"Am I ill?" he asked in sudden terror. She nodded silently; and he could see the tears glistening in her eyes.

"What is the matter?" he inquired; "I feel as heavy as a log; I cannot move myself. What on earth ails me?"

"You've had an accident and are hurt," answered Julia; "you musn't try to move yourself."

"An accident!" he repeated; "hurt!"

Then with a vivid flash of memory there came back to his brain the terrible moment when he was struggling with the drunken old man at the helm while the jagged reef of rock was lying right across their track and the breeze was blowing his little boat upon it. He could hear again the sharp ripping of the planks as the boat struck on a point, and the splitting of the slender mast; and he felt himself struggling in the sea. That was the last thing he could remember; but he was on the sea then, and it was evening. What was the time now? and how was it he found himself safe, and in Squire Symons's bed?

"Julia," he said, in an awe-stricken tone, "where is your husband?"

"Never mind now," she answered sadly.

"He was lost!" he exclaimed; "he was quite beside himself. I know he was lost."

The tears fell fast from Julia's eyes, and she turned from the bedside to wipe them away, out of Clifford's sight. Her husband was in every sense lost; even the poor drowned body had not been recovered, to be buried among his ancestors.

"Julia!" Charles called again.

"I'm here," she answered.

"When did it happen?" he asked.

"That was Tuesday evening," she said, "and we're in the middle of Thursday night. I'm sittin' up with you, and Uncle Dunnit is in the next room."

"Does Ernest know, and Ruth?" he inquired.

"Master Ernest sat up with you all last night," she replied, "and Dr. Welsh, and a physician from London. The London physician couldn't stay any longer, and he said it was no use him stayin'."

"Am I much hurt?" asked Charles with intense anxiety. "Tell me the truth, Julia. I must know the truth. What is it makes me feel as if I could not move a limb? I might be made of stone. Is it a very bad accident?"

Julia had come back again, and was looking down on him, with a strange look of deep, unutterable pity in her black eyes. Her lips trembled as she spoke, and her voice faltered.

"Master Charles," she said, "wait till Master Ernest's here to tell you. He's gone back to London to tell Miss Ruth; nobody else could tell her how her poor father died. Try to *think of God*, and go to sleep."

"Think of God?" he repeated. "Do you think that would help me to sleep? There's no sleep in me now. Who could go to sleep if they were like me, and could not move a limb? Tell me all about it, Julia."

"I couldn't," she sobbed; "my husband was drowned, and lost altogether; and I can never, never speak kind to him again, nor him to me. I wish I'd only known! Wait till Master Ernest comes back to-morrow."

"I cannot wait," he cried in an agony; "go and send old Dunnit to me."

Dunnit came, and stood beside him as Julia had done, looking down on him with the same expression of deep pity, while Charles's eager questioning eyes scanned his face. He did not ask old Dunnit to tell him the truth; the truth would come from his lips, whether he wished to hearken to it or no. He could not run away from it now, as he had done in old times.

"What is it, Dunnit?" he asked.

"Must I tell you all, Master Charles?" he said.

"Yes!" he answered, though the word was formed by his parched lips rather than uttered by his voice. He held out his hand, and the old fisherman clasped it betwen both his own, and fell down on his knees beside the bed.

"Oh! dear Lord, dear Lord!" he cried, "I know thou loves us every one, as if we were little young children playin' around thy footstool. It is thy footstool, Lord. All this green earth and fields and woods; ay! and the troubled sea. All about thy footstool we're sufferin', and toilin' and lovin', and livin' and dyin'; and thou sees us, and loves us all. The mother watches her little babes playin' at her feet, and wilt thou not see us, dear Lord? Ay! and if the children fret, and quarrel, and hurt each other, the mother does not drive 'em away wi' anger from their safe hidin'-place at her feet. And wilt thou drive thy sinful children away from thee? We are far from thinkin' that of Thee, dear Lord.

"And now we lift up our eyes to Thy face, and we call to Thee. We know thou knows what to do. There's one has died on Thy footstool, drowned in th' sea; and one that's stricken down in his full strength and youth; but spared to live a while longer. Oh! help him to put his trust in Thee! Thou art always good and lovin' and wise; and Thy ways are higher than our ways. Oh! give us strength; give us patience; give us faith in Thee. We seem to feel Thee very near to us, Lord. We have only to wait a little while, and Thou'lt lift us up from Thy feet into Thy bosom."

Old Dunnit's voice ceased, but Charles did not open his eyes. He was passing through an agony of dread. There was a terrible solemnity to him in the old man's prayer, in its simple words, and its broken accents.

"Tell me all," he murmured at last; "what is it?"

"The doctors say you'll never be able to get about again," he answered pitifully; "it's the back that's hurt. Your head's all right, and your mind clear; but you'll be a cripple for life. We found you lyin' near the rock the sea had tossed you on, after you had nearly swum ashore. But you're not goin' to die, thank God! you'll live many a year yet. You'd have died for certain if Julia and me hadn't been sent to save you. Squire Symons was gone in an instant of time. There's been *depths of mercy* shown to you, Master Charles."

"To be a cripple for life!" he moaned, turning his face to the wall, and feeling, in the act of movement, how utterly helpless he lay. It seemed to him as if it would have been better to have been killed outright. He was a burden to himself. To have no power over his own limbs; to be bedridden; to be nothing but a living log, while the world was going on with all its interests and pleasures, and he taking no part in them, though he was still in the world. Would it not have been better to have stepped over the boundary at once, and seen what lies on the other side of the great mystery of death?

But the choice was not given to him, whethe he would die or live. We may long for death, and rejoice exceedingly when we can find th grave; but still life may be given to us, and th sun rise, and the darkness come for us, swingin us from day to night, and from night to day, i spite of all the bitterness of soul and anguish o body which make the burden of living all bu unbearable. (See Rev. 9 : 6.)

Charles Clifford lived to feel this. His merr life was over, but it was not to be a short one Even while he loathed it, he could not but car for it, and obey the rules by which it could b prolonged. He was compelled to cherish hi miserable existence more carefully than he ha done, while it was still full of vigor and th power of enjoyment. Henceforth his chief worl in the world would be simply to keep himsel alive.

(To be continued.)

Russia is Fortifying her Western Frontie bordering on Germany, with feverish haste, and a enormous cost. Kowno and Lenczyca are wax ing into strongholds of extraordinary dimension and strength. Kowno is destined to serve a once as the basis of operations against Eas Prussia, and as the rallying point for resistanc against any German invasion from that prov ince. A large number of gigantic preparation for a western war are to be completed by 188

THE FALL AND THE PROMISE.

S. S. Lesson for July 11th, Gen. 3 : 1-15. Golden Text, Rom. 5 : 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

OUR golden text tells us that "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." We are about to consider the grievous history of the first entrance of that principle into our world, which has brought in its train all which is included in shame and sorrow, misery and death. Let us approach with no critical minds, but with bowed hearts, in humble but deep gratitude, if indeed the death which has passed upon all men, and therefore upon us, has for us lost its terror, because Jesus, through death, destroyed him that had the power of death, and delivered them who through fear of death were subject to bondage (Heb. 2 : 14, 15).

Our subject teaches us that "the serpent"—"that old serpent, called the devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world" (Rev. 12 : 9)—"was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made, and he saith unto the woman, Yea, hath God said," etc. He came to the woman, the weaker one, and suggested a doubt as to what God had said. God had given man dominion "over every living thing" (Gen. 1 : 28), and Eve's first false step was that of *listening* to an inferior. "Sin shall not have dominion over you," says Paul by the Holy Ghost (Rom. 6 : 14), but when we listen, or give any attention to suggestions of sin, we are half way toward falling under its dominion. The second false step was that of *answering* the wicked one. Eve said, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden : but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

Once having gained her ear, the tempter becomes bold, and unhesitatingly gives God the lie, for he says, "Ye shall not surely die ; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened ; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

"Ye shall be as gods" was the inducement held out. Adam and Eve knew none but God; no doubt there lay in their hearts a holy ambition to resemble God. One way lay before them—the path of obedience and trust, the confidence that God knew best, and that He would satisfy this ambition by conforming them more and more to Him in whose image they were created. Another way, which seemed to be a short cut, now lay before Eve, but in order to take it she must leave the path of obedience and trust in God, which had been holy, happy, and honorable.

She made a third false step. With ears and voice she had been occupied with temptation and the tempter ; next her eyes were engaged. It was now but a short step to the consummation of sin. "And when the woman *saw* that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband, and he did eat." She did not take God into consideration, and probably it was the first time she had failed to do so since she was created. All sin comes from self-consideration. "When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin" (James 1 : 15) ; if the enticement comes and meets with a will fully subject to God, with desires bent on pleasing Him and not self, there is nothing in which the temptation can find conception, and thus sin cannot be brought forth. The woman gave sin to "the lust of the flesh," for she saw that the tree was good for food. Although there was plenty of unforbidden fruit all round, she went to "the lust of the eyes," for she saw that it was "pleasant to the eyes," and she opened the door of her hitherto pure heart to "the pride of life" when she saw that it was a tree to be desired to make one wise" (1 John 2 : 16).

And in all this she forgot God's will and His interests, and thought only of her own. Poor blind Eve! she had yet to learn how she misunderstood her Father's heart when she thought that He could withhold any good thing from them that walk uprightly (Ps. 84 : 11). Her first impulse was to give of the fruit to her husband, and he did eat. He may have argued: God's threat is not carried out, Eve is not dead, and if I eat of the fruit I can be only in the same case as she is. Thus he yielded, and by him "sin came upon all men." All which was noble and upright in man was fallen. No sooner had Eve disobeyed than she considered her husband as little as she had considered her God. Had anything of nobility remained, she would have said, "I have sinned, I will bear the consequences, but I will not involve Adam in my ruin!" Alas! she had let self take the upper hand, and now she was its slave.

At once effects of the fall begin to work. "The eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked," and so they sew fig-leaves together to hide from one another, and they take refuge behind the trees of the garden that they may hide from God. Where all is pure there is nothing to hide, nothing to conceal. When a man is walking before God he does not need to hide himself under a cover of self-righteousness or self-justification ; he is glad that his faults may be perceived that they may be corrected ; it is sin which brings concealment ; righteousness is pure, transparent, simple. It was a sad moment when Adam and Eve heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and they "hid themselves *from the presence of the Lord* among the trees of the garden. And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?"

Where was he? Hidden away from God. Where art thou, reader? Art thou in Christ hidden from thyself and from the devil, in Him, or art thou hidden away from God, in thyself, and in sin? Where art thou? Adam answered, "I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid because I was naked, and I hid myself." Yes, he was naked; his innermost thoughts lay open and exposed ; he had covered his body with the fig-leaves, but the nakedness of his guilty conscience lay exposed before the holy eye of God, and he shrunk from the gaze. "Who told thee thou wast naked?" God said, "Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?" And the man said, "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." What a wound for the heart of God! The man whom he had pronounced "very good" (Gen. 1 : 31), and who had rejoiced in communion with Him, now sought to hide away from Him, excused himself on the score of his nakedness instead of his sin, and then laid blame on the woman who was God's special gift to him. "God hath made man upright ; but they have sought out many inventions" (Ecc. 7 : 29).

This total want of uprightness from the moment of man's fall, this dishonorable shirking of responsibility—oh, how it is transmitted from father to son ; how this heritage of shame has clung to our fallen nature! Only they who live the life of Christ, even among converted souls, are free from this degrading principle which comes from the father of lies. It entered with sin into our first parents, it remains with sin in the nature of all their descendants. When the Lord "said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done?" she answered, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." It is as though Adam would say, "I should not have hid from Thee except *Thou* hadst made me naked. I should not have eaten of the fruit except *Thou* hadst given me the woman ;" and she, "I should not have sinned except *Thou* hadst created the serpent." And thus all confidence between them and God was at an end, and there was bitterness instead ; yes, they knew evil now, but, alas! they were not as God.

In the midst of His sorrow—for it must have been bitter grief to the heart of God to see the distrust of Him, and the confidence which had been placed in His great enemy by our first parents—God manifests that love which the Lord Jesus proclaimed to Nicodemus (John 3 : 16), "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He had questioned Adam and Eve, but He puts no question to the serpent. He pronounces only a curse upon him, and then says, "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed ; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Thus, before the darkness of night had gathered over the first sad day of sin, our Father gave the promise of a Saviour. So great, so tender is the love of God. But sin must be recognized, and thus we read that He said unto the woman, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception : in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children ; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

"And unto Adam He said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it ; cursed is the ground for thy sake ; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life ; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee ; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field ; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken : for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Labor was not the curse ; this was ordained beforehand when Adam was to dress the garden and keep it (Gen. 2 : 15). But the curse was the thorns and the thistles, the difficulties and hindrances, the pricks, etc. In the New Jerusalem "His servants shall *serve* Him," but "*there* shall be no more curse." Idleness, not labor, is a curse.

We read (ver. 21), "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them." Whether God taught them anything about sacrifice, and whether the animals whose skins they wore were thus a type of Christ, we are not told, but God's covering was better than theirs. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper" (Prov. 28 : 13) ; man's covering is but fig-leaves. But blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin *is covered*" (Ps. 32) with God's covering, the righteousness of Christ. Oh, how blessed it is that although "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men for that all have sinned," yet God's great remedy lies also open unto all who will, for Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man, and "Whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely" (Heb. 4 : 9 ; Rev. 22 : 17).

After the fall we see how the Lord God said, "Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil : and now lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever ; therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden," etc. Was it that immortality in his then fallen condition would have been an endless curse? We find the promise of the tree of life to him that overcomes (Rev. 2 : 7) ; "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony ; and they loved not their lives unto the death" (Rev. 12 : 11) ; and the tree of life, once forbidden, is become the heritage of those who obey their God (Rev. 22 : 14.)

Hindoo Women, Throughout the British Indian Empire of two hundred million people, are still painfully secluded and downtrodden. Several Zenana missionary societies are maintained by different denominations for visiting the female apartments in houses, which men are not permitted to enter. The Baptists have twenty-seven lady visitors and forty-six native teachers and Bible-women, who visit about seven hundred women in Zenanas. In Calcutta women of good position are seldom met in the streets or public meetings, and then are closely veiled. In Cyprus and all Mohammaden countries they occupy a similar inferior position.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Atheist Member of Parliament, Mr. Bradlaugh, has occupied the attention of the British legislators to the exclusion of other matters during the past week. A determined effort has been made by the Conservative party to prevent his taking his seat. Mr. John Bright strongly advocated Mr. Bradlaugh's admission in a bitter but powerful speech. He administered a severe rebuke to those aristocratic members of Parliament who are theoretically orthodox, but practically irreligious, by saying that "the working classes would not be influenced by the religious cry, and would support Mr. Bradlaugh, because the lower classes do not believe any more in the Christian dogmas than *the upper classes in their practice.*"

Finally a division was taken, when 230 members voted for Mr. Bradlaugh to be admitted, and 275 against his admission; he was consequently informed that he would not be allowed to take his seat. Mr. Bradlaugh thereupon insisted on his right, and, becoming disorderly, was taken into custody and locked up in the clock tower of the House, but after one day's imprisonment was released. An effort will be made by his friends to reverse the decision of the House.

It is probable that he will finally be admitted. Many members who sincerely regret that any constituency should have elected such a man to represent it, and shrink from association with him, yet feel that the will of the people must be respected, and whoever they choose, must be received on that principle.

An Amnesty Bill for the Pardon of the French communists now in exile as a punishment for crimes committed during the period of disorder which followed the fall of the empire, has passed the Chamber of Deputies, and been sent to the Senate. According to a document published by the *Gaulois*, over half the communists waiting to be amnestied have been, at various periods of their careers, condemned for offences against the common law. It is unpleasant to contemplate the return of 400 rogues and vagabonds, but the political expediency of pardoning them appears to have influenced the leaders of the republic. They believe that the communists will do less harm to the stability of the republic when released than their continued incarceration now does in making the government unpopular with the masses.

The International Conference at Berlin has concluded its labors, and decided on a frontier line between Turkey and Greece which gives to Greece a considerable accession of territory.

The ambassadors will report to their respective governments, and the powers will dispatch an identical note to the Porte announcing the decision of the conference. It is believed that the conference so thoroughly considered the subject and the harmony is so complete, that it will be unnecessary to take special executive steps for carrying its decisions into effect. Turkey is beginning to abandon its attitude of proud, apathetic indifference, affecting to caution the Conference as to the dangerous length it evidently means to go. But as the proposal adopted originated with England, and was approved by France, the two nations most friendly to Turkey, she will probably accede to the arrangement.

The Atalanta appears to have been Unsafe in the estimation of British sailors, and some have called her *a floating coffin.* The Plover gunboat arrived at Spithead lately, bringing home five ordinary seamen of the Atalanta, they having been left behind in the West Indies. One of them, M'Cormick, said he never liked the ship, which pitched and rolled terribly. No matter what the weather was, they were always shipping water. If the Atalanta was struck by a sea in a gale she would go down on her side with a lurch, and remain in that condition sometimes for five minutes, the sea washing her decks. She was too top-heavy to right herself. Another of the five men, named Westlake, says when there was anything of a breeze, the Atalanta would keel over terribly, and when she gave a sudden lurch, one would think she had gone altogether. He never liked a vessel so little as he did the Atalanta. Captain Stirling seemed to be always on deck. The men speak in the highest terms of him. The other three made corroborative statements.

The Late Empress of Russia was Interred on June 8th, with the customary solemnities. A procession of 5000 persons moved slowly along the left bank of the river Neva. The funeral car was a magnificent gilded carriage, with a canopy of white and gold. The bier was carried into the cathedral by the emperor and his sons, and deposited on the catafalque. During the service which followed, the emperor and the grand-dukes kissed the lips of the empress, while the others present kissed her hand. The metropolitan bishop finally presented *earth on a silver plate*, which the emperor and others sprinkled with a *miniature gold shovel* on the tomb. A discharge of cannon concluded the formalities. If the emperor had shown the lady a little more kindness during her life she would have been a happier woman. Imposing funeral ceremonies do not atone for the neglect of a lifetime.

Even Spain, the Country most Intensely Roman Catholic of all European nations, does not seem anxious to receive the French Jesuits. The following official announcement has been made, and cannot be considered a cordial invitation. "The government having received many petitions from religious orders about to be expelled from France, has issued a circular to the civil authorities declaring that no order, college, or religious establishment will be permitted in any province near the French frontier, and in the rest of the peninsula only after due authorization from the government, and after their petitions and motives have been investigated."

The British Campaign in Afghanistan is virtually concluded. General Donald Stewart has received orders to withdraw his forces with the least possible delay compatible with the health of the troops. It is desired that Cabul should be evacuated by British soldiers not later than October 31st. Orders have also been given for the return to India of the surplus staff, and the stores and ammunition which may not be required. It is believed that Gandamak and the Shurtargardan Pass will be the extreme points remaining in British occupation. And these passes will be fortified and garrisoned by British troops as a precaution against future troubles arising from the Afghans.

Gen. Valentine Baker, the English Cavalry officer, who has, since his dismissal from the British army for gross immorality, been in the service of the Sultan of Turkey, is mentioned in connection with mission work in Asia. He has been appointed by the Sultan as the head of a commission to examine the condition of affairs in Asia Minor. He recently spent nine days in Harpoot, and while there examined into the workings of Armenia College. Subsequently he wrote to Rev. Dr. Barnum, *the American Board's missionary*: "I cannot leave Harpoot without sending you a small offering in aid of your admirable institution, and I inclose a check for ten liras ($44)." Thus Gen. Baker, in laboring for the improvement of the Turkish provinces, recognizes how valuable an aid is furnished to that work by Christian missions, and Gen. Baker is not a man likely to place a higher estimate on them than they deserve.

A King in the Pulpit. A Missionary Journal says: "We do not often hear of kings occupying Christian pulpits, but recently King Eyo of Old Calabar, on the coast of Guinea, West Africa, supplied the place of the United Presbyterian missionary in his absence."

Lumps of Coal an Unanswerable Antidote to infidelity. At a lecture in the British mining district by Mr. Bradlaugh, the lecturer, according to his custom, challenged any person in his audience to reply to his observations. A rough-looking miner immediately rose, and in his peculiar provincial dialect said, "Maister Bradlaugh, me and my mate Jim were both Methodys, till one of these infidel chaps cam' this way. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me abou tending prayer-meetings; but one day, in pit, a large cob of coal came down upon J head. Jim thought he was killed, and, ah m but he did holler and cry to God.'" Then t ing to Mr. Bradlaugh—with a knowing look said: "Young man, there's now't like cob coal for knocking infidelity out of a man!"

A British Legislator's Nightmare.—Du the recent debate on the opium trade in House of Commons, a new member rather rally fell asleep and dreamed. It must have a troubled dream, however; for presently resounded through the still lobbies agon cries of "Help! help! murder! murder!" eral members rushed forward to the slumbe legislator, and woke him up. He refused several minutes to believe that he was n imminent peril, and continued to cry and s gle. A glass of cold water sprinkled upon head, however recalled him to his senses he went off denouncing the tightness of his lar and the soporific tendency of Mr. Pe motion. An English journal remarks in nection with this incident, "There are, u tunately, other members of Parliament qui fast asleep in regard to the promotion of social and moral reforms."

The Chinese Tract Society Recently Hel second anniversary at Shanghai. The Ch version of the hymn "From Greenland's mountains" was sung with powerful earnes on the part of those who lifted their voic join in it. The Rev. Bau Tsih-Dzae said t religion is ever to be carried to the multitud China it must be through the 14,000 or 1 native Christians resident in various parts empire. Although the spoken dialects of are widely different, one written language vails throughout the empire, and is unders in all the eighteen provinces. This make work of the Tract Society particularly p cable. The society has forty trustees, h whom are natives, the other half being mis aries of various denominations.

The Building of Mr. Spurgeon's Girls' Or age is announced to commence immedi The cost of houses and schools for 250 chi will be $25,000.

It transpires that the £25,000 left by Tyson, late of Upper Norwood, for the Stoc Orphanage, is subject to nine annuities, that *a quarter of a century will elapse* befo whole of the money can be realized on beh that institution.

It further appears that the residue of Tyson's estate, which was to be given Pastor's College, will be lost to that institu this clause of the will having been inserted in twelve months of the testator's death, is contrary to English law in cases where institutions are concerned.

The Wesleyan Chapel in City Road, Lo founded by John Wesley, which was par destroyed by fire in December last, has restored, and was reopened on Sunday, Jun

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watc (London) for June may be obtained at the office CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Second Volume of the Christian H comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec., 187 be procured, elegantly bound in cloth, at this Price $1.75.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are o at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, at p low as to bring them within the reach of eve *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with pho of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Plou Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a h cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols. as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon's Birthda* This popular gift-book contains a suitable selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for ev in the year, with a blank space opposite fo graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Sp appear at their respective birthdays. The b elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ublished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M AY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1880. 14th Year. No. 28—New Series.

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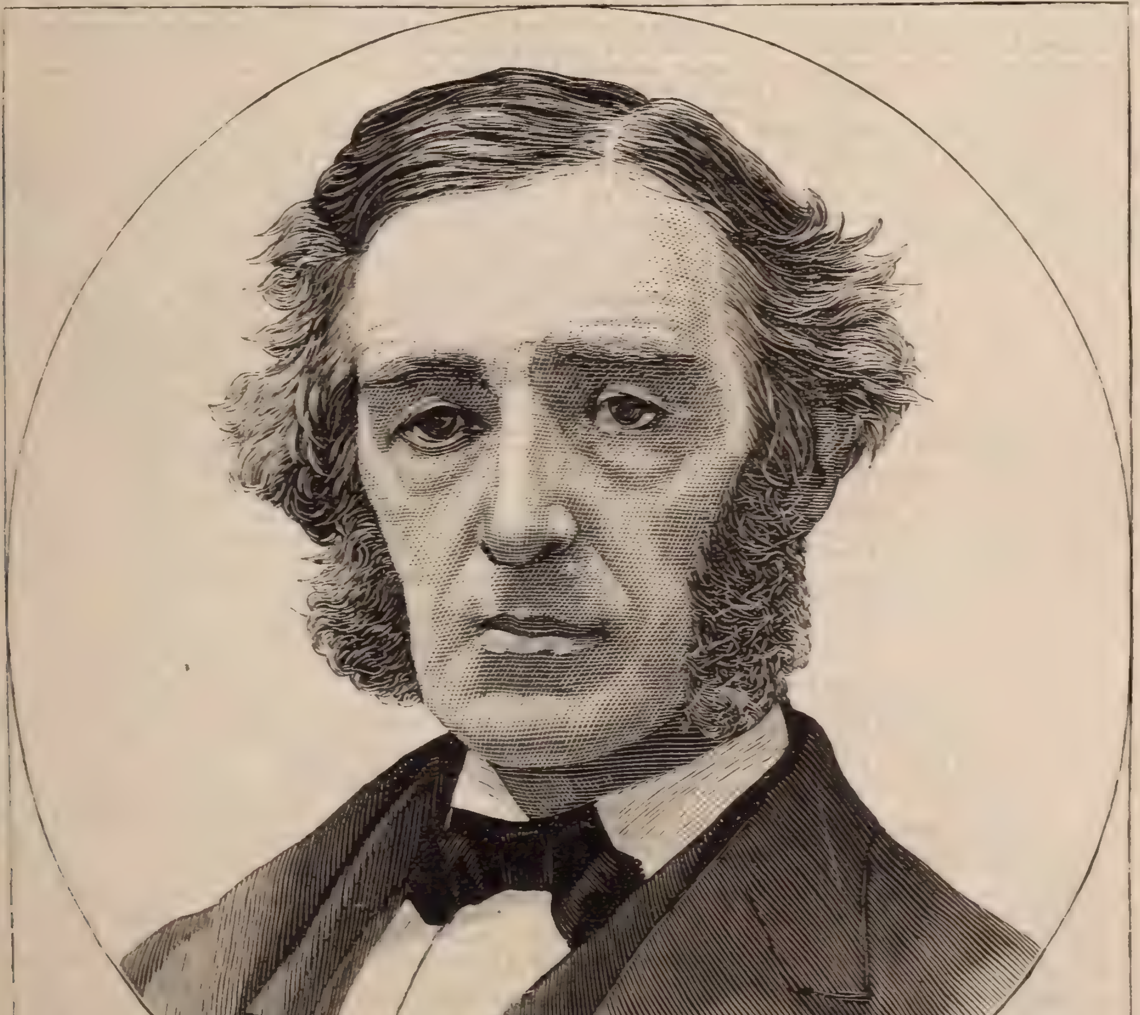

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D., the Celebrated Preacher, Author, and Temperance Advocate.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D., OF BROOKLYN.

An Anniversary Celebration—The Key to Successful Preaching—Birth and Early Years—Washington's Chocolate Bowl—Graduation and Visit to Europe—First Ministerial Work—The Settlement in New York—Removal to Brooklyn—The Lafayette Avenue Church Built—Summary of Work—A Mother-Church—Literary Labors—An Immense Audience.

ON a recent Sunday evening the Presbyterian Church at the corner of Lafayette Avenue and South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, was the scene of an interesting and impressive celebration. Passers-by noticed that something unusual was in progress, for although large numbers gather there every Sunday, on this evening an unusually numerous crowd was passing in at its doors. Within, the commodious edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the walls were decorated as for a marriage. Banners adorned the galleries, and flowers in profusion covered the pulpit and the base of the gallery, while from the roof, suspended by an invisible wire, was the effigy of a dove with outstretched wings, made of white flowers. It was a bright and joyous scene, and as the Jubilee singers in front of the platform sang the Te Deum all hearts responded to the soul-stirring words.

Very appropriate was that opening anthem, for pastor and people were celebrating the twentieth anniversary of their union, and all felt that there was abundant cause to sing, "We praise thee, O God." Twenty years pastor and people had labored together in the cause of the Master, with one heart and one mind, and God had abundantly blessed the united effort. During those twenty years no less than 3059 persons had been received into church membership, of whom 2000 had been converted under the pastor's ministry. Besides this, two other churches had been organized, had gone forth as little colonies from the Lafayette Avenue Church, and are now thriving and prospering and doing a good work in the city.

As these facts filled the minds of all present, the *Te Deum Laudamus* was no formal, unmeaning utterance, but the devout expression of sincere gratitude to God.

The singing over, Dr. Cuyler, in a voice tremulous with emotion, read the twenty-third Psalm, and preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. At its conclusion he said, very impressively: "The past fills this house to-night more than does the audience. The past has gone on record in the book of judgment. The future let us leave with God. Twenty years hence many assembled here will doubtless have passed away. Oh, that they may be found with Christ, at the right hand of the Father in glory. Twenty years hence some other person will probably labor in my place. Oh that he may do so, faithfully. When I am laid in my last resting-place in Greenwood, I only ask that this may be written upon my tombstone: "Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church;" and beneath, the message I first gave to you: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

In the last words of Dr. Cuyler's sermon the reader has the clew to these twenty years' successful work. *He has preached Christ.* Whereever a preacher is content to be nothing himself, is desirous only to proclaim Christ, and let the people look on His face, success may be expected. Learned disquisitions on other topics may raise the preacher's reputation; descriptive sermons rich in word-pictures may attract attention and admiration; fierce polemical discourses may stir up enthusiasm for some particular section of doctrine; but it is only when Christ is preached that souls are saved—it is only when Christ, the living personal Christ, is held up before the people in His matchless perfection, that hard hearts are melted and stubborn spirits are subdued. The passage Dr. Cuyler adopted for his motto, and which he hopes may be cut on his tombstone, is one that should be ever present on the mind of every minister of the cross.

From the account of this twentieth anniversary we turn with interest to the narrative of the pastor's life.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

Theodore Ledyard Cuyler was born at Aurora, N. Y., on January 10th, 1822. He is the son of a lawyer of some distinction and ability, who was not, however, permitted to superintend the education and training of his son, for he died at the early age of twenty-nine, when his boy was only four years old. Deprived of a father's care, the child was thrown entirely on the resources of his widowed mother; but, happily for him, that mother placed no reliance on her own wisdom, but with tender love and in humble faith confided her fatherless boy to the care of Him who has promised to be "a father to the fatherless and a judge of the widow." She had no other child, and she watched over his early years with prayerful solicitude. She was a woman of active piety and of strong intellect, and her influence was potent over him for good. She was a granddaughter of Dr. Johnes, who for more than fifty years was pastor of a church at Morristown.

During the pastorate of Dr. Johnes he had the honor of numbering among his hearers *George Washington*, who during part of his winter campaign had his headquarters in the vicinity of Morristown, and made the acquaintance of the good pastor. He frequently visited the house of Dr. Johnes, and Dr. Cuyler shows with some degree of pride *a large china bowl*, out of which the Father of his Country was accustomed to drink, while enjoying Dr. Johnes' hospitality, his favorite beverage—chocolate.

So well did the widowed mother fulfil her trust that her boy graduated with honor at Princeton in 1841, when only nineteen years of age. At that time he had made no

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION,

but inclined to that of the law, which presented the prospect of a brilliant and lucrative career, and which peculiar circumstances rendered easy and attractive to the energetic graduate. But God saw in him a vessel meet for His service, and the legal career, with all its wealth and honors, were joyfully relinquished. By one of those coincidences which the world calls chance, but which the Christian recognizes as the leading of Providence, young Cuyler, still contemplating a life at the bar, strolled one evening into a revival meeting. There the scale was turned; the Holy Spirit touched his heart, and henceforth he devoted himself to the service of Christ.

Young men who are hesitating as to the selection of a sphere of life may be desirous of knowing how the choice young Cuyler made, appears to him now. He has seen his compeers at college attain positions of eminence in the legal profession and realize fortunes which the ministry of the gospel does not offer. Does he regret that he gave his life to the Lord? It was after thirty four years of laborious service in that cause that he said, with all due respect for some of his ancestors—Sir Matthew Hale Smith, William Wirt, and Theodore Frelinghuysen, he would not change places with the Lord Chancellor, or the prince of the bar on this or any other continent. He ceased not to thank God unceasingly that his lot was cast in the ministry, and his humble life to the ministry of the resurrection. The ministry had its hardships, its vexations and its trials, and its strain on the nervous system. To the man who enters the ministry for popularity the work was irksome drudgery, but to the man who entered it for love of Christ the crosses were turned into crowns, and the rod well borne yielded the richest blessings. He had never seen the day yet when he would change places with a *millionaire, or any monarch* on his throne.

The year 1842 was spent in Europe, where he made the acquaintance of the most distinguished men of the day in religion and in literature. He had been from boyhood *a total abstainer* from intoxicating liquors, and while in Great Britain he threw himself heart and soul into the temperance movement. One of his most vivid recollections is that of an immense meeting in Glasgow, where he delivered an address at the fir reception of Father Mathew. His letters d scribing places and persons of interest were pul lished in this country, in the columns of the r ligious press, and gave evidence of the pow and grace of diction which have, since the made the name of Cuyler a household word both continents.

Returning to America Dr. Cuyler enter Princeton Theological Seminary, where he studi for three years. At the conclusion of his colle course he labored for a short period in Wyomi Valley, and then removed to Burlington, N. At Burlington he remained three years, and th went to Trenton, where he founded a new co gregation. In 1853 two invitations were sent the young preacher whose fame as an earne energetic Christian minister had spread throu the country. The first was from the Shawm Congregational Church of Boston, Mass., a the other from the Reformed Dutch Church Market Street, New York. He accepted t latter, and for the next seven years he labored the "Empire City." But the growth of the bu ness necessities found the old church an impe ment in its way; arrangements were made for purchase, and the edifice was pulled dow

While the site of the future religious home the Market Street congregation was undecid an event occurred which decided the trustees to build a new church. In February, 1860, t

LITTLE PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

of Brooklyn, worshipped at the corner of Ca ton and De Kalb Avenues. A vacancy occur in its pulpit, and certain influences had b brought to bear, that threatened disintegrati One of the members of that congregation s gested Dr. Cuyler's name for the pastorate. committee came to his residence in New Yo and laid a call before him. He declined ent taining it until the decision of the Market Str Church was made, but when the project of bui ing was abandoned, Dr. Cuyler accepted "Little Park" invitation.

On a stormy Easter Sunday, April 8th, 18 Dr. Cuyler first addressed his Brooklyn cong gation, then numbering *two hundred and f persons*, and worshipping in a temporary cha on De Kalb Avenue. Soon a permanent str ture became necessary, and the lot at the cor of Lafayette Avenue was purchased. The c break of the civil war, soon after the contr for the new church, were signed, threatened put a stop to the building, but by the energ work of the church, and especially of the la connected with it, sufficient funds were fin raised, and the church completed, at a cost $42,000, exclusive of the land, which cost $ 000. The dedicatory services were held March 16th, 1862, and sixty new members w received on that day.

From that period steady and uninterrup prosperity has attended the church. In 1866 work began to expand, and for sometime as m as twelve and thirteen meetings a week w held. For two consecutive communion sons 240 persons were received at the Lo table, and of those 100 were heads of famil During 1866, 325 persons were added to the c munion of the church as a thank-offering God. A mission was established in War Street that soon grew into the Memo Church, which has now 200 members, and vary Chapel, started by William W. Wicke 1861, is now the flourishing Fort Greene Chu in charge of Rev. Dr. Adam McClelland. It at that mission in 1871 that Mr. D. L. Mo labored with so much power, and brought over 100 converts, who were received into membership of the mother church. It was wl there that Mr. Moody instituted his Bible re ings, which have since startled millions of pe here and in Europe. In 1867 the Lafay Avenue Church met in session with the He Street Church, and instituted a movement resulted in the organization of the Classon A nue Church, to which they contributed one of its original membership.

During the twenty years which have elap

Dr. Cuyler preached his first sermon in klyn, 4500 children have been enrolled in abbath School connected with the church, iom 427 have been admitted to membership onfession of faith, and *nine* have entered *hristian ministry.* Besides the regular h and Sunday-school work Dr. Cuyler has d himself of every opportunity presented hristian philanthropic operations. The ehem Mission, Gospel work in the Navy the Five Points' Mission, and the Chil- Aid Society have all received Dr. Cuyler's t and vigorous assistance, and he has been lar attendant and a most efficient advocate the temperance meetings of the two cities. g the whole period Dr. Cuyler has labored idefatigable energy on Sunday and through ek, taking active interest in all the move- connected with the church.

physique is not robust, and it might have xpected that the continuous strain would npaired his strength, but Dr. Cuyler says, evout thankfulness, that during the whole e has never been kept from his pulpit by s except on *one Sunday.* "This remark- cord," said Dr. Cuyler significantly, in a interview, "should be mentioned in con- with the fact that all through my life I en a total abstainer."

les the work of a preacher and pastor and ance orator, Dr. Cuyler has attained con- le eminence

AS AN AUTHOR.

as written for the periodical press about *usand articles,* many of which have been d in Great Britain. The aggregate cir- of the journals in which the articles, peared amounts to over *forty millions,* ence Dr. Cuyler naturally considers it a e to address. Many of these articles, d from the journals in which they ap- have been issued in book form, and have that shape had a wide circulation. these latter works, the most prominent tray Arrows," "Heart Life," "Thought "Pointed Papers," "Cedar Christian," y Crib," "His Own Daughter," and ody's Son." The last mentioned has ceedingly popular, and has attained a on of over 100,000 copies.

yler hoped to have attended the Sunday- entenary Meetings now being held in itain, but the serious illness of a beloved r prevented his taking the journey. Our vill sympathize with him in his affliction t that if consistent with the will of God ave the joy of seeing the sick loved one to health.

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pect to publish a Portrait and Life rt Raikes next week, in view of the -School Centennial Celebrations.

BRAHMIN'S TESTIMONY.

R. CHAMBERLAIN, of the Arcot Mis- dia, relates the following incident:

close of one of his Bible lectures, a one of the most cultured in the place nvert), arose and asked permission to words. In the course of a short ad- gave the following remarkable testi- he Christian Scriptures:

the mango tree on yonder roadside. approaching ripeness. Bears it that itself or its own profit? From the the first ripe fruits turn their yellow ard the morning sun until the last pelted off, it is assailed with showers and stones from boys and men, and er-by, until it stands bereft of leaves, ches knocked off, bleeding from many wig, and piles of stones underneath, lubs and sticks lodged in its boughs, ly trophies of its joyous crop of fruit. uraged? Does it cease to bear fruit? y, If I am barren, no one will pelt me, l live in peace? Not at all. The next e budding leaves, the beauteous flow- nder fruit again appear.

That is a type of these missionaries. I have watched them well, and have seen what they are. What do they come to this country for? What tempts them to leave their parents, friends, and country, and come to this, to them an unhealthy, climate? Is it for gain or for profit that they come? Some of our country clerks in government offices receive more salary than they. Is it for the sake of an easy life? See how they work, and then tell me. No; they seek, like the mango tree, to bear fruit for the benefit of others, and this, too, though treated with contumely and abuse from those they are benefiting. Now, what makes them do all this for us? *It is their Bible!* I have looked into it a good deal at one time and another, in the different languages I chance to know. It is just the same in all languages. *The Bible*—there is nothing to compare with it in all our sacred books, for goodness and purity, holiness and love, and for motives of action.

Where did the English-speaking people get all their intelligence, and energy, and cleverness, and power? It is their Bible that gives it to them. And now they bring it to us and say, "This is what raised us. Take it, and raise yourselves." They do not force it upon us, as the Mohammedans did their Koran, but they bring it in love and translate it into our languages, and lay it before us and say, "Look at it, read it, examine it, and see if it is not good."

Marvellous has been the effect of Christianity in the moral moulding and leavening of Europe. I am not a Christian. I do not accept the cardinal tenets of Christianity as they concern man in the next world: but I accept Christian ethics in their entirety. I have the highest admiration for them.

A HAPPY HOME; OR, JUST FOR FUN.

A Temperance Story.

(*Concluded from page* 428.)

DICK'S wife could see only one explanation to his early return home and strange manner: he had been dismissed from his employment—a calamity she had dreaded daily for many months past. Burying her poor, grief-stricken face in her thin, wan hands, she wept as if her heart would break. How would she get food for her poor children now? for though they benefited but little from the work of his hands, yet, trifle as it was, it kept them from starving. With that heroic forgetfulness of self so often shown by women in the hour of trial, she thought not of her own bitter fate. That most unselfish of all feelings, *a mother's love*, held such complete possession of her aching heart, she thought only of those whom God had given her to nurture and love; so, dashing aside her tears, she rose from her seat with a wild, despairing look in her eyes, and, clutching at the guttering light with a frenzied grasp that spoke of a mind tottering on the verge of despair, she hurried to the corner of the miserable hovel in which her children were lying, and, holding the glimmering light aloft, gazed down upon the little half-starved inmates of that dreadful bed with feelings that may perhaps be imagined, but can never be described.

"Good-morning, sir," said Tom Foster, gleefully saluting his master on the morning following the events just narrated.

"Ah, Tom, is that you? Good-morning," was the cheery response of the kind-hearted man. "What has made you so pleased, for you seem to be in an unusually happy mood this morning?"

"I am indeed," said Tom, "for I have a bit of good news for you;" and, bending close to his master's smiling face, he exclaimed, in a low, confidential whisper, "Dick's signed the pledge!"

"You don't say so!" said the old man, with a start.

"But I do!" said Tom; "and, what's more, here it is in black and white," he continued, laying the open book before the astonished gaze of his master.

Tears gathered in the eyes of the tender-hearted old man as he looked upon that badly written line in Tom's pledge-book.

Before the world was a day older Tom and Dick were both at work together at the distant village of Brookford.

I should like to describe the joy of Dick's poor wife when she learned that he had not been discharged after all—to picture to you what she felt, when, after a week's absence at Brookford, he came home *sober*, and with a week's wages in his pocket. Such an unlooked-for event in the life of the Martins *did* happen. Ah, and every week too, till New Year's Day arrived. The health, happiness, and general comfort resulting from this radical change in Dick's habits may readily be imagined.

"Mary," said Dick, on the last Saturday in the old year, as he sat by the fire having his supper, "Tom Foster has invited us all to go and take dinner with him next Monday, which is New Year's Day; so get yourself and all the children ready, for he declares he won't take a denial."

Of course Mary protested all she could against the proposed visit, saying she had nothing either for herself or the children half nice enough to go visiting in. But all her excuses were of no avail, for Dick had his own reasons for urging compliance with Tom's wishes, so Mary had to make the best she could of the few things she had bought since Dick signed the pledge, and agree to go.

In due time they arrived at Tom's house, where they received a most hearty welcome. Poor Dick could not help noticing the difference between Tom's wife and his own, for Mary's face still wore that pale pinched look pain and privation is ever sure to cause; and as for her dress, it stood out in striking contrast to Mrs. Foster's new silk one. The repentant husband noticed and felt every little difference in the two wives so keenly a lump came in the poor fellow's throat.

The great contrast between Tom's ruddy, comfortable-looking children and his own ill-clad and poorly nourished little things was the next thing that attracted his attention, and the difference seemed greater than even that of the two wives. So up came another lump in poor Dick's throat, for his conscience smote him terribly. He made a stern resolve within his own mind, which I will not stay to disclose now.

"Well, Richard," said Tom, after tea was over, and all the happy party were about to depart, "have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Enjoyed myself?" said Richard; "why, I never had such a day before in all my life, and if all this sort of thing comes of living as you do, why, I'll never drink another drop as long as I live."

Poor Mary heard all that her husband said, and wanted to give expression to her own thoughts on the subject, but when she heard Dick's vow, her heart became too full to speak, so she quietly turned aside to hide the tears of joy that would come, although she tried so hard to restrain them.

"What is Dick saying?" said Mr. Shaw.

"Why, he has resolved never to touch strong drink again as long as he lives," said Tom.

"Yes, and I mean it, too!" exclaimed Dick, with an air of determination that he had never assumed before.

"Richard," said Mr. Shaw, laying his hand upon Dick's shoulder, "this is the happiest moment of all in this unusually happy day. I cannot find words to tell you how delighted I am at the resolve you have made. May Heaven give you strength to keep it."

In a few moments more that happy group, so strangely brought together, separated, and so the party broke up.

Right manfully has Dick kept his word, for many years have elapsed since that eventful day. That is the secret of Richard Martin's happy home, and how it was he kept the pledge, though he only signed it "*for fun!*"

TOO LATE FOR RANSOM.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Evening, June 20, 1880.*

"Beware lest He take thee away with his stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."—Job 36: 18.

Trouble Failing of its Proper Effect—A Warning against Procrastination—Gospel Opportunities taken Away—I. By the Withdrawal of Intellect—The Cornish Fool—Five Hundred Chances to one against Death-bed Repentance—II. By the Final Withdrawal of the Holy Spirit—Signs of His Departure—III. By Death—Death Sudden, Unexpected—A Sailor's Talk with a Landsman about Death—No Reformation Possible after Death—Everlasting Punishment—An Angel Substitute Refused—No Army can Deliver—No Change in the Judge—God Does not Destroy Souls—It is Suicide.

TROUBLE makes some people mad. It was so with Job. He had lost his property, he had lost his health, he had lost his family, and his trouble, instead of driving him to God, drove him to exasperation. And so I suppose there may be in this house to-night those who have not been profited by the misfortunes of life. Their estates took wings and flew away. There may be *a hollow cough* in the household, there may be a subtraction from your comfort, there may be an addition to your irritations and annoyances and disasters, and your trouble, so far from driving you to God, has driven you away from Him, and you tell me to-night that you have no peace in God, no comfort for this world, and no prospect for the world to come.

In other words, you are in the position in which Job was, when the words of my text accosted him, and if they were appropriate to him, they are appropriate now, when they are uttered in your hearing: "Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." The whole idea of the text is, that God sometimes suddenly removes gospel opportunities, and then we are *ransomless*.

I. Sometimes gospel opportunities are taken away through

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE INTELLECT.

A man says, As long as I can keep my reason, as long as I have the capacity to judge between right and wrong, as long as I have an opportunity of a consideration of the Gospel, I am safe, and I can afford to adjourn this matter.

But suppose your intellect should perish, by fever, by casualty, by the hurling of a missile, by the dropping of a brick from a scaffolding, by the dashing down the streets of an ungovernable horse, by the discharge of firearms; suppose your intellect should be gone, what then? If you are unforgiven and unprepared for the future world, with it goes the opportunity of salvation and of Heaven.

There are thousands in asylums of the land who for ten years or twenty years have been demented, but there was a time when they stood in thorough mental and intellectual health, they had as strong and as well poised an intellect as you have to-night, but disaster came, and for many years they rejected the offers of mercy and salvation, and when their intellect went their opportunity went; now they are not responsible for anything they say; now they are not responsible for anything they do.

There was a time when they were responsible, and if in the great Day of Judgment they should say to God, I was for many years demented, I didn't know my right hand from my left, I had no capacity to judge of these things, Christ will answer, There were long years in which you had intellectual prosperity, long years in which you rejected my grace, long years in which you drove back my Spirit, and driving back my Spirit you drove back your last opportunity, and a ransom cannot deliver thee.

But, my friend, we had better be in the condition of *the Cornish fool*, whose biography has been written and published in England, Robert Anderson. He was a weak man, but he had brought scores and scores into the Kingdom of God. They called him a fool. He hadn't half the wit or sense of other people, but in his biography he gives us this account: "The mob pursued me in the streets, I lost my hat, I got upon a meat-stand, and while I stood there my heart grew hot with love toward those who pursued me, and I began to pray, and I began to exhort." Oh, my God, give me the patience of the Cornish fool, who yet had the grace of God, rather than the mightiest intellect that God ever created unillumined of His grace.

Not appreciating the fact that we need our mental faculties for the choice of this religion, men postpone to the final hour of life the things of eternity, not recognizing the fact that in the vast majority of instances in the closing moment of life, the intellect is beclouded, and there is no capacity for choice.

Oh, how many quote the story of the dying thief, who found mercy, and encourage their procrastination to the last hour, saying, that man found salvation in the last moment, and I can find it in my last and dying moment, forgetful of the fact that they are misinterpreting the whole of the word of God, that while in the Bible there are accounts of hundreds of men who died, there is only one instance where a man found mercy at the last moment; in other words, the whole meaning of that passage is, that there is not more than one chance out of five hundred of death-bed repentance that amounts to anything. And yet how many procrastinate to that hour when their reason may be gone. Beware lest He take thee away with a stroke of your reason; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.

II. But I remark again, that God sometimes removes gospel opportunity by

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

There are persons in this house who were very serious twenty years ago; there are persons in this house who were very thoughtful forty years ago; I do not know just the time, but you may remember it; it was when you were very sick, or it was when you were standing by the sick and dying bed of some one whom you greatly loved; it was in some great crisis of your life, you remember it; I cannot tell just when it was, but you know when it was; you were very serious, very thoughtful, almost prayerful about your soul. God's Spirit strove mightily in your heart, and you drove Him back. *That was your opportunity of salvation.*

You tell me that since that time you have had no very serious consideration of the great things of eternity. I will not take the responsibility of saying the Holy Spirit has gone finally and forever from your heart, but if you tell me that for twenty or forty years you have had no serious reflection it looks like it. You say, I never pray; that is one sign of the departure of the Spirit. You say, I have no anxiety about the eternal world; that is another sign of the withdrawal of the Spirit. You say, I am not at all impressed with the service to-night; there is nothing in the song, nothing in the Scripture lesson to move my heart—that is another sign of being given up of the Spirit. I do not say the Holy Ghost has finally flown from your heart, but I say it looks like it.

I knew *a man seventy five years of age* who attended all the religious services, yet was unmoved. I asked his history, and I found that at twenty-one years of age he was in the midst of a great revival, a great awakening, and he was persuaded that that was his time for Heaven. He drove back the Spirit; he lived on to seventy-five years of age unconcerned in regard to the future, and he died without one particle of hope.

Next Wednesday the Cunard steamer will leave the wharf at eleven, two, or three o'clock, and after it has been gone two hours, go on the wharf and shout to it, beckon it to come back, will it come back? Yes, sooner than the Holy Ghost departing from your soul will come back.

During these nine tremendous weeks some of you have been mightily moved by the Spirit. That Spirit said to you in som our services, Come to Christ, and you answ Not now. More emphatically the Spirit Come to Christ, and you said, Not More emphatically the Spirit called you, you said, I will come after a while. But I get over my evil habits first; I am in habit of taking strong drink, I must get that first; I am in the habit of indulging i games of chance, I must get over that fir am willing to come, after the world has re to scoff at me; I mean to come, but not And that Holy Spirit, after your procrastin for one week, three weeks, four weeks, weeks, six weeks, seven weeks, eight weeks, weeks, stands with His hand on the door of heart, about to go away. Let Him depa Him take His final departure from your and you are as certainly lost as though death had occurred a hundred years ago.

Jerusalem stood forty years after it was d ed. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem," said C "how oft would I have gathered thee as gathereth her brood under her wings, b would not." Christ pronounced the do that city. It stood forty years, but all th under that doom, and then it went down. is a dead line beyond which a soul may and be saved. As the poet says:

> "There is a line, by us unseen,
> Which crosses every path,
> The hidden boundary between
> God's mercy and his wrath."

And there are many of you, I fear, wh come up to that dead line, and if you go the same direction the next step your fe be planted on the other side of the lin Holy Spirit grieved finally and forever from your heart. Beware, beware, lest H thee away with His stroke, and then a gre som cannot deliver thee.

III. But I think in a great many cas sudden withdrawal of gospel opportunity

THE MOMENT OF OUR DEPARTURE

from this world. We often hear aged say, Oh, I can't live long; but I have to that one hundred young and middle-aged die where one aged man dies, for the reas there are not many aged ones to quit life. over this assemblage to-night—how few aged; their comrades gone. There will hundred people in this house who will this life to one aged person now in this who will depart this life.

And *our departure will be sudden*; if w it will come in the winter, it will com summer; if we think it will come in th mer, it will come in the winter; if we will come by day, it will come by night think it will come by night, it will come No one expects to depart when he depa denly, and the Gospel offer falls this sid grave. All the invitations of mercy m sounded at the door of the grave, the cannot hear it; elegant and eloquent e will do the man no good; epitaphs chise polished Scotch granite will do him no bewailing kindred cannot do him any suddenly, suddenly he went.

"Oh," says some one, "I will stand ba all these perils." That will make no dif You say, "I will not go upon the sea, I go upon a rail-train;" that will make n ence—suddenly. A sailor said: "My fat lost at sea, and my grandfather was lost and my great-grandfather was lost at "Well, then," said the landsman, "you never venture on the sea; you also will p And then the sailor turned to the lands said, "Where did your father die?" H "In bed." "Where did your grandfath He says, "In bed." "Where did you grandfather die?" He says, "In bed." said the sailor, "beware lest some nigh you are asleep, God calls you." Sudden denly.

You may take it as cowardly, if you but I declare I have an infinite horror of n of this life without Christ. I would sooner that I had a right to a sensation of safety in leaping from the top of Mont Blanc thousands of feet down, than to go out of this world without Christ and expect any safety.

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* Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Tabernacle on Sunday last, we therefore publish an evening sermon he recently preached.

Oh, when our last hour on earth comes, our gospel opportunity passes. And here comes that tremendous thought of my text: it implies that when once a man has passed out of life, or passed beyond the dead line, that then and there there is no hope for his salvation, and my text pronounces it a dead failure. Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke, and then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.

know there are restorationists who say the soul passing out of this world will go into another world, and if a man was wicked in this world, he will suffer there, and that after a while he will then enter Heaven. Do you really think so? That a soul going down among the Hildebrands, the Neros, the Robespierres, and the abandoned and the debauched of the universe will get reformed? Would you *send a sick child to Memphis,* smitten with the yellow fever as it was summer before last, and expect the child to recover? Would you send a soul down into the land of eternal disease, amid an epidemic of transgression, and expect the health of the soul to be restored?

ould you send one into the worst abominations of New York or Brooklyn life, with all the abandoned surroundings, and expect that one to be reformed, purified, built up, elevated, and saved? It is absurd; it is unphilosophical; it is not only contrary to the Word of God, but it is contrary to common-sense, that a man can go down amid all the suffering and abandonment of that world, and ever come up again. How does the passage go? These shall go away—into *three months' punishment?* No. These shall go away into *a hundred years* of punishment? No. These shall go away into *a thousand years* of punishment? No. These shall go away into everlasting punishment.

uppose a spirit from Heaven should after a while knock at the gate of the doomed world, and say, "Let me in, and let that man out, I will come in and suffer in his place," the jailer would say, "This man had all opportunity of salvation. He had all warning. He had all invitation. He cannot come out."

A RANSOM CANNOT DELIVER HIM.

ppose a spirit from Heaven should knock at that gate, and say, Let that man come out, he was affluent in the world. He had splendid surroundings. Let the poor pauper come in and suffer in his place. The spirit at the gate would say, He cannot come out. This substitution cannot take place. These had their good things on earth, while these had their evil things. These are comforted. These are tormented. A ransom cannot deliver them.

metimes an army has gone forth to capture prison walls. The army of Napoleon thrust their bayonets into the doors of the Inquisition and opened them. Do you suppose the doors of the eternal incarceration shall ever be broken up

he armies would not come down from Heaven, for they would not fight against the decrees of Heaven; they would not bring their batteries to bear against that door, for the captives themselves are captured. They themselves are chained. They themselves are destroyed. And a great ransom cannot deliver them.

metimes men are imprisoned for life, but after a while there is another judge, there is another governor in office, and you find that imprisoned man in the street, and you say, How is this And he says, I have been pardoned. There is another governor. There is another judge. But let me say, There is no other judge, there is no other governor. But let me say further that God will never yet destroy a soul. And all the ages of the past He has never destroyed a soul. If the soul is destroyed, it is suicide. Oh, Israel, *thou hast destroyed thyself.*

, this is a tremendous thought. Do you suppose there will be any deliverance for those who finally reject God after thousands of years have passed away, if this Bible is true? After thousands of years, when some one shall say to a soul, How long have you been here? The soul may say, I have ceased counting. Why count these passing ages which take us no nearer the end?

Ages, ages, ages, eternity, eternity, eternity. The wrath to come, the wrath to come, the wrath to come. The City Hall bell tolls three for the third district, four for the fourth district. It taps five for the fifth district, but those bells of eternal conflagration will toll on and toll on forever.

Yet, blessed be God, I am here to-night to tell you

THERE IS A RANSOM,

there is a deliverance for any man or woman, whatever his or her fault. I want to tell you of a braver than Grace Darling, when she put out from the lighthouse amid the breakers; Christ launched from Heaven to earth in the wild track of our sins and wretchedness to pull us ashore. I have to tell you that Christ came in pangs, and suffering, and agony indescribable, to bring you up from darkness and from sin and death into life and the bright hope of the Gospel. There are His wounds. There is His bleeding side. There is His bleeding temple. There is His bleeding heart. There are His bleeding feet, and there is your sacrifice, there your atonement, there is your ransom. "Whosoever will, let Him come."

Oh, man and woman, so long prayed for, so long offered the mercy of God, have you concentred all your physical and mental and spiritual energies in one awful determination to be lost? Is there nothing in the value of your soul, or in the great assurances of Christ, or in the thunders of the last day, or in the raptures of heaven, or in the surges of wrath, to arouse you from your indifference, and compel you to pray? Oh, thou, whose garments are dyed with the winepress of thy suffering, ride through this audience to-night, and bring all these people captive for grace. "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else."

I have presented all the arguments from Sabbath to Sabbath. Before many of you I have stood ten years preaching this Gospel. I have told you of Sinai and of Calvary, I have held back nothing I thought I ought to present. You have all the facts before you, and yet there are many sitting in the house of God unsaved, notwithstanding all the Gospel calls. And then, during these last nine weeks, while God has been rousing up the people, and they have come from the north and the south, the east and the west, and been changed by the grace of God, and men who have toiled in revivals of other days, the revivals of fifty years ago, have arisen in our meetings, and said, We have never beheld it on this wise; we never saw such multitudes seeking after God. We never observed such solemnity.

In 1857 five hundred thousand souls in America were brought to God. You were not brought. Revival after revival, Christian influence after Christian influence, prophet after prophet, alarm after alarm, and you are not saved. Oh, will God have to come with greater power upon you? Will He have to take another portion of your worldly estate before you are moved? Will He have to take another darling child from your household before you will begin to pray? Will He have to bring sorrow upon sorrow and agony upon agony before you will yield your heart to the Lord? Oh, Son of God, display thy power to-night in the salvation of all this people!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MATT, THE IDIOT BOY.

A LADY wandering along the sea-coast of an English watering-place, observed a boy intently gazing up at a small space between the clouds. Drawing close to him, she said, "What are you looking at, my boy?" The child made no answer, "Boy, boy," said she, shaking him gently by the sleve, "what are you doing?" The boy sighed, rubbed his eyes, shaded them, looked up again, and said with earnestness, "Matt was looking for God. Matt wants to see God." The clouds closed, and, as if to comfort himself for the disappointment, he said in a more cheerful tone, "Matt shall see God some day."

At this time a little girl ran out of a cottage, calling out, "Matt, come home; dinner is ready." The lady followed, and being asked to walk in, she learned that Matt was an orphan, about thirteen years of age, living with an aunt and grandfather. After this she often called and one day found the old man ill. The clergy man shortly afterward came in, and read the eighteenth of Matthew. When he came to the parable of the "king that would take account of his servants," Matt's attention became riveted.

When he had finished, Matt turned to him earnestly, saying, "Parson, read some more." Mr. Green began to relate the parable thus: "A great king said (and in speaking he pointed upward), bring my servants to me, and I will make them pay me all the pounds that they owe me. And they brought one servant that owed ten thousand pound—a great many, a great many! And he had no pound to pay; and the king said, he shall be put in prison, and never come out any more till all the money is paid." The tears trickled down the poor boy's cheeks; his countenance showing great alarm, and rushing to the beach, he threw himself down and wept piteously. The next day the lady found him again in his usual attitude, looking up; and not until she noticed him did he notice her.

"What is Matt doing?" she asked.

"Matt was talking to God," he replied.

"What did poor Matt say?"

The boy joining hands, looked up with a piteous expression of submission and fear, and said, "Good God, Matt has no money to pay!" And then shaking his head, he told her, with the deepest emotion, that he was going to be put in prison; God was going to put Matt in prison. The lady, taking both his hands to fix his attention, said cheerfully: "Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt. God will not put Matt in prison now. Jesus Christ has paid all for Matt."

"Man that paid—man that paid—Matt says thank you, thank you!"

The grandfather died, and Matt was told that he went to God, and that God would soon send for him also. This took such possession of Matt's mind that he would ask for his new cap, and have his hands washed, that he might be ready when God would send for him. "God would send for Matt some day," he repeated softly; "perhaps it would be to-day, and Matt must be ready; Matt must always be ready."

One day he inquired of the lady what kind of a place it was that God would take him to.

"It is never cold there," she said; "no one will be hungry or sick."

"Will any one beat me there?"

"No; God will take care of Matt."

A time of trouble came—his aunt died—and poor Matt was found, one cold, snowy morning, nearly frozen to death in a cave, his dying voice uttering these words: "Matt shall see God some day. Matt will never be cold any more. God! God! and man that paid! oh! take poor Matt away."

The young person who found him ran for assistance, but, before Matt was removed, the spirit had passed away.

Happy Matt! Yes, reader, the poor idiot boy was happy, for he had laid hold upon the gospel message that Jesus paid the debt of sin.

The mystery of mysteries is folded up in these words, "God manifest in the flesh."

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By M. A. Paull.

(*Continued from page 423.*)

The Minister's Correspondence—The Funeral—Reading the Will—Planning for the Future—A Message from the Mission Station.

IT would have been amusing to have peeped at Hermann Ferguson when he began his matutinal opening of letters. Several of his clever, well-read feminine auditors had begun a correspondence with him on philosophical and religious subjects. Perhaps they had a faint hope that from letters on the love of wisdom they might one day begin to write letters on the love of each other. His answers to all these fair correspondents were short, terse, and emphatic models of polite annihilation.

"My dear Madam (or Miss, as the case might be): I cannot become a father confessor in the Congregational Church, nor should I think it right to become what may be termed a Protestant equivalent for one. Every reasonable and important doubt or question I am asked to solve I shall try to do, but this must be by my public sermons. I have no time to do it in private controversy. Thanking you for your confidence, I remain, my dear Madam, yours truly,

"HERMANN FERGUSON."

It was quite a comfort to the minister when he had drawn up this reply. It was carefully put away in the desk, stereotyped, as it were, to be simply copied whenever occasion required.

But women are never daunted, and next came what Mr. Ferguson remorselessly called "the reign of sweetmeats." Every day or two some charming girl or woman took a cooking fit. She descended from her parlor to her kitchen, rolled up her sleeves, slipped off her rings, put on a marvellous apron or adult pinafore which enveloped her whole form, and proceeded to concoct custards, or jelly, or blanc-mange, or delicate cake, or tempting pastry, which was duly forwarded to the much-persecuted, much-enduring man.

And these things he dared not throw promiscuously into his cupboard to keep company with the superfluous slippers and the cigar-case; for he feared by thus acting he should encourage the immigration of a vast colony of mice. So he must needs allow Mrs. Poddikins, his worthy landlady, to smell and taste and admire, and very frequently utterly demolish the dainties, while the number he distributed to the poor sick people he visited was a marvel to them, he being a bachelor; and caused them to form a deceptive estimate of the gastronomic talents of Mrs. Poddikins.

The most bearable and least perplexing of the gifts which crowded upon him from his fair friends was what he laughingly called "The Ferguson Flower Mission," on which, directly spring commenced, they industriously entered. His pleasant parlor became a very garden of beauty, and as Hermann never desired to set limits to the numbr of his flowers, the only difficulty arose with poor Mrs. Poddikins, to provide sufficient accommodation for them in the way of vases, glasses, and the like.

Perhaps could the charming young lady who sent a choice nosegay of exotics to him from her greenhouse have known that it, though greatly admired and appreciated, was thereafter destined to bloom, and then to wither, in a milk-jug, without a lip, all other flower-holders being in use, her enthusiasm about her neat bouquet might have been of a somewhat cooler degree.

Several ladies were unfortunately jealous of Emily Anerley, and her fair face had been considerably discounted in consequence, because business with his principal deacon so often led Hermann Ferguson to No. 12 Eglinton Terrace, although the young girl herself had never looked upon him in any other light than that of her father's friend; and it had never even occurred to the minister that such a construction could be put upon his visits.

"I think everything has been conducted, mother, just as he would have wished," said Cecil Anerley, as the sad family gathered around the fire the evening of the day on which their loved one's remains had been laid in the grave. All of them had attended the funeral.

The deceased Mr. Anerley had often expressed his horror and dislike of those wretchedly forlorn masculine funerals, whence womanly tenderness and affection and feeling seem banished; where a group of men standing at the grave's mouth harden their faces and look askance or defiant, ashamed to weep in the presence of each other; and reduce what should be at least more solemn and sad than an ordinary leave-taking to a decorous farce. He had often said that in his view family life and family ties ought as far as possible to be represented at funerals, not with pomp and pageantry, but simply and lovingly.

Mrs. Anerley had leaned upon the strong young arm of Cecil, and the two girls clung very closely to each other, and stood very near to them; and their tears, all save Constance's, had fallen very fast. On her expressive countenance there was a touching melancholy, as of subdued weeping, that in one so young was more noticeable than less controlled outbursts of sorrow.

They laid Mr. Anerley to sleep in the well-ordered cemetery, with spring sunshine flooding the quiet scene; above them a sky of brightest blue, and the perfume of the floral resurrection in the air; with birds swelling their little throats all around and warbling forth a welcome to the bright new life of the spring.

The service, read with deep and almost overpowering feeling by their own minister, and followed by a very short but very beautiful allusion to the life-work of this true and noble-hearted man, was soothing to the feelings of those nearest and dearest to him, and helpful, too, to many others who sorrowed for their loss; to many a poor man and woman from the Albert Mission, and from many another mission hall and society for the elevation of his fellows with which William Anerley was connected.

Quietly and simply and unostentatiously as the funeral was conducted, without plumes or hired mourners—which latter were indeed not needed when so many freely mourned him—it could not fail to be a very large one; and different sections of men and women, representatives from various organizations, formed quite a long procession from the cemetery chapel to the grave.

And there were two little lads that had wandered out from Albert Street, the orphan children of a costermonger whom William Anerley had befriended and ministered to through a long and weary illness, who came shyly forward to drop a bunch of daffodils into the open grave.

Among the costlier white bouquets and wreaths from widows and children and richer friends, the golden flowers had a sweet story to tell, of seed that had already borne fruit, and of one, garnered in the heavenly harvest home, who had, doubtless, already met and welcomed the friend who had first drawn him to the Saviour.

The sad solemnities of the funeral having been concluded, the Anerleys returned to the home whose every room must forever to them be "crowded with their loss."

The will, which William Anerley had had carefully drawn up by his lawyer a few years before, had been read by that gentleman to the widow and children, the only ones immediately interested in it save the two co-executors with Mrs. Anerley, who were appointed and requested to act, in case he died before his son had attained his majority, in order to assist her in the management of the business matters. These gentlemen were the Rev. Hermann Ferguson and Mr. Scott, one of the partners of the firm by whom Cecil was employed; and they had also been present.

The private property left by Mr. Anerley was of no very considerable amount. He had had an excellent wholesale grocery business, and the good-will which could be obtained for this would add, of course to the means of the family. He was also insured for 2,000*l*.; but his sudden and premature death naturally caused many dif ties in the settlement of his affairs, and necessitate their occupying a very different h from the genteel residence in Eglinton Ter now that their large annual income was cu and they had only a moderate maintenanc gether with the help Cecil might be able gr ally to afford them.

From the few words they could bear to s each other about the funeral, they passed these other subjects.

"I don't at all like the idea of your lea this house, dearest mamma," began Consta "and I think it may be prevented. I inten put my shoulder to the wheel."

Cecil's face, which had saddened so mu the last week, with its awful burden of ex ence, looked more like his old bright self a as he glanced at Constance, and said with a yet very tender smile, "What wheel, stance?"

"I don't believe in your doing all the wor the family, Cecil," said the young girl ener cally. "If I were a boy, you would give m privilege of helping, and why should I not it only because I am a girl? Surely sixte an old enough age to commence our life and to be useful in many families. I might lady help or a nursery governess—my certi would be of use, I expect; and if I coul even half the rent of this dear house per mamma need not leave it. I shouldn't thanks for any other house than this, the o consecrated by his very presence."

Poor Constance hid her face in her hands few minutes, while Mrs. Anerley and Emily aloud.

"I like you all the better for what you said, dear," remarked Cecil presently, "b can't accept your generosity. Mamma and two girls must keep together."

"Then suppose we stay here and set school?" said Constance, raising a very flu face, with dark eyes that gleamed through t

"That would worry mamma; neither sh Emily has strength enough to set a scho foot, and you alone are not old enough," Cecil again. "You have no idea what a b it is, Constance, to have other people's chil to take care of and to be accountable for."

At another time Constance would laughed at the grave, fatherly, experience with which her brother, not yet quite tw years old, uttered this sentiment; but she not laugh now; and Cecil went on, " don't you think, Constance, after all, th would seem more like what father would wished, if we cannot keep together in this and rather expensive house, to keep togeth a small one?"

"There is yet another plan," said Const her eyes brightening. "Surely I might work as a daily governess, and that woul even better. In this way I could still work evening at my Senior exam."

"I don't think you should want to leav at all, dear," said poor Mrs. Anerley some querulously; "you seem to be doing not but plan how you can leave me."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Constance sadly; she added, "Do explain for me, Cecil."

Constance was perfectly aware that every which Cecil said found its way immediate Mrs. Anerley's perceptions. Her deservedl loved son had what his sisters called "a w putting things" that never wounded if it di always please their mother. Cecil respond Constance's appeal.

"She is only trying and thinking how to you most, dear mother," he explained. " must not think she would wish to leave you were not to do something for your comfort.

Constance felt a little compunction at speech, for her spirit had been like a caged at the gloom and restraint of the past days. told herself again and again that she coul bear for No. 12 Eglinton Terrace to cease the home of her dear ones, and yet she she could hardly endure the emptiness that er again be filled—the solitude that could er again be peopled.

ist at that moment there was a quiet ring at front door bell, and Mrs. Anerley remarked, expect that is Mr. Ferguson; he said he ild look in and wish us good-night as he re- ed from the mission service."

It is very good of him to have taken it to- t, when he is always so busy," said Emmie.

e came in, and there seemed to enter also reshness and strength that emanated from irm, strong, bright nature.

We have had such a very nice time," he "and I have brought to you from them a touching resolution of sympathy and con- nce. It is not an empty form." He sat , took a piece of paper from his pocket- , and read aloud.

Out of the depths of their own loneliness sorrow for the greatest loss they could sus- as a society, the members and assistants at anches of the Albert Mission offer to Mrs. ley and her children their loving sympathy heart-felt prayers. Signed on their behalf or ourselves." Here followed their signa-

shall prize it very much; we all shall. you write and tell them so, Mr. Fergu- said the widow holding the paper very y which the minister had handed to her.

ecil should do that," returned Mr. Fergu- "they will like it so much better from one urselves."

(*To be continued.*)

PROPHETIC EXPOSITION.*

(*Continued from page 423.*)

ey to the Revelation—The Political Sun— Work of the Unclean Spirits—The rch's Expectation—The Wilful King.

E REV. PHILIP ALLWOOD, B.D., Fellow of alene College, Cambridge, England, pub- in 1829 his "Key to the Revelation of St. " (two vols.), in which he clearly showed he darkening of the Napoleonic Empire its Waterloo eclipse in 1815, and its future earance a few years before 1866, as the Head of the Roman Empire, was pre- d in the year-day fulfilment of the fourth, and sixth Vials in Revelation 16. The ing is a summary of his statement:

e political Sun of the Fourth Vial, 'to power was to be given to scorch men with d with great heat,' was Napoleon I., who, *peror of France and King of Italy*, and tor of the Confederation of the Rhine, overthrown the Austro-German Emperor sterlitz, compelled him to resign his pre- y among the Potentates of Europe, and quently the dignity of 'Head of the Holy Empire,' which title Bonaparte forth- ssumed to himself, and in proof of it ated his son

"'KING OF ROME.'

ch was the humiliation of Germany and a, and Spain, Portugal, Italy, Naples, etc., erwent as great abasement.

t the Fifth Vial is stated to be 'poured on the throne of the Wild-beast, and to his kingdom with darkness.' And has e kingdom of the Wild-beast become dark- since Bonaparte's overthrow and eclipse battle of Waterloo, in 1815? Who can ere his throne is? Where is now (in he ancient and splendid title of 'Head of man Empire,' which became vested in rte, and was visibly held by him in full so long as he was able; and before the larkness, which has since overwhelmed gdom, had put him, the Political Sun, out of sight? (Rev. 16 : 10).

"But events of great variety and importance are now connected with the pouring out of the Sixth Vial. The first of these events is the exhaustion and 'drying up of the great river Euphrates'—a symbol of the great Turkish Empire, through which it winds its course. And it is among the most ominous and unequivocal signs of the times, that the Turkish Empire is thus tending to dismemberment and dissolution. The ulterior purpose of this catastrophe is also disclosed, viz.: 'that the way of the kings of the East may be prepared,' that is, that the tribes of Israel may be restored to Palestine. (Rev. 16 : 12–14).

"As regards

"THE THREE UNCLEAN SPIRITS

that are here predicted presently to go forth to gather the nations to the war of the great day of God Almighty, the FIRST of them from the mouth of the dragon, or Satan, is obviously the Spirit of Infidelity, which has produced such incalculable misery and destruction among the human race since its violent outburst in the French Revolution of 1793. The *Third* Spirit, coming from the mouth of the False Prophet, is the malignant, artful and intriguing Spirit of Popery or Jesuitism, such as is remarkably on the alert in Britain and Ireland: and has been greatly strengthened by the revival of the order of Jesuits in 1814.

"We already perceive these two spirits of delusion in partial operation among us. But, doubtless, their energies will be greatly increased in the world at large in the future time that is here alluded to, by the wonderful occasions which will then draw them forth, and by the aid which they will then receive from the SECOND Spirit, which will then proceed 'out of the mouth of the Wild-beast,' or Roman Empire. And this SECOND Spirit will be a spirit of insatiable ambition and lust of conquest, which will be exemplified in him who will then be the head of the Wild-beast or Roman Empire.

"Such a confederacy between these 'Three Spirits' of Infidelity, and Lawless Despotism, and Jesuitism, will not be at all unparalleled or unnatural: for we have seen an ever-memorable example of it already. When the Pope, on September 10th, 1804, entered into a concordat with Napoleon Bonaparte (the representative of the infidel French Revolution), and conducted the coronation of that same individual, as French Emperor, on December 2d, 1804; and likewise the further coronation of that Emperor, as King of Italy, on May 26th, 1805. By all these means was effected a coalition between Infidelity and Lawless Ambition and Popery, which will, indeed, attach herself to anything which favors her own aggrandizement.

"The eventual fall of the Turkish Empire will evidently make some very remarkable changes in the political relations of the Great Powers of Europe, Asia, and Africa, which can in any degree be affected by it. Its extensive provinces, so capable of high improvement—and especially the Land of Israel, so admirably adapted by its situation for containing the Seat of a Universal Monarchy—will present temptations which it may be difficult for inordinate ambition, supported by power to resist. And under the ambitious views of the powerful and intriguing Prince, who may then be the *visible head* of the Wild-beast or Roman Empire, aided by the influence of Infidelity on the one hand, and Romanism on the other—such a catastrophe may easily be conceived to give rise to a *grand political confederacy*, similar to that which in 1806 caused the dissolution of the Austro-German Empire, and the transfer of the Headship of the Roman Empire to the *French Emperor*. This prophecy regarding the *Three Spirits*, states not merely the probability, but the *certainty* of such a confederacy as this.

"The name ARMAGEDDON points out the locality where finally there will be the last great war before the Millennium, and at the same time a miraculous display of Divine Power and Justice, and the total destruction of this confederacy, consisting of the WILD-BEAST, that is, the *Last Head of the Roman Empire*, with the confederate kings of the earth and their armies, together with the FALSE PROPHET. Simultaneously the city of Rome will be consigned to remediless ruin (Rev. 16 : 14; 18 : 19 : 19).

"The Last Head of the Roman Empire, though now (in 1829) involved in the darkness produced by the Fifth Vial, will then stand confessed in the broad light of day."

THE REV. E. T. VAUGHAN, M.A., Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester, England, a leading evangelical clergyman of great celebrity, and author of numerous books—the father also of Dr. Vaughan, late Vicar of Doncaster—published in 1827–8 a prophetic work called "The Church's Expectation," in which he stated his belief that Napoleon Bonaparte, with his colleague and successor in unity, *was Daniel's wilful king of the last days*—thereby vowing his belief that another Napoleon would arise as *the colleague and successor in unity* with Napoleon I. to complete the predicted career of the Wilful King. As to the time of the Coming of Christ, he wrote in 1827:

"THE MOST DISTANT DATE
now recognized seems to be 1888."

He also said: "Now, in regard to the view that the prophecies and dates of Daniel should be applied to the Pope, the Turk, the French Revolution, and Napoleon, I am not content with affirming anything less than that 'the Stone which smiteth the Image'* is Christ; the little horn † of the fourth wild-beast is the Papacy; the little horn ‡ of the ram and he-goat is the Turkish or Mohamedan power; and 'the king that doeth according to his own will'§ (usually called *Daniel's Wilful King*) is Napoleon, with his colleague and successor in unity. Nor should I fear to make these assertions good, by even short investigation, to sound and patient reason, aided as she hath been by that broader light, which might well have been expected to issue from the sun-setting of prophecy.

"We are told in Luke 21 : 24, that as soon as the Times of the Gentiles shall have been fulfilled, Jerusalem will no longer be trodden under foot by the Gentiles; and then shall be seen those signs in the political and material heavens which are appointed to usher in the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour. The Jewish tribulation is first to terminate; then commences the Gentile judgment, 'the shaking of all nations,' which is closed by the Lord's terrible but most welcome appearing, 'the coming of the Desire of all Nations' (Haggai 2 : 7). So that one event we are to look for is the delivering up of the Jewish city and temple from Gentile into Jewish hands—and if the signs of the times be examined, and among others if the towering genius, vaulting ambition, impenetrable ferocity, skill, science, and success of the

REVOLUTIONARY STANDARD-BEARER

'that was and is not and yet shall be' (Rev. 17 : 8) be calmly weighed, the epoch of change, unto the coming of the Son of Man, will be judged as near as I have concluded it to be." ‖

(*To be continued.*)

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racted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. *mphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and tion of Approaching Events," with two maps large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains quotations from Forty Expositors on these Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

* Daniel 2 : 44. † Daniel 7 : 8.

‡ Daniel 8 : 9.—In the year-day historical fulfilments, the little horns of Dan. 7 and 8 respectively signify the Papacy and Mahomedanism during 1260 years, but in the future literal-day fulfilment they both represent the last Personal Antichrist in the exercise of his Western and Eastern dominion, during 1260 literal days. (EDITOR.)

§ Daniel 11 : 36.

‖ Mr. Vaughan clearly set forth the established Premillennium doctrine that Christ at His Second Advent before the thousand years of the Millennium, *will not entirely destroy the Nations* of mortal men now dwelling in the flesh on this earth, for although multitudes will be cut off by His judgments, yet some will be spared and converted; and over these and their descendants, Christ (living in Heaven and not on Earth) will personally reign for 1,000 years, after which there will be the general judgment. (Isaiah 24 : 6; 26 : 9; 66 : 16, 19, 23; Daniel 7 : 13, 14; Zechariah 14; Revelation 20, etc.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to The Manager, Christian Herald, 63 Bible House New York.

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Last week's edition of the Christian Herald was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, June 30th, at **1.15 P.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Presidential Campaign was Opened by the assembling of the national Republican committee in New York last week. The appointment of a chairman and secretary for the current year was the first business. Mr. William E. Chandler, Governor Foster, and Marshall Jewell were the gentlemen suggested as suitable for the chairmanship. An adjournment took place to permit of Gen. Garfield expressing his preference, and the committee finally selected Marshall Jewell for the responsible position. Senator Dorsey, of Arkansas, will be secretary.

The Selection of General Hancock as the Democratic candidate for the presidency has received general commendation in all quarters, even the Republican journals joining in the chorus of approval. The ticket is undoubtedly a strong one, and the contest will probably be severe. It promises, however, to be of a purely political character, turning on the principles of the two parties; neither sectional issues nor personal questions entering so largely into the strife as they have hitherto done. Both parties were menaced by serious dangers, and might have made selections which would have forced the campaign into a personal instead of a national channel; but both at Chicago and Cincinnati the issue reached may be regarded as eminently satisfactory. Should the Republican party retain their hold of power, or the Democrats succeed in electing their candidate, the general feeling will be that the presidential chair is filled by a man of tried patriotism and proved ability.

President Hayes, at the Yale Commencement exercises, on Thursday, July 1st, received the honorary degree of LL.D. In the course of a speech at the dinner, the President called attention to the number of Yale graduates now holding important national offices at home and abroad. He also made a statement as surprising as it was gratifying to the Yale professors and alumni, in reference to his Southern policy, which has caused so wide a divergence of opinion among both Republicans and Democrats. Speaking of the period when he took office, the President said: "It seemed to me that the pacification of the country was the first duty. I know great and good men have failed to see it as I saw this. To restore the confidence of the people, to have a period of rest and repose, to have time for things to recover, seemed to me to be the first and great purpose of the administration. Looking at this it occurred to me I would find some man in the South upright and honorable, but who was opposed to me in the war, so that he should have the confidence of the South. How was I to do this? I found no great political leader suggesting that this course might possibly lead to a solution of the difficulties.

"While I was pondering what to do, and what course to pursue, there came to me, like a flash from a clear sky, the thought of Yale and the venerable president whom we almost worship. Without drifting into a speech, I will simply say that I wrote to him and then followed implicitly President Woolsey's advice. All may not have followed as I hoped for, but I do feel that, in that matter, I found the true key to the situation."

In thus taking the people into his confidence, President Hayes makes clear many matters which had previously appeared inexplicable.

Gen. Garfield's Nomination is Regarded with satisfaction by the church to which he belongs. The Cincinnati *Christian Review*, which is the organ of the Church of the Disciples, thus writes of the general's character: "General James A. Garfield is a member of the Church of Christ, and has been for about thirty years. We are glad to record the fact that, besides being a statesman of acknowledged ability, his private life has been pure, and that his Christian character is without a stain. We have known Brother Garfield personally for twenty-five years, and during all that time have known him as an humble Christian, unpretentious in his profession, magnanimous and liberal-hearted, honest, faithful, and philanthropic, with a head and heart ready to serve in the humblest cause of humanity. The last time we were in Washington City, we found him *teaching a Bible class* in the Sunday-school of a very obscure church. He is one of the biggest hearted Christian men we ever met."

Another Fatal Steamboat Disaster has Followed in the shocking series of which the wreck of the Narragansett was the commencement. On Monday, June 28th the Steamer Seawanhaka, which runs between New York and Glen Cove, L. I., stopping at intermediate ports, caught fire in the East River between Ward's Island and Astoria, and in a few minutes was enveloped in flames. At the time between two hundred and fifty and three hundred passengers were on board, many of them being residents of New York who live during the summer at towns on the Sound.

A slight shock was the first intimation the passengers received that anything was wrong, and almost instantaneously the cry was raised that the vessel was on fire. In the sudden alarm many persons jumped overboard, some of whom were drowned and others killed by the paddle-wheels. The captain was in the wheel-house at the time, and immediately headed the ship for the sunken meadows between Randall's and Ward's Island, where she ran aground. The passengers at this point leaped from the burning vessel, and a large number were able to wade ashore, while others were picked up the boats sent from the shore and passing vessels. Many were afraid to trust themselves to the water, and remained on board until their clothes caught fire. Forty-three bodies have already been recovered, and inquiries have been made as to twenty-eight other persons who were, it is feared, on board the steamer at the time of the disaster.

The coolness and heroism of the captain are warmly praised by the survivors. While the flames surrounded the wheel-house and scorched his clothes, he held his position at the wheel, although his hands were so blistered by the fire that he suffered torture. The wisdom of his course too, which was not evident at first sight, was clearly proved afterward. Had he ste the vessel for the nearest land, the flames w have been carried by the wind to the ste the vessel and so all the passengers would ably have been burned, but in keeping th to the wind the flames were confined stern until the ship ran on the Meadows captain is now in the hospital; his inj serious, but it is hoped will not prove fatal.

These appalling calamities, following e other in such rapid succession, proclaim a sole warning of the uncertainty of life.

Among the Passengers on Board the S wanhaka was the Rev. Jacob W. Diller, D. Rector Emeritus of St. Luke's Episcopal Chur Brooklyn. He completely lost his presence mind and although his daughter who accompa him fastened a life preserver around him, could not be persuaded to jump into the wa His daughter stayed by his side entreating to save himself, until her own clothes cau fire, when she reluctantly sprang over the and was rescued. Her father was burned death.

Dr. Diller was born in Lancaster, Pa., enty-eight years ago. He was associated the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg for many years, acted as tutor of mathematics under him. forty years ago he was ordained a deacon, was associated in the ministry with Dr. Jo son, of St. John's Church, Brooklyn. He five or six years rector of a church in the cese of Vermont. About thirty years ago was chosen rector of St. Luke's Church, Clin Avenue, Brooklyn, and has been in charge that parish ever since.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, the editor of the York *Sun*, Mr. J. W. Harper, of the emi publishing house, and many other promi citizens were also on board, but were provi tially rescued. The Rev. Wm. E. Webste the Methodist Church, the recently appoi agent of the La Teche Seminary in Louisi and his wife were also among the saved.

Another Appalling Calamity which aced the passengers of a river steamer was p dentially averted on Tuesday, June 29th. Steamer Long Branch, with about a thou passengers on board, the majority of w were teachers and children of *the Sunday S* of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Broo was run into by an oil barge in the East R Her stern was carried away and a hole ten wide made in her side, and but for the fact her water tight bulkheads were closed, she have sunk on the spot. As it was, she was into a slip on the New York shore and secu No lives were lost and the passengers, being t ferred to another steamer, proceeded on journey devoutly thankful to God for His serving mercy.

The Annual Camp Meeting at the Thou Island Park, this summer, will commen July 11th under Chancellor Haven. The mainder of the programme is as follows: 21–27—Scientific and Esthetic Conference. 28–August 1—The International Christian perance Camp-Meeting Association of United States and Canada. August 4–15— day-school Parliament. August 16–21—Th ternational Society for Investigating and moting the Science of Teaching. August 2 —The Christian Summer Training College Lay Workers. August 26–31—The course o tures on Social Science.

A Church has been Given by Mr. Geor Seney, the President of the New York M politan Bank, to the Methodist Connection is erected at Bernardsville, N. J., and has $10,000, the whole of which has been paid by Seney, whose previous munificent gifts to Wesleyan University have rendered his prominent among liberal donors.

A Lady in Tennessee has Sent us Ten Do for the Persian Famine and ten dollars fo American Bible Society. These generous d tions have been paid by us, the one to the byterian Board of Foreign Missions, and other to the Society's treasurer.

In the Scene of Distress and Confusion on ard the Stonington after she had collided with e Narragansett on June 11th a Christian min- er among the passengers was able to render uable service. This was Rev. Edward Ander- n, of Quincy, just returning from the funeral his father. He proffered his services to the cers of the Stonington, and they were ac- ted; and the care of the perishing, as they e snatched from the waves and received ard that ship, was intrusted to him, while to wife, who showed equal self-possession and itude, were given in charge the many half- wned little children. Mr. Anderson is of the nion that more than a hundred persons must e perished.

n Army Officer was Saved from a Drunkard's ve through a short residence in the Inebriate A lum. He related the circumstances at a re- t meeting of that institution. After he re- ned from the civil war his father retired from ness as a manufacturer, and the officer suc- led him, but he became a hard-drinking man; property became involved, and he was re- d by debts and bad management to the e of ruin. His creditors agreed, if he would e an effort to recover by going to some m, they would give him time to save him- He did so, and after six months' treatment e, he returned, and is to-day, through the ing of God on the means employed, a suc- ul, temperate man. Before this he had many efforts through societies, and by l, to reform, but all had failed.

brother officer, and an attached friend, who e close of the war had become a farmer, also nder the power of drink, but he refused to an asylum, as he said his falls were only ional, and he was not a confirmed drunk- At length his wife died, and in an attack lirium, he set fire to his buildings, and was after found dead by the roadside. He left hildren to the cold charities of the world, y his influence did much to lower the so- of his town, and encourage evil.

Effort to Resuscitate Life in a Criminal had been executed, was made recently at eport, Conn., by Dr. Porter, an army sur- The result was an utter failure. The r was able by his electrical appliances to e action to the lungs and other organs. the heart was tried. This was the supreme nt, for could the central engine of organic once more set in motion, and the stream ood pass freely into and out of the lungs, imera of once more living after death had red would have been successfully solved. e heart remained motionless, and the doc- knowledged himself beaten. Thus man is t the limit of his power. Physical life and al life are both the gift of God, and man endent for both on Him and Him alone. 36 : 9).

unatic's Letter.—A Letter was sent re- to Superintendent Louis D. Pillsbury, is a curiosity of correspondence. It ap- that the use of writing materials is forbid- the inmates of the lunatic asylums, but izzie King, who is confined in the Auburn n, desiring to bring her case under the of the authorities, conceived an ingenious for evading the regulation. She obtained sion of a Bible deposited in the asylum by merican Bible Society, and cut from its each letter as she needed it to make up ition. She stitched these letters together ntences grammatically constructed, and raphically correct, and the stitching was tly done as to be almost invisible. The s a work of art was so peculiar in its na- re, that Governor Cornell requested the e to retain it, which was granted.

An Engineer's Fright.—A Steam Fire En- ne, hich cost the Common Council of Asbury rk 4000, was ordered out for trial on June th. The fireman got a good head of steam on, he engineer, Bartine Green, took charge teamer. Trying one of the steam cocks, d there was little water in the boiler. He ly turned the pump tank, when he found it would not admit any water into the boiler. Thoroughly frightened he forsook his engine, and, with his fireman, beat a hasty retreat. Green then returned and made frantic efforts to turn the pump, but without avail. The boiler seemed to be at white heat, and now thoroughly convinced that an explosion must take place, he turned and fled. After running forty yards, Green fell in a swoon, and from night until morning he was unconscious. When he came out of the swoon, his first words were "Pull the valve." The doctors think his condition precarious. The engine exploded and became a total wreck.

When the engineer saw that his life was in peril, having done his utmost to save his employers' property, he had the wisdom to fly; but there are many men who in circumstances where their souls are placed in peril, by temptations to sin they have not the strength to resist, remain in the danger instead of seeking safety in flight (Matt. 5 : 29).

A Brave Soldier's Attachment to his Flag was evinced at Washington the other day. The flag of Stonewall Jackson's corps has recently been unfurled in the bunting room of the War Department at Washington. A southerner called with two friends and asked to see it. It was handed to him. In silence he held it for some time, then on his knees he carefully spread it on the floor. When one of his friends asked him what he was doing, he answered, tears streaming from his eyes, "Can't the father look at the son, or the son at his father? This flag my father held when he fell upon the battle-field; this flag my brother held—he too died; I also carried it." Whereupon he raised his hands to heaven and poured out a most fervent prayer. His friends had hard work to get him to give up the flag. A tattered end falling on the floor, the officer in charge picked up the piece and gave it to the man, and he departed. The flag represented to the poor man the cause for which he and his relatives had fought, and he loved it. So the holy cause for which missionaries risk their lives in heathen lands is loved, and the Master whom they serve will, when they have finished their work, receive them into mansions prepared for them.

An Examination of Students who were Deaf, dumb, and blind took place on Wednesday, June 23d, at the New York Institution on Washington Heights. The principal, Dr. Isaac L. Peet, gave various interesting exhibitions of their skill and accomplishments. A blind, deaf, and dumb boy, about fourteen years old, who had had less than a year's instruction, was given an order to count out twenty crayons and put them under a mat. The order was given by means of the sign language, transmitted by *feeling the motions of the hands* of the person who communicated with him. The order was correctly performed amid the applause of the audience. A blind deaf mute also wrote several sentences on a type-writer, and on another type-writer a *deaf mute without hands* wrote by means of a stick inserted in his coat-sleeve.

Drowned by a Leaden Life-preserver.—D. P. Newell, a well-known real estate dealer of Chicago, is supposed to have been drowned under peculiar circumstances. His mind has been diseased lately, and he had become impressed with the notion that he had invented a life-preserver *composed of lead.* He took passage one day last week on the steamer Sheboygan for Grand Haven across the lake. He left word for his wife that he was going out to try his invention, and that she would soon know the result. It appears that when half way to the other shore, he quietly undressed, and, binding the lead which he carried with him about his body, slipped unobserved into the water. His body has not been seen since, and will probably never be recovered.

Sinners are continually doing in spiritual matters as this man did with his body. They invent a way of salvation different from God's way, or trust to their own righteousness, and the end is infinitely more disastrous than death.

FREE GRACE A MOTIVE FOR FREE GIVING.

A New Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

(On behalf of the Free Hospitals of London.)

"Now our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and establish you in every good word and work."—2 Thessalonians 2 : 16, 17.

The Coming of the Lord the grandest Hope of the Church—The Thessalonians Perplexed—I. Importance of Believers Enjoying Consolation—It Increases Valor—Paul's Emphatic Expression—It Affects the Heart—Prevents Impatience—Promotes Fruitfulness—II. Gospel Consolations Bestowed Freely—Described as a Gift—By Jesus Himself—And God the Father—The Divine Love—Through Grace—The Consolations are Everlasting—Human Merit as a Foundation for Hope—Like a Shadow Buttressed by a Dream—People who Imagine Sin is Dead in them—III. Consolations should lead to a Life of Benevolence—In Action and in Word—The London Hospitals.

The Thessalonian saints had been much persecuted and afflicted, and they had exhibited great faith, insomuch that Paul says, "We ourselves glory in you in the church of God for your patience and faith." As if they had not enough trouble coming from the outside, there sprang up in their midst certain hot-headed teachers who declared that the day of Christ was immediately at hand. *The coming of the Lord is the grandest hope of the church*, and it is an evidence of the extreme power of error to poison and pervert truth that a hope which is our brightest consolation can be so twisted as to cause the saints to be "shaken in mind" and troubled.

So it appears to have been with the Thessalonians. They were perplexed with mysterious rumors, which the zealots probably supported by a misinterpretation of the apostle's own language in his former letter to them. It would appear that they were tempted to leave their regular habits of life: and some of them neglected their business upon the theory that there was no need to attend to it, because the world was so speedily to be at an end.

This gave an occasion for "busybodies" to cease from working, and create great disquietude among the more sober members, and therefore Paul wrote them this second letter, with the earnest intent that they might be established in the truth and kept from evil, that disorderly walking might be repressed, and that the church might be at peace. Paul felt that it was of the utmost importance that this honorable church should be at rest, and should not lack consolation, either as to its bitter persecutions or its internal difficulties.

My subject this morning leads me to make this the first point to be dwelt upon—*it is most important that believers should enjoy consolation.* When I have for a while spoken upon that, I would with delight expatiate upon the fact that *this consolation is most freely provided and bestowed in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ;* and it is from this subject that I purpose to draw a practical inference which may help the collection for the hospitals, namely, that the freeness with which *these consolations are given to us should lead us to a holy benevolence toward others who need consolation.*

I. First, then, it is of the utmost importance that believers should enjoy

CONSOLATION.

We must not say that it does not matter whether we are doubting or believing, whether we are sighing or rejoicing: it does matter a great deal. Every commander knows that if he has not his soldiers in good heart, there may be a great many of them, and they may be well trained for war, but the battle is not likely to be won.

Courage is essential to valor. Much depends upon the case in which a man finds himself upon the eve of conflict. If the soldier has no stomach for the fight, as our forefathers were wont to say, he will make a sorry display when the tug of war comes on. The Lord delights not to see His people with their heads hanging down like bulrushes, depressed and dismayed. His word to them is, "Be strong; fear not."

Paul puts this prayer into a very remarkable shape: to my mind it is expressed in a deeply solemn form, for he writes, "Now our Lord Jesus Christ *Himself*." Was there need for that word "Himself?" Does it not make it very emphatic that he seems to call upon the Lord Jesus to give them comfort, not by any intermediate agency, but in His own person and by His own power. It is so essential that we should be comforted that Jesus, even our own Lord Jesus Christ, is entreated Himself to become the consolation of His people. Is not that a weighty matter which leads the reverent heart of Paul thus to plead?

Nor is this the only instance in the epistle where this desire is expressed, for a little further on, in the third chapter, at the sixteenth verse, we have it in other words but with equal forcefulness: "Now the Lord of peace Himself give you peace always by all means. I do not know that in one single sentence there could be compressed a more intense desire that they may be at peace.

"The Lord" is invoked, and He is styled "the Lord of peace," that all His divine majesty may be seen, and His peace-making power may be displayed. "The Lord of peace" is entreated to give peace, not by His angels nor by His ministers, nor by His providence, but "Himself" to give peace; and this is asked for "always," "give you peace always." *Peace in the cool of the evening* is not enough, it is needed at all parts of the day, in all the days of the year, in every period of life, in every place, and under all circumstances.

The wish is expressed with great breadth in the words, "Give you peace always *by all means*:" if it cannot be brought by one means let it be by another, but somehow or other may you enjoy the peace which the Lord alone can create. I cannot imagine that such a prayer as this would have been placed among the Scriptures of truth, which are to be *our guide till the Lord cometh*, unless it had been of the utmost importance that we should enjoy peace of mind.

The apostle almost hints at one reason for this strong necessity, for in one word he lets us see that it is a vital blessing because *it affects the Christian's heart*. His expression is, "Comfort your hearts." It is well to have a strong hand, how else shall we labor? It is well to have a firm tread, how else shall we stand? Yet these are secondary matters as compared with a healthy heart. A disease of the heart is an injury to the whole man. If anything goes amiss at the fountain the streams of life soon feel it. The entire manhood depends upon the heart; hence the need of comfort for the heart, and the value of the promise "He shall strengthen thine heart."

It is a calamity when the springs of action are weakened, and the spirit is made to sink. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Touch the flesh where else you will, but *spare the brain and the heart*, for these are the man so nearly, that he is wounded to the quick when these are hurt. When the spirits begin to sink then the waters have come in, even into the soul. Hence our Lord said to His disciples, "Let not *your heart* be troubled." However your house may be troubled, however your bodily frame may be troubled, "let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." Faith upholds the heart, and enables the man to bear up under pressure; faith, I say, and nothing else.

Brethren, *this confidence is needful to prevent*

IMPATIENCE AND OTHER EVILS.

Possibly it was the lack of comfort which led certain of the Thessalonians to preach the immediate coming of the Lord: their impatience excited the wish, and the wish led on to the assertion. When men lose the present comfort of plain gospel doctrines they are very apt to begin speculating, and in carnal heat foretelling the coming of the Lord. They left that patient waiting which is our duty, for a fevered prophesying which is nowhere encouraged in the Word of God. Hence the apostle said to them in the fifth verse of the third chapter, "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ."

Laziness and despondency lead many to cry, "Why are His chariots so long in coming?" *just as idle workmen long for Saturday night.* You think time too long and life too long, for you are not happy where your Lord has placed you, and you are eager to rush out of the field of service into the chamber of rest. This will not do, my brethren, either for you or for me. We must be braced up to further labor. We must receive comfort in our spirit that we may be able patiently to toil on, however long life may be, and however long our Lord may delay; for if not, if we grow impatient, we may resort to rash fanatical action, as I have already shown you that certain Thessalonians did.

Under the idea that the Lord was coming they neglected their daily calling, and became busybodies, gadding about from house to house, and loafing upon others who did not pretend to be quite so spiritual. They were *mere star-gazers*, looking for the advent with their mouths open and their eyes upturned, being evermore in grievous danger of falling into a ditch. Paul bade them get to work and eat their own bread, quoting himself as an example, for he had wrought with labor and travail night and day that he might not be chargeable to them.

My friend, if you are growing impatient for the day of the Lord, I pray that comfort of heart may cool you. To-morrow morning take down the shop shutters and sell your goods as if Christ were not coming at all, for should He come you will be all the more fit to meet Him for being engaged in your calling. If I knew that the Lord would come to-morrow I should attend to my regular Monday duties, and on no account leave one of them to go and *stand at the window, looking for wonders.* Whether the Master comes to-morrow or in a thousand years your wisest course is to follow your calling in His fear and for His sake. We ought to do our work better under the impression that *perhaps He may come and find us at it*; but we may not neglect our duty under pretence of His appearing.

Of this, however, be sure, you will not patiently wait if you are not happy. You will not go on conscientiously plodding, doing the same work, walking in the same regular way, unless your heart is stayed upon God. You will run after this novelty or that if your mind is not resting in Jesus. Hence the devout prayer of our text that God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ Himself may comfort our hearts and establish us in every good word and work.

Once more, I am sure this comfort is eminently desirable, because

IT PROMOTES FRUITFULNESS.

The apostle more than hints at this: "Comfort your hearts and stablish you in every good word and work." When we are not happy in the Lord we do not give ourselves heartily to His service. We grow impatient, and then we need the exhortation of the thirteenth verse of the third chapter, "But ye, brethren, be not weary in well doing." If we feel that Jesus is ours, that all things are working for our good, and that eternal glory is secured to us by a sure covenant, we are moved by gratitude to complete consecration, for the love of Christ constraineth us.

So it all comes to this. We, who are constitutionally despondent, must not give way to depressions; we must cry to God to help us by the divine Comforter. We must *aim at being cheerful Christians.* We have abundant reasons for being cheerful, for the Father Himself loveth us and hath given us everlasting consolation in Christ Jesus. Do not let us be so unwise, and so ungrateful, as to neglect these consolations of the Spirit. Is it not apparent that we are invigorated, equipped, and prepared for our Lord's use when we are strong in the Lord and t power of His might? Therefore, let us breat earnestly to God the desire that His everlasti consolation may be laid home to our spirits, a that our hearts may be comforted at this n ment.

II. We shall now turn to the second point our meditation, which is this: Gospel conso tion is

MOST FREELY BESTOWED.

I want, in the chief place, to call your att tion to the manner in which all the way throu the freeness of divine consolation is set before by the apostle.

First, observe that the consolations bestow upon believers are most free because *they are scribed as a gift.* "Now our Lord Je Christ Himself, and God, even our Fath which hath loved us, and hath *given us* ev lasting consolation." Every blessing that we ceive from God comes as a gift. We have p chased nothing: what have we to purchase with? We have earned nothing: what w did we ever do that could deserve everlast consolation from the hand of the great Lord

The freeness of this gift is seen in every p of it. The consolation given us of God is v complete, but it is as manifestly free as it is dently perfect. Notice its completeness, I p you. It covers *the past* with these gol words, "which hath loved us:" as for *the p ent*, it is enriched with this truth, "hath gi us everlasting consolation;" and as for *future*, it is glorified with this blessing, " good hope through grace." Here is a tr comfort, a consolation in three words, and der each aspect it is a free favor.

Lest we should make any mistake about th consolations coming to us most freely, the ap tle mentions One from whose hand they co from whom nothing has ever come in ot manner but that of manifest grace. He m tions "*our Lord Jesus Christ Himself.*" Oh charms me to think that he should comfort When Jesus Christ begins to draw near a m soul his joy begins; but when the Lord Himself down steadily to console His breth I warrant you *it is done in heavenly style:* for will not fail nor be discouraged.

He will wash our feet if the weariness there; He will give His bosom for a pillow our head if the pain be there. He hath s "I will make all his bed in his sickness,' that if the woe comes from disease He will c us there. He will anoint our eyes with salve if the eyes are failing, and bind up broken heart if that be bleeding. Lest we fal will put underneath us the everlasting arms, lest we be wounded He will spread over us shadow of His wing. He will be all to us He is in Himself: judge ye what that is. know that the comforts of the Gospel mus graciously free since they are brought to u Jesus Christ Himself.

Then the apostle solemnly adds, "*and our Father.*" There seems to me to be a pec touch of sweetness about this. It is not " the Father"—which notes his relation to J but *our* Father, which sets forth His relatio us. We love God the Father; unto the Fa be glory for ever and ever: but as "our Fat He comes nearer to us, and gladdens our he Now, *a father does not pay wages* to his dren; his gifts to them are freely bestowed o the love of his fatherly heart. What father pects to be paid for what he does for his and daughters? Thus we see that the ever ing consolations of the Gospel, coming to u cause we are the children of God, are quite from anything which makes them a hire debt, and they come to us in the freest pos manner, as spontaneous donations of our Father, whose delight it is to give good gif them that ask him.

Cannot you look up, you desponding one this moment, and cry, "Our Father?" first hymn greatly refreshed my spirit just for I felt very heavy till the Holy Ghost forted me with it;

"If in my Father's love
I share a filial part.
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart,"

d felt that I could urge that argument, and in inmost heart I pleaded it before the Lord : , if I be indeed thy child and thou be a Father me, then deal with me as with a son, and let feel Thy Spirit resting within my bosom, t I may know myself to be Thine beyond a ubt. Oh, how sweet to feel the Spirit's witness to cry, "Abba, Father!" Now, beloved, spirit of adoption is never a spirit of bondor legality ; it never boasts of human merit, its one song is "free grace and dying love." y our Father's free favor make your hearts to concerning this, and I know that this will our strain—

"Behold what wondrous grace,
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!"

ook at the text again, and you will see how cit Paul is upon one point. To make us see freeness of those consolations which come od's troubled people, he writes it, "Our Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our er, *which hath loved us.*" Divine

LOVE IS THE FOUNDATION

r consolation. No everlasting consolation have visited our hearts if the Father and on had not loved us.

lways feel inclined to sit down when my stry causes me to come across the great of God's love to His people : because it is o much a truth to speak upon with the e as to enjoy in silence in the heart. I can understand that God should pity my misery ; comprehend God's caring for my weak- but I am filled with sacred amazement I am told that He *loves* me. Loves me! can there be in me for the Holy Ghost to Brother, what can there be in you that should set His heart on you?

y say that *love is blind :* I will not say that edeemer's love is of that sort, far rather say that it must have been *wonderfully sighted* love to have been able to perceive ing lovable in us. Yet is his love the and fountain of all our mercies. He oved us. Question there can be none that free : for love is unpurchasable ; if a man give all the substance of his house for would utterly be contemned. Love goes the market ; it knows nothing of price, or : it must go forth unbribed, unhired, or all, in any case ; and far more in the in- of the eternal love of the great Father, is only begotten Son. Price and purchase ine love? Wherein would such an insin- fall short of blackest blasphemy?

again, observe that, as if the apostle that we should get away from this docf grace, he added, "He hath given us ting consolation and good hope *through* ' Some people do not like the sound of ord "grace." "It is too Calvinistic. not care what you call it, but it is the st word in the Bible next to the name of r Saviour. It is from the grace of God our hope begins. Man as a rebel can arn anything but damnation through his rits : grace must reign, or man must die.

ose this part of the subject I would reat this is the reason why the consolaich God gives us are *everlasting*. Dwell word "everlasting." Do not suffer anyritter away its meaning. You may safet that there are certain folks alive who hat everlasting has not the meaning of duration, for it means that or nothing. e too much personal interest involved in d to allow it to be *toned down into age-* or any other miserable sense. We should think that the Bible meant the opposite it seems to do as believe that everlasting omething temporary.

Is given us everlasting consolation, and on why it is everlasting is because it is founded on the grace of God. If it were built upon our merits it would stand upon a foundation of ice or mist : it would rest on *a shadow buttressed by a dream :* but if God loved us out of pure grace, and if Jesus Christ has given us consolation out of pure love, and if our whole comfort rests upon the sovereign grace of God in Christ Jesus, then there is no reason why it should ever pass away unless God's grace can evaporate, which cannot be, since God changeth not, but must be for evermore the same. Our Lord Jesus changeth not, for He is the "same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Ah, *you high-fliers*, who derive a lofty comfort from your feelings, your happy sensations, your holy works, and your belief that *sin is dead in you*, fly away as much as you can, you will be brought down one of these days! Like Icarus in the Grecian fable, who flew so high that he melted the wax of his wings and fell, so will it be with all who venture aloft on wings of self-confidence. He who lies humbly at God's feet, conscious of his sin, and mourning over it, and resting for everything upon sovereign grace and free mercy in Christ Jesus, he may keep where he is with safety, for his hope shall never fail him.

III. So far have I brought you ; now for our closing point, which is a practical one. Since these consolations of God's love have been so freely bestowed upon us they should lead us to

A LIFE OF HOLY BENEVOLENCE.

We ought to be free in our giving to others, since God has been so free in His giving to us. As He has abounded toward us in infinite liberality we ought to abound toward all with whom we come in contact up to the full measure of our ability, in all love and kindness and mercy.

In every benevolent enterprise Christian men should take a hearty interest. Read that seventeenth verse—"Comfort your hearts, and stablish you in *every* good word and work." I am a man, and being a man, everything that concerns men concerns me. I am a Christian man, and as a follower of Christ, the Son of Man, everything that can do good to my fellowmen is a matter in which I delight to take my share.

This should be done in direct actions as well as in words. Read—"Stablish you in every good word *and work.*" Certain of the oldest manuscripts run "In every good work and word," and I suppose in our new translation we shall have it so, and very properly too. In this case work is probably first, and word next.

Some Christian people think that "word" should be everything and work nothing, but the Scriptures are not of their mind. These professors speak a great deal about what they will do, talk a great deal about what other people ought to do, and a great deal more about what others fail to do ; and so they go on with word, word, word, and nothing else but word. They do not get as far as "work," but the apostle put work first in this case, as much as to say, "whether you talk about it or not, *do it.*"

This should be done without pressure. No one could lay constraint upon God to bless His people, no pressure was put upon Christ to redeem us ; everything, as we have shown, was spontaneous, sovereign, free. Even so should men give to God out of an overflowing heart.

THE LONDON HOSPITALS.

The particular case before us this morning is, to my mind, a very important one, and one which should greatly move all generous spirits. In this great city of near upon four millions of inhabitants, the provision of hospital accommodation is small to a painful degree. In those hospitals which will be helped by the collections of to-day I think there are only 5,531 beds, or about one for 723 persons. Considering the liability of working men to disease and accident, and the great number of the poorer classes, this is a fearfully small preparation for possible necessity.

But this is not the worst, for out of these 5,000 beds, as I gather from an admirable paper in *The Lancet*, there are never more than 3,232 in daily use, thus diminishing the supply to an appalling extent. These empty beds are very largely made so by the lamentable fact that the hospitals have not the means of using them. *The depression in trade* has been felt by our free hospitals to such an extent that they live from hand to mouth in a manner which is not honorable to one of the wealthiest cities in the world. The Hospital Sunday Collection has not yet come up to the proper mark, and it is time for ministers to say so, and instruct their people, who if they knew the need would promptly supply it.

The Lancet wisely says that if the sermons of to-day could be *preached in the hospitals* themselves, the collections would be doubled. There are many objections to carrying out the suggestion, but I have no doubt the result would be as anticipated. Suppose me, then, to be preaching in one of the great wards and yourselves to be standing among the beds, I know those poor creatures lying near you writhing in pain, and those others grateful for the relief they have received, would plead much more forcibly than I can. The sight of suffering is the best argument with benevolence. Look at the rows of sick folk and let your heart be touched.

As the service could not well be held in the hospital, *The Lancet* suggests that the ministers should spend Saturday in going over a hospital. I could not very well do that, but I have tried in my mind vividly to realize the scene, and I think most of you are quite as able to draw the picture as I am, for you have been there to see for yourselves, and some of you have been there as patients to partake for yourselves in hospital benefits. Picture the wards of mercy, and let every sick person there entreat you to help the funds of these admirable institutions.

An exceedingly powerful plea to my mind arises from

THOSE EMPTY BEDS.

There they are, two thousand of them! Waiting to be couches of hope to the suffering. Alas, they cannot be filled because there is not the means for providing the people with food and nourishment. Sorrowful necessity! I cannot endure to think of it. A bed for a sick man rendered useless by some one's meanness! Where is the niggard? Surely he is not here!

It would be even more painful to go to the homes where those persons who ought to occupy those empty beds are pining for the want of the hospital help, waiting the next turn—which turn may find them in the grave—but which turn would come to-morrow morning if funds were forthcoming. Must they lie there till they are beyond the reach of surgical help because the wealthy of this so-called Christian city cannot spare a little from their luxuries to furnish poor sick humanities with nutriment? Oh, that one with a trumpet tongue could speak to our nobles, our merchants, our traders, our gentlemen of leisure, and bid them consider the sick poor. Oh, that they all knew *the exquisite luxury* of doing good!

I ask you, dear friends, according as God has intrusted you with this world's wealth, to help the hospitals. I do this with all the greater confidence, because you are believers in the doctrines of free grace. Give freely, for you have received freely. Remember that yesterday and to-day Jews, Catholics, Protestant, people of all sects, have heartily joined in this common effort for suffering humanity, and if those who believe in the free grace of God are behindhand, nay, if they are not among the foremost in the race, it will be to the dishonor of the glorious Gospel which they profess.

The Lord accept your offerings as you now present them! I hear the sound of your gold and silver already, for you are eager in the work of mercy. The collectors are a little too rapid in their work, but I will not restrain them, for it is *a fit ending to my discourse* that you should hasten to pass from word to work. In so doing may God bless you. Amen.

The collections amounted to £257 [$1238].

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON —2 Thess. 1 ; 2 : 1-4 ; 3 : 13-17.]

A BLESSED NATION.

A New Sermon by Dr. Deems, preached at the Church of the Strangers, New York, on Independence Day, July 4, 1880.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."—Psa. 33 : 12.

Patriotism of Instinct not of Reason—Not so lofty a Sentiment as Christian love—I. Patriotism may be Fostered by Considering our Advantages—1. Our Location—Its Isolation—2. Our Solidarity—Without Colonies—3. Our Immense Resources—4. Our Extent of Territory—5. Our Growth in Solitude—6. Mingled Blood—7. Our Elastic Institutions.—II. We may have all these and not be a Blessed Nation—1. We may lose Happiness by having no God—2. By having wrong Gods—III. The Ground of Blessedness—In having Jehovah for our Lord—We must know Him—Honor His Name—Keep His Commandments—As Individuals and as a Nation.

Patriotism, my brethren, appears to be a spontaneous sentiment that does not spring from our reason but from our instincts. When a man says, "I love this land because it is my native land," he does not assign a reason for his love; he is simply reduplicating a sentiment. It is as if he said, "I am a patriot, because I am a patriot."

Patriotism is not one of the noblest or loftiest sentiments of our nature; yet there is in it an element of culture which no man can afford to despise. It is sometimes said that Christianity is antagonistic to patriotism; but the charge is not true. Christianity cultivates a loftier sentiment, in teaching that all men the world over are brothers. It thus, in binding us to all the world by that which is nearest, cultivates within us a higher—a sanctified patriotism. Christianity does not destroy patriotism, it rather may be expected that a Christian is a better patriot for being a Christian.

I. But though we regard patriotism as an instinct, our reason may be employed to cultivate it, by an examination of the advantages of one's own country. In our own case it is our duty to look at

THE CATALOGUE OF BLESSINGS

God has bestowed on these United States. An occasion for exercising that duty is furnished to the people of this country, by the day on which we celebrate the birth of the nation; on a day when a hundred and four years ago *the Declaration of Independence* was signed. In looking at that catalogue I notice some things which make men whose wisdom is only worldly wisdom say, "Blessed is that Nation."

1. *Our Location* is peculiar. Where is there a nation of such a size, holding so much territory, which stands in such entire isolation. We stand here alone between the seas. The nation nearest to us in our sympathies, the nation from which we sprang, is so far from us in actual distance that we do not rub each other. True, there is *a little fishery business* now and then, to trouble our relations, but it is not serious enough to disturb our tranquillity. But in Europe every great nation is so closely packed among its neighbors that there is perpetual friction. What would the Czar of all the Russias give, to have an Atlantic roll on one of his coasts and a Pacific on another? In this particular, men and *nations resemble fruit;* they do well if they are not packed too closely. Contact produces corruption and decay. A narrow channel separates England from France, and we are reminded in history that it did not suffice to prevent disagreements, quarrels, and war.

That little island in the North Sea, which at first was inhabited by people who grubbed out their habitations from the earth, has been so blessed of God that now she boasts that the rising sun is saluted by the beating of her drums the whole world round. She is a little land, that you may walk across in a few days, and that you may ride across in a few hours, but she has acquired more territory than any other European nation, and she is chiefly indebted for her prosperity to the isolated position she occupies among the nations of Europe. But the isolation we enjoy, is far more complete, and in a worldly light men say of us "that is a blessed nation," because we stand just as we do.

2. Another worldly advantage we possess is

OUR SOLIDARITY.

We stand all compact; we are all together. Other nations of the earth—and England is an instance of this—are affrighted every day and every hour by the very source of their wealth. What would England be without her colonies? Take from her her star-bedizened banner of India, her young and flourishing Dominion of Canada, her wide territory in Australia, or her colonies in South Africa, and what would England be? But we have no colonies, and we thank God for that, and we pray that God in His mercy may spare us such an infliction. Everything that a man or a nation has, in dress or address, in state or estate, that is useless is probably hurtful.

I have seen brave young officers dining in the London clubs who have gone to other climes to fight in defence of these outlying dependencies. At one time sent to freeze in the severities of a Russian winter; at another, sent to scorch under an African sun; and this they do cheerfully, and they come back to their clubs in ordinary attire, wearing no uniform or decoration, and sit there so modestly that you have no idea there is anything heroic about them. They fought to defend the colonies of their country, for the stability of their country makes it necessary that they should be defended. But we have no distant provinces to defend, and worldly and even atheistical statesmen say, on that account, "Blessed is that nation."

3. Then look at

OUR IMMENSE RESOURCES.

People say to an American, travelling in Europe, "Have you such productions in your country?" Ninety-nine times, out of a hundred, he may safely say "yes" with his eyes blindfolded. On some beautiful bright morning the American traveller is often asked, "Do you get weather like this in America?" I have sometimes said "Certainly. We have all kinds of weather at the same time. To-day some of our citizens are *gathering oranges for their breakfast* and others are sleighing in *snow five feet deep.*"

If a wall were built round this great land so high that no one could scale it, we could still live and flourish without help from any other people. Could you say that of Great Britain with all her wealth? Of France—sunny France, that paid the enormous war indemnity? Of Germany with her gigantic military power? Is there any nation that could grow, or even exist under such conditions? Could even China? No.—*We could.* There is nothing any nation possesses that we absolutely need, that we could not dispense with. God has bestowed on us everything needful in a natural sense, to build up the greatest nationality the world has ever seen. Is not that enough to make this a blessed land?

There is a blessing too in our relations with the rest of the nations. What are we doing to-day? Feeding the world. Years ago we had a *nursing mother.* Now we are nourishing her. Men say "we must have peace with that nation for our teeming millions depend on her for food." When Ireland starves, who feeds her? America. England is in that position of dependence, that if we were to say "Not a cargo of food shall cross the Atlantic," the power of England would drop like a paralyzed arm. I thank God and you ought to thank God that he has raised us up to feed that grand, brave nation.

4. Another peculiarity which from a worldly point-view makes this a blessed nation is

THE AMOUNT OF ROOM WE HAVE.

All the blessings I have mentioned have fallen to a people who are not restricted for room. Sometimes we are a little crowded in New Yo but we have only to cross the river and find room. Go out a thousand miles and find plenty of room. Go out two thousa miles, three thousand miles and you find s more room.

What is it that makes Westminster Hal place full of anxious faces? It is a crowd England, a crowded Ireland. Everywh there is a cry, "We have no room for exp sion." You and I do not know what it is, less we have lived in those densely popula countries, to be so restricted for room but almost every land that complaint is made. I we have no such experience, we cannot real it any more than some bachelor living with sister in some great mansion with its twe rooms, with plenty of servants, can realize condition of families in our crowded New Y tenement houses. As for us, we can go W and go West and still find lands waiting to pay the tiller of the land with an abundanc wealth.

5. A fifth blessing of which we are at this enjoying the benefit, is

THE VAST SOLITUDE

in which the old original colonies grew. and I who are Southerners may, as we l back to the founders of our nation, thank for those Cavaliers who came to this country their Bibles in their hands, and with their c vated minds and courtly manners. You are of New England birth can think with g tude of those sturdy Puritans who came ov the Mayflower. You can recall the hards of those early years; of their labors, their a eties, and their sorrows. Of the perils o mine and of disease, and of the Indians who rounded their homes and the cradles of t babes. Theirs was a doleful lot, and to-day reap the harvest they sowed in tears.

Those Godly founders of the Nation cre such a moral character in this land that w not now fear the crowds of immigrants come not in twenties or thirties, but in thousa in entire towns. There came over in the s vessel in which I sailed, enough immigran form a whole town. If such crowds had la on these shores soon after those Puritans Cavaliers came, such crowds as now arri Castle Garden, the country and the Go ment would have been swamped. But no strong is the moral life of the nation th do not fear them, we can welcome them, as the thousands arrive we can say, "Com come on." The heat in the boiler is so that we can pour in these gallons of unas lated water and the steam is not decreased

6. Another ground of blessing is that

WE ARE NOT ALL OF ONE FAMILY.

Thank God for that. There is *very littl blood* in America, and the quicker that reddens the better, for blue blood is thinnest thing that keeps life in mortals. blessing came by pouring in this blood that blood in the wealth of God's provid and it has been boiled down until the syr humanity may be gained. There has grafting and crossing and crossing until, can tell but that the rose, the very flower race may unfold its petals and bloom on shores.

Look at the statistics of Immigration, a you count the proportions of English, Irish, and Germans, and French, and Ita and Swedes who are received here, ask selves what will be the end of these t Then with the farsightedness of the state and the scholar, say, "Blessed is this nati

7. We enjoy, lastly, the great blessing

ELASTIC INSTITUTIONS.

Consider what strains have been put o political institutions. My first recollection election are of that when John Quincy was running against Andrew Jackson f Presidency. Of the one candidate it wa he was the "most consummate scound the earth," and of the other I remember ing it said "he was so bad that if he we hell the devil would hardly have him." At ery election we have heard the cry, "This is e great crisis of the nation's history," "Now u are going," "now you are gone." Yet we rvive, we are not gone.

n this we resemble the nation nearest to us. ame out of the desert one day, and was dazed h the announcement that the British Parlia- nt had been dissolved, and that that great stesman who had dazzled kings and queens, the statesmen of all lands, had been rejected the nation, and the other great man had been led in. When I got to England I found the of London rolling on as if nothing had hap- ed; the people went about their daily busi- s and the Queen had gone to her summer dence, everything was just as usual.

he elastic nation is the nation that can r to be pulled out, and pulled out to its ut- st capacity, and being pulled out does not here helplessly, but flies back again to its inal shape. Such a nation has this people wn itself to be.

. Now brethren there comes this question. a nation have all these seven things I e mentioned and yet be

NOT A BLESSED NATION.

swer *certainly*. Now, what is requisite to e Heaven unite with earth to give us a sing? Bismarck, Disraeli, and other great smen have said, "blessed is that nation," , Lord, what is thy verdict? What is the e of the supernatural—*for there is a super- ral.*—That voice is clear, "Blessed is that n whose God is the Lord."

With all these advantages we may yet lose iness by *having no God.* Atheism is priva- f fundamentals. It cuts off no streams, t dries up the sources of life and the foun- of blessing. It is so in science, in politics, n social life. You have never had truly tific men who did not plant their science od. There have been men with a great f scientific information who have denied but never a really scientific man.

this nation becomes atheistical, its ings will be turned into curses. Its isola- will become the isolation of an iceberg, its arity the solidarity of a frozen lake. There ever been a nation that denied God that made or maintained its nationality or erity. Remember this, for it applies to in- uals, as individuals make up the nation. mber that every man who does anything ake another man a disbeliever in God, is g away our national greatness. He is no t who does that, but a traitor to his nation s spitting on the national honor and steal- essedness from his mother.

Another way in which we may miss the ng is by having

WRONG GODS.

is there a danger of wrong gods being in America? *Certainly*, there is great r. *We may worship wealth;* we may wor- ur institutions. There has come to be eat a reliance placed on our institutions e are apt to look to them as the salvation nation. *Our common school system* is a in point. The fact is that many of our en are being turned out of the common ls, infidels. It is not long since a parent to me, with tears in his eyes, saying, t shall I do? What shall I do? My as become an infidel. I was too poor to im to a private school and in the com- school he has become an infidel!" An- instance was that of a French lady who e that by association with a teacher in ools she had lost her faith; the progress insidious poison in her soul had been so eptible that she had been unaware of it oo late. The common school system has o beneficial to the nation that there is a of our making it a national idol, and ol may be used to destroy the nation, for teaches that Jehovah uses idols to de- nations. Remember, the voice of God *Blessed is the nation that hath common schools,* but "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

III. THE TRUE GROUND OF BLESSEDNESS

consists simply in having Jehovah for our Lord. Nationally and individually, is this principle true.

We must know Him. Not know Him "as the minister says," but know Him as he is represented in the Bible. There are many representations of Him, which at first sight appear mean and selfish, but when we come to know Him thoroughly we get right views. Thus we read that God is a jealous God, and we think of jealousy as a low contemptible thing. But as we learn more of God's character, we realize that His jealousy is no personal or selfish thing, and that while He is jealous for the right, His mercy toward the wrong-doer is infinite. We must know Him as He was incarnate in Jesus Christ. Know Him as He shone on the cross, as well as when He thundered on Sinai.

We must Honor His name.—Every truly loyal man honors his king, and with a loftier loyalty we should honor our Lord. Individually and nationally; in Congress and in our Houses of Assembly; everywhere throughout society, we ought to teach men to honor the very name of our King.

We should Keep His Commandments.—They are not to be regarded as the promulgation of Moses or some other "Hebrew fellow," they are the voice of Jehovah to men. Men who break the Sabbath, who are profane, who are liars, have lost their power as well as their purity; they are stabbing their nation and stealing its blessedness.

Let every man consider this matter in his political duties. I am no partisan, but I preach the gospel of righteousness. Every man ought to cast his ballot with the thought present in his mind that in that act he is registering his voice as to whether Jehovah shall be the Lord of this nation. If we abstain from voting we are not doing our duty. It is a sin and a shame to be silent on that great question. Let us remember that no man is worthy of our vote who is a godless man, and while there are bad men in all parties, there are good men in all parties, and if we trust in God He will bring the good men to the front. In the day of election, as on every day of life, let us remember that Jesus is our King, and whoso speaks against Him is a disloyal man. As on Calvary Jesus stood for us and brought us salvation and honor, so let us in the casting of every ballot solemnly vote for the Lord Christ as our Republic's King.

THE SOLDIER AND THE WRECKED SEA-BOY.

ROBERT RAIKES'S relations to individual scholars are pleasingly illustrated by several interesting anecdotes, one of which is related by himself as follows, about the year 1800:

"One day, as I was going to church, I overtook a solider just entering the church door; this was on a week-day. As I passed him I said it gave me pleasure to see that he was going to a place of worship. 'Ah, sir!' said he, 'I may thank you for that.' 'Me?' said I. 'Why, I don't know that I ever saw you before.' 'Sir,' replied the soldier, 'when I was a little boy, I was indebted to you for my first instruction in duty. *I was one of your Sunday scholars.*'" He then told his name, and brought himself to Mr. Raikes's recollection by a curious circumstance which happened while he was at school. His father was a vile, profligate man. After the boy had been some time at school, he told Mr. Raikes one day that his father was wonderfully changed, and that he had left off going to the alehouse on a Sunday. It happened soon after that Mr. Raikes met the man in the street, and said to him, "My friend, it gives me great pleasure to hear that you have left off going to the alehouse on the Sunday; your son tells me that you now stay at home and never get tipsy." He immediately replied that Mr. Raikes had been the means of this change being produced, and accounted for it thus: "The good instruction which you give my boy at the Sunday-school he repeats to me, and this has so convinced me of the error of my former life as to have led to my present reformation."

A touching story of another of Robert Raikes's scholars is told in a small pamphlet, published at the beginning of this century, entitled

THE SEA-BOY'S GRAVE.

The writer of it relates that he once voyaged home from the West Indies in a ship on board of which were *a notoriously wicked sailor* and also a cabin-boy who had been instructed in one of Raikes's Gloucester schools. The boy's name was Pelham, but among the crew he was known as "Jack Raikes." In the course of the voyage the sailor was struck down with fever, and as he daily grew worse it was feared that he would die unrepentant and without hope. "Jack Raikes," however, obtained leave to nurse him. He watched over him with womanly tenderness, told him of the Saviour he had learnt about at school, and prayed with him constantly and earnestly for salvation in the Redeemer's name. After a while the hard heart melted, and bitterly were the sins of a past misspent life deplored. Then came to this poor seaman, in quicksuc cession, the blessed consciousness of the Saviour's forgiving love, and a triumphant entrance into God's kingdom of glory.

A few days afterward *a storm came on.* The stout ship, while nearing her destination, was driven far out of her course. With relentless fury the tempest hurried her to destruction on a sunken rock off the northern coast of Scotland, and the sailors, as a last chance, took to the boats. The boat in which "Jack Raikes" found a place was soon overturned by the angry waves, and next morning his body was among the number of those that strewed the neighboring shore. His countenance wore a sweet and heavenly expression. Among his few effects was found his Bible. Engraven on its clasps of brass were these words: "The gift of Robert Raikes to J. R. Pelham."

A JEW'S CONVERSION.

THE following account of how a young Jew was led to Christ is written by himself, and will be read with much interest:

The ways of our Lord are many and wonderful, especially so in bringing a poor sinner to see His love. I was born of Jewish parents, and have been brought up strictly orthodox. Thinking, as every Jew does, that Christianity was idolatry, I hated the very name of it. From my earliest days I supported myself with the earnings of my own labor, and lived as a respectable Jew ought to do; and I have always been respected as such. When at Berlin, I was employed a long time by the president of the Jewish community there. But it pleased God to bring me to Christ.

Without having any special object in view, perhaps from a mere desire to see a little more of the world, I left Berlin for London. Mr. A. met me in the street one day, and spoke to me of salvation through Christ. At first I would not listen to him. I could not see that I needed a Saviour; I thought, as all Jews do, that every one must work out his own salvation. Mr. A. invited me to his meeting-place, and to his private residence, where he explained to me the Scriptures. I shall never forget the impression which Isaiah liii. and Zech. xii. at that time made upon me. He then proved to me from both the Old and the New Testament, that it was not by my works that I could be justified before God, but through the atoning sacrifice of the Messiah as predicted by our own prophets. I now feel like another man altogether. I trust in Jesus for salvation, and beg of you to baptize me in His precious name.

I am fully aware that by taking this important step I shall lose my parents, relatives, friends, etc.; still I will take the Cross of Jesus and follow Him. I thank God with all my heart for bringing me to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord. May all Israel soon be brought to the same truth.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(Continued from page 431.)

Rose Fading.

ERNEST and Ruth had found their happiness weighted with an unexpected burden. They were very happy ; happier than they had either of them ever been. The life they led was very different from life at Clifford or Rockwood. They were brought into contact with many minds and many interests ; and they thoroughly entered into the new intellectual current which was flowing around them. To Ruth it was perfectly new. Her life-long seclusion at Rockwood gave a charm to all the varied incidents which every day brought to her. The companionship existing between herself and her husband was even more complete than she had anticipated in her brightest day-dreams. He seemed to understand her thoughts and desires without words.

It was Rose who was tasting the bitterness of real loneliness ; she, who had never known what it was to be alone. Until a few months ago there had not been a thought in her simple heart which she could not have told to her father ; but now an absolute dullness had come over her. She could not tell him how desolate she felt. She had so long believed herself to be first in her father's heart, that it was a profound though wordless grief to her to find Ruth there, in the place she had considered her own.

It was no wonder, she thought, that he should prefer Ruth to her ; for Ruth was full of life, and animation, and a beautiful happiness, which embellished everything she said and did. Rose looked on with a sore and sorrowful heart. It was Ruth now who was her father's companion ; not the little daughter, whose house had been built on sand, and had been swept down in the great storm that had beaten against it.

This was the cloud over Ernest's happiness ; at first scarcely more than the thin fine mist which scarcely dims the sunshine, and which is most clearly recognized when it has passed away, and the true brightness shines. He would not own to himself that Rose's presence was a restraint, yet when Ruth and he were alone together, he felt a freedom that was wanting while her sad young face was beside them. How to bring the smiles back to that face grew a serious problem to both Ruth and himself.

This spring was a very different season from the last to all of them. Ernest was fully as much occupied with public meetings ; for he was a good speaker, apart from any consideration of position or influence, and his services were requested by several committees in their arrangements for their respective meetings. But he found himself a person of much less social importance, as the secretary of a small charity, than he had been as the wealthy Clifford of Clifford.

As to Rose, the season was a miserable counterfeit of the last. She heard of the same things, read of them in the newspapers, was near enough to catch the echo of them, and that was all her share. No one mentioned the Fortescues in her hearing—those *summer friends* of hers, who had won her girlish heart and tossed it away as a worthless bauble. It was the bitterness of this which crushed Rose's spirit. She envied Jenny Britton, who had always envied her. Why had not her father been content to remain the humble vicar of Clifford, when she would have grown up as his daughter unnoticed and uncourted ?

Sometimes Ruth fancied she heard in the still hours of the night moans and sobs reaching her through the thin walls of their cottage. But when she stole into Rose's room with her softest footstep, she would find her sleeping apparently, with the quiet, regular breathing of girlhood. Rose smothered her crying, half ashamed and half frightened. What could she tell Ruth ? How could she find words to express the morbid sorrows that were poisoning the sources of life ? Ruth would reason with her, and talk to her of submitting to God, of trusting to His love. As yet Rose could do neither.

It was just such an evening in May, as the one when Rose and Ernest had driven homeward the year before, through the cool and quiet lanes lying between Dartford and Clifford. All the village was astir. By this time every person in it knew that the great London physician, as well as Dr. Welsh had pronounced solemnly that there was no hope of Master Charles ever getting about again. The place had been in a tumult of agitation, almost as great as if every household shared personally in the calamity that had happened.

This evening they were scattered in groups of three and four all along the valley, upon the road which Charles had tramped down, footsore and weary, but in vigorous health and strength, only a year ago. Julia and his mother were watching and weeping beside him now at Rockwood. It was known that Ernest was coming back with his wife and Miss Rose, and all the villagers had turned out to catch a glance at them, though it was felt to be inopportune to give them any other welcome. All the Symonses who were in England were also coming, to stay at Clifford Grange while their affairs were settled, for Charles could neither be moved from Rockwood nor bear the noise of a number of visitors there.

"Please God," said old Dunnit, "we shall have Master Ernest and Miss Rose back among us for good. Clifford's never like itself with them away."

"But Master Charlie's the master still," objected one of his hearers ; "Master Ernest 'ud be naught but a bailiff."

"Master or bailiff," answered old Dunnit, "Clifford 'ud be a different place wi' Master Ernest in it."

"Th' old Squire has well nigh ruined Rockwood," said Dan Popham, from the home farm at Rockwood ; "they say Captain Symons 'll find himself up to th' neck in mortgages. He'd no share in his mother's fortune, bein' his father's heir, and he can't afford to live at the place now it's come to him. It's many a year since any one of us has clapped eyes on any o' th' Symons, except Miss Ruth. What 'll they do with th' place, thinks thou ?"

"It 'll be many a long week ere Master Charlie can be moved, if all's true," said another.

"What 'll Julia Rush do now ?" asked a third ; "she's not been a fine lady for long. Folks say there won't be a brass farthin' for her when all's over, not a farthin'. She'll be sorry she turned up her nose at thee, Dan Popham."

"I'd marry Julia Rush any day she'd have me," said Dan ; "she's a brave lass."

"Julia's made up her mind to stay wi' Master Charlie, as long as he needs her," answered old Dunnit ; "she's saved his life, and now she'll take care of it, and she's a rare good nurse. Master Charlie 'll have every comfort nursin' can give him. And Julia has repented herself sore for all her folly and sin, and please God ! she'll make a good woman yet."

"If Master Ernest comes back for good," said the woman who had spoken of Julia, "which 'll be mistress at Clifford Grange, the old madam or the new one ?"

That was a question none of them could answer. It was well known that Mrs. Clifford set great store on her position as mistress of Clifford, and had frequently declared that no new mistress could or should depose her.

"Mrs. Britton 'll miss gettin' her own way this time," remarked the same woman, who was notorious as a gossip in Clifford ; "there's no chance of Master Charlie ever getting married now, so Miss Jenny is safe. I thought as all Mrs. Britton's eggs 'ud never get hatched, she'll have to put up wi' a few addled ones."

"Hush ! hush ! hush !" said old Dunnit, in a kindly tone ; "we must all put up wi' addled eggs. Let's take care we don't hatch cockatrice eggs. There's a many sins have got a smooth white shell outside 'em, but when they're hatched they sting. I don't know what eggs Mrs. Britton has to do with ; but poor Julia has hatched hers, and a pretty brood o' sorrows are come of it. And we're all the same, all same ; silly creatures that don't know w they're wishin' for."

Here they come !" shouted Dan Popham.

Two carriages were coming down the vall and the villagers stood aside under the hed rows, the men taking off their caps, and women courtesying in silence as they pass There was a gravity and a sadness about return that struck painfully upon Rose, who looking eagerly from side to side at the familiar faces. When the carriages were ou sight the people dispersed slowly to their homes.

"Didst thou see Miss Rose ?" they asked another ; "she looks like as if she was str for death ! It was like a funeral their con back."

"God forbid !" said Mrs. Dunnit and other mothers in the village.

The *Symons family* had met under somew strange circumstances. Their father's death brought them together, yet there were funeral rites to be attended. It would have b a relief to go through the ordinary ceremo which follow death. For a day or two, u some idea had been gained as to the state of Squire Symons's affairs, the sons passed a their time in rambling over the neglected es and the badly cultivated fields of the ho farms, while Ruth and one of her elder sist the only daughters living in England, w occupied in providing their mourning-dresse

Ruth alone mourned over her father, to wh she had given the best of her life, and for wh she had hoped against hope. The catastro she had always dreaded, and which she averted during many years by a complete sacrifice, had overtaken him as soon as she left him to other guardianship. Ought she to have remained with him ?

Her father's widow was an incumbrance embarrassment. There was, of course, no vision for her ; and none of Ruth's brothers sisters were willing to do anything for Julia, kept herself out of sight as much as she co with an instinctive feeling that they all bla her for the sudden death of their father. W Ruth saw her first, she was startled at paleness of her face, and the traces of long, tinuous weeping about her eyes. Ernest had Julia across to Clifford Grange to get ove inevitable meeting with his wife, which had put off from day to day, and she fell dow her knees before Ruth.

"Oh, I shall never forgive myself for le him !" cried Julia ; "but I thought M Charlie was safe away, and there'd be nobo come and tempt him. I did my best to good wife to him, only it were hard, Miss R never to see my own mother, and her fr and sendin' me scornful messages, as if I myself too grand to go and see her. Can ever forgive me, Miss Ruth ?"

"I forgive you if there is anything for forgive," answered Ruth ; and moved by a den impulse of compassion and grief she sto and kissed Julia's pale face, which flushed momentary pleasure. "Get up, Julia," added, "and sit down here beside me. have a good deal to talk about. My bro Captain Symons, and I are thinking what c done for you."

"Don't do nothin' for me," she earnestly ; "it's my fault as you are not still with your father, and takin' care of hi deserve to be punished ; and Uncle Dun me, we thought you might let me be serv

"No, no," interrupted Ruth ; "we co let our father's widow go into service.

"Listen only a minute," urged Ju vant to Master Charlie ; his nurse, I was afraid you wouldn't, perhaps, because I know I'm Julia Symons Squire Symons's wife. But I'd never by his name, and I'd never, never sp belonged to you, if you'd only give y to me bein' servant to Master Ch want somebody faithful now that he

ot to the floor again ; and I'd rather wait
m than be the finest lady in the land.
t will be a hard thing to have old Mrs.
rd for a mistress, after I've been on a level
er, and been her visitor, and I know she'll
it as bad as bad can be ; but I'll put up
, I will indeed, Miss Ruth. Master Ernest,
e satisfied his poor brother was well done
long as I was about him."
m sure he would be, Julia," said Ruth.
e groans and mourns all day long, and all
too," continued Julia, with tears in her
"it almost breaks my heart to hear him.
God ! oh, God !" he cries, hundreds and
eds o' times. And I'm no scholar like
and I'm not in favor wi' God, like Uncle
t. He isn't any scholar, but he speaks
od told him the very words he ought to
I never know what to say to Master
, and I can do nothin' to comfort him,
noothin' his pillow and fetchin' him some-
eat or drink."

(To be continued.)

CAIN AND ABEL.

esson for July 18th. Gen. 4 : 3-15. Golden
t, 1 John 3 : 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

one man sin entered into the world and
by sin" (Rom. 5 : 12) ; "sin when it is
bringeth forth death" (James 1 : 15).
ter sin was consummated, death followed
ain. When Eve's first son was born, she
I have gotten a man from the Lord." "I
tten :" the principle of self was at work ;
ness of God in which she was created
appeared. When Hannah received the
to her petition, and God gave her a son,
rned to God the precious gift, and said,
his child I prayed, and the Lord hath
e my petition which I asked of Him.
re also I have lent him to the Lord ; as
he liveth he shall be lent unto the Lord"
1 : 27, 28). The one mother said, "I
tten ;" the other, "I have given :" the
ght her own ; the other sought not her
il. 2 : 21 ; 1 Cor. 13 : 5.)
onder when Cain was grown up, he
also his own. "In process of time it
pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of
und an offering unto the Lord."
ould be apparently better and more
le ? No doubt he had bestowed care
or on these flowers and fruits, they
result of painstaking and industry, but
not in a position to offer them. Sin
e into the world, and death by sin, and
s passed upon Cain, *i.e.*, the sentence of
ut in his offering, in his approach to
re was no recognition of this fact ; he
one who believed himself to be accepta-
od, and his works acceptable also.
ignored the fact of his condemnation,
h was passed upon *him*.
as precisely the case with the Jews in
of Paul, for he writes (Rom. 10 : 3),
ey being ignorant of God's righteous-
going about to establish their own
ness, have not submitted themselves
righteousness of God." It was the
saiah's time : "To what purpose," says
, "is the multitude of your sacrifices
? I am full of the burnt-offerings of
c.
good work which man does before he
a clear personal understanding with
t his past sins, is a dead work, from
nscience must be purged "to serve
od" (Heb. 9 : 14). Of those who
commend themselves to God by
s, their earnestness, their zeal,
oming as lost sinners, and re-
esus' sake, it is written,
ecome garments, neither
s with their works"
g leaves God can see
then they are *their*
are conducting
of "an Advo-

cate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous" (1 John 2 : 2). They have not built upon the only safe foundation "that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 3 : 11).

Cain was in this case : he was not an atheist, but in our days he would have been a rationalist. He acknowledged that it was his duty to worship God—it was God's due—but he would not consult Him as to what offering he should bring, and he would offer that which would most conduce to his own glory, the fruits and flowers which he had so carefully tended. He would show his God that he had made good use of his time, that he valued God's gifts, and God would be bound to treat him as a dutiful son, well pleasing in His sight. But Cain had forgotten, or chose to ignore, that God had said to man, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," and he was offering to God the fruit of that which was accursed.

Abel, his brother, sought also the face of God, but how differently ! He "brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof." Here was the acknowledgment of his sinfulness, the recognition of the curse which God had pronounced. We are taught (Heb. 11 : 3), "*By faith* Abel offered unto God a more excellent sac rifice than Cain." In Cain's offering there was the element of reason, perhaps of devotion in a sense, but faith was wanting, he saw all from his own point of view, and not at all from God's. Abel, on the contrary, saw himself condemned, altogether unworthy to approach God, and in the lamb slain, "the just for the unjust" (1 Pet. 3 : 18), he ratified the sentence of his own condemnation, and his belief in a coming substitute, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1 : 29).

By this sacrifice, "he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of (upon, see Gr.) his gifts." "The Lord had respect unto Abel and his offering." Without doubt God sent fire from heaven to consume it, as in Lev. 9 : 24 ; Jud. 6 : 21 ; 1 Kings 18 : 38 ; 2 Chron. 7 : 1. "God testifying of(upon) his gifts" implies that in some perceptible way the offering was accepted. But Cain's offering which perhaps was near enough to Abel's for him to see the fire from heaven, lay there unnoticed. "But unto Cain and to his offering He had not respect." Oh, reader, has God respect to you and to your offerings ? Are your prayers accepted or not before God ? How stand you with Him who created you ? Has the sacrifice of Jesus, has God's Lamb saved your soul ?

Cain was not indifferent. Abel had obtained witness that he was righteous ; the very sunlight of heaven sat upon his soul, and peace reigned within his heart ; he had come to an understanding with his God ; he was the loved child of a loving Father. But Cain was there put to shame before his younger brother, his offering refused. himself unnoticed. What should he do ? Should he humble himself, and learn from his brother ? Should he own himself in the wrong ? No ; he "was very wroth, and his countenance fell," and he made no appeal to God. But God in His tender mercy drew near to him, and said, "Why art thou wroth ? and why is thy countenance fallen ? If thou doest well shalt thou not be accepted ? And if thou doest not well sin (*i.e.*, the sin-offering) lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him."

Cain was mortified that his brother was preferred before him, and God so lovingly shows him that if he accepts the sin-offering as Abel had done, he could take the place of elder brother again. But, no, he yielded to the sin which was bringing forth death. For "he that loveth not his brother abideth in death." Cain "was of that wicked one, and slew his brother." And wherefore slew he him ? Because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous (1 John 3 : 12-14). Cain could not deny that Abel had found favor with God, but he would not condemn his own works by following Abel's example. Oh, how many are there who will not come to the Lord Jesus for pardon, because they are ashamed to take the same way as some one who they esteem less than themselves.

As yet the sentence of death upon sinful man had been executed only in a spiritual sense. But now, we read (ver. 8), "And Cain talked with Abel his brother : and it came to pass when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him." What an awful moment for Cain, for Eve, for Adam ! The fearful punishment of sin was no longer an unknown apprehended evil, there lay the corpse of the first victim of sin, slain by the hand of a brother, an awful witness that "sin when it is finished bringeth forth death."

And the Lord said unto Cain, "Where is Abel, thy brother ?" And he said, "I know not, am I my brother's keeper ?" What was this ? The old grievous sin of Adam and Eve, casting the blame on God. It is as though he had said, "If Thou dost accept my brother, why then dost Thou not keep him so that he cannot be hurt ? it is not my wrath but Thy negligence which is the cause of Abel's death." What is the cause of spiritual death in churches, families, etc. ? Is it not that men shirk all responsibility with respect to others, and say in their hearts, "Am I my brother's keeper ? he must look after him self as I look after myself." Oh, this grievous selfishness, how terrible it is, but how general it is ! The gospel teaching is widely different, "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" (Rom. 14 : 7). "So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another" (Rom. 12 : 5).

God makes another appeal to Cain, "What hast thou done ? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the ground, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand." To Adam God had said, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," but He did not say, "Cursed art *thou*." Cain was the first man born in sin, and God pronounced a curse upon him. He continued, "When thou tillest the ground it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength ; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be on the earth." It was a fearful sentence, such as could only be pronounced on one who had sinned against grace.

"And Cain said, My punishment is greater than I can bear" (marginal reading, Mine iniquity is greater than that it may be forgiven). Oh, why did he not even now learn from his murdered brother the way of reconciliation with God ? "Behold," he continued, "Thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from Thy face shall I be hid." Oh, there was bitterness, remorse, but no humbling of himself before God, ; there was no plea that he might seek and find again the hidden face of God. But there was fear for the consequences of his sin, "I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth, and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me."

But God had mercy for Cain according to the measure of his application to Him. He sought not forgiveness or spiritual blessing, but he feared for his life. There was perhaps a natural instinct in Cain's mind that as he had taken away life, so his life was justly forfeited. Later, in the time of Noah, God said, (Gen. 9 : 5, 6), "Surely your blood of your lives will I require ; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man ; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed : for in the image of God made He man." But so tender is our God, that He seems to have sheltered Cain in response to his fears. For "the Lord said unto him, therefore, whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him." Some have thought that Lamech (ver. 23, 24) was the revenger of Cain, but the evidence is not clear. Any way, it was a terrible life for Cain to live with his brother's blood upon his conscience. "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord." Was it forever ?

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British Government has Espoused the cause of Mr. Bradlaugh, the Atheist Member of Parliament, Mr. Gladstone himself urging the House of Commons to allow him to make an affirmation instead of taking the usual oath. Considerable pressure was put on the Liberal Members to induce them to vote as Mr. Gladstone desired, and on July 1st, the House rescinded its former decision, and Mr. Bradlaugh was allowed to take his seat.

A letter to the London *Standard*, by a gentleman having an extensive acquaintance with Indian affairs, states that the idea is now beginning to be current in India, that Mr. Bradlaugh's views are gaining ground in society and that England is abandoning Christianity. The effect of this impression will be to inflict a serious blow to the cause of all those missions in India in which the various Christian bodies are interested—a blow from which they will not recover for many years.

The Berlin Conference has Decided on the new frontier line between Turkey and Greece. The accession of territory Greece will gain by the arrangement, if it is carried out, will be 390 geographical square miles, which will increase her domain by more than a third of its present size, and the area will add to her population 400,000 inhabitants. The Plenipotentiaries, in stating their motives for their decisions, specially point out that they have endeavored not to give either side strategical positions dominating over the other's territory.

The Condition of Turkey is Considered Hopeless even by Sir A. H. Layard, the ex-Minister of Great Britain to that country, who was prior to his residence at Constantinople, a firm believer in the good intentions of the Sultan. In a recent letter he said, "Never perhaps was this Empire in so disorganized and critical a state; everywhere are misgovernment, corruption, incompetency of the Turkish functionaries; everywhere Mussulmans and Christians suffer alike." Sir A. H. Layard says he has tried expostulation with the Sultan, and even "menaces;" and he advises the English Government, "If it is in earnest in wishing to save Turkey and reform its administration, so that its people may be justly governed, it must be prepared to go farther than mere menaces." He further states: "There is little or no protection for life and property in Macedonia, Epirus, and Thessaly. Brigandage is rife, the Christians are ill-treated and oppressed with impunity, and the state of these provinces is bordering on anarchy."

The Decrees of the French Government against the Jesuits were put in force on June 30. In Paris the Jesuit fathers shut themselves in their rooms and locked their doors. The commissioners at once sent for a locksmith and the doors were forced. The fathers were then ejected one by one with all the courtesy possible, by the police. Each member of the fraternity made a new and formal protest against the violation of his domicile before leaving. At a quarter to nine o'clock the last Jesuit had vacated the premises. "The holy fathers," were treated as martyrs by their female admirers, many of whom knelt on the stones to be blessed by the prostcripts. One of the fathers who is an English subject appealed to the English Minister, but so far, without any result. Similar proceedings to those in Paris took place in other cities. Thirty-nine Jesuit establishments have been closed.

European Society is Described as Volcanic by an American traveller recently returned from Europe. Gen. Garfield, in a conversation with a reporter a few days ago, stated that a friend of his who had spent the last two years in Europe had returned deeply impressed with the state of society on that continent. He had found that it was the prevailing impression among very many of the thinking men of Europe that society there was being undermined by certain irresistible influences. He said "in the first place, it is honeycombed by widespread and still wider-spreading infidelity. The Christian religion is no longer a supreme influence over the minds and consciences of themasses. The leaders of thought, the scholars of England, France, and Germany, have popularized unbelief, and in France it has passed into a current remark that only women and children areany longer to be seen at church. In the second place, there is great restlessness among the masses in regard to the inequalities of society. Why should the few be so very rich and the many so very poor? is the burden of their inquiry, and also of their conversation one with another. "*The undertone of discontent* is visibly growing, and is finding expression through channels that are unsettling the foundation stones of the whole social fabric in Europe. Socialism in Germany, Nihilism in Russia, Communism in France and Chartism in England are all at work, and the masses are being leavened with these principles. Their aversion to kingcraft and priestcraft borders upon revolution. *The whole of Europe is volcanic* at this time. Immense standing armies are all that repress the outburst. But while they repress it, they afford the grievance on which revolution grows and spreads, and becomes more and more irresistible for the final reckoning. It is believed by many of the most sagacious minds that *the day of upheaval is not far off*."

The Salvation Army in Ireland has been received with hostile demonstrations. At Derry the meetings were much disturbed by mobs of low rowdies, of both sexes, who attended for the purpose. The evening meeting was the noisiest of all, notwithstanding the presence of police officers and constables. Outside the building a large mob of rowdies had assembled, and as the army inside began to sing, they cheered, hooted and yelled. Inside there was also a similar mob, some of whom *smoked pipes*, others cursed and swore, and shouted derisively, especially when the army were singing, or went to prayer. During the addresses coarse jests were hurled at the speakers, and at times the noise of shouting cursing, swearing, and laughter combined, drowned their voices. Neither the presence of policemen nor their remonstrance was sufficient to keep order, and the meeting was conducted amid scenes of the wildest clamor and confusion. The members of the army are not discouraged. They see in this opposition that Satan fears their work and they know that their Master has power to overcome him.

Mr. McAll's Evangelical Work in Paris is making encouraging progress. He now holds meetings in the ball-rooms of the Elysee which have been remarkably successful. The audience, always large, has become more and more attentive and respectful. Equally good results have crowned another effort undertaken in the Boulevard des Capucines, in the centre of Paris, a quarter inhabited by a rich and well-read population, in a well-known hall, where secular lectures are given during the week. A considerable number of those who have been accustomed to attend the hall during the week now go on Sundays, and listen attentively to the preaching of the Gospel.

The Beer Sellers of Birmingham, England, are complaining loudly against the coffee taverns. They assert that since the coffee taverns were established their business has seriously fallen off. As the promoters of the movement had that design in view, they will regard the protests of the beer sellers as an encouraging evidence of the success of their work.

The Anniversary Meeting of Dr. Barnardo's Homes was held on Wednesday, June 2d, in Exeter Hall, London, which was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. Lord Cairns presided, and there were present Lord Denman, Lord Brabazon, Earl of Jersey, etc. The report stated the past year's income was in excess of any previous year, having amounted to 35,683*l*. The sum of 10,279*l*. had been expended during the year in completing the houses at the Village Home for Girls, at Ilford, on the new buildings for boys at Stepney, and the necessary alterations at the Home for Little Boys, Jersey. A special expense of 700*l*. was rendered nece
by the epidemic of *scarlet fever* which pre
at the Village Home. The committee
need of increased funds to balance the acc
as all the money is expended. More tha
boys and girls are supported in the Homes

An Incident Related by Dr. Bonar, of
burgh, the thoughtful student of prophe
having occurred during his travels in Sy
quoted by the Rev. Matthew R. Miller in
Luminous Unity.'" Dr. Bonar says: "
the missionaries entered a synagogue on
A rabbi was preaching. The moment h
the missionary enter, he stopped and sh
at the height of his voice, '*Shemah Yi*
etc., *i.e.*, '*Hear, O Israel*, the Lord is one
the Lord is one,' as if to turn every eye in
to one who could maintain that Jesus w
Son of God. It is the rallying cry of the
It is a watchword worth a dozen of argume
them." This way of attracting the symp
of an audience, and setting aside the me
the question in dispute, may sometim
effectually used on the side of Christ; as i
when Paul called out in the council, "
Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee" (Acts
10.)

Sermons Illustrated by the Magic La
are being preached in India. The Rev.
Parker a missionary at Moradabad, sent
for a magic lantern, with pictures illust
the life of Christ. A fine instrument,
large number of pictures, showing the pri
events in the life of our Lord, was in du
forwarded to him. The Rev. E. Cunnir
writes that it has been used with eminen
cess. Some of the most respectful, inter
and devout congregations have been asse
in groves at night, beholding on a canva
pended from the limb of *a giant mang*
that wonderful series of events commencin
the manger and ending with the ascensio
listening to the recital. Men and wome
refused an invitation to hear the Gospel
accepted, an invitation to inspect some pic

Signor Gavazzi. The Eminent Italian E
list, who preached at the Rev. Newman
chapel, London, on Sunday, May 30th, re
to the growth of Ritualism in Englanc
urged the people of that country, in the n
the Protestant martyrs, to remain firm
faith of the Reformers, and to assist in ch
the spread of Romanism.

Book Received: "The Quiver of
Song," for Sunday-schools, Prayer-meetings,
meetings, etc., by John R. Sweney and
Kirkpatrick, contains 151 hymns with music.
lished by John J. Hood, 1018 Arch Street, P
phia, Pa.

Contributions Received: For the Irish
ine; from A. A. Godlett, Gowensville, S.
For the debt on Dr. Talmage's Church; from
Prettijohn, Arcadia, Ind., $1. from Mrs. Y. M
Corsicana, Tex., $1. For the Persian Famine
J. D. McKenny, Fisher's Grant, Nova Sco
These sums have been sent to the usual quarte

The Prophetic News and Israel's Wat
(London) for June may be obtained at the offic
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The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit
sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury*
cal exposition of the book of P
as Psa. 118, $3 per vol.
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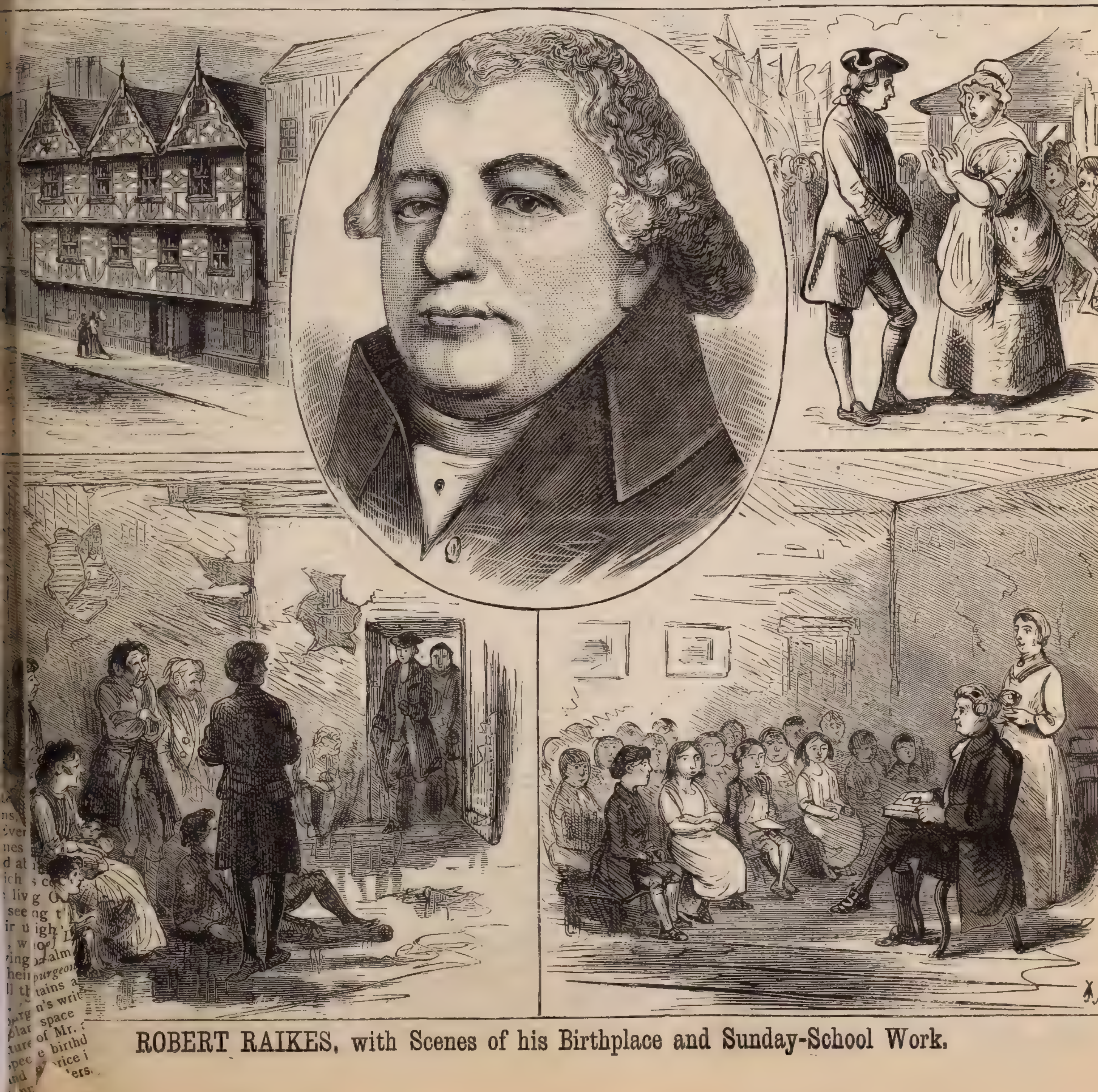
Covenant with Noah; S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter.
FOREIGN TOPICS: The Irish Tenantry and the Government—Turkey Hesitating—The New Spurgeon Orphanages—The Persian Famine—A Royal Lady and Mission Work—A Methodist Mandarin, etc.



ROBERT RAIKES, with Scenes of his Birthplace and Sunday-School Work.

ROBERT RAIKES,

The Father of Sunday-Schools.

Birth at Gloucester—Succeeds to his Father's Business—His Marriage—The Gloucester Jails—Work among the Prisoners—Ancient Sunday-Schools—A Memorable Conversation—The First Sunday-School in Gloucester—The First Teachers and their Salaries—Newspaper Advocacy—The First Four Years' Work—Queen Charlotte's Interview with Mr. Raikes—Formation of the Sunday-School Union—How the British and Foreign Bible Society arose—Sunday School Work taken up all over the World—Touching Interview between Joseph Lancaster and Mr. Raikes—Death and Burial.

In a house in Palace Yard, just beneath the shadow of the venerable cathedral of Gloucester, England, on September 14th, 1735, Robert Raikes first saw the light. His father was a printer, the son of a clergyman who lived at Holderness, in Yorkshire. "Raikes the printer," as he was called, was a man of enterprise and perseverance, and in the year 1722 originated a paper entitled the *Gloucester Journal*, the *ninth* in order of time among English provincial papers, and in size scarcely larger than a sheet of foolscap. He managed his literary venture so successfully that it soon obtained an extensive circulation. A curious testimony to this fact is recorded in one of the early numbers, as follows:

"A demure old farmer applied to the printer of the *Gloucester Journal*, and with great gravity of face told him that he feared the mealmen and bakers seldom read their Bibles, but as he knew they always read the newspapers he desired a corner of his paper for the following texts: 'Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin, shall ye have' (Lev. 19 : 36); 'Divers weights, and divers measures, both of them are alike abomination to the Lord '(Prov. 20 : 10.)"

Respecting the youth of Robert Raikes there is very little to record. His father intended him for the career of a journalist, and with this object furnished him with an *education* which was both liberal and practical. One of his personal friends, the Rev. Dr. Glasse, F.R.S., in after life wrote respecting him, that "he entered on his profession with superior acquirements, and he is not less remarkable for his accuracy than he is for his fidelity and integrity in every part of his conduct."

On the death of his father, on September 7th, 1757, the responsibilities of a large and important business devolved upon Robert Raikes. Thus at the early age of twenty-two he became *sole proprietor and editor* of the *Gloucester Journal*, and succeeded also to the management of a general printing and publishing establishment, in which the personal character of the master exercised a most material influence. Success followed, and in process of time the young printer grew to be one of the most influential men in his native city.

In the year 1767, in the thirty-second year of his age, he was married, in London, to Anne, only daughter of Thomas Trigge, Esq., of Newnham, Gloucestershire, and sister to Sir Thomas Trigge and Rear-Admiral John Trigge. At the ripe age of sixty-seven, after a business life of forty-five years, he retired upon a well-earned competency.

The *Sunday-school system*, with which the name of Robert Raikes will ever be inseparably connected, may be said to have originated in

THE JAILS OF GLOUCESTER.

It was there that he learned the direct connection between ignorance and crime, and there he saw the futility of dealing with the effect without removing the cause. The *county* jail consisted of a portion of Gloucester Castle, a fortress built by William the Conqueror, and its condition, when Raikes first knew it, was simply horrible. Debtors and felons were indiscriminately herded together, men and women, child offenders and hardened criminals, and the most fearful immorality was the natural and inevitable product. Owing to the utter absence of all sanitary arrangements, the whole place continually reeked with infection, and deaths were of constant occurrence. The *city* prison was in a scarcely less deplorable condition.

Years before the celebrated *John Howard* commenced his prison crusade, Robert Raikes had been unostentatiously laboring among the miserable inmates of Gloucester Castle. His first efforts seem to have been to provide *the necessaries of life* for the imprisoned debtors, and with this object he was earnest in his solicitations, both through the channel of his newspaper and by personal application to his friends. In response to these appeals Raikes received many contributions, which he *personally* distributed among the most needy cases in the jail. John Howard,

THE PRISON PHILANTHROPIST,

who visited Gloucester in 1773, and dined at Mr. Raikes's table, thus bears testimony to the value of his labors: "In September the felons were very pitiable objects indeed, half-naked and almost famished. In December their appearance was much altered. Mr. Raikes and other gentlemen took pity on them, and generously contributed toward their feeding and clothing. Mr. Raikes continues his unremitting attention to the prisoners."

Mr. Raikes did not content himself with relieving the temporal necessities of the prisoners. He cared also, and chiefly, for their *moral and spiritual wants.* Frequently mixing among them, he endeavored to awaken within them aspirations toward a better life. To those who were able to read he supplied good books, and encouraged them by precept and example to instruct their less favored fellow-prisoners. For all who were able and willing to work he endeavored to find some kind of occupation, and he ever strove to inculcate among them the Christian principle of kindness one for another. While seeking to show his practical sympathy with the inmates of the jail, Raikes often took the opportunity of illustrating, by a reference to their wretchedness, the contrast between the happiness of a path of virtue and the misery of a path of vice.

Considerable controversy has raged round the question,

WAS RAIKES THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS?

If by "the founder of Sunday-schools" is meant the person to whom the idea of imparting education to the young on the Lord's day first originated, or by whom that idea was first carried into execution, Raikes is *not* entitled to the description. Years before Raikes commenced his work, the notion of Sunday instruction had presented itself to several philanthropic individuals in various parts of England and America, and was in isolated cases put into practice.

Again, if by the term "founder" is meant the person to whom alone the establishment of Sunday-schools is due to the exclusion of all participation in the work on the part of others, Raikes *cannot* lay claim to the honor, *nor indeed can any other individual.* In the whole of his labors Raikes had several most valuble co-workers, and to one at least—the *Rev. Thomas Stock*, Rector of St. John the Baptist and St. Aldgate, Gloucester—belongs almost if not quite as much credit for the institution of schools in Gloucester as to Raikes himself.

Raikes's *distinctive honor* lies in the fact that, by means of his newspaper and other organs of public opinion, he recommended the practice far and wide, and never ceased his advocacy till the scheme was generally adopted throughout the land. The movement, hitherto unheard of save in a few provincial towns and villages, was by him brought into the light of day. In vigorous language he introduced it to all classes of readers. From cottager to king, all learned of the new institution through Robert Raikes. He raised Sunday teaching from a fortuitous rarity into *a universal system.* He found the practice local; he made it universal. It is upon this ground that admirers of Raikes rest his claim to the honored title of "Founder of Sunday-schools."

ANCIENT SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The *principles* upon which Sunday-schools a
based being as old as Christianity itself, it
not surprising to find these principles reduced
practice in numerous instances prior to the
tablishment of the Sunday-school system
Robert Raikes. In the fifteenth century *Char*
Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, nephew of Po
Pius V., founded in the parishes of his dioce
a number of Sunday-schools of which many y
continue. He died in 1584, at the age of fort
six. A hundred years later the *Rev. Jose*
Alleine, an eminent Nonconformist of Taunto
and author of "An Alarm to the Unconve
ed," adopted the plan of gathering the you
together on the Lord's day for instruction.
the county of Gloucester, years before Rail
was born, *Mrs. Catherine Boevey*, of Flaxley A
bey, had one of the earliest and certainly one
the pleasantest Sunday-schools on record.
America a Sunday-school was founded betw
1740 and 1747 by *Ludwig Hacker*, at Ephra
Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, among
German Baptists there. In 1763-4 a Sund
school was established at Catterick, Yorkshi
by the *Rev. T. Lindsey*, conjointly with a ben
olent lady named *Cappe*. Miss *Ball*, a you
Methodist lady living at High Wycom
started a Sunday-school there in 1769.

About that period another was instituted, o
somewhat humbler scale, at Little Lever, f
miles from Bolton, Lancashire, by a poor n
named *James Hey*. "Old Jemmy" emplo
the working days of the week in winding b
bins for weavers, and on Sundays he tau
the boys and girls of the neighborhood readi
His school assembled twice each Sunday in
cottage of a neighbor, and the time of comme
ing was announced by the ringing, not of a b
but of *an old brass pestle and mortar.* Afte
while *Mr. Adam Compton*, a paper-maker in
neighborhood, began to supply Jemmy w
books, and subscriptions in money were give
him. He was thus enabled to form th
branch establishments, the teachers of wh
were paid one shilling each per Sunday for t
services. In 1778, a Sunday-school was c
menced in Macclesfield by the *Rev. David Si*
son. And in the same year it is said that
Rev. Thomas Stock, afterward Raikes's
worker in Gloucester, had a Sunday-schoo
Ashbury, in Berkshire.

While Raikes was meditating on the condi
of the criminals in the jails he became
pressed with the conviction that a large pro
tion of them had become criminals thro
their ignorance. He believed that if the
dren of the poorest classes were given an ed
tion, especially a religious education, man
them would be preserved from a criminal ca
That conviction ultimately developed into
project for establishing Sunday-schools.

A MOMENTOUS CONVERSATION.

The opportunity of putting his idea into p
tice occurred, when one morning Mr. Ra
went into the slums of Gloucester to enga
gardener. The man he went to see was a
from home, and while waiting for him he
struck with concern at seeing a group of
dren, wretchedly ragged, at play in the str
He asked a woman whether those childre
longed to that part of the town, and lame
their misery and idleness. "Ah, sir," said
woman, "could you take a view of this pa
the town on a Sunday you would be sho
indeed; for then the street is filled with m
tudes of these wretches, released that day f
employment, who spend their time in noise
riot, and cursing and swearing in a mann
horrid as to convey to any serious mind an
of hell rather than any other place."

Raikes did not go home and get up a p
meeting, he did not ask for subscriptions, h
not, wise man that he was, organize a com
tee. He did two very simple things: he hu
up four poor women, who, for a shilling a
were ready to receive and teach some of t
children to read and say the Church Catec
each Sunday, and he obtained the clergym

ht for me to give it, much as I love you, Con- nce ; but do remember, dear child, poor child, t your father's memory is dearer to me than you. Do you suppose I shall not respect it ?"

Then Mrs. Anerley began to sob hysterically, l Constance, vexed with herself for her fruit- s endeavor, and for having, perhaps, suggest- a possibility to her mother that she had not n thought of, brought her some simple nedy, and strove to quiet her by loving ca- ses and tender words. Then she sat, holding mother's hand, till Mrs. Anerley was fast ep, when, stealing softly away, Constance hed her own room again.

(*To be continued.*)

E BRITISH POLITICAL REVOLUTION.

Its Prophetic Aspect.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

rogressive Step toward the Fulfilment of Five ophetic Events which immediately precede rist's Second Advent and the Final Crisis of is Age—1. The increased Prevalence of the irit of Democracy and Radicalism until Brit- becomes a Republic, etc.

HE fact cannot be denied that the General tion of 1880 has resulted in a startling and ing predominance of Liberal votes, which equally great surprise to both Liberals and ervatives. It has been signally shown that traordiary revolution may be silently tak- lace in the political views of the nation, and here may be no visible indication of it on urface.

ere are at least *five aspects* in which this ex- dinary wave of Liberalism sweeping over ritish nation will manifestly tend to hasten rd the fulfilment of Scripture prophecies cted with the predicted final crisis of t's second Advent between 1885 and 1890.

The increased prevalence of

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

adicalism until universal suffrage and re- anism are established in Great Britain, as s in all the rest of the ten kingdoms, be- 1885 and 1890, is clearly foretold in (*a*) 2 : 31-45, and (*b*) Rev. 16 : 13, 14, and (*c*) And the present great Liberal reaction ep in that direction.

In Dan. 2 : 31-45 the prophetic image of a s explained to represent, as all admit, the uccessive universal empires of Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, corresponding the image's golden head, silver breast, loins, and iron legs, terminating in *ten on toes,* upon which a stone "cut out of ountain without hands," *i.e.*, Christ at His l Advent will descend with destructive e (about 1890) ; and then the stone will be- great mountain, and fill the whole earth the subsequent millennum of 1,000 years.

ar's Roman Empire was bisected into a *n and Eastern empire* during the dual f Valentinian and Valens, in correspond- ith the emblem of the *two legs ;* and then al subdivision of each foot into *five toes* is understood to denote the future and final sion of each of those Western and East- ves into *five kingdoms,* which will be sub- lly—1. *Britain,* legislatively separated reland, because Ireland never belonged to man Empire ; 2. *France,* extended to the nd annexing Switzerland, Belgium, Lux- g, etc. ; 3. *Spain,* with Portugal added to *taly ;* 5. *Austria,* south of the Danube, arated from Eastern Hungary—five king- n the western half ; and, 6. *Greece,* en- northward so as to comprise Thessaly, , and Macedonia ; 7. *Egypt ;* 8. *Syria,* d from the Turkish empire ; 9. *Central* south of the Balkans and west of Mace- —*i.e.* ancient *Thrace*—together with a in Asia Minor to be attached to the gdom of Syria ; 10. *Bulgaria,* with Ser- probably Roumania added to it. These doms will then be *allied together in a ten- ed confederacy,* as denoted by *the ten horns on the one corporate body of the wild beast* (Dan. 7 : 24).

The exact subdivision of all the countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire into these ten kingdoms will necessarily involve terrific wars and revolutions ; but the point we have to notice just now is that the *ten toes, symbolizing these future ten kingdoms, are composed of iron mingled with clay* and not of pure iron like the legs of the image. This indicates that their governmental principle will be a *clay-iron* or *democratic-despotic* principle, for the *clay* has long been understood to denote *popular democratic power* in contrast with the *iron* of *monarchic absolutism.*

Britain, therefore, as one of the ten-toe kingdoms, will soon have

A CLAY-IRON GOVERNMENT,

that is, one in which the sovereign will be elected by *universal suffrage*, just as the late Emperor Napoleon was elected by a *plebiscite ;* and, consequently, we must expect the franchise to be progressively extended and lowered until it reaches *manhood suffrage ;* and then the populace will not be content with merely electing the *Members of Parliament* by manhood suffrage, but will insist on that mode of electing the *sovereign himself*, whether he be a Republican president or king.

(*b*) In Rev. 16 : 13, 14, three wonder-working frog-like spirits are predicted to go forth from the dragon, the ten-horned wild beast, and the false prophet, to gather the nations of the world to the final war of Armageddon. This accompanies the drying up of the Euphrates or Turkish Empire under the sixth vial, which is the very epoch in which we are now living.

Standard expositors agree that the *first* spirit from the dragon or Satan is one of *Antichristian infidelity and Satanic spiritualism*, which has certainly gone forth with unwonted energy of late years.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH,

the newly-elected Member for Northampton, by his speeches and publications, is one of the many modern apostles of infidelity ; and there are numerous propagators of spiritualistic sorcery. The *third* spirit from the false prophet is one of Mohammedan and Papal zealotry and frenzied fanaticism, as shown in Romanist Ultramontanism, and in Mohammedan *jehads, i.e.*, proclamations of a holy war.

The *second* spirit from the ten-horned wild beast or Roman Empire is one of Democracy, and Radicalism, which, run into an extreme, culminates in Socialism and Communism. This plain prediction, that at the present epoch of the sixth vial the spirit of Democratic Liberalism and Radicalism is to go forth to pervade and leaven the nations with its contagious influence, is certainly being fulfilled to some extent by the present *wave of Radicalism*, as it is designated in political speeches ; for example, in the recent speech of Mr. Cross, a prominent member of the defeated party, at Manchester, when he said :

"Lord Hartington (then leader of the Liberal party) has seen with just as much surprise as myself *the vast wave of Radicalism* suddenly spread over the electors of England ; and his own speeches show how clearly he feels the deep responsibility that rests on him to stem that tide which has swept over England, to check *that tide of Democracy*, and to show at all events that, so far as he is concerned, he will rule England with firmness and moderation. If, relying upon the better part of the Liberal party, he will resist the Radical tail which will press heavily on him, and not give way to evil counsels, he may rely upon the cordial support of the Conservatives. But how will he deal with the Irish Home Rulers? If he does not to a certain extent satisfy their desires, they will be the first to turn against him."

A Liberal Government may be better than a Conservative Government for some reasons. It will not show so much favor to the abominably corrupt Governments of Turkey and Egypt. Its policy is more likely to be one of enfranchising and benefiting oppressed peoples and nationalities in the East. It is also more likely to promote measures in the direction of temperance, such as the Sunday closing of public-houses, etc. ; but the danger is that moderate Liberals will be unable to withstand

THE REVOLUTIONARY TENDENCIES

of the extreme men of their own party : for it is a significant fact that *the greater number of the Liberal majority* in the new Parliament of 1880 *are Radicals.* Now this has never been the case in any former English Parliament. In that of 1868 the Liberal majority consisted of a greater number of *moderate* than *extreme* Liberals, *i.e.*, Radicals.

Assuredly, throughout Europe generally, the tide of Democracy is rising, and soon its surging, foaming, seething torrent, rushing onward with resistless fury, will burst all barriers, and, overleaping every flood-gate, will cover the earth as with a garment. Whether it will come as a desolating flood, or whether as a beneficent inundation, like that of the Nile, fertilizing the barren wastes and bringing fruitfulness and blessing as its effect, time will show. The fact that it is coming is indisputable.

(*c*) In Rev. 17 : 3, Cæsar's Roman Empire, pictured as a ten-horned wild beast, is presented in its *final stage with its whole body scarlet colored, and ascending from the revolutionary "abyss" and without any crowns on its horns or heads,* although it had crowns in Rev. 12 and 13. This is generally understood to signify that at that future period its ten horns, *i.e.*, the rulers of the nations of the RomanEmpire, will be crownless, *i.e.*, Republican ; and that the sovereignty will be in the people constituting the whole body of the nations, because the body of the wild beast is scarlet, which is the emblem of sovereign power.

Hence the above-mentioned three prophecies all point to the approaching universal spread and prevalence of Democratic popular power.

(*To be continued.*)

The Famous Jewels Belonging to the French Imperial family are about to be disposed of. They will be divided into three parts. The first will comprise the historic jewels and stones, and will be placed in the Louvre. The second part will contain the scarce minerals, and will be placed in the Museum ; while the third portion, will be put up to auction.

M. Turquet, the official who has the custody of the jewels, has had an inventory made of this princely treasure. One of the most famous of the diamonds is the one called Regent. It weighs 136½ carats, and is one of extreme whiteness and brilliancy. This stone has a very curious history attaching to it. It was bought by the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, of Pitt, the Governor of Fort St. George, in the year 1717, for £135,000. When rough the stone weighed 411 carats, and the cutting cost £2,000. Pitt had purchased this stone in Golconda, of Jamelchund, a Hindoo merchant, as he states in a pamphlet published to clear himself from the reports about his having stolen it. This diamond, however, was actually stolen from the Garde Meuble in 1792, but was restored in a mysterious manner. After this it was recut at a cost of £3,500, an operation which took two years to perform. Napoleon the First was so enamored of this gem that he had it set on the pommel of his sword. Some idea of the size of the Regent may be given when it is stated that it is 30 carats larger than the Koh-i-noor, the most valuable of the British royal jewels.

Another remarkable object in the sale is a round pearl valued at 200,000 f., and still another is a necklace of pearls, styled *Collier de la Reine*, composed of twenty-five pearls, and worth 996,700 f. Next comes a long clear ruby, weighing 56 carats, and valued at 500,000 f. There is also an amethyst of more than 13 carats, valued at the large sum of 600,000f., and a sapphire of 132 carats, worth 100,000 f. By selling the jewles of the third class M. Turquet expects to realize ample funds for the purchase of works of art wherewith to enrich the national museums.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, July 7th, at **11.45 A.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Both the Republican and Democratic Candidates for the Presidency are placed in a difficulty by the platforms of their respective parties. Gen. Garfield, who was prominent in opposition to the Chinese Immigration Bill which was passed by Congress but vetoed by President Hayes, is confronted with the clause in the platform adopted at Chicago which deals with the Chinese question, and which he cannot be expected to indorse heartily. Gen. Hancock, on his side, is made the champion of a platform which, if he adopts it, places him in an anomalous position with regard to the President, who, being by virtue of his position the commander-in-chief, is Gen. Hancock's superior officer. Some curiosity is excited as to the means the candidates will adopt to overcome these difficulties.

The rumor that Gen. Grant had announced his intention of supporting the Democratic candidate, which occasioned so much surprise when it was published, has been promptly contradicted. Gen. Grant, while expressing his high opinion of Gen. Hancock's personal, military, and official record, says he is opposed to the principles of the party which has put him in nomination.

Tea Culture in the South.—A Southern Journal says: Commissioner Le Duc has recently been selecting *sites for tea farms* in Georgia, and has returned to Washington, leaving an assistant to complete the work. He thinks that he will have no difficulty, as the problem of tea culture at the South, or at least in Georgia, has been already solved. A quantity of tea equal to that imported from Asia is raised in quantities in this State at a cost of not more than *twenty cents a pound*, and readily finds a market at from forty to fifty cents.

The Bureau of Steamboat Inspectors is Undergoing an ordeal of criticism, owing to the series of disasters which has shocked the community during the past few weeks. The general opinion appears to be, from inquiries made as to the operations and powers of the bureau, that the defects in the supervision of the boats are due rather to the laws than to the officers employed. There is a want of centralization in the arrangements which renders it difficult to fix the responsibility for defective supervision, and an attempt will probably be made in the next session of Congress to increase the power of the Inspector-General and at the same time hold him responsible for the efficient working of the system of inspection. At present he has only a limited power of initiating inquiries, and has no means of correcting irregularities and negligence on the part of local officials.

On Wednesday, July 7th, *nine steamers were seized* in the port of New York, the owners of which had failed to comply with the laws of inspection. They were subsequently released, after bonds had been given for the appearance of the owners at an investigation. The loss of so many valuable lives in the recent calamities renders a thorough inquiry imperative, and measures must be taken to guard against a recurrence of them.

The Isthmus Canal Scheme is Reported by M. Lesseps to be approaching realization. He states that the French capital has already been subscribed, and that American capital has begun to flow in. He believes that by the fall of next year he will be ready to commence operations. Meanwhile the Nicaraguan scheme has not been relinquished. Admiral Ammen and Mr. Blanchet, who advocate that route, had an interview with President Hayes on July 10th, with the view of directing his attention to the importance of favoring their project. The President, in reply, stated that he looked upon the Nicaraguan route as the most available one, and he hoped Mr. Blanchet might see his long-wished-for project carried into execution.

Dr. H. S. Tanner, a Physician from Minnesota, has succeeded in attracting a good deal of notice by professing to go *entirely without food* for forty days. The exhibition has been going on in the Clarendon Hall, New York, since June 28th. Similar cases have occurred before, and the only time that competent and reliable watchers were present the patient died. It is very difficult to make sure that such a case is properly watched; for a small quantity of liquid food will keep the life in a person who does not exert himself, and it is easy for such a quantity to be concealed in the sponges, towels, and clothing which the exhibitor uses. In one case, where a girl was pretending to fast continuously, it was discovered that her mother passed food to her from her mouth, whenever she kissed her, which she did many times a day. When Dr. Tanner had completed a week of his forty days, members of the Neurological Society of New York undertook to watch him; so either the detection of a fraud or the death of the patient is now certain. It will be an awful and wicked thing if Dr. Tanner is allowed to die.

Denis Kearney, the California Agitator, whose violent language has occasioned so much alarm in that State, has since his release from prison been deposed from his leadership by the party of the Sand Lots. The State Convention of Democratic workingmen, held at San Francisco July 2d, formally adopted the Cincinnati ticket, and declared Kearney's office as president of the party vacant. It is believed that he will still command the adherence of a section of the party, but the San Francisco journals assert that it is only the section composed of the poorest and most disreputable members.

The Salvation Army is making Progress in all the cities where corps have been established. A German corps has been started in New York, at a hall in West Fifty-third Street, and the meetings held have been crowded, and conversions have taken place. At Grand Union Hall and at the Baxter Street Mission many remarkable instances of God's saving mercy have occurred. Drunkards and abandoned persons of both sexes who were considered as hopelessly depraved may be seen rejoicing in salvation, "clothed and in their right mind."

Satan resists these energetic assaults on his kingdom according to his usual devices. He has stirred up wicked men, both in New York and Philadelphia, to assault the members of the army, and in several cases serious personal injury has been inflicted. In West Philadelphia *a stone thrown* at one of the preachers struck officer of the Army on the back with so mu force that she was confined to her bed for day, and still suffers considerable pain. At of the German services in New York stones w thrown, one of which struck a brother over left eye, inflicting *a painful wound.* There now ten corps at work, with four hundred spe ers, and an urgent invitation has been sent Commissioner Railton to visit Texas. It ca from a Christian man who had read in one the local journals an article condemning the vation Army, but who was convinced, from unfriendly remarks made, that the Army doing a work much needed in his neighborho

Roman Catholicism appears to be Los ground in some of the Western States. F James O'Connor, vicar apostolic of Nebra says: "It would surprise Catholics in the to know how many have been lost to the f in the West during the last half century. Nebraska alone, with its sparse population, number thus lost has been from 10,000 to 000, and the church has no more bitter ene to-day than these children of Catholic paren Those who have been familiar with the influ of Romanism on the domestic life of the pe will have no difficulty in accounting for *the b enmity* of which Mr. O'Connor complains.

Dr. Ripley, one of the most Eminent Lite men in America, died in New York on July at the age of 78. He was the literary edito the *New York Tribune*, the founder and ec of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, and a freq contributor to other periodical literature. mother was a near relative of Benjamin Fr lin, and was remarkable for her educational quirements and literary abilities. Dr. Ripley formerly a Congregational minister at Bo but during a visit to Germany in 1842 he happily imbibed doctrines which led him o return to America to abjure evangelical theol and he thenceforward devoted himself ex ively to literary pursuits.

Religion at Princeton.—Dr. McCosh said public meeting held recently in Cincinnati, speaking of the condition of the college, " lieve you will be pleased to learn that the bers of the faculty watch over the morals o students, and we have really very little among us. We have had the courage t down hazing and other evils which still re in many colleges. We were supported b great body of students, and, the evils now rooted out, we have at this mo perfect peace and order. I believe our a wish us to continue a religious college, an of us give instruction in the Word of G every young man placed under our care. year 80 of the 120 who graduated were *prof Christians.* I know that you will be gratif learn that at the present time there is *religious interest* with prayer pervading than one half of the whole college."

Judge Black's Opinion of the State of S as recently expressed, is not of an encou character. In reply to an observation m a friend that the lines which formerly d people in religious matters seemed "to ing out," the judge said he had noticed th tinctions between right and wrong appeare fading out with them. Probably no man good opportunities of forming an accurat ion as a judge, and the fact that so emi judge expressed such an opinion is most cant and ominous. Society is in a most d ous condition when the distinctions b right and wrong are not clearly defined.

Beer as an Explosive.—An Explosion red on board the steamer Stonington, o York, last week, which severely injured the sailors. A barrel of beer formed part cargo, and during the passage it exploded ing the staves about with great force. A who was near it when it exploded was on the arm and leg so violently that both were broken. Had the liquor reached its nation it is possible that it would have don serious mischief by breaking some one's

A Wicked Attempt to Injure a Public Man s been made in New York. A packet was sent ently to the office of the Society for the Supession of Vice, addressed to Mr. Anthony Comock. On being opened it was found to contain mass of putrid matter, which emitted a very ensive odor. The only person who handled was Mr. Arthur F. Ducret, Mr. Comstock's nographer, and it is feared that he has reved fatal injuries from the contact. Soon er examining the parcel alarming symptoms peared; his skin became black, and his joints re greatly swollen. By severe treatment some the symptoms were reduced, but Mr. Ducret still confined to his bed and in great danger. e disease is stated by the physicians to be emia, or blood poisoning. Mr. Comstock's rk in New York has made for him many enes, and the malignity which prompted so bolical an act as this shows how valuable t work is in the best interest of society.

emperance Meetings are being Held at ean Grove this week, in connection with the men's Christian Temperance Union, under direction of Mrs. A. Wittenmeyer, assisted Mrs. Youmans, of Canada; Mrs. Lathrop, Michigan; Mrs. Reese, of Ohio; Mrs. Riley, Washington; Mrs. Burt, of the Woman's ional Christian Temperance Union; Mrs. nson, Miss Greenwood, Miss Coleman, and ers, from Brooklyn, and many of the speak- and workers of New Jersey, New York, nsylvania, and Connecticut. A National nperance Convention was held at Asbury k last Wednesday, the sittings lasting until urday.

ixty-five Years in the Sunday-School.—The st Baptist Church, Philadelphia, numbers ong its Sunday-school teachers a venerable seventy-three years of age. She has been he Sunday-school ever since it was organized, ch was sixty-five years ago. She was then he infant class.

ree Ice Water.—An Ice-water Fountain for use of the public has been placed in one of recesses of the New York Post Office build- The tank bears the inscription, "Free iceer, by the Business Men's Society for the ouragement of Moderation." An attendant laced in charge of the fountain, and glass blers are provided for the free use of the lic. The intense heat which has prevailed several weeks has been provocative of thirst, the Moderation Society in providing free water, has done indirect work in the cause of perance.

he Indian Schools at Carlisle, Pa., appear e successfully grappling with the vexed ques- of Indian civilization. Miss Mather, writto the *New York Tribune*, says: "Twenty- of the girls run the sewing-machine with , and do excellent work. Some of them and make their own dresses. All the work e dining-room is done by them. Some are ning to cook, and all keep their rooms, which always open to inspection, in nice order. boys are learning the tinner's trade, ten ess-making, six shoemaking, eight carering, and eight blacksmithing and wagoning. These boys are trained by skilled men, who pronounce their work and prog- *equal to that of boys taken from any civilized ity.*"

e Virginia Bible Society is about to Can- the entire State with a view of supplying y family with a copy of the Holy Scriptures. ly fifty active men will be employed in the at a salary of $25 a month and expenses. Long Island Bible Society has also resolved canvass the whole island, excepting Brookfor the same purpose.

Extensive Fire was Caused near River- , L. I., last week, in an attempt to settle a ite. Two German residents quarrelled over ossession of some hay which both claimed. strange idea of setting fire to the hay oced to them as an amicable mode of settling dispute, and the plan was adopted. But the was not confined to the hay, but extended to the adjacent woods and 1200 acres of valuable timber were burned. For two days and nights the farmers at Calverton were obliged to fight the fire to save their dwellings and crops, and many narrow escapes are reported. One man in endeavoring to save his cord-wood was hemmed in by a fire that had been started, and was obliged to drive his team into the river. This is only one of innumerable instances in which a dispute over a trifling matter has led to serious loss. The world would have been saved untold sorrow and suffering, had Christ's rule as to quarrels been generally observed and practised (Matthew 5 : 39-42).

A Thief has died a Strange Death at South Canaan, Pa. A short time ago a burglary was committed at the house of one of the citizens, and a number of valuable articles were stolen. The police were unable to discover the criminal, but a few days ago his dead body was found lying in an unfrequented spot, shot through the head, and with his plunder around him. He had carried off, among other articles, a loaded gun, and in the hurry of his flight it had been accidentally discharged, killing him on the spot. Thus his crime brought its own punishment, which crime generally does sooner or later, though very seldom in so remarkable a manner (Psalms 94 : 23).

A Tract was given with each Railroad ticket issued by an agent at one of our principal stations during several years. He was an earnest Christian man, anxious to use every opportunity to spread the knowledge of his Master. Every year he expended fifty dollars in tracts, which he thus distributed, and after continuing the practice for five years he had the happiness of counting *twenty-two letters* he had received during that period from persons who had been converted by the blessing of God on the tracts he had given them with their tickets.

The Second Sunday-School Assembly at Round Lake will begin on July 20th, and continue ten days. Each day will be devoted to some special department of Christian work, including a Mission day, home and foreign; a Temperance day; two Children's days; a day of Sacred Concert; an Alumni reunion day; a Robert Raikes day; a Christian literature day; and a day of revival work. During the Assembly tents will be furnished to clergymen and their families free. There will be a department of illustration, embracing models of the temple, and the tabernacle, and an Oriental house, and Oriental costumes, relics, pictures, maps, and agricultural and commercial implements. The blackboard and object-teaching will be illustrated. Eminent ministers and laymen of different denominations have consented to deliver addresses.

A Town is being Swallowed up by the Missouri River in Iowa. The river has a bend just where it flows by the town of Covington, and the banks there are being gradually washed away. A strip of land *thirty feet wide* was swept away on June 20th in a few hours. The citizens have tried to moor trees and logs to the bank in the hope of forming a barrier to the flood, but the current is so swift and the water so deep that these attempts have failed. In two years over six hundred feet of ground have been swallowed up at irregular intervals, and the buildings are now being put on rollers for removal.

A Child was Rescued after being Seven Days in a morass near Baltimore last week. He was lost while on a free excursion for poor mothers and children. The place was carefully searched for several days, but no trace of him could be seen. Afterward a gentleman passing through the excursion grounds heard a noise, and tracing it, found the boy sunk in the mire above his waist. He was much emaciated, but it is thought he will recover, notwithstanding he was so long without food.

A New Gospel Tent.—The New York Baptist City Mission have decided to conduct a tent campaign this summer. A tent capable of seating two thousand persons has been secured, and it is to be set up at Second Avenue and Twentieth Street.

THE SHEEP BEFORE THE SHEARERS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."—Isaiah 53 : 7.

A Condescending Figure—I. Our Saviour's Patience—1. Dumb toward His Adversaries—2. Not a Word against us—3. No Repining at Punishment—4. Complete Submission and Self-Conquest—5. Complete Absorption in His Work—II. Our own Case as Sheep—The Sheep Rewards its owner by being Shorn—It is Benefited by the Operation—The Cleansing precedes the Shearing—The Sheep not Injured—Done at a Suitable Time—III. Imitate our Lord's example when our Turn Comesto be Shorn—The Stupidity of a Beaten Dog—Yield Thyself—The Downhill road to Heaven.

It is very suggestive of the way in which our Lord Jesus took the sinner's place that we are here in the context compared to sheep: "All we like sheep have gone astray," and then He who comes to take our place is compared to a sheep also—"as a sheep before her shearers is dumb." It is wonderful how complete was the interchange of positions between Christ and His people, so that what they were that He became, in order that what He is they may become.

See how closely He became like His brethren. I can very well understand how we should be like to the sheep and He to the shepherd; but I should never have dared to coin the comparison which likens *Him* to a sheep. I dare try to explain, but I should never have dared to utter it if I had not found it here. To liken the Son of the Highest to a sheep would have been *unpardonable presumption* had not His own Spirit employed the condescending figure.

Though the emblem is very gracious, it is by no means novel, for our Lord had been long before Isaiah's day typified in the lamb of the Passover. To call Him "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," is a very frequent mode of explaining to us how He made expiation for our transgressions: and indeed even in His glory He is the Lamb in the midst of the throne, before whom angels and the redeemed are bowing.

I delight to bring before your minds the singular communion between yourselves and Jesus: you "like sheep," and He "as a sheep;" you like sheep in your wanderings, He like a sheep in His patience; you most like sheep—I mean myself and you—most like sheep for foolishness, but He only like a sheep for the sweet submissiveness of His spirit, so that beneath the shearer's hand "He openeth not His mouth."

I. I will not keep you with any preface, but invite you to consider first,

OUR SAVIOUR'S PATIENCE,

under the figure of a sheep before her shearers. Let us view our Lord's patience by the help of the Holy Spirit.

I do not think I will preach to you, but I will set before you *as open a window* as I can, and ask you to look in, and behold the Lamb of God. Our Lord was brought to slaughter, and brought in another sense by another figure to the shearers: to the slaughter that He might die; to the shearers, that He might be shorn of His comfort, and of His honors, shorn even of His good name, and shorn at last of life itself. While He was before the slaughtermen He was quiet as a lamb that is led; when He was under the shearers He was as silent as a sheep that lieth to be shorn.

You know the story of how patient He was before Pilate, and Herod, and Caiaphas, and on the cross. You have no record of His groaning, or of His uttering any exclamation as though impatient of the pain and shame which He received at the hands of wicked men; you have *not one bitter word*, one hard speech. Pilate cries, "Answerest thou nothing? Behold how many things they witness against thee;" and Herod is bitterly disappointed, for he expected to see some miracle wrought by Him.

All that He does say is like the bleating of a sheep, only so infinitely more full of meaning.

He utters sentences like these—" For this purpose was I born, and came into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth," and," Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He is all patience and silence.

1. Now remember, first, that our Lord was dumb and opened not His mouth *against His adversaries*, and did not accuse one of them of cruelty or injustice. They slandered Him, but He replied not; false witnesses arose, but He answered them not. He did not say, like Paul, " God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." I am not going to condemn Paul, but I certainly am not going to commend him. In contrast with the Master, how differently he behaves!

He had only to have lifted His eye to heaven, or to have felt a wrathful wish, and legions of angels would have chased out the ribald soldiery; one flash of a seraph's wing and Herod had been eaten by worms, and Pilate had died the death he well deserved as an unjust judge. The hill of the cross might have become a volcano's mouth to swallow up the whole multitude who stood there jesting and jeering at Him; but, no, nothing of the kind; there was no display of power, or rather there was so great a display of power over Himself that He did not use His might against His bitterest foes; He restrained Omnipotence itself with a strength which never can be measured, for His mighty love availed even to restrain divine wrath. He kept back the natural indignation which must have come over His spirit against the injustice, the falsehood, the shameful malice of His foes; He held it all back, and was patient, meek, silent to the end.

2. Again, as He did not utter a word against His adversaries, so He did not say a word *against any one of us*. You remember how Zipporah said to Moses, " Surely a bloody husband art thou to me," as she saw her child bleeding; and surely Jesus might have said to His Church, " Thou art a costly spouse to me, to bring me all this shame and blood-shedding." But He giveth liberally, He openeth the very fountain of His heart, and He upbraideth not. He had reckoned on the uttermost expenditure, and endured the cross, despising the shame.

"This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew."

3. And again, as there was not a word against His adversaries, nor a word against you nor me, there was not a word *against His Father or of repining at the severity of the punishment of our sin*. You know how Cain said, " My punishment is greater than I can bear," and yet to me he seems to have been treated with strange leniency, *that first red-handed man*. Sometimes you and I have cried, when under a comparatively light grief, " Surely my grief cannot be weighed in the scales, nor measured in the balances." We have thought ourselves hardly done by.

He alone of all mankind could truly say, " All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me;" yet there is not a complaint, for " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" is a cry of grief, but it is not a cry of repining. It shows manhood in its weakness, but not manhood in revolt. There is the cry of grief, but there is not the voice of rebellion there, nor even of despair. We have the lamentations of Jeremiah, but where are the lamentations of Jesus? Jesus wept, and Jesus sweat great drops of blood, but he never murmured nor felt rebellion in His heart.

4. I see in this, in Christ our Lord, *complete submission*. He gives Himself up; there is no reserve about it. The sacrifice did not need binding with cords to the horns of the altar. How different from your case and mine? He stands there willing to suffer, to be spit upon, to be shamefully entreated, and to die, for in Him there was a complete surrender. There was no reserve about his body, soul, or spirit. He was wholly given up to do the Father's will, and work out our redemption.

There was a *complete self-conquest*, too. In Him no faculty arose to plead for liberty, and ask to be exempted from the general strain; no limb of the body, no portion of the mind, no faculty of the spirit started, but all submitted; a whole Christ giving up His whole being unto God, that He might perfectly offer Himself without spot for redemption.

5. There was not only self-conquest, but there was *a complete absorption in his work*. The sheep, lying there, thinks no more of the pastures, it just gives itself up to the shearer. And Christ forsook His Father that He might be one flesh with us; that was at the very first, and therefore He came here and was joined unto us at Bethlehem. He kept up the union to the end, and hence He was one with us in death. The zeal of God's house did eat Him up in Pilate's hall as well as everywhere else, for there He witnessed a good confession. No thought had He but for the clearing of the divine honor, and the salvation of God's elect. His powers were concentrated into one desire, and the passion of love to men made His heart hot within Him, till it melted and ran out in a stream of love and blood.

The wonderful serenity and submissiveness of our Lord are still better set forth by our text, if it be indeed true that *sheep in the east* are even more docile than with us. Those who have seen the noise and roughness of many of our washings and shearings will hardly believe the testimony of that ancient writer Philo-Judæus when he affirms that the sheep came voluntarily to be shorn. He says: " Woolly rams laden with thick fleeces put themselves into his hands (the shepherd's) to have their wool shorn, being thus accustomed to pay their yearly tribute to man, their king by nature. The sheep stands in a silent inclining posture, unconstrained under the hand of the shearer. These things may appear strange to those who do not know the docility of the sheep, but they are true."

II. Thus I have very feebly indeed set before you, dear friends, the patience of our beloved Master. Now I want you to follow me, in the second place, to view

OUR OWN CASE

under the same metaphor as that which is used in reference to our Lord.

Did not I begin by saying that because we were sheep He deigns to compare Himself to a sheep? Now, just go back again. Our Lord was a sheep under the shearers, and as He is, so are we also in this world. Though we shall never be offered up like a lamb in the temple by way of expiation, yet the saints for ages were the flock of slaughter, as it is written, " For thy sake we are killed all the day long, we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter!"

Jesus sends us forth as sheep in the midst of wolves, and we are to regard ourselves as living sacrifices, ready to be offered up. I dwell, however, more particularly upon the second symbol; we can go, and do go, as sheep under the shearer's hands. I want to speak to you a little now about this figure, as I have no doubt it has been wrought out in the lives of many here present, and may perhaps be wrought out at this present time, and in future days in the rest of you. We need to be reconciled to the shearing process, and to that end I shall speak at this time.

First, remember that *a sheep rewards its owner for all his care and trouble by being shorn*. There is nothing else that I know of that a sheep can do. It yields food when it is killed, but while it is alive the one payment that the sheep can make to the shepherd is to yield its fleece in due season. And so, dear friends, a sheep, if it were intelligent, might well be reconciled to be shorn because it would say, " The shepherd deserves to be rewarded for his pains, and so I am content to go down to the shearing house, to yield my fleece that he may be repaid."

Some of God's people can give to Christ a tribute of gratitude by active service, and they should do so gladly every day of their lives; but many others cannot do much in active service, and about the only reward they can give to their Lord is to give up their fleece by suffering wh
he calls upon them to suffer; submissively yiel
ing to be shorn of their personal comfort wh
the time comes for patient endurance.

Here comes the shearer; he takes the she
and begins to cut, cut, cut, cut, taking away t
wool by wholesale. Affliction is often used
the big shears. The husband is taken away,
perhaps the wife, little children are taken aw
property is taken away, health is taken aw
Sometimes the shears even cut off your go
name; slander comes, everything seems to co
and remove your consolations, till all comfo
vanish.

Well, this is

YOUR SHEARING TIME,

you may not be able to glorify God to any v
large extent except by undergoing this pr
ess; and if this be the fact, do you not thi
that you and I, like good sheep of Christ, sho
surrender cheerfully and say, " I lay mys
down with this intent, that thou shouldst t
from me anything and everything, and do wl
thou wilt with me; for I am not mine o
I am bought with a price, and so I would che
fully yield to anything by which thou may
get some honor out of me. Thou great Sh
herd of the sheep, clip and shear me as th
wilt, so long as thou seest some sort of ret
for all thy tender care and bitter woe.

Notice that the sheep is itself *benefited by*
operation of shearing. Before they begin to sh
the sheep the wool is long and old, and ev
bush that catches it, every thistle with whic
gets entangled, every brier that it passes
tears off a bit of the wool, and the sheep lo
ragged and forlorn. If the wool, were left o
when the heat of summer came it would not
able to bear itself, it would be so overloaded w
clothing that it would be as we ourselves are wl
we have kept on our borrowed wool, our flan
and broadcloths, too late. After the heat
summer has come we have to throw off our th
clothes: we cannot bear them; so the sheep is
better for losing its wool, it would become a l
derance to it and not a comfort if it could ret
it.

So, brethren, when the Lord shears us, we
not like the operation any more than the sh
do; but first it is for *His glory*, and secondl
really is for *our benefit*, and therefore we
bound most willingly to submit. There
many things which we should have liked to h
kept which, if we had kept them, would not h
proved blessings, but curses. Remember, *a s*
blessing is a curse. The brazen serpent preser
as a relic became a snare to the people till it
broken up and called Nehushtan, a piece of br
The manna, though it came from heaven,
only good so long as God's command made
blessing, but when they kept it over its due t
it bred worms and stank, and then it was no bl
ing.

I do believe that many persons if they co
would keep their blessings stinking in the ho
till they filled their cupboards with worms.
God will not have it so. Up to a certain p
for you to be wealthy was a blessing; it wo
not have been a blessing any longer, and so
Lord took your riches away. Up to that p
your child was a boon, but it would have b
no longer so, and therefore it fell sick and d
You may not be able to see it, but it must
tainly be, that God, when He withdraws a bl
ing from His people, takes it away, becaus
would not be a blessing any longer. Remem
this text, " No good thing will I withhold f
them that walk uprightly," and if that be t
then this is true, " No really good thing w
take away from them that walk uprightly,"
that is something more than withholding.

You who know something about sheep
remember that before sheep are shorn *they*
always washed. Were you ever present at
scene when they drive them down to the bro
to the place where they have dammed up
stream to make a pool for washing? There
men stand in rows, while the shepherd stand
the water breast high. The sheep are dri

wn, and the men seize them, throw them into e water, keeping their faces above water, and ill them round and round and round to wash e wool before they clip it off. You see them me out on the other side frightened to death, or things, wondering whatever is coming, no ubt under the impression that they are going t be drowned, and when they escape they stand ating on the other shore as one by one they ish their swim.

want to suggest to you, brethren, that whener a trial threatens to overtake you, before it ually arrives you should ask the Lord to sanctify you. If He is going to clip the wool, ask him to wash it before He takes it off; ask to be cleansed in spirit, soul, and body. That is a very good custom Christian people have of asking a blessing on their meals before they eat bread. Do you not think it is even more necessary to ask a blessing on our troubles before we go into them?

fter the washing, and the sheep has dried, the sheep actually *loses what was its comfort.* It is thrown down, and you see the shearers; you wonder at them and pity the poor sheep. The sheep is losing what was its comfort. It will happen to you that you shall lose what is your comfort. Will you recollect this? Because the next time you receive a fresh comfort you must say this is a loan. O sheep, there is no wool on your back but what will come off; child of God, there is no comfort in your possession but it will either leave you, or you will leave it.

he shearers, when they are taking the wool of the sheep, *take care not to hurt the sheep:* they clip as close as they can, but they do not cut the skin. If possible they will not make a gash or a wound, or draw blood, even in the smallest degree. When they do make a gash, it is *because the sheep does not lie still;* but a careful shearer ha

BLOODLESS SHEARS.

this Thomson sings in his Seasons, and the passage is so good an illustration of the whole subject that I will adorn my discourse with it:

"How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes! 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again."

Be sure that when the Lord is clipping and shearing us He will not hurt us; He will take our comforts away, but He will not really injure or cause a wound to our spirits. Hath He not said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." If ever the shears do make us bleed, it is because we kick, because we struggle.

You will notice about sheep-shearing that the shearers always *shear at a suitable time.* It would be a very wicked, cruel, and unwise thing to begin sheep-shearing in winter time. There is a proverb which talks about God "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb." It may be so, but it is a very wicked practice to shear lambs that winds need tempering. Sheep are shorn when it is warm, genial weather, when they can afford to lose their fleeces, and are all the better for being relieved of them. As the summer comes on sheep-shearing time comes. Have you ever noticed that whenever the Lord afflicts us He selects the best possible time?

There is a prayer that He put into His disciples' mouths, "Pray that your flight be not in the winter:" the spirit of that prayer may be seen in the seasonableness of our sorrows. He will not send us our worst troubles at our worst time. I have frequently noticed, and I have treasured it up with gratitude, that when I have had strong inclinations to sin, the opportunity has not come; that if ever I have had opportunities of sinning temptingly put before me, then I have had no inward longing toward the sin. When the inward desire and the opportunity meet, that is *a very dangerous case* indeed, but the Lord keeps His people from that.

There is another thing to remember. When God takes away our mercies He is ready to supply us with more. It is with us as with the sheep, *there is new wool coming.* Whenever the Lord takes away our earthly comforts with one hand, one, two, three, He restores with the other hand six, twelve, scores, a hundred; *he takes away by spoonfuls, and he gives by cartloads:* we are crying and whining about the little loss, and yet it is necessary in order that we may be able to receive the great mercy. Yes, it will be so, we shall yet have cause for rejoicing, "joy cometh in the morning." Yes, there is new wool coming; do not therefore fret at the shearing. I have given these thoughts in brief, that we may come to this last word.

III. Let us, in the third place, endeavor to imitate the example of our blessed Lord

WHEN OUR TURN COMES

to be shorn. Let us be dumb before the shearers, submissive, quiescent, even as He was.

I have been giving, in everything I have said, a reason for so doing. I have shown that it glorifies God, rewards the Shepherd, and benefits ourselves. I have shown that He measures and tempers our affliction, and sends the trial at the right time. I have shown you in many ways that we are wise to submit ourselves, as the sheep does to the shearer, and the more completely we do so the better. Oh, brethren, we shall be happy when we have done with self: it will be all well with us whatever we may have gone through, when we learn that verse of Toplady's:

"Sweet to lie passive in Thy hand,
And know no will but thine."

I know we struggle a good deal, and we make excuses for struggling. Sometimes we say, "Oh, this is so painful, I cannot be patient! I could have borne anything else; but not this." When a father is going to correct his child does he select something that is pleasant? Oh dear no. The painfulness of the chastisement is the essence of it, and even so the bitterness of your sorrow will be a blessing to you. By the blueness of the wound the heart will be made better. Do not rebel because your trial seems strange. It is as good as saying, "If I have it all my own way I will not rebel, but if everything does not please me I will not endure it." Sometimes we complain because of our great weakness. "Lord, were I stronger I would not mind this heavy loss: I am like a sere leaf driven of the tempest." But who is to be the judge of the suitability of your trial? You or God? Since the Lord judges this trial to be suitable to your weakness, depend upon it it is so. Lie still, lie still, lie quite still!

"Alas," you say, "my grief comes from the most cruel quarter; this trouble did not arise directly from God, it came through my cousin or my brother, who ought to have treated me with gratitude. I could have borne it if it had not come in that way; it was not an enemy, then I could have borne it." Then let me tell you it is not a traitor after all. God is at the bottom of all your tribulation—look through the second causes to the great First Cause.

It is a great mistake when we fret over the human instrument which smites us, and forget the hand which uses the rod. If I strike a dog with a stick, he bites my stick—*that is because he is stupid;* if he thought a little he would bite *me*, or else take the blow and bow in obedience. Now, you must not begin biting the stick. After all it is God that uses that staff, though it be of ebony or of blackthorn. It is well to have done with all this picking and choosing, and to leave the whole matter in the hand of infinite wisdom. A sweet singer has put this matter very prettily; let me quote the lines:

"But when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content,
The grief whereby I must be purified,
To me was sent,

"As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss
Before my soul, I cried, 'Oh! spare me here,
Oh, no, not this!'

"Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

"Nay, then, but He, who best doth understand
Both what we need,
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,
Nor crying heed."

This is

THE PITH OF MY SERMON:

O sheep, yield thyself, yield thyself! O believer, yield thyself, lie passive, lie passive, struggle not! There is no use in struggling, for our great Shearer, if He means to shear, will do it; if He means to send us trials and troubles He will not spare for our crying, He will not mind our whining, He will do His will and carry out His purpose. What is the good, therefore, of rebellion? Did not I say just now that the sheep, by struggling, might be cut by the shears! So you and I, if we struggle against God, we shall get *two troubles instead of one,* and after all there is not half so much trouble in a trouble as there is in our kicking against the trouble.

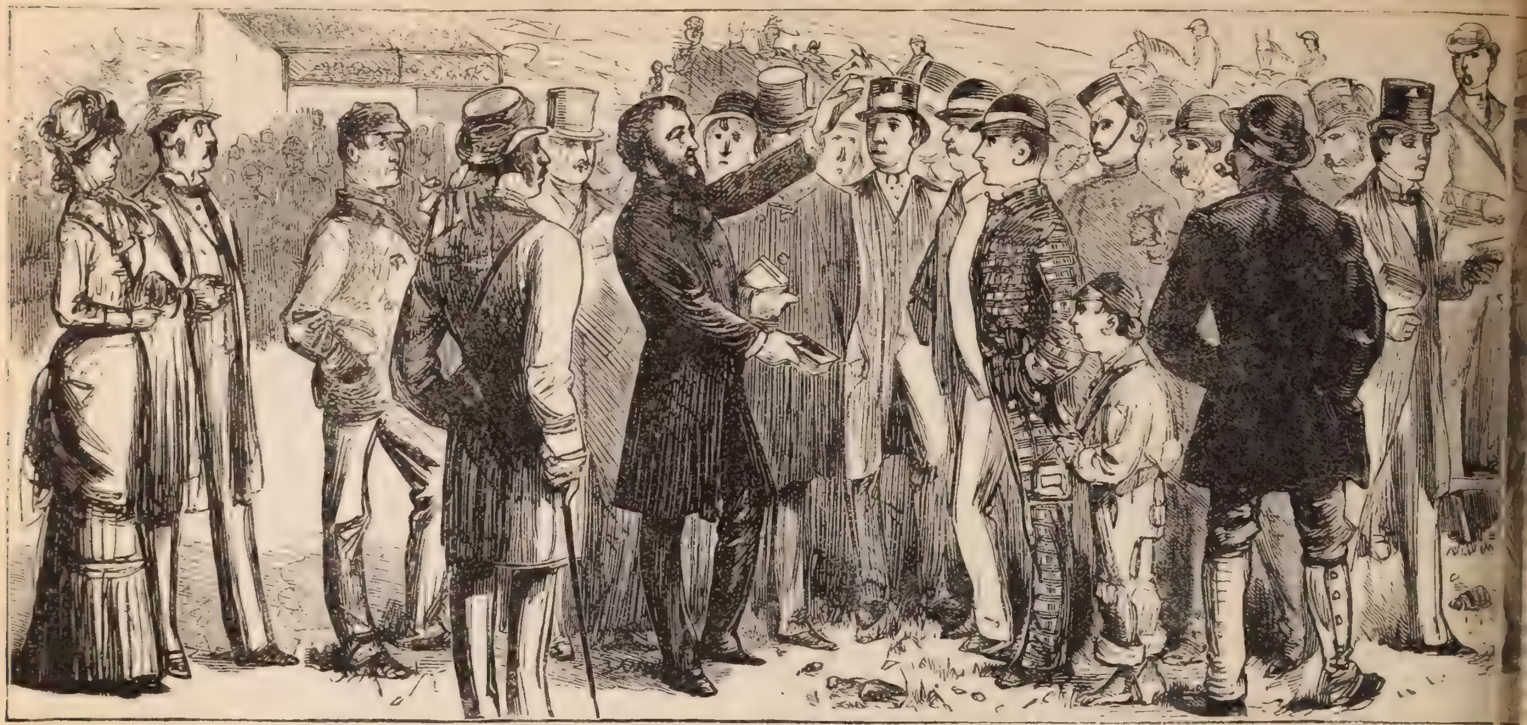
The eastern ploughman when he ploughs has a goad, and pricks the ox to make it move along; he does not hurt it much, but suppose the ox flings out the moment it touches him, he drives the goad into himself, and bleeds. So is it with us, if we kick out against divine providences we shall get a sore wound, much more than was ever needful; we shall endure much more pain than would have come if we had yielded to the divine will.

What is the use of kicking and struggling then, you fretful ones? You cannot make one hair white or black. You that are troubled, rest with us, for you cannot make shower or shine, rain or fine weather, with all your groaning. Did you ever bring a penny into the till by fretting, or put a loaf on the table by complaint, or get a shilling in your pocket by murmuring? Murmuring is wasted breath, and fretting is wasted time. But to lie still in the hand of God brings a blessing to the soul. I wish myself that I could be more quiet, calm, and self-possessed, but an active mind is apt to turn upon itself to its own wounding, when all the cares of a church and a great work press heavily.

I long to cry habitually, "Lord, do what Thou wilt, when Thou wilt, as Thou wilt with me, Thy servant: appoint me honor or dishonor, wealth or poverty, sickness or health, exhilaration or depression, and I will take all right gladly from Thy hand." A man is not far from the gates of heaven when he is fully submissive to the Lord's will. *Though heaven is up hill* the road to it is down hill, and when a man has gone down so much that he is dead to self, he is not far from entering into that eternal life where God shall be all in all, in bliss for ever and ever. You that have been shorn have, I hope, received a word of comfort through the ever blessed Spirit of God. May God bless it to you. Oh that the sinner, too, would submit himself to God, yield himself up, and rebel no longer! Submit yourselves unto God, let every thought be brought into captivity to Him, and the Lord send His blessing, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Isaiah 53.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



OPEN-AIR PREACHING AT EPSOM RACES, IN ENGLAND, IN MAY, 1880, BY MR. KIRKHAM AND OTHERS.

The Practice of Open Air Preaching—History of the "London Open-Air Mission"—Archbishop Tait's Commendation of it—Rev. H. Webb Peploe's Conviction by a Tract on a Race-course—Edwin Kerwin's Conversion by Tracts and Preaching at Races—Experiences at Epsom.

THE race-course at Epsom during the last week of May is always, for four days, crowded with frequenters of horse races, especially on the day of the Derby on Wednesday, and of the Oaks on Friday. And the opportunity is not neglected by Christian workers to sow the seed of the Gospel among the vast crowds, as depicted in the illustration at the head of this article.

Nineteen centuries ago, the voice of the forerunner, John the Baptist, was heard before the First Advent, crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," so to-day the voice of the herald is heard as the Second Advent speedily approaches, while he cries in the open air, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," and preaches repentance and a coming judgment, proclaiming as he does so, "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The *need* of open-air proclamations of salvation will be denied by no disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the imperative urgency of the work is more clearly recognized than ever before. As a practical recognition of this need, the "Open-air Mission" was inaugurated in 1852, and has successfully prosecuted its work for the last twenty-seven years. The object of the society as originally proposed, and to which there has been steady adherence, is "to encourage, regulate, and improve the efforts of Christian men, especially laymen, who carry the Gospel of Jesus Christ to their fellow creatures assembled out of doors, or in places frequented by the masses."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

at the annual meeting of the Mission, held in 1875, said:

"It is calculated that the metropolis increases annually by 40,000 living souls. Now, whatever efforts may have been made to extend the usefulness of the Church according to its prescribed and regular machinery, you will all see that it is quite impossible for any regular efforts of ordained clergy to keep pace with this ever-growing population, and what a wise clergyman does in his parish and neighborhood is to enlist the sympathy, and not only the sympathy, but the active co-operation of every man and of every woman ready to take his or her part in spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Now, it is of the very essence of such efforts as that which has brought us here to-day, to endeavor to reach those who cannot be reached by the ordinary ministrations of our churches."

The area covered by the operations of the Mission is exceedingly large, and comprises divers kinds of work. One branch—the visitation of races, fairs, and other special gatherings of the people—is almost peculiar to the Open-Air Mission, as no other organization or agency does it systematically, and it is only taken up by individual workers occasionally. The field, certainly, is one which at first does not appear very promising, and it requires courage, self-denial, and tact of no ordinary kind. But though there is much wayside, stony, and thorny ground, there is nevertheless a harvest to be gained which amply repays all the toil bestowed. The Rev. H. W. Webb Peploe, Vicar of St. Paul's, London, thus related at the anniversary meeting of the Religious Tract Society, in Exeter Hall, in 1878,

HIS CONVERSION BY A TRACT ON A RACE-COURSE,

'A lad, bursting into manhood, of the age of nineteen, is spoken to one night by a faithful Christian, and he tries the next day to reject the influence which had moved him to tears the night before. He endeavors to cast off the effect produced by passing rapidly to the race-course in the town of Derby, hoping, if possible, to shake off all that he had heard; but as he steps upon the race-course a young man walks forward to him, and says, 'Sir, would you kindly look at that?' and his eye falls just for a moment upon the simple, single-paged tract, and the words that strike him are these: 'Reader, if you died to-night would you be in hell?' He fled from the race-course as one stricken by God's hand, or one pursued by a spirit that was striving to drag him into hell. For seven miles he ran, and that young man from that day never dared to go back, until this night he stands in the presence of an Exeter Hall assembly, telling them of God's mercy."

EDWIN KERWIN'S CONVERSION BY TRACTS AND PREACHING AT RACES.

As a further illustration of the blessing which accompanies Christian efforts at race-courses, the following letter to Mr. Kirkham will be perused with interest. The writer of it is one of the chief helpers in the Tower Hamlets Miss and in that capacity has the direction of ne seventy Christian workers, about twenty-fiv whom are open-air preachers:

"Ever since I saw your account last yea of your visit to Doncaster races, I have felt at if you again visited them this year, at the t. Leger season, I should like to go with you, at is, if you will have me. And now perhaps u would like to know my reason for asking is favor. In September, 1868, I left King's C for Manchester, on my way to Doncaster, t ee the St. Leger run. I went down a few day efore, and so avoided the crush. I was a g at card-player at that time, and never was wit ut a pack in my pocket. My fellow-passengers re three gentlemen, and no sooner had the in left the platform than I pulled out my cards nd asked them if they would like to play a gar of whist. They looked at me with some am nt of suspicion, and then at one another. Su sing their thoughts, I remarked that I was t a sharper, and although I usually played dail or money, I would play them for love. The ccepted my invitation, and we occupied the me in playing until we arrived at Peterbor h, where I alighted for refreshment. As I ste ed out of the carriage, two young women conf nted me and proffered me a tract, which I ok, and thanked them, for I was always resp ful to those whom I thought were trying do good, however mistaken I imagined they w in their method.

"Upon resuming my seat in the trai my travelling companions said they thought ey had had enough of card-playing. I then led out my note-book, and with it the tract, ch curiosity led me to read. The perusal the same made me very uncomfortable, and I r it again and again. It made such an impr ion upon me, that when I arrived at my desti ion I actually handed it round the table at sup r to be read, at the same time commenting up the beautiful words it contained.

"St. Leger day came, and I started from an chester for Doncaster. Soon after reachi the race-course, and just on the other side the grand stand, my attention was drawn to a oup of men with a banner, upon which was a t of Scripture. They were singing and prea ng. I had often seen this before at race-me ngs, and always ridiculed such conduct, an en then thought what fools they were. I c ided it was blasphemy to be talking about God d Jesus on a race-course.

" However the text displayed upon the ban- r I could not forget, and it left a very uncom- table feeling within. The few words I heard the preaching seemed to make me feel even rse, and I thought I had better clear out of it, went and stood opposite the grand stand. me time after I was watching the horses start the Leger when I again espied the preachers, o had come over close to where I was stand- g. This was more than I could endure; and soon as the race was over I quitted the course th anything but kind feelings toward the eachers.

" I returned to Manchester very downcast. I de up with betting men whose conversation I herto had delighted in, but it seemed to be fully repugnant now. I went so far as to get o another compartment, but that was also ed with the same class of passengers, and so rode on to Manchester in a most mournful ood. I seemed to care for nothing. I was to ve stayed ten days longer, but returned to ndon the day after. Other circumstances the rd used to follow up the impression made on me, and in November, less than two onths afterward, I was converted to God. rely God's hand can be seen in all this, and u can understand my desire to stand and tell e story on the Doncaster race-course. I am urs very truly,

" EDWIN H. KERWIN."

The greatest effort of the Open-Air Mission, this branch of its operations, is put forth at som races, during the Derby week. This ar, in the course of seven days, more than thirty rsons took part in the work, more than fifty dresses were delivered, and nearly 100,000 acts and books were given away. One even- g, through some words of the preacher on tting, there was an outbreak of feeling. Look here, sir!" one of the betting men ex- aimed, "you preach the Gospel: that's your siness, and let betting alone." Another man clared he would knock the preacher down, if cost him £5 for doing so. At the close of the eeting the mission agent found a London police spector in plain clothes ready to escort him to s lodgings. "If it hadn't been for you," he id kindly, "I should have been in bed long nce, for I have to be up early; but I did not now what might happen, so I stayed to see e end."

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely to ove the value of this agency, and of the suc- ss of the zealous exertions of Mr. Gawin Kirk- am, Secretary of the Open-Air Mission, and of s numerous coadjutors.

PROPHETIC EXPOSITION.

Compiled by Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page* 439.)

r. Mercier's Interpretation—Napoleon I. the Seventh Head—The Crimean War—The Unclean Spirits—Expected result of the Crimean War—The Fall of Turkey not to come by War.

THE REV. LEWIS PAGE MERCIER, M.A., aplain of the Foundling Hospital, London, ablished in 1853, a discourse upon "The Pres- t European Crisis," containing the following marks:

"The seventh head of the Latin Empire, des- nated by the seventh head of the Apocalyptic lydra (Rev. 17 : 10), appeared in the person of apoleon Bonaparte, who preceded by two ears the abdication in 1806 by the Austrian mperor Francis of the title of Cæsar and Em- eror of the Romans (which title had never for 350 years been in abeyance). Napoleon con- tituted himself the head of that Roman Em- ire, whose capital, Rome, he seized, and over hose ancient feudatories he reigned with power s absolute as that of the first Cæsar. After a rief reign, extending over a period marked by iore amazing conquests and extraordinary phe- omena than the world had ever seen, he, that is to say, *the dynasty which he represented*, fell at Waterloo *wounded to death* (Rev. 13 : 3).

"A period of peace then ensued, which, placing the French people under a constitutional government and prospering them in the arts of civilization, seemed to promise to mankind a continuance of tranquillity, and to postpone indefinitely the predicted horrors of the last vials which immediately precede the restoration of God's ancient people, the Jews, and the inauguration of the peaceful millennium of one thousand years.

"But the eye that saw *the deadly wound* of Bonaparte's French Empire beheld also the miraculous *healing of that wound*,* and the revival of that same form of government under circumstances so similar, and with form and spirit so identical, as to be called the same as the seventh head, although apparently an eighth. For while all men were secure and Louis Philippe's monarchy seemed daily acquiring strength, which promised to make it impregnable, suddenly, as by a secret blow, in 1848, it fell to pieces; its line of kings becoming exiles for their lifetime, and the prophetic sea of revolutionary tumult raging again with tempestuous violence.

"But suddenly as the one fell, the other form of government reappeared. A single man,

LOUIS NAPOLEON,

but little known, and foolishly despised by those who looked not beyond the surface, declared himself the successor of the sword-slain head of the French, or in reality, Latin Empire. Men looked and were amazed: their views were disproved, their human expectations scattered to the winds; and now among the wings of the earth sits one in whom lives and breathes the Napoleonic spirit that overran the continent from Madrid to Moscow, and placed the heel of an obscure Corsican upon the necks of the descendants of an hundred kings.

"But simultaneously with this phenomenon in the west, appears a sign in the east. The Turco-Mohammedan Power, which formerly overthrew and took possession of the Eastern Roman Empire, now arms itself for a struggle against the mighty Russian foe, which, true to the traditionary policy of the house of Ivan, issues forth from the less genial provinces of north-east Europe and plants its standard on the borders of the Danube.

Yet shall not war destroy the kingdom of that once fierce and sanguinary foe of Christendom. *He shall be broken without hand* (Dan. 8 : 25). The mystic Euphrates shall be *dried up* (Rev. 16 : 12). Rotten to the core, and destitute of internal power of coherence, the struggle of the Ottoman is but the preliminary to his gradual dissolution.

"Those two signs, then—the Revival of the military French empire of Bonaparte and the manifestly approaching overthrow of the Turco-Mohammedan power symbolized by the *Euphratean Horsemen*—are momentous warnings of what is about to follow. And there are equally potent signs to be read in the very *spirit of the age*. Probably never since Christianity made its way among the nations of Europe has there been a time when the 'Three Unclean Spirits,' predicted under the sixth vial, of 'Satanic Infidelity, Despotism springing out of anarchy, and Jesuitical Popery,' have ventured abroad under so thin a disguise as in the present day.

"The mines of the two first-named are spreading in all directions: and never have the emissaries of the corrupt Hierarchy which aids in treason and abets in disaffection, plied their calling more successfully and undisguisedly than now. If we could only divest our minds of the smooth sounds of political language, the position in which our country stands, might well cause us astonishment, and the aspect of all Europe fill us with apprehension and alarm (Rev. 16 : 13–16).

"Centuries of misrule will have to be expiated in the compass of a few years. The long smouldering fire of hate now burns slowly, but unceasingly, throughout the Italian States, like the lava of their own volcanoes. From Rome to the Caucasus, the lurid atmosphere of the political world threatens a conflagration. The antipathies of nations and creeds long repressed by force of circumstances, when once let loose, must result in horrors to which even the dread catastrophes of the first fifteen years of this century can offer no parallel; appalling, because they will be the final effort of Satan before the binding of his powers (Rev. 12 : 12 ; 20.): fearful, because present means of destruction exceed tenfold in power, magnitude, and rapidity of movement, those which hurried our forefathers into the presence of their Maker. It can scarcely be too much to say that the coming wars will equal in awful reality, if not surpass, all that our imagination can picture of the terrible and the dread.

"The date assigned to the conclusion of the prophetic eras of Daniel, Zechariah, and Revelation (viz., the 1260 years, etc.), is not far distant. *Many are running to and fro, and knowledge is being increased* (Dan. 12 : 4). Let us bear in mind that it has been expressly declared that the coming period, in whose destinies we cannot doubt that our own country (from the extent of its maritime power and the magnitude of the interests it has at stake (must play a prominent part, will be one marked by such trouble and universal suffering as has never been known since there was a nation upon the earth (Daniel 12 : 1).

"In the great wars from 1800 to 1815 there was not a nation that did not suffer, and in each nation there have been but few that did not in some way share in the general calamities. But so vast has been the increase and extension of human relationship since then, that now even an *equal amount of war* would produce a *greater extent of human suffering*."

EXPECTED RESULT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.*

"The question arises—If Turkey is to be the victor in the present contest (the Crimean War), and the Muscovite be driven ingloriously back to his northern fastnesses, how is prophecy to be fulfilled? What becomes of the predicted fearful European War? Where is the predestined restoration of Judah and Israel, and how far off is the prophetic period of Unexampled Woe? What is to be said if the present conflict be concluded by the submission of the Czar to the terms offered by the western powers, and by the consequent victory of the Ottoman?

"The answer is that the predicted horrors of the final European War do not commence until *the downfall of Turkey*, out of which it necessarily springs. It is also declared, I believe, as above stated, in Dan. 8 : 25 ; Rev. 16 : 12, that the Ottoman Empire will

NOT BE DESTROYED BY WAR.

Consequently the present Crimean War cannot be the final prophetic war. Turkey will ultimately be dismembered, not by the pressure of external rapacity, or foreign violence, but by mere internal inability to keep its heterogeneous elements longer in cohesion. The Christian population will learn their own strength, and the political and numerical weakness of their Mohammedan superiors. Turkey will be *broken without hand and dried up*.

"And when eventually the Ottoman Empire is dismembered, the flames of war must rage over the entire continent of Europe. Austria cannot, without peril to her existence, permit the Russian to acquire a permanent standing in the territories of European Turkey. France will not endure an Austrian rival on the Mediterranean. To England the opening of a passage through Asia to her Indian possessions would be a call to arms. The outbreak of war would be a signal to every smaller state that now groans under oppression and misrule to rise and assert her rights and independence. In these prospective events the elements of the final prophetic war are not difficult to be recognized."

(*To be continued.*)

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*[*Note by Editor* in 1876.] Mr. Mercier wrote these words at the time of the Crimean War of England, France, and Turkey against Russia in 1853.

* Appendix in 1853.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 447.)

Changes at Rockwood.

"If you'd come and see him!" urged Julia. "He thinks all the world o' you."

"I'll come gladly," replied Ruth.

"I know I'm nothin' better than a common servant-girl," said Julia humbly; "and he only used to make game o' me; so it 'ud be no use me sayin' anythin', even if I knew how. But you're a lady, and he thinks all the world o' you."

It cost Julia a pang to own this in so many words. Though she had risked her life for Charles Clifford, and was willing to devote it to his service, he thought nothing of her; while he thought all the world of Ruth, who had never given to him a moment's care. She could not explain it to herself. Charles Clifford had never been like Ernest, who seemed to belong altogether to another sphere than hers. Charles had always chosen to associate with people like himself. Then how was it that he could think so much of Ruth, and find merely a subject of ridicule in her own devotion and love to him?

"And oh! Miss Ruth," she continued, "his mother can't comfort him, no more than me. She sits, and cries, and wails by his bedside, and never says a word to cheer him up. 'We shall have to live all the rest of our days in this hole,' she says; 'there's no more company for us, and no pleasure in life. I'm a miserable woman,' she says. "Sometimes Master Charlie pretends to be asleep, when he hears her come in. 'Julia,' he said, last night, 'what have I done to bring my father's curses on me? Ernest says he took them off before he died, but they've overtaken me all the same. I made him miserable, and now I'm miserable. Even my mother looks on me as a burden.' 'You're no burden to me, Master Charlie,' I said; 'I love to wait on you.' But it was no good; he only groaned deeper than ever; and I heard him callin', 'Oh, God! oh, God!' *like a child that's lost its way and is callin' for its mother.*"

Julia hid her face in her hands, weeping bitterly; and Ruth wept too. It was pitiful to them both to think of Charles Clifford suddenly struck down in his full vigor; but Ruth's grief and pity were nothing to Julia's.

"What I want to ask," resumed Julia, "is to be only his nurse, Julia Rush, just as if I'd never called myself anythin' else. I know you and Captain Symons and the rest have a right to settle what I ought to do, because I was your father's wife; but folks will forget all that by and by. It was a silly blunder o' mine, and I'm rightly punished for it. I'm young and strong, and I might take care o' Master Charlie as long as he lives. Oh, my dear Miss Ruth, he'll need somebody very true and patient to take care of him.

"The doctors say by and by, maybe not for some years yet, but the mischief 'll creep up to his head, and he'll be quite silly, like a poor idiot. He'll need somebody to love him very faithful, then; and there's nobody in the world but me. Other folks might be cruel to him; and it breaks my heart already to think he might be badly dealt by. Perhaps it's the work God has set for me; I'd like to think it was, it'd be so kind of Him. If I could only fancy God was sayin', 'Julia, you take care of this poor Master Charlie for Me,' I could keep on for hundreds o' years. That 'ud give me all the help I want."

"Julia," said Ruth, taking her large red hand between her own, "I believe God has set you this work to do. It will be a great sacrifice for you, my poor girl; but I believe you can do it. Yes; you shall take care of him if you will."

"You'll let me be Master Charlie's servant?" exclaimed Julia.

"With all my heart; it's a noble thing to do," answered Ruth. "Did you never hear what Jesus said, 'Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many?' (Matt. 20:27, 28.) You are choosing wisely now, Julia."

"I don't know much about Him," she said, with kindling eyes, "but it's somethin' like what Uncle Dunnit says. Do you mean that Jesus Christ was like a servant, *a real servant*, doing real work that was beneath Him? Not *makin' believe to work* like grand folks do. I never thought of that before. I wish I had before I began to wish to be a lady. I'll think about that when I grow tired and low. And I'll keep myself under to Mrs. Clifford, however aggravatin' she is. If I could only be a right good woman at last I'd put up with anythin'. Jesus Christ doin' real work that was beneath Him! Oh, Miss Ruth, what a foolish woman I have been!"

Julia went back to Rockwood with a lightened heart. She knew very well that a dreary life lay before her; and that the service she had entered upon would be a hard one. Not for her would there be any of the common joys and sorrows of her own class; no small, quiet home of her own; neither husband nor child.

She had forfeited all these; and in their place was allotted to her a life of constant care and weariness; sleepless nights and anxious days. Yet she felt glad, she hardly knew why. Her path by the cliffs led her past the almost hidden cove where she had faced death while choosing to remain faithful to Charles Clifford. With slow and cautious steps she felt her way to the summit of the precipice, and lying down stretched her head over the edge to catch a glimpse of the strip of sand far below her.

The waves were running in upon it, curling and rippling in the sunshine, as if playing with one another; but none the less steadily creeping over it, and stealthily filling up all means of escape from it. If she had forsaken her charge, and left Charles Clifford there in his unconsciousness, death would have been certain. Thank God! she had kept true.

But as Julia went on her way, slowly and thoughtfully, it seemed to her that the doom stealthily *creeping* onward upon Charles Clifford was like the treacherous tide she had been gazing on from the perilous standpoint. Slowly it might come, but there was no escape from it. No love or pity could save him. It would be her lot to watch its inroads and encroachments; to sit by and see him sinking into helpless imbecility. For the hours she had waited under the cliffs for deliverance, there would be years to wait for the only deliverance that could come to release Charles Clifford. Could she remain all those years beside him?

"God keep me true!" she cried in her inmost heart.

It was several weeks before Ruth could gather courage and strength sufficient to revisit her old home. The shock of her father's death had been too great and too sudden for her to rally quickly from the blow. The dreary circumstances attending it preyed upon her spirits; and Ernest, who was compelled by the duties of his secretaryship to leave Clifford for days together, would not listen to any project of her visiting Rockwood and his brother Charles until she had recovered in a measure her natural balance.

Ernest was fully awake to the difficulties of his own and his brother's position, with regard to each other and to the estate. There was no hope of even a partial recovery for Charles from the fatal injury to the spine, which reduced him to the state of a helpless and bedridden cripple. How many years he might linger on in this condition would be due to the manner in which he bore his terrible doom, and to the faithfulness of his nurse and attendants.

Yet he was the owner of Clifford, and had a clear right to dispose of it as he chose. No doubt, at present, he fully intended to bequeath it to Ernest; but there was nothing to prevent him, in the future, from leaving it to any stranger who might seek to gain an undue influence over his weakened brain. Charles must fall more and more under the impulses of mere caprice and whim; and as his mind grew feebler his passions would grow stronger. There mus be to the end an utter uncertainty of succeedin to his possessions.

Yet the estate needed a master. Already during the twelve months since Ernest had give it up, affairs had fallen into some disorder. Hi quick eye discerned it as he rode over the farn attached to Clifford Grange, and inquired int the progress of the trade he had started by th coasting craft, which had succeeded so well under his own direction. There had not been tim for any serious neglect or falling off; but ther was the beginning of it to be detected everywhere.

It annoyed Ernest, as it annoys every ma whose heart is in his work, to see that on whicl he has bestowed much labor and thought fallin into decay and ruin. Now that Charles was absolutely disabled, though he could not ruin himself and his estate by reckless extravagances neither could he look after his own affairs at all Henceforth he must see only through the eye of another man, issue his orders through anothe man's mouth, and leave everything in anothe man's hands.

Ernest's love for Clifford was too deeply rooted ever to be altogether eradicated. He ha entered heartily into his new work, and enjoye it with the vigor and healthy enjoyment of man who feels that he is living a conscientiou and useful life. But in Clifford he felt that th prosperity and peace of the whole place was in great measure due to himself, and dependen upon him.

His friendship for many of the homely fishermen was as true a friendship as can exist between man and man. It had been very pleasar to him to dwell among them, as he had done, i an almost patriarchal fashion; their head an leader; the chieftain whom they were all willin to follow loyally. There were many life-lon ties uniting them to him, and him to them. had been a grievous thing to him to leave the to Charles; it was hardly less grievous to thin of them being left to the direction of a hirelin

Slowly the project formed itself in his mind t come back to Clifford as Charles's bailiff. Th meant to be a servant where he had been maste a servant to an imperious and capricious employer. He would not be Clifford of Cliffor Charles had resented his change of name, an refused to call him by the family surname; an though he had retained it as being better know by it than by his old name, it was possible th Charles would persist in calling him by the la ter. Continual vexations and mortificatio would beset him. There would be nothing gain for himself, but very much for Charles, f Clifford, and for the people who had been h care during so many years.

His post in London could be filled up imm diately by scores of men as well qualified for i duties as himself. But who else could fill th post as he could?

If he could serve God and man better at Cli ford than elsewhere, it was his duty to tramp under foot any mere dread of encountering ve ations and mortifications. Was he not call upon to "consider Him who endured such co tradictions of sinners against Himself," and n to be weary and faint in his mind? (Heb. 12:3 It is enough for the disciple that he be as h master, and the servant as his lord."

There was the Rockwood estate, too; th lands belonging to Ruth's brother, lying side side with the Clifford estate. Captain Symon the heir, could not live upon it, and he was a ready seeking an agent to take it into his hand Ernest had often revolved schemes in his mi for developing the natural resources of his neig bor's lands, and from time to time had tried arouse old Squire Symons to some energy. would not be too much to take charge of bo Clifford and Rockwood. There would be magisterial duties to discharge; and the clain of society upon him would be few when he w known to be no longer the owner, but the bail of Clifford.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COVENANT WITH NOAH.

S. Lesson for July 25.—Gen. 9 : 8–19. Golden Text, verse. 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

R subject for to-day is God's Covenant with N 1. This was the first which God made with He had made a precious promise to fallen that the woman's seed should bruise the ent's head, but a promise is not a covenant, promise is given *to* us that we may receive covenant is made *with* us that we may keep d is binding on both parties who make it. ough it be a man's covenant, yet if it be rmed, no man disannulleth or addeth thereto (Gal. 3 : 15). God's promise to Adam was en, not to him, but to the serpent; but a nant must be subscribed by each of those are concerned in it.

hy could not God make a covenant with Ada? Death was pronounced on him, and ot yet executed. Noah, on the contrary, life out of death, he lived when the end of esh was come before God because of sin 6 : 13). He alone had recognized God's nd His justice in the destruction of guilty and thus God was in a position to meet him, and come to terms with him. Oh, if could but see this, that God can only deal them through death, through the execution Is own just sentence upon sin, then there be a better understanding of the death of ; there would be less discouragement, for children would expect nothing from them- ; there would be more victory, for God and would meet every child of His in every ency, who claimed His strength by virtue us' blood; and the long-lost power of the h which is vested in Christ would be in force again.

would seem from Gen. 4 : 26 that there was vous, ominous silence between God and man the birth of Enos, the son of Seth. Then d of a division in mankind, "sons of God" daughters of men." Probably Cain's pos- was without God, but it may be not exclu- so; Seth's posterity which contained the ors of Christ was probably godly, although clusively so. Among Cain's descendants to have been the first architects, herdsmen, ians, and metal-workers; the power of in- without God was developing. Among posterity we find a man who walked with and who, seeing that death was an unnat- nd foreign power, by faith was translated e should not see death, and was not found se God had translated him, for before his ation he had this testimony, that he d God" (Heb. 11 : 5). Thus there is good ce that among Seth's posterity were some ere really men of God.

S seems to have spread its deadly contagion apidly, for "God saw that the wickedness n was great in the earth, and that every ation of the thoughts of his heart was only ontinually. And it repented the Lord that d made man, and it grieved Him at His ' (Gen. 6 : 5, 6). This is a sad picture, at sin was it which brought the wicked- f man to a culminating point? It is writ- er. 11, 12) "The earth *also* was corrupt be- od, and the earth was filled with violence. od looked upon the earth, and behold it rrupt; for all flesh had corrupted His way he earth."

divides, He separates His people in all gen- s to be a peculiar or special people unto lf (Ex. 19 : 5, 6; Deut. 7 : 6; 1 Pet. 2 : 9, man, on the contrary, seeks to do away ll distinctions, to bring all things to a nd to assert that the difference between al and unspiritual lies entirely in the nat- sposition and not in a transformation by ger of God.

's great work is to manifest the difference n His people and the world, in positions in they are thrown closely in contact, as with in Egypt, who, in Potiphar's house and in ison, was separated from the Egyptians by esence of God with him, and while helping them was so distinct from them that he could not let his bones mingle with their soil; as Daniel in Babylon, whose life was several times in danger through persecution, but who, in the midst of the ungodly, maintained his place of testimony. As a boy he would not defile himself with the king's meat, as a young man he could reprove the proud Nebuchadnezzar to his face, as an old man he feared rather the failure in open witness for his God, than the fury of the lions.

One of the great sins of believers in our day is making common cause with the unconverted, in business and in pleasure, etc.; they think it unkind to believe another to be unconverted, whereas it is the most unpardonable selfishness to let them go on in their lost condition, they believing all the time that they are in the right. The more we love others the more faithful we shall be to them. One may say, "How can I judge?" If you lived in the power of the Spirit you would *discern* the state of others, but you would learn to approach them with no feeling of condemnation, but of love. Your life would give you an authority in speaking to them which would be more and more irresistible.

The Lord Jesus prayed (John 17 : 15, 16), "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." It is much more a life of faith to remain in the midst of an unconverted family, witnessing in faith and love for Christ, than to seek another and easier position. It is much more unselfish, and much more in the spirit of Christ to remain in a church where the burden of the unsaved lies sore upon our hearts, and the death of the members is a constant cross to us, than to come out and join those only who understand us. If we are faithful enough the power of the Spirit in us will make the position of unsaved souls unendurable, and they will either come to Christ or cast us out from among them. Outward separation is by no means always the separation unto God which is the glory and the privilege of His own people.

God sent on the inhabitants of the earth the terrible judgment of the flood. He said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man," so that we may conclude that during the "hundred and twenty years" in which Noah was "a preacher of righteousness" (Gen. 6 : 3; 2 Pet. 2 : 5), God's Spirit was at work, and yet so fearfully resisted by man, that we do not hear of a single conversion the whole time. With Noah alone, could God hold communion, because he had found *grace* in God's sight (Gen. 6 : 8). But Noah stood not by virtue of his good works. "By *faith* Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, prepared an ark for the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith."

Scripture lays this before us as the true teaching of baptism, when speaking of how in the days of Noah "few, that is eight souls, were saved by water. The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God), by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. In baptism, if we rightly understand it, we are buried with Christ (Col. 2 : 12), wherein also we are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised Him from the dead. As Noah condemned all men, himself included, and only escaped by special provision, so in the form of baptism we condemn ourselves and the world, acknowledge God's justice in our condemnation, and accept His provision by virtue of Christ's resurrection, "through faith of the operation of God who hath raised Him from the dead."

It is with such as live out of death, who take their stand in Christ's blood and His resurrection that God can make a covenant. Were it otherwise, God would ignore and become a party to man's sin. God made Noah the head of a new race of men, and gave him the same dominion which He had formerly given to Adam (comp. Gen. 9 : 1, 2, with 1 : 28). But there was a difference in His gifts. To Adam and Eve before sin and death came into the world, only herbs and fruits were given to man and beast for food (Gen. 1 : 29, 30). But now that death had entered into the world, God says to Noah, "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things." Everything told of the coming Sacrifice. Everywhere was there life out of death to typify the great coming Atonement for our sins.

But before God makes His covenant with Noah, He makes a command He has never reversed, "But flesh, with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat. And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made He man."

It was after this that God made His covenant with Noah, which He made also "with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark to every beast of the earth: and I will establish My covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth." It was a covenant of safety and protection. God's side was to extend His mighty hand over man to shield him from the doom he merits. Man was in his infancy, and the requirements on his side of the covenant are not clearly stated. Could it be that of man's responsibility with regard to the brute creation? God has said (ver. 2), "And the fear of you and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered:" that as God extended His hand over all things in His dominion, so should man extend his hand in mercy over the beasts? When God gave to Abraham the covenant of circumcision (Gen. 17 : 1, 2), He said unto him, "Walk before Me, and be thou perfect, and I will make My covenant between Me and thee."

And God said, "This is the token of the covenant which I make between Me and you, and every living creature which is with you for perpetual generations: I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and *the earth.*" This was no spiritual covenant, although it teaches spiritual truth, "And it shall come to pass when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud, and I will remember my covenant . . . and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud, and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."

The rainbow is an accompaniment of the presence of God. When Ezekiel saw the manifestation of Christ in glory, he says (Ezek. 1 : 28), "As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about." Again (Rev. 4 : 2, 3), the Apostle John saw through the door that was opened in heaven, One who sat on the throne, and He that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone; and there was a rainbow round about the throne like unto an emerald." It may be that the cloud in which the glory of the Lord so often appeared to the children of Israel, was also in the form of a rainbow, a perfect circle without beginning or end, and without break. But what we learn therefrom is the infallible certainty of God's spoken Word; He cannot deny Himself. There is a rainbow presence of God in every trial of His children, "*Surely* in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him" (Ps. 32 : 6). If God's Word concerning the destruction of the earth by water, has stood incontestably firm already four thousand years, Oh, how sinful is it for us to doubt one thing which He has spoken in His Word.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Government Measure Introduced into the British Parliament to secure compensation to Irish tenants who are evicted from their holdings has aroused strong opposition. It has passed the second reading in the House of Commons, and is being debated, clause by clause, in committee. Rumors are current that the bill is by no means unanimously approved by the administration, and that several of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues regard it as too radical in its provisions. The Marquis of Lansdowne, who was Under-Secretary of State for India, with a salary of $7500 a year, has resigned rather than vote for the bill. He owns 124,368 acres of Irish soil. The Duke of Argyll, Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Hartington, and other influential members of the Gladstone cabinet are also reported to be opposed to the measure, believing that its effect will be to deprive landlords of the power of getting rid of a tenant, even if he refuse to pay rent. It is contended that Irish tenants are not suffering from the harshness of landlords to such an extent as to call for a measure so extreme as that of the Government; and one of the most determined opponents of the bill, himself an Irish peer, has offered to vote for it if six cases can be given in all Ireland where the landlord has unfairly raised the rent and evicted the tenant.

The difficulties of the Premier's position may be estimated by the fact that while he has offended his friends by conceding so much to the Irish tenants, Mr. Parnell and his friends are vigorously opposing him for conceding so little.

The Turkish Government is Considering what answer shall be given to the demands of the Berlin conference. The correspondent of the *Times* at Constantinople says: "If the powers restrict themselves to a mere friendly recommendation, the Porte will easily find means for indefinitely delaying a solution without giving its refusal; but if the decisions of the conference are accompanied by anything in the nature of a threat or an ultimatum, some decided policy must be adopted. What this policy will be it would be hazardous to predict, but I may say that among influential personages two plans are recommended: one consists of openly defying the will of Europe in the hope that the powers will be unable to agree upon a means of compulsion, and the other consists of simply protesting or in affecting to comply, but at the same time stirring up energetic popular resistance among the Albanians. Both parties counsel resistance in some form, and they differ merely as to what form resistance should take."

The Famine in Persia continues with Unabated severity. Mr. Sheed, an American missionary at Oroomiah, Persia, writes: "The past two weeks have been the worst we have seen. In the city the Moslem charity, after three weeks' effort, failed, and nearly 3,000 whom they had been feeding were turned into the streets. *Fifty* or more are daily dying—dying men, little children thrown into the streets to die, corpses half eaten of dogs are common sights. With a few exceptions, there is no money or care shown by the Khans and the wealthy, and nothing is done by the Government. In Moslem villages the death-rate is increasing. In one village three women were taken in the act of *eating a child*. Where our relief committees are at work, few deaths have occurred, but unless the relief is increased, many persons thus far preserved will drop off. Many are greatly reduced in strength, and the two months to come threaten a worse condition than in the two months past. The price of grain is very high, and the supply by importation only."

The Chinese Authorties are Fighting against opium. The *London and China Telegraph*, May 18th, states that a rising has taken place on the southern confines of Shantung, owing to the authorities insisting on the destruction of the poppy plants. The provincial governor, Tan, has issued proclamations, shut up opium dens, punished offenders—in short, done all that he can to put a stop to the vice. He has recently ordered a census to be taken for the purpose of finding out the name, residence, and employment of every opium-smoker in the city. He has ordered the smokers to break off the habit; and given them three months in which they must do so. If at the end of that time they are still offending, they are to be punished.

The South American War.—It is Reported that Chili, having completely overcome the armies and navies of Peru and Bolivia, has issued a statement of the conditions on which she will make peace. Among the stipulations is a demand for two hundred million dollars as an indemnity for war expenses.

The Tay Bridge Disaster.—The Report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the Tay disaster has been presented to the British Government. The report censures severely the contractors, the engineer, and the North British Railway Company. The design of the bridge is condemned, and the company charged with *neglecting to keep it in proper repair*. Although the construction of the bridge was faulty, the commissioners believe it might have weathered the storm and lasted for years had it been kept in thorough repair.

The Statue of Robert Raikes was Unveiled in the gardens of the Thames embankment, London, on July 3d, by the Earl of Shaftesbury. The height of the pedestal, which is of gray Cornwall marble, is twenty feet, and it faces the first entrance gate east of Cleopatra's Needle. Dr. Vincent was present on behalf of the Sunday-schools of the United States. Dr. Murphy, of New York, read a portion of the Scriptures, and Dr. Todd, of New York, offered prayer.

A Tract Distributor was Fined by the Dublin magistrates twenty shillings ($5) or fourteen days' imprisonment for offering a Roman Catholic priest a handbill inviting him to a meeting for a friendly discussion. Appeal was made to the Court of Queen's Bench, which held that the act of offering such a handbill to a priest was an insult in itself, and might have led to a breach of the peace.

A Methodist Mandarin.—Rev. Young J. Allen, D.D., LL.D., one of the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church South at Shanghai, has been made a mandarin by the Chinese Government. It is believed that Dr. Allen is the first foreigner who has attained that high distinction in China. It is hoped that the dignity will give him additional influence with the masses, and lead to his increased usefulness.

Mr. Spurgeon's New Orphanage for Girls.—On June 22d the Clapham Road, in the neighborhood of Mr. Spurgeon's orphanage for boys, was *en fête*, the occasion being the laying of foundation stones of an orphanage for girls. In the new buildings between 200 and 300 orphan girls are to be provided for and educated, an equal number of boys having been already provided for. The ceremony was attended by a very large gathering. Admission to the new institution will not be by vote; the charity will be administered upon a principle of selection, *without regard to the creed or persuasion* of the parents. Special attention is to be paid to the cases of *friendless orphans* who have lost their parents in distressing circumstances. The orphanage is to consist of four houses, and accordingly four foundation stones were laid.

Mr. Spurgeon, who laid the foundation stone of the first or "Sermon House," said the contract for the whole of the buildings to accommodate the 350 girls amounted to 11,100*l.* When he saw the sum he was somewhat surprised, having reckoned on a smaller sum being required. He therefore arranged with the contractor to build only up to the sum of 8000*l.*, and to go no further when that amount had been reached. Already more than 8000*l.* had been subscribed. On the previous day he had received 900*l.* in half-crowns and five-shilling pieces from friends who met him on that spot; and when he reached home afterward he received a letter from a friend who said. "Put me down for 600*l.*" Thus already nearly 9000*l.* had been subscribed for this work. He felt very thankful that people had always gathered round him, but he had never seen so much willingness as on this oc sion. The first of the four houses was called "*Sermon House*," because the money for it h been given by the author and the publishers of "Sermons." He had a little church of 5 members at Newington Butts; but he had a s larger church in the readers of his sermo spread throughout England, Ireland, and Sc land, and America and elsewhere, and th readers, some of whom wrote to him as th pastor, were always ready to help him in work. The "Sermon House" would always a record of faithfulness to duty and to the f that the sermons had been published week week for twenty-five and a half years, to number of 1542. He trusted that the "Sern House" would bring forth good fruit.

The stone having been laid, a dedicat prayer was offered and hymns were sung. *M Spurgeon* then laid the stone of a house to named in memory of the five deceased child of Mr. W. R. Rickett, the donor. The ston the third house, to be called the "Olives," gift of Mr. S. Barrow and friends, was laid Mrs. Barrow; and that of the fourth, "Trustees' House," was laid by Mr. Hi There was afterward a promenade in grounds and in the boys' orphanage, and v and instrumental music was performed.

The Mildmay Conference Meetings in L don were held June 23-25, and were larger t ever. The Conference Hall, which holds al 3000 people, was crowded in the mornings evenings, and the various smaller meeting the afternoon were well attended. Some of meetings were presided over by Mr. S. A. Bl wood, C.B., with his accustomed ability tact, and others by Mr. Mathieson, who c pies the leading position in the Mildmay I tution in the place of Captain Moreton, w health has necessitated his travelling to A ica. Among those present were the Earl of more, the Earl of Cavan, Lord Radstock, Polwarth, Major Malan, the Bishop of M and a large number of ministers of all denor tions, and visitors from all parts of the cou

The key-note of the Conference was stru the first meeting by two admirable address the Revs. Horatius Bonar and W. Hay Ai on *God Glorified in His Church*. The same ject was taken up by other speakers at the ing meeting. A great deal of informatior given at the afternoon meetings on va branches of Christian work. Pastor The Monod, from Paris, was one of the spe Miss De Broen spoke with great eloquen an afternoon meeting, of her work in Paris

A Royal Mission.—At a Recent Noon Pr meeting in Aberdeen, Scotland, an inter statement was read explanatory of mission in Lapland. In this work the Princess Eu sister of the reigning Swedish King Oscar stated to be taking a leading and effective in personal labor and by means of self-sacri gifts, even to the selling of *the greater p her jewels* in order to support it.

The Prophetic News and Irael's Watc (London) for June may be obtained at the office Christian Herald. Price six cents.

The Second Volume of The Christian H comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec., 1879), procured, elegantly bound in cloth, at this Price $1.75.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are o at the office of the Christian Herald, at pr low as to bring them within the reach of eve *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with phot of Mr Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploug Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a h cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols. as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day* This popular gift-book contains a suitable selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for ev in the year, with a blank space opposite fo graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Sp appear at their respective birthdays. The elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. tances shoud accompany orders.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M AY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1880. 14th Year. No. 30—New Series.

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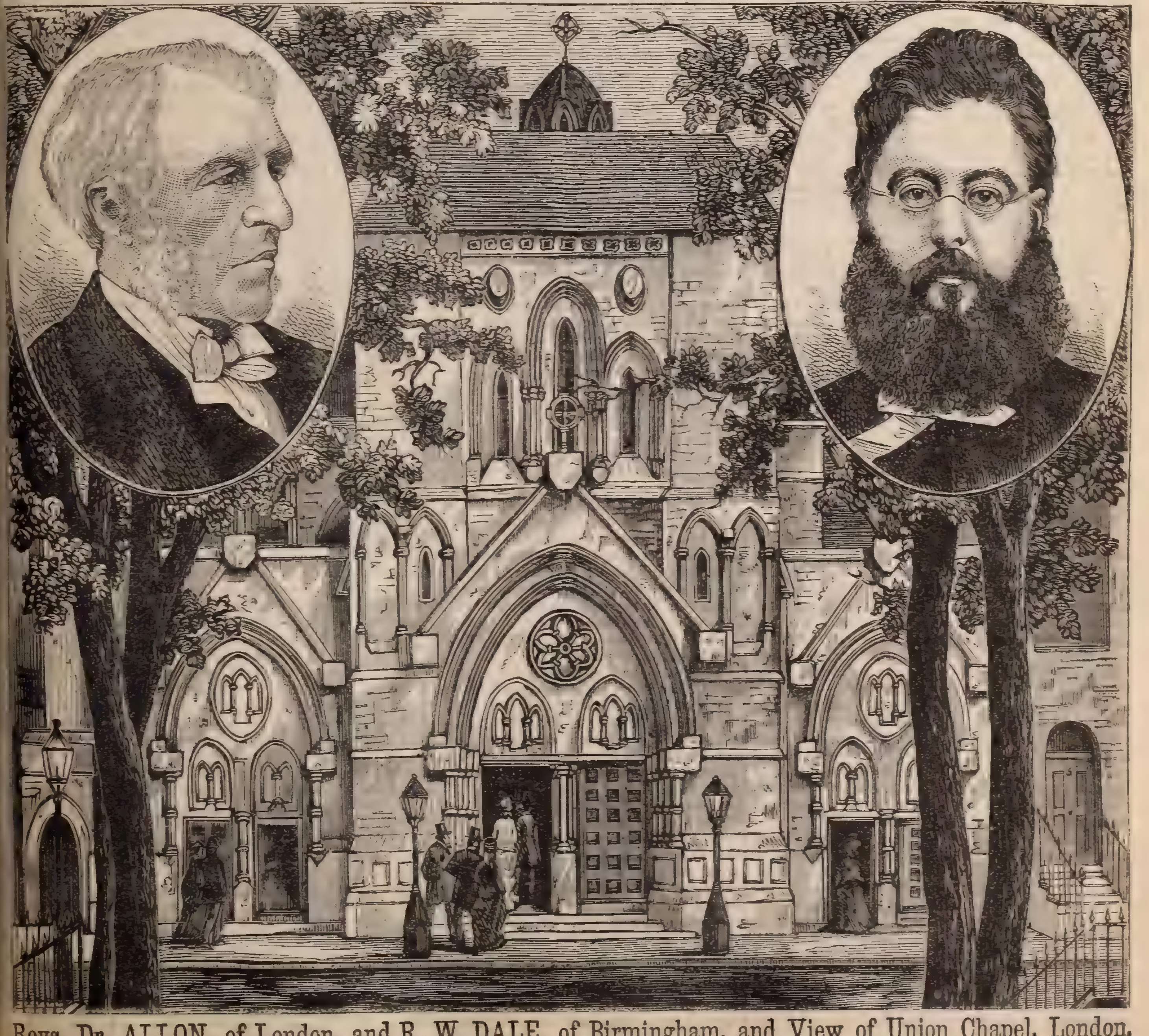

Revs. Dr. ALLON, of London, and R. W. DALE, of Birmingham, and View of Union Chapel, London.

THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

Minister of Union Chapel, Islington, London.

Henry Allon is a Yorkshireman by birth. He was born at Welton, near Hull, in 1818. His father was a godly man of business, and his example and teaching were a blessing to his son, who became a disciple of Jesus in his boyhood. It is said that even in his school days he was impressed with the attractions of the Christian ministry, and resolved to devote himself to it rather than follow the pursuits of commercial life which were open to him, and through which he might have amassed much wealth. This resolution may be said to have grown with him, and eventually he applied to Cheshunt College to be received as a student. The late Dr. John Harris was at that time principal of the college, and the youth's application having been granted, he pursued his studies at that famous home of Congregational learning for the usual term of years. During his college course he supplied, as did the other students, the pulpits of ministers absent through sickness or other causes, and became known as a man of mark among his fellows for his preaching abilities.

In the autumn of 1843 he was cordially invited by the church in Union Chapel, Islington, to become the *co-pastor* of that important body. That position had been occupied by the Rev. John Watson, but he had resigned, after nearly ten years' service, during which he had shared the responsible duty of caring for the chief Congregational Church in London with the Rev. T. Lewis, the senior pastor. It was certainly a most responsible post for so young a minister as Mr. Allon to think of undertaking ; but after due consideration he accepted the invitation, and this has been his work-field ever since. He preached *his first sermon* as co-pastor on the first Sunday of January, 1844, and in the following June was solemnly ordained.

Even in those early years, when reports of sermons were not so numerous as they have since become, Mr. Allon's discourses were frequently published, and they were marked by a freshness, a thoughtfulness, and a certain beauty of style which gave bright promise of his attaining high rank as a preacher in the coming years. On the death of Mr. Lewis, in 1852, the *sole charge* of the church devolved upon the junior pastor, he having been unanimously chosen as successor to the late venerable minister. In the thirty-five years which have followed this appointment he has nobly justified the choice then made, and the value of his ministry has been increasingly appreciated by the Nonconformists of North London, and has been signally owned and blessed by the Great Master of Assemblies.

The origin and history of UNION CHAPEL deserve special attention. It appears that the movement in which it originated began in the *opening years of the present century*, when the churches of Great Britain, Conformists and Nonconformists alike, were reaping the effects of the great spiritual revival inaugurated by Whitefield and Wesley, and throwing off the formalism and languor which had for so long a period crippled their energies and emasculated their life. One of the immediate fruits of that revival seems to have been the closer drawing together of evangelical Christians in different communities, and a heartier appreciation of faithful evangelical preaching, whether it came from the lips of learned or unlearned men, of those who had received "episcopal ordination," or of such as were without that special distinction.

At that time the ministry of the Established clergyman in Islington does not appear to have been generally acceptable, or to have been characterized by a healthy spiritual tone ; and hence a number of earnest evangelical Episcopalians, who loved the Gospel more than their church, united with a number of equally earnest Dissenters and formed the congregation from which Dr. Allon's more numerous church has grown. Ther first place of meeting was in a house at Highbury Grove, their terms of membership were faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord, and love to one another and all men. This *Union Church*, it is further stated, was conducted on union principles. In the morning service the Liturgy of the English Church was regularly used, while in the evening the service was entirely extemporaneous. The Lord's Supper also was administered after the Episcopalian rule at the communion-table to such as desired it, and afterward in the method adopted in Congregational churches. The government of the church was not at first Congregational, inasmuch as the ministers, elders, and deacons were intrusted with the entire control, and it was not until 1835 that church meetings were established, and Congregationalism pure and simple came into force.

In the course of years the Liturgy was discontinued, and extemporaneous prayer took its place. Dr. Allon was convinced, as he has since expressed it, that though EXTEMPORANEOUS PRAYER may lack the literary excellences, the august stateliness, the devotional beauty of liturgical forms, it yet has more than a compensation in that it is the immediate inspiration of living souls. "It is neither the prayer of dead men nor a past inspiration of the Spirit. It may be homely, but it is the expression of a present living experience—it is an immediate teaching of the spirit of truth that dwelleth in the man. Shall a church presume to ordain that the Spirit shall never inspire another prayer for public worship? Use the past by all means, but not so as to forbid the inspirations of the present. Past prayers may be useful, as past hymns are, but both in prayers and in hymns we should be prepared to welcome every fresh inspiration of the living Spirit."

While discontinuing the use of the Liturgy, however, the pastor bent his energies toward making every part of the service of the sanctuary thoroughly devotional and soul-stirring. For years there have been few places of worship in London in which such noble *psalmody* can be heard as in Union Chapel. Dr. Allon is himself a good musician, and assisted by Dr. Gauntlett he compiled for the use of his flock what has been pronounced by competent judges to be one of the best collections of tunes and chants. The culture and refinement which his people could display in their own drawing-rooms in connection with music he insisted upon seeing introduced into the worship of the sanctuary. He has even expressed the opinion that the man who would not take the trouble to learn to sing with propriety had evidently a defective spirit of worship.

In 1864 Dr. Allon was the CHAIRMAN OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION, and his addresses both in the spring and in the autumn deserve to be reckoned among the best and wisest ever delivered from the chair. At the time Colenso and Renan were making no small stir by the opinions they were promulgating, the Chairman of the Union deemed it to be his duty to set the trumpet to his lips and to sound an alarm.

The following were his words to those who were content to be at ease in Zion while the attacks of infidelity were daily becoming bolder : "It was a maxim of Socrates that in times of danger all good men should take sides. The curse fell upon Meroz simply because she stood aloof. It is impossible for more momentous issues to be imperilled. We naturally shrink from controversy, for where the spirit of contention is, the Church is, 'grievously vexed with a devil,' and until it is cast out she can do no healthy work. But sometimes *controversy* may be the first and most pressing of her duties. The greatest evil that can afflict a land is *war ;* but to wage war may sometimes be the highest act of patriotism. He who morbidly or passionately exalts into the domain of controversy things of mere expediency, and by fierce, untiring debate distracts the Church, sins against unity, peace, and concord.' But equally guilty is he who permits things of vital principle to be lowered to the sphere of mere expediency, and who, for the sake of an unfaithful peace, refuses to contend earnestly the faith once delivered to the saints. In effeminacy, in its damaged conscience, pea may be more iniquitous and disastrous than w

"To every Sanballat who challenges them th reply, 'We are doing a great work, so that cannot come down ;' the wisest of all repl so long as the enemy remains below 'in plain of Ono ;' but what if he have climbed very walls of the Holy City? What if he saults the builders on its scaffold? What if is tampering with its watchmen, and raising insurrection in its streets? To refuse to fi then were a cowardly infidelity to Christ, wh even the most pious occupation could not ju fy. It is as if the harvestman were to persist the ingathering of his sheaves, regardless of enemy who had landed upon his coasts. It m be a duty to sacrfice even a spiritual harves order to defend the territory upon which all s itual harvests are to be produced."

In closing sixteen years' labor, when he presented with one of his many testimoni Dr. Allon, with a touch of humor, referred the "trepidation" with which he took his service at Union Chapel. He was consciou the fact, he said, that no less than five Doc of Divinity were in the congregation, and s a combination of theological power was eno to shake the nerves of a young man whose lege curriculum had not yet been accomplis Since then, however, the infancy of the chu has passed, the days of its feebleness are g and it now rejoices as a young man to ru race.

Dr. Allon, at various times, has visited Pa tine, Sinai, and Egypt, and America ; his de of Doctor of Divinity is from YALE COLLEGE.

That his ministry is valued in London ma gathered from the fact that when, not long [in 1875,] it was determined to erect a new ch in place of the old chapel, they were not sta by the sum of 28,000*l.*, at which the estim placed the cost. Dr. Allon's first appeal t congregation resulted in a sum of 13,000*l.* b subscribed. In a letter dated January 1st, containing the first public appeal for outside it was stated that the new church would 2650 persons, and the new schools accom date 900 children. But such was the estee which Dr. Allon was held that subscript rapidly poured in, and on the day of openin new building it may be fairly said that all eties about the cost had been abandoned.

It has been truly said that old Union Ch is in many respects an El Dorado as far as w of piety and beneficence are concerned. T London Missionary Society alone it has con uted upward of 22,000*l.* The aggregate c contributions during Dr. Allon's pastorate been considerably over 130,000*l.*, while n 2700 persons have been added to its fellowshi 1874, at the completion of his thirty years' pa ate, Dr. Allon received no less a sum, by w free gift, than 1206*l.* This presentation wa hanced by the fact that it was spontaneou was a free-will offering in the fullest sen the word, for it was originated and comp during a five days' absence of Dr. Allon i country. No one had been *asked* to contri

Dr. Allon has recently issued a volume o mons which he preached in Union Chap special occasions. It is entitled "The V of God, and other Sermons," and has comn ed a wide circulation.

Drunkenness and Insanity.—Accordin statistics collected by the director of an as for drunkards in Germany, the number of cides has of late increased in every count Europe, save in Norway only. In Norway have been on an average 9 per cent fewer of suicides during the last ten years than i preceding ten years—a fact which is attri by the German writer to the stringent *re tions against drunkenness* in force there. In German countries the number of cases o cide has increased by from 90 to 100 per ce

ROBERT WILLIAM DALE, M.A.

Minister of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham.

ROBERT WILLIAM DALE is the pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, and is penetrated by the apostolic conception that he is a "co-worker" with his Divine Master in the sacred cause of humanity. His *birth* took place in London on December 1st, 1829, so he is now in the fifty-first year of his age. His *early education* was received chiefly at a private school in Finsbury Square, London, kept by a Mr. Willey. After a brief period as an *assistant master*, he removed to Birmingham, to enter as a *student* at Spring Hill College, associated with the Congregationalist denomination, of which both his parents and himself were attached members. Here he remained for the whole curriculum of six years, and as a result of his characterstic application and assiduity, in the year 1853 he *graduated* M.A. at the University of London, carrying off the gold medal in the department of Philosophy and Political Economy.

Among his tutors at

SPRING HILL COLLEGE

was Henry Rogers, author of the once extremely popular work entitled "The Eclipse of Faith." Its author had a fine literary taste, which he displayed with Draconian severity, and which exercised a most potent influence over the plastic minds of his pupils with the happiest results. The marked affection of the venerable tutor for his brilliant pupil Dale was heartily reciprocated, and to this day the latter acknowledges his lasting obligations to his master with juvenile warmth.

Spring Hill College did much for Mr. Dale, and he has always spoken of the institution in terms of affection and gratitude. Nor have his feelings been sentiments only; at a subsequent period, when the college was under a [illegible], Mr. Dale was its best friend, and by his [illegible] lectures maintained its prestige and advanced its reputation in the country.

Another remarkable friend of Mr. Dale's [illegible] was a good man renowned in the world of evangelical Nonconformity, and whose praise lingers with grateful fragrance in all the churches, *John Angell James*, the author, among other works, of "The Anxious Inquirer," a book which has been translated into many languages, and has had an immense circulation all over the world. For more than fifty years he was the beloved and eminently successful pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel; and no sooner had Mr. [illegible] completed his university career and the [illegible]e course of special and technical study, in [illegible] than he was unanimously appointed his colleague, and eventually, on the death of Mr. [illegible], succeeded to the full charge of that well-known place of worship.

Mr. Dale presents to every one he meets the appearance of a happy, hearty man, and combines in no ordinary measure Tennyson's desideratum of manhood, "*heart, head, hand.*" His [illegible] practice and his theory of Christian life constitute a perfect harmony. His soul is in his work. Like Cromwell, he prays to God and keeps his powder dry. "What good," he is never tired of asking, "is the petition, 'Thy kingdom come,' if a man is not prepared at the call of duty to take off his coat and descend into the arena of conflict?"

Mr. Dale is a strong admirer of Mr. Moody, and took a prominent part in the evangelistic campaign of Messrs. Moody and Sankey at Birmingham, in 1875.

The Carr's Lane Church consists of 1500 persons, a large proportion of whom are working-men, but there are also many wealthy merchants and manufacturers among them.

Mr. Dale was one of the most strenuous champions of the famous National Education League, which had for its object the complete separation of religious from secular instruction in Board Schools, and was returned at the first School Board election, along with Mr. Chamberlain (now President of the Board of Trade in the Gladstone ministry), the famous preacher, George Dawson, and Messrs. Wright, Dixon, and Vince. They approve of the Bible being read in schools, but without note or comment or denominational teaching.

Neither inside nor outside of the British Parliament is there a more eloquent and uncompromising advocate of Church Disestablishment than Mr. Dale. He approaches the question primarily from the old Puritan standpoint, namely, that the State cannot rightfully legislate for the Church. In an article which he contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* he says: "The position of a Nonconformist in this country is, to say the least, not a pleasant one. His religious work is carried on in the presence of a government which condemns his creed, condemns his modes of worship, condemns his religious organizations, and sustains the authority of a hostile church."

Mr. Dale has travelled in the East and in the West. He has visited Egypt, the Siniatic desert, and Palestine. His American wanderings, however, have borne the most valuable fruit. His published "Impressions of America" are a most valuable collection. They have been republished in this country by the Messrs. Appleton of New York, and have been favorably received as a fair and candid estimate of the country and people. They are a much more intelligent and appreciative account than Englishmen after visiting this country usually furnish to their countrymen when they return.

AS A PREACHER,

Mr. Dale is remarkable for the clear, logical, argumentative character of his sermons. He is thoroughly evangelical, and every one of his sermons, whatever may be its subject, closes with an earnest appeal to the unconverted, with an enunciation of the fundamental doctrine of salvation by Christ, and Christ only. He preached early in his ministry from the text "Whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely." It was the means of the conversion of a large number of persons, and Mr. Dale has made it a rule *to preach that sermon* on occasions when he has exchanged pulpits with a brother minister, and he has never preached it without its being blessed to the conversion of one or more hearers.

Mr. Dale always reads from a manuscript, and his style is clear and polished. On the preparation of his sermons he expends labor unusual even among English Congregational ministers, who are noted for the literary merits of their productions. The effect of reading a sermon is frequently to detract from its power, but in Mr. Dale's case no such effect is produced. He has given much study to the art of oratory, especially under the direction of the eminent Italian orator Signor Gavazzi, and has been singularly successful in his study. To hear him read, whether it be a chapter of the Bible or a sermon, is a treat to men of a critical taste. A ringing, bell-like voice and a clear enunciation of every syllable combine to make his delivery exceedingly pleasant.

When the pressure of Mr. Dale's pastoral duties is considered, the tale of his *literary labors* is immense. They include a "Life of John Angell James," a volume of "Week-Day Sermons," "The Atonement," which ran through seven editions in four years, "Lectures on Preaching," "Discourses on Special Occasions," "The Ten Commandments," "Lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews," an "Essay on Lacordaire," "A Reply to Mr. Matthew Arnold's Attack on Puritanism," etc. Besides contributing to the *British Quarterly*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, and the *Nineteenth Century*, he has acted as joint editor of the *Eclectic Review*, and for several years as editor of the *Congregationalist*, an organ of his denomination. Tolerance, ability, honesty, and earnestness characterize all his productions.

AS A POLITICIAN,

Mr. Dale is a firm believer in the soundness and honesty of what may be called a full life, a life passed in the midst of active thought and work. Pensive seclusion and ascetic retreat present themselves to his active mind and body rather as selfish indulgence than as evidence of true earnestness. Men should, he opines, live in their time and be of it; and those who make or contribute to make history are to him more worthy than the whole tribe of inactive, contemplative critics. One of his favorite views is that man can hardly have too much to do, that it is well to have many irons in the fire, that change of work is pleasure, that there is safety in the multitude of occupations.

Birmingham is a town of politicians. Workingmen and their employers, tradesmen and aristocrats alike take an absorbing interest in political questions. Three fourths of the population are advanced Radicals, and Mr. Dale is one of their trusted leaders. Formerly the town elected two members to Parliament, but Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, changed the number and manner of election.

Under the new arrangement Birmingham is represented in Parliament by three members, but no elector is allowed to vote for more than two. Lord Beaconsfield thought that by this device the Conservative minority would concentrate its strength on one candidate and elect him as the third member. He believed that if three Liberals were nominated, two would have more votes than were necessary for their election, and the other one would fall below the Conservative at the poll. But Mr. Dale and his Liberal friends called a town's meeting and explained to the people a scheme, which was ultimately carried into execution, by which three Liberal members were elected.

Mr. Dale's name announced at a political meeting, not only in Birmingham but in other large centres, evokes intense enthusiasm, and his speech is always a masterpiece of logical argument.

By no means insensible to the reward of hard work, he is especially proud of having been chosen Chairman of the Congregational Union in 1868, and of having taken part in all the great reforms of the municipal administration of Birmingham during the last seven years. As a lecturer he has had great success at Yale College, whither he went to give a series of discourses on preaching. Mrs. Dale has also had considerable success as a lecturer to women on various subjects interesting to them, and is one of seven ladies who are striving to impart to the working-women of Birmingham a share of intellectual activity. To make sure that the lectures take hold of the audience, these ladies write out questions, and are as much surprised as delighted at the excellent answers in elementary science given by women almost devoid of education. We hope Mr. Dale will continue to preach the Gospel with increasing clearness and demonstration of the Holy Spirit.

A Tin-Worker's "Impudence."—In Describing the difficulties which John Wesley had to encounter when he began his work of preaching the Gospel in Cornwall, one who has written of those days remarks, "The very language of the people was like that of Pagans, who knew nothing of Christian truth whatever." "I asked a little gentleman at St. Just," said Mr. Wesley, "what objection there was to Edward Greenfield, a pious tin-worker on whom the constables had seized." His reply was, "Why, the man is well enough in other things, but his impudence the gentlemen cannot bear." "What impudence has he been guilty of?" "Why, sir, he says *his sins are forgiven!*" Thus it was counted an impudent thing for a sinner to take hold of the salvation which he was assured might be had for the asking; but happily, through the fervor of Wesley's ministry, and the Holy Spirit's gracious influence accompanying it, there were many who became equally "impudent," and who rejoiced with a joy unspeakable and full of glory in the freedom wherewith Christ had made them free. Cowardice is ever the chief characteristic of the sinner, but holy courage that of the child of God.

THE STRAIT GATE.

An Evening Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday, June 27th, 1880.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."—Luke 13 : 24.

The Gateways of Ancient Cities — The Strait Gate of Heaven—Choked Up by Three Obstacles —I. Pride—Seeking Secret Passages—No Underground Way to Heaven—II. Worldliness—Saturday Night—Heaven's Accounts Unsquared —III. Some Special Sin — Aroused, but Hesitating—What is the Matter?—"I Would Rather Die"—Grudges and Apologies—The Way Between the Obstacles — Christ's School — The Diploma First—Praying, or Saying Prayers? —History of the Late Revival—A Scrap of Paper — A Mean Caricature — A Telegram to Thomas Harrison—No Sleep all Night—Breakfast in Philadelphia—The Arrangement Made —The Great Result—One Sadness.

You know that the ancient cities were surrounded by high, thick walls, in order that they might be defended against their enemies. In these high, thick walls there were large gates. Through these gates the people came and went during the hours of the day; but at nightfall the gates closed, and though people might come up to these large gates and knock for admittance, they could not enter. But right beside these very large gates there were small gates, narrow gates, strait gates.

Sometimes a man would come up after nightfall with his camel, and want to get into the city, and he would drive in the camel through this small gate, and it was only with a tug, a tussle, a struggle, that he got through. Sometimes it was entirely impossible; but if in any case successful, it was with a good deal of effort that he got his camel into the city. And it was to this fact that Christ alluded when he set before the people the obstacles in the way of their salvation, and the fact that it required a push, a struggle, in order to enter the kingdom of our God. Strive to enter in at the *foot-passengers' gate*, at the narrow gate, at the small gate, at the strait gate. Strive to enter in at the strait gate.

I want briefly to-night to set before you some of the obstacles in the way of our salvation, and then show you that it is possible for us to push in between these obstacles, and enter the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel.

I. The first great obstacle that chokes up the strait gate, and makes the entrance so much of a push and a struggle, is the

PRIDE

of the human heart. There may be no ostentatious apparel, there may be no braggadocia of utterance, there may be no supercilious toss of the head; in every case where Christ appears at the door of the heart for entrance, the pride of human nature flashes up against Him. You and I can look back to the time—though for many years we may have been in the service of Christ—to the time when we felt that our reputation for manhood depended upon *no one finding* out that we were serious about our immortal soul.

We said, Others may weep, we will not weep; others may be anxious about their eternal destiny, we will not be anxious. Take the kingdom of God as a gratuity, receive pardon as a charity? Go down on a dead level with other sinners? I can't do it, and I won't do it. And that pride of the human heart has kept tens of thousands out of the kingdom of God, and has been the chief hindrance in the way of five hundred of you. But, my friend, we cannot get into the kingdom of God as long as we keep this pride of our souls.

Suppose you have a check on a bank, and during the hours of the night you come through a subterranean passage into the bank, and you see the keeper of the bank, and present your check; he will say, You are a robber; you have no right to come in the night-time, and come by underground passages. Why not come in the daylight, at 10 o'clock, and in at the front door? Now, my friend, there is *no subterranean passage* into the kingdom of God; we have got to be willing to come into the city in sight of scorn, at the front door, or never enter at all. But, my friend, there is no hide-and-seek in religion, no such thing as driving into the gate of God's pardon in a coach and four; if we come at all we must go down on our knees; we must give up our pride, or give up heaven.

II. Another great obstacle which chokes up the strait gate is

THE SPIRIT OF WORLDLINESS.

Men have an idea that the chariot of the Gospel will run over their worldliness, their worldly business, and they cannot afford to be Christians, they think, so they go on gathering, gathering, and raking up and hiding, and clutching with a dying miser's grasp that gold which after a while will be melted and poured molten into an iron bowl, and they will be compelled to drink the excruciating draught to the bottom. Men measure their immortality with *a yard-stick*; they weigh eternity with a steel-yard; they beat out the life of their immortal soul with the iron bar of the show-window.

Saturday night they square their accounts with the world, but are hastening on toward eternal bankruptcy, and everlasting imprisonment for debt. They have their goods in a fire-proof safe, but are running a risk for that day when the elements shall melt with fervent heat and God shall burn the world up. Oh, this spirit of worldliness has choked up the path of life, it has filled the strait gate with obstacles, it has been the chief hindrance to the eternal salvation of thousands of you.

III. Another obstacle that often chokes up the strait gate is

SOME ESPECIAL SIN

that the man is not willing to surrender. Almost every one has a darling transgression; in one case it is this, in another case it is that; in one case it is the wine-cup, in another case it is salacious desire, in another case it is an antipathy against an enemy that you cannot forgive. I care not what it is, as long as you entertain it; one single sin in your heart and you cannot enter into the kingdom of our God.

And how often it has been during this great awakening, and in all awakenings, you find people thoughtless from day to day, week after week, month after month. You do not understand the cause, you give them wholesome counsel, you urge them, you call their attention to the great things of religion; they seem serious, they seem prayerful, they are very thoughtful, they are almost persuaded, and they halt, and they halt, and they die. *What is the matter?* There is some secret sin they cannot surrender.

This man says, "I can't give up my hostility to that man who did me great damage. You say I must forgive him, I must treat him kindly, I must return kindness for his roughness of treatment to me, I must entertain no grudge against him. Now, sir, if you ask that of me, *I would rather die* than do that; I won't tell him I apologize." You cannot find God with that mood. You have got to forgive everybody, whether he asks it or not. There is a great absurdity abroad in the Christian church which says, When a man apologizes I will forgive him.

Why, anybody will do that, the world will do that; but it is a distinctive feature of our Christianity that you are to have a forgiving spirit toward all men; though they keep up their war against you day after day, month after month, and year after year, you must forgive them. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses!" (Matt. 6 : 15.) You treat God worse than anybody ever treated you. Oh, you must give up all your grudges, you must give up all your hostilities, you must be at peace with all the world; if you have one darling sin you must surrender it, or you can never enter the peace of the Gospel.

> "Repent, the voice celestial cries,
> Nor longer dare delay:
> The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
> And meets the fiery day."

I shall not forget, one night a few weeks ago, when at these aisles an intelligent soul seemed anxious for the pardon of the Gospel, but said, "I can't forgive an enemy; I can't forgive her; I will not forgive her." And God withheld H pardon, and withheld His peace, until she sai after a while, "I will forgive her, I will;" ar Chrst dawned upon her soul through the noo day of peace and pardon. Oh, give up yo last sin, or give up heaven.

Now, I have given the fact that there a obstacles in the way of your salvation, and have shown you that it is a strait gate, bu want to show you the possibility of

PRESSING THROUGH

between these obstacles. Strive to enter in the strait gate. Oh, you say, how am I enter? How many nights must I weep o sin? How many prayers must I pray? H many years of anxiety must I have before I fi Christ? Without weeping one more tear o sin, without offering one more prayer, with postponing another moment, just by one acti of your soul recline on the Lord Jesus Chri and enter into the hope of the Gospel. doesn't say, Weep, and be saved. It does say, Pray, and be saved. It says, *Believe*, a be saved.

And just as soon as you can feel that the L Jesus Christ died for you personally, that m ment you can enter into the pardon of the G pel. For it is not in religion, in the schoo Christ, as in secular education. If a man wa to get a collegiate education for this world enters the freshman class, then he goes to sophomore class, then the junior class, then senior, then he graduates with a diploma. in the school of Christ *the order is reversed.* man gets the diploma before he enters the sc of Christ, or at the very start; the very first he receives the diploma, he gets pardon, pe life, and heaven; and then he goes on up to higher classes.

The first step, the second step, the third s the last step is, *believe*. Oh, you say, now come to the technicalities of religion; I d know what you mean by this *faith* that clergy and the churches so much talk ab Why, you exercise faith every day: you faith in men; you confide in your business ner, you have faith in the architect who buil bridge over which you walk. There is not a of your life when you do not exercise fait fifty people. Why not exercise faith in the Jesus Christ, who never cast any man away believed in His pardoning grace? Wit money and without price, whosoever will him come.

Oh, says some one, I pray, I am accust to pray; I pray every morning and night, a pray for all these things that you report. you sure you pray? Do you pray, or do *merely say your prayers?* I will illustrate

THE DIFFERENCE.

You are crossing a narrow, shallow str there is a plank across that stream; yo with a friend who passes away ahead of you get half way across this narrow stream plank begins to rock; you cry out to your fr Give me your hand lest I fall into the w you thrust him your hand.

Is that prayer? Oh, no, it is not pr But the steamer Melville is on her way for Royal, and the storm comes down, in the ness, and one steady wave of the sea brea the bows of the vessel. The ship goes to p and all night long you are on a piece of tha sel, and by the gray light of the dawn you boat coming from the shore. It comes a the rocks, and the faint voice of the pass makes you begin to fear the man will not se You hail him; you know that your life de upon your recognition by the man in the You say, "Look this way: help, help!" is prayer; that is prayer.

In other words, it is a concentring of a energies of body, mind, and soul in one st for the Gospel's rescue. No man offers earnest prayer but he finds Christ, and h him speedily. Would God that to-night a sand of you, by such a prayer and earnest centred supplication, might enter throu strait gate. But perhaps, my friend, yo t take this step. Perhaps you do not think it ficiently important. Perhaps there is an in- nal infatuation bewitching your soul, so that u are anxious about the things that perish, ile about things eternal you are thoughtless.

h, hammer of the Gospel, break that rock! , Holy Ghost, breathe on that corpse of death, bone shall come to bone, and sinew to sinew, the nostril shall throb, and the heart shall t, and the eye shall open before a pardoning deemer!

stand at the close of a stupendous day in the tory of this Zion. God for the last ten weeks been marching on in power, such as has been n in no church since the day when Christ e his life for the nations. Six hundred and y-six within this month, perhaps two hun- dd and fifty of them to-day crowding these es—all these aisles radiating from this point, one of them excepted. And when we passed ng the aisles and gave them the right hand Christian fellowship, and welcomed them into church on earth, in glad anticipation of the e when they would be welcomed to the rch of heaven, our hearts were melted within Hosanna to the son of David! Hosanna he highest!

ome six months ago I became intensely im- ssed with the fact that there would come in church, as there comes in every church, ther it is recognized or not, *a time for espe- evangelistic effort.* The simple fact is, there thousands of the churches of Jesus Christ in country waiting for the spirit of evangelism. ave stood in this presence and before vast mblages for many years; I have withheld e of the truths of the Gospel; I have pre- ed before the people the light and the dark- s—Calvary and Sinai—and those who have rd me these years know I have not withheld truth.

saw a great multitude on the very verge of kingdom, but it needed some extra move- nt, some outside impulse, some gracious fire vangelism, to bring them into the kingdom ur God. And I looked all over the field, with- consultation with any except my own family, I saw one afternoon, about three months . on a fragment of a newspaper which I picked from the floor—the newspaper having been pped around some article of merchandise had come to our home—on that fragment ewspaper I saw

A CARICATURE,

ean, contemptible attack on a Christian min- r and evangelist, and I am so formed (and I pose I am a type of the ordinarily fair-mind- nan)—I am so formed that all that went with in favor of the man, and I said, I believe *that e man* for this evangelism.

he fact was that nine years ago we estab- ed a lay college. Many went forth from it erve Christ in different spheres of usefulness. y of them have won souls to God in multi- s, but the man whom God selected for the est work sits in this assemblage to-night.

bout three months ago, and just after I had this caricature, I went to Philadelphia to re in the Academy of Music. Before going y lecture I telegraphed to the Rev. Thomas rison, asking him if he would breakfast with on the morrow at my hotel.

oming back from the lecture I read the tele- n accepting the invitation. *I slept not at all night.* I hardly knew why I was awake; excitement of a public address does not keep awake, but I slept not at all. I was con- us afterward of having spent much of that t in prayer. The next morning at the table made arrangements for these evangelistic ices, and how God has blessed them you v, all Christendom knows. And I stand is presence to-night to thank Brother Har- n for his work here in Christ's name.

ay the blessing of the Lord accompany you ver. He has given you a great work to do, he will give you grace to do that work. Be ful unto death, and he will give you a crown ife (Rev. 2 : 10). Hundreds, and thousands, and tens of thousands, I hope, in the last day, will rise up and call you blessed.

I thank all the Christian ministers who have assisted in this evangelistic service. I thank all those who have given their especial energy to conducting sacred song. I thank all this membership, and the membership of other churches, as far as they have assisted us in this work. You have toiled mightily for God, and you have reaped a great harvest. There is only

ONE SADNESS

in my soul, and that is, that while perhaps more than a thousand souls have been brought to God at these altars, there are other thousands who have not taken one step heavenward. Strive to enter in at the strait gate.

PROPHETIC EXPOSITION.

Compiled by Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 461.)

Mr. McCausland's Conclusions—Cardinal Bonaparte a Probable Pope.

THE REV. J. C. MCCAUSLAND, M.A., the venerable Rector of Clonmore, Dunleer, Ireland, published, in 1860, a prophetic book, called "The Hope of Israel," and in April, 1869, he published the following explanation of Daniel 9 : 27, in a prophetical magazine:

"The Man of Sin will enter into the predicted seven years' covenant with many of the Jewish people at the beginning of Daniel's seventieth week of years; and in the middle of the week, after the lapse of three years and a half, will break the covenant, and openly assert his own godhead, and claim universal homage in that capacity, thus revealing himself as the Man of Sin, and will enact the fearful part assigned to that character in 2 Thess. 2 during the latter and final three years and a half."

He further expressed his prophetical conclusions to the following effect in "Signs of our Times" Journal, in March, 1872:

"All expositors, who are competent to form a reliable conclusion upon the subject, acknowledge that Napoleon I. was the seventh head of the Roman Empire, that is to say, the Seventh Head of the emblematic Wild-beast, which in Revelation and Daniel represents the Roman Empire. And, coincidently with the interpreting angel's fore-statement in Revelation 17, that Seventh Napoleonic head, '*when he came, continued only a short space,*' namely, from 1806 to 1815, when, having forced matters to a decisive issue by the arbitrament of the sword, he was '*as it were wounded to death by the sword*' at Waterloo (Rev. 13 : 3, 14). But '*the deadly wound is to be healed.*'

"Now, whatever hesitation may exist in some minds in specifying *the particular Napoleon* who is to become, during the final three years and a half hereafter, the Last Head of the Roman Empire and Imperial Antichrist, yet, at least, this conclusion cannot be avoided—viz., that the Napoleon dynasty, in even more than its former power and earthly glory, must be re-established by a Napoleon over the territories of the Old Roman Empire, east as well as west, including *Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt,* as well as *Britain, France, Spain, Italy,* and *Austria.* The Rhine and the Danube must form the boundaries of this revived Franco-Roman Empire, and, therefore, *Germany must necessarily sustain some unlooked for reverses, in order to be compelled to relinquish all the left bank of the Rhine and Bavaria and Baden.* Moreover, the Napoleon Empire must necessarily have possession of Rome, as the capital of the Roman Empire.

"Nor need it cause us astonishment if *Cardinal Lucien Bonaparte* should become

THE NEXT AND FINAL POPE.

"The prophetic series of events may soon be commenced by a Napoleon regaining the French throne, and, after an interval, making the predicted seven years' covenant with many of the Jews, which will be the closing seven years of this Gentile dispensation, and its latter three and a half years will be the time of general persecution of Christians, and unprecedented tribulation (Dan. 9 : 27; 7 : 25; 12 : 7 : Rev. 13 : 5, etc.). Democracy, in its most revolutionary form and anti-Christian development, must be expected to play a prominent part in connection with the rise and reign of the latter day Imperial Man of Sin.

"The existence of Internationalism, Fenianism, and other democratic revolutionary organizations in Britain and Ireland, significantly confirm the prophetic conclusion, that Britain, as part of the Roman Empire, must be one of the ten Latin kingdoms which are to give their power and strength in an united Latin confederation to the last Napoleonic head of the revived Roman Empire (Rev. 17 : 13). There seems reason to expect that *Ireland, never having been part of the Roman Empire, will by that time be legislatively separated from England.*

"We stand on the brink of those days of which the ancient seer exclaimed, 'Alas! who shall live when God doeth this?'"

(To be continued.)

A SCOTCH SOLDIER'S MEMORY.

A MISSIONARY who labored in a city where a brigade of soldiers was always stationed, in visiting one of the hospitals came to the bedside of a dying soldier and spoke to him about the concerns of his soul, but he gave no heed to what was said. He was evidently dying fast, but utterly careless and hardened by a long course of sin.

The earnest missionary could not bear the thought of leaving him to die in his sins, yet every appeal seemed ineffectual. At last the thought crossed his mind, "I can hear from his accent that he comes from a country where the Psalms of David are generally committed to memory in youth; I will try if a verse of a Psalm will touch his heart." So, when he had gained his attention, he sang, in a low voice, to a tune familiar to every Scotch child,

"Such pity as a father hath
  Unto his children dear;
Like pity shows the Lord to such
  As worship Him in fear.
For He remembers we are dust,
  And He our frame well knows;
Frail man, his days are like the grass,
  As flower in field he grows."

The dying soldier now looked at the missionary earnestly; he stared as if a voice from afar addressed him. The scenes of home and youth rushed into his mind—a tender chord had been touched. The well-known though long-forgotten lines of the beautiful hundred and third Psalm thrilled his soul, and spoke as the voice of God to his conscience.

The missionary saw the effect of his singing, and believing that the Spirit would be his best teacher for a time, left the bedside of the sick man. All that night the soldier lay lost in thought. The old kirk with its solemn services rose before his mind. His pious mother's tender love, her pleading and her prayers all were recalled. In that night he lived his boyhood over again, and all that intervened, the black record of years of sin, was forgotten.

The next day the missionary was at his couch again. This time he was welcomed gladly, and the man, thoroughly broken down and contrite, was asking, in earnest tones, "What shall I do to be saved?"

He lingered two weeks longer, and then died rejoicing in Christ, and the missionary had the duty of sending a letter to the soldier's parents in their Scotch home, conveying intelligence of sorrow and joy—sorrow that their lost boy was dead, and joy that they might hope to meet him in heaven. The bread cast on the waters had been found after many days.

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events," with two maps and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* containe valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on these events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(*Continued from page* 455.)

Constance's Room—Fears—A Letter from Mr. Ferguson—"A Peep at Aix-la-Chapelle"—Relics.

HAVING left her mother asleep, Constance tearfully sought her own pretty little room, whose pictured walls she was never likely to return to. If she got on well in Germany, and stayed there the length of time she expected to stay, their term in Eglinton Terrace, would be expired before she came back to England, and it had been decided that it would not be right for them to remain there longer. Before Mrs. Anerley and Emmie there were the absorbing feminine occupations of house choosing and house changing, both of which had a certain interest for them.

"It would not be," she thought, "such a pretty house, nor such a large house, to which she would return next year; saddest of all, it would not be a house full of the memories of her father." How this chamber spoke to her of his thoughtful care for her comfort! Her room and Emmie's opened one into the other by the closing or unfastening of a door; they could be together or apart just as it pleased them. A little beyond these two rooms was the study, in which they had spent so many happy hours, where *he* had been so patient with her ignorance, so anxious for her improvement, so tolerant of her failures. Would any one ever be so kind, so thoughtful toward her again?

The desolating sense of sorrow of the first few months after her father's death had been succeeded in the heart of Constance by a weary, sad belief that though the keen edge of grief was softened by time, yet that she missed him as much as ever, and that she should go on missing him, and needing him, and not having him, all her life long.

The dread, too, that her mother would one day forget him, so far as to marry some one else to give her children a stepfather, was torture to Constance. She did not reflect, as she ought to have done, for we are all of us so naturally selfish in our strongest feeings, that this might nevertheless be a comfort to one of her mother's dependent temperament. She only felt that it would seem to herself like sacrilege; and of all men, how could he who professed to be her father's friend dare to think of this? Did he dare? He had been very kind to them all ever since that awful night when he drove back with her mother and herself from Albert Street, and he had taken a great deal of trouble about her, if it was real kindness, without another motive; but if he had that other motive behind, to be brought forward and acted upon in the far-off future, as she sometimes suspected, she should hate him for it.

Her mother, too, had almost disappointed her. Instead of angrily contradicting her child's suspicions, as Constance hoped she would have done, and as Constance would have been so glad for her to do, she had refused to give the least pledge respecting her future conduct, and had evidently been annoyed that any reference had been made to the subject. Constance was puzzled as to what more she could do. She felt she had better not say anything to Emmie; she would be sure to acquiesce peaceably sooner or later in her mother's wishes, whatever they might be; and she might not understand her younger sister's horror of such an event; she might even allude to the suspicions she had had confided to her to her mother, and to her Constance felt too much had already been said through her own impetuosity.

Cecil might ward off such a misfortune by more watchfulness and more constant care of his mother at all times, but Constance knew she could find neither voice nor words, dearly as she loved him, to communicate such a thing to Cecil.

Besides, how did she know but that Cecil might approve? Her mother was so pretty, and still looked so young and fair, it was no wonder people admired her, Constance thought, and wished heartily that she was plainer and older, and only beautiful in the eyes of her children, and that the deep mourning she wore did not so well set off the dazzling fairness of her complexion and her bright golden-brown hair. Constance was jealous for her father, and one could hardly regard it as an ignoble jealousy.

When Constance had been in her new dwelling-place a very short time she received a letter from Mr. Ferguson. It contained a request that she would furnish some short historical account of the old city, together with her first impressions concerning it, for the pages of *Our Chronicle*, a paper he had set on foot in connection with his chapel a short time before the death of Mr. Anerley. That gentleman had himself contributed to it once or twice, and expressed his hope that his children would also. So Hermann Ferguson's wish, inasmuch as it revived the wishes of her father, was obeyed, and Constance penned the following essay, entitling it "A Peep at Aix-la-Chapelle," and with it dispatched a letter to her sister:

Aix-la-Chapelle should not be overlooked in a continental trip that makes it possible to take at least a peep at its venerable cathedral and other most interesting antiquities.

The city contains at present nearly 52,000 inhabitants, with a large number of visitors for the waters. It is surrounded by hills, and is therefore sheltered from the cold winds.

I have as yet devoted only one day to the inspection of this fine old city of Charlemagne, but those hours proved rich in interest. With my kind travelling companions I stayed the first night of my arrival at the thoroughly comfortable hotel Dragon d'Or, and next morning we had a most delightful drive.

We inspected first of all the Kurhaus, where we had a peep at the ball-room, the fine reading-room, and from the windows at the pleasant gardens. Then we proceeded to the Regierungsgebände, which being interpreted means the Hotel of the Regency, to view a monster aerolite which is placed on a pedestal in the garden or court of the house—a thunderbolt, which is indeed dreadful to the gaze of any pedestrian, and which, if it had fallen on a building, must have wrought destruction. Thence, leaving these modern wonders, and driving through some nice wide streets and some narrower ones, we came to the venerable Town Hall.

This building is erected on the very spot where more than a thousand years ago the masons of Charlemagne were busy upon the imperial palace of that valiant emperor. The present building was erected in 1353, and has, therefore, a respectable antiquity of its own. Charlemagne's fondness for Aix-la-Chapelle, and his determination to make it the imperial city, do credit alike to his good taste and his good judgment. The neighborhood is beautiful, and the valuable properties of the waters, in which the emperor and a numerous court are said to have been accustomed to bathe, were, of course, known in those days and long before, just as they now draw to it so many strangers even from distant lands.

Aix-la-Chapelle, the French name, means the waters of the church or the chapel: Aachen, the German name, signifies "waters." The original merit of Aix-la-Chapelle lay in its healing springs, and these are very wonderful. It is a curious phenomenon to see gushing up in the midst of a large fountain in the street a spring of hot water, quite warm to the touch even when it has mingled with the other water, and quite hot at its source.

It is eminently suggestive of considerable fires somewhat nearer than we are to the earth's centre. At the handsome baths we tasted of the waters and found them just as disagreeable and brackish as medicinal waters usually are, to which their warmth, however, seemed to impart a specially odious piquancy of flavor.

I have wandered far from the venerable Town Hall, which is ascended by a long flight of steps, while in the square before it, spread out like a magnified specimen of the box of toys I used
play with, is the German market, with its gold
and purple autumn fruits, its many-hued veget
bles, and its quaintly-attired countrywomen ac
ing as stall-keepers.

German toys have endeared German hom
life to English children more than most peop
stay to think about. The child hands th
have carved and painted animals and trees a
market-baskets in the Rhineland have given t
little ones of England of many successive gen
ations most accurate models of German ho
and farm and country life.

In the Town Hall are portraits of German e
perors; one interesting full-length portrait
Charlemagne. The honest, manly face, the fi
erect form, the dignity of his whole bearing, a
all in keeping with my ideas of this notewort
emperor. Here are also Leopold of Austria a
his wife, the grandparents of Maria Theresa, a
Maria Theresa herself—strong and handsome
her character; and many another great or
whose fame lingers yet in the page of histo
and many others whose fame has long si
passed away.

Around this Hall of the Emperors are so
wonderful paintings, descriptive of the histo
and adventures of Charlemagne, whose mem
is now the presiding genius of this city of
choice, as once his living form favored it with
presence.

Leaving the Town Hall, we paused to view
fountain in the market place, with the gil
bronze statue of Charlemagne. The bronze
sin which it surmounts is twenty-five feet
circumference. From thence we drove to
cathedral, a fine old building, in which are so
valuable relics of priceless value to the undou
ing believer. They are thus summarized in
stranger's guide to the city. I translate the
from the French:

1. A robe of white cotton belonging to
mother of the Holy Saviour, five feet and a
long.

2. The swaddling clothes in which the inf
Jesus was wrapped.

3. The cloth on which St. John was dec
tated.

4. The cloth which encircled the loins of Je
when crucified.

It was founded in 796 by Charlemagne,
blessed by Pope Leo III. in 804.

From the cathedral we drove along a g
road to Lonsberg. This is a hill 890 feet ab
the sea, on the summit of which is erecte
pyramid, and from it there is a magnificent v
of the surrounding country for many mi
The abrupt slopes may be either ascended on
by means of steps cut in the rocky formation
in a carriage by a winding road, which, of cou
much increased the distance. At the top
restaurant in the form of a handsome pavil
There are delightful walks through the wo
pleasant promenades, and sequestered nook
this beautiful hill, and here, no doubt, the l
making of Aix-la-Chapelle is largely carried
Lovers need scarcely wish a more congenial
for a moonlight ramble than on Lonsberg.

On coming to a fine building which Augu
our young guide, had already told us wa
hospital, he stopped the carriage that we m
enter the delightful botanical gardens in w
it stands, and in which some of the patie
both male and female, were sunning themsel
How I wished that some of our poor conva
cents connected with the Albert Mission c
have as charming a garden to get well in!

This hospital is new and is a civil hosp
placed under the care of the Sisters of St. E
beth, which convent of religous women has
isted in this city for more than two hun
years. The hospital has inscribed on it "M
Hill," and thus places itself under the patro
and protection of the Virgin. Only too
were we compelled to leave the fountains,
trees, and the flowers of that large and beau
garden to drive back to the hotel and prepar
the *table d'hôte*. The streets of Aix-la-Cha
are good, and its public buildings, both anc

modern, handsome and well built. It has eral woollen manufactories and a library of 1000 volumes.

(To be continued.)

TE BRITISH POLITICAL REVOLUTION.

Its Prophetic Aspect.

(Continued from page 455.)

By Rev. M. Baxter.

2. The Division of the Eastern Turkish Empire to Five Kingdoms—viz., Greece enlarged orthward — Egypt — Syria separated from urkey—Central Turkey, corresponding with ncient Thrace-with-Bithynia—And Bulgaria ith Servia and Roumania—3. The Legislative eparation of Ireland from England—4. The redestined War between France and Gerany, etc.

E considered last week the first of five protic events toward the fulfilment of which new Radical Liberal Parliament is a prossive step—viz., "the increased prevalence of spirit of Democracy and Radicalism until ain becomes a republic." We now proceed onsider :

The ascendency of Mr. Gladstone's Liberal ernment, which is opposed to upholding the grity of the corrupt Turkish Empire, and ch should it be favorable to his "bag and gage" policy of ejecting Turkish officials and rs from misgoverned Eastern countries, is a gressive step toward the fulfilment of the ocalyptic prophecy, that the mystic "*Euphra-* or Turkish Empire shall, at the epoch of -83, be "*dried up*" (Rev. 16 : 12), and also Daniel's prophecy (Dan. 8 : 22, 23), that at epoch the *four kingdoms* of Alexander's cian Empire, denoted by the *four horns* of Macedonian goat, *shall be revived* and reapr—viz., (*a*) *Greece* extended northward, so o include Thessaly, Albania, and Macedonia, ; (*b*) *Egypt* ; (*c*) *Syria* made an independent gdom, and including part of Asia Minor ; (*a*) *ace-with-Bithynia*, which, in fact, is the same *Central Turkey* south of the Balkans and east Macedonia, together with *Bithynia*, a small tion of Asia Minor ; so that the vast Turkish pire will then have dwindled down to be no er than *Thrace-with-Bithynia*.

bout 1840 it was shown by expositors, such B. W. Newton and Dr. Tregelles, that the r horn kingdoms of Greece, Egypt, Syria, and ace-with-Bithynia, mentioned in Dan. 8 : 22, and which for many centuries have been llowed up in the huge Turkish Empire, must evived and reappear as distinct, independent gdoms, as they formerly were, because Daniel aks of them as being *re-existent* at the time of end, and in the last end of the indignation, says that "*in the latter time of these kingdms*" the last great Antichrist (a Napoleon), "king of fierce countenance," shall arise out one of them, as prefigured by a little horn ing out of one of the four horns—*i.e.*, a little kgdom, such as Macedonia, etc., being carved of one of the four kingdoms, and its ruler sequently being a little horn or sovereign" (n. 8 : 8, 9, 17, 19).

t is most remarkable that, in accordance with s prophecy of Daniel, *first*, *Greece*, and, *ondly*, *Egypt* have been separated from Turkey, l made independent kingdoms, respectively in 3 and 1840 ; and it now remains for *Syria* to severed from Turkey as a *third* kingdom ; l then the remainder of Turkey will form the *rth* of the original four horn kingdoms.

Prophecy requires a rectification of frontiers the case of Greece, to make it correspond with *ient Greece*. It must be enlarged northward the addition of Thessaly, Albania, and Macenia. And there is far more chance of this be promoted by Gladstone Liberalism than aconsfield Conservatism. Mr. Gladstone has g been noted for his strong Hellenic sympaes, and, in fact, his

ENTHUSIASM IN BEHALF OF GREECE

scarcely less fervid than that of Lord Byron, o died for Greek independence at Missoghi,

The recent electoral victory of the Liberals has been received with great excitement and rejoicing in the East by the Greek and Christian populations. They exclaim, "We shall now have reforms and an end put to anarchy." Their hopes of reforms in European Turkey and Asia Minor and Syria, which are in a state of frightful msigovernment, are rising high, and their very expectation of sympathy and favor from the new British Parliament may encourage them to rise in revolt against their oppressive Turkish rulers.

The revival of these ancient Oriental nationalities, and the infusion of new life into their dry bones, and the restoration of Palestine to the Jews, was hoped by the Anglo-Israelites to be the destined mission of Lord Beaconsfield. But the great work still remains to be achieved. The *hour* is come for the accomplishment of these events, but the *man* has not yet appeared. It may be, however, that Mr. Gladstone is to prove the man, or, at any rate, his policy may be the policy which shall lead onward to these results, and now to him, in a measure, the words may be applicable, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this ?" (Esther 4 : 14).

The Berlin Conference now sitting during June, are already expected to add some northern territory to Greece.

3. The *legislative if not entire*

SEPARATION OF IRELAND,

which did *not* belong to Cæsar's Roman Empire, *from Britain*, which is one of the ten kingdoms of that empire, as represented by the ten horns and the ten toes, must precede the distinct appearance of those ten kingdoms, because they are to be formed within the *exact boundaries* of the ancient Roman Empire. And as this separation is indicated to take place by about 1883, if the end of this age is to be in 1890, therefore the legislative separation of Ireland from Britain may be expected by that time.

Long before Home Rulers were heard of—who number at the present time about 62 Members of Parliament out of 652—it was foreshown by expositors such as Dr. Tregelles on "Daniel," in 1846, and Dr. Kelshall on "The Antichrist," in 1846, and B. W. Newton on the "Prospects of the Ten Kingdoms," in 1849, that Ireland, being *outside* Cæsar's Roman Empire, must become separated at the time of the final crisis of this age from Britain, which was *inside* the Roman Empire.

Now it is certain that the Conservative party would not listen for a moment to any proposition favorable to the Home Rulers' policy. On nothing was Lord Beaconsfield more determined than to resist the least approach to any measure tending toward the legislative separation of Ireland from England. The Home Rulers had nothing to hope from him. But *they have much to hope from an advanced Liberal Government* in which the policy of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright is predominant. The disestablishment of the Irish Church by Mr. Gladstone was a measure thoroughly in harmony with the wishes of the Home Rulers, and the new Irish Land Acts proposed by Mr. Bright largely meet with the Home Rulers' approbation. Every little concession made to them they interpret as the prelude and promise of larger future concessions. Having got an inch they will take an ell.

There will be found plenty of Liberal members to contend that it is only reasonable to grant a parliamentary commission of inquiry into the justice of the Home Rulers' demands ; and that local Irish measures can be far better deliberated upon by an assembly of Irishmen in Dublin, like a local vestry, than by Englishmen who were unacquainted with the localities affected by the proposed measures. And much may be said about the expense and inconvenience of bringing witnesses to London, and employing London parliamentary agents, and consuming the valuable time of Imperial Parliament, when such matters might with advantage be left to a local Irish Parliament.

In the Parliament of 1880 Irish questions will meet with more favor and sympathy than in the Parliament of 1879, and when once the ball is set rolling its speed will be accelerated by the ever-growing momentum of repeated successes, until the separation of the Irish shamrock from the English rose becomes a matter of history.

The necessity, too, of the votes of the sixty-two Home Rule members to insure the Liberal majority in Parliament may become a reason for concessions to them in the future, through dissensions in the Liberal camp, although that is not the case at present.

Britain will also find herself ere long in sore difficulties through continental wars and troubles in India and other of her colonies, and the Home Rulers will know how to act on the maxim that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity."

4. The prophetical

PREDESTINED WAR

between France and Germany, which is to issue in *France regaining the left bank of the Rhine*, is likely to be precipitated by the new Eastern policy of the Liberal Government.

The complete break-up of the Turkish Empire has always been dreaded by politicians, however much they disapproved of its irreclaimable corruption, because they foresaw that a general scramble for its territories would kindle a conflagration of universal war among the nations of Europe. For this reason, as well as for providing a barrier against Russian aggression, political expediency has dictated to England the policy of maintaining the integrity of the Turkish Empire. It was this policy that led England to wage the Crimean War in 1855.

But the British nation has rejected this policy since the Turkish massacre of hundreds of Bulgarians, which was publicly made known in England in June, 1876, and which caused meetings to be held in nearly every English town to protest against our upholding any longer the integrity of the Turkish Empire. Mr. Gladstone then published his well-known pamphlet, "Bulgarian Horrors," in which he advocated the complete extinction of the Turkish executive power in Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, "Let the Turks, then Zaptiehs, then Mudirs, and then Pashas, one and all, *bag and baggage*, clear out of the province they have desolated and profaned."

Mr. Gladstone recommended that these three provinces should be allowed to govern themselves ; but, as a matter of fact, Bosnia and Herzegovina are now annexed to Austria, while only Bulgaria and Servia are made independent states. Russia is in favor of Mr. Gladstone's plan of making these and other Balkan provinces independent states, while Austria desires to annex them to its own territory, and on this account Mr. Gladstone significantly addressed to Austria the warning, "*Hands off.*"

And here is the bone of contention, which may soon precipitate hostilities between some of the great Powers, and may lead to the predestined war between France and Germany, which is to issue in France regaining the left bank of the Rhine, and acquiring Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, etc. This is necessary in order to form the existing *twelve* kingdoms of the Western Roman Empire, into the predicted number of *five*—viz., Britain, France, Spain, Italy, and Austria, with some alterations of their present area.

Whether Russia, knowing that the Liberal party of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright are not likely, like Lord Beaconsfield's party, to engage in any war for the *protection* of Turkey, will feel encouraged to aggressive movements against Turkey, and to act against Austria's designs upon Turkish territory, time alone will show. But somehow or other there will arise a greater war than this century has witnessed, completely reversing the issue of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71. At the same time this predestined inevitable war is no argument against Mr. Gladstone's Liberal policy in the East, which aims at the extinction of the abominable Turco-Mohammedan despotic misgovernment.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, July 14th, at **12.30 A.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Gen. Garfield's Letter Formally Accepting the Republican nomination for the Presidency was published July 13th. It has naturally been subjected to close scrutiny, and opinions of its merits and demerits vary with the political principles of the critics. A confession of political faith and a programme of national policy, could not have been framed so as to command the approval of all parties, nor even of all sections of the same party, and therefore Gen. Garfield's letter, dealing, as it does, with issues hotly contested, is freely condemned in many quarters. It is, however, satisfactory to find that among those who condemn it with the most pronounced vigor are to be found men of extreme opinions, who regard it as tame and commonplace. The bulk of the people are anxious that the present era of prosperity should continue, and would have dreaded the possibility of a statesman of either party being elected to the Presidential chair who proposed the initiation of any violent or radical change in the National policy. The Republican nominee does not advocate any such change, and therefore his letter is approved by those who desire "to let well alone."

The Chicago Platform is Adopted by Gen. Garfield in its entirety. He says of it: "The doctrines announced by the Chicago Convention are deliberate convictions resulting from a careful study of the spirit of our institutions, the events of our history, and the best impulses of our people. In my judgment these principles should control the legislation and administration of the Government. In any event, they will guide my conduct until experience points out a better way."

Those who were anxious to see some urgently needed reforms advocated, regret their omission from the platform, but the insertion of such recommendations would probably have been regarded by party leaders as detrimental to its value as a campaign manifesto. Such omissions relate to civil service reform, the temperance question, the silver question, and the tariff. On these matters Gen. Garfield is either silent or disinclined for change.

On the question of State Supremacy, which in various forms has been debated so often in Congress and outside, during the past twenty years, Gen. Garfield adheres to his Congressional record, and is sufficiently outspoken. He contends "that the right of the nation to determine the method by which its own legislature shall be created cannot be surrendered without abdicating one of the fundamental powers of government; that *the national laws* relating to the election of representatives in Congress shall neither be violated nor evaded; that every elector shall be permitted, freely and without intimidation, to cast his lawful ballot at such election, and have it *honestly counted*, and that the potency of his vote shall not be destroyed by the fraudulent vote of any other person."

In conclusion Gen. Garfield says: "If elected, it will be my purpose to enforce strict obedience to the Constitution and the laws, and to promote, as best I may, the interest and honor of the whole country, relying for support upon the wisdom of Congress, the intelligence and patriotism of the people, and *the favor of God.*"

The National Democratic Committee Assembled in New York July 13th, to make arrangements for the Presidential campaign. Ex-Senator W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut, was unanimously elected Chairman of the Committee, and Mayor Prince, of Boston, Secretary, and an Executive Committee of eleven was appointed. Subsequently the Committee went to Governor's Island to formally tender the nominations to Gen. Hancock and Mr. W. H. English.

The pleasure Gen. Hancock experienced in receiving the nomination was marred by a painful bereavement. His little grandson, only four months old, whom the General loved very deeply, had died that morning. General Hancock had sat up with the babe all night and watched it with all the tenderness of a woman.

The National Prosperity.—The Census and Government returns for the year which ended May 31st, 1860, compared with those of this year indicate an increase of prosperity unprecedented in any nation in the world. The wheat produced in 1860 was 173,000,000 bushels, this year it is 440,000,000; corn was 837,000,000 bushels, now it is 1,450,000,000 merchandise exports were then valued at $316,242,423, now they are $835,000,000. Other statistics are equally surprising and gratifying, as evidencing the marvellous progress made during two decades. God is giving this country great prosperity; it should be the care of every citizen to render thanks to Him, and to see to it, so far as he is able, that the national life is consecrated to His service and glory.

Efforts to Reform the Tenement Houses which have so long been a scandal to New York are being made by a few Christian ladies, and have so far been crowned with success. The difficulty has hitherto been with the landlords, who so long as they secured their rents did not trouble to do necessary repairs and cleaning. Two earnest ladies have leased one of the worst buildings in the Five Points region, used as a low lodging-house for the vilest class, with the intention of changing it into a decent and habitable dwelling. Few people can have any idea of the task which these ladies have undertaken. To put the place into even fair condition has been a difficult work. The walls have had to be scraped and the whole building fumigated, to kill the vermin and remove contagion; the yard had to be repaved, and an old shed used as a bone-house torn down. As the lease of the place is experimental, only temporary changes could be made; but even these have transformed it within and without.

A Pathetic Incident is Narrated in the New York *Tribune*. A child only ten years old was run over by the cars at Dubuque, Iowa, and was carried to his home for surgical attention. Not a tear stood in his eyes, but the tender look he gave to those who stood by his side told plainly that he was suffering great agony. After the doctor had dressed his wounds he called his parents, sisters, and brothers to his beside, kissed one and all farewell, and left a tear upon their cheeks. A second time he called his mother to his side, placed his little arms about her neck, and said, "Mother, I am going to die in a few minutes. Please forgive me for not mindin you." With this the little fellow fell back, an as the mother said, "Yes, my boy," and toc another look at his face, she found him dead ar beyond all pain and suffering.

The Woman's National Christian Tempe ance Union will hold open-air meetings this se son at the following places: Ocean Grove, N J., August 9th, 10th; Round Lake, N. Y August 11th–16th; Chautauqua, N. Y., Augu 15th; Lake Bluff, Ill., August 18th–23d; Bi marck Grove, Kan., August 28th, 29th; Ol Orchard, Me., August 28th. The meetings are be made specially interesting by *conversations* practical themes. People in doubt about a sur mer resort will be amply rewarded by spendir their holidays at some of these camp-ground A *portrait and life* of Miss Frances E. Willa will be given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD August 5th.

Dr. Talmage Proposes Spending the next fe weeks in California, visiting Leadville and De ver en route. Though retaining all his spiritu and mental vigor, his physical powers are sorely need of repose. Night after night *for ten wee* he was by the side of Mr. Harrison at the speci services in the Tabernacle, addressing the co gregation, praying with the anxious, and givi pastoral counsel to those in need of it, and the labors in addition to his regular services on t Lord's day have made rest and change absolute necessary. Our readers will, it is hoped, pr that by the blessing of God he may be strengt ened and made increasingly useful in his wor During his absence we expect to publish sor evening sermons Dr. Talmage recently preach at the Tabernacle.

Sunday Observance in Massachusetts.— society has been formed for promoting the be ter observance of the Lord's day in the B State. Among other methods of operati adopted is that of requesting ministers to prea sermons warning their hearers against Sund excursions, picnics, etc. On moral and natior grounds, apart from the principal ground obedience to the Divine command, the obser ance of one day in the week as a day consecrat to God and His service should be advocated all patriotic citizens.

The Death of Rev. Barnas Sears, D.D. LL. of Staunton, Va., occurred at Saratoga on J 7th. The cause of education has sustained severe loss by this event, for Dr. Sears occupi several responsible positions in connection wi it. He was appointed in 1867 manager of t fund George Peabody gave for educational p poses, and he was for many years President Brown University, Providence. He had gone Saratoga to deliver an address before the Am ican Institute of Instruction, on "Educatio Progress in the United States During the L Fifty Years." The address Dr. Sears complet but on the day he was to deliver it he lay de Dr. Ellis of Boston read it, and it sounded to t audience like a voice from the grave. Dr. Se was seventy-seven years of age when he di He had been feeble for several days, but ho were entertained that he would recover, un a few hours before his death.

A Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon h been blessed by God to the conversion of a U versalist minister at Plymouth, Mass. He h preached Universalism for twelve years, but M Spurgeon's sermon set him thinking, and God h led him to see his error and to consecrate hi self and his ministry unreservedly to Christ.

A Drunkard at a Prayer Meeting.—A Ge tleman rose in a Christian meeting in New Yo on July 16th, and said: "About six years ag came to New York, and having heard since a b of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting I thoug I would come here. I was under the influen of liquor at the time, I am ashamed to say. soon became convinced that this assembly Christians was no place for me. I determin to seek the Saviour, and I found Him. Sin then, He has helped me, guided me, and filled r breast with joy. He has helped me by His gra to lead some souls to Him. This has given r great joy."

Masses in a Lottery.—An Advertisement in e daily journals of Montreal announces a lot- ry for the benefit of a Roman Catholic semi- ary. Among the prizes to be drawn for, are ts of ground, horses, vases, a fancy pipe, pair wheels, chromos, and *masses for the living or e dead*, some one of which possibly may be ob- ined by the purchaser of a dollar ticket. asses in an ordinary way may, it appears, be rchased at various prices, according to circum- ances; they range from fifty cents to a hun- ed dollars each, but in this case the possessor of "lucky" ticket secures it at the cost of one llar. It is marvellous that men should still nsider such purchasable commodities as holy ngs, or things of any value at all.

A Remarkable Surgical Experiment has been progress at St. Luke's Hospital, New York, ich has occupied six years. A young woman ned Lucy Osborn, had her scalp torn from her ad by an accident in a button-factory, at New dford, Conn., on September 23d, 1874. The al surgeons were unable to deal successfully h the case, and she was sent to St. Luke's spital, where the doctors decided on trying *the cess of skin-grafting*. Minute particles of n were taken from the bodies of the surgeons volunteers about the hospital, and of persons side who had heard of the experiment and e interested in its success. These particles e laid on the wound, and many of them ad- ed and grew. *The new scalp* is now complete, the patient in perfect health, but the pro- has been slow and tedious, so many of the ts having failed to grow. The hospital rec- shows that no less than *fourteen thousand* es of skin were applied before the forehead the top of the head were permanently red.

any persons, impelled by regard for the in- l girl suffered, a slight pain that she might enefited, and she could never have recovered or their kindness. The case is not only an esting one, but as small things shadow forth er ones, it illustrates the love of Christ, that His people might be sanctified, was ed "once for all" (Heb. 10 : 10).

Liquor Dealer in Connecticut has an op- unity of realizing how ruinous are the effects uced by his commodity. Twelve years ago arried a young lady of great beauty and nplishments, whom he loved devotedly. life for a few years was an exceedingly y one, but the abundance of intoxicating r about their home produced a fondness for the breast of the young wife, and she grad- drifted into drunken habits. The hus- almost heart-broken, tried various ways of g his wife's vice, but without avail, and ulti- y she sank into a hopeless and incurable maniac. She is now undergoing a sentence months imprisonment for being drunk and derly in the streets of New York. Those lig a pit for others sometimes fall therein elves (Prov. 28 : 10).

Arkansas Farmer's Difficulty.—A South- urnal relates an incident of the war which ates the condition many people are in who o decided stand on the side of Christ. are willing to be considered Christians by Christian friends, and to be regarded as of orld when in worldly company, thus being hings to all men" in a sense not intended apostolic injunction.

ee Northern officers were appointed on a ission with three Southern officers, after ttle of Prairie Grove, to negotiate an ex- of prisoners. While the commission was , an aged farmer strayed into the room, ng it was the provost's office. His eyes im, but he quickly noticed the uniforms, pposing himself in the presence of the rn staff, began protesting his loyalty to ion. One of the officers facetiously ad- him to be cautious, and pointing to the rn officers told him to look at them. d man put on his spectacles, and recogni- e uniform, explained that his heart was e South in the great struggle, and that y son was a soldier in the Southern army. Gazing around the room he recognized the Northern uniforms also, and was bewildered. At last he leaned both hands on the table, and surveying the entire party, he said, "Well, gentlemen, this is a little mixed, but you jist go on and fight it out among yourselves. I can live under any government."

The old gentleman suffered nothing by his equivocal position; but in the great day of judgment there will be many whose protestations of what they have done in the name of Jesus, will be answered with, "I never knew you: depart from me" (Matt. 7 : 22).

An Impossible Attitude toward the Cause of Christ was recently claimed by a young man in response to a question touching his personal salvation. "Are you on the Lord's side?" an earnest Christian asked him. "No," he said, "*I am neutral.*" There are many people who imagine they can be neutral in this matter, but a time will come when they will see that their neutrality was actual hostility to Christ. A man on a burning ship refusing to enter the life-boat might call his inaction neutrality, and remain to be burned. He would be quite as consistent as those who, being unsaved, are offered pardon and eternal life, but neglect the offer on the plea that they are *neutral* (Matt. 12 : 30).

A Fortune was Spread out on the Ground near Petrolia, Pa., recently. An old farmer, having made $100,000 in oil, was afraid to deposit it in banks or to invest it. He kept the rolls of greenbacks in his farmhouse locked up in boxes and trunks. The notes became damp, mildewed and mouldy. When he discovered the condition of his fortune, he took the notes from their hiding-places and spread them in the sun about his orchard to dry. The spectacle of a fortune lying loose on the ground among the apple-trees was witnessed by hundreds who were attracted to the farm by the singular proceeding. The money was thus exposed for two days, guarded by the farmer, his wife, daughter, and hired man. Then it was returned to the boxes. The spectacle aroused the cupidity of dishonest people, and the farmer had his house broken into and a considerable portion of his treasure stolen shortly afterward. The farmer's experience is a striking illustration of Matt. 6 : 19.

A Millionaire Reduced to the Poor-House.—Among the inmates of the county poor-house at Milwaukee, Wis., is a man, now decrepit and paralyzed, who seventeen years ago *owned five banks* and was worth $6,000,000. He was the founder of the Pennsylvania Savings Bank in Philadelphia. At the beginning of the war he lost $2,000,000 in a coal-mine scheme in Logan County, Virginia. Other misfortunes followed until he lost everything. Such vicissitudes of fortune, when they occur to the Christian, leave him still possessed of eternal riches, but coming to the man who has set his heart on gold they leave him poor indeed.

A Wonderful Meteor fell near Macon, Ga., on June 29th. It is described as being as large as a barrel. It started from the zenith, plunged down the northwestern sky, and exploded with a report that reverberated for thirty seconds and appeared to shake the earth. The meteor was about five seconds in falling, during which time the city was lit up as though by a powerful electric light.

Much excitement prevailed in the negro quarter, the inhabitants rushing into their houses, closing the doors and filling the air with screams and prayers. The time between the disappearance of the phenomenon and the report was about three minutes, so the meteor is calculated to have exploded about forty miles from the earth.

A Dying Child's Question.—"Father, I am going to heaven; what shall I tell Jesus is the reason you won't love Him?" asked a dying child of his sorrowing father. The father burst into tears, for he did not love Jesus, and he knew not what to answer. In a few moments his child had fallen asleep in Christ. But the question weighed on the father's heart, and by the blessing of God led him to repentance and faith in Christ.

MAHANAIM, OR HOSTS OF ANGELS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim."—Genesis 32 : 1, 2.

"And it came to pass, when David was come to Mahanaim, that Shobi the son of Nahash of Rabbah of the children of Ammon, and Machir the son of Ammiel of Lo-debar, and Barzillai the Gileadite of Rogelim, brought beds, and basins, and earthen vessels, and wheat, and barley, and flour, and parched corn, and beans, and lentiles, and parched pulse, and honey, and butter, and sheep, and cheese of kine, for David, and for the people that were with him, to eat: for they said, The people is hungry, and weary, and thirsty, in the wilderness."—2 Samuel 17 : 27-29.

Great Changes in Life—Jacob's Family Quarrels Followed by Angels' Visits—Changes in the Saviour's Life—I. Jacob in the Best Company—1. The Believer Encompassed with Angels—Innumerable—Full of Power—Working in Order—Punctual—2. Sometimes Manifest to Faith—Jacob Oppressed with Cares—By a great Dread—3. Sent for a Purpose—II. David at Mahanaim—Met by Friends Instead of Angels—Enemies becoming Friends—God's Armies varied—Spontaneous Gifts—Saints, God's Angels on Earth—The Host of God—God Must be Seen in Friends—and Helpers.

Let us go even unto Mahanaim and see these great sights. First, let us go with Jacob and see the two camps of angels, and then with David to observe his troops of friends.

Jacob shall have our first consideration.

What a varied experience is that of God's people! Their pilgrimage is over a shifting sand; their tent is ever moving, and the scene around them ever changing. Here is Jacob at one time contending for a livelihood with Laban, playing *trick against trick* in order to match his father-in-law; then he prospers, and determines to abide no more in such servitude; he flies, is pursued, debates with his angry relative, and ends the contention with a truce and a sacrifice.

This unseemly family warfare must have been a very unhappy thing for Jacob, by no means tending to raise the tone of his thoughts, or sweeten his temper, or ennoble his spirit. What a change happened to him when the next day, after Laban had gone, Jacob found himself *in the presence of angels.* Here is a picture of a very different kind: the churl has gone and the cherubs have come, the greedy taskmaster has turned his back and the happy messengers of the blessed God have come to welcome the patriarch on his return from exile. It is hard to realize to the full the complete transformation.

Such changes occur in all lives; but, I think, most of all in the lives of believers. Few passages across the ocean of life are quite free from storm, but the redeemed of the Lord may reckon upon being tossed with tempest even if others escape. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous," Yet trials last not forever; clear shining comes after rain. Change worketh ever. We pass from storm to calm, from breeze to hurricane: we coast the shores of peace, and anon we are driven upon the sand-banks of fear.

Nor need we be surprised: for were there not great changes in the life of our Lord and Master? Is not His life as full of hills and valleys as ours possibly can be? We read of His being baptized in Jordan, and there and then visited by the Spirit, who descended upon Him like a dove—then was His hour of rest. Who can tell the restfulness of Jesus' spirit when the Father bare witness concerning him, "This is my beloved Son"? But we read directly afterward, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." From the descent of the Holy Ghost to dire conflict with the devil is a change indeed!

But another change followed it, for when that battle had been fought out, and the triple temptation had been tried upon our Lord in vain, we read again, "Then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto him." In a short space our Lord's surroundings had changed from heavenly to diabolical, and again from satanic to angelic. From heaven to the manger, from walking the sea to hanging on the cross, from the sepulchre to the throne—what changes are these! Can we expect to build three tabernacles and tarry in the mount when our Lord was thus tossed to and fro?

I. In the case before us we see
JACOB IN THE BEST OF COMPANY.
Jacob, not cheated in Mesopotamia, but honored in Mahanaim; not trying to outwit Laban, but gazing upon celestial spirits. He was surrounded by angels, and he knew it. His eyes were open, so that he saw spirits who in their own nature are invisible to human eyes. He became a seer, and was enabled by the inward eye to behold the hosts of shining ones whom God had sent to meet him. It is a great privilege to be able to know our friends and to discern the hosts of God. We are very apt, indeed, to realize our difficulties, and to forget our helps: our allies are all around us, yet we think ourselves alone. The opposition of Satan is more easily recognized than the succor of the Lord. Oh to have eyes and hearts opened to see how strong the Lord is on our behalf!

Jacob had just been delivered from Laban, but he was oppressed by another load: the dread of Esau was upon him. He had wronged his brother; and you cannot do a wrong without being haunted by it afterward. He had taken ungenerous advantage of Esau, and now, many, many years after it his deed came home to him, and his conscience made him afraid. Notwithstanding that he had lived with Laban so long, his conscience was sufficiently vigorous to make him tremble because he had put himself into a wrong position with his brother: had it not been for this he would have marched on to his father Isaac's tent with joyful foot.

Dreading his brother's anger, he was greatly distressed and troubled: these angels came to bring him cheer by helping him to forget the difficulties round about him, or lose his dread of them by looking up and seeing what defence and succor awaited him from on high. He had but to cry to God, and Esau's four hundred men would be met by legions of angels. Was not this good cheer? Have not all believers the same? Greater is he that is for us than all they that are against us.

In treating of Jacob's experience at Mahanaim we will make a series of observations.

1. First, *God has a multitude of servants, and all these are on the side of believers.* "His camp is very great," and all the hosts in that camp are our allies. Some of these are visible agents, and many more are invisible, but none the less real and powerful. The great army of the Lord of hosts consists largely of unseen agents, of forces that are not discernible except in vision or by the eye of faith. Jacob saw two squadrons of these invisible forces, which are on the side of righteous men. "The angels of God met him," and he said, "This is God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim (two camps);" for there a double army of angels met him.

We know that *a guard of angels always surrounds every believer.* Ministering spirits are abroad, protecting the princes of the blood royal.* We look abroad in the world, and calculate the number of persons and forces friendly to our Christian warfare; but these are only what our poor optics can discover: the half cannot be told us by such means. It may be that every star is a world, thronged with the servants of God, who are willing and ready to dart like flames of fire upon Jehovah's errands of love.

"Omnipotence has servants everywhere." These servants of the strong God are *all filled with power:* there is not one that fainteth among them all, they run like mighty men, they prevail as men of war. A host is made up of valiant men, veterans, troopers, heroes, men fit for conflict. God's forces are exceedingly strong: nothing can stand against them. Whatever form they take they are always potent, even when God's host is made up of grasshoppers, canker-worms, and palmer-worms, as in the Book of Joel, none can resist them, and nothing can escape them. Rejoice, O children of God! There are vast armies upon your side, and each one of the warriors is clothed with the strength of God.

All these agents work in order, for it is God's host, and the host is made up of beings which march or fly, according to the order of command. "Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path." All the forces of nature are loyal to their Lord. Nor do unfallen intelligent agents mutiny against divine decrees, but find their joy in rendering loving homage to their God.

Observe that in this great host they were *all punctual to the divine command.* Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God *met* him. The patriarch is no sooner astir than the hosts of God are on the wing. They did not linger till Jacob had crossed the frontier, nor did they keep him waiting when he came to the appointed rendezvous; but they were there to the moment. When God means to deliver you, beloved, in the hour of danger, you will find the appointed force ready for your succor. God's messengers are neither behind nor before their time; they will meet us to the inch and to the second in the time of need; therefore let us proceed without fear, like Jacob, going on our way even though an Esau with a band of desperadoes should block up the road.

Those forces of God, too, were *all engaged personally to attend upon Jacob.* I like to set forth this thought: "Jacob went on his way, and
THE ANGELS OF GOD MET HIM;"
he did not chance to fall in with them. They did not happen to be on the march, and so crossed the patriarch's track; no, no; he went on his way, and the angels of God met him with design and purpose. They came on purpose to meet *him:* they had no other appointment.

Squadrons of angels marched to meet *that one lone man!* He was a saint, but by no means a perfect one; we cannot help seeing many flaws in him, even upon a superficial glance at his life, and yet the angels of God met *him.* Perhaps in the early morning, as he rose to tend his flocks, he saw the skies peopled with shining ones who quite eclipsed the dawn. The heavens were vivid with descending lustres, and the angels came upon him as a bright cloud, descending, as it were, upon the patriarch. They divided to the right and to the left and became two hosts.

How vain is that voluntary humility and worshipping of angels which Paul so strongly condemns. Worshipping them seems far out of the question; the truth lies rather the other way, for they do us suit and service: "are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that are the heirs of salvation?" They serve God's servants. "Unto which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my son?" But this he has said, first to the Only-Begotten, and then to every believer in Christ.

I have shown you that believers are compassed about with an innumerable company of angels, great in multitude, strong in power, exact in order, punctual in their personal attention to the children of God. Are ye not well cared for, oh ye sons of the Most High!

2. *Those forces, though in themselves invisible to the natural senses, are manifest to faith at certain times.* There are times when the child of God is able to cry, like Jacob, "The angels of God have met me." *When do such seasons occur?*
OUR MAHANAIMS
occur at much the same time as that in which Jacob beheld this great sight. Jacob was entering upon a more separated life. He was leaving Laban and the school of all those tricks of bargaining and bartering which belong to the ungodly world. He had breathed too long an unhealthy atmosphere; he was degenerating; the heir of the promises was becoming a man of the world. He was entangled with earthly things. His marriages held him fast, and every year he seemed to get more and more rooted to Laban's land.

It was time he was transplanted to better soil. Now he is coming right away; he has taken t tent life. He has come to sojourn in the land o promise, as his fathers had done before him. H was now to confess that he was seeking a city and meant to be a pilgrim till he found it. By desperate stroke he cut himself clear of entanglements; but he must have felt lonely, and a one cast adrift.

Again, the reason why the angels met Jaco at that time was, doubtless, because *he was su rounded with great cares.* He had a large famil of little children; and great flocks and her and many servants were with him. He sa himself, "With my staff I crossed this Jorda and now I am become two bands." This was huge burden of care! It was no light thing f one man to have the management of all that ma of life and to lead it about in wandering styl But see, there are two companies of angels balance the two companies of feeble ones. If has two bands to take care of, he shall have t bands to take care of him; if he has double sponsibility he shall have double assistance.

Again, the Lord's host appeared when Jac felt
A GREAT DREAD.
His brother Esau was coming to meet him arm to the teeth, and, as he feared, thirsty for blood. In times when our danger is greate we shall be specially under the divine prot tion, and we shall know that it is so. This sh be our comfort in the hour of distress. W can Esau do with his four hundred men, that the hosts of God have pitched their te and have assembled in their squadrons to wa between us and the foe? See ye not the ho of fire and chariots of fire around about chosen servant of God?

Jacob ought to have felt calm and quie heart; I suppose he was while he saw his pro tors. Alas! as soon as he lost sight of th poor Jacob was depressed in spirit again a his brother Esau, lest he should slay the mo with the children. Such is the weakness of hearts! But let us not fall into the grie sin of unbelief.

And, once again, when you and I, like Ja shall be near Jordan, when we shall just be ing into the better land, then is the time we may expect to come to Mahanaim. angels of God and the God of angels both to meet the spirits of the blessed in the so article of death. Have we not heard the mony so often, too, that it could not have an invention and a deception? Have not loved ones given us assurance of a gloriou elation which they never saw before? Is not a *giving of new sight* when the eye closing?

Yes, O heir of glory, the shining ones come to meet you on the river's brink, an shall be ushered into the presence of the E by those bright courtiers of heaven, wh either side shall be a company of dear co ions when the darkness is passing, and the is streaming over you. Be of good che you see not the hosts of God now, you sh them hereafter, when the Jordan shall be re and you cross over to the promised land.

3. Thus I have mentioned the time whe invisible forces become visible to faith; there is no doubt whatever that *they are s a purpose.* Why were they sent to Jacob time? Perhaps the purpose was first to an ancient memory which had well-nigh from him. I am afraid he had almost fo Bethel. Surely it must have brought his Bethel to mind, the vow which he ma the Lord when he saw the ladder, and the of God ascending and descending upon it they were: they had left heaven and com that they might hold communion with hi

I like the dream at Bethel better than ion of Mahanaim, for this reason, that the covenant God at the top of the ladde he only sees the angels. Yet is there
A CHOICE PEARL
in this latter sight, for whereas at Bethel saw angels ascending and descending, sees them on the earth by his side, ready

ect him from all ill. How sweetly do new mer-
ies refresh the memory of former favors, and
ow gently does new grace remind us of old
romises and debts.

Brother, does not your Mahanaim point to
ome half-forgotten Bethel? Judge for yourself.
hould our glorious God give you at this time a
lear view of his divine power and of his cove-
ant faithfulness, I pray that the sight may re-
esh your memory concerning that happy day
hen first you knew the Lord, when first you
ave yourself up to Him, and his grace took
ossession of your spirit.

If such a special vision be granted to us, *let us*
ep it in memory. Jacob called the name of
at place Mahanaim. I wish we had some way
this Western world, in these modern times, of
ming places, and children too, more sensibly.
e must needs either borrow some antiquated
le, as if we were too short of sense to make
e for ourselves, or else our names are sheer
nsense, and mean nothing. Why not choose
mes which should commemorate our mercies?
ght not our houses be far more full of interest
around us we saw memorials of the happy
ents of our lives.

Should we not note down remarkable blessings
our diaries, to hand down to our children?
ould we not tell our sons and daughters,
There God helped your father, boy;" "thus
thus the Lord comforted your mother,
;" "there God was very gracious to our
ily?" *Keep records of your race!* Preserve
household memoranda! I think it is a great
p for a man to know what God did for his
her and his grandfather, for he hopes that
ir God will be his God also. Jacob took care
make notes, for he again and again named
es by the facts which there were seen. Jacob
ned Bethel, and Galeed, and Peniel, and
anaim, and other places, for he was a great
e giver. Nor were his names forgotten, for
dreds of years after good King David came
he same spot as Jacob, and found it still
wn as Mahanaim, and there the servants of
. of another kind met him also.

DAVID AT MAHANAIM.

. This brings me to my second text: for
ls did not meet David, but living creatures
nother nature met him, who answered the
ose of David quite as well as angels would
done. So just for a few minutes we will
ll upon that second event which distin-
hed Mahanaim.

rn to the second book of Samuel, seven-
th chapter, twenty-seventh verse. David
to Mahanaim, and there was met by many
ds. He stood upon the sacred spot, accom-
ed by his handful of faithful friends, fugi-
like himself. There was not an angel about
day apparently, yet secretly there were thou-
s flying around the sorrowing king. Who
is that comes? It is not an angel, but old
illai. Who is this? It is Machir of Lo-de-
They bring with them honey, corn, butter,
, great basins by way of baths, and cooking
sils, and earthen vessels to hold their food;
ook, there are beds too, for the poor king
ot a couch to lie upon. These are not
s, but they are doing what angels could not
done, for Gabriel himself could hardly have
ht a bed or a basin.

o is yonder prominent friend? He speaks
foreigner. He is an Ammonite. What is
me? Shobi, the son of Nahash of Rab-
of the children of Ammon. I have heard of
people: they were enemies, were they not
l enemies to Israel? That man Nahash,
ecollect his name; this is one of his sons.
God can turn enemies into friends when
rvants require succor. Those that belong
ace that is opposed to Israel can, if God
, turn to be their helpers.

e comes another person we have heard of
, Machir of Lo-debar. That is the large
r who took care of Mephibosheth. He
to have been a truly loyal man, who stuck
al families, even when their fortunes were
. As he had been faithful to the house of Saul, so was he to David. We have among us brethren who are always friends of God's ministers; they love them for their Master's sake, and adhere to them when the more fickle spirits rush after new comers. Happy are we to have many such adherents.

Here comes Barzillai, an old man of fourscore, and as the historian tells us, "a very great man." His enormous wealth was all at the disposal of David and his followers, and "he provided the king of sustenance while he lay at Mahanaim." This old nobleman was certainly as useful to David as the angels were to Jacob, and he and his coadjutors were truly a part of God's forces. The armies of God are varied: he has not one troop alone, but many. Those who are of the church of God below are as much a part of the host of God as the holiest angels above. Godly women who minister unto the Lord do what they can, and *angels can do no more.*

On this occasion Mahanaim well deserved its name, because the help that came to David from these different persons came in a most noble way, as though it came by angels.

THE HELPERS OF DAVID

showed their fidelity to him. He was driven out of his palace and likely to be dethroned; but they stood by him and proved that they meant to stand by him. Their declaration was in effect, "Thine are we, thou son of Jesse, and all that we have." Now was the time of his need, and now he should see that they were not fine-weather friends, but such as were true in the hour of trial.

See their generosity! What a mass of goods they brought to sustain David's troops in the day when they were hungering and thirsting. I need not give you the details; the verses read like a commissariat roll of demands. Every actually necessary form of provision is there. How spontaneous was the gift! David did not demand: they brought before he asked. He had not to send round his sergeants to levy upon the outlying villages and farms; but there were the good people ready-handed with all manner of stores.

Their thoughtfulness was great too, for they seem to have thought of everything that was wanted, and besides, they said, "The people are hungry and weary and thirsty in the wilderness." The heartiness of it all is most delightful. They brought their contributions cheerfully and joyfully, else they would have brought after a meagre sort, and with less variety of gifts.

I infer from this that if at any time a servant of God is marching onward in his Master's work, and he needs assistance of any sort, he need not trouble about it, but rest in the Lord, for succor and help will surely come, if not from the angels above, yet from the church below. In the church of God we see the company of Mahanaim: the saints are the angels of God on earth as the angels are his hosts above. God will send these upon his errands to comfort and sustain his servants in their times of need. Go on, O David, at the bidding of thy Lord, for his chosen servants here below will count it their delight to be thine allies, and thou shalt say of them, "this is God's host!"

And now, to close. While I have shown you God's invisible agents, and God's visible agents, I want to call to your mind that, in either case, and in both cases, *the host is the host of God:* that is to say, the true strength and safety of the believer is his God. We do not trust in the help of angels; we do not trust in the church of God, nor in ten thousand churches of God put together, if there were such, but in God Himself alone. Oh, it is grand to hang on the bare arm of God; for there hang all the worlds. The eternal arm is never weary, nor shall those who rest on it be confounded. "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength."

The presence of God with believers is more certain and constant than the presence of angels or holy men. God hath said it, "Certainly I will be with thee." He hath said again, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee." When you are engaged in Christ's service you have a special promise to back you up—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

What are you afraid of then?

BEGONE ALL TREMBLING.

Let feeble hearts be strong. What can stagger us? "*God is with us.*" Was there ever a grander battle cry than ours—The Lord of hosts is with us? Blessed was John Wesley to live by faith, and then to die saying, "The best of all is, God is with us." Shrink? Turn your backs in the day of battle?

If, then, God is pleased to grant us help by secondary causes, as we know He does—for to many of us He sends many and many a friend to help in His good work—then we must take care to see God in these friends and helpers. When you have no helpers, see all helpers in God; when you have many helpers, then you must see God in all your helpers. Herein is wisdom. When thou hast nothing but God, see all in God: when thou hast everything, then see God in everything. Under all conditions stay thy heart only on the Lord. May the Spirit of God teach us all how to do this. This tendency to idolatry of ours, how strong it is. If a man bows down to worship a piece of wood or stone, we call him an idolater; and so he is: but if you and I trust in our fellow-men instead of God, it is idolatry. If we give to them the confidence that belongs to God, we worship them instead of God. Remember how Paul said he did not consult with flesh and blood: alas, too many of us are caught in that snare. We consult far more with flesh and blood than with the Lord.

The worst person I ever consult with at all is a person who is always too near me. The Lord deliver me from that evil man, myself. The presence of the Lord Jesus is the star of our night and the sun of our day, the cure of care, the strength of service, and the solace of sorrow. Heaven on earth is for Christ to be with us, and heaven above is to be with Christ.

I can ask nothing better for you, brethren, than that God may be with you in a very conspicuous and manifest manner all through this day, and right onward till days shall end in the eternal day. I do not ask that you may see angels: still, if it can be, so be it. But what is it, after all, to see an angel? Is not the fact of God's presence better than the sight of the best of his creatures?

Perhaps the Lord favored Jacob with the sight of angels because he was such a poor, weak creature as to his faith; peradventure if he had been perfect in his faith he would not have needed to see angels. He would have said, "I need no vision of heavenly spirits, for I see their Lord." What are angels? They are only God's pages to run upon his errands; to see their Lord is far better. The angels of God are not to be compared with the God of angels.

If my confidence is in Him that He is my father, and that Jesus Christ has become the brother of my soul, and that the Holy Spirit dwells in me according to His own word, what need I care, although no vision of the supernatural should ever gladden my eyes? Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed. "We walk by faith, not by sight," and in that joyous faith we rest, expecting that in time and to eternity the power of God will be with us, either visibly or invisibly, by men or by angels. His arm shall be lifted up for us, and His right arm shall defend us.

My heart is glad, for I too have had my Mahanaim, and in this my hour of need for the work of the Lord to which he has called me, I see the windows of heaven opened above me, and I see troops of friends around me. For the orphanage now to be commenced I see providence moving. Two camps are around me also, and therefore do I preach to you this day of that which I have seen and known. May the angel of the covenant be ever with you. Amen.

[Portions of Scripture read before Sermon—Genesis 31:43–55; 32:1, 2; 2 Samuel 17:27–29; Psalm 23.]

WALTER WILSON; OR, THE BANK CLERK'S FALL.

A Temperance Story.

Walter Leaves Home—His Father's Advice—Enters on his Situation as Bank Clerk—Marries—Robs the Bank and Absconds—Transported—Joined by his Wife, but all Efforts to Reclaim him, found Hopeless—Sad Denouement.

THE sun was shining brightly, the birds were chirruping blithely, and the cattle, dotted here and there over the meadows, made Burnside one of the pleasantest pictures to be seen even in beautiful Worcestershire, England. It was not alone that spring had come again, covering the fields with flowers, though that was a source of joy, but Walter Wilson, the farmer's son of Burnside, was to set out that day to begin life. A situation had been obtained for him in *a bank* at Birmingham, and his mother was busy preparing everything for his comfort.

"You'll write often, Watty," said the mother.

"You'll be brave, and persevering," said his father; be careful who you associate with; let them be respectable, steady, and good young men—those who will be a credit to you."

Walter was anxious to depart, and promised to obey every injunction. He had been the comfort of his mother and the pride of his father, and now at eighteen felt that he should like to begin life for himself.

Mr. Wilson, in talking over matters with his son, said,

"Now, Watty, you have a respectable start in life, but remember, your place will be one of great trust. We've never had disgrace in the family of the Wilsons; and Watty, my lad, I will not wrong you by thinking for a moment that *you* will ever disgrace the name. No, lad; should you ever feel tempted, look up, boy, look up; remember Christ Himself suffered temptation, and can feel for those in peril; cry out, 'Save me, Lord, or I perish!' Set that be your prayer. No one can counsel you better than your parents, and no one on earth will ever love you better than your mother. Beware of company, and beware of the drink, Watty; *it's that which leads to ruin.*"

Arrived at the bank, the manager received him kindly, and introduced him to his fellow clerks. In a few days he had mastered his duties, and found that it was pleasant to be employed. Promotion followed, and years passed on, varied by changes which time always brings.

Walter had prospered; he was advanced to be cashier now, and was receiving a liberal salary. His father and mother were both in heaven, and Burnside had new tenants. Prosperity had followed him, but he was not the Walter of former years. He had formed acquaintances, many of whom were gay, prosperous men, at whose houses the wine flowed liberally, and he had found a liking for such company, and for wine too. Sometimes when he awoke in the morning his head ached from the champagne taken over night, and *then* resolves were made—resolves which were forgotten when the next night came.

Walter had kept unmarried, and had saved a good amount of money, when one night, at a friend's house, *he met a young lady* whom he fancied he should like for a companion for life. One day, being with both the young lady's parents, he ventured to open his mind to them, and ask for a speedy marriage.

"I know, of course, that you have property," he said; 'and so have I. I have some houses at Worcester, which bring me in two hundred pounds per annum. That, with my salary, will keep a comfortable, small home, such as I and Hannah desire."

And so it was settled, and in a few months *they were wedded.* In a neat house, in one of the suburbs of Birmingham, they set up housekeeping, and for a time were very happy. But the habit of stopping out late at night became more frequent, and when he came home he was sometimes unable to find his way upstairs without help.

One night he was later than usual. The weary wife was sitting up alone. She fell asleep, and only awoke just as the summer sun was peeping through the tall trees in the garden, but listening, she heard a gentle tap at the front door. Here he is at last, she thought; but on opening the door she saw Mr. George, the bank manager, and another gentleman with him."

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Wilson," said Mr. George, "we only wanted to see Mr. Wilson for a minute;" but when he learned that he had not been home all night, the look which was exchanged between the men told the alarmed wife that something was wrong.

After a time they went away, leaving the poor wife a prey to a thousand apprehensions. Hours flew on, and when the darkness of evening came, dark news came too. Her husband had been *found drunk* in the streets of Chester, with notes to the amount of *eleven hundred pounds* in his pocket, and had been locked up for safety. Inquiries were made, and the money was found to have been *purloined* from the bank the day before by Walter, with the intention of getting away to America, and most likely he would have succeeded in getting away but for the *drink*. It had made him its slave, and now had become his Nemesis, bringing punishment to the guilty.

His *trial* came on, and it was proved that he had falsified the books. It came out that he had no house property at Worcester, as stated by him to his wife's father; but that each time he pretended to fetch his rents he had abstracted the amount from the bank. A guilty conscience tormented him, and the wretched man had intended to flee to America. At the Assizes, when the trial came on, he pleaded "Guilty," and asked for mercy. He was sentenced to transportation, and in a few weeks was sent to join a ship going to Australia.

Before he left England, his broken-hearted wife had an interview with him, when he begged so hard and pleaded for another chance of well-doing, that she agreed to join him in his exile. She arrived in the colony soon after he got there, took a house, and by interest exerted by her relations in England he was, after a time, set free and allowed to join her.

The poor lady did all she could to lift the fallen man, and for a time all went well; but the old habit again broke out. Drink had become his master. Reckless of everything, he went from bad to worse. His wife, hoping yet against hope, removed up the country to give him yet another chance, thinking that companions had much to do with it. For some months Walter struggled on against his evil habits, and prosperity once more brightened his home. His cottage became a picture of neatness, plenty was in his barns, his sheep had multiplied, and the letters which his wife sent to her parents told of happy times.

The time came for sending the wool to market, and Walter started with his wagon well loaded, and with a list of the many necessaries and comforts to be brought from town. Long did his wife watch the team as it wended its way across the plains, till at last it was lost to sight, and loneliness came over her, and she retired into the house to weep. Her child was her only solace, and day by day she prattled to it, telling how soon father would be back with many fine things for her baby-boy.

Nine long months passed away, when one evening, as was her usual habit, she went a little distance to a small hillock, which commanded a better view of the road, but no wagon was to be seen. In the distance was a solitary man, slouching along—most likely a shepherd on his way to some up-country station. No other object marked the long road in view. Just as the twilight, which is very brief in those latitudes, was passing into night, a man came up to the door. He entered the house as one who knew the way, and, indeed, he *did* know it, for *it was Walter returned at last*, in rags, penniless, and footsore.

The same old story. Drink had made away with his wagon, his horses, and money, and here he was, with nothing to begin life with, far away in the bush, with no neighbors near to give the smallest help.

His patient wife washed his bleeding and bli
tered feet, then helped him to bed, where he la
for weeks in delirious fever. When he got be
ter he proposed returning to town, and there
went with his wife and child.

Once more in a home, Walter determined
do better, and obtained a situation in a me
chant's store. For a short time things we
on well; then a change came. One day
was sent to receive an account, but did n
return. Next day he was found, but part
the money was spent—of course in the old wa
After that no one would employ him, and
lived by doing odd jobs for any one, labor whi
was often paid for by glasses of liquor. Th
seemed no hope. The once proud man had
come careless as to appearance, to honor, or
honesty.

An appeal to friends in England brought w
that no money would be sent, but if the w
would come home with her children—now a
and a girl—all expenses would be paid, and c
taken of them when they arrived in Engla
Walter never knew of that letter. Even t
the true wife could not endure the though
leaving her husband, though fallen so low,
he not *in a drunken fit cruelly beat her*, and t
for fear of consequences, absconded up
country. For the sake of the children, the
seemed a mother's duty to return home. So
left Melbourne. In time they arrived in
land; the once fine, handsome girl, old
careworn with trouble and anxiety—old in
youth, and all her good looks withered.

Here was a man born to command suc
brought down to degradation by a beggarly,
ish, and worse than brutish appetite; his
left to the mercy of the world; his chil
reared on charity; himself so low that to k
him would only bring disgrace; his name sc
honored that his children could never menti
without a blush.

The only safeguard by which any young
can avoid the sad fate of Walter Wilson,
cordial adherence to the teachings of
Word, by which alone his way can be clea
and also a constant application in prayer a
throne of grace for the sanctifying influen
the Holy Spirit, which are promised to all
ask for them in the name of Jesus Christ
thew 7:11).

S. S. CENTENARY MEETINGS IN LON

From the London Christian Herald.

THE great event of the week—at least i
religious world—was the Sunday-school c
ary. Some 300 foreign delegates visite
country, and meetings were held in dif
parts of the Metropolis every day throu
the week. The more public events in c
tion with the centenary began with a m
in the London Guildhall, on Monday, June
at noon. The spacious building was cro
The Lord Mayor having explained the r
why he warmly supported the movemen
Archbishop of Canterbury moved a reso
expressing gratitude to God for a hundred
of blessing on Sunday-school effort. He
cated putting an undue value on the intel
qualifications of teachers. An experienced
had said that the best Sunday-school teac
ever knew was a poor mill-girl, who cou
have passed an examination in Biblical
to save her life, but who loved her Lord a
she could induce the children around
love Him, too. If Sunday-schools wer
needed, they were needed still, in these c
conflicting opinion. Sir Charles Reed, t
of Aberdeen, Lord Hatherley and Rev
Vincent (of New York) and Dr. Punsho
took part in the meeting.

On Tuesday morning the Rev. D. Ma
D.D., conducted a devotional service
Memorial Hall, London, and on its concl
conference was held on the "Position an
pects of Sunday-schools on the Conti
Europe." A number of foreign delegat
part in the discussion. In the evenin

eetings were held in various districts of the etropolis. A great representative meeting so took place in Exeter Hall, the Bishop of . Albans in the chair. The proceedings were thusiastic.

On Wednesday there was a festival at the ystal Palace. It was attended by over 30,000 ler scholars and teachers, and the weather be- ig delightfully fine, the number of visitors ounted to nearly 50,000. In the morning ere was a concert, given from the Handel Or- estra, by 5000 of the scholars and their friends, d later in the day a second concert, on a much ger scale, sustained by military bands, was en in the grounds, in which nearly 30,000 ces joined in hymns of praise. On the ter- e in front of the Central Transept addresses e given by various gentlemen, among whom e the Rev. W. Styleman Herring, Messrs. kham (Open Air Mission), Forbes (Holloway), the Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B., (of the Lon- *Christian Herald*). A conference of clergy teachers was held in the afternoon at the y Terminus Hotel, under the auspices of the rch of England Institute.

he conference of the Sunday-school Union resumed on Thursday morning at the Me- ial Hall, Mr. Lee, M.P., in the chair. The c of discussion was "The Church of Christ ts Relation to Sunday-school Work." A ting of clergy and teachers was held during afternoon in the Public Library, Lambeth ace, the Archbishop of Canterbury in the r. In the evening a public meeting con- ed by the Sunday-school Union was held at ter Hall, at which Mr. Wanamaker, of Phil- phia, and Dr. Vincent, of New York, and r foreign delegates spoke.

n Friday there were two meetings of the In- ational Congress at the Memorial Hall, and subjects of discussion were "The Qualifica- s Necessary for Efficient Teachers," and e Future of Sunday schools."

Friday night there was a united commun- service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, ded over by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. ly 3000 persons were present. At the con- on of the service the whole congregation d up, and joining hand in hand in an unbro- chain, extending from floor to platform, from the platform to the galleries above, d in singing:

> "Ere since by faith I saw the stream
> His flowing wounds supply,
> Redeeming love has been my theme,
> And shall be till I die."

e Church of England Institute closed its erings on Saturday afternoon with an as- ly of 20,000 children in the Lambeth Palace nds, at which

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

their five children were present, also the of Cambridge and the Duke and Duchess ck. The close of the Congress took place aturday, when the members again met in Memorial Hall, and proceeded thence at to the Thames Embankment, and assisted unveiling of a statue of Robert Raikes by arl of Shaftesbury. In the evening there grand sacred concert in the Albert Hall, Park, in which 5000 children and teachers part.

celebration of the centenary has been by no confined to the Metropolis. At Glouces- statue of Mr. Raikes was unveiled by the of Shaftesbury, services having been held Cathedral, and conferences in the Shire At Manchester the Town Hall was crowd- Monday with the friends of the movement, ddresses delivered. In Liverpool, on Sat- June 26th, 25,000 scholars assembled in of St. George's Hall. There have also celebrations at Bristol, Wolverhampton, gham, Dover, Cardiff, and many other .

Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman n) for July may be obtained at the office of the TIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

DR. DEEMS' RECEPTION

At the Church of the Strangers, New York.

THE return of Dr. Deems from his tour in Europe and Palestine was celebrated by an enthusiastic meeting of his church and congregation on Tuesday, June 29th.

The wall behind the pulpit had been repainted and ornamented with appropriate inscriptions, through the liberality and good taste of one of the ladies of the church. It had been known that, as he left it, that particular part of the church building had been offensive to the pastor's eyes. To give him a pleasant surprise he and his family were conducted to the front of the church and first shown this improvement, with which he expressed his great delight. The committee then escorted the pastor to the chapel, which was crowded to its utmost capacity.

An address of welcome was delivered by Joseph J. Little, Esq., chairman of the Board of Trustees, who reviewed the events connected with the church which had transpired during the pastor's absence, and concluded by presenting Dr. Deems, on behalf of the church, with a pocket-book containing six hundred dollars, as a token of their respect and affection.

Dr. Deems, in the course of his reply, said:

"I am taken at a delightful disadvantage by this display of kindness on the part of the officers and members of our beloved church. No hint has been given me that I should be expected to say or do anything to-night beyond grasping again the warm hands which dropped from mine on that cold December night when we parted.

"There has been a little mysteriousness about movements since my arrival. Our steamer reached the pier at seven o'clock last Sunday morning, and I was met by a committee of church officers, who conducted me to my home. A thorough rest of ten days, during an exceptionally tranquil voyage, had set me up, and I told them that I should be at church. They undertook to tell me that I was too tired, and to advise me to remain with my family.

"Of course I expected to remain with my family," but couldn't I just as well remain with them in church? The friendly officers did not take into account *the rare pleasure it is for a pastor to sit in a pew*—in a pew beside his wife; nor think that naturally, as a Christian, I longed to hear the Gospel, and, as a pastor, longed to see my own church sanctuary. But you know what an obedient pastor I have always been, and so I succumbed! This evening I learned what it meant. When you met me at the church door and under the lights there was displayed to me the newly and *beautifully ornamented apse*, with the appropriate inscription and decorations with which it was adorned, I saw that you were kindly keeping this as a surprise to increase the delights which you are heaping upon my reception.

"As to the long tour which I have accomplished, I shall have other occasions on which to address you. But one thing you will be glad to know, and that is, that I have spent six months of total freedom from the cares which for over thirteen years have pressed upon my spirit. It is my good fortune to have the happy faculty of being altogether in the place where I am; so, when I went away, I left entirely.

"For my church, for my family, for all with whom I was connected, I made the most complete arrangements within my power. I knew the officers of the church. I knew you. I knew my son, whom you had called to be your temporary pastor. I knew *the Great Head of the Church*. I knew that I could do nothing more for you before my return, and that if I suffered myself to be fretted by solicitude the whole intent of my separation from all I most loved would be defeated.

"My friends, if I had gone pleasure-seeking, if I had become tired of my work and disgusted with the Christian ministry, if I had fled like Jonah from some divinely imposed but disagreeable mission, I could not have had this freedom from care. But knowing in the depths of my heart that my tour was undertaken in the interests of this church, and for the increase of the usefulness of my future ministry, I had no misgivings and no anxiety.

"If I have had no anxiety about the church, dear friends, I have not suspended my affection for you. My eyes have been running over this crowded chapel to-night, and their report is that there are no faces present except those of strangers, which I have not seen with the eyes of my heart while riding *Egyptian donkeys, Arabian camels, or Syrian horses*—faces that have risen up before me as I have gazed on the skies which hang over the lands made holy by the residence of prophets and apostles and of the Son of God. Now my happiness is to see those faces once more 'in the flesh.'

"I have no promises to make. I have formed no new resolutions. But I trust that all that I have seen in distant lands, and all my experiences may come out in my future ministry so as to be profitable to us all. My heart is filled with delight at your unity and co-operation, your faith and zeal, your hope and charity. Some have left us and gone up to other mansions of the Father's House. You will follow them. When the hour of your departure comes, may you find on that other shore, as I found on landing, friends to cluster lovingly about you, and amid the illumination of the Upper Temple see glowing with the light of love for *you* the words which you have emblazoned above my head, 'Welcome Home.'"

During the absence of Dr. Deems his duties were fulfilled by his son, the Rev. Edward M. Deems, now pastor of the Westminster Church in New York. The Church of the Strangers desired to mark their appreciation of Mr. Deems' services also, and the Hon. George W. Clarke in their name presented him with one hundred dollars. He remarked in reference to the testimonial that it was intended as a mark of their regard, not as representing the measure of their esteem and affection.

Rev. Edward M. Deems, after thanking the church for the expression of good-will and regard, said:

"You have already had your attention directed to the fact that the Church of the Strangers has most successfully stood the strain which the pastor's six months' absence has put upon it. Who is to have the honor of this success? *The Lord God our Heavenly Father*. Had He withdrawn His presence from us, we should have soon been wrecked. But He did not do so. The Lord of Hosts has been with us, and as to-night we contemplate with satisfaction the happy condition of this church upon the return of its pastor, let us all unite in saying from our hearts, 'Let glory be given not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name.'

"And yet I feel that I ought to add that while, *primarily*, the successful conduct of the affairs of the Church of the Strangers during the pastor's absence has been due to the presence and blessing of God, *the instrumentality used has been the people of the* CHURCH. In the days of Nehemiah it was because, '*the people* had a mind to work' that the wall of the city of the great king was built up successfully. So the fact that the pastor returns to find the church in so good a condition is due to the fact that the people have each and all wrought faithfully and as in the sight of the Great Head of the Church."

At the conclusion of the speeches the pastor was conducted to the church parlor, which had been tastefully decorated by the ladies, where the members of the church had an opportunity of greeting him each personally. After refreshments had been served, those present spent the remainder of the evening in social enjoyment.

The Man who first Discovered Gold in California, Gen. John A. Sutter, died in Washington on June 19th. Though revealing untold treasure to others, he died in poverty, having even been deprived of his claim to his own land on which he found the gold.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page 462.*)

Ernest's Proposition.

"Why should he not be his brother's bailiff?" Ernest asked himself. Every day that he was at Clifford Grange he crossed the hills to Rockwood to strengthen and comfort him under the great calamity that had overwhelmed him. There was a pathetic helplessness about Charles that touched the deepest chord of brotherhood in Ernest's nature. He thought of his mother, too, querulous and unhappy, for whom he still cherished half-pitiful, half-chivalrous affection. How was he to leave these two utterly dependent, utterly miserable beings to the care of mere hirelings?

Here, more than anywhere else, he could follow closely the footsteps of his Lord. There was no reputation to be gained in this world, neither dignity nor glory. Ambition must fade away out of his earthly path. If he was to save others he could not save himself.

He had fully, though gradually, made up his mind what he would do, before Ruth found courage enough to venture upon going to see Charles in her old home. Her brother, Captain Symons, the poor heir of the impoverished estate, was with her, as well as Ernest, and the three stood looking down upon Rockwood from the steep brow of the hill immediately above it. It lay directly below them in the bright sunshine. The decaying roof was picturesque with its tufts of yellow house-lee and stone-crop growing luxuriantly upon it, and the tangled garden looked green and wild.

But none the less the light shone pitilessly on ruin and decay. Ruth gazed down upon it with bitter sorrow. It had never seemed so dreary and desolate before, and the sight of it after a few months of absence struck her with sudden force. Yet it was her home, and it was dear to her. Her brother, who stood beside her, was looking down on his inheritance with a gloomy and embittered expression.

"It was a pretty place once, and now it is hardly worth an old song," said Captain Symons; "yet, after all, it's mine. The poor old place has belonged to us for centuries almost, and I should not like to lose it. What am I to do with it, Clifford?"

"It will be years before you can come to it," answered Ernest; "you must nurse your estate for your son. Put it into tolerable repair, and let it on a long lease, that will make it worth while for your tenants to spend money on it."

"Tenants! where shall I find a tenant?" asked Captain Symons; "a tumble-down, dilapidated old place! And who would bury themselves alive here?"

"I can offer you a tenant as soon as Charles can be taken home," he answered; "would you take Ruth and me?"

"Ruth and you!" he repeated.

"Yes," he said; "we have been talking over matters, and Ruth and I cannot see anything better to be done than for me to become bailiff for both your estate and Charles's. You are looking out for an agent, but you really need a farming bailiff; and I am better qualified than any one else. The lands on both of them are as well known to me as Ruth's face is, and I know how to make the best of them. If you accept my offer we will settle down here as soon as Charles returns to Clifford. You can make yourself happy here, Ruth?"

"Anywhere with you," she answered, looking up to him through her tears.

"But!" exclaimed Captain Symons; "you a bailiff, Clifford!"

"I must be that or a secretary," said Ernest smiling; "I can be my own master no longer, with my living to get. I can be anything—anywhere—God with me."

"It would be first-rate for me," resumed Captain Symons, after a short silence, "and for Charlie Clifford. We shall be too selfish to say no to it. Ruth would be at home again, too, and of course no one would look upon you as a mere bailiff, you know. The estate is certain to come to you sooner or later; and it will be all the better for you in the long run. Charlie Clifford would be a rascally scoundrel if he left it away from you. You always had a long head, Ernest."

A long head! Ernest winced a little at these words. But he had not renounced his ambition with any idea that the world would understand and applaud the sacrifice. What did it matter if the whole world thought he was scheming? He would give all he had to set Charles on his feet again, and see him once more at the head of his own house. Ruth knew why he was acting as he had proposed; and surely his brother would know!

They went down into the valley and entered the dreary house. Not a sound was to be heard in any of its rooms, for profound stillness was necessary for Charles Clifford. The farm-yard, that lay a field or two away, had been cleared, that no sharp or sudden noise should break the silence. The door was opened and closed again by Ernest with great caution, and their footsteps fell softly on the matted floor of the passages. They waited for a few minutes in Ruth's sitting-room for Mrs. Clifford to come to see them. She entered silently and dejectedly, and greeted them with tears.

"It is like a tomb," she said; "always just like this. We might as well be buried alive. Poor dear Mrs. Britton came to see me yesterday, and Charlie declared he could hear her voice through three walls and up a flight of stairs. He sent Julia to tell me I must not ask her to stay to dinner; after that long walk too! She was as much disappointed as I was; but what could we do? She says she can spare Jenny to live with me as long as I'm here, and Mr. Britton doesn't object to her coming now; but Charles says no. 'It's not fit for a young girl,' he says; 'it's too gloomy.' Then how can it be fit for me?"

No one appeared able to answer this question, and a short silence followed, broken by Mrs. Clifford's sighs.

"Can he see no one?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, yes! my brother-in-law Wright is with him now," she said peevishly; "and he's come to see him a good deal lately, on business, he says; though he never gives me a hint of what it may be. His will, I fancy; and he might ask my opinion, I'm sure. If his poor father had consulted me we should not have had all these troubles. And old Dunnit has been with him. Old Dunnit's voice is ten times louder than Mrs. Britton's. He doesn't complain of Julia's voice either. It's only one of his whims, and I'm to be made the slave of them."

"Master Charles' ready to see Miss Ruth and Master Ernest," said Julia, opening the door and entering the room a step or two, in her plain black dress and white cap. She courtesied deeply to Captain Symons, and stood at the door to close it after Ernest and Ruth, as a servant would do. There was nothing in her manner to denote that she was the mistress of the house or the widow of its late owner. Julia was carrying out her resolve to be nothing more than Charles Clifford's servant.

Time seemed to be *standing still* for Charles Clifford; he measured it no longer by days, and weeks, and months. It might have been years already since he awoke to consciousness to find himself a prisoner within the four walls of the room, which he was powerless to quit. He could not even reach the window to catch a moment's glimpse of the sky and cliffs. To all about him the calamity that had befallen him was yet new and recent; to himself it felt to be centuries old.

It had happened so long ago that all his former life had withdrawn into a past, spent and ended ages ago. Childhood and boyhood and manhood were all blended into one distant phase of beauty and gladness; for he was a man no longer, he said to himself in bitterness. There was no perspective in his past life. The great gulf which lay between it and the present set it so far apart from him that all its long line of years were concentrated into a single point. H had lived; he was living no longer.

"How long is it, Julia, how long is it?" h asked frequently; and when she told him it wa yet only so many days or weeks since he had se his sails to the wind and felt the salt spray o his face, he listened in mute anguish. Was i not rather *centuries?* thousands of years? Ther were no terms broad enough to express the en lessness of the period which separated him fro the common months and years of common lif Henceforth there would be no change of seaso for him; nothing but the slow swinging of th hours from light to darkness, and from darkne to light; and even that with no sight of the su by day, or of the moon and stars by night.

"Ernest," he said, one morning, "would I' been drowned with old Symons. It would hav been better for us both; and you'd have bee Clifford of Clifford again."

Clifford of Clifford! He could not be th himself; he was no man, but a mere log a cumberer of the ground. What was Clifford him? He would never more ride over his field or hoist his sails, or welcome his old comrad to his open house. There was nothing left him but to lie as he was, with no gleam of plea ure, except those that came to him through t ministry of Ernest and Ruth and Rose.

Ruth had not yet come to see him, but Ro had insisted upon staying near him, ready come to his side and talk as cheerily as she coul or sing to him quiet, homely country songs her sweet, low voice. Rose was something lov and delicate to look at, and her gentle mo ments soothed him. Ernest's daily visits, wh he was at Clifford Grange, were a break in t gloomy monotony of the days. How was he tide over the days, if these almost endless spe of light could be called days, when they we back to London?

If Ernest were settled at Clifford again, would make sure of the friendship and consta neighborhood of his brother. His mother a he could stay at Rockwood; for what did matter to him in what dull chamber his log o body might lie? Julia would live with the for she had promised never to leave him. W Ernest and Ruth little more than two mi away, he could reckon on their frequent co panionship; and Rose might be with him alm constantly. How could he make sure of havi them all about him?

Ernest could not live at Clifford without sufficient income to keep it up; and if he h the income of the estate it would be better him to have the estate itself, with all the po and influence it carried with it. Charles ca for money only so far as it procured him p sonal enjoyment. There had always been a v of reckless liberality in his temperament, wh had hitherto taken the form of lavish expe ture, by no means incompatible with selfish regard to the claims of others.

As long as he could fritter away his me upon pleasure he had found it impossible spare any for other purposes. But his pleasu were ended forever; and as he could no lon use his money himself he was willing to gi over into the hands of others.

His Uncle Wright, whom he consulted, sured him that he could not execute a will, m ing Ernest his heir, which he would not h power himself to revoke, as long as he wa sound mind in the eye of the law. Cha knew that he dare not trust himself and his pricious humor; and he was equally sure t Ernest could not trust him. In any hou pique and resentment he might disinherit brother, and give over his old family estate a stranger.

Ernest had already made the name of Clif of Clifford better known and more honore the county than it had ever been; and it wa Charles's power to reinstate him. If Ernest w made absolute master again, it would set free to act as he chose, which would be im sible if he were merely his brother's heir.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CALL OF ABRAHAM.

S. Lesson for Aug., 1. Gen. 11 : 31, 32 and 12.
olden Text, Gen. 12 : 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE father of the faithful was once an idola-
r. God says (Isa. 51 : 1, 2), " Hearken unto
e, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that
ek the Lord : look unto the rock whence ye
e hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye
e digged. Look unto Abraham your father,
d unto Sarah that bare you : for I called him
ne : and blessed him, and increased him."
us, however God's call may have come to
raham, he stood at first alone in his family
d in his land, a believer in the true and living
d. Joshua declares (Josh. 24 : 2, 3), " Thus
h the Lord God of Israel, Your fathers dwelt
the other side of the flood in old time, even
ah the father of Abraham, and the father of
or : and they served other gods. And I
k your father Abraham from the other side
he flood and led him throughout all the land
Canaan."

low much of suffering, humiliation, miscon-
ction, etc., Abraham went through is known
e to God, but it can be in some measure un-
tood by those who have been brought out
worldliness, the first in their families, and
have known Paul's experience at Rome :
my first answer no man stood with me, but
hen forsook me" (2 Tim. 4 : 16). One thing
re sure of, that under all his trials the real-
f the true God and his acquaintance with
deepened, and also God made him a power
is family ; for when the time of decision
, and God called Abraham to come out from
ountry, and kindred, etc., there were others
s family ready to accompany him ; and how
this have been had they not been also
ght in contact with the God on whose word
were leaning all which was dear and fami-
o them? Conversions which stood such
t must have been intensely real.

e conversion of a father is no light matter.
rs do not readily learn from their sons ;
e power of the Spirit of God can transpose
onships, and make the son to be the spirit-
ther of his own sire. To be faithful in our
families we must renounce self indeed.
: our weak side is known ; there motives
others would not suspect are well under-
, and thus in our own power we can effect
ng ; but if, like David with Goliath, we
against him who holds our dear ones cap-
the name of our God and in His strength,
he gates of hell cannot prevail against us.
as we can gather, Abraham had already
lest to his father's conversion, his wife's
s nephew's ; whether Eleazar of Damascus
hen his steward we know not, but it is
le that the influence of his faith was upon
o went out of his country with him, and
od had given him many souls already.
l bless thee," God had said, "and thou
e a blessing." Our witness at home is
more important than our witness abroad.

God's call to Abraham was, " Get thee
hy country, and from thy kindred and from
her's house, unto a land that I will shew
" Terah took Abram his son, and Lot
of Haran, his son's son, and Sarai his
er-in-law, and they went forth with them
r of the Chaldees to go into the land of
: and they came unto Haran and dwelt
But Abraham was not yet come out
s father's house, not yet come into the
Caanan. It may be his father feared to
far, and said, If you will stay here in
between the old land and the new, I will
h you ; and it may be Abraham feared to
s father to God, and so made a compro-
Oh how many of God's children are thus
d by relations from coming out fully
Lord's side.

all is (2 Cor. 6 : 17), " Come out from
hem" (unbelievers, ver. 14), " and be ye
, saith the Lord, and touch not the un-
ing." How, then, are we to be separate?
lly, by leaving our families, our churches,
internally, by a presence of God which makes the whole current of thoughts and motives different from those of others? " Wherein shall it be known here," says Moses (Ex. 33 : 16), " that I and Thy people have found grace in Thy sight? Is it not in that Thou goest with us? *So* shall we be separated, I and Thy people, from all the people that are upon the face of the earth." Elijah was separate from all around him, because he could always say, " The Lord God of Israel before whom I stand " (1 Kings 17 : 1) ; Joseph was unlike any other servant in Potiphar's house, or any other prisoner in Potiphar's prison, because the Lord was with Joseph (Gen. 39 : 2, 3, 21–23).

It often happens that just this real separation, this looking at all things in the light of God instead of man, of eternity instead of time, is that which brings most reproach from our own relations. The leaving an uncomfortable position in our family for one more to our liking, or leaving one church to find and join one more to our mind, they *can* understand, because they also seek their own ; but to remain where we are, and yet be different, to be bodily present while our treasures and our hearts are above, and where self, the element in which they live, is not allowed so much as to bias us, this they cannot understand. And the converted among them, who receive the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, or (Heb. 6 : 1, margin, the word of the beginning of Christ) are like Terah with Abraham, our greatest difficulty. Because they go so far with us, they think us bound to stay so far short of the goal with them. They are slow in learning ; and how slow we are in convincing them that to God, and not to us, they stand or fall!

But Terah died, and only then it was that Abraham fully obeyed the call of God. " So Abram departed, *as the Lord had spoken unto him ;* and Lot went with him ; and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran. And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran : and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and *into the land of Canaan they came.*" Now Abraham was free, nothing was holding him back. As Enoch and Noah had walked with God before him, so he would walk with God. It may be he had heard of Noah, for he was born in the same decade of years in which Noah died, and although brought up in idolatry it was not likely that he was entirely ignorant of the Deluge, and of the holy man who was saved in the midst of it by the ark, and there may have been holy aspirations in his heart to resemble this servant of the living God.

God's promise to Abraham was, " I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great ; and thou shalt be a blessing : and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee ; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." " They which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham," and " they which be of faith are blest with faithful Abraham" (Gal. 3 : 6–9). " He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of him shall flow rivers of living water" (John 7 : 38). " Everything shall live whither the river cometh" (Ezek. 47 : 9).

" And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichan, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land. And the Lord appeared unto Abram and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land ; and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him." God seems to have *spoken* to him before, but not to have *appeared* unto him. God manifests Himself unto us first in His Word, then in other ways, as we are able to bear it. While Abraham had only half obeyed His call, he could neither reveal His will farther, nor yet Himself. Obedience must follow all revelation of God to our souls, and all knowledge acquired through the head while the will is not entirely renounced, only hinders instead of helps us, for it adds to our consciousness of shortcoming.

The path of faith and obedience is the path of rest and power ; when the way to God lies fully open, then it is in everything Emanuel, God with us. We are not alone. " For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him. Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness ; those that remember Thee in Thy ways." Above all sense and above all conception are God's revelations to those who wait for Him ; and those who in waiting rejoice and work righteousness are sure to meet with God. He had called Abram out from his kindred, and from his father's house, and while he obeyed him only in part, we can well believe that he could not much rejoice ; he was not working righteousness to the extent of God's revealed will, and thus we do not hear of God meeting with him until he was come into the land of Canaan.

" There Abram built an altar unto the Lord." " He built none in Haran, because he was not walking in the full light of God's countenance. Whenever communion with God flags, there is a reason for it ; let us not attribute it to chance, or look upon it as trial in which we may claim sympathy. The Sun of Righteousness is ever shining, and every cloud which hides His light and heat rises from the earth, and does not come from heaven, and if we remain still and empty before our God, He will surely show us where we are at fault. All real communion with God must be founded on the altar. Because we have " boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, . . . let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water" (Heb. 10 : 19 22). Abram's obedience was no ground of confidence before God, but it removed the hindrance to communion which the altar, typical of Christ, established.

" And he removed from thence"— doubtless guided by God—" unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west and Hai on the east ; and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord." How clearly we see here that each step of faith and obedience leads to further communion with God. We are never promised a path free from suffering ; but guidance is distinctly promised us, so that we have a right at all times to walk in the unbroken consciousness that we please God. We may have to throw down all altars which have been raised to the glory of self, to leave, and break with our old life in all its motives and principles ; but while believing and obeying, the altar of communion is everywhere.

After this Abram made a sad mistake. He " journeyed, going on still toward the south, and there was a famine in the land : and Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there ; for the famine was grievous in the land." Abram's life of faith was, as yet, little developed, and in this case he did not wait for guidance, but acted in accordance with human wisdom and foresight. One instant that the eye is off God, we leave the door open to temptation. First, Abram thought God was going to let him die of hunger, and that he must help himself by going down to Egypt ; then he thought God would let the Egyptians kill him for his wife's sake, so he, the man of faith, taught his wife to tell a partial lie, to say she was his sister (see Gen. 20 : 12, 13).

We read of no altar built in Egypt. In earthly things Abram prospered. Sarah " was taken into Pharaoh's house. And he entreated Abram well for her sake : and he had sheep and oxen, and he-asses and man-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses and camels." But God most mercifully shields His own, while at the same time He exposes their sin. " For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known" (Matt. 10 : 26). The Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarai, Abram's wife. But Abram went out of Egypt a rich man, but a child of God distrusted, and therefore dishonored, by the unbelievers.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Mr. Gladstone's Bill for Securing Compensation to evicted Irish tenants continues to be the ground of strenuous opposition. Lord Frederick Cavendish, a brother of the Marquis of Hartington, has denounced it in strong terms, prompted, it is believed, by his father, the Duke of Devonshire. Other influential supporters of the Government have held a meeting to organize opposition to the measure, which they regard as one of confiscation. The Government has vacillated in the conduct of the bill, and has proposed several important amendments during its passage. In some instances the amendments have been in the interest of the landlords, and in others to the advantage of the tenants. It is expected that the measure will pass the House of Commons but will be rejected by the House of Lords. The agitation in Ireland on the subject is described as intense. The Irish members of Parliament are divided with regard to it; Mr. Parnell and a few friends vigorously oppose it, while other members consider it wise to accept a boon offered them, even though it is not so large as they desire.

The Irish question blocks the course of useful legislation, and is the cause of much embarrassment to the Government. The project is said to be gaining favor among men hitherto opposed to it, of remitting all purely Irish business to a local parliament to assemble at Dublin. Students of prophecy have long believed that some arrangement of the kind will be made, in fulfilment of prophecy, Ireland never having been included in the Roman Empire.

A Terrible Colliery Explosion, in which the deaths, it is feared, will number 119, occurred on July 15th, at Risca, near Newport, in Wales. It was noticed on the previous day that the air in the pit was dull and overcharged. It became increasingly close, and finally exploded, killing all the miners at work. The owners' books show that there would be 119 men and boys in the pit at the time, all of whom are believed to have perished. A cable report says:

"The scenes about the mine are heart-rending. There is a large throng of people present, composed in great part of the relatives and friends of the imprisoned miners. Among them are many women who are bewailing the fate of husbands and sons, while *little children* are asking anxiously concerning their fathers, their inquiries drawing tears to the eyes of bluff miners whose faces look as hard as their hands, but whose hearts are melted by the pitiful scene before them. Everything possible is being done to expedite the rescue of the men, but scarcely any one hopes to find one of the miners alive. The disaster is attributed by mining experts to unskilful management. A similar accident, causing the death of 155 men, occurred in the same colliery in December, 1860.

The Reply of Turkey to the Demands of the Powers has not yet been decided upon. If it should be unsatisfactory, grave fears of war between Turkey and Greece are entertained, and it is probable that national jealousy will drag other Powers into the conflict. The fall of Turkey in any case appears to be imminent. Students of prophecy will see in the following remarks extracted from an editorial in the *New York Herald* a remarkable confirmation of views arrived at long ago by those who have devoted much attention to the predictions of the inspired writers.

"Turkey cannot in the nature of things survive a great while as an imperial Power. She is an anomaly in Europe at best. She stands in virtue of an extinct warrant. Her vitality is gone out. She is a conquering Power which cannot conquer. She has lost her grandest conquests in Europe, and there is a tug of tremendous energy to get the rest of what she holds in that part of the world. All the small states on the southern shore of the Mediterranean and Egypt have fallen away *by their own weight.* Asia Minor would accept, so far as it seems to have any volition, any other political system and any sovereign that Europe might designate as good for it: Syria would like to be independent, and Arabia only awaits a good moment for revolt. In fact, the Ottoman monarchy seems just now to be a *scarcely more stable fabric than a house of cards.* It may be shaken down and tumbled to pieces by blows that would not have been felt in the days of its greatness, and it may prove that a little war with Greece will be *the beginning of the end.*"

The Date of the National Festival of the French Republic has been changed to July 14th, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile. On that day, ninety-one years ago, the smouldering embers of discontent among the French people burst into a flame, and the horrors of the terrible Revolution which deluged France with blood commenced. The cruelties and oppression of the aristocracy, borne patiently during many years, had goaded the people at last to desperation, and a fearful revenge was taken. The king had driven out of the country the godly part of the population by his legislative enactments, and he had to learn how merciless is a mob having no fear of God before its eyes.

The festival was celebrated this year with great pomp and patriotic ardor. One of the causes of rejoicing by the people was the return of the banished Communists, all of whom, except nine, have been liberated by the Government. They were exiled for their barbarities at the last revolution, when the Archbishop of Paris and other eminent citizens were massacred, the Tuileries set on fire, and other damage done to the city.

A Curious Bequest has been made to the City of Vienna by a wealthy banker, Herr Heinrich Lustig. The legacy consists of 30,000 francs, to be deposited in the state savings bank at the usual interest, the interest to be collected every quarter and added to the capital, and this process to be repeated until the interest shall amount to an annual income of 5,000,000 florins, a result attainable in something less than 200 years from the date of the first deposit. When this operation shall have been completed, the income is to be applied to the erection and endowment of orphanages, hospitals, and asylums in Vienna, and subsequently in Prague, Pesth, Brunn, Linz, and other large towns enumerated in Herr Lustig's testament. Should the City of Vienna not think fit to accept his bequest upon these terms, the testator directs that it be tendered by his executors to the City of Paris. The Viennese authorities decided to accept the trust, and the money will be invested at interest in accordance with the directions of the eccentric banker.

Mrs. M. Baxter's Meetings in the Scotch Church in the university city of Bonn, Germany, have been crowded and much blessed. The order of the services was simple. Dr. W. Graham, the pastor of the Scotch Church, writes: "*Whence came the power which attended Mrs. Baxter's ministry?* It was the love of souls—the promised presence of Jesus—the unction from the Holy One. She has the art of speaking to men, the greater art also of speaking to God in prayers. As to the impression left there is but one opinion, viz., that the Lord has been in the midst of us awakening sinners to repentance, and building up saints on their most holy faith."

The Persian Famine is thus Reported Upon by an American missionary in Van, in Persia:

"The number of deaths from famine has already been considerable. In one little village, where there are seventy-eight survivors, the names of seven were given me who had died within a few weeks. In another village where I stopped, and where there are 125 survivors, twelve had died, nine of them during the two weeks I spent in that region. Of these, two perished on the mountain when bringing grain for the government. From a larger village, with about 300 survivors, the headman assured me over forty had died. A policeman, who had just come from Gawar, told me he saw six bodies on the way. Two of my canvassers in going from one village to another saw two who had perished by the way, and two others so weak that men from the village were carrying them to th houses. In Bashkala, a place of 300 to 4 houses, five died in one night, four of them starvation. Many have lived for weeks on t flesh of animals which have died of themselv Roots dug out of the ground, straw, grass-se a kind of chalky stone, and the bulbs of fl seed out of which the oil has been pressed, all used for bread. Those who live on such proper diet are subject to dysentery, and afte time dropsy sets in. 'When once their fa swell,' said one of the most intelligent mer the plain, 'we know there is no hope of th recovery.'"

Mr. G. Muller the Founder of the Orph ages at Bristol, England, has arrived at h safely, after his visit of nine months to United States and Canada. He had an enth astic reception at Bristol, 2000 children b drawn up on each side of the road to greet l Mr. Muller is now seventy-six years of age, in vigorous health.

The Fall of a Railway Bridge in G Britain, occurred on the night of June 17, wl if it had happened a few hours earlier, would eclipsed the Tay Bridge calamity of the December last. A luggage train was pa over the bridge, which crosses the river Wye Brecon, when the structure gave way anc train was precipitated into the water below. engine-driver was *killed on the spot*, and the man received such serious injuries that it pected he will die. The bridge consist three arches, and was about forty feet The passenger train, which was to have p over the bridge a few hours earlier, but providentially escaped destruction, consist two engines and twenty-four well-filled car taining five or six hundred persons, no whom would probably have escaped if the been passing over when the bridge fell.

Mr. Charles Reade, the English No whose conversion was alluded to in The C tian Herald of May 20th, in a letter to a corrects some errors in the narrative. "very desirous not to disturb the gene pression that he is weaned from the wor humbly desires to serve God," he is anx correct the impression that during the life his deceased friend, he held rationalistic and perverted her mind with them. H "My remorse is for this: I had lived for the world, and so disquieted her w cares instead of leading her on the path o and robbed God of a saint though not c liever."

Another Narrow Escape of the Princ ise and the Marquis of Lorne, in addition former one from being overturned in a has just occurred in Canada. Their spec was approaching a station at the rate miles an hour, when the pointsman fou self unable to close the points so as to the coming train running off the main a siding against a number of shunted c Four assistants strove with crowbars to switch, but failed. A man then ran up waving his arms, and was providentially time: so by applying the brakes the t stopped a few yards from the defective

Persian Famine Fund.—J. A., Ky., $1.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works ar at the office of the Christian Herald, at low as to bring them within the reach of e *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with p of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Pl Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volu sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five v as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-* This popular gift-book contains a suitabl selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for in the year, with a blank space opposite graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. appear at their respective birthdays. Th elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cent tances shoud accompany orders.

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PROPHETIC EXPOSITION. Compiled by Rev. M. Baxter (Continued).

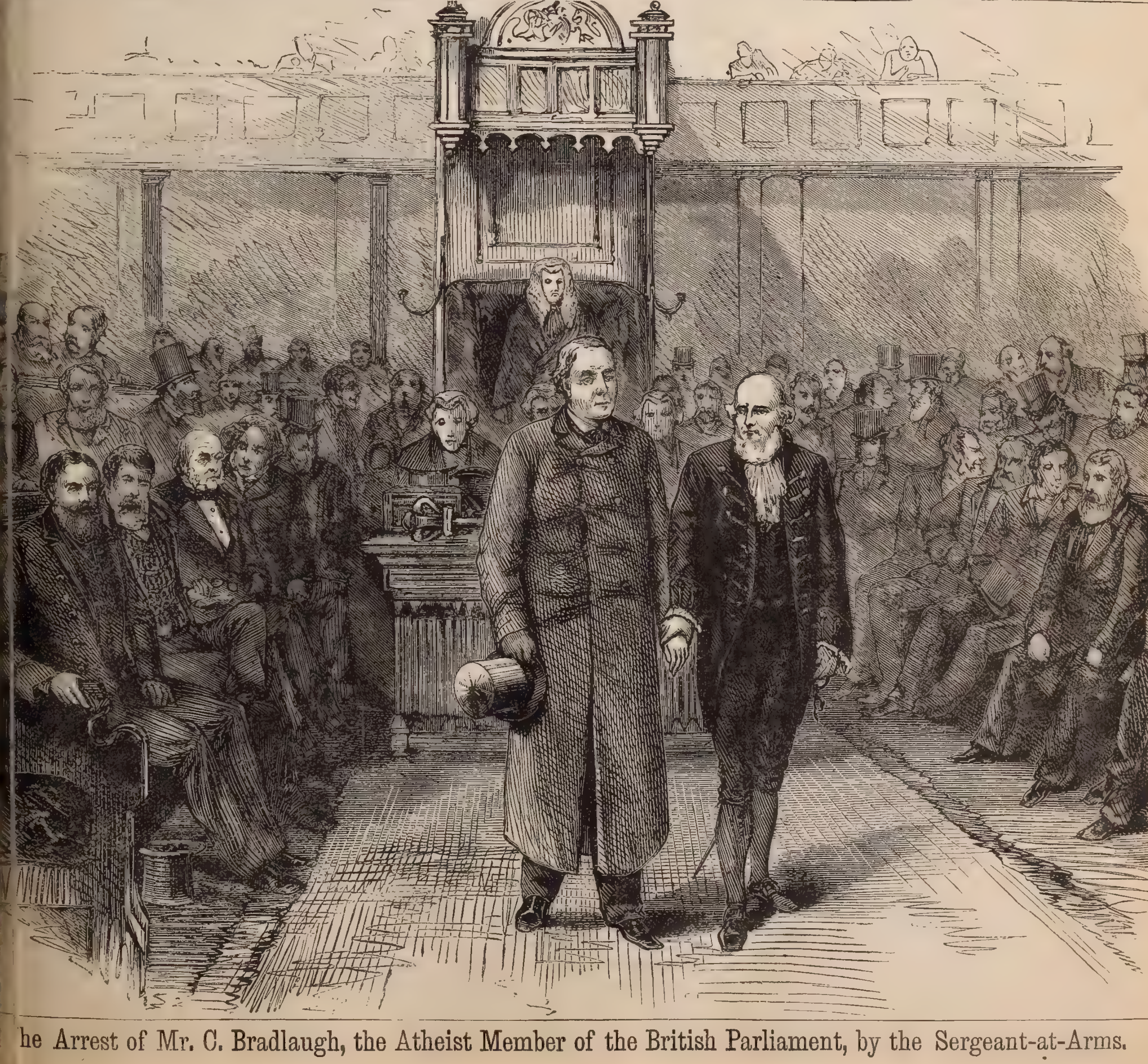
GOD GLORIFIED BY CHILDREN'S MOUTHS. A Sermon at the S. S. Centenary, by C. H. Spurgeon.

A Sailor's Despairing Death in Jail—A Strike against Poverty—A Weaver Relieved by a Dead Raven.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH (Continued).

Abraham and Lot. S. S. Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

FOREIGN TOPICS: War Threatened in Europe—The Ex-Empress' Journey—A Missionary's Perils, etc.



he Arrest of Mr. C. Bradlaugh, the Atheist Member of the British Parliament, by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT AND THE ATHEIST MEMBER.

His Arrest by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

THE readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD have been made acquainted by paragraphs which have appeared from time to time on the last page of several issues, of the agitation which has been caused in Great Britain by the election of Mr. Bradlaugh, an avowed atheist, as member of the British Parliament. We this week give a picture of the extraordinary scene which ensued when Mr. Bradlaugh defied the authority of the Speaker and was taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

The principles of the British Constitution are so near akin to our own in substance, although so widely different in name, that the dilemma in which the House of Commons was placed is a useful and interesting study to American readers, and we therefore compile a narrative of the leading incidents connected with the struggle, so that our readers may understand how it comes about that an atheist sits among the legislators of a country pre-eminent among European nations, as a Christian God-fearing land.

To form a correct estimate of

THE DIFFICULTY

it is necessary to recollect what position the House of Commons occupies in the British Constitution. It is the most powerful branch of the Legislature, as being the representatives of the people. No adviser of the Monarch can retain his position who has not the confidence of that House. The House of Lords may dislike a Cabinet and may oppose its measures, but the Cabinet can remain in office in defiance of that House, and as a matter of fact such a situation has repeatedly been seen ; but a condemnatory vote of the Commons brings on a crisis immediately. Neither the Monarch nor the ministers can defy that House with impunity.

Such a position has not been attained without a hard struggle. History tells us that for more than two centuries the people have contested for the right of framing the policy by which they are governed. Slowly and stubbornly they have fought their way in spite of ambitious kings and unscrupulous peers, until now they, through their representatives in Parliament, have acquired the controlling power in the Constitution.

A privilege so hardly won is most tenaciously held, for it is rightly considered to be a precious political privilege. When, therefore, Northampton selected an Atheist to represent the town in Parliament, many statesmen felt that, deeply as they regretted such a choice, it was unconstitutional to set aside the decision of the constituency. To admit such a representative was repugnant to their religious principles, to associate with him was painful, but the right of the people to selct their representative could not be impugned without establishing a precedent which might some day be used to the injury of the people and the principles of constitutional government. These considerations account for the fact that many men who, like John Bright, are renowned for their Christian life and high religious character, voted for Mr. Bradlaugh's admission.

Mr. Bradlaugh has for many years been notorious as the most prominent leader of the Atheists in Great Britain. His blasphemy has shocked the public and has disgusted men not avowedly Christian. He has been accustomed at his lectures to lay his watch on the table and say that he would stand there five minutes, and he desired the Most High to strike him dead, there and then, as a proof of His existence and power. A similar exhibition was made in this country, and the blasphemer, in conversation with a Christian gentleman, adduced his defiance as a proof of God's non-existence. The reply he received was very significant. The Christian said : "You forget that *God is capable of infinite contempt* as well as of infinite justice."

When Mr. Bradlaugh was elected, instead of taking the usual oath of allegiance, he approached the table of the House, and claimed to *affirm* his "allegiance" instead. The Speaker, however, concluded that the question was one which ought to be referred to the House itself for decision, but the House referred it to a committee, and the committee reported that Mr. Bradlaugh could *not* make an "affirmation." No action was taken on the report—the House neither accepting nor rejecting it.

Mr. Bradlaugh, anxious to know whether the alternative of taking "an oath" was open to him, again came to the table of the House, and on that occasion Sir. H. D. Wolff raised

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE,

and protested against Mr. Bradlaugh being allowed to take the oath. Again, after considerable discussion, the matter was referred to a committee, and that committee had decided that Mr. Bradlaugh could *not* take the oath of allegiance, but it appended a recommendation that the House should permit him to "affirm ;" and on Monday, June 21st, Mr. Labouchere, senior member for Northampton, moved in the House of Commons, "That Mr. Bradlaugh be admitted to make an 'affirmation' or 'declaration' instead of the oath required by law."

In opposition to Mr. Labouchere's motion, the late Solicitor-General, Sir H. Giffard, made a powerful speech.

Mr. Alderman Fowler, one of the members for the City of London, said the question for decision was, whether a man who denied the God of Christians should take part in the deliberations of the House. It was not tolerable that Friends and Jews should be compared with Mr. Bradlaugh. It was not desirable to admit to the House a man who denied the existence of God and of a future state. Such a man was not likely to be a man of high moral character. The language of such a man must be, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

After Mr. Sergeant Simon had spoken on the question, *Mr. Warton*, member for Bridport, hoped and believed that the House would pause when they considered what a terrible effect would be produced in the country by voting to admit Mr. Bradlaugh to the House. Mr. Gladstone and Mr Bright were religious men, and he hoped they would not throw their shields over an infidel and a blasphemer. There was an assumption on the part of Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters that an infidel had a conscience, but this was not the fact. He begged that every member of the House who believed in God would vote against "the fool who hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'"

General Burnaby refused his voice in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh being allowed to make either a solemn affirmation or take the oath. If he were permitted to do so, it would, in effect, pollute the affirmation now taken by all men who believe in God. Dean Swift had said, "A man called to any office or trust is bound by oath to faithfully discharge its duties, and the oath ceases to be valid except in the case of those who believe that a Divine Being exists." He objected to the air of the House being stained by Mr. Bradlaugh being allowed to swear or affirm.

The Right Hon. J. G. Hubbard said that though he was as fully in favor of religious liberty as any one, it was not possible to leave unnoticed the person desiring to be enrolled among them. Mr. Bradlaugh first of all declared that the oath was obnoxious to him, and then placed his words upon record in a newspaper. Mr. Bradlaugh's manner of dealing with the question was not quite honest and straightforward. Tney had, in fact, to deal with a person who first declared that he *could not* make a solemn asseveration, but afterward said he *would* make it. Did not such behavior smack of untruth and gross hypocrisy? He hoped the House would refuse to make itself the accomplice of Mr. Bradlaugh in this matter. The person upon whose behalf they were invited to change the laws of the country, by those who said, "Do away with oaths and affirmations," had shown to the House that he disregarded truth, and knew no arbiter but his own will. While giving every possible latitude to different religions or persuasions, a civilized country could not permit the abrogation of the ties a
obligations which were the only security for t
maintenance of order and the observance of trut

Mr. Beresford-Hope remarked that they h
to deal with the difficulty of the perverse ment
conformation of Mr. Bradlaugh. The hon
and the moral sense of Parliament were to
considered ; and rather than that honor shou
be tarnished and that moral sense blunted,
would be ten thousand times better that Nort
ampton should remain unrepresented.

Mr. A. O'Connor denied the right of a
avowed Atheist to take a Christian oath i
Christian assembly. There were commandme
of higher authority than any Act of Parliame
and one of them was, "Thou shalt not take t
name of the Lord thy God in vain." It ha
however, no sanction for the will of Mr. Bra
laugh ; he attached no importance either to t
commandment or to the God who gave it.

After a lengthy speech by Mr. John Brig
Mr. E. Stanhope severely commented upon
and asked, what did they say in that House
the common prayer for the High Court of P
liament? Did they not ask the Supreme Bei
to direct and prosper all their consultations
the advancement of His glory? He claimed
remind the House of those terrible days wh
in the darkest moment of the French Revo
tion, a reaction occurred after the enthronem
of the Goddess of Reason. Robespierre hims
in the Convention, said it was necessary t
that assembly should take official notice of
existence of a Supreme Being. He protes
against letting Mr. Bradlaugh into the House
a side-wind ; it would involve a complete hu
iation of Parliament.

On Tuesday, June 22d, the debate was
sumed, and during the evening Mr. Gladst
made a long speech with the view of show
that Parliament should not usurp an office wh
the law had not placed in their hands, and
discussion was continued by several other me
bers. Subsequently, on a division, there wa
majority of *forty-five* against Mr. Labouche
resolution, and virtually against Mr. Bradlau
the numbers being—for, 230, *against*, 275.

ON THE FOLLOWING DAY,

Wednesday, June 23d, Mr. Bradlaugh arrived
Westminster about noon, and waited in
lobby of the House until prayers were c
cluded. Half an hour later, when members
settled down in their places, the tall figure of
infidel M.P. was seen making straight for the
ble. As no one seemed to know precisely w
to do, several members called out, "Order!
a demonstration which Mr. Bradlaugh pas
without notice. As he stood at the corne
the table where the oath is usually administe
the Speaker informed him of the resolution
rived at by the House, and said that he had
option but to request him to withdraw.
Bradlaugh, standing with face colorless,
firmly set, began to address the Speaker.
was met by peremptory cries to "Withdraw
At length he consented to retire while his
plication for a hearing was being considered

It was presently agreed "that Mr. Bradla
should be heard at the bar." Beginning
low voice, he craved the indulgence of
House, and criticized the position of those
opposed him. As for his opinions, he remai
he did not choose them, *and he was not asha
of them*. Suddenly dropping his voice from
height of passion to which his indignation
carried him, he asked, "What are you goin
do with me?" and leaning lightly on the
looked with placid interest round the House.
the question were one in which he was only
motely interested. "Will you declare the
vacant? Well, I shall be again returned.
what next? I have no desire to wrestle
you for justice," he continued, holding
hands over the bar with deprecating gest
"but if the struggle be sought by the Hou
shall fearlessly and hopefully submit the c
to a tribunal higher even than this great ass
bly, and will ask public opinion to decide betw
us." He then turned and left the House.

PROPHETIC EXPOSITION.

Compiled by Rev. M. Baxter.*

(*Continued from page* 469.)

The Voice of the People, the Voice of God—The True Child of Popery.—Napoleon III. of the Seven—The Adulation offered him—The Abyss.

THE REV. H. SHEPHEARD, M.A., lately Incum- ent of Casterton, and author of "Taken by urprise," etc., published, in 1864. well-written ectures on some chapters of Revelation, called The Tree of Life." He wrote upon Rev. 17 :

"The Interpreting Angel informed St. John hat five of the seven heads or forms of govern- ent of the Roman Empire had already fallen— mely : *kings, consuls, dictators, decemvirs*, and *ilitary tribunes*—and one was then in existence, he *Roman Emperorship*; and the seventh was ot yet come, and when he came, he was to ontinue a short space.' The sixth head was ntinued from the Cæsars through Charle- agne and the long line of emperors of Ger- any—who were called emperors of the Holy oman Empire—down to Francis II. of Austria, ho abdicated that title in the year 1806. The venth head soon afterward appeared in the nasty of Napoleon the First, who claimed the vereignty of Rome, and had his son crowned th the title of King of Rome.

"In accordance with the sure word of proph- y. this seventh head continued but a short ne. It was 'as it were wounded to death' on e fatal field of Waterloo; but 'its deadly wound s healed,' contrary to all probability, when e Emperor Louis Napoleon, his nephew, and e representative of his dynasty, succeeded to s power, and identified himself with his policy. identified himself with the claims of Napo- n to be the successor of the Cæsars, and be- ne, in fact, the ruler of Rome, which was gar- oned by his soldiers.

"IT IS THE ROMAN EMPIRE

der the guidance of its last dynasty—namely, t of Napoleon and his successors—that must identified with the Wild-beast who, together h the false prophet and the kings of the th and their armies, will be engaged in the t conflict against Christ and His people; and n ultimately 'goeth into perdition.' (Rev. : 11; 19 : 19).

"Three unclean Satanic spirits, like frogs, are dicted under the sixth vial, to come out of mouths of the dragon, and the wild-beast, the false prophet, and to go forth unto the gs of the earth and of the whole world, to her them to the battle (or rather *the war*) of great day of God Almighty (Rev. 16 : 12, The nature of these three emanations st be sought for in the character of the rces from which they proceed.

The first spirit from the *Dragon*, which is lained in Rev. 12 : 9, to denote the devil, st be a spirit of *Infidelity*. The second spirit n the *wild beast* or Roman empire under its head, *i.e.*, under the successor and represen- ve of Napoleon I., is the *revolutionary spirit*, ch is embodied in the maxim *Vox populi*, *Dei*—the principle that the will of the people e supreme law. To this principle the First oleon owed his rise to power; and it pre- nently characterizes his dynasty.

In the great revolution of 1793, the French on had frantically rejected all laws, both ne and human—had madly proclaimed, in a lic and pompous ceremonial, that there was God, and had set up the worship of self-will er the outraged name of reason. Then fol- ed that furious outbreak of the French am- on and lust of conquest, which carried fire sword throughout continental Europe; and oleon Bonaparte, by leading on this attack nst the lives and liberties of mankind, became first the idol of the nation, and then its master. And the present Napoleon III. glories in the title of 'the elected of the people,' and counts his right to the throne by the millions of votes which placed him on it. The characteristic principle of the Napoleon dynasty is *democratic lawlessness*—ending in *despotism*.

"The third spirit, out of the mouth of

THE FALSE PROPHET,

is a propagandist spirit, emanating from the *Pope and the Romish Priesthood*. This revived spirit has been seen in the renewed energies and efforts of the Church of Rome and Jesuits, and is shown in the rapid increase of Popish churches, convent schools etc., and in the remarkable rise and spread of *Ritualism* or *Tractarianism*, that *offset and true child of Popery*.

"Another sign of the times, too remarkable to be passed over in silence, is the diabolical delusion of *Spiritualism*, the real object of which, according to the avowal of spiritualists themselves, is nothing less than *to substitute for the Bible a new revelation derived from the spirits of the unseen world*—professedly the spirits of the dead—but in reality, doubtless, the spirits of devils. This blasphemous system claims to number its disciples by millions in America and Europe (See Rev. 16 : 12–16).

"It is at the present period of the drying up of the Euphrates, or dissolution of the Turkish Empire, that these three frog-like evil spirits,* or anti-Christian principles, are predicted thus notably and fearfully to go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world to gather them to the war of the great day of God Almighty (Rev. 16 : 12–16)."

THE REV. JACOB TOMLIN, B.A., Vicar of Wollaston, Wellingboro', England—a great linguist, author of a "Vocabulary of Forty-eight Languages," and other books—also formerly a missionary to India from the Church Missionary Society, published, in 1868, "An Historical Interpretation of the Revelation," in which he gave the usual explanation as to the Napoleon dynasty being the Seventh Head from 1806 to 1815; and also said :

"Napoleon III., being the nephew of Napoleon I., may be truly said to be *of the seven*, or seventh, and becomes an eighth, or last form of the wild beast. This intimate connection between the seventh and eighth form is also manifest from Napoleon III. professing to carry out exactly his uncle's policy, and to perfect what he left short; and thus he may be said to identify himself with the former or seventh head; and yet is not another new head of the wild beast, but only its last or eighth form. This interpretation, termed the *Napoleonic theory*, was strenuously maintained by the late venerable Mr. Frere, Mr. Nangle, and others.

"This revival of the wild beast *that was, and is not, and is near at hand* (*parestai*, Rev. 17 : 8), under its eighth head or last form, is predicted to excite the admiration of mankind; the following is a sample :

"The *Patrie* of August, 1861, states that at the emperor's fête the following toast, proposed by M. Massaubian, was received with unbounded applause at Toulouse :—

"To the emperor! To the sovereign whom France proclaimed with universal enthusiasm, and to whom she intrusted, with a confidence that could not be deceived, her happiness, her glory, her liberties! To the man sent by Providence who saved her from

THE ABYSS,†

and who still protects her with his powerful hand against all excesses! To the immortal genius which has shone forth with equal glory in war and in peace, and which will leave a page in history to be admired in future generations! To the great writer whose vigorous and animated language penetrates the mind and subjugates the soul! To the daring and worthy successor of the greatest captain and ablest legislator of modern times, *who revives the honor and glory of his Imperial Dynasty!* To him whom we all cherish in our hearts, like the great man *whose image he is:* and for whom every arm is ready to fight, as ours fought for the first Napoleon! May his destinies be long glorified by the success of his patriotic inspirations, and may his posterity ever reign over France, extended and exalted by his arms."

"Time will soon determine whether we are right or not, in this *Napoleonic Interpretation*, and whether we are right in our computations of the prophetic periods of the 6000. 2520, 2300, 1335, and 1260 years, as all converging in their termination toward the present remarkable epoch. he *Chronos* (Rev. 10 : 6) or *Time* of 360 years, within which period the mystery of God is predicted to be finished, reckoned from Luther's reformation about A.D. 1517–22 (which is prefigured throughout Rev. 10) terminates about A.D. 1877–82."

(*To be continued.*)

A LADY BLESSED AT THE MILDMAY CONFERENCE HALL.

A LADY had been for many years a Sunday-school teacher and district visitor, and a helper in every good work. During all that time she seemed to be truly in Christ, and to have much joy in His service. But as years went on she became subject to deep spiritual depression, then yielded to doubts about her personal interest in Christ, and at last gave way to such despair that prayer was altogether given up, and no one was allowed to speak to her of the love of Christ.

Yet, thank God, a bright and happy change was near. She went to one of the meetings in the Mildmay Conference Hall, London. Having reached the Hall early, she had some time to wait before the services began. While waiting she looked at the Scripture texts painted within the Hall, and her eye rested upon the words, "*When I see the blood, I will pass over you.*" She looked again and again at these words, and became each moment more and more riveted by them; and her gloom and despair vanished at once, and peace through the blood of Jesus came. After the meeting was over she called at the house of a friend, who can never forget her joyfulness of spirit and her glad expression of face as she told him that it was not the meeting nor the addresses which had given her peace, but simply and only the text, with its few loving words, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." She went home that day full of gladness.

Soon afterward a severe illness came upon her, but in the midst of it she was rejoicing in the blood of Christ, and in the merciful passing over of God's wrath from the guilty soul because of it. Sometimes, however, the joy which had so wondrously come to her was disturbed. She told her friend that the Tempter had been trying hard to rob her of the precious comfort of the text. "He has whispered," she said, "that the words are only in the *Old Testament*. But my reply," she added, "was that there were stronger words in the New Testament, such as, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;' And then," she added, "when I resisted him with, 'It is written,' he left me."

The consolation she had found abode with her as she went down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and she passed away leaving to her friends the happy persuasion that she had entered into the joy of the Lord.

Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. Ba er, in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. Fi *pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and De ription of Approaching Events," with two maps an four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains va able quotations from Forty Expositors on these ev ts. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

* These three spirits are called *frog-like* because of their unclean nature, rapid multiplication, clamor, and incessant croaking. As to the position of France as the leader of this Antichristian Confederacy, it is a curious fact that the ancient arms of France were *three frogs*.

† The phrase *The Abyss* is popularly used in France to signify the *yawning gulf of revolutionary anarchy*. The Napoleonic Empire is called in Revelation 11 : 7, and 17 : 8, *the wild beast* (*i.e.*, *Empire*) *that descends out of the abyss*. Now it is lying buried in the Revolutionary Abyss which engulfed it in September, 1870, but soon it *will ascend from the Abyss* to Imperial Dominion, just as it ascended from the Revolutionary Abyss of 1793–98 and of 1848.—[Editor, July, 1872.]

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, **$1.50** per annum, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, July 21st, at **11.20 A.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Gen. Chester A. Arthur's Letter Accepting "the position assigned" to him on the Republican ticket has been published. It is an outspoken document, and deals with the different points of the Chicago platform, which he cordially accepts. The prominent topic of the letter is the authority of *the National Goverment in State elections*, which, as we have previously pointed out, will be the most important issue between the two parties in the coming campaign. The votes given at the Presidential election will be the answer of the people to the question raised on this subject.

The Reform of the Civil Service is also Dealt with in Gen. Arthur's letter, but like Gen. Garfield, he does not assume the decided position on the subject that President Hayes adopted. On this subject the candidate for the Vice-Presidency says: "It seems to me that the rules which should be applied to the management of the public service may properly conform, in the main, to such as regulate the conduct of successful private business. Original appointments should be based upon ascertained fitness. The tenure of office should be stable. Positions of responsibility should, so far as practicable, be filled by the promotion of worthy and efficient officers."

General Neal Dow, the Presidental Candidate of the Prohibition Party, has written a letter accepting the nomination. After dwelling on the evils of the liquor traffic, he concludes as follows: "I consider the objects of the Prohibitionists of this country to be of supreme importance to the interests of the nation and the people. Aside from its bearing upon the moral and religious welfare of the people, I consider the suppression of the liquor traffic to be an object of far greater political importance than any other now claiming the attention of the country. . . . While I sincerely wish that the choice of a candidate by the Cleveland Convention had fallen upon some other than myself, I accept the nomination willingly, being sure that it will prove to be the humble beginning of a triumphant end." The importance of the object the Prohibitionists have in view, cannot be overestimated. The liquor traffic is an evil which has grown with frightful rapidity and will in the near future have to be dealt with in a firm and vigorous manner. Opinion is, however, divided as to the wisdom of running a candidate on this principle exclusively, rather than using temperance influence in the choice of a candidate by one of the great political parties. As to the choice the Cleveland Convention made, there are probably many Prohibitionists who will echo *the "sincere wish"* of General Neal Dow.

Among the Significant Facts Revealed by the Census returns is one in connection with Mormonism. In spite of the large number of immigrants brought over by Mormon missionaries, the Mormon population of Utah has increased only sixty-five per cent., while the non-Mormon population has increased two hundred per cent. Civilization and moral living are thus shown to be gaining ground even in Utah.

The Testimonial to Mrs. Hayes from the Women's National Christian Temperance Union, to which we alluded in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will consist of a life-size portrait of that lady, to remain in the Presidential Mansion as a companion piece to that of Martha Washington. The idea originated with the branch of the Union at Delaware, and has been received with favor by the friends of temperance throughout the country without distinction as to political sympathy. The noble stand made by Mrs. Hayes in the cause of temperance has won for her the respect of all total abstainers, and it is desired that a fitting testimonial should be presented as an expression of that respect. One subscription of a hundred dollars was sent to the treasurer of the fund as soon as the matter took definite shape, and an appeal has been issued for subscriptions of any amount down to ten cents. Contributions to the fund should be sent to Miss Esther Pugh, of the W. C. T. U., 54 Bible House, New York.

The Monthly Tract Society of the United States was formed in March, 1874, on the model of the similiar Society of Great Britain, which has been in operation for above forty years. The society issues *a new tract* for adults and one for children and young people every month, and these tracts are published in ornamental, illustrated covers and written expressly for persons whose social position keeps them out of the way of tract distributors. Subscribers send the names of friends to the Secretary, Mrs. Damast, at 72 Bible House, New York, and the tracts go regularly every month for a year. The annual subscription is one dollar to addresses outside of New York, and seventy-five cents to addresses in the city. The tracts are sent in closed envelopes, in the appearance of letters, and so, going anonymously, awaken the interest of the receiver. Great good has been done since the society began its work, and many persons whom it seemed impossible to reach by other means, have been led by these tracts to seek the Saviour and to find salvation through Christ.

A Disaster in which Twenty Men Lost their lives occurred July 21, in the tunnel now being constructed under the Hudson, between New York and Jersey City. This difficult engineering work commenced with the sinking of a perpendicular shaft on the Jersey City side of the river to sixty feet below the surface. On the completion of the shaft, the construction of the tunnel running at right angles with it, was commenced. At the point where the walls of the tunnel, came in contact with those of the shaft there was a small crevice, the proper junction not being completed. This crevice was filled with clay to prevent the escape of the compressed air which was relied on as a support of the roof of the tunnel. On the day of the accident the crevice was not watched so closely as it should have been, and the clay was dislodged. Men working near, noticed the air rushing through the crevice, and in, a few moments parts of the roof fell in, admitting the mud and water from above and closing the only exit from the tunnel. Twenty-eight men were in the workings at the time, but eight escaped before the roof fell. Strenuous efforts have been made to reach the entombed men, but hitherto without success. Divers have descended but their search has been stopped by the mud and fallen portions of the tunnel. The eight men who made their escape speak in high praise of Mr. Woodland, the engineer in charge at the time of the disaster. He stood by the door of the tunnel helping the men to escape but making *no effort to save himself*. He is among those who are lost but it was mainly by his assistance that any of the workmen were saved.

The Berean Bible College has Issued its First annual report, which is of a very encouraging character. The object of the college is to prepare young men for the ministry by an earnest study of *the Bible alone.* It originated in an effort made in 1879, by Rev. John Q. Adams, the pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, New York, to provide Christian instruction for a number of reformed drunkards, converted to Christ during the Gospel Temperance Revival which had recently taken place in the city. From this beginning the work grew, and various ministers offered their assistance. Among them was Mr. John L. Lister, an accomplished linguist and Professor Alex. Meyrowitz, LL.D., the eminent Hebrew scholar. A gift of one thousand dollars from a wealthy friend who sympathized with the work enabled Mr. Adams to engage suitable accommodation in the Bible House, and now regular lectures are given there, free of charge, in Hebrew, Greek, and Biblical criticism.

Twenty-five regular students have attended the college, some of whom are in the ministry, others are preparing for it, and others are fitting themselves for usefulness in other spheres. As the College is open to all, and free to all, it has embraced among its students all classes and ages. Seven denominations and seventeen churches are represented in it. The funds to pay expenses for six months are already in hand, and Mr. Adams trusts that as money is needed for the useful work, God will take care that it is supplied.

The Rev. Thomas Harrison, the Boy Preacher, whose portrait and life appeared in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is now laboring at the Chester Heights Camp Meeting, in Pennsylvania, and his preaching is being blessed by God to the conversion of many souls. Large numbers are being attracted to the meetings from the surrounding country, and local journals state that the pressure of traffic on the railroads is so great that a double service of engines is required.

The Alleged Outrage on the Stars and Stripes by the Spanish authorities turns out to have been exaggerated. Admiral Wyman, who was deputed to investigate the matter, states that he was assured by the Spanish Governor that his Government unequivocally disavowed any intentional insult or indignity, or the commission of any act at variance with the received usages of all civilized powers. The Spanish authorities proved that the vessels fired upon were not only within six miles of the shore, but actually within three miles—the limit of jurisdiction claimed by the Governments of all maritime nations.

A Beautiful Kind of Memorial Tablet is to be seen in Philadelphia. It is that to an English boy who visited this country with his father in the Centennial year. While going the round of the city charitable institutions, the boy and his father came to the Hospital for Sick Children, and with this the boy was especially pleased. He never tired of talking of the children suffering so much pain, yet cheerful, because they were so carefully tended and in such a happy place. The hospital seemed to fill the boy's thoughts and his conversation, and his letters to his mother in England were full of the subject. During his stay here, he was attacked by typhoid fever and died. His parents, considering the subject of a monument to his memory, thought of the Hospital, and now, over a bed in which lies a crippled child is the inscription "In memory of Edward M——, of Kent, England." If the boy could have chosen for himself, he could not have desired a better memorial.

Still Another Fatal Steamboat Disaster, this ne on the Detroit River. On Friday July 23d, e Garland, an excursion steamer with 1200 ssengers on board, ran into the Mamie at a int nine miles below Detroit, cutting her in o and sinking her instantaneously. The mie had only twenty-four persons on board, of these, sixteen were drowned. It was a ar, moonlight night, and the vessels were dis ctly visible; it is supposed that the Garland s racing with another steamer, and was be d control when the Mamie was sighted. The wned persons were a Roman Catholic priest members of his flock.

Thief's Hoard.—Two Men, while Bathing he Arkansas River, forty miles east of Pueblo, July 18th, found an iron pot containing $3000 old and silver. A letter concealed in a buck purse found in the pot is yellow with age, is dated April 13th, 1860. It says: "I stole money in Chicago from a farmer. My part died in Kansas City, March 15th. I am g to New Mexico. If anybody finds this pot can keep the money. A. T. T." So the ey stolen twenty years ago came to light. often happens, the proceeds of his crime had of no use to the thief.

raid to Tell.—A Little Girl Named Kirchof at Paterson, N. J., recently, from the effect juries brought about in a singular manner. ut three weeks before, she fell from a swing broke her shoulder-blade. She feared that e told her mother, she would be punished etting into the swing without permission, he went uncomplainingly to her work, and ined at her employment for a week, until a nt fever resulted from the injury, and then acts came out. But it was too late to save rom the effects of her neglect of the wound, he died because she was afraid to tell her er. How happy is the Christian who can his Father with confidence and confess his assured of mercy (Heb. 4 : 16).

icnic of Deaf Mutes was a Strange Spec- witnessed in New York on July 13th. The bers of the Manhattan Literary Association af mutes, with their friends, left New York day's enjoyment at Oriental Grove. The bers of the association numbered seventy nd the remainder of the company, also deaf s, over two hundred in number, were ls and relatives of the members, and hailed New York, Boston, New Jersey, Connecti d Philadelphia. It was the fourth annual and by much the largest of any held thus A good many *deaf mute couples* were on with their children, and it was interesting te how the mothers put their babies to by certain peculiar movements of the facial es. Dr. Gallaudet, whose mother was a ute, and whose wife is in the same cate was on board, in company with his assist St. Ann's Church, Rev. John Chamber Rev. Job Turner, of Richmond, Va., *a ute clergyman* of the Episcopal Church, veral others.

nvicts' Court of Justice.—"The Convicts penitentiary," says *The Southern Chris dvocate*, at Greensboro', Ga., "have a court which they try their offenders. There is ge, a prosecuting officer and a sheriff, ter of whom applies the lash according to ce." These men—judges, officer, and sher ve themselves been condemned by legal before they hold their court. It is a type world's courts of justice, in which all en must one day appear before the judgment God to answer for their sins, unless they reviously made their peace by faith in

Wreck of a Family.—A New York Daily relates the following melancholy ac "The Bennett family moved in the most able society in Cincinnati ten years ago. her was the Western manager, for several rance companies, was worth about *a mil* lars, and had a princely residence at Clif uburb of the city. His wife was a bril auty, and the entertainments over which she presided were notably fine. His daughter, Blanche, carefully reared and educated, witty and pretty, was the light of the house. A son was the remaining member of the family. The first change in this household was the elopement of the wife. She went to Chicago, where she died in disgrace. The son fell among bad associates, and finally went to prison for stealing. In St. Louis, a few days ago, a ragged rum-crazed woman was arrested. This was Blanche. The heart-broken father, having lost his fortune, is a clerk in a Western insurance agency." A house in which religion is not the guiding principle is built on the edge of a precipice. Ruin in this world and the next may overturn it in spite of its apparent security.

A Deaf Mute's Acquiescence in God's Will was touchingly evinced in an asylum recently. A visitor was particularly struck with the comeliness and intelligence of one of the young inmates. He entered into conversation with the boy, and found him not only mentally bright, but a sincere Christian. At length he ventured upon a most delicate inquiry: "Why did God make you deaf and dumb, and me to hear and speak?" The boy took the chalk and wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." What a lesson for Christians who repine at the hardships of their lives!

A Lady's Handkerchief was by the Blessing of God the means of rescuing William Wirt from a career of drunkenness and vice. He was devotedly attached to a beautiful and accomplished young lady in his young days, but had developed qualities which alarmed her for his future. She had seen him intoxicated and had entreated him to become a total abstainer, but without avail. He made promises of amendment which, however, he did not keep. Finally she told him she would not continue the engagement, and they parted. She did not see him again for some time, during which he sank deeper in vice. But one day in Richmond she saw him lying asleep intoxicated on the sidewalk. Even in his degradation she pitied him, and drawing forth her handkerchief, she spread it over his face and hurried away. When Wirt came to himself he found the handkerchief, and in one corner the beloved name. With a heart almost breaking with grief and remorse he made a vow of reformation. He kept the vow, and eventually married the owner of the handkerchief.

A Blasphemer Drowned.—A few days after the immersion of several persons, a wicked young man took a sheep to the same place in the stream, and, with fearful oaths, swore he could baptize as well as the minister. The shore of the stream was of very gradual slope, so that there was no apprehension of danger from deep water. Three of his comrades stood on the shore to witness his blasphemous performance. Taking the sheep in, and holding it by its fore feet, he pronounced the formula of baptism, and as he leaned over to immerse the sheep, the animal struck him with its hind feet, knocking him into the water, and he was drowned while his comrades stood looking on. When asked why they did not help, and try to save him, they said they were perfectly paralyzed, and could not stir.

A Mountain Swallowed Up.—In Revelations 6 : 14, we read that among the appalling physical phenomena which are to accompany the breaking of the sixth seal, "every mountain" is to be "moved out of its place." What that scene will be, may be imagined from a phenomenon recently witnessed in South America. On June 7th, the inhabitants of San Luis Potosi were startled by a tremendous sound, resembling a thunderclap of unprecedented loudness. Shortly afterward, intelligence reached the town that a small mountain situate near the outskirts of San Luis, had sunk into the bowels of the earth leaving a vast gulf, some six hundred feet in breadth. For some hours after the sudden disappearance of the mountain the surface of the ground immediately adjacent to this huge cleft continued to be agitated by *volcanic action*.

GOD GLORIFIED BY CHILDREN'S MOUTHS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

In connection with the Centenary of Sabbath-Sch

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."—PSALM 8 : 2.

The Power of God Displayed in Human Weakness—The Enemy met with in the Moral and Spiritual Sphere—I. There is a Conflict—At Present God uses Spiritual Means—A Day when all the Resources of Nature will be Used—II. The Weapons are very Singular—The Commission of the Apostles—"It must anger Satan"—The Weapons Smite by Prayer—By Praise—By Testimony—III. The Warriors Remarkable—Childlike Men and Women—IV. Their Qualification lies on Their weak Side—The Power to Suffer—The Science of Growing Weeds—The Pernicious German Theology—V. A Loving Reverence for Childhood—The Insanity of Doubting Children's Conversions—Victory through Children—What Children do in City Homes.

THIS psalm sings of the grandeur of God as seen in creation. Who has not been impressed with the sight of the starry sky, and the moon walking in her brightness? Truly God is great! Who can stand at night and gaze upward to yonder distant worlds without saying, "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! who has set Thy glory above the heavens."

The psalm with equal vigor treats of the condescension of God, which is all the better seen when we have a view of his greatness and glory. It is not for us to stoop, we are so low already. We sometimes use the word condescension in reference to man; but worms were never raised so high above their meaner fellow-worms as to be capable of real condescension; that belongs to God alone. "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

This morning our subject is the power of God displayed in human weakness—strength out of babes' mouths; the way He glorifies Himself by using the very least and causing them to show forth His praise to the confusion of His adversaries.

There is a glory of God to be seen in creation, but in redemption there are peculiarly bright manifestations. In creation there was no opposition. When God framed this world there was no opposing force to fight against Him. "He spake and it was done." Absolute nothingness was no hindrance to the creation "in the beginning," neither were chaos and darkness resisting forces in the after-framing of the world. "Let there be light," said God, and there was light. He speaks life, and things live; no trace of rebellion is seen.

It is in the sphere of moral and spiritual things that "the enemy" is met with, and here is a labor worthy of a god—to overthrow this enemy and still the evil voice which curses the sons of men. It is in conquering the opposition of the powers of evil that God gets to Himself a glory more remarkable than that which He obtains by the greatest feats of creative power.

I. So our first thought is that

THERE IS A CONFLICT.

Our text speaks of "enemies," and of "the enemy and the avenger." We know who the enemies are. Are they not the seed of the serpent? Are they not the men of this world, the children of darkness? The enemies of God are all men who have not been renewed in the spirit of their minds; all who have not been turned "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

God has—alas that we should have to say it!—many enemies; and, above all, there is *the* enemy, that leading spirit, the "prince of the power of the air," who hath dominion over the children of dsobedience, and over those apostate angels whom He seduced into mutiny, so that they revolted with him from beneath the standard of God; the devil and Satan is the enemy who contends against the cause of truth and love, which is the cause of God.

Ever there rages a tremendous battle between good and evil, between God and this avenger, and the evil powers associated with him. This battle rages from day to day, and will never cease till the Lord hath put all enemies under the feet of His glorious Son, who is manifested to destroy the works of the devil. Victory shall crown the strife between good and evil, and the cry shall be heard, "Hallelujah: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

This strife began—I hesitate to conclude the sentence—for *the origin of evil* is not revealed; but the first historic circumstance we know of was the revolt of the angels who kept not their first estate. How they fell we think we know; but to a large extent our notions are, as a rule, drawn rather from poetical imagination than from positive history; but we do know that the devil was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth (1 John 8:44), and that "God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell" (2 Peter 2:4).

Satan carried the warfare into this world at the fall. Finding a happy pair in Eden, he seduced them with a lie, leading them to partake of the fruit of which their God had said, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." From that fell moment the conflict has never ceased throughout the whole human family, and you find everywhere the seed of the serpent in conflict with the "seed of the woman."

God leads the armies of the right and the true against the spiritual wickedness which maintains the throne of wrong and falsehood. The serpent's seed has continued to fight against the Lord Jesus and against His chosen ones, using all sorts of weapons against them: by lying and slandering, by false doctrine, by soft temptations, by cruel persecutions, by death itself, the enemies have sought to destroy the children of the living God.

It is *a battle royal* here below, even as it was above; for we read, "There was war in Heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven." The day shall come when there shall be no place found for evil upon earth; but till then, the god of this world seeks to destroy the Lord Jesus Christ, and all that are in Him, and we must wrestle with him until we prevail.

On God's part this conflict is mainly carried on by moral and spiritual means. He does use other means at times, and He will in the end use all the resources of nature for the overthrow of His adversaries. For the most part, however, this battle is not with weapons of nature, but with weapons of grace, and as far as we have to do with it, it is never with the confused noise of warriors and garments rolled in blood; for "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," though they are "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

II. Secondly, in this conflict,

THE WEAPONS

are very singular. What are those weapons? The text replies, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength." Bring hither yon sweet babe, and let us look into its lovely face! See that little mouth—it challenges a kiss; and note with joy that God may use that little mouth as His conquering weapon against the devil. By men's mouths God's warfare is carried on, and all mouths that have ever spoken for Him were once the mouths of "babes and sucklings." I have seen many *ancient cannon* upon which were moulded in bronze the words, "The last argument of kings." Yes, but the gracious arguments of the King of Kings are sent home by a human mouth; these mouths are fashioned and framed on purpose to hurl against the enemy the hot shot of the Gospel.

It must *greatly anger Satan* to think that his craft is not met by craft, nor his clever devices by the wisdom of the world, but that God uses the foolishness of preaching to overthrow him. When our Lord sent out His apostles He did not commission them to assemble squadrons of soldiers, but He bade a tongue of fire sit on each one of them: He did not charge them to establish His religion by the authority of earthly princes, and seek for it the endowments of the state, but He gave them the endowment of the Holy Ghost, and the power to speak His Gospel.

"What gifts, what miracles He gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

"Thus arm'd, He sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
'Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
Go, spread the mystery of His cross.'"

Already the testimony of feeble men has been used as the great power of God to subdue the nations to Himself. Satan's kingdom has been shaken and the empire of Jesus extended by the gracious words which have proceeded out of human mouths, mouths which once were those of sucklings.

Seest thou there, fiend of hell, the armory of God? Dost thou see, in *yonder infant class*, the weapons which the Lord is preparing against thee? The child that sucks at its mother's breast is born to smite thee with his words, and ere long, when the Spirit of God shall rest upon him, he shall batter down thy high places with his proclamation of the Gospel. O smiter of the human race, the youngest, weakest, feeblest of the sons of Adam shall yet tread thee under foot. God shall make use of children's mouths to vanquish and silence the enemy and the avenger.

How are these singular weapons used? These strangely soft, yet sharp, feeble, yet mighty, weapons—how are they used? They smite the enemy by *prayer*. Children pray while they are children, and, blessed be God, their little pleadings are heard in heaven. I like to remember the words of Luther when things were going very badly. He went into a room and found a number of children in prayer, and he exclaimed, "It is well, for the children are praying for us: God will be sure to hear them." O blessed power of prayer, nothing can stand against thee! The man, the child, the babe who knows but how to pray shall certainly prevail with God, and "still the enemy and the avenger."

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,"

and yet it is one of the most effectual forms of assault against the powers of darkness.

These little mouths, too, shall be used for *praise;* and that is another powerful blow against the avenger; for whenever we praise God we cast down the pride of the great enemy. Praise glorifies God, and that is what Satan cannot bear. In proportion as God is glorified he feels himself degraded, and therefore it is a blessed thing to magnify the Lord. Little children, when they are rightly taught, early praise the Messiah, and, as they grow up, with deeper voices and fuller volume of sound, but perhaps not even then with truer heart, they praise and bless the God of their fathers. The mouths of babes and sucklings are used by God to lower the pride of His adversaries, while they cry "Hosannah!" and sing the praise of Jesus' name.

Nor is this all, for out of man's mouth God sends forth *testimony* by His Holy Spirit, and this is the sharpest blow of all. The enemy dreads nothing so much as witness-bearing to the Gospel, for he knows that it pleaseth God "by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Under the head of testimony I would include all sorts of speech concerning our Lord Jesus and the Gospel of our salvation, whether it proceeds from the mouths of men, women, or children. The testimony of Jesus is strength, however feeble may be the voice which utters it. Whoever publishes the salvation of Jesus Christ is, with his mouth, smiting the enemy.

How sweet to think, dear brethren and sisters, that we never know what one child's mout can do! One would like to have seen littl George Whitefield when first he began to prattle. Who would have thought that the mout of such a youngster would utimately set tw nations on fire by its zealous declaration of th truth? I should like to have seen John Wesley, when he was a little child, on the knee of that remarkable woman, "the mother of the Wesleys"—who would have thought that he would rouse the masses as he did? Mouths that pray, and praise, and publish salvation, are the Lord's pieces of ordnance, with which He defeats His adversaries in the great battle of salvation.

III.—REMARKABLE WARRIORS.

Let us notice, in the third place, that *the warriors in this warfare are very special.* The weapons are singular, and the warriors themselves are remarkable, for the text says that God perfects His praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. We may read this spiritually with the warrant of Scripture; for, first, such as are like babes in spirit are God's chosen. Their character cannot be better described than by calling them "new-born babes who desire the unadulterated milk of the word."

Childlike men and women, simple-hearted honest, trustful, loving spirits are the chosen o God. Those who are so very wise, and know suc a great deal that they feel bound to cavil, pic holes, and raise idle questions--these are *not God elect.* He does not choose the wise, but th foolish things; those who do not know, no pretend to know, but take their instructio from the Divine Teacher. As to mere knowledge, which puffs up so many, there are som things which believers do not wish to know some difficulties which they do not desire r moved; they are glad to have ample room an verge enough for faith, and though this caus wise people to despise them, they care little f that since their names are written in heave and it is out of their mouths, weaklings as the are, that God has ordained strength.

Nay, more than this, not only are such t Lord's chosen, but such are his witnesses. want to call attention to that, because in th 25th verse of the 11th of Matthew our Lord w speaking to His apostles. He had been sen ing them out to preach; and the evangeli records, "*At that time* Jesus answered a said"; that is to say, at the very time when sent out these special servants of His who we in the judgment of scribes and Pharisees not ing better than poor babes: He thanked G because they were of a kind which He deligh to use; He thanked God that He had not co mitted the Gospel revelation to the wise and the noble, but unto these childlike ones who h guileless minds, and capacity for believing a nothing more.

These poor men could do little else but spe when they were spoken to, and say what they w told, and that is the best qualification for a m ister that I know of—for him to speak only wh God speaks to him, and then utter what God said to him and nothing more. The Fat chooses just such.

Those who are reputed to be wise men do praise too much; they go upon the non-co mittal principle, and prefer criticism to gr tude. They are always criticizing the weath if it is good for the turnips it is bad for wheat, and if dry for hay-making it is too for something else. The worldly-wise man ne says, "Blessed be God for this delightful son; nothing can be better; we are highly vored." No, he thinks *he shows his wisdom finding fault*; God Himself cannot escape His sage remarks; but if a man is not enough to be for ever grumbling, but is *so fo as to be happy*, so foolish as to believe the tr so foolish as to trust in the most trustworth al' beings, namely, his God--he is also the of man that praises God, and from such hearts God gets His chief praises.

Our Lord Jesus Christ is coming again, not to ride upon an ass, or upon a colt, the foal of an ass, but to reign in glory ; and when He cometh the first to meet Him and salute Him will be those poor, babe-like ones, who did not boast of culture, but believed in God ; who knew little, but yet knew their Lord, and longed for His appearing, sighing often, "Oh, that He would come and end the strife ! Even so, come, Lord Jesus !"

WEAKNESS THE BEST QUALIFICATION.

IV. Now let us note, in the fourth place, that *he qualification of these warriors lies in their eak side.* If it lay on the strong side the text ould have been written in another manner, and e should have read, "Out of the mouth of en of middle age, in the prime of life—out of he mouth of wise old men, who have gray airs upon their head, indicative of their long xperience—out of their mouths God has or- ained strength ;" but He takes men at their eakest and speaks of "babes," or children ho are quite young. The word must not be onfined to infants, for it includes young children who are able to run about the streets.

The sucklings also are older children than they ould represent with us, for eastern mothers ften nurse their children till they are three ears of age, so that some sucklings speak dis- nctly. The idea is that if you take man at his ast, out of his mouth God ordains strength. e regards not man as grown up and strong, t man in his greatest weakness, and out of e mouth of weak man God ordains strength. hat doth this teach ? I take it that whatever is eakest about man is that in which the grace of od glorifies itself most.

Man is not only a soul and spirit, but he is in rt material, and hence a poor creature, com- sed in part of the lower elements. He is not re spirit, like an angel, but linked on to other earth by a body of clay, cumbrous and mpering. He is a worm, and yet an angel ; lf-way between dust and deity ; brother to e worm and to corruption, and yet immortal. Satan is no doubt filled with scorn of man en he looks at him and measures him with mself. "Is this the creature that is to be set er all the works of God's hands—made of earth d water, phosphates and metals ? I am no- r far than he. Can I not flash like lightning, ile he must creep about the world to find nself a grave ?" Yes, but herein is the glory God's conflict and victory. The Lord intends overcome the prince of evil by a poor creat- e like man, who is but of yesterday, and is shed before the moth.

t is glorious to my mind that the Lord should gn to embody His power in weak creatures as are, and in that way make Satan see that the ht and the true in the feeblest being is uncon- erable, and that in this form God carries the r into His own territory and defeats him. us the Lord puts the adversary to a perpetual roach. He pits a child against his giant foe l overcomes him. He hurls defiance to Satan of a babe's mouth. Go thy way, O enemy ; u art dishonored by the victory which fee- ness gains over thee.

e have *the power to suffer*, and herein lies a at part of our qualification to do the Lord's vice before His enemies. It is our Redeem- qualification. He could not save us until suffered, He could not redeem us until He l ; not His strength, but His weakness ed us, for He was crucified in weakness, and hat crucifixion He redeemed our souls.

hink of the men and women who have glori- God on beds of sickness, bearing their pains patience, and blessing God all the while. nk of the many on the rack and at the stake have there extolled the Lord their God ! e music lies not in the sound, but in the it of the song, and hence, I say, none can ch, much less excel, the songs of the martyr . Blessed be God that we can suffer.

e should be denied a privilege if we had not been able to endure the will of God as well as to do it. Surely of all diadems, that crown which is set with rubies, the crown which adorns the martyr's brow, is the most resplendent. Yes, it is man's weak side, his suffering and his dying side, by which God has shown the enemy that men can love their God even unto death, that virtue can triumph over all selfishness, that true hearts can make sacrifices, that mortal man can defy temptation, and can, through God's grace, follow after that which is good to the uttermost of loss and pain.

Now, dear brethren, dwell on this thought, and meditate on the fact that our power to serve God lies on our weak side. He uses not our greatness but our littleness.

You know what the learned men say is the weak part of some of us—they put it something like this : "We regret the preacher's total inability to keep abreast of the times ; his incapacity for modern thought, and his want of affection for the higher culture, which is so much the characteristic of this marvellously enlightened century." That is our weakness. Yes, *and our strength*, and therefore we glory in it. "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." If all God's servants will come to this, they will secure far more success than by the pretentious style of so-called "culture," which is nothing but *the science of growing more weeds than usual.*

We will believe what God says, and take it as a matter of fact just as a child does. And oh ! what a sweet thing a child's faith is ! Many a time when a dear little girl has come to join the church, and looked at me with her expressive, believing eyes, which seemed to see Jesus, I have admired and envied her pure, unquestioning confidence. Knowing nothing about those horrible doubts which are now sown like thistles everywhere, such as these have the rest of faith without its struggles.

I have desired to be a little child again, and wished that I had never heard of the existence of a quibbler. *Those fine books* of the broad school which came from Germany years ago, but which we now produce at home, it is a pity to have seen the binding of them. Even doctors of divinity favor us with denials of plenary inspiration, and aid in that form of undermining work ; they may have all their books so long as we can keep our Bibles, and God gives us firm faith in Himself. Let us but know Jesus and lean our heads on His bosom, and the learned men may speculate as they please.

V. That leads me, in finishing, to plead for a loving

REVERENCE FOR CHILDHOOD.

If the Lord uses the weak side of man, and if He is engaged to win His ultimate victory over the devil by feeble man at his feeblest, then *God bless the children !* It seems to me that in the Lord's battle there is always a babe in the fore-front. The armies of olden times placed a huge champion in their van, like Goliath of Gath ; but it is not so in God's army ; there *a babe leads the way.*

Pharaoh oppresses Israel, and crushes the people down till their cry goes up because of their sore bondage. God is going to deliver them. How does the work begin ? Here is the opening of the campaign : "And the daughter of Pharaoh went down to the river to wash herself," and there she spied a little ark made of bulrushes, which she sent her maid to fetch, and there was a Hebrew child within it. "And behold ! the babe wept." Thus was the champion of Israel introduced upon the scene ; the goodly child whom his parents in faith had hidden was he by whom God would break Rahab in pieces.

The still loftier story of the battle of the Lamb opens in like manner : "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." "She brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swadnling clothes, and laid him in a manger." That was the signal for the heat of the conflict : that babe led the way. The holy child Jesus is at the head of all our marches. One may well honor infancy and childhood since this is the case.

Let our subject prevent our entertaining doubts about the possibility of children's conversions : that would be insanity, and almost blasphemy. Do you not know that except ye be converted, and become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven ? Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The childlike spirit is no disqualification ; in some respects it is a vantage ground.

Christianity is

THE RELIGION OF CHILDREN.

Other religions aim at older folk, and pretend to mystery. Other religions are not worth understanding, but yet they affect depth, and secresy ; you must be initiated, and pass through years of study before you can hope to derive any advantage from them ; but the religion of Jesus Christ was meant for the poor and for the lowly. If a preacher can interest a child he can interest anybody. Is it not all a mistake when we say, "Oh ! he is only fit to talk to children. If he is fit to do this he is fit to talk to apostles.

Let us heartily believe, also, in *children's praises.* I am sure you must do so if you are like your Lord, for He delighted in them. He would not stop the boys when they shouted "Hosannah !" The scribes sneeringly asked, "Hearest thou what these say ?" Yes, He did hear it, and He said, "Out of their mouths God has perfected praise."

Let the children sing, and thank God they do sing. Never despise them. Do not say, "Oh, they are *only a parcel of boys and girls.*" What if they are ? May they not be a better parcel than some of you ? If we were half as free from guile and unbelief as boys and girls it would be better for us : if we could get the simple trustfulness of childhood back again it would be a great gain to character.

Last of all, let us expect victory to come to the Church through little children. It may happen that God will bring the world to Christ's feet by the children. It is written, "A little child shall lead them." Who knows how many are led to Jesus by children ? This city of ours is better evangelized by our Sunday-schools than by all the rest of us put together. I don't mean to flatter Sunday-school teachers, but I must speak well of the children.

When they go home they find that father is hardly dressed, he has not been to a place of worship, but he has been reading the Sunday paper ; he does not want any of your singing and preaching. Little Mary and Tommy come back, and they don't ask him anything about it, but they begin to sing, and when they have their dinner they talk about what teacher said, and perhaps they say something about the sermon, and so *father gets more singing and preaching than he bargained for.* When they go to bed they clasp their little hands and pray for their father, and he is obliged to hear them : thus he gets praying as well as singing.

The children are missionaries, and they enter where others cannot. The city missionary may be shut out, but father cannot shut out Tommy or Mary, and they must be let to sing or they will cry, and that is worse ; so that their witness cannot be silenced. What little children are doing for London and for our great cities it is impossible for us to calculate. The darlings die, and in this they often do more than by their lives.

How many hard hearts have been broken, and stubborn wills subdued, by *the deathbeds of infants !* How many a mother has had her first desires for heaven kindled by the flight of her little cherub up to the bosom of Christ ! They do God's work here below in a wonderful manner. It is true, and will be truer every day, that out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord has ordained strength, because of His enemies, that He might still the enemy and the avenger. God's blessing be with all of you who work among the children. Amen.

[Portions of Scripture read before Sermon.
Ps. 8 ; Matt. 21 : 1-16; 1 Cor. 1 : 18-31.]

A SAILOR'S DESPAIRING DEATH IN JAIL.

By an Evangelist.

ONE of the wardsmen of the county jail called upon me one day and said, "There is a man in prison who is very ill, and who has a great desire to see you." Finding that the case was an urgent one, I went immediately.

On reaching the jail I was conducted to the infirmary; and there, stretched on one of the beds, lay a man, about thirty years of age, whose wasted countenance and laboring breath and the bright hectic flush on his cheeks told too plainly that he was in the last stage of consumption. I found on inquiry that he was *a sailor*, and that he had been sentenced to an imprisonment of some months for felony. He had been in his boyhood a scholar in a Sunday-school, and then, and for some time after, he had been in the habit of attending a faithful ministry.

He was evidently well acquainted with the Scriptures; for when, in pointing out to him his need of salvation, and explaining the way of life through Jesus, I quoted such passages as I deemed appropriate, he immediately took them up and completed them quite correctly. For example: "God so loved the world," I said, "that He gave His only begotten Son"—he continued, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3 : 16). "The blood of Jesus Christ"—"His Son," he added, "cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1 : 7). "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation"—"that Christ Jesus," he continued, "came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief" (Tim. 1 : 15). I found, in short, that there was not a passage to which I referred with which he was not perfectly acquainted.

"Well, now," I said, "cannot you take the comfort these promises afford? Cannot you commit yourself, as a lost sinner, into the hands of Jesus? His blood can cleanse you from all your sins. If you believe in Him, you will not perish, but have everlasting life; the 'faithful saying' is for you. Cannot you believe all this, and trust in the Lord Jesus for salvation?"

"No, sir," he replied, "I cannot."

"But why should you not?" I remonstrated. "The Lord Jesus is just as willing to save you as He is to save me, or anybody else that ever believed in Him. He is as willing as He is able to save you now, and to save you to the uttermost."

Still the reply was, "No, sir, I cannot believe."

I remained with him as long as I thought it prudent to do so, considering his extreme weakness; and I endeavored, to the best of my ability, to assure him of the perfect willingness of Jesus to give him everlasting life; but all in vain. To the last he gave only the same despairing reply.

I prayed with him, and then took my leave, entreating him to think about what I had said, and to lift up his heart in prayer to God for the gift of the Holy Spirit, to clear away his darkness and unbelief.

I went to see him again the following morning. As soon as I entered the infirmary I saw that the bed on which he had lain the previous day was unoccupied. My heart sank within me, and I said to myself, "Can it be that he is dead?" Thinking it possible, however, that he might have been removed to another room, for the sake of greater quietness, I said to the prisoner who had been his attendant, and who stepped up to me after I had stood a few moments looking at the vacant bed, "Well, how is the poor young man this morning?" "He's gone, sir," was the reply.

"Gone!" said I; "and how?"

"Oh, sir," he replied, "it was terrible. About half an hour after you had left he said to me, 'There's another blood-vessel gone!' and sure enough it was so; for the bed-clothes were dyed with blood. He wanted very much to see you again, sir. 'Send for that man,' he said. 'What man?' we asked. 'That young man,' he answered. He got rapidly worse, and his last words were, 'There's nothing but hell and damnation for me;' and soon after he died."

The speaker was deeply affected. I said a few words to him about the necessity of attending immediately to his own salvation, and expressed my hope that what he had just witnessed would make a permanent impression on his heart and life. Many years have passed since then, but the whole scene still rises before me almost as distinctly as if the events I have narrated had taken place only yesterday—that prison-room, with its massive walls and its grated windows; the sufferer—his worn countenance, the anxious looks he fixed on me as I spoke to him, his feeble voice, and his words of utter hopelessness; and many a time I have thought of that death-bed with sorrowful pity.

People who do not believe in Jesus die very different deaths. Sometimes there is reckless hardihood; sometimes there is callous insensibility; sometimes there is a peace which springs from complete delusion; and sometimes, as in the case which has been described, there are terrors which nothing can allay. But in any case it is a mournful thing, to one who knows with what solid peace the Gospel of Christ can cheer a death-bed, that men should die without its consolations. Oh that the unconverted would cry earnestly to God for the sake of Jesus Christ, to forgive their sins, and bestow upon them His Holy Spirit.

A STRIKE AGAINST POVERTY.

IN a Prussian roadside inn one hot summer's day several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men, who looked quite in keeping with it, were railing at the anomalies of the world, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the misery and hardships of the poor.

During the conversation a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese while his team rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently to the talk, and then joined in, saying, "You must strike!"

"Strike against what?" asked the peasants.

"Against poverty?" answered the young man, "and the weapon with which to strike is work."

"Well said! Sensibly spoken!" laughed the peasants.

"It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible," continued the stranger, "but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I wouldn't work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the alehouse, and like lightning the money was out and the brandy was in. I went from place to place—that means, that everywhere I was turned away, for *no master wants a loafer* about. I'd soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public-houses as a fiddler. Wherever any one would hear me, I scraped my violin, but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt to my back.

"Soon I grew tired of music, and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. People said a healthy young fellow, like I was, ought to work. That enraged me. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upside down that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman (he is, as I afterward heard, a writer of books); he kept glancing at me and I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me a good alms, and so he did. I'm spending it still."

"What was it?" asked the men, who had listened attentively.

"He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm-servant, and sent from place to place—in short, I told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, 'Show me your hands!' Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushed up my shirt sleeves, and again shook his head.

"'What powerful hands! What strength there must be in those arms!' he said. 'My lad, you must join in the war."

"'In what war?' I asked.

"'In a war against your misery!' he exclaimed in a loud voice. 'You fool, you imagine you are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad idea! He only is poor who is sick in body or in mind. You are healthy in body and in mind. Good gracious! with such hands, poor! Set your wits to work and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong healthy limbs. Recover your senses and march forward in the war.'"

"Bravo! That was very good," laughed the peasants.

"And so I joined in the war," continued the young man. "I looked for a place, and now I am a farm-servant as before—nothing better and no richer; but I am content and industrious, and I have served the same master these five years and shall stay with him until one of us dies."

A WEAVER RELIEVED BY A DEAD RAVEN.

IN one of his recent publications Rev. C. H. Spurgeon relates the following remarkable incident:

A poor weaver once lived in the little German town of Wupperthal—a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich toward God, and well known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual utterance under all circumstances of trouble and perplexity. "*The Lord helps*," he was wont to say; and he said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time it was when, in a season of scarcity, work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master by whom our weaver was employed gave him his *dismissal*.

After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at last, "Well, the Lord helps," and so returned home. His wife, when she heard the sad news, bewailed it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he said; and even although, as the days went on, poverty pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on Him in whom he trusted.

At last came the day when not a penny was left—no bread, no fuel in the house; only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly his wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The window was open, and possibly the words were heard outside with which the weaver strove to keep up thei courage, "The Lord helps." Presently a stree boy looked saucily in, and threw *a dead raven* a the feet of the pious man. "There, saint there is something for you to eat!" he cried.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, an stroking its feathers down, said, compassion ately, "Poor creature! thou must have died o hunger."

When, however, he felt its crop to see whethe it was empty, he noticed something hard, an wishing to know what had caused the bird death, he began to examine it. What was h surprise when on opening the gullet *a gold nec-lace* fell into his hand! The wife looked at confounded; the weaver exclaimed, "The Lo helps," and in haste took the chain to the nea est goldsmith, told him how he had found i and received with gladness two dollars, whic the goldsmith offered to lend him for his prese need. The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinke and recognized it as one he had seen before.

"Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, wh the weaver called again.

"Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I wou gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of *his master at the factory!* Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from a servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully and kindly, "The Lord helps; and now you shall not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so faithful and pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need."

Thus He who fed Elijah by living ravens proves Himself equally able to supply the needs of His tried servant by the same bird when dead.

THE BRITISH POLITICAL REVOLUTION.

Its Prophetic Aspect.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(*Continued from page* 455.)

5. Troubles leading to Queen Victoria's Abdication—A Man must Reign over Great Britain in the Last Day—Gladstone's Unpopularity at Court—The Order of Coming Occurrences.

WE have already in the two former issues of he CHRISTIAN HERALD, dwelt upon *four prophetic events* toward which the new Liberal Parliament is a progressive step, and we now proceed to notice a *fifth* one:

5. The existence of an unprecedently strong Liberal government which may promote exreme Radical measures or a democratic policy distasteful to our Sovereign Lady the Queen, tends in the direction of occurrences which may lead to *her abdication in favor of the Prince of Wales*, as has already been rumored in recent imes, on the ground of advanced years and impaired health. Consequently, the present conjuncture of affairs points more than ever before oward the fulfilment of *Daniel's prophecy that A MAN SHALL BE REIGNING OVER BRITAIN* (whether he be a king or a republican president) at the time of the final crisis, hen the latter-day ten-kingdomed confederacy hall come into existence, and when Ireland shall e separated from England.

In Dan. 7 : 21 Cæsar's Roman Empire is represented in the last stage of its history, just before he Second Advent of Christ, as a wild beast ith ten horns, and the angel's explanation is hat "*the ten horns are ten kings that shall arise;*" hat is to say, they will arise *simultaneously at at period* to reign over the ten confederated ngdoms into which Cæsar's Roman Empire ill at that time become divided, viz., Britain, rance, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, yria, Central Turkey, and Bulgaria.

The plain language that "the ten horns are n *kings*," scarcely admits of the supposition at any one of the ten can be a *queen;* and, oreover, that statement that they are "ten ngs that *shall arise*, and another shall rise ter them," certainly implies that all the ten *ll arise as kings* at nearly *one and the same ne;* and the prophet deems it necessary to ate that an eleventh king, that then appears the scene arises *a little later* than the other n. Such particularity of description forbids e supposition that any one of the ten should ve arisen as a sovereign forty years previous some of the other ten. Yet we should have suppose that if our Queen were one of the n. Hence it is clear that when the ten confedated kings arise, *a male sovereign will be reign- over Britain*, and will be one of those ten. ese *ten kings* may, when they first appear, bout 1882-3, be republican presidents, but we line to think that Britain will not become a public until some three years later, and that therefore the ten kings at first may be crowned onarchs.

Now, if the end of this dispensation is about the year 1890, as prophetic reckonings seem unquestionably to show, then *the ten kings must be reigning about* A.D. 1882 *or* 1883, because they are predicted in Dan. 7 : 24, to appear on the scene *seven years before the end*, for *after* their appearance a little horn, or *eleventh king*, arises and subdues three of them, and then makes his covenant with the Jews for the period of the final seven years, according to Dan. 9 : 27.

Not only is the end of this age evidenced by the *prophetic dates* to be about A.D. 1890, but also the same conclusion is arrived at from the fact that *Prince Jerome Napoleon*, who seems indicated by various prophecies to be that *eleventh king* and future great Antichrist of the last days, will be sixty-seven years old in 1890, and consequently on this ground the end cannot be deferred much beyond the year 1890.

That a Gladstone Liberal Ministry may become extremely distasteful to the Queen, particularly if its home and foreign policy proves very different to that of Lord Beaconsfield, is evident from the fact that she is well known to regard with great admiration and favor Lord Beaconsfield and his policy, and to entertain a very marked and pronounced *dislike to Mr. Gladstone* and his policy. The omission of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone from the list of those invited to the Duke of Connaught's wedding, at Windsor, in 1878, has been much commented upon, as one of various signs of royal disfavor toward the Premier, for no precedent could be found for leaving out an ex-Prime Minister on such an occasion. Yet this outspoken and honest man of the people, who has been despised and disliked at Court, is the very man whom the nation has delighted to honor, and whose party has been placed by an amazing preponderance of votes at the helm of the state, while Lord Beaconsfield, the Court favorite, is rejected by the nation.

THE ORDER OF COMING OCCURRENCES during the decade of 1880 to 1890, which will be the most eventful and momentous decade in the history of our world, will be briefly as follows: Unprecedented wars and revolutions will produce (probably by about 1883) the formation of the whole extent of Cæsar's original Roman Empire into an *allied confederacy of ten kingdoms*—the *ten toes* and *ten horns*—viz., Britain separated from Ireland, France extended to the Rhine, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Thrace with Bithynia, and Bulgaria with some enlargements (as explained in the foregoing article). Then there will be parcelled *out of one of the four-horn kingdoms* of Greece, Egypt, Syria, or Thrace, *a little-horn kingdom—i.e.*, a small territory—such, for example, as Macedonia or Palestine, etc.—and a Napoleon (probably Prince Jerome Napoleon) will be appointed its ruler, and will thus become Daniel's *little horn* or sovereign arising out of one of the four horns, and predicted gradually to "wax exceeding great," and to subdue three of the ten kings, and also to make *a seven years' covenant with the Jews* about seven years before the end of this dispensation (Dan. 9 : 27). If the end is to be about 1890 he must make the covenant about 1883, but if he makes it after, the end will of course be proportionately later.

Then at the distance of eight months and ten days after the date of the covenant, the Jews will re-establish their daily morning and evening sacrifices in a rebuilt Jewish temple at Jerusalem, and thus commence Daniel's final 2300 literal days (Dan. 8 : 13, 14). Further on, at a distance of about two years, and a fortnight after the date of the covenant, there will occur the Advent of Christ into the aërial heavens to remove the resurrected saints and 144,000 translated living Christians to meet Him there, so as to escape the tribulation coming on the earth (see 1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17; 1 Cor. 15 : 51, 52; Rev. 14 : 1-5).

This astounding event will be followed by an unexampled revival of religion and universal preaching of the Gospel among the nations with new Pentecostal power (as depicted in Rev. 6 : 2, 14 : 6), until the great tribulation and worldwide persecution by the Napoleonic Antichrist commences in the midst of the seven years, and continues for the predicted term of three and a half years (Dan. 7 : 25, 9 : 27, 12 : 7; Rev. 11 : 2, 3; 12 : 6, 14; 13 : 5). The ten kingdoms, after being for a few months *red republics*, as prefigured by the crownless, scarlet, ten-horned wild beast coming up from the revolutionary "abyss," in Rev. 17 : 3–8, will become *crowned monarchies* for the space of the final three and a half years, as represented by the ten-horned wild beast of Rev. 13, with ten crowns on its horns, and those ten kings will give their power and strength to the Napoleonic Antichrist as their emperor, for he will "have power over all nations, and all that dwell on the earth shall worship him" (Rev. 13 : 5-8).*

This Napoleonic Mahomet will moreover sit in the rebuilt temple at Jerusalem, claiming Divine adoration (2 Thess. 2; Matt. 24 : 15), and his image, the abomination of desolation, will be set up in that temple and in numerous places throughout Christendom, and grievous penalties, and frequently death, will be decreed against those who refuse to worship it. Millions of people will be martyred throughout Christendom for refusing to bow before it, or to be marked with the number of his name, 666 † (see Rev. 13 : 8-18, 6 : 9-11, 15 : 2, 20 : 4).

The terrible plagues and judgments of the seven seals, seven trumpets, and seven vials, as foreshown in the Book of Revelation, will receive their final literal fulfilment chiefly during those final three and a half years, and the great tribulation will be intensified by the casting down of Satan and his evil angels from the atmospheric heavens to this earth for three and a half years, causing the announcement, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down to you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Rev. 12 : 7-14). Our globe will, in fact, during those three and a half years, be a hell upon earth, in accordance with the prophecy, "Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not from the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened" (Matt. 24 : 21).

At the close of those three and a half years (which will be the second half of the Napoleonic-Judaic covenant seven years) Christ will personally descend on Mount Olivet at the battle of Armageddon and translate alive to heaven a great multitude of living Christians, and destroy the Napoleonic Antichrist and the false prophet, and cast Satan into the abyss, and commence His glorious millennial regin for 1000 years over the surviving inhabitants of the earth, who will be then converted, and will increase and multiply until the earth is filled with a teeming population (see Zech. 14; Rev. 7 : 9, 19, 20; Isa. 66, etc.).

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* There will be *three successive forms* of the *ten-kingdomed confederacy*, or ten-horned wild beast: 1. When it primarily appears as the result of the coming wars, before the eleventh little horn arises, and subdues three of the ten horns, and consequently before the seven years' covenant. Later on, two years after the date of the covenant, there will distinctly exist *ten horns* at the time of the first fruits' ascension of watchful Christians—the catching up of the man-child, for the *ten-horned* dragon is to watch to devour it (Rev. 12 : 3–5). 2. When it becomes *scarlet colored* or *red republican* with the Scarlet Woman seated upon it—*i.e.*, the then Papal-Mahometan Hierarchy seated in temporal power upon the ten nations as their State Church, drunk with the blood of saints (Rev. 17 : 3–8). This will be the condition of the ten-kingdomed confederacy during an interval of some months just before the final three and a half years. 3. When it becomes *leopard-colored—i.e.*, *monarchical*, with ten *crowned* horns for the final three and a half years (Rev. 13 : 5). And then the Romish-Mahometan Apostasy will no longer be seated on it, but as a two-horned satellite, accompanying it. In this form it at last perishes (Rev. 19 : 19).

† 666 is the number of Napoleon's name in its Greek dative, inscriptive, dedicatory form, *Napoleonti*—thus—N 50, a 1, p 80, o 70, l 30, e 5, o 70, n 50, t 300, i 10—total 666.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page 478.*)

"A grand thing to do."

CHARLES turned his scheme over in his own mind, and talked of it to Julia and old Dunnit, cautiously at first, but with increasing pleasure every time he spoke of it. He would retain a good income for himself; but the bulk of the property should be made over to Ernest again. Mr. Wright approved of the plan heartily. He had always been proud of his nephew Ernest, though Charlie had been his favorite; and to see the former Clifford of Clifford once more, and immediately, would gratify his pride. Each one of his three counsellors encouraged Charles in his design.

Mr. Wright and he were discussing the preliminary arrangements when Charles was told that Ruth had at last revisited her old home, in order to see him. But though Ernest and Rose had described his condition to her, Ruth was taken by surprise when she saw the change that had passed over him. She was deeply agitated herself, for he was occupying her father's bedroom, and was lying on his bed utterly helpless, save for the feeble movement of the hand stretched out to her as she approached him.

His face was pale and worn, but it was more like Ernest's than it had been before; and his eyes looked up earnestly to hers, with a pathetic mournfulness of appeal in them. Ruth bent over him, and laid her lips gently upon his forehead, while her hand returned the faint pressure of his nerveless fingers.

"Thank you, Ruth; God bless you!" he exclaimed. He had known her, and almost worshipped her from his boyhood, and the tears started into his eyes as he looked up into her pitying face.

"I would do anything for you," she said eagerly; "Ernest and I will do anything in the world. You are our brother. There is nothing we are not ready to give up to comfort and help you."

"I am sure of it," he answered.

"Yes," she continued, stroking back the heavy hair from his hot forehead with her cool, caressing fingers, "I shall often be with you now. You shall not be left alone. Ernest and I have agreed that he shall be your steward and bailiff, to carry out your orders and attend to your interests; and as much as I can I will be your nurse.

"Ernest is fit to be a king," said Ruth, glancing round proudly at her husband, "but he will take the place of a servant to you, to take care of you, and your estate, and your people. You will know now that he is a good man; that he did not take your place to wrong you. As soon as you came back he gave up all to you of his own free will. My husband has always been a good, true man."

"Yes, I know it," said Charles, with a faint smile.

"Ruth is in a hurry to tell you our plans," said Ernest; "but you can think it over, Charlie. Clifford and Rockwood will want somebody to take care of them, and they are no more than I can manage well. Between you, you can pay me a fair salary, and Ruth and I can live here after you are gone home again. I should be close to you, and I should see you almost every day; you would be sure of having Ruth and Rose often. I think you will find it very much to your interest, when you come to look at it quietly."

"It's a good plan," interposed Mr. Wright abruptly and eagerly, lest Ernest's proposal should turn Charles from his purpose; "but Charlie's plan is ten times better. Sit down, my dear," he said, placing a chair for Ruth; "sit down, and let Charles tell you what he has proposed to do."

A short silence fell upon them. Ruth felt a little chill of disappointment, as if Ernest's magnanimous sacrifice of his own interests was being undervalued, and her clear dark eyes were fixed upon Charles's face inquiringly. He could not keep silence under their grave scrutiny.

"How long will it be before I could be taken home?" he asked, in the languid tones of pain.

"Months, perhaps," answered Ernest.

"Months?" he said mournfully. "No, never, till I am carried out dead. I may as well live here as anywhere else, if you call this living. Why should I undergo the agony of being moved? I'm not so fond of Clifford that I want to die where my poor old father died. I should think of his curses more at Clifford than here. No; leave me in peace here; I'll never go back to Clifford Grange."

"Who will live there, then?" asked Ernest.

"You and Ruth and your children," replied Charles. "I'm not a dog in the manger, to keep what I can never enjoy. Every one knows you are best fitted to be Clifford of Clifford, and I'm going to give it up to you again."

"No, no!" interrupted Ernest.

"Hold your tongue, Ernest!" cried Mr. Wright; "Charlie's in the right. You're not to be the only one to do a noble thing. Go on, Charlie, my boy. It's a grand thing to do; a noble, first-rate thing. You'll think of it many a time after it's done, and be glad and proud that you did it."

This little draught of praise acted as a stimulant to Charles's resolution. He met Ruth's earnest gaze with a smile, and spoke again with a stronger voice.

"I shall be glad to think of you both living at Clifford Grange," he said; "and, Ernest, I'm about to make over almost all to you. They say—Julia told me, and if it's not true you can say so—that the longer I live the weaker my brain will grow. It's an awful thing to think of. There will come a time when I might be foolish enough to do a rascally thing—such as leaving my lands away from you. Let me do a grand thing now, while I can. Perhaps God will let it be some atonement. It will be better for my soul, than if I kept all in my own hands."

"I cannot say anything now," answered Ernest, "but it is a grand thing for you to do. Charlie, my boy, I'd give worlds to have you my little brother again, and see you grow up master of Clifford. I would do more than I did to help you to be good and true. Would that one could recall the past!"

"Old Dunnit is eager for it," continued Charles, "and Uncle Wright approves of it. What can I do with lands and money? Let me have you and Ruth and Rose always near me; it is the only comfort I can have now. You shall call your eldest son Charles; and there will be a better Charles Clifford than I could ever have been. You cannot say anything but yes to it, Ernest."

But Ernest was in no haste to bring the question to a conclusion. He insisted upon Charles taking three months longer to consider his purpose, and to take the highest opinion as to the possibility of his future recovery. He had no desire to snatch hastily again the prize for which he had once forfeited his integrity. But at the end of that time Charles remained constant to his purpose.

There was universal joy in Clifford when it was announced that Ernest was coming back to the Grange as its actual owner. The circumstances of his reinstatement did not admit of any outward demonstrations of rejoicing; but the congratulations offered to him were fervent and deep. Old Dunnit was triumphant in his thanksgivings. William Britton felt as profound a joy as any one in welcoming back his friend; and Mrs. Britton expressed her rapture of delight, in terms as enthusiastic as if she had not tasted a moment's happiness since she had lost sight of Ernest and Rose.

It was autumn before Ernest would finally accept the settlement Charles was prepared to make, and before he found himself once more Clifford of Clifford. But already he had resumed his old life, as if he had never quitted it. The former routine, full of pleasant and congenial occupation to him, had closed round him, and filled up his days and weeks. There was only one change in his home; Ruth was in the place of his mother, at the head of his house.

Had he, then, paid the full penalty for his ol transgression? All the world was ready to forget it and blot it out of remembrance, now h was back again in his old sphere. In a littl while it would cease to note that Charles ha been Clifford of Clifford for the space of on short year. Had the dead past buried its dead

That which hurts us most in life is, that ther is *no retracing of our steps*, no calling back of th fugitive hours, no possibility of undoing tha which is once done. Every sin has an immorta existence. God alone can *blot out* sin. (Isa 44 : 22 ; Heb. 10 : 17).

Forgiven it may be, and forgotten for a while But while we live it can never be with us as i would have been had that sin never been born It meets us again and again through life; whispers to us in quiet moments; looks across th years to us with its pale, sad face, and in unexpected ways reminds us that it is ours; it belongs to us. It is the lie our own lips spoke the wrong our own hearts were guilty of.

Sometimes still, when Ernest met his frien William Britton tranquilly and contentedl trudging on foot, in any weather, to some distant corner in his parish, for no other purpos than to visit some sick old woman or look afte a truant child, it filled his mind with thought as to how it would have been with himself ha he remained the Vicar of Clifford, and continue to dwell in the little vicarage with Rose growing up beside him.

If he had explained the mistake that had bee made in burning his stepfather's will, Charl would have come home and entered at onc upon his inheritance; and he would have bee nothing else, if he remained in Clifford, than i poor vicar. He was the squire now, rightful and securely. Had he given too high a price f his possessions?

The payment was not to be remitted, becau he had at last retraced his steps into the narr pathway of integrity. There was a sleepi dread in the deepest recesses of his heart, th he had still the heaviest portion of his penal to bear. He talked and looked and acted as man free from anxiety; yet he was conscious a lurking anxiety which he dared not face. I was more fully occupied than ever; but in t midst of all his occupations he kept an alm stealthy watch over Rose, marking every chan in her face, and listening to every word s spoke.

Ernest's love for his daughter was somethi apart from all other love. She had been b while he was still in his earliest manhoo when he had no one else to love, after his fi hasty, boyish marriage had proved a mistake a blunder. Her mother's death had thrown child in utter dependence upon his care; a every stage of Rose's life stood fresh and cl in his memory.

He could recall a hundred images of her to mind. When his eyes rested upon her chan face, he recollected the rosy, merry girl, who filled the old rooms of the Grange with innoc fun and frolic; the questioning little child, w the shrewd curiosity of childhood, running at side through the village street; the small, h less baby lying in his arms, or sleeping in cradle on his study hearth. She represen every phase of childhood and girlhood to hi and his love for her was woven through through the tissue of his life.

It was quite evident that Rose was not reg ing her former bloom and strength in her na air. She spent a large portion of her tim Rockwood, as if she chose the stillness and gloom there in preference to her old home der its changed aspects. Before long the w over the cliffs proved too rough and fatig for her; and Ernest was obliged to drive round by the road, and leave her with mother when the weather was unsettled. began to miss her from his home often eno to feel what a blank would be there if she gone never to return. It was plain that it no longer homesickness that preyed upon h

(*To be continued.*)

ABRAHAM AND LOT.

S. Lesson for Aug. 8th—Gen. 13. Golden Text, verse 8. By Mrs. M Baxter.

WHEN " Abram went up out of Egypt, he and wife, and all that he had, and Lot with him o the south," he " was very rich in cattle and silver and in gold." But these riches were those of which God had spoken in His pro- me. " I will make thy name great," was the mise, but by reason of his prevarication aham's name was not great in Egypt ; " thou lt be a blessing " was not fulfilled where aham's want of candor must have rendered possible for him to speak with power about true and living and holy God. O let us are of any trifling with the truth, or any other nsistency which may shut our mouths and e it impossible to witness with a free heart he God of our salvation. Unconfessed sin ny kind, though it be but in a word or a pass- feeling, may clip our wings, so that we can- be free with God or with man until it is essed, forgiven, and cleansed by the blood hrist.

raham built no altar in Egypt. It was not mmunion with God that he left the land of ise, it was distrust of Him which led him e stratagem of denying his relationship to ife ; all this was human, and foreign to the f faith which God's Spirit had begun in But " he went on his journeys from the near to Bethel, unto the place where his had been at the beginning, between Bethel lai ; unto the place of the altar which he nade there at the first : and there Abram l on the name of the Lord." This teaches is great lesson. When there is any departure to God, there must be a coming back to the place where we were before there can be progress. This is humbling, but O ! how ary, to our proud and stubborn natural s.

ery sin after conversion is a treachery st the knowledge of God which we possess. now He is on our side, we know He has taken our cause, and if we fail it is be- we are untrue to what we know of Him, us there must be a coming back to the where we deviated from the straight line. thine eyes be straight on, and let thine s look straight before thee. . . . Turn the right hand nor to the left" (Prov. -27). But when we *have* turned to the right or to the left, the only remedy is to retrace eps until we come into the straight path there is no short cut by which we may re- he road without humiliation. Once re- to the land to which God had called him, the sacrifice, a type of the blood which th from all sin, the estrangement between am and his God was at an end ; he " called he name of the Lord."

Abraham was called upon to undergo a separation from his kindred. We read, also, which went with Abram, had and herds and tents. And the land was e to bear them that they might dwell to- : for their substance was so great that ould not dwell together." It would have an easy solution of the difficulty to part me of their substance, but alas this does sily occur to poor fallen human nature. d, " There was a strife between the herd- Abram's cattle and the herdmen of attle : and the Canaanite and the Periz- velled then in the land." That there be a strife between servants of God was enough, but in the presence of the un- for God's honor it must be stayed.

r day, the sin of disunion among God's s hindering the progress of truth in every There is too often, but thank God not death in our national churches. And o are raised up of God to witness to His d to be winners of souls, instead of re- ; in the churches in a position where they onstrued and despised, but at the same e bearing the Lord's burden, and receiving the education of humility and of suffering which *bride souls* must undergo—they take the easier path of separating themselves, making a little church of such as understand and appreciate them, and so foster the spirit of division. And thus it happens that in many a town there are children of God of different parties who will not so much as meet together in the same prayer-meetings, and the prayer of the Lord Jesus receives no "amen" from their hearts. " That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us : that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me " (John 17 : 21).

It was Abraham who first regarded contention as intolerable : he said unto Lot, " Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee ? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me ; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right ; or if thou will depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." Separate *thyself ;* it must be Lot's doing—Abraham would not do it. If Lot preferred his riches to the atmosphere of such a household as Abraham's he must go.

This is just the kind of test to which many a converted soul is put. Lot was a righteous (*i.e.* justified) man (2 Pet. 2 : 7, 8), but self interest was yet strong within him. The world says it is every man's duty to look after his own interests, and to do the best he can for himself, and those who gain large fortunes through the carrying out of this principle are " highly esteemed among men," but how often " abomination in the sight of God " (Luke 16 : 15). Many see their way to getting rich, obtaining honor, etc., without absolutely committing sin, but they are denying by the whole course of their lives the very principle of Christianity " He that loveth his life shall lose it," they do not know it is to deny themselves, take up their cross and follow Christ ; the love which " seeketh not her own " is an unknown principle, discipleship, the following in the footsteps of Jesus, the living no more unto themselves but unto Him which died for them and rose again, all this is ground they have never trodden on. (John 12 : 25 ; Luke 9 : 23 ; 1 Cor. 13 : 5 ; 2 Cor. 5 : 15).

And Lot was such an one. He " lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of the Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan ; and Lot journeyed east ; and they separated themselves the one from the other." Lot was the younger man ; had he possessed even natural refinement, it would have been becoming for him to yield the best of the land to Abraham. But the spirit of self dominated, and he chose the best for himself. " That was a good stroke of business," the men of this world would have said—" men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself" (Ps. 49 : 1). But another Eye is watching, and the cleverness of self interest awakens no admiration, and receives no praise, from the presence of the God of heaven.

We read on, " Abram dwelled in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelled in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom. But the men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." God does not waste words ; it is not for nothing that He thus describes the men of Sodom : " *Wicked* " were they, but as though the expression did not convey all His meaning He adds, " and *sinners before the Lord,*" but even to this strong statement He adds *exceedingly.* And Lot, for the sake of gain was ready to pitch his tent near to such, and he did it by choice. Had he no fear of the influence of the men of Sodom upon his own herdsmen ? O how often do men, and even converted men, undertake a business which is detrimental to the souls of those who are employed in it.

How often do large manufacturers think more of the money which is to be procured by the employment of so many " hands" than of the responsibility of standing in relation to so many souls, or of the influence *for* God or *against* Him which the manufactory may have in the town. " Their inward thought is that their houses shall continue forever, and their dwelling places to all generations : they call their lands after their own names" (Ps. 49 : 11). But selfishness reaps its own reward. " Be not deceived," says the Apostle Paul, " God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. (Gal. 6 : 8). In the miserable earthly end of Lot we see how he reaped his reward.

But in all things which occur God is working out His own purposes. Abraham must be separated from all his kindred save Sarah, his wife, before the full blessing of the Lord could come upon him, and God made use of the very self-seeking of Lot in order that Abraham might be freed from him. " And the Lord said unto Abram *after that Lot was separated from him,* Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward, and eastward and westward : for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth : so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee."

And as surely as God gave Abraham the land of promise, so surely is everything ours which the Lord Jesus has assured to us. The power of Pentecost is ours by the unrecalled Word of the living God. The same mighty Spirit who brought thousands to the feet of Jesus out of Judaism, out of Greek philosophy, out of barbarianism, He is the same Spirit who dwells in those of us who believe. Why then are we not walking through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it ? O instead of the sinful excuses for our want of power, instead of being satisfied when a mere handful of souls are led to the Lord, and they living a life far below their calling, instead of being content when one or two poor drunkards or lunatics are delivered from the awful power of the enemy, and in one or two cases sick people are healed, let us arise and walk through the length and breadth of our possessions, and learn at last to believe in our God and in the power of the name of Jesus.

The state of things around is crying out for a mighty lever to uplift the Church of Christ once again to her true level. The outward Church will remain as she is, " worse and worse " (2 Tim., 3 : 13), without doubt, but is there not a little remnant whom the Lord shall call ? (Joel 2 : 32), are there not here and there Simeons and Annas who speak to them who look for redemption ? We are children of Abraham, our very life breath is faith in the living God. O let us arise and walk through the land, for it is ours. God means all that He says, His Word is true from everlasting, instead of daring to doubt Him, let us dare to trust Him, and the inheritance of power which was committed to the Church on the day of Pentecost will be ours.

" Then Abram removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord." Hebron means fellowship. " God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord." " That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us ; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ " (1 Cor. 1 : 9 ; 1 John 1 : 3). Fellowship is not giving and receiving, it is participation. Fellowship with God is nothing less than exchanging interests with Him, not only receiving sympathy from God, but also, with reverence, showing sympathy with God, moved by that which moves Him. Then at Hebron Abraham built anew an altar unto the Lord. For fellowship there must be a pure heart cleansed by the blood of the sin offering, and there must be the offering of ourselves, a living sacrifice unto Him, which is our reasonable service.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A General European War Appears to be Imminent on the subject of the Greek Question. Cable reports show that never before has the condition of European diplomacy been in so critical a state. Mutual jealousies of the Potentates of Europe are complicated by the aspirations of the peoples, and a highly explosive state of affairs is the result.

Turkey's reply to the collective note submited to her as the result of the Berlin Conference, is of an evasive character, and it is plain that she will not voluntarily surrender the territory the Conference recommended should be ceded to Greece. The Great Powers are not in a mood to be trifled with, and there is a strong probability that great pressure will be brought to bear on the Mohammedan Government to force compliance. But evidence is lacking of unity among the Great Powers on the details of the scheme.

Russia is opposed to Turkey, but is not cordial in supporting the Greek claims. The Czar is desirous of pleasing the Slavonic section of his subjects, and they desire the formation of a Slav kingdom which would gradually grow into a strong monarchy; but as Austria and Germany both have large numbers of Slavonic subjects, they dread the influence such a kingdom would have on their own internal peace.

Meanwhile, Turkey and Greece are preparing for war. Turkey has applied for, and received, the services of some able *German officers* to assist her in organizing her resources, and some *French officers* are assisting in drilling the Greek army. Thus *the two old enemies* are again confronted in the coming struggle. England has taken so prominent a part in the negotiations that she cannot honorably abstain from participation in war, should it unhappily break out, and Italy, possessed with an absorbing land-hunger, may also fight, hoping for a reward. Thus all the important European Powers are involved. It may be that God in His merciful providence will overrule these ominous signs and, for the present avert war, but that the situation is grave cannot be concealed, and the study of prophecy appears to indicate the probability of such a general outbreak being near at hand.

Afghanistan has been Formally Handed over to the new Ameer with the approval of the British representatives, and the British forces will complete the evacuation of Cabul in three weeks. The present ruler, Abdurrahman Khan, is a cousin of Yakoob Khan, the ex-Ameer, and belongs to an elder branch of the family. His father was the eldest son of the famous Dost Mohammed but was set aside in the succession by his younger brother, Shere Ali. The correspondent of the London *Times* describes the new Ameer as a man of great knowledge, industry, and strength of character, and adds: "For the moment it seems that we are really on the eve of a satisfactory settlement, and as if, in supporting Abdurrahman Khan, we have found an Afghan Sirdar with whom an agreement is desirable and possible." Thus, unless Russian intrigue is again set on foot, it may be hoped that friendly relations will be maintained between the Afghans and their powerful neighbors in British India.

Nihilism in Russia has been so Quiet of late that many people supposed it to be extinct, but a telegram from the St. Petersburg correspondent of an English journal says: "It must not be supposed that the revolutionary spirit is exorcised. A large proportion of the nihilist leaders have been captured or driven abroad, and the intelligent classes are more hopeful and contented under General Melikoff's wise and liberal rule; but the roots of the social malady are deep-seated, and the nihilists have not lost either hope or energy."

Eugenie, the Widowed and Childless Ex Empress of France, has completed the melancholy journey she so anxiously desired to perform. She arrived in South Africa shortly before the anniversary of her son's death, and proceeded on foot into the valley where his body was found, following precisely the track taken by the officers who went in search of the corpse. The road was stony and rough, but she persisted in walking. In the distance gleamed *the white monument*, thrown into sharp relief by the dark background, but it only seemed to catch the eye of the Empress when she got to the bank of the donga. Then she lifted her hands as in supplication toward heaven, the tears poured over her cheeks, she spoke no words and uttered no cry, but sank slowly on her knees. A French priest repeated the prayers for the dead, and the servant, Lomas, who had been an eye-witness, went through the sad story of what had happened last year. At sunset her companions retired at her request, and the bereaved woman spent the whole night in prayer on the spot where Prince Napoleon fell. On the following day she went to Fort Napoleon, and thence to Rorke's Drift, and on the fifth day visited the field of Isandula, and prayed with the English women who had come there to mourn their husbands and brothers. On her way back to England she visited St. Helena, where Napoleon I. spent his last days and died a prisoner of war.

The Statue of Prince Napoleon, which it was designed to place in Westminster Abbey will, it is expected, be erected in the Royal Chapel, at Windsor. Queen Victoria and the Royal Family wished it to be put in Westminster Abbey, and Dean Stanley's consent was obtained for its admission, but a decided opposition was manifested against the proposal by an influential section of the public, and finally it was condemned by a vote in Parliament. Dean Stanley therefore withdrew his consent.

Belgium has for a time, at least, thrown off all allegiance to Rome. If Roman Catholic Ultramontanism had a chance of asserting its authority anywhere with success it was in Belgium. Its population is principally Roman Catholic; and if Rome fails to assert her authority there, then she must, indeed, feel that the forces of modern society are arrayed against her. The Belgian Government has repeatedly tried, but failed, to get any assistance from Rome in its efforts to overcome the hostility of the Roman Catholic clergy to the laws of the State, and especially to the new Education Act, which requires the Government inspection of every school. The result is now that the Belgians have broken off all official communication with the Romish Court. Rome is, in the eyes of all Europe, rebuked and discarded by the Power on which she most relied for sympathy and support. Whether or not the priests, Jesuits, and communists will combine presently to raise a revolution again in Belgium remains to be seen.

Mr. Henry Varley has been Arduously Engaged in preaching Christ in Northampton, England, the town which elected Mr. Bradlaugh to Parliament. He has dealt out a succession of well-directed blows against "Bradlaughism," showing the immoral tendency of Bradlaugh's writings in undermining national righteousness, and the insult offered to the nation by the return of men who blaspheme the name of God.

The Suicide in Paris of an American Lady is reported, under deplorable circumstances. She went to Europe about three years ago accompanied by her son, a boy thirteen years of age. Her husband is described as an earnest Christian, with whose manner of life the lady, unhappily, had little sympathy. Speaking of him afterward she said, "He was *much too religious* for me, and was not satisfied unless I went to church all day Sunday, but he was a good kind man. I never ought to have left him." But at that time she desired to shake off the restraints of his control, and accordingly prolonged her stay in Europe. There she met *an English nobleman*, the Marquis of Anglesey, with whom she became intimate, and who turned her head by promising to make her Lady Anglesey if she obtained a divorce from her husband. Her son returned to America, and shortly afterward a divorce was procured. Lord Anglesey, instead of keeping his promise to marry the lady as soon as the divorce proceedings were settled, proved faithless and married the widow of an English Peer. The deserted woman, on hearing of
treachery, obtained poison and committed
cide.

It is strange that women should put fait
the promises of such villains. A man
enough to trifle with the holy laws of Go
the marriage question is a dastard whose p
ises are worthless. Even if these sins of
ality resulted in a pleasant life, there would
be eternal punishment to follow, but God
mercifully ordained it, as a warning, that ea
misery is also the inevitable consequence of
grievous sin. The present state of society
remarkable fulfilment of the description
wrote of the perilous times to come in these
days (2 Timothy 3 : 1-6).

A Missionary's Peril.—Mr. Spurgeon sa
this month's *Sword and Trowel:* "Mr.
sends us an account of some of the diffic
that have to be encountered in the Camer
West Africa. Two of his native assistants
returning from Victoria, and when near
they encountered a *tornado.* The ligh
struck the boat, and killed four of the eigh
on board, including the two teachers, who
both excellent young men. Some time
Mr. Lyall himself had a somewhat similar
rience, though providentially on that occasi
lives were lost. He was going to visit a
eighty miles distant, when his boat was c
in a *tornado.* For nearly three hours they
do nothing but drive before the storm, and
it was over they were glad to rest and dr
clothes and provisions. During the nigh
tail end of several tornadoes' swept over
and in the morning they only escaped bei
stroyed by another by running out to sea,
ceeding which was accompanied with very
risk. Mr. Lyall says that he has been la
with fever and dysentery twelve times, ar
his wife has suffered so much from the
causes that she is obliged to return to Eng

Malarial and Typhus Fevers Prevail i
salem, owing to the overcrowding of the
small dwellings, the total neglect of sanit
cautions, and the scarcity of pure wate
Pools of Solomon would furnish abunda
plies, but Moslem fanaticism will not per
eigners to build an aqueduct.

A Musician was Amazed by a Gentle
Edinburgh who had invited some visi
his house. When they were all at din
host opened with asking a blessing on th
There was an eminent musician present
never seen such a thing before. He was
ished at the prayer, and a little while
said to the host, "I see you asked a bles
fore dinner *for Christ's sake.* Who is C
And the good man simply said, "He is
Jesus Christ, the beloved Son of God,
dear Saviour." The other remained sil
shortly after, the manly confession, utter
such simplicity, was the means of the m
conversion.

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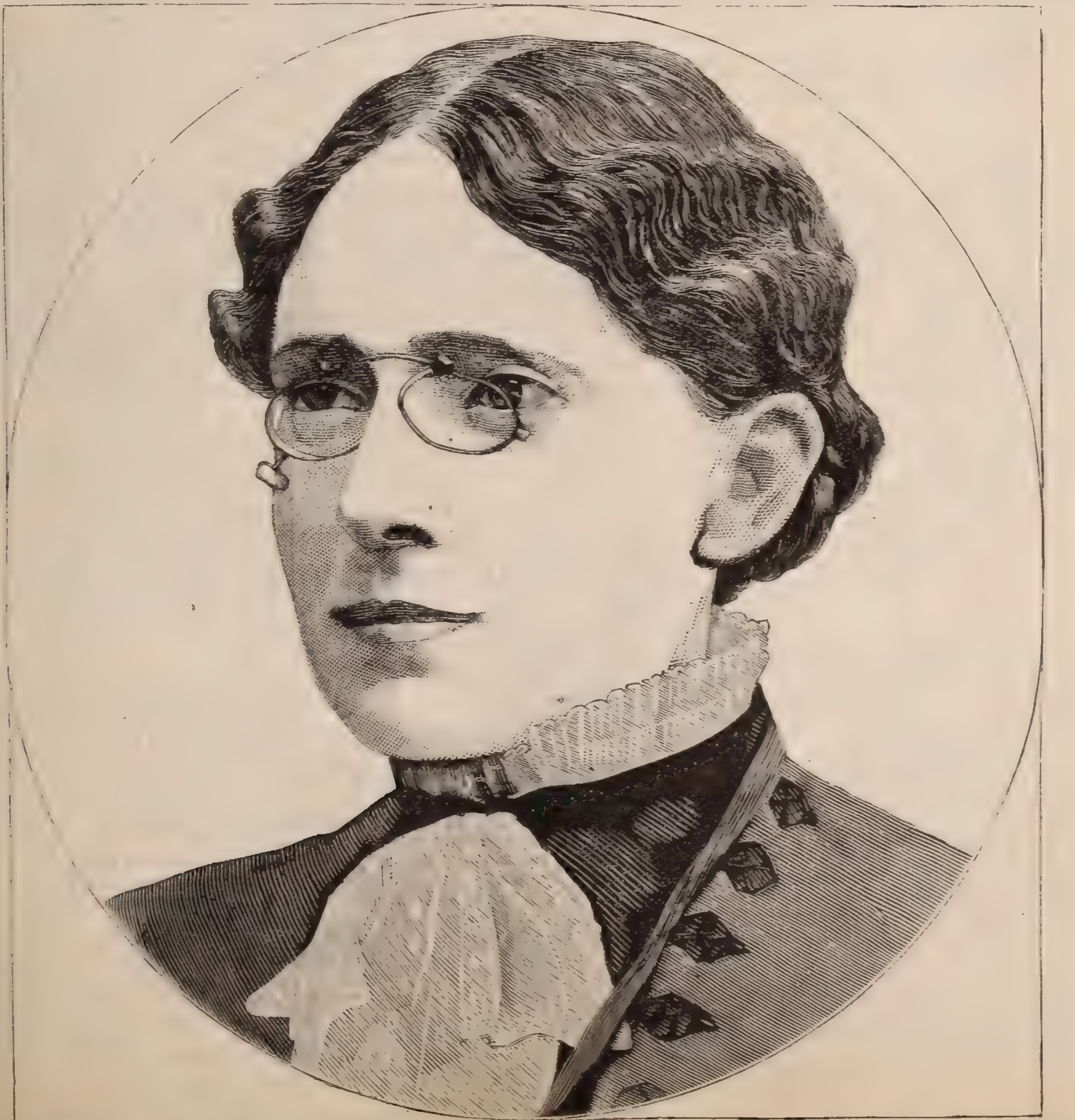

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, President of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Childhood at Forest Home — Mary Willard — "Nineteen Beautiful Years" — "Graveyard of the Pets" — The Artists' Club — Remark in Mary's Journal—The Family at Janesville—Removal to Illinois—Baptism of the Sisters—The Home Broken Up—Miss Willard in Europe—Beginning of her Public Life—Professor and President—The Temperance Crusade—An Important Convention—The Temperance Union—Its Progress—Miss Willard President—Memorial to Mrs. Hayes.

As the first of lady orators, as one of the foremost advocates of the temperance cause in Europe and America, and as the President of The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, Miss Frances E. Willard needs no introduction to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The most important period to know about, of a life that we wish to study, is the childhood, and that is also, in one sense, the most interesting period. But it is also the period about which it is usually most difficult to obtain reliable information. So we may congratulate ourselves that in the present case there is a book written by Miss Willard herself, sketching the life of *a beautiful and talented sister*, who died at the age of nineteen.

In that book, "Nineteen Beautiful Years," published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, Miss Willard has indirectly disclosed the circumstances of her own early training with a life-like reality that might be looked for in vain from sources more suggestive of the information wanted.

We learn there that the subject of this sketch, and her brother and sister, were reared on their father's farm at Janesville, Wis., described as "one of the loveliest villages anywhere to be found away from the hills of New England," "nestling amid the profuse foliage and deep shadows of an old oak-forest on the sunset shore of Lake Michigan." The very name of the house and farm was poetical—

FOREST HOME.

It is not too much to say that no one thing exerts a greater influence upon some characters, an influence of the kind that makes the difference between a great mind and a narrow one, than the locality of the home in childhood. We say "some characters" because some others are so constituted that they never could have seen, in forest, mountain, and stream, anything but an enlarged backyard, dust heap, and puddle. If such characters happen to be reared in the open country, the only beauty which they see in the landscape is the shortest cut to town; and any shred or rag from Solomon's wardrobe has for them a glory surpassing all the lilies of the field.

But the Willards were not that sort. Both the subject and the author of "Nineteen Beautiful Years" were daily intoxicated with the music and the painting, the joy and the tumult of God's uncorrupted creation. The younger sister died in her girlhood, having realized what *a sinless world* might be; the other lives to sway the multitude with an imagination fed upon the free winds and the still woods, the open day and the boundless night, the world of verdure and the swarm of life.

They had pets, as such children will have them. Not a dry and dusty canary in a round cage in an airless room; but genuine specimens of the fauna of the place, from lake-margin and forest, hedge row and hillside. These were watched in their haunts or petted on the farm, and finally laid away in the

"GRAVEYARD OF THE PETS,"

with tiny tombstones and childish inscriptions.

Before they were in their "teens" the two sisters indulged their intellectual tastes by organizing themselves into an Artists' Club, after the most regular models, with resolutions and provisos, setting up a studio and throwing it open on set days to "the public," *i.e.*, to mother, brother, and an occasional visitor. *Sketching excursions* were formally undertaken, with bows and arrows, a clasp-knife, two shepherd's dogs, and a goat laden with provisions for lunch.

We are told, in the introduction by Bishop Foster, that the parents settled at Forest Home for no other object than the education of their children—a notable proof of the discriminating solicitude of which Miss Willard must have been the object in her early years. And another evidence of the refining atmosphere of the household is to be found in the fact stated about Mary, that when a mere schoolgirl she could not be betrayed into the smallest breach of a school regulation, not even as much as to open a book or speak a word during lesson hours.

The following *remark in Mary's journal*, written in her eighteenth year, shows at once a cultivated mind, a thoughtful habit, and an intense Godward purpose, which suggest the rare gifts the elder sister has been spared to exhibit in her later years: "I know very few young gentlemen, however religious they may be, who speak of God, or of our duty to Him, when they are talking with their lady friends. I wonder if they are so much mistaken as to think that we are too trifling to listen to anything beyond the idle gossip of the day."

We will now take leave of "Nineteen Beautiful Years"—beautiful, we cannot doubt, as regarding both sisters—and give a brief sketch of the life of Miss Frances. The lady's parents were natives of New England, but Miss Willard herself was born in Rochester, N. Y. She was the third of five children, four girls and a boy, two of whom died in infancy. The survivors were Oliver, Frances, and Mary. When Miss Willard was three years old her parents moved to the West, and five years later settled at "Forest Home" for ten years.

Bishop Foster, who was a minister in Janesville part of that time, writes thus of the family: "The son was already a graduate, with honors, of one of the first colleges of the country, and now pursuing a course of theological study; the two daughters, just blooming into womanhood, occupied a front rank in the classes of the excellent institution of which they were pupils.

"Daily, as I sat in my study, I saw them pass and repass with books in hand—books of metaphysics, literature, and science; both delicate of build, the younger tall and slight. The pallor of much thought and earnest effort had fixed its unmistakable impress upon them. Even in youth the inward fire of love of learning was consuming them. . . . Sabbath morning found them regularly in the lecture-hall, most attentive, most thoughtful among the listeners. Above their years they were appreciative."

When Miss Willard was *eighteen* years of age her father sold his farm, and, with an eye still to the educational interests of his children, moved to Evanston, Ill., where the two girls graduated in the Women's Department of the Northwestern University, the son having gone forth as a minister of the Gospel before the change. There Miss Willard and her sister were

ADMITTED TO THE CHURCH

by baptism on the 5th of May, 1861. There in June of the following year Mary died, and there, five years later, the father died.

The loss of her sister had powerfully stirred Miss Willard to "redeem" her own time (Eph. 5 : 16), and carry out the purpose for which God had sent her into the world. Accordingly, in 1868, the year after her father's death, she took a journey for study and observation *to Europe*, the Holy Land, Turkey, Greece, and Egypt, which extended to two years and a half. She accompanied Miss Jackson, of New Jersey.

Prior to that she had, after her graduation, taught in Pittsburgh Female College, and also acted as Preceptress of Geneva Wesleyan Seminary; after which she was called to a Professorship in the Women's College, Evanston. In 1866 she was Corresponding Secretary of the Women's Centenary Association, that aided in building Heck Hall and the Garrett Biblical Institute.

It was in the East that her sympathies were first roused about *the condition of women*, an on her return to America she essayed to gi public addresses on female education. Her u affected style, graceful diction, and music delivery attracted notice at once, and sl speedily attained the reputation as an orat she now enjoys. She has lectured extensive during the last eight years, and at the time Mr. Moody's first great public appearance, s labored zealously in connection with his Tab nacle meetings at Boston.

Miss Willard is equally felicitous in expressi with her pen, and besides issuing numerc pamphlets and reports, she has contributed various magazines, and is now one of the cor sponding editors of *Our Union*, published at Bible House, New York. In 1878 she unc took for a time the chief editorship of Chicago *Post*, suddenly vacated by the death her brother, the young student mentioned another part of this sketch.

We have said that she was first a graduate afterward a professsor of the Women's Colleg Evanston, Ill. But on her return from abrc in 1871, she was elected President of the Coll Two years later she was made Professo Æsthetics in the Northwestern Univers Her whole soul, however, was in the tempera cause; so she resigned both positions and joi the crusade movement.

How that movement took shape as Woman's National Christian Temperance Un with which Miss Willard's name is now identi has been well told by the lady herself, in "History" of the Union. From that pamp we abridge the following account.

HISTORY OF THE W. N. C. T. U.

Everybody has heard of the Women's perance Crusade, which began in Decen 1873, continued about six months, extended half a dozen of our most populous states, enlisted hundreds of thousands of Chri women. A phenomenon no less remarkable ceeded the crusade.

The women who went forth by an im sudden, irresistible, Divine, to pray in saloons, became convinced that theirs was *no easily won victory*. But they believed in and in themselves as among his appointe struments to destroy the rum-power in Am and so, though they had ignorantly hop take the enemy by a sudden assault, they bu on the armor for the long campaign.

In the spring of 1874, the women wh been engaged all winter in crusading calle ventions for consultation in their resp states, and from those conventions re several state organizations, called "State perance Unions," which were confederate the Women's National Christian Temp Union at a great convention held in a P terian Church at Cleveland, Ohio, in Nov 1874.

Delegates from *sixteen* states attend Convention, which was presided over by Jennie F. Willing. A plan was organi reach every hamlet, town, and city in th An appeal to the women of this count provided for, and another to the girls; to lands beyond the sea. A memorial t gress was ordered. The publication national temperance paper, to be con exclusively by women, was agreed up financial plan was arranged, asking *a cent* from members of the Union. Lastly, a committee was appointed on temperanc among children.

The official board of the Union was ele follows: Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, of delphia, President; *Miss Willard*, Corr ing Secretary; Mrs. Mary C. Johns Brooklyn, Recording Secretary; Mrs. M Ingham, of Cleveland, Treasurer; a Vice-President from each state represente Convention. The closing resolution of the tution declared the main principle of the "*Resolved*, That, recognizing the fact t cause is and is to be combated by determined and relentless forces, we wil g in Him who is the Prince of Peace, meet gument with argument, misjudgment with tience, denunciation with kindness, and all r difficulties and dangers with prayer."

The following remarkable words were used in speech by a prominent member of the Conntion. "Woman is ordained to lead the nguard of this great movement until the nerican public is borne across the abysmal nsition from the superstitious notion that 'cohol is food' to the scientific fact that ohol is poison; from the pusillanimous ncession that 'intemperance is a great evil' the responsible conviction that the liquorffic is a crime."

n the first year of its history the W. N. C. T. ion added six state organizations to its numbs, including scores of local unions; establed as its organ a monthly paper called *The men's Temperance Union*, which has now ome a semi-monthly journal, and is called *Union*; sent a memorial and deputation of men to Congress, asking for inquiry and slation in regard to the liquor-traffic, the norial having hundreds of thousands of atures; issued a pamphlet of "Hints and os" concerning methods of work; and blished itself among the active and efficient cies for the extermination of the liquorc.

he Union is now in the seventh year of its ence, and embraces *twenty-five states* in its sentation. The Sixth Annual Report, d at the end of last year, is a noble record ithful, persevering, and successful work. lls of the election of Miss Willard to the dency of the Union by 99 votes out of 143, te which was immediately declared and ded to be unanimous.

ss Willard's latest honor is her appointment esident of the Commission chosen by the vare Temperance Union to carry out measfor the testimonial to Mrs. Hayes, which nentioned in last week's CHRISTIAN HER- The Commission consists of nineteen and gentlemen, the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge Vice-President, and the Hon. Neal Dow, ps Simpson and Jaggar, and Governor St. being members.

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e Carpenter and Colporteur.—On the ean Continent recently, a colporteur, just he dinner hour, entered the house of a ter. The man was taking his afternoon nd the first thought of the colporteur was disturb him; but feeling this would be fulness to the man's soul, he awoke him, ked, "Will you not buy a Bible?" "I Catholic," he replied, "and do not want and he turned round to sleep on. "That *you* say," was the reply; "but God says, e, thou that sleepest, and arise from the nd Christ shall give thee light.'" The arted and sat up. "I woke you pur" continued the colporteur, "without whether you liked it or not; and in like God, through His Word, is awaking you our spiritual sleep." "But we are forto read that book of yours," he said. ' was the rejoinder; "what right has a o forbid what God commands? Obey ther than man." The man was silent. he said, "A thing I had long forgotten o my memory. Twenty-five years ago I king as a journeyman in Hamburg, and a of mine used every night, when we our lodgings, to read his Bible, and he just what you have been saying, to od rather than man.' I can hear his voice now; and perhaps you have been evive the impression before it is too late. will read it. Death may soon come. other day a ladder fell with me on it, as a miracle I was not killed; but it may en God's will I should be spared to s you have urged me to do." With ought a Bible, with the words, "Ah, I ad done this long ago!"

THE VALLEY OF DECISION.

An Evening Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday, June 6th, 1880.

"Multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of decision."—JOEL 3 : 14.

The Battle of Armageddon—Rendering a Verdict—Three or Four Questions—I. Keep Sin or Give it Up?—A Good Exchange—The Man in the Prison—II. Take Christ or Reject Him?—An Awful Responsibility — III. Christian or Unchristian Association?—The Dying Woman's Baby—IV. A Christian Deathbed or the Sinner's Departure?—Passing Away—A Midnight Cry in Belleville—Charlie's Deathbed—"Halfway up the Stairs"—V. A Glad or a Despairing Eternity?—Suffering in the Next World—A Prospect of Heaven.

THE prophet was looking out, and he saw the fortresses of light and darkness confronting each other. Austerlitz, Sedan, Chilon, Marathon, Thermopylæ, Gettysburg, were great battles, but were nothing as compared with *this great Armageddon.* I know not where the great battle is to be fought, whether in a foreign land, or in this land; but when I was passing across from Chamounix to Martinique I once saw a place which I thought would be fit for judgment, a great rock for the throne, a glorious rock on all sides, making an amphitheatre where nations might sit and receive their doom.

But where this great Armageddon itself is to be fought I do not know, and do not even expect to know, but there is to be such a great battle; and it is not to be a drawn battle, but, when settled, settled so that all the nations of earth and heaven and hell will understand it. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision.

Well, my friends, this house to-night might take that nomenclature. I run my eye across this audience, and I see neither in the gallery, nor on the main floor, one trifling, not one careless soul. Whatever may have been the state of mind when we entered this house, we feel now we must decide in regard to the future, and every man is asking himself, Where shall I go when some shall go to the right and others go to the left? Stupendous moment! The issues of eternal import are at stake. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision.

When I was studying law I used often to be in the court house, and I noticed the most thrilling moment in the court house is when a jury is about to *render a verdict.* The court-house is thronged. The testimony has been given; the attorneys on both sides have spoken, the judge has given his charge; and after a long retirement the jury come in, and the clerk says, Who will speak for you? And the jury say, the foreman. The clerk says, Foreman, do you find the defendant guilty, or not guilty? And the moment between the question of the clerk of the court and the answer by the foreman of the jury is the most thrilling moment in all the history of the court house.

Well, my friends, God is empanelling to-night

A GREAT JURY.

Not twelve men, but thousands and thousands. All the evidence has been given on both sides, the voice of God has been heard, the Judge of quick and dead has given the charge, and you are about to render the verdict. Solemn and thrilling moment! Oh, Lord God, help me, and help this auditory, in the valley of decision.

There are three or four questions we are going to settle to-night.

I. THE FIRST QUESTION

we are going to settle it as between keeping sin and giving it up. When a man becomes a Christian he does not have to give up the world in the sense that he surrenders all enjoyment. Where is the place that gives to the man of the world anything that the Christian may not have? You tell me of things that are wrong for a Christian; then I say they are wrong for anybody.

When a man becomes a child of God he is not put on a limit. Talk about the self-denials of those who are Christians. They have their self-denials, but where a Christian has one self-denial, the man of the world has a thousand self-denials. The Christian is not demanded to give up anything that is worth keeping, while, on the other hand, the man who refuses Christ denies himself peace of conscience, denies himself the joy of the Holy Ghost, denies himself the feeling of safety in regard to the future, denies himself the glories of heaven. Which has the most self-denial?

I go into a factory, and there are a hundred wheels. I find only three or four of them are at work. I say to the head man of the factory, Why do you have these three or four wheels working, while all those others are idle? He says, *The tide is low*, the water is low, this is all the force we have to work this machinery. I come in some day and I find all the hundred wheels at work. I say to the head man, Why this change? He says, the water has risen, the tide has risen, there has been a great shower, and we have plenty of power now.

I come into that man's soul, before grace enters it, and I find part of his nature in operation, but I start him; the water is low, the power is low. I come into that man's soul after the grace of God has entered it, and I find all his faculties, all his capacity, in full play. I say, What is the difference? Oh, he says, divine grace has taken my heart. In other words, a man is a thousandfold more of a man after Christ has taken possession of him.

But I do not deny there are sins he will have to give up. Indeed, all positive sin he will have to give up. Keep your sins and you perish. You are deciding to-night whether you keep sin or reject it. Why, sin will put gall to your lip, it will twist a whip of scorpions for your back, and when you are on the cold mountains of death it will pitch you out into the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, sin is a hard master. There are people in this house who might testify to that fact.

I had a friend who *went into a prison* one day, and a man incarcerated there crawled up toward the wicket door. Both his feet had been frozen off in his last intoxication; crawled on and climbed up and held fast to the wicket door, and with trembling lip he said to my friend, "Oh, sir, the way of the transgressor is hard. There is no satisfaction in sin."

There are a thousand people here to-night who will bear me out in this statement. For a while the sea may be smooth, but after a while the squall will come, and your peril will follow, and to the hoarse sea-trumpet there will be added *the cry of each soul.* Down with the hatches, lash fast the mast. And the maniac sea will spit out infuriate, and there shall be a voice in the wave, and a voice in the wind, and a voice in the wreck, saying, "The end thereof is death." Between sin and holiness you will decide to-night. Which will you you have? Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision.

II. There is another question you are deciding, all without an exception, and that is, whether you will

TAKE CHRIST OR REJECT HIM.

Now if he were repulsive, and of an antagonistic nature, if he had a hard hand, if he had only chastisement for those who come to Him, I could not stand here and invite you to Christ. But oh, He is the fairest of the fair; with kind looks, gentle face, He has filled earth and heaven. He cured the epilepsy, the pleurisy, consumption, dropsy. He bared His brow to the thorns, His foot to the spike, His back to the scourge, His soul to anguish. And He comes here to-night after suffering in your behalf, O man! O woman!

He comes with bleeding brow, with bleeding back, and bleeding hand, and bleeding feet, and kneels down before you, and asks for your love. Is there one in all this house who will take the responsibility of saying, "Back into the wilderness with Thy sorrow, O Christ! I don't want Thee to reign over me. I choose the world rather than Thee. I despise Thy sufferings. I have no interest in Thy tears. Away with Him, away with Him!" Between taking that Christ into your heart, and rejecting that Christ forever, you decide to-night. You are all deciding: multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision.

III. There is another question you are deciding, and that is, whether you will have *Christian or un-Christian*

ASSOCIATION?

Now I make no apology for the faults of the Church of God. There are mean men in the Church, proud, mean, inconsistent men; we don't deny that—we cannot hide that fact; we don't want to hide it. But there are mean bankers; does that make you ashamed of being a banker? There are mean merchants; does that make you ashamed of being a merchant? There are mean lawyers and doctors; do they make you oppose medicine or law as a profession? Oh, no; then why do you denounce Christianity because mean people believe in it and profess it?

Ah, you don't despise it. Was there not somebody you very much loved who believed in this religion, who belonged to the Church of Christ? They were washed in this baptism, and they drank of the wine of the holy sacrament. You could not understand when you were boys and girls why your parents went so far to church, went to church along a lengthy muddy road, and went through the storm. Oh, no.

Now you understand it; it was because they could say: "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning. If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy, let my tongue be shrivelled and palsied, and cleave to the roof of my mouth." Those dear old souls have gone up to glory. They want no more church membership there; they have joined the hundred and forty and four thousand, and the thousands of thousands that are now chanting the praises of the Redeemer. Oh, you can't despise your father's religion, you can't have any contempt for your mother's dying experience.

Oh, come into Christian association, come into the Church of God. I would rather have my name not taken off the Church record than to have it inscribed on the proudest triumphal arch that was ever erected for the returning victor. I want to live among Christian people; I want to die among them. When my last moments come, I want the elders of the Church to stand around me and pray for my departing spirit.

"Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
There'll be no more sorrow there;
There'll be no more sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there."

Oh, come into the Church of God!

A Christian woman was dying, and they sent for me to come and administer the sacrament. I gave her the sacrament. "Now listen," she says, "I am going to die; I want all my children in the Church. Baptize them. Here is the baby, baptize him first. Here are the other children." I baptized them. Years passed on, and when I was preaching in the far West once, at the close of the service a young man came up to me, and he says, "You don't remember me, do you?" I said, "No, I have never seen you before, that I know of." "Well," he says, "my name is George Parrish."

At this I said, "You are the baby I baptized by your mother's dying pillow." "Yes," he says, "I am the one; and I came up here after the sermon, and I thought you would like to know that I have given my heart to God." "Oh," I said, "I knew you would; with such a mother as you had you could not help but give your heart to God." Oh, come into the Church of Jesus Christ. We will do you good. The Lord hath promised good concerning Israel. Between Christian and un-Christian association you choose to-night. Thousands are choosing. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision.

IV. There is another question many of you are settling. You are all settling it, that is, as between a Christian deathbed and

THE SINNER'S DEPARTURE.

I do not suppose there are fifty people in the house who have come to seventy years of age; I do not suppose there are thirty who have come to seventy years of age; I do not believe there are twenty. Why? It is because *life is a gauntlet* and only a few can run it. Passing away are we.

Every throb of the pulse says, Passing away. We take out our watch to see the time, and the tick of the watch says, Passing away. Some of you will fall from the mast, and be dashed out. Some of you will cough your life away with hasty consumption. Some of you will go down under the sharp knife of pleurisy. Some will fall under apoplexy. But all will be gone. We must die, we must die. But there is a glorious and there is an ignominious way of getting out of life. Death to some is going down, to others it is rising. You are choosing to-night between the sinner's deathbed and the Christian's deathbed.

In Belleville, N. J., my first settlement, I heard that one of my neighbors was very sick. But I heard at the same time that he did not want to see any Christian man, especially did he not want to see any Christian minister. But I felt I must go, I must see him. I went into his room, and though he had the mark of death upon him he was sitting up in the bed, a knife in his hand, eating an apple; and as I entered the door, he lifted the knife as though *to throw it at me.* And I said, "Stop, stop, I only came in as a neighbor, to talk with you a little while; don't do that." Then he lay down, and turned his back to me; and I prayed for him, and prayed, but he gave no attention, but interrupted me again and again.

I went away from that most unsatisfactory visit. A few weeks after, one summer night it was very hot. All the people in Belleville got up and put their windows down. Why did they put their windows down that night? That man whom I had gone to see was dying, and he cried aloud until his voice rang through the street, and the people could not endure the sound, and his one cry was: "Lord! L—o—r—d!" No wonder they put down their windows that hot summer night. It was a sinner's deathbed.

I have seen the Christian die. One in Philadelphia said, "I move into the light." A bright and beautiful young man in my parish in Philadelphia was another, and his mother came to me, and she thought he was insensible, or perhaps had already gone. She said to him, "Charlie, do you know me?" He made no answer, and then she said again to him, "Charlie, do you know me?" And he opened his eyes and said, "Why mother, why did you call me back? *I was half way up the stairs.*" The death of the righteous that was.

Oh, how Paul went through it! I hear his sword clanging on the shield, as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me." Which deathbed will you lie on? The sinner's deathbed, or the Christian's deathbed? You are choosing now, to-night. You are all choosing. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision.

V. Yet there is one more question you are all settling, and that is, whether you will have a glad or a despairing

ETERNITY.

I know some people say we will all come out at the same place. It don't make any difference in this world, we will come out at the same place; it don't make any difference what our principles are, we will come out at the same place; it don't make any difference whether we have crimes or virtues, we will come out at the same place.

Every man's common sense says that can't be so. Two roads going in opposite directions car not meet. The Bible says so plainly that won't insult you by continuing long in the quo tation, that all those who reject God will be d stroyed without remedy, that there is no hop for those who die impenitent; that as the tr falleth so it must lie; that if a man don't repe in this world, he will never repent. "Oh," sa some man, "that wouldn't be like God, to ha suffering in the future world."

Why, *what a poor argument* you make? there not suffering in this world? Is that a proof that God is not good? Explain the hospitals, these Brooklyn and New York ho pitals. Suffering here and there is to be suff ing hereafter. The Bible says it; I must lieve it, or throw my Bible overboard. Alas, those who reject God and perish. The harv is passed, the summer is ended, and I am saved.

Suppose they should cry out that: "I sat in Brooklyn Tabernacle that first Sabbath nigh June 1880. I had the choice put before me. I my duty so plainly that no one could tell me m plainly my duty. I decided in the wrong di tion." There is a fair land which you woulc like to enter. I will not stop to describe Gather all the pearls of the sea, all the diamc of the field, all the glory of the mountain; s out that word *heaven;* gather all the voice your Christian departed, your glorified depa friends, put them side by side, and in tha radiation of illumined countenances read word *heaven.*

Why, standing here, it seems if we coul all the beauty of it heaved into one throne, set in one jasper wall, surrounded by one p gate, and as though we could hear the surf of the crystal sea, and the clapping of the bals of the eternal orchestra, and the risi hosannahs higher and higher as the waves c sea dash clear over the top of the Eddy lighthouse; higher and higher, the voi many waters. O my fatherland! shall I eve thee?

"There shall I bathe my wearied soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journ requested for the blessing of God upon its E in America and England, and those whose se articles, or labors for Christ are printed in i for its weekly circulation of more than copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to t version of many sinners and the quicken God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. T especially request prayer every Sunday on behalf of their labors.]

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(*Continued from page 486.*)

Mrs. Anerley's Visitor—A Proposal—The Council—Mr. Ferguson Explains.

A sweet, pale face, oval in shape, wit dark eyes full of pathetic sadness, a c raven hair, making the cheeks look still contrast with its glossy blackness, a sligh of middle height, an aspect gentle and w yet timid, almost hesitating, white an tinted gray articles about the head and ders, relieving the heavy crape-edge mourning-dress she wore.

This was the form that met Emily A gaze as she opened the door in answer tc ring at the bell of No. 12 Eglinton Terr evening in the spring succeeding Consta parture.

The two young ladies looked at eac and then the stranger spoke.

"Oh, it must be Miss Anerley, I thin

"Yes," said Emmie, recovering her "I am called Anerley. Will you walk i

The lady entered. When they wer in the parlor Emily said, "Mamma wil in a few minutes;" and then she pa added, "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name."

"Stanley—Salome Stanley. I have come from Mr. Ferguson; he wished me to call."

Emily wondered less. Miss Stanley had probably some good work in hand and wanted elpers, and though their means were so much more limited now than formerly, Emily Aner-ey had found that there are often effectual means of aiding a good cause besides furnishing ounds, shillings, and pence, however necessary nd important money undoubtedly is.

When Mrs. Anerley entered, her daughter in-oduced Salome Stanley to her.

"You will wonder at my intrusion," said that dy, in a low, sweet voice, which seemed ex-ctly to match her lovely face and form. It is ithout doubt a terrible drawback to a woman's eauty of her voice is sharp or harsh, and musi-l tones linger long and pleasantly in the ears those who listen.

"We are glad to have the privilege of your quaintance," said Mrs. Anerley kindly, for e was won by the appearance and manner of is unexpected visitor, though decidedly puz-ed as to her errand.

"I had better come to business at once," d Salome Stanley. "Mr. Ferguson thought just possible that you might be able to help . He says you intended in a few weeks to ve this pleasant house, where everything looks delightfully comfortable without stiffness," d she glanced around with a sad, sweet smile; ut that it is not let to any other tenant, and n have not yet met with any other house that n like. Now, I am very anxious to find a home London. I am in a position to pay suitably, and ugh I should never wish to intrude my society on you, I should be so very glad to be spared trouble of housekeeping by boarding with ; and oh, it would be such a blessing, re-se as I am, to feel there were good, true-rted people living in the house with me!"

o Mrs. Anerley and Emily her words seemed ave a story behind them, but she was not one e easily questioned. The dread you had lest should suspect you doubted her precluded stioning. She went on:

Is it possible, do you think, for you to take in?"

Your friends—" began Mrs. Anerley, and paused.

I must ask you to kindly refer to Mr. Fer-on, and let him act as my friend in this mat-e"

rs. Anerley looked a little displeased and led. What had Mr. Ferguson to do with very attractive young lady?

I know his father well," continued Salome ley, "and the elder Mr. Ferguson advised n coming to London to apply to his son."

It is such a new idea to me," said Mrs. rley, better satisfied by this explanation, ut I really must have a little time to think it , and to consult with my children."

You have another daughter?" said Salome ley, looking at Emily, with that sad, sweet of hers.

Another daughter who is away in Germany," Mrs. Anerley, with an involuntary sigh, d my son here in London, to whom I partic-y alluded."

Please say I would not at all intrude myself you," said the stranger. "I am quite ac-med to live a great deal alone, but I do for the quiet of a home to surround me, as I feel sure this would be." She seemed udder a little as she spoke. "I shall be ad to pay exactly what you think proper for here. May I ask Mr. Ferguson to call to ou about it? Do you feel just a little bit ed to try and let me come?"

The soft, sweet voice was full of persuasive rness. Mrs. Anerley was not able to re-er. She could have found it in her heart s "Yes" at once, but for the remembrance r. Ferguson and Cecil. Cecil most of all ined her. Her son might not like anything kind, or he might be fascinated by this attractive woman. He was of a very impressionable age, and in either case the plan would be objectionable.

Both ideas crossed her mind in that quick manner in which our minds take an inventory of surrounding circumstances.

Mrs. Anerley had been more and more conscious since Emily and herself had begun house-hunting that she could never again find a dwelling which would please her so well as that one in Eglinton Terrace, which had been her beloved home, with her beloved husband, for almost ten years. The thought of leaving it and its endeared associations had become extremely painful, and had seemed to tear open afresh the wound of widowhood, which as yet was scarcely covered by the one sad year of time since Mr. Anerley's death.

She had at first thought she should be interested in a change; now she dreaded it more than she confessed to any one.

Salome Stanley did not prolong her visit, and when she left Mrs. Anerley and Emily had, as was quite natural, a long talk about her and the subject she had suggested. They had arranged to write their decision, whatever it might be, to Salome Stanley at her hotel in a few days, when they had been able to consult with Mr. Ferguson and Cecil on the matter.

As soon as Cecil had returned, and they were gathered at table for the evening meal, Mrs. Anerley began:

"Cecil, should you approve of our taking a lady to board, and of our remaining in this house instead of getting another?"

"A lady to board, mother? But that might not be so very particularly easy. Only a very singularly nice lady would be agreeable to you and Emmie, who must have so much of her company."

"The lady who has offered—" began Mrs. Anerley, but Cecil, with a look of great surprise on his pleasant face, interrupted her to exclaim,

"You don't mean to say some one has been here already to propose such a thing?"

Whereupon his mother and sister proceeded to give Cecil a full description of Salome Stanley.

"Mrs. or Miss?" he questioned, rather mischievously, after he had had some faint idea given to him of the loveliness of her person, the sweetness of her voice, and the refinement of her manners. Mother and daughter now looked at each other and smiled.

"We never asked her," said each almost at the same moment.

"And she did not say," continued Emily. "Even her address is simply Salome Stanley. How very strange!"

"Salome!" repeated Cecil. "It seems a queer name for an English woman, and yet it is uncommonly soft and pretty and womanly. Now I think about it, I wonder more parents don't call their girl-children Salome. Well, mother, if you like this lady, and her references prove good, it would be a capital idea for her to come, and for us to stay here. Removals are all very well in prospect, but they make a dreadful amount of bother and trouble when you come to the skirmish of the actual affair. And we shall never, I suppose, get any house we should like quite so well," he added, with a gentle tone in his words.

So without further hesitation Mrs. Anerley opened her desk to write to Mr. Ferguson to ask him what he knew of Mrs. or Miss Salome Stanley.

"That appears to me to be the only queer thing about her," said Cecil. "Why should not a lady naturally tell you exactly how to address her?"

"She might not have thought of it, my dear," said Mrs. Anerley.

"Or she may be sick and tired of the word 'Miss,'" said Emmie; "I think addressing with the name simply has become more ladylike since there is now no dignity whatever in the prefix."

"The use of it is that you know whether a member of the feminine persuasion is married or in a state of single blessedness," said Cecil.

Before Mrs. Anerley had begun her note Mr. Ferguson looked in, as he so very often did, to see how they were all getting on. He had had a letter from his aunt Gretchen at Aix-la-Chapelle, and she gave a very good account of Constance. "Also," said Mr. Ferguson, "I called to speak to you about Miss Stanley, and to inquire whether she had been to you yet."

Mutual explanations followed; then Cecil said, "You called her Miss Stanley, Mr. Ferguson. Do you know, my mother and sister were neither of them in a position to enlighten my ignorance as to her condition of life?"

"Of course, she must be *Miss* Stanley," said Mr. Ferguson, looking just a little puzzled as Cecil said this. "She lived with her father, old Counsellor Stanley, and I never heard she was married. Of course I do not know very much about her, and I must frankly acknowledge to you that something mysterious attached to her and her father; but I will tell you all, and you must judge for yourselves.

"My father many years ago had a boy come to school to him called Stanley, who was a clever, studious lad, in rather delicate health. He worked too hard, being very anxious to pass some competitive examination. The Stanleys were south-country people—Somerset or Devon, I think—and the lad's father was a barrister of good position and ample means. But I was away so much from home that I don't know all the particulars of the story as well as I might otherwise have done. However, the poor fellow fell sick of brain fever, and was nursed most tenderly by my mother. His father and sister, this Salome Stanley, came to him when he was ill, and remained over his death, which took place in a week or two."

"How sad!" said Emmie.

"Very sad, Emily. They took the body home, and buried him in their family vault. After about four years, much to my parents' astonishment, the father and sister came and took up their abode not very far from the school. Mr. Stanley had given up his profession, and had, as it appeared, also given up all pleasure and interest in life.

"My mother and father of course called upon them, but, though they were received cordially, they were never asked to prolong their visits. Reports were rife in the town about these mysterious inhabitants. Neither father nor daughter ever made their appearance out of doors, except at chapel and in their garden."

"Perhaps he was a miser," said Emily, "and afraid his treasure would be stolen."

"That was one of the rumors about them," assented Mr. Ferguson. "But it seems difficult to believe that a man with abundance of money, and only, as far as we know, the one child to leave it to, should take the trouble to hoard a fortune. Still, his only son's death may have so affected the poor man's brain as to make him partially insane."

"At all events," said Cecil, whose chivalrous temperament was considerably awakened by the story, he had listened to, "it was a most horrible dreary life to condemn a young and beautiful woman to share."

"Very true, Cecil," answered Mr. Ferguson. "I do hope Miss Stanley's future may be much happier than her past. But I think her confidence will be hard to win. If Constance were at home now."

"What?" queried Mrs. Anerley; "what oculd Constance do for her?"

"Constance has such a strong nature," replied Mr. Ferguson, smiling, "that I think Miss Stanley might have felt glad to lean upon her."

"Every Christian, dear Mrs. Anerley," said the minister's kind voice, "has some One to lean upon, an arm that never fails, a hand that is never weary, a heart that is ever full of tenderest compassion."

"Yes. Thank you for reminding me," she answered, humbly; "I am so foolish, so ready to forget that."

(*To be continued.*)

THE REST OF SALVATION.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A.

The 116th Psalm, specially the 7th verse: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."—Psalms 116 : 7.

Anxious Souls who go Wrong—Why the Wife Loved her Husband—I. The Natural History of Love—Great Distress—Encompassed with Difficulty—An Awful Moment—Half-Way to Deliverance—II. An Exhortation to Rest—The Great Object of Faith—The First Revelation of God—Grace and Mercy—The Stage of Struggling—III. Barriers to Rest Removed—The Young Man who was a Good Swimmer.

We have here a Psalm of spiritual experience which I daresay closely tallies with the experience of many whom I am now addressing. You will observe that the Psalmist begins by stating the cause and source and spring of his love for God. The question is often asked, do we love God? Well, my brothers, what is it that will make us love God? We love Him, says St. John, because He has loved us: but it is not until we have grasped that love and appropriated the blessed effects of that love to our own souls that we shall be in a position to love Him. The beginning of love is gratitude, and it is gratitude that is here, described in the language of the Psalm—"I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice."

Do you love the Lord for the same reason—in the hour of your mercy, in the midst of your desire, did the cry of your anguish penetrate into the heart of God? Has the right hand of the Almighty been stretched out to deliver you from your distress? If so, I don't wonder that you have begun to love the Lord. But if you have not yet applied to the Lord for that deliverance which your case requires, and not accepted the provision of His bounty, then it is not a thing to be surprised at that you do not love the Lord.

I meet with a great many

ANXIOUS SOULS WHO GO WRONG

just at this point. They tell me: "I do not feel that I love the Lord. *I cannot stimulate myself* into anything like spiritual affection." No wonder. How is it likely you should love God by a mere effort of your own volition? You cannot love your fellow-men after that fashion. Love must have a course, and you go the wrong way to work when you begin with the effect instead of endeavoring to see that the cause is present which induces the effect.

Some little time ago I said to *a seeking soul* who was troubled just at this point, "How did you begin to love your husband—by making a desperate effort to love him, making up your mind you would love him, and so ultimately force yourself into the possesion of that natural affection?" "No," she said "it was not in that way." Well, I said a few words to her and did not see her again till a week or ten days afterward, when she came up to me with a very bright face and said: "Mr. Aitken, I want to tell you how much your remark has helped me. When I went home that night I thought it over. My husband has been dead many long years, but I can remember it all as though it was yesterday. First of all I began to love him because I admired him. He was a noble, upright, straightforward man. Then my love increased toward him because he was kind to me. But the thing that really made me love him most was that I found he loved me."

I. That is the ordinary *natural history of love*. We may look at God and may begin to love Him after a certain fashion simply because we admire Him, but it is not until we begin to receive a kindness from him, begin to experience in our own lives what His bounty is, till we are the recipients of the mercy He loves to bestow, that our love begins to be true and deep and strong. Do not begin by endeavoring to create a feeling of love; but begin by fixing your gaze on God as revealed in the text, until you can see what your duty toward Him is, and then you shall find that there is that in God which charms your affections, lays hold upon your minds, and binds you to His Eternal Self.

You will observe it begins in a *description of great anguish and distress*. It was a dire moment in the history of this Psalmist—"The sorrows of death compassed me and the pains of hell got hold upon me," and he found what? Peace and rest? No. I think that there are many of us who have had something of the same experience. We felt as if the sorrows of hell compassed us round, and we were right in thinking so. We do not know much about hell, but we are justified in believing that *the sorrows of hell* are the sorrows of the sinner's life on earth fully developed, the harvest of the seed which the man has sown—yes, the sorrows of the heart. He is awakened to a sense of sin and finds out the plague of his own nature which may justly be described as the pains of hell.

Further, you will observe, he states that these sorrows of death and pains of hell *compassed him round*. There is a moment in the experience of the awakened soul when it feels as though it was just hedged in on every side like a wild animal that has been enclosed in a net and rushes hither and thither and finds every possible effort thwarted at every corner, and struggles in vain to make its escape. I dare say that is the experience of some of you. "The sorrows of death compassed me round about," and no further, "the pains of hell got hold upon me." A terrible thing that is. The stern grip of those sorrows makes you feel as though your helpless soul was seized by a mighty power, and all your efforts to escape from its fatal grasp leave you still a prisoner.

It is *an awful moment* in a man's experience when he realizes what it is to be grasped by the pains of hell. Under these circumstances, the Psalmist does what almost any of us would do—he calls on the name of the Lord. Here was his prayer: "O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul." It is

A VERY NATURAL PRAYER.

Have you yet offered it? There are some who are not wise enough to go thus far, and it only increases the peril of their case more and more deplorably. Dear friends, if you have got an awakened heart, if the sorrows of death and the pains of hell are laying hold upon you, pour out your plaintive cry in the ears of God: "O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul."

When a man has got to that point he is in earnest, and when a man is thoroughly in earnest you may be very sure deliverance is not very far off. To have the cry for deliverance extorted from one's heart is *half-way to deliverance*. Yes, though everything may seem to be against us, and though it seems at first sight as if our cry was addressed to the ears of one who has no sympathy with us, yet you may be sure when that cry begins to rise, the Lord hears it, and He will in His own time give the answer. But how is it to be given.

II. We pass on now to *the exhortation* which the Psalmist proceeds to address to his own soul, and this is based upon the contemplation of the character of God. "Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple." These are the characteristics of God upon which the Psalmist fixed his eye. Now I advise you to do exactly the same. If you have got to the point of crying out for deliverance, just go

A STEP FARTHER,

and fix your eye on *the great object of faith*. What do you think about God? Ah! many of us are in a state of bondage and misery and helplessness just because we have a false idea of God. We have an idea that God keeps us waiting, writhing in agony and helplessness and despair. We may build up barriers between God's mercy and our need, but while we may thus employ ourselves, whatever else God does, this He never does.

When the father saw the prodigal son returning, he ran to meet him. God is always ready to run to meet us. At the same time, God has His own method of conveying the blessing, and if we won't have it, we must thank ourselves if we do not get it. Now, *the first revelation of God* is, God is gracious, the source and founta
of all free favor. If everybody had whisper
that in the ear of Queen Esther as she enter
into the presence of the King Ahasuerus, wh
a consolation it would have been to her; b
look at the poor trembling woman. She know
that her life depends almost upon a look.
that monarch frowns upon her she dies; if
smiles she lives. If somebody had been able
whisper in Esther's ear: King Ahasuerus is f
of favor to you, what a burden would have be
taken off her mind.

My friends, it is no whisper and fancy, bu
revelation from on high, in the clearest a
most unmistakable way that *the Lord is gr
cious*. The saints in glory all bear witness to
and every weary sinner that comes to the cr
and lays his burden down finds peace and p
don reach his soul, and goes forth upon his w
a new man, a ransomed soul in Christ Jes
and every such person is ready to endorse
statement which the Word of God here make
"Gracious is the Lord."

He is *more than gracious*. His grace is n
mere attitude of favor, but it takes *the form*
Omnipotent Mercy. "Gracious is the Lord
righteous; yea, our God is merciful."
mercy of God you see is His grace put int
different form, as it were, His grace flowing
ward the recipient and carrying salvation al
with it. It is the grace of God which bring
salvation to every man, as St. Paul puts
That is His mercy. "Gracious is the Lord
righteous." Not only merciful, but also *ri
eous*, in His very mercy remembering just
not passing over sin in such a fashion as to l
the impression on the mind of the sinner
sin is a matter of no concern to Him, and
while He has fulminated terrible threats ag
sin, He is quite willing to pass it over if only
make application to Him to do so.

Were God to adopt this attitude toward
He would be in point of fact fixing a pren
upon human guilt, and thus the mercy of
would be the source of universal demoraliza
But God will not have it so. Merciful is
Lord and gracious, truly, but He is somet
more, and that is *righteous*. As I look
yonder cross I learn that God is right
God in His own person—for Christ, remen
is one with the Father—God in His own
son has vindicated His own law. God i
own person has demonstrated to the eyes
what sin deserved. God in His own perso
endured the penalty that belongs to my gu
order that it may be possible for me to tak
stand as one who is dead to sin and now
unto righteousness; and I am now in a po
to claim the pardoning love of God, not m
because God is gracious, but also because
is just. He is faithful and just to forgiv
sins of the man that clings to the cross of
and the glorious revelation of the love of
to man in the Gospel means just this.

THE END OF IT ALL

is just this, that God can be just and yet j
the man that trusts in Jesus.

Well, now, you are *seeking after the*
Fix your gaze on the person of Christ, a
Christ see the everlasting Father; and a
gaze at Him, then with the clear light
bursts forth from His presence resting
you, then, I say, turn round upon your
soul, and thus address it: "Return again
thy rest, O my soul; the Lord hath dealt
tifully with thee."

Now, with regard to this phrase, I wan
to notice that faith is usually described
effort. In one sense, it may be truthful
scribed so. At the same time, the express
very misleading, and one of the great d
ties with the awakened soul is that so
time is taken up with one effort and a
effort, that it becomes impossible for it
the rest which God designs it should enjo
fact, that is merely a truism. It is obvi
cannot rest while we are working hard—
to say, if I am working hard in order to
my salvation, I cannot enter into rest w

spect to my salvation. A formal prayer may be ttered without much trouble, but when the soul enters into praying it is hard work. "O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul." A cry of that kind, wrung from the heart's inward desire, speaks for a good deal of inward exertion —the excitation of all the moral forces of our nature, I may say.

And then, from praying we very often pass on o what I may describe as

THE STAGE OF STRUGGLING.

We are struggling to make ourselves what we would like to be. Our hearts are very hard, so we set ourselves to work to endeavor to make ur hard hearts soft—a very difficult process, ou know. Or perhaps we do not feel sorrowful enough for sin, and we struggle to do so. We think over our sins, and try to make ourselves hate them, but we do not; and we go on truggling, and try to produce that state of soul hich we think God demands. And then from truggling to make ourselves feel our sin, we ass on to endeavor to make ourselves believe. We read in our Bible: "Believe on the Lord esus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," and so e set to work struggling to believe.

If I have heard one person say it, I think I ave heard thousands say it—"I am *trying* to elieve;" and they do try, so very, very hard. ow, what does the Psalmist say? He obviusly begins by struggling, but he goes on to mething better. He takes a view of God, and asps these three great facts—that God is acious and righteous, and then His graciousss and righteousness blend together in one ream of healing, and "God is merciful." nd as soon as he gets this view of God, he rns round upon his poor, weary, tortured soul, d says: "Enter thou into rest, O my soul.

BE STILL.

Cease from your tumult. Give up your struging, you have been working hard enough, you ve been laboring wearily enough: enter thou o rest, O my soul." Why? For the Lord th dealt bountifully with thee. The wonous liberality of God has already anticipated y wants. He has brought within thy reach that thou canst possibly require. "Enter ou into rest, O my soul."

ear seeking brother, you are anxiously iniring, "What must I do to be saved?" You ve been toiling and struggling so wearily. ell, just turn round upon that poor, tortured ul of yours, and say: "Be still. Cease from your struggling, and enter thou into rest, O soul." What is it to enter into rest? I read the Epistle to the Hebrews that "He that ereth into rest hath ceased from his own rks, as God ceased from His."

nly, you know, we cannot look at our own rks and declare they are very good, bese they are very bad. All our struggles, all efforts to mend ourselves, all leave us just ere we were before, in helplessness and ery, until the eye rests upon a happier ob—as God looked at the work of creation, so eye rests upon the work of redemption. We e at yonder cross. We hear this voice of row; we behold the great World Victim red, and as we behold Him bow His head in agony, at last that voice of power leaves lips,

"IT IS FINISHED,"

He gives up the ghost.

s I see the shadows of death gathering round brow I say, "O my God, it is noble work Thou hast accomplished"—even nobler and nder work than He performed when He ed creation into existence, when He set the ld in its orbit, and clothed it with virgin uty. It never cost Him pain or suffering to a world into existence; but it has cost Him and suffering to redeem a world from h, and He has done it, and as perfect was work of His creation, so perfect is the work edemption. And as the Father looked at work of creation and said, "it is very d," and just left it alone, so I look at that k of redemption and say, "it is very good," and just leave it alone. I cannot improve upon it. I can only say, "God hath dealt bountifully with me." There are a great many things He might have given me; but He has given me something better than all. He might have made me the ruler of the planetary system; and yet without Him I should have been miserable in the planetary system. He might have given me the gratification of all my lusts and desires, and after all there would be an aching void in my nature. I cannot satisfy myself until my soul is able to grasp that wondrous provison which exists for me in God.

III. But how are *the barriers* to be removed? They can only be removed by a gift; and there is only one gift that can bring God within my reach, and that is the gift of God's own Son. I look up into my Father's face and I say: "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift;" and as I adore His love I am in a position to exclaim: "The Lord hath indeed dealt bountifully with me;" and inasmuch as He hath dealt bountifully with me, this poor, sad, storm-tossed soul of mine may enter into its rest at last. If the dying lips of Christ conveyed the truth, then finished the work actually is; and if it is not, then all the tears, and all the groans and struggles and efforts that you can add to it will never finish it. But glory be to God, "it is finished," and because it is possible for me just to step on that sure foundation, not to struggle, but to rest—calmly, sweetly, peacefully to rest in Jesus. Shall I repeat to you some lines which have been beautifully expressed by a living poet:

"Rest weary soul:
The penalty is borne, the ransome paid;
For all thy sins, full satisfaction made.
Strive not to do thyself what Christ hath done;
Take the free gift, and make the joy thine own.
No more by pangs of grief and fear oppressed,
Rest, sweetly rest! rest, sweetly rest!"

Will you do so.

IS GOD SATISFIED?

Great God, art Thou to be satisfied, and not I? Wilt Thou accept the work of Thy Son, and I not accept it? Oh! meet every doubt and fear in the heart as it arises with that one overwhelming thought—glory be to God—He is satisfied. God trusted Christ to save the world, and I may trust Christ to save my soul. Will you do it?

There was a young man some time ago in India, who just before he started went to see a minister of the Gospel with an old friend of his. They had dinner together, and after dinner they drew their chairs up to the fire and began to talk. "My dear John," said the minister, "we may never meet again. You are going out to a distant country and I would like to ask you before we part company, Is it all right between you and God? Supposing you were to be shipwrecked on the journey, would it be all well with you?" John hung down his head as he said, "I wish I could say it would. For years past I have been thinking about these things and doing everything I know how to do, but I do not seem to get hold of what other people have got."

They talked on for a little time and at last the minister said: "John, can you swim?" "Oh yes, I'm a very good swimmer." "Could you always swim?" "Why, what a ridiculous question; did you ever hear of anybody that came into the world a swimmer?" "Well, I don't know that I did; I ask you the question. Do you remember the time when you could not swim?" "Perfectly well." "Did you ever know the time when the water would not bear the human body?" "It would always do that." "Exactly. You were quite persuaded that the water would bear up your body?" "O yes, I believed that." "And then the next thing was you jumped into the water and splashed about and went down to the bottom, did you not?" "That was exactly it." "And all the time believed the water would bear up your body, did not you?" "Yes." "But it didn't?" "No."

"Do you remember how you learned to swim?" "Yes, I think I do. I was in the water one day and some fellows told me just to throw myself right on my back, and put my head back as far as I could and never mind whether I floated or sank, but just to lie there and make the slightest possible motion. I did so, and to my astonishment found my feet come up from the bottom, and I was floating. I had no difficulty in learning to swim after that."

"Well, all the time you believed that the water would bear you, but every time you got into the water you began to splash about and struggle, and down you went to the bottom. At last you just got wisdom enough to carry out in a practical form what you already knew. You knew the water would bear you; you rested and found yourself floating. John! was there ever a time that you did not believe that Jesus Christ would save your soul?" "Certainly not." "Has there ever been a time when you dropped into His arms as you dropped into the water—when you threw yourself unreservedly into His arms?" The tears came in his eyes and he said: "Ah! I see it now." "John, will you do it now?" So they knelt down together, and he trusted Jesus then and there.

That is what I want you to do at once. John rose up with a peaceful smile on his face, grasped the minister's hand and said: "Thank God! I see it at last.

"IT IS ALL RIGHT.

"I am not afraid to go to India now. I am not afraid to die." He went forth to that distant land and bore testimony to his Master for those long bright happy years before the Lord called him to go on high. Dear brothers, have you learned to float? Have you trusted yourselves to Jesus' hands? If not, will you do it now, this solemn hour while we are all here together? Ah! believe me, there is no thoroughfare to hell through the arms of Jesus. Glory be to God. Now, will you rest yourself into salvation, instead of struggling yourself into salvation? Do you see the difference? Will you stop all this exitement of your energies, the straining of every muscle of your being, and calmly fall back as I did when I was a boy eleven years of age, and say, "It is finished?" Glory be to God, he that believeth hath ceased from his own work, as God ceased from His. Shall we kneel down and tell the Lord so?

A STRANGE DISCOVERY OF A SON.

Many years ago, in the days when sweeps used to clean chimneys by sending a lad up with a small brush, and used often to kidnap boys for that purpose, a little fellow was lost from a house in London. His father and mother tried to discover his whereabouts, but without success. They advertised, and resorted to every expedient, but constantly failed. One day, some years afterward—and the story is the origin of the May Day Festival among the sweeps—*a sweep* was engaged to clean a chimney in one of the West End squares. As usual, he sent his boy up the chimney, but by some mistake the lad came down the wrong flue, and got into the wrong house. He came down into the drawing-room, and on looking round him everything seemed strangely familiar. He could not tell how or when, but he thought he certainly had been there before.

Just at this moment the lady of the house opened the door and came in, and if the boy was astonished, no less was she to see a little black sweep-boy in her beautiful drawing-room. But with a mother's quick eye she saw it was her long-lost boy. Now, what do you think she did? Did she ring the bell and order the servants to clean the little fellow and dress him? No, no, no. She ran to him, dirty and smeared, and smutted with soot as he was, clasped him in her arms, hugged him to her bosom, and covered him with a thousand kisses. And any mother would have done the same thing, and similarly, if you come to God though you be defiled and smothered with the soot of sin, He will receive you, even while you are a sinner will cleanse you from your sin, will save you now and keep you eternally.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, July 28th, at **12** Noon, at the Post Office, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

General Hancock's Letter Accepting the nomination of the Democratic Party for the Presidency has been published. It is a grave, dignified document dealing with the national situation from the point of view of a citizen rather than that of a party leader. The General cordially accepts the Cincinnati platform, which is almost the only sentiment throughout the letter which the most vigorous Republican could not indorse. The thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, General Hancock regards as "*inviolable*," and says that if called to the Presidency he would consider it his duty "to resist any attempt to impair or evade the full force and effect of any article or amendment of the Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land."

On the subject of the civil service, General Hancock says : "Public office is a trust, not a bounty bestowed upon the holder ; no incompetent or dishonest persons should ever be intrusted with it, or if appointed, they should be promptly ejected. The basis of a substantial, practical civil service reform must first be established by the people in filling the elective offices; if they fix a high standard of qualifications for office, and sternly reject the corrupt and incompetent, the result will be decisive in governing the action of the servants whom they intrust with appointing power."

The burning questions which divide so widely the two great political parties General Hancock does not discuss ; and the tone of his letter indicates that if he were elected and could keep himself free of party domination, he would endeavor to maintain an impartial attitude as to politics, contenting himself with a purely executive position. Republicans who have expressed their fears that General Hancock's election would be the election of a soldier and not that of a statesman, and that as President he would in political matters be merely the mouthpiece of irresponsible politicians, will doubtless see in his letter confirmation of their fears. The letter may, however, be regarded as the utterance of a citizen who, though the candidate of a great party, wishes to be known as a patriot rather than as a partisan.

The Statement that Justice Swayne, of the United States Supreme Court, had in 1875 declared that General Garfield was guilty of a corrupt sale of official influence in connection with the De Golyer contract, turns out, though widely circulated, to have no foundation in fact. The Justice, in a very unequivocal manner, denies ever making such a declaration or saying anything which could be construed into such a meaning. "The statement" says the Justice, "is an entire fabrication. *I have the highest confidence in General Garfield's integrity.*" It now appears that the imputation was made in a lawyer's brief and had no official sanction, but was made in the interests of a client. This and other similar charges against the Republican candidate for the Presidency are being circulated with great assiduity, but it is stated by persons who have thoroughly examined the evidence that they are all baseless, and that an impartial investigation would completely exculpate General Garfield from blame in any of these cases. The fact that he is comparatively poor, after a long public life, tends to confirm that opinion. Many opportunities have occurred during the period General Garfield has been before the public by which an unscrupulous man might have acquired wealth.

Politicians should not forget, in the excitement of a canvass, the commandment "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," or think that in becoming a candidate for office a man ceases to be their neighbor.

Citizens Suing Themselves will Probably be the strange spectacle seen soon in the law courts of New York. The Manhattan Beach Company, composed principally of the citizens of New York, have served a notice on the Comptroller of the city that they propose proceeding against him for damages resulting to their property by the illegal dumping of garbage in the Bay. The city officials, regardless of the law, and having no scruples about ruining the commerce of the city, by filling up the harbor, still continue their lazy practice of emptying the scows within the prescribed distance, and the filthy refuse is washed up by the tide on the shores on both sides, where it produces pestilential odors and breeds disease. The corporation cannot or will not make their servants do their duty, and therefore the Manhattan Beach Company intend suing the city, and thus bringing the question home to the people who may then be prompted to administee a remedy at the next municipal elections.

The Verdict of the Coroner's Jury Empanelled to investigate the cause of death of the victims in the Seawanhaka disaster, on June 28, is now given. The jury find that "the disaster was caused by the bursting or collapsing of one of the tubes in the starboard boiler, whereby the flames were driven under the grate-bars into the fire-room, thereby igniting the woodwork causing the destruction of the boat." They recommend that the boilers of engines on steamboats be in future inclosed in rooms having their ceilings, floors, and walls, covered with metal and also that the crews be regular trained to act in concert in the event of fire or a panic from other causes.

The Political Effects of the Census are thus summarized by a leading journal : "According to present estimates, under the new census the Southern States will lose thirteen representatives in Congress, and may possibly gain three—two in Texas and one in Missouri. The Northern States will probably lose eight members, and gain eighteen—the gains going to Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, and California. Eleven Democratic States will lose thirteen representatives, and two Democratic States gain three representatives. Four Republican States lose five representatives, and seven Republican States gain eighteen ; while three doubtful States lose three representatives."

A Spanish Bull-fight in New York was Announced to take place on July 31st. A large number of persons collected to witness the degrading exhibition, but those who expected to see the suffering of men or animals were destined to disappointment. In Spain darts with
rosettes on their heads are thrust into the ani
mal's sides to goad them to ferocity, but in Nev
York only rosettes were used, with a little cemen
on their backs, with which *the torreros* fixe
them on the beasts as they ran around the arena
Mr. Bergh, the President of the Society for th
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, attended, bu
there was no occasion for his interference. Th
animals showed no disposition to fight and ha
they done so the torreros appeared to lack cou
age to play their part, though they wer
bedizened with fancy dresses ornamented wit
gold lace, and presented an imposing appearanc
The spectators went away declaring themselve
victimized by a fraud, and were obviously disa
pointed that no blood had been shed. It is
significant sign of the times that an attem
should have been made to introduce bull-figh
ing into this country and that *three thousan
people* should have paid $1.50 each to see it.

Y. M. C. Association in New York State.
There are 88 organizations, with a membersh
of over 12,000. Thirty-eight have reading-room
and 18 libraries valued at $37,200. Six ha
buildings and five others building funds, amoun
ing in all to a valuation of $753,079. Thirt
four sustain weekly Bible classes, and 31 le
tures and familiar talks to young men. Thirt
four general secretaries are employed in the Sta
a larger number than in any other State. T
whole work is under the supervision of an exe
utive committee of twenty-three gentlemen fro
all sections of the State, with E. P. Platt,
Poughkeepsie, Chairman ; Robert Fulton C
ting, Brooklyn, Secretary, and Rev. George
Hall, State Secretary. Fifteen new associatio
have been organized during the past ye
Ninety-eight different places were visited duri
the year ; six parlor conferences, 55 local, a
15 district conferences were held. Railroad
sociations were organized at twelve points, w
railroad secretaries employed at each. T
expenses for the year's work amounted
$3876.31, which left a balance of $46.79 in
hands of the treasurer. The annual report
just out, and can be obtained at the Y. M. C.
Building. Address Twenty-third Street, c
ner Fourth Avenue, New York City.

A Minister's Son was Killed in a Tunnel
cently, at New Hamburgh, N. Y. The yo
man was the son of Rev. Addison Wight,
Presbyterian minister at New Hamburgh.
and his sister, a young lady seventeen year
age, started to walk through the tunnel un
the Hudson to catch a train leaving Fish
When about half-way through the tunnel t
heard a train approachng. The young wom
who was a little behind her brother, only
time enough to throw herself in the ditch to
side of the track when the train dashed by
freight train also entering and passing the o
in the tunnel. After the trains had passed, M
Wight got up and called for her brother, but
ceived no reply. As she made her way out,
found *her brother's hat*, and feared that an a
dent had befallen him. She told the t
agent, and he assisted in searching the tun
when the young man's body was found c
pletely cut to pieces. The bereaved fathe
overwhelmed with grief at the sudden los
his promising son.

A Thank-Offering to Poor Students from
Deems.—The Raleigh (N. C.) *News* of Jul
has the following : "It will be remembered
the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems last fall dev
a sum of money to the University of N
Carolina, to be loaned needy students to en
them to finish their education. On his re
from Europe and Asia he sent $200 more.
his grateful acknowledgment of the di
providence which has brought him safely h
It is exceedingly pleasant to see our di
guished friend, who so long resided amon
thus remembering the institution in whic
was once a professor, and helping the
young men of the State."

The late Dr. D. T. Coit, of Norwich, has
a bequest of $100,000 to Yale College,
which he was graduated in 1825.

A Sanctified Life wholly Devoted to Christian rk closed, July 25th, at Newhaven. Mrs. ah Greble was the widow of an officer killed one of the early battles of the war. She was otedly attached to her husband and his death a crushing blow to her. But she determined t her life should not be spent in idle sorrow in works of love and charity. She settled at ladelphia, and there in the hospitals and s-houses her labors in the cause of Christ e continuous. She would leave her home in the evening to carry over old linen for dages, or other comforts to patients there, o sit by a death-bed in the city alms-house— pauper's death-bed, to whom this brilliant rite of society felt it her woman's privilege minister. The same charm of manner, the radiant loveliness that made her sought distinguished in the social world, was ed out at the feet of the poorest or most dless creature that lay dying in an alms- e ward. Latterly she had suffered from an able disease, from which she has died. sorrow had upon her a chastening, elevat- nfluence, and was the messenger of God g her from a life of ease to labor for Him.

Remarkable Instance of Prayer for Extri- n from financial embarrassment being an- d, was related at the Fulton Street Prayer- ng last week. "This morning I was in eed of a sum of money," said the speaker, I laid the matter before the Lord. I was pted after prayer to visit some old busi- acquaintances whom I had not seen for years. They welcomed me cordially, me why I had not come before, and said ad had an amount standing to my credit ven years. This sum they gave me, and it x times the amount of which I was in such ular need." The man had no knowledge debt due to him, and his debtors had lost of him through a change of address, but vho numbers the very hairs of His chil- heads, knew the circumstances, and when ed to for help, moved the Christian to go help was awaiting him.

an Disappeared Six Years Ago from nd, Me., whose fate has been a mystery ecently. His name was Harry Hunter, s family lived at Pittsburgh, Pa. He a letter to his friends, dated September 74, stating that he intended to leave for hite Mountains the next day. He was heard from afterward. His father died, s family gave up all hopes of ever again him. A few days ago his brother re- a letter from the White Mountains, in- him that the body, or rather the re- f Harry Hunter had been found lying on of-the-way bridle-path in the mountains. pocket of what once had been a coat, ildewed and undecipherable papers were by means of which the skeleton was to be all that was left of Harry Hunter, he papers being a certificate, bearing his rom the New York Printers' Union. It osed that while travelling in the moun- was caught in a snowstorm, got lost, k down to die. The lonely death of eller must have been a very sad one, far om human solace and sympathy. But ch a death might have been rendered the young man had, by faith in Christ, ope of heaven. To the Christian, death e is only the entrance into a fuller life.

ing Rescue of a Child from a Nunnery cted by her brave mother recently at n. The father of the child had given her ns to be trained as a Roman Catholic, sed to tell his wife what had become of e mother, after much patient toil, dis- he child's whereabouts. She disguised nd drove at once to the retreat. Not who she was or what she came for, the pened the door at her bidding and er to enter the house. She stated that ed to see the little girl. Disguised as n was, the child recognized her at once into her outstretched arms, crying, "Oh, my mamma." The woman hugged the child to her breast with one arm and with the other tried to open the door. Failing in this, she called to the driver outside to kick the door in. A scene of excitement ensued, and for a few moments there was a desperate struggle between the sisters and the determined woman, the sisters endeavoring to retain their charge, and the mother struggling to rescue it. At length the driver forced the door open, and the woman and child escaped. Another struggle was made at the door of the convent; but the mother drew a pistol and threatened her pursuers with death if she was not allowed to depart, and fearing she would execute her threat they allowed her to go.

A Drunkard was Saved by a Dream Recently in a Western city. As he lay sleeping off the effects of a debauch, he dreamed that he was covered by horrible black slime. His whole person seemed to be immersed in the filth. In his helpless condition he saw near by a stream of pure water clear as crystal. It flowed toward him; it reached him; poured over him; cleansed away the filth, and left him clean. When he awoke the dream was impressed on his mind, and he was unable to shake it off. He saw his moral corruption, and was pointed to the means God has provided for cleansing. He finally sought the Water of Life and was saved.

An Anti Powder Association.—A City clergyman, before the last Fourth of July, proposed to the children of his parish to form an Anti-Powder Association. The money which they would have spent on crackers, powder, pinwheels, etc., was put in a common fund, and an excursion organized to the seashore, to which each contributor had the right to invite one poor little child chosen by himself. The national anniversary had no happier celebration than that of the clergyman's young friends. They not only enjoyed the day themselves, but had the pleasure of seeing children, to whom an excursion was an unwonted delight, enjoy it through their means.

It would be well if the anti-powder associations became more general. Children are anxious to follow the examples of their elders, and even the bad habit of carrying pistols is extensively imitated. *Toy pistols* have been introduced, and *nine boys have died in a few weeks from lockjaw*, brought on by injuries received from these dangerous playthings. The Fourth of July is always made memorable by the disastrous effects of the fire-cracker amusement. The following results occurred at Philadelphia this year, and they were more serious still in New York. Killed by the discharge of cannon, guns and pistols, ten; seriously wounded, thirty; amputations of arm or leg from injuries received, six; killed by fires resulting from fire-crackers, etc., four; slightly injured, one hundred and four; houses burned, five.

Two Godless Men were Saved Recently through the example of a converted friend. He had been saved from a dissipated life, and his conversion had been the subject of much comment among his old associates. He seemed happier than when he was leading what is falsely termed a life of pleasure, and this fact astonished them, for they watched him closely. Eight months after his conversion two of his old comrades came to him and said: "We have watched you and believe your conversion is genuine. Led by your consistent example, we have determined to give up our old habits, and we want to become Christians." Thus unconsciously he had been preaching a practical sermon of the best kind, and he had the happiness of seeing his two friends follow his example. Christians too often forget that they are being closely watched by others who judge of the value of religion by its effects (Matt. 5:16).

Dr. Morrison's Epitaph.—On the Tombstone of Rev. Dr. Morrison, the renowned Chinese missionary, is the following characteristic epitaph: "I have sinned; I have repented; I have trusted; I have loved; I sleep; I shall rise; and (through the grace of Christ, though unworthy,) I shall reign."

MEN BEWITCHED.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

> "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you?"—GALATIANS 3:1.

The Witchery of False Teaching—All Men Susceptible to its Influence—I. The Subtle Danger—Epidemics in the Family of Christ—The Early Church Infected—The Epidemics of Judaism, Gnosticism and other "isms"—The Witcheries of these Times—Puseyism—The Perils of Evangelical Churches—II. The Only Preservative—Christ Crucified, Preached as the Central Trnth—With Fullness of Detail—With Great Plainness—Set forth Vividly—The Pastor's Realization at Mentone—III. The Supreme Folly of leaving Jesus—The Plea of Decorum in Service—A Commonplace Gospel—The Preacher's own Conversion—The Effect of Modern Doctrine on the Life—The old Colors nailed Afresh to the old Mast.

WITH very great enthusiasm the Galatians received the Gospel when Paul preached it to them. They seem to have been a very warmhearted but *fickle people*, and Paul found to his great grief that while he was away from them certain false teachers came in and turned them aside from the Gospel which he had delivered to them. He spake out very plainly about the matter. In this verse he uses very strong terms, while he says to them: "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth?"

I do not know that any such witchery has fallen upon any of you, but I do know that, being men, we are all subject to like dangers, and I know also that there is a witchery in the very air at this time, so that many are to be found throughout the churches of this land to whom these words might be justly spoken.

We can only hope to escape this evil which Paul so severely condemns by the use of right *cautionary means.* It is only, in fact, as the Holy Ghost shall keep us that we shall be preserved from the fascinations of error, and kept true to the grand old Gospel of the blessed God. At this time I shall very briefly speak, in the first place, upon *the subtle danger* which is hinted at here: "Who hath bewitched you?" Secondly, at more length, I shall speak upon *the blessed preservative*: there is no way of being kept from this witchery like having Christ Jesus set forth among us, evidently crucified. And, thirdly, a few words, in closing, upon *the supreme folly* of any who, having tried this Divine preservative, nevertheless do become bewitched by error.

I. First, then, let us think of

THE SUBTLE DANGER

which is ever around us.

It was hard work to preach the Gospel at first among the heathen. Men had to lay down their lives to do it. They had to propound new things which the heathen mind did not readily receive. But, by the power of the Spirit of God, converts were made and churches were formed. And now came another difficulty. Even those that were converted, or appeared to be so, became suddenly, as it were, bewitched with error of one kind or another, just as in families children are suddenly taken ill with certain complaints which seem incidental to childhood. If parents had never heard of such things before they would be astonished. They would suppose that they must lose their children when such unaccountable diseases suddenly appeared in them, and yet they survive.

In *the family of Christ* certain epidemics break out at times. We cannot tell why they should come just then; and at first, perhaps, we are puzzled and perplexed to think that such diseases should come at all; but they do come; and hence it is well to be on our guard against them. Paul calls it being bewitched, because these people fell into strange error—error which had no argument to back it, error surprising and startling. He seems to say, "I cannot make it out. I cannot understand how you should be thus misled."

In Paul's day the error was generally that of Judaism. They wanted to go back to circumcision, and to the old sacrifices of the law. Paul was indignant enough about this. "I testify," said he, "to every one of you, that if he be circumcised he is a debtor to keep the whole law, and he has fallen from grace. If you go back to the old beggarly elements of Judaism, you are leaving Christ, and rejecting Christ, and imperilling your souls." He declares that he could not understand how they should wish to do it.

He calls it *witchery*, for in his day it was believed that men could cast an evil eye upon one another, and thus work evil upon their fellowmen. It seemed to Paul to be something like that—as if the devil himself were in it, and came and turned men away from Christ Jesus, to go back to trustng in the law and its obsolete ceremonies.

It was not long before Paul found another kind of error in the Church. There came in among the humbler believers certain men of education, who thought themselves highly intelligent— men who knew something about Socrates and Plato; and they said, "These doctrines are too plain. The poor people understand them, and they come into the Church; but no doubt they have a deeper meaning, intended only for the initiated." So they began to spiritualize everything, and, in the process, they spirited away the very Gospel itself.

Paul could not endure it. He said that though he or an angel from heaven should preach any other Gospel than that which he had preached, it would be a cursed deed. Whether it were Judaism, or Gnosticism, he smote it heavily, and said to those who fell into it, "Who hath bewitched you?"

You who read church history know that in after ages the Church fell into Arianism. There were great disputes about the deity of Christ, and the air for a long time was full of that deadly plague. When that battle was over, and such men as Athanasius had settled the question of our Redeemer's Godhead, then came up all the superstitions of Rome—that awful midnight, black with murky clouds, which covered the Church for ages. Indeed, if we look back on history, it seems like a witchcraft, that men who had the Gospel preached among them in all its glorious simplicity, should after all submit their minds to such debasing falsehoods as those of old Rome, and prostrate themselves before images of wood and stone after a heathenish manner, even as their pagan forefathers had done.

At this present time it is a marvel to some of us how *the churches have been bewitched again.* When I was a boy I recollect hearing Mr. Jay say, "Puseyism is a lie!" I remember the words coming just like that from his reverend lips, and everybody, or nearly everybody, thought with him. It was a wonderful event if a high church or ritualistic place was set up. Everybody was astonished at it; and if you said, "This is the Church of England, and this is according to her prayer-book," everybody said you were uncharitable, and that it was not so. They pitied our fears, and said that a dozen men were going toward Rome, and that was all.

Look ye now, sirs: these things are openly done. Our parish churches are commonly turned into mass houses, and the Church of England is slightly to be distinguished in many parishes from the Church of Rome, and yet nobody is astonished; and if we make a remark about it we are set down as bigoted. *Who hath bewitched this Protestant land?* With Smithfield scarcely yet swept of the ashes of her martyrs, they set up the crucifix again! What would Oliver Cromwell say if he and his Iron sides could come back again to see what they are making of this land? I wot some strong things he would say; and, as I cannot speak such vigorous words as he would have uttered, I leave the subject with words borrowed from Paul, which well suit the case, "*O foolish Englishmen!* who hath bewitched you that ye should thus turn aside?"

Nor is this all. You see this witchery in another way among our dissenting churches. At a time not yet forgotten Unitarianism and Socinianism gradually crept into Nonconforming congregations, and the pulpits lost their testimony for Christ; the meeting-houses were deserted, and true religion seemed dying out of the land. Then came Whitefield and Wesley, and all their troop of Methodists, and the blessed flame that was almost quenched burned up again, and we, of this generation, have said one to another, "That experiment will never be repeated: the Nonconformist churches will never go in that direction again; they know better. They see the ill-effect of this modern teaching, and they will stick to the grand old Gospel now."

So I dreamed; but I dream in that way no longer, for scarcely do I look anywhere but I find *the Gospel of Christ diluted*, the milk of the Word adulterated, and the grand Gospel, as Luther and Calvin would have thundered it out, seldom enough to be heard. O foolish Nonconformists, who hath bewitched you that ye should not obey the truth, but should seek after this novelty and the other—this refinement and the other—and let your God and Saviour go? As for us, if we stand alone, God forbid that we should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This is the peril.

II. Our second head is

THE ONLY PRESERVATIVE.

The apostle says that the Galatians had had Christ set forth before their eyes crucified among them.

Well, then, if you want to be kept right and sound in the faith, the first thing is to get the right subject fixed in the centre of your hearts—Jesus Christ crucified. Paul says that he preached *that.* He set Jesus forth. Whatever else he might not have made clear, he did set forth the person and work of Jesus Christ. Beloved, settle this in your soul, that your sole hope and the main subject of your meditation shall always be Jesus Christ. Whatever I do not know, O my Lord, help me to know Thee. Whatever I do not believe, enable me to believe Thee, and to trust Thee, and to take Thy every word as the very truth of God.

Beloved, away with the religion that has little of Christ in it. Christ must be Alpha and Omega, first and last. The religion that is made up of our doings and our feelings and our willings, is a falsehood. Our religion must have Christ for the foundation, Christ as the corner-stone, Christ as the top-stone; and if we are not based and bottomed, grounded and settled upon Him, our religion is vain. Paul wonders that any to whom Christ has been the chief thing should ever have been bewitched; and I trow that if Christ be really such to your souls, you will not turn aside through error, but Christ crucified will hold you fast.

But Paul says not only that he had preached Christ to them, but that he had set Him forth, by which I understand that he had taken pains to make all about Christ clear to them. He had preached His person as man and God. He had preached His work as the atoning sacrifice. He had preached Him as risen and pleading before the throne of God. He had preached Him as our substitute. He had made this *the main doctrine*—that if we are saved, we are saved by the righteousness of Christ, and our sin is put away because Christ bore it in our stead and suffered the penalty due for it, that so the justice of God might be satisfied and we might be saved. That is what he means by Christ crucified.

He had gone into details on this point and set forth the glorious doctrines which cluster about the cross. Brethren, if you want to be kept from the modern witcheries, think much of Christ and go into detail about Him. Be familiar with His divine person. Be well acquainted with His relationships and His offices; know what He is in the covenant of grace, what He is to the
Father, what He is to you. Oh, seek to k
Him! He yet surpasseth knowledge; but
students of Christ. Do not have a mere su
ficial knowledge of Him, but seek to k
Christ, and to be found in Him. This will
you free from error.

When the apostle says that he set C
forth, he means, next, that he had done it
great plainness. The Greek word has to do
a programme or a proclamation; it is as goo
to say, "I have set Christ before you as pla
as if I had printed a great bill and stuck i
before your eyes. I have put *the letters dou*
capitals. As a king, when he makes a pr
mation, puts it on the walls, and calls atte
to it, so," says Paul, "I have set forth C
before you. I have not talked of Him in a
tical way, so that you did not know w
meant, but I have set Him forth. I have sa
Him that He suffered in our stead, and
made a curse for us, as it is written, 'Curs
every one that hangeth on a tree.'"

Paul set forth Jesus plainly. Now, you
the way in which Jesus Christ is preach
some. It was well described by old Dr. D
when he said, "They preach that the de
Christ in some way or other had some s
connection, in some way or other, with t
vation of men." Yes, that is it—misty, c
foggy—*a bottle of smoke.* We do not
Christ in that way, but we just say this,
Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of u
and because He was oppressed and He was
ed in the room and place and stead of the
therefore does God most freely remit the
believers and bid them go their way. Su
tion—*may we never stammer over that*—C
the sinner's stead.

Beloved, if you will get a hold of that
and get it well worked into your soul, y
be more than a match for the ritualism
tionalism of the age. Give up that do
The man who has once drunk it in and
its sweetness cannot give it up; for he
feel that, having once believed it, it acts
as a detector by which he discovers what
doctrine, and it gives to him a taste which
false doctrine loathsome to him, so
cries, "Away with it."

If anything contrary to this comes bef
he does not timidly say, "Everybody has
to his opinion;" but he says, "Yes, t
have a right to their opinion, and so h
mine; and my opinion is that any
which takes away from the glory of Chris
stitutionary sacrifice is *a detestable o*
Get the real atonement of Christ thoroug
your soul, and

YOU WILL NOT BE BEWITCHED.

Nor is this all. Paul says that Christ
forth crucified visibly among them.
ever see Christ in this way? I do
whether you ever saw a vision. Who w
that? I do not ask whether your ima
was so worked upon that you thought
the Saviour. There would be no partic
in that, for thousands did actually see
the cross, and they thrust out the tongu
and perished in their sins. But let me
that it is one of the most strengthenin
to our piety to get to feel by faith as th
did behold the Saviour.

We do not expect to *see* Him until H
yet when we have been alone in our ch
have as much realized His presence wit
use of our eyes as if we had literally s
He has been certainly sensibly crucifie
us, for this is the point. He says th
set forth Christ with such vividness-
words painted so thoroughly well, he
ken so plainly and so simply, that the
to say, "We see it: Christ in our stea
bleeding for our sin." They seemed to
as if He were before them in ther mids

My dear friends, do not say, "Chris
Calvary. That is thousands of miles
know that He did, but what matters it
died as to locality? He loved you,
Himself for you. Let Him be to you

e were crucified at Newington Butts, and as ough His cross were in the middle of this tabnacle. "Oh, but He died nineteen hundred ars ago." I know that He did, but the efficy of His death is a thing of to-day. "He d unto sin once;" and that once pours the endor of its efficacy all down the ages, and thing for you to do is to feel as if you saw m dying *now*, on the tree *now*—you standing mediately at the foot of the cross, and look- up, and seeing Him looking down from off t cross and saying, "I did all this for thee." nnot you ask the Lord to make it as vivid as t to you?

want, while I am looking upon this great ong, to forget you all, and to see Jesus standhere with the nail prints. Oh, if I could see n, how humbly I would throw myself at His ! With what love would I embrace Him! h what reverence would I adore Him! But, m Master, I am so sure of the fact that Thou t die in my stead, and that my sins were laid Thee, that even now I see Thee discharging all debts, and bearing all my curse. Though u art gone to the glory, yet I vividly realize Thou wast here. *This has become a fact to m*

henever you get into company where they talking about the doctrines of grace, and ring about them, and whenever you get into her class of company, where they say, ay with your simple worship of God! You have priests and incense, and altars, and do not argue with them. Get alone, and

K TO SEE JESUS CHRIST OVER AGAIN.

f there is anything of Popish finery about See if there is anything of this philoso- falsely so called, about Him. You will dene as soon as you have seen Him that you all all things else vanity and lies, and bind ospel to your heart. *The cross is the school hodoxy.* Endeavor to keep there.

ile I have been alone on the Continent, I in my quiet moments, had realizations of aster's presence, and then I have wished could borrow the wings of a dove, so that ht there and then stand up and talk to you. e been very sick and full of pain, and ded in spirit, and I have judged myself to be men most unworthy, and I judged truly. d to that judgment still. I felt myself only y to be shaken like dust from off the feet Lord, and cast into the bottomless pit for- Then it was that my Substitute was my and in my lonely chamber at Mentone I to His dear skirts; I looked into His s; I trusted myself with Him again, and I that I am a saved man. I tell you there is vation in any other, but only in Jesus. ill not be led away to any other doctrine will return continually to this truth.

e men want *a sound pummeling* with afflic- get them to love Christ; and some old ors need a touch of poverty sometimes, ttle affliction, or a rack of rheumatism, at would bring them to their bearings, and ould begin to cry out after realities, and of whims and fancies. When it comes to ealings between God and your soul, and stares you in the face, nothing will do rucified Redeemer, and no confidence will a sinner's childlike reliance upon the fin- ork of Him who suffered in our stead. I trongly, but I feel a thousand times more y than I can speak.

The last point is

THE SUPREME FOLLY

who would leave Jesus for anything else. that any man should once have trusted s Christ simply, and have realized the f Christ, and have come into real contact e dying, bleeding Master; and suppose ter that, he should begin to put his con- in priests and sacraments; or suppose should, after that, put on his lavender ves and become a philosopher—what e be? Now do not tell anybody, I pray eep it to yourselves.

he Apostle Paul did not affect the manners of a gentleman, but he spoke very plainly indeed. Do not tell your learned neighbors that I said it, because I did not say it; it is Paul that said it: he says that a man who should do that would be—A FOOL. "Oh, foolish Galatians!" *What are you at, Paul?* They have been decorating their service; surely you cannot object to that. Don't you know, Paul, that the old Jewish priest used to wear a splendid breastplate wrought with jewels, and he had an ephod adorned with bells and pomegranates? Surely, in the worship of God, we ought to do things decorously and properly! And on this plea these Galatians have decked themselves out exceedingly. "They are foolish Galatians!" he says. Very rude of him, mark you; very rude of him! I shall not attempt to excuse him, for I fully indorse his verdict.

But here is *a gentleman who has been reading Plato*, and after reading Plato he has been reading the words of Jesus Christ, and he says that they do not mean what the common people think they mean—that there is a very mysterious philosophical sense hidden within them. For instance, when Jesus Christ says, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment," it does not mean at all what the words say. It means that they shall ultimately be restored. Now, Paul, this gentleman is a philosopher; what do you say of him? He says, "He is foolish!" That is all he says, and all that he needs to say, for learned folly is folly at its height. "Oh, foolish Galatians! Who hath bewitched you?"

Why do we think these people foolish? Because *we* should be foolish ourselves if we were to do the same. A good many years ago, when I was about fifteen or sixteen years of age, I wanted a Saviour, and I heard the Gospel preached by a poor man, who said in the name of Jesus, "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." It was very plain English, and I understood it, and obeyed it, and found rest. I owe all my happiness since then to the same plain doctrine. Now, suppose that I were to say, "I have read a great many books, and there are a great many people willing to hear me. I really could not preach such

A COMMONPLACE GOSPEL

as I did at the first. I must put it in a sophisticated way, so that none but the *élite* can understand me." I should be—what should I be? I should be a fool, writ large. I should be worse than that, I should be a traitor to my God; for if I was saved by a simple Gospel, then I am bound to preach that same simple Gospel till I die, so that others too may be saved by it. When I cease to preach salvation by faith in Jesus put me into a lunatic asylum, for you may be sure that my mind is gone.

There are hundreds of you who feel perfectly happy in Christ. You believe that all your sins are washed away, that you are justified by the righteousness of Christ, and accepted in the Beloved. Now suppose that you give that up, and say, "Instead of believing in Christ's dying once and making an atonement, I am going to believe in the perpetual sacrifice offered by a human being in the mass;" you will be very foolish. Suppose that instead of trusting in Jesus Christ for perfect pardon and justification, so that you know that there is no condemnation to you because you are in Christ Jesus, you go back to works and say, "I am going to work out my own salvation by my own good works;" you will be foolish to the last degree, and *you will soon discover the fact* by the misery that will come over your spirit.

Look again. When you have lived nearest to Christ, and trusted most in Him, have you not felt most desire after holiness? Now tell me, if you have tried the modern views, what state of mind have you been in with regard to your daily walk? I will tell you. You could, with those modern views, frequent the theatre and the music hall and feel quite easy; and you could do a sharp trick in business and feel comfortable; but you know that when you have seen Christ you cannot do anything of the kind. You are sanctified by His presence. You feel a strong desire after perfect purity. You feel a horror and a dread of sin.

Judge, then, which must be the right doctrine. That which makes you most holy must certainly be true; and if you turn away from your Lord, whose very presence breathes sanctification, and communion with whom is sure to bring holiness, you will be a fool; and we shall have to say, "Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?"

During the late meetings that we have had here, my dear brethren Fullerton and Smith have been preaching the Gospel, the straightout Gospel of Jesus Christ, and at one meeting held afterward, there were scores of persons who rose up to tell of what that ministry had done for their souls by God the Holy Spirit. There were thieves reclaimed, drunkards reclaimed, harlots reclaimed, great sinners reclaimed. Well, now, suppose that after all some of you ladies and gentlemen should say, "We see what the Gospel can do, but we are going to try something else;" you will be fools.

I am always ready to try *a new machine;* we will try the electric light one of these days instead of gas when we are sure of it; but suppose that it should all go out and leave us in the dark! I will wait till the invention has been tested. So it may happen with the new religious lights that men bring up, which are like dim rushlights compared with the blazing sun of Gospel truth; we are not going to try anything new to the risk of our souls.

We are going to keep to the old, old Gospel until it is worn out. *When it gets worn out, and will not save any more*, and will not comfort any more, and will not draw us near to God any more, then will be the time for us to think of something fresh. But as that has not come to pass, I beg to say that I will drive another nail into

MY OLD COLORS

and fasten them anew to the old mast. What I have preached among you these six-and-twenty years I will preach agan; for I am determined to know nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified; and may neither the preacher become a fool, nor any of his hearers become fools, by being bewitched, so that they forsake the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. Oh, that you all knew its power, and were all saved by it! God grant that you may be, for Jesus' sake Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Galatians 2:21; and chap. 3.]

A SAILOR BOY'S DREAM OF HOME.

There was once a boy who ran away from his father, and went to sea. His first voyage was enough for him; boys generally tire with their first voyage. He became sick of the sea, but thought his father would never forgive him for running away, so did not come home. One night he had a dream, and he thought he was back at the old cottage. Looking through the window he saw his father and mother at the fire, with a little table between them, on which was laid the old family Bible and his mother's spectacles. They were talking together, and as he listened he heard his own name mentioned. The tears fell as they spoke of him, and he heard them wish he was home again. Just then, he thought, by some accident he made a noise outside, and the old man came out into the darkness to see what was the matter. He looked at the lad, and then seeing it was his own boy, clasped him in his arms, brought him to his mother, and they both rejoiced over him. That night there was gladness in the house, and as the three knelt together they praised God for bringing back their boy. He awoke, and lo! it was a dream. Not long did it remain a dream, however, for it awakened in his mind the hope that his father would yet receive him, and when he got ashore he went home and found the ready welcome he had anticipated. Much more ready is our Heavenly Father to receive returning prodigals.

A DRINK-MADDENED FATHER.

A Temperance Story.

Dan McKinnon, the Drunkard—His Two Daughters, Eliza and Agnes, Employed by John Nicol, a Tailor— Their Tender Care of their Sick Brother Freddy—The Inebriated Father Enters and Hurls Him Against the Wall—His Death—Eliza and Agnes Adopted by John Nicol—They Meet their Father in After Years.

Dan McKinnon belonged to a well-known gang of thieves; but he was so utterly given up to drink that he was discarded by his associates. A confirmed sot never makes a successful thief. McKinnon, though useful to the gang for a time, sank deeper and deeper, and, at last, through neglecting his three children and thus calling the attention of the authorities, he was forced to leave his native town. He found refuge in Glasgow, in one of those miserable dens in the Kavanah.

The change brought no improvement to McKinnon, for he was now too lazy to steal, and sank into a kind of begging loafer. But with the children, strange to say, it was different. The girls, Eliza and Agnes, had struggled on, Heaven only knows how, and had managed to pick up a few letters and a little writing, when they were discovered by one of the city missionaries. This gentleman, finding that they were willing to work, introduced them to a poor tailor in the neighborhood, named John Nicol. This man had buried a wife and children of his own, but he had a large, loving heart, and not only employed the two girls, but welcomed and loved them as a second father.

With all their hard work and frugality, Eliza and Agnes did not rise an inch in the social scale, and why? As well attempt to fill a pitcher with water while there is a great hole at the bottom. McKinnon—the drunken sot, the brutal madman—was a continual drain upon them. Terrible threats, fearful oaths, and hard blows were their daily portion. At times they gave themselves up for lost, so like a murderer did their father look and act in his determined robbing of their hard earnings, and many a terrible bruise had to be hidden from John Nicol, or spoken lightly of, to save the miscreant from prison.

One Saturday night, in the depth of winter, Eliza, the eldest, was wearily climbing the dark stair to her miserable home, faintly wondering what was to be the end of all their struggles. Agnes, owing to the alarming illness of their brother Freddy, had been at home the whole week, nursing the dear little fellow, while her sister strove, by doubling her energies, to make the difference in their earnings unfelt. And now, just as she was nearing her own door, she caught the sound of some one singing softly a little hymn, and paused to listen. The voice of Agnes she at once recognized; but it was the faint attempt of Freddy's weak voice to join in the melody that startled the toil-worn girl, and made her stand there in the dark, holding her throbbing head tightly in her hands, with the tears crowding thickly into her eyes—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day."

The simple strain rose and swelled through the little hovel till the poor girl outside, shaking from head to foot, passionately raised her clasped hands toward Heaven, crying:

"Oh, God, why not take us—take us all now?" She raised the latch and entered. Agnes was seated by the bed, supporting Freddy's light form in her arms. The boy's eyes were wide open and wondrously bright, and a thrill ran through Eliza as she thought that, in spite of his shadowy appearance, he looked better than he had been for many a day. A glad cry showed that she was recognized, and, folding him to her breast, she raised him and kissed him repeatedly. But the sudden joy was too much for him in his weak state, and it took long to soothe and still his convulsive sobbing.

Presently the little fellow said, "I'm so weary, sister 'Liza. If I were to die, would they bury me in this awful place?"

But "sister 'Liza" only covered up her face with her hands and made no reply. Agnes was weeping silently. But there was no sound, only a heavy, heart-throbbing stillness.

"I wouldn't like to be buried here," dreamily pursued the sick boy; "here where the men drink and fight, and bleed, and the women scream and look fierce I would like to be taken back to Edinburgh, to the nice place where mother was buried. The birds would sing over me there, and the pretty flowers would wave about and look bright in the sun.

"Mother will be in Heaven when I get there," softly continued the boy. "I know she will, for *she* was never a thief, and never got drunk and beat you. I think I will know her, too, among all the great crowd, for I have dreamed so often of seeing her. She was always bright and shining, and holding out her arms toward me, and looking into my face with such beautiful, loving eyes; and when she smiled I cried right out, and tried to run into her arms. But then I awoke, and only found myself here, and I cried more than ever."

Eliza could say nothing, but after a pause, Agnes said, in a choking way.

"But God will make you strong and well, Freddy, and then you'll grow up to be a man and work for us."

"I don't know," sighed the boy, with a weary shake of the head that made him look for the moment an old man. "To-day, when sister Agnes was out, I asked Mr. Irving, the missionary, if he thought I would die, and—and—but I think you're crying, 'Liza, dear," and he tried to get a glimpse of her face.

But she held him closely to her bosom, and whispered, huskily:

"I am not, Freddy. I am calm and happy; but what did Mr. Irving say?"

"He said—but you will not cry if I tell you?"

"I will not cry, Freddy, dear, I will smile and kiss you," replied Eliza, with a shiver.

"Well, he said he wasn't sure, but that I shouldn't trouble my head about it, for God would put me wherever I could do the most good."

At last, fairly exhausted, the little fellow fell asleep.

THE DRUNKEN FATHER ENTERS THE ROOM.

The sisters then looked straight into each other's eyes, and instantly became wreathed in each other's arms, and then sobbed and clung to each other as if they were already alone in the world. Agnes suddenly started and said, "Hush, dear, do you hear that?"

Too well they knew the heavy stagger, hard breathing, and thick cursing, as they heard a man groping toward their door. McKinnon stumbled noisily into the room, with a shower of oaths for greeting.

"Oh, father," cried Eliza, clasping her hands before him in piteous entreaty. "Freddy is so ill. Do step softly, and let him sleep."

"Ill, ill!" he answered, with maddened ferocity. "So am I—dying—dying for something to drink. Bring it—bring it instantly!" and the last furious stamp caused the sick boy to start up with a faint scream of terror.

"Oh, father, don't strike them, don't strike them!" he wildly screamed, with his great eyes nearly starting from his head, as he tried to scramble from the bed; "strike me first!" But then his little stock of strength was exhausted, and he fell back quivering in his sister's arms.

"Strike them!" savagely echoed the drunkard. "I'll murder every one of you if you don't give me money or drink this instant. Come on, now, you ——, where's your wages? Out with them, or I'll strangle you!" and he seized Eliza by the shoulder, and tore her away from the boy.

"Father! I can't give you the money, or I would give you every penny this minute, if only that Freddy may not be disturbed," dauntlessly replied the girl; "but Mr. Nicol was afraid you would get it, and said he would keep it for m and only give me enough for each day as came."

"Liar—liar!" cried the infuriated wret almost wrenching her shoulder out of joint w his strong hand. "Where have you hidden Quick! speak! or you haven't another hou life in you."

"She hasn't hidden it," said the timid Agr firing up into an unusual boldness: "she nothing but a penny to buy Freddy an orang

"Ha! Freddy, indeed!" fiercely returned drunkard, glaring at the wide, round eyes of sick boy; "he must have oranges, while I m either die or risk getting into jail. He prete he's ill, too—confound you, I believe you've l den the money under him. Turn it out qu you young imp, or I'll soon cure you of your ness;" and, hurling off the girl, he made a g at the boy, and swung him out of bed on floor.

(*To be concluded.*)

PROPHETIC EXPOSITION.

Compiled by Rev. M. Baxter.*

(*Continued from page 487.*)

The Temple to be Rebuilt—A French Jew's h of Help from France—1806 the Beginning New Era—The Coming Persecution of Christian Church—The Approaching Tra tion of Christians—The Wonderful Scene— sons for Watchfulness.

The Rev. Samuel Garratt, M.A., In bent of St. Margaret's, Ipswich, in his large torical "Commentary on the Revelation 1860, gave fifty pages of explanation of Re tion 11 and 13, showing that the Nap dynasty is the seventh-eighth and last he the Roman Empire; also that there will be versal three and a half years' persecutic Christians at the end of the 1260 years' ter power of Popery and Mohammedanism, sl before or about 1880.† He said.

"Prophecy leads us to believe that the or some of them, will be restored to thei land, and will rebuild their temple in ap —their restoration being promoted by the ence of France, and by a Powerful Rule will afterward become Ruler of the Roma pire, and will ultimately be their False Me (Zech. 11:16, 17; John 5:43; Isaiah 66 When Napoleon I. assembled the Jewish hedrim at Paris in 1806, their language of tion to him fell little short of this. Th idea is not unknown to the Jewish mi shown by a book called "Rome, Paris, lem," published at Paris by a Jew, M. Sal

"He considers that a new era comr in 1806, with the revival of the Jewish San at Paris, which will develop itself into w calls a New Messianism, having Jerusalem centre, in which the substance of Judais array itself in the dress of Romanism, ac much of its outward ceremonial, and re nominally all the doctrines both of Chris and Romanism.

An immense temple is to be built for th mon worship of Jews, Mahommedans, Romanists, and Protestants—a sort of I tional Exhibition of all the religions in th

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[*] Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the Description of Approaching Events," with t and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* valuable quotations from Forty Expositors events. Address, 63 Bible House, New Yo

[†] Mr. Garratt wisely maintains (as also Savile, Purdon, Nangle, Chester, Polwhele, Pursell, Tuckett, Reinke, Colegrove, G Beales, Evill, Bickersteth, and others) tha rophetic dates have a *double fulfilment*—year literal day—that thus the 3½ times and 4 (Dan. 7:25; 12:7; Rev. 11:2, 3; 12:14 signify not only the 1260 *years* of Popery and medanism from 606-20 to 1866-80, but also t final 3½ years, or 1260 literal *days*, of the Protestant Witnesses, and Persecution of t tain Church.

ich acknowledge the Divine mission of Moses. points out the desirableness of France pos ssing the Holy Land, and is evidently prepared t accept the French Emperor as the Christ of h New Messianism.

What we have now to expect is the

REVIVAL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE,

uding the civilized Roman world in Europe, a, and Africa, and its becoming the object of nse admiration as the longed-for consum ion of human progress, and perfection of lern civilization, together with the blending welding of all Christendom into one relig system (a Roman Catholic Greek Church) * ubmission to a general council at Jerusalem. the decree of this Œcumenical Council the persecution of the saints will be brought to . All errors will combine and form one d apostasy. All the powers of the world be used in making war with the saints. In times Christendom has been red with their d. But this will reach its climax during the three and a half years. (See Rev. 13 : 4–7.)

No truth is received with so much difficulty is—that persecution is awaiting the Chris Church. Only God's elect ones will then tain their ground. The half-Christian will when the multitude yield. None will fast their profession of faith in Christ ex the called, the chosen, and faithful. (Rev. ; 17 : 14.) Perhaps the expression, '*the l-beast that was and is not, even he is the h*,' may need for its fulfilment an election me way by the whole Roman world."

H APPROACHING TRANSLATION OF CHRISTIANS.

' see no reason why we who are now living ld not ourselves be in the number of those shall be alive and remain unto the coming e Lord, when the first resurrection shall take according to 1 Thessalonians 4 : 16 : 'For Lord Himself shall descend from heaven a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, with the trump of God; and the dead in t shall rise first; then we which are alive remain shall be caught up together with in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; so shall we ever be with the Lord.'

redicted events are rushing by with giant s. It is wonderful to those who watch the of the times and compare them with the s of God, to see how much more the pres tate of affairs in our world resembles that is to precede the second advent of Christ it did a few years ago. This is the case as respects what is evil and what is good. hings appear to be falling into that form rder which they must assume to satisfy the ements of prophecy before the coming of on of Man.

oon, like the dew drops on the grass, God's will be found rising from every spot, from ell-remembered tomb and the broad ocean. an instant glorious. And not less sudden the change which will then pass over those who are now alive. 'We shall be changed oment, in the twinkling of an eye,'—not w degrees, but suddenly, will that transi ke place.'

rom the very midst of the employment in which each is occupied, some aroused from sleep, some hard at work, in all those various stations in which God's people are engaged, then and there, at the sound of the Archangel's trump, each will be summoned to meet the Lord in the air. It will take place while all is going on much the same as usual, while as yet no overwhelming signs of change have appeared—except the Midnight Cry, disregarded by the world at large.

"Then it shall be that 'one shall be taken and the other left.' For it is of this translation of living Christians that our Lord says, 'I tell you, on that night there shall be two in one bed, the one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding together, the one shall be taken, the other left. Two shall be in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left.' (Luke 17 : 34.). The circumstances of day and night are here mentioned to show its *universality as to all places*, and whatever happens at the same time on both sides of our globe, must necessarily happen both in the day and in the night. Thus there will be a sudden separation between the prepared and the unprepared. Those will be caught up to meet the Lord in the heavens who are ready to be caught up and willing to be caught up, and none besides. Dropping their earthly nature, they will be transfigured, and gain a life which is heavenly and eternal.

"How complete will be the change! We cannot enter into the Lord's presence without being made meet for it; and when that day arrives, 'we shall be made like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.' Our body, so full of sin, infirmity, helplessness, and corruption, will be changed into the likeness of the Son of Man. This is a thought which may cheer the heart of many a patient sufferer. Your weak body may be a burden and constant hindrance to you now, but then it shall be made like His glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself (Philippians 3 : 21 ; 1 John 3 : 2).

"As particles of steel fly toward a loadstone, so will those Christians who are ready when Christ comes ascend upward to meet Him in the air. All their suffering, temptation and sorrow will be over, and they will be *taken* while others are *left*. Then how all-important to have the heart so touched by the Holy Ghost as to be attracted to Christ. To all His faithful people Christ is the supreme object of attraction, the Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star, the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.

"Our resurrection bodies (in which expression I include the bodies of the translated as well as raised saints) will, like our Lord's glorified body and Enoch's and Elijah's, be capable of ascension. 'By faith, Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God.' 'He walked with God, and was not, for God took him.' Elijah also ascended to heaven in a fiery chariot without dying. Our Lord Himself rose in the air without any such assistance. It appears that His glorified saints will do the same. We need not ask how; it only requires one word from God to affect its accomplishment. Their hold on earth will be loosened; their feet will tread the air; till caught up into the presence of their Heavenly King, amid the wondering gaze of those who are left behind, they are lost in the clouds of glory which surround His throne. (Genesis 5 : 24; Hebrews 11 : 5; 2 Kings 2 : 11; Act 1 : 9.)

"One shall be taken and another left. It is indicated that matters on earth will, for a while, remain the same as before; and the glorified saints will be taken out of sight within the pearly gates and diamond walls of the heavenly Jerusalem, which, although it will one day be seen from earth, will not be visible at that early period. The translated and raised saints taken up to glory will no doubt remain for a time beyond the sight of mortal men, while apostate Christendom runs to its last excess of riot.

"If as saints we are then found of Christ in peace, and not ashamed before Him at His coming, our eternal happiness will commence; we shall find ourselves in the most illustrious society imaginable; we shall see all who have ever loved Christ and glorified God; we shall talk familiarly with apostles and prophets, and saints and martyrs; with Isaiah and David, and Paul and John. 'I count upon seeing these men,' said a dying Christian the other day. If caught up to meet our Lord, we shall see them, and those also whom we have known and loved here below. What a joyous day will that be, to stand on the glassy pavement, and to know for certain we are there. How blessed our condition.

"'One shall be taken.' How earnestly should each inquire, 'Shall I be one of those who are taken?' Would it be so even now? If, while reading these pages, you heard the trumpet sound, would you be willing and ready to be taken? Has Jesus a supreme attraction for you? Could you bear His eyes, which are as a flame of fire? Are you washed in His blood, clothed in His righteousness, accepted through His merits? Are you His, and is He yours?

"Watch. It is the command of Jesus Himself. So much emphasis does He lay upon it, that it seems as if before He came it would be the distinction of His people.

"Watch. For though the particular day of His coming is unknown, there are sure signs thickening around us, assuring us that it is not far off; and, as it comes, we shall need all vigilance to keep our garments and maintain our constancy. Perilons times are at hand. Hours of darkness are approaching. But the expectation of Christ's glorious advent will be to His watching people like a bright and shining star."

(To be continued.)

AN INEBRATE SAVED BY HIS DAUGHTER'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

Multitudes who have never been scholars in a Sunday-school have indirectly shared in the blessings which flow from them. A few years ago, there lived in a city in Scotland a man who was *notorious for his wickedness*. He seldom opened his mouth without uttering an oath and using the vilest language. He associated with the worst of characters, was constantly drunk, frequently beat his poor wife and children, and was the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived. Late one Saturday night he returned to his miserable home, mad drunk, and after swearing and creating a terrible disturbance, sank down upon his wretched bed and slept.

He woke about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, and called for more drink, with furious oaths. His wife, fearing his ill-treatment, dared not answer; but his little girl went to him timidly, and said, "We haven't any money, father, and nothing in the house for dinner;" and, with her mind full of *a little hymn* she had learned at the *Sunday-school*, added, "May I sing to you, father"

"Yes," he replied, "you may sing if you like, but I want more drink."

With a quivering voice, growing stronger and sweeter as she proceeded, she sang—

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of his love in the Book He has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest—that Jesus loves me.
    I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
    Jesus loves me, even me."

When she had finished the hymn, "That is very pretty," he said; "you may sing it again."

As she sang, the scalding tears began to trickle down his cheeks; he buried his face in his hands, and, at its close, he cried, "O *Jenny*, do you think that Jesus loves me?—a wretch such as I am. Will He love even me?" and presently he sank upon his knees and for the first time in his life prayed for mercy. The prayer was heard. That man became a humble, earnest Christian, and often, in after years, blessed God that his little Jenny had been a Sunday scholar.

Garratt maintains in his sixth chapter, that the d Roman Empire, or *Imperial Wild-beast* in 3, being compounded of the four Wild-beasts in 7, will possess not only the territory of the Empire, but also that of the other three mpires, viz., of Babylon, Persia, and Greece; at the *two-horned Wild-beast* of Rev. 13, repre future united Græco-Roman Church—a com n of the Western Roman Catholic and Eastern Churches—whose Œcumenical Council will s decrees from Jerusalem, as its ecclesiastical olis; and that its clergy and Pontiff (who bably be both Roman Pope and Greek Patri ill have real power by Satanic agency to *make e down from heaven on earth in the sight of* . Sir Isaac Newton identified the Greek Church is two-horned Wild-beast, because even now it professes to work this miracle every Easter in ly Sepulchre at Jerusalem before crowds of s. (See Revelation 13 : 13.)

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 495.)

Father and Daughter.

Mrs. Britton had at last found a suitable situation for Jenny, as governess in Sir Robert Fortescue's family; and she was never weary of retailing any little piece of news which came to her in Jenny's letters. Rose, who had no other chance of hearing the Fortescues mentioned, sometimes listened with eager intentness, and sometimes fled away to the refuge of her old room, empty of its poor and trifling treasures, which had been swept away by her grandmother as soon as she and Ernest had quitted Clifford Grange.

"Jenny tells me quite a secret," said Mrs. Britton one morning to Ruth and Rose; "it is a secret at present, but of course it will not be so very long; so I shall betray no confidence by mentioning it to you. Mr. Robert Fortescue is your cousin-german, I believe; your first cousin's son? If I am wrong you must kindly set me right, dear Mrs. Clifford."

"You are not wrong," answered Ruth coldly; "but I have never seen much of them."

"Still you are the same family," continued Mrs. Britton, "and they speak most kindly of you. Lady Fortescue asked Jenny how dear Rose was the other day; and spoke of having seen her in London when she made her debut there. Very likely you saw Mr. Robert Fortescue in London, Rose?"

"Yes," she answered, her heart beating fast and painfully.

"An exceedingly fine young man, Jenny says," pursued Mrs. Britton, "and only four-and-twenty. He is about to make a most excellent match; quite a wealthy alliance with the only child of a London banker. All the family are exceedingly pleased; but you must not mention it to any living creature, for fear of bringing my poor Jenny into trouble."

"I shall never speak of it," said Rose, rising abruptly from her chair. The color flushed to her pale cheeks, and deepened into crimson as she met Ruth's eyes. She crossed over to the sofa on which her stepmother was lying, and kissed her tenderly.

"I'm going away to old Dunnit," she whispered; "don't let Mrs. Britton come with me."

"Mrs. Britton will stay with me," said Ruth, aloud, "and Rose, you call at the Vicarage and bring Mr. Britton back with you to dinner."

It was a gray day of autumn, with no break in the clouds, and no gleam of sunshine upon the sea. All the brightness seemed to have fled from the earth; and the green fields themselves looked dark and dull. It was not cold, but Rose shivered and trembled as she drew her cloak round her. She saw old Dunnit at work in his garden, but she hurried swiftly past. If she could but bear up calmly till she was out of sight of every one, she might give way to her sorrow and anguish when she was on the solitary rocks beneath the light-house.

Her girlish face wore an air of gray despair as she sped along the rough and narrow track. She felt no fatigue; and the chill that made her shiver was not in the westerly wind. But as she turned the sharp corner of the Lantern rock, beyond which she expected to be alone and unseen, she started to see the stone bench occupied by her father.

Ernest's face was gray and sad, like her own. He had heard that morning the news which he knew would pierce his daughter's heart; and he had come to this spot to think over how he should break it to her. They stood looking at one another for a minute, and then, with a low, heart-broken cry, Rose ran to him and flung herself upon his breast.

"Father!" she cried, "father!"

"My darling!" he said.

"Am I very wicked?" she sobbed. "I thought it would all come right somehow—and now it can never be right. Ruth is very happy; she never loved any one but you. Why did anybody ever think I should be rich, and have Clifford for my own? Father I've lost everything.'

"You have not lost me," he answered.

"Yes, I've lost you," she said vehemently. "I never thought there would be any one before me with you; and I grew up so. Oh! I am very wicked. Everything is changed or gone. I am living in a dream—a bad dream. There is Clifford, and the same houses, and the same people; and yet they are all altered. They can never, never be the same as they used to be. You did not bring me up to bear with trouble, did you, father? And yet trouble will come."

"My darling! what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, "nothing; there is nothing can be done. Would you be very sorry if I died? I should choose to die if you would not grieve too much."

"Rose," he said, "it would well-nigh break my heart."

She lifted up her head, and looked at him with a brighter gleam in her blue eyes. She almost smiled as she gazed at his sorrowful face.

"That comforts me," she said, sighing; "and yet I should be grieved if you were grieved. Father, I have tried to get better, and I cannot. I'm just like a pansy trodden under foot; you could never set it on its poor little stalk again. I thought the whole world was good and beautiful; and all at once I found out how cruel and bad it was. That crushed me down.

"Rose," cried Ernest, "if I lose you, my punishment will be more than I can bear."

"No, no," said Rose, "it's my fault, father. If I only had loved God more He would have given me strength; and He will give you strength to bear it [2 Cor. 1 : 4]. You will be happy again without me some day. I think of it sometimes, as if I shall be living then, and see it. You will have other children, and they will love you as well as I do.

"They'll be merry and happy; but I could never be happy again. Oh, father! if I can, I'll come and look at you when you cannot see me. And I'm not going to die directly," she said, smiling through her tears; "we can talk about it often before I go. Perhaps God will let me live until your second child is born. But I shall always, always be your first-born; I cannot lose that."

"Oh, my God!" groaned Ernest, "give me strength to bear it."

"Amen!" said Rose, softly, and touching his cheek with her lips as she uttered the word.

They sat together a little while longer, talking no more, but grasping each other's hand fast, and thinking of the days gone by, in silence. At last Ernest felt her slight frame shivering again, and he roused himself from his painful revery. The grayness of the day was beginning to sink into the darkness of night; and once more, possibly for the last time, he led his daughter homeward along the familiar pathway, and through the village where she had spent her happy girlhood.

In truth, Ernest had at last been brought face to face with his secret dread. It had spoken to him through Rose's own lips, sounding like an irrevocable doom. He could do nothing to avert it; for Rose herself was yielding languidly to the grief that had been stealthily sapping her strength. The most skilful physicians of the county, and from London, were called in to prescribe for her, and she listened to their advice with a quiet, submissive smile, promising to do anything that they suggested; but none the less she was fading away from day to day.

It seemed as if she grew eager to gather up all the scattered interests and associations of her short life; for as long as she was strong enough she visited all the cottages and farmsteads about Clifford, and spent her time, as she had been used to do, in the little village and on the cliffs and beach. Old Dunnit spent long hours with her in her favorite seat under the lighthouse; and Ernest sat beside them, for he could hardly bear to have Rose out of his sight.

Presently the fancy took possession of her, as the weather kept her more in-doors, that s must have her old companion and playfello Jenny Britton, to stay with her.

It looked like a caprice, but possibly there w some lurking hope in her heart, that at last, l fore she died, a short spell of love, of repentar and forgiveness, might be given to her; tl Robert Fortescue might yet return, if he hea she was dying, for a little while to her side, a bring with him the brief rapture of a reconcil tion. She could forgive him so tenderly, if would only seek forgiveness! Now she was near the grave, no pride or bitterness ming with her girlish love for him.

Mrs. Britton demurred greatly about wi drawing Jenny from her situation as govern in Sir Robert Fortescue's household.

"It is so very excellent a position," she s to Ruth, "one we cannot expect Providence offer to us again if we slight it now."

But Mr. Britton no sooner heard of Ros wish than he started off himself, in his shabb black coat, to fetch Jenny to Clifford. Wl Lady Fortescue objected to the inconvenie of suddenly losing her governess, and said must at once fill up that very desirable post, assured her that no consideration on earth co prevail upon him, or Jenny, to keep her a from her earliest and dearest friend.

Lady Fortescue expressed her hope that Ro illness would be a short one, and promise keep the situation open for a fortnight, if Je wished to return. There was no chance of returning in a fortnight, so Jenny lost her place, and on the whole was not sorry to lose though Mrs. Britton did not forbear to bewa in the ears of Ernest and Ruth, until she assured that Jenny should lose nothing by de ing herself to Rose.

Jenny entered upon her new duties buoyar and gossiped and prattled of the doing Fortescue Hall, as she had been used to about other subjects ever since Rose and had been children together. Rose herself c not have told whether it was more pain pleasure to her to hear these details. Bu Ernest it was almost intolerable pain; anc wondered how Rose could listen, with her f heart-breaking smile, and ask Jenny more c tions, in the voice that was growing lower weaker every day.

"It is quite settled that Richmond Forte is to be married soon?" she was inquiring day, when Ernest entered the room just a finished her question, and Jenny answered her clear, young voice.

"*Richmond!* His name is *Robert*, not I mond, you know. He'll be Sir Robert whe father dies. Oh, yes! they are to be ma before Christmas, at the latest. Lady Fort is as proud as a peacock about it, and s making the grandest preparations! But I wish them joy. I wouldn't have married Robert, though I have not a penny for m tune. Oh, Rose! what silly things we us say about the persons we would marry!"

"Why would you not marry him?" murr Rose.

"Why?" said Jenny; "well, you kno governesses see the other side, the poorer of human nature. Mr. Robert Fortescue very pleasant, Oh! so pleasant, when it was while, and he was on show; but he was no hero at home. Now your father, or mine, is on show; so you will hardly understa He could be the poorest, meanest, sm creature to those below him, or to thos could not oppose him. I would never wasted a crumb of love on such a nature —Why, Rose, what are you crying for?"

"I wish I could get well and strong ag she sobbed, stretching out her arms to her and leaning her head against him as down beside her; "but it is too late now!

It was too late. The fragile little fl reared so delicately, and uprooted by so and sudden a tempest, could not take again, even in its native soil.

(*To be continued.*)

ABRAHAM AND MELCHIZEDEK.

S. Lesson for Aug. 15.—Gen. 14 : 12–24. Golden Text, Heb. 6 : 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HE chapter from which our subject for to- is taken, commences with the description war in which the King of Sodom was en- d, and in which Lot, Abraham's nephhew, involved. The kings which made war with King of Sodom, took all the goods of Sodom Gomorrah, and all their victuals and went way. And they took Lot, Abraham's her's son (who dwelt in Sodom), and his s, and departed, (verses 11 and 12). "Who t in Sodom." This reveals the downward of one who had come out from idolatry, left much behind him for the Lord's sake. as without doubt exceedingly inconvenient constantly on the move, in all weathers, to in tents instead of in houses, etc. There more comforts in life to be had when one in a city, where one could procure so more things than in a wandering life like ham's.

d so Lot ceased to be a stranger and a m upon earth; he sought rest in earthly s, and found a home, and also a place of , among those who were living in the most and shameful rebellion against God. Men have present honor, present satisfaction, nt comfort, although at the cost of forfeit- e great position to which God has called us s Son.

very term "eternal life" ought to lift our ptions from the littleness of earth, to set ffections upon things above (Col. 3 : 3). men who are unconverted, who have never "the powers of the world to come" (Heb. seek after those earthly things, there is g to wonder at, it is all which is within nge of their horizon. And when a man of an heir of heaven, comes down from nly things and puts himself on a level with arthly, by the pursuit of what earthly- d men seek after, Oh! how he degrades his ianity; Oh! how he dishonors his God. this time when he went and *dwelt in* , it would seem that Lot's faith lost all to influence others. The sequel of his and daughters' history leaves no room to se that either of them was converted, and ly we never hear of his winning a soul in . And now he was involved in the ruin ungodly among whom he dwelt, his part t must be with them in "the cares of this ' as well as in "the deceitfulness of riches" 13 : 22).

"there came one that escaped and told the Hebrew; for he dwelt in the Plain of the Amorite, brother of Eshcol and r of Aner, and these were confederate with . And when Abram heard that his r (*i.e.*, relation) was taken captive, he his trained servants, born in his own three hundred and eighteen, and pursued unto Dan. And he divided himself against he and his servants, by night, and smote nd pursued them unto Hobah, which is left hand of Damascus And he brought ll the goods, and also brought again his Lot and his goods, and the women also, people." There is a Church of the First- who are blest and are made a blessing, who ar enough to God to obtain for their n the help they need.

was Lot rescued. Had it not been for m, he might have been destroyed. But Sodom still have charms for him? the goods which he had once so nearly ain have power to make him take root om? Alas! it was even so. And how re there of God's children who have met ll after call from God; children, property, have been taken from them, and yet they to the life in which these things hold a place, they "mind earthly things" 3 : 19). Whether Lot had married a of Sodom is not clear. We hear of no o came with him into the land of Canaan, but at this time we read of "the women" in connection with Lot's rescue, and later of Lot's wife, who became a pillar of salt. If he did marry a daughter of Sodom, we may well conceive how entangled his interests had become with those of the wicked city.

It was just at this time, after the rescue of a fallen brother, that Abraham first met with Melchizedek. Our golden text speaks of this man of God in the words, "Whither" (*i.e.*, within the veil, Heb. 6 : 19,) "the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." Melichizedek is undoubtedly a type of Christ; some have thought even a manifestation of Christ. We read (Heb. 7 : 1). "For this Melchizedek, King of Salem, priest of the Most High God, who met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings, and blessed him; to whom Abraham also gave a tenth part of all; first being by interpretation King of Rightousness [the signification of the name Melchizedek], and after that also King of Salem, which is king of peace [Salem means peace]; without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest continually."

This was the man who, by virtue of his priesthood blesed Abraham. "and without all contradiction the less is blest of the greater" (Heb. 7 : 7). What, then, was the form of his blessing? "And Melchizedek, King of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the Most High God." Under the law, the priests were fed by the sacrifices of the people. "Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? (1 Cor. 9 : 13; see also Num. 18 : 8–19; Deut. 18 : 1). But here is a Priest who is not fed, but feeds. And our "High Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek" feeds his people with his own life, of which Melchizedek's provision was the type.

It was just when Abraham had been tasting in a measure of the blessing God had pronounced upon him, "thou shalt be a blessing," and he had been occupied with the interests of another, that Melchizedek met him with bread and wine. We are called to live not unto ourselves but unto Him which died for us and rose again (2 Cor. 5 : 15), to "look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others" (Phil. 2:4), "by love to serve one another to bear one another's burdens," etc., (Gal. 5: 13; 6 : 2). But as by nature, we are all inclined to seek our own, we need the impartation of another life and nature, and Jesus says, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed," and again, "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me" (John 6 : 55, 57).

Oh! how different were the positions of Abraham and Lot. The latter, greedy of earthly gain, had amost lost all he had, and his faith was not equal to claiming deliverance from God. He had enough of God to keep him from open sin, but not enough to unite his cause with the cause of God, and to count upon Him at all times. For such God uses the Abraham souls, who have the privilege of standing between God and their brethren as a medium of blessing. Abraham was ready to leave his own goods and his own life of peace, and strain every effort to the rescue of Lot. There was no counting the cost, no waiting to see if he could afford it. God had called him to be a blessing, and it was his vocation to carry the presence and power and the deliverance of God to the fearful, erring, and unbelieving Lot.

"Melchizedek blessed him, and said, Blessed be Abraham of the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth, and blessed be the Most High God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand. And he [Abraham] gave him tithes of all." If this blessing was a power of God upon Abraham, if it conveyed to him that which placed him in yet closer communion with God, then how much greater is the blessing which comes to us through our Great High Priest, "who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life," who "continueth ever," and "hath an unchangeable priesthood: wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. For such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens." Our beloved Lord ever liveth to make intercession for us. His last act, before He ascended, was to lift up His hands and bless His disciples. How then shall we doubt, how allow temptation or difficulty to overcome us, seeing that by such an High Priest we are linked with and have access to our God?

Then Abraham gave Melchizedek tithes of all. The priest of the Most High God must have his due portion. The giving of a tenth to God and His work has been often insisted on; still many of God's own children fail to give Him even this part of their possessions, and yet are constantly complaining of the calls made upon them to give to this or the other good work. Of course, for such as give all to the Lord, only retaining the tithe or the fifth for their own absolute necessities, no such rule is needed. But as a commencement, it is most useful to set aside the tenth of our income as soon as it is received, and then we have always a little purse out of which comes a response to many calls, which then bring joy instead of pain and irritation with them. We would earnestly counsel our readers who have not formed this habit as yet, to commence setting aside a tenth as God's portion, to be scrupulously guarded for Him and His interests alone.

It may be objected: But I hardly know how to meet my expenses now, and to take away a tenth would plunge me in debt. Then you must have some needless expenses. Many things which custom says we *must* have, are not absolutely needful, there are many little things at table and in our clothing that we can dispense with.

"And the King of Sodom said unto Abram, Give me the persons, and take the goods to thyself. And Abram said to the King of Sodom, I have lift up mine hand unto the Lord, the Most High God, the possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take from a thread even to a shoe latchet, and that I will not take anything that is thine, lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abraham rich." There is a grandeur in this utterance of the patriarch; dependent on God, he was completely independent of men. Oh! how we long to see this spirit in the Church of Christ, to see those who are working for the Lord sufficiently acquainted with Him to believe and to prove that when He calls them to commence or to sustain any work for Him, He makes Himself responsible for the means of carrying it on.

Oh! how bitter is the humiliation that Christians, of whom it is written in the Church's infancy, "Neither was there any among them that lacked," should be reduced to write begging letters for their work, and even to go to the length of being in debt. Can it be God's will that His name should be thus brought into reproach by His own children? may it not be that the work should be lessened and that by the failure of means He is telling them so? It is so painful to hear the appeals of such or such a Christian worker laughed at, with the words, "Oh! he is always at the last gasp, but he is nevertherless always pulls through, and is always extending his work." And so men get callous and the worker becomes embittered against those whom he thinks could give to him. Let us all walk before God, let our expectation be from Him. If all Christians laid aside only a tenth, there would be plenty of means for all God's work, and if Christian workers addressed their petitions to God alone, there would be a certain response for all the work which *He wills* they should carry on.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Serious Catastrophe has Befallen the British arms in Afghanistan. On Wednesday, July 28th, the Marquis of Hartington, the Secretary of State for India, in a voice trembling with emotion announced to the House of Commons that he had received a telegram from India stating that the force, under General Burrows, supposed to number about 2,700 men, had been annihilated by a native army under Ayoob Khan. It appears that General Burrows had gone to assist Shere Ali, whom the British had made independent ruler of Candahar, to put down the resistance of Ayoob Khan, and was drawn on by a stratagem into an ambuscade, where he was severely defeated. The natives cut the telegraph wires soon after the battle, so that the Viceroy of India was unable to learn further details. At that time the remains of the defeated British force were straggling into Candahar in driblets.

Ayoob Khan, who has Inflicted this Severe blow on the British, is a brother of Yakoob Khan, the ex-Ameer of Afghanistan, and was dissatisfied with the British arrangements for the permanent settlement of the country. The British scheme was to make Abdurrahman Khan, a cousin of Ayoob's, the Ameer, and Shere Ali the independent ruler of Candahar. But it has become apparent that any ruler favored by the British becomes, by virtue of that favor, unpopular with the Afghans, and accordingly Ayoob Khan, who was near Candahar, was able to muster a considerable force, animated by hostility towards both Shere Ali and Abdurrahman Khan. Shere Ali was unable to quell this rebellion alone, and General Burrows went to his assistance, and with a combined force of British troops and Shere Ali's soldiers, commenced the campaign against Ayoob Khan. Shere Ali's troops, however, deserted in a body, and General Burrows was thus left to confront a vastly superior force by which he has been overwhelmed. The report is current that Ayoob Khan's army was commanded principally by Russian officers.

The intelligence is very serious, as showing the difficulties with which England has to cope in her Indian possessions. It was hoped that an arrangement had been made which would be satisfactory to the majority of the people, and would allow the British forces to retire with honor from the country ; but it will be necessary now to undertake a new campaign to restore the prestige of England, the loss of which would involve grave dangers in India. Reinforcements are being pushed forward from India, into Afghanistan, and troops are being sent from England to replace them.

The British House of Commons has Passed the Government Bill for the relief of the Irish tenant farmers, and it has been sent to the House of Lords. The general impression is that the Peers, being possessed of large estates in Ireland, will reject the bill. There is, however, the possibility that fear of the disturbances certain to ensue if they take that course, may have a deterrent effect upon them. The House of Commons has also passed another measure, urgently needed in the country, namely, the "Hares and Rabbits Bill." At the present time the farmer sees his crops eaten by these animals, but dares not kill them lest his landlord should eject him from his farm. That bill also will be subjected to the ordeal of a vote by the Peers.

Alarming Gas Explosions of an Unparalleled character took place on July 5th, in Tottenham Court Road, London. A gang of workmen were employed in laying down new service pipes, and the time had arrived for filling the main service with gas. By some means, while the air was still in the pipes, and mixed with gas in a sufficient proportion to produe an explosive mixture, it came into contact with a light, the result being a terrific explosion, at intervals, throughout the whole main over a space of half a mile. Pipes were burst, the ground opened up and flames burst out, the windows of shops were blown out, the basements driven in and undermined, huge blocks of granite and other paving stones hurled into the air, and, unhappily, several persons in the streets terribly, and in two cases fatally, injured. Four hundred houses were damaged, and several totally wrecked. There was a scene of panic and terror in the streets. At one spot a horse and cart were blown a distance of ten feet, the animal being shockingly injured, while the cart was smashed to pieces by the falling stones and bricks. London is so undermined with sewers, gas-pipes, telegraph tubes, and by the great tunnel in which the Underground Railroad is laid, that it is providential such explosions are not of more frequent occurrence.

The Losses of Vessels Laden with Grain was the text of Mr. Plimsoll's speeches in Parliament, and he endeavored to get a law passed to compel ship-owners to adopt some precaution to prevent cargoes of such ships shifting with the rolling of the ship. That his efforts were needed, is proved by statistics he induced Parliament to obtain. The return shows that between the years 1873 and 1880 twenty-six steamships, laden wholly or partially with grain, foundered at sea, and twenty-four were reported as missing ; and during the same period 100 grain-laden sailing vessels foundered and 111 were reported as missing.

The Irish Famine.—The Distress Produced by the Irish famine may now be considered at an end. The various relief organizations have dissolved, and at a meeting of the Land League, Mr. Dillon, member for Tipperary, publicly stated, from personal investigations, that the funds now held by the relief committees and the Catholic and Protestant hierarchy are sufficient for the relief of existing distress in the counties where potatoes are still unripe. Mr. Dillon says there *is no further need of American contributions.* The committee applauded these remarks. *A formal resolution to thank America* for her generosity was postponed in order that it might be offered before a full meeting of the League.

The fund collected and distributed by the New York *Herald* amounted to $341,054.58. Its distribution was the work of a committee of well-known gentlemen, who gave their close personal attention to the work, and who saw that the relief was given where it was most urgently needed. Besides the *Herald* Fund, the gifts from America comprised the cargo of the Constellation and money sent through other channels, such as the Parnell Fund.

Protestantism in Spain has Made Wonderful progress. Señor Carrasco states that twelve years ago a New Testament was hardly allowed to enter the country, and fifteen years ago a little society having been formed for the simple reading of the Bible, its members were condemned to the galleys ; but now even in Madrid there are five or six Protestant churches ; and if Philip II. were to come back to life and hear the Gospel preached at the very gates of his palace, where Protestants used to be burnt, and were to see people reading the Bible where he ordered it to be destroyed, what would he think of the change?

The German Government has Interposed to protect citizens from the wiles of Mormon missionaries from Utah. A Berlin dispatch to the London *Morning Post* says : "The German Government has expelled from the country some Mormon missionaries who were making proselytes for their society."

The Jews are Returning in Considerable numbers to their own land. Jerusalem, according to British consular reports, is a growing town. *The foreign Hebrew population* has increased considerably of late years. That community is now estimated at 15,000, including native Jews, against 10,000 in 1873. The desire to avoid compulsory military service now inforced in most European countries, and the right of holding real property in Turkey, conceded to foreign subjects by the protocol of 1868, probably account for the increased immigration. The settlers are mechanics, artificers, carriers, and agriculturists, and are fairly prosperous. The cl industries remain what they were—the ma facture of oil, soap, and articles in olive w and mother-of-pearl ; the production of the ter articles has greatly increased, as the sal no longer confined to visitors and pilgrims, la quantities being exported to Europe and A ica.

Belgian Traffic in English Girls.—The L don *Sentinel* has lately published facts show that many English girls and women, gov esses, servants, and ballet-girls, are allured to Belgium by all sorts of false promises and ducements, such as the offer of lucrative si tions, etc., and on arriving there they are ta to houses of bad repute, where they become p tically imprisoned slaves, condemned to a of infamy. Owing to the corruption of the gian authorities it is almost impossible to libe the girls. The *Sentinel* for July gives a l narrative of an English young lady who taken over to Brussels by a gentleman, stated he lived in Paris, and would marry he reaching his residence there. But she fo herself imprisoned in a house in Brussels. she met seven other English girls, all dec over like herself. But her friends, getti letter from her, by extraordinary efforts bro her back to England from a hospital wher had been sent.

Liquor Dealers Can Appreciate Total stinence in their servants, although they do like their customers to adopt the practice. advertisement for clerk and traveller recentl peared in a London paper. As it was s that "a total abstainer would be preferre Good Templar applied, and received a reply ing him the situation. He then discovered the advertiser was a wine and spirit merc upon which the offer was respectfully decli

Canon Miller, Vicar of Greenwich, Eng who died July 11th, was an eminent mem the Evangelical party, a Liberal, and one o few English clergymen who strongly advo the disestablishment of the Irish Church. served on the first London School Board was a prominent member of Convocation. twenty years he was rector of St. Martin's mingham, where he obtained an influence i town and the neighboring Black Country tricts only equalled by that of Dr. Hoo Leeds, or Dr. McNeile, at Liverpool. We to publish next week *his portrait and a ske his life.*

Rev. Dr. Fisch, of Paris, says that Fou lion copies of the Scriptures have been s France ; that all the young men in the arm been taught to read the Gospel of Joh that 500,000 young men know that gos heart ; and that 100,000 soldiers drive Protestant Switzerland during the late war returned to France, each with a New Test and various religious tracts.

Contributions for the Persian Famine Henry Ward, Baltimore, Md., $1 ; C. H. Schuylkill Haven, Pa., $1.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

blished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. LMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M Y AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1880. 14th Year. No. 33—New Series.

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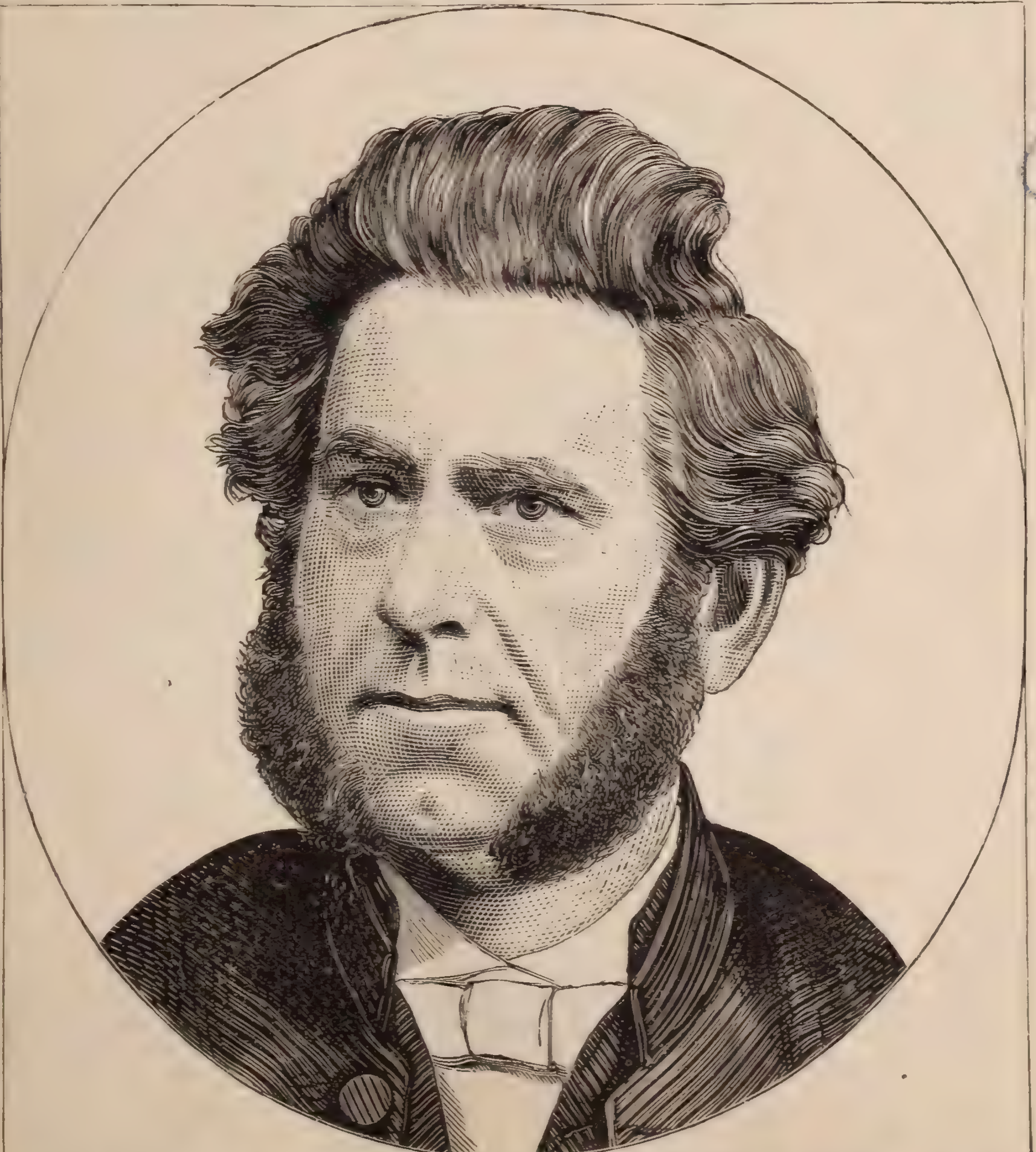

The Late Rev. CANON MILLER, D.D., who Originated Hospital Sunday.

THE REV. CANON MILLER, D.D.

Born in 1814—Graduates in 1835—Ordained Deacon in 1837, and Priest in 1838—His First Curacy at Bexley—Removes to Chelsea—Becomes Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham, in 1846—His Interest in Working-Men—Originates "Hospital Sunday" in 1859—Becomes Vicar of Greenwich in 1866—Canon of Rochester in 1871—His Public Services—Death.

THE death of Canon Miller, D.D., on July 12th closes a life of remarkable activity, singularly fruitful of good to a large section of the British people. Nor did the benefits that have flowed down from that life terminate in his native land. One at least of the schemes he initiated has taken root in this country and has been blessed here as it has been across the Atlantic.

If a visitor to Great Britain went to Greenwich or to Birmingham and inquired of the citizens who was Dr. Miller, he would receive a variety of answers, but every one would be an honored one. The members of his church would speak of his earnest and faithful sermons and his personal appeals to the unconverted and his loving counsel to the saved. Members of other churches would speak of him as an earnest industrious Evangelical Churchman; but the great mass of the people would dwell upon the services he rendered to the cause of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted.

He gave his life, wherever he was located, to the work of doing good, and to the relief of spiritual and physical misery, and his memory is fragrant with the blessings of thousands to whom he was the instrument of good. Of such a man we forget the nationality; he was a philanthropist, and he was more, he was *a sanctified philanthropist*, a Christian whose highest aim it was to be a follower of Him, "who went about doing good." As such we lose sight of minor distinctions of race and nation, and think of him as a member of the great Christian church whose members are "of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues united by one common bond of brotherhood, the love of Jesus."

For forty-two years he was actively engaged in the service of Christ and our readers will, we believe, be interested in the details of a life so full of labor and of blessing.

In the year 1814 there was a gentleman holding an important office in *the embassy representing the United States* at the British court, named John Miller. He had occupied this honorable position for many years, and during his residence in Great Britain a son was born to him who was destined by God to become famous throughout the religious world as John Gale Miller, D.D.

Dr. Miller was educated at the Brompton School, under the Rev. R. Sankey and the Rev. C. A. Heurtley, Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford, he *matriculated* in 1832, at St. John's College, Oxford, and afterward obtained a *scholarship* at Lincoln College. A *Bachelor of Arts* with a first class in Classics in 1835, he was ordained *deacon* in 1837, and priest in 1838. His *first curacy* was at Bexley, Kent, under Mr. Hardinge, afterward Bishop of Bombay. While at Bexley he published a volume of sermons, which testified alike to his Evangelical spirit, and to his earnestness in the opening stage of his ministry.

After staying at Bexley two years, Mr. Miller became *assistant minister* to the Rev. T. Vores, at that time of Park Chapel, Chelsea. On Mr. Vores's removal to Hastings, Mr. Miller succeeded him as minister *in sole charge* of Park Chapel. Faithful and earnest in his declarations of "the truth as it is in Jesus," and laborious in the discharge of pastoral duties, he labored with much success at Chelsea till 1846, when he was presented by the trustees to the *rectory* of

ST. MARTIN'S, BIRMINGHAM.

The Birmingham *Gazette* a local secular daily journal, writing of that period says:

"When Dr. Miller came to St. Martin's, the congregation of the church had fallen very low indeed as regards numbers. Sometimes not more than fifty people attended, and we are told that a congregation of no more than a hundred was not at all uncommon. This, in the mother church of the town, and one of the largest ecclesiastical buildings, was a melancholy state of affairs; and it was high time that some one came who could remedy it. For this purpose Dr. Miller was exactly the right man in the right place. His reputation as a preacher had preceded him, and he soon diffused a knowledge of his vigor as a worker, and his capacity as an administrator. St. Martin's began to fill almost as soon as he occupied the pulpit: before long not a sitting could be had: and for years afterward—down, indeed, to the period when Dr. Miller left the town—the great building was crowded to overflowing."

His fitness to attract and interest working men was well tested when he established what was then one of the first working-men's institutions for the spread of religious and secular instruction, and also for social intercourse. He also introduced in Birmingham that which has since become a recognized agency of the church's work—namely, mission services. These services were held at special seasons every night in the week, at the parish church, the addresses being given by different preachers, among whom were Dean McNeile and Canon (now bishop) Ryle.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

Birmingham is the seat of manufacturing industry, and the town teems with factories and machinery. As a consequence, injuries to life and limb are of frequent occurrence. The hospitals of the town have always their utmost capacity occupied with sufferers, most of whom are poor and needing gratuitous attenton. Dr. Miller thought much of these institutions and the best means of aiding them. At length his thoughts were led to the scheme of Hospital Sunday, which was established in Birmingham through his efforts and was afterward introduced in all the great cities of England and has now found a welcome in the United States. In November, 1859, at Dr. Miller's suggestion a collection was made in every place of worship in Birmingham for the General Hospital, when the sum of over £5000 was collected. Hospital Sunday has been observed ever since in Birmingham, until an aggregate amount of over £65,000 has been contributed.

Dr. Miller's work in Birmingham was contemporaneous with that of Rev. John Angell James, the author of "The Anxious Inquirer," whose portrait and life was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 20th, 1879. Although the

TWO EMINENT PREACHERS

belonged to sections of Christ's Church between which a cordial feeling had not often subsisted, Dr. Miller and Mr. James were drawn together by the attraction of a common aim in life—that of serving God faithfully and laboring for the welfare of their fellows. At the time Dr. Miller settled in Birmingham, it was not an uncommon thing for clergymen of the established church to refuse to take part in any meeting of a religious or philanthropic character if Nonconformists were also to speak. But although Dr. Miller was a churchman and Mr. James a Congregationalist, and each man was regarded by his fellow townsmen as the representative in the town of his denomination, they worked fraternally and harmoniously together in all Christian work of an unsectarian character.

How sincere and unselfish was Dr. Miller's regard for his Nonconformist friend may be gathered from the fact that when in 1855 Mr. James's congregation celebrated the jubilee of his ministry, Dr. Miller was one of the most prominent speakers. In the course of the eloquent address he delivered on that occasion he said of him. "We behold not the dissenter or the churchman, but the man of God—the faithful and honored servant of Christ—claiming our tribute of grateful love for this, not the least of his many invaluable services, that by the consistent tone of his life, no less than by the powerful advocacy of his lips and pen, he has in town of Birmingham drawn so close the bo of Christian brotherhood, and recognized in common union with the Lord Jesus Christ a which shall bind us together in blissful and e less fellowship, when our divisions and t causes are forgotten for ever."

While pursuing an upright, uncompromis course of active hostility toward sin in all shapes and manifestations, Dr. Miller won the spect and confidence of the Birmingham peo Even those who disliked the church and doctrines Dr. Miller preached, had a great spect for the earnest philanthropic clergym How thoroughly that sentiment had laid hol the citizens was proved in the time of

A GREAT CALAMITY.

In Birmingham there was an old fashio bank which had been established many ye It began when the town was little more th village and its business had grown with town's growth until, when the population over 300,000, it was believed to be making enormous return.

The proprietors were men who took an ac part in political and municipal matters. On them had represented the borough in Parliam and had been so prominent a leader in the H that Birmingham erected a statue in his ho Other partners were renowned for their we and their liberality. They were Birming men, and for generations back had been identi with the town, and the town, was proud of t and trusted them.

Suddenly, without any of the disquie rumors which usually precede such a sto the announcement was made that Attwood Spooner had suspended payment. It was awful day in Birmingham. The hard-ea savings of the mechanic were in that bank. widow's legacy was there. Executors, afrai deposit trust money anywhere else, had plac there in confidence. Tradesmen had t money there ready to pay their accounts and wages of their workmen. Religious benevolent societies kept their funds there, on that terrible Friday the town staggered der the blow. The streets were thronged men and women, almost distracted with t anxiety; business stood still and a riot threatened, in which the bank building and private houses of the partners would have demolished.

In that moment of supreme danger it made known that a committee had been pointed to take charge of the affairs of the and protect the interests of the credi "Who are its members? Let us have no trick no plundering," was the menacing cry of the cited populace. "Dr. Miller is chairman the committee," was the reply, and the effect magical. His name operated like a spell, from that moment all serious anxieties as to public peace were set at rest.

It was a significant fact. Intricate acco had to be unravelled, important sales had t effected and business acumen and skill wo the people knew, be sorely needed; and the t was satisfied with the formation of the commi and why? Not because the chairman was a countant of trained ability, but because Chairman was a man of honor, of characte Christian. It was a remarkable instance of value set by the world on an upright, consis life. The end justified the confidence of people. The affairs of the bank were wou with unprecedented promptitude, and the ac loss to the people was consequently com tively small.

In 1866 Birmingham was, to the great regr the people, called upon to part with Dr. M He was appointed to

A NEW SPHERE OF LABOR,

as Vicar of Greenwich; but there the same s and the same activity distinguished him. U his charge flourishing schools sprang up, many other valuable institutions. His winter at Greenwich was one of sore distre the town and along the banks of the Tha

oken by the presence beneath the window of
unhorsed loaded wagon containing trusses of
y, which, quite contrary to all the city rules
d regulations, had been allowed to remain in
street all night, to be unloaded and stored
ly in the morning. Had she fallen on the
d pavement or street her death must have
n instantaneous.

'You may believe, darling Emmie, that this
gedy has excited the whole school, and in
at trouble poor Fräulein Hermann is, and still
re, Mlle. Laurie, who fears that blame may
ly be attached to her, for she forgot to bar
door.

Now, Emmie, I want you to tell mamma
just what she can know without being
ubled about me. I am suffering very little in-
now, and before this reaches you I expect
e quite well again. I am a thousand times
e anxious about Clara. I have only seen her
since, and that for a few moments. She is
perfectly quiet, almost motionless, half in-
ible, in a room that opens on the garden,
re she need not be disturbed by any noise
the songs of the birds. I feel so troubled,
ie, lest in my passionate desire to keep her
death, as I hoped, I may have really injured
I never wish, I mean I pray that I may
r have such an awful experience again of my
powerlessness to help others.

hen I saw her, her face was dark and some-
discolored, and the poor hands on the cov-
were bandaged, for they are badly bruised.
lein Hermann has just come to me; she
I must not write any more; that I have al-
written much too long a letter. She bids
t it up at once, and go to bed. All this
id to me in such a gentle tone. I did not
she ever spoke to any one quite so softly,
indeed to her dear nephew Hermann Fer-
. And then, Emmie, she stooped and
l me on my forehead, and said, 'Good
my poor dear child.'' And those kisses
one down into my heart, to live there. I
bey her. She is very good to me. Give
ch love as possible to mamma and Cecil
lf, from your own CONSTANCE."

(*To be continued.*)

PROPHETIC EXPOSITION.

Compiled by Rev. M. Baxter.*

(*Continued from page 509.*)

**V. Stone on the Apocalypse—The predicted
val of the Bonaparte Dynasty—The Drying
the Euphrates—The World being prepared
he Culmination of Armageddon——Rev.
err on the Prophecies of the Last Days—
Future Apostasy—Spiritualism—Charac-
ics of Antichrist—Antichrist deceived.**

Rev. W. Stone, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's,
, London, published, in 1869, "The
ypse Explained," setting forth its year
storical fulfilment.† He remarked upon
ion 16 and 17:

e *seven heads* of the wild-beast are ex-
by the angel as *seven mountains on
he woman sitteth*; *i.e.*, the seven-hilled
Rome, about which there can be no mis-
They are also stated to symbolize *seven*
r successive forms of supreme rule and
nent over the Roman Empire. '*Five
len*' at the time when St. John wrote in
: the sixth head was then existing, and *the other* or seventh head, had *not yet come*, but, when come, was to '*continue a short space*;' meaning, most likely, the Roman Catholic Imperial Dynasty in the hands of Bonaparte, which had only a brief space of existence, for Napoleon Bonaparte, the so-called 'Child of the Great French Revolution,' had his short-lived career of conquest cut off and brought to a close in A.D. 1815; and his son, who had been entitled King of Rome, died soon afterwards.

"The *seventh head* having thus disappeared from the scene, the prophecy further shows that an *eighth head* should arise after him, having some relation and resemblance to him, and, as it were, a revival or integral portion of one *of the seven* (Rev. 17:11). If the present restored empire of France, whose head (Napoleon III.) is the nephew of the first Napoleon, who also bears his name, and who holds Rome (Papal) under command by his troops to the present day, be the '*eighth head and of the seventh*' here spoken of, then we need only wait the result of time and events; when this power shall be fully developed in connection with 'Babylon the Great' and the Antichrist of Rome, and

BOTH FALL TOGETHER,

as predicted, and *shall go into perdition*. (Rev. 17:5, 8, 11.)

"The predicted figurative *drying-up of the great river Euphrates* under the Sixth Via., in Revelation 16:12, implies the *gradual exhaustion of the Mohammedan territorial, political, and religious influence in the East*. And this progressive dissolution of the Turkish Empire is for a remarkable object, viz: *that the way of the kings from the East might be prepared*; that is, the Restoration of the Jews to their own Holy Land, and their becoming rulers over the East under their Messiah as king over all the earth (Zech. 14:9).

"*Three Unclean Spirits, working wonders*, also go forth during the pouring out of this Sixth Vial upon the Euphrates,' not only through the kingdoms of the (Roman) earth, but through *the whole world*, preparing them for a future *War of Nations*, called ARMAGEDDON, on a scale of magnitude and with disastrous consequences such as history has never yet recorded. This preparatory going forth of the Unclean Spirits brings us down to a state and circumstances almost in our very midst, and characterizing the predicted *perilous times* of the *Last Days*. And the great event of the coming of Christ to this earth from the Father's throne in heaven is shown by these things to be near at hand." (2 Tim. 3; Rev. 16:12, 15.)

The Rev. W. Ker, M.A., Rector of Tipton, Dudley, published in 1867 an ably-written volume of Discourses upon Daniel and Revelation, called "Prophecies of the Last Days," in which he said:

"St. Paul assures us, in 2 Thessalonians 2, that the Day of Christ, or Great and Terrible Day of the Lord, shall not come until there be *the falling away*, or apostasy: that is, a general departure or revolt from the Christian Faith, out of which Apostasy the Man of Sin will arise and be revealed, as a deadly exhalation arises from a stagnant pool. This future Apostasy is more fully described in 1 Timothy 4, 'Now the Holy Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall apostatise from the Faith, giving heed to Seducing Spirits and teachings of Demons, speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats'—*i.e.*, the Spirits of Demons will speak lies, forbid to marry, etc.

"Now there never has appeared in the world anything so like this predicted Apostasy as

SPIRITUALISM,

the teachings or doctrines of which, through the mediums and spirits, are leading multitudes to apostatise from the Christian Religion, which they denounce as *effete and worn out*, and destined to disappear before their *new revelation*. Many leading spiritualists also advocate the abolition of marriage and abstinence from meat, etc.

"The Man of Sin, or Antichrist, is to 'sit in the Temple of God, showing himself that he is God,' and to cause his image, the abomination of desolation, to be set up, and to command all men to worship it, or to receive his mark on their forehead or hand, on pain of death in case of refusal (2 Thess. 2; Rev. 13; Matt. 24:15). The *Temple of God* must be a literal temple at Jerusalem, for no other building in the world was ever called by that title. Therefore before this prophecy *can be fulfilled* the temple at Jerusalem *must be rebuilt*, and consequently the Jewish nationality must first have been restored in Palestine.

"The Antichrist *may be even now already in existence*. Nay if we are right in believing that the latter-day APOSTASY is already commencing in the mysterious manifestations and phenomena of spiritualism, then *it is highly probable* that he is even now in being, and awaiting the time of his open revelation.

"But supposing the Man of Sin to be thus even now in existence, it is not at all necessary that he himself should be aware of the awful course he is destined to run, or the terrible character he is to sustain. Nay, it is unlikely that he should.

"Hazael, King of Syria, is a case in point. When the Prophet Elisha forewarned him of the fearful deeds which, as the future king, he should perform, he warmly repudiated the possibility of his acting so; yet he afterwards fulfilled the prophet's prediction to the very letter. (2 Kings 8:11, 15; 10:32; 13.)

"Even thus it is highly probable that the Antichrist will creep into Universal Dominion by slow and gradual steps. His coming is to be *with all deceivableness*. (2 Thess. 2:10.) Satan is too crafty to exhibit him all at once in the deep and glaring colors of his consummated guilt. Various prophecies, especially those of Daniel, render it not only probable, but absolutely certain that he will be just what the French Emperor showed himself to be—deep, crafty, reserved, of boundless ambition, indomitable energy, unflinching resolution, and determined will; *but plausible withal, and courteous: affable, and even kind: generous, and a liberal patron of the arts of polished life.*

"Daniel foretells of him that 'through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand, and that 'by peace he shall destroy many.' (*The Empire is Peace.*) It is to be inferred that he may for some time be deceived himself, as well as the instrument, in the hands of his dread master, of deceiving and deluding the whole world. (Daniel 8:25.)

"The Man of Sin is to *act his part*, as Antichrist and persecutor of Christians during the final 3½ years, which is called 42 months, or 1260 days, or a *time, times*, and half-*time*. (Rev. 11:2, 3; 12:6, 14; 13:5; Dan. 7:25; 12:7.) He is to 'confirm a covenant with many (*i.e.*, of the Jews), for one week (7 years), and in the midst of the week shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease; *i.e.*, he will break the covenant; and during the remaining and final 3½ years, he will persecute, and make war upon and destroy the holy people, and saints of the Most High;' after which 'he shall come to his end and none shall help him.' (Dan. 8:24; 7:25; 11:45.)

"As regards the approaching Second Advent of Christ, it will consist of *two great acts*, with an interval of time between them. The *first act* will be the advent of Christ as a bridegroom, when He comes to take away His expectant saints from earth to meet Him in the air, or heavens (1 Thess. 4:16), long before He descends on the earth, and previous to Antichrist's ultimate career of three years and a half; the *second act* will be His advent as an avenger, to 'take vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,' when He will descend on the Mount of Olives, and overwhelm Antichrist and his armies with destruction (2 Thess. 1:7, 8; Zechariah 14:1, 4; Rev. 19:11, 21; Matthew 24:30)."

(*To be continued.*)

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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LAST week's edition of the CHRISTIAN HERALD was mailed to subscribers on Wednesday, Aug. 4th, at **11.50 A.M.**, at the Post Office, New York.

Scores of our readers take the trouble to send us the kindest expressions of their good will. Hundreds more agree cordially in what they say. Now will each of these good friends get us a new subscriber? We may say to persons to whom the commission is an inducement, that we believe our terms are more liberal than those of any other paper.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A General Conference of the Leaders of the Republican Party was held in New York on Thursday, August 5th, to meet General Garfield and arrange plans for the campaign. All sections of the party were represented, prominent Republicans from nearly every State and Territory in the Union being present. Ex-Governor Jewell presided, and among the speakers were Secretary Sherman, Senators James G. Blaine and John A. Logan, Dr. Loring of Massachusetts, and the venerable Thurlow Weed. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and the speakers appeared to entertain sanguine hopes of success in the coming contest.

The principal question under discussion was as to the conduct of the campaign in the Southern States. A decided opinion was expressed by several gentlemen that the strength of the party ought to be concentrated on an effort to carry the Northern States, and that it would be useless to contend for any States in the South. This opinion was opposed by several prominent men, and Mr. Jewell said that he would not take the responsibility of abandoning the South as a party. Dr. Loring moved a resolution that the committee be requested and instructed to respond to any appeals for aid that might come from Southern districts, and after considerable discussion the resolution was carried.

The plan generally approved was, to make a determined effort to carry the election in Maine, where the Democratic Party has made an alliance with the Greenback Party, and thus constitute a formidable opposition. The next point of the campaign will be Indiana, Ohio being considered safe in the Republican interest. If Maine, Ohio, and Indiana register a decided Republican success, then it was thought a Southern campaign might be hopefully inaugurated. Senator Conkling absented himself from the conference, being apparently unable to follow the course taken by Blaine and Sherman, who, disdaining the childish role of sulking over their disappointment, loyally accept the decision of the Chicago Convention and place party interests above personal preference.

Gen. Garfield's Reception in New York and at various places on his route was of a very enthusiastic character. On Friday evening the streets around the Republican headquarters were crowded by an immense concourse of people, assembled to do honor to the candidate. The "Boys in Blue," the Republican Assembly District Associations, and other organizations took part in the demonstration. Gen. Garfield and Gen. Arthur addressed the crowd from the balcony, and were followed by Edwards Pierrepont and other speakers.

"Save us from our Friends" would be an Appropriate wish on the part of the Democratic Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates. Some enthusiastic Democratic liquor sellers have displayed on their banners the words "Hancock and English. *No more cold water in the White House.*" Four years' experience of the influence temperance principles in the White House have exerted on society has not inspired the bulk of the population with a desire for a return to opposite influences. There are many Democrats who are total abstainers, and there are many temperance voters who are not firmly settled in their political views, and such a reason as these liquor-sellers advance for supporting the Democratic ticket, may induce them to vote for Gen. Garfield. Mr. Barnum should caution his too-candid allies.

The Charges made Against Gen. Grant by Gen. John McDonald, in his new book are, it is to be hoped, for the credit of the nation, without any foundation of truth. Even Gen. Grant's political opponents would feel it to be a national humiliation if it could be proved that a man who had been twice elected to the highest office in the gift of the people, had been guilty of participation in the profits of the crimes, for which McDonald and Joyce were sent to jail. The book is professed to be a circumstantial narrative of the proceedings of "the Whiskey Ring" from the time Gen. Grant appointed McDonald Supervisor down to the exposure, and it directly charges Gen. Grant, Babcock and others with a full knowledge of, and participation in, the proceeds of the frauds by which the revenue in McDonald's district was robbed of over three million dollars. The time chosen for making the disclosure, and the admitted culpability of the author, lead to the hope that the charges made are untrue.

Mr. J. Lloyd Haigh, who a few Months ago was respected as one of the principal merchants of New York pleaded guilty, on August 6th, to the charge of forgery on which he was arraigned. The circumstances of the crime were described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the time of his arrest. His counsel made an eloquent appeal for a light sentence, on the ground of the criminal's previous respectability and of his now pleading guilty, but the court rejected the former plea and expressed the conviction that it ought not to be regarded in the sentence. He was finally sentenced to *four years' imprisonment* in the State prison. It is a fearful warning to young men who, in the fierce competition of commercial life, are tempted to do wrong, hoping to rectify it before it is discovered.

The Death of Dr. Nathan Bishop Occurred at Saratoga on August 7th. His life had been one of remarkable activity, and his death occasions a loss, not only to the Baptist denomination, to which he belonged, but to the community at large. He was born in 1808, near Boston, Mass., and graduated from Brown University, which subsequently conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. For some years he was Superintendent of Schools in Boston, but on the acquisition of some considerable property, he resolved to devote his life to charitable and educational work. He was a trustee of Vassar College, and a member o the Boards of the Baptist Home Mission Society and of the American Bible Society. Genera Grant placed him, in 1872, on the Board of Indian Commissioners, and it was during an excursion in that capacity in the Indian Territory that he contracted the malarial disorder whic has ultimately caused his death. He was exceedingly liberal in his gifts to philanthropic an religious institutions, besides rendering willin personal service in their cause.

The Execution of Balbo, the Italian, for th murder of his wife, and of Cox for the murder of Mrs. Hull, lately, after a period of thre years, during which no execution has take place in New York, indicate that the Governo is not disposed to interfere with the course the law in cases of murder. In both instance strong representations and urgent appeals f mercy were made to him, but they were of n avail; he declined to exercise his prerogativ The sympathy somewhat ostentatiously di played toward both culprits, whose guilt w admitted, the gifts lavished upon them whi in jail, and the notoriety conferred upon the by the daily newspapers, tended to exercise a injurious influence on the criminal classes. T criminals were made to appear as heroes an martyrs, rather than in their proper guise brutal cowards, and thus the sanctity of l was not impressed on the public. The Gove nor's obduracy is condemned in many quarte but all will rejoice if it has the wholesome eff of deterring men from committing murder.

Routine in Public Affairs is so Essenti to the efficient discharge of official duty that t much stress is occasionally laid upon it, wh it degenerates into obstruction. A few da ago, while the thermometer was registering 98 the shade, in New York, a policeman report that *a dead dog* was lying in one of the dow town streets, and a man was sent to remove He returned without the decaying carcase. examination he found it was *a dead goat*, and his instructions were to remove a dead dog, had come back to wait while his superior off telegraphed to headquarters for instructions remove a goat. Meanwhile, the carcase polluting the air breathed by hundreds of c zens in the crowded street.

Dr. Talmage is Reported to have Explo some of the worst haunts of vice in Leadv A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* sta that, guided by the police, the eminent preac visited the gambling saloons and dance-hou in the city and came away appalled by sights he witnessed.

A Young Cripple Healed by Faith Prayer.—The Northampton *Gazette* relates following incident, showing that the praye faith does heal the sick, and the Lord raises t up, according to His promise (James 5 : 15).

"*We will state a fact.* There is a young at South Hadley of the name of Rennie N This young man has been *entirely helpless* *several years* from rheumatism. Last wee colored woman from Connecticut arrived, ing been sent for. Her process is simple—p er, laying on of hands, and touching the head with oil. She continued in prayer and versation from 1 to 4 P.M. Several witn were present. At 4 o'clock Mr. Nash wa with crutches; he now dresses and undr himself, feeds himself, comes and goes at We could say more, but if any are interest learn for themselves, they can call at the h of Erastus Nash, and see for themselves. people here acknowledge this healing to answer to prayer, and this is believed by p sors and non-professors of religion withou ception. The healing is wonderful."

The Spanish Speculator who Introduced fights into New York has received notice he will not be permitted to outrage the p feelings of the citizens by repeating his e tion. Mr. Bergh states that he can legally vent the scandalous performance taking again. The Sheriff has seized the animal properties for debt.

Only Last Week in New York, a Christian entleman met a stranger in a house where he as making a call, and felt impelled (no doubt by e Holy Spirit) to lay before him the way of lvation. So he spoke to him plainly and ear- estly on two points, viz., his need of a Saviour, nd the danger of delay. *Next morning* the an went out to chop wood, and returned home oughing violently and feeling ill. By the eve- ng he was dead. Are not we to see more than coincidence in this? Did not the Holy Ghost e that the man's end had come, and send the hristian visitor to offer him his *last chance* of tting into the kingdom of heaven? What an wful warning the case presents of the danger of tting off the matter of the soul's salvation.

The American Bible and Prayer Union Or- nized last March on similar principles to the glish Union, now numbers nearly a thousand embers. In an explanatory circular recently ued, the Secretary, says: Among the applica- ns received is one from a little girl aged nine ars, written with her own hand. Another is m an old gentleman of eighty-four. Another plicant writes, "It is just what I need to help in the divine life, and particularly in the tter of prayer and devotional reading of the ble. I do not have that freedom in prayer t I desire, nor that love for God's word that ught to have; but I hope from this associa- n to be so uplifted as to gain both."

The requirements are very simple. Each per- wishing to join should send a three-cent mp for card of membership, which contains alendar of the chapters for the year. If fur- r desired, subscriptions for the *Monthly es* may also be sent, at thirty cents for the r, including postage. All inquiries should addressed to Rev. T. S. Wyncoop, Washing- , D. C.

Significant Fact in Connection with Public aries, is noticed in a pamphlet recently issued the Librarian of the Friends' Free Library at mantown, Pa. That library contains *no ks of fiction.* The Friends believe that the in- nce of novels on the class of readers who efly frequent free libraries, is to give them e views of life and to make them discontent- with their position. They accordingly admit novels to their shelves, and they find that ap- ants for literature of that class are willing to guided in the choice of a book. In 1879, ough there were 1,200 names registered as lers, the trustees lost only twelve books, while er libraries are robbed of hundreds annually. ould thus appear that the kind of reading plied, has had a beneficial influence on the als of the readers.

e Practice of Using Arsenic to Improve complexion, which has of late years become revalent among ladies, is, it has been proved, nded with considerable danger. A young living at Indianapolis, who is handsome intelligent, has been for a long while using nic for her complexion, and recently she has st lost her eyesight. *Her eyes began to grow* about a year ago, and have been gradually sensibly failing ever since, until it is almost ssible for her to see. Her physician says it om the use of arsenic. If young ladies who o anxious for purity of complexion were as estly desirous to acquire the beauty of which apostle Peter writes (1 Peter 3 : 4), they d exercise a beneficial influence on society ell as gain a blessing on their own souls.

e Cost of Fulfilling a Sailor's Promise In- ed the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad pany in the expenditure of $3,808. The pany, thirty-three years ago needed a piece nd in Portland, Me., adjoining their line, h was owned by James Mountfort. James ntfort's brotherDaniel, had been a sailor, and placed the widow and daughter of one of his nates in a house on the land, and had prom- that they should have it free of rent as as they lived. Daniel lost his life in a reck, but his brother James, to whom the e was left, knew of his brother's promise, llowed the two women to remain on the same terms. When the railroad company wanted to purchase the land, James explained that the house upon it was let on a life-lease to the two occupants. The company asked to see the lease, but James said, "*My brother gave no written lease, but gave his word for it as long as they lived, which was higher and stronger than any written lease could be.*" He offered to sell the land at a low price, on condition that the two women were not turned out of the house, and the company purchased it on those conditions. As they afterward required to pull down the house, they were obliged to pay the rent of another place for the women to live in, and this they continued to do as long as they lived. The widow soon died, but the daughter lived until a few weeks ago, and the company found that the payments made, with interest upon them, amount to $3,808, which had been expended rather than the old sailor's promise should be broken. As the women relied on their benefactor's word, so does the Christian rest with perfect confidence on the word of Him "who cannot lie" (Titus 1 : 2).

Seven Convicts Crawled through a Sewer at Auburn, N. Y., last week, in making an effort to escape. They had dug down from the room in which they were employed and had opened the sewer and crawled in. The sewer is only seventeen inches wide and fourteen deep, and the convicts during their journey were several times in imminent peril of death by getting fixed immovably in the narrow passage and were besides nearly choked by the filthy matter through which they had to force their way. On emerging into the street they found an officer waiting for them, who conducted them back to the prison; so the men had risked their lives for nothing. In the same way men give their lives to Satan, and after years of sin and misery, at their death discover that they have gained nothing, and have lost their souls.

The Riddle Samson Propounded to the Philistines (Judges 14 : 14) is being illustrated in the occupation of a man named Geer, at Basket, Pa., who spends his summers in *catching rattlesnakes* and extracting an oil from them. He is very fearless of the animals, and catches them by placing a forked stick over their necks. If he wants to keep them alive, he cuts out the poison-glands which lie behind the fangs in the upper jaw. He knows where to find plenty of snakes in the mountains around Basket, and he has a dog which has learned, like its master, to seize them without getting bitten. The oil is said to sell readily at $1 an ounce, owing to its curative powers, which are, truly or otherwise, reputed to be great.

Samson's riddle described the eater giving forth meat, and the strong, sweetness; in this case the venomous reptile gives forth medicine. So it sometimes happens that the example of a drunken or vicious man, by operating as a warning, saves his children from falling victims to the same vice.

An Explosion was Caused in a Denver Boarding house on Sunday evening, July 11th, by a boarder's carelessness. The man was a miner and carried about a quantity of cartridges and caps in a leathern valise, which, on that day, he deposited near the stove and went out. Soon afterward there was a sharp crack, as of a fire-cracker, and then a terrible explosion, as of a cannon. The children fled in terror, while the plastering of the ceiling fell around them and the floor beneath their feet was torn up, and by the time they had made their exit, blood was streaming from their bodies. Each was covered with cuts and gashes, perhaps to the number of sixty or seventy, ranging from a surface scratch to half an inch in depth. The valise they had seen in the room looked innocent enough, but it contained in it elements of danger and death. If they recover and grow up they will find that other apparently inoffensive things have the power under certain circumstances of doing them spiritual harm more disastrous than that worked by the contents of the miner's valise.

GOOD NEWS FOR THIRSTY SOULS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—REVELATION 21 : 6.

The Promise Given Directly by Christ — John Charged to Put it in Black and White, that it might not be Forgotten—Christ Spoke from the Throne—A Splendid Preface—I. Explanation—1. All Souls are by Nature in Dire Want—Thirst is Awful—Want of Grace Worse—2. Some are Conscious of their Need—Mistakes of Inquirers—3. Thirst a Desire Arising out of a Need—4. Thirst cannot Quench Thirst—A Remarkably Easy Thing—II. Encouragement—Christ Keeps Open House—Issues Free Invitations—Gives Gracious Explanations—Lively Emblems—Encouraging Instances—A Special Blessing to Thirsty Ones—The A, B, C of the Gospel.

SALVATION is no small thing. It filled the heart and hands of the Son of God, and therefore it ought not to be neglected by us. The precious promise before us concerns the gift of eternal salvation, and it is set forth as the personal word of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. The apostle is very careful to make this clear, for he inserts the words, "And He said unto me;" as if he knew that poor troubled hearts might doubt so large a promise were they not assured that Jesus Himself had expressly given it.

John is a faithful and true witness; in this as in another case he could have written, "He knoweth that He saith true." He declares to us that He who is Alpha and Omega, Himself gave unto him this word of promise. So specially careful was our Lord that the gospel of grace should be published correctly, and without fail, that He delivered it Himself to John, and also said to him, "Write: for these words are true and faithful." Not content with committing the message in words to the apostle, He charges him there and then to *put it down in black and white*, that it might never be forgotten. Thus He proved that He assuredly meant what He said, and meant that it should stand good through all ages: "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

It is to be noticed, too, that our Lord spoke these words as a king: "He that *sat upon the throne* said, Behold, I make all things new;" and then He added, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Divine sovereignty, therefore, is not opposed to the most generous promises of the Gospel. Jesus Christ may give or withhold as He pleases; but His will is to give. He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy, and He will have compassion on whom He will have compassion; but the stern truth of His infinite sovereignty is coupled with the sweet declaration of boundless charity—"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

However much we preach the doctrines of election and divine sovereignty, *we never intend to limit the grace* of our Lord Jesus Christ; but as freely as if we had not believed in sovereignty we publish our Lord's generous Gospel words, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."

There is *a splendid preface* to this promise in the three words, "It is done;" this indeed is the reason why grace can be so freely given. When our blessed Lord had completed His work on the cross, He cried, "It is finished," or "It is done," and then the living stream flowed freely for the sons of men. Then was the rock riven with rivers; then was the stone rolled away from the well's mouth; then was the water of life made to gush from under the altar to fertilize a barren world with its ever-deepening flood.

When this world's history is over, when the entire programme of Christ's mediatorial work shall have been worked out, and this dispensation shall have come to an end, then our Lord from His throne shall say, "It is done," and this shall be sung to His glory, that He freely gave to thirsty souls of the fountain of the water of life.

I am most happy to have such a text to preach from! I pray the Lord to bless every word that shall be spoken, and that every one of you—from those in the uppermost gallery, right away to those who crowd the far corners of the area—may come this morning to the celestial spring and drink, and thirst no more. You have drank some of you, many times; come again, and take draughts large and deep, for the fountain is as full as ever. Some of you spiritually may be like those described by Coleridge:

> "With throats unslaked, with black lips baked."

Your tongue cleaves to the roof of your mouth with faintness and anguish, you are burning with strong desire and pressed with urgent need. Come ye! Come and welcome! Hasten, even before we enter into the sermon: drink from the life-giving fount while we linger in the porch of these prefatory sentences. The words of the redeeming Lord invite you to partake of grace at once. O Holy Spirit, apply them with power to every heart.

There will be two heads of discourse at this time. The first is *explanation*, and the second is *encouragement*.

I. The first is

EXPLANATION.

We shall only mention a few very simple truths.

1. The first is, that *all souls by nature are in great and dire want.* Our Lord here speaks of those who are "athirst," and thirst is the index of one of our most pressing necessities. Many things we think we want, and yet we live without them; but the need of which thirst is the expression is a very urgent one, involving the loss of all comfort, and even of life itself, if it be not supplied. A traveller who had experienced both hunger and thirst, said: "Hunger you may palliate, but thirst is awful." He meant much by saying "*thirst is awful.*" There is no forgetting this pain, and no staying it except by drinking. When thirst swoops down upon a man from out of a burning sky, whether he wanders upon an ocean of sand or brine, it is a woeful day for him.

Want of water is a terrible want, but the want of grace is even more dreadful, yet such is the want of all our race. Every man by nature needs grace. He does not always know what he wants; and, indeed, many are so insensible that they do not feel their soul's necessities; yet those necessities are none the less urgent. Dear souls, you need a Saviour; you need the pardon of your sins; you need to be made anew in Christ Jesus; and, whether you know it or not, if you do not get these things you will die in your sins, and therefore die eternally, which is the second death. If this thirst be not quenched you are in a desperate plight indeed, for there is nothing before you but "a fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation."

2. *Some persons begin to be conscious of their soul's great need,* and these are they of whom the Saviour speaks as "athirst:" they have a dreadful want, and they know it. I sometimes meet with inquirers who, when they are invited to believe in Jesus, reply:

"I DO NOT FEEL MY NEED ENOUGH;

I wish to take the living water, but I am not thirsty enough." I would have you know that frequently those are *the most thirsty who thirst to thirst.* If I know that I have a thirst I have at least something; but if I am fearful that I do not even thirst, then my thirsting to thirst is a deeper thirst than thirst itself. I speak thus because of the infirmity of trembling hearts.

Let me remind you that no man living knows to the full his own need of a Saviour. I suppose if we could altogether see our desperate condition by nature, or know to the full the heinousness of sin, we should become mad. Do not, therefore, ask to feel your need above measure; but thank God that you know your necessity so much as to apply to Jesus for His gracious supplies.

Remember also that certain pains which are supposed to be a part of spiritual thirst are not necessarily connected with it. When a man is seeking Christ it often happens that the devil comes in and suggests all manner of blasphemies and despairing thoughts. Do not be so foolish as to conclude that you are not thirsting after Christ because you have happily been free from these diabolical insinuations. They are not the work of the Spirit of God; they are malicious inventions of the devil, and you are infinitely better without them than with them.

I have heard of a convert who was years before he could trust the Saviour because he thought himself to be so great a sinner that the Lord could not possibly save him. Do not imitate so bad an example. Unbelieving thoughts are no part of thirsting after Christ, and they are not to be desired, but dreaded. Be very thankful if you can *get to the Lord Jesus easily:* it is a choice privilege.

Do not look upon your thirst as a preparation for Christ, for thus you will be seduced into making a Christ out of your own needs, and that will be ridiculous and ruinous. What would you think of a man who expected to find a remedy in his disease?

3. *Thirst is a desire arising out of a need.* Now, so long as you have that desire, you need not stop to question your right to take Christ. A man is thirsty, even if he cannot explain what thirst is and how it comes. I must confess, myself, that I could not give you a physiological account of the origin and effect of the phenomenon of thirst. I suppose that certain organs which require moisture begin to dry up or collapse without it, and so disarrange the functions and cause pain. If I were some learned anatomist, I could give you a lecture upon the theory of thirst; and yet, though I cannot do this, I know practically what thirst is as well as a doctor could tell me. When I am thirsty and am invited to drink, I do not refuse because I cannot explain my thirst.

Nor is there any absolute necessity, in order to salvation, that you should know all about how it is that Christ can supply your needs. If you know enough about Christ to understand that He can meet every need of your soul, and if you take Him to be your all in all, the matter is done. Remember, Jesus Christ often saves poor, simple-minded men when He does not save philosophers. If you take the Lord Jesus to be yours, you shall as truly have the benefit of His salvation as if you were a father in Israel.

4. Let us notice once again that being thirsty is not enough. The text promiseth water from the fountain of life to the man that is athirst; but

THIRST CANNOT QUENCH THIRST.

Some seekers act as if they thought it would. "Oh," say they, "I am not thirsty enough; I wish I felt my need more;" but, my dear friend, your thirst will not be quenched by being increased. "I should have some hope," says one, "if I were more sensible of my danger." Yet that is *not a gospel hope.* Why should a man's despairing because of his danger operate to deliver him from danger? As long as you stop where you are you may get more and more sensible of danger, until you reach the sensitiveness of morbid despondency; but you will be no nearer salvation.

It is not your sense of need, it is Christ's power to bless you, and your yielding yourself up to Christ, that will bring you salvation. The remedy for the thirsty soul is very plainly hinted at in the text. What does a thirsty man do to get rid of his thirst? He drinks. Perhaps there is no better representation of faith in all the Word of God than that. To drink is to receive—to take in the refreshing draught—and that is all. A man's face may be unwashed, but yet he can drink; he may be a very unworthy character, but yet a draught of water will remove his thirst.

Drinking is such *a remarkably easy thing*, it is even more simple than eating. I heard the other day of *a sad, sad case* of a workman with cancer of the tongue who cannot eat. He has not taken solid victuals for six months, but still he can receive food by drinking. Whe people are dying you can still moisten the lips; when nothing else can possibly pass the throats they can receive liquid. So, dear sou whatever thy state may be, thou canst surely r ceive Christ, for He comes to thee like a cup cold water. Does not water run down the thro of itself? So is it with the Gospel. Only l willing to open your mouth to have it, and it yours. Nothing is simpler.

The essence of faith lies in having done wi self and receiving from without, and that, n by any laborious process, but as easily as m receive water by drinking. We do not drink l machinery, we just open our mouths and suff the water to run down; even thus we recei Christ. Be willing to have grace, be ready, it were, to imbibe it by the mouth of faith. blessed faith, which is nothing of itself, and y enriches its possessor! O blessed grace, divir living water, which is ours as soon as ever are willing to have it!

Thus I have endeavored to explain the tex I hope I have not darkened what I wished to in clearest light. O Spirit of God, make m see this open secret, this plain riddle of drin ing at the fount of grace!

II. We are to speak secondly by way of

ENCOURAGEMENT.

I am going to dwell upon this figure of thirst it is used in the Scriptures, that I may le every soul that feels its need of Christ to ta Him at once. The first encouragement is th *our Lord Jesus Christ keeps open house for thirsty ones.* Kindly turn to the Word of G for we must back up everything with Script this morning: let us read the seventeenth ve of the twenty-second chapter of the Book of R elation: "And the Spirit and the Bride s Come. And let him that heareth say, Com And let him that is athirst come. And wh ever will, let him take of the water of life freel

No voice at Christ's door saith, "*Stay awa* but three voices join with His in cryi "Come." The Spirit and the Bride and that heareth, all cry, "Come," "Com 'Come." No officer stands at the door to s out the comers, and to say, "This may co and the other may not;" but the invitatio "Whosoever will, let him take of the wate life freely." Said I not truly that

CHRIST KEEPS OPEN HOUSE?

What can be more free or more comprehen than this? Only publish it in your neigh hood that you intend to keep open house f day, and that everybody who comes may eat drink what he likes at your expense; you not advertise it many times in the newspap only tell a few of the hungry brotherhood, they will swarm like bees. I will warrant y full table from early dawn to set of sun in an our crowded quarters, if you will only pro the best meat and say, "Whosoever will, let come."

O, sirs, if ye do perish, it is no fault of Chri for his table is furnished, and the entrance t banquet-hall is free. In His name do I de the absolue freeness of His grace. He has t the doors from off the hinges to set His wide open, He has put away all sentinels His table, and ordained that none of His vants may hinder coming souls. Our or are, "Whosoever will, let him come," an would be a plain violation of our Master' ders if we were to hinder any. His gen invitation is, "Come and welcome! Come welcome! Come and welcome! Let him is athirst come; and whosoever will, let take the water of life freely."

Now, as if it were not enough to keep house, our Lord Jesus goes further; for i next place, *He issues many invitations o freest kind.* I will only quote one out of many. Turn to the first verse of the fifty chapter of Isaiah, "Ho! every one that t eth, come ye to the waters, and he that ha money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come wine and milk without money and wi price." Grace must be gratis; the *freely*" in our text makes it clear that salva- on is an absolute gift, but here the fact is put a negative form that there may be no mistake hatever.

Mercy is "without money and without price" without price in any possible sense. We ither purchase, nor procure, nor earn, nor oduce salvation by merit, effort, sacrifice, or rvice. It comes to us, not because we deserve but because we need it. We are blessed with out of the good-will and pleasure of the Lord, d we do not purchase it by good deeds, good sires, or pious resolves, or persevering en- avors. We are empty and He fills us. In der that you may come to Jesus, *no prepara- n is required.* You may come just as you are d come at once; only confess that you need m, desire to have Him, and then take Him trusting Him.

oes any one say, "Well, I know that the r-blessed Saviour keeps open house, and that invites men freely; but still I am afraid to e?" Peradventure, dear friend, we may rcome your diffidence by the help of God if remind you that *our Lord makes a proclama-*, which has the weight of His personal dig-, about it, and comes as from a king. Turn he seventh of John, thirty-seventh verse: the last day, that great day of the feast, Je- stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, im come unto me, and drink. He that be- th on me as the Scripture hath said, out of belly shall flow rivers of living water." is the sovereign word of the King of kings. anding up in the midst of the multitude, roclaimed His own full and free salvation, with His own voice declared the day of, "If any man thirst, let him come unto nd drink." O anxious inquirer, what more u want?

ish you could picture Jesus standing in our this morning and using such words! But u cannot, if neither faith nor imagination elp you to realize His presence, still He is and by the mouth of His servant He still in the place of concourse, "If any man, let him come unto me and drink" Will ot come? What is it keeps you back? all is to any man, any woman, any child, dy; any one that needs mercy, any one who s salvation, let him come and have Jesus ternal life. If you think yourself an out- if you seem shut out with seven bolted yet do not take upon yourself the respon- of condemning yourself. Come and try! thirst, come to Christ, and He will give ace at once.

dventure, a trembler replies, "Ay!

HERE IS A PROCLAMATION;

hould be more comforted if I could read es." Our text is one of the freest prom- ssible: "I will give unto him that is of the fountain of the water of life freely." nd test the promise now and see if it be e. But if you require another, turn to l gospel chapter in Isaiah, the forty-first, me read you the seventeenth verse. Will s suit you? "When the poor and needy ater, and there is none, and their tongue for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I d of Israel will not forsake them. I will vers in high places, and fountains in the f the valleys; I will make the wilderness of water, and the dry land springs of er

o then, you that cannot pray; you that dried up with inward drought that you get the words out, and scarcely feel the within; all you whose very hearts do fail that you despair of hope, believe this of God, who cannot lie, and plead it Him. See if God will not open for you s on the very mountain tops, where you ast expect them, and give you comfort ou looked not for.

I quote another promise out of many? a sound of abundant refreshment in it. he forty-fourth of Isaiah, second verse: pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." He will not only give you enough to drink, but pour it on you to drench you with delight. Your hot and weary feet shall be ready to start again upon the journey of life, because washed and cleansed by love. There is grace enough in God to allow it to be lavished *upon you.* If I were in your case, poor, thirsy soul, *I would catch at such a promise as that.* "Lord," I would say, "I long to have thee; I know I cannot be saved without thee; I am sure that thou canst save me; and lo! I trust thee. If I die, I will die trusting in thee!" You are saved, my brother. There is no fear that God will ever reject a soul that has come to this pass; He will pour floods upon you yet.

Our gracious Lord, still further to encourage souls to come to Him, has been pleased to give many *gracious explanations* of what He meant. You will find one in the fourth chapter of John. How sweetly He explained to the woman at the well what living water is, and what drinking of it is. He tells you that, by believing in Him, you receive into yourself everlasting life. Further on, in the sixth chapter of John, at the thirty-fifth verse, He shows what drinking of the living water is: "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

I tell you, beloved hearers, that my own personal hope lies altogether in the hand of my Lord, and in no degree elsewhere. I have now known the Lord some thirty years or more, and at this moment if any one should ask me what is my hope of eternal life, I can only answer that it is just what it was thirty years ago, namely, the work and death of the Lord Jesus in my room and stead. "Have you not preached the Gospel for years?" Yes, I have, with all my might, and I have by God's blessing brought many thousands to repentance and faith; but I do not in the slightest degree rest my hope of heaven upon my preaching. Whatever the Lord enables me to do for Him is His doing and His work, and He alone must have the glory of it; I dare not claim a grain of merit for it.

I have only Christ to trust to, and I want no more. I have no righteousness of my own, but I trust to free grace and dying love. The cross will float me into the port of peace; if it does not I must be lost, for every other lifeboat has gone to the bottom long ago. Christ Jesus is my hope, and I am persuaded that He is a Saviour as suitable for you as He is for me.

Furthermore, our blessed Lord, in order to make this very plain, has set before us

LIVELY EMBLEMS.

He gives us the figure of the rock in the wilderness. You remember how He supplied Israel's need from day to day till He brought them to rest. The sun blazed upon the desert sands, and the pilgrims were sorely tried with thirst, so that they murmured, and thought it better to die than to suffer such inward burning. How were their pains removed? Moses, with his rod, struck the rock, and out leaped a stream of which they drank with eager joy. Can you not see them bowing down for a draught, or holding their vessels at the place where first the water springs forth. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the smitten rock, whence flow life and refreshing to all who will accept the grace.

Beloved, the very cup of communion, and the whole communion-table itself, is meant, among other gracious lessons, to teach us the way of salvation. Here is bread. What am I to do with it? Look at it? study it? analyze it? I may if I choose, but that is not what it was meant for; it was intended to be eaten; use it that way and you use it well. The wine, too, is meant to be drunk; it is not placed upon the table to be gazed upon, or to be quarrelled over, or to be distilled, but to be drunk. This is an act which any thirsty person can perform. You poor souls who cannot do any good thing, surely you can receive of the food which your heavenly Father provides. If you cannot bear fruit and so give something out, you can take something in. If there be nothing in you, there is all the more room to receive of the divine fulness. Oh, then, let the communion cup, concerning which the Saviour said, "Drink,"—let that tell you how to receive Christ, how to be saved by heartily accepting Christ.

Our Lord Jesus Christ in His wisdom has given us, in addition, many encouraging *instances* of men who have thirsted for grace. I will not detain you with many of them. We sang a part of the forty-second Psalm this morning, where David said he longed for the living God as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. Further on, in the sixty-third Psalm, he cries, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," and a few verses down he sings, "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness." If you thirst after God you shall soon be satisfied. May your thirst increase until you get Him, and then shall you be filled to the full.

Once more. *Our Lord has been pleased to give His own special blessing to the thirsty ones;* for, when He opened His mouth upon the mountain and gave out the benedictions which commence His memorable sermon, He said, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Oh! then, ye thirsty ones, you are blessed in your very desires and longings.

I do not know what more to say to you. What more could even inspiration utter? This blessed Book has set before you such a wealth of precious things that one can barely imagine more. *What is wanted* is that the truth be applied, and that you do now come and take Christ. I beg you to recollect that you must take Christ by a personal act, each one for himself or herself. Each one must willingly believe, for God forces Christ on nobody. If I am thirsty, I must drink; no well or river can quench my thirst if I do not personally drink. It is the wisest thing to say, "I am an undeserving, hell-deserving sinner; but if God is infinite in mercy, why should He not save me as well as any one else? He declares that if I trust His Son He will pardon me; I will trust His Son and partake of His forgiveness. He bids me drink of the water of life; I will drink. I will not question my right to come; He bids me do so, and I will obey. I take Him at His word; I trust in the blood of Jesus. Lord, receive me, for I receive thy Son. I have been trying to save myself, and waiting until I felt something, or did something, in and of myself; but now, Lord, although I neither see nor feel anything but my lost estate, I do believe that Jesus can save me, and I trust on Him." If this be your true act, dear hearer, you are a saved man. Even if you only believed a minute ago, you have passed from death to life. The moment a sinner believes he is justified; the atoning blood operates the moment faith sees it. O thou who hast but this instant believed, go thy way and rejoice; thou art in the hand of Jesus, and none can pluck thee thence.

I have thus tried to preach a very plain sermon, containing

THE A B C OF THE GOSPEL.

I believe that God will bless it to the conversion of many; I shall be terribly disappointed if He does not. I have entreated Him to let His own message have free course and mighty effect, and I know that He will hear me. I beg God's people to pray that this sermon may inclose within the Gospel net more fish than ever we have had before.

Some of you seekers have hitherto thought the door of mercy to be bolted against you. See, it stands wide open. Come and welcome. If any softness of feeling is stealing over you let it work while you gladly yield. *Do not talk nonsense on the way home,* and so lose the effect of the discourse. Hasten to your chambers, fall upon your knees, and rise not till you have accepted Jesus as your own Saviour. If you do so, salvation will have come to your house this day, and God will be glorified. Amen and amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—
John 4. 1—42.]

WHAT RELIGION HAS DONE FOR NEW YORK.

By the Hon. Thurlow Weed.

THE Hon. Thurlow Weed has written a clear and admirably outspoken letter to the New York *Herald* on the pernicious effects of Colonel Ingersoll's teachings and of infidel doctrines in general. Not many ministers could have argued the cause of Christianity better than it is done in the following passages :

Our city furnishes many examples of the beneficence of religion. Forty years ago a locality too well known as the "*Five Points*," with a population of several thousands, was the home of the vilest of the vile, and the resort of others equally debased. Men, women, and children of all nationalities and colors herded together, differing only in the degrees of crime and the depths of profligacy habitually practised. Their days were passed in either idleness or depredations. Their nights were spent in dance-house debaucheries. All healthy or wholesome influences were excluded. Children grew up to become either street beggars or inmates of the alms-house and their parents filled penitentiaries and prisons.

These orgies continued year after year, defiant and aggressive, until that *pandemonium* was invaded by Christian men and women whose patience would not tire, whose courage was indomitable, and whose devotion has been rewarded by a moral and religious reformation so complete that no part of our city is now more quiet and orderly than the once dreaded "Five Points."

Thousands of children then growing up either vagabonds or culprits are now attending schools, in which they are stimulated by precept and example to live industrious and virtuous lives Instead, therefore of sending forth idle, ignorant, and vicious children to prey upon society, the destitute and orphan children of the "Five Points," prepared for usefulness by moral and religious training, find happy homes in our rapidly developing Western States and Territories.

Again, eight years ago

WATER STREET

and its surroundings eastward from Peck Slip had a notoriety almost as unenviable as that of the "Five Points." That region was rife with drunkenness, burglaries, pugilism, and their kindred vices. Jerrv McAuley was conspicuous in all that was wicked and demoralizing. He had the reputation of being *a terror to the precint*, a reputation which, by his own confession, was deserved.

But this disturber of the public peace was converted, and then he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to the service of his Master, and, with a faithful, affectionate wife as a helper, he has abundantly atoned for all his offences. For a long time the hisses and howlings of his former associates seriously disturbed his meetings, but courage, perseverance, and patience finally prevailed, and his work now progresses without interruption.

The general character of the neighborhood has been improved ; its social and moral tone and atmosphere have been purified. Sailor boarding-houses have been reformed. *Sailors now carry their Bibles with them to sea.* Moody and Sankey hymns are sung in forecastles. Hundreds of *half naked and hungry wives* and children, by the conversion of drunken husbands and fathers, now rejoice in comfortable and happy homes.

The Mission Church is crowded every week day and evening and three times on Sunday with intelligent Christian men and women who, rescued from garrets and gutters, are now reputable citizens, enjoying the fruits of their industry and relating with grateful hearts the miseries of their past, the joys of their present, and the hopes of their future. By all who "went to scoff, but remained to pray," Jerry McAuley and his exemplary wife are regarded with affection and will be remembered with gratitude.

TWO TEACHERS CONTRASTED.

Let us contrast the labors of two prominent contemporary teachers—one, Mr. Moody, a Christian, and the other, Mr. Ingersoll, an infidel, missionary. Mr. Moody is self-made and self-educated. Mr. Ingersoll is a gentleman of education, culture and refinement. That Mr. Moody's labors have been in the highest degree beneficial to all classes will not be denied. The highest and the humblest listened with charmed interest, and all left the Tabernacle better and happier. The general effect both of his preaching, supplemented by the never-to-be-forgotten voice of Mr. Sankey, cleared, braced, and purified the religious, moral, and social atmosphere of the city.

The labors of Moody and Sankey were practical. They not only asked "*What shall the harvest be?*" but they obtained in their inquiry-rooms gratifying responses to their questions. Hundreds of drunkards were reclaimed, gamblers and prize-fighters were converted. Destitute wives and children and desolate homes have been made happy and bright by the rescue and return of reformed husbands and fathers.

Long and gratefully will the advent of Moody and Sankey be remembered. The city is still fragrant with Tabernacle memories. Mr. Moody is turning the results of his labor to good account. The Moody and Sankey hymns, well known to the Christian world, are now sung by native converts in the interior of Africa.

The sale of these hymn-books produces a handsome fund, which Mr. Moody devotes *to missionary purposes*. At his home in Northfield, Mass., he has erected a suitable building for a mission school and home for Indian girls, some fifty of whom from the far West have already been received. Mr. Moody, therefore, has taken up and will carry on the good work so auspiciously commenced by the late lamented Father de Smet.

And now I invite Mr. Ingersoll or any of his followers to inform the public how and to what extent they have profited by his missionary labors in this city, what salutary reforms he has inaugurated or even suggested, or in what manner and to what extent he has contributed to the general welfare or happiness of his fellow-citizens.

A DRINK-MADDENED FATHER.

A Temperance Story.

(Concluded from page 508.)

A SCREAM burst from the girls as the light form of their sick brother hung in their father's hand, and they endeavored to drag him back. But M'Kinnon stood glaring furiously down on the terror-stricken child.

"The money, you little hypocrite — the money !" he screamed.

The boy's teeth chattered, and he turned deadly pale in the effort to get out words ; but the father, now thoroughly maddened, hurled him backward with terrific force, crying, "There ; that'll make you speak, I think !"

The head of the sick boy struck the wall heavily, and he sank faintly down on his hands and side.

"Oh, father, kiss me before I die !" was all he got out, and with a faint effort to crawl forward, he dropped on the floor in a swoon.

M'Kinnon was not moved—could not be—for at that moment he was a devil, and not a man, and only turned furiously to vent his wrath on the girls.

But an appalling spectacle met his gaze, at least one that for its very uncommonness paralyzed him into helplessness. Eliza, with her eyes burning like live coals, and her delicate form reared almost to a woman's stateliness, had suddenly flung open the door, and now turned and threw herself upon him with the strength of twenty strong men in her slight frame. One grasp—a great wrench, and a pull at the astounded wretch, and she had him out across the passage, and hurled him with amazing force headlong down the stairs.

He was not much hurt, but he was thorough
cowed ; and, instead of attempting to come ba
and retaliate, by bursting in the locked door,
merely slunk away to find drink or money el
where.

Poor Freddy got rapidly worse. Tears st
into his sister's eyes, as they ever and an
recognized the words,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

But there was no bitterness in their tears n

"Darling, wee Freddy," ejaculated Eliza, '
is better that it should be so. He will be ha
in heaven. Mother will shield him in
bosom, and there father can never go."

Freddy was indeed now out of reach of
ministrations. He moaned and tossed, rec
nizing no one, and in continual fear of a br
father hidden somewhere about the bed,
ready to spring on his sisters and beat them
mercifully.

"Strike me first, father ! oh, strike
first !" was his continual whisper ; but he
too weak for even that, and at last sank in
half-wakeful slumber. About two o'clock
the morning he suddenly started and smi
Eliza bent over him in quick joy at finding
self recognized ; but at that same moment he
back, the light died in his eyes, and his l
drooped forward, while his last whisper fel
the ears of his breathless sisters—

"Far, far away."

Intercession with John Nicol resulted in
Freddy's last wish being realized, that he sh
be buried by the side of his mother, in I
burgh. Then their kind employer, finding
the girls had determined to leave their f
and face the world alone, offered to shelter
under his roof. They gladly assented,
exclaimed : "We will be *your* daughters
and God will help us to be good ones."

"What ! do you really mean it ?" jo
exclaimed the lonely man, "and will you
me for your father—*me*, who have nothin
hard work and a peaceful home to offer yo

Eliza made no reply, but, dropping o
knees, took his hand within her ow
reverently kissed it.

Time passed on ; Nicol and the girls re
to Edinburgh, and by the energy, brigh
and intelligence of his Eliza and Agnes,
adopted father was raised from povert
obscurity to wealth and commanding r
tability. Remembering their own mis
youth and early struggles, the girls
through the worst slums of the city, an
good in every home.

THE DAUGHTERS MEET THEIR FATH AFTER YEARS.

They were walking down the High Str
afternoon, when Eliza Nicol—as she was
—was grasped by an infuriated dru
"Money—money—money—turn it ou
silk-and-satin Jezebel !" he shouted, as a
man appeared on the spot, and she hasti
duced her purse, and was about to
sovereign in his hand, when the policen
terposed and said,

"Stay, Miss Nicol, don't trouble yours
this villain, but just hand him over to m
name is M'Kinnon, and he is an old offen

"Oh, no !" said Eliza to the officer
cally. "He is—he is—my father !"

"Ay, her father," triumphantly retur
brutal sot. "Her father—starving, dyin
she and her sister are rolling in wealt
can't take me up for that, can you
clutched the money as he spoke, and
himself away.

On the night following this meeting E
Agnes, who were alone at home, were s
with the news that a strange man was at
demanding to see them. They both
out in dismay, only to find their worst f
firmed. *It was M'Kinnon.* But he
longer insolent. He sank with a groa
stone steps, while he tried to speak to t

"I—I'm afraid I'm going to be ill, m

said, with a fearful look around ; "and the ctor said I would never get over the attack. want to say good-by."

His face was so wistful and haggard that they th turned away and covered their eyes with eir hands.

"I know that I've been a wicked wretch, and at I killed poor Freddy," said the man, with attering teeth. "He has haunted me ever ice. Don't touch me ; only say good-by."

The two girls, reading each other's heart rough blinding tears, raised the poor wretch th loving hands, supported his quivering ame, and had him put comfortably to bed. elirium came on rapidly, and he was sinking rely to the grave.

"Don't bury me near Freddy—mind, don't!" re the last lucid words he spoke. "I only me to say good-by."

And thus died the man whose career we have ced. Eliza and Agnes, as if purified by fire, se to a brilliant career of benevolence. They re kind and good to all, but particularly to se lost through drink. The poor waifs and ays left in the drunkard's desolating track akened ever their tearful sympathy ; for en did their thoughts go back to a little rret, where a boy lay dying in the arms of o distracted girls, and faintly trying to sing,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

PROACHING PERIHELIA AND CALAMITIES.

By Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B.

e "Book of Fate"—Terrestrial and Celestial atastrophes—Moral Revolution and Physical hange—Unity of the Divine Government—Atnospheric Phenomena — The "Times" — Dr. lder Cumming—Mr. Proctor's Statement—Mr. enkins's Data—Believers in Planetary Influnce—Professor Colbert's Assertion—History epeating Itself in the Return of the Black eath.

HE science of astronomy has, in all ages, enged the attention of the poet, the philosopher, the divine, and been the subject of their dy and admiration. Kings have descended m their thrones to render it homage, and e sometimes enriched it with their labors ; humble shepherds, while watching their ks by night, have beheld with rapture the e vault of heaven, with its thousands of shin- orbs moving in silent grandeur, till the rning star announced the approach of day.

he study of this science must have been co- l with the existence of man ; for there is no onal being who has for the first time lifted eyes to the nocturnal sky, and beheld the on walking in brightness amidst the planetary s and hosts of stars, but must have been ck with admiration at the splendid scene, excited to inquiries into the nature, physi- influence, and destination of those far-distant s. Compared with the splendor, the ampli- e, the august motions, and the ideas of in- ty which the celestial vault presents, the most lendent terrestrial scenes sink into inanity, appear unworthy of being set in competition n the glories of the sky.

s improved mechanical apparatus enables us race the pathway of the evening star gilding shades of night—when we contemplate the le bespangled vault, moving in silent grand- like one vast concave sphere, around this er world, and the place on which we stand— a scene naturally leads a reflecting mind to ous and profitable inquiry. Whence come ascending stars ? Whither go they ? What omes of the stars during the day which are irradiating the gloom of night ? Is their arent motion *real*, or does a motion on the h itself cause this appearance ? Can their ance be ascertained ? Can their bulk be puted ? By what laws are their motions ulated, and what purposes are they destined to serve in the great plan of the universe ? se and similar questions it is the great object of astronomy to resolve, in so far as the human mind has been enabled to prosecute the path of discovery.

For a long period during the infancy of science comparatively little was known of the heavenly bodies, excepting their apparent motions and aspects. Instead of investigating with care their true motions and relative distances and magnitudes, many of our ancestors looked up to the sky either with a brute, unconscious gaze, or viewed the heavens as the Book of Fate, in which they might read their future fortunes, and learn from the signs of the zodiac and the conjunctions and other aspects of the planets the temperaments and destinies of men and the fate of empires. And even to this day in some countries the fallacious art of prognosticating fortunes by the stars is one of the chief uses to which the science of the heavens is applied.

Since our globe first came from the hands of its Omnipotent Contriver many changes have taken place both in our own sublunary region and among the celestial orbs. We all profess to admit, on the indubitable authority of Revelation, that the earth was arranged in perfect order and beauty at its first creation ; and on the same sufficient authority we believe that its exterior crust was disrupted ; that "the cataracts of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up," and that a flood of waters ensued which covered the tops of the loftiest mountains, which transformed the earth into one shoreless ocean, and buried the immense myriads of its population in a watery grave.

This was a catastrophe as tremendous and astonishing as the bursting asunder of a large planet. Although physical agents may have been employed in either case to produce the effect, yet, in consistency with the Divine perfections, no such events could take place without the direction and control of the Almighty ; and when such phenomena appear, whatever appalling or disastrous effects they may produce, they are in perfect harmony with the moral laws by which His universal government is directed.

We know, moreover, that a *moral* revolution has taken place among the human race since man was created, and that *this revolution is connected with most of the physical changes* that have happened in the constitution of our globe ; and, if we believe the sacred historian, we must admit that the most prominent of these physical changes or concussions was the consequence or punishment of man's alienation from God, and violation of His laws.

As the principles of the Divine government must be essentially the same throughout every part of the boundless empire of the Almighty, nothing hinders from concluding that a moral cause, similar to that which led to the physical convulsions of our globe, have operated in the planetary regions, inducing the Governor of the universe to undermine the constitution, and to dash in pieces the fabric of some stellar world.

The difference is not great between bursting a planet into a number of fragments and cleaving the solid crust of the earth asunder, removing rocks and mountains out of their place, and raising the bed of the ocean from the lowest abyss, so as to form a portion of elevated land—all which changes appear to have been affected in the by-past revolutions of our globe ; and both events are equally within the power and the control of Him "who rules in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth," whatever physical agencies He may choose to select for the accomplishment of His purposes.

It is now generally known that *extraordinary atmospheric phenomena may be expected during the period from* 1880 *to* 1887. So long ago as May, 1879, the London *Times* directed the attention of its readers to the fact that the four largest planets in the solar system, viz., Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, would be in *perihelia*—a word which means *nearest to the sun.* Such a position of these planets has not taken place coincidently for more than 1800 years. But as the Rev. Dr. Elder Cumming, a Presbyterian minister at Glasgow, pointed out in the *Prophetic News* for March, "at two different times during the Christian era there has been a concurrence of the perihelia of three of these five planets ; and these dates were marked by "awful and destructive pestilence."

We apprehend that no one will seriously challenge *Mr. R. A. Proctor's* statement in his learned and reverential work, "Our Place among Infinities," that "not an atom in the remotest orb can move a hair's-breadth without producing in every other atom throughout the universe an effect minute, it may be, to our perceptions, but as manifest to the Almighty as the noonday sun to us."

Referring to the probable connection between the yearly death-rate and the position of the planet Jupiter in his orbit, among a mass of statistical data, *Mr. B. G. Jenkins*, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, said, "During the last thirty-nine years I find that the perihelion and aphelion of Jupiter corresponded in a very remarkable manner with the periods of low death-rate. On the other hand, the evidence seems to point to a very rapid and persistently *high death-rate commencing in* 1882."

It may be added here that Roger Bacon, Baron Napier (the inventor of logarithms), Flamsteed (the first astronomer-royal) ; Sir Elias Ashmole, Sir Christopher Heydon, Cardan, and many other eminent men of their day, were thoroughly convinced of, and constantly asserted, *the physical influences of the planets.*

Now, the fact is this, a vast magnetic atmospheric ocean surrounds our globe. The meteors which are seen occasionally falling to the earth are electric scintillations. The radiance and warmth which the sun imparts keep the electric planetary zones in perfect action. It is well known that the great force which vitalizes and preserves animal and vegetable life is all-ramifying, imponderable electricity. It is a principle which is ever operative and never quiescent.

The planets nearest the sun have the most energetic electrical elements, those furthest removed from the great solar orb have the least. It is possible, nay, demonstrably certain, that the position of the four major planets may and does disturb the electric equilibrium of our planet.

The changed condition of our atmospheric air resulting from any causes which interfere with or minimize the customary amount of radiance and warmth, necessarily proves eminently destructive to life and health on the earth.

Records of devastating epidemics may be traced as far back as history extends. Plague, famine, and pestilence have destroyed whole races of mankind ; the conquering army and the vanquished have alike been swept away. In the middle of the fourteenth century the Black Death devastated Europe and Asia. Reliable statistics place the total loss of life in Europe at from one-third to one-fourth the population, and in Asia it was still greater. The air over the sea was infected, and ships were seen drifting about the ocean, their crews, to the last man, having perished. Swarms of locusts darkened the air, and spread themselves over the land in many parts of Europe. A perpetual succession of famines and floods reduced the people to the deepest misery.

The *Black Death* was both heralded and attended by extraordinary convulsions of nature. Earthquakes were most frequent immediately before the outbreak, and volcanoes displayed unusual activity. At Venice the plague immolated three-fourths of the inhabitants, and the remainder secured immunity only by flight to the islands. Hecker says, "Of the planetary influence which was considered to have originated the great mortality, physicians and learned men were as completely convinced as of the fact of its reality."

Is it not more than possible that when the Lord Jesus Christ signified the premonitory signs of the fast approaching end of the present age, He referred to the startling events which the planets in their periphelia indicate ?

(To be concluded.)

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Continued from page* 510.)

"To-Morrow? To-Morrow?"

ROSE lost her last hold on life as soon as she was convinced of the worthlessness of the man she had loved. Until now she had believed that it was no more a fault in his nature than in her own which had separated them.

But she grew more tranquil and happy after she had given up her last feeble hope. All she had known in her childhood were gathered about her; her old friends were encircling her with vigilant kindness. Ruth gave herself up to ministering to her, aided by her clear, unselfish insight into the heart of the dying girl. As far as that is possible, the loneliness and bitterness of the path leading to the grave were removed for Rose.

It was a short dark day, late in November, with thick mists hiding the sea and drifting past the windows in clouds, that Ernest found himself watching alone beside Rose's bed. The room was the one where old Charles Clifford had died many years before. It had not happened to Ernest to be called upon to witness any death since that one, which had so materially influenced his life. The old carved cabinet that had contained the dying man's two wills was standing yet in its ancient place; though the rest of the antique furniture had disappeared long ago.

But Ernest did not need any outward memento to put him in mind of his last vigil by a death-bed. As he sat where he could watch Rose's white and quiet face, sleeping peacefully, he could not but recall the old man's withered, troubled aspect, and his gray head tossing from side to side on his pillow. All the past rushed back upon him. He was once more the disappointed, tempted man, into whose hand the coveted possession was thrust by chance.

Yet if he could but have looked on to the poignant anguish of this hour, as the final stage of the course into which he was drifting, not all the treasures upon earth could have prevailed upon him to enter upon it.

Jenny Britton was spending the day at home, and Ruth could not be with Rose. He was alone with his daughter. Not his only child now, for a son had been born to him a week ago, the heir to the old Clifford estates; to bear the name and hold the possessions for which he had paid so high a price.

But there was no glow of pride or gladness in his heart. Though he resigned himself to the will of God, and bowed his head submissively to receive this last stroke, there was deep, inevitable, bitter pain in suffering it. For some days past these words had been haunting his brain—"For he that knew his Lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes" (see Luke 12:47). Surely he ought to have known his Lord's will, if ambition and covetousness had not blinded him.

"Father!" called Rose, after a silence long and dreary to him; "father!"

"I am here, Rose," he answered.

"Are you quite, quite willing to let me go" she asked softly, "now you have another child?"

"'If it be possible,'" he cried, "'let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt!'"

"Yes!" she said, "and after the crucifixion came the resurrection; and after the resurrection the ascension; and then the glory. It must always be the cross first, father."

"Yes, my darling."

"It's only for a little while," sighed Rose; "no one suffers always. You will learn to be content without me, father. How could you help being happy with Ruth and your other children? I want you to be happy again soon. I asked God to let me stay till baby was born; and see, He has let me live a little while longer, so that you might have both your children together. It is partly my own fault to die so young. Only I felt sick of life, and of this weary world, where everything seems to go wrong; and I did not wish to live. I'm not strong enough for this world, father. Did you never think so?"

"I thought I could shield you from every hardship," he answered.

"Father," she said, "if you could go back to when we came home from London—Oh! what a happy time that was!—would you keep your secret still, for my sake? If you had known it would kill me, would you have given up Clifford?"

"Yes, Rose, yes!" he replied; "when I gave myself to God, I gave up all. Not to save you could I have kept my secret any longer. Believe me, I thought of your pain and grief a hundred times more than of my own; but I could not keep my brother out of his inheritance, and yet enter into the kingdom of heaven. *If I had foreseen this very hour*, I should have done, the same then."

"Old Dunnit told me so," she said, with trembling lips; "father, it is a good thing to love God more than all."

"And do you love God more than all?" asked Ernest.

"I'm not very clever," said Rose, "and it seems so far above me; I cannot understand. But of late I've felt as if I could understand how Jesus Christ loves us all Perhaps he once knew a girl like me, neither strong nor wise; only a poor foolish little thing, spoiled and petted by everybody; and so He knows what I am like, and what I want.

"He dosn't expect me to be like Ruth. He's willing to take me as I am; and He has taken me—how I cannot tell you; but I'm not afraid any longer, and I'm not very sorrowful; and it all seems easy and smooth. I dream sometimes I'm in heaven; and it's something like Clifford used to be, with everybody loving me, and everybody true to one another. If every one was only true!" she sighed.

Rose's thin, blue-veined eyelids fell, and her pale lips closed, as if she was tired of looking up at him and speaking to him. Ernest stood beside her, gazing sorrowfully down upon the changed face; but thinking all the while of the other death he had witnessed in this room. Rose was soon to pass away from him, and he could do nothing but watch her till her foot struck against the invisible threshold. When and where and how would he see his child again? In what far-off, unknown world would he meet once more this gentle and fragile spirit, so intimately bound up with his own?"

"Are you here, father?" she cried suddenly, as if waking from her light slumber in some fear.

"Yes, Rose," he answered, pressing her hand.

"I wish I had never been anything but a comfort to you," she said wistfully.

"You have always been dearer than my own life to me," he replied. "I cannot love Ruth herself more than I have loved you."

"But differently," said Rose, with a fleeting smile; "there must be differences everywhere, even in loving. Only I did not understand it, and I felt alone. It seemed as if everything was changed. I could not think of Ruth as my mother, though I loved her dearly, dearly. It was all strange, and I felt lonely. It was foolish of me to feel lonely."

"My darling!" exclaimed Ernest, in a tone of profound grief.

"It was all my fault," she said, lifting her wasted hand to his face, as he bent over her, "and I was really glad you were happy, and I thanked God for it. But it was as if I was shut out, because I was not happy, and you were. It had never been so before. You seemed far away from me, in a sunny place, and I could not any how climb up to the sunshine. I was in a dark, dark cell. At last it was because I learned to know more about Jesus Christ and to believe in Him really; it was that brought me out of the darkness. I feel content now, father."

"Content to leave me?" he asked.

"Yes," she murmured; "I should never be good for much again, if I lived longer; I shou be nothing but a faded, sad little blossom, th could never be bright and light-hearted, as used to be. It has all been too hard for m Father, if you could ever in your life help Ric mond, poor, poor fellow, to grow true and goo Oh! help him for my sake. You are sure to s him again, often; and then you'll rememb your little Rose, and do all you can for hi His father is not a good man; and Richmo thinks so much of you."

Rose's voice was very broken and low, as s uttered her short sentences; but her shini eyes looked up eagerly into her father's face.

"I shall remember you," he answered, wi some bitterness; "do you think I could ev see him without thinking of my darling?"

"That is enough," she said, in a tone of co tentment, as she drew his hand under her he and nestled her thin white cheek upon it; "n I will keep myself quiet. I feel as if I shou sleep very soundly to-night, and have nothing fret about if I awake. Is it almost dark, d father?"

"Almost," he replied, "for I can hardly your face. We will have the lamp brought soon, and I will read to you. To-morrow R will come to sit with you a little while."

"To-morrow!" she repeated softly, " *morrow!*"

The dim, gray twilight of the misty Novem evening was fast deepening in the room, a filled all the corners with dark shadows; the light from the nearest window fell full u Rose's dear face, and Ernest could still see lying on his hand, pale and worn, but rest with closed eyes, as if she was already asleep. For two or three minutes she lay q silent and motionless, and then a flush of co spread over her wan cheek, and her blue e opened with an air of infinite surprise.

"Can I be dying?" she exclaimed, in a t of solemn gladness; "it is neither dark lonely! Can this be death, father?"

The last word fell from her lips in a low w per, but her smile of gladness and surprise g brighter. He felt the trembling pressure Rose's fingers clasping his hand with a gr more feeble than her baby fingers had been u to hold it when her little feet first trod rough pathway of life at his side. The m moment Ernest knew that God had taken away into His own keeping.

(*To be continued.*)

A Converted Thief's Story.—The Superint dent of a Sunday-school, at Birmingham, E land, went to Bristol on business. While w ing upon the quay he observed a man in sail garb approaching him. The mariner came stand in front of him, and, after gazing inte into his face for a moment, inquired, "Are Mr. So-and-So?" "Yes," was the reply, 'I Do you know me?" "Yes, I do," said sailor. "Do you remember a robbery at y place some years ago? Well, I was conne with the band who committed it, but I was with them *that* night. At a meeting a few h before, it was proposed to rob your house said, when the proposal was made, 'No; he my superintendent at the Sunday-school. thereupon left the room and the gang, and solved to begin a better life. I looked about employment, and shortly afterward went to Upon one of the voyages I was wrecked narrowly escaped a watery grave. Among few things I managed to save was a book, Rev. J. Angell James's 'Anxious Inqui which you gave me when I was a boy in y class at the Sunday-school. I began to read grew interested in it. My eyes were opene my condition and danger as a sinner. I was to Christ as the Saviour, and began to lea Christian life. I became, sir," he contin with a tear trembling in his eye, "a new cr ure in Christ Jesus."

Thus the seed had been sown, and had lying unproductive for years, yet at last the came.

THE COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM.

S. Lesson for Aug. 22.—Gen. xv. 1-18. Golden Text, Rom. iv. 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AFTER his success in the rescue of Lot, and meeting with Melchizedek, "the word of Lord came to Abram in a vision, saying, ar not, Abram; I am thy shield and thy ex- ding great reward." Abraham had conquer- and slain the kings, but only because the rd was his shield. He dwelt "in the secret ce of the Most High," and abode "under shadow of the Almighty." He proved the ssed truth of the words: "He shall cover e with His feathers, and under His wings lt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield buckler" (Ps. 91 : 44). And God be praised, is also at this day "a shield unto them that their trust in Him" (Ps. 30 : 5). Let us have God between us and our past, between and our future, between us and our difficul- in the present, between us and our enemies, then what and who can have power to do us n?

the enumeration of the pieces of the Chris- 's armor (Eph. 6 : 14-18) we find mentioned 16) "the shield of faith, wherewith ye be able to quench the fiery darts of the ed" (or wicked one). But how, in practi- ommon life can we use the shield of faith— realize that God Himself shields us every ent? There is a first cause, and there are d causes in every event which happens. instance, a certain person may seek to in- us by word or deed; he sins against us, our natural hearts would drive us to seek tisfaction. But there is a first cause. God ermitted that person to speak or to do; as permitted us to be thus tried. Here is rst cause. If by His grace we ignore the d cause, the person, and deal with the ause, our God, then we can even praise and be really thankful; by this means we e shield of faith, God shelters us, and that was meant for evil He turns into good.

God said also: "I *am* thy exceeding reward." Abraham's reward was not the hich was promised him, nor yet the seed was to be "as the dust of the earth" 13 : 16); the Lord Jehovah Himself was ward, and He calls Himself later "the Abraham." Abraham was a priest unto ho said afterward of the tribe of Levi 10 : 8-9), "the Lord separated the tribe i to bear the ark of the covenant of the o stand before the Lord, to minister unto nd to bless in His name. *Wherefore*, Levi part nor inheritance with his brethren; rd is his inheritance, according as the y God promised him."

"children of Abraham (Gal. 3 : 7), as and priests unto God" (Rev. 1 : 6), as which are blessed with faithful Abraham" : 9), we which are of faith may claim that ssing of Abraham should come upon us : 14), and in our priestly office *we* bear, ery flesh of which Christ was a partaker, of the covenant of the Lord; *our* blessed to minister, not unto ourselves, but Him," and to bless in His name. As unto God, it is our promised privilege may forego any personal inheritance. rd is our inheritance: "I," He says, eir possession" (Ezek. 44 : 28).

braham was naturally anxious to know former promises which God had made to be fulfilled. He said: "Lord God, lt Thou give me, seeing I go childless, steward of my house is this Eliezer of s?" And Abraham said, "Behold to hast given no seed; and lo, one born in e is mine heir." It was a real trial of od had said that his seed should be as of the earth, yet year after year passed e was still childless. It might have s though time were being lost. But all the time doing a great work upon nt, and perfecting the faith which con- im the father of them that believe unto It is often the same with us; we build upon a promise which we find in the word of God, but time passes and it seems to remain always unfulfilled. He, however, is working on his children, and the time will come when He shall be justified in the result.

"Behold, the word of the Lord came to him, saying, This shall not be thine heir, but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir. And He brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward Heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them. And He said unto him, So shall thy seed be. And he believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness" All this interview with God took place in the night, for the stars were shining. "So," said the Lord, "shall thy seed be"—so many and so bright. For Abraham has a Heavenly seed and an earthly seed As the father of them that believe, he has among his seed the wise that "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." And then there is his earthly seed as the dust of the earth, keeping up their numbers in spite of desolating persecutions, more powerful and wealthy in this day, perhaps, than ever before since the time of Solomon.

There seemed no likelihood of the fulfilment of this promise; but, nevertheless, Abraham *believed* in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness. This is always the point at issue between God and man. "He that *believeth* on Him is not condemned, but he that *believeth* not is condemned already, because *he hath not believed* in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

According to all human probability Abraham could not have a child—there could be no expectation of such a thing, except God did something out of the common order; but yet he believed in God, "who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were." And Abraham "against hope believed in hope that he might be the father of many nations, according to that which was spoken, So shall thy seed be." And therefore it was imputed unto him for righteousness. He went round by faith to God's side of the question, and He found no impossibility there.

God said further to him, "I am the Lord that brought thee out of Ur, of the Chaldees, to give thee this land to inherit it. And he said, Lord whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" At present Abraham must receive everything by faith, must possess everything promised to him, not by actual experience, but by reliance on the Word of the living God. In God's eyes the land was already Abraham's, for He seeth the end from the beginning. The promised seed in God's eyes was already born, because the purpose of Him who could bring it about was formed. And just so have we also possessions in our God, which we have not yet in our experience.

But we must learn to possess our possessions for it is written, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given you" (Jos. 1 : 3). It is by personal application of God's promises to us that we enter into our possessions, by standing firmly on His written Word, and letting all our weight rest upon it. There is creative power in the Word of the living God; "the worlds were framed by the Word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear" (Heb. 11 : 3). We have not to wait for "things which do appear" in order that God's work in us should be accomplished. "Hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" (Num. 23 : 19). There is also transforming power in the Word—Christ gave Himself for His Church, "that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water *by the Word;* that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish" (Eph. 5 : 26-27).

In answer to Abraham's question, "Whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" God "said unto him, Take Me an heifer of three years old, and a she-goat of three years old, and a ram of three years old, and a turtle-dove, and young pigeon." It is not clear why these beasts of sacrifice must be three years old. Was it a sign that the three blessed persons of the Trinity stood to the covenant? Here all was dark and mysterious, not clear and in daylight as in the manifestation of God in chap. 18. In Isai. 15 : 5, the prophet cries in the midst of his lamentation over Moab, "an heifer of three years old," and here the meaning is equally obscure. The heifer (Num. 19) is, as we know, the special type of our Lord as the Sin-bearer who purges our "conscience from dead works to serve the living God" (Heb. 9 : 14). The she-goat was used in the sin offering, and trespass offering, and also the peace offering, the ram in the burnt offering and in the trespass offering, and the turtle-dove and pigeon were used both in the sin offering and in the burnt offering. Perhaps in this sacrifice of Abraham's all these offerings were included.

And Abraham "took unto him all these, and dvided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another, but the birds divided he not." We have another instance of a covenant made by the dividing of a calf in Jer. 34 : 18. It may be that it represented how the two covenanting parties were equally bound to stand to their agreement. It may be that as the life of the divided creatures was taken, so the Lord and Abraham were staking their own lives upon the issue: "As I live, saith the Lord" (Ez. 33 : 11). "When the fowls came upon the carcases, Abram drove them away:" no unclean thing must touch even the outward sign of God's covenant with him. "And when the sun was going down a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him." In order to see the future he must be blind to the present; in order to be occupied with the destinies of others who should come after him, this man of faith must be insensible to himself, in a deep sleep.

Oh, how we learn from this our own utter nothingness! God was just about to open to him a vista of several hundred years to come, and shed light upon the future which no other earthly eye was permitted to see, and his preparation for it was "an horror of great darkness." And God "said unto Abraham, Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them, and shall afflict them four hundred years; and also that nation whom they shall serve will I judge; and afterward shall they come out with great substance. And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age. But in the fourth generation they shall come hither again, for the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full." . . . "In the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land from the river of Egypt, unto the great river, the river Euphrates." We look for the complete fulfilment of this promise when the Jews shall be restored to their own land.

In these few verses we follow the dealings of God; how He makes use of one people to teach another. The Egyptians were to be allowed to afflict the children of Abraham until the time should come that God would judge them by His people, who should come out of Egypt, not empty, but with great substance; but they could not really possess the land of Canaan until the iniquity of the Amorites was full. As God deals with nations, so also with individuals. Those persons and things, through whom and through which we suffer most, are doing the work of God upon us, and we in our turn are either being made a help and blessing to others, or we are unconsciously bringing their sin to its climax by our quiet endurance. We read further, that "when the sun went down and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace and a burning lamp passed between those pieces." It was God's signature to His covenant.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Bill for Granting Compensation to Irish tenants for ejection when they have been unable to pay their rent, has been rejected by the British House of Lords by an overwhelming majority. Many prominent Liberals, some of whom have held high office in Liberal administrations, opposed the bill. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a leading editorial article on the subject, says: "We shall not have to wait long before the House of Lords will have reason to consider whether the disadvantages of passing the bill are not outweighed a hundred-fold by the dangers of rejecting it." It appears that an organization is already in process of formation, in which English and Irish Radicals are allied, to agitate for the abolition of the hereditary peerage and the substitution of an elective senate. Disturbances are expected in Ireland as a result of the action of the Lords, and a large number of soldiers have been dispatched to that country to suppress any serious rising that may take place.

The British Loss in the Recent Disaster in Afghanistan is estimated at eleven hundred men. The battle at first resulted in a British success, but as the enemy's cavalry charged, the native troops, who were in front, retreated precipitately, and carried confusion into the ranks of British soldiers in the rear, thus causing demoralization and confusion. Cabul, the capital of the country, has been evacuated, and the English General, Roberts, is pressing forward with all speed to the assistance of General Primrose, who is intrenching himself in Candahar. Fears of a general rising in India are expressed in many quarters, and the Government is being urged to send Sir Garnet Wolseley to take the chief command.

Mr. Gladstone, the British Prime Minister, is suffering from congestion of the left lung, and is incapacitated for the performance of his public duties. For some days his condition was regarded as critical, owing to his age and his constitution having been impaired by the arduous duties of the two offices he holds. Secretary Evarts instructed our Minister at the British Court to express the concern of the American Government at his illness, and sincere hopes for his recovery. The latest reports describe Mr. Gladstone as recovering.

A Minute Description of the Napoleon Family is published by a writer who saw much of it during his recent European tour. It will be remembered that the late Prince Louis Napoleon made a will before setting out for Africa, in which he appointed Prince Victor, the eldest son of Napoleon Jerome, his heir. It appears that Prince Victor is a quiet, studious young man of ordinary capacity, not possessing any of the soldier spirit. His younger brother, Louis Napoleon, is, however, a very remarkable young man. He is bold, active, restless, and ambitious, resembling in appearance and disposition the First Napoleon. *He reverences no one*, and his reckless conduct is continually involving him in trouble. He has earned a nickname, which is expressive, but profane, by which he is generally alluded to by his companions. In mentioning him when he is not present, they call him "*the true devil.*" It is remarkable that such a name should have been given to one who may, in the course of time, be heir to the Napoleonic aspirations.

A Perilous Situation.—An American Gentleman, who recently paid a visit to Italy narrates in a contemporary, a thrilling account of an adventure he had in the Catacombs in Rome. He descended in company with a party of friends, each of whom was supplied with a small piece of wax candle. He was desirous of securing a small piece of marble to bring away as a relic, and while in one of the narrow galleries he saw a suitable piece in one of the tombs. He stayed behind his friends to detach it, and when he had succeeded, his party was out of sight. In hurrying after them he lost his way, and was involved in *a perfect labyrinth of passages*, each of which resembled the others in having holes cut in the rock where people had been buried. His piece of candle was burning out quickly, and he feared that he would have to stay there for hours, if not days, in the dark with his ghastly surroundings. At length, when he had almost given up hope, his shouts were answered in the distance, and soon he had the pleasure of recognizing his friends and their guide returning to search for him.

His position was like that of many who are lost in the mazes of sin, and who are never rescued until they are found and led into light and life by Him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (John 14:6).

The Baroness Burdett Coutts, whose Liberal gifts to religious and philanthropic objects caused Queen Victoria to make her a peeress in her own right, is, it is reported, about to marry Mr. William Ashmead Bartlett, a native of Philadelphia, Pa. It is stated that the Baroness is in the habit of inviting graduates of the University of Oxford to visit her country house in Wales, and in this way became acquainted with Mr. Bartlett. He subsequently acted as her secretary, and superintended the distribution of funds the Baroness sent to Constantinople to relieve the sufferers in the Turco-Russian war. There, he was attacked by malarial fever and returned in a very precarious state of health. The attentions of the Baroness were constant during his convalescence, and now it is publicly stated that a marriage has been arranged. The Baroness, who is very wealthy, will lose a considerable portion of her income by her marriage; a sum of money producing $500,000 a year was left to her on condition that she never married a foreigner or a naturalized subject. She is sixty-six years of age, and Mr. Bartlett is only twenty-nine.

An American Missionary Murdered.—A Constantinople telegram to the London *Times* states that an American missionary named Dr. Parsons, accompanied by an Armenian servant, was making a professional tour in the mountains east of Ismid, and encamped, on the night of the 4th inst., by the roadside in the vicinity of some Zuruks, a semi-nomadic tribe. Two Zuruk shepherds who have since been arrested confessed with cynical composure that *they shot the two travellers as they slept*, and robbed them of their money, amounting to less than a pound. As Dr. Parsons did not reach his destination at the expected time, and as his horses were found wandering about the hills, his friends instituted a search, and their bodies were discovered under some bushes near the scene of the murder. Inquiries made, satisfy the authorities that the murder was committed for the sake of plunder, and that neither political nor religious animosity prompted the wicked act.

Good done by the Blue Ribbon Army in London.—Mr. William Noble and his helpers at Hoxton Hall keep in view as their chief object the motto, "If by any means I may save some." It was only ten days ago that a young man, one of the early converts, said, "Previous to my visiting Hoxton Hall, I was in the habit of spending my Sundays in pigeon-flying. I was one of the first to take the pledge here, and I am now a Christian, and in the shop where I am at work there are fifteen total abstainers, eight of whom are Christians, and I am now a member of a Christian church." Another case is that of a young man who was "picked up out of the gutter," to use his own words, by a lady and gentleman, who prevailed upon him to attend the meetings. When he signed the pledge he had nothing but an egg-chest for his table! He has faithfully adhered to his resolution, and when Mrs. Noble, in the course of her visiting, called at his home, she found every appearance of comfort and respectability instead of the former wretchedness.

The Earl of Kintore, a British Nobleman, who has long been known as an earnest Christian, died suddenly of heart disease, at his London residence, on Sunday, July 18th, while sitting in his chair. He was born June 7th, 1828. He took the chair at some of Dr. Talmage's meetings in 1879, and he mentioned at the Mildmay Conference in June this year, that he often
read Dr. Talmage's sermons in the Lond
Christian Herald. The late Earl was himse
very acceptable preacher, and frequently c
ducted religious services on Sundays.
hope that the present representative of the t
will tread worthily in the footsteps of so h
ored a father. The deceased Earl was assidu
in the discharge of his public duties, and
genial and courteous bearing made him a favo
with all classes. He was one of the most pro
nent laymen of the Free Church of Scotla
and always took a lively interest in the proc
ings of the General Assembly.

The Famine in Persia.—A Highly-estee
missionary, who has lately come from the fan
district of North Persia, and is well acquai
also with the sufferings of the poor peop
Kurdistan and Mesopotamia, says: "In addi
to the *many* lives that have been saved, and
terrible suffering that has been relieved,
help these Christians have rendered during
famine will, in my opinion, do more to brea
Mahommedanism than ten years of solid
sionary work would have done. The peopl
saying, 'These Christians put bread into
mouths when we are starving, there *mus*
something good in their religion.' We mis
aries know that great and anxious discussi
now being carried on amongst the Mosle
to the merits of the Christian faith, and
are hundreds who are mentally convinced.
have already baptized more than a dozen
verts, every one of whom is living a co
ent Christian life; and this in spite of
'death penalty' for conversion to Christi
which is still the law of Persia."

Earthquakes in Manila, the Capital
Philippine Islands, have caused the dea
eleven people and serious injury to fifty o
The last of the series occurred on Wedn
July 21st. Not a single public edifice is s
The Guadaloupe convent, which has
three centuries, was destroyed, but no
were lost. The inhabitants are encamp
side the town. The earth opened in
places, and jets of boiling water and sho
ashes were ejected from the fissures. The
dral and the barracks fell in, and the tro
camped outside the city. Manila suffe
verely from an earthquake in 1865, wh
Governor-General's palace, the cathedra
several churches were destroyed, and tw
sand lives were lost.

Perils of the Pavement.—The Yearly
age of persons killed by accidents in the
of London is greater than the annual tota
sons massacred on all the railways of the
Kingdom. During the last ten years in t
oughfares of the metropolis 2195 peop
killed and 28,071 were wounded. In
killed were 236 and the wounded 3699.

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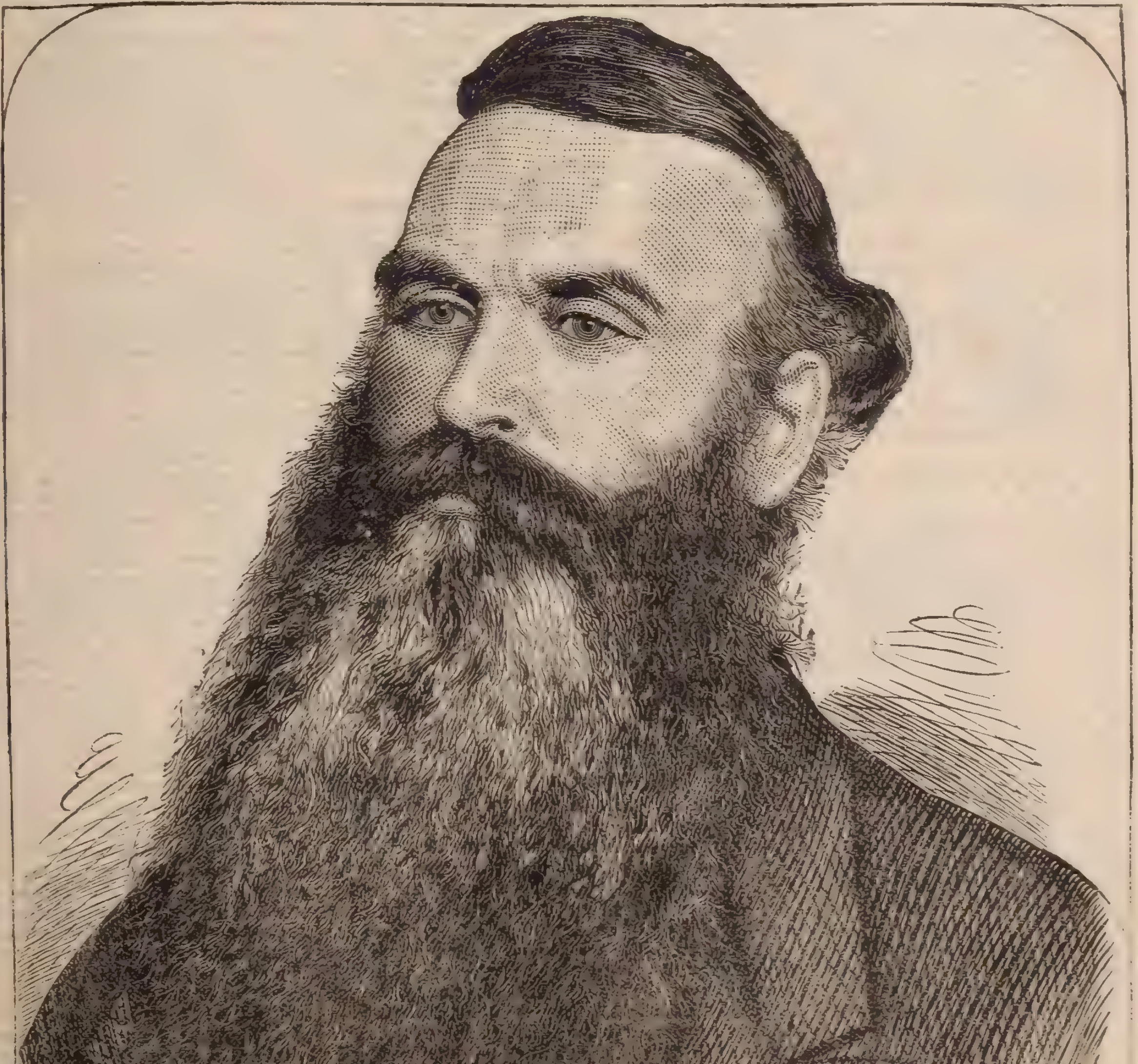
Abraham's Intercession. S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter—The Collegian's Beer-barrel.

FOREIGN TOPICS: Robbery of Arms in Ireland—The I. R. B.—Anxiety respecting Afghanistan, etc,



Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR, the Celebrated California Evangelist.

THE REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR,

The California Evangelist.

Early Life and Conversion—A Vegetable Diet—Life in California—Mr. Taylor's Character—Testimony of a British Officer's Wife—Work in Many Lands—Additions to Churches—Twenty-one Thousand in Australia—The Darkness of Heathenism—Great Missionaries—Red-hot Methodism in India—The South India Conference—Its Wonderful Growth—A Self-Supporting Mission—Moody's Work in Great Britain—Thirty-one Recruits for South America—Brazil Visited with the Gospel—Mrs. Taylor—A Doctor of Divinity Silenced.

The Rev. William Taylor, with whose portrait we present our readers this morning, and who has twice circumnavigated the globe in his missionary tours, was reared in New Jersey, where his parents were members of a Presbyterian church, but strangers to the regenerating power of the Gospel in their hearts. When William was of the age of sixteen *a revival of religion* took place, under the preaching of some Methodist evangelists who visited that part of the country where his parents resided. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, with their son, were among the converts, and they threw in their lot with the Methodist Church, in which they first experienced the saving grace of God.

Young William Taylor was brought up to the exercise of manual labor, and he often refers to it in his discourses as that which laid the foundation of his hardy constitution and extraordinary muscular strength. Thus he passed his youth among stirring scenes and exciting adventures, which singularly fitted him for the wandering and changeful life to which God had foreordained him, and supplied him with the anecdotes and illustrations which are one of the striking features of his preaching.

Mr. Taylor sometimes mentions that he ate flesh only about *half-a-dozen times* in his life till he was past thirty years of age; and to those who look at his stalwart figure, with its big bones and massive strength, that says a great deal for the nutritious qualities of a milk and vegetable diet. It should be added that, for the greater part of his life, Mr. Taylor has been a total abstainer, and he attributes his unusual powers of endurance and capacity for continuous work to that practice.

The subject of our sketch is naturally gifted with

THREE REMARKABLE QUALITIES,

a strong understanding, a perfectly Pauline zeal, and great vigor of purpose. So, having been saved from perdition and emancipated from sin himself, he soon determined that his work in life must be to gather souls into the kingdom of Christ; and for thirty years past he has carried on that work on a scale and with an energy that have amazed all who have watched him.

He studied for the ministry, and received ordination, and made his first great impression in California; for he boldly carried the message of salvation among the lawless ruffians of the gambling-hells, where murders were not unusually committed in open day with impunity. The frightful condition of California during the gold mania is almost proverbial, but we know no more graphic account of it than that from the great preacher's own pen in "California Life Illustrated," Phillips and Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York. We can also recommend "Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco" for an account of the struggles of his hard but successful attempt to plant Methodism there.

It is important to note the causes of this man's singular success. In the first place, *he is truly converted*. It is almost impossible to overrate the living testimony of a man who might be so strong in himself and yet who never forgets "the God in whose hand his breath is, and whose are all his ways" (Dan. 5:23). Those who know him most intimately are those most impressively struck at seeing a man with the courage of a lion and the spirit of a hero, yet weighed down with the consciousness that his life, his health, his means, his faculties, and his opportunities are held at the will of the King of kings and Lord of lords. Then, as to the testimony of his lips, nothing but a sense of pardon after a load of sin upon his conscience could make him speak as clearly as he does about Jesus Christ as *the Saviour* of men.

In the second place, he is *devoted to his Master*. That simply means that, recognizing the sovereignty of God, he has dedicated to His service abilities and energies which would have distinguished him in any department of life. He is always at the service of persons anxious about their souls, and will readily spend from four to six hours with a single inquirer.

THE WIFE OF A BRITISH OFFICER,

with whom he once stayed for some months, said to the writer, "He is the most unselfish man I ever saw; he cares about nothing but his work." Regarding these abilities, besides the three features already noticed, we may mention a power of work that commands respect wherever he goes, knowledge of men, address in dealing with them, patience and forbearance, powers of conversation, gentleness of manner, and a genial kind-heartedness that has won the affection of men, women, and children, whites and blacks, in America, Europe, Australia, Africa, and Asia.

Mr. Taylor's popularity as a preacher is due more to the matter than to the manner of what he says. He speaks in a distinct, strong, and much modulated voice, very deliberately, and without a pretence of eloquence; but he is a master of the art of arresting attention and sustaining interest, while perhaps no preacher has surpassed him in the power of stating truth clearly and illustrating it forcibly. He also considers that one of the first aims in preaching ought to be what he calls "incisive application."

After laboring for some years in California, Mr. Taylor entered upon the great work to which he had been called, as *a travelling evangelist*, and since that time he has been incessantly on the move in the United States, Canada, the West Indies, Great Britain, Australia, South Africa, Palestine, India, Ceylon, and South America. God has greatly blessed his work at most of these places. In South Africa 1200 colonists and 7000 Kaffirs professed conversion under his preaching. The review of his work

IN AUSTRALIA

is most gratifying.

He has written of it: "During my former campaign in those colonies, of two years and eight months, the ministers on personal profession and record by name reported over 6000 converts at my meetings; and the work so widely extended that the aggregate net increase of members, not including probationers, in the returns of the Australasian Conference, for three years inclusive, amounted to over 11,000. Then, according to their Annual Minutes, instead of a shrinkage, the first year after I left they had a net increase of over 3000 more; the next, 2000; the next, 1000; the next, 1500; and the year of my return, over 3000; making a net increase for the seven years of over 21,000 members. . . *Sixteen of the young men* who had been saved during my first tour in the Australian colonies I found, on my return, engaged in the work of the ministry, besides scores of local preachers."

A great part of Mr. Taylor's preaching in foreign countries is done through an interpreter, and he describes in one of his books how he studied the art of preaching effectively through an interpreter, and the pains he used to take to drill his interpreter before the service. Although a member of the California Conference, he *receives no stipend* and accepts no remuneration. He has supported himself all along by the proceeds of his books, which have an extensive sale.

The want of Christian missionaries in heathen lands is greater than it is easy to describe. All the foreign missionary reports that deluge our homes and churches fail to convey an adequate idea of it. And the occasional attempts to divert sympathy to the poor of our own race, or to the colored population in the South, merely betray ignorance or non-appreciation of the aggravated conditions of a country where *the national religion* is heathenism. It is not surpri ing, therefore, that denominational differenc are overlooked as they are by missionaries *the spot* in India, and that, as the rule, the men heartily recognize one another as witness for Christ among a people by whom not the se ondary doctrines of Scripture are misunderstoo and its minor precepts neglected, but to va numbers of whom the very message of the Go pel is unknown. The fair land stretches in eve direction, peopled by millions upon millions idolaters, ignorant, degraded, unprogressive, a as vicious as an inert people can be.

Among these people, at the time we are wr ing of, Carey, Marshman, Duff,* Wilson, a other distinguished missionaries had spent th lives, though chiefly in educational efforts, a the result was that the country was dotted wi mission stations and mission schools, that trac and copies of the Scriptures were scatter broadcast, and that a very respectable body native converts were spread over the land. B the progress of Christianity was slow, the tes mony of laymen to the saving power of Chr was rarely heard, and the influence of the va ous missionary bodies was insinuated among t community rather than aggressively forced up it. The American Methodists had, from 18 planted churches in a small part of North

INDIA,

and the English Wesleyans had done similarly Madras and Mysore; but their missionaries ing few in number, and no man of command originality of character having yet appeared their head, they conformed to the existing pl of operation instead of storming the field a the distinctive manner of Methodism.

Meanwhile, the missionaries of every den ination *prayed without ceasing* that God wo put forth His power in the land, and cause banner to be lifted up and His praise to sounded in every part of it. In 1872 that pr was heard, and William Taylor was the ag appointed to carry out the answer. With l notice or warning, Mr. Taylor made his app ance and cast down red-hot Methodism on In The first sign that his work was genuine was storm of opposition and ridicule with whi was assailed. The second sign was that (fearing, saintly men, of whatever denominat were solemnized before it.

In two years Methodism was the most spicuous form of evangelization in the cou In four years it was organized as the South I Conference. The chief cities of the penin of India were occupied one after another lines of railway became lines of religious munication, preaching-stations multiplied, street preaching, outspoken testimony, loud-sounding praise were familiar matte occurrence Up to the present time Mr. T has found and sent to India *about forty mi aries*, a number rendered possible only by principle of self-support on which the wo that Conference is carried on. All these and women have gone out to face the usual gers and hardships of missionary life, wit additional drawback of having no salaries anteed to them. They take their chance a their church-members, casting all their care God, and God has put some of them th much severe privation, which is doubly t in a country where society is divided in alien population on the one hand and a ha aristocracy of wealth and fashion on the o

This great work was not accomplished out exertion and endurance altogether b the power of ordinary men. Mr. Taylor' severance was a wonder to many, and he *ceased to acknowledge* that God was sust him. The following reference to his pe tions appeared in a religious paper at the ning of his labors in Western India: " never has been, to our knowledge, a m abused in Bombay as this evangelist has

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* We shall probably give a life and portrait Duff, the great Scotch Presbyterian Missionary next number.

A sorts of calumnies have been uttered against an who came to this country at his own rge, pays all his own expenses, is ready to re what he has with any poor man, takes hing from any ; a man devotedly attached us family, yet who has foregone their society six years that he may proclaim the Gospel of G' to those that are afar off. . . . Our con- poraries sometimes favor us with articles ex- atory of what they call the failure of mis- s, the powerlessness of the pulpit, etc., re ng in terms by no means flattering to the of money, comfort, position, in those who ch the Gospel. From the strain of their re- s one would infer that they would be en- ured to see a man against whom no trace of h feeling can be alleged."

uch of this virulence of feeling has passed and the warm recognition given to God's est, and in some respects most wonderful, in India is evidenced by the presence of nisters of as many as six different denomina- at the annual all-day prayer-meeting of the odist Episcopal Church in Bombay.

e fact of such a giant demonstration of the r of God having been vouchsafed under the odist Episcopal Church is a signal honor t body, whose missionary field in India has d out to dimensions only dreamed of ten ago. The Bishops' Address to the dele- at the General Conference at Cincinnati May contained the following statement of rogress of the mission : "The South India rence, which was organized in 1876, has ged its field by extending, not only into districts in South India, but also into Ran- Burmah. It now embraces three districts, 7 travelling ministers, 45 local preachers, 69 members and probationers." Nothing top the work now. It will overrun the ry.

must guard here against the danger of im- that this development has taken place in *tive church*. It has been mainly among the h and Indo-Britons. But there is good for hope that now, as the heathen begin that Christianity is not merely the relig- the missionaries, one formidable barrier r acceptance of the Gospel has been re- . Mr. Taylor's view of the matter is thus in a recent letter to the Church in India : nt to speak to you specially about God's in raising up the churches which compose uth India Conference, viz., a self-support- ssionary movement *for the salvation of ple of the country*. My sympathy and r the English-speaking people of India are eyond expression, but the whole of them, , would only equal the population of one y city in England or America ; so that to age, in thought or action, the idea that k is to be confined mainly to the English es, is treason against God's purpose in us up.

e are true to God and walk after the Spirit, the mission to which he has called us. rd Jesus in person will command our and accomplish His purpose through our The great mountains which obstruct rch shall be removed by simple faith, not by miracle, but by the application of ovel, drill, and blasting operation of each daily applied. That is God's way of g such mountains. Every one of our embers should lead at least one Hindoo every year."

aving India, in 1875, Mr. Taylor worked ort time in England in connection with ody, whose campaign in that country was its height. He then returned to this and received indications that it was the ill he should open up South America for G spel. Accordingly, he started for the oast of that continent, and finding that was more open to school-teachers than hers, he sounded a call for such, whether s or laymen, and in a year and a half e men and women had gone to advance K gdom of Heaven in South America.

The Bishops' Address at Cincinnati contained the following account of this work : "The western coast of South America was visited a few years since by Rev. William Taylor, and under his influence several young men and women have gone to that region, chiefly as teachers, *risking their support among the people*, and also endeavoring, when there is opportunity, to preach the Gospel of Christ. This work, though not under the control, nor at the expense, of our Missionary Society, has yet been so far sanctioned that the mission field has been extended to embrace all South America, and a few preachers have been appointed by the Bishop to that work."

No sooner was that work satisfactorily started than Mr. Taylor laid his next plan for work in Brazil, and on the 5th of June last, notwithstanding some strong appeals to engage in usefulness where he would be among friends and sympathizers, he sailed, in faith in God, for that strange land. We cannot doubt that his heavenly Master will see him safely through what he has to do there.

Mr. Taylor has been blessed in a wife who is as faithful a servant of God as himself, who encourages him with *her letters* during his long absences from home, and who has made up for his loss to the children by giving a double portion of her own attention to their training. Mr. Taylor has only been three and a half months within sight and speaking distance of his family for more than twelve years. A lady said to Mrs. Taylor, "I can't help but think hard of Mr. Taylor, for going away and leaving you alone so long." She replied : "Well, he never went *but with my concurrence*, nor stayed longer than I permitted, and if I don't complain, I don't think anybody else has any right to complain."

A Doctor of Divinity called to see her and said emphatically, "Mrs. Taylor, I consider that my first duty is to my family." She replied : "Yes, Doctor, you and your wife, and ministers and their wives generally, are many, and I and my husband are but two, perhaps the only two whom God has called in this age to such a line of self-sacrifice ; and you know that God has cared kindly for me and mine." The other replied with evident emotion : "Yes, I know He has." There are now four sons remaining out of a family of seven, and it is one of their parents' joys to know that they have submitted themselves to Christ, and are His whether for this world or the next.

A SHORT LIFE AND A MERRY ONE.

A Temperance Story.

"Now, Robert, you had better think of what I have been saying," said Thomas Walters kindly, laying his hand on Robert Wilson's shoulder. "You know what the end will be if you don't alter."

"I think it's bad enough now," said Robert gloomily. "Here am I, discharged from the shop where I have worked, man and boy, for twenty years or more. I do think master is hard on me for that bit of a spree I had last week."

"But you know, Robert, that you have often been on the spree, as you call it, lately, and thrown some pressing work back by your doing so."

"I don't know whatever to say to Mary. Matters have been getting worse and worse at home for a long while. She has been ailing, and unable to go to work as she used to do. Now, I am likely to be idle, all of us will have to go short indeed," said Robert, turning his empty pipe round in his mouth, and twirling his thumbs hopelessly.

"Why, man, if you had done what you promised to do before the minister, you would have spent less at the public house, and kept your wife at home.

"That's all very well, but a young man must have a little enjoyment now and then. What's a working-man's life worth, if he cannot have a little pleasure? It won't do to have all work and no play. 'A short life and a merry one' is my motto."

"Surely, you don't call your present position pleasure ; out of work, with overworked wife, and a heavy score at the Blue Boar, and a name in the town for being unsteady. And besides all this, you know that after your short and so-called merry life, there is the judgment, when you must give a strict account of the precious time God has given to you to use for His glory."

"Why, you're almost as good as a parson, Thomas," said Robert, with a faint smile. "But what you say now is true, as I think of it, the *merry* part was short indeed. And then I cannot forget what the Old Book says about after death the judgment."

"Thank God, you can reform. It is not too late to mend. Look to the Saviour for pardon and help. Give up the drink at once and forever. I will see if I can get you on at Mr. Watson's shop, though I fear you won't earn so much as you used to do. Go home and tell your wife all about it, and tell her you mean, by God's help, to change, and I am sure she will think half the burden gone."

So Robert Wilson parted with his friend, a sadder yet wiser man. Now he had lost his work and was unable to treat his former companions, they left him. But Walters had taken him home the Saturday he was discharged, given him a good tea, and then led him into the garden for a serious talk ; and it was here the foregoing conversation had taken place.

Robert told his wife the bad news, and, poor soul! her heart was heavy indeed. But when her husband went on to speak of the talk he had had, and of his half-formed purpose of turning over a new leaf, her face brightened, and she tried to cheer Robert up with the hope of soon obtaining work at another shop.

A fortnight passed away, during which time Wilson sought work in different places in the town, but he found his character had gone before him, and that masters were unwilling to engage an unsteady man. His wife and children were sorely pinched, and at last he had to pawn his watch, given to him by his father.

It was a time of sore struggle with Robert, and he frequently was on the point of going to the Blue Boar to drown his troubles ; but the thought of the unpaid score, and the certainty that the landlord would not trust him now he was out of work, kept him back.

On the second Saturday afternoon Walters called at Wilson's house to tell him he had obtained work for him. He found his friend very dull, but when he told the good news, tears came in the poor man's eyes, and he grasped Thomas's hand, and said, "God bless you!"

Robert Wilson found the work in the new shop much harder and worse paid than his old employment ; but he kept on, bravely refusing the invitation to drink with his shopmates, and keeping himself much quieter than he had been used to do. The Saturday came, and he took all his wages home, except the few shillings necessary to clear his score at the public ; this he paid without tasting anything, although the temptation was great.

As time went on, and he brought all his money home, his wife was able to manage without going to the factory, and soon the children, as well as the house and housewife, bore evident signs of improvement.

Robert was induced by his friend to attend a place of worship on Sunday, and here he listened to the good news of salvation ; and at length he was enabled to lay his burden at the Saviour's feet, and he asked the help of the Holy Spirit to lead a *happy*, and not necessarily *short* life.

Some time after Robert Wilson said to Thomas Walters, "Do you remember taking me to your house, Thomas, that afternoon, after I was discharged? You took me out into your garden, and talked plainly of my past life. Thank God, I began to see then the falsehood as well as the folly of the saying, 'A short life and a merry one is the best!'"

THE MOUNTAIN OF REFUGE.

An Evening Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday, May 23, 1880.

"Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed."—GEN. 19 : 17.

The Darlings of the Mountains—A Deadly Lake—"Escape for Thy Life"—I. An Urgent Warning—A Blind Man on the Railroad—II. Starting no Security—The Cambria and the City of Boston—III. Danger of Looking Back—The Scaffold—The Convivialities of Society—IV. Loitering by the Way—An Interruption on the Atlantic—"All a Hoax"—V. Thinking there is No Hurry—Two Periods of Last Sickness—Albert Barnes on Death-bed Repentance—A Lady's Resolve—Three Months too Late—A Sea-Captain's Rashness.

THE lakes of the earth, for the most part, are *the darlings of the mountains*, wreathed with wild flowers, their foreheads flashing in the sun. But not so with one lake. Accursed of God, and loathsome, the traveller comes and looks at it, and hastens away. Water-fowl are very slow to fly that way; they shy off from the lake. There are no living fish in those waters. The otter steps in, and comes out encrusted with the salt and nauseated with the bitter draught. That sea occupies the place once occupied by thirteen cities of the plain,

AMONG THEM SODOM.

It would be unpardonable in this presence to recount the crimes of that city. Suffice it to say, they mobbed an angel from heaven that came on a mission of mercy. Lot was resolved to leave that city, and he started away from it, but he went out at so slow a pace that there was danger that death would overtake him before he got to the mountain of refuge. Therefore an angel seized hold of him and pushed him on and pushed him out, crying in his ears, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, stay thou not in the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed."

Well, the fatal day came. It may have been the morning was as bright as that of any other day; but suddenly there was a flash in the sky, then there was an earthquake, with an upheaving of bitumen that lay all under that region, and as soon as this combustible material came in the presence of the falling fire, it ignited, and it made an upheaval of the asphaltum, and the flying flame roared and crackled, the consuming hurricane of God's wrath. Sodom shrieked its last curse, and died.

Well, my friends, God hates sin now just as much as He did then, and we all want to get away from our transgressions. There is no man of us but wants to leave his sins, and start for the mountain of refuge; but some of us are going at so slow a pace that we will not reach the mountain of refuge in time. And therefore the angel of God's mercy lays hold of us to-night, and he pushes us on, and he pushes us out, crying in our ears the words of the text: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, stay thou not in the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed."

I said we all want to get away from our sins. Well, what is wanted? Sin is just one thing. A legislature makes an enactment; a man breaks that law; he is incarcerated. You make a law for your household, a reasonable law; your child stubbornly faces that law; you punish him. God makes a law for the human race: we have all offended against that law; and we must be punished, and we must be severely punished, unless *a door of rescue* be opened. Blessed be God, I have to tell you to-night there is a mountain of refuge, and I want myself, and I want all this audience to escape with me to that refuge; and therefore it is that I sound in your ears the words of the text: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, stay thou not in the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed."

I. My text in the first place suggests to me

THE URGENCY

on the part of those whose business it is, whose holy business it is, to get the people out of their sins. Why did not this angel accost Lot more politely? Why did he not picture to him the beauty of the mountain of refuge, and then gently induce him to start for that place? Oh, it was an urgent case, and the angel seized hold of Lot, and pushed him on. And yet, when we talk about the things of God in the pulpit, and in the pew, and in the prayer-meeting, we are so cold of heart and so stiff of manner that the world do not believe we are in earnest.

Suppose *a blind man were on a rail-track*, and you saw an express train coming, would you go to that man and tell him: "Now, my friend, there is a thing commonly called a locomotive, invented by James Watt, that is gradually approaching you at every revolution, and unless you change your style of pedestrianism it will soon be demonstrated which is the stronger?" You would not accost him in that way, no; you would cry, "Get out of the way; the train is coming!" Oh, would God that we who stand in the pulpit, and sit in Christian assemblage, and talk to men about their eternal interests would practice the same common-sense, the same alertness, the same enthusiasm.

Ah, my friends, there is need of great urgency. The angel did not stop to discuss with Lot the chemical properties of the storm that was coming. He just gave the alarm. And if we are honest in our Christian work, we will take the people by the arm and we will cry in their ears with something of divine earnestness: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, stay thou not in the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed."

You know some one asked Garrick why ministers of the Gospel sometimes seemed to lack in vehemence and earnestness, and Garrick said: "We actors speak as though fiction were reality, but you ministers speak as though the reality were fiction." May God Almighty impress those who preach, and all these Christian workers in the different departments of usefulness, that there is divine urgency demanded of those who would get the people out of their sins and get them to the mountain of eternal refuge.

II. Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that mere starting

GIVES NO SECURITY.

If Lot and his wife had stopped half way between Sodom and the mountain, they would have perished there. They might just as well have perished in their own home, and stayed in the city, as to perish half-way. There is no safety between where you are and the cross of Christ. There was not a foot of ground where it was safe for these people to stay between Sodom and the mountain of refuge, and there is not one particle of space in all the world for you to stand on until you reach Christ or the Mountain of Refuge.

I am surprised sometimes to hear people talk as though they thought that because a man started for the cross he was therefore safe. The Cambria went out of New York harbor for Glasgow, but it never got into port. The City of Boston started for New York, coming out of Liverpool harbor, all flags flying, but the ocean keeps the awful secret of her burial. Men may start for the kingdom of God, and yet never reach it. Suppose my house is on fire, and I put out the flames in three of the rooms, and do not disturb them in another room. I might as well not have brought any buckets of water, I might as well have saved my strength. In other words, to be half saved is not to be saved at all.

Here is a man who has been very sick, sick almost unto death; but by skilful medicament he has improved, he is convalescent. He takes a walk in the fresh air, he takes a cold, he has a relapse; in twelve hours he is gone. And so it appears sometimes with us. Under a divine treatment we are almost cured of our sins—we have been convalescent; but under some cold draft of worldliness we have had a relapse, we have gone back. Will we die?

Suppose the prodigal son had perished halfway between the swineherds and his father's house; he might better have stayed and chewed the carobs of the desert. Better that than nothing at all. Oh, my brother—and I speak pe haps to *two hundred people* in this part of r discourse—Oh, my brother, because you start t ward Christ, and start toward heaven, do n erroneously conclude therefore that you are sa I seize hold of you with all the earnestness the Gospel to-night, and I tell you not to st half-way, push on, push up. "Escape for t life; look not behind thee, stay not in all t plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou consumed."

III. But my subject further impresses with the idea that people sometimes start the kingdom of God, and then

LOOK BACK.

It was very natural that Lot and his w should look back. His friends were in that c of Sodom, her friends were in that city. always love the city of our residence, e though it may have many sins. But God l distinctly forbidden Lot and his wife to lo back. Lot's wife looked back, and she perish and there are a great many men who start the kingdom of God who look back. *There a young man* who was almost a Christian in father's house He was tenderly and lovin brought up He came to New York or Brooklyn a few years ago, and now in the st or shop, or factory, or office, the sceptics la at the religion of his father and mother. has almost got over all serious impressions is about to give up the Bible, he does not p as he used to pray; in other words, he is lo ing back.

Here is a man who once almost escaped f the thraldom of *strong drink*. He though had recovered from the thirst. His friends gratulated him; he moved out into differen sociations. But one day he just tried one gla he looked back. As the snake catches the of the bird on the tree-branch and fascinat until the bird begins to tremble, and the comes from a higher branch to a lower bra and on and down to the ground, and caught in the jaws of the serpent and crus so the wine-glass is fascinating, and it ch men, and they go down from one circle of so to another, and on and on, down, down. finally they are caught in the coils of that w biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an a (Prov. 23 : 32). Oh, how many have gone under the power of strong drink! And while these men start off in the right direc they pause, they stop, they are looking bac

There stood *a culprit on a scaffold.* The sl said to him, Now you have five minutes to if you have anything to say, say it. The about to die for his crime said: "I have th say: Rum ruined me. I had a little brother was a bright-eyed lad; I loved him very m One day I came home intoxicated, and he picking berries in the garden, and I was irri about something, and I took up an iron rak I killed him. And now I have to die fo crime. I have one word to say, and that is not take strong drink." Oh, is it not st that if a man gets out of that thraldom he to go back?

There are others who are destroyed by convivialities of society. They break away evil associations, but some night they say, I guess I will go down to the rooms, and se boys. They go down to stay an hour. stop all the evening, and all the time of evening is passed, and all their good resol and good intentions are gone. The men there are wicked, and brilliant, and bad. have gone for one hour, they go for ete Or perhaps the man is captured by the ho shame, like those who go as oxen to the sl ter, or as a fool to the correction of the s until a dart strike through his liver; as hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not tha for his life. As Solomon says in describin doom of the impure. (Prov. 7 : 22, 23). it not strange, when they quit that Sodom they look back?

IV. But my subject further impress

at after men start for the kingdom of God ey sometimes

LOITER BY THE WAY,

as the text suggests it, they tarry in the in. You know very well men do not succeed worldly things unless they put their minds on m. Nothing is done without hard work and dgery. Yet there are some men who are too y for this world, and too lazy for eternity. If are going to be saved, we have got to con- tre all our energies of body, mind, and soul, hurl them in one direction. And yet peo- loiter by the way!

nce I was crossing the sea, mid-Atlantic, at night. The China stopped. The machinery been rumbling for six or seven days, and our were used to it. The halting of the machinery e us all up; we went up on deck and asked, t's the matter? What's the matter? The m-engine of the China had stopped—stopped nid-ocean. There is always peril about a mer's stopping on the sea; it suggests harm; ggests danger. And I have to tell you that e people who stop half-way between the where they are and the cross of the Son of are in peril. They are in danger of ship- k. Oh, you started so well, my brother, ister, why don't you keep on? Why tarry e plain?

ay did Lot and his wife stop? Perhaps his said, suppose now we get to the mountain, our property is confiscated, and the city is maged; how absurd we will look! She ght it all a hoax. And so there are those hink that all this talk about judgment and ity is a mere hoax. I do not wonder that who believe that should reject the Bible. do not understand how any believe that ccept the Bible, when it says that God will with the hail of His vengeance all the of lies; and when Christ, in the perora- f His magnificent Sermon on the Mount, us one house built on the rock, that and another house built on the sand, and ell.

must all appear before the judgment-seat ist, that every one may give an account for ings done in the body, whether good or (2 Cor. 5 : 10). *I see the day coming*. The s begin to glow; they redden; they roll n waves of glory; herald angels in ad- crying through the heavens: "Make od is coming. The judgment, the judg- ' And all the islands and continents of rth, with uplifted hands and blanched repeat: Make way, God is coming. The nt, the judgment. And yet they halt, they tarry in the plain.

I think another reason why Lot and his re tempted to halt behind in Sodom was, ey thought, perhaps,

THERE WAS NO HURRY.

his day is just as bright as we ever saw. hing were going to come, there would be ing among the hills, there would be omi- adows on the mountains. Ah, no; it moment music, the next moment vol- nd horrible obliteration. So it is with ow; they think there is no hurry; it is ough yet. But suppose your breath stop. Don't you realize, as intelligent women, that life is uncertain. I don't to take the words of the preacher; ask mercial man whose business it is to cal- ne uncertainties of life.

ys some one, I will wait until my death- nd I really suppose there may be a thou- ple in this house who are adjourning le subject to the death-pillow. I have in regard to last sicknesses that the ness is generally divided *into two parts.* half the patient expects to get well, or sulting about medicines and physicians; half he is in a delirium, or in stupidity, sternation which prohibits thought. In half he expects to get well; in the last annot think. I have travelled all this r, and I have crossed the sea, and I whole empires, and I declare here to-night that the poorest spot on earth for repentance is a dying pillow.

You know of Albert Barnes. He was a very cool-headed man. He never said anything rashly, and he gives his experience in regard to seeming death-bed experiences. When speaking to his audience he said: "I have seen a great many people who professed to repent on their dying pillow, or what they thought was their dying pillow, but who got well; and how many of these people, who seemed to repent on what they thought was their dying pillow, after they got well, proved by their behavior that their seeming death-bed repentance was genuine? How many," said Albert Barnes, "in my life of seventy years have I seen who, seeming to repent on their dying pillow, yet in after-life proved their repentance was genuine? Not one; *not one.*" Oh, you see, my friend, the folly of putting off to such an hour as that things so important.

I cannot leave you to-night, I cannot sit down, until I have impressed the idea upon every one of you—for you have an immortal soul like myself, to be saved or lost—I cannot sit down until I have brought this idea fairly before you. I want to show you what a folly it is to tarry in the plain, waiting for a death-bed repentance. *A gentleman* was telling me of a lady who, having the subject of religion presented to her, said, "I will in six months, I will in just six months become a Christian; I always stick to my word, and when I make a promise I keep it; and just six months from now I will become a Christian."

Three months passed along—half the time; and in the evening she was talking with some friends and she said: "Do you know I am going to become a Christian? I made a promise I would in six months; it is three months from now." In the morning she did not come to the breakfast table. They went to her room and knocked; the door was not opened; they went in. Her spirit had gone to God who gave it. Three months too late. Oh, to be three months too late; to be one month too late; to be one week too late; to be one day too late; to be one hour too late; to be one minute too late; to be one second too late—is to be forever too late. To the mountain; to the mountain! God is the mountain of refuge; the cleft side of Christ is the cleft rock in which we are to hide. To the mountain!

But, says some one, there is no peril; I don't realize there is any peril.

SO SAID A SEA CAPTAIN.

A mariner had discovered a rock in the Mediterranean, and he came home and reported it, and the chart-makers defined that rock on the chart. The sea-captain looked at it, and said, "Ah, there's no rock there; that is a deception. I have been around that place many times, and with my ship I will prove it in my next voyage." So he started out on his voyage, and to show his contempt of that danger he came right along by that very spot. "Now," he said, "my lads, we'll come to the place where they say that rock is. I will sail right across that place." He sails on. Five minutes were passed. "There," said he, "did not I tell you there was no danger, no rock?" When, just at that moment, crash went the ship.

A few escaped in life-boats; the last they saw of *the sea-captain* was his hair flying in the wind, the despair of death on his face. And men sail on and say there is no danger, there is no peril. Why, we have been along this place many a time; you can't alarm us, they say: until, in a most unexpected moment, they strike a rock and go down.

May God Almighty, by His Spirit, if never before, move through this audience. The door of mercy is wide open for all of you. Come in. I do not ask where you came from, or what your history has been, or what your sin. I give one universal invitation, and without any discrimination, while I cry: "Whosoever, whosoever will, let him come." Do you think I would tell you of a peril, if I did not know of a refuge and a rescue? Christ, the Son of God, with all His wounds, to-night pleads for your eternal salvation. Now, this moment, is your chance for heaven.

"Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come, and welcome, sinner, come."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

FROM THE BALL-ROOM TO THE COFFIN.

"I HOPE you will not go to the ball to-night, Thomas," said Mrs. F. to her son, a young man who had just attained his majority.

"Why not, mother? I can't see any harm in dancing."

"There is harm in anything, Thomas, which diverts your mind from the concerns of eternity. You have lived twenty-one years and have not yet commenced the great work for which life was given; and is it right for you to trifle with God's mercy and forbearance by spending your time in frivolous amusement?"

"Mother, you are too strict and puritanical in your notions. I wish you would become as liberal as my former Sunday-school teacher. There was a time when she seemed to think of nothing but religion, and she made me uneasy and unhappy by talking of my sins and my danger; but lately she is more agreeable and lively, and last week she was persuaded to attend a dance. If it is proper for her it certainly is for me."

The mother's heart sank within her. She had hoped much from the teacher's influence; she believed that it had once led her son very near the foot of the Cross; but she had yielded to the worldly influences which surrounded her; she had ceased to watch; she had returned to the gayeties which had once been solemnly renounced, and now *her example* was telling on the interest of an undying soul.

Thomas went to the dance, and from that hour he plunged with mad eagerness into every form of earthly pleasure. Sometimes he was impressed with a solemn providence; sometimes conscience would waken under the clear light of God's truth; but he lulled it to sleep by the reflection that he was only a little more gay than his former Sunday-school teacher and others, who were church members, and that if they found religion so dull and unsatisfactory that they were obliged to resort to worldly amusements, it could not be wrong for him to do the same, and he would certainly secure religion to die by. Thus he rushed on, until, without a moment's warning, at an hour when he was not aware, the last summons came.

While amusing himself with a favorite horse he received an injury which proved fatal in a few hours. Agonizing pain, followed by utter insensibility, filled up the time which he had purposed, when in health, to spend in securing the salvation of his soul, and then the tolling bells announced that he had passed to the Judgment Seat of Christ. Did his old Sunday-school teacher hear in that sound the knell of a lost soul? and had she no fear that the blood of that soul would be found on her garments?

The Plans for Taking the Census in a single day in Great Britain next year are nearly perfected. The arrangements show a wonderful power of concerted action. A religious journal makes the suggestion that with a similar system, extending its ramifications throughout a given district or country, great good might be done, in circulating the truth, preaching the Gospel from house to house for a witness to all people in a day.

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(Continued from page 519.)

Cecil Anerley's Character—Salome's Influence—Her Refusal to join in Mission Work—Her Power in Music—Cecil's Love—His Mother Discovers it—Consultation with the Minister.

Constance Anerley's letter, describing her night adventure with the afflicted pupil was read at the breakfast-table of the Anerleys, and caused the relatives who loved her so much some anxiety.

"Poor, brave girl!" said Cecil, finally, as he rose from the table. "But, good bye, I must be off to business."

Cecil Anerley was one of that fine class of young men whom right-thinking people rejoice to remember are in existence, when they are sick and weary of contemplating the idiotic youths who waste brain and health in our music-halls. With manly modesty he was not ashamed to confess that Christ was his Saviour. And there are times and places and associates in our great cities and our country towns, when and before whom to do this requires the bravery and the zeal of a martyr age.

Lads and men whose own consciences are dead, and who have hardly sufficient intelligence or moral culture to appreciate the beauty and glory of the Messiah's heroic life and sacrificial death, are yet numerous enough and impertinent enough, and of course have influence enough to make life a very difficult thing indeed for those who are brought up in godly homes, who, so many of them, mean at first to do well and please their pious parents, but who too often dread the sneer and laugh and taunt, and then, alas! learn to scoff and swear and run riot with the rest.

Half their difficulty, could they only understand this, arises from their yielding in some small measure at the very first to the prevalent tone of feeling around them. If a youth, on entering warehouse, or shop, or office, is not afraid when he is interrogated, or "pumped," to avow himself a Christian, a teetotaler, and a despiser of tobacco, he will have to endure a miserable coldness for some time from the worthless, and a shyness from those whom the worthless have already in their clutches. But it will be hard and unnatural if he does not soon rally to himself some one of like aims; and it will be his own fault if in a few months he does not win the respect of his employers, and the good will of at least many of the employed.

Cecil Anerley was of a sunny temperament, as free as possible from a desire to condemn others. He was not even perpetually intercommuning with his own heart. He was extremely affectionate, and his father's and mother's influence was very strong over him; but the most intense feelings of his heart had not hitherto been awakened when Salome Stanley came to Eglinton Terrace. Her refined beauty, her winning grace, her manner that so unintentionally and yet so unmistakably seemed to appeal for the sympathy and care of those about her, were all different to what he had observed or been accustomed in his mother and sisters; at least they were different manifestations of the same things, and struck Cecil with all the pleasant force of novelty.

It was delightful, too, to be thanked in such a sweet voice for every little courteous attention which mother and sister received as only dutiful, natural and proper. Life grew brighter, and sunnier, and sweeter to Cecil Anerley; now, indeed, for the first time in his life, he seemed to live. He came home a little earlier every evening, for this new interest in his home quickened his footsteps.

Cecil Anerley could hardly have grown into a fop to save his life, he was too essentially manly; in these little matters that he now observed it was the anxiety to please that was uppermost in his consideration.

Tenderly and kindly, but decidedly, if Cecil could only have understood it, Salome Stanley refused to accept as personal any little attention which he offered to her. Blinded by his admiration, hoping ever, happy in his new found joy, Cecil could not, or would not, understand this.

She had not been with them very long before Cecil tried to interest her about the Albert Mission, to which, since his father's death, he had regularly devoted one evening every week. He was the President of the Band of Hope and an immense favorite with the children, to whom his cheery face, gay, joyous, playful manner, and happy hopeful temperament, were like a revelation of a brighter world than the one they lived in.

But Cecil was not successful in his attempt. "I have no ability whatever to do any good in that way," she said. "You would not believe how ignorant I am of the poor, and I am ashamed to own it, but I do shrink from contact with dirty people, unless I could really do them some great good."

"I believe you could," said Cecil.

"You are very kind, but I am afraid I have nothing in common; we should never understand each other."

"Oh, that's such a mistake, begging your pardon!" said Cecil, heartily. "That's just what people think till they get among the poor. But you know there are, after all, such a number of things we all have in common. To begin with, hunger and thirst. Why, even if we are lucky enough never to have been ravenously hungry or awfully thirsty, we have all of us waited long enough for a meal, some day or other, to understand these terrible cravings in a minor degree. And then there's the love of finery and love of children, and beautiful little acts of self-denial, that make the whole world kin. I wish you would come some evening."

But though Salome Stanley smiled, she still shook her head.

"Then why not go and visit the babies in the day nursery with Emmie?" suggested Cecil. "Every good woman has a soft place in her heart for little children."

"Not yet, not yet," said Salome, gently, in a tone so sad that both Cecil and Emily Anerley looked at her in surprise.

"Some day, dear friends," she added, "when you have helped to make me good and strong, and more like yourselves, I may be able to aid just a little in your work, but not now."

Cecil was dreadfully puzzled. He decided that she must have had a lot more trouble than he had had any idea of, and began to think himself a blunderer. He had better propose a trip to Kew or Richmond and a row on the Thames, or a turn at sight-seeing, or a walk in the parks.

This last was the only relaxation and recreation out of doors that Salome Stanley agreed to for the present; and many a lovely spring and summer evening Emmie and Cecil accompanied her in the long, quiet, and pleasant strolls. But even in these walks she did not care to frequent the most fashionable parts of the parks, nor did she ever go out unveiled.

Only in one occupation did she show a passionate enthusiasm and emotion—her music. Emily Anerley listened with surprised attention to the soul that awoke in their piano whenever Salome Stanley sat down to it. She had purchased for her own parlor a sweet-toned American organ, and on this she performed exquisite morsels from the oratorios, and tender quaint old chants and hymns, till the house was full of the harmony of sound; and she herself listened as one entranced, and not as if she called it forth to this delicious music.

Cecil, like so many other people, had been always fond of music as an agreeable pastime, without feeling that it had a special language for him. Salome Stanley inspired her friends, and most of all Cecil, with something of her own whole-souled devotion to this glorious art. Each favorite passage was a friend to her, instinct with memories and associations full of her very existence.

And when she sang, which was but very rarely, the song took wings straightway, and flew into your heart. It was dangerous for Cecil to listen. Perhaps she felt so, for seldom as
did sing, it was nearly always when he was
in the house. The days grew warmer, the s
rays were brighter, summer had come.

"Summer," said Cecil to himself, "has c
to my nature, and it is blossoming; my hea
the flower, Salome is the sun."

It gave Cecil no trouble that Salome, th
kind and friendly, showed no disposition v
ever to be flattered by his attentions, or t
cept them as serious. He could not have t
forward woman, who deliberately set her
at him, and simpered and looked for him w
ever he approached her. The uncertainty h
about Salome Stanley, and the distance he
sidered her beauty and her talents put bet
them, though they might have tortured a
hopeful nature, served but to intensify the
she had inspired. Only when he thoug
that distant future, when he should som
manage to feel he might dare to tell her c
love, did his courage fail him, as he asked
self was it possible she would say "No"?
it possible that, spite of all his devotion, a
anxiety to please her, he should never wi
love? Then, indeed, it seemed to Cecil th
sunshine would go out of his sky, and the
clouds gather.

Mrs. Anerley and Emmie were not v
without suspicion as to Cecil's infatuation.
haps it is hardly possible for any young
much less one of Cecil's candid tempera
to be in the same house day after day wit
woman he is learning to love more and
fondly, as it appears to him, every hour
existence, without revealing his secret t
perception of those who love him. Cecil'
smile if he saw Salome Stanley on enteri
room, his cloudy brow if he missed her
alacrity with which he sprang to do her
bidding or to render her in any way more
fortable and at ease; the fascinated glanc
which his eyes rested on her and follow
every movement; the attention with wh
listened to her slightest word; the rapt
his countenance expressed on those mos
occasions when she let him hear her pl
sing—all proved a sufficient index to the s
his heart.

Mrs. Anerley felt some difficulty as
growing attachment between her son and
Stanley. As usual, in her difficulties s
cided to take counsel of the Rev. Mr. Fe
He called one evening to find her alone
and Emily having taken Salome Stanle
walk in Kensington Gardens. She to
this, and then added, "I am afraid m
dear boy is becoming fascinated by Mis
ley."

"Well," said the minister, "consideri
beauty and gentleness, it is not imp
And would that be anything very dread
dear Mrs. Anerley?"

"We seem to know so very little abo
She never confides in us."

"Has she not told you of the death
brother and father?" asked Mr. Fergus

"Oh, yes, she did tell us just what y
mentioned — just what we knew befor
served Mrs. Anerley.

"But what she did not know, that I
you, and probably all that she has to tel
the minister. "There are very few r
enacted by the people who lodge with us
are mostly done by people we have ne
and never shall see. This is a very
world, and though, of course, curious t
happen occasionally, most of us live a v
straightforward life. Spite of somethin
mysterious in her style and manners, I
pect Salome Stanley would make an
wife for your son Cecil."

And Mr. Ferguson, being a good de
tomed to settle matters, at all events in
mind, looked upon his decision as final.

"I should consider her much too
Cecil," said Mrs. Anerley.

"Should you?" remarked the
"Now I don't think a few years matt

ere is real similarity of tastes and habits. I ink you may safely leave your young people to emselves. The less interference in such affairs e better. And here they come," he added, oking through the window. "Miss Stanley as quite a pretty color; how it improves her!"

(*To be continued.*)

PPROACHING PERIHELIA AND CALAMITIES.

By Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B.

(*Continued from page 525.*)

ur Saviour's Language—The Pestilence—Prof. Lockyer on Solar Changes—Mr. Jenkins on "Epidemics and the Stars"—Dr. Knapp's Evidence—Dr. Trail's Deductions—Solar Influence—Testimony of the Ancients—Familiar Scientific Facts.

NOTHING seems to be more definitely taught our Saviour, or less capable of a figurative inrpretation at the period of complete and final lfilment, than the prediction that the Millenum shall be preceded by terrible judgments, nines, pestilences, and earthquakes. The year of the redeemed" has always been a "day vengeance" to the wicked. Great changes ve usually been brought about by great comtions. The great moral changes by which d has from time to time advanced the work redemption have generally been accompanied convulsions which have shaken terribly the th. The deliverance of the righteous has en the signal for the infliction of judgments the wicked. Both the settlement of Israel in land of Canaan and the bringing in of the ntiles into the Christian Church were accomnied by unprecedented judgments.

f these preliminary changes and advances in kingdom of Christ have been accompanied the signal judgments of heaven, much more y we expect the yet greater change—the aking up of the present order of things—will brought about amid yet greater commons and yet severer judgments. It shall be *a of "great tribulation, such as was not since beginning of the world to this time, no, nor r shall be"* (Matt. 24: 21). The dreadful wars, tilences, famines, earthquakes, massacres, l carnage that came on the Jews at the siege l destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, nd as a mere figure, type, or representation of se far more awful and extensive tribulations ich are coming on the earth.

Among the judgments that shall go *before* the rd, as He comes to revolutionize the world is pestilence. The Bible account of the pestice is that it is a scourge inflicted by God on rebellious and disobedient; was inflicted on ael when they worshipped Baal-peor, when y despised the manna and made the golden ; inflicted on the subjects of David when he nbered Israel, and on the Egyptians when y oppressed the people of God." It was sud, desolating, fatal, noisome, and especially l in cities—a destroying angel stalking over length and breadth of the land, walking as Pestilence by night and as the Destroyer t wasteth by noonday.

mong the physical causes which may be ployed by the great Creator to bring about a es of terrestrial calamities, the approaching ihelia of the four great planets may be numed.

rofessor Lockyer, an eminent English astroner, whose patience of research and scientific lifications are well known in England and other ntries, and who has made the sun his special dy, inclines to the opinion that recent solar nges must produce *very serious* results. The ppearance of hydrogen from the corona, ch is universally admitted, means that solar t has decreased, and this necessitates, at t in its earlier stages, an increase of heat on earth; for the gases thrown out by the sun ts normal condition, and which act as proing media, disappear as the heat decreases.

a recent contribution of *Mr. B. G. Jenkins*, .A.S., to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on "Epiics and the Stars," he said, in reference to the Black Death epidemic which has recently appeared in Russia; "The magnetic lines in which the greatest power is manifested are advancing west at the average rate of about one-seventh of a degree annually over the regions in which are the present epidemic-stricken quarters of the globe—Russia, Persia, United States, Brazil, and Western China. As the magnetic poles advance, these lines advance, and epidemics on man and beast accompany them." On calculating back, it will be found that the magnetic line which is now passing across Russia must have passed over the region 500 years ago. This takes us back to the period of the Black Death—the middle of the fourteenth century—when precisely similar magnetic conditions existed.

In a paper which Mr. Jenkins has also sent to the Royal Astronomical Society, he has affirmed upon scientific data that "within the next seven years there will happen that which has not happened for hundreds of years—all the planets at or near their nearest point to the sun about the same time. It is true of the earth that its magnetic intensity is greatest about the time when it is near the sun; the same is probably true of all the planets; therefore *we may expect extraordinary magnetic phenomena during the next seven years and great plagues*, which will manifest themselves in all their intensity when Jupiter is about three years from his perihelion—that is, in 1883."

In a lecture on Babylonian literature, by the *Rev, A. H. Sayce*, delivered at the Royal Institution, he said that the disclosures of the cuneiform inscriptions prove that the phenomena of the weather were observed and recorded by the Assyrians, together with the configurations and influences of the heavenly bodies.

Dr. Knapp has shown, in a historical paper to the New York *Medical Journal*, that all the wide-spread pestilences for 3,000 years past have occurred with the perihelia, or nearing of the large planets to the sun. At former periods it has been noticed that the near approach of one or more of the large planets of the solar system occasioned disturbances in the atmosphere, causing great heat and cold rains, droughts, and blight in crops and fruit, epidemics among human beings, and epizootics (a murrain) among animals.

Dr. J. B. Trail, in the Philadelphia *Star*, says—"We shall not have to wait long for the appearance of the expected pestilences, for we are approaching a very pestilential period. *Jupiter*, 1,000 times as large as the earth, revolves round the sun every twelve years. *Saturn* once in about thirty years. *Neptune* once in 164 years, and *Uranus* once in sixty years. The perihelion of all these planets does not occur at the same time more than once in thousands of years In the sixth century and again in the sixteenth century, the first three were coincidently in perihelion, and these were the most pestilential periods of the Christian era. The perihelion periods of Jupiter and Saturn coincide with the extensive prevalence of plague, cholera, and other epidemics But in the future, from even now to 1885, we are to have what has not happened for 1,800 years, viz, the nearest approach to the sun of all these four planets coincidentally The obvious deduction from this fact and theory is, that the changed condition of the atmosphere consequent on the interference with, or abstraction of, the usual amount of light and heat will be increasingly unfavorable, to life and health on our globe, from the present time to 1880, and from 1880 to 1885 the adverse influences will be greater, after which they will gradually diminish"

In a learned work by *Mr. John Kendrick, M.A.*, entitled "Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs," it is said that "by their heavenly science the Egyptians could foretell years of scarcity and plenty, pestilences, earthquakes, inundations, and the appearance of comets, and do many other things surpassing the sagaciy of the vulgar."

Pliny relates of Anaximander that "he foretold the earthquakes that overthrew Lacedæmon." Pliny also relates that Anaxagoras foretold the fall of a meteoric stone, about the second year of the 78th Olympiad, which occurred near the Egos, in Thrace.

Claudius Ptolemy, the Egyptian astronomer, has handed down to us, in his "Tetrabiblos," or "Four Books of the Influence of the Stars," the views of the ancients concerning particular constitutions of the atmosphere.

Without quoting the statements of *Lord Bacon* and the highly-gifted *Kepler* on the physical influences of the primary planets, it may be sufficient to adduce the fact that *Dr. Goad*, who was an eye-witness of the Plague of London, in 1665, published a work in which he referred the proximate cause of that epidemic to the action of certain planets on the atmosphere.

The author of the "Approaching End of the Age" says that *the sun and moon may be said to drive the whole clockwork of terrestrial nature*, "the periodic duration and withdrawal of various degrees of light and heat, with *resulting* days and nights and changeful seasons; the movement and circulation of all winds, from the gentlest zephyr to the most terrible tornado; *the control of all-pervading electric, magnetic, and chemical changes;* these, together with the constant exercise of the most potent of all physical influences in the development and support of vegetable and animal life, constitute a sum of solar and lunar operations which seems to leave but little to be effected by other agencies."

He then adduces "familiar scientific facts" to justify the statement and give it its due weight. "Be it remembered that every atom in the universe attracts every other atom with a force inverse to the square of the distance." The globe we inhabit yields to the influence of the sun "as the wave to the wind." "Other influences exerted on the earth, as that of the moon, *and that of her sister planets*, are not without their effect." "Nothing in all its vast extent, no single atom in the material substances which form and clothe the crust of the earth, is long at rest. And this unending and infinitely-varied movement may be traced to the influence of the sun and moon. The huge world itself submits to it, and every drop of water, every leaf, every insect, is similarly subject." It is through the heat of the sun, "its light and its actinic, *magnetic, and electric influences*, that it operates on the atmosphere of our earth, on its seas and continents, on its flora and fauna, and *on mankind.*" "The sun exerts mighty and mysterious influences over the earth, independently of his attraction and of his heat. That there is a close connection between solar and lunar force and *magnetism* has been abundantly demonstrated."

Now, from these statements it is evident the way is cleared for the belief in the operation of natural laws and planetary influences. It is a remarkable coincidence, to use no stronger term, that the most fearful visitations of the *Black Death* in Europe, Asia, and Africa were contemporaneous with the perihelia or conjunction of the primary planets; and it can be shown that whenever there was a maximum of planetary influence, epidemics, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, etc., coincided.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Table that Belonged to Rowland Hill was used by the Rev. John S. Inskip on his arrival in London the other day. Our readers remember that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 10th, contained a portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. Inskip, and an account of the "Round the World Tour" on which he and two other ministers, with their wives, were then about to start. The party reached England safely, and on the 11th July, began their services in Surrey Chapel, a famous old church which was opened by Rowand Hill on June 8th 1783. The table we have mentioned—a strong, massive piece of mahogany—was the communion table of the church for about seventy years, when it was displaced by some modern improvements and was removed to the pastor's study, where it still stands.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50

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Scores of our readers take the trouble to send us the kindest expressions of their good will. Hundreds more agree cordially in what they say. Now will each of these good friends get us a new subscriber? We may say to persons to whom the commission is an inducement, that we believe our terms are more liberal than those of any other paper.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Sectional Issue in the Presidential Campaign, it was hoped would, considering the character of the candidates nominated, be altogether dropped from the speeches of politicians. It has however become already unpleasantly prominent. As usual in such cases, no one is ready to assume the responsibility for its introduction. In a recent interview, General Garfield emphatically repudiated it. He said: "I am the last man to be charged with a sentiment or desire for such a canvass. There were some who would have gone into the campaign with that sentiment, but I desired to check it. Our Democratic friends have torn open the sores, not I. They have revived the issues, not I." It is probable that Democratic speakers would repel the charge with similar vigor, but the fact is in evidence that the campaign is assuming a distinctly sectional character, whoever may be responsible for it. It will be well for the country if General Garfield's supporters remember that their candidate is opposed to a canvass of that character.

Federal Aid for Educational Purposes, especially in the Southern States, was advocated in an important speech delivered by President Hayes, at Columbus, Ohio, on August 11th. He said: "The principle applied by general consent to works of public improvement is that wherever a public improvement is of national importance, and local and private enterprises are inadequate to its prosecution, the General Government should undertake it. On this principle I would deal with the question of education by the aid of the National Government. Wherever in the United States the local systems of popular education are inadequate, they should be supplemented by the General Government by devoting to the purpose, by suitable legislation and with proper safeguards, the public lands or, if necessary, appropriations from the treasury of the United States."

Gen. Garfield's Presence at Chautauqua was the occasion of a very cordial though not a noisy demonstration on August 8th. The General arrived at Chautauqua on his way home on Saturday evening, and having conscientious objections to travelling on Sunday, spent the day at Chautauqua. He attended the Sunday-school camp-meeting in the morning and unostentatiously took his seat among the teachers. But he was soon noticed and was welcomed with demonstrations of respect. At the Y. M. C. A. meeting in the evening he was also enthusiastically received and invited to speak; but he declined, saying that in his opinion Sunday was not the day for him to make a speech.

Temperance in Politics Appears, in the Light of the Presidential nominations, to be gaining ground. Of the four candidates nominated by the great political parties for the highest office in the country, three are earnest temperance men and advocates of prohibition. General Garfield, the Republican candidate, General Weaver, the Greenback candidate, and General Neal Dow, the nominee of the Prohibitionists have all by precept and practice endorsed the principles of total abstinence. General Hancock's views on the subject have not been made public, but it is a significant and encouraging fact to temperance reformers that of the prominent men in the coming campaign so large a proportion should be pronounced friends of temperance.

A Prayer Offered by Dr. Deems at the Meeting of the United States Commissioners for the World's Fair of 1883, on Wednesday, August 11th, is deserving of special notice at a period when elections to important offices are about to take place. Dr. Deems, in the course of his prayer, petitioned for many national blessings, and among others that God would "*remove from public places all cowardly, profane, and licentious men.*" It is plain to all who have given much attention to the conduct of public business that Dr. Deems had only too weighty reasons for such a petition, and that he indicated one of the most serious dangers which threaten our national life. But while the help of God is rightly asked in the difficulty, many persons habitually hold aloof from politics altogether, and thus neglect the means within their reach for rescuing the nation from its peril.

Mr. Moody's Invitation to the Conference at his home in Northfield, Mass., has been issued and will probably result in a large and interesting meeting. The conference will commence on September 1st, and continue to September 10th. Mr. Moody says: "The object is not so much to study the Bible (though the Scriptures will be searched daily for instruction and promises) as for *solemn self-consecration*, and to plead God's promises, and to wait upon Him for a fresh anointing of power from on high. Not a few of God's chosen servants from our own land, and from over the sea will be present to join with us in *prayer and council*. All ministers and laymen, and those women who are fellow-helpers and laborers together with us in the kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ—and, indeed, all Christians who are hungering for intimate fellowship with God, and for power to do His work—are most cordially invited to assemble with us.

"It is also hoped that those Christians whose hearts are united with us in desire for this new enduement of power, but who cannot be present in the body, will send us salutation and greeting by letter, that there may be concert of prayer with them throughout the land during these days of waiting."

A Grave Indictment of the Business Principles and practices of commercial society in America is made by Rev. J. Milton Greene. In an exhaustive article recently published, he describes customs, which he states are widely prevalent, which are diametrically opposed to the principles of Christianity. Among others is that of some commission agents who purchase goods for retail traders and forward to their clients two invoices, one of which states the correct price they expect to receive, and the other, a much higher one, is sent for the retail dealer to show to his customer. The object of sending the second invoice is to assist the dealer in deluding the consumer making him believe
that a smaller profit has been realized fron
the transaction than is actually the case. Mr
Greene asserts that this practice and man
others of a similar kind are generally adopted
and that professedly Christian tradesmen stifl
their consciences with the plea that "every on
does it."

It is obvious that in such circumstances
conscientious Christian must find himself al
most shut out from success in business at th
present day. As a clerk, there are many house
where he could not retain his situation for
day, and as a tradesman, he would find it difficul
to compete with unscrupulous rivals. We ma
infer from such a condition of affairs, what tha
time will be which is spoken of in Rev. 13 : 1
when no man will be allowed to buy or sell sav
him who has the mark of the beast.

A Shocking Disaster, by which Twelve Pe
sons were killed instantly, and fifty-seven other
were wounded so seriously that it is feare
many of them cannot recover, occurred o
August 12th. A party of excursionists numbe
ing fifteen hundred persons were returning fro
a trip to Atlantic City, on the West Jersey Rai
road, to Philadelphia. The number of passe
gers being so large, two trains were filled, whic
were run at too short a distance from eac
other. As the trains neared May's Landing th
brakes of the rear section were found to be o
of order, and when the engineer of the first se
tion slackened speed at a curve, the locomoti
of the second train crashed into the car in fron
crushing several persons to death. The sho
carried away part of the locomotive, and a delu
of boiling water and steam was ejected, severe
scalding the occupants of the car. The suffe
ings of the wounded were agonizing, and son
jumped into the river in their frenzy. Aid w
promptly rendered to the injured passengers, b
many were held in the boiling water by fra
ments of the wrecked car, and were only ext
cated with difficulty. It is believed that but f
of the passengers in the car can recover. Gre
indignation is expressed toward the engineer
the rear train, who is in custody. It is stat
that through carelessness he neglected to sh
off steam with sufficient promptitude. Some
the passengers searched for him immediate
after the accident, declaring their intention
shooting him, but he escaped them and w
arrested to await the coroner's inquest.

The Practical Mode of Celebrating t
Robert Raikes Centennial, adopted by the B
tist Sunday-schools of the United States
been very enthusiastically received. It is a
markable fact that letters have been received
the American Baptist Publication Society fr
Sunday-schools in thirty-seven States—all but
vada—and from several Territories. The do
tions thus far received are about $4000. As ma
more Sunday-schools will unite in the cent
nial celebration, it is hoped that a large sum
be contributed before the close of the year
the aid of new and poor Sunday-schools.

A Lover's Scriptural Answer.—A Bost
young man, who had consecrated his life to
service of God as a foreign missionary, was ab
to proceed to his work in Spain; but bef
starting he sent a proposal of marriage to a l
for whom he had long cherished an affecti
Her reply was merely this: "Rom. 15 : 2
The verse reads: "Whensoever I take my jo
ney into Spain, I will come to you; for I tr
to see you in my journey, and to be brought
my way thitherward by you, if first I be so
what filled with your company."

The Explosion of an Empty Whiskey B
rel in New York, a few days ago, is a somew
uncommon form in which the injurious prop
ties of the liquor were manifested. We are
miliar with its effects on the persons who dr
it, but in this case the injury assumed a n
shape. The occupant of a tenement house
moved the bung from the empty barrel, a
tried to see what was inside by the light o
match. The barrel was impregnated with
fumes of the whisky it had contained, and
ploded doing considerable damage.

ev. Dawson Burns, the Distinguished Tempe nce advocate, now on a visit to this country, e ived a cordial welcome on August 7th, from th epresentatives of the Temperance Societies. T meeting was held in the parlors of the Y. M. A. in New York, and though only con e d by circular, was well attended.

r. Burns described the progress of tempe- e work in England and the objects of the ous organizations established in that coun- to promote the Temperance cause. "One ese," Mr. Burns said, "is really *an insur- company;* I speak of the Temperance and al Provident Society, organized in 1840. he first ten years only total abstainers were itted to become members; but then its were thrown open to all. Abstainers and bstainers are kept in different sections, and rofits of each section are also kept separ- Every five years a dividend is declared, though there are only about 10,000 mem- n the total abstinence section, while there er 15,000 in the other, the profits of the section as compared with the latter have s been much larger, showing *the influence perance in prolonging life.*"

Remarkable Pair of Criminals are Under at Norwich, Conn. It was discovered he houses of several wealthy citizens of ity had been plundered while the owners away on summer excursions. For some o clue could be obtained to the identity depredators, but at length *an empty pill-* s picked up in one of the rifled houses, on it was the name of *a young lady very r in the city.* A watch was set upon her, was found that she and her lover, who is of a prominent Norwich merchant, had tted the burglaries. The crimes have been on since July 9th, and a considerable ty of property has been stolen. The prisoner, who is nineteen years of age, sed her guilt and revealed the spot where ost valuable part of the plunder was d.

aloon-Keeper on Sixth Avenue, New related at a religious meeting in the city ek the reasons which had caused him to on abandoning his business. Among stomers, he said, were judges, lawyers, s, and men from the best classes of socie- e saw many of those who visited his place ruin. One, worth some hundreds of nds of dollars, went so low that he was stand at the bars of the vilest saloons *a glass of beer* from any who would treat Another, a young man, the joy and hope other's heart, took his first "drink" in respectable" "first-class" saloon, and fter sunk so low that he took his own he saloon is near the Gospel Tent, and nns sung in the tent could be distinctly in the saloon. Curiosity prompted the keeper to visit the tent, and there, by ce of God, he was converted. The com- "*Leave all and follow me,*" was impress- is mind, and he resolved to obey it. He ed the prayers of Christians that he might e instrumental in the salvation of many s he feels deeply that through his former on many were led astray.

ullis, of Boston, whose Work was De- in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN D, held a meeting on July 31st, at the chard Camp-meeting ground. In the of his address on "Faith Cures," Dr. mentioned two cases which had come is own observation, one of a tumor and er of *blindness for nine years,* which had ealed by means of faith. Captain R. R. from the Military Academy, Chester, stified that in 1872 he was afflicted art disease, caused by improper exercise gymnasium. After consulting the most physicians, and finding no relief, he went ornia, where he remained three years, and rd to Europe, hoping thereby to regain lth, but without avail. One year ago t broke down and he was unable to take even a five minutes' walk. He read Dr. Cullis's book entitled "Faith Cures," and finding not the least hope of recovery from any other source, applied to the doctor for healing by prayer, and was restored to health by that means, so that he was enabled to walk a mile or more to attend to his duties at the academy. Albert A. Cheney, of the Baptist Church, Brattleboro, Vt., testified that he was one of three in his church who had been cured by faith. Many others related similar experiences, and when a call was made for those to rise who had been cured through faith, *fifty responded.*

A Strange Retreat is Resorted to by myriads of ants on the banks of the Amazon. A traveller in that region describes a gigantic reed which grows near the river, and attains a height of nearly thirty feet. He noticed on the summit of the reeds a ball of earth, and found that it was the home of swarms of ants, who were thus safe from inundations, and yet were able to descend through the hollow reed to procure their food. It is an illustration of the condition of him whose "life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3 : 3), but his refuge from the storms of the world is not built on a reed, but on foundations which can never be overthrown.

Ice Water for the Poor.—The Business Men's Moderation Society is about to extend still further the good work it commenced in New York by the erection of an ice-water fountain at the Post Office. It is now announced that a water-cooler mounted on wheels will be sent through the streets of the city where tenement houses abound, and the poor inhabitants will be supplied with cold water free of cost.

How a Lie Caused the Death of a Child at Oceanica, Md., recently, is related by the *Youth's Companion.* It recalls the punishment of Ananias and Sapphira. A man in Oceanica had a vicious, kicking horse, which he was anxious to sell. While trying to make a bargain with a probable purchaser, he remarked, "That horse is so gentle that my little girl could go up behind him and twist his tail, and he wouldn't raise a hoof." The girl overheard this lie, took it for the truth, tried the experiment on the horse, and was killed by a kick.

A Strange Inhabitant of the Depths of the sea is described by a New Hampshire journal. It is like a long black cord, apparently without any head. It is often mistaken for a piece of trailing seaweed when it comes to the surface, but on being placed in an aquarium it shows signs of life. A fish touching it is seized by a bell-shaped sucker the creature puts forth, and then twining itself serpent-fashion around its victim, the fish is brought near one of the ends of the innocent-looking black cord, a mouth opens, and the fish is swallowed.

How like this is to many of Satan's wiles! An amusement, which looks innocent, attracts a victim. Once caught, it becomes difficult to return, and repeated indulgences increase the danger till, too often, the captive is lost body and soul. (2 Cor 2 : 11.)

A Mother's Perservering Search for her Son.—A well-dressed woman, who gave her name as Mrs. Kohler, called at Police Headquarters in Jersey City, July 31st, and asked for assistance to get to Philadelphia. She said that four years ago, when she lived in St. Louis, her son, aged 4 years, was abducted by a strange man. Search was made for the lost child throughout the West, but without result. Six months after the loss of the child, her husband died, and Mrs. Kohler, having some money, *determined to go to Europe* to look for her son. She hunted through England, France, Germany, and Austria, but could find no trace of the boy. Chief Murphy sent her to a benevolent citizen, who, on hearing her story, provided her with money to go to Philadelphia, and she started for that city on a late train. Thus the love of a mother prompted her to travel thousands of miles to find her boy. But the world has seen one instance of greater love in Him who came from Heaven "to seek and to save that which was lost."

THE GIFT UNSPEAKABLE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." 2 COR. 9 : 15.

Gospel Graces and Gospel Motives—I. Jesus the Gift Unspeakable—The Gift Cannot be Fully Described—1. In its Meaning—Teachers who have done great Mischief—Those who Regard Christ as a Divine Philanthropist Only—As an Expression of God's Love—The Cross a Hospital as well as a School—2. In its Manner—3. In the Boons that have come from it—4. Because Speech fails—A Candidate for Church-Membership—The Walls of Nero's Palace—II. The Gift to be much Spoken of—1. By Thanks to God—A Story of Two Cardinals—Tamerlane and Bajazet—2. By Deeds of Praise—3. By Deeds of Patience—A Blind Preacher Reproved—4. By Holding a Thankful Creed—5. By Trying to bring Others to Accept it.

PAUL had spoken of the liberality of the Corinthian believers, and he had endeavored to stir them up to a prudent preparation for displaying it. "Now, therefore," said he, "perform the doing of it, that as there was readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which you have." He closes his exhortation by this remarkable sentence: "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift"; intending no doubt thereby to give expression to his own hearty thankfulness, and also to deliver a master stroke of argument for Christian liberality.

Nothing can so excite God's people to give to him as the remembrance of what God has given to them. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is our Lord's own argument. Gospel graces are best stimulated by Gospel motives. It is wrong to appeal to believers by reasons drawn from the law of works, for *they are not under it;* children are to be ruled as children, not as oxen. Appeal should be made to renewed hearts by arguments distilled from the law of love under which they live: seeing God has loved them with an infinite love, this love has become the most mighty of forces within them: "The love of Christ constraineth us."

The Gospel is founded upon giving, and the spirit is giving. Buying and selling are unknown in spiritual things, unless we buy without money and without price. Payment is for the law; under the Gospel everything is a gift. God gives us Jesus, gives us eternal life, gives us grace and glory, gives us everything, in fact; and then moved by love to Him we give ourselves back to Him and to His people.

Paul had been boasting of the liberality of the Corinthians, and he somewhat feared that by their delay he might be made ashamed; he seemed almost alarmed lest he had said too much about their gifts. He could speak upon that subject and say all that should be said, but he felt that he could not describe the liberality of God. The gifts of the Corinthians were such as he could speak of, but when he thought of what God had given he could only cry, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!"

You can readily put down in black and white, and count up, the largest contributions of the most self-sacrificing believers, but *you cannot estimate the gift of God.* You cannot estimate the value of God's own dear Son: you could certainly give no expression to any estimate you had formed if it were in the least degree worthy of the subject. The love which is seen in Jesus is inconceivable, infinite, unspeakable.

During this meditation I desire to aid you as the Holy Spirit shall aid me, for in my case the power to speak of this unspeakable gift must itself be a gift. I trust it shall be given me in the selfsame hour what I shall speak. We will first consider that *Christ Jesus is the gift unspeakable;* but we are not going to be silent because of this, for our second head is, *Christ Jesus is a gift to be very much spoken of.* The gift unspeakable is to be for ever spoken of by way of gratitude—"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

I. First, then, the eternal Son of God given of God unto men, *Christ Jesus, is the gift unspeakable*, and He is so in many ways.

1. To begin with : *no man can doctrinally lay down*

THE WHOLE MEANING OF THE GIFT

of Christ to men. The Church has produced thoughtful scholars whom it has called "divines," and described as "eminent theologians": from these teachers we have no doubt receive much help in the exposition of the Word ; and yet if we put them all together they have never been able to unfold to us the entire meaning of the gift of the Son of God to men. The devout and studious have themselves cried out, "O the depths," but they have not pretended to fathom this abyss of mystery.

Certain teachers have fallen far short of the mark, and have done great mischief by their low estimate of the unspeakable gift. What they have said may have been true, but their sin has been one of omission — omission where none should have been possible. They have said far too little about Christ, and have seemed to be afraid of extolling Him too highly. In the estimation of such persons the gift of the Saviour has been simply a display of God's good will to the race, and nothing more : Jesus was *a divine philanthropist* and nought beside, according to their Gospel. This is to use other balances than those of the sanctuary, and to give short weight to the great Householder.

It is true that God commended His love to man by the death of His Son, and none can say too much upon this point ; but there is far more in the gift of Christ than mere good will. We are glad that these men admit the divine benevolence, but we wish they could see more than that : for that view of our Lord which sees in Him only a display of benevolence to men does but dimly discern His character and value. Certainly He is "unspeakable" by those who only think of Him after this fashion.

Others have spoken of Christ as a wonderful declaration of God's opposition to moral evil. The death of Christ has been received by them as a vague expression of divine displeasure against sin, of course not dissociating it from His benevolence toward men. Herein is truth also, for how shall we ever see the purity of God more fully vindicated than in the exhibition of sin's result in the mortal agony and death throes of our divine Lord? Yet if this be all that any man has to say, he has failed to comprehend the gift of God, for the great Father has done far more for men by the gift of His Son than merely to intimate the kindness of His nature and the results of moral evil. We admit that in the death of His Son the Lord has declared His love to man, and His hatred of sin, but He has done infinitely more : *the cross is not only a school but a hospital:* the crucifixion not only reveals man's evil, but provides a remedy for it ; Christ is not merely a lesson, but a gift—a gift unspeakable.

Some of our brethren dwell very much, perhaps none too much, upon the general aspect of Christ's death toward all mankind. It is a grand fact that the human race is spared because Jesus died ; and that it is not only reprieved, but uplifted from degradation and put in a position to hear messages of mercy, which if believed will bring salvation.

They do well who freely proclaim the common salvation ; they cannot dwell too much upon its freeness, though I would have them not overlook *its fulness and sovereignty*. We like well to hear of the effect of the incarnation and the atonement upon the entire human family as placing it under a mediator, but we would also hear of *the special application* of redemption and its actual results. The sinner's Friend, the mighty Saviour, the gracious Pardoner cannot be too much spoken of, for under that aspect He is unspeakable.

We delight in addition to this to speak of Christ's special relationship to His own people, and we lay a great emphasis upon the fact of His substitution in their behalf. We rejoice to speak of His bearing the sin of many, His being numbered with the transgressors, His being made sin for us though He knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Our heart expands, our eyes o'erflow, whenever we dilate upon His suretyship and consequent substitution. Yet if this were our one theme we should still fail to express the unspeakable.

We are apt to think that when we have laid down this doctrine clearly and distinctly, and have admitted all that others have well said, that we have believed and taught all that can be known concerning the gift of Jesus Christ to men : but, beloved, I am persuaded that it is not so. Beside the purpose of declaring benevolence and censuring sin, of uplifting the race and of effectually saving the chosen, there is more yet to be subserved by the incarnation and atonement. I bid you peer over the brink upon which I would set you. Look down into this abyss of love. Be you sure of this, that this depth is unfathomable. It is idle to attempt a definition of infinity, and therefore vain to hope to declare how wide, how high, how deep, how broad, is the wondrous gift of God to the sons of men.

2. The gift is unspeakable for another reason : *no man can ever set forth*

THE MANNER OF THIS GIFT.

The way and method of the giving are unknown, perhaps unknowable, and hence unspeakable. Just think awhile. Do you understand, and could you possibly explain, the manner of the Father's giving the Only-Begotten to us? For Jesus Christ is not only the Father's Son, but he is God Himself, one with God : the gift of the Son is virtually God's giving Himself to men. There can be no separation between God the Son and God the Father, for, saith Christ, "I and my Father are one." "Believe me," saith He, "that I am in the Father, and the Father in me."

Do you understand this? Is it not unspeakable? Do not, therefore, be drawing hard and fast lines, and speaking of Christ as suffering, and of the Father as scarcely participating in the sacrifice, for this may grow into grievous error. It has been laid down by divines that God is impassable, and not capable of any form of suffering. It may be so, but I fail to see scriptural authority for the statement. That God can do what He pleases I do believe, and therefore He can suffer too if so He wills. To me *a God who has no feelings* is further off from me a great deal than my Father who is in heaven, who can be grieved by my sin, and can feel for my sorrow. It may be true that Scripture only speaks after the manner of men, but then it is as a man that I understand it ; and it does seem to me to reveal not only a living God, but a feeling God.

We swim in mysteries when we speak of the Father and the Son. How, then, God could give the Son to die, He being one with Himself —shall any man explain it? Or, if he could explain the mystery, can he tell us what it cost the Father to give His Son? Can a mother tell us how it pains her heart to part with her child? Can any father tell us the anguish of losing his only begotten? What must it be to give up your well-beloved son to be despised and spit upon, maltreated and murdered! No ; you do not know what it is, and therefore you cannot tell what it is! You that have been bereaved of your dearest, you know the pang which tears the heart, but you cannot express your loss to others : your grief is inexpressible. All the agony of Abraham when he unsheathed the knife to slay his son was but a faint type of what it cost the Father when he gave the Only-Begotten that He might die for us.

A further sense of the unspeakableness of this gift will come over you if you attempt *to measure our Lord's sufferings* when He was made sin for us. None can declare the greatness of His sacrifice. Think of the glory of Christ throughout all ages at the right hand of God, and remember that all this was laid aside. What a descent from heaven's majesty to Bethlehem's manger ; from the throne of Jehovah to the breast of Mary! Think of the perfect nature of Christ's humanity, and its consequent rest in God, ar yet He stooped out of His spirit's peace to e dure the contradiction of sinners against Hi self. Think of His infinite perfections a boundless deservings, and of the shameful co tempt that was poured upon Him.

Try, if you can, to conceive of incarnate G as having sin imputed to Him, transgression la upon Him. Why, the very idea must have be horror to His perfect spirit. Conceive of ju tice with its iron rod bruising and pounding t innocent Son of God with griefs vicarious, bor for us!

> "Much we talk of Jesu's love,
> But how little's understood!
> Of his sufferings, so intense,
> Angels have no perfect sense."

O Lord Jesus, the brightest spirit before t throne who has dwelt with thee ever since Th ascension cannot tell us what Thou didst endu Thy groans are a gift unspeakable. How it w that He died who is the resurrection and the li and how it was He bore sin, even He wh none other than eternal perfection? None of can speak here, for He is the gift unspeakabl

3. I ask you to follow me in another line thought, while I still talk upon the unspeakal *None can describe*

THE BOONS WHICH HAVE COME TO US THROU THE GIFT

of Christ. Think of what we have been delive from : think awhile of what you were by nat and what you would have continued to have b had not grace interposed, and what you w have become if Jesus had not been given save the lost.

Ah, my brothers and sisters, we are fallen ready, but the full results of the fall are not on earth. The ripe result of sin is gathere the dark region where castaways dwell for e finally banished from hope ; where ring of bath bell is never heard, for they rest not nor night ; where voice of mercy can never ter, for this doleful knell tolls through dreary land with awful tone, "He that is just, let him be unjust still : and he whic filthy, let him be filthy still." And you a might have been there now, and shall be yet, if Jesus Christ be not ours.

The distance between the depth unfathon of deserved woe and the height unutterab infinite grace and glory an angel's wing ca measure ; hence it will always be impossib tell the height and depth of this unspeakable

But now think for a while what are the which we enjoy at this hour. There is, fir all, the *forgiveness of sins* according to the of His grace. We are washed, washed i blood, clothed in the righteousness of the S God, adopted into the family of the Et and "if children, then heirs ; heirs of God joint heirs with Jesus Christ." There c to us by way of adoption all the provision ture, education, and paternal love whic heavenly Father gives to all the children o family.

Brethren, I have not time to mention o one all the covenant blessings. All thing in the covenant, whether things presen things to come, or life, or death, all thing yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ's is G and all these things come to us through C If the streams be fathomless, who shall plummet wherewith to measure the founta

I preached last Sabbath night to a great gregation that had come for many miles being faint and thirsty, they emptied *many ets of water* which were set for them : their consumed a great quantity, yet an observer soon have known how much they drank who shall tell what the earth drinks in du single thunder-shower? Who shall measu floods which roll down the great rivers? shall compute the volume of the sea? these are finite, and may be reckoned order : our Lord Jesus Christ is in Boundless grace, unutterable mercy, divin —these are heavenly things, and tongues can never fully declare them.

4. Furthermore, the gift of God must always
e unspeakable because *when it is best realized*
he effect it produces upon the emotions is so great
at

SPEECH FAILS.

would not give much for the man who can at
l times fluently talk about the love of God in
hrist Jesus. When he feels most his obliga-
ons his heart will check his lips! Utterance
longs not to the deepest emotion. Some feel-
gs are too big for expression. The griefs that
attle are but small: great griefs are silent.
ercies which make us talk are common, and
longer wondered at; but those which come
th an unveiled divinity about them are like
oses, too bright to look upon.

Yes, the gift must be unspeakable, because the
ore it is appreciated the more are we silenced:
e deeper our sense of its value the less is our
wer to impart it to others. Power to speak
the love of Christ is not always to be taken as
evidence of true religion, nor is its absence a
tter for alarm. I remember one dear lover of
rist who wished to join a certain church, but
r testimony of experience was very slender;
leed, she said too little to satisfy the brethren
o came to speak with her, and they told her
; when, bursting through all bonds she cried
, "*I cannot speak for Him, but I could die for*
m." Many are in a like plight, and in a meas-
all true souls lie under the like difficulty.
could more easily die for Christ than hope
tell out fully our sense of His dear love. He
gift unspeakable. Heaven cannot match
u; how can earth describe Him?

was one day in *the ruins of Nero's palace,*
he who guided us there had a series of rods
ed in telescopic manner into one another.
the top of these was a candle, and he held it
h up to let us read the inscriptions on the
n of the vault overhead. We can do that
n mortal things, and so make men see them,
when we have done our best to describe the
e of Christ we have felt as though we had
l aloft those silly rods with a farthing candle
n them to show the sun at noon.

oor, poor work is our best preaching concern-
the adorable Lord Jesus. But this is one
g we can say with respect to Him from our
hearts, that *He has filled us to the full and*
sfied us. They said of Alexander that
ad an ambition so vast that if his body had
as large as his soul he would have stood
one foot on the sea and the other on the
e, and would have grasped the east with his
t hand and the west with his left. If our
s were thus boundless in desire Christ's love
d fill them.

hus have we dealt with the unspeakable, and
ow feel even more truly than when we be-
that language fails us.

THE GIFT TO BE MUCH SPOKEN OF.

Let me have all your hearts for a few min-
while I now dwell on the other truth, that
st is a gift of God to be very much spoken
of.

be spoken of, first, *by thanks to God.*
anks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."
Br hren, we do not thank God as we ought for
an hing: we are not half as thankful as we
ou t to be. Luther was wont to tell *a story of*
cardinals who were riding to the Council of
Co tance. One of them stopped because he
saw a shepherd sitting down in the weadow
we ing. Dismounting, he tried to comfort
and asked him why he wept. The poor
was slow to answer, but being pressed he
"Looking upon this toad I wept because I
never thanked God as I ought for making
man possessed of reason, and of excellent
and not a loathsome toad." The cardinal
ed as he saw the piety of the peasant, and
went away he exclaimed, "O St. Augus-
how truly didst thou say the unlearned
nd take heaven by force, and we with all
earning rise not above flesh and blood."
t not some of us faint under a like sense of
titude?

ethren, if we have Jesus to be our salvation, when ought we to thank God for Him? Why, every morning when we wake. How long should we continue to praise God on this account? Till we go to sleep again. From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same His name is to be extolled. Let us praise God till sleep steeps our senses in a sweet forgetfulness.

When we become low in spirit, it will be a sad reflection if we have to own that in fairer weather we forgot our beloved. Let us give double praise while we can. While we are in good spirits and happy in the Lord let us pour forth our hymns. Tamerlane said to the mighty Bajazet, when he had overcome him in battle and taken him for a prisoner, "Didst thou ever give God thanks for making thee so great an emperor?" Bajazet confessed that he had never thought of that. "Then," said Tamerlane, "it is no wonder that so ungrateful a man should be made a spectacle of misery."

Conscience will taunt us when we are sorrowful by saying, "You did not praise God when you were in health; and now you are ill and hoarse, and cannot lift up your voice; you did not praise Him for his unspeakable gift when you knew you had it; and now you are full of doubts about it, and Satan has you upon the hip, you well deserve all the sorrow that your mind shall feel." Therefore, brothers and sisters, let us praise the Lord; let us vow unto ourselves to-day that, His grace helping us, we will praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, and praise Him again, and again, and again, and again, as long as we have any being, for His unspeakable gift.

2. Next, *let us show our gratitude to God in deeds of praise.* "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." If we cannot speak it, let us

TRY IF WE CANNOT DO SOMETHING

that will show forth the praise of God. Actions speak more loudly than words. If our words have failed, let us try actions. And the first thing to do is to give yourself away to your Lord. Come, beloved, if God has given you Jesus Christ, give Him yourself. Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, wherefore present your bodies as living sacrifices. Don't talk about it, but really do it: live for him who died for you.

Nothing can be too good or great for our ever blessed Lord. Our loving Master will accept at our hands the alabaster box when we break it joyfully for His dear sake. Let deeds of holy consecration mark the whole of our lives, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased, when they are not brought as a price to purchase merit, but as a love-token and tribute to His grace. Think of this exhortation, and carry it out abundantly: it shall turn to your temporal and eternal enrichment.

3. I am sure, however, that

DEEDS OF PATIENCE

are among the thanks which best speak out our gratitude to God. Did it ever strike you that patience is a noble sort of psalmody? Perhaps you will see this truth if I tell you an anecdote. In the old church stories we read of one called Didymus, *a famous preacher*, who brought many souls to Christ; but he was blind, and Didymus grieved greatly over the loss of his sight. Those who heard him perceived that his blindness gave a mournful tinge to his discourses.

A certain godly man named Alexander went to him and spoke to him in private after this fashion: "Didymus," said he, "does not thy blindness cause thee great sorrow?" "Brother Alexander," said he, "it is my constant grief that I have lost the light. I can scarcely endure my existence, because I am always in the dark." Then Alexander said to him, "Thou art doing a work which an angel might envy thee, and thou hast the honor of an apostle in speaking for Jesus Christ, and wilt thou fret because thou hast lost that which rats and mice and brute beasts have in common with men?" This was not a very tender thing to say, but it strengthened Didymus patiently to endure his trial and to bless God for His unspeakable gift.

What is there, after all, that we have not, if we have Christ? If you have lost everything but Christ, yet if you have Christ left you what have you lost? Why fret for pins when God gives pearls? Why grieve over the loss of a few pence when God has heaped upon us talents of gold? Submit in gracious joy to the Divine Will, and let your patience say, "I will thank God, I will thank God still for His unspeakable gift.

4. Now, dear friends, there is one way in which I want you to thank God and show your gratitude for Christ. and that is *by always holding a thankful creed.* Believe nothing which would rob God of thanks, or Christ of glory. I set great store by a sound creed in these evil days when the Gospel is but little valued by many. Hold a creed of which the top and bottom is this, "Grace, grace, grace; salvation all of grace." Whenever you hear a preacher, no matter who he may be, making out that salvation is not completely of the grace of God, just say in your hearts, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." *Do not go an inch away* from that standpoint. Salvation is altogether a gift: it is not of works, it is not of merit; it is of grace, and grace alone.

Hold a theology which magnifies Christ, a divinity which teaches that Christ is God's unspeakable gift. When a man gets cutting down sin, paring down depravity, and making little of future punishment, let him no longer preach to you.

SOME MODERN DIVINES

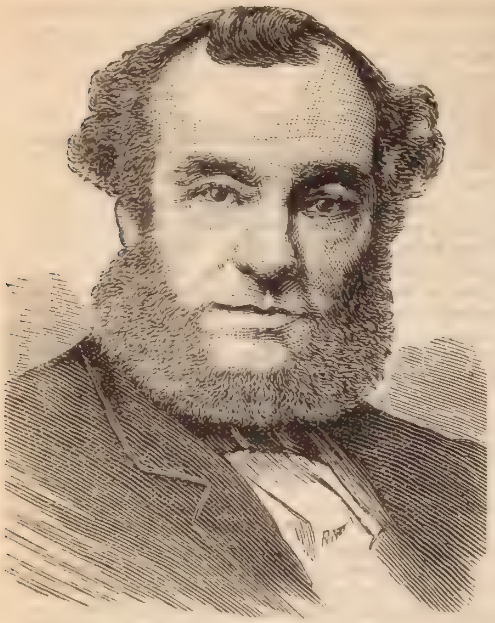
whittle away the Gospel to the small end of nothing. They make our divine Lord to be a sort of blessed nobody; they bring down salvation to mere salvability, make certainties into probabilities, and treat verities as mere opinions.

When you see a preacher making the Gospel *small by degrees and miserably less*, till there is not enough of it left to make *soup for a sick grasshopper*, get you gone. Such diminution and adulteration will not do for me: my heart cries, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." These gentlemen, you know, are highly cultivated and can tell us all about it: they have a theology which is suited to their educated reason: to them grace can be weighed in scales and atonement in balances; unless indeed both be as the drop of a bucket, not worthy of being mentioned at all. Every grand truth with them is dwarfed and dwindled down into utter insignificance.

The thought of the nineteenth century makes men *the heirs of apes*, while it declares their souls to be mortal, and their sins to be trifles. Our Bibles are made to be mere human records, and our hopes are treated as childish dreams. These pigmy thinkers shorten all things to their pigmy scale. As for me, *I believe in the colossal:* a need deep as hell and grace as high as heaven. I believe in a pit that is bottomless, and in mercy above the heavens. I believe in an infinite God and an infinite atonement, infinite love and infinite mercy, an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure, of which the substance and the seal is an infinite Christ. Christ is all; Christ is unspeakable, the unspeakable gift of God. Hold to that, or you will not thank God as you should.

5. Nor rest in a thoroughly sound creed, but *try to bring others to accept God's unspeakable gift.* Bless the Lord till you set the fashion, and others bless him with you. Seek out those who do not know the Lord Jesus Christ, and tell them "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." Thus, if you cannot sing more yourself, nor praise God more yourself, you will have increased His praise by bringing in others to sing with you. See you to this, and let this be henceforth the motto of your lives. Write it over your doors; emblazon it on the walls of your chambers; let it hang over your bed-head by night, "*Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.*" O Holy Spirit, write this line of gratitude upon the tablets of our hearts. Amen.

[Portions of Scriptures read before Sermon—
Romans 5 and 2 Corinthians 9.]



MR. GAWIN KIRKHAM,

The Respected Secretary of the English Open-air Mission.

THIS devoted gentleman, whose exertions in connection with the mission formed to spread the Gospel by open-air preaching has brought his name prominently before the religious public, was *born* at Eskraigg, a small hamlet nine miles from Lancaster, England, on August 9th, 1832. His *father* was a small farmer, and Gawin was the second of ten children. He went to school at Aughton, a neighboring village, his tutor being the clergyman of his own parish. When old enough to add to the family exchequer by his own industry, he entered the service of Rev. W. Stratton. In this excellent clergyman's family, he remained seven years, and owed much to his kind counsel and consistent example.

One Sunday afternoon, when he was about twenty years of age, he was kneeling with his father and mother at the Lord's table. All at once the grand, soul-subduing truth flashed upon his soul, "Jesus was punished for your sin. If you believe in Him you shall not be punished, seeing that he has suffered in your place." He now tremblingly cast himself upon the sinner's Friend, and entered into the blessedness of those who rejoice in forgiven sin through the merits of the Redeemer.

Now followed an intense desire to be made useful to others. Sustained by this hope, he began to study, and entered on a course of self-improvement, assisted by his brother. That he might have more time at his disposal, he removed to another situation at Milenthorpe, Westmoreland. Here he taught in the Sunday-school, visited the sick and the poor, and diligently pursued his studies, the Greek language being among them.

During his residence at Milenthorpe he first heard an out-of-door sermon, and it appears to have been a seed which was destined to bear good fruit. This was on September 6th, 1855. He had never heard anything of the kind before, and it seemed to him a means of usefulness capable of being turned to great advantage in winning souls for Christ. Though invited to devote himself to foreign missionary work, the desire for mission work at home had taken so strong a hold upon him, that he offered himself to the Scripture Readers' Society, in London. The consequence was that in 1856 he was set to work in the district of St. Paul's, Bermondsey, where he continued for four years.

His superintendent, Mr. Long, was in favor of open-air preaching, and encouraged the young man from Westmoreland in the same good work. In 1860 the Committee of the Open-air Mission invited him to become secretary, and he at once heartily responded to the call. Unconsciously, by his previous village labors, he had been preparing himself for the important post he was now asked to fill.

His first open-air sermon in London was preached on Easter Monday. Crowds were returning from Greenwich fair. He gained the attention of an increasing group of listeners. Upon becoming secretary, he seems to have given a very wide margin to the meaning of the words Open-air Mission. He went to races, fairs, and *public executions*, and wherever crowds would be certain to attend.

On one occasion, when the execution of criminals was a public spectacle, Mr. Kirkham, accompanied by about fifty friends, were assembled one midnight in front of the Old Bailey, in London, for the purpose of holding a religious service throughout the night, until the bell of neighboring St. Sepulchre's Church, mournfully tolling, would announce that a murderer's last morning and last hour had arrived. The little band of preachers having sung a verse or two of a hymn, became conscious that they were literally hemmed in by thieves and by persons of well-known desperate character. Their pockets were turned inside out, but the open-air preachers had very wisely taken no money with them.

On another occasion, while

A MURDERER

within the jail was awaiting the dawn, the subject which Mr Kirkham took referred to evil tempers, which sometimes ripen into the crime expiated on the gallows. It happened that among those listening to him in front of the Old Bailey was a man who in the morning had quarreled with his wife and had left home in a rage. All day long he had been harboring revengeful and murderous thoughts, and secretly resolved upon carrying out a fearful intention when he returned home. The preacher's words, however, laid hold of his heart and conscience, and the fiend-like spirit of cruel anger was expelled. The man went home, not to kill his wife, but to be reconciled to her, and the address he had listened to was blessed by the Holy Ghost to his conversion.

The *race-course* presented a field of work whose claims seemed imperative, and whose duties would require the best gifts of the preachers. The crowd, bent on merriment, and but little inclined to listen to the Gospel of Salvation, would sometimes greatly try the patience of the speakers. Pelted at with small *bags of flour*, they would frequently be compelled to abandon their position as white as millers. Mr. Kirkham always found, however, that by quietly enduring these practical jokes, by preserving an unruffled temper, and forbearing threatening, personal insults have been very rare.

On two occasions Mr. Kirkham has been taken into custody, and lodged "*in durance vile*," on a charge of obstructing the thoroughfare. At Bath, both Captain Meyer and Mr. W. Lear, of Cheltenham, were thus arrested, as well as Mr. Kirkham, and the charge being pronounced proved, they were convicted and fined—*sixpence!* The second occasion was at Kensington, London, where some enthusiastic Roman Catholics interrupted the preaching. An Irish policeman being present, said to Mr. Kirkham, "You can't stay here." Mr. Kirkham replied, "I am not going to;" but the irate son of Erin, not hearing the last little word, took the reply as a refusal to "move on," seized him roughly by the collar, and dragged him to the station to enter the charge. On nine witnesses being called who distinctly heard *all* that had been said, the case was first adjourned and subsequently abandoned.

Mr. Kirkham has been instrumental in introducing open-air preaching into Holland, and there are now no warmer friends of the movement than those who are found in the ancient commercial city of Amsterdam. During the exhibition of 1867 he attempted to commence similar operations in France, but found that nothing could be done in that direction. He has been a total abstainer for twenty-four year
and a hearty supporter of the temperance mov
ment. During the awful days of the cotto
famine in Lancashire, he went down to Presto
Manchester, and Blackburn, carrying relief
the starving operatives.

Mr. Kirkham has made this work of open-a
preaching the work of his life, and never miss
an opportunity of preaching himself whenever
has opportunity, and also of directing the effor
of others in this work. It has been the mea
of great good in England, and we trust that t
beginning now being made in this country m
go on and prosper and an abundant harvest
gathered in.

AN INTENDING SUICIDE SAVED IN M SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

THE following remarkable incident was
lated recently by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A very remarkable case came under my not
at the noon prayer to-day (in January, 188
A Christian man who once served God for ma
years, when he prospered in the things of t
world forgot his Father. Like the prodigal,
was so taken up with his portion he forgot
Giver of it, and went away into the world.
gave up the Sunday-school; he ceased to m
with the Lord's people, and lived a careless, g
less life.

Recently, however, this man lost all he
sessed, was thrown out of employment, as
many are, alas! in these times of distress;
wife was scolding him, his children were cry
for bread, and he had none to give th
Thus for days he went on, searching for w
and unable to find any, until one evening
said, "I can't stand this any longer," and
termined to *drown himself*. His house was
the Surrey Canal, and the first thought wa
throw himself in there. But on considering
matter, he was afraid if he did so that he mi
perhaps get frightened and call for help, w
he could easily be rescued.

So to make the matter sure, he resolved
come to Blackfriars Bridge and jump into
Thames. Without mentioning his intentio
any one, he left home to put his awful pur
into execution. When going that way he
invariably to go round by the Elephant
Castle; but this evening, instead of taking
usual route, some invisible influence seeme
draw him in the direction of the little street
mediately opposite this building. Cross St
is its name, and a very significant name it is
is it not at Cross Street that all of us get
hope of eternity?

Coming through that street a worker put
hand on his shoulder, and said, "Where are
going?" I do not know who that worke
but may God bless him. This question
startled him, as you may suppose, so he
the young man why he wanted to know.
cause, if you are doing nothing better, th
a service in the Tabernacle to-night; a ge
man will play the cornet, and an Irishman
speak." You smile, but we must "by all m
save some." At length he was induced to
in. He became interested, and the Word of
was applied with such power that then
there, as he sat in the seat, he resolved to
back to his God.

Now all thought of *suicide* was gone, and
the result. Though previously his condi
bodily and spiritually, was exactly like th
the Prodigal Son in the narrative—"peri
with hunger"—when he went home he
that in his absence *some one who had owed*
sum of money for three years, and from who
never expected to hear again, had called,
without knowing his condition, paid the
so that the hunger of his children had been
fied, and there was bread on the table and
on the mantel-piece. Though, like this
way, he had been perishing with hunger,
he came back he found bread enough a
spare. May many come to God to-night
their experience will be the same.

PROPHETIC EXPOSITION.

Compiled by Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 519.)

r. Keith on the Napoleon Empire—The Marks of Indentification—The Evidence not Weakened by the Collapse at Sedan—Rev. Edward Nangle's View — Rev. J. B. Clifford on the Course of Events.

THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER KEITH, the vener- le and world-famed author of "Evidence of rophecy," which has been translated into seve- l languages, fully expressed in the concluding ges of his work, "History and Destiny of the urch and the World," published in 1861, his lief that the Napoleon Empire is the predicted ILD-BEAST (*i.e.*, EMPIRE) THAT WAS AND IS NOT D YET ASCENDS FROM THE ABYSS, and carries e scarlet-clothed woman of Rome at the closing sis of her history, as described in Revelation He said:

'The seven heads or governmental kingships the Wild-beast or Roman Empire were thus plained by the angel in Revelation 17:

'*They are seven kings* (*i.e.*, kingships or head- ps): *five are fallen, and one* (the sixth) *is: the er* (the seventh) *is not yet come: and when he eth, he must continue* A SHORT SPACE. *And Wild-beast* THAT WAS AND IS NOT, *even he is eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into dition* (Rev. 17:11).

Five governmental headships had fallen and sed away in the apostle John's time. The h head, of which it was said, '*and one is,*' was ROMAN EMPERORSHIP, or Cæsarean head. e Wild-beast's seventh head—of which it was l, '*the other is not yet come, and when he eth he must continue a short space*'—and un- which the Latin kingdoms were again to be ed, was the NAPOLEONIC HEADSHIP. For e only since the Cæsarean head of the Roman pire fell, the Latin kingdoms became united the extremity of Italy to the German Ocean, er Napolean I., who was the head of an empire h comprehended kingdoms of his own cre- n, Spain, Holland, Westphalia, Naples.

The Confederation of the Rhine was subject s sway. Switzerland, Savoy, Lombardy, any, the minor dukedoms of Italy, and the es of the Church so long divided were por- s of his empire. He was King of Italy, and on and presumptive heir was King of Rome, h itself was entitled the 'second city of his re.'

But, as *they that dwell on the earth* well , it presently came to pass that the *first* leonic Empire *was and is not.* Of it and of ead—Napoleon—(from 1804 to 1815) they know assuredly that *when he came he con- d but a short space.* But now (since 1851) see 'that empire reconstituted'—that seemed for ever dead alive again—the Wild-beast *that was and is not*, the same the Napoleonic: and the kingdom now , which was won by fierce conflicts before."

Keith also pointed out four existing

MARKS OF IDENTIFICATION

en the Napoleon Empire and that symbolic beast.

t was manifestly *carrying the scarlet woman,* staining the Pope in his temporal power at .

t was an empire, "*that was and is not and* ": "When the wars of Napoleon I., which terror and disaster over Europe, were ter- ed in 1815, the four great powers (England, a, Austria, and Russia) which formed the Alliance, decreed that none of his dynasty ever sit upon the throne of France. Yet the Crimean War began in 1854 Napoleon as acknowledged as French emperor by all."

3. It gradually *ascended from the abyss* of political non-existence by increasingly large *plébiscites.* The author of the "Histoire du Prince Louis-Napoleon" wrote, "It is worthy of remark that the number of the suffrages *always increased* during four years. In 1848 he was elected President of the French Republic by five and a half million votes; in 1851 by seven and a half million votes; in 1852 he was elected Emperor by nearly eight millions. The popularity of the prince *ascended*, ASCENDED, ASCENDED always (montait, montait, montait toujours), and now seemed to attain a summit so elevated that it was believed to be inaccessible to the ambition of any one man."

4. Its ascent from the abyss *had excited general wonder*: "The prediction also in some measure has come to pass: '*Then the earth shall WONDER when they behold the Wild-beast that was and is not and yet is.*' The same historical writer states that 'on learning the number of affirmative suffrages, France was, as it were, DAZZLED. Seven million eight hundred thousand suffrages! It seemed almost a miracle; like some of the victories of the hero of Austerlitz, it was a FABULOUS success. In reading the journals which announced this fact, ALL THE WORLD BELIEVED THAT IT READ A FAIRY TALE.'

"The end is not yet. But as soon as the *beginning* of the end, as regards *the Wild-beast that ascendeth from the abyss*, can be seen, there are facts relating to it which need no proof, for they are expressly and necessarily such that men, however blinded in other respects, must needs be cognisant of them—even facts so marvellous as to excite the wonder of the world."

The temporary suspension since Sedan of the Napoleonic *ascent from the abyss*, toward its predicted pinnacle of earthly greatness, does not at all weaken this fourfold identification; for when the Napoleon Empire again *ascends from the abyss* (into which the necessity of prophecy has required it to descend for a season), it will resume, with intensified distinctness, these four marks of identication, viz.: 1. It will again carry the Scarlet Woman. 2. It will be, more emphatically than ever, an empire *that was and is not and yet is.* 3. It will ascend with swifter and loftier flight to dazzling pre-eminence. 4. It will excite the wonder of the world to a greater extent than hitherto.

In a letter from Dr. Keith, written in 1878, expresses his expectation that a break-up of the Turkish Empire, and consequent restoration of the Jews to Palestine, will be an ultimate result of the Franco-Prussian War. He said:

"A confederacy of the Latin kingdoms (the ten horns) has, I think, still to be looked for. Whether the present Franco-Prussian War will prepare the way for that union has yet to be seen. I think there is reason to believe that this war at least is the precursor of movements in the East, which will lead to the restoration of the Jews as a nation to Palestine. A point of actual history of both Gentiles or Jews will then be reached, from which a sure retrospect and prospect also may be taken.

"The rapidity with which great events are progressing—such as the 'casting up of highways' and the 'running to and fro' of many—the increase of knowledge and science—the preaching of the Gospel to all nations—the union of spiritual and civil despotism—the progress of the democratic spirit toward anarchy, and its short triumph when that union shall be broken—all seem to betoken that the time, though NOT YET, draweth nigh, when 'the deaf shall hear the words of the Book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity and darkness.'"

Dr. Keith continued, after the temporary overthrow of the Napoleon dynasty, to express the same firm conviction that it will yet be raised to be the predominating power in Europe, especially in connection with the final three and a half years of tribulation and persecution.

The Rev. Edward Nangle, M.A., the venerable editor of the *Irish Church Advocate*, of Dublin, and author of several prophetic works, has in that monthly periodical upheld for the last twelve years the view that the Napoleon dynasty is the seventh and last head of the Roman Empire. In his *Irish Church Advocate*, in September, 1870, he wrote:

"We freely admit that the check which has been given to the power of Napoleonism in the Franco Prussian War has led us to a careful re-examination of the scriptural grounds of our persuasion that it is the embryo head of the Roman Empire. The more we have considered the subject, the more deeply are we persuaded that not a single link is wanting in the chain of reasoning by which our conclusion was reached, and that the reverses which Napoleonism has experienced prove nothing but this, that 'the end is not yet.'

"We are convinced that the *ultimate issue* of events will be the aggrandizement of Napoleonism. The seventh head, after its full revival and 'healing of its deadly wound,' is to become the greatest military power of the age, so that all the world, astounded at its prowess, are to wonder and exclaim, 'Who is like unto him? Who is able to make war with him?' (Rev. 13:3, 4). The Napoleon Empire has indeed undergone a fearful reverse; but, if our interpretation be correct, it will ultimately rise to be the GREATEST MILITARY POWER in Europe."

THE REV. J. B. CLIFFORD, M.A., Rector of St. Matthew's, Kingsdown, Bristol, showed, in a discourse in 1844, from Revelations 23:3;.16:13, etc., that the Napoleon dynasty was the seventh head of the Roman Empire or wild beast, and would be revived before the end of this dispensation, which, in the opinion of himself and other prophetical investigators, was indicated by the chronological prophecies to be not much later than 1879, and that a spirit of revolutionary lawlessness must go forth among the nations in connection with its revival. He again showed, in a discourse in 1851, that the imperial Napoleonic power which has been *wounded to death* at Waterloo, must be *healed of its deadly wound* and revived, according to the prophecy of the wild beast ascending from the abyss.

He also delivered prophetic discourses in the winter of 1870–71, which were published, recapitulating those views about the Napoleon empire, and showing that the dissolution of the Turkish Empire—the drying-up of the mystical Euphrates—preliminary to the restoration to Palestine of the two tribes of Judah, and afterward of the ten tribes of Israel from the East—also the second advent of Christ and the final great war or battle of Armageddon, which would be far more fearful and terrible than the Franco-Prussian war, were not many years distant.

(To be continued.)

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tracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M. in two pamphlets—five cents each by mail. *amphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and ption of Approaching Events," with two maps r large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contains e quotations from Forty Expositors on these Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Collegian's Beer-barrel.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in a recent speech at Exeter, England, said that as an illustration of *local option*, not long since a proposal was made that Manchester should be supplied with water from one of the Westmoreland lakes, but as it was an expensive scheme, a poll was taken under an Act of Parliament of all the ratepayers, who decided in favor of the scheme. Now, whenever it was proposed *to lay on supplies of gin* and whisky, why, he would ask, should not a poll be taken on the question of the drink traffic? Surely one plan was as rational as the other. People had said, "What! rob a poor man of his beer?" but they talked just as if the publican *gave* him the beer. He never heard of a publican who gave beer except at election time—and even then he had a shrewd suspicion that somebody or other paid the publican for it. A friend had told him an anecdote which he thought might bear repetition. It appeared that *a student* at one of the Universities had *a barrel of beer* in his room, which was against the college rules. In explanation of his misconduct he told the authorities that the beer had been ordered for the purpose that he might be *strengthened;* and it had had such a wonderful effect, that although three days before he could scarcely lift the barrel, he was then able to carry it about the room.

A WEIGHT OF WEALTH.

(*Concluded from page 526.*)

Chastened Peace.

RATHER more than *two years* after Rose's death, one bright, sunny day of February, when the winter winds were lulled for a little while and the sea lay resting after its storms, Mrs. Britton took the cliff path to Rockwood to pay a visit to Mrs. Clifford. A narrow road, yet wide enough for a light pony-carriage, had been made, with much trouble and considerable expense, between Rockwood and Clifford Grange, and daily communications were carried on between them.

Ernest never missed finding time to see his brother every day, and it was seldom that Ruth failed to do so when the weather was tolerably calm. But Mrs. Britton was not driving; she was walking humbly on her own feet, as became the wife of a poor vicar whose income was too small for his large family.

For some months after Jenny lost her situation as governess in Sir Robert Fortescue's household, her mother did not cease to lament the misfortune loudly and vehemently; and these lamentatons were scarcely hushed even when the Bishop's lady engaged Jenny to educate her daughter; for what was the Bishop compared with Sir Robert Fortescue, the senior member for the county, and the largest landowner in their part of it?

But this fine, calm, sweet February day Mrs. Britton for once was feeling that her strivings and mournings, her prudence and good management had at last been crowned with success. She was the proud bearer, if proud is the term to use for one so humble, of good news to her old friend, Mrs. Clifford.

At Rockwood she was ushered into a large, light, cheerful sitting-room adjoining Charles's bedroom. Charles had regained so much of physical strength as to bear being lifted from his bed to a sofa, which could then be rolled into the next apartment; but he had no power to help himself. He lay in the pleasant sunshine of the noonday, an old man in appearance, with gray hair and sunken face. Ruth was sitting beside him, and both of them were watching the frolics of Ernest's boy, who came often to play for an hour or two in his uncle's sight.

Charles's old social nature had not forsaken him, and he enjoyed seeing his quiet room peopled by friendly guests. He could not bear to be alone, and Julia took care that he should never be left in complete solitude. She was seldom away from him herself, and she was seated now where he could see her face, and appeal to her in a low voice whenever his memory failed him.

For his mind was going, and the first faculty that failed him was the power of remembering slight, unimportant things, lying a little outside of the narrow circle which hems in self. Very few had noticed this beginning of the direful end, but Julia was keenly awake to every change in him, and now she seldom left him herself, and always hastened back if she had been absent for a few hours.

Charles Clifford was no longer unhappy. Of late he had fallen into the habit of assuring Ernest each day that this was the happiest portion of his life. Now and then he talked of old times to Julia, and expatiated on the adventures and changes of his earlier years; but he looked back upon them as quite apart from himself, a wild career which had nothing to do with the present.

A deep gulf lay between him and that past life, and he would not have passed across it if he could. The friendship of Ruth and Ernest, his own passionate love for the boy who was to be the future Clifford of Clifford, and above all, *his sense of reconciliation to God*, filled up his heart, and gave to him a fulness of contentment such as he had never dreamed of in that far-off past which was growing more and more dim to his failing brain.

When Mrs. Britton entered the sunny parlor she was very warmly greeted by Mrs. Clifford, who was feeling neglected and overlooked by Charles and Ruth, engrossed as they were by the little child. She was to the full as jealous of her grandson as she had been of Rose, whose early death she was now always bewailing to Ernest as the greatest sorrow that had ever befallen her.

"I cannot get the thought of poor Rose out of my head," she said in a doleful voice, as soon as Mrs. Britton was seated; "she was such a sweet, quiet child; the very opposite of Ernest's boy. Those that knew them both as children must see an enormous difference You never heard her make such a noise and racket as little Charlie has been making all the morning. And I was twenty years younger then, and could have borne it better. Poor Rose! we shall never see her like again."

"She was a sweet creature," remarked Mrs. Britton, as Ruth carried her boy away; "but, my dear Mrs. Clifford, what a Providence it was for the son and heir! Miss Rose would have wanted a large dowry, you know, and it would have been so much taken out of the estate. Mr. Charles likes to know he will be heir of all."

"Who is that woman?" Charles asked of Julia in a puzzled whisper.

"Mrs. Britton," answered Julia; "you know the parson at Clifford? His wife."

"Mrs. Britton!" spoke up Charles, "Ernest and I would have Clifford drowned in the depths of the sea to have little Rose back again."

"Ah, Mr. Charles!" sighed Mrs. Britton, "you do not know what it is to have sons and daughters, and nothing to give them. Nobody knows that better than a poor vicar's wife. Somebody is always wanting something in a family like ours; but you rich folks have everything supplied you before you know you have need of it. Rose would have been but a poor creature to push her way through the world, as my Jenny has had to do. But I have good news to tell you about Jenny, Mrs. Clifford."

"Good news is scarce," said Mrs. Clifford in a tone suggesting much indifference to Jenny and her fortunes.

"You are quite right, dear Mrs. Clifford," answered Mrs. Britton, "especially in a little out-of-the-way vicarage like ours. I said so when Jenny's letter came. 'My dear William,' I said to my husband, 'now I can be thankful for once!' You'll agree with me when I tell you that Jenny is engaged to be married, with the Bishop's approbation, to one of his own nephews, a remarkably clever young man, with a living worth £600 per annum! That's something to be thankful for."

"Who is Jenny?" whispered Charles, with a shade of trouble on his face. "Do I know her?"

"Dear Miss Rose's old playfellow," answered Julia. "She was with her when she was ill. And she was the first after me to bid you welcome home. You remember her?"

"Ay! I recollect now," he said, smiling; "what could I do without you, Julia?"

Julia's eyes were turned away from him to her sewing, for she did not wish him to see the tears starting in them, or the inward trouble showing itself on her face. He was growing more and more dependent upon her, but she knew now she could keep true to him to the end, whatever the end might be.

"It's good luck for Jenny," observed Mrs. Clifford, peevishly. "I'm sure I never had such luck. My first husband was a poor man, and my second husband never thought much of me. Indeed, both of them neglected me, and so did my sons, especially Ernest. Whatever he expects his boy to grow up like, I don't know. He'll find out some day what a serpent's tooth is."

"I must be thinking of a wedding present for Miss Jenny," said Charles, who still delighted in being lavish at times. "Julia tells me she was the first, next to her, to welcome me home. What does a young lady about to be married
wish for most? I have no knowledge in su
matters."

"Oh! my dear, good Mr. Charles!" cri
Mrs. Britton, "any little token of regard wou
do. Of course," she continued anxiously, "
are poor people, and wedding gifts will be mo
acceptable, as Jenny is only a vicar's daught
I dare say it would be a trouble to you to thi
of a suitable gift, and if you did not mind
trusting me with the money, however small
was, I could buy her something she needed, a
tell her it was your gift, you know! I don't
yet where her wedding-dress is to come fro
unless she wears simple white muslin, and
body wears plain white muslin in these days."

"Let the wedding-dress be my present," s
Charles with an inward laugh, noticed by no
except Julia.

Mrs. Britton rose in her rapture of gratit
and crossed the room to his side, an express
of reverential transport beaming on her face.

"You're too good, Mr. Charles, too goo
she exclaimed, "you do not know much it
cost!"

"Never mind the cost," he replied; "sen
all the bills to me, and don't be afraid of
cost. All Jenny's wedding finery shall c
from me, and Julia shall go and see the wedd
and tell me all about it."

"Jenny shall come to thank you herself,"
Mrs. Britton with tears of real joy; "you
not think how good people are! Your bro
Ernest gave William a hundred pounds to
the expenses; and old Dunnit and his wife,
are the only persons beside that know abou
have promised to rear a brood of their fa
chickens for poor Jenny. It is so pleasant t
ceive gratitude from the poor! Mrs. Dun
chickens are as much, perhaps, from her
Jenny's wedding-dress will be from you.

"Every one should give according t
means. I shall not tell Mr. Britton, for
so peculiar, you know. He is a very good
but he has peculiar notions. Perhaps he w
insist upon Jenny refusing your very hand
present."

"Perhaps he might," answered Charles,
another inward chuckle.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Britton, some
alarmed. "Oh! my dear Mr. Charles, it w
double the value of your kindness if you
not mention it to my husband when he com
see you."

"But he accepted Ernest's hundred pou
said Charles.

"Mr. Ernest can do what he pleases wit
as with everybody else," she replied. "Wi
thinks no more of taking benefits from
than if they came directly from heaven. I
a happy day for Clifford when he came
Oh! Mr. Charles," she continued, in a t
vexation and dismay, "I'd forgotten wh
was talking to. Of course we'd rather hav
rightful heir among us; but after you t
nobody like him."

"I thank God daily that Ernest is at Cliff
said Charles, gravely. He closed his eyes
weary with talking, and Mrs. Britton cre
of the room, silent and cast down, with ma
uneasy qualm lest he should retract his pr
or mention it to her husband. But as n
of these hindrances occurred, she provid
Jenny a handsome and becoming dress,
helped to make her wedding the pretties
had ever been celebrated in Clifford church

The bishop was present, but it was Ernes
pronounced the benediction. It was a da
of mournful memories, and of suggesti
what might have been. Rose's marble
shone new and white among the gray old
ments of the Cliffords and the Symons's, e
in *the chancel now surrounded by wedding*
What was it to him that he was Cliff
Clifford, while his first-born child had be
price paid for his ambition?

He saw Ruth gazing at him, with deep,
sympathy and tenderness in her dark eyes
his heart blessed her for it, but it was n
sad and troubled. When all was over, a

ld separate himself from the other guests, he le his way alone to the bench under the light- se, and sat down there, his face buried in his ds, thinking.

e had entered in at the *strait gate;* and how it and narrow it was, none knew better than His feet were treading the highway through wilderness, whereon the ransomed of the walk. (Isa. 35 : 9, 10.) The kingdom of was within him. There might be sadness, there was no bitterness in the memory of He would not have exchanged this hour, all its sorrow, for any hour of his prosper- untroubled life, before he had given himself o God.

THE END.

ABRAHAM'S INTERCESSION.

Lesson for August 29th—Gen. 18 : 16–33.
len Text, Heb. 7 : 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

such an age as this, in which all the dations are out of course, we need to have key of prevailing intercession, of power in t with the living God "If the foundations estroyed, what can the righteous do?" 1 : 3) is one side; but still what can God *not* remains as the powerful inducement to icial work. Politically, ecclesiastically, lly, there is a disruption; the foundations erywhere giving way. Everything seems tending to destruction; but the voice of rophet sounds yet: "I have set watchmen thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never their peace day nor night: ye that make on of the Lord, keep not silence, and give no rest, till He establish, and till He make lem a praise in the earth" (Isai. 62 : 6, 7).

subject for to-day forms the first instance ercessory prayer on record in the Word of Abraham was living in close and uncon- ed communion with God. In the begin- of our chapter the Lord appears to him, le may tell him the time of the fulfilment promise is at hand. "And the Lord ap- l unto him in the plains of Mamre; and up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men by him," etc. (verses 1, 2). Some have ht that this was a revelation to Abraham mystery of the blessed Trinity, because am, after running to meet *them*, and bow- wn himself to the ground, yet addresses as "*My Lord*" (ver. 3), and says, "My if now I have found favor in *Thy* sight ot away, I pray *Thee*, from *Thy* servant: little water, I pray *you*, be fetched, and *our* feet, and rest yourselves," etc. Again), "*They* said unto him, Where is Sarah, fe? And he said, Behold, in the tent. said, *I* will certainly return unto thee ing to the time of life, and Sarah shall son."

ers, again, have thought that two of them ngels, and that these were the two who ent to Sodom (ver. 22) when Abraham before the Lord." But in chapter 19 we he same change of number, Lot saying nes "my Lord" and sometimes "my (verses 1–18). Especially in verses 18- uld seem to be the Lord Himself to whom eaks. Still, it is God the Son in whom eth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily" : 9); and thus they may be right who say ly God the Son has ever appeared to man an form. "No man hath seen God at ne; the only begotten Son, which is in om of the Father, He hath declared him" : 18). In any case, it is not necessary elucidation of our subject that this point be settled.

ill bless thee . . . and thou shalt be a " (Gen. 12 : 2), is the key-note of Abra- life. The assurance of the accomplish- God's promise to himself seemed to be a tion for his intercession on behalf of Thus should it be with us also. The sus received gifts *for men* (Ps. 68 : 18). hich we receive, we receive in trust for the of Christ. And thus we cannot wonder that they who sun themselves in the delight of a grace given by God instead of seeking to make others benefit by it, so often lose it, and fancy that they were deceived.

"And the men rose up from thence, and looked toward Sodom: and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way. And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" Before Abraham can be in a position to intercede with God, he must know the terms on which he stands with Him. God was dealing with him as a prophet, for "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets" (Am. 3 : 7); and as with a friend, for Jesus said to His disciples (John 15 : 15): "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." God says, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?"

The Lord thus gives his reason for His confidence in Abraham: "Seeing that Abraham shall surely become a mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blest in him. For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; *that the Lord* may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him." That is, God could count upon Abraham; He knew the man He had to deal with, and that his children and household as well as himself would be under the influence of God.

It is not without cause that Paul ordains that he who desires the office of a bishop must be "one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity (for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?)" (1 Tim. 3 : 4, 5). Also that the deacons must be "the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well" (ver. 12). David says also (Ps. 101 : 2), "I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. O when wilt Thou come unto me? I will walk within my house with a perfect heart."

What was the burden which God would confide to Abraham? "And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous; I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto Me; and if not, I will know." We noticed the expression (Gen. 15 : 16), "The iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full." It would seem as though the iniquity of the men of Sodom *was* full. But the inhabitants of the wicked city were unconscious of their doom: "In the days of Lot they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded" (Luke 17 ; 28), and they knew not that fire and brimstone was preparing for their destruction.

"And the men" (*i.e.*, two of them) "turned their faces from thence, and went toward Sodom; but Abraham stood yet before the Lord." Thus, whether, as some suppose, the two men who went toward Sodom were angels, or, as others think, Lot was not in communion with God in the same measure as Abraham, and therefore the manifestation of the Godhead to him was less full, in any case Abraham was in a position to urge the plea which lay upon his heart. "Abraham *drew near*," this was essential; one cannot speak heart to heart with any one who is at a distance. Perhaps the secret of the want of success of much of our intercession is that we are not near enough to God. God had drawn near to Abraham, and Abraham took the right advantage of his nearness, and drew near to God.

Abraham said, "Wilt Thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? Peradventure, there be fifty righteous within the city: wilt Thou also destroy, and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein? That be far from Thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked; and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from Thee. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Abraham knows that there is at least one righteous man in Sodom, but although blest through his uncle, Lot was not yet *made a blessing*. Abraham expects that he must have won fifty souls during the time of his sojourn in Sodom. He thinks of his nephew, with whom once he prayed and held spiritual intercourse, and he cannot endure that he and any souls he may have gathered should be involved in the destruction of the men of Sodom.

"And the Lord said, if I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, I will spare all the place for their sakes." Abraham seems to have had a misgiving: Lot had fallen into the hands of the enemies of the King of Sodom, and Abraham—knowing the heart of that God, who said afterward to His people, "If thou wilt obey . . . . and do all that I speak; then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies, and an adversary unto thine adversaries" (Ex. 23 : 22)—thought perhaps that he had fixed the scale of Lot's influence in Sodom too high. "And Abraham answered and said, Behold now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes: peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt Thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And He said, if I find there forty and five, I will not destroy it. And he spake unto Him yet again, and said, Peradventure there shall be forty found there. And He said, I will not do it for forty's sake."

Having gained ground, as it were, with God, Abraham continues pleading: he reduces the number again until he comes down to ten. Could it be that in Lot's own family there were not even ten righteous? Wife, daughters, sons, were all ungodly? Had Lot's faith shed no light upon the wicked city? What a revelation to Abraham! There was a great difference between Abraham and Elijah. Abraham looked for spiritual life where it did not exist; Elijah, on the contrary, imagined that the whole land of Israel was so corrupt that he alone stood on the Lord's side: "I, even I, only am left." (1 Kings 19 : 10, 14).

When the last answer of God reached Abraham, "the Lord went His way." Abraham had said, "I will speak yet but this once." Was he wrong to make this promise? God did not limit him; he limited himself. God had justified Himself, had proved that He would not destroy the righteous with the wicked. Abraham had insured the safety of Lot, as we find by the issue (chap. 19 : 29), but the city for which he had interceded was not saved. God can only turn from His purpose when He can do it righteously, as in the case of Nineveh (Jon. 3), when the city repented at the preaching of Jonah. Truly, Noah was a preacher of righteousness before the time of the Flood, but the people did not repent. Lot was a righteous man, but did not preach righteousness, and the people among whom he lived perished, in spite of Abraham's intercession.

What, then, is the secret of prevailing intercession? Is it not to pray "in the Holy Ghost" (Jude 20), and to ask according to His will? for thus asking "He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him" (1 Jno. 5 : 14, 15). "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering," says St. James. "For he that wavereth is as a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." Is it not often the case that our intercession is made in a wavering spirit, not in the absolute assurance that what we ask we receive of Him? Let us be sure of our ground. Have we a right to urge the plea which we are pleading? Have we Scripture for it? Then away with all wavering. God can not break His Word. Let us learn to plant our feet firmly on what God is and what God has said. Let us be united as Christ's Church should be, for "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. 16 : 18).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Serious Anxiety Exists in Great Britain as to the fate of the troops in Afghanistan.' It is hoped that at Candahar, and at Khelat-i-Ghilzai the garrisons may be able to hold out until General Roberts comes to their relief; but their position is regarded as hazardous. Ayoob Khan has sent orders to the villagers not to supply the British troops with provisions. A dispatch from Quettah to the London *Standard* says: "A letter has been received from Candahar, dated the 5th inst., which says a camel-driver, who has come in as a deserter from Ayoob Khan's army, states that the Heratee and Cabulese troops fought over the spoils after the battle at Kushki-Nakud and that Ayoob Khan was wounded in trying to separate them."

The I. R. B., as the Fenian Organization is called, appears, from a report sent last week by the Irish correspondent of a New York journal, to be growing in strength and numbers. It is estimated that over 47,000 *men* in the British Isles stand pledged to contribute funds and to obey the orders of the executive committee of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. The contributions are expended in the purchase of arms and ammunition, and at the present time a reserve fund of *one hundred thousand dollars* is amassed, ready for a propitious moment, when England, is engaged in a foreign war, to make an attack upon her.

The correspondent made inquiries as to the plans of the conspirators, and writes: "Regarding the operations of the organization in the immediate future it may be relied upon that the object of the brotherhood now is, and will be for some time to come, to organize, arm, and discipline from eighty thousand to one hundred thousand men in Ireland, and to pick from the English and Scotch organizations from three thousand to four thousand of the most determined men for action there, when the proper moment arrives. As soon as the organization is completed and has sufficient funds on hand, the Supreme Council will cease to exist, and the organization will become *purely military*. Each county will be placed under an officer, each province under a general, and the entire body under a military executive, the American organization being expected to supply officers. But even then no revolution need be anticipated, for the Irish revolutionists have now no hope of fighting England alone. The organization in its changed form will simply await events."

A Remarkable Robbery of Arms from a Norwegian ship in the harbor of Cork, Ireland, occurred on August 12th. The ship was ostensibly bound for New York, and had put into Cork for repairs. About a hundred men boarded her, and having secured the crew, carried off three cases of muskets.

The bold act has caused considerable excitement. The reports in circulation of Fenian plots, the drilling of men by night, and large arrivals of arms combine to produce a feeling of uneasiness which is increased by the desperate robbery of the ship. It is believed in many quarters that the vessel's position and cargo were the result of conspiracy, and that she was run into Cork harbor with the connivance of the owners and officers, for the purpose of providing arms, which can only be openly imported under difficulty and subject to restrictions.

The land agitation also continues, and a Government officer with his two sons have been attacked by a party of men armed with guns and bayonets, and wearing masks. One of the sons was shot dead and his brother and father seriously wounded. These facts combine to confirm the opinion held by many students of prophecy, which at one time seemed so improbable, that Ireland will ultimately be separated from England.

The Deplorable Condition of Society in Germany which has followed, if it has not been caused, by the scepticism which has taken deep root in German universities and schools, was graphically depicted in a sermon preached recently before the Emperor and the Princes by Mr. Bauer, the chaplain of the imperial family. He said: "Affection, faith, and obedience to the Word of God are unknown in this country, in this our great German Fatherland, which formerly was justly called the home of the faith. On the contrary, *it really seems as if it were the father of all lies who is now worshipped* in Prussia. What formerly was considered generous and noble is now looked upon with contempt; and *theft* and *swindling* are called by the euphonic name 'business.' *Marriages* are concluded without the blessing of the Church, concluded 'on trial,' *to be broken if not found to answer.* We still have a Sunday, but it is only a Sunday in name, as the people work during church hours, and spend the afternoon and evening in rioting in the public-houses and music-halls; while the upper classes rush to the races, preferring to hear the panting of the tortured horses to hearing the Word of God, which is ridiculed in the press and turned into blasphemy in the popular assemblies."

Garibaldi and the Jesuits.—Many of the Jesuits expelled from France have betaken themselves to Italy, principally in the locality which before the unification of the country was known as the Kingdom of Sardinia. Garibaldi regards the Jesuits as the worst enemies of Italy, and, in fact, of freedom throughout the world; on being informed of their arrival he expressed his sorrow that such an event should have happened, and wrote the following indignant letter to a friend, from Caprera, his island home: "My dear Baudi—Here, then, are the Jesuits in Sardinia. These wolves, chased from France, are in the midst of those innocent, brave, and hospitable people—a race so patriotic that the tyrant of the Seine was never able, in spite of all his corruptions, to encroach upon their steadfast attachment to Italy. Ah well! This generous peope has heard the bells, which are destined one day to be distributed among the poor as pence, ringing a full peal to greet the arrival of the sectaries of the Inquisition, protected by the most Jesuitical of governments."

Dr. Parsons, the American Missionary whose murder in Asiatic Turkey we mentioned last week, had been connected with the American Board of Commissioners for thirty years, and was a member of the Presbytery of New York. He graduated at Williams College in 1845, and afterward studied at the Union Theological Seminary. He had labored at Thessalonica and Smyrna since 1849. Mrs. Parsons, who had been absent from her American home for more than twenty years, returned alone on a visit last year. It is believed that notwithstanding the unsettled state of the Turkish Government, the murderers of the missionary, who have been arrested, will be put to death.

What is Good for the People, is a Subject on which the authorities in Great Britain appear to entertain strange ideas. A well-known evangelist, whose labors in the cause of the poor, the friendless, and the fallen, have been signally owned and blessed by God, applied to the Metropolitan Board of Works for permission to hold evangelistic services on Sundays in Finsbury Park, London. His request was not granted, but permission was readily given to the Sunday League to have a band of music in the park on Sundays. The Sunday League was organized to agitate for the opening of museums, libraries, and places of amusement on Sundays.

A Visit Paid by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon to the Wesleyan Conference during its recent sittings was the occasion of a cordial interchange of friendly greetings. When Mr. Spurgeon appeared on the platform the president, shaking hands with him, while all the ministers were on their feet, said: "Mr. Spurgeon, this is our way of expressing our acknowledgment of God's great mercy to you. Your great success as an evangelist of the Lord Jesus Christ has gladdened the heart of the conference as much as if you had been one of our own ministers. The way in which you have organized your church has filled us with amazement. We take this opportunity of welcoming you among us."

Mr. Spurgeon said he was altogether take surprise. The kind things which the presi had spoken had humbled him to the gro While opposition roused him, kindness over him. *He belonged to the "know-nothings,"* f was determined to know nothing among save Jesus and Him crucified. Their bus was to believe the Word of God and to pr it. He was old-fashioned enough to believ only in the Bible but in its verbal inspira He believed God had chosen the best wor which the Bible might be written. But in days there was *no sure ground* for some pe they allowed one doctrine after another t away from them. He counselled his you brethren that most of their victories can faith. They should have faith to believe was unpopular, and the power of God woul able them to speak out the truth.

The Gospel in Gold and Silver Letter valuable and interesting manuscript has discovered by two German scholars. They searching through the libraries of Southern and Sicily, when they came upon an an manuscript in the Palace of the Archbish Rossano. On examination it was found to tain the Gospel of Matthew and the Gosp Mark as far as the fourteenth verse o sixteenth chapter. Scholars believe it was ten in the fifth century, and it is in exc preservation. The leaves of this manuscri made of *purple parchment*, and the material throughout in writing is *silver*, except i first three lines of each gospel, where *the are golden.* There is only one other manu of this kind in existence, containing any p of the New Testament, and it is in a mut condition, four of its leaves being in Londo in Rome, two in Vienna, and thirty-three been more recently discovered in the Isla Patmos.

The Waldensian Church has now One dred agents in evangelizing Italy—not fo ers, but Italians by birth, by civil right privileges, they constitute a native agency. Gospel is preached by them in forty-seven and villages. The number who attend worship under them is about 4000, and of 2414 are communicants, the majority of have come out of the Church of Rome.

The Smallest Married Couple that ever before an altar have lately been exhibi Odessa, in the persons of a miniature quis" and "marchioness." The forme native of Kiel, is thirty years old, and only nineteen pounds, while his fairy-lik sort, a young lady, born in Newmüns twenty-two years of age, and weighs onl teen pounds. They became aware of each existence a year ago, through reading the paper notices of their respective characte and entered into a correspondence whic mately led to a matrimonial engagement. are now travelling about and being exh and are saving up their earnings with the of retiring into private life in the Fatherl

Persian Famine Fund.—Contribution ceived, from Adam Armstrong, Elmira, Ill., G. S. G., Baltimore, Md., $1.00; Alice Adam sellville, Ky., $1.00; U. Marble, Vassalboro $1.00.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Wat (London) for August may be obtained at the THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at low as to bring them within the reach of eve *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with ph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploug Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 6 *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a h cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vol as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Da* This popular gift-book contains a suitable selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for ev in the year, with a blank space opposite f graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. S appear at their respective birthdays. The elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

blished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. LMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. Y AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

ingle Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1880. 14th Year. No. 35—New Series.

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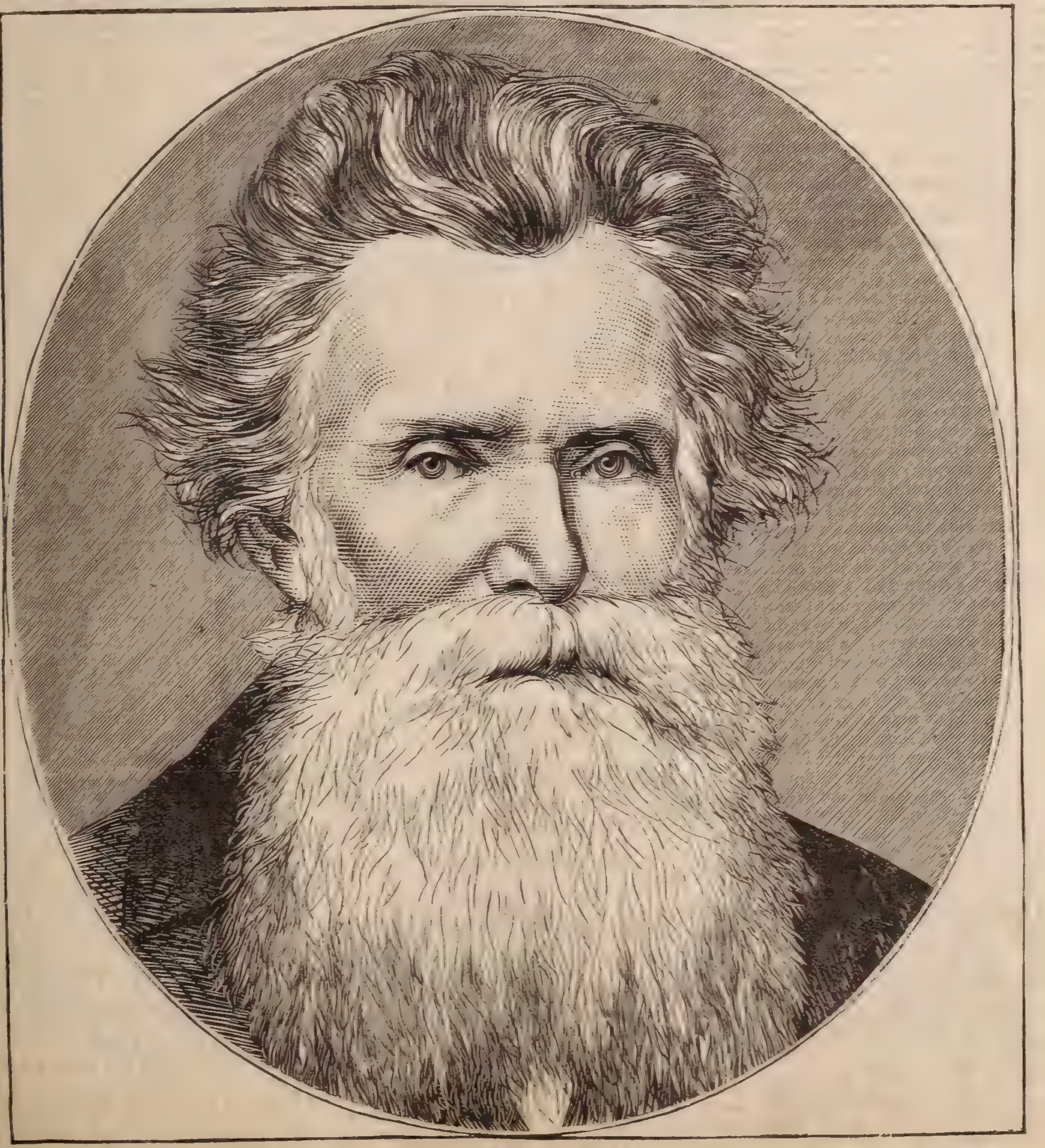

The Late Rev. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D., the Famous Scottish Missionary.

DR. ALEXANDER DUFF.

The Celebrated Missionary.

A Pious Father's Influence—Two Remarkable Dreams—Prayer in a Snow Storm Answered—Dr. Chalmer s Teaching—Attraction of the Mission Field—Ordination and Marriage—Twice Shipwrecked—His Method of Work—Organizing in Great Britain—Visit to America—Illness and Death.

IN our last issue we sketched the life of the eminent evangelist whose labors in various countries have been so abundantly blessed by God. In our present number we give the life of the pioneer missionary of the Scotch Church who gave his life to the spread of the Gospel in a field where Mr. Taylor also labored with success.

The name of Alexander Duff is one of the most highly honored among those of the braveand self-denying men who have devoted their lives to the work of preaching the Gospel in heathen lands. All his talents and all his energies he laid at the feet of Jesus in this cause, saying as he dedicated himself as a youth, "Silver and gold to give to this cause, Lord Thou knowest I have none; but what I have I give, I offer myself to Thee for the work. Wilt Thou accept the offer?" Tears ran down his cheeks as he thus gave himself up, and the Book of Life in Heaven and the records of the church on earth, testify that the offering was accepted by the Master. How many proud intellects and stubborn hearts have been brought under the power of the Cross through the instrumentality of Alexander Duff will be known only at the last day.

In the early days of this century the saintly Simeon was travelling in Perthshire, Scotland, and was delayed in his journey. While awaiting the means of proceeding, he attended a service conducted by Dr. Stewart. He was struck with its coldness and formality, and gave up a day to serious conversation with the minister. That conversation let a flood of Gospel light into Dr. Stewart's soul and he became an earnest evangelical preacher. The church was astonished at the change in the pastor's sermons and the whole neighborhood was moved and many souls converted.

Among the first converts was James Duff, a farmer at Auchnatoyle, who was a man of some culture and soon became eminent for his Christian life and character. This man was the father of Alexander Duff. Years afterwards, while his son was laboring in his far-off Eastern sphere, the old man laid himself down to die, and his son wrote of him a testimony honorable to both. He said: "If ever son had reason to thank God for the prayers, the instructions, the counsels, and the consistent example of a devoutly pious father, I am that son. Though sent from home for my education at the early age of eight, and though very little at home ever afterward, the sacred and awakening influences of infancy were never wholly forgotten, and in the absence of the moulding influences of regenerating grace, the fear of offending a man who inspired me in earliest boyhood with sentiments of the profoundest reverence and love toward himself as a man of God, was for many a year the overmastering principle which restrained my erring footsteps and saved me from many of the overt follies and sins of youth."

In the home of this godly man, Alexander Duff was born April 25th, 1806. He was sent to a small school in the neighborhood at the age of eight. It was a mere pretence of a school, for the man who kept it, spent his time in *mending watches and violins* while the elder children heard the younger ones say their lessons, and then went off to fish while his wife heard them all read a chapter from the Bible. After three years attendance the boy was removed to the parish school, and afterward to Perth Grammar School where he made rapid progress.

The boy's books at this period were only three, but over those three he pored with rapt attention, reading them over and over again. They were the Bible, "Paradise Lost," and the poetical works of Dugald Buchanan who was called the Highland Bunyan. The tone and character of Alexander Duff's thoughts and utterances throughout his life bore marks of that boyish reading, and those three books seemed to have given a form or mould to his mind which it never lost.

One of Buchanan's poems was on the "Judgment Day" and was the occasion of young Duff having

TWO REMARKABLE DREAMS.

One night he retired to rest after reading the poem and dreamed that he saw the great White Throne, and many men of different races advancing to receive sentence. He saw some condemned to everlasting punishment and others ordained to eternal life. He was seized with indescribable terror as his turn approached. His whole frame was convulsed and as he moved toward the judgment seat he awoke in an agony of dread. The dream left an indelible impression on his mind, he arose and prayed, and did not return to his couch until he felt in his soul an assurance of forgiveness through Christ.

On another occasion he had returned to his home for the summer vacation and after working on the farm one warm day he flung himself down to rest on the banks of a stream which flowed by his home. He fell asleep and dreamed that in the distance he saw a light brighter than the sun and that it approached him. Soon he saw that it was a chariot of gold and gems drawn by fiery horses. As it came near him he heard a voice, saying, "Come hither, I have work for thee to do." Three score years afterwards his memory of that dream was still vivid, and he related it to his little grandson as being the first suggestion he had of his call to Christian labor.

PRAYER IN A PERILOUS SITUATION.

Another boyish experience must close the reminiscences of his early days. He and a companion started one Saturday afternoon to walk home from school. It was ten miles away and, over the Grampians, where their road lay, a thick mist hung, and as they plodded through the heather snow began to fall, obliterating all landmarks. As they skirted a valley about three miles from their destination, darkness fell upon them and they knew not what to do. Deep morasses and a considerable tarn were to be avoided and the path was lost in the snow. But to go back was as dangerous as to go on. They toiled wearily along when suddenly they slid down what they supposed was a precipice; they alighted safely at the foot, but their way was hopelessly lost. In their extremity, Duff proposed that they should pray, and they knelt on the snow-covered ground and prayed for deliverance. Almost instantly a bright light flashed upon them. At first they supposed it to be lightning, but it was only the flash of a torch kindled by some salmon fishers. The gleam of light saved their lives, for it revealed to them a cottage near at hand where they obtained shelter until morning.

At the early age of fifteen years the boy was presented with twenty pounds by his father, to carry on his education at the nearest university of St. Andrews, and from that day was at his own charges. Here he made the acquaintance of the saintly Urquhart, to whose missionary enthusiasm he owed so much of his own burning zeal.

Mr. Duff was a student of divinity at St. Andrews when

DR. CHALMERS

entered on his duties as Professor of Moral Philosophy in November, 1823. Encouraged by Dr. Chalmers, a few of the more earnest students, led on by John Urquhart, who by this time had entirely yielded himself to Christ, formed themselves into a missionary society, which at first held its meetings in a private room. The object was to diffuse information on the subject of missions Early in the session of 1824-5 it was incorporated with a general association, and thus originated the St. Andrews' University Missionary Society, which, in striking contrast to the apathy which formerly prevailed, came to number among its active frien
and supporters a very large proportion of t
students of the university.

Dr. Chalmers' heart was in the cause of m
sions, and his house was always open to any o
like-minded. At his table young Duff had t
privilege of meeting that saintly man, Dr. Mo
rison, and Dr. Marshman, the friend and co
league of Carey. As an evidence of the pow
Dr. Chalmers had over the young men und
his care, it is a fact that no less than six of the
volunteered for missionary work. They we
Nesbitt, Adam, Urquhart, Duff, Mackay, a
Ewart.

Mr. James Duff was naturally thankful for
son's hopeful progress. It was his earnest
sire that he should occupy a Scottish pulpit, a
the reports that reached his ears of the you
man's talents and attainments made him h
that that pulpit would be a prominent one. I

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

had gained a hold of Alexander's mind, and
thoughts were directed to India. The Gene
Assembly decided to establish in India a c
tral seminary of education, with branch scho
in the surrounding country for the benefit of
tive children. It was resolved that the semin
should be placed under the charge of an ordai
minister of the national church with two ass
ants. For this responsible post Alexander D
then twenty-three years of age, was selected.
knew the disappointment his acceptance wo
be to his father, but the passage was impres
on his mind, "He that loveth father or mot
more than Me is not worthy of me," and a
tenderly breaking the news to his father, he
cepted the appointment, and at a service on
gust 12th, 1829, Dr. Chalmers having preac
in St. George's, Edinburgh, Alexander Duff
solemnly ordained for Bengal. He was thus
first missionary sent to India by the Churc
Scotland.

His ordination was followed by his marr
to a daughter of Mr. W. Drysdale, of E
burgh, a lady who, till her death some ten y
before his own, proved a devoted wife and a
loved mother. The young people set out
after their marriage for the sphere of thei
bor. They sailed from Portsmouth in the I
Holland, October 14th, 1829.

The voyage proved one fraught with

SHIPWRECKS

and disaster. On the 13th February, 1830
vessel violently struck on the rocks of an u
habited barren island, about thirty miles n
of Cape Town, Africa. Passengers and
barely escaped with their lives. The noble
sel went to pieces, and almost everythin
board perished. The personal losses of Mr.
were great. Of a choice collection of book
every department of knowledge, much p
and dearly loved—amounting to 800 volum
only a few, reduced to a state of pulp,
picked up on the beach. All his journals, n
memorandums, essays, and other papers,
fruits of the reflection and research of
years, were entirely lost.

"But they are gone," was the mission
own written declaration at the time, "the
gone; and blessed be God I can say 'g
without a murmur. So perish all earthly thi
the treasure that is laid up in heaven alo
unassailable. God has been to me a God f
mercy; and not the least of His mercies
find in the cheerful resignation with whic
now enables me to feel and to say, 'The
gave, and the Lord hath taken away, bless
the name of the Lord.'" The only artic
covered in an undamaged state was a q
copy of Bagster's "Comprehensive Bible
Psalm Book," belonging to Dr. Duff, whic
picked up *safe in its leathern cover*, by o
the sailors on the beach.

The disasters of the voyage were not yet
For having set sail in another ship fro
Cape, on the 7th of March, 1830, a treme
gale was encountered off the Mauritius, in
the vessel was well-nigh foundered; and
mouth of the Ganges she was overtaken

rane, and violently tossed ashore, so that horrors of a second shipwreck were ex- ced. Thus, after eight months' voyage of tuous and varied perils, Mr. Duff reached lcta, well night overcome through exhaus- nd fatigue. Very cordial was the welcome and the sympathy shown him by his mis- y brethren, and by none more than by te Bishop Corrie, then Archdeacon of lcta, and by John Adam, of the London snary Society, his fellow-student and n

PLAN OF THE WORK.

t once adopted the plan he never after- bandoned. He firmly believed that India be converted *through education*, pene- with a Christian spirit and conveyed in glish language; and amid scorn and op- he founded, *with only five pupils*, the Assembly's Institution, which became mplar of a system of vast schools on the asis which have since educated tens of ds of Hindoos. Possessed of singular of tuition, unwearied in labor, and able ain men with an oratory under which lis- who hated missions would sit rapt for r. Duff had another faculty which served re than all these. He was a born *diplo-* the highest sense, and for years he me- etween the religious world and the gov- of India until he acquired the perfect ce of both, and was able to exercise a eficent influence over all moral, educa- nd philanthropic legislation. He never red a principle, but official objections o vanish before his arguments. No man ve himself up for others more unre- or exerted a nobler influence, or dis- ore splendid powers with a more com- pression of himself.

THE MISSIONARY COLLEGE.

ow celebrated institution or academy, s been pronounced even by the Gov- neral of India to have produced un- l results, commenced amid discourage- all sides. But Duff knew what he was ailing to get assistant teachers he had f only one East Indian lad. Gradually l grew, the reputation of its master d a larger building was found.

titution, which was opened on the 12th , became signally successful. The Hin- s who flocked to the hall to procure an ducation, were so numerous that a se- d to be made. The missionary was con- ssailed by their importunities in broken Some would say, "Me good boy; oh, " others, "Me poor boy; oh, take ers, "Me know your commandments alt have no other god before me—oh, ' and many, by way of final appeal, me, and I pray for you." From the an ordinary school, the institution rose to that of a missionary college, y from 700 to 800 natives of different m the Brahmin downward, and of ges, from eight to nine, to twenty or . The improved systems of Euro- ture and science, as well as the evi- doctrines of the Christian faith, were brought into contact in the minds of advanced, with the systems of error, he prepossessions of ignorance and 1.

from the interior of the country re- their stations to imitate the model could. The heathen Hindoo College e excited, and challenged the impet- ian missionary to controversy. Duff, ave a series of lectures on natural d religion, which drew crowds and tes which alarmed the government, a heavy blow at infidelity, and led to of two of the atheistic leaders, *who ymen.*

s eastern career of thirty-four years history of Indian progress from 1830 t as Dr. Carey's was during the pre- of a century. But he was, above all things, the Christian missionary, whether "preparing the way" for Him whose right it is to reign, or stirring up the churches of Scotland, England, and America to do their part.

DRIVEN FROM INDIA

in 1836 by dysentery after his first five years of such work, he engaged in rousing the British churches to a sense of the importance of foreign missions, and he published the substance of his many addresses in the well-known work, "India and India Missions."

Returning in 1839 by Egypt, Mount Sinai, and Bombay, he found the institution at Calcutta flourishing under Dr. Mackay, Dr. Ewart, Mr. Macdonald, and Dr. Thomas Smith, and he at once prepared for carrying out his great design of building up an indigenous church by establishing a collegiate department in which to train converts for the native pastorate.

The disruption of the Scottish Church occurred in 1843, and all the missionaries left in a body, forming the Free Church in Calcutta. The whole work of erecting and furnishing a college had again to be undertaken, as well as the task of building a church. After years of labor and expense, this was accomplished, and the operations of the mission were so extended that, in 1849, having previously declined to leave India to become Dr. Chalmers's successor, Dr. Duff was asked to go home to raise more funds. He returned, and was eminently successful. His eloquent appeals throughout Great Britain being met with ready response.

VISIT TO AMERICA.

In 1851, Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, paid a visit to Scotland and listened with delight to Dr. Duff's addresses. He urged him to visit America, and in 1854 the invitation was accepted. A vivid recollection still remains of the enthusiastic reception accorded him. At Philadelphia, New York, Washington, and Baltimore he addressed large assemblies which were powerfully moved by his eloquence.

He travelled to Canada intending to return to Scotland by way of Halifax; but he was induced to come back to New York that he might attend a general missionary conference convened at the Broadway Tabernacle, and which lasted two days. The conference was held May 4th and 5th, and Dr. Duff was one of the most prominent speakers. On the 13th, he set sail in the Pacific for Scotland amid the enthusiastic good wishes of his American friends. Shortly after his departure *the University of New York conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.*

On his arrival in Great Britain he acted as Moderator of the General Assembly, and was with difficulty allowed by his medical advisers to return to Calcutta, which he reached early in 1856 through Central Europe and Central India. No missionary has spoken so much and so eloquently, and perhaps none has published so much as Dr. Duff. One is amazed at the fertility of his pen at a time when his activity in public has been so great in a tropical climate. He was editor of the *Calcutta Review*. His letters on the Indian Mutiny roused Scotland. He took a prominent part in the Missionary Conference which he established, the Agricultural Society, founded by Carey, the School-Book Society, and the Doveton College. His Bengalee students are to be found as ministers, teachers, and clerks all over Upper India. Ramchundra Bose, who is now on a visit to this country and whose portrait and life appeared in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was a student in Dr. Duff's college, and his ripe scholarship and attainments are an evidence of Dr. Duff's ability and skill as a tutor. So well did Dr. Duff carry out the self-propagating system of his institution, that to it many of the other missionary bodies look for agents. India in its widest interests has been Dr. Duff's field of action—that India may be Christ's was ever his prayer and his toil.

When sore sickness drove him finally from it, in 1864, all classes and all creeds combined to do honor to the most unselfish, most laborious, most devoted life that generation had witnessed. The native Christians, a much poorer and smaller body, also caused *a marble bust* of their great teacher and spiritual father to be made.

The Scottish merchants of Calcutta, especially men like the public-spirited William Mackinnon, Esq., of Ballinakill, who knew Dr. Duff's work best, raised a sum sufficient to present him with a house, which became his Edinburgh residence, and to endow in the new college a professorship of Evangelic Theology, to be filled by such retired missionary as may be found competent for the duties. That chair Dr. Duff was himself persuaded by the General Assembly to hold. Self-denying always and generous ever to the extent of his means, Dr. Duff *refused to draw his salary as Professor*, leaving it to accumulate for missionary purposes.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

At the close of 1876 Dr. Duff suffered from a heavy fall while taking a book down from an upper shelf in his library. A visit to his favorite retreat, at Patterdale in the English Lakes, would have benefited his health more had he not indulged in long walks. In November, 1877, he was removed south to Sidmouth, Devonshire. His second son was summoned by telegraph from Calcutta to be beside him, and in the last few weeks was enabled to cheer his father's dying hours.

Never had he been so mentally vigorous during his illness as in his last few days. He dictated much to his son, as the old Indian life came back to him, when he contended for the Christian education of the people.

His last conscious Sabbath was that of the 3d of February. "*I can feel, I can think, but the weakness prevents my almost opening my mouth*," he whispered. When one said to him, "You are like John at Patmos, you are in the Spirit on the Lord's day," the earnest response was, "Oh, yes! oh, yes!" But on that day the hand of death became more evidently visible. In the evening his daughter repeated to him the 23d Psalm as he lay apparently unconscious, he responded at the end of each verse. Even on Saturday the departing saint could recognize the voices he loved, but his only response then was a grasp of the hand. Without acute suffering, and in perfet peace, he lingered on till Tuesday morning, February 12th, 1878, when he was summoned away to receive his reward.

The results of Dr. Duff's labors become more apparent every year, and they are likely to go on growing in the public esteem as time rolls on. He believed that converts whose education was defective were in great danger of falling back into heathenism, and therefore he earnestly labored to diffuse secular knowledge saturated with Gospel truth. His favorite description of his work was that he was laying a mine which he hoped would ultimately explode under heathenism and infidelity, and shatter them to pieces. It was a laborious, toilsome mode of warfare, but the patient persevering man who planned and executed it, had faith in the work, and he lived to see that God had directed him, in it, and had blessed his labors.

A Man in Liverpool, England, Resolved on committing suicide and started toward the harbor, intending to throw himself into the Mersey. As he threaded his way through the crowded streets he passed "The Stranger's Rest," a mission room where services are daily held, and he was prompted to enter for a moment. A hymn was being sung at the meeting, when he entered—"What a Friend we have in Jesus"—and he was particularly affected by the words in the last verse, "Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?" for he had *lost friends and character.* A solo hymn, sung by a blind lady, was "What are you Going to Do, Brother?" It was the turning-point with him. He became a changed man, gave his heart to Christ, obtained a situation and has now been a worker in connection with the mission for five months.

AN END TO VACILLATION.

An Evening Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday, May 16, 1880.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, then follow him."
—I KINGS 18 : 21.

The Time for Baal to do his Best—Elijah's Precautions against Future Sceptics—The Vote—There are Two Gods Now as Then—Persons Addressed—I. Those who are Trying to Compromise—The Undecided—In the Desert Half-way between two Fountains—II. Christians who Make no Profession of Religion—Silent Partners in the Firm—Silent Friendships Worthless—Silent Patriotism is Treason—A Nonogenarian's Mystery—III. Those who Cannot Decide on a Suitable Time to Surrender—The Endless Journey—Two Crises—An Interview with a Sick Sinner Postponed—"Ah! that Fatal Word"—A Better Word.

ELIJAH noticed great indecision in the people of his day, as to whether they had better worship the Lord, or a Phœnician idol by the name of Baal. Without wasting any time in a round of argument he said, Now let us have this matter demonstrated. We will have two bullocks slain: if the bullock slain by the Baalites is destroyed and consumed by fire from heaven, then we will all go over and worship Baal. But if the bullock slain by the people of God is consumed by fire from heaven, then all the Baalites will come over to our side. Come now, let us have the matter demonstrated.

I hear the stroke of the bludgeon, and the bullock staggers back and drops down, dead. It is quartered; the bullock is put on the altar of wood and stone. *Now is the time, Baal, to do your best.* If you have any fire at all, throw it down now and let this bullock be consumed. From 7 o'clock in the morning till 12 o'clock at noon the Baalites cried: Hear us, Oh, Baal; hear us, O Baal.

Elijah cannot keep his face straight from irresistible laughter; and so he jokes them. He says to them, now perhaps your God is gone a-hunting, and he may be on the track of a deer, or a fox, and be determined to keep on until he has brought down the game. Or perhaps your God is talking very loud, is negotiating in very boisterous conversation, and cannot hear. Call louder; call louder.

No fire from heaven came. Then the Baalites took knives and lancets, and drew the knives across their hands, and across their feet, and across their faces, until the blood spurted, as much as to say, Now, O Baal, just see; if you do not hear our cry, we will kill ourselves; and then what will you do? No fire fell upon the sacrifice, no fire consumed the bullock of the Baalites.

Now Elijah comes in with great gravity of countenance, and of overwhelming demeanor. I know he is a prophet of the great God; I hear another stroke of the bludgeon, and the bullock staggers back and drops down; it is quartered; it is placed upon the altar of the Lord which had been broken down, but which Elijah had repaired with twelve stones he brought to represent the twelve tribes of Israel.

Now, says Elijah, that there may be no appearance of sleight of-hand, about this, and that no fool in the first century, or in the nineteenth century, may say "this is no miracle," dip up twelve barrels of water from the sea at the foot of the cliff, and pour the water all over the wood, all over the sacrifice, so if it is really consumed, it may be clear that it is destroyed by no ordinary fire. And the work was done; the water was dipped up; and I hear the plash, and I hear it dropping all around about the altar. Now

ELIJAH IS READY;

all is ready; still as the grave. With deep majestic voice Elijah begins to pray: Oh, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel; hear me, O Lord, hear me. As a flash in the sky there is a bolt, and everything is ablaze, the wood, the meat, the stones of the altar, the solid earth; the long tongues of flame begin to lick up the water out of the trenches, as a pack of thirsty hounds lap up a stream.

And now I see Elijah looking off upon the audience and saying, All those who think that Baal is God, let him say aye. No answer. Then Elijah looked over upon the audience, and he now says, All here who think that the Lord is God, let him demonstrate it. And there goes up a shout through the trees, a shout rolling down through all the ages, as they cry, The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God.

As then, so now.

THERE ARE TWO GODS.

Some prefer the one, some prefer the other. Jehovah the one, the world the other. I do not at this point in my discourse express any preference; I do not in this point of my discourse try to persuade you whether it shall be best to choose this God, or choose that one, but I ask you to make some choice, do some one thing or another, either go this way, or go that way. "If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal then follow him."

There are many in this audience who are decided for God; and I have no time to talk with them to-night, I have no more anxiety about you than a farmer who has loads of hay in the barn, while there are fifty loads out on the field when the wind changes to the north-east. All I have to say to those who have chosen God is, I congratulate you, while I pass on; for my text does not accost you, you have decided, and decided forever.

Then there are those who have decided for the world. I do not now address them; they have said, I look at worldly associations, I look at worldly principles. I would rather have $10,000 in money than all the promises of the Gospel you ever made. Give me the world, let me die in the world, I want no other portion; you will decide; my text does not accost you.

Neither this one party who are Christians, nor this other party who have given themselves up to the world; but there is *a third party* vacillating between the right and the wrong. There was a time when you went into your room, and locked your door, and you prayed. You started heavenward. Then you started back. I ought to be a Christian—that is your one opinion. I ought not to be a Christian—that is your other opinion; and between these two opinions you halt.

This morning one hundred and fifteen souls had their names read out from the church roll; they are all decided. That little band of men and women said, give me Christ while I live, give me Christ when I die. But there is a vast multitude in the house to-night who are entirely undecided. To them come the words of my text. "How long will ye halt between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: if Baal, then follow him." And while I stand here I am overwhelmed with the fact that in 100 years at least this whole audience will be in heaven, or in--hell. Oh, Lord God, help us to-night; help us to speak, and help us to hear, since it is for eternity.

I. My text in the first place describes all those people who are trying to serve Christ and serve the world, and so compromise the matter. They want Christian society, and yet they want to keep their old connection; they want to go to the prayer-meeting, and want to keep with the dissipated club. They want first Christian sobriety, and then they want to keep themselves under the damnable power of the wine-cup. They want to serve the world, and they want to serve Christ at the same time; they are just far enough from the world to lose the advantage of its friendships and its joys, they are far enough off from Christ to lose the pardon and peace of the Gospel; they are neither one thing nor the other; they do not have the advantage of the world, and they do not have the advantage of religion.

They are off in the desert; three miles in that direction there is a fountain, and three miles in the other direction there is a fountain; I don't
say which is the best fountain for them t
out of, but they alight here in the deser
way, halting between the world and Chris

OH, WHAT A FOOLISH POSITION

it is to occupy. Now friends you had be
clear over to the world. Perhaps you ha
take out a new ticket for some place o
amusement; perhaps you had better fil
your wine-cellar; perhaps you had better
deeper into worldly association, and go
ther amid Godless companionship; if
best, then go in that direction. If Baal
then follow him.

But if you are really coming to the co
that Christ, notwithstanding all that h
said against Him, is not after all so und
if you would like to be on the same sid
your Christian father and mother stood
would like to be among the hundred a
and four thousand radiant and peerle
around the throne of God, if at last yo
like to enter heaven, a place which shall
besieged by sin and sorrow and death a
then perhaps this night you had be
render yourself to God. Why will yo
thirst on the path across which there c
ooo buckets dripping from the spring
will you die on the door-step of heav
you hear the clang of the golden harps
will you stop half-way between Christ
world? Either stick to the Ville du H
go down, or swim to the Loch Ern and
"If the Lord be God, follow Him: if B
follow him."

II. But my text also describes all th
while they have the grace of God in th
make no profession of it before the worl
do you attend church? A man says, "
the Methodist church sometimes, or th
church, or the Presbyterian church, or
copal church." To what church do yo
You say, "I don't belong to any churc
world claims you because *you carry*
back; the church claims you for you
port its religious institutions; but you
long to neither.

"Oh," you say, "Can't a man seek
prepare for heaven and finally reach i
publishing his profession of religion."
perhaps when the Lord's army has c
songs and everlasting joy upon their h
will be some stragglers who will come
tell you, the vast majority of those
before the throne of God on High, b
triumphant, had their names on the c
ord on earth, as they have them on
records in heaven.

Oh, do you not want to belong to
of the church here, and to be forever
with them before the throne. Do yo
be

SILENT PARTNERS IN THE FI

and get all the rewards of spirituali
tages, but not have the world know
that side?

What would you give for mere sil
ship? if you were in some great str
life, and you should want a friend, an
say to himself, I like that man as a fr
will not profess in public any particu
ship toward him; ten thousand s
would be of no advantage; you want a
will stand up for you, who will stand
behavior, and on every important an
occasion will say, I am that man's
know he is right.

The Lord Jesus Christ has been y
yet there are hundreds and thousan
perhaps, in this house to-night who
and yet are ashamed to say so. He c
way from heaven to win your soul, ca
darkness and gloom and death, and
moments He asked you to come and
love, saying, do this in remembra
You have not had courage to take th
withstanding all that Christ has do
salvation, that little thing, and you
it.

Suppose there came a great war,

ere struggling in battle against a foreign , and when the drum for recruits sounded, a man who would stay at home, not come d make any enlistment, never express his r the United States Government, never nything for the defence of that Govern- Oh, you would say, let the country be from such patriotism as that. Yonder is who will come out, and fight for his Gov- t, he will do all that is required or ex- of him as a citizen, and you say, it is an ambition.

are the friends of the Lord Jesus Christ government of heaven, we should openly ve-board and on every occasion express erence. Oh, are there not those here to- ho will say to the people of God, "Where est I will go; thy people shall be my and thy God my God; where thou diest e, and there will I be buried; the Lord me, and more also, if aught but death e and me." I had a Christian uncle ninety years of age, and he said to me: t, it has always been the great mystery ife that though for forty years I loved l, I never said so."

Again my text describes all those who ecide as to what is

BEST TIME TO BECOME CHRISTIANS.

are two voices in your soul; one says the other says "to-morrow." I will is point in my discourse say which is time, but only ask you to decide what it

a judge of a court sometimes adjourns a hree months and then not bother him- the case until it comes, and then takes if you will, adjourn your decision for a y, then put it off until that day or year e. Suppose, then, you postpone religion ars, if you can at the end of that time st, while in the meantime you have had , won't that be better? Or, if you are st in health, why not adjourn it twenty will bring it to the year 1900.

you say, "how if I should be taken off nt before that? How if my day of uld close before that? How if I eve away the Holy Ghost before that? avalanche of iniquity should come n my soul before that?" Ah, my ee the point you make. You mean to ut of a thousand souls lost forever, 999 are lost through adjournment. You y, that out of a million souls lost, 999,- eir souls through putting it off. You y that if in the world of darkness we hose who had lost their souls through ition, to rise, they would all rise, and t our souls by putting it off. Decide e now and to-morrow.

u go out of this church you will not ahead, there is no street direct to the n the front of the church you will to the east or west, up and down the so it is in matters of the soul, you raight, you will either go to the right ft. Toward God or toward Baal, to- or toward darkness, toward victory lefeat.

started on a journey that will never foot will stiffen, the lung will fail to r, the film will come down over the ut out the light of the sun and moon nd your body will stop, but your soul and on, up, up, down, down, through ert, under plume or bramble, across or hovel, along by halls filled with he marriage of the king's son, or e rows of skeleton armies beating ith the dead march of the soul. Oh, t you would decide.

ertainly expressed no preference. ss it. There came

RISES IN MY SOUL'S HISTORY.

a lad, I sat by the winter fire, and e, the evangelist, had come to our while we sat there in the country g at the fire, and the storm was hallooing outside—Mr. Osborne knew all the members of my father's family were Christians except myself—not addressing himself to me, but looking at the fire, he told of *a sheep and lambs* that were out on the mountain, and that they all got into the fold but one lamb, and that perished on the mountain.

With that conversation the evening ended; but that was *a crisis in my soul.* I was the only one in all the household that did not love God, father, mother, brothers, and sisters all Christians. I knew then what it was to be alone, and outside of the ark, alone and away from God. And that, perhaps, is your condition to-night.

But there came *another crisis:* it was at the close of a Sabbath service in which I had heard my brother preach a farewell sermon to his people. That night, out of a sound sleep, I was startled, and voices seemed to say, Are you ready for eternity? Are you ready? I sprang from my couch and I struck a light, I went down stairs to the room where my brother was asleep, and he was startled when I came in, and I said, Oh, what shall I do? I am a lost sinner; what will become of me? Pray for me. He prayed for me, and we passed all that night in conversation. Oh, that was a crisis in my soul's history.

Yet there was *another crisis*, for I struggled against God's Spirit, until it was a wonder He did not give me up. One beautiful Sabbath afternoon, halting between two opinions, I opened Doddridge's book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." I read a while, and I prayed a while; then I read, and I prayed; and I believe that that afternoon was the time of my soul's deliverance. And then I went forth to preach the gospel, and I have had the joy of preaching it for eleven years to many who sit in this house to-night.

My heart aches to have all the people saved. First I desire to reach heaven myself; then I desire to take all this audience with me. Why halt any longer between two opinions? "If the Lord be God, follow Him; if Baal, then follow him."

A FATAL WORD.

Ah, that word to-morrow, comes in to crowd out the word now. To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow. I don't like the word. It makes me think of the time when *a minister of the gospel* heard that his neighbor, who was entirely unprepared for eternity, was dying, and he hastend to his house, and he knocked at the door; the servant came to the door, and he asked, "I hear Mr. A. is very sick; how is he now?" She says, "He is very low to-day. The physician says no one can see him," and the clergyman said, "When can I come?" and she said, "To-morrow."

The next day he went to that household, and he entered again, and he says, "How is Mr. A. to-day?" And she says, "Let him come in, but he is entirely delirious, he will not know what you are saying." The clergyman entered; the whole house was in distress, and he knelt down by the bedside of the sick man, so sick he knew not what was being done, and he now all unprepared for the future. At the close of the interview he said to the wife, "When shall I come again?" She said, "To-morrow." The next day he went to the house, and he knocked at the door, and the servant says, "You can't see Mr. A to-day.' "Well" says the clergyman, "when shall I come?" And she said, "To-morrow." The next day he went to the house, and hardly had he touched the door before it was opened by the servant, and he said, "How is Mr. A. to-day?" "Oh," she said, "he is dead." Before the clergyman thought, he cried; "God, have mercy." But it was too late. Oh, that fatal to-morrow—to-morrow! There is

A BETTER WORD

than that — to-night, to-night. Many of you have friends in heaven. I look into the faces of some here who have children in heaven. Are you going to meet them? Some of you have companions in heaven; will you meet them before the throne? Parents in heaven; will you meet them? Soon all this scene will have passed away, and the books will be opened. Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him shall wail because of Him. How then? Will you be in the glorious companionship of your dear ones who have preceded you into glory, or in everlasting banishment and exile?

[The prayers oi the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, of labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

OUT ON BANK HOLIDAY IN LONDON.

By G. W. M.

I TAKE no holidays, but like other people to enjoy theirs. So I went on August 2d to see how the people enjoyed their holiday. What a hive of life is the East-end of London! Miles of streets, acres of houses; tens of thousands of men, women, and children, and alas! many of the little folks are very pale and thin.

All the stations on the North London Railway were lined with old and young off to the Zoo, the Alexandra Palace, and the Crystal Palace, and, observe, they are all sober. This fact filled me with thankfulness. But former experiences of Bank holidays have taught me that after three p.m., especially if showers have driven people into public-houses, there is a sudden outburst of alcoholic excitement. So it was. Between three and four o'clock I was on a crowded pier near one of the bridges, and there came along the jetty, dancing, shrieking and swearing, four young men and two girls, who had furnished themselves with high shoes and scarlet stockings. Down they rushed on to the pier to catch the Woolwich boat, which had just gone. "How long," said a drunken youth, with his hat on the back of his head, "before the next boat?"

"Half an hour," replied the pierman. Who swore that fearful oath? Not any of the big, rough men around us. No, it exploded on the lips of this girl! Alas! her fair young face, and she is fair in feature, is wild with drink, and she swears like a trooper. Where is her father—her mother? "Half an hour to wait; let's go and have some drink." And off they went. I waited, but saw them no more. What became of them?

A quiet saunter along the Thames Embankment may be soothing after that scene. So I strolled on, and lo! a woman incapably drunk is being lifted by a strange man out of danger, and propped up against the parapet wall. She is quite alone, and so drunk that she cannot speak. Did Cleopatra's Needle, in that old land from whence British heroes, not without loss of life, brought it, ever in ancient times look down on so much intemperance as is to be seen to-day in London?

But for a purpose I went on board *a Chelsea steamer* and started up the river. Three hundred of us are here, and all are not quite sober, as you may see. This boat, and *forty-five* others plying up and down these broad reaches of water, are *public-houses!* Let us go down into the forecabin. Here, as you see, is a stout, silent woman selling biscuits, Banbury cakes, cigarettes, shag, lemonade, pale ale, stout, brandy, whiskey, and rum; and round the cabin are people imbibing those liquors. Now is this sale necessary? Can people not go from London Bridge to Chelsea without bottles of beer and glasses of brandy? They are none the better for them, as will be seen at seven or eight o'clock.

A cup of tea and a pleasant rest prepare one for another excursion. Let us visit a well-known West-end station. What a rush of people—some of them very queer people indeed. The refreshment bars are full and busy. They are very busy indeed. Going off by train those people drink, coming in by train they drink too. Beer, brandy, rum, whiskey, are sold with amazing celerity. Now, just ask for a cup of tea. See how that young lady starts, looks glumly at you, and then, turning to someone else, says, snappishly enough, "A cup of tea." Ah! a teetotaler is not wanted here, so let me out.

What is that noise? Surely the bulls of Bashan have broken loose. Let us go into a doorway and let them rush past. Some tipsy young men pass bellowing—they thought it was singing—in the most hideous manner. Let them go. We have known bears behave better. Here is a corner public-house with four doors crowded with drinkers. Young women, flushed with gin, are rushing in and out; old and young folks are dancing on the pavement, and "the fun"—as they call these mad leaps—is "jolly." Be it known to you that this is a "fixed point," where a constable is always on duty, but if you can find him just now it is more than I can. His present "fixed point" is elsewhere.

Do you wonder now that not far from here is a jail where 5000 women have been in a single year. Think of that grim fact, and remember that this holiday will send a good many women within its walls.

Business called me to the House of Commons, and as I passed through the lofty hall of William Rufus, and saw the marble statues of kings and statesmen, and then stood under the gorgeous roof of the House itself, I said, "When will the legislators strike an honest, mighty blow at this monster—*Strong Drink?*"

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(*Continued from page* 535.)

Constance Writes to the Minister—Her Perplexities—Mr. Ferguson's Reply—The Plan of Creation and Providence—A Solution in Faith—Constance Coming Home.

A few days afterward Mr. Ferguson received the following letter from Constance Anerley:

"Dear Mr. Ferguson: I don't think I need remind you that you once told me I might apply to you if I was in any difficulty in which I thought you might be able to help me. I am in a difficulty now, a difficulty which it would trouble mamma or even Emmie to write freely to them about, and though I do not feel at all sure you can help me, I have made up my mind to try.

"You know I have not made any profession of religion, so I hope you will not manifest any pious horror at me, as I know most people would, if I write to you exactly that which, do as I will, I cannot help thinking. I quite expect you know all about the sad occurrence that has taken place here, and you know that, though I tried my best to keep dear Clara Altmeister from falling in her somnambulistic sleep, yet that I did not succeed, and that she fell and received very severe injuries. The doctors hoped at first she might ultimately recover; now they know that she has suffered concussion of the spine, and that her fate will probably be to lie on a bed or couch all the remainder of her life.

"They fear, as yet, to tell her the truth, and will wait until she regains some little strength before they make known to her this awful alternative. Now, Mr. Ferguson, you say, and you preach, and so I hope you believe, that God is good, and God is love. Will you be kind enough, then, to explain to me why a God who is goodness and love should make a person like Clara Altmeister—should produce in her, or even allow to be produced in her—tendencies and failings of physical strength which make her unable to prevent herself from walking in her sleep: should suffer her to break away from all the restraint that might have prevented so dread a catastrophe, and to fall and become a helpless, hopeless invalid, not for years merely, but for life?

"I can quite understand when men and women and children wilfuly and deliberately break God's laws, that even a God who is both just and good, and full of love, may very properly punish them. For instance, if Clara had become intoxicated with *Rhein wein* or *lager bier*, and in that state had fallen from the window to be maimed or injured for life, there would have been a beautiful order and fitness of retribution in it. But when an innocent girl is so frightfully punished for a mere accident she could not possibly avoid, I feel it difficult to understand the reason for such an event.

"Why should Clara Altmeister, a sensible, industrious, clever girl, be thus cut off from playing her part in the work of the world, while a tiresome, pedantic, purse-proud, self-willed child like Anna Glück is favored with the use of a healthy body? Why should a man whose wickedness spoils all he touches be suffered to live, and my dearest father, who did, as you will acknowledge (for I believe you loved him), almost nothing but good, be cut off prematurely, and thus the very light of my eyes, as it were, taken from me?

"I cannot tell you how much these matters puzzle me, how anxious I am to be able to explain them, and still respect the faith of my father. Does he know all things now? Can he understand and pity the perplexity of his youngest born? Will my belief in God and Christ, and my trying to be a Christian, really reunite us? Have you any certain dependable knowledge of that other life which you say comes after death? Is death, indeed, only a bridge, uniting this life with that which is to come? Are heaven and earth only two lands divided by the ocean of time?

"Please do not fear that I am doing any harm to my pupils because of these fierce inward questionings. I am content to be silent concerning what I very much fear I shall never understand. If I cannot comprehend life myself, why should I perplex younger and more innocent beings, many of whom I dearly love, with mysteries I have no power to solve?

"Nor must you think that my puzzling and speculations make me always dull and gloomy. Though I often wonder at myself for it, I am sometimes absurdly merry, for a girl who has lost her father, and is in doubt whether she can ever find the road to him. Believe me to remain yours respectfully,

"Constance Anerley."

Tears were in Mr. Ferguson's eyes as he read the last sentence of this strange impulsive letter.

"Poor dear child!" he murmured.

The evening of the same day that he received the letter, he answered it.

"My dear Constance: I thank you heartily for the confidence you repose in me, and which made you write to me the letter you have done.

"But some of that letter was not worthy of you, because you asked me in it several questions which you could, if you had only thought longer, have answered for yourself. So I will first suggest some other questions, which will help you to answer your own.

"Why, when you copied that beautiful head of Minerva did you not make all your lines of equal length; why did you cut some short abruptly, and fashion others long and boldly curving; why did you have curved, and arched, and horizontal, and perpendicular lines in your picture? You will answer, 'Because I had to follow my pattern.' And do you not suppose that the Great Artist of the Universe, like all His true artists on earth, follows an idea, has a plan for all His creations, for all His purposes, and with man, as with everything else? May not what we ignorantly call a too short or a spoiled life be really the very thing that completes a picture?

"I, like you, am still a child, still a learner, still puzzled over my alphabet. But because I cannot understand the mystery of the worlds of light in the heavens above us, shall I commend my good sense to any one by declaring that the stars do not shine? You may not be able to trust God's love and goodness, and I am glad you are honest enough to acknowledge this to me.

"But it is His love that supplies you wit power even to reason about Him so false you are now doing. He can withhold that re ing faculty, and allow you to become an By your own showing, you deserve that should happen, for you are making an un ful, *i.e.*, a sinful, use of those powers, an admit you can understand God's justice punishment of wilful sinners.

"I am answering you, Constance, as I b you honestly wished to be answered, b fearlessly, almost as I should try to answe self—as I did try, in fact, when I, like yo now, was troubled with miserable questio We have to face a great many most pu things, and they are far easier to face if we *faith in God* to answer them instead o very small, poor, mean substitute—*faith i selves*.

"Any small soul can have some sort o in his own poor puny self. It takes a no greater, a braver soul to have faith in Those who try to reason away God and t a life from which He is shut out, narrow thing. Examine for yourself whether this so, and whether the finest lives, viewed ally and dispassionately, of all of who read or whom you know, are not those wh fullest, most unwavering, most entire f the Divine Being. Look first of all at yo loved father, and try to comprehend mor what made you all love him so, and w nobled his life. Constance Anerley, disb God makes cowards, not heroes.

"It may be that your poor friend, Cla meister, will live a grander life on her so she would ever have done with the body she formerly possessed. We take o earth microscope, peer curiously at ou and see all the ugly spots on them more than their beauties. But God looks at us men, where He can see everything in its ite and just proportion, and He knows t 'light affliction which is but for a mo working for us the exceeding weight of g

"I can truly assert that my own life peace till Christ was my pattern, my brot guide; that since He has become all thi *rather since I have been willing to receive such*, I have been happier, and at rest. I mean that I have no troubles, perplexi sorrows; all these, as I believe, are nee cipline for us, but I cannot feel friendl saken, or alone. Who shall separate us f love of Christ? Believe me, my dear Co your own friend and your father's friend

"Hermann Fergu

The sitting-room of the Anerleys loo lightfully inviting. A profusion of flow fumed the room, and gave a festive ap to the table laid out with viands en tempt any honest appetite that had b increasing during a considerable journey stance had written that she was comi and hoped to arrive that evening; T had caused a flutter of excitement in the home and all was eager expectation.

Mrs. Anerley looked bright and well gay and joyous far beyond her usual Salome Stanley stood beside them arran one more bouquet, destined for Co room upstairs, and feeling herself just a at ease than she had hitherto done in th pleasant home.

"I wish you would let me shut mys my own parlor to-night," she said; most sure you will feel me in the way. remember that Constance does not ev me; that all your acquaintance with since she left; and that I shall seem an nent stranger to her."

"Oh, Salome!" cried Emmie, "pra speak so! You are not a stranger to h most always mention you in my letters is longing to know you. Mamma, Salome reasonable."

Mrs. Anerley smiled. "I admire M ley's delicacy, my dear, while I am sorr agine for a moment that we should feel her in way. I can only obviate the difficulty by iting her in the most formal manner"—and e the lady bowed playfully—" to join us at r evening meal."

"It would spoil everything if you were not e," said Emmie, simply ; " mamma would be eved, Mr. Ferguson astonished, Cecil in the ks, Constance disappointed, and myself cha-gned."

alome Stanley could not help laughing—she d not often laugh, not as often as it is well do so—but her low sweet laughter was pleas- to hear, it was so very musical.

What a doleful picture, Emmie, of a discon-ate group ! Certainly I cannot consent to n the comfort of so many people by my nun- proclivities, and I will not desert you, ugh I still think, as every woman does when gives in, that I am very likely right."

alome Stanley was curious to see this young , whose return to her home after her long ence in Germany seemed to have so much er to arouse the whole family, and even the . Hermann Ferguson, so cool and self-essed about everything and everybody else.

(*To be continued.*)

APROACHING PERIHELIA AND CALAMITIES.

By Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B.

(*Concluded from page* 535.)

S r Domination — Consequences of Impeded ght and Heat—Dr. Pearce's Testimony— ilosophical Basis of Physical Changes re-lting from Atmospheric Disturbance—De-ription of a former Plague by Hippocrates d Thucydides—Moral Reflections.

is owing to the existence of the sun that globe is a habitable world and productive of yment. Almost all the benign agencies h are going forward in the atmosphere, the rs, and the earth derive their origin from its erful and perpetual influence. Its light ses itself over every region, and produces hat diversity of coloring which enlivens and ns the landscape of the world, without which hould be unable to distinguish one object another. By its vivifying action *vegetables* laborated from inorganic matter. By its the waters of the rivers and the ocean are uated and carried to the higher regions of tmosphere, where they circulate in the form por, till they again descend in showers, to y the sources of the rivers and to fertilize soil. By the same agency winds are pro-d, which purify the atmosphere, noxious rs are dispelled, and pestilential effluvia nted. Its influence descends even to the *al* kingdom, and is felt in the chemical ositions and decompositions of the ele-s of nature. The disturbances in the ic equilibrium of the atmosphere and the rties of terrestrial magnetism may be traced e agency of the sun.

is is all true of the sun in its normal condi- but if the electric equilibrium be disturbed, diately every planet in the whole solar n is more or less affected. If either light at be abstracted or diminished from the by a conjunction of planets, or perihelion, ows as a matter of course that physical es and diseases must eventuate. It is only portion as light and heat to the electric tary zones are supplied *unimpeded* by the hat they are maintained in perfect action. instance, the globe which we inhabit were eive about one thousand times less heat ght for a space of time shorter than one e only, immediately the utter destruction animal life would follow. So that if two re of the superior planets are in conjunc- r perihelion, they appropriate to them- the life-giving solar energy without a cor-nding return, the atmospheres of the whole ary system become vitiated, with disas- and appalling consequences.

A. J. Pearce says :—" It was not alone to incident perihelion periods of the great planets that the pestilences of the sixth and sixteenth centuries were due. In the year 407 a comet was visible for months, and there was a conjunction of Jupiter and Uranus. In 590, another comet appeared, and Saturn was in conjunction with Jupiter. In 1544 Saturn again joined Jupiter. In 1548 Uranus was in opposition to Jupiter. In 1544, 1546-7, comets and Uranus were in opposition to Saturn. In July, 1544, Saturn opposed Jupiter, when sweating sickness, which killed in twenty-four hours, prevailed in London to a frightful extent. In 1563-4, when plague prevailed in London, there appeared a comet, and Saturn was joined with Jupiter. These, and several others we might indicate, were all periods of plague or pestilence.

A writer in the *Penny Cyclopædia* says : " When one phenomenon is constantly observed to happen at or near the same time as another, there must be some connexion between the two. Both must depend upon, or in some way be derived from, the same cause. However unaccountable it may be that two phenomena should happen together, the fact of their so happening is an argument in proof of their connexion which it is impossible to overturn by any reasoning."

Mr. Christopher Cooke, of the Astro-Meteorological Society, in a letter to Alderman Humphrey, quoting the above, goes on to explain the philosophical basis of the physical changes which result from the penetration of our atmosphere by the approach of that of other great bodies to it. " It is demonstrated that a ray of light from the sun striking on the planet Neptune takes three hours and fifty minutes to be reflected back to the earth. Light and electricity are united ; therefore this body must affect the electricity of our atmosphere and the temperature of the earth's inhabitants. The nearer to the sun the planet may be, the greater, of course, is the displacement or interference, and this principle applies equally to all the planets."

DESCRIPTION OF A FORMER PLAGUE.

Hippocrates, of Cos, the great father of medical science, who lived in Greece from 460 to 357 B.C., was a firm believer in the influence of the planets upon the public health, and put his theory, rude as it was, into practice. He anticipated the great plague of Athens in 427 B.C., which was the precursor of that in Rome in 407 B.C. Although astronomical writers have not given us such data connected with that science in the former as in the latter, yet we have it upon the testimony of *Thucydides*, the Grecian historian, who was contemporary with Hippocrates, that, he, believing in the on-coming of evil atmospheric influences, betook himself to Athens nearly a year before the plague broke out, that he might befriend the sick by his healing art. This he did in an heroic manner, as the following detailed narrative of war and rapine in conjunction with plague will show :

" At the beginning of the summer (427 B.C.) the Peloponnesians and their allies invaded Attica, and laid waste the country. When they had not yet been many days in Attica the plague began to show itself among the Athenians, though it was said to have previously lighted on many places about Lemnos and elsewhere. Such a pestilence as this was nowhere remembered to have happened. The physicians were at first of no avail, treating it, as they did, in ignorance of its nature. Nay, they themselves died most of all, inasmuch as they visited the sick when all others had fled. Nor was there any relief in human art. As to the supplications offered in the temples, or the divinations, or other similar means, they were all equally unavailing, and were at length relinquished by the people, who were overcome by the calamity.

" It is said to have first begun in Æthiopia, then to have extended to Egypt and Lybia and adjacent districts. On the city of Athens it fell suddenly, first attacking the men on the Piræus, so that it was even supposed by them that the Peloponnesian invaders had thrown poison into the cisterns " (then as now water was first suspected because so liable to conceal and propagate the germs of disease), " for as yet there were no fountains there. It afterwards reached the upper city, where it was more general. Now, let every one, whether physician or otherwise, maintain his own opinion as to the source and causes of the epidemic ; I, however, shall only describe its character, and explain the symptoms by which it may be recognized, should it ever return ; for I was both attacked by it myself and had personal observation of others who were suffering from it.

" That year, then, as was generally allowed, happened to be unusually free from other diseases, and if any such appeared they all terminated in this. Without any notice, while apparently in good health, those about to suffer from it were seized with violent heats in the blood, redness and inflammation in the eyes, and immediately the internal parts, both the throat and tongue, assumed a bloody tinge, and emitted an unhealthy and fœtid odor.

" Next came sneezing and hoarseness, and in a short time the pain descended to the chest, with a violent cough. When it settled on the stomach, it caused vomiting. An ineffectual retching also followed, in most cases producing violent spasms, which in some instances ceased soon after, in others much later. Externally the body was not very hot to the touch, nor was it pale, but reddish, livid, and broken out in small pimples and sores. But the internal parts were burnt to such a degree that the sick could not bear clothing or linen of the very lightest kind to be laid upon them, nor to be anything else but stark naked, and would gladly have thrown themselves into cold water if they could. Indeed, many of those who were not taken care of did so, plunging into cisterns in agony of unquenchable thirst, and it was all the same whether they drank much or little.

" Moreover, the misery of restlessness and wakefulness continually oppressed them. The body did not waste away so long as the disease was at its height, but resisted it beyond all expectation, so that they either died in most cases on the seventh or ninth day through the internal burning while they had some degree of strength ; or, if they survived this period, the disease descended into the bowels, producing violent ulceration there, and intense diarrhœa, by which the greater part were carried off through weakness. Four thousand heavily armed men died in less than two months.

" It was at this time also that numerous earthquakes happened in several parts of the same country."

Let it here be noted that these symptoms agree with the descriptions given by old English chroniclers of the sweating-sickness which prevailed in the year 1544, and which happened at as nearly as possible two cycles of 1000 years after this plague at Athens.

The foregoing description may help to convey some idea of the fearful ravages of plague and pestilence which may be expected to prevail throughout the world some time within the next few years, according to the calculations of Professor Grimmer and others.

Whatever the Divine Wisdom may determine respecting our world, whether He permit its decimation by disease or encompass it in the lurid flame of universal conflagration, the benevolence and exuberant bounty of God will be made manifest to those who love and trust Him. All the enjoyments of this deranged terrestrial sphere are, after all, only " as the drop of a bucket and the small dust of the balance " in comparison to the overflowing fountains of bliss which enrich the regions and gladden the society of celestial worlds. To His children the eternal Jehovah ever appears a glorious and *amiable* Being. " God is Love." This is His name and His memorial in all generations and throughout all worlds. And how extensive His *goodness* is, not only throughout the planetary system, but over all the regions of universal nature, it is impossible for the tongues of men or angels to declare, or the highest powers of intelligence to conceive."

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OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Political Issue in Maine will probably be complicated by a third ticket. At the recent Republican conference in New York, Mr. Blaine and other speakers placed considerable importance on the Maine election as being likely to indicate the course events would take on the Presidential question, and also as having an influence on elections in other States, especially in the South. At a mass convention of the Maine Temperance Society held at Portland on August 19th, Joshua N. Osgood was nominated for Governor as a Prohibition candidate. This nomination will probably withdraw over five thousand votes from the Democratic and Republican candidates, and thus weaken the influence the victory, whoever may win it, will have through the country. The object of the Prohibitionists is not quite clear, from the telegraphic report of the convention. Maine has already a stringent prohibitory law, so that probably there is some doubt as to its being enforced by either of the candidates nominated. It would be difficult to understand on what other ground a third candidate was placed in the field.

The Tammany section of the New York Democracy has called a State Convention which it is hoped will tend to produce harmonious action between the rival parties in the forthcoming State elections, and prevent the State falling into Republican hands, as it did last year. The proposal is not cordially received at Irving Hall; Mr. Kelly has excited too much animosity to be welcomed there, even though he presents himself with the olive-branch in his hand.

In New Jersey, harmony was secured in the Republican camp by the voluntary withdrawal of General Kilpatrick; and the Hon. Frederick A. Potts was nominated by acclamation.

In Connecticut, Mr. James E. English was nominated for Governor on August 18th, by the Democratic Convention, in spite of his reiterated and positive refusal to accept the nomination. Mr. Charles M. Pond was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor.

The Corner in Wheat which last Fall caused so serious a disturbance to the commercial interests of the country, it now appears, was a loss even to the speculators themselves. The effort to raise the price of wheat by filling all the elevators and places of storage and holding it while the rest of the world waited anxiously for its arrival, and ships ready to carry it lay idle in port, failed, as it deserved to fail, and the speculators are reported to have lost several million dollars by their operations.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, the English Philosopher, is, it is announced, contemplating making an extensive tour through this country. He is the writer who in his latest work said that the old forms of religious belief were losing their hold on the people, and undertook to provide a substitute. Those Christian people who have studied his system must see how miserable a substitute he provides for the divine scheme as revealed in the Gospel. A striking evidence of the divine origin of the Bible is furnished by the plan Mr. Spencer in his worldly wisdom has devised to save society. In its weakness and incapacity we see the utmost uninspired man can do, and those elements are revealed in every line.

A Public Institution Appears to be Sorely needed in the interest of society in the State of New York. Recorder Smyth and Judge Rufus B. Cowing have recently called attention to a difficulty they and other judges have experienced in the exercise of their judicial functions. A large proportion of the criminals brought up for sentence are females, and this proportion is steadily increasing. It seems probable that the increase is owing to the lack of an institution for females similar to the one for males at Elmira. At present a judge, if he inflicts any punishment on a female criminal, must sentence her to the penitentiary, where she must herd with the most shameless and depraved of her sex. If an institution of a reformatory character existed, where discipline accompanied by kindness and Christian influences reigned, girls convicted of their first offence, who are penitent, might be sent there with the hope of their being improved by the punishment. That such an institution might be hopefully established may be inferred from the fact that while those criminals who are sent to the Elmira Reformatory seldom appear before the judges again, those sent to the prison at Blackwell's Island may be looked for in the dock with confidence soon after their release. There are 20,000 committals to the prison in a year, but as a rule there are only 5,000 persons committed, each one serving an average of *four terms a year.*

Commercial Integrity.—A Fact Deserving of wide publicity is mentioned in the daily journals. Mr. Horace Waters, the head of the eminent firm who deal in Sunday-school music and musical instruments, was compelled some time ago by trade losses to suspend payment, and finally passed the bankruptcy court. It is announced that having recommenced business he has been successful, and has applied his profits to the payment of the debts from which his bankruptcy legally released him. All the creditors have now received the amount of their claims in full.

The Camp-Meetings Held During the Week have been very successful, both as to the numbers attending, and the influence of the services. Services have been held at eight camping grounds in Maryland: Deal's Island, Jackson Grove, Summit Grove, Asbury Grove, Wesley Grove, Woodlawn, Freedom Camp, and Emory Grove. Both at Summit Grove and Wesley Grove the number of persons who came forward to confess Jesus as the result of the meetings was so large as to fill all hearts with thankfulness. At the closing service at Summit Grove the company formed in procession and marched around the camp, about thirty children, who have been converted during this meeting, leading in singing "In the Sweet By and By" and "We are marching to Zion."

Successful union meetings of Methodists and Baptists have been held at Wayland Grove, at Martha's Vineyard. At Ocean Grove also t meetings have been attended by an unprecedent number of persons and a deeply solemn feeli prevailed. August 17th was the greatest d Ocean Grove has ever known. The hotels a cottages were full, and the hundred or mc tents erected during the night were all occupie It was the continuous day service of the cam meeting. Consecration services from 6 to 7 the morning began the day's worship, and n withstanding the early hour and the chilly over 500 persons were present. At 8.30 o'clo Dr. and Mrs. Palmer conducted their holin meeting. The children's meeting in the tab nacle at 2 o'clock was largely attended. A P.M. the Rev. George Hughes delivered a serm in the auditorium. At 6.30 P.M. the Rev. B. Adams conducted *the twilight meeting* in t tabernacle. A congregation of great size lister to a sermon delivered by the Rev. J. M. King the auditorium at 7 P.M. The other meeti held were those of Mrs. Lizzie Smith, and meeting of Christian workers, conducted by L L. and Cassie Smith. As many as 15,000 *p sons attended* the different meetings.

Important Spiritualistic Revelations may looked for. A gentleman named Waite, who l been for many years prominent among Spi ualists and was an assistant of the Davenpor has abjured their doctrines and pretensions, a has commenced a series of lectures on Spiritu ism, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A Boston. Some of the astonishing feats wh have been attributed to the spirits Mr. Wa shows to have been mere conjurer's tricks, d playing wonderful dexterity, but having no c nection with the unseen world. Among th are included some of the wonders Rev. Jos Cook saw and described in his famous lectu Mr. Waite denounces Spiritualism as *a fr throughout.*

Mr. Moody has been Conducting Services Saratoga, which have been attended by an mense concourse of people. On Saturday, gust 14th, he preached in the Town Hall; Sunday morning at the First Presbyte Church, in the afternoon at the Gospel T and in the evening at the Town Hall and at Methodist Church. Three services were held Monday and subsequent days.

In the course of his evening sermon Moody, in alluding to the bereavements pare are sometimes called upon to sustain, said, "J is more than a Teacher. He is a Shepherd, keeps His sheep. He pities, cares for them, keeps them from falling. Sometimes He se poor mother *making an idol* of her child, like the shepherds of Palestine who carry lambs across the streams in their bosoms in der to make the sheep follow, He reaches d and puts the child in His bosom and carries to the hilltops of glory, that the mother again be led in the way."

The Beer-Saloon Nuisance will Probabl abated by a recent decision of the Excise C missioners of Brooklyn. There are now saloons in the city, and they are the caus much drunkenness. The commissioners resolved that the licenses shall not be rene nor any new ones granted, and that for the fu only hotels and taverns will be allowed to pense intoxicating liquors. An organized o sition is threatened on the part of the sal keepers.

A Fatal Accident resulted from Cigar S ing at Mount Joy, Pa., on August 15th. A and gentleman were enjoying a stroll toge the gentleman smoking a cigar. A gust of carried a spark from the cigar to the la dress, which being of a light, thin mat instantly took fire. In her alarm the lady s ed to run, thereby increasing her danger. A tleman driving past, observing her peril, le from his carriage and wrapped her in his tr ling-rug. The flames were easily smothered the lady's injuries were so severe that she the same day.

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church.—One lar received from Mary P. Sheppard, Mount Vern

Half a Century of Dissipation and Prayer s the subject of a short address at a meeting New York last week. The speaker said that fifty years he had lived in sin, the victim of emperance and other deadly vices. All that y years, day by day, his pious mother prayed him and never despaired that her prayers uld be answered. She lived to the age of ety-four, and still there were no signs of her 's reformation; but in the last year of her she had the happiness of seeing him saved m his sins and forgiven through the blood of us. The appetite for strong drink was mer- lly taken away from him, and he presented self as a living instance of the efficacy of er and of the power and mercy of God.

Sunday-School Teacher's Efforts to Save s from becoming criminals have been crowned success in New York. Some time ago he ced in his class two poorly-clad, hungry- ing boys, who appeared remarkably intelli- g. He interested himself in their welfare and ured them situations where they earned er pay than they had hitherto done. He engaged for them a clean, comfortable lodg- and they repaid his kindness in the way he d, by leading reputable lives. Soon, more of the same kind came to his hand, with ar results. He has now organized the boys s befriended, into a club, which they man- themselves. They meet once a week, and t any little friendless boys they have met who ar to be worthy of help. The boys take them e hand, contribute from their own earnings sums to set them up as newsboys or aid in getting employment, and so carry on the work to which they are themselves in- d. It is a remarkable and a hopeful fact, ne that says much for the shrewdness of the that not one case has occurred of a boy so ht into the club ever doing anything after- to discredit it.

Salvation Army Commenced a Campaign icago on August 14th. General Railton hed twice in the open air during the day, the evening held a service in the Pacific n Mission Hall. There appears to be en- ging prospects of success in the city. Some nts connected with the work of the army er places will be found on another page.

Only Drinking Saloon in Neptune Town- N. J., was the scene of an earnest prayer- ng on August 19th. The town a month d not a single place within its limits where was sold, but a man named Grover w succeeded in opening a saloon there. efforts have been made to induce him to uish his attempt, but without avail. Last day, however, ten evangelists who were g at Ocean Grove went to the saloon in a and prayed there for the keeper and his ers. Grover did not raise any opposition proceeding, and the next day went of his cord to Ocean Grove and had a conver- with his visitors of the day before. He eply impressed, and the evangelists believe ere will be no more liquor-selling in his loc

A laimed Man in Ohio has Shown How atly hopeless difficulties may be overcome. s run over by a street car some years d his arms were injured so seriously that geons found it necessary to amputate t the shoulder. Some men so situated ave sunk in despair into the position of , but the injured man possessed indom- nergy. He succeeded by persevering ef- earning to write by holding a pencil with h, and after a time wrote in this way a lly legible hand. He was employed this a census enumerator, and recorded an of two hundred names a day.

am Young's Daughter, whose Conver- m Mormonism was mentioned in a recent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is now at . In an interview with a Christian friend ed that in the home where she lived ere *seventeen wives and forty-two chil-* As to the probability of reform she said: "The law as at present framed is a practical nullity. According to its provisions, unless a polygamous marriage ceremony can be proven within two years, nothing can be done with the offenders. Now the elders and rulers can always fix it so that no marriage ceremony can be proved. The first thing that began to shake my faith in the Mormon Church—for I was a firm believer in their faith—was that I heard several Mormon elders take oath that they knew nothing of any polygamous marriage ceremonies being performed, when they had that very day performed fourteen polygamous marriages in the endowment-house. Until the law is changed so as to make mere proof of living together in polygamous relations a sufficient cause of conviction, the law will be a dead letter. Among a great many Mormon women there is intense anxiety for this, and they are organizing and working against the admission of Utah as a State until polygamy is abolished."

A Minister's Dog Attended Church a Few Sundays ago at Phœnixville, Pa., much to his owner's discomfiture. He succeeded in escaping from confinement while the minister was conducting service, and making his way to the church, took up his station on the platform by his master's side while the sermon was being delivered. He distracted the attention of the congregation by gaping repeatedly, and when the usher after the sermon took the plate to make the collection, he barked furiously and seized the man with his teeth. The minister was obliged to come to the rescue, and eventually conducted the animal out of the church.

A Man met his Death Through Stealing a bunch of grapes on August 16th near Pittsburgh, Pa. He was passing a garden in which grew a vine laden with grapes, and he appropriated one of the bunches. The report states that the wife of the owner saw the theft, and having previously suffered from many similar depredations she followed the stranger and charged him with stealing the grapes. Thereupon an altercation ensued, and the neighbors coming up joined in the quarrel. Soon the man was seen running away, followed by the woman and her friends, who threw stones at him. The man in his alarm plunged into the river and then returned to shore, pleading for mercy. He then again entered the water and swam about two thirds of the way out, when he sank and drowned, the men continuing to stone him until he went under. Probably the excitement of the moment rendered the pursuers oblivious of the man's danger, and they doubtless regret that their anger should have led to his death. It is well that sinful man has to do with a God so long suffering that an appeal for mercy offered in the all-prevailing name of Jesus is never repulsed. (John 6 : 37).

A Dog's Obsequies were Conducted in an ostentatious manner in New York recently. He was a Fifth Avenue dog and had been the pet of the family for nearly twenty years. At his death orders were given to a firm of undertakers to furnish a handsome casket, and the canine remains were laid therein covered with *a mantle of white satin* ornamented with ribbons. The casket was placed in a hearse and removed, six carriages following, to the cemetery and deposited in the family vault. This ceremony took place in a Christian country, in the nineteenth century, and in a city where hundreds of human beings are dying for lack of the means of life.

In the Military School at West Point Regular weekly prayer-meetings are held. Dr. Irenæus Prime visited the academy recently, and says: "In one of the society halls a meeting for prayer is held on one evening during the week, and the average attendance is forty. It is not probable that so large a number would be found at a week-night prayer meeting in a scientific college. Another meeting of the same kind is held every Sabbath evening, when nearly twice that number is present. There is probably less gambling, profane swearing, and other vices, among the cadets than in most educational institutions with an equal number of pupils."

TO-DAY! TO-DAY! TO-DAY!

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart."—PSALM 95 : 7, 8.

A Warning Voice to the Unbelieving and Disobedient—I. The Time Specified—1. A Time of Obligation — 2. Of Opportunity — 3. A Time Limited—A Sick Man in Berlin Startled by a Whispered Warning—His Remarkable Conversion and that of his Physician—4. A Time of Promise—II. The Voice to be Regarded—The Voice of God, a Voice of Authority—Of Love—Of Power—A Pitiful Story—A Pledging Voice—The Herbs of Sicily—III. The Evil to be Dreaded—A Serious Evil—A Challenge to Write—A Greater Sin in Some than in Others—Many Ways of Committing it—"Sweet Sin Hold"—Queen Elizabeth's Dying Cry.

THIS Psalm is a burst of praise. It resounds with the joyful noise of hearty thanksgiving unto Jehovah, and yet ere it closes you hear the solemn tones of exhortation to men to hearken to the voice of their God. Alas, that it should be true, but true it is, that the Canaanite still dwells in the midst of Israel. In every gathering of the faithful there is an admixture of those who know not the ways of God. When Israel came out of Egypt, *a mixed multitude* came forth with the people of God; that mixed multitude did them great damage, and often brought them under great sin, and consequent sorrow, but they were always there; and they are always here too, in the church and around it, dishonoring us by their evil behavior.

Such characters are here this morning, and it is well for us to know the fact; it is well for us *to examine ourselves*, whether we belong to this class, and whether the words before us may not be addressed to ourselves—"If ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." But supposing us to have hearkened to the Lord ourselves, and to have found peace like a river in consequence, it is well for us to think of those who are sitting side by side with us who are living in unbelief, that we may bless God the more for distinguishing grace manifested to ourselves, and that we may offer our earnest prayers for them all through the service, that God may bring them to His feet, and save them by His grace.

Let us come at once to the text. The simple plan of our speaking this morning shall at once be laid before you. We have here, first, *a time specified*—the Holy Ghost saith "to-day"; secondly, *a voice to be regarded*—"If ye will hear His voice;" and then, thirdly, *an evil to be dreaded*, against which we are warned—"harden not your heart." There is a sad tendency in man to harden his heart even when God speaks, therefore saith the Holy Ghost to us, "Harden not your heart, as in the provocation."

I. First, then,

THE TIME SPECIFIED.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice" This is the uniform time and tense of the Holy Ghost's exhortations. He saith nothing about to-morrow, except to forbid our boasting of it, since we know not what a day shall bring forth.

1. "To-day" is *a time of obligation*. Every man is under a present necessity, as a subject of God, to obey his Lord to-day, and having rebelled against his God, every sinner is under law to repent of sin to-day. "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out," is the cry of Scripture to every one who has sinned against the Most High. (Acts 3 : 19.)

What if I should repent to-morrow, yet it will be a sin to remain impenitent to-day. What if I should believe in Christ next year, yet will it be a heinous offence to have been an unbeliever this year. I have no more right to continue to disobey than I ever had to disobey at all. When the law has been broken, it is still binding, and every fresh offence against it is reckoned to our charge. We are bound to confess and forsake sin now, and delay increases our sin.

I met with *a striking sentence* in the works of William Mason which is well worthy to be written among your memoranda: "Every day of delay leaves a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in." What if this day shall be the last I live; shall it be spent in refusing to hear the word of my Maker? Shall my last breath be spent in rejecting my Saviour? God forbid! I see that I am bound as His creature to obey Him, and as His sinful creature to seek pardon of Him; help me, therefore, blessed Spirit, to attend to these things this day without delay.

2. Remember, also, that to-day is *a time of opportunity.* There is this day set before us an open door of approach to God. This is a very favored day, for it is the Lord's day, the day of rest, consecrated to works of grace. To-day our Lord Jesus rose and left the dead that He might declare the justification of His people.

With some of you it is *a time of choice opportunity*, for you are in good health, and possess the powers of clear connected thought. How much better is such a day than the gloomy period when you will lie sick and near to death! That poor brain will be distracted with a thousand cares and fears, how will you then be able to grasp the solemn truths of revelation for the first time? It is ill to be setting your house in order at the moment you are leaving it. You may have enough to do even to draw your breath, while those who watch you will need to wipe the clammy sweat from your brow: it will be a poor time for these weighty matters then. It may be you will be low, or faint, or delirious, and it will be hard to be without God then.

Many have said to me when *I have seen them dying*, "If I had a Christ to find now what should I do?" Do avail yourselves, dear hearers, of the time when your reason is yet upon its hinges, and the windows of your minds can yet admit the light. Seek ye the Lord while yet your health is continued to you. The day of strength should not be wasted, nor should our youth be thrown away, but while vigor lasts we should press into the kingdom. To-day, then, listen, for to-day is an opportune time.

Remember, also, that you are sitting in the place where God has saved thousands of souls; and you are listening to one who, though in himself utterly unworthy, God has used for bringing many to Himself. Perhaps you have come from some distant part of the country where the preaching has not been a power to your soul; the very change and novelty of the minister's voice may be helpful to you, and you may this day be more inclined to attend to the Gospel than you have been on other occasions; it is therefore a time of opportunity. Hoist sail while the wind blows.

3. Remember how Paul tells us plainly that it is

A TIME LIMITED.

He says "Again he limiteth a certain day, saying in David, to-day if ye will hear His voice." To-day will not last forever; a day is but a day. When days are longest, shadows fall at last and night comes on. How many lives are extinguished as a candle is suddenly blown out. This thought ought to make us listen to the divine voice which cries—"to-day," "to-day." The thought of death has often brought men to decision.

They tell us in the old histories that Peter Waldo, *a certain eminent merchant*, had lived a thoughtless, careless life, but as he walked the streets of Lyons his friend, who was apparently in good health, fell dead at his side, and Waldo at once sought the Lord, believed the Gospel, and preached it to others. According to certain writers he became the founder of that wonderful people the Waldensians, who maintained the truth of God through many a century when the whole earth was covered with Papal darkness.

Oh, that some of you would become so conscious of your own frailty as to perceive that you are standing on the brink of everlasting woe: thus may you be moved to seek your God at once, and find your Saviour to-day. Reflections upon death have often driven men to Christ, and so have wrought life in them by the blessing of the Holy Spirit.

In a book entitled "Wonders of Grace," by a Primitive Methodist minister, I met with *a story* which pleased me much. A young man in Berlin who was sick with fever was attended lovingly by a young doctor who was his bosom friend. He lived in apartments. His careful friend ordered him to be moved into the darkest part of the room, because the sunlight was too much for his eyes. It was a singular providence that the bed should be pushed close against the wall, which was only a thin partition separating the apartment from the room in which lived the landlord of the house.

While the sick man lay there, possibly with his mind somewhat wandering in the fever, he was astonished to hear a voice whisper in his own tongue a verse which may be translated thus:—

"To-day thou livest yet,
To-day turn thee to God;
For ere to-morrow comes
Thou mayst be with the dead."

Some other words followed which he did not hear so well, but presently in a louder voice he heard the words repeated.

Over and over again those same words were whispered or spoken close to the spot where his ear was lying. It so impressed him that, when his young friend the physician asked him how he was, he looked at him earnestly, and replied—

"To-day thou livest yet,
To-day turn thee to God;
For ere to-morrow comes
Thou mayst be with the dead."

The physician took his hand and said, "Your pulse is better, but if it were not for that I should think you worse, for you are evidently raving." To this he received no answer but a repetition of the lines. He could get nothing out of his patient but that verse, spoken with an awe-struck look and thrilling voice.

The young physician went home thoughtful, and when he came next time he found his friend much better, sitting up in bed, reading the Scriptures. *The two sought and found the Saviour*, for those warning words had drawn them across the boundary line, and made them decide for God and for His Christ. How came the lines to have thus sounded in the sick man's ears? Was it a dream? Did an angel pronounce the warning? No; it was a little boy who had failed to repeat his lesson to his father, and had been made to stand in the corner, with his face to the wall, till he knew the lines. He was saying his task over and over to himself in order to fix it on his memory, and God was using his voice through the partition to bring a heart to Himself.

How various are the methods of mercy! Dear hearer, there may be something quite as odd, and yet as ordinary, about your being here this morning: some simple circumstance may have stranded you on these shores, where love waits to bless you. May the Lord impress you with the fact that the day of grace is limited.

4. A word, however, of encouragement before we leave this point: it is *a time of promise*, for when God saith to a man, Come to me at such a time, He by that very word makes an engagement to meet him. One asked me this morning, "When can I call upon you?" I said, "At ten o'clock next Tuesday." Of course, I shall then be ready to receive him if nothing unforeseen prevents. I should not have made the appointment for him to come if I had meant to refuse him when he comes; and when God saith, "Hear my voice to-day," He means that He will meet you and speak with you to-day.

David said to Solomon, "If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee." This is true of thee, dear hearer, if thou wilt see Him to-day. He has made no appointment with thee to meet with thee to-morrow, but He has engaged to speak with thee to-day, if thou wilt hear His voice. Never shall one wait and say, like young Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," without God's speaking in words of love ere long. There is so much to encourage in the text that I would fain hope and pray that many of my dear hearers who have never sought the
Lord will at this moment cry, "The time pa
shall suffice me to have wrought the will of t
flesh, and now to-day, let others do as they w
as for me and my house, we will serve the Lo
and seek His face."

II. Secondly, let us think of

THE VOICE TO BE REGARDED.

"To-day if ye will hear *His* voice." Pl
the emphasis upon the word HIS. I thank G
there often is a force in the love of believers
their friends; but if in our case there is none
you think our appeals too insignificant, yet I
seech you listen to the voice of God, for sur
His voice may not be slighted: to-day hear
His voice, for indeed the Gospel is *His* voice.

Remember that the voice of God is *the voic*
authority. God has a right to speak to y
shall the creature refuse to hear the Creat
Shall those who are nourished and fed by H
turn a deaf ear to the Preserver of men? W
He saith "to-day," who among us shall dar
say that he will not hearken to-day, but by
by? It is disobedience on the part of a c
when he says to his father "I will not obey
to-day." He might as well say "I will disc
you," for that is what he means.

If you had a summons from the court to
tend at such an hour, would you send a mes
to say that it was not convenient, but you w
attend at your own pleasure? If the Queen
to command you into her presence at such
hour, I warrant that you would be there be
the time rather than after it. It is an insu
superiors when we take no notice of their
pointed times, but keep them waiting our
and pleasure.

The Lord has a right to fix his own tim
doing deeds of grace and favor. He is gi
away His free mercy to undeserving objects
if He says, "I will open the gates to-day, a
will answer prayer to-day," it will be the h
of impertinence if we reply, "Thou must
my time. Go Thy way: when I have a
convenient season I will send for Thee." *I*
to wait as a lackey upon you? You deserve
wrath, will you slight His love? He spea
amazing tenderness, will you exhibit astou
hardness? Be not so daring, so profane, so
as to talk of delay when the divine messag
such stress on your immediate attention, sa
"To-day if ye will hear His voice."

If this strain should not affect the consc
let me try another. The voice here spoken
the voice of love. How wooing are its t
The Lord in Holy Scripture speaks of merc
of pardon bought with blood, the blood
dear Son. O man, He calls you to Him
that He may slay you, but that He may
you. He does not summon you to a p
but He invites you to a banquet. God s
not as judge, but as father; not as from
but from Calvary: "Come now, and let
son together, saith the Lord; though you
be as scarlet, they shall be as white as s
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are
laden, and I will give you rest."

Remember, too, that this is *the voice of*
This is a sweet thought for those of you w
without strength. You will perhaps s
cannot turn unto God;" but *He* can tur
You lament that you cannot feel as you
wish: He can give you every gracious f
God's voice alone created the world, He
the universe out of nothing, and when da
enwrapped it He said, "Light be," and
was; He who spake thus in nature ca
speak in grace, and work salvation in you
text warns you against hardening your
and if you will listen to the voice of God
soften your heart.

It is *a pitiful story* I once heard told of
man sitting alone with his little gran
Taking the little child on his knee he sai
boy, seek the Lord betimes; seek Him
"Grandpa," said he, "have you sought
"No, child," he said, "no." "But, g
should you not seek Him?" The o
shook his head and sadly answered, "I
child, but my heart is hard: my heart

There was a time ;" and then the old man wept. Oh, but if such an old man be here, I say to him, there was a time and there *is* a time, for even now, though your heart be hard, is there not the promise, "I will take away the heart of stone out of their flesh, and I will give them a heart of flesh ?" Old man, the Holy Ghost saith still, "To-day, to-day ;" and he that saith "to-day" can make to-day for thee a day of tenderness and melting, till you will be no longer like a stone. How often have I felt the power of that verse—

"Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart ;
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found."

The Lord put that new song into all your mouths.

The voice of God, let me add now, to close this point, ought to be heard because it is

A PLEDGING VOICE.

God, by calling you, pledges Himself that He will hear you if you come. When He saith to you, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die ?" He pledges Himself that you shall not die if you urn to Him. When He saith, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found," He doth, as it were, covenant that He will be found of you. Listen, then, to His promising voice, His cheer-ng voice : it will cast all unbelieving fear out of ou, and drive away Satan better than David's arp drove the evil spirit out of Saul. God help ou so to do.

Diodorus Siculus says that in Sicily the herbs re sometimes so odoriferous, and in certain aces there are such thick beds of them, that hen hounds pass through them they lose the ent, and I fear that in some men's lives there re so many vanities, so much love of the world, many poisonous flowers, in fact, that they se scent of things eternal, if they ever had any. et what will it profit you if you gain the world d lose your souls ?

III. Now comes our third point, and as time esses we must speak in condensed words of

THE EVIL TO BE DREADED.

Harden not your hearts :" *there is no need,* ey are hard enough already. "Harden not ur hearts :" *there is no excuse,* for why should u resist love ? "Harden not your hearts :" ere can be no good in it ; a man is the less a an in proportion to his loss of tenderness of art. To do good, man needs the help of grace, t to do ill, he needs no aid, and if he did, the vil is there to lend it to him right speedily. "Harden not your hearts," for this will be your n ; it is suicide of soul.

For, first, *it will be a serious evil if you do.* harden the heart in this case is to harden it ainst God. The voice is that of the Lord of sts. Be astonished, O heavens, God is speak- in boundless grace, and the man is harden- his heart in the presence of God ! Under sound of love's entreaties, within ear-shot of rcy's imploring tones, the sinner is hardening heart. Sad work to harden one's heart inst one's own welfare ! Shall any man do and go unpunished ? What think you ?

re you resolved to be lost ? If so, then there ne thing I would like you to do, and that is, ut it in writing. I would, daring as it seems ne, challenge you to *write out your covenant hell.* I would have you look yourself in face and say, "I have surrendered myself to e of sin, and I am resolved to take the con-ences, and to die an enemy to God." If you put that in black and white I feel persuaded will start back from it and say, "It must be." But you answer, "No, I could not e it." Then wherefore do it ? Perhaps this ning one more obstinate fit will end all our of you ; one more holding of conscience e throat until it turns *black in the face* with grip may be the final action that shall de- your future, and you will never be troubled n by compunction or conviction. Ah me, if ould come to this that you will henceforth glide down without a jerk into the bottomless pit ! God forbid it. Oh, Almighty Spirit, suffer it not to be so with any here ! To harden the heart is a great evil.

And *it is a greater sin,* let me say next, *in some than in others,* for the Scripture quotes the instance of Israel. The Holy Ghost says, "As in the provocation, when your fathers tempted me and saw my works forty years." Some of you are the highly privileged as compared with others. Look at the multitudes that live in our back streets and courts and alleys, who never heard the Gospel, were never trained to go to the house of prayer, and who live and die ignorant of it !

How much better your lot ! Many of you cannot recollect when you first came to a place of worship ; you were brought here when you were children ; you know the Gospel thoroughly, though you know it not in your hearts : what guilt must be yours to sin against such light and such special advantages ! Some of you have often been warned ; you have frequently *twisted about on those seats* most uneasily ; you have gone home and you could not eat ; you have felt you must turn, but you have not done so ! You are as careless as ever. "He that, being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

Certain of you have also *been chastened;* you have had a great deal of trouble ; you have lost your dearest friend, or you have been sick yourself, and been forced to look into eternity, and see how dark it is. On your weary bed you moaned in spirit—

"Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity."

Yet affliction has had no good effect upon you. "Why should ye be stricken any more ? ye will revolt more and more." Already you are as ill as you can be ; the whole head is sick with sorrow, and the whole heart faint with grief ; you have bruises and sores to-day as the result of God's chastening. Will you revolt more and more ? Will you still offend ?

Ay, and on the other hand, some of you have been greatly *indulged by God :* you have all that heart could wish. He has prospered you in business beyond your expectation ; He has made you happy in your wife and in your children ; He has set a hedge about you and all that you have, and yet you are not His. Oh, why can you stand out against love when she multiplies her favors ? I pray and beseech you, by the love of our dear God, treat Him not so ill, but confess your fault, and seek His face.

I know some, too, who have had hard *struggles of conscience,* and are having them now. Which way they will turn I know not. May God cast the weight of the cross into the scale and decide them for heaven !

I must beg your further attention a minute while I say that this great sin, *this dreadful sin, can be committed in a great many ways.* Only one thing can soften the heart, and that is the blood of Christ applied by the Holy Spirit ; but

FIFTY THINGS CAN HARDEN THE HEART.

I shall tell you what others do, but I beseech you not to emulate them—"Harden not your hearts."

Some harden their hearts by *a resolution not to feel :* they set their faces like flints and resolve to shake off the word. I recollect preaching once when my host disappeared on a sudden about the middle of the sermon, and I noticed that a friend who had travelled there with me disappeared too. Afterward I found out the reason. I said, "What made So-and-so go out ?" He said, "I guessed what it was, and I went after him, and he said to me, '*Mr. Spurgeon handles me like a piece of India-rubber*, and shapes me as he likes. If I stop in there I shall be converted, and that will never do, and therefore I slipped out.'"

Ah me, many fly from their best friend. While they are plastic they are afraid of being cast into the right mould. Some of you are very much like plaster of Paris, or other cement, which will take any shape while it is soft ; but oh, how quick it sets, and there is no altering it. If you are somewhat affected this morning, do not resist the feeling, but give the full assent and consent of your heart to it. Who knows ? You may now be saved.

Many harden their hearts by delay, by not yielding to-day, by wishing still to wait. Hundreds harden their hearts by pretended doubts, by making foolish criticisms and cavilling remarks. They talk about the speaker's mode of utterance, and they get their conscience quiet by remembering a false pronunciation or an ungrammatical sentence ; or else they say, "We cannot be sure of it ; Professor Wiseman says differently." Ah, yes ; but if infidel professors are cast into hell, their learned observations will not comfort you when you perish in their company. Look to your own souls, and let the professors see to theirs.

Some of these literary and scientific men will have a great deal to answer for ; they gain their eminence by daring to say presumptuous words which better men tremble to hear, and unbelieving souls welcome their wickedness. I have small respect for these advocates of Satan, these *decoy-birds of the destroyer.* I charge you, do not pretend to be unbelievers if you are not, nor invent doubts for the mere sake of pacifying your consciences.

Too many silence their consciences by getting into evil company, and by running into silly amusements, all intended to kill time and prevent thought upon divine things. A number of people harden their hearts by indulging a favorite sin. There is a man here who knows the Gospel well, and I thought that he was saved ; but he loves the intoxicating cup, he drinks every now and then till he is drunken, and that one sin is destroying him, though in other respects he is a fine fellow. As sure as he lives he will commit that folly once too often, and perish miserably. Oh, that God would create sincerity in him, and make his heart weep instead of his eyes !

Darling sins are sure destroyers. We must give up sin, or give up hope of heaven. John Bunyan, in his Holy War, describes

"SWEET-SIN HOLD"

as a favorite fortress of Satan, which long held out against the Prince Immanuel. Oh that we could raze it to the ground ! I cannot go into further detail ; but, oh, how many things may be used to harden the heart.

This sin will bring with it the most fearful consequences. Harden not your heart, for by such conduct the last opportunity of entering into the divine rest may pass away. "He sware in his wrath, They shall not enter into my rest !" You wish to rest at last, you long to rest even now. But it cannot be till you yield to God. You are not at peace now, and you never will be if you harden your hearts. God is gently drawing some of you this morning ; I can feel that He is doing so. May God the Holy Spirit lead you to yield your heart to Jesus Christ at this very time, for, if not, there will surely come one of these days a last time in which you will feel, and you will after that be given up to a conscience seared as with a hot iron, never to feel again.

Bethink you in what plight you will be when you come to die without Christ. How would you like to die like Queen Elizabeth, of whom history tells us that she would not go to bed, she would have cushions on the floor ; for if she went to bed she would die, and she could not bear the thought ? This was her frequent cry, "Call time again ! Call time again ! Call time again ! A world of wealth for an inch of time ! *Call time again !*" Her Majesty, whom you have seen tricked out with all her ruffs and farthingales, and the like, all haggard and in deshabille upon the ground, shrieked out, "Call time again ! A world of wealth for an inch of time !" May God grant that such may never be your lot ; for if you so die—there is a something after death more awful still. Escape for thy life ! To-day, if thou wilt hear His voice, harden not thine heart. Amen.

JOHN BARLOW'S TRANSFORMATION.

A Temperance Story.

John Barlow's Habits Induce Poverty and Sickness—To obtain Drink he Steals a Boy's Money—His Daughter Kittie Sells some Work of her Mother's to Procure Food—The Child's Story is Followed by a Happy Sequel.

THE door-latch was slowly raised, and a tall, dark man entered. His clothes were worn, even ragged. His shoes were old, and a hat which could hardly be called a covering was upon his head. Let us take a peep in the room which he calls his home. One room, in an old tenement, on the top floor. A table, which is propped up by a broom-handle, as one leg is missing. The stove is so worn as hardly to be able to retain the fire (when there is one), of which it is guiltless to-day. One chair and a stool, also a large block of wood which can be used as a seat, and when Mrs. Barlow sits up it is used as a foot-rest. A bed of straw in one corner on a low bedstead, the only decent piece of furniture in the room. And well it is that this one relic of a once happy home has been retained, as poor Mrs. Barlow has been an invalid for months, and has had to lie in bed most of the time.

Hers, like many another woman's, was once comfortable, even luxurious, and now—but this is *a picture of a drunkard's home.* The man walked slowly toward the bed, seated himself, and said:

"Mary, how do you feel now?"

The invalid raised her eyes to his face, and was about to answer, when something in the man's countenance arrested her attention, and the color rushed into her poor wan cheeks and the tears came into her eyes, as she said, "John, where did you get it?"

"Oh, Mary, I had to have it—curses on the men who sell it. If some one would put me where I never could see or smell it, perhaps I could give up this dreadful habit of drink." And the man groaned in his agony.

"But where did you get the money to obtain this, John?" said his wife.

He evaded the question by saying, "Mary, I know you are sick and hungry, I know I ought to have bought food for you and our child with it, but I could not pass that vile place. Oh, God, forgive me!"

"John, I pray for you every day," she said.

"Mary, I am not worth a thought. See what I have brought you to. Who could have foreseen this in our youth? *Oh! if I had never taken the first glass!*" And the man laid his head down and wept.

The poor, sick wife placed her hand gently on his arm, and said, "John, my husband, pray for yourself, as I have prayed for you; God will hear you, and help you to overcome this dreadful habit."

The man sprang to his feet and said, "Mary, don't touch me, I am too vile." He was going toward the door when his wife said, "Stay with me, John; I do not like to be alone." He seated himself in moody silence.

Presently a light step was heard, and a little girl, of about nine years, entered the room. She had a sweet face, pinched by want and care, but the calm blue eyes looked right into yours in such a manner as to win the hearts of all who saw her.

She bounded forward, kissed her mother, put her arms around her father, and said, "Mother, I have sold it," and she lighted up with joy. "So I bought some bread and a little tea; just for you, mamma—was that right?" and she took a package from under the thin shawl which she had about her shoulders. She then set about making some tea in a tin cup—the only thing of the kind there was in the house.

Soon a fire was started with a few chips she had gathered at a shop near by. She put a few grains of tea with a little water in the cup, set it on the stove, and in a few moments the savory fumes of the tea filled the room. Then she propped up the darling mother in the bed, and gave her the first meal she had had that day. The wife offered part of the warm tea to her husband, which he took and drank eagerly, and said, "Thank you, Mary, I will stay at home all day to repay you for your kindness to me." The wife's face lighted up with joy, and she offered a silent prayer to God for His blessing.

During the meal the child told *her story* in these words: "Mother, I offered the piece of lace you knitted to a great many people, and no one seemed to want it; when three ladies passed me. I asked God to please tell those ladies to buy it, as we wanted food; and then I said this part of the prayer, 'Please God to give us our daily bread,' and I walked right up to the ladies and asked them to buy it.

"One of them took the lace, looked at it closely and said, 'This recalls my school-days. I remember well when we girls learned to knit lace like this. One of us, sweet Mary Thomas, used to knit it beautifully, and this looks as if it had come out from under her fingers.' So she took the lace, paid me sixpence for it, and then asked me where we lived; and when I told her we were poor, and my mother was sick, she said she would call this afternoon and see you. Mother, you will love that lady, as I did."

When she turned her head to look at her mother, she saw the tears coursing down her cheeks, and said, "Why are you unhappy, mamma?" But the mother said they were tears of joy, as she felt that her prayers were about to be answered.

Early in the afternoon a gentle rap was heard at the door. Kittie hastily opened it, and on the threshold stood the lady who had bought the lace that morning. She patted her cheek, and said, "Ah, here is my little friend." She stepped lightly into the room and crossed to the bed. Holding out her hand to the invalid, she looked closely at her and said, "Can it be you, Mary Thomas? Can it be you? Why, how has it come about? Are you a widow, and so poor?"

"No," said the man who was seated upon the block of wood, in one corner of the room, "but worse, far worse; *she has a drunkard for a husband, and I am that man.*" He said this with a burning cheek and a downcast eye.

The lady talked kindly with Mr. Barlow, and tried to persuade him to think there was a hope for him yet, and said if he reformed, his wife would recover, and they might yet have a happy home.

Mrs. Barlow's old friend and school-fellow, Emily Cary, remained with her several days, and as she was wealthy, some of her wealth was generously employed for her friend's sake and Christ's, and soon the room looked more cheerful and homelike than it had done for many years.

By such good care and nursing Mrs. Barlow soon began to show signs of returning health, and as her husband resolved, by the help of God he would reform, his friend got him a situation as book-keeper in a warehouse where he had years before been a confidential clerk.

* * * * * *

Several years have passed, and we will look at the home now. Kittie is a lovely young woman, she is educated and refined, but her heart always goes out toward the inebriate, and she does what she can for all such unfortunates. She says the man who sells liquor is worse than the one who drinks it.

One evening they were all sitting in their cosey library, both the ladies engaged in some fancy work for a fancy fair, when Kittie said,

"Mother, did I ever tell you of the boy I gave part of my loaf to, that day—years ago—when I sold the piece of lace you had knitted to your friend Mrs. Cary?"

"No, dear," said her mother.

"Well, I met a boy crying bitterly; I stopped and asked him why he cried so. He said he had a penny to get bread, and was running to the shop, when the piece of money dropped out of his fingers, and although he and a tall dark man, who happened to pass by, looked everywhere for it, he could not find it. I felt so sorry for him that I gave him part of my loaf."

While she was speaking, Mr. Barlow raised his head, made a desperate struggle with himself, and said, "I am the man, and the money was spent by me for rum. But it was *the last glass.* I have been years wishing to say this, but had not the courage to debase myself so before those I loved. But I have tried to show my repentance to God by doing what I could for the boy I so much injured. See how drink will debase a man!"

"Who was the boy, father?" asked Kittie, with a suppressed expression in her face.

"Some one whom you know and love," said he; "I hope I have repaired the wrong, for I have taken him as a partner in my business, and am about to give my beloved daughter to his keeping for life."

Kittie threw her arms about her dear father's neck, and said, "My noble father, I thank God that He has led you to forsake the downward path."

"As I do each day, my child. I can never feel humble enough before Him, and I always pray for all such as I was."

PROPHETIC EXPOSITION.

Compiled by Rev. M. Baxter.

(Continued from page 541.)

Mr. Gregory on Daniel and Revelation—Predictions Fulfilled by Napoleon I.—Rev. R. Chester on the Last Franco-Prussian War.

THE REV. J. G. GREGORY, M.A., Incumbent of Park Chapel, Chelsea, London, maintained, in his excellent prophetic lectures, "Earth's Eventide," published in 1862, that the Napoleon Empire is the seventh-eighth or last head of the Apocalyptic Wild Beast. Notwithstanding its overthrow at Sedan, he still expresses his assured belief that it must be re-established, and become the predominating power in Europe at the final crisis of three and a half years; and that thus A NAPOLEON will eventually be the Personal Antichrist. He expressed the following view in his third chapter upon Israel and Antichrist:

"Daniel describes

THE FUTURE ANTICHRIST

in his eighth chapter 'as a king of fierce countenance and understanding dark sentences, who by peace shall destroy many;' and in the eleventh chapter as 'a vile person, coming in peaceably, making a league with Israel (or covenant for seven years, according to Daniel 9 : 27), working deceitfully, afterward taking away the daily sacrifice and setting up the abomination of desolation, and at last coming to his end between the two seas upon the glorious holy mountain;' and 'at that time there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation; and at that time the people written in God's book shall be delivered,' and the first resurrection take place. (See Daniel 8 : 23; 11 : 21 to 45 12 : 1; 9 : 27.)

"Again, in the seventeenth chapter of Revelation, a scarlet woman, who is described as sittin upon the seven hills of Rome—unquestionabl representing the Papacy—is further depicted a seated upon a Wild Beast with seven heads an ten horns. Here we have the Papacy *supporte* by the Roman Empire; owing to its *havin become too weak to support istelf.* An explanatio is then given which makes it very plain that onl the *last headship* of the Wild Beast or empir is the *supporter;* for it says 'The Wild Beas that thou sawest (supporting the scarlet woman was and is not and shall ascend out of the abys and they that dwell on the earth shall wonde when they behold the Wild Beast that was and i not and yet is.' But what have we here? Dynasty, rising into power, then passing away and then rising again.

"We know the Dynasty which ROSE TO POWER and at the beginning of this century laid hand on the Roman Imperial throne. In 1809 the temporal sovereignty of Rome, and of the States of the Church, was seized by Napoleon I., who divided the States into departments, to be governed by French officers, and he conferred on his infant son (afterward called Napoleon II.) the title of King of Rome. This dynasty STILL (in 1862) holds the sceptre, and has control at Rome. In this connection it is noteworthy that NAPOLEONTI, the Greek dative dedicatory form of writing *Napoleon*, spells out the number 666, according to the value of its letters as figures.

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. M Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by mai *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, an Description of Approaching Events," with two map and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* contai valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on the events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

"This dynasty is to be joined by ten kings, and they are to unite together to consume the Papacy after supporting it, and to make war with the Lamb. They are to conspire to cast out of the world ALL RELIGION except the idol-worship—the worship of the Last Head of the Roman Empire—which he will set up in the temple of God at Jerusalem, where he will show himself that 'he is God.'

"He will have made a covenant for seven years and broken it in the midst of that period; for after the covenant has been made and the Jews brought to their land under his protection, and their temple and sacrificial rites restored, he is in the midst of the seven years to cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease: after which there will remain three and a half years (*a time, times, and half a time*) for the full display of all the terrors of his Antichristian dominion and unparalleled idolatry: but at last he shall come to his end, and none shall help him.

"Independently then of the help we might derive from the prophetic dates, we can perceive without *much* room for doubt, if any, from what quarter we must look for

THE LAST WILFUL KING,

he Personal Antichrist. It is evident that he ertains to the EIGHTH DYNASTY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Therefore we may safely hink we are not *very* far from that Great Day vhen every believer shall behold his Lord."

The Rev. R. Chester, M.A., Rector of Midlleton, Cork, Ireland, author of some prophetial essays, published an article in April, 1871, of which the following forms a part:

"It has been imagined by some few persons hat the course and results of

THE LATE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

ave falsified the expectations formed by many tudents of prophecy as to the prominent posi- on to be occupied by the Napoleon Empire as ie presumptive seventh head of the Roman mpire. Upon this point, however, it is my be- ef that recent events have *strengthened* rather ian *diminished* the probability of some one of ie Napoleonic dynasty being ultimately de- eloped into the position of the future Personal ntichrist or last head of the Roman Empire.

"Every aspect of our times is calculated to eepen the conviction that the world is rapidly istening onward to the great crisis of the day the Lord, which shall come upon mankind at rge like the thief in the night; and when they e mutually exclaiming peace and safety, then all they be overwhelmed by sudden destruc- n, as were the Antediluvians by the Deluge.

"But before the storm bursts in all its fierce- ss during the final great tribulation of three d a half years, there will previously be the inslation and ascension of all watchful and iting Christian believers to meet the Lord in e heavens at the first stage of His advent; then ll be fought the tremendous war in heaven ainst Satan and all his angels, casting them wn to the surface of the earth; and the fear- announcement will be made—'Woe to the habiters of the earth, and of the sea, for the il is come down unto you, having great ath, because he knoweth that he hath but a ort time.'

Forthwith Satan will energize and endow h supernatural power the Cæsar of the Last ys—the head of a revived Roman Empire— d will raise him up as the Imperial Antichrist, make war with the saints for forty-two nths, and to exercise authority over all kinds and tongues and nations. (See Rev. 12 and 13.) This will be '*The time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, even unto that same time—no, nor ever shall be—and except those days were shortened no flesh should be saved.*' (Dan. 12 : 1 ; Matt. 24 : 21.) At the end of this period Christ will destroy His enemies at the Battle of Armageddon, and commence. His millennial reign of 1000 years. (Rev. 19, 20)."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Progress of the Work.

THE following incidents, illustrating the difficulties the Salvation Army has to contend with in prosecuting its mission, are extracted from *The Salvation News*, a weekly sheet, price two cents, which gives an account of the proceedings of the army here and in Europe. It may be had from Mr. G. S. Railton, 45 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A DISTURBER CONVERTED.

One of the converts says: "I thought I would write to you and tell you how I was reclaimed by means of the Salvation Army. I used to come into the meetings to disturb them. All this time I was feeling bad on account of my sins. One night, the night of my conversion, I was *cutting up worse than usual* and having a good deal of fun, when the Spirit of the Lord touched my heart. I was melted to tears. These were tears of joy to me. I have been four weeks nearly in this good way, and I praise the Lord it was the four happiest weeks of my life, and I mean to keep on this way until death, and then glory, shall finish what grace has begun."

A PHILADELPHIA DRUNKARD.

A lady said the other night in Philadelphia, "Although I do not belong to your army, I have seen something of it in New York, and I am with you with all my heart. I've been to the Grand Union Hall, one evening, and saw a poor man there who seemed as if he had been steeped in rum, and as though his face were dyed with it. I watched him during the meeting, and when they sang,

"'Can a poor drunkard come to Jesus,'

and

"'This old time religion,
'Tis good for the drunkard.'

he shook upon his seat so that he could hardly sit still.

"A few nights later I was there again, and saw the same man looking so altered, sitting upon the platform, happy in Jesus, and heard him speak."

ALL BUT THE QUID.

At one of the meetings a man said: "I have been singing, 'My *all* is on the altar,' and all is not on—it's all on, *all but the quid!*" The captain brought him forward, and he threw his quid on the floor, and then threw himself afresh into the fountain, and was made whole.

Others gave up quids and *idols of various sorts*, and stepped into full liberty.

One man said, "I give up all, I lay myself on the altar, and I feel God accepts me, and I must be holy."

Another said, "Thank God, I am saved from that last bit of the devil, and Jesus comes and fills my soul. Bless Him! He does come in. I am His, and I will serve Him."

While we were singing,

"To get this blest washing I all things forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,"

we heard a noise, and when we looked we saw *a pipe, tobacco, twist, and tobacco-box lying on the floor*, which had been thrown away by two young men who were kneeling at the form, seeking a full salvation. Soon they were joined by another, who, throwing away his pipe, said, "O Lord, you have helped me to give up the drink, now I believe you will help me to give up tobacco." We all rejoiced and shouted together, because the blood was applied, and we were made "whiter than snow."

AFTER TEN YEARS.

"It's ten years since I put my foot inside a church," said one who came to the lecture hall of the church that afternoon: but ere he left the place he bowed to God, confessing his sins with a flood of tears, and promising to come again. He had listened in the open air many a time, and had done all he could to protect the sisters when others would have abused them. But he now felt in all its bitterness the hardness of the transgressor's road himself.

AN ATTACK IN A HORSE CAR.

As Mrs. Shirley [an officer in the Salvation Army] was riding in a horse-car, she noticed sitting opposite her a woman who appeared to be in some fatal disease, and nearing the grave. Just as distinctly as evangelist Philip heard it some years ago, Mrs. S. heard the voice of the Lord saying: "Go speak to that woman about her soul.' "Have you given your heart to God?" she asked her.

"No," was the sad reply; "I should like to; but I don't know the way."

She was told of Him who is the way, and promised to seek Him without delay.

Two weeks later she sent for Mrs. Shirley, who, on going to her address, found her ill in bed. Once more Mrs. S. told her of the way of salvation, and she listened with the greatest eagerness, and then, although she had been confined to bed entirely for two days, she rose up in bed, clasped her hands and said:

"*Please, Lord, save me before I go to sleep.*"

She then joined Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Reynolds in singing,

"He takes me as I am,"

and while she sang realized God's salvation so fully, that she shouted aloud for joy.

A change of air was tried for the poor woman, but she continued rapidly to sink into the grave. But at the last she said: "My pathway is brightly lit up. All is well. Oh, tell Mrs. Reynolds I'm on my way to glory."

Mr. Railton writes:

YOU WILL FIND US AT

	Stations.
"PHILADELPHIA, PA.	6
NEW YORK	2
NEWARK, N. J.	1
CAMDEN, N. J.	1
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.	1

"The above are the whole of the present stations of The Salvation Army in America, and we shall be obliged for early information of any case in which the name of the army is used by persons not connected with it. We hail with delight the entry of any number of laborers into the field. But, at the same time, it is not right that by the use of our name we should be made to appear responsible for the sayings and doings of persons over whom we have no control."

The following is *the programme* of Sunday services at most of the stations:

Prayer-meeting, 7-8.30; open air, 10; indoors, 11-12.30; open-air, 1.45; indoors, 3-5—often later then five o'clock; open-air, 6.30; indoors, 7.30-11, quite as often later as earlier than eleven o'clock.

A report of the work of the army

IN GREAT BRITAIN

says: "We are holding 120,000 mentings per year, and God is still opening the way for us in all directions. In Ireland, from the first Saturday to the first Tuesday there, 170 were brought to the feet of Jesus. Londonderry is opened, and this week three more towns. God is also using Mrs. Booth to speak and tell the glad tidings to rich folks, and 'tis no strange thing to see twenty or thirty people, *clad in silks and satins*, kneeling at the penitent form; also, to see the same people marching in the open-air down Oxford Street, London."

The Second Volume of The Christian Herald, comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec., 1879), may be procured, elegantly bound in cloth, at this office. Price $1.75.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

By the Author of "Saved at Sea."

Two Letters.

It has often seemed very strange to me, that in moments of great anxiety or trouble, when our minds and our hearts are stretched to the uttermost, we notice with the keenest perception every little object around us. Each moving leaf, each nodding flower, catches our attention, and, years afterward, we can remember, as distinctly as if it were yesterday, how everything looked in those sorrowful moments, when our minds were filled with thoughts of things and people far away.

There is one day in my life, which stands out from among the past as a day above all others to be remembered by me. And, as I look back to it, I see myself a girl of nineteen, sitting at my bedroom window, lost in thought and perplexity!

I can see the garden just as it looked as I gazed out into it that afternoon—our quaint, old-fashioned garden, with its hedge of laurel bushes, and the large elm trees at the end of it, with the flickering light and shade underneath. I can see the rabbits from the plantations round, nibbling the grass on the lawn; and I can hear the trickling of the stream, which ran by the side of the house, in which Claude, and Maggie, and I used to float our boats, in the happy days when we were children. And now the old home must be left for ever, for Maggie and I had not a penny in the world!

Our father had been the doctor in the village. It was a very poor place, and the people had never any money to spare. My father was too kind-hearted to press for payment, when he saw how hard it was for them to live; and so the years went by, and although his practice was large, he saved very little money. But even this small amount never came to us, for just before his death the bank in which it was placed suddenly failed, and so, when he was gone, Maggie and I were penniless!

Maggie was much younger than I was; she was my half sister, and her mother died three weeks after she was born. She committed her little baby to me, when she knew that she must leave it; and from that day I became, as far as I was able, a mother to Maggie.

I was a very little mother, for I was only seven years old; but a feeling of great responsibility and trust came over me, as I left the room where my step-mother was dying. I crept up to the nursery, and stroked the baby's face very gently, and felt as if she belonged to me from that moment.

And now, Maggie and I were left without a penny in the world. For Maggie it was not of so much consequence. A letter had come from her old maiden aunts, her mother's sisters, to insist upon her going at once to live with them in the old manor house at Branston. Maggie would be happy, and cared for there; that was a great relief to my mind. Poverty and hardship would not cross the path of my little sister, and I was more than content that it should be so.

But there was no such home in prospect for me. Maggie's aunts were, of course, not related to me, and my mother had been a friendless orphan, so I had no one to take compassion on me. Separated from the old home, separated from Maggie, life looked very cheerless to me in prospect.

My mind was full of trouble and of perplexity, for on the table before me lay two letters, which must be answered before evening, and upon the answer to these letters would hang all my future life.

I sat at my bedroom window, not knowing what to do. The clock ticked on, the hands were moving round, and my letters were still unanswered.

It was then, that, as I gazed into the garden, every tiny object was imprinted on my mind. And I can remember that, as I was sitting there the sun went behind a bank of heavy clouds, and all was gloomy and dismal in a moment. The rabbits ran back to their holes, the sunbeams fled from the lawn, the wind whistled drearily in the chimneys of the old house, and flapped the branches of the climbing rose-tree against my bedroom window. It seemed to me then very like the cloud which had come across my hitherto happy life. And now, what was before me? Joy or sorrow?

It appeared to be left with me to decide. The two letters must be answered. The first of these was from an old governess of ours, a kind, good woman. I had written to tell her of my difficulties, and she wrote to advise me to apply for a situation as companion to a young lady of fortune, in answer to an advertisement which had just appeared in the *Times* newspaper. A fair salary was promised, and all expenses of travelling would be defrayed.

That was one of the letters which I had to answer. That was one path of life which lay before me. It did not seem very bright in prospect. The position of a poor companion in a large household was certainly not one which I should have chosen for myself.

I had said "Oh no!" instinctively, when I had first read the advertisement which Miss Morley enclosed. And yet, the more I thought of it, the more I felt that perhaps I *ought* to apply for the situation. It was clear that I must work for my living, in some way; I disliked teaching, so I felt that I was not fit to be a governess: perhaps, after all, *this* would be the very place for me.

And yet, and yet, my heart shrank back from what might be the path of duty.

For there was another letter on the table: another, and a very different letter. And this letter must be answered before I could at all decide about Miss Morley's proposal. I had read it so often during the day, that I knew every word of it. And now I must take up my pen and answer it. It opened out to me another path of life, a very different path from the former—a path which seemed as bright as the other was shady.

The letter was from Claude Ellis, my old playfellow and friend. He was the son of the clergyman of the village, his only child. Claude had no companions at home, and therefore when we were children we went, day by day, to the parsonage, or Claude came to us, and we played together between the hours for lessons.

Maggie was too small to join in our games, but she would sit on the grass near us, gathering daisies, and watching us as we floated our boats, in the little stream, or ran races on the lawn. And then we grew older, and Claude was sent to school; but always in the holidays our old friendship was renewed, and we walked together, read together, and played together as before.

But soon school days passed by, and Claude went to Oxford. I remember so well the day on which he came to say "Good by" to us before leaving home. He looked very handsome, and was full of spirits, and was so much looking forward to his college life.

Maggie and I walked to the garden gate with him when he went away. And we talked of the time when he would come home again, and we should spend our days together as we had always done in the holidays. Then he went out, and the gate closed after him, and Maggie and I watched him down the road, and she waved her handkerchief to him till he was out of sight. And then we went back to the house and I counted how many weeks must pass before the term would be ended and Claude would be with us again.

But a very short time after, Mr. Ellis, Claude's father, was taken ill and the doctor ordered him to go abroad for the winter. So Claude spent his Christmas vacations at Mentone instead of at home. And then we looked forward to midsummer.

But Claude did not return home until the greater part of the long vacation was over. He was in Cornwall with a reading party, and did not come to the parsonage until about three weeks before his return to Oxford. And so it came to pass, that Claude Ellis and I had not met for nearly a year.

"Claude is at home," said my father, one morning at breakfast.

"Oh, is he?' said little Maggie, "how nice!" And I was very pleased also. I expected to see exactly the same Claude as I had parted from at the garden gate, a year ago; and I thought that all would go on just as it had done when he was a boy at school, and come home for the holidays.

So when I saw him coming up the road, I ran into the garden to meet him.

"Oh, Claude, I am glad to see you!" I cried, as soon as he opened the gate. And then, in a moment, I stopped short, and went up to him quite quietly, and giving him my hand, said in a very different voice: "How do you do, Claude; when did you come home?"

For in a moment it flashed across me that Claude Ellis and I were not the same as we were when we had parted at that very gate a year ago. We were both older than we were then; our childhood was a thing of the past.

Claude and I had grown out of the boy and girl into the young man and woman since we had last met. All this flashed across me in a moment, as I noticed the difference in Claude's dress, manners, and appearance, as he came in at the gate. And a chill came over me as I noticed it, and I wished that I had not run to meet him quite so eagerly.

And yet, when he began to talk, I felt that h was in many ways the same Claude still, th same, but changed.

Was he changed for the better? In many way he was. He was more manly, and more gentle manlike, and had much to tell us of his colleg friends, and college life, which made him a mor amusing and pleasant companion than before.

And yet, there was another change in Claude which I could not help noticing, in spite of m efforts not to do so. Claude Ellis was more o a man, more of a gentleman; but he was, yes he certainly was, though I tried to persuade myself to the contrary, less of a Christian.

Before Claude went to college we had ofte talked together of the Bible, and he had e plained to me many things which I did not u derstand. We used sometimes to sit on the ga den seat on Sunday afternoons, and read a cha ter together; and Claude used to talk so nicel about it, and I thought he loved the Lord Jesu and wished to serve Him. He often spoke of th time when he would be old enough to be o dained, and when I should come to his churc and hear him preach; and he told me what h first text would be, and how he had already wri ten some pages of his first sermon.

But after Claude's return I noticed a chan in him. At first he always avoided any mentio of religious subjects, and when, either in his ow home or ours, any allusion was made to the he quickly turned the conversation to so other topic.

I tried, for some days, to fancy that it was n because Claude had ceased to care for what h had loved before, but rather, that his feelin had grown so much deeper and truer, that h felt things divine too sacred to be talked abo But before the vacation was over, I was oblig to admit to myself, however unwilling I was believe it, that Claude's views and opinions we quite changed about religious matters; that had begun to doubt what he had before receiv with child-like faith; that he had begun to spise and hold in contempt that which from mother's knee he had learned to love and reve ence.

"Oh, you have never been to Oxford, May he said, rather contemptuously one day, whe was trying to prove something to him from Bible. "You should read some books, whi were lent to me by a man on my staircase. are behind the times in this little out-of-the-w place; the world is growing very clever a learned, and there are many things which have always taken for granted about which th is really great doubt and uncertainty."

"What things, Claude?" I said; "you do not surely mean—"

"I mean parts of the Bible, May, and doctrines, which are supposed to be proved from the Bible. But what is the use of talking about it to you? I don't want to unsettle your mind. If you like to believe it, and if it makes you happy, go on believing it, and be glad that you haven't read the books *I* have read."

"But you, Claude?" I said, sorrowfully.

"Oh, never mind about me, May, I am all right; I am a little wiser than you, that is all!"

"Are you happier, Claude?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, I don't know, May; I don't think happiness, which is based on a delusion, is much worth having."

"Oh, Claude!" I said, "it makes me wretched to hear you talk like that."

"Then talk about something else, May," he said, gaily; "you began the subject, not I."

"But, Claude—"

"Now, that will do, May!" he said impatiently; "we don't think alike about these subjects, simply because I know a great deal more about them than I did before I went away, or than you do now; so let the matter drop."

(*To be continued.*)

LOT'S ESCAPE FROM SODOM.

S.S. Lesson for Sept. 5th. Gen. xix. 12—26. Golden Text, verse 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

It is with sadness that we contemplate that which is told us of the life of Lot. A man who had come out of heathenism with his uncle Abraham, who shared with him the path of faith when he left his country and his father's house, a man whom God calls "just Lot" (2 Pet. 2 : 7), that such a man should stop short in his career of faith, and while believing in God, should yet live for himself—this is deplorable.

By his own choice and from a selfish motive, he left the society of Abraham, and pitched his tent toward Sodom, and it was not long before he took up his abode in the wicked city. We learn from 2 Pet. 2 : 7, 8, that Lot was "vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked: (for that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds)." He had too much of God's grace to be at ease in the company of these ungodly men, but not enough to win one of them to his God. He could be vexed with the sins of others, but had no power to lead them away from their sins, because he himself was in a false position. It could not have been in any sense for God's sake that he lived in Sodom—it was for the sake of his possessions, his property, his well doing in this world.

God could count upon Abraham, but He could not count upon Lot, for Lot not only dwelt in Sodom, but he seems to have accepted at the hands of its inhabitants, a position of trust, confidence, and honor, for in the first verse of our chapter we mark that "Lot sat in the gate of Sodom." This was the place where causes were heard in old times, (Ruth, 4 : 1–12; 2 Sam. 15 : 3, and thus Lot was probably a magistrate, or as a judge. Thus, in accepting honor at their hands, in making use of the advantages which their country afforded to enrich and aggrandize himself, he put it out of his power to be faithful to them. Abraham, who "sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob" (Heb. 11 : 8–10) might speak with power about the city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God," but Lot had no pilgrim spirit, and by his manifest care for earthly things, his mouth was closed from speaking of heavenly things.

While anything on earth is in itself an object to us, health honor, comfort, riches, pleasure, the clearest expositions we can make in our Sunday-school classes, Bible-classes, etc., fail to have any power. We carry our atmosphere about with us, and the air of heaven is so different to that of earth, that those who are around us soon perceive the difference, if the source of our life and joy is from a spring which they know not. Lot was vexed with the men of Sodom, and perhaps none are so vexed with sinners as they who have no power to turn them from their sins.

Thus it came to pass, that when trouble came upon the King of Sodom, Lot, instead of having power with God to be a blessing, as was Joseph in Egypt, and Daniel in Babylon, was involved in the loss of the King of Sodom, and had it not been for Abraham, he might have been destroyed and all that he had. Oh, it is a piteous thing when children of the Living God are affected by those very circumstances which affect the unconverted.

When God made communications to Abraham, He did not find him preoccupied with himself, and thus he could speak to him about his seed, about the future, could trust him with the blessed knowledge that he should be made a blessing to others, could speak of the iniquity of the Amorites, and unveil His heart in its burden about the sin of Sodom. With Lot it was far otherwise. Personal matters must first be set right, and the only communication from God to Lot which is on record regards his own safety: "Escape for thy life," etc. How is it with us? Are God's communications to us mostly those which regard our own souls, or have we, by His wondrous grace, hearts so at rest in Him as to be free enough from their own burdens to share His, those of His church, His people, and the lost world?

We read in our last subject that two of the men who appeared unto Abraham "turned their faces from thence and went toward Sodom" (chap. 18 : 22). In chap. 19 : 1, "There came two angels to Sodom at even." Lot, who sat in the gate, saw them, rose up to meet them, and bowed himself with his face toward the ground. He had some difficulty in persuading them to enter into his house. They came with a message from God, if *they* were not a manifestation of God, and Lot was not on terms of near communion. Thus they said, "Nay, but we will abide in the street all night." Is there constraint, difficulty, effort in our communion with God? If so, it is a sure sign that all is not well with us, that there are things about which we are not on a good understanding with God · such a state of things is dangerous and wrong.

No sooner had Lot received messengers of God as his guests, than the men of Sodom commenced persecution. So it is always. Let men of God live near the world and in its spirit, no persecution assails them, but let their communion with God grow more intense, and deep, and real, the world will soon find it out. Doctrine does not awake persecution, but the life of God, the living witness of one who is "not of this world, even as Christ was not of this world," this is insupportable. Poor Lot made a sad compromise: to satisfy the wicked demands of the men of Sodom, he was ready to sacrifice his own daughters. Oh, why did he not commit his way unto the Lord?

But Lot is not the only converted father who has sacrificed his own children, sons and daughters, to the world's demands. A so-called "good match," with no consideration as to whether it is pleasing to God, has been entered into by a daughter, a situation which leads to fortune has been placed before the son as the right thing, who can wonder that the *one thing needful* is, in the eyes of such children, "father's antiquated notion," and no deep reality. If we speak of eternity, and yet all our calculations are made for time, how can we expect our words to have any power? Children unconsciously gauge the depth of their parents' piety, and from their earliest years form their own conclusions therefrom.

When the citizens used violence, the angels smote the men which were at the door of the house with blindness, and then opened their mission to Lot. What a blow! All his hopes of family and personal prosperity were staked on the doomed city, and now came the call from God to bring out all that he had. For "we will destroy this place, because the cry of them is waxen great before the face of the Lord; and he Lord hath sent us to destroy it." Lot believed the message, and at once he set about proclaiming it to the men who had married his daughters. Lot had dwelt many years in Sodom, had served his own ends in the city, but had never sought to proclaim the truth of God among the people. Now he made an attempt, but his words fell powerless, "he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law." An inconsistent life takes away all force from the exhortations of those who live it.

"And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city." Where were his sons (ver. 12), and his two sons-in-law (ver. 14)? Lot lingered, perhaps to make one more effort to undo the evil which his undecided life had done in his family, and "while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth and set him without the city. And it came to pass, when *they* had brought them forth abroad, that *he* said" (the same change of person we noticed in the former chapter), "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed."

Must he then, leave everything behind and become a fugitive? Yes, they who are the Lord's, and who do not leave all for Him, must be deprived of all for their own sakes. Poor Lot sought to make a compromise, he "said unto *them*, Oh, not so, *my Lord:* behold now, *Thy* servant hath found grace in Thy sight, and Thou hast magnified Thy mercy, which *Thou* hast shewed unto me in saving my life; and I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil take me, and I die: behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one: Oh, let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live." At this same moment probably, Abraham, in full understanding with God about himself, his household, and his goods, stood before the Lord pleading for the salvation of Sodom, while Lot, with ruined prospects and divided family, was flying a fugitive, and pleading not for other souls, but for an amelioration of his own sentence.

Lot obtained his petition, and the little city of Zoar was saved, but he feared to dwell there (ver. 30): he escaped thither, and not until he was entered into this city did the Lord execute His sentence. "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of Heaven; and He overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground." Lot's houses, furniture, gardens, herds, flocks, herdsmen, where were they? He was a beggar. His wife, perhaps a daughter of Sodom, who had never learned from her husband to set her affections on things above, disobeyed the command of the angels, looked back, and she became a pillar of salt.

Oh, when will Christians learn to live henceforth not "unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again?" (2 Cor. 4 : 15). When will they that have wives, be as though they had none; "and they that weep, as though they weet not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away?" (1 Cor. 7 : 30, 31). When we learn to regard ourselves, and all we are and have, as not our own, but bought with a price, then we calculate not what is agreeable to us, not what we shall gain or lose, but what is to God's glory, what will be His gain or His loss. Making common cause with God we cannot lose, for the Lord Himself is the Portion of our inheritance, and all things are ours "whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. 3 : 21-23.)

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Barrels of Gunpowder with a Fuse Attached have been placed in a tunnel under the barracks at Cork, Ireland, presumably by Fenian conspirators. The English authorities were warned that an attempt would probably be made to blow up the barracks, and on making an examination the gunpowder was discovered, the fuse cut, and the barrels removed. Much alarm was caused by this deliberate attempt to destroy the building and the troops quartered there. Mr. Forster, the Secretary of State for Ireland, was dining with the Duke of Argyll when the news was received. He held a hasty consultation with his colleagues, and immediately set out for Dublin. The Press Association has received a telegram stating that the police deny that there is any truth in the report, and say that no gunpowder was found in the tunnel; but well informed correspondents of American journals, who are on the spot, reiterate the statement, and allege that the police endeavor to suppress all news indicating discontent on the part of the people.

There is a probability of an abundant harvest in all parts of Ireland; but it is feared that even that blessing may be turned into an occasion of disturbances. The landlords, it is expected, will take advantage of the farmers being in more prosperous circumstances to press for the payment of arrears of rent, which will not be paid without strenuous opposition. Disquieting rumors are in circulation respecting an anti-rent league which is said to be secretly organized, the members of which are required to pledge themselves never to pay rent, and to forcibly resist eviction if it is attempted.

Conservative organs censure the Government for not renewing the coercion acts in Ireland, but Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Forster are reported to be still opposed to the acts, and to believe that their re-enforcement would be unadvisable. Mr. Gladstone is not sufficiently recovered from his illness to attend to public business, and it is expected that when Parliament adjourns he will try the effect of foreign travel.

The Distinguished English Minister who won the gratitude of American Christians of all denominations by his noble defence of our missionaries in Turkey at a very critical period, died on August 15th at the advanced age of ninety-two. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe represented Great Britain at Constantinople at the time of the Crimean War, and acquired paramount influence in the court of the Sultan. His whole life was spent in the diplomatic service of his country, and he probably understood, better than any one, the intricacies of the troublesome Eastern Question. He was appointed British Minister to Washington in the last year of the Monroe administration, but his work here was not a success. His hauteur and dignified manners were better fitted for a mission like that of Constantinople, and it was there that his laurels were won. As the friend of missions and as an upright, conscientious statesman, the memory of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe will be long cherished by the world.

The Persian Famine is now in its Final stages, but they are its worst stages. Mr. Shedd, an American missionary at Oroomiah, writes that the fields are covered with *an abundant harvest*, but before it is gathered in thousands must die of want. The money received from this country amounts to over thirty thousand dollars, and it has been distributed to those in most urgent need, regardless of class or creed. But notwithstanding this relief, and the money sent from Great Britain, it is estimated that one thousand persons died of hunger in the town and villages in sight of the mission station in one day, and thousands more are very near to death.

Mr. Shedd says: "The famine has assumed alarming proportions, and the worst fears have become realities. The streets and bazaars of the city reveal sights horrible enough to haunt a life-time, and too ghastly for language to portray—dead and dying women and children, corpses lying unburied and partly eaten by dogs, and, more pitiful, the haggard and emaciated forms of so many in the last stages of starvation. With multitudes it is only a question of a few days more or less of miserable existence; for after they reach a certain stage of emaciation the digestive organs are so nearly destroyed that food is useless."

Turkish Troubles.—The New Identic Note has been submitted to the Porte, which for once seems to be willing to comply with the wishes of the Powers. So many troubles lie before Turkey in her relations to Greece and Bulgaria that she might possibly feel it a relief to be rid of the Montenegrin difficulty. It does not, however, appear that the Albanians intend to submit to her will. They are desirous of being made an independent nation, and are resolved not to comply with the wish of the Powers. If war breaks out, it is probable that there will be a rising on behalf of the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia; and the Greeks may determine to take their "cause" in their own hands, trusting to the help of England in the event of their being defeated. Turkey sees all these contingencies, and makes ready for a conflict in which it may be necessary to fight for her very existence. The crash, which is sure to come, may be postponed; but the tendency of events indicates a speedy downfall. Above all, *the renewed activity of Russia* is ominous. She does not conceal that her ultimate aim is the break-up of the Turkish Empire, and there are many indications that she thinks the conditions of the present time unusually favorable to her designs.

A Mohammedan Holy War, or Crusade against Christian England, is stated to be likely to be proclaimed by the Sultan of Turkey as head of the Mohammedan faith, if England actively helps Greece to oppose Turkey. Acting under threats and pressure from the fanatical old Mussulman party and the Softas, the Sultan may unfurl the banner of the Prophet, which is tantamount to declaring "a holy war" of extermination against all "dogs of Christians." The Great Sherif of Mecca and the whole of the Mohammedan clerical class are said to be inciting the Sultan to declare a religious war. Such a step might lead the Mohammedan population of India to rise against the Anglo-Indian Government.

A Wealthy Englishman has Donated Five thousand dollars to the Church Missionary Society, with a request that it be spent in Afghanistan. He believes that the policy of England toward the Afghans, is likely to lead to the Christian religion being despised in the country, and he is anxious that missionaries should be sent to preach the Gospel of *the Prince of Peace*.

A Curious Instance of People Purchasing their own property has come to light in London. The trustees of the British Museum recently purchased from Lord Ribblesdale a large picture, for which they gave $7500. It now turns out that the picture belonged to the trustees, having been presented to them by an ancestor of Lord Ribblesdale's fifty years ago, but through some inadvertence no record had been made of the gift, and it had been forgotten. The transaction is an illustration of the experience of many sinners who do not see their mistake until they are enlightened by the Holy Spirit. They think that repentance, or good works, or penances may purchase salvation, when the Bible over and over again reiterates that it is a free gift without money and without price.

The Son of a Murdered Maori Lately Acted in a manner which showed how the most powerful passions of human nature are conquered and tamed by God's grace. A missionary was returning to England, and held a service before he left, at which the Lord's Supper was administered. Suddenly, a Maori who had come and knelt before the table, rose and walked back to his seat without taking the bread and wine. While the missionary was wondering why he had done this, the man came back and knelt and received the tokens of the love of Christ. Why had he acted in this way? When he knelt down he found himself side by side with a man who had murdered his father and dr his blood. "I had never seen him since," said, "till I found myself kneeling by his si When that murderous deed was done they w both heathens: now they were Christians. A sudden impulse of disgust and revenge c upon the man. That was why he rose and w away. But a voice seemed to say to him, " *this shall all men know* that ye are my disci if ye have love one to another." He thoug moment. He thought of the Crucified C of His blood; of His cry, "Father, for them." And he arose and went back, kneeled beside the man who had slain father. The savage New Zealander was a lower of Jesus.

How a Moderation Pledge Failed to In sobriety was illustrated by the following dent related by Rev. Dawson Burns at a r meeting. He said some societies ple their members not to drink more than a pi beer in a day, and he remembered a case w a member of one of those societies was four a place where people do not generally expe find temperance men, that is, *in the g* "How came you here?" he was asked; " have surely broken your pledge." "No, answered, "I have not." "But one pi beer would not make you so drunk?" " perhaps not; but then there is no use in d ing a pint every day, so I saved up mine week, and drank it all to-day." After many instances it was found that *the only safe wa* to abstain from all intoxicants.

A Chinaman, who had been a Sorcere opium-smoker, and a very wicked man, wa to enter a mission house at Foochow wher vice was going on, and was there awakene sense of his great sinfulness, and eagerly acc Christ as his Saviour. He immediately res to preach Christ in his native town in the rior, which he persevered in doing notwiths ing many persecutions and some judicial pu ment from the native authorities. At l the magistrate determined to crush his sp not his life, and ordered him to receive *two sand lashes*. After this punishment, and his life was still uncertain, he was carried t chow, where Dr. Baldwin, who is now on to this country, visited him and saw his like a mass of jelly. The poor man's first of recognition, when he saw Dr. Baldwin "How blessed the presence of Jesus is!" recovered from the terrible flogging, and a as he was able, went back to his town preached with such power that the place i a mission station.

A Letter Lost for Fifty Years was fo Paris recently. Alterations are now bein ried out at the General Post Office, and moving a panel near one of the boxes a was found which had been posted exactl years ago, and which by some accident ha ped behind the panel instead of finding i into the box. The letter was duly forwar the party to whom it was addressed, wh alive, and received it safely. The writer ever, had been dead many years. It mus seemed like a voice from the grave, and been read with emotions very different those with which it would have been read livered in due course.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at p low as to bring them within the reach of eve *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with pho of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Plou Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 6 *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a b cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-D* This popular gift-book contains a suitable selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for e in the year, with a blank space opposite f graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. S appear at their respective birthdays. The elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1880. 14th Year. No. 36—New Series.

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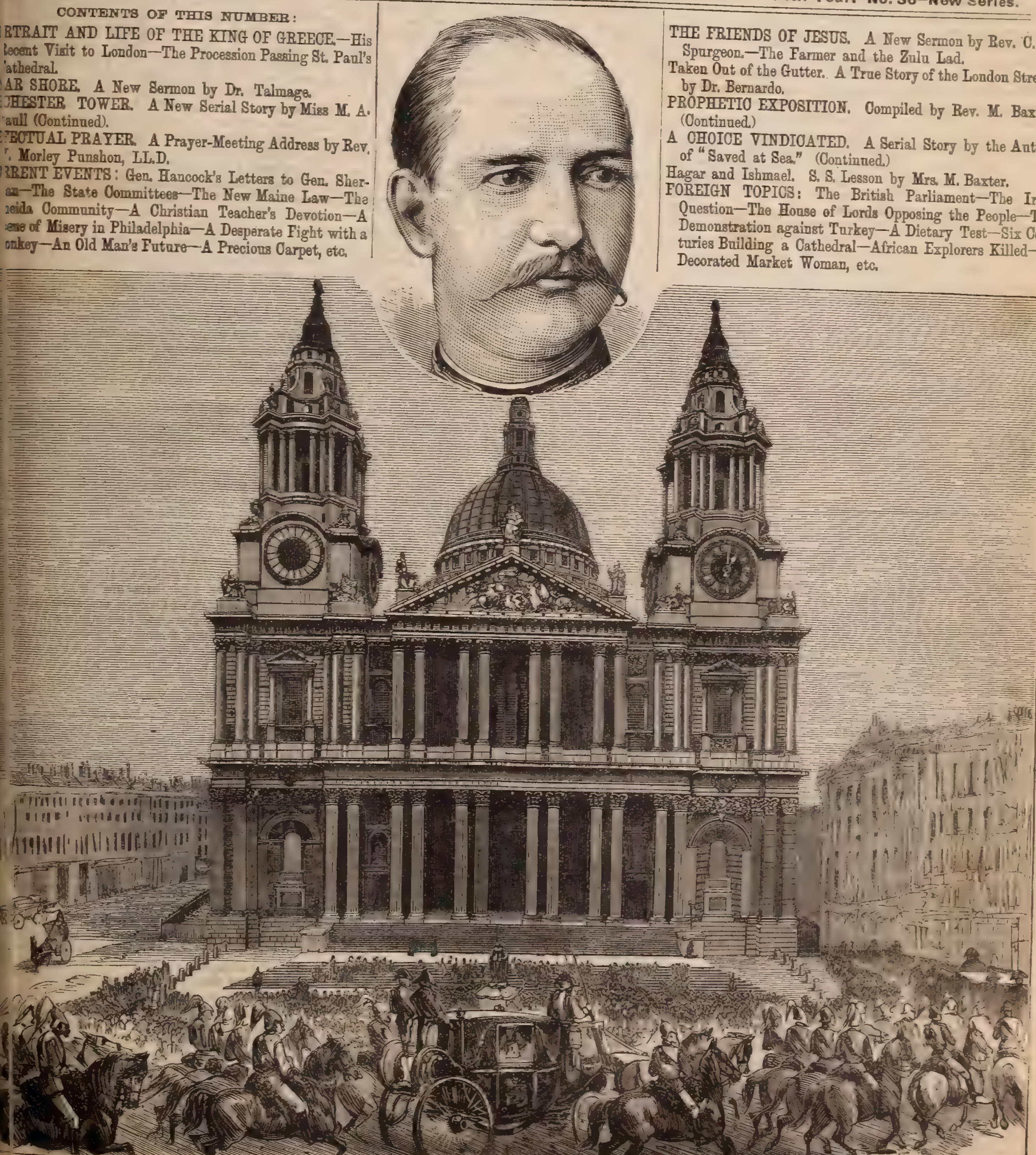

THE KING OF GREECE, and View of his Entry into London while Passing St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE KING OF GREECE.

Sketch of His Life—Ancient Greece—Her Preeminence in Arms, Literature, and the Arts—Alexander and His Conquests—Decadence and Subjugation of the Country—Rise of Modern Greece—Struggles with the Moslems—Otho's Reign and Expulsion—Characteristics of the Nation—The Place of Greece in Prophecy.

A few weeks ago George I., King of Greece, paid a visit to London, and was the honored guest of the royal family, and was welcomed and fêted by the civic authorities. There were many reasons for the cordial reception accorded to him. One was that he was the brother of the lady who is beyond comparison the most popular lady in the British Isles. Wherever the Princess of Wales appears, she is received with enthusiasm, for apart from her elevated position, she has won the love of the people by her gentleness and her womanly character as a wife and a mother. For her sake, therefore, her brother, the King of Greece, was sure to receive a friendly reception in England. But besides that, the King of Greece had claims of his own on the sympathy of England. The country he rules had made a desperate struggle for freedom, had cast off the yoke of the oppressor, and was emerging from the gross darkness which centuries of thraldom had spread over her, and in a free, enlightened land the representative of the newly-enfranchised people might confidently expect to be well received.

But little is known of the young king personally, and the interest attaching to him is aroused by his position rather than by his character. The incidents of his career are briefly as follows: George I., (Christian Adolphus), King of Greece, is the second son of the King of Denmark. He was *born* on the 24th of December, 1845, and is now in the *thirty-fifth* year of his age. The maritime traditions of his country exercising their natural influence on his susceptible temperament, he elected, for a time, to enter the Danish navy.

After the abdication of Otho I., the late King of Greece, in 1862, the vacant throne was first tendered by a majority of the Greek people, through their representatives, to the Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria, but whose nomination, for constitutional and diplomatic reasons, the English Government refused to accept. It was then offered to Duke Ernest, of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who also declined it; and eventually to Prince Christian, who, with the concurrence of his own family and the consent of the great European powers, accepted it, and *began to reign* on March 30th, 1863, as King George I. He was *married*, at St. Petersburg, to the Princess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, younger brother of the Emperor of Russia, on October 27th, 1867.

At the banquet given in his honor during his visit to London, the king gracefully referred to England's share in the efforts which resulted in the establishment of the Greek kingdom—efforts which were warmly endorsed in the eloquent speeches of Clay and Webster, on this side of the Atlantic—and the heroism of those Englishmen who took part in the regeneration of Greece since 1827. He said, "I feel gratified that you have remarked and appreciated the truly remarkable progress achieved by my people since their liberation. This development of their prosperity justifies past sacrifices, and confirms the conviction that Greece will not fail to contribute to and accelerate the civilization of that part of Europe."

ANCIENT GREECE.

The prominence of the Kingdom of Greece in the present crisis of affairs in south-eastern Europe has attracted general attention to that classic land, once the proud mistress of the known world. Her ancient glories, and the position she once occupied as the home of poetry, philosophy, and art, are familiar to all students of history, and Bible readers remember how the Apostle Paul went to the ancient capital of Greece, and, standing on Mars Hill, delivered that wonderful oration before the men who "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing" (Acts 17 : 21).

Without enlarging upon the dawn of Greek history as vividly delineated in the poems of Homer, the father of Greek poetry, we pass over this classic ground of singular fascination, to that period when under *Alexander the Great* Græcia formed one of the great empires of the world. It was under this victorious monarch, whose conquests so extended his empire, that the Greek tongue became the common language of the whole civilized world. In that language the Scriptures of the New Testament were written, and thus the Gospel of the grace of God was brought at once within the reach of mankind. The whole antecedent history of Greece was, in its way, a preparation for the time when He, the desire of all nations, should appear for the redemption of the world.

The *ancient Greek mythology and religion* were of a baleful character. The gods who were worshipped were represented as partaking of all the passions and frailties of men. Not deities alone did the Greek of Homer's day invoke, but the air, the swift-winged breezes, the fountains of the earth, the all-seeing, all-hearing sun. The teeming earth, the restless sea, the rushing stream, the irresistible storm, every display of superhuman might, roused a distinct sentiment of religious awe. It was thought necessary to propitiate these imaginary deities by worship and sacrifices. There were as many priestesses as priests, and boys and girls, and sometimes very old people, were employed in their service. The business of the soothsayer was a flourishing one, and also that of the interpreter of dreams.

It was *Philip* of Macedon who, about 335 years before Christ, made himself master of all the Greek states. This man, though a renowned conqueror, could secure no happiness in his own family or home. Philip, according to the practice of the East, had several wives, and his chief wife, Olympias, the mother of Alexander, was a woman of imperious and passionate nature, who prided herself on being a descendant of Achilles, a hero of antiquity. When Philip married another wife there was a fearful scene at the marriage banquet between Philip and his son Alexander. Philip seized a sword, and rushed to slay his son, but his foot slipped, and he fell. Then said Alexander, "Behold the man who is about to pass from Europe to Asia, but who has been overthrown in going from one couch to another." Alexander and his mother fled the country.

In the autumn of the same year Philip was celebrating at Ægea, the ancient capital of Macedonia, the giving his daughter in marriage to the King of Epirus. Princes and deputies came with golden crowns and costly presents. Philip entertained them with music and banquets and theatrical performances. It was remembered afterward that the player who recited an ode during the banquet had chosen one which spoke of pride, luxury, and ambition, and the stealthy approach of death, that cuts short all these things. It is also remarkable that when Philip had asked the oracle of Delphi about the issue of his Eastern expedition, the oracle had answered, "The bull is crowned, everything is ready, and the sacrificer is at hand." The day after the marriage Philip walked in a procession, clad in a white robe, and with a chaplet on his brow. In the words of the oracle, the bull was crowned and the sacrificer was at hand. He was found in a young man, named Pausanias, who suddenly rushed out of the crowd and buried a long sword in the side of Philip, who fell dead. The proud, passionate queen was rejoiced at her husband's death, and the dark shadow of suspicion fell on their son Alexander.

Philip was succeeded by his son Alexander. The young king was at the time of his accession to the crown only twenty years of age. He had enjoyed the inestimable advantage of the tutorship of Aristotle, for Aristotle was in the world of philosophy as great a potentate as Alexander became in the material world At the time when Alexander ascended th throne another young prince also assumed crown. This was the brave *Darius*, the last c the Persian kings. The history of the conflic between the youthful monarchs is a history ric with all the splendors of Oriental romance.

Alexander went to Corinth in the year B.C 335, preparatory to his departure for Persia t subdue his rival, Darius. Here he met the fa mous cynic *Diogenes*, who with stoical disregar of the comforts of life, passed his days and night in a tub. Alexander visited him in state, an asked him if he wished for anything. Diogen replied, "Nothing, except that you stand out my sunshine." Alexander was so struck wit the answer that he said, "If I were not Ale ander I would be Diogenes."

Some months were spent in making milita preparations, and presently Alexander started the campaign with less than 35,000 men, a very little money. The *invasion of Persia* w the culmination of Greek history, the last a most splendid of its achievements, and Alexa der proved himself on that war one of the grea est masters of the military art the world has ev known.

And all the while the great designs of Pro dence were steadily being fulfilled; the valle were exalted, and the mountains and hills la low, that the way of the Prince of Pea throughout all the world might be prepare For two years the contests grew hotter and ho ter still, until, on the field of Arbela, the P sian army was completely routed and disperse and Persian sovereignty was abolished. T treasures that came into the conqueror's gra almost surpass the dreams of the wildest ima nation.

For a brief period Alexander's hope of obtaini universal empire was all but realized. And th that wonderful life, in the prime of its amaz powers, passed away into darkness, and the ki dom was divided between his four generals, Daniel had predicted (Daniel 8 : 5-8). But in these things the inspired prophecy was fulfil which spoke of the doom of Persia, and of events which should come to pass upon earth, as recorded by Daniel in the vision of *he-goat* overcoming the *ram*.

The period which followed the death of A ander was a period of intestine struggle, du which the strength of Greece was wasted in and enervated by the ease and luxury in w her people revelled. Finally, she was subdue the all-conquering Romans and in the year B.C. she sank to the position of a province of Roman Empire.

MODERN GREECE.

As the Romans in their turn succumbed be their enemies, Greece fell under the domina of the hordes of barbarians who devastated I and in 1305 A.D. when the Osman Turks ove Europe with fire and sword, Greece fell u the Mohammedan yoke, which she bore what patience she could until recent years, w her sufferings aroused the indignation of Eur

In 1770 and 1790 two unsuccessful insu tions occurred in which European sympat were with the struggling people, but in whic material aid was given them. But in 1829 present Kingdom of Greece was establis leaving still under the sway of the Turks T saly, Epirus, Macedonia, Thrace, Samos, C and various other districts and islands whic really Greek, and most of which have been state of chronic insurrection ever since. tions against this unwise curtailment of the kingdom were made in both houses of the Br Parliament, and supported by eminent Br statesmen. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe resi when the Powers refused to give the kingdo natural boundaries; and Leopold, after King of the Belgians, refused, for the sam son, the proffered crown.

The crown of the young kingdom was conf on Otho, the second son of the King o varia, he being the ruler selected by Great Br France, and Russia, who had assisted Gree final and successful effort to rid herself of Moslem oppressors.

he rule of Otho was not a successful one. He difficulties to encounter, consequent on the of degradation under which the people had ned for many centuries. The nation was ted with brigands, her seas swarmed with es, and her people were so unused to free tutions that they failed to make a proper of them.

r twenty-seven years Otho struggled on, opularity gradually decreasing, and his gov- ent becoming increasingly lax and corrupt. ly, in 1862, he was driven from his throne revolution, and sentence of banishment was d upon him. Then the people looked oad for a king, and after inviting the Duke of burgh, and other scions of regal houses, d the throne to Christian, the second son King of Denmark, who began to reign in under the title of George I.

population of Greece in 1871 was 1,457,- The form of government is that of a lim- onarchy, under a constitution framed on George's accession. The king wields the ive power and the House of Representa- elected by manhood suffrage every four ar possesses the legislative power.

productions of the country are flax, wine, d fruits of various kinds, and the com- is chiefly in those articles. The Greeks n merchants, and their commercial abili- famous throughout the world. They are active, and versatile, and wherever they h themselves they usually acquire an ex- business and accumulate large fortunes mission agents collecting and disposing products of their own and other coun-

Religion of Greece is in many points simi- he Roman Catholic but differs in some l doctrines, and it distinctly denies the acy of the Pope of Rome.

GREECE IN PROPHECY.

ery existence of *a king of Greece* at the time is a remarkable fulfilment of pro- ecause the revival and distinct reappear- Greece as a separate kingdom at the the end of this dispensation, when the ichrist shall arise, was distinctly predict- niel 8, where Greece was prefigured as the four horns on the he-goat which p in the place of the notable horn, Al- the Great. The Grecian empire of Alex- s parted after his death among his four ders and thus dismembered into four s, *Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Thrace* four hundred years ago the Turks con- d absorbed these four kingdoms into Ottoman Empire.

ey must be separated and reappear as kingdoms within their ancient boundaries e of the end, because Daniel foretells e then *re-existent*. "In the *latter time kingdom*, when the transgressors are the full, a king of fierce countenance st] shall stand up," and shall perish at second advent. This Antichrist is rep- s a little Horn springing out of one Four Horns, and consequently those s will re-exist in clearly-defined sepa- ctness at the time of the end.

therefore, a fulfilment of prophecy ce revolted from Turkey in 1822, and ecured its complete political indepen l convened a national Parliament, and I. appointed its king in 1833.

ust before long have Epirus, Thessaly, onia added to its territories, because d those countries when it was one of *orn* kingdoms after Alexander the th. And this enlargement of Greece will probably be accomplished by end of this dispensation is to be ear 1890.

Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman) August may be obtained at the office of IAN HERALD. Price six cents.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN LONDON.

OUR frontispiece represents the procession of the King of Greece escorted by the British Life Guards filing past the western front of St. Paul's Cathedral, the most conspicuous edifice in London, and the largest Protestant church in the world.

According to tradition, it was originally erected in the second century, and it is certain that in 1083, and in 1137 large churches called by the name of St. Paul's were successively destroyed by fire on the same site. The building of the cathedral now standing was commenced by Sir Christopher Wren in 1673. It is built in the form of a cross, and an immense dome resting on eight arches rises over the centre. The ball on the top of the dome is 404 feet above the pavement beneath.

The interior of the building is of rather a sombre character, but it contains many objects of interest. Torn and dilapidated flags which have been followed by British troops under Indian suns and on the famous battle-fields of Europe are deposited there. The funeral car on which were conveyed to their last resting-place the mortal remains of the great Duke of Wellington stands in the crypt. It is made of the cannon taken from the French by the Duke, and its construction cost $65,000. Under the nave lies the body of the great duke, enclosed in a *porphyry sarcophagus*, and not far away is the coffin containing the remains of Lord Nelson, the famous naval commander, who fell at the battle of Trafalgar. Here also is the tomb of West, the great American painter, and other distinguished men. A daily religious service is held in the cathedral, to which the public are admitted.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY NO.

A Temperance Story.

John's Confession—The Doctor Empties his Glass under the Grate—John goes Mad.

TWO young men were sitting at a dinner-table who were being watched with eyes of kindly interest, not unmingled with anxiety, by an aged doctor present. The young men were the children of the old man's brother, and they had been invited to spend a day or two with Squire Grove, a genial country gentleman, whose hospitality was of the old-fashioned hearty and demonstrative character. The young men never refused the wine, although it was evident they would have much preferred to do so. As soon as the Squire bore down upon them and their empty glasses, they immediately struck their flags and surrendered. "You young fellows little know what the Squire is doing for you," thought the doctor to himself.

"Now, Sharp," shouted Squire Grove, "wake us all up. You've been as silent as a mouse. Let us hear your voice."

"Well, Squire," replied the doctor, "I'll tell you about 'The Man who couldn't say No.'"

"Fire away, then—only don't hit too hard."

After the doctor had repeated the title, he thus began:

"I don't like talking about myself, but I must say this one thing—you'd never think, Squire, that I was once a regular harum-scarum fellow. I was, though. For a few months I drank like a fish, and thought no harm of it. It was at the end of these few months that what I am now going to relate happened. I had a young friend, who was as bright, and clever, and handsome a fellow as ever breathed. I was really proud of him. He could do everything he put his hand to. I set him down in my mind as one who would leave his mark upon the world. John Sothern was his name. We used to go to one another's rooms to drink, smoke, and exchange opinions.

"One evening, I remember, we were together, he on one side of the fire, I on the other—each in a comfortable arm-chair. He was just about to put a glass of sherry to his lips, when he paused, and looked over to me with the saddest expression on his face it has ever been my fate to see a man wear.

"'Why John, old fellow, what's the matter?' said I.

"'I want to let you into a secret,' he answered. 'I have discovered something, Sharp; I have discovered that I can't say "No."'

"I didn't think there was anything very terrible in that, so I laughed, and said 'Is that all?' He did not laugh back, however. He did not even smile. Still holding his glass in his hand he went on to say, 'It's only a day or two since I found it out. I used to have a will strong and firm enough, and could say "No" with ease. But now my will seems all dissolved.'

"'Do you remember,' he continued, 'when you and I launched out together on that swollen stream by your father's house—how easy it was to turn back at first, but how hard the farther out we went? You know we found it impossible when we reached the middle of the current. We had to be dragged in by others. I feel that I've got into the middle of the current, and must go on, and on, and on. Sharp!' he said loudly, and jumping from his seat, horror sitting on every feature, 'Sharp, I see nothing but darkness and shame before me.'

"Poor fellow, I can see him now with his head buried in his hands, and trembling in every limb. I began to realize it all. I saw that there was need for immediate action, so jumping to my feet, I said, 'Sothern, we'll drink no more to-night,' and I emptied my unfinished glass under the grate. He drank his, however.

"Well, Squire, it really turned out as he anticipated. He lost all self-control. He never said 'No.' He would drink with everybody who asked him. From morning to night he was being tempted, and from morning to night he yielded. I tried hard to turn his course. He wept and resolved—but still he went on. At last the end came.

* * * * * * *

"One morning a tall, muscular man, with a heavy beard, called upon me. He introduced himself as one of the keepers of a lunatic asylum. He told me that Sothern had gone raving mad, and that he was about to carry him off to the asylum. 'Would I like to see him before he was removed?' I thanked him and went.

"Oh, Squire, the ramblings of my dear gifted friend almost maddened me. The eyes, once so clear and bright, were pitiable in their vacancy. His whole bearing was that of a madman. I heard him say, in tones which rose at times to a scream:

"'Another glass? Yes, yes! But only one, mind—only one. I'm drifting, I'm drifting—one more? Yes, one more, then I'll stop. Who says I won't stop? No, I can't say "No." I've tried—oh so hard!' He then said in a startled whisper, 'It's dark! It's dark! Poor John, poor John—he can't say "No."'

"I could stand no more; and went away, my whole heart aching almost beyond endurance.

"Shall I tell you what my thoughts were, Squire? I thought—God help me, I'll *always* say 'No' to strong drink, and I'll begin now, while I have the power. And, besides this, I said to myself, 'I'll think of others who can't say "No" to strong drink, and will never *tempt* them.' There's many a man, Squire, young and old, who can't say 'No.'"

It was noticed by many that night that Squire Grove was unusually thoughtful, and it was also observed that from that night there was a decided falling off in his former boisterous hospitality in pressing strong drink upon his guests. He also took much less himself: while as for the two young men, they were known to have both come to the same conclusion, without consulting one another, that it was better to take nothing at all than too much, and to have acted upon it.

And more than this, they sought out Dr. Sharp, and thanked him most warmly for his story of "The Man who couldn't say 'No.'"

NEAR SHORE.

An Evening Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday, May 9th, 1880.

"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark 12 : 34.

The Last Two Hours of a Voyage—Those Who are not far from the Kingdom of God—I. Those Who Appreciate the Value of the Soul—A Jewel found by a Child—"Give me that Soul"—II. Those Who have Learned the Insufficiency of the World—A Grand and Beautiful World—A Cheating and a Dying World—It Destroys every one in its Power—A Perishable World—Astronomers Watching a Burning World—III. Those Who are Affronted with their Sins—IV. Those Who have Begun to Pray—The Greatest thing a Man can Do—The Danger of Stopping—A Man Falling from a Ladder—A Life-boat Capsized near Shore.

THESE words were spoken to an ancient scribe, and are just as appropriate to five hundred people in the Tabernacle to-night. Oh, that the pentecostal spirit which descended in tongues of fire upon the people in olden times might descend while I speak, making this house as silent as the grave, as solemn as the judgment, and as glad as heaven.

Once, after I had been twelve days on shipboard, I awaked in the morning and found myself in sight of New York Harbor. So anxious was I to get ashore that even Sandy Hook looked beautiful ; and it seemed as if we would never get past the Narrows and past the Quarantine and get up to the wharf. I think the last two hours of a voyage are more tedious than any hours of any voyage ; we are anxious to get among our friends on shore.

In that position many of you are to-night. You have been voyaging a long while toward the Christian life. Some of you have had a rough voyage ; hurricanes from the top of Mount Sinai have swept across the sea, but you are coming up the harbor, and you are coming through the narrows ; you are almost ashore, you are approaching the wharf, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

I. These words might be uttered in regard to all those who have come to an appreciation of the value of their soul. Once you cared nothing specially about it. If a surgeon had told you that you must have a hand amputated, or a foot taken off, you would have said, "Oh, doctor, can't you save that? I can't get along without that hand, or that foot." But as to what would become of your immortal soul, you had at that time no special anxiety. As a little child once picked up what seemed to be a pebble, and took it to a jeweller's, and sold it for twenty-five cents, and that which seemed a pebble turned out to be a precious stone worth its hundreds and hundreds of dollars, so you had but little appreciation of that time of the treasure within you—an immortal soul.

Angels said,

"GIVE ME THAT SOUL ;"

Devils said, "Give me that soul ;" the world said, "Give me that soul ;" you said, "*I don't care who gets it.*" But all that time of indifference has passed. You say now, "I have a deathless spirit, a soul—a soul so vast that no one but God can fill it, a soul so enduring that eternity cannot destroy it, a soul so imperishable that fires cannot consume it, and avalanches cannot crush it ; a wheel within a wheel, wound up for endless revolution ; a round so vast that God only can describe it, a realm in which love shall forever lift its smile, or pain shall strike its poignard, despair clank its chain, or faith kindle its aurora—a soul.

Oh, I wonder not that sometimes men in their dying hour, feeling all unprepared for the future, have risen from the couch where they had long been helpless, as with the strength of a giant, and shaken off that which kept them down, while looking in the future they cried out, Oh, my soul, my soul, what will become of it? My brother, my sister, if you have come to some appreciation of the value of that great treasure, I congratulate you. You are very near the Christian life ; I believe that to-night you are going to be saved ; "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

II. The words of the text are also appropriate to all those that have found this world is

AN INSUFFICIENT PORTION.

Now I have nothing to say against this world : it is a beautiful world ; it is more than that, it is getting brighter and brighter every year. There never was such a spring-time as this spring-time. The marshes are being turned into gardens, the rough places are being smoothed into gracefulness ; the grand old mountains, scarred with the tempest, are strewn with white flowers, slippery with green grass, diamonded with dew. The grand old ocean, through which God rides in the chariot of His omnipotence, the phosphorescence of light shooting from the waves, and the shoutings of the wind the halloo of the charioteers.

But, after all, though this is so grand a world for the immortal soul, it is a poor portion, and some of you have found it so. You said, "If I could get twenty thousand dollars, I would be satisfied." You have the twenty thousand dollars ; are you contented? You said, "If I could get in such and such a social position, I would be contented." You reached that position ; are you happy? Oh, no ; you found out that this world cannot satisfy an immortal nature.

You know it is a cheating world, it is a lying world, it is a dying world ; you know if the world could get its hand on your fortune it would perish ; you know very well if the world could get its hand on your reputation it would be blasted. You pay money, and you take a receipt ; you get a deed for property, you have it recorded ; why? You have no confidence in the world. It is a fallen world, and it is a dying world.

When the world gets a man in its possession, when the world gets a man under its complete influence, in its full possession, it destroys him. If he is not destroyed it is because it never yet had him in full possession. You know very well how the world treats a man when it gets him in its power, with what flails it pounds him, with what lancets it cuts him, with what slanderous tongues it vilifies him, through what sewers it drags him! A poor mouse under a cat's paw, mauled and turned over and bleeding and mashed, is hardly worse off than a man when the world has him in its clutches.

You know also that this world is

A PERISHABLE WORLD ;

that the mountains will fall into their graves, and the pulses of the mountain torrent will cease, and the thunders of the last day will heave the dying groans of a world. You know that this world was not built to continue. Astronomers tell us that within the last two hundred years *thirteen worlds have been seen to burn down.* Not a great while ago the astronomers were watching the heavens, and they saw a world beginning to blaze ; first a pale light, just kindled ; then it got to be a flame, deep red, it was *in full conflagration ;* then it became ashes, it was burned down. It took sixteen months to burn down.

Well, the time will come when our world shall perish. The elements shall melt with fervid heat. We will find out it is a poor fortune for an immortal nature. There are thousands in this house who have found it out ; it is a discovery you have made for yourselves ; and I congratulate you, my brother, I congratulate you, my sister ; "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

III. Again, the words of my text may be true in regard to those who have been affronted at their own sins. The time was when you said, "I am all right ; I pay my debts, I live a clean and upright life, I am all right." You do not say that now. You say, "Here I am at twenty, or at forty, or at sixty, or at seventy years of age, and I have not yet begun the great work for which God made me. Who will unstrap this burden from my soul? Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Once I thought sin was beautiful ; there was azure vision in her eye, th
was perfume in her breath, in her step grace
ness, morning coming down at the gates of
east ; but I have been deceived ; her breatl
the breath of the charnel-house, there are *ad*
in her hair, her hands are the talons of
beasts, her heart is hell. Away with it. V
shall deliver me from the body of this death

Oh, I congratulate you that you have com
that experience, if you realize you are lost
undone, and want Christ ; I tell you plai
whether you stay on the main floor or in
gallery, thou art not far from the kingdor
God.

IV. I remark also that these words of the
are appropriate to those who have begu
pray. What is

THE GREATEST THING A MAN CAN DO

To marshal an army? No. To write a cons
tion, or a Magna Charta? No. Establish a
ernment? No ; the greatest thing a man ca
is to pray. What is prayer? Is it mere w
Is it the breath coming from between the
so feebly that it would hardly make a c
flicker? Oh, no ; it is a mighty powe
brought sight to the blind, it brought heali
the sick, it took hold of the golden and s
bits of the sun and moon and halted the
the highway of heaven.

I believe this world would have been dest
before this had it not been for prayer. So
you have begun to pray ; it may be in b
utterances that a grammarian could not
it may be simply a look toward Christ.
to-night are hovering, and they cry o
another, "Behold, he prays." I congr
you ; thou art not far from the kingdom o

But if you stop where you are, what
You may as well never have started. S
to the kingdom of God and yet you ne
tered. Ten thousand people were just
as you are, and never entered. Suppose
climbs a ladder, and he falls, had he not
fall from the lower rung than from th
The higher he goes up, if he slips, the
the fall. And a man climbing up towar
heaven and peace, if at last he does no
great must be the fall. In other word
almost in the kingdom, almost a Christia
be no Christian at all.

Years ago a vessel got into the brea
Long Island ; the wreckers on shore sho
ets, and sent a rope, and finally the po
got into the lifeboat and pulled for th
They came within hailing distance of th
when a strong wave capsized the boat and
perished. So a man comes on near the k
of God, and nearer and nearer, but at la
wave of temptation or sin sweeps over
and he is destroyed without remedy.

ALMOST SAVED, BUT LOST.

Oh, why will you tantalize your soul
will you come and look over the or
God's love, when you might come in a
the fruits? Why sit down at the well
mercy, when you might take the wind
bring up buckets of everlasting life?
unsaved? Unsaved, notwithstanding
has been done for your redemption?
Why, many a lost spirit would clutch fo
vantage which to-night perhaps you ar
ling under foot. Unsaved, though God
down on a sick bed to have you thin
saved, though God opened the grave
loved ones to make you feel. Unsaved
through all these years God has been
inviting, imploring you to come, rin
bells of invitation by day, and ringing
night, ringing them through all these
saved!

How if you miss heaven? What wil
the wound gotten in such a failure?
Jesus, banishment from Thee? Tha
night, moonless, starless, forever, etern
ing away, *the whelps of hunger hallooin*
the night,

A LOST SOUL!

A lost soul! Beat all the drums of
the dead-march of a lost soul. Stand

he procession go by, carrying the disem-
ed spirit. A lost soul. Oh, my friends,
night start for the kingdom of God. I de-
here, without any discrimination, whoso-
will may come, and that the door of mercy
de open, and that there is not in all this
a soul but may be saved, and saved to-
.

u may have heard of *that king whose son*
itted some crime, and was condemned to
both his eyes put out, and the father, the
stepped up and said, take one of my eyes,
ake one of the lad's eyes. And so it was
they each lost an eye, but they each saved
. But a more wonderful fact is it that
came, and He said, Take both eyes, take
hands, take both feet, take my throne;
s heaven to Me when a world is perishing?
go out and rescue it. Lo, I come to do
ill, oh God!

idas and his three hundred men threw
lves into the pass of Thermopylæ to save
ountry and save their friends, but Christ,
eternity, threw Himself into the Ther-
of our transgression to save his ene-
Oh, will you not to-night open the door
heart? As Christ stands there beating
door, saying, Behold, I stand at the door
ock. "Whosoever will open to Me I will
n and sup with him, and he with Me."
udge away in everlasting slavery when
y be free?

will you die, when heaven is so grand,
judgment so tremendous, and the soul
ious, and Christ so loving, and God so
Something impresses me with the fact
re may be in this house a soul who to-
having the last opportunity for salva-
know not where he sits, or where he
but I bring the Gospel offer to such a
ight.

inner, perhaps this very day
  Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away
  Then hope may never beam on thee."

HE CONCLUSION OF THE SERMON REV.
HARRISON DELIVERED AN ADDRESS.]

rayers of the readers of this Journal are
l for the blessing of God upon its Editors
a and England, and those whose sermons,
or labors for Christ are printed in it; and
eekly circulation of more than 185,000
be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the con-
f many sinners and the quickening of
ople. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage
request prayer every Sunday morning
of their labors.]

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(*Continued from page* 551.)

e Anerley's Arrival—The First Evening
ssing the Future Plans—Mrs. Mitchell
riole Aunt.

RGUSON had come to the Anerleys
morning—once to bring a quantity of
flowers, fresh and lovely, with the dew
their bright bloom; the second time to
aintly devised porcupine cake to orna-
supper table, and to ask permission to
for the evening.

e by, who will meet her at London
he asked.

' replied Emmie; "Cecil will go there
om the office."

he'll be in time. It would be distress-
r to return and find no one waiting

s thoroughly dependable," said Mrs.
he always performs what he under-

might be detained," said the minis-
young ladies did not think of go-

," said Mrs. Anerley, answering for
ither Emmie nor Miss Stanley would
enjoy the crush at London Bridge."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Ferguson: "I think if I am anywhere near I will join Cecil and wait her arrival."

"Thank you!" responded the mother.

Later on, he and Cecil scanned the train from Harwich, containing the continental passengers who had crossed in the steamer from Antwerp; then, when he, searching diligently for a certain clever, earnest face, saw it first, and caught its expression of glad home-coming, the cheeks crimson, the dark eyes soft and dewy, the lips smiling, he felt his heart give a great leap that could hardly be accounted for by either of the above reasons.

"My child, how well you look!"

Constance might have resented the possible signification of those words "my child" at any other moment, but she was too happy to do so now. It was good to see home faces and hear home voices, and she cordially grasped Mr. Ferguson's hand as the train stopped, and he called aloud to Cecil, quite eagerly, "Here she is; I have found her."

Cecil held her in his arms as he kissed her and looked down upon her tenderly and admiringly. "My darling Constance, why you have come home quite handsome! How proud I shall be to show you to Miss Stanley!"

"Thank you, Cecil, very much; I want to know her exceedingly."

The luggage having been found in safety, the trio on their way home chatted and laughed gaily. There was sunshine to-day in Constance's heart, the sunshine of good health and youth. But at sight of Eglinton Terrace the memory of one dear form she never more might see, to whose memory she clung as passionately to-day, as in the first awful hours of her bereavement, swept over her; the hot tears gathered fast; the low sigh, "Oh, papa! papa!" escaped her lips, and Mr. Ferguson, with quick thoughtfulness, bade the cabman drive around another street and enter the terrace at the opposite end, that she might regain her composure.

With her usual energy, Constance commanded herself in those few minutes, dried her tears, stifled her sobs, and was ready with smiles for her mother and sister. But the beauty (a beauty of expression more than of feature) of the young face was softer and sweeter for its recent emotion. Salome Stanley was pleasantly surprised this first evening to find that Constance Anerley looked gentle. She had thought, "I can get on with good-natured Cecil, and kind-hearted, unassuming Emmie and dear Mrs. Anerley, but shall I be comfortable here when this clever, talented, determined young daughter of the house returns to it?"

The hours of that first evening of reunion and acquaintance passed quickly and happily away. Constance had gone forth a child, matured and thoughtful beyond her age truly, for her father's death had steadied and sobered her, and added an experience to her life that made her feel old; she returned almost a woman, her knowledge widened, her powers expanded, her mind increasingly well stored. A new era would shortly open before her.

"Three months' holiday, mamma, and then I must begin to earn some money for you," she said, the day after that of her return, as she sat at her mother's feet and looked up lovingly into the pretty familiar face.

"You might as well stay with us six, Constance," said Mrs. Anerley; "we can very well afford to keep you at home six months without the least inconvenience."

"Ah, but mamma dearest, my teaching powers would get rusty, and I could not honestly demand so good a salary."

"With your certificates Mr. Ferguson says you can ask quite a large amount."

"But I would rather go for a smaller sum to really nice people, mamma, than to aristocratic folk, who expect this, that, and the other ceremony from their poor wights of governesses. I shan't be displeased with fifty or sixty pounds a year."

"No," said her mother, smiling, "nor shall I."

"I am so glad we agree. I was afraid you meant seventy or eighty. I will advertise at once, and wait with patience an answer to my advertisement. Let me see, Emmie, what shall I write? 'A young lady, just returned from Germany, seeks—'"

"Do be quiet, dear, said Mrs. Anerley; "I will not let anything more be said or done about seeking situations. Do you begrudge your mother even a week of your attention, Constance?"

"Oh, no, mamma!"

"To-morrow, my child, there is the one dear spot I wish to visit with you—your father's grave."

"Yes, mamma," said Constance in a rather hard voice, as if she was keeping back some thing she dared not utter.

"Yes; mamma has been looking forward to our all going together," said Emmie quietly.

"Yes dear; we will."

What was a great comfort to Mrs. Anerley and Emmie was an extreme trouble to Constance; but she did not disappoint them.

As the weeks passed on the friendship between Salome Stanley and Constance became so warm, that if Emmie had been of a more jealous disposition she might have been somewhat envious of her sister and her friend; but her sweetness smoothed all, and tranquillity settled down on Eglinton Terrace for Constance's holiday.

It soon came to a termination, and she seriously set about obtaining a situation as governess in a quiet, respectable family. As a result of negotiations which had been proceeding for some days, the following conversation took place:

"I wonder what she is like; in person I mean. Of course her certificates give one some idea of her mind. But I do hope she is sound. There is so much teaching just now of a questionable character by these clever young women."

"Rowland has taken every pains to find out, aunt. I do hope you will be satisfied with her," said Mrs. Rowland Mitchell, the gentle, submissive lady of one of the Congregational ministers in the fashionable town of Brighton.

"But she has been to Germany," Aunt Julia Lack went on, apparently not heeding her niece's remark. "Germany is such a dangerous country, the very home of free thought and latitudinarianism. I should not wonder if she were tainted with German philosophy."

"Oh, Aunt Julia!" mildly expostulated Mrs. Mitchell, "she has been at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the establishment of Fruälein Hermann, Mr. Ferguson's aunt, and she comes highly recommended by Mr. Ferguson himself; and you liked him, you know, when he preached for Rowland that Sunday, and said he had a very vigorous, sensible style for a young man."

Miss Lack looked a trifle mollified; then she asked abruptly, "Is Mr. Ferguson married, my dear?"

"No, aunt."

"Then his recommendation is not worth much. It is very likely he admires the girl."

"I never heard anything of the kind," said Mrs. Mitchell.

"You were not likely to, my dear. When does Miss Anerley arrive?"

"This afternoon, aunt, at four o'clock."

"I will meet her," said Aunt Julia decidedly.

"I thought to send Percy," said Mrs. Mitchell, in a tone she meant to be decisive, but which was very far indeed from being so.

"I am a much fitter person than Percy to receive your governess, my dear. Boys never know how to behave. You may leave it all to me."

"Have a cup of tea ready for her at five. It is a mere matter of extremely new-fashioned courtesy to meet a governess at all. In my young days a governess was supposed to be able to find her way to the house where her work was to be performed."

"Oh, surely, aunt, that would be very inhospitable," said kind-hearted Mrs. Mitchell; "besides, Rowland particularly desired she should be met." She felt extremely glad she had her husband's authority to fall back upon in this matter.

"Oh, I have no objection," said Aunt Julia, with a short, rather cynical laugh, and the conversation presently turned to other matters.

When Miss Lack awaited the four-o'clock London train on the Brighton platform, she turned round more surprised than pleased to find her grand-nephew, Percy, beside her.

"If you please, aunt," he said, "mamma thought I might be useful to call a cab, or do anything you might want, when Miss Anerley arrives."

Sometimes timid Mrs. Mitchell managed in this quiet, unobtrusive manner to have her own way, in part at least, in spite of the stronger, more assertive will of Aunt Julia.

Percy, her eldest child, a boy of about fifteen summers, was exceedingly like his mother in disposition. Gentle and gentlemanly, there was nothing obtrusive to resent in the boy's presence, and though Miss Lack did not perhaps like him any the better for this, she could not find any reason or excuse to dismiss him. But as she had determined on a short preliminary conversation with the new governess, she quickly decided that Percy could and should sit on the outside of the cab, beside the driver, which no boy would ever be unwilling to do.

They had not long to wait for the train. But Miss Anerley's one large box prevented there being room for Percy on the driving-seat, and he jumped inside with them before Miss Lack had thought of any other plan to get rid of him. Nevertheless she did not altogether lose the time occupied by the drive to the comfortable house in Steyne Place occupied by the Mitchells.

"My nieces," she began, "are just of the age when it is exceedingly important that sound doctrine should be inculcated. I hope you feel yourself well-grounded in the faith, Miss Anerley, as delivered to the saints."

"Will you forgive me, madam," said Constance Anerley, with her winning smile, "if I say I do not feel quite prepared for a theological discussion just now? I conclude my pupils are very young, and that their parents probably impart to them their religious teaching."

"It is very unwise, my dear Miss Anerley, to conclude anything without just premises. If a governess is not prepared to give religious teaching, she is certainly wholly incapacitated for her calling." Constance was silent.

"You are prepared to admit *that*, Miss Anerley?"

"Not quite. I was engaged to come here to teach certain things which I have learned how to teach; religious instruction was not named. I supposed I should discover when I began my work what time my employers wished me to devote to such teaching."

There was an ominous silence for the remainder of the drive. Miss Lack and Constance were by no means mutually pleased. Constance was inwardly saying, "If I have to please her and satisfy her, I shan't be long in Brighton." Miss Lack was meditating, "How lamentable a display of religious ignorance! She was evidently nonplussed at my question."

Mrs. Mitchell accorded her governess a kind and cordial reception, though somewhat restrained in its nature and in her words of welcome by the presence of her formidable aunt.

But let no one imagine that Miss Lack was not a good woman. She would have been quite shocked had any one suggested to her that her behavior to the young stranger was unchristian. She wanted waking up, as a great many Christian people do, to the realization and manifestation of the sweetness and charity which made the presence of their great and Divine Master, Christ, so universally attractive; that ineffable power of sympathy which rendered His company so precious to all classes and conditions of men and women and children; that exquisite power of adaptation to humanity in all its multiform phases which made Him as welcome at Cana as at Bethany.

(To be continued.)

EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

An Address at Langham Hall Prayer Meeting, London, by Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 Thes. 5 : 17.

Prayer appointed by God—Condition of Health—A Privilege—Varied Objects—The Religion of the Household—The Noblest Precepts and Promises—Prayer for Professors and Teachers—Children—Elements of Successful Prayer—"Another Angel"—Perfumed Prayer—What a Lump of Clay said—Hindrances—Faith a Conqueror—"Jehovah Jireh."

YOU do not need that it should be explained to you *what prayer is*, or that any argument should be adduced to prove to you that it is either a duty or a privilege. It is an employment arising directly from the condition and relationships of human existence, and has been *appointed by Divine authority* and command. It may be well, however, to remind ourselves sometimes of the very frequent *enjoinments* to this duty of prayer which we have in the Word of God. For example, we are to "pray always with all supplication in the Spirit;" we are to "pray without ceasing;" and the Apostle further desires "that men everywhere lift up holy hands without wrath or doubting." There can be no doubt, therefore, of the direct and paramount obligation resting upon every renewed man to pray, for it is *the condition of his spiritual health* until he is transferred from earth to heaven.

I should like to regard prayer not so much as a duty as a *privilege*. Do we ever think of the transcendent beneficence, on God's part, in permitting us to pray? He seeks *us* that we may seek *Him;* He draws near to us first that we may draw near to Him; He stretches out His fatherly arms to us in order that we may stretch forth the arms of our faith toward Him. The most infinite condescension is embodied in the fact that God stoops to ask us to come to Him that He may come to us and fill our hearts with the peace and joy and consolation of the Gospel.

The *objects* for which prayer can be employed are of the most varied character. There is no one subject of human thought or care, of need or sorrow, that prayer may not comprehend. Under certain restrictions, prayer may be presented for *temporal things*—that life may be continued; that the physical frame may retain its vigor; that the family circle may smile on unbroken; that pestilence may not stalk through the land; that war may sheathe its sword: all these are legitimate subjects of supplication. Only, there must be in the mind of the suppliant the *reversion of all to the will of God.* But no such restrictions exist in reference to *spiritual* matters—to those, for instance, which have gathered us together to-day, because we know that our sanctification is the will of God concerning us in Christ Jesus.

And we are privileged not only to pray for the reversal of the curse and the bestowment of blessing, for the removal of guilt from the conscience and sorrow from the heart as regards ourselves; we are privileged also to become intercessors with God on behalf of others. A pious man, philanthropically looking not only on his own things but on the things of others, will present to the throne of God those interests which need special supplication. Here, also, there is no restriction, for God condescendingly listens to us when we pray for others. His survey takes in this world as well as the world to come. He who has taught us that not a sparrow falls to the ground apart from His will, has condescended to say "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." He who has said, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," will not surely complain of us for supplication, but rather complain if we restrain prayer on what are deemed ordinary matters. We are not to be wise above that which is written, and to suppose that ordinary matters are *too trivial* to be spread before the Lord.

But with reference to the *great matters* which form the subject of prayer, it is impossible to exaggerate their importance. We pray for t sanctification of

HOME LIFE,

because it is the most telling illustration of t truth of Christianity, when it is exhibited i godly home. Congregations may gather fr custom, and from adherence to outside motiv but no one can resist—even the sinner must f —the quiet influence of a well-ordered, go home.

The promise to Abraham was, "In thee sh all the *families* of the earth be blessed." E phatically, Christianity is *the religion of* *household*, and it is wonderful how many pro ises there are, "great and precious," all st ing from and tending to this. Abraham, read, "commanded his children, and his hou hold after him;" Joshua's noble resolve braced his household as well as himself—' for me and *my house*, we will serve the Lor David returned to bless his household, not tent with his individual privilege; the pron to Zaccheus, when the pitiful Lord calle him, saying, "Come down, to-day I must a at thy house"—the promise was, "This da salvation come to this *house*." Cornelius, first Gentile convert, had "his house" give him in answer to the supplication of his h When Paul baptized "the household" of phanas, he did not know the far-reaching sults, or read then that they woud addict t selves to the ministry of the saints, and be first fruits of Achaia. But so it was.

The Apostle prayed that the Lord would mercy unto the "house of" Onesiphorus brave one who "oft refreshed me, and wa ashamed of my chain." To the jailer, in a terror by which he was surrounded, the v were spoken. "Believe on the Lord Christ and thou shalt be saved—and thy h And he took Paul and Silas the same ho the night, and washed their stripes, and baptized—he and all his, straightway." Lydia's heart was opened, as a flower to the her household was included—"She was ba and her household." And how wonderf a Christian home depicted in the Epist Philemon, to whom Paul wrote on beh "Onesimus, whom I have begotten in bonds."

It is for us to remember that *all the precepts and promises belong to sanctified holds*, to godly homes. We must pray for for we cannot be *better patriots*, as w Christians, than by purifying the home li nation, and by guarding it with a ramp more powerful than the cannon upon the even the rampart of our Christian homes.

Then we are further to pray for our

PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.

I am glad attention has been called t that we are asked to think of the higher s and to pray that they may become sou spiritual knowledge, and cease to be sou what is merely negative in religious th not of absolute and positive denial. We want so much distinctive teaching in matters as we want all secular matters pervaded by a Christian tone. If we teac tal philosophy, we cannot keep clear o subjects as the freedom of the will and mortality of the soul. A man may s anatomy as to make his pupils material like the teacher who can find *in joints an cles a hymn of praise.*

In the teaching of history, if a man h his salt, it will be impossible to avoid a b so there is need to pray for the Elis of ou who watch the Ark of God; to pray tha fountains of learning there may be the i of the Holy Ghost, and that upon the h professors and teachers (and perhaps es upon these) there may ever be resting the influence of Christ, and that every t however brilliant, that every excursi the realms of mind, however varied, ma companied by the same Spirit.

We would pray especially

FOR CHILDREN,

and for those who have such mighty influence in the Church that they may be able to direct these children wisely.

I should like to ask whether our prayers are all in this spirit? We do not, ought not, to forget that we are sinners, sinners saved by grace, but *still sinners*. There must be reality in our thoughts of this. If there was reality in Eden, where there were cherubim and a flaming sword which turned every way—if there is reality in heaven, where the veiled face and folded wing accompany the worship, there surely must be with us prostration of spirit, humbleness of soul when we come to God.

Someone has said, "depravity has infused a ew property into our wants." We must come, herefore, in the consciousness that we have been inners, and in the earnest sense of dependence nd reliance which the fact of such sinnership ecessitates.

Then there must be *Faith;* there must be he recognition of God's character and mercifulness. And there must be *special respect* to a rust in the Sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, s the only sure hope of the sinner, and the only re warrant of our approach to God.

It is the thought of our need and the thought the Redemption which has been wrought out r us that will make our prayers inwrought. here must be *no blemish of insincerity;* the eech may lisp, the tongue may falter, but ere can be nevertheless the earnest eloquence the soul. Our prayers must be the conviction as well as the desire of the heart to be ectual. I want to deeply feel that if I pray I nnot pray in vain.

My mind has been running upon that passage, And

ANOTHER ANGEL

me and stood at the altar, having a golden nser; and there was given unto him much inse, that he should offer it with the prayers of saints upon the golden altar which was be e the throne. And the smoke of the incense ich came with the prayers of the saints ascend- up before God out of the angel's hand." re we can rest our hope of acceptance.

'Another angel!" Who can it be but "the r t and offspring of David, and the bright and rning star, the author and the finisher of f h, the foundation and the topstone of the b lding, the Alpha and the Omega?"

t is our Saviour; He is that "other angel." thout Him, to whom could we address our p yers? In a time of extreme anguish it was w ten, "Neither is there any daysman." We d not want many mediators, but we do want One, and there is One, the man Christ Jesus. H stands at the "golden altar"—the figure being taken from the temple service of old. He ould never have stood at the golden altar *until He had offered His Sacrifice.* Here we have the nement brought before us, and if you rob us this you may as well rob us of the Bible.

ur High Priest has offered His Sacrifice, and read "there was given unto Him much ince, that he should offer it with the prayers of saints." May we not be deeply thankful that ou prayers *can be perfumed* and *rendered prevailing* through the efficacy of the Saviour's intercession?

here is an apologue that a man once said to lump of clay, "What art thou?" "A lump of ay," was the answer; "but I was placed by the side of a rose, and caught its fragrance." so our prayers are without fragrance; but, placed by the side of the intercession of the Saviour, they go up accepted in the presence of the Father, "with the smoke of the incense which comes with the prayers of the saints." Here is the

PROMISE OF SUCCESS

age. In the old dispensation, when the cloud was blown down, it was a token that the sacrifice was rejected; but when it went up, then the sinner might rejoice. And the smoke of the incense with our prayers, always ascends up before God out of the Angel's hand.

Here, then, is our strong assurance; in fact, the matter may be said to be taken out of our hands. It is not *our* prayer any longer: *He* makes it *His own*—God's prayer going up to God's throne for His glory to come down to the Church. Surely we cannot doubt that He will then pour out upon us the blessings that we seek. Let us realize this just now, and assuredly the blessing shall come down.

Brethren, *the great hindrance* to our zeal and to our happinesss is just the weakness of our faith. We are languid because we do not trust, we are murmuring because we do not trust, we are paralyzed because we do not trust. Faith is cheerfulness, a happy disguiser as well as a continual feast; there is a gladsome ingenuity about it to find comfort in unexpected places and to draw a prevailing argument out of the very heart of a stone. There is a prostration and desponding in the heart of a sinner when he finds himself conscious of his sinfulness before God, and if ever man had fallen from a height of privilege to a depth of rebellion, that man was David sinning against light and against knowledge, and yet from the depth where his passionate outcry goes up to God, in the very guilt of his transgression, he finds an additional reason for its forgiveness, and he cries, "Oh, Lord, I beseech Thee pardon Thou mine iniquity, for it is great!" as if he had felt that in the very greatness of the sin there was a higher glory for the Saviour who could forgive the sin.

There is the poor individual, the Syro-Phœnician woman, who comes to Christ. She comes to Christ *in the midst of difficulty* and sorrow; her heart is mute from music because there is danger and there is sickness at home. She is hardly able to prefer her petition, her eyes seek the ground, she is overwhelmed with the consciousness of the peril in which she stands, and of the awfulness of the presence into which she is coming. But there comes a word from the Saviour's lips, which from any other lips would be a repression, only He was so kind and so loving and so gentle that there must have been an inner purpose in that—"It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs." Ah! but out of the heart of the deep and terrible rebuke, as it seemed to be, did she gather courage, and the downcast eye was uplifted and the stammering tongue loosened, and she said, "Truth Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

See the tumultuous crowd there. There is the poor woman that has had an issue of blood twelve years, and that has spent all her living upon physicians "and grew nothing better," as the simple narrative says, "but rather worse"—and she comes to Jesus, and the crowd is round Him, and she is unable to get at Him, but her faith is strong, and she says to herself, "I shall never see the glance of His eye that speaketh love, I shall never hear the tender voice, saying, 'Be thou healed,' but there is the hem of his garment; if I may touch His garment I shall be whole."

Oh, faith brings arguments out of repulsings, and encourages itself even in the midst of circumstances that would appal hearts in which the principle of faith is not. It is like fire, the great alchemist, that transmutes everything into its own substance, sends up ardent heat, and transforms the coal into bright and brilliant flame.

I should like you to take home from the meeting a

RENEWAL OF YOUR FAITH

in Christ. Your circumstances are various; I know that, but faith is a heritage for everybody. Your conditions are various; I know that, but faith is a heritage forever. Oh, I should like to gain entrance into each heart this morning with the same message of consolation and rejoicing—into the heart of the contrite man, into the heart of the perplexed yonder, into the heart of the humble, into the heart of the bereaved, into the heart of the dying, with the same message of consolation from on high.

We are on the Mount of Moriah, we have not come down from the summit of the mountain yet, and Abraham, before he left it on that memorable day in his history, baptized it afresh and called it "Jehovah Jireh"—"The Lord will provide, the Lord will provide." Oh take that comfort to yourself. What trouble is there, what anguish felt or feared that can get out of the way of the comprehensive comfort of these blessed words, "The Lord will provide."

Is the barb in thy heart? Doth mortal sickness assail thee? Has death gotten hold on thee with a lover's eagerness to his bride? "The Lord will provide" songs in the night of thy trouble; calm waters—a safe passage among the swellings of Jordan; music and welcome in the everlasting home of the departed.

Hath death wounded thee more keenly because he darted at thee from a mother's grave, because he hath stilled the heart that used to beat, hushed the loving voice that thrilled thee over when it spake?—"The Lord will provide" sweet relief of tears and the calm satisfaction of assured faith and everlasting recognition in the region where love cannot die.

Art thou perplexed about some question of duty or about some question of destiny, whether thou shalt do this or that, whether thou shalt go there or thither? Dost thou listen for some authoritative voice or to have some constraining word? Does the future trouble thee about thy family? Does thy business increase and harrass thee?—"The Lord will provide!" If your faith can but rely,

YOU ENLIST THE POWER YOU TRUST.

Are you anxious about God's cause, and with Elijah are you saying, "I, only I, am left as the prophet of the Lord, and Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men"—"The Lord will provide." Do not you think he can take care of His own, and if He choose any day he could show thee in the secret places of the heritage seven thousand that have never yet bowed the knee to Baal?

Are you praying for a revival? The Holy Ghost is no monopoly of any privileged class, does not wait upon any peculiar lips, is no exclusive heritage of this or that or the other creed or system or class of individuals. Oh, if the people were but willing it would soon be the day of God's power; if our hearts were only believing what should hinder a Pentecost here?

And now are you all personally contrite, feeling the burden of your own sin, mourning in Zion which is not the place for mourning, where there ought to be no sorrow, where the Jubilate should never dwindle down into Misereres, where there should be a continual rejoicing in God—but you are mourning in Zion because there is bitterness in your conscience and a burden in your heart, and because there is no beauty in the landscape, for there is no beauty in the soul, nad creation is dark because of an absent God—my brethren "the Lord will provide," nay, He has provided, Christ has died and lives to die no more. Aye, on His father's throne from His elevation He speaks to you, yes, to you, as if there were not another contrite heart in the universe, and as if all His wealth and love, waited to be poured upon you.

This is the latest message by my lips to-day. "Be not afraid, only believe," only believe. May the Lord help you for the Redeemer's sake, Amen.

A Significant Fact in Connection with the recent discussions as to the propriety of Christians being members of masonic lodges is the action of a lodge of Freemasons at Evansville, Ind. Mr. Chainey, the pastor of a Unitarian church in that city, adopted rationalistic views and promulgated them in a sermon he recently preached. His hearers came away convinced that the preacher was little removed from infidelity. Mr. Chainey was a Freemason, and had been the chaplain of his lodge. A meeting of the lodge was promptly called after the delivery of his sermon, and he was expelled from the order on account of "his thoughts, doubts, and opinions."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50

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Special terms to Ministers, Clubs, and Agents.

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Scores of our readers take the trouble to send us the kindest expressions of their good will. Hundreds more agree cordially in what they say. Now will each of these good friends get us a new subscriber? We may say to persons to whom the commission is an inducement, that we believe our terms are more liberal than those of any other paper.

CURRENT EVENTS.

We have to thank those of our readers who have written us on the subject of our Political Paragraphs for their valuable suggestions, offered in kindly and courteous manner, for their good wishes, and for the commendatory terms in which they speak of the general character of the journal. In reference to our politics, we may state that it is not within the scope of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to assume a partisan attitude in secular affairs. We seek under Current Events to mention important passing occurrences, which we endeavor to do impartially and without party bias. While the suggestions made to us will have our careful attention, our readers may rest assured THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will abstain from taking any part in the present contest.

The Life of Gen. Hancock, Published Last week by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., contains the famous correspondence which passed nearly four years ago between Generals Hancock and Sherman. The letters now published *completely vindicate the Democratic candidate* from the serious charge made against him. It was said that General Hancock's soldierly instincts led him to consider the military branch of the public service superior to the civil power, and that it was in consequence a dangerous experiment to place him in the White House. As proof of this allegation it was stated that during the critical period which preceded the inauguration of President Hayes, General Hancock had declared his readiness to oppose the inauguration, if called upon to do so by Mr. Tilden. The General's letters *prove the charge to have been utterly groundless*, and show that he protested against the army being dragged into a controversy of a purely political and party character. As these letters were written at a period when the question of his nomination was not before the public, they may be regarded as in no sense campaign documents, but as expressing the genuine opinions and principles of the writer. This vindication will reassure those people who had been alarmed by the thought that General Hancock, if elected, might prove a military dictator instead of a constitutional President.

The New York State Committees of both Political parties held important meetings last week. The Democratic Committee met August 27th, and after considerable discussion resolved on summoning a State convention, which will assemble at Saratoga September 28th. This decision is regarded as a concession to the Tammany wing of the party, and it is believed will lead to an arrangement being made which will secure harmony in the State. A deputation from the committee waited on Mr. Kelly, and, having had an interview with him, reported to the meeting. In consequence of the calling of a State convention, the call already issued by Tammany has been withdrawn.

The Republican Committee decided that the calling of a convention was unnecessary, and nominated Charles J. Folger as Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals to succeed the late Chief Judge Church. Mr. Folger has held the office temporarily since Mr. Church's death.

The New Liquor Law in Maine is of a Thoroughly stringent character. The act against saloons was evaded by private clubs, and the law against purchasing liquor was thwarted by giving the liquor away, the receiver purchasing some other commodity at a proportionately higher price than usual. The new law makes the gift of liquor punishable, and enacts that any person found intoxicated even in his own house shall be imprisoned for thirty days for the first offence, and three months for the second.

A New Colonization Scheme has been Inaugurated, and Mr. Thomas Hughes, the well-known English author, is now on a visit to this country to aid in its realization. Last spring an English company purchased 400,000 acres of land on the Cumberland plateau in Tennessee, and has expended half a million dollars in laying out a town, etc. Mr. Hughes anticipates the speedy filling up of the colony from England, of men who will be an acquisition to America, the younger sons and their families, many of them idly waiting for positions in the army and the learned professions. He says that the colony will be ruled with a high moral hand against intemperance and kindred vices.

The Stewart Memorial Buildings at Garden City will be of a useful as well as of an imposing character. It is stated on reliable authority that the widow of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the dry goods millionaire, and Judge Hilton have caused endowments to the amount of probably three million dollars to be made, to establish a collegiate institution at Garden City for youth of both sexes. One building is now nearly completed, which is said to be the finest structure of its kind in America, and to accommodate 500 students. Two other buildings of equal capacity will be erected near it, in a park of sixty acres. A building for young women, to accommodate 300, will also be erected in grounds of 20 acres. An Episcopal divinity school is also planned. The whole to be transferred to the charge of the Bishop of Long Island when completed.

A Christian Teacher's Devotion to His Friend is described in some reminiscences of the war recently published. One Sunday a small party of soldiers entered a church near Washington, and one of their number asked that his comrades might be received into the church by baptism. He had been instrumental while in the camp in their conversion, and they desired to make public profession of their faith. Shortly afterward the young man's term of service expired, and he returned home, hoping, he said, to serve his country in some other way. But not long afterward he was in Washington again in his old uniform. On inquiry it was found that after he left the army he had been conducting a Bible class, among other efforts to be useful, and one of the members had been drafted. Knowing that the young man chosen was unconverted, and was besides, the sole support of his mother and sister, the noble fellow had gone to the selectmen and had effected the substitution of his own name for that of his unconverted friend. He fell in the seven days' battle before Richmond, having thus given his life for his friend. A striking illustration of John 15 : 13.

A Personal Friend of the Rev. William Taylor, has kindly pointed out an error in the biographical sketch of that minister which was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 19th, and added some interesting particulars The writer says: "Mr. Taylor was born an reared at the base of the North Mountain a range of the Alleghany, in Rockbridg County, Virginia, and learned the tanner' trade in a tannery belonging to his father Stuart Taylor, who for a number of years was member of the Presbyterian Church, but wa converted at a camp-meeting held at the Col Sulphur Springs, in Rockbridge County, an united with the Methodist Episcopal Church i 1833, under the ministry of Rev. W. B. Edwards D.D., then as now a member of the Baltimor Conference, and subsequently was licensed as local preacher, and died a few years ago in hol triumph.

"His son William was converted in ear youth and joined the Methodist Episcop Church, held an *exhorter's* license for some tim and subsequently was licensed as *a preacher*, an joined the Baltimore Conference as an itine ant, and by that body was assigned, at its a nual session held in Staunton, Va., March, 18 as a missionary to San Francisco, California.

"He married his noble and estimable wife Botetourt County, Virginia. The writer of th knew the family intimately and well, and fe gratified that he was a member of the Quarter Conference of old Lexington Circuit, Baltim Conference, which started him out in the min terial field. Noble man, go on, and may G bless and protect you to the end of the world

The Death of Gen. Albert J. Myer is nounced. He died at Buffalo on August 24 He was born at Newburgh, N. Y., in 1828. studied in the medical class at Geneva Colle and received his M.D. degree from the Univ sity of Buffalo. He served with distinct through the war, having been first attached the army as surgeon in 1854. He attained rank of general in 1866. He devoted much att tion to the department of the Signal Serv and introduced a full course of signals at W Point and Annapolis. By the act of Febru 9th, 1870, he was charged with the special du of the observation and giving notice by telegr and signals of the approach and force of sto on the Northern lakes and seacoast, at the itary posts in the interior, and at other point the States and Territories. From this act he rived his name of "*Old Probabilities;*" by w he was universally known.

Major Whittle and Mr. and Mrs. McGrhan have been spending a short time among Scottish lakes and hills. When in Edinb they took part in some of the noon prayer-m ings, and in the Sunday evening service at Free Assembly Hall. They intend to pa brief visit to Paris and Ireland, and to re to America this month.

The Oneida Community Announced a ago that in deference to public opinion the moral practices and mode of life it had ado would be discontinued. Since then Mr. N the founder of the community, has remove Canada with a few of the members, and ha tled near Niagara, where it is believed he int starting a new community on the same p ples as the one at Oneida. The sudden an expected submission of the community was it has been discovered, altogether voluntar spontaneous. A number of young people i Oneida establishment had been led to se sinfulness of their lives, and were resolv make an exposure if Noyes had not agre dissolve the community. It may be hoped the Canadian authorities will interfere to vent so disgraceful a scandal being plant the soil of the Dominion.

Scene of Misery of a Peculiarly Distress- character was revealed in a Philadelphian use on August 24th. A Christian visitor who going from house to house in the lowest part he city entered a house in St. John Street, and e found a family sunk into a state of wretch- ess which only drink can produce. On a e in one room lay the partially decomposed y of a little girl who had died some days pre- sly; on a bench in another room lay a little six years old in all the agony of the last es of diphtheria, and on the floor was the er of the two children in a filthy state of cication. The father was in another part f the house, and was also intoxicated. The le had been drunk for several days, and their children sickened and died, they had singing, dancing, and fighting. So deplor- a state of things is only an extreme case in that might be furnished any day by Chris- workers in our great cities.

Desperate Combat Between a Man and a ey occurred at Chicago, on August 26th, in all zoological garden in State Street. ng the animals exhibited was a large and s creature, being a cross between the n and ordinary monkey, who managed to his chain and attacked a keeper named n, who attempted to secure him in his The monkey sprang upon him and fast- is teeth and claws in his lower limbs, tear- em in a fearful manner before assistance be rendered. The monkey eventually d into the streets, where he was pursued ot. Martin was removed to a doctor's and his numerous wounds were sewed up. fered greatly from loss of blood, and it is his injuries will terminate fatally. This te battle for life is a type of the spiritual that sometimes occurs in the soul of a o has been the slave of vice. His enemy im in its clutches and will not let him out a struggle so severe that only Christ's an deliver him.

Telephone as a Life-Saving Apparatus. entific journal announces the discovery telephone may be used to give alarm in the collection of combustible gases in allow the men to escape. By a well- principle of sound it is possible to fix a r a telephone in such a way that the n of the sound due to a greater or less re of gases with the air of the mine arn the manager of the state of the at- e in the workings.

Man's Future.—Bishop Warren Com- a sermon recently by relating the follow- lent: "I was walking up a mountain other day, and overtook an old man p the same road. He apologized for ertaken by a tenderfoot like myself, and he was getting old and infirm, and his days would soon be over. 'What said to him. 'After you have got mountains here, will you mount celes- ts?' 'No,' he replied. 'When I die shovelled into a hole in the ground, and be the end of me.'" That prospect e been a very gloomy one to the aged but even that is bright compared with le condition God has warned us is re- the unbelieving and impenitent after

Nesting Adventure which Occurred s ago has been described recently by a , when a boy, took part in the expedi- was fond of climbing the rocks near to look for sea-gulls' eggs, and on one e provided himself with a stout rope het to enable him to explore a precip- which his father had strictly forbid- approach. The rope was made fast, y lowered by two companions until he vel with the coveted nests. He was steady himself, and for the purpose hatchet to cut a footing in the rock. ick, he accidentally caught the rope atchet, and nearly severed it. He seconds by the injured rope, but to his horror he saw that the strands of which it was made were rapidly untwisting, and in a little while he would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

The terror of that moment made a life-long impression on him, and the guilt of his disobedience seemed more prominent than the imminence of his danger. Happily his companions heard his signal for help and rescued him before the rope broke, but it was a question of seconds between him and death. The boy's perilous position is an illustration of the state in which impenitent sinners live. A worse fate than death menaces them, their hold on life is equally precarious, but the Savior who offers them rescue is able to save to the uttermost all who ask Him for salvation.

The Salvation Army in Cleveland, O., has met with a cordial reception. *The Cleveland Leader* prints a long account of Mr. Railton's arrival there and full reports of his addresses. The commissioner preached in the square and in the Tabernacle, and large congregations were gathered at both services. *The Leader* says: "The remarks made by Mr. Railton attacked no one, and undoubtedly were a surprise to his hearers, as was also his delivery. He simply laid before the people in a plain manner the fact that sin was broadcast throughout the land, and in order to prevent its spread a grand united effort must be made that will reach to the hearts of that class of people to whom words of a Christian nature are rarely spoken. Evidently his desire was to impress the people not so much with the fact that they needed salvation themselves, as that sin is the reigning power throughout the world, and that there is plenty for earnest Christians to do.

"In speaking, Mr. Railton makes no attempt at high-flown oratory. He speaks in a natural manner, uses plain but correct language, and assumes no oddity or peculiarity of speech. He simply does the best he can to advance the cause he is interested in, and in doing so evidently wishes to draw attention to his cause rather than to himself. His remarks were listened to throughout with the greatest attention, and undoubtedly he has sown seed which in the future will aid him greatly in his work."

A Precious Carpet was Destroyed last Spring in San Francisco. It had covered the floor of one of the rooms in the Mint, and had been used for five years. The dust of the precious metals used in the coinage had during that period daily fallen upon it, and when it was taken up the authorities had it cut in small pieces and burned in pans. The ashes were subjected to the process employed with mining dust, and they realized *two thousand five hundred dollars.* Thus the carpet after years of wear was more precious than when it was new. It is an illustration of the lives of some Christians. The discipline they endure in the world chastens and purifies them, and when God tries them they "come forth as gold" (Job 23 : 10).

A Murderess Driven to Surrender by Her dreams.—A poorly clad woman, whose countenance was peculiar, went to a police officer in New York, on August 25th, and said she wished to give herself up as a vagrant. The officer at once recognized her as the once notorious Fanny Wright, who, eight or ten years ago, was a disreputable character well known to the police, and possessed of great physical strength and ferocity. One night some years ago a new police officer, named McChesney, attempted to arrest her for disorderly conduct, and, becoming infuriated, she drew a knife from her dress, slashed it with all her strength across the policeman's throat, so that the blow nearly severed the officer's head from the body, and he died a few moments later. She was captured after the murder, and, after trial, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, but after one year in prison she was released on a technicality. She has since been constantly subject to horrible dreams, in which the scene of the murder was presented to her, and finally broke down under mental depression.

THE FRIENDS OF JESUS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—John 15 : 14.

The Best of Friends—Our Lord's Friendship a Model—Friendship like a Pair of Scales—The Highest Honor in the World—Obedience the Test of Friendship—I. The Kind of Obedience Christ Requests—1. It must be Active—2. Continuous—3. Universal—4. Rendered to Christ Himself—5. In a Friendly Spirit—II. No Friendship without Obedience—He who does not Obey Christ does not give Him His Proper Place—Is not of one Mind with Him—Is an Enemy though a Loud Professor—III. Closest Obedience brings most Intimate Friendship—Those who bow in the House of Rimmon—IV. Obedience the most Friendly Act a Man can do—The Test, not Munificence—Nor Self-mortification—Nor Monasticism—Nor Public Service—The Practical Outcome.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ is beyond all comparison the best of friends: a friend in need, a friend indeed. "Friend!" said Socrates, "there is no friend!" but Socrates did not know our Lord Jesus, or he would have added, "except the Saviour." In the heart of our Lord Jesus there burns such friendship toward us that all other forms of it are as dim candles to the sun.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." An ordinary man has gone as far as ever he can when he has died for his friend; and yet he would have died anyhow, so that in dying for his friend he does but pay, somewhat beforehand, a debt which must inevitably have been discharged a little further on. With Christ there was no necessity to die at all, and this, therefore, places His love and His friendship alone by itself. He died who needed not to die, and died in agony when He might have lived in glory: never did man give such proof of friendship as this.

Let the friendship of our Lord to us stand as *the model of our friendship* to Him. It cannot be so in all respects, because our situations and conditions are different; His must always be the love of the greater to the less, the love of the benefactor to one in need, the love of the Redeemer to those who are bought with a price; but, setting those points aside, the whole tone and spirit of our Lord's friendship are such that the more closely we can imitate it the better. Such friendship as His should be reflected in a friendship most hearty and self-sacrificing on our part.

Our Lord does not, I think, in this text, speak to us about His being our friend, but about our being His friends. He is "the friend of sinners;" but sinners are not His friends till their hearts are changed. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you," we are not His friends till then. His love to us is entirely of Himself, but friendship needs something from us. Friendship is *like a pair of scales:* there must be something to balance on the other side; there must be a return of kindly feeling from the person loved. Jesus tells us here that if we are to be his friends we must do whatsoever He commands us, and that out of love to Him.

Beloved, it is

THE HIGHEST HONOR IN THE WORLD

to be called the friend of Christ. There is no title surely that excels in dignity that which was worn by Abraham, who was called "the friend of God." Lord Brooke was so delighted with the friendship of Sir Philip Sydney that he ordered to be engraved upon his tomb nothing but this, "Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sydney." There is beauty in such a feeling, but yet it is a small matter compared with being able to say, "Here lives a friend of Christ."

Beloved, in what a light this sets obedience to Christ's commandments. I cannot help at this early moment in the sermon noticing how the doctrine of our text transfigures obedience, and makes it the joy and glory of life. How precious it is, for it is a better seal to friendship than the possession of the largest gifts and influence. Christ does not say, "Ye are my friends, if ye rise to a position of respectability among men, or honor in the Church." No, however poor you may be, and those to whom He spake these words were very poor, He says, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

I. Let us notice first, that our Lord Himself tells us

WHAT OBEDIENCE HE REQUESTS

from those who call themselves His friends. True friends are eager to know what they can do to please the objects of their love; let us gladly hearken to what our adorable Lord now speaks to the select circle of His chosen. He asks of one and all obedience. None of us are exempted from doing His commandments. However lofty or however lowly our condition, we must obey; if our talent be but one, we must obey, and if we have ten, still we must obey. There can be no friendship with Christ unless we are willing, each one, to yield Him hearty, loyal service.

1. It must be *active obedience*, notice that. "Ye are my friends, if ye *do* whatsoever I command you." Some think it is quite sufficient if they avoid what He forbids. Abstinence from evil is a great part of righteousness, but it is not enough for friendship. If a man can say, "I am not a drunkard, I am not dishonest, I am not unchaste, I am not a violator of the Sabbath, I am not a liar;" so far so good, but such righteousness does not exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees, and they cannot enter the kingdom.

It is well if you do not wilfully transgress, but if you are to be Christ's friends there must be far more than this. It would be a poor friendship which only said, "I am your friend, and to prove it, I don't insult you, I don't rob you, I don't speak evil of you." Surely there must be more positive evidence to certify friendship.

The Lord Jesus Christ lays great stress upon positive duties: it is, "*if ye do* whatsoever I command you." At the last day he will say, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink." In that memorable twenty-fifth of Matthew nothing is said about negative virtues, but positive actions are cited and dwelt upon in detail. You know it is *an old English saying*, "He is my friend who grinds at my mill." That is to say, friendship shows itself in doing helpful acts, which prove sincerity.

2. We are clear, from the wording of the text, that the obedience Christ expects from us is *continuous*. He does not say, "If you sometimes do what I command you—if you do it on Sundays, for instance—if you do what I command you in your place of worship, that will suffice; but no, we are to abide in him and keep his statutes even unto the end. I am not now preaching works as the way of salvation, but as the evidences of fellowship, which is quite another thing. We must seek in every place, at all times, and under all circumstances, to do as Jesus bids us, out of a cheerful spirit of reverence to him.

3. This obedience must also be *universal*. "Ye are my friends, if ye do *whatsoever* I command you." No sooner is anything discovered to be the subject of a command than the man who is a true friend of Christ says, "I will do it," and he does it. He does not pick and choose which precept he will keep and which he will neglect, for this is self-will and not obedience. I have known some professors err greatly in this matter. They have been very strict over one point, and they have blamed everybody who did not come up to their strictness, talking as if that one duty fulfilled the whole law.

Straining at gnats has been *a very leading business* with many; they have bought a choice assortment of strainers of the very finest net to get out all the gnats from their cup, but at the same time, on another day they have opened their mouths and swallowed a camel without a qualm. This will not do: the test is, "If ye do *whatsoever* I command you."

I do not mean that little things are unimportant: far from it. If there be a gnat that Christ bids you strain at, strain it out with great diligence; do not let a midge escape you if He bids you remove it. The smallest command of Christ may often be the most important; and I will tell you why. Some things are great, evidently great, and for many reasons even a hypocritical professor will attend to them, but the test may lie in the minor points, which hypocrites do not take the trouble to notice, since no human tongue would praise them for so doing.

A domestic servant might place the breakfast on the table, and feel that she had done her duty, but if her mistress told her to place the salt at the corner, and she did not, she would be asked the cause of her neglect. Suppose she replied to her mistress, "I did not think it needful; I placed the breakfast before you, but a little salt was too trifling a matter for me to trouble about." Her mistress might answer, "But I told you to be sure and put out the salt-cellar. Mind you do so to-morrow." Next morning there is no salt, and the maid says she did not see the use of setting it on the table. Her mistress is displeased, and tells her that her wish must be carried out. Will she not be a very foolish and vexatious girl if she refuses to do so, because she does not see the use of it? I think it is likely that the young woman would have to find another situation before long, for such conduct is very annoying.

So it is with those professors who say, "I have attended to the main things, and what I neglect is quite a minor matter." Such are not even good servants; friends they never can be. I beseech you, dear brethren, labor after universal obedience. "Whatsoever he saith to you, do it." Only by an earnest endeavor to carry out the whole of His will can you live in happy fellowship with Him, and be indeed His friends.

4. Note well, that this obedience is to be rendered as *to Christ Himself*. Put the emphasis on the little word *I*: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever *I* command you." We are to do these things because Jesus commands them. Does not the royal person of our Lord cast a very strong light upon the necessity of obedience? When we refuse to obey we refuse to do what the Lord Himself commands. When the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God and our Redeemer, is denied obedience

IT IS TREASON.

How can rebels against the King be his Majesty's friends?

5. To close this first point, it appears that our Lord would have us obey Him *out of a friendly spirit*. Obedience to Christ as if we were forced to do it under pains and penalties would be of no worth as a proof of friendship; every one can see that. He speaks not of slaves, but of friends; he would not have us perform duties from fear of punishment or love of reward; that which He can accept of His friends must be the fruit of love. His will must be our law because His person is our delight.

Some professors need to be *whipped to their duties;* they must hear stirring sermons, and attend exciting meetings, and live under pressure; but those who are Christ's friends need no spur but love. "The love of Christ constraineth us." True hearts do what Jesus bids them without flogging and dogging, urging and forcing. Constrained virtue is spoiled in the making, as many a piece of earthenware is cracked in the baking. The wine of our obedience must flow freely from the ripe cluster of the soul's love, or it will not be fit for the royal cup. When duty becomes delight and precepts are as sweet as promises, then are we Christ's friends, and not till then.

II. Having thus set forth what kind of obedience Christ requests, I now notice, in the second place, that our Lord leads us to gather from this sentence that

THOSE WHO DO NOT OBEY

Him are no friends of His. He may yet look upon them and be their friend by changing their hearts and forgiving their sins; but as yet they are no friends of His, for a man who does not obey Christ *does not give the Saviour His proper place*, and this is an unfriendly deed. If I l a friend I am very careful that, if he has h anywhere, he shall certainly have due res from me. He will be higher in my esteem in the regard of any one else. He who is t Christ's friend delights to honor Him as a g king, but he who will not yield Him His s eign rights is a traitor and not a friend.

He who does not do His commandments not be Christ's friend, because *he is not o mind with Christ:* that is evident. Can walk together except they be agreed? friendship exists not between those who upon first principles, and there can be no p of agreement between Jesus Christ and the who will not obey Him; for he in fact "Lord Jesus, thy pure and holy will is o ious to me; thy sweet and gracious comm are a weariness to me." What friendship here? It is not possible.

He who obeys not Christ cannot be Ch friend, though he may profess to be. *He a very high and loud professor, and for that he may be all the more an enemy of the cros* when men see this man walking according own lusts they cry out, "Thou also was Jesus of Nazareth," and they attribute faults to his religion, and straightway he blaspheme the name of Christ. Through consistent conduct of our Lord's pro friends his cause is more hindered than b thing else. Suppose you and I had som intimate associate who was found *drunk street*, or committing burglary or theft, we not feel disgraced by his conduct? W was brought before the magistrate wou like to have it said, "This person is the friend of So-and-so?" Oh, you would your face, and beg your neighbors never t tion it. For such a fellow to be known friend would compromise your name an acter.

We say this even weeping, that Jesus name is compromised, and His honor nished among men by many who wear th of Christian without having the spirit of such cannot be His dear companions. the wounds which Jesus has received house of His friends. When Cæsar was slain by the daggers of his friend trust he found treason. Those who he had spared, spared not his life. those who under the garb of Christianit the Lord afresh, and put him to an open Nothing burns Christ's cheek like a Ju and He has had many such.

Those that obey Him not cannot b by Jesus as his friends, for *that would Him indeed.* Time was—I know not now—when if any man wanted to be count, or to get an honorable title, he to pay so much at Rome into the E chequer, and he could be made a noble The titles thus purchased were neither ble to those who gave nor to those who them. Whatever His pretended vicar *our Lord Himself sells no dignities.*

Would you have our Lord stand up "The drunkard is my friend?" W hear him say, "That fraudulent bankr intimate companion?" Would you h claim friendly companionship with th and profane? A man is known by pany; what would be thought of Je intimate associates were men of loo and unrighteous principles? To g them for their good is one thing, to m His friends is another. We may, then the text negatively, "Ye are not my ye do not the things which I comman

III. Our third observation is:

THOSE WHO BEST OBEY CHRI

are on the best of terms with Him. my friends," he seems to say, "and I me, enjoying practical personal frien daily intercourse with me, when you obey." Some of you know by perso ence, brothers and sisters, that you c in holy converse with Christ unless

His commandments. There is no feeling of communion between our souls and Christ when we are conscious of having done wrong and yet are not sorry for it.

If we know that we have erred, as we often do, and our hearts break because we have grieved our Beloved, and we go and tell Him our grief and confess our sin, we are still His friends, and He kisses away our tears, saying, "I know your weakness; I willingly blot out your offences. There is no breach of friendship between us; I will manifest myself to you still."

When we know that we are wrong, and feel no softening of heart about it, then we cannot pray, we cannot speak with the Beloved, and we cannot walk with Him as His friends. Familiarity with Jesus ceases when we become familiar with known sin.

If, again, knowing any act to be wrong we persevere in it, there cannot be any happy friendship between us and our Saviour. If conscience has told you, dear brother, that such and such a thing ought to be given up, and you continue in it, the next time you are on your knees you will feel yourself greatly hampered, and when you sit down before your open Bible and hope to have communion with Christ, as you have formerly enjoyed it, you will find that he has withdrawn himself, and will not be found by you.

Some Christians will never get into full fellowship with Christ because they neglect to study His Word and search out what His will is. It ought to be a serious work with every Christian, especially in commencing his career, to find what is the will of his Lord on all subjects. Half the Christian people in the world are content to ask, "What is the rule of our Church?" That is not the question: the point is, "What is the will of Christ?" Some plead, "My father and mother before me did so." I sympathize in a measure with that feeling: filial reverence commands admiration; but yet in spiritual things we are to call no man "father," but make the Lord Jesus our master and exemplar. God has not placed your conscience in your mother's keeping, nor has He committed to your father the right or the power to stand responsible for you; every man must bear his own burden and render his own account; search ye the Scriptures for yourselves, each one of you, and follow no man but that which is inspired.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Oh, beloved,

SEE TO THIS.

Under all the crosses, and losses and trials of life there is no comfort more desirable than the confidence that you have aimed at doing your Lord's will. If a man suffers for Christ's sake while steadily pursuing the course of holiness, he may rejoice in such suffering. Losses borne in the defence of the right and the true are gains. Jesus is never nearer his friends than when they gladly bear shame for His sake.

The consequences which follow from our doing right belong to God. Abhor the theory that for the sake of a great good you may do a little wrong. I have heard men say, ay, and Christian men, too, "If I were strictly to follow my convictions I should have to leave a post of great usefulness, and therefore I remain where I am and quiet my conscience as well as I can. I should lose opportunities of doing good which I now possess, if I were to put in practice all I advise, and therefore I remain in a position which I could not justify on any other ground." Is this according to the mind of Jesus? Is this kindness to thy friend? How many bow in the house of Rimmon, and hope that the Lord will have mercy upon His servants in this thing. We shall see if it will be so.

Thousands of people sin because it seems so advantageous, so wise, so necessary, so sure to turn out well. Hear what Christ says: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." If you do evil that good may come, you cannot walk with Him, but if your heart is set toward His statutes you shall find Him loving and kind and taking up His abode with you.

IV. Fourthly, by our text we are taught that

THE MOST FRIENDLY ACT A MAN CAN DO

for Jesus is to obey Him: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Rich men have thought to do the most friendly act possible toward Christ by giving an immense sum to build a church, or to found almshouses or schools. If they are believers, and have done this thing as an act of obedience to Christ's law of stewardship, they have well done, and the more of such munificence the better, but where splendid benefactions are given out of ostentation, or from the idea that some merit will be gained by the consecration of a large amount of wealth, the whole business is unacceptable. If a man should give all the substance of his house for love it would utterly be contemned. Jesus asks not lavish expenditure, but ourselves. He has made this the token of true love: "If ye do whatsoever I command you."

Others have imagined that they could show their friendliness to Christ by some remarkable action of *self-mortification*. Among Romanists, especially in the old time, it was believed that misery and merit went together, and so men tortured themselves that they might please God. They went for many a day without washing themselves or their clothes, and fancied that they thus acquired the odor of sanctity. I do not believe that Jesus thinks a man any more his friend because he is dirty.

Some have put on a hair shirt, or have worn a chain girdle, which made raw wounds. I do not think that the kind Lord Jesus counts these things to be friendly acts. Ask any humane person whether he would be gratified by knowing that a friend wore a hair shirt for his sake, and he would answer, "Pray, let the poor creature wear whatever is most comfortable to him, and that will please me best." The loving Jesus takes no delight in pain and discomfort: the maceration of the body is no doctrine of His. John the Baptist might be an ascetic, but certainly Jesus was not: He came eating and drinking, a man among men. He did not come to demand the rigors of a hermitage or a monastery, else He had never been seen at feasts.

When we hear of the nuns of St. Ann *sleeping bolt upright in their coffins*, we take no particular satisfaction in their doing so; a kind heart would beg them to go to bed. I went over a monastery some time ago, and over each bed was *a little cat o'-nine-tails*, which I sincerely hope was used to the satisfaction of the possessor, but I did not copy the idea, and buy a couple for my sons, neither have I sent one to each of my special friends, for I should never ask them to flog themselves as

A PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP.

Our Lord cannot be gratified by self-inflicted, self-invented tortures. These things are will-worship, which is no worship. *You may fast forty days* if you like, but you will gain no merit by it. Jesus Christ has not demanded this as the gauge of friendship, neither will he regard us as His friends for this. He says, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you," but He does not command you to starve, or to wear sackcloth, or to shut yourselves up in a cell; pride invents these things, but grace teaches obedience.

Certain persons have thought it would be the noblest form of holy service to enter into brotherhoods and sisterhoods. They fancied that they would be Christ's friends indeed if they joined "The Society of Jesus." I have sometimes asked myself whether it might not be well to form a league of Christian men all banded together, to live alone for Jesus and to give themselves up entirely and wholly to His work; but assuredly the formation of guilds, sisterhoods, or brotherhoods other than the great brotherhood of the Church of God, is a thing never contemplated in the New Testament; you shall find no foreshadowing of Franciscans and Dominicans there. All godly women were sisters of mercy, and all Christlike men were of the Society of Jesus, but of monastic and conventional vows we read nothing.

Why is it that people try to do something which the Lord Jesus never commanded? A schoolmaster will suffer me to appeal to him on this point. If he said to a boy in the school, "Now is the time for you to take your slate and attend to arithmetic," and the boy instead fetched his copy-book, would he not ask if he had understood him? If after a few minutes he finds the boy writing, does he say, "You have written that line very well?" Not at all. It is small matter whether the writing be well or ill done, for to be writing at all when he was told to be ciphering is a gross act of insubordination. So is it with you and me. We may do something else, and do it splendidly well, and other people may say, "What a pious man he is;" but if we do not the Lord's will we shall not be His friends. We may wear a piece of leather for a sandal, and brown serge for a garment, and forswear boots and coats, but there is no grace in apparel; excellence lies in doing what Christ has commanded.

Some think it a very friendly act toward Christ to attend many religious services in a consecrated building. They are at matins, and vespers, and feasts, and fasts without number. Some of us prefer to have our religious services each day in our own homes, and it will be a dreadful thing when family prayer is given up for public services: but a number of people think little of family devotion, they must needs repair to the parish church or to some other temple made with hands; but let no man dream that Jesus is thus made our friend.

We are not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is, it is well to be found meeting with God's people as often as we can; but still you may multiply your sacraments and increase your ceremonies, and you may attend to this service, and to the other service, until your heart is worn away with grinding at the mill of outward religion. Ye are Christ's friends, if ye do whatsoever He commands ye: that is a better test than early communion or daily mass.

THE PRACTICAL OUTCOME

of it all is this: examine every question as to duty by the light of this one inquiry: Will this be a friendly action to Christ? If I do this shall I act as Christ's friend? Will my conduct honor Him? Then I am glad. If it will dishonor Him I will have nothing to do with it. Set each distinct action, as far as you are able, in the scales, and let this be the weight: Is it a friendly action toward my Redeemer?

Suppose that to-morrow you are brought into temptation by being asked to do something questionable, decide it this way: if Jesus could come in at that moment and show you His hands and His feet, how would you act in His sight? Behave as you would act under the realized presence of the Well-beloved. You would not do anything unkind to Him, would you? Certainly you would not do anything to grieve Him if you saw Him before your eyes. Well, keep Him always before you.

You will want much of the Holy Spirit's anointing to do this. May God give it to you. Live, dear friends, as if Christ would come at once and detect you in the very act. Do that which you would not be ashamed of if the next instant you should see the Lord sitting on the throne of His glory, and calling you before His bar. Thus living, you shall delight yourself in the abundance of peace.

"So shall your walk be close with God,
Calm and serene your frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads you to the Lamb."

Obedience will gladden you with the blissful presence of your Lord, and in that presence you shall find fulness of joy. You shall be the envied of all wise men, for you shall be the beloved of the Lord; and your pathway, if it be not always smooth, shall be always safe; for Jesus never leaves His friend, and He will never leave you, but He will keep you even to the end. May this be my happy case and yours. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURES READ BEFORE SERMON—John 19.]

TAKEN OUT OF THE GUTTER.

A true Incident of Life on the London Streets.

By Dr. T. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S.

While no one who knows the facts of our Babylon will doubt the truth of the assertion that the juvenile "wastrels" of London streets are alas! still to be reckoned by their thousands, he who would seek to know them as they are, must search for them chiefly in those haunts where in bad weather they find shelter from the storm, or seek a precarious rest at night, or where, if in "luck," they obtain *the coveted "doss,"* as the bed in the threepenny lodging-house is called.

The former of these coverts are artfully selected as likely to escape observation by the dreaded guardians of the peace, and are not generally discoverable unless by patient search directed by experience. Nor is *discovery* all that is necessary, for the man who would thoroughly investigate the case of these poor waifs must have some object other than mere curiosity when in search of the *habitat* of the *genus* "street-boy." None is so suspicious as the young street arab, and none so unwilling as he to accept as genuine those professions, so easily made, of disinterested philanthropy. In any case, the pioneer in this *terra incognita* should be prepared for strange revelations, some of which will grow more perplexing as he advances in experience and knowledge of the class; and make him often ask himself in wonder, "Am I really in London—the heart of Christian England?"

One cold, dark November night, I sallied forth, accompanied by a boy acquainted by sad experience with all the hiding-places of the district, and who acted as my guide, to examine with care certain parts of the parish of St. Luke's.

Lodging-house after lodging-house in Golden Lane was visited in the course of the night, the deputies were spoken to, and some few children interrogated and given cards of admission to our Home. If they availed themselves of these, their weary wanderings might cease from that time forth for evermore.

At two o'clock in the morning we reached

HOTWATER COURT,

and there began a more careful house-to-house investigation. At that hour, of course, all lights were extinguished, and but for the occasional echo aroused by the heavy tread of a policeman, the stillness of the night would have been quite unbroken.

The miserable houses in this wretched court were let out in tenements of the most squalid character imaginable. The hall-doors were consequently never fastened at night, being the common property of all the tenants. On the staircases and in the passages it was no unusual thing to find persons who had had no money to pay for a lodging, lying down fast asleep. In these places they might hope for a time to escape the searching glare of the policeman's "bull's-eye," and obtain at least a partial shelter from the cold and rain.

My method was to open each of the hall-doors in succession, and then remain in the street on the watch, while my young guide entered with my lantern partly turned on, and carefully explored the stairs and passage. Few of the groups he saw in the various houses possessed more than a passing interest for him, although, boy as he was, he could not refrain from a shudder of pity as, pointing with his finger, he described in a subdued tone of commiseration the most horrible of those forlorn groups—"*There are four, all women, in there, sir!*"

Into one house, about mid-way down the court, my little conductor entered stealthily. As before, I at first remained outside. Shortly he returned, and requested me to follow him. I entered a long passage, which terminated in a steep narrow staircase leading to the upper rooms. But we did not ascend the stairs, for it was in an angle on the ground floor, formed by the staircase, the wall of the house and the floor, that the object of my young guide's discovery lay concealed.

I advanced quietly, turning on the full blaze of the lantern, but could at first discern nothing, except what looked like a dark bundle of old rags in the farthest corner under the stairs. The odor of the passage was uninviting, and one might have imagined that what I saw was really what it seemed—a pile of cast-off rags, unworthy even of a beggar's notice; but well I knew that this was not the case, and reaching forward, I felt beneath the rags, and soon grasped the thin, spare arm of a boy.

Gently arousing him, for he was locked fast in slumber, I drew him out of the corner, while at the same time the light from the "bull's-eye" lantern gleamed full upon his face. Rubbing with both hands the sleep from his eyes, the lad, scarcely yet awake, blurted out,

"I'm tirteen; I'm tirteen," and then turned involuntarily from me and sought the darkness to lie down again. He was not yet fully roused, so once more, drawing him toward me, I shook him, and succeeded in thoroughly dissipating his slumbers.

Again he repeated glibly,

"I'm tirteen, sir; I ain't been doin' nothin' wrong."

The meaning of this curious statement of the boy's is easily given. The Compulsory Clauses of the New Education Act were beginning at that time to be put in force. Children of the destitute class all over London were at last learning that the "school-master was abroad," and this poor boy had heard, as he afterward told me, that at thirteen years of age children could claim exemption from the rule which compelled all others to go to school.

Each night the poor waif had gone to sleep with the fear and dread of the police and the School Board Inspector haunting him. Even in his sleep their shadow fell across his troubled dreams. On being suddenly disturbed, imagining I was a policeman, or at least a School Board Inspector, he repeated mechanically the formula which, he supposed, would preserve him from summary arrest.

But I was not so easily turned aside. The poor child was but eleven, or at the very utmost twelve years of age. His appearance as he stood before me was deplorable in the extreme: without shoes or stockings, his nakedness scarcely covered by a few wretched rags, filthy to loathsomeness, tied around him, a wild shock head of unkempt hair and a wolfish hungry look gleaming from his eyes, now widely distended, partly with fear, partly, as it seemed to me, with the fierce determination to resist at all hazards any attempt I might make upon his liberty.

With his fists clenched, there he stood still in the corner, shielding as I thought something else from view, and unwilling to budge even one inch. I could hold no parley with him there; the atmosphere was so close and disagreeable. I was feeling quite dizzy. So I begged him to come outside and talk to me. "No, he wouldn't; he preferred his liberty; he wished I'd let him be. Couldn't I leave him alone? He hadn't done nothin' to me. What was I a'goin' about a disturbin' of him for at that time of night?" And so forth.

But my guide whispered, "Look behind him, sir, quick," and firmly but gently pushing the lad on one side, I observed that hidden in the corner there was still another little bundle of rags under the stair, and in due time, after the necessary gentle firmness had been exercised, the said little bundle proved upon examination to be another boy some two and a half or three years younger than the one who had first spoken.

The early history of these two children may be told in very few words. The older lad, Arthur, was really the guide and protector of his younger brother, whom he called, with a simple pathos that was very touching,

"LITTLE BOBBIE."

As soon as he saw I had the younger boy in my possession, Arthur's fierceness of demeanor disappeared. Now he expressed his whining willingness to do anything I wished, mingling his protestations with supplicating entreaties not to give them in charge, as "they wern't doin' nothin' wrong, only sleepin'." Indeed, this was the sum and substance of their joint avowal.

It transpired that the two boys were alone and *without a relative in the world*, except one older brother, who was a thief and had frequently been sentenced to imprisonment. This man had for a long time kept his two little brothers in servile bondage, making them do his work and in a variety of ways accomplish his wicked desires, until at length from a tramp's kitchen in Brighton, where they had all sought shelter, the two boys had crept forth early one morning and trudged alone to London.

(*To be continued.*)

PROPHETIC EXPOSITION.

Compiled by Rev. M. Baxter.*

(*Continued from page* 556.)

Beckersteth on the Final Crisis—A Time of Preparation—The Restoration of the Jews—Its two Stages—God's Children in the Last Trials—The Lukewarm—The Seventy Weeks—The Situation of the Wicked in those Days—The Mark of Antichrist—Arm and Gather Scriptural Truth for Oil.

The late Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, England, whose theological works amounted to some twenty volumes, and who was one of the most widely known and esteemed of the Evangelical clergy, firmly maintained, in common with other expositors, that according to the prophetic dates, the fina crisis of this Gentile economy and the secon advent of Christ would most probably tak place somewhere about the general period con nected with the epoch of 1877. This was the gen eral period when, without being positive as to few years, more or less, he expected (to use hi own words) that "the Turkish Empire sha perish, the Jews shall be restored, the time c great tribulation will take place, our Lord Jesu will return to our earth, the saints shall be raise Popery shall fall, and the time of full blesse ness and the kingdoms of this world becomin Christ's kingdoms shall have arrived."

The following description of the coming tria of the Christian Church was given in his boo *Practical Guide to the Prophecies* and *Restorati of the Jews*, published in 1835-40:

"There is one part of the duty of the Chur which has hitherto been little regarded. Fro the extraordinary peace which God has given the world, a period of quiet clearly predict before the last troubles (1 Thess. 5 : 2, 3; Re 7 : 1), Christians have not had their attenti directed, as the earlier Church had, to the *du and privilege of suffering for Christ.*

"But as the predicted trials are manifest drawing nearer Christians should be led to p pare and be ready for them, that they may enabled to withstand every temptation, and come the largest blessings in those trials to th country, their fellow-Christians, and their fello men.

"THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL

shall in these troubles be restored to their o land. On this the Prophet Daniel, 12 : 1, is plicit. "*And at that time shall Michael st up, the great prince which standeth for the ch dren of Thy people: and there shall be a time trouble such as never was since there was a na even to that same time.*" In the midst of trials, when the enemy is coming in like a flo *the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a stand against him* (Isaiah 59 : 19). The Jews shall remarkably restored, and this itself will be *as ensign lifted up on the mountains*, and as the bl ing of *a trumpet to all the inhabitants of the world and dwellers upon the earth* (Isaiah 18).

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* Extracted from "Coming Wars," by Rev. Baxter, in two pamphlets—five cents each by m *First pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, Description of Approaching Events," with two m and four large diagrams. *Second pamphlet* cont valuable quotations from Forty Expositors on t events. Address, 63 Bible House, New York.

There are two stages in their restoration ; the first, a gradual and preparatory restoration in a self-righteous and persecuting state (Isaiah 27 : 12 ; 66 : 1, 10), liberalizing and infidel (Ezekiel 20 : 32, 33), and anticipating their peace and health as come (Jeremiah 7 : 15 ; Isaiah 66 . 3). This is the signal to the nations that the mystery of God is about to finish. On this restoration, the last dregs of their bitter Jewish tribulation are drunk up by the nation through the unprovoked jealousy, hatred, and confederacy of the Gentile nations waging war against them (Ezekiel 38 and 29 ; Zechariah 13 : 8, 9 ; 14 : 1, 2). And at length their Messiah and Deliverer appears for them. (Rev. 19). The full and glorious restoration of Israel is on the return of our Lord, after this preparatory restoration.

" The situation of God's children in these
LAST TRIALS.
We have an account in Revelation of the 144,000 sealed and preserved from the last judgments, as appears from Ezekiel 9, compared with Revelation. In several of the parables we have a similar distinction. In that of the *Ten virgins*, the Wise Virgins having oil in their vessels and ready for their Lord, enter in with Him to he Marriage. In that of the *servants waiting*, he faithful and wise servant, giving meat to he household in due season, is pronounced lessed and rewarded ; and it is *to those who love His appearing*, that it is *to them that look for Him and love His appearing*, that our Lord ' will ppear the second time without sin unto salvaon.' (Heb. 9 : 28 ; 2 Tim. 4 : 8 ; Matt. 24 : 5 ; 25). These form *the first fruits unto God nd the Lamb.* They will be completely delived from all the evil of the days of the Great ribulation (Isaiah 26 : 20 ; Matt. 25 : 10), and reserved in that *Season of Temptation* which hall come upon all the world to try them that well upon the earth. (Rev. 3 : 10.)

Among professors of religion there are, hower, vast numbers in an intermediate and very angerous state : the lukewarm of Laodicea ; e foolish virgins of the parable ; the many hose love waxes cold because iniquity abounds. hey are little to be distinguished outwardly om decided Christians ; they associate with em, they profess, perhaps, the same doctrines ; hey think they are right, that they are ' rich, creased with goods, and have need of nothing,' d yet continuing in this state, they will asredly be left in the terrors of the great tribuion. May all such ' be zealous and repent.' ev. 3 : 14–22.)

'Just before Daniel's time of blessedness, ere is a period of half a week of years (*i.e.*, ee and a half years), which is mentioned in niel 9 : 27, for the infidel persecution from ich the Philadelphian Church is saved (Rev. 10), but the Laodicean part left in it to be ified, and to be the last gathering of the urch to the marriage supper.

In Dan. 9 : 27 we have the seventieth week ears at the close of the times of the Gentiles, en the people of Israel are again taken into enant. This week is divided into two parts. e character of the first half week seems to be out (Isaiah 66 : 1, 3), where the Jews are repnted as, in a self-righteous spirit, rebuildthe temple and offering sacrifices , and the acter of the second half, or *dividing of the* (the latter three and a half years), answers saiah 66 : 4–6, where they are represented as er the terror of the infidel Antichrist, who es the sacrifice to cease ; and at the close is consummation in the destruction of that christ as set before us. (Isaiah 10 : 23, 2 Thess. 2 : 8.*)

" The images, figures, and descriptions of this Gentile tribulation are some of the most awful passages in the prophetical writings. The restraints now upon the wicked will be removed by the overthrow of governments, as in the Reign of Terror, in 1793. The kingdoms of this world shall make open war against our Lord Christ. (Rev. 16 : 14 ; 17 : 14 ; 19 : 19.)

" The day of tribulation will be *the day of large conversion* TO CHRIST. We have many explicit statements that the time of these judgments will be the time of extended conversion of souls. A great multitude comes out of this Great Tribulation. (Rev. 7 ; 9, 14.) And just after it is mentioned in Daniel the most glowing promise is given to those successful in labors for the spiritual good of others. (Dan. 12 : 1, 3 ; Isaiah 26 : 9 ; Luke 14 : 23.)

" The character and
SITUATION OF THE WICKED
under these trials is also brought before us. There are those who will remain unconverted under these unequalled exhibitions of grace on the one hand and judgment on the other. As Luther once said, ' I believe it will come to pass, that the greater and clearer the light of the Gospel is, the more wicked the world will be.' Their character will become more and more desperately wicked (I Tim. 3 : 13), and this wickedness more manifest to all. (Rev. 19 : 19.) Even now, *after their hardness and impenitent heart, they treasure up to themselves wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.*'

" It appears clear that the tribulation of the seventh vial serves to separate men into their respective classes, and not finally to destroy the wicked. When the great hail out of heaven falls upon the wicked, they do but *blaspheme God because of the plague of the hail.* (Rev. 16 : 21.)

" It is the very mark of Antichrist, with his many followers, to *deny that Jesus is coming in the flesh.* (2 John 7.) Thus Pharaoh in Eygpt grew more hardened with each successive judgment till his last overthrow. They will go on to make war with the Lamb and His followers ; and probably will reduce the people of Christ to such extremities as to make their faith ready to fail, and their hope to faint.

" Their continued impunity, and the prolonged absence of the Lord, produces entire unbelief of His return at all in the world (2 Peter 3 : 4) ; and the excess of suffering, and the delay of Divine vengeance on the wicked, cause despondency in God's people. Hence our Lord says, ' *Shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, though He bear long with them? I tell you that He will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?*' (Luke 18 : 7, 8.)

" ARM YOURSELVES
with the mind of Christ about suffering. To be like Him is the glory of a Christian. He foresaw, with perfect distinctness and foreknowledge, all the bitter cup which He had to taste. He knew His sorrows beforehand far more distinctly than we can possibly know any sufferings throughout which we have to go, and yet He withheld not Himself from His overwhelming baptism, and was only straitened till it was accomplished. Amid all temptations, from friends and from foes, from the world and the devil, and from those infirmities of our nature, with the feeling of which He was touched—look at the invincible firmness, patience, meekness, gentleness, love, and faithfulness of our Divine Lord. Truly, we must look much to Jesus if we would be armed with His mind. He will give us His Holy Spirit ; He will strengthen us with His grace. He will impart to us His mind.

" Now gather Scriptural truth which may be as *oil in our lamps* for the day of necessity. A man unacquainted with all that God has foretold in His Word of events yet to come, and expecting things only to go on as they have done, must be taken unawares by them (Luke 21 : 34,) and so wholly unprepared. While he who has attended to God's warnings, and treasured up all His gracious statements of what has to take place, will not be taken by surprise, but will be found ready and provided against the evil day. The prepared Christian, who remembers what Christ has beforehand told him, will be able, amid all the unusual shakings and convulsions of that day, and the terrors of his fellow-men, to lift up his head. He knows the end of the Lord, he sees his redemption and that of the whole earth approaching, and with this hope he can be full of confidence, peace, and joy.

" Ask for grace to be bold in the confession of truth. This did the Apostles, and they were heard (Acts 4 : 29). True it is this boldness will expose us to ridicule and bitter hatred of evil men ; true it is even Christians may blame us, and they of our own household think we carry matters much too far ; true it is we may have thereby to suffer and be shamefully entreated, even though we had the wisdom, love, and humility of Paul, yet still let us be *bold in our God to speak the Gospel of God with much contention.*

" Oh ! how great a grace is given to a Christian, when he is enabled to look on the praise of man as a small thing, and one to be despised when put in competition with the praise of God ; and with large love to all, with humility, and patience, and simplicity of mind to seek only God's approval. This will give us real boldness, as it did to Peter and John before all the rulers of the Jews (Acts 4 : 13, 19), and so make us large blessings to His Church. The hope of the Redeemer's return is peculiarly calculated to embolden and strengthen even the timid believer to confess present and needful truth.

" BE DILIGENT
in seeking to save souls. The words of our Saviour should especially now be our purpose and guide day by day. ' *I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day ; the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world I am the light of the world.*' Soon the present opportunities of spreading Divine truth, freedom, and liberty of action, and means of reaching all quarters of the earth, as far as regards the exertions of the children of God, may be greatly impeded or wholly taken from us. Soon we may be despoiled of the many advantages we now have for doing good to the bodies and souls of men ; but if we now scatter the seed it may be harrowed in even those days, and ultimately bring a glorious harvest, in which we shall forever rejoice.

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*his paragraph on the futurity of Daniel's seven- week, and also the preceding paragraph, are d from Bickersteth's chapter on the chronologi- ates. He showed, in his " Guide to the Prophe- that in year-day fulfilment " there shall be a r year no longer," in Rev. 10 : 6, means, " there be 360 years longer, from Luther's Reformation until the Consummation. The main epoch of Luther's Reformation was apparently about 1517 to 1530.

He said, " These events, the appearance of our Lord and the first resurrection of the saints, would in this view take place within 360 years from the Reformation."

The Farmer and Zulu Lad.—A Natal colonist left his farm some time ago on a journey toward Verulam. He had with him a Zulu boy as his leader ; they had not journeyed far when they were overtaken by the heavy mists that are very common on those hills. The mists very shortly became a pouring rain, and darkness came upon them. The Zulu lad, overcome by the cold, dropping the thong with which he led the oxen, stood still. Speedily the eyes closed, and he could not move, and became silent. The farmer, stripping himself of his great coat, and taking everything that he had available for covering, laid him down in the wagon and covered him up, hoping by that means to revive him ; but it was all in vain, life seemed slowly ebbing out. Then laying himself down beside the little lad, and opening his coat and stretching out his broad arms, he drew the boy to his breast and kept him there. Very soon the eyes opened and the heart began to beat, and the boy spoke and life returned. The Zulu lad afterwards said to the farmer, " Sir, tell me what it was that made your heart so warm toward me and brought me back from death ?" And then, with his heart as warm as ever, the colonist told the " old, old story of Jesus and His love," and it warmed another heart, and was the means of the boy's conversion.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

By the Author of "Ssved at Sea."

(Continued from page 559.)

The Voice of the Stars.

I was very unhappy after this conversation with Claude. He gave me no opportunity of renewing it; but though he had not explained to me any of his doubts, he had left an uneasy, troubled feeling on my mind, a feeling which I could not shake off.

When I went upstairs to bed that night, I sat down to think over what Claude had said. What if, after all, I was resting upon a delusion, building my happiness upon an unreality? What if, after all, my faith was in vain, my hope unfounded?

Horrible doubts, such as I had never known before, came crowding into my mind. "Are these things so?" was the oft-repeated question of my heart. It was a sad awakening from the trust and implicit confidence of childhood; an awakening which, perhaps, comes to every thoughtful mind, when its faith is brought into contact, for the first time, with the intellect of this world; an awakening which leads us either into the terrible region of doubt and uncertainty, or into faith, far firmer than ever before, because based, not on mere childish impressions, but on the words and the being of the eternal God.

In this state of perplexity I went to my bed room window and looked out. It was a bright, starlight night, so I put out my candle, and sat by the window, gazing into the sky at the countless multitude of stars.

Who had made all these mighty worlds? Who was keeping them all in their places, and making them fulfil the object for which they were created?

I knew who it was; my faith in the existence of an Almighty God remained unshaken. I could never look around me on God's universe and doubt that God *was*.

And then, as I looked at the stars, other thoughts came—thoughts of the majesty and wisdom and power of the God who had made all these; thoughts, too, of the smallness and insignificance of our own little world—in comparison with the rest of God's great universe a mere speck in space

And I—what was I?

Only one of the beings which inhabited this tiny world; one of the smallest and least wise of all in God's universe! Who was I, that I should say to God, "Why doest Thou this?" Who was I, that I should presume to sit in judgment on anything in God's revelation?

"His wisdom is unsearchable, His ways past finding out," was the language of my heart. I am but a little child—how can I understand God's plans? I know so little, I understand so little, I see such a little way, either before me or behind me. How can I, then, expect to understand that which is understood fully only by God Himself?

A feeling of my utter nothingness and insignificance in God's sight came over me so powerfully that I was almost crushed by it. Who was I—what was I, that I should dare to doubt what God had in wonderful condescension revealed to me, because of the vast amount of knowledge which was too wonderful for me; so high that I could not attain unto it?

"O Lord," I said, as I looked up into the sky, "I will be content to be a little child, receiving Thy Word with childlike faith, and what my mind is too weak and small to understand fully, I will yet believe, because Thou hast told me, and because Thy Word must be true."

And even as I said the words, this verse came into my mind: "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

Then the day was coming when, in another world, my mind would be strengthened to understand these difficult matters which were now perplexing me—these things which I only knew in part, and which, for this very reason, just because I only knew a part of them, seemed to me so perplexing and mysterious.

And then there was another thought which comforted me perhaps more than anything else, and it was this: I had proved the Bible to be true myself. I knew it was the Word of the God of truth by my own experience. I had prayed, and had received many an answer to my prayers. I had pleaded the promises, and had found them more than fulfilled to me in every hour of need. I had fallen back upon the grand old truths of the Bible in many a time of trouble, and had never found them fail me.

A hundred books written by the cleverest men on earth, could not convince me that the Bible was a mere human production; for I had found in it what I had found in no other book—peace for a troubled conscience, comfort in sorrow, victory over sin.

I lay down to sleep that night reassured and comforted, and with my doubts entirely removed, and I do not remember that they ever returned to me.

But Claude, what could I do for him? I could do nothing but pray for him, for he never gave me an opportunity of speaking to him again about what had so troubled me.

His college days passed by, and every vacation that he was at home he came frequently to see us, and each time he came I felt more persuaded that his new views had not improved his character. He had occasionally an imperious and dictatorial manner, such as he had never had before, and he looked restless and dissatisfied, as if something was preying on his mind.

And yet Claude was very kind to us, to Maggie and to me. He never came home without bringing us some little present, and he never seemed tired of our company.

One day, about six weeks before the time at which my little story commences, I had been spending the day at the parsonage. I did not often go there now, but Claude was away, and his aunt, Miss Richards, who had lived there since Claude's mother died, invited me to spend the afternoon with her. Claude had just left Oxford, and was staying for a few weeks with some friends in Scotland, before settling down at home.

After dinner Miss Richards and I took our work into the little summer house, and sat there until the evening. We talked on various subjects, the village, the people round, Mr. Ellis's health, and of many other things. And then we talked of Claude.

"It will be very pleasant to have Claude at home," said Miss Richards; "the house is so dull when he is away."

"Yes," I said, "you must miss him very much, Miss Richards, but I suppose he will not be at home very long; when is he to be ordained?"

She did not answer me at once, and when I looked up I saw that her face was very troubled and sorrowful, as she bent over her work.

"Claude will not be ordained, May," she said at length; "I think that is quite decided now."

"Why not, Miss Richards?" I asked in astonishment; "I thought that had been settled years ago, when Claude was a little boy."

"It was only settled conditionally, May," she said. "Claude was to go into the ministry if it was his own wish to do so; his father would never press him into such work, if he did not feel drawn to it himself."

"And Claude does not feel drawn to it?" I asked.

"Oh, no, he has written to his father most decidedly, giving up all idea of becoming a clergyman, and expressing his wish to study for the bar."

"Is Mr. Ellis very disappointed, Miss Richards?" I said.

"Of course, he is disappointed in one way, May, for he has made a great effort to give Claude a university education in order to make him more fit for his work as a minister; but at the same time he quite sees that with Claude's peculiar ideas (you know what I mean, May—those new views he has taken up at Oxford) his ordination is, at least for the present, out of the question."

I made no answer, but went on diligently with my work.

"Claude has been a great expense to his father," Miss Richards went on; "he has cost him many hundreds at Oxford, and bills are still coming in. He is young yet, you see, and I suppose all young men are extravagant. But it is a great pity that he let the bills run on for so long; some go as far back as his first term."

"What does Claude say about it?" I asked.

"Oh, he is always very much troubled when the bills come, for he sees that his father has not any money to spare, and he talks about the time when he will have money of his own at his uncle Charles's death, and when he will be able to repay all his father has advanced for him. And then he is quite certain that the tradesmen must have added a great deal which he never bought. But it is so long ago, May, nearly four years, so of course he cannot be sure of it."

"I am very, very sorry," I said.

"Yes, and so are we," said Miss Richards "but that anxiety is nothing to the other. Mr Ellis would not mind how much money he ha to pay if only Claude had not taken up such rationalistic, infidel ideas."

"Does he still hold those views?" I asked

"He spoke to me once about them, a long tim ago, but I have heard nothing of it since. hoped Claude had studied the other side of th question, and had grown wiser."

"Oh, my dear," said Miss Richards, "h seems to me to get worse and worse. At first was only some small parts of the Bible which h cavilled at, and which he maintained were nc inspired; but when he once began to doub there was no knowing where he would sto doubting—he carried the same spirit of critic suspicion into everything."

"But surely there are books written whic would in a great measure answer Claude doubts?" I suggested.

"Yes, undoubtedly," said Miss Richard "but it seems to me Claude prefers doubtin for he does not seem at all anxious to have h doubts cleared away. He does not want to ha his mind satisfied, and so he either does not re books on the other side at all, or, if he rea them, he does so fully determined that his sce ticism cannot be, and indeed must not be sh ken. If Claude would only prayerfully desi and prayerfully strive to have his doubts moved, I should have no fear about him."

"I am so very sorry, Miss Richards," I sa again.

"Yes, May, and so am I," said she. "I sure you that when I went up-stairs into Claud bedroom, when he was last at home, and fou at the bottom of his box a number of his favor books (the very names of some of which made shudder), I sat down on a chair in his room a had a good cry. I could not help it, May, de For I thought of the little, trustful face whi used to be lifted to mine years ago, when I t him, for the first time, the beautiful stories of the Book he now despises and scoffs at.

"I thought of the voice which used to say evening prayer at my knee, and which used, Sundays, to repeat hymns and texts to me this very summer-house. And then I thou of the small black Bible, which, when he g older, used always to be laid beside his pill that he might be able to read it as soon as it light in the morning. I could see plenty other books in Claude's room, May, but no ble! I could not help going down-stairs bringing a Bible up to lay on the dressing-ta in case he might see and read it. Though course, it would do him no good, unless he c to it in a teachable spirit," she added, with a si

"But I have not lost hope for Claude ye said Miss Richards, after a pause. "I beli that when he is older he will be wiser in m ways. And, May," she said, "my great hope Claude lies in you; you have more influe with him than any one has."

'I? Oh, no, Miss Richards; "you are quite ng there," I said. "He will never even ak to me on the subject."

No, perhaps not," said Miss Richards; it your quiet, gentle, loving influence must e its effect in time.'

felt my face growing very crimson as Miss ards said this. She had put into words a which had been hidden away in my heart ome months—a fear that I had never dared, in my own heart, to put into words—a fear I was becoming more to Claude than re sister, and that he had plans and views ur future, his future and mine, which I d not, which I ought not, to entertain for a ent.

(*To be continued.*)

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

Lesson for Sept. 12th, Gen. 21: 9–21. n Text, Psa. 139: 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THOUGH made of God an example to all ations of men since his time, yet Abra- faith needed education as ours does now, od has mercifully placed on record all the s of His faith that they may act like buoys seamen and help us to steer our course t falling upon the rocks and making ship- God had promised Abraham (Gen. 1:4), that shall come forth out of thine own , shall be thine heir." Abraham had be- in the Lord, and God had accounted it to r righteousness, and so long as his eyes n God's almightiness and His fidelity, all ll. But Sarah, in talking over matters r husband, appears to have looked at the ilities of fulfilment, instead of leaving work out His own promise.

s never forget that God is responsible to His own word; it is His, and not ours to ne the difficulties which stand in the Sarah did what thousands of believers ng to this day, what perhaps every be- as done some time or other—she thought ne means of helping God. No doubt the who is fertile in resources, suggested to at she in her turn suggested to Abra- at he should take Hagar, Sarah's hand- wife, and that Sarah should obtain chil- er (Gen. 16:2). This could not answer. irst place, it was a direct dishonor done who did not need the aid of His creat- carry out His designs, in the second was done without His command, and hout asking His counsel.

polygamy never had its origin with he first instance we have of it is in the Lamech, Cain's descendant of five gen- who was also a murderer (Gen. 4: d had Commanded. (Gen. 2: 24), ore shall a man leave his father and and shall cleave unto his *wife* (not his), and they (Mark 10:8, 'they twain') one flesh." In Abraham's history, in ry of Jacob and many others, we can lthough polygamy was tolerated in the ament, yet it was not in God's order; New Testament (Mark 10:8; 1 Cor. ph. 5:28–33, 1 Tim. 3:2–12) it is question of more than one wife under l rule.

came into Abraham's family through of expediency, this departure from that nd faith which had led him out of his nd from his father's house. "When that she had conceived, her mistress ed in her eyes." It was very natural; lave girl was put into the position she y no fault of hers, and when it seemed God's promises were about to be ful- r and not in her mistress, it was nat- he should think herself more favored an Sarah. To Sarah this was unen- d she carried her complaint to Abra- said, "My wrong be upon thee: I my maid into thy bosom; and when at she had conceived, I was despised s: the Lord judge between me and thee." Yes. Abraham was after all the most to blame, for he hearkened to Sarah when he ought to have taken counsel with God. He "said unto Sarai, Behold thy maid is in thy hand, do to her as it pleaseth thee. And when Sara dealt hardly with her, she fled from her face" (Gen. 16: 3–6).

It was deeply unjust, and Abraham must have bitterly repented the step he had taken, but without doubt he committed the poor oppressed maid to Him who judgeth righteously and delivereth them that are oppressed out of the hand of their oppressors. The angel of the Lord found Hagar by a fountain of water, and He said, "Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence camest thou? and whither wilt thou go?" She told the story of her wrongs. And the angel of the Lord said unto her, "return to thy mistress and submit thyself under her hands."

Oh, how wondrous are the ways of God! He leads us through death to life, through suffering to glory, through submission to overcoming. Hagar's seed was not the promised seed; but God was so tender to her that He even gave the name to her son, that she might be reminded, whenever she called him, that God had heard her affliction (Gen. 16:11). That Hagar had been grievously sinned against was no reason why she should also sin; and she could never forget the encouragement which God gave to her as her compensation for all which she had suffered. Hagar "called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me," her sin and her suffering were alike known unto God; He had marked her, taught her, put her in the right way, and comforted her. This was a new experience to the slave girl. Abraham had done wrong in failing to leave his affairs in God's hands, and God rebuked him by making the affairs of his slave His own.

Ishmael was born, and when he was thirteen years old the Lord appeared again unto Abraham, and gave him the covenant of circumcision, and changed his name from Abram to Abraham. He also changed Sarai's name to Sarah, and said regarding her, "I will bless her, and give thee a son also of her," etc. Abraham's faith was sorely tried; he was bordering on a hundred years old, and Sarah was ninety; he gave way to his unbelief and said unto God, "O that Ishmael might live before thee." Then the Lord repeated His promise, also specifying the time of its fulfilment, "at the set time in the next year" (see chap. 17). This chapter, from which our subject to-day is taken, records the accomplishment of God's promise. Abraham's education in the pathway of faith had been carried on, he had learned the depth of unbelief which was in him, and now he could be trusted to receive the son for whom he had so long, "against hope believed in hope" (Rom. 4:18).

In the midst of her joy when Isaac was weaned, and when Abraham made a great feast in token of his own gladness, when no doubt all his servants and herdsmen were gathered together to see the master's son, "Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, which she had borne unto Abraham, mocking. Wherefore she said unto Abraham, Cast out this bondwoman and her son: for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac." It was a bitter moment for Abraham, but his mouth was shut about Sarah's injustice to Hagar, for he knew that originally the fault was his, and so he laid the matter before the Lord.

Everything which is wrong must be put right in the life of a child of God who lives the life of Christ, but God alone can show us how, when, and by what means. When Abraham, in answer to Sarah's first complaint against Hagar, said to her, "Behold thy maid is in thy hand; do to her as it pleaseth thee," instead of making matters better it only made them worse; there was no humbling of himself and no justification of God. Now, a second time, Sarah complained, but instead of acting either by his own judgment or his own feelings, he placed himself and the whole matter in the hands of God. And God said, "Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bondwoman; in all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice."

Thus Abraham had distinct direction what course to pursue. It might be urged that he was not acting with the consideration which was due to Hagar, that he was justifying Sarah in an imperious spirit which she was wrong to indulge in. And had it been only an arrangement between Abraham and Sarah, this would have been true. But God's hand was at work. The cost was greater to Abraham than even to Hagar and Ishmael, but in casting them out he would place God in a position to bless them directly, and Abraham would be delivered from consequences of his sin of unbelief.

As soon as Abraham was sure about the will of God, he acted upon it. "And Abraham rose up early in the morning." Perhaps most of the difficulty which we have in discovering with certainty the mind of God arises from the fact that often after obtaining His direction about a certain thing we begin to consider the consequences, and then doubt whether that direction after all came from God or whether it was some delusion of the enemy. Let us never be timid in following out at once what God shows us to be His will. It may be that every member of Abraham's household, Sarah excepted, thought that he was in the wrong; it was counter to all the love of a very loving heart, but on God's responsibility he did it.

Hagar had received promises from God, and He could not forsake her now; but her faith was put to the test. Probably in the first hours of her dismission she yielded to her grief, for she "*wandered* in the wilderness of Beersheba." She had no aim, and sought no direction from God. The water was spent in the bottle, no more was to be had, all was despair, "she cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went, and sat her down over against him a good way off as it were a bow-shot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept." Did she think then that God had forgotten the promises He had made to her about her son? Ishmael could not die in childhood and God's Word be fulfilled. Hagar was looking at outward circumstances and not straight above circumstances to God. Thus she saw only her outward surroundings, her wrongs, her bitter sorrow and loneliness, her fainting child, and the presence of her God was veiled.

But Ishmael had not been brought up in Abraham's house without inheriting some of his father's faith. He looked up to his father's God; and he who was then present, waiting for the first look or word which might claim His aid, "heard the voice of the lad." It was the first necessity in their new position that they should know that the living God was at hand and that He had not forgotten them. "The angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation."

"And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water." While her eyes were not up unto God she could not see His provision. So with us all: we need opened eyes to perceive how in every circumstance and at every moment God is sufficient for us. "She went and filled the bottle with water and gave the lad drink. And God was with the lad." His cry was no passing emotion, aroused by his need—it was but the beginning of a life in which God was a known and tried Friend. And "he grew and dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer." Thus was fulfilled God's word to his mother. "And he shall be a wild man,' etc. (Gen 16:12). "And he dwelt in the wilderness of Paran: and his mother took him a wife out of the land of Egypt." Thus we learn that however much we may suffer or cause others to suffer in following God's guidance, He makes all things to work together for good.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An All-night Sitting of the British House of Commons resulted from the opposition of Irish members of Parliament to the vote of money to pay the Irish police. Mr. Parnell and his party demanded a pledge from the Government that the police should not be employed to enforce evictions of tenants, but the Government is responsible for the execution of the law, and therefore declined to give such a pledge. Mr. Forster, the Secretary of State for Ireland, said that he considered the rejection of the Compensation Bill by the House of Lords "a national calamity," and promised that if the tenants suffered injustice in consequence, to introduce a bill for their protection. But this promise failed to satisfy the Home Rule party, and they renewed the policy of obstruction which caused so much trouble in previous sessions. After continuing the debate obstinately for seventeen hours the Government consented to an adjournment, when the subject will again be discussed.

Mr. Forster, speaking of the condition of Ireland, said he had no fears of a general rising in that country, though he thought that there was great danger to individual life and property. One of the Home Rule members openly declared in the House that the party would not be satisfied by any policy that did not give *complete legislative independence* to Ireland.

The Abolition of the British House of Lords has long been an article of the creed of the advanced section of the Liberal or Radical party. The conflict of opinion between the two Houses on the Irish Question gave new vigor to the agitation, and another impetus has now been added by the reception the Lords gave to the Government bill affecting artisans. The bill made employers liable to action for damage to life and limb in cases where their own employees were injured, but the Lords have so altered the act as to render it practically inoperative, and have thus once more thwarted the will of the people as expressed through their representatives in the other House. Another bill, by which tenants are allowed to shoot hares and rabbits they find destroying their growing crops, is now before them, and it is known they are reluctant to grant the concession, but Lord Beaconsfield at a meeting of his party advised them to pass the bill. Should they reject it great dissatisfaction will be produced through the country, and the artisans will find themselves in the novel position of being allied with farmers in their political action.

A Naval Demonstration to Enforce the Recommendations of the Berlin Conference is the subject of discussion among the great Powers of Europe. The character of the negotiations has not yet been made public, but it is understood that England desires that the demonstration should be made at Constantinople, and is prepared to force the passage of the Dardanelles in defiance of the Sultan. Germany and Austria are anxious to limit the action of the Powers to the cession of territory the Sultan was urged to make to Montenegro, but England insists that the claims of Greece should be included in the ultimatum to be presented to Turkey. It is evident that the policy of evasion and delay which has served the Sultan in the past must be abandoned, as the patience of Europe so long tried has reached its limit.

African Explorers Killed.—The London *Standard* says: "The sad news which has reached Zanzibar of the murder of Captain Carter and Mr. Cadenhead adds two more victims to the long list of those who have sacrificed their lives in the interests of African exploration. Hitherto, disease, and not violence, has been the cause of the fatality which has overtaken so many of the explorers of the dark continent." From the facts which have reached us it would, however, appear that the gallant pioneers met their death at the hands of a chief named Mercambo, not far from Lake Tanganyika. Messrs. Carter and Cadenhead, though Englishmen, were employed under the auspices of the Belgian branch of the International Society for the Exploration of Africa. The leading object of the expedition sent out under its auspices is the establishment of centres of civilizing influence and commerce at various points of the interior. When last heard from the explorers were sanguine of soon communicating with Mr. Stanley, who, by the aid of steam launches, is endeavoring to ascend the Congo, which, amid so many perils, he descended three years go. Whether all of the Europeans have met the fate of Messrs. Carter and Cadenhead we have no means as yet of learning."

A Remarkable Publication has been Issued by a Jesuit of high standing in the Order, named Father Curci. Four years ago he published a volume of lectures on the Four Gospels for which he was publicly censured by his superiors. He has now published an entire version of the New Testament, with copious notes. In the preface he makes the following statement: "The New Testament is the book of all others the least studied and least read among us. So much so that the bulk of the laity—even of those who believe they have been instructed, and profess religion—*is not aware that such a book exists* in the world; and the greater part of the clergy themselves scarcely know more of it than what they are compelled to read in the Breviary and the Missal." Protestants have frequently made this charge, but it is something new to find it in a Jesuit's writing.

Six Centuries have Elapsed Between the Commencement and completion of the cathedral at Cologne, the last stone of which was laid last week. It is one of the grandest religious temples in the world, and of pure Gothic architecture. The cathedral is in the form of a cross, and is 511 feet in length and 231 feet in breadth. The towers are about 500 feet high. The heaviest of the six bells belonging to the cathedral weighs eleven tons.

Last Days of Islamism.—A Traveller Among the mountains of Asia Minor, who had pitched his tent in the province of Cicilia, was surprised the other day by a poor, ignorant Turkish woman coming up to his tent door and asking him if it was really true that the Day of Judgment was near. "On questioning her," he writes, "as to her reasons for making such an inquiry, I found that she had heard the villagers, especially the leading men, express the opinion that the last days of Islamism had come, and that the whole world is about to be judged for its wickedness. To-day I had a long conversation with a Turkish cadi, or judge, the drift of whose conversation took the same direction. These two persons represent the extremes of society among the Turks, yet they are agreed as to the decadence and probable collapse of the Turkish power. A large majority of the Turks are despondent. Their despondency is rather increased than otherwise by seeing their Christian neighbors hopeful, and increasing in prosperity. The Christians are looking in all directions to see what they can do to prepare themselves and their children for the new era that seems to be dawning upon them."

Mrs. Amanda Smith, in a Letter to a Friend, gives the following account of her work in India: "The Lord sent me to India last November. I landed in Bombay and began to work at once. We had three weeks' meetings, many were blessed, and some sinners converted. 'Praise the Lord!' I find the work here different to Britain or America. The influence of heathenism is so strong. Oh, how one's heart aches to see the teeming millions that are yet in the darkness of spiritual midnight! Oh, pray that the time may speedily come when the Gospel day shall take its place, and idolatry and superstition shall have gone forever. My work, is principally among English-speaking people. *I speak through an interpreter* when addressing a native congregation, and find it hard work, not being used to it. I pray, however, for those who have got the language that God may use them mightily.

"I like India very much; the plains are lovely in winter, but you want to get away in the hot season; the heat is intense, and when the hot winds blow across the plains it is *like the bla* *a furnace.* The Lord was so good to open way for me to come to the hills; it is cool a up here, you would scarcely think there was s a climate in India. God has been good to country in that He has so arranged the clim and prepared the people to endure them; all wonderful. I have been here eight mon and have travelled over four thousand miles have numerous calls, but I feel I cannot fil and may start for England about April, if Lord will. 'Glory to God for full salvation in Christ. Hallelujah.'"

A Dietary Test Similar to the one Danie his companions so successfully underwent (iel 1 : 12) has been applied in an English house. An English journal reports that a year's trial of milk instead of beer, the me officer of the Barnsley Poor Law Union that the discipline in the parish infirm better, that the patients like the change there is *no deterioration of health*, and tha death-rate is lower. He has reduced th of alcoholics during the year just closed $360 to $125.

Bendigo, a Renowned Prize-Fighter, Di London a few days ago. For nearly a quar a century he was notorious for his lawles desperate character. He fought twent regular battles, and carried off many prizes ring. He was frequently in prison for and disorderly conduct, and was looked a hopeless character. During one of his of incarceration he attended service prison church, and as usual sat in a listle tude during the service; but the chaplair as his subject the fight between David an ath, and immediately Bendigo's attenti arrested. He followed the narrative wit est, and at its close, forgetting where gave a loud "*Bravo for the little un!*" sermon, however, led him to think, a chaplain visited him at his request. By th ing of God he was converted, and has for years been known as a successful prea Seven Dials and some of the worst ne hoods in London.

A Decorated Market Woman is One celebrities of Paris. She keeps a vegetab and is very attentive to her business, but engaged in so humble an occupation sh of the eight women enrolled in the Le Honor. The distinction of belonging to gion is very highly esteemed throughout and the woman who always wears *the re* of the order is the object of much intere won it by an act of bravery during the Austrian war. Soon after the battle genta, while she was attached to the some capacity connected with the com department, she saw two Austrian soldi relling over a French flag they had c She snatched the prize from them an to the French camp. For this service decorated, and now, though she toils daily bread, she is included in the ran illustrious company among whom the nobles in France are proud to be numb will it be at the last day, when it is fo God has chosen the poor of this worl rich in faith, to be the heirs of the (James 2 : 5).

The Persian Famine Fund.—John Alcony, Ohio, $5.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works a at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, low as to bring them within the reach of *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John T* *Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a vol sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth* This popular gift-book contains a suita selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings fo in the year, with a blank space opposit graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs appear at their respective birthdays. T elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cen tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1880. 14th Year. No. 37–New Series.

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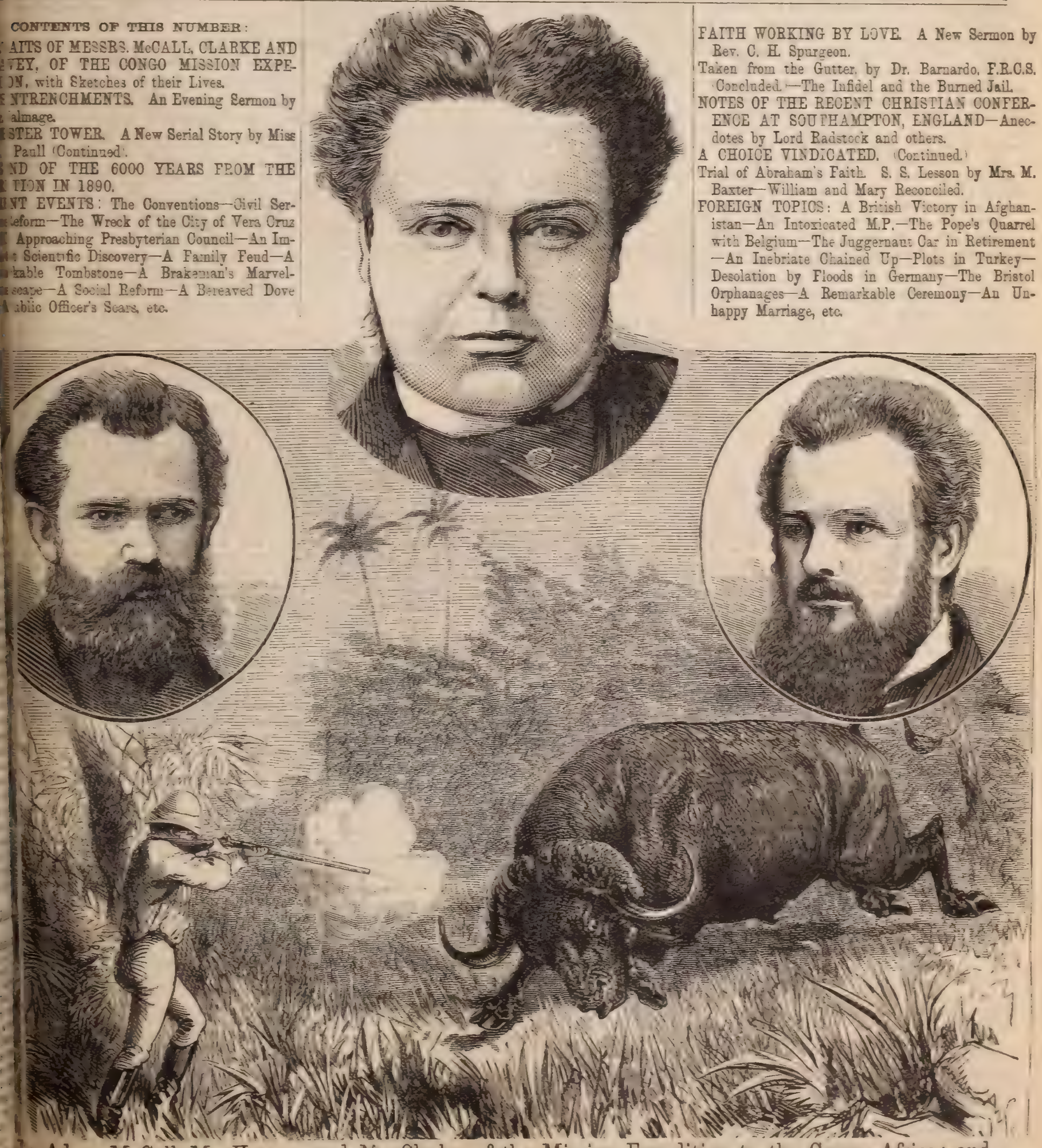

r. Adam McCall, Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Clarke, of the Mission Expedition to the Congo, Africa; and Mr. McCall's escape from a Buffalo.

MR. ADAM McCALL.

Leader of the Expedition to the Congo.

Birth in 1850—Original Choice of Profession—Becomes a Traveller in Africa—Visits Mission Stations—Returns Home for a Temporary Visit in 1878, and Becoming Converted to Christ, Determines to Work for Him in Africa—Offers his Services to the Livingstone Inland Mission—Becomes Leader of an Expedition—Departs for the Congo River on March 2d, with Messrs. Clarke and Harvey—Incidents of the Voyage.

THIS missionary, whose portrait we give this week, together with those of two of his coadjutors in work for Christ, is the son of a gentleman of good position in the town of Leicester, England, and during a mission service conducted there by the *Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.*, about the end of the year 1878, was led to give himself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to consecrate body, soul, and spirit to His service. He was *born* in 1850, and is, therefore, now thirty years of age.

Having received an education qualifying him for his future career, he adopted the dual profession of architect and surveyor. Love of adventure and research, so characteristic of the highest type of young men, led him to *travel* during the seven years from 1872 to 1878, inclusive, in South and South-Central Africa, and during this period he covered a distance of *twenty thousand miles*. During this time he traversed in various directions, and repeatedly, Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, Griqua Land West, Natal, the Transvaal, Bechuana Land, the Matabele country, and the Zambesi valley, visiting the celebrated Victoria Falls and the upper waters of the Zambesi, some two thousand miles inland from Cape Town. During two years of his sojourn in South Africa, Mr. McCall was *professionally engaged* in the Civil Service of the British Government (Public Works Department, etc.), and throughout the last two years, which he spent in the far interior, traversing regions almost untrodden by white men, he was quite cut off from all contact with civilization, and for twelve months did not even receive a letter. He was then hunting elephant, buffalo, and other "big game." *A fierce*

ATTACK BY A BUFFALO

on one occasion nearly terminated his life. He was out on a hunting expedition, and one of these animals charged madly at him, as represented on our frontispiece, and would infallibly have killed him on the spot, if he had not, with unerring aim, fired at the infuriated quadruped and brought it to the ground before it could come near enough to impale him on its horns. This is only one out of several *hair-breadth escapes* he had in the course of his African travels.

Though unconverted at the time, he greatly and intelligently sympathized with aggressive Christian efforts, and took the opportunity of visiting the remote and, comparatively isolated stations of the London Missionary Society among the Matabele, and stations of other societies in Bechuana Land and elsewhere. He met also those devoted servants of the Cross, *M. and Madame Coillard*, the French Protestant missionaries, during their detention as prisoners by the native chief Lobengula.

In the year 1878, after this considerable and most valuable experience in African life and travel, during which God was preparing him for future Christian service, he returned to England to pay a temporary visit to his friends, fully purposing in his heart to go back almost immediately to the valley of the Zambesi, with a view of exploring the Chôbe River (since descended by *Major Serpa Pinto*, of Spain), and of taking a series of photographic views of the country. But God's thoughts are not man's thoughts, and so, though he had nearly completed all the arrangements to give effect to his intention, he "passed from death unto life"; and all his plans, desires, and feelings about the future were suddenly and totally transformed by his conversion to God, through the preaching of the Rev. Newman Hall. To live for self-gratification was now no longer possible for him, and his earnest inquiry was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Show me Thy way." The Divine response was quickly and strongly borne in upon his conscience.

He felt that there was no alternative but to return to Central Africa, to the "Dark Continent" he knew so well ; not now to hunt the big game of the interior, but to be "a fisher of men"; not as a mere explorer and traveller, but a missionary of the Gospel of Christ. The Master had surely been training him, all unconsciously to himself, for work which He wanted to be done. He had been preparing an instrument for a special service, and now by His Spirit He called him to it. Mr. McCall gladly, and with his whole heart, devoted his life to mission work in interior Africa ; and when *the peculiar claims of the Congo region* were pressed on his attention, he decided, after much prayerful consideration, to offer his services to the Livingstone Inland Mission, for the purpose of *leading this expedition up to Stanley Pool*, on the Upper Congo.

He rightly felt that, after his long exile in Africa, and in view of his recent conversion, he needed some time for the study of the Scriptures, and for the enjoyment of Christian fellowship ; and though in certain respects he required no preliminary training, yet he wished to increase his knowledge of medicine by spending the last few months at the London Hospital, and for twelve months he studied in the East London Institute, under the personal superintendence of *Mr. Grattan Guinness*, where he won a high place in the esteem and regard of all who met him. His interest in the Congo Mission deepened continually, till it became an intense and consuming zeal.

The Congo or

LIVINGSTONE RIVER,

as it has been re-named by *Stanley*, in honor of the brave missionary pioneer and explorer, *David Livingstone*, runs almost across Central Africa, and is ten miles broad in some parts, and about two thousand miles long. *Henry Stanley*, the celebrated explorer, spent three years in crossing Africa, chiefly along the route of the Congo River. That part of Africa is thickly populated, and is supposed to contain fifty million inhabitants, all sunk in heathenism, and to whom only *fourteen* missionaries have gone out.

On March 2d, 1880, Mr. McCall, with three brethren, *Messrs. J. Clarke*, *Harvey*, and *Lanceley*, together with *Mrs. Richards*, who intended joining her husband in the mission field, all from the Missionary Institute, embarked on board the *Vanguard*, lying in the Thames, for Central Africa. Their object is to establish an Industrial Mission Station at Stanley Pool, on the banks of the Congo River, three hundred and fifty miles from the place of debarkation on the African Coast.

When arrived at Stanley Pool, these missionaries will acquire the languge of the natives and reduce it to writing, to teach the people to read in their own tongue, to translate the Bible into it, and also to teach them English. They will be instructed not only in the law and in the Gospel of God, but also in the arts of peace ; shown the advantages of properly-constructed dwellings, and how to build them ; the use of simple machinery to save labor, as for example, the water-wheel for grinding corn and raising water for purposes of irrigation.

The *Vanguard*, with its missionary expedition on board, passed Plymouth Breakwater on their outward-bound voyage on March 13th, and four days afterward heavy weather commenced ; but on the morning of the 20th, they sighted Madeira. All of the party, except Mr. McCall, were very unwell. He himself says in a letter to Mr. Guinness :

> "This morning very early we sighted land. I jumped up and roused the rest, saying, 'Come, come, turn out, there's Madeira close at hand.' The effect was wonderful. In a few minutes Clarke appeared on deck, then Lanceley, then poor Harvey came forth, looking very pale, and trying hard to smile, and last came Mrs. Richards, looking remarkably well and bright. It was a most lovely morning, the sea placid and the air balmy, and to our right the beautiful islan Puerto Santo, looking fresh and inviting in the morr ing sun. After breakfast we got out our portabl harmonium on to the pretty little poop deck, an united in singing a hymn of praise and thanksgivin to God, 'whose mercy endureth for ever.' Ho sweetly the music sounded in the clear, balmy ai and over the sparkling waters ! Our souls seemed rise up with the songs in grateful adoration to o God."

Having arrived at Teneriffe, and taken twent five donkeys on board, they proceeded to tl Canary Islands, where, according to another le ter from Mr. McCall :

> "Our donkeys are doing remarkably well, no m hap of any kind having as yet occurred. They c tainly do regale us with rather more of *their pecul music* than we require, especially during the nigh but on the whole they behave well, and do not giv very great deal of trouble. We are now thoroug in the tropics and have hot and lovely weather. have laid aside our European style of dress, and fi the lighter attire acceptable. Harvey is improvi daily ; I am giving him a course of tonics. Clark in his element, and does everything with a right g will. Lanceley is improving, and with training a experience will prove a useful missionary. M Richards is well and in good spirits. We have ev attention shown us by all on board, from the capt down. We are greatly favored, and cannot help f ing that the Lord is blessing and protecting us."

The party next arrived at

SIERRA LEONE,

and as it was essential to the success of the pedition in its early stages to secure a good of carriers, a number of fine Kroo boys were gaged. Mr. McCall says :

> "This morning, April 2d, when it was made kn that I wanted boys, quite a crowd was collected first got two capital head-men, known to the a here ; fine, tall fellows, both over six feet high. I then set to work to procure the other twenty-t boys, as I felt it was wise to have one boy to donkey. After some time a fine lot was colle and I had them ranged up in line in front of me, inspected them severely, refusing the weak-loo and lanky ones. After the number required selected, they were passed in, one at a time, t office of the agent, and I took down their names arranged terms with them. At first they all ref to go to the Congo, saying it was a hard country 'plenty jigger' ; but when I explained to them t was a missionary, and that we were a mission p '*Oh, all right ! you be good man ; you do us right will go for missionary.*'"

After leaving Sierra Leone, where, with trouble, at last the Kroo boys were got on b the *Vanguard* steamed for Mallacoree R where, alas ! she had a cargo of rum and g discharge. *Fifteen hundred* packages of th jurious cargo were put ashore at Benthy W occupying the ship's company a conside time.

The young missionaries held service in village on Sunday, and on the following da McCall made an excursion up the river wit captain. He administered quinine all rou a preventive, while the ship was lying in the Only one severe case of fever occurred on b and that yielded to treatment. Mr. C writes from this spot to Mr. and Mrs. Gui He says :

> "Last Sunday we had
>
> OUR FIRST SERVICE IN THE DARK CONTINE
>
> We were sorry to find that arrangements ha made to discharge the cargo on that day, and ing there would be no quiet on board, we deci go ashore and have a prayer-meeting in some shady place. We found some of the people on could speak English, being natives of Sierra They asked us if we were to 'have a churc when we agreed they were evidently delighte promised to let the neighbors know, so that al join us. We walked through the native town into the country a short distance, and, having a quiet spot, we held a prayer-meeting and r to the vessel.
>
> "In the afternoon we made our way to the which we had arranged to hold the service. I minutes about thirty assembled, all of whom speak and read English. We had a very hea

e. They seemed to be eager to know the word of od, and they sang *Mr. Sankey's hymns* with great rit.

"After the meeting one man asked brother Harvey speak with him for a short time. He said he had en cause of offence to one of his brethren then sent, and that in consequence of his conduct they re not friendly; he wished to acknowledge his lt and be reconciled to his brother. Harvey ught the two together, and explained to the offended that the offender wished to confess his fault. er he had spoken a few words to each, they shook ds, evidently with great satisfaction on both sides. offended then brought his wife, and, after an ex- ation from brother Harvey, she also shook hands the offender. They pressed us to hold a second ice on Monday afternoon, to which we gladly sented. I had some English tracts with me, which were very anxious to read. I gave them your ress, and said that if they would write to you re- sting a supply of tracts and hymn-books, I felt ain you would have some sent to them. You hear from them.

Being detained we had meetings also on Monday Tuesday evenings. Some of those present ex- sed a desire to throw in their lot with us. One g man *has* come with us; he had for two years with Bishop Crowther. He asked to be allowed company us, and to serve us, not for a salary, imply on the understanding that we would care im."

e last tidings received from this party dated April 16th. They were within three sail of Banana, the port at the mouth of Congo. We hope, therefore, that they landed t the 20th of April, and that they are by time well up the country. Now, especially, they need the earnest intercession of Chris- friends, that they may be preserved and ered, and have needed wisdom for their ult task.

MR. JOSEPH CLARKE.

at Aberdeen in 1858, and Early Education— ls into the Hurtful Practice of Novel-reading, Resolves to Study Profitable Subjects—At- ds an Evangelistic Meeting, and is Convert- e to Christ—Devotes Himself to Christian ort and Espouses Missionary Work in Africa.

E subject of this brief sketch, whose por- accompanies those of his companions in e, is a native of "the granite city" Aber- Scotland and was born in the year 1858, now twenty-two years of age. Having re- a *moderate education* at Buxburne Free h School, supplemented by further in- ion at Stoneywood Public School, where tendance was not particularly regular, his ile studies terminated before he was en years of age.

a long period after leaving school, he all his spare time in the debilitating prac- *reading novels*, so that when he reached teenth birthday he had forgotten nearly hing of practical and abiding value which acquired at school, He was induced to tock of his mental acquisitions, and the was a determination to equip himself in a manner for the work of life. He at once himself of the opportunities which came nd lay nearest to him. For two winters, eroic resolution and unflagging energy, he such scientific subjects as acoustics, heat, etc., and his diligence was reward- securing first class certificates for pro- y at the examinations. He studied arith- nd algebra also, with a gratifying meas- success. He became a Custom House at Aberdeen. The happy circumstances resulted in *his conversion* to Christ, we e in his own words:

the evening of the 13th of August, 1874, ded the first evangelistic meeting I ever sent at. That night I was spoken to by Christians, and then decided to live for but I was a considerable time (possibly eeks—I am not certain) ere I was able to Jesus."

ad been brought up in the Free Church land, and now had conferred upon him ce of *Deacon*, which he conscientiously and successfully sustained for nearly three years. But he felt that he was capable of doing more for Christ than seemed possible in his then sphere of service, and his attention was ultimately directed by the Divine Spirit to the charms and needs of the great foreign mission field. He says:

"My motive for becoming a missionary is simply that I may consecrate *all* my time to His work. . . . I do not know what first suggested such a course to me, but the desire has been in my mind for a long time. I have often sought to *crush it out*, and was helped in this direction by my friends, yet in the face of such opposition, it has taken root and grown."

Mr. Clarke was not without some experimental knowledge of the requirements of Christian service, for he had engaged in Sunday-school teaching, tract distributing, visiting the sick, and addressing evangelistic meetings as occasion demanded, and had been much blessed to the conversion of the souls of many who came within the scope of his humble and hearty ministrations, both by speaking and correspondence. Mentally, morally, and spiritually, he is well fitted for the arduous activities of the important work which he has so warmly espoused. The attitude of his mind and the ardent devotion of his heart to African missionary enterprise, may be clearly understood by the following extract from his farewell speech last March:

"Dear friends, I was struck very much, after I came to London, with one thing. It was a dark, foggy day, and I could scarcely see my way about, and there were people with lights of different kinds. I was struck with the great quantity of lights, as country people are. Now, away out in Africa, in some of those large heathen towns, which are, as travellers tell us, about two miles long, there is utter darkness at night. They have no lamps; they have to find their way about in darkness. And the worst of it is that they are also in dense spiritual darkness, not only in the night-time but in the day-time too. So far as the revelation from God is concerned, there is not a single light to light them on their way to glory.

"Just reflect dear friends, that there are hundreds of thousands in the regions of the Congo River who never heard of the living God. Compare that state of things with what we have here. Compare their ignorance with our knowledge. Compare their want of opportunity with our open Bible, our open churches, our prayer-meetings, and our Christian fellowship.

"Does not this appeal to your own hearts and does not your soul cry out before the Lord, 'Send forth light to Africa!' And when you pray for light to go to Africa, will you ask yourself, 'What am I doing to send light to Africa?' It is a question for each of us to consider. We want you also to be foreign missionaries. We want your sympathies to be with us in Africa, and not only your sympathies but your prayers and material assistance."

MR. JAMES HARVEY.

Birth in Kingston in 1852—Early Application to Business—His Conversion at the Age of 20—Successfully Engages in Work for Jesus, and is Led to Consecrate his Life to Missionary Effort in Africa—His Reasons, Estimates, and Hopes.

THIS gentleman, the friend and co-worker in the mission field with Messrs. McCall and Clarke, was *born* in 1852. His native place is the salubrious and beautiful town of Kingston-on-Thames, in the County of Surrey.

Having received a fair elementary *education* at the National School, which he subsequently improved and extended by attendance at evening classes, the exigencies of domestic circumstances—his father being dead—necessitated an early application to *business*, in order that his earnings might contribute to the family exchequer. He, therefore, entered the establishment of a clothier, with whom he remained for some time.

When about twenty years of age, the greatest *crisis* in the history of an immortal soul occurred. By the Divine enlightenment of the Holy Ghost he was led to see himself as a sinner who needed the forgiveness of the Heavenly Father and the spiritual change effected by the new birth. His cry for mercy was heard, his iniquities were pardoned through Jesus Christ, and through faith in the atonement of the Saviour he was filled with a holy peace, and stepped into the unspeakable freedom and blessedness of the sons of God.

And now the natural desire of a new-born soul began to manifest itself. Upon a profession of his faith in Jesus he was baptized and looked around him for some field in which he might *work* for the Master. In answer to much prayer for guidance, *he was led to choose the mission field* as most congenial to his feelings and desires, and though he had been *much blessed* in connection with open-air preaching and in Sunday-school work (five boys of his class having decided for Christ through his instrumentality), he conceived the hope—and in the strength of that hope he has left his native country and friends and gone into the interior of Africa—that God would more abundantly bless him in the midst of the sable sons and daughters of Ham, in the heart of the "Dark Continent."

Speaking at the valedictory meeting, in London, last March, Mr. Harvey said:

"If I am asked what is my motive for going to Africa and the Congo region, my reply is, Because of *the need of the people*. That is the chief reason in conjunction with the very important motive that the Lord has said to me, 'Go and preach the Gospel.' I would not place this second to any motive; I would pray the Lord that He would ever keep this prominent before my mind. The chief reason why we go out there is to obey this command and thus do His will. These people on both sides of the banks of the great *River Congo*, from one end to the other, have not heard the name of Jesus. They do not know anything about the true God. They know nothing about Christ.

"I have often thought what a glorious thing it would be if we, as a party, should be able by the blessing of God to give them *the Scriptures*, or some portion of them. I know it is a mighty work to translate the Scriptures in their entirety, and most probably not one of us will be able to accomplish this. But if we can only be instrumental in translating a portion and giving it to the people, what a glorious thing it would be! It would be worth living for, or even worth dying for; and I think if each of us had more lives than one to give to the work, it would be worth while to give them to such a glorious work as this.

"We know our path will not be a path of roses. We shall have a great many difficulties. There are the dangers of the climate which we shall have to encounter. Most probably all of us will be taken with fevers many times. When one of our brethren came back from the Congo lately, in consequence of being accidentally injured by a bullet, he told me he had had the fever *one hundred times*, although he had only been there fifteen months. We expect that we shall not be free from it either, although we believe the Lord is able to take care of us and raise us up. Then there will be *the opposition of the traders*. They are the determined opponents of the missionaries. Our brethren who are out there are suffering great opposition at the hands of the traders. A large part of the goods sent out there have to reach the traders first, and they have the power to greatly help or greatly hinder the mission work.

"Then there is *the opposition of the natives*, who, of course, do not know what is good for them. They naturally are unable to appreciate at first the fact that we are bringing the Gospel to them. It is most probable we shall suffer a great deal of opposition and persecution at their hands. We also expect a great deal of *opposition from the Jesuits*, who will probably make their appearance in due time. They have reached Lake Nyanza, and they are grievously opposing the missionaries who had been favorably received by King Mtesa in that distant part of Africa. We know very well we *carry our lives in our hands*. We know it is no easy matter and no light work to go abroad to the Congo region. But still we do believe that no matter how great the difficulties are, and even if they were ten-fold more formidable, the Lord is greater than the greatest difficulty. Our confidence is in the Lord. It is this that makes us go forth, and we believe there will be no uncertainty as to the result, namely, that the Gospel we are carrying with us will really be the power of God to the salvation of those poor heathen.

"Our brethren who have gone out there before us have had great success, but I think one reason why they have been so successful is because they have been very much prayed for by God's people. Let us ask you to do the same for us as many have been doing already. May the Lord go with us and remain with you for His name's sake."

SIN'S INTRENCHMENTS.

An Evening Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday, May 2, 1880.

" Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost."—Acts 7: 51.

The Heart a Castle—Its Fortifications—I. Prejudice — Ministers and Churches — Choice Always Possible — II. Social Influences — The Finger of Scorn—Prayerless Companions—Rowland Hill and "Fine Sport"—Two and Two—III. Intellectual Perplexity—A Hundred Questions—The One Point—IV. Pernicious Habits — A Strong Fortress — The Maniac Engineer—God's Matchless Grace—V. Pride and Rebellion—The Crisis of the Battle—A Flank Movement—The Careless Scotchman—" The Tide is Rising!"—Scene at the Battle of Gettysburg.

STEPHEN was within a few hours of martyrdom. These were the last words of his sermon. In a few hours he would be taken out to a precipice, and hurled over the rocks, and then the boulders dropped on him. Just before that hour of martyrdom he looks into the face of the people, and preaches a very plain, honest sermon ; and among other things tells them, " Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost."

Stephen had found out what has been found out in all ages, that there is in the human heart *a great capacity for resistance*—resistance to good influences, resistance to bad influences. The fact is, the heart is a castle, and it is mightily fortified, and it is not very easily taken. When war opens, and a city or a fortress is to be taken, there are earth-works thrown up in semicircles—one line of fortifications, perhaps, fifteen miles away, another line of fortifications ten miles away, another one mile away ; and all these intrenchments must be taken, and all these fortifications captured, before the fort of the castle is overthrown.

Now I have to tell you to-night that the heart is in a struggle naturally against God. There are intrenchments, there are fortifications thrown up, and we must take them one by one before the soul will surrender itself to God. You know how men will fight for their wives and children when they go into a contest like that. There are lightnings in their eye, and their finger is a spear and their voice is like the whirlwind.

You have heard how *the men of O'Brien* went into battle. They had fallen, and were wounded and in hospital ; they desired that they might be brought out, and that stakes might be driven into the ground, and they fastened to the stakes, and then with their right arms free they fought to the death. But I have to tell you that the strongest battle ever waged is between Christ and the human soul. It will be my intention for a few moments to show you what are the lines of fortifications to be captured before the soul finally yields ; and I will begin with the outworks.

I. The first line of fortification to be captured is

PREJUDICE

in many hearts against ministers and against churches. Sometimes men are roughly jostled in churches ; they have some difficulty about the pew-rent, or they are in somewise maltreated in the church, and they say, " I want nothing to do with the house of God ; I have had enough to do with the churches of Jesus Christ for the rest of my life." And they have very harsh prejudices against ministers of the Gospel, and all those prejudices are heaped up into a great line of fortification, which must be captured, or their souls will never be taken for God.

Now, my brother, is there not one church where you might worship? is there not one minister of religion from whose lips you would receive the truth? That is the beauty of living in a large city like this : you can have your pick of churches and your pick of ministers—churches rich and poor, churches aristocratic and churches democratic ; Calvinistic and Arminian churches ; ministers white and black ; ministers educated and ignorant ; ministers wearing a costly gown or in a plain coat ; ministers argumentative or figurative, poetic or statistical. You have a large number from which to make a selection ; and I think you are willing to confess that to-night there is at least one church somewhere where you can worship, and one minister of the Gospel somewhere through whom you may receive the truth.

Oh, my brother, *make your selection*, and go to that people and say, " Where thou livest I will live ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God : where thou dwellest will I dwell ; and may the Lord do to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Oh, do you not find your prejudices against churches and ministers of the Gospel giving way? Will you not approach that fortification to-night, crying, Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ?

II. But there is another line of fortification that must be taken before we can reach the soul. In many cases there is the high battlement of

SOCIAL INFLUENCES.

There are some of you who move in circles where all the influences are antagonistic to the Christian religion. If to-night you will yield your heart to God, to-morrow you will feel the volleys of sarcasm, and caricature, and scorn, and ribaldry. There are some men in your association who would *rather be shot* than kneel and cry before God for mercy.

There is a young man who, if he should come to God to-night, would to-morrow at the store, or factory, or shop be greeted by some one who would say, " Well, John, how is your soul? What's the news from Heaven? Getting ready for a fast? You are not mad, I hope. Christians ought not to get mad. When do you expect to be translated?" And some of you find that your associates are among those who ordinarily spend the Sabbath evenings in playing cards, and drinking wine, and smoking cigars, and never using the word " God" save in profanity. You admit that you know better than I can tell you that your social surroundings are a high wall which it is almost impossible for you to get over, and that wall must be taken before you yield your heart to God.

My friend, when you come to die, will you send for those godless companions? What will they do for you when heart and flesh shall fail? When the trumpet sounds, do you want to rise in their resurrection? Though they might come into your sick-room and pour out the medicine, and shake up your pillow, they could not pray if in some paroxysm of physical suffering you should ask for prayer. In all that round of association there is not one man that could pray. Two and two they went into the room. How many go two and two on the way to death! It does not take more than one evil companion to destroy you.

Rowland Hill one night was on his way to Surrey Chapel, and he saw two men by a lamp in the street, and he heard them talking, and one said to the other, " Let's go over and hear old Rowland Hill preach to-night, and we shall have some fine sport." Rowland Hill marked them well, so he would know them. He entered his pulpit, and those men entered the gallery, and came very near the pulpit. The peculiarity of that church is, the pulpit is so near the gallery that *last summer*, when I was preaching in that very pulpit, they handed me the notices from the gallery into the pulpit. Well, Rowland Hill went on with his description that night, and finally he described the sorrows of the sinner's death-bed : darkness added to darkness—no hope, but despair and agony ; and then he pointed his finger to those two men in the gallery and said, " That will be fine sport for you."

And then he went on describing the day of judgment—that day for which all other days were made—the rocks, the mountains, and the burning seas, and then he pointed to those two men and said, " That will be fine sport for you." And then he went on to describe the eternity of the lost ; no light, no eliverance, eternity, eternity ; and then he pointed to those two men in the gallery and said, " That will be fine sport for you." The truth went straight to their hearts, and then and there they yielded themselves to God. Two and two they had been going down the path of sin ; *two and two* that night they came into the kingdom of God.

But we must confess what many of you say that social influences are keeping you away from God, away from heaven, away from peace. And yet the Lord Jesus Christ comes to that fortification to-night. He comes over it, he come through it. Victory through our Lord Jesu Christ!

III. There is another line of fortification between your soul and God. It may be

INTELLECTUAL PERPLEXITY

about religion.

There are a hundred questions about th miracles ; there are a hundred questions abou the 9th chapter of Romans ; there is a setting passage against passage, in seeming contradi tion. Here a fortification comes up, Colens on the Pentateuch, Renan's " Life of Christ, Thomas Paine's " Age of Reason." High and higher goes the battlement until no huma argument can get over it. Only the Lord Go Almighty can bring down the fortification. The are a thousand questions which you might a me that I could not answer ; questions about th character of God, questions about the immorta ity of the soul, questions about the resurrectio day, questions about why God let sin come in the world, questions as to who is Melchised questions about this, and questions about that

Ah, my friend, we have no interest in the subjects to-night. The one subject now bef us is, that you are a sinner, and that Christ di to redeem you. Let us agree on that one poi Let us take *these two theories* of our theology a put them together, and that is enough to int duce us into the kingdom of God. Let Ren and Colenzo, great guns, blaze away ; they ca not keep Christ from taking this fortress to-nig He comes and knocks not at the gate of head, but at the gate of the heart ; and while is pounding at that gate I hear Him say, " Blo stained at the door I knock. Whosoever open to Me, I will come in, and sup with h and he with Me."

Oh, are you not willing to-night to surren all these perplexing questions, and ask that pl old-fashioned question, which I read at the op ing of this service, " Men and brethren, w must I do to be saved?"

Christ comes to that fortress, to that specu ive trouble, and intellectual perplexity, down it goes, down it goes forever. You m believe ; you do believe ; you believe now.

IV. But there is another fortification th to be captured before the soul can be take some cases, and that is the fortification of

PERNICIOUS HABIT.

You may say that the Lord Jesus Christ not dispute in your soul's supremacy with st drink ; yet you must give up your dissipatio you can never enter the kingdom of our L Oh, you say, it is impossible for me to giv my habits. I remember that that wall has going up higher and higher, five years, ten y twenty years, thirty years, forty years, going higher and higher, between you and Ch And yet that fortress *is to be taken*, that forti tion is to come down, the Lord Jesus Chr to save your soul to-night.

Years ago the *cholera* came to New Orl and there was great excitement, and the p wanted to get out of the city of New Orl and one eventide a steamer put out from city, heavily laden with passengers, and they had been a few hours out the engineer the cholera and died. The captain, in grea turbance, great fright, rushed through the and asked if there was an engineer there, if was any man who could commmand that sh engineer. After a while a man with a pe look stood up and said, I am an engineer, take command of this engine. And so h put in possession of that work, and the ca retired.

But on their way they were awakened by the v lent motion of the ship and machinery, with t or ahead, and they found that the man who h taken the office of engineer was a maniac; as soon as he saw the captain he said, "atan has commissioned me to drive this ship to erdition." By wonderful stratagem they got down, and got him away, and the ship and many passengers were saved.

h, are there not men here who are being engi ered by maniac passion; that do not dare to give up their passions, seemingly commissi ed by the powers of darkness to drive them and to drive them down? Nothing but the et nal God can bring down that influence and de ver that soul. And yet I have known people seemed to think the grace of God were y exhausted. Why, God can come and take th man lying in the very *ditch of his iniquity*, an save him as easily as He can save the most e and elegant sinner that ever bowed at the of the cross. "Whosoever will, let him c e and take of the water of life freely." Al ough that fortification between your soul an Christ is so strong, this moment I cry, Victo through our Lord Jesus Christ! Down goes t ortress, and Christ the Lord enters.

I have also to remark there is another fo fication to be taken, and that is

THE PRIDE

an the rebellion of the natural heart. This is th ast fortification, but this is the *crisis* of the ba e. If this be not taken it makes no differen whether the others are taken or not.

w sometimes a besieging army, instead of go over a fortification, and through the intre hment, will make a flank movement; and th ne easily surrenders, and I do not know but th Christ in some unexpected way will come up your soul, and within the next five minutes you shall look up any say, 'My Lord and my Go" Oh, you say, the door of my heart has be so long bolted against Christ, the bolts are rusty, the doors are so unused to swinging that Christ might not come in." Then I ; and take the cross of Christ as a battering- and I strike against the door and drive it at Christ may enter with all the charms s grace and all the pardon of His love.

that that door of the soul might to-night the door of that human soul, *the back-door!* I beat against that door with the s of heaven and the groanings of hell. Oh ha Sinai might open its cannonade! Oh, ha the anxiety of your Christian father, that the rayers of a loving mother, might put their sh ders against that door, the backward door! st open; if it ever surrenders, it must come fro the inside, by cheerful consent, by your wil Then it will come down amid ten thousan booming batteries of the judgment and ete ty. The day of grace is almost gone for The sun begins to dip below the horizon, hat some of us do we must do quickly.

ere was a man *walking on the beach* in Scotand and the tide was rising, and he did not it was rising. He did not know of any peri and he was walking along carelessly, and who understood his danger stood on the and shouted, "Halloo! The tide is rising; up on the rocks, or your retreat will be f." But he went on, he recognized no peril, no care until it was too late: his retreat ut off, he began to climb the rocks, and lf way up, and the sea came to the ankle, came to the knee, and it came to the and it came to the chin, and with a shriek ished.

to-night the tides of eternity seem to bout us, coming higher and higher. I "Halloo, halloo! the tide is rising, de is rising." "Oh," says some one here, "I don't see any peril." And es on in his thoughtlessness, and he on in sin, and he makes light of it. But de is rising meantime, and after a while an sees his peril, but *it is too late.* He ome to the foot of the rocks, his eyes rolling terror, his hands flung up; and with a shriek he dies amid a long reverberating echo. Oh, I wish I could ring the bells of heaven to-night so clearly that all the people would come and sit at the gospel feast! Some have come, and yet there is room—room by the side of Christ, room at the banquet of eternal love, and yet, and yet there is room. Room for all this multitude of people. Room for all in all these galleries. I do not ask what is your history, nor where you came from, nor what have been your sins. Whosoever will, let him come.

A surgeon was wounded in the battle at Gettysburg, and he told me afterward that being wounded he could not attend to the sufferings of others, and he could not take care of his own wound, and he lay on the heights of Gettysburg looking off upon that battle. And he saw the armies in the valley, now one army triumphant, now the other. The tide of battle was waving backward and the fate of the nation being decided; and he said *the scene was overwhelming* as he lay there on the height looking out upon the battle.

So to-night I stand on the height of Zion, and I look off upon the valley of Decision, the forces of light and the forces of darkness in contest about your soul. Now one side victorious, now the other. The tide of battle rolls forward and backward, backward and forward; and the next hour, the next half hour, the next five minutes, may decide the contest. Oh, God help us! If this be our last chance for heaven, let us embrace it. Show this whole audience that now is the time of salvation. Grieve not the Holy Spirit. "My spirit shall not always strive with man." *

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will vou have this Christ or no?"

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A CONVERTED JEW'S SUFFERINGS FOR CHRIST.

By the Rev. Burman Cassin, M.A.

THAT devoted man of God, Mr. Fisk, once thrilled my soul by an anecdote he told me. He said that some years previously he had been called upon to baptize an adult Israelite, who had been brought to acknowledge the Lord Jesus Christ. He remembered well the circumstance, and the gathering of his congregation on the week-day evening, and he said he should never forget to his dying day the peculiar thrill that seemed to run through him as he admitted that young Jewish convert into Christ's Church.

What happened to that young man? He was a son of a great and influential merchant in a Continental city. He had been obliged to leave his home for the purpose of business—and he was a young man in a good way of business—but the news of his conversion had travelled home, and he had received letters *banishing him from his father's house.* However, he heard that his mother was on her death-bed, and he determined that he would go and see whether he could not receive her blessing before she died. He therefore went as quickly as he could.

He arrived at the family mansion. It was a large and important mansion in that city. He knocked at the door; the door was opened by the butler—the old butler that had known him from a boy. The moment the butler saw him, although the eldest son of the house, *he slammed the door in his face*, and he was driven thus away from his paternal roof. He knocked again. This time, when the door was opened, his sister was running down the steps to the door. He saw her; he rushed toward her; and instead of falling upon his neck, and greeting him with a sister's love, *she cast him a look almost diabolical, and she spat in his face.* But that was not the worst experience which he had to undergo. Immediately behind his sister was his father, and his father came up to him and gave him a fiendish look, *pointed a loaded pistol at his breast*, and said if he did not go away from that door he would kill him. That young man had to undergo that for Christ.

The Jews have been persecuted in every country of Europe, and they have had good reason to deplore the spirit of intolerance which has moved many professed Christians. This incident shows that they have learned from their experience lessons of retaliation and are in some instances at least disposed to manifest the very spirit from which they have suffered so much.

HOW A POPISH PRIEST WAS CONVERTED.

ONE day Pastor Chiniquy preached in the great Cathedral of Montreal, a building which would hold 15,000 people, on the Virgin Mary, and argued that, as men were rebels against God, they must seek an intercessor, and as a man would always grant the petition of his mother, the Virgin Mary was the best intercessor. His sermon was very successful, and the Bishop of Montreal complimented him at its conclusion. That evening he chanced to read Matthew 12: 46–50 (and Mark 3: 31-35 was to the same effect), and the thought struck him that Jesus had not answered any petition or complied with any request of His mother after entering upon His ministry. He searched through the Gospel, and found that this was so. At the marriage in Cana He made wine for the guests, not at the request of His mother, but because He took compassion on them Himself.

It seemed as if Jesus had spoken as is recorded in the Gospels with a view to prevent that particular elevation of Mary into an intercessor which he had advocated that morning. A voice like the roaring of thunder sounded in his ears, telling him that he had preached a lie in preaching that Jesus always granted His mother's petitions. He did so as a child, but from the day He and His father were one He refused every one of her requests. He wished to have no interference between humanity and Himself. After passing the night in great mental agony, he next morning met the Bishop and told him of the conclusion he had come to—that it was wrong to pray to the Virgin Mary.

He subsequently became an earnest Protestant Christian, and entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, in Canada. The great success that this active Christian has had in bringing 25,000 Roman Catholics of Canada to the study of the Word of God, and into separation from the corrupt communion and superstitious practices of the Church of Rome, marks him as a great champion of the Christian faith, and an undaunted hero in his assaults on the great citadel of scriptural and ecclesiastical error at Rome.

A Situation Obtained Through a Wooden Hat.—A man in search of employment applied to an eminent engineering firm near Birmingham, England, for a situation, but was refused. As he was turning away disheartened, the engineer noticed he had a peculiar hat in his hand. He called the man back and asked him what the hat was made of. The man replied that *it was made of wood*, and he had turned it himself on a lathe, being too poor to buy a new hat. Explanations followed, from which it was found that the man had invented a lathe which would turn oval articles as well as round ones. His ingenuity won for him the respect of the engineer, and he was at once engaged. This occurred in 1780. and the name of the man with the timber hat was William Murdoch, who afterward became famous as the pioneer of steam traffic in England.

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* Gen. 6: 3.

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(Continued from page 551.)

Mrs. Mitchell's Cordiality—Mutual Sympathy—The Clergyman Introduced—The New Pupils—London Babies.

Constance Anerley was shown to her room by Mrs. Mitchell.

"Tea will be ready in half an hour," said the lady kindly; then continued, "I hope you won't mind little Maud having her bed in your room. I ought to have mentioned it, I expect, but I hope you will forgive me; it will be such a comfort to me to feel that she is under kind care at night. She is only five years old, and the nurse will come and take her away at seven o'clock, or earlier, if you wish."

"I have no objection whatever," said Constance, "to her being here, and seven will do nicely."

"Thank you." Mrs. Mitchell hesitated. "I wish I could have met you at the station myself," she added.

"It was very kind to think of sending any one," said Constance.

"Percy was to have gone alone," said Mrs. Mitchell, "but—" she hesitated again, and colored.

Constance quickly guessed what Mrs. Mitchell failed to utter.

"What a fine, gentlemanly boy your son is, and how like you, Mrs. Mitchell," she said, adroitly changing the subject.

The mother's face beamed with pleasure. "Did you like him? I am so glad! Every one almost does, I think, though Robbie is Aunt Lack's favorite. My two girls, Claudia and Esther, come next to Percy, and then Robbie and Alf, Maud and baby make up the family. We lost a dear child between Maud and our little Sydney," and the mother's eyes filled.

She looked so sad and helpless at that memory, so like Constance's own mother had looked in her hours of distress and bereavement, that almost unwittingly the young girl drew near and kissed her.

Mrs. Mitchell seemed pleased, although surprised.

"Forgive me, dear madam," said Constance, "if I have acted strangely. I am so used to trying to comfort; will you not let me sympathize so far as I can in any way with you?"

"Dear Miss Anerley, I see we shall be friends," said Mrs. Mitchell, "and yet, do you know, I almost dreaded; I thought you might be all head and no heart, you are so clever. But, dear me, do pardon me, I am taking up the time you require to refresh yourself after your journey," and she softly closed the door behind her as she hastily quitted the apartment.

"I fancy Aunt Julia Lack will be my only *bête noire* here," thought Constance.

Mr. Mitchell made his appearance at tea, which had been hastened an hour to suit the arrival of the new governess. A tall, stout, well-proportioned, handsome man, with a florid, handsome-featured face, fair complexion, blue eyes, benign expression, and a general manner of being well-to-do and well esteemed by his fellows, with rather more than a suspicion in his air of being also generally well pleased with himself.

It was really no wonder, for in his home, by his sweet wife, he was continually and continuously worshipped, his tastes, his habits, his wishes were studied, attended to, and fulfilled. She had no will, as it seemed, but to wait on him, to keep the best of everything for him, to beseech forgiveness if she offended him in the least particular, to take his opinions for her own, or if she differed to maintain a modest silence. It was not quite good for the Rev. Rowland Mitchell; but he enjoyed the easy, happy life he led, and was good enough to be generally sweet-tempered and obliging.

In his soft, agreeable voice he greeted Constance Anerley kindly, and expressed the hope that his children would not give her very much trouble.

Then he introduced his two little girls to her, Claudia, aged thirteen, and Esther, aged eleven, and told them not to feel shy, for Miss Anerley would be very kind to them.

They were pretty children: Claudia, fair and sweet, like both her father and mother; Esther, saucy, defiant, with a decided temper lurking in the dark quick eyes which she now turned upon her governess.

"I hope you will be able to make scholars of them, Miss Anerley," continued Mr. Mitchell, in his measured cadence. "At present they do nothing but play, do they, my dear?" and he turned to his wife.

"I have tried, since Miss Ash left, to give them a little instruction each day, dear," said Mrs. Mitchell meekly.

The reverend gentleman smiled tenderly at her as he went on, in that same measured tone in which he had before spoken, "Yes, love, but no one could expect you to do much with all your other duties."

"I have learned more with mother than I did all the time with Miss Ash, I do believe," said Esther impulsively; "because she explains things to us so nicely. I wish mother *had* time to teach us enough."

"Remember," said her father, looking amused, "that you are speaking in Miss Anerley's presence."

"Oh, if Miss Anerley is worth anything, she won't mind my loving mother best, will you?" she asked, turning her dark eyes frankly, yet inquiringly, upon the new governess.

"Certainly not," replied Constance, smiling. "I should think you had very poor taste if you did not, Esther. All I can promise is that I will try very much to explain things to you, if you will tell me what you do not understand."

"Very good," said Mr. Mitchell. "Now, children, take your seats." The door opened, and a little boy of nine, looking decidedly untidy, made his appearance.

"Why, Robbie, where have you been? You're not fit to sit down with us," said his father.

"I've been fishing, father; I've caught—"

"Never mind now," said Mrs. Mitchell; "go quickly to Ellis and ask her to make you ready for tea."

"I'm ready enough, mother," laughed Robbie; "for I'm awful hungry."

"You hear what grammar is spoken by your pupils at present," remarked Mr. Mitchell to Constance, in a tone blended of annoyance and apology; "there is plenty of work before you in the school-room."

"I am not afraid of work," she answered.

The first evening at Brighton having passed away, and a sufficient introduction for our present purpose having been made of the various members of the Rev. Mr. Mitchell's family, we will once more direct our attention to a scene with which we are already familiar.

The babies of every community form an important part of its population. From them in a few years must arise the workmen and workwomen of the world. A country's future depends upon its babies. What a strange thought that is, as we look upon the wee creatures smiling or crying, all unconscious of their strange and important destiny, only anxious for their present wants to be satisfied. What a sad thought it becomes when we behold the dirty squalor, the sickly misery, the wicked surroundings, among which so many of our babies grow.

Miss Calvert, of the Albert Mission, that noble-souled, true-hearted woman, full of simple Christian love and enthusiastic delight in doing good to her fellows, felt that if her Mission Hall and its adjuncts were to do all the good she desired in the neighborhood, she must establish a day nursery as one of its agencies. It would, without any doubt, be very much better if all mothers could stay at home and learn by constant experience how to take good care of the precious little lives committed to them by the Father of mercies, but there were the penniless wives of drunken husbands, and toiling widows, and destitute mothers, some through their sins, some through the sins of others, who m either work or starve, and their babies ran te ble risks of being left to perish the while.

There were also abandoned mothers who perilled their children's lives, and from wh their children must be saved. Things mi have been arranged in a much happier, more ural way for both mothers and babies, if Calvert, instead of toiling in the Albert St Mission Hall, could have shut up all the pu houses in London, or banished strong d from them, as she would have done with int and prayerful joy.

But we have to meet the wants of a prof edly Christian land, which possesses an une able and terrible rate of infant mortality, wh all good men and women long to check, jus our foreign missionaries long to save the l girls in China, or the neglected, buried-a little victims of parental neglect in Africa. S truly Christian "Miss Ophelias" still hav see to the ablution of these poor little w "Topsies" of ours, and hide their own pai sensations the while as best they may.

One large room was fitted up with simple dles and cots, a few bright pictures were h on the walls; some little chairs and stools low forms and a few cheap playthings ranged around, while in an adjoining r baths were provided and changes of rai were hung, for it was imperative that the dren brought to the Albert Street day nur should in almost every instance be care washed and dressed in clean garments on daily admission.

It is delightful to visit a *crèche*, or day sery, when the little ones are all in nice for visitors. But there is a great deal of ger and disagreeable work to be done before blessed consummation is arrived at. We not be too thankful that God has raised a of loving women, some to direct and son perform this useful work.

Miss Calvert's *aide de camp*, as she laugh called her, in the day-nursery, was Emily ley. The somewhat delicate state of her h made it imperative that she should not go an evening except in very warm weather she was anxious to continue to labor in the sion in which her beloved father had been terested, and her love for children amount a passion. Three mornings a week Emmie with the Albert Street babies, expending them the gentle, loving attentions which a solutely necessary to the development of he intelligent babyhood.

And on the mornings she could not come Calvert often said she believed Emmie w for them as much as ever, begging some sary appliances for them from chance vi making up old garments into new for their persons, devising cheap, safe toys, ma empty cotton-reels, or fashioning knitted and rag dolls to amuse them.

Salome Stanley had caught some sligh pulse from the enthusiasm of her frien had already good-naturedly bestowed up institution quite a treasury of toys, to with some more valuable adjuncts to c and cleanliness, such as towels, sponge sheets.

One morning she said to Emily, "I w go to Albert Street with you to-day, Emm am anxious to see little Thomas."

Thomas was a blind child, two years o whom Emmie petted very much, and who case might well awaken commiseration.

Emily Anerley was delighted. So th young ladies set out together, and Salome ley encountered that day a closer conta the absolute wretchedness that attends s guilt than she had ever done before. Sh sometimes believed, ignorant as she was she had herself tasted to the dregs the human woe, the trouble that wrong brings in its train; now she learned how mitigations her own lot possessed over t her still more wretched fellow-creatures.

These poor little babies in the day-nursery, hose still poorer ones outside, over whom no ind earthly hands had as yet spread a canopy f love, yet above all of whom, equally with the nfant heirs of earthly crowns, the tender Shepherd of the sheep and lambs watches ever.

(*To be continued.*)

HE END OF THE 6000 YEARS FROM THE CREATION, IN 1890.

THE 6000 years from the creation of man are n good grounds understood to terminate in the cond coming of Christ and the Millennium.

is a belief of great antiquity that the SIX AYS of creation foreshadowed the six periods of thousand years each, during the Patriarchal, wish, and Christian dispensations, and that e SEVENTH DAY of rest typefied the seventh riod of a thousand years, of the millennial disnsation. This idea was entertained among the ws long before the birth of Christ; and Scripre warrant for it has been afforded by the atement that "one day is with the Lord as a ousand years" (2 Pet. 3 : 8), and that "there naineth therefore a rest (*sabbatismos*, a keep- of the Sabbath, a Sabbatical septenary) to people of God" (Heb. 4 : 9). This seventh riod of a thousand years—the Millennium—is own in the nineteenth and twentieth chapters Revelation to commence with the resurrecn of the righteous, the advent of Christ, the ining of Satan, etc.; and after its termination battle of Gog and Magog, the resurrection of wicked, and the burning of the earth take ce.

Bishop Russell says on this subject: "The dition that the earth, as well as the religious te of its inhabitants, is to undergo a great nge at the end of 6000 years, has been found the writings of Pagans, Jews, and Christns; because six days were employed by Alghty God in the creation of the globe, after ich He rested on the seventh; and, as with n one day is as a thousand years, and a thoud years as one day, it was concluded by the balists and Jews that the world was to conue 6000 years; and on the conclusion of this iod there would succeed a Sabbath of a thoud years of corresponding length, a Millenm of rest and of peace. This idea has been ced in the Sibylline oracles, in the poems of siod, in Plato, and prevailed long before the h of Christ, relative to a momentous change ch is supposed to await the earth after a pe d not exceeding 6000 years. We find this extation expressed by the Chaldeans, the Perns, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans—tors, poets, philosophers; and the only diffiy we experience in the examination of the ords collected from the literature of ages is ccount for so great unanimity of sentiment re we cannot discover any source of information, or any authority which so many different ers would consent to acknowledge for a conion so remarkable."

he infidel historian, Gibbon, testifies to the valence of this opinion during the first four uries of the Christian era. He says (chap. 15): The ancient and popular doctrine of the milnium was intimately connected with the sec coming of Christ. As the works of the cren had been finished in six days, their duration he present state, according to a tradition* ch was attributed to the prophet Elijah, was d to six thousand years. By the same anal it was inferred that this long period of labor contention, which was now almost elapsed, ld be succeeded by a joyful Sabbath of a sand years; and that Christ, with the trihant band of the saints and the elect who escaped death, or who had been miraculously revived, would reign upon earth till the time appointed for the last and general resurrection. So pleasing was this hope to the mind of believers that the *New Jerusalem*, the seat of this blissful kingdom, was adorned with all the gayest colors of the imagination. A felicity consisting only of pure and spiritual pleasures would have appeared too refined for its inhabitants, who were still supposed to possess their human nature and senses. A city was therefore erected of gold and precious stones, and a supernatural plenty of corn and wine was bestowed on the adjacent territory. The assurance of such a Millennium was carefully inculcated by a succession of fathers, from Justin Martyr and Irenæus, who conversed with the immediate disciples of the apostles, down to Lactantius. Though it might not be universally received, it appears to have been the reigning sentiment of the orthodox believers."

Gibbon further states that after the fourth century this view began to decline, the papal corruptions completely obscured it; but since the great revival of religion at the time of the revolutions of 1793, increased attention has been given to the prophecies regarding the millennium, and the views of the Primitive Church respecting it have again become prevalent.

There is another striking type meriting observation in this connection. As God concluded the six days of creation by forming the *literal body* of the first Adam out of the dust of the earth, and breathing into it the spirit of life, so, at the conclusion of the 6000 years, at the second coming of Christ, God will, by His resurrection power, raise to life and form the mortal dust of His deceased saints into the *mystical body* of the second Adam—the glorified Church of Christ—and breathe upon them the Holy Spirit in immeasurable abundance.

This expectation of the advent of Christ at the end of 6000 years acquires additional importance from the fact that they appear from the chronological data of the Bible to *terminate somewhere about* 1890, and thus the birth of Christ was about 4110 years from the creation. All the periods that make up this 4110 years are explicitly stated in Scripture, excepting one interval of 79 years, from Cyrus's first year, B.C. 535-6, until Artaxerxes's seventh year, 456 B.C., and the exact length of this interval is decided by Ptolemy's Canon, and the Histories of Herodotus, Xenophon, Prideaux, etc.

The commonly received Chronology of Usher, which has been adopted in the marginal references of Bibles, places Christ's Nativity about the year 4004, but the recent researches of Clinton and others show that Usher missed out at least 100 years out of the whole period of the Judges, making that period to be about 350 instead of 450 years, as stated in Acts 13 : 20.

Usher gives B.C. 1444 in Joshua 14, as the date of the dividing of the land of Canaan and the beginning of the period of the Judges, and B.C. 1094-5 in 1 Samuel 12, as the date when the era of the Judges ended, and Saul was made king. Now, this gives only 350 years as the period of the reigns of the Judges, whereas Paul said, in Acts 13 : 20, "He divided their land to them by lot, and after that He gave them Judges about the space of four hundred and fifty years (450) until Samuel the prophet; and afterward they desired a king, and God gave them Saul by the space of forty years," etc. Later chronologers, avoiding the errors of Usher, and basing their computations upon the statements of Scripture, arrive at the period of 1870 to 1890 as the end of the 6000 years.

Thus, the 6000 years have been computed by the subjoined writers, who have carefully traced and examined each link in the chronological chain, to terminate at the following points of time: about 1870, by Rev. Dr. Seiss, in his valuable lectures on the "Last Times," and by Rev. Dr. Mahan in his "Palmoni"; about 1872, by Rev. C. Bowen, whose tables were published in 1851 in Elliott's "Horæ Apocalypticæ,'" and by Rev. James Scott, in his "Millennium Vindicated," and also by Edward Flower, in his "Wonders of Divine Arithmetic," and by P. H. Gosse, in "The 6000 Years"; about 1875, by Rev. W. Thurman, in his "Sealed Book of Daniel Opened"; about 1881, by R. Brothers, in his "True Ages of the World" (published in 1794), and by Sylvester Bliss, in his able "Sacred Chronology."

The subjoined table of the Scripture period shows, however, that the 6000 years terminate about 1890; and that we have, in fact, almost arrived at the Saturday midnight of the world's week of 7000 years. The six days are nearly ended, and the seventh day of 1000 years is about to commence. The correctness of the following chronological table can be verified in a few hours by any person who will refer to the Scripture passages quoted.

THE BIBLE CHRONOLOGY OF THE WORLD.

Anno Mundi.	Before Christ.		
0	4110	(1) The Creation of Man to the close of the Deluge. (Gen. 5. and 8 : 13–14)........................	**1656**
1656	2454	(2) Close of the Deluge to the birth of Terah. (Gen. 11 : 10–24)....	**222**
1878	2232	(3) Terah's birth to his son Abraham's removal to Canaan. (Acts 7:6; Gen. 11 :32; 12 : 1 5)....	**205**
2083	2027	(4) Abraham's removal to the date of the Exodus. (Ex. 12 : 40; Gal. 3 : 8–17)........................	**430**
2513	1597	(5) The Exodus to the distribution of the land. (2 yrs. Num. 10 : 11 to 13 : 25; and 45 yrs. Josh. 14.)..	**47**
2560	1550	(6) The dividing of the land to the end of Samuel's judgeship. (Acts 13 : 20; Josh. 14.)........	**450**
3010	1100	(7) Reigns of Saul, David and Solomon (40 yrs. each.) (Acts 13 : 21; 2 Sam. 5:4; 2 Kings, 11 : 42)	**120**
3130	980	(8) End of Solomon's reign to Jehoiakim's fourth year. (1 Kings 11:43 to 2 Kings 25, and Jer. 25.).....	**375**
3504	605	(9) The 70 years' captivity from Jehoiakim's fourth year until Cyrus' first year. (2 Kings 24 : 8 to 16; Ez. 1.; Jer. 25 : 12)...	**70**
3574	535	(10) Cyrus' 1st year to the midst of Artaxerxes Longimanus' 7th year (by the common chronology).. (Cyrus 7 years, Ahasuerus and Artaxerxes—Ex. 4 : 6-7—8 years, Darius—Ez. 6 : 1—36½ years, Xerxes, 21 years, Artaxerxes Longimanus (¼ years.)	**79**
3653	456	(11) The midst of Artaxerxes Longimanus' 7th year to the birth of Christ. (Dan. 9 : 24–26; Ez. 7)... (Daniel's 70 weeks are generally held to begin about A.D. 455-6 in Artaxerxes' seventh year.)	**456**
4110	0	Total, from the creation of Adam to the birth of Christ.	**4110**
		Add (for the period of the Christian dispensation.	**1890**
		Total from the creation of Adam to the Millennium.	**6000**

(*To be continued.*)

The Infidel and the Burned Jail.—The Following incident was related by the Rev. H. Webb-Peploe, an eminent English clergyman: "I remember once visiting an infidel in my district who was on his death-bed.

As soon as I spoke to him of religion he said, 'Well, you had better stop that nonsense; I do not fear God, and if there is one, I am quite ready to die.' I paused for a moment, and said, 'My dear friend, it does not matter to God one bit whether you believe in His existence or not. You cannot alter facts. If you owed some builder £10,000, and I paid it for you, and you were to lie in jail, and refuse to come out, and perish because that jail is to be burned, that jail would be burned with you in it, simply because you won't come out, and will not believe that the debt is paid.' 'Well,' he said, 'that is a rum story, sir; nobody ever told me so before. Do you mean that God paid my debt, and it won't touch the fact whether I believe it or not?' 'Yes,' I said, 'it is a fact.' I saw him afterward several times. He renounced his infidelity and became a Christian.

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* his tradition was that "the earth should be 2,000 s without the law, 2,000 years under the law, and years under the Messiah." One or two hundred ations to the same effect, from the fathers and r writers, are given in Elliott's "Horæ Apocacæ," vol. iv., and in Taylor's "Voice of the ch."

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OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1880, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Democratic State Conventions Have Been held in Massachusetts and New Jersey during the past week. In Massachusetts the convention assembled at Worcester and nominated Hon. Charles P. Thompson, of Gloucester, as Governor, and Alpha E. Thompson, of Woburn, as Lieutenant-Governor. General Butler attended the convention, and explained the reasons which had led him to come out from the Republican party. He declined a nomination for office, preferring, he said, to fight in the ranks.

In New Jersey an unwieldy convention of 990 members assembled at Trenton on September 1st. Senator Ludlow received the nomination for Governor on the fourth ballot, after an exciting debate. It was considered by the majority of the members the best nomination possible under the circumstances, though not the best that might have been made. A large section of the working-men will, it is believed, owing to personal objections to Senator Ludlow, vote the Republican ticket, who would have voted for any other Democrat who might have been nominated.

The Important Question of Civil-Service Reform was dealt with at the national conventions of both the political parties, and in the letters of acceptance written by the presidential candidates, in so slight a manner as to cause regret in the minds of patriotic citizens. It has become evident to all disinterested observers that much of the acrimony and ill feeling which characterize a presidential contest arise from the fact that the position of over a hundred thousand office-holders is staked on the issue. Until some steps are taken toward making the tenure of office permanent during good behavior, in cases where the political opinions of the holder do not interfere with the performance of duty, the presidential struggle will continue to display its worst features. The practice has been adopted in Great Britain with marked success, and the permanent subordinate employés of the Government perform their duty with equal alacrity under a Conservative or Liberal premier. The secretaries of state receive valuable assistance from the permanent officials, who, having been in their posts during many years, are more familiar with the details of public business than the political heads of the department, and they furnish information readily to their chiefs, although often opposed to them on political grounds. Thus the blunders an untrained politician might unwittingly make, to the national detriment, are prevented by timely information.

It is satisfactory to learn from an editorial article in the New York *World* that General Hancock is in favor of a reform in this direction, although it was not expressed in his letter of acceptance. The *World* says, "We happen to know that General Hancock has given this subject of civil-service reform the careful study of many years, and that he shares the fears of most thinking men as to the consequences of a protracted popular indifference to the evils of our existing system."

The need of the reform is so manifest and would operate so powerfully in the direction of peace, that it would be gratifying to see in some Republican organ an authoritative statement that General Garfield is also in favor of its inauguration. We might then be assured that no matter which candidate is elected, a step has been taken toward lessening the agitation of the quadrennial contest.

Republican Prospects in Maine Have Been brightened by the announcement of General Weaver that he is opposed to an alliance between his party and the Democrats. As he has naturally a powerful influence with his supporters, it may be expected that the fusion will not be effected, and thus the State on which so much importance was placed as an indication of the general result appears likely to register a substantial Republican majority.

The Rev. William Adams, D.D., LL.D., President of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, died at his country residence near Orange, N. J., August 31st. He was for many years pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in this city, and was sincerely respected not only by the members of his church but by the citizens generally.

A singular fact in connection with Dr. Adams's death is that he was appointed to preach the opening sermon before the Presbyterian General Convention which takes place in Philadelphia on September 23d. The Rev. Dr. E. R. Beadle, of Philadelphia, was originally appointed, but died about a year ago, and the appointment was then transferred to the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Boardman, who has also since died. We hope to publish the portrait of Dr. Adams, with a sketch of his life, in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Project is Under Consideration to Reform a notoriously vicious neighborhood in New York. Some wealthy Christian citizens have been discussing the feasibility of buying up a large portion of the six or seven blocks in the Twenty-ninth precinct of the city, with the object of dispersing a class of persons who live by the proceeds of vice, and of closing the saloons where those persons congregate. The object meets with general approval, but opinions vary as to the wisdom of the plan proposed. About ten years ago the Young Men's Christian Association of Birmingham, England, needed a new building, and the committee purchased at a great cost a notorious haunt of vice, called the Sultan's Divan, and adapted it to the uses of the association, and thus effected a very beneficial change in a depraved neighborhood.

The Wreck of the Steamer, City of Vera Cruz in the hurricane which swept over the Florida coast on Saturday and Sunday, August 28th and 29th, is one of the melancholy catastrophes to which we have become sadly familiar during the last few months. The City of Vera Cruz was an unusually strong wooden steamer, belonging to Messrs. Alexandre & Sons, of New York. She sailed from this port on August 25th for Havana, and thence to Vera Cruz, having on board eighty-two persons, of whom thirty-one were passengers. The first intimation of the disaster was intelligence from St. Augustine, Florida, that five bodies, several mail-bags, and a lot of wreckage had been washed ashore thi miles below that city. Then followed news th eleven persons, three passengers and eig seamen, had drifted ashore on pieces of t wreck.

The narrative of the survivors is a thrilli one, depicting a scene of fearful terror and d tress. The rapid falling of the barometer August 28th warned the captain of an approa ing hurricane, and as a precautionary meas he threw overboard a portion of the car When the cyclone struck the ship it tore aw the skylights and hatches, and sent a torrent water below deck. Soon the engine-fires w extinguished, and in spite of the gallant effo of passengers and crew to save the vessel, sank in about five hours after she encountered cyclone. The boats had all been staved in washed away, and the helpless men and won were floating in the water on doors, articles furniture, and pieces of wreck. The violenc the sea often turned these over, and many w unable to maintain their hold on their frail s ports. The survivors were tossed about *thirty-four hours* before they reached shore, were in a very exhausted condition.

Among the passengers was Major-Gen Torbert, of the United States Army, who ser with distinction as a cavalry officer in the war, and was afterward appointed Consul-C eral of the United States in Paris. His b was washed ashore with a severe wound on head which he had probably sustained f some piece of the wreck which the waves dashed against him.

The Triennial General Presbyterian Cou which is to meet in Philadelphia, on Septen 23d, and continue in daily sessions until th of October, will be one of the most remark assemblages yet held in this country. It contain between three and four hundred gates from the various branches of the Chu They will come not only from the United S and from the Dominion of Canada, but England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Fra Holland, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Switzerl India, China, Australia, and Africa. Man them are already well known in this cou by reputation as eloquent preachers and di guished theologians.

A Youth of about Twenty Years threw self from a window on the third floor o Bible House on September 1st, and was k almost instantly. He was a thief who had sentenced to the Reformatory at Elmira, N in 1877, but had afterward been release parole. Notwithstanding the utmost effo the Prison Association to put him into spectable way of living, he persisted in hi ways, keeping bad company, leaving one s tion after another, and rewarding the kin of his benefactors with deception and falsel Finally it became necessary to arrest him a and when that was attempted in the room Prison Association, 66 Bible House, the y man jumped from the window. *Keepin company* and staying away from his mo house at night were the beginnings of thi and fatal career, which forcibly reminds us "the way of transgressors is hard" (13 : 15).

Chief Ouray, who did Excellent Servic the Government at the time of the Meeker sacre, died August 28th. He had been some time, but it was hoped that his robus stitution would enable him to overcome hi ease, but on Friday his case was consi hopeless, and on Saturday a runner came Los Pinos agency with the report that h dead. He belonged to the Uncomphagre and was one of the most intelligent men race. He took a prominent part in th negotiations at Washington, and it is fear death will delay the settlement a year l The transfer of his tribe from Colora another reservation was strenuously oppos the majority of the Utes, and the arrang was only effected by the strong personal ence of Ouray with his people.

Two Owners of Tenement Houses in New York were fined two hundred and fifty dollars each by Judge Russell, on August 26th, for neglecting to comply with the regulations as to light and space in their property. They were also warned that if they did not proceed immediately to alter the buildings in accordance with the rules of the Board of Health, still heavier penalties would be inflicted. The condition of the dwellings in the lower wards of the city show how necessary imperative measures of this character are to protect the city from the outbreak of an epidemic.

Anthony Comstock's Scars.—In a Notice of the energetic man, who has accomplished so great a work in connection with the Society for the Suppression of Vice, a contemporary gives he following account of Mr. Comstock's wounds which he received in consequence of the uncompromising war, he has waged against vice in New York: "But the work has been no holiday business, as sundry scars on Mr. C.'s person tesify. At the close of a trial he was attacked, truck on the head with a club, which, however, missed his temple—his thick skull—as he laughngly tells us, a particular advantage. A knife was then aimed at his throat, but, missing that, aid open his cheek from near one ear to the orner of his mouth, leaving a very conspicuous ar."

The Photophone is a New Invention which may lead to important scientific results. It is n instrument by which sounds can be produced, eproduced, and transmitted by flashes of light. rofessor Bell, who invented the Bell telephone, also the inventor of the photophone, and he escribed it at the sessions of the Association or the Advancement of Science on August 27th. is based on the important discovery that all aterial substances, with the exception of carbon and thin glass, are sensitive to the influence light, and are capable of giving forth musical ounds according to the rapidity with which it flashed upon them. An ancient legend, genally regarded as fabulous, was that a certain atue on the banks of the Nile emitted vocal unds when the first rays of the sun touched its ow. Professor Bell's discovery shows that ere may have been some truth in the legend. It is not clear what practical results may folw the discovery of this property, but it will ubtless be utilized in some way by the ingenis inventor. It is, however, another proof that are living in the days spoken of by the proph Daniel, when knowledge shall be increased aniel 12 : 4).

A Family Feud of a Peculiarly Acrimonious aracter has raged for more than ten years at a wn near Elmira, N. Y. The quarrel arose beeen two brothers in 1870 over a transaction in ich one brother sold the other some horses, d has increased in bitterness with the lapse of ne. Twice a barn full of grain belonging to e of the brothers has been destroyed by fire, d the other brother has had his barn burned ree times and his dwelling-house once. In h case the owner has charged his brother h being the incendiary. One of the painful idents of the quarrel has been that the ents of the two men, both of whom are over hty years of age, have, after a long life of conal peace, espoused opposite sides in the dise, and have separated in their old age. All s trouble is a lamentable proof of the power an exerts over the passions of men, causing m even to discard natural affection (Gal. 5).

Bereaved Dove.—A Little Girl Living near line of the Erie Railway, near Rathboneville, Y., possessed a pair of doves, who were in habit of flying about in the vicinity. One d, lately, while flying across the railway track, of them came into collision with the smokeck of the Pacific express, which passes that t about 7 o'clock in the morning. The bird killed by the shock. The other circled aut the spot for a few minutes, in evident azement at the sudden disappearance of her e. Suddenly she seemed to realize what had carried the male from her sight, and she rose in the air and flew swiftly in the direction the train had gone. She did not return until about noon. Next morning she was seen to fly away and take a position on the mile-post, near the spot where she last saw her mate the day before. When the express train came along she flew at the locomotive, hovered about the smoke-stack and around the cab, as if looking for her mate. She accompanied the locomotive for a mile or so, and then returned to her cote. Every day since then she has repeated this strange conduct. She goes to her lookout for the train at precisely the same time each morning, and waits until the train comes along, no matter how late it may be. She never goes further than about a mile with the train, returning then to her cote and mourning piteously all day. This extreme instance of the well-known affectionate and gentle nature of the dove shows the depth of meaning there is in many passages of Scripture, such as Isaiah 59 : 11. The dove is also the favorite Scriptural symbol for the Holy Spirit.

A Remarkable Tombstone is Being Prepared for a minister according to his own instructions. A Providence (Mass.) journal says that a minister formerly living in that city, bing desirous that the monument over his grave should be *a silent preacher* after he is dead, is having constructed a granite reading-desk on which is to be sculptured an open Bible, and on the page the words written, "Be ready, the time is short. These are the words I spake unto you while I was with you, that after my decease ye might have them in remembrance." On the front and sides of the monument will be cut texts of scripture, arranged in the form of human questions and divine answers.

A Brakeman's Narrow Escape from Death occurred recently at Medina, N. Y. A number of freight-cars were backing down to a switch, and the brakeman employed in some way became entangled in the guard-rail which held him firmly by the foot. As the cars approached, death or mutilation seemed inevitable. With rare presence of mind the man threw himself between the rails on his back, and when the first car reached him he seized the brake-rod underneath the car, and with that leverage dragged his foot out of the boot, and clinging to the car he was soon able to creep out in safety. The brakeman's perilous position is a type of the moral position in which careless Christians sometimes find themselves. Thoughtlessness, imprudence, or unsuitable companionship entangles them in a difficulty from which they unhappily do not, like the brakeman, escape without injury to their character, and sometimes the cause of Christ in the world is also brought into disrepute.

A Sailor's Testimony.—The Value of a mother's warning was illustrated recently in the narrative of a sailor who had spent forty years at sea, during which period he had been in the hottest as well as the coldest climates. When he was starting out as a boy on his first voyage, his mother solemnly warned him against the vice of drunkenness, and obtained his promise that he would never touch intoxicating liquor. The sailor kept his promise and prospered. Besides his own welfare being promoted by his abstinence, other sailors had been influenced by his example. One of these met him recently, and said that through his kindness to him when intoxicated on shipboard he had been induced to reform, and was now captain of one of the finest vessels in the port of New York.

A Scientific Blunder Appears to Have Been made in Chicago, which shows how unreliable are the "facts" which modern sceptics frequently use as bases of arguments against the divine origin of the Bible. Some very large bones were recently dug up in that city, and were pronounced by scientific men to be the bones of a mastodon. Inquiries made by the authorities, however, resulted in the discovery that they were the bones of an elephant buried on the spot many years ago by a travelling showman.

FAITH WORKING BY LOVE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Faith which worketh by love."—Galatians 5 : 6.

All Outward Forms Set Aside—Faith the Only Saving Point—The Difference Between Faith and its Imitations—The True Faith Works—Therefore Lives and is Awake—It Works by Love—I. Faith always Produces Love—1. As a Necessity of its Nature—2. By the Beauty it Discovers—3. By Appropriating what it Discerns—II. Love Entirely Dependent upon Faith—Cannot Exist Without it—Flourishes as Faith Flourishes—Cannot Work Without Faith—III. Faith Displays its Power by Love—Faith's Arm—Its Tools—Its Furnace—Its Mould—Its Metal—IV. Love Perfects Faith—A Judge's Grandchild—Faith and Love in the Church.

All ways of justification by human works and outward forms are set aside by the apostle. In one sentence he closes up every road which is cast up by man, and opens up the way of the Lord, even the way of salvation by grace through faith in Christ Jesus Some hope to be saved by ritualism; their hopes are smitten hip and thigh by this word, "Neither circumcision availeth anything;" on the other hand, many are relying upon their freedom from all ceremonial, and place their reliance upon a sort of anti-ritualism—they are smitten by the words "nor circumcision."

As Jews relied upon circumcision, so do many depend upon baptism and sacraments; to these the apostle gives no quarter. Others glory in uncircumcision; they have practised no rites nor ceremonies, their mode of worship is plain, even to unsightliness, free almost to disorder, and of this they are apt to make a righteousness. It is quite as easy to make a self-righteousness out of the plainness of the Quaker as out of the gaudiness of the Romanist; and the one confidence will be as fatal as the other.

The outward, whether decorated or unadorned, whether fixed or free, touches not the saving point; the only thing which can save us is faith in Jesus Christ, whom God has set forth as a propitiation for sin. Faith brings us into contact with the healing fountain, and so our natural disease is removed; it appropriates on our behalf the result of the Redeemer's service and sacrifice, and so we become accepted in Him; but anything short of this must fail; it is the rending of the garment, while the heart is unbroken, the washing of the outside of the cup and platter, while the inner part is very filthiness.

The apostle, however, does more than merely condemn other foundations than those of faith; he distinguishes here between faith itself and its many imitations. It is not every sort of faith that will save the soul. True faith, undoubtedly, will save a man, though it be as a grain of mustard seed; but then it must be true faith—the genuine silver, and *not a mere plated article.* "Money answereth all things," says the wise man, but then it must be current coin of the realm; for counterfeit money will answer for nothing except to condemn the man who has it in his possession. Real faith will save us, but forgeries of it will increase our peril. Assurance is of God, but presumption is of the devil.

THE TEST OF TRUE FAITH

is that it works—"Faith *which worketh*," saith the text. To that end it must first of all live, for it is clear that a dead faith cannot work. There must be heart in our faith, and the Spirit of God breathing in it, or it will not be the living faith of a living child of God.

Being alive, true faith must not sleep, but must arouse itself as a child of the day, for a slumbering faith is matter for heart-searching, since sleep is cousin to death. A wakeful faith becomes active, and in its activity lies much of its proof. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is one of Christ's own rules for testing men and things, and we are to know faith by that which comes of it, by what it does for us, and in us, and through us. Faith is not worth having if it is fruitless; it has a name to live and is dead. If it works not at all, it lives not at all, and cannot justify its possession.

A dead God may be served by a dead faith, but living, waking, working faith can alone please the ever-living, ever-working Jehovah. God save us from a dreaming faith and a talking faith, and give us " faith which worketh."

" Not words alone it cost the Lord
To purchase pardon for his own ;
Nor will a soul by grace restored
Return the Saviour words alone."

A further distinction is also set forth, that true faith " worketh *by love.*" There are some who do many works as the result of a kind of faith who, nevertheless, are justified, as for instance, Herod, who believed in John and did many things, and yet murdered his minister. His faith did work, but it worked by dread and not by love ; he feared the stern language of the second Elijah, and the judgments which would come upon him if he rejected the Baptist's warnings, and *his faith worked through fear.*

The great test of the working of saving faith is this, it " worketh by love." If you are led by your faith in Jesus Christ to love Him, and so to serve Him, then you have the faith of God's elect, you are undoubtedly a saved man, and you may go your way and rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free. It shall be joy to you to serve the Lord, since love is the mainspring of your service.

That is the point we are going to speak upon this morning—the connection which exists between faith and love : " Faith which worketh by love." We may be helped to test both our faith and love while we are speaking of the intermingling and intertwisting of the roots and branches of these two graces, and it will do us good to perform a thorough self-examination. *It never does any man harm to overhaul himself* and to see in what a state he is, whether he really is right or no ; whether he is prospering in soul or no. I am afraid of our taking our good estate for granted, but I am not afraid of the most self-searching self-inquiry. May God the Holy Spirit bless our ministry to this end this morning !

I. Our first observation will be this :

FAITH ALWAYS PRODUCES LOVE.

" Faith which worketh by love." When faith has anything to do, she walks to the field with love at her side. The two graces are inseparable. Like Mary and Martha, they are sisters, and abide in one house. Faith, like Mary, sits at Jesus' feet, and hears His words, and then love diligently goes about the house and rejoices to honor the divine Lord. Faith is light, while love is heat, and in every beam of grace from the Sun of righteousness you will find a measure of each.

1. This happens *by a necessity of faith's own nature.* The moment a man believes in Jesus Christ he loves Him as a matter of course. It is possible to trust in another person and not love him, but from the peculiar circumstances of the case, our Lord having loved us and given Himself for us out of the infinite charity of His heart, we are compelled to love Him the moment we repose upon Him. To trust the bleeding Lamb and not love Him is a thing not to be imagined. Faith is a gold ring which, in every case, *the heavenly jeweler* sets with the beryl of love. Water faith with a drop of God's own dew and it blossoms into love.

The first steps of the prodigal when he comes to himself are all toward his father's house and heart. When he gets home he may take many steps hither and thither about his father's estate, but at the first, at any rate, his face is distinctly toward his Father. Did he not say, " I will arise and go unto my father ?" The first steps of the soul, when it begins to believe in God are desires after him in which there is a measure of love.

The affections are aroused and drawn toward God as soon as there is the slightest degree of faith in the soul. Every believer here knows that. Look back to the day when first you saw the Lord, if you can remember it, the hour you looked to Him and were lightened ; did you not love Him immediately ? Love him ? Ay ! We sometimes fear we loved Him better then than now, though I hope that it is not the case. If any one had asked me, in the first flush of my joy when first I beheld my bleeding Lord, do you love Him ? I should not have hesitated, but replied, " I love Him as my very soul, for He hath redeemed me from going down into the pit." Faith creates love as summer breeds flowers. Our first love came with our first faith by a necessity of nature which can never change.

2. Love grows out of faith yet farther *by the discoveries of beauty in Christ which faith is sure to make.* Faith is the soul's eye, and its telescope, by which it sees that which is so far off as to be otherwise invisible. Out of this gracious discernment comes admiring love. Faith delights to unveil the superlative beauties of the Well-beloved before the gaze of love, and then faith and love unite in crying out, " Yea, He is altogether lovely." Those who believe can say, " We see Jesus," and those whose hearts are won by Him can add, " We love Him because He first loved us." O that we knew our Lord better ! O that we believed in Him more ! Then should we be knit to Him as the heart of Jonathan was knit to David.

3. Faith creates love, next, *by its appropriation of that which it discerns,* for while faith is

THE SOUL'S EYE.

It is also almost the mind's hand, by which it grasps the blessing. Love is sure to arise out of a sense of possession. Doth not a mother love her child very much because it is her own ? When we have an interest in a person, so as to call him " my brother," " my husband," " my son," then a sense of property increases our sense of affection. Why, even in dead things, such as gold and silver and goods and lands, when they are a man's own they are apt to be loved, for the affections cling to that which is possessed—" Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

This tendency is clearly seen in reference to higher possessions, and especially with regard to Christ. If Christ is yours, and faith can say, " Jesus is mine," love alters the sentence and cries, " This is my beloved, and this is my friend." When the faith of Thomas saw Jesus as Lord and God his love gave a musical ring to his exclamation by joying in personal possession, and calling him " my Lord and my God." Love rejoices in Jesus as her own possession, triumphs in Him, and right sweetly sings of love to Him because He is her own husband and Lord. Thus, you see, faith creates love from a necessity of its nature, from the discoveries which it makes, and from its appropriation of the good things that are in Christ.

Surely all these points sufficiently show that faith creates love in the soul wherever it really dwells. Do not, I pray, begin to say, " I am afraid I do not love the Lord as I ought," and so on. Take it for granted that you do not love Him to the full of His infinite deserts, and instead of raising questions about the degree of your love, ask yourself whether you believe in him ? Are you trusting in the Lord Jesus ? Are you confiding in Him ? Because if the root is there the flower will appear ere long.

If thou believest that Jesus is the Christ, thou art born of God, and all who are born of the God of love must themselves love God. Do not talk of trying to love God. You cannot force yourself to love anybody ; who in his senses would ever dream of such a thing ? Such attempt would be utter folly. Love must be free-born, it cannot be bought or forced. We cannot tell what love is, though we feel it. It is a mysterious something, not to be described by the cold maker of definitions ; but it is always a product of something else which goes before it. If you believe, you will love ; if you do not believe, you will never love till you do believe. Go to the root of the matter. Do not try to grow the hyacinth of love without the bulb of faith.

Do you trust Jesus with all your heart, and are you confiding your soul's eternal interests with him ? Then I know that you love Him, though you may for a while be occupied with other pu suits. Love slumbers in you, like fire in a flint or rather, it smoulders, like fire in smoulderin turf, but ere long it will burn vehemently, lik coals of juniper. Look well to your faith an your love will not fail. Remember the lines a sweet poet, and pray that you may sing the out of your own soul :

" Hallelujah ! I believe !
Now, O Love ! I know thy power,
Thine no false or fragile fetters,
Not the rose-wreaths of an hour.

" Christian bonds of holy union
Death itself does not destroy ;
Yes, to live and love forever
Is our heritage of joy."

II. Let me now enlarge upon a second mark : Love is

ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON FAITH.

" Faith which worketh by love." Love, the does not work of itself, except in the strength faith. Love is so entirely dependent upon fai that, as I have already said, *it cannot exist wi out it.* No man loves a Saviour in whom he poses no confidence. There may be an admi tion of the character of Christ, but the emoti which the Scripture treats as " love " o comes into the heart when we trust in Jes " We love Him because He first loved us When we have a belief in His love, and a se of it, then we begin to love Jesus, but love Jesus cannot exist without faith in Him.

Certainly, *love cannot flourish except as fa flourishes.* If you doubt your Lord you think hard thoughts of Him, and cease to l Him as you should. If you fall into trouble, you doubt His wisdom or His goodness in se ing it, the next thing will be that your he will be cold toward Him ; you will begin think your Lord to be tyrannical and harsh you, and you will quarrel with Him The graces must diminish or inrease together.

But because you want to trust yourself a lit and you begin judging your God, and do not pose entirely in Him, therefore it is that have to ask yourself whether you love Him or

Love, again, as it cannot flourish with faith, so *it cannot work without it* Love great designer and planner, but how to perf it finds not unless faith shows the way. L sits down and says, " I would the world converted to Christ !" but faith goes out preaches the Gospel. Love cries, " I woul God that the children knew of Jesus, and their hearts were renewed even while they yet little ;" but faith opens the Sunday-sc and teaches the young, and trusts in God He will bless the word to their salvation. L must have faith to give it muscle, sinew, strength ; therefore take right good care of faith. *Longfellow* says, " Therefore love believe, and works will follow spontaneous, as the day the sun."

Love is as Solomon's lily, dropping sw smelling myrrh. How fair to look u Stand and admire its charms. Know, O g that yon lovely flower could not be thus ar were it not joined by its stalk to a living which is hidden underground. Faith is needful bulb, out of which cometh love a perfection of beauty. You look over the city of Mansoul, and you see a gilded dome tering in the sun—that dome is love, and it upon foundations of faith which are laid upon the rock, else would the dome fall in r

Love to God, if it be worthy of the n must be soundly based on confidence in J it cannot abide without it, but is carried by wind and flood, like the house on the Hence we are disposed to judge with pru the outbursts of emotion which we see in ce excitable persons. We hear them sing, yes, I do love Jesus," but we are not so su it when we watch their lives.

We are pleased with such emotions, if arise out of the knowledge of Christ and me faith in Him, but we have too often the semblance of ardent affection without k dge and without humility, without penitence, nd without childlike faith, and therefore we re- ice with trembling. We fear lest the building hich rises up in a night would vanish, like the baseless fabric of a vision," and disappear e the soap-bubble of a child, which, though be adorned with all the colors of the rainbow, ssolves in an instant. See, then, to your ith, since love is entirely dependent upon it. e that you are rooted, and grounded, and set- d, lest the high tower of professed love should on lie in ruins, and indifference alone remain.

III. Thirdly, I advance to another observation ich comes more closely home to the text, ough our previous thoughts have been need- to bring us up to it,

FAITH DISPLAYS ITS POWER BY LOVE.

aith which worketh by love." For a moment u must permit me to compare faith to *an arti- r in metals* who is about to prepare some work fine art, such as cunning smiths were wont to duce in the days of wrought iron, when skill d hand-labor were thought much of, and arti- s were produced which are almost worth their ight in silver. Faith, as a smith, strong and orous, has love to be *its arm*. Faith lifts a finger without love, it is her arm every rning. Faith believes and resolves, and then proceeds to action, but the power with which n work lies in love. Faith without love ld be a cripple without arms.

ore than this: it is not only faith's arm but *tools*. "Faith worketh by love." This is h's hammer, and file, and anvil—its every im- nent. You have seen a screw hammer, ch can be made to fit every nut and bolt, ever large or small; love is just such a tool, ove will teach a little child, or evangelize a on. Love can stand and burn at the stake, can drop two mites that make a farthing the offering-box. Love hopeth all things, ureth all things; nothing comes amiss to it. onderfully handy tool is this sacred grace h faith has adopted to work with; it can e and it can cut, it is good for uniting and for breaking; it will avail for anything h faith wishes to perform. Only let faith l love as its instrument, and it can fashion soever divine wisdom telleth it to form.

re than that, love is faith's *furnace*. All tools in the world will not suffice the smith ss he can blow the coals and create a fervent . What is there, brethren, that can kindle eat of enthusiasm like earnest love to God? h believeth God, and rejoiceth in God; then s in love, and the heart grows hot as Ne- hadnezzar's furnace. The melting fire burns gloriously, and sparks of joy leap upward efrom. What is there that cannot be per- ed if we have love enough? This is the fire which burns in human hearts when the Holy Spirit sheds abroad the love of there; by its heat all things are fused. fire will yet consume all sin and melt all ness; none can quench it, everything must before it. That consecrated artificer called bloweth the coals of love, and plunged into lowing flame, tasks hard as iron become workable. Thus, "Faith worketh by lov

ve is more than this, for, when all is melted eady to flow, love is faith's *mould*; it pours l it does into the mould of God's love, oning its works according to the divine rn of love in Christ Jesus. As Jesus loved en so would we love one another; and as oved the Father, and for love of the Father, He might glorify Him, fulfilled the law and Himself a sacrifice, even so are we willing down our lives for the brethren and for ather's honor. Thus love becomes faith's d, into which it carefully seeks to pour hole being.

hat is more, it is faith's *metal*, for into the d of love faith pours love itself. Love thus wereth all things." Love is the substance ry good work. Melt it down in the fining nd holiness is love. If there be any vir- eal, consecration, or holy daring, its substance is love. All the grand deeds which the heroes of the cross have performed are composed of the solid metal of love to Jesus Christ. Be it great or be it little, he who hath served God aright hath ever brought into the sanctuary an offering of pure love comparable to the gold of Ophir.

Love, also, is faith's *burnisher* and file, and with it she finisheth all her work right carefully. Have you never lovingly gone over all your work to give it the finishing touches? Have you not wished to perfect all that you have attempted? I know well what it means. My rough castings—how very coarse they are, and when I fix them I look at them and say, "That will not do, for I see self there; that will not do, unbelief is there; this will not do, too much of self-will is there;" and then I have with tearful love filed down and polished my poor efforts, and found love to be an excellent burnisher, ready to my hand. When Augustine went over all his works to write his Retractions, it was love removing roughness from her work; if we loved more we might have more of retractation work to do.

Thus faith works by love; love is faith's arm, faith's tools, faith's furnace, faith's metal, faith's mould, and faith's burnisher. My hearer, if you are working for God in any other way than this, *you will make a mess of it*. The law can never help you to such work as God will accept; it is fitted to produce bars for a prison, but not pillars for a temple. You must work for God because you love Him; no other labor except the labor of love can be acceptable with Him.

Some people serve God because they are in religious society, and they must not be thought wanting; hence that blessed guinea, squeezed out by all the ten-pound subscriptions on the list at the top of it—respectable people must put down something, you know. That occasional going out to week-night services is often done because it is expected of you, and not because it is a delight. Even Sabbath assemblies grow to be a weariness, and worship is regarded as a task.

This is not gold, but gilded dross; take it away! This is forced service, devoid of the life-blood of obedience; fruit without flavor or scent. That which is done because a man loves God, because he loves to yield his heart to his God, however humble the service may be, is accepted of God. True affection to Him who redeemed you from going down to the pit never fails to present an acceptable tribute before the living God. May you abound in this to your own comfort and to the glory of Christ.

IV. I close with the fourth remark, which is:

LOVE REACTS UPON FAITH

and perfects it. For while love owes all to faith, faith becomes a debtor to love. Love *leads the soul into admiration*, and so increases faith. Having loved Christ, having become enamored of Him, love, that hath dove's eyes which can see everything that is fair, spieth out daily more and more of Christ's perfections, and thus she aids the eye of faith.

Love sees among the rest of the Lord's perfections His power, His faithfulness, His immutability; and faith at once concludes, "then I can trust Him more than ever." Knowing more of His power, more of His faithfulness, more of His unchangeableness, I can depend upon Him without wavering. So, if faith's eyes first look to Jesus, love's eyes see yet more, and discover further excellences.

Love, moreover, *forbids unbelief*, and so helps faith, for love says, "How can we grieve Him by doubts?" Does not true love in every heart, when exercised toward a man or a woman, forbid distrust? Fear in the form of distrust hath torment, and therefore love casts it out. The want of mutual confidence in married life is the death of love, but love is instinctively tender of showing anything like suspicion toward a dear and faithful lover.

Moreover, *perfect love casteth out fear*, because fear hath torment, and when perfect love has cast out fear, then faith has room to display its strength. Love has not learned to be afraid, nor will she permit the work of faith, to become the labor of a shrinking, crouching slave. Dread! Where can that find a lodging in the heart that loves?

You hear very proper people sometimes cry out against certain of us because they say we speak as if we were *on the best terms with God*, and were familiar with the Lord Jesus. Sarcastically they speak what is soberly true; in their blindness they have hit the truth; it is even so. To them God is a stranger, and I doubt not that the language which we use may well seem to them strange and almost profane, and *it would be profane if they* were to use it, being what they are. I do not accuse them of open sin, but I do say, and will say, that he who is not a child of God cannot fitly use expressions which are most becoming from the lips of those who are the sons of God.

A child may say to his father what no one else may dare to say, and yet he has more reverence for him than any one else. Your child shall rightly behave toward you in a manner which you could not tolerate in a stranger. Look at the judge on the bench, with that big wig and those solemn robes; the prisoner at the bar and the court and the jury must all be very respectful and distant, but I warrant you when his lordship reaches home his grandchild has no dread of grandpapa or his robes.

Oh, beloved, this is the joy of love, that it brings us into such close personal intercourse with God in Jesus Christ that trembling, slavish fear is gone, and loving God, we are familiar with Him, and trust Him implicitly.

My final word is this: let us, dear friends, as a church and people be working people. Faith works, let us work because we have faith. Dear friends, do.

GET TO WORK FOR THE MASTER;

you, I mean, who stand all the day idle. Go, work to-day in the Saviour's vineyard. Oh, my beloved brethren, I beseech you, do not relax your energies. Continue to be a lively, energetic church. Now that so many Sunday-schools need teachers, I charge our friends not to let that blessed part of the service flag. Here are dozens of schools crying out for teachers. The children come and there are none to instruct them. Should it be so?

If you are to be a working church you must be a loving church, because faith works by love. You must love one another much, and love Christ more, and love the souls of perishing sinners; yes, love them so that you will not let them perish if you can do anything toward their salvation. Personal doing of good to men is needed if love is to be real. The love of Jesus made Him seek and save the lost, and if ours be worth the name we shall be engaged in the like holy endeavor.

But if you are to be a working church and a loving church, you must be a believing church, for that is the bottom of it all. Faith works by love. Get home, then, to prayer, and renew your faith in Jesus. May the Holy Ghost lead you anew to the dying love of Jesus. I often go straight away back to the cross from which I started when I set out for Heaven.

The devil says to me, "You are no Christian." I do not think he knows much about it, but I have before now tried to show him some evidences that I am a Christian, and he has only puffed at them. I find the short way is to go right away to the cross and say, "I rest on Jesus only." Satan cannot deny that you are a Christian when you stand there. Go and do your first works, and believe in Jesus as you did at the first, and abide in Him evermore. As sinners, cling to Jesus still, and let him be everything to you. Constant faith will create fervent love, and fervent love will do persevering work; so shall ye be a people zealous for good works. The Lord bless every one of you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—
Galatians 5.]

TAKEN OUT OF THE GUTTER.

A True Incident of Life on the London Streets.

By Dr. T. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S.

(*Continued from page 572.*)

HERE in London they had lived that awful life of wretchedness which so many of these poor children of our streets know : begging from door to door where they dared, feeding upon garbage when all else failed. Occasionally, but that was very seldom indeed, sleeping in a lodging-house when they were so "lucky" as to earn the few pence necessary for their "doss ;" more frequently creeping, as upon this occasion, into some narrow passage, or some empty half-built house, or under some cart, or in the market places under a truss of sweet old hay—quickly finding in any of these refuges of the desolate, that oblivion from all their daily troubles which sleep happily affords to the young, even though, alas ! they should be street arabs.

In the course of conversation I discovered that Arthur was most anxious to get away to some place where he could be sure of remaining undiscovered by the older brother from whom he had escaped. Him both the boys feared with a nameless horror, dreading lest they should indeed again fall into his power. I have seldom seen fright more fully expressed in a boy's face than when, upon a subsequent occasion, Arthur imagined his "big brother" had discovered his whereabouts.

On the whole Arthur was a noble fellow, and I could not but admire his unselfish protection of his little brother. I have said they begged in the streets and fed upon garbage. This was true rather of the older than of the younger brother. The former had begged and fought for the scraps by which life was sustained. But the best and choicest morsels were generously and freely given to "Little Bobbie," while Arthur, brave fellow, contented himself with whatever might be left. If some kind passer-by or poor person in one of the lodging-houses gave them a trifle in money, a morsel of food, or a half-worn threadbare garment, the best and chiefest invariably came to Bobbie's share, however sore might be Arthur's needs.

It may be easily imagined that I did not leave these two poor boys where I found them. My heart was moved with admiration for the heroism of the one, and with tender compassion for the infancy and helplessness of the other. A very few words of explanation to the elder boy was all that was required to overcome his objections, and then they willingly accepted my invitation to come to the HOME at Stepney, where they could both live together, be instructed in all things needful, be really happy, and by and by become useful men.

Away we went, reaching, about four o'clock in the morning, the dear old refuge in Stepney Causeway, into which many such storm-tossed little barques had ridden in safety. The two boys crept, just as they were, into some old hammocks in the receiving room, and slept undisturbed till about twelve the next day. Then, after the necessary cleansing and rehabiliation in clean, wholesome garments, they were formally received among the other inmates of the HOME.

* * * * * * *

Two years passed happily and usefully, during which Arthur showed that he possessed unusual qualities of mind for one brought up as he had been. He quickly mastered the more rudimentary subjects taught in the school, evinced a great taste for arithmetic, and even aspired to a higher knowledge of mathematics. "Little Bobbie" was less remarkable in this respect, but was perhaps on the whole the more loveable boy. His fair innocent face, roguish eyes, and dimpled, rounded chin were beautiful to behold, especially when one reflected over the misery from which he had been so lately rescued. I used to watch them often out of my own little window which overlooked the playground, and notice, with indescribable delight and pleasure, their innocent and merry sport.

One day a dreadful change came.

Arthur sought me, his face deadly pale and every limb trembling, while beads of perspiration were breaking out over his forehead.

It was the old story ; he wanted to leave the HOME at once, and had quite made up his mind to go. He was much obliged to me, he said, for all my kindness, but he had determined to go. Could I allow him to go that very night—and "Little Bobbie" too? In great consternation I sought his reasons, and was relieved when he told them. It seems that some of his companions in the Home had told him that they had observed, during the last two or three days, a heavy, ill-looking fellow, lurking about the top of the street, who answered the description of the brother from whose influence he had fled. Whether it was really his brother or not who had been seen, I cannot say, but Arthur's peace of mind was gone. His fears suggested the near proximity of

"BAD BILL,"

as this brother was called. "And you see, sir," explained the boy between his sobs, for now his tears flowed freely, "it isn't any use, I couldn't stay and be happy any more. I'm much obliged to you, sir. You have been a good, kind friend to me—the best I ever had ; but if 'Bad Bill' was only to get me and 'Little Bobbie' once more, he'd make us as bad as himself ; and now I feel I'd rather starve than steal."

It was with difficulty I repressed my own emotion, and endeavored to induce Arthur to be calm and view the situation more cheerfully. For while he was speaking a gleam of hope shot across my mind. The previous day I had had an interview with a gentleman about to leave for one of our colonies, and he had suggested that if I were disposed to send boys to Canada, he would gladly undertake their care and do what was possible for them. Reflecting over this now, I saw a means of helping these two hapless children.

I said to Arthur, "I think I can aid you, if you will but leave your case in my hands. Remain quietly in the house to-night, do not appear at the door or window or in the street, and you will be quite safe. I will see that a policeman walks up and down in front of the door to keep watch. By to-morrow I think I shall have prepared a plan by which you will escape your brother's bad influence, and yet be able to save 'Little Bobbie' from wandering out on the streets to suffer cold and hunger again." Arthur's eyes were again full of tears, but this time they were tears of eager thankfulness. The poor boy even kissed my hand as he left the room.

The inquiries I made were so far satisfactory that my friend, who was returning the following week, expressed his willingness to take charge of the two lads, and was sure he could on landing at once obtain for them a good home in our North American colony. Accordingly, I informed the boys of the prospect that lay before them. Little Bobbie, who was in the room, when he heard of going across the sea

TO CANADA

in a big ship, exhibited his somewhat hazy notions of geography by asking "if it wasn't down Wapping way, sir?" Although I smilingly shook my head, the connection between ships, the sea and the waterside of East London was established in his mind with great satisfaction. I explained however the vast distance at which Canada really was. I pointed out the advantages which would lie before the boys if they went, and added that the great ocean rolling between them and England would effectually prevent "Bad Bill" from following them. I explained also that in the country to which I wanted them to go there were few beggars and still fewer dishonest people ; that there they might be happy and useful, and if they both loved and followed the Saviour they would become in time honorable and useful men.

The compact was sealed that very night. Hasty preparations were made for their outfit and departure, and in a few days I accompanied them to Liverpool, from which port they sailed for Montreal.

I heard some time afterward that shortly after landing they had both been adopted by a well-to-do farmer who had no family of his own and were giving great satisfaction. But I was not prepared to receive the letter from which the following is an extract, which reached me i about a year after their departure.

> "We are very happy here—father and mother lov us ever so much, and say we are never to go awa from them again. I can ride a pony now, and I g into school every day by myself. Mother says Bobb need not go yet awhile. We do not forget you, dea sir, and your great kindness to us when we were s unhappy and so poor."

In this letter were photographs of "my boys, as I must still call them, which I preserve t this day. But it was difficult to recognize i their bright, happy looks, bronzed faces, an well-grown, comfortably clad forms, the tw wretched lads whom I had picked up in Ho water Court in the November of 1871.

* * * * * * *

Five years more passed rapidly away. Mea while they were becoming acclimatized t Canada and endeared to their adopted parent forgetting in their present happiness their pa wretchedness, but not, as it proved, losing ho of that Saviour whose love and mercy they ha learned to know when in Stepney.

I still received occasional tidings of their we fare. Eighteen months ago the followi reached me :

> "You will, I think, be surprised at what I have tell you. You know I took three of the best pri given last year by Mr. White. Well, father and have talked the matter over, and they asked me i would like to enter the University. At first I scarc knew what to reply, it was so much beyond my hop But Mr. White told father that if I only did as well th (he meant worked as hard) as I had done in schoo would, he said, reflect credit on my teachers. T evening, dear mother came to my room and cri and said she hoped the Lord would guide me ; then I told her what I had written to you, that I been praying that I might some day be permitted preach the Gospel, and that I thought the offer I ahad to-dy was an answer, and then she cried ag and kissed me, and went and told father. . . . S am to go next term !"

The letter from which I quote tells its o tale more eloquently than could any words mine. Hitherto, for good reasons, I have frained from committing this story to paper. such a case identification may be easy, an would not injure in any way the hopes and p pects of "my boys." Besides Arthur may day return to England a recognized and hono servant of his Lords. But I am sure if he d he will feel as thankful as I shall be, if the of his early struggles and poverty, and of subsequent goodness of God to him, shall h moved the hearts of those who read it to s immediate succor to the HOME which has b in his own and numberless other instances the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

NOTES OF A CHRISTIAN CONFEREN AT SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

Anecdotes by Lord Radstock, etc.

AN exceedingly interesting conference held during the three days, August 10th to 12th, in the grounds of the Deanery, Southa ton, England. The subject for the first d consideration was the Development of Spiritual Life : 1. By submitting to the wil God. 2. By committing all to the care of Go By trusting entirely to the faithfulness of G

At one of the afternoon meetings, the *Re Hopkins*, in showing the importance of kn edge to the Christian, told, as an illustra what had happened to a friend of his in Y shire, who, though practically a poor man, o an estate in that county. One day a geol told him there was on his estate an abundan iron ore. Believing this to be true, he fe once that he was no longer poor but rich. so it is the office of the Holy Spirit to reve s the boundless riches that are treasured up in hrist. Speaking in reference to the words, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, nd to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," he entioned that

MISS HAVERGALL,

ough converted at the age of fourteen, did not alize until twenty years afterward the full eaning of the word "cleanse." She tells us at the moment when she *did* realize it, was ne of the intensest moments of her life.

Having explained Christian thoroughness to equivalent to Christian perfection, Mr. Hop-ins went on to show in what senses the word perfect" is used in the Bible; carefully apply-g all these uses of it to the necessities of the hristian life.

Lord Radstock then gave an address founded the words, "Your Lamb." He related how

A SWEDISH OFFICER

year ago was on the point of deciding to give mself to Christ, but he feared the world and great power over him. "He told me," said rd Radstock, that, "if he became a Christian, was afraid he could not keep it up." I re-ied, "No, you won't keep it up a day." Tak-g out my pencil, I said: "Why does not my ncil fall? Because I hold it up. Of course u will fall unless held up by God." Lord Rad-ck, said the officer had since that time been essed in leading many a soul to Jesus.

Mr. Clifford said, "I had a *besetting sin* ich was a continual injury to me. It was a of thought. In 1874 through the kindness Lord Mount-Temple, I was introduced to *two erican friends* who pointed out two passages ich brought deliverance to me. The first was de 24, 'Now unto Him that is able to keep u from falling,' etc. The other was Luke 74, 'That we, being delivered out of the hand our enemies, should serve Him in holiness d righteousness *all the days of our life.*' These o passages were so brought home to me, that ave been very largely delivered from the sin er which I grieved. In my experience *the best eipt* for the cure of life's worries and troubles simply to thank God for them when they me (Thess. 5 : 18)."

Major Whittle followed in a few impressive d weighty words on Gen. 17 : 1, "Walk before and be thou perfect" (meaning *sincere*). He d: "A great difficulty with me in the early rt of my Christian life was that I did not know ether I had spiritual life or not. I was helped o light and liberty by hearing a brother from gland read Col. 1 : 12, 14."

The Rev. Mr. Cleworth related some of his own eriences and added: "I heard of a gentleman o educated and kept a large number of hans, and who always went to God for his plies. Sometimes, however, he gave way to temper. But one day while repeating the rd's Prayer, and just as he came to the dox-gy '*Thine is the power*,' he said to himself, his is what I have not acknowledged in my . All power is His, and He can save me from besetting sin.' The gentleman said to the nd who told me of it, 'I won't say more, but shall ask my wife if there has been any ange in me since then.' My friend inquired the gentleman's wife and she answered, 'He not lost his temper for eighteen months.'"

The Rev. E. Hopkins said: "I have heard of an who had been *a gloomy Christian*, but had eived a blessing at the Oxford Conference. en he went home he was so altered that his e said to a friend, 'Oh, my husband is so ered that I fear he is going to die.' She ught he was becoming too bright and too ppy for earth. If our lives were what they ght to be, such cases would be so common as surprise nobody."

r. Hopkins also told how a lady received

A CASKET OF JEWELS.

e day she accidentally touched a secret spring l out flew jewels far more precious than any he others which the casket contained. Oh t our eyes might be opened to see our casket riches in Christ!

The Rev. Webb-Peploe related an instance of a young lady who had found Christ through attending the meeting he conducted for the anxious, at the last Mildmay Conference. He said: "Quite unexpectedly I met her in the country under remarkable circumstances. I had been preaching on the faithfulness of God, and was returning to the rectory when a lady put out her hand in the dark. She told me that before she went to the Mildmay meetings, she had been resting on fears and hopes and feelings. Then, for the first time she felt, as I spoke, that her salvation rested on *facts*. I asked her if she had understood the full Gospel as expounded that night. 'Oh!' she said, 'you don't know my circumstances, you don't know what I have to bear.' I met the girl's difficulty thus: Looking up at the bright stars, I said: 'Now, look up there! Don't think of me, but think of God, and say, God, I can't expect you to help me in my difficult position!' She answered, 'No, I cannot say that.' 'Then,' I said, 'look up again and say, Lord my difficulties are great, but Thou art a great God. Thou canst keep me, and I commit my all to Thee.' She felt the words blessed to her."

Lord Radstock urged all God's people present to lift up their hearts to Him for those Christians who seem powerless for service; for weary souls who have long been struggling, and for the self-satisfied and self-righteous. "I remember meeting a lady," said Lord Radstock, "who had been *trying forty-five years* to find peace in vain; but one verse of the eternal Word flashed light into her soul."

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

"About fourteen years ago, I met an officer who had been brought up in a Jesuit college. The rebound led him to atheism—at least he professed to be an atheist. In the course of our conversation he said: 'I don't love religion. I don't like reading the Bible, and I like all things you people call bad, and I can't give those things up.' I said, 'In order to come to God you have to give up your will. You are commanded *to come*. If you tell a soldier to come, it is disobedience if he says, "I'll think about it." You are conscious of two powers, one leading you to Christ, and the other drawing you toward evil. But you can come through Jesus.'

"As he heard of Jesus, a gleam of light seemed to visit his soul. I asked him, if he had seen Jesus on earth, whether he would have wanted to be saved? He said, 'I think I should.' Under the influence of what I had said he then prayed and said, 'O Lord, you know I don't love you. I love the world and sin, but you said you'd save sinners; will you save me?' And he mentioned the availing name of Jesus. I said, "Now, do you think that prayer will be answered?' He replied, 'I don't know.' I said, 'Suppose you wanted to know something about the army, you would turn to the Book of Regulations,' and I referred him to the Bible as the book of regulations for man, and it said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' He took hold of that wondrous truth, has been greatly blessed to his brother officers, and leads a Christian life."

A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION.

"Some years ago I went with a clergyman into some houses in his parish where he was afraid to go alone. I said, when we entered, to the people we found there, 'Do you know anything about the great God?' 'Yes,' said one of them, 'we know He'll send us to hell by and by.' I told them God loved them all, and had sent His own Son into the world to save them. A year afterward I saw a lovely face, a face lit up with Christian light and joy. A lady told me that that was the face of one who was in that abode of shame at the time I called with the clergyman. She had said to herself, 'I cannot stop here.' She had come away from her evil associates, had betaken herself to the loving Saviour and become a true child of God."

A LONG VOYAGE FOR LIGHT.

"I knew a *dear old man* who, fifty years ago, was awakened by God's Spirit in Australia. So anxious was he about his soul that he resolved to come to England to see if he could get help. Fearing bad influences on the voyage, he got a captain and seamen who agreed that they should read the Scriptures together every day. He went up and down this country seeking light and help everywhere, but in vain. He returned to Australia and there found Christ. It is no matter where we go, if we don't go to Him.

"A *Greek priest* said to me some years ago that he tried to make his people feel the difference between *a* Saviour and *my* Saviour. That is an all-important point. Only the other day, a dear young saint who had found her all in Christ departed this life, saying, 'This is indeed blessed, but what will the glory be?'"

WILLIAM AND MARY RECONCILED.

By J. B. Gough.

I ONCE picked up a man in the market-place. They said, "He is a brute; let him alone!" I took him home with me, and kept the "brute" fourteen days and nights, through his delirium; and he nearly frightened my wife out of her wits, one night, chasing her all about the house, with a boot in hand: but she recovered her wits, and he recovered his.

He said to me, "You wouldn't think I had a wife and child?"—"Well, I shouldn't."

"I have, and—God bless her little heart—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever yet stepped!" said the "brute."

I asked, "Where do they live?"

"They live two miles away from here."

"When did you see them last?"

"About two years ago."

Then he told me his sad story. I said, "You must go back again."

"I mustn't go back—I won't—my wife is better without me than with me! I will not go back any more. I have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her. Do you suppose I will ever go back again?"

I went to the house with him. I knocked at the door, and the wife opened it. "Is this Mrs Richardson?"—"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is Mr. Richardson. And Mr. Richardson, this is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house."

They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room, and the "brute" on the other. I waited to see who would speak first, and it was the woman. Before she spoke she fidgeted a great deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then pulled it all out again. Then she folded it all up closely, and jerked it through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again, and then she looked all down the room, and said, "Well, William!"

And the brute said, "Well, Mary!"

He had a large handkerchief around his neck, and she said, "You had better take the handkerchief off, William; you'll need it when you get out."

He began to fumble about it. The knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked, but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?"

And she worked away at it; but her fingers were clumsy, and couldn't get it off; their eyes met, and their love-light was not all quenched; she turned her arms gently, and he fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder first at the one, and then at the other, you would have said, "It is not a brute; it is a man with a great, big, warm heart in his breast."

A Minister was Killed by a Rattlesnake on August 15th. A dispatch from Santa Paula, Ventura County, Cal., says: "The Rev. J. W. Guiberson, who has held many offices of trust in the State, and who was one of the pioneers of this county, was bitten by a rattlesnake yesterday, and died last night from the effects of the wound."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(Continued from page 575.

Love or Duty?

BECAUSE of this undefined fear that Claude was becoming attached to me, as Miss Richards said, I had kept away from the Parsonage as much as possible during the vacations, and I had avoided Claude as much as our old friendship would allow me, until sometimes my conscience had accused me of rudeness and unkindness.

But, after all, I had hoped it was but a fear. Claude loved me, it was true, I argued to myself, and liked to bring me presents, and to give me pleasure; but then it was only natural that he should do so, when we had been brought up together, and learned together, and played together, and had had every thought and scheme in common. It was nothing more than that. So I had argued with myself. But Miss Richards's words had revived my old fear, and increased it a hundredfold.

I was very glad when, a minute or two afterward, the village clock struck five, and I could make an excuse to leave. Miss Richards had evidently noticed my embarrassment, for she said kindly, as she wished me good-by,

"I hope I have not troubled you, May dear, but my heart is so full of anxiety about Claude just now, that I have spoken perhaps more strongly than I ought to have done."

I went home very perplexed and troubled, but the next day my thoughts were turned into an entirely fresh channel by the sudden illness of my dear father. I will not dwell upon the sad time which followed those days and nights of alternate hope and fear, and then the close to our watching, and the terrible realization that Maggie and I were among the number of the fatherless children, prayed for, Sunday after Sunday, in the Litany.

Miss Richards was very kind to me during that time of trouble, giving me advice and help as I needed them, and relieving me greatly from the sense of heavy responsibility which rested on me.

Claude was still from home, but he wrote a kind little note of sympathy to me when he heard of my father's death. He said he was very sorry that he was away at the time; had he been at home he would have done all in his power to save me any unnecessary care and anxiety, in my time of sorrow.

I tried to hope that this was only brotherly sympathy and kindness, such as Claude had always shown me from childhood. I answered the letter by a short note, thanking him for his kind expression of sympathy, and telling him a little of our future plans—how Maggie was going to live with her aunts in the old Manor House at Branston, and how I hoped very soon to obtain a situation as governess or companion, where I could earn enough money to keep me in comfort and independence. By return of post came a second letter from Claude. I almost trembled when I saw his handwriting on the envelope; I had not intended to open a correspondence with him. And when I took the letter from the envelope, and saw its length, I was still more troubled and afraid. Then I read the letter, and when I had read it once, I read it again, and yet again. And now this letter lay on the table before me, still unanswered, and post-time was drawing nearer and nearer. I looked at it once more, although I knew almost every word of it already.

Claude began by stating his utter disapproval of my scheme of obtaining a situation, as companion or governess. I was not fitted for it, and he would never allow it to be carried out. And then he went on to tell me that he had far different plans for my future—plans which had mingled with his boyish dreams, and which had been for years the one idea of his life.

And then he told me how he loved me, how there was no one on earth that he had ever cared for except myself, and how he felt that the time had now come to make me his wife, and to take me to a home of my own, where I should be taken care of, and cherished, and loved, more than any wife had ever been before. He said it was hard for him to put into a letter all the feelings of his heart. He had never planned to tell me all this by writing, but he felt compelled to write off at once, as soon as he received my letter, and the more so as, by a curious coincidence, by the very same post he had heard of the sudden death of his uncle Charles, who had left him a large sum of money, quite sufficient, Claude said, to enable him to marry, and to take me to a comfortable home.

At the end of the week, he said, he hoped to be with me, but he could not wait till then to tell me all this, for he feared that I should in the meantime be answering some dreadful advertisement, and be making another and a very different engagement. He concluded by urging me to write by return of post, as he longed to know that the whole matter was finally settled and arranged.

The more I read this letter, the more persuaded I felt that Claude never, for a single moment, entertained the possibility of my refusing him; he seemed to look upon it as a matter of certainty that I should be only too glad to do as he asked me. He was evidently utterly unprepared for anything but an immediate and hearty acceptance of his offer.

And now what answer should I give? I pressed my throbbing temples, and tried to think the matter over calmly and deliberately.

Did I love Claude Ellis? Yes, undoubtedly I loved him very much indeed; not in the same way, it is true, as I had imagined that I should love the one who was to become my husband, but still I loved him very warmly, as a sister loves a dear brother who has been everything to her since she was a little child. And surely a different kind of love for Claude might, and probably would, come in my heart after we were engaged.

And although Claude was certainly not at all like the husband that I had pictured to myself in the days long ago, yet still he would be a kind, loving husband, and I might be very happy if I were his wife.

And I was so fond of Claude that I felt it would make me very miserable to feel that there was any estrangement or coldness between us, as there undoubtedly would be if I refused to be his wife. Our old friendship, which had lasted so long, would practically end, and when we met we should feel restrained and uncomfortable in each other's presence. I could not bear to think that such would be the case.

And then Miss Richards—how anxious she evidently was that I should use my influence with Claude! What would she say if I were to refuse him? How strange she would think it! How grieved and disappointed she would be!

And yet, with the thought of Miss Richards came the recollection of what she had told me of Claude, as we sat together in the arbor. Should I be happy with one as my husband who scorned the Book I loved best on earth, who slighted and neglected the Friend who was to me the chiefest among ten thousand? Should I be happy with no family prayer in my household, with no reading of the Word of God, and with religious topics forever banished, because husband and wife thought so differently about them? Would the love between us be perfect, the confidence unsullied, when there was one subject—and that one the subject nearest to my heart—on which we had no communion; one Name, and that one the Name above every name, which neither of us ever mentioned to each other? Should I be really happy, really contented with such a state of things?

And then came another question. Even supposing I should be happy, was it right for me to accept Claude's offer? Was it right in God's sight for me to marry one who was not a Christian? I knew there was a text somewhere in the Epistle to the Corinthians which spoke on this point. I opened my Bible and looked for it, and I found it in 2 Corinthians 6:14: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?

It was a very clear command, and could not be mistaken. And yet I tried to argue myself into the belief that it did not apply to me. For, in the first place, I reasoned, Claude was not a heathen as those Corinthians were. He did not worship gods of wood and stone. He was looked upon as a Christian, and lived and had been brought up in a Christian family. But the word unbeliever, conscience answered, surely includes every one that is not a believer.

Was Claude a believer? Could I honestly say that he was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? Would Claude himself like to be thought a believer? Could I from my heart say that I thought Claude was safe in Christ, resting his soul on Christ for salvation? No, I was obliged sorrowfully to admit to myself that such was not the case. But then, I argued, I am no perfect. Who am I, that I should set myself u to be better and more holy than Claude? Wh am I, that I should say Claude is not go enough for me?

And yet, the line of distinction in the text wa evidently drawn, not between perfect people an imperfect people, but between believers and un believers. Was I, then, a believer? that was th question: was I in deed and in truth a believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?

I dared not say that I was not, for even as asked myself the question, a day years ago cam back to my mind, a day when Mr. Ellis had bee giving us a Bible lesson and had appealed to u very solemnly to decide for Christ.

I remembered how anxious and serious I ha felt as I left the Bible class, and how I had com home and shut myself in this very room where was now sitting. I remembered how I had close the door behind me, and had resolved not t leave the room until I had laid my sins on J sus, and had looked to Him by faith as my ow Saviour. I remembered how all my sins ha risen up before me that day as they had nev done before; and how, one by one, I had take them to Christ to be atoned for and forgiven.

And then I remembered the peace which ha followed, and how, for days afterward, life ha been entirely new to me, and my thoughts an feelings and wishes had been entirely differe from what they were before. And since th time, though I had very often grown carele and indifferent, still I had never been hap when I was not walking closely with God, an I had always longed at such times to be back the sunshine and light of His presence agai So then it seemed as if the command in the te *did* apply to me.

But surely if I married Claude I might u my influence with him for good. He loved m very much, and, as Miss Richards had said, had more influence with him than any one ha

Was it right for me to throw away this oppo tunity of doing good? Was there not a te which said that husbands, "who obey not t Word," might yet, without the Word, be "w by the conversation of their wives?" And did n St. Paul say, "What knowest thou, O wi whether thou shalt save thy husband?" Sure these verses justified me in thinking that if I ma ried Claude he might, through my influen become a Christian.

And yet, when I turned to these passages, a read the context, I saw that they clearly referr to those wives who were converted *after* th marriage—that such were told not to leave th unbelieving husbands, but to remain in that st in which they were called, and to such, and such alone, the promise about being the mea of saving their husbands applied. It had e dently nothing whatever to do with those w were converted while they were still unmarri nor did it, in the very slightest degree overthr the clear command I had just read: "Be ye unequally yoked together with unbelievers"- command which applied to the unmarried lievers as plainly as the command in the Epistle applied to the married ones.

(To be continued.)

TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 19th, Gen. 22: 1-14
Golden Text, Heb. 11 : 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IT was not sufficient that Abraham's faith in the promises of God should be put to the proof by the long delay in their fulfilment; another a severer test must be applied to him, that he might learn the great lesson that "with God all things are possible" (Matt. 19 : 26). Some are apt to think that when their faith *feels* strong—*i.e.*, when there is nothing particular to try it—that it really is stronger, and when in the moment of great trial all faith *seems* to leave them, then they are apt to be discouraged as though all had been a delusion. This arises from the dangerous practice of looking to their faith rather than to its object. The Apostle Peter says (1 Pet. 1 : 7) that the trial of our faith is "more precious than of gold which perisheth." In earthly things everything which is meant to endure must first be tried. A new bridge, or a railway embankment is put to a far greater strain than it is meant to bear ordinarily, that it may be proved that that which can stand the greater strain can, as a matter of course, stand the lesser.

All had been set in order in Abraham's household. The child of promise was born and grown up, the bondwoman and her son were no longer there to dispute the rights of the heir of promise, all was going on well; but there was no room for the exercise of faith, all had become sight. And then it was that "God did tempt (or try) Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham, and he said, Behold, here I am. And He said, Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." Had not God said unto him, "In Isaac shall thy seed be called" (chap. 21 : 12); how could this be possible if Isaac were to die? Abraham allowed not time for such reasoning as this. He "rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him and Isaac his son, and clave the wood (intended to consume his own son) for the burnt-offering, and rose up and went unto the place of which God had told him." This was faith and this was obedience. Whenever we have clear direction from God, and we begin to reason about it, the light becomes dim and we get into confusion. If ever there were a case in which it might seem that God had made a mistake it was this one. Had Abraham allowed his imagination to picture the probable temptations to unbelief and to harsh judgment of God, which might assail him if he carried out God's command, or had he considered what might be the effect upon Sarah or his household, what kind of reputation he would obtain among the Canaanites, or by what means he could justify God in requiring the life of his son at his hands—his courage would have failed him.

But our Golden Text tells us that "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac; and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said that in Isaac shall thy seed be called; accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure." Abraham did not understand how God could reconcile this command with His promise; but that was not his affair, God was responsible alike for all that He promised, and for all that He commanded, and it was for Him, and not for Abraham to reconcile what to man seemed irreconcilable. Abraham knew how to give God His place as the Infinite in wisdom and in power, and he knew that it belonged not to the creature to criticise the ways of the Creator, or consult his own thoughts or feelings as to what was God's declared will.

The life of a true Christian is called to be as much a life of faith as was Abraham's. The enemy of souls seeks to make our lives as intricate as possible. For instance, it may be that some kind of service for the Lord is laid so strongly upon the heart of some child of God that it is a burden night and day, and at the same time either physical strength fails him, or family circumstances, or want of means hinder him. The enemy suggests that it is cruel of God to place His child in such a position, and often such a one wearies his brain incessantly to devise means to accomplish that which he believes to be God's will. Now, a confidence in God which can trust Him in the dark, would lead such a child of God to hand over the matter *entirely* to Him, with an absolute abnegation of his own will, a complete ceasing from any effort of his own to set forward that to which he feels himself called, and a quiet steady waiting for God Himself to render possible that which at present seems impossible.

Every complication in the life of a child of God is permitted in order to bring him into this condition of absolute confidence, of expecting and allowing God to work out His own will in His own way. When, for instance, in a large Home Mission work, it seems exceedingly necessary to extend the operations, to build, or to open new branches, etc., how common it is to see the most distressing, heart-rending appeals to the feelings and consciences of God's people, as though they were wholly responsible if the enterprise does not succeed, and does not succeed at once. It seems to us to give the lie to so many of the faithful promises of our God, when His people, who allege that they are doing His work, always write as though God were forsaking them, and their only hope was from man. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," said the Psalmist; surely, if the Lord is our brethren's Shepherd, they will not want, for He leads them by still waters, not agitated waters of chronic distress. And when it does happen, as an exception in their lot, that they must walk through the valley of the shadow of death in their work, if He is leading them, they "will fear no evil." The shortest and surest way of receiving help from man is to seek it only from God, who has the hearts of all men in His hand. Ezra (8 : 21-23) was *ashamed to require of the king* a band of soldiers and horsemen to help him and the Jews against the enemy in the way: "*because we had* spoken unto the king, saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him; but His power and His wrath is against all them that forsake Him. So we fasted, and besought *our God* for this, *and He was entreated of us*." Oh, for such a spirit now!

In complications of business, in our relations with visitors and with servants, O how we need to walk by faith, expecting nothing from man, everything from God!

Abraham acted in faith. "And when he saw the place afar off, he said unto his young men, Abide here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship and *come again to you*." He was sure that even though Isaac should die, he would be restored to him. He took the wood, the fire, the knife, but Isaac missed one important feature of their worship. He said, "My father, and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for the burnt-offering?" If Abraham's faith had failed him, it might well have been at this moment. Only the Spirit of God could have given him wisdom to answer as he did in the spirit of prophecy, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt-offering." How Abraham broke the tidings to his son that God required his life in sacrifice, when "he built an altar and laid the wood in order; and bound Isaac, his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood," is not told to us.

"And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son." It was enough, his whole will was laid down, he was fully conquered, his faith was proved to all generations. "And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of Heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham." The patriarch was in the habit of paying immediate attention to God, therefore he did not wait to accomplish the slaying of his son before he answered, "Here am I. And God said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." It was now an established fact that God could count upon Abraham, and Abraham could count upon God. In the most trying circumstances the patriarch proved that he walked before God, and neither considered himself nor his son, but only the will of his God. In our personal difficulties, or in those of our work, God is carrying on our education. A few dollars more or less is a little matter to God—whether we care for so many dozen or so many hundred blind or orphans, etc., is not so much the object God has in view—He has many other workers besides—but that we ourselves should be subdued to Him, that we should let all our life and all our work pass through His hands—this is the object which He seeks.

But God had called for a burnt-offering; could He draw back? "Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold, behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son." God had provided a temporary sacrifice, but only as a type of the great enduring Sacrifice which He would yet provide. Could Isaac ever forget that his life had been required, that he was a redeemed soul, that he had lain once upon the altar; and could he live other than the life of living sacrifice? Can we, who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ?

It may be that God intended, by this trial of Abraham's faith, to teach him more of his own purposes of redemption than he knew before. When He said, "Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest," was it not a figure of God's Son, whom He loveth, and whom, nevertheless, He wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities? When Abraham laid the wood on Isaac which he had prepared for the burnt-offering, did not the heart of God see already His own Son on Calvary bearing His cross? And when Abraham said, "My son, God shall provide Himself a lamb for a burnt-offering," may not Abraham have perceived some glimpse in the far distance of that "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world"? (John 1 : 29). "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day," said our blessed Lord, "and he saw it, and was glad." May it not have been on this very occasion that Abraham saw the day of Christ?

But although Christ Himself is the one perfect burnt-offering, yet we who are members of His flesh, and of His bones, are by that very fact bound to the life of living sacrifice which He led. Isaac was spared, and we are spared from eternal death, but only that we may die *to* ourselves instead of *for* ourselves. God's Lamb has died for us that we may not have to die for ourselves, and has redeemed our life from all littleness. Now, therefore, we die to ourselves that we may live unto Him; all is forfeited, unpermissible, which is not for Him; we live in Christ, and all outside of Christ is death to us, to the real life which we are living in Him. Abraham called the name of the place Jehovah Jireh (*i.e.*, the Lord will see or provide; see margin). He had learned something of the future in this agonizing trial.

"And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of Heaven the second time, and said, By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord; for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son; that in blessing, I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed;" . . . and God repeated His former promises with the addition, "And thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice." How often is the promise of being made a blessing to others annexed to faithfulness and obedience—"Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men" (Matt. 4 : 19). Every noble heart longs more to be made a blessing than even to be blest.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

General Roberts, the British Commander in Afghanistan, has succeeded in reaching Candahar in time to relieve the garrison there. By a rapid march from Cabul he arrived at Candahar, a distance of 316 miles, on September 2d. Ayoob Khan, who had inflicted so serious a reverse on the British troops under General Burrows, opened communications with General Roberts, but he was informed that the only terms open to him were unconditional surrender. In forty-eight hours after his arrival, General Roberts attacked the Afghans, without waiting for reinforcements, and achieved a decisive victory. He captured twenty-seven guns, and pursued the enemy up the Argand-ab valley. The march and the victory are considered to be the most brilliant exploits of the war. The question is now being agitated whether it would not be wise for Great Britain to hold Candahar, which is regarded by many Anglo-Indians as the key to Afghanistan, and a deputation has waited on the Government in London to urge that course; but no definite arrangement has as yet been made.

Ireland is Described in the Cable Reports as generally quieter during the past week, owing to the abundant harvest and an increased confidence in the Liberal Government being well disposed toward the people. There are, however, sufficient causes for disquietude apparent, and it is certain that wholesale evictions would cause serious disturbances, which would not be suppressed without bloodshed.

A discreditable scene was witnessed in the House of Commons on September 3d, when one of the leaders of the Irish party entered the House *in a state of intoxication*. He delivered a wild speech, in which he insulted the chairman of the committee, and denounced members generally as infidels, Scotch Presbyterians, contemptible nonconformists, and despicable shopkeepers. He was reprimanded by the Speaker and expelled for the remainder of the sitting. Subsequently one of the Irish members, on behalf of the Home Rule Party, apologized to the House for the disgraceful conduct of his intoxicated associate.

The Departure of the Ambassador of Belgium from the Papal Court has been a severe blow to the Pope. France and Germany have defied him, but Belgium has always been compliant and his faithful friend. It is publicly stated that the cause of the rupture was the discovery that the Pope had been playing a double part toward the Belgian Government. The Government charge him with writing to the Minister for Foreign Affairs in one way, and sending an opposite set of instructions to his bishops.

Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia are Plotting to become united. This will be a new source of trouble to Turkey. The Sultan has been warned by Germany and by Austria of what is going on, and urged to occupy the Balkans with Turkish troops. The authorities of Bulgaria are understood to be unfavorable to the project of union with Eastern Roumelia, and to discountenance the efforts which are being made to bring it about; but it will be difficult, if not impossible, to suppress without military force the operations of the populations concerned. The Sultan has plenty of troubles on hand, and no sooner does one seem on the eve of a peaceful settlement than another starts up. The Turkish Empire is clearly falling to pieces, and whether its defenders will be able to prevent its wreck and dissolution is extremely doubtful. What with rectification of frontiers demanded from her by Europe, and the rising up against her of long subject populations, the Turco-Mohammedan Empire is nearly "dried up" as predicted, Rev. 16 : 12.

Frightful Desolation through Floods is Reported from Upper Silesia, Bohemia, Moravia, and East and West Prussia. The entire valley of the Oder forms a huge inland sea. Railway bridges have been swept away; all the factories are under water; twenty-five villages have been completely submerged, while fifteen are partially under water. No estimate can be formed of the rs on acres of corn which the Oder has swept down and carried away in its furious course. One great land-owner stated that he had lost 700 acres by the inundation. In the district of Oderberg, though the outbreak of the water was sudden and severe, no lives have been lost. *A handful of heroic men* went about in boats rescuing the inmates of the submerged houses, from which nearly 300 persons were brought off in safety. In Friedland about a tenth of the harvest is destroyed, and almost all trace of the railway has disappeared. In Ostrau five persons were drowned. In Plania nothing is now visible but the church spire and the roofs of the houses. No such desolation has been known in Moravia since the year 1813.

Mr. George Muller's 41st Report has just been issued for the twelve months ending May 26th, 1880. His institutions for maintaining orphans and for carrying on Home and Foreign Missions have received altogether $4,243,000 since 1834, as the result of prayer and faith, without asking any one for a contribution. Also, 5,947 orphans have been from the first in his Orphan Homes, and nearly 2,000 are there at present. Fine large Orphan Houses have been erected at a cost of $559,000. Mr. Müller was born on September 27th, 1805, and is therefore seventy-five years old. For the last five years he has been evangelizing in America and Europe, as his son-in-law, Mr. James Wright, manages the institutions. Mr. and Mrs. Müller intend to sail for America again on September 16th, in the Sardinia. A life and portrait of Mr. Müller appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD October 9th, 1879.

The Wife of a Working-man in Glasgow is a confirmed drunkard, and her husband has been summoned before the magistrates for the means he employed to keep her from drinking during his absence from home at his employment. He has been in the habit of chaining her to her bed by the ankles before he left home in the morning, and securing the chain with a padlock. On his return at night he released her until morning, when he chained her up again. The neighbors protested against the man's treatment of his wife, but the woman, when examined, acknowledged that her husband had been uniformly kind to her in spite of her continued misconduct, and that if she were free she should not be able to keep away from the drink. The magistrates in consequence released the man, after cautioning him.

Aristocratic Marriages are not Always Productive of happiness, though they are highly esteemed in the world. An American lady was married in 1869 to Count von Hatzfeldt, a German nobleman. He has found the alliance a hindrance to his official advancement, and last week he procured a divorce from her so as to enable him to accept high position in the Government, which he could only occupy on that condition. A man who would sacrifice his wife to his ambition could not have been a very good husband in the past.

The Juggernaut Car in Retirement.—The Indian correspondent of an American journal says that the famous car of Juggernaut was not as usual dragged through the streets of Puri on the 9th of July; and it seems that, by religious custom or law, if it be not drawn on the ninth day of the car festival, *twelve years must elapse* before it is again used. The fact of the car not being brought out this time is attributed by the natives to "an act of unpardonable negligence on the part of meddling Government officials."

A Singular Incident in Natural History Occurred lately at Chester, England. A thrush in a happy state of freedom was trilling its notes in an orchard below the city walls, near the *wishing steps*, when its music excited similar efforts from a caged bird of the same species, which was suspended in front of the adjacent houses. These feathered songsters persevered in raising their melodies to higher and higher efforts, as if in earnest rivalry, when suddenly the bird among the trees darted from its perch upon the wicker cage of its competitor, broke the bars, entered it, and commenced an assault upon the musica captive, the owner of which, hearing the un usual noise, came out, took the aggressor pri oner, and sold it into bondage. The passionat thrush could not bear the existence of anoth bird superior in the powers of song to itself, an in attempting to destroy its rival lost its fre dom. The same spirit of envy has before no wrecked the lives of talented men, and eve Christians have suffered from it. The achiev ments of one may be more brilliant than thos of another, but if they have issued in the furthe ance of the same cause there ought to be neith envy nor jealousy manifested, especially when w remember "that it is God who worketh in yo both to will and to do of His good pleasure, (Phil. 2 : 13), and that "to every one of us given grace according to the measure of the gi of Christ" (Eph. 4 : 7).

A Remarkable Ceremony was Performed Madagascar, *the large island* on the south-easte coast of Africa, a few weeks ago. The island w at one time given over to the grossest forms idolatry, and the missionaries on their arrival e countered fierce persecution. The latest a counts report the opening and dedication of t *Palace Church* at Antananarivo—an elegant sto building. The Queen, the Prime Minister, a many of the higher officers and their familie were among the congregation. An interesti feature of the proceedings was the reading, the Prime Minister, of a narrative of "*the orig of the praying*" and the Queen's conversio "It was not through any human instrume tality," said the speaker, "that the Queen fi became a Christian, but through the influence the Word of God, blessed by the Holy Spiri and I will show you the very Bible by which s was led to believe." He then took from a ta in front of the Queen a not very clean copy the Bible printed by the British and Forei Bible Society in 1865, and holding it up, p ceeded to narrate how its perusal had been ble ed by the Spirit of God to Her Majesty's c version to Christianity.

Dr. Parsons, the Missionary Murdered Turkey recently, while carrying relief to t starving people near the Sea of Marmora, was a former occasion in imminent peril of dea while engaged in the work to which he gave l life. A Turkish newspaper correspondent say "Some years ago Mr. Parsons, riding alone, u armed and with nothing of value about him sa a small package of Bibles and Testaments, w stopped by three desperadoes, who comman him to disburse in their favor. 'I have money about me,' mildly remarked the missi ary. 'What are you carrying in your pack there?' roughly asked one of the men. 'O good books,' was the answer; and taking Bible out, by dint of exhorting and talking th hardened criminals were persuaded to purch and pay for a Bible apiece, they leaving mo with him who had intended stripping him of he had. This is but an instance of his cour and gentleness."

The Second Volume of The Christian Her comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec., 1879), ma procured, elegantly bound in cloth, at this of Price $1.75.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchm (London) for August may be obtained at the offic THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are on at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at price low as to bring them within the reach of every *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photog of Mr Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughm Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 ce *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homi cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., a as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day* This popular gift-book contains a suitable pas selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every in the year, with a blank space opposite for a graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spur appear at their respective birthdays. The boo elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Re tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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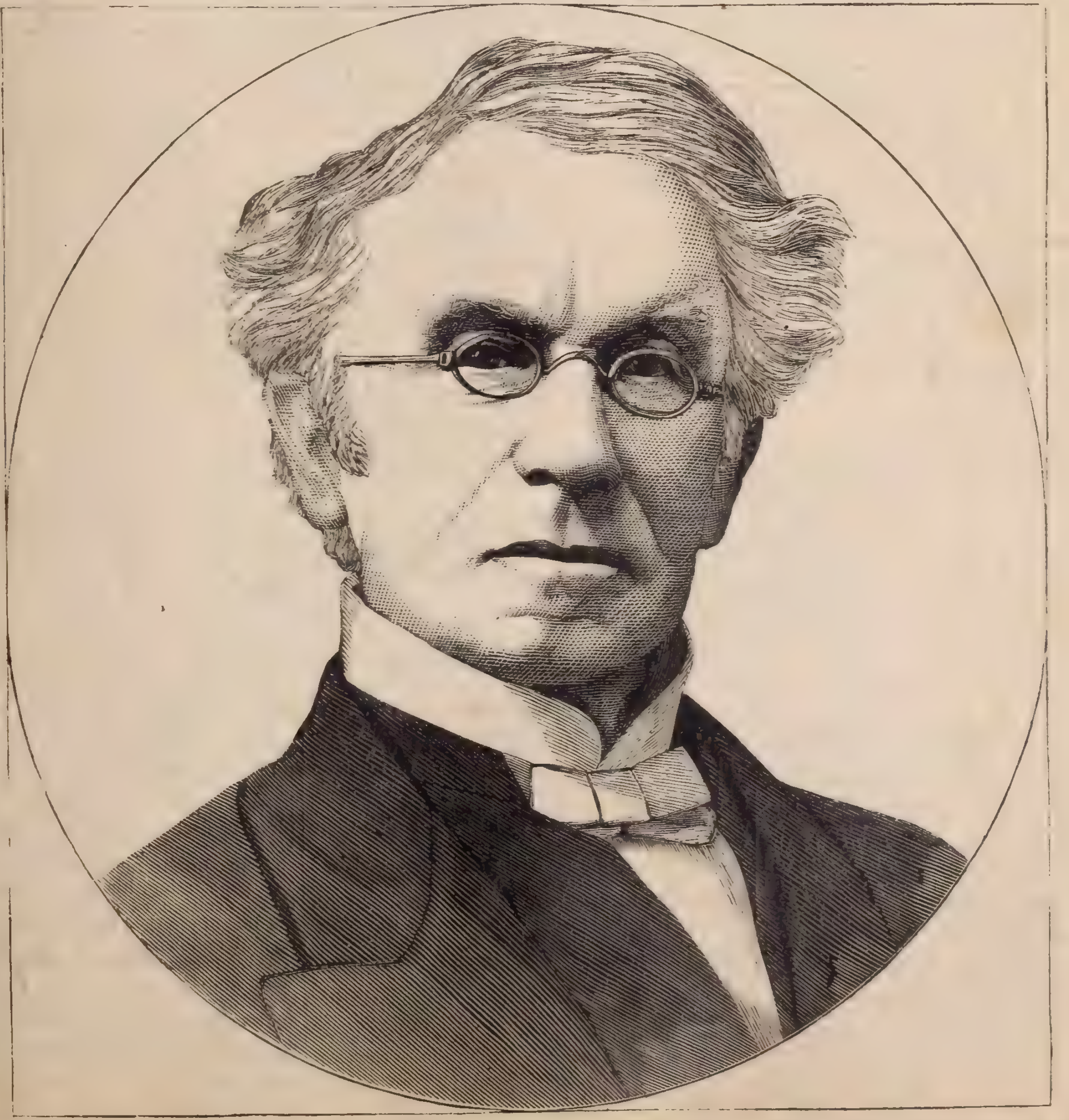

The late REV. W. ADAMS, D.D., LL.D., President of the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.

THE LATE REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D., LL.D.,

President of the Union Theological Seminary.

His Puritan Ancestors—Birth and Education—Settlement at Brighton—Illness and Visit to New York—Invitation to the Broome Street Church—His Forty Years' Labor—The New School Controversy — The Evangelical Alliance—Resignation and Seminary Work—Illness and Death.

IT would have been difficult to find an emblem more appropriate for the beautiful and useful life just closed, than the small sheaves of ripe wheat which on Friday, September 3d, were fastened to the corners of the casket which held all that was mortal of the Rev. William Adams, D.D., LL.D. On that day, in the church where for so many years his voice had been heard declaring the truth as it is in Jesus, the congregation who had listened to him, and his fellow-workers in Christ's vineyard, who knew his work and valued his fraternal spirit, met together to do honor to the memory of the dead pastor, who had "come to his grave in a full age like as a shock of corn cometh in its season" (Job 5 : 26).

For forty years Dr. Adams had preached the gospel in New York, and he occupied one of the foremost places among the Presbyterian ministers of America. Deeply loved by his large congregation, he was highly esteemed by his friends in the ministry, who with one accord, and without a symptom of jealousy, had for many years regarded him as their leader and representative. It was, therefore, no common loss which drew together at that funeral gathering, professors, preachers, scholars, bankers, merchants, and distinguished citizens of all ranks, all moved by a sense of bereavement. Dr. Adams occupied a place in the Church which it will be no easy matter to fill, and he occupied it in a manner that won from all who knew him hearty respect and good-will.

There will probably appear at an early date an exhaustive memoir of so distinguished a man, which will contain interesting details of his life and work, which at this early period are not accessible. The following brief sketch will, however, imperfect as it necessarily is, suffice to convey to our readers some idea of the character of one so deservedly held in high repute by Christians of all denominations.

Dr. Adams came of a line of

DISTINGUISHED ANCESTORS.

When Charles I., King of England, was fighting under the tutelage of Strafford his battle of "Thorough," and the civil and religious liberties of England hung in the balance, many good men turned their eyes westward, and in despair of their own country, came here to enjoy the freedom which day by day was becoming more insecure in their native land. Among these was John Adams, of Devonshire, who sailed in 1632, and settled at Braintree, Mass. From him descended the two Presidents, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, and also, in another line, the distinguished minister who is the subject of our sketch.

On *his mother's side* too, his pedigree is an honored one. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Ripley, and she was a lineal descendant of the famous Governor Bradford, who was prominent among the brave pioneers who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620 from the Mayflower.

The John Adams whose name figures in the war of independence as a brave captain, who did good service in the fight for liberty, hailed from Canterbury, Ct., and was the grandfather of Dr. Adams. Thus while scions of European houses treasure the records of their forefathers' glories, Dr. Adams could point to a descent from a line of heroes, whose struggles had always been on the side of religion, of truth, and of freedom.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

He was born at Colchester, Ct., on January 25th, 1807. His father was at that period Principal of the Colchester Academy, but he removed soon after the birth of his son to Andover, Mass., where he took the charge of Phillips Academy, a position he held for more than twenty years. He was intensely devoted to his profession, in which he was eminently successful. He was a man of rigid and conscientious integrity. As he was a thorough scholar and an able teacher, his career at Andover was brilliant and useful. Many men who have been well known in American annals were greatly indebted to his conscientious and able teaching. He was a strict believer in simplicity of style in writing, and impressed his opinions on this subject on the minds of his pupils, and much of the beauty and force of Dr. Adams's sermons can be traced directly to the early teachings of his father. Nor was it as a teacher of secular learning only that John Adams was distinguished, he was an earnest and consistent Christian, and lost no opportunity of disseminating gospel truth; and when in 1833, being then a little more than sixty years of age, he resigned the office at Andover and went to Jacksonville, Ill., he devoted his efforts to Sunday-school organization, and was successful in establishing over *five hundred Sunday-schools.* He died in harness at last, about ninety-one years of age.

William Adams studied in Andover College under his father's superintendence, and there acquired the foundation of the education which all who knew him acknowledged to have been of a thorough and profound character. From Andover he removed to Yale College, which he entered in 1823, at the age of sixteen. He was from childhood a devoted student, and made rapid progress in classical and mathematical studies. At this period the young man was exceedingly delicate in health, and twice during the four years he was at Yale his close application to study brought on complete prostration and stretched him on a bed of sickness.

Having resolved soon after his conversion to give his life to the service of his Master in

THE MINISTRY,

he returned to Andover after graduating at Yale in 1827, and at once entered himself as a student in the Theological Seminary there, under the care of Drs. Stuart, Woods, and Porter. Several students who have since become well-known clergymen were his classmates at this institution; among them were the Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever, and the Rev. Dr. Schauffer, afterward a missionary to Turkey. After graduating again at Andover, he was, while still at home in his father's house, licensed to preach at Boston by the Suffolk South Association, in the spring of 1830. He was soon after ordained and installed pastor of the Congregational Church in Brighton, near Boston.

During the following three years he labored very successfully, and the congregation at the Brighton Church grew rapidly. While living at Brighton he formed the acquaintance of Miss Magoun, of Medford, Mass., whom *he married* in the early days of his ministry. The weakness of his constitution which had manifested itself at Yale became again alarmingly apparent at the end of his three years' labor at Brighton. Mrs. Adams also suffered from ill health, and their medical attendant prescribed for both a trip to the South. As often happens in the lives of God's people, this dispensation of Providence, which, at the time, appeared alike to minister and people inscrutable, was in reality a blessing to the Church at large. It opened the way to a more extended sphere of labor, in which there were larger opportunities for usefulness.

During his southern trip Mr. Adams visited

NEW YORK,

and finding his stay here beneficial to the health of himself and his wife, he consented to occupy for a short time the pulpit of the Pearl Street Church, then vacant. The sermons he preached there were remarkable for their simplicity of language, clear, vigorous thought, and stirring eloquence. They attracted the attention of Christians throughout the city, and led to an invitation being presented to him from the Central Presbyterian Church in Broome Street, which, after much thought and prayer, he accepted.

At that time (1834) the Broome Street Church was in the centre of business life and activity. Then it was surrounded by the residences of merchants and business men, which soon afterward were removed northward to localities then considered country districts. Dr. E. F. Hatfield, who at that time was also pastor of a church in Broome Street, and who soon became one of the new minister's most intimate friends, speaking recently of his intercourse with Mr. Adams, said, "When I entered the seminary at which we both studied fifty-one years ago, he was a member of the senior class, and though my junior in days he was my senior in study. Even then the premonition of what was to be was manifest in all his intercourse with the students. Everybody respected him then, as everybody has respected him since. In 1835 I came to the city of New York. He only preceded me some seven or eight months, and from that time to the present our lot has been cast together. Side by side we have pursued our way—myself at the farther end of Broome Street, he in the central part of Broome Street. Through all the period of our intercourse his memory has been precious to me."

TWENTY YEARS

did Mr. Adams labor in the Broome Street Church, and the steady and uninterrupted growth of the church and congregation bore witness that the blessing of God was upon him and his work. A revival of religion took place soon after his settlement, and he threw himself into the work with indefatigable energy. Nor was the labor of preacher and pastor sufficient to satisfy his insatiable appetite for Christian work. The columns of the press, both religious and secular, were indebted to his pen for articles which, like his sermons, were characterized by their chaste and elegant language as well as for their earnestness and power. The initials W. A. at the foot of an article soon became an indicatio to newspaper readers that something worth reading was above, and they were never disappointed

In 1843 the University of the City of New Yor conferred upon the Broome Street pastor th degree of *Doctor of Divinity*, and in 1869 he re ceived from the College of New Jersey at Prince ton the LL.D. degree. When the disput arose in the Church which ultimately led to division between the Old and New Schools, an the burning questions of Calvinism, fellowshi with other churches, and the attitude of th Church toward slavery were argued with so muc bitterness, Dr. Adams took an active part in th debates on the side of the New School. Bu when in later years an effort was made to brin about reunion, he was selected to be chairman the Reunion Committee, and by his tact, gentl ness, and Christian spirit did much to promot the project. At the meetings of the two assem blies in New York, when the preliminaries wer definitely arranged, Dr. Adams appeared befo the Old School Assembly in the Brick Church, t present the cordial greetings of the assemb with which he was connected. His address, cha acterized by dignified humor, tender pathos, i spiring eloquence, and deep Christian feelin made a deep impression on his hearers.

Mr. J. Alexander Patten, who knew him wel speaking of this period of his history, gives th following description of Dr. Adams: "In ap pearance Dr. Adams was a tall, erect, finely pr portioned man, who, although evidently begi ning the decline of life, was hale and vigorou He had regular, well-defined features, and cheerful, intellectual face. His eyes were brig and penetrating, his mouth was expressive much decision of character, and his brow h not less of physical symmetry than evidences mental endowment. To this striking and tractive presence he added manners at once po ished and fascinating. He exhibited an eas becoming dignity, but he was very affable a approachable, being so finished a gentleman. public and private his bearing was marked by entire self-possession and a happy adaptabili to circumstances and persons. He had a geni companionable disposition, and none save nobling qualities of heart.

"*His lecture on the 'Catacombs of Rome,'* to a crowded audience in Association as one of the most interesting ever given ew York audience. Of the many thou- who have visited these monuments of hristianity in the Eternal City, I believe ams was *the first to read and interpret* y the Greek and Latin inscriptions on and he has thus furnished a key to all students whereby the mysteries of reve- d the facts of history may be understood reciated.

sermons were all able, and showed his eological as well as literary culture. He eached such a thing as an indifferent —it was, in fact, an impossibility with hile he did not turn aside from the f religious argument, he interweaved reasoning attractive cullings from liter- l much that was imaginative. Powerful larly arguments, they were also affect- tian appeals to sinners. His voice was hough of full compass for the largest , and his tall, erect figure imparted ad- mpressiveness to his delivery."

IE MADISON SQUARE CHURCH.

Dr. Adams was elected Moderator of al Assembly, which met in Washing- on his way home accepted an invita- each in Philadelphia. The result of was, that an invitation was tendered ecome the permanent pastor of the ; ut after giving the matter his prayer- ration, he deemed it his duty to de- ffer.

he Broome Street Church had grown, ministrations of Dr. Adams, to be the esbyterian church of the city. It was wded when he preached, and often to be turned from the doors because o room to accommodate them. The ad been growing steadily uptown, and e members of the church were forced ong distance to attend divine service. ded to abandon the old church and ew edifice. Madison Avenue and rth Street was selected as the site, now known as the Madison Square n Church was opened by Dr. Adams r, 1854.

er *twenty years* Dr. Adams labored e congregation in its new and more home. The success which, by the God, he met with in Broome Street still. As pastor and preacher, he at- espect and won the confidence of his y his manly, straightforward life, and sing hostility to all forms of evil he good-will of Christian citizens of than his own.

eus Prime, one of his valued friends, owing graphic sketch of his char- is work at the Madison Square is courtly and elegant manners, that e distinguished ornament of the and brilliant circles at home and so thoroughly natural to him that repel but rather attracted the less d the 'common people,' who gladly aster, were drawn to the disciple *mple in his habits and gentle in his* mes a servant of Christ.

in this city was more easily or more proached by all classes and condi- e in want of advice and aid. *The him.* The troubled poured into the tale of their trials, and his ct and sweet sympathy with every him a friend indeed. What a sorrows this good man bore is only who bears all ours.

sehold knew him as their best ys grew into usefulness and dis- his eye, and he has often said to us man, now nobly doing for Christ as a man of business in active *e of mine.'* Those whom he bap- he afterward joined in marriage, lies rose up around him to call d.'

In 1873 Dr. Adams had the pleasure of welcoming to New York the Evangelical Alliance, an assembly of distinguished divines unexcelled by any assembly that ever met on the American Continent for piety, learning, and usefulness. His address on that occasion was characteristic of the man, evincing as it did the profound love of the brotherhood by which we are taught to distinguish the man who has drunk most deeply of the spirit of the Master (John 13 : 35). It closed with the following eloquent words :

"The object of our Conference is neither political nor ecclesiastical. We come not to discuss forms of Church organization or government, or anything which is extrinsic and casual. We meet to manifest and express our Christian unity."

* * * * * * * *

"Welcoming one another to these Christian assemblies upon the earth, greeting every occasion like this for the expression of Christian courtesy, confidence and love, beseeching you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake and for the love of the Spirit, that you strive together in your prayers to God, that coming together with joy by the will of God we may with you be refreshed, our thoughts run forward with gladness to the time when all the true servants of Christ, coming from the East, the West, the North and South, with their bosoms full of sheaves, shall meet together at the harvest home in the end of the world. In the very words of Dean Alford, whose personal presence we miss among us—words which were chanted at his funeral service in Canterbury Cathedral :

"'Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light.

"''Tis finished—all is finished,
Their fight with Death and Sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

"'Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore !
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more !'

"So it is that our hopes of heaven enter into the welcome we once more give you, in the name of the Lord Jesus and of Christian brotherhood."

Soon after the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, Dr. Adams resigned the pastorate of the Madison Square Church to become President of

THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,

a position which had been pressed upon him twice before, in 1840 and in 1871. It was a time of trial for both the pastor and the church. Nothing but a sense of duty could have brought Dr. Adams to sever a connection so happy and so useful. A munificent gift of $300,000 from the late Mr. James Brown, which was afterward supplemented by further donations amounting to $300,000 from other friends of the seminary, had been made principally through the efforts of Dr. Adams, and he considered it his duty to give to the work his personal labor at a period when the prospects of usefulness were so largely increased. How deeply he felt the separation may be gathered from the following extract from the letter in which he tendered his resignation :

"Pleasant as it would be to me, gratifying beyond expression, to retain to the very end of life the name and title of pastor—that name by which I have so often been addressed by you in all times of your sorrow and your joy, and which I never have heard or read without a quick response of tender affection—impossible as it is for me to relinquish it without actual suffering, nevertheless it is my clear conviction that a due regard to your interests, individual and collective, requires the sacrifice on my part, so that you may at once take measures which may secure the full and undivided services of another pastor."

On Sunday, April 19th, 1874, Dr. Adams preached his farewell sermon to the congregation of the Madison Square Church. He had presided over the society then for a term of forty years, and his sermon was devoted to a retrospect of the events of those years. It was from Deuteronomy 8 : 2, "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, to know what is in thy heart, whether thou wouldst keep His commandments or no." He announced in this sermon that the church had a membership of *three thousand persons.* On May 4th, 1874, the Presbytery of New York passed a resolution of regret at his leaving the pulpit, and a week later, May 11th, he was installed as President of the Union Theological Seminary.

The same thoroughness and conscientiousness which had characterized Dr. Adams as a pastor distinguished him

AS A PROFESSOR.

In addition to his regular lectures, he devoted much of his time to individual and separate instruction to the students.

It was his custom to call some one of them to him every day, and, taking him into the chapel, have him go through the whole service. He would first have him preach an original sermon, and then read a hymn and offer a prayer. At the conclusion of these exercises he would criticise the efforts of the student kindly but severely. This instruction was esteemed by the students as one of the most valuable features of their training at the seminary. Every Wednesday afternoon the students were in the habit of meeting for the purpose of reading essays and having debates. Dr. Adams always presided over these meetings, and, at the close, would sum up the arguments, with remarks of his own. These were always very happy, and were so highly esteemed by the students that they occasionally brought in their friends to listen to them.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Dr. Adams had consented to deliver the inaugural address at the General Council to be held on September 23d, at Philadelphia. Dr. E. R. Beadle had originally undertaken that duty, but his sudden death had rendered a new appointment necessary. Dr. Henry A. Boardman was then selected to fulfil the duty but, he too, though in his usual health when he accepted the post, had died, and the duty was then assigned to Dr. Adams. He had looked forward to the council with considerable pleasure, but soon after the close of the seminary session he was seized with a serious illness which soon developed alarming features. He was anxiously and tenderly watched by his family, but he rapidly sank, and on August 31st he peacefully passed away.

His last words were words of affectionate farewell. He said to a friend standing by his bedside : "I want you to say good-by and give my love to my sisters, to my dear brothers in the ministry, to my colleagues in the seminary, to my students, to my old parishioners, and to my many friends."

Although Dr. Adams wrote many separate articles for the press, he has not left many published works. At the time when his last illness came upon him he was engaged in collecting and arranging some of the articles and tractates already published into book form. His first extended work was given to the press in 1859, and was entitled "The Three Gardens — Eden, Gethsemane, and Paradise." Apostasy, redemption, and final blessedness are the themes, and the work is really a system of theology in an eminently practical and pleasing form. This was followed by an edition of Isaac Taylor's "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry," with a biographical introduction (1861) ; "Thanksgiving : Memories of the Day and Helps to the Habit" (1865), and "Conversations of Jesus Christ with Representative Men" (1868).

From early life to the close he was a warm friend and supporter of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and was the personal friend of a large number of its missionaries. After the reunion of the Presbyterian Church he was elected President of its Board of Foreign Missions, and devoted himself assiduously in committee to the details of the work. The American Bible and Tract Societies and other kindred institutions enjoyed his efficient co-operation.

Dr. Adams leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss. His first wife died after four years of wedded life, without issue, and Dr. Adams afterward married her sister, who survives him.

THE DAY-DAWN.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, Sept. 12th, 1880.

[His First Sunday Morning Service after his Return from the West.]

"The day is at hand."—ROM. 13 : 12.

Friendly Greetings—The Key-Note of the Next Year's Work—The Element of Gladness Needed—Creation's Laughter—The World's Outlook should Arouse Gladness—The Day-Dawn in the World's History—The First Rays—I. Diplomacy instead of War—The Alabama Difficulty—The Canadian Fishery Dispute—The Lesson of the British Elections—Our Own War might have been Averted—The Indian Wars Provoked by the Whites — II. The Compression of the World's Distances—The Church will use Scientific Inventions—Something Great soon to Happen—III. Facts Chronological and Mathematical—Strange and Mysterious Things—The Veil between this World and the Next getting Thinner—Remarkable Incident of War Horses in a Thunder-storm—The Victory Certain—How can an Unwounded Christian meet Christ?

GOOD-MORNING! Back from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farm-house, your cheek bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunamite: "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done: the deep ploughing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence.

Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the Colorado mountains twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, or the tonic atmosphere of the Pacific coast, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I cannot tell. I simply know I am grandly and gloriously and inexpressibly happy.

It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the key-note of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel and Coronation. During the summer a new stop has been put in this great organ—a new trumpet-stop—and I want to put

A NEW TRUMPET-STOP INTO MY SERMONS.

In all our Christian work you and I want more of *the element of gladness.* That man had no right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that He was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over His knee and shoulder at His own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?"

Do you believe that the divine Christ who pours all the water over the rocks at Vernal Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed.

Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic, and assay them, and test them, and analyze them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great laughter he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently have disturbed many people by telling them that there is danger of stellar collision. We have been told through the papers by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults, and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad centre, where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen that by the movement of the switch one or two inches the trains shoot this way and that, without any colliding, then you can understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch-tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way?

Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take *millions of years to build* a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at five o'clock and thirty-seven minutes, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

I. THE FIRST RAY OF THE DAWN

I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword.

That Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows, or off the Mersey? By the Gulf Stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London, "All settled." *Peace, peace.* England pays to the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid—but the United States is not honest enough to return it. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So, this recent quarrel about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said, "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said, "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say, "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, not a cartridge bitten off, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through peccadillo of ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment at Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not the dignity of even being respectable. What is that blush on the cheek of England to-day? What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. What meant the rising up of the English nation at the ballot-box last spring, overthrowing an administration which they thought was getting fond of military glory? It meant this: that the people of England want no more war. Down with the sword, and up with the treaty.

We in this country might better have settled

OUR SECTIONAL DIFFICULTIES

by arbitration than by the thrust of the
Philanthropy said to the North, "Pay
certain amount of money for the purchas
slaves, and let all those born after a
time be born free." Philanthropy at t
time said to the South, "You sell the
and get rid of this great national con
trouble." The North replied, "I won
cent." The South replied, "I won
War! War! A million dead men, ar
tional debt which has almost ground
tion to powder.

Why did we not let William H. S
New York, and Alexander H. Step
Georgia, go out and spend a few days
trees on the banks of the Potomac and
matter over, and settle it, as settle it th
rather than the North pay in cost of
billion seven hundred million dollars
South pay four billion seven hundred
million dollars, the destroying angel le
first-born dead in so many houses a
from the Penobscot to the Alabama.
men, whose sons fell in the strife, d
think that would have been better? O
have come to believe, I think, in thi
that arbitration is better than battle.

I may be mistaken, but I hope th
war between Christian nations is en
barians may mix their war-paint, an
and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, bu
Christian nations have gradually le
war is disaster to victor as well as v
and that almost anything bought
is bought at too dear a price. I w
that this nation might be a model of
for arbitration. No need of killing
dian. No need of sacrificing any
General Custers. Stop exasperatin
man, and there will be no more arro
from the reservation.

A general of the United States ar
repute throughout this land, and wh
has been in more Indian wars than
officer, and who has been wounded
again in behalf of our Governmer
against the Indians, told me within
that all the wars that had ever occ
country between Indians and whit
been provoked by white men, and
was no exception to the rule. W
arbitrating with Christian nations, l
barbarians carry ourselves in a man
cative of contest.

I inherit a large estate, and the
rich with fish, and the woods are s
birds, and my corn-fields are silken
Here is my sister's grave. Out y
that large tree, my father died.
comes, and proposes to drive me
possession of my property. He
back, and crowds me on, and crow
closer corner and still closer corne
a while I say, "Stand back; don
any more, or I'll strike. What rig
to come here and drive me off of
I got this farm from my father,
from his father. What right have
here and molest me?"

You blandly say, "Oh, I kno
you do. I belong to a higher ci
cut my hair shorter than you do.
this ground to a great deal better
do." And you keep crowding
crowding me on into a closer cor
corner, until one day I look aro
suffering family, and fired by the
hew you in twain. Forthwith
comes to your funeral to pronou
comes to my execution to anat
You are the hero. I am the culprit

Behold the United States Go
the North American Indian. Th
stood more wrongs than I would
would have struck sooner, deeper.
is right in defence of a Brookly
New York home is right in def
on the top of the Rocky Mountai

fore this dwindling red race dies complete- . I wish that this generation might by com- ustice atone for the inhumanity of its pre- sors. In the day of God's judgment I rather be a blood-smeared Modoc than a ling United States officer on an Indian res- on! One man was a barbarian and a sav- nd never pretended to be anything but a ian and a savage. The other man pre- d to be a representative of a Christian . Notwithstanding all this, the general t with war and the substitution of diplo- skill for the glittering edge of keen steel ign unmistakable that "the day is at

find ANOTHER RAY OF THE DAWN compression of the world's distances. a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing have been the world's rectification with n hundred millions of population and no means of communication; but now, h telegraphy for the eye and telephonic y for the ear, and through steamboating lroading, the twenty-five thousand miles world's circumference are shrivelling up significant brevity.

Kong is nearer to New York than a few go New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, , Melbourne within speaking distance. e a telegraphic chart, and by the blue the telegraphs of the land, and by the s the cables under the ocean. You see portunity this is going to give for the vements of Christianity.

ress may be months or years in build- after it is constructed it may do all its twenty minutes. Christianity has been its batteries for nineteen centuries, and on in the work through other centuries; n those batteries are thoroughly planted, rtresses are fully built, they may do all rk in twenty-four hours.

orld sometimes derides the Church for of movement. Is science any quicker? ot take science five thousand six hun- fifty two years to find out so simple a the circulation of the human blood? e earth and the sky full of electricity, ook five thousand eight hundred years even guessed that there was any practi- hat might be made of this subtle and lement.

good men take possession of all these forces, and all these agencies of inven- not know that the redemption of the l be more than *the work of half a day.* not last Wednesday read the queen's the proroguing of Parliament the day London? If that be so, is it anything s to believe that in twenty-four hours communication can reach the 'whole

e Christ should descend on the na- ny expect that Christ will come among ns personally—*suppose that to-morrow the Son of God from a hovering cloud scend* upon these cities. Would not e known all the world over in twenty- s? Suppose He should present His a few words, saying, "I am the Son came to pardon all your sins and to our sorrows, to prove that I am a su- being, I have just descended from the you believe me, and do you believe Why, all the telegraph stations of would be crowded as none of them crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell things to show you it is not among sibilities or even the improbabilities will conquer the whole earth, *and do* , when the time comes. There are RETOKENINGS IN THE AIR. ng great is going soon to happen. I nk that Jupiter is going to run us hat the axle of the world is going to t I mean something great for the ssing and not for the world's damage happen.

I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the London plagues. Enough, the Asiatic choleras. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the conflagrations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. *Better be on the lookout.* Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescpoes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing-offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some banner that has never been carried, ready for sudden procession. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out *the marriage of the King's Son.*

Cleanse all your court-houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning cloud, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand!"

III. ONE MORE RAY

of the dawn I see in *facts chronological and mathematical.* Come, now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Ezekiel and Hosea, and Micah and Malachi, and John and Peter, and Paul and Christ, we believe the former, that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a dead failure.

If there is a child in your house sick, and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast, and the captain assures you the vessel is stanch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival.

Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness, and defeat, or on toward light and blessedness. You and I believe the latter, and if so, every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. *Put your algebra down on the top of your Bible*, and rejoice.

If it is nearer morning at three o'clock than it is at two, if it is nearer morning at four o'clock than it is at three, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and the heavenly world may after a while make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there are *strange and mysterious things* which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after a while, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what it is.

I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I do not say that there may not be persons who have heard voices from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however, that

THE VEIL BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT IS GETTING THINNER AND THINNER,

and that perhaps after a while, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in this battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the Valley of Agelon, him of Mars Hill.

History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of a war bought up all the old cavalry horses lest they be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Naversmire Heath, and turned these old war-horses into the thickest and the richest pasture, to spend the rest of their days for what they had done in other days.

One day a thunder-storm came up, and these war-horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm-branch for weapon, and come down out of the king's galleries into the arena, crying, "Make room! I must fight *in this great Armageddon.*"

My beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to

TOIL WITH THE SUNLIGHT IN YOUR FACES.

I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories.

I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered, and all Christian work in some way is effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all Heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion; he who hath the moon under His feet and all the armies of heaven on white horses.

Brother! brother! *all I am afraid of* is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood-bought immortality. Oh, Christ! how shall I meet Thee, Thou of the scarred brow, and the scarred back, and the scarred hand, and the scarred foot, and the scarred breast, if I have no scars of wounds gotten in Thy service? It shall not be so.

I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, you foes of God, I dare you to the combat. Come on, with pens dipped in caricature. Come on, with tongues forked and viperous and adderous. Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow, I uncover my heart. Strike! I cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with Him on earth, we cannot be glorified with Him in heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come! Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(Continued from page 583.)

Salome's Visit to the Albert Mission—The Little Blind Boy—A Gift of a Canary—Project of a Christmas-tree—The Minister's Visit to Brighton—Salome's Difficulty.

Salome Stanley went along the room used as a day-nursery, and she discovered that even these little babies, many not at all prepossessing in looks, had power to awaken in her a strange and abiding interest. She had declared that she was not fond of children when Cecil and Emmie had invited her to visit the day-nursery in Albert Street. She now found that she had answered ignorantly. Little Thomas was delighted with the sweets she brought him, and then she asked him whether he had ever heard a bird sing. The child nodded assent. He had a meek, quiet little face, to which the sightless eyes gave a strangely plaintive expression.

"Would you like to have a little bird come here to live, to sing to you?"

Thomas nodded again.

"Then, so you shall; a little beautiful golden canary-bird," said Salome, forgetting that color had no meaning to the little blind boy. "I will bring it to you next week, and it shall be your very own little bird. What will you call it?"

"Tommy," said little Thomas, his face brightening.

"Tommy? Very well; this shall be Tommy."

"What can I do to please them?" asked Salome then, of Emily Anerley, looking round with a yearning sweetness in her gaze that brought sympathetic tears into the eyes of Emmie.

"Sing to them," she replied; "they will like that."

Salome did not hesitate, but trilled forth in her rich, delicious voice a lovely little hymn about the

"Happy land, far, far away,"

and the Albert Street babies drank in the sweet sounds, the low wailings of some sickly ones were hushed, the older ones at play paused to hear, the sleepy ones were soothed to slumber, the nurses listened entranced. Miss Calvert entered the room, but paused on the threshold, her sweet, pale face flushed, intent, aglow, thrilled with emotion, and when the last notes died away there was a moment's hush. It was like a spell.

"Thank you," said Miss Calvert, softly, when the noise of little voices began again; "thank you; that has been a real treat to them, and to all of us. Do repeat it some day."

Salome was astonished and pleased to find how much pleasure she had given. Henceforth there was a new interest for the lonely woman.

Next week the canary, "Tommy," in a green cage, found its way to the day-nursery, and was hung very near little Thomas. The bird became an object of the deepest interest to all the babies, and it was very long before the charm of novelty around its cage at all wore away.

Hardly a week passed after this that Salome did not accompany Emmie to spend one morning among the children. The music of child-love was in her soul, although the melody had never hitherto been called forth. She possessed too deep a nature not to have in her that grand maternal instinct which makes women who are true to themselves encompass every little child with a surpassing tenderness.

Cecil Anerley, who, through the many months that had now elapsed since Salome Stanley had first awakened in him the power to love, had never as yet ventured to reveal that affection, lest the revelation should banish her from his presence, took heart at her coming forth from her seclusion, and his spirits, which has been less buoyant than usual of late, rose again. He had, poor fellow, been sadly suspicious that she did not wish him to speak to her on any such subject as the love which was ever uppermost in his thoughts.

He began now to hope she might some day be persuaded to accompany him to a Band of Hope meeting, or to the free breakfasts which, each year, directly the weather became at all wintry, were set on the tables at the Mission Hall every Sunday morning.

"Don't you think, Emmie," said Salome Stanley, one day, "that the day-nursery wants to be made a gayer place for all those dear little lives to be spent in?"

"I am afraid there are no funds," said Emmie. "I believe Miss Calvert strains a point as it is to provide this room; it involves a good deal of actual expense; the nurses and the food, so much good milk every day, and so much washing and firing."

"To be sure," said Salome; "but I think they really must have a Christmas tree. Miss Calvert will not object if I undertake to give them one, and to save her all trouble and expense. Such a treat will make it seem a real Christmas to myself also. And the pretty things, not actually gifts to the little ones, may be hung about the room, and make it look less bare. Children's eyes want feeding as well as their stomachs. Now, Emmie, do you believe I can manage it so as to be a surprise to all the small folks?"

"Easily," replied Emmie, "if we give them a holiday on Christmas day; I mean if Miss Calvert expects their mothers and friends to keep them, as I think she does—I know she did last Christmas. Why, Cecil and you and I might get it ready that afternoon. I should think it just exactly the proper way to spend my Christmas."

"So should I,' agreed Salome. "How I wish Constance could have been at home with us."

"She will spend her Christmas at Canterbury, I expect," said Emmie; "I forgot to tell you that I heard this morning."

"At Canterbury!" repeated Salome.

"I told you how dear Mrs. Mitchell is ailing, and Canterbury is her native air. So the younger ones, and their mother, and Constance are to visit the grandmother there, while the elder ones will have their holidays at home, and Miss Julia Lack will be housekeeper."

Salome looked mischievous as she replied, "I am glad I am not one of the elder Mitchell children."

As Mr. Ferguson sat in his study one afternoon, a lady visitor who wished to speak with him was announced by Mrs. Poddikins, the landlady. It is to be lamented that the minister did not look very amiable at that moment. He was in no humor for an interruption to his studies, and he dreaded the waste of half an hour or more in talk regarding some tea-meeting or Christmas-tree, which he considered women could manage quite as well by themselves.

He mentally wished there were a good many more girls in his congregation of the type and temper of Constance Anerley, who, so far from intruding her company upon any one, gave them all far too little of it.

Indeed it must be confessed that on this particular Tuesday morning the Rev. Hermann Ferguson was feeling decidedly cross. The day before he had made an excuse to himself that he felt "Mondayish," and had accordingly run down to Brighton, as he alleged in the sanctum of his inner consciousness, to brace himself up for further warfare against sin by inhaling the fresh, invigorating sea air along the fine esplanade and pier of that beautiful watering-place.

If he chanced to meet Constance Anerley and her pupils taking their matutinal exercise in the same place, he was fain to acknowledge beforehand that it might add greatly to the pleasure of his visit. He had also fully made up his mind to dine with his old friend, Rowland Mitchell.

Unfortunately when he met Constance and her pupils they were returning home from their walk, and when he laughingly suggested that they should prolong it in his honor, although he had been warmly seconded by Esther and Robbie, their young governess had firmly declined to do so, alleging as the reason the near approach of the Christmas holidays and the le
already arranged to be accomplished that
ing.

He could therefore only walk back with
to Steyne Place, and then proceed alone
Pier and Aquarium, which did him very
less good than he had anticipated. Even
their short walk together she left the con
tion so much to the children as greatly
concert him, while during dinner and t
was as quiet and cool to him as if ther
been no previous friendship between them
which could entitle him to her kindly con
tion.

This had chafed the Rev. Hermann Fe
considerably. He would have wished
treat him almost as a second father—cer
at least, as an elder brother. Could h
read Constance aright he would have
that it was precisely her dread of such a re
ship as the former which always kept h
distance from him, and prevented that
trustful manner in her toward himself wh
so much coveted.

"Was there any other fellow admiring
was a thought that flashed itself across his
"and did Constance act so foolishly as to
to think about love affairs?"

With this burden of disappointment
him, brought over from yesterday, and
shaken off, the knowledge that a your
sought his presence, while the only you
whose presence he sought kept hersel
from him as much as possible, was not
likely to increase his amiability.

He grudgingly bade Mrs. Poddikins sh
visitor to his study.

"Mr. Ferguson, can you spare me a f
utes, for I want to consult you?" The
was Salome Stanley. He looked up in s
rose from his chair, shook her hand, and
her to be seated.

"Consult me?" he asked, as he again
own seat.

"Mr. Ferguson, I have to thank you f
spiritual good," she continued, in her s
voice, always so full of musical cadences
pression. "I was feeling, when I came h
ter, unrepentant, almost madly defiant
"Is it possible?" he asked, growing
ed. "I thought you were unhappy, but
know to what extent."

"I have to thank you, in the first pla
went on, "for an introduction to
Christian family, and to the friendship
people who have troubles themselves,
never seem to doubt the unfailing intere
God takes in them. That in itself h
stay to me. Gradually they have led
cially Emily Anerley, to take an interes
side affairs, and I know that also is
good; it is teaching me how many
yet enjoy. Your sermons have enlight
I feel I can now confess that I am no
disbeliever, but that Christ is very dea

"I am so glad, so thankful!" he s
tone of deepest sympathy.

"I should like to make an open conf
my faith in Him, in the readiest ma
occurs to me, by becoming a commu
your chapel the next time the Lord's
commemorated there."

"Nothing could give me greater satis
he said.

"Where I have received so much
should like to acknowledge my inde
my submission, my love to my Savi
oh," she added, still speaking in her us
voice, but with a depth of passion Hern
guson had never heard in it before, "
drink a drop of intoxicating liquor an
a confession of my love to Christ."

"But, my dear Miss Stanley—" he

"Hear me, Mr. Ferguson, and then
ten to you—I will be glad to listen to
said. "How Christians *can* look abr
the land and see the enormities, the
the heathendom which strong drink c
still commemorate the life and deat

Saviour in intoxicating liquor, is altogether past my comprehension. Strong drink has cursed my life. How do I know that if I come to the Lord's Supper at your chapel it may not curse my physical existence also? If others as unlikely as I am to fall have fallen by its use, how shall I know that even the wine used in the sacrament will not cause me to fall?"

"But surely," he said, "though I respect your motives in this matter, your painful experiences have made you conjure up horrors which are very unlikely indeed to happen. Surely you have never heard of any one commencing a career of vice by drinking wine at the Lord's Supper, yet you have almost implied as much."

(To be continued.)

THE END OF THE 6000 YEARS FROM THE CREATION, IN 1890.

(Concluded from page 583.)

We reproduce again this week the table of the separate periods which compose the whole period of 6000 years, and append explanations regarding those separate periods.

THE BIBLE CHRONOLOGY OF THE WORLD.

Anno Iundi.	Before Christ.		
0	4110	(1) The Creation of Man to the close of the Deluge. (Gen. 5. and 8 : 13–14)........................	1656
1656	2454	(2) Close of the Deluge to the birth of Terah. (Gen. 11 : 10–24)....	222
1878	2232	(3) Terah's birth to his son Abraham's removal to Canaan. (Acts 7:6; Gen. 11 :32; 12 : 1 5)....	205
2083	2027	(4) Abraham's removal to the date of the Exodus. (Ex. 12 : 40; Gal. 3 : 8–17)........................	430
2513	1597	(5) The Exodus to the distribution of the land. (2 yrs. Num. 10 : 11 to 13 : 25; and 45 yrs. Josh. 14.)..	47
560	1550	(6) The dividing of the land to the end of Samuel's judgeship. (Acts 13 : 20; Josh. 14.)........	450
010	1100	(7) Reigns of Saul, David and Solomon (40 yrs. each.) (Acts 13 : 21; 2 Sam. 5:4; 2 Kings, 11 : 42)	120
130	980	(8) End of Solomon's reign to Jehoiakim's fourth year. (1 Kings 11:43 to 2 Kings 25, and Jer. 25.).....	375
504	605	(9) The 70 years' captivity from Jehoiakim's fourth year until Cyrus' first year. (2 Kings 24 : 8 to 16; Ez. 1.; Jer. 25 : 12)...	70
574	535	(10) Cyrus' 1st year to the midst of Artaxerxes Longimanus' 7th year (by the common chronology).. (Cyrus 7 years, Ahasuerus and Artaxerxes—Ex. 4 : 6-7—8 years, Darius—Ez. 6 : 1—36½ years, Xerxes, 21 years, Artaxerxes Longimanus 6¼ years.)	79
553	456	(11) The midst of Artaxerxes Longimanus' 7th year to the birth of Christ. (Dan. 9 : 24–26; Ez. 7)... (Daniel's 70 weeks are generally held to begin about A.D. 455–6 in Artaxerxes' seventh year.)	456
10	0	Total, from the creation of Adam to the birth of Christ.	4110
		Add (for the period of the Christian dispensation.....	1890
		Total from the creation of Adam to the Millennium ..	6000

The following remarks are explanatory of the even component periods which make up the o years in the foregoing chronological table:

1) The 1656 years consist of the generations m Adam to the close of the Flood which are en in Gen. 5 and 8 : 13, 14, as follows: Adam Seth, 130 years; Seth to Enos, 105 years; s to Cainan, 90 years; Cainan to Mahalaleel, ears; Mahalaleel to Jared, 65 years; Jared to och, 152 years; Enoch to Methuselah, 65 rs; Methuselah to Lamech, 187 years; ech to Noah, 182 years; Noah to the close he Flood (Gen. 8 : 13, 14) 600 years. These rvals altogether amount to 1656 years.

) The period of 222 years between the Flood Terah's birth is given in Gen. 11 : 10-23, as subjoined. The Flood to Arphaxad, 2 s; Arphaxad to Salah, 35 years; Salah to r, 30 years; Eber to Peleg, 34 years; Peleg to Reu, 30 years; Reu to Serug, 32 years; Serug to Nahor, 30 years; Nahor to Terah, 29 years. Total amount, 222 years.

(3) Terah did not beget Abraham until he was 130 years old, as is shown by Gen. 11 : 32; 12 : 4; for when he died at the age of 205 years, Abraham, who then migrated to Canaan, was 75 years old. Gen. 11 : 36 might seem to contradict this: "Terah lived 70 years, and begat Abram, Nahor, and Haran," but the first mention of Abram among the three does not imply his being the eldest, any more than the mention of Shem before Ham and Japhet implied Shem to be the eldest of Noah's sons, for Japhet is expressly called the eldest, Gen. 10 : 21. Thus, although Terah was 70 years old at the birth of his eldest son (probably Haran, as his daughter was old enough to marry Nahor, Gen. 11 : 29), yet he was 130 years old at the birth of Abraham.

(4) The 430 years' sojourning (Ex. 12 : 40) of Abraham and his posterity commenced with Abraham's going forth to Canaan, Gen. 12 : 1-5 (2048 B.C.), when God made a covenant with him (Gal. 3 : 17), and ended with the Exodus, after which the Law was given at Sinai (Ex. 19 : 1). Dr. Hales renders Ex. 12 : 40 according to the Masorite, Samaritan, and Septuagint versions, "Now the sojourning of the children of Israel (and of their fathers) while they sojourned in the land of Egypt (and in the land of Canaan) was 430 years.

(6) In Acts 13 : 20 we read, "He gave unto them Judges about the space of 450 years until Samuel the prophet" (including, of course, Samuel's judgeship): and this approximately corresponds with the periods mentioned in the Book of Judges, and is held to be the correct account by Clinton, Hales, Cunninghame, Bliss, Bowen, Shimeall, etc. It is noticeable that there is thus exactly 580 years from the Exodus to the 4th year of Solomon, when the temple began to be built, and any definition of this period as being 480 years must be a mistake for 580 years.

Thus the component parts of the 450 years given in the Book of Judges are as follows: From the dividing of the land to the death of Joshua (Josh. 23 : 1; 24 : 29), 19 years (this period, as well as the next 11 years, is not explicitly stated in Judges, but is given by Dr. Hales, Elliott, Bliss, etc., on the authority of Josephus, and other historians); from Joshua's death to the death of the surviving Egypt-born elders (Josh. 24 : 21; Jud. 2 : 10, 11), 11 years; servitude under Chushan (Jud. 3 : 7, 8, 9), 8 years; rest under Othniel (Jud. 3 : 9, 11), 40 years; servitude under Eglon (Jud. 3 : 12, 14), 18 years; rest under Ehud and Shamgar (Jud. 3 : 15, 30, 31; 4 : 1), 80 years; servitude under Jabin (Jud. 4 : 2, 3–23; 5 : 31), 20 years; the subsequent rest (Jud. 5 : 31), 40 years; servitude under Midian (Jud. 6 : 1), 7 years; rest under Gideon (Jud. 6 : 14; 28, 8 : 33), 40 years; Abimelech, as judge (Jud. 9 : 6, 22, 23, 54), 3 years; Tola (Jud. 10 : 1, 2), 23 years; Jair (Jud. 10 : 3, 5), 22 years; servitude under Ammon (Jud. 10 : 6, 8), 18 years; Jephthah, as judge (Jud. 11 : 32; 12 : 7), 6 years; Ibzan (Jud. 12 : 8, 9), 7 years; Elon (Jud. 12 : 11), 10 years; Abdon (Jud. 12 : 13, 14), 8 years; servitude under the Philistines (Jud. 13 : 1), 40 years (it is supposed that this 40 years is the same as Eli's 40 years, 1 Sam. 4 : 18, and that during part of this time Samson judged southwest Israel for 20 years contemporarily with Eli, Jud. 13 to 16 : 31); Samuel's judgeship after Eli's death until Saul's election (1 Sam. 7 : 2 gives 20 years, and about 10 years more seem to have elapsed, 1 Sam. 7 to 9), 30 years. These brief periods altogether amount to 450 years, which is expressly mentioned in Acts 13 : 20, while in Judges the first 30 and the last 10 years are not definitely stated, and have to be estimated approximately.

(8) This period of 375 years consists of the reigns of the kings from Rehoboam to Jehoiakim's 4th year, which are given in Kings and Chronicles as follows: Rehoboam, 17 years and a few months, 1 Kings 14 : 31; 15 : 1; 2 Chron. 12 : 13—Abijam, 3 years, 1 Kings, 15 : 1, 2—Asa, 41 years, 1 Kings 15 : 9, 10—Jehoshaphat, 25 years, 1 Kings 22 : 42—Jehoram, 8 years, 2 Kings 8 : 17—Ahaziah, 1 year, 2 Kings 8 : 24, 26—Athaliah, 6 years, 2 Kings 11 : 1, 2, 3, 20, 21—Jehoash, 40 years, 2 Kings 12 : 1—Amaziah, 29 years, 2 Kings 12 : 21; 14 : 1, 2—Azariah (called Uzziah), 52 years, 2 Kings 15 : 1, 2; 2 Chron. 26 : 1, 3—Jotham, 16 years, 2 Kings 15 : 32,33—Ahaz, 16 years, 2 Kings, 16 : 1, 2—Hezekiah, 29 years, 2 Kings 16 : 20; 18 : 1, 2—Manasseh, 55 years, 2 Kings 20 : 21; 21 : 1—Amon, 2 years, 2 Kings 21 : 18, 19—Josiah, 31 years, 2 Kings 11 : 26; 22 : 1—Jehoahaz, 3 months, 2 Kings 23 : 31—Jehoiakim, 4 years and a few months, 2 Kings 23 : 36. These reigns altogether amount to 375 years.

(9) The 70 years' captivity is here commenced in Jehoiakim's fourth year (Dan. 1 : 1–11, Jer. 25 : 1; 46 : 2), when the King of Babylon defeated the King of Egypt, and Jehoiakim became subject to Babylon instead of Egypt (2 Chron. 36 : 6). This is the date at which these 70 years are also commenced by Bliss, Birks, Browne, Chapin, Clinton, Cunninghame, Habershon, Hales, Jarvis, Usher, and the Duke of Manchester. Zedekiah, who afterward reigned 11 years, was the mere deputy and vassal of Nebuchadnezzar, being left to rule over the few Jews that remained at Jerusalem. It is universally allowed that Cyrus' first year was the end of the 70 years, as intimated in 2 Chron. 36 : 21, 23, and Ezra 1.

(10) This 79 years is the only link in the chronological chain of 4110 years from Adam to Christ that is not precisely defined in Scripture. The deficiency is, however, supplied by historical authorities, such as Herodotus, Xenophon, Josephus, Petavius, Prideaux, etc., and by Ptolemy's Canon, which is confirmed by the most careful astronomical observations, and by more than twenty eclipses. From these sources it appears that Cyrus (Ez. 1 : 1), after the death of Darius the Mede, reigned as sole monarch for 7 years. Then Cambyses (or Ahasuerus, Ez. 4 : 6) reigned 7 years and 5 months; and Smerdis (or Artaxerxes, Ez. 4 : 7) reigned 7 months.

Then Darius Hystaspes (Ez. 6 : 1) reigned 36 years 6 months; and Xerxes continued on the throne for 21 years; being succeeded by Artaxerxes Longimanus (Ez. 7 : 7), from whose seventh year in 457 B.C., the 70 weeks (Dan. 9 : 24), or 490 years, are dated by the general concurrence of commentators. All standard chronologers agree as to Cyrus' first year, the end of the 70 years' captivity, being about 535–6 B.C., and the commencement of the 70 weeks or 490 years being about 456 B.C., leaving about 79 years from Cyrus' first year to Artaxerxes' seventh year.

(11) The 70 weeks (Dan. 9 : 24) have been generally understood since the earliest ages of the Christian church to signify 490 years (a day being sometimes put for a year—Gen. 29 : 27; Numb. 14 : 34; Ezek. 4 : 6), and to have commenced their fulfilment about 457 B.C. (Ez. 7 : 9), when Ezra went up in the midst of Artaxerxes' seventh year "to restore and build Jerusalem." As respects its subdivisions of 7 weeks, 62 weeks, and 1 week, the 7 and 62 weeks were to reach "unto Messiah the Prince" (Dan. 9 : 25), when Christ was first offered to Israel by the Baptist's preaching and by the commencement of his public ministry about A.D. 26, and afterward "Messiah was cut off, but not for Himself," at the period A.D. 27–33, and in A.D. 70 Jerusalem was destroyed (ver. 26). Then the last week will follow at the close of the Gentile dispensation with "the Prince that shall come" (the Antichrist, Napoleon), making a 7 years' covenant with the Jews, and breaking it in the midst of the 7 years, and being himself destroyed at their termination. Thus the year-day fulfilment of the prophetic period of Daniel's 69 weeks of years, or 483 years from King Artaxerxes' seventh year, until the public presentation of Christ to Israel as their Messiah in A.D. 26–7, furnishes the last link in the chronological chain—viz., 456 years from Artaxerxes' seventh year to the birth of Christ.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50

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Special terms to Ministers, Clubs, and Agents.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1880, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The State Elections which Took Place last week have resulted, as was expected, in the two great political parties scoring one victory for each. Arkansas has been carried by the Democrats by a majority of over 50,000, and in Vermont the Republican ticket has been carried by 25,000 majority. The total vote in Vermont was about 5700 larger than in 1876. Of these 5700 new votes, the Republicans appear to have secured about 3600, the Greenbackers 1500, and the Democrats 600.

General Weaver, the Presidential Candidate of the Greenback party, arrived in New York on September 11th. He is about to commence a vigorous canvass of this State, in which he feels confident of polling over 40,000 votes. He said, in the course of conversation with a reporter, "There are no discords in the party. All is harmonious." When questioned as to the vote of the party in detail, he said: "I predict 100,000 in Missouri, and as many in Illinois. In Indiana we shall poll a large vote—a vote which will astonish both parties—and we may even carry the State. There will be near to 65,000 votes in Maine, and in this ratio throughout the Union."

The Election in Maine on Monday Last, the result of which at the time of writing had not been published, is one that all parties agree in regarding as of an unusually important character. There were four tickets in the field—the Republican, the Fusion, the Prohibition, and the Enforced Prohibition. There were also two amendments to the State Constitution voted upon, for which separate ballot-boxes were provided. The first amendment provides for the election of Governor by a plurality instead of a majority of all the votes cast. The second amendment provides for changing the terms of office of Senators and Representatives to conform with the amendment adopted in 1879.

The National Campaign against Polygamy which at one time seemed likely to be abandoned, is to be prosecuted with vigor. Attorney-General Devens, it is announced, will, upon his return from Minnesota, begin the preparation of several of the most flagrant cases, to which the Supreme Court of the United States will give special precedence over other business. The principal points to be first decided will be the challenging of jurors, and the mode in which they should be impanelled, where there is a suspicion that they are themselves living in polygamy. When these points are settled, there is a more hopeful prospect of success on the merits of the question.

The Death of Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, at Saratoga, on September 11th, removes from New York society a citizen well known for his benevolence and the interest he took in any effort made to ameliorate the condition of the poor. He was stricken with paralysis on Tuesday, September 7th, and never recovered consciousness from the time of his seizure. Mr. Roberts was born in New York in 1814, and he commenced his business life as assistant in a grocery store. He soon exhibited the remarkable commercial sagacity which, as time passed, enabled him to acquire a large fortune. Quiet and unobtrusive in all he did, the large amounts he gave away, were frequently given indirectly or anonymously, so that no one knew absolutely how much he had contributed to any cause. Many individual cases are known, however, in which men struggling under difficulties were visited by Mr. Roberts, who, unsolicited and with rare delicacy, proffered timely aid. He was formerly connected with the church at the Broadway Tabernacle, but latterly had worshipped at Calvary Church.

Fourteen Persons Supposed to have been drowned in the wreck of the City of Vera Cruz have, it is reported, come ashore safely on a life-raft. A letter from Titusville, Fla., received September 10th, stated that fourteen survivors of the wreck had landed there. No names or details are given in the letter, and it is doubtful whether the writer refers to those already known to have been rescued, and the relatives of the passengers and crew are in a state of agonizing suspense. On the one hand it is said that there was no life-raft on the wrecked vessel, and on the other it appears improbable that Titusville, being 200 miles from the spot where Mr. Owen and his companions landed, that the person who sent the information can have referred to that party.

Chief Ouray's Successor has been Appointed, at a grand council held August 31st at Los Pinos, Colorado. There were four candidates for the position, two of whom were Guero and Peah, the former claiming it by right of promotion, being second in rank. But his known hostility to the whites prevented his promotion. Sporanau, the third, had no desire to be head chief, but wanted a dual combination, he and Sapovonari to rule jointly. Sapovonari, who is fifty years old, was ultimately chosen. He has considerable force of character, a large following, and had the confidence of Ouray to such an extent that he was left in charge last winter during his absence in Washington. The Utes have killed five of Ouray's best horses, that they may accompany him to the "happy hunting grounds."

The Services Conducted by the Rev. Samuel Colcord, in Chickering Hall, New York, which were so largely attended last season, will be recommenced on Sunday next. It is announced that the large choir will have the assistance of Miss Henrietta Beebe, who has promised her services to aid in the work.

Mr. Moody's Invitation to the Meetings at Northfield, Mass., was accepted by a large number of Christians of all the evangelical denominations, from nearly all the States, from Canada, and from Europe. One of the most interesting parts of the first day's meeting was the reading of telegrams from Canada, Glasgow, Scotland, and from Baltimore and other parts of the Union, expressive of strong interest in and sympathy with the meetings. Many letters were read by Mr. Moody to the same effect. Most were from individuals, but some from churches stating that they would hold meetings for the same object in concert with the meeting at Northfield. *One of these had fifty signatures.* Meetings were held in the new seminary established by Mr. Moody, in the Congregational Church, and in the open air. They were principally devoted to earnest prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and to short addresses of a thoroughly personal and practical character. At the experience meetings it was obvious that the Holy Spirit was moving those present to a higher degree of consecration, to the confession of sin, and a determination in God's strength to live closer to Him in the future.

One of the speakers said: "I have been groaning all summer for such a meeting as this. A leading worker said to me some time ago that he had spent *a fruitless year*, and he knew the reason; he had been envious of Moody. He went to Mr. Moody and made his confession, and came away with his face aglow and his heart full. He has seen uninterrupted success for all of the months since. My little son once failed to come out to meet me. When I found him he would not look me in the face. He kept his back toward me, until he resolved to make confession of a fault he had committed, when he showed deeper love to me than before. Thus *I have kept my back toward God,* but I turn now my face to confess toward God."

Dr. Talmage has Returned from his Tour in California, Colorado, and the Western States. At the Tabernacle prayer meeting on Friday evening he said: "There may seem on the part of some a great absurdity in my modes of summer rest. You ask: 'In seven thousand miles of travel and in many public addresses, is there any recuperation?' I answer, the hardest and weariest thing I ever do is to do nothing. The most restful place in the world to me is the car of an express train going a mile a minute. Rest with me is not idleness, but change of occupation."

With reference to the reports of his midnight explorations he said: "Leadville differs from other cities in having its wickedness on the surface, and with open doors, instead of being hidden as in other cities. All that story about my exploring Leadville hour after hour, until after midnight, with some friends, is newspaper enterprise. [Laughter.] All the exploring I did was in about six minutes, from the wide-open doors of the gambling-houses on two of the main streets; but the next day it was telegraphed all over the United States, and some of the religious papers have been reading me a lesson. Leadville's faults are on the surface, and need no exploration."

Dr. Talmage visited Utah, and of that State he said: "The Governor of Utah Territory and prominent citizens charged me to speak on this Mormon question after my return, and I shall execute the commission, and shall lay before you some *appalling and startling facts* on that subject. We are all familiar with the comedy of Mormonism, but the tragedies have not yet been told."

At the Presbyterian Council to be held in Philadelphia next week, in consequence of the death of the Rev. Dr. William Adams, who had been designated to preach at the opening of the council, the Rev. Dr. William M. Paxton, moderator of the General Assembly, it is understood will welcome the delegates. The Horticultura Hall, where the council will be held, will be decorated for the occasion with the flags of all countries. There will be large banners of England Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Switzerland Italy, Spain, Bohemia, Holland, and Hungary On each banner will be the seal of the nation i represents, and on scrolls will be painted th names of those prominent in the introductio of the Presbyterian Church in each country. Th France banner will be headed in large letters b the word, "Huguenots," while on the Englis standard will be the word "Puritans." In addition a canvas will be prepared representing a arch made up of stones bearing each the nam of one of the twenty-four branches of the Presbyterian Church.

We hope to publish next week *the portra and life of Dr. McCosh* of Princeton, with whom the idea of the council primarily originated.

San Francisco is the City Mr. Moody has been led to select as the scene of his next winter's work. His family will remain in Northfield, so that his daughter may avail herself of the advantages of the new seminary which he has just established. In choosing San Francisco as his new point of effort, Mr. Moody has not overlooked the many difficulties to be met there; he has been impressed rather with the need which the difficulties indicate for such a work as God has enabled him to perform in other places. He is conscious of the many discouragements he will probably encounter, but he relies, as he has done before, on the help of God, and believes that with the co-operation of the churches the city will be deeply stirred. All Christians should pray for a blessing on his work in the great city of the Pacific coast.

A Heathen Ceremonial was Performed in a Brooklyn cemetery on Sunday, September 5th. The following description of the rites observed shows how dense is the spiritual darkness in which these people are enshrouded, and how urgent is the necessity of the churches making a vigorous and systematic effort to give them the Gospel. As the funeral procession proceeded to the cemetery of the Evergreens, a Chinaman, seated beside the driver of the hearse, threw *slips of rice-paper* into the street. The purpose of this was said by one Chinaman to afford the dead man a clue to retrace his way, should he desire to return home; but another said that the papers were thrown out to catch the attention of the evil one, who always pursues the dead, and thus to detain that potentate until the body is safe from his clutches under ground. At the grave the dead man's clothing was burned, and rows of *candles* and bunches of slow-matches were inserted in the earth at the foot of the mound and lighted. *Rice, chicken, mutton, and tea were then placed beside the grave*, that the soul might eat and drink to strengthen it on its journey onward.

The Chinamen living in our midst involve us in a grave responsibility. Such ceremonies as these prove that they are the victims of superstition and heathenism, and God will not hold us guiltless if they are able to say, "No man cared for our souls" (Psa. 42 : 4).

A Mountain of Gold is Said to have been Discovered in California.—A dispatch to a daily journal from Calistoga says: "An excitement has existed in this vicinity for the past fortnight over the report that the Hot Springs at this place contain large quantities of gold in solution. A. C. [illegible]or, who recently bought the Hot Springs property, has been at work for the past two weeks extracting gold from the water. The result hitherto attained showed that he has succeeded in extracting $1060 from ten barrels of water. The gold is of the utmost fineness, and the springs in the locality are very numerous, and the volume of water is exceedingly large. It would be useless to attempt to estimate their value if they continue to yield as rich a return as experiments thus far have proved."

The proprietor of these springs will doubtless be the object of more envy than any man living, and many will seek his friendship, now that he appears to be possessed of inexhaustible wealth. But his possessions alone can never give him happiness, and are worthless in comparison to the well of water springing up into everlasting life, which Jesus has promised to those who ask him (John 4 : 14).

Rev. Daniel Lindley, D.D., the Aged Missionary, died at Morristown, N. J., on August [illegible]. He sailed from Boston to Zululand in South Africa in 1834. During eleven years he and his wife labored among the Zulus, and though they did much good and acquired considerable influence among the natives, so that Dr. Lindley was frequently consulted by the British authorities at the Cape on matters of importance, they were yet not privileged to see a single soul brought to Christ. But when they left Zululand, in 1873, after laboring there thirty-eight years, they left as the fruit of the blessing of God on their work a flourishing Christian Church at Inanda, with a native pastor. At their departure a farewell sermon was preached, at the close of which the native minister, Thomas Hawes, said that the *Zulu Christians were left orphans:* they had gathered to bury their father and mother. The missionary, he said, knew all, from the governor to the poorest man, and he is called by all, "Unicwawes," Father. His authority might have been greater than the chief's, but he governed not. He was as meek as a little child. He added, "His wife has taught our wives and daughters, and by precept upon precept, and an unwavering example of goodness and faithfulness, done her work for Christ." Mrs. Lindley died lately in New York, and Dr. Lindley, not long after her death, was stricken with apoplexy, and died at the residence of his son, at the age of eighty years.

That Sunlight Changes the Color of Glass is one of the discoveries of scientific men, and at the session of the Science Association, at Boston, Mass., last week, one of the most interesting papers read was on the character and extent of these changes. The lecturer said, "Every kind of glass, except some of the white flint glass, such as is used for fine glassware and optical goods, shows some change of color after long exposure to sunlight. It is interesting to know that some of the colors seen in the windows of old cathedrals now, must be different from what they were when the glass was first put in. It is *a curious fact* that, whatever change the color of a glass may have undergone under the influence of sunlight, the original tint can be restored by exposing it to the heat of a glass-stainer's kiln."

This scientific fact illustrates an important truth in the Christian life. A Christian actively engaged in business or in other worldly affairs too often finds the lamp of his soul becoming dim, his life is not the expression of the faith and love that were the mainspring of his actions at the commencement of his Christian career. The only mode of restoring the glass to its original color is the mode God often adopts with the backslider, and in the furnace of affliction the soul is restored.

The Sudden Disappearance of a Chinese youth has caused considerable excitement at Springfield, Mass. He graduated from the Springfield High School last June, and had given evidence of his conversion to Christianity. He had written to his father, who is one of *the highest of the Chinese nobles*, though not of royal blood, about his conversion. The father wrote a very indignant letter, and ordered him to return home, threatening to starve and beat him into renouncing his views. As the boy was determined to be true to his new faith, he looked upon his return to China as going *to almost certain death;* still he started quietly with other boys for Boston, whence they were to sail for home by way of Europe. But he suddenly disappeared at Springfield. It has been suggested that he may have resolved on keeping hidden for a year, when he will be twenty-one, and can become a citizen of the United States.

The Fall of "the Flying Fairy," whose performances at a New York theatre have been advertised by large placards throughout the city, occasioned considerable alarm in the audience on September 7th. The dangerous performance has attracted large crowds to witness it, and no less than *four accidents* have occurred to the performers during the short time they have been here. The actress who was injured on Wednesday, fell from a wire suspended at a considerable height, head foremost to the stage, and it was at first feared that she was killed, but it was found that her injuries, though painful, were not fatal. That so many spectators should have paid their money to witness such an exhibition, and that a manager should have been willing to pander to so depraved a taste, shows that when men are spiritually dead they experience a morbid craving for amusements to excite them, and to fill a void Christ alone can permanently fill.

REDEMPTION BY PRICE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Ye are not your own: for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6 : 19, 20.

The Redan of the Gospel — The Mercantile Theory of the Atonement—Vested Interests in Self Bought Up—A Series of Contrasts—I. Compensation and yet Gain—Have You Made a Good Bargain?—You Have Saved Your Life—Gained Peace and Joy—A Grand Reversion—The Loss an Actual Gain—II. High Value and Yet Lowliness—The Value God sets on Man—Sanctity of Man, Even of his Body—The Preciousness Not Our Own—The Goods and Chattels of Christ — III. Security and yet Watchfulness—IV. Consecration and yet Perfect Liberty—Unconsecrated, Unredeemed—No St. Monday in the Week—V. Submission and yet Expectancy—The Christian's "Great Expectations"—Are You Your Own?

ATTACKS have often been made upon the central doctrine of the Gospel—namely, the doctrine of redemption or atonement, for it is well known to be *the Redan* of the gospel.* These onslaughts have in many instances been very craftily made; they have professed to be mere corrections of our phraseology, but were essentially assaults upon the truth itself. We believe that in and through the blood of Jesus we have redemption, and that we have been ransomed from destruction by the Mediator's death, the Lord Jesus having bought us by the suit and service which He rendered in our place and stead.

When we speak very plainly upon this point, certain pretentious divines, whose custom it is to sneer at the old theology, at once raise objections to what they are pleased to call "*the mercantile theory* of atonement." With weak minds an ugly phrase stands for argument, but in this case there is really nothing horrible in the description, even if it be allowed all its force. There may have been among us certain persons who carried ideas of the shop and the counter into their notion of redemption, but we maintain that even these were nearer the truth than those who reduce the ransom paid by the Lord Jesus to nothing, and make His redemption a meaningless figure of speech.

Within the idea of purchase lies hidden the essence of the Saviour's work, and therefore it is to be adhered to.

HE IS COMING YET AGAIN

to complete the redemption of the purchased possession, and we shall not forego our hope to please the squeamish. Paul, at any rate, was not afraid of the mercantile theory, if so men please to call it, for he writes, "Ye are bought;" yea, to make it still more sure, he puts it, "bought with a price." This is put very strongly, and there is no planing it down. If it means anything it must mean that a price was paid for us; instead of our being forever captives under bondage and death, a ransom has been found, according to that ancient saying, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom."

The fact is, the objection is not merely to the mercantile expression: the objection is to the very idea of substitution and vicarious sacrifice. The pretence is that mistaken words are criticised, but it is a mere pretence; the gun is aimed at Christ's bearing divine wrath in our stead—this is the doctrine which they cannot endure. They will have to aim very often and *burst their cannon* before they will be able to destroy our belief in the truth of substitution while we have the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah remaining in the inspired volume, and other passages of sacred Scripture to the like effect.

Even if they could disprove the doctrine of vicarious suffering, and show that substitution is an ignorant fancy, the best thing they could do would be to wring their hands in agony, because they had blotted out the brightest star that ever shone amid the storm-wrack of a tempestuous conscience. No truth within the circle of theology is so eminently consolatory to souls burdened with sin as the great fact that Jesus Christ bare the sins of many, and carried away on His own shoulders the transgressions of His people. Let others believe or disbelieve, I nail my colors to the cross where Jesus my Lord paid His blood as a price for me.

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* The Redan was the principal fort of Sebastopol, the Russian stronghold of the Crimea, besieged by the British and French in 1854. It was at the storming of that fort that so many British troops were slaughtered.

A phase of this redemption which we do not often think of seems to me to be suggested by the text. There was a time, brethren, when we thought ourselves to be our own. Now, saith my text, "*Ye are not your own.*" "Why?" "Because ye are 'bought with a price.'" Bought from whom? May I not fairly say that, in one sense, ye were

BOUGHT FROM YOURSELVES?

Where else is the force of the expression, "Ye are not your own?" Through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus a compensation has been given to you for yourselves, so that your rights to yourselves are now the property of your Lord Jesus. That independence and liberty which once you delighted in is now surrendered.

Our vested interest in ourselves, though it never was a true property at all, is once for all surrendered to Him who has laid down His life for us. We have received at the Lord's hands a thousandfold for all that we hand over to Him: the price is so great, so altogether beyond all computation, that we gladly yield our unworthy selves to be the Lord's for ever and ever. I shall want you to remember this form of redemption, and to that end I will set it first among the points to which I shall call your attention.

Dear brethren, let us try at this time to feel the force of the truth that we are bought with a price, and are not our own, for it must not remain a dead letter, it ought to affect our hearts and influence our lives. I shall try to set it forth to you in *a series of contrasts*, which I may compare to the double glasses of a stereoscope: they will, I trust, aid you in seeing more clearly and feeling more forcibly. We can never be too much affected by this important practical truth. O that the Spirit of God would press it home upon our hearts and consciences!

I. First, I see in the text *compensation, and yet gain.* Compensation is intended to make good a loss, but in our case the transfer of ourselves from self to Christ is a clear gain. *Compensation*, then, first—"Ye are not your own: for ye are bought with a price." You have surrendered as believers your right and property in yourselves.

HAVE YOU MADE A GOOD BARGAIN?

Assuredly you have; for, first of all, *you live*, and had you retained your supposed right to yourself you would have died. He that saveth his life in such a sense, by keeping it to himself, shall lose it. You were, in fact, already dead while you lived, because you were living in pleasure, and finding that pleasure in yourself; but now the Lord has given you a new, high, noble, divine life. Is not that a compensation indeed for giving up the grovelling life of the flesh?

He has given you in addition to life peace: *you are now at rest* in Jesus. As a believer you know that your sins are forgiven you for Christ's name's sake, that the Father Himself loveth you, that you are accepted in the Beloved, and safe in Jesus' hands. You enjoy great peace; deep, lasting, ever-flowing. Is it not much better to have peace and to be Christ's than to be like the troubled sea that cannot rest, and belong to yourself? One drop of sacred peace is an abundant recompense for the yielding up of yourself to Jesus.

In addition to peace *you have joy.* Sometimes when it is at flood your happiness is as much as you can bear you know what it is to be carried off your feet by a whirlwind of intense delight when you are musing upon your Lord and His love to you, and the price paid to win you. O the joy, the unutterable blessedness which is the fruit of the Spirit! What delights grow on the bitter tree, the cross! No clusters of the vine can equal the fruit of Calvary's cross. I am sure that whatever earthly joys you have given up you are abundantly compensated for them all by the joy you find in the purchase price which Christ Jesus gave for you.

And then you have a *grand reversion;* a hope which looks across the stream of death to a better land; a hope of immortality with Christ, of likeness to Him, and association with Him, and glory with Him forever. Why, my friend, if there had been a kingdom to renounce, if there had been a world of self-denials, and ten thousand pleasant things to be given up, you might have been well content to be repaid by such a price.

But then we must not forget that the supposed loss is an

ACTUAL GAIN.

It is a fine business when a man is compensated for a loss, and yet the loss itself becomes an advantage to him; yet most emphatically this has been our case; for aught that we have lost for Christ's sake we may truly count as clear gain. We have only lost that which dishonored, injured, and enslaved us. Blessed loss! What were we without Christ? We were the slaves of self; but if set free from self, we are indeed set free from a worse than Egyptian bondage, whose wage is death. It was inevitable that we must have some master or other, but all our former masters were tyrants. Now, brethren, we are set free from Satan, and is not that a gain to be delivered from the prince of the power of the air?

Once we served the world and it was our lord, but what gain it is to feel that we are no longer the servants of men, because we are bought with a price! Instead of needing that aught should be given to us as a recompense for self-surrender, we can reply, We find our joy and our delight in being altogether Christ's, and the very height of our ambition is that by and by we may live entirely according to the will of God. O that this much desired were fully come! for we shall never know perfect liberty until we reach that lofty degree, and then we shall be ready to step into the glory. The Lord help us in it.

So much then on the first point: the Lord Jesus has by His blood given us compensation, and yet there never was a loss, but an unspeakable gain.

II. Look at the text again, and you will see in it *high value and yet lowliness*: "Ye are not your own: for ye are bought with a price." *Value* is clearly here, for we are bought with an immense price. How great a store ought man to set by himself as before God, for he is a purchased possession! God thinks not lightly of man, but esteems him sufficiently in divine condescension to buy him with the richest price conceivable. He lost the angels and *would not pay a penny for them*, but when man had fallen He laid down His life to ransom him.

You, my dear friend, should have the very lowliest view of youself, but yet do see how God has exalted you! "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, O God? and the son of man that thou visitest him?" Yet He does visit him. He has visited him so as to take his nature into union with the divine. More than that, He visited him so as to redeem him with pangs and anguish unutterable. If you want to know

THE VALUE OF YOURSELF,

see Christ upon the cross, and mark His wounds. You are not a thing to be trifled with. Do not reckon so cheaply of yourself as to stoop to become *a mere money-grubber* or earthworm. You are worth more than that. Do not fancy that you ever can truly be yourself while you are living for any human object or any earthly aim: you are too precious to waste yourself on fading flowers.

You are a being of God's making, in the first place. In His own image, remember, He made you, and nothing but sin could spoil you; but now you have been bought, and therefore have become a costly thing, more costly than a
mere creation. In the Lord's house you ar
not a vessel to dishonor, *a broken crock* to b
flung on the dunghill, and another obtained i
your place; but you are a vessel unto honor f
for the Master's use, since He has paid for yo
so dearly. "Ye were not redeemed with co
ruptible things, as silver and gold, from you
vain conversation; but with the precious bloo
of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish an
without spot."

There is a sanctity about a blood-bought ma
or woman of the highest degree: the Lord ha
purchased him with His life. *A sanctity su*
rounds even these frail bodies, for the apostle
speaking about them in the text now before u
Let me read what he says upon them—"Wha
know ye not that your body is the temple of th
Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have
God, and ye are not your own?" Never, ther
fore, give up your body to idleness, drunkenne
or any form of uncleanness. Paul spea
especially of fornication as a thing not to
thought of among the saints; because the bo
has been valued by God at a great price, a
purchased accordingly, and must not therefo
be defiled by an impure conversation.

I want you, then, to think of yourselves, y
believers, as precious things. The Lord says
each one of His own beloved, "Since thou wa
precious in My sight, thou hast been honorab
and I have loved thee." You are "the precio
sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold." U
yourselves only for honorable purposes for G
puts honor upon you.

Now look at the other side of the pictu
you are precious, but you must yet be *lowly*,
whatever value there is about you, you do
belong to yourself. "Ye are not your ow
Though precious enough to have been boug
with a price, yet none of the preciousness
yours. Believers, you are *the goods and chat*
of Christ: as you were once sold under sin,
are you now "bought with a price." "I bear
my body," said Paul, "the marks of the L
Jesus," as if he had been *branded with Chri*
name, as sheep and cattle often bear the ma
of their owner.

I wish I could get into the mind of all here
thought which burdens my own heart, that
should esteem ourselves as blood-bought m
as being sacred things, as holy as the gol
candlestick, or as the golden table of the sh
bread, and yet think of ourselves as being
very least and lowest in the Lord's house,
cause we are not at all our own. Our honor
in our owner. God forbid that we should gl
in anything except that we belong to Chr
Paul cried, "Whose I am, and whom I serv
and this we too will say with hearty exultati
We will walk with holy boldness as the Lo
own, but yet with deep humility as not our o

III. Thoughtfully let us consider ano
contrast: "Ye are not your own: for ye
bought with a price:" this brings before
mind *security and yet watchfulness.* Fi
security. You will not be lost, for He who o
you is able to keep you.

IF YOU WERE TO PERISH, WHO WOULD BE
LOSER?

Why, He to whom you belong, and "ye
not your own," ye belong to Christ. My h
of being preserved to the end lies in this
that Jesus Christ paid far too much for me
to let me go. Each believer cost Him
heart's blood. Stand in Gethsemane, and
His groans: then draw near and mark
bloody sweat, and tell me, will He lose a
for whom He suffered thus? See Him han
on the tree, tortured, mocked, burdened wit
awful load, and then beclouded with the ec
of His Father's face, and do you think
suffered all that, and yet will permit thos
whom He endured it to be cast into hell?

He will be a greater loser than I shall
perish, for He will lose what cost Him His
surely He will never do that. Here is
security, you are the Lord's portion, and He
not be robbed of His heritage. We are
hand that bears the scar of the nail; we

hidden in the cleft of a rock—a rock that was riven for us near nineteen hundred years ago. None can pluck us from the hand which redeemed us ; its pressure is too warm with love and strong with might for that.

Now turn the picture over : look at the other side of the medal. Here is reason for *watchfulness.* "Ye are not your own : for ye are bought with a price," therefore take great care of yourselves, and keep your hearts with all diligence, for you are *a king's treasure.* If a thing is my own I may do what I like with it, but if it is entrusted to my care I must mind how I behave toward it, or else I shall be an unfaithful steward.

Come, come, friend, you may play with yourself if you like, if you are your own, but if you belong to Jesus Christ, I charge you, by the love you bear Him, and by the dignity of His sacred character, and by His death—the price He gave for you—do not pollute or degrade yourself.

Ye are safe in the Lord's hands, therefore rejoice ; but mind ye take the other side of the truth, and watch so as to keep your garments white, by walking close to God, for "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price."

IV. A fourth contrast, well worthy to be worked out in your private meditations, is

CONSECRATION,

and yet perfect liberty. There is *consecration.* You are to-day to dedicate yourself wholly and entirely to the Lord, because you are not partly redeemed, but wholly redeemed. Do you make any provision for the flesh, dear friend? Do you keep back any faculty you possess from Christ? Is not this a robbery of your Lord? How would you like to think of that particular reservation as being unredeemed? Would you be content to believe that no blood of Christ has ever fallen to redeem that part of you?

Which portion is it which is to be unconsecrated? Is it the body that you would pamper and indulge? What, have you *an unredeemed body* then? Are you satisfied that it should be eaten of the worm, and never rise from the dust? or do you give to Christ your loving heart, but reserve your thinking mind to yourself, and say, "I will invent my own beliefs, and not yield my judgment to the dicta of revelation"? What, my friend, have you then *an unredeemed intellect?* What is to become of it in that day when only those things shall be gathered into heaven which have been bought with blood, and owned by Christ? In that day when He maketh up His jewels He will not *put another man's goods* among them.

Do not reserve from Christ even your second-class powers. Withhold not your voice, but sing for Jesus, or speak for Him, if you can ; write for Jesus, paint for Jesus—ay, make and mend garments for His sake. Do not reserve from Christ any minor power that you possess, but ask God to enable you to consecrate the skill of your fingers to Him as well as the force of your arm, for even your least members are bought with a price. Your time is included in the purchase, for there is never a moment when you are unredeemed. Some people think, perhaps, that *they are off duty* now and then ; let me ask them, Are you ever off the roll of redemption? Is there one *St. Monday** in the week in which you are an unredeemed man, and may be your own or the devil's? Suppose you die that day? What then?

As this consecration holds good for all times, o in all manner of ways. You are consecrated o Christ to do whatever you can do to His lory ; to suffer whatever you can suffer as He ys it upon you, and, above all, to *be* as well as o do and to suffer—to be forever the Lord's. here is a great deal in actually being Christ's, ven when you are not actively engaged ; when ou are neither praying, nor singing, nor working, but as it were standing still, it is well to be as the sweet flowers in the garden, which exhale the perfume of their innermost hearts in silent surrender to the passing gales. O that we may be full of grace, and may the wind of the Divine Spirit scatter abroad the sweetnesses of our inner life, even when we are scarcely conscious of it!

But, then, there is with this a perfect *liberty.* I do believe that to be consecrated to Christ is, when we come to the bottom of things, the sure way to give to all the faculties of our nature the fullest possible play. Vice is the indulgence of the passions. True. Therefore some think it joy ; but if all the passions of a man of every sort were to be exercised in their right harmony and proportion, as they would have been had he remained in his first estate, then perfect virtue, and not vice, would have been the result, and in that virtue manhood would have found a delightful liberty. The propensities of our nature as nature—not as fallen nature—will have their right indulgence when they own a complete subservience to the will and law of God.

Liberty to sin is slavery, liberty from sin is freedom. There is no liberty to a man like that of being under law to God. If we are encased within the compass of the law, we are no more restricted than a bird which is imprisoned within the boundless expanse of air, or a fish which is shut in by the ocean. Do not think, therefore, that the more a Christian you become the more you will feel of restriction and bond ; say rather that you will rejoice in the more of such freedom as good men alone can understand. The fact is that self-denial itself will become no self-denial, but a supreme joy, when once the heart is perfectly loyal to its Lord.

V. To close, I will mention

A FIFTH PAIR OF CONTRASTS :

Submission and expectancy. These are both suggested by my text. *Submission :* "Ye are not your own," and therefore God has a right to do whatever He wills with you. We cannot tell what He may do with us yet, but if we must suffer week after week of pain upon our bed, He has a right to lay us there and chasten us in every limb.

If the Lord says, "Go into your room and cough all the winter through, and then melt away with decline," we must bow before His decree, remembering these words, "Ye are not your own." Or if He says, "Come down from your position of comfort into hard work and poverty," again you must remember "ye are not your own." Or if He says, "Migrate across the seas ; go to a new country, cut every tie and break the fondest connections," you must cheerfully obey, for "ye are not your own." If the call of duty should be, "Go, preach the gospel among the heathen ; go and die among them ; find a grave where malaria shortens life, or cruelty brings sudden death ;" you must go without a question, for "ye are not your own."

Ours not to raise questions or debates, for those can only be legitimate among persons who are their own.

"Ours not to reason why :
Ours but to dare and die,"

for we are not our own. Submission, absolute submission, is the rightful position of the blood-bought.

Side by side with that comes *expectancy.* I could not do much for myself if I were my own, but if I am Christ's I expect that He will do great things for me. Do you see those two boys? neither can do much for himself, but one of them has *great expectations.* And why? Because he has a kind and wealthy father, of whom he expects great things. He says, "I am my father's son, and he will take care of me." It is the same with us : our great Owner's goodness and power have raised our expectations.

Look at this body of mine, it must decay, and become mere dust ; but my Lord has bought it, and be sure He did not purchase it to let it end in corruption. It is not my own, therefore I feel sure that He who owns it will fit it up again in nobler form than it now wears, and make it bright and glistening like His own, not liable to pain, or sickness, or decay. I know He will. If this body were only mine I should expect there would be an end of it when the grave-digger hides it in the earth ; but if it be my Lord's, He has paid so much for it that He must have some grand intention concerning it. He sees in this body the raw material out of which His grace and power can make something that shall glorify Himself. Is there not warrant for great expectations in our belonging to Christ?

We are not our own : then these minds of ours—depend upon it He will enlarge them : He will increase our mental calibre, and make His property more worthy of its owner. You say, dear brother, "I shall never be much of a man ; I have but small capacity for learning." Well, what you have belongs to Christ, and He will sanctify your talents and increase them, and give you wisdom to use them for His honor. You do not know what you may yet become. *You will know more after you have been in heaven five minutes than all the doctors of divinity on earth ;* for there you shall know even as you are known. You shall know Christ, and see Him, and rejoice in Him beyond all that you can now conceive.

At any rate, a piece of clay that lies in the pit all its own has no destiny before it, but when it has been purchased by the potter, and beaten and prepared, and when it feels itself revolving on the wheel, it has just reason to believe that it will bear a useful part in time to come. It might say, if it could speak, "I am not my own lump of clay ; I have been bought with a great price, and therefore something is to be made of me. It doth not yet appear what I shall be, but when He that fashioneth hath finished me I shall, no doubt, be worthy of the hand that has wrought this upon me."

Raise your expectations as high as ever you will, God meaneth to do for you exceeding abundantly above what ye can ask or even think : according to the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus He will show the exceeding greatness of His power in you that believe in Jesus Christ. Blessed are the men, then, of whom it is true, "Ye are not your own : for ye are bought with a price."

Now, I finish by this question :

"ARE YOU YOUR OWN,

dear hearer?" I can imagine some sitting here saying, "Of course I am ; I do not believe in surrendering myself to God." Well, then, if you are your own you will go to your own place, and where your own place is read the Word of God and discover. There shall you find that those who know not God shall be driven from His presence : if they are their own they must be their own comforters and their own helpers, but far off from God shall they be driven for evermore.

Are you anxious to be saved, my dear hearer? Then *the way of salvation* is, that you believe in Jesus Christ ; but it is an essential part of that believing that you do surrender yourself to Christ. If He will save you, shall He have you to be His possession? If He will buy you, will you be His? If He will redeem you, will you confess that you are not your own? Many a man is unable to find peace because he wants to be independent, and demands to have his own will and way.

Surrender! That is a necessary exhortation to every revolted one who would be restored. Surrender! Surrender at discretion! God cannot treat with rebels while they carry their weapons in their hands. Down with your weapons! Cry to Him, "Lord, I am dying, starving, perishing ; wrath is upon me : only let me live and be cleansed, and I will be Thine forever, as Thy grace shall help me to be." He will accept you : He does accept you now if that is the utterance of your heart ; and you, too, may go away and sing,

"I am Thine, and Thine alone,
This I gladly, fully own."

God grant it, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—
Psalm 116.]

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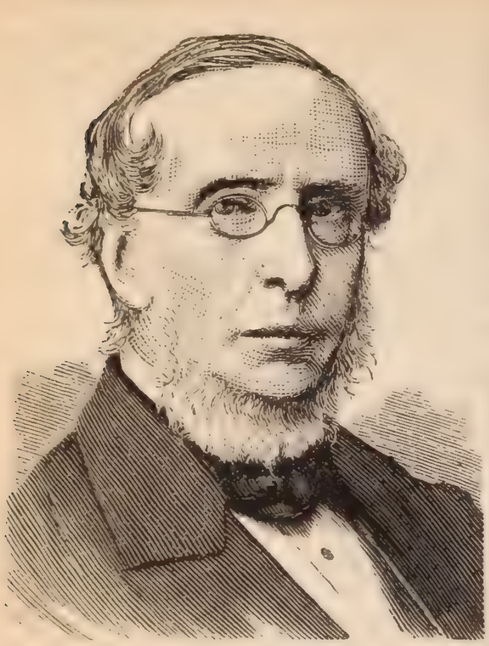
* Those workingmen in England who spend Sunday dissipation, and are in consequence unable to work e following day, are accustomed to say they are keeping St. Monday."



MR. W. GROSER,

Hon. Sec. of the London S. S. Union.

THIS Christian gentleman is the well-known and highly respected senior Secretary of the Sunday-school Union, London. He was *born* in the British metropolis on Aug. 21st, 1803, and is, therefore, now in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

His parents appear to have appreciated the value of Sabbath-school instruction, and at seven years of age he was sent to the Eagle Street Sunday-schools, High Holborn, London, and remained there until he was sufficiently insructed to engage himself in the blessed work of imparting religious instruction to others. He therefore became a teacher of a large class of exceedingly ragged and destitute boys and young men in Saffron Hill, a portion of London which has been completely transformed, architecturally and morally, since the time when Mr. Groser engaged in his self-denying enterprise in its once benighted neighborhood.

The school which constituted the scene of his devoted activity was a branch of the Silver Street Sunday-school Society, an organization which in its day did some noble work for the Master and the welfare of immortal souls.

In the year 1824, being then only twenty-one years of age, he was appointed by his colleagues, who clearly discerned those noble, self-sacrificing, and business-like qualities which have ever since secured for him the confidence and commendation of all with whom he has worked, to represent the Saffron Hill School in the meetings of the North-London Auxiliary of the Sunday-school Union, and in 1830 he was unanimously elected by its committee as a representative to the Parent Committee.

His capacities for business developing, and his unabated ardor in the work making itself everywhere manifest, he was in 1834 appointed Secretary to the Library and Reading Rooms; and in the year 1843 was heartily appointed to the honorable and onerous post of Corresponding Secretary of the Union, which had been previously occupied with distinction by the late W. H. Watson, Esq.

For ten years Mr. Groser acted as President of the Weekly Training Class for Sunday-school Teachers, and in this way imparted much valuable instruction in a most effective and affectionate manner, for which his numerous pupils have reason to remember him with grateful esteem. Since 1863 he has edited that well-known and ever-welcome favorite of the little ones, the *Child's Own Magazine*.

When younger, and capable of bearing more fatigue than at present, it was Mr. Groser's delight to take a very active part in personally visiting the country unions and their affiliated schools, and to conduct the correspondence incidental thereto. He was privileged to bear a share in the celebration of the Jubilee of Sunday-schools in 1831, and would most gladly have borne a portion of the severe labor associated with the centenary celebration lately held had physical strength permitted. We need scarcely add that Mr. Groser's services are, as indeed are those of the officers and committee of the Sunday-school Union, wholly gratuitous, rendered for the Lord's dear sake, and anticipating alone His final and abiding reward.

THE BROKEN JUG.

A Temperance Story.

Peter Stokes's Trouble—His Son Robert's Disgrace—Secret Marriage — Robert Breaks his Father's Ale Jug—The Minister's Visit—Brighter Days.

PETER STOKES was a Somersetshire man, who had for many years successfully managed a small farm in this fertile English county. His industry and neighborly kindness caused him to be much respected by all who knew him; and the feftility of his farm, situated in the rich lands at the southern foot of the Mendip Hills, enabled him to obtain a living comfortably sufficient for his plain and simple habits.

But he had *one sore trouble*. His only son Robert was a drunkard, and often caused his father many a heartache by his sottish habits. In his youth Robert seemed likely to turn out respectable, and worthy of his father. He was then very useful on the farm, and on the market days at Bristol he was regularly sent off in charge of a wagon-load of potatoes or of the prickly teazles, for which Somersetshire is noted, and which are so valuable in the manufacture of cloth. It was these market-days which ruined him at last; for as he passed through the pretty village of Langford, or, farther up the hills, came to the "Darlington Arms" inn, he used to bait his horses and call for a draught of beer or cider for himself.

While drinking this on the bench outside the public-house, he gradually formed a close acquaintance with one Jack Tiller, a blacksmith, of Langford, who was fond of a glass, very talkative, and always full of jokes. His merry speeches delighted Robert, who was of a cheerful turn of mind, like his father, and thus tempted him to spend many a quarter of an hour listening to Jack's jests, when he ought to have been driving the horses on toward Bristol.

Of course, while waiting for the end of the stories which the blacksmith so often began, Robert's glass would get empty, and his friend would then tell him to "wet his pipe again," and at the same time call for another glass for himself. And so a love for drinking gradually stole over the good-tempered and active youth, and began to produce painful fruits; for on one occasion he came into Bristol so stupid from the liquor he had taken by the wayside that he missed his way, and lost so much time in finding it again that he was too late for the market.

Another week he was robbed of all his money by two clever rogues, who invited him to drink with them, and then picked his pockets when he had become sufficiently intoxicated for their purpose. His father saw with grief that it would not do to entrust Robert with the Bristol journey any more, and therefore in future took the wagon himself, as he used to do when his son was a child.

But the love of drink and of low company had now become *too strong* with Robert to be shaken off. He did try for a while to keep steady, and not go beyond the "one or two glasses" which his father had told him he did not object to. But whenever he sat down with a lively group at the public-house, "the one or two,' always became one or two more; and thus Bob again and again got so tipsy that his companions had to ad him home in a reeling and stupid state.

To make matters worse, he had, *unknown to his father*, married Jack Tiller's daughter, Sally, a dressy, flirting girl, who had "set her cap" at Robert for some time, for although she saw he had a weakness for drink, yet he was good-looking, and his father was supposed to have saved money. As soon as the marriage came to the ears of Mr. Peter Stokes, he induced a neighboring farmer to take Robert into his employ, and for a while the young man was more sober, and worked with much of his former industry.

But Sally was not a true helpmate; she spent much of her time in gossiping; and when Robert came home in the evening he seldom found a comfortable supper prepared for him. He therefore often found his way to the public-house, and gradually relapsed into his old habits, to the fresh grief of his father. His master also warned him that he must quit his service the next time he was seen drunk. This occurred very soon, and Robert was at once discharged. Poverty and disgrace now followed closely on his heels, and if it had not been for Robert's good-tempered disposition, and occasional help from his father, he would have had to enter the poor-house. But from time to time some of the neighboring farmers gave him odd jobs, and his wife, being obliged to stir herself, was able to earn a few shillings by washing, and by keeping some poultry.

They had now been married several years, and had a family of young children. Tom, the eldest of these, became a favorite with his grandfather, who took him off his parents' hands and adopted him as his own child, and as he grew up gave him as good an education as the district school afforded.

One fine evening in May, Mr. Stokes returned from Wells Market, where he had made some good bargains, and was, consequently, in a very pleasant humor. Sending his grandson to the public-house for a jug of ale, he sat down by the open door of his clean kitchen, and there rested before partaking of the bread, cheese, and cold bacon which the girl had got ready for him. In less than ten minutes Tom came back with a troubled face, and holding out the jug empty, but dripping, and upside down, "Look here, grandfather; see what father has done!"

"Father!" said Mr. Stokes; "why, what do you mean? How's this? What has father to do with this large hole in the jug?"

Tom then explained it all. He had gone briskly to the inn, and had the jug filled with foaming ale. Just as he came out of the door with it, among a group of idlers he saw his father, Robert, who was plainly the worse for liquor, and called out to the boy, "Halloa, Tom, lad! what's got there? Ale! and very good, too! Bring it here, I say!"

Tom said, "I can't, father. 'Tis for grandfather's supper. He's just come home tired from market."

"So be I tired, lad," said Robert; "and if *the ale be good for father, ain't it good for me too?*"

So saying, he rushed after Tom, who in his haste to get safe off with his ale, tripped over a stone, fell flat on the ground, and broke the jug. A roar of laughter was raised by the bystanders at the inn door. Poor Tom, however, secured the broken jug, and ran home to his grandfather to tell what had happened.

When Mr. Stokes heard him repeat the words, "If the ale be good for father, ain't it good for me, too?" he seemed struck with deep thought. Again and again he repeated the words to himself; but, saying nothing further to Tom, he turned to the table and silently ate his supper.

The next day the minister happened to call on Mr. Stokes, and the conversation turned upon Robert, and among other matters the breaking of the jug was mentioned, and the speech which had accompanied it. The good man, who had known Robert all his life, spoke kindly and feelingly of the sad condition of the poor fellow. Mr. Stokes also said: "Since last evening, sir, I have been thinking whether I really did all my duty to Robert by keeping him out of harm's way. I brought him up, you know, to take a glass now and a glass then, and perhaps if it had not been for that he might never have become what he is. Do you think, sir, I could do him any good now by giving it all up myself, and then trying to get him to follow my example, just for his own good, for the good of his wife and family, and of his immortal soul? I often think what will become of his soul, sir, if he continues as he is."

His visitor, while admitting that he did not think there was any danger of Mr. Stokes ever becoming too fond of ale, yet praised his fatherly feelings, and to encourage his good resolution, quoted the holy words of God's Book (Rom. 14 : 21), "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." He added that, although flesh and wine may have their use in the proper place, yet that when, as in Robert's case, it is plain that there is no power of self-control for moderate use, then duty points to total abstinence, and God will bless the efforts to save a weak brother.

Mr. Stokes thought over the matter still further after the clergyman had gone, and the same afternoon he walked over to Robert's cottage, and had a long and earnest conversation with him. What passed between father and son we do not know, but from that time forward Robert was again a useful help to his father, and neither the old man nor the young were known to drop in at the public-house for "a glass or two," and it became a familiar household word between them, that a jug with the bottom out was *the best jug to fetch beer in.*

But better than this, the good minister's interest was deepened in Robert Stokes, and having prayed for his welfare in secret for some time, at length pleaded personally with him to give himself to Christ, which he happily did, and is now an exemplary member of a Christian Church.

TEN COMING WONDERS,

Which will Probably Occur During the Next Five Years.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THE following initiatory Ten Coming Wonders may be expected to be completely accomplished between the present year 1880 and 1885, if the End of this Age is indeed to be about 1890.

I. Unwonted frequency, as the End approaches, of wars, rumors of wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes, together with the abounding iniquity and dissemination of false doctrines, notwithstanding the increased preaching of the true gospel to all nations (Matthew 24 : 6–14); and simultaneous going forth of three unholy, wonder-working, frog-like, fierce demon spirits, under the year-day sixth vial, while the mystic Euphrates is drying up, to gather the nations of the earth and of the whole world, by democratic revolutions and gigantic military preparations, to the war of the Great Day of God Almighty toward Armageddon (Revelation 16 : 13–16)—the *first* demon spirit from the Dragon or Satan, a spirit of Antichristian Infidelity, manifested in daring avowals of Atheism, Rationalism, Spiritualism, and increasing apostasy from Christianity; the *second* from the wild beast or Roman Empire, a spirit of Revolutionary Democracy displayed, in the form of Radical Demagogism, Republican upheavals, Communism, Socialism, and general tendency toward lawless insubordination and conspiracy; the *third* from the false prophet of Popery and Mahometanism, a spirit of Ultramontane and Moslem fanatical zealotry, as exhibited in pilgrimages, crusades, so-called holy wars, political-religious intrigues, rallying their adherents to the defence of the standards of their superstitions.

II. Progressive dissolution of the Turkish Empire, as predicted by the mystical "drying up of the Euphrates," under the year-day sixth vial in Rev. 16 : 12, and separation of Bulgaria and Syria from it, thus completing its redivision into the FIVE COUNTRIES which it originally conquered and formed into its present territories, and which will be the five toes on one foot of Daniel's symbolic human image (Dan. 2 : 31–45)—the five kingdoms in the Eastern half of Cæsar's Roman Empire. Four of these will be, according to Dan. 8 : 22, 23, the Four Horn Kingdoms of Alexander the Great's ancient Macedonian Empire, re-established as four distinct and separate kingdoms, as in ancient times, viz., 1. MODERN GREECE, enlarged northward so as to include Thessaly, Epirus, Macedonia, etc.; 2. EGYPT, "the King of the South" (Dan. 11 : 40), with perhaps Palestine added to it; 3. SYRIA, "the King of the North" (Dan. 11 : 40), together with Armenia and the greater part of Asia Minor; 4. CENTRAL TURKEY, corresponding with ancient THRACE-WITH-BITHYNIA—*i.e.*, European Turkey south of the Balkans and east of Macedonia, together with some part of Asia Minor; and the *fifth* kingdom will be BULGARIA, with part of Servia and perhaps Roumania, etc., added to it.

III. Victorious war of France against Germany, leading to its reacquirement of all territories west of the river Rhine and to marvellous changes in the map of Europe, so that in the western half of Cæsar's Roman Empire the existing sixteen * kingdoms or states will be formed into *exactly five kingdoms*, corresponding with the five toes on one foot of Daniel's image as follows: 1. BRITAIN, legislatively separated from Ireland and India; 2. FRANCE, with the addition of Belgium, Luxemburg, and part of Holland, Rhenish Prussia, Switzerland, and with whatever of Baden, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg is not added to Austria; 3. SPAIN, with Portugal added to it; 4. ITALY; 5. AUSTRIA, separated from Bohemia, Moravia, and Galicia, because they are north of the Danube, and perhaps also subjected to changes as regards its connection with Hungary. On the North African coast Algeria belongs to France, Morocco may be added to Spain, and Tunis and Tripoli to Italy (Dan. 2 : 40–45; 7 : 24; Rev. 13 : 3).

IV. Alliance of the ten rulers of the above-mentioned ten nations—namely, five in the western and five in the eastern Roman Empire—in a TEN-KINGDOMED CONFEDERACY, as prefigured by Daniel's Ten-horned Wild Beast, and the subsequent rise among them of a Napoleon, as an eleventh Little Horn, or ruler of a little state, situated in the ancient Grecian Empire, in fulfilment of Dan. 7 : 27—"The ten horns (out of the Roman Empire) are ten kings that shall arise, and another shall rise after them, and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings," etc. Whether he will subdue three of the ten horns before or after making his Jewish covenant time will show.

V. Confirmation of a seven years' covenant or league, at the distance of exactly seven years and seventy-five days before the consummation or end of this age, between this Little Horn, or Napoleonic "prince that shall come," and many of the Jews, to promote their secure resettlement in Judea, in fulfilment of Dan. 9 : 27, as predicted by more than one hundred expositors—"He ('the prince that shall come,' mentioned in the previous verse) shall confirm a covenant with many for one week (seven years), and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations shall make it desolate, even until the consummation."

VI. Extraordinary stir, agitation, and revival throughout the Christian Church, and proclamation of the midnight cry, on account of the foregoing five events, convincing many that the end of this age will be in about seven years, and that Christ's Second Advent to translate to heaven watchful Christians will occur within about two years after the covenant. This agitated awakening will be the fulfilment of the painful travail of the sun-clothed woman, before the birth and catching up to heaven of her man-child, the company of translated watchful Christians in Rev. 12; and also of the prophetical parable of the ten virgins in Matt. 25, who, while in a midnight condition of slumbering and sleeping, are all anxious to arise when the cry shall be raised by many preachers, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him!"

VII. The renewal of the Jewish morning and evening sacrifices in a rebuilt temple at Jerusalem, at the exact date of 2300 days before the cleansing of the sanctuary, according to Dan. 8 : 2, and therefore about 250 days after the date of the covenant. Also the 69 weeks mentioned in Dan. 9 : 25 (if destined to have a future literal-day, as well as a past year-day accomplishment) will be fulfilled as 483 literal days, commencing with a decree to rebuild Jerusalem simultaneously with the 2300 days on the day of the renewal of the Jewish sacrifices, and reaching to the Second Coming of Messiah the Prince in the air, which will consequently be 483 days after the day of the renewal of the Jewish sacrifices.

VIII. Aggressive Eastern policy of the Napoleonic Horn during the two or three years following his Jewish Covenant or League, in pursuance of his destined career as the Wilful King in Dan. 11 : 21–30, his deceitful working, and entering peaceably upon the province of Judea, and becoming strong with a small people, and his great war against the "King of the South," the sovereign of Egypt, and sanguinary defeat of the Egyptian army, and two subsequent expeditions against Egypt, and growing hatred of the covenant, etc. Thus will he "wax exceeding great toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land," as predicted in Dan. 8 : 9.

IX. The Second Advent of Christ into "the air," or atmospheric heavens, and the resurrection of the bodies of all deceased saints, and their ascension, together with 144,000 watchful living Christians, translated like Enoch and Elijah, without dying, to meet Christ in the heavens, at the distance of two years, and between one and three weeks after the date of the Napoleonic-Judaic Covenant (1 Thes. 4 : 16, 17; 1 Cor. 15 : 51, 52; Rev. 14 : 1–5; 12 : 5; 4 : 5; 3 : 10; Matt. 25 : 10; 24 : 37–41; Luke 17 : 28–30; 21 : 36; 1 Peter 5 : 4; Dan. 9 : 25).

X. Unparalleled religious revival and worldwide preaching of a special gospel message to "every nation and kindred and tongue and people. Fear God and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is actually come," in fulfilment of the First Angel Message and the First Seal in Rev. 14 : 6, 7; 6 : 1, 2. This will chiefly continue about nine months after the Second Coming of Christ into the aerial heavens, and the resurrection and translation of saints. It will be accompanied by the latter-day outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh, predicted in Joel 2 : 28–32, and prefigured on a small scale by the Holy Spirit's descent on the day of Pentecost, described in Acts 2. There will afterward be two more Angel Messages proclaiming the fall of Babylon, and denouncing eternal torment against those who shall worship the Napoleonic Antichrist's image or receive his mark on their foreheads or hands (Rev. 14 : 8–11).

After the foregoing Ten Wonders, there follow *Thirty more Wonders* during the subsequent five years (probably between 1885 and 1890) in connection with Napoleon's final persecution of Christians for three and a half years until he perishes at Christ's descent upon Mount Olivet (Zech. 14; Rev. 19).

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* In 1859 there were not merely *sixteen* but actually *twenty-one* different kingdoms or states in the Western Roman Empire, which has to be formed into only *five* kingdoms. But in 1860 six Italian states, Sardinia, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, the Sicilies, and the states of the Church, were formed into one united Italy, so the total was reduced from twenty-one to sixteen. The addition of Venetia to Italy, which took place in 1866, was predicted in April, 1865, in the author's pamphlet, "Menacing Perils." The present sixteen distinct kingdoms or states are Britain, France, Holland, and part of Luxemburg (both under the King of Holland), Belgium, Rhenish Prussia west of the Rhine, Switzerland, Baden, Southern Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, Morocco-with-Fez, Tunis and Tripoli.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page* 590.)

The Choice Made.

WHEN I began to think over Claude's offer with a more unbiassed mind, I was driven to the conclusion that Claude was far more likely to lead me away from Christ than I was to lead him to become a believer. For surely if I had not enough influence now to persuade him to love better things—now, when he was so anxious to win my favor—surely afterward, when he felt certain of my love, he would not be more likely to be led in an entirely different direction. Surely I should become worse, and Claude would become no better. I should be less of a believer, and he would remain still an unbeliever.

To do evil that good may possibly come is entirely opposed to the whole teaching of the New Testament; nowhere is the faintest hope held out that such a course will result in good. And I could undoubtedly expect no blessing from God on my endeavors to lead Claude aright if I had acted in the face of God's command and had gone in direct opposition to His clear injunction: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

And so I felt, when I had thought the whole matter carefully over, that it came to this, Was I willing to shut Christ out from the first place in my heart, and put Claude there instead? Or, on the other hand, was I willing to give up Claude, and hold all the closer and firmer to Him who had for years been my hope and my refuge?

Christ's love or Claude's! Which should I choose? I could not have both, for I felt that to have both was impossible. Choosing Christ, I should offend Claude; choosing Claude, I should forfeit the love and the favor of Christ. Christ or Claude—which?

A verse, which I had learned as a child, came suddenly into my mind, and looking up to the sky above me, in which the sun was once more shining, I repeated it aloud, for it seemed exactly to express the earnest cry of my soul:

"My heart is fixed, O God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my eternal choice is made,
Christ for me."

Christ for me. Christ's smile, Christ's favor, Christ's blessing: *these* are my choice. Whatever it costs me, I cannot, I will not give them up.

I knelt down, and thanked God from the bottom of my heart for showing me the clear, the sure, the right way for me to take. And then I took up my pen to answer Claude's letter.

It was not an easy task to answer that letter, for I did not wish to wound Claude or to pain him, and I felt sure he would be so utterly unprepared for what I felt obliged to say.

Lest I should in any way raise his hopes, I began at once by telling him how difficult I felt it to write, and how much it cost me to tell him that what he had asked me to do in his letter was quite impossible. I thanked him for all his love for me, and for the kind way in which he had spoken of me; but I made it as clear as possible that, though I hoped always to remain his friend and sister, yet I could not be his wife.

I did not tell him my exact reason for refusing him, for I felt that Claude would not in the least degree understand it; but I told him that my mind was fully made up, and I begged him at once to dismiss the idea of it from his own mind. I tried to write very decidedly and yet very kindly, and with the remembrance of our old friendship and love vividly impressed on my mind.

I ended by expressing my sorrow for giving him pain, and my earnest hope for his future happiness. I begged him to let no coldness and estrangement come between us on account of this, but to let our old friendship be strengthened and increased rather than weakened and lessened.

I was not at all satisfied with this letter when it was finished, but there was no time to rewrite it, for post-time was close at hand, and the advertisement in the *Times* newspaper must be answered at once, or I should lose the situation.

When both the letters were gone I tried to dismiss the subject from my mind, and when it came back to me I endeavored to turn my tired thoughts into prayer, and in this way found comfort and relief.

The following afternoon, as I was writing letters in the little school-room, which was the next room to my bedroom, and the window of which also looked out over the garden to the hills beyond, I heard a hasty step on the stairs.

Maggie was spending the day with a playfellow of hers in the village, and it was not Maggie's step. No, I knew the step well, and my heart beat fast, and I felt myself growing paler and paler every moment.

The door opened, and Claude entered without any ceremony. He looked tired and troubled, and his clothes were covered with dust from his long journey.

"May," he said, "I got your letter this morning, and I have come off at once. The Fitzgeralds thought I was mad, I believe; I started up from the breakfast-table, and said I must catch the nine-o'clock train. But I could not have waited another day; it would have been utterly impossible, May."

I tried to speak, but my heart was beating so quickly now that my words seemed as if they would choke me.

"And now, May," Claude said hurriedly, sitting down by my side and taking my hand, "I want you to tell me what you meant by that cruel letter you sent me; or, rather, I want you to tell me that it was all a mistake, all a delusion, that you have thought better of it since, and that you wish you had never written it. I want you to tell me, May, darling," he said in a lower voice, "that the dream of my life is to be changed into a reality this very week. I want you to tell me that the bright days which I have always said were in store for us both are now close at hand."

"Claude, dear Claude," I said, as soon as I was able to speak, "you have my answer; as a sister, as a friend, I will always love you, but I cannot, cannot be your wife."

"And pray why not, May?" he said, impatiently rising, and walking toward the window; "what absurd idea have you got in your head now? Who or what is to hinder you from becoming my wife, I should like to know?"

"Claude, I *cannot*," I said; and the tears would come, in spite of all my efforts to keep them back.

"But what is your reason, May?" he said, pacing up and down the room; "you must have some reason for what you say, and I cannot rest till you tell me what it is. What is it, May?"

"I had rather not tell you all my thoughts about it, Claude," I said; "it would be very difficult, and would cost us both much pain. And, Claude," I said earnestly, "it would do no good; my mind is quite made up: I cannot do as you ask me, so please do not press me for the reason, Claude."

"But I *will* know it, May," he said, almost angrily. "I am not going home till you have told me; so you had better let me hear it at once."

And then I felt that, perhaps, it was sinful cowardice which made me afraid to tell Claude my reason; perhaps I was grieving my dear Lord and Master by being ashamed of Him, by being ashamed to tell Claude what it was that I held far more dear than his love for me, even the priceless, the everlasting love of my Lord. And yet how could I do it? Claude unexpectedly came to my help.

"May," he said quickly, "do you love any one better than me—is that it?"

"Yes, Claude," I said in a low voice; "there is one love which I hold more dear than yours—that is it."

"Who is it, May?" he said impatiently; "I didn't know you knew any one else well enough; who can it be?"

"It is no one on earth, Claude," I said; "I mean the Lord Jesus Christ."

"What nonsense, May!" he exclaimed. "Whatever in the world has that to do with it? I am not going to interfere with your religion; you may be as religious as ever you please—a perfect saint if you like; I won't hinder you. So now put all those absurd notions out of your head, and let us talk about the future. That matter is settled; you shall be twice as religious after you are married as you were before."

"But, Claude, it is not settled," I said; "you know I could not expect to be happy, or to enjoy God's presence, if I was disobeying His clear command."

"And pray what command do you mean?" said Claude; "really, May, this is too absurd!"

I opened the Bible and handed it to him; there was a mark against the verse in the Epistle to the Corinthians, and his face clouded over as he read the words.

"I wish that verse was cut out of every Bible in the world," he said angrily; "I wonder how many people's happiness has been ruined by it; and it is perfectly ridiculous! Why, May, you don't even understand the wording of the text, you can't even read it in Greek, and yet you are going to overthrow all my plans and schemes for the future, and spoil all my happiness in the world, just for the sake of that one obscure verse."

I could not help noticing how much Claude dwelt on his own plans, and schemes, and happiness in the world, and how he looked at the matter quite from his own point of view, and not at all from my side of the question.

"No, Claude," I said calmly, "I cannot read it in Greek, but I understand quite enough of it to make me quite sure that if I were to consent to marry you I should be grieving my best Friend by disobeying His clear command."

"Why, May, that just shows you know nothing at all about it," he said. "That verse has no more to do with you than it has with that table; it was spoken to the Corinthians, who, before Paul preached to them, were an ignorant lot of heathens, and all it means is, that Christians are not to go and marry heathens. I'm not a heathen, bad as you seem to think me."

"But," I answered, "it says unbelievers, and surely that means those who are not believers. Claude, are you a real believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? Can you honestly say that you are? Would you like to be called a believer by the world?"

Claude could not answer this question, so he quickly turned the conversation into quite a different channel.

"And so you set up yourself as too good for me, May, that's what it is! You think yourself far too saintly to be joined to a poor heathen like me!"

"No, Claude, indeed it is not that," I said; "Indeed it is not. I am not good at all; very, very far from it; but I do trust that I have come to the Lord Jesus, and that I believe in Him. Yes, though I am very imperfect and sinful, oh, Claude, I do hope that I am a believer," I said, with tears in my eyes.

"Yes, darling," said Claude, in quite a different tone, "I know you are everything good; I sometimes wish I were more like you. Won't you help me to become better, May? Won't you save me from myself, and teach me to love what you love? Come, May, it is my last chance; surely you will not refuse me?"

And Claude took hold of my hand, and looked up pleadingly into my face.

It was a dreadful temptation, and a fierce struggle was going on in my mind. While Claude had been angry and impatient it had been comparatively easy to be firm, but now, now that his voice was so pleading and so tender, now that his hand was laid so lovingly upon mine, now that his eyes were actually full of tears, I felt my resolution giving way, my faith failing.

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

5. Lesson for September 26th. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

UR lessons for the past quarter have treated
he origin and of the early history of man.
mon says of his God, "He hath made every-
; beautiful in His time" (Eccles. 3 : 11);
we look around us upon squalor, misery,
deformity, degradation, sickness, and
, and how much of the beauty has been
ed!

, if men would but think what was the
ose of God in their creation, if they would
nce their small and senseless independence
od, and come into His plan concerning
. how much more noble, how much more
y, would the lives of many be! "The
hath made all things for Himself," so the
object of our creation is frustrated if we
r ourselves. The time we spend in making
nent is lost if after all we cannot wear it.

en sin entered into the world, it set the
of man's being in contrary currents to the
and will, and thoughts of his God. It is
mply that man is guilty of such and such
he stands in a different position, sees with
eyes, has other feelings than those which
lanted in sinless Adam and sinless Eve.
g as God was the Centre of all things to
they were out of reach of all evil. Sin
be produced, except lust hath conceived
: 15); and if the lust or desire is ever to-
od, sin can have no foothold, and temp-
must fail. Sickness and death could only
where the flesh, whose every fibre was
l to serve the purposes of God, began to
he self-will, which was incapable of right-
rning it. "By one man sin entered into
orld, and death by sin" (Rom. 5 : 12).
was no other entrance-door for death: it
by sin."

the Fall came the promise of a Saviour,
order to have our part in the work of that
, we must first have taken our part in the
. As long as we have any reliance on what
or what we do, or what we hope from
es, so long shall we regard the work of
rd as a make-weight to help our own
and we shall gauge our own feelings and
erience of our own souls for the certainty
redemption, instead of looking quite
the finished work of Jesus, expecting to
epted in the Beloved" (Eph. 1 : 6).

like the tender love of our Heavenly
that the first death which He records in
rd is that of a saved soul, who "ob-
witness that he was righteous" because
th he offered unto God" (Heb. 11 : 4).
ing His children, God begins at the be-
and no other lesson must be taught
sacrifice is understood. God can have
to do with any soul, except in the way
ment, until the question of sin is settled.
's work and all His providences are
to bring unsaved souls face to face with
claims upon them, and their utter in-
o meet them; and the blessed Spirit
kes use of these means is always at hand
to every one who takes heed "the Lamb
which taketh away the sin of the world."
nd of religion except the grace of God
: Jesus finds its type in Cain's offering.
much the foreshadowing of earnest out-
otion as of rationalism: it is man's way
g to God independently of a Mediator:
's thought and man's work: reason or
in the place of faith.

ext lesson was from God's Covenant
h. Cain's posterity increased, not only
ers but in influence, until the whole
s overspread with violence, and God
t one man on earth who walked with
here had been one other, Enoch, among
ndants of Seth, of whom the same tes-
s borne. "Enoch walked with God:
was not, for God took him" (Gen.
).

ame of Enoch means "consecrated,
l," as Abel's name signifies "breath," beautifully teaching us that the breath or the life of the soul is in the atoning and cleansing blood of Christ, through which we obtain witness that we are righteous; while walking with God is the life of consecration or dedication unto which we are blood-bought. "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God" (Heb. 11 : 5). True consecration is to please God in every moment, in every action.

"Mercy rejoiceth against judgment" (Jas. 2 : 13), and God's covenant with Noah was one of mercy. He bound Himself by His own word to destroy the earth no more by water. In every covenant which God has made with man, He has bound Himself; and in those instances in which man's part is more prominent, as, for instance, in circumcision, still God's covenant is a gift. "He gave him the covenant of circumcision" (Acts 7 : 8). When the kings of Judah made a covenant with God, the responsibility seemed to be chiefly on their side (2 Chron. 15 : 12; 34 : 31). God's covenant with Noah is shown in 1 Peter 3 : 21 to be a figure of baptism. It is not baptism but the blood of Christ which puts away "the filth of the flesh;" but the burial with Christ in baptism—so long as we remain buried out of our own sight, out of the sight of others, and out of God's sight, because we are only to be seen in Jesus—gives us "the answer of a good conscience toward God by the resurrection of Jesus Christ."

We next came in the course of our Lessons to the Life of Abraham. It may occur to us whether other men were called of God as was Abraham, and whether they did not respond to the call. In Gen. 6 : 3 the Lord said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." This leads us to infer that the Spirit of God *did* strive with every man. In Rom. 1 : 18–21 we see how God holds men in general to be without excuse when they know not God. "Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them. For" (Alford's translation) "from the creation of the world His invisible things, even His eternal power and divinity, are plainly seen, being perceived by the things that are made; so that they are without excuse: because though they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither gave thanks." This passage teaches us that God holds every man as individually responsible to acknowledge, at the least, the God of creation by thanksgiving made to Him, even where they have had no other revelation of Him.

It is probable that Abraham was one of those with whom the Spirit strove on this ground, and that he bowed before the great Creator, and sought to know more of Him; and "then the God of Glory appeared unto our father Abraham when he was in Mesopotamia" (Acts 7 : 2). There is no doubt that God deals with all men according to the light they have received—"according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not" (2 Cor. 8 : 12). We have seen how one link after another was broken which bound Abraham to the past. No sooner did he know God as a Person, and as having a right to dispose of him, than he was called to act upon his knowledge, and to do so at a cost. He must leave his country, for now, as a believer in God, he was bound to place himself at God's disposal, to live where *He* willed, and not where he willed himself. He was to leave his father's house, because he had found a better Father; and he was to leave his kindred, because God was about to make him the head of a kindred whose relationship to one another is their relationship by faith to the living God.

Abraham's life was called to be in everything a life of faith: he must "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. 4 : 18). God promised to give him a country, "and He gave him none inheritance in it—no, not so much as to set his foot on: yet He promised that He would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child" (Acts 7 : 5). "By faith he sojourned in the land of promise" (Heb. 11 : 9). He staked nothing on speculations as to how he should obtain possession of it, but everything on the immutability of God's Word. Thus we read in Heb. 11, "By *faith* . . . he went out;" "by *faith* he sojourned;" "by *faith* Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac" (verses 8, 9, 17). We might add: by faith he cast out the bondwoman, by faith he sent Eleazer to seek a wife for Isaac; for all the life of this man of God was a justifying by faith of the spoken Word of his God.

In his intercourse with Melchisedec and with the king of Sodom we learn how little hold things temporal had upon this man of God: he was ready to give tithes to the one—he would not so much as receive a thread or a shoe-latchet from the other. In the history of Hagar we learn how Abraham's faith had become a living power in his own family, and how the bondwoman and her son had themselves learned to hold intercourse with the living God. We see from Abraham's intercession how the real power to help others is in prayer, by holding firmly on in our pleading with God. Although He did not save the whole city of Sodom, yet He remembered Abraham, and saved Lot from destruction and from his worldliness too.

There is one passage in the life of this man of faith that we have not yet considered: it was the death of Sarah, who "died in Kirjath Arba; the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan: and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her" (Gen. 22 : 2). But he was not yet in possession of so much ground as to bury Sarah in, and he said to the sons of Heth, "I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight" (ver. 4). The children of Heth offered him permission to bury his dead in the choice of their sepulchres; but no, there must be no mingling between the children of this world and the men of faith, even in their death.

"Thou art a mighty prince among us," said the sons of Heth; but Abraham did not acknowledge the honor, for he was separated unto God; and just as he would receive none of the spoil from the king of Sodom, he would not receive as a gift from man that which God had insured to him by promise. So he bowed himself to the people of the land, and said, "If it be your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight; hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zohar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which he hath, which is in the end of his field; for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me for a possession of a burying-place amongst you" (verses 7–9). Ephron offered the land as a gift; but nothing would induce Abraham to lay himself under obligations to unbelievers: he could lay them under obligation to him, as in the case of the king of Sodom, but for himself he was "free from all men." Thus the transaction was carried out, and the burying of his dead in the land which God had promised him was an act of strong faith that the land should belong to his posterity.

Are we thus independent of man? Are we determined as God's children never to enrich ourselves at the expense of, or take advantage of the unconverted, that they may be able to perceive that we are setting our affections on things above and not on things on the earth? (Col. 3 : 2). Abraham had no believers around him with whom to compare himself: his only thought was, Is this or that consistent with the position of a man who lives to justify his God? In our Dispensation, in the teaching of the New Testament, we learn on every page what ought to be the life of faith and separation in a follower of the Lord Jesus. When shall we see men and women who live out in every detail the holy teachings which Christ has given us?

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British Parliament was Prorogued on September 7th, and unless affairs occur of such serious importance that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues require its assistance it will not reassemble until February next. The Queen's speech, delivered by the lord chancellor, was of the usual formal character.

The obstruction offered by the House of Lords continues to be a leading topic in the country, and it promises to cause a breach between the two sections of the Liberal party. The old Whig section, to which Lord Hartington and several prominent Liberals belong, is averse to radical changes in the constitution of the Upper House, but Mr. Chamberlain and the members of the Radical section protest strongly against the action of the Peers and demand a sweeping reform and curtailment of the legislative powers of the Hereditary Peers. Liberal orators during the recess will probably agitate for reform. Two things are deemed necessary—that a vote of a clear majority of all the members in the House of Commons may override the decision of the House of Lords, and that the number of Peers in the Cabinet shall be reduced.

Peace between Russia and China, so Seriously menaced for some time, appears to be assured. A dispatch from Berlin says: "Private advices from St. Petersburg announce that the differences between Russia and China have been finally arranged, and the new treaty will be signed at Pekin." The Marquis Tseng, the Chinese envoy engaged in the negotiations, is expected to leave St. Petersburg in about two weeks.

An Explosion in the Seaham Coal Mine, near Durham, England, on September 8th, will, it is believed, result in the death of 165 men. There were unhappily an unusually large number at work in the pit at the time of the explosion, as a flower show was to be held the next day, and many of the workmen had changed their time of work in order to attend it. Both shafts of the mine were blocked by the explosion, and though unremitting efforts have been made to release the imprisoned miners, only those in the upper seams have been rescued. Late reports say that a fire has broken out in the mine, which destroys all hope that the men can ever be rescued alive. Many of them were unmarried, but the catastrophe will make 76 women, widows and 284 children, orphans.

Miles of Flames are Reported as Having devastated the country in Lower Canada. Crops, houses, and forests have been consumed, and many lives have been lost. The fire commenced in the forests near Upton, in the Province of Quebec, and burned for some time u. checked. On September 7th the wind rose an carried the flames to the village, and before night a district six miles wide was burning. At least five hundred persons are rendered homeless and penniless, and a large number of others have lost their lives in the flames.

The Birth of a Spanish Princess, on September 11th, has allayed European anxieties as to the succession to the throne of Spain. It was feared that should there be no issue to the king's marriage the crown would descend to a woman who is unpopular in Spain, and thus the troubles which have agitated the country for so many years would be renewed. The birth of an heir to the Spanish throne is attended with antiquated ceremonies of state. No fewer than 200 high officials of the kingdom have been expecting momentarily for the last week a royal summons to the palace. Ministers, diplomats, judges, councillors, bishops, and every member of the royal family are required to present themselves when the child is born. One of the first acts of the king is to place the heir on *a golden plate* and exhibit it to the throng of invited guests in the antechambers of the queen's apartments.

Prince Napoleon has Openly Announced his candidature for the Presidency of the French Republic. He criticises, in an interview with the correspondent of an Italian journal, the Republican leaders and the constitution. He professes to be an ardent Republican, and to desire that the government be of a more pronounced Liberal type. His main contention at present is the revision of the constitution and the reform of the Senate. He is willing to await the expiration of the Presidential term of M. Grévy, and frankly announces himself a candidate for the succession, believing that when France shall have the opportunity to choose by universal suffrage between Grévy, Gambetta, and Napoleon, she will decide for himself. It will be remembered that the late Emperor Napoleon III., when he was a deputy, professed similar views, and when elected President swore to maintain the constitution.

Threatened Famine in India.—A Dispatch to the London *Times* from Calcutta says: "Several districts are threatened with famine, where the rainfall during June and July was from five to six inches below the average. The situation causes great anxiety, though it is too soon to give way to a panic, as a good rain during September would avert the possibility of an actual dearth."

The South American War.—It is reported by an English journal that a preliminary treaty of peace between Chili and Peru has been signed at Lima. Its principal articles are that Peru shall surrender the war-vessels Mancocapac and Atahualpa, raze the fortification of Callao, surrender all the artillery of Callao, engage not to augment the navy for twenty years, and reimburse to Chili the cost of the war. Chili engages to pay half of the exterior debt of Peru.

The Missionaries in Africa.—The English missionaries of the Congo Mission have visited Sanda, on the route between San Salvador and Stanley's Pool (their objective point), three times. The people of the towns which they have visited, though generally very suspicious, and ready to oppose their coming at first, generally desire to hear fully the Gospel message. In some instances they have asked the missionaries to remain and teach them. The roads are much better than those from the coast, and donkeys are much more useful. The missionaries are anxious to push on at once to Stanley Pool, but are convinced that it is wiser to proceed with caution.

The Destructive Cyclone which Passed over the Island of Jamaica on August 18th, is described in Jamaica journals received this week. The hurricane lasted nine hours. It unroofed houses, tore up large trees, blew cars from the track, destroyed every wharf in the city but one, and sank nearly all the shipping in the harbor. It was the most destructive storm ever nown there, and several lives are reported lost. The roaring of the wind was terrible, and the rain fell in torrents. The lunatic asylum was badly injured. A piece of iron roofing weighing nearly a ton was torn off it and carried a distance of 150 feet, and an iron railroad bridge over the river was twisted out of place a distance of sixteen inches, so that trains could not cross. The loss is estimated to be at least five million dollars, as the coffee, pimento, and banana crops are wholly destroyed. It is feared that unless prompt assistance is rendered by the British Government, a famine cannot be averted.

An Ambassador was Offended by an Actress at Copenhagen lately. The notorious Sarah Bernhardt was being fêted at the Danish Capital when the German minister made a complimentary reference to the French nation. Mdlle. Bernhardt retorted with a remark which implied that she hoped Alsace and Lorraine would yet be wrested from German hands. The minister, who had made himself somewhat ridiculous previously by his fulsome praise of the actress, was so incensed that he left the banquet in a rage.

An Ominous Speech was Recently made by M. Gambetta, who is probably the most powerful statesman in France, which shows that the peace of Europe is of a very precarious character. He said that the immense standing army now existing in France, which entails so heavy a burden on the taxpayers, is a necessity in order that "what remains of France may remain entirel ours; that we may count on the future, an know that in the things of this world there is justice imminent which comes at its own d and hour." This speech indicates that if ci cumstances occur which seem to promise a r versal of the results of Sedan, a desperate war b tween France and Germany would be cor menced.

The Palace of the Inquisition is to be Sold l auction. An auctioneer has issued a notice th on an early day he will sell the building in Rom Italy, in which heretics were in bygone da put to the torture. The halls of the tribun with the chains, dungeons, torture-cells, a associations of every sort, are in the market, a will be positively knocked down to the highe bidder. This Inquisition was built in 1614, a though the cruelties practised there were ve horrible, it never attained the bad notorie which was earned by the Spanish Inquisition. is one of the significant signs of the times th its owners find they have no further use for and desire to get rid of the place.

A Man was Executed on his Wedding-day Madrid on July 22d. He and the woman married had committed a murder, and at t trial the man was condemned to death and t woman to ten years' imprisonment. They pe tioned for permission to be married, and the request was granted. The ceremony conclude the bridegroom was led away to execution a the bride to the cells. It is difficult to co ceive of a ceremony usually so bright and hop ful being conducted under circumstances so d tressing as those which surrounded this weddi in the Madrid prison, and which were render necessary by the crime of the principal actors.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts's Marriage Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the young American ge tleman, is delayed by the financial arrangeme and settlements inevitable in connection with income of $1,500,000 a year. It is stated th Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., ex-First Lord of t Admiralty, will give away the bride at the w ding, which will probably not take place yet six weeks. It is doubtful whether Mrs. Mon her sister, will allow her to remain at the he of Coutts's Bank in London, after the marria The baroness is said to have first seriously co templated this marriage with Mr. Ashmea Bartlett during the yacht cruise that she ma to the Mediterranean last autumn in his co pany, and in that of Mr. Irving the tragedi Before this she had frequently stated her int tion *to adopt him as her son.*

Fighting Duels with Swords is still a B barous custom among German students. T thirds of the Bonn students are said to bear p manent marks of the sword on their faces, a many are most unpleasantly disfigured as a sult of these encounters. At Heidelberg, one the prettiest spots in the neighborhood of t town, is the well-known tavern "Zur Hirs gasse," on the banks of the Neckar, in the g dens of which the duels regularly take place one particular day of the week, several be fought on the same afternoon, one after other. This is the result of the ungodly Ritt ism and infidelity that is rife in Germany.

The Persian Famine Fund.—D. C. M. L Morristown, Tenn., $1; I. M., Brandy Station, $10.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are on s at the office of The Christian Herald, at prices low as to bring them within the reach of every o *Twelve Sermons on various subjects,* with photogr of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughma Talk,* in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 ce *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit,* a volume of f sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David,* a homil cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day B.* This popular gift-book contains a suitable pass selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every in the year, with a blank space opposite for a graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurg appear at their respective birthdays. The book elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Ren tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1880. 14th Year. No. 39—New Series.

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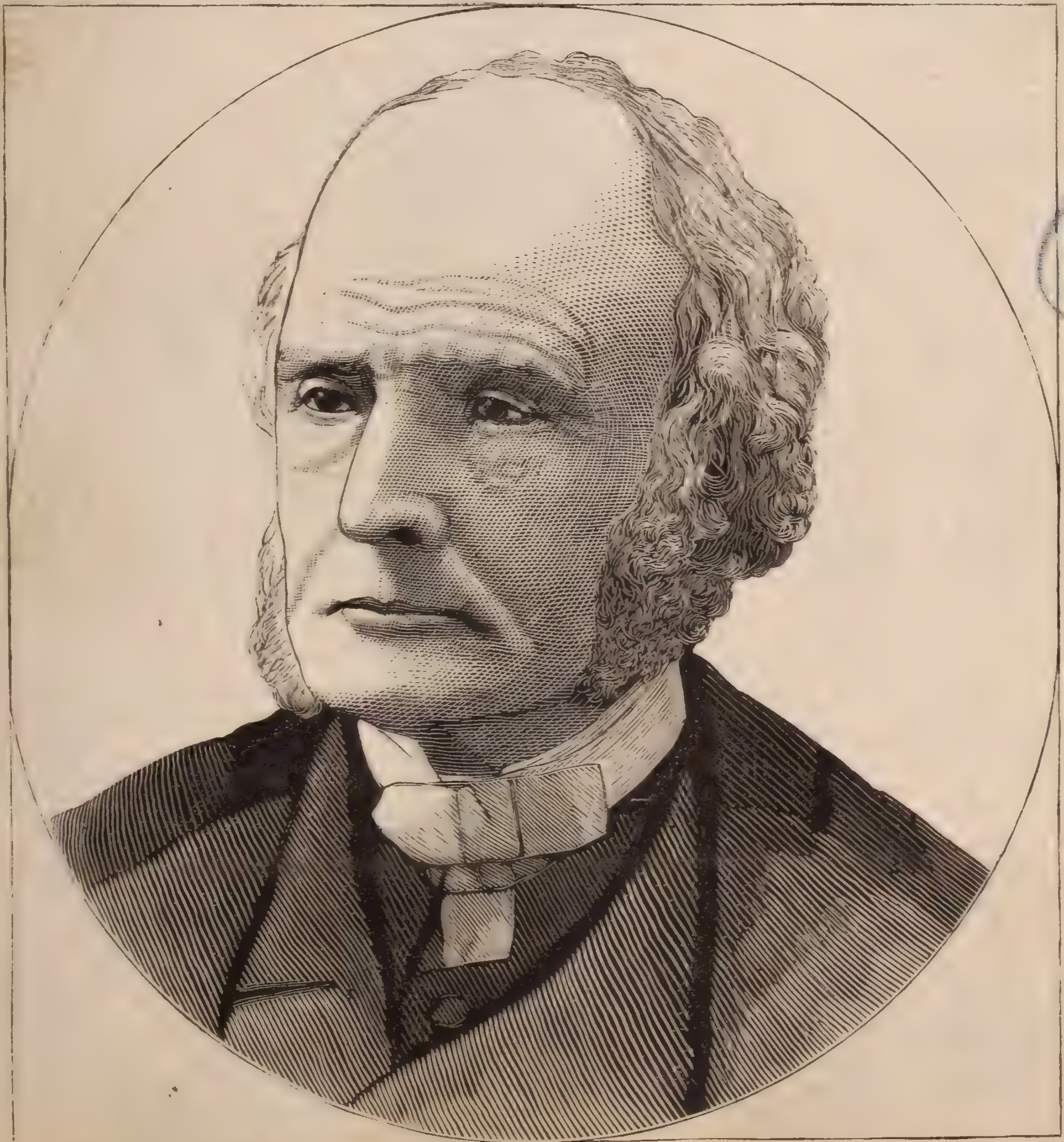

Cut

The REV. JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D., etc., President of Princeton College.

REV. JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D., etc.,

President of Princeton College.

Dr. McCosh at Home—Mental Characteristics—Birth and Early Years—Work at Arbroath and Brechin—The Disruption—Literary Works—Appointed to Queen's College, Belfast—Visit to America—Elected President of Princeton—Successful Administration—The Idea of a Pan-Presbyterian Council—Dr. McCosh Sketches the Plan—Three Visits to Europe to Promote it—First Assembly at Edinburgh—Personal Details.

A RAILROAD ride of a few miles from Princeton Junction, on the Pennsylvania Road, takes the visitor through a delightful scene of rural beauty, into the centre of a cluster of imposing stone buildings grouped on the elevated ground on each side of the little depot. This is the famous Princeton College, and in the beautiful house on the brow of the hill, surrounded by noble trees, well-kept lawns, and rare flowers, lives the president of the college, the renowned Scottish metaphysician, the Rev. James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., etc. The house is of the Italian order of architecture, and is the finest presidential residence of any college in the United States. From its windows the eye ranges over a scene which for exquisite loveliness in field and foliage is not surpassed in any country in the world; and far away on the distant horizon is the delicate blue line which indicates the open sea.

In a spacious library where the tables bear evidences of the extent and variety of the literary labor performed there, we are introduced to Dr. McCosh. In person tall, with a stoop of the shoulders as if the attitude of profound study and meditation had become habitual to him, with an intellectual countenance, silvery hair, and a grave, dignified bearing, in keeping with his character, he receives all comers, whether students or visitors, in a kindly, genial manner, in which is mingled the courtesy and dignity of the Christian gentleman.

THE PRESIDENCY OF PRINCETON.

Regular lectures to the students of the college, frequent sermons, contributions to the *Princeton Review* and other periodicals, and the multitudinous and varied questions which must be decided every day by the president of a college in which there are nearly five hundred students, form but a portion of the work Dr. McCosh finds time to perform, for he has nearly always in preparation for the press some weighty volume full of sound reasoning and requiring profound thought. We ask the doctor how he contrives to get through a mass of labor which would appall the majority of men. His reply is worthy the consideration of all who suffer from the effects of arrears of work, a very common form of ill which often produces nervousness, petulance, and, in its aggravated form, insanity. He said: "I give my mind wholly to one thing at a time, and I have the power of passing from one occupation to another immediately and without any interval of wasted time." Dr. McCosh added, for the encouragement of his listener, who obviously regarded such a power with feelings akin to envy, "That power is not natural; I acquired it." How valuable such an acquisition is, it is unnecessary to point out.

The reign of Dr. McCosh at Princeton has been *singularly successful* in all ways. Mainly by his exertions, the claims of the college have been brought under the notice of wealthy and generous men, who have contributed to the funds during his residence there, *two million and a half of dollars*. Some of this has been expended in the endowment of professors' chairs, and some of it in new buildings and in the renovation of those already existing. Among the edifices newly erected are, the School of Science and the Library—the latter a handsome octagonal stone building, with *a roof of stained glass*, and plentifully furnished with books. One new building near the entrance to the college grounds attracts general attention, and it has *a special interest* from the circumstances of its erection. In 1873 a young man of great promise was drowned at sea, and when his will was opened, it was found that he had bequeathed twenty thousand dollars to erect a structure in connection with Princeton College, to be used as *a House of Prayer*. This building is the realization of that bequest.

Walking through the extensive grounds of the college, many of the students are met, singly and in groups. Dr. McCosh, with that ready memory which has distinguished leaders of men of all professions, greets each by his name, and speaks a few cordial words, which show that his knowledge of the young man is not confined to his face and name. It is clear that Dr. McCosh's influence extends throughout the college, and as it was at Rugby in the time of Dr. Arnold so at Princeton, no young man feels himself too humble or too insignificant to be beyond the pale of the president's interest. It is very gratifying to find that this influence has been the means of *spiritual good*, for Dr. McCosh has labored earnestly, in conjunction with the other professors, to maintain and to raise the religious character of the college. Thus as it was in the days of his distinguished predecessor Jonathan Edwards, the present president of Princeton, while not neglecting the secular branches of education, is sincerely anxious that every student should have experimental knowledge of the way of life.

EARLY YEARS.

Dr. McCosh is a naturalized citizen of the United States, and had already acquired a wide reputation as a successful professor before coming to reside in this country. He was born in Aryshire, Scotland, in 1811. His father was an extensive farmer, who resolved that his son should have the benefit of a thorough education. After gaining the rudiments in the parochial school, he proceeded to the University of Glasgow at *the age of thirteen*, where he studied for five years, and won much distinction in the various classes. Thence he removed to the University of Edinburgh, where he studied under Dr. Chalmers, to whom so many of the ablest men of the day were indebted for the development of their powers of thought and expression.

In 1835 James McCosh was

LICENSED TO PREACH,

and was elected as their pastor by the members of the Presbyterian Church at Arbroath, in Forfarshire, Scotland. In 1838, after three years' successful labor at Arbroath, he was appointed minister of the church at Brechin, in the same county, where with his colleague he had a roll of communicants numbering 1400. At Brechin, the peculiar gift Dr. McCosh possesses of training the minds of young men and women of fifteen years of age and upward became manifest. His Bible classes became famous in the locality, and he had a regular attendance at them of over 150 persons.

During his pastorate at Brechin occurred the great disruption of the Church of Scotland. Dr. McCosh considered "the interference of the Government with the independence of the Church and the liberties of the people" as detrimental to true Christian progress, and he enthusiastically espoused the doctrines and principles of the Free Church. When the ministers and congregations resolved to leave their religious homes rather than submit to what they believed to be an unscriptural and improper supremacy, Dr. McCosh was one of the most prominent leaders in the movement. He not only labored incessantly as a Free Church minister, but went to different parts of the country to assist in forming and organizing new churches. During this period he often rode a distance of thirty miles in a day, and preached three times. He also undertook, in conjunction with a few other ministers, a tour in England, to explain the origin and principles of the Free Church, and to collect money for the building of the new churches required by the "outed" congregations.

At the close of the gigantic effort that followed the disruption, Dr. McCosh resumed the philosophical studies it had interrupted, and in 1850 he published his work on "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral." The sterling qualities of this book were quickly recognized on both sides of the Atlantic, and the reputation of Dr. McCosh became worldwide.

In it he dealt with the objections to revealed religion which had been urged by German and French as well as British sceptics, and showed that even on their own ground of philosophy the religion of the Bible was based on sound philosophical principles. The publication of this work brought Dr. McCosh into prominence before the public, and the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., which was the precursor of many similar distinctions he has since received.

In 1851 Dr. McCosh was appointed by the British Government, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, and for sixteen years he conducted a most successful work in that institution. He labored, not only as a professor in the college, but took an active and deep interest in the cause of national education, in the prominent religious questions of the day, and in the management of the affairs of the Irish Presbyterian Church. During this period he published, in conjunction with Dr. Dickie, his work on "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation," a book scarcely less popular than the one on the Method of the Divine Government. His special endeavor in this work was to show the unity of plan and method traceable in the vegetable world.

The work which more than any other established the reputation of Dr. McCosh *as a metaphysician* was published in 1860, and was entitled "The Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated." In this work he vigorously attacked not only the scepticism of Hume and his followers, but the more dangerous doctrines of Mill and the utilitarian school of writers. Powerful replies were made to this work, but in his rejoinders, issued from time to time, Dr. McCosl successfully combatted the false doctrines pu forth by the enemies of the truth as it is ir Jesus.

In 1866 Dr. McCosh visited

AMERICA,

and made an extensive tour through the country, and two years afterward he received th announcement that he had been elected President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton The reputation he had achieved at Belfast, wher he had given much attention to the subject c academic instruction, and had done efficient service in the cause of university reform, no doub influenced the minds of his admirers in this country, and the result has demonstrated the wisdo of their choice.

Not only has the administration of D McCosh at Princeton been a financial succes but the number of students has doubled, th number of professors largely increased, and th course of study vastly enlarged so as to en brace all branches of knowledge. So succes ful has been the actual work directly upon th students, that no less than six young men who studies he has directed are now occupying di tinguished positions as professors in various co leges. One of these, Mr. Archibald Alexand is now Professor of Mental Philosophy in C lumbia College, New York; a second was r cently appointed Professor at the University Minnesota, and a third succeeded Dr. McCosh Belfast.

Dr. McCosh's pulpit efforts have, like his le tures, met with genuine approval in this count and in Europe, nor have they been limited the denomination with which he is most clos connected. To an audience principally Unit ian, in Boston, Mass., he delivered a series of l tures on the Evidences of Christianity; preached an evangelical sermon at Harv University, and in 1867 he accepted invitati to preach the special anniversary sermons Great Britain to the ministers of the Congre

"Wicked!" he ejaculated. "I should call it good, dear, kind. But, no," he added, reluctantly, "you have not, you have avoided me."

"And if you could know all you would avoid me," she said bitterly.

"Salome, *never!*"

"Cecil Anerley," she said, rousing herself at last, "I am very unhappy. I am afraid to take any one into my confidence. Is it possible that I ought to trust you—you who have just given me the highest proof a man can of his trust and admiration and faith?"

Cecil turned and looked at her anxiously. He half dreaded and yet longed for her confidence. The chivalry toward women that had been conspicuous in the pure character of his father Cecil had inherited, and Salome Stanley felt instinctively that he was worthy. But a thousand conflicting emotions made her pause. She must crush his hopes, she must give him pain, she must inflict a wound which to Cecil at this moment would perhaps appear incurable, though she might not believe it to be so herself, and all for her own selfish ends. She could not accept his love, poor, poor, Cecil! ought she to try to retain his friendship? Would it be womanly in her to remain in the same house with the Anerleys? Yet, oh, how she dreaded a change!

(*To be continued.*)

THE THREE FROG SPIRITS.—I. SPIRITUALISM.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

Marked Going Forth of the Three Frog Spirits under Sixth Vial in 1848—The First Spirit of Antichristian Infidelity in the Form of Spiritualism—Mediums are Possessed by Demon Spirits—Demons not Fallen Angels but, Deceased Wicked Human Souls—Teachings of Spiritualism—It is Predicted in Rev. 16 : 13, 1 Tim. 4 : 1-3, to Arise Just Before Christ's Second Advent.

THREE unclean, frog-like, miracle-working, demon spirits of antichristian infidelity, revoutionary democracy, and Popish and Mahometan crusading fanaticism, are predicted under the year-day sixth vial, in Revelation 16 : 12-14, o be the disturbing, intriguing agencies which shall *go forth unto the kings of the earth and of* THE WHOLE WORLD, *to gather them to* THE WAR OF THE GREAT DAY OF GOD ALMIGHTY, at the same period as the "drying up of the mystic Euphrates," or dissolution of the Turkish Empire, shall be progressing toward its inal accomplishment. This period of the year-ay sixth vial and drying up of the Euphrates is enerally held to have commenced about the year 820, and will continue until the dissolution of he Turco-Mahometan Empire, at some point of me between 1882 and 1890, because the preicted 1260 years of the duration of the Mahomtan Antichrist commenced between A.D. 622 and 630, and therefore end between 1882 and 890.*

The going forth of these three frog-like spirits announced in the *middle* of the sixth vial, and is remarkable that in 1848, nearly *midway* beween 1820 and 1882, these frog spirits went rth in a very marked manner in the form of *iritualism* and *democratic revolution and suitical political intrigue.*

The three respective sources from which the ree spirits go forth are stated to be: 1. The *ragon*, which is explained in Revelation 12 : 9 be *Satan;* 2. The *Wild Beast* with seven ads and ten horns, which represents the *political Roman Empire* under the seventh Napoleonic adship, "wounded to death" at Waterloo, but ginning to be healed in 1848 by Louis Napoleon's election over France as Republican President (Revelation 13 : 3); 3. The *False Prophet* or *wild beast with two horns*, representing the *ecclesiastical Roman Empire*, which consists of the twin religious *horns* or antichristian systems of *Popery* in the Western Roman Empire, and *Mahometanism* in the Eastern Roman Empire. A comparison of Revelation 13 : 11-17 with 19 : 20 shows the *false prophet* to be the name of the *two-horned wild beast.*

Their *going forth* indicates an extraordinary fresh diffusion of their evil principles.

THE FIRST SPIRIT

of *Antichristian Infidelity* going forth from *Satan* appeared in a new and startling manifestation in 1847-8 in North America, in the form of so-called modern SPIRITUALISM, which is nothing else than revived sorcery, necromancy, and demonology. It arose in the neighborhood of Rochester, New York, and subsequently has spread, more or less, through all the United States, and, in a less degree, in Great Britain and various parts of Europe. Its *mediums* are possessed by demons in much the same way, although not generally in so violent a form, as the demoniacs mentioned in the Gospels, out of whom our Lord ejected the unclean spirits. They are expressly spoken of as being like *frogs*, which are much more active in the darkness of midnight than in the daytime, and so mediums generally prefer dark circles and an exclusion of light before they can obtain manifestations from the spirits. The *unclean* nature of these spirits is sufficiently shown by the project of the *abolition of marriage* and the substitution of promiscuous *free love*, which is entertained by many spiritualists; and, in fact, the most advanced of them openly avow their desire to see the Christian religion wholly destroyed, and supplanted by Pantheism and Socialism.

The three spirits are also declared to be the *miracle-working spirits of devils*, or in the original Greek, of *demons*, which, in its most usual Greek signification, denotes the spirits of *deceased wicked persons*, and not the spirits of Satan's *fallen angels*, who are a totally different class of evil spirits. These demons are, in fact, the disembodied spirits of thousands of deceased infidels, such as Paine, Voltaire, and Hume, and deceased democratic revolutionists, such as Danton, Robespierre, Mirabeau, and the first Bonaparte, and deceased Jesuits, such as Ignatius Loyola, the Inquisitors, and Machiavel, etc., who are allowed to go to and fro among mankind at this period, and invisibly to incite and energize them to such infidelity, revolution, and superstition as shall plunge them all into *the war of the great day of God Almighty*, so as to bring them eventually under the leadership of the final Napoleonic Antichrist, who will be the modern incarnation of those spirits.

In regard to the true grammatical meaning of the word *demons*, incorrectly translated *devils*, in this passage in Revelation 16 : 16, "They are the spirits of devils, working wonders," the learned Dr. Seiss, of Philadelphia, United States, justly says, in his "Last Times:"

"Though demons are referred to about eighty times in the New Testament, and are even said to be of different kinds, they are never mentioned in a way to show that they are the *fallen angels*. They are never assigned a celestial origin. They are never referred to except in connection with our world. Satan is never called a demon."*

"It is to be regretted that in our English Bible the translators have always used the word *devils* instead of *demons*. John refers to numerous authors who have maintained, by a multitude of quotations from Greek, Roman, and Jewish writers, that the *demons are the spirits of dead men*, particularly of such as maintained bad characters while living. They live in our atmosphere, wander about our world, awaiting the final judgment, and constitute, perhaps, the most efficient agents for the accomplishment of Satan's infamous designs against the peace and good of our race."

Although Spiritualism only arose in 1847-8, it has spread with almost more rapidity than any other false religion ever did. There are said to be in the United States some twenty newspapers and periodicals principally devoted to it, besides numerous other literary treatises. Many persons of eminence and high talent in various professions are its advocates, and it claims altogether one million believers, but, at a moderate computation, it has perhaps influenced and infected a quarter or half a million persons sufficiently to make them practical unbelievers in orthodox Christian doctrines.

Spiritualism is often introduced by the apparently harmless proceeding of table-turning and table-tipping. Then some one in the circle often becomes developed as a *medium*, that is, a person under the mesmeric control of evil spirits, who from time to time enter into and take possession of the medium's body and faculties of articulation, so that at such periods the *medium* utters not his own thoughts or words, but those of the evil spirits possessing and controlling him.

The demon spirits speaking through the mediums profess to be departed spirits, whose bereaved relatives on earth they then make communications to. They often profess to be the deceased spirits of eminent philosophers, poets, statesmen, and theologians, and deliver lengthy communications in keeping with the character they assume. These utterances are sometimes couched in an elevated tone of piety, at other times in an infidel, antichristian tone; but they are believed in by numbers of infatuated spiritualists as a new gospel superseding the old Bible.

Spiritualism is a manifest fulfilment of the prophecy in 1 Timothy 4 : 1, 3: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils (in Greek, *teachings of demons*); forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats," etc. It is markworthy that already many spiritualists advocate the abolition of marriage and the substitution of free love, of unhallowed libertinism, and some of them recommend a vegetarian diet, or even fasting, as conducive to bring the mediums more under the influence of the spirits. Spiritualism is nothing else than a revival of ancient sorcery, witchcraft, necromancy, clairvoyance, and possession by familiar spirits. It is, therefore, not surprising that extraordinary supernatural prodigies are often wrought by the mediums, just as by the Egyptian magicians and the Witch of Endor in olden time.

It is also a fulfilment of the predicted *falling away* or apostasy from Christian faith just before the Second Advent of Christ, as stated in 2 Thess. 2. "The day of Christ shall not come, except there come the *falling away* first (in Greek *apostasy*), and the man of sin shall be revealed who shall sit in the temple of God," etc.

During the last few years other forms of antichristian infidelity, such as Rationalism, Positivism, Neology, and Colensoism, have defiantly held erect their serpent crests and hissed forth their profanities. Avowed scepticism, euphoniously styling itself *Secularism* or *Freethought*, has its halls, lecturers, such as C. Bradlaugh, and professors in London, and every large British town, and is estimated to circulate annually in Britain twenty-eight million copies of publications among the class of artisans and mechanics.

(*To be continued.*)

An Episcopal Warning to Englishmen.—The Bishop of Manchester has been commenting on the condition of English society. There are great chasms in it, and disorganization everywhere. He said people are living too easy, luxurious, and selfish lives, and many of them lived as if they had never read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and it would be well to prepare for a dark day in England.

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* The Mahometans date their calendar from A.D. 2, the hegira or flight of Mahomet. It was not til A.D. 630, however, that they captured *Mecca* in abia, which is the Mahometan metropolis for pilgrims, the same as *Rome* is the Roman Catholic metpolis. The Rev. W. Girdlestone, in his "Exposition of the Prophecies," published in 1820, maintained the 1260 years of the Mahometan Antichrist to commence in A.D. 630, when Mahomet captured Mecca, and therefore to end in 1890.

* Dr. Seiss's "Last Times" is a very attractive and popularly written work on the prophecies, as is also his Parable of the Virgins and Wonderful Confederation, here quoted. He holds much the same views regarding the Jews, the Tribulations of the latter-day Napoleonic Antichrist, etc., as are here set forth.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1880, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Precise Result of the Maine Election has not yet been officially announced, and the victory is claimed by both Republicans and Fusionists. It is evident, however, that in either case the majority must be very small, and it indicates that the Republicans in that State have been losing ground for some years.

The election was watched with considerable interest, not so much on account of its direct issues, but as affording an augury of what may be expected in that State in November. From that point of view the result is a disappointment to Republicans, who hoped that a decisive majority in Maine would have an influence on the elections in Indiana and Ohio. Maine, therefore, even if Mr. Davis is elected, is useless for that purpose. It must, however, be conceded by Democrats that the contest in November will not be fought under circumstances so favorable to them as the one just concluded. It would appear that the Republicans in Maine are about equal in number to the aggregate vote of Democrats and Greenbackers. In the State elections they have fought under one banner, but in November, if Gen. Weaver persists in his resolution of not amalgamating with Democrats, it is obvious that the Republicans will gain an easy victory. The first announcement of the heavy Greenback vote was followed by a serious decline of national securities on the Wall Street market.

Two Important Campaign Speeches, Conspicuous above others on account of the character of the speakers, have been made during the past week. The issues have been presented from the point of view of the Democrats by ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, and of the Republicans by Senator Conkling.

Mr. Seymour's speech was delivered at Utica, N. Y., on September 15th, and was designed to rebut the assertion made early in the campaign by Mr. Schurz, that the conflicting interests of the community now appeal so strongly to the Government as to require a higher order of statesmanship in the administration than sufficed in the earlier days of the Republic. Mr. Seymour contended that the danger implied in the assertion does not exist; that the several States are competent to deal with the conflicting interests alluded to; and that any such danger demanding exceptional ability in the Government is liable to be developed by the centralizing policy which he charged the Republican party with fostering.

Mr. Seymour objected strongly to the use of the word "nation" in connection with the Federal Government, but, as his observations proved, he does not so much dislike the word as the idea of solidarity it conveys to a citizen. The United States unquestionably form one nation in the great family of nations, but Mr. Seymour is jealous, in common with many thoughtful citizens, of the rights of the separate States, on which he considers there is a danger of the Central Government encroaching. This danger undoubtedly exists, and one powerful means of developing it lies, as we have frequently pointed out, in the immense amount of patronage wielded by the Federal Government in the appointment of one hundred and six thousand civil servants, who are appointed and discharged, to a great extent, on political grounds. Until this system is altered, the centralizing tendency will grow, no matter which party is in power.

Senator Conkling's Speech in New York, on September 17th, was the occasion of one of the largest gatherings of the Republican party in the city that has been seen for a long time. As might have been expected, Mr. Conkling adopted the attitude of a strong partisan, and placed in their strongest light the grounds on which the Republican party leaders base their claims for a continuance of power. The sectional issue occupied a prominent place in his argument, and he dwelt with considerable energy on the commercial superiority of the Northern States, and their large contribution to the national wealth as compared with their share of political power. On personal questions Mr. Conkling contended that the issue was rather between parties than between men, but he paid a distinct and explicit tribute of praise to the Republican Presidential candidate, despite his own well-known preference for General Grant.

One of the most effective parts of his address, and one which was received with tumultuous applause, was that in which he denounced the murder of the Chisholms and the failure of Mrs. Chisholm's effort to punish the perpetrators. On this subject there was evidently a very strong feeling in the audience.

A letter was read at the commencement of the proceedings from Gen. Grant, regretting his inability to attend, and announcing his intention to cast his vote on November 2d for the Republican candidates.

The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union will hold its seventh annual meeting in Clarendon Street Church (Dr. A. J. Gordon's), Boston, Mass., commencing Wednesday, October 27th. One delegate from each congressional district throughout the Union is expected to attend, in addition to the State and central officers who are ex-officio delegates. The call, which is signed by Miss Frances E. Willard, the President of the Union, whose life and portrait appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Aug. 5 asks that the "local auxiliaries observe Saturday, October 23d, as a day for special prayer for God's blessing and guidance upon this national convention, which will be called upon to consider a new plan of representation and other subjects of vital interest to our great and growing work for God, and home, and native land."

The Passion Play is to be Produced on the stage of Booth's Theatre, New York, at an early date. The manager stated to a reporter that he intended to bring it out in his grandest style, and to employ 250 performers in the representation. The play is to be similar to the one acted in San Francisco some months ago, which was stopped by the authorities, who feared a breach of the peace would result from its continuance. It differs from the Ober-Ammergau play, in that the crucifixion scene is omitted. It is arranged in three preliminary tableaux, without dialogue, followed by five acts of one scene each. The first represents the death of St. John the Baptist, introducing the offering to King Herod of the head upon a charger. The Last Supper, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the arraignment before Pontius Pilate, are leading scenes. The final one is the Ascension.

It is difficult to characterize this theatrical enterprise as it deserves. Play-writers have raked the gutters for subjects such as Zola's "Drink." They have gone to the divorce courts and haunts of vice for their plots; and they have found such subjects attract large audiences; they should have been satisfied, and have had the grace to leave the Gospel alone. Anything more horrible can scarcely be imagined than that men whose souls are in peril should hear of the plan of salvation God has revealed, and instead of accepting it, turn it into a dramatic representation as a money speculation. It is an indecent outrage which the law should prevent.

Ex-Governor Paul O. Herbert, of Louisiana, who died in New Orleans on August 29th, ult., was born in Herville Parish, December 12th, 1818, and in 1840 was graduated at West Point, served for two years subsequently as instructor of engineering, and then resigned from the army, becoming a planter and afterward State Engineer of Louisiana. He was Colonel of the 12th United States Infantry in the Mexican War, and distinguished himself at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. In 1852 he was elected Governor of Louisiana, under the new constitution, and served four years.

The Meetings at Northfield Called by Mr. Moody terminated on Friday, September 10th, amid a scene never to be forgotten. Devout thankfulness to God for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit moved every heart, and all felt strengthened for future service. Mr. Moody's farewell words were: "My experience for the past ten days is this. I have got a great lifting up, and am myself very small. A dying child said to her papa, "Lift me up higher, higher, higher;' and as he lifted her, the soul took its flight. So I am saying, 'Higher, higher, higher, Lord.' When you go home, get a few to unite with you to work, and expect great things from God; and we shall hear glorious reports from all parts of the world. *I expect a better year this year than ever before.*"

One of the results of the meeting was the offer to Mr. Moody, by a capitalist who had been attending all the meetings, of $25,000 to found a boys' school at Northfield, similar to that for girls; which was opened on the 15th.

One of the Most Remarkable of the Meetings at Northfield was a gathering in one of the tents in which men had been sleeping for the night, throwing army blankets about them and stretching themselves upon the ground. Mr. George Needham, in describing it, said: "There were times when the floor of that tent was covered with people, all crying for God's mercy. They would fall upon their faces at one impulse in prayer, such was the power of God's Spirit working within them. There were such confessions! Merchants, ministers, Christians, all had confessions to make. *One merchant could not wait until he got home to amend for an injury* he had done a fellow-being, and sat down and wrote him a long letter. Letters of repentance were written by many others. One deacon wrote to his pastor at home to meet him, as he had a confession to make to him on his arrival home. It really seemed as if the spirit of God had opened every heart."

The Third Chicago Pastor who has exchanged an American for an English pulpit within the last two years is the Rev. H. M. Paynter, who has accepted a call to labor in London in connection with the Mildmay Mission Hall. Mr. Paynter has done valuable service not only in Chicago, but in many of the States and in Canada, his preaching tours having been signally blessed in the conversion of souls.

Gospel Tent, used by the Baptist City n of New York, for regular daily services the past three months, was closed on Sep- 14th, the mission having secured, for the gs during the ensuing fall and winter, don Hall, on East Thirteenth Street, near Avenue. At the concluding services S. MacArthur D.D., presided, and ad- were delivered by Revs. J. F. Elder, B. Hull, Pastor, John Q. Adams, and Much good has resulted from these and it is hoped that the blessing of continue to attend them in their new

gian Nobleman Died in the Prison on ll's Island, New York, on September 3d. been sentenced, under the name of Henry to three months' imprisonment for petty and had nearly served his time when aken ill and died. Just before he breath- ast, he gave the hospital authorities the of his wife, who on receiving notice of applied to the Belgian Consul for as- The inquiries instituted by that licited a sad history, which is vouched Mr. de Braekeleer, the President of the Society.

al name of the dead prisoner was Baron de Reiffenberg. He was a member of Belgian family with whom he had d. He came on a visit to this country ears ago, and was at that time well sup- money. Here he married a domestic and commenced a career of dissipation, on exhausted his funds. Mr. de Braeke- knew him in Europe, assisted him for e, but finally had to refuse him further He then took a room in a low neigh- where uneducated foreigners abound, ed a precarious subsistence by writing r them. He continued his dissipated en he had funds, and at last committed for which he was imprisoned. He of unusual intelligence and was high- ed, but he died at the age of forty- iminal in jail. Thus he sowed iniquity d vanity (Prov. 22 : 8).

ken Writes from Boston "**I have just** Consumptives' Home and the other t institutions carried on by Dr. Cullis. al home there is a lady *who has not twenty-three years*, nor walked for I never saw a more remarkable in- he power of God to gladden the heart. although often suffering acute pain, nimation, assenting or dissenting by remarks are made to her, and some- ng what she wants to say on a slate. ay upon day, week upon week, year a picture of contentment and peace, r tired of telling how much she enjoys e of Christ always with her. There y patients in the Consumptives' ne near their end, others under the evival of health which is characteris- disease. Cleanliness, order, and com- bservable everywhere. The six or lings are a wonderful testimony to vidence, for they were erected by ontributions, and the great work in ied on without any endowment."

from a Camp-Meeting at Lane, Kan., by Commissioner Railton, of the rmy, in the latest number of the *Sal-* On Saturday, September 4th, the he camp-meeting marched out with recision to the neighboring village. were formed in the village, the in- inging chairs and seats out for all to listen, and at the second stand a egation assembled ; the road being he horses, buggies, and wagons of in from all the surrounding district. d them with a notable conversion n, who had for years been lost to all luences, gave way to Christ in the ng and fell all his length uncon- Master's feet. Almost the whole crowded around to see the end, and what was their astonishment when he arose and with the greatest calmness and deliberation told how God had restored to him the joys of salvation. The final scene of the next evening and of the camp was a minister's daughter, who had been one of the sturdiest resisters of the Holy Ghost, *tearing from her hat a bunch of artificial flowers*, and rejoicing in the sanctifying power of God.

Mr. Railton has issued an earnest appeal for pecuniary assistance in carrying on the work. The American contingent has found it necessary to apply to England for funds, and is still in pressing need of money for the fall campaign.

The Triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church is called for October 6th in New York, and is expected to continue in session during two weeks. The meetings will be held in the Church of the Holy Trinity, of which Dr. S. H. Tyng, Jr., is rector. The bishops, of whom there are sixty-two, will form one house, and a representation of four clergymen and four laymen from each diocese will form the other. The latter number 504, and as this number is considered by many members to be somewhat unwieldy, a proposition will be considered to reduce the delegation in future so as to bring the total to about three hundred. Important questions connected with the ancient constitution of the church will also be submitted to the convention, as well as the ordinary questions relating to church work.

An Opium-Eater's Confession.—At a Temperance mass meeting held recently in St. Louis, Mo., a Methodist minister well known in the neighborhood excited considerable surprise by confessing that for some time he had been a confirmed opium-eater. He stated that by God's grace he was now cured, but the sufferings he endured while the victim of the habit were horrible. He commenced by taking doses of one grain each, but as the habit grew upon him he increased the dose until he took twenty-five grains at a time. He stated his conviction that the habit of opium-eating was indulged in to an extent of which the public had no idea, and he earnestly commended the subject to the attention of temperance advocates. He believed that in St. Louis alone there were 10,000 persons who were addicted to the habitual use of opium, and who were surely becoming victims of its galling chains, or had already become so. It was sold in that city by *the dram, ounce, and pound*, yet the physicians only used it by the grain. In fact, the physicians were the smallest consumers of the drug, and yet it was brought to the city in enormous quantities. It was bought by people who were perfect slaves to it.

An Appalling Instance of Degradation was revealed in New York on September 16th, which shows how low men are capable of sinking, even in this age of boasted civilization and refinement. The Superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children summoned a man and his wife before the Jefferson Market Police Court. He stated that the couple were supported by their children, whom they had trained to beg and steal for them ; they also received money from their eldest daughter, who was living a life of shame at their instigation. Such a case proves that human nature unregenerated has in it infinite capacities for infamy of the basest and most shameless kind.

Taking the Chances.—The Brutal Murder of a young man, which shocked the citizens of New York a few days ago, is a remarkable instance of the false estimate placed on life and its pleasures. The murdered man was highly esteemed among his associates, but the circumstances connected with the brawl in which he met his death indicate that he was living a life of careless sinfulness. In answer to an appeal made to him not many days before the one on which he was killed, he said : "If I was sure that by dying at this moment I should go to heaven, I would prefer to take my chances and live a little longer." How terribly the chances he took have become certainties no living man can tell.

THE GLORIES OF FORGIVING GRACE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."—EPHESIANS I : 7.

The Sequel to Redemption—The Joyful Doctrine —I. The Measure of Forgiveness—1. Not According to the Character of the Offender—Two Royal Brothers—2. Not According to Human Conceptions of God's Mercy—3. Not Limited by Human Guilt—The Unpardonable Sin—4. Nor by Time—5. Not According to the Sinner's Sorrow—6. Nor the Strength of his Faith—II. The Manner of Forgiveness—Absolutely Free—Granted with Royal Ease—Full and Complete—Certain and Irreversible—Unfailing Renewal—III. The Manifestation of Pardon—Through Christ, not Through a Human Confessor—Illustration of a Forgiven Child—Love Rising out of Pardon.

LAST Sunday morning the subject was redemption, "Ye are not your own : ye are bought with a price." *The sequel to redemption* is pardon : the text gives us that doctrine, for it tells us that redemption through the blood of Jesus involves the forgiveness of sins. Our subject at this time shall be the forgiveness of sin, the measure, mode, medium, and manifestation of it as set forth in the words before us. May the Holy Spirit sweetly open up to us the glories of our sin-forgiving God, and cause us to exult in the riches of His grace!

Beloved friends, no one can say that we have before us a theme which is unpractical, speculative, and fanciful ; no one will be able to charge the preacher with discoursing upon a subject with which his hearers have little or nothing to do, or wandering into barren fancies which cannot affect their actual lives. It is true that some sermons are barely human, and might as well have been addressed to the inhabitants of Jupiter or Saturn as to ourselves ; but such shall not be the case with our discourse.

We have no hair-lines of metaphysical subtlety before us ; our theme runs parallel with the beaten track of every-day life. Sin is, alas, too familiar with us. We have all committed it, the slime of the serpent has been upon us ; we are affected by it still, as an adder in the path it biteth at our heels, and it will be our daily trial, like the fiery serpents in the wilderness, till we enter the promised rest.

Sin as a thing of the past cannot be forgotten : was there ever a sorer bondage than that with which it made us serve with rigor? Sin as a matter of affliction for the present is not to be ignored : was there ever a sterner fight than we have to wage against evil without and within? Sin as a danger still ahead must not be overlooked : were there ever rocks or quicksands more terrible to the mariner than temptations to sin which yet lie before us on our voyage to heaven? Sin is always around us. Nothing can be more practical than the doctrine which deals with sin and its removal, and no news can be more pleasant than the tidings of remission.

It is my earnest desire, dear friends, that many this morning may come to believe in

THE JOYFUL DOCTRINE

of the forgiveness of sins. It is an article in the Creed, but I want it to be a substantive in your lives. Most men say that they believe it, but their belief is often nominal, and a nominal faith, *like nominal wealth*, only makes the absence of the reality the more deplorable.

In two instances there is clearly no faith in forgiven sin ; and the first is in the case of those who have never felt that they are sinful. How can he who does not believe in the existence of sin believe in the forgiveness of it? His whole confession on that matter belongs to the region of fiction. If sin is not a terrible fact to you, pardon will never be more than a notion.

A second class of persons who do not believe in forgiveness are those who know the guilt of sin, but are not yet able to believe in the Lord Jesus for the remission of their transgressions. They need to be admonished as Luther was by the godly old monk. When he was greatly distressed under conviction of his guilt the aged man said, "Didst thou not say this morning in the Creed, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sin'?" Luther, like many more, had repeated those words, but had never grasped their meaning.

As the giving of Jesus Christ, by whom justice is satisfied, was an act of free favor on the part of God, so the giving of the pardon which comes through Jesus Christ is in the same manner a matter of absolute grace, and by no means of debt or obligation. Do not, therefore, whenever you speak of our Lord's satisfaction which He made to justice, think that justice has eclipsed mercy; or, on the other hand, whenever you speak of the grace of God in pardoning sin, do not imagine that mercy has blinded the eyes of justice; for it is a part of the Christian faith that in the death of Christ justice shines out full-orbed like the sun at midday, while mercy is glorified after a like fashion.

Our text speaks of "the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace," and from it we learn *the measure of forgiveness, the manner of it, and the manifestations of it.* O for heavenly light while we view this grand truth! Illuminate us, O thou Spirit of all grace!

I. From the text we learn

THE MEASURE OF FORGIVENESS.

Hear ye this, ye burdened souls, ye self-condemned spirits, ye that have shut yourselves out from hope of mercy—hear me earnestly, I pray you, that your souls may live. It may be while I am speaking to you your minds will be quieted, and you will find the key which will unlock every door in Doubting Castle, and you will be set at liberty from Giant Despair.

1. Observe, then, that the measure of forgiveness is the riches of God's grace; and this statement leads us to observe that it is not the character or person of the offender which is the measure of mercy, but the character of the offended One. Is there not rich consolation in this undoubted fact? The pardon to be hoped for is not to be measured by you and what you are, but by God and what He is.

In matters of offence and forgiveness the rule almost always holds good, that pardon becomes likely or unlikely, easy or difficult, not so much according to the offence as according to the character of the person offended. One man will forgive a grievous wrong, while another will not overlook a wry word.

Take an instance from English history: John had most villainously treated his brother Richard in his absence. Was it likely that when he of the lion's heart came home he would pass over his brother's grievous offence? If you look at John, villain that he was, it was most unlikely that he should be forgiven; but then, if you consider the brave, high-souled Richard, the very flower of chivalry, you expect a generous deed. Base as John was, he was likely to be forgiven, because Richard was so free of heart, and accordingly pardon was right royally given by the great-hearted monarch.

Had John been only half *as guilty*, if his brother Richard had been like himself, he would have made him lay his neck on the block. If John had been Richard and Richard had been John, no matter how small the offence, there would have been no likelihood of pardon at all. So is it in all matters of transgression and pardon. You must take the offence somewhat into account, it is true, but not one half so much as the character of the person who has been offended. Suppose I were asked at this present time to reconcile two persons who are at enmity: if the one who evidently had been injured was one of certain brethren around me whose forgiving spirits I have long relied upon, I should feel my task to be easy, whatever the offence might have been: but I know some others about whom I should say, "I don't know. I am afraid I shall not get on the right side of them. I shall have to approach them very carefully; however small the offence, it will be hard to remove their anger." I know certain persons of old; they are quick-tempered and ready to be aggrieved for small reasons, and they are slow in burning out, having fine memories for an affront. It is hard to get a forgiving word out of such sour spirits.

You see, the nature of a pardon materially depends upon the character of the pardoner. Let us establish this fact, and then see what light it throws upon the probability of pardon to any of you who are seeking it. With whom are you dealing? You have offended—who is he whom you have offended? Is it one whose anger is quickly aroused? No, the Lord is long-suffering, and exceedingly patient.

Is it possible for you to look at the Lord Jesus and doubt His willingness to forgive? He whose eyes wept over a guilty city, He whose hands were weary with incessantly doing good to those who despised Him, He who gave His feet to the cruel nails for His adversaries, and who at last poured out the life-floods of His heart for those that mocked Him, He must be willing to forgive! The measure of forgiveness, then, lies in the riches of divine grace, and this may encourage the chief of sinners to expect mercy.

2. Again, since the forgiveness of sins is "according to the riches of His grace," then *it is not according to our conceptions of God's mercy*, but according to that mercy itself, and the riches of it. We conceive hard things of God at times, we measure His corn with our bushel, we feel that He cannot pass by this and that crime, but that in certain points His grace may be vanquished by human wickedness. Our ideas of God's mercy are narrow, and we think Him to be altogether such as we are. Listen, then: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are My ways your ways, saith the Lord; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."

Is there not a fountain in this truth overflowing with comfort to the most cast-down one, whose bleeding heart is smarting under the lash of an angry conscience? I think if I had heard this truth plainly stated years ago, I should not have remained so long in bondage, but I should have risen to my feet and have run to the Saviour and have found peace at once.

3. If, again, the measure of mercy is "according to the riches of His grace," then

NO LIMIT TO PARDON

can be set by the amount of human sin which can be forgiven. Sin is no trifle, and yet pardon is no impossibility. Nobody can measure the greatness of the guilt of a single sin: it is a world of iniquity. People talk of *little sins*, but there are no such things: the least rebellion against God is an intensely great evil. Yet there are degrees of sinning, and one offence may be greater than another, and one man's offences may be far more rank and crying than those of his neighbors.

If it be possible that one of my hearers has committed all the grosser sins, has heaped them up, has raked the kennels for them, has committed crimes in a way scarcely to be spoken of, committed them again and again, until the amount of his sins has become well-nigh incalculable, yet this does not render his forgiveness impossible. If there be one here who has gone to such an extreme of sin that he must set himself apart as being above all ordinary sinners, worthy of a special place in hell, worthy of a red-hot bolt from the right hand of the avenging God, yet pardon may be granted him. Hear me, O my friend! thou hast not gone beyond the power of God to pardon thee, for the measure of His pardon is "according to the riches of His grace."

"All manner of sin and of blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." There is a sin against the Holy Ghost which shall never be forgiven, but that is unpardonable only for this reason—that where once it is committed the man never seeks forgiveness, nor desires it; that sin kills his conscience, for it is a sin which is unto death, and the sinner henceforth goes gayly down to destruction, never seeking forgiveness. If you seek mercy, be you who you may, you shall have it, if you will believe in Christ Jesus. If all the
sins of all mankind were heaped upon you,
you sought mercy by confession of sin and fa
in Christ, you should not be denied, but your
should be blotted out, "according to the ric
of His grace."

4. Another comfortable conclusion follows f
this, that *no limit is set to the time in whic*
man has sinned, so as to bound the reach
grace by the lapse of years. Our text does
say that there is forgiveness of sins accordin
such and such a time of life, but "according
the riches of His grace." It is a blessed t
to come to God when you are young, a thin
sing of throughout the rest of your existe
Happy day when my young heart first leape
the sound of the Saviour's name!

But oh, if gray hairs are covering your h
and years have ploughed their furrows on
brow, think not the forgiveness of sin to be
possible to you. What though your remai
days are so few that a little child may
them, and the last of them will soon flicker
into darkness, yet if you will come and put
trust in Jesus, your transgressions shall va
and your soul shall be even as a new-born c
for Christ makes all things new. "Accor
to the riches of His grace:" this reaches the
est man, this brings hope of mercy to the
aged woman. I think you are more likely
received than anybody," according to the r
of His grace."

5. Let me draw another inference. If pa
be "according to the riches of His grace,"
not according to the bitterness of the sorrow
has been felt by the sinner. There is a n
abroad that we must pass through a peri
keen remorse before we can expect to be ac
ed with God. "Yes," says one, "I do
wonder that such a person was pardoned,
for years he was ready to destroy himself i
despair; he scarcely slept, he forgot
bread, he went about wringing his han
agony."

Beware of doting after this fashion.
must be sorrow for sin in every true bel
and there will be; but the best form of s
for sin generally follows forgiveness, and
not precede it. I never hated sin so mu
when I knew that God had forgiven me.
all my soul do I sometimes sing to myse
choice lines of Mr. Monsell:

"My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall;
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.

"I know they are forgiven,
But still their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

"My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with thee, in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;

"Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there."

"Ah, but surely," saith one, "I knew a
who was months and years in distress ab
sin." I know such a person now. I kn
who was five years an unbelieving seeker,
was a fool for being so. There was no
why he should have been in the dark so lo
the sun had arisen; his eyes were blindfol
his own folly. If he had believed in
Christ right off he might have had the f
ness of sin at once. Half of that which
down in biographies as the work of the S
the work of the devil, and the result of u

John Bunyan gives a long story in
Abounding," and I am thankful that he
but he never meant that we were to imit
in his unbelief and hard thoughts of
Those hideous doubts and horrible fea
not the work of the Spirit of God; the
the work of John Bunyan's vivid imag
and the devil together; they had nothin
with the pardon of his sin except that th
dered him from finding it month after

Your business, poor guilty sinner, is to believe that mercy is dealt out by God to sinners, not according to their despair and remorse, but "according to the riches of His grace."

6. And so let me say that the measure of God's forgiveness is *not even the strength of a man's faith.* The measure of God's forgiveness is "according to the riches of His grace." You, dear soul, are to come and trust in what Jesus Christ did when He bled away His life for sinners, and then your pardon shall be measured out to you, not according to the greatness and strength of your confidence, but according to the immeasurable mercy of the heart of God. You may have faith but as a grain of mustard-seed, your faith may only dare to touch the garment's hem of the great Saviour, you may get o farther than to say, "He hath said, 'Him hat cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out,' nd I do come to Him: if I perish, I will perish rusting Him," and yet *that faith will save you.*

I would your faith were stronger; I believe it ill be so before long: but if it be only as the reen blade which timidly springeth up from the oil in the cold spring and is almost afraid of e biting wind, if there be but life in it, if it live one upon Christ Jesus, it will suffice for salva- on. Jesus saith to the weak believer as well to the strong saint, "Thy faith hath saved ee; go in peace."

I feel half envious of men who can speak with e tongue of eloquence, for this theme deserves tter speech than mine; and yet if I had the ngues of angels I could not set forth to you one lf of the comfort which is to be found in this arming subject. My bare and unadorned style ay not ill beseem the matchless beauty of the ace which stands before you in its own native eliness.

II. In the second place, I am going to spend a le time, as God may help me, in speaking on

THE MANNER OF FORGIVENESS.

The manner of forgiveness is "according to riches of His grace."

hen I see in the mode and manner of forgive- s, first of all, *absolute freeness,* "according he riches of His free favor," for that is the aning of the word "grace." God forgives e because of payment made by them in any n. If we could bring Him mountains of gold silver, they would be nothing worth to : if we bring Him tears in rivers or alms in s, or resolves, vows, and promises in count- numbers, all will amount to nothing as a e of grace. Forgiveness, like love, is unpurchasable by us. God's pardons are absolutely ee. He forgives because He chooses to for- , out of sheer pity to the sinner, out of clear, ixed compassion, but with no adulteration of ything like bribe or price.

orgiveness is absolutely free. ' Then why should not *you* have it? Oh, you who have said "It will never come to me"—why not to you? "Oh," you have said, "I am not prepared." Why should it not come to you though you are unprepared? Is preparedness a sort of price? Since it comes freely, why not to you?

"According to the riches of His grace:" this is *a royal ease.* When you and I give away money to the poor, we have to pause, and see how much is left in our purse; we have to calculate our incomes to see whether we may not be spending too much in charity; but those who have great riches can give and not calculate; even so God when He grants forgiveness gives it "according to the riches of His grace." He never has to think whether He will have grace enough left: He will be none the richer if He withholds it, none the poorer if He bestows it. There is a magnificent ease about the benefaction of God: He scatters the largesse of His ner right and left with unstinted liberality.

You have not to extract forgiveness from a hand fast closed: God is more pleased to pardon than we are to be pardoned. When the prodigal son laid his head in his father's bosom, and his father kissed him, who had the most joy, think you, the son or the father? I know the prodigal's heart overflowed with gladness, but then the father's heart was more capacious, and when he said, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found," there was an incalculable depth of delight in the expression. It was the father who called for music and dancing, feasting and merriment: I fear the son was hardly so demonstrative in his delight.

"According to the riches of His grace:" that means *unquestionable fulness.* The man who is forgiven of the Lord is

NOT HALF FORGIVEN,

but altogether absolved. There is a theology which teaches that when a man believes in Jesus Christ he is pardoned up to a point, but in future he may get into arrears again, and if he does not see to it he may again be accused, and summoned before the judgment-seat. *This is not our theology.* We believe in Him who said, "I give unto My sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand."

I believe that when Jesus Christ died for His people He did not make atonement for half their sins, but for all of them; and in that day when He said, "It is finished," there was a virtual wiping out of all the score of all His redeemed from the book of God's remembrance. Hence *His salvation is complete,* and those who have it are altogether delivered from the ruin which sin involves. If you come to Christ He will grant you deep, full, living, substantial pardon, such pardon as will put you among God's children, such pardon that God will have *no back reckonings* with you, no calling of you to account at some future time; such pardon that you shall be as much accepted as if you had never sinned, and God shall love you as though your whole life had been spent in His fear.

Again, the text implies, *irreversible certainty.* "According to the riches of His grace." For God to pardon and then afterward to condemn would not be "according to the riches of His grace." If Her Majesty were to issue a free pardon for a criminal, and then afterward hang him, it would be poor work: it would not be according to the riches of her favor certainly; and if you and I get pardon through Jesus Christ, we can no more be lost than God can become poor in love. Believe in Christ Jesus, and get a pardon for thy transgressions under the sign manual of Jehovah, and thou art clear forever.

Once more, it suggests *unfailing renewal.* It is "forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace." It does not mean forgiveness up to a certain point, and then if you sin again no more forgiveness; but daily forgiveness for daily sin, a fresh spring rising for fresh thirst. Joseph Hart sings:

> "This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
> And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure,
> But if guilt removèd, return, and remain,
> Its power may be provèd again and again."

We may come to Christ as freely to-day as we did thirty years ago, and find ourselves washed white again: God grant us to know all this in our own souls.

III. Our last word is to be upon

THE MANIFESTATION

of this pardon. "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." Here we see that *forgiveness of sin comes to us entirely through Jesus Christ our Saviour,* and if we go to Jesus Christ, fixing our eyes especially upon His atoning sacrifice, we have pardon by virtue of His blood.

I see nothing here about any human priest: Christ is priest enough for us. I see nothing about absolution by man. No: "In Him we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." It must be a very dangerous thing to be hoping for pardon because you have confessed to a mere man; whatever manipulations may have been performed upon his shaven head, it must be a very risky thing to have your salvation depend upon whether or not he was properly ordained by a priest of higher rank. We escape all such perils by going to the Fountain-head, even to Christ Himself, the one Mediator between God and man.

According to God's command we trust Jesus and receive pardon, not in word only, but in spirit and in truth. There is no hazard in faith in Jesus, for all those who have tried it will tell you how blessed the result has been in their own cases. Pardon by any other means is impossible, but by Jesus Christ it is certain. Everything else fails, but faith in Christ never fails.

"Am I not, then, daily to confess sin?" Yes, daily as you commit it, but not under the garb of misery, as though you were an unpardoned criminal. Are you not a beloved child? Confess sin with the certainty that you are forgiven, and that still the sentence of forgiveness runs on and includes these present and future sins as well as all that are past. You are to humbly sue for continued mercy, but you are not to pray as if you were at enmity with God and miserable under a sense of His wrath. Far better is the spirit which sings "O God, I will praise Thee, for though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me." That is the way to talk. If you believe, you should speak in that fashion. No longer is the weight and burden of sin lying on your conscience and heart: your load is lifted; you are forgiven.

If your child has been offending you, and you are angry with him, he feels ill at ease in your presence. At last you say, "My boy, it is all gone now; do not offend again. You are quite forgiven; come here, and let me kiss you." Does he reply, "Father, I am afraid"? If so it is evident that he does not understand that you have forgiven him; and even if he receives your kiss, but still remains unhappy in your presence, it is clear that he does not believe in you or in the sincerity of your forgiveness. As soon as the light dawns on his mind "Father has quite put all my fault away," then he is merry in his play and easy in his conversation with you.

Now, be with God

LIKE A CHILD AT HOME.

Do not act to Him as if still He frowned upon you. He smiles. Do not pray to Him as if you dreaded Him, and thought He would smite you. He cannot smite you: He has smitten Christ instead of you. Your debt has been paid, and can never be demanded of you. Christ nailed the receipted bill to His cross in the face of heaven and earth and hell. Eternal justice cannot charge you now with sins which were, once for all, charged on your great Substitute, and borne by Him.

I want you to feel the love which rises out of pardoned sin. You must love Him who has removed all your iniquities. I want you to feel the zeal which finds fuel in the forgiveness in sin. Bring your alabaster box, and pour the ointment upon His head who has forgiven you so freely. There are no workers like pardoned men; there are no givers like pardoned men and women; there are no lovers like pardoned men and women; there are no singers like pardoned men and women; there are no saints before the throne, no courtiers at the right hands of the eternal Sovereign like those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Come, then, ye guilty, and receive forgiveness in Christ! Come, ye vilest of the vile, the door is set open for you, and a loving heart invites you through these lips. I am full of hope that you will come. You must come. Love will constrain you to believe in my Lord. Oh, may the Holy Spirit compel you *now* to come to the Saviour, and to be cleansed from all sin. When you have obtained mercy hasten to tell others of the boundless mercy of the God of love, and of the riches of His grace displayed in forgiving you all trespasses. God bless you for Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—
Ephesians I].

NOT HALF A MAN.

A Temperance Story.

Father's Home-coming—Mark Rayton is Tempted by Joe Trimmell—The Flag is Struck—The Last Man to Leave the "Morning Star."

"HURRAH! here's father!" Four little screams of delight; the rapid pattering of four little pairs of feet; and then four little forms precipitating themselves on a big, burly man in working clothes. Such was the scene which might have been witnessed one fine summer evening in the little village of Crawton.

One seized the water-can which he held on one arm, and another the coat which he carried on the other; while the two smallest, grasping a hand apiece, contentedly trotted along beside him. We are not to suppose that the assault was made without a show of protest on the big man's side. As a matter of fact, he gave a great shout as soon as he was laid hold of, and said, "Hullo! young uns, what's up?"

But Mark Rayton knew what was up fast enough. To tell the truth, he had been expecting this very onslaught; and when it is remembered that Mark Rayton was set upon in exactly the same way the night before, and the night before that again, and indeed for scores of nights past, there was not the slightest occasion for his wonder at the young people's behavior on that particular evening. It was only Mark's funny way, and was in fact as much a part of the performance as the attack itself.

By this time Mark's wife had come to the gate—a neat little woman, with a smiling face and a sparkling eye. "Ah! lass, here we are again," was his greeting as he stooped down to kiss her. "It *is* nice to be home again," said Mark Rayton, as the group entered the house; "I've been looking forrard to this all day."

Bess had been looking forward too, though she did not say so. A happy pair were Mark Rayton and his wife; and all the happier for past recollections, for time was when Mark cared more for the public-house parlor than for his home, and spent there the money which should have been put into his wife's hand on the Saturday night. It was no happy home then; but since Mark had given up the public-house they had been leading the most cosey and comfortable of lives.

However tired Mark might be after his day's work, a romp with the children was perfectly delightful to him. See him now tossing the little one to the ceiling. See how patiently he bears the steady thumping of four young fists upon his legs as a substitute for a drum. See how careful he is *not* to notice little Tommy, who, out on a foraging expedition, is plunging his fat little hand into every available pocket. What children wouldn't run to meet such a father as that? Bess used to say, jokingly, that he was the biggest baby of the lot, and Mark was not at all ashamed to confess it.

By and by, the children put safely to bed, Mark and his wife might be seen, arm in arm, taking their evening walk, looking, as more than one said, as if they were lovers rather than married people of long standing. Truly in all Crawton there wasn't a happier pair than Mark and Bess Rayton.

* * * * * * * * *

"Mark, you're not half a man. You're a perfect milksop! I never heard a man talk such twaddle in all my born days. I shouldn't have believed it, Mark Rayton, if the whole village had come and told me of it."

These almost violent words fell from the lips of Joe Trimmell, an acquaintance of Mark's. They had met after their day's work, as they were proceeding to their respective homes.

"Well, Joe," said Mark, "I don't see I've said anything so very foolish after all. I've got a comfortable home through giving up the drink. My wife is happier, my children are better clothed, and that's a good deal to show for it, I think."

The only answer Joe gave at first to these words was to pluck a leaf from the hedge, roll it into a ball, and cast it from him with great violence, accompanying the action with a look of great disgust.

"Now, Mark, be a man of sense, do, and don't talk such trash and nonsense. Who's asking you to get drunk, and ruin your wife and family, and all that sort of thing? All I said was, 'Show yourself a man, and shut up people's mouths;' for what are they saying about you? Why, they're saying Mark Rayton's afraid of a pint of beer."

Joe Trimmell continued:

"I'm proud to call Mark Rayton my friend; and as he's done me a good turn before now, I want to do him a good turn now. I want these fellers, Mark, as calls you a coward, to eat their own words—that's what I want."

Poor Mark felt in his soul he was yielding. How he despised himself as he stood there, scarcely able to say a single word for himself. There were plenty of arguments he might have used, had he been only brave enough to have done so. He might have said point-blank, "I'm afraid of a pint of beer; I'm too weak to stand it. Let men call me what they will; I'd rather be called hard names than break up my home, and be a drunkard again." This course would have taken the bull by the horns. Joe Trimmell might have fretted and fumed, and looked disgusted, but he would not have been able to answer it satisfactorily.

Joe Trimmell could now see plainly that a little more pressing would settle Mark altogether, and so he said:

"Do you mean to tell me, Mark, that you're afraid of a single glass—that you're weak enough, and fool enough, to be knocked over by a sip of beer? Tell me so right out, and I shall know what to do. Only don't call yourself a man after that, that's all."

Mark was obliged to answer this plain question; so he stammered out, his heart giving him the lie all the time—

"I dare say a single glass wouldn't hurt me, Joe. Of course I should be able to stand that all right. I hope I'm not so weak as that."

"If you'd gone and signed the pledge, and been a teetotaller, I'd be the last man to say to Mark Rayton, 'Break your word,' though I don't believe in your milk-and-water fellers at all. But you're not a pledged man, and so you're free to take it or leave it, as suits your fancy."

"No," Mark said, "he wasn't a pledged man;" though now he dearly wished he had been.

And yet, was he not? How vividly he remembered a little scene in which a sweet face looked up pleadingly into his, and his looked down lovingly into hers, and how from the lips of the one there came a promise: "I'll have nothing to do with strong drink any more." Was he not a pledged man after all? he thought. He did not venture, however, to refer to this scene, for Joe Trimmell, he knew, would be ready to laugh at the whole thing as a pretty bit of sentiment, and nothing more.

Mark struck his flag at last. With feigned cheerfulness he said,

"Well, Joe, just as you like. I ain't afraid as far as that goes; and if it'll show those fellers how as Mark Rayton is as much a man as any of 'em, then here goes."

"That's right, old feller; I knew you were made of the right metal, and only wanted a little hammering to ring out true," said Joe heartily.

Soon they were within the "Morning Star." Sitting down at one of the tables, how Mark's heart smote him as he found himself there again! His wife and his four little children seemed to float about him, and beckon him away with tears in their eyes. But he had gone too far to heed them now, and so he set himself steadily to stifle his thoughts and blindfold his imagination. There were many things to help him. There were the sprightly tones of a fiddle, playing away a merry tune; there were the loud and hearty welcomes of many fellow-workmen; and there was the strong beer, for which the "Morning Star" was so famous. Mark hadn't been made so much of by his mates for many a long month, and it was pleasant, after being a black sheep for so long, to find one after another grasping his hand, pushing their glasses over, and accounting it a personal favor for Mark to partake of them. He was quite a little king among them; what wonder was it that, after a bit, he should have been so carried away by the scene as to forget even Bess and his little ones?

Poor Mark! he had got upon an inclined plane, and was rapidly going down. One glass led to two; two glasses led to three; and so on and on until they were past counting.

Meanwhile the little ones lay in hiding, eagerly awaiting their father's return, ready to pounce out upon him as usual when he should be near enough. At least, they had been lying in wait; but when so long a time passed, and Mark did not come, they grew tired, ran home to tell mother, and more than one went to sleep with cheeks wet with tears of disappointment. But Bess did not go to sleep; she watched on with a face white with anxiety and a heart nearly bursting. She is prepared for what is coming. For her the bright sunshine is all gone, and winter has come with its pitiless hail and its icy blasts. Poor Bess! it is a sad prospect for her now.

A drunkard's home-coming has been too often described to need detailing here. We will draw a veil over the scene. Let it suffice to know that Mark Rayton was the last to leave the "Morning Star," and that, of all the drunkards who reached their homes that night, there was none worse than he.

(*To be continued.*)

PROPHETIC PERIODS TERMINATING IN 1890.

The Seventy Jubilees—The 2520 Years or Seve Times—The Fifty Jubilees—The 2300 Years o Daniel—The 1335 and 1290 Years—The Justinian Code of Laws as a Landmark.

THE 3500 *years* or *seventy Jubilees* is a perio of which Elliott in his "Horæ Apocalypticæ" says, in his concluding chapter: "*Seventy year* marked the length of Israel's waiting-time for th *redemption from Babylon* and *seventy weeks* o *years* the time of its further waiting for its *pri mary redemption* by the First Advent of Christ So *seventy Jubilees* may define the mystic period of Israel's whole existence as a peopl from the Exodus to the epoch of both the nat ral and the spiritual Israel's *perfect redemptio* at the Second Advent of Christ."

Hence, these 3500 years of *seventy Jubile* (each Jubilee being fifty years), commencin with the epoch of Moses' mission and the Exod between B.C. 1600 and 1610, will terminate b tween A.D. 1880 and 1890.

THE 2520 YEARS

is spoken of in Leviticus 26 : 18, 19, 24, 28, a Daniel 4 : 16, as *seven times* or *years*; a year reckoned in the Bible to consist of 360 days l erally, and in the symbolic year-day fulfilme 360 *years*. Therefore, *seven times* denotes sev multiplied into 360 years, which gives 25 years. This period was to measure the durati of the chastisement of the Jewish nation f their disobedience, and also the duration of t Four Gentile Empires represented by Nebuch nezzar's prophetic human image, which were inflict the chastisement throughout the peri called the *Times of the Gentiles*.

These 2520 years have two fulfilments—e ing respectively in A.D. 1815 and 1890—*primar* from about B.C. 705, the epoch of the carrying the ten tribes of Israel into captivity in Assy by Shalmaneser the Assyrian King, from whe the 2520 years end in A.D. 1815, the close of t French revolutionary epoch, when Jewish em cipation commenced—leaving the interval of years to elapse before the end of this age in 1 —and *secondarily* from about A.D. 630, the rise Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, to wh Daniel said, *Thou art the head of gold* (Da 2 : 38), and thus the 2520 years reach to A

1890 as the end of the *Times of the Gentiles*, represented in their whole length by the prophetic Image prefiguring the four Gentile Empires of Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece, and Rome.

Nebuchadnezzar's *maniacy* during the literal *seven times* or *seven years*, as described in Daniel 4 : 16–25, typified the heathen aberration from God of the four Gentile monarchies during the mystical *seven times* or 2500 years. And as Nebuchadnezzar became like a *wild beast* during those seven years, so the four Empires are prefigured as four *wild beasts*, a lion, bear, leopard, and ten-horned beast, indicating their godless, rapacious, destructive character. Nebuchadnezzar in his vision saw them under the semblance of a human monarch, but the prophet Daniel viewed them more correctly as wild beasts.

At the close of the 2520 years Nebuchadnezzar's Image will, in a certain sense, be reconstructed by the great Antichrist (who will be a Napoleon), arising to supremacy over the kingdoms prefigured by it, and re-enacting in his short and marvellous career the exploits of Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander the Great, and Cæsar. The ten toes of the Image will then appear distinctly by the whole Roman empire becoming divided into exactly ten kingdoms, five in the west and five in the east—viz., Britain separated from Ireland, France extended to the Rhine, Spain with Portugal, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Thrace, Turkey, and Bulgaria.

"In the days of the ten kings" of those ten toe kingdoms (Dan. 2 : 44) "the God of Heaven shall set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed"—that is, the millennial kingdom of Christ, who, as "the Stone cut out of the mountain without hands," shall smite the Image and shiver it to atoms.

The 2500 *years* is a period of

FIFTY JUBILEES

—that is to say, fifty times fifty years—at the end of which the great Jubilee of Jubilees will be fulfilled. The last Jubilee that was observed appears to have been at the Great Passover that was kept in Josiah's eighteenth year (2 Chron. 35 : 19) and which is stated in the margin of reference Bibles to have been about the year 610 before Christ. From this epoch of B.C. 610 there re exactly 2500 years, when we may expect, at he personal descent of the King of Israel upon he Mount of Olives (Zechariah 14 : 4), the great Jubilee trumpet to be blown, all fetters to e broken, the Christian Church and the Jewish nation to enter upon their promised inheritance, and an era of universal freedom and happiness o be ushered in.

THE 2300 YEARS

Dan. 8 : 13, 14) are stated by Daniel to be the ength of time occupied by the period of the re-establishment of the daily sacrifice, and a subsequent time of desolation by an Antichrisian power, called the Little Horn. The 70 weeks which commenced in 455–6 B.C. (the eventh year of Artaxerxes) were to be *determined*, or rather *cut off* (Dan. 9 : 24), from the 300 years, which therefore began at the same ime with those 70 weeks. Thus *the year-day ulfilment* of the 2300 years is from 555-6 B.C., he date of the renewal of the Jewish sacrifices nder Ezra (Ez. 7 : 8), until 1844-5, when vents occurred preparing the way for the speedy enewal of the sacrifices, the cleansing of the anctuary of the Holy Land, and the partial resoration of the Jews.

It is most remarkable that on March 21st, 844, as the event proved, this period of 2300 ears *did* end in accordance with the predictions f expositors, made several years previously. On that day the Sultan of Turkey, yielding to he expostulations of the five great Powers of urope, signed a celebrated edict, or Hatti-heriff, revoking and annulling a long-estabshed Mohammedan law by which Moslems who dopted another religion were condemned to be xecuted. Thus the avowed national opposion of the Turkish Government by its official nactments to Christianity ceased, and liberty for religious worship was granted, constituting the initial cleansing of the sanctuary. One result is that since 1844 the Jews have returned in increasing numbers to Jerusalem. The 2300 years were mentioned in connection with the Grecian goat (Dan. 8), and refer chiefly to the territory of the Macedonian Empire, which consisted in a great measure of Turkey; therefore "the cleansing of the sanctuary" at the end of the 2300 years must have relation principally to Turkey and the Holy Land.

TWO OTHER IMPORTANT DATES

likewise ended in 1844–5; the 1260th Mohammedan year terminated then, according to the reckoning of the Turks, who calculate by *lunar* instead of *solar* years, and who reckon their calendar from Mohammed's flight or Hegira in A.D. 622. Also the 391 years of the sixth trumpet (Rev. 9 : 15), dated from the fall of Constantinople in 1453, ended in 1844–5, when the Turkish woe introduced by that trumpet passed away by the enactment of the Hatti-Sheriff, above referred to, and Turkey then ceased officially and professedly, as a nation, to be a woe to Christendom, so far, at least, as this, that it no longer decreed death to Moslems who became Christians.

The principal fulfilment of these 2300 days is, of course, as 2300 literal days at the close of this Gentile Dispensation. They will thus be equal to about 6 years, 4 months, and 20 days, reckoning each year to consist of 360 days—*i.e.*, 12 months, of 30 days each. They will terminate simultaneously with the 1290 days at the distance of 45 days before the end of the 1335 days, and they will consequently commence somewhere between eight and ten months after the date of the seven years' covenant that is to be made between the Napoleonic Antichrist and the Jews. Their commencement will be marked by the renewal of the Jewish daily sacrifices in a rebuilt Temple at Jerusalem (Dan. 8 : 14).

THE 1335 AND 1290 YEARS

(Dan. 12 : 11, 12) are both of them generally considered to begin simultaneously with the 1260 years. The date of the commencement of these three periods has been reckoned by many writers, such as Dr. Croly, Dr. Cumming, Cuninghame, Bickersteth, etc., to be when the Roman Emperor Justinian promulgated his famous Code of Laws, in which he gave greatly increased power to the Pope and the clergy—establishing, in fact, the Papacy's *temporal power*. Now, Justinian's Code of Laws was progressively published during the years extending from A.D. 529 to 554-5, an epoch of *twenty-six years*, and it is most remarkable that exactly at the distance of 1260 years from that epoch there occurred the extraordinary French revolutionary epoch of *twenty-six years*, from 1789 to 1815. Justinian's Code of Laws has been maintained to be the starting-point of the 1260, 1290, and 1335 years, by more than FIFTY-FIVE EXPOSITORS, and further investigation of prophetic treatises would no doubt add to this list.

Hence the 1335 years, commencing in A.D. 555, at the completion of Justinian's Code, which established the *temporal power* of the Pope, terminated in 1890, as the time of millennial blessedness of which it is said, "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the 1335 days; thou shalt stand in thy lot at the end of the days." For then will be completed the resurrection of all the saints and adjudication of them of their inheritances, so that they shall all *stand* in their respective *lots*. The words, "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the 1335 days, but go thou (Daniel) thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days"—*i.e.*, these 1335 days (Dan. 12 : 12, 13)—plainly imply that Daniel—and along with him other saints—will stand in his lot after the resurrection at the end of the 1335 days (both year-day and literal-day).

The 1290 years, reckoned from A.D. 554–5, terminate in A.D. 1844–5 as the epoch of the pouring out of the year-day sixth vial, which, during the subsequent 40 years, weakens and dries up the mystical Euphrates or Turkish Empire and Mohammedan power, preparing the way for the return of the Jews to Palestine, and at the same time the three unclean spirits of Antichristian Infidelity, Democratic Revolutionism, and Romanist and Mohammedan fanaticism, go forth with renewed power throughout all the nations, to gather them to the first war of Armageddon. (See Rev. 16 : 12-16.)

The passage in Daniel 12 : 11, 12, mentioning these 1290 and 1335 years, reads thus: "And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days." Now, undoubtedly, the principal ultimate fulfilment of these two periods is at the very close of the Dispensation, as 1290, and 1335 literal days, commencing with the taking away of the renewed Jewish sacrifices and the setting up of the abomination of desolation—the Napoleonic Antichrist's image—in the rebuilt Temple at Jerusalem for three and a half years; but in the typical year-day fulfilment of these periods, as 1290 and 1335 *years*, they commence with the public and national establishment of the Pope's temporal authority, and setting up the Papal abomination of desolation throughout Christendom, and the taking away of pure Evangelical worship. The *incipient* accomplishment of this was by Justinian's Code and Decree in support of the Pope in 533–55, and its fuller accomplishment was by Phocas' Decree in 606-7, still further increasing the Pope's power.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. G. MULLER'S ESCAPE FROM BEING SHOT.

Mr. George Muller, the founder of the celebrated orphanages at Bristol, England, who is about to revisit this country, had some years ago a providential escape from being shot, which is thus recorded in the fourth part of his biography:

"In November, 1847, I had a most remarkable deliverance, which to the praise of the Lord is here recorded, as it is a further illustration of how the Lord watches over His children. I was laboring for a little while at Bowness and Keswick, in Cumberland, in the ministry of the word in October and November. When at Keswick I stayed with my dear wife in a large boarding-house, in which, however, we were then alone, except a single gentleman. Just before we left I heard that the gentleman, lodging in the same house, had shot himself during the night.

"Two days after, I received from a Christian brother at Keswick the following information respecting the transaction: 'Dear Mr. Müller; The tender and Almighty care of our loving Father was never more over *you*, and indeed over all of us, than in your stay as Keswick. Mr. . . . was quite deranged for two or three days before you left. Without any control he had been walking about his room for the last two days and nights, with loaded pistols in his hands. Furthermore, he had taken into his head that *you were going to kill him.* How gracious of God, that He spread His wings over you, and over dear Mrs. Müller, so that Satan could not break through the fence, to hurt even a hair of your heads. Speaking after the manner of men, there was nothing to have hindered him coming into the room, where many of us had come to tea with you that evening for prayer and reading the Holy Scriptures. He might have fired among us; but the Lord was our refuge and fortress, and preserved us from danger, which we knew not of. He shot himself in the neck and the breast, but is not dead. He has a strait-waistcoat on. I assisted in cutting his clothes off, and in other little offices, needed at such a time, and told him of Christ's love in dying for poor sinners. What a scene his room presented. Pistols lying in gore. Bloody knives, lancets, and razors strewed about the floor.' The poor man lived afterward a little while in an asylum."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(Continued from page 606.

Support in a Trying Moment.

What if, after all, Claude was right? I queried. Might not I be indeed the means of leading him to better things? Miss Richards seemed to think so, and Miss Richards was a good woman.

And yet my conscience told me plainly enough that the opinion of a good woman could not make a wrong action right. Was it right or wrong in the sight of God? That was the question, and every time I put it to my heart, the same answer came, in clear unmistakable terms: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

I saw the path of duty clearly before me, a hard and difficult path, so hard and so difficult that I nearly despaired of ever being able to tread it.

The temptation was indeed fierce and strong, and I was on the point of yielding. Claude saw this and spoke still more tenderly, and pressed the advantage he had gained as far as possible.

I darted up one earnest, imploring cry to my Lord for help. My prayer did not, even in thought, resolve itself into words, but it was the language of my innermost soul. And it was not left unanswered. Four words came into my mind at that moment, which enabled me to gain the victory.

As clearly as if the sunbeams which were streaming in at the window had written them on the wall of the room, these four words flashed across me: "For My Name's sake."

Ah! here was a motive, strong enough to enable me to overcome the greatest temptation; here was a motive, strong enough to enable me to conquer all those desires and wishes of my heart which were urging me into disobedience to my Lord's command. "For My Name's sake; is it too much to bear for Me?" I heard Him ask me; and, in a moment, all His infinite love for me, all His self-denial for my sake, all His travail of soul, all that He underwent to save me, and bless me, crowded upon my mind, and was followed by the question—

> "All this I bore for thee,
> What canst thou bear for Me?"

My mind was made up; I would parley with the temptation no longer.

I drew my hand away from Claude's gently but firmly. "Claude," I said, "do not let us make each other more miserable by going over and over the same ground. You will never be able to move me. I can only repeat what I have told you before. As a sister, as a friend, I will always love you, but I *cannot* be your wife. Claude," I went on, as he was beginning to speak, "that is my final answer, so please say no more about it."

I suppose I spoke very decidedly, though I had tried to speak calmly, for Claude was very angry. A change passed over his face in an instant; I do not think he had dreamed for a single moment that I should be able to withstand his arguments and his persuasions.

He walked to the window and looked out on the garden below.

"Then I am to look upon this as final, May?" he said bitterly.

"Yes, Claude, as quite final," I replied; "you will never be able to move me from my resolution, dear Claude. But you will not let our old friendship end, will you? Why should we not be brother and sister to each other still?"

"Oh, there are two sides to that question," said Claude proudly; "I keep out of the way of those who think themselves too good to associate with me. There are plenty of other people who will be glad of my friendship."

And so Claude left me without another word. He went out of the room, slamming the door after him, and a moment afterward I saw him hastily cross the lawn, and go out at the garden-gate. And I knew, as well as if I could read the future, that that was the last time I should see him pass through that gate.

For Claude's was a proud, imperious nature, and the more I thought the matter over, the more I felt sure that his pride was wounded, quite as much, if not more, than his affection. He had thought it next to impossible that any one, and above all a poor, friendless girl like myself, should refuse to be his wife. He had found he was mistaken, and he was mortified and vexed at the discovery.

When I was left alone I felt as if I had gone through a great storm, and had come out of it wearied and exhausted. My mind was too tired even to pray. I pushed aside the letters I was writing, and looked out over the distant hills. But after a time, when I was calmer and in a more restful state of mind, I opened my Bible at the place where it had been so often opened the last two days, and read again my Master's word of command.

And then I was enabled, though with tears in my eyes, to thank Him that through His grace I had been strengthened to keep it.

This time I read the whole passage through to the end of the chapter.

The last two verses were the very words I needed just then: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

I looked up into the sky, in which the sun was fast setting, and said, with a thankful heart, "Lord, by Thy grace I have come out; I have given up the affection which would have drawn me away; I have separated myself from the love which, however sweet, would have cut me off from Thy presence and from Thy love.

And, even as I said this, the Master's answer came with tenderest comfort to my heart: "I will receive you, nay, I have already received you, and I will be a Father unto you, and you shall be My child, My daughter, saith the Lord Almighty."

I heard Maggie's voice at this moment, so I hastily rose, wiped away the tears which were now only tears of joy and thankfulness, and went to meet her.

"How happy you seem to-night, May," she said, as we sat together at supper; "you have not looked so happy since—since—" Her lip quivered, and tears came into her eyes.

I held out my arms to her, and she came and sat on my knee, as she used to do when she was a little child, laid her head on my shoulder, and sobbed.

"What is it, Maggie darling?" I asked, stroking her long fair hair with my hand.

"Oh, May," she sobbed, "if only we could be together; if only I had not to go away and leave you. I counted the days this morning on the almanac, and there are only nineteen more."

"Poor little Maggie!" I said; "what shall I do without you?"

"And what shall I do without you, May," she said. "My aunts are very kind, but they are not like you; you are just like a mother to me. I shall never be a good girl, May, when I haven't you to talk to me, and when I can't tell you all my troubles."

"But you can tell Jesus, Maggie," I said, "just as you have always told me, and He will help you and comfort you far, far better than I could do."

"Yes, May," she said, putting up her face to be kissed, "I will tell Him every day; I promise you that I will."

"And then you can write to me, Maggie," I said. "Look here what I have brought for you. I had meant to have kept it till the last day, but perhaps I had better give it to you now."

I went to a drawer and brought out a neat little desk filled with paper, envelopes, pens, stamps, and everything necessary for letter-writing.

Maggie was charmed with it, and was quite as merry as she had been sad before, and began to plan at once how many letters she would write me every week, and what she would say in them. She said she should tell me everything, even what time she got up every morning and went to bed every night.

Dear little Maggie! how well I can picture her to myself as she looked on that memorable evening in my life, on which I had refused to be Claude Ellis's wife.

Those last days which Maggie and I spent together in the old home were very happy ones. I took every opportunity I had of deepening in my little sister's mind the lessons I had tried to teach her from a child, and which she had always loved so much. I had great reason to hope that they had not been in vain, but that my dear little Maggie was in deed and in truth a child of God.

We were very busy sorting and packing ou various possessions, and leaving all in th house in readiness for the sale which was t take place immediately we left.

I had received a satisfactory answer to my application for the post of companion, saying tha Sir William Trafford, after due inquiries of m referees, would be glad of my services as companion to his daughter, Miss Evelyn Trafford and would be glad to know on what day I shoul be able to commence my duties at Alliston Hal

I did not see Claude again before I went away The day after his visit to me I heard that h had again left home, and had returned to h friends in Scotland.

The evening before we left Acton I went u to the parsonage to say good-by. Miss Richards received me very kindly, but we were bot constrained in our manner, for we were thinking of the same thing, and neither of us liked mention it. We spoke of the weather, of n future plans, of the sale of the furniture, of M Ellis's health, and of a variety of other thin and people; but Claude's name was careful avoided, and that which was filling our though was entirely kept out of the conversation. it was no wonder that our talk flagged at time and that we were very far from being natural at our ease.

Just as I was leaving, I remembered how ki Miss Richards had been to me through r motherless life; always ready to help me wi her advice whenever I needed help, and ve patient in listening to the small home worr which had crowded upon me when I first to upon myself the cares of housekeeping.

"Miss Richards," I said, "you have been li a mother to me; I shall never, never be able thank you enough for all you have been me."

"Oh, no, May," she said warmly, "you m not speak of that; you have been quite as m or more to me, dear. You have been a brig sunbeam here, May. You have often bright ed my life since I came here."

"Oh, Miss Richards," I said, "I never drea that I could make you any happier."

"You did it without dreaming then, dea she said, smiling; "and May," she add "what has passed between you and Claude make no difference in your love to me, will You will still treat me as a friend, and let hear from you sometimes, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, Miss Richards," I said, "will you me write to you? Then you are not very an with me?"

"Angry with you! why?" she said; " refusing Claude?"

"Yes," I said, "for giving Claude the swer I did."

"No, dear," said Miss Richards; "I was v much surprised, I own, and very much dis pointed. I had counted so much on your in ence with Claude, and was building my hopes it far more than I ought to have done. since then, May, I have sometimes thou that, perhaps, I ought not to blame you. I that I had been looking at the matter enti from my point of view—mine and Claude's— that, perhaps, dear, you had a reason for refus Claude, a reason of which I should not and c not disapprove. May," she said, taking hand very kindly, "would you mind telling your reason?"

(To be continued.)

ISAAC'S PROSPERITY.

S.S. Lesson for October 3d, Gen. 26 : 12–25. G len Text, Prov. 10 : 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

E read, regarding Ishmael and Isaac, ither, because they are the seed of Abra- a, are they all children : but, in Isaac shall seed be called. That is, They which are the lren of the flesh, these are not the children of : but the children of the promise are ted for the seed" (Rom. 9 : 7, 8). The life aac originated in the promise of the living received by faith ; and when his life was red at his father's hands, it was preserved e Word of God, again received and held by Thus he is the type to us of a life having igin and its continual support in the Word romises of God : "We brethren, as Isaac are the children of promise" (Gal. 4 : 28). 's was not a life of sorely tried faith, like of his father ; he stood on the ground Abraham had won for him, as the pioneer path of unlimited trust.

may be there are Abraham souls and Isaac among us. Some are called of God to be rs for others ; they venture on ground the majority of believers are not bold h to tread upon : their ruling aim is to be a blessing, to open the path for those who t so fitted to break up the way. There are nes in the life of most advancing Christians their experience is more of the Abraham ter ; when alone, unaided, and misunder- by man, they go forward where all seems where the Word of God is their only but sure warrant ; while at other times they as Isaac did, upon the realized promise, now something of rest and satisfaction. n Abraham had sent Eliezer to Mesopo- that he might seek a wife for Isaac, we he was returning with Rebekah, that went out to meditate (or to pray) in the t eventide" (Gen. 24 : 63). Thus we hat he was a man of prayer. The favor- cumstances in which he was placed, the es of God regarding him, did not render l communion with God less necessary for We often come across those who lay hold of some truth of God, either forgiveness or the power of God over sin : all is a reality to them for some days or weeks, en their feelings get cold, zeal flags, they discouraged, because they are expecting h of yesterday to do for to-day, instead g daily and hourly in communion with Every gift or knowledge which we receive d is an accession of life, and life needs stained and exercised ; just as in our life, air, food, and water are necessities, with our spiritual life. Daniel, in the the affairs of the kingdom, found time three times a day (Dan. 6 : 19). The said, "Seven times a day will I praise (Ps. 119 : 164). Paul said, "Pray with ing" (1 Thes. 5 : 17).

Rebekah came near to the spot which e her home, and saw a man in the field she asked Eliezer who it was. "And ant said, It is my master." With modesty she took a veil and covered But she would probably never forget impression which Isaac had made upon e do not know how much of real godli- e was in her father's house ; evidently s some fear of God. Abraham had left g of God behind him in his own coun- e he came out of it, for when Abra- ervant came to Laban, Rebekah's ne said to him, "Come in, thou blessed rd" (Gen. 24 : 31). It may be that in any of a man who lived so much in Eliezer, Rebekah's impressions were on the journey, and she would feel a nfidence in being united to one who n of prayer.

are some, even among believers, who ly into marriage ; some who take this lterable in God's sight, from the most onsiderations, for the gratification of an earthly affection, for the sake of possessing a home of their own, to better their earthly position, etc., without making their first consideration, Is it to the glory of God? Some, in spite of 2 Cor. 6 : 14, do not even discover whether those whom they are about to marry are, or are not, God's children. Marriage settlements are made as regards money, but no marriage settlements as to how God is to be honored in their future home. A converted girl will marry a man who has never so much as prayed with her. A converted man will unite himself for life with a girl of whom he has never so much as asked, "How does it stand between your soul and God?"

In Isaac's family and household it is very evident that prayer was the ruling feature. When his wife was barren he carried the matter to the Lord, not to the physicians, and "the Lord was entreated of him." And when Rebekah herself was in perplexity, she did not go to her neighbors, or even to her husband, but she "went to inquire of the Lord." And it was not in vain. He explained to her that He would give her two sons, which should be two nations, "and the one people shall be stronger than the other, and the elder shall serve the younger" (Gen. 25 : 21–23). Why is it not the habit in all Christian families to carry all circumstances, general and particular, to the Lord in prayer?

There was one stain upon Isaac, one which recalls to us the immense importance of the example of parents. Abraham had twice prevaricated, once in Egypt and once in Gerar, and had spoken of Sarah as his sister. Isaac also did the same. We read in the commencement of our chapter that there was a famine in the land, and "Isaac went unto Abimelech, king of the Philistines, unto Gerar. And the Lord appeared unto him and said, Go not down into Egypt ; dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of. Sojourn in this land, and I will be with thee, and will bless thee ; for unto thee, and unto thy seed, I will give all these countries ; and I will perform the oath which I sware unto Abraham thy father. And I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven, and will give unto thy seed all these countries ; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blest; because that Abraham obeyed My voice, and kept My charge, My commandments, My statutes, and My laws." It was the first direct confirmation to Isaac of God's promise to his father concerning him, and it was made just in the time of trial, when the famine was desolating, and he was among strangers, and needed the strengthening of his faith.

It was just after this that Isaac fell into the sin of denying his wife, and for the very same cause as Abraham, fear for his own life. Was not, then, the promise of God sufficient? Had he forgotten how, when his father Abraham had lifted up the knife to slay him in obedience to God's command, the angel of the Lord called out of heaven to interpose and to deliver him? and should he now tell a lie to save his life from a danger which was only a possible danger after all? God mercifully watched over Rebekah, and Isaac had the humiliation of confessing both his untruth and his cowardice before the unbelieving Philistines. Oh, why did he not trust God fully? Could his God be capable of sending him to dwell among the Philistines without insuring his safety among them?

"Then Isaac sowed in that land, and received in the same year (the year of famine) an hundredfold." We are reminded of the good ground on which the seed of the Word of God is sown, and which brings forth fruit, "some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold" (Matt. 13 : 8). It was not that Isaac was a better farmer than were the Philistines, nor yet that their land was better than the rest of the land of Canaan, but God had said, "I will be with thee, and will bless thee," and the same Word which brought into being light and life and vegetation in the time of the creation, was also in action in the time of Isaac's prosperity. "And the Lord blessed him, and the man waxed great, and went forward, and grew until he became very great, for he had possession of flocks and possession of herds, and great store of servants" (or husbandry, see margin).

No man is really blest of God, either in temporal or in spiritual things, without provoking the envy of those who know not God, and Isaac was no exception. "The Philistines envied him," and their envy took a practical turn, for they first stopped with earth all the wells which Abraham's servants had digged, so as to kill Isaac's cattle with drought, and then Abimelech said unto him, "Go from us, for thou art much mightier than we." Isaac did not contend the point, but went to the valley of Gerar, and patiently undid, with the help of his servants, the evil which the Philistines had done him ; he digged again the wells which the Philistines had stopped.

But the strife between his men and theirs was not yet at an end. Twice his servants dug a well, and each time the herdmen of Gerar laid claim to it. The first well he named Esek, *i.e.*, contention, because *they* strove with him ; he did not strive with them, the strife was on their part. The second well he named Sitnah, *i.e.*, hatred, for he saw that he was hated, and so must it ever be with God's children. They who are of the world will always grudge the children of God all they have. "And he removed from thence, and digged another well ; and for that they strove not, and he called the name of it Rehoboth ; and he said, For now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land." When men of God commit their way unto the Lord, He will surely bring it to pass (Ps. 37 : 5) ; He knows how to make room for His own. Let us never be discouraged because things look dark ; when we are in the clear line of God's will all must be well, and He can conquer all opposition in a way which would be impossible to us.

"And Isaac went up from thence to Beersheba. And the Lord appeared unto him the same night, and said, I am the God of Abraham thy father ; fear not; for I am with thee, and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed for My servant Abraham's sake. And he builded an altar there, and called upon the name of the Lord, and pitched his tent there : and there Isaac's servants digged a well." Isaac's was a life of few trials, but whenever trial did come, the Lord appeared unto him. So long as we live on the faithfulness of the promises of God, it will be thus with us ; the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and to which *He* addeth no sorrow, will be ours. He utilizes sorrow which He permits to come from another quarter, to manifest Himself in a nearer and dearer manner than if all had gone smoothly, so that the trial itself is blessing.

When Isaac had left the land of the Philistines, "Abimelech went to him from Gerar, and Ahuzzath, one of his friends, and Phichol, the chief captain of his army." Isaac asked them a very natural question, "Wherefore come ye to me, seeing ye hate me, and have sent me away from you? And they said, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee : and we said, Let there be now an oath betwixt us, even betwixt us and thee, and let us make a covenant with thee ; that thou wilt do us no hurt, as we have not touched thee, and as we have done unto thee nothing but good, and have sent thee away in peace : thou art now the blessed of the Lord." "When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him" (Prov. 16 : 7). Abimelech, although a Canaanitish king, learned to know the name of Isaac's God, and to know that the Lord was with him. It was now Isaac's turn to befriend Abimelech ; he made him a feast, and then "they rose up betimes in the morning, and sware one to another, and Isaac sent them away . . in peace." Thus God put him in a position to requite the petty annoyances of Abimelech's servants by a dignified friendship shown to their master at his own request.

FOREIGN TOPICS

Labor Troubles in England.—The London *Times* says: "A meeting of cotton operatives has been held at Accrington, at which it was decided to strike for an increase of wages; it was the largest meeting ever known there. The operatives are willing to take an increase of five per cent instead of ten per cent as previously demanded, or to submit their case to arbitration, but the masters do not yet see their way to accede to either alternative. Notices have already been given of 700 *intended strikes.*" The Wages Committee of the Lancashire weavers have issued a manifesto declaring that the wages now paid the weavers are twenty-five per cent less than they were in 1853.

The British Government was Induced by Mr. Plimsoll to institute an inquiry into the shipping disasters of the past seven years, and the report has just been issued. The facts are simply appalling, and have convinced the British public that Mr. Plimsoll had only too serious ground for his indictment of unscrupulous shipowners. It appears, that between January 1st, 1873, and May 16th, 1880, 1965 vessels were reported lost or missing, and that the number of lives known to be lost by those wrecks was 10,827. The most serious part of the Government report is that relating to the causes of wrecks among which the principal are the careless lading and unseaworthy character of the ships. Such a report will doubtless so affect public opinion as to insure legislative enactments being passed to check this terrible waste of life.

The Condition of Asia Minor has been Investigated by Colonel Valentine Baker, the English officer whom the Sultan of Turkey has made a Pacha. He has presented his report to the Sultan. It exhibits a most melancholy condition of affairs. According to Baker Pacha the people of Asia Minor are the most sober, the most patient, the most long-suffering in the world. Had it been otherwise, the rule of the Sultan must long since have been renounced. Colonel Baker scarcely found one competent governor or military authority in all the broad region he traversed. The so-called courts of justice are universally and notoriously venal. The Kurds plundered the grain boats destined for relief of famine in his very presence. Deep-settled despair prevails among the inhabitants of every section, who have no hope of relief from any quarter.

Amid the widespread gloom, however, Colonel Baker reports one favorable symptom, and that is *the disinterested activity of American missionaries*, chiefly in the Armenian districts. He speaks with genuine admiration of the efficacy of their schools and the generous rivalry to which they stimulate Catholics and Moslems. It is to be hoped that England will consider the responsibilities she has accepted in her protectorate of Asia Minor, and not regard it as a dead letter.

The Sultan of Turkey has been Denounced to his face. A Constantinople dispatch received by the way of Syra, Greece, says: "A policy of reaction must be expected here. Fanaticism is rapidly increasing. Last week the Imaum of the Mosque, in the presence of the Sultan, *denounced him as an unworthy successor of the Khalifs*, upbraided him for listening to those who wish to make Christians and Mussulmans equal, and told him that the Christians must be protected and cherished as children are by their parents, but must be kept in subjection and not treated as equals." The Sultan is thus placed between two dangers. Europe insists on concessions and reforms, and if he refuse them he may lose his empire. On the other hand, if he complies, the fanaticism of his people fostered by the priests may cause him to lose his life.

Rocks Ahead is the Warning Cry of a London newspaper taking a survey of the national situation in Great Britain. It says: "When the Queen ceases to reign, the Prince of Wales will succeed her; *but who will succeed King Edward?* The Radical wave threatens to engulf everything. With a democratic House of Commons, a ministry countenancing the Atheist Bradlaugh, threats of Fenian risings in Ireland, and meetings to abolish the House of Lords—who can help seeing trouble in the future? Earnest attention must be paid to these signs of the times, and it will not be very long ere we shall be forced to consider them. It is not surprising to hear that the Conservative leaders are gloomy, convinced as they are that the advent of Radicalism to power betokens ill to the state. At the recent meeting of Conservatives at Lord Beauchamp's the address of Lord Beaconsfield began by pointing out the gravity of the political situation, more especially as concerns the House of Lords and its future. He said that the present House of Commons is *the most dangerous one that the country has ever seen*—a house bent on dealing a blow at the country gentlemen. In his opinion all landowners must be prepared for a serious attack *next year* on their rights and privileges."

The Baptism of the Infant Princess Recently born to the King and Queen of Spain took place on September 14th. The Patriarch of the Indies, Cardinal Benavides, baptized her with *water brought from the river Jordan* in Palestine for this special purpose in June last. At the christening the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo represented the Pope. The font used for this occasion is the same that served centuries ago for Santo Domingo, and was brought down from a celebrated convent in Austria. The name of the infant is Mercedes Teresa, and her godmother is Queen Isabella.

The Jesuits Expelled from France are Intrenching themselves in English and Spanish soil. They have established nine colleges throughout Spain. Large buildings to be used for a similar purpose have been purchased on their behalf in Wales, and others near Canterbury and other places in Great Britain. These foes of freedom and true religion appear to have no lack of pecuniary resources.

An Attack by Irishmen was Made Two weeks ago on the Rev. Neville Sherbrooke, an earnest evangelical clergyman, the son-in-law of Earl Cairns, lately Lord High Chancellor of England. He was returning from a visit to the Island of Orney, accompanied by the Rev. Canon Corey, who has long been closely identified with the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics. A few stones were at first thrown by children, but as the party proceeded numbers of men and women left their work and joined in the attack, and the travellers were compelled to run the gauntlet at the risk of their lives for a distance of two miles amid a shower of stones, many of which passed so close to their heads that it was wonderful that they escaped unhurt. A large body of their assailants ran over the hill to endeavor to intercept them, but did not succeed in overtaking them. None of the party did anything whatever to provoke such a cowardly assault, except that they dared to travel on the public road and to pay a visit to a Protestant licensed school-house in the district. Yet these are the men who are continually accusing England in American ears of oppression, cruelty, and intolerance.

Cruelty in a Convent.—The Secrecy Surrounding convents, it has frequently been suspected, was made the cloak under which wickedness was practised which would not bear the light of day. A disclosure recently made in Italy shows that there are good grounds for the suspicion. An abbess and two nuns of a Carmelite convent at Pontremoli have just been arrested and are to be tried for the following barbarity. A female lay servant, being detected stealing bread, was tried and sentenced by them "to undergo *the torments of purgatory.*" Having conveyed their victim to a cell, in which an iron stove stood out from the wall, they caused the stove to be heated in her presence, and then, tying her hands tightly together, behind her back, notwithstanding her struggles and cries for mercy, held her face down for several minutes close to the surface of the glowing metal, until *her scorched eyes* had lost their sight forever, and her whole face was converted into huge blister. They were, however, dencu by several members of the community to local authorities, who, after instituting a sea ing inquiry into the circumstances of the have consigned the abbess and her confed tormentors to prison. The courts are so rupt in Italy that it is doubtful if they w punished as they deserve.

The Persian Famine is Still Causing deaths. The Shah of Persia has given a tion of 300 tomans ($600) to the Protestant sionaries for distribution among the suffere famine in Oroomiah. This is a gratifying dence of the Shah's confidence in the mis aries' integrity. Through there is a prosp better times coming, the suffering and de tion of the people is still great, and the mor is appalling.

A Saved Soul in a Damp Cellar in Lon The War Cry of the British Salvation Arm tains the following incident: "We were se on Sunday afternoon to see a poor woman had been spoken to about neglecting this salvation. It appears that the word had home to her heart, and was used by the Ghost to convince her of her terrible con and she got on her knees at home, and before God that she would give up the (for, as she has since told us, *she had n sober one whole day for four years*), bu brought her no peace of conscience, f would not give up all her sins, and flir helpless, guilty soul on the boundless me the World's Redeemer, until the Lord la on a bed of affliction, when she just yield self to Jesus, and now is blessedly saved *was in a damp cellar*, with only a woode stead and one chair, and the atmosphere bad that it was difficult to breathe, but sl comed us, and at once told us she was knowing for a certainty her sins, whicl many, were all forgiven. She is praying be restored to health, and to be made int Salvation Soldier."

How an English Vicar's Hat was A as an answer to prayer, is thus related *Literary Churchman.* The vicar was one day on the cliffs near Morwenstow, i wall, when a gust of wind took off his carried it over the cliff. Within a week a Methodist preacher at Truro was disc on prayer, and in his sermon he said, " not have you, dear brethren, confine yo plications to spiritual blessings, but a for temporal favors. I will illustrate m ing by relating an incident that happene self ten days ago. I was on the shore o near Morwenstow, and about to pro Bude. I had on my head at the time worn hat, and I somewhat blushed to entering that harbor town and watering ill adorned. Then I lifted up a prayer fo ing more suited to my head. At that m raised my eyes and saw in the air a bla It approached and fell at my feet. I brand-new hat by a celebrated London I cast my battered beaver to the wa walked into Bude with a new hat on my

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Church received from J. H. Patten, Fielding, Ill.

The Prophetic News and Israel's W (London) for September may be obtained at of The Christian Herald. Price six cen

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works ar at the office of The Christian Herald, at low as to bring them within the reach of e *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with p of Mr Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John P Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volu sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five v as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth* This popular gift-book contains a suitabl selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for in the year, with a blank space opposite graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. appear at their respective birthdays. Th elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cent tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1880. 14th Year. No. 40—New Series.

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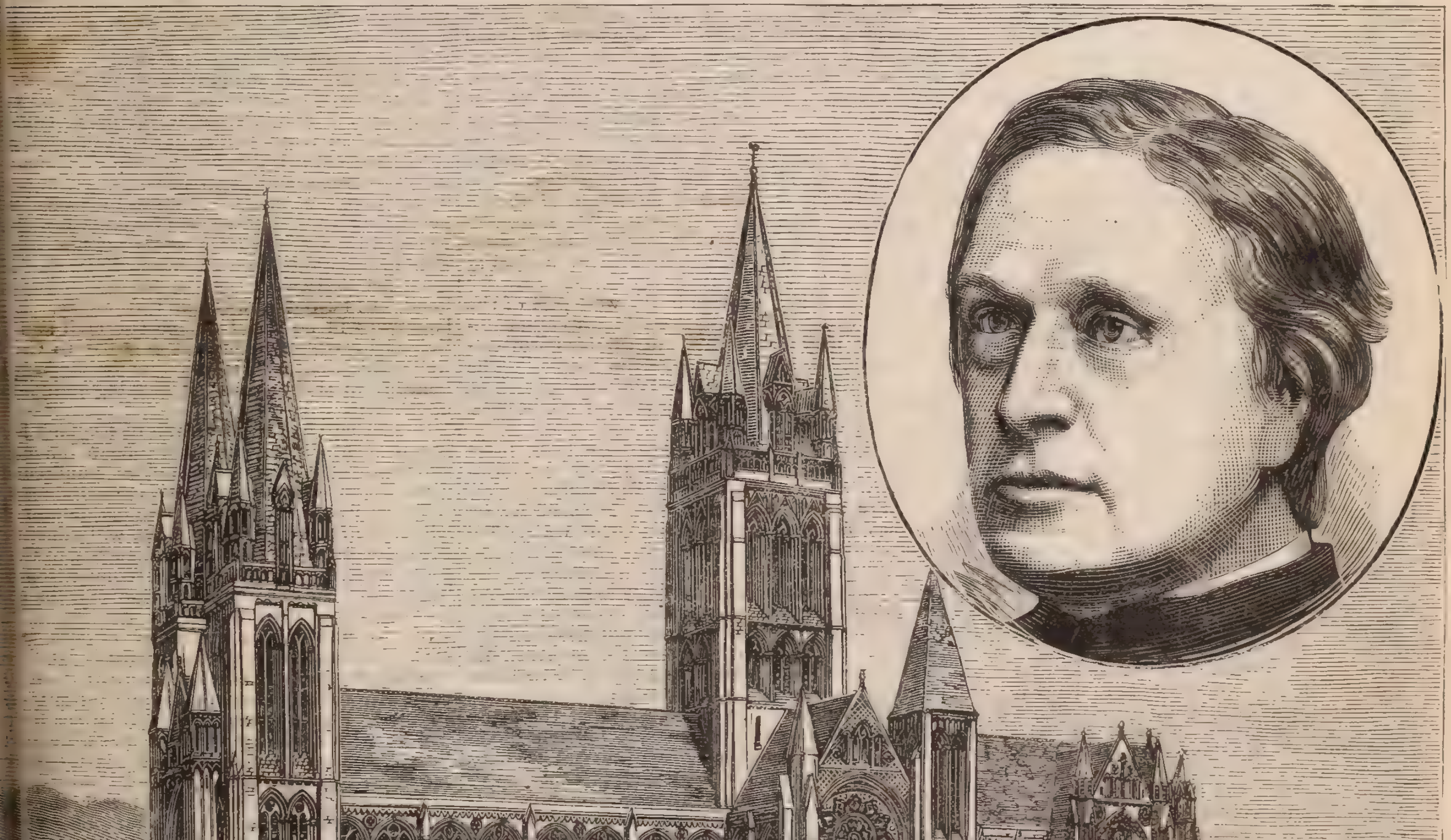

DR. BENSON, the Bishop of Truro, Cornwall, England.—The New Cathedral of the Diocese.

THE BISHOP OF TRURO, ENGLAND.

His Educational Course at Birmingham—Success at Cambridge—Experience as a Tutor—Becomes Preacher to the University, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln—Is Appointed to the Bishopric of Truro—Authorship.

The Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Truro, England, is the eldest son of E. W. Benson, Esq., and was *born* at Birmingham in the year 1829.

His early education was received at King Edward's School, Birmingham, a popular institution in the British Midland Metropolis. When young Benson studied there, the principal of the school was the Rev. James Prince Lee, who was afterward appointed Bishop of Manchester. He was an able teacher, and under his watchful care several boys, who have since attained eminence acquired the rudiments of education. Among those who were contemporary with Benson were Professor Westcott, one of the Company for the Revision of the New Testament, and among the foremost biblical scholars of the century, and the Rev. Dr. Lightfoot, the present Bishop of Durham.

Having honorably terminated the prescribed course at King Edward's School, he proceeded thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his career was rapid and successful, and of which he was successively Scholar and Fellow. In 1852 he graduated Bachelor of Arts, securing at the same time a First Class in classical honors, and winning also the enviable distinction of Senior Chancellor's Classical Medallist.

In 1855 he graduated Master of Arts, in 1862 he was made Bachelor of Divinity, and obtained the diploma of Doctor of Divinity in 1867. He was for some years an assistant-master in Rugby School, and discharged the onerous function of the head mastership of Wellington College from its initiation in 1858 down to the year 1872, when he was selected as Canon Residentiary and Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral, having held the prebend of Heydour with Walton in the same cathedral for three years previously.

As a well-deserved tribute, which was paid to his eminent qualifications, he was appointed select preacher to the University of Cambridge in 1864, and again in 1871, receiving a similar proof of the high estimate in which he was held from the University of Oxford, and occupying the same position in this ancient school of learning in 1875-76. For several years he acted as Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln, and not only proved that he was actuated by sentiments of *a purely evangelical* character, but manifested also his earnest sympathy with all who, by means of missionary operations, were seeking to spread the truths of the Gospel in the neglected parts of the diocese.

But higher and more responsible honors awaited him. His ripe scholarship and many peculiar and pre-eminent qualifications secured his nomination by the Crown in 1876, on the recommendation of the late Premier, the Earl of Beaconsfield, to the newly-founded Bishopric of Truro, Cornwall, and he received the prescribed episcopal consecration in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Wednesday, April 25th, 1877. The ceremony was performed by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by a large number of bishops. The diocese over which Dr. Benson exercises pastoral and episcopal sway has been for many years included in the See of Exeter, but it is virtually a restoration of the ancient British diocese of Cornwall, consisting of *the county of Cornwall, the Isles of Scilly, and five parishes of Devonshire*, constituting the Archdeaconry of Cornwall, with the Church of St. Mary, Truro, as a cathedral. The enthronization took place on May-day, 1877.

His lordship has published several volumes of considerable intrinsic merit, among them being his "Wellington College Chapel Sermons"; a memorial discourse upon the decease of Bishop Lee, of Manchester; "Cambridge University Sermons"; a valuable and entertaining treatise on "Boy-Life, its Trial, Strength, and Fulness," being reminiscences of the days of his Mastership of Wellington College; besides numerous single sermons preached on special occasions. He is also one of the contributors to "The Speaker's Commentary on the Bible."

Dr. Benson married, in 1859, Mary, daughter of the late Rev. William Sidgwick, of Skipton, Yorkshire.

TRURO AND ITS NEW CATHEDRAL.

Position and Name of Truro—Eminent Men who were Born there—The Prince of Wales's Visit to Lay the Foundation-stone of a New Cathedral—The Origin and History of Cathedral Churches—Cromwell's Vandalism—Particulars of the New Truro Cathedral—Physical Features of the County of Cornwall—Its Ancient Legends and Religious History.

The town of Truro grew up under the shadow of the Earls of Cornwall's fortress, and about the year 1130 assumed such proportions that its lord, the celebrated Richard de Lacy, Chief Justiciary of England, granted it a charter of incorporation. Queen Elizabeth also gave it a new charter in 1589, and constituted it a municipal borough, under a mayor, four aldermen, and twenty chief burgesses, to whom she conceded the privilege of returning two members to Parliament.

Old Leland's description of Truro may still be quoted as a faithful one: "The creke of Truro afore the very town is divided into two parts, and eche of them has a brook cumming down, and a bridge, and this towne of Truro betwixt them both." It assumes, therefore, something of a triangular shape, washed on the east by the river Allen, and on the west by the Kenwyn. Between the streams lies Truro proper. The creek or inlet—a branch of Falmouth Harbor—expands at high water into a noble lake, two miles in length, and of sufficient depth for vessels of a hundred tons burden to load or unload at the quays."

"There is not a towne in the west part of the shire," wrote Norden in 1574, "more commendable for neatness of buyldinges, nor more discommendable for the pride of the people." The first clause of his pithy description may still be repeated and affirmed; the second might now be justly considered a libel.

Truro is in an eminent degree a busy, prosperous, and well-to-do town; its principal streets, which radiate from the market-place, and are mostly enlivened by a pleasant water-course, are well kept, and lined with good houses and thriving shops; its public buildings, too, are of more than ordinary pretensions. So with its churches—they are capacious, handsome in architectural design, and decorously preserved. The trade of Truro is, indeed, considerable; it exports copper ore to Swansea, bar tin to the Mediterranean, and ingots to the East Indies. It has 12,000 inhabitants.

The inhabitants are justly proud of the many *men of eminence* who claim Truro for their birthplace, among them being the brothers Richard and John Lander, the adventurous explorers of the Niger; Henry Martyn, one of the most earnest and self-denying of missionaries, the son of a common miner; Dr. Thomas Harries, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society; and Richard Polwhele, the historian.

The new cathedral at Truro is to form the central seat and sanctuary of the bishopric revived three years ago, when Dr. Benson was enthroned at St. Mary's Church, a substantial building, erected in the year 1518. The foundation-stone of the new cathedral was laid on May 20th of this year by the Prince of Wales.

It is centuries since any new cathedral was founded in England. The stately and beautiful edifices which enrich the episcopal capitals of Great Britain were, with hardly an exception, built by the piety and munificence of founders who lived prior to the Reformation and before the middle of the sixteenth century. Some of them, as is well known, are of a venerable antiquity; there are stones at Rochester which were laid by Gundulph, the Bishop of William the Conqueror, more than eight hundred years since. Canterbury contains shrines and carvings of the time of Rufus, and the Abbey of Westminster ascends by its origin to Edward the Confessor, in the eleventh century.

Later reigns saw the erection of fresh cathedral churches, or the completion and beautifying of the old ones, and the Reformed Church of England inherited from its ancestors the noble and splendid temples with which is associated so much of her dignity. Building cathedrals, however, was always costly work, demanding not only the intense artistic feeling which so many of them exhibit, and the earnest faith of which their massive plans are monuments, but vast sums of money besides. The spoils of war, the treasures of princes, the gains of merchandise, the profits of trade, silver and gold ornaments, jewels and silks and velvets, the rose-nobles of rich men, and the groats of poor votaries, were all poured together into the hands of those who reared these stately fanes. They were built to stand for ages, and they have survived many changes of faith and government.

The simple Liturgy of Protestantism has replaced the Mass and the ornate ritualism of Rome. Sentiment is shocked to think how Cromwell's troopers stabled their horses in their lofty nave, and shattered their beautiful stained windows, whence the light falls, golden and purple, upon tombs of ancient magnates. But it is *sentiment* only that is shocked. *Sense* reminds us that the danger which in Cromwell's time menaced true religion in England was very imminent. Those who worshipped God in spirit and in truth had to do so in secret, and the ornate cathedral worship, with its Romanizing ceremonies and tendencies, was encouraged by the king and court. A strong deliverer was needed, who had small respect for ecclesiasticism to recall the country from formalism and superstition. God raised up Cromwell to do that and other necessary work, and he did it with a rough hand, but he did it well and thoroughly. England owes in no small degree the civil and religious liberty she enjoys at this day to Cromwell's fight, but she repaid him by digging his bones from their grave and heaping indignitie upon them.

Since that day the cathedrals of England hav become centres of gentle and solemn influence which all classes respect; but for hundreds o years England has seen no new cathedral reared

The diocesan church, the foundation-stone o which the Prince of Wales laid, will constitut the ecclesiastical heart of the new See of Cornwall, and furnish a means of comparison between both the artistic inspiration and the public liberality of the old and the new times. It structure will display the Early English style with thirteenth century characteristics, and is t contain all the established features of choir an nave, transepts, baptistery, crypt, central tower and two western towers. It will be 300 feet i length, with a width of 76 feet and a height o 70 feet, the central tower rising 224 feet abov the floor. *Ninety thousand pounds* are require to complete what may be called merely the she of the edifice, for this only is at present con templated, the internal ornamentation and th erection of the towers being left to the futur The old historical fanes thus imitated were bui in the same gradual manner, beginning wit "little things." The generosity of Lady Roll herself the daughter of a Cornish rector, has s on foot the endowment of the new See with th munificent donation of *forty thousand pounds.*

Separated by history, by geography, by cl mate, race, natural features, and local industri from the rest of England, the county of Corn wall is almost like another country. If it wer only more difficult to reach, it would become favorite a place for tourists as Switzerland o Brittany. But the accessible never attracts, an thousands of English travellers go abroad wh have never visited, and never will visit, this wor derful corner of their own kingdom.

The coast-line of the county alone is we worth a visit. From the beautiful Sound Plymouth to the land-locked waters of F nouth, and still westward to the Lizard and the and's End, no more magnificent seashore can e found throughout Europe. A hundred clefts nd inlets, unknown to ordinary maps, break he green rampart of the hills with little hidden ays, where the blue and silver sea sleeps under he shadow of dark cliffs. In the tract around he Lizard, where the serpentine rock abounds, he country is like fairy-land with that richly ariegated stone; the very pebbles in the road re so many rough jewels; the banks, crowned ith Mediterranean heath, shine with blue and arlet nodules, and at Kynance Cove is one of e most extraordinary and fantastic scenes to e found upon the surface of the globe.

On the north coast, below Tintagel and the thundering shores of Bude and Boss," are nds and sweeping bays, and in the interior ose bare rolling moorlands, where lurk the ins of copper and lead, tin and ironstone, hich, from the date of the Phœnicians until to y, have made the fame, and sometimes the rtune, of the county. Time was, no doubt, en the mainland of Cornwall ran on unbroken the Scilly Islands, and ancient legends tell of ore than *one hundred churches submerged* by e encroaching sea between Mount's Bay and ose ancient Cassiterides.

The Prince of Wales is also *Duke of Cornwall*, itle which he inherits from the Black Prince. us in a special sense the Heir Apparent and consort the Duchess of Cornwall belong rsonally to the Cornishmen, and have been eived and entertained by them with the loyy for which "Tre, Pol, and Pen" have ever n famous.

n journeying well-nigh down to the Land's d to aid in re-establishing the lapsed See of ich Corentin, Bedwini, and St. Petrock were first bishops, the Prince does not head any pagandist movement. Churches and chapels find plenty of room together between the seas of Cornwall, and no such mission is l on Dr. Benson as that confided to Eadulf, hop of Crediton, when he was posted on the nar, "that from thence he might every year t the Cornish race to extirpate their errors, hey had resisted the truth, and not obeyed apostolic decrees."

OPHETIC PERIODS TERMINATING IN 1890.

(*Continued from page 621.*)

1260 Years—The Primary Commencement—he Fall of the Pope's Temporal Power—Ex-act from the Life of Napoleon—Another Comencement — The 360 Years — The General gns of the End.

HE 1260 years is mentioned twice in Daniel five times in Revelation as 1260 days, 42 ths, or 3½ times (*i.e.* 3½ years) (Dan. 5; 12 : 7; Rev. 11 : 2, 3; 12 : 6, 14; 13 : 5). its year-day fulfilment as 1260 years it sures the principal exercise of the persecutpower of the Papal Antichrist in the West, of the Mohammedan Antichrist in the East, of which thus typify and prefigure the final onal Infidel Antichrist, whose persecuting incipally to be exercised during the final days. And similarly the seven seals, pets and vials—and, in fact, the main part evelation 5 to 16, have a *double fulfilment*— by way of rehearsal during about 1860 years ghout this Dispensation in connection the Papal and Mohammedan 1260 years; dly, more literally during about 1800 *days* closing crisis of this Dispensation, in conon with the 1260 literal days of the Per- Infidel Antichrist. This view of the le fulfilment, both year-day and literal day, arge part of Daniel and Revelaton, is iningly held by the best expositors.

e *primary commencement* of the 1260 years Papal Antichrist was at the era of the ror Justinian's Code of Laws, A.D. 533– system of universal jurisprudence, which, g other provisions, gave temporal power to the Pope. This epoch is fixed upon by numerous prophetic expositors as an *initial* commencement of the 1260 years. Another com mcement is considered by some expositors to have been at the Emperor Phocas's decree in 607, when the Pope's power was more fully confirmed over all the dioceses.

The initiated fall of the Pope's temporal power took place in 1793–1815, the epoch of the great French Revolution, just 1260 years from the initial commencement of its rise in 533–55. In France the Roman Catholic religion was abolished by national decree in 1793, but in 1802 the fall of the Papacy was staved off for a time, and it was restored to a portion of its former power by Napoleon Bonaparte's Concordat with the Pope for restoring and renationalizing the Roman Catholic religion in France, which is thus described in Sir Walter Scott's history of Bonaparte:

"When the ratifications of this Concordat or treaty were published it was singular to behold how submissively the once proud See of Rome lay prostrate before the power of Bonaparte, and how absolutely he must have dictated all the terms of the treaty. Every article in it innovated on some of those rights and claims which the Church of Rome had for ages asserted. By this compact Pius VII. surrendered to Bonaparte—a soldier whose name was five or six years before unheard of—those claims to supremacy which his predecessors had maintained for so many ages against the whole of the potentates of Europe. A Puritan might now have said of the Power seated on the Seven Hills, '*Babylon is fallen*—it is fallen, that great city.' The more rigid Catholics were of the same opinion. This Concordat, they alleged, showed the debasement of the Roman hierarchy. It was inaugurated at Notre Dame (April, 1802) with the utmost magnificence. Bonaparte took care to make his full advantage of the Concordat by introducing his own name as much as possible into the Catechism of the Church. To honor Napoleon, the Catechism taught, was the same as to honor and serve God Himself; to oppose his will was to incur the penalty of eternal damnation."

In the year 1809, however, Napoleon Bonaparte, being displeased with the Pope, arrested him in Rome as a prisoner, and had him conveyed to France, where he died. From this profound humiliation the Papacy recovered to some extent after Bonaparte's overthrow in 1815. The close of the 1260 years of the Pope's temporal power, which commenced with Justinian's universal Code of Laws in 533–55, was strikingly marked by the promulgation by Napoleon Bonaparte of a new universal Code of Laws, which, like Justinian's, has since been adopted by half Europe—thus marking the introduction of *a new era*. And there is an interval of 75 years—the excess of the 1335 years beyond the 1260 years—from this first shock and blow to the Papacy in 1793–1815 until its *final death-blow* at the consummating epoch in 1868–1890; the present recovery of the Pope's temporal power from its unparalleled abasement in 1793–1815 is only short-lived, and precursory to its utter and irrevocable overthrow at the distance of 75 years from that premonitory abasement.

Another commencement of the 1260 years of the Papal Antichrist's temporal power has been held by many expositors to be at the Emperor Phocas's decree in 606–8, granting increased supremacy to the Pope, and constituting him *universal Bishop* over all the dioceses, even that of Constantinople, for in 588 the Patriarch of Constantinople had resisted and denied the authority of the Bishop of Rome. Boniface IV. was at that time Pope, 607 to 614, and this may be regarded as a fuller establishment of the Pope's temporal power. Bower, in his "Standard History of the Popes," strenuously maintains that Phocas's decree in 607 is thus regarded by historians, and by Roman Catholic authorities themselves. The dedication of the Pantheon in Rome to Popish worship took place in 608.

This era of 607–14 was also the date of the manifestation of the *Mohammedan Antichrist* in the Eastern Roman Empire, as well as of the Papal Antichrist in the Western Roman Empire. Mohammed's earliest public preaching of the doctrine of Mohammedanism was during the years, 608–14, and in 614 the Persians captured Jerusalem, which paved the way for its becoming a Mohammedan possession.

The 1260 years evidently has one very distinct fulfilment, measuring the duration of the Mohammedan Antichrist from A.D. 622, the commencement of the Mohammedan Calendar, to 1882, after which the seven years of the covenant between the Napoleonic Antichrist and the Jews will probably run their course until 1890; and the latter half of those seven years, from 1886 to 1890, may be the three and a half years of the slaying of Protestant witnesses throughout Christendom, as foretold by many writers, such as Scott the commentator, Dr. Gill, Dr. Macleod, Dr. Hales, Dr. Berg, Hollis Read, E. Nangle, etc., to occur at the close of this Christian dispensation in the year-day fulfilment of Revelation 11 : 7-12.

The 360 years (Rev. 10 : 6) point to about A.D 1890 as the end of this age. It is generally admitted that Rev. 10 describes the Reformation from 1517 to 1530, from which period, therefore, we must date the Angel's statement that "there shall be *a* (Gr.) time no longer before the mystery is finished," which means that 360 years (a time or *year* of 360 natural days) will not elapse from 1530 before the end of this dispensation, which must therefore occur by 1890. Bickersteth, Birks, and others have thus interpreted it, and the Rev. J. Fletcher, in his letter to Wesley, wrote in about 1750:

"As to the various prophetic numbers in the Bible, let me only beg of you to observe the following: 'And the Angel swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there will not be a time more' (*kronos ouk estai*), Rev. 10 : 6—which word 'time' in St. John and Daniel signifies a year, and a prophetic year—namely, 360 years. If it be true that the Reformation of the seven Protestant countries is here signified, it will follow that from the Reformation there will not be a whole *time*, or 360 years, till 'the mystery of God should be finished' (Rev. 10 : 7), which He told for our comfort to His servants and the prophets."

In addition to the evidence from these dates, as thus interpreted by numerous expositors, we have, as general signs of the times, the wide preaching of the Gospel, the return of the Jews, which began in 1844, the many running to and fro, the decay of the Pope's temporal power and of the Turkish Empire, and the extensive revivals of religion, also the fact that we are approaching the seventh Seal, the seventh Trumpet, the seventh Vial, in their year-day fulfilment.

It is a most serious error to suppose that we can neglect to discern the signs of the times, and yet be prepared to meet Christ at His Advent. The remark is often heard by ignorant persons who "despise prophesyings," that "death is the end of the world to us, and as it may come at any time, it is well to be ready." Such persons require to be reminded that *readiness for death is not necessarily readiness for Christ's Advent.* Those who are once truly converted are sure to be saved, and are always prepared for death, but not necessarily prepared for the Second Advent, unless they are really expecting it to happen at the very time when it actually does occur, and not to happen at any other time, and openly confessing their belief.

Various passages in the Word of Prophecy intimate that there will be only 144,000 watchful Christians or wise virgins (Rev. 14) caught up to meet Christ in the First Translation or Ascension at His coming in the air—although there are probably about five million truly converted persons now upon the earth, nearly all of whom, however, will be foolish virgins, left behind to be chastised in the three and a half years' Great Tribulation, and (if still living) then caught up afterward at the Second Translation.

MORMONISM.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, September 26th, 1880.

"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven."—Genesis 19 : 24.

Sodom and Utah Synonymous—The Mountain Meadow Massacre—Large and Increasing Growth of Mormon Immigration—Mormonism a most Stupendous Swindle—The Danites—A Great Blasphemy—A Disloyalty to the U. S. Government—An Organized Filth—An Instance of Depravity—Miseries of the Aged Mormon Women—Mormonism Growing in Influence—Its Influence in Congress—What is Best to be Done?—Only to be Extirpated by U. S. Guns—National Police Duty—Anti-Mormonism a better Political Cry than Negro Slavery—What Shall the Sentence be?—The Execution and Epitaph—An Eloquent Appeal on Behalf of Mormon Womanhood.

Sodom and Salt Lake City are synonymous. You can hardly think of the one without thinking of the other. Both in fertile valleys—valley of Siddim, valley of Utah. Both near a salt, offensive, fishless dead sea; for Doctor Robinson says there must have been a lake near by while yet ancient Sodom stood. Both the famous capitals of most accursed impurity. *Both doomed.*

In 1857 a company of emigrants started from Arkansas and Missouri for California. They were good, respectable, well-to-do people; but they had an idea that they might have larger comforts for their families on the other side the mountains; so they undertook what always seems to me *a terrible thing:* travelling in the wagon emigrant train. They suffered everything on the way. By night the fires kept off the wolves, and by day there was fatigue, and hunger, and heat, and gentle womanhood fainting with the long journey, and children crying for rest.

There were one hundred and seventy in that company. They must needs cross Utah Territory, and in Utah nearly all the emigrant trains were accustomed to take in new supplies of provisions; but Brigham Young heard that this emigrant train was coming, and he forbade, under pain of death, any Mormon in Utah giving any clothing, or food, or medicine, or kindness of any sort to these emigrants. *It was a revenge* for the fact that a man in Arkansas had slain Elder Pratt, of the Mormon Church, because he (Elder Pratt) had stolen the wife of the man in Arkansas and taken her to Utah and into Mormonism.

On and on went this emigrant train, suffering all indignity, until they came to a plain called

MOUNTAIN MEADOW.

The Indians dashed down upon the emigrants, but the emigrants threw up a barricade, and in this temporary fortress drove back the red men most successfully. Then the Mormon militia dashed down upon these emigrants; but you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children, and so the Mormon militia were driven back. Still, it was only with great peril that any one could leave the temporary fortress even to get water from the spring near by.

There was great suffering from thirst, so one day they dispatched *two little girls* clad in white to bring water from the spring. They said, "Most certainly the Mormon militia will not disturb them;" but no sooner had they appeared outside the barricade than they were shot dead by the stream. Petitions for relief were signed by all the emigrants, and by Odd Fellows and Freemasons who made appeals to members of their particular order. Three brave men volunteered to carry that petition for relief to California. An aged Methodist minister of the group in prayer commended these three men to God, and the emigrants all knelt in supplication; but hardly had these three brave men started on their journey than they were butchered.

Time passed on, and one day wagons were seen coming. "Now," thought the poor emigrants, "we shall have relief;" and they could not restrain their glee at the thought of liberation. The wagons came up, and from them came a flag of truce, saying, "If you emigrants will surrender and put down your arms, you may walk out into perfect liberty, and you shall not be harmed." Thinking the proposition a fair proposition, it was accepted, and they put down their arms according to the arrangement, and then the men marched out first, then came the women, then came the children.

After they were outside the barricade, the Mormon militia, with guns and knives and daggers, massacred all save a few little children, whom they thought to be too young to tell the story. Aged and young, husbands and wives, parents and children left dead on the plain. Women belonging to the emigrant train who were sick and unable to walk, were then taken out by the Mormons into the presence of their murdered families, stripped of their clothing, shot dead, and hurled upon the heap of corpses. The wagons, the stock of the train, the dresses of the women and their jewelry, amounting in all to a property of $300,000, taken possession of by the Mormon government. Years after, a Mormon woman showing a silk dress that had been captured from the train—showing one of these silk dresses in Salt Lake City—one of the little girls that had been saved from the massacre recognized it. She said, "O, that's my mother's. Where's mamma? Why don't mamma come? Mamma used to wear that!" and she burst into tears.

John D. Lee, the Mormon Bishop, was *the presiding spirit in person of that massacre,* and when, fifteen or eighteen years after, in the court-room, he gave testimony, he said he had orders to do that from headquarters; and it appeared on the evidence that Brigham Young had given orders as to the disposition of the property of these murdered people, and had told the witnesses to hush up, and all Christendom to-day holds that man responsible for the tragedy. No wonder when, years after he visited the scene and found that the bones of the emigrants had been decently buried by the officers of the United States Government, and General Carlton had put up a head-board by the grave, with the epitaph, the inscription, "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord"—no wonder that Brigham Young, seeing that inscription, ordered it torn down.

It is the presiding spirit of the Mountain Meadow massacre that I arraign to-day for trial before you, the jury of Americans. It still lives. It has its throne in Salt Lake City, and its foot on the heart of dishonored woman, and its breath is the pestilence of the nation. Gory, ghastly, hideous, infernal Mormonism, stand up, and look into the faces of the American jury that is to try you!

This summer, as well as on a previous occasion, I had the opportunity of

INSPECTING THIS INIQUITY,

and of asking many questions, and having them answered by Mormons and anti-Mormons. Many of the prominent Gentiles of Salt Lake City called on me and asked me that when I got home I should present the case before the people on this coast. I solemnly promised them, and this morning I fulfil my promise.

In regard to the alleged subsidence of Mormonism, I have to tell you that 750 Mormons had arrived in Salt Lake City, or in Utah, just before we went to Utah, and that there was another company still larger approaching the city, and that there were 10,000 added last year, and that there will be more than that added this year. Three hundred missionaries sent out to gather up victims all over this land, and in Sweden and Norway, and Russia and Germany, and England and Ireland and Scotland. Many Scotch Presbyterians recently brought there.

These missionaries compelled to go out, although their families may suffer the greatest penury; for this whole system is cruel and Herodic. These missionaries go to those who are in the struggle of life, and they hide all the hideous deformities of Mormonism, and tell these people, "Now, if you will cross the ocean and go to Utah, you will have your expenses pai and where you will have gardens and farms your own, and your hardships will be ended fo ever." No wonder some of these incautio people accept the invitation, and they fly fro poverty to get into

A MOST STUPENDOUS SWINDLE.

Oh, you ought to see the poor creatures carr ing the tenth of their small income and the ten of the small product of their farm or garden the tithing-house of this insatiate institutio They are taxed until the blood comes. N escape but the grave. The co-operative societi and the co-operative stores of Utah are so ma mills to grind out more money from the po people to support a depraved priesthood. charge Mormonism with being *one great a prolonged cruelty.*

Nobody denies the work of the destroyi angels called Danites, whose chief business it w to hunt up antagonism to the Mormon Gove ment and put it to death. It was for years t land of assassination and the field of bloc No one doubts the Hickman butcheries und Brigham Young. I saw a cellar where a mot and two sons had been put to death; the mot slain in the presence of the two sons, and t two sons butchered, because they had reveal the secrets of the Mormon government.

The whole world has heard the story of t destruction of the Aiken party. And th Mormons have *a delicious vernacular* by whi they describe this putting to death. They s all these things with a smile and a jeer. "C they were put out of the way;" or, "they m with a bad accident;" or, "they were used up or, "they were cut off just under their ears Why have these atrocities stopped? Becaus regiment of United States soldiers are on t hill overlooking the city, and with iron rake destruction may rake that city if it attempts repeat such atrocity. It is not because Morm ism is more merciful, but because it has not t courage.

I charge Mormonism with being a great bl phemy. Brigham Young, in one of his sermo declared that Christ Himself was a practi polygamist, that Mary and Martha were plural wives, that Mary Magdalene was anoth and he said in the same sermon that the bri feast in Cana of Galilee, where Christ tur water into wine, was the occasion of one of own marriages! The whole tendency of the s tem toward blasphemy. I was told over and o again that Brigham Young, with slight prov tion, would swear like a fishwoman at Billin gate!

I charge upon Mormonism that it is *a dis alty* to the United States Government. Th is an oath taken in the Endowment House Salt Lake City which subverts all other oa Perjury is no crime when enacted in behal Mormonism. Mormonism hates the Gov ment of the United States with a perfect hat Fourth of July occasions and all patriotic dem strations are utter abhorrence to the Morm and the Gentile celebrators of the Fourth July suffer every indignity. Mormonism wo like to have the United States Government ish to-day.

I charge upon Mormonism that it is *an org ized filth,* built on polygamy. There is a ma Salt Lake City who has three wives, and t are the *mother, the grandmother, and the gr daughter.* I observed that there were additi built on the houses, and it was explained to that when a new wife is taken, then the hou enlarged, forgetting the fact that no house ever large enough to hold two women mar to the same man!

Think of a system which applauds a man such things. Think of a system which tea that the more wives a man lives with at the s time on earth, the higher his honor in hea Think of a system which commends a man living in marriage at the same time with t sisters. Think of a system which wrecks happiness of every woman that touches it; f do not care what they say, God never m woman who can cheerfully divide her husband's ove with another. Every honest woman knows, very honest wife knows she has a right to the ntire throne of her husband's affection. They nay smile to keep up appearances, but they ave an agony of death; and *the most pitiable hing in all the earth* is an aged woman in Mor onism.

The aged woman in other parts of the land e bow before: we take off our hat to her, we do er reverence. The softest chair in the house is randmother's chair. She is the queen on hristmas and Thanksgiving Day. The older e gets, and the more wrinkles on her face, and e more stooped her shoulder, the more we ink of her; and when God takes her away to e eternal rest, it seems as if three fourths of e house were torn down. But a woman get ng aged in Mormonism, she is shoved back, d is paid less and less attention, and is of ss and less account. Why? Another has ken the throne, and after a while she will be throned, and another will come up, and other.

I tell you, Mormonism is one great surge of entiousness; it is

THE SERAGLIO OF THE REPUBLIC;

is the concentred corruption of this land; is the brothel of the nation; it is hell enthron . This miserable corpse of Mormonism has en rotting in the sun, and rotting and rotting d rotting for forty years, and the United ates Government has not had the courage to ry it.

oreover, it is all the time gaining in influ e. Mormonism once meant Utah; now to a tain extent it means Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, oming, New Mexico. Wider and wider and ler, and greater and greater and greater. It oing forth to debauch this nation. You have idea of the influence it is having in Ameri politics, or what it has already done at shington. Mormonism receives one million lars every year through the tithing system, has plenty of money with which to affect onal legislation.

he subject was brought before Congress, and matter was referred to a committee, and of the members of the committee said in de on, "What do you make all this fuss about ygamy for? Those Mormons out there make eligion of having four or five wives, while e of us members of Congress practice the in ty without any religion." A stout effort is g made to introduce Utah as a State of the on, and if it be accomplished, the United es Government puts its broad seal of appro on upon this stupendous indecency.

Now," you say,

"WHAT IS BEST TO BE DONE?"

cute the law against polygamy. What right the law to punish a man for bigamy, if one this side of Utah he have two wives, when foot the other side the law lets him have ty? What right has the law to smite lib ism in other parts of this country, when e it licenses it?

What!" say you, "would you interfere with n's religion?" Oh, no! If these Mormons to believe that Joseph Smith was God; or Brigham Young is the second person of the ity, the law has no right to interfere with ; but Mormonism not only antagonizes stianity, it antagonizes good morals, and nfidel and the Christian stand side by side nouncing Mormonism as a foe to free insti ns. Then, I say, away with it! Moral asion first, if possible; but moral per on, I tell you, will not accomplish it. They declared over and over again they will eir city go down under the bombshell be they will surrender polygamy; and I tell hat *Mormonism will never be destroyed* until destroyed by the guns of the United States rnment.

would not be war. I hate war. It would *tional police duty* executing the law against amy. Why did they not let General John 1857, with his 2500 troops sent out under the order of President Buchanan, march right on until they did their work? President Buchanan never was charged with excessive courage, but he sent out Governor Powell, of Kentucky, and Major McCullough, of Tennessee, to offer pardon to all the Mormons who would put down their arms, and there has not been a President of the United States with enough moral courage since to clean out that national stable.

We all go to look at it. President Grant went to look at it. Schurz, the Secretary, went to look at it. Secretary Thompson went to look at it. President Hayes went to look at it. Everybody goes to look at it. We cross the continent, and it is one of the arts of Mormonism to be very gracious to public men. The Mormons struggle as to who shall have the privilege of entertainment. I never addressed a more genial audience in my life than last August, in the Mormon Opera House, a great many Mormons present. They bow you into the city and they bow you out of the city, and none of us dare touch them. We all want to be Congressmen, or President of the United States, or Minister to England, and if we oppose Mormonism it will oppose our political interests. And so, if I were an aspirant for any political office, this sermon might, perhaps, be very impolitic.

If there be any truth in transmigration of souls, I hope that the soul of Andrew Jackson will get into the body of some of our Presidents, and make proclamation that within thirty days all these Mormons must decide upon one wife or go to jail, or quit the country.

Arbitration, by all means, but if that will not do, then peaceful proclamation. If that will not do, then howitzer and bombshell and bullets and cannon-ball. If a gang of thieves should squat on a territory and make thievery a religion, how long would the United States Government stand that? Yet a community founded on theft would not be so bad as a community founded on the grave of desolated, destroyed, embruited womanhood.

I call the attention of the American Congress to this evil. The hour has come. Let some Senator of the United States at the next meeting of Congress, or some member of the House of Representatives, with eloquent tongue and persistent purpose, and good morals of his own, lift

THE ANTI-MORMON STANDARD,

and then unroll the tragedy and outrages of that appalling system before the Government and before the people, and that man will gather around him all the sympathies of all the families and all the churches, and all the reformers and all the high-toned men and women of America.

Come, now, instead of exhuming the wrapped-up and entombed mummy of negro slavery, and tossing it about in these Presidential elections, have *one live question*—Mormonism, the white slavery of to-day—and have it decided at the ballot-box whether that institution shall go forth with its pestiferous influence, or whether under the law of our civilization and the stroke of the law it shall perish.

Now, as I have empanelled you as a jury to sit in trial of this giant of lust and disloyalty, and the evidence has been presented before you, are you ready for the verdict before you leave the jury-box? Guilty, or not guilty? "Guilty," says one. "Guilty," say all. Then

WHAT SHALL THE SENTENCE BE?

It must not be a small incarceration, it must not be a slight censure. While we have only pity for the victims of this abomination, and we pray God He will speedily deliver them, for this institution of Mormonism, as such, only extinction and death. But where shall the execution and when shall the execution take place? What scaffolding will be strong enough to hold such a monster of iniquity. One end of the scaffolding must be planted on the Rocky Mountains, and the other on the Sierra Nevadas.

But what Friday of what gloomy week, of what gloomy month of what gloomy year would be gloomy enough for the execution of this beastly outlaw? What grave deep enough for this stout, thousand-armed, thousand-footed, thousand-headed, thousand-horned, thousand-fanged corpse? What epitaph for that grave, unless it be this: "Here lies Mormonism, the outlaw, the libertine, and the murderer, the hero of Mountain Meadow massacre. Born February 22d, 1827, died 1882 at the hand of the law and under the indignation of the Almighty"? "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom brimstone and fire from the Lord of heaven."

Oh, good people of the United States, whether I address you face to face, or through the printing-press which every Monday morning in most of our cities gives me an audience—for which I am very thankful—whatever way I reach your ear or your eye, I have to tell you that unless we destroy Mormonism, Mormonism will destroy us. If God be good and pure and just, He will not let this nation go unwhipped much longer if we allow that iniquity to go unchallenged.

Every day as a nation we consent to Mormonism we are defying the hail and the lightning and the tempest, and the drought and the mildew, and the epidemic and the plague, and the hurricane, and the earthquake of an incensed God. My plea this morning is in behalf of fifteen thousand Gentiles who in Utah are suffering persecution for their principle, or speechless because they do not want their commercial interests sacrificed. I plead for thousands of foreigners who, deceived and betrayed from their own country, have been introduced into Mormonism, and thousands of miles away from their native country can make no resistance, but must live and die in dumb despair.

I PLEAD FOR WOMANHOOD IN UTAH

—womanhood under foot, womanhood in the sewer, womanhood crushed until it cannot weep, womanhood looking out of the barred windows of a perdition of anguish toward what seems an unpitiying heaven, crying, "O Lord, how long, O Lord!" womanhood in the pandemonium of a polygamous home; womanhood with garlands of hope and affection and honor torn with the swine's snout of incestuous abomination; womanhood that, if it had a chance, or had a chance in the past, would have been as pure and good as that which presides at your table to-day, or which long ago bent in benediction over your peaceful cradle, before you began the struggle with the world.

O men with wives, and daughters, and mothers! O brothers with sisters! do not your ears tingle, and does not your blood run cold at this story of Mormonism? And are you not determined, at the ballot-box, and with pen and tongue, and in every possible way, to war against it? O you wives, who will to-night kneel before God, thanking Him for the home in which you are the undisputed queen! O mothers with daughters coming up honored and defended, no rough hand to touch them from cradle to grave, will you not in your prayers to-day sympathize with your sisters who are dying the slow death of Mormonism?

O ye aged couples! who have been in each other's company for thirty or forty or fifty years, climbing the hill of life together, and now going down on the other side the hill in the light of the setting sun, but all the way up and all the way down supreme in each other's affection—united in holy marriage so long ago that all the witnesses but God are dead; your sympathies strengthened by the birth hour, when one life was spared and another added, and by the grave over which both your hearts broke at once; her face, with all the wrinkles, more attractive now to you than when rosy with youth, because it is written all over with precious memories; side by side so long, so long, so long, that when God takes one of you He will soon take the other—O ye aged couple! remember this day in prayer before God those to whom old age brings neglect and dethronement of affection. And may the God who setteth the solitary in families, bless all our homes. The best cornerstone for the Republic is the hearthstone. May God keep it inviolate! "Amen!"

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(*Continued from page* 615.)

A Startling Announcement—"A Forsaken Wife"—Warning Words—A Clandestine Marriage—A Welcome Waiting the Wanderer—Shall the Secret be Told?

"Cecil Anerley," Salome said at last, in a low, troubled voice, "*you* must choose. Shall I tell you? Shall I make you hate me? Shall I burden you with a knowledge of the sins of others? Shall I put you into the difficult position of being my councillor? Can you, can any man, bear to have his love refused and yet still generously give his friendship?"

"But why refuse my love?" he asked.

She paused, pulled something from under her cloak, drew off her left glove, and slipped a plain gold shining circlet on the third finger of her left hand.

"Cecil Anerley," she said, and her voice grew harder and colder, "I am entitled to wear this. Can you ever forgive me for my deception?"

"But—but—" stammered the young man, aghast, "but surely, Salome—I don't understand—I can't—are you a widow?"

"No, worse; a neglected and forsaken wife. Neglected, forsaken for drink and the gayeties of this terrible city."

"But why—" began Cecil, and paused, fearful to hurt her feelings, and conscious of such a stunning blow upon his own future that, morally and spiritually, he had not yet risen from the ground on which it had laid him, stunned, bruised, bleeding, blind.

"You hate me—you condemn me!" said Salome sadly.

"I think you have acted very wrongly," he said, remembering at that moment only his own bitter disappointment. "You ought to have known that you would make a fool of some one or other."

"I don't want to contradict you, Cecil," she said, "but until I began to be afraid you cared for me, I really never contemplated anything of the kind. At first when this fear entered I said to myself, 'If I treat him frankly as a sister he will soon cease to care for me.' When I found it was not so I grew alarmed. I dared not listen to the outpouring of your love without telling you; I dared not tell you. Oh, do forgive me, Cecil Anerley!"

"Then you are not called Stanley?" said Cecil.

"Yes, he is my cousin. It made it easier in many ways for me that my name had not been changed."

"Where is he?"

"I expect in London; but I have no idea certainly."

"Does he hold no communication whatever with you?"

"None. I suppose he is too gay, too happy in his own mad way to remember me."

"And do you love him, Salome?"

She answered him by another question. "Do you think I would have married without love?"

"Still, such conduct as his, such horrid neglect of you, *must* make a difference. You can't love him as if he had really loved you."

"Perhaps not; but I have blamed myself in this thing, for indeed I deserved it. My father was very much of a recluse after the death of my dear brother. I think you have heard this from Mr. Ferguson."

"Yes; and that he shut you up without society. Poor Salome!" said Cecil, "it was no wonder you made a mistake."

"I was sadly disobedient," she answered; "please do not blame my father for my sins. When cousin Orlando came to us on a visit, I was pleased with his admiration of me and his frank easy ways, so different to all that I had known before. He made the house quite another place as long as he remained in it. Yet almost every night my father warned me that he was wild and dissipated, and too busily engaged sowing his wild oats to have any real regard for a quiet, retiring girl like myself. 'Don't believe him, Salome, if he says anything to you about loving you or anything of that sort,' my father would say. 'I dare say he has told just the same story to a number of others by this time. I would not trust my child's happiness to such a man for the world.'

"I thought my father cruel and harsh, and even confessed to my cousin that he had been somewhat strange since my brother's death, and miserly in his habits, as he had never been before. Orlando Stanley gained by degrees almost unbounded influence over me. When my father grew suspicious of this he declared he came to me for the sake of my fortune, and positively forbid him to enter the house again. I was very, very unhappy, and used to rise early, almost in the night, for stolen interviews with my cousin.

"One day, not many months before my father died, he persuaded me to go with him early in the morning to a church to be married. I told him I could not wear a wedding-ring in my father's presence. He said he would both put it on and take it off again until happier times—alas! happier times have never come. He said I must wear it round my neck and hide it in my bosom until he would claim me, and be proud for me to wear it before all the world for his sake. You see it was not easy for me to put it on when he had taken it off, and never came to fulfil his promise," said Salome sadly.

"But when your father died why did he not do as he had said?" asked Cecil indignantly.

Salome shook her head.

"He must be dead," suggested Cecil, with a glad throb of joy at his young heart when it caught at this hope.

"No," she replied; "I might have thought so, but I have seen his name a year or two since in the police court news."

Cecil groaned.

"But your money, Salome," he said presently. "How remarkable that he has never come to you for means if he is so dissipated."

"I think my fortune was not so great as he imagined, and it is also very carefully locked up in the hands of trustees, who are clever, shrewd, business men, under whose control it remains for their lives. I believe they think it was part of my father's eccentricity to tie it up so firmly, but *I* understand his motives, and have learned to thank him."

"Has the fellow any means of learning where you are?"

"He knows—at least I conclude he knows—the contents of my father's will, and that at any time he could ascertain from my trustees where I live."

"Do not your trustees know of your marriage?"

"Oh, no. There being no change of name I could truthfully sign myself Salome Stanley, and they never guessed it."

"It is a dreary story," said Cecil. "And what do you think will be the end of it?"

She burst into tears, and Cecil, who had been hardening his heart against her as much as possible, and whose straightforward nature made him feel really somewhat ashamed of her by her confessions of deception, now found all his harshness melt away at once like snow in sunshine. He pressed the little hand on his arm, and said, generously and kindly, "You know I am to be your brother, Salome."

"Oh, Cecil!" she said presently, as soon as her sobs would let her speak. "Good, generous friend; if you will counsel me as a brother, if you will shield me as a brother, I shall never be able to thank you enough. Sometimes," she added softly, "I think the wanderer will come back to be forgiven. There is always forgiveness waiting for him in my heart, Cecil."

There was a long pause.

"And what must I do?" she asked then humbly. "Would you rather I left Eglinton Terrace?"

"Certainly not," came the answer decidedly; "you are safest there, Salome."

"And you will keep my secret, Cecil?"

"Do you think it had better be a secret still?"

"Indeed I do. I cannot tell it to any on else."

"I do not think that right, Salome."

"It may be cowardly, but I cannot, oh, I car not tell any one else."

"Will you let me tell them for you? Yo would feel happier if you were true to yoursel and assumed your real title and put on your wec ding-ring."

She shrank from him. "I *cannot*, Cecil."

"Surely, Salome, you are less brave than thought you if you *cannot*," he said. "It r quires less courage to tell my mother and th girls and Mr. Ferguson your real history than t bear the burden you have borne alone for year I can't tell how you have endured that."

"But if your mother knows it will put her an awkward and painful position respecting n with all our friends."

Cecil could not help admitting that h mother's position with her friends would l compromised, as Salome suggested. A hundr difficulties arose to his mind that he had n thought of before; yet he felt that he had a vised Salome rightly. Truth was better th the most innocent deception.

"I will not press you, Salome," he said, kin ly and gently, "but I shall be glad when y yourself see it to be your duty not to sail und false colors."

The entrance of Cecil and Salome together w considered ominous by both Mrs. Anerley a Emmie. Salome Stanley, however, went to h rooms at once without entering the parlor, a Cecil came slowly into it.

"Salome won't have tea with us to-nig mother," he said; "she has a bad headache, a I shall be glad if Emmie will be so good as take her a cup of tea, and then she will go bed."

Something in his tone surprised Mrs. Anerl There was a firm determination in it har natural to the young man, and certainly the v furthest removed from the triumphant, joy voice of a newly-accepted lover.

When Emmie left the room with the cup tea, Mrs. Anerley said in an aggrieved tone her son, "When I heard you come in, Ce with Salome to-night I thought you would ha given me a new daughter." She looked up him and noticed how exceedingly pale looked. "Has she refused you?"

"Yes."

"What a heartless creature!" began M Anerley indignantly; "I wouldn't have lieved it of Salome Stanley." Poor Mrs. An ley found it as impossible as every other fo mother does to forgive the lady who has refu her son. "It must be an act of *malice p pense.*"

"She could do no other, mother; her hear engaged."

"Then why did she not say so? How stra never to tell us any thing of the kind! Ther something about her I never liked. I alw said there was too much mystery a great deal a young woman; and I *am* sorry, my son, w might have had almost any other young won he liked, should have been so foolish as to th himself away upon her."

"But," thought Cecil, rather bitterly to h self, "your son did *not* like any other you woman, so what was he to do?"

"Mother, I can't hear you talk in this wa he said aloud gravely. "Salome Stanley i noble-hearted woman, whom I am proud to h loved. She has never given me the smallest couragement to suppose she loved me, and there *is* any blame I alone am to blame. I m beg that you do not talk to her on the subje nothing would annoy me more."

"Well, of course I shan't be much temp She will, no doubt, be enough of a lady change her residence; if not, I shall give notice."

"Mother, I have begged her to remain. retain each other's friendship, and you will l much if you give it up."

"Cecil, you are beside yourself!" cried Mrs. Anerley.

Cecil Anerley took no notice of this remark, ave that he came nearer his mother's chair and ut one hand upon the back of it as he stooped ver her and said, "Her history is a very sad ne, mother, and while she likes to stay with us shall be well pleased for her to do so. If you urn her out, it will be with neither my wish nor onsent."

Cecil spoke with a gravity and authority his ather had occasionally used, and which Mrs. nerley had never called in question.

"It is a very strange thing in you, Cecil," she aid, "but I suppose I must humor you."

(To be continued.)

THE THREE FROG SPIRITS.

2. Socialism; and 3. Popish and Mohammedan Fanaticism.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(Continued from page 615.)

he Outbreak in France—The Coup d'Etat in 1851—Alison on the Revolution—The Spirit in Other Lands.—The Third Spirit—The Two-horned Wild Beast—The Romish Church in Prophecy—Her Predicted Alliance with Mohammedanism—Roman Catholic Support of Napoleon—The Future Ultramontane Crusade.

We have already treated the action of the RST SPIRIT of Anti-Christian Infidelity and iritualism since 1848.

THE SECOND SPIRIT

Revolutionary Socialism from the ten-horned *ld beast*, or political Roman Empire, likewise nt forth with clamorous croaking and fresh ergy among the nations in 1848, that unparal- ed epoch of political revolutions. France, er enjoying many years of quietude, as a mon- hy under King Louis Philippe, suddenly oke out into revolution, proclaiming liberty, uality, and fraternity, and became a Republic. uis Philippe fled to England. A revolution o broke out in Prussia and Austria, and was prehended even in London, so 170,000 special nstables were sworn in, and the military were pt under arms, in the eventful month of April, 8, when Feargus O'Connor headed a great artist procession to the House of Commons. ace, however, was providentially preserved in gland.

n that year the Napoleon Dynasty, which is seventh headship of the seven-headed wild st, or Roman Empire, began to revive from "deadly wound by the sword" received at terloo in 1815, for Louis Napoleon, who had n an exile in England, returned to France, was elected, on June 8th, 1848, a deputy in French National Assembly, and on Decem- 30th President of the French Republic for ee years. He dissolved the National Assem- in 1851, and on December 4th accomplished *up d'etat*, and on December 24th he obtained en million votes (partly by the help of the holic priests), electing him President for ten rs. Then, on December 2d, 1852, he was ted Emperor of France; and thus the Napo- Dynasty began to be healed of its Waterloo nds, although it has not yet regained all the ninion possessed by Napoleon I.*

lison, the historian, says of the revolutions 848:

Paris, as in every age, was the centre of im- sion to the whole civilized world; and dis- ous beyond all precedent, or what even could e been conceived, were the effects of this revolution in Paris on the whole Continent; a very long period must elapse before they obviated. The spectacle of the French ernment, esteemed one of the strongest in Europe, and a dynasty which promised to be of lasting duration, overturned almost without resistance by an urban tumult, roused the revolutionary party everywhere to a perfect pitch of frenzy. A universal liberation from government, and restraint of any kind, was expected, and for a time obtained, by the people in the principal Continental States, when a Republic was again proclaimed in France; and the people, strong in their newly-acquired rights of universal suffrage, were seen electing a National Assembly, to whom the destinies of the country were to be intrusted. The effect was instantaneous and universal; the shock of the moral earthquake was felt in every part of Europe."

The same revolutionary spirit has been actively at work ever since 1848, and has produced the long-continued rebellion in China, the Sepoy Mutiny in India in 1857, the Druse massacres in Syria, the Garibaldian uprisings in Italy in 1858, and the tremendous Civil War of 1861 4 in the United States, as well as the political convulsions in Mexico and South America. Its energetic development is especially manifest in Communism in France, Socialism in Germany, Nihilism in Russia, Fenianism in Ireland, and European Internationalism—a sort of Red Republican association of working men. The frequently recurring strikes among workmen are also often a manifestation of the same spirit.

THE THIRD SPIRIT

of *Popish and Mohammedan* crusading propagandist fanatical *superstition* proceeds from the *False Prophet*, which, according to Rev. 13: 11-17; 19:20, is evidently a synonym for the *two-horned wild beasts*, representing the *ecclesiastical* power of the Roman Empire, just as its *political* power is denoted by the ten-horned wild beast. These two wild beasts, in Revelation 13, are not yet completely developed, although the component parts of the corporate body of each of them already exist.

The *ten-horned* wild beast will be a political confederacy of *ten* federally united *kingdoms*, into which the whole extent of Cæsar's Roman Empire, now existing in the form of nearly twenty separate kingdoms or states, will then be organized. The *two-horned* wild beast will be an ecclesiastical confederacy of the *two* spiritual *kingdoms* of the Papacy and Mahommedanism, which will be eventually united under one supreme pontiff, without losing their individual distinctness, just as the ten kingdoms under ten kings will preserve their distinct individuality, although federally united under one supreme emperor.

As the ten horns will be the ten *political kingdoms* of Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, so the two horns will be the two *eccleiastical kingdoms* of the Papacy and Mohammedanism, which, on the whole, are the prevailing religions in these countries.* The State Church of England, as well as the Greek Church in Greece, were originally incorporated with the Church of Rome, and will be so again at the final crisis of 3½ years.

The scarlet woman, in Revelation 17: 9, sitting upon the seven hills, admittedly signifies the Church of Rome, and is there depicted at the future period of her final judgment (verse 1) as the "mother of harlots and abominations (*i.e.* false religions) of the earth," for she will then have received into her bosom, and amalgamated with herself, Mohammedanism, the GreekChurch Buddhism, Spiritualism, etc. It is only thus that she can be described as seated upon "peoples and multitudes and nations and tongues," language which certainly denotes *universal* dominion far beyond what the Church of Rome possesses at present.

She is likewise depicted as then sitting triumphantly as its ecclesiastical mistress upon the ten-horned wild beast—that is to say, upon the ten confederated nations which we have just enumerated, and, in the intoxication of her marvellous success, waving deliriously a cup, exclaiming, "I sit a queen" (Revelation 18: 7). Hence it is clear that, as the Church of Rome will then be seated as ecclesiastical mistress and State Church over the Mahommedan countries of Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, as well as over the rest of the ten kingdoms, she must therefore have formed

AN ECCLESIASTICAL CONFEDERACY

between herself and Mohammedanism. And this is fully confirmed by the emblem of the two-horned wild beast, representing this Papal-Mohammedan hierarchy at a later stage, after the scarlet woman shall have been dismounted and despoiled by the ten kings, and stripped of her wealth and temporalities (Revelation 17: 16).

Hence a strife-producing evil spirit going forth from the False Prophet, or two-horned wild beast, denotes a spirit of *crusading fanaticism and propagandism* from the Papacy and Mohammedanism. Now it is singular that the year 1848 was the marked epoch of the outburst, not only of the first and second spirits of *Spiritualism* and *Revolutionary Democracy*, but also of this third spirit of *Jesuitical crusading intrigue* and conspiracy, for the Jesuit Ultramontanes were openly asserted to have fomented the revolution in France in 1848, which so suddenly overthrew Louis Philippe's monarchy.

The Roman Catholic *Weekly Register* says: "During Louis Philippe's reign the Catholic Church in France was in absolute bondage. The bishops were constantly snubbed, the cathedrals and churches were suffered to go to decay, and the utmost indulgence was given and the warmest friendship shown to the violent literary revilers of the church and enemies of religion. Louis Philippe invaded the Pontifical States and seized Ancona, in order to oppose the Austrians, who had entered Italy at the Pope's desire to suppress a Carbonaro insurrection."

The Jesuits perceived that King Louis Philippe would never promote their interests, and so they encouraged the revolutionary movement of 1848, which overthrew him, and then they are asserted to have powerfully aided in securing the election of Prince Louis Napoleon as Republican President of France in December, 1848, in return for his promise to further their ends and aims. The Catholic priests led their flocks like sheep to the poll to vote for Louis Napoleon. The result of this was seen in Louis Napoleon sending French troops in 1849 to suppress the Republican revolution in Rome, which had caused the Pope's flight from that city, and ever afterward upholding and protecting the Pope in Rome by French bayonets.

One great manifestation of the Ultramontane crusading spirit we may look for in the future in the predestined war of France against Protestant Prussia, by which France must regain the Rhine frontier of ancient Gaul, and therefore must conquer and annex to its territory Luxembourg, part of Holland, Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, Switzerland, and also Baden, Wurtembourg, and part of Bavaria, unless the three latter are added to Austria. Reverses and defeats in any quarter will only intensify the desperate energy of Ultramontanism, and make it ally itself with Communists, Socialists, or any party that will promote its ambitious schemes.

As regards the spirit of *Mohammedan crusading* fanaticism, it went forth powerfully in India in 1857, stirring up the formidable Sepoy Mutiny, and assuredly it will go forth again in bringing to pass the predicted legislative separation of India from England; and during the expiring throes of the Turco-Mohammedan Empire the Sherif of Mecca will doubtless proclaim a jehad, or so-called *holy war*, against Giaour heretics, just as Ultramontanism will proclaim a holy war against Protestants.

Prince Jerome Napoleon, who was pointed out in 354, by the Rev. R. A. Purdon, as likely to be- e the final Napoleonic Antichrist, and who will e 70 years old until 1893, has now become head of Napoleon Dynasty. Strong probabilities attach m, for he has formerly been accounted a reviled, vile person," and he is of fierce countenance, an infidel and great democrat (Daniel 8: 23; 11: 7; Revelation 17: 3).

* Moreover, in the year-day fulfilment of Daniel, the two little horns in chapters 7 and 8 undoubtedly represent, respectively, the Papacy in the Western Roman Empire, and Mohammedanism in the Eastern Roman Empire, and in Revelations 13 we find those two little horns combined on the two-horned wild beast. In the future literal day fulfilment those two little horns represent the final Napoleanic Antichrist in his career, respectively, in the Western and Eastern Roman Empire.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1880, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Imposing Demonstration of the Democratic party of New York took place September 23d. Many thousands of citizens, with deputations from other cities of the State, marched in procession through the streets of the city. The procession was over five miles in length, and the glare of the torches, the brilliance of the calcium lights, and the display of bunting and transparencies, combined to render the display one of the most notable the city has seen for over twenty years. Ten stands were erected at different points on the route, from which prominent speakers of the Democratic party addressed enthusiastic crowds, and there were also meetings in Tammany and Irving Halls, which were filled to overflowing.

The ordinary enthusiasm attending a Presidential contest was no doubt increased by the intelligence circulated earlier in the day that the prospects of harmony in the party were brighter than they had been. Late events have demonstrated that a Democratic victory in New York is only possible when the party is united, but though victory was earnestly desired, the opinion was general that the chasm between Tammany Hall and the regular Democracy was too wide to be spanned. The rank and file on both sides were disposed to mutual concessions, but considerable apprehension was felt lest the jealousy of the leaders might thwart the wish of their followers. To the relief of the latter, however, it was announced on Thursday that a basis of agreement had been settled, and that Tammany Hall would have equal representation at the forthcoming convention at Saratoga.

The Most Important Speeches at the Demonstration on Thursday were those of Senator Bayard of Delaware, and Congressman B. McLane of Maryland. In both cases an indignant protest was made against the sectional issue raised by the Republican party, and Mr. McLane said, with considerable warmth, that the phrase "the solid South," so often used in the campaign, conveyed a false impression, and he assured his hearers that the South was not solid in antagonism either to the North or to the Union or to the Constitution. Senator Bayard dealt principally with the financial question, and was apparently anxious to allay the apprehensions aroused among business men by the alliance between Democrats and Greenbackers in Maine. On the question of revenue and taxation Mr. McLane advanced the claims of his party on public confidence. He said: "Whatever differences of opinion may appear among individuals of the Democratic party, the party itself is bent on revenue and fiscal reform—reform in the revenue which, while it maintains the public credit and constitutional money, will reduce expenditures to a standard that must insure relief from taxation, and which will, while it secures prosperity to our general industries, restore to American shipping, through a modification of the navigation laws, the great carrying trade of the country."

The Hon. John Sherman, the Secretary of the Treasury, made an energetic defence of the financial record of the Administration on September 25th, at a Republican meeting at Hyattsville, Md. Mr. Sherman sketched the history of the resumption movement from its first initiation down to the present time. Making special reference to the speech of Senator Bayard, he contended that the policy of resumption was the work of the Republican party, and that at every step of its progress toward realization it had met with persistent and determined opposition from the Democratic party, an opposition which, but for the resolute attitude of General Grant and the Republicans on the question, might have postponed specie payments for some years. He claimed that the present prosperous condition of the country was largely due to the successful financial administration of the Republican party.

Prayer for Sunday-school.—The International Sunday School Executive Committee, with other committees at home and abroad, have united in recommending that Sunday and Monday, October 17th and 18th, be observed as days of earnest prayer for Sunday-schools.

The executive committee makes the following recommendations: That on Lord's Day morning, October 17th, from seven to eight o'clock, private intercessory prayer be offered on behalf of Sunday-schools. That the opening engagements of the morning school be preceded by a meeting of the teachers for prayer. That ministers be asked to preach, morning or evening, or both, on topics connected with Sunday-school work. That in the afternoon a devotional service be held, to which the parents of the scholars be invited, and at the close of the evening service, the teachers, in union with other Christians, meet for thanksgiving and prayer. That on Monday morning, October 18th, teachers again bring their scholars, one by one, in private prayer before God. That in the evening each church or congregation be invited to hold a meeting, at which the interests of the Sunday-school should form the theme of the prayers and addresses.

The American Expedition, led by Lieutenant Schwatka, which sailed from New York for the Arctic seas on June 19th, 1878, to search for relics of the lost explorer, Sir John Franklin and his party, has returned. The expedition was prompted by rumors that travellers in the north had found a silver spoon marked with Franklin's initials, and other articles which had belonged to the brave explorers who more than thirty-five years ago set sail on the voyage of discovery from which they never came back. It was also reported that books and papers were still in existence which might throw light on the fate of the party and contain records of the discoveries they might have made, and the expedition it was hoped would discover these.

The thrilling narrative of a long sleigh-ride over the ice, furnished by the newspaper correspondent who accompanied the expedition, is full of melancholy interest. It leads to the sad conclusion that the fate of the Franklin party was inexpressibly painful. Natives were discovered who had seen the little company of white men, and remembered it distinctly. One of them said that he only once before saw whit men alive. That was when he was a little bo There were ten men. The next white man h saw was *dead in a bunk of a big ship* which wa frozen in the ice near an island. They had t walk out about three miles on smooth ice t reach the ship. When his people saw the ship s long without any one around, they used to go o board and steal pieces of wood and iron. Th did not know how to get inside by the doors an cut a hole in the side of the ship on a level wi the ice, so that when the ice broke up during th following summer the ship filled and sun They found plenty of knives, forks, spoons, pan cups, and plates on board, and afterward four a few such things on shore after the vessel ha gone down. They also saw books on board, an *left them there.*

Another native remembered seeing the whi men dragging a sledge across the ice. She sai "Some of the white men were very thin, a *their mouths were dry and hard* and black. Th had no fur clothing on. The following sprin when there was little snow on the ground, s saw a tent standing on the shore at the head Terror Bay. There were dead bodies in the te and outside were some covered over with san There was no flesh on them—nothing but t bones and clothes."

Subsequently the expedition discovered opened grave in which were the bones of Li tenant Irving, of the Franklin party. Th were identified by a prize medal of the Briti Naval College bearing his name. No books records were discovered, and the accounts of t natives show that they are lost.

The First Anniversary of the Commenceme of the Salvation Army's work in America will held on October 6th and 7th at Philadelph Pa. The proceedings will commence with open-air demonstration, a tea-meeting and g eral rally on the 6th, to be followed by watch-night service from 10:30 P.M. to 12:30 A for prayer and praise. On the 7th there will a march from the first open-air stand used "the old Factory," and thence to the pres hall of the First Pennsylvania, where thanksg ing services will be held. Mr. Railton has issu a pressing invitation to Christians of all deno inations to attend and "see the work going and judge for themselves." He adds, "O the extreme want of funds now prevents our ing able to go forward with great rapidity."

The New English Colony in Tennessee, which its founder, Mr. Thomas Hughes, given the name of Rugby, is being rapidly r dered fit for the residence of the class for wh it is designed. A writer in the *Nashv American*, describing the land selected, sa "The gardener and forester for the compa late in the spring of this year, had assigned him a small old-field that had furnished years long past a scanty subsistence to so hardy mountaineer. After making a thoro survey of the garden, which covers some acres or more, I do not hesitate to say that i in every particular the equal of any garde have seen in the State." Mr. Hughes asked Bishop Jaggar to dedicate the chu which is to be *one of the first public build* erected by the colony.

A Ghastly Discovery was Made at Sea September 18th by the pilot who brought Scythia into port. While cruising about on lookout for the Cunarder, he saw a large obj floating on the water. In approaching it found it was a wrecked schooner turned bott upward. The decomposed body of a man found entangled in the rigging. It is belie that the dead bodies of the crew were in cabin, for in trying to break a hole in the ve to sink her out of the way of passing ships powerfully offensive odor was emitted, so ov powering that the men employed were ma sick, and the attempt was abandoned. T floating charnel-house was a type of what world would have been had not God in h mercy discovered and perfected a way of sal tion for fallen man (Romans 5 : 12).

Dr. Talmage on Marriage.—The following nnouncement was made last Sunday by Dr. Talmage: "Next Sabbath I will speak of the mariage institution as God established it, and as is now assailed, not only by Mormonism but y other systems. I will show what God inended to accomplish through it, and how much s welfare has to do with the welfare of society."

The Money Found in the Pocketbook of the hristian young man whose melancholy death a tunnel was mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN ERALD of August 5th has been sent to the oreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian hurch by his father, the Rev. J. K. Wight. It nounted to twelve dollars, and Mr. Wight, who as formerly a missionary to China, in forwardg it to the Board, wrote: "He had just bein to earn something for himself, and *this was l he had.* We do not feel like using it for any cular purpose, but to pour it out as an offering the Lord."

A Dissipated Judge Converted in Answer to ayer.—A letter sent last week to the Fulton reet Prayer Meeting by a Christian gentleman a Western city says: "I desire to acknowlge the wonderful goodness of God in this. out one year ago I sent a request to your yer meeting, that a confirmed drunkard of s city, a man of talent, and occupying a high licial position, might be reformed and reimed. I am happy to announce that God in s goodness sent sickness upon the judge (soon er my request to you), which brought him to t verge of the grave; but he was also brought t repentance, and he recovered his health, and is now an active, faithful, praying member of a hristian church."

he American Board of Commissioners for eign Missions will this year hold its annual etings at Lowell, Mass. They will commence o Tuesday, October 5th. Among the import subjects to be considered is the new enterpe in Central Africa which is about to be ted. The bequest of a million dollars the rd received two years ago it is proposed to d ote mainly to this work.

Singular Coincidence Occurred Recently at Bdford, Pa., in the deaths of two little girls. T y were aged respectively six and eight years, a had been very fond of each other. They h been both fatally injured by the explosion of kerosene can, and lay each on her death-bed s ounded by her sorrowing relatives. The y nger of them, as death approached, raised h head slightly from the pillow and called to h ittle friend, "Carrie, Carrie, come with me," a then passed away. Carrie, too was dying in h home *several blocks away*, and as the last mom t came, her mother, who was watching the lit sufferer, heard her say, "Wait for me, Jessie I am coming." It was found afterward that th call of the one child and the reply of the ot r were uttered within a few minutes of each ot r. This is one of the striking coincidences, of hich many are recorded. in which, in the mo ent when the physical powers fail, there ap ars to be a quickening of the mental or sp tual powers, and it furnishes a confirmation, if e were needed, of the Scriptural doctrine th the dissolution of the body does not impair th ife of the soul.

Touching Appeal from an Inebriate Mother to judge was read in court on September 17th. Th judge had six weeks previously committed the oman to the Island as an habitual drunkard. In her note to the judge she pleaded for a dis arge. "My little girl," she wrote, "is ver sick at home, and I would be very thankful if y would let me go to her." Inclosed in the san envelope was the following letter, which the oman had received from her son, a lad of thi een years: "Dear Mother: We are sorry fo have you away from us, and we have no one o look after us now. *If my father was* ali mother, you would not drink; but now we are eft alone, without father or mother. But, mo er, I never thought you would drink. Mo er, Mary has been sick ever since you went away. Mrs. McWire washes her and combs her every day, and puts her to bed again, as she is too sick to stay up. The people say that if you would write to the Judge, he might pardon you, as he is a good man. You have been gone six weeks now, and they say he is a good Judge, and that he would let you out on half time. Mother, I hope you will never go back again, and I hope it is the last drop of drink you will ever touch. Now I am out of ink, so good-by, dear mother. Your loving son, Eddy Moran." Such a pathetic picture of the miseries produced by drink is only one out of many revealed daily.

Saved from the Gallows.—A Man Named Nimley was arrested for the murder of one James Millis, who suddenly disappeared under mysterious circumstances some time ago. Suspicion pointed strongly to Nimley, and the circumstantial evidence was so strong that he was found guilty at his trial and condemned to death. As he lay in jail at Somerset, Ind., awaiting execution, news was brought that Millis, who was supposed to have been murdered, had been discovered alive and well in a village in Western Kentucky. As soon as Millis can be brought to Somerset to testify, Nimley will be released. The feeling of thankfulness experienced by the man unjustly condemned may be imagined. But the saved sinner has more abundant cause for thankfulness even than he, for he is saved from eternal death, a punishment he justly deserved (Rom. 6 : 23).

A Thrilling Moment was that, a Party of Excursionists experienced in California recently. They were driving along Clear Creek canyon when they saw a huge boulder weighing several tons commence rolling down the side of the mountain directly toward them. It was impossible to tell what irregularity in its course might alter the direction the rough avalanche might take, but the driver thought it safer to urge on his horses to try to pass ahead of it. But at that critical moment, when the lives of the party seemed to hang on the speed of the horses, the animals saw the danger and backed on their haunches, snorting with terror. So near were the party to death that when the rock reached the path it struck the horses, sweeping them off the road, and twisting the carriage round into the bushes which bordered the path. None were seriously injured, but both horses were killed. The agony of suspense endured in that terrible moment will never be forgotten by any who were there. It reminds us of that awful day when the impenitent will feel such unspeakable terror that even the death these excursionists providentially escaped, will be desired rather than the doom before them (Luke 23: 30).

A Blasphemer's Barn was Destroyed Recently in a remarkable manner. Chaplain McCabe related at the Detroit Methodist Conference a singular incident in connection with an open defiance of the Almighty. He said: "In a Dakota town a follower of Colonel Ingersoll said he would build a barn that '*God Almighty couldn't blow down.*' So he erected a solid structure entirely of stone, but the first cyclone that came along doubled that barn about as a giant would a baby, *not leaving one stone on another.*"

The Desperation and Recklessness to which passion is capable of driving men who have not sought and received the help of God to control their temper, is shown in the account of a fatal quarrel which occurred at Chicago on September 11th. Two men were engaged in unloading a wagon at the Union Dock, when they became involved in a dispute about their work. Angry words were followed by blows, and after fighting for a few minutes they were separated, when each man seized a lighted kerosene lamp and flung at the other. Instantly both men were wrapped in flame, which was extinguished with difficulty. One man died on the spot, and the other was so badly burned that his recovery was hopeless. Thus both have suffered through the wrath which, as Solomon tells us, is cruel, and the anger that is outrageous (Prov. 27 : 4).

THE WATERPOTS AT CANA.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim."—JOHN 2 : 7.

The Kind of Wine Jesus Made—"I Abstain from Alcoholic Drink"—The Gospel Dispensation Commenced with a Miracle of Liberality—The Miracle Simple and Unostentatious—I. The Principles Involved in our Lord's Mode of Procedure—1. When about to Bestow a Blessing He gives a Command—2. His Commands not to be Questioned but Obeyed—3. To be Carried out Zealously—4. Obedience Consistent with Dependence—5. Our Action alone not Sufficient—6. Yet it has its Place—II. How to Carry out the Divine Command—Use the Abilities you have—Learning like Water—Use the Appointed Means—Use them Heartily—Trust in your Lord to do the Work—A Sermon bringing Fruit after Twenty-five Years.

YOU know the narrative. Jesus was at a wedding feast, and when the wine ran short he provided for it right bountifully. I do not think that I should do any good if I were to enter upon the discussion as to what sort of wine our Lord Jesus made on this occasion. It was wine, and I am quite sure it was very good wine, for He would produce nothing but the best. Was it wine such as men understand by that word now? It was wine; but there are very few people in this country who ever see, much less drink, any of that beverage. That which goes under the name of wine is not true wine, but a fiery, brandied concoction of which I feel sure that *Jesus would not have tasted a drop.*

Had our great Exemplar lived under our present circumstances, surrounded by a sea of deadly drink, which is ruining tens of thousands, I know how He would have acted. *I am sure He would not have contributed by word or deed* to the rivers of poisonous beverages in which bodies and souls are now being destroyed wholesale. The kind of wine which He made was such that. if there had been no stronger drink in the world, nobody might have thought it necessary to enter any protest against drinking it. It would have done nobody any hurt, or else Jesus our loving Saviour would not have made it.

Some have raised a question about the great quantity of wine, for I suppose there must have been no less than one hundred and twenty gallons, and probably more. "They did not want all that," says one, "and even of the weakest kind of wine it would be a deal too much." But you are thinking of an ordinary wedding here, are you not, when there are ten or a dozen, or a score or two, met together in a parlor? An Oriental wedding is quite another affair. Even if it be only a village, like Cana of Galilee, everybody comes to eat and drink, and the feast lasts on for a week or a fortnight. Hundreds of people must be fed, for often open house is kept. Nobody is refused, and consequently a great quantity of provision is required.

Besides, they may not have consumed all the wine at once. At any rate, that is not my subject, and *I do not intend getting into hot water* over the question of cold water. *I abstain myself from alcoholic drink in every form,* and I think others would be wise to do the same; but of this each one must be a guide unto himself.

Jesus Christ commenced the Gospel dispensation, not with a miracle of vengeance, like that of Moses, who turned water into blood, but with

A MIRACLE OF LIBERALITY,

turning water into wine. He does not only supply necessaries, but gives luxuries, and this is highly significant of the kingdom of His grace. Here He not only gives sinners enough to save them, but He gives abundantly, grace upon grace.

And He gives like a king, who gives lavishly, without counting the cups and bottles. As to one hundred and twenty gallons, how little is that in comparison with the rivers of love and mercy which He is pleased to bestow freely out of His bountiful heart upon the most needy souls. You may forget all about the wine question, and all about wine, bad, good, or indifferent. *The less we have to do with it the better*, I am quite sure. And now let us think about our Lord's mercy, and let the wine stand as a type of His grace, and the abundance of it as the type of the abundance of His grace which He doth so liberally bestow.

Now, concerning this miracle, it may well be remarked how *simple and unostentatious* it was. One might have expected that when the great Lord of all came here in human form He would commence His miraculous career by summoning the scribes and Pharisees at least, if not the kings and princes of the earth, to see the marks of His calling and the guarantees and warrants of His commission ; gathering them all together to work some miracle before them, as Moses and Aaron did before Pharaoh, that they might be convinced of His Messiahship. He does nothing of the kind. He goes to a simple wedding among poor people, and there in the simplest and most natural way He displays His glory.

When the water is to be turned into wine, when He selects that as the first miracle, He does not call for the master of the feast even, or for the bridegroom himself, or for any of the guests, and begin to say, " You clearly perceive that your wine is all gone. Now, I am about to show you a great marvel, to turn water into wine." No, He does it quietly with the servants : He tells them to fill the waterpots : He uses the baths : He does not ask for any new vessels, but uses what were there, making no fuss or parade. He uses water, too, of which they had abundance, and works the miracle, if I may so speak, in the most commonplace and natural style ; and that is just the style of Jesus Christ.

Now, whenever you try to serve Jesus Christ *do not make a fuss about it*, because He never made any fuss in what He did, even when He was working amazing miracles. If you want to do a good thing, go and do it as naturally as ever you can. Be simple-hearted and simple-minded. Be yourself. Do not be affected in your piety, as if you were going to walk to heaven on stilts : walk on your own feet, and bring religion to your own door and to your own fireside.

Let all these remarks stand as a kind of preface ; for now I want to draw out *the principles which are hidden in my text ;* and then, secondly, when I have displayed those principles, I want to show *how they should be carried out.*

I. " Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water." What are

THE PRINCIPLES INVOLVED

in our Lord's mode of procedure ?

1. First, that, as a rule, *when Christ is about to bestow a blessing He gives a command.* This is a fact which your memories will help you to establish in a moment. It is not always so ; but, as a general rule, a word of command goes before a word of power, or else with it. He is about to give wine, and the process does not consist in saying, " Let wine be," but it begins by a command addressed to men—" Fill the waterpots with water."

Here is a blind man. Christ is about to give him sight. He puts clay on his eyes, and then says, " Go to the pool of Siloam and wash." There is a man with his arm swinging at his side, useless to him. Christ is going to restore it, and He says, " Stretch forth thine hand." Ay, and the principle goes so far that it holds good in cases where it would seem to be quite inapplicable, for if it be a child that is dead He says, " Maid, arise;" or if it be Lazarus, who by this time stinks, being four days buried, yet He cries, " Lazarus, come forth." And thus He bestows a benefit by a command. Gospel benefits come with a Gospel precept.

Do you wonder that this principle which is seen in the miracles is seen in the wonders of His divine grace ? Here is a sinner to be saved. What does Christ say to that sinner ? " Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Can he believe of himself ? Is he not dead in sin ? Brethren, raise no such questions, but learn that Jesus Christ has bidden men believe, and has commissioned His disciples to cry, " Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." " The times of this ignorance God winked at ; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." And He bids us go and preach this word—" Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

But why command them ? It is His will to do so, and that should be enough for you who call yourself His disciple. It was so even in the olden times, when the Lord set forth in vision His way of dealing with a dead nation. There lay the dry bones of the valley, exceeding many, and exceeding dry, and Ezekiel was sent to prophesy to them. What said the prophet ? " O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord." Is that His way of making them alive ? Yes, by a command to hear ; a thing which dry bones cannot do. He issues His command to the dead, the dry, the helpless, and by its power life comes. I pray you, be not disobedient to the Gospel, for faith is a duty, or we should not read of " the obedience of faith." Jesus Christ, when He is about to bless, challenges men's obedience by issuing His *royal orders.*

2. Secondly, *Christ's commands are not to be questioned, but to be obeyed.* The people want wine, and Christ says, " Fill the waterpots with *water.*" Well, now, if these servants had been of the mind of the captious critics of modern times, they would have looked at our Lord a long while, and objected boldly : " We do not want any water ; it is not the feast of purifications ; it is a wedding feast. We do not require water at a wedding. We shall want water when we are going up to the synagogue, or to the temple, that we may purify our hands according to our custom ; but we do not want water just now : the hour, the occasion, and the fitness of things call for *wine.*" *But*

MARY'S ADVICE

to them was sound—" Whatsoever He saith to you, do it." Thus, too, let us neither question nor cavil, but do His bidding straight-away.

It may sometimes seem that Christ's command is not pertinent to the point in hand. The sinner, for instance, says, " Lord, save me : conquer in me my sin." Our Lord cries, " Believe," and the sinner cannot see how believing in Jesus will enable him to get the mastery over a besetting sin. There does not at first sight appear to be any connection between the simple trusting of the Saviour and the conquest of a bad temper, or the getting rid of a bad habit, such as intemperance, passion, covetousness, or falsehood.

There is such a connection, but recollect, whether you can see the connection or not, it is yours " not to reason why, but yours to do what Jesus bids you do ; for it is in the way of the command that the miracle of mercy will be wrought. " Fill the waterpots with water, though what you want is wine. Christ sees a connection between the water and the wine, though you do not.

I know, brethren, that sometimes the path of duty seems as if it could not lead to the desired result. We want to be doing something more ; that something more might be wrong, but it looks as if we could thereby compass our design more easily and directly, and so we hanker after this uncommanded and perhaps forbidden course. And I know that many a troubled conscience thinks that simply to believe in Jesus is too little a thing.

The deceitful heart suggests a course which looks to be more effectual. " Do some penance : feel some bitterness ; weep a certain amount of tears. Goad your mind, or break your heart." So cries carnal self. Jesus simply commands, " Believe." It does appear to be too little a thing to be done, as if it could not be that eternal life should be given upon putting your trust in Jesus Christ : but this is the principle we want to teach you—that when Jesus Christ is about to give a blessing He issues a command which is not to be questioned, but to be at once obeyed. If ye will not believe, neither shall ye be established ; but if ye be willing and obed ent, ye shall eat the good of the land. " Wha soever He saith unto you, do it."

3. The third principle is this—that *whenev we get a command from Christ it is always wi dom to carry it out zealously.* He said, " Fill t waterpots with water," and they filled them *up the brim.* You know there is a way of filling waterpot, and there is another way of filling It is full, and you cannot heap it up ; but st you can fill it up till it begins almost to r over : the liquid trembles as if it must sure fall in a crystal cascade. It is a filling fulnes

In fulfilling Christ's commands, my de brethren and sisters, let us go to their wid extent : let us fill them up to the brim. If it "Believe," oh ! believe Him with all your migh trust Him with your whole heart. If it " Preach the Gospel," preach it in season a out of season ; and preach *the* Gospel—t whole of it. Fill it up to the brim. *Do not g the people a half Gospel.* Give them a bri ming-over Gospel. Fill the vessels up to t very brim.

4. The fourth principle is that *our carn action in obedience to Christ is not contrary to dependence upon Him, but it is necessary to dependence upon Him.* I will show you that a moment. There are some brethren I kn who say, " Hem ! you hold what you call vival services, and you try to arouse men earnest appeals and exciting addresses. Do not see that God will do His own work ? Th efforts are just your trying to take the work of God's hands. The proper way is to trus Him, and do nothing. All right, brother. have your word for it—that you trust in Him do nothing.

I take the liberty not to be so very cert that you do trust Him, for if I remember you are, and I think I have been to your ho you are about the most miserable, despond unbelieving person that I know. You do even know whether you are saved yourself times out of ten. Well now, I think you sh hardly come and cry yourself up for your fa If you had such a wonderfully great faith, t is no doubt whatever that according to y faith it would be unto you. How many been added to your church through your d nothing this year—that blessed church of yo where you exercise this blessed

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS?

How many have been brought in ? " W we do not have very many additions." No, I think you are not likely to have. If yo about the extension of the Redeemer's king by inaction I do not think that you go *the* to work which Jesus Christ approves of.

But we venture to say to you that we wh in for working for Christ with all our heart soul, using any means within our reach to men in to hear the Gospel, feel as much as you do that we cannot do any thing at all matter apart from the Holy Spirit, and we in God, I think, almost as much as you do cause our faith has produced rather more re than yours has done. I should not wonde turns out that your faith without works is being alone, and that our faith having with it has been living faith after all.

Those seem to me to be the believing ser who obey the command, not understandin but expecting that, somehow or other, Christ knows the way to work His own mi By our earnest exertions we are not interf with Him, dear friends ; far from it. W proving our faith in Him if we work for H He bids us work, and trust in Him alone undivided faith.

5. The next principle I must lay equal upon is this : *our action alone is not suffi* That we know, but let me remind you of again. There are these waterpots, troughs, these baths : they are full, and not be fuller. What a spilling of water is ! You see that in their trying to fill the water runs over here and there. Well, all six great baths are full of water. Is ther

ore wine for all that? Not a drop. It is ater that they brought, nothing but water, and remains water still.

Even so, after all that sinners can do, and all at saints can do, there is nothing in any hu- an effort which can avail for the saving of a ul till Christ speaks the word of power. When ul has planted and Apollos watered there is increase till God gives it. Preach the Gos- l, labor with souls, persuade, entreat, exhort; t there is no power in any thing that you do til Jesus Christ displays His divine might. s presence is our power. Blessed be His me, He will come; and if we fill the water- ts with water, He will turn it into wine. He ne can do it, and those servants who show e most alacrity in filling up the waterpots are ong the first to confess that it is He alone o can perform the deed.

5. And now the last principle here is that *al- ugh human action in itself falls short of the ired end, yet it has its place, and God has de it necessary by His appointment.* Why did r Lord have these waterpots filled with water? I do not say that it was necessary that it ould have been done. It was not absolutely essary in itself; but in order that the mir- e might be all open and above board, it was essary; for suppose He had said, "Go to se waterpots and draw out wine," those who ched Him might have said that there was ne there before, and that no miracle was ought. When our Lord had them filled up h water, there remained no room for any wine be hidden away.

oreover, it was necessary, because it was so structive to the servants. Did you notice when I as reading it that the master of the feast, en he tasted the good wine, did not know ere it came from. He could not make it out, he uttered an expression which showed his prise, mingled with his ignorance. But it is tten,

"THE SERVANTS ch drew the water knew."

ow when souls are converted in a church it pens much in the same way with certain of members, who are good people, but they do know much about the conversion of sinners. y do not feel much joy in revivals; in fact, the elder brother, they are rather suspi- s of these wild characters being brought in: consider themselves to be very respectable, they would rather not have the lowest of ple sitting in the pew with them: they feel ward in coming so near them. They know e about what is going on. "But the ser- ts which drew the water knew:" that is to the earnest believers who do the work, and to fill the waterpots, know all about it. s bade them fill the vessels with water on ose that the men who drew the water might w that it was a miracle.

warrant you, if you bring souls to Christ will know His power. It will make you for joy to hear the cry of the penitent, and k the bright flash of delight that passes the new-born believer's face when his sins washed away, and he feels himself renewed. ou want to know Jesus Christ's miraculous er you must go and—not work miracles, but draw the water and fill the waterpots. Do ordinary duties of Christian men and women ings in which there is no power of them- es, but which Jesus Christ makes to be con- ed with His divine working, and it shall be our instruction, and your comfort, that you such work to do. "The servants which the water knew."

. You must have patience with me while I to apply these principles to practical pur- s. Let us see

HOW TO CARRY OUT THIS COMMAND.

ll the waterpots with water."

rst, *use in the service of Christ such abilities u have.* There stood the waterpots, six of n, and Jesus used what He found ready to hand. There was water in the well; our d used that also. Our Lord is accustomed to employ His own people, and such abilities as they have, rather than angels or a novel class of beings created fresh for the purpose. Now, dear brothers and sisters, if you have no golden chalices, *fill your earthen vessels.* If you cannot consider yourselves to be goblets of rarest workmanship in silver, or if you could not liken yourselves to Sèvres ware, it does not matter;

FILL THE VESSELS WHICH YOU HAVE.

Thus, you see, they improved what they had; for the waterpots were empty, but they filled them. There are a good many brethren here from the College, and they are trying to improve their gifts and their abilities. I think you do right, my brethren. But I have heard some people say, "The Lord Jesus does not want your learning." No, it is very likely that He does not, any more than He needed the water: but then He certainly does not want your stupidity and your ignorance, and He does not want your rough, uncultivated ways of speaking.

He did not seek for empty pitchers on this occasion; He would have them full, and the servants did well to fill them. Our Lord to-day does not want empty heads in His ministers, nor empty hearts; so, my brethren, fill your waterpots with water. Work away, and study away, and learn all you can, and fill the waterpots with water. "Oh, somebody will say, "but how are such studies to lead to the conversion of men? Conversion is like wine, and all that these young fellows will learn will be like water."

You are right; but still I bid these students fill the waterpots with water, and expect the Lord Jesus to turn the water into wine. He can sanctify human knowledge so that it shall be useful to the setting forth of the knowledge of Jesus Christ. I hope that the day has gone by when it is so much as dreamed that ignorance and coarseness are helpful to the kingdom of Christ. The great Teacher would have His people know all that they can know, and especially know Himself, and the Scriptures, that they may set Him forth, and proclaim His Gospel. "Fill the waterpots with water.'"

Next, to apply this principle, let us all *use such means of blessing as God appoints.* What are they? First, there is the reading of the Scriptures. "Search the Scriptures." Search them all you can. Try to understand them. "But if I know the Bible, shall I be therefore saved." No, you must know Christ Himself by the Spirit. Still, "fill the waterpots with water." While you are studying the Scriptures you may expect the Saviour will bless His own Word, and turn the water into wine.

Then there is attendance upon the means of grace, and hearing a Gospel ministry. Mind you fill that waterpot with water. "But I may hear thousands of sermons and not be saved." I know it is so, but your business is to fill this waterpot with water, and while you are listening to the Gospel God will bless it, for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Take care to use the means which God appoints. Since our Lord has appointed to save men by the preaching of the Word, I pray that He will raise up those who will preach without ceasing, in season and out of season, indoors and in the streets.

Remember the prayer-meeting. What a blessed means of grace it is, for it brings down power for all the works of the church: fill that waterpot with water. I have not to complain of your attendance at prayer-meetings; but, oh! keep it up, dear brethren! You *can* pray. Blessed be His name, you have the spirit of prayer. Pray on! "Fill the waterpots with water," and in answer to prayer Jesus will turn it into wine.

Sunday-school teachers, do not neglect your blessed means of usefulness. "Fill the waterpots with water." Work the Sunday-school system with all your might. "But it will not save the children merely to get them together and teach them of Jesus. We cannot give them new hearts." Who said that you could? "Fill the waterpots with water." Jesus Christ knows how to turn it into wine, and He does not fail to do it when we are obedient to His commands. Use all the means, but *take care that you use those means right heartily.* I come back to that part of the text—"And they filled them up to the brim." When you teach the young ones in the Sunday-school, teach them well. Fill them to the brim. When you preach, dear sir, do not preach as if you were only half awake; *stir yourself up;* fill your ministry to the brim. When you are trying to evangelize the community, do not attempt it in a half-hearted way, as if you did not care whether their souls were saved or not; fill them to the brim; preach the Gospel with all your might, and beg for power from on high. Fill every vessel to the brim.

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. Nobody ever yet served Christ too well. I have heard that in some services there may be too much zeal, but in the service of Christ you may have as much zeal as ever you will and yet not exceed, if prudence be joined therewith. "Fill the waterpots with water," and fill them to the brim. Go in for doing good with all your heart and soul and strength.

And this leads me to the last application of the principle, which is—

TRUST IN YOUR LORD TO DO THE WORK.

You see, there are two ways of filling waterpots. Suppose these people had never been commanded to fill the waterpots, and their doing it had had no reference to Christ whatever; suppose that it had been a freak of their own imagination, and they had said, "These people have no wine, but they shall have a bath if they like, and so we will fill the six waterpots with water." Nothing would have come of such a proceeding. There would have stood the water.

The Eton schoolboy said, "The conscious water saw its God and blushed," a truly poetic expression; but the conscious water would have seen the servants, and would not have blushed. It would have reflected their faces upon its shining surface, but nothing more would have happened. *Jesus Christ himself must come,* and in present power must work the miracle.

For my part, I do not believe that a good word for Christ is ever spoken in vain. I am sure that no sermon with Christ in it is ever preached without result. Something will come of it, if not to-night, nor to-morrow; something will come of it. When I have printed a sermon, and seen it fairly in the volume, I have before long been delighted to hear of souls saved by its means. And when I have not printed, but only preached a discourse, I have still thought something will come of it. I preached Christ. I put His saving truth into that sermon, and that seed cannot die. If it shall lie in the volume for years, like the grains of wheat in the mummy's hand it will live and grow and bear fruit. Consequently, I have heard but lately of a soul brought to Christ by *a sermon that I preached twenty-five years ago.* I hear almost every week of souls having been brought to Christ by sermons preached at Park Street, and Exeter Hall, and the Surrey Gardens; and therefore I feel that God will not let a single faithful testimony fall to the ground. Go on, brethren. Go on filling the waterpots with water. The increase is surely given by God where the planting and sowing are rightly done. The servants fill the water-pots: the Master turns the water into wine.

The Lord grant us grace to be obedient to his command, especially to that command, "Believe and live!" and may we meet Him in the marriage-feast above to drink of the new wine with Him forever and ever. Amen and amen.

[Portions of Scripture read before Sermon—
John 1: 29–51; John 2: 1–11].

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NOT HALF A MAN.

A Temperance Story.

(*Continued from page 620.*)

Joe Trimmell finds Sunday a Dull Day—Fellow-workmen Studying the Bible—A Predicament—Joe gives his Heart to Christ—Mark Rayton Dying—His Conversion.

Joe Trimmell left Crawton next morning for a month's work at Clayton. Being an utter stranger to the men in his new sphere of work he was naturally left pretty much to himself, and this to a sociable man was a somewhat trying experience. But it was on the Sunday that he felt it most. Avoiding churches and chapels, and altogether thrown on his own resources, he was heartily glad when it was over. It was the dreariest day in the whole week to him.

When the second Sunday came, to kill time, Joe determined to take his dog and stroll into the country. It was his practice on such expeditions to cut across the country, clearing gates, hedges, and ditches in his way. He liked the excitement of it, especially as it gave his little dog something to do in the way of hunting. On this particular Sunday, after he had proceeded some way, and was jumping a hedge, he alighted upon a knot of working men. He was not altogether displeased when he discovered them to be men on the same works as himself, and still more pleased was he when they one and all invited him to form one of their circle.

His pleasure, however, was considerably diminished when he discovered their occupation. He had seen books in their hands, but he had never dreamed that they were Bibles. Had he known them a little better he would not have scrupled to rise up, and, whistling to his dog, declined such an employment. But he kept quiet and made the best of it. Having seated himself he could scarcely refuse the Bible which was handed him, though he had not held a Bible in his hand since he was a boy at the Sunday-school. Altogether Joe was like a fish out of water, as uncomfortable as he could well be.

"I hope the Crawton fellows will never hear of this," he thought. "I should never hear the last of it, I'm afraid. Dear me, what a fool I was to come this way, to be sure!"

But now Joe discovered to his horror that the men were reading round, and that he would be expected to read too. "It's getting worse and worse," thought Joe; "they'll be asking me to pray next." Joe never felt so hot in his life. He wondered whether he could even now frame an excuse and go; but, for the life of him, he could not find one, although he tried very hard. It was no good; he was caught like a rat in a trap, and must remain whether he liked it or no.

Though he had not to pray aloud, he had to read two or three times, and, moreover, had to look interested like the rest, which, at first, was a terribly hard task. I say at first, because, after a time, Joe did get a little interested; for, say what men might about religion, Joe could see they had got something worth having. It made them happier than Joe had ever thought it possible to be. Moreover, being most of them first-rate workmen, and thoroughly manly, Joe began to respect religion a good deal, quite divesting himself of his old notion that it was only for women and children. In fact, Joe Trimmell was sufficiently interested to promise to form one of the party at the same place the Sunday after.

All that week a great part of what was said in the field came back to him—sin, and the death due to it; Christ, and the salvation He purchased; heaven and hell. Joe was ever thinking of these now, and to no one's greater surprise than his own; until at last he actually found himself counting the hours before the little band should meet again; and when the time had come round, Joe was the first man there.

That afternoon the whole matter was settled between Joe and his God. One of his mates had joined him going back, and put to him the plain question, "Are you a saved man?" Joe had been honest and told him all; and, more than that, had told the Lord all too, and came to Jesus and gave Him his heart.

At their next meeting he could enter into every thing. With his own Bible open before him he sat now among brethren in the Lord Jesus, and, when his turn came to pray, heartily did he bless God for ever turning his feet in that direction that first Sunday afternoon.

But still another step did Joe Trimmell take before he returned to his own village. Finding that the whole of that Christian band were, to a man, teetotallers, he at once joined them, being fully convinced by the arguments they brought forward that it would not only be a help to himself, but to others likewise.

* * * * * *

The first thing which met Joe Trimmell's eye when he returned to Crawton was a large crowd in a tremendous state of excitement. Rapidly making his way toward it, he asked what was the matter. Judge his surprise when he was told "Mark Rayton's just been killed."

"How did it happen?" he quickly asked.

"Oh! tipsy again, as usual, and didn't get out of the way fast enough when the fuse was lighted for blasting."

Joe's heart had given a great bound at the answer to the first question, but at the answer to his second question he thought his heart must almost shatter itself, so fearfully did it throb. The blood flew from his face, and left it as ashy as the face of a corpse. His legs trembled beneath him, so that he could scarcely stand, and was obliged to sit down on a stone by the roadside.

After a time he recovered somewhat, made his way to Mark Rayton's cottage, and entered it. As he crossed its threshold he felt as though his were the hand that had brought ruin and death there. Mark lay upon the bed with a doctor beside him. It seemed that he was not dead, only unconscious. His injuries, moreover, were so serious that there was but little hope of his recovery. He might live for some days, but the doctor did not give much hope of even that."

"And I did it; and I did it!" was ever his self-accusing cry. "Would that I lay in Mark's place there. I deserve all this misery; I know I do. O help me to do something, be it ever so little, and let mine be the hand to do it. Could I be of any help?" he asked the doctor.

"Yes, you can watch beside his bed, and give him this medicine as soon as he regains consciousness. Do you mind watching beside him? His wife is quite broken down."

The earnest, grateful look in Joe's eyes sufficiently answered the question. Taking his seat beside Mark's bed, he watched. Hour after hour he watched; no fear of his falling asleep; his thoughts and self-accusations were too busy for that. And as he watched he prayed; prayed for himself; prayed for Mark, and for Mark's wife and children.

All through the night Mark's wife was coming in and looking on the white face. Joe would then draw back into the shade; and many a quiet tear did he drop as poor Bess stooped down and kissed the half-closed mouth. She would have stayed altogether had not Joe firmly and tenderly led her away.

At last Mark opened his eyes. He saw Joe at once, and held out his hand to grasp his. Joe had not quite expected that. He thought to have seen him turn away his head and refuse to speak to him. It broke him down to receive such treatment as this.

Mark groaned as he said, "Oh! it s so hard to go just yet. And what'll my poor wife and children do?" Covering his face, he wept bitterly; then, looking up into Joe's face, he said, "Besides, Joe, I ain't ready to die."

Now was Joe's long-prayed-for opportunity. Telling Mark all the story of his own conversion, he said,

"Mark, the Lord Jesus'll forgive and save you too, if you want Him to."

The next day he quite saw the way of salvation, and then he did not mind dying.

For some time Mark's mind was harassed b thoughts of his wife's future. "Whatever' poor Bess do?" And many a prayer did he off up that she and the children might be kept fro want. But as soon as he uttered his thought aloud his mind was immediately set at res Joe would see to that. Joe had no family, an Mark Rayton's wife should never want so lor as he lived. Joe was only too glad to have chance of undoing in ever so small a way tl terrible mischief he had been the means working.

We need not dwell on Mark's death, except say that, although painful, it was a very hap one. But one thing must be said about h funeral, and that is, Joe publicly confessed tl part he had played in Mark's fall and death, a while declaring his own repentance and Mark happy departure, earnestly exhorted his fello workmen who crowded round the grave to sh strong drink themselves, and specially to t think themselves before they ever tempted ar one else to the public-house.

NINE NEW THINGS.

A Sermon by Rev. D. L. Moody.

I. The New Birth—Not an Outward Work II. The New Creation—A New Man in (Clothes—III. The New Nature—Not a Chan of Heart—The Old Nature Remains.

Our subject this afternoon is nine new thin The first is

THE NEW BIRTH.

That is the beginning of a new life, and th is no growth until that takes place, no spirit life, no spiritual power.

This new birth is the work of God in the hea It is not an outward work. Man always beg on the outside if he wants to accomplish thing, but God always begins in a man. He gins at the heart. If you have a tree that bri forth bad fruit, you may pick off the bad fr but you can not make the tree any better. will keep constantly bringing forth bad fruit.

But *God's method* is to cut the tree right and graft something else in, and then you have good fruit. You may cut off all the t of the trees, but if you do not graft in so thing it will grow again and it will have bad fr And these men who are trying all the whil patch up their life and make it better are m ing a miserable failure of it.

No earthly change, no amount of educat nor any amount of good works, will make life good. It must be a new creation. It is what we can do, but it is what God does in That is the new birth. He is the Autho Life, and if we have new life it must come f Him.

It is not a new uniform. A man may put the uniform of the soldier, but that don't m him a soldier, and a man may put on a pr sion of religion, but that don't make him ligious. The new birth is a mystery, and th fore a great many people stumble.

The leper may cover up his leprosy, bu will be a leper still. He may cover himsel but it will make him no less a leper. A be may have some good clothes, but that d make him any thing but a beggar after all. may dress up and represent himself as so thing better, but he is still a beggar. If he only got a few new clothes, that won't help out of his condition of poverty. A man ma driven from outward sin by public sentin yet secretly live in sin, and in the sight of he is not one whit better. God looks at heart of a man. He reads men's hearts. world reads men's actions.

II. The next new thing is

THE NEW CREATION.

When a child is born it is born into a creation, and you will find in the 5th chapt 2d Corinthians and the 17th verse: "There if any man be in Christ, he is a new creatu I quoted that verse wrong until lately. S one said to me, "You are mistaken in that don't say it as you put it."

I used to say, "Therefore, if any man be in rist let him be a new creature." "Why," is friend says, "you will find by looking at it at it is stronger than that. It is therefore, if y man be in Christ, he is a new creature. d things have passed away, and behold *all ngs* have become new." He is born into a w creation.

Again in Galatians, 6th chapter, 15th verse: For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision aileth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new eature." If a man has been born again he l be a new creature. He will be altogether ferent from what he was before—he was born the Spirit, because there is a great difference ween the flesh and the spirit, and this new h brings us into a new creation. Like *the tch lassie*, who said when she was converted t either the world was changed or she was nged, for every thing seemed different. And t is. When the new life dawns upon us we born into a new creation.

ow when a man is born into the new crea- n the power of sin is broken in him. I will n say that the old desire for sin will not come k upon him: but the power, the reigning er of sin, is broken in him, when he is born God and born into this new creation. Old gs have passed away.

here was a man converted in one of our tings, and he was about as hard a looking racter, I believe, as I have ever seen. He got down very low, and his clothes were shabby, and when he was converted—I d him say a few hours after his conversion he didn't know himself. He said he was *a man in old clothes*. That is just what he and he has been a different man ever since. I. There are two new things—the new birth the new creation. Now the next thing that et at the new birth is

THE NEW NATURE.

ant to say right here a great many young ples stumble over this, and that is one ob- I had in taking this up—to help those that just commencing a new life. I used to ch that except a man would have *a change* eart he could not see God. I found, after ying my Bible a little more closely, that was not Scripture; that it is not anywhere ded in the New Testament that a man shall a change of heart, but it is *a new heart*, it ew nature.

hen God gives a man a new nature, *He take away the old nature*. As long as in the flesh the flesh must have a nature. when a man is born of God, then the war- egins. I had a very good opinion of my- ntil I was born of God. I didn't have any le with myself. I got on very well with lf. I was at peace with myself; but when ew nature came, then came the conflict. e spirit lusteth against the flesh, and the against the spirit, and then the warfare be- and it has been going on for these twenty years; and if I live twenty years longer, I t that it will go on, and that it will go on I go to my grave.

will be a conflict between the flesh and the . They are distinct and separate. "That is born of the flesh is flesh, and that that rn of the spirit is spirit"—two distinct s. Now will you just read in 2d Peter, 1st er and 4th verse:

Whereby are given unto us exceeding great recious promises; that by these ye might rtakers of the divine nature, having escaped rruption that is in the world through lust." 'artakers of the divine nature." Now the e with a great many men who are not tians, who are trying to serve God and poor work of it, and who think He is a master, and that it is a hard thing to be a tian—the mistake they make is, they are; to serve God with the old carnal heart, ith the old Adam nature. That is impos- "It is not subject to the law of God, er, indeed, can be."

ould just as soon tell a man to go out and jump over the sun as to attempt to serve God until he is born of God, until he becomes a partaker of the divine nature. But when God's nature is planted in me, and when I have laid hold of that divine nature, and God's nature is in me, then I have got a new nature, *and with that I serve God.* I have got a new life, and I serve God. Then "the yoke is easy and the burden is light." It is not a hard thing then. It becomes second nature to serve God. With that higher and pure nature, with God's nature in me, with that I serve God, and that lifts me above myself and out of myself, and it takes me up to God.

The child of God will have two natures. The child of God is the most remarkable animal on the face of the earth. Now the cow has its nature and the dog has its nature. All the animal creation has its nature. But when a man or woman becomes a child of God they have an earthly nature and a heavenly, a higher and lower nature—call them what you please—but they have two distinct natures, and one is contrary to the other.

Now if you will just turn over here into the seventh chapter of Romans I think we will get a little light upon this subject, and I think we will understand something about what Paul was writing about in the seventh and eighth chapters of Romans; in fact, I might say the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters ought to be read together.

"For that which I do, I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." You see there is the new life protesting against the old—protesting against the flesh—the flesh rising up sometimes and bringing us into captivity and into bondage.

And that is just where I want to warn you young converts, because if the flesh comes up in some unguarded moment, and you should say, "Well, I thought I was converted, but I think I am not, because I feel my old desires coming up again"—it is no sign you are not converted. It is no sign at all. When the flesh comes up you are to

GO RIGHT AWAY TO CHRIST

and ask Him to put it down, and ask Him to keep it in its place of death. You are to keep your body under; but if in an unguarded moment the flesh gets uppermost, don't get discouraged. It is no sign you are not a Christian, because right here Paul said he protested against these things. He didn't give his consent.

"If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good.

"Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me."

Paul says it is "sin dwelling in me." I protested against it. There was the new life going right against sin, and that is the difference between the old man and the new man. The old nature goes right along with the current of the world, gets on very well with the world; but the new nature goes right against the current of the world.

As an old divine said, you can tell the difference between a dead fish and a live one because the dead fish always goes with the current and the living one goes right *against the current*. A man dead in trespasses and sins, he will go with the world. He will get on being well with the world. But when a man gets this new nature, this heavenly nature, he goes right against the current of the world. That is a sign he has the new life.

"Now it is no more I that do it, but Christ, who dwelleth in me." "For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then a law that, when I would do good, evil is present with me."

Now isn't that your experience? Isn't that the experience of every child of God in this house, that when he would do good evil is present with you? You have to be on your guard all the while, and you have to watch. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Resist the flesh, as some one says, and it clings to you.

I think I have had

MORE TROUBLE WITH MOODY

of the old creation than with any man who ever crossed my path. I have had more battles with D. L. Moody than with any other man who ever crossed my path. I have had a great many mean things said against me by other people, but I know a good many meaner things about myself than they know about me. I have got a mean nature, but God gives me grace to keep it under, and *if I don't keep it under it is my own fault, because God has given me grace to do it.* This is what it is for—it is to keep the old Adam under and in the place of death. I am to put off the old man constantly, and whenever I find him coming to life and coming up, I am to go to God to get more grace to keep him down. "I find there the law that when I would do good, evil is present with me." "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man." After the new nature. You see that is the inward man—"I delight in the law of God."

I have got a new nature that makes me love God and serve Him. There was a time that I hated Him. There was a time I hated that Bible more than any other book in the world. I hated the sound of the church bell more than any other sound in this world. Now I delight in it, after the inner man, but I find I have got two natures.

I AM TWO MEN.

"But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Now he comes out and he says, "I have got deliverance." Paul knew where to find deliverance. "Why," says he, "I can do all things through Him that strengtheneth me. I can keep the old man down. I can reckon myself dead and keep him in the place of death. I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."

There are the two natures. The law of the flesh—you see when temptation comes and presents itself to the flesh, if God don't keep me up I yield. If Christ don't give me victory I fall. But don't get discouraged, young disciples, if you are overtaken in some fault.

And I want to say right here, to the older Christians, we sometimes help the devil do his work. When a young convert has slipped and fallen the older Christians say, "*Ah, a pretty Christian, isn't he?* It was only a few months ago that he made a profession of Christianity; now see what he has done." That is just doing the devil's work.

"If a brother be overtaken in a fault," it says, "you who are spiritual restore him in the spirit of meekness, considering yourself, lest you also be tempted and fall. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Now mark you, "if a brother be overtaken." You see there is the old nature and *Satan coming after him*, but he is running away. He has been overtaken and fallen, but it is no sign that he is not a Christian.

If he would rather live in sin and stay in the world and stay with enemies than to come back to God, it is a good sign he hasn't got the new nature, because the new nature cannot live in this world. The new nature must live in *a different atmosphere*. They must be heavenly-minded if they have the new nature. And yet there is a conflict between the higher and the lower nature. Now a fish cannot live out of water. Why? Because it is not its nature. And you and I cannot live in water. Why? Because it is not our nature. And a child of God cannot live in the world. They are in it, but not of it. We have got into a different atmosphere, a different creation entirely.

(To be concluded next week.)

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 622.*)

Change of Scene.

"I think you know already, Miss Richards," I said, "the reason I would not marry Claude."

"Is it because Claude is not truly a Christian, dear ; is that your reason?"

"Yes, that is it," I said ; "I dare not have said 'yes' to Claude, Miss Richards, in the face of God's clear command. I felt I could expect no happiness or blessing if I were so disobedient."

"You were quite right, dear May," said Miss Richards, with tears in her eyes ; "I should have done just the same. Indeed once, May (you will not mention it to any one, I know), I did exactly the same myself. It was very hard at the time," said the good little woman, as the recollection of that sorrow, now so far behind her in her past life, came as fresh as if it had only taken place yesterday ; "it was very hard at the time, for I loved him very much, but I can see it was all right now. I should have been a miserable, unhappy wife if I had married him, and I can thank God that I gave him up."

"Then you can understand how I felt, dear Miss Richards," I said.

"Yes, indeed," she said earnestly ; "and as soon as that thought occurred to me, as soon as ever it came into my mind, that *that* was your reason for refusing Claude, I felt, dear, that you were right and I was wrong. You were right, perfectly right in obeying God's command ; and I was wrong, very wrong, May, in wishing you to marry one who is not, I know, a real Christian."

Miss Richards kissed me very lovingly, as she said this, and I went home with a light and thankful heart.

Poor Miss Richards! I had never dreamt that there was a touching little love story hidden away somewhere in her past history. I had never dreamt that that was the reason why she had never married, but had lived that quiet, unselfish life in her brother's house– living for all around her. And I was very thankful that she thought I had acted rightly, and would no longer blame me, but would be able and ready to sympathize with me in my trial.

The busy time of packing and leave-taking was at length over, and Maggie and I left our first and hitherto our only home.

It is a merciful ordering that at such times we are far too busy and full of thought and care about the present moment to realize what would otherwise overwhelm us with sorrowful feeling. As we drove off from our old home we had to turn back for a forgotten key, and then, almost directly afterward, we arrived at the station, and I had to take the tickets, look after the luggage, and select a carriage. My mind was consequently so full of business that not until the train had started did I realize that Maggie and I had left our dear happy home, never to return to it again.

We were going that day to the old Manor House at Branston, where Maggie's aunts lived. They had kindly expressed a wish to see me, and had invited me to spend a week with them before going to Alliston Hall. Maggie was of course delighted at this arrangement, and I was not sorry to have a week's rest, after the whirl of the last month, before entering upon my new duties.

This was my first visit to the old Manor House, but Maggie had spent a very pleasant month there two years before, and was much looking forward to seeing her aunts again.

We had a long journey, and it was late in the evening when we arrived at Branston.

"I should think John will be here," said Maggie, as we got out at the very quiet country station.

John was there, awaiting our arrival. John was a fat, comfortable-looking old coachman, who had been in the family for more than fifty years, and looked as if, in the whole course of them, he had never had one single day's hard work.

John was driving two horses equally fat, equally comfortable-looking, and equally, by their appearance, denying the bare idea of their ever having had any hard work to do.

John touched his hat, and bade the ladies welcome, and hoped "Missy" was quite well. He was evidently quite at his ease, and accustomed to be regarded as a family friend.

We thanked John, and answered his inquiries, and then took our seats in the carriage. It was very old, like John, and quite out of date, of unwieldy proportions, and made a great noise in the world.

We drove for about a mile and a half, through rather an uninteresting country ; at least, so it seemed to me, after the wooded hills and pretty valleys which had surrounded our dear old home. We went very slowly indeed, and when there was the slightest rising in the ground, the horses walked solemnly and cautiously up it, and I was more than ever convinced that the opinion I had formed about the easy life that those two comfortable-looking horses had always led was perfectly correct.

At last we went through a large iron gate, and entered a pretty old-fashioned garden, surrounded by a high wall. At one end of this garden stood the Manor House, a quaint old place, built of red brick, and partly covered with ivy.

As we drove past the window, Maggie's three aunts looked out, and nodded and smiled at us ; they did not come out to meet us, for, as I afterward discovered, they were very much afraid of taking cold, and never ventured into the hall when the front door was open.

We were met on the steps by an elderly, old-fashioned servant, in a clean white apron, and a large cap, plaited round her face. She took us into the drawing-room, which was full of quaint and antiquated furniture, and abounded in sofas and arm-chairs, covered with very old-fashioned chintz.

In this room the three aunts were anxiously awaiting our arrival. They almost overwhelmed us with kindness, and insisted on our lying down to rest for half an hour on the comfortable sofas till tea was quite ready.

The room was very hot, there was a large fire, and huge screens stood before the doors, and sand-bags and curtains excluded every possible draught from the windows. I felt very tired and worn out in mind and body, so I was not sorry to obey my kind hostesses and remain quiet for half an hour. It gave me time to think over the events of the past day, and also to look at Maggie's three aunts, who did not leave the room, but went on with their work and their talk while we were resting.

The eldest sister, Miss Jane, was evidently the ruling spirit in the house. Her word was law, and her quiet, firm decision settled every disputed question. There was plenty of firmness, plenty of good sense, plenty of real kindliness in her face, as she bent over the stocking which she was knitting in the most energetic manner, sitting in one of the large arm-chairs near the fire.

The second sister seemed to me to be a weak reflection of the eldest one, and, I soon found out, was quite ruled by her in every thing, for she had not strength of character to settle any thing on her own responsibility. If Miss Jane's word was law to her household, it was more especially law to Miss Hannah.

"What do you think, sister?" was the question repeated by her many times in the day, in answer to which Miss Jane would give her opinion calmly and decidedly, and that opinion was always conclusive.

The youngest sister, Miss Louisa, was considered an invalid. The best of every thing was always given to her—the most comfortable chair and the warmest corner, the best seat in the carriage, and at all hours of the day little tempting dishes were brought up to induce Miss Louisa to eat. Miss Jane and Miss Hannah were never tired of waiting on her, and treated her almost like a spoiled child.

They were very kind to me, these three sisters, during my stay in the old Manor House. They even said how much they wished I would make my home with them ; but, of course, I could never dream of being a burden to them it was very kind of them to take Maggie, I must make my own way in the world.

Every thing in the Manor House was in the most beautiful order. The carpets looked as i in the whole course of their existence they had never known what it was to have a speck of dus or piece of cotton left on them ; the furnitur was so bright that you could see yourself reflected in every part of it ; the drugget on the stair was spotlessly white, as clean as if it was washe every morning regularly ; in fact, the most perfect neatness and order and cleanliness reigne everywhere throughout the old Manor House.

There were no little children to make dirt foot-marks on the clean floors, or to soil th clean coverings of the chairs and sofas. An the regularity and punctuality in the house qui equalled its neatness and order. At exactly th same moment every morning Miss Jane cam downstairs to make the tea. At exactly th same instant, day by day, the old servants cam into the room for prayers. Meals were never moment late—as the clock struck we all took o seats, and grace was immediately said. At e actly the same hour, every day, the sisters too their morning drive or their afternoon nap.

The whole place seemed like some huge clo which had been wound up years ago, long befo any one could remember, and which had be going on and on and on ever since, without on needing to be wound up, or set going, or look after again.

This regular, unbroken, undisturbed life the old Manor House was very pleasant for little time. It was just what I needed, after I had gone through lately. But I fancied tha should soon grow rather tired of it. I fanc that I should long for the door-bell to ring, a an interruption to come in my clock-work ex ence. I should long for a little of the stir a bustle and motion of the world outside, to cr into the monotony and unchangeableness of life within.

I was a little troubled as I looked forward a pictured to myself the kind of training wh Maggie would have in such a home. I afraid it would be rather relaxing to her m and energies, so that if she came out of it i the coldness and roughness of the outside w she would feel the difference very strongly, would not be hardy enough to stand it.

I was not afraid that Maggie would be here, for she was a quiet child, and fond of p ing alone, and making her own amusements pleasures ; and there was a small farm close kept by old John and his wife, which Maggie's constant resort, and here, among chickens and ducks and lambs and calves pigeons, she found plenty to interest her, plenty of recreation and amusement. The a were exceedingly kind to her, and I felt they would train and teach her to the bes their ability.

But what I was afraid of was, that Mag mind would get a little cramped by the sm ness of the sphere in which she was living, that she would thus become somewhat se and self-indulgent. Yet all these fears I ca one by one to my Lord, as they arose ; and unspeakable comfort and relief in placing little sister under His Almighty care.

Miss Jane was my favorite among the ters. There was something in her face w made me trust her at once, and her good mon-sense and real heartfelt sympathy always be relied upon. I found myself, al before I was aware, giving her a history of happy home-life, and telling her many o anxieties and troubles, as I thought of th ture. She made me promise that whenever a holiday given me I would come to the M House, and that I would remember that it w never be any thing but a very great pleasu them all to have me there.

(*To be continued.*)

JACOB AND ESAU.

S. Lesson for October 10th Gen. 27 : 22–40.
olden Text, Prov. 4 : 27. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

GOD'S Word is always faithful in its portraite of the heart of man. In the Old Testament od uncovers in His biographies of patriarchs, ngs, and prophets, the mistakes and sins of His n people, and then in the New He reveals to the perfect and glorious provision which He s made for the overcoming of sin and the ing in newness of life. Thus we must never ake the sins of such as lived under the old venant an excuse for our sinning in like anner. Christ is "the Mediator of a better venant, which was established upon better omises" (Heb. 8 : 6). The first "could not ake him that did the service perfect" (Heb. 9), would not "take away sins" (Heb. 10 : 4.) t Christ, by his death, has made "a new and ing way" (Heb. 10 : 20), by which we may valk in newness of life" and "not serve sin" Neither law, example, nor warning can do the rk which Christ has done. Abraham's exience with Ishmael did not hinder Isaac from king to bring God's peculiar blessing upon u, although God had distinctly declared to bekah regarding her sons, "The elder shall ve the younger" (Gen. 25 : 23). Sarah's uncessful device of giving Hagar to her husd to wife did not hinder Rebekah from seek means to help God in the fulfilment of what knew to be His purpose for her son Jacob, so to defeat her husand by her planning ind of leaving God to do His will in His own e and way.

sau had already shown himself to be a man r the flesh, first in acting as a "profane per . . . who for one morsel of meat sold his hright" (Heb. 12 : 16; Gen. 25 : 29–34), and in taking to wife daughters of Canaan, "hich were a grief of mind unto Isaac and to Rebekah." Abraham had said to the eldest ant of his house, "I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven and the God of the h, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my of the daughters of the Canaanites, among m I dwell." But Esau had not his grander's holy respect for the will of God, nor did egard the opinion of his own parents; and in avation of this self-seeking; he married not only, but two of the daughters of Canaan. lf-seeking must bring trouble into a family brings trouble into a soul, and trouble, most l, into the Church of Christ. "Isaac loved Esau *because he did eat of his venison*" (Gen. 28). And thus for selfish ends a converted er encouraged an unconverted son in his ly life. In the beginning of our chapter saw how Isaac called his eldest son Esau, sent him to take some venison, "that," said he 'my soul may bless thee before I die." It a painful picture which followed in that ly which was the elect family of the faithful earth at that time. The mother determined rustrate the purpose of the father, the ner to supplant the brother. Rebekah, havoverheard her husband speaking thus to , did not go openly and honestly to remind of God's Word to her, nor did she even go e Lord who had spoken to her; but she de unrighteous means to attain her object out respect to the fearful responsibility she ncurring in leading her son into an act of lief in God, and of deception as regards his father.

is the privilege of a mother who lives the f Christ to utilize every circumstance in ing her children to stand and walk on the ground of God's own faithful Word. When a mother resorts to plans and projects in mergency of health, business, or any other which arises, instead of trustfully confidvery thing to Him who "maketh all things together for good to them that love Him," is fostering unbelief in her children. kah demanded obedience of her son (ver. 8), t is strange that Jacob's objection did not : her and open her eyes to her sin and folly. "Behold," he said (ver. 11, 12), "Esau, my brother, is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man; my father, peradventure, will feel me, and I shall seem to him as a deceiver; and I shall bring a curse upon me, and not a blessing." I shall *seem* to him as a deceiver, and I shall bring a curse upon *me*. In Jacob's words we perceive no fear of committing the sin itself; he had regard only to his own interests.

Rebekah, having entered on a course of deception, was at no loss for expedients to meet every difficulty as it arose—the father of lies is fertile in his resources—and she clothed her son in Esau's raiment and put the skins of the kids upon Jacob's hands and upon the smooth of his neck, and then "she gave the savory meat and the bread which she had prepared into the hands of her son Jacob. And he came unto his father." And when the question of blindness was asked him by his helpless father, so bent was Jacob upon securing his own ends that there was in him no sense of shame when he said, "I am Esau thy firstborn; I have done according as thou badest me; arise, I pray thee, sit, and eat of my venison, that thy soul may bless me."

Isaac appeared to have some misgiving when he said, "How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?" And how terrible was the hypocrisy of Jacob's reply, "Because the Lord thy God brought it to me!" While Jacob could not say *my* God, but only *thy* God, he dared to speak as though God were party to the transaction. He said "Come near, I pray thee, that I may feel thee, my son, whether thou be my very son Esau or not." And then he said! "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau. And he discerned him not, because his hands were hairy, as his brother Esau's hands." Yet again, as though he could not give him implicit confidence, he said, "Art thou my very son Esau?" And he said, "I am."

How different was it in the case of Peter (Acts 5) when God told him of the sin of Ananias and Sapphira! A man filled with the Holy Ghost as Peter was needed not to put questions in order to discover deceit. The presence of his God with him brought so pure an atmosphere that such a taint was easily perceptible. To be able to detect and deal with sin in others, we must be pure ourselves. Isaac was following his own will with regard to his eldest son; hence his impotence to discover the truth. But God in His infinite wisdom wrought out His purposes through the unfaithfulness of His children. Jacob obtained the blessing, but he had to go through a discipline in his after life which might have been spared had he acted in faith toward God and in uprightness toward his father.

But all Jacob's planning was for an object worthy of him; he sought heavenly things, not honor among men, but to be in the direct line of descent in which all nations of the earth were to be blest through the promised seed (Gal. 3 : 16). Esau, eager for a passing satisfaction, had sworn away his birthright to Jacob who was anxiously desirous to obtain it. Jacob manifested his meanness and selfishness in withholding his ready-prepared food from his hungry brother and stipulating for the birthright as a condition; but wrong and dishonorable as he was, he was not "profane" like Esau, and he would use any means to obtain the blessing of his God.

In every-day life we see antitypes of Esau and Jacob. There are such as are attractive, open, generous, noble, among the unconverted, who follow their own will truly, but never assume to do any thing else, and often they are apt to esteem themselves as intrinsically better, because they are better in their own eyes, and better in the eyes of the world, than many professing but inconsistent believers. Again, we have among us such whose life is totally different, many whose faces are turned Zionward, whose minds and hearts are occupied with the promises of God; but instead of obtaining them in a straightforward way and through direct intercourse with God, they have recourse to means which reflect no honor upon their God or upon themselves; they seek after God's blessing for themselves more than for Him, and often are regardless of the well-being, the comfort or the good of others while they are occupied with the progress or the joy of their own souls.

There are some who will never sacrifice an hour of prayer, although others in the house may be put to the greatest inconvenience. There are such as have set their hearts on getting good at a conference, and who are ready to make others suffer from fatigue in doing work which ought to devolve on them. God will probably give them blessing, but it may be accompanied with much trial. "He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul" (Ps. 106 : 15). The history of Jacob is a wonderful illustration of the fact that it is not enough to make heavenly things our aim, but we must also seek them in God's way and not in ours.

Esau desired to have the blessing when he saw his father was desirous to give it to him, and he evidently counted fully upon it when he went out to hunt for venison, and then returned and made savory meat with his own hand, and came with it into his father's presence; but he did not take into account the God who had recorded many years before how he had despised his birthright, and who held him to his word, "What profit shall this birthright do to me?" (Chap. 25 : 32). His father said unto him, "Who art thou?" And he said, "I am thy son, thy firstborn Esau." And Isaac trembled very exceedingly, and said, "Who? where is he that hath taken venison and brought it me, and I have eaten of all before thou camest, and I have blessed him? Yea, and he shall be blessed, for God's blessing is irrevocable by man." This was the moment of anguish for Esau; now his eyes were opened to see that he could not trifle with his birthright; "he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears" (Heb. 12 : 13).

"He cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry . . . Bless me, even me also, O my father!" And he—only now awake to the duplicity of Jacob—said, "Thy brother came with subtelty, and hath taken away thy blessing." Esau, naturally generous, was nevertheless embittered with the sense of wrong; and he was unjust, too, in his rejoinder, for he saw no fault in himself. He said, "Is he not rightly named Jacob [a supplanter]? for he hath supplanted me these two times; he took away my birthright, and, behold, now he hath taken away my blessing. And he said, Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me?" It was only now, when all hope of blessing seemed to be slipping away from him, that Esau was intent upon it. How like many who seek mercy on a dying bed! When his father repeated to him the blessing which he had bestowed upon Jacob, and said, "What shall I do now unto thee, my son," he answered, "Hast thou but one blessing, my father, bless me, even me also, O my father."

And Isaac blessed him, but the blessing was not in the name of his God as in the case of Jacob. He could not say, "*God* give thee of the dew of heaven . . . cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be every one that blesseth thee." God's grace is not at the command of man's caprice. Esau did not humble himself; he yielded to revenge; "hated Jacob because of the blessing wherewith his father blessed him. And he *said in his heart*, The days of mourning for my father are at hand, then will I slay my brother Jacob. And these words of Esau, her eldest son, were told to Rebekah." Who told them her? Esau spoke in his heart. It may be that Rebekah had become aware of her sin through this its consequence, and had spoken to the Lord, and that He it was who told her of what was passing in Esau's heart. And she, who loved Jacob so fondly, was obliged to send him away from her, and thus she learned the bitterness of taking into her unskilful hands the fulfilment of the promises of God. Let us who learn the lessons withhold our hands from touching His work as though it were our own.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Public Attention in Europe is still Occupied with the Eastern Question. What shall be done with Turkey and the different peoples she misgoverns is a problem which, in spite of congresses and conferences and diplomatic negotiations, is still unsolved. The last international congress framed a programme which satisfied Europe generally, and it was hoped that its provisions would be accepted by the Sultan of Turkey. They were naturally unpalatable to him, because they involved the loss of territory, but it was believed that he would display wisdom in submitting, lest a worse thing happened to him. But as yet the decisions of the congress have not been carried into effect.

The particular point in the programme on which Europe is now agitated is the cession of Dulcigno to the Montenegrins. Dulcigno is a small seaport town in Albania, and the congress decided that it should be handed over to Montenegro. The Turkish Sultan dealt craftily with Europe on the subject. He made a display of acquiescence, and sent a small force to carry out the will of the congress, but he secretly sent emissaries at the same time to stir up an opposition to the cession among the Albanians, and after a feeble show of resistance the Turks left the town in possession of the Albanians, and professed themselves unable to carry out the cession to Montenegro. The European Powers insist upon the decision of the congress being obeyed, and have sent a combined fleet, under the command of the British Admiral, to see that it is done. The Albanians now hold the town, and Europe watches intently the strange spectacle of 8000 men in a little obscure town defying the Great Powers.

Grave Apprehensions are Felt in every European capital that a general European war may be caused by the events now transpiring around Dulcigno. The Sultan in stirring up the Albanians has evoked a religious fanaticism which transforms Mohammedans into desperate maniacs, and which he is powerless to control. Already covert hints are thrown out of a massacre of Christians throughout the Turkish Empire, and the cry for "a holy war" is making itself heard. The spectacle of anarchy and massacre would speedily bring down the forces of the Great Powers, and the Turkish Empire would be dissolved amid a struggle for prey such as the world has never yet seen. While these war-clouds hang heavily on the horizon, and men's hearts are failing them for fear, the Christian sees in them only the fulfilment of prophecy. He remembers that his Lord foretold that these things should immediately precede the end, and as he sees the predictions fulfilling he knows that it is nigh, "*even at the doors*" (Mark 13 : 29).

A Political Crisis has Arisen in France out of the religious question. The ultra-radicals, who are opposed to religion in any and every form, were anxious that the laws under which the Jesuits were expelled, might be put in force against the other religious bodies not authorized by law. M. de Freycinet, the Premier, was reluctant to institute proceedings, and he therefore, in a recent speech, indicated a path by which the various religious bodies not authorized by Government might obtain a kind of sanction which would bar legal proceedings against them. This act exasperated the Radicals, who would have preferred that if there were a way of escape, it should not be pointed out. Accordingly, M. de Freycinet found himself extremely unpopular with the extreme Radicals, who loudly clamored for him to submit or resign, and as Gambetta deemed it prudent to withhold his support he resigned. M. Jules Ferry, who is supposed to be a mere puppet of Gambetta's, succeeds him. The course adopted by M. de Freycinet receives the approval of moderate Republicans, and his resignation is generally regarded as a misfortune. The Radicals, however, rejoice in his fall, and the enemies of the Republic also are glad, for they expect now that the Red Republicans will have their way, and anarchy will follow, from which the country will call on the Royalists or Imperialists to deliver it. Prince Napoleon is fully alive to the situation, and as he is skilfully placing himself in the Radical van, may succeed in grasping the reins of power. Such a scheme shows his craft, and confirms the impression long held by prophetic students, that Prince Napoleon will be the Antichrist described in the Bible.

A British Peer Murdered in Ireland.—News has been received by cable that Lord Mountmorres was murdered on Saturday night, September 25th, at Rusheen, County Galway. The Viscount attended a meeting of magistrates on Saturday afternoon at the Court House of Clonbur, and was seen to leave the town about eight o'clock. Half an hour afterward his horse and carriage arrived at his residence, a mile distant, without him. This aroused suspicion among his family. Search having been made, he was found lying on the side of the road, in a pool of blood, lifeless. Lord Mountmorres appears to have received one bullet in his head, penetrating the skull; three in the neck, and two in the body, any one of the six wounds being sufficient to cause his death. He was little known except in his own neighborhood. He had fifteen tenants, with whom he had most unhappy relations. Quite recently he obtained ejectment decrees against two of them. As a magistrate he was unpopular, and at the meeting of justices, which he had been attending, a resolution was passed calling upon the Government to adopt coercive measures. Agrarian crimes of this order are not only sins in themselves, but they are unpatriotic blunders. They alienate sympathy from Ireland, and they retard the legislative concessions of the British Government.

A Lottery for Life.—The Captain and Eight of the crew of the iron ship Gartconnel were landed at Liverpool on September 3d, and stated that their ship foundered on August 19th, while sailing from Java for Queenstown, having been in collision with the German bark Christel. Both crews drifted about on the latter vessel for four days when the bark Ogmore, of Swansea, was signalled. As her captain, however, said he could only receive a limited number of the Gartconnel's crew on board, lots were drawn by them to decide who should be taken off the wreck, and the winners in the lottery were received on the Ogmore, and ultimately reached Liverpool. The fate of the other men is not known. The Gospel-ship has, however, room for all who are in danger of eternal shipwreck, and the Great Pilot has announced his determination to save all, "even to the uttermost," who trust in Him. "Whosoever will let him come," and step into the lifeboat of salvation in Christ.

A Strange Death from a Wasp's Sting Occurred on the estate of a wealthy German landowner at Goldberg, recently. One of the farm servants, while harvesting in the fields, sat down to eat his midday meal, consisting of bread, cheese, and milk, which had been sent out to him from his master's kitchen. With his first draught of milk he took a wasp into his mouth, and although he promptly spat it out, the angry creature found time to plant its sting in the back of his throat before he could get rid of it. The interior of the unfortunate man's larynx swelled rapidly, and he died of suffocation, after enduring terrible agonies in the vain endeavor to breathe and to force open the air-passages in his throat. The deceased was an old soldier attached to the reserve of the King's Grenadier Regiment, and he had passed unhurt through two hard campaigns, dying at last from the sting of a wasp.

The Famine in Persia.—The Rev. Thomas Boyajian, from Diarbekir, on the Tigris, recently addressed a meeting in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, in reference to the famine in Armenia. Mr. Boyajian said that last winter, in December and January, the thermometer fell 22 degs. below freezing point, and snow fell so heavily as to close up all the roads, so that no grain could be brought in from the surrounding states. He mentioned one town in which ther were at one time about 5,000 people begging fo bread, and who had neither shelter, food, nc houses. They were scattered throughout th streets, and with his own eyes he had see hundreds of them lying in the mud and snov Describing the state of things in the south, l said they were still worse there, and mothe had been obliged to sell their children for shilling or two.

The Attempt to hold Sunday Concerts i Canada has been again before the law courts c appeal. The manager of the concerts contend that the law under which he had been restrain from holding his concerts was an English la which did not apply to Canada, but the judg have dismissed his appeal and upheld the de sion by which he was prohibited from desecrati the Lord's day.

Dr. Wenger, the Eminent Baptist Missiona to India, died in Calcutta on August 20th. He h translated the historical and prophetical books the Old Testament and the Gospels and Acts ir Sanscrit, putting the poetical parts of the C Testament into Sanscrit verse. In Bengali executed one or two revisions of the translati of the Bible, and parts of it he translat afresh. His version is used by all denomi tions of Christians in Bengal. Dr. Wenger v a Swiss by birth. He went out to India in 18 and, with the exception of about three ye spent in two visits to Europe, he passed whole of the intervening period in India.

Prayer Requested for Ireland.—A Letter v read last week at a public meeting in New Yc containing the following request: "The pray of the Lord's people are earnestly invited t much blessing may rest upon the approach Annual Christian Convention, to be held Dublin October 11th and three following d The exceedingly critical position of affairs in land is surely a strong argument why all love Divine Truth should be specially impo nate that the Lord might lift up 'the light of countenance,' on these gatherings of His dren held in this 'cloudy and dark day.'"

A Romish Missionary.—The Rev. Gri John, writing on Popish influence in China, s "On my last journey I had an illustratio the Romish mode of work in China. I with a Roman Catholic native evang whose main occupation consists in going a the country baptizing dying children. He pears among the heathen as a native do offers his pills and powders gratis, and a himself of the opportunity to sprinkle the with a few drops of holy water in the sa name, and thus rescues the soul of the child the 'Infants' Hell.' When asked if he seri believed that a few drops of water could such a momentous difference between one and another, his reply was that such are teachings of his Church, and that it is for simply to believe and obey. We offered h copy of the New Testament, but he declin accept it."

Persian Famine Fund.—We have Rec *ten dollars* from Miss Jane E. Huntingto Springfield, Ohio, in aid of this fund.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watcl (London) for September may be obtained at the of The Christian Herald. Price six cents.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are o at the office of The Christian Herald, at pri low as to bring them within the reach of ever *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with phot of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploug Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a ho cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Da* This popular gift-book contains a suitable p selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for eve in the year, with a blank space opposite for graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Sp appear at their respective birthdays. The b elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1880. 14th Year. No. 41—New Series.

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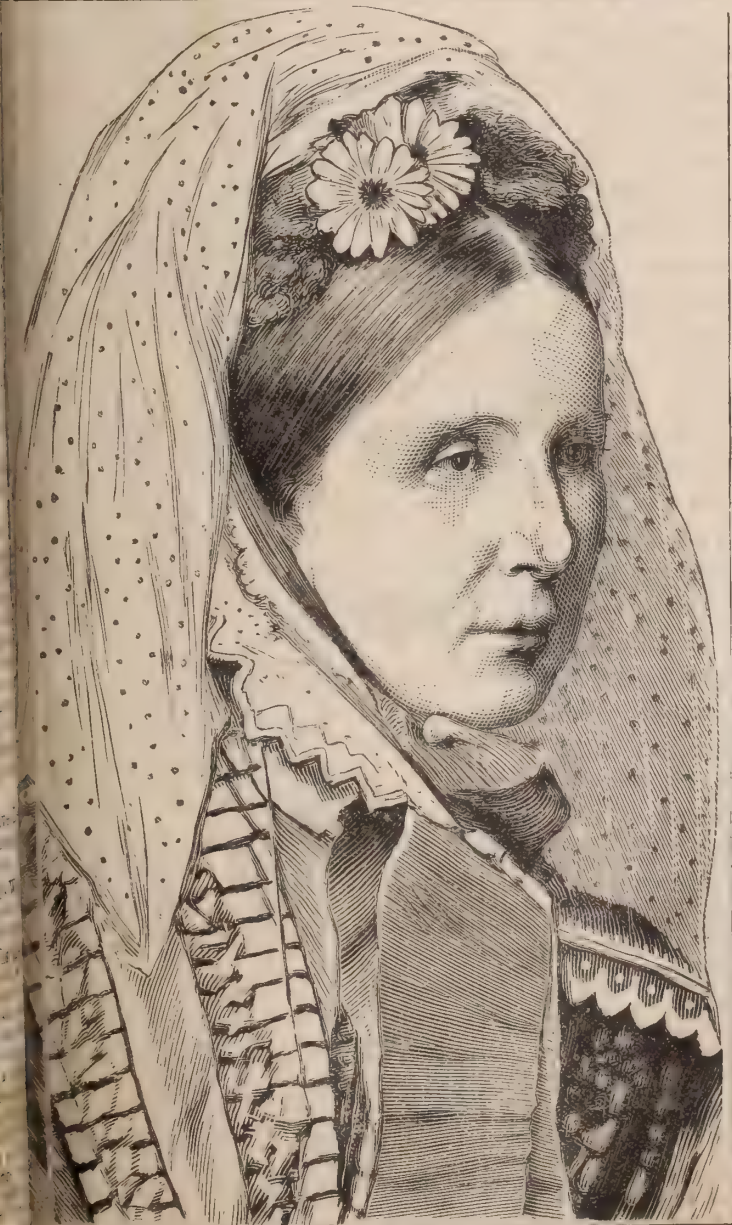

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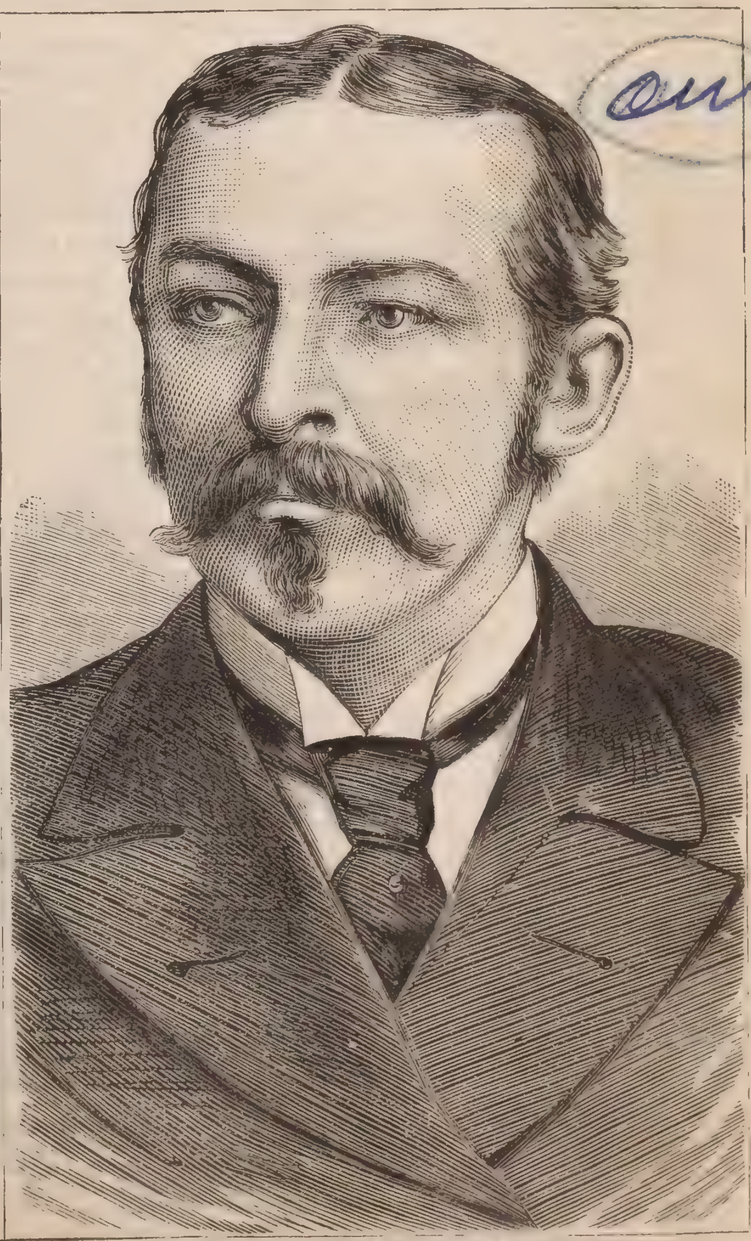

out

MR. W. L. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT,

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

Birth and Family—Becomes Heiress of the Duchess of St. Albans' Fortune in 1837—Her Munificence to the Church of England—Accepts a Peerage in 1871—Interest in the Holy Land—Her Sympathetic Enterprises for the Female Poor—And for Destitute Artisans—Transforms a Pandemonium into a Paradise—Erects Four Drinking Fountains—Her Interest in Emigration—Makes Gardens of Churchyards—Her Help in 1877 to the Peasantry of Turkey and Bulgaria—Her Rumored Betrothal—Immense Wealth.

ONE of the best-known philanthropists of the present day in England is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Her munificence toward British public institutions and toward the sick and suffering of all nations has for many years been a matter of public admiration. Her immense wealth and her personal character have attracted many suitors for her hand, both clerical and lay, peers and commoners. But she declined all offers, and society had concluded that she would never marry, when, to the surprise of all, it was suddenly announced that she was about to marry a young man more than thirty years her junior. As her name has been thus forced into public prominence, the following details of her life will be of interest:

Angela Georgina, the Right Hon. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, was born in 1814, and is therefore sixty-six years of age. She is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. Her mother was one of the three daughters of Mr. Thomas Coutts, a wealthy London banker, whose eccentric marriages startled society in his day.

He chose as his wife a domestic servant in his establishment, to whom he appears to have been sincerely attached. She was an uneducated girl, but Mr. Coutts thought that defect could be remedied, and in order to enable her to occupy creditably the place in society to which her position as his wife would entitle her, he placed her under the care of distinguished professors, by whom she was carefully and thoroughly educated.

On the completion of the educational process, the marriage was duly solemnized, and appears to have been a very happy one. Mr. Coutts was eighty years of age when his wife died, leaving three daughters, who were respectively married to Sir Thomas Burdett, the Earl of Guildford, and the late Marquis of Bute. The aged widower did not consider himself too far advanced in life to entertain matrimonial projects, and on this occasion selected his partner from the stage. Only seven days after his wife's death he married Miss Harriett Melton, a young actress, who was engaged at Drury Lane Theatre. This lady, after the death of Mr. Coutts, was married to the Duke of St. Albans, and *left her immense fortune* to Miss Burdett-Coutts (the present Baroness) at her own death, in 1837. Up to that period the heiress had been called Miss Burdett, but after the Duchess's death she affixed the name of her grandfather to her own.

The acquisition of so large a sum of money as that left her by her step-mother prompted Miss Burdett-Coutts to undertake extensive schemes for the public good. A consistent, liberal member of the Episcopal Church, both in purse and opinions, her munificence to the Establishment is famous. Besides contributing large sums toward building *new churches and new schools* in various poor districts throuhgout Great Britain, she erected and endowed, at her sole, unaided cost, the handsome church of St. Stephen's, in London, with its three schools and parsonage, and, more recently, another church at Carlisle. She endowed, also, at an outlay of $250,000, the three colonial bishoprics of Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia, besides founding an establishment in South Australia for the improvement of the aborigines.

Up to June, 1871, she was known as Miss Burdett-Coutts, but in that year the British Prime Minister (Mr. Gladstone) offered her, by the wish of the Queen,

A PEERAGE.

The honor was accepted, with the title by which its worthy recipient is now universally known and respected. On this auspicious occasion congratulatory addresses were presented to her ladyship at her residence, and in reply to numerous eulogistic expressions which were spoken by various clergymen and friends, the Baroness said:

"I will do what I have not done before—namely, allude to the circumstances under which my new dignity has been conferred upon me. I cannot sufficiently express my sense of the kind way in which Mr. Gladstone has conveyed to me her Majesty's wishes; nor, while gratefully acknowledging her Majesty's favor, can I altogether regard the conferring of the dignity as a personal compliment to myself. I rather consider it as a mark of the Royal favor to a class, of which I happily, in my person, am the representative. By one of my names I am connected with the ancient gentry of the country; and my father was content with, and sought nothing beyond, his ancestral honors. By the other I am allied with the important and influential interests which, in a great commercial country, must always have weight. To this union in my person—to those advantages—rather than any personal merit, I attribute the favor shown me by the Queen, the fountain of all honor in this country."

SCHEMES OF BENEVOLENCE.

The generous-hearted Baroness supplied the funds for Sir Henry James's Topographical Survey of Jerusalem, and offered to supply the ancient city with *a full supply of water* from the Judean hills, and restore the ancient aqueducts of King Solomon; but though the Turkish Government promised to carry out this useful work, the selfish interests of the Turco-Mohammedan officials in Judea combined to thwart its execution.

In no direction have the Baroness's sympathies found fuller play than in schemes to *favor and elevate the poor and unfortunate of her own sex.* The course of lessons taught at the national schools, and sanctioned by the British Privy Council, included many literary accomplishments which a young woman of humble grade may not require on leaving school; but the more familiar and indispensable arts essential to her after household career were entirely overlooked. By her ladyship's exertions the teaching of common things, such as sewing, etc., was introduced into the curriculum authorized by the Privy Council.

In order, too, that the public grants for educational purposes might reach small schools in remote rural as well as in neglected urban parishes, the Baroness projected a plan for bringing them under Government inspection by means of travelling or ambulatory inspecting schoolmasters, and it was cordially adopted by the authorities.

In the direction of furnishing opportunities for *the reform of fallen young women*, she provided a shelter and a means of reform, in a "Home" near London. The gratifying result is recorded, that nearly one half of the number of unfortunate cases which passed through this humane establishment in seven years were won back to virtue, and resulted in new and prosperous lives in the colonies. At a time, also, when through the failure of the demand for silk-weaving which formerly existed, Spitalfields became a groaning mass of helpless destitution, the Baroness, with characteristic sagacity and assiduity, initiated a sewing-school in the heart of that locality for adult women, not only to be taught, but to be fed and provided with work, for which object large Government contracts are undertaken and successfully executed to this day.

From this unobtrusive and unpretending charity, *nurses are daily sent among the sick*, who are gratuitously provided with medical comforts and skill, and all that their exigencies require; while suitable *outfits* are distributed to *poor servants*, and *clothing* to *deserving women*. From the same populous and impecunious neighborhood, in 1859, hundreds of *destitute boys* were fitted out fo the Royal Navy, or placed in various industria homes, to qualify them for lives of after usefulness in the different handicrafts and mechanica trades. As a preliminary test of their fitnes and character, she had the lads first tried in shoe-black brigade, which she established for th purpose. Those who showed least mental ability for higher vocations were drafted into th army, and others found employment as porter at good railway stations.

The year 1861 culminated in a winter of terr ble severity, and in no district of London wer its arctic rigors more keenly felt than in Bermondsey, to whose *frozen-out and starving tanners* the Baroness administered most substanti aid, continued until the return of spring an trade activity. She suggested, at the same tim the advisability of forming a Weavers' Aid Association for East London, which was at onc done, and by its timely assistance many of th sufferers from a declining demand for the sil articles which they manufactured were able t remove with their families to Queensland, man of whom are now doing well in that distant co ony.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has ever been opinion that the best possible way of doing thing is "to do it one's self," and in accordanc with this maxim, one of *the blackest moral*

PLAGUE-SPOTS IN LONDON,

a very den of the most repulsive and aggressi infamy and crime, known to and dreaded by th police as Nova Scotia Gardens, was bought her ladyship, and upon that area of squalor ar refuse, over which angels, on their ministerin errands might well pause to weep, she erected th magnificent model buildings now known as C lumbia Square, consisting of separate tenement let at from two to five shillings per week, ar which provide decent and comfortable accor modation for about two hundred families. T buildings are in three distinct blocks, each considerable length and five stories in heigh fitted with baths, wash-houses, club and rea ing-rooms. Close to Columbia Square is C lumbia Market, one of the handsomest archit tural ornaments in that part of the metropolis

In 1862 the Baroness erected *grand drinkin fountains* in various parts of London at cons erable expense. The fountain in Victoria Pa cost £5000. A *similar* work of art and util for the refreshment of both man and be adorns the entrance to the Zoological Gardens Regent's Park; and a *third* stands in the vic ity of Columbia Market itself. These, with *fourth* presented to the City of Manchester, a at the opening of which the citizens gave ladyship a most enthusiastic reception, are *gifts to the public* from the same munificent nor.

Her sympathy is great, but her

GIFTS AND MONEY

are not lavished indiscriminately, but upon w may be termed a generously utilitarian pri ple. And in consistency with this commenda determining motive she has always taken gr interest in *judicious emigration.* When a sh cry of distress arose some twenty years ag the town of Girvan, Scotland, she advanc very large sum of money to enable the starv families to seek better fortune in Australia Canada, supplying them with stores of food clothing for their immediate wants.

Again, when the same heavy calamity fell the people of Cape Clear, Sharkin, near Sl bereen, in Ireland, and when they were dyin starvation, they were relieved by the same c itable hand, by emigration, and by the establ ment of a store of food and clothing; also large supply of efficient tackle, and by a ve to keep them in their chief means of livelih —fishing. Shoals of letters from all descrip of needy persons constantly reach the Baron She, of course, has not time to read them but she employs persons to peruse them.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has *æsthetic* proc ties as well as strongly defined practical p lections. Taking a warm interest in the urned Mr. Westcott; "the little pet said irectly, 'But, papa, you said the other day to ıamma, that if you did not take *any* drink, you 'ould be the safest example to all of us. Don't ou think Jesus would want to give the safest xample to everybody?'

"'Well, my dear,' I answered, taking refuge, s we parents often must, in the youth of their hildren, 'you are a very little girl, and I cannot xplain things to you quite as much as you ould wish; but some day you will understand ore, and then we will talk about it.'

"'Yes papa,' she assented, agreeing willingly my suggestion; 'but *I* need never drink the d wine, even in chapel, need I?

"'Perhaps by the time you wish to take it, elly, they will have another kind.'

"'Yes, papa, I hope they will. I shouldn't ant to be made drunk, you know, in chapel; at would be worst of all.'

"I caught her in my arms; my soul abhorred e bare possibility.

"'Nelly,' I said, 'people are never made unk in chapel with communion wine.'

"'Aren't they, papa? I am very glad. But a poor drunkard came when he was a good an again, don't you think, papa, if he had only little, it might make him want more?'

"I told her such a thing was not likely; but ly last week I heard of such a case as Nelly ggested to me."

(*To be continued.*)

HE SUDDEN, THIEF-LIKE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

y Rev. J. C. Boyce, M.A., of Oxford, England.

rist's Advent in its First Stage predicted to be like that of a Thief, and at a time of Comparative Peace and Prosperity, as in Noah's Day, and for the Purpose of Translating to Heaven Watchful Christians — Terrible Condition of those who shall be Left Behind on the Earth to pass through the Period of Great Tribulation.

AT the first stage of His Second Advent, bere the period of final Great Tribulation, the rd will come secretly and in an utterly unexcted manner. No thief, at all skilled in his il calling, would knowingly have the moment his breaking into a house suspected in the least gree. He will wait till the household is abrbed in one part of the house, or asleep, and en seize upon his opportunity for plunder.

And our Blessed Lord warns us thus: "Beld, I come as a thief" (Revelations 16:15); Know this, that if the good man of the house d known in what watch the thief would me, he would have watched, and would not ve suffered his house to be broken up. Theree, be ye also ready: for, in such an hour as think not, the Son of Man cometh" (St. atthew 24:43-44); and two of His apostles al- warn—the one (1 Thessalonians 5:2), "Yourves know perfectly that the day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night," and the other precisely similar language (2 Peter 3:10).

No thoughtful student of such warnings could l to see in these passages the very strongest idence that there will be upon the earth, when at day arrives, a very general want of preparness for it, both in nations and in individuals. d how very strongly is this expectation deeped and confirmed by the language in St. Luke. the dark winter's night the *modern burglar* en seizes the hour when the family are at dinr for his nefarious work. And the words rered to are: "Take heed to yourselves, lest at y time your hearts be overcharged with surting and drunkenness, and the cares of this life, d so that day come upon you unawares. For

AS A SNARE

all it come on all them that dwell on the e of the whole earth;" and by the solemn rning of the Great Bishop of Souls to the urch at Sardis: "If therefore thou shalt not tch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou alt not know what hour I will come upon ee" (Revelations 3:3).

These passages seem conclusively to indicate at in the very moment preceding the Advent the whole world will be circumstanced much as it is now. There is, so far, a distinct intimation that a second coming of the Lord will take place, when, though there will be much national and individual perplexity and trouble on the earth at the time, very few indeed will have the least idea that so tremendous an event is about to happen. When Noah was about to enter the ark, our antediluvian forefathers "eat and drank, and bought, and sold, and planted, and builded." They virtually said to each other, "Peace and safety;" and yet "sudden destruction came upon them unawares, as travail upon a woman with child, and they escaped not."

"And as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." If we interpret Holy Scripture aright, it would appear that, during the *comparative lull* before the outbreak of the great *final* tempest of this troubled dispensation, the Lord will come in this *thief-like* aspect. We cannot suppose that men would be likely to whisper to each other, "Peace and safety," during the time that God is shaking terribly the earth; and every land, as the consequence of His doing this, is more or less internally convulsed. And we are, further, to note that this first phase of the Lord's second coming will take place *some time during the gradual drying up of the great River Euphrates*, not in judgment, but in mercy, not to destroy the nations, but to *translate to Heaven the band of watching Christians.*

Such intention is plainly intimated in the words (Revelations 3:10): "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, *which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.*" "Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left; two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left." These passages clearly represent the Lord's return as taking place

IN A TIME OF COMPARATIVE PEACE.

The occupations of husbandry, of grinding corn, of buying and selling, of planting and building, are common enough in times of general peace, but not so when great crushing wars are taking place; and, therefore, these peaceful occupations, indicative of the prevalence of at least *some* peace and prosperity in the land, would surely not be brought prominently forward in the Volume of Inspiration, to mark the Advent, taken as a whole, as occurring during a period of unprecedented trouble and carnage. If one is to judge by the European Bourses, those sensitive political barometers, so soon influenced by international communications of a warlike character, men do not habitually select times of universal disturbance for monetary speculations. It is not when Christian laws and institutions, those moral girders that hold society together, are loosened and trodden down, that men give themselves up to the calm pursuits of peace.

Other passages in Holy Scripture distinctly sketch out for us other phases of His coming. After having taken to Himself His bride the Church, in the persons of His dead and living saints, and having apportioned to each one his share in the New Kingdom (Daniel 12:13; St. Matthew 25:1-10), we gather from them that an interval is likely to take place. The glory in the sky caused by the first phase of the Advent of the Son of Man will leave it again, but Christians everywhere will be likely to miss out of their societies many who had been living in continual expectation of their Lord's return. During that momentous interval, what terrible calamities would, naturally, befall the earth? We know from history and experience what men are when reduced to despair.

And from those stores of history and experience we may furnish at least a sketch, so as to show what the feelings and actions of those would be likely to be who had regarded themselves more or less confidently as Christ's people, but had yet been left behind by Him to undergo the scorching fires of the great tribulation. It is a matter of fact that, in seasons of universally prevalent calamity, the moral forces that prevent society from degenerating, and flowing away into one vast mass of moral corruption, become utterly disorganized. And who would wonder if, with one phase of the Second Advent over, the earth should seem, to those left behind,

A VAST PRISON,

sunless and terrible? The sudden coming of the Lord Jesus, and, possibly, His as sudden departure, the consciousness that nothing else could remain for them but the prospect of society degenerating into complete lawlessness—who could paint their despair, and its effects upon themselves and those around them?

There would doubtless be some of those left behind who, after the first stunning blow of such a disappointment had fallen upon them, would recover themselves, and turn to the Lord with far greater fervor than they had ever exhibited in His service before. But there would be others, too, upon the earth—we know too well, already, what is in man's heart, to doubt it—and a much larger multitude of them in the aggregate, who had lived only for themselves, or had allowed other foolish but fondly cherished theories to displace from its proper place in their hearts and minds the Gospel of Christ.

And, again, there would be others morally, religiously, and politically the scum of society, once held in check by the strong arm of law, but, at such a time as that, too likely to find themselves altogether released from its control. Is it difficult for us to feel that when sovereigns and judges and statesmen are full of gloom and fear, because of the great event that will have taken place, they would be likely to relax in their efforts to keep society in a healthy and orderly condition, brought face to face as they would be with the peril of their own eternal punishment? Judges, magistrates, soldiers, police are but men; and it is the nature of all men to study their own self-interest first, and, *afterward*, the well-being of the community at large. Private ambition, socialistic proclivities, radical and anarchical notions, hatred of men richer and more exalted on the earth than themselves, idleness, dissoluteness, utter irreligion, these are not long to be held in check when king and lawgiver and judge and all lower officials are paralyzed with terror and dismay, reeling back from the effects of the discovery, just made, that God had indeed, to all appearance, forsaken them. From such no longer healthily restrained forces revolution takes its birth.

Then will ensue the Great Tribulation and career of the last personal Antichrist, after which Christ will descend at the battle of Armageddon and inaugurate the Millennium.

A Prodigal Overcome by his Father's Love.—Henry Moorhouse, the evangelist, relates the following anecdote: "When I was a boy, in Manchester, our family consisted of two brothers and two sisters. The boy next to me was a bad boy, a prodigal, and they could not get him to work in the mill. One of my sisters said to her father, 'Father, I tell thee what thee ought to do with our John—turn him into the street' 'Why?' asked the father. 'Why,' she said, 'see how good we all are, and how bad he is; he is a disgrace to us. Turn him away.'

"Christmas Day came, and the family was together, and the old man read a chapter and prayed, and the prodigal was present. The father, turning round to the daughter, said, 'Well, what are we to do with thy brother now?' Her reply was, 'Put him in the street.' He put the question to the brother, and he said, 'Put him in the street.' Another person who was present also thought it would do him good to turn him out a little. The old man left his chair and said, 'John, thy sister and thy brother and friend say I should turn thee out, but I am thy poor old father, and I will never put thee in the street, my boy.' The prodigal was overcome by the father's love. It was the means of leading his heart to the Lord, and he is now a preacher of the Gospel."

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50

per annum, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to The Manager, Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York.

Special terms to Ministers, Clubs, and Agents.

We shall be happy to forward, postage-paid, a package of back numbers to any minister who will distribute them among his congregation.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1880, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The New York State Democratic Convention assembled at Saratoga September 28th. The meeting is described as more than usually respectable and intelligent. A spectator remarked that he had never seen a Democratic State Convention more free from objectionable elements. The leaders of the respective sections displayed considerable skill in controlling their supporters, and the proceedings were harmonious throughout. Judge Rapallo received a majority of votes in the first ballot, and his nomination for the post of Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals was afterward made unanimous. As Judge Rapallo and Judge Folger are already in the Court of Appeals, the election of either to preside over that Court will not alter its constitution. The Convention passed enthusiastic resolutions on the Presidential question, pledging the thirty-five electoral votes of the State to Hancock and English. The cordial welcome Mr. Kelly received on entering the Convention indicates that during the critical period of the next few weeks there is a prospect of united and harmonious action in the Democratic party of the State of New York.

The Speech of Mr. Secretary Evarts at Cooper Union, New York, places the issue in the Presidential question on higher ground than some of the addresses of other Republican leaders have done. Mr. Evarts based his appeal for renewal of power on the beneficial results of the present administration. He argued that under President Hayes the country had enjoyed a period of rest, of peace, and of prosperity; that the administration had been singularly pure and honest, and that the party deserved the confidence of the people. He contended that a comparison of the respective tickets did not afford a just basis for deciding the question, inasmuch as "General Hancock is better than his party," and that it was not safe to form an estimate of what a Democratic administration would effect in the country from the character of the distinguished soldier the party had nominated. To President Hayes Mr. Evarts paid the following eloquent tribute. He said: "He has been charactized by love of country, an upright nature, a sincerity in the homely virtues of American common life that will long be remembered in the affections of the men and women of the United States."

Mr. Evarts, in effect, said you have seen the character and results of Republican government; if you approve them, show it by your votes. This mode of putting the question will commend itself to the people as far preferable to that of stirring up sectional animosities which true patriots endeavor to allay.

A Manifesto Issued by General Weaver, the Presidential candidate of the Greenback Party, will call public attention to the attitude of the Democratic Party on the financial question. It is addressed to "the Greenback-Labor men throughout the States," and contains an urgent request that copies of Senator Bayard's speech in New York be distributed by the thousand. Not that General Weaver approves the speech, but there has been a tendency on the part of Greenbackers in Maine and elsewhere to unite with the Democratic party, and General Weaver desires to correct that tendency. He wishes his followers to know that Mr. Bayard distinctly stated "that the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President and the Democratic party are in favor of his bill *to destroy the greenbacks*, and that they will carry out that policy." He wants the speech published so that the people may know just what it is that the Democratic party and its candidates are pledged to carry out. This is only fair to all parties, but there are places where it may operate to prevent a fusion which in Maine issued in a result General Weaver regards with gratification.

Prayer in the Present National Crisis.—At a meeting of the pastors of the Evangelical churches of the District of Columbia a general feeling was prevalent that in view of the momentous national issues involved in the forthcoming elections, it was the duty of all Christian patriots to unite in earnest prayer to God that the issue may be for His glory and the benefit of the people. The following appeal, signed by the ministers present, and by the President of the Young Men's Christian Association, has accordingly been issued:

To Christians of all Denominations.

Dear Brethren in the Lord: We are upon the eve of a critical national election. Two well-defined historic parties are before the people for their suffrages. The men nominated represent these parties. The decision of next November will probably determine the policy of this Government for many years to come. The institutions of the country are undergoing a severe strain. Will you not, therefore, humbly unite in prayer with us, and will you not ask all praying men and women to unite in prayer with you that God will forgive our great national sins; that the foundations laid by our fathers and cemented by the blood of our brothers may remain unshaken; that the people may withstand temptation to wrong-doing on the day of election, and that the candidates preferred by the majority of the actual citizens of the Republic, the candidates who will be true to the genius of our institutions, to the best interests of the nation and our common humanity, and helpful to the cause of temperance, purity, and true religion, may be elected, and that that political party may prevail whose success will most conduce to the financial, civil, and moral prosperity at home, to peace and respect abroad, and to the favor of the God of our fathers.

God save the United States of America!

The Saloon Keepers of Chicago are Alarmed at the progress temperance principles are making in that city, and last week they summoned a meeting of the trade to organize a union to protect their interests against the attacks of the women's associations and "the saints." The saloon keepers were in session six hours, and during that time the Women's Association was *holding a prayer-meeting* in Farwell Hall, where prayers were offered that God would still continue to own and bless their efforts in the cause of Christian temperance.

The Liquor Traffic in New York.—A Paper was read on September 29th at the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia, by the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, in which he gave startling details of the extent of the liquor traffic. He said that there are in New York City 10,000 places for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and seven eighths of these places are kept by foreigners. Interior Department returns, he asserted, show that there are in the United States 5652 distilleries, 2830 breweries, and 175,266 places where intoxicating drinks are sold, involving annually a direct outlay and waste of not less than $700,000,000, and an indirect loss, in the cost of crime and pauperism, of $700,000,000 more, while to the financial loss must be added the destruction of not less than one hundred thousand lives. The Christian Church, he said, had the remedy in its hands. "The past has proved beyond a doubt," said Mr. Dodge, "that the remedy of total abstinence and prohibition is the only thing under God which can stay the pestilence. Wherever it has been faithfully tried it has been successful, and there is a growing feeling that the law should prohibit the sale in every State and locality where the majority shall decide by popular vote that no license shall be given."

Some Interesting Reminiscences of Dr. Adams, whose life and portrait appeared in The Christian Herald of September 16th, are published by his intimate friend Dr. S. J. Prime. The following, among other incidents, shows how ready the eminent minister was to undertake any work that appeared to him to be his duty.

Dr. Prime says: "When the appeal came to Christians in America to send a deputation to the Emperor of Russia to ask liberty of worship for dissenters in the Baltic provinces of his empire, we held a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, and it was easily resolved that such a deputation was to be desired; but as the men must go at their own charges, over the ocean and the continent, where were the men to be found? In the silence that ensued Dr. Adams came across the room and whispered in my ear, '*I will go.*' I presume it was the only time he ever nominated himself. But the service was not one to be sought, and volunteers were not to be found. He was appointed at once; others followed; the deputation was filled; it went on its mission, and God gave it great success."

Bible and Prayer Union.—Reference was recently made in these columns to the Bible and Prayer Union established in Great Britain on January 10, 1876, which now numbers over *ninety-three thousand members*, and to the formation of a similar union on this side the Atlantic. The testimonies received from all quarters to the good derived from this system of simultaneous Bible reading and prayer attest the wisdom of its formation. Christians of all denominations find the advantage of uniting in spirit with other Christians who, though widely separated by distance, give their attention on the same day, to the same passage of Scripture, and present their prayers for similar blessings. The Christian Herald has now large numbers of readers in every state of the Union, and in every province of Canada, whom we invite to unite in this general Christian union.

The rules of the Union of Great Britain, which have also been adopted by the American Union, are:

I. Each member to read one and the same chapter daily, asking God's blessing upon the Word read.

II. Each member to pray every Sunday morning for all the members.

The passages of Scripture selected for the ensuing week by the American Union are;

Thursday,	October,	7	Psalm 66.
Friday,	"	8	" 67.
Saturday,	"	9	" 68.
Sunday,	"	10	" 69.
Monday,	"	11	" 70.
Tuesday,	"	12	" 71.
Wednesday,	"	13	" 72.
Thursday,	"	14	" 73.

Should any of our readers have especial cause to desire other Christians to unite with them *during the following week in prayer or praise for specific blessings*, we will publish the request, omitting names, if received not later than Saturday, October 9th.

Some Misconceptions about the South which enator Conkling's recent speech is liable to coney are corrected by Mr. William H. Osborne, e President of the Chicago, St. Louis & New rleans Railroad. Mr. Osborne's views are of nsiderable weight, not only on account of his tensive knowledge of that part of the country, t because he is not a politician, and the opinns he has formed have not been colored by rty bias. One of the most tangible questions ised, relates to *the trade of the South*, which r. Conkling somewhat depreciated. On this bject Mr. Osborne says: "During the past onth of August there were shipped from New eans 1,289,845 bushels of wheat and 158,946 bhels of corn. *The increase in shipments* fm that port for the eight months up to Stember 1st has been 3,352,776 bushels of eat and 3,598,832 bushels of corn." Altogher it appears from Mr. Osborne's figures t four fifths of our exports come from the Sthern States. Dr. Talmage's Sermon on the Sth, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of il 22, 1880, was an eloquent vindication of South from other charges.

he Government Inquiry into the Circumces attending the loss of the Narragansett une 11th, has been forwarded to Washing- The inspectors recommend the revoking he license of Capt. Young of the Narragan- That of Capt. Nye of the Stonington, h has expired, will not be renewed. Capt. ng is also fined $100 for violation of law in g to make a complete list of passengers on ight of the disaster. The Stonington Com- is fined $1,000 for not having a sufficient ber of watchmen on the state-room deck of Narragansett, and $500 for not having the sed number of officers.

enty-three Years of Daily Prayer.—The ty-third anniversary of the Fulton Street er-meeting was celebrated September 23d. oe, in the course of his address on the occa- remarked on the proof the records of the ng afforded, not only of the existence of but of His omniscience and omnipotence. id the prayers offered by Christians for un- n persons and things, and the subsequent rs thereto, which were observed facts, nstrated this.

"red of Life" was the Expression Recorded diary of a man who committed suicide in York on September 22d. He was twenty- years of age, in good circumstances, hav- considerable balance to his credit at his 's, and was not of dissipated habits. Yet prime of his life he wrote as his final entry diary the words, "Tired of life," and then ut and shot himself. It is remarkable that eariness of life is frequently endured by ho have the means of enjoying life according the world's idea of enjoyment. It shows ere earthly pleasures can never give the nd happiness which the Christian, how- or, is privileged to enjoy (Isaiah 26 : 3).

e Temperance Congress Recently Held ira, N. Y., a resolution was passed unani- pledging the members to labor as they portunity, to influence public opinion on ject of the growing evils of the liquor with the view of procuring the passage of *utional amendment* abolishing the manu- and traffic in intoxicating liquors.

narkable Answer to Prayer is Reported ter in a contemporary as having occurred in his own experience. "I was much in- in the case of a man who had a family ort, and who was out of employment. put forth a great deal of effort to obtain on, but had signally failed. I asked him d made his trouble a special matter of and urged him to do so. I suggested, a request for prayer should be sent to on Street prayer-meeting. He did not xious to have this done as I felt, but est was written and forwarded. I came rayer-meeting on the day that I knew would be read. After the meeting, the leader, who was a personal friend of mine, and I had some conversation, in the course of which he said to me, 'By the way, you often have friends for whom you desire to find employment; do you know of a man who would fill such and such a position in my employ?' There was the answer to prayer. I expected it, but did not suppose it was coming so soon. My friend is to-day filling that position, and it is one of trust, and a very desirable one."

Thirty-six Hours Waiting for Tickets was the occupation of a long line of men last week in front of Booth's Theatre, New York. The manager had announced that he would commence the sale of tickets on Friday morning, October 1st, for the performances to be given in this city by Mlle Bernhardt, the notorious French actress. The price of admission for the twenty-four performances was to be $60, and in anticipation of an eager demand, the men took up their stations on Wednesday evening, and waited until the office opened on Friday morning. Some of them carried blankets to wrap themselves in, during the chilly hours of the night. In order to secure the privilege of witnessing a short dramatic representation, these men were willing not only to pay money, but to endure the weary, tedious watch of thirty-six hours, yet to the Gospel feast, to the supreme felicity of everlasting joy, it is necessary that the servants of the Master go out into the highways and compel them to come in.

Frightened to Death by a Dream.—A Girl living at West Chester, Pa., recently came to her death in a remarkable manner. She had been suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and was in the weak condition which usually succeeds the crisis of that disease. She fell into a light slumber from which she soon awoke in extraordinary terror, saying she had had a frightful dream. Her physician and friends endeavored to soothe her but without avail; her distress continued, and in a short time she died. Her death, the physician certified was the result of the violent action of the heart brought on by her fright, and which in her debilitated condition had a fatal effect.

A Fatal Golden Weight was Carried by an immigrant last week. He was an Irishman who had sailed from Queenstown, in the steamship Germanic. On arriving at New York a tug was engaged to convey the passengers to Castle Garden, and the Irishman in stepping from the steamer to the tug missed his footing and fell into the water. Life preservers were immediately thrown to him, but he sank with unusual rapidity. Some surprise was expressed at his unaccountable disappearance, but a friend of his explained that the man had a considerable sum of money in gold, which he carried fastened in a belt he wore around his body. It is believed that had he not been thus weighted he might have kept afloat long enough to be rescued, but as it was, his gold sank him and he was drowned. Unhappy as was this man's end, it was not so unhappy as that of men who lose their souls through their great possessions (Matt. 19 : 22).

Five Hundred Dollars Reward is Offered for the recovery of an old family Bible, which is supposed to contain evidence on the fly-leaf which would enable the heirs of a certain woman to establish their claim to an English estate of $100,000,000. If the record contains evidence competent and necessary to make out the case, the heirs could afford to pay $50,000,000 for it. But that same Bible, or any other, is a testament in itself, and can make those who establish claims under it, heirs "to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." It is said that this family Bible is "probably hidden away in some old attic in Eastern Connecticut." The contents of many a Bible, on the shelf or on the parlor table, are as effectually hidden as if the book were in the dingiest closet. Yet the owner would be greatly excited if he thought that in the family Bible evidence could be found that he is heir to even $10,000!

WALKING HUMBLY WITH GOD.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" —Micah 6 : 8.

True Religion not a New Design—It is a Distinct Revelation—True Worship not Will Worship—Not Outward Ceremonies—The Character of the Man who is Acceptable to God—The Humble Walk with God—I. It is Excellent in Itself—1. It Signifies a Perception of God's Being and Presence—2. Appropriation of God as our God—3. Consciousness of His Continual Presence—4. Humility—5. Acting Toward Others in a Humble Spirit—II. It is a Test of Salvation—Christ Must have His Proper Place—Salvation Must be Seen to be Wholly of Grace—Humble as to the Intellect—III. A Symptom of Spiritual Health—IV. It is a Cause for Great Anxiety—Dyspepsia not to be Mistaken for Humility—V. The Source of Pleasure.

WE shall chiefly dwell upon the last line: "To walk humbly with thy God."

Man asks, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?" and, as if he must set himself to answer his own question he further inquires, "Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?" Sacrifice of some sort is his idea, but he supposes that he must supply the sacrifice himself, and would fain know what it shall be. The answer which is given him chides him for the supposition that he is to answer his own question, for it begins thus: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee."

If we had been attentive to God's voice we should not now be asking, "Wherewith shall I come?" for He has already showed us the way. The worship of God is the subject of revelation, not of invention. True religion is *not a new design* displaying each man's taste, but a copy from a plan framed and fixed by the Lord Himself. We are to follow a path well defined, and not to map out a course for ourselves. We are not like children crying in the dark after an unknown Father, whom we seek by ways of our own, but we are as babes who follow whither the warm hand of love gently draws them.

To us it is not night, for the true light has risen, and is shining round about us; the Father has revealed Himself, and we have an unction from the Holy One, so that all things needful for this life and godliness are lifted out of the region of the unknown, and placed among the matters concerning which the prophet saith, "He hath showed thee, O man."

The true worship of God is not left to be a matter of conjecture, to be worked out by a man's thought from within; but it is a matter of distinct revelation, to be received by faith from above. Do we all know this? Are there not some among us, or at least around us, who desire a religion of their own? Is not this one of *the special follies of the period?* Let us escape from this snare.

TRUE WORSHIP cannot, therefore, *be will worship*, and will worship cannot be true worship. We are to bring to God that which God requires of us, we are to act toward God as He commands us, and to accept from God that which He presents to us. Our approaches to the Most High are no longer to be a matter of our own taste and cleverness, but to be obedient movements of reverent faith, bowing before the solemn word of the great King. "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good."

It is clear from the text before us that God has once forever settled the way by which He is to be honored among men; and He has declared that it is *not by outward rites* and ceremonies. Upon these in many Scriptures He poureth contempt when He regards them by themselves. In our text He says not a single word as to burnt offerings and calves of a year old. The question has been asked, but in His answer He makes no allusion to the rams and to the rivers of oil of which the questioner thought so much, but He says "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Every man who is a true Christians *does justly.* If faith does not make a man honest, it is not an honest faith; if our conversion has not made us upright, may the Lord convert us again. When a man's heart is right with God, he longs to deal rightly with his fellow-men, and shrinks from the idea of taking undue advantage. He who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ will not knowingly and wilfully defile himself with unjust gain. To his servants, his customers, his emloyers, he aims to do justly.

Nor is this all, for *he loves mercy.* He tries to love his neighbor as himself. If there be an act of kindness to be done, he delights to do it; if there be misery to be helped, need to be succored, good to be bestowed, he says, "Let me have a hand in it: for it is good to me to do good." The man who is loved by the All-merciful is one who loves mercy.

Another point remains; it is the third thing, and it is put third because it is of the highest importance—"*to walk humbly with thy God.*" This is an inward thing, but little observed; observable enough in its consequences, but not in itself, and hence very apt to be overlooked. "To walk humbly with thy God" is as needful as to do justly and to love mercy, but few there be that find it; and hence at this time I would earnestly insist upon this essential point.

I. First, brethren, we may say of the humble walk which God demandeth and accepteth that

IT IS EXCELLENT IN ITSELF.

This is one of the things which is good, good morally, good in present effect, good in eternal results. Nothing is better for thee, O man, than to walk humbly with thy God. Notice every single word of our text, for under this head I will explain humble walking, that you may see its excellence.

1. Humble walking with God signifies, first, *a perception of God's being and presence.* In order to our acceptance with God we must know that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. We must recognize distinctly that there is a God, and that He is near us; that He is real and true, and that we are living in actual nearness to Him. We are to walk with Him, and this cannot be unless we know that He is near—*men do not walk with myths*, or ideas, or remote existences. To have a real God is *the backbone of character*, and to keep company with Him day by day is the right arm of godliness.

How many live as if God were a nonentity, a dream, a theological fable, a respectable fancy, and no more! But the acceptable character is made and formed mainly by the fact that God is, and that God surrounds us. It is only in the sunlight of God's own countenance, consciously experienced, that true holiness can be produced and ripened. The godly man is moved to action, helped in endurance, nerved with courage, fired with zeal, elevated with devotion, and purified in life by the presence of God. "Thou God seest me," is a great sanctifier.

2. In addition, there must be *an appropriating and accepting of this ever-present God as our God.* The text saith, "Walk humbly with *thy* God." Observe that. He must be our God. We must feel that if no other beings will worship Jehovah, we will do so with our whole hearts. "This God is our God for ever and ever." This firm allegiance is good, and works toward all that is good. When a man feels that he can call God his God, and that he can take hold upon his covenant, then is he strong for honor and virtue, and all things that are pleasing unto God.

3. This is not all. The text sets forth the accepted man as *acting ever as in the presence of his God.* "To *walk*" with God denotes an active habit, a communion in the common movements of the day. Some bow humbly before God in the hour of prayer, others sit humbly in His presence at the time of meditation, and others string themselves up to draw near to God in seasons of religious excitement, but all this falls short of walking with God. Walking is a very common pace, an ordinary rate of progress, and it does not seem to require great effort; but then it is a practical working pace, a rate at which a man can continue on and on, and make a day's journey by the time the sun is down.

So walking with God means being with God always, being with God *in common things*, being with Him on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, as well as on the Sabbath; being with Him in the shop, with Him in the kitchen, with Him in the field, feeling His presence in buying and selling, in weighing and measuring, in ploughing and reaping—doing as unto the Lord the commonest acts of life. This it is which is acceptable with the Most High, and this is the man who has gotten into a right condition before his Maker—the man who "walks" with his God.

4. Then comes in the qualifying word of "*humbly*," about which we have to speak most at this time. It was needful to remind you of the other matters first. God must be recognized as ever present, appropriated as our God, and felt to be a power in all our life, or else there can be no humble walking with Him. You must have the verb or there is no sense in the adverb; you must walk before there is any sense in the exhortation to walk humbly.

We are not bidden slavishly to crouch, but humbly to walk. How lowly and penitently we are to walk let gracious men remind us. If we are favored to walk with God as Abraham did, in all the sweet familiarity of friend with friend, yet must we remember, as He did, that we are but dust and ashes. Our closest communion must take the form of worship; when we see our Lord best, we must fall at His feet with awe. When our walk with God is closest and clearest, we must be overwhelmed with adoring wonder at the condescension which permits us to think of speaking with the Eternal One.

To this reverence must be added

A CONSTANT SENSE OF DEPENDENCE,

in the sense of daily drawing all supplies from Him, and gratefully admitting that it is so. We are never to indulge a thought of independence of God, as if we were anything, or could do anything apart from Him. Walking humbly with God involves a profound deference to His will, and a glad submission to it; yielding both active obedience and passive acquiescence.

5. The practical result of all this inward humbling will be *an acting toward others and a moving in all matters as under the influence of a humble spirit.* If a man once really comes to live and act as in the sight of God, his life must be one of eminent holiness; and if, under a sense of God's glory, he abides in deep humility of spirit, we may expect to see about him all that is tender and quiet. Like his Lord, he will be meek and lowly in heart. *He will not domineer over his fellow-men;* he will not be hard, cruel, unkind; he cannot be.

I cannot tell you all that my text means, nor, if you know it yourself, can you make others understand it; still they will know that it is something very admirable which makes you to be a good neighbor and a considerate friend, the comfort of the sorrowful, the helper of all. They may not understand whence the quiet spirit derives its gentle dew, but they will perceive its freshness, its sparkling purity, and its goodness, and wonder at its cause.

Thus I have tried to show, while explaining what was meant by walking humbly with our God, that it is a thing most excellent in itself. Oh, Holy Spirit, work it in us, for the lowly Saviour's sake!

II. Secondly, this walking humbly with God is very important, for

IT IS A TEST OF SALVATION.

The man that walks humbly with God is a saved man; the man who does not walk humbly with God should question his condition before God, for in proportion as he fails here he fails altogether. We will put a few questions concerning this matter.

Friend, if you are walking humbly with God you have taken your right place as a sinner condemned by the law; for certainly you have broken the law, and that law requires absolutely perfect obedience, which you have not rendered, and never will render. God's law, then, has condemned you—have you condemned yourself? Have you taken your place as a condemned one, and pleaded guilty before God? If you have not done so, your view of yourself differs from God's view of you. Your view of yourself is a proud one, you are not walking humbly with God, and you are not saved. He that never felt himself lost never felt himself saved; he who never confessed himself guilty has never been forgiven: he who has never accepted the sentence which dooms him has never received the pardon which absolves him. Mark this!

Again, if you are walking humbly with God you have given Jesus Christ His right place What is that? He came into the world to b the Saviour of sinners, and the only place H will deign to occupy toward you is that H shall save you, and save you completely. Som say, "Yes, oh yes. Jesus shall be my Saviour and do somewhat toward my salvation." Bu he replies, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." Christ will save us from th beginning to the end, or He will have nothin to do with our salvation. He will have all th glory of the work, and the work itself must b all His own, from the foundation to the to stone, or else He will leave the ruin upon it own heap.

Jesus will never consent to be *a make-weig for our deficiencies.* He will not come at o beck and call, to be our lackey, to patch up o old rags, and mend our clouted shoes. No; t Lord Jesus Christ must be everything and w must be nothing, or we shall never agree. Ha you given Christ His due place, dear friend? you have not done so, your view of Christ a God's view of Christ are very different, a yours is a proud view, for you are putting yo self into the Saviour's place in some degree, a you are not walking humbly with God.

One other question is a very important one is salvation seen by you to be wholly of grac Do you, my friend, judge salvation to be par by your own works and merits? Do you thi that you must at least contribute an our weight in the scale, that you must add at leas fraction to the Saviour's lump sum? Ay; th it is a question whether you know anythi about salvation. I do not want to make d trinal opinions a test, but it does seem to that there is

SOMETHING WRONG IN THE HEART

which looks for salvation anywhere but to free favor of God.

This suggests to me another thought: I kn several persons, who seem to be seeking pe with God and mercy in Christ, who never ge because, as it seems to me, they are not walk humbly with God as to their *intellect.* The thing that some men will do is ever to bow t understanding to the teaching of God. T are always carping and raising quibbles with G instead of believing Him. They need to silenced, as Job before the manifested glor God, or they will die asking questions. Th mysterious truths which relate to the Most such creatures as we are can never expect to derstand. In the region of the infinite the ample space for faith, but reason loses her tr Faith is our privilege, let us exercise it freely ward the Lord.

In God's great family is the comprehensio the Father's mind to be a *sine qua non* of affection for Him? Am I never to believe my Father tells me till I understand it? all Thy gold, great God, be tried in my cru before I will accept it at Thy hand? Art T a liar except my brain prove Thee true? after all to be lord over my own thoughts, art Thou to have no supremacy in the king of my mind? Does any man fancy that his ever be right while this is his theory? How the heart stand in an even place and be at ce, while it refuses to own the sway of God? must yield our intellect to the superior in- ct, permitting the drop to be borne along by th river. The infallible speech of Him who ot err must satisfy the obedient mind.

I. I must pass on very briefly, to say, in the d place, of walking humbly with God, that it s

A SYMPTOM OF SPIRITUAL HEALTH.

can tell, dear friend, not only whether are saved, but afterward whether your new s in a growing state, by examining whether are walking humbly with God. Let me l upon that matter for a minute. We are hy in soul if we have lowly views in refer- to ourselves upon *matters of divine grace.* e, now, what do you think of yourself this ing? Are you a fine fellow, a disciple in- , an example to others? But have a care you are at! It is very easy to feel great. is by no means an eminently difficult thing exalted; *I have reached that point myself* out great effort, and I take no credit, but shame, for it. A sense of rising to be body is not a sign of health, it is a token e reverse sometimes, and may be the fore- r of most solemn catastrophes. Puffing up mean bloating and swelling with deadly hu- ; therefore beware of it. Signs of health lie ite another line.

u are thought by others to be something great and respectable, but what are the of the case as God sees them? You are a h of the true vine—yes; how much fruit u bear? Compare yourself with those hes that bring forth much fruit to God, thin and lean is your vintage! You are ed down by the responsibilities which your on thrusts upon you, but are you bearing worthily? Are you doing for God what would do if they had your opportunities? ou doing for Christ what once you thought ould do if you ever had the means? Are ow living according to your own notion of Christian should live—are you anywhere t? Oh, my brother, when you think of you are now, there is more to make you than to make you boast; more to make ver your face than to cause you to lift up ead. At least, such is my case.

g you to think of what you would be with- ry short time if you were left by divine We sometimes condemn men for their nd are right in condemning them, and yet ad been in their position we might have much worse. "Oh," saith one, "what a it is I have been kept these thirty years, ave never dishonored my profession!" rother, it is a mercy, a great mercy, a mercy than you dream. You do not to have a vixen of a wife, or a trouble- amily, or a provoking neighbor, or you have lost your character long ago. tic comfort may more deserve praise than odness on your part.

a mercy for you that the evil person who have such influence over you was taken or else I do not know where you would een; many an evil character has been the of vicious influence. A great deal of ap- virtue may be due to our not happening mpted at the time when we are in a cer- ndition, or else if our tinder and the sparks had met, who knows but what the us might have been ablaze by now?

ow much we owe to preventing grace! debtors both to the providence and the f God, which have kept us out of harm's When sometimes we have been compelled emn sin in a brother, and to speak very y, as we are bound to do, we have re- ed ourselves lest we also should be , and we have remembered that grace as kept us out of sin. "Such a one was says one, "after making a profession ion." We do not exonerate him for a , it was a shameful crime, but oh, my friend, had you been precisely in his condition, had you been once a victim to that degrading vice, met by the same company, and in other respects surrounded as he was, you might have been intoxicated long before he became so—who knows? Walk humbly with your God, at any rate, my friend. The true way to live is to give God all glory and take to ourselves all shame.

When God gives us *great temporal enjoyments*, then let us think, "Why do I have these comforts while many of His servants are without them? Is it possible that He is giving me my portion in this life!" That will lay a cool hand on your hot forehead and forbid all pride in wealth. If God makes you rich, instead of doting on your riches, say to yourself, "How can I best use my substance for His glory?" The working out of

THAT PRACTICAL QUESTION

should be quite sufficient to keep you from self-esteem.

He who truly serves the Lord will walk humbly with Him. Have you *more talent* than other people? You will be a great fool if you begin to rejoice in it, for serious responsibilities come with special ability. Remember you have to do more for God than other people, and that thought should by God's grace be as ballast for your wide-spread sail. Great talent might be a sun to smite you, if a sense of responsibility did not come in like a cloud to shield you.

Are you honored among men? Then say to yourself, "Ah, they do not know me, or they might judge me otherwise. If I deserve their esteem for some things, yet there are many things which make me hang my head." If we deserve all the gratitude of our fellows yet we should be deeply anxious not to take a grain of praise to ourselves, lest God should be angry with us for robbing Him of His revenue of glory. What have we that we have not received?

We must always have lowly views of ourselves before God in regard to matters of grace; and it should be the same *in reference to His providence.* For instance, if one of you shall have been much tried in business, and have lost much money—suppose you are angry with God and quarrel with Him about it, is that walking humbly with Him? When we repine at the loss of children or friends, is not that the pride of our heart?

To walk humbly with God would lead you to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good!" but a proud heart virtually cries, "God shall do as I like, or else He shall have no obedience from me. He shall always use His right hand, and pour into my lap all that I desire, or else we will part company." It is the hypocrite who will not always call upon God; a little trial cools his love. Ah, friend, this will not do. Repining and rebelling are not walking humbly with God. Humbly walking with God yields itself up entirely to the divine will, and saith, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

It is a part of my humbly walking with God to accept providences of which I cannot see the object or design, and to be grateful for them. When God sends, as it seems to us, the wrong providence, when He does to us that which seemeth unwise and unkind, we are still to say, "He must be good to Israel, and all His dealings must be wise and kind. I am but as a wild ass's colt, and know nothing, and can judge nothing; God knoweth all things, and let His will be done." This is to walk humbly with Him.

IV. And now, fourthly, we may say of this humble walking that it is

A CAUSE FOR GREAT ANXIETY.

We must walk humbly, my brothers and sisters, but this is more easily said than done. This is no child's play. Humility of spirit is a virtue which is likely to be overlooked; we pay some attention to doing justly and loving mercy, but walking humbly with God is so inward, so ethereal, and so spiritual that we are apt to overlook it; yet it is the main thing, and all our thoughts should go to the securing of it.

Humble walking is so difficult to come at that thousands sit down content with that which looks like it, but is by no means the same thing. It is so easy to think yourself humble. To feign humility is of all things most shocking, and yet to be truly humble is of all things most difficult. Have you never noticed how, when you fancied you were lowly before God, it was only that you were unbelieving or out of health? *Do not mistake dyspepsia for humility.* When you said to yourself, "Now I am on familiar terms with God, and living near Him in communion," it turned out to be rather presumption than faith; and supposed humility has in like manner full often condensed into despair.

Are you now saying, "I think I am humble?" Is there ever a time when a man is so proud as when he judges that he is humble? "Ah," say you, "but I cannot exalt myself, I am in such a condition of heart I must walk humbly with God." My beloved, I beseech you be more on your guard now than ever against pride, for a haughty spirit lurks in an assurance of humility, like a lion in its den. The leaven of self is brought into our meal in the measure of a supposed necessity of humbleness. To be really lowly, really nothing before God, really to yield yourselves up to Him, this is such a work and such a difficulty, that I commend you to attempt it in order that you may see how impossible it is to you apart from the power of the Holy Ghost, who alone can help us to walk humbly with God.

V. With this I close, when I have said in the fifth place, in praise of walking humbly with God, that

IT IS THE SOURCE OF THE DEEPEST CONCEIVABLE PLEASURE.

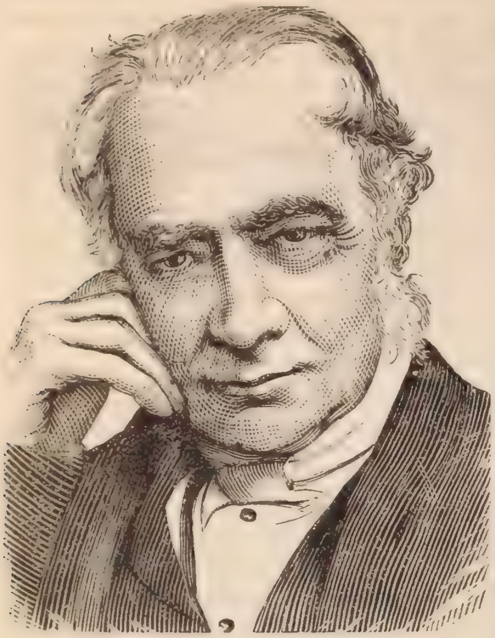
If you walk humbly with God you will feel safe. What can harm the man who sits at the feet of the great Lord? Ah! now you feel that, happen what may, nothing can harm you, for you are ready to bow before it, and let the Lord alone reign. What peace it gives when you feel that if there be anything about you which grieves your God, you will gladly let it go, you have already surrendered it, you would not retain it for an hour. The tempest rolls overhead but all is calm below when the heart has learned full surrender, and is even as a weaned child.

Into this quietness and rest there comes enjoyment, for the man that leaves everything to God finds joy in everything. Mercies which to others are commonplace are sweet to him; he wonders at the love which God displays in them all. As mercies come to him he receives them with songs of thankfulness: he is grateful to think that he has bread to eat and raiment to put on, for he knows how unworthy he is; and when great mercies are showered on him, he sits down before God and cries, "Whence is this to me? What am I, and what is my father's house?"

He is the man who joins Mary in her Magnificat, singing, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." He sings with the psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." He sits at heaven's gate waiting to enter, and he shall not long be detained outside, for as joy and peace and a heavenly mind have come to him so shall they soon bring him to their own home. He who has learned to walk humbly with God shall soon see the face of God in His glory. God teach us all this sacred art, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—
Psalm 73; Micah 6: 1–9].

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



THE LATE REV. PREBENDARY AURIOL.

Birth in 1805—Graduated at Oxford in 1828—Preferred to the Rectory of St. Dunstan's in 1841—Appointed as Prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1865—His Last Sermon—A Believer in the Speedy Second Coming of Christ.

MR. EDWARD AURIOL, the well-known Evangelical clergyman of the English Church, was *born* in 1805, and was therefore seventy-five years of age at the time of his death, which took place at his residence in London, on Tuesday, August 10th. He was *a student* of Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1828, and proceeded M.A. in due course. In the year 1841 he was preferred by the Simeon Trustees to the *rectory* of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, London, and here for the long period of *thirty-eight years* he faithfully preached the Word of Life. In 1865 Bishop Tait appointed him to a *prebendal stall* in St. Paul's Cathedral ; and he has held the post of commissary in England for the Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, since 1866.

The figure of Edward Auriol in Fleet Street was as familiar as that of any journalist passing to his office, or man of business to his store. Emphatically, it might have been said, his was the "good gray head which all men knew," for at all hours he might be seen intent upon the Father's business. At an age when he might have been reasonably excused, as some might have thought, from efforts and activity better suited to the energies of younger men, he might be seen, though stooping, moving over the ground at a rapid rate, or pausing to greet friends with a hearty cordiality of spirit that could not age, or conversing with friends who had new plans of usefulness in hand, and giving them the promise of his highly valued co-operation. His work was a pleasure to him, and perhaps his hardest trial as an aged minister was to find the spirit willing and the flesh weak.

It was only in January last, on the first Sunday of the year, that, although he had for some time ceased to do duty as rector of St. Dunstan's, *he felt he must preach once more* to his beloved flock. With at least a remnant of the energy with which he had proclaimed the Gospel of redeeming love nearly forty years ago, he took the same text as that with which he had commenced his ministry—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." His old friends will certainly never forget that sermon, for it proved to be *the last* they were ever to hear from him, and it was the *dying testimony* of a faithful minister to the truth which it had been the joy of his life to make known.

There is little in the way of exciting history, as some would term it, in such a career as that of Edward Auriol, although certainly he lived through and manfully bore his part in a period of Church history as trying and exciting as the world has seen for many years.

He felt called upon to preach, not himself, but the message of the Divine Lord whose servant he was. "One of the old school," he might be termed, and he gloried in such a designation, so far as the "old school" was also the school of Christ. From the days of his early ministry, until, as an old man, he laid his head on his pillow to die, he knew no other gospel and was never ashamed of it. His deep and hallowed devotion of heart and mind was perhaps the first and chief characteristic which impressed ousiders. They could not help feeling, here is a man whose walk is close with God, who has the hidden life, and whose true citizenship is on high.

So habitual was the devotional spirit in him that at times listeners to his discourses would not be surprised at his breaking off from his line of argument *to talk with God* rather than to the congregation he was addressing. Perhaps the most affecting thing in the great Prophetic Conference upon the Second Advent of Christ which was held under Prebendary Auriol's presidency at Mildmay Park, about two years ago, was this combination of prayer and exhortation in the address he delivered on this occasion. All who knew him will remember with what holy delight he

LOOKED FOR CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

He held that the Word of God did not set forth this truth as a mere doctrine, but as the earnest desire, and summing up the affection of Christian men. "It is a personal coming, and it is a pre-millennial coming," he would reiterate, and he would, in his most persuasive tones, urge upon believers to look for this. He maintained that the prominent position this subject occupies in the New Testament, from our Lord's own discourses, throughout all the Epistles, and down to the Book of Revelation, clearly showed that it is one on which the Church ought to be much exercised, and also one in which all the hope and desire of the true Christian, in deed and in truth, ought to centre.

HIS DYING WORDS.

Those who knew him best are those who now can remember best perhaps *the simplicity and fervor of his Christian faith.* On the day of his death—in the middle of the day—the Rev. Prebendary Cadman, who was his intimate friend, paid him a visit ; and in a conversation which had reference to his religious hopes and joys, quietly remarked : "I think it seems to be the will of God to call me. I feel my strength failing." Having been reminded by Mr. Cadman of the words, "Wait on the Lord and He shall strengthen thy heart ; wait, I say, on the Lord," he replied : "Wait, but it must be in the true scriptural sense of the term. Waiting not idly, but as a true servant on his master." Taking Mr. Cadman's hand, finally, when that gentleman was leaving him, he said, with uplifted eyes : "What we must seek for is more power in the consciousness of Christ's redeeming love, more simple dependence upon His merits for the pardon of all our sins, *more conformity to Him, that we may be dead with Him, that we may be risen with Him, that we may sit with Him in heavenly places, that we may be with Him when He comes again in His glory.*"

We have in these words the expression of the cherished aim of his long ministry and life. He died in an hour, or less, from this time.

The Will of the Late Mr. Marshall O. Roberts bequeaths to the Ladies' Christian Union, $5000 ; to the American Bible Society, $2,000 ; to the Young Women's Christian Association, $1000 ; to the Sheltering Arms, $2000 ; to the American Tract Society, $2,000 ; and to Calvary Church, $2,000, with a request that it be applied especially to the support and maintenance of the chapel attached to the church.

NINE NEW THINGS.

A New Sermon by Rev. D. L. Moody.

(*Concluded from page 637.*)

**IV. The New Man—The Growth of the N
Nature—V. The New Name—Nominal Chr
tians are Frauds—VI. The New Way—VII.
New Tongue—VIII. New Food—The Boy w
caught most Pigeons—IX. New Friends.**

IV. THE NEW MAN.

"And that ye put on the new man, which af
God is created in righteousness and true h
ness" (Eph. 4 : 24).

Now the old man always takes sides agai
God : that is what the old nature does ; the n
man always takes sides with God, and you
always tell after getting acquainted with a m
whose side he is on ; there will be a crisis in
life ; the time will come when he has to t
sides, and if a man takes sides against God
can see at once that he has not been born of G

If he has got the new nature, and knows
God of grace and has been born of the spi
when the crisis comes, when the trying ti
comes, he will take his stand on God's si
That is the difference. Now we can tell whet
we have these two natures or not. We do
need any one to tell us that. If you have a c
flict with yourself, if you are battling with yo
self, that is a sign the new life has begun,
because you don't get the victory every ti
you must not become discouraged and dishea
ened.

I think one of the greatest *mistakes the Chu
makes* at the present time is, they expect you
converts to leap right into full-grown Christi
all at once ; they expect them to become rou
ed out in a whole and complete Christian ch
acter all at once, while they are just babes
Christ.

This new nature has to grow ; we are to gr
in Christ, and in the knowledge of God, and
become more and more like Him every d
and it is a great mistake, I think, for the Chu
to expect all these young disciples to be rou
ed out in their Christian characters all at c

I hope the old Christians here will sympat
with young disciples ; that they will pray
them and help them all they can ; and if
have children who profess to be Christians
they don't always act like Christians, don't
gin to twit them and say," *You are a pr
Christian.*" I don't know of any thing that
discourage young disciples more than that.

Suppose people were to talk that way to s
of these older Christians every time they
something that was not Christ-like, or e
time they saw them doing something wro
suppose they should twit them and say, "
are a pretty Christian ;" how discouraging
disheartening it would be ! What we want
do is to help one another, to sustain
another, to pray for one another, to sympat
with one another, and to help one another al
through this world.

When I was converted I thought the
things had passed away and that all things
become new. I thought *my old temper* had g
and that every thing that was mean and c
temptible about me was gone. But I s
found out my old temper was there, and th
have it yet ; but God, I hope, has given
grace to keep it under, and to keep it in pl
where it belongs.

In fact, a man isn't good for any thing
hasn't got a temper. What is steel good
without temper ? But what we want is to c
trol it, to keep it in place where it belongs ;
that is what grace will do for you ; and if
find that you have got no other life, that
have the old nature, don't think that you
not a child of God for a moment ; but if
have the new nature, that which rejoices in
and walks heavenward, that is a sign you h
been born of God.

V. But I must pass on to the next new th
—the new name. When we are born into
kingdom of God we have

A NEW NAME.

We are going to have, it says in Revelati name that no one knows; and in the 62d chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah and 2d verse it says: "And the Gentiles shall see Thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory; and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name."

Now you will find that the Gentiles were not called Christians, and were not known as Christians until they were first named as Christians at Antioch; and the first thing when a child is born into a family—almost the first thing—is to name it. Sometimes, if it is *a beautiful babe*, it will be a long time before it will get a name; they will talk of this name and that name, and finally they will name it. But now God names all His children when they are brought into the kingdom; they become saints of the Most High God; when we are adopted into the family of God, then we take His name.

Now I want to say right here I never could understand how men who are living in sin who are unwilling to take the Lord Jesus Christ as their Lord and Master; not willing to take Jesus Christ and to follow the Son of God, how they can call themselves Christians. I think such men and women are *sailing under false colors;* they are misrepresenting themselves; that they are living a lie.

For me to profess to be a child of God, for me to profess to be a Christian when I have not Christ's spirit, when I have not any desire to have His spirit, when I haven't any desire to follow Him, when I haven't any desire to do His will, when I haven't any desire to surrender my will to Him, I say it is a false position, and I don't see what right any one has to take that name under such circumstances.

If I should call myself a disciple of Mohammed and didn't believe in Mohammed, you would say I was *a fraud*, wouldn't you? And a man that professes to be a Christian and yet does not possess the Christ-like spirit is just in that position because He says, "If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." You may belong to this church or any other church, but if you have not the Spirit of Christ you are none of His.

And now have we a right to take that name under any other circumstances? I have talked with a number of people, and when I have asked them if they are Christians they have said, "Well, I am not a Hottentot; I am not a Jew." They think because they are born in this Christian country that they are Christians. How much mischief has been done in foreign ports and heathen countries when men from England and America have gone there as the representatives of a Christian country! The impression among heathen nations is that we are Christians: this is called a Christian country; and when they see men from this country reeling through the streets, and hear them cursing and blaspheming, and see them thus conducting themselves in those heathen countries, they revile at our Christianity, and they have made light of Jesus Christ. It is because those men have been sailing under false colors and have been professing to be what they are not.

Then let us be careful to see that we are truly God's children before we call ourselves Christians. If we are Christians, then are we kings and priests unto God; then we have the new name and are no longer children of wrath, but children of light.

VI. The next new thing is

THE NEW WAY.

Now the first thing a man wants to do when he is converted is to get out of the old way. Christ just takes us out of the broad way, and places our feet in the narrow way. Now, the impression among ungodly men is that the narrow way is a hard and rugged way; they think the easiest way is the best way; and men say, "If we take the broad way, we have not got to put ourselves under restraint; we have not got to deny ourselves." What a delusion; what madness!

If you want to know what true liberty and freedom are, you want to take Christ's way, because if you take His way you will give up your way. The way may seem narrow at first, but as you go on His yoke will grow lighter and lighter, and by and by you will not know that you have a yoke; you will not know there is a cross, because it will become so light.

But how is it in that broad way? it grows darker and darker as you journey on; it grows harder and harder; it grows blacker and blacker. "The way of the transgressor is hard, but my yoke is easy and my burden is light." I have served both masters; and I stand here to-day to testify to you that the new way is the best way; that the narrow way is far better than the old way, and the best thing to do is to give up the old way and take God's way.

God never makes mistakes. If He had not a better way, He wouldn't ask you to leave the old way; if He had not something better than you have, He wouldn't ask you to give up what you have got. God loves us too well for that; He loves us far better than we do ourselves, and so He wants us to come into that new and living way. "I am the way," says Christ. And now if you want to get in the right way, take Christ. He is the way Himself.

VII. The next new thing is

A NEW TONGUE.

It says in the 16th chapter of Mark and the 17th verse, "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils, and they shall speak with new tongues." How many times I have heard men cursing to-day and praying to-morrow. I have heard men blaspheming God to-day and praising God to-morrow. What caused the difference? They found a new tongue.

A man once said to me, "*I would rather be shot dead* than to speak for Jesus Christ, I have said so many things against Him." And yet in twenty-four hours that man was testifying with the eloquence of heaven for Christ. He had found the new tongue, and it wasn't hard then for him to testify. When the heart is right it is not hard to talk for Jesus Christ; then men will delight to do it; then it will be a pleasure for us to testify for Him; to testify for Him in our places of business, or wherever our lot may be cast.

A revived church will be a singing church. "He hath put a new song into my mouth," says the Psalmist; and the first thing, I believe, that a true child of God will want to do will be to praise Him. I don't know of any better way than to sing, although I can't sing a note; I don't suppose I could to save my life; I couldn't start one of those old hymns that I have heard for fifteen years, either "Rock of Ages," or "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." I couldn't sing them with my lips, but I can sing them with my heart, and I like to hear those sweet songs of Zion.

Do you know the first song that is recorded in Scripture? It is the song of redemption. When the children of Israel got through the Red Sea they began to sing; and do you know the last song in Scripture, in Revelation, is the song of redemption? They sang hallelujah; they had been redeemed; they had got home, yes, deliverance had come; and by and by, when these feet of ours shall strike the golden strand, then our hands will strike the golden harps, and then we will all sing. Then I expect to sing as well as any one when I get to heaven.

Ah! my friends, we ought to praise God more. "Yet all the people lift up their voices and praise God." Why shouldn't we do it? No man can praise God for me. I must praise Him for myself. No quartette choir can do it for me. That is all right in its place, but let the people sing, too, and let us have a compromise in the matter. But when a church gets cold, if you notice it, they don't want to sing. When a heart gets earthly-minded, and we get to thinking about the things of this life, then it is that we need a new song.

I am told by the English people that the English larks always sing the sweetest when they get the highest; when they are out of sight; and so it is with God's children; when we forget ourselves and get to thinking of Him, then we will praise Him the loudest and the sweetest.

VIII. The next new thing is we must have

NEW FOOD.

If I have a new nature, I have to feed it; and there is not anything in the world that will feed that new nature but that book; nothing else but that, or something that tells me about that book. You can't feed this new nature on the husks of this world. There isn't anything to feed that new nature but that book; and we have to have the sincere milk of the word. And if we look for this new food we shall find it. If we make up our minds to feed on this word, it will give us strength and power to serve God, and we shall grow every day, and every truth we get will lift us nearer and nearer to God; will lift us more and more out of ourselves, and make us stronger and stronger all the time. As we get some new truth, as we get some new promise, it will give us greater strength to go on in this wilderness journey.

We have *a long wilderness journey;* we have a long road; when we look from time, as we are leaving the shores of time, it may be ten, or twenty, or forty years of journeying before us, and there will be trials and temptations and afflictions and sorrow during our journey; but we must feed upon the Lamb if we expect to get strength to overcome these trials. We must have new food, and bear in mind that the soul must be fed as well as the body.

There was once a boy who caught all the pigeons in his neighborhood, and no one else could catch a pigeon. He had them; and some one said, "How do you catch your pigeons and keep them?" "Well," says he, "if you will not tell the boys around the neighborhood, I will tell you. You see I feed them pretty well." And *why is it that some ministers have great crowds?* It is because they feed the people, while others do not; they don't feed them with the right food—that is the difference. Now the new nature has to be fed; the new nature has to have food; you can't live on your experience all the while; and what we want is to feed on the Word. That tells about Christ.

IX. The next and last new thing is

NEW FRIENDS.

When I see a young disciple that professes to be a young disciple, and he has not any desire to leave his old associates and can't bring them with him, and is still living with unbelievers and associating with unbelievers, I know it is only a question of time before that man will go back to the world. The work is superficial. It is not deep and thorough.

The first thing for a young disciple to do when he is born of God, is to get among God's people. He will want new friends. Some people have said, "Do you think it necessary to join the church after you are converted? Do you think it is our duty to do it?" Why, I think it is just as natural for a man to want to get among God's people after he is converted as for water to run down a hill; and if he is born of God, where is the institution under heaven like the church where he will be fed and looked after and loved and sympathized with, unless it is the Church of God? And if he is not in the Church of God, he will want to be there.

It is not duty, but your privilege to be there. I believe it is the dearest institution under heaven to Jesus Christ; that there is nothing so dear to the heart of the Son of God as the Church. It may have its failings and its faults; but then you and I are to blame for that as much as any one. Let us go in and do all that we can to make it a pure and living fountain; and so my advice to all young disciples is to find your way to a church; not to go into it to go to sleep, but to go to work; try to help others; let us each do all that we can to help one another in this wilderness journey.

But my time is up. I have spoken of nine new things. Those nine new things will make this life beautiful and glorious, and may God give them to each one of us.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page* 638.)

Claude's love proves fickle.

On Sunday we all went to the village church together. A new clergyman had just been appointed, and the sisters were hardly in a frame of mind to enjoy the services, for they had not ceased mourning over the late rector, who had been there for forty years, and who had been obliged to resign on account of ill-health. But as I had no recollections of the previous minister, and therefore no painful feelings on seeing the new minister enter Mr. Baker's pulpit, preach from Mr. Baker's Bible, and take possession of Mr. Baker's congregation, the service was a real delight to me.

The young clergyman was plain in appearance, but he had a broad, high, thoughtful forehead, and he was evidently thoroughly in earnest.

The sermon went to my heart; it was on this text: "To be spiritually minded is life and peace." I came out of church, feeling that the sermon I had just heard was one which I could not discuss or remark upon, but was one which I should never forget. It was a searching, practical sermon, and it had probed my heart to its very depths. What did I know of this spiritual-mindedness of which Mr. Claremont spoke? What did I know of the life and peace which always spring from it?

I felt that my thoughts, my motives, and my desires were far too much of the earth, earthly, far too little raised above the earth to things divine. And hence the want of life in my religion, hence the want of that deep and abiding peace which is the portion of all true believers in Jesus. I determined to pray more than ever before for this heavenly-mindedness, and to let my thoughts dwell less on earth, more in heaven.

The next day Mr. Claremont called at the Manor House, and was received by the sisters with all respect and dignity. I was practising on the drawing-room piano when he came in, and was alone with him for a few minutes, while Miss Jane, Miss Hannah, and Miss Louisa were arraying themselves in their best caps.

He spoke to me very pleasantly, and I took the opportunity of mentioning Maggie to him; and he kindly promised to see her sometimes, and try to influence her aright.

On the day before I left the old Manor House while I was packing my box in my bedroom, and thinking it would be rather hard to leave the kind sisterhood, and my little Maggie, and turn out into the world alone, the door opened and Maggie came in with an open letter in her hand.

"Oh! May," she said, "what do you think? Claude Ellis is going to be married!"

My heart beat so loudly that I was afraid Maggie would hear it, and I trembled so much that I was obliged to sit down on a chair by the bed.

"May, dear," said Maggie, "what is the matter? You look so pale and ill. Shall I get you any thing? I am afraid I startled you, coming in like that."

"Oh! no," I said, trying to smile, "I am all right. Read me your letter, Maggie—from whom is it?"

"It is from Fanny, May." (Fanny was Maggie's bosom friend and confidante.) "Shall I read it all, or only the part about Claude?"

"Read the part about Claude first, dear," I said, "and I will lie down on my bed while you read; I feel a little tired with packing, and I mean to take half an hour's rest before dinner." So I lay on my bed and turned my face to the wall while Maggie read as follows: "'And now I must tell you the news. Who do you think is engaged? You will never guess if you guess all night. It is Claude Ellis! I will tell you how I heard about it.

"'Yesterday afternoon I went for a walk with Dash to the Endle Farm. As we were coming home, down that hilly part of the road where you and I played hide-and-seek among the furze bushes, I saw two people sitting on a stile at the bottom of the hill. One was Claude Ellis and the other was a young lady. They did not see me until I was very near to them, and then Claude pretended not to see me and got up, and they both walked down the lane, and I followed them only a little way behind, so that I could see the young lady very well.

"'She was prettily dressed, and was tall and very good looking. She had the loveliest hair I ever saw, done in a number of most wonderful plaits. I am sure she could not have done it herself. Claude was bending over her and talking to her; and he looked very happy, and so did she. They turned in at the Parsonage gate, and I went home wondering very much who she was. But I had not to wait very long, for that evening papa came in with the news that Claude was engaged, and that the young lady was staying at the Parsonage. Mr. Ellis had told him, so there could be no mistake about it.

"'She is the sister of one of Claude's Oxford friends; and he has been staying with them in Scotland the last few weeks. Her name is Alice Fitzgerald, and she is very rich indeed. Papa says she is quite a prize for Claude, and that he will be a very rich man now, with her money and his own money put together. And papa says that is a very good thing, for he has heard that Claude spent a great many hundred pounds at Oxford, and that poor Mr. Ellis would have been almost ruined if Claude's uncle had not died just then and left him the money. Papa thinks Claude is very extravagant, and he says he rather pities his wife. But I am sure Claude is very fond of her, and he looked so happy to-day I could not help feeling glad for him. He seemed so miserable the last time he came home.

"'Do you remember when we met him in Bush Lane, how cross he was, and how he contradicted every thing we said, and looked as if he had just heard all his relations were dead? Well, it's getting late, and I must end my letter.' That's all about Claude, May," said Maggie, as she stopped reading; "wouldn't you like to see Miss Alice Fitzgerald?"

When Maggie had gone downstairs, taking her new writing-case with her, that she might begin at once to answer her little friend's letter, I got up and locked my door, and then sat down to think over what I had heard.

The news of Claude's engagement had come upon me like a thunder-clap. I tried to reason with myself that I ought to be very glad that Claude was engaged, and that as *I* could not be his wife he had found some one else to make him happy. And yet it was so soon, so very soon, for Claude to forget his love for me. I had thought that he cared for me more than that. I had thought that he held my love too dear so quickly and so easily to exchange it for another's.

I suppose it was my pride that was wounded, and that the tears which came, in spite of myself, and rolled down my cheeks, were tears of mortification. I felt very vexed with myself that it should be so. I called myself all sorts of hard names, and wiped my eyes, and tried to think how nice it was that all was so comfortably settled for me; how delightful it was that I could feel that I had done the right thing, and yet that I had not brought a gloom over the whole of Claude's life!

And yet, at the bottom of my heart, I detected a secret hope, which had been hidden there the last few weeks, that, some day or other, Claude might give up his infidel notions and become a real Christian, and that then we might meet again and become to each other what he had so earnestly wished us to be. I had even thought that perhaps this trouble might be the means of making Claude look into the reality of religion, and believe in that Saviour who is the only true source of comfort, and that thus the great obstacle to our union might be taken away. Not that Claude was by any means my beau-ideal of all that a man and a husband should be. But then he was, after all, the nicest man I had ever met, and it might be that my ideal was a thing of imagination, never met with in real life.

And on this particular day I was feeling lonely and desolate. I was about to turn into the world alone—alone among strangers was going to a great and fashionable househ where, no doubt, I should be looked down up and despised as poor, and a dependent.

I had no one to take care of me, or to sh me from the rough places which I should be to come across. There was no one in the w that really belonged to me except my si Maggie, and she was but a child. I felt unprotected, desolate, and forsaken. I took my Bible and turned wearily over the pages perchance, my eyes might fall upon some w of comfort. And the words which caught attention were these, in the thirteenth cha of St. John's Gospel: "Having loved His which were in the world, He loved them the end."

"Unto the *end*," an unchanging, an unv ing, an untiring love. I had chosen that in preference to Claude's. Had I made a exchange? I had given up a love which proved itself, at the best, but fickle and sha and I had chosen Christ's love, the love of of whom it was written, that having loved own which were in the world, He loved unto the end.

"His *own*." Did that indeed mean me? c it only apply to the few disciples gathered r Him in these last hours of His life on ea Was it only these whom He loved unto the Or could I take up the words, and make the star of comfort? Could I make them app myself now, as they applied to the apostles

Was it true now that I was His—His Was it true that I was in the world—in the desolate world, alone, just as these apostles so soon to be, and was it true that He love me in spite of all my failings and a sins, and that He would love me unto the Could it be true?

Another text came into my mind: " Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for

These words surely gave me the right to the other words and make them mine. Jesus was then, in the yesterday of the pa He is now, to-day; what He was to the apo so He is to me, and so He ever will be same in love, the same in sympathy, the sa constancy.

But I am so cold to Him, I thought, s grateful, so sinful. My love is so chan and fluctuating. Surely He will not, H not, in spite of all this, go on loving me— me unchangeably. And yet, I knew that C love for us, if it exists at all, must exist qu dependently of anything in us, for what c see in the very best of men to win His lov

And I remembered that these very apos whom this was written, were very faulty a perfect in their love to Him. Only the ver day one of them, the one who had profess most love for Him, denied Him with oat curses, saying, again and again, "I kno the man;" and every one of them, even t ciple whom Jesus loved, forsook Him hour of need and fled.

And yet of these very men, with all the ings and imperfections, it was written, ing loved His own which were in the wor loved them unto the end."

My heart grew light again, and I went stairs quite comforted and happy, and wi single wish in my heart to change place Miss Alice Fitzgerald.

The next morning I left the Manor soon after breakfast. I was followed to t by Miss Jane bidding me, in her calm, way, to be sure to choose a carriage with two elderly ladies in it, "because, my de reads of such awful robberies and murd ing place in railway carriages!"—follow by Miss Hannah, entreating me to re what Miss Jane had said, and also to b sure that the guard had fastened the do before the train started—followed even Louisa, suggesting the advisability of having both windows closed, and both v rs securely fastened, lest any draught should nter the carriage—followed, not only to the loor but as far as the garden gate, by my little Maggie, sobbing as if her heart would break, and efusing to be comforted.

It was very hard to leave them all, and especially to leave my little sister, and to go forth lone into the world ; but the words which had een my comfort yesterday were my strength ow, and the language of my heart was, "I will ar no evil, for Thou art with me."

How much I wondered, as I was travelling at day, what Miss Evelyn Trafford would be ke, and of what my duties, as companion, ould consist. But it was of no use wonderg ; that evening I should know.

I had a long, tiring journey, having to change y train no less than four times, and to wait at old, cheerless junctions for several hours.

(*To be continued.*)

JACOB AT BETHEL.

S. Lesson for October 17th, Gen. 28 : 1–22 ; Golden Text, ver. 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE read in the end of chapter 27 that Rebeh, having made up her mind to part with cob on account of the danger in which he was aced by his brother's anger, found a sufficient use to induce Isaac to send him away to her her's house. There was a grievous want of aightforwardness in Rebekah, and it is no nder that her son, who was constantly in her mpany, imbibed the same despicable, degrading spirit. A child learns more from the little tails than from the great things of life, and a ild who hears his mother give an evasive swer will soon justify himself in telling a lie.

Rebekah said to Isaac, "I am weary of my life cause of the daughters of Heth : if Jacob take wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these ich are of the daughters of the land, what od shall my life do me?" She knew that in at she said she would have the sympathy of husband ; while she would imply how much s undeserving was Jacob than Esau, and so in ay balance the bad impression which his de- had left on his father's mind. It is possible t she then suggested that he should visit her ily with the object of seeking a wife, for "saac called Jacob and blessed him, and charged h, and said unto him, Thou shalt not take a e of the daughters of Canaan. Arise, go to lan-aram to the house of Bethuel, thy mothe father ; and take thee a wife from thence of daughters of Laban thy mother's brother. d God Almighty bless thee, and make thee tful, and multiply thee, that thou mayest be a titude of people ; and give thee the blessing Abraham, to thee, and to thy seed with thee ; thou mayest inherit the land wherein thou a stranger, which God gave unto Abraham."

ere we notice how Isaac confirmed again and n the blessing which he had unconsciously n to his younger son. He had seen that it useless to withstand God, and so he came to His view of things. And as Jacob was to he progenitor of the Messiah, his marriage t not be with a daughter of Canaan : there t be no union after the flesh. How often, in command and in type, is this truth of set forth, "Be ye not unequally yoked toer with unbelievers" (2 Cor. 6 : 14). So Isaac Jacob away from Beersheba, where he was dwelling, and he who was a "plain man, lling in tents" (Gen. 25 : 27), probably a e lover, had to go out from home and leave nd all he loved.

ere we have a little episode concerning Esau. every other natural man, he was fertile in promise. Jacob was already taking the betlace in the esteem of his parents. He had s yet sought any marriage union, and when parents suggested that he should go to n-aram to seek a wife, he was ready to go. he went, accompanied by his father's blessthe blessing of Abraham which should come his seed. So Esau, who had already martwo wives to please himself, sought a third, ghter of Ishmael, to please, as he thought, his parents. Poor Esau ! the third wife could not undo his union with the other two.

There are many unconverted people who think that although they do indulge in personal gratification, sometimes in wilful sin as well as selfishness, yet if they deny themselves in some other way, a kind of balance is arrived at. How often we find young girls who will deny themselves sleep after an evening's dissipation at a ball, in order to attend early communion ; others who will read a novel in bed for hours at night and then make up for it, as they think, by attending a prayer-meeting. A man of business will unscrupulously do a dishonest thing, "because," he says, "everybody does it, and it is understood in the world ;" but his conscience pricks him, and he gives, perhaps, a twentieth of that which he thus unrighteously gains to some Christian work. Again, another will embark in a business which pays well, but which so ministers to the lusts of the flesh that thousands are ruined by it, and to balance the evil he does, he will give in a princely way to the most spiritual work which is done for God. Who give subscriptions like the large brewers, whose names are over so many of the public-houses in the worst parts of London?

We return to Jacob as he was on his journey toward Haran. Night was drawing in ; the sun was set. It was perhaps his first night away from home, although he was by no means a young man, but all his love, his thoughts, his associations were centred in the home which he had left. He was undoubtedly himself unconverted at the time, and we may picture the utter loneliness of that first night. No prayer from his father's lips to raise his soul heavenward, he was left to his own resources : how could he, the liar, the deceiver, stand before God? It may be that for the first time this question was placed by the Spirit of God before his mind.

We cannot tell what were the workings of his heart ; the inspired Word tells us only that "he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set ; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed . . ." Before the Word of God was written, it was by dreams or visions of the night that He frequently communicated His will to man (Job 33 : 15). Jacob was cut off from his family and from his God, by his sin of deceit and lying. If through the working of the Spirit of God he was conscious of his distance from Him, then his dream was a marvellous answer of grace. He may have thought, "The blessing of God through my father has come upon me ; but how can I, a sinner, draw near to God?"

"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven ; and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it." Then there was a way of communication open between him and God? "And, behold, the Lord stood above it ;" and who lay at its feet? The sinful, desolate Jacob. Blessed be God, we know Who is the ladder. "Hereafter" said the Lord Himself (John 1 : 51), "ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." There is but one ladder, one way of access, "one Mediator between God and man, the Christ Jesus." A reconciled God is bound to lost rebellious man by means of His outpoured blood. How far Jacob understood this is not revealed to us ; but oh, let us grasp the facts that the only possible and yet sure ground of communion between God and man is this, that the righteousness of God has been vindicated with regard to man in the person of the Lord Jesus. And thus in every approach to God we come as members of that crucified body which hung upon the cross, all our personality included and hidden in His personality crucified and risen. It was only on the ground of the ladder that God could speak to Jacob ; He said, "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac ; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed ; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south : and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Thus we see that the true and faithful God in revealing Himself in a personal manner to Jacob did not in the first place reproach him with his sin ; later on He would use circumstances to do that ; but He came to the lonely outcast and said, "I am thy father's God, and thy grandfather's God ; I stand to the promise which I have made to them, and which thou hast inherited."

It must have been a wondrous revelation of God's grace to Jacob, just when he was suffering the consequences of his sin, that it should be said, "In *thee* and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." How could he be a blessing who had been a curse? The next words give the answer : "Behold, I am with thee." Jacob alone could only deceive, supplant, lie ; Jacob with God could be a channel of blessing to all the families of the earth. The Lord with Joseph made him able to endure his wrongs in Potiphar's house and in the prison ; God with Moses enabled him to stand before Pharaoh ; God with Joshua led the people into the promised land ; God with Gideon overcame the Midianites. "I am with thee" was to be Jacob's safeguard ; and the Lord said, moreover, "I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land ; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

There was enough in these words for Jacob to have banished from his heart all fear for the future. God had guaranteed to keep him in all places whither he should go, and yet we find him later on fearing Laban, fearing his brother Esau, fearing the people of the land. Why was this? Because deep in Jacob's heart the seed of unbelief germinated. Perhaps, like his mother, he believed in God's promises, but, because he could not see how they were to be executed, he gave way to distrust, and to that scheming and planning which so dishonors a God who has pledged Himself to do as He has said.

"And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place ; and I knew it not. And he was *afraid*." Although every word which God had spoken to him was so strengthening and comforting, yet Jacob, instead of taking comfort, feared. It may be he looked at himself, a poor, miserable, sinful man, in the presence of God, and thought more of himself and his contrast to the All-Holy than of the life-giving words which God had uttered. He said, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." David said, "In Thy presence is the fulness of joy ;" but Jacob found it dreadful. Why? David took God to be all He said He was, while Jacob doubted.

He "rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it." He named the place Beth-el, *i.e.*, the house of God. "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, *If* God will be with me, and will keep me in the way, that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace ; then shall the Lord be my God : and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house : and of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." "*If*" the Lord had said, "*I am* with thee ;" did he think God could break His Word, or that He was more likely to fulfil it, if Jacob made Him a little present of tithes? Alas! how little man knows of the kingly heart of our God ; how man judges Him after his own littleness instead of seeing Him through His holy written Word! And thus it comes to pass that the infallible God is treated with more distrust and disrespect than any fallible human creature, and men, even converted men, to whom God has in a measure revealed Himself, go to the fearful length of suspecting God of treachery and insinuating an "*If Thou will*," where He has said, "*I will*."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Situation in South-eastern Europe is regarded with serious apprehension by the statesmen who control the foreign policy of their respective countries. It appears probable that without the application of force the Turkish Sultan will not obey the decisions of the Berlin Conference. The cession of Dulcigno, to which we alluded last week, is considered *a test case* in the programme. At first the Sultan promised that the town should be ceded to Montenegro at the wish of the European Powers. Then he declared that he was unable to carry out the cession, and suffered his forces to be expelled from the town by the Albanians. But when the Prince of Montenegro was preparing to seize the town by force, the Sultan threatened him with war if he did not desist, thus clearly showing that the Sultan was insincere in his professed readiness to cede the town. The next step was a peremptory demand from the great Powers requiring the Sultan to obey the will of Europe in the matter. He was not definitely threatened with unpleasant consequences if he disobeyed, but as the combined fleets of the Powers were cruising in his neighborhood, he had good grounds for apprehension if he decided on that course. With characteristic craft he asked for a few days' delay for consideration, which have been granted him.

It is reported that a difference of opinion exists among the Powers as to the proper course to be taken in the event of the Sultan continuing refractory. England and Russia are said to recommend coercion by force of arms, while Austria, Germany, and France are opposed to warlike measures. If the question were merely one of coercing Turkey, it would be a simple one; but every statesman is aware that mutual jealousies prevail in Europe, which might be quickly fanned into open hostility if the sword be once drawn. "The beginning of strife," Solomon tells us, "is as when one letteth out water." And in this case the commencement of war might end in deluging the European Continent *with blood*. There is therefore a general reluctance to resort to extreme measures, and the Sultan of Turkey is aware of this; but he does not know how far that reluctance may be safely strained.

A Panic in Ireland has Resulted from the murder of Lord Montmorres. The correspondent of the London *Times* at Dublin says: "Party differences are for the time discarded in the presence of a common and imminent danger. It is said on all sides, with equal despondency and bitterness, that *there is no longer any security for life and property*, and that nobody can feel safe who ventures to assert rights or discharge duties connected with the possession, occupation, or management of land if his acts conflict with the interests or prejudices of those with whom he has to deal. The country is fast drifting to anarchy. *The arm of authority seems paralyzed, and the Executive utterly helpless.*" A reward of $5000 has been offered for the discovery of the murderers of Lord Montmorres, but no measures have been taken by the government for the protection of other landowners. The agitators who travel from town to town delivering exciting speeches are the most dangerous class; and now that the coercion acts have not been renewed by Parliament, such orators are not easily silenced or punished for seditious language.

A Deplorable Picture of the Habits of some ladies belonging to the upper classes of English society appeared in a recent number of *Truth*, a London society paper, edited by Mr. Labouchere, now a member of Parliament. It describes a scene which took place at a pretty villa near London. The occasion was a garden party, and the guests were, like the host and hostess, members of the British aristocracy. When the party arrived, the host was absent, and the hostess appeared among her guests so intoxicated that she could not maintain a steady gait, and her flushed face and thick utterance indicated her condition. As soon as her husband arrived, he observed the lady's degradation, and with a look of misery on his face so deep that it drew pity even from heartless persons who had been laughing at the spectacle, he led her to her room.

The editor adds, "This is no exaggeration of facts. It is, unfortunately, a scene from real life, and, I fear, not an uncommon one. The love of strong drink appears to be increasing among the educated women of our day. During the season just past instances of this were so frequent as to lead to the conjecture that a kind of epidemic of drink was pervading those classes of society in which culture, position, and the possession of every comfort of life would appear to be a sufficient guaranty against so degrading a vice."

The New French Ministry has Commenced its work with an assurance which should allay the fears expressed throughout Europe—that its policy would be one of aggression. M. Barthelemy St. Hillaire, the minister of foreign affairs, has forwarded a circular to the representatives of France at foreign courts, in which occurs the following passage: "My first duty is to request you to assure the goverments to which you are accredited that the new cabinet will make no change in the foreign policy of its predecessor. France has never attached greater value than now to the maintenance of peace so fruitful of advantage for her prosperity and honor."

An Italian Hero is Reported to be Languishing in prison through his filial devotion to his father. It appears that a man named Luigi, a station-keeper at Jesi, shot and killed in self-defence a desperado who had quarrelled with him. He fled to his home, but during the night the officers entered to arrest him. Through some error they took Luigi's son Francesco instead of Luigi. As the young man kept silence and would not betray his aged father, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. When he had served two years, Luigi could bear it no longer, and gave himself up to the authorities. He confessed the crime, but the justices refused to believe his confession, and retained the son in prison. This noble young man's conduct in sacrificing the best years of his life is a rare instance of devotion, and is a type of the greater sacrifice Jesus paid in dying for a world of sinners.

Jewish Immigration to Palestine.—The *Jewish Messenger* of New York says that a hundred well-to-do heads of Jewish families in Roumania have petitioned the "Alliance Israelite" to purchase land for them in Palestine, where they may found an agricultural colony; they offer to contribute 400 francs each, and to pay the balance in annual instalments.

A Wealthy English Baronet's Heir Drowned.—Sir Watkin Wynn has just lost his nephew and heir, Mr. Wynn, lieutenant in the Scots Guards. He was very popular, full of energy and spirit, and an expert swimmer. He was bent on going over Master's Weir in a canoe, and, expecting a ducking, had taken off his watch and prepared for a swim. Mr. Lionel Damer was in a punt with a waterman, ready to assist in case of mishap. They saw Mr. Wynn in the water, and then, to their horror, he disappeared, sucked under by the eddy. Once they caught a glimpse of his hair, and once again of his hand, thrown up, and then all trace of him was gone. The deepest sympathy its felt for his mother, who was made a widow, after seven years' marriage, by an equally sad and sudden accident. The young man had brilliant expectations, and a happy and useful career might have been predicted for him, but he has lost all by his death. The Christian's lot is widely different. His death inducts him into the full possession of inexhaustible riches of which in his life he had only a foretaste (1 Cor. 2 : 9).

Mrs. M. Baxter Writes from a Village in the Grand Duchy of Baden: "God allowed us to see fruit of our former visit to Freiburg, and added blessing this time to our labors. But the prejudice against any lay work is extremely strong—almost more so among Protestants than Catholics, and there is a sad want of direct evangelizing effort in a way which can be brough to bear upon the people. Oh, that God woul stir up Germans to pray for their country!"

The heat at Freiburg was so intense that slee at night was difficult. Large meetings wer afterward held at Matterdingen, a German village where the only accommodation that coul be obtained was at an inn where thick dust la on the furniture in the rooms, and there wer fleas and mosquitoes, causing an inflamed swel ing of the face from some twenty bites, so a almost to close one eye. Sleep could only b obtained by putting the head in a sort of cag made of a net. Matterdingen is a primitive vi lage. At the village post-office one may go t buy stamps several times in the day and find th postmaster out in the fields, and when one ask when one can get stamps, etc., they say, "Whe he comes home," giving no specified time wha ever; so the best plan is to waylay the post whe it comes once a day at 8.30 in the morning, an then the postmaster must be there.

Value of a Boy's Corpse.—An Inquest w held recently in London on a boy who had falle into the Regent's Canal and was drowned. H would have been saved, but just as a man w diving to recover the lad a barge came alon and the bargeman declined to stop, though in plored to do so. Several other barges followe and all insisted on keeping their course. Aft they had passed the lad was found firmly in bedded in mud, having been pressed down death by the slowly-passing barges. There w much method in this otherwise strange condu of the bargemen. It transpired in evidence th some of them had boldly said it was *no go making a fuss about a drowning boy, who, saved, brought them nothing*, whereas, if fish up in the form of a corpse, he would be wor five shillings, or, as one of them put it, "*At lea three gallons of beer.*" Such inhuman actio show how degraded is the class for whose im provement Mr. George Smith is making su strenuous efforts as described in a recent nu ber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Fearful Predicament was Witnessed Beachy Head, England, on August 16th A you man descended a grassy slope, presuming th the foothold was similar all the way down to t sands. He soon, however, found to his dism that he had reached the edge of the cliff itse and that the slope by which he had descend was *too steep to enable him to return.*. For t hours and a half he remained in this situati calling for help, but his cries were unhea Ultimately he was rescued by four coastguar men with the aid of crowbars and ropes. T rescue is said to have been witnessed by num ous spectators, to whom it afforded the great excitement. Such a descent many souls daily making, trusting that the path will always easy and pleasant. Happy they who d cover their mistake in time, and trusting not the help of man. Rely on Him who saves the uttermost all who come unto God by H (Hebrews 7 : 25).

The Second Volume of The Christian Hera comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec., 1879), may procured, elegantly bound in cloth, at this off Price $1.75.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchm (London) for September may be obtained at the of of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are on s at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at price low as to bring them within the reach of every c *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photogr of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughm Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 ce *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homi cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day B* This popular gift-book contains a suitable pass selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every in the year, with a blank space opposite for a graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurg appear at their respective birthdays. The book elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Re tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. **SPURGEON**, of London, and the Rev. Dr. **TALMAGE'S** latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. **MORLEY PUNSHON**, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. **HAY AITKEN**, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1880. 14th Year. No. 42—New Series.

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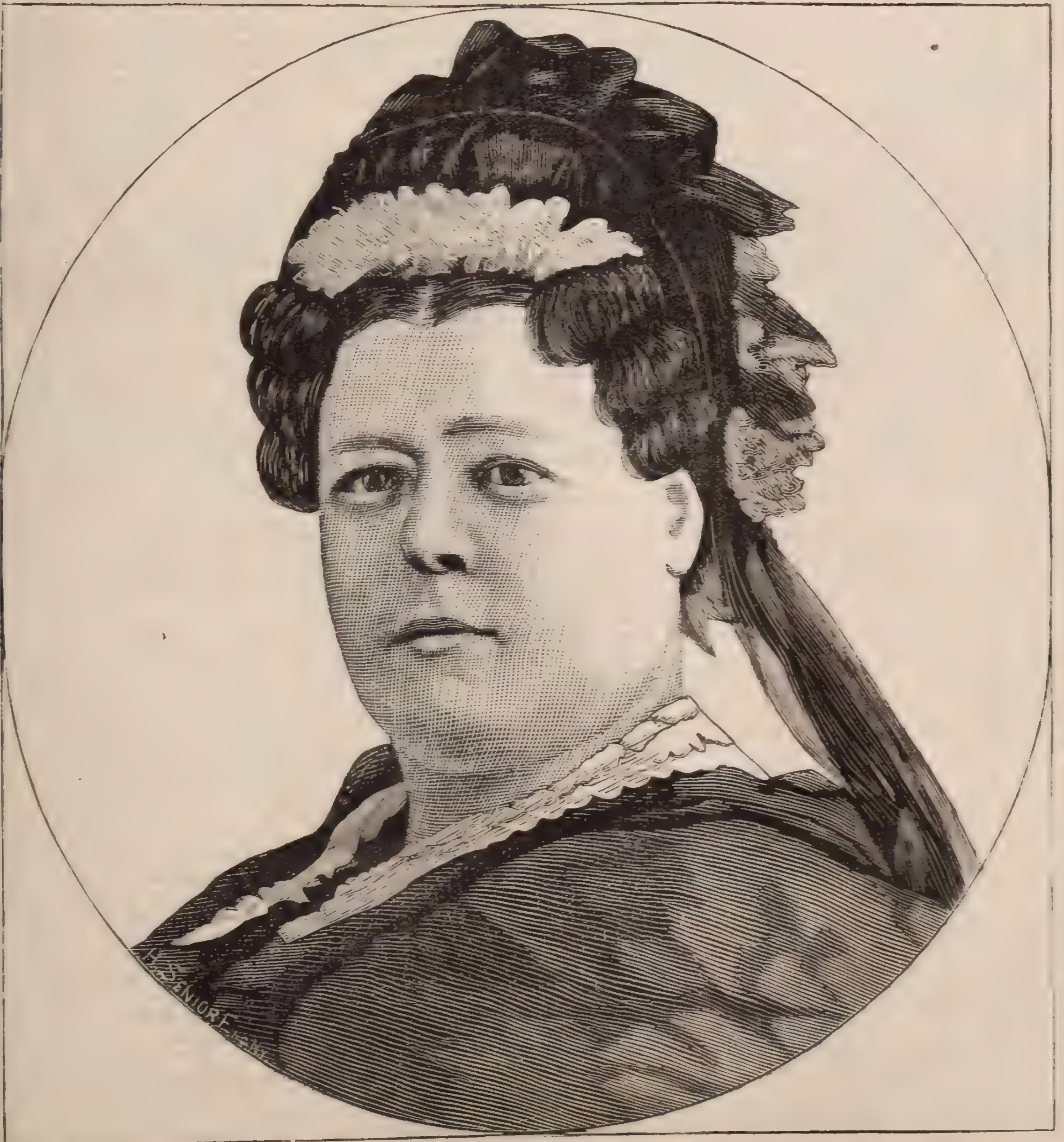

MRS. M. N. VAN COTT, the First Lady Licensed to Preach by the M. E. Church in America.

MRS. MAGGIE NEWTON VAN COTT.

Birth and Early Life—Marriage—Domestic Trials—Her Business Enterprise—Conversion—Mission Work—A Sailor's Bible Thrown Overboard—One of the Smart Boys—First Sermon—Six Weeks' Services—Two Ladies Reconciled—Other Invitations—Business Relinquished—Licensed to Preach—Eight Years' Record—Conclusion.

IN all ages of the Church and in all denominations of Christians, the idea of a lady ascending the pulpit and preaching to a mixed congregation has met with energetic opposition. Good men, enthusiastic in their Master's cause, ready to sacrifice themselves and all they have in His service—devoted men whose one aim in life, whose chief and all-absorbing desire it is that His kingdom may come and souls be won for Him—have raised their voices in condemnation when a woman has assumed the office and functions of a Christian preacher.

Nor has this ministerial opposition sprung from unworthy motives. In other professions the entrance of a lady has been barred by the jealousy, or fear, or exclusiveness of the male practitioners. But in the ministry the men who would close the door of the pulpit against their sisters have been men whose character furnished conclusive refutation of such a charge. With them, the sacrifice of self, the subordination of their own predilections and preferences to the will of Him whom they served, have been distinguishing characteristics. Their objections have been conscientious objections, which would have perished in a moment if they thought the voice of their Master had called His handmaid to the service.

This is not the place to deal with a question on which weighty arguments have been advanced on both sides. It is sufficient for our purpose to recognize the position of objectors, and to acknowledge that they have occupied that position on conscientious grounds, which even their opponents admit find *prima facie* support in the Bible. There still remains, however, the fact, established beyond disputation, that souls have been won through the instrumentality of a woman's preaching, and however they may have been brought out of darkness into light, the fact, that they have been brought there, is one over which every Christian rejoices. When there is joy among the angels of Heaven over one sinner's repentance, who are we that we should cavil about the means God has used to melt the heart of stone?

Of the ladies famous as preachers whom this country has produced, the subject of our sketch is a fitting representative. The extent of her labors, her indefatigable energy, her earnest and devoted zeal, and her brilliant success, single her out as a leader in this work; and the fact that she was *the first lady to whom a preacher's license was granted* by the Methodist Episcopal Church, will render the leading incidents of her life interesting to our readers, even to those who would prefer seeing her labors confined to a sphere which does not include pulpit ministration.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

In the year 1830 there lived in the city of New York an honest, worthy couple who were highly respected and honored by the class of society among whom they moved. The husband, William K. Newton, was of English descent, though born in this city. He was an intelligent capable man, frank and manly in deportment, and of a happy disposition. He occupied the position of manager of real estate, having under his control at different periods the estates of Peter Lorillard, Isaac Greenwood, and the enormous real property of John Jacob Astor. He was also prominent in other affairs, for he belonged to the military organization of the National Grays, and attained the rank of commander of that corps; and so well did he fulfil the functions of his office that a costly sword was presented to him as a mark of esteem by the gentlemen in his command.

Mrs. Newton was descended from a Scottish family, but was, like her husband, a native of New York. She was a woman of strong mind, firm and inflexible of purpose, and a strict disciplinarian in family matters. She with her husband attended the services of the Episcopal Church, and held in profound veneration the doctrines and ritual of that denomination. Mrs. Newton's father was a Methodist, but she had conceived an antipathy to the Methodist body which she never overcame.

The home of this worthy couple was brightened, on March 25th, 1830, by the birth of a daughter who was named Maggie, and who has now become famous as Mrs. Maggie Newton Van Cott. The little girl was the object of the almost idolatrous affection of her father and maternal grandfather, and the precocity she developed won for her general admiration. Her health was delicate, and her early education was more than once suspended by sickness.

DOMESTIC TRIALS.

When Maggie was little over seventeen years of age a young lady named Van Cott, who had been a friend of the Newton family for some time, called one evening with her brother, who had not previously been acquainted with Maggie or her parents. The young man was struck by the beauty and intelligence of his sister's friend. He cultivated the acquaintance so formed, and found that beauty was not her only attraction. Admiration grew into love, and he became the accepted suitor for Maggie Newton's hand. His parents warmly approved the young man's choice, and the young bride received a hearty welcome to the Van Cott family.

The next four years of her life passed happily away. She assisted her husband in his business, and in her domestic duties she found a source of delightful pleasure. A daughter was born to add to the happiness of the young pair, and so far as mere wordly prosperity can give happiness, their cup of joy was full. But a time of trouble was at hand—trouble in which no consolation the world can afford availed to comfort or to cheer. The little daughter on whom the affection of the parents was centred, was carried off by an attack of scarlet fever, and the grief over that loss was increased by anxiety about the health of Mr. Van Cott. He had contracted a severe cold from which he had been unable to obtain relief. It settled upon his lungs, and for some time his life was in imminent danger.

During this period of anxiety another child was born, and the mother had scarcely risen from her sick bed before she found herself face to face with serious difficulties. The expenses of Mr. Van Cott's illness and of the home had swept away the little stock of savings the young people had accumulated. No money had been earned for some time, and the burden of debt had grown to formidable proportions. It was a sorrowful time for the young wife and mother, then little over twenty-one years of age. God was teaching her the frailty of earth's joys and hopes, the vanity of all human happiness which has not Him for its foundation; but that lesson she was not then ready to learn. Her thoughts were centred in her position, and that position was just then very critical. Her husband sick almost unto death, her infant needing a mother's care and attention, and all the time debts accumulating which there was no apparent means of discharging.

Then it was that the hitherto unknown resources of Mrs. Van Cott's nature were discovered to herself and her family. To continue in this state of embarrassment, or to become a burden on the generosity of her husband's family, were courses against which her nature revolted, and she quietly appropriated to herself the task of providing for the wants of the home. It was a hard task for the gentle, shrinking wife, hitherto cherished and shielded from rough contact with the world; but after looking around on all hands she determined to undertake it, and braced herself up to the work.

As *Washington Irving* has so well said on this subject, "Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who has been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity." It was touching, and the only line Mrs. Van Cott found open to her was calculated to try her modest and retiring nature to the utmost.

Mr. Van Cott had been engaged in collecting orders for wholesale druggists, and had been a successful representative of several high-class firms. This fact gave the clue to his wife's project. She decided on taking up the work her suffering husband was unable to perform. In secret she arranged all the details of her scheme, and when they were perfected she communicated them to her husband. Naturally his objections to the enterprise were very strong. He thought of his loved wife encountering the annoyances he knew so well, and which would be doubly painful to a lady, and begged her not to make the attempt. Entreaties and warnings were, however, powerless to turn the resolute wife, from her purpose, for she had been steeled to it by the strongest powers of her nature—love for her husband and love for her child.

The morning when she had arranged to start on her enterprise was bitterly cold; frost and snow kept every one within doors who could stay there, and it seemed doubly hard to face the cold world in such pitiless weather. But the resolution of the wife was not to be thwarted by weather, and bidding a hasty adieu to husband and child, she sallied forth on her self-appointed mission. Her husband was broken down by the agonizing thought of what lay before her, and watched her departure from the window of his room with moistened eyes. But she waved him a caress with a merry face, and was soon out of sight. Then her exuberant spirits, called up for his comfort, gave way, and she buried her face in her hands and gave vent to a flood of tears.

The first day's expedition was a complete success. Her position, her energy, and her grave, modest demeanor won the hearts of the ordinarily imperturbable business men, and she returned in the evening elated by her triumph. From that day and for some years Mrs. Van Cott was a successful business woman. When changes in the commercial world rendered one line of operations unprofitable, she promptly adopted another, and her energy and business sagacity were productive of substantial results. Prosperity once more reigned in the home, and the wolf was far away from the door.

CONVERSION.

The replenishing of the family exchequer was however, only one of the anxieties that lay heavily on Mrs. Van Cott's mind. Her husband's health had fluctuated with the variableness characteristic of his disease. At one time it encouraged hopes of recovery, and at another it cast down the hearts of those who watched him with loving tenderness. Those who saw him less frequently were, however, convinced of a fact of which his wife at length, became painfully conscious. She saw that although his condition varied day by day, he was tending perceptibly toward the grave.

Thoughts of this approaching separation from one she loved so dearly filled her mind, and turned her attention to matters of spiritua concern. She had been acquainted with Gospe truth from her childhood, but her heart had never been given to the Saviour. Now she bent at the footstool of God and cried, "I Thou wilt save my darling, I will truly serve Thee." But there is no bargaining with the Most High, and this the loving wife had to learn It was a bitter trial, but at last she was able to kneel at her husband's bedside and say, "Father into Thy hands I commit my treasure. I give my all to Thee; let Thy righteous will be done." The work was done; she had surrendered what to her was more precious than life henceforth Christ had the supreme place in affections.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

fter this, when not occupied with her busi- duties, or in watching at the sufferer's side, sought opportunities of usefulness. Owing Mr. Van Cott's enfeebled condition, the ily had discontinued attendance at the Episl Church, and had become connected with Duane Street Methodist community. Here success as a Sunday-school teacher was very ifest, as several of those who attended her were brought to God under her teaching. death of her beloved husband prostrated hysical powers and withdrew her for a time this work, but she was soon seen in her stomed place.

he day in May, 1866, she attended, by invita- a mission meeting in the Five Points, then very worst locality in the city. The sight e miserable depraved creatures who formed audience in the mission-room weighed ly on her heart, and she felt herself irresist- mpelled to make some exertions for their nation. She suggested a week evening ng to the pastor, but he doubted its prac- lity. It was, however, ultimately arranged e condition that Mrs. Van Cott herself charge of it. She felt some nervousness epidation in doing this, but, after conside- and prayer, consented. Only eight adults ded this Bible class at its commencement, he numbers rapidly grew until the room lways full. Then a Sunday night Bible vas opened, and that became so large that handed over to the care of the pastor for r service.

success which followed Mrs. Van Cott's t Five Points brought her an earnest re- to assist in the "hard" neighborhood of rd and Baxter Streets, which she accepted. he found a gathering of eighteen persons ad been found loitering in the usual aim- ay at the corner and brought in. They ed to belong to the lowest and most de- class of society, and not one of them read or had any knowledge of religious Mrs. Van Cott talked to them as she lked to her class at the Sunday-school. was no attempt at preaching, but it was st that an impression had been made. xt meeting was so crowded that the room small, and a lady who owned a sailor's ng house, and who had herself been con- under the teaching of Mrs. Van Cott, the use of a larger room in her house. fer was accepted, and that upper room erward the scene of many a soul's en- on the way of life.

LOCK OF HAIR IN A SAILOR'S BIBLE.

f the most remarkable of these cases was a stalwart sailor in the prime of life Mrs. Van Cott noticed while she was g, listening with marked attention. ly she saw tears roll down his cheeks, and lose of the meeting she addressed a few words to him. Then she learned his He was the reprobate son of a pious g since dead. On her death-bed she had r Bible to her boy, and between its leaves ed *a lock of her hair*. He ran away to became a ringleader in all kinds of ess. But his mother's Bible in his chest nstant reproach to him. He never saw ched it in turning over his clothing, but ow degraded he had become.

ight after a disgraceful scene he went obtain some article from his chest. e was turned over, and the lock of his hair curled around his finger. *It seemed im*, and in a frenzy he threw the Bible air into the sea. He thought no more il the day when he strayed into Mrs. 's meeting; but now the thought of ife was terrible to him, and he seemed the lost gift of his mother the loss of Mrs. Van Cott spent some time with unsel and prayer, and he promised to in on his return from the voyage on which he was about to start. Nothing more was heard of him for six months, but many prayers were offered on his behalf. At the end of that time he appeared at the meeting with several shipmates. He had to tell of his own conversion, and of the joyful fact that God had made him instrumental in the conversion of the men by his side.

A BOY'S SMARTNESS.

The number of neglected children playing in the streets near the mission was a sad sight which made a deep impression on Mrs. Cott's mind, and she determined to start a Sunday-school. With considerable difficulty a few boys were induced to come in, but they formed a very small proportion of the crowd in the street. It was thought that the boys would be the best recruiting sergeants, so a premium of five cents was offered to each boy who would bring another boy next Sunday. This offer led to an amusing instance of that characteristic known as smartness, which among adults has so frequently manifested itself in defalcations and forgeries.

Among the boys who the following Sunday brought a recruit and received the five cents was one who soon afterward slipped unobserved from the room. The boy he had brought then asked if he might earn five cents by bringing a boy in. He was answered in the affirmative, and going out brought in the boy by whom he had been introduced. This attempt to cheat was obviously a preconcerted arrangement between them, and showed that even the boys had contracted an unscrupulous disposition, and were devoid of the first principles of morality. This was only one of the many difficulties with which the enterprise had to contend. There was soon, however, no need to offer premiums; the room was well filled, and the work was blessed by God in the conversion of many of the children.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PULPIT.

For a long time Mrs. Van Cott continued this arduous life. All day she was at her post managing an increasing business which required all her thoughts and involved no slight strain on her physical powers. On Sundays and on several evenings of the week she conducted services at the missions either in Baxter Street or at the Five Points. Her health began to show the effects of this continuous exertion, and she found a short interval of rest absolutely necessary.

About this time she received an invitation to visit a pious family at Durham, Greene County, N. Y., which she accepted. Accounts of her success at the missions had preceded her, and on the first evening of her visit she was invited to preach. Her efforts had never been dignified by that title before, and it somewhat alarmed her. She insisted that she did not preach; she "*only talked for Jesus.*" By considerable persuasion she was at length induced to conduct a service.

The school-room was crowded, and the service was very impressive, the speaker forgetting her nervousness as she became absorbed in her theme. Several souls were gathered into the fold that night, and she was urged to hold a service on the following Sunday night in the Hervey Street Baptist Church, a more commodious building. She consented, and a large congregation assembled. But a difficulty occurred at the outset. The candles on the wall were so placed as to give plenty of light on the pulpit, but on the stand below, where Mrs. Van Cott had taken her position, she could not see a letter of print.

The candles could not be removed, and the pastor and his friends pressed her to go into the pulpit. She had never entered a pulpit, and she shrank from that step, but a few moments consideration convinced her that she would act wisely in complying with the request, and bowing her head in prayer for a blessing, she ascended the stairs and for the first time in her life spoke from a pulpit. Eight persons that night came forward to ask for prayers, and before they left the building were rejoicing in Jesus as their Saviour.

She intended to return to business the next morning, but was induced to stay for another service at night, when "the anxious seat" was again filled and many souls found peace. While so joyful a work was going forward all thought of returning was banished, and forgetting the loss her absence from her business involved, she remained in Greene County six weeks, and no less than seventy-five persons who attended the closing service attributed their conversion, to the blessing of God on her efforts.

Returning to New York, Mrs. Van Cott gave her attention to her business for a few weeks, but a pressing invitation from another part of the State, where revival services were being held was sent to her, and she started at the call of duty to the new field. Here remarkable success attended her preaching, and some interesting cases of conversion resulted. Among these was one which deserves mention as bearing on a difficulty many evangelists have experienced.

A RECONCILIATION.

A young lady had asked for the prayers of the congregation on the first evening of the services, and appeared to be under deep conviction. For many days she made no progress. She assented to the truth as explained to her; she admitted Christ's willingness to save, and her own intense desire for salvation, but still she could not find peace. The case occasioned Mrs. Van Cott much anxiety, and having presented it in prayer privately with great earnestness, she questioned the young inquirer as to her position. Then it was disclosed that her sister-in-law, living in the same house with her, had done her a serious injury which she could not forgive. Here was the secret obstacle, and it was not until she promised to ask for reconcilation with her relative that the way opened. She returned to her home and humbled herself to her sister-in-law and was greeted with open arms. She found to her surprise that her sister-in-law was also under conviction, and had been held back by the same obstacle. They were reconciled, and both were soon afterward received into the church.

After these services concluded, Macedonian calls for assistance flowed in on the successful evangelist, and believing the voice of God had called her to give her life to the work, she decided on giving up business and spending her time exclusively in Christ's service. This self-denying act was performed, and Mrs. Van Cott from that time has been continually engaged in preaching the Gospel through the country. On September 6, 1868, she received from Windham Centre, N. Y., Conference an exhorter's license, and on March 6, 1869, a local preacher's license from the Conference of Stone Ridge, in the Ellensville district.

Since then, not only in New York State but in New England and in the West, Mrs. Van Cott has labored with signal success; and though figures give but a vague idea of work of this character, it is interesting to learn that in the years from 1872 to 1880 she has travelled 128,080 miles, preached 3195 sermons, conducted over 8000 meetings, and no less than *twenty thousand persons* have professed saving faith in Christ as the result of the blessing of God on her labors.

Mrs. Van Cott humbly acknowledges that in this remarkable record there is no cause for self-praise. She attributes the joyful result to the grace and power of God exercised through her, and while deeply thankful that He called her to the honorable work, and led her on step by step, widening the field before her and directing her path, she cries with all self-forgetfulness, "Not unto me, but unto Thy name be all the glory."

Miss S. A. Sewell, the Prison Philanthropist and Evangelist, is now on a visit to England, and has been addressing vast crowds at Mile End, London. Mr. G. Hamilton, Superintendent of the East London Mission, writing to her on July 19th, 1880, says, "I have listened with intense delight to your earnest appeals. I have seen the effects, not only in the greatly-increased numbers at our meetings, but what is far more important in the numbers who have sought, and found the Saviour. Surely God has a great work for you to do for Him."

DOMESTIC LIFE.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, October 10 , 1880.

"Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee."—Luke 8 : 39.

A Terrifying Sight—Demoniacal Submission—"Go to Thine Own Home"—What Makes a Happy Home?—Your Father's House—Greek and Biblical Definitions of a Happy Home—I. We Want Religion in our Domestic Duties—In the Discipline of Children—In Setting a Good Example—A Canadian Convict's Plea for Her Babe—A Young Mechanic's Remorse—II. We Want Religion in Home Sorrows—In Financial Misfortune—In Bereavement—Offerings of the Three Sons of a Dead Queen—The Grandest Tribute to Our Ancestors—A Consecrated Life.

After a fierce and shipwrecking night, Christ and His disciples are climbing up the slaty shelving of the beach. How pleasant it is to stand on solid ground after having been tossed so long on the billows! While the disciples are congratulating each other on their marine escape, out from a dark, deep cavern on the Gadarene hills there is something swiftly and terribly advancing. *Is it an apparition?* Is it a man? Is it a wild beast? It is a maniac who has broken away from his keepers, perhaps a few rags on his person, and fragments of stout shackles which he has wrenched off in terrific paroxysm. With wild yell, and bleeding wounds of his own laceration, he flies down the hill.

Back to the boats, ye fishermen, and put out to sea, and escape assassination. But Christ stands His ground; so do the disciples; and as this flying fury, with gnashing teeth and uplifted fists, dashes at Christ, Christ says, "Hands off! Down at my feet, thou poor sufferer," and the demoniac drops harmless, exhausted, worshipful. "Away, ye devils!" commanded Christ, and the two thousand fiends which had been tormenting the poor man are transferred to the two thousand swine which go to sea with their accursed cargo.

The restored demoniac sits down at Christ's feet and wants to stay there. Christ says to him practically, "Don't stop; you have a mission to execute; wash off the filth and the wounds in the sea; smooth your disheveled locks; put on decent apparel and go straight to your desolated home, and tell your wife and children that you will no more affright them, and no more do them harm; that you are restored to reason, and that I, the Omnipotent Son of God, am entitled hereafter to the worship of your entire household. 'Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee.'"

Yes, the house, the home is the first place where our religious gratitude ought to be demonstrated. In the outside world we may seem to have religion when we have it not; but the home tests whether our religion is genuine or a sham.

WHAT MAKES A HOME HAPPY?

Well, one would say a house with great, wide halls, and antlered deer-heads, and parlors with sculpture and bric-a-brac, and dining-hall with easy chair and plenty of light and engravings of game on the wall, and sleeping apartments commodious and adorned. No. In such a place as that gigantic wretchedness has sometimes dwelt, while some of you look back to *your father's house*, where they read their Bible by the light of a tallow candle. There were no carpets on the floor save those made from the rags which your mother cut night by night, you helping wind them into a ball, and then sent to the weaver who brought them to shape under his slow shuttle. Not a luxury in all the house. But you cannot think of it this morning without tearful and grateful emotion. You and I have found out that it is not rich tapestry, or gorgeous architecture, or rare art that makes a happy home.

The six wise men of Greece gave prescriptions for a happy home. Solon says a happy home is a place where a man's estate was gotten without injustice, kept without disquietude, and spent without repentance. Chilo says that a happy home is the place where a man rules as a monarch a kingdom. Bias says that a happy home is a place where a man does voluntarily what by law he is compelled to do abroad. But you and I, under a grander light, give a better prescription: a happy home is a place where the kindness of the gospel of the Son of God has full swing.

While I speak this morning there is knocking at your front door, if He be not already admitted, One whose locks are wet with the dews of the night, who would take your children into His arms, and would throw upon your nursery, and your sleeping apartments, and your drawing-room, and your entire house a blessing, that will make you rich while you live, and be an inheritance to your children after you have done the last day's work for their support, and made for them the last prayer. It is the illustrious One who said to the man of my text, "Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee."

I. Now, in the first place, we want

RELIGION IN OUR DOMESTIC DUTIES.

Every housekeeper needs great grace. If Martha had had more religion she would not have rushed with such bad temper to scold Mary in the presence of Christ. It is no small thing to keep order, and secure cleanliness, and mend breakages, and achieve economy, and control all the affairs of the household advantageously. Expenses will run up, store bills will come in twice as large as you think they ought to be, furniture will wear out, carpets will unravel, and the martyrs of the fire are very few in comparison with *the martyrs of housekeeping*. Yet there are hundreds of people in this church this morning who in their homes are managing all these affairs with a composure, an adroitness, an ingenuity, and a faithfulness which they never could have reached but for the grace of our practical Christianity. The exasperations which wear out others have been to you spiritual development and sanctification. Employments which seemed to relate only to an hour have on them all the grandeurs of eternal history.

You need the religion of Christ in the

DISCIPLINE OF YOUR CHILDREN.

The rod which in other homes may be the first means used, in yours will be the last. There will be no harsh epithets—"you knave, you villain, you scoundrel, I'll thresh the life out of you, you are the worst child I ever knew." All that kind of chastisement makes thieves, pickpockets, murderers, and the outlaws of society. That parent who in anger strikes his child across the head deserves the penitentiary. And yet this work of discipline must be attended to. God's grace can direct us. Alas for those who come to the work with fierce passion and recklessness of consequences. Between severity and laxativeness there is no choice. Both ruinous and both destructive. But there is a healthful medium which the grace of God will show to us.

Then we need the religion of Christ to help us *in setting a good example*. Cowper said of the oak: "Time was when settled on thy leaf a fly could shake thee to the root. Time has been when tempest could not." In other words, your children are very impressible just now. They are alert; they are gathering impressions you have no idea of. Have you not been surprised sometimes, months or years after some conversation, which you supposed was too profound or intricate for them to understand—some question of the child demonstrated the fact that he knew all about it?

Your children are apt to think that what you do is right. They have no ideal of truth or righteousness but yourself. Things which you do knowing at the time to be wrong, they take to be right. They reason this way: "Father always does right. Father did this. Therefore this is right." That is *good logic but bad premises*. No one ever gets over having had a bad example set him. Your conduct more than your teaching makes impression. Your laugh, your frown, your dress, your walk, your greetings,
your good-bys, your comings, your goings
habits at the table, the tones of your voi
making an impression which will last a m
years after you are dead, and the sun will
tinguished, and the mountains will crumbl
the world will die, and eternity will roll
perpetual cycles, but there will be no di
tion of the force of your conduct upo
young eyes that saw it, or the young ear
heard it.

Now I would not have by this the idea
to you that you must be in cold reserve
presence of your children. You are not em
you are companion with them. As far
can, you must walk with them, skate with
fly kite with them, play ball with them,
that you are interested in all that interests
Spensippus, the nephew and successor of P
the academy, had pictures of joy and gl
hung all around the school-room. You
not give your children the impression tha
they come to you they are playful ripples
ing against a rock. You must have them
stand that you were a boy once yoursel
you know a boy's hilarities, a boy's tempt
a boy's ambition—yea, that you are a b
You may deceive them and try to give th
idea that you are some distant super
effulgence, and you may show them off
rigorous behavior, but the time will com
they will find out the deception, and th
have for you utter contempt.

Aristotle said that a boy should begin t
at seventeen years of age; before that
should be given to recreation. I canno
that theory. But this suggests a truth
right direction. Childhood is too brief,
have not enough sympathy with its sport
We want divine grace to help us in the
ment of all these matters.

Besides that, how are your children
become Christians if you yourself are
Christian? I have noticed that
worldly and sinful parents may be, th
their children good. When young peo
presented themselves for admission i
membership, I have said to them, "A
father and mother willing you shall com
they have said, "Oh! yes; they are d
to have us come; they have not been i
for ten or fifteen years, but they will
next Sabbath to see me baptized." I have
that parents, however worldly, want th
dren good.

So it was demonstrated in

A POLICE COURT IN CANADA,

Where a mother sat, her little chil
arms—sat by a table on which her own
lay, and the little babe took up the
and played with them, and had great gl
knew not the sorrow of the hour,
when the mother was sent to the p
mother cried out, "Oh! God, let not
go into the jail. Is there not some mo
who will take this child? It is good en
heaven. It is pure. I am bad. I an
Is there not here some one who will
child? I cannot have it tainted
prison." Then a brazen creature rush
said, "Yes, I'll take the child."
said the mother, "not you, not you.
not some good mother here who will
child?" And then when the officer of
mercy and pity took the child to car
to find a home for it, the mother
lovingly good-by, and said, "Goo
darling; it is better you should nev
again."

However worldly and sinful people
want their children good. How are
to have them good? Buy them a
books? Teach them a few excellent c
Bring them to church? That is all ve
of little final result unless you do i
grace of God in your heart. Do you
that your children are started for eter
they on the right road? Those little
are now so bright and beautiful, when
scattered in the dust there will be ar

t living on in a mighty theatre of action,
your faithfulness or your neglect now is
ling that destiny.

ere is contention already among ministering
ts of salvation and fallen angels as to who
have the mastery of that immortal spirit.
children are soon going out in the world.
temptations of life will rush upon them.
most rigid resolution will bend in the
of evil. What will be the result? It
equire all the restraints of the Gospel, all
trength of a father's prayer, all the influ-
of a Christian mother's example, to keep

u say it is too early to bring them. Too
to bring them to God? Do you know how
children were taken to the ancient Pass-
The rule was, just as soon as they could
old of the father's hand and walk up Mount
h they should be taken to the Passover.
children are not too young to come to God.
you sit here and think of them perhaps
forms now so bright and beautiful vanish
you, and their disembodied spirit rises, and
e it after the life of virtue or crime is past
e judgment is gone and eternity is here.

hristian minister said that in the first year
pastorate he tried to persuade *a young*
nic the importance of family worship.
time passed, and the mechanic came to
stor's study and said, "Do you remember
irl? That was my own child; she died
orning very suddenly; she has gone to
have no doubt, but if so, she has told
what I tell you now: that child never
a prayer in her father's house—never
a prayer from her father's lips. Oh! if I
ad her back again one day to do my
' It will be a tremendous thing at the last
some one shall say of us, "I never heard
er pray; I never heard my mother pray."
Again I remark, we want

LIGION IN ALL OUR HOME SORROWS.

are ten thousand questions that come
he best regulated household that must be
. Perhaps the father has one favorite in
nily, the mother another favorite in the
and there are many questions that need
treatment.

nny and arbitrary decision have no place
usehold. If the parents love God there
a spirit of self-sacrifice, and a spirit of
ness, and a kindness which will throw its
over the entire household. Christ will
to that household, and will say, "Hus-
love your wives and be not bitter against
wives, see that you reverence your hus-
children, obey your parents in the Lord;
s, be obedient to your masters," and the
will be like a garden on a summer morn-
e grass-plot, and the flowers, and the
nd the arch of honeysuckle standing in
light glittering with dew.

hen there will be sorrows that will come
ousehold. There are but few families
ape the stroke of *financial misfortune.*
al misfortune comes to a house where
no religion. They kick against divine
nts, they curse God for the incoming
, they withdraw from the world because
not hold as high a position in society as
e did, and they fret, and they scowl, and
row, and they die. During the past few
ere have been tens of thousands of men
d by their financial distresses.

isfortune comes to the Christian house-
f religion has full sway in that home
oop gracefully. They say, "This is
The father says, "Perhaps money was
to be my idol. Perhaps God is going to
e a better Christian by putting me
the furnace of tribulation. Besides
hy should I fret anyhow? He who
the cattle on a thousand hills, and out
hand all the fowls of heaven peck their
my Father. He clotheth the lilies of
; He will clothe me. If He takes care
ven and the hawk and the vulture, most
He will take care of me, His child."

Sorer troubles come—sickness and death. Loved ones sleep the last sleep. A child is buried out of sight. You say, "Alas! for this bitter day. God has dealt very sorrily with me. I can never look up. O God, I cannot bear it." Christ comes in and He says, "Hush! O troubled soul; it is well with the child. I will strengthen thee in all thy troubles. My grace is sufficient. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with the."

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

But there are hundreds of families represented here this morning where religion has been a great comfort. There are in your homes the pictures of your departed, and things that have no wonderful value of themselves; but you keep them preciously and carefully because hands now still once touched them. A father has gone out of this household, a mother has gone out of this, a daughter just after her graduation day, a son just as he was entering on the duties of life.

And to other homes trouble will come. I say it not that you may be foreboding, not that you may do the unwise thing of taking trouble by the forelock, but that you may be ready. We must go one by one. *There will be partings* in all our households. We must say farewell. We must die. And yet there are triumphant strains that drown these tremulous accents, there are anthems that whelm the dirge. Heaven is full of the shout of delivered captives, and to the great wide field of human sorrow there come now the reaper angels with keen sickles to harvest the sheaves of heaven.

"Saints will to the end endure;
Safely will the Shepherd keep
Those He purchased for His sheep."

Go home this day and ask the blessing on your noonday meal. To-night

SET UP THE FAMILY ALTAR.

Do not wait until you become a Christian yourself. This day unite Christ to your household, for the Bible distinctly says that God will pour out His fury upon the families that call not upon His name. Open the Bible and read a chapter that will make you strong. Kneel down and offer the first prayer in your household. It may be a broken petition, it may be only "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" but God will stoop, and spirits will listen, and angels will chant, "Behold! he prays."

Do not retire from the house this morning until you have resolved upon this matter. You will be gone, I will be gone, many years will pass, and perhaps your younger children may forget almost everything about you; but forty years from now, in some Sabbath twilight, your daughter will be sitting with the family Bible on her lap reading to her children, when she will stop, and peculiar solemnity will come to her face, and a tear will start, and the children will say, "Mother, what makes you cry?" and she will say, "Nothing, only I was thinking that this is the very Bible out of which my father and mother used to read at morning and evening prayer."

All other things about you they may forget; but train them up for God and heaven; they will not forget that.

When a queen died her three sons brought an offering to the grave. One son brought gold, another brought silver, but the third son came and stood over the grave and opened one of his veins and let the blood drop upon his mother's tomb, and all who saw it said it was the greatest demonstration of affection.

My friends, what is *the grandest gift* we can bring to the sepulchres of a Christian ancestry? It is a life all consecrated to the God who made us and the Christ who redeemed us. I cannot but believe that there are hundreds of parents in this house who have resolved to do their whole duty, and that at this moment they are passing into a better life; and having seen the grace of the Gospel in this place to-day, you are now fully ready to return to your own house, and show what great things God hath done unto thee.

"Though parents may in covenant be,
And have their Heaven in view;
They are not happy till they see
Their children happy too."

May the Lord God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the God of our fathers be our God and the God of our children forever!

THE STORY OF JOSEPH BOTTOMLEY.

IN preaching at a Sunday-school anniversary lately, Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, England, related the following interesting anecdote:

I will relate one little circumstance that took place some twenty years ago in Manchester. There was a Sunday scholar, a very clever, but naughty boy, whose mother was a member of the church. He would not attend Sunday-school. He would go and pick up his cap, get it under his coat, and run away, and sometimes give the teacher a good run for it, and as he was a tall boy he could outrun his teacher. This went on for two years. We didn't know what to do with him. God took him in hand. Little did we know that the mystery of iniquity was being taught him.

On one occasion he went to a place where he spent many a Lord's Day, and there he was playing with a number of other boys with whom he had formed relationship. He heard something pass him like a gust of wind as he was cutting his name in the bark of a tree in a little jungle. Some words flashed upon his heart, "*I will bring you to judgment.*" The poor boy left the place in terror, and ran, saying to himself, "I shall be in hell before I get out of this wood." He got out of it all breathless, wondering what would be the end of it.

From that time the arrow was struck. God had smitten him. He was convicted of sin and lived for two years after that. The work of grace went on in his heart, and the poor lad was in a dismal state. He painted himself as in a large black valley and all the devils in hell after him, and he had no way of escape. The justice of God was pursuing him. Death was at the other end of the black valley. What to do he could not tell.

I saw him again and again. He said, "O Mr. Taylor, stop with me, show me a token for good. I want that; I am lost. I'm a lost sinner." I said, "Joseph, you used to have many a comfortable instruction in the Sunday-school laid before you." "I hated it all *then,*" he said. "*Now* I remember everything as though I had been but taught the other day. All my sins are before me. God is just in condemning me. The Saviour hides His face from me, and I can see nothing but eternal wrath. What shall be done?"

The upshot was that poor Joseph was brought into the mystery of iniquity. Through the mystery of iniquity, he was brought into the mystery of godliness, and there the liberty of the Gospel was shed abroad upon his heart. The blood of the Atonement washed away his sins, and it was a glorious time for those who knew him.

He said to me, "Oh, if I could live, but I am dying—I would be baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but," he added, "I am going to glory instead of joining the church below," and he gave us such testimony of the grace of God in his heart and of the words fastened on his soul at the Sunday-school, and how the Lord worked with him, that we were delighted, and he died in the faith, solemnly declaring that the death of Christ was for him. I never saw such a case. It was as clear as mortal head and heart could understand. He was all satisfied, and poor, dear fellow, he sang at the very last moment that little sweet song in our hymn-book:

"Yes, I shall soon be landed
On yonder shore of bliss,
There with my powers expanded,
Shall dwell where Jesus is.

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(Continued from page 647.)

A Continued Discussion—A Thrilling Narrative—Mr. Westcott Sympathizes with Nelly's Feeling—Opinions freely Expressed—Mr. Ferguson Speaks Up—The Meeting Adjourned.

In reply to Deacon Westcott's statement that he had heard of a reclaimed drunkard's falling again under the power of his appetite through drinking wine at the Lord's Supper, Mr. Vanstone said with a sneer, "You heard that at a temperance meeting, I suppose."

"If it had been so sir," returned Mr. Westcott, "it would have been perfectly reliable. No speaker at a temperance meeting can tell sadder stories than I am made acquainted with from day to day. This man I speak of—I could take you to the lodging-house where he sleeps, and show him to you at a crossing sweeping, not far from my house, outside Nelson Terrace, if you will take the trouble to go with me—was the son of a clergyman. He was a wild young man, and almost broke his good old father's heart. But when he was over thirty some good Samaritans in the shape of English teetotalers rescued him, and for a long while all went well. He prospered in business as a seed-merchant, and in ten years held a very good position, but without making any profession whatever of religion."

"That's what I blame in ordinary teetotalism," said Mr. Corbould, "and why I cannot join as I otherwise should in temperance work. Christianity is not enough considered—total abstinence is everything."

"To continue," said Mr. Westcott, wisely refraining from entering upon any side argument, "this man had married a very respectable young lady in almost the first year of his reclaimed life. At the end of these ten years of steady industry and much temporal happiness he lost two children, of whom he was devotedly fond. They were twin boys, handsome little fellows, and in them his hopes and pride were centred. God seemed to use this sorrow as a cord of love to draw the wanderer to Himself. His wife and he both found that the love of Christ would solace them as nothing else could. They regularly attended church thenceforth, and after a while wished to receive the communion. Without any thought about the wine, they went together to the Lord's table, and the bread and the cup were passed to them. But I cannot do better than describe what followed in his own emphatic words:

"'The fumes of the wine as it circulated excited me horribly, and when I took the cup in my turn it was as if I held the devil in my hand—"Satan transformed into an angel of light," but retaining all his old power to injure me. Instead of just tasting it and passing it on I emptied the chalice. I apologized for my behavior to the clergyman by some excuse of sudden faintness, but my wife looked at me with a startled expression of pain on every feature, and my neighbors around the table with suspicion or perplexity. I do not know how I continued to sit beside my wife through the remainder of the observance. I was longing to be off, that my feet might carry me to where I could get *more, more, more* of this elixir of life.

"'Not a thought of consequences was in my soul. Once in the street I sent Fanny home alone, pretending I had to call on a friend with whom I was very intimate, and whom I remembered was not very well. My wife expostulated that, as I was not well myself, she would rather not leave me, and would gladly accompany me. I eyed her suspiciously and rather rudely, I know, and I told her that a brisk walk alone would do me more good than anything.

"'She gave way and left me. Directly I had gone the length of a street or two I looked out for a public house at which I might quench my burning thirst. Had I been looking for a place to get a dinner I might have looked far in that neighborhood, though in London, for a respectable eating house that was open on Sunday; had I wanted a suit of clothes it would have been absolutely impossible for me to satisfy myself; but the drink—aye, the drink, that is what enjoys a Sunday monopoly of sale in this *Christian* England in decent streets as well as low localities.

"'Closing time, that mock reverence of the publicans to public worship, being over, there was going on all around me a general lifting down of shutters by men with clean white aprons, from the windows of gin palaces and liquor shops of all kinds.'"

"I quite agree with you, brother Westcott, we ought not to have public-houses opened on Sundays—on Sundays," remarked good old Mr. Dixon. "I have no sympathy with that whatever—whatever. I would much rather go without my drink on Sunday than purchase it on Sunday—on Sunday."

"'Outside all these public houses,' said this unfortunate man," continued Mr. Westcott, "'were groups and knots of men waiting for the doors to open. They were the heathen congregations that worshipped Bacchus in these enticing temples, and there was a general appearance among them of anxiety to begin the service that is seldom surpassed by Christian church-goers. Their numbers, however, were swelled by many who had just passed an hour or two in church or chapel, and who now thought themselves at liberty to refresh themselves with legalized intoxicating drinks at the various bars.

"'My one desire, my awful craving, was to get drink; no further thought influenced me. My mouth, my throat, my whole body seemed on fire since that fatal draught of wine.

"'I went in and called for a bottle of port, and when that was drunk, called excitedly for brandy. I was soon helplessly and hopelessly intoxicated.'

"So far I have given you his own words. Since that sad hour I may tell you briefly he has never risen again; his business, of course, dwindled away much more quickly than it had been established; his wife is a poor, broken-spirited, helpless invalid, whom kind friends have succeeded in getting into a home for incurables, and he earns a precarious living by a broom. Most even of those small earnings go to buy drink.

"In the face of such circumstances as these, do you wonder that I feel as my little Nelly feels, that *Jesus could not have drunk this bad, evil-producing wine*, and that, personally, I shall be very glad indeed if the action of this lady of whom Mr. Ferguson tells us, and my own scruples, which, I confess, grow stronger every day, lead us as a church to sanction the use of a purer emblem of Christ's blood than intoxicating wine?

"If our Band of Hope children, many of whom do not even know the taste of intoxicating liquor, and who are taught the truth that such drinks are poisonous to the human frame, should be persuaded first to take wine at the Lord's supper, and then acquire a liking for it, shall we be free from blame, shall we not cause our little ones to offend?"

There was silence for a few minutes after Mr. Westcott's eloquent tongue had ceased to plead with his brethren, then Mr. Corbould said:

"The sanction of the Christian Church has been given almost universally to the use of intoxicating wine. I have never permitted myself to be so fanatical as to bring my teetotal principles into the church, or to doubt the better knowledge and wise judgment of my forefathers."

"Yet the pure, unfermented juice of the grape is certainly as scriptural a wine as our port can possibly be. I am quite willing to be at the expense of an unfermented wine," said Mr. Westcott, "and will gladly supply it if you will sanction its use."

"You will divide the table, and sow dissension and bitterness among us, sir," said Mr. Vanstone.

"I do not quite see my way to having two sorts—two sorts," repeated old Mr. Dixon pathetically.

"I am quite willing, personally, and inde should be delighted to have only one kind us —the unfermented," said Mr. Westcott, "an hope Mr. Corbould will see fit to support t proposition; at least it will prevent any possi harm to any one."

"You are going too far, brother Westcot exclaimed Mr. Shortland with emphasis. am not going to oppose the introduction of so weak, washy stuff for our weaker brethre and here he laughed heartily, "but I do obj to be put off myself with such wine—wis washy I call it—and I can't make up my mind swallow it. I do like a pleasurable sensation but for a moment, at a privileged and happy dinance, and you must have sympathy for strength if I have tolerance for your we ness."

"I must oppose," said Mr. Vanstone, in most grandiloquent tones, "all hasty decis on this matter. What we have done ever si we were a church, with nothing but profit, so as I ever heard, to all our members, m not be lightly overthrown in order to pam the fancies of a whimsical young woman, to the conceit of some of our number and easy, good-natured compliance of others. such a change had been desirable to advance Saviour's kingdom, certainly our esteer brother Corbould would have suggested it gentleman who is himself a teetotaler, therefore may be supposed to have a pro amount of sympathy with such scruples if t had been of real value. While brother (bould thinks such changes and innovations necessary, I am of his opinion, and I think th altogether unnecessary.

"I shall be very sorry indeed," contin he, "if the extremely minutely and elabora expressed opinion of brother Westcott, who I consider, entered far too much into petty tails and trifling or harrowing narrative allowed to weigh too heavily upon our acti and influence them too largely. I do not dc for one moment brother Westcott's goodnes heart, but I do doubt his wisdom of action clearness of judgment, and I believe he is cisely that kind of man on whom drunkards outcasts love to impose themselves, and whom their trumped-up stories are believed.

Mr. Westcott colored sensitively, but mained silent. Mr. Ferguson spoke:

"My dear sir and brother," he said, addr ing himself to Mr. Vanstone, "you must par me if I tell you you are really mistaken brother Westcott. Why, instead of being soft-headed, tender-hearted fellow you imag among the poor he is a regular detective."

All the other deacons save Mr. Vanstone Mr. Corbould laughed; they only smiled gri

"Beggars, as a rule, never trouble his do and are ready to sink down into the eart shrink sideways round a corner if his bright fasten themselves upon them. If I were a ceptive make-up, the last person I should to come near is Mr. Westcott. Impostors hypocrites of every kind fear the person crucial tests of brother Westcott as they nothing else. Don't believe in his mild, i cent appearance. His has the 'wisdom of serpent' quite as much as the 'harmlessnes the dove.'"

"Hold, brother Ferguson," laughed gentleman alluded to, "you have said q enough about me. I hope very much we not separate, after your able defence of my c acter, without some decided action being t concerning the matter which has called u gether."

"We all remember our deeply-lame brother Anerley," said Mr. Corbould. " need wish to be a better teetotaler, and, a all, a better Christian than he? and yet he n carried his temperance scruples to the divin dinance."

"I hope very much no hasty decision wi arrived at," said Mr. Vanstone; "in fact, I be no party to anything of the kind. S time must be given for reflection and consi tion on so important a matter, if any idea of change is for one moment to be tolerated."

"Quite so," responded old Mr. Dixon; "change is generally very dangerous—dangerous. Nothing must be settled hurriedly—hurriedly."

"I move," said Mr. Corbould, "that this special meeting be adjourned for one calendar month, to give all of us an opportunity of considering the question in all its bearings."

"It might have been settled to-day so far as I am concerned," jerked out Mr. Shortland in his own peculiar manner. "Have both sorts of wine, and so please everybody, or nobody, as the case may be, for some people are never satisfied."

"You have not told us your own views on the subject, brother Ferguson," said Mr. Westcott.

"Until the lady called, and explained her difficulty to me," replied the minister, "I really had no views on the subject at all. I had never given the matter any consideration. I came here to-day a learner, not a teacher, and I have learned much."

"What are your views now, then?" demand-d Mr. Shortland.

"I think we could not do better than to have oth kinds of wine."

"That would divide the table, sir," remarked Ir. Corbould sternly.

"It need not; I could dispense both."

"Suppose you were to make a mistake?" suggested Mr. Shortland, laughing in his hearty way.

"I should trust to both sides to prevent that; either party would desire an exchange."

"Suppose the abstainers did not mind a taste f good port on the sly and by accident?" continued Mr. Shortland, nudging Mr. Westcott, nd looking drolly aside toward Mr. Corbould.

"Brother Shortland," said the gentleman udged, laughing good-temperedly too, "I prer not to be insulted in our vestry meeting."

The adjournment of the meeting being forally agreed to, they closed the assembly by inoking divine guidance and benediction.

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTAL DISCOURSE.

By Major Whittle.

he Lamb of God—A Saloon-keeper's Son—Soldiers' Knapsacks—A Factory Boy—A Wounded Soldier—A French Sceptic and an Arab—A Young Forger and his Unforgiving Father.

ON Sunday, August 29th, Major Whittle, of hicago, the celebrated coadjutor of Mr. oody, commenced meetings at the Tabernacle, otting Hill, London, England, the scene of r. Henry Varley's successful pastorate. The rvice of song was led with sweetness and ower by Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan, whose usical rendering of the Gospel message greatly ded to the interest and usefulness of the meet-gs. Major Whittle selected as his text the ords, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh ay the sin of the world" (John 1 : 29).

"These words," said the preacher, "were oken by St. John, when the people thronged hear him as he baptized in the Jordan. This me *Lamb* is a singular designation to apply a man. It is still more singular to hear a n called a 'Lamb of *God*,' and most singular all to hear him called '*the* Lamb of God.' To hn, and to those who heard him, the words uld be charged with special meaning. They longed to a nation in the history of which *the mb* had become the symbol of much that en- ed deeply into all that most vitally concerned eir welfare. Their mothers had told them v, almost at the outset of sacred history, God l respect to Abel because he offered of the tlings of his flock; and the words of John uld be associated in the minds of his hearers h Abel's sacrifice of a lamb. Then, too, y would think of Abraham and Isaac. They uld remember that passge in Genesis 20, when c said, 'Behold the fire and the wood, but re is the lamb for a burnt offering?' In the person of Isaac the whole Jewish nation lay upon that altar. They knew that all this had taken place on Mount Moriah, where the temple was afterward erected, and that, as the lamb took Isaac's place, so Jesus was to take the sinner's place.

"Still further, these hearers of John's knew the story of the Passover, when the destroying angel passed through the land of Egypt, and while death and mourning and woe were in the Egyptian dwellings, peace and gladness and security were in the homes of the Israelites, not because they were better than their neighbors, but because the blood of the Lamb had been shed and sprinkled on the lintel and two side posts of their houses in obedience to the command of God. They knew that they had been delivered from the grinding slavery of Egypt and had become a nation of freemen through the blood of the Passover Lamb.* Perhaps, at the time John spoke, they did not fully know in what a glorious sense Christ was to be to the world all, and infinitely more, than all the Lamb had been to them. But afterwards when the Holy Spirit was given to convince of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, then they knew how from a bondage ten thousand times worse than that of Egypt they were redeemed by Jesus Christ. Dear friends, the law condemns you. You are utterly undone. But the message to you, as to them, and to all is, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'"

"'All the light of sacred story
Mantled round that head sublime.'

"Friend, if you are without peace to-night, it is because you don't behold the Lamb and trust in Him. To be saved, you must be satisfied with that which satisfies God. God is infinitely satisfied with the atonement which Jesus has made for the sins of the world. You will have peace when you are satisfied with that all-availing sacrifice too, and not till then.

"IN ST. LOUIS, U.S., THE SON OF A SALOON-KEEPER, or what would be called in this country a public-house-keeper, attended a meeting held by the late Mr. Bliss and myself. The young man was taken ill, and sent for a friend, whom he told how his eyes had been opened to his lost condition, and how he had been saved by looking to Jesus. The youth's father was sent for, and as he stood weeping at the foot of the bed, the youth said to his father, in tones of which no mere words can convey any notion, 'Father, you *can* be saved; you *can* be saved. It's the blood that saves, and it can save you.' That youth had got hold of the right thing. Salvaton is provided, but each must accept it for himself.

SOLDIERS AND THEIR KNAPSACKS.

"In our late American war, we were marching in Mississippi State one wet and toilsome day, when the roads were very muddy, and the men fearfully fatigued. To relieve them as much as possible, wagons were sent all down the ranks to take the knapsacks. I remember with what gladness *the men flung their knapsacks into the wagons* and marched on rejoicing that they had got rid of the load. But if they had neglected to do this, and, through being thus incumbered, had been overcome by the enemy, the whole blame would have fallen on themselves. So with you, my friends. If you will not, at God's bidding, lay down the load of sin, and accept Him who alone can save you, you cannot blame circumstances or God. The fault is entirely your own.

THE EXPIRING FACTORY BOY.

"I saw a factory boy, a while ago, who had just met with a fatal accident. His mother having come into the office of the mill, I asked her if she or the father or any of the kindred of the boy were Christians. She replied, 'No, none of us are Christians.' I then asked her if she had any reason to hope that her boy had gone to heaven. She said she had: for when he was brought home torn and mangled, he kept repeating some words he had learned at school:

"'O, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Cavalry;
The Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
And intercedes for me.

"Ah! it was a hopeful ground the woman entertained for thinking her son had gone to heaven. See to it that, when you are no more, your friends may have the same consolation. 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!'

A WOUNDED SOLDIER IN A HOSPITAL.

"I remember the case of a *wounded soldier*. He was dying in a hospital, and was in trouble for want of spiritual light. One day a letter came from his mother, inclosing a card on which the text was inscribed, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' In strong and tender terms his mother begged him to accept Christ, adding her own assurance to that of the text on the card that Christ would not cast him out. When the chaplain had read the letter to him, he asked: 'Does mother say so, and does Christ say so?' And realizing that the testimony of his best earthly friend was one with that of Jesus, he rolled his load of sin on the great sin-bearer, and died rejoicing in His pardoning love."

On the following Wednesday Major Whittle preached on "Prepare to meet thy God," Amos 4 : 12, dividing the subject into four heads. First, that there *is a God;* secondly, that to each one He may be spoken of as *thy* God; thirdly, that all have to *meet* God; fourthly, that for this meeting with God, *preparation* is necessary.

A FRENCH SCEPTIC AND AN ARAB.

Under the first and last heads he related the following two incidents of

A *French sceptic*, who laughed on one occasion at his Arab attendant, while traversing a desert in the East, for kneeling down to pray to God. "How do you know there is a God?" said the Frenchman. "How did you know yesterday," replied the Arab, "that a camel had passed his way?" "I knew it," said the infidel, "by its footprints in the sand." "Even so," replied the Arab, looking up to the starry sky, "I know there is a God, because I can trace His footsteps and His handiwork there."

A YOUNG FORGER AND HIS UNFORGIVING FATHER.

"A young man in Pennsylvania forged his father's name and ran away. By and by the young man began to be troubled about his conduct, and called to speak with a minister, a friend of his father's, about it. The father had paid the amount for which the paper had been forged, and as the young man seemed truly penitent, the minister took him to his own home. The prodigal became a child of God, and the minister wrote to the father with the news, and added that the young man was dying. No answer being received, a telegram was sent to the father, telling him that if he wished to see his son alive he must come at once. The father simply answered, '*Send his body when he is dead, and I'll pay expenses.*' There was repentance on the part of the son, but unwillingness to forgive on the part of the father. But there is no such feeling on the part of God. He is ready to pardon, to bless, to cleanse you, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified. If that father in Pennsylvania had sent a message to the effect that he had not only paid the penalty, but was ready to receive and forgive his son, it would have been making his father a liar for the young man to have said, 'How do I know that I shall be received back? I've only got father's word for it.' But you do infinitely worse than that; you make *God* a liar when you doubt His testimony concerning His Son as an all-sufficient Saviour. Awake, awake, thou that sleepest! You won't *drift* into heaven. God arouse every unsaved soul here to-night!"

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* At this point the speaker referred at some length to the typical sacrifice of the goat in Leviticus 16 and Isaiah 53 7.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1880, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Most Prominent Political Event of the week, in view of the general attention it has attracted, is the publication, in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, of an interview between General Grant and Rev. C. H. Fowler, D.D., a well known Methodist divine. According to the account, the subject of the conversation was the Presidential contest, and General Grant is reported to have expressed his opinions more freely and copiously than is usual with him. He spoke in unfavorable terms of General Hancock's capacity as an administrator, and charged him with having, some years ago, been the tool of a corrupt gang of speculators in Louisiana. General Grant is also reported to have mentioned the reasons which would have led him to accept the Republican nomination had it been offered him, among which was the one that he believed he "could have induced, from his knowledge of our consulates, the enactment of certain laws touching our commerce that would have given us control of much desirable commerce."

General Hancock wisely decided to make no answer to these charges until he had learned from General Grant himself whether he had been correctly reported. But as some portion of the indictment is capable of being tested by facts, we may expect that an authoritative reply will be issued. We may also hope that the valuable knowledge General Grant has acquired relative to our foreign trade will, whoever may be elected, be communicated to Congress, where it will probably command as much respect as if it were contained in a Presidential message.

Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour was Welcomed, at Chickering Hall, New York, on Friday, October 8th, by one of the most enthusiastic audiences the city has seen for many years. So great was the desire to listen to the distinguished statesmen that in one case twenty-five dollars were offered for two seats. Mr. Seymour's speech was principally devoted to replying to the address delivered by Senator Conkling in the Academy of Music, on September 17th. The questions of State rights and the national finances were dealt with from the Democratic point of view; and the Democratic principles in these matters were forcibly and eloquently enunciated. Mr. Seymour concluded with a warm eulogium of General Hancock, and confidently predicted his election.

There are Several Claimants for the Honor of carrying the State of Maine. General Neal Dow, in a speech delivered in New York, on Sunday, October 3d, made the assertion that the late defeat of the Republicans in Maine was caused by *the vote of the temperance men* in that State, who were much dissatisfied with the action of the Republican party the past year. The successful candidate in Maine has already received the congratulations of the respective chiefs of the Democratic and Greenback parties, and now the Prohibition chief claims a share in the credit.

Dr. W. A. Hallock, the Efficient Secretary of the American Tract Society, died on Saturday, October 1st. He was born at Plainfield, Mass., in 1794. His father, the Rev. Moses Hallock, was for forty-five years pastor of a church there, and he also superintended the education of a large number of young men. William Cullen Bryant was one of these, and there formed an intimacy with Dr. Hallock which lasted until death separated them. After leaving his father's school, William Hallock entered Andover Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1822. After spending two years in Boston he came to New York and exerted himself in founding the American Tract Society, in 1825, of which he was the first secretary, and with which his whole subsequent life has been identified. The record of Dr. Hallock's fifty-eight years' labor is astonishing. It comprised the entire correspondence of the publishing and foreign departments of the Society, and the direction of its manufacturing operations. Besides this, he found time to edit *four thousand* distinct works, of which 881 were volumes. He was the author of several tracts, the aggregate circulation of which was 1,400,000 copies. Of the tract entitled "The Mountain Miller," 260,000 copies were circulated, and of "Mother's Last Prayer," 431,000 copies.

An Interesting Feature of the Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia, was the visit of M. Reveillaud on Friday, October 1st. He is a distinguished French citizen, a lawyer, author, and journalist, and his remarkable conversion a short time ago caused a sensation in France. He delivered an address to the Council in French, which was translated by Mr. Dodds, a young Scottish minister and the able coadjutor of Mr. McAll in the mission work in Paris. After giving an interesting sketch of the condition of Protestantism in France, the speaker added in English, "Brethren, God bless this country and the advancement of His kingdom during the alliance of France and America."

Rugby, the New English Colony in Tennessee, was formally dedicated by an impressive religious ceremony on October 5th. The services were conducted by Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, and Rev. H. H. Sneed, of Chattanooga. Mr. Thomas Hughes, the founder of the colony, delivered, at the close of the service, an address explanatory of the scheme. He expressed his hope that the effort would develop, as its promoters intended, in the form of *a community*. His idea of a community was that of men who had something in common — a bond binding all together. As elements of that bond, Mr. Hughes referred to the beautiful scene in which the colony was located in which all had a common interest; the common commissariat, which is to be worked on co-operative principles and takes the place of stores; and the church in course of erection, in which it is hoped all denominations of Christians will be able to worship.

"Our aim and hope," said Mr. Hughes, "are to plant on these highlands a community of gentlemen and ladies; not that artificial class which goes by those grand names, both in Europe and here, the joint product of feudalism and wealth, but a society in which the humblest members, who live by the labor of their own hands, will be of such strain and culture that they shall be able to meet princes in the gate without embarrassment and without self-assertion, should any such strange persons ever present themselves before the gate tower of Rugby in the New World."

It is gratifying to learn that the commissariat will not supply its customers with intoxicating liquors. The general feeling of the new settlers is in favor of total abstinence, and if any one wants intoxicants they will have to import for themselves.

A Bootblacks' Lodging House has been Established in New York, by Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, with the object of providing the friendless boys with a comfortable home, and encouraging steady and provident habits. The house contains a gymnasium, wash-rooms, and a room in which is a novel arrangement by which the wet clothing of the boys can be dried in ten minutes, all in the basement. On the ground floor are the kitchen, dining-room, school-room for little *children gathered out of the streets*, nursery, etc. On the second floor is a large room where the boys can spend their evenings, the superintendent's room, and a conservatory. The third and fourth stories contain dormitories for one hundred and fifty boys. The boys pay five cents a night for all privileges. A savings bank is connected with the house. Efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor boys are worthy of all praise, for they belong to the category of preventive measures, and may tend, with the blessing of God, to make, respectable citizens of some who might otherwise become criminals (Luke 11 : 14.)

A Minister Shot by a Hen.—An Extraordinary occurrence took place at Stamford, Ky., last week. The Rev. M. Petrey was holding special services at Rock Castle, and as the evening meeting was not closed until a late hour, he accepted an invitation to spend the night at the house of a friend. He had just seated himself when a hen flew into the room and tried to alight on a rifle that hung on the wall. The weapon tipped over, and, falling on the lock, was discharged, the ball taking effect in the thigh of the preacher, causing lockjaw, from which he died on October 5th.

Tales of the Grog-Shops.—We Have Made arrangements for the publication under the above title of a series of thrilling narratives from the pen of a London clergyman. His parish is situated in a district of the city where the liquor traffic is doing an enormous amount of evil, and he has only too abundant opportunities in the course of his ministerial labor for observing the ruin it works in the home and in the shop. Each narrative will be complete in itself, and will be published in two chapters. The publication will commence in our next number.

The Bible and Prayer Union.--The Following requests for prayer have been received:

From the pastor of *a church in Massachusetts.* The town and church are *overrun by Spiritualism*, and opposition to an honest declaration of the Gospel is rife in the city. The pastor asks the prayers of the readers of The Christian Herald that God may deliver in the approaching crisis.

From *a lady in Brooklyn* suffering from spinal disease, who has on two previous occasions experienced the healing power of faith and prayer, but whose faith is now weakened through manifold temptations. Prayer is asked that her faith may be strengthened.

From *a Christian father* in Boston, Mass., for the conversion of his son, for whom he has been praying for *thirty years.* A young man of good abilities, well educated, but not yet a child of God.

The command of God that we pray *one for another* (James 5 : 16), and the assurance that God will supply *all your need* (Phil. 4 : 19), will not be forgotten by our readers, who will, we are sure, sympathize with the above requests and unite in prayer with those who make them. The Union reading lessons for the ensuing week are: Friday, October 15th, Psa. 74; Saturday, Psa. 75; Sunday, Psa. 76; Monday, Psa. 77; Tuesday, Psa. 78; Wednesday, Psa. 79, Thursday, Psa. 80.

Degrees of Resignation.—Mrs. Rodgers, a scholar in the Sabbath-school of Salem Chapel, Spring Street, New York, an elderly woman, died many years ago of a painful disease; her sufferings were very great—almost beyond human endurance, and they were continued till she was reduced to a mere skeleton. One day a teacher was visiting her, and she said to him, "If it is the Lord's will to make me better, I can say Amen; if it is His will to take me to Himself, I can also say Amen." "But," said the teacher, "if it be the Lord's will *to continue you as you are*, how will you feel then?" After a pause she said "Well, I think I could say Amen to that too." David's answer when God gave him a choice of evils was a memorable one (2 Sam. 24 : 14). But greater grace is shown in submitting cheerfully to the will of God when there is no choice, as our Saviour did (Matt. 26 : 39).

Another Notable Character in the same church was John Berry, one of the best men, who, though poor, old, and feeble, was always [illegible] and cheerful. When at last the Lord began to take the frail earthly tabernacle down, it was a great privilege to visit his sick-chamber. In the cheery look and the confident expectation of the heavenly inheritance, one forgot the wretchedness of the room and the poverty of the man, and could only think of him as *a prince in disguise*, waiting for a kingdom. On one occasion, pointing to his feet, he said, "See how these are swollen; but it is little matter, for I will leave them behind me: they will not be wanted over there." On the last day of his life, a beautiful Sabbath morning, lying on his pallet of straw, as he tried to look through the little window of his attic, the only one in the room, he said to his wife, with the greatest enthusiasm, "Oh, what a beautiful day on which to cross the river!" "So he passed over (as John Bunyan says), and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Fifty Miles for a Testament.—Mr. J. S. Pierson, the agent of the New York Bible Society, states in the columns of a contemporary a remarkable instance of a desire for scriptural knowledge inciting to extraordinary exertion. He was summoned one day to his office, and there stood a stalwart young German, *dripping wet*, waiting at his door. While working on a farm at Tarrytown he had seen a German Testament, which had been given to the owner on his voyage to this country; and noting the address of the Society on the label inside, he had taken the first rainy day to come to the city to get one for himself. He had started at four o'clock in the morning, and had walked the *twenty-five miles* in about seven hours. When Mr. Pierson learned the facts he gladly gave him a Bible instead of a Testament. The delight of the young German was great. He placed the treasure in the dryest spot, and buttoning his jacket over it, prepared to start off on his return journey with a light heart. There is ground for hope that the Word of God so obtained will be a blessing to the young man. One who would walk fifty miles in the wet to get a Bible is likely to study it now he has it.

A Remarkable Instance of Faith-cure was that of a lady from Augusta, who described it at the Old Orchard Convention at which Dr. Cullis presided. She had been a sufferer from two distressing maladies. A sunstroke had affected the brain, and her limbs were racked by rheumatism. So severe had the latter affliction been, that the knuckles of her hands were swollen and distorted to such an extent as to render them almost useless. After attending the Convention of 1879 she determined to commit herself to the Lord entirely. Dr. Cullis prayed with her, and their united supplications were answered. A sudden thrill passed through her body, and she was healed. It is now nearly a year ago, and there has been no return of either trouble.

A still more remarkable instance occurred to the same lady, which she also related. As she was entering her daughter's house recently she stumbled and fell, spraining her foot severely. She declined all medical aid and resorted to prayer. The same result followed; the pain subsided, and in a short time the discoloration and swelling disappeared.

A Dutch Minister from Passaic, N. J., gave testimony at the same meeting of a similar incident in his own experience. He had suffered from a dangerous affection of the lungs brought on by imprudent exposure to the night air during his voyage to America in 1868. Violent coughing shook his frame, his appetite fell off, and he became so weak that even the slight exertion of walking was too great for him. His life was now, according to medical diagnosis, in imminent danger, and his desire for ministerial work seemed hopeless. In this strait he prayed earnestly to Him "who healeth all thy diseases" (Psa. 103 : 3), and recovered. "I got well right off," said the minister; "*the Lord cured me.*"

"Faithful unto Death" would be an Appropriate epitaph for a dog who was killed recently by a train. The engineer saw him barking furiously right on the line of rails as the fast train approached a village, and he blew his whistle to frighten him off. But the dog only crouched down and barked more loudly. The engineer was not disposed to stop for a dog, and passed on, the engine killing him on the spot. But a piece of white muslin was observed clinging to the wheel, and then the train was stopped. On returning to the spot where the dog had crouched, it was found that a child had been lying there who had been killed with the dog. It is supposed that the faithful creature was unable to drag the child out of danger, and had preferred to die rather than desert his post. Such fidelity is very touching and beautiful, and teaches a lesson to Christians. If a dog is capable of attachment stronger than love of life, what should be our fidelity to the Saviour who died for us? Yet slighter things than fear of death often make us unfaithful to Him. Worldy pleasures, or the prospect of worldly gain, are frequently sufficient to produce that deplorable result.

Two Promises were Made but not Kept by a young lady in Philadelphia two weeks ago. She was at one of the meetings of the Salvation Army at Twelfth Avenue, and was much impressed. She was entreated to accept Christ without delay, but she said, "Not to-night, for *I have promised a friend to go to a ball* on Wednesday night." She said she ought to do it now, but would another night. The other night never came, and *she did not go to the ball either*, for before the time arrived she fell down at her mother's door suddenly and died, without a hope of heaven. Worldly pleasures were preferred to eternal salvation, with a fearful result. Probably the young lady believed, as many do, that she might eventually have both, but she lost both. How many spend their days in mirth, and in a moment go down to the grave (Job 21 : 13)!

A Spider's Satanic Craft.—Far-sighted Cunning is a well-known characteristic of spiders and a remarkable instance of this trait in their character is described by a thoughtful correspondent who detected in it a type of the devices of the great enemy of souls. He noticed a dish of honey lying uncovered, and presently saw a spider commence spinning over it one of those delicate cobwebs so fatal to his prey. In a short time the operation was complete, and no fly could reach the honey but by passing through the web. Satan's tactics are identical with those of the spider. He too spreads his snare over the sweets of life. Worldly pleasures attract the young, and there Satan sets his trap; he knows that in the rugged path of industry his success will be smaller, and while he tempts those who tread it he catches and ruins a far larger number in the meshes woven at the doors of the theatre and the saloon.

The Second Volume of The Christian Herald, comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec., 1879), may be procured, elegantly bound in cloth, at this office. Price $1.75.

RARE FRUIT.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"I create the fruit of the lips; Peace, peace."—ISAIAH 57: 19.

An Unrenewed Tongue worse than an Unregenerate Heart—A Threefold Fruit of the Lips—Thanksgiving, Prayer, and Testimony—Peace a Renowned Topic—I. The Cry of the Awakened—A Variety of Prescriptions—II. The Answer of the Saviour—The Sight of Christ Dying for Sin—Risen from the Dead—Triumphant in Heaven—A Crimean Soldier's Death—A Wounded Methodist Soldier—Benjamin Franklin's Dictum—The War with Bonaparte—What the word "Peace" Implied—III. The Motto of every Believer—In the Church—In the Family—In the World.

"THE fruit of the lips!" The lips are neither trees of the orchard nor herbs of the garden. What fruit can they bear? The scattering of Babel came of human speech when languages were multipled, and the united race split up into fragments. Wars and fightings, and hatred and bloodshed have sprung of *talk and bluster*; these are *deadly fruits*, the very mention of which brings pain to the heart—surely it is in vain to look for much that is worth gathering to mouths and tongues. Great talkers are proverbially little doers, and the more talk the less work. We may come for years looking for fruit on this fig-tree and find none. "Nothing but leaves" will be gathered by those who look to the lips for a harvest to fill the barn. This is most true.

If you let the lips alone they produce mischief and trouble, and not much else. An unrenewed tongue is worse almost than an unregenerate heart, because bad as the heart may be there is heart in it; the tongue is often heartless, a mere sounding sham with no reality to support its brazen noise. Too many speak with the lips, and their heart is not in what they say. If the lips become the instruments of hypocrisy, and if the fruit of the lips be *only* the fruit of the lips, it is comparable to the apples of Sodom. The lips, moreover, cause pain and evil all around, which the heart alone cannot do. The heart is as an oven closed up; the tongue is a fire raging abroad, setting on flame the course of nature when it is itself set on fire of hell. The lips of the wicked are like the upas tree, which drips poison.

We could readily dispense with the fruit of the lips as it comes from uncircumcised and unclean lips. Go out and gather a basketful of the fruit of the lips—gossiping, bickering, fault-finding, murmuring, nonsense, vanity, falsehood, boasting, infidelity. I will not tell you all that I might put into that basket. Certainly if it were to be shred and poured out into the broth of daily life, we should soon have to say, as they did who threw the wild cucumber into the pottage, "O thou man of God, there is death in the pot." The fruit of the lips tendeth to vanity, to poverty, to sorrow, to shame, to death. The fruit of the lips is just what the root of an unrenewed, unregenerate heart causes it to be.

You know Æsop, and how wisely he kept his master's command when he bade him provide for dinner the best things he could, and when they came together he set out tongues—nothing else but tongues. His master was pleased with his wit, though I am afraid the guests did not relish it, and he ordered him the next time to provide for dinner the worst things he possibly could. Tongues again—nothing else but tongues! Truly Æsop was wise there, for the fruit of the lips is sometimes the best thing in the world, and sometimes the worst thing in the world; it is a blessing and a curse, according to the man whose tongue speaketh.

The fruit of the lips may be compared to Jeremiah's figs—the good, very good, but the bad, exceeding bad, exceeding naughty figs, that cannot be eaten. Fruit of the lips, what shall I say about thee? It might seem that the less we said the better, lest in our case also the fruit of the lips should add to the useless heap.

Our text tells us that God creates the fruit of the lips; but this must be understood, of course, with a reservation. He does not create the fruit of the lips as we commonly see it, but the good fruit, the true fruit, the fruit worth gathering, that which *should be* the fruit of the lips—of this God is the Creator. Because the natural fruit is so evil it needs the Creator again to step in and make us new creatures, and our fruit new also, or else it will remain so bad that the verdict upon it must be, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

And what is that fruit which the Creator produces from a source which is naturally so barren? First of all, it is the sacrifice of *thanksgiving*—"the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name" (Heb. 13:15). The fruit of the lips which God creates should be, above all things, *praise*. We ought to delight to praise God; it should be our element, our occupation, our recreation, our very life.

Another fruit of the lips should never be forgotten, and that is *prayer*. This should be the fruit of renewed manhood at every age; the lips of little children can compass prayer, and the mouth of the aged may not fail to utter it. This is a God-created fruit; he that abounds in it is as a vine which God has blessed. Woe unto the mouth which is silent at the mercy-seat, for it will one day be dumb at the judgment-seat! Those lips are cursed that never pray. Those lips shall blister with unutterable pain that never pray. "Behold, he prayeth," is an absolutely necessary sign of the possession of grace in the heart.

Furthermore, when there is prayer and praise in us, another fruit of the lip is *testimony*. Do you produce this, dear friends? Has God created it from your lips? It is the bearing witness to others of what God can do, because you have received it in your own experience. God blesses us on purpose that we may tell other poor souls how He can bless the sons of men; and yet there are Christians—at least I hope they are Christians—who appear to have received great mercy from God, but they keep the matter hidden. Oh! be not such, I pray you. If you have good tidings in your heart, bring forth the fruit of the lip and tell it. Thus much about the threefold fruit of the lips.

Now there is *one renowned topic* upon which the lips ought always to be able to speak, and that blessed subject is summed up in the two words of my text, "Peace, peace." "I create the fruit of the lips; peace, peace." The lips ought to be occupied with the subject of peace; this should be their breath: as Saul breathed out threatenings, so should we breathe out peace, and yet again peace, a double peace from our two lips. From the mouth of truth should come kisses of peace, words of peace, the breath of peace. This is *the best lip-salve*—"Peace, peace.

I. We shall employ these words in four ways, and we shall commence by using them as

THE CRY OF THE AWAKENED.

When men are awakened by the grace of God into a consciousness of their true condition they find themselves at war with God and at war with their own consciences, and consequently they begin to cry, "Peace, peace," longing eagerly to end the dreadful conflict in which they find themselves engaged. While a man is dead in trespasses and sins, where nature left him, and where the devil keeps him, he has a deadly calm of mind. He is not troubled; he has no bonds in his death, should he die, and none in his life while he is drunken with sin. He is like a brute beast, looking no further than to the pasture in which he feeds; he lives for the present, and as long as his bodily wants are satisfied he is content.

When the Spirit of God arouses in him thoughts about higher things, the whole matter is changed; he thinks of God, and laments that he has forgotten his Maker. He thinks of that Maker's law, and perceives that he has constantly broken it: indeed, he has never regarded it, but treated it as a thing of nought. He thinks of death, and he says, "I must die, but I am unprepared." He thinks of eternity, of that other world, that lasting world beyond time, that world where we must dwell forever, and he cries, "Where shall I dwell, and where will my portion be?"

Very likely a worldling comes along and says, "You are melancholy. Do not give way to such low spirits. I count it one of the wisest things to drive dull care away. Come with me where they make merry." He goes; but, somehow or other, he sees that all the gold is gilt, and all the finery is flimsy, and that there is nothing in the mirth. The sport is tame and dull to him, and he himself is duller than ever. He does not enjoy what once was the delight of his eyes; he comes away, and when they ask him to visit their haunts again he says, "No, no. My heart seems heavier there than when I am alone." "As vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a sad heart." There is no suitability in worldly merrymaking to ease a tortured spirit. The awakened sinner cries, "Peace, peace. Oh, that I had peace!"

Then there visits him one who knowingly whispers, "You need not disturb yourself. These things are not so. Do you not know that these are all bugbears of a past generation? We men of modern thought have made great discoveries, and changed all the fears of our benighted ancestors into

A BRAVE UNBELIEF.

You can live at ease. Do not fret yourself about heaven, or hell, or eternity. Vain are these stale scepticisms; the man is too much in earnest to be drugged with such soporifics. Boastful unbelief has small power over an agonized soul. God himself has convinced this man of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and though he tries to disbelieve he cannot. Conviction haunts him, follows him into his chamber, robs him of his rest, and he cries, "I fain would be an unbeliever if I could, but I cannot. Oh, that I had peace! Oh, that I had peace!"

Mr. Worldly Wiseman calls upon him, with his friend Dr. Legality and his assistant-surgeon Mr. Civility, and these try their Balm of Conceit, and Plaister of Natural Goodness. Dr. Legality finds his patient disturbed with the threatenings of the Gospel and the doctrines of Holy Writ, and he says, "These things are quite true, but you need not worry, because you have not been so bad as a great many, and if it goes hard with you it will go very hard with the most of people. You are all right, for you have been honest, obliging, generous, and religious."

Ay, but if God has been dealing with this man, he will say, "But I am not all right. I feel that I deserve the wrath of God, and that goodness is not in me. You may think it is so, but I know myself, and I have looked into my heart, and I find all manner of evil there. Oh, that I had peace! Oh, that I had peace!" Self-righteousness is too short a bed for an awakened sinner to stretch himself thereon, neither can flatterers cajole him into a peace based upon forgetfulness of the divine law.

Then comes the priest, and he exclaims, "Come with us, and undergo ceremonies, and take sacraments, and we will ease you of your burden." Perhaps the poor man tries this, but though he tries it he finds no rest whatever. No, the leprosy lies deep within, and no outward form can cleanse away the deep-seated pollution. The burden presses on his heart, and therefore no manipulation of outward rites can remove the heavy load from him. His cry is, "Peace, peace, peace, peace! Oh, that I could get it! Oh, that I could get it! I would search through earth, and sea, and air, and hell itself, if I might find it, and bless the grave if it would give it me."

Dear heart, I sympathize with you. I remember when I would have gone to the utmost verge of this green earth if I could have found peace. I tell you, racks and tortures I would have boldly endured; prison-houses and dungeons I would have bravely entered, and battle and death I would have gladly encountered, if I could have found peace for my accusing conscience; bu
found none. I was like that serpent which
said to sting itself to death. "My thought
as George Herbert says, "were all a case
knives." Every motion of my mind seemed
drive a dagger into my heart. A volcano h
burst up within my soul, and the burning la
of despair flowed over all.

II. Secondly, our theme is much more che
ful when we see that this is

THE ANSWER OF THE SAVIOUR.

It is the fruit of the Saviour's lips, whose
are as lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.
is he that comes to the soul and says, "Pe
peace." Oh, did you ever see Him *as dying*
sin? If you have never seen Him with the
of faith you do not know what peace mea
After this fashion He shows Himself. He lo
upon the sinner, troubled and tossed to and
and He says, "What aileth thee?" "My si
says the sinner, "has utterly condemned m
"Dost thou not know that I bore it eight
hundred years ago, and more, in my own b
on the tree?" "Yes, Lord, I have heard
thou didst something of the kind, but didst t
bear it so that I need not bear it?"

Then the Redeemer shows that He bore
burden of guilt effectually and carried it a
into the land of forgetfulness; and, moreo
He makes clear the truth that if He took our
it can never be laid on us, for it is not consis
with the Father's justice first to punish the S
stitute for sin and then to punish the offe
also.

"But," says the heart, "My Lord, I k
that thou didst die. I see thy wounds, I m
thy open side; but tell me, didst thou die fo
in particular?" "Wilt thou trust me, s
Wilt thou trust me wholly?" "Ah! that I
my Lord." "Then I bore thy sin. I was
ished in thy stead. Thy iniquity has cease
be. Thy sins I have cast into the depths o
sea. Thy transgression shall never be menti
against thee any more forever. Go, and si
more. Peace, peace!"

What can break a peace like this? Why
I fret about sin which is hurled into obliv
Why should I despair because of my guilt,
reckon myself condemned? I am not
demned, for Jesus was condemned for me—
He in whom my spirit fixes all her trust. He
my debts and discharged my liability to jus
and therefore my soul is clear.

> "O thou who didst thy glory leave
> Apostate sinners to retrieve
> From nature's deadly fall,
> Me thou hast purchased with a price,
> Nor shall my crimes in judgment rise,
> For thou hast borne them all."

But did you ever see Christ as He is *risen*
the dead? Here is another vision of con
tion, another fount of peace. The poor
lies prostrate at the Saviour's feet and crie
see thee, my Lord; I see how thou has
away my sin, and I am at peace; but, al
am a poor fool, and shall sin again, and I
a wayward, wandering heart that will so
away over the mountains leaping into sin a
How can I hope to enter heaven?" To
the Lord Jesus replies most sweetly, "Dost
not know that I am risen from the dead?
He that liveth, though once I died for sin.

Do you know the peace which the res
tion of the Lord Jesus brings into the spirit
so, you find rich fruit hanging upon Jesus'
He who knows the virtue of the living Lo
once concludes that the future is as safe a
past. The slain Saviour has slain our pas
and the living Saviour lives to take care
eternal life, and to bring us to God's right
at the last. See how Jesus says, "Peace,
peace! All is well."

Did you ever see Jesus as He sits there
phant at the Lord God's right hand? I hop
have; because a poor, tried spirit is g
comforted by that sight. The downcast o
claims, "My Lord, I know thou wilt tak
of me here, for I perceive that thou livest t
vide for me; but I shall have to die, and

shall I then do? My Lord, I am afraid to die. *It is grim work—dying.* It is a path I never trod before. What shall I do in the swellings of Jordan?"

Jesus answers such fears in His own sweet fashion by saying, " Dost thou not know that I am risen from the dead, and that I have gone into the glory to prepare a place for thee? I will come to thee at the last, and I will take thy spirit away to dwell with me forever. Thou needest not fear to die, for he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. I will help thee. Death shall be no death to thee. I will catch thy soul away and thou shalt never know it till thou seest me face to face." Does not this breathe " Peace, peace, peace?"

> " Sure the last end
> Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
> Night dews fall not more calmly on the ground,
> Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft."

If I were to go on picturing our glorious Lord esus Christ in any and all of His relationships o us, we should in each case hear Him say, ' Peace, peace."

A SOLDIER IN THE CRIMEAN WAR,

s he lay dying, was visited by a worthy mis-ionary. The young man asked his visitor to ead a chapter to him, and the chapter chosen as John 14. When he came to this verse, Peace I leave with you," the soldier was almost in the article of death, but he said to the eader, " Sir, that is the peace which I enjoy. I ave had it for years." " Peace I leave with ou." " Now," he said, " if I have known this eace—and I have had it for years—I shall not se it *now*, but shall die triumphantly." And he did.

Can you, my hearer, say to-night that you ave that peace? If you have it now you shall ave it in your dying hour. Could you say what r. Watts said to his host, Sir Thomas Abney? e said, " Sir Thomas, I thank God that for any a month I have been able to say, ' It is a atter of perfect indifference to me when I fall leep at night whether I wake up in this world in another.' "

I well remember reading *the old story of a ethodist* who was pressed into the army some ty or sixty years ago, who had his leg carried ay in battle, and lay bleeding on the ground. hen they carried him off the field he said, " I as happy as a man can be while out of aven." They said he was mad. O for more such *glorious madness!* To be able to say en your limb is shot away, and you are bleeding away your life, " I am as happy as a man can out of heaven," why, there is something in t surely! This must be the finger of God. ere else can such triumph over pain and akness be found?

III. Thirdly, I am going to use these words as

THE SONG OF THE TRUE BELIEVER.

Ie who has really seen Christ, and placed his st in Him, can now sing, " Peace, peace, ce." What a thrice accursed thing is war! *elieve with Benjamin Franklin* that there er was a good war, and that there never was ad peace. War is unmitigated mischief from to end, and peace is a thing to rejoice at, e it in whatever light you will. Killing and ing, devastating and burning, are sport for ds, and for fiends alone. True men, if once ed to battle, are the last persons who would tly enter upon it again. It is *an awful and ible thing.*

recollect reading that when the last great was over—I mean the great war of all, in h we were so long engaged with the Bona-es—news of the peace came to a certain n. It was only gently whispered that there peace, but it was all over the town in a few utes. Everybody ran through the streets. d had been sent up to an awful price by the and everybody was weary with the taxes, slaughter of soldiers, and the perpetual fear vasion. A man ran down the street shouting, " Peace, peace, peace, peace," and everybody was glad.

Now if peace be so precious as to temporal things, it is equally precious as to eternal things; and if a man has once seen Jesus Christ, it is the joy of his life to sing, " Peace, peace." Here stands the reconciled man, and he looks up to heaven through the pure blue air, past yon stars, endless leagues beyond imagination's utmost stretch; he looks up, and his mind conceives of God, and his heart feels, " I am at peace with Him. Though He be a consuming fire, I am at peace with Him. With the Great Father I am at peace. Though it is very tempestuous round about Him, yet I am at peace with Him. I am at peace with the eternal Son; though He shall break His enemies with a rod of iron, He will never break me; I am at peace with Him. I am at peace with the Holy Ghost, for though to blaspheme Him is death without hope or mercy, yet I am at peace with Him; He will never destroy me."

What a peace is this!—peace with God, the peace of God, perfect peace. Having this peace, every angel is my friend, every cherub is my guardian; and all the hosts in glittering ranks above, of spirits angelic and unfallen, and of spirits human, saved and washed in the blood, are all my friends, for I have peace with the armies of heaven if I have peace with the Lord of hosts. How delightful to look all around you and to feel confident that Providence is on your side! The wheels are stupendous, and the results that come of their revolution are mysterious and terrible; but let the wheels revolve; they cannot hurt a child of God. All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to His purpose.

IV. I close by using my text in a fourth way, practically, by saying that this should be

THE MOTTO OF EVERY BELIEVER.

It has been his song for himself—now let it be his motto in dealing with other people. This should be his spirit and desire *in the church*— " Peace, peace." I thank God that we have enjoyed peace as a church these many years, but I have known certain churches where peace would be a novelty—a novelty which I recommend them to try. Some little churches seem to think that they must have an angry discussion every month, or else they are living beneath their Gospel privileges. This leads to heart-burnings and promotes splits and divisions, and these are as frequent among them as *fights at an Irish wake.* They want a new minister every now and then, for they consider their want of prosperity to be the minister's fault; and then they want a fresh set of deacons, for the evil is thought to be the deacons' fault. By and by they discover that some leading man, or, what is worse, some leading woman, is at the bottom of the evil, and they must get rid of him or her, and then all will go right; and they practise the process of dismemberment, cutting off one part of the body, and then another, till they think the smaller they become the better they will be.

What a mistake! Do they think to find peace by breaking into pieces? The more Christians are divided the more they can subdivide, and the smaller the sect the more prepared is it for another schism. Brethren, whenever you fall a quarrelling I shall know that the Spirit of God has gone from you. Hitherto we have put up with one another very well, by God's grace, and I hope we shall continue to do so. I do not suppose you ever thought that I was perfect; *if you did, you did not know much about me.* I knew very well that you were not perfect. I never flattered you from the very beginning, and therefore I am not disappointed in you. We have gone on wonderfully well with each other, considering how imperfect we are; and I trust that the grace of God, which has kept so large a multitude together in love and peace, will continue to do it, to His own glory.

We should labor to carry out the same quiet spirit *in the family.* When you get home do not change " Peace, peace" into scolding and nagging. " If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." The apostle says, " If it be possible," because he knew that it would be a very difficult thing always to be peaceable with everybody, for some people are so unreasonable that they are never at peace till they are at war, and never quiet till they are making a disturbance. Be it ours under great provocation still to cry, " Peace, peace."

They will most surely conquer who can most completely submit, for in this world he that would be greatest must be least, and he that can stoop the lowest shall rise the highest. I do not think there is much in a heritage worth fighting for compared with brotherly unity. Family peace and love are worth more than a disputed will can ever yield.

THE GAME OF QUARRELLING

is not worth the candle. When I have had to compose family differences I have usually found that the misunderstanding began about nothing, and went on about nothing; and yet the mischief done is frequently terrible.

When I have to make peace, I like to have some *real* injury, injustice, or wrong to deal with; something that I can handle, judge, and condemn; but an invisible, misty, indefinable suspicion is hard to overcome. When there is nothing in the squabble, peace-making is difficult work. There is a great tingle-tangle over nothing. You cannot get at it. It is a sort of stinging jelly-fish, which you feel but cannot grasp. Loving bonds are broken, and there is ill-blood between Christian men and Christian women who ought to love one another, and all about—about—nothing! Now, you Christian people, go about with this as *your pass-word*— " Peace, peace, peace, peace." This will quiet the worst termagant of a wife that ever wearied a man—peace, peace. This will sober the most outrageous husband that ever tried a woman—peace, peace. Cultivate peace in the home garden whatever you do elsewhere.

When peace reigns in your own family, go *into the world* with the same watchword—" Peace, peace." Do not set dogs by the ears, but tame lions and tigers. Compose differences, and make people friends. If certain persons were dropped into the garden of Eden, they would be the serpent in it; but there are others who, if you were to set them down in a village distracted with strife and contention, they would be lumps of love to sweeten every bitterness. Try and be just such.

What a difference there will be when this is taken up among all Christian sects—when there shall be no more envying and strife between this denomination and that, but each one shall be saying in Christ's name, " We are brethren—peace, peace." How silly it is for one clique of good people to be setting up Mr. So-and-so as " the greatest preacher that ever lived." How idle for others to reply, " No, he is not. So-and-so preaches better." Let all this be silenced while we cry " Peace, peace." None of us who are ministers preach as well as we ought to do, and none of you who are hearers live as you ought to live. When you hear anything like crying up of such poor mortals as we are, cry " Peace, peace" to such nonsense! We are all servants of one Master; and may the Lord make us all better servants!

May the day come when, all the world over, there shall be peace. Let us wish " Peace, peace" to all of woman born. May this blessed word be rung out as a clarion note beneath these heavens till men shall recognize that they make one family, and God is the one great Father. Ye nations, learn war no more! " Peace, peace, peace." Catch the words, ye winds, and waft them—" Peace, peace, peace." Hear the words, ye stars, and shine them out to-night—" Peace, peace." Rise up, O sun, in the morning, and over all rejoicing lands pour forth, with thy light and warmth, peace and quietness! May peace be with you, my brethren, henceforth and forever. Amen and amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—
Isaiah 57 : 15-21 ; 58 : 1-12.]

THE LABORER WHO BECAME A RAILROAD CONTRACTOR.

Ryan's Conscientious Conduct Offends his Unprincipled Mates—They Resolve to "Strike" if he is not Dismissed—His Employers Determine to Keep him, and Improve his Position—Becomes a Partner.

It was close upon the hour of twelve, noon. Scattered over a large building in course of erection were a number of workmen—carpenters, masons, and bricklayers—most of whom kept their ears upon the stretch in expectation of the bell ringing to proclaim the dinner-hour. Hard by was the river, where a barge was moored, and laborers bringing planks from it to the building, with the regular step characteristic of all work with method in it.

The laborers numbered about twenty in all, and they were headed by one who filled the post of "*runner*," that is, a man who regulated the movements of the rest by leading the way to and from the works. The man employed for the office in this case was one Robert Ryan, a steady, earnest, sober man. Ryan was only a laborer, and it was as much as he could do to read good print, and write his name occasionally when it was required; but he was a man with a strong sense of what was right and wrong, and with a decided leaning toward the right. It was this feeling which prompted him to abandon drink and join the temperance society. "*I may like beer*," he said, "and I may like loafing about in a public-house with my mates; but *it is not right* for me to do so when my wife and child must be the sufferers." So he gave up drink, fought out, by Divine assistance, the fight with temptation until he conquered, and then settled down, a sober, happy man.

Such a man could not long pass unnoticed, and Ryan was soon selected from the mass of laborers and appointed to the post of "runner," for which he obtained an extra sixpence a day. Mr. Collins, his master, would have done something more for him, but Ryan's education was very defective, and the post of foreman was for the present out of the question.

The laborers were marching from the barge, each with a plank upon his shoulder, when the bell suddenly rang. The man next to Ryan, named Morgan, immediately *threw down his plank*, but Ryan walked steadily on.

"Hold hard, Ryan," cried the third man; "did you hear the bell?"

"I heard," said Ryan; "but we have only a step or two to go; why pitch the stuff about in the mud in that way?"

The man who had thrown down his plank took it up with a surly air, and fell into the ranks again. Ryan walked to the building, put his burden on the top of the pile, and the rest, more or less sulky, followed his example.

From that time Ryan became *a marked man;* the men followed him as of old, but they did all they could to annoy him. He was a powerful man, and could easily have beaten any one of his assailants; but he steadily refused to fight, and bade them go home and think, and then return to their work wiser men.

After a time Ryan's patience bore fruit, and many of the men ceased to annoy him; but Morgan, with the rancor of a little mind, only grew more furious as he saw the chance of ruining Ryan slipping away. Day and night, in work and out of work, he kept his tongue going, calling his fellow-laborers "slaves," and was very great on the subject of "*division of property*," which would enable every man to live in peace and comfort—"without work."

The men often laughed at his extravagant assertions; but some of his ideas took root, and a feeling of discontent gradually became general. Misunderstandings were developed into deliberate assaults upon the liberty and comforts of the men, hasty words magnified into studied insults, and the train was laid for one of those *suicidal movements* called "a strike."

While this was impending, Ryan was called to account before a committee of the men, who held their meeting in a field close to the works. Morgan attended as an accuser, with the majority of the men employed as audience.

Ryan's answer was as follows: "When a man undertakes to do his work he ought to do it, and if he does sometimes carry a plank half a dozen yards when the bell is ringing, what's the odds? *I take my stand on right*, and no man is right unless he does his duty."

Ryan's notions were not particularly popular, but his words carried weight with them. More than one listener felt that he only acted as an honest man; but Morgan and his followers were the stronger party, and at a private meeting in the evening it was decided that *a round robin* should be sent in against the "runner," demanding his dismissal.

Mr. Collins received the message from his men, and said he would consider it. Mr. Collins knew the character of Ryan, and liked him. In his branch he was the best man upon the works, and it was much against his desire to part with him.

"If we give way this time," he said, "we shall soon have another request, one impossible to comply with, perhaps. I have seen the feeling growing among the men; we have too many talkers, and a strike is inevitable; it may as well come now as a month hence."

And so it was decided. The answer was sent to the men, and the answer was "NO."

This brought the storm down. A hurried and angry meeting was held, with Morgan and others for speakers, and they all advocated one thing—"Strike, and bring the masters to their senses." Notice of the strike was given, and on Saturday the works closed.

Ryan, who was still kept on at the works, doing odd jobs, went to and fro without molestation. This did not suit Morgan, who, being a thriftless man, soon began to feel the want of the usual wages, and had a most decided weakness for beer. His rancor increased with his penury, and it was not long before he persuaded himself that all his deprivations were the work of Ryan.

Morgan did not want for men whose thoughts coincided with his own, and *a threatening letter*—anonymous, of course; your threatening fellows are always cowards—was sent to Ryan, warning him not to go near the works again. Ryan treated it with contempt, and went as usual. Four days later he was struck from behind on the road home, and fell insensible. Mr. Collins himself discovered him there, and had him taken to his own house, and an eminent surgeon was sent for.

As Mr. Collins walked home that night he tried to think of some plan by which he could benefit Ryan without breaking in upon his independence. On the morrow he visited Ryan again, and found him much better. After a few remarks about the injured man's health, Mr. Collins said, "Would you like to be better educated, Ryan?"

"I should like it very much, sir. I have tried to improve myself, but I am very slow."

"Self-teaching is very slow work," returned Mr. Collins; "you want somebody to help you. My son would give you a few lessons with pleasure. What do you say to his coming here for an hour or so every day while the works are closed?"

Ryan was highly pleased with the offer; and so was Mrs. Ryan, and it was settled that the lessons should begin in two days from that time.

Mr. Collins, junior, found that Robert had, to use a homely phrase, "*a turn for figures*," and his latent talent was now being developed—the foundation of his future fortune was being laid.

So several weeks passed, and then stern necessity took many of the men back. Morgan was the last to go—and then the works of Collins & Co. were opened again.

Ryan went to work, but not as a "runner;" Mr. Collins put him into the office to work out "quantities," that is, to calculate the quantity of materials required for certain work, so as to enable the firm to send in estimates for contracts. He did little things at first, but he proved to be so correct that he was soon intrusted with more important matters.

"Ryan is a wonderfully accurate fellow," said Mr. Collins to his partner, about a year after his first entering the office.

"A very valuable man," replied his partner; "he belongs to the class of men who are sure to make their way in the world. Some even rise to be partners in great firms."

"Hum!" said Mr. Collins thoughtfully; "there is no telling what time will do for such a man."

* * * * * * *

Time has ticked off ten years since the events above recorded, and we beg to introduce our readers to the final scene of this simple story—a room in a *well-built substantial villa* in a suburb south of London.

The room is well and substantially furnished; all that comfort could command is there, but no useless ornament or attempt at display. By the fire sits a matron dressed in dark gray, and a cap upon her head, made of excellent materials, quiet, neat, and nice. A little girl about twelve sits by sewing; a boy of ten is busy at the table with a slate full of figures; and a younger child, a boy also, is lying upon the hearth-rug, talking to a wooden horse.

Soon a footstep is heard upon the doorstep, and a latch-key rattles in the lock. Then by one impulse they all dash out into the hall, where a hale, hearty man, with just a sprinkling of gray hair to show that he is past his youth, is removing his great-coat.

"Hold off a minute!" he says; "now one at a time."

His coat being off, he kisses them all round, and sits down by the fire. There is an evident anxiety on the part of the mother and children to hear something, and it is equally clear that the man has something to impart; but he is in no hurry about it, and sits there with a quiet smile upon his face.

"Why don't you tell us the news, Robert?" says the matron at last; "yes or no."

"Well, then, it's *yes*," replies Robert, whose other name was Ryan; "and I'm *a member of the firm* of Collins & Co. God be thanked for all His past and present mercies."

"Amen," responds his wife, and then there is a minute's silence.

"It's rather odd," continues Robert, "that I should to-night meet the man to whom I owe all this."

"Who is he?" asked his wife, wonderingly.

"Morgan—it was his attempt to ruin me that by God's merciful providence was overruled to bring about this prosperity to us. I met him down the street by the works, standing close to the wall to keep off the wind and snow. He had scarcely a rag to his back, and for all the good the bits of boots upon his feet were he might as well have been without them. He did not know me, but I knew him at once, and hailed him. He could scarcely believe that I was the Ryan he once knew, and when he did credit it, he wanted to sheer off at once, but I stopped him. He was tired, hungry, and penniless, so I took him into a coffee-shop, and while he had some bread-and-butter and coffee, we had a long chat together. I don't want to spin a long yarn about it, but he confessed to me that it was *his hand which struck me down* ten years ago."

"Will you give him work, Robert?"

"Why not, Polly? I think the man is not too bad to mend. There are the materials of a decent man in him, *if he will only give up drinking*. At all events, I will give him a chance; I think it is only doing my duty to do so."

Just like Ryan—always thinking of his duty, and acting according to his notions of what is right; and this conscientious mode of life had met with its reward. Prosperous in his business, happy in his domestic life, and, above all, blessed with the peace which passeth all understanding, he is a man whose example men would do well to follow.

[*The above story describes an incident in the life of one of the largest English railroad contractors.*]

THE PROPHETIC ASPECT OF THE FRENCH CRISIS.

Prophetic Indications of a Franco-German War—The Condition of Germany—Ominous Elements in France—Gambetta's Remarkable Position—Danger of Despotism—Tending to War—The "London Times" on the Situation—The View of the "London News."

STUDENTS of prophecy have been led to believe ever since the collapse of the Napoleonic Empire at Sedan, in 1870, that there would eventually be a renewal of the struggle between France and Germany. They have also believed that that struggle would reverse the results of the former one, and would not only include the recapture of Alsace and Lorraine, of which the earlier struggle despoiled France, but would also issue in Germany losing all the territory between France and the River Rhine.

That belief is based mainly on the indications of prophecy that the nations which formed Cæsar's Roman Empire will, in the days of the world's crisis, be found occupying the same position in relation to each other as they did in Cæsar's day. Now, ancient France (then called Gaul) had then the Rhine for her north-eastern boundary, and in order, accurately, to take the place of Gaul, she must wrest the territory between her present boundary and the Rhine from Germany. It is certain that such an acquisition will never be gained save by a desperate and sanguinary war.

Supposing, then, that a war between France and Germany will precede the days of the end, the state of those two countries is one of those signs of the times which we are commanded to observe (Matt. 16 : 3). Now, within the last few weeks it has become evident that elements exist in both nations which may at no distant day precipitate them into war. In Germany, Socialistic Communism is advancing with rapid strides, weakening the Government and rendering the prosecution of successful war increasingly difficult. It may happen that when the moment arrives for a life-and-death struggle with France, the German Government may be engaged in suppressing a Socialistic insurrection of its own citizens and so be incapable of driving the French army back after the fashion of the last war.

In France the condition of society, social and political, is an interesting study. It presents a spectacle whch students of history have been accustomed to recognize as the precursor of coming trouble. As the experienced seaman detects in the sky, at sunset, warnings of an approaching hurricane, which are imperceptible to the landsman, so the leaders of public opinion in Europe, whose historical studies have made them quick to note the premonitory signs of national crises, have already sounded

THE NOTE OF WARNING

with respect to France.

Among the ominous signs is the remarkable position now occupied by Gambetta in France. At his word ministers rise or fall. He does not assume responsibility, but he has more actual power than the President of the Republic or the Premier. His position is equivalent to that of a dictator, although, nominally, he occupies an almost unofficial station. That such a man but a few years ago comparatively unknown, should have been able to attain so high a position is remarkable and shows how ripe the French nation, ostensibly a republic, is for *the change to despotic rule.* There is little doubt that Gambetta might, if he chose, seize the reins of government and make himself ruler of France. It is probable that such an event may never occur; but while the condition of the people renders a revolution of that kind *practicable*, there is always the risk of some other man, some daring ambitious man, like Prince Jerome Napoleon, taking the opportunity Gambetta could take if he would.

The recent crisis is significant from another point of view. Gambetta's policy is framed on the astute principle of statecraft that the leaders of the people should "*follow public opinion in advance.*" That is to say, they should possess the power of intuition, should be able to see what the people would like before the preference becomes a formal demand from them, and to be first to give that desire realization. Gambetta has followed this course throughout his public life with marked success. He gave his support to Thiers and to MacMahon when they were popular, and he withdrew it as soon as the tide of popularity gave the first signs of ebbing. He has followed the same course with the ministers, and it was mainly through his attitude that M. de Freycinet found it necessary to resign.

Such a man is Gambetta, and the world may see, as in a mirror, when it watches him, what is the current—the tendency—of public opinion in France. It is significant therefore, that the view prophetic expositors have taken of the probable relations of France and Germany finds confirmation in the present attitude of Gambetta. Within a few weeks

EUROPE WAS STARTLED

by a speech he delivered at Cherbourg, which plainly indicated a desire for war. It was not so much that a prominent Frenchman delivered that speech, but a conviction that he would not have delivered it had he not been confident that it would find a responsive echo in the breasts of the people. In a word, that the project of war with Germany is becoming a popular one among the French people.

Prophetic students believe that such a war must break out at least seven years (Daniel 7 : 26 and 9 : 27) before the end of the age. If, therefore, the end of the age is to be about 1890, then we may expect this great Franco-German war to occur in 1882-3.

The following extracts from two prominent English newspapers confirm this view.

The London *Times*, of September 24th, says:

"The new French Cabinet, which takes its name from M. Jules Ferry, has been completed by the appointment of M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. No safer man could have been chosen for the supreme direction of a department demanding at the present moment rather discretion than either energy or excess of zeal and activity. The new Foreign Minister was at all times more of a scholar than of a statesman, and never filled any place of great importance except in the capacity of private secretary to M. Thiers, whose intimate friend and almost shadow he was during the latest and most momentous period of the great man's career.

"The policy of M. Thiers from the close of the German war to his final retirement and death was characterized by its caution, and it may not be mere chance that brings to the management of France's diplomatic relations a man, now in his seventy-sixth year, the best qualified, both by his age and by his experience of the terrible crisis through which M. Thiers piloted his country, to follow up that course of action which ten years ago saved France from mortal danger, and to resist the youthful impulses of politicians apparently bent on *replunging her into rash ventures*, and exposing her to new risks.

"M. Gambetta has placed himself in the attitude of a setter-up and puller-down of Ministries.

THE KING-MAKER

cares not as yet, or perhaps dares not, to be king himself, but will suffer no other sovereign than one who will consent to be a puppet in the hands of a too visible wire-puller. Whether the time will ever come in which he will step forward and seize the prize which he now seems rather to disdain than to covet, it would be premature to say; but it is certain that M. Gambetta will take no office which does not confer upon him the absolute, undivided, and unchallenged authority of a *Dictator*.

"There is no form of government in which the institutions of the State are more apt to emerge into the *rule of one man* than a so-called democratic republic. The example of many an ancient, mediæval, or modern transatlantic State supplies us with irrefragable proofs of this assertion. The Medici in Florence, from old Salvestro and Cosmo Padre della Patria down to the Magnificent Lorenzo and the mean Cosmo, the first Grand Duke, were but a race of merchants who by the affectation of anti-aristocratic tendencies, won the hearts of the multitude, who seldom or never aspired to official distinction for themselves, but who so openly and yet so irresistibly swayed the popular vote in the election of magistrates that the choice could only fall on persons amenable to the Medici ascendency and devoted to the Medici interest.

"It is thought by many that M. Gambetta is master of the situation, and can give events such a turn as will best answer his purpose. And when France, after having tried and used up all other men, is brought to acknowledge that there is, after all, no other man than M. Gambetta, then, and then only, he will feel that his day has come, and that he owes himself to his country.

"The important point is how far this Gambetta supremacy is compatible with France's good government or safety. Whether with or without reason,

M. GAMBETTA'S FOREIGN POLICY

is supposed to bode no good to France's neighbors. His menacing speech at Cherbourg was sufficient to alarm Prince Bismarck and to set Count Moltke to study fresh tactics. Perhaps, however, on reaching the pinnacle of his glory, Gambetta may not show himself as rash and aggressive as it suited him to appear when in opposition. He may, perhaps, feel disposed to enjoy his greatness at his own leisure, and to avoid all ventures that may put it in jeopardy. He may then abate not a little of his implacability to priests and monks, and of his eagerness for that revenge for which he was supposed to be clamoring.

"But the question is whether his old partisans, the men he mustered under his standard, whom he inoculated with his uncompromising ideas, will leave him at rest—whether they will allow him to play false to them, and be baffled of the good times that were promised to them. Already the hounds are at him in full cry. There is no end to the vituperation that is levelled, to the mud that is flung at him, by those very organs of the extreme parties that were till lately so loud in his praise."

The *Illustrated London News* says:

"Prevalent opinion, both in and out of France, attributes the present French crisis to M. Gambetta. There can be no doubt of his paramount political power. His *fiat* is decisive. No Ministry has been able to act independently of him and continue to maintain its ground. If France places almost unlimited confidence in him as a statesman, he must, sooner or later, place confidence in France by accepting the constitutional headship of her Administration. But we cannot be surprised, after his speech at Cherbourg, that many people, both at home and abroad, should identify him with a purpose that may hereafter fill the heart of Europe with disquietude, and inflict upon his own countrymen immeasurable suffering—namely, a war of revenge against Germany.

"If it be true, as his enemies impute to him, and as some of his professed friends ardently desire of him, that he is meditating for France, 'a policy of revenge'; if he is looking forward to the re-conquest of Alsace and Lorraine; if every step that he takes is taken with a determination of ultimately measuring strength once again with the German Empire, it is to be feared however far off may be the struggle, that the interval between now and then will be employed in the furtherance of any policy but such as the interests of humanity would require. Military ideas will, of necessity, continue to pervade the European Continent, and peace, such as it is, will be but *a silent preparation for war.* The *Franco-German question* will still remain to excite the apprehensions of the Continental public. It is a vision of the future which we shudder to look upon."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page* 655.)

A Companion's Duties.

In spite of the sisters' oft-repeated predictions of the reverse, I and my luggage arrived safe and sound at the little station of Alliston.

As soon as I left the carriage a footman came up to me, and, touching his hat, inquired if I were Miss Lindsay. When I answered in the affirmative, he took charge of my luggage, and led the way to a carriage which was waiting for me outside the station.

We drove on in the darkness for some distance, through what seemed to be country roads and lanes, for I could see no lights by the wayside, and nothing to break the darkness of the night.

After a long time the carriage stopped in front of a small house, which I saw must be a lodge, for by means of the light which came from a diamond-paned window I could see a woman opening some large iron gates for the carriage to go through.

When we had passed the lodge I expected every moment to reach the house, and my heart beat faster and faster in expectation of my arrival. But we went on and on and on for at least a mile before the lights of the great house appeared, and we stopped before the door.

The footman got down from the carriage and rang the bell. The door was opened by a grave and solemn butler, and I went inside, feeling as if I were walking in my sleep, so tired and confused was I with my long journey.

I was ushered through a spacious hall, filled with stags' horns and old swords, and stuffed birds and foreign curiosities, and old oak cabinets, up a very wide staircase to a room at the top of the house. It was not a large room, but it was very pretty and comfortable, and a cheerful fire was blazing in the grate.

The maid who had shown me my room told me that Miss Trafford would be glad to see me as soon as I was ready, so I hastened to take off my dusty travelling dress, and to make myself ready to go down-stairs.

After about half an hour the maid came back again to conduct me. We went through several long passages, past a number of doors, until we arrived at Miss Evelyn Trafford's room.

The maid opened the door, and I went in. The gas was not lighted, but the fire was blazing brightly, and by its light I could see a young lady lying on a low couch on one side of it. She was very pretty, with small, delicate features, and a beautiful fair complexion, and appeared to be about seventeen or eighteen years of age. On the sofa beside her were lying two kittens curled up on a velvet cushion, and in front of the fire was a little spaniel fast asleep on the hearth-rug.

As soon as the door opened Miss Trafford held out her hand to me.

"Come in, Miss Lindsay," she said; "come to the fire; you must be tired and cold; it's dreadfully cold out, is it not? There, Flossy, get up and let Miss Lindsay come to the fire."

She had a pretty, childish manner, which was very winning and pleasant. "I am so glad you have come," she said, when I was seated, "and you look so nice. Do you know, I thought you would be dreadful, before you came! When papa said one day that it was so dull for me up here alone he must get me a companion, I actually cried, Miss Lindsay. It was very silly of me, I know, but then I always am a silly child. I pictured to myself what this companion would be like, and I thought she would have gray curls, and spectacles, and a brown alpaca dress, and always talk as if she were talking out of a book."

I could not help laughing heartily when she said this.

"Oh, I am so glad you can laugh," said Miss Trafford; "the companion, in the picture I made of her, never laughed—she only smiled, as if she was thinking, 'How foolish every one in the world is, and especially this weak-minded child I have to take care of.'"

This, of course, made me laugh again, to Miss Trafford's great satisfaction.

"Papa said he would get me somebody young and charming if he could, and he told me when he was writing about you how old you were, but I didn't think I should like you a bit, and I didn't want you to come at all."

"I hope you will change your mind soon, Miss Trafford," I said; "I will try not to be very disagreeable."

"Oh, I *have* changed my mind," she said quickly; "I changed it as soon as you came in at the door. I always judge by first sight. If I love people when I first see them, I always love them; and if I hate them, I always hate them. I never change my mind afterward."

"Do you think that is a good plan?" I said; "don't you think it is rather an unfair way of judging?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," she said; "it always answers very well for me. I liked you when you came in at the door, and I mean always to like you. I wish Ambrose would bring the dinner, the gong sounded long since. I am sure it is time for it, and you must be so hungry. Miss Lindsay, will you please ring the bell?"

One of the footmen soon appeared with a small round table, which he placed between Miss Trafford's couch and my chair. The table was already prepared for dinner, with everything in its proper place.

"Oh, it is so nice to have you here," said Miss Trafford. "Do you know, I haven't been down-stairs to dinner for five months. Isn't that dreadful? And I have always had dinner quite alone, except twice, when there was no one staying here, and then papa came up to my room and had dinner here. It was such fun; he and I had this little table, and Ambrose came in here to wait. I laughed all the time, and so did papa; it seemed such a little room after the dining-room, and the three men did not at all know where to stand, because there was no room for them to come close to the table."

"Then you have only been ill five months?" I said.

"*Only* five months! as if that were not long enough," she said; "it seems more like five years to me!"

"Yes, it is a long time," I said; "but I was afraid you might have been ill longer still. I do not know what made you ill."

"Didn't papa tell you? How funny of him! Now, if I had been writing to you, I should have told you the whole story. What did he tell you?"

"He only said that he wanted a companion for his daughter, and asked for my references."

"That was just like papa," said Evelyn; "he always does everything in what he calls a business-like way, which I always say means never telling anybody anything."

"Will you tell me what made you ill?" I asked.

"Yes, it was that young horse," she said; "such a beauty! you must see him, Miss Lindsay; he is quite black, and has a white star on his forehead, and his name is Wildfire, because he flies along so fast. Papa said he was too young for me to ride; but I was not a bit afraid, and Cousin Donald asked me to go out with him for an hour. Cousin Donald is very fond of me," she said, laughing; "he would like me to marry him; but that would never do, you know. Papa says he is very poor, and he would not hear of such a thing. But Cousin Donald is very good-looking, and I like riding with him, he rides so well, and we had a splendid ride that day; but then Wildfire threw me, and all my fun was over."

"Were you much hurt?" I asked.

"Yes," she said; "the doctors said my spine was injured; only a little though," she added quickly, "and if I keep very, very still, and never walk about for a year, they think I shall be quite well again. Oh dear! I wish the year was over now! But it will be much nicer now you have come."

"You must tell me, please, Miss Trafford, what my duties are," I said.

"Oh, don't talk about duties," she said, pretending to stop her ears; "I can't bear the word. I never could do anything because it was a duty. That's just the sort of word the companion in my picture used to say. She used to draw up her head and look through her spectacles, and say, solemnly, 'Miss Evelyn, remember your duties.'"

"But you will tell me what my work is to be here," I repeated; "Sir William did not mention it in his letter."

"You won't have any work," she said, "except to amuse me; you are to be my friend, if you like to call that work—to read to me, and talk to me, and have meals with me, and make the year go a little quicker."

"That isn't very hard work," I said.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered; "you'll find me a very tiresome child sometimes, and if you had come in the brown alpaca dress, and gray curls, and spectacles, I would have led you such a life that in less than a week you would have said to papa, 'Sir William Trafford, I must beg to resign the charge of your flippant and wilful daughter.' Before you came papa said we were to have some profitable reading in a morning, and story-books only after luncheon; but I hate profitable reading, and papa never makes me do what I hate."

"What kind of reading do you mean?" I inquired.

"Oh, history and geography, and all such things; I never could bear them. What is the good of knowing who Henry VIII.'s wives were, and which of them he beheaded; and nearly giving one's self brain-fever in trying to remember what relation John of Gaunt was to everybody else."

"I am very fond of history," I said; "I think some parts are quite as interesting as a story-book."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she said; "you ar talking just like the brown alpaca dress! I shall expect you to pull the spectacles out o your pocket in a minute." And then I could d nothing but laugh, and in a moment she ha changed the conversation, and was rattling o about something else.

"There are not many visitors here just now,' she said; "you'll see them all by and by. They generally pay me a visit after dinner. And min you stop when they come; I want you to se them all. The brown alpaca dress always got u when any one came in, and made a very sti bow, and went away and shut herself up in he bedroom. So mind you don't do the same: yo must look at all the people well, and tell m what you think of them, when they are gone."

"Oh, I should not like to do that," I said.

"Why not?" she said, laughingly; "I don' mind telling you what I think of any one There is Lady Eldridge; she is very grand an stately, and I don't like her a bit; and there i Lord Moreton—he never has a word to say, an is very stupid; but he has a quantity of mone and a splendid estate, and papa is always sayin what a nice young man he is. And so he ma be, perhaps, in some ways; at least he is ver harmless, but then he squints, and I never coul marry any one who squinted—could you, Mis Lindsay?"

"I don't know," I said, laughing; "I neve thought about it."

"Well, I couldn't, it would drive me mad And then there is Alicia Hay—papa's old mai cousin—and if you ask me what I think of her, think she is trying very hard to get married an never will. And then there is Lilla—but I won' tell you about them all now, you will see then for yourself by and by."

"Shall I ring the bell, Miss Trafford?" I inquired when dinner was over.

"Don't call me Miss Trafford," she sai quickly; "call me Evelyn; it sounds much nicer and is six letters shorter."

"But perhaps Sir William would not like it,' I objected.

"Oh! papa likes everything I like," she sai decidedly. "I wish you to call me Evelyn, an ean to call you by your first name too—' Miss dsay' sounds just like the brown alpaca. at is your Christian name?"

My name is May," I said; "and I shall be glad if you will call me May, instead of s Lindsay; I shall fancy I am at home n."

Well, then, it's settled, May," she said, hing: "and now you may ring the bell."

(To be continued.)

JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER.

. Lesson for October 24th, Gen. 32; Golden Text, Luke 18 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

E saw in our last lesson with how much ust Jacob met the promises of God. Truly, would not recall His blessing, but he who d inherit it must learn much, both of him- nd of his God, and because Jacob's faith did ring him into a life of intimate communion Him, God was obliged to train him by cir- tances often painful and humbling. When loved his cousin Rachel and served La- seven years to win her for his wife, it was who was given to him, with the words, ining an allusion bitter indeed to Jacob, 'I must not be so done in our country to give ounger before the elder" (chap. 29 : 26). Jacob was obliged to serve another seven . thus unjustly dealt with, that he might the bitterness of his injustice to his brother. en, later on, he served with Laban for and herds, we see how Laban, with jeal- yes, changed his wages ten times. And on his side would not trust God to give ne "fatness of the earth," which He had sed him, but he had recourse to a strata- n order to obtain for himself that which had said should be his wages (chap. 30 : . Again, when Laban's sons complained riches which Jacob had acquired, saying he had taken away that which was their 's, then "Jacob beheld the countenance of , and behold it was not toward him as be- So he who had taken advantage of his r met with the same treatment from his and when God blessed him in earthly then the enmity of Laban was aroused t him. Then it was that the Lord inter- to protect His own servant, and said, rn unto the land of thy fathers, and to ndred; and I will be with thee." Yet, now, the subtlety of Jacob's natural heart ut, and instead of honestly saying to his hat he was called of God to return unto , he "stole away unawares to Laban rian, in that he told him not that he fled." ms to have been impossible to Jacob to raightforward thing, and just as impossi- him to obtain or retain possession of his goods, without annoyance and vexa- . And such is the life of those children of ho give Him only half their confidence, ep the reins of circumstances in their own

when at last Jacob was separated from he "went on his way, and the angels of t him." Probably had he succeeded in away unawares from Padanaram, and if erstanding had been arrived at between d Laban, he would not have been encom- with such a heavenly atmosphere. O nly some strive to establish communion od without making a clean breast of confessed sin against man! Confession titution were among the righteous laws Old Testament (Lev. 5 : 1–6; 6 : 1–7), and d establishes the same rule. "If thou y gift to the altar, and there remember- thy brother hath aught against thee; ere thy gift before the altar; first be ed to thy brother, and then come and gift (Matt. 5 : 23, 24).

ugh Jacob had been met by the angels of t the fear of his brother was not eradi- . Could he then believe that God would back to the land of Canaan and there him into the hands of the revengeful brother whom he had left? Was not God's expressed will for his return his surest guarantee of safety? But Jacob is not alone in this mistrust. Most of the anxiety which is experienced by children of God arises from their looking at circumstances rather than looking to Him who sitteth above the water-floods. They think a past experience is sufficient warrant to doubt God in a present emergency; they act as though He were not the Almighty and were not their Father.

Jacob had recourse, as usual, to a plan of his own. He sent messages to his brother Esau, couched in the humblest terms. "Thy servant Jacob saith," and the message was addressed to "my lord Esau." When the messengers returned with the unwelcome news, "We came to thy brother Esau, and also he cometh to meet thee, and four hundred men with him," then Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed; and he divided the people that was with him, and the flocks, and herds, and the camels, into two bands, and said, "If Esau come to the one company, and smite it, then the other company which is left shall escape." Did he then count nothing upon the word of his God, "I will be with thee," that he should have deemed it necessary to make such a plan? Did he think God unwilling or incapable to deliver him from the hand of Esau?

As a last resource, instead of as a first necessity, he went to prayer, he appealed to God by the name by which He had revealed Himself at Bethel, "God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee. I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands. Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau, for I fear him. . . . And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude."

After he had taken his own precautions, he called upon God. Now if deliverance was granted, was God to have the credit of it, or must it be attributed to Jacob's foresight? After having prayed he still continued making his plans, and set apart a present for Esau from his own abundance. But he took every imaginable precaution. His servants were directed to put a space between drove and drove, to say to Esau when he should inquire, Whose art thou? "Thy servant Jacob's; it is a present sent unto my lord Esau; and, behold, also he is behind us . . . For he said, I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterward I will see his face; peradventure he will accept of me." What language was this?—if Jacob had really placed his cause in the hands of God! *I will appease him from whom I have asked God to deliver me!* What was this but unbelief? Peradventure he will accept of me! When he had appealed to God on the strength of His promised blessing to him—where was Jacob's faith?

He first sent the present for Esau over the brook Jabbok, then the two bands with which he had divided his family and possessions, "and Jacob was left alone." Yet he was not alone; "there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." The same mysterious wrestler wrestles with us also, to subdue and conquer us. In trial, in sickness, in circumstances, there is One who wrestles with us and seeks to prevail. "When He saw that He prevailed not against him, He touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as He wrestled with him." Jacob was subdued, weakened, rendered powerless; and then, and then alone, had he power.

Thus is it ever with us. "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. 12 : 9). This is a lesson which all must learn who would prevail with God. When we attach value to our prayers, our efforts, our fasting, our light, and knowledge, our consistency or aught else, we are unable to prevail with God. When we see ourselves really crucified with Christ, then, by our very weakness, because by the power of Another, we can and do prevail. We are told of Jacob (Hos 12 : 3-6), "By his strength he had power with God; yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed." But what kind of power? He wept and made supplication unto Him. "Therefore," says the Prophet Hosea, "turn thou to thy God . . . wait on thy God continually." Prevailing power and prevailing prayer consist in turning away from ourselves to our God, having our whole being closed, dead to ourselves, but open and alive unto God.

The stranger said to Jacob, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." Jacob, who had now no strength but to cling to Him who had prevailed with him, replied, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." This was mighty power; he could hold his God prisoner until He had blessed him. And such power is ours when we are utterly rid of our own strength and self-dependence. All power in prayer comes from the consciousness of our complete failure in ourselves, the utter absence of any right on our part, and the undivided expectation from the faithfulness of a God who has accepted us in the Beloved. Then we see that to reject us is to reject Jesus, and we can cling with tenacity to our plea.

Our golden text tells us in the words of Jesus always to pray and not to faint—*i.e.*, to be persevering in prayer. This is impossible so long as there is anything of self or of the flesh in our plea. When we are pleading for Christ's sake, and in His name, then to persevere is to honor God. When David prayed for the life of his child who was struck with sickness in judgment upon his sin, he persevered in prayer, but it was not prevailing prayer, for he sought his own ends, and it was contrary to the declared will of God, who had said "The child also that is born unto thee shall surely die" (2 Sam. 12 : 14). When Asa and Jehoshaphat prayed for conquest over their enemies on the ground of God's glory in His people and His promises made to them, then they prevailed, because they clung in helpless impotence to the truth of a God who cannot lie (2 Chron. 14 : 20). Let us only be sure of the justice of our plea—sure that we can urge it for the sake and in the name of Christ, then we have a right to say to our God, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me."

The stranger asked Jacob, "What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob (*i.e.*, supplanter), but Israel (*i.e.*, prince); for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." With God and with men; our only guarantee that we should have power with men is that we first learn to have power with God. Nature always seeks to supplant others by human devices; this principle lies at the root of all emulation, strife, and other works of the flesh; it is quite another thing to overcome men because we have first prevailed with God; then there is no credit to us, and instead of wounding them they are awed by the presence of God in us. Jacob was ready to meet Esau now that he had prevailed with God, he would meet him now in another character. Most of our failure, if not all, with those who dwell in our own houses arises from our meeting them rather in the character of Jacob than of Israel, as supplanters who gain in our self-esteem or in the eyes of others, by every advance we make them. When, however, we meet them as God's princes, who live in His presence, there is nothing personal in our words and manners; we prevail.

"And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And He blessed him there. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel (the face of God); for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved. And as he passed over Penuel the sun rose upon him, and he halted upon his thigh." There was light, warmth, glory upon Jacob, but he was a weaker man; he halted upon his thigh.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A League of Irish Landlords is in the Course of formation to oppose the organization of the Land League. The landlords see with consternation the apathy of the British Government on the state of Ireland, and believe that their only resource is to withdraw themselves from public affairs and form a union among themselves for mutual defence. *An ominous piece of news* is the statement, by the Irish correspondent of a New York journal, that Mr. Parnell has allied himself and his party with the Fenians, and the two organizations will henceforth operate in unison. The Land League will be *the head*, and the Fenians *the arm* of the movement.

A speech delivered by Colonel Waring, a prominent Irish landlord, last week conveys an idea of the critical condition of Ireland. He said: "It is useless to conceal from ourselves that we are on the eve of a crisis such as has not occurred for three quarters of a century. In all civilized communities the duty of protecting life and property is delegated to the State, and to the State, while that duty is duly and effectually performed, all loyal men are bound to leave it. But should the State fail to afford that protection which it is its duty to do, then more primitive methods of self-protection may have to be resorted to."

The agrarian outrages are now so numerous that they fail to attract more than passing notice. Two or three murders have been committed within the last few days.

The Extension of Time Accorded to Turkey for formulating an answer to the European Powers has served no useful purpose except to demonstrate the patience of Europe with the effete government at Constantinople. The answer of the Sultan was in reality a defiance of Europe couched in courteous but evasive language. He undertook, providing the naval demonstration immediately ceased, "to endeavor to persuade the Albanians to surrender Dulcigno," and at the same time promised to introduce reforms in other parts of his empire.

The Powers are tired of promises, and they know that if the Sultan seriously wished to obey Europe, Dulcigno would be ceded promptly. The position, therefore, has assumed a new form, and Europe has to consider by what means Turkey shall be coerced into obedience. France, Austria, and Germany are averse to war; but are also reluctant to detach themselves from the European concert. To meet this difficulty, a scheme has been devised the details of which have not been published, but it is rumored that one or more of the Powers will accept the position of "mandatories," and in that capacity execute the mandate of Europe against the Sultan.

The fact that large quantities of ammunition and war material are being sent to the English fleet in the Mediterranean indicates that Great Britain will be one of the mandatories, or that she has undertaken the task single-handed.

The idea that Turkey should dare thus to defy Europe would have been ridiculed a few years ago as incredible. The course the Sultan has taken is foolish and suicidal. But the sure word of prophecy reveals to us the purpose of God that Turkey shall fall, and He may be employing the temerity of her ruler as He did the obstinacy of Pharoah to work out His will.

The Popularity of the British Ministry is reported by the correspondents of American journals to be rapidly waning. It was hoped that with Messrs. Gladstone and Bright at the head of affairs, there would be peace abroad and prosperity at home. But Englishmen see with alarm that England is on the brink of war with Turkey; her government is defied and despised in Ireland, and important positions on the Indian frontier are being relinquished after being gained at the expense of British blood and treasure.

The Basutos of South Africa have Commenced armed hostilities against the British at Cape Town. The Basutos have been the allies of England for many years against the irruptions of Zulus and the raids of uncivilized tribes; but an act, recently passed by the local Parliament at Cape Town, gave great offence to the Basutos, and they are now in active hostility. On September 20th their armed men, to the number of twelve hundred, attacked the British station at Mohales Hoek, and on the following day another body of five thousand attacked Mafeteng. At both places the fighting continued all day, but the natives were ultimately beaten off. There is alarm at Cape Town, and reinforcements are being prepared to start for the front, while others are hurrying up from Algoa Bay. By the latest returns the Basuto population is numbered at over 127,000, and the European settlers are under 500.

A Train Heroically Saved.—A Man Named Coleman was working on September 24th at the erection of a cabin by the side of the Great Western Railway, near Banbury, England, and suddenly perceived one of the planks lying across the metals at a time when a train was fast approaching. With commendable promptitude he rushed on to the line to remove the obstruction, and so prevent a terrible accident. While shifting the plank, however, he was struck on the shoulder by the engine, and fell between the metals. The train, which was an unusually long one, passed over him, but on his companions going to remove what they imagined would be his dead body, they were surprised to find that he had escaped, though with severe cuts about the head and face. Coleman's conduct in thus risking his life to prevent an accident to the train, which was loaded with passengers, denotes courage of a high order. But it too often happens that heroism goes unrewarded unless it is displayed on the battle-field.

The Return of the Prodigal.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon recently narrated the following incident: "A somewhat venerable brother from the north of England called upon us recently and told us the following pleasing story: He said that while grieving over the course of a son, who was like the prodigal in the parable, he derived much comfort from a sermon of mine on the "Return of the Prodigal," in which I spoke of the joy of the prodigal, the joy of the servants, and the joy of the father; and he was stirred up to pray for the return of his boy, and sent a note to ask us to join him in prayer for that son at our Monday evening meeting at the Tabernacle. That young man is a Christian now, and his father is so full of joy at the change that has taken place in his son that he gave us a thank offering of £5 for the college."

A Despairing Soldier.—An Army Chaplain going round a hospital, said to a soldier, lying sick and wounded, "Is there anything I can do for you." "No." "Is there any friend I can write to for you?" "No." Next day the chaplain again said, "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Well, can you *undo something* for me," said the man with a fierce, despairing look. "There came a young soldier into my regiment who read his Bible and knelt down to pray every night. I jeered and scoffed at him until he gave up religion and learned to swear. I saw him shot down in battle the other day, uttering a blasphemous oath he had learned from me. Now I feel there is no hope or mercy for me." The chaplain replied, "There is forgiveness with God." "Nay," said the man, "*I would not forgive myself.*" Alas, how many will be lost with the conviction on them that their conduct has been such that they could not even forgive themselves!

A Whole Family Smothered by Smoke.—A few weeks ago the following strange occurrence happened at St. Cierge, a village in the Jura. The principal room of an hotel there, known as the Cerf, was lighted by a hanging petroleum lamp, above which had been placed, for the protection of the ceiling, a metal plate. In course of time the wood-work above the plate became dessicated, and one evening it took fire, and when the hotel-keeper and his family retired to rest, was all aglow—a fact, however, which they did not notice. From the ceiling the fire was communicated to the room above, and was first discovered by a neighbor, who, early next morning, observing smoke issuing from the door, gave an alarm, when, as none of the inr could be aroused, the door was broken The fire, having gone on smouldering wit bursting into flame, had done little ma damage, and was easily extinguished; bu the people in the house—the landlord, his and sister — were *dead*. After the mann country people, they had firmly closed windows before going to bed, and the sr having no exit, had asphyxiated every c them. In like manner, those who volun live in a morally vitiated atmosphere and i its pestiferous fumes, wither and become ually suffocated, unless by faith and praye inspire the air of heaven and the breath Divine Spirit.

Going by the Almanac.—Fifty Years S country clergyman in Cheshire, Englanc called suddenly to attend a sick man, a boatman, who had been struck down in ment by cholera. He held out to the dyin the Christ he had never cared to receive i Then by the side of the poor corpse the man turned to the awestruck friends, them to prepare for another world ere it be too late, and to live by the Word of God he held in his hand. "Master," was tl disrespectfully-meant answer of another bo in that company, "we don't know nought the Bible here; *we go by th' almanac.*" Tl intended no jest; he spoke out of the ignorance in which he and his fellows They had an almanac on board their boa they knew how to interpret it, but they nothing of a Bible.

A Blind Chinese Farmer was Converte Ninghai, in 1879, under the following p circumtances: Several years ago he hea Gospel from a Chinese evangelist, but d think much about it, for he was then perous man, having a small farm and ow vessel in which he used to do a good busi carrying goods between different plac man who had a grudge against him, taki vantage of an opportunity, rubbed a quai quicklime into his eyes, with the object priving him of sight. He partially succ but the sight not being entirely destroy unfortunate farmer's great anxiety was cover sight sufficient to be able to have venge by murdering his adversary, who, this result should he recover his sight, tr ously bribed others, who, preteding to tors who could cure his eyes by their tre destroyed what little sight remained; then to forego all hope of revenge, see sight was entirely gone, and in darkn solitude he remembered what he had he eral years before. He found his way to t sion station at Si-tin of Mr. J. W. (one George Muller's evangelists), and there h more of what he felt was so suitable to condition. He would hear a little and m upon it, until gradually the light broke i his darkened mind; and not only was he with joy to receive the glad tidings, but his influence in persuading others; and 14th December, 1879, he along with thre men, his relatives, were baptized, and and the wife of one of these three you were examined as candidates for baptism

The Persian Famine Fund.—Contr received from "A Friend," Turin, N. Y

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at low as to bring them within the reach of ev *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with ph of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Plo Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volum sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vol as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-D* This popular gift-book contains a suitable selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for e in the year, with a blank space opposite graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. appear at their respective birthdays. The elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. AY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1880. 14th Year. No. 43–New Series.

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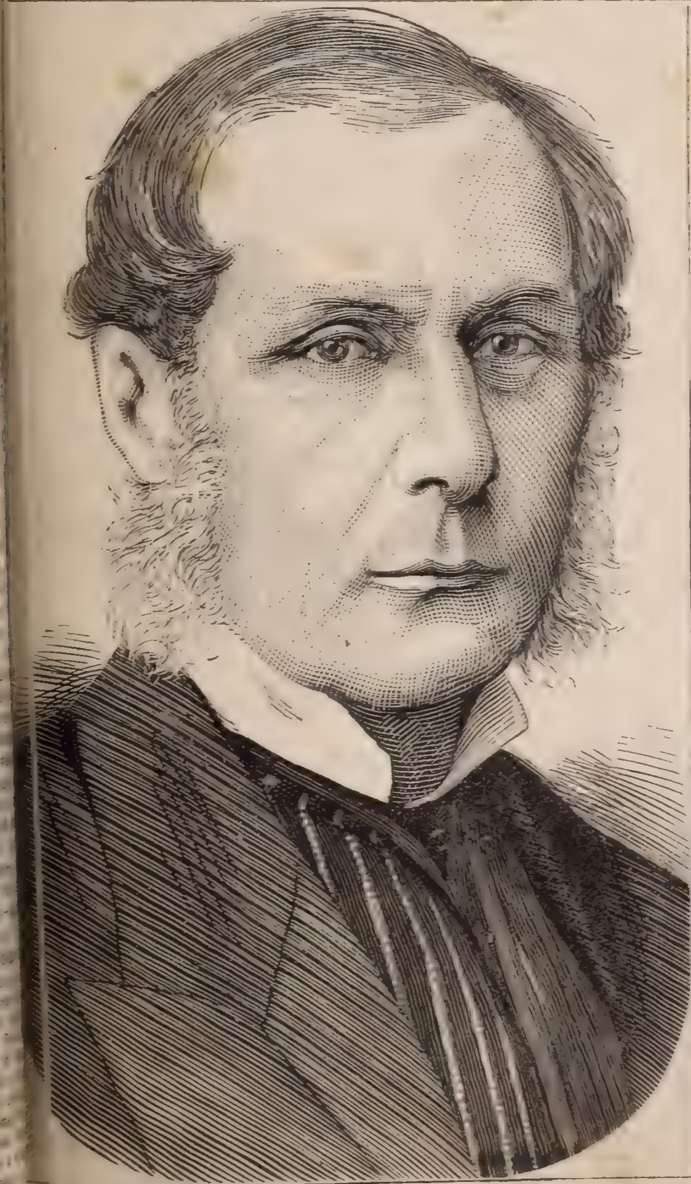
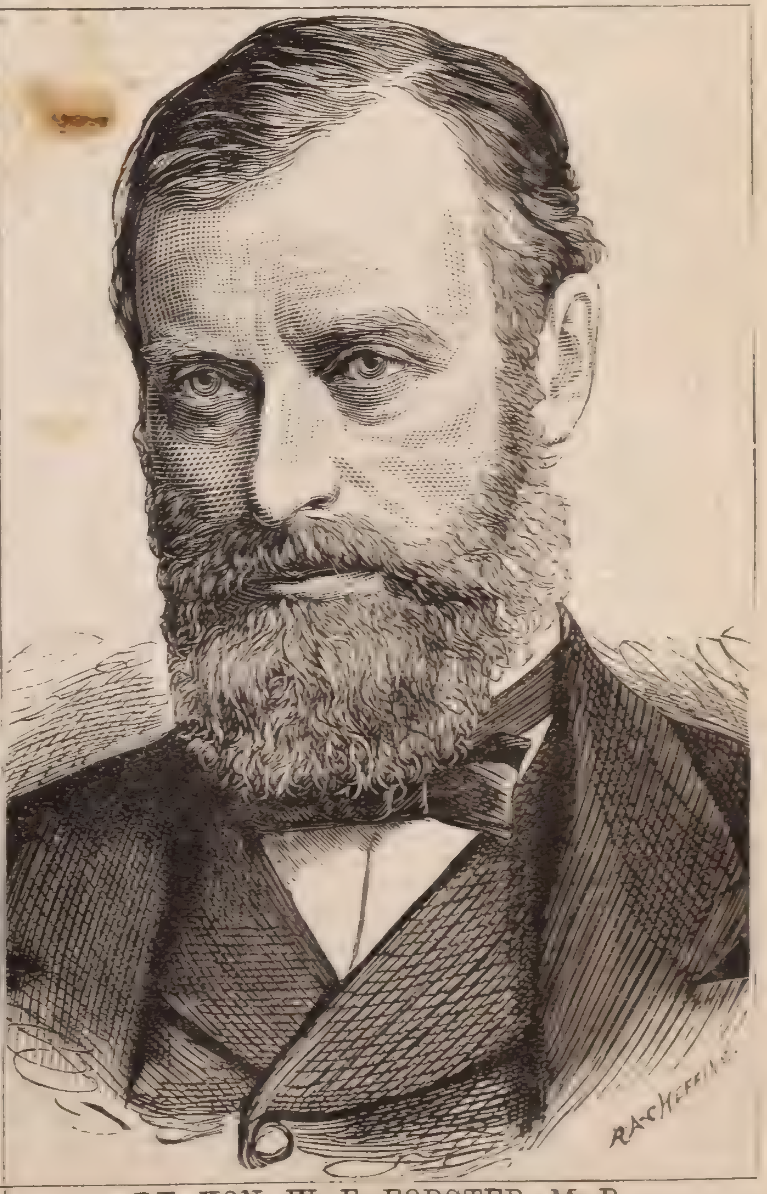


BARON SELBORNE,
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.



RT. HON. W. E. FORSTER, M. P.,
The Chief Secretary of State for Irish Affairs.

BARON SELBORNE, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

His Birth in 1812—Obtains a Scholarship at Oxford—Graduates as "a First Class"—Becomes a Barrister in 1837 and a Q. C. in 1849—His Marriage—Elected a Member for Plymouth in 1847—Knighted and Made Solicitor-General—Becomes Attorney-General—His Views on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church—His Efforts at Law Reform—The Geneva Arbitration—His "Notes on the Liturgy" and "Book of Praise."

THE office of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain is the highest position to which any member of the legal profession in that country can attain. It confers on its possessor both honors and emoluments. The Lord Chancellor presides in the House of Lords, and takes precedence, on occasions of state ceremony, over all peers except the Archbishop of Canterbury and the dukes of royal blood. By an ancient law his person is hedged about with special protection; to murder the Lord Chancellor constitutes high treason and is punished with the same penalty as the murder of the sovereign. The salary paid the Lord Chancellor is $50,000 a year, and he is besides entitled to a pension of $25,000 a year for life after he retires from office. He has besides, considerable patronage, for if a judgeship falls vacant by death or resignation, the Lord Chancellor selects a barrister to occupy the seat. He has also the power to appoint clergymen to the Church livings belonging to the sovereign.

It is somewhat of a drawback to these privileges that his office is of a more precarious character than that of other judges, for while all the others hold their offices for life, the Lord Chancellor resigns his office when the Cabinet resigns. While in office, besides his functions in the House of Lords, he presides in the Court of Chancery, and his duties there have earned for him the title of "keeper of the Queen's conscience." This has arisen from the principles which are supposed to guide that court. If any man is suffering under injustice which no existing law is competent to rectify, or if any man is injured by the action of any law which, being in ordinary cases beneficial, is from the peculiar character of his case manifestly oppressive then he may appeal to the Court of Chancery for relief. Thus arises the distinction between law and equity, and in Chancery equity is supposed to be the ruling principle. Thus, the terms of a bargain or the provisions of a will must by the letter of the law be strictly carried out, but if a suitor can show that he has been wronged or deceived or is the victim of imposition, he may, if he can convince the Lord Chancellor, obtain relief and redress.

For many years the Court of Chancery was a scandal to the British nation. The business of the court had fallen into arrear, and the property which had been confided to the custody of the court pending its decision was retained there an unreasonable time. Indeed, it frequently happened that it was sold by order of the court and the money applied to the payment of costs, which were sometimes so heavy that they absorbed the entire proceeds of the sale. Thus the litigants who quarrelled over the disposition of an estate and appealed to Chancery to arbitrate had the mortification of seeing it pass from their hands and its purchase-money distributed among barristers, lawyers, and court officers, in the shape of fees and legal expenses. But the scandal became too grievous to be endured, and when, in 1830, Lord Brougham took office he set himself vigorously to the work of reform. Old suits which had for thirty or forty years been before the court were promptly decided, and what remained of the contested property after payment of costs was handed over to the proper owners.

But few Lord Chancellors have the power of protracted work Brougham possessed, and it became evident that there would always be a danger of arrears accumulating. Rather than the scandal should arise again, several assistant judges, called Vice-Chancellors, were appointed, who transact Chancery business and relieve the Lord Chancellor of much of his judicial labors.

The present occupant of this honorable position is Lord Selborne, better known by the name of Sir Roundell Palmer. He is a man of pre-eminent mental acquisitions and sterling moral worth. His past career of almost unparalleled success is the result of the grand impetus supplied by Christian principle, and the legitimate reward of intellectual capacity and industry. His recent elevation to the woolsack, as one of the brightest luminaries and most able expositors of the law in Great Britain, has very naturally excited considerable interest, and, we take the opportunity to present our readers with a few particulars of his honorable antecedents.

The noble lord is the *second son* of the late Rev. William Jocelyn Palmer, who for many years was rector of the small rural parish of Mixbury, Oxfordshire. His mother was Dorothea, the youngest child of the late Rev. William Roundell, of Gledstone, Yorkshire. It was as Roundell Palmer that he fought his earliest and severest battles and gained his greatest laurels. He is now in the full maturity of his ripened powers and varied experience, having been *born* on the 27th of November, 1812, at Mixbury Rectory.

Having received the rudiments of an English education amid the usual environments of a retired rustic parsonage, he was introduced into a larger academical arena. Carrying with him a rich and lasting heritage of mental and moral influence from the devout atmosphere of the parental home, his tuition was advanced at the great *public schools* of Rugby and Winchester. The proofs of his industry at these famous centres of learning are abundantly evidenced by his subsequent

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES.

In the year 1830, when only seventeen years of age, he *gained an open scholarship* at Trinity College, Oxford. As the scholastic standards of this ancient *alma mater* are exceedingly high, the ordeal was correspondingly severe, but the prowess of the youthful aspirant for this enviable distinction was equal to the occasion.

But this was only the early dawn which heralded the brilliant day. Prize after prize was won, and in the Easter Term of 1834 he graduated as a "first-class" in classics. Among his trophies up to this point were the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse in 1831; the Newdigate prize for English verse in 1832; and the prize for the best Latin essay in 1835. He secured the Eldon Law Scholarship in 1834, and in the same year was elected to a Fellowship at Magdalene College, Oxford. In 1837 he graduated Master of Arts, with distinction, and on the 9th of June in the same year was *called to the Bar* at Lincoln's Inn, London.

The respective claims of the University and the Inns and Courts of Law having been duly balanced, and the Chancery Bar being determined upon as the theatre for the exercise of his talents, his career was rapid and distinguished, and in April, 1849, he was created a *Queen's Counsel*, and elected a Bencher of his Inn. The tide of his success is so uniform as to become almost monotonous, but what would otherwise have been a wearisome iteration, imperiously challenges our admiration, for each reward is a guerdon of merit and the recompense of real heroic work. Another conquest, however, must not be overlooked, which he made in 1848, for in that year of political upheaving and revolutionary unrest he *married* Lady Laura, the second daughter of the Earl of Waldegrave, and in her companionship has enjoyed the rich fruits of domestic felicity.

PARLIAMENTARY LIFE

now began to exercise its natural attractions upon his sanguine mind, and at the general election of July, 1847, he was returned as *member for Plymouth*, in company with Viscount Ebrington. His political programme was that of a *Liberal Conservative*. He was favorable to Free Trade, but friendly also to the restrictive navigation laws, and was conscientiously opposed to the endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy. He continued to represent Plymouth until July, 1852, when he was beaten by his opponent, and lost his seat. In June, 1853, h regained it, and retained it until March, 1857 when he did not reoffer himself as a candidate.

In 1861 Mr. Palmer received the honor o *knighthood*. In July of this year, though without a parliamentary *status*, he was appointed, a successor to Sir W. Atherton, as *Solicitor General*, in Lord Palmerston's Administration He was almost immediately elected M.P. fo Richmond, a borough in which the Earl of Zetland's paramount influence secured his return In October, 1853, on the death of Sir W. Atherton, he become *Attorney-General*. There is onl one more step and the pinnacle of the legal profession is gained; but in June, 1866, he wa compelled to retire with Lord John Russell' second administration. When, in 1868, the Liberal Party again succeeded to office, under th leadership of the present Premier (Mr. Gladstone), he was offered the Lord Chancellorshi Thus the highest goal of his young ambitio was placed within his grasp. The position o which barristers dream and to which they loo forward through years of weary toil was offere him at the age of fifty-five.

But Sir Roundell Palmer felt himself constrained to decline the honor. The questio which had carried the Liberal Party into offic was that of the disestablishment and disendowment of

THE IRISH CHURCH,

which Mr. Gladstone had promised as a matt of justice to Ireland if he were placed in powe If Sir Roundell Palmer had accepted the offic he must share in the responsibility of his co leagues in their policy, and his name would ha been identified in history with theirs as one the men who passed the Irish Church Ac From this step he recoiled. He believed it sin to take from the Church her supremacy a her wealth. He was opposed on principle what he believed was an act of spoliation, a not even the magnificent position of Lord Hi Chancellor could make him false to his principl He declined Mr. Gladstone's offer, but promis his support to the government on general qu tions. Sir Roundell kept his promise, but wh the Irish Church Act was introduced he w free from any pledge, and he denounced it wi vigor. Though reckoned among the friends the government, no member of the oppositi was more energetic in his defence of the Ir Church.

In a speech delivered in the House of Co mons on March 22d, 1869, he said:

> "When I look at this bill I cannot conceal fr myself that the principle of it is not *disestablishm* in the sense in which I use that term, but *disestabli ment* accompanied by universal *disendowment*. T is a principle to which I cannot agree. It is ad cated as an act of justice; to my mind it is a gr act of injustice. It is advocated as likely to b salutary and beneficial consequences. I confess t I apprehend from it consequences which may t to destroy the salutary effect of those parts of measure from which I might otherwise have ant pated good results. It is my duty to inform House how far I am able to go with the govern on this point of disestablishment. I mean by di tablishment the severance of direct political relati between the institutions of the Church and the and the goverment of the State. Taking it in sense, and carefully separating the question of endowment from disestablishment, I must say I cannot agree with those who say that the severa of the political relations of the Church with the S is, and necessarily must be, an abnegation of nati Christianity or an act of national apostasy."

The measure was, however, triumphantly ried despite the opposition of friends and f and one real, substantial cause of Irish disc tent was swept away.

The Premier, on Sir Roundell Palmer dec ing the Chancellorship, had offered it to Sir Page Wood, an aged judge, distinguished for patient, plodding industry rather than for illiant talent. The offer was accepted and Sir . Page Wood became Lord Chancellor with e title of Lord Hatherly. But the infirmities advanced age pressed heavily upon him, and er a short period of office, his sight failed him d he resigned in 1872. Then the office was ain offered to Sir Roundell Palmer and ac- pted. He was raised to the Peerage with the le of Baron Selborne of Selborne, Hants. He ld the office of Lord Chancellor until the beral Party went out of office two years later. en he retired with his colleagues, but again k office on their return to power in the early t of this year.

ord Selborne has proved himself to be the y genius of law reform, for though many of learned and illustrious predecessors had ght to evolve harmony out of the chaotic onfusion worse confounded" of legal opinion l procedure, it was reserved for him to em- bly the practical principles which he saw to be essary for the dignity of the law and the fur- rance of justice in *his comprehensive Judica- e Bill*, which he initiated and passed in the er house in 1875, no essential departure m its principles having been made in it since, ept as referring to the requirements of the al Court of Appeal. The grand purpose ch Lord Selborne proposed to himself was to plify, economize, and render uniform the es of legal procedure, and to repose all func- s of law and equity in a single, undivided jurisdiction.

ord Selborne's name is associated in this try with the dispute between the United es and England on

THE ALABAMA QUESTION,

h was finally settled by arbitration at G eva. Our government claimed damages fr England for negligence during our civil w The British Government had suffered builders to build vessels for the Confederate St es, and among these Mr. Laird, of Birken- , had contracted to build the Alabama, a erful man-of-war. The vessel was ready for when our minister protested against the vio- n of treaty rights which its departure in- ed. But the British Government did not promptly, and the Alabama sailed for the World and effected considerable damage he Northern fleet. At the close of the war question was pressed on the attention of the sh Government, and was ultimately submit- o the arbitration of judges appointed by al European nations. Before this court Sir ndell Palmer appeared to defend his country. ade a brilliant defence, but it failed, and Britain was condemned to pay heavy ges for the injuries caused by the negli- e of her ministers. Sir Roundell Palmer's ess was, however, one of the most powerful loquent efforts ever made before any tribu-

d Selborne's laurels have not been won on grounds only. In

LITERATURE

s won for himself a name. For a man e mind is stored with the archaic maxims echnical peculiarities of the law of England, st be as difficult as it is rare to develop the of fancy, or soar into the sunny and hazily heights of poesy. But the mind of Lord rne possesses an enviable elasticity, which es him to relax its discipline, and find con- recreation in the elevating influences of ong. It is thus that for several years he ved the leisure he could command, and the g fruit is manifested in a fascinating e, entitled "The Book of Praise," in a chastened and tender devotion proves esistible and inspiring charm. It is a col- n of about 400 evangelical hymns, and with each of them the author's name, the f composition, and original form. In the e he says:

> "e arrangement which has been adopted may is explained. The Catholic Creeds and the Prayer, presenting in their simplest form and the natural order all the fundamental points of Christianity, appear to be the best basis for a classification of those hymns of faith and devotion which express feelings at all times appropriate to a Christian profession. It is refreshing to turn aside from the divisions of the Christian world, and to rest for a little time in the sense of that inward unity (in Christ) which, after all, subsists among all good Christians, and which receives illustration in this volume."

It is remarkable that for the last twelve years Great Britain has had for her Lord Chancellors three eminently Christian men, namely, Lord Hatherly (Sir W. Page Wood) from 1868 to 1872; Lord Selborne from 1872 to 1874; Lord Cairns, from 1874 to 1880; and now again Lord Selborne in the present year, 1880.

THE RT. HON. W. E. FORSTER, M.P.,

Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Birth in 1818—Visits Ireland in 1846-1847—Becomes M. P. in 1861—The Famous Education Bill—His New Appointment.

Mr. Forster is a good specimen of a typical Englishman. His abrupt manner and straightforwardness of expression earned for him years ago, both in Parliament and out, the *sobriquet* of "Yorkshireman." The right honorable gentleman has, however, repudiated his claim to that distinction. But even now the idea still lingers in the popular mind, and receives considerable strength and tenacity of life, not only from the characteristic traits of Mr. Forster's individuality, but also by the recollection that the only borough he has ever represented in Parliament is Bradford, and that his commercial relationships are linked with the chief trades and enterprises of the county of Yorkshire.

He was born in the town of Bradpole, Dorset, in 1818, and is therefore now in his sixty-second year. His parents being of the Society of Friends, he was sent to school at one of their own institutions, known as the *Friends' School*, at Tottenham. Mr. Forster began while yet a young man to take an absorbing interest in all kinds of public matters. He was made to be of use, and soon put himself into contact with philanthropic aims and efforts. He is one of those quiet natures which are full of noble purpose, and incapable of knowing that misery is within his reach without making an effort to help and save the suffering ones.

In 1846 Mr. Forster made an extended tour in this country, visiting North, South, and West, and obtaining a thorough knowledge of the country, the people, and the government. The knowledge so obtained has been very useful to him, and tended to give his mind that broad and liberal tone, that patience and toleration, by which he has been distinguished in public life.

During the Irish famine in 1847 he visited the suffering districts to ascertain for himself the extent of the distress, and distributed a relief fund which had been raised by the Quakers. A vigorously-written pamphlet which he penned on this occasion manifested the early and intelligent interest which he took in public affairs.

In April, 1859, he attempted to secure a seat in Parliament, and came forward in the Liberal interest as a candidate for the representation of Leeds, but was defeated. A vacancy occurring at Bradford, in February, 1861, his candidature for that borough was successful, and he was returned without opposition.

It was not long before his voice was heard in the House, earnestly asserting his views with dignified quietness and "an uncompromising plainness of demeanor." One who was qualified to speak of him thus continues the description by adding that Mr. Forster in the House of Commons exhibited "a close habit of thought linked with a loose and homely habit of speech —a tact which makes that very homeliness more suasive than the most polished courtliness could hope to be—a persistency in work which is not equalled by many men of like talent—and a patience unflaggingly good humored."

It was on

THE QUESTION OF EDUCATION

that Mr. Forster gained so much celebrity; for he was Vice-President of the Council, and accepted the responsible task of introducing that famous Educational Bill which will ever be associated with his name. He met with stern opposition, especially from the leading spirits of the Birmingham League, the object of which was to exclude the Bible from the schools. He saw further into the matter than his opposers, and he was most anxious to establish a principle as nearly as possible such as the greatest number could accept while it would benefit the whole nation. Appreciating highly the advantages of a good elementary education, he craved that boon for the young and the kingdom at large.

Mr. Forster adhered to the main principles of his bill, and pressed it forward until it had passed the third reading unimpaired by the opposition in Parliament.

The English correspondent of an American journal thus writes: "The Hon. W. E. Forster is never seen to greater advantage than when *he stands at bay* to bat the questions hurled at him from all sides of a vast audience. Mr. Forster occupied a prominent position in Mr. Gladstone's administration, was Vice-President of the Privy Council, and Chairman of the Education Board. He is the father of the Education Act of 1872, which is now transforming the nation from darkness to light, and of the Ballot Act, which has purified and enlarged her election machinery. He counts it a great personal honor that he had no small share in passing the Alabama Arbitration Bill, and so avoiding misunderstanding between ourselves and yourselves, if nothing worse."

To come back now to the great work of Mr. Forster's educational scheme, it must be noted that Mr. Dixon, the member for Birmingham in 1872, made an attempt in Parliament to pass a vote of censure on the Elementary Education Act. But, nothing daunted, Mr. Forster met the motion for censure by an amendment which, after a long debate, was carried, to the mortification of the secular education advocates.

When Mr. Gladstone became Premier this year, the question of who should be at the head of

THE IRISH DEPARTMENT

was an anxious one. A man was needed with an inexhaustible store of patience and possessed of consummate tact. On the one hand, he would have to meet Mr. Parnell and the advocates of Home Rule, and on the other hand, the landlords who sit on both sides of the House. Among the Liberal leaders is more than one gentleman owning large Irish estates, and among the Conservatives there are many such land-owners. Thus placed between two fires, the Irish Secretary must lead a stormy life, and could not hope to do justice and satisfy either party. That Mr. Gladstone should have selected Mr. Forster for that post and that Mr. Forster should have been willing to accept it, is an evidence at once of his brilliant talents and of his courage.

His first step was one of conciliation. During the Fenian agitation a bill had been passed depriving the Irish people in certain districts of the protection of the Habeas Corpus Act, and rendering it possible for the government to arrest and hold in prison persons suspected of treasonable practices without the formality of a trial. This bill had given the government extraordinary powers, and the Irish people regarded it as a grievance. They wished to have the same protection as other subjects of the queen, and Mr. Forster decided to dispense with the powers given by the bill. Recent outrages and the seditious speeches delivered by Mr. Parnell and his friends show that Mr. Forster's confidence was misplaced, or at any rate is not appreciated as it deserves. It may therefore become necessary for the sake of the classes threatened with violence to renew the obnoxious measure, but we may be sure that such a step will not be taken by Mr. Forster unless it is proved beyond a doubt that the policy of conciliation and kindness has failed to win the loyalty of the Irish people.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, October 17th, 1880.

"Let every one in particular love his own wife even as himself, and the wife see that she reverence her husband."—EPHESIANS 5 : 33.

Honorable Causes of Celibacy—Eminent Persons who never Married—The Majority of Married Couples Well Mated—A Happy Union of Opposite Temperaments—Disastrous Combinations of Fire and Gunpowder—Prescriptions for Domestic Happiness—I. Let a Spirit of Compromise be Dominant—II. A Spirit of Consultation—God has given the Wife Intuition—A Beautiful Incident of Wifely Help—III. Let there be no Secrets—Secret Letters, Associations—IV. A Spirit of Forbearance—V. Religious Toleration—VI. Cultivate each other's Religious Welfare—A Quaintly Pathetic Narrative from Cotton Mather's Life—"What the Lord thinks of it."—The Marriage of the Lamb.

ALL this good advice by a man who never married. He lived on to fifty-eight years of age, in eminent bachelorhood. Indeed, it was better for Paul to remain in single life, because he went on such rapid missionary expeditions that no companion could have endured the hardship. Celibacy in some cases is better. Such persons accomplish under such circumstances that which could not be accomplished in the other style of life.

I have known men who remained unaffianced in order that they might take care of the children of a deceased brother; and what would become of the world without the self-sacrifice and helpfulness of the maiden aunts, I cannot imagine.

Among the brightest queens of Heaven will be those who took care of other people's children. Alas for that household which has not within easy call an Aunt Mary! I know that there are caricatures, and ungallant things sometimes said; but so far as my observation goes, they are quite equal in disposition to their married sisters. The state of celibacy honored again by such persons as Macaulay and Washington Irving in literature, and Florence Nightingale and Miss Dix in philanthropy.

But while Paul remained in the single state, he kept his eyes open, and he looked off upon the calm sea of married life, and upon the chopped sea of domestic perturbation. He comes forth in my text to say, "Let every one in particular love his own wife even as himself, and the wife see that she reverence her husband;" implying that the wife ought to be lovable, so there might be something to love, and the man ought to be honorable, so there might be something to reverence.

It is

A MOST CONGRATULATORY THOUGHT

that the vast majority of people in the married state are well mated. When the news is first announced in the outside world of the betrothal, there may be surprise and seeming incongruity, but as the years pass by it is demonstrated that the selection was divinely arranged. There may be great difference of *temperament*, great difference of *appearance*, great difference of *circumstances*. That is no objection. The sanguine and the phlegmatic temperaments make appropriate union, the blonde and the brunette, the quick and the slow, the French and the German. In the machinery of domestic life there is no more need for the driving wheel than for the brakes. That is the best union generally which has just the opposites.

The best argument in behalf of marriage as a divine institution is the fact that the vast majority of conjugal relationships are the very best things that could have happened. Once in a while there is a resounding exception to the good rule, the attempt being made to *marry fire and gunpowder*, with the consequent explosion in the divorce courts; but in the vast majority of instances the conjugal relation is a beautiful illustration of what the Psalmist said when he declared, "God setteth the solitary in families."

Taking it for granted, then, that you are well mated, I proceed to give you some

PRESCRIPTIONS FOR DOMESTIC HAPPINESS;

and, first of all, I remark:

I. A spirit of compromise must be dominant. You must remember that you were twenty or thirty years forming independent habits and having your own way. In the marriage state these habits must be brought into accord, and there may be some ingenuity necessary. Be determined to have your own way, and there will be no peace. Let the rule be: In all matters of moral principle your determination shall be iron, and in all unimportant matters, willow. Whatever you may think of the word compromise in politics, without compromise there is no domestic peace. A great many people are willing to compromise, if you will do just as they want you to do; but there is no compromise in that. The rule ought to be: In all domestic matters, all social matters, all ecclesiastical matters, all political matters, firm adherence to fundamentals, easy surrender in non-essentials. Be not too proud or too stubborn to give up. *Compromise! Compromise!*

II. I remark, again, that in order to domestic happiness there must be a spirit of

CONSULTATION.

The home ought to be a cabinet, where all the affairs of the household and all the affairs of business life come under comparison, inspection, and advisal. That is an absurd rule we hear abroad in the world, that men ought never to take their business home. Ten thousand financial failures would have been avoided if men had consulted with their wives.

In the first place, woman has a capacity to judge of moral character which man has not. Before you invite into your *business partnership* any man, you ought to introduce him to your wife, and get her judgment as to his capacity and his integrity. After five minutes' conversation she will tell you as much about him as you will know at the close of twenty years, and perhaps you may find out too late.

A man proposes to come into your business partnership. You take him to your home. He tarries a little while, and is gone. You say to your wife, "Well, what do you think of him?" She says, "I don't like him at all." You say, "It's an absurd thing to form a prejudice against him on so short an acquaintance. I have known him for years, and I have never known any bad against him." "Well," she says, "I don't know why I have formed that opinion, but I tell you to beware. Put none of your financial interests in that man's keeping." Ten or fifteen years pass by. You come home some night and say, "Well, my dear, you are right; that man swindled me out of my last dollar." It is not because woman is wiser than man. It is because God has given her that *peculiar intuition* in regard to human character.

Now, you have no right to go into an enterprise which involves the homestead, or the education of your children, or the fate of your entire family, without home consultation. Of course, all this implies that you did not marry a fool. If at the marriage altar you committed suicide, you had better keep all your business affairs in your own heart and head. But let us hope that you have sound common-sense presiding in your household.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

How much a wife may help a husband's business affairs was well illustrated in the case where the wife saved from the allowance of herself and the allowance of the family, a certain amount of money for a rainy day. After some time the husband, coming home, said, "Well, I'm going to suspend payment to-morrow. A few dollars would get me through, but I can't get the few dollars, and I'm going to ruin." That evening the wife said, "I wish you would hunt up the definition of the word '*independence*' in Webster's Dictionary. Hunt it up for me." He opened Webster's Dictionary, and found the word "independence," and right opposite was a $100 bill. "Now," she said, "I would like to have you find the word '*gratitude.*'" He turned t the word "gratitude," and there was anoth $100 bill. And before the evening was past sh asked him to read a verse of a certain chapter the Bible. He opened to the verse in the Bibl and there were $500, and before the evening ha passed, the man had financial relief to tide hi over his disasters. You call that dramatic. call that *beautifully Christian.*

In all expenditures there ought to be consult tion. Do not dole out money to your wife though she were a beggar. Let her know ho much you have, or how little. Appeal to h intelligent judgment, and she will be conten and your own disposition will not be irritate As long as you keep a mystery about your bus ness matters she will wonder that the allowan is so small. No honorable woman wants spend more money than can be afforded. Con into consultation with her on this matter. Sho what are all you necessary outside expenses, the money you must have for *cigars and dinne at Delmonico's*, and how much it takes for t club-house and for the political campaign, a then have her present all the domestic expense and then after consultation do your best.

It is *a bad sign* when a man dare not tell b business transactions to his wife. There something wrong. Suppose you that the giga tic forgeries which have been enacted in th country would ever have taken place if the wi had been consulted? The wife would ha said, "Stop! Let us live in one room in t poorest house on the poorest street of the poo est town, and have nothing but dry bread rath than that you should make yourself culpable t fore God and the law." In the vast majority cases where there has been exposure of gre frauds, the wife has been the most surprised p son in the community.

A BANKER

some time ago misused trust funds, and he we from fraud to fraud, and from knavery to kna ery, until it was necessary for him to leave ho before daylight. His wife said, "Where are y going?" "I am going to New York," said "I am going on the early train." "Why, is this sudden?" she asked. "Oh, no; I expect to go," and then he left the room and went to the room where his daughters slept, look upon their calm faces for the last time, as supposed, and started. He was brought ba by the constables of an outraged law, and is n *in the penitentiary.*

Do you suppose that man, with a good wi as he had, an honest wife, as he had, a Chr tian wife, as he had, could have got into su an enormity if he had consulted in regard to wishes? Consultation is the word—domes consultation.

III. Again: in order to domestic happine there must, in the conjugal state, be

NO SECRETS

kept one from the other. What one knows b must know. It is a bad sign when one part in the conjugal relation is afraid to have letters opened or read by the other partn *Surreptitious correspondence* is always dangero If a man comes to you and says, "I am go to tell you a great privacy, and don't want to tell anybody, not even your wife," say to hi "Well, now, you had better not tell me, f shall tell her as soon as I get home."

There must be no secrecy of association. ought not to be unwilling to tell where you h been, and with whom you have been. So times an unwise wife will have a lady *confida* whom she makes the depository of priva which they are pledged to keep between th selves. *Beware!* Anything that implies husband and wife are two and not one imp peril, domestic peril, social peril, mighty per

In the vast majority of cases of domestic felicity coming to exposure in the courts, trouble began by the accidental opening of a ter which implied correspondence which never suspected. In the conjugal relations, crets kept one from another are nitro-glyce under the hearthstone, *and the fuse is light*

IV. Again : in order to your happiness there ust be a spirit of

FORBEARANCE.

the weeks, the months, the years that you ere planning for each other's conquest, only e more genial side of your nature was observ- le, but now you are off guard, and the faults e all known the one to the other. You are are of your imperfections, unless you are one those self-conceited people who are quickly servant of faults in others, but oblivious to ilts in yourself ; and now, having found out all h other's imperfections, forbear.

f the one be given to too much precision, and other disorderly in habits ; if the one be ndthrift, and the other over-saving ; if the be loquacious, and the other reticent, for- r. Especially, if you both have inflammable pers, do not both get mad at once. Take n about ! William Cowper put it well when said,

> "The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasion to forbear ;
> And something every day they live
> To pity, and perhaps forgive."

. Again : In order to your happiness, let e be no interfering with each other's pe- ar

RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS.

ou are a Baptist and your wife is a Pedo- tist, do not go to splashing water into each r's faces ! If you are a Presbyterian and husband is a Methodist, when he shouts llelujah !" do not get nervous !

you have strong denominational proclivi- one of you had better go to one church, the other had better go to another church ; urrendering some of your intensity on that ct, as in hundreds of cases, come to some church as the Brooklyn Tabernacle, where, we adhere to the fundamentals of the Gos- e do not care a rye-straw for the infinites- differences between evangelical denomina- —putting one drop of water on the brow, t is enough baptism, and if not, then plung- e candidate clear out of sight, if that is red—not caring whether you believe you been foreordained to be saved or not, if you ly saved ; nor whether you believe in the erance of the saints or not, if you will only ere ; nor whether you prefer prayer by pal Liturgy or extemporaneous supplica- f you only pray.

not let there be any religious contests the breakfast-table or the tea-table. It but little difference from what direction ome toward the riven heart of Christ, if nly come up to the riven heart. Yet, I n many families there is constant picking posite religious beliefs, and attempt at tism. You, the father, fight for Episco- nd you, the mother, fight for Presbyteri- and your children will compromise the and be *Nothingarians!*

Again : I counsel you, in order to your ic happiness, that you

ATE EACH OTHER'S RELIGIOUS WELFARE.

a profoundly agitating thought to air-minded man and woman. You live r on earth ; you want to live together You do not want ten, or twenty, or ars to end your association. You want your companion into the kingdom of h you. If this subject is irritating in the ld, it is because you do not understand *n stratagem.*

Christian companion may take his or npanion into glory. How? Ask God, will tell you how. Perhaps by occa- eligious remark. Perhaps by earnest Perhaps by a consistent life. More by all these things combined. Paul rcefully when he said, "How knowest wife, whether thou shalt save thy hus- ow knowest thou, O man, whether thou e thy wife?" In this house, how many n remarried for the skies !

It has become so much the general rule that when in my congregation, as I often do, I find a family in which the wife is a Christian, and the husband is not, I just say frankly to him, "*Now you have got to come in.* You might just as well try to swim up against Niagara rapids as against the tide of religious influence which in this church is going to surge you into the kingdom of God. You must come in. You know that your wife is right in this matter of religion." She may be quick of temper, and you may sometimes lose your patience with her, but you know she is better than you are, and you know when she dies she will go as straight to heaven as a shot to a target.

"And if to-day, on the way home, a vehicle should dash down the street, and she should fall lifeless, with no opportunity for last words, you might have a doubt about what would become of you, and a doubt about what would become of the children, but you would have no doubt about her eternal destiny. Somewhere under the flush of her cheek, or under the pallor of her brow, is the Lord's mark. She is your wife, but she is God's child, and you are not jealous of that relationship. You only wish that you yourself were a son of the Lord Almighty. Come, and have the matter settled. If I die before you, I will not forget in the next world how you stood together here, but I will expect both of you. *You must come.*

"I say it in all Christian love and emphasis, as a brother talks to a brother. You must come. You have been united so long, you cannot afford to have death divorce you. How long it is since you began the struggle of life together ! You have helped each other on the road, and what you have done for each other God only knows. There have been tedious sicknesses, and anxious watching, and here and there a grave, short but very deep ; and though the blossoms of the marriage-day may have scattered, and the lips that pronounced you one may have gone into dust, you have through all these years been to each other true as steel.

"Now, to-day, *I am going to remarry you for heaven.* This is the bridal day of your soul's peace. Here is the marriage altar. Kneel side by side, take the oath of eternal fidelity, clasp hands in a covenant never to be broken. I pronounce you one on earth, I pronounce you one for eternity. What God by His grace hath joined together, let not earth or hell put asunder. Hark ! I hear a humming in the air—an anthem—a wedding march—organs celestial played upon by fingers seraphic."

I do not think I ever read anything more beautiful and quaintly pathetic than

COTTON MATHER'S DESCRIPTION

of the departure of his wife from earth to Heaven : "The black day arrives. I had never seen so black a day in all the time of my pilgrimage. The desire of my eyes is this day to be taken from me at a stroke. Her death is lingering and painful. All the forenoon of this day she was in the pangs of death, and sensible until the last minute or two before her final expiration. I cannot remember the discourse that passed between us, only her devout soul was full of satisfaction about her going to a state of blessedness with the Lord Jesus Christ. As far as my distress would permit, I studied to confirm her satisfaction and consolation.

"When I saw to what a point of resignation I was called of the Lord, I resolved, with His help, to glorify Him. So, two hours before she expired, I knelt by her bedside and took into my hands, that dear hand, the dearest in the world, and solemnly and sincerely gave her up to the Lord. I gently put her out of my hands and laid away her hand, resolved that *I would not touch it again.* She afterward told me that she signed and sealed my act of resignation, and though before that she had called for me continually, after it she never asked for me any more. She conversed much until near two in the afternoon. The last sensible word she spoke was to her weeping father : 'Heaven, *Heaven will make amends for all!*'"

Now let us be faithful in this relation of which I have been speaking. Do you want to know

WHAT THE LORD THINKS OF IT?

Read the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah, where He says : "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." There is a wedding coming which will eclipse all the princely and imperial weddings the world ever saw. It was a great day when Napoleon took Josephine ; it was a great day when Henry VIII. led Anne Boleyn over the cloth of gold on the street, the cloth of gold reaching up to the palace ; it was a great day when the King of Spain took Mercedes ; but there will be a greater time when the Lord shall take His bride, the Church, to Himself.

Long time ago they were affianced, but she has been down in the wilderness. He has written her again and again, and the day of marriage is fixed. She has sent word to Him. He has sent word to her. But, oh ! was there ever such a difference in estate? The King on the one side, the bride of the wilderness, poor and persecuted, on the other. The wealth of the universe on the one side, the obscurity of the ages on the other. The pomp of heaven on the one side, the poverty of earth on the other. But He will endow her with all His wealth, and raise her to sit with Him on a throne forever.

Come, thou *bridal morn of the ages!* Come ! and there shall be the rumbling of great wheels, great chariot wheels, down the sky, and there shall be riders ahead and mounted cavalry behind, the conquerors of heaven on white horses. Clear the way ! A thousand trumpets blare. "Behold ! the bridegroom cometh : go ye out to meet Him."

Then the charioteers shall rein in their bounding steeds of fire, and the King shall dismount from the chariot, and He shall take by the hand *the bride of the wilderness*, all the crowded galleries of the universe the spectators. Ring all the wedding bells of heaven. The King lifts the bride into the chariot and cries, "Drive on ! drive up !" and the clouds shall spread their cloth of gold for the procession, and the twain shall go through the gates triumphant, and up the streets, and then step into the palace at the banquet, where ten thousand potentates and principalities and dominations cherubic and archangelic, with ten thousand gleaming and uplifted chalices, shall celebrate the day when the King of Heaven and earth brings home His bride from the wilderness. Make haste, my beloved. Be thou like to a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

A Woman's Testimony as to the Influence of rationalism in the family was given in New York a few days ago. About sixty immigrants from Holland arrived at this port, and Rev. A. H. Bechthold, the pastor of the Holland Church, went to meet them, and render what assistance he could in getting their baggage through the Custom-House, and in other ways. Having done all he could for them, he addressed a few words of Christian counsel to the party, and they in reply told him they were "Moderns," as Rationalists are called in Holland. Mr. Bechthold expressed his regret at hearing this fact, and said he believed that the influence of rationalism was disastrous personally and relatively.

To the surprise of all, a woman who was the wife of the leader and spokesman of the party unexpectedly furnished confirmation of the minister's words. She said : "The dominie is right. The man who spoke before is my husband. And now let me confess that the time when we both joined the church, about thirty years ago, we did it in that simplicity of faith which made us extremely happy. We obeyed our parents, harmony and love prevailed between me and my husband, and we were prosperous on every side. But I cannot and will not deny that since we embraced Modernism, about ten years ago, it has gone ill with us. Peace has left my soul. Our families are not in harmony, and our children are not obedient. None of you (turning to the company) can deny that this is the case."

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(Continued from page 663.)

Summary of the Story.

THE family of the Anerleys consists of Mr. and Mrs. Anerley, one son, Cecil, and two daughters, Emily and Constance, the heroine of the story. Mr. Anerley was interested in work at Albert Mission Hall in London. While addressing the poor people Mr. Anerley was stricken with death. The bereaved family was much helped by the friendship and counsel of the Rev. Hermann Ferguson, of whose church Mr. Anerley had been an honored officer. He secured a position for Constance Anerley in his aunt's school at Aix-la-Chapelle, to teach English and learn continental languages, whence she afterward returned and became a governess in a family at Brighton. At the suggestion of Mr. Ferguson, Mrs. Anerley resolves to accept Salome Stanley, a young and lovely woman, as a boarder into her house. Her history, so far as the minister knows it, is sad. She is a lawyer's orphan daughter, and has hitherto lived the life of a recluse. Soon after her introduction Cecil Anerley proposed marriage to her, upon which she acknowledged that she was already married, and that her husband, who was intemperate, had left her. She now becomes much benefited by Mr. Ferguson's preaching, and, on making application for permission to partake of the Lord's Supper, expressed her determination not to taste a drop of intoxicating wine. Thereupon Mr. Ferguson summons a meeting of his deacons, at which the whole question is discussed at considerable length, but no conclusion yet arrived at.

Visit to Canterbury—Constance attends Mrs. Mitchell—The Lady's Illness—Second Marriages—Mrs. Mitchell's Startling Proposition—Constance Anerley's Confession.

THERE was hardly a more inviting place in all England to the mind and imagination of Constance Anerley than the quaint old city near whose magnificent cathedral she awoke on Christmas morning, to listen with glad ears to the sweet Christmas chimes commemorating the royal birthday of Him who was at once most humble, most exalted, a human infant, and the King of kings.

The occasion that had brought Constance where, with girlish longing, she had very often wished to be, was, however, a sad one, and she was too sensible to attempt to conceal this fact from her consideration.

Ellen Mitchell, the devoted mother, the fond and tender wife, and the affectionate friend as she had proved herself to her young governess, was in a critical state of health, and in the weary failure of hope after hope of amendment her spirits had quite given way. It was at first suggested that Constance Anerley should take the superintendence of affairs at Brighton, aided by the pretty frequent oversight and counsel of Miss Lack.

But Mrs. Mitchell had piteously entreated her husband, if he could not come with her himself to Canterbury, not also to separate her from Miss Anerley. He was startled at her agitated manner, and more than surprised at the request. Her weakness became daily more and more evident, from the intensity with which she expressed herself concerning those matters in which she had formerly shown so much outward calm.

"My dear Ellen," said Mr. Mitchell, "I shall be extremely glad to arrange for Miss Anerley to accompany you, if it will add to your comfort in the slightest degree, and I will promise to come as much as possible myself. If you very much wish me to spend Christmas day with you, Ellen, I will get a friend to take my services for me."

She smiled brightly, and then answered, as she had been accustomed to answer him all her life long, "I shall like what you like best, dearest;" and then added, in a way so unlike her self-sacrificing disposition that Mr. Mitchell felt sure she must be very ill, "but if you could manage to be with me just this once, dear, I *should* be so pleased."

He *had* managed. He had taken alarm about her at last, as men of his self-indulgent nature will sometimes do when the wife who has given her life, her all, to them, is no longer able to mask weakness and fatigue and assiduity in their service by smiles and quietude.

He had been with her so often since she came to Canterbury that she felt quite flattered by his attentions, just as if she were the last, instead of the first person, who had a right to them. And now at Christmas he had come to her again, and brought with him her dearly-loved son, Percy, always so tender, so good to her, always so quiet and thoughtful when his mother was sick.

Her native air in the beautiful county of Kent had done little to restore her to health. The sweet quietude and retirement of her mother's pretty house, situated near the picturesque pleasuance so quaintly and probably historically named "Dane John," rested her and refreshed her for a time, but she soon flagged again. The old doctor who had ushered her into life, and had known and loved her through childhood to the present time, wore a graver face, Constance thought, almost every visit after he had left her side.

"My precious children, I do not feel as if I could bear to leave them. Who *can* care for them as I have done? But for my dearest husband, I do not feel, Constance, that he will be so forlorn. I know he will grieve a great deal and miss me sorely at first, and oh, how gladly I would spare him that pain if I could!"

This she said one day in a confidential talk with her governess. She could speak more freely to Constance Anerley than to her beloved mother, whose feelings gave way at the least hint respecting her child's probable death.

Constance was surprised beyond measure, and her feelings showed itself in every feature.

The surprise of Miss Anerley having somewhat abated, Mrs. Mitchell quietly proceeded.

"Men generally remarry, dear Constance, especially ministers, and it is better for them that they should," she said.

"How calmly you talk, dear Mrs. Mitchell! But you could not wish that he should—you could not like it if he did."

"Indeed, I could," she answered. "Whatever is for his comfort I must like."

"I cannot bear for people to marry a second time when they have had a loving husband or wife; it is quite dreadful to me," said Constance, in her old impulsive manner. She was thinking of her idolized father, of her own mother, and of Hermann Ferguson much more than of the Rev. Rowland Mitchell.

"We are differently constituted, dear Constance, and doubtless our heavenly Father fits us for precisely the spheres of labor and circumstances of being in which He places us. You must not mistake me. I should always desire to remain as a tender memory, a beloved being, in the heart of my husband, but I cannot expect, and I believe it would be very selfish in me were I to wish, that he should pass years of lonely widowhood for my sake."

"Yet you would never have married again had you lost him, dear Mrs. Mitchell."

"God forbid!" She said these words with a little cry almost of pain. "My dear Constance, how could I? He was the epitome of manhood—of mankind, to me, the essence of all manly beauty and goodness, *the* love of my life. You can't take *a* love and be content after knowing *the* love, and living years of such intense happiness with him that I can only picture heaven as happier."

She paused, and then continued, "You must not think that Rowland would *now* suppose it possible he could ever marry again, for indeed I don't believe he would think he ever could. I seem to see all that will happen as in a mirror. Let us call it a magic mirror, for I think it reveals to me the future more truly than ever any so-called magic mirror did."

"Dear Mrs. Mitchell," said Constance, "does it not pain you to talk in this way?"

"No, dear child, it is, on the contrary, quite a relief to me. Let me go on. My gradual decline will, insensibly to Rowland, somewhat reconcile him to any loss. He is not the kind of man to begrudge the expense and trouble of a long illness in a wife, though many men would."

"They are not men; they are brutes," thought Constance, angrily and indignantly, but for fear of exciting the beloved invalid she wisely forbore to speak.

"When death comes to me," continued Ellen Mitchell, "and this life is exchanged for home," here she smiled sweetly, "it will be like an avalanche of sorrow upon his poor dear head. H will be far down, plunged beneath depths anguish, and for a little, perhaps, none had be ter try to comfort him. He will almost live his study for weeks, possibly months. But th he will come up again, like a traveller in t Alps of whom I have read, stunned, bruise bleeding, but whole, and having gained mu experience. Every troubled soul in his cong gation, Constance, will be the better for r death. You think his sermons too flowery n sometimes, Constance; then the fierce wind w have swept over the flowers."

She smiled rather sadly at that thought, a Constance took her thin wasted hand in her o and kissed it many times.

"Gradually," continued Mrs. Mitchell, " will overcome the terror and horror of the a lanche, and want to look at the flowers and frui and all that is most beautiful again. Quiet, ju cious comfort through all, very little when can bear very little, and very much afterwa when he needs it—that is how he will require be treated. A woman's soothing presence alc can do it, and afterward he will learn to lc her for her kindness to him. Constance An ley, do I ask too much of you if I ask *you* to g him this? I have thought it possible sinc have known that I could not recover. You so clever, so like him in that, and he has ne been able to feel me his equal. And thou you are so young you love the children, and so wise in teaching them, and they all love passionately; you are next to me and their fat with every one of them, from Percy to li Sydney. Tell me, Constance, shall not my li scheme be pictured in my magic mirror?"

Mrs. Mitchell paused that Constance Ane might reply.

Such mingled surprise, aversion, annoya pity, wonder, filled her brain for a few mome that she felt almost stunned; and then, as thoughts grew clearer, she was intensely puz as to the mode of her answer, neither to wo nor to offend, neither to repel nor to dece This was a harder examination than any propounded by Cambridge or Oxford doctor

"Dear Mrs. Mitchell," she began at last, ing hard to hide the consternation into wl she was plunged, and gently smoothing as spoke the hand of the invalid which she held tween her own, "will you forgive me if I that this could never by any possibility happ In the first place, Mr. Mitchell feels so m older and so much apart from me altoget though he has been so kind and friendly, hardly even feel him a friend. I never inten marry a man so much older than myself, n minister, they have so little time for their h and their wives. I could never be patien you have been, dear Mrs. Mitchell; I sh scold if my husband did not do as I wante you could not wish it, could you?"

Constance tried to laugh as she said this, Mrs. Mitchell smiled quite cheerfully. The looked serious again, and said, "You feel this now, Constance, because you know so about him. If you could only know how he is you would feel it an honor to be as ated with him; to be allowed to be as I been, the one who should smooth life for and so free his mind from home anxieties enable him to pursue whatever course he th best in his church and in the world."

"Dear Mrs. Mitchell, that is not a bi kind of life I look forward to," returned stance, to whom this prospect had little th captivating. "If ever I marry—but I think that I shall want to marry for a great years yet. I have hardly tasted freedom school discipline; but if ever I do, the m marry must be in love with me for my own and he must make up his mind that I sh pect him to devote himself primarily to me to other things after me. First, the wif then the world, in whatever shape he tak world, church, chapel, exchange-shop, cou house, consulting-room, or museum."

(To be continued.)

THE GENTILES AND FOUR COMING JUDGMENTS.

By T. B Baines, Esq., of Leeds, England.

The Four Gentile Empires—The Political Displacement of the Jews—The Calling of the Gentiles—Four Classes of Judgments at the Second Advent of Christ—The Subsequent Millennium of 1000 Years.

The "times of the Gentiles" began with the Kingdom of Babylon, the head of gold in Nebuchadnezzar's prophetic dream. Then came the kingdom of the Medes and Persians, symbolized by the breast and arms of silver; the Greek monarchy, set forth in the belly and thighs of brass; and afterward the stronger and more enduring dominion of Rome, represented by the legs of iron. After this, "the times of the Gentiles" changed their nature; iron and clay mingled together, or the rule was divided among kingdoms of various origin and character, though all connected with the dismembered Roman Empire. Another vision shows us that in this last stage

THE ROMAN EMPIRE WILL REVIVE

in a ten-kingdomed federal form, under the presidency of one specially energized by Satan.

It is when it has reached this phase that judgment will descend, a stone cut out without hands falling on the Gentile powers and crushing them to pieces, after which it grows into a mountain that fills the whole earth; or, as interpreted by Daniel, "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever" (Daniel 2 : 44). Such is the history, prophetically traced, of the yet uncompleted "times of the Gentiles."

While these were running their course, the Jews—that is, the two tribes forming the Kingdom of Judah—fulfilled the seventy years of captivity foretold by the prophet Jeremiah. At the close of that period, the Babylonian Kingdom having been destroyed and the Persian established on its ruins, Cyrus issued a decree permitting the Jews of the captivity to return to Jerusalem, in virtue of which a small band, without political power or position, found their way back to the ruined city, and there rebuilt the temple. Nearly a century afterward, the same Gentile power gave a "commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem." From this "commandment" dates Daniel's

PROPHECY OF SEVENTY WEEKS.

It is divided into *three parts*, of seven weeks, of sixty-two weeks, and of one week. During the first part, of seven weeks, the city was rebuilt. The second part, of sixty-two weeks, comprehends the time from the completion of the city to the cutting off of the Messiah. The third part, of one week, which yet awaits its accomplishment, carries "the times of the Gentiles" to a close, "finishes the transgression" of the Jews, and brings in "everlasting righteousness," the desolator being destroyed, and the Messiah's kingdom established.

The political displacement of the Jews brought in "*the times of the Gentiles.*" The moral or religious displacement of the Jews made way for "*the coming in of the Gentiles.*" It was only when this took place that Israel really became "Lo-ammi," not My people, though they had long ceased to be the centre of God's government on earth. During the coming in of the Gentiles, God's purposes of earthly blessings are suspended. *The stream of prophetic time ceases to run.* It stagnated, so to speak, after the sixty-ninth week, when Messiah was cut off, and will not again begin to flow till after the fulness of the Gentiles has come in, and God once more takes up the thread of His purposes concerning the earth.

Meanwhile, the Gentiles brought into the vacant place of privilege and responsibility to God, under Christianity, have failed as signally as the Jews did under the law. The greater part have never accepted Christ, even in name; Christendom, the portion of the world which has nominally owned Jesus as Lord, has become a leavened mass, corrupt to its very core. The small handful of true believers in its midst have themselves ceased to present any corporate testimony, are rent into a hundred conflicting sects, have given up the "blessed hope" of the Lord's return for His saints.

But though the Lord "is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish," He "is not slack concerning His promise," and in a little while "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead (believers) shall be raised incorruptible, and we (the living believers) shall all be changed." *This is the undated, ever-present hope* for the Church.

When this "coming of the Lord" for His saints has happened, Christendom, the remaining branches grafted into the olive-tree, having failed to continue in the goodness of God, will be cut off. The fulness of the Gentiles having come in, the corrupt mass of false professors left behind will be dealt with by God in righteous judgment.

During the last unfulfilled week of Daniel's seventy weeks there will commence

THE JUDGMENTS

which precede the "day of the Lord," or the establishment of Messiah's kingdom. These judgments may be broadly divided into four different classes.

First. *The Jews and the rest of the Israelites will be restored*, but only after fearful troubles, from which but a portion will escape. The Jews, who rejected the Christ, will receive the Antichrist, will enter into covenant with "the prince that shall come," the last phase of Gentile power, and will worship his image, "the abomination of desolation," set up in the holy place. The remnant of faithful ones who refuse to have part in these last scenes of wickedness and lawlessness will be persecuted with fearful persistency and malignity, many of them killed, the rest driven into exile. The time will be one of untold tribulation, so that, but for its shortness, no flesh could be saved.

Then the Lord Himself will appear in power and great glory, destroying with the sword out of His mouth the followers of Antichrist, easing Him of His adversaries and avenging Him of His enemes. The effect on the nation will be "like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap." Those who "abide the day of His coming," the purged remnant who "come out of the great tribulation," having "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," shall be a holy people, their dross purged away, their judges restored as at the first, and their counsellors as at the beginning, and Jerusalem shall be "called the city of righteousness, the faithful city."

Thus shall Zion "be redeemed with judgment and her converts with righteousness," while "the destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together, and they that forsake Jehovah shall be consumed." The elect remnant of Israel also will be brought back, and made to inhabit the land.

Second. But besides the purging judgments referred to, there will be other acts of righteous government and retribution reserved for that dreadful period. Babylon, especially,

THE CORRUPT CARCASS OF CHRISTENDOM,

will come into remembrance. The blood shed and the crimes committed in the name of Christ will then be righteously avenged. The beast and his confederates, themselves, following a still more fearful delusion, will hate the scarlet woman and make her desolate; the very power which has supported her will turn against her; and the cup which she hath filled shall be filled to her double.

Third. The fall of Babylon shows the doom of that soulless profession of Christ and that lifeless ecclesiastical organization which will survive when all true believers have been removed to the Father's house. But by whom is this apostate, corrupt system destroyed? By the beast and his coadjutors, that is, by that wicked head of the Gentile powers whose pride and blasphemy will at length draw down the lightnings of God's avenging wrath—the impious chief of those kings of the earth who shall "take counsel together against Jehovah, and against His Anointed."

This associated Gentile dominion is the third class dealt with in the judgments of the last week. The confederacy, headed by the prince and energized by Satan, will form a league with the mass of the Jews and their false Christ, and will gather together their forces to battle; when Christ will appear in His Glory, followed by the armies of heaven, take the beast and the false prophet and cast them alive into the lake of fire, and afterward destroy their followers with the sword that proceedeth out of His mouth. So end "the times of the Gentiles."

Fourth. But there is another class of judgments. The Gentiles who successively held the reins of government as a trust from God do not include the whole body of the peoples of the earth. This sceptre passed from the Babylonian to the Persian, from the Persian to the Greek, from the Greek to the Roman, and at length to the wicked king whose doom we have just seen. But the confederacy between the Jews and the Roman dominion will be directed against a power which at that time threatens Jerusalem with destruction.

This power, which God uses, like the Assyrian of old, as a scourge to the unfaithful Jews, will, when the hour for judgment comes, itself also be visited. When half the city has been carried off, Christ will appear for its deliverance, the besieging host will be cut off, and the remnant of the people saved.

MILLENNIAL JUDGMENTS.

This will close the preliminary judgments. The nation having been purged, Babylon consumed, the last Satanic form of Gentile dominion overthrown, and the enemies who sought to destroy Jerusalem scattered, Christ's kingdom will be established on earth. The saints, who have come purged out of the great tribulation, will receive dominion under Him.

The rest of the Gentiles will be *divided into classes*, and rewarded or punished according to their treatment of "these My brethren," the feeble remnant of saints harassed and wasted by the persecution of the beast and false prophet. But the great feature will be the fulfilment of all God's earthly counsels in the person of the Second Man, the Lord from heaven, who alone is worthy to receive the dominion, and who alone can exercise it for God's glory or for man's blessing. Satan will be cast into the bottomless pit, while the Bride, the Lamb's wife, seen in figure as the New Jerusalem, will reign with Christ a thousand years.

It is a solemn thing to trace the incurable hatred of the human heart to God. A thousand years' experience of Christ's righteous and blessed rule will not suffice to change the nature of man. No sooner is Satan loosed from his imprisonment than the nations rebel, but only to be at once destroyed with devouring fire from heaven. *This last outbreak* of human wickedness brings the world's history to a close. The earth is burned up, the elements melt with fervent heat, and no place is found for them.

Then the dead, who had no part in the first resurrection, are raised, are judged according to their works, and are cast into the lake of fire. Satan, death, and hades are all similarly destroyed. And now, the last enemy having been vanquished, the work of reconciliation, founded on the blood of the Cross, is completed; a new heaven and a new earth are created, in which righteousness not only reigns, as during the thousand years, but permanently dwells; Christ, having ruled "till He hath put all enemies under His feet," delivers up the kingdom to God, even the Father; and God, being now all in all, and no longer estranged by human guilt, makes His tabernacle with man.

Such, as traced out in the Word of the living God, is the prospect before the world. Are these the things which Christians are looking for?

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1880, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Result of the October Elections in Ohio and Indiana has caused a genuine sensation throughout the land. The verdict of both States is so decisively Republican as to surprise even the leaders of that party. The contest in Maine had the appearance of a coming tide of Democratic success, so that had Indiana or even Ohio followed on the same line, it would not have caused so thorough a surprise as the result now announced. The majority in Ohio is variously stated, in the absence of official figures, to be about 20,000, with a gain of six Congressmen, while in Indiana it is fixed at about 6000. The Republicans in the latter State have also made important gains in other places on the ticket besides the election of Governor, and it is believed that a Republican will succeed Senator McDonald.

The Democratic party, both in its organs of the press and in the circular issued by the Committee, admits the severity of the double blow, but does not accept it as an augury of failure in the Presidential struggle. Mr. English, in a letter published on Friday, expresses his confident expectation that Indiana will reverse its majority in November. He bases that opinion on the belief that the whole strength of the Republican party was brought to bear on the contest, and in November only the local party will be encountered. It is also averred that Mr. Landers lost many votes by his indecision on the subject of finance. His principles on the financial question are described as not sufficiently pronounced to win the support of either hard-money voters or Greenbackers. It is exceedingly gratifying to notice that, in spite of the apprehensions expressed, the election was conducted in a peaceable and orderly manner, and a very heavy vote was polled.

General Hancock's Letter on the Tariff Published last week, illustrates the difficulty in which candidates are placed by the present condition of parties. Although the Cincinnati platform distinctly indorsed a policy tending toward free trade, General Hancock's letter scarcely conceals his sympathy with the principles of protection. The Republican party is similarly situated, for while the Chicago platform adopted a protective clause, General Garfield is said to be a member of the English Cobden Free-Trade Club and inclined toward a free-trade policy. This curious position may have been caused by the desire of both candidates to retain the support of every member of their respective parties, thus giving voters their choice to vote in each case according to the platform or the candidate. It is, however, scarcely a dignified position to assume, and it is probable that at no distant date, we may see a new party formed on this or some other important issue—a party which will drop all the antiquated, barbarous weapons of politics now in use, and without disparaging and abusing their opponents, or pitting one section of the country against another section, solicit the votes of patriotic citizens on the sole ground of principle and policy. The rise of such a party will be a sign of healthy political progress.

The Republican Demonstration in New York on October 11th was of an enthusiastic character. The illuminations, the decorations, and the numbers of persons taking part in the torchlight procession indicated the earnestness of the managers and the efficient organization of the Republican party in this State. Republican journals assert that over 40,000 men were in line, including deputations from Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and other cities. General Grant reviewed the procession from a stand erected in Madison Square, and appeared highly gratified by the enthusiasm displayed.

A Temperance Congress was Held at Syracuse, N. Y., on October 1st, under the auspices of the New York State Temperance Society, with the object of promoting temperance legislation. It is desired to arouse the people to the importance of passing *an amendment to the State Constitution*, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The society hopes to induce our legislators to submit the question to the vote of the people, as is being done in Kansas, where it is believed the amendment will be passed by a large majority. There have now been three Congresses held in the State, one each at Saratoga, Elmira, and Syracuse and a fourth will shortly be held at Cooper Union, New York. The Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Good Templars of the State of New York indorse the proceeding, and have appointed committees to co-operate with the society. The Hon. William E. Dodge and another gentleman have each promised an annual subscription of fifty dollars to aid in the work. The officers of the society are Drs. Cuyler, Dunham, and Stryker; Revs. G. A. Smith and A. P. Burgess, and Professor Eli Johnson.

A Mysterious Tin Box Painted Black, with a skull and cross-bones portrayed on the lid, was carried by Professor Eli Johnson to the platform at one of the meetings of the congress, and was the subject of much curiosity. During his address Professor Johnson opened the box and disclosed a number of bottles containing chemicals, with a book of directions explaining their use. The box had been procured at the sale of the effects of a deceased wholesale druggist, and by the aid of the accompanying book Professor Johnson said he was able to produce from the chemicals, imitations of French brandy, whiskey, gin, port and sherry wine, and other famous beverages, so closely resembling the genuine article that even connoisseurs failed to detect the deception. He said there was no doubt that much of the liquor retailed at the bars of our cities was made in that way, and many of the ingredients used *were deadly poisons.* The book also contained a receipt for a preparation which, properly applied, gave new barrels the appearance of age.

The Want of Men was the Prominent Topic at the anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, held at Lowell, Mass., October 5th. Dr. Clark said in his report that the statistics show an increase at almost every point, save in the working force of missionaries; there are a hundred more places in which the Gospel is preached; eleven more churches organized; twenty-five hundred more on the roll of church-membership; five hundred more youth in higher institutions of learning; and a thousand more in common schools. But death has carried off several earnest workers, so that the force of ordained missionaries, in the field or on the way thither, is less by five than it was a year ago. Professor Hartranft urged that missionary boards ought to acquaint themselves with the qualifications of young men in seminaries, and make out personal calls to them, and leave on their consciences the responsibility of declining the solemn appeal. "Under such an appeal, there will not be many," he said, "who will reply to the great call of God to His prophets, 'Here am I, send *him!*'"

The treasurer's report showed a gratifying increase upon the contributions of last year of *more than sixty thousand dollars;* the total receipts for the year were $613,527.51.

A Great Comet Coming.—Prof. Swift, Astronomer of the Warner Observatory, at Rochester, N. Y., discovered another large comet on the evening of October 10th. The new celestial visitor is in the constellation of Pegasus. Its rate of motion is quite slow, being in a northwesterly direction, so that it is *approaching the sun.* It has a star-like nucleus, which indicates that it is throwing off an extended tail. From the fact of *its extraordinary size*, we are warranted in presuming that it will be very brilliant, and the additional fact that it is coming *almost directly toward the earth* gives good promise that it will be one of the most remarkable comets of the present century. There is a possibility that further developments may prove this to be the great comet of 1812, which is being constantly expected, in which event astronomers will have an opportunity of testing the spectroscope *for the first time* upon these eccentric bodies, and ascertaining certainly what they are. The approach of this wonderful comet combined with the perihelia of the great planets, promises to render the near future a period of unusual interest to scientific men. The humble, faithful Christian, however, sees in these uncommon events and in social and political changes now occurring, those signs for which he was directed to watch, as precursors of the end (Luke 21 : 25).

An Important Enterprise is Projected which illustrates the progress the world is making in scientific achievements while it is retrograding in morality and spirituality. It is proposed to cut a ship canal through Cape Cod, shortening the journey to Boston, Mass., by nearly a hundred miles, and remove entirely the necessity of rounding Cape Cod, a dangerous point, where it is estimated 6000 tons of shipping and twenty lives are annually lost. The estimated cost of the canal is $9,914,625.18.

The Bible and Prayer Union.—The Number of letters received from readers of The Christian Herald making inquiries about the Bible and Prayer Union, indicates the extent of interest the project has excited. We shall feel a pleasure in doing all in our power toward extending and fixing this bond of Christian brotherhood. Christians of all denominations in this country and in Europe, who have adopted the plan of the Unions in reading and meditating on the chapter selected for the day, and offering their prayers for the objects suggested, have tendered their testimony of the benefits received. In Great Britain many remarkable cases of conversion have occurred, and higher degrees of spiritual life been attained as the result of the prayers simultaneously offered, and it is interesting to notice how frequently requests for prayer for a spiritual or temporal blessing are followed by requests that thanksgiving be rendered for the blessing vouchsafed.

The lessons selected by the American Union are *consecutive Psalms;* that for to-morrow (Friday) being Psalm 81; Saturday, Psalm 82, etc. It would be well if all our readers joined in the plan, and we shall be happy to facilitate it by pubishing such requests for prayer as may be sent to us.

A Fourteen Years' Companion was Exhibited a meeting last week in New York. A sea- ptain held up a little volume which had been aced in his hand by an unknown gentleman in is city in the year 1866. It was the Gospel of hn, and its perusal had been blessed to his ul. The captain said that whether ashore or sea, the book had been his constant compan- ever since. The simple gift had an effect the ent of which can never be estimated. Its in- ence on the captain could not fail to have oduced a change in his life, which must also e benefited the crews who sailed with him.

uvenile Highwaymen in New York.—The result of the tales of desperadoes and high- men published in many periodicals prepared the reading of boys was proved again last k at one of the New York police courts. A gave evidence that as he was carrying eighty- dollars to the owner of the house in which father lived, to pay the rent, he was met by other boys, both under thirteen years of age, whom he was acquainted. He told them errand, and they followed him, and when he in a lonely place they knocked him down took away the money. The young robbers went to a rifle store on Broadway and pur- ed, for sixty-five dollars, a repeating rifle, revolvers, one rifle cover, two large bowie- es, four boxes of cartridges, two fish-lines hooks, and two belts in which to carry their ls and knives. They contemplated starting siness as highwaymen on the pattern of their ite heroes, but the project was nipped in ud by their arrest for robbing the boy.

Lecturer was Interrupted by a Man in udience some time ago. The subject of the re was "Influence," and the speaker was ing that even the humblest and most insig- nt member of society might exercise a ben- influence. "Even the little child in that man's arms," he said, "can do good." t's true," ejaculated the man who held the The ready and emphatic confirmation sur- lecturer and audience, but the cause was ned at the close of the meeting. Then an went to the lecturer, and, after apologiz- r the interruption, said he had been a mis- drunkard, but two hot tears shed on his one night from the eyes of the child he had been the means of turning him is depraved course and making him a re- ble man. When the lecturer stated a fact claimed man had so good reason to in- he could not repress the exclamation.

oung Lady's Face Betrayed a Secret in a r way a short time ago at Avon Springs, ochester, N. Y. She had joined a picnic n a visit to the springs, and as they were ing drinking the waters, her face was ob- to undergo a remarkable change. She oted for the beauty of her complexion, it assumed a mottled appearance: large of a dark shade resembling the discolora- oduced by a blow appeared on her cheeks ck, and the skin surrounding the marks to a ghastly gray hue. Her friends be- larmed and summoned a physician, she insisted that she was perfectly well. physician's arrival the phenomenon was ed. The young lady had applied a prep- to her face to give brilliance to her com- , and the air, impregnated with the sul- the springs, had changed the effect of its nts, thus producing the disfigurement. re many people whose real character will be similarly revealed. Now "they de- ery one his neighbor," pretending to be Christians; but God says, "Behold I t them and try them" (Jeremiah 9:5-7) en will know that the beauty of charac- admired was only a mask put on for a po

man's Fight with a Snake.—Mrs. Rachel , of Cairo, Greene County, N. Y., was a field of blackberry brush when she was by a queer sound. Her acquaintance kes soon satisfied her that the noise was the whistle of a black snake known as the racer, and she started on a run. The snake soon overtook her, and immediately began coiling itself about her body. With only a small tin pail as a weapon of defence, she fought desperately, but at a disadvantage, and the coils were drawn tighter until the snake got one around her neck and throat, and she fainted. Her husband, having heard her screams, hurried to her relief, and found her unconscious on the ground. He killed the snake and carried his wife home, but she carried for days a blue mark about her throat. The snake was as large around as a man's wrist and nearly twelve feet long.

The first form assumed by Satan in the world's history was that of a serpent, and his subsequent tactics have resembled those of the deadly reptile. But, unhappily, many who would fight for their lives against a real serpent consent to be governed and guided by him, and wear his yoke cheerfully. But at the last he will be driven from the scene of his conquests by a mightier One than he (Rev. 12:19).

A Sufficient Answer.—In Chicago it was Announced that the notorious blasphemer Colonel Ingersoll would deliver his lecture on the words, "What Must I Do to be Saved?" on a recent Sunday in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. The Y. M. C. A. stationed a band at the door, and, as each one entered, handed him or her a card on which was inscribed, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." One of those who were about to enter paused and said, "*That answer is sufficient*; I don't care to hear any other," and walked away.

A Dying Reader to a Dying Audience.—The fourteenth chapter of John was read at a religious meeting in New York last week, and the selection of that chapter a gentleman present said reminded him of an incident of the war. A soldier mortally wounded lay on the field of battle, and as he felt his end approaching he opened his Testament and read for his own comfort and for that of some around him that same chapter; and as he read its blessed words one and another wounded man crawled as near as he could to hear as much as possible of the consoling words of Him who spake as never man spake. The scene was described as touching in the extreme. Several of the listeners died as they listened, and the reader passed away as he read. He was found dead, his hand clasping the Testament from which he read, and there were *stains of his life's blood* upon the book.

A Struggle with a Bear Occurred in Hoboken, New Jersey, last week. An Italian hired a performing bear from its owner for a trip round the neighborhood, ascertaining first what tricks she could perform. But the bear refused to exhibit the usual antics, when the man beat her over the head in a savage manner. This greatly enraged the animal, and she attempted to tear off her muzzle, but it was too strong. She then caught the Italian and tore his clothing into shreds, threw him to the ground, and hugged him so tightly that it was supposed he was dead. The wounded man recovered enough to crawl out of the reach of the bear, which was secured to a telegraph pole by a rope fastened to a ring in her nose. The wounded man was then taken to a drug store, where his wounds were dressed.

Marriages by Telegraph have the Recommendation of novelty in their favor, but an eminent authority points out that they may be attended with unpleasant consequences. During the past two years ten such unions have been solemnized, and there is a disposition apparent to bring the custom into more frequent use. In case of any dispute arising subsequently as to the legitimacy of the children of such marriages, the legality of the ceremony may be contested on several grounds. The parties were in every case in different States, and the laws of both have to be complied with, and it seems impossible that the laws of either should be fully complied with. One plea that may be urged is that the witnesses saw but half of the marriage (if they saw any of it), as only one of the parties was in their presence.

TOKENS FOR GOOD.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Shew me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me."—Psalm 86:17.

Where David Looked in the Hour of Conflict—Both Feet on the Rock—I. The Request for a Token—It was Desired in Faith—Fanciful Tokens—Tokens it is Permissible to Ask for—1. Answers to Prayer—Answered Prayers Hopeful Arguments—Prayer Like a Ship—2. The Preservation of Character—Honest Men in Dread of Insolvency—3. Deliverance from Trouble—4. A Sense of Pardoned Sin—A Man Saved from Shipwreck—5. Support Under Trial—The Scale of Strength Established—6. Cheering Visits from Christ and Anointing of the Spirit—II. The Result of Such Tokens—The Unhappy State of the Troubled Soul without God.

I WOULD have you note, beloved friends, at the outset, how this man of God, in the hour of conflict, *looks to his Divine Protector*. He does not run about to consult with friends, nor does he set himself down to digest his bitter sorrow in solitude, but he gets away to the Lord his God, who has covenanted to help him. That same God who in his brightest days was his exceeding joy is in his darkest night his surest consolation. Hence he cries, "Lord, show me a token for good. Do *thou* show it. Let it come *from thee*. All other signs and tokens I can forego, but do thou show me a token for good, and my spirit will be revived at once."

Oh, mourner, learn wisdom from the father of the wisest of men! We need not hesitate to copy the pattern set by the man after God's own heart. Oh! you who are surrounded by persecutors, will you not imitate David? You cannot do better in every adversity than to look unto the Lord, the ever-merciful. I know you have been casting about to the right and to the left to find anchor-hold, and still the vessel drifts. Now, throw the great bower anchor into the depths. Let it go right down deep out of sight, and let it get a grip upon eternal faithfulness, and your bark shall outride both wind and tide. Trust the quicksands of human confidence no longer. Look to the Lord alone.

It is a severance from man, a complete deliverance from the arm of flesh, that God designs by our trouble, and the sooner we come to it the better for us; certainly we shall the more quickly obtain the benefit designed by our trouble, and probably we shall the sooner come to the end of it.

"Trust with a faith untiring
In thine omniscient King,
And thou shalt see admiring
What He to light will bring:

"Of all thy griefs the reason
Shall at the last appear;
Though hidden for a season
'Twill shine in letters clear."

Observe that, in the case of David, *all his troubles drove him to his God*. I have noticed in the case of too many professors that they seem to have a fair-weather religion, a summer-season faith, which shrinks and loses its color in a little rain or a sharp frost, or when the wind blows from the cold corner of affliction. I hear of some who, when they are very poor, do not come up to the house of God. They say *they have not proper clothes* to come in, as if the Lord had respect unto our garments, which are nothing better than the covering of our shame. This is *an idle excuse*, and yet I know that poverty does drive some professors away from the God whom they profess to worship; they murmur and become discouraged, and give all up in a pet, as if they only loved God for the sake of bread, as a hungry dog will follow a stranger who feeds him.

There are others who say, "*I cannot hold up my head* among my brethren as I used to do, and so I stay away from the congregation," as if God wanted you to hold your heads up—as if He did not look most to those who hold down both their heads and their hearts. What, will you turn away from the stream because you are thirsty? Will you leave the bread because you are hungry? Is not godliness meant to be a comfort to you in your time of trouble? Do not poor men need the Gospel? Do *you* not require it all the more now that your comforts are so greatly diminished?

I think the more God chastens his people the more they love him. I am persuaded that

THE MOST WHIPPED OF THE LORD'S FAMILY

are the best of his children. I do not say that any of you may wish for affliction; *you will have enough of it* without wishing for it; but I do avow my belief that the favorites of heaven are those who feel most of tribulation. Therefore, dear friends, let all your griefs send you in prayer to God, and you will then grow in blessing by every tribulation.

Once more, notice that *the psalmist, while he thus looks to God, and is driven to him by his troubles, manifestly looks to God alone.* There is not in this psalm a word about friends, allies, or helpers. He has but one request, and this is, "Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me." His heart is evidently saying,

> "My spirit looks to God *alone:*
> My rock and refuge is his throne;
> In all my fears, in all my straits,
> My soul on his salvation waits."

God alone—Oh! that is a word to be learned, to be learned by experience, and most assuredly none will ever know it unless they are taught by the Holy Ghost. I do not think we often learn it till we hear it in the thunder of divine power, when the deep-throated tempest within the soul mutters, "God alone! God alone!" In fair weather we are for mixing our trust, but when the whirlwind is abroad none but God will serve our turn.

Oh! my brother man, if thou wilt set one foot upon the rock of divine faithfulness, and the other foot upon the sand of human confidence, thou wilt go down with a great fall. *Both feet on the rock!* Mind that. Your whole confidence must be fixed upon your Lord. Hang only upon that sure nail upon which hangs the whole universe, and hang nowhere else. What says David? "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him." Beware of setting up a rival in the temple of thy trust.

With this as a preface, I now come to notice the particular prayer which David in this state of mind puts up. It was necessary to give you this preface as a kind of guard against the very common tendency which exists among God's people to depend upon signs and tokens. Especially as we are going to preach a little upon this prayer for a "token" it was essential to begin aright, lest we should add to the too common craving for signs and wonders. We will dwell first upon *the request* for a token, and then, if we have time, we will touch upon *the result* which David says would come of having such a token—that those which hated him would see it and be ashamed, because God had helped him and comforted him.

I. David puts up

A REQUEST FOR A TOKEN.

It was a token from God, mark you, and it was a token entirely according to God's will. Never forget that it was a token asked in faith, and not in unbelief; for there is a great distinction here.

Dear brethren, we have no right to say, "My God, *I will believe in thee if thou wilt give me a token*, and if not I will remain in hesitating unbelief;" for the English of that is, "I will reckon thee to be false unless thou show me a sign according to my will." If God be true, thou art bound to believe Him, whether He give thee a token or not; and thou art not permitted to suspend thy faith upon conditions of thine own inventing. Whether He will or will not give thee a token must be according to His own mind. He may give or withhold as He pleases; but thou art bound to believe Him, since every man is bound to believe the truth.

Moreover we have known some who professed to be the children of God, who have picked out certain tokens according to their own whims and fancies and follies, and they have spoken as if God must do this or that at their dictation. I fear that in some this is a wicked presumption not to be tolerated for a moment. At best it is a childish folly, which men in Christ Jesus ought long ago to have outgrown. I do not doubt that the Lord has indulged some of His little children with marks and signs while they were very, very feeble, which He will never give them again, and which they ought never to seek for again—which, indeed, now that they have grown up to riper years and to more strength of grace, they ought themselves to put away as childish things.

Not a few of these signs they may even suspect, saying, "Peradventure after all there was not so much in those marks and tokens as I thought there was. They helped me just then, but I could not rely upon them now; I prefer that which is better and surer." All the rapt experiences which we have ever had are not to be trusted in comparison with the word of God. I say it advisedly, even the sweetest communion we have ever had with Christ may after all be suspected, and indeed it is upon such ripe fruit that Satan soon sets his hand that he may rob us of its savor if possible, for he is not slow to cast doubts upon the holiest joys of God's elect.

Yet

WE MAY ASK FOR TOKENS

in a subordinate sense. Trusting in the Lord, token or no token; believing His word, evidence or no evidence, we may then humbly ask confirmatory seals to our souls. Taking His promise as it stands, and believing it, though the heavens themselves should seem to rock and reel—we may then say, "Yet Lord, inasmuch as I am but dust and ashes, and therefore weak and trembling, show me a token for good."

1. We may feel quite safe in seeking tokens of the kind which are mentioned in this psalm. And first, we may beg for *answers to prayer*, because the psalm begins with, "Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me." There is no fanaticism in expecting God to answer prayer, and there is no misuse of logic in drawing the inference that, if He does hear my prayer in the time of trouble, this is a token for good to my soul. Has my prayer been accepted before Him? Have I received the gracious answer of peace? Then let me be comforted thereby. Especially was I in deep distress where no man could help me, and did I then cry to Him, and did He come to my rescue? Assuredly, this is a seal that is set to my soul that I am no hypocrite. This is a token that I am no stranger to God, and that I am not cast away from His presence. Answered prayers are *hopeful arguments* of acceptance.

I am not too bold when I assert that the Lord has granted me according to the desire of my heart times without number. The devil himself can never dispute me out of facts—facts which shall forever stand on my memory, "engraved as in eternal brass," for out of the depths I have cried unto God, and He has as distinctly answered my prayers as though He had rent the heavens and come down to succor His servant. With overwhelming delight He fills me, for He hath had respect unto my cry. His tenderness to me in this respect has made my life singularly happy, though I have had a large share of pain and depression. When I think over the seasons in which the Lord has specially answered me, I bid defiance to all the sceptics and scientists who haunt our footsteps.

Brethren in Christ, you have, each of you, in your own way, according to your own need, had sure instances of the faithfulness of God to you, and these have been reviving tokens of love. At this present be of good cheer. Even if for a while the heavens should seem as brass, and prayer should not be heard, recollect that he did hear you in times gone by, and He is the same God, and changes not, and therefore is hearing still, and will answer by and by. Therefore cry mightily to Him.

It may be that your prayer is like a ship, which, when it goes on a very long voyage, does not come home laden so soon: but, when it do come home, it has a richer freight. *Mere coa. ers* will bring you coals, or such like ordina things; but they that go afar to Tarshish retu with gold and ivory. Coasting prayers such we pray every day bring us many necessaries, b there are great prayers which, like the old Spa ish galleons, cross the main ocean and are long out of sight, but come home deep laden wit golden freight.

Go on in prayer if you have no immedi answer, and let the answers you have had years gone by be tokens for good to your so this time.

> "God liveth still!
> Trust my soul, and fear no ill:
> God is good; from His compassion
> Earthly help and comfort flow:
> Strong is His right hand to fashion
> All things well for men below;
> Trial, oft the most distressing,
> In the end has proved a blessing:
> Wherefore then my soul despair?
> God still lives, and heareth prayer."

2. You meet with another class of tokens the psalm, and these concern *the preservation character*. Kindly read the second ver "Preserve my soul, for I am holy." I kno am speaking in these dark and troubled time many of God's children who are tried in b ness, and sorely exercised by the general dep sion; your great fear arises out of a dread failure to discharge your debts. You have b praying to the Lord about your business; perhaps Satan has tempted you to a measur unbelief against which you are daily fighting

Now has the Lord helped you to do which is honest and upright before men? He preserved your soul because you are co crated to Him? You have been a loser, bu that loss can you say, "No fault attaches to it is the act of God. Things have not prosp with me, but I have been diligent, and I used my best discretion, and I have curta every expense to save as much as possible have sought to eat my own bread, and not bread of another man, and I would sooner to labor with my hands in the most menial vice than that any should say of me that I forgotten the way of uprightness and integr

If such be the case, you will feel acutely difficulties of your pathway, but you must give way to despondency. Look up and the man, and by no means give up. Fly t Lord in this hour of need, and see what He do. It is written, "Let integrity and upr ness preserve me;" and if such has been case it is a token for good. You have not much if your character remains untarni After all, "a man's life consisteth not i abundance of the things which he possesse and "a good name is better than precious ment."

When God gives a man grace to rejoice i abundance, it is a great thing; but it is an favor when He gives to others of his people to rejoice that they are brought low. Th often more contentment in a narrower s than in a wider one, and a great deal les and anxiety, and more fellowship with God cottage than in a broad mansion. If God your character spotless, reckon that the of fire has not passed upon you. If the enables you to do the right, let Him do wh pleases with you. If we can pay twenty shi in the pound, and walk out of the hous from any charge of unjust dealing, we ma that the worst grief of all is over, for to an est heart it is a crushing trial to be unable every man his own. May the Holy Spiri you in the path of uprightness, and you not envy any among the sons of men.

3. A third form of token for good is fou

DELIVERANCE FROM TROUBLE.

We have seen that in the second verse "O thou, my God, save thy servant that eth in thee," and all through the psalm is crying for deliverance from trouble. addressing many who have felt the strok tribulation. You have been brought very low: in your horror it seemed to you like the lowest hell; but you have been brought up from it, and you can at this hour sing of delivering grace. We are not all hanging our harps on the willows; some of us are praising God upon the high-sounding cymbals because of His delivering mercy, for He has brought our soul out of prison, has delivered our soul from death, our eyes from tears, and our feet from falling. When these things come, they are to be regarded as tokens for good, if they come as the result of prayer and faith.

Come, friends, look back upon the rescues and recoveries of the past, and rejoice in the Lord. One good old saint, when she heard one sing,

"Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through,"

aid, "Why, my road, when I look back upon it is paved with Ebenezers. I cannot take a tep but what I step upon a stone of help; and n both sides I see so many records of the Lord's oodness that the road seems walled up by them n both sides." Many of us can say the same. ell, sure,

"His love in time past forbids us to think
He'll leave us at last in trouble to sink."

4. There is another form of token which must ever be overlooked, and that is *a sense of par-ned sin*. This comes in in the third and fifth erses. "Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I y unto thee daily. For thou, Lord, art good, nd ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy nto all them that call upon thee." If you feel at your conscience is purged from dead works if you are walking in the light as God is in e light, and are enjoying fellowship with the ather, while the blood of Jesus Christ His Son eanseth you from all sin, then rejoice in the ken for good which is given you.

It may be that your purse is scant, but your sin forgiven! It may be that disease is creeping er your flesh, but your sin is forgiven! What bliss is yours, whate'er your trial may be! ppose yourself to be in danger of shipwreck: e ship is going down, the passengers are rieking with terror, for there is nothing before em but the murderous waves. The boiling ods will soon conceal the last vestige of the p: grim death opens his wide jaws! The last ment has come! But what do I see? What s that which rose upon the crest of the wave? was the the life-boat! Yes! Here comes the -boat, and you are put on board it!

What is your thought at the time? What st be your thought? What! Did you whine t, "I have lost my best portmanteau, which I t in my cabin." What a fool you would be if talked like that! The boatmen would be dy to throw you into the sea. No, your titude forgets all minor things, and rejoices the grand deliverance. You cry, "My life is ed! My life is saved! Blessed be the Lord saving me! My money, my very clothes— I started up in my sleep, and leaped into the -boat—I have lost them all, but I am alive, that is enough. Thank God, I shall see my ive land again!"

Shall a man who is delivered from hell, and ose sins are forgiven, go whining all the day g because he has lost his mony, or some other e, for trifle it is as compared with his soul. kin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he e for his life;" and if our life be saved in ist Jesus, through the forgiveness of our sin His most precious blood, how can we fret? y, man, God has given you a mercy that may llow up your troubles as Aaron's rod swalled up all the serpents. "Strike me, my ," said one of old, "Strike me as thou wilt, that thou hast forgiven me." The pardon in is such a token for good that all ills disear before it.

There is another token for good mentioned he psalm which you may well pray for. You find it in the fourth verse: "Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul." This is

SUPPORT UNDER TRIAL.

It is a very blessed token for good when you are able to keep calm, quiet, and happy in the midst of losses, crosses, bereavements, and afflictions. All the water in the sea will never hurt the ship so long as it is outside: it is only that which enters the vessel that can sink it. Hence the Saviour says, "Let not your *heart* be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me." In the world ye shall have tribulation, but let not your *heart* be troubled.

What does it matter to a man after all whether God increases the load and increases the strength, or whether he decreases the load and decreases the strength? If a man has to carry a pound weight, and he is so weak that he can only manage to carry eight ounces, well, he is an overloaded man; but if a man had to carry a ton, and God gave him strength enough to carry two, why, he would be a lightly-loaded man, would he not? It is not the weight of the burden, it is *the proportion of the burden* to the strength. Now the proportion of the burden to the strength was settled long ago—thousands of years ago. It is written, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

I think if we were wise we should be willing to accept—nay, we should even rejoice in—the abounding tribulations because of the abounding consolations.

We shall always be little, I am afraid, while our trials are little; but it is when we get into the deeper waters that the Lord helps us to swim, and he makes men of us then, and we begin to glory in tribulation also, because the power of God doth rest upon us. Oh! may the Lord give us faith to come up to this point, and this shall be for ever a blessed token for good when we can say,

"I stand upon the mount of God
With sunlight in my soul:
I hear the storms in vales beneath
I hear the thunders roll:
But I am calm with thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the heights on which I stand
Nor storms nor clouds can rise."

May God endow us with that token for good; for serenity in suffering, patience in tribulation, joy in the very prospect of death—these are all as white stones, which are the secret signs of divine favor.

6. *Cheering visits from Christ, and fresh anointings of the Holy Spirit*, are also most sure tokens for good, and if not mentioned expressly in the psalm, must not be omitted in our sermon. They are, however, here in such phrases as these: "Rejoice the soul of thy servant," in verse 4; "unite my heart to fear thy name," in verse 11; "O turn unto me and have mercy upon me," in verse 16; and in the latter clause of our text, "thou, Lord, hast holpen me and comforted me." The Lord graciously visits his people, the clouds break, the night declines, and the day begins to dawn. Precious promises are applied to the heart with reviving power, hope is strengthened, and joy is renewed. Sweet communion is enjoyed under affliction, and Christ is seen sitting as a refiner at the mouth of the furnace. Sin is no longer allowed to burden the heart; yea, the very memory of it, so far as it would cause pain to the mind, is utterly removed, and the glad spirit rejoices in the consciousness of full acceptance with God.

"'Tis like the singing of the birds
When winter's frost is fled;
And like the warmth the sun affords
To creatures almost dead.

"'Tis like the comfort of a calm
Which stills a stormy sea;
And like the tender, healing balm
To such as wounded be."

Of such tokens for good may we enjoy rich store, until the day break, and the shadows flee away.

II. I had many things to say unto you, but I remember *Paul's mistake* that he made when he preached until midnight, and Eutychus fell from the third loft, for he had gone to sleep; and *as I could not possibly raise a sleeper from the dead*, as Paul did, I will not try the experiment of preaching as long as Paul did. I cannot say anything as to

THE RESULT OF SUCH TOKENS.

The influence of these tokens upon our foes must be undescribed save that many a time the favor of God to his people has been so conspicuous that their most malicious adversaries have stood in awe of them. Their answered prayers have been like armor to them, their patience has lit up their faces with an awe-inspiring splendor, and their integrity has been a wall of fire round about them.

Even the devil has stood abashed in the presence of the favored ones when God has dressed them in their marriage robes. He has known that they were of that chosen race against which he never can prevail. As for other enemies—"when a man's ways please the Lord He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Like Pilate's wife, even worldly people have pleaded that good men should be let alone; the Lord has made them dream of the glory of their virtue, and they have been afraid. There is a dignity which doth hedge about those who are kings unto God. They that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth are afraid because of the tokens for good which God sets on His saints.

Here we leave these words, only adding this, *what an unhappy state must those be in who have troubles, but have no God to go to*; enemies, but no heavenly defender; darkness, and no star of hope!

How poor must you be who cannot escape affliction, and yet have no helper in affliction! You run to your friends, do you? Ah, well, they are a poor refuge to fly to, for mostly *they are our friends when we can help them*, but when we need anything from them they do not know us.

You trust *yourself*, do you? Ah, well, I thought little of your friends, but I think less of you, for you are dust and ashes, and nothing else, and if your trust be in yourself it is a dream. And so you are a self-made man! your own creator? You need not be so very proud of your work. As you made yourself, and keep yourself going, you will come to a frightful end one of these days, when the inward force decays into weakness, and all the springs of nature fail. Whatever you make your god is like yourself, and both you and it must pass away ere long. Your hope shall be as a spider's web, and your expectation shall melt like the hoar frost when the sun arises.

THE LORD IS COMING,

the Lord is coming, and woe unto hypocrites in that day! It will go ill with self-confident men in that day. But as for such as trust the Lord, do you know what they say? and they speak as inspiration bids them speak—"I shall be satisfied." I am not yet; but I *shall be* satisfied And when shall I be satisfied? "When I awake with thy likeness." When the archangel's trumpet sounds, and wakes me into immortal perfection, then shall I be satisfied. Oh! seek the Saviour's face. Dear hearts, that never have sought Him yet, seek Him now; for there is no satisfaction to be had apart from Him. Get away to Him; get away to Him to-night. Cry unto Him, for He will hear you. Come unto him, for He will receive you. May His divine Spirit lead you to cast yourselves on Him, for He will in no wise cast you out. The Lord bless you, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 86.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

BARTLE THE BUTLER.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER FIRST.

"JOHN, where's Bartle?"

John was the footman. Bartle was the butler. The time was the dinner hour. The speaker was the master of the house, Mr. Oaklands.

"Bartle is unwell, sir."

At this news Mr. Oaklands looked at Mrs. Oaklands in a very significant manner. The look seemed to say, "We know very well what is the matter with Bartle."

"Dear me, dear me," said both simultaneously, "whatever shall we do with him?"

"Send Bartle up to me," said Mr. Oaklands.

After an absence of a few minutes John returned with the information that Bartle preferred staying where he was.

At this Mr. Oaklands descended to the pantry. He found Bartle in a very stupid condition indeed, trying to fill a decanter from a bottle he held in his hand, and only half succeeding in his efforts. With one eye shut and the other open, a lock of hair straggling down his face, his necktie disarranged, he looked as drunk as he was.

"Bartle, what is the meaning of this?" sharply asked his master.

Bartle smiled vacantly, and vainly endeavored to stand upright like a sober man.

"Bartle, I insist on knowing what you mean by this."

But Bartle had sense enough to know if he were to open his lips he would probably commit himself; and knowing, moreover, that he had nothing satisfactory to say, held his tongue. So Mr. Oaklands, judging that to talk to him in his present condition would be useless, prudently left him.

Poor Bartle! A more quiet, kind, and well-behaved man by nature never breathed. A better butler, too, when sober, there never was. Indeed, but for his good qualities he would long ago have been dismissed, for again and again had he transgressed and been forgiven on promises of amendment. He was a great favorite too with the young people, and their little voices were ever raised on his behalf when he fell into trouble. In addition to this he had a most worthy wife, who had been an old and faithful servant in the family, and a large number of children almost entirely dependent on him. You will see why so great an offender had been retained in the Oaklands' house.

Now when Bartle so solemnly promised amendment he meant it from his heart. He was really a most unwilling slave. But so tight a hold upon his appetite had strong drink obtained that scarcely ever did he open a bottle, hand around the wine at table, or even visit the wine-cellar, without a terrible conflict. He fought hard against it, and gave way only after a sharp struggle. To-morrow the poor butler's heart would be woefully sore as he looked back on the night before.

The Oaklands had a long conversation that evening as to what should be done with their butler, and came to the decision that no other course was open to them but to dismiss him altogether from their service. They were really sorry; but the peace of the household, and the corrupting influence of his conduct on the other servants, seemed to insist upon the long deferred step being taken. To-morrow Mr. Oaklands would dismiss him.

That night two little tongues prattled away with unaccustomed vigor, and two little heads worked with unwonted energy. The little girls (aged respectively ten and eight) had heard from their nurses of Bartle's disgrace, and although they said nothing at the time, their sorrow was great.

"Poor Bartle! I'm so sorry he's been naughty again, and made papa so angry," commenced the elder little girl, whose name was Fan.

"I'm sorry too, ever so much," replied Tots the younger.

"If papa turns him away to-morrow, Tots, won't it be dreadful?"

Tots felt it would be dreadful too, and said, "Poor Mrs. Bartle will cry, won't she, Fan?"

"Yes, and so will all the little Bartles too. I should, if I were a little Bartle. Wouldn't you, Tots?"

"I shouldn't ever be able to stop, I expect," answered Tots.

And both the little girls felt almost ready to cry then at the very thought of it.

"Only think," said Fan, "if they knew as much as we know about it now, they wouldn't sleep all night, I'm sure. I shouldn't, I know."

"Will they be like those poor people we saw yesterday singing in the street, Fan,' who look so cold?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Papa said it was drunkenness which brought people to do such things; and that if people only kept sober they would have nice fires and clothes, and be ever so different."

Tots couldn't forget that perhaps poor Bartle, with his wife and children, would by and by be compelled to earn their daily bread by singing in the streets, and so she said again,

"I hope they'll never be like them, Fan, to have to stand in the cold and wet without any umbrellas or warm clothes. Wouldn't it kill them?"

"Yes. Papa said that that kind of people never lives very long, because drink and wet and cold and hunger soon dig their graves."

"O Fan!" cried Tots, the great tears rolling down her cheeks, "isn't it dreadful? I shan't sleep all night, I'm sure. I dont feel as if I should ever go to sleep any more."

"I was wondering," said Fan, after looking very grave and thoughtful for a minute or two, "whether we couldn't help poor old Bartle in some way or other."

"Would my twopence a week buy very much?" timidly asked Tots. "How much bread and meat and potatoes and all that kind of thing would it buy, Fan? If it will help them from going about the streets, I should like them to have it all."

"I don't think, Tots, they could buy very much for twopence," responded her sister. "I'm afraid we can't help them much that way."

Tots looked very disappointed at this news, and kept quiet for some time.

"I've been thinking," said Fan, "of what Mr. Fellowes said last Sunday about the grace of God. Do you remember, Tots?"

No, Tots had quite forgotten all about it.

"Well, I don't remember very much, but I know he said that Jesus could make weak people strong, and that it was as easy for Him to help a drunkard as anybody who had a bad temper. I know," she continued, "He can keep back a naughty temper, because He helps me when I ask Him. Now, Tots, why shouldn't He help Bartle too?"

Tots didn't see any reason why Jesus shouldn't. Indeed she felt sure He would.

Then the question arose who should tell Bartle this. First they thought they would ask their mother. Then, deciding that this would not do, Fan resolved that she would tell him herself. As they lay in their little beds that night these two little girls offered each a simple prayer for poor Bartle.

"O God!" prayed Fan, "help poor Bartle, and make him better, and make papa less angry, and don't let him be sent away, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then Tots followed: "O God! don't let poor Bartle, and poor Mrs. Bartle, and the poor little Bartles, sing in the cold streets, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"Now, Tots," said Fan, "mamma says when we pray we must not say, 'I wonder whether God heard us,' but we must say, 'I know God heard us.'"

"All right," said Tots. "We'll say 'I know then."

"And now," said Fan, "I think we'd bette go to sleep, or mamma will be coming up. This was more promptly done than either ha anticipated, for in a few minutes both were fas asleep.

In their dreams that night, as they told eac other the next morning, Bartle and his famil occupied by far the largest place. Fan was ea nestly talking, and telling him what the clergy man said, while Tots was giving him her two pences, and holding up her little umbrella ove their heads while they were singing.

As soon as Fan and Tots had finished the breakfast they made all the haste they could t the pantry, where they knew Bartle was to b found.

How miserable he looked, to be sure! H could scarcely lift his head even when the tw little girls entered, so thoroughly ashamed wa he. He only said, "Good-morning, litt misses," and went on cleaning the plate. Bu Fan and Tots were not to be put off in that way If Bartle would not speak to them, then the would speak to him.

After looking at the brisk movement of h hands for a minute or so, said little Tots, "Poo Bartle!" Whether it was that Tots though Fan too slow, or whether her own little hea was too full to keep quiet, sure it was that fo one reason or the other Tots instead of Fa broke the ice. She had touched him loving with her little hand before she said, "Poor Ba tle!" Fan was saying "Poor Bartle" to with her eyes.

The sight of his two little sympathizers, an their loving pity, quite broke him down. H was obliged to lay aside his polishing and s down. With his hands over his eyes, and h body bent half forward, he sobbed like a chil If he had been scolded or spoken to angrily an roughly, very probably he would have braved out. But, "Poor Bartle!" spoken with both li and eyes, and in such a loving, pitying way, qui disarmed him. It had touched a chord whic vibrated in spite of himself.

Tots had apparently exhausted herself, for sl did not attempt to add to her first remark. was now Fan's turn. Gently touching his han she said,

"Bartle, we're very sorry for you, Tots and Will you let us help you? We want to he you very much."

"I'm afraid you can't do anything, litt misses. I'm not worthy of anybody's help. I' a regular worthless one, I am, and can't be cur anyhow."

"But, Bartle," argued Fan, "why don't yo try very, very hard to keep sober? Don't yo think you'd do it then?"

"No, Miss Fan, I have tried as hard as ma can. I've taken the pledge; I've taken doctor medicine; I've read books about it; but, som how or other, it isn't any good. I'm afra there's no chance for me at all."

Here Tots chimed in, "I've got twopence week, Bartle."

But Bartle, not understanding Tot's train thought, could of course give no answer; an his silence, together with a shake of the hea from Fan, shut her up for some time.

"Bartle," said Fan, "have you tried Jesu Mr. Fellowes said last Sunday that drunkar and bad-tempered people can both be cured b the grace of Jesus. I wish you would try Jesu Bartle."

"Ah! Miss Fan, you don't know how hard is to keep from drink when you've got so muc to do with it as I have. I'm always smelling i and you can't tell how even the glasses of wi I pour out for luncheon and dinner set me o Nobody knows how hard it is but those who' tried."

This was quite a revelation to Fan, that h little glass of wine, when she had lunch with h parents, should prove such a source of dang to Bartle. She could hardly believe it, eve now, and so she said, "Do you feel it when you pour out my glass f wine, Bartle?"

"Yes, miss—everybody's."

Here Tots began to comprehend that perhaps e was involved too.

"And my glass of wine too, Bartle?"

"Yes, Miss Tots—every glass of wine."

Here was a difficulty which Fan and Tots had ot taken into account at all. It quite prevent- their saying anything for some time. Mean- hile Bartle had risen from his chair, and had commenced cleaning the plate. After a while n touched Bartle's sleeve, and, with a very rnest look, said,

"Bartle, would it be any help to you if I were give up my glass of wine?"

Tots immediately put the same question in out the same words. The butler could hardly ieve his ears. As he said afterwards, you ght have knocked him down with a feather. see those two sweet little faces looking aight up into his, and putting such a question that, was a sight that as long as he lived he ld never forget. It was wonderful.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S PICTURES.

re of his Talk, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

NDER this title the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has ed a sequel to his earlier volume, entitled, "ohn Ploughman's Talk," of which not fewer th 300,000 copies have been sold. In his pre- to the new volume, Mr. Spurgeon says :

'John Ploughman's Talk' has not only ined an immense circulation, but it has ex- sed an influence for good. Although its is rather moral than religious, it has led y to take the first step by which men climb etter things, and this fact has moved me to mpt a second book of the same character. I continued to use the simplest form of our ner-tongue.

To smite evil—and especially the monster of drink—has been my earnest endeavor, assuredly there is need. It may be that the of drunkenness is not more common than it to be; but it is sufficiently rampant to sorrow in every Christian bosom, and to all lovers of their race to lift up their voices ist it. I hope that the plain speech of John ghman will help in that direction.

have somewhat indulged the mirthful vein, ver with so serious a purpose that I ask no veness. Those who see a virtue in dulness full permission to condemn, for a sufficient er will approve."

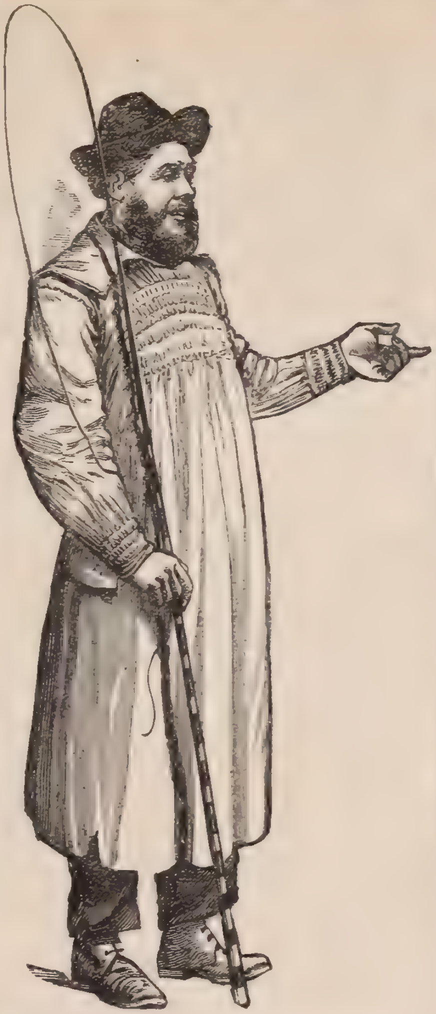
I speak a word of praise in behalf of Mr. geon's deliberate performances would be a of supererogation. It would be as super- as to "paint the lily or gild refined gold." nion of rich humor with deep piety, and astened, spontaneous use of it, under the nce of a just judgment, are among the manifestations of intellectual power, but . Spurgeon, especially of late years, we seen this union to a remarkable degree. ing to the utterances of his racy wit, which, h vivid, is like summer sheet-lightning, either scathes nor scars, we are reminded of his favorite authors, John Bunyan, and e more than Mr. Spurgeon illustrates the ty of his aphorism, "Some things are of ature as to make one's fancy chuckle while rt doth ache. We append verbatim what s in connection with the accompanying pic- re

R STOP A PLOUGH TO CATCH A MOUSE.

e's not much profit in this game. Think an and a boy and four horses all standing r the sake of a mouse! What would old Tusser say to that? I think he would in this fashion:

A ploughman derseveth a cut of the whip
f for idle pretence he let the hours slip.

of people act like the man in our picture. ave a great work in hand which wants r wits, and they leave it to squabble over etty nothing, not worth a fig. Old mas- n would say to them :

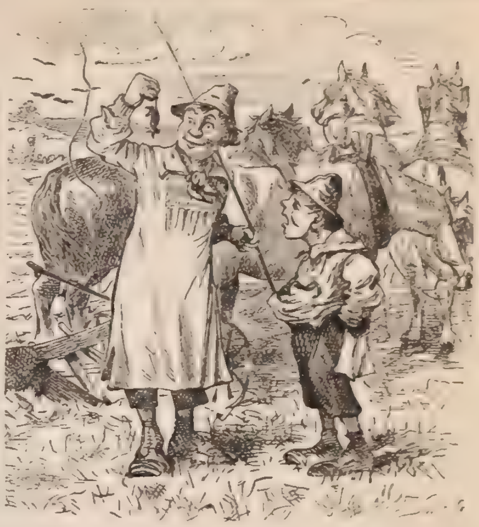


No more tittle-tattle, go on with your cattle.

He could not bear for a farmer to let his horses out for carting even, because it took their work away from the farm, and so I am sure he would be in a great stew if he saw farmers wasting their time at matches, and hunts, and the like. He truly says that the main chance must be minded, and the little things must be borne with. Nobody would burn his house down to kill the black beetles, and it would never answer to kill the bullocks to feed the cats. If our baker left off making bread for a week while he cracked the cockroaches, what should we all do for breakfast? If the butcher sold no more meat till he had killed all the blow-flies, we should be many a day without mutton. If the water companies never gave the Londoners a drink till they had fished every gudgeon out of the Thames, how would the old ladies make their tea? There's no use in stopping your fishing because of the seaweed, nor your riding because of the dust.

Now, our minister said to me the other day, "John, if you were on the *committee of some of our societies* you would see this *mouse-hunting* done to perfection. Not only committees, but whole bodies of Christian people go mouse-hunting." "Well," said I, "minister, just write me a bit, and I will stick it in my book, it will be beef to my horse-radish." Here's his writing:

"A society of good Christian people will split into pieces over a petty quarrel, or mere matter of opinion, while all round them the masses are perishing for want of the Gospel. A miserable little mouse, which no cat would ever hunt, takes them off from their Lord's work. Again, intelligent men will spend months of time and heaps of money in inventing and publishing mere speculations, while the great field of the world lies unploughed. They seem to care nothing how many may perish, so long as they can ride their hobbies. In other matters a little common-sense is allowed to rule, but in the weightiest matters foolishness is sadly conspicuous. As for you and me, John, let us kill a mouse when it nibbles our bread, but let us not spend our lives over it. What can be done by a mouse-trap or a cat should not occupy all our thoughts.



"The paltry trifles of this world are much of the same sort. Let us give our chief attention to the chief things—the glory of God, the winning of souls for Jesus, and our own salvation. There are fools enough in the world, and there can be no need that Christian men should swell the number. Go on with your ploughing, John, and I will go on with my preaching, and in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Our readers will recognize the engraving accompanying this article as a portrait of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the costume of an English farm-laborer.

A MOTHER'S HEROIC RESOLVE.

To honor Christ is forcibly illustrated by Mrs. Pennefather, of Mildmay, in a recent number of *Service for the King*.

"A 'widow and desolate,' she had two bright young sons who promised to be the stay of her declining years. But God had fulfilled the dearest wish of her heart, and revealed to both her boys the constraining power of the love of Christ. A strong missionary purpose took possession of the mind of her *eldest* son; and the mother, who had asked for the conversion of her child to God, accepted the answer. He was soon engaged by one of our missionary societies, and Africa was announced as his destination.

For a little while all went well, but ere long the young life succumbed to a climate which had proved fatal to so many, and the sad news had to be conveyed to the widowed mother. It was a sorrowful mission for the officer of the society who undertook to carry the tidings, and a yet more difficult message was to follow.

After some conversation with the heart-stricken mother, and many words of united prayer and consolation from God's own Book, her friend paused, and, taking her hand, he said very solemnly, '*And now we want Joseph.*' The widow buried her face in her hands, and for some minutes they remained in silence; then, lifting her streaming eyes to heaven, she repeated the words,

'Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands myself, my life, my all.'

The resolve was made, and the brother went out to fill the vacant place. Is not the Master saying to both parents and children, 'Come, follow me' and 'ye shall have treasure in heaven'?"

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(Continued from page [illegible].)

New Aquaintances.

SOON after the dessert was cleared away a rustling of silk was heard in the passages, the door opened, and three ladies entered the room.

The first was a stout, elderly lady, very handsomely dressed. In her younger days I felt sure she had been a beauty, and I think she must have been greatly admired. But she had, I thought, an unpleasant expression in her face, and a haughty and disagreeable manner.

"Well, Evelyn," she said, as she swept past me without a word or a look, "how are you feeling now?"

"Oh! very nicely, thank you, Lady Eldridge," she said; "Miss Lindsay and I have had quite a pleasant chat together."

"Miss Lindsay, ah! yes, I see," said Lady Eldridge, turning to me for the first time; "the young person whom Sir William has engaged as your companion, Evelyn, I believe."

And then she took no further notice of me, but sat upon the sofa at Evelyn's side, fanning herself vigorously.

There was something in Lady Eldridge's manner which made me uncomfortable and uneasy, and I had withdrawn to the table with my work as the two other ladies advanced to the fire, not intending to take any part in the conversation, when a pleasant, gentle voice by my side said kindly, "You must be tired with your long journey, Miss Lindsay; had you to stop many times by the way?"

I looked up and met one of the sweetest faces I have ever seen. It was not exactly a pretty face, and the features were far from handsome, but there was such a beautiful expression upon it that you could never have called it plain. I should have been very puzzled if any one had asked me how old she was. At one time she looked quite young, not more than four or five and twenty; and the moment afterwards I detected strong marks of care, or anxiety, or trouble on the face, which made me think she must be at least ten or fifteen years older.

I told her about my journey, and then she asked me one question after another, in the kindest, pleasantest way, as if she really cared to know all I had to tell her. She led me on from one subject to another, and I found myself telling her of our old home; of Maggie, and my hopes and fears for her; and of many other things, while Lady Eldridge and Evelyn were talking together on the sofa; and all the chill and repression which had come over me when Lady Eldridge entered the room entirely passed away, and I felt perfectly at my ease again.

When I told her of our leaving our dear old home her eyes filled with tears, and she said quietly, "I know what a trial that is; I have gone through it myself. What a comfort that there is one home where there will be no parting and no going away!"

Such a happy, thankful feeling came into my heart as she said this. There was something in the way she said it, as well as in the words themselves, which made me feel sure that my new friend was one who loved the same Lord I loved. And, if I had felt drawn to her before, I was doubly drawn to her now.

We had no opportunity for further conversation, for Evelyn was growing weary of Lady Eldridge, and invited us to come nearer to the fire.

"Put away your work, you industrious girl," she said to me. "The brown alpaca always had her work close to her fingers' ends at a moment's notice."

"My dear Evelyn," said Lady Eldridge, "a most profitable way for a young person."

But Evelyn took no notice of her, and turned to my new friend.

"Where have you been all day, Lilla?" she said. "You have only been to see me three times."

"Have I been so negligent as that, dear?" she said. "I must mend my manners to-morrow; but I have been very busy writing letters, so you must forgive me."

Until I had turned to the fire I had not looked at the third lady who had come into the room. She was sitting languidly in an arm-chair by the fire, with her eyes fixed on the door, as if she were looking anxiously for some one to enter. She was decidedly advanced in middle age, yet she was dressed like a girl of seventeen; in a low, white evening dress, and a most elaborate gold chain and locket round her neck, she looked dissatisfied and restless, as if she was always striving to reach some object which was eluding her grasp. She took no particular interest in the general conversation which was going on, but seemed either lost in thought, or not thinking at all.

Lady Eldridge was giving an account of Eastern life, which she described as the most delightful life on earth. I found she had lived many years abroad, and was going to Constantinople the following spring.

She could not settle in England more than a year at a time, she said. "Those miserable skies, those depressing fogs, those dreadful rainy days—enough to make any one commit suicide who has lived in the East, my dear." And Lady Eldridge fanned herself again at the bare recollection of it.

She kept up a continual run of conversation for about half an hour; but she gave me an idea of being a woman who had hardly opened a book in the whole course of her life, and who was thoroughly ignorant of everything except the worldly ways of the worldly world, in which she seemed to be anything but ignorant.

But her chattering was brought to a close by a rap at the door, and the announcement that the gentlemen had arrived in the drawing-room.

"Those tiresome men!" said Lady Eldridge; "as if they could not amuse themselves for half an hour without sending for us. Well, Alicia, I suppose we must obey the lords of creation and go down-stairs. Good-night, Evelyn, my dear."

And, without taking the slightest notice of me, Lady Eldridge sailed out of the room.

The other two ladies said good-night to both of us, and followed in her train, and Evelyn and I were left alone.

"Well, what do you think of them?" she said as soon as the door was shut; "bring your chair close to the fire and tell me."

"I think that the lady who sat near me has one of the sweetest faces that I ever saw," I said. "I could quite believe in any one loving *her* at first sight."

"Oh! Lilla, yes; isn't she nice?" said Evelyn carelessly; "every one seems to like poor Lilla."

"Why do you call her poor?" I asked.

"Oh! because she has had so much trouble," Evelyn answered; "she was engaged to a young officer a good many years ago, and it was broken off; his father persuaded him to marry some one with more money. Lilla is papa's first cousin, and she often stays here; it is very dull for her at home; her father has married again, and his new wife is such a horrid old thing, who treats Lilla as if she were a child of twelve. But Lilla never complains; she is very patient. And what did you think of Lady Eldridge."

"I had rather not say, please, Evelyn; I do not think it is very kind to talk about people so much."

"Oh! it won't hurt Lady Eldridge, I assure you," she answered; "she is miles too high up in the world to be hurt by anything you or I may say or think of her—at least she thinks that she is. Papa says she has nothing to boast of if her antecedents were looked into. She was quite poor, and lived in some remote Eastern city, when her good looks attracted Sir Hugh Eldridge's attention, as he was passing through the place, and he married her. But she thinks herself a perfect queen now, and lords it over everybody.

"I often pity her poor maid. It is 'Lawrence, here,' 'Lawrence, do this,' 'Lawrence, do that,' from morning till night; for Lady Eldridge thinks it is a disgrace to do the simplest thing for herself, or even to know how it ought to be done. She boasts of being as ignorant as a baby about all money matters, and cannot even pay á bill for herself. Silly old thing!" said Evelyn contemptuously; "I have more respect for Alicia Hay than I have for her."

"Is that the lady who sat in the arm-chair by the fire?" I asked.

"Yes, poor thing!" said Evelyn; "she wouldn't talk a bit to-night. I know why just as well as if I had been there. It was just because Lor Moreton didn't take her down to dinner;" an Evelyn laughed at the thought of it. "Didn' you see how she looked at the door every tim a step came in the passage, because, sometimes papa comes up for a few minutes on his way t the drawing-room to cheer me up a little; an sometimes he brings one of the gentlemen wit him; but they didn't come to-night, so poo Alicia was quite disconsolate; she had not th heart to talk to any one. And if she only kne —oh, if she only knew what Lord Moreto really thinks of her!"

"Poor thing!" I said; "is she very fond him?"

"Oh, not of him in particular," said Evely laughing; "but you see poor Alicia is gettin old; she really is, though she would be ver angry if any one told her so, and she wants ve much to be married, and to have a home of h own."

I was not sorry when Evelyn asked me to rin the bell for her maid Clemence, and I was liberty to go to my own room, for I was ve tired after all the travelling and excitement had gone through that day.

I lay awake for many hours, watching t flickering of the firelight, and listening for t striking of a large clock in the hall, whose dee sonorous voice could be heard in every part the great house.

The next morning I awoke before it was lig and had been dressed for more than an hour fore Clemence came to conduct me to her you mistress's dressing-room. I found Evelyn lyi on a sofa by the dressing-room fire, in a pret pink dressing-gown, and with her fair hair har ing down in long waving tresses. She looke perfect picture, I thought, and one that a artist would take pleasure in painting. S seemed pleased to see me, but was languid a tired, and not so much inclined for talking as s had been the night before.

Breakfast was brought up soon after I arriv and, while we were eating it, the door open and an elderly gentleman came in. He had e dently been very handsome in his younger da and there was a cheerful, pleasant, good-te pered expression on his face, which made h look younger than I imagine he really was.

"Oh, papa," said Evelyn, brightening up moment that she saw him, "I am so glad have come! How naughty of you not to co last night! I wanted you so much to see M Lindsay—May, I call her now," she add laughing.

Sir William shook hands with me very kin and said he hoped I should soon feel at ho and that his little daughter would not wear out with her chattering.

"Now, papa, what nonsense!" said Eve gayly; "May was at home when she had b here ten minutes, were you not, May? And likes chattering just as much as I do. You just as if she was the brown alpaca I told about. But she is not a bit like her; she i nice, papa, and we get on together famously

"That's right," said Sir William, seat himself on the sofa; "and how is my little this morning?"

"Only a little tired, papa," she said wear "the pain kept me awake last night."

He looked at her very anxiously, I though he stooped over her and gently arranged pillows, as carefully and tenderly as any wo could have done.

"Keep very quiet this morning, little g he said; "I will not let any of them come you. Miss Lindsay will read to you, and can lie quite still."

"Oh, no, thank you, papa," she said ch

fly; "let them all come; it does me good to ive people coming in and out; it amuses me; ey are so funny, some of them, aren't they, pa? Don't they make you laugh sometimes?"

ir William made some evasive answer, and nced toward the end of the room, where I s sitting at work.

'Oh, you need not mind her, papa," said elyn aloud; "she is not the brown alpaca. I an to tell her everything, and to talk just the e when she is in the room as when she is out t."

ir William seemed rather amused at the rapid ndship that had sprung up between us, but it not appear to displease him, for he smiled dly at me, and gave me a few more words of come as he rose to leave the room.

(*To be continued.*)

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

S. Lesson for October 31st, Gen. 37. Golden Text, Prov. 19 : 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HE history of Joseph is a striking illustration at great principle of the Christian life that must bear suffering in order that we may be pared for glory. "Heirs of God, and joint s with Christ; if so be that we suffer with , that we may be also glorified together" (Rn. 8 : 17). The meaning of Joseph is in- e, addition; "Joseph is a fruitful bough," his father, "even a fruitful bough by a well" . 49 : 22); and it is just the fruitful children od who are most surely called upon to suffer. ery branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth hat it may bring forth more fruit" (John). "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier ver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, urge them as gold and silver, that they may unto the Lord an offering in rightousness" 3 : 3).

acob dwelt in the land wherein his father was nger. . . Joseph, being seventeen years old, feeding the flock with his brethren . . . Joseph brought unto his father their evil t." This is first introduction to him. that which follows we may believe it was spirit of talebearing, but from a sense of that he told his father of the sin of his ren. This was no easy task for a younger er. He laid himself open to the worst of ill- g, and forfeited all popularity among them. oseph was a child of God, and lived, not to at was pleasant, but what was right, and more impossible to him to be party to a sin cealing it than to bear the worst of conse- es by making it known. There is a great nce between the needful and the needless ure of sin. When, for instance, a servant re of unfaithfulness in another servant, ils to tell her mistress of it, she becomes a to the sin, and so sins against God, against istress, and against her fellow-servant, to she ought to be faithful; if she seeks to the responsibility, saying, "It is none of siness," she is acting selfishly and dishon- . But when a servant has confessed a made restitution, and received pardon, if fellow-servant speaks of it further, and to it unnecessarily in the presence of , then she is guilty of a want of love. The ule applies among children, fellow-work- tc. We need the uprightness of true love, will do the right thing, let it cost what it ay.

he ill-will of Joseph's brothers against him . all lie at his door. His father Jacob was t, for we read, "Now Israel loved Joseph han all his children, because he was the his old age; and he made him a coat of olors." How common, but how danger- the sin of partiality in parents! Our ly Father is "no respecter of persons" o : 34), and in the measure in which we le Him we shall learn to know no man, n our own children after the flesh. We arn to put our own selves and our own out of the question in dealing with nd instead of allowing idiosyncrasies in them to appeal to something similar in our nature, we shall love, train, and guide them for God. Then the fact of one child being the youngest will be no excuse for a partial love to him, and it will be quite out of the question to make marked and visible distinctions, as Jacob did by the coat of many colors. Many parents are responsible for a terrible bitterness of spirit in their children one against the other because they have been guilty of indulging in some trifling partiality toward one more than another. Young hearts, in which self is dominant, are intensely sensitive to anything like injustice. "And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him."

Joseph had a life unknown to his family, which they had no power to understand or to enter into; probably his father understood him better than any other. "Joseph dreamed a dream," and in those days dreams were communications from God. "He told it his brethren; and they hated him yet the more." All their natural pride of heart would rebel against this young upstart as they would think him, who not only went hither and thither clad in the distinctive garment which marked him their father's favorite, but also set himself up to hold a communion with God which they did not as much as aspire to. This was unbearable to these natural men.

Perhaps Joseph was not wise to tell his dreams to his brothers, as they so nearly concerned himself. It is very common in the early days of our life as believers to speak of our inward experience to everybody, not knowing or considering whether they are able to understand and appreciate it. In the energy of the flesh, and with much self-confidence, we judge that that which is blest to us must be blest to others also, and thus we do much which is not done in the spirit. Joseph's brothers set down to sinful ambition that which was really a revelation of God to him. When he told them his dream "they hated him yet the more." We notice how in his inward communings he was occupied, not with things present, but with his future reign and glory. And so is it with all those who are in God's training school. They have in sight the goal—"the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3 : 14); but they must first learn to suffer for a while (1 Peter 5 : 10). Joseph's brethren said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words." After he had told his second dream his father also rebuked him. No one understood him; he was alone in his family "separate from his brethren" (Gen. 49 : 26). "His brethren envied him, but his father observed his saying."

This loneliness in the family is one of the keenest trials of young Christians, but nothing so tends to throw them upon God as being misunderstood by man; and we may be quite sure that the story of his wrongs was poured into the bosom of his God, who enabled him to see all things in His holy light. We see how Jacob sent him to visit his brethren who were feeding the flock in Shechem. He was ready to go and serve the brethren over whom he knew he should rule in the future; and when he did not find them he made no excuse to come home without fulfilling his mission, but took pains to find them, and said to a stranger whom he met, "I seek my brethren; tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks." And being directed to Dothan, he went after his brethren and found them there. All his manner of acting toward them was a proof that he had nothing against them, that the enmity was all on their side.

Perhaps some young, newly-converted soul may read these pages. Let me ask of such, Can you take all the injustices misunderstanding through which you pass, from God's hand and not from man's? Can you look with tender, compassionate love on those who wrong you, knowing that they are blind and cannot understand you until God opens their eyes? Every moment of suffering which you are called upon to bear is a precious opportunity of manifesting Christ to those who know Him not, and of showing them that in very deed you live not unto yourselves, but unto Him which died for you and rose again.

Joseph's brethren, unrestrained by the presence of the spirit of God, were bent on mischief. "When they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired together to slay him. And they said one to another, Behold! this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit; and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him; and we shall see what will become of his dreams." Oh! how unconverted men rebel against the fact that the living God has really to do with those who trust in Him! They will not have it at any price; they know well that if it be true then *they* are shut out from God and heaven, and therefore they will seek by any means in their power to disprove the relation which subsists between God and His children.

There was a difference between the brethren of Joseph. Reuben, the eldest, was a weak man; he wanted to save Joseph for his father's sake, but was not bold enough to stand against his ten brothers; so he said, "Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him." So, when Joseph was come to his brethren, "they stripped Joseph of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him. And they took him and cast him into a pit," but God watched over His child. "The pit was empty, there was no water in it. We only know what Joseph suffered at this time from the words spoken afterward by his brethren in Egypt (chap. 42 : 21), "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear."

Having acted with this wanton cruelty, his brethren sat down to eat bread, so heartless is man when the spirit of jealousy and revenge is upon him. Just then a company of Ishmaelites passed by, and Judah, who had more power with his brethren than his weaker elder brother, said, "What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh." "And there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt." Reuben was evidently not present at this transaction, for he "returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not; and I, whither shall I go."

How terribly was Jacob's sin of deceit visited upon his children, and on him through his children, when his sons "took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat, in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." He had deceived his father, he was deceived by his sons in his turn. "He knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." Thus his surmise prevented his sons from telling the lie, but the holy eye of God saw the lie acted.

It was a fearful retribution to Jacob for his partiality to his son Joseph. "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.' It is not to be wondered at that his children failed to comfort him, when every word of consolation was hypocrisy, for they had caused his grief, and how could they, with the sin upon their consciences, lead their father to find his solace in his God?

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The European Contest with Turkey has Resulted in the Sultan signing an order for the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro. He received information that England as representative of Europe contemplated seizing the port of Smyrna, and holding it until he complied with the demands of Europe. There is suspicion that even now the crisis is not over, as the Sultan's order, being obviously granted under compulsion, may be resisted by the Albanians with impunity, and it is a suspicious circumstance that the harbor of Smyrna is now being protected by torpedoes, which looks as though the Sultan had only schemed to gain time.

The note announcing the surrender, which the Sultan handed to the ambassadors of the Powers at Constantinople, expresses the hope that the pressure of the Powers will be relinquished as regards the settlement of the other pending questions. As these pending questions include the cession of considerable territory to Greece, in which the British Premier is much interested, there will probably be another contest. It is now said that the Sultan never attached any real importance whatever to the surrender of Dulcigno to the Montenegrins—his real fear was that the Great Powers would unite to demand a further carrying out of the Treaty of Berlin and the cession of Janina to the Greeks.

On the Greek question Great Britain will not have the general support of Europe, which fact will encourage Turkey to resist the pressure of England. The probabilities of war are therefore increased, and the London correspondent of the New York *World* states that there is a growing apprehension that "war is almost inevitable at a very early date, probably in the spring of 1881, and some financiers in the city usually reckoned as shrewd and far-seeing men are already planning extensive operations with the outbreak taken for granted. The Greeks are determined to obtain possession of Janina at all hazards and cost, and Mr. Gladstone is as resolute in his determination to help them, while Turkey will yield no more—indeed, can yield no more."

The Arrest of Mr. Parnell and the Leaders of the Irish Land League in Ireland is expected to take place, the law officers of the British Government having advised the ministers that there is sufficient evidence in the reporter's notes of their speeches to convict them of conspiracy. The Government apparently think the arrest of the leaders would be a more efficacious proceeding than suspending the Habeas Corpus Act.

How serious the situation is, may be learned from a letter written by Mr. James A. Froude to the London *Times* on October 12th, in which he says: "Ireland and the Irish people may still be safe if we show that we are not afraid; that we will at least try to be just, and that one function of justice is to punish crime. If Messrs. Gladstone and Forster have their way, then civil war, is, I think, inevitable. Home rule will follow, and Ulster Protestants will never submit to the legislation of a home-rule Parliament. I am greatly attached to the Irish people. I wish to save them from the fate which surely awaits them if they are again brought into collision with this country."

A Religious Revival is Progressing among the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty, who twenty years ago removed from Pitcairn to Norfolk Island. They have always borne the character of being more under the power of the Gospel than average Christians are, and it would appear that their love for the truth has not abated of late years. Their invariable custom has been to assemble every morning in the ordinary place of worship for prayer, before proceeding to their daily work; and in this respect they resemble the seventy or eighty persons who form the whole population of the lonely little island of St. Kilda, in the Atlantic, on the north-west coast of Scotland, and who, although an isolated community, are apparently the most godly and simple-hearted people in the British Isles. The Norfolk Islanders have three full services every Sabbath and their Scripture knowledge is said to be great. The educational acquirements are also of no mean order, there being an excellent school on the island. The spiritual oversight of this peculiar congregation has during the past thirty years or upward been under the Rev. Mr. Nobbs, who on the occasion of his coming to England was presented to the queen, and immediately afterward ordained by the Archbishop of Canterbury as Minister of Pitcairn Island. Mr. Nobbs, who is *an old naval officer*, and whose life seems to have been a checkered one, is a devoted man.

The Lord Mayor of London Elected for the ensuing year is a Methodist. An English journal states that this is the first time a member of that church has held the honorable position of chief magistrate of the city of London. The lord mayor elect is Mr. Alderman McArthur, member of Parliament for Lambeth. There is no doubt as to Mr. McArthur's love for Methodism, nor as to his fidelity to Liberal principles. It is especially interesting to learn that during Mr. McArthur's mayoralty a Pan-Wesleyan Methodist Conference will be held in London.

The Welcome Intelligence is Received that the horrors of the famine in Persia are abating. Mrs. S. J. Rhea, writing to the Chicago *Interior*, says: "The famine is over, the harvest is in, is excellent and abundant, and the millet which the missionaries sowed is especially cheap, and will feed the poorest. The public charities have ceased, the soup-houses are closed, and the missionaries are planning other and more directly spiritual work for the coming winter. *It is well that the money has not yet entirely ceased to flow* for famine relief, as many are utterly impoverished, having sold everything for bread, even *the timbers of the houses* and all their cattle; and many helpless ones remain unprovided for—aged persons, widows and orphans, especially orphans. Little pitiful children beg for homes; even Mohammedans knock at Christian doors."

A Remarkable Confession of Crime has been made in Holland. A clerk in a Government office accuses himself of having kidnapped the son of a rich man on September 23d, and having written to the father demanding a ransom of $30,000. He asserts that he subsequently murdered the boy, and has given himself up for punishment. The dread of poverty for himself and his family is the motive he assigns for the attempted extortion which led to the atrocity.

Mr. Spurgeon's Girls' Orphanages are well on their way toward completion. The corner stones of two new houses were laid on Monday, October 4th. The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown laid the corner stone of the Liverpool House, and Mr. G. Palmer M.P., that of the Reading House. Mr. Spurgeon says, concerning Mr. Brown:—"By his means Liverpool has done grandly for us. The Boys' Orphanage has given shelter to twenty-one ministers' sons, and such interest may be wisely secured in the Girls' Orphanage. Oh, that the good Physician's hand may give us back our limbs again, free from anguish and weakness, and then we shall weep for joy at the sight of the rising walls of the Girls' Orphanage." Speaking of his illness, Mr. Spurgeon writes: "Troops of orphans, students, colporteurs, and evangelists seem to march through my poor brain both sleeping and waking. All must be left with the Lord. Where could they be better?"

Hurricanes in the South Seas have wrought great devastation in the islands of Maré and Lifu (Loyalty Islands), where two of the London Missionary Society's mission stations are located. The Rev. J. Jones, writing from Maré, says: "In this district there are scarcely any houses left standing; the sea rose to a fearful height, *sweeping stone houses and stone walls completely away.* My house was made a place of refuge by the poor homeless people. They brought their children in crowds to escape the wind, rain, and sea; some of the people were carried in quite exhausted. No fire could be kept alight, the houses being all washed away; consequently no food could be cooked, except in my kitchen." The Rev. S. Creagh writes fro Lifu: "Terrible destruction has been done very few of our chapels remain intact. O beautiful chapel at Xepenhe is a mass of ruins the gable wall, built of solid masonry by Frenc practical workmen, was blown flat down. C coanut-trees have fallen by thousands; the yan cocoanut, and banana crops, which bade so fai are all ruined."

An Idiotic Pursuit is Described by an Eva gelist. He says: "A friend of mine in Irelan told me of something that happened one day his works. He is a manager in a large founde there, and he said that there was an idiot b who sometimes brought dinner to one of t men. One day he was going along with a t can containing his father's dinner, when, just he got to the door of the foundery, the sun bur out from above, and striking across the little f low's path, it cast his shadow before him. Th poor idiot boy forgot all about his father's di ner, and was so taken up with his shadow th he ran five miles right off after it. When found that he could not catch it, he stoppe only to see that he had lost the dinner on t journey. He ran after his shadow, but after he found that he hadn't his shadow nor his di ner either." This is just like the Prodigal, w not only loses the portion that his father h given him, but gains nothing in exchange, n even the object for which he sacrificed his po tion.

A Significant Fact in Connection with t immorality abounding in great cities is record by Mr. Edward W. Thomas, who has, for nea a quarter of a century, acted as secretary to t London Female Reformatory Institution, whi has dealt with upward of 10,000 cases of fem degradation. He states, in the annual report cently issued, that he "never yet met with pledged abstainer among the fallen, and wi but few cases of women who were daughters total abstainers, or belonged to families carefu reared in temperance principles." An extensi experience has convinced him that drinking *indirectly as well as directly* a prolific source female demoralization.

A Converted Jew Refused a Fortune in N Zealand, which was offered him on condition renouncing Christ. He was a cook at Ashb ton Station, where he died on July 12th; t facts were then for the first time publish The *New Zealand Recorder* says: "Our parted friend was a Jew by birth. When we fi learned this we asked him, 'Then are you st looking for the Messiah to come?' when he plied, in a tone of earnestness, and with a lo of animation we shall not soon forget, 'I beli that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living G and that he died for me. His mother, when became a Christian, offered to place *a fortune his service* if he would return to the faith of fathers; for his relatives were wealthy. He plied, 'Mother, I love you all very dearly, bu cannot do it; I must be faithful to my Saviou He was a kind father, and leaves two sons mourn his loss."

Contributions Received. For the Persian Fa ine Fund, $8.00. from G. O. Ostergram St Paul Mi —For the Salvation Army $5 from M. E Hod Bethel Springs, Tenn.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchm (London) for October may be obtained at the of of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are on at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at prices low as to bring them within the reach of every o *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photogr of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughma Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 ce *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of f sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homil cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Bo* This popular gift-book contains a suitable pass selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every in the year, with a blank space opposite for au graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurg appear at their respective birthdays. The book elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Re tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1880. 14th Year. No. 44—New Series.

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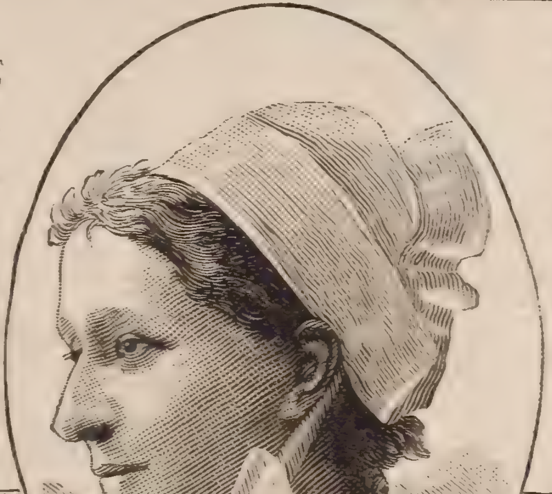

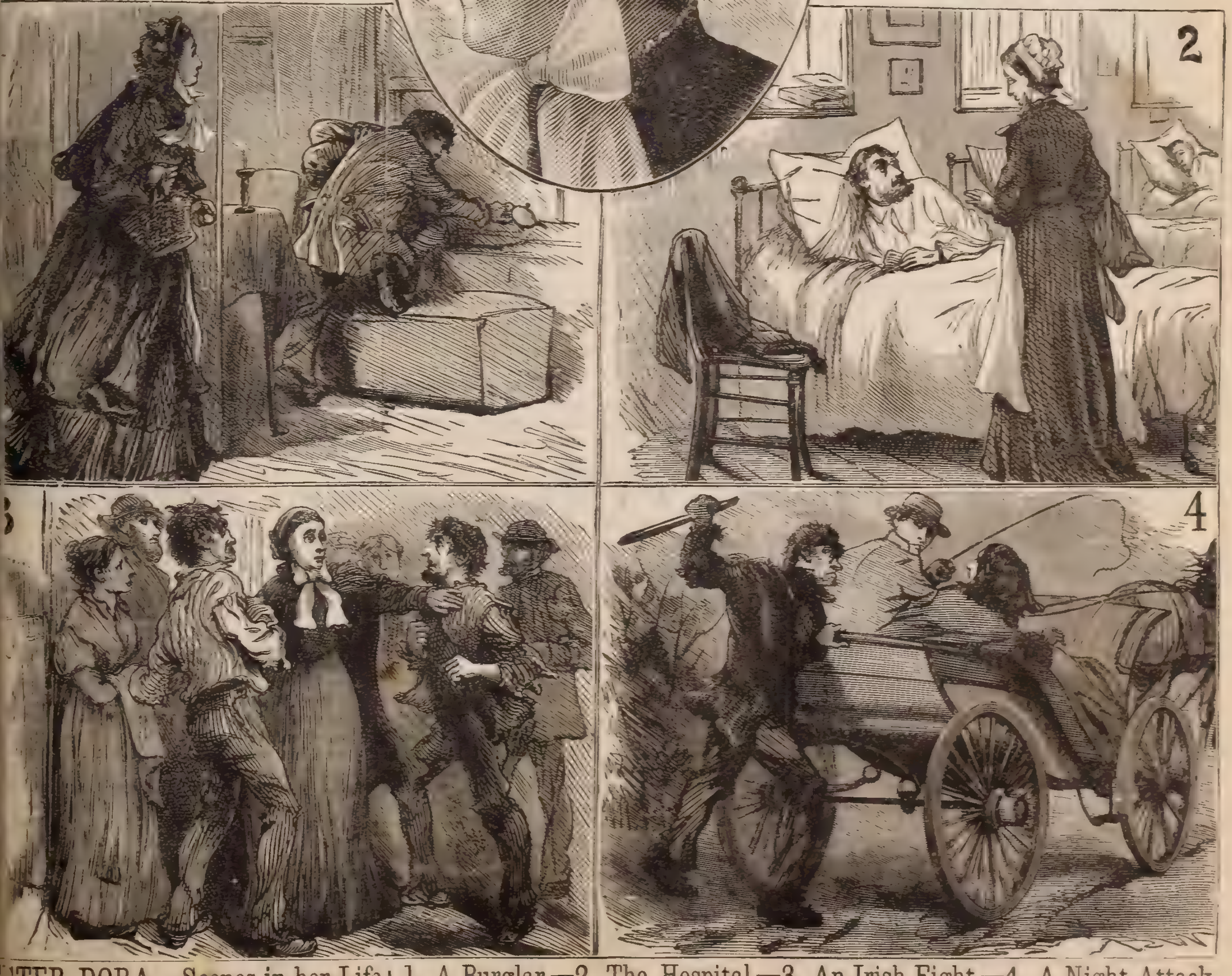

SISTER DORA.—Scenes in her Life: 1. A Burglar.—2. The Hospital.—3. An Irish Fight.—4. A Night Attack.

SISTER DORA, THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

Born at Hauxwell in 1832—Device to get rid of Ugly Bonnets—Her Great Personal Beauty—Family Surroundings—Becomes School-mistress—Adventure with a Burglar—Enters the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans—Commences Nursing—Is Sent to Walsall—Prostrated by Small-Pox—Her Head Cut Open by a Stone—Nurses the Miscreant Who Confessed the Deed—Her Consideration for Her Patients—Power of Endurance—Tenderness toward Children—Belief in the Efficacy of Prayer—Stops a Fight—Is Attacked by a Footpad at Midnight—Health Fails—Dies on Christmas-eve, 1878.

There are not a few persons who would apply the epithet of eccentric or fanatical to such a life as that of Sister Dora. To selfish people especially it must seem almost incredible that a lady well educated and of refined tastes should voluntarily leave a luxurious home to perform duties often disagreeable and sometimes loathsome. But to those who have been with Jesus and learned of Him, Sister Dora's work seems the living expression of the Saviour's teaching, and her service was accepted by Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." A life of self-denial and of self-sacrifice for others is a sanctified life, and its details will be interesting to every true Christian.

DOROTHY WYNDLOW PATTISON was *born* at Hauxwell, England, a tiny village near Richmond, Yorkshire, on January 16th, 1832. Her father, the Rev. Mark James Pattison, was for many years rector of Hauxwell, and belonged to an ancient Devonshire family, while her mother was the daughter of a Richmond banker.

Dorothy, or Dora, as she herself preferred to be called, was the youngest but one of twelve children, the eldest and the youngest children of the family being sons, the rest daughters. From her mother she inherited uncommon beauty of features and complexion, and from her father an imposing figure and dignified bearing.

Until her fourteenth year she was a very delicate child, with no promise of that superb physical development, endurance, and strength which she subsequently attained. On account of her health she was not allowed to "do lessons" regularly like other children; but though left to follow her bent with less restraint and discipline than fell to the lot of the older children of the household, still the atmosphere of good-breeding around her from her birth constituted an educational influence of a high and healthy character.

She learned as if by instinct, growing into habits of minute observation, and quietly storing up in her marvellously retentive memory what she saw and heard. From the very first, too, her strong will and indomitiable perseverance were manifest. Her biographer says: "If she could not get her own way easily, she did not give it up, or take refuge in sulks or in an outbreak of temper, like most children; but rather, meeting with opposition seemed to stimulate her active mind to find a device for getting her way somehow." The following is one of her own stories in illustration of this. She and her next sister had what they were pleased to consider extremely

UGLY VELVET BONNETS

for Sunday wear. Complaints, however, were useless, and Dorothy set her brains to work to accomplish her end. One very rainy day the children knew that their mother had gone out for a long drive. Dorothy ran to her sister and said, "Be quick; now's our chance of spoiling our bonnets." They fetched the obnoxious articles and put them on, threw open the library window, put their heads well out, and let the rain work its worst upon the velvet. Then, at Dora's suggestion, and not at all to hide what they had done but merely to complete the operation, they put the bonnets away, soaking wet as they were, into their boxes. Sunday morning came: "Where were the bonnets?" Dora replied firmly, "Quite spoiled; we can never wear them any more." They were condemned, however, to wear them; and not on that Sunday alone, but for many Sundays afterward, they appeared in church with the monuments of failure upon their heads.

From her fourteenth to her twentieth year she rapidly grew in vigor and health, engaging in active out-door exercises, so that she became noted for her skill in various boyish games, and was famous for her daring as a horsewoman.

Those who knew her at this period say that *her personal beauty was very remarkable.* She was tall and slender, about five feet seven inches in height, and perfectly well made. Her hands were small and exquisitely formed, her features nearly perfect in their regularity, and the forehead wide and high. She had dark tightly-curling brown hair, waving all over her head, which no amount of cutting off or covering with caps could ever smooth; and the softness and roundness of youth, the extreme delicacy of her whole coloring and complexion, added to the liveliness of her expression, and made her a fascinating creature to look upon.

Her family were in easy and, indeed, affluent circumstances, but were distinguished by their devotion to the sick, the poor, and the suffering. It was usual among the sisters to plan how they could save from their travelling expenses or how deny themselves at the table, that they might be able to *give away* more generously than they were able to without the self-denial. The nine years after twenty were so beautifully spent in her home that her father called her his "Sunshine." She faithfully attended upon her mother's failing strength, and watched beside her death-bed.

Her enthusiasm and *spirit of adventure* were first thoroughly roused by *Miss Nightingale's* heroic work during the Crimean War a quarter of a century ago. She wanted to join the band of women who went out as nurses, and implored her father to let her go; but he wisely refused, telling her that, untrained and undisciplined as she was, she would be worse than useless adding that she had enough to employ her at home, if she would only think so.

But she felt that she could not be contented any longer at home, that a voice Divine was summoning her forth to labor. She felt compelled to go. To her had come that call which many a soul hears: "Wist ye not that I *must* be about my Father's business?" Her beginning was a very humble one. In October, 1861, Dora Pattison, in reply to an advertisement, finally quitted the shelter of the home roof, and became *a village schoolmistress* in the parish of Little Woolston, on the borders of Buckinghamshire.

Here she not only taught her children at school, but she followed them to their homes, nursed them when they were unwell, and visited their parents and others of the poor and sick in the village. For three years she continued to work at Woolston, but she was not altogether satisfied with the nature of her work or the character of her surroundings.

Dora's loneliness was at times disturbed, and on one occasion she had an unpleasant

ADVENTURE WITH A BURGLAR.

One day, when she happened to be at home, an ill-looking man came to beg, and she noticed that he took a critically observant look round her little kitchen. That evening she went to sit up with a man in the village who was dangerously ill. He died in the course of the night, and as Dora was returning home through the fields between one and two o'clock, she saw a bright light burning in her kitchen. She unlocked the door just in time to recognize the same man who had begged of her in the daytime, and to see him making his escape through the window of the adjoining room, with all her small collection of silver spoons and forks which she had brought from home, and a teapot which she especially valued. She never discovered any trace either of the thief or of her property.

Having neglected a severe cold which she had taken, she broke down in health, and by the advice of her friends went to Redcar, on the Yorkshire coast, for change and restoration. Here, as she got better, her insatiable desire for work returned, and to gratify her taste for nursing she *entered the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritan.* whose headquarters were at Coatham, but wh were engaged in various works of mercy i different parts of England. Here she unde went an exceptionally severe course of training shrinking from no hardship, stooping to the pe tiest details, and choosing danger and hardsh rather than ease.

Early in 1865 Sister Dora was *sent to Walsal.* to help in nursing at a small cottage hospital r cently established there. and at that period un der the charge of the Sisterhood to which sh was attached.

DESCRIPTION OF WALSALL.

The town then contained about 35.000 inhabi ants, and lay on the borders of the great coal an iron district in South Staffordshire, called by th very expressive name of "The Black County. At night the spectator seems to be transporte into the infernal regions, where the blindin glare of blast furnaces, the snorting of engine the ponderous thud of steam-hammers, and th clang and whiz and whirr of the machiner sounds which never cease, but which are le noticed during the day, bewilder the sense Little swarthy, half-naked pigmies (for so the appear by the side of gigantic fires) come and g in the flashing light like demons dancing roun their unquenchable flames. Forests of tall chin neys of every variety of shape vomit forth vo umes of smoke and fierce tongues of flam When Sister Dora commenced work in this l cality the men were described as many of the professing no religious belief whatsoever, an the women as leading hard lives of drudger drunkenness and immorality being scarce looked upon as a disgrace.

Here, then, Dora set to work with characteri tic energy, and early *caught small-pox from t patients;* but even in her delirium she show the bent of her mind by occupying herself tearing up her sheets into bandages. At th time the Walsall people were not only suspicio of the Sisters, erroneously supposing them to members of a Roman Catholic institution, b actually persecuted them with such materi arguments as stones and mud. Their patien and self-abnegating tenderness at length, ho ever, began to bear fruit, and almost the last i stance of active opposition fell upon Sister Dor This is the story as related by her biographer

"THAT'S MY MAN."

At the time of the celebrated Murphy ric Dora was walking, rather late one evenin through the town to visit a patient, when a l from the other side of the road called ou "*There goes one of those sisters of misery!*" a threw a stone which *cut open her forehead.* N long afterward this same young fellow w brought into the hospital, having met with severe injury in a coal-pit. Sister Dora, w never forgot a face, recognized him at once, sa ing to herself, "That's my man."

He was some time under her care, and she b stowed upon him probably more than usual a tention. One night, when he was recoverin she found him quietly crying. "I wouldn't a him what was the matter," Sister Dora sa when relating the incident, "because I knew w enough, and I wanted him to confess." length it came out, with many sobs, "Sister threw that stone at you." "Oh," she replie "did you think I did not know that? Why knew you the very first minute you came in the door." "What!" he exclaimed, "y knew me, and have been nursing me like this It was his first practical experience of good turned for evil, and he did not know what make of it.

She was regarded by the rough men who cupied the wards from time to time as an an of light, and if it were possible she would alw give them their tea with her own hand. W could ask with such real anxiety and tendern after their pain, and how they had been beari it? a question which not a few of them shra from answering.

Here she evidently found the "enlarg sphere" for which she had so long pined. S ed every opportunity for increasing her knowl- lge of dressing wounds and surgery, and add- g to her skill in the arts of healing. She went r way so noiselessly and undemonstratively at it was not until she was again prostrated by ness that the real value of her services was dis- vered. In process of time the hospital was moved to a healthier situation, and enlarged a manner correspondent to its needs. Sister ra was *placed in charge of the new building*, d its internal organization was intrusted to r.

The record *of her struggles through religious bts and fears* toward the light may help many other weary one. At one period she seemed e giving up, but a wise friend, the *Rev. Mr. igg*, incumbent of Walsall, pointed out that ive service of mind and body seemed her ecial calling, and that, having put her hand the plough, she could not turn back.

er powers of endurance seemed wonderful. er her hospital work was over she would start o to visit loathsome alleys. Occasionally she s up whole nights with dying patients, for om it was considered useless to do anything, who were therefore deserted by their friends. night she was sent for by a poor man who much attached to her, and who was dying what was called "black-pox," a virulent n of small-pox. She went, and found him *in emis;* only a neighbor was with him. But a ll piece of candle was left, and she therefore the woman money and begged her to has- back with lights. She went, *but never re- ed*.

fter a little while the dying man raised him- up in bed with a last effort, saying,

"SISTER, KISS ME BEFORE I DIE!"

took him, all covered as he was with the loath disease, into her arms, and kissed him, the le going out almost as she did so, leaving in total darkness. He begged to be held, she sat on thus with him in her arms till he , and then in the early dawn groped her way or assistance.

e was *very tender toward little children*, and great success in quieting them when fretful, soothing them when in pain.

"DON'T CRY; SISTER'S GOT YOU,"

would say to a struggling babe, carrying it in her right arm, while going about doing d work with her other hand. And pres- the little one would yield to the magnet- f her gentleness, and go off into a happy . Once *a child of nine*, dreadfully burned, ast the period of feeling pain, was brought e hospital. The extreme exhaustion of ap- hing death frightened the child, and Sister sat down by her, and talked to her about aviour and the bright home she was going soon, till the terror was exorcised, and a of content wreathed the pallid lips. "*en you come to heaven, Sister, I'll meet you gates with a bunch of flowers*," were the girl's last words, her eyes resting, no , on the flowers which Sister Dora always within sight for the comfort and cheer of tients.

regards those who were the objects of her ude, she took pains to let them see that red for them *individually*, telling them *he prayed for them one by one*, and that they went out from under her care she not forget them.

rough fellows, of course, constantly came body had ever seen such a woman as this —so beautiful, so good, so tender-hearted, ng and so gentle, so full of fun and humor, f sympathy for broken hearts as well as ery other kind of fracture, and the best that many of these poor maimed men had nown. She was the personification of ess and unselfishness to them; skilful and n her work, a great matter where wounds ncerned, and in a place where there was to be done and few people to do it.

r the patients' supper had been served *ad prayers always*, even when, as some- happened, her many duties and labors had so delayed her that most of the patients were asleep; for she said, "*The prayers go up for them all the same.*" She spoke unreservedly to her household upon the absolute necessity of *constant private prayer*, and thought no real blessing could attend the hospital unless those who worked in it fulfilled their duty in this respect. It is said of her that so unflinching was her faith in

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER

that she never touched a wound without lifting up her heart to the Giver of all virtue, and asking that healing might be conveyed by her means; and never set a fracture without a prayer that, through her instrumentality, the limb might unite.

As years passed on she became able almost to fulfil the Apostle's command, "Pray without ceasing." But the striking feature of her prayers was the strong faith which animated them. She did not pray because it was her duty, or even because she wished to fit herself to hold communion with God hereafter, but because *she believed that everything she asked for would be granted to her*. She firmly held to the supernatural power put into the hands of men by means of the weapon of prayer, and the practical faithlessness in this respect of the world at large was an ever-increasing source of surprise and distress to her. The thought of the lives led by most of those who were brought into the hospital weighed heavily upon her mind, especially if, as was frequently the case, they were insensible from an accident, and never likely to recover consciousness. "Well," she would say, "we must pray;" and at night, when the ward was quiet, she might often be seen kneeling by the bed of some such sufferer. "These patients are my crosses," she would say; "there seems so little hope to bear one up." Her old servant, who slept in the next room to her mistress, used *often to hear her praying aloud for hours at night*.

The little small-pox ambulance, was only too well known at one time in the streets of Walsall. During an epidemic one or more patients could be placed on the floor of the carriage in their beds, while by their side sat Sister Dora.

STOPPING A FIGHT.

There is a place in Walsall well known to the police called Marsh Lane, which is infamous on many accounts, but chiefly as the scene of Irish fights. One night, as Sister Dora passed the entrance to this lane, she saw a motley crowd collected, and in the midst a bloody fight was going on, with which the police were not venturing to interfere. She immediately turned down the lane, and plunging through the crowd, which made way for her right and left, she took possession of a high doorstep, where her appearance gained for her the attention she desired. She addressed the crowd in her usual fashion, flinging well-aimed raillery at the combatants. They stood for a moment or two abashed, like two furious bulldogs, and then, with the tenacity of the same creatures, again rushed on each other, urged on by the cries of the crowd. In one moment Sister Dora had thrown herself between the wild animals, holding them each back with an arm which either of the men could have broken as easily as he could have snapped his tobacco-pipe. Her appeal was all-powerful; they allowed her to win the day, and the fight was at an end.

A MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

It was Sister Dora's custom, during the latter months of her work, to drive to Sutton, about seven miles from Walsall, in a little pony carriage. She was always driven on these occasions by the porter of the hospital. Twice on the road she and her companion were attacked by men who evidently had evil intentions. Once, just as they were entering Sutton, two ruffians sprang out of a hedge, but a man on horseback appearing just at the moment, the men fled. Shortly after this they were driving more slowly than usual one dark night, when a man suddenly rushed across the road and ran after the carriage. The porter whipped up the pony, and Sister Dora, turning round, saw that the man had a large thick stick in his hand. "I had only time," she said, "for a short prayer, when the stick was brought down heavily on the back of the carriage. I had leaned instinctively to one side as I said my prayer, and *thus* my head escaped the blow which was intended for it."

For *fifteen years* Sister Dora continued her labors with strong will and unflagging energy, the constraining power through all being love to Christ, and a tender yearning for the erring and the suffering; but at last her own strength began to fail. This was in 1877. She consulted a confidential surgeon, and found that a complaint had set in which must *ultimately end her life*, involving great pain and admitting of no cure. She was determined to keep this a profound secret from all but herself and her doctor. For nearly twenty months she continued to go about her duties as usual, spending the night by the bedside of wretched, dying patients, soothing, exhorting, encouraging, going almost down with them into the dark valley of the shadow of death. She was sometimes fearful, perhaps not without reason, lest they should cling too exclusively to her and to the human support which she afforded them. Yet her religion was eminently spiritual. To one who tried to follow her she gave the wholesome advice: "When you want to lead any one to Jesus, remember you must point, and take care not to stand in the way yourself."

DORA'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

When the hospital was closed for a time, while a new building was erected, Dora went first to stay with her relations, and then to London and to Paris to see some new surgical appliances. She visited the Exhibition, and seemed to enter into everything with her wonted zeal. But at last, in October, 1878, *she broke down entirely*. She went to Birmingham to see her doctor, and was taken so ill there that she was supposed to be dying; but she insisted on being removed to Walsall, "to die among her people." The committee of the hospital engaged a small house for her, the new building being not quite ready; but from the time she went she never left her bed. The hospital was opened in her name, but she never saw it.

She bore her intense sufferings heroically and resignedly. They were days of mental darkness and depression, as well as of bodily pain. "I cannot pray; I cannot think. I sadly fear I shall be lost. *I can only trust.*" But she triumphed at length by faith in a personal Saviour.

On Saturday, December 21st, 1878, it became evident that the end was really drawing near. Sister Dora's depression now seemed greater than before, and a dread, amounting to horror, of the last pangs of death came upon her. Her coughing was incessant. At times all was loneliness and darkness; but still the faith in which her life had been passed stood her in such good stead that one of her nurses, who had watched many death-beds, testified, "I *never* saw such faith and patience." She anticipated a welcome from those souls whom she had herself led to God, and the idea comforted her. Repeatedly she exclaimed, "Oh, I hope I shall sing my Christmas carol in heaven."

On the morning of Tuesday, the 24th, she said, cheerfully, "I am dying; run for Sister Ellen." Meanwhile an old companion tried to soothe her, saying, "Our blessed Lord is standing at the gates of heaven to open them for you." But she no longer needed such consolation, for all her darkness was dissipated by the gathering glory-cloud, and she answered, "I see Him there; the gates are opened wide." At two o'clock in the afternoon she was at rest.

Almost the whole population of Walsall went to her funeral, many rough workmen weeping like children at the grave. She left a memory which will not soon pass away, of one who, though not free from faults and error, was yet a true and noble worker for God and man, and such "a succorer of many" as will not speedily find her equal on earth.

THE PRESIDENCY.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, October 24th, 1880.

"Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty: only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh."—GALATIANS 5:13.

An Unbiassed Utterance—Freedom of American Ministers—A Word that Stirs the Blood—Do not let Liberty Degenerate into License—The Defamation of Presidential Candidates—Paine's Attack on Washington—The Boston Sentinel's Monumental Inscription—The Present Candidates Assailed—Mrs. Surratt and the $329 Accusation—The Grave of Falsehood—Scurrilous Newspapers—The Antipathy of Some Journals More Desirable than Their Praise—The City Sewer in the Inkstand—A Question High Above All Others—The Question of Sectional Strife—The Quarrel Ought to Cease—Three Reasons for Patriotism—Our Fathers' Graves, Our Cradles and Our Children's Birthright—A Thousand-Armed Prayer.

WE are in the midst of the quadrennial Presidential excitement, and this Sabbath morning and next Sabbath morning as a Christian patriot I have some *earnest words* to address you. I have no partisan fetter on either hand or either foot. I get my instructions neither from Chicago nor Cincinnati, but from the throne of God.

It is a fortunate thing that in this country we are not tempted as ministers of religion by governmental patronage. In some lands the church is supported by the state. St. Peter's at Rome has cost the government two hundred millions of dollars. Xerxes took from the Temple of Belus a hundred millions of dollars. The English Government pays annually to the Archbishop of Canterbury seventy-five thousand dollars salary, seven hundred and seventy thousand to all the bishops, and eighteen thousand of her clergy are supported by government.

In this country we have less temptation to surrender private judgment to state dictation. Still there is a mighty pressure brought to bear upon ministers of religion here to make them think this way or that, vote this way or that, preach this way or that; but they must rise out of all such prejudices, and higher than any instructions from their congregations, or from the printing-press, and take their commission from the Lord.

There is in my text

ONE WORD THAT STIRS THE BLOOD

of every genuine man. That is, *liberty*. "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty." That word was written under Nero, the tyrant, detested of all ages: going incognito through the streets at night for the mere pleasure of robbing passengers; bedaubing Christians with tar and pitch and setting them on fire to light up the parks; kicking his own wife until she died; ordering his own mother assassinated, and then committing suicide. Of course under such a tyrant the word liberty cost Paul his head; but while the emperor slew the man, the word was indestructible, and it has remained the most arousing and revolutionary word of the ages.

It got into the *Magna Charta* and England was free; into the Declaration of American Independence, and started our nation on its high career; into the speech of Garibaldi and the *pronunciamento* of Victor Emanuel, and Italy shook off the dust of the grave; into France, and overthrew the Napoleonic dynasty; under a hundred despotic thrones, and will keep them rocking until they fall flat.

It took hold of the printing-press and broke off its shackle, and made it the mightiest agency for intelligence and evangelization the world has ever known. And that word will keep on its rounds until in all the earth there shall not be a tyrant's sceptre, or a slave's chain, or an oppressed workman, or a benighted intellect. Liberty for the state. Liberty for the Church. Liberty for the printing-press. Liberty for the pulpit. Liberty for the platform. Liberty for all continents, all islands, all zones, all ages. "Brethren ye have been called unto liberty."

But there is not only in my text a driving-wheel, there is a brake; not only an inspiration, but

A LIMITATION.

"Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty: only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh." Liberty, but not wild license. Liberty, but *not moral recklessness.*

First, I charge you, so far as I have any influence as your pastor and teacher, that while you exercise full liberty in political discussion, you do not surrender to *the spirit of license* which shows itself in slanderous implications of public men. Take down the newspaper files of the last eighty years, and you will find that in Presidential elections especially the public seemed to have felt that they were called upon for wide abuse of dignitaries. All those men who have gone up into the gallery of national and political sainthood, while they lived went chin deep through the slush of lampoonery and pasquinade, and there was no exception.

Thomas Paine wrote and published a letter to George Washington, in which he said: "Treacherous in all private friendship, and a hypocrite in public morals, the world will be puzzled to know whether we had better call you an apostate or an impostor, and whether you abandoned good morals or never had any."

All that about Washington! John Quincy Adams consoled himself with the fact that he had not more misrepresentation and scandal to endure than his father, John Adams, and declared that in that Presidential election it seemed as if there were men who did nothing but manufacture lies about him. On the 4th of March, 1801, the day on which Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated as President of the United States, the *Sentinel*, of Boston, wrote this derisive epitaph

"MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

"Yesterday expired, deeply regretted by millions of grateful Americans, and by all good men, the Federal administration of the government of the United States: animated by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, McHenry, Marshall, Stoddard, and Dexter, aged twelve years. Its death was occasioned by the secret arts and open violence of foreign and domestic demagogues. As one tribute of gratitude in these times, this monument to the talents and services of the deceased is raised by the *Sentinel.*"

During the candidacy of Andrew Jackson for the Presidency of the United States, the whole country was flooded with coffin handbills representing six dead men, referring to the fact that General Jackson had during the war ordered six militiamen shot for desertion, and in other places he was pictorialized as he entered the Presidential chair as receiving his sceptre from the devil. President Martin Van Buren was always caricatured in his time as a rat—a rat. Thomas H. Benton and Amos Kendall were pictorialized as robbers hurling a battering-ram against the door of the United States Bank.

Last summer, in a museum at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, I saw a prominent newspaper, published in 1844, which represented Henry Clay as a libertine, a murderer, and a gambler; and how much that man endured from the public may be inferred from his eulogy of Kentucky: "When I seem to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion."

On the same ticket with Henry Clay ran Theodore Frelinghuysen, called in those times "*the vinegar-faced Presbyterian*," although a more genial man never lived. From political assault and neglect Daniel Webster died of a broken heart at Marshfield. At the time of his nomination, the derisive cry was, "Who is James K. Polk?" although he had been a long while in the councils of the nation and Speaker of the House of Representatives. I will tell you, at this late age of the world, who James K. Polk was. He was the man who annexed Texas, one of the richest States of the Union, and, more than an other man of this century, made it possible for u to own everything between here and the Pacifi coast. And yet, during his administratio there were millions of men who never spoke him but with a sneer of contempt.

Those of you who are in mid life rememb the obloquy thrown upon Abraham Lincol "The Filthy Joker," "The Wholesale Butch er," "The Buffoon," "The Gorilla of t White House," the more refined epithets an more gentle of those used in regard to him. T others I cannot quote. All these great men the past have been apotheosized, and they ha gone into history honored and radiant.

But we are busy with the old business of

BASE TRAVESTY.

We have our dictionaries down, hunting some new term of political damnation. Tw men are nominated for President of the Unit States in our time, both of them eminent, t one in the field, and the other in the councils the nation, and so far as I know, both of the good. Now, I am told in regard to one that unjustly and cheerfully hanged Mrs. Surratt; th he is ignorant of all public affairs; that he ro across the battle-field, and with an oath neglec ed wounded soldiers; that he was engaged in infamous oil swindle; that he is a "weak a ambitious man," wanting the Presidency, a willing to do anything unprincipled to get i and that he has "a bee in his bonnet," and on, and so on, and so on, and so on.

I am told, in regard to the other candidate, th he took unlawful counsel fees; that he took sto in the Credit Mobilier when he knew it was national swindle, and I see it written on t sides of houses, and on doorsteps with chalk, t number of dollars he is said to have gained that fraud—329. And so on, and so on, and on, and so on.

Now, I would like to gather up all the anat mas about the first man I mentioned and p them in a grave, and lift a monument with t epitaph: "Here rest the large family of Repu can falsehoods. *Requiescat in Pace.*" The would like to gather up all the anathemas ab the other man, and put them in a grave, and a monument with this epitaph: "Here rest t great family of Democratic falsehoods. *Requ cat in Pace.*"

Do you think that by maligning the men the opposite party you can forward your ow I tell you no. There is in human nature so thing that puts it in sympathy with the duced. Falsehood does more harm to the who utters it than the one against whom it uttered. If I had a scale delicate enough weigh defamation, I would tell you in one m ute who will positively be the next President the United States. I would take all the scur ity about Hancock and put it on one side scales, and I would take all the scurrility ab Garfield and put it on the other side the scale scurrility against scurrility—and having fou out which was the heavier, I would make a w good prophecy.

The fact is, that when a man is up for office in Brooklyn, New York, or the Uni States, he becomes *a target*. The fact that is up seems to be proof that he ought to brought down! We put all his public aff and all his private affairs under scrutiny, and turn on the electric lights, and if there be a thing that we can twist into seeming wro doing, there are multitudes of people as mu delighted as though they had discovered a n star or found a new invention. And the now, in this country—*the air is full of carr crows* scenting carcasses. Caw! Caw! Caw!

And in this connection let me say that th are *newspapers* in the United States which se to mistake wild license for liberty. There some newspapers whose whole business calumny. Their columns are stuffed with their editorials reek with it, they seem to dema that their reportorial corps shall bring ho chiefly putrefaction. They would give more one quillful of filth than a hogshead full althy product. *They tip the end of the city ver into their editorial inkstands.* They break- t and dine and sup on indecency. They roll it, swine in the mire. Those unclean political d literary wretches write with a quill not icked from the stupid goose, or the sublime le, but from the turkey-buzzard. Ghouls! ouls!

he only alleviating fact is that it sometimes duces a recoil of righteousness, or a reaction. e best commendation some men can have is to e certain papers assail them. Their assault positive eulogy. I want no better commen- ion of certain men than that certain papers antagonistic to them. Such papers are bad ugh at other times, but in Presidential elec- s they quadruple their wickedness.

he time will come when respectable men will patronize such papers, will not be seen hav- them in their hand; and when literary and tical sins cease to pay, then the publications cease. Have nothing to do, pen, tongue, or , with slanderous malediction of public men. it be possible that any of you are so dim of t that you cannot see in this great national est there are tremendous principles in- ed? I call you away from the work of the tical scavenger to the work of the Christian iot.

here is in this autumnal election

A QUESTION HIGH ABOVE ALL OTHERS

ount Blanc is higher than an anthill. The tion of the common schools nothing com- d with it, the question of the tariff nothing pared with it, the Chinese question nothing pared with it; and that great question is, how hall turn the solid South and the solid North one great solid nationality.

e Republican party says, "Elect our man sectional strife will cease." The Demo- c party says, "Elect our man and the sec- l strife will cease." I shall not go into that tion now; but I call your attention away mean and personal altercation and slander- mplication of public men, to that one great al question. Discuss it. Pray over it. in regard to it. Massachusetts and Ala- after long divorce need to be remarried, he Penobscot and the Appalachicola need d out they are sisters.

the sake of civilization and religion, for the of the financial and moral welfare of the e, break up that aggravating line between wo sections. Let the people go down and up to the national cemeteries at Richmond lurfreesboro, and by the graves of the Blue he Gray forgive, and forget, and pray, and ace each other.

y years of altercation are enough. Bad enough. National debt enough. Graves h. Widowhood enough. Orphanage h. Agony and woe enough.

ope in God that we have the last political rm in which there is any mention made of North or South. If this quarrel is to go m age to age, and forever, we might better allowed the South to go in 1860. Your s and brothers imperilled their lives and hem for the retention of the South, not ve might be in more convenient antago- but in the hope that in the future there be amity and good understanding. Be l how you defeat the object of that holo- for which it was enacted, for which it was d.

the sections visit each other; and as last you had brigadier-generals of the South per Institute, New York, before you get h with this national contest have brigadier- ls of the North in the great halls of ston and New Orleans. And when northern ant to fly from the wintry blasts, let them he orange-groves of Florida; and if Geor- ant to fly from the torrid blasts, let them to Saratoga Springs or to Manhattan You met each other face to face to ; why not meet each other face to face to You crossed swords, now cross palms. ot the sun of this generation go down on our national wrath. Before those of us who are in mid-life lay our heads in the dust, let the nation be pacified. Let these angry sectional voices be hushed, or we cannot well sleep our last sleep; they will disturb our pillow of dust. Be still the North be still the South, be still the East, be still the West, while one great united nation does homage to the God of the Maine forest and the Florida lagoons, the Michigan wheat-fields, and the South Carolinian rice-swamps, the New Jersey peach-orchards and the cotton plantations of Mississippi. Let the ballot-box of next Tuesday a week be the altar on which shall be sacrificed our sectional hates, and the throne on which national unity shall begin her sway.

You see in this first sermon of the two sermons I am to preach on the Presidential contest, I have two designs—the one to bring you away from slanderous implications of public men, and the other to concentrate your attention upon the best way of obliterating sectional antipathies. Oh, my friends, you and I ought to

DO OUR BEST FOR THIS COUNTRY.

There are *three reasons* why: our fathers' graves, our own cradle, our children's birthright. When I say *your fathers' graves*, your pulses run quicker. Whether they sleep in city cemetery or in village graveyard, their ashes are precious to you. They lived well and they died right. You will not submit to have their tombs dishonored by the reign of any government other than that under which they lived and died.

Then, this land has been *our cradle.* It may have rocked us roughly, but it was a good cradle to be rocked in. Oh, how much we owe it. Dear land of our boyhood and girlhood days! and it is to be our children's birthright. We will soon be through with it. We will see only a few more of the blossoms of the spring, we will gather only a few more of the harvests of the summer, we will pluck only a little more of the fruits of the autumn; but our children, they must get it through us as we got it from our fathers—a free land, a happy land, a Christian land. We cannot have them trodden of despotisms, or lashed of cruelties, or affrighted of anarchy. We must hand this country to them over the ballot-box, over the school-desk, over the church-altar, and charge them to put their life between it and any keen stroke that would destroy it.

And Thou, Lord God Almighty, we lay hold of Thee in

A THOUSAND-ARMED PRAYER.

(Remember our fathers' bleeding feet at Valley Forge. Remember Marion and Kosciusko. Remember the hunger and the cold and the thirst, the long march and the fever hospital. Remember the fearful charge up Bunker Hill. Remember Lexington, and Yorktown, and King's Mountain, and Gettysburgh. Remember the lake where Perry fought, and the Hampton Roads where the *Cumberland* went down. Remember Washington's prayer by the camp-fire. Remember Plymouth Rock and the landing among the savages. Remember Independence Hall, and how much it cost our fathers to sign their names. Remember all the tears, and the blood of three wars—1776, 1812, 1864.) Remember a groan that was mightier than all other groans, a thirst that stung worse than any other thirst, a death that was ghastlier than all other deaths—the mount on which Jesus died to make all men happy and free. And for the sake of all this sacrifice, human and divine, deliver this nation, O God! And whosoever would blot it out, and whosoever would cut it down, and whosoever would turn it back, let him be accursed.

Go home to-day in high hopes. The car of our national progress will never roll backward. The eternal God is on the side of this nation.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that will never
  call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-
  ment seat;
O be swift; my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my
  feet
    Our God is marching on."

THE GOSPEL IN ROME.

At a recent meeting in Exeter Hall, London, the Rev. J. Wall, who has been engaged in missionary work in the Italian capital, gave an interesting account of his labors.

He said, when he first went to Italy he devoted himself much to the dissemination of the Word of God. The priest generally appeared as the enemy of God's Word. But the population did not go with him; for when they saw the Word of God burned in the streets by them, a storm of indignation generally set in against the priests, and they said that the men who burned the Word of God could not be the friends of God.

On his first entrance into Rome, long before the Italians had taken possession of the city, he managed to take some copies of the Gospel, concealed in the lining of his carpet-bag, and distributed them to the people. In after years he frequently heard that persons who possessed copies of the Word of God had resorted to all kinds of means to conceal them from the priests.

On one occasion a Roman came into their meeting for the first time, and stated that years ago he had found a solitary Testament which some visitor had timdily thrown into a passage of one of the streets of Rome. The man had found the Testament, and had read it to his wife and mother-in-law. The three of them had become converted to Christ. Among the populations in the city, and in the surrounding towns and villages, in one week he sold 800 copies of the New Testament, and shortly after that *an American gentleman* provided means for issuing 10,000 copies of the first edition of the New Testament published in Rome, and those copies were printed within sight of the Vatican. The Testaments were soon sold, and the want was felt to be greater than ever. An English gentleman in Rome, seeing the work, and being satisfied and thankful to God for it, offered to print an edition of fifty thousand copies, and of that edition they had sold almost thirty thousand copies in various parts of Italy.

AN HONEST PRIEST.

On one occasion travelling with a priest who during the journey, did everything in his power to convert him to Catholicism, after he had finished, he (Mr. Wall) thought it was his turn to begin, and having noticed during the conversation that this priest bore deeply rooted in his soul a burden of unpardoned sin, he told him how once in his own life he had been in the same state of mind, but that he had found a Saviour, and the sin had gone, the fear of death had been removed, and judgment had now no terror: the work of Christ was a pleasure and a privilege, a kind of reality, a kind of royalty sent from heaven to the soul; and he said, "Now speak to me as a man? If you had the power by one word, or by one single act of yours, to change me from what I am into what you are, would you do it?" The priest looked at me, and said, "No, I would not."

AN EXCOMMUNICATED QUEEN.

When the present Queen of Italy came to Rome as Princess of Piedmont, she came as an excommunicated person, and a priest (Father Grassi) who ventured to give her the sacrament was sent into retreat. After fifteen days' penance he was allowed to come out of prison; but the king knighted him. That priest was one day walking down the street, and seeing a notice to the effect that the Gospel was preached in a certain place, he came up into Mr. Wall's room. They had many conversations together, and the result was that he left the Romish Church, and was baptized. Being cited before the Inquisition which had functions in Rome, although without ability to execute its decrees, Father Grassi appeared and made his protest, denouncing the Catholic system as an imposture. That protest was published and circulated throughout the city, and the result was that Signor Grassi commenced to preach the Gospel. A Protestant chapel was built for him, in which he had ministered for some years.

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(Continued from page 678.)

A Domestic Creed—A Fancied Future—The Rev. Mr. Mitchell's Consideration—A Visit to Canterbury Cathedral—An Excursion to Dane John—A Strange Man makes a Demand—Revelation of a Startling Circumstance.

MRS. MITCHELL smiled again. The young girl's piquancy and bright, determined way of thinking and speaking had a charm for her, perhaps because she had herself so lacked outward firmness and self-reliance, though she was both firm and self-reliant in a quiet inward manner in all things wherein principle was at stake. Now she remarked gently,

"You do not put things quite in their right order, Constance. First, in a man's life, God, even if you choose to put his wife second. My idea of it is, God, duty, home. Would you reverse it, Constance? Wife and children, or whatever ties a man may have, make his home for him as they are subservient and helpful to his duty to God and man."

"Yet, if poets speak truly," said Constance, "if those who appear to write with the clearest perception of human nature, say truly, there comes a time to most men and women when nothing else seems of any moment in comparison with the love they long for in each other."

"I fully believe that, Constance," replied Mrs. Mitchell softly. Perhaps her mind reverted to the years, not so very long ago but that they were almost as fresh in her memory as the events of yesterday, when the love of her, the desire to win her, the joy of a new-found love, were the aims of Rowland Mitchell's life, when he was so absorbed in her as to be in danger, as he often laughingly said, of forgetting everything else.

"But all our days cannot be wooing days, Constance, nor should we, could we, wish them so. Days of union when noble work is accomplished together are even sweeter."

Constance was still silent. She kissed Mrs. Mitchell's hand now and then to let her feel her sympathy and interest in all she said; meanwhile she busied herself on the little nightdress for Maud which she was making.

Mrs. Mitchell presently leaned back in her easy chair, and was quiet so long with closed eyes that her companion thought she was asleep. But when at length Constance turned to her again her eyes were open, and she said, "My plan does not suit your hopes then, Constance?"

"Nothing could be farther from my thoughts or possible wishes, dear Mrs. Mitchell," answered the young girl firmly. She hesitated a little after these words, unused as she was to hesitate, and then went on, "I have been thinking over all you have said, and, do you know, I have been considering that it sometimes happens the very people you would suppose likely to marry again never dream of doing so, while others, on the contrary, whom you would suppose not at all likely to, are the very ones who do." Constance was thinking rather bitterly of her mother in this light. "I shall not be surprised should Mr. Mitchell be so unhappy as to lose you if he clings passionately to your memory all his days, and refuses ever to take anyone else into your place, because, indeed, nobody else could fill it."

Constance was hardly prepared for the brilliant smile that illuminated for a moment the wasted features of the gentle invalid.

"It is possible you may be right," she said, "but I ought not to wish it—for his sake I ought not."

"Do you not think, dear Mrs. Mitchell," said Constance tenderly, "that it will be better for you not to trouble yourself by separating yourself from him, even in idea, at all? You are his, and he is yours; God only should separate you. It almost seems like wronging him and yourself, too, to fancy a future, as you did just now, which so very likely will never come."

"I think you may be right, Constance," said the minister's wife a second time. "I have not seen the matter before in that light."

This conversation had taken place a week or two before; and now Constance was listening to Canterbury bells on a brilliant, sunshiny, frosty, sparkling Christmas morning, and feeling very glad indeed that she had been able to firmly set aside the painful subject which Mrs. Mitchell had introduced.

The Rev. Rowland Mitchell had arrived the day before, and had been grieved to observe the increasing weakness of his wife—increased considerably, as it appeared to him, since his last visit, about a fortnight before. Church matters and the ordination of a young friend had kept him away too long. He decided that nothing should ever keep him so long from her again.

"While I am here, Miss Anerley, I shall release you as much as may be from attendance upon my dear Ellen," he said, in a sadder, humbler tone than Constance had ever heard him use before. "I shall not leave her at all while I can be with her. You had better have a little change, and let Percy take you some walks."

If Rowland could be in sight, could sit beside her, could hold her hand in his, or let her lay her poor aching head on his shoulder, could read to her, could sing to her in his sweet mellow voice, the invalid seemed perfectly content—she wanted nothing, no one else.

So on Christmas morning after breakfast, while the bells from the many churches of the venerable city filled the frosty air with sweetest music, Constance Anerley, accompanied by Percy Mitchell and little Maud, paid her first visit to the glorious old cathedral, that stands at once a monument of history and of beauty in its picturesque precincts, themselves a study for an artist. And when they had entered the vast pile with its noble avenue of arches, reflecting in stone the solemn fairness of the Almighty's architecture in mighty forests and woodland shades, and when the soft, luscious notes of the organ, embalming as it were the music of the centuries, breathed out the tender, graceful strains of Handel's exquisite "Pastoral Symphony," the soul of Constance ws lost in an ecstasy too self-absorbing for any words.

She thought amidst the pageantries of the cathedral service of that richer, more gorgeous ritual, that high mass long ago, so rudely and harshly interrupted by fierce and cruel men, when the proud and mighty Becket, more priest than man, more ruler than subject, was stricken down in the glory of his pride, and the cathedral church of the nation was stained indelibly with the prelate's blood. Such places as Canterbury Cathedral are like irrefragable links, binding the past and the present together. "Footprints written here on the sands of time" can never be erased.

Mendelssohn's lovely Christmas hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," was given as the anthem by the bright, clear young altos of the chorister boys, blended with the fuller, deeper notes of manly basses and tenors. A short sermon, and then they came out into the sunny cathedral yard. The trees around, of several centuries' growth, were beautiful with frozen snow, and with heaven's radiant blue shining between their whitened boughs, it was a dazzling picture. Roofs and flying buttresses and towers were white with glittering snow, too hard to thoroughly melt even in the sunbeams, and with many a long icicle dependent from hoary walls and stems of ivy in the shady nooks.

"Do let us go to Dane John before we go in, Miss Anerley," said Percy; "they won't want us till dinner-time, and it is so splendid."

"If you will run on and ask how your dear mamma is, Percy, and if I can be of any use, and if you find I am not wanted, we will go," returned Constance.

The boy gladly accepted the conditions, and hurried forward. He returned and said that his mother had had a very quiet morning, that his father had read her to sleep, and that they could not do better than stay out a while longer. So they proceeded to Dane John, walking along the upper path of the public grounds beside the old city wall. The scene was lovely here also. There is a peculiar charm about a sunny winter lar scape, when Nature traces her lines of beauty the sparkling, radiant brightness of sunlit froz snow—gold and white.

Life was very full of joy to the little girl tl day, only vaguely clouded by the knowledge tl dear mamma was not well. With the unselfi ness that had by God's grace become natural her, Mrs. Mitchell insisted that her child should, for as long as possible, be kept free fr anxiety respecting her.

Percy and his little sister were in advance Constance, when a ragged, dissolute-looki man, turning up a by-path from the lower race, suddenly came toward her. Constai was not by any means of a nervous tempe ment, yet, though not frightened, she was tainly disagreeably surprised when the man ca up to her and demanded of her rather than quested some assistance.

"I have nothing for you," replied Constan and was passing on, but he put himself in path defiantly.

"What do you mean? Allow me to pas she said quietly, with a dignity that was natu to her.

"I dare say I seem a rude, ill-mannered low," he said then, with a smooth polished cent and good address, "but, Miss Anerley must beg you will not refuse my request."

Puzzled beyond measure as to his knowle of her name, Constance stood still and sil waiting for him to leave her. She percei now that he was so close to her, that he sm most disagreeably of drink. She was not s to attribute his impertinence to that cause. how could he know her? She was almos stranger to the city herself, she had been so l away from London, and she could not remem seeing the man at Brighton. It was strange; she tried hard to recall his cou nance, but could not succeed.

"You know Salome Stanley?" he said ruptly.

"Miss Stanley! What has my knowledg her to do with your coming to me?"

"Much," he replied laconically. "Sal Stanley and I are very nearly related."

"If it were so she would not send you her me," said Constance firmly; "I know her well to believe that."

"If you knew that harm, disgrace w come to her, would you not wish to save he

"Certainly from harm; disgrace we can make for ourselves. Nothing could bring grace to her, in my opinion." Constance s out for her friend as fearlessly as it was pos for her to speak, and added, "I know her well to doubt her."

The strange man smiled rather grimly and agreeably, and Constance felt that she woul very glad indeed to get rid of him, when P and Maud came back to her again from a they had had together to make the little g feet warm, and she welcomed the interrup The stranger stared at Percy, and Percy st at him.

"Master Mitchell?"

"Yes."

Percy still looked at him curiously afte had answered him.

"Do you know this man, Percy?" a Constance, still more surprised.

"Yes, he is one of the porters at Bright mean, he was at the railway station."

"Quite true. I have done anything, Anerley, to earn a penny honestly. Do you to know how I am related to Miss"—he al hissed out that monosyllable—"Stanley?"

"Certainly not; it is no business of mi said Constance coolly. "People often hav misfortune to have disagreeable relations, it is their *misfortune*, not their fault."

Again she was passing on, when he prevented her.

"You must give me something; I really no money," he said.

"And I am not one to be threatened giving," returned Constance. "Do not co me to send for the lodge-keeper to remove you from the gardens."

"You will repent it if you do," he said. "I ould surprise you more than you dream of."

"I don't want any surprises from you," an- wered Constance haughtily, "Come, Percy— ome, Maud, we must go."

(*To be continued.*)

GROWING REVOLUTIONARY LAWLESSNESS A PROPHETIC SIGN.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THE assassination of Lord Mountmorres, on he night of September 25th, at Rusheen, Ire- nd, because of some fancied grievance against m as a landlord, is one out of many evidences f an increase of a lawless spirit among the asses in Ireland—the same spirit which stalks road in Russia in Nihilism, in Germany in ocialism, and in France in Communism.

Prophetic expositors have repeatedly shown at Daniel's "Time of trouble, such as never as since there was a nation, even to that same me" (12 : 1), may be expected about the pres- t period, and that it will be a repetition of the rrors of the French Revolution of 1793, on a ger scale. It is instructive to bear in mind w France, in 1789, gradually drifted from a ate of peace and prosperity into a condition of archy, after beheading its king and queen.

The great French Revolution, as recorded in lison's Europe, shows what men will do after at, by general consent, the barriers of religion d law are thrown down. The briefest allusion them will serve to show into what depths of ominable wickedness human nature can sink der the influence of infuriate passions quite controlled.

"Fifty thousand revolutionary committees re in operation, from Calais to Bayonne. ve hundred thousand persons, drawn from the egs of society, disposed, in these committees, he lives and liberties of every man in France" ison, vol. iii. p. 8). "Pache, Hébert, and aumette, the leaders of the municipality, pub- y expressed their determination to "*dethrone King of Heaven*, as well as the monarchs of e earth." To accomplish this design, they vailed on Gobel, the apostate constitutional shop of Paris, to appear at the bar of the nvention, accompanied by some of the clergy his diocese, and there abjure the Christian h. . . The churches were stripped of all ir ornaments. . . Their plate and valuable tents were sent to the mint to be melted wn."

"During several weeks, daily abjurations by constitutional clergy took place at the bar the Convention." It was openly declared t "God did not exist, and that the worship Reason was to be instituted in His stead." e services of religion were universally aban- ned. The pulpits were deserted throughout he revolutionized districts; baptisms ceased; burial service was no longer heard; the received no communion, the dying no con- ation.

heavier anathema than that of Papal ver pressed upon the peopled realm of France *he anathema of Heaven*, inflicted by the mad- s of her own inhabitants. The village bells e silent. Sunday was obliterated. In lieu he services of the church, the licentious *fêtes* be new system were performed by the most *ndoned females;* it appeared as if the Chris- worship had been succeeded by the orgies the Babylonian priests, or the grossness of Hindoo theocracy.

n every tenth day a revolutionary leader nded the pulpit and preached atheism to the ildered audience; Marat was universally ied, and even the instrument of death was ed the holy guillotine. On all the public eteries was placed the inscription: "Death eternal sleep." God was openly challeng- nd defied in one of the churches in Paris.

he foregoing is a picture of what will be the e of things all through the world in a few years' time, when the Seventh Vial brings "the political earthquake, so mighty and so great as was not since men were upon the earth" (Rev. 16). We are living now just at the close of the Sixth Vial, which dries up the mystic Euphrates or Turkish Empire. It is well, therefore, for us to know that things will grow worse and not better during the next few years, until the Second Advent of Christ takes place, and then, the Millennium will dawn on the earth.

A VISION OF HELL.

By the Late Rev. Robert Young, Wesleyan Minister.

WHILE residing in a British colony as a Christian missionary I was called one evening to visit Miss D——, who was said to be dying. Mrs. Young, by whom she was met weekly for religious instruction, feeling a deep interest in her spiritual welfare, accompanied me to her residence. We found her in the chamber of a neat little cottage, exceedingly ill, but *confiding in the merits of Jesus*, and after spending some time with her in conversation and prayer, we commended her to God, and took our departure, without the least hope of seeing her again in this life. Soon after we left she seemed to die, but as the usual signs of death, which so rapidly develop themselves in that country, did not appear, her friends anxiously waited to see the end.

She remained in that state for several days, during which period we repeatedly visited her, and the only indications we could perceive that life was not extinct were a slight foaming at the mouth and a little warmth about the region of the heart. She was watched with great interest both night and day, and after having been in this state for nearly a week, she opened her eyes and said, "Mr. C—— is dead." Her attendants, thinking that she was under the influence of delirium, replied that she was mistaken, as he was not only alive but well. "Oh, no!" said she, "he is dead; for a short time ago, as

I PASSED THE GATES OF HELL,

I saw him descend into the pit, and the blue flame cover him. Mr. B—— is also dead, for he arrived at heaven just as I was leaving that happy place, and I saw its beautiful gates thrown wide open to receive him, and heard the host of heaven shout, 'Welcome, weary pilgrim!'"

Mr. C—— was a neighbor, but a very *wicked* person, and Mr. B——, who lived at no great distance, many years had been a consistent member of the church of God. The parties who heard Miss D——'s startling and confident statements immediately sent to make inquiries about the two individuals alluded to, and found, to their utter astonishment, that *the former had dropped down dead* about half an hour before, whilst in the act of tying his shoe, and that about the same time *the latter had suddenly passed into the eternal world.* For the truth of these facts I do solemnly vouch. She then went on to tell them where she had been, and what she had seen and heard.

VISIT TO HEAVEN.

After being sufficiently recovered to leave the house, she paid us a visit, and Mrs. Young, as well as myself, heard from her own lips the following account of what she had passed through. She informed us that at the time she was supposed to die *a celestial being conducted her into the invisible world*, and mysteriously unveiled to her the realities of eternity. He took her first to heaven, but she was told that, as she yet belonged to time, she could not be permitted to enter into that glorious place, but only to behold it, which she represented as infinitely exceeding in beauty and splendor the most elevated conceptions of mortals, and whose glories no language could describe.

She told us that she beheld the Saviour upon a throne of light and glory, surrounded by the four-and-twenty elders, and a great multitude which no man could number, among whom she recognized Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, and all the Missionaries who had died in that colony, besides many others whom she mentioned, and although those parties were not named by the angel that attended her, yet she said that seeing them was to know them.

She described those celestial spirits as being *variously employed*, and although she felt herself inadequate to convey any definite idea of the nature of that employment, yet it appeared to be adapted to their respective mental tastes and spiritual attainments. She also informed us that she *heard sweet and most enrapturing music*, such as she had never heard before, and made several attempts to give us some idea of its melodious character, but found her notes too earthly for that purpose.

While thus favored, the missionaries already referred to, and other happy spirits, as they glided past her, sweetly smiled, and said they knew whence she came, and, if faithful to the grace of God, she would, in a short time, be admitted into their delightful society. All the orders of heaven were in perfect and blessed harmony, and appeared to be directed in all their movements by a mysterious influence, proceeding from the throne of God.

She was next conducted to a place whence she had

A VIEW OF HELL,

which she described in the most terrific language, and declared that the horrid shrieks of lost spirits still seemed to sound in her ears. As she approached *the burning pit*, a tremendous effort was made to draw her into it, but she felt herself safe under the protection of her guardian angel. She recognized many in the place of torment whom she had known on earth, and even some who had been thought Christians.

There were princes and peasants, learned and unlearned, writhing together in one *unquenchable fire*, where all earthly distinctions and titles were forever at an end. Among them she beheld a Miss W——, who had occupied a prominent station in society, but had died during the illness of this young woman. She said that when Miss W—— saw her approach her shrieks were appalling, beyond the power of language to describe, and that she made a desperate but unsuccessful effort to escape.

THE PUNISHMENT OF LOST SOULS

she represented as symbolizing the respective sins which had occasioned their condemnation. Miss W——, for instance, was condemned *for the love of money*, which I had every reason to believe, was her besetting sin, and she seemed *robed in a garment of gold, all on fire.* Mr. O——, whom she saw, was lost through *intemperance*, and he appeared to be punished by *devils administering to him some boiling liquid.* She said there was no sympathy among these unhappy spirits, but that unmixed hatred, in all its frightful forms, prevailed in every part of the fiery regions. She beheld parents and children, husbands and wives, and those who had been companions in sin, exhibiting every mark of deep hatred to each other's society, and heard them in fiendish accents upbraiding and bitterly cursing each other. She saw

NOTHING IN HELL BUT MISERY

and despair, and heard nothing there but the most discordant sounds, accompanied with *weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.*

While she gazed upon this revolting scene, many souls arrived from earth, and were greedily seized by innumerable devils of monstrous shape, amid horrid shouts of hellish triumph, and tortured according to their crimes.

This fearful view of the state of the lost agrees with the testimony of S.T., whose case is on record in Mr. Wesley's Journal (Vol. ii. pp. 22-26, Edit. 1829). She tells us that while in her trance the place of the condemned was unveiled, and she "saw a vast number who stood up cursing and blaspheming God, and spitting at each other, and many were making balls of fire, and throwing them at one another." She also "saw many others who had cups of fire out of which they were drinking down flames, and others who held cards of fire in their hands, and seemed to be playing with them."

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Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

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NOTICE.

To give our readers an opportunity of introducing the Christian Herald to their friends, we will send the paper post free to any address from 1st October, to 31st December, 1880, on receipt of 25 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Final Aspect of the Presidential Campaign is remarkable for the prominence which the question of the tariff has assumed. The subject in the early stages of the struggle was relegated to the position of a side issue ; now it is the principal topic in speeches on both sides. This is eminently satisfactory, and is significant of the power of the people as compared with that of their leaders. All the efforts to array the voters in two sections and confront a solid South with a solid North failed. Sectional animosity found no congenial soil in the mass of the people, and all efforts to sow the bitter seed proved abortive ; but as the question of the tariff, with all its absurd and grotesque anomalies, came up, public interest was quickened, and the leaders saw in it a power to move the people. Thus, not for the first time, have the people led those who professed to be the leaders, and have displayed a keener political insight into vital questions than their teachers. In this question much of the national prosperity is bound up, and the fact is generally recognized. The party which the polls next week will place in power, be it Republican or Democrat, will find in this question its golden opportunity, and the eager manner in which the people have taken up the subject should teach that party the necessity of dealing with it in a wise, cautious, and enlightened spirit.

The Responsibility of Voters.—At this Critical period, as we stand on the eve of a decision which will affect our national policy during the next four years, it is important that every voter rightly understand his position on the great questions of the day. The following weighty utterances cannot, therefore, be too urgently pressed on public attention. In speaking recently of the voter's duty, Dr. Talmage said :

"The intensity with which both parties have been looking to the elections in Maine and Ohio and Indiana admits the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country who have no opinion of their own ; they want to see which side has the best prospect of winning, and then they cheer mightily on that side. If the October elections go for Garfield, they will hurrah for Garfield. If they go for Hancock, they will hurrah for Hancock. In other words, many of the human race are like sheep. They go this way or that, because others go this way or that. What difference does it make to you or to me how others vote? *It is a matter between us and God.* The majority may be right or wrong, but with my own conscience I must be right, *with your own conscience you must be right.*"

The Loss of the Steamer Alpena, of the Goodrich Transportation Line, with all on board, is another of those maritime disasters of which we have had so many during the last few months. She sailed from Grand Haven on Friday, October 15th, for Chicago, and nothing has been heard of her since. Fears were excited on Monday by the report of a mail carrier that wreckage was being washed ashore at Stony Creek, a hamlet on the shores of Lake Michigan, and a messenger was immediately dispatched to investigate the report. Then it was found that the Alpena must have perished in the fearful storm which raged over the lake on Saturday morning. A piano, portions of the vessel, and articles from the freight she carried, were seen and recognized, and on Wednesday several bodies were washed on shore. There was no passenger list kept at Chicago, or at the lake ports the Alpena touched at, so that the exact number of the lost cannot be ascertained. It is, however, feared that at least seventy persons must have gone down with the vessel.

A Fatal Accident of a very Melancholy Character occurred in Brooklyn October 19th. Miss M. Porter, a young lady whose remarkable beauty and earnest Christian character had gained for her the love of an extensive circle of friends, was riding with some friends in Prospect Park. The party were just leaving the park when a carriage and pair of horses dashed furiously in their midst. The horse Miss Porter was riding reared and threw her. Then he rushed on wildly, dragging on the pavement after him the poor girl, whose habit was entangled with the saddle. When he was stopped, Miss Porter was extricated and carried to a physician's house ; but her injuries were so serious that she died in an hour afterward. The accident is attributable to bicycle riding. The horses attached to the carriage which scattered the party of equestrians had been frightened by the sudden appearance of one of those stealthy machines which have occasioned so many calamities.

John Taylor, the Mormon President who was chosen to succeed Brigham Young, sent out thirty more missionaries last week to labor in Europe. They include several Englishmen, a Welshman, a Swede, and men of other nationalities, and each one is assigned a field of labor among his own countrymen. They will probably be able to send over many dupes, but they would not succeed so easily if those they preach to, had been in Laramie, Wyo., last week and seen Josephine Taylor, the daughter of the president, begging her bread there. She had fled on foot from Utah, encountering innumerable dangers, and braving poverty and all other ills rather than live any longer in the polygamous city. She stayed but a few hours in Laramie, and after obtaining food pressed on east, fearing nothing but capture by her father's emissaries.

The Failure of the Ladies' Bank at Boston, Mass., has caused much misery among a class ill prepared to buffet with the world. The career of the institution is a curious one, and we briefly describe it, in order that our readers may be warned against the host of unprincipled persons who are at the present time seeking the confidence of the public.

A short time ago the Ladies' Deposit Bank was opened in modest quarters in Boston, and the managers offered to receive deposits from women of not less than $200 and not more than $1000, interest to be paid quarterly in advance, at the rate of *eight per cent per month.* They stipulated that depositors should be spinsters or widows, self-supporting, and not engaged in any immoral pursuit, and possessed, of no houses in their own right. As the proposal to pay eigh per cent interest per month meant the annua payment of *ninety-six dollars interest* for ever hundred dollars deposited, it would have bee naturally met with incredulity ; but it was give out that the bank was *a benevolent institution*, an that wealthy Quakers had contributed a fund o a million and a half of dollars to enable the ban to encourage provident habits among strugglin women. The bait was successful : over a thousand ladies deposited money, among them seamstresses, school teachers, female physicians, an widows, who paid in altogether more than a million dollars. Now the scheme has collapsed, an the manager and cashier have been arrested The distress produced is very serious, and man helpless invalids and aged widows are rendere penniless. It cannot be too often enunciate that there are few exceptions to the busines maxim that "High interest is only anothe name for bad security."

Secretary Evarts on Behalf of the Administration has applied pressure to the Turkish Government to insure the punishment of the murderers of Dr. Parsons, the American missionary assassinated recently in Armenia. The Secretar authorized the American Consul to attend th trial and engage able counsel for the prosecution, and a war-vessel was sent to Constantinople in case of difficulty arising. There wer three men implicated in the crime, and of these the principal, a Turk named Ali, has been sentenced to death by hanging, and his two accomplices to imprisonment at hard labor for fiftee years.

A Yellow Fever Memorial.—A Celebratio was held September 22d at Memphis, Tenn., i the nature of a thanksgiving holiday. Ther has been no yellow fever epidemic there this yea and the citizens celebrated their freedom from by a general rejoicing, in which they had the co dial congratulations of citizens throughout th Union. The city was gayly decorated with flag and crowded with visitors, who had come to joi in celebrating the continued good health Memphis. A long procession, composed representatives of every branch of business an trade, marched through the streets. Two larg arches had been built, one composed entirely cotton bales. At night the city was illuminate

A Remarkable Revival has Taken Place a village in Alabama, as noteworthy in its characteristics as the revivals in cities, in which th converts are numbered by thousands. One wh witnessed the manifestation writes from York Ala. : "A few months ago the Presbytery of Tu caloosa organized here a little church of *fifte members*—four men and eleven women. Th Presbytery convened with them recently for i fall meeting. The special presence of the Ho Spirit was recognized at the very first. The entire meeting was joyous, blessed, glorious. I that small community eleven professed the faith in Christ, and nine were added to th membership of the little church, and another d clared his intention to seek admission at an ear day. The deepest interest was not manifeste by women or young people, but the Word an the Spirit laid hold with special power almo exclusively on men in the prime of life. Of th eleven converts, *ten were grown men ;* and these ten, eight were over twenty-five years age, and all *heads of families.* So it was n only an extensive work of divine grace, consi ering the size of the community, but was sure most extraordinary in the material that w gathered in."

The Bible and Prayer Union.—The Lesso for the ensuing week are : Friday, Psalm 88, an the consecutive Psalms for the following day Requests for prayer have been received : Fro *a minister without a charge* for more complet consecration and to be speedily led to a field labor. From a *friend at Philadelphia* deep interested in the work of Mr. Geo. Muller, th the preaching tour that servant of God is no making in the United States and Canada may blessed of God to the conversion of souls ; als for the orphans in the Bristol Orphanages.

The Sword of a Union Soldier who was Killed t the battle of Petersburg in 1864, fell into the ands of a Southern officer, who has written to New York journal offering to restore it to the mily of the deceased soldier. It has been aimed by a teacher in one of the Brooklyn hools as her father's sword. She was made orphan by his death, her mother having died efore the war broke out. Her subsequent reer is interesting as an illustration of the markable means God sometimes employs to lfil His promise to the orphan. (Jer. 49 : 11.) When the news of the fatality arrived, the Thirenth Regiment, to which the man belonged, at ce *adopted her as its child*, and its members luntarily assessed themselves one dollar each ear to educate and support her. A veteran ember of the regiment, known as "the father," k charge of her, and for fifteen years has tched over her. She was sent to a preparatory hool, and then to Vassar College, where she lously pursued her studies and distinguished self so that she became *the pride of the iment*. Upon leaving college, where she was duated with high honors, she was provided h a position in one of the Brooklyn public ools, where she is now a successful teacher.

Christian who had been Before his Con- sion in the lowest depths of intemperance, was ting his experience at a meeting of the Y. M. A. at Auburn, N. Y., on September 18th, n it was noticed that a stranger present was ening intently. He had been observed loiter- near the door prior to the meeting and had n cordially invited to enter. At the close of narrative he said : "My friends, if there's any help as this you speak of for a miserable , I want it. I am wretched and unhappy, *I tried to drown my misery* and unrest in k, but the more I drink the more wretched el. O! I wish I could get this peace and piness you are talking of." The effect on e present was like an electric shock. For- lifeless prayers had no place then, and earn- etitions for the stranger's reclamation were ented. The man was visited by some of the bers on the following day, and hopes are en- ined that by God's grace he will be convert- Who knows how much may hang on an ation to a Christian service?

ngerous Railroad Crossings are made the ects of warning in the columns of the daily . There are a large number of places where racks cross roads on which there is consider- traffic, and though the companies at such s display the notice "Railroad Crossing; out for the Locomotive," yet pedestrians rivers of wagons frequently meet their death . During last year the number of persons and injured by casualties of this kind, sive of those who suffered in the great ions was, in the State of New York alone, The same carelessnes of danger and dis- d of warnings characterize men in these rs that we notice in spiritual matters. young man must daily come near places he is warned that the life of his soul is in peril; yet how many, impelled by the "to see life," cross the tracks of the yer at the doors of the gambling-house, heatre, or the bagnio, and are destroyed. 4 : 14–16.)

ee Remarkable Services have been Held Central Baptist Church, Providence, at als of a quarter of a century each. In in 1855, and in 1880 Dr. Murch, of own, N. Y., has preached in the church s in commemoration of the organization cause. In his letter accepting the invita- preach this year's sermons, he quaintly ed that the church would probably be d to get somebody else to preach the cen- anniversary sermon.

acksmith's Achievements in the Cause ist are described by a lady who recently visit to Hasbrouck, N. Y. It appears blacksmith from Massachusetts settled ng ago at Fallsburg, Sullivan Co., N. Y. s an earnest Christian, well read in the Bible, almost the only book he ever opened. He was anxious to do some work for the Saviour, and finding that the village of Hasbrouck was destitute of the means of grace, he resolved to get a church erected there. He begged a building lot from a farmer, and having thirty dollars of his own, saved by care and thrift, he devoted twelve dollars to paying stonemasons to lay the foundations of the church with *stones he carried with his own hands* from the mountain side. Messrs. Palen and Co., of New York, hearing of his effort, gave him a deserted tannery in the neighborhood, and some sympathizing friends lent him horses to drag lumber from the tannery to the church. He worked at his forge early and late, but every spare hour saw him and his boys laboring at the church, and last spring he had the gratification of completing the roof. Then presents flowed in: one sent paint for the walls, another Bible and hymn-books, and another money to provide seats. So the place has been completed and dedicated free of debt, and the lady who visited it speaks in the highest terms not only of the little church, but also of the sound gospel sermon she heard the blacksmith deliver in it to an attentive congregation.

"Ought I to Accept?" was the Question asked at a Y. M. C. A. by a man in sore need of employment, who had searched for it many days at Auburn, N. Y., and had at length been offered work in a liquor saloon. He was almost despairing when the offer was made, and though conscientiously opposed to the business, his necessities tempted him to yield. He told the liquor-dealer he must have the evening to decide, and he went to the Y. M. C. A. to ask advice. There he was counselled to decline it and trust in God. The matter was carried to God in prayer, and an assurance came that the prayer was heard, but there appeared no visible ground for hope. Faith was however justified in the result, for in less than three hours after the meeting closed, an eligible situation in one of the largest stores in the city was offered to the hesitating man and was thankfully accepted. He was saved from temptation and from violating the dictates of his conscience. Thus are we taught how wise it is to cast our cares on Him who careth for us. (1 Peter 5 : 7.)

An Attempt to Cross a Railroad Trestle at Milwaukee, Wis., on Friday, October 1st, came near costing a man his life. He is an employe of the Bay View Rolling Mills, and had been on an excursion, in the course of which he had drunk so much liquor as to render him almost insane. Returning at night in his buggy, he attempted to take a short cut by crossing a railroad bridge over Kinnickinnick River. The bridge is intended for the exclusive use of railroad trains, and the ties of which it is made are several inches apart. The night was dark and the horse crept cautiously along the track, but the intoxicated driver, when about half way across, became impatient and struck him several times; the horse darted forward, made a false step, staggered and fell into the river, dragging the vehicle and man after him. Happily assistance was at hand, and the man was rescued from his perilous situation. The drunken man's foolhardiness excites our astonishment, but how many are treading a path in life equally insecure, under which is an unfathomable abyss, from which no hand can rescue. (Prov. 29 : 1.)

A Suicide was Caused by the Loss of Three dollars, on Saturday, October 16th. A conductor on the Sixth Avenue horse-cars, New York, returned to his boarding-house that evening much depressed in mind. On being questioned he complained that he had lost three dollars, a whole day's wages, during the day. The loss seemed to prey upon him, and at last he rose from his seat, and taking a razor, cut his throat, and died in a few minutes. Had the young man rightly estimated the value of life, and understood the object for which it was given, no money loss, however large, could have so agitated him as to drive him to the wicked act of self-destruction (Luke 12 : 15).

THE PLAIN MAN'S PATHWAY TO PEACE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when Jesus departed thence, two blind men followed him, crying, and saying, Thou son of David, have mercy on us. And when he was come into the house, the blind men came to him: and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened; and Jesus straitly charged them, saying, See that no man know it."—MATTHEW 9 : 27–30.

The Cure Extremely Simple—Different Experiences in Conversion—I. Many Persons much Troubled—An Edinburgh Young Man and a Musselburgh Fishwife—The Easiest Way out of the Slough of Despond—Hindrances in the Way to Christ—1. Ignorance—2. Prejudice—3. Downright Bad Teaching—The Sect of Betweenites—4. Natural Pride—5. Exceptional Comformation of Mind—6. Remarkable Satanic Assaults—II. The Trouble not Essential to Salvation—Despair not a likely Preparation for Faith—The Inward Tumult often the Work of the Devil—Hundreds of Christians without the Experience—All the Essentials without it—Despair not Commanded—III. A Privilege not a Loss—Christ most Prominent—No Valuables Evidence Lost.

I AM not about to expound this incident, nor to draw illustrations from it, but only to direct your attention to one single point in it, and that is, its extreme simplicity. There are other cases of blind men, and we have various incidents connected with them, such as in one instance the making of clay, and the sending of the patient to wash at the pool of Siloam, and so forth. But here *the cure is extremely simple:* the men are blind, they cry to Jesus, they come near, they confess their faith, and they receive their sight straightway.

In many other cases of miracles that were wrought by Christ there were circumstances of difficulty: in one case a man is let down through the tiling, being borne of four; in a second case a woman comes behind Him in the press, and touches the hem of His garment with great effort; we read of another who had been dead four days already, and there seemed to be a clear impossibility in the way of his ever coming forth from the tomb; but *everything is plain sailing* here. Here are blind men, conscious of their blindness, confident that Christ can give them sight; they cry to Him, they come to Him, they believe that He is able to open their eyes, and they receive their sight at once.

You see there was, in their case, these simple elements—a sense of blindness, a desire for sight; then prayer, then coming to Christ, then an open avowal of faith, and then the cure. The whole matter lies in a nutshell. There are no details, no points of care and nicety which might suggest anxiety: the whole business is simplicity itself, and upon that one point I want to dwell at this time.

There are cases of conversion which are just as simple as this case of the opening of the eyes of the blind; and we are not to doubt the reality of the work of grace in them because of the remarkable absence of singular incidents and striking details. We are not to suppose that a conversion is a less genuine work of the Holy Ghost because it is extremely simple. May the Holy Spirit bless our meditation.

I. To make our discourse useful to many I will begin by remarking, in the first place, that it is an undoubted fact that

MANY PERSONS ARE MUCH TROUBLED IN COMING TO CHRIST.

It is a fact which must be admitted, that all do not come quite so readily as these blind men came. There are instances on record in biographies—there are many known to us, and perhaps our own cases are among them—in which coming to Christ was a matter of struggle, of effort, of disappointment, of long waiting, and at last of a kind of desperation by which we were forced to come.

You must have read Mr. John Bunyan's description of how the pilgrims came to the wicket gate. They were pointed, you remember, by Evangelist to a light and to a gate, and they went that way according to his bidding. I have told you sometimes *the story of a young man in Edinburgh* who was very anxious to speak to others about their souls; so he addressed himself one morning to

AN OLD MUSSELBURGH FISH-WIFE.

And he began by saying to her, "Here you are with your burden." "Ay," said she. He asked her, "Did you ever feel a spiritual burden?" "Yes," she said, resting a bit, "I felt the spiritual burden years ago, before you were born; but I did not go the same way to work that Bunyan's pilgrim did."

Our young friend was greatly surprised to hear her say that, and thought she must be under grievous error, and therefore begged her to explain. "No," said she; "when I was under concern of soul, I heard a true gospel minister, who bade me look to the cross of Christ, and there I lost my load of sin. I did not hear one of those *milk-and-water preachers* like Bunyan's Evangelist." "How," said our young friend, "do you make that out?" "Why, that Evangelist, when he met the man with the burden on his back, said to him, "Do you see that wicket gate?' 'No,' said he, 'I don't.' 'Do you see that light?' 'I think I do.' Why, man," said she, "he should not have spoken about wicket gates or lights, but he should have said, 'Do you see Jesus Christ hanging on the cross? Look to Him, and your burden will fall off your shoulder.'

"He sent that man round the wrong way when he sent him to the wicket gate; and much good he got by it, for he was likely to have been choked in the Slough of Despond before long. I tell you, I looked at once to the cross, and away went my burden." "What," said this young man, "did you never go through the Slough of Despond?" "Ah," said she, "many a time, more than I care to tell. But at the first I heard the preacher say, 'Look to Christ,' and I looked to Him. I have been through the Slough of Despond since that; but let me tell you, sir, it is much easier to go through that slough with *your burden off* than it is with your burden on." And so it is. Blessed are they whose eyes are only and altogether on the Crucified.

The older I grow the more sure I am of this, that we must have done with self in all forms, and see Jesus only if we would be at peace. Was John Bunyan wrong? Certainly not: he was describing things as they generally are. Was the old woman wrong? No, she was perfectly right: she was describing things as they ought to be, and as I wish they always were. Still, experience is not always as it ought to be, and much of the experience of Christians is not Christian experience.

It is a fact which I lament, but, nevertheless, must admit, that a large number of persons, ere they come to the cross and lose their burden, go round about no end of a way, trying this plan and that plan, with but very slender success after all, instead of coming straightway to Christ just as they are, looking to Him and finding light and life at once. How is it, then, that some are so long in getting to Christ?

HINDRANCES.

I. I answer, first, in some cases it is *ignorance*. Perhaps there is no subject upon which men are so ignorant as the gospel. Is it not preached in hundreds of places? Yes, thank God, it is, and illustrated in no end of books; but still men come not at it so; neither hearing nor reading can of themselves discover the gospel. It needs the teaching of the Holy Spirit, or else men still remain in ignorance as to this simplicity—this simplicity of salvation by faith.

2. In many cases, too, men are hindered by *prejudice*. People are brought up to the belief that salvation must be through ceremonies; and if they get driven out of that they still conclude that it must certainly be in some measure by their works. Numbers of people have learned a sort of half-and-half gospel, part law and part grace, and they are in a thick fog about salvation. They know that redemption has something to do with Christ, but it is much of a mixture with them; they do not quite see that it is all Christ or no Christ.

3. With many, indeed, the hindrance lies in *downright bad teaching*. The teaching that is too common nowadays is very dangerous. The service makes no distinction between saint and sinner. Certain prayers are used every day, which are meant for saints and sinners too—ready-made clothes, made to fit everybody, and fitting nobody at all. These prayers suit neither saint nor sinner, thoroughly beautiful as they are and grand as they are; but they bring up people under the notion and delusion that they are somewhere in a condition between being saved and being lost—not actually lost, certainly, but yet not quite saints—*they are betweenites*, mongrels—a sort of Samaritans that fear the Lord and serve other gods, and who hope to be saved by an amalgam of grace and works.

4. Besides that there is *the natural pride of the human heart*. We do not like to be saved by charity; we must have a finger in it. We get pushed into a corner; farther and farther are we driven away from self-confidence, but

WE HANG ON BY OUR TEETH

if we cannot find a hold by any other means. With awful desperation we trust in ourselves. We will cling by our eyelashes to the semblance of self-confidence: we will not give up carnal confidence if it be possible to hold it.

Then comes in, with our pride, opposition to God; for the human heart does not love God, and it frequently shows its opposition by opposing Him about the plan of salvation. The enmity of the unrenewed heart is not displayed by actual open sin in all cases, for many by their very bringings-up have been made to be moral, but they hate God's plan of grace, and grace alone, and here their gall and bitterness begin to work. How they will writhe in their seats if the minister preaches divine sovereignty; they hate the text, "He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy, and He will have compassion on whom He will have compassion." They talk of the rights of fallen men, and of all being treated alike; and when it comes to sovereignty, and God's manifesting His grace according to His own absolute will, they cannot endure it.

5. In some instances the struggle of the heart in getting to Christ, I have no doubt, arises from *a singularity of mental conformation*, and such cases ought to be looked upon as exceptions, and by no means regarded as rules. Now take, for instance, the case of John Bunyan, to which we have referred. If you read "Grace Abounding," you will find that, for five years or more, he was the subject of the most fearful despair, tempted by Satan, tempted by his own self, always raising difficulties against himself; and it was long, long, long before he could come to the cross and find peace. But then, dear friend, it is to the last degree improbable that either you or I will ever turn out John Bunyans. *We may become tinkers, but we shall never write a "Pilgrim's Progress."* We might imitate him in his poverty, but we are not likely to emulate him in his genius: a man with such an imagination, full of wondrous dreams, is not born every day, and when he does come, his inheritance of brain is not all a gain in the direction of a restful life.

Now, you, dear friend, may be an odd person. Very likely you are; and I can sympathize with you, for I am odd enough myself; but do not lay down a law that everybody else must be odd too. If you and I did happen to go round by the back ways, do not let us think that everybody ought to follow our bad example. Let us be very thankful that some people's minds are less twisted and gnarled than ours, and do not let us set up our experience as a standard for other people. No doubt difficulties may arise from an extraordinary quality of mind with which God may have gifted some, or a depression of spirit natural to others, and these may make them peculiar as long as they live.

6. Besides, there are some who are kept from coming to Christ through remarkable *assaults of Satan*. He sets upon them with all the brutality of his fiendish nature, and expends his malice upon them, because he fears that they are about to escape from his service, and he will no longer be able to tyrannize over them. As Watts says,

"He worries whom he can't devour.
With a malicious joy.

Now, if some come to Christ, and the devil is not permitted to assail them; if some come to Christ, and there is nothing strange about thei experience; if some come to Christ, and pride and opposition have been conquered in thei nature; if some come to Christ, and they are no ignorant, but well instructed, and readily see the light, let us rejoice that it is so. It is of such that I am now about to speak somewhat more a length.

II. It is admitted as an undoubted fact tha many are much troubled in coming to Christ but now, secondly, this is

NOT AT ALL ESSENTIAL

to a real, saving coming to the Lord Jesu Christ. I mention this because I have know Christian men distressed in heart because the fear that they came to Christ too easily. The have half imagined, as they looked back, tha they could not have been converted at all, because their conversion was not attended wit such agony and torment of mind as others spea of.

I would first remark, that *it is very hard to s how despairing feelings can be essential to salvation*. Look for a minute. Can it be possibl that unbelief can help a soul to faith? Is it n certain that the anguish which many experienc before they come to Christ arises from the fa of their unbelief? They do not trust—they sa they cannot trust; and so they are like the troubled sea which cannot rest. Their mind tossed to and fro, and vexed sorely through unbelief: is this a foundation for holy trust?

Here is God's way of salvation, and He d mands that I do trust His dear Son, who di for sinners. I perceive that Christ is worthy be trusted, for He is the Son of God, so th His sacrifice must be able to put away my sin; perceive also that He laid down His life in t room, place, and stead of His people, and ther fore I heartily trust Him. God bids me tru Him, and I do trust Him without any furth question. If Jesus Christ satisfies God, He ce tainly satisfies me; and, asking no further que tion, I come and trust myself with Him. Do not this kind of action appear to have about all that can be needful?

Yet, once again, dear friends, *much of all th struggling and tumult within, which some have perienced, is the work of the devil*, as I have alrea said. Can it be essential to salvation for a m to be under the influence of Satan? Is it nee ful that the devil should come in to help Chris Is it absolutely essential for the black fingers the devil to be seen at work with the lily har of the Redeemer? Impossible. That is not judgment of the work of Satan; nor will it think, be yours, if you will look at it. If y never were driven either to blasphemy or desp by Satan, thank God you never were. Y would have gained nothing by it; you wo have been a serious loser.

Once again, many instances prove that all t law work, and doubting and fearing, and desp ing, and being tormented of Satan, are essential, because there are scores and hundr of Christians who came at once to Christ, these two blind men did, and to this very know very little about those things. I could it were proper, call upon brethren who are aro me at this moment who would tell you th when I have been preaching the experience those who come to Christ with difficulty, have been glad that it should be preached, they have felt, "We know nothing of all this our own experience."

Taught from their very youth the way of G trained by godly parents, they came under influences of the Holy Spirit very early in l they heard that Jesus Christ could save th they knew that they wanted saving, and they just went to Him. I was about to say, almost as naturally as they went to their mother or their father when they were in need: they trusted the Saviour, and they found peace at once. Several of the honored leaders of this church came to the Lord in this simple manner.

Now we do not tell you that there are a few such plain cases, but we assert boldly that we know hosts of like instances, and that there are thousands of God's most honored servants who are walking before Him in holiness and are eminently useful, whose experience is as simple as A B C. Their whole story might be summed up in the verse,

"I came to Jesus, as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And he Has made me glad."

I will go yet farther and assure you that many of those who give the best evidence that they are renewed by grace cannot tell you the day in which they were saved, and cannot attribute their conversion to any one sermon or to any one text of Scripture, or to any one event in life. We dare not doubt their conversion, for their ives prove its truth. You may have many trees n your garden, of which you must admit that you don't know when they were planted; but, if you get plenty of fruit from them, you are not very particular about the date of their striking oot.

I am acquainted with several persons who do not know their own age. I was talking to one he other day, who thought herself ten years older than I found her out to be. I did not tell her that she was not alive because she did not now her birthday. If I had told her so, she would have laughed at me; and yet there are ome who fancy that they cannot be converted ecause they do not know the date of their conersion. Oh, if you are trusting the Saviour, if He is all your salvation and all your desire, and your life is affected by your faith, so that you ring forth the fruits of the Spirit, you need not orry about times and seasons.

Now, proceeding a step farther, *there are all e essentials of salvation in the simple, pleasant, appy way of coming to Jesus just as you are;* for

WHAT ARE THE ESSENTIALS?

he first is *repentance*, and these, though they el no remorse, yet hate the sin they once loved. hough they know no dread of hell, yet they feel dread of sin, which is a great deal better. hough they have never stood shivering under e gallows, yet the crime is more dreadful to em than the doom. They have been taught God's Spirit to love righteousness and seek ter holiness, and this is the very essence of rentance.

Those who thus come to Christ have certainly tained true *faith*. They have no experience ich they could trust in, but they are all the ore fully driven to rest in what Christ has felt d done. They rest not in their own tears, but Christ's blood; not in their own emotions, but Christ's pangs; not in their consciousness of in, but in the certainty that Christ has come save all those that trust Him. They have th of the purest kind.

And see, too, how certainly they have *love*. Faith works by love," and they show it. They en seem to have more love at the first than ose who come so dreadfully burdened and npest-tossed; for, in the calm quiet of their nds, they get a fairer view of the beauties of Saviour, and they burn with love to Him, d they commence to serve Him, while others, yet, are having their wounds healed, and are ing to make their broken bones rejoice. I not wishing to depreciate a painful experice, but I am only wanting to show, as to this cond class, that their simple coming to rist, as the blind men came, their simply beving that He could give them sight, is not one it inferior to the other, and has in it all the entials of salvation.

For, next, notice that *the gospel command implies in itself nothing of the kind which some have experienced.* What are we bidden to preach to men—"Be dragged about by the devil, and you shall be saved"? No, but "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." What is my commission at this time? To say to you, "Despair, and ye shall be saved"? No, verily; but "Believe, and you shall be saved." Are we to come here and say, "Torture yourself: mangle your heart, scourge your spirit, grind your very soul to powder in desperation"? No, but "Believe in the infinite goodness and mercy of God in the person of His dear Son, and come and trust Him."

That is the gospel command. It is put in various forms. This is one: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Now, if I were to come and say, "Tear your eyes out," that would not be the gospel, would it? No, but "Look." The gospel does not say, "Cry your eyes out," but "Look." And it does not say, "Blind your eyes with a hot iron." No, but "Look, look, look." It is just the very opposite of anything like remorse, despair, and blasphemous thought. It is just "Look."

What is the gospel again? Is it not to eat the bread of heaven? "Eat ye that which is good." There is the gospel banquet, and we are to compel men to come in; and what are they to do when they come in? Silently to look on while others eat? Stand and wait till they feel more hungry? *Try forty days' fasting, like Dr. Tanner?* Nothing of the sort. You might think this to be the gospel by the way some people preach and act, but it is not so. You are to feast on Christ at once; you need not fast till you turn yourself into a living skeleton, and then come to Christ.

Come as you are. Do not try to make a righteousness out of your unrighteousness, or a confidence out of your unbelief, or a Christ out of your blasphemies, as some seem to do; nor dote so foolishly as to imagine that despair may be a ground of hope. It cannot be. You are to get out of self, and into Christ, and there you will be safe. As the blind man said, when Christ asked him, "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" so are you to say unto Him, "Yea, Lord." Trust yourself with your Saviour, and He is your Saviour.

A PRIVILEGE NOT A LOSS.

III. I conclude with one more observation, that those persons who are privileged to come to Jesus Christ softly, pleasantly, and happily, are not losers. They do lose something, certainly; but there is not much in it. They lose somewhat of the picturesque, and they have the less to tell. When a man has had a long series of trials to drive him out of himself, and at last he comes to Christ, like a wrecked vessel tugged into port, he has a deal to talk of and write about, and perhaps he thinks it interesting to be able to tell it; and, if he can tell it to God's glory, it is quite proper that he should.

But I ask you this, when those blind men came to Christ just as they were, and said that they believed that He could open their eyes, and He did open their eyes, is there not as much *of Christ* in their story as there well could be? The men themselves are nowhere, but the healing Master is in the foreground. More detail might almost take away the peculiar prominence that He has in it all. There He stands, the blessed, glorious opener of the eyes of the two blind men; there He stands alone, and His name is glorious!

Perhaps you may suppose that persons who come thus gently lose something by way of evidence afterward. "Ah," said one to me, "I could almost wish sometimes that I had been an open offender, that I might see the change in my character; but, having been always moral from my youth up, I am not always able to see any distinct mark of a change." Ah, let me tell you, friends, that this form of evidence is of small use in times of darkness, for if the devil cannot say to a man, "You have not changed your life"—for there are some that he would not have the impudence to say that to, since the change is too manifest for him to deny it—he says, "You changed your actions, but your heart is still the same. You turned from a bold, honest sinner to be a hypocritical, canting professor. That is all you have done: you have given up open sin because your strong passions declined, or you thought you would like another way of sinning; and now you are only making a false profession, and living far from what you should do."

Have you come to Jesus? Do you come to Jesus? If you have come, and you doubt whether you have come, come over again. Never quarrel with Satan about whether you are a Christian. If he says you are a sinner, reply to him, "So I am, but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and I will begin again."

HE IS AN OLD LAWYER,

you know, and very cunning, and he knows how to baffle us, for we do not understand things so well as he does. He has been these thousands of years at the trade of trying to make Christians doubt their interest in Christ, and he understands it well. Never answer him. *Refer him to your solicitor;* tell him you have an Advocate on high who will answer him. Tell him you will fly away to Christ again; if you never went to Jesus before you will go now, and if you have been before you will go again. *That is the way to end the quarrel.* As to evidences, they are fine things in fine weather, but when the tempest is out wise men let evidences go. The best evidence a man can have that he is saved is that he is still clinging to Christ.

Lastly, some may suppose that those who come gently to Christ may lose a good deal of adaptation for after usefulness, because they will not be able to sympathize with those who are in deep perplexity, and in awful straits when they are coming to Christ. Ah, well, there are enough of us who *can* sympathize with such; and I do not know that everybody is bound to sympathize with everybody in every respect. I remember mentioning one day to a man who had considerable property that his poor minister had a large family and could scarcely keep a coat on his back. I said I wondered how some Christian men who profited under the ministry of such a man did not supply his wants; he answered that he thought it was a good thing for ministers to be poor, because they could sympathize with the poor.

I said, "Yes, yes, but then, don't you see *there ought to be one or two that are not poor to sympathize with those who are rich.*" I would give them turn about, certainly, and let the poor pastor now and then have the power to sympathize with both classes. He did not seem to see my argument, but I think there is a good deal in it.

It is a great mercy to have some brethren around us who, by their painful experience, can sympathize with those who have been through that pain; but do you not think it is a great mercy to have others who, through not having undergone that experience, can sympathize with others who have not undergone it? Such a testimony will comfort the poor soul; and so, if you lose the power to sympathize one way, you will gain the power to sympathize in another; and there will be no great loss after all.

To sum up all in one, I would that every man and woman and child here would come and trust the Lord Jesus Christ. It seems to me to be such a matchless plan of salvation, for Christ to take human sin and to suffer in the sinner's stead, and for us to have nothing to do but just to accept what Christ has done, and to trust ourselves wholly with Him. He that would not be saved by such a plan as this deserves to perish; and so he must.

God grant that none of us may reject this way of grace, this open way, this safe way. Come, linger no longer. The Spirit and the bride say "Come." Lord, draw them by the love of Jesus. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—John 3: 14-36.

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

BARTLE THE BUTLER.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER II.

BARTLE did not answer the children at first. He thought, perhaps, they might forget they had asked the question if he gave no answer. He remained silent for a while, apparently intent on his work. But these two little ladies were very resolute in their demands, for Fan repeated her question, as also did Tots.

"Well, little misses," he said at last, "it would help me. I wish I could give up altogether having anything to do with wine, that I do. It's the curse of my life. I'm never safe so long as I'm opening bottles, and visiting wine-cellars, and pouring out wine. "But," he continued, "you mustn't think of giving up wine for me. You mustn't really."

"But I will," said Fan with great determination, "if papa and mamma will let me."

"And so will I," said Tots with equal decision.

"I wonder whether papa and mamma would give up wine too for Bartle's sake?" asked Fan of Tots. "They don't take very much."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Tots; "let's go up and ask them."

Quickly opening the pantry door they were about to run up-stairs, when who should they see outside but their father himself.

Mr. Oaklands had come down to give Bartle his formal dismissal. He had not seen any reason to change his mind, but he was quite convinced it was the right thing to do. So now, with the full determination not to be turned from his purpose by prayers, tears, or promises of amendment, he was about to enter the pantry when he heard talking there. He at once recognized the voices of his little girls; so, standing there, he listened; and wonderfully touched was he by the loving tones with which they spoke, and by their evident longing to act the part of true friends to the butler. He felt more proud of his little girls than ever before. And the way in which his firm resolution not to be moved gradually softened, melted, and finally disappeared, surprised him more than he could say.

The greatest surprise of all to him was when his little daughters so emphatically declared themselves resolved to sacrifice their daily glass of wine for Bartle's sake; and he was not altogether displeased at the good opinion they evidently had of their parents' disposition, counting it not a hopeless task to induce even them to deny themselves for the poor man's sake.

If such a proposition had come from any other source, or from the same source in any other way, he would have been much displeased. He would have pronounced it outrageous to expect a master to give up the use of strong drink because a servant was tempted thereby. But his little girls' behavior had put the question in quite a new light. Bartle was a servant undoubtedly, but was he not also a brother for whom Christ died? There was one text too which he could not keep out of his mind, and which, as often as he cast it out, presented itself again: "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Oaklands were Christians, trusting only in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, and seeking to please their Lord and Master in all things. A duty once seen they were willing to perform, cost what it might.

As he took his two little girls up-stairs from the pantry door to their mother, he was earnestly considering whether to save even his butler was not a worthy and a noble task.

"Have you dismissed him?" asked Mrs. Oaklands, when they entered her morning-room.

Mr. Oaklands stooped down, and kissing his little daughters, whispered, "Tell mother, darlings" and left it all with them.

"Mamma, Bartle is going to be very good. We've told him about Jesus, and he does really want to be better. He said so, didn't he, Tots?"

"Yes, mamma," added Tots, "he's dreadfully sorry;" adding quickly, "and we want to give up our glass of wine if you and papa will let us."

Mrs. Oaklands looked surprised but not displeased, whereat Fan grew bolder, and said, without any more preface,

"And, mamma, we want you and papa to help Bartle, and not take any wine either. It hurts him, he says, to even smell it when he is pouring it out."

Tots looked pleadingly on her father and mother, as much as to say, "Do, please, do.'

"Do you know anything about this, dear?" asked Mrs. Oaklands of her husband.

"I have not dismissed Bartle," he answered; "for when I reached the pantry door, who should I hear there but these two young ladies."

And then he told her all that he had heard, and how they had pledged themselves, if permitted, to drink no more wine for Bartle's sake, and had even expressed themselves hopeful of winning over their father and mother to the same self-denial.

"There can be no doubt," he said, with a smile, "that that would be cutting the tree up by the roots, for if Bartle had no wine to supply, there would be no visits to the wine-cellar, no decanting required, and no pouring it out at table; consequently, as far as we are concerned, there would be no temptation put in his way. Many of our friends will no doubt tell us we are acting an absurd part, and will laugh at us a good deal; but if it will really save the man and his family from utter ruin, we need not mind that. The servant's soul is as precious as the master's, and God forbid we should be the means of wrecking a single life."

"I think so too, decidedly," replied Mrs. Oaklands. "If we dismiss Bartle, he is a lost man, and in his fall his wife and children must accompany him. By an act of self-denial, which none of us would much feel, we should save no less than eight lives, certainly in body, and perhaps in soul. Then we will decide, dear."

I will not attempt to describe the wonderful happiness of Fan and Tots, or their boisterous thankfulness. It is more easily imagined than described, how they rushed down to poor Bartle, and told him of the resolution the whole family had come to; how he would not be called upon any more to pour out wine for the family, and how they had done it all for his sake.

Bartle was so overwhelmed with astonishment that all he could do was to thank God over and over again; and more than that, it was really the beginning of better things with him, for he never forgot the text which had so worked on his master's mind—"Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." And after a time, although not at once, he drank in the spirit of the last words, and really believed with his heart that Jesus died for him. He never gave way to strong drink again, for he fought against its power with grace not his own, and so overcame.

And Mrs. Bartle—judge how thankful and happy she must have been when she heard of her husband's pardon after his disgrace.

If the two little tongues prattled away so busily the night before, that evening they were more nimble than ever.

"I'm so glad it's all right," said Fan to Tots.

"So am I, ever so much," responded Tots.

"You see, God did answer our prayers, didn't He?" said Fan again.

"Yes," replied Tots; "I felt sure He would."

"So did I," returned Fan.

In their prayers Bartle and his family were again as prominent as before. This was Fan's prayer:

"O God, you were so good to hear us last night; and we do thank you so much. We thought you would; and don't let Bartle ever do wrong any more. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Tots prayed thus:

"O God, you've made Fan and me and the Bartles so happy. You did hear us last night—of course you did, and we thank you so much. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

In their dreams, too, the Bartles were equally prominent. And what bright dreams they were! There was Bartle and Mrs. Bartle, and the little Bartles, all in a circle, and Tots and Fan in the middle, and all smiling away as hard as they could; and when they tried to stop, they couldn't for very gladness of heart. This was Fan's dream.

While Tots spent all her night in shutting up umbrellas, and dropping her pence in the missionary-box, until it was so full that a penny stuck out at the top.

A "STRAPPING" NAVVY'S CONVERSION.

THE Rev. G. Warner, a Methodist minister, says the Gospel has won some splendid triumphs on the Isle of Dogs, near Blackwall, London. At a meeting one night a man prayed, "Lord! some o' these 'ere people says as how they was brands pluckt from the burnin'. Lord! *I was a blazin' tar-barrel, I was;* but Thou didst fetch me out, Lord." This man is an illustration of what the grace of God can effect. Like too many of his class, he had spent a large proportion of his hard-earned wages in drink. Out of that came complaints and quarrels at home, in which the "weaker vessel" went to the wall." Frequently *the strap* which he buckled round his waist was taken off and applied to his wife's shoulders. He had more than one of these, and one day, in return for his attentions, his wife cut one up and *made him a pudding of it.* She took it to him to his work for his dinner, but did not stop to see how he enjoyed it. When they next met he gave her a taste of that he had been wearing; but this did not cure her of strap-cooking. She had all the persevering pluck of her sex, and so cut up the next she laid her hands on, and made him another pudding.

But religious convictions presently ended the strapping business, and then she made puddings from beefsteaks instead of from the beef's hide. Jem signed the pledge, and wife-beating was over. He was somewhat affected as to the other sins besides that of drunkenness, and the Holy Spirit began to woo him to truth and righteousness. Then he heard a female preach, and was fairly broken down. However, he hastened from the chapel, but was led to return as they were holding a prayer-meeting. Looking in, he saw the people in such a glow of delight as looked more like heaven than anything he had ever seen, and, he crield for mercy, and found it, to the joy of his sou. He had early come under the power of the tobacco-appetite; but now, he said, as he took his little black pipe, something seemed to say to him, "Why, you look more like a drunken blackguard than a decent Christian!" This he regarded as the voice of God, and so, in His name, renounced the pipe forever. There is happiness at home now but it may be said of this as of another case i which a man expressed his experience in a love feast, "Before I got converted there was no much peace at our house; my wife knows was a Tartar." The wife replied, "Ah! thou we'rt, lad; the cream-o'-tartar!"

"Show your Ticket Please!"—Major Whittle the evangelist, who is conducting religious services in England, related the following inciden at one of his recent meetings. "I well remember entering a railway train at night, when i was exceedingly cold. The inspector demande of every one to show his ticket before he coul pass, which compelled the passengers to unbutton their coats and otherwise greatly incommode themselves. Many expressed their impatience in hot words and bitter complaints 'You are a very unpopular man to-night,' sai my friend pleasantly. 'I only care to be popular with one man,' he replied; 'that is th superintendent.' Noble words for the Christia soldier to adopt. 'That he may please Hi who hath chosen him to be a soldier.'"

DR. TALMAGE'S FRIDAY EVENING TALK.

October 22, 1880.

Defalcations—A Period of Freedom—But the Devil is not Dead—The Eternal Retribution—Local Nominations to Office—Importance of Wise Selection—The White House not to Dwarf the City Hall—The Bicycle Accident—A Startling Lesson—The Death-bed of a Young Man—A Splendid Christ—Rest in the Bosom of God.

WE have this week, for a rarity, two defalcaions—one of a Boston banker for $82,000, and he other of a Chicago railroad man for $50,000. Perhaps you have noticed that during the last ear there has been almost a cessation of such inancial catastrophe. For four or five years preious the papers every day had whole columns levoted to the story of embezzlement on a large cale.

What shipwreck of whole fleets of life inurance companies! The great cities seemed to ie with each other in gigantic forgeries. Hardly prison, but through its wickets looked some bsconding cashier. But that mighty crop seems arnered, and we have had almost a dearth of big ishonesties. Let us rejoice that a stout breeze wept through Wall Street, and Third Street, and tate Street, and all the other money markets of he land, and purified them.

Still, the news this week from Boston and Chiago shows that *the devil is not dead.* Notwithanding all the lessons we have learned, people ill live beyond their income, and to get means r indulgences they will put their hands in other eople's pockets. The forger's pen is not worn it, the burglars key is not rusty, the perjurer's ible is not lost. We must have new illustraons by which to show the young men of to-y that fraud will out, that old-fashioned honty in the long run pays the most, that *the best y to get a dollar* is to earn it, that there is no ding place for those who wrong their fellows, nce the chief of police makes proclamation, d the lightnings of the telegraph are on the ase, and, above all, the retributions of eternal stice are dispatched for the pursuit.

There is not an honest man, however poor, in oston or Chicago to-night, but is happier than e two defaulters, however well they may have cured their ill-gotten gains. Such riches, if ey do not, according to the Bible figure, take ngs and fly toward heaven, will coil like sernts around the heart, to chill and sting it with morse unutterable. It is not so much what u have, as how you got it. If you want to ake the silver and gold of earth bright, you had tter wash them with sweat from your own tems. Remember that financial failure on earth nothing compared with eternal defalcation.

This has also been the week of

LOCAL NOMINATIONS

office in New York and Brooklyn. The most the public attention is diverted to the ional contest, when the fact is that our prosity as neighborhoods and cities will be more ected by the local elections than by the ional. It is no small question who we shall e for district attorneys and auditors and conllerships and justices and mayors.

Do not allow the question as to who shall ocy the White House, make you indifferent as who shall stand in your city to see that right orwarded and wrong discomfited. *You want elligent men, honest men, pure men in all posis of trust.* You cannot be independent of officials. Their competency or incompecy will directly or indirectly affect every rch, every family, every individual. Do not, er the impression that such offices are of little importance, let them fall into the ds of those loose of habit or stupid of brain. se cities standing at the gates of the sea. e more to do with deciding the destiny of nation than any other cities. Washing is the political capital, but New York its suburbs are the commercial capital of erica.

The throne of this continent is New York. John Sherman comes here to find out what to do next. Wall Street runs clear through from the top of Maine to the bottom of Texas. The local elections of these three great cities which by ferry-boat are practically one, and soon by bridge and tunnel will be literally one, must be of vast importance, and you no more need to have your national ticket dictated by conscience and religion, than your local suffrages. May God save these cities, and make them as pleasant and happy for our children, forty years from now, as to-day they are pleasant and happy to us.

This week

THE BICYCLE

has been doing fearful work. Every day it has frightened horses by the score in different parts of the land, but its work this week has been death in conspicuous places. That the bicycle in the right place has its mission I have no doubt. There seems to be great exhilaration in riding it, or so many would not take it for pastime and recreation. The fact that it frightens horses is nothing against it, for so does the wheelbarrow, so does the falling kite, so do many things useful in work and play; but it ought to be confined to hours and places. Our citizens ought not to be in peril of having their families demolished every time they ride in Prospect Park.

A horse, be he never so gentle, never could and never will understand a vehicle whirling along with nothing to push it and nothing to pull it, seemingly no reason why it goes or why it stops, and standing up when one would suppose it ought to fall down. Men as well as horses would be frightened, were they not capable of understanding its explanation. The authorities of this and other cities are called upon by the agonizing disaster of this week to pass some regulations that will hinder the recurrence of such a tragedy.

A young woman, attractive and accomplished, the pride of her acquaintances and the idol of her father's house, this day carried to the sepulchre. All our sympathies are aroused for the desolated household, while we learn for ourselves *the startling lesson.* It seems that neither in our pleasures nor our work we are secure from accident and death. A horseback ride ordinarily means health, means hilarity, means glad companionship, means long life; but in this case it was calamity.

Our only wise course is to be ready—not by morbid apprehension, not by shutting ourselves away from the world, not by standing aloof from the congratulations of life, but by wise preparation for the future state, to make ourselves independents of earthly changes. To that Christian girl, death was transition from a bright home on earth to a brighter home in Heaven. Will our exit from this life be a lifting up or a casting down? Although sudden departure is well known to be a possibility, yet it seems to require some awful crash like this to make us realize it. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

I was this morning summoned to

THE DEATH-BED OF A YOUNG MAN

who was prominent in our revival meetings of last spring. Amid severe sufferings, God is with him. I told him what I had a right to tell him: to drop all his fears, and all his anxieties; and when he told me that his arm, part of which had been amputated, hurt him so he could not pray, I said, "Then you need not pray: just rest on the bosom of God, and think of nothing but Christ and Heaven and you will go straight through." Then he smiled and said, "Yes, He is *a splendid Christ.*"

O my friends, will it not be grand when we all get through with the struggles of this life? Safe in harbor after the loud storm. Safe in celestial peace, after the hard fight of our earthly existence. Still, we must be patient. We must not want to go until our day's work is done. No time to sheathe the sword before the victory is gained. While our arm is strong, it must toil. While our vision is clear, it must be on the watch. While our life lasts, it must be consecrated to God.

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine."

A SAILOR'S LAST WORDS.

"The Plank Bears me."

SOME years ago a ship was caught in a storm off the coast of Wales. After battling with the tempest for some time, she got among the breakers and went down, all on board descending with her to the depths of the sea, to lie down in a dark watery grave, except *one young sailor,* who was dashed, by the fury of the foaming billows, upon the beach, in a very exhausted and almost lifeless condition. He was carried to the nearest house, where he was carefully and kindly treated, and eventually restored. During his recovery, one day a minister called upon him, and discovered that he was very anxious about his soul and the life that is beyond death. He was seeking a sure haven for his troubled spirit, but finding none. The minister, realizing the condition of the young sailor, said, "Suppose when you were in the sea, tossed about by the waves, that a *plank had been thrown* within your reach and you had laid hold of it, would it not have borne you up and saved you from perishing? Well, then, if you lay hold of Jesus Christ, He will save you. He bore your sins, He died to save you."

The young man's face beamed with joy and satisfaction as he said, "I'm saved." Many years passed away; the minister went to spend the evening of life in a town in the North of England. The sailor went to sea and visited many a land and many a shore and when his life was drawing to a close, came home, and settled in the same town.

One day the aged silver-haired man of God was asked to visit a man who was evidently passing away. He sat down by the bedside of the aged tar, and spoke to him of Jesus and the land that is fairer than day. The dying man was struck with the sweetness of the speaker's voice. Memory rushed back to the cottage where he had first heard that voice, and recognizing his old friend just before he went home, he exclaimed, with delight and joy, "Thank God, *the plank bears me.*"

Characteristics of Irishmen.—Christopher Crayon, an English newspaper correspondent, says of Ireland: "One's first impression when you land in Ireland is that Rag Fair has been robbed of its treasures, and that the old clothes of the kingdom are shipped off to Ould Ireland. As to the dress of the 'finest peasantry in the world,' Paddy's hat is of the kind you may see any day on a scarecrow in any English garden. His coat (of Irish frieze) is of the peculiar pattern which we in England associate with full-dress and good dinner or evening parties. He rejoices in an enormous shirt-collar of the most ancient type. Then he wears knee-breeches and black stockings, and thus, with his red or green waistcoat, and his neckcloth of many colors—though he does not always wear one—he is a compound of the brigand and the parson.

"The Irish are kind, however, in their way, and I was much struck at Limerick with the care with which a group of them looked after a poor blind woman who happened to come for a ticket as they were clustered round. As to their domestic affection, never shall I forget the weeping and kissing and howling and shrieking which I beheld at more than one station as some emigrants were bidding their friends good-by. In a few minutes after, however, the train moved off, the fiddler played an Irish jig, and tears gave way to smiles. The Irish are an emotional people, and are always ready for a laugh or a cry."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(Continued from page 687.)

The Dangers of an Easy Life.

SIR WILLIAM turned as he came to the door and said gravely,

"Lord Moreton is very anxious to see you this morning, Evelyn; shall I let him come when you get into the other room?"

Evelyn laughed heartily.

"Yes, if it is any amusement to him, papa," she said; "I am sure he amuses me. Oh! if you had only seen him the other day; he came up when Alicia Hay was sitting beside me, and neither of them spoke a word. He sat looking at me, and she sat looking at him, and they were both perfectly stupid."

"Lord Moreton is a very worthy young man, Evelyn," said her father gravely.

"Oh! a *very* worthy young man," she repeated in exactly the same tone—so exactly that I could scarcely keep from smiling; "but the worst is, papa, that I don't like very worthy young men; they are so dreadfully uninteresting—at least, if Lord Moreton is a specimen—they sit and look at you, and then clear their throats, and try to make some feeble remark, and break down in the middle. Oh, dear! it *is* so amusing. Now Cousin Donald never does that; he can make himself very agreeable; I wish he would come to see me."

"Donald has other business to attend to," said her father rather sharply; "he has no time to lose now; Donald must make his way in the world."

"Yes," she said rather sadly; "poor Donald!"

"I do not know why he need be pitied," said Sir William dryly; "if he will only work he will soon be able to earn a very fair income."

"But Donald does not like work," said Evelyn; "he says he would like to be independent, and to have plenty—plenty of money."

"He never will have plenty of money," said Sir William, almost angrily, as he shut the door.

"Papa does not like poor Donald," she said, as soon as he was out of hearing; "but he is so handsome, and he has such nice brown eyes. I do not know why papa dislikes him so much. I think it is because he is afraid he likes me too much. It is very strange that he does like me; I should have thought that he would have hated me, because if I had never been born Cousin Donald would have lived here, and would have been just like papa's son. That makes me feel so sorry for him."

"Is he much older than you?" I asked.

"Yes, he is six years older," said Evelyn; "and papa and mamma had been married a long time, and they thought they would not have any children of their own, so papa was talking of adopting Cousin Donald, and educating him and leaving the property to him. Uncle and aunt were very pleased about it, because they have so many children. Cousin Donald is the eldest of thirteen now, and there were plenty of them even then, so they were quite willing to spare him to papa. But of course when *I* came I put an end to all that little plan," she said, laughing.

"And where is your Cousin Donald now?'

"Oh, poor fellow! he is in a bank, and he does so hate doing sums; he always did. They make his head ache, he says. He likes riding and shooting and fishing, and all such things, just the kind of life he would have had here, you know; it is very hard for him, is it not? And I am afraid he is rather lazy, and they say he wastes his money. But he is so good looking, and I really think he cannot help it—yes, I really think he cannot help it."

"Cannot help what?" I inquired.

"Oh! being extravagant," she explained. "He buys beautiful little bouquets for his button-hole, and all sorts of little unnecessary things of that kind, and the money goes very fast. But it must be so hard to see pretty things and not to be able to buy them. I should never be able to do that; as soon as ever I see anything I like I send into the shop and have it brought out to me at once."

I smiled to myself as I went on with my work, for I was thinking how different Evelyn's experience had been from mine. She seemed to guess my thoughts.

"I suppose you have not always had everything that you wanted and wished for?" she said.

"Everything I really wanted—yes," I answered; "everything I may have wished for—no."

"Oh, dear! was it not very tiresome?" she asked.

"I think it was good for me," I said.

"Good for you!" she repeated; "that's just like the brown alpaca. How could it be good for you?"

"I think it made me enjoy all the more the good things which were given me," I said; "things that perhaps you might have thought nothing of, and things which would have given you no pleasure at all."

"What sort of things?" asked Evelyn.

"Oh! any little present that was given me; any new book or picture; any little pleasure, or treat of any kind. We had so few new things that when anything fresh came it was prized and valued more than I can tell you. I really think it gave us more enjoyment than far grander things would give you."

"Oh, I dare say," said Evelyn; "there are some things that I wish for just for a minute, and then when they come I do not care for them. If you only saw the number of books on those shelves, the leaves of which have never been cut. I wished for them, and ordered them, but when they arrived I had given up wishing for them, and I have never begun to read them."

I thought of the little shelves at home, which had held my small library, each volume of which was the prized gift of some friend, and which had been read and re-read, until I knew their contents almost by heart.

Before I had been long at Alliston Hall, I came to the conclusion that the enjoyment of this life is much more evenly distributed than many of us think. For where pleasures are many the enjoyment that they give is comparatively small; while where they are few and far between they cause so much larger an amount of enjoyment that the lives of those who receive them are quite as full of sunshine and brightness as they would be if their pleasures were more in number.

My life at Alliston Hall was a very happy one. Day after day went by without any care or anxiety, and every one was so kind to me that I could not feel lonely or homeless any longer.

The more I knew of Evelyn Trafford the more I loved her. In spite of her light, careless way of talking, there was a great deal of genuine kind feeling in her, and I am sure she did all in her power to make me happy. I never once remember, the whole time I was with her, feeling uncomfortable on account of my position in the house. Both Sir William and Evelyn treated me as if I were one of the family, and I received nothing but kindness from their numerous visitors and friends. Lady Eldridge was the only exception. She, whenever she made her appearance at Alliston Hall, thought it her duty to keep me fully aware who she, Lady Eldridge, was, and who I, May Lindsay, was, and of the immense and immeasurable distance between us.

The guests at Alliston Hall did not pay very long visits, so I had constant change and variety in my life, and heard and saw a great deal more of the outer world than in our quiet country home.

And yet, although everything around me was so pleasant, and though every one was so kind to me, I had not been many months at Alliston Hall before I began to feel restless and unhappy. For I felt that I was not walking so closely with God as I had done before. I had become cold and careless, rising late in the morning and hurrying over my prayers, and then going through the day in an idle, careless spirit, hardly ever thinking of my Lord or trying to please Him.

For some time this did not make me at all unhappy. I had so much to think of, and there were so many pleasant visitors staying in the house, and so many books to be read, and there was so much to be done to amuse Evelyn and to make the days pass happily for her, that I gave myself no time to think about the state of my soul. But the visitors left and we were quiet again, and then I felt an empty, dissatisfied feeling in my heart, which I cannot put into words.

My conscience was very busy now, and brought to my recollection all my neglect of my best and dearest Friend, all my coldness and indifference to Him. I would have given anything to feel His presence as in times past; but He seemed far away from me, and I felt too cold even to pray to Him. But though I had so terribly forgotten Him, my Lord still remembered me.

It was Sunday afternoon. Evelyn had fallen asleep on the sofa, and I went out into the garden till she awoke. There had been showers all the morning, but now the sun was shining brightly, and the rain-drops were sparkling like diamonds on the grass.

I went along one of the grassy terraces, and turned down a quiet path, shut in by evergreens which led by a gentle descent down to the sea This was my favorite walk, and I always chose i when I came out alone. There were severa seats on this path, so situated as to catch a pee of the sea through the shrubs and trees, whic grew down to its very edge.

As I turned a corner in this winding path, suddenly came upon Miss Lilla Irvine, sittin upon one of the seats reading her Bible. apologized for disturbing her, and was going t turn back, when she asked me if I would no stay a little and read with her. "You and love the same Lord, May," she said; "I kno we do, and I think it would help us to talk t gether of Him sometimes; at least," she adde "I am sure it would help *me*."

"Oh, Miss Irvine," I said, as I sat down b side her, "if you only knew—"

"If I only knew what?" she said gently.

"If you only knew how careless I have bee lately; I have hardly thought about Him all."

"What has been the matter, May?" s asked.

"Oh, I don't know," I answered; "I thin everything has been too smooth and nice latel somehow, it is easier to do right when the ro is rather rough; don't you think it is, Mi Irvine?"

"Yes," she said; "when things go wron and all seems against us, we are driven prayer, May—we feel we *must* pray then; b we ought not to need driving into our de Lord's presence.

"Oh no," I said; "I know we ought not.'

"And oh, May," she said earnestly, "if get self-confident, and leave off prayer, we sh soon have a fall; we are not safe for a sin moment if we are not strong in the Lord, and the power of His might. You will be having fall if you do not come back to Him, May."

"I wish I could come back, Miss Irvine,' said, "but it is easier to get wrong than to right again. I got up this morning rather e lier, and tried to pray, but I could not fix thoughts on what I was saying; all sorts things kept coming into my mind, and I gave up at last."

"Yes," she said, "I know what that is; he answers to heart. I have often found that wh I have left God, and have been pleasing mys I have lost the power to pray."

"How is it, Miss Irvine?" I asked.

"I think," she said, "that the Holy Spi has been grieved, and without His help we c not pray."

"Then what do you think I should do?' asked.

"I think," she said, "you should go back the Lord, just in the same spirit in which you fi came to Him. Go to Him, and ask Him to receive you, to take away all the sin which is separating you from Him, and to give you the comfort of His presence again. And then I think you should especially pray that you may once more have the help of the Holy Spirit.

"Will you not go back to Him at once, May?" she said, laying her hand upon mine.

"Oh, Miss Irvine, I will; indeed I will," I said.

"Go now, dear," she said.

So I left her sitting there, and went on, down he winding, shady path to the sea. It was a uiet, solitary place. The only sounds that ere to be heard were the splashing of the aves upon the rocks, and the cries of the white a-birds as they flew backward and forward on he little rocky islands, which lay about half a ile from the shore.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH IN PRISON.

S. Lesson for November 7th, Gen. 39-40. Golden Text, Ps. 37 : 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"REST in the Lord, and wait patiently for m : fret not thyself because of him who pros- reth in his way, because of the man who ngeth wicked devices to pass." So speaks r golden text, and this is the wisdom of such believe that their cause is in the hands of d. He is Almighty and Omniscient; He can cern the thread in every labyrinth, and un- rel all which is entangled in our life's circum- nces: why then fret, why be discouraged, en everything seems to be going wrong? d brings us into circumstances, to us appar- ely impossible, that He may manifest Himself t us, and lead us to a fuller confidence in His nerly providence.

His eye was upon Joseph, His hand was lead- him, and the cruelty and injustice of his thers only led Joseph into a more entire de- dence upon and submission to, his God. "Jo- sh was brought down to Egypt; and Poti- pr, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, Egyptian, bought him of the hands of the maelites, which had brought him down her. And the Lord was with Joseph, and he a prosperous man; and he was in the house is master the Egyptian." How many there among believers, who excuse their decline in y on the ground that their ministers are not ous, that they are far removed from Bible lings, that they have no prayer-meetings, and Christian friends around them! Joseph had e of these; probably there was not a believing in the whole land of Egypt; but the Lord, alone can make these outward means a sing, the Lord Himself was with Joseph.

t no external help supersede the presence of living God; if we have not enough commun- with Him, if we are not on a sufficiently in- te understanding with Him, to dispense any outward means should it be necessary, e very means may become a snare to us, but presence with them may make them an un- blessing. Let us have to do with man ugh God, and not with God through man. reat was the effect of God's presence with ph that "his master saw that the Lord was him, and that the Lord made all that he did osper in his hand." A pagan, a worship- f false Gods, saw in this young man a pres- which he could not account for, a power to h he was stranger.

eph acted in all things before the eye of : we can well understand how this would a man, who saw not the mysterious Being had such power over his slave. Joseph have had many difficulties: the language of t, the manners and customs were all new to his work as a slave, after having been the g son—all was strange, difficult, impossible n alone; but the Lord was with Joseph, he made all that he did to prosper—in the age, in the knowledge of his master's mind ; the house and property—by what seemed tuition, but was really the inspiration of his God, he spoke the language, and did all things without failure.

God had shown Joseph that he should reign, and no power of earthly circumstances could hinder him from rising to his level; as oil when mixed with water, he must be above and not below circumstances and people. This is also the privilege of those whom Christ has made kings and priests unto God, as soon as they cease to live unto themselves. Joseph found grace in his master's sight, "and he served him, and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand. And it came to pass from the time that he had made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field. And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand; and he knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat."

All seemed now to be going well: he who was hated of his brethren, and unjustly sold to be a slave, had risen by the power of God's presence with him, to a position of influence; surely now he would continue to rise. But no; "Many are the afflictions of the righteous" (Ps. 34 : 19); "In the world ye shall have tribulation" (John 16 : 33); "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten" (Rev. 3 : 19). Joseph had yet to pass through deep waters. Subjected to the most fearful temptation by his master's wife, he did not consider his own will or pleasure, but said, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin *against God?*" Taking a position regardless of self, and dealing with temptation in its relation to God's glory, he was invincible; just as, later, the Saviour Himself opposed to every suggestion of the tempter, "It is written" (Matt. 4 : 4). Oh, had Eve done the same in the garden, she would not have fallen; but she saw the tree that it was "good," "pleasant," and "to be desired" (Gen. 4 : 6), and so gave "place to the devil." (Eph. 4 : 27.)

The wife of Potiphar, in her diabolical revenge on him whom she was powerless to draw into sin, accused him of the very sin he had so stoutly refused to commit, and thus was Joseph, the honored, trusted servant, the innocent and injured man, thrown into prison. But in his spirit was no bitterness, no mistrust of God; sorrow there was, but no unbelief. "The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob." (Gen. 49 : 23, 24) If ever mistrust of God were allowable, it would be in a case like this. Had the faith of Joseph been superficial, it would have broken down under the weight of his sorrows, but he could never forget the revelations of his God that he should reign in the future, and his knowledge of Him made it possible to him to bide his time. How many there are who have hard thoughts of God under sufferings much less than Joseph's, who think they are hardly dealt with, and have never deserved to suffer so much: they have not learned to "rest in the Lord," and "wait patiently for Him."

"The Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison." Again he rose to his level; wherever he was, whether in his father's house, in the house of Potiphar, slave though he was, or in the prison, lying under so fearful an accusation, still Joseph rose to the surface, because the Lord was with him. Oh, how vain and fruitless it is to seek to combat with circumstances! Alone we cannot conquer them but let us be "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might" (Eph. 6 : 10), and we rise superior to them as naturally and as easily as did Joseph in Egypt. Had he occupied himself with the injustice done him by man, he could not have risen above it. He might have said, "My brothers have wronged me;" "I have done them only good, and they have requited me with evil. I brought blessing into Potiphar's house, and all I have got for my faithfulness to him has been to lose my good name, and be cast into prison without having done any wrong.

But Joseph professed another spirit. Ever occupied with God, he stood on a level superior to man, and thus he was not broken hearted by the loss of his master's confidence, for he had another and a better Master; a heavenly Father cured his home-sickness for an earthly father, and the presence of God gave him a holy and dignified independence of all persons and things. In the prison, as in Potiphar's house, everything was committed into Joseph's hand; "and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper."

Thus it was that Joseph was free from himself, and even while suffering such grievous wrongs could enter into the trials of others. In the fortieth chapter we find that two men of Pharaoh's household, the chief butler and the chief baker, had offended their lord the king of Egypt, and were thrown into the prison, "where Joseph was bound. And the captain of the guard charged Joseph with them, and he served them: and they continued a season in ward." We need not be astonished when we hear that these men each had a dream. They were brought in contact with one who communed with God by dreams, and the infection spread to them; they came under the same influence.

"Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and looked upon them, and, behold, they were sad. And he asked . . . saying, Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day?" When they told him that they had each dreamed a dream, and there was no interpreter of it, he replied, "Do not interpretations belong unto God? Tell me them, I pray you," thus including himself, as it were, in his God; for the Lord being with him, interpretations belonged to him also. The chief butler related how he had seen in his dream a vine which brought forth ripe grapes; and he took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and gave the cup into Pharoah's hand.

The interpretation was not hidden from Joseph; he was God's interpreter to the chief butler, for he knew God's language, and the other did not. In the measure in which we enter into the heart and mind of God, we become His interpreters to other men; they know Him, see Him, hear Him not, and He makes Himself known and seen and heard through His children. Joseph said, "The three branches are three days: yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thy place; and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand, after the former manner when thou wast his butler. But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house: for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews: and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon."

Joseph was a messenger of good tidings to the chief butler; and this we are privileged to be, to all those who seek salvation through the shed blood of the Lord Jesus, typified by the pressed grapes. When the chief baker saw that the interpretation was good, he related also his dream, that he had three white baskets on his head, and in the uppermost were all manners of bakemeats for Pharaoh, a fit type of our own good works which take the uppermost place, and are all of our manufacture; "the birds did eat them." And Joseph told the chief baker how within three days Pharaoh would lift up his head from him, hang him on a tree, and the birds would eat his flesh —the end of all self-dependence. It was as Joseph had foretold: the chief butler was restored, the chief baker hanged. But Joseph had still lessons to learn; "yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." Two long years more must he remain enduring wrong and injustice, before God raised him to the position which He had prepared for him.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Prosecution of Irish Agitators by the British Government is reported by the London correspondent of the New York *Herald* to have assumed definite shape. He cables the information that six members of Parliament are included in the list of those against whom charges are to be brought. The Secretary and Treasurer of the Land League, four journalists, and three private citizens are also named for prosecution. It is believed that the agitators relied for their safety on the provision of the law that trials should take place in the neighborhood where the crime was alleged to have been committed. As this would have involved their being tried by an Irish jury, they were certain of acquittal. The Government, however, recognized that fact, and will apply for change of venue, so that the trials may take place in England. The same correspondent states that large bodies of troops are being sent to Ireland to occupy disturbed districts.

Europe still Waits for Turkey to Surrender Dulcigno according to her promise. The British Government thinks the Turks really intend to surrender it, having decided to do so because Admiral Seymour had received peremptory orders to sail instantly for Smyrna, *with or without the fleets of the other Powers*. Those orders have not been annulled, but are suspended. If Mr. Gladstone sees reason to believe Turkey is only equivocating, those orders will be renewed.

On the subject of the cession of territory to Greece, the British Premier is said to be equally determined. Referring to these provinces, the London correspondent of the New York *World* telegraphs: "Mr. Gladstone will not allow the Porte to retain possession of the provinces for the cession of which Greece clamors so loudly. It is as certain as anything in the future can be that he will insist single-handed in the name of England upon their full surrender. This Mr. Gladstone believes to be the only way in which a satisfactory peace can be secured. The probability therefore remains that unless the Sultan's stubborn resistance should collapse unexpectedly, *there will be a war, and a tremendous war, involving sooner or later the whole of Europe.*" Thus do journalists concur with prophetic students in their view of the near future.

Prince Napoleon Intends Assuming a More prominent position as a leader of opinion in France. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* states that recent letters written by the Prince indicate a more active leadership than he has hitherto attempted, and when a deputation of Bonapartists waited on him asking him to renounce his claims on the throne in favor of his son, his reply indicated his intention to press those claims even at the risk of molestation by the Government. M. Raoul Duval, who is regarded as the mouthpiece of the Prince, has issued a party programme in which he enunciates radical principles, but urges patience and obedience to the Republic for the present.

Infidelity in Paris is Increasing rapidly among the upper classes, while Mr. McAll and his coadjutors are laboring to spread the Gospel among the poor. The society of Atheists lately organized already boasts of a membership of 15,000 in that city, besides having branches in all the large towns of France. They not only maintain a negative position, but have assumed an aggressive attitude toward the churches.

The Cost of the Afghan War was Stated by the Rev. J. D. Bate, at the Baptist missionary meeting in London of October 4th, to be *forty million pounds.* He has been for fourteen years an indefatigable missionary in India, and speaking with authority, from an extensive knowledge of India, he uttered an earnest protest against the extortion of those forty millions from the already starving and overtaxed masses of India. He said that *ten million Hindoos had died* in the recent Indian famines, which have terribly impoverished India, and that there is grave apprehension of the dissatisfied and distressed masses in India rising in a general rebellion against the British Government far exceeding the mutiny of 1857. It is well known that India is only held by military force, and Britain, amid coming troubles, may not be able to maintain this force. His experience is fully confirmed by others, who say that Britain's tenure of India is becoming strained and fragile. These facts agree with our expectations from Scripture prophecy, that Britain will lose legislative dominion over India as well as Ireland within a few years' time, as those countries never belonged to Cæsar's Roman Empire.

Newspapers in Russia do not Appear to enjoy more freedom under Gen. Melikoff than they did before that reformer took office. He recently summoned the editors of the leading journals to his office, and defined the lines within which their comments must be confined. They were informed that they had liberty to discuss the various measures and ordinances of government, but with the condition that they shall not agitate the public mind with their illusory dreams. This point was plainly declared by General Melikoff to refer to certain organs insisting on the necessity of society participating in legislative and administrative duties. It is thus evident that the hope of a constitutional government taking the place of a despotism must for the present be abandoned in Russia.

A State of Anarchy Prevails in the Border land between Macedonia and Albania. The London *Times* says: "The Christians are ripe for revolution. The Bulgarians and Mussulmans are armed, and assassinations on both sides are common occurrences. *Anarchy reigns supreme.* If some steps are not taken to restore order the population will probably be considerably diminished by mutual extermination."

The condition of Macedonia is said to rival the condition of France before the Revolution. Assassination was never so common. Within less than two months twenty-seven Turks, including a wealthy bey, near Kenprulu, and two tithe registrars, have been murdered by Bulgars in the district of Kenprulu alone. The Turks have been prompt to respond, and about double the number of Bulgarians have paid the penalty of their lives to the revengeful feelings of the Turks. The prisons of Kenprulu and Perlike are overflowing with prisoners arrested without accusation or warning. The interference of Europe in the internal affairs of Turkey is justified by such a state of affairs.

The English Trouble in Basutoland, in Africa, is assuming serious proportions. The Basutos were friendly to the British, and assisted them in their recent war with Cetewayo; but Sir Bartle Frere, the late representative of England in South Africa, demanded at the close of the war that the Basutos should give up their arms. They professed that they were entitled to bear arms, and besides, that they had purchased their rifles from the British and had paid for them. Rather than surrender the weapons they have attacked the British, and appear to be formidable foes.

The rising has now spread east of he Drakensburg Mountains, and a detachment of a hundred men sent up to restore order are unable to return, but are said to be safe. The hostility has already spread far beyond the limits of Basutoland. In Griqualand East the disturbances are said to be "alarming;" the Pondos and Galekas are also "restless." Should these tribes, too, break into open revolt, we are told that "there is no British force whatever available to act against them." It is impossible to view "the situation without the greatest concern." A space of country two hundred miles long and a hundred miles across is either in open hostility or on the brink of it.

A Wife's Devotion.—The "London Standard" relates a touching incident illustrating the exertions a brave woman is capable of making for the sake of one she loves. Marie Hagart was a French peasant whose husband, being unable to obtain employment where he lived, sought it in Paris. There he fell ill, and the news came that he was lying, without money or friends, sick in hospital. The wife was utterly destitute, but she thought only of her husband's strait, and taking up her child she set out to walk to Paris, a distance of *more than three hundred miles.* She traversed the long weary journey, begging scraps of food as she went, and sleeping by the roadside or in the fields at night. At last she dropped, footsore and exhausted, in the streets of a Parisian suburb, where she was found and cared for by the police. They made inquiry for her husband, and discovered that he had died only twenty-four hours before his wife arrived. Her journey had been fruitless, and the man never knew the exertion she had made to minister to him. The incident shows what are the depths of a woman's love, and sheds a light on the assurance given us that the love of the Saviour surpasses even the love of woman.

Neglect of Divine Service in England.—Dr. Fraser, the Bishop of Manchester, has found a parish in his diocese containing 1232 houses, where 906 heads of families openly profess that neither they nor their households attend any place of religious worship. An earnest appeal has been made by the Bishop to the various religious communions to give up their bickerings, and unite in an effort to bring Christians to a proper state of mind on the subject of getting the people to church.

A Five-hooded Snake has been Discovere near Trichinopoly, in Southern India. Snake are seldom known to have more than fou hoods; consequently the superstitious native worship it. Its nest is in a large anthill, which many people visit in order *to be cured of thei different bodily ailments.* They congregat especially every Friday and Sunday night, as th snake is said to make its appearance then. The present offerings of eggs, milk, fruit, incense, flow ers, and buckets with saffron-water and mone in them, and in addition to these every ma brings a rooster to be sacrificed. The blood o the bird is sprinkled, "and only the combs ar used, which are cut in pieces and strewed abou the place, and the birds are returned to tho that brought them by the priest, who gives them in return some 'consecrated ashes' signifyin acceptance." The devotees of such superstition need fervent prayer that they may be converte to a saving faith in Christ.

Dr. Tanner is Arranging to Put the Alcoho theory of distillers and some physicians to th test. He says that he has written to Dr. Rich ardson, of London, who has attained a wid reputation as an opponent of the doctrine tha intoxicating liquor is beneficial to the huma system, asking him to make an offer on hi behalf. Dr. Tanner offers to do the forty days fast in London, and asks Dr. Richardson t issue a challenge to the brewers, distillers, an doctors. They may select six men, as near Dr Tanner's age and physical condition as possible They can take wine, beer, or any spirituou liquor during the fast, and he will take wate only, and will see what the result will be. Dr Tanner says: "I am sure they can't stand it and the reason is plain. Alcohol checks th decomposition of tissue. If I'd taken alcoho into my system during my fast, it would hav stopped my supply of nourishment, and *I'd hav starved to death.*"

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchma (London) for October may be obtained at the offic of The Christian Herald. Price six cents.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are on sal at the office of The Christian Herald, at prices s low as to bring them within the reach of every one *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photograp of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughman' Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 cent *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of fift sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homilet cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as fa as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day Boo* This popular gift-book contains a suitable passag selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every da in the year, with a blank space opposite for auto graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeo appear at their respective birthdays. The book i elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Remit tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M HAY AITKEN, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1880. 14th Year. No. 45—New Series.

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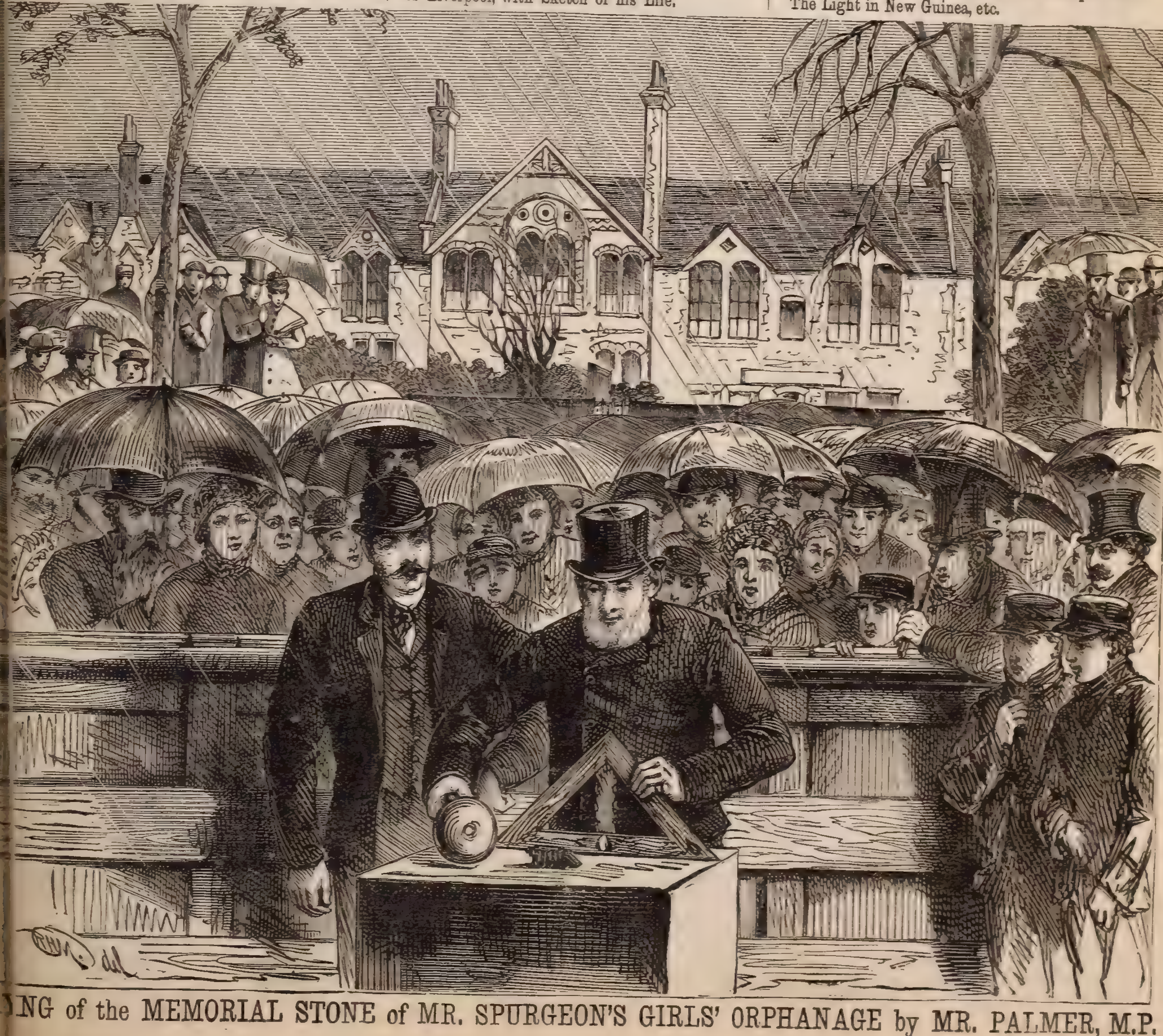


A NG of the MEMORIAL STONE of MR. SPURGEON'S GIRLS' ORPHANAGE by MR. PALMER, M.P.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S ORPHANAGES for BOYS and GIRLS.

Their Origin from Mrs. Hillyard's Gift of £20,000—Names and Donors of the Different Orphan Cottages—The Orphans Chosen by the Committee—The Girls' Orphanage.

THE picture on our front page this week illustrates the laying of two memorial stones, on Monday, October 4th, in connection with Mr. Spurgeon's Girls' Orphanage, at Stockwell, London. Taking advantage of the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union, which this year has been held in the British metropolis, Mr. Spurgeon had invited the ministers and delegates, to the number of nearly 1200, and representing the churches of Great Britain and Ireland, to be present at the interesting ceremony.

The weather was most inauspicious, a heavy downpour of rain continuing almost without intermission from early morning till late at night; but there was a numerous company present on the Orphanage premises when the hour for the stone-laying arrived.

We would remind our readers that

THE BOYS' ORPHANAGE,

of which a picture appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 31st, 1878, has for thirteen years been one of the recognized institutions which have flourished under the Divine blessing and Mr. Spurgeon's fostering care. The idea originated with a generous lady named Mrs. Hillyard, who devoted the magnificent gift of $100,000 for the inauguration of the work. To Mr. Spurgeon it seemed as if a voice from Heaven had thus called him to espouse the undertaking, and at every stage of its history since that period he has witnessed innumerable tokens of the Lord's approval. With that sagacity which characterizes him,

CERTAIN GUIDING PRINCIPLES

were determined upon at the outset, and subsequent experience has abundantly proved the wisdom of the choice. The Boys' Orphanage is constructed on what is known as the *Cottage Home system.* Children want something more than a roof and four walls to shelter them; they want a *home* where the virtues of a Christian character shall be fostered and developed. To ignore social instincts and filial reverence by massing hundreds of children together in one huge barrack-like building is to incur a grave responsibility, if not to provoke failure. But when an institution is adapted as far as possible to compensate the loss of paternal influence and control, one of the essential elements of success is secured.

Mrs. Hillyard's gift was left untouched as the nucleus of a foundation fund, the amount required for the purchase of the land, and the erection of the buildings being cheerfully subscribed by the liberality of friends interested in the undertaking.

THE NAMING OF THE HOUSES.

Thus the first house was given by the late Mrs. Tyson, in commemoration of her twenty-fifth wedding-day, and is called the *Silver Wedding House.* The second is the gift of a commercial gentleman in London, and is called the *Merchant's House.* The third was erected by the joint liberality of Mr. William Higgs and his *employes*, and is called the *Workmen's House.* The fourth is the gift of the Olney family, and forms a fitting monument to the late Mrs. Olney, and is called from her Christian name the *Unity House.* The central houses in the terrace were erected from the fund subscribed by the Baptist churches of Great Britain, as a testimonial to Mr. Spurgeon, and these two are called the *Testimonial Houses.* Another house was raised by the contributions of ministers, who were trained in the Pastors' College, and is called the *Students' House;* and the last owes its origin to the gifts of Sunday-school children, and is called the *Sunday School House.* These, together with the dining-hall, play-hall, schoolrooms, laundry, and infirmary, make a picturesque group, which, as a monument, attests the value of prayer, the benevolence of the Christian public, and the goodness of God.

The institution is *non-sectarian.* Fatherless children between the ages of six and ten are eligible for admission, irrespective of their denominational associations. In view of the necessity which bereavement implies, sectarian distinctions are of no account. The absorbing aim is the conversion of the children to Christ.

MODE OF ADMISSION OF THE ORPHANS.

Candidates are selected by the committee, not elected by the subscribers. By this arrangement the *greatest need* out-weighs all other considerations, and the poorest succeed in gaining admission. Only those who have canvassed for the election of a child to an institution, and know the expense entailed and the anxiety and fatigue involved, can fully appreciate the relief to a poor widow which this system affords.

The institution is open to all classes of the community. When a family is bereft of the bread-winner, the poverty involved may differ in degree, but in every case the widow is an object of pity, and the fatherless children claim compassionate regard. There is but little to choose in this respect between the widow and family of a tradesman and those of a laborer; indeed, it often happens that the poverty of the former is more acutely felt. The families of professional men are least of all able to cope with the difficulties of their altered circumstances.

THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.

The fact that Mr. Spurgeon and his friends were not able to assist poor widows whose families consisted of girls only, led to the determination to extend the institution as soon as the Lord's hand should be seen directing them. There was no desire to precipitate the work, but to go on with the work of the Boys' Orphanage, and wait for the opportunity, which, they felt, would come sooner or later. At length a series of Providential circumstances plainly indicated that the time had fully come for commencing the Orphanage for Girls. In faith in God the enterprise was initiated, and the first stroke was struck, by the following words of Mr. Spurgeon, at a meeting for celebrating the

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS MINISTRY

at the Metropolitan Tabernacle when a testimonial of £6233 ($30,292) was presented to him.

"Here is one point of a new departure. A day or two ago the lady who founded the Boys' Orphanage sent me £50 for the Girls' Orphanage. I answered somewhat to this effect: 'I am very grateful for the proposal, but at the same time I am not very well, and the times are not very hopeful, and therefore I had rather not begin any new work just yet.' I proposed to keep the £50 in case we did build a Girls' Orphanage, and, if not, to put it over to the Boys'. 'No,' said our friend, 'you are right in your judgment, but take the £50 as *the first brick*, for I am fully assured that many more bricks will shortly be added. Now I propose that £50 of the testimonial should be placed with my dear friend's £50, that we may found the Girls' Orphanage together. I will not say more, because she never has been outdone, and I do not think ever will be. I do not mean to press this new enterprise just now, but only to moot it, and see whereunto this thing will grow. Other eggs will come to the nest-egg, and the nest will become full, and then we shall have *another family of little chicks.* I feel as though I was laying the first stone of the Girls' Orphanage, and you were all saying 'Go ahead.' This is a good note of our present page of history—'Second twenty-five years of pastorate commenced by the inauguration of project of Girls' Orphanage.'"

After other donations had been received by Mr. Spurgeon, the property known as "The Hawthorns," bordering on the Boys' Orphanage, was offered for sale, and secured for the sum of £4000, the entire purchase-money being contributed by friends. The newly-acquired house was found to be admirably adapted for a temporary orphanage, and it was resolved to open it at once, and thirty girls were immediately admitted.

MEMORIAL STONE LAYING AT MR. SPURGEON'S GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, ON OCTOBER 4TH.

Letter from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—Speech of Mr. Palmer, M.P.—Rev. J. Spurgeon's Response—Rev. H. S. Brown's able Speech—Anecdote of the Old Scotch Baptist Woman.

THE ceremony of laying the memorial stones of two of the houses belonging to Mr. Spurgeon's Girls' Orphanage at Stockwell—namely, the *Reading House* and the *Liverpool House*—took place on October 4th, at half-past two, amid pouring rain. They are respectively intended as memorials of the help received toward the orphanage buildings from the friends at *Reading* and *Liverpool.*

The following

LETTER FROM MR. C. H. SPURGEON,

president of the institution, was read by the Rev. James Spurgeon: "To the members of the Baptist Union: As Chairman of the Stockwell Orphanage, I welcome you to the institution, deeply regretting that I cannot do this in person, in heartiest tones of brotherly love. We thank the brethren who will lay the stones, and the many generous friends whom they represent, and we thank all who will look on and give us the benefit of their kind wishes. May the orphanage grow rich in prayers to-day. There are 249 boys and 32 girls in residence at this hour, and when the new houses are complete our usual number will be 250 boys and 250 girls.

"*This is a great family;* and Unbelief inquires, 'Whence shall we find bread for this multitude?' But Faith sees a sure supply when she knows that thousands will be praying for it. I would rather have your prayers than a donation of £20,000, for something more than mone is needed—health for the children, wisdom fo the managers, patience for the teachers, grac for us all. Personally I am recovering strength but I am unable to leave the house. Pray excuse my infirmity, and continue your forbearance to this evening's service, from which must be absent. God's blessing on the Readin House, and the Liverpool House, and on thos other houses which record the zeal, the gratitude, and, in one case, the resignation of th donors.

The Rev. James Spurgeon, having read th foregoing letter, added: "This row of building will cost more than 11,080 pounds. We hav already in hand toward it something lik £7000. I think our friends have given us promises, or held out a hope, of somewhere abou £3000 more, making in all some £10,000, an there is a long £1000 *yet to be raised.* We than our good friends from Reading, because the have helped us in the past, and we thought w ought to record our gratitude by asking a frien from that quarter to lay a stone, and by callin a house after the name of our Reading friend We are deeply indebted to our friend Mr. Palmer for giving us part of his recess from h public duties in Parliament. I will ask him no to lay the stone."

Mr. George Palmer, M.P., then laid th stone, *as represented on our frontispiece pictur* and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: It has give me very great pleasure to represent the town *Reading* on this particular occasion. I am gl that the town in which I have spent so ma years, and with which I am now and have be for a long time intimately associated, has gai ed, at any rate, another point of reputation another laurel in its crown—by being associat with the Orphanage at Stockwell."

THE LIVERPOOL HOUSE.

The stone of this house was laid by the Re Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, who said

"Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage is an instituti that claims a large amount of sympathy and su port. There are many thousands of people this and other countries who, grateful to M Spurgeon, and for the great good that his d courses and writings have done them, are rea to render help to an institution which they kn has a large place in Mr. Spurgeon's large hea

'There are orphanages and orphanages, and s one presents some features that I think are rthy of special notice and special praise. One he *noble catholicity* of its spirit. It is *not a arian* orphanage.

Then again I greatly like this division of the hanage into *so many houses.* It is not all great barn-like, or park-like, or palace-like ding, but there are so many of these houses, of which has far more of a home look, and ikely to inspire more of the *home* feeling one could expect in a huge edifice where a t number are gathered together. I think it is far better for the health, both of body mind that this method of distribution should been adopted. I do not say that in this ret the Orphanage is unique, but at any rate better than most that I know, and it is a t deal pleasanter for us to have a Reading se and a Liverpool House, than, say, a *rd'* inscribed to Reading or Liverpool. es and gentlemen, I consider it a masterce of sagacity on the part of Mr. Spurgeon he has adopted this method of naming the us houses of the Orphanage, and a very stroke. If you have a friend that is at all o-do in the world—well, no harm comes of g one of your children after him.

ow, when a house is called after a town, of e all Mr. Spurgeon's friends in those —and he has many friends in all our —will feel deeply interested and specially l to render support. This stone that I laid is a stone of memorial, but it is also a of expectation—of anticipation. It is laid pirit of thankfulness for the past, and in a of hope for the future—the faith, that is , which is the confidence of things hoped om the Liverpool friends, and I have no , they will do all they can in order to this Liverpool House a success.

ow, when my friend Mr. Spurgeon did me onor of asking me to lay the memorial of this building, he was good enough to at his friends in Liverpool had done his nage so much kindness that he did not to do this in expectation of my bringing sum of money on this occasion; but still ght, and my friends thought, that it would for me to come empty handed. Hence, much pleasure, at any rate, in present connection with the laying of this me stone, a check for two hundred and fifty , in the hope, and I think I may say the ce, that there will be more to follow."

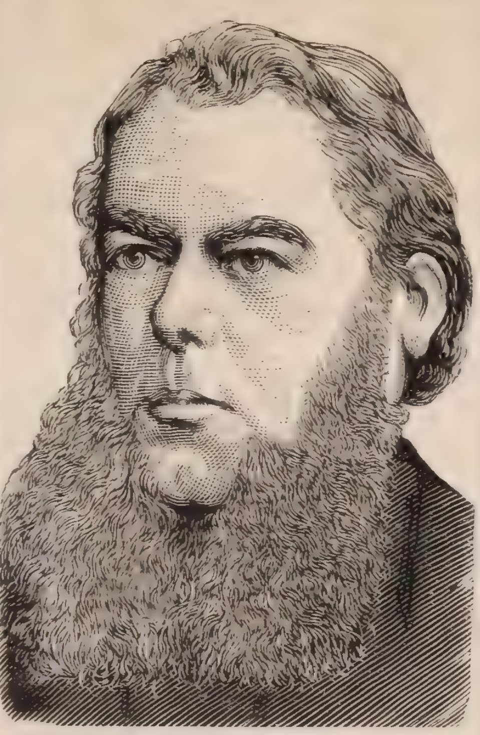
Rev. James Spurgeon then thanked Mr. Brown in an appropriate speech.

CDOTE OF A BAPTIST SCOTCHWOMAN.

Rev. W. Brock, President of the London Association, in the course of a short mentioned the following incident:

as once in an out-of-the-way part of Scotar the Pass of Killiecrankie, and some l me that there was *an old Baptist woman* a house in a wood on a steep hillside. s a Baptist minister, although I was out holiday, it was said that the least I could to go and see her; and I went. She was *ven years* of age. She had not left her r twenty years through infirmity. We a pleasant chat, and I told her I was ndon. Now what do you suppose she to know about London? Nothing about en; the only thing she wanted to know ut Mr. Spurgeon—how many children got? what were their names? were e their father? what was the Tabernacle uld people hear there? and the rest. s this poor, bed-ridden soul, and her ans of grace for twenty years had been geon's weekly sermon as it was printed to her. Now, we honor Mr. Spurgeon reaching, for his college work, and the I may be permitted to say that the ge puts the top-stone to the whole. d the Orphanage, and restore its presiealth and strength!"

ev. J. T. Wigner then offered prayer, roceedings terminated.



REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN, OF LIVERPOOL.

Causes of Mr. Brown's Popularity in Liverpool—Parentage and Early Associations—Studies Land-surveying and Engineering—Becomes an Engine-driver—His Conversion is followed by a Desire to Become a Clergyman—Labors as a City Missionary, and in 1848 Accepts the Pastorate of a Baptist Church—Impending Resignation for Evangelistic Work.

THIRTY-TWO years have gone since the fame of Mr. Stowell Brown's earnest efforts among the working-men of Liverpool first reached the metropolis and convinced the more thoughtful of London ministers that what had been so successfully achieved in the North might at least be attempted in the South. It had but to be announced that he would preach or deliver an address, even on a Sunday afternoon, when the best men might well have deemed it doubtful whether a congregation could be gathered, and instantly there was a mass of people for whom room enough could scarcely be found. It mattered not where he stood up to preach, whether in chapel, theatre, or hall, he could collect an audience such as minister had never seen in any regular place of worship, who were utterly ignorant of any form of religious service whatever, but three thousand of whom would listen to Mr. Brown with an interest which only deepened the longer he spoke.

It is true he owed something, perhaps, to his *rough-and-ready style of speech*, and to the uncommon subjects which he announced as the texts of his addresses, viz: "Five shillings and costs," "Taking care of Number One," "The Devil's meal is all bran," "I can't afford it," "The Englishman's house is his castle," "Do thyself no harm," "God's poor and the devil's poor," and a host of other titles equally striking. We all know, however, that though an audience may be gathered once by a striking handbill, a lecturer will not be so successful a second time, unless he proves beyond all question that what he says is of sterling and abiding interest. In Mr. Brown's case the artisans of Liverpool found that though the titles of his addresses were out of the common way, what he said was more remarkable still, and the impressions produced on numbers of hearts were deep and ineffaceable.

With Mr. Brown's antecedents, to some it may have seemed strange that he did not elect to labor in the Established Church. His *father* was a clergyman of the Church of England, and his *uncle* was the well-known Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, after whom he was named. He was *born* at Douglas, Isle of Man, in 1823, and very early it was the great desire of his life to become not only a member of the Established Church, but a clergyman of the same communion. At first, however, on his school days being ended, it seemed as if a different course had been marked out for him; for at about fifteen he was sent from Douglas to England to study, with a view of preparing to become an engineer. He worked at land-surveying and other matters, but did not find the business much to his taste, and he was not sorry one day to relinquish the whole business in favor of—engine-driving.

He did not, however, relinquish habits of study even in this calling, and, though an engine-driver, managed to find time for self-improvement. The day's work was hard; but four or five hours he would at least secure for reading and meditation. We are told that *his first classical exercises were written with a piece of chalk on the fire-box of the locomotive* he was driving; and although it might not have greatly tended to the comfort of nervous passengers to know that they were being conducted to their journey's end by a driver who was studying Greek, it may fairly be set down as another illustration of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

When it pleased God to reveal His Son in him, his ardent desire was to become a clergyman, and with this end in view he entered college, to prepare for the work. Now, however, as he began to study, and honestly to think for himself, doubts and difficulties presented themselves which had never crossed his mind before, and to which he felt that a fair answer must be given ere he could take a step further. These doubts had reference to certain teaching contained, as he believed, in the occasional services and catechism of the Church of England; and as he could not solve them satisfactorily to his own conscience and understanding, he felt that there was nothing left him but to relinquish all thought of a ministry in connection with the Church of England.

He then became *a member of a Baptist Church*, and with a stronger purpose than ever devoted himself to the great work of winning souls for Christ. He became *a city missionary* in Liverpool, and perhaps he owed much to the experience he gained while engaged in visiting the homes of the poor of the great seaport. In 1848 he received an invitation to become the *minister* of Myrtle Street Baptist Church, and this has been his pastoral sphere ever since.

He has also undertaken work beyond his own pastorate, and has often made visits to London to lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Brown has frequently advocated *the cause of missions* in various parts of the kingdom, and few will forget his manly avowal and defence of *peace principles* in times of national panic. He is an *orator* on any subject on which he speaks, but especially on the theme dearest to the heart of every true minister of Jesus Christ—the precious Gospel. This theme was dear to him when, more than thirty years ago, he devoted himself to the work of "warning and exhorting every man," and, as life has advanced, increasing years have but added increasing urgency to his appeals to men of all classes of society to find in Christ their Saviour and their all.

Mr. Brown has announced his intention of resigning official connection with the Church in Liverpool in March, 1881, and devoting himself unreservedly to evangelistic work—an undertaking for which his mental characteristics, moral stability, rich spiritual experience, and physical qualities pre-eminently fit him, and we trust that his new enterprise will receive much blessing from God.

On Monday, October 4th, Mr. Brown laid the memorial stone of the "Liverpool House" in Mr. Spurgeon's Girls' Orphanage. His racy and practical address on the occasion will be found in another column.

THE BALLOT-BOX.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, October 31st, 1880.

"Two cubits and a half was the length of it, and a cubit and a half the breadth of it, and a cubit and a half the height of it."—EXODUS 37 : 1.

The Ballot-Box the Ark of the American Covenant—The Struggle for the Ballot—The Foes of the Ballot-box—1. Ignorance—How to Correct the Evil—Make Ignorance a Crime—2. Spurious Voting—3. Intimidation—An Infamous Practice—4. Bribery—The Disgrace of American Politics—5. The Rowdy Drunken Caucus—The Ballot-box Needs Washing—No Property Qualification—Ignorant Plutocrats—Woman Suffrage—The Salutary Influence of Woman—Incident of a Poor Soldier Giving Away a Fortune—The Great Snow-storm of Ballots—The Two Angels on the Ark—All America to be United under One Flag.

LOOK at it !—the sacred chest of the ancients, about five feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high. Within and without of gold, on the top of it representations of two angels facing each other with outspread wings. The book of the law and many precious things were in that box. The fate of the nation was in it. Carried at the head of the host, in the presence of that box, the waters of the Jordan parted. Costly, precious, divinely charged, momentous box !

Unholy hands must be kept off of it. It was generally called the ark of the covenant, but you will understand it was a box, the most precious box of the ages. Where is it ? Gone forever. No crypt of ancient church, no museum of the world has a fragment of it. But is not this nation God's chosen people ? Have we not been brought through the Red Sea ? Have we not been led with the pillar of fire by night ? Have we no ark of the covenant ? Yes. The ballot-box is the sacred chest,

THE ARK OF THE AMERICAN COVENANT.

The law is in it. The will of God and the will of man are in it. The fate of the nation is in it. Carried before our host, the waters of national trouble part. Its fate is the fate of the American Government. Next Tuesday ten million men may uncover their heads in its presence. Mighty ark of the American covenant, thou ballot-box of a free people !

It is *a very old box*. In Athens, and long before the art of printing, the people dropped pebbles into it, expressive of their will. After that beans were dropped into it—white beans for the affirmative, black beans for the negative ; but as through that process it was easy to see which way a man voted, the election sometimes took place by night. If a man was to be voted out of citizenship, or, as you would say, ostracized, his name was put upon a shell and the shell was dropped into the box. In Parliament, O'Connell and Grote and Macaulay and Cobden and Gladstone fought for the full introduction of the ballot-box, and in 1872 it became one of the fastnesses of the English nation.

It is now one of the corner-stones of our American institutions. It is older than the Constitution. Tell we what will become of the ballot-box and I will tell you what will become of the American Government. What a change of feeling in regard to it since Sidney Smith shot his keenest shafts of ridicule at it, and William Cobbett felt called upon to answer thirty-eight objections to its existence ! Without the ballot-box there can be no free institutions, and there can be no permanent peace. Give the people every year, or every four years, an opportunity of expressing their political preferences, and for the most part you avoid insurrection and revolution. If they cannot have the vote they will have the sword.

When John Milton was visiting in Italy he noticed that the gardeners and farmers were cultivating the side of Mount Vesuvius while the volcano was in eruption, and he asked them if they found it safe so to do. "Oh, yes," they said, "the danger and the alarm are before the eruption takes place ; then there is earthquake and terror all through the country, but after the lava begins to pour forth all the people feel relieved." It is the suppression of the popular will that makes moral earthquake, political earthquake. Give the people full expression through the ballot-box and there is national relief, national satisfaction. And yet there are

MIGHTY FOES TO THE BALLOT-BOX,

and I have thought this morning it would be appropriate if as a Christian patriot I enumerated some of those terrible enemies.

I. In the first place, *ignorance*. Other things being equal, in proportion as a man is intelligent he is qualified for the right of suffrage. You have ten, twenty, thirty years been studying American institutions through all the channels of information. You have become acquainted with the needs of our country. You know all that has been said on both sides the tariff question, the Chinese question, the educational question, the sectional question, and you have made up your mind, and day after tomorrow I see you coming down off your front steps. I say, "Good-morning, neighbor ; hope you are all well to-day. Which way are you bound ?" You say, "I am going to vote." You take your position in the line of electors, you wait your turn, you come up, the judge of election announces your name, your ballot is deposited, you pass out. *Well done.*

But right behind you comes a man who cannot spell "president," or "controller," or "attorney." He cannot write his own name, or if he does write it, if he can write at all, he makes a small "i" for the pronoun of the first person, which, while very descriptive of his limited capacity, is very hard on good orthography. He cannot tell you on which side the Alleghany Mountains Ohio is. There are educated canary birds and educated horses who have more intelligence than he. He puts in his vote for the opposite candidate, and he cancels your vote. His ignorance weighs as much as your intelligence. That is not right ; everybody says that is not right.

How to correct the evil? By laws of compulsory education well executed. Until a man can read the Declaration of American Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, and the first chapter of Genesis, and write a petition for citizenship with his own hand, and calculate how much is the interest of the United States debt, and tell the difference between a republic, a limited monarchy, and a despotism, he is not fit to vote at any polls between Key West and Alaska. Time was when there may have been an excuse for ignorance, but not now and in this day, when the common school makes knowledge as free as the fresh air of Heaven.

In 1872, in England, there were two million seven hundred thousand children who ought to have been in school, but there were in school only one million three hundred and thirty-three thousand six hundred. About fifty per cent. And of all those who were in school, not more than five per cent got anything worthy of the name of education. Much of this foreign ignorance is added to our American ignorance, and next Tuesday there will be tens of thousands who will vote though they may have no more qualification to do so than they would have qualification to lecture on astronomy.

Now, I go for a law which, after it has given a sufficient number of years of warning, shall make ignorance a crime. I go for a law which would place a board of examination side by side with the officers of registration, to decide whether a man has enough intelligence to become one of the monarchs who shall decide the destiny of this Republic. From that quarter there comes more danger to the sacred chest, the ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant.

II. Another powerful enemy of the ballot-box is

SPURIOUS VOTING.

If in this city of Brooklyn one thousand scoundrels have already been discovered as having registered for a vote next Tuesday, when they have no residence here, what may you
judge in regard to other parts of the country ?
in the best city on the continent there be
thousand such men, who can estimate the nu
ber in less fortunate cities ? I warrant you th
there are five thousand, if not ten thousar
names on the books of registration in New Yc
City that need scrutiny.

What a grand thing is this law of regist
tion. Without it election day is a farce ;
how sad is the condition of things when in
State of Maine both parties charge upon
other party, each party upon the other, the o
rage of the ballot-box. The law needs a kee
twist for the neck of the repeaters. They n
something more than slight fine and short
prisonment. They are attempting the assassi
tion of this Republic. In olden times when n
with unholy hands touched the ark of the co
nant, they dropped dead. Witness Uzza.
when men through spurious voting lay unh
hands on the sacred chest, the ark of the Am
ican covenant, they deserve extermination.

III. Another powerful foe of the ballot-bo

INTIMIDATION.

There are corporations which compel their
ployés to vote as they, the head, wish them.
a delicate and skillful way they simply intim
to their employés that if they do not vote as
employers vote, they will be frozen out of
establishment. There are thousands of s
places. You can go to villages where there
factories, and finding out the political sentim
of the men who own the factories you can
how the election will go. Now, that is damna

When an employé does his work well,
gives you full equivalent in toil for what
pay him in wages, you have no right to ex
any more of him. He sells you his work.
does not sell you his political or his relig
principles. Yet you are too wise to say, "
did not vote as I wanted you to vote, now I
charge you." You call him in some day and
fault with his work, and you tell him that
have an uncle, or an aunt, a cousin, or a n
or a nephew who will have to have his s
tion ! But he knows why you discharge
and God knows. You are not fit for Amer
citizenship.

There must be on the ark of the cove
the sacred chest, no shadow of corporat
capitalistic intimidiation. I am not surpris
the vehemence of Lord Chief Justice Ho
England, when he says,

"Let the people vote fairly. Interfe
with a man's vote is in behalf of this or
other party. If such cases come before me
tried, I shall charge the jury to make the off
pay well for it."

Let there be no monocratic, or militar
mobocratic intimidation. Just as soon as i
precinct of the United States a man cannot
as he pleases, there is something wrong.

IV. Another powerful foe of the ballot-b

BRIBERY.

No one will ever know how many thou
or millions of dollars have been raised to
the election next Tuesday. I do not know
party has raised the most money. I know
the chief affront of the Democratic party
one of their candidates is that he will giv
ten thousand dollars. On the other ha
know that the Republican party have laid
of two and a half per cent upon those who
office under Government, or at the star
that tax, and if the salaries average seven
dred dollars, and there be one hundred tho
office-holders, then they had a fund at the
of one million seven hundred and fifty tho
dollars. But how much has been raised in
parties I have no means of determinin
simply know it is a sad state of things. I s
know that there will be neighborhoods an
ies where the announcement will be m
private, "so many thousands of dollars
many votes."

I tell you that bribery is *the disgrace of*
ican institutions.

It is often the case that men are nomina
office with reference to the amount of mo

eir own they can put into the contest, or the nount of money they can command from their ends. Senators and Congressmen and Governs buying their way into office. I tell you no ws in this respect. Your own patriotic hearts ve been pained with it.

It is often the case that the bribe comes in the m of official position. "Wheel your eloence into my side, and when I get to be Presint I will make you Secretary of State or, you all be Postmaster-General or minister to gland. Wheel your eloquence into my side, d when I get to be Governor you will be Survor-General. Wheel your eloquence into my e, and when I get to be Mayor you will be on Water Board." The simple fact, is that by the he many of those who are running for office to the chair they are from the crown of the d to the sole of the foot mortgaged with dges, and the people who will go to Albany o Washington to get offices are applying for itions that were gone three months before election.

here are two long lines of worm fence, one of worm fence reaching to Albany, the other of worm fence reaching to Washington, and he time of the nominations there are great titudes of citizens astride these fences, equally sed, ready to get down on that side where can get the most emolument. Bribery for se who receive it, and bribery on the part of se who give it kicks both ways; and it is a race to the ballot-box, and it is a scourge to sacred chest, the ballot-box, the ark of the erican covenant. In the name of God I dence it.

Another powerful foe of the ballot-box is rowdy and

DRUNKEN CAUCUS.

ballot-box is robbed of its power of choice n in a back room of some groggery the inees are made, and men come up to the balox on election day, and they only have a ce between two evils.

ow, you respectable men of both parties, I ge you that, having saturated your handkerwith cologne or some other disinfectant, you own and take possession of the caucus. You your work on election day, and you begin o weeks or two months too late. In some e cities of the United States—I do not say city, but in some cities of the United States— the elector comes to the polls on election he finds that the nominees are such a , greasy, stenchful crew there is no choice. t if he vote for some outsider? He merely vs his vote away. Now, honorable men of klyn and New York, go and take possesof the caucus, though when you return you have to hang your hat and your coat e line in the back yard.

is high time these things were changed. rican politics have got very low, and in States they are controlled by men who are nore in need of good morals than of a bath- Snatch the ballot-box from such despera- Where is the David with the courage to back the ark of the covenant from Kirjathn? You all see there is need of reformation ballot-box when in our day it could send eed to the New York Legislature, and a Morrissey, the prince of gamblers, to the ican Congress. *The ballot-box needs to be d*, and set on a higher pedestal.

me propose by way of improvement that ve in this country a property qualification. say that if men have a certain amount of state they are more likely to have a finanterest in good government; and they say s soon as a man gets property he becomes us and conservative. I have to reply that perty qualification would shut out from the -box much of the best brain of this coun- Literary men are almost always poor. The a good kind of implement for mending orld, but a poor implement for gaining a ood. I could call the roll of hundreds of y men who never owned a foot of ground, ever will own a foot of ground until they get under it—professors of colleges, editors of newspapers, ministers of religion, book-makers depending on a scant and uncertain royalty paid by the publishers. A property qualification will shut out these men, and a great multitude who, though they never owned a house on earth, will have a mansion in heaven.

On the other hand, you will notice that there are those who by accident of fortune got vast estate, while they are in profound stupidity; as an English millionaire told me on the steamer going over to Europe, that he was going to see the dikes of Scotland, and as a lady of much pretension, who had just returned from Europe, upon being asked last summer on the cars by a member of my family if she had seen Mont Blanc, said, "Well, really, I don't know; is that in Europe?"

There is no more complete ignorance than you will sometimes find dismounting from a four-thousand-dollar equipage at the door of a Madison Avenue mansion. Now, I have to tell you the property qualification would be a gigantic injustice.

There are only two ways in which you will ever mend these matters—one by more thorough legal defence of the ballot-box, and the other by more thorough education and moralization of the people.

I have sometimes thought that perhaps we may be obliged to call upon *woman to help us* in the reformation of the ballot-box. Wherever she goes there is adornment and beautification. I suppose you have noticed the difference between the cleanliness of the gentlemen's cabin on the ferry-boat, and the ladies' cabin. I suppose you have noticed the difference between the cleanliness of the gentlemen's smoking-car on the rail-train, and the other cars in which women are passengers. Give woman the right of suffrage, and our polls on election day, instead of being cheerless and repulsive, will be saloons of beauty.

In this very month of October—October 12th—in eleven thousand of the school districts of the State of New York women voted, or had a right to vote. Order everywhere. By what justice have the majority of the grown people in this country been disfranchised? Simply because they are women. Give woman the ballot, and that will decide the Mormon and the temperance questions. A woman owning property must pay taxes. Ought she not then to have a right to say something in regard to the expenditure of those moneys?

Many of us have been opposed to female suffrage, on the ground that we do not want woman's delicate nature to confront the insults and the blasphemies and the disorder of election day; but when she has the ballot there will be no insults, no disorder, no blasphemies on election day. It is not so much what the ballot would do for woman, as *what woman would do for the ballot.*

I cannot understand how there should be such an aversion to woman's political preferment among Americans and among Englishmen in this day, when we have a great-souled Mrs. Hayes reigning in the White House and a Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle.

The ancient ark of the covenant was carried into captivity, away off to Kirjath-jearim; but one day that sacred chest was put upon a cart, and oxen were fastened to the cart, and the chest was brought back to Jerusalem with shouting and thanksgiving. So the ballot-box has been carried into captivity of demagogism and mobocracy; but I should not wonder if by prayer to God with thanksgiving that sacred ark of the covenant would be brought back and put into the temple of Christian patriotism. Take the first step in this direction next Tuesday. It may be the last vote you will ever deposit for the highest office in this country. I know that we sometimes find centenarians pleasantly boasting that they have voted for nearly all the Presidents; but the majority of men never vote for more than three or four. Do you think your vote of no importance?

A poor soldier went into the store of a hairdresser in London, and asked for money to get back to the army. He had already stayed beyond his furlough, and he must have quick transit. The hairdresser felt sorry for him and gave him the money. "Now," said the poor soldier, "I have got nothing to give you in return for your kindness except this little slip of paper, which has on it a recipe for making blacking. The soldier gave it, not supposing it to be of great value. The man received it, not supposing it to be of any great value. But it has yielded the man who took it two million five hundred thousand dollars, and was the foundation of one of the greatest manufacturing establishments of England.

But I have to tell you that that little slip of printed paper that you will drop into the ballot-box next Tuesday will seem to be more insignificant, and yet it may have a moral and a national value beyond all estimation. So I charge all your solemnity next Tuesday. About seven o'clock in the morning will begin the great snow-storm of the nation's suffrages.

The white flakes will fall in all the villages between the Highlands of Navesink to the Golden Gate of the Pacific—so silently falling that the keenest ear will not detect one out of the millions. Snowing on until noon, snowing on until night. The octogenarian will come up to the polls with trembling hand, and scanning the ballot with spectacled eyes, will give the ballot to the judge of election.

The young man who has been patiently waiting the time when he would have a right to vote will come up, and proudly and blushingly hand in his suffrage and pass on. The capitalist with diamonded finger and the workman with hard first will come up, and the vote of the one will be as good as the vote of the other. Snowing, snowing, snowing, until at sundown all these flakes will be united and compacted into an avalanche ready to slide down in expression of the nation's will.

Stand out of the way! In the awful sweep of the white avalanche, may there go down sectionalism and political fraud ten thousand feet under, forever under! Remember that you not only have a vote, but a prayer which may be more powerful than a vote. God only can control the suffrages of a city or a nation.

I told you at the opening, that on the top of the sacred chest of olden times there were

TWO ANGELS

facing each other with outspread wings. Why not on the top of the great chest, the ark of the American covenant, there shall be two angels—the angel of the North and the angel of the South, long looking different ways, now face to face with outspread wing of blessing. Let the quarrel begun at Fort Sumter at half past four o'clock on the morning of April 12th, 1861, end at the ballot-box at seven o'clock, November 2d, 1880, after long altercation magnificently won.

Oh, sirs, we cannot live under any other form of government than that under which we are living. The stars of our flag are not the stars of thickening night, but stars sparkling amid the red bars of morning cloud. Let the despotisms of Asia keep their feet off the Pacific coast. Let the tyrannies of Europe keep their feet off the Atlantic coast. We shall have in this country only one government, and on this continent only one government. At the south, Mexico will follow Texas into the Union, and Christianity and civilization will stand in the halls of the Montezumas, and if not in our day, then in the day of our children, Yucatan and Central America will wheel into line of dominion.

On the north, Canada will be ours, *not by conquest*, for English and American swords may never clash blades, but we will simply woo the fair neighbor of the north, and she will be ours, and England will say to Canada, "You are old enough now for the marriage-day. Giant of the West, go take your bride." Then from Baffin's Bay to the Caribbean there shall be one republic, under one banner, and with one destiny—a free, undisputed, Christianized American continent. God grant it. Amen!

ROCHESTER TOWER

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(Continued from page 695.)

A Startling Revelation—Percy's Indignation—One Mystery Solved—The Rev. Mr. Mitchell's Consideration—Constance Sends a Letter each to Cecil and Salome—And Receives Replies.

TAKING no notice of Miss Anerley's intimation that the disagreeable interview should cease, the strange man planted himself fully in her path again.

"Let this lady pass," said Percy indignantly. "What do you mean by being so rude to her?"

But the man only drew nearer still to Constance, and whispered in her ear.

"What would you say if I told you that Salome Stanley is my wife?"

It was horrible to Constance to hear such words, even from a man whose sobriety was to be doubted, and whose impudence was glaring, and who was probably an adept at every kind of lying for his professional purposes as a beggar. She knew all this, and yet the words almost staggered her. There had always seemed some mystery about that lonely, gentle, refined, retiring woman; could it be this?

Constance tried to pass him without further parley; but she could not altogether hide from him the surprise and perplexity his words had occasioned, and he triumphed in his success.

"What do you say to that, Miss Anerley?" he demanded.

"It is not my business to say anything; I am not Salome Stanley's guardian." She spoke almost scornfully, more anxious than ever to get rid of this tiresome man.

"But this knowledge will at least dispose you to lend me five shillings," he said coaxingly. "You will not refuse to lend five shillings to the husband of your friend?"

"I work for my money," she said, fixing her dark eyes searchingly and unflinchingly on him. "You are equally able to work for yours. Besides, I have no proof whatever that you speak the truth. The fact that you have been drinking makes me altogether inclined to doubt your veracity. If I gave you five shillings, a Canterbury publican would soon have it in his till. I altogether decline to aid you."

"You call yourself a Christian, I suppose," he said, with a sneer.

"I hope you do not call *yourself* one," retorted Constance, with ready wit. "It is the duty of a Christian to support himself and his by honest industry, and to abstain from drinks that rob him of his senses and his strength, and make him ready to insult his countrywomen. Good-day, sir."

Bowing coldly, she pushed past him, and then hurried home with Percy and little Maud.

"What did that fellow say to you, Miss Anerley, when he had the impudence to whisper in your ear?" inquired Percy. "I almost felt inclined to knock him down just then."

"That could do no good, Percy. He was trying to make me believe that he was very nearly related to an intimate friend of mine."

"What cheek!" said the boy. "Yet he did talk well for a beggar, or even for a railway porter—I mean grammatically, and all that. I have noticed that even when I used to know him at the Brighton station. He wasn't there very long."

"I expect he may be a broken-down gentleman," said Constance; "a man who has ruined his fortunes by drink and dissipation. I wonder how he knew my name?"

"He helped up your box on to the cab the evening you came, and perhaps if he knew the name any way he remembered it."

This was the probable key to one mystery. If it were indeed his wife who lodged with them in London, he might know the name of Anerley very well. But solving this smaller puzzle only increased the magnitude and difficulty of the other. How came he to be the husband of Salome Stanley, and why had she failed to acknowledge him and call herself by his name?

Salome Stanley was her maiden name. Hermann Ferguson had told them that. Poor, poor, Cecil, too! He had been refused, she knew, but must he henceforth be utterly without hope? With a horrible plunge, as it felt to herself, Constance entered a depth of distress she had not at first realized. Salome Stanley, if she were in secret a married woman, had behaved shamefully to Cecil all along—shamefully.

Constance had to use a violent mental effort to keep herself alive to surrounding objects of attention during that Christmas day. She longed for night, when she might abandon herself wholly to the consideration of the overwhelming subject. Slowly the hours passed. By her natural force of character she put aside the event of the morning and her duty in regard to it till she could give to it the calm reflection of the quietude of night; but very naturally something of their adventure had to be recounted, for Percy and little Maud were full of it.

Without betraying the secret she was so anxious to keep, Constance managed to give a correct idea of the annoyance she had experienced. Mr. Mitchell told her she had far better have appealed at once to the lodge-keeper or to any gentleman walking in the grounds of Dane John, and Constance replied she had firmly made up her mind to do so, if she had not ended the parley when she did.

The Christmas meals were the more cheerful that Mrs. Mitchell, considerably revived, managed to sit up for a little while on each occasion, she ate a small slice of turkey and a minute portion of the rich Christmas pudding temptingly offered to her by her husband at dinner, and some wafer-like bread and butter of his cutting at tea, with a better appetite, she declared, than for many days past.

"Nelly," said the reverend gentleman, as he sat beside her, after she had listened to a few hymns from her husband and Constance and Percy and little Maud, and then retired early to bed; "if we can only get you about again, my dear, I shall know better how to value you than I ever have known yet."

"Why, you always have prized me far more than I deserved, Rowland."

"I've been a selfish brute, Nelly," he answered emphatically and not very clerically, laying so heavy a stress on the word brute as to imply a capital in every one of its five letters; "but only get well, my precious wife," he continued, "and you shall see I have learned a lesson."

Late that night Constance sat in her moonlit chamber wrapped in her railway rug for warmth, because the air was frosty and chill, and anxiously inquiring of herself, What ought I to do? To save Cecil from further bitter disappointment as much as was possible, to spare poor Salome herself the bitter and deserved reproaches of Mrs. Anerley, which Constance could not doubt she would justly incur, to warn the wretched wife of her husband's whereabouts, if indeed he were her husband—all these things seemed necessary to be done.

But if he were only a drunken villain, who had used a lady's name to her detriment, in order to deceive and victimize herself, Constance Anerley, what an insult to inflict upon Salome Stanley, even to write as if her union to the wretched outcast were an acknowledged fact. Cecil would not thank her for such easy credulity—such interference with Salome's affairs. She knew her brother well enough to be certain that, gentle and good-tempered and easy as Cecil generally was, he had a depth of unusually unawakened feeling, that anything concerning Salome Stanley had power to arouse.

Again, a new idea crossed her mind. She had often wondered that Cecil, after being repulsed, had not wished Salome to leave his mother's roof. Directly she had heard to the contrary, and his firmness about it, she had puzzled herself as to what possible motive he could have. She began now to ask herself whether it were possible that Salome had given Cecil her confidence when she had refused his offer, and
whether Cecil had determined to shield
from her drunken husband in the shelte
home in Eglinton Terrace.

At last, after much deliberation, deliberat
that was anxious and even prayerful in spi
though Constance might have conscientio
refused to call it so, so careful was she not
profess, even to herself, anything which she
not sure of possessing, she determined to w
a letter to her brother and another to Salc
Stanley.

Taking her desk directly her resolution
formed, she penned the following:

"DEAREST CECIL: I was begged of by a r
to-day who was smelling of spirits, and wh
words, therefore, are very likely not to be
pended on; but the information he was t
enough and impertinent enough, perhaps
false enough (I am sure I wish this with all
heart), to give me was possibly so important
you to know, that, after long and seri
thought, I dare not withhold it from you.
called himself the husband of Salome Stanl
With all the love you can imagine, I am,
Cecil, now and ever, your affectionate sister,

"CONSTANCE.

That note, short as it was, she had found
cult to compose. The other cost still m
trouble:

"MY DEAR SALOME: Would it pain you
much to know that I have, unintentionally
my own part, learned a secret which you h
as I believe, kept from us all till now? I
heard that you are married, and I am afraid
it is to a worthless, bad man. Oh, Salc
dear, why did you not let me help you bear
trouble, as far as ever it was possible for m
do so? If I have been misinformed, if you
still Salome Stanley, if that wretch I have
who claims the title is happily *not* your husb
do relieve my mind of this horror at once.
ever loving friend,

"CONSTANCE ANERLEY

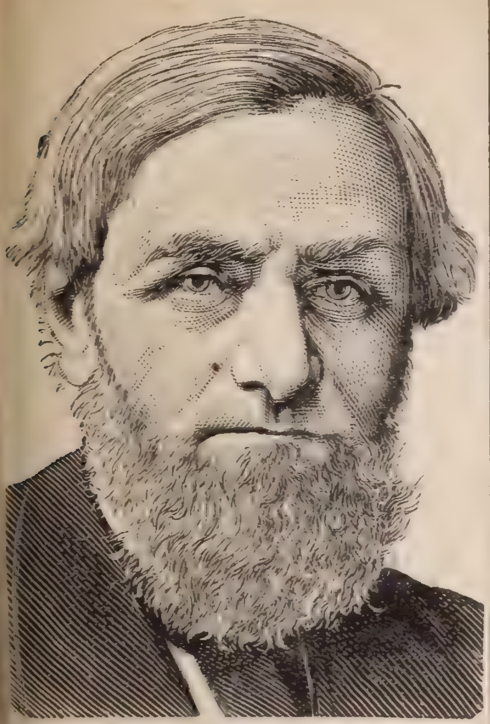
To the first letter she almost immedi
received this answer:

"You did exactly what was right, Consta
to intrust your painful news to me. But d
blame Salome. Shield her, Constance, fror
proach and harm, by all the love you bear to
and to me. Do not think she has not conf
in me; she has. She married rashly, bli
years ago, a cousin of her own name, who
pected her money would be left in her
power. He kept away from her when he f
this was not the case, and pursued his fo
wild course. Don't give him anything,
have anything to say to him; if he dare to
lest you again, threaten him with the law."

Salome wrote:

"Constance, dear Constance, what must
think of me? Already I dread that you lo
me instead of love me, and regard me as th
ceiver of your whole family, of Mr. Fergu
and of every one. I am guilty of very r
that is wrong. I lack the moral courage th
so strong in you, and have again and a
done the easy wrong, not from set purpose
it and to be wicked, but because I was so
bly afraid to do the *difficult* right, and sh
like a coward from doing it. Had you bee
foolish as I have been in the past, you wou
least acknowledge it, and take its mise
consequences calmly in the present. I have
your brother my sad history; circumstance
quired that I should do so. Ever since he
thrown around me the kindness of a brothe
shield me as much as possible from difficult
danger. I cannot ask you to keep anyt
from your mother and sister, Constanc
must leave my secret in your kind hands, k
ing you will deal with it honorably as my fr
If you have any idea where my unhappy
band is at any time, please let me know.
name is Stanley; he is my first cousin. I di
assume a wrong name, only a false title—'
If you can love me a little even now, that
of yours could never be more prized than by
unhappy friend, SALOME STANLE

(To be continued.)



GEORGE PALMER, ESQ., M.P.

lis Business Relationships—Municipal Responsibilities—A Member of the Society of Friends—Elected to Parliament in 1878—Description of Huntley & Palmer's Biscuit Works.

MR. PALMER, whose portrait we give this eek, is about sixty years of age, and is the ief of the eminent and successful biscuit es- ablishment of Messrs. Huntley & Palmer, eading, Berkshire. He is the eldest son of e late Mr. William Palmer, whose honored ame is even yet a household word in the local- y in which he resided.

Mr. Palmer is a *member of the Society of riends*, and has consistently taken a deep in- rest in everything relating to the education of e people. As a member of the Peace Society has always discountenanced the bellicose pro- nsities of those who appear to delight in war, d has done all in his power to discountenance course to deadly armaments as the final ar- trament in international disputes.

When a vacancy occurred in the representa- n of Reading in Parliament, Mr. George Palm- reluctantly permitted his name to be put in mination for the office of Member of Parlia- ent. So enthusiastic were the electors in his pport that, although he departed from the ual practice of English candidates in his can- ss, and never solicited a single vote, he was cted by a large majority.

At the general election this year he was again urned at the head of the poll. He has spoken several occasions in the House of Commons, ere he is listened to with the respect univer- y accorded to men of business habits and rling integrity.

HUNTLEY & PALMER'S BISCUIT WORKS.

he manufactory of Messrs. Huntley & Palmer he largest of its kind in the world. It was ablished on a large wholesale scale about *ty-five years ago* by the late Mr. Huntley and George Palmer, the subject of this sketch. gives employment to more than 2500 work- ple, and above 1000 sacks of flour are weekly verted into cakes and crackers, of upward of ndred and fifty different varieties, in which vast quantities of milk, butter, sugar, and s are used. The buildings, which cover y acres of ground, and the machinery, driv- y a pair of great steam-engines of 120-horse er, have been admired by many visitors, as as the beautiful order and cleanliness of the nises and everything that is in them; but still more, *the provision that is made for the comfort and health* of the little army of male and female "hands," who have *schools for their children, a library and large reading-room*, and other institutions for their *social benefit*.

A visitor to the factory, describing what he saw, says:

"The economies exhibited within the factory gates are evidence of a continuous process of thought, acting upon a single object—cheap and perfect production. As you approach, you perceive that a railway has been laid through the heart of the factory. A train of biscuits is moving out of the establishment. Overhead an aerial line carries a train of nuts and crackers across the Kennet River, which divides the groups of buildings. From the picturesque confusion of red brick houses a little forest of chimneys towers into the air, which is feathered lightly with smoke.

"You enter the labyrinth of bakeries, sheds, storerooms, and magazines, and you are bewildered with biscuit crates travelling up in lifts, casks sliding down to places toward the biscuit railway station; with golden showers of aromatic nuts and cracknels dancing of their own accord out of rows of ovens into baskets; and with long processions of trays moving majestically into ovens. Then you pass into departments where men with flat wooden spades are mixing the biscuit materials (mathematically weighed and delivered from an upper floor through tubes in revolving pans), or where the tougher material of hard biscuits is being kneaded in drums or rolled into lengths that look like thick blanketing.

You turn and you light upon ovens that are positively raining filberts, and at hand are boys pressing biscuit crowns and other moulds, each covering his pan. Then you are introduced to rows of powerful machines that are punching out biscuits from endless bands of spotless dough, and gently depositing them upon trays that move in admirable order toward the ovens hard by.

A little beyond is the cracknel department. The cracknel requires distinct machinery, for it is cast into yonder boiling caldron, fished out with hand-nets, and plunged into cold water before it is ready for the oven. All this is very daintily and precisely done, and the method by which care is insured in the baking is as ingenious as it is equitable. To each oven is attached a premium. There is a baker to every group of ovens. For every pound of biscuits he spoils he is fined. The baker we questioned observed that 'last week he spoiled biscuits to the extent of sixpence,' which would be deducted from premium on good baking."

On Monday, October 4th, Mr. Palmer, laid the memorial stone of the "Reading House," which forms an integral part of Mr. Spurgeon's Girls' Orphanage at Stockwell.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

By P. W. E.

The Resurrection of the Body First Positively Taught by Christ—Old Testament Saints who Believe in it—I. The Importance of the Doctrine

THE doctrine of the resurrection of the body is very different from the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The light of nature is sufficient to teach us that the spirit is immortal; but the resurrection of the body is clearly taught in the Bible. The body, in which we now exist, is to be raised, changed, and is to live with the spirit. As we now have a natural body, so we are to have a spirtual body; a heavenly as well as an earthly body. Spiritual body means a material body—that is, suitable for the spirit. It takes the place of the natural, or soul body. We are to have a real, a substantial body, like unto our Lord's glorious body, in which He ascended on high.

There were those in the Old Testament times who seemed to have some faint glimmerings respecting the resurrection of the body; but no clear, positive teachings were given on the subject until Christ, death's great Abolisher, taught it.

Abraham believed in the resurrection of the dead; for it is said in Hebrews 11 : 19 that He accounted "that God was able to raise Isaac up, even from the dead; from whence also He received Him in a figure."

Joseph must have believed in the resurrection; for he "gave commandment concerning his bones;" and surely he would not have been so very anxious about his bones had he not believed they would be rasied again (Hebrews 11 : 22).

Job says: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another" (Job 19 : 25, 26, 27).

David sang prophetically of Christ, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption" (Psalm 16 : 10). It is declared in Heb. 11 : 35 that such was the faith of some of the martyrs when they were tortured they "refused to accept deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection."

The Lord Jesus Christ and the apostles brought to light the doctrine of the resurrection of the body in a very prominent manner; for they explicitly and frequently declare it. Our Lord says, "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation," or judgment (John 5 : 28, 29) The Bible teaches us:

First. The importance of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body.

Second. The resurrection of the just.

Third. The resurrection of the unjust.

Fourth. That these mortal bodies are to be raised, changed and to consist of flesh and bones.

1st. The

IMPORTANCE OF THE DOCTRINE.

The alpha and omega of the gospel preached by the apostles was, that Jesus Christ died and rose again from among the dead, according to the Scriptures, as the first fruit or sample of those who slept.

When they chose another apostle, in the place of Judas, they said, "One must be ordained to be a witness with us, of His resurrection;" so that the very office of an apostle was to be a witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus. When Peter addressed the multitude, on the day of Pentecost, he declared unto them that David spoke of the resurrection of Christ (Acts 2 : 27). The charge against Peter and John, when taken before the council, was, "They taught the people and preached through Jesus Christ the resurrection from *among* the dead" (the proper rendering of the Greek, Acts 4 : 2).

Having been examined and set free, it is said, "with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all" (Acts 4 : 33). It was this that stirred the curiosity of the Athenians when Paul preached among them. They said, "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods; because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection" (Acts 17 : 18). Truly did Paul say, when brought before the council of Pharisees and Sadducees, "Of the hope and resurrection of the dead, I am called in question" (Acts 23 : 6). And equally did he assert, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain" (1 Cor. 15 : 14).

From these Scriptures we see the doctrine was considered very important indeed by the Lord Jesus and the apostles. If it was so then, it is no less so now; if it had its opposers then, we must expect them now. As the most bitter enemies of the docrine of the resurrection were professors of religion then, so are they now.

(To be continued.)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Presidential Election.—The Christian HERALD goes to press before the result of the great national contest is announced. Our readers will have probably learned from telegraphic reports, before they read these lines, which of the candidates has been chosen to administer the affairs of this great nation during the next four years. The office which Henry Clay once described as the greatest and most honorable in the whole world involves also responsibilities, the gravity of which cannot be exaggerated. The man elected thereto ought to have the prayers of every patriotic Christian citizen, no matter what political party claims his allegiance, that he may be enabled to discharge those responsibilities uprightly and conscientiously in the sight of God.

The wisdom that Solomon asked for and received at the hand of God should be craved on behalf of the new President, that he may be guided in all his steps, and be so blessed of God in his high position that during his term of office he may be an example of righteousness, purity, and godliness to the people, and that under his Presidency the country may advance in all that becomes a Christian nation, and enjoy the smile of the King of kings and Lord of lords. As the Rock of Israel said to David, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God; as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." Disappointment must be the lot of one of the great political parties in the contest, but even to the disappointed ones the consolation remains that "the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will." Of this we may be assured, that "He careth for us," and that the future of our land, whoever may be at the helm of affairs, is in the hands of the all-wise Being in whom our fathers trusted, and that faith should banish forebodings.

The Nomination of Mr. William R. Grace for the office of Mayor of New York by the United Democracy of the city is viewed with apprehension by the secular press, and an acrimonious discussion has ensued on the subject. Mr. W. R. Grace is an Irish Roman Catholic and if he is elected the expenditure of the whole of the taxes raised by the city will be controlled by Roman Catholics. Mr. Grace is said to be an eminently respectable citizen, and qualified to discharge the duties of the mayoralty, but his nomination is considered even by Roman Catholics, to be an unwise step, in view of the fact that the other two members of the Board of Apportionment are also Irish Roman Catholics. Owing to the preponderance of that element on the board, the sixteen thousand dollars distributed in charity last year, were unequally divided; Roman Catholic institutions received twelve thousand and Protestant institutions only four thousand dollars. This glaring inequality may be increased rather than diminished by Mr. Grace's election.

Temperance Congress.—The New York State Temperance Society will hold a Temperance Congress in New York City, December 5th–12th. They request all the ministers of New York, Brooklyn, and suburbs to co-operate with them by preaching from their pulpits a temperance sermon, on Sunday, December 5th. Following this, for *five evenings*, there will be mass meetings in Cooper Union. These will be presided over and addressed by prominent ministers and other well-known popular friends of temperance. Each day during the Congress week the ladies will hold two or more *drawing-room meetings* for the wealthier classes in different parts of the city. Sunday afternoon, December 12th, there will be five mass meetings for children. All churches, temperance societies, and friends of temperance are invited to co-operate in the work.

The Death of Rev. William S. Plumer, D.D., LL.D., occurred on Friday, October 22d. He was one of the most highly respected Presbyterian ministers in the South, and his loss is mourned by the whole Church. He had submitted to a painful surgical operation, which had been successfully performed, but during his convalescence a complication of diseases set in which in his enfeebled condition proved fatal. Dr. Plumer was born at Darlington, Pa., in 1802, and studied at Washington College, Va., and Princeton, N. J. After ministering for eight years in Richmond, Va., he removed to Baltimore in 1847. He accepted the chair of Professor of Theology at the Western Seminary, Alleghany City, Pa., which he occupied until 1866, when he took the same position in the Presbyterian Seminary at Columbia, S. C. He was the author of several valuable theological works, including commentaries on the Psalms, the Epistle to the Romans and the Hebrews.

The Conduct of the Rev. I. S. Kalloch, the Mayor of San Francisco, and the incidents of the quarrel between him and the journalist in which the latter lost his life, has been considered by the Baptist ministers of California. Some of the churches refuse to meet with the San Francisco association until it has rid itself of the Rev. I. S. Kalloch. The First Baptist Church of Stockton notified the officers of the association that it would not entertain the association, because it would be in the hands of those who sustain Mr. Kalloch, for whose "irregular practices" the church desires to hold "no responsibility."

Neglected Treasures in Large Quantities have been discovered in Arizona. Some miners have found an ancient copper mine on the eastern side of the Verde. It bears evidence of having been worked many years ago, and it is thought that either the Aztecs or the Apaches must have used it. The remarkable circumstance in connection with the discovery is that the copper was cast aside as worthless, and this fact leads to the belief that the mine was worked for *the paint*. There are now on the dump rich and easily worked carbonates, while every spot where high-colored, soft material showed itself has been worked out. Several rock tools which have been found, with battered edges, and stains of ore on them, prove that implements of stone were used. They ran a tunnel into the ledge nine feet high and from six to eight feet wide. It is about twenty feet long. In places there are walls built and the waste matter thrown behind them. If those ancient miners had have known how valuable was the treasure they neglected in comparison with the material they used, they would have acted very differently, but they could not foresee the value which that neglected treasure would realize in later days. Men act now in spiritual matters much in the same way. The riches of Divine grace wealth neglect, while they labor diligently for they and worldly honor. A day of awakening is at hand, when they will learn that it profits a man nothing to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul.

Honey Was Found in the Walls of a Church at Bladensburg, Md., recently by some painters, while at work on the outside of the building. They discovered holes in the boarding, and saw many bees passing in and out. Some of the boarding was removed, and between the joists was found a solid mass of honey twelve feet in length. It is a strange place to find honey, although many sinners have in the interior of the building had their eyes opened to find that which was sweeter than honey to their souls. (Psa. 119: 103).

An Apt Reply to a Scoffer Was Made a few days ago by an agent of the Bible Society, who had given away some Bibles to a party of sailors. A notorious scoffer taunted the agent with the worthlessness of his work, and in proof held up a Bible he had bought from one of the sailors, who had sold it for a glass of rum. The agent had previously stated his conviction that the Bibles would get into the right hands, and when this particular copy was held up for his confusion, he was quite unabashed, and said to the scoffer very calmly, "Well, I am glad it has come to you, for I do not know any one who needs it more."

Lieutenant Schwatka, the Arctic Explorer delivered an interesting address at Chickerin Hall, New York, on Thursday, October 28th, i which he related his thrilling adventures whil searching for relics of the Franklin expedition Next week we hope to publish a portrait of Si John Franklin, with a sketch of his life.

The Rev. Geo. E. Jayne, Pastor at Provo City Utah, will be obliged to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to send him, *by mail only*, packages o back numbers of the paper for distribution among th *Mormons*. He writes: "I can use many thousand of papers to advantage in the Territory, and the may be blessed under God in the conversion of som souls. The Mormons get little to read except th *priesthood publications*, all of which seek to mislea them and keep them bound in error's chains. Th people will read other papers if they are taken t them, and the papers help to introduce the pastor t the homes of those he desires to reach and save. Pastors are requested to read this notice to the congregations.

The Bible and Prayer Union.—The Lesson for the ensuing week are: Friday, November 5t Psalm 95, and the consecutive Psalms on th following days. The following requests fo prayer we have received, and cordially commen to our readers (James 5: 16).

From a lady for the conversion of her tw sons-in-law, and of an invalid friend in spiritu darkness.—A reader who ten years ago received remarkable answer to a prayer requests the praye of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for th restoration of her father's health, if consistent wi the will of God, and also that a friend may be pr served from falling again under the power of liquo —From a sorrowing mother for the reclamation of h profligate son.—From a Christian depressed by th worldliness of the Church; he asks that prayer offered that it may be delivered from conformity the world.—From an Irishman recently come America, to whom the perusal of the English editi of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was blessed a few yea ago, that he may be enabled to resist the temptatio of dissipated associates with whom his employme brings him in contact.—From a young man, for th conversion of his brother, a medical student, fo whom prayer has been offered for more than twen years.—From a subscriber about to commence eva gelistic work in a godless German locality, for th blessing of God on his labors.

A Converted Incendiary's Confession was made two weeks ago to the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company at Montpelier, Vt. Ten years ago, while still a stranger to God, a farmer claimed and received two hundred dollars from the company as compensation for his losses by a fire on his farm. By the grace of God he was subsequently converted, and the first thing he did was to go to the insurance office and confess that he had set the buildings on fire himself to raise money in an emergency, and give himself up to justice. The voluntary confession astonished the agents, who refused to prosecute him. They made arrangements with the man or restitution, and he returned to his home with n easier conscience. It is frequently alleged hat the new birth does not influence a man's worldly policy, but this incident shows that there re cases in which a very uncommon result is produced by a change of heart.

Twin Brothers Separated for More Than fty years met in a remarkable manner lately. Their father died in Adams County, Pa., in 1862, when they were children, and their mother being oo poor to support and educate them, one was ent to friends in Washington County and the ther to Westmoreland County. Soon afterard the mother died, and the brothers hearing othing of each other for many years, each supɔsed the other dead. One of them became a iller, and the other kept a toll-gate in Alleıany County. One day the latter went out the house to collect toll of an old gentlean who was driving through the gate. A eighbor stood by, who made the remark that e traveller and the keeper looked enough alike be twins. This brought about inquiries on e part of the two old men. The traveller oved to be the toll-keeper's twin brother. He d lived for years in Bradford, only a few iles from the toll-gate, in another county.

The resemblance between the two brothers us leading to their recognition, although they d not seen each other since childhood, is very markable. The Christian has never beheld the ing he is privileged to call his Elder Brother, t though clad in glory, we shall recognize m, for He knows every one of his brethren ; d we know that when He shall appear we all be like Him (1 John 3 : 2).

A Boston Child's Explanation of the Cause her walking the street barefooted was very uching. Mr. H. L. Hastings relates that a y girl was met on State Street, Boston, one d day by a gentleman who asked her why she re neither shoes nor stockings. She said, My papa dets drunk." The reply fully counted for her wretched condition, and vealed a pitiable state of home life. The her of the simple but intelligent child was too sy helping to clothe the children of the rumler to attend to the wants of his own spring.

A Remarkable Legal Complication is said to st in Maine, which renders it impossible to ain the medical diploma without breaking t law. A law of Maine provides that every dical student, before he receives his "M.D." ll dissect a human body ; another law proves that no bodies shall be dissected except se of executed criminals, and still another abolishes capital punishment. The anomaly olved by the enactment of these three laws is urious evidence of the fallibility of human slators. It is no slight evidence of the di- origin of the Bible that the code of laws by ch Godly men in all ages and in all lands guided presents no difficulties of this char-r. (Psa. 19 : 7.)

n Ominous Sign of the Times was Observed ng his summer excursion by Dr. S. I. ne, one of the foremost Presbyterian minrs of this country. He noticed with someg approaching consternation the precocity hildren in different forms of vice. At one of largest hotels where he passed the Sunday children ruled the house. They rioted with- interference on the part of their par-, so as to make a bedlam of the house, and Sunday was turned into half a dozen Fourths of July. Their boisterous romping made conversation impracticable, and the parlor was speedily deserted. Dr. Prime remonstrated with the landlord, and received this reply : "*The parents teach them to be saucy, and rude, and profane.* I spoke to a child four years old, in the presence of its mother, reproving him for misconduct, and, to my horror, the little rascal *turned and swore at me!* His mother laughed and said, 'How funny!'" In another hotel Dr. Prime saw six tables in the parlor at one time surrounded by people *playing cards*, and some of these tables wholly occupied by little children, who, at an age when they could scarcely be expected to have acquired the rudiments of education, were now adepts in games that it would be better for them never to learn at all. When we reflect that the children of to-day will be the men and women of the future, the significance of these facts is realized.

James Caton, who is Blind and Deaf and dumb, and is an inmate of the New York Institution, was visited a few days ago by the Rev. E. Payson Hammond, who held services at the institution two and a half years ago. After Mr. Hammond's former visit, Caton gave evidences of conversion, and ascribed the change to the blessing of God on Mr. Hammond's address, which had been translated for him into the only language he understands—*the pressure of the nerves of his right hand* by his teacher.

Mr. Hammond writes : "I went to the institution again, especially that I might learn if James Caton was still trusting in Jesus. I wish I could transfer to paper the joy he manifested at my presence. His heart was overflowing. He said" (through his teacher) "that previous to his conversion he never could control his temper, but since then, in answer to prayer, the Lord had helped him to overcome this besetting sin. His appearance and communications moved my heart most deeply. I realized the power of God's spirit to reveal the love of Christ to darkened souls as I had seldom done before."

"A Girl For Sale" was an Advertisement that shocked the citizens of New York recently. The persons advertising, took the girl some years ago from the Milwaukee Orphan Asylum and adopted her. They afterward desired to rid themselves of her, but wished to be reimbursed with the money spent on her maintenance and education. They therefore offered her for sale for *six hundred* dollars. The proposed arrangement bears a close resemblance to many of the matrimonial schemes which are often called "good marriages." All thought of religion, love, or congeniality is cast aside, and the only question that is allowed to weigh is the amount of money in prospect. No wonder that so many scandals are continually occurring in society and our divorce courts are so overwhelmed with applications, when parents negotiate for their children's marriages as they negotiate for a business purchase, and on the same principle as the New York advertisers, who openly and unblushingly announce that they have *a girl for sale.*

Three Young Heroes Were Rewarded Last week for bravery at the Seawanhaka disaster last summer. They belong to the Grammar School at Harlem, N. Y. They were out rowing on the fatal day, and saw smoke issuing from the burning steamer. Without staying to consider their own danger, they rowed alongside the Seawanhaka and succeeded in rescuing fourteen of the passengers, including the captain of the boat. The Irving Club, desiring to recognize such an instance of heroism, caused three gold medals to be struck, which they presented to the boys in the presence of 630 of their schoolmates. But for the prompt assistance they rendered, it is probable that the loss of life would have been greater than it was. The boys appear to have had no difficulty in persuading the imperilled passengers to come on board their boat ; but when rescue by the gospel boat from a worse peril is offered to dying men, they prefer to remain on the burning ship of this doomed world.

ASLEEP AND YET AWAKE—A RIDDLE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"I sleep, but my heart waketh : it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh."—SOLOMON'S SONG 5 : 2.

Entire Perfection cannot be Attained Here—Biographies of Imperfect Saints Consolatory and Helpful—Beacons not Harbor Lights—I. Slumber Confessed—1. A State Recognized—2. A Matter Complained of—A Low State of Enjoyment—A State of Danger—3. A Fault to be Ashamed of—4. An Evil to be Fought Against—II. Watchfulness Claimed—Inner Life and Death—The Inward Life Manifested—By Uneainess—By Desire—By Discernment—By Self-chiding—By Action—Mr. Spurgeon's Pigeons Envied—III. The Mystery Solved—IV. The Lesson Learned—The Possession of Great Joy should Produce Carefulness—The Spirit's Work to be Remembered—Make Sure of True Faith.

WE are glad to perceive in this song the varied experience of the bride. She was the well-beloved of the heavenly Bridegroom, but she was not without her faults. Though the "fairest among women," she was human, and, therefore, she had not reached angelical perfection. She was not perfect, to begin with, for at the outset she confessed, "I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me : they made me the keeper of the vineyards ; but mine own vineyard have I not kept."

Brethren, *we shall not be able to claim entire perfection* so long as we are this side the hills of division. Till the day break and the shadows flee away, our Lord will have to sanctify and cleanse his spouse "with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

Nor are we alone favored with the poetic story of the bride ; we have also in the word of God

THE BIOGRAPHIES OF THE SAINTS,

the memoirs of the godly, and these are exceedingly useful to us. I fear we should not, brethren, at certain times, know whether we were God's people at all if we were not able to compare ourselves with others of the family. We may lose our way sometimes, as poor sheep have often done, and then though the greatest comfort is derived from seeing the footprints of the Shepherd, yet no small measure of *consolation* is to be gained through marking the footsteps of the flock. The sight of human footsteps on the sandy waste has caused us to take heart again.

We have exclaimed, "Here one has been who was surely a child of God, and though I am here I may be a child of God too. I have similar failings and weaknesses, and I chide myself for them ; but I will not utterly condemn myself and say I cannot be a believer, for I perceive that these spots were on others of God's children too." The perception of our likeness to others who were truly saints has often afforded us a spark of hope when we were in a maze, and dared scarcely hope that we were right toward God.

Frequently the experience of others will *help us* to thread our way when it winds and twists, and we cannot see an inch before us. The young man thinks that he understands himself, but no old man does so. Ask the man who is best acquainted with himself, and he will tell you that he is increasingly a riddle, and that his experience becomes an enigma more profound every day. But, my brethren, *we must take care* that we do not wrongly use the memoirs of saints as recorded in Scripture : they are not all for our imitation, but many of them for our warning.

Above all, the lives of the saints may never be used as an excuse for our faults. We shall not be justified in following afar off because Peter did so, nor in calling fire from heaven upon our enemies because James and John wished to do so, nor in quarrelling because Paul and Barnabas fell into sore contention ; We may wisely quote David as an encouragement to a penitent, that God will forgive his sin. but not as an apology for ourselves should we be tempted to commit the sin. We must often use even the saints of God rather as *beacons than as harbor lights*, as lighthouses set upon rocky coasts to advise us of the danger into which they fell. Come we, then, dear friends, to use the example of our text, with those due limitations which we have thus set forth.

We have in the text, first, *slumber confessed*—"I sleep;" but over against this there is *wakefulness claimed*—"but my heart waketh." Very soon we have *mystery solved*—how is it that the heart still keeps awake?—"it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh." Before we close we shall try, fourthly, to have *a lesson learned* out of the text. May the Holy Spirit make the whole subject profitable to us, and practically influential upon our lives.

I. First, then, here is

SLUMBER CONFESSED.

The spouse laments her state, and sighs out, "I sleep."

1. It strikes us at once that her sleep is *a state recognized*. We are astonished that she should say, "I sleep," and we conclude that it is not so profound a sleep as it might be; for when a man can say, "I sleep," he is not altogether steeped in slumber. When children of God perceive their own imperfections and mourn over them, there is evidently a root of virtue in them; when they perceive the decay of their grace there is some grace left undecayed with which they are bemoaning their decline.

Infinite mercy has had some dealings with you, and has made you so far to be spiritually awake that you can feel that you sleep, and mournfully confess it.

2. Further, as this sleep is a matter recognized, so it is *a matter complained of*. The spouse is not pleased to sleep: she says, "I sleep," but she does not mention it as a matter for congratulation. She is not pleased with her condition. Here again I would remark that it is well for saints, when they perceive that they are in the least degree backsliding, that they should mourn before God, and accuse themselves before him.

This sleepiness is not a thing to be indulged in, but to be abhorred. To say the least of it, *it is a low state of enjoyment*. Sleep is peaceful and quiet, but it cannot enjoy the sweets of the senses, and the delights which the mind can receive thereby. Sleep is cousin unto death, and he that slumbers lies at the door of the sepulchre. The image of death is set upon the sleeper's face, and it is a miracle, and a sort of foretaste of the resurrection, that any man doth wake again after he hath fallen into a deep slumber.

We ought to complain of ourselves if we sleep, because *it is a state of danger*. While men slept the enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat. It is bad, then, to have a drowsy minister and drowsy church officers, for these will not watch the fields for God. He who sleeps is in danger of the thief or the murderer. While Saul lay stretched on the plain, Abishai lifted up his spear and said, "Let me smite him but this once." He who sleeps may lose his all, yea lose himself. Let us, therefore, dread this perilous state; and if we feel it creeping over us, let us shake ourselves, and say, "I sleep, but I will not give way to slumber. Lord, arouse me".

Sleep is

A STATE OF INACTION.

A man cannot do his daily business while his eyes are closed in slumber. There is a somnambulism which can do much; but I know of no spiritual somnambulism. You cannot walk the road to heaven asleep, nor preach the Gospel as you should, nor serve God and your generation aright, if you are in a spiritual slumber. I know a great many who are so; alive, I hope, but very sleepy. They do very little; they are too sluggish to attempt much. "The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets." This was his argument for keeping in the chimney-corner. In truth, the lion is about as real as the monster which has been described of late as prowling over this county of Surrey and devouring women and children all the way from Banstead Downs to Clapham Common.

Solomon seems to have been very familiar with this fable of the sluggards' lion, for in another proverb he makes the idler cry, "There is a lion without. I shall be slain in the streets." These poor creatures are so dreamy in spirit that they see a lion everywhere, threatening them if they try to do good in any form; they must needs sit quiet and still, and try to enjoy themselves as best their sleep will allow them to do, for they cannot venture out to work because of the lion. God help us to escape this lazy condition.

3. Yet again; this slumber should be not only a matter of complaint as an ill to be dreaded, but it should be regarded as

A FAULT TO BE ASHAMED OF.

A Christian man should not say, "I feel dull, careless, and inactive," and make the confession as if he almost deserved to be pitied for a misfortune which was no fault of his. My brother, you may be pitied, but you are also to be blamed, perhaps blamed far more than pitied. An apparent spiritual slumber may creep over us because the body is very weak and sickly, and here pity is allowable, yea, justly due.

Certain states and conditions of the flesh no doubt will overcome the spirit, as when even the choicest of the apostles slept in the garden. The Master at first said, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" but afterward he made a generous excuse for them and said, "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." Make excuses for others, and let your Lord make excuses for you, but do not frame apologies on your own account. David writes in the psalm, "I said, This is my infirmity." Quite right, David, I dare say it was so; but the other day I said the same of myself, and ere long I answered to my conscience for it, for conscience asked, "Is it not your sin as well as your infirmity?" I was compelled to divide the statement, nay, at last to withdraw the first part of it altogether and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

May we not be too ready to lay the blame of our impatience, our unbelief, or our hastiness upon the body when we ought to take all blame to ourselves. It is always safest to blame ourselves, and it is frequently dangerous to admit an excuse. Still, sometimes dullness may be an infirmity. When a man is weary with a hard day's work, or with business that has cost him long care, and he kneels by his bedside at a very late hour to pray, and finds himself going to sleep, I do not think that his fault is a very grievous one. It is certainly not that dreadful sin which shall never be forgiven, either in this world or in that which is to come.

When a man is brought very low by weakness of body, and he cannot on the Sabbath day feel himself up to the mark in all respects, I do not think we should hold a church-meeting and turn him out; nor do I think that he should excommunicate himself. When a widowed spirit is broken with bereavement, when the husband is dead, when children or brothers have died, when parents have been snatched away, and the heart is very heavy, if the heart cannot rejoice in the Lord, it is a pity that it cannot, but there is a measure of infirmity as well as fault in the heaviness of the soul. In such cases good people may guardedly say with David, "This is my infirmity." May God help us when we feel such infirmities that we may speedily rise above them, being made strong in weakness, and being taught to glory in infirmities because the power of Christ doth rest upon us.

4. Furthermore, *it was an evil to be fought against*. When a man is obliged to say, "I sleep," let him not content himself with sleeping on. Now is the time for much prayer: let him wrestle with this deadly foe till he is fully aroused. Falling into indifference on the road to heaven is something like sleeping on the vast plains of snow, where, if a man give way to the natural inclination to slumber which comes on through the intense cold, he may lie down and never rise again. Oh, take care, you that are looking for glory and eternal life, that you yield not to sleep for *your Master cometh, and it may be that within another hour you may hear the midnight cry*.

Let us whip ourselves with a strong resolve that we will not sleep. Let us say unto our soul, "Come, wake up! My spirit, thou shalt not sleep. This cannot be. I must not have it, I will not, I dare not. I will goad thee, I will crucify thee to the cross, for thou shalt not slay thyself with suicidal slumber." With this resolve, let us seek out means of waking ourselves up. Sometimes we may do well to seek for a better ministry than we have attended. Alas, there are ministries which are as cradles to rock babes to sleep in. There are preachers who charm most wisely, if their intent be to send the universe to sleep Beware of preaching which comforts you in idleness and increases your spiritual insensibility.

Christian converse, too, is another useful means of keeping us awake. John Bunyan mentions that in going over the Enchanted Ground the pilgrims, to prevent drowsiness, fell into good discourse. Here is his quaint rhyme about it:

"When saints do sleepy grow, let them come hither
And hear how these two pilgrims talk together:
Yea, let them learn of them in any wise,
Thus to keep ope their drowsy, slumb'ring eyes,
Saints' fellowship, if it be managed well,
Keeps them awake, and that in spite of hell."

Imitate this example, but if discourse does not avail, *get to work* for Christ. This is a very effective way of keeping yourself awake, God the Holy Spirit blessing you in it. In looking after the souls of others, your own soul will receive a watering. I do not think that soul-slumber so often visits the active as it does those who have little to do in the Master's service. I active service does not suffice, then cry mightil to God, "I sleep, my Saviour; awake me, I pra thee!"

Anyhow, this sleep is *an evil which must b overcome*. Come, make up your minds to-day members of this church, that you will not yiel to drowsiness. I hope none of you are incline to say, "Well, I may get to heaven in thi sleepy way, and so what matters it? My fellow members would put me in the ambulance an carry me along like a wounded soldier, and thi will be easier than marching at the double da after day." No, no, my brother, we hav enough of the invalided and wounded already We have as many as we can carry of the non effectives. We need no more.

I said years ago I would sooner lead a doze real live earnest Christians than a dozen hun dred of the half-and-half sort, and this feelin grows with me. I would almost as soon not b a Christian as be as some Christians are: the have enough religion to make them uncomfor able, but not enough to make them usefu They drink such shallow draughts that they ir crease their responsibility rather than thei energy. Oh for a deep draught of grace whic shall fill us with all the fulness of God, an make us men in Christ to the utmost capacit of our sanctified manhood! With this I leav the sleeping for another theme.

II. We reach the point of the paradox; her is

WATCHFULNESS CLAIMED

by one who confessed to sleep. "My hea waketh," says the bride; "I sleep, but my hea waketh." It may seem an odd thing to sle and yet to be awake, but I commenced by sayin that *the Christian is a great puzzle*. Ralp Erskine's "Believer's Riddle" is a remarkab production, but every word of it may be jus fied by experience and by Scripture. A man a mass of contradictions, but a man in Christ far more so. He truly says:

"I'm in my own and others' eyes
A labyrinth of mysteries."

We are asleep and awake at the same time. Erskine rhymes it:

"Both sleeping flesh I have, that rests
In sloth unto my shame,
And waking grace, that still protests
Against this lazy frame."

There is *an inner life* within every Christian which can never die, and there is about him *an inward death* which can never rise to life. Jesus said, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life;" hence this divine life, though it may grow weak and feeble and slumbering, yet never passes into the condition of absolute death, or even of complete insensibility. Somewhat of heaven is about the man of God when the earth encompasses him most. "Sin shall not have dominion over you:" God has the throne still, even when Satan rages most.

This inward life shows itself usually in the *uneasiness* of the declining heart. When a believer feels that he is not what he ought to be, nor what he wants to be, he cannot be happy. He cannot rest and be content. There was a time when such a condition would have satisfied him, but now he is distressed beyond measure, and like Noah's dove, finds no rest for the sole of his foot. Hear him sing in the minor key:—

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

"What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill."

He sleeps, but his heart beats, sighs, and palpitates with dire unrest.

The inner life shows itself, too, in *desire*, for the heart is the seat of desire, and it leads the man to say, "I am not what I would be. I live at a poor dying rate: Christ's love is so great to me, and mine to him so chill. Lord, lift me out of this frozen state. I cannot bear this grave of lethargy. Lord, bring my soul out of prison! Give me more grace; give me to love Jesus better, and to be more like him. Poor as I am, I long to be enriched by thy love and mercy; Oh, visit me with thy salvation!" Such a pleading heart is still awake, though the mind may be dull. The Lord judges us by our earnest desires more than by our accomplishments.

An old writer says, if you send a man on horseback for the doctor, if the horse be a sorry jade hat cannot move quickly, you praise the man when you see him whipping and spurring and doing his best to hasten. You do not blame him or that which is beyond his power. So saith he —oftentimes when our desires do whip and spur our languid spirits God sees what a rate we would go at if we could, and He takes the will or the deed. Often our desires are so aroused hat we would harness the lightning and bit the empest if we could, and spur both to a swifter peed. Desires prove wakefulness; "I sleep, ut my heart waketh."

The spouse gave another proof of her wakeulness by her *discernment*. She says, "It is the oice of my beloved that knocketh." Even hen half asleep she knew her Lord's voice. ou may catch a true believer at his worst, but e still knows the Gospel from anything else, nd can detect another Gospel in a moment. ou shall come forth with all your eloquence, our poetry, and sweet concocted phrases, with something that is not the Gospel of the blessed od, and you shall for a moment please the ear the Christian, because of the literary excelnce of your address, but he soon detects you. This wakefulness of heart shows itself often the soul *chiding* itself. "I sleep," saith she. e would not have blamed herself as I have ed to describe her doing if she had not been some measure awake.

This blessed living wakefulness within the art will by and by display itself in *action*. The art will wake up all that is within us, and we all hasten to our Beloved. It is wonderful w a true Christian flies back to his God so on as the Spirit of the Lord sets him free from t net.

A friend at the back of this Tabernacle furnished me with some pigeons but a little while ago. They were taken home to Norwood, and shut up for a few days, and well fed, in the hope that they would stay with us; but no sooner were they set at liberty than they soared aloft, made three circles in the sky, and then flew direct for this spot. How I wished on my sick-bed that I had their wings, and could hasten hither too. It is so with believers. The devil may put us in captivity and shut us up a while, but give us the opportunity and our heart knows the way back to Jesus.

This puzzle of "I sleep, but my heart waketh," has been experienced by thousands. I quote no solitary instances: there are hundreds of the same. I lately met with a little poem by Thomas Vaughan, which touched my heart, because it so aptly described my state. I will read it, to show you that the paradox of a believer's life is no fiction of mine, but is the frequent experience of God's people. In a little out-of-the-way poem, which perhaps no one of you ever has seen, Vaughan quaintly sings:

"My sweetest Jesus! 'twas thy voice, 'If I
Be lifted up I'll draw all to the sky.'
Yet I am here: I'm stifled in the clay,
Shut up from thee, and the fresh East of day.
I know thy hand's not short; but I'm unfit,
A foul, unclean thing! to take hold of it.
I am all dirt: nor can I hope to please
Unless in mercy thou lov'st a disease.
Diseases may be cur'd, but who'll reprieve
Him that is dead? Tell me, my God, I live.
'Tis true, I live: but I so sleep withal
I cannot move, scarce hear when thou dost call,
Sin's lullabies charm me when I would come,
But draw me after thee, and I will run.
Thou know'st I'm sick: let me not feasted be,
But keep a diet, all prescrib'd by thee.
Should I carve for myself, I would exceed
To surfits soon, and by self-murder bleed.
I ask for stones and scorpions, but still crost
And all for love: should'st thou grant, I were lost.
Dear Lord, deny me still: and never sign
My will, but when that will agrees with thine.
And when this conflict's past, and I appear
To answer, what a patient I was here,
How I did weep when thou didst woo: repine
At thy best sweets, and in a childish whine
Refuse thy proffer'd love; yet cry and call,
For rattles of my own to play withal:
Look on thy cross and let thy blood come in
When mine shall blush as guilty of my sin.
Then shall I live, being rescued in my fall,
A text of mercy to thy creatures all.
Who having seen the worst of sins in me,
Must needs confess, the best of love's in thee."

Does not this writer dip his pen into your soul's sorrows?

III. Spare me a minute or two while I dwell on the head of

MYSTERY SOLVED.

"I sleep, but my heart waketh." How doth her heart wake? It is because the voice and knock of her Beloved are heard. Every child of God has a wondrous union with Christ. "Because I live," saith Christ, "ye shall live also." Ask you why you are alive in such a body of death and grave of sin as your poor nature is? You live because Christ lives; and you cannot die till He does. This is why you cannot sleep as do others, because He does not so sleep. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep,' 'and till Christ's spiritual life shall altogether slumber out into forgetfulness and inaction, yours never shall.

The mystic union between yourselves and Him secures you from destruction, which apart from Him would sweep you away as with a besom. This is why, dear friends, when you get where you should not be, you cannot be happy because Jesus is not happy when you are there. He groans over your follies; they cost Him wounds, and bloody sweat, and death, and they must cost you something, too, if you indulge them. That field all tangled with the brambles tore the Shepherd when He sought you out, and the briars will tear you also if you wander there.

The reason why you are awake at all is because Jesus calls you. His voice rings in your ears through His word both heard and read. He more than calls: He knocks at your heart by affliction, by mercy, by warning, by comfort. The mystery is all solved, the saint would be a sinner if it were not that he is one with the sinner's Saviour: the living believer would be a lump of death and corruption if it were not that he is one with Him who is the resurrection and the life, who hath said, "Whosoever believeth in me shall never die;" and again, "Though he were dead, yet shall he live." What a blessing is this vital union with the ever-blessed Head, immortal and unslumbering!

IV. Now for

THE LESSON LEARNED.

It is this: *be very careful when you possess great joys*, for in this instance the spouse had been with the Beloved in choice fellowship, and yet was soon drowsy. He had given her to drink abundantly, and he had feasted with her, but no sooner had the sun set than she said, "I sleep." We are singular creatures. *Our very perfect brethren*, although they do not see it, generally exhibit some glaring imperfection if you let them talk for five minutes. If you knock at the door to see if Mr. Pride is at home, you need not praise them long before he will show his full-length portrait. We are thankful for these brethren so far as they are saints, for good people are scarce; but *I wish they would not tell us so much about their saintliness;* for I have noticed that great cry often goes with little wool, and the noisiest thing that goes down the street is *the dust-cart.*

He who makes most noise about his own perfection has the least of it. Let us be careful whenever we rise to the summit of the hill; careful to keep up, careful that we so act when we are up that we do not come down with a run. Whenever the Lord visits you, entertain Him right heartily. Be careful that nothing grieves Him, lest He depart. High joys may produce slumber; the chosen three upon the Mount Tabor were soon overcome with heaviness. At the too transporting sight of the transfigured Saviour, darkness covered them. Mind what you do when on the mount; be careful to carry a full cup with a steady hand.

Next, *when you are blaming yourselves for your own work, do not forget the work of the Spirit in you.* "I sleep:" smite your heart for that, but do not forget to add, if it be true, "My heart waketh." Bless God for any grace you have, even if it be but little. What if I am not sanctified as I wish to be and shall be, yet I am perfectly justified! What if I do not exhibit my Father's likeness so completely as I hope to do, yet I am His child! What if as yet I do not produce all the fruits of the Spirit, yet I have the germs of them, the buds and blossoms, and soon I shall have the ripe fruit. In Aaron's rod we see that the same power that could put the buds and blossoms on a dry stick could put the almonds there too.

Lastly, *make sure above all things that you have that true faith which knows the voice of Jesus.* The spouse had not awaked if it had not been for the charm of Jesus' voice which affected even her drowsy faculties. Some persons can be more easily awakened by the voices of those they love than by any other means. The charm of memory, the charm of intimate affection, the charm of delight, gives music to some tongues: let your ear find all its music in the voice of Jesus.

Know his voice. He saith, "Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life." God bless you, dear friends, with a faith that trusts Jesus, knows His voice, and follows Him; and may we be aroused out of all our sleepiness, if we are at all drowsy, into a holy wakefulness, so as to serve the Lord our God with all our heart and soul and strength while we live. Come, Holy Spirit, and give us this privilege, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 118; Solomon's Song 4 : 5.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

THE TWO WATCHERS.

THE FIRST WATCHER.

IT was a wild night. The rain was pattering dismally down, and the wind was sighing and wailing like a thing in pain. It was an easterly wind; and bitterly pinching was it to the few inhabitants of the seaport town of Sandhaven, who were forced to brave it. Great-coats and the warmest mufflers it utterly defied; and umbrellas it turned inside out in the most rough and ready manner possible. Indeed, the elements were as discourteous and unmannerly as they well could be.

It certainly was not a night for a woman to be exposed to, and especially a thinly-clad woman—such an one, for instance, as she who is cowering under the shelter of the jutting window of yonder corner public-house. See how she shivers and trembles there—ever and anon dragging her wet and wretchedly thin shawl around her—crouching half down, as though she would put herself into a smaller compass for the sharp winds to play upon—now and again shaking herself from the great drops which hung suspended from her whole person—and, yet, all the while keeping watch on the public-house door, and listening, oh, so eagerly, for the swing of its opening, but only, alas! to sink back again with a half-groan of disappointment, as the form which stepped out was not the one she sought.

How ruddily and cheerfully the light streamed out above her head! How eloquently the glittering and flickering gleam, which played on the opposite wall, spoke of warmth and comfort! It made her all the colder to look upon it.

And then the bursts of laughter which smote upon her ears, how strangely they contrasted with her now utter misery! They seemed to mock her weariness and pain. And all the more did she quiver and moan, as there came forth the sound of the voice she knew so well—the voice which once was tender and wooing, and vowed eternal love, and a protection which should know no taint of neglect.

As she crouched there, it was strange how the past laid hold of her, and transported her for a few moments beyond the pelting rain, and the stormy winds, and the cold, to green fields, and murmuring books, and the clash of the steeple bells, and a strong arm on which she loved to lean, and a voice which trembled as it spoke. But it was only for a few moments; and then the sad and fearful present came back to her, and she shuddered all the more for the flash of the past which had come to her in the midst of her sad watch.

"Will he never come?" she asked herself.

Then she rose up, and ventured timidly to peep within the public-house door.

There was her husband in the midst of a small group of men—fishermen like himself. Their flushed faces and shaking hands showed plainly how heavily they had been drinking. One of the waiters was bustling up even now to the group with fresh supplies.

"Now or never," whispered the sad watcher to her beating heart.

"Jamie," she said softly, "I've been long waiting, and it's very cold. Won't you come away now?"

He heard her voice distinctly enough, but he did not choose to reply. So he remained silent, and took no notice.

"Jamie," urged the wife again, "won't you come home to the children and me?"

He looked up now. But far better he had not, for a fierce light shone from his eyes, and a curse leaped to his lips as he looked.

Very meekly and entreatingly the red eyes met his.

Alas! that their eyes met at all. Alas! for the manhood of the man. Alas! for the poor feeble woman. For, see how it maddens him. With one great stride he is at the door. His great brown hand is lifted. And as it falls, it bears before it the one who, for love of him, would gladly have laid down her life.

She falls back into the night; and there on the wet pavement, with the fierce winds howling around her, and the rain pelting heavily upon her, she lies, a crushed and huddled mass, with a white face and a broken heart.

Alas! for the man. Alas! for the woman. Alas! for the poor children crying at home for bread and clothing.

But what of that? It's a common thing enough. Few are the towns where there is not a hand to rise and strike. And few are the towns where a day passes and some woman is not struck down. What matters! It's common enough. And so apparently thought the men within, in the warmth and the light, for they treated that battered woman as a subject for sport and merriment. "*They* had done the same to their wives, *they* had. And they would do the same again. *They* had taught *their* wives to stay at home and mind their own business." And again the laugh arose. It was a good joke, that it was.

And the woman, what of her? She lay on for a time in the wind and the rain, and then slowly gathered herself together and staggered to her feet. She appeared like one in a dream, whose thoughts were in the far-off distance. And when her thoughts came back, slowly and one by one, to the corner public-house, and the sting of the blow, and the well-known voice within, and the drenching rain, and the wind, which seemed to shriek as her own soul was then silently shrieking—there was no hesitation as to what she should next do.

She would watch on. What else could she do? Jamie might want her. He might fall down helpless in the wet street, and would need a hand to lift him. He might miss his way, and stumble into the heaving sea yonder. He might get into mischief, and with none by to say a good word for her Jamie, how badly would he fare!

Her woman's imagination was all alive. She peopled the streets with multitudes of dangers. No, she could not leave him thus. She would watch on, and on, and on. And so she settled herself again under the window ledge, and listened for the well-known step. And the red light streamed out, as of old, over her head, and played and danced and flickered on the wall before her. And the winds howled on, and had no pity. And the rain pattered, pattered, and clasping hands with the stormy winds, in one great sweep bore down upon her, whose only fault was that she loved too well.

Was it that her mind was wandering, or had some good angel come down and braved the storm to comfort her? for see! there is a smile upon her face. Ah! her thoughts are being wafted back into the far past again. She is drawing a picture on the wall yonder.

Those dancing lights there are the home lights—the home of her girlhood. They are the light sent forth in the dim twilight by the home fire. There she sits, the only child at her mother's side; and they are looking into each other's faces, and they are talking of a matter apparently of deep interest.

"But will he be a good kind husband to you? And is he a sober man? And can I trust him with my only child?" And she heard herself say in reply, "Jamie's a true man, mother, and I don't fear. Jamie'll take care of me."

And then the matter was settled. And then there came the last good-by, when home was left, and she and Jamie started in life together. And then. . . .

Yes, what then?

Oh, Jamie, Jamie, where is the wife thou didst solemnly promise to love and cherish? What hast thou done with her, man? Is that she who is crouching beneath that ledge, wet to the skin, and with her hand upon the dark livid spot upon her cheek, as though to hide it from the eyes of that good mother, with whom she is talking in her dreams?

Is that weary watcher thy wife? She had not those pale cheeks when thou didst lead her from her mother's roof, Jamie. What hast thou done with her, man?

* * * * * *

The harbor clock booms out the hour of twelve. The public-houses are closed. Nought is to be heard but the drip, drip, drip, of the falling rain, and the steady footsteps of the watchman on his beat.

"Hallo, here! What's this? Why, a woman, I declare! Come, I say, jump up. Move on."

He turned his lantern upon her face.

"What's your name? Where do you live?" he asked.

His questions, and the bright light upon her face, brought back a measure of consciousness to her; but only a measure, for this was her reply:

"Jamie's a true man, mother."

The kind-hearted policeman almost dropped a tear as he heard the strange reply, and saw the white face with its dark bruise, and perceived something of the true facts of the case.

"If you're looking for your husband, the public's shut some time ago."

"Shut!" she said, as she raised her to her feet. "Shut!" she repeated. "Then where's Jamie? where's Jamie? Let me go, I must find Jamie." And in a moment she was gone. Homeward she dragged her wet and weary form to see if he were there.

The policeman looked sadly after her, saying huskily to himself, "What a life! what a life!"

Yes, Jamie was at home, and lay snoring upon his bed. And soon she, too, was lain down; but not to sleep; for, strange, to say, she was a watcher still, watching for Jamie. And the wind howled, and the rain pattered, and the lights flickered, but Jamie did not come; and ever and anon a great brown hand would be lifted up, and she found herself hurled before it; . . . and so on, and on, and on, all the night through.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Delightful Picture of Christian Home Life is sketched by Mrs. M. Baxter, who is now staying at Mülheim in Germany: "Here at Mülheim, in Baden, we are in the midst of a population about equally divided between Catholics, Protestant, and Jews. We are staying in the house of a dear Christian woman, a farmer's widow, who is as simple in her habits as the poorest, dressing in blue cotton, short to the ankles, with *the head-dress of the country*, a huge bow of broad black ribbon, extending as far as the shoulders, but standing straight out from the head, stiffened by wire, with one end fringed over the forehead. She has ten farm laborers and three or four women servants. All dine in the same room with us, and the hours are primitive—breakfast at 5.30 A.M., dinner at 11 A.M., supper at 7 P.M. This dear woman has built a beautiful room for meetings, which seats four hundred people; services are held there twice every week. Every morning after breakfast there is a little service, conducted by Frau Willin or her nephew, an earnest man of God for the farm people, and at every meal the dea woman herself asks the blessing of God in th most solemn manner: one feels that she lives i the presence of God. The only furniture in th one sitting-room is two wooden tables and number of wooden chairs; at dinner one plat is provided, at breakfast none. All her super fluity goes to further the cause of God. Sh sends cartloads of vegetables to the Missio House at Basle, and many a needy one in th neighborhood is helped by her. God raise u many such."

The Authoress of "Ministering Children. Miss Maria Louisa Charlesworth, died in Londo last week. She was the daughter of the late Rev John Charlesworth, rector of St. Mildred' Church, London. Most of her works are of religious character, and she endeavored to incul cate the duty of bringing religion into the dutie of daily life. She has written, besides "Ministe ing Children," "The Female Visitor to th Poor," "A Book for the Cottage," "England' Yeomen," and many other productions of th same class.

DR. TALMAGE'S FRIDAY EVENING TALK.

Oct. 29, 1880.

THE THREE PILLARS.

The Pillar of Fire—Calamity Unmitigated—Honors to the Heroic Firemen—The Day when all Pendulums will be Stopped—No Clocks Needed when there is no Time—The Pillar of Ice—Explorers, who have Perished—Schwatka's Heroism—The Fate of Franklin—Monuments of Ice—Schwatkas Needed in the Church—The Humble Workers Recognized—Christ's Welcome to the Poorest—The Pillar of the Throne.

MY lecture is on the two pillars. First, the pillar of fire by night, lifted last Wednesday across the darkness, while the Ansonia Clock Company's works were burning. At two o'clock in the morning this whole city was lighted up as by a premature morning. One million dollars' worth of property destroyed. Twelve hundred men, women, and children turned out of employment. Calamity unmitigated.

Out of some styles of disaster good-fortune comes to others. If a ship drive on the rocks, wreckers may pick up some of the wreck, but a disaster like this is *the obliteration of capital* and the ruin of labor without any alleviation. Turned out of work at the beginning of winter. This is doubly distressful. After long idleness, compelled by the fact that there was no work to do, upon their reviving prospects the conflagration sweeps in.

What a fearful and indiscriminate element fire is! On the hearth it cheers the household; in the furnace it drives the rail-train across the land and the steamer across the sea; but, unharnessed, how it paws into destruction factories and churches and cities. In one night it turned Chicago into lamentation. In 1835 it made New York quake and crouch with indescribable terror. What iron hearts of courage it needs to climb the hot ladders and carry to the top of the tumbling roofs the hose of the fire-engine. In all our cemeteries are monuments to the heroes who fought and fell in this battle with flame.

Let us thank God for the new inventions by which we contend with this raging element—the steam power that now does the work of those who used to pull and tug at the ropes, and toil with the up-and-down stroke of the handles of the engine until they dropped dead in the smoke and the cinders. Let us be grateful for those great insurance companies which divide up what would be overwhelming loss to one, among many, to whom the loss is inconsiderable. But after all palliation, occurrences like that of Wednesday night are gigantic afflictions to the city.

Let us learn the uncertainty of earthly treasure. Down went the tools of the workmen and the exquisite draught of the artisan. The hand of God stopped those great chronometers of the clock company. So *a mightier fire* will at last stop the swinging pendulum of the timepieces all the world over. No more use for clocks when time shall be no longer. To a thousand useful reflections the intelligent and Christian mind will be led by this pillar of fire by night.

But I pass from the pillar of fire to

THE PILLAR OF ICE.

Last night Lieutenant Schwatka was received with appropriate honors in New York, on his return from his astounding endurances in the Arctic. Ever since 1498 the world has been trying to find the north-west passage to the Pacific. John Cabot, Nordenskjold, Sir John Franklin, Dr. Kane, Dr. Hayes, Captain Hall, Sir John Nares battled with the ice and perished, or, after awful exposures, escaped to tell us a story that fairly congeals the blood.

The world was determined to know how to cross from ocean to ocean at the North Pole, and save a long voyage around Cape Horn. One explorer, and only one, the brave Nordenskjold, went through. No other man will ever follow him. *The passage is proved to be useless,* for since we have cut this continent in two by the Union Pacific Railroad, we no more have to make circuit of Cape Horn, and if the north-west passage were possible it would not be taken. Nevertheless, we have increased appreciation of the courage and endurance of those explorers who, on errand of science, or commerce, or mercy, have run against the sharp spear of Arctic ice. And now we have more freezing revelations as Lieutenant Schwatka at Chickering Hall last night tells the story of his Arctic explorations. It is the poetry of icebergs. It is the canto of eternal winter.

What became of Sir John Franklin and his men of 1846? was a question never satisfactorily answered until now. The governments of the earth and the philanthropists of all nations banded together in the search. When the last Franklin search was proposed in 1878, Lieutenant Schwatka volunteered, and in April, 1879, with his party, left the ship and took to the sledges across wildernesses of ice. On and on, amid suffering and peril, until they found the ship in which, or near which, Franklin and his men surrendered to the everlasting cold. They find that valuable charts and philosophic apparatus belonging to Franklin's party have become the toys and the playthings of the children of the savages.

They find boxes of human bones sawn asunder that the marrow of the bones might be eaten by the surviving explorers. A picture of awful suffering never surpassed. Skeletons of the Franklin party, after more than thirty years waiting for sepulture, were entombed by Lieutenant Schwatka, where they will wait the trumpet that shall wake the dead. Sarcophagi of ice. Graves of ice. Monuments of ice. Temples of ice. *Westminster Abbeys of ice.* How terribly and overwhelmingly sublime.

Well may England and America honor Lieutenant Schwatka as he returns from an expedition in which he pierces two degrees further north than any explorer has ever gone, and coming back with information that forever silences the last question about the fate of Franklin and his men. Ah! it is this kind of men—the Schwatkas, and the Franklins, and the Dr. Kanes, and the Livingstones, and the DeLongs, and the Stanleys—who do honor to the human race. More now than ever before, there are *giants among men*—great force of human will conquering fatigue and hunger and physical woe, that they may present the round earth to the cause of geographical discovery.

We have found out at last how the world is bounded: on the north, on the south, on the east, on the west, by the courage of man and the greatness of God. It is not more what such explorers discover of the features of the globe, than what they discover of the capacity of man when he sets out for great enterprise. The influence of such example is most salutary.

We want more men of that kind to work the reforms of State and Church—endurance that cannot be frozen out by the world's frigidity. If Schwatka and Franklin and DeLong can endure so much for science, how much ought we to be willing to endure for God?

Lieutenant Schwatka having left the ship, he says, he and his men endured forty-three days of storm and cutting blast, but they kept right on. But how many of us turn back at the first cyclone. We want in Church and State more endurance, more heroics, more backbone, more brawn. "Oh," we say, "if we only had some great ship to sail, or some great expedition to command, we too would do wonders." Be not deceived. Schwatka did his greatest work with a sled pulled by a team of dogs. Use what material you have. Put your resources to full stretch. Do not cry out for a man-of-war when you may take a sled. If you cannot harness a reindeer, hook up a dog. If you do not use one talent you already possess, you would do nothing though you had ten talents.

WHAT IS DETAINING THE CHURCH OF GOD in our day is its namby-pamby membership. We have plenty of Christians ready to sit down in the vineyard and eat grapes, but few Schwatkas to push out into the cold. Yet God is fitting out expeditions on all sides, and men and women are wanted who care little for their own comfort and everything what they can do for others. Paul commanded such an expedition, Frederick Oberlin another, Florence Nightingale another, Alexander Duff another, John Howard another, Bishop Asbury another. If you cannot command an expedition, you can join one.

There was only one thing wanting at Chickering Hall last night at the Schwatka reception, and that was the presence of all the men of the expedition—the men who on cold mornings shot the game, the men who hooked up the dogs, the men who with numb fingers mended the sleds, the men who dug the graves for the skeletons, the men who climbed the ratlines before they took to the ice, the men who paced the slushy decks of Arctic seas. Poor fellows! All the reception they wanted was at the door of their own warm and rejoicing homes. But still, when we honor the explorer we must not forget the suffering assistants. When we welcome the general, we must not disregard the private. When we honor renowned Christian workers, we must not despise the widow of two mites, the doorkeeper of the Lord's house, the men and women who suffer in silence for Christ's sake.

The day will arrive when all the great Christian expeditions shall come back in the presence of many worlds. Not only the leaders but the led, not only the commanders but the commanded, not only the celebrated but the obscure shall get celestial and divine recognition.

As Christ introduces, amid the *éclat* of heaven, His friends, and the question is asked, "Who are these Thou introducest into our imperial company?" Christ will say, "This is the woman that gave a cup of cool water to the thirsty traveller; this is the child that read the Scriptures to her blind mother; this is the nurse that rocked the sick child's cradle; this is the female clerk of the store who patiently endured the insolence of customers; this is the mother who brought up her children to God; this is the man who forsook not his religion amid the ridicule of the hat factory; this is the fireman who fell dead in trying to get a child out of the third story of a burning building; this is the sailor of the Franklin search party who, kneeling in the Arctic storm, prayed that his sin might be made whiter than snow."

And then Christ, waving his hand over "a great multitude that no man can number," will say, "They were cold, they were sick, they were poor, they were despised, they were wronged, they came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That day will be the rectification of everything, and those who expected to take back seats in heaven will be called to take front seats, and those who would have been satisfied to occupy a footstool will be awarded a throne, and those who had no ambition except to get inside the shining gates will be made rulers over many cities.

So my lecture, which began at the pillar of fire and wandered on to the pillar of ice, stops at *the pillar of the throne.*

An Australian Inebriate was Converted by the blessing of God on one of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, which are published every week in the *Australasian.* It was preached in 1868, and was entitled "The Approachableness of Jesus" (No. 809). He lived alone about twenty miles from Geelong, and had not entered a place of worship more than four or five times in twenty years, and had taken to drink until *delirium tremens* seized upon him. When partially recovered, with not a human being near, his eye lighted on the newspaper. Then he read the sermon, which went to his heart, and "Sir," said he to Mr. Spurgeon's son Thomas, who is in Australia, "I've never touched the liquor since. I can't tell you how grateful I am to your father, but I thought the best way for me to do honor to the father was to tell his son of the blessing the printed word has been to me."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 703.*)

Christian Counsel.

I KNELT down in a sheltered corner, and felt myself alone with God. I do not think that I have ever realized the Lord's presence more than at that moment. And then I confessed it all to Him—all my coldness, all my carelessness, all my neglect of prayer, all my indifference to Him. I came back to Him, and asked Him to receive me, and to give me the light of His countenance again. And then, as Miss Irvine had advised me, I prayed very earnestly for the Holy Spirit, pleading that promise, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

Oh, how thankful I felt that Miss Irvine had spoken to me that afternoon? I am sure that God put it into her heart to do so.

When I went back to the house I found her still sitting in the same place, and she said, as she took hold of my arm to walk home with me,

"Is it all right, dear?"

"Yes, Miss Irvine, I hope so. I have asked Him to forgive me, and I think He has."

"Yes," she said, "if you have asked Him I am sure He has. He is always ready to forgive us, if we will only go to Him. If we only realized how much He loves us, May, and how much it grieves Him when we are cold and heartless to Him, I think we should be more careful never to leave Him."

As I look back upon that part of my life which was spent in Alliston Hall, I cannot be too thankful that God gave me the friendship of Miss Lilla Irvine. I found in her a true friend, one in whom I could confide all my troubles and anxieties, and one who was ever ready to sympathize with me, and to advise me. Her visits, to my great joy, were very long ones. At the time of which I am now writing she spent several months at her cousin's house, so that I had many opportunities of seeing her, and of learning to love her more and more.

As Christmas time drew near, the good sisters at Branston Manor House wrote to ask me to spend Christmas with them, and Sir William most kindly gave me a fortnight's holiday. Evelyn was very loath to part with me, and told me she would be dreadfully dull while I was away. But Sir William would not hear of my refusing the invitation, and promised to do his best to make up for my absence.

It was six months since I had seen Maggie, and my heart beat very fast as the train drew up at Branston Station, and my little sister came forward to meet me. She had grown very much since I had seen her last, but she was the same dear, simple-minded child as when I had left her, and was just as loving and true.

Old John was waiting for us with the two luxurious horses, and we drove to the Manor House at the usual measured pace.

It was quite touching to see the welcome which the three kind sisters gave me. If I had been their own child they could not have seemed more glad to see me. Miss Jane, especially, took me under her wing from the moment that I entered the house, and it would indeed have been my own fault if I had not spent a pleasant Christmas time at Branston Hall.

But what I enjoyed, perhaps, more than anything else, was hearing Mr. Claremont's sermons. There was something in his plain, practical way of preaching which went direct to my heart, and I always came away from hearing one of his sermons feeling thoroughly dissatisfied with myself, which perhaps, after all, is the best proof how very useful they were to me.

On the last Sunday of the year, especially, I felt that indeed there was a message for me. In both his sermons that day Mr. Claremont spoke of the year that was past, gone forever, with all its shortcomings and sins, all its neglected opportunities, all its wasted moments. In the evening his sermon was addressed more especially to the unsaved in the congregation, urging such not to let the last moments of the old year pass away until they had been to the fountain, Christ Jesus, the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, and had washed their sin-stained souls till they were whiter than snow.

But in the morning Mr. Claremont spoke to Christians, to God's own children. He spoke of the sins of which we Christians had been guilty during the past year, and above all of our sins of omission. He told us that God had given to each of us a special work to do for Him, and that if we did not do it the work would be left undone. And then he asked us whether all those who lived in the house with us were among the saved. Were there any, was there one, with whom we spoke day by day, and whom we loved perhaps very much, and yet whom we knew to be still outside the refuge, still unsaved?

And then Mr. Claremont pleaded with us, if this was the case, to give ourselves no rest until that one was safe in Christ, but to speak to him about his soul, and, whenever we had an opportunity, to plead with him, and to urge him to come to Jesus before it was too late.

"Another year gone, just gone, and your loved ones still unsaved. Oh, what if this new year should be their last! What if next New Year's Day the opportunity should be over, and they should be gone! Up, children of God, up and be doing; let not their blood be on your heads! Oh, if they should come up to you at the last day, and say, with bitter reproaches, 'Why did you not warn us? If you really believed, knew that this was before us, why did you not give yourselves no rest, day nor night, until you knew that *we* were saved from it? Oh, why not?' What will you say to them then? Friends, be up and doing, for the night cometh when no man can work."

As Mr. Claremont spoke, one face was ever in my mind's eye, one form was ever before me. It was Evelyn Trafford, my own dear little Evelyn, of whom I thought. I knew she was not safe. Loving and amiable and sweet-tempered as she was, I knew that she cared nothing for the Lord I loved. She had been brought up entirely for this world, and she had never been taught to think of things above.

And yet, what could I do for her? I had sometimes tried to get a word in, edgewise as it were, for my Master, but it was very difficult, and it never seemed to do any good.

Sometimes I thought it did harm. If she was alone with me she turned the subject so quickly, and called me precise and particular, and did not seem so much at her ease with me afterward. And if any one else came into the room she would begin to talk almost scoffingly of all that I loved and reverenced, as if she were determined to show me how little she cared for it all. And so I was beginning to think that it was wiser to be quiet and to say nothing.

Yet this sermon had made me uneasy. If Evelyn, my dear Evelyn, should die unsaved, and I had never once really spoken to her about her soul's interests, oh, how I should blame myself! And yet, when could I do it? How could I begin the subject?

I met Mr. Claremont the next day, as I was going to see one of Miss Jane's sick people, and I ventured to tell him how much I had felt his sermon.

"But does it not require very great wisdom in speaking to others?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly," he said; "there is a time to speak and a time to keep silence."

"But with me, Mr. Claremont," I said, "it always seems the timt to keep silence."

"Have you been looking out for an opportunity?" he said; "ready to speak and longing to speak, whenever and as soon as God shall give you one?"

"Hardly that," I said; "I have often thought I ought to speak, but have always persuaded myself that it was not the right time to do it."

"Ah!" he said; "perhaps if you look carefully within, Miss Lindsay, you will find that at the bottom of it all there has been a little cowardice, a little unwillingness to be brave for the Master's sake—please forgive me for saying so—but I have often found it so myself. Often, when I have neglected speaking to others about their souls, I have found that it was not from want of opportunity, but from want of courage to use the opportunities that were given me."

"Yes," I said, "I believe you are right."

"Pray for opportunities to be given you, be on the look-out for opportunities, and use the opportunities as soon as ever they occur, and you will, I am sure, Miss Lindsay, find that there is indeed a time to speak as well as a time to be silent."

I went back to Alliston Hall determined to be on the watch for the time to speak, and longing most earnestly for that time to come. Evelyn welcomed me very warmly, and told me she had never known a fortnight pass so slowly.

"Have you many visitors here?" I asked.

"No," she said; "there is only Alice Fitzgerald; I did not know she was coming when you went away, but I found out she was staying with friends of hers not far off, so I asked her to come here on her way home; her father is an old friend of papa's."

"Alice Fitzgerald!" I repeated; "Alice Fitzgerald; I wonder if it is the same!"

"The same as what, May?" she said laughing at my astonishment; "do you know an Alice Fitzgerald?"

"No," I said, "I do not know her; but she is a great friend of a friend of mine."

"Well, this Alice Fitzgerald—how pale you are, May," said Evelyn, suddenly stopping short in her explanation; "are you very tired?"

"No, not at all," I said; "go on, I want to hear about *your* Alice Fitzgerald."

"Well, *my* Alice is a very pretty girl, at least I think she is, and a nice sort of girl, though she isn't a bit like you. I don't mean that you are not nice, you dear old thing," said Evelyn, laughing, "but she is quite different from you; I'm rather afraid you will quarrel."

"Oh, no, I hope not!"

"No, you must not quarrel," said Evelyn, "though she has some very strange ideas; but, after all, what does it matter what one believes?"

I was about to answer when the door opened, and the subject of our conversation entered. She was a tall, fair-haired girl of about my own age, and was indeed, as Evelyn had said, very pretty.

"Alice, this is my friend, May Lindsay," was Evelyn's introduction, as she came in.

Miss Fitzgerald shook hands with me pleasantly, and then sat down on a low seat by the fire, and took her work out of a pretty embroidered pocket which hung by her side.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Lindsay," she said, laughing; "for I have been hearing your praises sounded morning, noon, and night, ever since I came."

"By the bye, Alice," Evelyn went on, "May thinks she knows a friend of yours; at least, if you are the same Alice Fitzgerald. What is her name, May?"

"It is a gentleman," I said, turning very red, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary; "Mr. Claude Ellis."

"Claude!" repeated Miss Fitzgerald in astonishment; "do you know Claude? I never heard him speak of you."

"No, perhaps not," I said; "but I do know him very well indeed; we were playfellows when we were children lives."

"How very strange that I never heard your name!" said Miss Fitzgerald; "and I was staying at the Parsonage last spring; would you be at Acton then?"

"No," I said, "we had left a little time before you went there. Do you remember noticing a house, standing in a large garden, close to the Parsonage?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Fitzgerald; "it was shut up when I was there, and Claude said the doctor used to live there."

"Yes, the doctor was my father," I said, checking the tears, which would come in spite of myself, and which nearly choked me.

"Well, that's very funny!" said Evelyn, "that you should know this dearly beloved Claude, about whom I have heard much lately! Do you know he is coming here to-morrow, to make my acquaintance? Papa has invited him o come for a day or two while Alice is here."

Claude coming to Alliston Hall! Claude oming to-morrow! How I wished that my tay at the old Manor House had been a little onger. I made some excuse to leave the room oon afterward, and went to my own bedroom nd locked the door.

(*To be continued.*)

JOSEPH, THE WISE RULER.

S. Lesson for November 14th, Gen. 41-38-57. olden Text, Prov. 22 : 29. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

It is a law of God that "the hand of the dili- nt shall bear rule" (Prov. 12 : 24); expressed so in our golden text, "Seest thou a man dili- nt in his business? he shall stand before ngs; he shall not stand before mean men." was also God's promise to Joseph individually rough his dreams, that his brethren, and even father and mother, should bow down to him. his law and promise assured to this injured d oppressed man that he should yet rise supe- r to his surroundings. There can be no ubt that his faith remained firm; "his bow ode in strength;" otherwise it would have been possible for him to act as he did, with a spirit ich was in no way oppressed by circum- nces.

"At the end of two full years Pharaoh amed." The presence of a man who lived in mmunion with God brought about a nearness God to those who were around him; his fel- -prisoners first, and Pharaoh later, were e recipients of messages from God. When ldren of God are living in real nearness to n, there is a something about them which ers feel without being able to understand it, they find that their thoughts unconsciously in to turn to heavenly things; they may e a spirit of resistance, but they cannot be fferent.

haraoh's spirit was troubled, as the spirits of chief baker and chief butler had been ubled before. And why? In both instances reason was the same: there was "no inter- er" (Gen. 12 : 8; 41 : 8). When God ks to the unconverted, they are always in ay because they do not know the language e Holy Ghost. Then it was that the chief er was seized with compunction; he had e use of Joseph to interpret his dream, yet ad forgotten the man who understood the pretations which "belong unto God." Now elated to Pharaoh the history of his dream that of the chief baker, and how all had fulfilled which Joseph had foretold in his pretation.

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph, and brought him hastily out of the dungeon: he shaved himself and changed his raiment, came in unto Pharaoh." What surprise there have been in Joseph's heart! These ong years of forgetfulness by the chief but- ad exhausted every earthly hope; he could o way by which help could come. And it is when we are at an end of our resources, of our hopes, that God glorifies Himself in ing His Word, and proving the might of naided arm. "Pharaoh said unto Joseph, ve dreamed a dream, and there is none can interpret it: and I have heard say of that thou canst understand a dream to in- t it." And Joseph, who never forgot the nce of his God, replied, "It is not in me: hall give Pharaoh an answer of peace."

en Pharaoh related his dream: how he had 'seven kine, fat-fleshed and well favored; hey fed in a meadow: And, behold, seven kine came up after them, poor and very vored, and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness: And the lean and the ill-favored, kine did eat up the first seven fat kine and: . . . it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill favored, as at the beginning. So I awoke. And I told this unto the magicians; but there was none that could declare it to me." Pharaoh had yet to learn that none but the Spirit of God could declare or translate His teaching.

"And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, The dream of Pharaoh is one: God hath shewed Pharaoh what He is about to do." The young man who had been thirteen years in slavery and imprisonment spoke with the authority of a man of learning. He had been in the school of God, who said to His ancient people, "Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee" (Deut. 8 : 5). He had been learning through his reverses the futile nature and uncertainty of all earthly things, and the light of God, in which he had been taught to live, imparted to him a dignity and an authority which nothing else could have bestowed. Long acquaintance with God had given him a right to count certainly upon Him; he could have said with the Psalmist, "I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed" (Ps. 119 : 46).

Joseph explained that the seven kine and the seven ears of corn represented seven years of plenty: that the seven thin and ill favored kine and the seven ears blasted with the east wind were seven years of famine.

Having laid the facts of the case before Pharaoh, Joseph, inspired by God, proceeded to give the king counsel. Had he stopped for a moment to think about himself, he, a foreigner, a slave, a man accused of a loathsome sin, his mouth would have been shut; but Joseph's lips were God's property, to be used as "instruments of righteousness unto God" (Rom. 6 : 13); and thus, without considering how Pharaoh might look upon it, at the risk of being condemned at court for his presumption, he concluded the message with which God had charged him. How few of God's children in our day would have been equally free from self-consciousness? "Now, therefore," he said, "let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt; that the land perish not through the famine."

"And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants." There is something marvellous in the faith of some of those of whom we read in the Old Testament, who heard of God for the first time. How did Pharaoh and his servants know that Joseph was not an impostor; how could they be sure that the things which he had predicted would come to pass? The power of the Spirit of God must have been working upon the king; he said unto his servants, "Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" There is an uprightness, a want of prejudice, a freedom from unworthy motives in this Pharaoh, which one cannot but admire. How often it happens in the world that one man judges another, not with an unprejudiced eye, but with regard to what he himself may gain or lose by the judgment which he passes: he would like in any case to be on the side of the majority.

There was no such unworthy spirit in this old heathen king; he said unto Joseph, "Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art, thou shalt be over my house, and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou." Oh that this were the spirit which reigned among all such as appoint ministers, teachers, etc. "If God himself has raised you above us by the messages He has given to you for us, then we bow to His choice; and no consideration of position, learning, or any other earthly thing, shall make us interfere with His decision." Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck: and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had, and they cried before him, "Bow the knee."

Taken suddenly as he was from the lowest position, and from dishonor, and placed in the second highest position in the then known world, was it possible that Joseph's head should not be turned? Could he bear such prosperity? Let us not forget that Joseph was not alone; it is expressly told us in God's Word that "the Lord was with Joseph." When the Lord is truly with us, we never need consider what are our own resources, what talents, experience, means, etc., we possess. He makes Himself responsible for every position into which He brings us, by the very fact that He is our Father. How can we believe that he would place us where we could not but fall? Only let us exercise the most absolute confidence in Him, and all is well. "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4 : 13).

David says, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God" (2 Sam. 23 : 3). This did Joseph. As prime minister of Egypt, we may well believe that God was his chief counsellor. He acted by faith; for there was nothing in the outward appearance of things during the seven plenteous years which could warrant the expectation of the famine which should succeed them; but Joseph endured as seeing Him who is invisible, and he gathered up all the food of the seven plenteous years, "and laid up the food in the cities; the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number."

As God had foreshown Joseph, the years of famine came; "and the dearth was in all the lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread." Then it was that the wisdom which God had given to Joseph became apparent. The famished people cried unto Pharaoh, and he sent them to Joseph, and he opened the storehouses and sold unto the Egyptians. Not they alone received benefit; from other lands the people came, and in the great provision which Joseph had made, there was enough for them, and they came also to buy corn. Later on we read that "Joseph gathered up all the money which was in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan for the corn which they bought: and Joseph brought the money into Pharaoh's house."

When at last the people came with their sore plea, "There is not aught left in the sight of my lord but our bodies and our lands; . . . buy us and our land for bread, and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh; and give us seed, that we may live and not die, that the land be not desolate;" then "Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; . . . and as for the people, he removed them to cities from one end of the borders of Egypt unto the other end thereof." Then he gave them seed to sow the land. By this dispersion the whole land could be brought into cultivation. And the only stipulation which he made to the possessors of land which he thus distributed, was this, that the fifth part was to be Pharaoh's. The hearts of the people, were won: "Thou hast saved our lives," they said; "let us find grace in the sight of my lord, and we will be Pharaoh's servants" (Gen. 47 : 14-26). Thus Joseph ruled in the wisdom and in the power of his God, a type of those who shall hereafter reign with Christ. In our daily lessons of humiliation, let us not forget that God is making us ready for a great future, and that it is worth the while to suffer now "for the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. 8 : 18).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Situation in Ireland Absorbs Public Attention across the Atlantic, and the friends of that country are full of apprehension as to the events of the next few days. Correspondents of leading journals report that the peasantry are armed to the teeth, and are deluded into the belief that should hostilities break out they will be assisted by drilled and organized bodies of men from this country. The British Government has sent reinforcements of constabulary and troops to Ireland as a precautionary measure, but wishing to prevent the act exasperating the people, they are not obtruded on the public gaze. The excitement of the people, increased, by the agitators, who continue holding public meetings, renders an outbreak probable, in which many lives must be lost and the cause of Ireland retarded by many years.

The British Government displays considerable patience, or vacillation, as the opposition call it, in dealing with the difficulty. The threatened arrests have not yet been made, and it is now reported that several names have been erased from the list of those it isintended to prosecute. Meanwhile the Irish landowners are loud in their denunciations of the Government which permits their lives to be placed in imminent peril day by day. The condition of the country is but little removed from anarchy, and no landowner's life is safe, even though his previous treatment of his tenants has been marked by kindness and consideration.

The Aspect of the Eastern Question Continues a source of astonishment to Europe. The Sultan's reiterated promise to surrender Dulcigno has not yet been fulfilled, and the question of the Greek claims he refuses to entertain. How long he will be permitted thus to defy Europe is a matter of serious consideration, but his present obstinacy shows his foolhardiness. The cession of territory is no doubt a painful and humiliating process, and it is attended with personal danger, as his people, despising him for what in their ignorance they denominate his cowardice, may kill him; but he and his ministers must know that timely concessions to the will of Europe might so conciliate the Powers as to insure to his empire an extended lease of life. As it is, his temerity may hasten the utter overturn of Turkey by exasperating its enemies and alienating its friends. England and France saved her from destruction a quarter of a century ago; but now France is indifferent to her fate, and England is ruled by a man who believes that Europe would be benefited by the Turk being driven out, "bag and baggage." In such a perilous position the Sultan stands, and with incomprehensible recklessness awaits the action of Europe.

Colonel Gordon, the Eminent Christian Officer whose efforts to repress the slave trade in Egypt are well known, wrote last month to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, "I will believe in the regeneration of Egypt when I hear that the slave-hunting in the Soudan is finished, when there is an assembly of native Egyptians governing the country in the place of pashas, and when the decrees are truly carried out instead of being, except under European control, dead letters, merely intended for European credulity, and when a reliable budget of expenses and receipts for the Soudan is published."

The Gospel in Brazil is Making Progress in spite of difficulties which many people regarded as insuperable. Eighteen years ago the first Protestant church was organized in Rio Janeiro, and *two persons* received into its communion on confession of their faith. Since that time more than three hundred have been admitted into this one church, mostly converts from Rome. In 1865 a second church was established at San Pauio, of six persons, which has grown and prospered, several preachers having come forth from it to work in other localities.

A Proposal to Erect a Protestant Episcopal church by American citizens at Nice, the famous resort of European tourists, emanates from Mrs. Read, of Wilmington, Del. That lady's husband died in that city some time ago, and she desires to rear a church there as a memorial of him. She offers to give fifteen thousand dollars to pay the cost of erection if other Christians desirous of propagating the gospel in that land will subscribe a sum sufficient to purchase a site.

The German Peasant.—The Chaplain of Emanuel Hospital, Westminster, England describes in a recent letter the hard lot of the German farm-laborer. He says: "Men, women, and children may be seen hard at work in the fields from sunrise to sunset, and the heavy loads which they carry on their backs, from mere infancy to old age, is appalling. As there are no houses in the open country, but all the habitations are crowded in the villages, the long walk which the laborer has to take in order to reach his work seriously increases his toil. Long hours in like manner obtain in the schools, which usually begin work at seven A.M., and with a brief mid-day interval, go on till five P.M., the poor little students carrying work to be done at home as well. The sanitary condition of school-houses is frightful, and this seriously detracts from the quality of German village education. Long school-hours, hard fare, bad in-door air, and labor in addition at home, account for the wearied, aged look of the children, in spite of the fresh air of the hills and forests in which the district abounds."

Mr. Inskip and his Party on the "Round the World Tour" must have nearly arrived in India now. They had a blessed time at Hull, England. No condition of the weather hindered the people from crowding the place of prayer, and occupying aisles, altar, pulpit steps, vestibule, and galleries. One evening *two hundred* persons came forward for prayers, and one hundred and thirty of them professed salvation. The next day two hundred and forty came forward, and among those who received "full salvation" were a Protestant Episcopal clergyman and a minister of the Primitive Methodists. Mr. Inskip writes, "The work has been amazing, and continued to augment in power and spirituality up to the close."

Liquor and Starvation in the Arctic Regions. —The revenue cutter Corwin, which arrived at San Francisco October 13th, brings news that at St. Lawrence Island, in the Behring Sea, out of 700 inhabitants 500 were found dead of starvation. *The traders had introduced liquor* among them, causing them to neglect storing up the usual supply of provisions.

The Light in New Guinea.—"I shall never forget," writes a missionary, "the first night I landed in New Guinea, and I should like to compare it with the last night before I left. I remember the feeling that came across me that night. I could see the fires through the grove of cocoanut-trees; I could hear the drums beating; and I heard sometimes the shrieks of women. I knew that there was *heathenism and cannibalism* all round. Ah! but as I sat on the veranda of my little honse, seven years afterward, you must try and understand what my feelings were then. I saw a fire in the cocoanut grove, just as I had done on that night before I landed. There was a sound that came warbling up the hill; it was not the shrieks of women, but it was *one of Moody and Sankey's hymns.* These people were engaged in their evening worship, and after the singing of the hymn and prayer and the talking of the teacher, then came about two hours of singing, for they were very fond of it; they know nearly all Moody and Sankey's hymns. All this has been accomplished within eight years."

The Best Way to Gain Working men is by the manifestation of interest by the clergy in their temporal welfare. This fact is illustrated by an English clergyman, who relates: "I recently found myself in a railway carriage on the London Underground Railroad, which was crammed with artisans, to whom I spoke of life insurance in the Post-Office Savings Bank. So interested were they that some of them went a station or two further than they had first intended, in order to hear more of the matter. As I drew near to my own destination, thei principal spokesman asked me, "Have you go any cards about you?' I thought he said, 'abou *it*,' and replied that I had not, for I was not a agent for the insurance. 'No, sir,' he answered 'it was your address I meant. What's your par ish? That's what I want to know. I have no been much of a one since I was a boy to go t any church at all; but if yours is within fiv miles' walk from my house, I'll go to hear yo every Sunday of my life.'"

Persecution in India.—The "Indian Herald' states that a Christian named Prabhudas ha been sentenced at Indore to two hundred days imprisonment for selling Christian books in th City of Indore. Two months ago he attache himself to the English Church Mission at Indore and has been carrying on the trade of a weave for his livelihood. His leisure hours have bee occupied in the sale of religious books, and fo this he has been condemned to imprisonment fo the greater part of a year!

Drink, Bad Company, and Horse-racing— trio of fatal evils—have just brought a Londo clerk, respectably connected, to grief. He wa in the employment of a colonial agent, name Alexander Strachan, and from time to time embezzled sums amounting to $600. For this h was committed for trial, on October 4th, at police court. Mr. Strachan told the magistra that his clerk's conduct had been uniforml good, and that he had trusted him to a gre extent; and when arrested he said he was sor for what he had done, as his employer was " good sort," and had trusted him. He ascribe his ignominious position to the influence drink, his association with bad company, an his infatuation for the turf. *A threefold comb nation* of those mighty agencies of Satan sufficient to overthrow any man. Only t grace of God can deliver a man so situated. T fascinations of sinful pleasures and sinful ass ciations are only seen in their true colors whe the light of Divine truth is cast upon them a the Holy Spirit opens the eyes.

Dr. H. H. Jessup, the Eminent Missionary Syria, expresses his regret, in a recent letter the New York *Observer*, that the Sultan Turkey has removed Midhat Pasha from the go ernorship of Syria. He states that Midhat bu roads, encouraged education, and general governed the country with a view to the pro ress and welfare of the people. His succes is a man of widely different views, and belon to the old school of Turkish politics, which of a conservative character. Midhat was su denly removed, the alleged cause being his pop larity with the people, and a suspicion that was plotting to separate Syria from the Turk Empire. There appears from Dr. Jessup's o servations to have been good cause to susp Midhat of such designs, and it is probable t had he remained at his post much longer, a volt would have taken place. Students of pro ecy believe that the separation of Syria fr Turkey will certainly be effected within the n few years.

The Second Volume of The Christian Hera comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec., 1879), may procured, elegantly bound in cloth, at this off Price $1.75.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchm (London) for October may be obtained at the o of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are on s at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at prices low as to bring them within the reach of every *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photogr of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughma Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents; in cloth, 60 ce *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homil cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day B* This popular gift-book contains a suitable pass selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every in the year, with a blank space opposite for a graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurg appear at their respective birthdays. The boo elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Re tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1880. 14th Year. No. 46—New Series.

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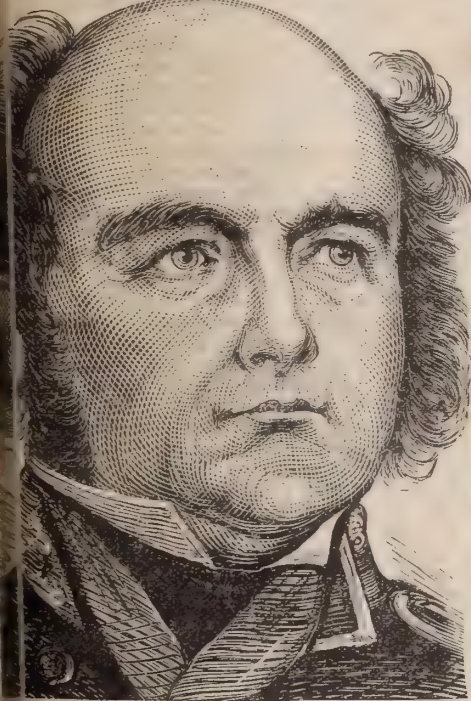
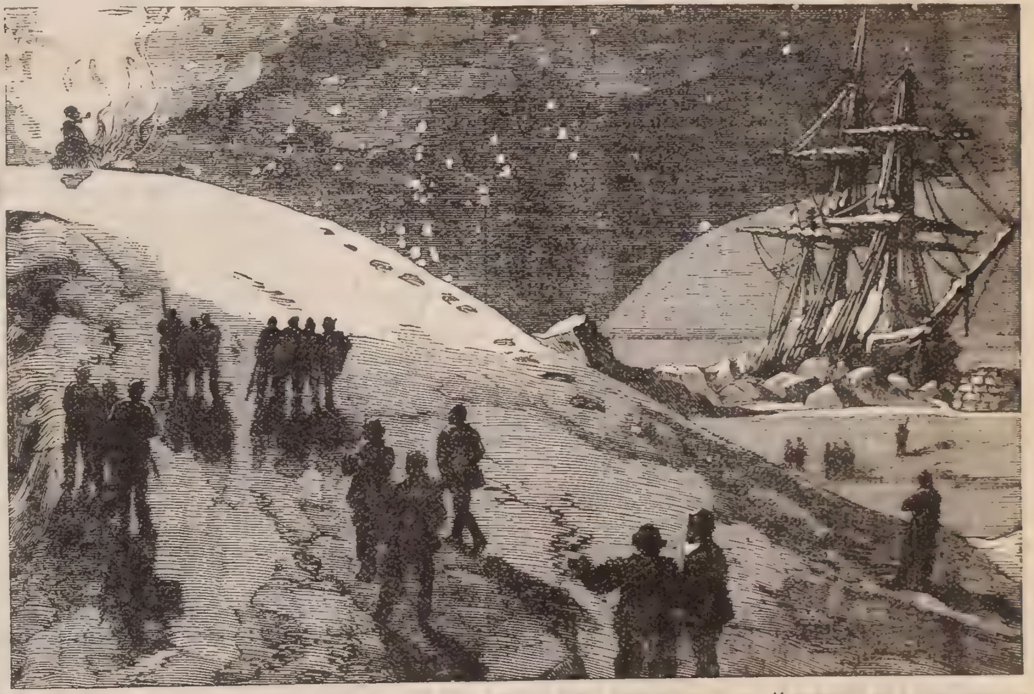
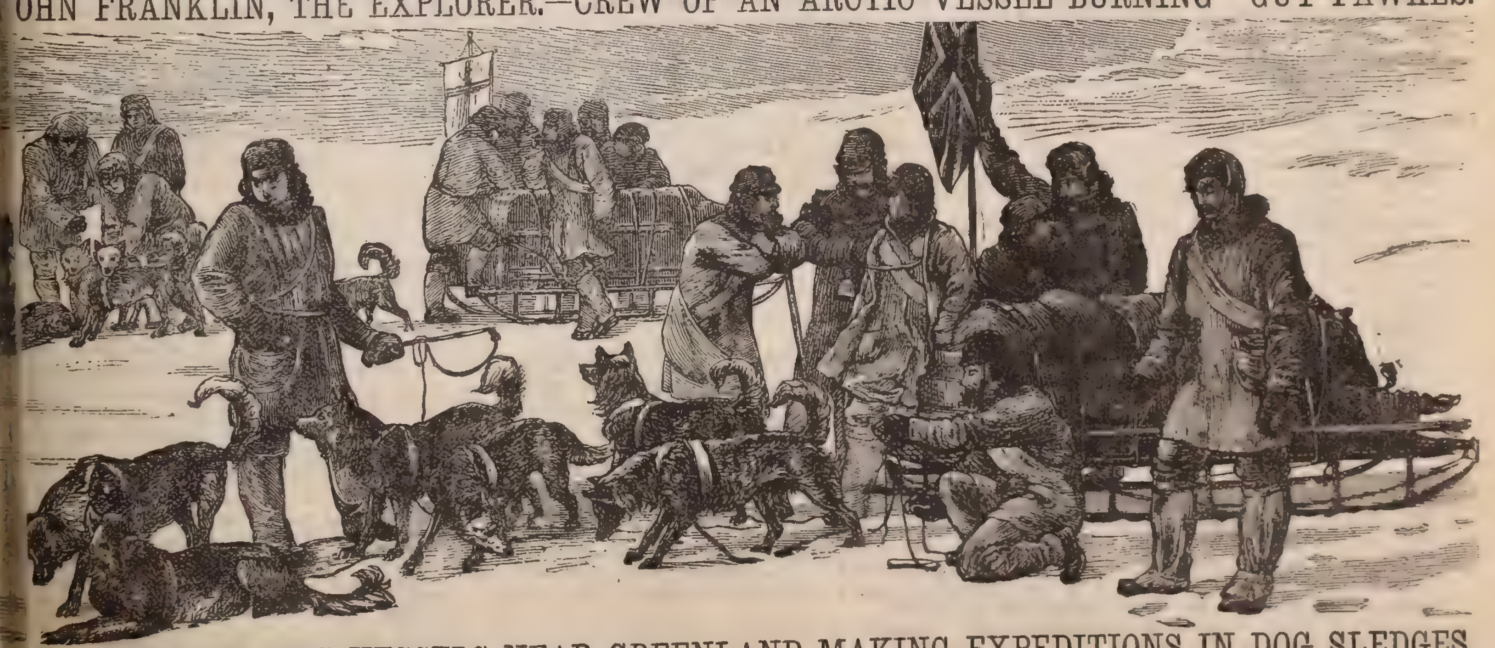




OHN FRANKLIN, THE EXPLORER.—CREW OF AN ARCTIC VESSEL BURNING "GUY FAWKES."



HI CREWS OF ARCTIC VESSELS NEAR GREENLAND MAKING EXPEDITIONS IN DOG SLEDGES.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The Problem of His Fate Solved by an American—Sir John's Family and Early Life—His First Arctic Expedition in 1818—His Second in 1819—Extraordinary Hardships and Starvations—Old Shoes and Skins for Food—Third Expedition in 1825—His Fourth Expedition in 1845—The Erebus and Terror—Total Disappearance of all on Board -Subsequent Discovery of some of Their Bones—And of the Fact that Franklin Died on June 11th, 1847—Subsequent Expeditions—Lieutenant Schwatka's Discoveries.

AMERICAN enterprise perseverance, and intrepid daring has in the person of Lieutenant Schwatka added another triumph to the magnificent record which makes the name of an American citizen honored throughout the world.

Lieutenant Schwatka has solved a problem which for more than thirty years has disturbed the minds of the intelligent and sympathetic public in the old world. On May 19, 1845, a brave British sailor sailed from England for the North on a voyage of discovery, and never returned. What became of the intrepid man and the gallant crews under his command was a question in which every one took an interest, and to which the personal friends of the explorers were drawn by deep concern. Several expeditions were sent from England to search for the party, but it was reserved for a citizen of the nation which furnished the discoverer of Livingstone to learn all that could be learned of Sir John Franklin and to penetrate farther north than any previous explorer. American citizens will be proud to know that the flag that waves nearest to the pole—one hundred and fifty miles beyond the flag of any other civilized nation—is *the Stars and Stripes*, which Lieutenant Schwatka appropriately unfurled on *July* 4, 1879.

Lieutenant Schwatka has returned bringing melancholy intelligence of the English explorer's fate, but it is satisfactory to know the truth, whatever it may be, for the agony of suspense produced by the darkness of ignorance was less tolerable than knowledge, however painful. The mystery that baffled the exertions of the English searches has now been explained by the brave American explorer, and it is possible, in the light thus afforded, to see how those gallant men toiled and suffered and died. Sir John Franklin's name is thus again brought prominently before the public, and is the topic of general conversation. But thirty-five busy years have passed since he sailed, and it is possible that the readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD have but a vague knowledge of the circumstances under which the Franklin expedition set out, and of the history of the remarkable man who commanded it. We therefore to-day give the portrait of the explorer, and an account of the leading features of his career.

Sir John Franklin was born in 1786, in Lincolnshire, England. He was the youngest of the four sons of an eminent banker at Spilsby. Very early in life he evinced a great predilection for a sea life. When a boy of twelve years of age he is stated to have availed himself of a holiday to walk to the coast, a distance of eleven miles, for no other purpose than to see the ocean, upon which he gazed with wonder and delight for many hours. On his return home he urged his father to permit him to become a sailor, but for some time without success. At length, perceiving that the boy was bent upon a career on the sea, he yielded so far as to allow him to make a *voyage to Lisbon* in a small merchant ship, with the hope that the discomforts of the voyage would cure the lad of his inclination to a sailor's life.

John Franklin's first voyage only added to the keenness of his zest for a maritime career. He returned to England with a confirmed taste for the naval profession, and was shortly afterward entered as *midshipman* on board the Polyphemus, under Captain Lawford. This was in 1800, when Franklin was in his fourteenth year. In March, 1801, his ship took an active part as one of Nelson's fleet in the memorable battle of Copenhagen. Franklin escaped without a wound, while a brother midshipman was killed at his side. A few months after the date of this engagement Franklin joined a relative, Captain Matthew Flinders, then in command of the Investigator discovery ship, and about to proceed to the survey of the Australian Coast. During the voyage Franklin and his companions suffered shipwreck, and spent *nearly two months on a narrow sand-bank* only a few feet above the sea level, while Captain Flinders in a small open boat proceeded to Port Jackson, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles, in search of relief, and returned to rescue them. Subsequently Franklin obtained a passage to China, and thence sailed in the Earl Camden for England. His ship was one of a fleet of Indiamen carrying a rich cargo. They were attacked by the French Admiral, *Linois*, in the Straits of Malacca. After a sharp engagement, in which young Franklin performed his part, the French were defeated and put to flight.

On his arrival in England Franklin was appointed to the Bellerophon, in which he fought under Admiral Nelson at the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar, in 1805. He was in the hottest of the engagement, as *signal midshipman*, but escaped without a wound. For his distinguished conduct on these ocasions he was promoted to the rank of *lieutenant*. Henceforward he devoted his great abilities mainly to those scientific pursuits and Arctic discoveries with which his name has been since identified.

The belief that there was an open watercourse in the northwest through which it was possible for ships to pass between England and India was first mooted in 1498 by John Cabot, and since that time, at long intervals, efforts have been made to find it. Franklin was fired with this ambition, and took part in

THE FIRST ARCTIC EXPEDITION

of this century, which was despatched in 1818. The discovery brigs, Dorothea and Trent, sailed from England on April 25th, under the command of Captain Buchan and *Lieutenant John Franklin*. Toward the close of the same year both vessels returned severely injured by collisions with the ice, the former so fearfully shattered as to be no longer seaworthy. Franklin had entreated to be allowed to continue the voyage alone, but the instructions given to Captain Buchan, the senior in command, would not admit of such a course ; hence the return of the two ships.

THE SECOND EXPEDITION.

In the following year Lieutenant Franklin was entrusted with the command of a second expedition to the coasts of Arctic America. The expedition embarked at Gravesend, on the 23d of May, 1819, on board the Hudson's Bay Company's ship, Prince of Wales. On the 25th of July they entered Davis's Straits, and on the 7th of August they had an earnest of those perils which thickened around them, and almost overwhelmed them at a later period. Their ship struck violently on a point of rock projecting from the Island of Resolution. A gentle swell freed them from their perilous situation, but the current hurried them along in contact with the rocky shore, and the prospect was most alarming. After a three days' contest between the pumps and the leaks the ship was happily preserved.

There is no part of the proceedings and adventures of this expedition that is not deeply interesting. Their visits to the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company, their river and lake voyagings, their notices of the Esquimaux and Indian tribes, their observations in science and natural history—all constitute a most entrancing narrative of which Sir John Franklin published an interesting account in two volumes. He relates how at last they were obliged to abandon the Prince of Wales in August, 1821, and travel on foot over the ice to the nearest Indian settlement.

The morning of their final departure on their way to Point Lake, which was distant in a straight line one hundred and forty-nine mil was warm and fine. Their luggage consisted ammunition, nets, hatchets, ice chisels, ast nomical instruments, clothing, blankets, th kettles, and two canoes, which were each carr by one man. The weight borne by each in vidual, officers included, was about nin pounds, and with this they advanced abou mile an hour, including rests. Their daily tra for some time was about five, eight, or ten mil

On the 6th of September their tents w completely frozen, and the snow had collec around them to a depth of three feet, and ev in the inside there was a covering of it to extent of several inches on their blank Their suffering from cold in a comfortless t in such weather will easily be imagined ; it w however, less than their suffering from hung for their provisions had now nearly failed. next day, fearing that winter had set in with its rigor, and that by longer delay they sho only be exposed to an accumulation of diffi ties, they started, although in a very unfit c dition, being weak with fasting, and their g ments stiffened with frost.

HARDSHIPS AND STARVATION.

Just as they were about to commence th march Captain Franklin was seized with a fai ing fit in consequence of exhaustion and sud exposure to the wind ; but after eating a mo of portable soup he recovered so far as to be to move on. The ground was covered a f deep with snow, the margin of the lake encrusted with ice, and the swamps over wh they had to pass were entirely frozen, but ice not being sufficiently strong to bear th they frequently plunged knee-deep in wa Those who carried the canoes were often bl down by the violence of the wind, and at ot times fell from making an insecure step o slippery stone. On one of these occasions larger canoe was so much broken as to be dered utterly unserviceable.

A fortnight later their sufferings extreme. They picked up some pieces of and a few bones of deer that had been devo by wolves the preceding spring. The b were rendered friable by burning, and eaten well as the skin, and several of the party ad their *old shoes* to the repast. On the 22 September the second canoe was hopele broken, and the men lost all hope of being served.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

The journal which Sir J. Franklin kep this expedition overflows with incidents of and trial. One day a hunter brought in antlers and backbone of a deer which had killed in summer. The wolves and birds prey had picked them clean, but there still mained a quantity of spinal marrow which had not been able to extract. This, altho putrid, was esteemed a valuable prize, and spine being divided into portions, was distrib equally. After eating the marrow, which so acrid as to excoriate their lips, they bur and ate the bones also.

After this, one and another began to fail fall behind, finding it impossible, from shee haustion to proceed. As a last resource, Cap Franklin was induced to push forward wi few of the strongest of the men, in hope sending relief from Fort Enterprise to th that were left behind. In a few days the tain, with four men, accomplished this jour but to their great disappointment found Enterprise desolate. There was no deposi provisions, "no trace of the Indians, no lette indicate where the Indians might be foun "It would be impossible for me," says Si Franklin, "to describe our sensations entering this miserable abode and discove how we had been neglected. The whole p shed tears, not so much for our own fate a that of our friends in the rear, whose depended entirely on our sending relief from place."

THEIR SUFFERINGS FROM HUNGER AND C in Fort Enterprise were terrible. Two of party died, and their companions had not strength to bury them. In the course of two weeks they were joined by Dr. Richardson and a heroic man named Hepburn, whom they had left behind. These returned with the sad intelligence that four of their detachment had perished.

On the 7th of November the whole party obtained deliverance by the hands of three Indians, who were sent to their relief by Mr. Back, who had travelled ahead to search for assistance, and had experienced hair-breadth escapes. Their life had been hitherto sustained at this place by the bones and skins which they dug from beneath the snow, and they procured fire only by tearing up and consuming the floors of their dwelling. And had relief been delayed but a few days longer, Franklin believed they must all have perished.

From this time mind and body, which had become alike enfeebled, gradually regained strength. The Indians fed them as if they had been children, and treated them with the utmost tenderness and consideration. On the 26th of November they were able to remove to an Indian encampment, and on the 11th of December they arrived at Fort Providence, and were sheltered in comfort and safety for five months, till the advanced spring allowed them to resume their homeward journey.

During Franklin's absence on his *second* Arctic voyage he was promoted to the rank of *Commander*, and on his return to that of *Captain*. In 1823 he was elected a *Fellow of the Royal Society*, and served on its council. In the same year he *married* his first wife, Eleanor Porden.

HIS THIRD ARCTIC EXPEDITION IN 1825.

In 1825 he left England again on a land and boat exploration. On his return home, in 1826, Franklin's fresh services gained him the honor of knighthood, the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and the gold medal of the French Geographical Society. Sir John Franklin now rested on his honors for a period of about two years, during which he united himself in marriage to Jane Griffin, the lady whose noble devotion in tracing the career and fate of her intrepid husband has since shed so bright a ustre upon her sex.

HIS FOURTH EXPEDITION IN 1845.

In 1845, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, Sir ohn Franklin undertook the command of the xpedition in search of the Northwest Passage, etermined upon by the admiralty, upon the uggestion of the late Sir John Barrow.

The Erebus and Terror sailed from Greenhi- he on the 19th of May, each ship having on oard sixty-nine officers and men, with three ears' provisions. They sailed amid the cheers f the onlookers, and with the "Godspeed" of he whole British nation, and every man on oard those gallant vessels had dreams of high nd noble enterprise. In this spirit they went rth to the icy North, and *never came back.*

Just as the blood of the martyrs is the seed of e church, so the fate of Sir John Franklin and s company operated as nothing else could, to lve the problem which exacted their lives. etween January, 1848, when Captain Moore iled in the Plover for Behring's Straits, and ay, 1859, when Lieutenant Hobson found the ics of the expedition at Point Victory, no ver than *twenty-one distinct expeditions* were ade to discover what had become of the missg voyagers.

SCOVERY IN 1859 THAT FRANKLIN AND BOTH HIS CREWS HAD PERISHED.

Expedition after expedition having failed, the blic resigned itself to the belief that the galt band had perished, and that their fate uld never be known; not so Lady Franklin. is devoted woman was determined not to rest il, if possible, something decisive had been ertained respecting her long-lost husband and companions. Accordingly, in 1857, her yship, chiefly at her own expense, fitted and patched the yacht Fox on a final search, under command of Captain (now Sir F. L.) McClink, R.N. The Fox and her gallant crew sailed from Aberdeen on the 1st of July, 1857. Of the various episodes and adventures of this journey we have no space to write. On the 22d of September, 1859, McClintock returned to England with tidings that went home to every heart and relieved a long pent-up anxiety. They had discovered documents, relics, and other conclusive evidence as to the fate of Sir John. In his despatch to the admiralty, Captain McClintock wrote: ". . . At Point Victory, upon the northwest coast of King William's Island, a record has been found, dated 25th of April, 1848, and signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. By it we were informed that her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror were abandoned on the 22d of April, 1848, in the ice, and that the survivors, in all amounting to 105, under the command of Captain Crozier, were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th of June, 1847."

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION.

On June 19, 1878, the expedition under the command of Lieutenant Schwatka sailed from New York to prosecute the search for Franklin relics, and especially for any records of discovery that might have been buried by the unhappy party. Reports had been brought that *a spoon* which bore Franklin's initials had been seen in the possession of the natives, with some other articles, and this fact led to the hope that a diligent search might result in the discovery of the information so anxiously desired.

Arrived at Hudson's Bay, they decided on proceeding to King William Land, where the Franklin relics were reported to be. But the story was even then found to be wholly without foundation; but Lieutenant Schwatka resolved instead of returning to New York to make a thorough search of the country. Accordingly, on April 1, 1879, he and his party started on the longest

SLEIGH EXPEDITION

on record. The expedition was in all respects an extraordinary one, and we give the history of it in Lieutenant Schwatka's own words as narrated by him before the Geographical Society at Chickering Hall, New York, on October 28th last.

"My party consisted of four white men, four Esquimau families, consisting of thirteen persons, all dog drivers, hunters, etc. We had three sleds, carrying about one thousand pounds each, and forty-four dogs. The sleds carried about *one month's provisions* for the party and two weeks' food for the dogs. The route was to be directly across land, in a northwest direction, to the nearest available point on Back's River, thence to King William's Land. Our greatest obstacle was the well known tempestuous weather of the Arctic. We had an almost uninterrupted storm from the 20th of April to the 1st of June—forty-three days. We came upon a small village of about thirty souls, only two of whom had ever before seen any white man. One of these, a very intelligent looking man, aged about fifty-five or sixty years, gave us much interesting information of a lost ship that he had personally visited some thirty years before, eight miles due west of Grand Point. This is evidently one of Sir John Franklin's ships that floated down Victoria Channel after its abandonment.

"He remembers Lieutenant Back's exploration in 1834, and recounted minutely his meeting with that explorer at the Dangerous Rapids. He says that the next white man that he saw was a dead one, in a large ship some thirty years ago. The body was in a bunk in the after part of the ship. On the mainland, near Grant and Smith points, he saw the tracks of white men, and judged they were hunting for deer. The first time he saw the tracks of four and afterward the tracks of three men. He never saw the white men, but thinks that they lived in the ship until fall and then moved on the mainland. The natives did not understand how to enter the vessel, so they cut through one side, and when the ice melted in the summer she sank as the water poured in. After sinking, her masts stuck out of the water, and they collected many things which floated ashore. Shortly after the ship sank they found another small boat in Wilmot Bay. No monuments erected by the white men were ever found.

"On the 31st of May we encountered a large village, containing about one hundred persons. From them we had obtained some very important information, which, coupled with other testimony obtained elsewhere, shows beyond all reasonable doubt the complete destruction of the more important records of Sir John Franklin's expedition at a point (which I called Starvation Cove) three miles northwest from this village. The spot was then visited. At Starvation Cove the natives found a small boat on its keel, and in it *some skeletons*, while outside were a few scattered around. All of the natives I interviewed and who had been eye-witnesses of the sad scene place the number at from six to ten.

"The most important information connected with this boat place, which is evidently the farthest reached by any body of Franklin's men in 1848, is that concerning *a sealed tin box*, about two feet long and about one foot square on the ends, which was broken open by the natives and found to contain books, and a small piece of iron to which all pieces of the same material would adhere when brought in contact. This tin box was retained by the natives and its contents emptied on the ground, where they slowly perished. Some few of them were given to their children for playthings. That men thus placed should have burdened themselves with such a quantity of books, and the careful manner of their preservation, shows an importance which can only be attributed to the records of the expedition. I think it not improbable that the magnetized iron spoken of by these people from its description, was the dip-needle with which the north magnetic pole had been redetermined. This instrument would be a valuable historical relic.

"The party remained on King William's Land from June 10th to November 8th, engaged in a thorough search of that island and its adjacent mainland. It may be interesting to note that the civilized food of the party was exhausted June 24th. After this date, and until March 20, 1880, the white men subsisted the same as their native allies, principally upon the flesh of the reindeer, 511 of which were killed by the party on the expedition. The snow had sufficiently disappeared by the 4th day of July to commence the search, and at this date we were at Cape Felix, King William's Land, near which the Erebus and Terror had been beset in September, 1846. From Cape Felix to Collinson Inlet, only from fifteen to twenty-five miles of coast line, we were engaged in searching from June 27th to July 14th, traversing 278 miles, the search being thorough and extending a number of miles inland.

"This strip of coast was important, as being the nearest land to the imprisoned ships during the two years previous to their abandonment. A number of

RELICS

here found was large and interesting. In a grave between Victory Point and Cape Jane Franklin was found *a silver medal* awarded by the Royal Naval College to John Irving in midsummer of 1830, as second mathematical prize. This, with corroborative evidence, showed the grave to be that of Lieutenant Irving, the third lieutenant of His Majesty's ship Terror, Sir John Franklin's second ship.

"Returning southward, a skeleton was found and interred near Franklin Point, and another, which, from the fine quality of clothing, linen, buttons, etc., I infer to be an officer, was reinterred in a desecrated grave on Point Le Vesconte. A skull was found about five hundred yards from a despoiled grave on Payer Point, in the latter there being found only a belt buckle and a musket cap. In South Erebus Bay the boat place was encountered. Here some four or more skeletons were properly buried, and a few interesting relics gathered. Near here the ice broke up with us July 24th, rendering further sledging impracticable, and we were occupied until August 6th in crossing our effects from Erebus to Terror Bay, a very slow and laborious undertaking.

"The expedition achieved the longest sledge journey ever made, both in regard to time and distance, having been absent from its base eleven months and twenty days, and having traversed 3251 statute miles. It is the first Arctic expedition whose sole reliance for the subsistence of itself and draught animals has been premeditatedly placed in the game of the locality. It was the first expedition wherein the white men of a party lived solely upon the same diet, voluntarily assumed, as its native allies. From the thoroughness of the search and the conspicuous contrast of bleaching bones with the brown clay-stones composing the flat coasts of King William's Land and adjoining mainland, I do not hesitate to state that not a single unburied man of Sir John Franklin's expedition probably exists. Where nature had not anticipated my party, or the retreating crews themselves performed the burial, we completed these sad offices."

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, November 7, 1880.

"My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."—JUDGES 11 : 36.

Jephthah's Battle and Victory — His Vow — A Daughter of Sacrifice—Two Wrong Things in Jephthah's Proceeding—The Sacrifice a Type—I. Our System of Education a System of Sacrifice—Politics the Curse of Our School System — The Fatal Cramming Craze — Instances of Children Sacrificed before the Idol of Cram—Wanted, an Advocate of Children's Rights — II. Wrong Systems of Discipline — Children Trained to be Miscreants—There must be Harmony between the Paternal and Maternal Authorities—Errors of Each—III. A Spirit of Worldliness — A Mother's Secret — The New Mode of Reducing Eternal Truths to Vulgar Fractions — Unions that are Massacres not Marriages — Neglected Children — Boys in the French Revolution—A Choice for Parents.

JEPHTHAH was *a freebooter*. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men, and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and a predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament.

The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back;" but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and, getting no favorable response, marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to the war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow, that if the Lord will give him the victory, then, on his return home, whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt-offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the point of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times, opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death-stare to death stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation. Build triumphal arches. Swing out flags all over Mizpeh. Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the national honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid the acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should be sacrificed as a burnt-offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt-offering.

OH, HORRORS!

Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast, and pushing the locks back from the fair brow, and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says, "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, *thou art the sacrifice!*"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow-hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip, as a rose-leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind; there may have been the starting of a tear like a rain-drop shook from the anther of a water-lily; but with a self-sacrifice that man may not reach, and only woman's heart can compass, she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt-offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh twisted for Jephthah the warrior have gone into the dust; but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah, or Abigail, or Miriam, but no one in all the ages shall have the title of *this daughter of sacrifice.*

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord; but before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty, remember that in olden times, when vows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If to-day you were standing on the banks of the Ganges, and you had been born in India, you might have been throwing your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more Gospel light.

Now I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental, and spiritual sacrifice of ten thousand children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak, the whole nation, without emotion and without shame, looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

I. In the first place, I remark that much of THE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION in our day is *a system of sacrifice.* When children spend six or seven hours in school, and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air, and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life?

No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common-school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest calibre, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill-ventilated school-rooms, and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust.

Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors, Jephthahs' daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to-day which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future; so that, in many places, by the time the child's education is finished *the child is finished!* In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else, and cheerful appropriations; but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or moral interest of the city, we are struck through with an economy that is well nigh the death of us.

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies: children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appal a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate, for the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution." Tens of thousands of children *educated into imbecility;* so, connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecked.

It is push, and crowd, and cram, and stuff, and jam, until the child's intellect is bewildered and the memory is wrecked, and the health i gone. There are children turned out from th schools who once were full of romping and laughter, and had cheeks crimson with health, who ar now turned out in the afternoon pale-faced, irri tated, asthmatic, old before their time. It i ONE OF THE SADDEST SIGHTS ON EARTH an old-mannish boy, or an old-womanish girl.

Girls ten years of age studying algebra! Boy twelve years of age racking their brain over trig onometry! Children unacquainted with the mother tongue crying over their Latin, Frenc and German lessons! All the vivacity of the nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for thi and you give them a little medicine for that, an you wonder what is the matter of them. I wi tell you what is the matter of them. They a finishing their education!

In my parish in Philadelphia a little child w so pushed at school that she was thrown into fever, and in her dying delirium, all night lon she was trying to recite the multiplication-tabl In my boyhood I remember that in our class school there was one lad who knew more th all of us put together. If we were fast in o arithmetic, he extricated us. When we stood for the spelling-class, he was almost always head of the class. Visitors came to his fathe house, and he was always brought in as prodigy. At eighteen years of age *he was idiot.* He lived ten years an idiot, and died idiot, not knowing his right hand from his le or day from night. The parents and the tea ers made him an idiot.

You may flatter your pride by forcing your c dren to know more than any other children, you are making a sacrifice of that child, if by additions to its intelligence you are makin subtraction from its future. The child will away from such maltreatment with no exu ance to fight the battle of life. Such child may get along very well while you take care them, but when you are old or dead, alas! them, if, through the long system of educat which you adopted, they have no swarthines force of character to take care of themsel Be careful how you make the child's head a or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal ab black men's rights, and Chinamen's rights, Indians' rights, and woman's rights. W God that somebody would rise to plead for c dren's rights.

The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their c dren by putting them into the arms of an which thrust forth its hand. The child was into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touc the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a bilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking; but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthah's daughter.

II. Again: there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with

WRONG SYSTEMS OF DISCIPLINE

—too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. They come to the authority. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the sceptre, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be *miscreants.*

There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the Church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young men that swagger through the street, with their thumbs in their vest, talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood never learned to respect authority.

Eli having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward, and broke his neck, and died. Well he might. What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepulchre are sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great rigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer, her hand seems better fit to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother, cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper.

There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene. I have witnessed it: a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs, and mocked her wrinkled face, and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums!

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child."

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. *We must not see everything.* Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness.

You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, *avoid fretting and scolding* in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old-fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the Gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers, will never come to canonization. The arithmetics cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter, seek divine direction, O father, O mother.

Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons, and all of them so good. "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of, but something for which to be very grateful."

III. Again: there are many who are sacrificing their children to

A SPIRIT OF WORLDLINESS.

Some one asked a mother whose children had turned out very well, what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said, "This was the secret: When, in the morning, I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school, I prayed that their path might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's arms." "Oh," you say, "that was *very old-fashioned.* It was quite old-fashioned. But do you suppose that a child under such nurture as that *ever turned out bad?*

In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than the all-encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch *the Lord's Prayer on a ten-cent piece,* and the Ten Commandments on a ten-cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, *to vulgar fractions.* It seems to be their chief attainment that ten cents make a dime, and ten dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equalled by the other art, how to keep it.

Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments? The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy many of the youth of this country are ruined.

Further on, thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that fifty-cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivalled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries, or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demolition.

IN THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON,

during the late war, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group, and nine were wounded and slain; among the wounded to death the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stanch the wounds, the bride demanded that the ceremony be completed, that she might take the vows before her departure; and when the minister said, "Wilt thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the slaughter and the sacrifice of the body; but at thousands of marriage-altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. *It is not a marriage: it is a massacre.*

Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies, so he can get the property; then a little while they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a livelihood, the twain sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave, and a sacrifice. Ah! spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head, and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom.

I lift up my voice to-day against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children, unwashed, uncombed, unchristianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word?

When the city missionary, passing along the Park in New York, saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him, "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good; you ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said, "Ah! it is easy for you to talk, well clothed as you are, and well fed; but we chaps hain't got no chance."

Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more fagots, and while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifferent, crime and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

During the early French Revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as

YOUNG SOLDIERS;

and they carried a flag, and they had on the flag this inscription: "Tremble tyrants, tremble; we are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin, and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up!

I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day, encouraging you: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be twenty years in heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, though so long postponed his coming. Come at last!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and the wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies, your prayers, your teachings, and your Christian influence will go on, and help to people heaven with bright inhabitants.

Which would you rather see?—which scene would you rather mingle in, in the last great day—being able to say, "I added house to house, and land to land, and manufactory to manufactory; I owned half the city; whatever my eye saw I had, whatever I wanted I got"; or on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it to me"?

Although the Sultan of Morocco has Signified his desire to treat his Hebrew and non-Mohammedan subjects more humanely than heretofore, letters from Fez and Tangiers report fresh outrages on the Jews. One man who had asked redress of the Sultan has been beaten severely, and another has received 500 lashes.

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(*Continued from page 710.*)

Free Breakfasts—Salome Enlisted in Mission Work—Nondescript Guests—Salome Stanley's Singing.

FREE breakfasts are among those benevolent outcomes of Christian charity which are sorely needed in winter in great cities, all of which must certainly be reckoned with ragged schools, crêches, homes for the destitute, refuges, and other necessary correctives of our gigantic drinking system. Sober men and women inspired by the love of God *cannot* allow children to perish because their fathers and mothers waste their earnings in drink—cannot even allow the wretched beings, made so destitute by their own sins, to "faint by the way" for want of the commonest necessaries of life; so they stop a few hungry mouths with wholesome viands, and leave, alas! being powerless to prevent it, hundreds of famishing and hunger producers in full play, at every corner of every street, in the shape of gin-palaces and public-houses.

Until benevolence, with its genial face and open hand, fully recognizes the important fact that brewers, distillers, and publicans manufacture destitution infinitely faster than benevolence itself can mitigate it, things will probably go on, getting worse instead of better. But when benevolence turns most of her attention to stopping the manufacture and sale of drink, then there will be hope for old England.

Free breakfasts are also, however, in many cases, a most efficacious means of helping those in temporary unforeseen distress to recover their position; the words of kindness and sympathy extended to such sufferers at such times have often put them in heart again to make continued efforts to raise themselves; and many men and women have signed the pledge when warned and filled and comforted by Christian generosity, and determined by God's grace to lead a new and better life than hitherto.

The free breakfasts every Sunday morning in winter at the Albert Street Mission Hall had been established before Mr. Anerley's death; his children Cecil and Constance had been accustomed to help him there, standing together, when mere children, to hand the mugs of tea or coffee to the half-starved, broken-down creatures that passed in to be fed.

It was dreadful to behold some of these poor objects, neglected by themselves and others—sodden, debased, filthy—so filthy that it was even sometimes quite impossible to admit them for the sake of others; and then they were given a huge piece of bread by the porter at the door, and dismissed with the admonition, too seldom carried out, to get themselves clean.

Cecil had formerly often been anxious to induce Salome to take part in distributing the food, and saying a kind word to any one who especially seemed to need counsel or sympathy at these free breakfasts. He had believed that any such intercourse with sunken humanity would induce contentedness with, and thankfulness for, her own happier lot, and tend to raise the cloud that had settled upon her life. But since he had known more of her history he had ceased to press any of this kind of work upon her. He had felt very glad that she had become so regular a visitor at the crêche, and she had acknowledged to him that it had served to pass many otherwise weary hours. But after the receipt of Constance's letter and her own reply to it, she somewhat astonished Cecil by asking if she might go the next Sunday morning to the Albert Street Mission Hall, and help to give away the loaves and coffee.

"I told Miss Calvert," she said, "that I felt inclined to come, and she very kindly replied that I should be both welcome and useful."

"Most certainly you will be," Cecil answered, and they went off in the early morning together.

It was the first time they had ever walked thus since Salome Stanley had met the declaration of his love so unexpectedly; always since, until now, Mrs. Anerley or Emily had accompanied them to chapel or for a walk.

"I wanted an opportunity to tell you, Mr. Anerley," said Salome, "that Constance has discovered my secret."

Cecil's tell-tale face revealed at once that he already knew this, and in a few minutes all was told between them.

"I have a strange, sad feeling," said Salome, "that now he is come to this I ought to do something without repugnance for the class to which he belongs, and which I have heard you say are always so largely represented at these free breakfasts."

"But, suppose—" returned the young man, and then hesitated, abruptly and painfully.

"I know what you would say, Mr. Anerley; I may meet him there. But that is not in the least probable. I expect his condition has driven him from London; he would be too proud to run the risk of encountering his old equals and associates, to be looked upon by them with scorn."

"Perhaps you are right," he said, and they talked of other subjects for a while. But as they drew near the Mission Hall, Cecil said to Salome, "Be prepared for what is a very painful sight."

It was strange almost how plainly his sympathy with her delicate perceptions and acute sensibilities made him able to appreciate what were likely to be her sensations at any new and striking manifestations of human wants and woes. Perhaps it was well he had prepared her, for certainly it was a sight to try any woman of refined feeling.

Seated closely on the benches of the hall were a party of men and women and children which can best be described by the one word "nondescript." Some of them were coarse, low, vulgar—steeped from childhood upward in the sordid life of viciousness and crime; others, refined in manner, even aristocratic in feature, trained, one might judge, in luxury and ease, well educated, with an excellent knowledge of mathematics, languages, and grammar, but sunk to this dire state by indulgence in drink and sensuality of all kinds. Broken-down gentlemen, with a horrible skulking sense of shame on their lowering brows, huddled close to abject poor who had never even known what it was to live save in a cellar, a gutter, or a public-house; little forlorn boys and girls, who had strayed in here with the pleasant consciousness that at least their awful craving for food would for this time be appeased. Unhappy women were there, who had been at first the pampered slaves of man in his awfully careless thirst for pleasure, now sunk so low that they have no other means than this to procure a meal.

Together with all these, a small smattering of decent poor, reduced to terrible straits by sickness, or thrown out of work, perchance, by singularly bad times in their trade, by their own want of thrift, or still more often by some unusual indulgence in that giant foe of working-men and women's happiness, strong drink—paying a heavy penalty for rare indulgence by being turned off by the master when one hand less is needed at his works.

All of them now reduced, alas! to be alike terribly quiet and subdued, with the mark of the gaunt finger of hunger upon every wan, pale face, and there was hardly a rosy one among them; but with lurking passions of terrible import to society, ready to burst out when once their craving was appeased. Now and then a rather late arrival slunk into the room, looked round tremblingly for a seat in the already full room, but space was made for him or her by the touching freemasonry of starving trouble. The tears gathered fast in the eyes of Salome Stanley.

It was heart-aching to know by actual experience that there were so many so ready to present themselves for a meal. No tempting viands either, except to the really hungry--thick bread and a very little butter, with a mug of good hot coffee; yet there was no mistaking the looks of keen satisfaction on those varied faces when the viands were distributed. Among the rest, and Salome thought almost the only happy-looking one there, except the children, was a negro sailor lad, a friendless youth, waiting for a ship, no doubt—any ship, any captain that would take him; yet with such a pleasant smile, and bright eyes, and ready exhibition of his white teeth and guileless expression, that he was quite agreeable to look at.

Toward one poor young mother Salome felt particularly drawn, she sat so patiently, so unobtrusively, with her three little ones, and waited so modestly, and received so gratefully the much-prized meal. On her small young face were written want and trouble and inexperience. Salome sat down by her and elicited her simple history. She had been comfortably off, she said, while her young husband lived; but since his death had found it hard to live, and had known sore trouble. Her last baby, born just after its father's death, first saw the light in a workhouse. A little fellow of three or four, and a sickly little child of two, made up, with the six months' old baby, her little group.

She had come out of the workhouse hoping to get work and be able to keep all together. They took her two elder ones away from her in the workhouse, and she did not know how to bear that. If she could only furnish a room she might get on, she thought. She had heard by accident, at the lodging-house where she slept, of this free breakfast, and had been so happy and thankful to get one good meal for herself and her little ones without trespassing on the scanty resources of her almost empty purse.

Many such sad little histories were imparted to Salome Stanley that morning, and she felt how even the mere expression of her tenderness and pity comforted the narrators.

It seemed to her that just such a crowd as this must have gathered around the Saviour—all classes, all griefs, all diseases, mental and physical, confident of His desire and power to assuage and heal.

"Shall we sing a hymn, my friends?" said Miss Calvert's pleasant voice; "and by that time breakfast will be ready. Will one of you choose what it shall be."

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," cried one old woman in a shrill treble.

Miss Calvert sat down to the harmonium and played the air over once, then Salome Stanley started the hymn. One and another joined in, and then as abruptly left off, and listened instead to the rich beauty of her clear sweet voice. She sang through one verse alone, her own pale cheeks flushed and beautiful with emotion. At the last line all joined, appreciating the fine effect, proceeding throughout as if Mr. Sankey himself had been singing.

Salome, abashed at first, but gaining confidence as she proceeded, continued all the verses of the plaintive hymn. When it was finished there was a pause.

"Would the young lady be so kind as to sing us another?" A homely-looking working man, with a baby in his arms, and a frail, delicate-looking wife beside him, rose to ask it, with tears in his sad eyes. Salome could not refuse.

"I will," she said, "if you all wish it." They all did wish it. Every hand was raised, and some voices, in assent. She chose a favorite of her own, which she had learned from Emily Anerley, "The Lost Sheep." It begins thus:

> "How many sheep are straying
>   Far from the Saviour's fold,
> Upon the lonely mountains
>   They shiver with the cold."

The chorus seemed especially appropriate to her surroundings:

> "Oh! come let us go and find them,
>   In the paths of death they roam;
> At the close of the day 'twill be sweet to say
>   I have brought some lost sheep home."

Cecil would not disturb her by openly showing himself; but out of sight, at the bottom of the room, he stood and listened, and longed, more han he could have found words to express, that e sweet singer, whose tender voice was even ow softening many a stony heart, many a guilty oul, and bringing blessed repentant tears to any eyes unused to weep, had had no personal riefs to cloud her life and chafe her spirit; was ee to return the love that had been so warm in is heart toward her. "Dear Salome! Poor alome!" thought Cecil. "I must ever love er as a cherished friend. I must ever pity her om my soul. Let me at least be careful never wound nor grieve her by reminding her again my own bitter disappointment in thus losing r."

It was a generous resolve, and faithfully and ivalrously did Cecil keep it.

(To be continued.)

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

By P. W. E.

(Continued from page 711.)

II. The First Resurrection—III. The Second Resurrection—IV. The Raised Body to be Material.

2d. There shall be a resurrection of the just. his is called

THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

is resurrection of the saints precedes the sec- d, or the resurrection of the unjust, by at least thousand years. The Bible carefully distin- ishes between these two resurrections as to e, circumstances, and character of those sed. The first are raised from among the dead; ut the rest of the dead lived not again until the ousand years were finished. This is the first urrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath t in the first resurrection; on such the sec- d death hath no power, but they shall be ests of God and of Christ, and shall reign h him a thousand years" (Rev. 20:5, 6).

his is a resurrection which takes place be- se "he that raised up Christ from the dead ll also quicken your mortal bodies by, or mar- al reading, *because* of his Spirit that dwell- in you" (Rom. 8:11). It is a "resurrection life," in contrast with the resurrection of nation, or rather judgment (John 5:29). s first resurrection takes place at the time Lord comes for his saints. "They that are ist's, at his coming" (1 Cor. 15:23). It urs before the tribulation in contra-distinc- to that of the resurrection of the wicked d.

e have accounts of many being raised from dead; but the master proof is that Christ rose n among the dead. He was seen by His own stles and the saints, as witnesses, at different es and in different places for the space of y days. The prophets and Moses declared at Christ should be the first that should rise n the dead" (Acts 26:23). "If we believe Jesus died and rose again, even so them which sleep, in or *through* Jesus—marginal ling—will God bring with Him. For this say unto you by the word of the Lord, that which are alive and remain unto the coming he Lord shall not prevent—go before—them ch are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall end from heaven with a shout, with the e of the archangel, and with the trump of ; and the dead in Christ *shall rise first.* n we which are alive and remain shall be ht up together with them in the clouds, to t the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one her with these words" (1 Thess. 4:14–18). passage should be read with 1 Cor. 15:51, "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a ent, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last p, for the trumpet shall sound, and the l shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall hanged."

om these two passages, we learn that when righteous are raised the trumpet is to sound e. At the sound of the first trumpet, those are asleep or who have died, are to rise, the trumpet sounds again, and those who are alive are caught up together with them, and all meet the Lord in the air. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory" (1 Cor. 15:53, 54).

What a victory! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit; for the spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God." Well does the Lord Jesus say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die" (John 11:25, 26). That is, those who believe, though they are dead at Christ's coming, shall live; and those who are alive and believe on the Lord Jesus, shall not die, but shall be changed and caught up. He who has "the keys of death and hell" displays his power over both classes. Hell or Hades gives up possession, and death is cancelled to the living just. The redemption of the body is completed. "The Lord himself shall descend." "So shall we ever be with the Lord."

3d. The resurrection of the unjust, or

THE SECOND RESURRECTION.

This takes place after the righteous have reigned with the Lord Jesus Christ a thousand years. It is known as the resurrection of *judgment.* When the "sea gives up the dead which are in it, and death and hell deliver up the dead which are in them;" and "the dead, small and great, stand before God" (Rev. 20:12, 13). The unjust are to be raised just as surely as are the just; but the results—*so different.* One, a resurrection of *life;* the other, a resurrection of *judgment.*

4th. These

MORTAL BODIES ARE TO BE RAISED,

changed, and to consist of flesh and bones. "Enoch was not, for God took him," and Elijah was carried to heaven in a chariot of fire. Neither of these men left his body in the grave; but both of them in their mortal form, changed and glorified of course, ascended on high. These two are a pledge that all saints shall rise in the same manner: that is, with the same kind of bodies. Would it be likely that two spirits would be in heaven, clothed in flesh, while the rest are unclothed? Paul longed not "to be unclothed, but to be clothed upon." "Even we ourselves groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body" (Rom. 8:23).

There is a very remarkable passage in Jude, 9th verse, where it speaks of Michael, the Archangel, contending with the devil about the body of Moses, and using no "railing accusation." In this we see that the body of Moses was watched over by the Archangel. The devil, it seems, intended to disturb the body, but Michael contended with him about it. There would have been no contention about the body if of no value. He would never have withstood the enemy for that which was to be scattered to the four winds of heaven, never to be raised again into a glorious, incorruptible body.*

Jesus, when He rose from the grave, was not a mere spirit unclothed. His body could be touched. Did He not say, "Handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have" (Luke 24:39). If we are to rise, as Christ did, then our bodies are to be raised, though all bodies are not the same. "There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another" (1 Cor. 15:40).

"There is one flesh of men, and another of beasts;" and there is one flesh of this body, and another flesh of the heavenly body. There is one body for the soul here, and another body for the spirit up there; and yet it shall be the same body that will rise again from the grave; the same in identity, though not in adaptation or in glory.

The Holy Spirit, through the apostles, confirms the doctrine that the bodies of the saints are raised again. In the first Epistle to the Cor., 6th chapter, we have an abundance of proof. "Now the body," says the Holy Ghost through Paul, "is not for fornication, but for the Lord; and the Lord for the body" (verse 13). The body, then, is the Lord's.

"With what body do they come?" (1 Cor. 15:35). "It is sown; it is raised." "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body" (1 Cor. 15:42-44).

Just what change takes place, the Word does not teach us; but we are informed that God cares for the very dust of His saints; and their resurrection is the "redemption of the body"—a body already claimed by the Holy Ghost as His temple. "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies, by His Spirit, that dwelleth in you!" (Rom. 8:11). Notice, it is the *mortal* bodies that He quickens, not the spiritual.

This body for the spirit is developed out of the natural, or soul body. The same Power that at first gave life to the natural body, though it may become dust in the grave, shall cause to rise from it a body for the spirit. With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible. Man cannot define it, nor can he comprehend it, only as God's child by the light of faith in the Word of God.

Not only are the souls of the unjust lost, but also their bodies. Here let us notice one important truth. All the Epistles are written to saints; not one word is written to the unregenerated. Thus what is said about the resurrection of the saints, and with what bodies they are raised, does not apply to the unjust. The saints are raised incorruptible and with glorious bodies, in virtue of their having been regenerated and redeemed by the blood of the Lord Jesus. The wicked have rejected redemption and chosen their own way; and we do not find one word in the Bible that informs us that they shall be raised in any other way than with their own natural natures and bodies.

Care should be taken not to misapply God's word. Much of the teachings in the Gospels is to the unregenerated; to them we must look for information on this point. Says the Lord Jesus, "And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell" (Matt. 5:30). Again He says, "Fear not them which kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell" (Matt. 10:28). When the wicked dead are raised, they are to be judged every man according to his works; "and whosoever is not found written in the book of life is to be cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20).

Not so with the children of God. All Christians have Christ for their life. "Their life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3:3). Though "it be appointed unto man once to die," yet "*we* shall not all sleep," for there shall be some who will be changed without dying. "The dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." At an unexpected moment we shall enter into this scene, ordained by the Father and prepared by the Lord Jesus. The power of God will accomplish this change in an instant. The trumpet may sound any moment, and we be summoned to meet the Lord in the air. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory" (Col. 3:4). "Wherefore comfort one another with these words" (1 Thess. 4:18).

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* The passage I Cor. 15:35, 38 seems to imply that the germs of our spiritual bodies are contained in the bodies we have now.—ED.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Proclamation Appointing Thursday, November 25th, as a day of thanksgiving, thus summarizes the blessings for which he justly considers thanks are due to the Giver of all Mercies : " At no period in their history, since the United States became a nation, has this people had so abundant and so universal reasons for joy and gratitude at the favor of Almighty God, or been subject to so profound an obligation to give thanks for His loving kindness, and humbly to implore His continued care and protection. Health, wealth, and prosperity throughout all our borders ; peace, honor, and friendship with all the world ; firm and faithful adherence by the great body of our population to the principles of liberty and justice which have made our greatness as a nation, and to the wise institutions and strong frame of government and society which will perpetuate it — for all these let the thanks of a happy and united people, as with one voice, ascend in devout homage to the Giver of all good."

Now that the Exciting Presidential Contest has been concluded, we may hope that the bitter party hostility which has characterized it will be allayed. It seems probable that the Democratic party will still have a majority in the Senate and a large and influential representation in the House. It will be in the power of that party to prove that, although excluded from the honor and emoluments of office, it is animated by a lofty patriotism which prompts it to work for the common good of the country without those inducements.

It will be seen, on examining the returns, that the contest for the Presidency turned, as was expected, on the vote of New York. General Garfield owes his election to this State. The country was so equally divided that without New York neither candidate had a majority in the Electoral College. Had New York been carried by the Democratic party, as it was in 1876, General Hancock would now have been President-elect. It is therefore an interesting question as to the causes which operated to change the Democratic majority of 32,818 in the State in 1876 into a Republican majority of 24,865 in 1880. There have been many reasons assigned for the movement, and several prominent Democrats charge it to the selfishness and mismanagement of the leaders of the party in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, where the loss of votes has been greatest. That is a matter of opinion ; but it is certain that the jealousies of the two sections of the party injured its prospects, whoever was responsible for those jealousies.

The fact that at the polls the solid South was confronted by an almost solid North is not an encouraging sign of the times. It shows that sectional animosity is still active, and the most useful work to which the new President can set his hand will be that of an effort to heal old wounds and unite the two sections in one harmonious whole. That he may make that effort, and that in doing so he may have the blessing and guidance of God, should be the prayer of every Christian patriot of both parties in North and South.

A Riot Occurred in Denver, Col., on Oct. 31st, owing to the alleged illegal registration of voters and antagonism to the Chinese. A mob of about a thousand persons attacked the Chinese, and, with cries of " Lynch the lepers !" beat, shot, and mutilated the defenceless and unoffending foreigners, tore down their houses, and destroyed their property ; and the police and fire department combined could not stay the rioters. Such scenes are disgraceful in a civilized land, and bring discredit on our national honor.

Nearly Three Millions and a Half of Letters and packages were received at the Dead Letter Office at Washington during the fiscal year ended June 30th last, of which 290,000 were held for postage, 202,000 were misdirected, and over 9000 were *not addressed at all.* The great mass of the letters and packages contained nothing of value, and over 2,000,000 of this description were destroyed, the senders not being found. Of the remainder, 21,974 contained *drafts, checks, notes,* etc., of the face value of $1,526,217, and 26,264 contained *money* amounting to $49,-438. Most of the property has been returned to the senders. These particulars ought to make people careful about two things : 1st, addressing their letters ; 2d, finding fault all round when they miss a letter or paper.

Those who are in the Habit of Drinking alcoholic beverages in cold weather to promote warmth will do well to consider the following extract from a speech delivered by Lieutenant Schwatka at the New York Academy of Sciences on November 1st. As to the use of alcohol, Lieutenant Schwatka said that not a drop of ardent spirit of any kind was used in his sled journey of 3251 miles. On long journeys ardent spirits could not be carried in bulk without displacing other indispensable articles. Alcohol was not regarded as necessary, and was *not considered a good heating agent.* On shipboard the general use of alcoholic stimulants was considered bad.

The Wreck of the Steamer Rhode Island, of the Providence line, on Saturday, November 6th, adds to the list of maritime catastrophes of which the last few months have been so prolific. Although happily the wreck was not attended by any loss of life, these frequent disasters occasion a sense of insecurity and apprehension among the numerous class of citizens who are in the habit of travelling daily by steamboat. The Rhode Island belonged to the same line as the Narragansett, which was wrecked last summer, and was one of the stanchest of the Sound steamers. She left her dock in New York on Friday evening, with about one hundred passengers and the usual quantity of freight on board. The night was very foggy, and the captain proceeded with the utmost caution. All went well until four o'clock on Saturday morning, when a tremendous crash was heard, and the passengers rushed from their berths in their night-clothes shrieking with fright.

It was found that the vessel had struck on the rocks off Bonnet Point. She was swaying violently as the waves beat against her, groaning and straining in the heavy sea. To add to the alarm the large chandelier in the saloon fell, and th
passengers were left in darkness. Then the tw
smoke-stacks went by the board, crushing in
part of the deck. The captain and crew retaine
their coolness, and perfect discipline prevailed.

It was impossible to attempt a landing unt
dawn, and during that time of waiting, as o
of the passengers observes, " not much was *sai*
but there were many anxious thoughts."
break of day the boats were launched, and a li
was stretched between the shore and the vess
and by this means all the passengers and cre
were landed in safety. They found the coa
very rugged, and it was necessary to scale a pe
pendicular rock over thirty feet high. A ro
suspended from the summit enabled the rescu
people to make the ascent, and they were th
conveyed in wagons lent by the farmers to
hotel.

It is thought that the vessel will be a tot
loss. Bonnet Point is known to be a dangero
part of the coast, and a sum of money to buil
lighthouse there has been *three times voted by t*
Senate, but the act has each time failed in t
House. Such a lighthouse would have prevent
the wreck of the Rhode Island.

A Practical Effect of the Recent Temperan
movement in Washington, D. C., is seen in t
diminished number of licenses to sell liqu
that are issued, and the difficulty saloon-kee
ers have in obtaining them. The Washingt
correspondent of a Chicago journal say
" The law, as a general statement, requires th
each petition should be indorsed by neighbori
property-holders and *reputable persons.* It
been decided in the temperance mass meetin
that every church member be urged not to le
his name to any such document ; also, that eve
license granted shall have *its indorsers' na*
prominently displayed thereon and be posted c
spicuously in the seller's place of business. Th
and many other practical points have been ma
The effect on our commissioners has been gre
Now there is no speed in issuing these licens
whereas formerly they seemed to be spilled ou
The conspicuous exhibition of the names of
reputable petitioners in the bars of the drink
saloons makes the signatures difficult to obta
It would be well if the practice were enforced
every city of the Union.

Christian People are Often Blamed on
ground that they direct their efforts to
spiritual part of man's nature and neglect
temporal interests. A recent report issued
the Chicago Y. M. C. A. contains the foll
ing note, which rebuts that charge : " A b
ness man called at our Employment Bureau
week for a couple of laborers. He told the s
rintendent, Mr. J. M. Hitchcock, that he
himself, eight years before, been sent by
bureau, as an office boy, to the very firm of wh
he is now a member."

Bible and Prayer Union.—The Lessons
the ensuing week are the consecutive Psalms, c
mencing with Psalm 102 for Friday, November 1
The following requests for prayer have been recei
(Jeremiah 33 : 3): For a member of the church
full assurance of acceptance by her Lord.—For
who has fallen into the error of Universalism, tha
may be brought to accept Jesus now, while ther
time.—From a Christian wife and mother for the
version of her husband and children, all as
strangers to Christ.—From a young lay-preac
that the Lord would guide his steps and give hi
fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit.—From a citize
Hancock Co., Ga., that the sale of intoxicating
uor, now doing so much harm among the young
of that locality, may be stayed.—For a very wic
man, whose conduct is causing much distress to
family.—From one to whom the reading of
CHRISTIAN HERALD has been blessed, that a
Christian friend may be restored to health, if
sistent with God's will, and that she may, if she
covers, be the means of leading the unconve
members of her family to Christ.—From one wh
the only Christian member of a household, that
beloved brothers and sisters may be brought
the light of the children of God.—That God w
open a door of usefulness to one who desire
serve Him in the ministry, and thoroughly fur
him for the work.

End of an Elopement.—Sarah Dempsey, Believed to be 111 years of age, was found dead in bed in her hut on the Ulster Mountains, near Ellenville, N. Y., on November 4th. No food of any kind was in the hut, and the appearance of the corpse indicated that the old lady had become unable to get out of her bed, and had lain there until she died of starvation. Beside the bed a piece of paper was found, on which she had written with a pencil the following words, being unable to finish the sentence: "I am dying by inches from hunger. My money will be found—" Mrs. Dempsey had long lived alone in her hut, miles from any other dwelling. *Nearly a hundred years ago* she eloped from school with a young man, who soon abandoned her; and she is said to have forsaken society and lived a solitary life ever after. Her sin was great, and her punishment has been heavy.

The Storm on Lake Michigan, in which the Alpena was lost, on October 16th, caused consider able loss of life and property. Upward of half a million dollars damage was done to vessels and argoes, and ninety-three persons perished. here were *seventeen total wrecks*, involving a oss of $153,900; and in all, sixty-six vessels were amaged to a greater or less extent.

A Single Grain of Sand Caused the Death of wo men and the destruction of a considerable mount of property near Paterson, N. J., on ovember 3d. On the side of a hill in Passaic ounty are erected the extensive powder-mills f Messrs. Laflin & Rand. This dangerous man- facture is surrounded by precautions of all kinds or minimizing the risks necessarily run by the peratives. There is, however, one danger gainst which the proprietors cannot provide a reventive, and that is the accidental introduc- on of minute grains of sand among the com- ustibles. On Wednesday, while the men were t work, one of these little rough particles had ound its way into the granulating department, nd during the progress of the work it produced iction, which caused the ignition of the powder d an explosion in which the walls of the mill ere overturned and two workmen killed. This eplorable calamity was brought about by a cause any people would call trivial; but there is no epartment in life where it is safe to under-esti- ate the importance of trifles. Especially ought e Christian to take care that he never, by a rsh word or inconsistent act, however insig- ficant it may appear to him, cause those who atch him to lose their reverence for the holy me he bears.

Col. Ingersoll's Exposition of the Doctrine forgiveness through the blood of Christ is a riking illustration of 1 Cor. 1:18. In a lecture cently delivered he said, that whereas under the d Testament dispensation a sinner obtained rdon for his sins by sacrificing a sheep, the odern Christian did not take that trouble: he erred to the death of Jesus, and said, "*Charge ' Charge it!*" He thought that was a mean y of getting forgiveness, and he preferred to nake a settlement on his own merits." It is dom that notorious blasphemer makes a state- nt so precisely true. The humble Christian devoutly thankful that there is no necessity make a settlement for his sin on his own rits. He is deeply thankful that the riches of d's grace manifested in the sacrifice of the oss are so abundant that they cover his sins, t he is assured he may plead the sufferings his Saviour in full discharge of his debt.

he Glare and Glitter of Vice Often Exises a fatal attraction on young people who e had no opportunity of seeing the end of the h its votaries tread. A striking exhibition of stage in that sad and shameful journey may seen in the Hudson County jail at the present e. In Ward No. 5 is a woman still bearing ces of remarkable beauty, who was once known *he queen of vice* in New York. In 1865 she upied a splendid mansion in this city, which the resort of profligate brokers and business who were thriving on the profits of war con- ts, and who lavished their money upon her. She dressed with the utmost magnificence, frequently wearing on her hands jewels worthy fifty thousand dollars. Now, broken down in health and behind prison bars, she pleads for a few cents to purchase a cup of tea. Deserted by her friends, stripped of the proceeds of her sin, her constitution shattered, she is on the threshold of the grave, having no hope for the life to come. Such are part of the wages wherewith Satan pays his servants.

The Roman Catholic Church and the Bible.—Those who think that the days of persecution are over, and believe that the Roman Catholic Church has so far improved as to relinquish the intolerant spirit which characterized it in bygone days, will do well to ponder the fact mentioned at a public meeting in New York last week. It was stated by one of the speakers that only a few days ago a Roman Catholic, whom he was endeavoring to bring to a knowledge of the truth, had been prohibited by her priest from speaking to him again, or even *to read the Bible.*

A Singular Death from Poisoning Occurred a few days ago at Granville, N. Y. Dr. Nelson, a physician practising in that city, was recently seized with a sudden fatal illness, which had all the symptoms of mineral poisoning. After his death it was discovered that the water he drank was stored in a painted cistern, and had afterward flowed through twenty-four feet of lead pipe. The physicians who attended him believe that the water had become impregnated with lead, and had thus caused his death. Several recent cases of preachers being disciplined for preaching erroneous doctrine indicate that a similar process is going on in spiritual matters. The pure water of the Gospel becomes impregnated with tradition and the theories of men and those who hear suffer loss of spiritual health by imbibing the poison.

A Savage Black Wolf is at Large in Montgomery County, Pa. He escaped from an exhibitor's cage and took to the woods. He emerges at night and feeds on the farmers' fowls, one owner having lost two hundred and fifty through the wolf's depredations. Dogs have been set upon him, but by his superior strength and cunning he has vanquished them, and though he has been shot at several times he has hitherto escaped unhurt. Parents are exercising unwonted vigilance over their little children lest in wandering about alone they may fall a victim to this ferocious beast. Even parents who voluntarily expose their offspring to the attacks of the more crafty and ruthless being who goes about seeking whom he may devour are anxious while this wolf remains alive and free.

"I Can Understand it," says a Reformed drunkard, in a letter recently received by a Christian worker in Cincinnati. "A friend said to me recently it was wonderful how I, apparently without aid, sympathy, or encouragement, had quit the use of intoxicating drinks without resorting to some other stimulant. He could not understand it—thank God, I can; it is not my work, it is the Lord's." He had been found in rags, intoxicated and half-starved, cast off in despair by his wealthy and influential friends; he had been induced to sign the pledge and been brought under Christian influence, and now he is a respectable member of society.

The Chicago Y. M. C. A. Received a Letter from a British sailor some time ago, which shows how valuable and useful are such institutions. The sailor said that while on a visit to this country he had strayed into the Association rooms in Chicago, and had, although even then under the influence of liquor, been deeply impressed. After the meeting he signed the pledge, and he recollects an old lady who was present, telling him she should pray for him. Not long after, he gave his heart to the Saviour, and since then has been the instrument of the reformation, and in some cases of the conversion of many comrades. Writing from a South African station, where he is in the service of Queen Victoria, he blesses God that he was led into the Chicago Association that eventful day.

THE DUTY OF THE PRESENT HOUR.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you."—HOSEA 10. 12.

Human Nature, a Small Farm — Three Fields, Body, Mind, and Spirit — Neglected Ground Brings Forth Weeds—Passive Men Will be Lost—The Field Must be Cleared—Then the Sowing and the Rain—I. A Time Mentioned—It is Time to Seek the Lord as Soon as Right is Known from Wrong—When it is Late in the Day of Life—Special Occasions—Time to Yield Before Chastisement Comes—Time in the House of God—When the Heart is Slightly Moved—II. A Search Commended—For the Lord Not for Priests or Sacraments—III. A Period Set—A A Live-long Lozenge—The Persevering Search of Columbus—Elijah's Prayer for Rain.

"BREAK up your fallow ground." Our nature at its largest is but *a small farm*, and we had need to get a harvest out of every acre of it, for our needs are great. Have we left any part of our small allotment uncultivated? If so, it is time to look into the matter and see if we cannot improve this wasteful state of things., What part of our small allotment have we left fallow? We should think very poorly of a farmer who for many years allowed the best and the richest part of his farm to lie altogether neglected and untilled. An occasional fallow has its benefits in the world of nature; but if the proprietor of rich and fruitful land allowed the soil to continue fallow year after year we should judge him to be out of his wits. The wasted acres ought to be taken from him and given to another husbandman who would worthily cherish the generous fields and encourage them to yield their harvests.

Bad is the man who neglects to cultivate his farm, but what shall be said of the sluggard who fails to cultivate himself? If it be wrong to leave untended a part of our estate, how much worse must it be to disregard a portion of ourselves! Now, there is a part of our nature which many allow to lie fallow. It is not often that they neglet the clay soil of their outward frame. They dress that field which is called *the body* with sufficient care; and truly I would not that they should be careless about it, for it is worthy to be kept in due order and culture.

Albeit that it is a very secondary part of our nature, yet it is so interwoven with the higher that it is most important that the body should not be neglected. See ye well to that field, and by temperance, cleanliness, and obedience to the rules of health let it be as a garden. Though it be after all but dust and ashes, akin to the common earth around us, yet the body is honorable, and when grace has sanctified the soul the body becomes the temple of the Holy Ghost. Few need to be exhorted to pay attention to their bodies. "What shall we eat? What shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" is a trinity of questions which the majority of mankind spend all their lives in answering. The fault is not that they care for the body, but that it takes an undue share of consideration, and usurps a higher place than it can claim.

There is a second field in

MAN'S SELF-FARM,

and this is called *the mind*, or the soul, and there are many who neglect this. These do ill, for "that the soul be without knowledge, it is not good." There should be for the mental powers instruction and discipline. We should seek to know, and learn to understand, for we are not as the brutes which perish, which know nothing beyond their daily wants; we have thought and judgment, and memory, and imagination: these all need to be trained and used. Let the mind be cultivated by all means; and yet I need not say much upon this, for "culture" has become a kind of watchword with certain professors of religion, and with supposed knowledge they are puffed up. They have enough thought for the mind, and they glory in the harvests which it yields of human knowledge and earthly learning.

The soul in such cases seems to be well tilled, but *the spirit*, the highest nature of all—that with which we speak to God—is suffered to lie entirely fallow! The soil where true religion should flourish in the furrows is left by many to produce the deadly nightshade of superstition, the hemlock of error, or the thistle of doubt. Is it not so with some of you who listen to me at this hour? Your hearts, your innermost natures, have been neglected, and from the finest part of your being the Lord has derived neither rent nor revenue. Your best acres lie fallow—fallow when you have good need to cultivate every inch of the ground.

Do you know what happens to a fallow field? how it becomes caked and baked hard as though it were a brick? All the friable qualities seem to depart, and it hardens as it lies caked and unbroken; I mean, of course, if year succeed year, and the fallow remains untouched. *And then the weeds!*

If a man will not sow wheat, he shall have a crop for all that, for the weeds will spring up, and they will seed themselves, and in due time the multiplication table will be worked out to a very wonderful extent; for these seeds, multiplying a hundredfold, as evil usually does, will increase, and increase, and increase again till the fallow field shall become a wilderness of thorns and briers, and a thicket of dock, nettle, and thistle. If you do not cultivate your heart, Satan will cultivate it for you. If you bring no crop to God, the devil will be sure to reap a harvest.

I fear that I am speaking to some who have never thought about this. It has not occurred to them to consider themselves, and the reasons for which they have a being. There is one text which I should like to drop into your ear in the hope that it may drop down through your ear right into your heart: "The wicked shall be turned into hell." "Oh!" you say, "that is not me." No, I did not mean that for you; I have not finished the verse yet. This is the part for you—"and all the nations that forget God." There are nations of them, so numerous are careless souls. What did they do? *They did not do anything;* they merely fell into a little matter of neglect: that is all. *They forgot something;* they forgot God.

So my text begins right well by saying, "Break up your fallow ground." Begin to look to what you have neglected. Take a survey of what has come already of your neglect. Contemplate what result will surely come of continued carelessness. God helping you, go into that field which is up to your knees with weeds, and look around it, and say, "*This must be cleared out.* This must be got ready for ploughing. We cannot have this sad waste any longer. Now, by God's grace, we will enter into it, and will clear all the rubbish away, and pray the eternal God to bring the great steam plough of His almighty grace and tear up the soil to the very bottom, and then to burn these weeds and make this ground fit to be sown, that it may bring forth a harvest to His praise."

Leaving that first part of the text, I am going to dwell upon the second: "It is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you."

I. First, here is

A TIME MENTIONED.

When is it time to seek the Lord? I am not going to try to say anything fine, but something that will come home to each unconverted person. May the Holy Spirit help me in this attempt, and bless it to your souls. When is it time to seek the Lord?

Well, it is time *as soon as ever you know right from wrong.* Oh! it will be a thousand blessings to you, dear boy and girl, wherever you may be at this moment, and to you young people that are listening to me, if you are led to seek the Lord while yet you are little. While you are yet children may you become children of God. Before you are permitted to go into open sin may your hearts be opened to divine grace. Some of us who were converted while we were children will have to praise God forever, not only for our conversion, but for our *early* conversion.

I have often prayed that prayer of David, "O Lord, Thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works." I look forward hopefully to the time when I shall add, "Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not." If you have had a man in your employ ever since he was a boy, you do not like to turn him off when he grows old; and *our Lord never turns off His old servants.* It is a surely prevalent plea with Him, "Thou art my hope, O Lord God: Thou art my trust from my youth."

It is time to seek the Lord as soon as we can seek anything, for to such seekers there is the special promise, "They that seek me early shall find me." I found the Lord and joined His church when I was fifteen years old, and I feel it no small joy to say with Obadiah, "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth." Early piety saves from much sin and sorrow, and is often followed by a blessed and useful life.

But it is time especially to seek the Lord *when it is late in the day of life, and the shades of the eternal night are gathering.* If it is time when the first morning breaks, how much more solemnly it is time when the shadows lengthen! You cannot live long, dear friend, for age, I see, is telling upon your once stalwart form. In the order of nature you must soon be gone. You know that you have passed your threescore and ten, perhaps your fourscore years, and you are *living now upon the special charity of God.* You have run out your lease, and are now a daily tenant. Surely it is time for you to seek the Lord. You may be gone to the judgment and the irreversible sentence before another Sabbath comes round.

"It may be no to-morrow
Shall dawn for you or me·
Why will you run the awful risk
Of all eternity?"

Take heed to yourselves that you do not trifle on the verge of eternity. With one foot in the grave, oh, seek to have both feet on the Rock of Ages! Then you need not fear old age and its infirmities, or its closing hours. Jesus will cheer and comfort you, and your eventide shall only be the prelude of a blessed morning—a morning without clouds.

What a mercy it is that the very wording of the text gives us encouragement! "It is time to seek the Lord"—then there still is time in which to seek the Lord. Then it is not over with me, even if I have long delayed. I may still come to him. Yes, when you are nothing but a bag of bones, with a crown of gray hair, Christ will have you. When you can only totter on your staff, you may come to Jesus, and if you have grown so infirm that even your memory begins to fail you, and all your senses seem to be departing, yet He can give you a child's eye—the eye of faith, and a child's heart—the heart of love, and make you a new man in Christ Jesus.

There are special occasions in which *a divine call is made to men.* If you remember, we read just now the word of the Lord in which He says, "It is in my desire that I should chastise them," and this is said in connection with the words of our text, "It is time to seek the Lord." Now, have any of you been under the chastising hand of God of late? Have you been sick? Do you come up to this house after a time of illness? Well, it is a choice mercy to be afflicted. Take care that you do not despise it. The Lord has not given you up, it seems, for still He thinks it worth His while to put bit and bridle upon you. Waste not the opportunity which recovered health brings you, but hearken to the divine call. He smites you that you may run to Him to have the wound bound up.

Or is it, dear friends, that you have lost lately some of those who were dear to you? Are they in heaven? Are you not going there yourself? Then, God calls you by that baby that has been removed, by that godly mother or that Christian friend who has gone home. He calls you, and He says, "It is time to seek the Lord." Or have you been losing property? Is trade very bad? Have you been out of work, and are you brought to poverty? Will not these whips touch you, and drive you to seek the Lord?

I sometimes think that I have good reason for trusting God, because I have nothing else to trust in. And beyond a question *you* might use the same reason.

GO TO GOD,

for everything else is going away from you You will soon have nothing left. Oh, man, mak sure of your God! When a Christian is in abundance, he finds God in everything, and when a Christian is in poverty, then he find everything in God. But you cannot do that you cannot do that, for God is nothing to you And where will you be when all is gone, and yo have no God?

It will be wise for us to add, and for you t remember, that it is time to seek the Lord *befor the chastisement comes.* Is it not a wise thing t escape, if we can, from these judgments, fo though kindly meant, it were better if we di not render them necessary? Soul, dost tho want to be whipped to Christ? If God mean to save thee He will bring thee by fire, and H will bring thee through water; yea, He wi break all thy bones in the bringing, but brin thee He will. Why necessitate the roughe means?

Let me argue with any that have been living life of sin, and have never come to Chris Have you not had enough of it? May not th time past suffice you? Here are some swe words which I would fain put into your mouth

"He has called, I cannot tarry,
I have heard his voice before;
I will leave these deadly slumbers,
And set open wide the door.

"In the north blast he rebuked me,
And I knew the message well;
In the south wind now he whispers,
And no longer I'll rebel.

"Even now again I hear him,
Come, my Lord, and enter in,
How can I resist thy knocking?
Come, and cover all my sin."

There are certain occasions in our lives upo which there seems to be a special mark set— sort of *nota bene*—to make us note well that ju now is a happy occasion. Tides to be taken the flood do happen in men's lives, and it is w if they are turned to profitable use. I thin dear friends, that it is time to seek the Lo very hopefully *when you are in a place whe others have sought Him and found Him.* Yo being in this house of prayer is a token f good. I can bear personal witness that there hardly a seat in this Tabernacle on which, some time or other, there has not sat a seeki sinner who has found the Saviour. If marked these seats with golden stars where sou were saved, you would see here many footprin of grace, holy places which angels look on wi delight. Why should you not now seek a find the Saviour?

Perhaps you are feeling in your heart at ti moment a measure of thoughtfulness and soft ing; some drawings are upon you. This sho that it is time for you to seek the Lord.

"E'en at this hour he calls you!
It is not yet too late;
He has not closed the day of grace,
He has not shut the gate.
He calls you! Hush! He calls you!
He would not have you go
Another step without him,
Because he loves you so."

Do not trifle with your heart when it beg to open. Oh! I have known some that ha come to me and said, "We were once ten and hopeful, but now we are like the man in iron cage; we cannot feel. We are almost p concern and conviction, and nothing arou

" Beloved hearer, if it is not so with you, ought to be thankful, but not to rest in tenderness, nor think that you are any bet- than others, but bless the mercy which still s for you, and pleads with you.

Ve have spoken enough about the time, if the y Spirit will but apply the warnings which have uttered.

. Let us now, in the second place, enlarge n the peculiar work to which we are called his time. Here is

A SEARCH COMMENDED.

is time *to seek the Lord.*"

Seek the Lord?" Why, He is here! ek the Lord?" He is everywhere pres- ! "Seek the Lord?" He needs no seeking, n Him we live and move. Yes, but do you see that it does not refer so much to where is as to where *you* are? You have turned back on Him, dear friend. If you are the on that I mean to-night, you have been for- ng Him; and so because He has not been our thoughts, you have, in a moral and tual sense, lost the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord." I hear the earnest in- r say, "It must mean that I am now to avor to realize that there is a God?" d that He is very near me?" Yes. "And I am speaking to Him?" Yes. "And He calls to me, and says, 'Come to me; be ciled?'" Yes. All this, and more, is to ur finding of God as really existent to you. now to live, not as an atheist who is with- od, but as a Christian, who has God with and has God within him. "Seek the ' means, then, that thought and love and should all come toward God, and realize and so seek Him.

ek the Lord?" says one; "but I am . If I come into His presence He will slay r He cannot look upon iniquity." Then must come and seek the Lord in the way in it will be good for thee to come near to -namely, through His dear Son. Because nner thou couldst not come to Him, or thee, He has been pleased that His dear hould take upon Himself the form of a ser- nd be made in the likeness of sinful flesh, bear our sins in His own body on the Now, if thou wilt come to Christ, God hrist, and thou wilt thus come to God. may come just as we are, at once, in all shabille, in all our nakedness, in all our ess. We shall never find God till we seek y the way of Jesus Christ. My sinning r, since the Lord has not hidden Himself ist, but has revealed Himself in Christ, s thee see Him in His Son, I do entreat ttend to this word of the text, "It is seek the Lord."

lear hearers, if any of you are not accus- to hear the Gospel, but have been brought arious forms of will-worship, let me be- you not to think that it is of any use to priest, or to seek a sacrament, or to seek g but *the Lord.* To God Himself in hrist you must personally come; and the s not, "It is time to be confirmed," or time to be baptized," or "It is time to holy communion;" but it says, "It is seek the Lord."

is the pith and core and marrow of your y, that your soul must seek after God, ur heart must come into the arms of the prodigal son came into the arms of er. He said, "I will arise and go unto *iest?*" No, prodigal as he was, he was much a dupe. He said, "I will arise unto my *father.*" There was wisdom in once *to headquarters*, and seeking par- n one who had the power to give it. The had fed swine, but he had not become he swine himself, or he might have gone her-confessor or a priest; being still a d having come to himself, he sought his

wilt never be cured of thine inward mal- acraments, though thou shouldst devour ain of sacred bread and drink an Atlantic of consecrated wine. Thou wilt still be as lost as ever, though all saints and angels should come to thy rescue, unless thou dost seek to God—to God in Christ Jesus. "It is time to seek the Lord."

III. I close with a third point, upon which I will be very brief: there is

A PERIOD SET.

How long are we to seek the Lord? "It is time to seek the Lord, *till He rain righteousness upon you.*"

I believe that very much seeking of the Lord is based on ignorance, that there are some who really set about seeking the Lord as if they could not find Him, and as if He were a long way off. This is corrected by the apostle in those memorable words, "Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend into heaven, or who shall descend into the depths? The word is nigh thee." How nigh thee? "*In thy mouth.*" That is how nigh it is. "In thy mouth." What hinders a man's receiving that which is in his mouth? Swallow it, man. Swallow! That is all thou hast to do. It is in thy mouth: nothing can be nearer, surely, than to have it in thy mouth.

Oh! if I were dying, and I had *a live-long lozenge* in my mouth, and I knew that it would save my life, do you think I would not suck it down? Ah! would I rest until it was down? I should not care if a critic stood by and said, "You must not eat that lozenge. You are not worthy of it." I have got it in my mouth, and your remonstrance comes too late; it is gliding down my throat. "Oh! but you must not swallow that lozenge: you are not fit to receive it." I have got it, and I defy any one to rob me of it, for down it goes. "But you must not, really, partake of it; it may not be meant for you. Perhaps you are not in the election of grace." In vain your supposition. I have got it in my mouth, and if possession is nine points of the law it is all the points of the Gospel. I take it into my inward parts, and I will never part with it. That is just the Gospel.

But, about this seeking. You see that there are some that forget that it is so very near them, and they go seeking; but, if thou seek the Lord, soul, whatever of ignorance mingles with the search, I exhort thee to persevere in seeking the Lord, *till He rain righteousness upon thee.* Seek you the Lord, my dear hearer, till you find Him; never be satisfied with means; rest not till you get the end, find the Lord, or else go on seeking.

"Well," sayest thou, "but I may, perhaps, wait long; I have waited long already, and I am weary." Suppose it to be so, is it not worth waiting for? But I tell thee, thy waiting is very much through thine own ignorance. As I have already said, the word is nigh thee, and thou mayest have it to-night; even now thou mayest have it, for it is in thy mouth. If those poor blind eyes are delivered from the scales that hide a present Saviour, e'en now, at this moment, thou mayest give that look of which we sing:

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One;
  There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto him, and be saved—
  Unto him who was nail'd to the tree."

Yet, if thou dost not understand it, cease not to seek that light may come. Pardon will pay thee abundantly when it comes. Thou sayest, "I have been pleading for months." Then do not waste all that thou hast done, I pray thee. Come and close with Christ, and get now the answer to all those prayers.

Think of Columbus, within three days of America, that wondrous land in which he believed. He saw few signs of it—here and there a bit of seaweed—some little tokens that there might be land ahead; and the mariners declared that they would sail no farther upon that mysterious sea. Suppose that, within three days of the shore, Columbus had turned back; then had he lost all his pains for lack of a few hours' perseverance. And thou, to-night, perhaps, within half an hour of joy unspeakable—thou, within the next ten minutes able to rejoice in Christ and find present salvation—wilt thou now start back? No, by the Eternal Godhead, push thou on! Oh! Spirit of the living God, push the sinner on, and lead him now to say, "If I perish, I will perish pleading for mercy, and hoping in the grace of God by Jesus Christ."

"It is time to seek the Lord, till He rain righteousness upon you." That is how long you have to seek Him. I will give you

A PICTURE,

and with that conclude. You know the story of Elijah when the heavens had long been deaf, a brazen concave that mocked the desires of men. He went up to the top of Carmel, and he began to pray. With groans and cries and tears, with his head between his knees, he used language which God only heard, but it was mighty pleading. Then he said to his servant, "Go up now, look toward the sea; and Gehazi went up, and looked toward the sea: he gazed down there along the sea-line, and up there above the Lebanon; and then he cast a wistful look around, and came back, and said, "There is nothing."

The prophet, while his servant had gone, had been crying more importunately. He had been pouring out his soul to its very depths before God, saying, "I will not let thee go except thou bless this thirsty land." A second time he said to Gehazi, "Go again!" I think I see Gehazi going and looking; but he perceives nothing. "Master," he said, "there is nothing." But the prophet had been praying still, and so he said, "Go," a third time; and away went Gehazi, thinking it was a fool's errand. He went and looked, and said, "There is nothing."

But what says Elijah to him? "This last time while thou hast been gone I have prevailed. I have believed that I have the petition which I asked, and I know I have it. Go, Gehazi, go and look. I said to thee, go again seven times; so go and look again." When he reaches Carmel's top, and casts his eye over the sky, there is a little cloud. He comes back and he declares, "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand."

Up rises the prophet, and wraps his mantle about him. The rain is coming, and he sends Gehazi in haste down to Ahab, to warn him against the nearing deluge, saying, "Prepare thy chariot and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not." Nobody could hear it, but Elijah had marvellous ears as he had a marvellous voice with God. He runs before Ahab's chariot in sacred exhilaration of delight. The heavens are already beginning to turn to blackness, and the first big drops are falling. Elijah has prevailed.

Now, get you to your chambers to-night—you that have not found the Lord; and come not forth till you have found Him, and He has given you grace as a mighty shower. If, by the morning light, there be but a little hope, and though you can only say, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," keep the watches and continue the prayer. Oh soul, though thou canst only cry, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief," yet watch on, and seek on, for the Lord will rain righteousness upon you. A deluge of mercy shall descend, and your heart shall rejoice, for this is His own promise, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." So be it unto you. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Hosea 10.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

THE TWO WATCHERS.

THE SECOND WATCHER.

"YOU cannot see her. She must be kept quiet. She's as ill as she can be, and live."

So saying, the doctor left the house. It was Jamie's house, and it was to Jamie these words were spoken. And they smote home upon his soul like a thunderbolt. He trembled and quivered in every joint ; and his heart gave such great thumps that he could not restrain it. There he sat almost stunned at the news. "My Susie at the point of death !" he sobbed ; "and *my* fault too. I did it all. Oh, the drink ! the drink ! a hundred thousand curses on it."

And then he looked upon the hand that struck her, and brought it down upon the edge of the chair on which he sat, as though he would gladly have broken every joint in it.

"I'd give this hand to recall that blow," he muttered. "I'd give my life to recall that fatal night."

"What can I do for her ? What can I do for her ?" he cried again, rising up, and walking up and down the kitchen.

And then he looked about on the furniture, and saw how much had disappeared through his drunken habits.

What a wretched home for her, whose home in the country was so bright ! How different from that with which they had begun life ! And he had done it all, all, all. And heavy and deep were the groans which these accusing thoughts forced from his burdened soul.

"And should she die," he continued, "I should be her murderer. Oh ! this is more than I can bear."

Snatching up his hat, he went out. But he could not stay out. He must return to his home again. He must watch there. He must be within sound of the sick one's voice, and be near should the worst come to pass. He must ask his Susie's forgiveness before she died.

How slowly the moments moved ! How many were the alarms he received ! Every quick step across the floor above seemed to him to speak of death. And every groan and moan of pain bore to his fears the same mournful message. How often did he take off his heavy fisherman's boots, and creep up the stairs, and listen outside the door, if so be some stray word of hope or despair might reach him ! He would have liked to stay there altogether, but sharp voices forbade it, and bade him keep out of the way, because "he had done mischief enough already." But Susie never said so. And so he crept softly up and down, and never stayed there long.

How jealous he felt at first when the clergyman was admitted into her room and he forbidden. But this was only for a time ; for his was the only kind voice he heard. And Jamie felt so utterly wretched that his comforting sayings wonderfully soothed him. Besides, the clergyman told him of some one else, who spoke more kindly even than he could, and who did as many kind things as he said, and who loved him, Jamie, although he had been so bad and cruel.

And when Jamie asked him *who* it was, who could love such a wretch as he, and heard that it was God's own dear Son, it came like a bright light into the darkness of his soul, and made him calmer than he had been ever since Susie's illness. But not at first. It was too wonderful to be believed at first. But little by little it stole upon him, until it rose before his heart as a real fact ; and then it never left him by night or by day. He was ever running his thoughts over the past, and recalling the scenes in which his wickedness had been greatest, and with these before him he would ask, "And Jesus loved me, then ?"

Oh ! the shame that filled him as he thought of the uplifted hand, and the staggering form of his Susie as she fell before the blow, and then remembered that Jesus had loved him even then. It quite broke him down. He could not keep the tears back, try as he might.

He had always some question to ask the clergyman when he called. And so it happened that Jamie, the rough, swearing, drunken fisherman, actually began to look out for the coming of one whom he had ever made a mock at before.

Oh ! it was good to see these two in that little bare kitchen—the one pouring out, and the other drinking in the wonderful truths of God's great love.

"Wonderful ! wonderful !" Jamie would say to himself ; "only to think that Jesus died for me ! for my sins ! It seems a'most too good to be true. And yet the Book says it. Yes, it's true, all true. And He meant me too ; and I'm only to believe it. Wonderful ! wonderful !"

And when Jamie learned to pray, how often he used to kneel down, and pray for Susie, that she might not die, and for himself, that he might be evermore kept from the drink, and from all sin. In truth Jamie had become altogether another man. And when Jamie's fellow-fishermen came in to see him, and to ask how Susie was, they soon detected it.

To see him so quiet who was once so boisterous ; to hear him speak of a Saviour ; and to find him, as they almost always did now, with his Bible open before him, was wondrously strange. Many of them were inclined to think that his mind was turned by remorse and trouble, and tried hard to draw him back again to the public house "to divert his mind a bit." But they only tried this once, for at the first proposal he jumped to his feet with set lips and flashing eyes, which there was no mistaking the meaning of.

No need for him to burst out in an almost furious tone, "My curse, my heaviest curse, be on the drink ! Never, never will I touch it more." And when he turned to them, and laid his hands upon their shoulders, and looking them straight in the face, warned them against it as a serpent which would sting them one day as it had him unless they gave it up, they felt no inclination to laugh ; a grave expression mounted to every face and stayed there.

And much was it deepened when Jamie confessed his own sin, and spoke of the Saviour in whom he was trusting, and the change which had come over him since he began to trust ; and pleaded with them, his eyes full of tears, to seek the same dear Saviour who had done so much for him.

And when he spoke of their poor wives, and what a heavy burden drink laid upon their shoulders, the thought of Susie suffering above touched his lips with an inspiring fire which filled his words with life, and struck upon the ears and hearts of his fellow-fishermen with a stinging force, which wounded some of them for days.

There was no doubt about his being a changed man. And as day after day passed on, and he still watched and waited, his ear ever on the listen, and his soul ever mounting upward for Susie, and for himself, there came at last a summons from Susie. "I want to see Jamie," had been her daily cry ever since she had been ill.

And Jamie came. Of course he did. And he wanted to say so much that he could scarcely say anything at all. And so they looked at each other, and said what they had to say with their eyes, and said it well too. And Susie would take hold of the great brown hand, which she was hiding away, and give it a forgiving kiss. And who can wonder at the great fisherman breaking quite down, and hiding his face in the bed-clothes, and sobbing ? After a time, however, they found their tongues. Jamie told Susie that he had given up the drink altogether, and had signed the pledge, and meant to stick to it too—and how he had been praying for strength to keep it.

And at this word "praying" Susie started, and looked glad, and then told him a great secret, that she too had begun to pray, and that God had smiled upon her, too, with His great forgiveness. Whereat Jamie suggested that as they had both learned to pray, they should have a little prayer there and then.

Oh ! it was a happy pair. And as the light flickered in the gloom, and shot up down on the opposite wall, and the wi howled without, and the rain pattered, patte against the window panes, who can wonder it should recall thoughts of the past in their minds, and give such a point and edge to t bliss as is beyond description ?

Jamie had had strict orders not to stay long ; and Susie too had been warned to dis him soon. But these injunctions had escaped their memories. Hours pass as min when the heart is glad and there is much to And who can wonder that these two quite their reckoning, and knew not how the sped ? They had never had such a glad mee before—no, not even in the days of their c ship.

And even now that they had said so m they had not said half of what they wa Hence, when the stern nurse came and lessly cut their words short, Jamie seri thought of rebelling, and Susie looked as i were quite willing to support him in the

When the good doctor came again and sav wonderful progress his patient had made, afraid he set it down to his own skill and cine. But we know better than that. It Jamie's voice and Jamie's face, and the news that Jamie brought, which had worke change. And though I have no desire to u value skill and medicine, yet truth compe to say that the progress Susie went on m every day had still to be laid to Jamie's c It was all Jamie's doing, and nobody's else

Look at them as they sit together—the pale woman and the great rough man—he ing, and she listening ; their eyes gliste and their faces beaming, as they ponder the of the cross and their share in it, and the that He had made there, and the heave had opened there for all such poor sinn they were. Look at them, and see how and smiles seem to struggle together—tear they should have sinned and He suffer much , and smiles that so much should from all that suffering for them. And a look, wonder if you can that such thought feelings should act better than medicine charm away the aches and pains.

And, say what you will, next to the st Jesus' love, there is no story which can eq thrilling interest that of a soul who has much, and has been forgiven much ; who descending deeper and deeper into the pit and misery, has been brought forth int bright sunshine at its mouth. Would that husbands and wives had such a story to te

Their watches were ended, thank God—well.

Thanks be to that Great Friend, who ca bring good out of evil, and knit two severed hearts into such happy oneness.

. . . . .

The corner public-house is there still, But Jamie never goes there now ; and wife has no need to go there either.

But alas ! there are other Jamies ther their horrid oaths, and their hot blood. alas ! alas ! thrice alas ! there are other there, sadly and wearily watching for th ing swing of that fatal door. Wome crouch there out of the wind and the rai when they venture to plead for the bairns at home, are struck down in the the mire.

Alas ! for the men. Alas ! for the Alas ! for the poor children crying at ho

And who dare step in between the ha the blow, and wave the madman back ? will go back to the fountain-head of it wave back from the terrible cup the han will grasp it ? or who will draw his ow back, and, for his brother's sake, keep it

There are but few "Jamies" who w sorry to be saved from themselves. And the "Susie," who would not call down H choicest blessings upon the head of H will be Jamie's friend ?

DR. TALMAGE'S FRIDAY EVENING TALK.

Nov. 5th, 1880.

e Lull After the Storm—Congratulations to
oth Parties—To the Country—The Wisdom
f our Fathers—Garibaldi in Milan—A Grand
ife—Alas for Ireland—The Agitating Ques-
on Commended to God—The Welcome Rain—
tupid Ingratitude—The Rain of Revival Need-
—A Beautiful Legend.

LULL after the tempest ! In June *the polit-*
storm began to gather. It travelled out
n opposite sides of the heavens—cavalcade of
d on the way to meet cavalcade of cloud—
e portentous in July, angrier in August,
ker in September, about to burst in October :
full of lightning and thunder—the lightning
uman wit and the thunder of human elo-
nce—until last Tuesday the two showers met.
clouds were emptied, and then the sunshine
l the land—sunshine of national peace, com-
quiet.

congratulate victors and vanquished — the
ors that they have won the day, and the van-
hed that they have escaped the responsibili-
of government and the temptations of office-
ing. The Republican party will feel bound
their best, and the Democratic party will
h to see whether they perform their vows.
st of all do

I CONGRATULATE THE COUNTRY

we have escaped the agitation of four years
when for months we trembled on the verge
volution, not knowing who would be Presi-
even after the ballot-box had spoken. Had
been as much doubt this time as then, we
not have escaped bloodshed, and a terrific
oil such as the land saw never. Instead of
ve months of ruinous agitation which fol-
the election of November, 1876, the for-
n of the Electoral Commission, and the
tainty that hovered until the inauguration
was taken, by eight o'clock on Wednesday
ing last fifty millions of people felt the con-
ettled beyond all disputation, and the mer-
went to his store, and the artisan to his
and the manufacturer to his mill, and the
r to his barn, feeling that another exciting
er of our history was completed.

at a relief to all of us ! Now we shall be
o spend an occasional evening at home, and
ate the amenities of domestic life. Now
all be able to worship God in church with-
lculating on the fly-leaf of the hymn-book
vill probably get enough electoral votes to
the Presidency. Now we shall be able to
our legitimate business without danger of
called suddenly to Albany or Washington
some office that might break down our
, or by its high salary tempt us to dissipa-
Next to the privilege of going to Con-
or becoming Minister Plenipotentiary is
tisfaction of staying at home to manage
vn business. What is or may be the loss
State in not securing our services is our
al gain. We shall be a great deal better
ians in Brooklyn and New York than in
ington.

ngratulate the country on *this new compli-*
o the wisdom of our fathers in framing a
ment which makes the ballot-box the bul-
gainst which the wave of political discus-
trikes and falls back dead. Who could
, one week ago, that after four months of
heat we could so soon cool off, that polit-
pponents who shook at each other clinched
ould so soon clasp hands in good neigh-
d ? Banners for the most part rolled up,
al headquarters for the most part aban-
only three days between us and the great
yet all the field clear, swords sheathed,
e wounded carried in.

sed be God for a wise political ancestry !
beware how we tinker with a constitution
ndly written. May the next four years
all others in national prosperity ! I be-
hey will. God is doing His part in great
ts. Let us do our part in being good men.

But the excitements this side the sea have been fully equalled on the other this week. Two hundred thousand people came out to greet

GARIBALDI

to Milan. The old champion of Italian liberty is done with wounds and long marches, and is taking a banquet of huzzas. There is something sublimely touching in the gratitude of the Italians toward this magnetic warrior. Take the names of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel and Cavour from the history of that nation, and you take away the brightest and most thrilling pages. Garibaldi had but to rise in his stirrups and give one shout, and the Italians would follow him to victory or to death. Now, sick and old, he rides out to the celebration of the battle of Mentona, and, overcome by the excitement, he goes in to lie down, unable to endure the cheers.

What a grand thing that he has lived to see Italy free ! Part of the price of its emancipation he paid with his own blood. He was born to lead, and in all the sky of Italian history there is no constellation brighter than the name and the patriotism and the genius of Garibaldi. All honor to the men who live, and plan, and fight, and suffer, and die for their country. If I ever see Italy, there are two sights I want especially to see—St. Peter's and Garibaldi.

It has been a week of still greater

EXCITEMENT IN IRELAND.

Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and others not so well known in America have been indicted for their political movements. Alas for Ireland ! If she have not famine, she has war and insurrection. When will the long dispute of five hundred years be settled ?

It is beyond the Disraelis and the Gladstones of earthly cabinets—this question of landlord and tenant. The God who settled our slavery question is the only Being who will give rest to distracted Ireland. But though her disquietude seem farther off from adjustment than ever, that land, so rich in scenery and undeveloped resources, will yet be brought out of her distresses. It is easy for us to stand three thousand miles away and say how we would do if we were in Parliament, or in the English cabinet, or on the throne. We do not know what we would do. The trouble is so portentous and appalling that there is only one thing we can do, and that is to commend the whole subject to the God of nations, imploring im to cut short Hin righteousness the troubles of Ireland.

The philanthropists of Great Britain are at their wits' end to-day, and know not what is best to do. It is certain things cannot remain as they are—the commerce of a whole nation paralyzed ; torch and knife ready for devastation ; excited populations surging up and down. Occasional revolution may do good, but *no nation can live on revolution.* The next few years will find the English rule of Ireland more strict and rigorous than ever before, or Ireland an independent nation. May God decide all for the best happiness of all the people !

Among the most profitable events of the week is

THE RAIN

of to-day and to-night. Indeed, this is the third stormy Friday night ; as if on this night, in all parts of the land set apart for devotions, God would call upon the people to give thanks that the long drought is ceasing. Not for forty years have the streams run so low, and on all sides there has been the cry of water famine. Thank God for the rain, baptizing the mountains and the plains, starting the water-wheel of the factories, and pouring down through viaducts and aqueducts to cool the throat of the cities.

With what *stupid ingratitude* we take these common blessings of life. We thank God for the luxuries, but how little appreciation we have of those things that are more important—the necessities ! Though the rain of to-day be worth five millions of dollars to the people, our chief anxiety is lest we get our feet wet. For the sunlight, for the fresh air, for the rain, forget not to praise God ; and while the fields get the refreshment, why not the churches ?—rain of pardon, rain of comfort, rain of revivals. Yea, we need a freshet to sweep everything before it.

Oh for the descending floods of salvation ! We want high tide of peace. We want the whole land submerged with benediction. Rain on, ye natural heavens ! Rain on, ye clouds of hovering mercy ! From this time forth we plunge deeper into the work of God. The long nights are here, and for Christ and the Church we must be busy. Gather up all your resources. Our time on earth is being abbreviated. This may be our last season for active work. Let us ply all our energies—body, mind, and soul enlisted for God. Who knows how much we may do this season ?

You know that Ignatius was put to death for his religion. Trajan ordered his body opened, and it was said that when the heart of Ignatius was exposed in the *post-mortem* examination, it was found that the name of Jesus Christ was written all over it in letters of gold. Would that upon our souls in life and death there might be the same inscription ! To Him we this night surrender. His sacrifice our hope ; His work our joy; His eternal companionship our ambition. Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever !

OUR FRONTISPIECE ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR frontispiece presents a picture of sledges drawn by Esquimaux dogs just starting from a snow-locked vessel in the Arctic regions with some of the crew on their land explorations.

And above, at the side of Sir John Franklin's portrait, is a picture of the burning of Guy Faux, on November 5th, by the crew of one of the ice-bound vessels of the exploring expeditions. In September the vessels usually became locked immovably, in which the ice sometimes did not melt until July in the following year. In October the sun totally disappeared, twilight darkened into night, and the true darkness, silence, and solitude of the Polar winter set in. It was, of course, necessary to find amusement, as well as occupation, for the crew, and this, under the circumstances, was a very difficult matter. Alter the daily routine, including ship's duties, devotions, study, meals, etc., occasions for festivity sometimes presented themselves.

November 5th, was observed in the customary manner ; and, *as shown in our picture*, a huge bonfire was constructed on the ice, and a variety of pyrotechnic feats performed. Several of the officers' birthdays, which opportunely fell within the winter months, were also kept with becoming cheerfulness.

THE PIETY OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, in the journal of his Arctic explorations, says : "*Franklin* and his matchless followers need no eulogy from me ; the sufferings they must have undergone, the mystery that hangs over them, are on every tongue in every civilized land. Who among us does not feel his heart throb faster in recalling to recollection the calm heroism of the veteran leader who, when about to enter the unknown regions, of which Wellington Channel is the portal, addressed his crews from the solemn and emphatic words of Holy Writ : "*Choose ye this day whom ye will serve,*" and found in that blissful choice his strength and his endurance ?

One of the men who sailed with *Sir J. Franklin* wrote of him :

"The more I see of our worthy chief the more I like and admire him ; in fact, he is deservedly loved by us all, seamen as well as officers. As this day (Sunday) will serve as a sample of what has already taken place on the Lord's Day, I will describe our observance of it. We assemble at prayers at ten o'clock ; the beautiful service of the Church of England is read by Sir John in the most impressive manner, after which a sermon adapted to our pursuits is also most impressively delivered. At seven in the evening all those who are desirous assemble in Sir John's cabin, when the Evening Service is read, and another sermon delivered.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 719.*)

A Remedy for Low Spirits.

"CLAUDE coming to-morrow !" I repeated over and over to myself. All the old troubles seemed to have come back again. I had hoped that I should never see him again, that our paths in life would never cross each other. And now Claude was coming to-morrow. How astonished he would be to see me here ! I wondered how we should meet, and whether he would feel it as much as I did.

As I sat alone in my room I prayed for grace and help, and I felt that the strength came as I prayed. Still I felt that I could not go downstairs, until Evelyn's maid came to tell me that Miss Trafford wanted me.

"You naughty girl !" said Evelyn when I entered, "what have you been doing ? Why, you are as cold as ice ; come to the fire and warm your hands. I really could not let you stop up there any longer. Do you know I thought you were, at last, turning into the brown alpaca ! She always shut herself up in her bedroom half the day."

"And who in the world is the brown alpaca ?" said Alice Fitzgerald ; "do tell me about her, Evelyn."

Evelyn was only too pleased to do so. And then we went on from one laughable subject to another, and Alice Fitzgerald told us a number of amusing stories, in such an absurd way that we laughed until we were quite tired.

"There," she said, at last as Evelyn declared that she had not laughed so much the whole time she had been ill, and that she felt all the better for it, "that's just what I was saying before Miss Lindsay came into the room ; if only people, when they are in low spirits, would laugh more, they would be all the happier."

"But when you are in trouble you can't laugh, Miss Fitzgerald," I said.

"Oh, then, you should try," she said ; "try to forget the trouble, and laugh it off. That's always my way when anything bothers me or vexes me. I try to think of something amusing, and forget it."

"And do you always succeed ?" I ventured to ask.

"Well, no, not quite always," she said, rather gravely.

It was the first time that I had seen her look grave ; her merry, laughing face was clouded for a moment.

But it was only for a moment.

"Anyhow," she said, "if you don't quite succeed in forgetting your trouble, it does not make it so hard to bear ; it is better to go laughing through a trouble than crying through it. But laugh it off if you can, that's much the best way."

"But, suppose you can't laugh it off ?" I said. "You owned that there were some troubles which were too deep to be got rid of in this way ; suppose you can't laugh it off, and the trouble comes back after every laugh as heavy as ever—what then ?"

"Oh, then," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders, "we must bear it, I suppose—bear it as best we can. Don't you think so ?"

"I never try to laugh trouble away," I said ; "I try to pray it away."

"Oh," she said scornfully, "you believe in prayer, do you ?"

"Yes, don't you, Miss Fitzgerald ?"

"No, not now," she said ; "I did once. That is to say, I never prayed much myself, but I used to believe that it did some people good ; but Claude says that is all nonsense. My brother Arthur and he are always having long discussions about these things. Arthur believes in the Bible with all his heart and soul, and Claude does nothing but laugh at him."

"And you agree with Claude, of course," said Evelyn, laughing.

"Yes," said Alice, "I agree with him ; and yet, do you know, I sometimes wish I didn't."

"May I ask, why not ?" I said.

"Well," she said, "you mustn't tell Claude, he would be so angry ; but I can't help thinking if Arthur should be right after all—what then ?"

"Yes, what then ?" I said ; "if the Bible is true—what then ?"

"Why, then," she said, laughing again, "we are all lost, I suppose ; so the best we can do is to enjoy ourselves as much now as we can. A short life and a merry one, that's my motto ! Well, I suppose it is getting near dinner time," she said, as she hastily rose, gathering up her work, and left the room.

"She is a queer girl," said Evelyn, as soon as the door was shut.

"She is not really happy, Evelyn," I said. "She tries to laugh it off, as she says ; but there is a great deal of miserable uncertainty in her heart, I feel sure of that."

"Well," said Evelyn, turning the subject, "won't you dress for dinner ? Ambrose will be here in a moment."

So I left the room and went up-stairs, and prayed very, very earnestly for them both, and especially for Alice Fitzgerald. Oh, if she only knew where true joy was to be found !

The next day Claude arrived. I was in Evelyn's sitting-room when Alice Fitzgerald brought him in to introduce him to her. And then she turned to me.

"An old friend of yours, Claude, I believe," she said.

Claude started ; he had not noticed me before.

"May—Miss Lindsay," he said, coloring painfully, "I did not expect to see you here."

And then he turned the subject quickly, and began to give us an account of his journey, his Oxford adventures, and all sorts of other things, till dinner was announced. I could see that he was not at his ease, and I was almost afraid that Alice Fitzgerald noticed it also.

I saw very little more of Claude that evening, for I always dined up-stairs with Evelyn, and he spent the evening in talking politics with Sir William over the library fire.

But the next morning when I came downstairs, Claude was alone in the breakfast-room. I shook hands with him, and said "Good-morning ;" and then was about to leave the room again, when he called me back, and said hurriedly,

"May, what did you tell them ?"

"Tell whom ?" I asked.

"Tell her," he said, in a hoarse whisper. "What did you tell her about me ?"

"Only that we played together when we were children, and lived next door to each other."

"Was that all ?" he said.

"Yes, every word," I answered. "You surely did not think, Claude—"

"Oh no," he said, "of course not, only it's more comfortable to know. All right, May," he added, carelessly, "we will let bygones be bygones now."

And then he sat down to the piano and played a merry air.

I stood and looked out of the window, and wondered at the shallowness of his heart. And I felt, as I had never felt before, that I had not made a bad choice when I chose Christ's love and gave up Claude's.

In a few minutes the others came down, and we had breakfast ; and while we were at breakfast Ambrose came in with the letter-bag, which he solemnly laid before Sir William, as was his daily custom. Sir William took a key from his watch-chain and unlocked the bag, and then proceeded to distribute the letters.

"None for you this morning, Miss Alice," he said, laughing. "Which would you choose : to have your young man here to talk to you, or to get a letter from him ? None for you, Miss Lindsay, not a single one ; six for me, and one for Mr. Ellis—that's all !"

Claude took his letter, opened it, and glanced hastily through it. The contents did not seem to be of the most agreeable nature, for he looked very annoyed as he read it, and then crushed it up impatiently and thrust it into his pocket. Alice glanced inquiringly at him, but Claude appeared to be engrossed in the carving of chicken, and took no notice of her inquirin looks.

When breakfast was over, Sir William wen into the library, where he generally spent th morning looking over the newspapers and writin his letters. We went up to Evelyn's room. thought Alice wanted to linger behind, that sh might speak to Claude ; but he did not seem di posed to take the hint, and followed me closel up-stairs.

We found Evelyn lying on the sofa, and wai ing for me to show her how to do a new patter in crochet work, which I had learned fro Aunt Jane, who was very clever with her fi gers. I sat down on a low stool close to Evely directing her as she worked ; and Alice a Claude went to the other end of the room, in the large bow-window.

Claude had brought a newspaper up-stairs wi him, and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, began to read it, with an air which plainly in mated that he did not wish to be disturbed.

Alice Fitzgerald came behind him, and leani over his shoulder, with her arm on the back the chair, she seemed to be reading the new paper with him. But after a minute or two heard her say,

"Let me see that letter, Claude ; what was about ?"

"Oh, it was nothing particular," said Claud turning to another part of the newspaper ; " was only a business letter."

"That's always the way with men," sa Evelyn, laughing ; "whenever they don't wa you to see a letter they always say 'It's only business letter.' Papa always does so, and i of no use my telling him that I like busine letters ; he only laughs and says, 'Women do understand business, or, if they do, they oug not.'"

But Alice Fitzgerald did not let the matt drop. In a few minutes I heard her ask ag from whom the letter had come, and Claude swered, in a vexed tone,

"It is only from my father, Alice. The take it and read it if you make such a fuss ab it !" and he tossed the letter out of his pocke

Alice sat down and read it, and, when she h gone through it once, she turned it over and re it again, and then, folding it up very gravely a slowly, she handed it back to Claude. He it into his pocket, and went on reading. Al leaned over his shoulder, and her face, wh was generally so bright and merry, was v grave and thoughtful. Evelyn and I were b with our pattern, and for some minutes no spoke.

Then I heard Alice say, in a low voi "What inclosures were there, Claude ? wha it that has vexed your father so much ?"

"Oh, only some rubbishy old bills," Claude impatiently ; "those Oxford tradesm are the greatest scoundrels on the face of earth ! It's always their way ! But the b plan is to take no notice of them ; shy their b into the fire, and leave them alone."

And, in spite of Alice's remonstrances, walked to the fireplace and thrust a roll of ters which he took from his pocket, into flames, and watched them turn to ashes.

"They will send them in again, Claude," Alice, gravely.

"Then I shall burn them again," he said, a laugh ; "the rascals ought to know better

"But are you quite sure they are wro Claude ?" she said, as they went back to window ; "are you quite sure you never bou any of the things ? Have you looked them c fully through ?"

"Oh, I know all about it," said Claude, vexed voice ; "do let it alone, dear. I h plenty of money to pay them all, if necessa so please leave me to manage my own affa There's a splendid leader in the *Times* to- Miss Trafford ; have you read it ?" he said, t ing to Evelyn, and beginning a conversat with her on the politics of Europe.

Alice Fitzgerald left the window, took

work out of her pocket, and sat on a low stool by the fire ; but she did not recover her usual good spirits for some time afterward.

From this time, as the spring advanced, Evelyn began to grow much stronger, and the doctors seemed very hopeful that she would soon be able entirely to leave off her invalid habits. She was strong enough to go up-stairs and down-stairs quite comfortably, and although she still spent a good deal of time on her couch, it was more because Sir William insisted upon it than because she felt it really necessary.

(*To be continued.*)

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

S. S. Lesson for November 21st, Gen. 44 : 18–34, and 45. Golden Text, Rom. 12 : 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE time was approaching when the dreams of Joseph should meet with their full accomplishment. Ruler he was already, but till this ime his brethren knew nothing of his power nd glory, and there was no apparent probability that they would bow down to him. But God ad said it : " Hath He said, and shall He not do ? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make good ?" (Num. 23 : 19).

Thus it came to pass : " When Jacob saw that here was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his ons, Why do ye look one upon another ? And e said, Behold, I have heard that there is corn Egypt : get you down thither, and buy for s from thence ; that we may live, and not die." ut the old man's heart yearned upon his oungest son; the same principle which led him efore to give the preference to Joseph, now ade Benjamin to be his darling, whom he sent not with his brethren, for he said, Lest radventure mischief befall him." Might not ischief befall his other sons ? Alas ! Jacob s sowing bitterness among them. So the n brethren came down into Egypt, " and seph's brethren came, and bowed down themves before him with their faces to the earth." In their bitter hatred, when he had followed em to Dothan, they had said, when " they nspired against him to slay him," " We shall what will become of his dreams ;" and now dreams were in process of being fulfilled, and y were playing their part in the fulfilment in utmost unconsciousness. It is a greater sin n men know, to doubt the Word of the living d; he who does so acts as though he were God's erior, as though he knew better than his God. e fulfilment of His promises may seem to be ayed ; there may be facts which we cannot lerstand and reconcile ; but God is greater n His creatures ; He knows what He has sed to be written, and in the end He shall be ified when He speaks, and clear when He ges (Ps. 51 : 4).

Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not ;" for he made himself strange to them. v should they recognize in the magnificent e of the governors of Egypt, him whom they for a slave ; they only could have done so they believed in his dreams. Just so with it is only by faith in His Word that we can ect our crucified Redeemer to come again in y. Joseph remembered his dreams ; probathey had been continually in his mind. At he exercised his power, accused his brethren eing spies, and questioned them as suspected ons, about their parents and their kindred. n he put them in ward three days, having proposed that one of them should be sent he land of Canaan to fetch their youngest her, Benjamin.

t on the third day he made another propon ; perhaps he had been praying over this er, and he decided to let them go, and carry for the famine of their households, but that should be bound as hostage in Egypt until should return and bring their brother Benn with them, as a proof they were not spies rue men. And thus they, who had so hardly with their brother, were made to taste the rness of injustice. " They said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear ; therefore is this distress come upon us. . . . And they knew not that Joseph understood them ; for he spake unto them by an interpreter." His object was gained, and although outwardly he was not softened, for he bound Simeon before their eyes, yet he ordered their sacks to be filled with corn, and every man's money to be put in the mouth of his sack.

Their troubles did not end in Egypt. Not understanding Joseph's good intention in returning their money, it raised suspicion in their hearts, and they and their father were afraid ; and when they told him the stipulation by which alone they obtained consent to return to Egypt, that their brother Benjamin should go with them, he said, " Me have ye bereaved of my children : Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away : all these things are against me." Alas ! Jacob's faith was not strong enough, as Joseph's faith was, to bear him victorious over his trials. " All these things are against me," might have formed the motto of his life, while " the Lord was with him" might be that of Joseph. What is the prevailing thought in our lives : is it that persons and things, both present and future, are against us and overcome us ; or do we fear not, in the midst of real difficulty, because the Lord has said, " Fear not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41 : 10) ?

Hunger drove Jacob to retract his declaration that Benjamin should not go down to Egypt, and, like himself, Jacob, instead of committing all trustfully into God's hands, did what he could to obtain favor of the governor : he sent him a present, sent double money, lest the money restored were an oversight, and most unwillingly sent Benjamin with his brethren. They were unprepared for the reception they met with : the meeting with Simeon, the governor's friendly greeting, the banquet in his house, the mess of Benjamin—all was strange and unexpected : why should they, out of all who came to buy bread, be thus dealt with—they who had before been taken for spies ?

Their home journey was begun, and all seemed to have prospered, when a messenger from Joseph overtook them and brought home to them the charge of stealing his silver cup. Indignantly they refuted the charge, and offered that search should be made ; and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Now they suffered the bitter grief of false accusation, under which they had no means of justifying themselves ; circumstantial evidence was all against them ; they must take the draught which Joseph had drunk so deeply. But the worst of all was that the cup was found with Benjamin, and sentence was pronounced, that Benjamin should remain in Egypt to be Joseph's servant.

Then Judah came near unto Joseph and related to him the circumstances which had taken place in Canaan : his father's love for his youngest son, his loss of Benjamin's brother how, when they had related to the old man the decision of the Egyptian governor, that they should not see his face except his younger brother were with him ; how his father had said, " Ye know that my wife bore me two sons, and the one went from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces ; and I saw him not since : and if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." And Judah urged that Jacob would surely die if Benjamin were not with them, and concluded, " Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad, a bondman to my lord ; and let the lad go up with his brethren. . . ."

It was enough. " Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them which stood by him ; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from before me, and there stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren." He said unto them, " I am Joseph : doth my father yet live ? and his brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled at his presence." Conscience was at work in them : a sin lay upon their consciences which had never been confessed and put away, and they did not even know how it could be set right. Joseph had a clear conscience, and a heart so filled with God's love to him that he could love those who did not love him ; and thus he reassured his brethren.

Those who live in the light of God have to set aside or ignore all personal considerations. Joseph said, " I am Joseph whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life, . . . to preserve you a posterity on the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God. . . ." The recognition of the hand of God put Joseph in such a position that he could afford to forget the ill-will and hatred of his brethren. And, blessed be God, it is a glorious possibility to such as live the life of Christ, to bear warm love to those who bear only enmity to us, to overlook all that enmity on their side, and to see only the purpose of God which they have unconsciously been made to serve.

Joseph continued : " Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt : come down unto me, tarry not : and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, . . . and there will I nourish thee (for yet there are five years of famine) ; lest thou and thy household, and all that thou hast come to poverty. And behold your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen ; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither." Then he wept on Benjamin's neck and after that he kissed all his brethren and wept upon their necks ; and " after that his brethren talked with him." At last all constraint was gone : they understood his undeserved love. Joseph's case was an exception in the Old Testament, but it is a foreshadowing of that blessed principle of the New Testament which is embodied in our golden text. " Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

" When Pharaoh heard that Joseph's brethren were come, it pleased Pharaoh well, and his servants." And the king commanded them through Joseph to lade their beasts and go into the land of Canaan, and to bring their father and all their households and come into the land of Egypt. He sent wagons to bring their wives and their little ones, and said, " Also regard not your stuff, for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours." So Joseph gave them wagons according to the commandment of Pharaoh, and gave them provision for the way. All that they would need was richly provided for them, and he parted from them with this injunction : " See that ye fall not out by the way." And they came into the land of Canaan and told Jacob, saying, Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt. And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them, and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived ; and Israel said, " It is enough · Joseph my son is yet alive ; I will go and see him before I die."

How many of God's children there are who are misunderstood, either by their own families or by brethren in Christ, among whom they are placed, and how often they seek by self justification or by dispute to maintain their ground. The history of Joseph teaches us how much better God does a thing than man can do it, and how He will not, cannot fail to maintain the cause of them that trust in Him, and who never seek to maintain their own cause.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Turkey is Making Energetic Preparations to resist any attack that may be made upon her by Greece and her allies. A dispatch from Constantinople says that the Porte has decided to raise the strength of the troops in Thessaly and Epirus to 42,000 men, and to construct ten batteries for the defence of the Dardanelles. It is remarkable that the Sultan, though unable to pay his tremendous debts, or even any portion of the interest upon them, seems to have no difficulty in finding money to defray the cost of war material. These active measures of protection render the outbreak of another war in the East increasingly probable, for the British Premier is remarkable for his pertinacity, and he is apparently resolved on Turkey obeying the will of Europe, cost what it may. Dulcigno has not yet been surrendered, and when that is done the claims of Greece must be considered. Then it will need all the skill of European diplomacy to avert a war, which we know from prophecy must come at a day not far distant.

The Irish Agitators were Served with their indictments last week. The intentions of the British Government were, to the last, kept a profound secret, and not until the criminal information was sworn on November 2d was the exact truth made public. Then it was found that fourteen of the leaders of the agitation are to be prosecuted. The names of Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Biggar, and Sullivan, members of Parliament, are in the list. One of the defendants—a Mr. Boyton—intends pleading that he is an American citizen, but the plea will probably be disregarded, as in a former Fenian trial the same plea was ruled out by the judges. Mr. Nally, whose name also appears in the indictment, is the person who, in a recent speech near Tuam, recommended the use of dynamite and gun cotton against landlords. Mr. Parnell has expressed his conviction that the effect of the prosecution will be to create sympathy for the League, and cause greater enthusiasm among the members.

The charge against the defendants is that they have conspired to prevent payment of rents, to defeat legal process for the enforcement of rents, to prevent the letting of farms from which tenants have been evicted, and to excite ill-will between different classes of Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland.

The Character of "Irish Outrages" is not enough understood in this country. The regular correspondent of the New York *Times* writes : "In all parts of the west the most frightful things are done, not merely to intimidate the landlords, *but to deter tenants from paying their rent*. The threatening letters must be quite a source of revenue to the Post-Office. The business of intimidation is carried on with hideous regularity. First there is a gentle warning ; then comes a threatening letter marked with the emblems of death ; next, a hayrick or farm building is burned, or cattle or sheep are horribly mutilated, though why these inhuman fiends do not kill the poor creatures outright instead of cutting off their tails, *gouging out their eyes*, or hamstringing them, it is not easy to understand. Then comes the personal attack on the object of vengeance. He is visited at dead of night by gangs of men with blackened faces, who drag him out of bed in spite of the cries of his wife and children, and cut off his nose or ears, or perpetrate other brutalities too horrible to mention. Lastly, there is the ambush by the roadside, or at the cottage window, and the obnoxious man is shot dead or grievously wounded."

A hundred years ago people would not have believed that such things could go on under the degree of civilization which the world has now reached ; but the "more sure word of prophecy" (2 Pet. 1 : 19) gives us a true warning.

The British War with the Basutos, the South African tribe which rendered them such excellent service in their Zulu war, is proceeding vigorously. The Basutos, it is stated by Mr. Alexander Forbes, the renowned British war correspondent, are a proud race, whose quarrel with England arises solely from the fact that they desired to retain the arms they had purchased from the British, and had paid for, a request which Sir Bartle Frere considered he ought not to grant in view of the critical position of the British colonists. The British troops under Colonel Clarke stormed the Basuto stronghold on October 31st. The position is a natural fortress at the top of a celebrated mountain called Thaba Mosigo, which a former Basuto chief successfully defended against a formidable Zulu army by rolling immense stones down upon his advancing foes. Those tactics did not avail against the British force, and Colonel Clarke captured the stronghold. While the attack on the mountain was proceeding, five thousand Basutos attacked a British force in a neighboring village, and, before reinforcements could be brought up, defeated it with considerable loss in killed and wounded.

The French Government has Executed the decrees against the unauthorized religious orders. It was believed that with the expulsion of the Jesuits the administration would have ceased its efforts, but its principal members believe that the other monkish orders exercised an influence on French society almost as baneful as that of the Society of Jesus, and they have accordingly been expelled. A cablegram dated Paris, November 6th, says : "Yesterday the Dominicans, Capuchins, Marists, Oblates, and a number of other monastic orders in Paris were expelled. By this evening all will probably be finished except in Corsica and Algeria. The resistance of the monks was fully as determined here as in the provinces, but fortunately no blood was shed, as at Lyons and Nantes."

Dr. B. W. Richardson, the Eminent English physician and temperance advocate, presided a few weeks ago at a large meeting held to advocate the universal use of what is technically known in England as "whole meal bread." One of the speakers maintained that the bread in common use was *forty per cent deficient* in sustaining qualities. An entire grain of wheat contained everything that was required for nourishing purposes, and yet the better half of it was wasted, and this half was a much healthier food, especially for children. A white loaf, in fact, was *only half a loaf*, for a large portion of the material that formed muscular flesh, and nearly all that formed bone, were taken from it. Children fed on white bread were very liable to suffer from rickety bones, consumption, and bad teeth, because their food did not nourish them properly.

Pig-Sty Literature is the Epithet Applied by M. Rèveillaud, the distinguished French orator, to many of the books published in his native land. The French Government is now attempting to suppress this immoral literature. Last week the author of an immoral feuilleton was condemned to pay a fine of 500 francs and to undergo a year's imprisonment for the offence. A writer in the *Republique Francaise*, lamenting the fact that so many of its books are now republished abroad, says : "All our literature of imagination has fallen into discredit. The great reproach is that we are immoral. We are not read. People read our books less and less. Our melodramas and operettas constitute all that the world wishes to know of us, and *Sarah Bernhardt* is the incarnation of France for foreign curiosity."

The Australian Work of Rev. W. Taylor, the California evangelist, has been productive of permanent good. A prominent Australian journal thus speaks of that work in a recent issue : "No revival work in Australia ever left such permanent results as that of 'California' Taylor. Not a few of his converts fill our pulpits today ; scores of them are among our best and most faithful laymen, and hundreds in every colony were brought to God under his preaching." The portrait and life of this eminent evangelist appeared in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 19th.

The Seductiveness of Dancing is Exemplified in the following case of a young lady in England, who with genuine emotion testified to her conversion to Christ, and for a time ran well. But gradually she began to forsake the little band of Christians with whom she had been accustomed to meet for prayer and praise. Before uniting with the people of God she had been passionately fond of dancing, and of the society of those who, like her, enjoyed that beguiling amusement. The entreaties of her former pleasure-loving companions to renew the indulgences she had for a time abandoned prevailed ; and having once violated her solemn pledge, a repetition soon followed. Finally, at a public ball, she received a prize for the best performance in this so-called innocent amusement, ignoring "the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus." It proved sufficient to sever her professed attachment to Christianity, resulting in entire absence from the house of God, in spiritual shipwreck, and, for aught we know, in eternal death !

A Burglary at Mr. Spurgeon's new Residence, at Upper Norwood, near London, took place on Sunday night, October 17th. The robbers plundered the study, and removed one or two valuables ; but the chief mischief done consisted in breaking boxes and cutting bags containing documents referring to the Orphanage and other public business. The broken dispatch-box and papers were found in the garden, the burglars being evidently much disappointe when they found their booty to be so useless t them. Mr. J. B. Gough had presented Mr. Spurgeon with *an ebony cane*, having an elaborately worked gold head. This was stolen, and the gold after being hammered and battered, was offered a a pawnbroker's in the neighborhood on Monda morning, and by eleven o'clock on that mornin a detective called on Mr. Spurgeon with th relics.

Suicides are Often Guilty of Stupid Folly, a they always are of gross wickedness. An illustration of this fact occurred in St. Petersbur recently. A young man staying at an hotel i that city ordered dinner one day to be served f two. He went to the railway station, evidentl to meet his expected friend. He returned to th hotel alone at dinner-time. As his door w fastened, and no reply could be got from withi the police were sent for. The young man w found stretched across the table shot throug the heart. On the table lay the photograph a young lady, and the fragments of a letter we found scattered about the floor. Another lett was found addressed to the proprietor of t hotel, saying that the writer had shot himself despair because the young lady whom he h been expecting had not kept her promise. H an hour afterward a letter arrived by mail fro the young lady herself, saying that she h missed the train and would be unable to co till the next day. On her arrival the followi morning she learned of the horrible act to whi her delay had prompted her foolish lover.

Persian Famine Fund.—Five Dollars ha been received from R. M., Mt. Sterling, Ill., and mitted to the committee as usual.

The Second Volume of The Christian Hera comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec., 1879), may procured, elegantly bound in cloth, at this offi Price $1.75.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchm (London) for October may be obtained at the off of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Works are on at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at prices low as to bring them within the reach of every o *Twelve Sermons on various subjects*, with photogr of Mr. Spurgeon, price 35 cents. *John Ploughma Talk*, in paper cover, 40 cents ; in cloth, 60 ce *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, a volume of sermons, $2.50. *The Treasury of David*, a homil cal exposition of the book of Psalms, five vols., as as Psa. 118, $3 per vol. *Spurgeon Birth-Day B* This popular gift-book contains a suitable pass selected from Mr. Spurgeon's writings for every in the year, with a blank space opposite for a graphs. The signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurg appear at their respective birthdays. The book elegantly bound, and the price is 75 cents. Re tances should accompany orders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1880. 14th Year. No. 47—New Series.

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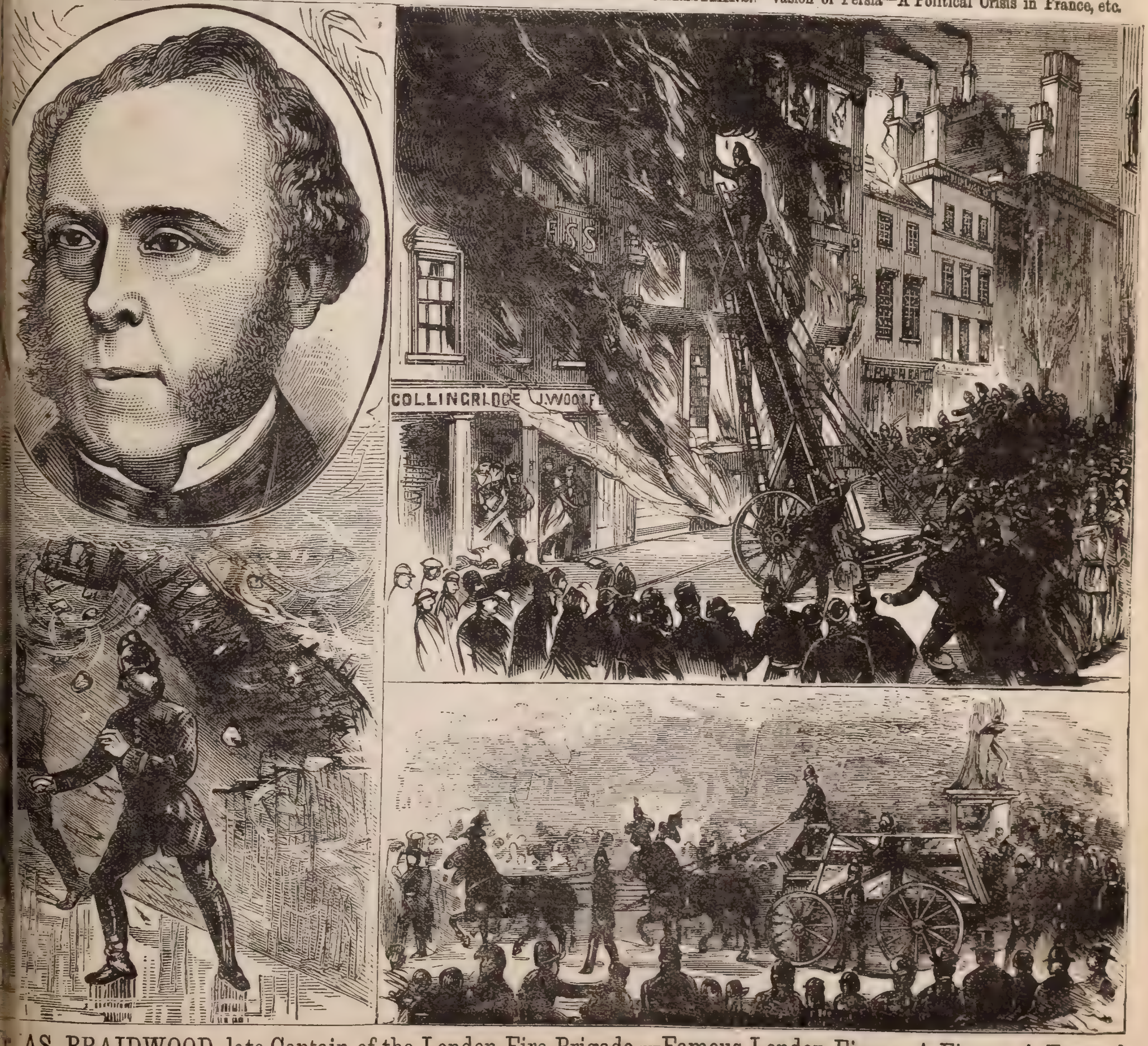

r. AS. BRAIDWOOD, late Captain of the London Fire Brigade.—Famous London Fires.—A Fireman's Funeral.

FIREMEN AND THEIR PERILS.

With Portrait and Life of Mr. Braidwood.

A Great Fire in London in 1861—James Braidwood, the Chief of the London Fire Brigade—Anecdotes of his Coolness and Bravery—His Death—Dr. Cumming's Testimony—A Man of Faith and Prayer—His Public Funeral—Description of the Aldersgate Street Fire—The Fire at Somers Town—Exciting Rescue of a young Woman by the Hair of Her Head—Death of Fireman Fitzgerald.

THE frequent occurrence of extensive and destructive fires has directed attention anew, and in a very forcible manner, to the subject of brave firemen and their perils. We therefore present our readers this week with a picture illustrative of the theme, including the portrait of Mr. Braidwood, the late captain of the London Fire Brigade, and a representation of the great and fatal conflagration which broke out on Friday, April 30, 1880, in Aldersgate Street, near the General Post Office, London—also the scene of the fire in Somers Town, London, on April 21, 1880, where fireman Fitzgerald was killed by the falling of a wall, together with a sketch of the public funeral with which the mortal remains of the brave man were honored.

On the afternoon of Saturday, June 22, 1861, a fire broke out in one of the riverside warehouses on the banks of the Thames, close to the Surrey side of London Bridge. The spectacle and the havoc were alike without parallel in the British metropolis since the great fire of 1666. The scene was one of marvellous magnificence, combined with features of terror and destruction. In spite of persistent efforts to extingush it, the conflagration raged until property was destroyed worth nearly *two million pounds* sterling. The spot was covered with huge piles of colossal buildings which were believed to be fireproof. Party-walls of immense thickness, staircases of stone, beams, pillars, and doors of massive iron, and other devices to insure safety, had been liberally employed; and yet in a few hours after the spontaneous combustion of a little hemp in one of these warehouses the fire gained such an appalling ascendency that if the providence of God had not preserved the summer calm of that terrible night, and turned the current of the light wind toward the river, nearly the whole of the south of London might have been destroyed.

Three acres of ground were gradually covered with a gigantic mass of fire, glowing and crackling at a white heat like a lake of molten iron. The coruscating saltpetre, the melted tallow falling in cascades of lurid flame from the loopholes of the various floors, the ignited tar, and many other combustibles stored in the consuming piles of buildings, ran with hissing haste, which deepened into a rushing roar, blazing into the adjacent river, until the Thames itself appeared to be covered with flames. Ships and barges were burned to the water's edge as well as houses, and the danger to life seemed almost as imminent on the flaming river as in the seething, stifling street. The glare of the conflagration was not only visible as a reflection, but strikingly conspicuous thirty miles distant.

Foremost in the perilous endeavor to subdue the fire on June 22d was the gallant and heroic captain of the Metropolitan Brigade, Mr. Braidwood, who fell a victim to his own intrepidity. The flames had been raging for several hours, and the men were showing signs of exhaustion, arising from the heat to which they were exposed, together with their Herculean efforts to arrest the career of the destroyer. He was in the act of administering some refreshment to them, when, with volcanic energy, a tremendous explosion took place just at the moment. A large wall fell solidly with a dreadful crash and buried him at the post of duty, beneath its ruins. His sudden death caused a perfect panic among the brigade, already distressed by the severity of their work; and yet they rushed bravely, but vainly, to his rescue. A continued succession of explosions drove them from the spot.

The fire continued to rage for three weeks, despite the thousands of tons of water which were poured upon it, and it was about six weeks from the outbreak before the basements and cellars were sufficiently cooled to allow of safe entrance and examination.

BIOGRAPHY OF MR. JAMES BRAIDWOOD.

James Braidwood was in many interesting respects a distinguished man. He was *born* in the city of Edinburgh, at the beginning of the century. His father was a highly respectable tradesman, who, valuing the worth of a liberal education, as most Scotchmen do, sent his son to the High School of the great northern capital, where in due course he completed the usual academical curriculum. At the comparatively early age of twenty-three he was intrusted with the superintendence of the city fire-engines, and at once organized a regular and most efficient fire brigade. His capacity for the important post was soon tested and commended. Scarcely had he matured his plans when the great fire of 1824 occurred, the most memorable and extensive in the annals of the Scotch metropolis, when part of Edinburgh High Street, including the steeple of the Tron Church, was burned down. On this occasion he displayed that complete self-possession in a scene of wild uproar and uncertainty, with the graceful and athletic dexterity and personal courage, for which he afterward became so remarkable.

But he gained more than *local* celebrity. Having published a well-written and thoroughly practical pamphlet on the "Training of Firemen, the Construction of Engines, the Causes of Fires, and the best Modes of proceeding to Extinguish them," his growing fame reached London. In the year 1832, therefore, we find him accepting the appointment of chief of that brigade which, by indomitable perseverance, tact, and kindness in carrying out necessary discipline, he raised to a completely organized and efficient standard. His influence over the *one hundred and twenty men* he commanded was such that they not only confided in his judgment, and with alacrity bounded to execute his commissions, but truly *loved* him. Hence, to a considerable extent, the wonderful success of his hazardous efforts. For *thirty* years before his death his name was constantly before the public in connection with the ravaged buildings and reddened sky of the British capital.

Various *anecdotes* are current respecting Mr. Braidwood's singular coolness and courage in perilous circumstances, and of the beneficial effect which his invariably calm demeanor produced upon the affrighted inmates of dwellings on fire, trembling women, and terrified children, while directing them from the scene of danger. He has been known to descend into cellars containing gunpowder, the explosion of which would have made havoc with property, and perhaps have been fatal to life. Wrapping wet blankets around the barrels, he carried them in his arms through fire and smoke, one after another.

On one occasion *he saved a little child* from apparently inevitable destruction by walking across a plank to the room in which it lay unconscious of jeopardy, while the flames were raging madly beneath him. But though no one could exhibit more daring than himself, he was conspicuous for watching over the movements of his men, and would not allow them to take up a position or enter a building until he was satisfied that they were not exposing themselves to any unnecessary risks. He did not go through his experiences scathless, for in the year 1831 he narrowly escaped the fate which ultimately befell him, being struck down by some fragments of a falling roof, and so much injured that he had to be removed immediately to his home.

Thirty years afterward, on June 22d, in the above-mentioned great fire of London, the fatal moment came to the heroic captain—a moment often thought of and happily prepared for. Though he was a man of no ordinary mind, as the valuable papers he contributed to the Institution of Civil Engineers abundantly prove, yet the crowning feature of his character was his Christianity. The Rev. Dr. Cumming (of whose congregation Mr. Braidwood had been a consistent and generous member for upward of fifteen years) thus spoke of him:

"He who has gone was, I am sure, ripe to go. In our committees connected with our schools, ragged schools, day schools, Sunday-schools, his presence was welcomed by all his brethren; and his combination of good sense, of true piety, of thorough efficiency were such, that I fear we shall not soon see his like again. But what is lost to the church below we rejoice to say has gone to the church above."

The activity and energy displayed in the important post he filled were equally apparent in his Christian character. While active beyond most in the service of his fellow-men, *he remembered that his energies and powers were demanded for God.* His Christianity was that which shone forth in daily duties.

It is said by those who knew him intimately that he never entered upon his arduous and dangerous duties without commending himself and his men to the protecting care of God. He has been heard to say that in the midst of the dangers to which he was continually exposed he felt he could not proceed without casting himself upon God. There were moments in which he could only cry, "Help, Lord, help; for vain is the help of man." Thus *he was a man of prayer*. The vigor and liveliness of his faith may be seen in the words he uttered to his family shortly before his death—those earnest words of the apostle, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." It is said that he locked for death in his labors; and, as tending to show the readiness of his soul for the event, he regarded sudden death as a mercy, often remarking that "sudden death is sudden glory." How moving the thought that in what is commonly spoken of as his melancholy end he apparently realized the fulfilment of the desire of his heart!

His *funeral* was that of a great chieftain, rendered so by the unaffected sympathy and spontaneous admiration of the people, for never since the remains of the Duke of Wellington were conveyed to St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1852, did such a crowd attend upon the dead in the London streets on the way to the last resting-place.

THE ALDERSGATE STREET FATAL FIRE OF APRIL 30, 1880.

The top right-hand portion of our engraving represents a scene which was witnessed at the fatal fire in Aldersgate Street, London, on Friday April 30th last. The fire, which was remarkable for its destructiveness, originated, it is believed, in an explosion on the premises of some wholesale chemists and druggists. Owing to the vast quantities of inflammable and combustible substances stored in the warehouse, the flames enveloped the first and second stories before the occupants of the latter had time to effect their escape. Consequently a scene of a very painful and exciting character was witnessed by the vast crowd of persons who speedily assembled in the streets. The time of this outbreak was the middle of the day.

Five or six workmen rushed to the windows and shrieked wildly for help. There was no time to fetch the fire-escape—which arrived afterward, when it was too late—as the flames were rapidly gaining upon the unfortunate supplicants, and there was no ladder at hand. In the absence of any instant means of rescue, the crowd shouted to the men to jump, as there was no alternative for them but to risk the consequences of a perilous leap or suffer a terrible death. Seizing a tarpaulin from a van that had been stopped in its progress by the outbreak of the fire, some of the bystanders spread it out for the men to fall upon. One of the men then sprang upon it from the window, and escaped with only a slight shaking. Another also jumped, and was caught in a similar manner. Immediately afterward, however, another and a more violent explosion occurred, shattering the interior of the house so that the floors sank in, and renewed flames shot through the windows and above the roof. The appalling truth was then evident to all the terrified bystanders, that helpless men and boys were lost in the fiery c sm below. By this time the buildings upon w ch the disaster had originated were utterly d royed, a fallen wreck of incandescent rubbish f d the space on which they had stood. A gether *four men and boys* were burned to d th in this conflagration.

EMAN FITZGERALD'S HEROIC DEATH ON APRIL 21.

he lower portion of our picture represents th fire in Somers Town, London, on April 21. T inhabitants had the greatest difficulty in es ping from the burning premises. One young w an was at a top front window, surrounded by s ke and flame, and as a fire-escape man named G ch ascended the ladder she was seen to fall ba ward. At that moment Gooch reached the w low, and succeeded in *drawing up the girl by he hair of her head,* half suffocated, and b ght her down the escape in safety.

e entire building was now in flames, and th firemen who had arrived were busily empl ed in their efforts to extinguish them. A m named Fitzgerald was holding the hose, wh suddenly a rumbling sound was heard, imme ately followed by the falling forward of the wh e frontage of the building into the street, and be e Fitzgerald could escape he was knocked do by the *débris* and buried in the ruins. Police an firemen at once set to work to extricate the un rtunate man, and in a few minutes he was got out but as several tons of brickwork had fallen up him, he was quite dead. A view is also gi of the funeral *cortége* of Fitzgerald passing gton Green, on its way to the cemetery. A si ar procession follows the corpse of every Lo on fireman who falls at the post of duty.

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

SQUIRE ARMITAGE,

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER I.

I wanted to bring up before the eyes of a us foreigner a right royal specimen of an shman, Squire Armitage would be the man f choice. Six feet high, broad-shouldered, movement marked with the most exquisite and ease; a kindly heart, and a smile would disarm almost any enemy alive, I d like to know where a better could be ?

T Squire was a country gentleman, and a broad acre could he point to as his own, his father's before him. There wasn't a land-owner in the country. As far as the uld reach—north, south, east, and west, Brooklands, his seat—did his property ex-

, good-tempered and genial as Squire age was, he was not without his crotchets. ike all other very kind-hearted men, he was get *very* heated indeed when he *was* roused. so passionate a man, we all know, as he arely loses his temper.

two crotchets, which rose high over every were his disgust of poachers and teetotal- rs. It was an unlucky day for that poacher as brought before the bench when Squire age presided there. The very hardest sen- permitted by the law was pretty sure to be e passed upon *him*. While, as for teeto- , he used to say, "If I were a member of ouse of Commons I would bring in a bill eir extermination as pests and vermin." here can be no doubt that he would have o if he had had the opportunity.

truth was, the Squire had met with some oor specimens of abstainers. He had a tee- servant once, who turned out a perfect , and some of the village advocates, while ing up example most earnestly in the mat- abstaining from strong drink, quite forgot a good example in charity and kindness rgiveness of injuries.

had an idea too that, in some dim way or ale was at the bottom of England's great- and that any attempt to change the national beverage would bring his grand erect old country to her knees. At any rate, from whatever cause or causes his hatred derived its existence, nothing could be surer than the fact that toward teetotallers he had not a particle of love to spare: and he manifested his hatred not only by harsh words, but also by harsh deeds. For instance, when the village society sought to purchase a piece of land for a temperance room, he stoutly and angrily refused, while more than one eligible man was refused a farm on his estate simply because of his teetotal principles.

I think now I need say no more about Squire Armitage's opinion of teetotalism. I trust he stands out full and clear before your mind. A great and good man in a thousand ways, but in this one particular warped tremendously awry.

Let us now launch out into the subject of my story—"Squire Armitage, and his Remedies for Intemperance."

THE DINNER PARTY.

A thoroughly select little gathering it was, where everybody knew each other, and everybody was at ease. While some were good talkers, the rest were good listeners, so that from the clash of minds, and the eloquence of admiring nods, many a bright spark flashed forth.

Among other subjects was discussed that of drunkenness. Who started it nobody knew; but once taken up, it was argued with the utmost warmth. All were not of the same mind. So far from this being the case, most seemed to be of different opinions.

Could drunkenness be cured? If so, how? This was the form the subject took, after some irregular remarks from one and the other. It was in connection with the *remedy* that minds differed. Some argued fervently for better dwellings for the poor; their miserable houses, they thought, lay at the root of the whole evil. Others would have it that education was the grand remedy for the terrible disease of drunkenness.

"Men get drunk," said one, "because they know no better. Enlarge their minds. Teach them self-respect, and you cut down to the very roots of the disease."

"No such thing," chimed in still another; "what is wanted is some counter-attraction for the public house. Give them music and amusements elsewhere, and you'll soon find the public houses emptied."

Such were the views of Squire Armitage's guests. Strange to say, there was not one who pleaded for total abstinence. It was a remedy quite overlooked by all. It was clearly considered too outrageous even to mention. After everybody had had their say, Squire Armitage, for the first time, opened his mouth.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "It seems to me there's truth in *all* that you have said. I'll try your remedies in my own village here; and I'll begin at once."

A little hum of pleased applause greeted these words; and, after the question was a little further discussed, the party broke up.

Now Squire Armitage was a man of his word, and when he took up a thing, spared neither pains nor money in carrying it through. Day and night he brooded over this project, and lost no time in setting about its performance. How it succeeded we will show by and by.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

"Hallo, Polly! what on earth are you looking so sad about? Have you seen a ghost?"

So spoke George Armitage, the squire's only son. A fine young fellow was George, and the pride and joy of his father's heart. Polly was his only sister, and a year or two younger.

"I've seen something worse than a ghost, George."

"Why, Polly! it must have been something very bad then," he jokingly responded.

"It was bad—very bad," she said in the same sad tone. "I will tell you what I saw. Last night at twelve o'clock, hearing an unsteady tramping outside the hall door, I looked down from my window. The moon was shining very clearly, so that I was not deceived in what I saw George, I saw a young man reeling in drunkenness, his face flushed, his hair disordered, his hat half off. I heard him muttering dreadful curses. He came into this very house, George. Oh! it makes my blood run cold when I think that that man—that drunkard—was my brother."

George Armitage for a moment or two looked at the pattern on the carpet, tracing it out with his foot. When he ventured to lift his eyes to his sister's face he saw two large tears rolling down her pale cheeks, and an expression of such unutterable sadness sitting there that it pierced him to the heart.

"Polly," he said, "I know I made a beast of myself. I assure you it shall be the last time. I never knew till I got up from Markham's table that I had taken too much. I promise you I'll be from henceforth only a moderate drinker."

Polly had heard other promises very like this, and so derived very small comfort from it. She now determined to put his penitence to the severest test she had ever yet ventured to propose.

"George," she said, "how many promises like this have you already broken? Tell me candidly, do you really think you will be able to keep this one?"

The young man replied frankly, "Well, I will tell you the plain truth. I really mean to keep these promises when I make them, but somehow one sip of wine knocks me quite over. I fear very much you'll see me drunk again."

There was silence for a moment or two. His sister then made her long-thought-of proposal.

"George, you have often said you would do anything in the world to please me. I am going to ask you to do one thing which I know will cost you a good deal. Will you, dear brother, give up drinking strong drink altogether? Will you do it with me?"

"Why, Polly!" he exclaimed with surprise, "what would father say were he to know it? However, to please you I'll do it."

"George," she said softly, "I've long prayed to God for this. But you are not going to try in your own strength, are you?"

The brother looked somewhat staggered at this. He had not bargained for religion too. He saw, however, that mere resolution was not enough, so he promised his sister faithfully that he would fight this battle upon his knees.

"I'll begin to pray too," he said, with a little quiver in his voice.

"Shall we begin now, then?" pleaded Polly with some hesitation, as though she feared she was going too far.

His only answer was to fall upon his knees and bury his head in his hands.

What would the world have said had it known that the two children of Squire Armitage had become pledged abstainers from strong drink?

They decided to keep the matter wholly from their father, and while they would permit their glasses to be filled at dinner as usual, it should be with toast and water. Polly was such a favorite with all the servants that she knew their secret was safe with them. Indeed, the old butler, who had known them both from childhood, had fretted himself almost ill at the wildness of Mr. George, and would therefore be certain to fall in most cordially with the plot. And so it proved.

(*To be concluded.*)

Rev. Arthur J. Webb, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, Levuka, Fiji, writing to the Committee of the Bible Society, says: "Your last consignment of Testaments have all disappeared, being bought eagerly as soon as the cases were opened; and still there is a great demand. From the provinces the demand is large; incessant are the applications made for Testaments. Planters apply for them on behalf of Fijians who work for them, and stipulate that part of their pay shall be in this form. A planter who openly vaunts his disbelief in God, the Bible, and a future life, wrote for a Bible for one of his Fijian laborers, and afterward offered to receive a number of copies, and supply the natives with them."

THE SLAUGHTER OF YOUNG MEN.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, November 14, 1880.

"As an ox to the Slaughter."—PROV. 7:22.

The Ox Goes Unwittingly to Death—Young Men Driven by Temptation to Ruin—I. Young Men Slaughtered by Society—The Meaning of Unpayable Debt—Worse than Robbery—Vagabond Debtors—"A Paragraph from my own Experience"—A Graphic Description of a Debtor's Misery—II. Slaughtered by Irreligion—How a Young Man's Bible may be Captured—After that he is Defenceless—Infidelity the Meanest of all Larcenies—Where are the Slaughtered?—How to Stop the Slaughter—Arm Yourself—Have a Sanctum—Be not Discouraged by Poverty—Herschel's Youth—The God-given Outfit—The Panoply of Heaven—A Young Englishman at the Tabernacle—Ole Bull's Gold Watch.

THERE is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going on to a rich pasture-field of clover where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance; but after a while the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting, and drive him through bars and into a doorway where he is fastened, and with well-aimed stroke the axe fells him; and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture-field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisiacal enjoyment; but after a while influences with darker hue and swarthier arm close in upon him, and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden, he has been driven "as an ox to the slaughter."

I. We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them.

SOCIETY SLAUGHTERS

a great many young men by the behest, "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must wine and brandy as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding-house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow, make a false entry, or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months, or in a year or two, you can make all right. Nobody will be hurt by it, nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man in the house but has sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money: Money borrowed for the purpose of starting, or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for the necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt, more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott? Broken hearted at Abbotsford. Kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiselled over the fireplace at Abbotsford, "Waste not, want not."

The trouble is, my friends, that people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debts which you cannot meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store and I buy sugars and coffees and meats with no capacity to pay for them, and no intention of paying for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham! In the one case I take the merchant's time, and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him! In other words, a sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts for debts he never expects to pay.

Yet, in all our cities there are families that move every May day to get into proximity to other grocers and meat shops and apothecaries. They owe everybody within half a mile of where they now live, and next May they will move into a distant part of the city, finding a new lot of victims. Meanwhile, you, the honest family in the new house, are bothered day by day by the knocking at the door of disappointed bakers, and butchers, and dry goods dealers, and newspaper carriers, and you are asked where your predecessor is. You do not know. It was arranged you should not know. Meanwhile, your predecessor has gone to some distant part of the city, and the people who have anything to sell have sent their wagons and stopped there to solicit the "valuable" custom of the new neighbor, and he, the new neighbor, with great complacency and with an air of affluence, orders the finest steaks and the highest-priced sugars, and the best of the canned fruits, and perhaps all the newspapers —*Eagle*, *Argus*, *Herald*, *Sun*, *Tribune*, *World*, and *Times!* And the debts will keep on accumulating until he gets his goods on the 30th of next April in the furniture cart.

Now, let me say, if there are any such persons in the house this morning, if you have any regard for your own conscience you had better move to some greatly distant part of the city. If, for instance, you live in South Brooklyn, move to the Eastern District, or Greenpoint; or if you live in this central part of Brooklyn, move to New York or Jersey City! It is too bad that, having had all the trouble of consuming the goods, you should also have all the trouble of being dunned! And let me say if you find that this pictures your own photograph, instead of being in church *you ought to be in the penitentiary!* No wonder that so many of our merchants fail in business. They are swindled into bankruptcy by these wandering Arabs, these Nomads of city life. They cheat the grocer out of the green apples which make them sick, the physician who attends them during their distress, and the undertaker who fits them out for departure from the neighborhood where they owe everybody when they pay the debt of nature, *the only debt they ever do pay!*

Now our young men are coming up in this depraved state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not, my young friends. You shall have them if you have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain successes.

There is a law which controls even those things that seem haphazard. I have been told by those who have observed that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be sent to the Dead Letter Office every year through misdirection; that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be detained for lack of postage stamps through the forgetfulness of the senders, and that it is possible to tell just how many people will fall in the streets by slipping on an orange peel. In other words, there ar accidents. The most insignificant event ever heard of is *the link between two eternit* the eternity of the past and the eternity of future. Head the right way, young man, you will came out at the right goal.

Bring me a young man and tell me wha physical health is, and what his mental cal and what his habits, and I will tell you will be his destiny for this world, and his des for the world to come, and I will not make inaccurate prophecies out of the five hun All this makes me solicitous in regard to y men, and I want to make them nervous i gard to the contraction of unpayable debt give you a paragraph from

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

My first settlement as pastor was in a vil My salary was $800 and a parsonage. amount seemed enormous to me. I said to self, "What! all this for one year?" I afraid of getting worldly under so much perity! I resolved to invite all the congreg to my house in groups of twenty-five each. began, and as they were the best congreg in all the world, and we felt nothing was good for them, we piled all the luxuries or table. I never completed the undertaking. the end of six months I was in financial des I found that we not only had not the surpl luxuries, but we had a struggle to get the n sities, and I learned what every young learns in time to save himself, or too late, you must measure the size of a man's bod fore you begin to cut the cloth for his coat

When a young man wilfully and of ch having the comforts of life, goes into the traction of unpayable debts, he knows not what he goes. The creditors get after debtor, the pack of hounds in full cry, and for the reindeer. They jingle his doorbe fore he gets up in the morning, they jing doorbell after he has gone to bed at night. meet him as he comes off his front steps. send him a postal card, or a letter, in c style, telling him to pay up. They attac goods. They want cash, or a note at days, or a note on demand. *They call knave.* They say he lies. They want him plined at the church. They want him t out of the b nk. They come at him fro side, and from that side, and from before from behind, and from above, and fro neath, and he is insulted, and gibbeted, and and dunned, and sworn at, until he get nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, gets complaint, gets heart disease, gets conv disorder, gets consumption.

Now he is dead, and you say, "Of cours will let him alone." Oh, no! Now the watchful to see whether there are any un sary expenses at the obsequies, to see w there is any uselesss handle on the casket, whether there is any surplus plait on the sh to see whether the hearse is costly or che see whether the flowers sent to the casket been bought by the family or donated, to whose name the deed to the grave is mad Then they ransack the bereft household books, the pictures, the carpets, the chair sofa, the piano, the mattresses, the pillo which he died. Cursed be debt! For th of your own happiness, for the sake of your morals, for the sake of your immortal so God's sake, young man, as far as possible out of it.

II. But I think more young men are

SLAUGHTERED THROUGH IRRELIGION

Take away a young man's religion an make him the prey of evil. We all kno the Bible is the only perfect system of m Now, if you want to destroy the young morals, take his Bible away. How will y that? Well, you will caricature his reve for the Scriptures, you will take all those dents of the Bible which can be made mirt Jonah's whale, Samson's foxes, Adam's then you will caricature eccentric Christia inconsistent Christians, then you will pass our own all those hackenyed arguments against hristianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as d as Voltaire, as old as sin. Now, you have ptured his Bible, and you have taken his rongest fortress; the way is comparatively clear, d all the gates of his soul are set open in in- ation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of ath, that they may come in and drive the ke for their encampment.

A steamer fifteen hundred miles from shore th broken rudder and lost compass, and hulk king fifty gallons the hour, is better off than young man when you have robbed him of his ble. Have you ever noticed how despicably an it is to take away the world's Bible without posing a substitute. It is meaner than to me to a sick man and steal his medicine, aner than to come to a cripple and steal his tch, meaner than to come to a pauper and al his crust, meaner than to come to a poor n and burn his house down. It is

THE WORST OF ALL LARCENIES

steal the Bible which has been crutch and dicine and food and eternal home to so many. hat a generous and magnanimous business in- elity has gone into! This splitting up of life- ts, and taking away of fire escapes, and ex- guishing of lighthouses.

come out and I say to such people, "What you doing all this for?" "Oh!" they say, *ust for fun.*" It is such fun to see Christians to hold on to their Bibles! Many of them e lost loved ones, and have been told that re is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell m there will be no resurrection! Many of m have believed that Christ came to carry burdens and to heal the wounds of the ld, and it is such fun to tell them they will e to be their own saviour! Think of the nest thing you ever heard of; then go down ousand feet underneath it, and you will find rself at the top of a stairs a hundred miles g; go to the bottom of the stairs, and you will a ladder a thousand miles long; then go to foot of the ladder and look off a precipice as far as from here to China, and you will *the headquarters of the meanness* that would this world of its only comfort in life, its only ce in death, and its only hope for immor- y. Slaughter a young man's faith in God, there is not much more left to slaughter.

ow, *what has become of the slaughtered?* l, some of them are in their father's or her's house, broken down in health, waiting ie; others are in the hospital, others are in enwood, or, rather, their bodies are, for their s have gone on to retribution. Not much pect for a young man who started life with l health, and good education, and a Chris- example set him, and opportunity of useful- , who gathered all his treasures and put them ne box, and then dropped it into the sea.

ow, how is this wholesale slaughter to be ped. There is not a person in the house but terested in that question.

YOUNG MAN, ARM YOURSELF.

object of my sermon this morning is to put apon in each of your hands for your own de- e. Wait not for Young Men's Christian As- tions to protect you, or churches to protect Appealing to God for help, take care of self.

rst, have a room somewhere that you can your own. Whether it be the back parlor fashionable boarding house, or a room in ourth story of a cheap lodging, I care not. have that one room your fortress. Let not lissipater or unclean step over the threshold. ey come up the long flight of stairs and k at the door, meet them face to face and y yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have family portraits on the wall, if you brought with you from your country home. Have le on the stand. If you can afford it and can play on one, have an instrument of c—harp, or flute, or cornet, or melodeon, lin, or piano. Every morning before you that room, pray. Every night after you home in that room, pray. Make that room your Gibraltar, your Sebastopol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table.

Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two, or three, or four flights of stairs; *your help will come through the roof*, down from heaven, from that God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances, in passing, that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, young man, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who thirty years from now are the millionaires of this country, who are the orators of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and state—are this morning on a level with you, not an inch above, and you in straitened circumstances now.

Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of the play he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the fields of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman in a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers.

NO OUTFIT,

no capital to start with! young man, go down to the Mercantile Library and get some books and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting room and illustrate to you what you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man in this house is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him. Then his body—a very poor affair compared with his wonderful soul—Oh, that is what makes me solicitous. I am not so much anxious about you, young man, because you have so little to do with, as I am anxious about you because you have so much to risk, and lose or gain.

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store, and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that young man forty miles the hour, and he in a frail boat headed up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go under.

Ah! when I told you to take care of yourself you misunderstood me if you thought I meant you are to depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine cup, or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of the Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that panoply, and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor the next, but right thinking, and right believing, and right acting will take you in safety through this life and in transport through the next.

I never shall forget *a prayer* I heard a young man make some fifteen years ago. It was a very short prayer, but it was a tremendous prayer: "Oh! Lord, help us. We find it so very easy to do wrong and so hard to do right, Lord help us." That prayer, I warrant you, reached the ear of God, and reached His heart. And there are in this house this morning a hundred men who have found out—a thousand young men, perhaps, who have found out that very thing. It is so very easy to do wrong, and so hard to do right.

I got a letter last night, only one paragraph of which I shall read:

"Having moved around somewhat, I have run across many young men of intelligence, ardent strivers after that will-o'-the-wisp—fortune—and of one of these I would speak. He was

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN

of twenty-three or four years, who came to New York, where he had no acquaintances, with barely sufficient to keep him a couple of weeks. He had been tenderly reared, perhaps I should say too tenderly, and was not used to earning his living, and found it extremely difficult to get any position that he was capable of filling. After many vain efforts in this direction he found himself on a Sunday evening in Brooklyn, near your church, with about three dollars left of his small capital. Providence seemed to lead him to your door, and he determined to go in and hear you.

"He told me his going to hear you that night was undoubtedly *the turning point in his life*, for when he went into your church he felt desperate, but while listening to your discourse his better nature got the mastery. I truly believe from what this young man told me that your sounding the depths of his heart that night alone brought him back to his God whom he was so near leaving."

The echo that is of multitudes in the house this morning. I am not preaching an abstraction, but *a great reality*. Oh! friendless young man, Oh! prodigal young man, Oh! broken-hearted young man, discouraged young man, wounded young man, I commend to you Christ this day, the best friend a man ever had. He meets you this morning. You have come here for this blessing. Despise not that emotion rising in your soul; it is divinely lifted. Look into the face of Christ. Lift one prayer to your father's God, to your mother's God, and this morning get the pardoning blessing. Now, while I speak, you are at the forks of the road, and this is the right road, and that is the wrong road and I see you start on the right road.

Last Sabbath morning, at the close of the service, I saw *a gold watch* of the world-renowned and deeply-lamented violinist, Ole Bull. You remember he died last summer in his island home off the coast of Norway. That gold watch he had wound up day after day through his last illness, and then he said to his companion, "Now, I want to wind this watch as long as I can, and then when I am gone I want you to keep it wound up until it gets to my friend, Dr. Doremus, in New York, and then he will keep it wound up until his life is done, and then I want the watch to go to his young son, my especial favorite."

The great musician who more than any other artist had made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph—for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if all earth and heaven shivered in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While all the world was mourning at his departure, sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the mainland. There were fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheatre of the hills waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began to speak, the fifty thousand people on the hillsides burst into tears.

Oh! that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy. But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right and die right, that was a tame scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of heaven the one hundred and forty and four thousand shall accord with Christ in crying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." And the influences that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up and handed to their children, until watch and clock are no more needed to mark the progress, because time itself shall be no longer.

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(Continued from page 727.)

The Hymn—A New Guest—A Horrible Suspicion Crosses Cecil's Mind—The Meeting of Husband and Wife—Pride still Powerful—Miss Calvert taken into Salome's Confidence—And is Startled by a Strange Revelation.

AFTER this first day it became a regular employment of Salome Stanley on Sunday mornings to attend the free breakfasts at the Albert Street Mission Hall, and as regularly to entertain the motley company by her glorious voice during the interval that elapsed between their entrance and the completion of the breakfast preparations.

Spring had come, the air grew softer and more balmy, and in a week or two the last of the breakfasts would be held for the season. The crowd that had gathered in the keen frosty mornings of the depth of winter, in such vast numbers as to be both overwhelming and perplexing to the managers of the breakfasts, who could not possibly admit all of them, no longer troubled them. The hall was well filled still, but the cases of extreme distress were less numerous and heartrending. It does not seem quite so terrible to send a death-struck haggard man or a destitute woman and her children out into a sunny soft spring day, to find a living on the morrow as they best can, as to send them forth into the cold and comfortless streets for many dreary winter hours.

Salome had, as usual, begun to sing, standing in her accustomed place by the side of Miss Calvert, as that lady presided at the harmonium,

"Oh! what shall the harvest be?
Oh! what shall the harvest be?"

She had reached this sad refrain of the first verse of a very favorite hymn when the door was pushed open, and a stranger was admitted by Cecil, who stood at the entrance, to claim the hospitality of the mission.

A man of about thirty years, with destitution and dissipation written on every feature of the blotched, diseased face, in every fold of the greasy, dingy, threadbare garments, and in every movement of the feeble, tottering limbs, yet with a reckless gayety about him, a careless attempt at easy superiority, that served to make only a more miserable exhibition of his degradation, and brought it into a much stronger light.

He seated himself as far from his next neighbor on the bench as might be, glanced superciliously around at the other occupants of the room, and then his bleared eyes caught sight of the lovely singer standing in her purity and sweetness before them all. She had paused at his entrance, some little interruption having taken place with the crying baby of a poor woman in the front row; the infant being quieted, she began again to sing.

Was Cecil mistaken, or did the man start violently? Certainly he quickly covered his face with his hands. A horrible suspicion came over the mind of Cecil Anerley.

Salome Stanley continued to sing; the assembly helped her at the chorus. Now her eyes were turned that way—to the very place where the man sat.

Cecil's fascinated gaze watched her every movement intently, anxious for the effect upon her. She appeared to look at him, but only momentarily, only casually, as at any other, and then her glance was turned away again.

"Thank Heaven!" Cecil murmured devoutly to himself. "I am wrong." What a relief it was.

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame.
Oh! what shall the harvest be?
Oh! what shall the harvest be?"

The man moved uneasily in his seat as the words, clearly and earnestly sung, clove the air around him.

Cecil left the room to superintend the breakfast arrangements, and then came back again. Presently Salome followed one of the attendants who carried an immense basket of bread, and distributed the food to the people as she passed along between the seats. She it was who came to the row where the new-comer still sat covering his face with his hands. His next neighbor gave him a nudge.

"Wake up, mate; the lady's a comin'."

He turned carelessly, with a half-offended air, and saw before him Salome's outstretched hand, with the allotted portion of bread and butter ready for his acceptance. She trembled as she watched him.

"Orlando!" she said softly, as their eyes met, "you here?"

"You do know me, do you? I thought you meant to give me the cold shoulder; and if you had I should have accepted it. My pride is not quite all gone. I am still as haughty as—as Lucifer."

She did not answer him, save by an expressive gesture that seemed to question his words.

"Come into Miss Calvert's room. I know she will allow me to ask you there," said Salome.

"Let me have breakfast first," he said bitterly; "this food looks good to a man who has not tasted any for twenty-four hours, and I smell a very good brew of coffee. Go on with your work, Salome—I'll not detain you—and after breakfast I'll have a few words with you, if you like."

"Of course you should have breakfast, and have it more comfortably," whispered Salome, her face flushing at his careless tone.

"This will do very well for me. Did I not say my pride was gone?"

"Did you not say you were still proud?" she asked.

He did not appear to notice her interruption, but proceeded,

"If your husband is a casual, my dear, you had better make the best of it, and treat him as such."

These words were whispered very softly, but they seemed to enter her ears like sharp needles and pierce them as acutely; yet Salome went on with her work as her husband had bade her, acting all the while as if in a dream, only able to see one truth clearly—that she must, if possible, save this poor wreck of humanity from drifting into the black harbor of eternal death—that she must draw him toward truth by cords of love, and bring him to rest at last upon Christ, the only sure Anchor of every sin-tossed, wandering, wayward human soul.

When the breakfast was fairly in progress, and Salome could find leisure for a few words to Miss Calvert, she requested that lady to come with her to her private room.

"Miss Calvert," she began, "I have a personal secret to tell you. Will you forgive me that I have hitherto deceived you? Believe me, that at first I did not see any harm in doing so, and lately, though I have been uneasy about it and was trying to gain courage to reveal all, as, Mr. Anerley advised, everything was already so much settled, and seemed to have been made so much easier for me than, if I now stated the whole truth, could possibly be the case, that I found it very hard indeed to disclose my real circumstances."

Miss Calvert's gentle face and sympathizing manner invited further confidence, and it came abruptly. Salome tried and tried again to find a preface for her facts, but could not.

"I am married, Miss Calvert," she said; "and my husband is at this moment in the hall."

"In the hall! My dear child—my poor girl—what you must have suffered! He is a bad man, then, I fear, and you have had to leave him? Pause, rest a few minutes, my dear Salome. Don't look like that; try to be brave, as you have been hitherto. Lay your head upon my shoulder."

Salome struggled hard against the dreadful faintness that stole over her, but for a little while her effort was of no use. Miss Calvert laid her on the small couch on which they had been seated together, and going to the door her room, sent for Cecil Anerley. He came once, and she admitted him.

"Salome Stanley has implied that you kn her history," she began.

But now Salome, by the aid of water smelling salts, had somewhat revived, turned her pale face, so pathetic in its sadn toward him and smiled feebly but reassurin Cecil, naturally overcome, said gently,

"Yes, Miss Calvert."

"The husband who has disgraced himself the hall, she tells me."

"Then it was he!" said Cecil aloud.

Cecil could not account for the vivid suspic he had had that the stranger was Salome St ley's husband. Perhaps it was really not wonderful he should have imagined this, as had watched, and been almost equally suspici of, several similar-looking men during that ter since he had learned her history. But w he observed further that this man spoke f few minutes with Salome as she dealt out provisions, and that though she had turned fr him calmly it was with a very sad pale face deed, it was quite natural he should have especially anxious about her, and eager to kn more.

"I must see him," said Salome at "Mr. Anerley, am I trespassing too much on y goodness to ask you to bring him here?"

She felt, as she spoke, that she was putt the nobility of his personal affection for he the very hardest test, but its grand unselfish made him able to bear it.

"I will bring him," he replied, "and grant that some good may come to you of this suffering!"

Cecil returned to the Hall, and whispere the ear of the stranger,

"Your wife wishes to see you; will you low me?"

The heavy eyes of Orlando Stanley looke at him in some surprise, but without a word rose in obedience to his summons. Cecil not need to look twice at him as he walked very sure that he was both weak and ill. Ph cally, morally, spiritually he was that ter spectacle of fallen humanity—a man bro down by his own sinful acts, a sight one w think, were it happily less common, sufficien deter any young man in the glory of his n hood from commencing a career so fraught horror and spoliation to himself and others.

Having shown him into the little room. seen him take the chair which Miss Calvert kindly set for him near to Salome, Cecil w drew, to take part in the short religious ser about to be commenced in the Hall for t who had attended the breakfast and any ot who might like to come in from the neigh hood.

Miss Calvert was also about to withdraw, Salome looked at her so appealingly that she constrained to remain. The first few min were passed in a very awkward silence. T Orlando Stanley, as if impatient of this, b it with the words—

"Well, Salome, have you invited me Quakers' meeting? Since you acknowledge as your husband, surely you have somethin say to me as a wife? If I could have gue that you were in such a good frame of m and so likely to be generous to a poor, har fellow, I should not so long have left you in disturbed possession of your neat little inco

"Orlando," returned Salome, beginning speak at last with a good deal of effort, bu the quiet, determined way that was natura her, "I see you are ill and unhappy, and I really to help you."

"You are right, Salome, as to health, an defy any man or woman to feel particul happy when they are suffering physical pain am perfectly willing, my dear, that you sh be of use to me, and perhaps both this lady yourself will excuse me if I say frankly how can best be done.

(To be continued.)

A PERPETUAL JUBILEE.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.

> "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."
> —ISAIAH 61 : 1.

Preparation for the Jubilee—A Significant Type of Christ's Redemption—I. Rest from Labor—The Saviour's Invitation to Earthly and Heavenly Rest—II. Restoration of Alienated Property—The Power of Old Associations—Our Lost Inheritance Regained, and Heaven in Addition—III. Restoration of Freedom—The Value of Liberty—Boasting Bondsmen—The Trumpet Blast of Deliverance.

THE allusion in the words just mentioned is, as you will understand, to the Jewish year of jubilee. The *evangelical* sense of the term, as it is to be here understood, is confirmed by the fact that when the Saviour preached in the synagogue this was His text, and He announced the fulfilment of the prophecy from the advent of the dispensation of the Gospel. The great purpose of the Redeemer, after He had accomplished the atonement by His voluntary death upon the cross, was to provide for *the perpetual proclamation* of this acceptable year of the Lord.

For this He called and commissioned the primitive apostles, and has raised up His ministers in bright and ever-enduring succession through all the ages of time. He only can properly announce Himself as the messenger from whose incarnation all these blessings are to flow. The *original* power of proclamation belonged of right to Him who had wrought out the redemption; but He has *delegated* it to men of like passions with ourselves, and the purpose to which their lives is to be incessantly devoted is to preach the Gospel—glad tidings to the sorrowful, healing and health to the spirits that are sore broken, liberty to sin's sad bondsmen, and to proclaim in the hearing of an enslaved and impoverished world the acceptable year of the Lord.

In the first place, if you study the history of the Jewish jubilee you find that

IT COMMENCED AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

Of the solemnities of that remarkable day you are, doubtless, aware, and that it was a public and a national confession and purgation of sin. Throughout the whole of the day there was *one continued succession of expiations.* Early in the morning the high priest presented at the door of the Tabernacle a bullock, in typical atonement for himself and his house. That bullock was slain, and its blood sprinkled upon the altar, the mercy-seat veiled the meanwhile by the cloud of incense from the worshippers' view. Then two goats were brought, and lots cast upon them which of them should be banished as the scape-goat into the wilderness. The one that was doomed for sacrifice was then solemnly slain, and its blood sprinkled in like manner upon the altar. The priest then confessed, upon the head of the goat which had been reserved for exile, the transgressions of the people, and it was afterward led off into the wilderness with all this typical guilt upon its head.

All this while the congregation fasted, for it was *a day of prostration and of sorrow.* The high priest dare not wear the ordinary garments of his office. Girt in simple linen clothes he had ministered, and now with reverent hands, in humble attire, with contrite soul, he lifts the veil and carries the token of the propitiation into the inner shrine. There the Divine presence shines in visible symbol; there God communes with His servants from off the mercy-seat and from between the cherubim; and, casting off his garments of contrition, and arraying himself in splendid robes, he comes forth with the glory yet lingerng on his brow, and with his breastplate glittering with the consecrated symbol of the tribes, and with uplifted hands communicates pardon, and dispenses blessing, and each one of the vast and prostrate multitude rises up gladdened and forgiven.

Now, brethren, is not this *a type*—a very true type—of *the way in which spiritual blessings are exclusively introduced to mankind.* There can be no jubilee for us—a race of lost and guilty rebels taken in arms, traitors convicted of treason—unless an all-prevalent atonement had previously purchased our pardon. A criminal does not rejoice, you know, in the interval between the sentence and its execution. He is ordinarily too much occupied with fell remorse for the past, and with dreamy horror of the future. It is not seemly for a child to be frivolous when there is brought home to him the conviction of his base ingratitude, and when displeasure struggles with affection upon the brow of the father. The heart of the convicted criminal and of the erring child should be filled with very different feelings.

Brethren, *we are the criminals;* each one of us has offended against the law, and has exposed himself to its judicial procedure. We are "condemned already." The sentence of death is in ourselves. Brethren, we are *erring children;* our Father has been rich in His provision, and bountiful in the memorials of His tenderness, but we have rebelled against His authority. We have grieved the very heart within Him, and we have exposed ourselves to the threat of disinheritance and perpetual exile from our ancestral home.

THERE CAN BE NO JUBILEE FOR US

until the law relaxes its grip upon us, and until the Father looks and smiles upon His repentant child. Before the bar of justice which has arraigned us we must cry, "Guilty, guilty before God." At the feet of the kindness we have outraged we must fling ourselves and say, groaning out with the prodigal, "Father, I have sinned." But, having done that, we need not lure the goat from the cliff, nor draw the bullock from the field, that we may offer it in sacrifice. Thank God, the blood of these meaner victims need not flow, for a costlier sacrifice has been offered for all time. It avails for the most wayward child, it avails for the most reprobate criminal, and our hearts, overflowing with a peace which they never knew before, may revel and may banquet in its glad tidings of great joy.

And this atonement which has brought gladness to one is *intended to bring gladness to all;* it is the exclusive source of safety and of happiness for man. Apart from *its* reconciling provisions there is a curse upon humanity which no sorcery of the world's wizardry can charm away. And all complacency which men may feel, and all good of which they imagine themselves possessed, are but

DELUSIVE AS THE MIDNIGHT DREAM.

There can be *no peace,* or if there be, it is a peace which God hath not spoken, like the treacherous calm just outside the eddy of the maelstrom, which only speeds the doomed vessel into the cruel eddy of its waves. There can be *no hope,* or if there be, it will have no freedom from the blush of shame, and no steadfast anchorage by which to hold. There can be *no joy,* or if there be, it will be a baseless and fugitive emotion, transient as the dew, but not like the dew, melting into the light of heaven. Peace and hope and joy for renovated man can come in happy jubilee *only from the atonement of Christ.*

I. Preserving the order in which in the history the blessings of the jubilee are brought before us, the *first* thing that strikes us is that there was

REST FROM EXHAUSTING LABOR.

By a providential arrangement, similar to that which secured a double supply of manna on the sixth day, the land had unusual fertility in the sixth year, so that in the seventh, which was the ordinary, and in the fiftieth, which was the special Sabbatical year, there was a suspension of the common duties of husbandry. Both the land and laborers had rest, and yet the supply did not fail, for there was plenty in every barn, and there was gladness in every heart.

Profane history *confirms* what scoffing unbelief might otherwise have regarded as a tale, for we are told by *Josephus*—an impartial historian' certainly—that in the time of *Alexander the Great* there was special exemption from taxes during the Sabbatical year, and that after the return from captivity the Sabbatical year was reverently and constantly maintained. And in a spiritual sense, brethren, is not

REST FOR THE WEARY

just what our spirits so fervently require—just what the Gospel has been itself inspired to provide? The Saviour's most gracious invitation, addressed to a world of the heavy-laden, contains a promise of rest.

Oh! ye who have toiled so long, and who have reaped nothing from your profitless labor, take the yoke upon you, and you shall find rest unto your souls—rest of all kinds, rest for *the vexed mind;* for the bewilderments of its unbelief shall be disentangled, and it shall rejoice in settled principles which no doubts disturb, and in the confiding faith which can wait for the unveiling of mystery till the light of eternity has made luminous the darkness of time. Rest for the *awakening conscience;* for its remorseful memory shall be still, and its accusing voice silent, and the brand of its condemnation removed; and there shall come a great calm upon it, as when the lone lake sleeps beneath the hush of summer. Rest for the *wayward heart;* for it shall be weaned from its idols, and all its wanderings shall be forgiven, and it shall cleave to Jesus, and flutter into His bosom like the nestling bird, serene in the possession of an object upon which it can pour out its wealth of love.

Rest *in acts of labor;* for labor is in itself a blessing, and a free heart within the man will divest it of drudgery and weariness, and all the activities of the spiritual nature will go about doing good. Rest in *the endurance of trial;* for there shall be breathed a spirit of chastened resignation that will charm the anguish out of pain, and that will relax the frown from sorrow, and that in humble imitation of the great pattern will bless a scoffing world from beneath its crowning thorns. Rest *in the mortal struggle;* for the enemy shall be beaten from the field, and there shall be sunset splendors in the western sky, and the departing soul shall glow in that strange light of eventide, and shall leave all the sore travail of its doubt and mystery behind it, and shall enter upon quietness and assurance forever. And then rest at last, the perfecting of rest, "*the rest that remaineth.*" Tears shed over the corpse, wailing at the solemn funeral, nights of weeping, for the living; but for the dead, angelic welcome and divine recognitions, and a coronation, and a home, and voices from heaven assuring the listening earth that they are blessed and God the Holy Ghost indorsing it with Divinest utterance—"Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Here are *the blessings of the spiritual jubilee,* and, brethren, these privileges are brought nigh, and are offered as your own in this acceptable year of the Lord. Rest in weariness now; rest from weariness forever. Now the glad travel of the pilgrim; then the sure abiding in the palace, and the eternal parting from the staff and sandals. Now the warrior's stern fight and brave conquest; then the loosing of the helmet and the sheathing of the useless sword. Now the wearied voyaging of the Christian mariner, then the calm water of the shallows, and the entrance into the fair haven forever. Oh! priceless inheritance, offered without price! Oh! gift of unfailing grace and love! Brethren, those of you that are in Jesus, realize the fulness of this earliest blessing of your jubilee, and let no one rob you of the rest that is rightly yours. Brethren, those of you that are yet weary and helpless strangers, Jesus waits to be gracious; the trumpet is sounded; the rest is offered you to-day.

(To be concluded next week.)

The Second Volume of The Christian Herald, comprising Nos. 27 to 52 (July to Dec., 1879), may be procured, elegantly bound in cloth, at this office. Price $1.75.

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OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Celebrated Chinese Letter which Caused so exciting an agitation just before the Presidential election has been the subject of investigation in the law courts and the journalist charged with forging it was on Saturday committed for trial. The letter purported to have been written by General Garfield, and its publication was calculated to seriously injure his prospects. Mechanics learned from it with amazement that the Republican candidate for the Presidency was not opposed to the wholesale importation of Chinamen to work in our factories, and even approved of the scheme in the interest of employers. General Garfield denied having written such a letter, and evidence was produced to prove that the whole production, even to the post-marks on the envelope, was a forgery. The letter was addressed to H. L. Morey, of Lynn, Mass., but it was stated that no such person had ever lived there, and the question of his identity became an important element in the inquiry. Witnesses were however, produced to prove the existence of Morey, but subsequently the two men who gave the evidence confessed that they had been paid to swear falsely. Thus the plot from beginning to end appears to have been a disgraceful attempt to influence the votes of American citizens by a fraudulent issue.

Patriotic citizens of all parties unite in denouncing the crime. The unscrupulous persons who planned and executed it cared not, providing General Garfield's prospects were injured, who else suffered. The party they designed to serve lies under imputation, and the national honor is degraded in the eyes of the world by their wicked act. For the sake of public morality it may be hoped they will be punished as a warning to others. It is gratifying to observe that Mr. Barnum has published a statement on behalf of the National Democratic Committee emphatically repudiating all responsibility in the matter. He states distinctly that the committee did not see the letter until after it had been published. That assurance is very welcome, for it would have been a matter for general humiliation had the leaders of a great party stooped to a scheme so infamous as this of forgery and perjury.

A Fatal Colliery Disaster Occurred at Stellarton, N.S., on Friday, November 12th, in the Foord Pit, Albion Coal Mines. These are the same mines in which the great fire of 1861 broke out, but the Foord Pit had until last Friday been free from these distressing calamities. The first intimation of the catastrophe was a terrific explosion which startled the neighborhood at half past six o'clock A.M. Investigation showed that gas had collected in one of the bonds or headers of the pit, and had been ignited by *a defective lamp*. A full force of men—about one hundred and sixty—were in the pit at the time, and only a portion of them escaped. Several efforts were made by volunteer parties to explore the pit, but the presence of fire damp was so perceptible that it was considered a useless risk of life to proceed far from the mouth of the shaft. On Saturday another attempt was made, and several dead bodies were found, but on proceeding about a mile into the workings it was discovered that the pit was on fire, and on returning to the surface with that report it was decided, in order to prevent further disaster, to flood the pit. That course destroys all hope of rescuing any of the entombed miners, but the existence of fire in the part in which they are known to have been at work convinces the engineers that they must have been killed almost instantaneously. The men known to be missing number thirty-five, and it is feared that there may be others in the pit about whom no inquiry has been made.

One of the most Gratifying Results of the Recent election was the vote in Kansas, by which the Constitutional Amendment was carried by a majority of 10,000. The Amendment puts an end to the manufacture, importation, and sale of alcoholic liquors except for medicinal and manufacturing purposes. The citizens will find the benefit of the new regulation, if it be loyally carried out, in increased prosperity and in a conspicuous reduction of State expenses for prisons, hospitals, and poor-houses.

Two More Financial Disasters have Befallen Hackensack, N. J. It is but a short time since the National Bank and the Savings Institutions of Hackensack collapsed, and now a defaulting treasurer has ruined the Bank of Bergen County and the Bergen County Savings Bank. The defalcations are variously estimated. The lowest figure mentioned by those who are acquainted with the affairs of the banks is $120,000, and one of the directors of the Bank of Bergen County asserts that the amount taken will reach $200,000. The directors of both banks considered that the interests of creditors would be consulted by closing the institutions as soon as the deficiency was discovered, lest in the run that would ensue some might profit at the expense of others. The treasurer, who is respectably connected, has been arrested, and he promptly surrendered his personal property to reduce the loss. It is believed that he lost money heavily by speculation in Wall Street, and also in importing expensive *fancy breeds of fowls*, for some of which he paid $100 each, and abstracted the securities of the banks to cover his losses.

A Mutiny in Utah has Been Put Down with some rigor. A number of young ladies belonging to the Mormon body formed a society in which the members pledged themselves not to marry any man who would not promise to be content with one wife, and not to marry any man who was already married. As this society struck at the root of the Mormon principles, it was ruthlessly dissolved. Five grand-daughters of Brigham Young were among the members. The cruelty practised in Utah is sending up a cry to heaven for vengeance, and unless prompt and energetic measures to enforce the law of God are taken by the Washington government, it will incur its share of the responsibility.

Another Ladies' Swindling Enterprise has collapsed. This time the headquarters were in New York. Several months ago Mrs. Warren and Mrs. McIntire rented rooms in Union Square, and furnished them in elegant style. Stock indicators and telephones connecting with the offices of stock brokers were obtained, and patronage was solicited by extensive advertising. Mrs. McIntire retired from the partnership about three months ago, and Mrs. Warren continued the business. She represented that she had a large sum of money at her command and an extended experience with the intricacies of stock speculation, and many women invested hundreds, and in some instances thousands of dollars. Mrs. Warren's manner of doing business was to receive a sum of money for a certain number of days, with the understanding that she could invest it or not, according as her judgment dictated, and if an investment was made she would return half of the profit of the investment. The principal was in any event to be returned to the person making the investment. Mrs. Warren has suddenly left the city, and her numerous victims can find no traces of her or their lost money.

A Man was Rescued from a Living Grave on Friday, November 5th, where he had been since the previous Wednesday. He had undertaken, in company with another man, to clean out the bottom of an old well at Smithtown, L. I. As he descended by a rope the wall of the well gave way and buried him. His companion procured assistance to dig out the dead body, but after digging for an hour or two the voice of the man supposed to be dead was heard entreating him to hurry in rescuing him. The work was attended with danger, for it was found that in excavating, the loose sand fell, blocking up the arch which protected the entombed man. As it seemed probable that the arch would fall upon him if the fallen sand were disturbed further, it was decided to sink another well by the side of the old one and tunnel from one to the other. The man was immured for thirty-nine hours before he was finally delivered. The sinner's position is just as desperate without Christ. There would have been no hope of deliverance had not the Saviour come down to earth to seek and to save that which was lost (Isa. 63 : 5).

Active Preparations are in Progress in San Francisco to secure the success of the services to be held in that city by Moody and Sankey. At a recent meeting of the Ministerial Union the best and most effective means of preparing the people for the approaching visit were discussed. It was resolved that the various pastors hold prayer-meetings in their respective churches to entreat God's blessing on the services. It was also suggested that Mr. Schluembach, an earnest preacher who is at present in Chicago, be invited to visit San Francisco during the stay of the evangelists to prosecute special work among the atheistic Germans. On their way to San Francisco the evangelists made a short stay at Salt Lake City, and held services there which were crowded with attentive listeners.

Colonel Drake, who Sank the First Oil Well in Pennsylvania, died at New Bethlehem, Pa., on November 8th. In 1858 Drake was a conductor on the New York & New Haven Railroad, but he left his appointment to arrange some business at Titusville for a firm in New Haven. While engaged at Titusville he examined the soil and the springs, and became convinced that oil might be obtained by boring. The idea was ridiculed, but Drake obtained the services of an old salt borer and sank his well. The result was a large supply of oil, and he realized a large fortune. Subsequent speculations, however, proved disastrous, and he became so poor that in 1873 he was glad to accept a pension of $1500 a year from the State, on which he has subsisted since then. To-day the oil region is honeycombed with wells; the supply of petroleum far exceeds the demand. A statue to Colonel Drake's memory is to be erected on the new Oil Exchange now being built in Titusville.

Bible and Prayer Union.—The Lessons for the ensuing week are the consecutive Psalms, that for to-morrow, Friday, being Psalm 109. The following requests for prayer have been received: From the pastor of a prosperous, happy, and useful church, now threatened with dissention, that unity and peace may continue, and that a present and pressing crisis may result in solidifying instead of agitating the church.—From an anxious mother that the life of a beloved child now seriously ill may be spared if consistent with the will of God, and that whether the issue be of life or death, His Holy Spirit may be given her leading her to the Saviour.

The Disasters on Lake Michigan, among which the Alpena was conspicuous, have aroused the authorities to practical action to prevent a recurrence of similar calamities. Orders have been issued by the Signal Service Department for the erection of additional signals throughout the chain of lakes, and especially upon Lake Michigan, in order that shipmasters may have prompt warning of the approach of dangerous winds, and of the direction from which they are likely to come. These signals will be very valuable, and doubtless they will be carefully watched by the captains of the vessels on the lakes. It would be a good thing if the warnings of the Bible in spiritual matters received as careful attention. The critical time which prophecy indicates as being close at hand will come upon many Christians unprepared (Mark 13 : 37).

Sixty Years Ago a Person Deposited in a savings bank in New York, through Mr. Anson G. Phelps, the sum of *twenty dollars* for the benefit of Christian missions in Syria. During the present year Mr. William E. Dodge, in looking over the contents of an old trunk, came upon the bank-book vouching for the deposit. He took it to the bank, and the officers admitted the genuineness of the book, but said that all the men connected with the bank at the time of the deposit were deceased. However there was an old gentleman in the bank, familiar with the past books, who looked up the account, which had been regularly posted year by year, and found that with the accumulated interest it amounted to *one hundred and seventy* dollars. "I thought," he said, "that Jerusalem book would some day turn up." There surely was never a more striking illustration of the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days" (Eccles. 11 : 1).

An Observatory Under Ground is a Novel experiment in science now being made by Professor Watson of the Wisconsin State University at Madison, Wis. It is generally known that from the bottom of a deep well the stars can be very plainly seen at bright noonday. Upon this principle Professor Watson is conducting his experiment. A cellar twenty feet in depth has been sunk below the surface of the ground at the bottom of the slope; over that a fine stone building erected. At the top of the hill, which is sixty feet above the bottom of the cellar, powerful reflectors are to be placed, to throw rays of light down a large tube which ends in the cellar, where the observer will be stationed. This is a scientific experiment based on a known fact; the same fact suggested to an eloquent preacher a spiritual lesson. He reminded his hearers that Christians sunk in the depths of adversity often saw stars of God's love shining which were invisible to those in the noonday of prosperity.

It is a Significant Sign of the Times that, notwithstanding the recent execution of murderers in New York which attracted so much public attention, there are now in the Tombs prison *sixteen homicides* awaiting trial for crimes committed within the last few months, and several more are still at large despite the efforts of the detectives. Some of these crimes were peculiarly atrocious, and drink and jealousy are their most prominent characteristics. It is a long time since the prison has been so full. Those philosophers who hope that education and civilization will eventually reform the world must in the face of such a fact begin to doubt the efficacy of either influence. But Christian laborers will see in it the pressing need of extending the work of the Gospel, and increased effort to shed abroad the spirit of love and the knowledge of the Saviour.

The Adventures of two Dime Novel Readers living at Louisville, Ky., though somewhat young, indicate the serious injury that kind of literature is effecting. The two boys decided to run away from home and commence a career of highway robbery. The first stage of their flight was to be by rail, but they had only money enough to buy one ticket. It was arranged that one boy should travel in the car, and the other, [illegible] Hitt, *in a trunk.* His companion, having locked and strapped the trunk, had it delivered at the depot and checked for Selma, Ala. He bought a ticket for himself and started by the same train. The boy in the trunk was furnished with a bottle of water and a supply of bread to subsist on during the trip, and a few holes had been cut in the trunk for the admission of air. Before the train started, the trunk containing Young Hitt was thrown upside down in the baggage-car together with a lot of other baggage. Young Hitt, however, began thinking of the danger he was undergoing, and soon forgot his dreams in his desire to be out of the box. The air began to stifle him, and the warm blood rushed to his head. At a point on the road some additional trunks were received, and piled up all around the boy's prison, completely shutting off his supply of air. This alarmed him, and he cried out loudly, frightening the baggage-master, who thought the train had been boarded by robbers. The lid was broken off, and young Hitt was revealed to the sight of the astonished baggage-master. The romance had been completely taken out of the boy, and he was glad to be sent home by the next train.

Some Fishermen were Terrified at a Mirage of a vivid description on November 1st in Watchapreague Inlet, off the County of Accomack, Virginia. There were about twenty fishing boats riding at anchor. The sun arose behind a thick fog bank. All the crews were busy at their lines when a shout from one of the boats was heard. The other crews looked up, and apparently not a quarter of a mile away lay the island of Chincoteague, with its tall white tower, its dwellings, its trees and shrubbery, and a little boy driving a flock of sheep along the shore, and even a little girl sitting in the door of the lightkeeper's house with a doll in her arms. In another minute another fog bank rose up between them and the shore, shutting out from their vision their own homes. The spectacle so appalled the men that they broke anchorage in the greatest consternation, many of them in their fright steering directly out to sea. An hour afterward the mist vanished, and the sun shone out. The mirage had disappeared, but the men were too much alarmed to continue their work. The fright of the men at the strange sight reminds us of the terror that will seize upon the wicked when Christ appears in the clouds at His second coming (Rev. 6 : 16).

A Five Days' Journey through Four Miles of snow was the experience of a party of miners who were snow-bound on Needle Mountain, Col. The drifts were high around their hut on every side, and it became evident that, as their stock of provisions was small, they must quickly *dig their way out* or starve to death. One was too ill to stir, and the rest cast lots to determine which should stay with him. Food and fuel enough for a week was left with the two men, and the others started on their desperate journey through the snow. The distance to the nearest settlement was only four miles, but they were five days on the journey, and their sufferings were intense, both from cold and hunger. Provisions and assistance were promptly dispatched to their companions left behind.

Indian Truthfulness.—Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, lecturing in Boston recently, said he had never found an instance in which the plighted word of an Indian had been broken, but that the Indian term for white men was synonymous with "liar." It is a sad and shameful fact that the red man's experience in dealing with those who boast of superior civilization tends to confirm him in his estimate of the white men.

A Crusade against Liquor Sellers in Washington, D. C., is being prosecuted by Postmaster-General Maynard. On the opposite side of the street in which the Department building is located, several liquor dealers do a thriving business. According to the city regulations, any person opening a saloon ought to furnish a petition indorsed by a majority of the inhabitants of the street in which it is to be opened. The Postmaster-General found that the law was being evaded by his neighbors, and is prosecuting them for selling liquor without legal license.

DESIRES TOWARD GOD: A SERMON FOR THE WEAK.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Lord, all my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee."—Psalm 38 : 9.

The Duty of Caring for the Weak in Christ—Strong Men Sometimes become Weak—I. Desires toward God should be made known to Him—1. Because Life ought to be Transparent before God—2. Because He Commands it—3. It Benefits the Soul—4. It Proves if the Desire is Right—II. Desires toward God are Gracious Things—Associated with other Graces—They come from God—Are a Test of Character—A Better Test than Boasts of Holiness—They have been Prominent in the Best Men—An African King—III. God Carefully observes Desires toward Him—IV. They will be Fulfilled—They are of His Creation—A Blessing Possessed Already—God Loves to Gratify Right Desires—The Joy of Praise.

It is our earnest desire that all who are in Christ may be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. I could earnestly wish to see such spiritual life among us that every man had reached the very height of holy manhood, and was in possession of the utmost possible degree of spiritual vigor. It is a great calamity when there is a very large proportion of sick folk in any Christian community, for these must draw off the care and strength of the church from aggressive movements. How favored should we be if it could be said of us as of Israel when they came out of Egypt, "There was not one feeble person in all their tribes." Oh! that the day would come when the word shall be fulfilled which saith, "He that is feeble among them shall be as David; and the house of David shall be as God, as the angel of the Lord before them."

Let no man suppose that there is a necessity that he should always be weak in faith, always walk under a cloud, or that he should forever be a Mr. Feeble-mind or Mr. Ready-to-Halt. Miracles of grace are for saints as well as sinners; feeble minds can be strengthened and crutches thrown away. We ought to grow out of the feebleness of our spiritual childhood. We should cry to God for grace that we may get up "into the hill country" of holy confidence, and there, like Mary, sing, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

At the same time we are most painfully conscious that all God's people are not in a vigorous condition, and we know that there is a large mixture in every church of those who are sickly, desponding, and faint. These we are bound to care for; common humanity demands it, our sacred office binds us to it, and the example of the good Shepherd constrains us. We must feed the lambs. We must "lift up the hands that hang down, and confirm the feeble knees." The voice of God is heard in our hearts saying, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," which voice we dare not disregard; indeed, the sympathies aroused within us by a similar experience prompt us to be forward in compassionating the weak and the tried.

We would not pamper weakness till we seem to offer a premium to unbelief; but yet we would feed the feeble in the king's meadows till they become strong in the Lord. I shall now look after those who cannot get beyond desires and groans, and let none blame me for this service. If the shepherd spends much of his time among the weakly sheep, if he gathers the lambs with his arm and carries them in his bosom, if he seems even to neglect the stronger sheep because they do not so urgently call for his care, no one will hence infer that he delights in feebleness. Far from it; he is trying to remove it by his tenderness.

You do not blame the humane for caring for the sick. If great efforts are put forth to build or endow a hospital, you do not say, "Sickness is a desirable thing, for all this money is spent upon comforting and helping those who feel it." Your feelings are quite the contrary: though these sick folk become the object of care, it is not as a reward to them, but as an act of compassion toward them. Let none, therefore, say that the preacher encourages a low state of grace: he encourages it no more than the physician encourages disease when he tries by his care and skill to heal the sick.

Truth to tell, I have known the strong men come into such a condition at times that the milk for babes was all that they could take. Burly Samsons who can carry Gaza's gates may yet be so reduced that they can digest nothing but milk diet. Those whose confidence is at its very height to-day may be brought so low that they will prize beyond gold the smallest marks and evidences of grace, and will be delighted to take hold upon those elementary truths which belong to new-born believers. Even fathers in Christ are glad at times to seize upon those simple promises which aforetime they left to the most trembling of the saints, or perhaps to desponding sinners.

If, therefore, at this present I speak to the very lowest form of Christian life, if I try to meet the weakest case, I shall not admit that I am neglecting the strong. My giant brother over yonder can have a drink of milk if he likes; it will not hurt him. Come and try it, my worthy friend. Receive again the simple doctrine by which little children live, and you will find wholesome fare.

I. Our first point is

DESIRES TOWARD GOD SHOULD BE MADE KNOWN TO HIM.

You, it may be, my dear friend, cannot see any grace in yourself at all; all that you do perceive is a desire to have grace. You know that you desire to repent of sin, desire to be delivered from it, desire to be made a new creature in Christ Jesus, desire to be perfectly reconciled to God, but you fear that you have come no further. Now, it is true that many desires are of no avail whatever. "The sluggard desireth, and hath nothing." Mere wishes are sorry things. But the desires of our text are earnest desires, the movements of the heart, for they are accompanied by "groaning." The psalm evidently speaks of desires after God, not after temporal things; desires which are mainly expressed in the first verse of the psalm: "O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure." It is of intense, earnest, agonizing desires toward God for spiritual things that I am about to speak. Such desires ought to be made known unto God.

It may be said that God knows our desires, and that this is what the text itself asserts. I do not doubt the omniscience of God; but he bids us confess everything to Him quite as carefully as if He did not know it until we informed Him. We are to tell out our cases for ourselves just as David did, for it was not until after he had told out his sad story in the eight previous verses that He said, "All my desire is before thee." We may expect the Lord to treat us as if he did not know our desires if we are negligent in declaring them.

1. Make known, then, your requests; and do so, first, because *our whole life ought to be transparent before God.* What is the use of endeavoring to hide anything? "All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." The life of every man should be unveiled before the eye of heaven; but as to those who are believers in Christ, even in the humblest degree, they desire no concealment; rather do they cry, "Search me, O God." We do not wish to hide anything; our hope lies in our heavenly Father's knowing all. There should be no wish to smuggle up even a stray desire, or to conceal the most doleful groan; all should be open and above-board between a sinner and his Saviour.

2. Do this next, because *it is commanded of God that we should make our desires known to Him.* Prayer, which is a constant duty and privilege, is practically "desire." It is desire with its garments on; desire booted and saddled for travelling the heavenly road. Prayer without desire is dead; its soul has fled, it is but the carcass of prayer. When desire is burning in the soul it sends up the flame of prayer, or the sparks of sighs and groans. Prayer is the fiery chariot, and desires are its horses of fire.

3. *It is a great benefit to a man to be able to express his desires,* and this is an argument for making them known to God. You know your own desires better by trying to express them; they are indistinct till prayer sketches their likeness and fixes their image. Even should you fail to express your desires, their inexpressible character will better make known to you their greatness and their intensity. Sometimes a desire that is in the heart would at once be extinguished if you were to attempt to express it, for you would not dare to allow it to exist after you once saw its true nature. A glance at some desires would seal their doom, for we should feel them to be unworthy to be presented before the Lord. But when it is a holy and pure desire, tell it, for it will relieve your heart, it will heighten your estimate of the blessing sought, it will bring you to think over the promises made to such desires, it will thereby strengthen your hope that your desire will be fulfilled, and enable you by faith to obtain it.

Perhaps you feel that you cannot pray because you are under so dense a gloom; but then is the time to double your desires and your pleadings. I am told that the flower, of which the ancients used to say so much, because it always turns toward the sun, is said to follow the great Lord of day just as much in cloudy weather as when his bright beams gladden all things. What though the sun is not visible, yet he is still in his sphere, and the nature of the flower seems to tell it in what direction to turn. Be it ever so with our soul in gloomy hours.

4. *A gracious expression of desire before God will often be to you a proof that those desires are right.* A desire that you dare tell to God is sure to be of a godly sort. If I can say, "Oh, Lord, all my desire is before Thee, and I wish it to be before Thee: I court Thine inspection because I hope Thou wilt fulfil the desire," then my wish is such as conscience approves, and is right and good. Is there not comfort in this for those of you who think you have nothing more than desires. If you have desires which you wish the Lord to know of they must be right; you would not dare to bring them before God if they were not good desires?

II. This leads up to my second head, which is this: desires toward God are

GRACIOUS THINGS.

Intense groaning desires toward God are in themselves works of grace.

For certainly, first, *they are associated with other graces.* When a man can say, "All my desire is toward God, and my heart groans after Him, and yet I find little in myself but these desires," I think we can point him to some other good things which are in his heart. Surely *humility* is apparent enough. Thou takest a right view of thyself, Oh, man of desires. A lowly esteem hast thou of thyself, and this is well. I would to God that some who are full of brags and *boasts about their holiness* could only be as safe as thou art with thy desires and groans, for there is in thee that broken and contrite heart which the Lord will not despise. God hath given thee this jewel among the rest—a meek and lowly spirit.

Ay, and *there is faith* in thee, for no man heartily desires to believe unless he doth in some measure already believe. There is a measure of believing in every true desire after believing. If thou sayest, "I would trust Christ," why, soul, thou trustest Him already in some degree, since thou dost believe that He is the kind of person whom it would be right to trust. Thy desire to cast thyself wholly upon Christ hath in it the beginnings of saving faith.

And *thou hast love,* too; I am sure of it. Did ever a man desire to love that which he did not love already? Thou hast already some affection toward the Lord Jesus, some drawings of thy heart Christward, or else thou wouldst not sigh and cry to be more filled with it. He who loves most is the very man who most passionately desires to love more. Love and desire keep pac in Christians, so that the more love the mor desire to love; and so I gather that this desir of thine to love Jesus is a sure evidence tha thou dost love Him already. Thy desire is th smoke which proves that there is fire in thy sou A living flame lingers yet among the embers, an with a little fanning it will reveal itself.

Thy desire to serve God is *obedience,* thy desir to pray is prayer, thy desire to praise is prais I am sure, also, that thou hast some *hope;* for man does not continue to groan out before h God, and to make his desire known, unless he h some hope that his desire will be satisfied, ar that his grief will be assuaged. David lets o the secret of his own hope, for he says in the f teenth verse, "In Thee, O Lord, do I hope You, my downcast brother, do not hope an where else, do you? You know that every oth door is shut, every other road is blocked up e cept that which leads from your soul to God. know you have some hope, and therefore if y have no hope anywhere else I am persuaded th you have a hope in God.

Another proof that they are gracious is th *they come from God.* Desires after God mu come from some source or other. If you desi to be holy, where did that desire come fro From your own corrupt nature? Impossib Certain believers in free-will may think so, but are not agreed with them. We believe that no can bring a clean thing out of an unclean, neith can thorns bring forth figs. If there is a desir and a groaning of the heart after God in yo bosom, depend upon it human nature never ori nated it. Can sin desire holiness, or death pant life? Holy desires are plants which are by means native to the soil of human nature; th seed comes from a far country.

Did the devil work these holy desires, thi you? Hearken, brother, does the devil ma you thirst after God? Does he make you si and cry after the light of your Father's coun nance? Does he make you pray to be delive from temptation? Does he make you sigh to conformed to the image of Christ? *Then devil has very greatly altered since I met him l* and since he was described in Holy Writ, or s in the conflicts of good men. Who, then, kindled these heavenly flames of desire?

I earnestly avow my belief that every p desire is as much the work of God as the gr which it desires. He who sincerely longs to right with God has already somewhat of a w of divine grace within his soul creating th aspirations. Now, as God can say of all that creates, "It is very good," I come to the c clusion that these groaning desires after God very good. They are not great, nor strong, they are gracious. There is water in a drop well as in the sea, there is life in a gnat as as in an elephant, there is light in a beam as as in the sun, and so is there grace in a desir truly as in complete sanctification.

Thirdly, holy desires are

A GREAT TEST OF CHARACTER.

A test of eminent value. You inquire, " you judge a man's character by his desire I answer, yes. I will give you the other sid the question that you may see our own side the more clearly. You may certainly judg bad man by his desires. Here is a man who sires to be a thief. Well, he is a thief in h and spirit. Who would trust him in his h now that he knows that he groans to rob steal? Here is a man who desires to be an a terer—is he not in God's sight already su Did not Jesus tell us so? Here is a man desires to be a Sabbath-breaker, but he is c pelled by his situation to attend the hous God; he is really in God's sight a Sabb breaker, because he would follow his own w on God's holy day if he had the opportu The desire to commit a fraud, and especially earnest desire to do it, would prove a man t a villain at heart. If a man were to say, want to cut my enemy's throat, I am full of venge, I am groaning to murder him," is he a murderer already before God?

Let us, then, measure out justice in our own case by the rule which we allow toward others. Let me help you to apply the principle. If you have a desire, an earnest, agonizing desire toward that which is right, even though through the infirmity of the flesh and the corruption of your nature you do not reach to the height of your desire, yet that desire is a test of your character. The main set of the current determines its direction: the main bent of the desire is the test of the life.

Note, further, that *our desires are a test very much superior to several other favorite modes of self-judging*. For instance, many people judge their religion by the regularity of their attention to its outward duties. "I was never absent on a Sunday morning, nor even from an evening service. I attend the communion at least once a month, I go to the prayer-meetings, I read a chapter or half a chapter every day, I bow my knees at my bedside every morning and evening: I have never omitted any part of my duty for years past." I am very glad to hear it, respected friend; but if you have no desires toward God all your regularity of attendance does but liken you to the church clock, which is quite as punctual, or to the pulpit Bible, which never leaves its place. You may be *a capital Pharisee*, but you are not a true Christian unless your soul is full of living desires.

Desires are

A BETTER TEST

than self-congratulation about the possession of gracious things: I say not better than the possession of graces, but better than the supposed possession of them. Did you say, "I have faith, I can move mountains?" I had sooner hear you say, "Lord, increase our faith." Did you boast, "I have love, so that I shall never backslide or deny Christ?" I had rather thou shouldst say "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." Do you say, "I have experience, and shall never be misled. I can hear heresy and be none the worse!" Ah, yes, *I have heard that kind of talk*, but I feel safer about a man who says, "Preserve me, O Lord, for in Thee do I put my trust."

Remember that the chief of the apostles said, 'Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those hings which are behind, and reaching forth unto hose things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." We feel surer as to the grace in man's heart who groans after more grace than we do of him who boasts, "I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing." A man may be full and dead; but he who hungers s alive.

Brother, if your soul is desiring and crying nd groaning after God, do not condemn yourelf because you cannot speak quite so positively s others as to your safety or your sanctity: dere on, and groan on; but at the same time get earer to the cross, trust more completely, look ut of self, and rest more fully in the covenant romises of God. Your state is not one to cause ouble; it is painful but it is not perilous.

I am sure that there is a graciousness about oly desires, because *they have been very prominent the very best of men*. Look at David! See ow his soul longs, yea, even faints! Hear how pants, like a hart for the water-brook, that he ay draw near to God! His Psalms are very rgely made up of desires; they abound with such ssages as "One thing have I desired of the ord, that will I seek after"; "Unto Thee, O ord, do I lift up my soul"; "My soul thirsteth r God." All his desires went heavenward, for said, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" d in his last hours he exclaimed concerning the venant of grace, "This is all my salvation and my desire."

Nor must we forget Daniel. In the passage in ich Daniel is spoken of as a "man greatly loved," which is a very sweet translation, the ords may be read, "a man of desires." There is remarkable expression: when the king had eamed and none could interpret the dream, "Then Daniel went to his house and made the thing known to Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, his companions, that they would desire mercies of the God of heaven concerning this secret." In other books we should have found it stated that he asked his friends to pray, but Daniel went to the very soul of things, and begged them to desire. His prayers thrice a day were not formal; they were deeply and intensely sincere, and hence they were full of desire, which is the motive force, the life-blood of prayer. Daniel, then, was a man of great desires, and hence *a desirable man* with God; a man greatly beloved.

As for Nehemiah, that faithful servant of God, he began his work by praying for a blessing on those who "desired" to fear God's name. If you turn to the New Testament what a man of desires Paul was! he was always desiring this and desiring that for other people, until he desired for himself that he might depart and be with Christ. A part of the inheritance of Israel of old lay on this side Jordan, but the major portion was on the farther shore; and so the major part of a believer's portion for the present lieth in desires for things not yet attained.

A man of devotion is always a man of desires. Among your acquaintances you will find the best people are fullest of longings to be better. They know that God has blessed them, they rejoice in every particle of grace they have ever received from Him, but they are always wanting more. They are in spiritual things as hard to satisfy as the king whom Du Chaillu met with in the centre of Africa. He gave him a huge present of goods, and his gracious Majesty was overjoyed and held a great feast over the treasure; but before the week was over *his black kingship* said to Du Chaillu, "Truly, goods and money are like hunger; you are filled to-day, but to-morrow you are hungry again."

In one sense he who has obtained grace never hungers—that is to say, he needs nothing beyond his God; but in another sense he always hungers more and more the more he obtains. Covetousness of goods is a crime, but covetousness of good is a virtue. "Covet earnestly the best gifts." He who has little grace can be content with little, he that hath more grace longs for more, and he who hath most is insatiable to a still larger degree. He hath the greatest esteem for the heavenly treasure who hath had the most acquaintance with it, and, therefore, he longeth to possess all that can be possessed. Time warns me to leave this point, only repeating the fact that desires toward God are gracious things.

III. Thirdly,

DESIRES TOWARD GOD ARE CAREFULLY OBSERVED BY HIM.

Was not that the first head? No, it was not; the first head was that we ought to make our desires known to God; the third head is that they are known. It is wonderful condescension that the Lord should observe so poor a creature as a sinful, mournful mortal. You heard me read the whole Psalm just now; is it not a terrible description of a horrible sickness? I wonder how many of you would like to go and visit a man who was in the condition which David pictures, and watch over him, and nurse him? Here was a man who had no soundness in his flesh, and no rest in his bones, but was eaten up with a loathsome disease, and covered with wounds which corrupted till they stank.

The Lord cannot look upon iniquity, He hates and loathes it infinitely, and yet He looks upon His poor servant when sin has wrought in him all this mischief. Oh, poor, broken-down believer, thy God still looks upon thee! Oh, thou whose wounds gangrene, thou who seemest already to be rotting into the sepulchre of apostacy, still if there be any life and desire in thee, thy God is watching thee; with tender, loving eye He sees thee in thy misery and filthiness.

Oh, is it not a blessed matter of fact that my desire is before God? Even when I cannot speak it out it is all before Him. I cannot explain it, but it is known to Him. It puzzles me to put my case, but it will not puzzle Him to solve it, and to deal with it, and to deliver me out of the evil of it. "All my desire is before thee," as if he had just said, "There it is, Lord," I have not kept back anything. As far as I know I have put it all in thy view; but, inasmuch as I do not know it all, I cannot express it all, but this is still my comfort, that Thine eye misses no point, Thy heart leaves nothing unperceived; Thou knowest all about me, and Thou wilt deal wisely with me.

IV. The last head is that

EARNEST DESIRE TOWARD GOD WILL BE FULFILLED.

How do we know this? If men are sighing and crying to God they will be heard—how know we that?

Why, first, because *these desires are of God's creation*, and you cannot imagine, at least I hope you cannot imagine, that God would create desires in us which He will not satisfy. Why, look even in nature; if He gives the beast hunger and thirst He provides for it the grass upon the mountains and the streams that flow among the valleys. There is not a fish in the sea nor an insect in the air but what God has made provision for gratifying its instincts and its desires. If, then, He Himself has put in you a desire after Himself He will give you Himself.

I have seen some treat children very unkindly when to make sport for themselves they have exhibited fruit or toys to the children which have excited great desire, and they have acted as if they were going to give them to the children, and then they have gone away and given them nothing, and laughed at them. They thought there was wit in such conduct, but it seemed to me meanness itself. God hath no such cruel ways with men; if He has taught them to desire grace He will fulfil their desire.

Remember, Oh, desiring man, that *already you have a blessing*. When our divine Master was on the mountain-side the benedictions which He pronounced were no word-blessings, but they were full of weight and meaning, and among the rest of them is this: "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness." Blessed while they hunger, blessed while they thirst. Yes, they are already blessed, and there is this at the back of it, "for they shall be filled." Thank God that you hunger.

And we may be sure, dear friends, that God will hear the desires which He has Himself created, because *He loves to gratify right desires*. Do you not know that God loves to give us pleasure! It is His joy to do it. It is one of the joys of the great Father's heart to make His children glad. Be assured, my dear friend, it is no joy to God to see you with that dreary countenance. God delights in the delight of His people; He has made a promise to the happy which well fits in with my text: Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." He would have us rejoice in Him, for He rejoices over us; if you need proof, note well the names He gives us: "Thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee." If God delights to fulfil our desires, let us not be slack in desiring.

What a joy it will be when you get your desire satisfied, and how *you will praise the Lord!* It may not be very long before your soul's longing is before you. This prophecy I venture to make concerning you, that when the Lord has given you the desire of your heart you will hardly know how to extol Him sufficiently. How you will bless and magnify His dear name! and what is more, others will begin to praise Him too.

As you spread your joy, and perfume the atmosphere with gladness, the saints will bless God that He has given you the desire of your heart. I am persuaded that you will obtain your desire, since it will glorify God for you to have it. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth God," and you will praise Him and thus glorify Him. Go your way, and seek the Lord with confidence through Jesus Christ, and He will bless you evermore. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—Psalm 38.]

DECLINE AND FALL OF EDWARD WILSON.

A Temperance Story, by Mrs. Pitman.

EDWARD WILSON was a respected clergyman in the north of Scotland some twenty years since. After some years of single life he married a young lady in every way suitable to him, and it seemed as if the course of his life would run smoothly and honorably in the Master's cause. But events proved that *a secret, unsuspected sin* was, like a worm in the bud, killing all these fair anticipations, and laying up food for future woe.

This warning shadow of coming evil was a *taste for wine.* Mr. Wilson was accustomed to partake of wine as a stimulus for purposes of study and a quickener of the jaded system.

Mr. Wilson's young family had grown up about him, and he himself was getting on toward middle age, when it began to be whispered about that *he liked his glass!* It at last got to Mrs. Wilson's ears, and she, with all the horror-stricken eagerness of a wife, hastened to combat and contradict them. But her heart sunk within her as she remembered that she *could not* truthfully deny some of the assertions.

No lie cuts so deeply as that which has a handle of truth to it; and some of the tales about Mr. Wilson, although in themselves chiefly made up of untruths, yet contained enough truth to make them bitter and damaging. Friends, however, exerted themselves to cover over his faults, while his own sense of danger admonished him to be careful, so that, for a time, things appeared outwardly all right. But he merely restricted himself in the use of the stimulant to a less quantity, and that only for a time. As months passed on he began again to look upon the temptation with a willing eye, and drank as much as ever.

It was passing strange and very sad that a man professing to point the way to a higher and nobler life could not set the example to his fellow-creatures. But he did not conquer *self*, and so, while supposing himself to be standing, he "fell," and fell ignominiously.

It would be too sad to enter into all the details of that fall step by step. Suffice it to say that he had to leave the manse and go to London, to hide his shame and disgrace amid the throng of a great city. There he took *to writing sermons* for some years.

Then, as the dissipation told upon his brain, and he could no longer compose sermons fit for reproduction, he took *to painting portraits.* Yet the struggle between good and evil was a terribly dreadful one, for all his instincts and principles revolted against becoming the degraded outcast which he bade fair to be. Frequently for days, and even weeks, he would rigidly abstain from tasting drink, and bewail his folly with burning tears; then at the onslaught of temptation he would suddenly give way in childish weakness, and wallow once more in the dreadful mire of intoxication.

Portrait-painting supplied his wants for some time, although it failed to support his family. *The poor wife broke down;* crushed and stricken, she could not contend with the tide of misfortune and ruin any longer. Then, one and all of his three sons took to evil courses and went to destruction. One by one they committed *felony*, and coming within the clutches of the law suffered transportation for their crimes. *The little daughter died prematurely of what appeared to be consumption*, but what was in reality privation of proper food and lodging. As for *the poor broken-hearted wife, she quickly sank into a pauper's grave*, overwhelmed with her weight of woes, and then Edward Wilson was left to face the ruin he had accomplished, and to suffer alone.

But his career of lonely remorse was not for long. Every penny which he could beg, borrow, or earn by his pencil was spent in drink, while his only home was some railway arch or thieves' kitchen. Thus hardship and exposure and semi-starvation hastened his end, so that any unusual excess would inevitably prove fatal.

That excess came one day. Accidentally meeting with a friend of his young manhood, he concocted a tale of hardship and misery, which drew forth the sympathy of the listener and stirred every feeling of compassion. Giving him a half-sovereign, the gentleman bade the inebriate obtain a few little comforts, and engaged to see him, with a view to further steps for his benefit, in the evening. But by evening the drunkard had drank himself into a state of intoxication, and *delirium tremens* quickly supervened.

It was at that juncture that some boon companion escorted a friendly policeman to the poor wretch, who was raving and struggling fearfully. Without a minute's delay the official had Wilson conveyed to the workhouse, and here he would have died, "unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown," had not the aforesaid old acquaintance ferreted him out. Proceeding to the appointed place of meeting, he heard of the state in which his long-lost friend had been conveyed to the workhouse, and followed him thither.

But *medical skill was of no avail.* As the solemn hours of that night went on, his friend watched anxiously for any indication of returning strength and consciousness, but none came until just at the last. Then nature asserted its sway, and for a minute or two the mind of the poor haggard wretch rose superior to the body. Looking round upon those who stood by his bedside, and slowly gathering consciousness, he gasped out, "O God, is this the end! Must I fill a drunkard's grave?" Then another tremendous struggle came on, and while it lasted it took the united strength of his nurses to hold him. But all at once the muscles relaxed, the chin fell, and the gleaming eyes became fixed. Then it was seen that the spirit of Edward Wilson had gone forth on its unknown path to face its Master. "*Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall*" (1 Cor. 10 : 12).

THE COMING TRANSLATION OF CHRISTIANS.

By the Rev. J. G. Gregory, of Brighton, England.

IN the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelation, where the approach of the end of this dispensation is referred to, the Church of Christ is brought before us under the figure of a woman clothed with the sun, whose *child*, about to be born, is anxiously waited for by *the dragon;* but, as soon as he is brought forth, *God interferes on his behalf, and He is caught up to heaven.* This done, the persecution commences against the woman and continues for a thousand, two hundred and threescore days—three and a half years.

This persecution is accompanied by a word of woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea, for that the devil is come down to them, having greath wrath, because he knoweth he hath but a short time. Here the woman *represents* the Church of Christ. There is no room, I think, for doubt concerning it. But *if this be granted*, the details scarcely need a word of explanation. The man-child is the *first fruits;* a certain completed number of the Lord's *elect, who shall be caught up to heaven.* The Church immediately before the *great tribulation* gives forth this, her first-born, to the hand of God, who straightway takes it to Himself.

The woman in this twelfth chapter of Revelation then flies into the wilderness and remains there for three years and a half, nourished and protected by God, *after* her man-child had been caught up. There shall be, therefore, even while the tribulation of three and a half years lasts, *a true and faithful Church:* persecuted, but not forsaken; for we read that "the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood," that he might cause the woman to be carried away thereby; and that the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."

But this allegorical evidence of a Church existing and persecuted, *after the first-fruits have been removed*, is corroborated by another passage more clear in the twentieth chapter. Here we find St. John, when speaking of the introduction of the Millennial reign, making reference to certain who should suffer martyrdom under "*the beast*" (which is the name given to the anti-Christ in the Book of Revelation), martyrs, therefore, who are to suffer death *after the first-fruits of the earth shall have departed.* (Rev. 20 : 4).

Thus it is evident that *after* the departure of the first-fruits; *after* the man-child shall be caught up to heaven; *after* the Lord's waiting people shall be taken away to meet their Saviour in the air, there shall be found on earth a *Church*—a people serving Christ in truth, and against these a persecution shall be effectually directed even unto death. But let us see how this *can be*, for there is a great difficulty here, *a vast multitude out of every nation under heaven will have been taken hence.*

The Lord will have descended into the heights above the world, *invisibly, perhaps, to all, except His people;* for there may not be *any token* granted to the unconverted world *before the tribulation* to warn them of the descent of Jesus into the air to call His saints.

The unbelievers will not, I think, hear a trumpet sound, nor will they see a lightning flash. They will, indeed, be witnesses of these things "*immediately after* the tribulation of those days, as the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew testifies; but *not before* the tribulation. Probably the dead in Christ will be raised *silently* and *invisibly*, before suspicion is excited among men—no sod upturned, no grave disturbed, only the body gone; and *so*, perchance, it may be missed. Then, as suddenly, the removal of the *living* people of the Lord will follow. In *silence* also, and *without a sign* afforded to the unbelieving world (for anything that has appeared in Scripture to the contrary), they will be taken hence, drawn up at once to Christ. So they, too, will be missed, and sought for upon earth, but nowhere found.

But what may we expect will *follow* if the day of grace be not forever at that moment closed? Most certainly *a great revival of religion.* For imagine the sensation which must be produced among the unconverted masses. Two in a bed; *one taken!* two at a mill; *one taken!* two friends conversing; *one taken!* two men transacting business; *one taken!* Husband and wife, brother and sister, master and servant; *one taken!* Will not men begin to think? Will not many scoffers fall upon their knees and pray? Will not the Bible be searched with new eyes? Will not men's hearts fail them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth? Oh, methinks, there will be a stirring up of lukewarm ministers on that day; a crowding into churches such as never has been witnessed.

And so, we find—when this matter is dealt with in the fourteenth chapter of the Revelation—that *immediately* the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb are spoken of as being with the Lord above, *an angel* flies in the midst of heaven, "having the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come."

But clearly, though there may be many who will truly turn to God in that day, yet the devil will find means to blind the masses of the world to the true state of things; for as we peruse the chapter we perceive that after Babylon is fallen, which is the next event that will transpire, and Antichrist is established upon His throne for three and a half years, then "*the patience of the saints*" is brought before us; and it is added, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." And immediately takes place the harvest of the earth, which seems to be a second gathering together of God's people unto Him—perhaps through the medium of a fearful burst of persecution, which shall clear the earth of all who shall refuse the mark and worship of the Beast—and so the number of the Lord's Elect will be complete, and the way be rendered clear for the tremendous *vintage of the wrath of God.*

DR. TALMAGE'S FRIDAY EVENING TALK.

November 12, 1880.

The Morey Letter—A Specimen of Villainy—The Caucus Must be Purified—Burial of Old Issues—The Death of Lucretia Mott—Successful Ministry of Women—Heavenly Vindication of Her Calling—The Slaughter of a Grasshopper Committee—The Stripping of the Leaves—Unrivalled Beauty of the American Fall—Poetic Slander—The Season of Migration—The Christian's Migration to Celestial Delights.

THE Presidential contest advancing in abuse and outrage came to its appropriate peroration yesterday when the Morey forgeries developed in the New York Court-House. The large volume of calumny needed a climacteric chapter. The fifth act of the drama needed to be more exciting than the other four acts. The confessed perjurers are at the bar. What a commentary on American politics! Nothing seems impossible in the way of villainy. The scheme laid for the turning of the national vote was the work of wilier brains than of the two scoundrels self-convicted. May the whole plot be explored and demonstrated.

In this, as in most cases of conspiracy, those get punished who are the mere instruments of adroit and elaborate wickedness. Generally great miscreants have genius enough to cover up their tracks; but sometimes all parties are tumbled into the light of public anathema and excoriation. So may it be now.

Before we come to another Presidential combat let the canvasses, the political organizations, the ballot-boxes, the great central committees, go through process of expurgation. There must be some way of putting best men to the front and worst men to the rear. Perjury, bribery, wholesale lying and defamation, must with scourge of small cords be whipped out of the national temple.

I am glad to believe that the two great political parties will never confront each other on

OLD ISSUES

again, but upon new ones, and hence they will cease to be the political parties that now they are. The Solid North and the Solid South will be split into a thousand fragments of preference and sentiment and interest.

Many of *the old party hacks* that had been hoping for more oats and better grooming under he incoming administration will be turned out on the deserts of neglect. Thousands of men who voted for General Garfield, because they annot get from him the post-offices, the con-ulships, the foreign embassies, the cabinet offices they expected, will make next summer not with their imprecation, and all things North, South, East, and West will be made ew. May we not hope and pray that out of he ruins there may be built up a brighter politi-al fabric, in which forgery, and bribe-taking, nd ruffianism shall have no foothold?

An event of the week that lifts us out of the urmoil of politics into a pure atmosphere is the eparture from Philadelphia last night of the Quaker preacher,

LUCRETIA MOTT,

he world-renowned orator and reformer. She as well on—as old as the nation—eighty-eight ears. The most of that time a benediction. he was eloquent with an almost supernatural oquence. Her voice will never die out from he plain meeting-houses of America and Eng-nd. I do not know that she was always right, ut I know she always meant to be right.

I lived for years among people who could not ention her name without tears of gratitude for hat she had been to them. Whatever was ought about the doctrine of woman's right to each in public, all those who heard her speak new she had a divine right of utterance.

In our own denomination we have had much ngry discussion and long-resounding trouble the question of woman's preaching; but, eanwhile, woman in ten thousand places is eaching unchallenged—preaching in Bible asses, preaching in orphan asylums, preaching in places of influence and power, preaching in places of suffering and crime, preaching in the cabins of the poor; and I venture the opinion that when the nations of this world are saved and finally gathered into one great audience in Heaven, if it were put to vote, and it were said, "All those of these millions who were brought to God through the ministry of woman will step to the right, and all those who were brought to God through the ministry of man will step to the left," a mighty majority would go to the right.

So on this subject of

WOMAN'S PREACHING

we will let the tides drift, for the same reason we let the tides of the ocean rise or fall, because God controls them, and all the ecclesiastical councils of the earth cannot vote the Atlantic Ocean one inch up or one inch down.

My theology is of olden type, and I believe in God's eternal decree to make this world better and brighter; and all the attempts of bad men, or small-minded men to turn the world are as grasshoppers on the track before the 3.30 P.M. express train on the Michigan Central. To regulate the train, a great presbytery, or conference, or association of grasshoppers assemble at two o'clock in the afternoon, and having elected the gravest of all the grasshoppers for moderator, a vote is passed. *Resolved*, That railroad trains are bad things, that they go too fast, and that the three largest grasshoppers that ever emigrated from Kansas be a committee to halt the train this afternoon and arrest the engineer and conductor.

The committee of three go out to do their solemn duty, and one on each iron rail, and one half way between the rails, await the coming of the train, while all the convention of grasshoppers sit on the banks and watch. After a while the headlights of the locomotive flash around the curve, and the wheels roar, and one of the grasshoppers is to seize the cow-catcher, and one is to seize the conductor, and the other is to seize the engineer. Whew! Funeral of three grasshoppers the next day! All martyrs of conservatism. Moral: It takes more than three grasshoppers to stop a train.

The third event of the week is the stripping of the leaves from the trees in

A STOUT NORTHEASTER.

Walk last week and walk this week through the parks, and you'see a great transformation.

There is at such a time a passage of Scripture which everybody quotes, and yet quotes with a half misinterpretation: "We all do fade as a leaf." Well, if we fade as brightly and as beautifully as do the leaves, we need not dread the fading. Our autumnal forests are unparalleled in any other lands. Intelligent and poetic foreigners come to see the pageant of our hills just as people used to go to Paris in August to see the Napoleonic carnival, or go every ten years to Germany to see the Passion Play.

The changing foliage on the Rhine is not to be compared with that of the Hudson, nor that of the Alps with that of the Alleghanies. The fountain of American color is deeper than the trans-Atlantic fountains. The frost has a more skilful pencil here than in other atmospheres. Some of you passed this autumn unmoved before that which European artists cross the stormy ocean to see. Many nervous people at this season get depressed.

James Martineau sighs about the autumn, and says:

"It cries out in the night wind and shrill hail. It steals the summer bloom from the infant cheek. It makes old age shiver at the heart. It goes to the churchyard and chooses many a grave. It flies to the bell, and enjoins it when to toll."

All of which I pronounce

POETIC SLANDER.

Autumn does not slay one half as many as summer, but still to many this season is productive of melancholy. They are reminded of nothing but decay and death and graveyards, when the chief lesson ought to be one of coronation.

The only real triumph that the forest has is in the autumn. The sober green takes on carnivals of color, and the fashions of the hill become more gay. Here and there, during the Presidential conflict, we had banners stretched across the street, but for the last month, from Mount Washington to the Sierra Nevadas, there were banners lifted—*banners of the King*, banners of autumal joy, banners of fire. Instead of leading us down into the dust and darkness, they ought to lead us on and up toward the country where our best possessions lie.

Besides that, it is

THE SEASON OF MIGRATION.

A few days ago I entered the Park, and the twitter and the chirp, and the carol and the call of the birds were all bewildering. Where were they going to? I knew without asking. Going South—going to groves of magnolias, going to orange plantations, going among the bananas.

Have you ever watched the birds at the time of their migration? There is a flock, and here a flock, fifty different flocks making excursions for a few miles out, and then coming back, so strengthening their wings for a longer flight, and then coming back for seeming consultation. The fact is, they want to know just the time to start south. They must not go too soon, for that would leave our forests silent before their time. They must not start too late, lest the poor things are overcome on the way.

So a squadron of birds sails out in one direction, and comes back and reports the condition of the cornfields, and another squadron of birds sails out in another direction, and comes back to report the condition of the ponds and rivers, to see if there be any film of ice on the waters; and then another squadron of birds sails out to meet a squadron from farther north, so as to find what weather we may expect from the Arctics, and one afternoon they all come together, until the woods for miles around are filled with the feathered tribe, and the next morning they start—not in flocks, a flock here and a flock there, as before—but in one great company, darkening the air as they sweep over in silence for the most part, for they have a long voyage of air before them, and know not what heat, or cold, or lightning, or tempest may cross their path. On and on across the Hudson, across the Chesapeake, across the Savannah, across the lagoons. "Yet the stork in the Heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of her going."

So we ought all to be aglee at the thought of migration suggested in this autumnal weather. Going to more genial clime when we get through with this.

GOING TO BETTER ATMOSPHERE.

Going not among icicles. but among blossoms. Going swiftly, not by way of the cemetery, but straight, as a bird flies, to the open windows of Heaven. But if I shut the gates of Heaven and look back to earth, I can see we are coming to one of the best and brightest seasons of all the year. Season best for sociality, best for study, best for church work.

On winter nights the stars are brighter. Longer evenings to read. It is winter that develops nations. Perpetual summer enervates and bedwarfs. No great things have been done by nations which had no experience of frost and cold. Health comes down horsed on the north wind. Most of us feel stronger in January than in August. At the season when we are at our best let us be most busy for God and the welfare each of each. While the ponds freeze over, and the lakes freeze over, and the rivers freeze over, let none of us have frozen nerves, or frozen affections, or a frozen soul. Warmer be our hopes, warmer our activities, until we shall exchange the fitful climate of earth for the eternal June of Heaven.

The trees of life are never frost-bitten; the crystal river from under the throne will never freeze; and the sea that St. John saw was not a cold expanse, but warm as well as glittering. A sea of glass, mingled with fire.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(Continued from page 735.)

SUMMARY OF THE STORY.

May Lindsay, the heroine of the story, is the orphan daughter of a physician. After her father's death, her half-sister Maggie went to reside with her aunts, but May resolved on earning her own living. She received an offer of marriage from Claude Ellis, an old friend to whom she was sincerely attached; but he had during his college life imbibed skeptical opinions upon religion, and after a struggle with herself she refused his offer on that account. She accepted an engagement as companion to Evelyn Trafford, the invalid daughter of Sir William Trafford, of Alliston Hall. There her duties were light, and she grew to love Evelyn, who treated her as an equal and a friend. Evelyn had been injured by a fall from her horse, and it was necessary that she should be constantly in a recumbent position for some months. Evelyn had a girlish love for her cousin Donald, but her father disliked him because he was idle and extravagant. During a short holiday May Lindsay went to visit her half-sister, and while there, heard a sermon by Mr. Claremont, the clergyman of the locality, which convinced her that she ought to speak to Evelyn on the question of personal religion. On her return, she found visiting Evelyn a Miss Alice Fitzgerald, to whom her old suitor, Claude Ellis had become engaged. Claude Ellis himself subsequently spent a day at Alliston Hall.

An Unwelcome Guest.

I began to think that my stay at Alliston Hall was drawing to a close, for when Evelyn was able to return to the gay and active life that she had led before her illness, she would not need me any longer; but when I once hinted at something of the kind to her, she vehemently declared that I should never leave her, and that she should be ill again directly, if I were to go away.

If I had had a pleasant life before it was still more pleasant now, for we were able to drive out together, or to sit with our work on a seat on the lawn whenever the weather was warm enough.

I shall never forget that spring. Everything looked so lovely in that beautiful park. The long avenue with its budding trees; the soft, fresh green of the grass; the woods yellow with primroses, and the birds singing their happy songs in the trees; everything seemed full of life and of joy.

Evelyn was like a bird which has been long shut up in a cage and has suddenly regained its liberty. Her merry laugh was to be heard almost all day long, and her light step, as she went about the house again, showed that she was fast recovering her health and strength.

Yet one thought troubled me. Could it be that the opportunity was gone—that I should never now be able to lead her to think seriously about her soul and about eternity? I had tried so very often since my visit to Branston to begin to talk to her about these things, but the attempt had always ended in failure; and though I prayed most earnestly that God would make a way for me, and give me the opportunity for which I was now eagerly watching, yet no way seemed to be opened, no opportunity seemed to be given. And now Evelyn was getting well, and what chance was there that she would be led to think seriously when all around her was so bright and pleasant? Still I prayed on.

I had found out a few poor people in the neighborhood of Alliston Hall among whom I was able to do a little work for the Master. There were one or two old people who were glad for me to read to them, and there was a girl, dying in consumption, who was always pleased to see me. Thus, whenever I managed to get an afternoon for myself, when Evelyn was engaged with visitors, or was driving out with her father, I went across the park to visit these poor people, and always came back feeling refreshed in mind and body.

One afternoon I had been out rather longer than usual. I had left Evelyn busy with her letters, and, as it was now past post-time, I was afraid she would be wanting me, and would think that I had been a long time away. So, as soon as I had dressed for dinner, I hurried down to Evelyn's room.

As I came up to the door I heard a voice inside, and when I went in I found, to my astonishment, that a young man was there. He was sitting on a footstool in front of the fire, stroking Evelyn's little dog, and was apparently quite at his ease. He was a very handsome man, tall and well-built, with fine features and large dark eyes.

Who could he be? Where had he come from? I had not heard that any visitors were expected that day, and I was utterly at a loss to account for his sudden appearance.

He jumped up when I came into the room, and threw himself into the arm-chair by the fire.

"This is Cousin Donald, May," said Evelyn as I came up to her; "do you think papa will be very angry with him for coming?"

"Oh, no, of course not; why should he be?" said Mr. Trafford carelessly; "when a poor fellow has been toiling away day after day for months it would be a crying shame to grudge him a little change of air when he happens to get a day's holiday."

"Don't you like the bank any better, Donald?" asked Evelyn.

"Any better!" exclaimed Mr. Trafford, starting from his seat; "I hate it, Evelyn. I shall run away some day, I declare I shall."

"Oh, no, you won't, there's a dear, good Donald," she said; "papa would be so angry."

"I can't help that, Evelyn," he said; "you would run away if you were in my place; it is nothing but work, work, work, day after day, and I hate work, I can't help it, it is my nature. I was never meant to work; some people are, and they like work; but I never did, and never shall."

At this moment Sir William's step was heard in the corridor.

"Here's papa," said Evelyn hurriedly. "Oh, Donald, I wonder what he will say.'

"I don't care," said Mr. Trafford, with a laugh; "if the old gentleman has the least sense of—"

But here the door opened, and Sir William came in.

His nephew rose to meet him in the most affectionate and confident manner, and as if he were perfectly sure of a welcome.

'Well, uncle, how are you?" he said; "I'm so glad to find Evelyn better; it is so nice to see you again, uncle."

Sir William took his hand and shook it coldly.

"And pray where did you come from, Donald?" he said sternly.

"Why, the fact is, uncle," said the young man, "to-day is a bank holiday, and I have been working so hard lately that I thought a little fresh air would set me up again, and as I had not seen you for such a long time, I thought I would look you up."

"When I was a young man, Donald," said his uncle dryly, "'I waited for an invitation before I went to visit my friends."

Mr. Trafford colored, but he answered gayly, "I can put up at the 'Royal Oak' to-night, uncle, if it is at all inconvenient for me to stay here; I did not think the house would be full at this time of year."

Sir William did not answer him, but turning to Evelyn, told her that the gong had sounded, and asked her if she wished to go down-stairs to dinner.

"No, papa," said Evelyn; "I think May and I will dine up-stairs. I feel rather tired this evening."

"Very well, then, we will go down-stairs, Donald," said Sir William; and they left the room.

"Oh, dear, May," said Evelyn, as soon as the door was shut, "I am afraid papa is very angry; I never saw him look so vexed before. But I don't know why he should be so angry, do you? It isn't as if Donald was no relation of ours, and I am sure he is very nice. I can't think why papa is always so vexed when he comes here."

"I am very sorry you are so tired, Evelyn dear," I said, as I made her lie down on the sofa till dinner was brought up-stairs.

"Oh, I'm not so very tired, May," she said, "but I wanted papa and Donald to have dinner alone, because, don't you see, papa will be obliged to talk to him now. If we were there I know just how it woud be. Papa would talk to you and talk to me, and hardly say a word to Donald. But now, you see, he must talk to him, because there is no one else there, and you will see they will be quite friendly after dinner; at least matters will be much better than they are now."

And, to a certain extent, Evelyn was right. When we went into the library we found Mr. Trafford sitting comfortably in an easy-chair, with the *Times* newspaper in his hand, discussing the events of the day with his uncle, apparently quite at his ease, and looking as comfortable as if his presence in Alliston Hall was the result of an urgent and pressing invitation.

And Sir William? He was not at his ease. I could see that by his tightly-compressed mouth when his nephew was speaking, and by the careful way in which he tried to engross Evelyn's attention as soon as she came into the room. But still I could see that he found it very difficult to keep up any appearance of displeasure in the face of Mr. Trafford's pleasant, cheerful manner, and almost impossible to quarrel with a man who was quite determined not to quarrel with him.

Evelyn was very silent the whole evening, and seemed in bad spirits. She talked a little to me, but she very seldom spoke to her father or her cousin. Altogether it was a most uncomfortable evening, and I was not sorry when it was over.

The next day we did not see much of Mr. Trafford, for Sir William took him out with him after breakfast, and managed to keep him to himself nearly the whole day. Only once, when Sir William was unavoidably absent for a short time, was he left in the library with Evelyn and me.

"I wish you liked the bank better, Donald," said Evelyn as soon as her father had left the room.

"I never shall like it better, Evelyn," he said impetuously; "it is absurd my trying to live in London on the miserable allowance I get there. It is utterly ridiculous; no gentleman could do it."

"But Donald," Evelyn said, "you really should be more careful of your money; you ought never to have bought—"

At a sign from him she stopped suddenly short in what she was saying.

"You really ought not; ought you, Donald?" she said instead.

"Yes, I ought, Evelyn," he said in rather an annoyed voice; "it's all right. But it is really absurd their paying a fellow such a miserable salary. I don't mean to stand it much longer. I shall run away, and try my fortune somewhere else."

"Oh, no, Donald dear, you must not run away," said Evelyn beseechingly; "just think how angry papa would be!"

But just then Sir William came back, and invited Mr. Trafford to walk with him as far as his farm-bailiff's house, and we did not see him again until he came to take leave of us before starting for the railway station. He whispered something to Evelyn as he bent over her to say good-by, and I distinctly caught the words, "Remember—promise;" and then he hastily shook hands with me and went out of the room.

I never knew Evelyn so difficult to please as she was that evening. Nothing that I did seemed to be right, and she was fretful and tired; and even when her father was in the room she made no effort to rouse herself or to talk to him.

Sir William looked at her very anxiously from time to time. I could see that he attributed this change in her to her cousin's visit, and I heard him once expressing a hope that that was the very last time that Master Donald would come without an invitation; he did not approve o the free-and-easy manners of the rising generation, and he was glad that he had spoken to him pretty plainly on the subject.

Evelyn went early to bed, and I went to my room, but not to sleep. I felt very unhappy and perplexed. Those two words which I had heard against my will, haunted me: "*Remember—promise.*"

What did he mean by it? What was Evelyn remember, and what promise had she made ich she would not speak either to her father to me? It was so unlike Evelyn to keep a ret. She generally came out with everything once, and told me just what she was thinking out. I felt sure that this must be something did not wish her father to know, and the ought troubled me very much indeed.

As I got up the next morning I prayed for ce and strength to help me, if possible, to innce Evelyn to do what was right.

(*To be continued.*)

JACOB AND PHARAOH.

S. Lesson for Nov. 28th; Gen. 47 : 1-12. den Text, Prov. 16 : 31. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HE life of Jacob was full of vicissitudes, and his racter of inconsistencies. A man of God, yet r and anon failing to rely upon Him; the ject of God's promises, and yet betraying n time to time a painful mistrust as to their lment; a man who built altars to the Lord held real communion with God, and yet was d, more than once, to possess idols in his se (Gen. 31 : 34; 35 : 2). He was a man who under the special blessing of the Lord, and was often a prey to suffering, which he ght upon himself. How like the state of y of God's children in the present day, who a life which is in part a life of faith, but in h self-reliance and self-will play a prominent grievous part. God is always patient and ciful, but how little such believers honor , or walk worthy of the vocation wherewith are called!

cob was getting old; it was no easy thing m to seek a new home; but impelled by his for Joseph, and the prospect of sustenance 's large family, he "took his journey, with hat he had, and came to Beersheba." Here grandfather Abraham had prayed, and led there on the name of the Lord, the everg God" (Gen. 21 : 33); and here it was he himself had lived in peace with his nts, before his deceit had caused him to be n forth from his home. There were holy precious associations connected with the , and Jacob "offered sacrifices unto the God father Isaac." It was a solemn thing for who had been twenty years of his life a ger in a foreign land, and had been brought again by God's grace into Canaan, to leave s old age that land which God had promised m and to his seed.

bably he asked counsel of his God, "for spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, aid, Jacob, Jacob. And he said, Here am nd He said, I am God, the God of thy r: fear not to go down into Egypt; for I here make of thee a great nation. I will wn with thee into Egypt; and I will also bring thee up again: and Joseph shall put and upon thine eyes." Oh, the tenderness d! Jacob had not yet arrived at the conn of Abraham, "Shall not the Judge of all rth do right?" (Gen. 18 : 25); he made d his second and not his first resource; he t unto Him when there was a special need, id not live habitually in His immediate nce. Yet whenever he did seek His aid the was ready to bless him, and did not so as reproach him.

thus God deals with all His children. He th to all men liberally and upbraideth not" s 1 : 5); but they who are men of little ose much more than they think of the presolemn nearness of God in the details of It is blessed to be able to appeal to God se of emergency, but oh! how infinitely lessed to be able to testify, "He is at my hand, I shall not be moved" (Ps. 16 : 8). assured His servant, not only telling him the right way for him, but pledging Himaccompany him. When we are quite sure od is with us in any course we are pursuing. an be no longer room for fear or anxiety. resence is our guarantee of safety and of g in all things which may happen unto us.

Jacob made no stipulation with God as to the length of his sojourn in Egypt. It might have occurred to him, "If I leave the land of Canaan and take away my family, flocks, herds, and all my possessions, then I lose the right of sojourn which my stay and that of my fathers has procured for me; might it not be wiser to leave at least one son behind as my representative?" No, that were not real faith, God could make him a great nation in Egypt as well as in Canaan. Thus he went out in full trust, like the blind whom God has promised to lead "by a way that they know not" (Isa. 42 : 16).

When he reached the land of Egypt Jacob sent Judah "before him unto Joseph, to direct his face unto Goshen; and they came into the land of Goshen. And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen, and presented himself unto him; and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive." Thus God gave him back his son, and the old love was all unhindered by the state and grandeur of Joseph. It was Joseph's heart which beat against his; all the surroundings were of little import—the father had found his son.

Then Joseph returned to make arrangements with Phararoh for his family. He was not ashamed of his poor humble relations, and made no assumption that they were anything better than was really the case; the modern debasing pride of position was at least unknown to Joseph, and instead of putting them through a little education as to how they should behave, what they should say to the king about their ordinary life and what they should keep back, there was a grand simplicity in Joseph's action. He said unto his brethren, 'It shall come to pass, when Pharaoh shall call you, and shall say, What is your occupation? that ye shall say, Thy servants' trade hath been about cattle from our youth even until now, both we, and also our fathers: that ye may dwell in the land of Goshen; for every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians." They might have desired to dwell in the palace, and to make use of Joseph's position to aggrandize themselves. It is in poor human nature to make use of any pedestal to raise itself into prominence. But the elevation of Joseph was due neither to his birth nor to his intrinsic talents; the secret of all was, "the Lord was with Joseph." Instead of acting as Samuel did later, who made his sons, men utterly unqualified, judges over Israel (1 Sam. 8 : 1–3), Joseph never made use of his own circumstances to benefit his family in unnecessary, but only in necessary things, for his eye was single. God had shown him that they should bow down to him—*i.e.*, should take a position inferior to him, and no personal consideration, even for Benjamin, would make him alter the clear direction of his God.

He "came and told Pharaoh, and said, My father and my brethren, and their flocks and their herds, and all that they have, are come out of the land of Canaan; and behold, they are in the land of Goshen. And he took some of his brethren, even five men, and presented them unto Pharaoh." To the king's inquiry, "What is your occupation?" they answered as Joseph had directed them, "Thy servants are shepherds, both we, and also our fathers;" they told him of their intention to sojourn in the land, because in the land of Canaan there was no pasture for their flocks, and they made this petition, "Now therefore, we pray thee, let thy servants dwell in the land of Goshen."

Pharaoh's gratitude to Joseph was manifest in his large-hearted beneficence to his family. He conferred no vain titles or useless honor upon them, but gave them a large landed property, a substantial means of subsistence. "The land of Egypt is before thee: in the best of the land make thy father and thy brethren to dwell; in the land Goshen let them dwell; and if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle." This grand old king would let every man stand on his own merits. Responsible positions were not then put into the hands of such as could obtain them by the interest of party, or by personal influence with the king. Pharaoh's judgment was that he who had the spirit of God in a practical manner was the man fitted to govern the nation, while an active, energetic man could govern the cattle. Often in our days the order is reversed; we find spiritual men among our shepherds, our working men, and women, but oh, how few among our princes and statesmen!

Joseph, who saw things in all their reality, and not as men see them, brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh, and Jacob blessed Pharaoh. "Without all contradiction the less is blessed of the better" (Heb. 7 : 7). In Joseph's eyes his humble old father, who had been a shepherd all his life, was better than Pharaoh, the greatest monarch of the age; for Jacob was an inheritor of the promises of God; as under a special provision of His standing grace as being blessed, and as being a channel whereby all the nations of the earth should be blessed, he had the power and the right to bless Pharaoh. Taken in themselves, how noble was Pharaoh, how mean and faulty was Jacob; but Jacob nevertheless lived for God, and sought after the living God and eternal things.

If it was the privilege of the tribe of Levi "to bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord, to stand before the Lord, to minister unto Him, and to bless in His name" (Deut. 10 : 8), is it not then our privilege, as separated unto the Lord by the death of His Son, to be witnesses of His covenant, to stand before Him, "minister unto Him, and to bless in His name?" Do we use this privilege? and if not, why not? Are we standing in and witnessing to the covenant, the new covenant in which the law of God is put into our minds and written in our hearts? (Heb. 8 : 10). Are we always, in every moment, standing before God, in His acknowledged and realized presence? and is, therefore, the bent of every thought, word, and act Godward, and thus full of God, yea, "filled with all the fulness of God?" Are we competent "to bless in His name," to bring others, consciously or unconsciously, in contact with Him by our very presence? Bless God, this is a glorious possibility, and, faulty, unworthy though we are, let us at least take our right place as they who are crucified with Christ, nothing in ourselves, yet, as members of His body, able to "bless in His name."

Pharaoh did not despise the old man's blessing. Our golden text says, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness;" but, again, let us remember it was neither Jacob's age nor yet his personal worth, but only the Word of his God, which could make him to be a blessing. "Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou? And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." Abraham lived a hundred and seventy-five years, and Isaac a hundred and eighty (Gen. 25 : 7; 35 : 28). Yes, Jacob's days were few in comparison, and evil in comparison, with the all-conquering faith of Abraham's life, perhaps more so than he knew.

"Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses, as Pharoah had commanded. And Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families," or (margin) "as a little child is nourished." Thus were his dreams fulfilled; thus did God accomplish all which He had led him to expect; thus faithful and true is our God to His promises, "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry" (Hab. 2 : 3).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Ministerial Crisis in France has Occurred at the very first session of the French Legislature. The bitter feeling aroused among the anti-Republicans by the enforcement of the religious decrees showed itself conspicuously, one of the deputies going so far as to bestow the epithet of "burglars" upon those who were responsible for the execution of those decrees. The government made a strong appeal at the outset for the full and unreserved confidence of the Chambers, or an open expression of want of confidence. The deputies refused to give priority, as the ministry asked, to the educational bills, which involve the question of religious instruction. In spite of the protests of many members, the ministry insisted upon regarding this as a vote of want of cónfidence, and tendered their resignations. At the urgent request of M. Grevy and M. Gambetta, the Premier subsequently withdrew his resignation, but the ministry does not command the confidence of the country.

The British Premier, Speaking at the Annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of London, on November 9th, intimated that the forbearance of government toward the Irish malcontents was nearly exhausted. He made the significant remark that "the maintenance of public order is to be considered before the improvement of the law," which may be taken as an indication that the agrarian crimes perpetrated and threatened are likely to defer remedial legislation. He also said that the government would not shrink from the duty of asking for increased powers if the ordinary provisions of the law proved insufficient to repress the intimidation, crime, and infringement of citizens' rights which now prevail. This announcement has taken the country by surprise, for the impression had prevailed that Mr. Gladstone was resolved to rely exclusively on legislative concessions to tranquilize Ireland.

It is possible that the attitude he has now assumed may have a salutary influence on the leaders of the agitation. They know that Mr. Gladstone alluded to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act when he spoke of "increased powers," and there is no power they dread so much as that, because it places them, as well as their dupes, in peril. So long as that Act, which is the great safeguard of liberty, remains in force, it is possible for the crafty leaders to escape punishment, through want of evidence implicating them in the crime, to the commission of which they have instigated their ignorant followers. But if the authorities acquire, by the suspennsion of the Act, the power to arrest and imprison suspected persons without a formal indictment, then the situation becomes perilous for the wily plotters, and Mr. Gladstone's menace may therefore check their operations. It is well known that the British Parliament will readily grant the suspension of the Act if Mr. Gladstone asks for that power.

A House Besieged in a Time of Peace is a strange spectacle in a civilized country, yet such a spectacle was seen lately in Ireland. A visitor in County Mayo saw a gentleman doing the work of a shepherd while his wife attended to other farm work usually done by laborers. On inquiry he found that the house was in a state of siege. Men under the command of the Land League surrounded it, prepared to kill the owner if he ventured outside the premises, and who would not permit any man to gather in the crops, which were rotting on the ground. No one was allowed to approach the house, even to sell its occupants a morsel of food. This state of affairs being made public, a number of laborers from a distance, under the leadership of a resolute captain of rifle volunteers, immediately set out to the assistance of the proscribed man. They were well armed, and were resolved to force their way against all resistance. The British government, fearing a conflict, sent a troop of cavalry with the relief expedition, and now the laborers are at work gathering in the crops, protected by British soldiers, a scene such as probably no other land calling itself civilized could furnish.

Captain Boycott, the besieged farmer, is an Englishman, who settled some years ago at Lough Mask House, near Ballinrobe, on a farm which he has improved and in which he has sunk considerable capital. He accepted the agency of Lord Erne's estates, comprising about 40,000 acres, and in managing those estates appears to have acted with strict justice, though without much mercy, toward the occupiers who refused to pay rent. Hence the hatred excited against him. The Land League warns him that as soon as his military protectors have left he will be murdered, and orders him to leave the country. As Captain Boycott has sunk all his capital in the farm, he is reluctant to obey, and being a high-spirited man, is also ashamed to submit to intimidation; but it is probable that if he remains he will be murdered.

Violent Storms and Floods are Reported from all parts of Great Britain. Enormous damage has been done, and, although the loss of life on land has been but small, the fatalities at sea have been fearful. It is said that the oldest seaman never remembers such rough weather. Great excitement was created on the Liverpool Exchange by the constant arrival of telegram after telegram announcing wrecks. At Parkgate, near Chester, the floods accumulated against the sea wall, and ultimately washed away a considerable part of it. The low-lying districts of South Yorkshire have also suffered severely, so disastrous a storm not having been known there for many years. There have been fifty wrecks near Hornsea alone. Hundreds of sailors, it is feared, have perished on the English coast.

The Invasion of Persia by the Kurds is Giving great alarm to the government of that country. The Sheik Abdullah has declared himself an independent sovereign, and issued a proclamation in which he calls upon the Turkish and Persian Kurds to unite under his rule. That leader can bring into the field 40,000 fine horsemen, and has already captured the town of Uramiyah. So wretched is the condition of the Persian army that its resistance to the invaders can be but feeble at the best.

"Christian Work in Borneo" is the Title of an interesting paper in the November number of "The Gospel in All Lands," in which the writer describes the past history and present condition of missionary effort there. Few people know anything of a land which, from its physical conditions and the strange character of its inhabitants, presents many features of interest. It appears that the A.B.C.F.M. had four missionaries there in 1839, but owing to death and other causes the work of the Board in the island has been suspended, though European missionaries are laboring there with success.

Two Members of the Salvation Army, Frank Watson and William Fyfe, were killed in the great colliery accident at Seaham, England, when 168 lives were lost. Watson had been a consistent Christian for two years, and is a great loss to the Army. On the Saturday before the explosion occurred he stood up at the evening prayer-meeting and said, "My lamp is trimmed and burning bright on the way to glory." Fyfe had been a thoroughly wicked man, but his conversion made him a new man to himself and to his family. One day, as a detachment of the Army was marching along South Railway Street, a saloon-keeper came out to the door and shouted, "Come back, Billy, and I'll give you a pint of beer." But Fyfe answered, "Oh, no, I don't want it."

A Tradesman Becoming an Idiot.—The Rev. W. Evans, of Leicester, England, relates: "Close by where I was lodging there was a man who was being cared for by one engaged for the purpose. He was a drivelling idiot. He used to go about the hedges picking leaves and making us presents of them. You could tell from what was left of him that he had been a handsome man.

"I inquired into his history. He had had a splendid business, but he took to drink, and his wife joined him. He became so incapable that he had to be removed from his business into lodgings close by me, and an allowance wa made him of thirty shillings a week. Sometimes he was almost mad, and would insist upo having money to spend, though the regulatio was that he was not to have it. In order t pacify him, the woman attending him was sometimes obliged to give him half-a-crown, when h would go and buy a bottle of gin, and drink right off. His wife died drunk. He was intox icated at the time, but could see something wa the matter, and while she was dying he was pu ting on her bonnet and shawl, thinking that tak ing her into the open air would do her good Such are the doings of drink, and yet people ar saying we are making a fuss about nothing i trying to persuade people from touching, tas ing, or handling it."

The Lion and Lord Mayor of London.—A St. Katherine Cree Church, London, on Satu day, October 23d, the Rev. W. M. Whittemor D.D., preached what is termed the annu "*Lion*" *sermon.* In the course of his remark he alluded to the fact that about 250 years ag upon that very day Sir John Gayer, a citizen London, who afterward became *Lord Mayo* was in the deserts of Arabia upon business whic required his own personal attention. By som means he became detached from the carava and while quite alone and unarmed he w much alarmed at seeing *a lion* approaching hin Scarcely knowing what to do, he fell upon h knees and asked the Lord to deliver him fro his perilous position. The lion looked at hi savagely, but upon seeing him in this positio after a few moments walked away in an opposi direction. The merchant, on rising from h knees, made a solemn vow that upon his safe r turn home he would commemorate this prov dential deliverance by some benevolent ac Upon reaching England he accordingly left sum of money to provide for this sermon eve year.

A Vegetarian Tailor in China, who was Re ing on his abstinence from flesh meat for salv tion, has been a Christian convert for five yea and lets his Chinese neighbors know it by pas ing *up his quarterly ticket outside his door, fr which any passer-by may learn that he is a Chr tian,* and at one time he opened his house fo weekly meeting. A few weeks ago he stood in the midst of his neighbors and testifie "You know what manner of man I was befor entered the church, and how I was a vegetari for eight years, and how I used to worship t idols then, perhaps more earnestly than y worship them now; but I tell you I found was all in vain. You know, too, I was a ve different man then to what I am now. I cou curse and quarrel then with any of you; I t you that the difference in me is simply a solely owing to my belief in God and in Chri of whom my pastor has been speaking to you His words met with an evident response in t minds of his hearers. inasmuch as not c among them could gainsay their truth.

The Debt on Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle.—T dollars in aid of this fund have been received fr C. Jackson Wilmington., Del.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchm (London) for November may be obtained at the of of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

A Beautiful Christmas Gift: Spurgeon Bir day Book, richly gilt and illuminated. See next pa graph.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

ublished at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitk

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr ALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. AY AITKEN, DR. DEEMS or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1880. 14th Year. No. 48—New Series.

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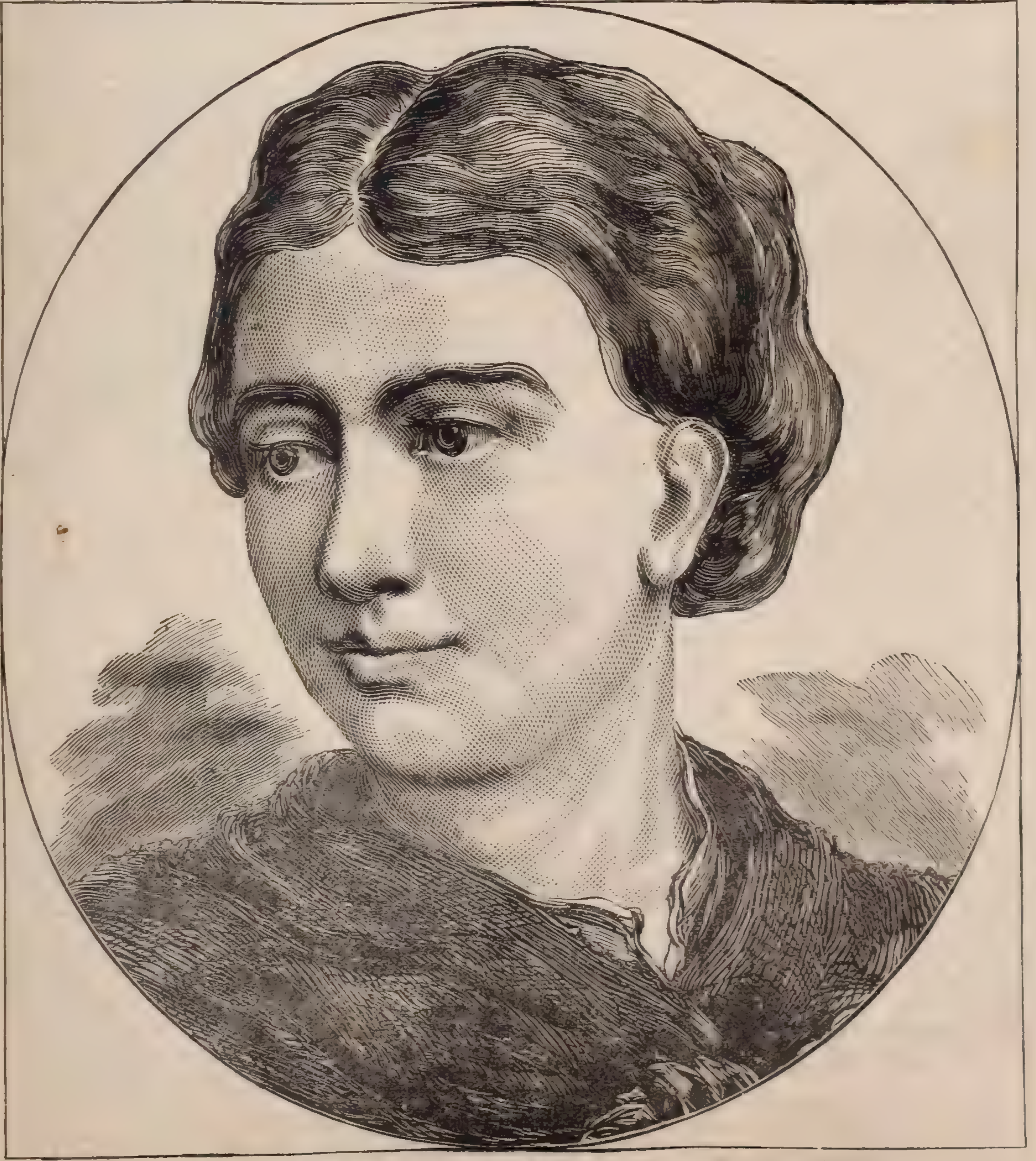

GRACE DARLING, the Lighthouse-Keeper's Daughter.

GRACE DARLING.

The Lighthouse-Keeper's Bride—Life on the Rock—The Wreck—Cries for Help—Grace Darling's Project—Difficulty with Father and Mother—The Daring Rescue—Popular Plaudits—Illness and Death.

THE numerous maritime disasters which, during the last few months, have sent a thrill of horror through the community, have also aroused an unusual degree of sympathy with those who "go down to the sea in ships—who do business in great waters." Not only on our own coasts, but on Transatlantic shores, there have recently been wrecks in great numbers, in which many precious lives have been lost, and many more would have perished but for the exertions of brave men who, at the peril of their own lives, went to the rescue of those in imminent danger. Public attention, being thus turned to the subject of ocean disasters, the narrative of a famous rescue effected some years ago may be considered timely. It was a rescue in which a brave, noble girl played so conspicuous a part that her name is known in every land, and is never mentioned but in terms of praise and honor. The following details of her life and of the event which has shed lustre on her name are gleaned from a memorial published soon after her early death:

In the early part of the present century Longstone Lighthouse, at the Farne Islands, off the Scottish coast, a perilous post, was in the charge of a young man named William Darling. He fell in love with Miss Horsley, a farmer's daughter, living in a comfortable home among safe fields, where the roar of the sea could not reach her. The life of the wife of a lighthouse keeper must needs be isolated and monotonous; and she knew that if she consented to take upon herself the responsibility of such a post she must be willing to forego many of the pleasures to which she had been accustomed, to bear long absences from the friends of he girlhood, and to be contented with the society of her husband alone.

But such a prospect never yet frightened the loving heart of a devoted woman, and Miss Horsley loved William Darling. Therefore she cared very little where her home might be, if only she could share it with him. So Miss Horsley became Mrs. Darling. Events proved that her estimate of the young man's character was correct. He was an intelligent man, fond of books, and having a thoughtful and cultvated mind; and, best of all, he was a true Christian.

God gave them a family of several boys and girls, of whom our heroine, Grace Horsley Darling, born in 1815, was the youngest but two. They were educated by their father, and had a fair supply of books. Grace Darling was always distinguished by intelligence and amiability. Her life up to the age of twenty was spent almost entirely on the lighthouse rock, with the exception of one or two short visits to friends on the mainland, in the course of which an attachment sprang up between her and a young man named George Herbert.

It was on Wednesday evening, September 5, 1838, when Grace Darling was twenty-three years old, that the Forfarshire steamer, a vessel of about three hundred tons burden, sailed from Hull. Sixty-three persons sailed in her, including twenty passengers in the cabin and nineteen in the steerage, Captain Humble, the master, his wife, fourteen seamen, four firemen, two coal trimmers, and two stewards.

Off Flamborough Head a leakage in the boilers was detected, and continued for six hours; but it did not appear to be very serious, inasmuch as the pumps were able to keep the vessel dry. Still it was enough to cause some alarm, for two of the fires were extinguished by it, and had to be relighted when the boilers had been temporarily repaired. The vessel could only move slowly.

It was about six o'clock on Thursday evening when the Forfarshire passed through the Fairway, the water which lies between the Farne Island and the mainland. It was night when she entered Berwick Bay, and at that time the wind was blowing strong from the north, and the sea was running very high. The firemen reported that they could not keep the fires burning, as the leakage had increased to such an extent that the water put them out.

The storm continued to rage with unabated fury, and it was felt by all on board that they were in imminent danger. The captain strove to keep up the courage of the men and passengers, but their anxious faces told too surely of the sinking hearts within.

"Where are we now?" was the question asked at ten o'clock; and those who asked would have given not a little to be in happy British homes, safe from the fury of the winds and sea. "We are off St. Abb's Head," was the reply.

Presently the engine-men, working hard at their engines, found that their efforts were entirely vain, and then they represented the case to the captain.

The captain looked and felt extremely anxious, for he knew that a terrible danger menaced the vessel and all on board. The sails were hoisted, but the vessel became unmanageable and drifted toward the rocks. At last there was a cry of "Breakers to leeward!" And presently, about three o'clock on Friday morning, the Forfarshire struck on a rock. Eight of the sailors and one passenger escaped in a boat, and were picked up the next day by a passing ship. The Forfarshire broke in two pieces, and the fore part of the vessel remained on the rock with nine people on it; but the remaining forty-five persons were carried away with the other part of the vessel and drowned.

That night Grace Darling could not sleep soundly. Very early in the morning something seemed to awake her.

"What was it that awoke me, I wonder? It might have been the wind; and yet it seemed to me more than the wind. It must have been human cries, but cries uttered in the most awful distress, or they could not have been heard above the gale."

So she said to herself, as, with white face and trembling pulse, she listened, and presently she heard piercing, penetrating cries of the nine persons on the fore part of the vessel stranded on the rock.

Then she sprang out of bed, and with trembling, agitated fingers, she hastened to dress, and then, without losing a moment, she hurried to her father. "Why, Grace, what is the matter, child?" said he.

"Oh, father, I feel sure there has been a wreck near! I have heard the most awful shrieks, and I am sure some poor persons are drowning."

"Nonsense, Grace. That which you thought a cry was only the wind; at least, we may hope so; for I do not think you could hear screams, or anything else, in such a storm."

"But, father, I am sure that the cries came from human beings in extremity. I know there is a wreck not far from the island."

Mr. Darling shook his head, and tried to appear indifferent. "Even if it is so, Grace, we can do nothing," said he.

"Oh, yes, father, we must go to their rescue," replied his daughter.

"What is the use of your talking like that, Grace? If your brothers were at home we might attempt it; but now it is altogether out of the question."

"No, indeed, father; it must not be out of the question. Can we let our fellow-creatures perish without making an effort to save them? If we did so, I am sure we should never, either of us, be happy again. Do let us go father! I can help you in the rowing of the boat, and God will protect us. Only think what it would be to save the lives of those poor half-drowned men and women!"

Mr. Darling looked anxiously through his telescope. It was scarcely light, and there was a heavy mist hanging over the island. The wind was not as violent as it had been, but the sea was still very furious. He strained his eyes as he looked through the good glass, and presently he saw, about half a mile away, the shipwrecked sufferers, still clinging to their only hope, the broken pieces of the ship. He thought for a moment or two, and Grace's earnest pleading prevailed. He knew that she never before had been called upon to render such assistance; but he knew, too, that she was a brave girl, and would do her best.

"Very well, Grace; I will let you persuade me, though it is against my better judgment." Grace joyfully kissed her father, and he began to prepare.

"What will your mother say, Grace?" he asked the next moment.

The loving girl dreaded her more than the waves. Mrs. Darling, when she heard of it, could not give her consent.

"Oh, William, I cannot believe that you will be so mad! If there has been a shipwreck, and lives lost, what is the use of your adding your own death to the number? Nothing can save you. The boat will not live ten minutes in such a sea. It is tempting Providence, and you ought to be afraid to do it," said the wife through her tears.

Mrs. Darling clung to her husband as if she would not let him go; but Grace remained true and steadfast to her noble purpose, and only waited till the mother grew a little more calm to press the matter again; and before long they could see that she had half yielded. That was enough!

"Good-by, mother. God will bring us back to you in safety, never fear; and no doubt we shall bring some poor half-drowned creatures with us, so you had better get the beds warmed and have everything comfortable," said Grace in strong, cheering tones.

Mrs. Darling found that all her beseeching was in vain; and she could only hope for the best, and keep herself as quiet as possible. She was, however, half frantic with fear, as she bade them good-by, and then watched, with streaming eyes, the fragile little boat venture out upon the awful waters. The wild waves were leaping and foaming around the little boat, and the wind blowing furiously. The affrighted sea-bird looked at them, and screamed shrilly as they saw the boat rocked to and fro, now leaping on the top of a wave that tossed it high, and now sinking down, down, as if it were going to the ver bottom of the deep. But Grace was not afraid She scarcely thought of the danger; for he heart and sympathy were with those who wer on the rock.

On they went, over the stormy waters, ever minute being nearer their goal. The foam dashe in the face of the intrepid girl, and the sal water made her eyes smart; but she did not relax her efforts, but kept nobly and steadily at he work.

"Are you getting tired, my girl?" her fathe asked presently.

"Not very, father. We shall do it," she replied.

"Yes, I really hope we shall. It is a good thin it is an ebb tide. If it had not been, we coul not have passed between the islands. It will b flowing when we come back; and if there ar no sailors to help us, we may as well make u our minds to stay on the rocks with the others for we shall not be able to get home again."

They pulled hard a little longer, and then contrived to reach the rock on which the sufferer were waiting.

With a tremendous effort William Darlin got on the rock, and immediately Grace rowe the boat back so as to keep her afloat on th water, and free of the dangerous reefs. In th mean time the sufferers on the rock had see the boat, and were full of hope.

"There is a boat coming," one had shoute to the rest; and the very words had quickenin force in them. They looked eagerly out, bu could scarcely believe that it would be in th power of those two occupants to rescue ther "One is a woman," said a sailor, with moistu in his eyes. "God bless her! she is an ang sent from heaven to succor us."

This man let the tears stream down his weathe en cheeks, while he watched the girl's ic efforts, and prayed fervently that God ld bless and prosper them.

illiam Darling could scarcely help weeping e he looked at the sufferers, for their state truly dreadful. They had strength enough however, to bless him and his, and he was kful to find the sailors not so utterly ex- ted but that they were able to render some tance.

"Who is to be the first?" cried Darling. e boat is ready, and by God's help we shall you all. Cheer up. Hope for the best, and yourselves as much as possible."

s cheery words had a magic effect upon the ers, who immediately "took heart again" ose to their feet in faith and hope. The est care and caution were necessary in to get the survivors safely into the boat.

od bless you! but ye're a bonny English said one poor fellow as he looked most ering at her. Her young arms ached, and ck was full of pain, when the last sufferer afely in the boat, and they prepared to row to the land; but little cared she for that, God had given her the joy she craved.

return was even more perilous than the rd journey had been. The coble was full cious human beings; but the sea abated of its fury, that it might ride the more But Divine strength was behind that of ender arms of William Darling's daughter. e girl's matchless heroism did not fail her Her powers of endurance were great, her se good, and her devotion strong, and she t relax her efforts until their own loved tone rock was reached.

. Darling, whose face bore signs of the ntense anxiety, went to the beach to meet n their return, and eagerly embraced her d and child when they stepped from the "You are back in safety, then," said she, the tears of welcome sprang to her eyes.

rtainly, mother. Did I not tell you that uld take care of us! And see, we have t nine persons from the rock."

e, though her limbs must have been aching, d she must have felt weary and exhausted, gan to minister to their wants as soon as ere safely in her father's house; and for t three days and three nights she found of delightful occupation in soothing their , and nursing them back to health and h.

oner was the account of the rescue from ck published in the newspapers than the ntense excitement was created, and a stream of admiration and praise set in the n of the lighthouse girl. A public sub- n was set on foot, and Grace Darling esented with £700. Several 'Humane es sent her medals. The Queen sent a gift, nmissioned the Duchess of Northumber- express her Majesty's admiration of rage. The Duchess invited Grace to day with her at Alnwick Castle, and a wd gathered to see Grace Darling.

t hundred pounds were offered to her to at a public entertainment, which, how e declined. So many locks of her hair ked for that compliance with a fraction equests would have made her bald. In hree years after her heroic deed, her leclined, through an attack of consump- d in the winter she removed to an inland Bamborough, and subsequently to Aln- where the Duchess of Northumberland gings furnished for her, and often came er. As she got no better, she returned borough, where her sister Thomasin her. She gradually declined, and felt e must die; but she was not afraid of Her sister says that, during the whole rying illness, she never once heard her or complain; but with Christian forti- d trust she gently loosed her hold of nd turned her face to the home that had pared for her above. "I should like to rothers and sisters before I die," she said.

They were accordingly summoned, and had the mournful satisfaction of hearing her last adieux.

"I wish to give you each some token of my love before I die," she said; and with her own hands, and with the most perfect calmness, she distributed her gifts among them.

As may well be supposed, their grief was very great, and they felt as if they could not bear to part from her. But she comforted them with the assurance of her own sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

"Do not mourn for me," she said; "I am only exchanging this life for one far better. If I remained here I should be subject to trouble and sickness, but, in dying, I go to be with Christ my Saviour."

Just before she died she earnestly exhorted her relations to meet her in the eternal world of blessedness and peace; and then she peacefully passed away, on October, 20, 1842, "to be with Christ, which is far better." The tidings of her death were received everywhere with the most sincere regret.

Her mother, Mrs. Darling, died six years afterward, in 1848, at the age of seventy-four, and her father in 1865, at the age of seventy-nine.

And now, where joy and light and peace
Are by God's living presence poured;
Where storms are o'er and tempests cease,
Their bark is moored.

THE AGITATION IN IRELAND

To Result in its Separation from Britain.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

IN the author's pamphlet on "Coming Wars," published some years ago, it was shown that the legislative separation of Ireland from Britain just before the final crisis of seven years is inevitable, because Ireland never belonged to Cæsar's Roman Empire, as Britain did.

Also, in his pamphlet in 1865, on "Menacing Perils in England" he wrote, "It is clear from the Book of Revelation that Ireland, being *outside* the Roman Empire, must be separated from England (which was *inside* the Roman Empire), and be constituted an independent nation."

In 1846 *Dr. Kelsall* in his treatise on "Antichrist," said: "The ten Gentile kingdoms, prefigured by the ten toes of the image and the ten horns of the beast, into which the whole Roman Empire (as it existed in the time of the Emperor Trajan) will become ultimately divided, will make their appearance so as to be distinctly recognized. *Ireland* was never brought within the limits of the Roman Empire, and probably does not come within the scope of the prophecy of the Ten Kingdoms. The present course of events in that island indicates that *its separation from England*, which was part of the Roman Empire, may hereafter take place. Belgium was within the limits of the Roman earth; Holland was not, and in 1832 they were separated. The restoration of the Kingdom of Greece in 1827, by its separation from Turkey, so as to form one of the Ten Kingdoms, is worthy of observation. It seems as if the Ten Kingdoms were gradually developing themselves."

Dr. Tregelles, in 1846, in his "Remarks on Daniel," said, in his description of the extent of the Roman Empire, "*Britain*, which had been invaded by Julius Cæsar in B.C. 55, and which for many subsequent years maintained only a commercial connection with Rome, *was made part of the Roman Empire* by the successors of Augustus Cæsar about a century after Julius Cæsar's invasion—so far, at least, as the lines of forts carried from the Clyde to the Forth. Even farther north there were Roman towns. . . . It seems to me we should include Southern Britain (*i.e.*, below the Clyde and Forth) in the Roman Empire, and take as its boundary-line in Europe the Rivers Rhine and Danube in the general sense." Thus Dr. Tregelles does not include *Ireland* or Scotland north of the rivers Clyde and Forth—but only Southern Britain below those rivers—in the Roman Empire, which he of course maintains is to be divided into exactly Ten Kingdoms—five in the East and five in the West—at the Final Crisis.

In 1849 *B. W. Newton* published his able book, "Prospects of the Ten Kingdoms," in which he said:

"The two legs of Daniel's image (Dan. 2: 32, 33), corresponding with the division of the Roman Empire into its two eastern and western divisions, lead us to expect that five kingdoms of the Ten Kingdoms, prefigured by the ten toes of the image, will ultimately be found in the eastern and five in the western part of the Roman dominions.

"The prophecy about the *four horns* in the eighth chapter of Daniel (verses 22, 23) places it beyond a doubt that Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Thrace, with Bithynia, the four horn kingdoms, will form four of the five eastern kingdoms. And there seems little doubt but that France, Spain, and England will continue separate kingdoms to the end, and be three of the ten.

"With respect to the dissolution of unions at present subsisting between countries, one of which *did*, and the other did *not*, fall within the limits of the Roman Empire, there is the case where a country *external* to the Roman Empire is subjected to a country *inside* the Roman Empire. The countries thus circumstanced are *Ireland in its relation to England*, and *the colonies of England*, France, Spain, and Portugal; also the central part of Hungary and Bohemia, and all German Austria north of the Danube in relation to Austria.

"I think there can be little doubt but that *the union between such countries will be dissolved*, if not fully, yet to the extent of distinct and separate legislatures being granted, as, indeed, is already done in the leading colonies of England (*e.g.*, Australia, Canada, New Zealand). The separation of Hanover from England, in 1830, may be regarded as an example of this."

The writer remarked in his book, "Forty Coming Wonders," published in 1866, on page 58, as follows:

"The coming predestined European Congress will be closely associated with the growing development of exactly ten kingdoms within the whole extent of the old Roman Empire, as predicted by the ten horns of the wild beast, and the ten toes of the prophetic image in the second of Daniel, where the two iron legs of that image are universally admitted to mean the eastern and western halves of the Roman Empire, which was bisected into an Eastern Empire and a Western Empire in the reign of Valentinian and Valens; and the five toes on each foot show that each half is to be divided toward the close of the history of the image into five kingdoms.

"In order, then, that the Ten Kingdoms may be completely formed, there is every reason to expect:

"That *Great Britian will have the legislative union dissolved between it and Ireland*, which is outside the Roman Empire, and which, therefore, must become governmentally separate from England. The Fenian organization, which is a far more serious matter than shallow journalists imagine, has discovered and developed a state of feeling which shows what inflammable elements are at hand for a Celtic revolution. Whether this separation can be effected without scenes of bloodshed and massacre remains to be seen. All the colonies included at present within the British Empire, such as India, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, etc., will entirely cease to be part of the British Empire, on account of their being outside the limits of the old Roman earth; and they will be numbered among the Last Great Napoleon's tributary dependencies, in accordance with the prophecy, 'Power shall be given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations' (Rev. 13: 7). Great political troubles may, therefore, be looked for to arise soon throughout the length and breadth of Britain's dominions."

INFIDELITY OR THE BIBLE.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, November 21, 1880.

Christianity Steadfast—The Boston Music Hall—I. Objections of Infidelity—1. The Bible Impure—A Cause Without a Result—Comparison of Cities--A Challenge--2. The Bible Cruel–A Cause Without a Result—The World's Benefactors—3. The Bible Contradictory—A Chance in Thirty Thousand—The Four Cardinal Doctrines of the Bible — Fragments in Harmony—4. The Bible Unscientific—Name for Name—A Boy's Hard Questions—Two Orchestras—II. Grounds of Belief—Tracing the Book—Sealed with Blood—The Writers' Deaths—Man's False Prophecies—God's True Prophecies—An Impossible Alliance—Power of the Fishermen's Pen—The Hopeless Bombardment of Centuries—The Last of the Bible—Its Purpose Served—A Memorial in Heaven—A Dying Hindoo's Question.

HAVE you any nervous anxiety about the overthrow of Christianity? Oh! no. There never were so many churches of Jesus Christ as there are now, never so many men who believe in the Gospel of the Son of God, never so many institutions of mercy born of Christianity. Have you any fear that people will be laughed out of their religion, and that the modern mode of caricaturing Christianity will destroy it from the hearts of men? Oh! no. A man's religion is a very sacred thing, and it is down in the depths of his soul; and while you may persuade him out of it, or coax him out of it, or argue him out of it, you cannot laugh him out of it.

Last winter, after a celebrated assault had been made upon Christianity in New York City, some Christians seemed terrified; but on the following Sabbath we received into this church four hundred people on confession of faith in Jesus Christ, and all the churches went on. I was this week in Boston, and at the place where the most famous infidel church was ever gathered. Music Hall stands just where it did, but the infidel church has perished. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's word shall never pass away." What is that scrolled, clasped, Dore-illustrated volume on the drawing-room centre-table? What is that defaced, leadpencilled volume on the clerk's desk in the court-room? What is that volume put by loving hands into the trunk of the young man as he leaves country life for city life? What is that book on which all the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States and all our Presidents take their oaths of office? What is that book of which the world thinks so much that the printing press has multiplied two hundred and fifty million copies? It is the book upon which modern infidelity has its hand, and says, "Surrender!"

I. Now, I have read all these books on modern infidelity, and I have sifted them, and I have classified them, and I have analyzed them, and all the complaints made against this Bible you may put under *four heads:*

The Bible is an impure book, the Bible is a cruel book, the Bible is a contradictory book, the Bible is an unscientific book.

1. To prove that the Bible is

AN IMPURE BOOK,

it's enemies read certain portions of the Bible and say, "Now, that is not fit for the eye or the ear of the domestic circle." They take Solomon's song, read certain portions, make their own interpretation, and then fling down the book and say, "the Scriptures are a polluted collection of writings." My friends, there is one principle that no one will deny, and that is that an impure book has impure results. That cause produces that result. Now, you have known a great many people who read the Bible, among your own friends—a great many—who have been reading it for years. How many of them have had their morals despoiled? Did it make your father an impure man? Did it make your mother a bad woman? What effect had it upon your sister who died in the faith of the Gospel and who has been now some ten or fifteen years in heaven? Were their morals tarnished? Did they become impure of speech, impure of action!

Two hundred and fifty million copies of an impure book scattered among the nations! Why, there must have been *a great many victims.* Show me a thousand, show me five hundred, show me a hundred, show me fifty, show me five, show me two, show me one. I am not particular about the specimen you give me, whether man, woman, child, white, black, copper-colored, American, African, European, Asiatic. Just one specimen give me—a man who was pure before made impure by the reading of the Scriptures. I am not confining you to this day. Go through all the four thousand years that have passed, and show me a victim. On the contrary, you know that the family institution is nowhere regarded except in Bible-reading countries. You know that the only foundation of the home institution is the Word of God. What is the difference between Sodom, Constantinople, Madras, Peking on the one hand, and our American cities on the other? No difference except Bible and no Bible. *I challenge* all earth and hell for one victim of the two hundred and fifty million copies of what you say is an impure book! The charge falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

2. Modern infidelity goes on and says the Bible is

A CRUEL BOOK,

and it's enemies read the stories of the ancient wars, and read passages from the lives of David and Joshua, and read about the extermination of the Canaanites, and then declare the Bible is in favor of laceration and manslaughter and massacre. Well, now, among your acquaintances who have read the Bible, have you noticed that in proportion as they became acquainted with the Scriptures and fond of the Scriptures they got cruel in their habits? Have you ever known any of them to come out and practically say, "I have been reading the Bible, and of that story about the extermination of the Canaanites and I am seized by a disposition to stab, and cut, and beat, and knock to pieces everything I can lay my hands on?" What has been the effect upon your children? As they became more and more fond of the Scriptures, have they become more and more fond of tearing off the wings of flies, and *pinning grasshoppers*, and robbing bird's nests?

If the Bible is a cruel book, you see that would be the direction of the result. So far from that, you know as well as I do that all the institutions of mercy—not of cruelty—but all the institutions of mercy were founded by Bible readers, Bible believers. When did this book put cruelty into the heart of George Peabody, or Miss Dix, or Florence Nightingale, or John Howard, or John Frederick Oberlin, or Abbott Lawrence? Go into a hospital. There are twenty Christian women binding up the wounds, giving the cordials kneeling by the dying pillow, and saying, "Lord Jesus, receive this poor man's spirit." Where does the cruelty of the Bible crop out in their lives? Do you find it in the gentleness of their step, or in the soft cadence of their voice, or their soothing words in the dying hour?

Oh! sirs, when you can make *a rose leaf* stab like a bayonet, when you can manufacture icicles out of the south wind, when you can poison the tongue with honey gotten from blossoming buckwheat, then you can find cruelty gotten out of this Bible. That charge falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

3. But the Bible, modern infidelity says, is

A MASS OF CONTRADICTIONS,

and they put chapter against chapter, and prophet against prophet, and apostle against apostle, and they say, "Now, if this is so, how can that be so?" Mr. Mill, who was a friend of the Bible, and who translated many parts of it, declared that he had found *thirty thousand different readings* of Bible passages, and he declared also that there was not one important difference, and no difference except what might be accounted for from the fact that the Bible came down from generation to generation, and was copied by many different hands, while at the same tim declare in your hearing this morning that all t Bible writers agree in the great *cardinal doctri* of the Bible: *God* good, holy, just, forgivin omnipotent. *Man* a lost sinner. *Christ* an a glorious, all-sympathetic Saviour, ready to ta the whole world to His heart. *Two destinies* one for believers, the other for unbelievers.

Now, those are about the four great doctrir of the Bible, and all these writers agree in the Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, or Haydn nev wrote or heard a better harmony. Besides th you are to remember that the Bible was writt by many different persons in many differe lands, and in different ages; and that th persons had no communication with each oth and that they did not know the great design the Bible, and yet, after all, the fragments their work have been gathered up from all la and all ages, and been put together, and t make a complete harmony, so pronounced the best scholars of this age.

It is as though some great cathedral were be built and a hundred workmen were to be e ployed on it, and they were in many lands, in different centuries, and these workmen no communication with each other in regard the grand design of the building; and yet their fragments of work brought together, i a perfect architectural triumph, although man who built a pillar knew nothing of man who built the dome, and the man who b the doorway knew nothing of the man who lif the arch. Yet a complete accord, a compl architecture, and a complete triumph.

4. Again, it is charged that the Bible is

UNSCIENTIFIC.

It says that there was light before the sun created. How is that possible? It intim that the sun turns around the earth when compliment is in the other direction. It sun and moon halted, when their halting w have thrown the machinery of the universe of gear. It says that water was turned into w and declares other absurdities and impossi ties. My friends, *who told you* that there wa unbridgable gulf between Science and Revelat You answer, "Stuart Mill, Darwin, Tyn Renan." Yes; they saw a discord betw Science and Revelation. I can give you the na of men who tell you there is perfect accord tween Science and Revelation; I could give the names of men as much higher those wh have just mentioned as Mount Washington the Himalayas are higher than the Ridge Waterworks — Herschel, Keppler, Leib Ross, Isaac Newton. Did you ever hear eral Mitchell or Dr. Doremus lecture on the mony between Science and Revelation? ence is a boy. Revelation a man. The thinks he knows more than the man, and many unanswered questions.

The great temple of nature has two orches the orchestra of Revelation and the orchest Science. The orchestra of Revelation ha musical instruments all strung, and it is r for a burst of eternal accord. Science is stringing its instruments. You will hav wait, but after a while it will be as in son those cathedrals in Germany where they ha organ at one end of the cathedral and an o at the other end, and they respond to each ot and, so it will be in the great temple of the verse: the orchestra of Revelation and orchestra of Science will respond to each o and into one wreath will be twisted the Ro Sharon and the laurel of scholarly achieven and the roar of the ocean will be the magni bass of the temple worshippers, and the itself will be found to be only the pedals great organ of which the heavens are the board.

II. Now modern infidelity has not mad its case against the Bible as being impu being cruel, as being contradictory, as bein scientific. This plaintiff, Infidelity, has made out its case against the Bible, the de ant, and I might in the court of your r move for *a nonsuit*, but I will not take a ge of the circumstances, and I will tell you me things why we believe this book is the right ok, and the book from God, and and infallible ok, and an indestructible book.

There are the two Testaments, the Old and e New. Take the New Testament first. hy do I adopt it? Why do I take it? hy do I believe it? Why do I receive it ith all my heart? You can trace it right t. Jerome and Eusebius in the first cen- ry, Origen in the second century, gave lists of e writers of the New Testament, that list just rresponding with our list of writers of the ew Testament, showing precisely as we have it ey had it in the third and fourth centuries. Where did they get it? From Irenæus. Where d he get it? From Polycarp. Where did Poly- rp get it? From St. John, who was *a personal sociate* of Jesus. The line just as clear as any- ing ever was clear. My grandfather gave a ok to my father, my father gave it to me, I ve it to my child. No difficulty in tracing that wn from generation to generation. Just as a mmunion chalice is along from one to another, e chalice filled with the wine of the sacrament; st so this New Testament was handed down m one to another, and we drink of the new ne of the kingdom.

But say some, "Suppose they did write it; ey may have been lying impostors." Ah! I ve to tell you no man ever died for a lie cheer- lly and triumphantly. These men

DIED FOR THE TRUTH.

'Well," you say, "you have got through with *mall part* of the Bible; how about the Old Tes- ment?" I accept the Old Testament because t prophecies described things hundreds and ousands of years ahead—minutely and accu- ely described them. Who can fore see? God y. How far can you foresee? a thousand rs? No. Not a hundred years, not five rs, not an hour. William H. Seward, one of most eminent men of his time, made a pro- cy. He said, "The South will be con- red in thirty days." The war went along r dreadful years. He said, "It will be a job t will be accomplished before breakfast." tead of that it was after midnight—*four years' night.* You see human prophecies amount othing. The great Frenchman declared that Napoleonic glories would go down from eration to generation. Where are those ries? All vanished.

But here are prophecies of things that oc- red hundreds and thousands of years after- d. I want you to remember that Tyre and eveh and Babylon and Jerusalem were in pomp and glory when these prophecies de- ed that they were going to be overthrown. hitecture in some of those cities that make r houses on Madison Square and Fifth enue utterly insignificant. And yet these phecies were made at that time in regard to destruction of those cities. Suppose now a should appear in our streets and say, "The t River will overflow and destroy Brooklyn, Hudson River will overflow and destroy New k, and then there will be an earthquake, and two rivers will dry up, and there will be har- s of grain—corn—raised there, and where *ton Street and Broadway* are there will be ure-fields."

hy, the man would be pronounced insane. these men, these prophets, stood right amid e glories of ancient times, and said they were oing to perish, and the city of Babylon was ecome desolate. All proved true. Explore place now. You cannot find a particle of tation there, and the ground blisters the feet he explorer. Thousands of years ago fore- to

re, they said, should be destroyed right in midst of its pomp and power. With a wall e hundred and fifty feet high and provisions wenty years. The prophet says, "This is all g to come down, and the fishermen will dry nets where this city stands." True to-day. u should go this afternoon to its ruins you ld find fishermen drying their nets on the rocks. Turks, Tartars, and Saracens, who know nothing of the Bible, age after age fulfilling the prophecy. Go to-morrow through Chatham Street, New York, and see the fulfilment of prophecies thousands of years ago. Why is it that *a Jew in New York*, or Brooklyn, or St. Petersburg, or Stockholm, or Vienna, or Paris, or Canton is always distinguishable? An American goes to Europe and stays there a great while, and he loses his nationality. An Englishman comes to America and stays here a long while, and after two or three generations you do not descry the features of the Englishman. The Norwegian loses his nationality in any other country, the Swiss loses his, the Frenchman loses his, the Italian loses his. The Jew never. Why? Because this book thousands of years ago said the Jews should be scattered all the world over and separated.

The Bible foretold a great Messiah should come. It described Him, it told from what tribe He would come, from what family, at what time, and in what place. Ages passed on, and the Messiah came, corresponding exactly with the description hundreds of years before, born in the very tribe that was foretold, in the very family, at the very time, in the very place. Now, I say any honest-minded man will confess that all this prophecy must have been from God, divinely dictated, so that the prophecies you are ready to receive this morning are the Word of God.

But you see there are many things that are not in the prophecies. Suppose you found *a letter* of yours in an envelope with ten or fifteen lying and indecent letters, how long would you allow your honest letter to stay in that envelope? You would snatch away your letter, or you would destroy the entire envelope. And do you suppose God would allow His prophecies to be fastened up with the writings of Job and Deuteronomy and the Book of Psalms and other parts of the Bible not belonging to the prophecies if they were bad things, if they were lying impositions? The fact that God allows all the other parts of the Old Testament to go side by side with the prophecies proves a great deal to every fair-minded man. God would not allow His fair daughter of prophecy to be affianced to this *brigand of falsehood.*

Now you accept the Old Testament and you accept the New Testament. What will you do with them?

WILL YOU SURRENDER THEM?

I want you to bear in mind that the most of this Bible was written by illiterate men, uneducated men. Where did they get their power? Why when Thomas Babbington Macaulay stood up in the British Parliament and wanted to finish a great sentence, or when he sat in his study writing on the "History of England," and wanted to finish a great sentence—why was it he quoted from the fishermen of Galilee? Why is it that those fishermen have more power than all the scholars of antiquity? They were divinely inspired. Besides that, you are to remember that this Bible has been *under fire* age after age, and yet it has not been damaged, nor has it lost one chapter, nor one verse. After all the bombardment of centuries they have not knocked a piece out of it as big as the small end of a sharp needle.

Oh! how the book sticks together. Unsanctified geologists laid hold of the book of Genesis. They were going to pull that out. The Book of Genesis is there still. Unsanctified astronomers laid hold the Book of Joshua because it seemed to interfere with some of their theories—the moon over Agelon standing still. Unsanctified anatomists and physiologists tried to pull the Book of Jonah away, and to *harpoon that whale*, but the Book of Jonah stands to day, the very best illustration of the fact that when God tells a man to go to Nineveh he cannot get to Tarshish, that he will be upset, if necessary. God will send a cyclone upon the Mediterranean. Men have tried to pull away the miracles of Christ. How many have they pulled out?

They have taken absolutely nothing! Here is a perfect Bible. It seems that instead of destroying the Bible the chapters have been driven in and clenched on the other side by the hammers of eternity. The fact is that the book, so far from being destroyed, is going on until the fires of the last day, and when the fires of the last day are kindled, they will not find a bundle of loose letters utterly consumed, but a compact book; and when the fires begin to burn on one side, they will burn from Genesis toward Revelation; then the other fires will burn from Revelation toward Genesis, and they will in all their course not find one chapter or one verse out of place.

That will be the only time the world can afford to do without the Bible. What use, then, of Genesis with its description of the making of the world which is all destroyed. What use, then, of the prophecies? All fulfilled. What use, then, of the evangelistic and Pauline description of Jesus Christ when we see Him face to face. What use of *the photograph* when we have Him in glory? What use of the Book of Revelation when we stand with our foot on the glassy sea, and our hand on the ringing harp, our forehead chapleted with eternal coronation? amid the amethystine and twelve-gated glory of heaven, the emerald dashing its green against the beryl, the beryl dashing its blue against the sapphire, the sapphire throwing its light on the jacinthe, the iacinthe dashing its fire against the crysoprasus, and we standing amid the chorus of ten thousand sunsets!

Ah! my friends, that is just the time we will be able to do without the Bible, and yet I think they will have

THE OLD BOOK IN HEAVEN.

I do not think the last copy will be destroyed. I think they will have it in heaven. It is good enough to be there. The Lamb's Book of Life on the top of it, the Book of Judgment under it. Oh! yes. We cannot spare it then, after all. I want to hear some of these passages read in heaven after we have gathered up our dead children—I want to hear these passages read, and I want to point them out, the passages that comforted us on the day of interment. We meet our friends in heaven. I want to talk over the trials of this life, and say, "*Ah, those were the promises* that cheered us."

I want to hear David with his own voice read, "The Lord is my shepherd." I want in heaven to hear Paul read with his own voice, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I want to hear the archangel play Paul's grand march of the resurrection with the same trumpet with which he woke the dead. Oh! blessed Book! Good enough for earth, good enough for heaven. When I have no griefs to be solaced, when I have no sins to be pardoned, when I have no hope of heaven to be enkindled—that will be the day, and that the hour, and that the minute, I will give up the Bible. Blessed Book! Book of life, Book of comfort, Book of God, Book bespattered with the blood of the martyrs who died in its defence. Book sprinkled with the tears of a Christian ministry who were comforted by its promises. (*A voice*—"Bless the Lord!") Dear old Book! Put it in the possession of every one of your children on their birthday. Have it on the stand, the centre-table of the parlor.

"Where shall I go?" said a dying Hindoo to the Brahmin priest to whom he had given his money to have his soul saved. "Where shall I go after I die," asked the dying Hindoo. "Well," said the Brahminic priest, "you will go into a holy quadruped." "But where shall I go after that?" said the dying Hindoo. "Well" said the Brahminic priest, "then you will go into a bird." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where shall I go then?" "Then you will go into a beautiful flower." Then the dying Hindoo threw up his arms and said, "But where shall I go *last of all?*" This glorious Bible answers the Hindoo's question, answers my question, answers your question—not where shall I go to-day? not where shall I go to-morrow? or where shall I go next year? but where shall I go last of all?

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(Concluded from page 742.)

Orlando Stanley Makes a Proposal—Salome Refuses to Entertain it—An Alternative—Miss Calvert's Intervention—Orlando's Decision—A Trying Ordeal At Eglinton Terrace—The Lodgings at Rochester.

It is of no use to be sentimental," Orlando said; "to me it is a matter of shillings and pence. I will admit that I have in my time tried the whole round of pleasures, and they have mostly palled upon me. Two or three things, however, still interest, amuse, and enliven me; give me the means of their gratification, and you will render me as comfortable as it is in your power to do."

"Drink is one, I suppose?" questioned Salome, and a shade of bitterness crossed her sweet face.

"Wine *is* one," he replied; "in fact, every doctor I know says I must die without wine. I take it for granted this lady is in your confidence?" he continued, looking first at Miss Calvert and then at Salome.

"She is," answered his wife.

"Then I will feel free to propose to you at once what you shall do for me; and on my side I give you my word not to interfere with you again."

Neither Miss Calvert nor Salome spoke, and he went on—

"Give me a hundred a year, Salome; that is all I ask, and I will not trouble you to look on me again."

His complete indifference to her womanly charms, the graces of mind and person that had held Cecil Anerley so completely captive, could not be agreeable to any wife, to any woman. It touched her pride as well as that old affection for him which she had striven in the last hour to rekindle to something of its former fervor. It was terrible to her to know and to realize so absolutely that between them there was no sympathy, no true union. She could hardly tell whether she would do most rightly to follow his own suggestion, and let him go entirely away from her, giving him enough to live upon, or to hold to her own quickly-formed plan, which had commended itself to her conscience as the right and the true one.

He would use the money she gave him wildly, recklessly; he would drink himself to death; and then she would be free—and her heart gave a wild throb, half pain, half pleasure. But no; this soul was, if possible, to be rescued from the destruction it sought and even coveted, and she, his wife, was the proper person to endeavor to rescue him.

"You require a nurse as well as a doctor, Orlando," she said. "If I were to do as you propose, you would but end your miserable life most hopelessly. No, I at once decline to accede to your proposal. I now give you the chance of agreeing to mine; and these are the only ones I shall propose: I will either go with you to an hydropathic establishment, where you will be under the care of doctor and nurses and treated as you require, or I will go into quiet private lodgings with you in the country away from London, where you may recover health and strength. I cannot ask you to accompany me to Mrs. Anerley's, where I have lived so long; it would not suit her to take an invalid into her house, but I feel sure Miss Calvert will allow you to remain here for a couple of nights, and by Tuesday or Wednesday I will have made my arrangements sufficiently to leave London with you for Rochester, where I know we could have the kind of apartments we should require. Our old nurse," she added, turning to Miss Calvert, "who took care of myself and brother when we were children, has a very comfortable house; and I know her rooms are vacant, for I heard from her a day or two ago, and she asked me if I could recommend any one to her. Either of these plans I will carry out; but for your own sake, Orlando, I must utterly refuse to allow you an income, for, unless I am with you, I know, and *you* know, it will not be spent aright."

"I have no fancy whatever for your constant espionage, my dear Salome," he said sarcastically.

"And I have none for your extravagance, Orlando," returned Salome, trying to speak playfully, but feeling all the while ashamed and mortified at the cold rebuff.

Miss Calvert had not intended to interfere by word or action, but she could not remain silent any longer.

"Sir," she said, "I must suppose your bringing up has been that of a gentleman, since you are so intimately acquainted with and so nearly related to this lady, but I must beg that while you are with her, and she is kindly proposing such a course of action on her own part as may be most for your advantage and as involves considerable self-denial, you will at least not insult her by treating her kind care of you as something beneath the dignity of wifehood and womanhood. A man who regards a pure and true-hearted wife as a spy must know he has good reason to be ashamed of his actions."

"I am down in the world, madam," replied Orlando Stanley with a nonchalant air, "or you would not dream of speaking to me in that style. I am well accustomed to this kind of treatment, and it long ago ceased to surprise me. You know I am in your power, Salome; I have absolutely no money, and I have no strength to earn any. But I won't go to be doctored with cold water like a rabid teetotaler; of two evils I will choose the less—Rochester and the old nurse's lodgings."

So Salome wrote at once to engage them for three months. Then she left her husband in the care of Miss Calvert and Cecil, who both promised to watch over him during her absence, and returned to Eglinton Terrace, to reveal to Mrs. Anerley and Emily the events of the morning, and to inform them of her future movements. She found, as she had expected, that they were not yet returned from chapel, and she was glad of a few quiet minutes to collect her agitated thoughts, and to take a quiet leave of the home where she had spent so many peaceful, even happy hours.

The place was haunted by Cecil's love for her. She had put off as long as had been possible its spoken revelation to herself, but she had not been able to be blind to the countless proofs of it he had so long ago begun to manifest. Men or women would be little worth if they did not feel a certain amount of tenderness for any one in whom they have awakened an honest love, which from whatever cause they are unable to return. Salome did not flinch from her noble determination to serve to the uttermost her unworthy, dissipated husband because she recalled Cecil's devotion to herself and the tender, delicate proofs he had so continually given of it. "Poor Cecil! I have deeply wronged him, terribly wronged him, I fear, by my deception. Can he ever forgive me? Can I ever forgive myself?" The key turned in the house-door, and Mrs. Anerley and her daughter entered.

"You here, dear Salome," said Emily affectionately. "But what is the matter; are you ill?"

"I have a great deal to tell you," she replied; "will you please give me a hearing?"

Mrs. Anerley sat down in her easy-chair; Emmie drew Salome to the sofa, and, having laid aside her own bonnet and jacket, threw her arm lovingly round the waist of her friend.

"However I begin," said Salome, "I am afraid my news will seem disagreeable and abrupt, and you will think, as I myself think now, that I have acted very wrongly. While still very young I married my cousin, Orlando Stanley, who was then, I fear, unfortunately for himself and for me, of very wild and dissipated habits. My father, though he did not know of our marriage, knew that he professed an attachment to me, and therefore guarded my money so carefully that it could not by any means fall into his hands."

Mrs. Anerley had put up her hands aghast, as if she would ward off the miserable intel gence.

"This is the mystery then," she exclaimed Salome's first pause. "My instinct told there was something very painful in connecti with your history, and you must allow me say, before you proceed any further, Mrs. Sta ley, that I consider you have most grossly, mo shamefully deceived us."

The tone of indignation in which the la uttered the name "Mrs. Stanley" cut Salo to the heart.

"Oh, mamma, dear!" cried Emmie, in most loving, gentle tones, "do hear Salo through before you judge her, and don't c her 'Mrs. Stanley;' still call her Salome."

Here at least was comfort to "the hea that knew its own bitterness. Emily Aner was of that faithful temperament that, once w as a friend, she would prove herself a friend f ever. Something of the old Scotch fealty t chieftain was in her attachment to Salome; acknowledged her to be cleverer, handsomer th herself, and rejoiced in the fact. She n would trust her, however dark appearanc might seem to look against her. The clo pressure of the arm that encircled her streng ened Salome to continue and to encounter M Anerley's very natural and very just disappro tion.

"To-day at the free breakfast my husba presented himself—"

Mrs. Anerley gave an impatient little scre of very evident annoyance.

"Not for a breakfast?" queried Emil "you don't mean *that*, Salome?"

"Indeed I do. He is sunk so low as that."

"Did you see him—did you speak to him queried Emmie.

Salome was very glad of the questions th helped her to tell the tale more easily. She lated all, and ended by repeating the propos she had made to her husband, and what he h decided upon.

"Then you give yourself up to be the c stant associate and companion of this man?" questioned Mrs. Anerley.

"It is my duty to try to save him. Do y not think so, dear Mrs. Anerley?" Salo asked, in a trembling voice.

"Then why did you not stay with him and to save him from the first, instead of lett him sink so low, and you coming to us in a fa light, and bringing trouble upon an innoce good-hearted young man," said Cecil's moth unable to forget her son's disappointment, feeling a little pardonable satisfaction in hav an explanation with the woman whom she h felt to be very blameworthy ever since she fused Cecil's hand and heart.

"I could not stay with him, Mrs. Anerle he did not let me know where he was."

"He rejected you, abandoned you almost i mediately?"

"He did." It was most humiliating of all tell this truth; but at least she would be op now and frankly confess it.

"How could he, you being so beautiful, accomplished? Oh, Salome, your husba ought to have been so proud of you!" s Emmie. "Why ever could he have married y to treat you so shamefully?"

"He thought to have had my money."

"You will leave us altogether now, I su pose?" said Mrs. Anerley.

The alteration in her tone was very pain to Salome Stanley.

"I should like to keep my things here three months and to retain my rooms, if you allow me."

"I can't have that man coming here."

"Certainly not. I should perhaps want come here once or twice during that interval consult my solicitor; I would not trouble y at all else."

"Mamma does not mean it," cried Emm "Dear Salome, it will always be pleasant to to see you at No. 12. What will Consta say?"

The following Wednesday Orlando Stanley and Salome proceeded to Rochester.

(*To be continued.*)

ELEVEN SIGNS OF THE NEARING ADVENT OF CHRIST.

By the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.

The Night Coming—The Signs of Christ's Advent Notable and Numerous—The Millennium not a Sign—1. Wars, Earthquakes, Pestilence, and Famines—2. The Restlessness of the World—3. Missionary Exertions—4. The Position of Israel—5. Disbelief in the Church—6. Human Efforts at Self-Regeneration—7. The Spirit of Knowledge—8. The Maturity of Papal Antichrist—9. The Diffusion of Infidelity—10. The Increase of Immorality—11. Increase of Superficiality and Formalism.

THE night cometh! Nor does it seem far off. It never appeared so nigh. The shadows are lengthening out, and falling with ominous gloom upon the valleys of earth. The dimness of twilight is beginning to make itself felt. It is settling down drearily upon our cities, and on our solitudes; upon the towers of our strength, and the palaces of our pomp; nor can the noisy rush of eager multitudes, hurrying to and fro for gain or pleasure, wholly stifle the utterance of fear and awe.

Yet it is written also, "The day is at hand!" The night, though dark, will be brief, and will be soon succeeded by a glorious day. But still of that day the night will be the forerunner. And this world's night is surely near.

The signs of Christ's Second Advent that have been given us both by the Lord and His apostles are both notable and numerous. And it is very evident that those have been selected which were the most expressive and least ambiguous. They are chosen as being the most prominent and explicit that could be given. It cannot be thought that the least striking have been announced and the most striking concealed.

If so, then is it not very remarkable that the Millennium of a thousand years is never mentioned as a sign at all? Had this been to take place before the Second Advent, how has it never been alluded to as one of the many signs? It would have been by far the most distinct and visible. No one could overlook or mistake it. Yet nowhere, by prophets or apostles, or by the Lord Himself, is it noted as a sign. How can this be accounted for, save upon the ground that it was to take place *after*, not *before*, the Advent? If this be omitted, all is plain; if it be denied, then let those who deny it account for the fact that, among the many signs of the Advent, the Millennium is never mentioned as one. *How* the most palpable of them all could be omitted seems to me to require an explanation. On the post-millennial system, the omission seems to me inexplicable. For thus our Lord would be made to profess to tell us the signs of His appearing, and yet to conceal the most notable of them all.

But this is not all. The signs which *are* given are inconsistent with the idea of a Millennium before the Second Advent. Who that reads the Lord's prophecy in Matthew 24, which begins with the destruction of Jerusalem and ends with His second appearing in the clouds of heaven, does not feel that the whole drift of it was to show the Church that they were to expect sorrow, not joy, tribulation, not triumph, up till the time when He should return? These signs were the successive crests of the billows on which she was to be tossed, till He, with His own voice and presence, should rebuke and calm the ocean.

Let me now note some of the signs which, in the present day, seem most remarkable as forerunners of the Lord's appearing. And though of some of these it might be said that they have been found in former days, yet others of them, as we shall see, are peculiar to our own.

1. *Wars and rumors of wars, earthquakes, pestilences, and famines in divers places* (Mat. 24 : 6, 7). I need not enter minutely into the proof of the existence of these. The public journals bear witness to it. For a while it seemed almost as if the world were at rest, as if its storms had spent themselves. But now all seems changed. Every day brings new indications of

DISQUIETUDE AND CONVULSION.

Few nations seem willing to draw the sword, yet every nation has her hand upon the hilt; with some it is already gleaming in the air, and with others it is reddened with blood. Over the whole earth is heard "the long, low, distant murmur of dread sound." And is this not the prelude to the LAST UNIVERSAL WAR? (Ezek. 38; Zech. 14; Dan. 11 : 40–45; 12 : 1; Rev. 13 : 7; 16 : 12–16; 17 : 8–14, 19 : 11–14). Is it not a sign of the near approach of Him who, when earth's madness and ambition are at their height—when the summoned nations are gathered at Armageddon, girt for battle and slaughter—Himself appears for their discomfiture and ruin? Then, but not till then, wars shall cease, and the weapons of war perish.

2. THE RESTLESSNESS OF THE WORLD.

This sign is in part connected with the preceding, yet may be viewed separately. The state of the world is at present very ominous. "Distress of nations with perplexity—men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things that are coming on the earth," "and then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud (Luke 21 : 25–27), is God's picture of the state of men as the final crisis draws on. This certainly seems our attitude at this moment. The earth, and the things that are coming on it, attract the attention of all serious thinkers. There is something in the state of the world so unsettled, so pregnant with uncertain evil, that every eye is moving to and fro in expectation of strange issues, and as if to catch the first sign of their approach. The time for listlessness and apathy is gone.

SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO,

when the skies were bright, and men could promise themselves days of sunshine, it was safe enough to fold the hands and take our ease. But all this is over. No doubt, after the excitement of recent wars and revolutions, men would prefer repose. But the onward swell of the waters stays not for an hour. There is among the nations a spirit of restlessness, anarchy, and insubordination, a passionate love of change, a headlong rush to overturn every established system, too furious and united to be ultimately withstood. Many call it but a passing tumult, the frenzy of an hour; but they who understand it know how deep is the spring out of which it flows. The storm, long gathering, but resisted and repressed by the barriers which ancient wisdom had erected for the stability of kingdoms, is concentrating and condensing its strength in these venerable recesses, which may for a while refuse to yield to the explosive force. but which, overstrained at length, give way to the accumulated pressure; then will the kingdoms of the earth be shivered; throne and temple overturned; wall and fortress laid in ruins. Such is the night which is to precede the long-looked-for day—when not only Israel but the whole earth shall arise and put on the garments of beauty, fit and meet for the personal presence of their glorious King.

3. *Home and Foreign*
MISSIONARY EXERTIONS.

No age since that of the apostles has witnessed such widespread exertions in behalf of the Jewish and Gentile nations as our own. This certainly is a sign peculiar to the present century. I do not speak of Missionary and Bible Societies as if they were to convert the world; but still I would point to the fact of hundreds of missionaries going forth to every region of our globe, millions of Bibles circulated—almost every nation having the Scriptures in their own language—and pointing to these simple but magnificent facts, I ask, Is there not in these a most palpable fulfilment of the words of the Lord, "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to all nations for a witness, and then shall the end come?" (Matt. 24 : 14). In our day we have the preaching of the Gospel, and its witness-bearing most manifest.

The result is not the conversion of the world, but the gathering out of the election (Acts 15 : 14). And then the End comes! It is not said, *And then the Millennium comes;* but *the End*—the end of this present age, and the Coming of the Son of Man. This sign seems also referred to in Revelation (14 : 6), "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel, to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come." This sign will, I doubt not, become more and more visible—but still there it is already before us—a sign which foretells a coming Lord, and most distinctly intimates the impossibility of a Millennium before His Advent.

4. THE POSITION OF ISRAEL.

This long-forgotten nation is now coming into remembrance. The nations of the earth are beginning to observe this strange people, 'terrible from the beginning hitherto.' The eyes both of the world and of the Church are far more intently directed toward them than they have been since the day that their city perished, and they were led captive into the land of the stranger. It is curious to observe how both travellers and missionaries are continually making new discoveries with regard to Israel, stumbling upon some new fragment of their lost ten tribes.

A GOODLY NUMBER OF JEWS

are also turning their eyes to the Cross of Christ. The "remnant according to the election of grace" is visibly coming in. The interest taken in the Jews everywhere is very striking. God is once more placing them before the eyes of the world, as those through whom he has blessed the world in times past, and through whom He means to bless it again. But when is this? Not till "the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Not till "they shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and mourn." The full salvation of Israel is reserved for the coming of their Messiah. Then, but not till then, shall "Israel blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit." (Rom. 11 : 5, 26; Zech. 12 : 10).[*]

5. DISBELIEF OF THE APPROACHING ADVENT *of Christ, even in the Church.* It is no marvel that the world should either deride or deny that event. And it is of the world's mocking that Peter speaks when he says, "There shall come in the last days scoffers, saying, Where is the promise of His coming?" But the Church also loses sight of that day; nay, refuses to credit the news of its approach. She says, "My Lord delayeth His coming." She slumbers and sleeps. And it is just when she is speaking thus, and thus slumbering, it is in an hour when she thinks not, that He arrives. It is often said, Surely, if the time were just at hand, more of God's people would believe it. But it is when many of them are not believing it, and counting on delay, that the Bridegroom comes.[†] While then we mourn that so many of the saints should disbelieve the nearness of that day, let us also lift up our heads, for by this sign we know that our redemption draweth nigh (2 Peter 3 : 3, 4; Matt. 24 : 48).

(*To be continued.*)

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[*] Scripture plainly predicts tthe future restoration of the Jewish nation to Palestine—first, partially in an unconverted state from political motives (Ezekiel 38, 39; Daniel 9 : 27; Jeremiah 30 : 3–7; Zechariah 14 : 1–4; Isaiah 66 : 3–6, 17); secondly, their universal conversion and restoration after the brief period of "Jacob's trouble." (Ezekiel 40, 48; Zechariah 2, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14; Isaiah 65, 66, etc.)

[†] Now, how can this be the case if the Millennium precede the Advent? Will the Church not know when the thousand years are done? (Rev. 20.) Would it be possible for her then to say, "My Lord delayeth His coming?"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Strong Expressions of Discontent come from Democrats in all districts of the country with reference to the management of the campaign in New York. Now that it is evident Gen. Hancock lost the election through the lack of support it was expected he would command in this State, searching inquiries are being instituted as to the causes which operated against him. Among other charges, it is openly asserted that ballots proved to have come from the Tammany organization were fraudulently bunched, the Garfield presidential ticket being inserted among the local Democratic ballots. This it is alleged was not a mistake, but the result of an arrangement to carry the local ticket at the expense of the presidential candidate. The word treachery is freely applied to the Tammany chief, and his conduct at the election for governor, which gave the State into Republican hands last year, is again freely commented upon. Mr. Kelly is now the most unpopular man in the Democratic party, but the powerful organization he controls appears from a recent vote still to place confidence in him.

The Effort of Postmaster-General Maynard to close the liquor stores opposite his department in Washington has failed, much to the disappointment of the friends of temperance in the city. The commissioners have granted the licenses against which Mr. Maynard protested, and claim that President Hayes sanctioned their action, though that statement is doubted by those who know the President's decided views on temperance questions. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says:

"There are eight of these liquor shops opposite the Post-Office Department, and five around the Interior Department, making *thirteen for the accommodation of the clerks* in these two adjacent buildings. On one square opposite Government property, and within sight of the State, War, and Navy Departments, and only one block and a half from the White House itself, there are twelve of the worst resorts of the kind in the city, besides four gambling houses in which liquors are sold. These, as well as the scores of others about Government property, could all be driven from such public places if the President accepted the interpretation put upon the law by the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney of the District, who is regarded as one of the best lawyers in the Washington Bar. *The gambling dens are in full blast day and night and Sundays.* In these respects there has not been as bad a condition of affairs in the Capital since the times of the war."

The Construction of Gen. Garfield's Cabinet is the problem on which politicians are just now exercising their minds. The President-elect has, however, spent so much of his life in the political arena that the advice so freely offered him on the subject will probably have but little weight. The question may, however, be an embarrassing one unless Gen. Garfield has sufficient strength of mind to shake himself clear of entangling alliances. There is no doubt that he owed *his nomination* at Chicago mainly to the good-will of Secretary Sherman and Senator Blaine, who, finding their own prospects gloomy, preferred Gen. Garfield to Gen. Grant. But he as clearly owes *his election* to the State of New York, and that State was won for him mainly by the exertions of Gen. Grant and his able lieutenant, Senator Conkling. Thus three sections of the Republican party may consider they have claims upon him in the distribution of patronage, and Gen. Garfield must be singularly adroit if he succeeds in satisfying more than one of the three.

The position Mr. Sherman now occupies is the one about which most curiosity is expressed, and a strong effort is being made by business men to induce Gen. Garfield to offer him the same position in the new cabinet. There is no doubt that under exceptionably favorable circumstances Mr. Sherman has shown a capacity for making the best use of them in the interests of the people, and the national finances have prospered under his management. But Mr. Sherman is opposed by the Grant wing of the party, and therefore attention is concentrated on that appointment, which is expected to indicate the extent of influence the different sections of the party exercise on the President-elect.

The Death of Rev. Charles S. Brown, for a long time associated in the management of the Five Points Mission, New York, occurred at Nyack-on-the-Hudson on November 14th. He was fifty-five years of age. He was born in the State of New York, and after receiving a liberal education entered the Wesleyan University at Middletown. At the conclusion of his college course he undertook various missions through the country, and showed himself possessed of considerable executive capacity and earnest Christian activity. Five years ago it was proposed to put him in charge of the Five Points Mission, and the suggestion was at once adopted. Mr. Brown was eminently adapted for the position, and his services there received general recognition. Four weeks ago he contracted malaria, and, although he was thought likely to recover, he sank rapidly during the last few days of his life. His death will be sincerely mourned by many of the poverty-stricken people about Five Points, among whom he labored and who appreciated his kindly cheerful manner as well as the value of the truths he taught. The decided improvement which of late years has been perceptible in that locality once the by-word for all that was degraded and criminal, has been to a large extent due to his indefatigable exertions.

The Proposed Production of the Passion Play in New York is condemned by the secular press as well as by eminent ministers of all denominations, and even by the Jewish rabbis of the city. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., says of it: "I think the play will not succeed. It failed in San Francisco, and it ought to fail here. If, however, the people have reached such a depth of infidel degradation that they desire such a play, they will have it, for the supply always equals the demand. It's of no use for Mr. Abbey to talk about charity: that is only a bribe. *I don't know of any charitable institution that would receive the devil's money.* There is a religious conviction down deep in the breast of every person, gained in childhood, that will come up at times, no matter if it seems to be lost. Any attempt to travesty or represent the life of our Lord upon the stage will arouse that religious spirit, and cause the people to look upon the Passion Play with horror." *Dr. Ormiston* says: "It outrages all my ideas of the sacredness attaching to our Lor and Saviour. As for devoting the proceeds t charitable purposes, that shows they know th have got poison, and they want to sugar it over. *Dr. Taylor*, of the Broadway Tabernacle, says "I consider the Passion Play in a theatre th nearest approach to blasphemy that I know of. The Rev. William Lloyd says: "It is an insu for the man who produces *Cinderella* to lay h hands on the story of Christ." Dr. Newma says: "I would as soon think of representin Almighty God upon the stage as His Son Jesu Christ."

The *Times*, *Tribune*; *Sun*, and other daily p pers have condemned the production of the pla and the *Herald* says almost exactly what we hav quoted from Dr. Tyng.

A Shocking Fire Occurred at St. Peter, Min on the night of November 15th, which from t character of its circumstances was of a peculiar distressing nature. The large lunatic asylum, i which 656 afflicted persons were confined, w partially destroyed in a few hours. The fi broke out in the north wing of the building, an while some of the attendants exerted themselv to extinguish it, others endeavored to extrica the patients. The latter work was one of e treme difficulty, for the poor creatures could n in many cases be made to comprehend their da ger, but jabbered among themselves with app rent delight at the spectacle, as if the affair we something especially ordered for their entertai ment. Many of them refused to leave the buil ing at all. The others were saved, some b ladders and some by leaping from the window

Some were nearly nude, some shoeless an hatless, and all were exposed to the exceedin cold of the night. Many of the poor dement and crazed inmates fled as if for their lives, an could not be overtaken or confined. After th had escaped the flames they were at large ha clothed, and were to be seen in all directio flying in wild fright from those who attempt to save them. The poor creatures, were hi ing in alleys and dark corners for some tim Thirteen bodies of those who perished in t flames have been found. Ten more are believe from what is known of them, to have be burned, and eight others are missing. A de snow was on the ground, and it is feared th many of those rescued from the flames will d from the effects of the cold.

An Act of Inhuman Barbarity Committed R cently in Missouri shows that men whose hear have not been regenerated by the grace of G are capable, when moved by anger, covetousnes or any other potent occupant of the spirit, deeds positively fiendish in their cruelty. Th owners of two adjoining farms quarrelled abo *a strip of land* only six inches wide, which ea claimed as part of his property. They met lat ly on this contested plot, and one of them o dered the other to stand off it. As the ord was not obeyed he deliberately chopped off o of his neighbor's feet with an axe. Public jou nals daily record crimes almost as infamou yet social philosophers of eminence cherish t hope that human nature may be improved an elevated into something very high and nobl The Bible teaches that only by the new birth ca there be any well-grounded hope of such a co summation.

Bible and Prayer Union.—The Lessons for th ensuing week are the consecutive Psalms, that f to-morrow, Nov. 26th, being Psalm 116. The follo ing requests for prayer have been received: From a anxious wife, that her husband, a reclaimed drun ard, now engaged in a business where he is in co tact with scoffers and drinking men, may be pr served from falling again nnder the power of his ol habits.—From a brother fallen under the influence a doubting, desponding frame of mind, that God wi increase his faith.—From one in pressing need both spiritual and temporal blessings, that God woul hear prayer for the writer and family.—From a su scriber desiring t owork for God, for restoration health, which for some time has been precariou Also that God would continue to bless the CHRI TIAN HERALD and make it instrumental in the salv tion of many more souls.

An American Monastery has been Estab-ished in Boston, Mass. The Boston correspondent of a New York journal says: "The Church of the Advent, on Bowdoin Street, could ıot do enough in the way of high ritualistic and Romanistic formalism, but must have a Monkery. The men take upon themselves vows of poverty, elibacy, and seclusion, each one surrendering is property of whatever kind, and all dwelling ogether in a house or houses of their own, and oing their own housework, no woman ever beng admitted within their doors. They profess he utmost simplicity in furniture, dress, table, tc., in order to have more money for charitable ses. How they get money at all short of begng does not appear, for there is no intimation f their doing anything to earn it. They have et times for meals, for reading, meditation, sacaments, self-examination, and sleep." This is step to the rear. Those who leave the practial duties of Christian life for such a "retreat" o not advance the cause of Christ in their own ouls nor in the world.

A Remarkable Answer to Prayer was Re-ted at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting last eek. A missionary said he had fresh reasons r thankfulness to God. A few days since he as seeking to help a family who were in sore raits. The mission with which he was concted, and which he hoped might supply the ants of this tried family, he found could not so, as there was an immediate need of one ındred dollars. The twofold need was laid fore the Lord, and in a most unexpected way lp was secured for the family. Later in the y the missionary met a business man, who id: "I do not know that I can quite afford but *I have been impressed to make out a check* your mission for one hundred dollars. Here is." The day dawned with clouded sky, but eventide there was light.

The Astonishment of an AlaskaIndian Boy entering the school for Indian children which ss Austen superintends in connection with the esbyterian mission had a practical effect which netimes fails to follow teaching in the pulpit l elsewhere. Miss Austen says some of the ldren come to school with only a blanket, and hirt made out of salt bags; but when the exple is set them of neatness they seem anxious follow it. Connected with the school are two sh-rooms, and the children are encouraged l exhorted to make good use of clean water. The first day they commenced washing, one of boys did not come in till quite late. He med perfectly astonished to see the chiln looking so clean and nice. Finally he exmed, 'Excuse me. I guess I go and wash .' He did so, and seemed highly gratified h the result." Dr. Sheldon, in his new book Alaska, speaks encouragingly of mission rk in the Territory, and expresses his belief t it is one of the most hopeful fields for istian labor in the world.

he Rev. E. M. Sasseville, of the Hedding sion Church, Rochester, N. Y., gave his congation an account of his conversion from the rch of Rome on Sunday evening, November . He was a wood engraver in Montreal, and faith in Roman Catholicism was first shaken is acquaintance with a priest of depraved racter, and afterward through witnessing the rder of Hackett in an Orange riot in July, . About that time discussions had arisen veen a Methodist young lady working in office with Mr. Sasseville and one of the ng men, a Roman Catholic. "In these," Mr. Sasseville, "the young man was alys worsted, for the reason that the lady always ted the Scriptures, which he could not an. *I had never seen a Bible*, so that I knew ing of the Scriptures. On my one day reking this, the lady gave me her Bible and d me to read it, if for no other reason, as a ory. I took it home and put it in my k. About 8.30 P.M. on the 12th of July I n my room thinking of the events of the and wishing that I could find some means lighten myself in regard to religion, when I suddenly thought of the Bible in my trunk. I took it out, and opening at the New Testament began to read. How beautiful I found it! how attractive and simple! but so sublime, so grand and clear! I read until two o'clock, and had perused the four Gospels and part of the Acts. I found nothing there of the doctrines I had been taught, no cardinals, no purgatory, no pope, and I made up my mind that the Church of Rome was not the Church of Christ. I was down-hearted and saddened, for I knew not which way to turn, and kneeling down I prayed that I might find the Saviour, and that I might be assured that I was forgiven. Suddenly I felt the burden lifted from my shoulders. My heart was filled with joy, and I knew that my prayer was answered."

A Thief Conscience-Stricken.—An Incident which occurred on a farm in Connecticut, related by *The Youth's Companion*, illustrates the proverb that the wicked flee when no man pursueth (Prov. 28 : 1). A farmer who suffered from petty pilfering suspected one of his neighbors. He watched his barn, and saw, one night, a man coming out with a large bundle of hay on his back. Instead of meeting the man face to face, and charging him with the crime, the farmer rushed into his house, where a wood-fire was still burning. Seizing a blazing brand, he noiselessly overtook the thief, and thrust the brand into the hay and retired.

In a minute or two the thief was suddenly startled by the crackling flames bursting over his head. Thinking the fire had been sent from heaven to consume him, he dropped the bundle and ran home almost paralyzed with fright. The next day he sought the farmer. With great distress of mind he confessed all his petty pilferings, and avowed his purpose to live an honest life. The farmer forgave him, and never told the story until after the death of the penitent thief—who faithfully adhered to his resolution.

An Emigrant's Sudden Death Occurred at Castle Garden a few days ago. A young Norwegian with his wife and children resolved on attempting to improve his position by emigrating to the new world. But his wife was reluctant to leave her aged widowed mother who would have been friendless in her old age had her daughter left her. The old lady knew of the circumstances, and rather than filial love should injure the prospects of those she loved, she offered to accompany them to their new home. It was a hard trial for her to leave the scenes of her youth and to sever old associations, but she bore it apparently with fortitude. The discomforts of the voyage did not appear to distress her, but when she landed, and sitting on a trunk on the dock, surveyed the strange scene of bustle and bewildering confusion, her spirit failed her; her head sunk on her breast and she passed away to begin her new life in a new world—not this, but that where her Father has many mansions for those who love Him.

The Portrait and Life of the New Lord Mayor of London will appear in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Alderman W. McArthur, M.P., who was elected to that dignified and responsible position on November 9th, is, like the newly-elected Mayor of New York, an Irishman by birth, but, unlike him, he is an earnest and vigorous Protestant. He belongs to the Wesleyan Methodist denomination, and his father was an eminent Wesleyan minister. The new lord mayor has been a very successful business man, but he has found time in the midst of commercial pursuits to work for the advancement of many schemes for the promotion of religion and philanthropy. In many cases, too, where he was unable to give personal labor to a cause in which he sympathized, he has contributed munificently from his private funds. It is a singular and gratifying coincidence that in the year when the great Œcumenical Council of the Wesleyan Methodist Church is to assemble in London the chief magistrate of the city should be a conspicuous member of that church.

MASCHIL OF ETHAN—A MAJESTIC SONG.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations. For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens."—PSALM 89 : 1, 2.

Singing as a Relief to Sorrow—I. The Eternal Builder—A Stately Edifice in Ruins—Futile Attempts to Rebuild it—The Original Builder Rebuilds it with Mercy—Real Work—A Fixed Thing—An Orderly Thing—A Stately Pile—Self-righteous Boasters of Perfection in Danger—Looking Forward—The Work to go on Forever—It Will never Decay nor Fall Down—II. An Everlasting Singer—The Subject of his Song—Unscriptural Metaphors of Eternal Torment—The Song Instructive—The Christian's Work Eternal.

THIS psalm is one of the very choicest songs in the night. Midst a stream of troubled thoughts there stands a fair island of rescue and redemption, which supplies standing-room for wonder and worship; while the music of the words, like the murmuring of a river, sounds sweetly in our ears. Read the psalm carefully and it will rouse your sympathy, for he who wrote it was bearing bitter reproach, and was almost broken-hearted by the grievous calamities of his nation. Yet his faith was strong in the faithfulness of God, and so he sang of the stability of the Divine covenant when the outlook of circumstances was dark and cheerless.

Nor did he ever sing more sweetly than he sang in that night of his sorrow. Greatly doth it glorify God for us to sing His high praises in storms of adversity and on beds of affliction. It magnifies His mercy if we can bless and adore Him when He takes as well as when He gives. It is good that out of the very mouth of the burning fiery furnace there should come a yet more burning note of grateful praise. I am told that there is a great deal of relief to sorrow in complaining; that the utterance of our murmurs may sometimes tend to relieve our pain or sorrow.

But, methinks, *the best relief for sorrow is to sing;* this man tried it, at any rate. When mercy seems to have departed, it is well to sing of departed mercy. When no present blessing appears, it is a present blessing to remember the blessing of the years gone by, and to rehearse the praises of God for all His former mercies toward us. Two sorts of songs we ought to keep up, even if the present appears to yield us no theme for sonnets: the song of the past for what God has done, and the song of the future for the grace we have not tasted yet—the covenant blessings held in the pierced hand, safe and sure against the time to come.

I invite your attention to two things. First, we shall look at *the work of the eternal builder*—"Mercy shall be built up for ever;" then, secondly, we shall listen to *the resolve of an everlasting singer*—"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever."

I take the second verse first: it is needful for the handling of our subject. You know, in the *Book of Common Prayer* the rubric prescribes concerning a certain form of words that it is "to be said or sung." We will do both. The first part we will have is the verse which begins "*I have said;*" and then the second part shall be the verse which begins "*I will sing.*" It shall be said and sung too. God grant we may say it in the depth of our heart, and afterward that our mouth may sing it, and make it known unto all generations. May the Spirit of all grace fill us with His own power.

I. First, then, let us contemplate

THE ETERNAL BUILDER, AND HIS WONDERFUL WORK.

"I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens."

I can see *a vast mass of ruins.* Heaps upon heaps they lie around me. A stately edifice has tottered to the ground. Some terrible disaster has occurred. There it lies—cornice, pillar, pinnacle, everything of ornament and of utility broken, scattered, dislocated. The world is strewn with the *débris*. Journey where you will, the desolation is before your eyes. Who has done this? Who has cast down this temple? What hand has ruined this magnificent structure? Manhood, manhood it is which has been destroyed, and Sin was the agent that effected the Fall. It is man broken by his sin. Iniquity has done it. O thou devastator, what destructions hast thou wrought in the earth! What desolation thou hast made unto the ends of the world! Everywhere is ruin; everywhere is ruin.

Futile attempts are made to rebuild this temple upon its own heap, and the Babel towers arise out of the rubbish and abide for a season, but they are soon broken down, and the mountain of decay and corruption becomes even more hopeless of restoration. All that man has done with his greatest effort is but to make a huger display of his total failure to recover his position, to realize his ostentatious plans, or to restore his own fleeting memories of better things. They may build, and they may pile up stone upon stone, and cement them together with untempered mortar, but their rude structure shall all crumble to the dust again, for the first ruin will be perpetuated even to the last. So must it be, for sin destroys all. I am vexed in my spirit and sore troubled as I look at these ruins, fit habitations for the bittern and the dragon, the mole and the bat. Alas for manhood that it should be thus fallen and destroyed!

But what else do I see? I behold the great original Builder coming forth from the ivory palaces to undo this mischief; and He cometh not with implements of destruction, that He may cast down and destroy every vestige, but I see Him advancing with plummet and line, that He may rear, set up, and establish on a sure foundation a noble pile that shall not crumble with time, but endure throughout all ages. He cometh forth with mercy. So "I said," as I saw the vision, "Mercy shall be built up for ever."

There was no material but mercy with which a temple could be constructed among men. What can meet the guilt of human crimes but mercy? What can redress the misery occasioned by wanton transgression but mercy? Mere kindness could not do it. Power alone—even Omnipotence—could not accomplish it. Wisdom could not even commence until Mercy stood at her right hand. But when I saw Mercy interpose I understood the meaning. Something was to be done that would change the dreary picture that made my heart to groan, for at the advent of Mercy the walls would soon rise, until the roof ascended high and the palace received within its renovated glory the sublime architect who reared it.

When Mercy came—*God's darling*, for He saith He delighteth in mercy—then was there hope that the ruins of the Fall would no longer be the perpetual misery of men. I said, "Mercy shall be built up." Now, if you closely scan the passage you will clearly perceive that the psalmist has the idea of God's mercy being manifest in building, because a great breach has to be repaired, and the ruins of mankind are to be restored. As for building, it is a very substantial operation. A building is something which is palpable and tangible to our senses. We may have plans and schemes which are only visionary, but when it comes to building, as those know who have to build, there is something real being done, something more than surveying the ground and drawing the model.

And oh, what *real work* God has done for men? What real work in the gift of His dear Son! The product of His infinite purpose now becomes evident. He is working out His great designs after the counsel of His own will. What real work there is in the regeneration of His people. That is no fiction. Mercy is built, and the blessings that you and I have received have not mocked us; they have not been the dream of fanatics, nor the fancy of enthusiasts. God has done real work for you and for me, as we can bear testimony, and as we do bear testimony at this hour. "For I have said, Mercy shall be built." That is no sham, no dream: it is the act and deed of God. Mercy has been built.

A thing that is built is *a fixed thing*. It exists—exists really, and exists according to a substantial plan. It is presumed to be permanent. True, all earthly structures will moulder and decay, and man's buildings will dissolve in the last great fire, but still a building is more durable than a tent, or a run-up lodge in a garden of cucumbers, and "I have said, Mercy shall be built."

It is not a movable berth, but a fixed habitation—I have found it so. And have not you? God's mercy began with some of you—no, I must not talk about when it began, but I mean you began to perceive it many years ago now, when these heads that are now bald or gray had locks bushy and black as a raven—when you were curly-headed boys and girls, that clambered on your father's knee. You remember, even then, the mercy of your God, and it has continued with you—a fixed, substantial, real thing. Not the old house at home has been more fixed than the mercy of God. There has been a warm place for you by the fireside from your childhood until now, and a mother's love has not failed; but more substantial than a house has been the mercy of God to you. You can indorse the declaration of David: "I have said, Mercy shall be built."

A building is *an orderly thing* as well as a fixed thing. There is a scheme and design about it. Mercy shall be built. God has gone about blessing us with designs that only His own infinite perfections could have completed. We have not seen the design yet in the full proportion. We shall be lost in wonder, love, and praise when we see it all carried out; but we perceive already some lines, some distinct traces of a grand design, and I said, as I caught first one thought of God, and then another, of his mercy toward me,

"MERCY SHALL BE BUILT."

I see that it shall. This is no load of bricks shot out. It is polished stones builded one upon another.

But now He says, "Mercy shall be built up." Will you try to think for a minute upon these words—"built up?" It is not merely a long, low wall of mercy that is formed, to make an inclosure or to define a boundary, but it is a magnificent pile of mercy, whose lofty heights shall draw admiring gaze, that is being built up. God puts mercy on the top of mercy, and He gives us one favor that we may be ready to receive another.

Would that I had a vivid imagination, and a tongue gifted with eloquence; then I would try to portray the twelve courses of the new Jerusalem, and show how the stones of fair colors came one next to the other, so that the colors set each other off, and blended into a wondrous harmony; but I can clearly see that the mercy of the azure shall not come first, but there shall be the mercy of the emerald to underlie it, and there shall be an advance made in the preciousness of the stones with which God shall build us up, and we cannot tell what the next is to be; certainly not what the next after that is to be, nor the next after that, and the one to follow after that. But as I saw half a dozen of the courses of God's mercy, I said, "His mercy shall be built up."

Its foundations were laid low. In great mercy he gave me a broken heart. That was pure mercy, for God accepts broken hearts; they are very precious in His sight; but it was a higher mercy when He gave me a new heart, which was bound up and united in His fear and filled with His joy. Oh, brethren, let us remember how He showed us the evil of sin, and caused us to feel a sense of shame. That was a choice mercy, but it was a clearer mercy when He gave us a sense of pardon.

Oh, it was a blessed day when he gave us th little faith that tremblingly touched His garment's hem. It was better when He gave u faith as a grain of mustard seed that grew. I has been better still when by faith we have bee able to do many mighty works for Him. W do not know what we shall do yet when He give us more faith. Far less can we imagine ho our powers shall develop in heaven, where fait will come to its full perfection. It will not die as some idly pretend. There we shall implicit believe in God. We do not know what any on of our graces may be built up into, but if yo are conscious of any growth in any grace, yo have learned enough to appreciate the orac that speaketh in this wise—"I have said, Merc shall be built up for ever."

Once again would I read this verse with ver great emphasis, and ask you to notice how it rebukes *the proud and the haughty*, and how it encourages the meek and lowly in spirit. "I hav said, Mercy shall be built up for ever." In th edification of the saints there is nothing else bu mercy. Some people seem to fancy that whe we get to a certain point in grace we do not nee to sue for mercy.

My dear friends, if any of you get into tha humor that you say, "I need not make any confession of sin, I need not ask pardon of sin,' you are trifling with the very truths of whic you seem to be tenacious. *I do not care wha doctrine it is that brings you there*; you are in dangerous state if you stop there.

GET AWAY BACK DIRECTLY.

Your right position is at the throne of grac and a throne of grace is meant for people tha want grace, and you need grace now; neve more than now. Without mercies new eve morning, as the manna that fed the Israelite of old, your days will be full of misery.

Your Lord and Master taught you to say no only "Our Father which art in heaven," an "Thy kingdom come," but he bade you constantly to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses a we forgive them that trespass against us." " have no trespasses," says one. Tut, brothe go home, and look at your own heart. I wi have no argument with you. Take the bandag off your eyes. You are about as full of sin as a egg is full of meat. Among the rest of you many sins there is this rotten egg of an accurse pride as to your own state of heart. I said, wha ever you say, "Mercy shall be built up forever.

I expect God to deal with me on the footin of mercy, as long as I live. I do not expect th He shall build me up in any way but accordin to His grace, and pity, and forgiving love. there be any creatures in this world that ca boast of having got beyond the need of askin for mercy, I have not learned their secret self-deception. I do know of some professo who climb *so high up the ladder that they co down the other side.* I fancy that is very muc like the wonderful *growing in perfection* which they prate. It means full often going u so high that they are *pure saints in their ow esteem*, but anon they have gone down so lo that they are poor lost sheep in the estimatio of the churches of Christ. God grant you ma not fall by any such process.

There will not come a point when the angel masons shall stop and say, "Now then, the ne course is to be merit. So far mercy: now th next course is to be perfection in the flesh; th next course is to be no need of mercy." N no, mercy, mercy, mercy, till the very topsto shall be brought forth with shoutings of "grac grace unto it." "Mercy shall be built up."

Yet onward glance your eye. "I said, Mer shall be built up for ever." For ever? Well, have been peering back into the past, and I di cover that nothing else but mercy can accou for my being or my well-being. By the grace God I am what I am. The psalm of my lif though filled with varied stanzas, has but o chorus, His mercy endureth for ever. Will yo look back, beloved, on all the building of yo life and character? Any of it that has been re building—gold and silver and precious stones-has all been mercy, and so the building will go on.

The operation is proceeding slowly but surely. What though at this present hour you may be in grievous trouble? Mercy is being built up for you. "Oh, no," say you, "I am tottering, and my days are declining, and I feel I shall be utterly cast down." Yes, you may be very conscious of your own weakness and infirmity; but the mercy of the Lord is steadfast, its foundation abides firm; not a single stone can be moved from its setting. The work is going on, storm or tempest notwithstanding. There is nothing precarious about the fact that mercy shall be built up for ever.

Let not the murky atmosphere that surrounds you blind your eyes—the eyes of your understanding—to this glorious word—"*forever.*" Rather say, if I am well set in this fabric of mercy my castings down are often the way in which God builds up His mercy. I shall be built up forever. And oh! if it goes on being built up forever—I am ravished with the thought, though I cannot give expression to it—*what will it grow to?* What will it grow to?

If it is going to be built up in the case of any one of you, say seventy years, oh, it will be a grand pinnacle, an everlasting monument to the Eternal Builder's praise: but you see it will go on; it will be built up forever. What! never cease? No, never. But shall it never come to a pause? No, mercy shall be built up for ever; it shall go on towering upward. Do you imagine that it will go at a slower rate by and by? That is not likely. It is not God's way: He generally hastens His speed as He ripens His purposes. So I suspect that He will go on building up His mercy tier on tier, height on height, forever.

Says one, "Will its colossal altitude pierce the clouds, and rise above the clear azure of the sky?" It will. Read the text: "Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens." Within the bounds of my feeble vision I can discern that it has risen above death, above sin, above fear, above all danger; it has risen above the terrors of the judgment day; it has outsoared the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds:" it towers above all our thoughts.

Yes, and what is once built up will never fall down, neither in whole nor in part. There is the mercy of it. God is such a Builder that He finishes what He begins, and what He accomplishes is forever. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." He does not do and undo; or build for His people after a covenant fashion, and then cast down again because the counsel of His heart has changed. So let us sing and praise and bless the name of the Lord. I do hope that, from what little our experience has taught us already, we are prepared to cry, like the psalmist, "I have said, Mercy shall be built up forever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens."

II. Well, now, we come back to the first verse. There are first that shall be last, and last that shall be first, so is it with our text. We have looked at the Eternal Builder, let us now listen to

AN EVERLASTING SINGER.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations."

Here is a good and godly resolution: "*I will sing.*" The singing of the heart is intended, and the singing of the voice is expressed, for he mentions his mouth; and equally true is it that the singing of his pen is implied, since the psalms that he wrote were for others to sing in generations that should follow. He says, "I will sing." I do not know what else he could do. There is God building in mercy. We cannot assist Him in that. We have no mercy to contribute, and what is built is to be all of mercy. We cannot impart anything to the great temple which He is building; yet we can sit down and sing.

It seems delightful that there should be no sound of hammer or noise of axe; that there should be no other sound than the voice of song, as when they fabled of *the ancient player* upon the instruments that He builded temples by the force of song. So shall God build up His church, and so shall He build us as living stones into the sacred structure, and so shall we sit and muse on His mercy till the music breaks from our tongue, and we rise to our feet and stand and sing about it. I will sing of the mercy while the mercy is being built up. "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord."

But will he not soon sink these sweet notes and relapse into silence? No; he says, "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord *forever.*" Will he not grow weary and wish for some other occupation? No; for true praise is a thirsty thing, and when it drinks from a golden chalice it soon empties it, and yearns for deeper draughts with strong desire. It could drink up Jordan at a draught. This singing praise to God is a spiritual passion. The saved soul delights itself in the Lord, and sings on, and on, and on unwearily. "I will sing forever," saith he. Not, "I will get others to perform, and then I will retire from the service;" but rather, "I will myself sing: my own tongue shall take the solo, whoever may refuse to join in the chorus."

Now note his subject. "I will sing of the *mercies of the Lord.*" What, not of anything else? Are the mercies of the Lord his exclusive theme? "*Arma virumque cano*"—"Arms and the man, I sing," says the Latin poet. "Mercies and my God, I sing," says the Hebrew seer. "I will sing of mercies," says the devout Christian. This is the fount of mercy, whereof if a man doth drink he shall sing far better than he that drinketh of the Castalian fount, and on Parnassus begins to tune his harp.

"Praise the mount, oh, fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love."

Here we are taught a melodious sonnet, "sung by flaming tongues above." "I will sing of mercies, I will sing of mercies forever," he says, and I suppose the reason is because God's mercies would be built up forever.

What a spectacle it will be as you sit in heaven, and watch God building up His mercies forever, or, if it may be, to wander over all the worlds that God has made: for I suppose we may do that, and yet still have heaven for our home.

HEAVEN IS EVERYWHERE,

to the heart that lives in God. What a wonderful sight it will be to see God going on building up His mercy. Ah, we have not acquired an idea of the grandeur of the plan of mercy. The grandeur of His justice no thought can conceive, no words can paint.

Ah, my dear brethren, although there have been expressions and metaphors used about the wrath to come which cannot be found in Scripture, and are not to be justified, yet I am persuaded that there is no exaggeration possible of the inviolability of God's law, of the truthfulness of His threatenings, of the terror of His indignation, or of the holiness of Jehovah, a holiness that shall constrain universal homage; but you must always take care that you balance all your thoughts. In the retributions of His wrath there shall be a revelation of His righteousness: for no sentence of His majesty will ever cast a shadow over His mercy, and every enemy will be speechless before the equity of His award. They that hate Him shall hide their faces from Him; in burning shame they shall depart to perpetual banishment from His presence. Their condemnation will not dim the purity of His attributes.

The glory of the redeemed will also reveal the righteousness of Jehovah, and His saints will be perfectly satisfied when they are conformed to His likeness. On the summit of the eternal hill you shall sit down and survey that mercy-city now in course of construction builded up; it lieth four square, its height is the same as its breadth, ever towering, ever widening, ever coming to that divine completion which, nevertheless, it has, in another sense, already attained. We know that God in His mercy shall be all in all. "I will sing of the mercy of the Lord forever," for I shall see His mercy built up forever.

This singing of Ethan was intended to be instructive. How large a class did He want to teach? He intended to make known God's mercy to

ALL GENERATIONS.

Dear, dear, if a man teaches one generation, is not that enough? *Modern thought* does not adventure beyond the tithe of a century, and it gets tame and tasteless before half that tiny span of sensationalism has given it time to evaporate. But the echoes of truth are not so transient; they endure, and by means of the printing press we can teach generation after generation, leaving books behind us as this good man has bequeathed this psalm, which is teaching us perhaps more largely than it taught any generation nearer to him.

Ethan said, "God's mercy shall be built up forever," and he is teaching us still that blessed fact. Suppose you cannot write, and your influence is very narrow, yet still you shall go on singing of God's praise forever, and you shall go on teaching generations yet to come. You Sunday-school teachers, you shall be Sunday-school teachers forever. "Oh!" say you, "no, I cannot credit that." Well, but you shall. You know it will always be Sunday when you get to heaven. There will never be any other day there, but one everlasting Sabbath; and through you and by you shall be made known to angels, and principalities, and powers, the manifold wisdom of God.

I teach some of you now, and I often think you could better teach me, some of you old experienced saints. You will teach me by and by. When we are in glory we shall all of us be able to tell one another something of God's mercy. Your view of it, you know, differs from mine, and mine from my brother's. You, my dear friend, see mercy from one point; and your wife, even though she be one with you, sees it from another point, and detects another sparkle of it which your eye has never caught. So shall we barter and exchange our knowledge in heaven, and trade together and grow richer in our knowledge of God there. "I have said, mercy shall be built up forever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens." Then I said, "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations."

We never can stop it; we never can cease; but as the heavens are telling the glory of God, and every star declares in wondrous diversity His praise, so where the stars differ from one another in the glory of God above, the saints shall be forever telling the story which yet shall remain untold—the love we knew, but which surpassed our knowledge; the grace of which we drank, but yet was deeper than our draughts; the bounty in which we swam until we seemed to lose ourselves in love: the favor which still was greater than our utmost conceptions, and rose above our most eager desires.

God bless you, brethren and sisters, and send you away singing—

"All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
And wait until the angels come,
To bear me to my King."

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—Psalm 89.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

SQUIRE ARMITAGE.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE said that Squire Armitage was a man of his word. And in his expressed resolve to stem the tide of intemperance in his own village, he did not let the grass grow under his feet, but set to work at once. The remedies proposed at his own dinner table he kept full in view. He erected new dwellings where they were needed. He provided entertainments of all kinds for the villagers' amusement. He improved the school. He instituted classes for older men on certain evenings in the week. He got down lecturers to elevate the tastes of the people. He also provided a room where the men of the village might read, smoke, and talk.

Of course all this took time. But time, pains, and money were quite ungrudged for the object he had at heart. At length the time came when Squire Armitage could look quietly about him and notice whether things were prospering or no. He fully expected thorough and complete success—moderate drinking the order of the day, and excess quite stamped out.

Now if I were to say he met with no success at all I should be guilty of an untruth. He did much good. But if, on the other hand, I were to say he had shown the uselessness of total abstinence, or the inadvisability of it, I should be saying what was equally untrue. To show how matters stand, I will just lay before you an incident or two.

The Squire was riding home from the hunt one night when he met, a little outside the village, one of his tenants. He recognzied him at once as being one of the very men for whom he had built a new dwelling. The man had taken just enough to remove his rustic shyness, but not too much to prevent his making himself understood. Staggering before the Squire's horse, he touched his hat, and said,

"Squire, you've a giv'd me a good 'ouse. I tell 'e what I want now. Will 'e give me a new wife?"

In a moment it flashed across Squire Armitage's mind that here was a case his remedy could never touch. This man had a drunken wife. What availed a new house with a brawling intemperate woman in it? A good house was one thing, but was it all that was needed? He had acted as though it were only the *men* who needed reclaiming. He had quite overlooked the drunken wives.

"I'll speak to you, my man," said he, "when you are sober," and rode on with a heavy heart.

A few weeks after this he attended one of the people's entertainments. He made it a point always to take the chair. After the people had dispersed, he stayed for about an hour behind, making some arrangements for the next that was to be held. It happened that his way home lay past the public-house of the place. Long before he reached it he heard shouting and singing proceeding from it. But when he came up to it, it dawned upon his mind that drunkenness was as rampant as ever. It seemed to him as though he had only dammed back the current for a very short season, and that it was rolling on all the more fiercely for its temporary arrest. He felt curious to know what the men were saying, and so reined his horse somewhat nearer the window. He heard his own name mentioned.

"Squire Armitage—let's drink to 'un," shouted one intoxicated voice; "the friend of the working-man and his beer."

"They're getting drunk with my name on their filthy lips," the Squire groaned out; and then he rode rapidly home with a very heavy load upon his heart

One of the most humbling things, however, which the Squire experienced was in connection with one of the lecturers. One evening, when this lecturer stood up to speak, he had somehow lost his accustomed freedom of speech. He jumbled up his facts together, too, in a most odd way. Never before had his memory proved so treacherous. And it was observed, moreover, that he was obliged to support himself by resting his hand upon the back of a chair. Squire Armitage thought it all very strange; but the truth never dawned upon his mind until one small boy from the back seats exclaimed, "Why, master, you're drunk!"

Oh the bitter shame and humiliation the Squire felt that evening! Here was an educated man, brought down for the express purpose of enlarging the minds of the rustics, and so to cure them of their drunken habits, and himself drunk. At once dismissing the assembly, and without speaking to any one, he went straight to his house. That night's lesson had dealt his cherished opinions a terrible blow, from which they never really recovered.

The next morning it was told him that some of the audience had led the tipsy lecturer into the public-house, and had made him dead drunk, after having amused themselves with him to their hearts' content.

I might relate many more incidents of the same kind. Scarcely a day passed but that something or other occurred to diminish his hopes of his plans really succeeding. And were it not for one argument, which was constantly in his mind, he would have despaired long ago.

"My son George is a reclaimed man," he would say to himself; "there can be no doubt of that. I have noticed a wonderful difference in him for months past. He never gets drunk or stays out at night now. His mind is decidedly clearer; and he helps me now as he never did before. Yet he drinks in moderation. I wonder I never thought of asking him how he managed to overcome his temptation. I am afraid I have not taken him sufficiently into my confidence. I am in such sad despair about the whole thing that whatever plan George adopts for himself I will adopt for the people."

Another dinner party at Squire Armitage's, and as cosey a one as before. The very same guests, and the very same subject: "Drunkenness, and how to cure it." The Squire had invited them specially to state how their plans had been tried, and how they had failed. This he did in a very few words, and in a very sad, despondent tone.

"I am not a man to give up very easily, you all know; but I must frankly confess that I am thoroughly beaten in this matter."

After fidgeting nervously for a moment or two with his wineglass, he looked toward his son George and said,

"By the way, George, what is your mind on the subject? You have been giving it some thought, I know. Come, let us hear."

A feeling of surprise passed through every mind at these words of the Squire. George had the character among them all for liking a glass too much; and to hear, as they now did, that George had been thinking of the drink question in any other way than to intoxicate himself, might well startle them.

Now George had been prepared for this by his sister, so he was not at all taken by surprise.

"Well, father," he replied, "as you have asked me, I will freely tell you all I know. You have tried many remedies on your people. I have tried one on myself. You have failed; I have succeeded. My remedy is a very simple one, and it has succeeded with me when everything else has failed. And I feel, father, very strongly, that if you could persuade your people to drink nothing stronger than what I have in my glass, you would cut the drink evil to the very root. I have cured myself by taking nothing stronger than this." So saying he held up his glass to the view of all.

Calling to the servant to fill every glass in the room with George's beverage, the Squire added,

"Gentlemen, we will try this famous vintage of George's. But, first, I would say that I have fully determined to act up to my son's suggestion, whatever it may be."

Squire Armitage, having given the word, every glass was lifted to the lip and sipped. Any painter of real life, who is desirous of a study of faces with unusual and strange expressions upon them, should seek out some such scene as was now presented to the eye at Squire Armitage's table. From the host downward, blank astonishment was depicted on every countenance.

"What is it, George?" stammered out his father.

"Toast and water, father," replied the son.

"For goodness' sake, explain, and be quick about it. We don't understand it at all."

"Friends and neighbors, I will explain. The fact of the matter is, I have given up strong drink altogether. I'm a teetotaller. I have found nothing in the world besides to answer in my intemperance. It was all my sister's doing. She persuaded me to give up the strong drink, and I thank God I did so. I am a different man altogether from what I was, and I am not ashamed to say it. I was once almost a drunkard, and altogether without God in the world.

"It was through seeking the strength of God against my besetting sin, that I was led to see my need of a Saviour from all sin. I am trusting in Him now, and I hope to trust in Him to the end. I found it utterly impossible to drink a little without also drinking much. Had I gone on trying to drink in moderation, I firmly believe that at this moment I should have been a confirmed drunkard. Father, you owe a son whom you can honor and respect, through the grace of God, to this one simple remedy of total abstinence."

I wonder whether the teetotallers of the village had pleasant dreams that night, and whether the drunkards tossed uneasily and painfully in their slumber. They certainly would have done, could they have heard Squire Armitage's next words:

"Gentlemen, I am convinced. My son George is right, and I have been all in the wrong. Henceforth I change my plans completely. I will go in for total abstinence myself, and strive to get my people to do so likewise."

If any body of temperance advocates had hard up-hill work, it was those who labored in Squire Armitage's village. To win a convert to their cause had been for some time an almost impossible thing. They were just able to keep their ground, and that was all. The Squire's frown would, in fact, have quite annihilated them in time. It was with very sad and despairing feelings that they gathered together for their monthly meetings in neighbor Foot's best room.

It was the Monday night after the events just related that the few temperance folks of the village came together to talk over the sad state of affairs in the place, and to propose, if possible, some cure for it. It was plain, however, before five minutes had passed, that none had a word to say in the direction of hope. Despairing remarks, though, were very abundant.

They had not time to say very much when the door was thrown wide open, and who should stalk in, whip in hand, but Squire Armitage. To say that the good folks were in a fright would be to put it very mildly. They could scarcely speak for amazement. Neighbor Foot expected nothing less than notice to quit at the legal time, and prepared for the worst. The rest scarcely knew what to expect. Very soon he set their fears at rest by saying, "My friends, forgive me," and shaking them all round by the hand.

"I've come to join you—to be one with you," he said. "I've tried *my* way and failed, and now I am going to try yours."

He said a great deal more, but as this was the refrain of it all, I need not repeat it. Suffice it to say that Squire Armitage threw the whole weight of his influence into the teetotal scale, and with his son and daughter gave it such an impulse that it soon became as flourishing as before it was languishing.

For miles round Squire Armitage's name was associated with temperance; and whenever a popular man was needed at a meeting to take the chair, the Squire was sure to be the one asked.

And now I mav leave him, I think, to his good and grand work, with the hope that the story of Squire Armitage, and how he was convinced, may convince others also.

A PERPETUAL JUBILEE.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Punshon, L.L.D.

(*Concluded from page* 743.)

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," etc.—ISAIAH 61 : 1.

PASSING on in the history—we find that the next blessing pertaining to the year of jubilee was

THE RESTORATION OF ALIENATED PROPERTY.

When a man, through misfortune or through extravagance, had contracted liabilities that were beyond his means, and had sold his possessions to discharge them, if he were not himself able to redeem them, and if none of his kindred were at once wealthy and willing, these possessions remained as the property of the creditor until the year of jubilee, and then it was provided by the law that they should return to him who had parted from them for a season.

Now as this enactment was universally known—known to begin with, as the property could only be bought and sold upon these terms—there could, of course, be no injustice to the creditor, while to the debtor every one sees it was a most merciful and considerate provision. Such is the power of association in the human mind that we cling with fond tenacity to the belongings of those we love, and cannot part from them without a pang. A *faded flower* coming suddenly into sight can thrill the soul of a strong man and break up his fountain of tears, just because in the long past some dear hand touched and nursed it; the hand is dust, perhaps, but the flower is a hallowed thing forever.

The *books* we read; the *games* we played; the *garden* in whose shrubberied walks we gambolled chainless as the butterfly we vainly strove to catch; the *pictures* which to our conscious hearts seemed to follow us with their eyes, and frown upon us because of some meditated wrong; the *old arm-chair* in which the mother sat; the *river* by whose banks we strayed, wondering where it went to, and what t said in that murmuring tone that ceased not day nor night—all these, and a thousand other things that we look at still with a silent heart, and through the magnifying-glass of memory—oh, how much greater hold they have than mightier things that have happened since!

Brethren, we, the whole race of us, *had a right inheritance once*—God's *favor*, God's *felowship*, God's *image*, all were ours by birth—but alas! we alienated it by sin. God's favor was turned away; God's fellowship was interupted; God's image was defaced by the Fall. We are not ourselves able to redeem it. We have no resources. We have spent our all, and n the far land of our exile we have begun lready to be in want. But, through infinite ompassion, this our inheritance has not been uffered to pass out of the family. Christ our insman, our Elder Brother, has paid down the rice, and has rescued this our heritage from he fangs of the harpies who would fain have surped it for their own. We had sold it for othing, or had spent the money of its purchase n riotous living, in our heedless avarice and leasure, or in our sordid trafficking for gold. We had sold our birthright as a common thing, ut it has been redeemed, and it is offered to us ithout a price by a love that is surely without parallel.

The acceptable year did dawn upon the world, ndeed, when it witnessed the birth of Messiah, nd that sun, like that of Gideon's day, stood still at His bidding, and has hasted not to go down until now. *Christ is living yet.* Oh, do not go away looking into the empty sepulchre, and saying, "They have taken away my Lord." They have, but they took Him from death to life only. Christ is living yet; it is not a dead Christ, but a living one we worship. Christ is living yet, and because He is living the atonement lives, and is influential day by day. A richer than the former inheritance has been purchased by His passion for you, for

"In Christ the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost."

The curse need no longer rest upon you, for in Christ God's favor shines, and the light of His countenance beams bright and full upon the soul. There need no longer be upon any one of you the likeness of the evil one, for looking unto Jesus a man grows into His beauty as he gazes, and becomes like Him, because he sees Him as He is. The precious and endearing fellowship with God may be restored—nay, may become more intimate and hallowed than before, for while in the old Paradise the Lord only came into the garden in the cool of the day, in the new and blessed state of privilege all the day long He can dwell in the heart, and make it His constant and abiding home.

To be sure, there is *one part of the inheritance we cannot get back again.* The curse has swept away the traces of the primitive paradise. There is not a solitary floweret to mark its site; there is not a vestige of its ancient tree of life. We cannot get *that* again; but in its stead, what have we?

HEAVEN, THE PLACE OF MANY MANSIONS

and of bright companionship, whose eternal spring no winter ever blights, and about whose trees of life no tempting serpents twine. Brethren, *this is your inheritance.* Christ has purchased this inheritance for you. Have you put in your claim? Do you, think—do you hold the title deeds? Think; are you trying after a personal meetness, or, like the Israelites, are you content to forego your heritage because of the perils of the journey? Are you ready to make unholy league with the Canaanites, who have so long had it in possession? Are you content, like them, recreant hearted, to abide in the wilderness and die? I tell you all, as God's messenger, to-day, this disinheritance of yours may be reversed if you will. Christ will refuse—the essence of the Gospel offering is in this sentence that I am going to utter—Christ will refuse to enrich no man who comes to Him; Christ will force His treasures upon no man, and will compel not one solitary pilgrim to enter into joy.

III. Just another blessing which is mentioned in the history may be worthy of our notice, and that is

THE RESTORATION OF FREEDOM.

It seems to have been a custom among the Hebrews, as among other Eastern nations, for a debtor who had become hopelessly involved, to sell himself to his creditor, in order that by his personal service he might discharge the debt that he was otherwise unable to pay. Of course it was provided that for the amelioration of his condition, and for its termination in the year of jubilee, the man was not to be a slave, but a hired servant and a soldier, and he was to remain until the year of jubilee, and then he and his children should all return unto their possession.

Now this certainly must be regarded by all that are right-minded as involving a deliverance of inestimable value. Liberty! What heart is there that does not feel its pulse quicken at the sound? There are none that are insensible, surely, to this precious common right of man. All instincts beat in unison here; even the dullest kindle into rapture, and the most craven for freedom's sake would strike the unwilling blow. Of all earth's heroes we honor that one the most who fought only for liberty—who trampled upon ambition and the lust of power, and then retired when his work was done into an honorble privacy, spurning the crown, and having as his richest heritage only the blessing of the nation he had favored. Of all earth's hapless ones, we pity him the most who languishes in hopeless bondage until he has lost all note of time, and looks through the rayless eyes of idiocy upon any change that gleams through the despairs of his dungeon.

Brethren, you can readily perceive *the analogy*, and you have drawn it, I have no doubt, at once. Conceive the feelings of the Israelite when, after his long servitude, the day of his redemption drew nigh—when his labor which had long enriched another's treasury would go lawfully to the replenishment of his own fortune, and to the preparation for his own children; when there was no longer on his brow the brand, or in his heart the iron of the slave. Oh, that last night of his bondage would be like the night of the destruction of the first-born—a night to be much observed unto the Lord. How eagerly would he enter into the solemnities of the day of atonement! With what ecstasy would he be thrilled as he caught the first blast of the trumpet, and leaped up to welcome it in all the fulness of his unshackled soul!

Brethren, all bondsmen are not yet enfranchised.

THERE ARE BONDSMEN TO-DAY.

All sinners are represented as being in bondage, bound with the chain of their sins, servants of him whom they obey, led captive by the devil at his will. This is the state at this moment of every one of you who has not come to Christ. You are startled at that, I see, perhaps disposed to be indignant, and to exclaim, in the pride of your fancied independence, "We be Abraham's children, and we were never in bondage to any man." Ah, that is one of the cunningest secrets of your oppressor's power. He gilds the yoke, and you are not conscious that you wear it; but there are times when you feel its fretting notwithstanding. You are not free. With all your boasting you are *not free.*

That giant *passion* masters you, that *besetting sin* just turns you about whithersoever it listeth. You submit in unconstrained and willing obedience under the master whom you serve. Oh, how I delight to proclaim it in your hearing. "The year of jubilee is come;" the Saviour, with whom there is the fulness of the Divine Spirit without measure, "has sent me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." To the foullest moral dungeon this great light will pierce; to the man who has been immured the longest is proclaimed the acceptable year of the Lord. From the strongest and most frowning fortress in which tyranny can bind its captives, this Saviour can deliver, and He will. He will deliver all who come to Him.

Now, brethren, are you going to listen to

THE VOICE OF THE TRUMPET,

or to shut your ears to-day, refusing to hearken to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely? There is no distinction in the sound. It is a blast of freedom to every man. But sometimes when the trumpet sounds you know it sounds to *soldiers* whose pulse it makes to leap quicker, as they prepare to gird themselves for the battle; and it sounds to *cowards*—the same blast; it does not make them cowards, but it sounds to cowards; and it sounds to *traitors* now and then, whom it only speeds to their treason. How shall it be with you? In which rank are you—soldiers of the Cross who fight the battle, or cowards who flee, or traitors who plot? Don't put that question away, for this is the sound of the trumpet now in the hearing of every one of you, and you will have to answer for the way in which you have received it.

I proclaim this jubilee in your hearing to-day,

"Oh for a trumpet voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all."

Jesus has died for you. He is willing that you should be delivered, and that is proclaimed for you in this year of jubilee. May God save and bless you, too, for the Redeemer's sake!

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(Continued from page 751.)

The Diamond Ring.

I FOUND Evelyn in a different frame of mind from what she had been the night before. She was still silent, and looked unhappy, but she was very loving and affectionate to me.

"May darling," she said, as she put her arms round my neck and kissed me, "are you very angry with me?"

"Angry with you? no, indeed, Evelyn," I said; "why should I be angry?"

"Oh, I was so horrid to you last night, I know I was; I can't bear to think how nasty and disagreeable I was. How you must have hated me!"

"No, Evelyn dear," I said; "you were only tired and—"

"And what?" she said.

"And troubled, were you not, dear?" I ventred to say; "troubled about something of which I did not know, and so could not sympathize with you."

"Yes," she said, "I was very bothered and troubled, and I wanted to tell you about it so much; but I did not know whether I ought to do so."

I did not answer her, but went on quietly with my work.

After a minute or two she said in a whisper, "May, I'm not going to tell you anything, but I'm going to show you something. That won't be telling, will it? Hush! is that any one coming? No, it is no one coming; it is only Clemence going down-stairs; but, mind, if the door opens, you must look just the same as usual, and not say a word. Mind!"

She drew from her pocket a little leathern case and opened it. Inside was a beautiful diamond ring.

"Isn't it pretty?" she asked as she showed it to me.

"Very pretty," I said, "very beautiful. Did Sir William give it to you?"

"Oh, no," she said; "papa does not know anything about it, and I must not tell him. You can guess who gave it to me; I am not going to tell you, but you can guess. And then, don't you see, if you know about it, then I can wear it sometimes; it seems such a pity never to wear it. I can put it on now and then, when we are here alone, and slip it off if I hear any one coming. Don't you think so, May dear? How grave you look!" she said, in an altered voice; "what is the matter? Are you very angry with me?"

"Not angry," I said, "not angry, Evelyn; but I feel troubled about what you have told me. Why don't you tell your father about it, dear?"

"Oh, I could not," she said; "he would be so vexed, so very vexed. I dare not tell him."

"Why do you think he would be vexed?" I asked.

"Oh, because it must have cost such a great deal of money. Look, May, they are real diamonds; and Donald has so little money to spend, and papa thinks he is so very extravagant. There! I've told you who gave it to me; I did not mean to do so, but of course you had guessed before."

"I think it would be much better if you told Sir William," I said; "he might be a little vexed at first with your cousin for giving so much money for it, but I am sure he would be far more vexed if, by any means, he found out that Mr. Trafford had given it to you, and yet you had never told him of it."

"Yes," she said, "I know he would; but the worst of it is, that isn't all, May; if I told him that, I should have to tell him something else, I could not stop half way."

"But I think you ought to tell him all," I said, "and to hide nothing from him which you feel he ought to know. You would be much happier, Evelyn, if you told him."

"Yes," she said, "I know I should; but then you see I promised not to tell him, and it would never do to break my promise."

"But if you promised to do what was wrong," I said, "it can surely not be right to keep your promise."

"Do you think so, May?" she said. "I thought it was a dreadful thing to break a promise."

"Yes, so it is," I answered, "if there is nothing wrong in what we have promised; but if conscience tells us afterward that we ought never to have made the promise, and that we cannot keep it without doing what is wrong, then I feel sure that we ought to break it."

"Do you think so?" she said again.

"I am sure of it," I answered. "It is wrong to promise to do what is wrong, but to keep the promise is doubly wrong."

"I don't see that at all," she said; "I think if you promise to do anything you ought to keep your promise, whether the thing is right or wrong."

"Suppose I should promise some enemy of yours that I would poison you, Evelyn," I said; "that would be wrong, would it not?"

"Yes, very wrong," she said, laughing, though she had tears in her eyes; "what a dreadful illustration to use!"

"Never mind, it will show you what I mean. It would be very wrong of me to promise to do such a wicked thing, but it would be still worse if I kept my promise, and really did poison you; now, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," she said, "I see; of course it would!"

"Well," I answered, "I think that rule applies to all promises. It is wrong to promise to do what is not right, but it is doubly wrong to keep our promise, and to do it, because, you see, that is only adding sin to sin. The making the promise is one wrong action, and the fulfilling the promise is only adding to it another and a still worse action."

"I never thought of that before," she said; "I have been wishing ever since that I had not promised not to tell papa. You see, May, I promised Donald that afternoon, before you came in, that some day or other I would be his little wife. I know I ought not to have promised him, but he was so nice and seemed to love me so much. He said he had brought that ring with him that I might always keep it near me, and that whenever I looked at it I might think of my promise. And then he said that I must not tell papa, because he would be so very angry if he knew. I told Donald that I should be obliged to tell papa, for how could we ever be married if papa did not know about it?"

"And what did Mr. Trafford say?" I asked.

"Oh, he said there was plenty of time for that—we could not be married for many a long day, and he would tell papa himself, some day. So then he made me promise not to tell him till he gave me leave; and just then you came into the room, and we could not talk any more about it. I do wish I had never promised him."

"Yes, it was a great pity," I said; "but now I think the best thing you can do is to write to Mr. Trafford, and tell him you feel you were very wrong to make the promise, and that you feel it would be still worse to keep it."

"Do you think that would be a good plan?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "I am sure it is what you ought to do, Evelyn."

She did not answer me at once, but sat looking into the fire and thinking. I sent up an earnest prayer that she might be led to do what was right.

Presently she looked up at me, and said, "I can't do it, May, it is no use thinking of it; I can't tell papa. Donald would be so angry; I don't think he would ever forgive me."

"Evelyn," I said, "you remember Herod's promise to give Herodias whatever she asked for; and you remember why he kept that promise, even when the keeping of it made him commit murder."

"Yes," she said; "doesn't it say it was because of his oath's sake; I suppose Herod did not like to break his word."

"And Evelyn," I said, "there is another reason given; do you remember what comes next?"

"No; what is it?" she asked.

"'And because of them which sat with him at meat.' I think that was the real reason why Herod kept his word. It was not because he minded breaking his promise—he was not the kind of man to mind that—but it was because he was afraid of what his friends might say or think; he may have thought, too, that his wife would never forgive him, and so he kept his promise, and cut off John Baptist's head—he was not brave enough to do what he knew was right."

Evelyn covered her face with her hands and cried. I sat beside her and put my arm round her, and we sat thus for some time in silence. Then she suddenly jumped up, went to the table, opened her portfolio, and began to write.

"I am going to be very brave, May," she said, as she smiled through her tears.

What Evelyn said to her cousin I do not know, but she cried a great deal while she was writing it. Then she slipped the letter into her pocket.

"It won't do to put it into the post-bag," she said; "we will get out at the post office, and post it when we drive out this afternoon, and then I will tell papa this evening, after dinner."

Oh, how thankful I was to hear her express this determination! I felt as if a great load had been lifted off my heart.

Evelyn was very pale, and trembled very much, as dinner-time drew near. She went downstairs as usual, and tried to talk to her father, and to appear as if nothing was the matter, but I could see that it was a very great effort for her to do so, and that she was dreading the time when her secret must be told. She had posted the letter to her cousin that afternoon, so it was too late to draw back; and I do not think that she wished to do so, but she dreaded her father's displeasure, and longed to feel that the trying disclosure was made.

When dinner was over we went into the library, and Sir William made Evelyn lie down on her couch, for he had noticed that she was pale and tired, and I, according to previous arrangement with Evelyn, made some excuse for leaving the room, and left her alone with her father.

I went up-stairs into Evelyn's room, and sat waiting for the result, and praying that she might have courage to tell Sir William all, and that he might not be very angry. It seemed a long time before any one came. I took up a book and tried to read, but, though my eyes followed the words, I could not fix my thoughts upon what I was reading. Then I tried to sew, but that attempt was also a failure. So I went to the window, and sat looking out at the setting sun till the room grew dark. Then Clemence, Evelyn's maid, came into the room for something, and, seeing that I was in darkness, she lighted the gas, and drew the curtains, and then once more I was left alone..

At last I heard a step on the stairs. It was Sir William, and he was coming up alone. He came into the room, and shut the door behind him, and, coming up to me, he said kindly,

"Miss Lindsay, I have to thank you for the kind way in which you have influenced Evelyn to-day. She tells me that it is entirely owing to you that she has been led to confess to me her foolish conduct."

"I am quite sure, Sir William," I said, "that Evelyn is very thankful that she has told you. She loves you so much that it was misery for her to feel she was deceiving you."

"Yes, poor child!" he said; "she has suffered a great deal these last two days. I do not blame her; of course she acted very wrongly, but the chief fault does not lie at her door." I did not answer, and he went on:

"That nephew of mine wants putting in his proper place. I hope this will be a lesson that he will never forget! I shall not spare him, I can tell you. I am afraid he is a designing fellow!

velyn does not see through him, of course, t I do; and I shall let him know it too. But need not trouble you with this, Miss Lindsay," said, as he rose to leave the room. "I just anted to thank you very much indeed for being true, wise friend to my dear child, and to tell u how I value your influence over her."

(*To be continued.*)

LAST DAYS OF JACOB.

S. Lesson for Dec. 5th, Gen. 48. Golden Text, ver. 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

HAVING God's assurance that it was His will should remove into the land of Egypt, and ving no further admonition to return when days of the famine should be over, Jacob ode in Egypt, and lived there seventeen years, that the whole term of his life was "a hun- ed forty and seven years." Whenever we are ected by God in an unmistakable manner to a certain thing, or to go a certain way, we ve no need to worry ourselves as to how long ts direction may last; as though God so dged His counsel that it was only an excep- n this time; that He should have made known s will, and that afterward we should have to ft for ourselves. Whatever direction we ve will last until we receive further direction; the God who has once guided us will be ur guide even unto death" (Ps. 48 : 14), if we l only yield ourselves up to His leading with fidence and obedience.

And the time drew nigh that Israel must d" Was it the accumulation of weakness and gradual loss of his powers which told him or was it that God revealed it? We are not l. In any case, the lives of these old patri- ns were not brought unexpectedly and sud- dly to a close; they had work to do at the end heir lives, and God would not cut them off il they had done it. Jacob believed in the mises of his God, which he had sought so nestly to obtain, but often in so wrong a , and he would claim by his very dust in th the fulfilment of them to his seed. Thus said unto Joseph, "If now I have found e in thy sight, put, I pray thee, thy hand er my thigh, and deal kindly and truly with bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt: but I lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying- ple. And he said, I will do as thou hast a. And he said, Swear unto me. And he re unto him."

s far as we can gather from the narrative, b's faith, which was often so fluctuating, and nfruitful in the lands of Canaan and in Meso- mia, settled down in Egypt into a calm, im- able assurance. Can it be that Joseph's and holy life told upon his father, and that dream of rule, not merely over his brethren over his parents, was realized in his being e in some measure a spiritual guide, coun- r, and example to his father? There is ething touching in this last act of Jacob's , that his very dust should make its mute al to the God who cannot lie, and should gle with the soil of which he and his seed the heirs according to promise. It is truly rded of these early men of faith: "These ied in faith, not having received the prom- but having seen them afar off, and were uaded of them, and embraced them, and essed that they were strangers and pilgrims e earth" (Heb. 11 : 13).

And it came to pass after these things, that told Joseph, Behold thy father is sick: and ok with him his two sons, Manasseh and aim." Jacob had come into the possession blessing from the Lord, which he had the and power to transmit to his posterity; one of the riches, grandeur, or learning of t were so costly in Joseph's eyes as the ing of his father. Oh, how contrary to all is of God is that spirit which dominates young in our day, and which holds a r's counsel and a father's blessing in con- t! Here was the prime minister of the est country in the then known world, coming to receive the blessing of his old shepherd father, and teaching his sons, who were perhaps the lads most in note after the king's sons in Egypt, to covet and to esteem that blessing.

Jacob did not at first perceive the entrance of his son and his grandsons, until it was told him, and then "Israel strengthened himself and sat upon the bed." The old man had a mission to perform. "And Jacob said unto Joseph, God Almighty appeared unto me at Luz in the land of Canaan, and blessed me, and said unto me, Behold, I will make thee fruitful, and multiply thee, and I will make of thee a multitude of people; and will give this land to thy seed after thee for an everlasting possession. And now thy two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, which were born unto thee in the land of Egypt, before I came unto thee into Egypt, are mine; as Reuben and Simeon, they shall be mine. And thy issue, which thou begettest after them, shall be thine, and shall be called after the name of their brethren in their inheritance." Was this Jacob's own idea, or had he received it from God? There can be no doubt that the latter was the case, for in every enumeration of the tribes of Israel in the Word of God, Ephraim and Manasseh are mentioned as though they were sons of Jacob equally with his own.

Jacob, although he was often a faithless believer, had the spirit of prophecy, and God gave him to see, no doubt, what should be regarding his posterity in the future; indeed, his blessing on his sons in the following chapter is nothing more nor less than a prophecy. In 1 Chron. 5 : 1, 2, we read that because of Reuben's sin, "his birthright was given unto the sons of Joseph, the son of Israel: and the genealogy is not to be reckoned after the birthright: For Judah prevailed above his brethren, and of him came the chief ruler; but the birthright was Joseph's." Again, in Josh. 14 : 4. "The children of Joseph were two tribes, Manasseh" *i.e.*, the double portion, which was the right of the first-born (Deut. 21 : 17)," and Ephraim: therefore they gave no part unto the Levites in the land, save cities to dwell in." God must have revealed His mind on this point to His feeble and aged servant.

"And Israel beheld Joseph's sons, and said, Who are these? And Joseph said unto his father, they are my sons, whom God hath given me in this place. And he said, Bring them, I pray thee, unto me, and I will bless them." And then the old grandfather, whose eyes were dim, that he could not see, kissed them and embraced them, and "said unto Joseph, I had not thought to see thy face: and lo, God hath shewed me also thy seed." The old murmuring spirit of Jacob was hushed; now he was full of praise, and he recognized the good hand of his God over him.

Joseph felt he was in the presence of God when his father was about to speak and pronounce God's blessing upon his sons, "and he bowed himself with his face to the earth." Then he took his sons, "Ephraim in his right hand toward Israel's left hand, and Manasseh in his left hand toward Israel's right hand, and brought them near unto him. And Israel stretched out his right hand, and laid it upon Ephraim's head, who was the younger, and his left hand upon Manasseh's head, guiding his hands wittingly; for Manasseh was the first-born.'

"And he blessed Joseph," *i.e.*, the sons of Joseph, "and said, God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil. bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers, Abraham and Isaac; and let them grow into a multitude of people in the midst of the earth." Thus he appealed to a God who had kept His word. In his unbelief, when he first went forth from his father's house, and came to Beth-el he had said, "If God will keep me . . . and give me bread to eat;" now he said of Him, "The God which fed me all my life long unto this day." Then he had said, "If God will . . . keep me in this way that I go;" now he testified of Him, "The angel which redeemed me from all evil." God had been faithful, and he could not but speak of this faithfulness in the moment when he blessed his grandsons.

"And when Joseph saw that his father laid his right hand upon the head of Ephraim, it displeased him: and he held up his father's hand to remove it from Ephraim's head unto Manasseh's head. And Joseph said unto his father, Not so, my father: for this is the first-born; put thy right hand upon his head. And his father refused, and said, I know it, my son, I know it: he also shall become a people, and he also shall be great: but truly his younger brother shall be greater than he."

The choice of God from the first rested upon those whom man esteemed the least. Thus Abel, the second son, was accepted, and not Cain, the elder; Isaac and not Ishmael; Jacob and not Esau; Joseph himself above all his brethren, and Ephraim above Manasseh. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; that no flesh should glory in His presence" (1 Cor. 1 : 27-29).

While salvation from sin is offered freely and impartially to "whosoever will" (Rev. 22 : 17), yet God reserves to Himself the right of electing certain of His children to certain work, position, sometimes suffering. His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways. In the choice of a king over Israel, when he made the sons of Jesse pass before Samuel, and he saw the tall, handsome form of Eliab, the eldest brother, the prophet said, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before me." "But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart" (1 Sam. 16 : 6, 7).

If, then, we have anything to do with the choice of a Christian worker for any post—if we are seeking a governess for our children, or for any helper in our house or our business—it is of the first importance that we should know absolutely the mind of God about it; that we should set aside personal advantage as not to be considered; predilections must not have a voice. What saith the Lord?—this is the great matter. He who looketh on the heart alone can judge rightly for us, and if we lay down our own will, He will surely make known His. He knoweth the end from the beginning, and with Him is perfect wisdom. It is strange that Joseph should not have understood at once, that of which his own eventful history was such a striking example. But it is often the case that, when its application touches a preconceived opinion of ours, the truth which we know most fully seems to lose its power.

"And Jacob blessed them that day, saying, In thee shall Israel bless, saying, God make thee as Ephraim and as Manasseh: and he set Ephraim before Manasseh. And Israel said unto Joseph, Behold, I die; but God shall be with you, and bring you again unto the land of your fathers." This is blessed, the same man whose doubting and murmuring were so noticeable, now that he saw his departure to be at hand, and that he could not in person receive fulfilment of the promises of God, instead of murmuring, strengthens the faith of his children. "Moreover," he added, "I have given to thee one portion above thy brethren, which I took out of the hand of the Amorite with my sword and with my bow." This may have been the land which Jacob bought of the children of Hamor (Gen. 33 : 19), and where Joseph was buried (Josh. 24 : 32). We may learn one other lesson from these last days of Jacob. It would have been impossible for him to have thus calmly and quietly arranged for the future, and have been thus freely occupied with his children, if his own soul had not been in a truly healthy state. Let us live as we would be when Jesus comes, or as we would be if we are called home before He comes; and then our last days will be to His glory, and will be in peace.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Land League in Ireland is Obviously Preparing for desperate resistance to the British government. A meeting of Irishmen resident in America was held in Paris on November 19th, at which Mr. Parnell was present, and plans were discussed which are said to have included an appeal to arms. This step, terrible as it would be, and without the smallest chance of success, would be less cowardly and contemptible than the policy of assassination now adopted. Confirmation of the report that the League contemplates raising the flag of civil war comes in a telegram from Brussels, which says: "Eight thousand rifles were shipped recently in some steamers at several Italian ports for Ireland; they were purchased in Switzerland by some Irishmen who had come from the United States."

Among the crimes recently committed by agents of the League, one is peculiarly atrocious. On the night of November 18th an inoffensive man was shot as he sat by his fireside reading. He had been employed to take care of an empty house from which the tenant had been evicted. Mr. Gairdner, a landowner in Galway County, was tarred and feathered by Land Leaguers on November 17th. Atrocities in all parts of the land are reported daily.

Dissensions are Reported as Existing in the British Cabinet on the question of Irish policy. This question would naturally divide the Whigs from the Radicals, and Mr. Gladstone's cabinet contains representatives of both sections. According to cable reports, Lord Selborne, the Lord High Chancellor, as the leader of the Whigs, advocates the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the application of vigorous measures to enforce the laws in Ireland. Mr. John Bright and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the acknowledged representatives of the Radicals, urge the initiation of legislative concessions, and insist that no coercive measure shall be introduced by the government unless it is accompanied by some remedial measure tending to appease the disaffection of the people. The London *Times*, which generally correctly indicates the current of public opinion, devoted an editorial one day last week to the consideration of a scheme for the purchase by government of the estates of landowners in Ireland willing to sell, and reselling them on a purchasing lease to the tenants. The course Mr. Gladstone will take if he follow the principles which have heretofore guided him in his political career will be that which he judges most likely to secure for him and his colleagues an extended lease of power.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, is the Scene of a Religious revival which has resulted from the blessing of God on the labors of Rev. E. Payson Hammond commenced November 1st. Winnipeg was ten years ago a small trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, with only three hundred inhabitants. Now it has a population of twelve thousand, and many imposing public buildings. At Mr. Hammond's services he has received the support of many old friends who have settled there, and the neighborhood has been thoroughly canvassed to bring in those who do not usually attend a place of worship. On November 7th over two hundred persons rose to ask for prayer; among them was a fine-looking man who said that during the past five years he had been an acrobatic performer in Dan Rice's Circus, and i was ten years since he had been in a church.

A Maori Good Samaritan, Amopui, a Native, was lately, on a bitter cold night, returning to Cambridge, New Zealand, and when some distance from the township saw the prostrate form of a man, a European, on the road. It appears that the poor fellow, with one leg only, had travelled overland all the way from Napier, had crossed creeks, surmounted hills, and threaded his way through the bush. But nature gave way at last, and he fell when Amopui found him, utterly worn out, helpless, and quite exhausted. The Maori lifted him up and carried him into Cambridge, and took him to his tent, where he attended to him the night through; but the noble fellow's good deeds did not end here. In the morning he got a subscription list, and by dint of perseverance collected more than $250, which he handed over to the police authorities to be expended in sending the poor cripple on to Auckland.

A Hundred Jesuits who Have Been Expelled from France have been sent to labor in Constantinople by the authorities of the order. It is to be feared that these subtle, indefatigable men will do a serious injury and will retard the good work now in progress under the direction of American Protestant Missionaries in Turkey. Their influence wherever they go is baneful, and the character of the Turkish mind renders it peculiarly susceptible to the teachings they inculcate.

A Sensible Suggestion in the Interest of mechanics has been made by the Earl of Derby, a statesman remarkable for eminently practical wisdom. It is that in every workshop there should be a bank established, so that when the men receive their weekly wages they may at once make a deposit, if desirous to do so, without running the gauntlet of temptation set up by the liquor stores on their way home. He says, "I do not think that it is an exaggeration to say that a penny bank in every workshop would add millions yearly to the wealth of the country. The shilling that is set aside from weekly wages should not have to pass the public house door if it can be helped; it should be put by at once."

Mrs. Gladstone, the Wife of the Prime Minister of Great Britain, is noted for her charitable disposition and for her kindness of heart which is evinced in many ways besides in donations of money. Among recent instances of this admirable trait of character are the following: When a poor governess going to a convalescent home was found to be utterly friendless and unfit to travel alone, Mrs. Gladstone escorted her all the way to South Devon, and returned to Cheshire. When a poor little lodging-house servant was sent to a hospital at Mile End Mrs. Gladstone thought nothing of driving down from Harley Street to see her in the height of the season, when she must have been overwhelmed with engagements. She often takes flowers to the Boys' Industrial Home in Eccleston Street, London.

A French Family's Conversion is thus Related by Pasteur Massie: "A man at Toulon, *who was a drunkard, beat his wife frequently*, to prevent her going to the meeting, but she told him she would obey him in all, except where the good of her soul was concerned. Seeing how gentle his wife was under his bad treatment, he thought he would like to hear 'what the men said,' and, accompanied by a friend, he came in late one evening, and remained near the door to listen. Since then both these men have attended every meeting. That husband has bought a Bible, and asked for separate Gospels, that he might always have one in his pocket to read while at work. The married daughter used to scoff at her father and mother, but, seeing the wonderful change in him, she too came to listen, and now is a most humble Christian, trying to bring her husband to listen to the Gospel. He is a bigoted Neapolitan fisherman, and comes to the Sunday night meetings with his wife, and joins in the hymns."

The Deplorable Results of Betting were Exemplified in a strikingly painful manner in a London police court on October 13th. For some time a man had carried on a system of fraud by passing spurious gold coin. His career was stopped at a railroad station, where he was caught in the act, and arrested. The man, when before the magistrate, seemed quite broken-hearted, and said that he deeply regretted the evil ways he had fallen into, and he had to trace his downfall to *billiards and betting on horse-racing*. He lost at both games, and fell from bad to worse, until he lost his situation, and then he was persuaded to become a bookmaker's decoy, but that course of life did not suit him, and then he was induced to try his hand at passing bad money, and at that he sometimes succeeded. The course of life he had been leading had separated him from his friends, who were moving in a respectable circle; and when he came out of prison he really did not know what he should do.

An English journal says: "In all our towns and cities the devil is thus luring men to certain destruction. The *habituc* of the saloon is not unfrequently a patron of the turf, and initiated into the vicious practice of betting, while our prisons and poorhouses could tell many a harrowing tale of manhood disgraced or destroyed, as the result of walking in the way of transgressors."

Mrs. M. Baxter, who is Laboring in Germany, writes: "The Lord continues to bless us in Mulheim, and in the villages around, and we trust there is a deep work on many souls. This week we have been led into the mountains in the heart of the Black Forest, where some spaces are cleared for cultivation, and where there is a scattered population of very poor and ignorant people, who live entirely for time and sense, and in great ignorance of the simple wa of salvation. Two or three of them had come to our Sunday meetings at Mulheim, having t walk three or four hours to come and as muc to return, and they begged us to visit them The meetings yesterday, Sunday, were held in dancing-room, open to the air; all round unde the roof was full, and the people most attentive May the Lord do a work here. We hope t commence work next week in Heidelber among the women in the name of the Lord Jesus.

A Revival Among Sailors has Taken Plac on board two of the British men-of-war engage in the European concert of vessels near Dulcigno. One of the officers conducts Bible readings on board the Monarch three evenings in th week. A little band in the Thunderer hav newly started a Bible reading. The sailo speak at testimony meetings. Altogether th movement is most cheering in both the vessel The chaplain and officers give sympathy. Th conduct of the men was most exemplary in the wanderings ashore. When these men-of-w anchored near Naples lately, the English ladi there gave a tea-meeting to the sailors in th hall of the Presbyterian Church.

That "The Dark Places of the Earth a full of the habitations of cruelty" is as true no as in the days of the Psalmist, and the need missionary effort is being made manifest dail Only last week a dispatch was received in Lo don from the west coast of Africa, announcin the death of Chaca, the Governor of Whydal The funeral was to be *celedrated by a massacre* natives, after which the king had announced h intention of holding the annual celebration memory of his father. The celebration will la four months, during which *two hundred captu chiefs* will be beheaded. The English refused go to the celebration.

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Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken

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TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS—The Two Friends.

ROCHESTER TOWER. A New Serial Story by Miss M. A. Paull (Continued).

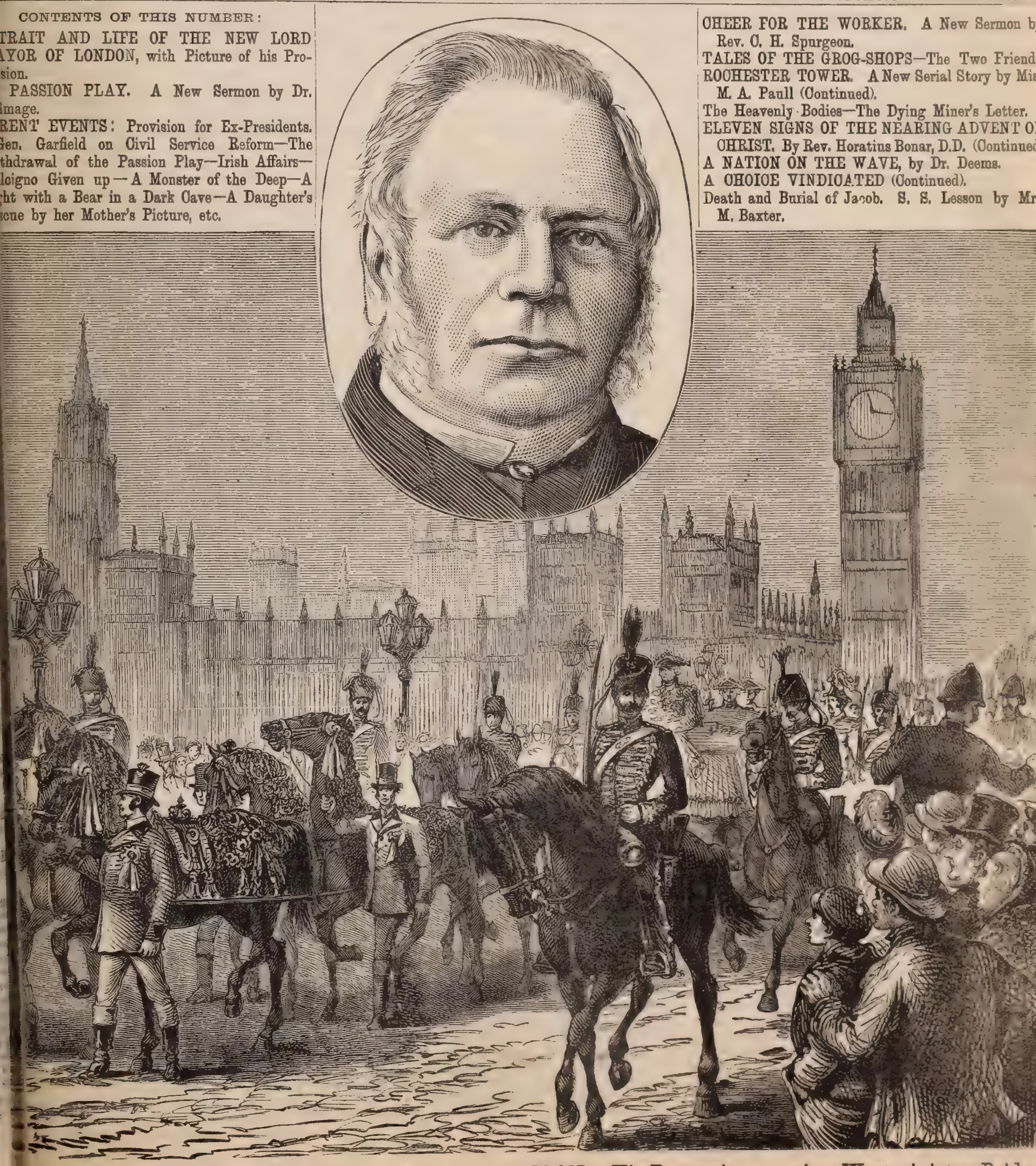
The Heavenly Bodies—The Dying Miner's Letter.

ELEVEN SIGNS OF THE NEARING ADVENT OF CHRIST. By Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (Continued)

A NATION ON THE WAVE, by Dr. Deems.

A CHOICE VINDICATED (Continued).

Death and Burial of Jacob. S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter.



ERMAN McARTHUR, M.P. LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.—His Procession crossing Westminister Bridge.

ALDERMAN WM. McARTHUR, M.P,

The New Lord Mayor of London.

First Commercial Step, at Londonderry, in 1835—His Great Success in the Australian Colonies—Practical Sympathy with Methodism—Removal to London in 1857—Is Elected Sheriff of London in 1867—Becomes M. P., for Lambeth, in 1868—His Work in Parliment—The Fiji Islands—Is made Alderman in 1872, and now Occupies the Mayoral Chair—The Office of Lord Mayor—The Procession—The Banquet—Sovereign of the City—Antiquity of City Banquets.

THE eminent London citizen whose portrait we give this week is a descendant of an old family of great respectability in Argyleshire, Scotland, but who subsequently removed to the North of Ireland. His mother was descended from an old English family. Mr. McArthur's father, the Rev. John McArthur, was a highly-esteemed minister in the Wesleyan Methodist connection, and many who have listened to the son when he has been addressing large public meetings have been reminded by his lucid and eloquent oratory of his father's earnest sermons.

The path of business, however, was to him the path of duty, for from the very earliest years he evinced a most marked aptitude for it, and he studiously set himself to run it with diligence and zeal. His *first commercial step* was taken about the year 1835, in Londonderry, a spot where he made a successful start in life, and which is endeared to him by tender recollections.

His undoubted business habits and consummate tact in dealing with men with whom he was brought into honorable commercial competition, the establishment by his brother, Alexander, of mercantile houses in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Auckland, at the critical period of the gold discovery, together with the unblemished moral character which from the very outset belonged to him, secured for him a fair reputation; and the men of Londonderry have watched his onward career with much interest.

But Mr. McArthur has not confined his attention to business, as though it were the chief object of human existence and activity. For many years he has been abreast with the foremost and most energetic of Christian workers in numerous and diversified fields of usefulness. Notwithstanding his numerous engagements as a London merchant, his Methodist friends know right well that he never shrinks from any good work, and that they can be sure of his sympathy and active co-operation in the furtherance of any plans that will really tend to the good of the Connection.

He is not only "a good Methodist," but also that which is "the highest style of man"—a true Christian. It has been said that as the Wesleyan Church was cradled in hardship and toil, she has given her children similar nurture, and that the patient wisdom and plodding energy which they exhibit in various forms of Christian enterprise, are largely attributable to their Methodist training, which has braced and nerved them for the battles they have fought and won in the common struggles of life.

REMOVAL TO LONDON.

In the course of years business so prospered with Mr. McArthur in Londonderry, and his connections with Australia had become so extensive, that he deemed it expedient, in 1857, to *remove to London*, where his *public* life may be said to have begun. The Conservative *Londonderry Guardian* lamented his departure as a public loss, and highly eulogized his integrity and ability.

His *political* career commenced in 1865, when he unsuccessfully contested the borough of Pontefract. In 1868, however, at the general election, he was elected *to Parliament* by a large majority as the Liberal member for Lambeth, and being again elected in 1874 and 1880, he still continues its representative. In politics he is a Liberal of an advanced school. He takes an especial interest in the welfare of the working people, and enjoys the confidence of a large majority of his constituents. He has been for years a supporter of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill, but he is perhaps mainly known as a member of Parliament in connection with the passing of a bill by which the emancipation of the Metropolitan bridges from toll has been secured forever.

In the previous year (1867) he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex, having been unanimously elected. Mr. George Moore, the eminent philanthropist and friend of Young Men's Christian Associations, spoke of him in these terms: "Mr. McArthur is one of our merchant princes, a man of great energy of character, and of indomitable perseverance and industry. He is equally conspicuous for industry, which is the invariable concomitant of true greatness of character. He is a philanthropist, too, in the greatest sense of the word. He has given *a large part of his worldly means* in works of charity and mercy—he is, in short, a Christian and a gentleman."

THE ANNEXATION OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.

In the House of Commons the subject with which his name has been specially and honorably connected is that of Fiji. For many years he has been an active and valuable member of the committee of the Aborigines' Protection Society. With that humane body he manfully cooperated for the total *abolition of kidnapping* in the islands of the Pacific; and as a most potent means of accomplishing that object, and also of promoting the legitimate advance of British colonization, he repeatedly brought before the House of Commons a proposal to annex the Islands of Fiji.

The result of his laborious efforts—for they well deserve to be thus characterized—may now be seen in the satisfactory establishment of the British colony over which Sir A. H. Gordon, formerly Governor of Mauritius, presides. It is a singular fact that the Alderman's brother, Mr. Alexander McArthur, M.P. for Leicester, who is also a member of the committee of the Aborigines' Protection Society, brought forward many years ago in the Legislature of New South Wales a proposal for the annexation of Fiji. He argued that kidnapping, which had grown up in the South Seas, could not possibly be extirpated until the Fiji Islands, which formed the great centre of the traffic, were placed under the protection of the British flag.

MUNICIPAL DISTINCTIONS.

In 1872 Mr. McArthur was elected *Alderman*, and in 1878 he paid a lengthened visit to the Australian colonies, with which he is connected no less by commercial relations than by political sympathy, and everywhere met with receptions of the most flattering character. He has now attained the highest municipal and civic position in the city of London in being called to fill the chair of the *Lord Mayor*. He is at the same moment fulfilling some very important trusts. He is a magistrate of Surrey, and is further connected with the management of many other bodies in the British metropolis.

THE OFFICE OF LORD MAYOR.

The dignity and power of the Lord Mayor as first city officer is very great. He becomes, when sworn in, the Queen's representative in the civil government of the city, and chief justice of the metropolis. The office is one of the most constant claims on the time of its holder, and such are the restraints of its duties during the year that whoever undertakes it usually arranges his commercial affairs so as to be able to withdraw his attention from them altogether and devote his whole time to the public service. A salary in some measure appropriate to the dignity of the office is annually allowed by the Corporation, amounting to £8000, besides the use of the magnificent Mansion House as a residence, and the splendid furniture and carriages which have been provided. In the case of liberal and hospitable Lord Mayors this sum has been considerably below the actual expenditure, but with some it has been found sufficient, and a few have been so parsimonious that they have not nearly expended the amount voted for the support of the office.

THE PROCESSION.

One of the greatest occasions of expense consists in *the annual procession* on what is called the Lord Mayor's Day, the 9th of November, when he enters into office. On that occasion the new Lord Mayor meets the aldermen, sheriffs, recorder, and other great officers at an early hour at the Guildhall, whence in the state carriages attended by them in their respective carriages, he proceeds to Westminster Hall, where his lordship, after some ancient ceremonies, takes the prescribed oaths before the Barons of the Exchequer. He then passes with the recorder to each of the courts in the hall, and invites the several judges to dinner on that day, when he again returns to the city.

His lordship is preceded by the Artillery Company, next to which march the company of which he is a member, and then the other city companies in their regular order, with their distinguishing banners and bands of music; among the rest the armorers have usually men on horseback, completely equipped in various kinds of *ancient armor*. To these succeed the domestics and servants of the Lord Mayor, and then the state coach, finely ornamented with abundance of gilding, and so large as to contain between the seats two stools, on one of which, facing the door, sits the sword-bearer with the sword of state, and on the other *the mace-bearer* carrying the city mace. The train is closed by the carriages of the retired Lord Mayor, of the aldermen, the recorder, the sheriffs, the chamberlain, the common sergeant, the town clerk, and other great officers, and in this order the procession reaches the Guildhall.

THE BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL.

This annual procession excites great interest, and exhibits an extraordinary display of municipal splendor. The day closes at the Guildhall by an entertainment of appropriate magnificence, at which it is common to see members of the royal family, the most distinguished public character, and often the ambassadors of foreign courts. About a thousand individuals take their seats at this dinner, to which they are admitted by tickets from the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, who, in fixed proportions, bear their share of the expense, which generally amounts to about £3000.

At this banquet the great hall is brilliantly illuminated, carpeted, and adorned with evergreens. At five o'clock the Lord Mayor, in a rich state gown and collar, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, who has her page and maids of honor, walks majestically into the Council Chamber, where the guests are to be received. Trumpeters and marshals and sword-bearers precede them, and the aldermen, in their gayest costume, bring up the rear. The Lady Mayoress takes her seat on the throne, which is placed on a raised dais at the end of the Council Chamber, while the Lord Mayor remains standing to receive his guests. When the dinner is announced, at seven o'clock, it is the duty of the Prime Minister to conduct the Lady Mayoress to her seat in the dining-hall. The trumpeters cause the ancient building to resound with melody while the guests are taking their places; a band discourses sweet music during the dinner, after which speeches are made, and the proceedings are continued until past midnight.

THE SOVEREIGN OF THE CITY.

During his year of office the state observed by the Lord Mayor at his official residence, the Mansion House, is almost regal. Certainly no subject of Queen Victoria maintains an equal amount of courtly ceremony, nor can the state banquets of the greatest of English nobility surpass in splendor the princely entertainments continually furnished by the sovereign of the city. The frequency, too, of these hospitable gatherings, and the large numbers generally invited, lead one to imagine that the resources of the Mansion House must be as exhaustless as the wealth of the corporation.

Napoleon caught the right idea of the cause of England's greatness when he called its people "a nation of shopkeepers." Conquest and diplomacy may enrich and extend for a time, but for a nation to live and become increasingly rich and strong her prosperity must be based upon a *sound system of trade.* The power of England is felt on every sea, for her merchant ships are there. The wealth of England enables her to maintain her vast influence in every clime, and that wealth is drawn from her prosperous trading communities. Few of the Norman barons are to be traced through their descendants to the present time, while those who now possess the soil are chiefly descended from great bankers, goldsmiths, and other city traders. It may be hoped that the time is far distant when the office of Lord Mayor shall be open to those who only have *birth* as their recommendation, and closed against those who look to industry and Christian integrity as the ladder by which men may rise!

ANTIQUITY OF CITY BANQUETS.

It may here be remarked that the banquets which are universally associated with the Lord Mayor and the city guilds and companies are of a series which, without break or long interruption, has existed from the Anglo-Saxon era, through the troubles of the Danish and Norman times, through the many civil broils, the wars of York and Lancaster, through the fierce struggles of the Stuart and Cromwell factions, the great rebellion and the Revolution of 1688; they have contributed to form the character of the great London trading community, mitigating the antagonisms of business competition, and encouraging mutual respect, confidence, and brotherly feeling.

In entering upon his high and responsible office, Alderman McArthur will be followed by the prayers of multitudes of God's people, for though his love of Methodism has "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," he has co-operated with Christians generally in their works of faith and labors of love.

THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

When we consider how important a part "signs in heaven" are to play in the commotions attending the conflagration of the last days (Isa. 34:4; Luke 21:25; 2 Pet. 3:10, 12; Rev. 6:13, 14), we may read with interest the following account from *The Providence Journal* of the positions and appearance of the principal planets during the present month:

Saturn is evening star, and though a lesser light than the glowing Jupiter, surpasses him in interest during the month. He has passed his opposition or nearest point to the earth, but is still travelling toward his perihelion or *nearest point to the sun*, which he will not reach till 1884. Therefore he will appear brighter than he did this year at the next opposition of 1881, and still brighter at each succeeding one till 1884, when he will be 100,000,000 miles nearer the sun than at his most distant point, and put on his most glorious phase.

The rings will continue to open until 1885, when they will reach their widest extent, and the planet will also reach the point of greatest northern declination within the same period. The years 1881–1885 *are the golden season* for astronomers of the present to make a special study of Saturn. When in 1907 the conditions of the present are partially repeated, the vision that is now clear and far-seeing will become dim by the passage of time, and if twenty-five years is the average length for an astronomer's vigorous power of observation, when Saturn sweeps round again toward perihelion a new race of observers will take the place of those who now wonder and admire as the glory of the Saturnian system is revealed to their enchanted eyes.

Perhaps by that time continued observations and improved instruments may determine whether there is a triple ring besides the dusky ring, whether the rings are made up of clouds of satellites too small to be seen separately, and so close together to allow the intervals between them to be visible, or whether the rings are approaching the planet.

We never see this magnificent planet through the telescope without wishing that *the picture of surpassing loveliness* could be painted on the nightly sky, and that all who gaze upon the starry depths might behold the entrancing spectacle, a glorious orb, encircled by golden rings, and surrounded by glittering points of light, the coloring so clear and softly toned that the brightest earthly tints seem muddy in comparison, the grandeur of the spectacle transcending the power of the pen to paint.

[Along with this beautiful picture of the perishable heavens the Christian will think of Rev. 21:1: "I saw *a new heaven* and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."]

Saturn and Jupiter are both moving south, and Saturn's slower motion will increase the distance between them, so that he rises and sets about fifty minutes later throughout the month. He sets now not far from 5 o'clock in the morning; at the end of the month about 3.

Neptune is evening star after the 4th, when he is in opposition. Though too distant to be seen with the naked eye, he is in excellent position for telescopic observation, showing a decided disk and a coloring of bluish white. He also is *travelling toward perihelion*, which he reaches in 1884. If we had eyes to see the outer planets as they roll we should behold three of them—Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune—almost in a line with the earth and sun, their masses uniting in a point upon the central orb.

The disturbance in the movements of Uranus was the means of the discovery of Neptune, for this most distant member of the brotherhood was not really introduced to our acquaintance till 1846, and it will take him till 2011 to complete his first circle round the sun since his existence was detected. With our present conditions of being we shall not be in haste to migrate to Neptune. The sun at that distance appears a little larger than Venus, at her greatest dimensions, and gives 1000th part of the light with which the earth is blessed. Astronomers are sighing for more worlds to conquer. Neptune has perturbations indicating an outside brother, and systematic efforts are being made to gather the far-away wanderer into the system.

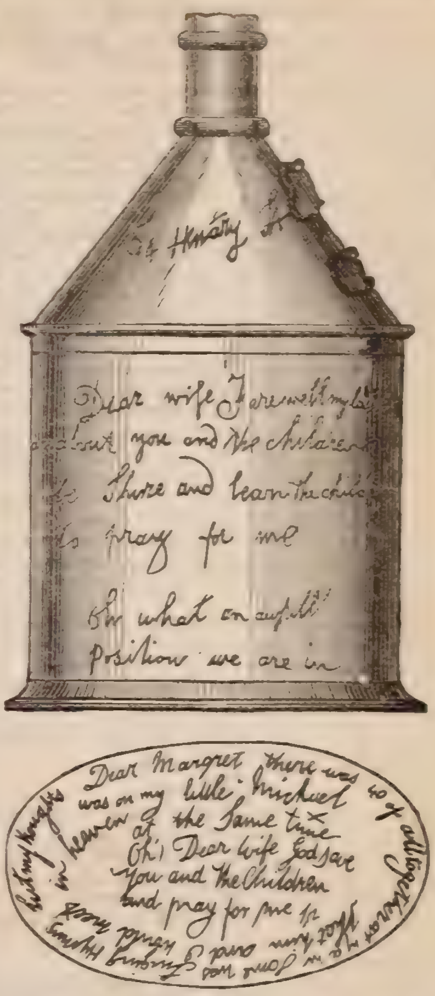
Mercury is evening star till the 23d of November, when he is in inferior conjunction with the sun, and passing to his western side joins the morning stars.

Jupiter is evening star, and though shining with royal grace as he mounts grandly to the zenith, presents no new phase nor perceptible diminution. The great spot still lights his disk with its ruddy line, and, *though he has passed perihelion*, believers in the agency of the planets in producing solar commotion will see evidence of a retreating pull in the battalions of snowflakes that in mid-October overwhelmed the West and blockaded the trains with snowdrifts ten feet high; in the terrific sea that raged on the Western lakes; in the unseasonable severity of the Canadian snow-storms; in the shocks of earthquake on the Spanish peninsula; and in the frightful warfare of the elements in Buenos Ayres that caused the death of more than a million of cattle in mid-September. Jupiter is now more than an hour above the horizon at sunset, and sets shortly after 4 o'clock in the morning; at the end of the month about 2.

Venus is evening star, and was charming to behold in the southwest throughout November. Venus and Jupiter are so situated with regard to each other that they form the most attractive feature of the sky in the early evening.

Mars is morning star, but there is little to commend him to notice during the month, as he rises and sets so nearly at the same time with the sun. He rises now at a little before 6.30, preceding the sun only a few minutes; at the close of the month about 6.15, nearly an hour before the sun.

Uranus is a morning star, and is coming toward us, but is still too far away to be of any account among planetary notabilities. He rises now about 2 o'clock; at the end of the month about midnight.



St Henary St

Dear wife Farewell my l
but you and the children
Shure and learn the chil
s pray for me
Oh what an awful
position we are in

Dear Margret there was 40 of us altogether at
Some was Singing Hymns
but my thoughts was on my little Michael
that him and I would meet
in heaven at the same time
Oh! Dear wife God save
You and the Children
and pray for me

THE MINER'S DYING LETTER.

Scratched on his Water-bottle in the Dark.

In the explosion of the Seaham Mine in Durham, England, one of the entombed miners named Michael Smith scratched a letter to his wife on his water-bottle with the point of a bratice nail. A fac-simile of this letter reduced to one half the size is given above.

It is necessary to explain that the address of Smith, which appears in heavier and more distinct writing on the upper portion of the flask, had been marked there for some time, and grown rusted. On the other side he had scratched the words, "*Look at the bottom;*" his obvious reason being that the plain flat surface at the bottom afforded a better ground for writing on. When he had filled up this oval space, he continued the letter, as seen above, on the less battered side of the flask; and it would appear that the last words, "Oh, what an awful position we are in," were added some time after ward, probably not long before his death. They are less firm than the rest of the writing.

Michael Smith, who was thirty-seven years of age at the time of this fatality, was the son of a schoolmaster in the county of Durham. He was evidently a good writer, and could also play the violin fairly well. Two of his children are living, the "little Michael," so touchingly named in the letter, having died on the day of the explosion. The poor widow was nursing her sick child when she heard the dull thud that bore the message of a more terrible deprivation.

In dying, Michael Smith had clasped this bottle so closely under the right arm that it escaped the notice of the explorers, even when the body had been brought to the surface; and it was the afflicted wife and mother who herself made the discovery of this sad relic, which she now treasures with the greatest affection at St. Henary Street, Seaham.

THE PASSION PLAY.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, preached on Sunday Morning, November 28th, 1880.

"Seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."—HEB. 6: 6.

The Origin of the Passion Play—The Eighteen Acts—The Theatre—The Stage—The Actors—The Audience Powerfully Moved—The Protest against the American Production—Indecencies of the American Stage—Now is the Time for Agitation—The Dramatists Interested in Stopping the Production—Ways of Doing it—Public Opinion at the Early Stage—The Balance of Power Held by Christians—Interference of Police—Who could have Represented Christ?—Disappointed People—A Word with Dramatists—Hands off the Cross—A Father's Death-bed Scene behind the Footlights—Resources for Amusement—Good that may Result from the Project—The Scene of the Meeting with Christ.

A GREAT pestilence in Germany. The time 1633. The superstitious and ignorant villagers think they may avert the wrath of heaven by promising every ten years to enact the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ on a theatrical stage. The decades are to be counted from 1640, and so every ten years, with some exceptions, and for two hundred and forty years the Passion Play was enacted in Germany.

The theatre was one hundred and sixteen feet by one hundred and sixty-eight. *The boom of a gun* woke the villagers at a very early hour. At half past seven o'clock in the morning the audience is in the theatre. Another boom of the gun at eight o'clock announces that the play has begun, and it goes on until the evening.

There are

EIGHTEEN ACTS

in that play. Act the first, Christ's entry into Jerusalem, followed by other acts, depicting scenes in the life of Christ until the fourteenth act, which is Christ sentenced to death; the fifteenth act, Christ bearing the cross; the sixteenth act, the crucifixion and descent from the cross; the seventeenth act, the resurrection; the eighteenth act, the ascension.

Joseph Meyer impersonates Jesus Christ, and hangs for twenty minutes upon the cross, suspended by a loop around his waist. Gregor Leckner impersonates Judas, and stirs the mirth of the audience. Joseph Meyer, the chief tragedian, and Gregor Leckner, the chief comedian. Men and women are elaborately trained to take their parts, and they impersonate Magdalen and Martha and Simon and John, and the sanhedrim, and the executioners. At one time on the stage are *six hundred people.* The scene is overwhelming.

Joseph Meyer plays the part so well that he is more reverenced in the village than would be the emperor. When he was a soldier in the German army the Government made an especial enactment that he might wear his long hair uncut. A friend, who was present last summer at the Passion Play, tells me that while sharp and cutting hail fell through the unroofed theatre upon the cheek of Joseph Meyer, he winced not, and under the most powerful field-glass no signs of life could be detected when he was playing insensible. A friend of my family tells us that, being present last summer, she felt the power of this tragedy as she had never felt any tragedy before. She says: "I never fainted before in all my life; but when I saw the spear seemingly pierce the side of Christ, and the blood and the water flow forth, I fainted dead away."

The Passion Play will probably never be enacted again in Germany, or any part of Europe. The Pope of Rome has denounced it. Although it had all the prestige of a religious ordinance, and the authority of centuries, it has been enacted for the last time. And right upon the heels of that announcement came to us a few weeks ago the announcement that the Passion Play was to become an American institution. All the machinery for that production had been prepared. Vast expectations had been created in some quarters. This morning the play is withdrawn. Public sentiment came up through the press, came up through the pulpit, came up from the churches, came up from ten thousand homes, came up from Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Roman Catholics, from North and South, East and West, and all that feeling was hurled in

ONE FLAMING, THUNDERING, PROTEST

against the proposed infamy. I thank God that it has been withdrawn, and it is the grandest compliment ever given to the Christian sentiment of America.

But, my friends, are you under the delusion that this announcement, which has come to me since I entered the pulpit—the withdrawal of this play—that because of that withdrawal such plays are not to be attempted in other cities? Are you not aware of the fact that there are being enacted in this country, winter after winter, great indecencies in the way of public entertainments in the opera-houses and the theatres and the concert halls of this country—great indecencies, upon which the law of our cities and the law of the United States Government ought to put their hands?

Now is the time, in this particular crisis, while the whole attention is drawn to this subject, that the churches of Jesus Christ, the printing-presses, and all the influences that are abroad in the community utter themselves most emphatically, and say in regard to all baleful styles of amusement, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." Why, we began to think in this country people might advertise any kind of entertainment they chose; might put their placards in the show-windows of our stores, shocking the common decency of the people who passed down the street, and there were no police, and there were no mayors, and there were no members of common councils that dared anathematize those things.

Now, my friends, there will be a change in this subject, and the officers in our cities who have control of all these matters will begin to see that there is *a force of public opinion* that will hold them up in any attempt they make for the overthrow of bad morals and for the establishment of good morals.

There was no class of persons so much interested in the prohibiting of the Passion Play as the dramatists. Some of them have been toiling a long while for the elevation of the stage. They have declared that it was a school of good morals, and they wanted Christian people to help them in the reformation of the stage. Joseph Jefferson and Edwin Booth and Mr. Wallack and other reformers of the stage could not afford to have the Passion Play enacted, and therefore there came protests from across the sea, and protests from all parts of the land. These men understood that, once the Passion Play enacted on the stage of Booth's Theatre, the theatre would suffer a degradation which these reformers of the next twenty years could not have cured.

The men to discipline the churches are churchmen. *The men to discipline the theatres are theatrical men.* Things were growing so hot that I believe if this play had not been withdrawn, the managers and the lessees, the tragedians and the comedians, the employers and the employees of our theatres would have banded together, and they would have gone to the Mayor's room in New York City and have protested against the production of this Passion Play, and demanded in the interest of their profession that it be put down, and put down immediately.

Now, there were

TWO OR THREE WAYS TO STOP IT.

One was the way it has been stopped, by public opinion, and before these managers went on with any great outlay. You must understand that the elaboration of this play, the fixing up of the stage, the drilling of actors and supernumeraries in this matter was a great affair. You must understand that to describe the bloody sweat of Christ, and the tides of life rushing through his crushed heart, and the sham lightning and thunder which were to depict the awful night in which Jesus died—all that required great elaboration. Having expended so much money in this play already, the whole play having been recited, and the costumes prepared, and the spectacular arranged, it is a matter of great congratulation. Mr. Abbey had the courage to stop just here and now.

If it had gone on, popular indignation would have come to a higher and higher point until some night when the blasphemy was being enacted the police of New York would have rushed upon the scene and arrested the participators. All that has been averted. The time to arrest a crime like that is before it is committed. Some people said, "Why, this was proposed for December; here we are in November: you cannot arraign a crime before it is committed." Absurd! If your life were threatened, when would be the time to arraign the threatened assassin? Before the murder, or after the murder? If some one threatened that he would burn down your barns after the crops were in, must you wait until the torch is applied? Ah, no!

The reason this play has been stopped—and Mr. Abbey says so in his card this morning—the reason it is stopped is because public sentiment condemns it, and I tell you this is a Christian nation. It may be very different from what we would like to have it, but so far as that is it is a Christian nation, and no man can afford to offend the Christian sentiment of this country. People say, 'Oh, these church people, these Christian people are of no very great importance; they have no special influence; they are a goody-goody sort of people, well enough to have in the world, but they can easily be quelched." You cannot quelch them. *They hold the balance of power* in the United States to-day. No man can be elected to a Legislature or a Congress or to the Presidential chair if he be a pronounced infidel. Christian people may seem to be very indifferent and very careless, but when once you insult their Lord they are fully armed.

People say, "Why have all this ado about the Passion Play when Christian ministers and very good people again and again have seen it in Bavaria, and have wept under its enactment?" Ah! my friends, the circumstances were very different. They were a simple-minded people over there. Amid many crude images of religion they performed this play in gratitude to God for the averting of the pestilence. The people, for the most part, who took any interest in it and who played upon the stage were people consecrated to the work from their infancy. All this did not excuse it, but it alleviated it. I tell you it would have been

AN AWFUL CALAMITY

to have the Passion Play enacted in New York City. A gentleman who was present with his family at the exhibition in Germany last summer told me that he regretted exceedingly that he had taken his children to see it, for, he said, there were so many ridiculous things in that Passion Play that his children now cannot read the Scriptures without bursting into a guffaw at the remembrance of something that transpired in the Passion Play.

On this side of the Atlantic there could have been no alterations. It would have been very easy for us,-perhaps, to have found people who would take the part of Judas, or Herod, or Pilate, or Caiaphas, or Magdalen; but where would we have found a Christ? Not in my profession, not in yours, not in medicine, not in law, not in merchandise, not in agriculture. Would he have come, then, from the drama? Where would you have found the sinless being? Where was he born? How old is he? Where is the man whose thoughts have aways been pure, and whose actions have aways been self-sacrificing, and whose life has been perfect? Bring him forth then. Let us see who he is. Put him in a golden chariot. Let him be drawn by white horses.

Oh, those who proposed to enact this play made no such pretension of goodness. They did not pretend to be perfect of heart or perfect of life. Just ordinary players were, in this the latter part of the nineteenth century, and in the full blaze of civilization and Christianity, to treat the world to a crucifixion. There are

MANY DISAPPOINTED PEOPLE THIS MORNING.

There are infidels and sceptics in this country who hoped to have the last scene of the Saviour's life turned into a scenic farce. It would have been no difficult thing to get executioners, not merely to slay in optical delusion, but the very Christ whom he proposed to impersonate. Christ has been an offense to the impurity and the wickedness of the world so long a time, there are men who would like to put Him out of existence; who, if they could reach the throne of God, would like to dethrone Him.

Ah! my friends, Jesus Christ—and we might as well understand it now as ever—Jesus Christ stands nearer to the Christian heart, nearer to the hearts of millions of people in this country than any other being; and I want to tell you who have the management of the amusements in this country, *you must keep your hands off the cross* of the Son of God. Do what you will with Christ's manger, with Christ's sepulchre.

HANDS OFF THE CROSS!

Keep hands off the upright beam of the cross, for against that Christ's fainting head leaned—off the horizontal beam of the cross, for against that Christ's hands were pinioned. There is only one stage appropriate for such a tragedy—the rocky mountain back of Jerusalem. The only drop-scene fit for such an occasion, midnight fallen on midnoon. The only appropriate plaudits, the crash of the falling rocks, and the opening of the sepulchre, and the stalking forth of the sheeted dead, and the falling of the blanched spectators upon their faces as they cry, "This is the Son of God!"

My friends, I am glad that this play has here been smitten with popular indignation. I suppose it will be taken to other cities. This is not the first trial. It tried San Francisco, and was hurled back, and San Francisco certainly has never been charged with being sanctimonious or over-righteous or bigoted. The Passion Play was driven back from the gates of the Pacific, and now it was proposed here. It is driven or to be driven from the City of New York. I suppose it will lift its head in other cities, but we want it to go away from our cities so damaged that it will attract but little attention elsewhere. If it had been received here, and successfully, it would have been welcomed elsewhere. People imitate success. They never imitate a failure.

Now, I do not suppose it is possible for me to estimate the outrage that was just ahead of us. I make a hypothesis. You remember all the scene around

YOUR FATHER'S DEATH-BED

—your mother and sisters, the physician with a watch in his hand, the blinds darkened, the last deep sigh that put an end to the pilgrimage of earthly vicissitude, the obsequies, the funeral psalm, the awful burial; for though there were flowers upon the casket, and there were many consolations of the Gospel offered, still death was awful. For how much would you consent to have that *death-scene of your father* enacted on the boards of a theatre by strangers, imitating your weeping mother and your weeping sisters, and a stranger enacting your dying father? Why, sirs, if here were not law enough to stop it, you would with your own right arm break in upon the scene, hough you perished in the attempt.

Now I want you to know that Christ is nearer han any friend—near than father, mother, husband, vife, son, daughter. How shall I prove it? Why, shall prove it by the fact that men have given up heir homes and gone out to die on the scaffold or at he stake for the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, let those vho manage the amusements of this country keep heir hands off the cross. You can better afford to o into Germany and insult their popular emperor, r into England and insult her magnificent queen, han anywhere in Christendom and insult Christ.

Have we got so exhausted in our amusements in is country that it is necessary in any of our cities rom this time forth to put the Lord's supper and e crucifixion before the footlights? One would ink we would not be very much crowded in this ountry or in this world for amusements, for entertainments—a world where out of three hundred nd sixty-five days of the year we have three hunred days of sunshine, and the manufactories are rning out flutes, and harps, and violins, and anos, and cornets, and organs, and we have great ngers all the way from Jenny Lind to Emma bbott, and great painters all the way from Benmin West to Bierstadt, and great humorists all the ay from Jack Downing to the Burlington *Hawke*, and concert halls and lyceums, and skate and t and oar, and Christmas tree and Thanksgiv festival, and day and night.

Never let us open the door of darkness and invoke anything vile to come forth to amuse us in such a glorious world with ten thousand opportunities of innocent amusement. I shall be glad that this attempt was made if it awake the whole land to put prohibition upon unrighteous entertainments. If this influence begun this morning goes on, if the common councils of our cities, if our mayors, if our men in public places shall take courage now and say, "We are going to sweep Brooklyn and New York and all our cities of these abominations," then it will be one of the most fortunate things that ever happened that the Passion Play was threatened for New York.

Besides that, it will be a good thing if it arouses our loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ, who hung upon the accursed tree. When I meet Him, when you meet Him—*and we soon shall*, God grant we all may—when we meet Him it will be well for us if we never misused His name or dishonored His influence among the nations. On that day it will not be an impersonation with gory temples and bleeding side, on the boards of the theatre, but it will the emperor on a throne, and burning worlds the footlights, the music the archangel's trumpet, the choir the one hundred and forty and four thousand leading, the congregation made up of kings and queens and conquerors. Unto Him be glory and dominion, victory and song, now and forever, on earth and in heaven. Amen and amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 185,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TWO DUBLIN POLICEMEN CONVERTED.

IN Dublin, in 1865, the Rev. Achilles Daunt was sent for to visit a young man dying of diphtheria. Through Mr. Daunt's simple declaration of the Father's love and the Saviour's atonement he had been led to a quiet resting on Jesus. Mr. Daunt sat with him for hours, as the gasping life was ebbing away. He held him up on his bed till his own hand and arm became quite cold from the pressure of the almost lifeless body. Just before he breathed his last the dying man implored Mr. Daunt to take a message from him to the people who assembled in the Dublin Exhibition next evening. "I shall be with Christ," he said; "but beg of them all, especially the young men, not to put off preparing to meet their God till they come to where I am now." The man died that night. Next evening, when the eyes of the vast crowd were all fixed upon the preacher, he said, "I have

A MESSAGE TO YOU FROM THE DEAD."

The stillness was almost awful as with simple pathos he described the dying scene, and pressed home to every conscience the message, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Some months afterward his sister met him coming toward home, late in the afternoon, with a radiant face. She pressed him to come home and take some food, as he had had nothing since breakfast. "I have had something better to eat," he said, "than you can give me." And taking her by the arm he went down the road with her, and gave her the following account of the

CONVERSION OF TWO POLICEMEN.

"Just now," he said, "I saw a policeman coming to meet me, who looked so bright and so glad to see me that, though I could not recall his face or name to mind, I thought my memory was at fault, and that he must be an old acquaintance. So I put out my hand and said so to him. 'Oh, sir, you don't know *me*, but I know *you* well, *for you brought me to Christ*." "How so?" Well, dear sir, do you remember giving *a message from the dead* one night in the exhibition? I was there that night, and felt the words cut me to the heart. I hurried home, and such days of misery as I endured before peace filled my soul, before I knew I was pardoned. But at last it came; and then my first thought was for my brother, who is also in the constabulary. I longed for him to share my joy, and, sir, the only thing I could think of was to bring him to hear you; and now *we are both on our way to heaven*."

One evening, after service in the Exhibition,

A YOUNG ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST

asked to have an interview. He was in a state of deep spiritual anxiety. He had been very much touched by the loving address he had just heard. He was painfully struck, also, by the contrast between the simple scriptural teaching that had come with such music to his soul, and the dogmas to which he had been accustomed. The two men kneeled together in earnest prayer to the Father who loved them both and knew their needs. They clasped each other's hands and parted, never to meet again on earth. But we trust they will be side by side when our Lord marshals together the ranks of His redeemed.

TWO SISTERS' LIVES BLIGHTED BY STRONG DRINK.

By Mrs. Evans, of Falmouth, England.

ABOUT eighteen years ago, at Stoke, near Devonport, there lived with their parents two daughters, happy and contented, in a comfortable home. The hospitable sideboard of that dwelling was furnished with the liquors so mistakenly deemed necessary for the proper entertainment of guests. But of these drinks those daughters were not permitted to partake. But at last there came a man in good worldly circumstances who entered into that house and solicited the hand of the eldest daughter in marriage, took her to London, and there, giving way to an unnatural craving for drink, that man, in a comparatively short space of time, squandered £3000 in gratifying his appetite, while his wife existed in the utmost misery, suffering, and privation. At last the drink, precursor of sickness and untimely death, did its work, and that husband lay on his death-bed.

There stood by his side *three brothers*—one a clergyman, another a lawyer, and the third a wealthy manufacturer. In their presence that dying husband cursed the drink which had ruined him, body and soul. He had blighted, he said, and made wretched, the life of that one whom he had promised at the altar to love and cherish, and now, with his fast ebbing breath, he regretted a misspent life, and begged his wife's forgiveness. But of what avail was that? The wrongs which he had committed during years of debauchery could not be undone in death. And there, with the hand of forgiveness in that of her dying husband, stood a weeping, heart-broken wife.

Again a man entered that home at Stoke, took that other daughter, and placed her in a comfortable home and circumstances. But the demon drink entered in, and that man, who was a good husband when out of liquor, became a slave to Bacchus. The wife stood night after night in London streets alone and comfortless. Once, standing on London Bridge, she contemplated ending her miserable existence, but God stayed her. One night in November she received a telegram to come to Bideford, and on arriving found her husband *with his throat cut*, self-inflicted while under the influence of the cursed drink. She knelt by his side and prayed that his life might be spared. The prayer was answered; he survived the diabolical attempt upon his own life, but only to become *a raving maniac*. That man is now in Exeter Lunatic Asylum, and his wife is the woman who stands before you. Once on visiting him he said to me, "Maria, wherever you go tell men and women the drink—the cursed drink—brought me here." Mrs. Evans continued to relate her sad tale to a weeping audience, many of whom, in the hope of profiting by her sad experience, stepped forth and pledged themselves to total abstinence.

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(*Continued from page 759.*)

Summary of the Story.

The family of the Anerleys consists of Mr. and Mrs. Anerley, one son, Cecil, and two daughters, Emily and Constance, the heroine of the story. Mr Anerley was interested in work at Albert Mission Hall, in London. While addressing the poor people Mr. Anerley was stricken with death. The bereaved family was much helped by the friendship and counsel of the Rev. Hermann Ferguson, of whose church Mr. Anerley had been an honored officer. He secured a position for Constance Anerley in his aunt's school at Aix-la-Chapelle, whence she afterward returned and became a governess in a family at Brighton. At the suggestion of Mr. Ferguson, Mrs. Anerley resolves to accept Salome Stanley, a young and lovely woman, as a boarder into her house. Her history, so far as the minister knows it, is sad. She is a lawyer's orphan daughter, and has hitherto lived the life of a recluse. After living some time at the Anerley's house Cecil proposed marriage to her, upon which she acknowledged that she was already married, and that her husband, who was intemperate, had left her. She now becomes much benefited by Mr. Ferguson's preaching, and, on making application for permission to partake of the Lord's Supper, expresses her determination not to taste a drop of intoxicating wine. Christmas comes round, and Mrs. Mitchell, the mother of the children to whom Constance Anerley is governess, visits Canterbury, Constance accompanying her and her young charges. During an afternoon walk in the midst of beautiful grounds, Constance Anerley is accosted by a strange, dissipated-looking man, who announces himself to be the husband of her friend, Salome Stanley. In connection with the mission work in the Albert Street Hall free breakfasts are given to the destitute. Salome Stanley identifies herself with the work, and one morning, among the nondescript guests at the Hall, meets with her long-absent husband in a state of destitution and very ill. She prevails upon him to accompany her to a retired country lodging at the house of Mrs. Fleet, who had been her nurse in her childhood, and there try to begin life anew.

An Anxious Tea-time at Mrs. Fleet's—Salome Searching for her Hxsband—Mr. Fleet's Intelligence—He goes in quest of Orlanda.

Mrs. Fleet's rooms to which Salome Stanley decided on removing with her dissipated husbann were admirably adapted to the purpose she had in view of caring for him and if possible effecting his reformation.

Cheerful and sunny, with a delightful view of the beautiful Medway river and the fine bridge, and a pretty little garden before the house, gay with spring flowers over the porch—bachelors' buttons showed graceful bunches of maize-colored beauty in contrast with the bright green leaves. Salome had her American organ and her piano brought from London to her sitting-room; some good engravings were hung on the walls, and books and little articles of *vertu* were scattered tastefully about. For a few days these things amused Orlando Stanley: he walked a short distance with Salome in the pleasant country, he sauntered about the charming grounds of the old castle, he attended service with her a few times in the venerable cathedral.

She had been as firm as a rock from the very first, that not a penny of her money should pay for any intoxicating liquor, and much as he had grumbled at the stipulation, he now seemed to accede to her rules with tolerable grace.

Suffering from a bad headache one day, she fell fast asleep after dinner, while her husband paced up and down the little garden outside.

She had begun to imagine that there was some reawakening in him to a better life, some kind of regard for herself; his tone had been less harsh, less ironical during the last few days; perhaps she might win him yet. Her last letter from Emily Anerley, with whom she regularly corresponded, had contained a kind message of hearty approval of her conduct and sympathy with her aim from Hermann Ferguson, which had cheered her in her often difficult path. "He had also said," wrote Emmie, "tell Salome Stanley that we had the communion, with both sorts of wine, last Sunday for the first time, and I never have seen so many around the table before. The interest excited by the investigation of the question which she was unintentionally the means of starting has led many of our young people to think more deeply on the whole subject, and also I find many of them who were good teetotalers had hitherto sat down to the Lord's Supper in other chapels, because they had deemed it useless to expect a change at our own. I wish she could have joined us."

She had simply done what she felt to be her duty, yet how useful it had proved! This had been her grateful thought as she fell asleep. When she at last awoke from her long nap, she looked at the clock upon the mantelpiece, and found it was almost tea-time; how long she had slept!

But she felt refreshed and ready for the meal—ready to try to be a pleasant companion to Orlando. She looked, out of the window, intending to speak to her husband as he passed, but he was not there. She rang the bell, and Mrs. Fleet appeared.

"We will have tea now, nurse," said Salome, using as she sometimes did this familiar name when they were alone, and the good woman would answer her, as she did on this occasion, "Yes, my dear young lady."

"Where is Mr. Stanley? He has not gone out into the town, has he?" She could not conceal her anxiety, and Mrs. Fleet was sufficiently in her confidence to know that the answer she must give would not be satisfactory.

"I am afraid he is. I didn't know he was gone till I asked Betsy, and she said he went out of the garden and turned toward the town."

"Perhaps he will be in by the time tea is ready."

Everything was prepared for a tempting, pleasant meal: a golden sponge-cake, delicate slices of bread-and-butter, a dish of crisp water-cresses, and a pile of hot toast, browned by Mrs. Fleet's own careful hands. But he did not come. Salome waited a full hour.

"Perhaps he didn't think of the time, my dear Mrs. Stanley," said the landlady when Salome summoned her again.

"I must go and seek him, nurse."

"My dear child, you must do no such thing until you have had some tea; your head was so bad at dinner-time that you could not eat. We shall have you ill if you take so little care of yourself."

"Then will you have tea with me, nurse? I have no heart to sit down alone."

"Yes, if you wish it."

So Mrs. Fleet accepted Salome's invitation to tea, and the good woman so skilfully turned the anxious wife's attention to old times as to make her somewhat less mindful of her present trouble. The fragrant beverage refreshed her, and by the time she had finished she was inclined to be a little more hopeful. It was possible that Orlando might have explored the country in some direction further than he had intended, or had himself fallen asleep at the old castle. Yes, that was even more likely, for his strength was not sufficient for a long walk. She would stroll up there herself and see if she could find him. But tea must be kept waiting for him, for they might miss each other, and he might return without her and want it.

It was a lovely evening, almost at the end of May, and the air was soft and balmy, laden with the sweet breath of the coming summer. The grand old tower of Bishop Gundulph, which retains his name and enshrines his memory, though eight hundred years have passed since he added it to the still more ancient portions of the castle, looked dark and massive against the soft, opal-tinted sky, where a "young May moon" shaped its crescent form, waxing clearer and clearer in the slowly fading light of day. The doves and pigeons that have taken up their abode in such numbers in this chosen spot were roosting now, and only an occasional soft, sleepy "coo" betokened their presence.

There was no trace of her husband for Salome to discover. She encountered several pairs of happy lovers, enjoying the beauty of the night and the joy of their own hearts; she met, too, older married couples, some of these alone, conversing confidentially, some with their merry children, and her heart was heavy as she contemplated all these. Life had brought to her little of serenity and peace. Her passionately-loved young brother she had lost early. Her father's eccentricities had pained and perplexed her. Her husband, for whom she had taken so false a step, and endured so much, had repaid her affection with cold neglect, and had hardly been a husband to her even in name. Cecil Anerley! Poor Cecil, she had only made him unhappy! He had loved her as she would like to have been loved, but, alas! scarcely any one seemed to have been the better that she had lived. Would her present undertaking succeed, or would she also fail to win back the wanderer from the error of his ways?

Slowly she at length turned from the old castle and proceeded homeward. What should she find there?

She opened the gate of the little garden and paused to look at the beauty of the sky reflected in the calm waters of the Medway below. Mrs. Fleet had heard her at the gate, and met her at the door.

"Is he come?"

"No, Mrs. Stanley." The good woman followed her young mistress respectfully into her sitting-room. "Would you like Fleet to go and see if he can find him, my dear young lady?"

"Has Mr. Fleet come in?"

"Yes."

"Indeed I should, only it would trouble him too much, and he must be tired."

"The walk would not hurt him," said Mrs. Fleet; then she paused, and hesitated to recommence, as if anxious, yet reluctant, to speak.

"What is it, nurse? Do you know where my husband is?"

Thus questioned, the good creature began her story.

"When Fleet came home, he asked if Mr. Stanley was in, and I said no; and he asked again, 'Does Mrs. Stanley know where he is?' and I said no, you had been expecting him, and were gone to the castle to look for him. He said, 'She won't find him there,' and I asked why, and he said, 'Because he isn't in any such place.' Then I said, 'You have seen him, have you?' and he said, 'I could have sworn to him, and yet I didn't want to be sure, so I asked if he was in, and when you said he wasn't, I knew my eyes hadn't deceived me.' 'Where is Mr. Stanley then?' I asked; 'why don't you tell me, Fleet?' 'He's in one of the lowest, vilest saloons in Chatham, that's where he is,' he answered. 'I saw him go in with another fellow, a soldier, more than two hours ago, and I was afraid he would give our good young lady trouble.' That's what my husband said; and then he told me to say, that if you wished him to, he would speak to the publican, and warn him that there would not be any drink paid for if Mr. Stanley ran up a score, and he would also try to get him home for you."

"It would be real charity," said Salome; "and if he thinks I could do any good I will come too."

"My *dear Miss Salome,*" exclaimed the good woman; "there, I can't help forgetting and calling you that, but, my dear young lady, you must not dream of going; it would be almost enough to taint the character of the purest lady that ever breathed to be seen going there."

"I don't think that," expostulated Salome gently; "sin only can really assail us, though association may seem to do so, and is, I grant, often very dangerous. But if Mr. Fleet is so kind as to do this for me, will it not be wise for him to go to the house in a cab, and fetch him home in haste? But do ask him to be careful. I believe Orlando Stanley is very quarrelsome when in liquor."

This idea of the cab was thought to be very good by Mr. Fleet, who, having by this time finished tea, departed on his errand.

Absalom Fleet, who had been for years clerk to a lawyer in Chatham, was somewhat of a character, albeit very pleasant in his eccentricity. Though he spent all his business hours in Chatham as the clerk of one of the most irascible men of law in existence, and his friends had often advised him to live nearer the office that he might run less risk of offending Mr. Gilkes by his possible want of punctuality, Mr. Fleet would never listen to their persuasions. His long walk to and from business, rarely avoided by riding, improved his digestion, he said, and certainly both his health and spirits were of the best.

To see him start every morning from his home with a choice bloom in his buttonhole, to witness the radiant smile he turned back to Fern Cottage and its kind, worthy, and most practical mistress, to hear the sweet, clear voice in which he sang or whistled some favorite bar that echoed in his memory from last night's violin practice, were to see and to hear things well worthy of any man's eyes and ears, or of woman's either.

Salome Stanley, in her calm, pale beauty, with a depth of passion lying so surely underneath her outward serenity, surrounded by the sad sorrow of her life, was an object of great and kindly interest to her landlord. In what his loving wife called "Fleet's strange way," he likened her to many very different things—a swan, a snowdrop, a deer, a saint, and the moon.

He went willingly now to do her errand of mercy toward her guilty husband. On his way, when near the public house into which he had seen Orlando Stanley enter with his companion, "like sheep to the slaughter," he took a cab, drove up to the door, alighted, and entered.

(To be continued.)

ELEVEN SIGNS OF THE NEARING ADVENT OF CHRIST.

By the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.

(Continued from page [illegible].)

6. *Human efforts at self-regeneration.*—I do not say this of the Church, though there are some tokens of it even in her. But I speak of the world. Man seems now to be putting forth every effort to regenerate himself without God. Amid all the modern achievements of science and of art he has lost sight of his own helplessness and dependence on Him who created him. He thinks to be a God to himself. It is as if, before God's glorious purpose of restitution is brought to pass, man is to be allowed to do his utmost for the renewal of himself and of the world. He is to be put to the proof. He is to be permitted to boast himself for a little, and congratulate himself upon the triumph before him. Hence the vainglorious speeches we so often hear of man's powers and man's prospects. Political reforms are spoken of as the regeneration of the world. One party most loudly maintains that the *separation* of Church and State is to usher in the Millennium; another as boldly affirms that it is the *union* of Church and State that is to accomplish this.

EDUCATION, SCIENCE.

iterature, philosophy, are sometimes called the world's regenerators, and no limits are assigned to the blessings which these are to confer upon the world. It is curious, also, to observe, for some years past, how eagerly science has been putting forth all its energies in pursuit of discoveries that shall restore fruitfulness to the soil. Agricultural chemistry has shot up into a separate study. As if unconsciously prescient of the earth's deliverance from the curse of barrenness, men are laboring to do all that science can to hasten on that day of restitution. These efforts at self-regeneration must prove abortive; for man cannot undo either his sin or its consequences. They may succeed to a certain extent, but only to prove how little they can effect. These are, however, signs of a coming deliverance. For when man's endeavors shall prove fruitless, both in reference to himself and society, and the soil which he tills, God shall at length interpose and accomplish the work of renovation by the word of His power.

THE SPREAD OF KNOWLEDGE.

7. "Many are running to and fro, and knowledge is increasing" (Daniel 12 : 4). Nor is it knowledge of one kind, but of every kind, secular and sacred. It is, however, for the former that this age is specially distinguished. And Satan is putting forth his utmost resources of power and craft thus to lead men captive at his will. He is the prince of all knowledge where God is not known; of all power where God is not acknowledged; the bright archangel of the natural man, revealing himself in his angelic glories of natural knowledge, natural beauty, natural wisdom, and natural humanity." Thus does he play his part in this last age! Under these radiant disguises he is bewildering the eyes of men, and persuading them that this diffusion of knowledge is the appearing of the Millennial dawn. So specious are his counterfeits that it is hard to separate the real from the false, the precious from the vile; for when he thus comes forth as an angel of light, clothed in every perfection that the natural heart loves and the carnal eye admires, who shall penetrate the deception and escape the snare save those who "know all things," by reason of "the unction from the Holy One?" (1 John 2 : 20). Most truly has the present state of the world been described by one of the world's own poets, when picturing the gay glitter of an evening assembly, over which was thrown

"A dazzling mass of artificial light,
Which showed all things, but nothing as they
were."

So it is now upon the earth, among the heedless multitudes of the children of men. It is the world's midnight. They are eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage. Literature, science, art, philosophy, are all their own! Yet there is an artificial coloring, an unreal brightness, over all. There is music, but it is of the syren kind. There is eloquence, too, but it is "the words of man's wisdom," not that which speaks for God and "winneth souls." There is fervor, too, but it is the warmth of wild excitement, born in novelty and nursed by perpetual change. There is high thought, too, but it is often of the unhealthful cast, wrought off at the midnight lamp; not the deep musings begot in fellowship with God, and ceaseless converse with that inspired word which maketh wise the simple. And, in connection with all this, there is a proud air of independence, like that which said, "Our lips are our own; who is Lord over us?" There is a reckless determination to hold what opinions men please, unchecked and unreproved.

8. *The maturity of*

THE PAPAL ANTICHRIST.

Popery itself is no new thing on earth, so that its mere existence is no peculiar sign of the last day. But its progress and prevalence are entirely new. There is a maturity about it which, in other ages, it could not claim. It is rising in stature and fast hastening to its consummation. In extent of circle she stretches far beyond the territories of other days. In all regions of the earth she is planting her banner and claiming dominion over the nations. Never did she show herself more thoroughly in earnest. She is flinging her chains across the globe. With stealthy foot she has been advancing step by step, till now she walks abroad at noonday with the sound of the trumpet, lifting up her head in bold defiance. Her hand, like Amalek's, is "upon the throne of the Lord;" and she acts and speaks as if in nothing she would be restrained of all that she has imagined to do.*

Never since the Reformation has popery made so deadly and determined a struggle for the recovery of throne and altar. Hundreds of missionary priests are thrusting themselves into every corner, winding themselves into the confidence of the influential, and insinuating themselves with serpent-stealth and subtlety into all seats of power. They mark off their districts and rear their churches everywhere, carrying on their work of proselytism at any expense and by every method. They build with costly splendor; they adorn with most attractive grace; they cast the net with consummate art, that beneath its ample stretch they may entangle the thousands of every age and class and temper who love a theatrical religion, that will gratify the carnal sense, and furnish men with a license for the commission of any amount of iniquity. They talk proudly, too, and boast openly of their success, casting off the mask of meekness and modesty which they had in some measure assumed, proclaiming loudly that, as no heresy was ever allowed more than a duration of three centuries, the British apostasy has now reached its close. Thus they prophesy of their own speedy triumph, and of our hastening doom.

It is not my part either to confirm or to confute the prophecy. A few years will unfold it all. There may be darker days in reserve for Britain, than many will believe. Her day has been long bright, her sky long cloudless. What nation has ever enjoyed a century of such profound tranquillity as we have experienced, unbroken save by a few political commotions, or a few murmurs of fretful discontent? The cup of trembling, which was put into the hands and pressed to the lips of every nation in Europe, in 1793–1815, passed us by. The revolutionary earthquake shocks that have during this century successively laid waste every kingdom around us, convulsing nations and overturning thrones, tearing up a thousand hearths, and agitating ten thousand fearful bosoms with alternate despair and hope, reached us not, nor stirred even one ripple on our sea-bound shore.

When Providence raised up

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE"

as the scourge of the Papal empires; when He called Him to His foot, gave the nations before him, and made him ruler over kings, giving them as dust to his sword and as driven stubble to his bow, He appointed him his bounds that he could not pass over, and we were preserved, unmolested and secure. When every capital in Europe was in flames, from Moscow to Madrid, we were sitting each man under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to make us afraid. The enemy, with the vanquished might of Europe in his train, prepared to overwhelm us: he threatened, boasted, numbered his armies, talked of a second Armada; but in vain! We were secure. We needed "no bulwarks, no towers along the steep." We were Protestant, and therefore invincible. Our protest was our palladium. From our far-off lonely island there went forth upon the earth the solitary voice that testified for Christ against Antichrist, in the midst of a world of idolatry and darkness. God heard the testimony, and He blessed the witness!

But since that time what has taken place? We have laid aside our protest as too bigoted for an enlightened age like ours. We have struck our Protestant colors, and hung out the flag of neutrality; or rather, we should say, of religious indifference. With our own hands we have taken down the old ancestral standard which has braved three centuries of storm, allowing the spoiler to tear in pieces and trample under foot the inheritance of our fathers, the birthright of our sons; proclaiming to the world that our past protest was a stain upon our history, and that it matters nothing to a nation's well-being whether the Bible or the Koran be the basis of her statute-book, or whether the national ensign be surmounted by the cross, the crescent, or the triple crown. We have little reason to hope that we shall ride out another storm as we have done the last. The anchor of our national Protestant testimony is gone!

(To be concluded.)

One Hundred Dollars was the Total Expense of Mr. McCarthy, of the China Inland Mission, making a missionary journey of 3000 miles, right across China to Burmah, accompanied by a native catechist and two coolies. This was the total cost of the food of the missionary party of four persons during an evangelizing tour which lasted no less than eight months. The standing reproach of the professing Church of Christ is a disobedient and cruel neglect of the heathen world—a want of large-heartedness on the part of many wealthy Christians, who could if they would supply in a single week all that is required to send to the heathen all who are ready to go to the work to which God has called them.

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* The recent popish dogmas of the Immaculate Conception, and the infallibility of the Pope, and the revival of Pilgramages and of Ultramontane Propagandism, manifest the maturing development of the papacy.—Editor.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.
OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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The Christian Herald for 1881.

SEE LAST PAGE.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Gen. Garfield's Opinion in Reference to a Permanent civil service was expressed in his reply to a deputation from the Independent Republican Association of New York, which called upon him November 26th. A leading principle of the programme of the association is that the only test a candidate for a subordinate appointment under Government should undergo is that of ability, and that, having obtained the appointment, he should not be discharged except for misconduct. The association believes that such a regulation would eliminate from the quadrennial Presidential struggle its most agitating element, and would tend to promote the efficiency of the public service. Having expressed this belief to the President-elect, he said in reply that he hoped to have the co-operation of Congress in establishing a legal basis for all routine appointments, so that it should not be in the power of anybody, even the President, to remove any capable and faithful appointee during his term of office, whether the term be long or short. The delegation were gratified by General Garfield's personal approval of their principles, but those who know most about the ways of Congress are not sanguine in hoping for its co-operation.

The Position Occupied by Ex-Presidents of the United States has formed a prominent topic in journalism since the excitement of the Presidential election subsided. Influential journals represent that a citizen who has once held the highest position it is in the power of the people to confer cannot return to the ordinary avocations of life at the close of his Presidential term, without compromising both his own dignity and that of the nation. Two plans have been proposed to avert this difficulty. The first is to make every ex-President a Senator for life with a Senator's salary; either as Senator at large or as representing the District of Columbia, which at present has no Senator. The second proposal is to establish a fund, either by grant from the National Treasury or by a popular subscription; this fund to be invested, and the annual income derived from it to be enjoyed by the oldest living ex-President. The New York *Times* has taken the lead in advocating the latter scheme, and a few wealthy citizens have written that journal offering various sums to forward the object. The promises given so far amount to $15,351, but the subscribers hope the fund will ultimately reach a total of $300,000.

The Continued Prosperity of the South under the administration of General Garfield is predicted by many organs of the Southern press. The Vicksburg (Miss.) *Herald*, in commenting on the situation remarks that notwithstanding the circumstances of President Hayes's advent to power, the South has made rapid progress under the policy he has adopted during his term of office, and that "it is hardly possible that General Garfield will make any radical changes in a policy that is proved to be successful. The great commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural interests, North and South, certainly do not expect any change. Mr. Garfield owes his election more to the cry of his followers 'that the country is doing well, and it is wisdom to let well enough alone,' than to any other cause. It is therefore unwise for the South to distress itself with fears of disaster as a consequence of Republican success."

Gov. St. John, of Kansas, in the Course of an interesting letter, says, in reference to the Prohibition Amendment carried at the last election: "The liquor-dealers in and outside of Kansas expended large sums of money in trying to defeat the measure, but the people, without money, *but with God on their side*, crowned it with a good majority. It was not considered in any sense a partisan question, men of all parties supporting and opposing it. The amendment was the result of a movement by a large body of our people, who believe that intoxicating liquor, when used as a beverage, never brought a blessing to any human being, and that misery, poverty, and crime are its legitimate fruits. My open advocacy of the amendment and of the cause of temperance no doubt cost me some votes, but it was not votes for myself so much as the principle involved that I deemed important to our people. Any man can afford to lose votes if he is only right, but no man can afford to gain them by being wrong."

Two New Treaties have been Concluded between the American commissioners and the Chinese Government. The provisions of the treaties have not been published, and the telegraphic summary sent home by the commissioners is not sufficiently complete to convey a clear idea of the effect of the negotiations. It is, however, understood that both the emigration and commercial questions have been settled in a way that will command the approval of our citizens, even of the extremists on the Pacific coast.

The Withdrawal of the Passion Play is Announced in a letter addressed by Mr. Abbey to the press. The manager, having stated the reasons which prompted him to entertain the project of producing the play, says: "I feel that I have no right to set my single opinion against that of *an almost entire community*, and thus to outrage any sentiment they may possess, no matter how unjust I may consider the existence of such sentiment to be. I have therefore concluded not to produce or give any representation whatever of the Passion Play." It is understood that Mr. Abbey will lose $20,000 by breaking his contract, but he said to a reporter, after the announcement had been made, that he felt it would be "a relief to be rid of the tremendous avalanche of denunciation that overwhelmed him day and night." It is remarkable that even the Jewish press and the Jewish rabbis of the city joined in the general condemnation of the project, and with the exception of the newspapers said to be under the control of Mr. John Kelly, all the secular journals were opposed to it.

The Death of Rev. Stephen M. Vail, D.D., occurred at Jersey City November 26th. Dr. Vail was regarded as one of the most prominent leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born in 1817 at La Grange, Dutchess County, N. Y. His early years were marked by rapid intellectual progress, and after his conversion and call to the ministry he gained a high reputation for his theological learning. In 1847 Dr. Vail was elected President of the seminary at Pennington, N. J., a position he resigned to become Professor of Languages in the Concord Theological School. This position he held for eighteen years, when his health failed, and he retired for a time from activ labor. During his retirement his pen was bus and some articles he wrote attracted the notic of General Grant, who gave him a consular appointment in Bavaria, which he held until 1874 when he returned to his home in Staten Islan Dr. Vail was the author of several importan works, prominent among which are "Life i Earnest" and "Ministerial Education."

The Agitation in Ireland Increases as th time for trying the leaders of the Land Leagu approaches. The date of the trial is now fixe for December 28th, and an energetic effort i being made to raise the $50,000 the League considers necessary to pay the expenses of the defence

The harvesting on Mr. Boycott's farm has bee completed, and the soldiers employed to protec the laborers engaged have conducted Mr. Boycot and his family to a place of safety. Many othe persons have been subjected to the process of excommunication employed against Mr. Boycott, mor than eighty gentlemen in Ireland being now unde the constant protection of the police.

Parliament is expected to assemble on Januar 6th, when the plan the Government has adopted fo dealing with the Irish difficulty will be introduced It is understood that the dissensions in the Cabine have been compromised by an arrangement that n extraordinary repressive measures shall be propose unless a crisis should occur before the meeting o Parliament. The Land Bill is expected to be comprehensive measure, designed to permanentl settle the vexed question, but it is difficult to understand how Mr. Gladstone can hope to obtain th assent of the House of Lords to a scheme whic would satisfy the Land League.

Dulcigno has at Length been Formall surrendered to Montenegro. The little seaport, s long the centre of European interest, was occupie by its new masters at midnight on Friday, November 26th. The Sultan had delayed the cessio as long as he was able, and will now enter on th Greek difficulty. Earl Granville, the British Foreign Minister, in a speech delivered November 27th said that on the Eastern Question England wa acting in concert with the other Great Powers o Europe, and the report that the union had broke down was untrue. "The European concert," h said, "exists at this moment," and he hoped i would long continue.

An Anti-Jewish Crusade has been Commenced in Germany. An effort is being made b an influential party in the German Parliament t pass a law excluding Jews from office. The movement is believed to have the sanction if not to hav been prompted by Prince Bismarck. The leader of the anti-Jewish party allege that Jews from Poland and other countries, who have no intention o becoming German citizens, have arrived in larg numbers, and are monopolizing the business o bankers and brokers, and are amassing large fortunes to be carried out of Germany. Considerabl agitation has been caused by the movement.

Contributions Received. For Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Girls' Orphanage, $3.50 from H. J. Tubb Lovelady, Texas. For the Persian Famine Fund $3 from L. K., Danbury, Conn. For the Salvation Army, $5 from Sick One, Los Angelos, Cal.

Vol. III. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times, containing all the numbers for 1880, with a complete index, will be ready next month. Price $3, including postage. Orders may be sent now.

Out of Print.—In Answer to Several Applications notice is here given that we have no more bound volumes or single numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD prior to July, 1879, for disposal.

Bible and Prayer Union.—The Lessons for the ensuing week are the consecutive Psalms, that for to-morrow, Dec. 3. being Psalm 123. The following requests for prayer have been received: From a minister for whom prayer was asked in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who now desires that *Praise* be offered for the answer to those prayers which he has received—For the conversion of a drinking man—From a lady in Canada, that she may be quickened in the Spiritual Life—From a minister who is becoming worldly-minded, that he may have more of the Spirit of Christ.

The Peroration of Dr. Talmage's Sermon on Thanksgiving Day was a splendid summing up of the causes for the nation's gratitude. The preacher said that the product of corn in the United States this year was 2,000,000,000 bushels, worth $600,-000,000; the wheat product, 500,000,000 bushels; petroleum, 15,000,000 barrels; 16,000,000 swine; exports of beef, lard and bacon, $87,000,000; exports of breadstuffs, $279,000,000; exports of otton, petroleum, and tobacco, $745,000,000. He escribed the immense Dalrymple farm, which ielded 32,000 bushels of wheat this year, and other xtensive farms, of from 10,000 to 15,000 acres ach, and said that we had *only begun to till the il* in this country, and that our productions were ready limited by facilities for transportation. Four undred and fifty-five thousand emigrants had come enrich the country this year, and it was immigra-on of a kind that was never equalled—brains and apital.

A Christian Politician's Thankoffering was ade a few days ago. The officers of the American oard of Foreign Missions received a visit from a ranger who walked into their office and counted ut *two thousand dollars*, which he gave to the easurer, remarking that he wished to give some pression to his thankfulness for the election of eneral Garfield. He refused to tell his name.

An Antiquary's Disappointment, Narrated a European journal, amusingly illustrates the stakes into which scientific men sometimes fall. German professor in one of his exploring tours scovered in the wall of an old farm-house a ne bearing the date 1081. He was anxious to ssess so interesting a relic, and purchased it of farmer for the high price of forty guilders. hen delivered at the professor's house, the date the stone read 1801, and the savant refused to e it, alleging that it was not the stone he had ught. But inquiry proved that it was, and the or had been caused by the masons having inserted it in the wall upside down. It is probable that ne of the scientific facts with which learned men leavor to overthrow the Bible records are capable n explanation equally simple. (1 Tim. 6 : 20).

Desperate Fight for Life with a Bear Oc- red in a cave in Pike County, Pa. The details given in the Philadelphia *Times* under date of vember 24th. It appears that Jerry Greening, nter well known in Pike County, while hunt- in the woods a few days ago entered a cave. cave was very dark, and he made a torch of a knot; then he saw that a ferocious she-bear and cubs were also inside the cave. He barely saw n before the bear sprang upon him, wounding shoulder and extinguishing the torch. Then menced a desperate struggle; the hunter could find his rifle in the dark, and his only weapon his knife, but with that he wounded the bear everely that she let go her hold and made for nouth of the cave. The hunter, covered with d—his own and that of the bear—followed her killed her; but he was so exhausted by the ggle that he lay for some time unconscious. desperate fight recalls the figures under h Bunyan typifies the struggles of the Chris- life.

Man with a Telescope Eye is Now Living attle Creek, Mich. His name is Guelph, he is thirty-two years of age. A corre- dent of the Boston *Herald*, describing the ge phenomenon, says that until recently ph's powers of vision were like those of people, but while walking in the woods a sapling suddenly released, struck him s the right eye, causing acute pain. It was d he would lose the sight of the organ, and me weeks he wore a bandage over it. One hile Guelph was out in the fields the ban- slipped off, and then he became conscious of arkable change in the aspect of the scene. use he knew to be nearly a mile away ap- d to be close at hand, and he was able to nd minutely describe a builder at work on l whom those near him could scarcely see. werful field glass was procured, and it was that Guelph's description was accurate; other experiments proved that he could see as well without the glass as other people could see with it. The lens of the eye had been so compressed by this accident as to render it telescopic in power. Much curiosity has been excited by the peculiarity; but Guelph replies to congratulations by saying that he would prefer having his eye as it was before, for it bewilders him, and is useless in looking at anything close at hand, and he is being continually deceived as to the position. His experience is like that of people who seek to penetrate the future by the aid of Spiritualists and fortune-tellers. The knowledge they obtain is generally deceptive and always useless. He alone is the happy man who does his duty in the present and leaves the future in the hand of his God, knowing that all things will work together for good to those who love Him (Rom. 8 : 28).

Seasonable Benevolence.—Mr. Moody Suggested to Northfield (Mass.) farmers two years ago to send apples to Boston for distribution among the poor, which they did. The suggestion was also adopted by farmers in several towns this season, and the City Mission has already had about 1000 bushels to distribute.

A Monster of the Deep Cast Up by the Sea on the Duggerna Reef, County Clare, Ireland, during the last great storm on October 7th, is described in a letter to the London *Globe* by the Rev. R. I. Gabbett. It was a gigantic octopus, which is known as "the devil-fish," from the immense strength with which it seizes and holds its prey. Its tentacles, of which there were eight, were each fifteen feet long, and as thick as a man's arm, and studded underneath throughout the whole length with *a double row of rounded suckers*. The head was three feet long, and *its hideous eyes* were like the inner surface of a breakfast plate, while its repulsive mouth, shaped like a parrot's beak, was as large and baggy as the joined hands of a man with fingers outstretched. The horrid creature weighed nearly *a quarter of a ton*. To come in contact with such a creature in the depths of the sea must have been certain death. It is appropriately named, for those who have tried in their own strength to escape from the power of Satan know how utterly futile have been their most determined efforts. Not until He to whom "all power is given" came to the rescue was deliverance achieved (Luke 10 : 17-18).

A Mother's Portrait Displayed on the Wall of a dance-house in New York was the means of rescuing her daughter from a life of sin. The mother had ascertained that the girl had come from her home in a distant State to this city, and she sought her vainly for several days. She was advised to visit a well-known dance-house, and went there. Her poignant distress touched the callous heart of the proprietor, and he suggested that as the mother did not know the name her daughter had assumed, and had no portrait of her, that she should hang her own portrait on his wall, with a few words written underneath. The plan was adopted, and it had not remained there long before one of the frequenters of the place, on looking at it, fell back fainting. But the words traced by the mother's hand were words of encouragement and promised pardon, and the prodigal trusting them went home to be received with open arms. Of all those who have trusted God's promise of pardon through Jesus and have gone to Him in faith, not one has been cast out (John 6 : 37).

The Celebration of John Wycliffe's Achievement of translating the Bible from the Latin to the English, completed five hundred years ago, is to be observed this evening at the Academy of Music, New York. The managers of the American Bible Society have appropriately taken the matter in hand, and the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D., has consented to deliver the principal address. The part Wycliffe took in hastening on the reformation, and the glorious results which followed his work of Bible translation, ought never to be forgotten; and as this subject is now prominent before the Christian world, we shall give in the next number of The Christian Herald a portrait of Wycliffe and a sketch of his life.

CHEER FOR THE WORKER, AND HOPE FOR LONDON.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Paul in Need of Special Comfort—Other Heroes in like Case—The Comfort Given in a Vision—God Constantly Speaking now—I. The Tendency of our Weakness—Christians Afraid to Speak for Christ—Because of Defective Education—Because the Hearers are not Refined—The Pearls and the Swine—Afraid of Publicity—Afraid to be Afraid—Afraid of Opposition at Home—II. The Calling of our Faith—Why Believers Ought to Speak for Christ—1. We are Debtors—2. Ourselves Saved by the Testimony of Others—3. Demanded by Common Humanity—Calvin's Enlistment—The Encouragement—Promise of God's Presence — Protection—Predestination—Certainty of Success—The Sufficieney of Old Means—"I Believe in London."

"Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city."—Act 18 : 9, 10.

It is clear from this, dear friends, that even he who was not a whit behind the chief of the apostles sometimes needed *special comfort*. It is possible that even the bravest of the brave may be afraid. Sinking of heart assailed even Samson while as yet the thousand slain lay in heaps around him. Moses was cast down in the desert, and David on the throne. Even iron will melt, much more a heart of flesh. Remember the faintness of Elijah when he said, "Let me die, I am no better than my fathers," and recollect that this was a lion-like man, one of those ministers of God who are as a flame of fire. The second Elias, he who rebuked Herod to his face, was sadly staggered while he lay in prison; John the Baptist sent to Jesus to inquire, "Art thou he that should come?"

No doubt those heroes who have fought the battle of the truth, and have driven back its adversaries, have been men of like passions with us, and some of them of more than ordinary sensitiveness of feeling. Luther said, "Because I seem to be always strong and merry, men think that I walk on a bed of roses; but God knows how it is with me." Perhaps no man ever experienced such mighty joys and such tremendous despairs as did that mighty man, who shook the papacy to its foundation. Even Paul was not without his tendency to fear. He writes in one of his epistles: "When we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears."

Do not think, therefore, my dear brother or sister, if in working for Christ you get thoroughly cast down and sick of yourself, that you are undergoing an experience unknown to the sons of God. It is by no means so. Trembling takes hold on all in turns; faintness is common enough on all hands. Fear, like the mist of the valley, steals over the very garden of the Lord, and there is not a flower in all the borders which is not at times bowed down with the weight of the chilly damp.

But the Lord took care to visit His servant when he was in a measure of trouble, or afraid of being so. He came to him in the visions of the night. We do not expect to see the Lord Jesus Christ in visions now, for "we have a more sure word of prophecy to which we do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place"—we have the word of God, inspired and infallible. We have the whole of the divinely written roll; we can read it when we will, and from its page God speaks with a clear and certain voice.

GOD IS ALWAYS APPEARING to you who have believing eyes. *God is never silent until we are deaf*. He speaks to us morning by morning, and He has precept upon precept for the quiet hours of eventide. The Lord did but appear to Paul during one night, for visions are short and few; but any night you like to wake and open the Scriptures, and seek for the power of the Spirit to rest upon them.

you shall hear Jesus speaking to you ; and any day you turn to that passage in Isaiah, you shall hear the very words that Jesus spoke to Paul, "Fear not, I am with thee," with these additional words, "I am thy God. When thou goest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Besides, visions and such like things belong to the infancy of the Church : now that she has grown strong, she exercises a grander faith in God, and needs not that the Invisible should be supplemented by signs and wonders. If you plant a tree in an orchard, it is very common to put a big stake by the side of it to hold it up. Nobody thinks of putting a post to support an apple-tree which has been there for the last fifty years. In fact, it could hold the stake rather than borrow support from it. When a ship leaves the docks and passes down the river, you will see it towed out till it reaches the sea ; but that same vessel will by and by spread all her sails, and with a heavenly breeze to bear her along she will need no tug to tow her to the desired haven.

The Church of God to-day is a tree that needs no support of miracle and vision, a vessel that has braved two thousand years the battle and the breeze, and will still, *till Christ cometh*, outride every storm. At this time, O servants of Jesus, you have the word of God, which is better than visions. Oh that now the Lord Jesus would take of His own Word, and by His Spirit speak it home to all who love Him ; then will they be as much refreshed as though they were in Patmos with the beloved disciple.

I. First, brethren, notice briefly

THE TENDENCY OF OUR WEAKNESS.

That tendency is revealed in the first word—"Be not afraid." We feel, when we newly find Christ, that we must speak for Jesus, and we do so ; but after a while a foolish fear freezes many a tongue, and keeps many a lip silent that ought to be telling out the wondrous story of redeeming love. We get to be afraid. We are not nowadays afraid, as the first Christians might have been, of the amphitheatre and the lions, or of Nero and his sword. Happily we are delivered from almost all open persecution ; but there are other things which evidently frighten a good many.

For instance, some are afraid to speak for Jesus because of *the defects of their education.* They fancy that, when educated persons are present, if they say anything for Christ they will make a mistake in grammar or mispronounce a word, and the very learned folks will discover their ignorance, and set them down for dunces. I have heard *a young preacher* say that, in his early days, when he saw a gentleman with a white cravat come into the village chapel, he felt that he could not preach. Something very dreadful about that, no doubt !

Somebody from London has entered the cottage where the dear brother has been trying to talk about Christ, and he is in a cold sweat, he hardly knows why. The stranger has a respectable black coat on, and is very different from the agricultural laborers who make up the usual congregation, and for fear of him the champion of the cross is quaking. Do you not notice that the good brother's voice has undergone a serious toning down ? He cannot speak with freedom, and yet, if he only knew it, his best friend in the whole congregation is that well-dressed stranger. He is afraid of a brother who would best sympathize with him and most earnestly pray for him -the very brother who would encourage him most if they could have a half-hour's talk together.

If we can declare the Gospel in a masterly manner, by all means let us do it, but if we are slow of speech and uncouth in utterance, let not these things silence us. Was not Moses slow of utterance ? Was he silent ? Did not Isaiah own that his lips were unfit to deliver the message ? Was he therefore idle ? If a man is learned and educated, let him reckon that his learning should help him to simplicity ; and if he is not educated, let him talk about Jesus Christ in his own way, with the words that come freshest from his own heart, and let him never be afraid.

I have known others fearful, on the other hand, because they have not gathered educated people to listen to them, but are surrounded by *a rough lot*, whose manners and habits distress them. Sensitive Christians have shrunk from speaking to such characters, for they said, "Ah, they will turn it all to ridicule, and we must not throw pearls before swine." Brother, are you quite sure that you have any pearls, and are you quite sure that the people are swine ? I generally feel as if what I had to say was *not so pearly* that I need be alarmed about the swine treading on it ; and, also, I have felt concerning my congregation that, as they have immortal souls, there is a somewhat about them which differences them from swine ; and who am I, to be so particular about the reception which men give to my words ? Christ spake even to those who refused Him, and shall not I do the same ? Our Saviour did not mean by that expression what you think He did. Some parts of our experience are choice as pearls, and these we may only tell to God's own people, and not to those who cannot appreciate them ; but, as to the Gospel, preach it before all the swine that ever can be gathered together, for to such is it sent.

Brethren in Christ, it is your business, whoever may be around you, still to tell out what Jesus Christ has done for you. "But they would laugh at it." Well, well, there are worse things than that in the world. Making people laugh is not the worst thing than can be done. I would sooner increase mirth in the world than sorrow. If I made men's *hearts ache about nothing, as our novelists often do*, I would throw away my pen, and hold my tongue ; but if, in consequence of some awkwardness or eccentricity, people smile at me—well, if they are the happier, it cannot hurt me.

Oh, be content to take a little of the rough with the smooth for your Master's sake. Some hearts cannot be got at until, first of all, they feel a keen aversion to what they hear. Better that they should rave with wrath than feel nothing. *We must get the oyster open somehow*, and if this may be done by a tempting bait as well as by sheer force, then let us try

THE GENTLE EXPERIMENT.

We have known brethren who have trembled at the slightest degree of publicity. They are tender souls, and do not like to be seen. I would not harshly condemn all, for certain minds are quiet and timid, and must be allowed to do good by stealth. But I cannot thus excuse all, for some are blamably deficient in courage. There is *a beautiful modesty* about them ; but I would have them recollect that modesty is not all the virtues, nor can it be a substitute for them. The soldier who was so very modest that he retired before the battle, I have heard say, was shot. And as for Christian people who are so very modest that they get out of the way of everything that is to be done for Christ, I do not know how they will answer for it to their superior Officer at the last.

"Oh, but I am *naturally timid*," says one. It is to you, then, that the Lord's word is addressed : "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not." I have heard, and I think I have observed, that the bravest men in the hour of danger are timid in the prospect of it. They say that a fire-eater who dashes to the battle is often the man who fails ; but he who stands trembling at the first shot, in his inmost soul dreading death, is, nevertheless, the very man to act the hero's part if he is so overpowered by a stern sense of duty that he masters fear and steadily keeps his position with cool, immovable resolve.

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational ;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."

Up, then, ye tremblers, and play the man. In the matter of speaking for Jesus, this should not be a severe ordeal. Oh, do not, I pray you, let timidity so check you that you cannot speak a word to your own children- cannot pray with your own girl, cannot plead as a father with your own boy, cannot speak as a neighbor or a fellow-workman to the man who works side by side with you at the bench. May God help you to get out of the cold shade of cowardice, for the text says, "Be not afraid."

Still, I hear you say, "I am afraid to speak out for religion because I should bring down upon myself a world of *opposition at home.*" That is painful, my dear friend, but though painful it is a part of the cost which you reckoned upon when you took up the cross to follow Jesus. It is a part of the cost that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household." "The brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child," says Christ. It was so in old times ; it is so now. It is terrible to think of what some young people have had to suffer for being faithful to their convictions ; but when we consider that it is all for Jesus' sake, happy are they who are honored to endure on that account !

Now, I charge every Christian here to be speaking boldly in Christ's name, according as he has opportunity, and especially to take care of this tendency of our flesh to be afraid, which leads practically to endeavors to get off easily and save ourselves from trouble. Fear not ; be brave for Christ. Live bravely for Him who died lovingly for you.

II. Come we now to the second point—and this we will also speak upon briefly—it is

THE CALLING OF OUR FAITH.

Why ought those that believe in Christ t speak for Him ?

1. I answer, first, because, brethren, *we ar debtors ;* we are put in trust with the Gospel fo other people ; let us not be false to our trusteeship, but faithful stewards of the mysteries o God.

Paul says, "I am debtor, both to the Greek and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and t the unwise." We owe something to every ma that lives. "Oh," says one, "I do not se that." But hath not the Lord said, "Tho shalt love thy neighbor as thyself ?" That is word of very wide range, for every human bein is your neighbor. The Samaritan was neighbc to the Jew ; the Roman Catholic is neighbor t the Protestant ; the Mahometan is neighbor t the Christian ; and the heathen is neighbor t us all.

You never pass "*a heathen Chinee*" or a Zul in the street without owing him something, a cording as you have an opportunity to do hi good. We are all of us of one family, and, b cause of the tie of the one blood, there is a det of brotherhood from all who are enlightened t those who are yet in darkness. Who can te what we owe to Christ ? He seems to say, "P it back to my brethren. If ye love me, feed m sheep, feed my lambs. If you want to do goo to me, do good to mine. Bring in those that have redeemed with blood ; for this is the be reward you can give me for having laid down m life for you." You are a keeper of the gosp oracles, my brother ; take care, then, that yo speak, and are not silent.

2. But, next, *you and I were saved by*

THE TESTIMONY OF OTHER PEOPLE

who spoke to us personally. I owe a great de of my being brought to Christ to my parents, whom I would always be grateful for their spir ual care of me ; and as a parent I am to rep that obligation by teaching my own children. owe very much to a very excellent teacher in dav school. I did try, when I personally taug children, to pay back my teacher by teachi others. I owed still more to such men as Baxt and Bunyan, who left their books fo- me read. I have tried to write earnest books, th I may recompense as well as I can the Church God for the loan which it made to me in th direction. Most of all I owe my decisic under God, to a man I never knew, who hu bly and simply preached Christ crucified to m and I would desire to be always preaching Chr ucified to others, as the best way of making ome sort of return. We are debtors to the hurch of God, and let us repay the boon. We hall be shamefully ungrateful unless we do this.

3. Besides, it seems to me that

COMMON HUMANITY

lls upon every Christian to seek the salvation others. They are perishing! Will you let em perish? "God have mercy on them," say u? Yes. Is that all? Have you nothing but at hurried prayer to give them? "Be ye armed; be ye filled," ye say to the hungry, d ye fill them not from your own stores. d's curse will light on such inhuman conduct. is ours to labor by pleadings and entreaties to atch our infatuated neighbors from the fiery ve which will soon overwhelm impenitent ners, and if we do not earnestly seek them y shall perish, but their blood will God re- ire at the watchman's hands. He has set h one of His people to take a part of the tch for the souls of men. Are we awake at post? Oh, see ye well to this, I pray you, h man, each woman, for himself or herself! ve love God we must love our brother also. he Gospel has saved us, we must wish to see ers saved. Unless we are hypocritical alto- her, we must burn with strong desire to bring ers to the Saviour.

would to God that He would call out to nself a troop of valiant ones at this good e. I feel somewhat at this hour in thinking ut London as Farel did when he met with vin. Calvin was yet a young man. He had ten his famous "Institutes," and Farel, at eva, saw what mental force there was in . Here is the story from Bungener:

Farel, alike humble and courageous, had n asked if another would not succeed better he, and a sort of presentiment had bidden wait in hope of such a man. Calvin was illing to undertake the work; he was not e, he said, for such an office. He asked that ight be left in obscurity to busy himself in ies; for it was only thus he could be of any e. Then Farel broke out, '*Thy studies are etext*; I tell thee that if thou refusest to as- ate thyself with my work, God will curse for having sought thyself and not Christ.' in yielded to God and not to man; and the ever remained dear and venerable in his ."

vin was henceforth prompt and sincere in the of the Lord, even when his body was tortured diseases and worn down with pain. Would I might find some such man here who d this day hearken to the voice saying to "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy e."

. But now, thirdly,

THE ENCOURAGEMENT

r service. Let us dwell on that a little . "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not eace, for I am with thee."

ere is the first encouragement—*God's pres-* "I am with thee." When a man speaks od, God speaks in him. We never go a re for God at our own charges: He is sure with the man who is with Him. If thou st thyself, thou wilt run without God; if desirest honor among men, thou shalt have nor from God; but if thy heart be set upon essing of thy fellow-men, and the extension Redeemer's kingdom, God is with thee. ver was away from any man who sought ss, virtue, and eternal life. What cause, can there be for fear? If God be with who can be against thee?

next consolation is *God's protection.* "No hall set on thee to hurt thee." The Jews ed Paul before the judgment-seat of Gallio, aul must have been amazed when he saw rsecutors themselves beaten. The great knew how to protect his own ambassador. men meddle with one of God's burning ining lights they will sooner or later burn wn fingers. There is a disposition about ngodly men to fly at Christian ministers gnats do at candles, and they generally meet with the gnats' fate. The protection of God should be a constant fountain of comfort to God's people.

The last comfort is *God's predestination.* Predestination is *an ugly word* to some people, but I cannot help that. Here is the doctrine in the text: "I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city;" that is to say, many who belonged to Christ, though they were as yet heathens. The Lord does not speak of those who were converted. Paul did not need a revelation in the night to tell him that God had much people in that city, if by that was meant the persons who professed faith in Christ, for he knew all about them; night and day had He watched over them. But God knew that He had an elect people in Corinth whom he must save—a redeemed people that Christ specially bought from among men to be His people, of whom the Lord had said, "Other sheep have I that are not yet of this flock." Paul was cheered by the good news that God had many chosen and redeemed ones in Corinth, whom he must save.

I learn from this that *the doctrine of Gods' predestination is no check to labor.* "If there are so many that will be saved," says one, "then why do you preach?" That is why we do preach. If there are so many fish to be taken in the net, I will go and catch some of them. Because many are ordained to be caught, I spread my nets with eager expectation. I never could see why that should repress our zealous efforts; it seems to me to be the very thing that should awaken us to energy—that God has a people, and that these people shall be brought in. Why, it nerves me to labor when I remember that His word shall not return void; it shall prosper in the thing whereto He has sent it.

The next thing we learn is that the *certainty of success should be a great stimulus to us.* That is why the Lord said to Paul, "I have much people in this city." You and I are bound to preach the Gospel, even if never a soul were converted by it; for the great object of the Gospel is the glory of God, and God is glorified even in those who reject the Gospel.

But, next, we see very clearly that

OLD MEANS AND METHODS

are quite sufficient to save souls. Our Lord did not say, "Paul, be not afraid, but deliver a Sunday afternoon lecture with a nonsensical title and little or no Gospel in it." No, no; but, "Speak, and hold not thy peace, for I have much people in this city." God's way of saving souls is the best way, after all. You and I may get up all sorts of inventions, and He may wink at our follies, and let us go on with them, but His way of saving souls is speaking the Gospel, and nothing other than the Gospel.

I should like to see in the world again a revival like that under *Jonathan Edwards,* in which there were no extravagances, no utterances of false doctrine, no making a noise and a riot, but just the preaching of the old-fashioned doctrines of grace. Those truths brought on a revival of a deep and enduring kind. Men were filled with an awful fear of God, and they repented bitterly, and mended their ways and sought to find Jesus in dreadful earnest, and rested not till they found Him. They did not sing jigs, but they wept as one that is in bitterness for her first-born. They flaunted no banners, but they laid hold on Jesus in the secret of their souls. They did not often shout, but they went home and talked one to another of what God had been doing in their souls, and they lived near to Him. I would like to see *that old kind of work* and life among us again.

Once again, dear friends, *usefulness,* according to the text, *is the best protection a man can have.* Notice that. "No man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city." When God means to save people by any man, that man will live till the chosen are ingathered He may go to sea, but storms cannot drown him; he may be waylaid by ungodly men, but robbers cannot hurt him; he is immortal till his work is done. Men of God have gone into fever lairs, using all care and precaution, and they have been protected from the pestilence.

It has happened that Christian men have been in perils by robbers, perils by false brethren, perils everywhere, but they have survived all, and triumphed in all; and when they have not been thus upheld it may have been because their ministry was ended. *They went home because their day's work was over.* Where should they go else? They went back to their Father, for their Father had no more need of them abroad. As long as God has anything for you to do, nothing will ever kill you, my brother. Go ahead, and fear not. "I have much people in this city;" go thou to win them, and thou shalt be safe.

I believe that our position at this time is very much that of Paul; for we, too, hope, trust, and believe that God has much people in this city. What a city it is! Not one among us has any idea of

THE SIZE OF LONDON.

You shall go to-day to a well-remembered spot and find yourself on a sudden in a region which you never saw before—a township which has sprung up in a night. I remember an old oak tree, and a pond with geese, and cowslips growing in the meadow. It is a mile in town at the present moment, and the tree is gone, and everything about it. Instead of a hedgerow, I sigh to see an endless wilderness of brown stucco.

Oh, this great city! It grows at an awful rate, but God has much people in it, depend upon it. I believe in London. God means to bless it largely. You will say, "Why?" Well, I look back upon its past history, and I have hope. The martyrs' blood lies here. When all the country was yielding its martyrs, London furnished its full share. *On this very spot* where we now are, three were burnt for the truth's sake; old chronicles say, "At the Butts at Newington, three Anabaptists were burnt." These were among the earliest of martyrs, before Protestants were known or thought of. Always were Anabaptists a prey, and they who killed them thought they did God service. Members of our ancient persecuted Church were often in London burnt for the truth's sake and for Christ's sake, and from the ground their blood is calling still.

I feel sure that God will bless London yet, because at this very moment, if the Gospel is preached so that people can understand it, they will throng to hear it. Alas! poor men cannot understand half the preachers. They preach Latin fit for drawing-rooms. If they would go to Billingsgate and learn English, they might get on. You say, "That would be very rough English!" Well, but the roughest of English might be better than the Latinized jargon of most of our pulpits. When men preach the Gospel plainly and simply they will never lack a congregation in this great city, I am certain of it.

Away in a back street, down in a hollow way just beyond Barclay & Perkins's brewery, where there are no cabs or other public conveyances, right out of the world and into the mud, the crowds came and found out *a boy years ago,* and they followed him because he preached the Gospel in a way which they could understand. They will find a man out anywhere if he will but preach the Gospel of Christ.

I am sure that the Lord has much people in this city, because there is a hungering and thirsting after the Gospel, if they could but get at it. Go ahead, then, brothers and sisters. Talk about Christ. Talk about Him everywhere. Talk about Him in the workshop. Speak about Him quietly and modestly, prudently and gently, but do carry out the blessed words of my text: "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace." Be this to each one his word of good cheer: "For I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city."

God bless you, for Christ's sake. Amen and amen.

[Portion of Scripture read before Sermon—Acts 18.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER I.

JOHN STEWART was about to start in life, and had just come to say good-by to his old friend and crony, David Somerton. He was feeling immensely important, was John. He had long been ambitious of moving to some larger sphere than little cramped-up Cratton. And now that his way was at last clear he was not slow to take advantage of it. He was full of big plans and projects, and had no doubts whatever of his performing them. And, to tell the truth, John Stewart was a young fellow who ought to get on well. With a fair exterior, a good healthy brain, and unmistakable self-possession, he clearly had as fair a chance as any one. Perhaps he was a little too self-confident and sure; but, as many would say, that was to err on the right side, I will not dwell on it.

"And so you are going to leave us, are you, John?" said his friend. "Well, you have my prayers and my heartiest good wishes."

"Thanks, old fellow; I'm quite sure of that. But I do pity you remaning cooped up in this miserable little hole. I wish you would come with me." David Somerton wished he could for more reasons than one. He had great influence over his friend, and felt somewhat doubtful of his ability to go on straight wthout a friendly hand to lead him. And, over and above this, it was his great desire, too, to launch out into the world. He felt some envious twinges at first when he heard of John's good fortune. But quickly and resolutely stifling these, he turned his thoughts to his friend's needs.

"John, my boy," he said, laying his two hands on his friend's shoulders and looking him straight in the face, "You're going where they say it's hard to do right and keep straight—where young men especially have either to fight hard or give in. Keep a good lookout, old fellow and don't be caught napping."

"That's all right," rejoined John; "I'm not afraid. I always sleep with one eye open. Nobody will get the better of John Stewart in a hurry."

"You won't be vexed," David Somerton went on to say, "if I tell you of something that's pressing heavily upon my mind. But I wish you'd keep on turning your back on the drink, and remain a teetotaler. They say that strong drink is a terrible snare to young men in London."

"Now David," responded his friend, somewhat irritated, "I never knew such a fellow as you are. Anybody would think I was a little boy, to hear you talk. The fact is," he continued loftily, "teetotalism is all very well for this place, but in London it will never do. Don't you trouble. I can take care of myself as well as anybody. And as for strong drink gaining the mastery over me, why, it's perfect nonsense. I'm not going to promise anything. If I think it right, and the proper thing to do, depend upon it I shall do it."

David Somerton's face grew very sad at this speech. He simply said, "Well, John, you're your own master, to be sure; but remember, I've warned you." Then taking his friend's hand, he drew him with himself to his knees, and, in a few short, broken petitions, prayed for him that he might be kept steady and strong, and learn to trust wholly to the strong arm of his Lord and Master. There were tears in both the young men's eyes when they rose from their knees, and when they said the last good-by, and clasped hands, said John Stewart: "Thank you, my kind old friend. I won't forget what you have said. And when we meet again you'll find me all right. So don't fear."

They parted. John Stewart to enter a London bank, and David Somerton to stay behind, waiting the time when, perhaps, he too might launch out into life. His thoughts were often hovering about his friend, and his prayers continually ascending to God on his behalf. He had less faith in John's stability than John himself. And knowing him to be a genial, social fellow, who hated, above all things, to be alone, he feared lest he might have chosen the gay and the fast for his friends.

John's letters threw little light upon the subject. All he ever said was that he was very fortunate in having picked up with some jolly young fellows, who had no nonsense about them, and were the best of company, and that they had taught him a good many wrinkles which he would never have learned in slow suffocating old Cratton. The light gay tone of his letters was a feature David did not at all like. And when, one day, there came a letter with part of a circle upon it, as though a wet wine-glass had been resting there, he began to be very suspicious and doubtful.

He was always careful in his letters to press home the evils of drink, and the benefits he himself had received from abstaining. "Oh, John," he would plead, "for God's sake, keep away from the drink! Bad company and the drink ever go together."

At last John Stewart's letters ceased altogether. They had been coming more and more slowly lately. And as his family had left Cratton some six months before, David had no means of ascertaining how his friend was getting on, and had to content himself with hoping for the best. Just after the parting already described David Somerton's uncle came home from China, after having made a large fortune there, and being of a liberal nature, he had offered to give his nephew a choice of whatever profession he would best like. Now it so happened that David was longing, above all things, to be a barrister; and eagerly accepting his uncle's generous offer, at once began his preparations for his chosen profession.

Some years passed away before David was called to the bar. And well qualified was he for his duties. With a solid mind, a generous heart, a neat pat way of putting things, and, over and above all this, a good lawyer friend, able and willing to put him in the way of cases, he was not likely to lag behind in the race to fortune. And so when, some years after his parting with John Stewart, he found himself fairly started in life, with a good bright prospect before him, he knelt down and commended his whole future to the care of Him whom He trusted as His Saviour and Friend.

What David warned John Stewart against he now found by experience to be quite true. It was not easy to keep straight and to hold his own. Temptations to go wrong were continually presenting themselves to him. And the more he struggled and resisted and fought, the more he was beset. There were young men about him with fascinating ways, and fine appearance, who laid themselves out to draw him into their set.

They flattered him—they pleaded with him—they laughed at him—and adopted every possible expedient to upset what they called his "miserable morality." And when we consider that David Somerton lived alone, and possessed instincts as social as any one, and that his resistance to his tempters shut him off from nearly all companionship, we need not wonder that he found his part a very difficult one to play. But he kept on, and bore their laughter and ridicule bravely and well, and would not permit the least suspicion of evil to stain his life.

Altogether David Somerton was a puzzle to the men who were about him. They knew that *they* could never have stood so much persecution and bantering—that *they* would have given in long before. And how he could bear up, and keep on, and never flinch, was one of the greatest mysteries they had ever considered. It was perfectly wonderful; and they could not help respecting the young fellow, and thinking well of him.

Later on, when some of them came to him and candidly confessed themselves beaten, and asked if they might accompany him in the path he had chosen, he told them all,

"It's very simple; the reason of my steadfa ness is that I was fastened and fixed to t Strong One. I never trusted myself. I w ever lifting up my poor weak heart to my Lo in prayer."

(*To be continued.*)

A NATION ON THE WAVES.

By the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D.

Delivered before the American Seaman's Frie Society.

I. The Multitude of Mariners—Weighed Agai Worlds—II. Importance of Sailors—The worl Propaganda—III. Gratitude to Sailors—A S orless World—Belles and Beaux on Broadw —IV. Necessity for Sailors—Paris in Uranu Deeds of Daring—Feats of Endurance—Ba klava on the Ocean—V. Missionary Seamen— Sublime Comparison—A Shocking Contrast Isaiah's Vision.

IT may be well to begin my remarks by c fessing, before our Lord and this large and c tivated congregation of Christians, my o shortcomings of interest and labor in behalf sailors. In common, it is feared, with many my brethren in all branches of the Church have allowed the multitudes of men who down to the sea in ships to sail away, so far I have been concerned, from all notice, all sy pathy, all prayer, all effort for their salvati Lately my mind and heart have been stron drawn toward seamen, and I was glad whe was to make a brief appeal in their behalf night.

I. In the first place, the

NUMBER OF MARINERS

is so large as to demand attention. It is es mated that there are half a million of Americ sailors, twice as many British, and of all tions fully *three millions of men*, whose busin is in ships and with the sea, actually engaged the navies and the commercial transports of world. Three millions of human beings! th millions of immortal souls! In the compu tion of the Divine Teacher, the loss of one these souls would not be compensated by gain of a whole world, and the loss of th millions could not be made good by the gain all the solar system, with all its worlds a forces and resources.

Imagine *a city* of three millions adult popu tion—all men in the vigorous use of their pow What a sight that would be! What a field Christian effort! How philosophy would st the social problems it afforded, and how relig would yearn over that vast mass of humani That all these are scattered over the world d not diminish, but rather vastly increases, th importance. For—

II. Be pleased to consider that while, t sailor, his own soul is of no more worth tha the soul of any other man to himself, there n be something in the employments and posit of sailors which renders them

MORE IMPORTANT

to the world than other men. And there The sailorhood of the world is *the world's Pro ganda*. Sailors are the circulating medi They go everywhere. They carry everythi especially themselves, into all parts of the wo from India to the poles; from the hut where stunted, blubber-eating Esquimaux shiver, the kraal, where the naked cannibal sweats. these men were all confined to a certain li and the world excluded, they could only in ence one another. If they were settled in a tain city they would influence only themsel and those who came to them.

But they move, they circulate. They w not to be visited—they visit. It is unfortu for an inhabitant of an inland mountain vill to be narrow and sordid and vicious. Bu such a case the evil does not spread extensi or rapidly. But sailors spread all of wisdon ignorance, of vice or virtue, which they poss Fancy these three millions on *an island* unvis by men. A loathsome contagious disease mi invade them. It could spread only to the li of that population, and its ravages would cease for want of material. They might all die. There the destruction would stop. But fancy every one of those three millions to be infected of the small-pox, and from that island to be ransported to every known port of the world and turned loose among the inhabitants.

What consternation, what horrors, what destruction would they not propagate among all peoples? The same holds good of their power and opportunities to propagate the virus of vice. Better have any other three millions of men upon earth weak, ignorant, and wicked, than our three millions of itinerant, restless, irre-ressible sailors!

III. Regard the

DEBT OF GRATITUDE

ne world owes its sailors. But for them, to y nothing of peopling our continents and lands, how slow would be the progress of civ-ization! Each nation would have to struggle n as best it could, gathering from its own soil hat wealth it could, and shaping it as well as racticable, without the benefit of the example, e aid, and the stimulus of other nations, and thout the products of other lands and without e fabrics produced by other populations.

To bring this home to ourselves, let us fancy at before to-morrow morning there should be ddenly taken out of this great city every book, cture, statue, engine, implement, wrought ork of any kind, fine and coarse goods, and ery *idea* and every *man* that have been brought us from every part of the world during the t quarter of a century! No! We are not ual to t[illegible]t fancy. We are not sufficiently nscious of our indebtedness to other lands to int to ourselves the picture of the emptiness, disruption, the desolation there would be.

The goods would leave a thousand stores and rehouses bare; splendid mansions would be mantled; manufactories would be silent, cause the machinery had departed; "the stone uld cry out of the wall," *Farewell!* "and the m out of the timber would answer it;" the lls of art galleries and the alcoves of libraries uld be stripped of their most precious treas-es, and the opera houses would be hushed, for singing men and singing women would have vn, and there would be no display of belles l beaux on Broadway and the Avenue.

For she that should put off her silks and laces l fine linens and jewellery after to-night's en-tainment would awake in the morning poor lora McFlimsey of Madison Square," and ab-utely and literally with "nothing to wear," l her "nice" young friend, Frederick Au-tus Shoddy, whose father grew so rich in the by cheating the soldiers and swindling the vernment, that Frederick Augustus has noth- about him that is not foreign, would awake find his wardrobe suddenly reduced to the mer costume of a Fiji Islander; and the r drayman's occupation would be gone, and s would fall, and *the Atlantic cable be drown-* and business stagnate, and amid all this new huge distress all the great and beautiful con-ts, ideas, fancies, and thoughts which the sts of foreign lands have sent us would be nt.

h! I cannot go on. I do not know what it is sailors have not brought us. But in so h as we should be impoverished if we should all that hath come to us from afar in ships he last quarter of a century, in so much are the debtors of the sailors of that period. l in the extremest mountain cove of our land ould probably be impossible to find a man who ot debtor to the uncared-for sailor.

V. The sailor is

INDISPENSABLE.

t you may feel how true that is, say that this hour there shall be no more sailors. band the whole marine force of the world. s would rot in the docks, the products of earth would rot on distant plantations, sea-s would be emptied, for men would fly for , all city property would become worthless, ity heat and intensity which stimulate the mental activity of the world would be gone. Paris must be as far from us, for all uses, as any city that may exist in the planet Uranus.

You should have no more foreign books, pictures, statues, preachers, lecturers, singers, machinery, materials, and ideas. You could send nothing abroad, not even your invalid daughter for her health and *your gifted artist boy* for his culture. Your coasting would all be done away, and even your home products would become more difficult of transportation. Science would have a vast domain of observation cut away. Your planet would be reduced to the continent you inhabit. The shrinkage would be sudden and prodigious.

You can do well enough without your soldier, the epauletted and strutting "fuss and feathers," the costliest piece of worthlessness modern civilization insanely maintains and idolizes. But you cannot do without your sailor. If there had been no cannon or sword, no general or private, no army or armor in any part of the globe during the past century, who does not believe that the world would have been happier? But would it have been happier if there had been no ship, no sailor, no white sails on the seas, and no smoke-track across the ocean? And yet you parade your soldiers, and remember them and pay them well, and give them honors, and erect monuments to them when they are dead.

Did they ever dare more than the sailor? Is the picket outpost more dangerous than the yard-arm in a heavy sea? Did you feel the force of the stanza which you sung a few moments ago?

> "How little know ye, who are peacefully sleeping
> On beds of repose, unawakened and warm,
> The woes of the sailor, his dreary watch keeping,
> Amid all the horrors of midnight and storm!"

Think of his strange and lonely and unappreciated life! Think of the Arctic colds that benumb him and the tropic suns that scorch him! Think of his battle with the fierce storms, when seas come down upon his ship with the impetuosity of a cavalry charge and a thunder like the crash of artillery! And his battles are fought without the stimulus of drum and trumpet and wheeling squadrons, and the loud shout of men and the prancing of the snorting war-steeds, and all the kindling electricity of a thousand eyes that flash the same fire as his and witness his deeds of daring. They are performed *in the solitude of mid-ocean;* they are achieved unapplauded in the heart of unsympathetic darkness. Through all the night he is straining every faculty and power that is in him to bring your child and my wife and thousands of treasure safe to port; and in the night he may be swept from the deck, or fall from the yard-arm amid the howl of a tempest that drowns his death-scream, and it was only a sailor lost!

No chronicles, no poets for him, no orators, no monument! Why, there is probably not a month in which *six hundred sailors* do not dare all that the British Light Brigade did at Balaklava. Of sailors as of soldiers it is true:

> "Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs but to do and die."

And when, in the awful emergencies of ocean life which have overtaken them among icebergs or the cyclones,

> Billow "to right of them,"
> Billow "to left of them,"
> Billow "in front of them
> "Volleyed and thundered,"
> Midst storm "like shot and shell
> Boldly they" sailed "and well,
> Into the jaws of death,
> Into the mouth of hell,"
> Many a "Six hundred."

If they had been *soldiers* a laureate would have sung their praises; but being only *sailors,* no one sings,

> "Honor the brave and bold;
> Long shall the tale be told—
> Yes, when our babes are old—
> How they sailed onward."

A GREAT MISSIONARY FORCE

V. When the gentleman, whom we shall probably agree to pronounce the chief of the men of science America has produced, projected "the wind and current charts," they were placed in the hands of every navigator who would take them, so that the observations of as many persons as possible, at as many times as possible, and in as many places as possible, might be discussed, so that the results might be presented in charts "for the improvement of commerce and navigation." The value of this plan attracted more and more attention, until in a few years the United States, Great Britain, France, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, Prussia, Sardinia, the Pontifical States, the free City of Hamburg, the Republics of Bremen and Chili, and the Empires of Austria and Brazil were all co-operating on the same plan of observation. Lieutenant Maury well says:

"Rarely before has there been such a sublime spectacle presented to the scientific world; all nations agreeing to unite and co-operate in carrying out one system of philosophical research with regard to the sea. Though they may be enemies in all else, here they are to be friends. Every ship that navigates the high seas with these charts and blank abstract logs on board may henceforth be regarded as a floating observatory, a temple of science."

Dear Christian brethren, is not this a profound and sublime lesson for us? Suppose we could make all the sailors of Christendom real workers for Christ, how soon the world would be regenerated! Will the world ever be Christianized while our sailors are so neglected? We can never forget the exciting words of the prophet Isaiah (60:5), in which he addresses the Church: "Then shalt thou see and brighten up, and thy heart shall throb and swell, because the abundance (or, *multitude*) of the sea shall be converted unto thee, and the forces of the Gentiles (or, *the nations*) shall come unto thee."

Look at the comparatively feeble results of modern missionary effort. Why is it? Why, brethren, so long as we attempt to Christianize a foreign continent or island of the sea by sending over a ship containing two missionaries, *twenty hogsheads* of New England rum, and a crew of profane, drunken, licentious sailors, we never shall Christianize those people. While the two missionaries are learning the rudiments of the language the sailors will have made such an impression of Christianity upon the natives as a generation of preachers cannot erase. No, my brethren, we cannot have the world won to Jesus while our sailors belong to the service of Satan.

To the end that they be enlisted for Christ, the energies of Christendom must be turned to the conversion of its sailors. Do you not believe that if every man that left every port were truly, simply, earnestly, a real servant of Jesus, a witness for Christ, an example of the power of Christian principles upon human character, you would have little need of missionary societies?

I do believe that the words of Isaiah were spoken in logical order as well as in poetic splendor. I do believe that the forces of the Gentiles shall not come to our Zion until first the abudance of the sea be converted to her. Let us turn our powers, our energies, our will, our faith, our love, our prayers, toward these too long neglected men; let us enlist them for truth and the Lord's Church, and then, instead of the stillness which is upon the nations and the feeble echoes which come to us from abroad, we shall be able to shout what it were false to sing to-night:

> "Hark! the songs of jubilee
> Loud as mighty thunders roar,
> Or the fullness of the sea
> When it breaks upon the shore;
> Hallelujah! for the Lord
> God Omnipotent doth reign;
> Hallelujah! let the word
> Echo round the earth and main."

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(Continued from page 767.)

"An Unpleasant Business."

Sir William had never before given a hint that he was pleased with anything I did. He was a very silent man, and seldom expressed his feelings, and, therefore, a few words of praise from him were worth double what they would have been had they come from any one else, and I felt very thankful that God had enabled me to please him in this matter.

"Evelyn is coming upstairs now, Miss Lindsay," said Sir William, as he left the room; "will you be so kind as to see that she goes to bed at once?"

I promised to do so, and presently he brought her up-stairs. She looked very tired and troubled, and her eyes were swollen with crying, but she put her arms round my neck and kissed me, and was very loving and affectionate to me. When her father had gone down-stairs she said,

"Oh, May! I am so glad I told papa—so very glad; I am so much happier now."

"I was sure you would be, Evelyn dear," I said; it is terrible to have a secret like that weighing on the mind."

"Yes," she said, "I am very glad I told him; but oh, May, he was so angry—not with me, not half enough with me; he would not see that it was my fault, but he was terribly angry with Donald."

"I do not think you can be surprised at that, Evelyn dear," I said; "I do not think Mr. Trafford behaved honorably, and Sir William is such an honorable man himself that he felt it very keenly."

"Yes, perhaps so," she said; "but I don't think Donald meant any harm. Poor Donald does not think before he does things; he—"

But I would not let Evelyn talk any more about it that night, but rang the bell for Clemence, and went with her to her bedroom. She kissed me at the door, and as she said "Good-night" she whispered,

"Papa has taken that ring, May; he says it must have cost at least £50, and he is sure Donald has no money to pay for it."

The next morning no one alluded to what had happened the night before; even when we were alone Evelyn did not seem inclined to speak of it, and I made every effort that I could to turn her thoughts into another channel.

Sir William spent most of that day in his private room writing letters, and we seldom saw him, but he was very tender and loving to Evelyn whenever he came into the room, and seemed anxious to make her feel how entirely he had forgiven her.

Evelyn and I were sitting together at the window with our work, when the man started for the village with the post-bag. Evelyn watched it out of sight, and then turned to me with a sorrowful face.

"Poor Donald!" she said; "what will he say when he gets it?"

It was the first time that she had mentioned her cousin that day. I begged her to try not to think of what he would say, but to feel very thankful that she had done what was right, and could now look her father in the face with a happy heart.

It must have been, I think, two days after this that, as Evelyn was lying on the sofa reading, and I was sitting beside her writing a letter, we heard a carriage coming quickly up the avenue.

"A carriage!" said Evelyn; "I wonder who is coming! Just look out, May."

I went to the window, but I did not know the carriage at all, and as it came nearer I saw that it was a hired one, and that there was one gentleman inside.

"Can you see who it is?" Evelyn asked.

"I can see him, Evelyn," I said, "but I do not know who it is; it is no one that I have ever seen before. I think he wants Sir William; he and Ambrose have come out upon the drive together, and Ambrose is pointing in various directions. There! he has sent the carriage away; he is evidently going to stay!"

"This is quite exciting!" said Evelyn, laughing; "I must come and look."

She put down her book, got up from the sofa, and came to the window. Ambrose was still talking to the strange gentleman in the middle of the drive, and pointing to various parts of the park, as if he were trying to tell him where Sir William had gone.

"Oh, May," she said, "it is Uncle Edward; what can he want?"

"Uncle Edward?" I repeated.

"Yes," she said, "Donald's father. Oh, I wonder why he has come! I am sure it is about Donald. What *can* be the matter?"

She sat down, looking quite faint and ill.

"Don't be troubled about it, Evelyn dear," I said; "very likely your uncle has only come in answer to Sir William's letter. Sir William would be sure to write to him about what you told him the other night; would he not? And most probably your uncle wants to talk it over with him."

"Oh yes," she said, "that must be it; do you think I should go down and speak to Uncle Edward?"

"No," I said; "you must lie down directly; you do not look at all fit to go down-stairs, and I will tell Ambrose to ask your uncle to come up here."

But before I had time to carry out my intention the door opened, and Mr. Edward Trafford came in.

"How do you do, Evelyn, my dear?" he said, in an agitated voice; "Can you tell me in which diretion your father has gone? Ambrose has been trying to explain to me, but I could not quite make out what he meant, these different turnings in the park are so bewildering."

"Had not you better wait, uncle, till papa comes back?" said Evelyn; "I do not think he can be long now, and you might miss him if you went to meet him."

"Yes," he said, "so I might; I think I will wait."

"You will have luncheon, uncle?" said Evelyn.

"No, no! indeed, my dear," said her uncle; "no, I had something as I came along—no, I could not touch anything now. I will go down-stairs and look if I can see your father coming."

"Is anything the matter, uncle?" asked Evelyn anxiously; "are any of them ill at home?"

"Oh no," he said hurriedly; "no dear, no one is ill. I just want to see your father on business."

He was very pale and agitated, and looked, Evelyn said, years older than when she had seen him last.

We watched him go out upon the drive again, and look first in one direction and then another. Then he passed up and down in front of the house for more than half an hour, looking troubled and distressed, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, but glancing up hastily every few minutes to see if his brother was in sight.

At last Sir William appeared, and we saw the brothers meet. They did not come into the house, but they turned into one of the private walks in the park and paced up and down, backward and forward, for more than an hour. Each time that they turned round they came for some little distance within sight of the house, and then they were hidden from our view by the trees, and we could not see them again till they came back to the same place. They seemed to be talking very earnestly, and now and again they stood still and spoke to each other face to face, as though they were arguing some important point, on which they could not agree, or at least could not come to any satisfactory conclusion.

Evelyn was very restless the whole time. She began to follow the example of her father and uncle, and to pace up and down the room; but I insisted on her putting her feet up on the sofa and remaining quiet.

At length the two gentlemen brought their walk and their talk to a conclusion and came toward the house. Sir William ran up-stairs as soon as he came in.

"How are you, my dear child?" he said to Evelyn, even more tenderly than usual; "you look so pale. Please take care of her, Miss Lindsay, and make her lie down."

"What is the matter, papa?" whispered Evelyn, while I prepared to leave the room, thinking Sir William might wish to speak to her alone.

"Oh! I will tell you about it afterward, dear," said her father; "it is some rather unpleasant business about which your uncle wanted to see me. Don't go away, please, Miss Lindsay; we have letters to write at once, I must not stay now."

In spite of Evelyn's pleading glances, Sir William went down-stairs, and he and his brother, after hastily partaking of dinner, spent the rest of the evening together in Sir William's private room.

"What can it be?" Evelyn kept saying. "What can papa mean by unpleasant business? It can't be about what I told him the other night, or he would have said so. What can be the matter?"

Of course I could not help her to find out; we could only wonder and wait.

Mr. Edward Trafford left the next morning at a very early hour, that he might catch the first train for London. Sir William and I were alone at breakfast, for Evelyn was not well enough to rise.

"How is Evelyn this morning?" said Sir William, anxiously, as I entered the room.

I told him that she had had a bad night, and was still in bed.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" he said; "I will not tell her to-day; I think it might upset her still more; I will wait till she is somewhat better."

"Don't you think, Sir William," I ventured to say, "that the suspense of not knowing what is the matter is worse for Evelyn than knowing the truth?"

"Well, perhaps you are right, Miss Lindsay," he said; "I will tell her after breakfast."

"I hope it is no great trouble, Sir William."

"Well, it is a most unpleasant business," he said; "the fact is, that nephew of mine is a downright rascal. What poor Evelyn ever saw to admire in him I never could tell. I always knew he was good for nothing but mischief, and he has proved I was right. I will tell you about it, Miss Lindsay, and then you can advise me as to the best way of telling Evelyn.

"You know my brother was here yesterday—poor fellow, he is dreadfully crushed by it! I am very sorry for him, although, as I could not help telling him, he was himself to blame for it. He was so weak with that boy; he gave him everything he wanted as a child, and spoiled him, and pampered him, and petted him, and let him order every one in the house about, and then was foolish enough to expect him after this to turn out well and to earn his own living.

"But to make a long story short, my brother received a telegram the night before last telling him that his son had run off from the bank, taking more than £500 with him. No one knows where he is gone, and, of course, detectives have been sent off in all directions to catch him, and his poor father is quite weighed down with shame and sorrow. If he is found, of course he will get a long term of imprisonment; and if he escapes it is not likely that his friends will ever hear of him again, for he will never dare to come to England."

"Where do they think he has gone?" I asked.

"Probably to Spain," Sir William said, "but we cannot tell. And now, what do you think about my telling Evelyn? I am afraid it will upset her very much!"

"Yes," I said, "I am afraid it will; she will feel it dreadfully, but still I almost think it would be better to tell her, for she must know some time, and she will be less able to bear it if she is kept longer in suspense."

"Well," said Sir William, "I believe you are right, Miss Lindsay ; I will go up-stairs now ; it will be better to get it over."

(*To be continued.*)

DEATH AND BURIAL OF JACOB.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 12th, Gen. 49 and 50, 1-13. Golden Text, Job 5 : 26. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IT must be always a solemn moment when a ather speaks his last words to his children. After aving blessed Ephraim and Manasseh, Jacob alled unto his sons and said, " Gather yourselves ogether, that I may tell you that which shall efall you in the last days. Gather yourselves ogether, and hear, ye sons of Jacob ; and hearkn unto Israel your father." The time was ome when all things appeared to the dying man n their true light. He was too near eternity to be azzled by the shine, or blinded by the dust of arth ; the rest of God had settled down upon is own spirit, and he was free from all personal reoccupation, so that he could make known to is family, being as the mouthpiece of God to hem, what were the dangerous tendencies in ach of their characters, and what was the conseuence of their sins.

Reuben was his firstborn, his might, but he ad sinned fearfully ; and therefore although he as " the excellency of dignity, and the excelncy of power," yet the judgment was proounced upon him, " Unstable as water, do not ou excel " (see margin). Reuben's position as e eldest son of Jacob made his sin so unspeakly heinous ; as the son of Jacob, and the deendant of Abraham and Isaac, of whom God id, " I am the God of Abraham and the God Isaac," it was not his own name only which euben disgraced, but that of God and those of s fathers. The relation in which a Christian ands to the Lord makes his every sin to be a flection upon the name of Christ ; " I wrought r My name's sake that it should not be pollut before the brethren" (Ezek. 20 : 9, 14, 22). meon and Levi had also grievously sinned in e slaughter of the people of Shechem (chap.). Their dying father said of them, " O my ul, come not thou into their secret ; unto their sembly, mine honor, be not thou united . . . . rsed be their anger, for it was fierce ; and eir wrath, for it was cruel : I will divide them in cob, and scatter them in Israel." Could it be t Levi humbled himself before God because his father's dying words, and that his curse s turned into a blessing? Although truly ided in Jacob, and scattered in Israel, he had best portion of all, for the Lord was his part his inheritance (Num. 18 : 20; Deut. : 9).

ooking upon Judah, the old man saw through turies until his should be the ruling tribe, udah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall ise ; thy hand shall be in the neck of thine mies ; thy father's children shall bow down ore thee. Judah is a lion's whelp ; from the y, my son, thou art gone up ; he stooped n, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion ; shall rouse him up? The sceptre shall not art from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between feet, until Shiloh come ; and unto Him shall gathering of the people be." The Lord as said to the Pharisees, " Your father Abra- rejoiced to see My day, and he saw it and glad" (John 8 : 56). Jacob also saw the day Christ ; he saw that Shiloh, the Messiah who to come out of Judah, " should gather toher in one the children of God that were scatd abroad" (John 11 : 52).

f Zebulun Jacob said little else than that portion should be at the sea-coast ; of Issa- , " He saw that rest was good, and the land it was pleasant ; and bowed his shoulder to , and became a servant unto tribute." That may know true rest we must learn obedi . " He that is entered into rest, he also hath ed from his own works, as God did from ' (Heb. 4 : 10). Of Dan he said, " Dan (*i.e.*, ment) shall judge his people," but he likened to " a serpent by the way," and " an adder e path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward," referring, perhaps, to the position of Dan in the camp as bringing up the rear.

It is just here, after his words about Dan, that the patriarch breaks out into the exclamation, " I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord." While occupied with his sons his soul must look up to God as though he needed the might of His hand to hold him in these last hours. He said little about Gad, Asher, and Naphtali. Gad should be overcome but should finally conquer, Asher should yield royal dainties, Naphtali was " a hind let loose ; he giveth goodly words." But words alone are like a hind let loose ; who can bring them back again? How truly James says of the tongue, " Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth" (James 3 : 5).

We have alluded to the blessing of Joseph in our papers on his history, and have seen how, even in his lifetime, the words of Jacob concerning him were fulfilled. He concluded by saying, " By the God of thy father, who shall help thee ; and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts, and of the womb. The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills ; they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren." The love of Jacob for his son Joseph had passed through death. The self-seeking which was mingled with it was now gone ; if he honored Joseph above his brethren it was because God had honored him. The coat of many colors had been a small honor in comparison with the rule-ship of Egypt. It was God who had made him great because he was " separate from his brethren." Joseph had stood by God in his own family, and God had stood by him in Egypt ; now Jacob's love could be a holy love, and it became the channel of the mind of God.

Had Joseph remained in his father's house and experienced none of the trials through which God had led him, he might have become uplifted, and utterly unfit for the position he afterward occupied in Egypt. God took him in a marvellous manner away from the evil influences of a father's partiality, that he might fit him for his place of usefulness and honor. Real love to our children is pure from all self-seeking ; when we indulge them we gratify our fleshly wills ; it is knowing them " after the flesh" (2 Cor. 5 : 16). If we take counsel with God about them, He may lead them, perhaps, through suffering and humiliation, but only to educate and fit them for future glory. Oh, for wisdom every moment for this solemn, precious charge!

There was yet one son, Benjamin, of whom Jacob said, " Benjamin shall raven as a wolf : in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Thus we see that Judah and Joseph were the two sons who peculiarly came into the blessing of their father, and in the pre-eminence of the tribes of Judah and Ephraim as the heads of the divided people of Israel after the death of Solomon (see Ezek. 37 : 16) ; we see the commencement of the fulfilment of this prophecy, which, however, can only be fully realized when the children of Israel are brought back into their land and own their Messiah.

" All these are the twelve tribes of Israel : and this is it that their father spake unto them, and blessed them ; every one according to his blessing he blessed them. And he charged them, and said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people ; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite. . . . There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife ; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife, and there I buried Leah." Jacob was present in all probability at the burial of both Abraham and Isaac, for he must have been about twelve or thirteen years old when Abraham died, and we are told that Esau and Jacob buried Isaac (Gen. 35 : 29). " And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." The old man's work was done, and our golden text was fulfilled, " Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

There was no fear about this deathbed of Jacob, no uncertainty as to whether he should live or die. We cannot be sure whether it was usually the case that God showed the patriarchs when they were about to die. Isaac, when he became blind, many years before he died, said, " Behold now, I am old, I know not the day of my death" (Gen. 27 : 2) ; but the circumstances of his death and that of Abraham's are not related ; but to Joseph and to both Moses and Aaron God showed beforehand that they were about to die. After the agitated life of Jacob, this calm, prepared end is doubly precious. " Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them" (Rev. 14 : 13).

" And Joseph fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him. And Joseph commanded his servants the physicians to embalm his father : and the physicians embalmed Israel." Had it been otherwise, Jacob's last wish, viz., to be buried in the land of Canaan, could not have been carried out. The process of embalming took forty days to complete, " and the Egyptians mourned for him threescore and ten days." Such a tribute to his memory shows how deep was the gratitude felt to Joseph.

" And when the days of his mourning were past, Joseph spake unto the house of Pharaoh, saying, If now I have found grace in your eyes, speak, I pray you, in the ears of Pharaoh, saying, My father made me swear, saying, Lo, I die ; in my grave which I have digged for me in the land of Canaan, there shalt thou bury me. Now therefore let me go up, I pray thee, and bury my father, and I will come again." It is not easy to understand why Joseph did not himself make this request to Pharaoh. One cannot well conceive that any one else had more influence with the king than he had. Did he fear that Pharaoh would not let him go, because he could so ill be spared? But then Joseph knew how to take such a difficulty to God, and it would appear like a want of faith to make the house of Pharaoh intercessors with the king, when he knew the power of God, in whose hand are the hearts of all men.

" And Pharaoh said, Go up, and bury thy father, according as he hath made thee swear. And Joseph went up to bury his father ; and with him went up all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, and all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house : only their little ones, and their flocks, and their herds, they left in the land of Goshen. And there went up with him both chariots and horsemen ; and it was a very great company." What a contrast to the time of his compulsory entrance into the land of Egypt, as a lad of seventeen sold as a slave by the unjust tyranny of his brothers! Who could have foreseen his coming back in such state, the one had in honor among all the Egyptians, the greatest among his brethren!

When this large company came to the threshing floor of Atad, which is beyond Jordan, " they mourned with a great and very sore lamentation." They were touching the soil which had been promised by God to Abraham's posterity, and they mourned for him who was an inheritor of the land. The inhabitants of the land were so struck by the sight that they named the spot " Abel-mizraim"—*i.e.*, the mourning of the Egyptians. " And his sons did unto him according as he commanded them : for his sons carried him into the land of Canaan, and buried him in the cave of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought with the field for a possession of a burying-place of Ephron the Hittite, before Mamre." So ended the life of one who represents a large number of believers ; faulty, weak in faith, but one in whom the grace of God was wonderfully manifested in spite of his unfaithfulness.

To Our Readers.

IT is again our privilege to acknowledge the favor of God in the success which has attended the publication of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Neither expense nor exertion has been spared to increase the circulation of the journal; but the blessing of the Most High, by whom all circumstances are controlled, has been entreated on every effort, and our duty now is humbly and distinctly to ascribe the result to Him.

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Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. D. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M HAY AITKEN, DR. DEEMS or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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A CHOICE VINDICATED (Continued).
Review of the Quarter's Lesson. S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter—The Mother's Dream.
FOREIGN TOPICS: The Irish Agitation—The Three F's—Prince Napoleon's New Organ—A Mining Horror—The Decay of Turkey—The Basuto Trouble—A Criminal's Death through Fright, etc.

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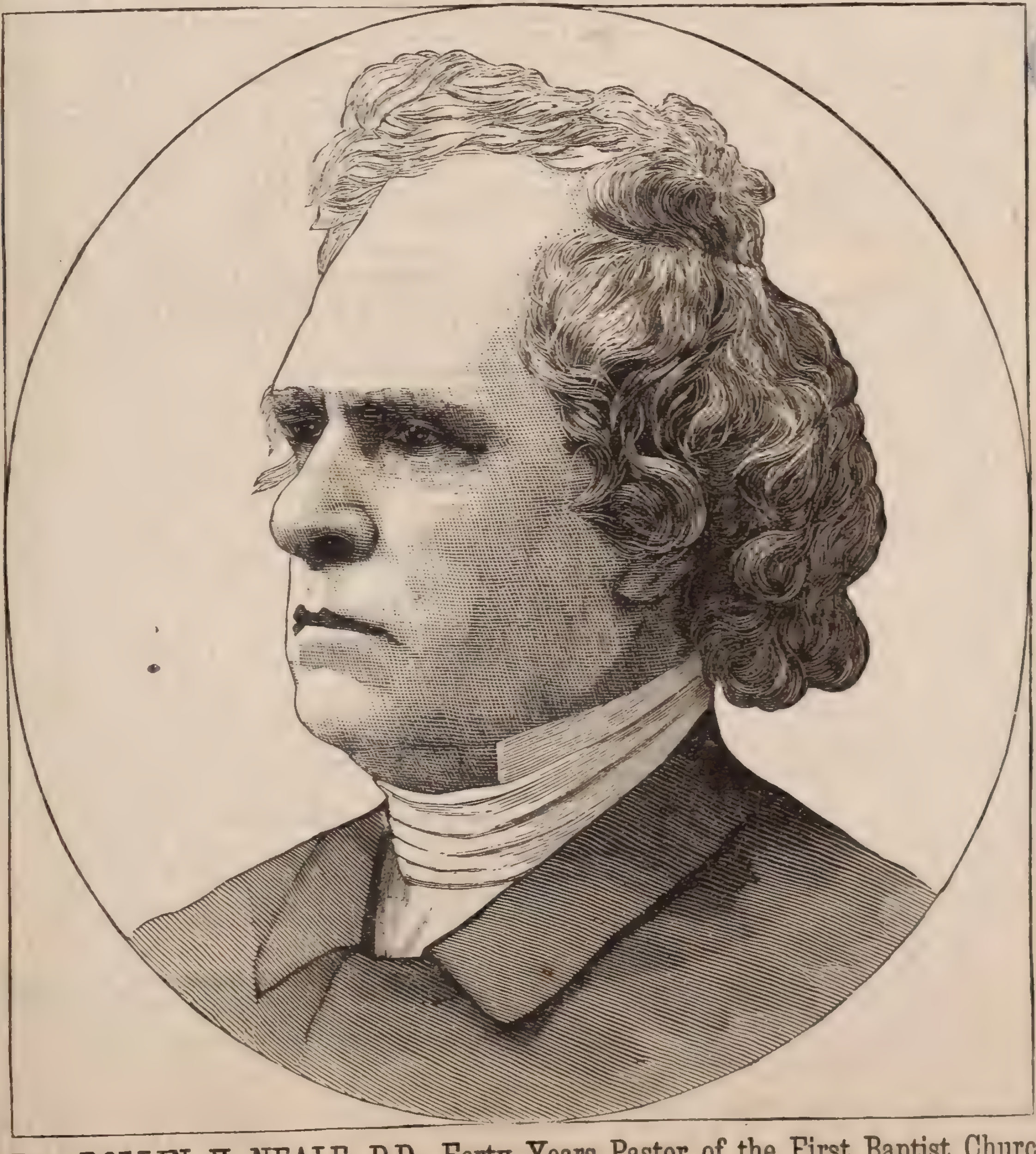

The Late Rev. ROLLIN H. NEALE, D.D., Forty Years Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Boston.

THE REV. ROLLIN NEALE, D.D.

An Ancient Church—Persecutions—An Old Writ—Dr. Stillman's Successful Ministry—Neale's Birth at Southington, Conn.—His Early Conversion—Desire for Education—An Elder Brother's Gift—Fruits of his Early Labor—A Great Awakening—A Visits to Denmark—In Charge of the Police—Lectures at Harvard—Last Sermon—The Apostle of Charity—Two Pockets—The Place to tell Troubles.

REV. DR. NEALE was pastor for forty years of the First Baptist Church of Boston. The church itself has had a remarkable history. It was constituted in 1665. Some of its articles agreed upon then, and still retained, bring back the echoes of a struggle long passed away. For instance: "We acknowledge Magistracy to be an ordinance of God, and to submit ourselves to them in the Lord, not because of wrath only, but also for conscience sake." They were regarded as disturbers of the peace, and a warrant was issued requiring the constable "to labor to discover where these people were assembled, and to require them to attend the established worship." They were brought before the court, disfranchised, fined, imprisoned, some of them remaining in Boston jail a year, and then threatened with banishment from the colony.

In 1679 they had succeeded in building a meeting-house, but they had assembled only three or four times when they found the doors nailed up, and the following notice posted: "All persons are to take notice that by order of the court, the doors of this house are shut, and that they are inhibited to hold any meetings therein, or to open the doors thereof, without license from the authorities till the court take further order, as they will answer the contrary at their peril.

"Signed, Edward Rawson, *Sec.*"

These original writs, yellow with age, still hang in the vestry of the church. Their pastor, who had been by trade a shoemaker, wrote a history of the sufferings of his flock, to which one of the Boston ministers replied in a pamphlet entitled, "*Cobbler, stick to your Last.*"

A great change in public sentiment, however, was soon effected, so that when the church called another pastor, some of the men who had been most bitter against them, notably Dr. Increase Mather and Cotton Mather, not only agreed to the settlement, but performed the principal services on the occasion, and in the very house which had once been nailed up by the authority of the court. This pastor, Mr. Callender, had been educated at Harvard College, and was the first Baptist minister in that section of the country who had received a collegiate education.

One of the most distinguished of Dr. Neale's predecessors was Dr. Stillman, who became pastor in 1765—a hundred years after the formation of the church—and continued in the office forty-two years. He was a man of great eloquence, courtly in his manners, an ardent patriot, and altogether one of the most distinguished clergymen. His church was crowded; strangers, after seeing "the sights," would not leave the city until they had heard him. His was one of the few meeting-houses kept open during the Revolutionary War.

Dr. Francis Wayland, afterward President of Brown University, and Dr. William Hague were in this succession. Dr. Neale loved to allude to these noble men who had preceded him.

Rollin Heber Neale *was born* at Southington, Conn., September 15th, 1808. He would say, "I was born in Connecticut, and I am not ashamed of it. To my eye there are no sunnier scenes on earth than those to be found at Southington." He was *the youngest of ten children.*

A GODLY FATHER AND MOTHER

made their influence felt, not only in the home but far beyond it. The church of the place was very feeble, and its interests were often discussed by the fireside. Indeed, that home seemed to be a rallying point for what strength remained. The father despondingly remarked to a visiting pastor one day, "I don't see what is to become of the church after we are gone." "God will take care of that," said his guest. "Who knows but God will raise up that boy" (pointing to Rollin) "to become a preacher."

Rollin *was converted* very early. He was a leader among his companions in all healthy sports, and in Sabbath-school distinguished himself in Bible study, so that it became a common remark among those that knew him, "That boy was born for a preacher."

The *early death of his mother* cast a great shadow on his young life. He was devoted to her, as she was to her children. He felt entirely forsaken. In his sorrow he said he wished he had as much evidence of love to God as he had of love to his mother. For a time he seemed not only motherless but godless. But he came out of that spiritual conflict stronger, and with the glad cry of the Psalmist, "He set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." At the age of sixteen *he was baptized* in the stream flowing through his native place. Standing by the edge of the stream, and in the presence of a great gathering of the young people, who had always looked up to him as a leader, he preached a sermon which produced such marked effects that a revival ensued that put a new life into the old church.

His great desire now was for an education. He attended the Southington Academy, and then made known to his father his desire for a collegiate education. Great was his disappointment when his father told him he had nothing with which to help him; but that night his elder brother brought out one hundred dollars which he had saved, and took off *his silver watch* and gave him, and with this equipment he started for Columbian College, Washington. This long journey was partly pedestrian. Here he was offered advantages unsurpassed: in addition to the usual advantages of a university, the opportunity to study men as well as books. It was in the days of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun; and the great debates which have become historic made a lasting impression on young Rollin.

During his *student life* here he preached at the Navy Yard Church. One of the substantial fruits of that ministry was the conversion of Leonard A. Grimes, who had been a slave, was then a Washington hackman, and who was for so many years the honored pastor of the Twelfth Baptist Church (colored) of Boston. In 1830 Dr. Neale graduated with the first honors of the class, and in the autumn of that year entered Newton Theological Seminary, near Boston.

In 1833 he was ordained as pastor of the Baptist Church in South Boston. Afterward he accepted a call to New Haven, where his ministry was very effective. Here it bore fruit again in the conversion of Phineas Stowe, who afterward became pastor of the Boston Bethel, and was one of the most useful men of his day.

In 1837 Dr. Neale accepted the pastorate of

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF BOSTON.

It was "an era of union, of denominational peace and progress, of revivals of religion, of missionary concerts and spiritual ingatherings. The old vestry of the First Church became a true Bethel, not merely in the etymological sense of the word, house of God, but in its more modern sense, a rallying point for the sons of Zebulon, as Father Taylor used to denote the men of the sea." Here began his life-long sympathy with Bethel work. He was now in the prime of his powers, and his sympathy was so broad that all classes naturally looked up to him. In the second year of his pastorate there was a great revival, and in 1842 a still greater. In that year two hundred and seventy-four were added to the church. Of these a large proportion were heads of families and business men in the vigor of life.

In 1840 began

A GREAT AWAKENING.

in theological questions in Boston. Never was there a deeper popular interest than at that time. Theodore Parker, by his eloquence and bold speculations, was drawing the minds of many to these subjects.

Jacob Knapp was so stirring the hearts of men of all classes that even Channing was drawn to his meetings, and came away so impressed that he said, "That man is doing good; let him alone." Dr. Kirk was preaching as an evangelist. It was a time of intense spiritual activity. The very opposition to evangelical Christianity quickened into life elements in the church that had been weak. Dr Neale entered with whole heart into the work, and with others reaped large accessions.

In 1843 he went abroad. He went to Copenhagen, to visit two persecuted brethren—Rev. Mr Oncken and Dr. Hoby. He was disappointed to find they had been arrested and sent away. In his letter he says: "It now became my turn to appea

BEFORE THE POLICE.

They detained me until 9 o'clock Saturday night questioning me about my faith. I told them I wa a Baptist minister from Boston, United States o America. 'Well, my good sir,' said the head man of police, 'what has brought you to Copenhagen?' 'To comfort my brethren in Israel no harm in that, I hope?' The officer shrugged his shoulders and said, 'You, can't stay, sir, unles you promise neither to preach nor administer th ordinance of baptism.' I told him I had no objections to those conditions, provided I might b permitted to *talk* to my brethren on the subject o religion. 'Oh, well,' said he, 'you may talk a much as you choose; we in Denmark are a peopl that *don't make a fuss about little things.*'"

In 1857 he delivered the Dudleian lecture befor Harvard College, Cambridge, a series founded to expose the errors of the Church of Rome. Shortl afterward he was awarded the degree of D.D. b Harvard College.

In 1874 he crossed the continent, and received an ovation from the Baptists in California.

His last sermon was preached at Wollaston Heights, February 16th, 1879, from the text, "Th Word of God is not bound." It was a plea for th Southern Baptist Mission in Rome.

He afterward addressed the students of Newton Seminary. On the 18th of September, 1879, h passed away. On the third Sunday of October 1880, on the forty-second anniversary of his settlement, a memorial service was held at the First Baptist Church. Rev. Wm. Hague, D.D., his lifelong friend, delivered an address, which is about to be published, and which will prove full of interes to all who knew Dr. Neale.

He was called by pulpit and press

THE APOSTLE OF CHARITY.

He was the living embodiment of Paul's famou chapter. His appearance betokened his character He was tall and of commanding presence, but hi face wore such a genial smile that every one wa drawn to him. His sunny disposition seemed t convey itself to any assembly he entered.

He was naturally sensitive, but he said he carrie *two pockets*, one with a hole in it, into which h dropped all disagreeable things.

When asked how he happened to be pastor o one church so long, he said, "Well, when th church got angry and wanted me to go, I wouldn't and when I got angry and wanted to go, the wouldn't let me. We never both got angry at th same time." He disliked to say no, and when aske to commend a book, once wrote, "If any one want this book, I know the bearer to be such a goo Christian that it would be a pleasure to buy anything from so good a man." As he could not commend the book he commended the man.

His colleague once asked him how he managed to keep so cheerful and uncomplaining when h knew at the time he was bearing heavy burdens The answer was significant: "*I never tell m troubles except on my knees.*" He kept his fac toward the throne; and it was the light of th throne that fell upon him and was reflected o those who loved him.

A Noteworthy Fact which has Occasioned comment in the financial world occurred last week For the first time in thirty years the price of English Consols has risen above their face value. Tha people are so eager to become creditors of the British Government as to pay a premium for the privilege, shows that other investments, such as the land must be unremunerative in that country, as th Government is only paying three per cent interes to its creditors.

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paull.

(*Continued from page 790.*)

rlando Stanley's Injuries—Salome's Tender Care of Him—His Heart Softened by her Song —His Death—The Change in Mr. Mitchell—An Excursion to Rochester.

SLOWLY and solemnly they brought in the ounded man. So slowly, so solemnly, that it rought back only too vividly to the mind of poor mily Anerley the return of her beloved father's ody to his once happy home years before. She at down and burst into tears.

"Please lay him on the bed," said Salome as e bearers entered the house and ascended the airs.

Orlando Stanley, as he lay upon the snowy d in his wife's room, was a pitiable object. A eadful gash across his face, and his head; which d been cut open, partly bandaged with cloths, rtly discolored with bruises, and his hair matted th the blood that had flowed freely from his ounds. He was unconscious. Oh, if he had been ounded in a noble cause, how Salome could have nored every disfiguring scar! but here was the utilated victim of some drunken brawl, here was other self-immolation on the altar of Bacchus!

The doctor spoke to Salome for some minutes, d expressed his wish to stay in the house all night watch every change in the unhappy victim of his n excesses, for he was in extreme danger.

Emily felt she could not leave Salome at this cture; and Cecil only wrung Salome's hand, une to trust himself to speak to her, before he tened away to catch his train in order to spare mother all anxiety.

Delirium set in on the return of Orlando Stanley sensibility, and increased his danger. Where how he had spent the last three weeks would bably always remain a mystery. His gold ch and every article of jewellery were gone, had doubtless furnished the means of his dech. He had, at any rate, been brought now n the very same public-house in which Mr. t had sought him. There had been a drunken rrel between a young officer and himself. The er had used his sword, first to inflict the ugly nd on his face and then to knock him violently he head. He had been too much intoxicated m his blows straight in return, and the officer escaped serious damage. Only when the y reached a dreadful height were the police for and the parties separated.

e landlady had remembered the name of Stanand the address that Mr. Fleet had happened ention in his talk with her, and thus he had brought home by the surgeon and policeman. W it to die? A case of aggravated assault, if f manslaughter, was evidently pending against fficer, and the authorities had him in custody. rough all that first long anxious night of den and fever, and for many another that fold, Salome watched beside him with the den of a good woman, praying for at least some n of reason and knowledge, when she might at him to cling to the Saviour, who never reto listen to any of His repentant children.

ily Anerley remained for a day or two, and as her strength was not sufficient to undermuch nursing in such a desperate case, she ned home.

e sick man never seemed easy unless Salome y him. When she rested, as she was occaly compelled to do, he was always so restless ncomfortable as to endanger every meagre e of recovery. In every lucid interval, when quietly on the bed, Salome read to him the d passages from the Bible which she deemed suitable to his sore human need. Sometimes ng to him. The glorious voice that had ated Cecil Anerley like heavenly music, that armed the babies and nurses at the crêche, ntranced the forlorn candidates for free asts at the mission hall, was once more used Master's service by the sick bed of her hus- She was singing once to him, with indeble pathos and tenderness, "Tell me the d story." She had taken his worn, wasted hand in hers, and felt a warmer glow of compassion and love toward him than she had been able to do for many and many a day.

Just as she reached the lines

> "Remember I'm the sinner
> That Jesus died to save,"

Orlando Stanley turned his eyes upon her—he had no power to turn his wounded head—and smiled gently. Then he gasped once or twice, sighed heavily, and died. The wasted life had returned to the God who gave it.

"She had her meed, one smile in death."

Mrs. Mitchell, after hovering for months between life and death at Canterbury, now engendering hope, now causing her friends to almost utterly despair, rallied with the genial warmth of summer, and began to think and speak cheerfully of full restoration to her loved ones.

But the precious lessons of her sickness had not been learned in vain by any of her family, and especially by her husband. He had so nearly lost the treasure that made life radiant and beautiful to him that he could never again even appear to prize it so lightly as he once had done. He sought her company continually, asked her advice, took her with him whenever practicable, and made her the acknowledged helpmeet in all matters that her education and piety fitted her to become. He had realized the selfishness on his part which had been the only cloud on their happy union, and in the cultivation of which she herself had not been free from blame. He had now sought in the strength of his God to conquer it.

The Rev. Rowland Mitchell, like every other Christian who has let a weed grow apace in his garden of Christian graces, found he had set himself a hard task—a task which he was utterly incompetent to perform without the aid of the Heavenly Gardener; but by diligent, watchful, prayerful effort—by which we are told "to work out our salvation with fear and trembling"—selfishness, that most hideous of all vices, was bravely attacked, and by very slow degrees was eradicated. All this inner conflict, all this combat with self, increased his power both as a preacher and a minister. His sermons had always been interesting and eloquent; now the experiences of the past year rendered them arousing and comforting, piquant with suggestion and force. In the pastoral visits he paid to his congregation, men and women were amazed at his greater power to enlist their sympathies, to engage their attention, and to understand their needs.

Constance Anerley had said to Mrs. Mitchell during that lady's illness that she could not even regard her employer as her friend. She now learned to do so, and to feel that he was a wise counsellor and adviser in every difficulty. She felt that his sermons helped her and stimulated her to seek the highest and purest motives for every action, while in his own growth in gentleness, kindness, unselfishness, she saw the very best proof that any one can furnish of the reality of Christianity and its vital influence upon the life that is yielded to its power.

It had not been thought advisable that Mrs. Mitchell should leave the quiet home of her mother at Canterbury until her health was thoroughly re-established, and it was generally her wish to have Constance and some of the children with her. It was one morning early in the autumn, when plans were being made for a return to Brighton ere long, that Constance said to Mrs. Mitchell,

"One day before we leave Canterbury altogether, Mrs. Mitchell, I want you to let me take Claudia, Esther, and Robbie and go over and spend a good long day at Rochester with poor, dear Salome."

"Certainly, Constance. But had you not better go alone, instead of burdening yourself with the children? I can look after them for you for one day."

"No, thank you," replied Constance decidedly. "I have quite set my mind on giving them this charming holiday. I know Robbie will enjoy seeing the pigeons in the old tower of the castle."

The mother smiled. "You are very kind to the dears, Constance. I need not say be careful of the old castle, for you are always so careful and thoughtful, dear. I don't know what I should do without you, Constance."

The only answer the young governess made was to throw her arms round Mrs. Mitchell and kiss her repeatedly.

"And how is your poor, dear friend, Salome Stanley? Have you had a letter lately?" asked Mrs. Mitchell kindly.

"To-day, and she seems still so dreadfully sad that a visit from our three bright children will do her ever so much good. Do you think I might go to-morrow, while this glorious sunshine lasts?"

"There is nothing to prevent, my dear Constance. But you had better write to say you are going."

"Oh, no; I want to have a bit of fun, and give her a real, genuine surprise," said Constance in a spirit of girlish mischief.

The proposal for a day's holiday which should include so many charming incidents—a railway ride, the examination of an old castle and a cathedral that, however old in its history, was new to them—delighted the children, especially when its bright hours were to be spent with Constance, for their governess had awakened quite a passionate enthusiasm for herself in the young Mitchells, and though Robbie's love for her did not, unfortunately, always make him inclined to obey her, yet he was one of the most eager to assert his right to her company.

"Do go dreadfully early in the morning, that we may have the longer day, Miss Anerley, there's a dear, good creature!" he pleaded, in his most coaxing tones with his handsome little face upturned to hers, and his roguish dark eyes intently watching her eyes to see what sort of an answer she would give.

"Before breakfast?" queried Constance, smiling.

"Yes, that would be ever so jolly," answered Robbie.

"Will you be prepared to go without breakfast, then," asked Constance, "if Mrs. Stanley has none to give you?"

"Oh, well—*no*," said Robbie, decidedly. "I don't want to go without altogether. But we can get buns in a shop, and I like buns ever so well, much better than bread. Give me as many buns as I want for breakfast, won't you, Miss Anerley?"

"Silly boy!" said Claudia, from the depths of her maturer experience; "you would be sure to be ill if you ate so many buns—wouldn't he, Miss Anerley?"

"Just let me try," exclaimed Robbie.

"No, Robbie," said Constance, "I have no wish to be troubled with the care of a greedy boy who has made himself sick. I shall certainly not feed you on buns; it would be a poor beginning for a day of busy sight-seeing. If I decide to go by that early train, we must look about when we get there and find a place to have some breakfast before we go to Mrs. Stanley's."

"Yes, that *will* be fun," responded Robbie. "I have never had breakfast anywhere but in our own house and at grandma's. I should like to know how other sorts of people manage it."

Constance laughed heartily. "So you shall to-morrow, Robbie, if the weather keeps as fine as I expect it will be, and if we are all up in time for the train. Mind, don't oversleep yourselves."

Very early, indeed, on the following morning, before it was at all necessary to arise, there was a hurried tap on the door of Constance's room, and she was reminded of the important journey before her. She looked at her watch. "It is too soon yet, Robbie," she called out; "wait till the clock strikes six, and then you may get up."

Soon after seven they were at the station waiting for their train. The bright beauty of the morning was reflected in the happy, sunshiny face of Constance and her three pupils.

Arrived at Rochester, after an hour in which the three children had chattered to their hearts' content in the most exuberant of spirits, they sought about at once for an eating-house, Robbie being by this time, as he abruptly expressed the fact, "awfully hungry."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PARADISE OF FOOLS.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken, M. A.

"He came to Himself,"—LUKE 15 : 17.

An Interpolation in a Hand-bill—The World a Great Lunatic Asylum—I. The Disease—Typical Lunatics—Dangerous—Harmless—Self-complacent—Lunacy a Profitable Study—The First Stage, Pleasure—The World's Dire Bankruptcy Court—The Second Stage, Business—II. The Crisis—The Lunatic Thinking—He Discovers Himself a Slave—III. Recovery—1. He Realizes the Past—2. He Understands the Present—3. He Dreads the Future—The Vision of Home—the Father Justified—Himself Condemned—A Parisian Belle—Her Conversion at a Mission Service.

SOME years ago, I was conducting a mission in the North of England, and as is customary on such an occasion, a large number of hand-bills were distributed right and left announcing the services. The vicar of the parish where I was laboring received one of these hand-bills back in an envelope, with two words written upon it. Underneath the words "A mission" was written "for lunatics"; so that the hand-bill read "A mission for lunatics."

I do not suppose that the writer had any particular thought of telling the truth, but it was very startling to think how near the truth it came; for in one sense, I think we may say that every mission we hold is a mission for lunatics.

Ah! as those bright angels of glory hover round this sinful world of ours, don't you think it must sometimes present to them the aspect of one great lunatic asylum, wherein are found, as it were, lunatics of every grade and of every form and description? How wondrous strange it must seem to them that such a grand possibility should be brought within the grasp of mankind—though here on trial only for a few short hours, that it should be possible for us to make our calling and election sure, to live in the sunlight of God's favor—to do a work for eternity, which God himself should delight in, and ultimately to enter into the joy of our Lord: and yet men and women are found all over the world who are ready to turn their back upon *this splendid opportunity;* to turn their backs upon the possibility of a splendid career, and to bring down ruin and blight, and desolation and weariness, and despair and death and damnation upon their own souls. Lunatics indeed! Yes, plenty of them.

I. THE DISEASE.

There is your *dangerous* lunatic, whom we have to curb and fetter, and fasten the manacles upon, for fear he should do injury to society at large, goaded by passion, frenzied by ambition. Such a man is regarded as a sort of animal. Ah! there is many a man who has done a great deal worse than wild beasts. What about fields dyed with carnage, towns sacked and burned, homes desolated, hearts broken!—things of this kind have been the work of your dangerous lunatic. Men who, as I have said, blinded by their lusts to all higher considerations, trample upon the first rights of mankind in their ruthless desire to gratify themselves.

And then there is your *harmless* lunatic, a much more common specimen than the other, and much more frequently to be met with—a man whose life is simply inane and insipid, lived without any particular object. You see a picture of what his career is as you watch the butterfly floating from flower to flower and sipping the dew, then, by and by, when the first blast of winter comes, shrivelling up and dying away. Even so there is many a life which cannot otherwise be described than as a life of nothingness. Perhaps, if you ask them what they are aiming at, they will tell you they are not troubling themselves about any particular object in life. They are not, perhaps, endowed with any extraordinary talent, and their lives run on in an easy, quiet course, and when death comes they have nothing to show for them: they have lived simply in vain.

Then again, there are your *self-complacent* lunatics; and they form a very large class. You are well aware that if you were to go down to Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, near London, you would find a large number of people there who imagine that they belong to the small number of people in the world who are really sane, and that their fellow-men are really so insane as to keep them in a state of chronic confinement, whereas if they only had their due they would be among the most distinguished of mankind. There are very few madhouses in our land but what contain people who suppose themselves to be *kings*, and who fancy they have a right to sit upon the throne, but that their subjects are too mad to offer them their due; *noblemen* who are possessed of large estates, but whose tenants are too dishonest to pay them the rent they have a rightful claim to. So these poor unfortunates persuade themselves they suffer through the madness of other people, whereas they are mad and other people are sane.

So as we pass along the journey of life, how many do we meet with who have got it into their heads that they are about the only sane people to be met with—sane just because they pooh-pooh the realities of eternity; sane because they turn their backs on things that most require consideration.

For instance the man who wrote those two words on that bill of which I have spoken, no doubt *fancied he was doing a very clever thing*. I am very sure of one thing, and that is that in writing those words he was just giving expression to his own feeling about the matter. He regarded, and was not by any means solitary in regarding, those who cared about eternal things, as mere lunatics, and people who would go to mission and evangelistic services to hear the Word of Life proclaimed be regarded as lunatics, whereas he himself held his head high; and I dare say he would have been ready to spout scepticism to any extent if you had only listened to him. He doubtless considered himself a specimen of what humanity may possible rise to if it is only educated enough.

I often wonder what the angels think of such men. Do you think they can appear to them otherwise than as poor blind lunatics? Men on trial for eternity, and yet giving themselves such poor, pitiful, paltry airs, that while they flaunt their self-conceit before the eyes of God and man, the one brief opportunity of life passes unimproved, and they pass on to doom!

Well, now, it is not an altogether unprofitable thing to study

THE CAREER OF LUNATICS.

The parable from which our text is taken describes the course of the self-opinionated prodigal young man. Each of the steps which, in his unfilial and foolish conduct he took, were indications of what may still be described as *moral lunacy.* He might have been perfectly happy in his father's house; his elder brother was; he wanted for nothing. When he does come to himself, you know, he looks back upon his father's house, and says: "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger."

His father denied him nothing that was good or reasonable for him, for his father was evidently much attached to him. The *first* step in which this young man was showing his lunacy was one in which he thought he was showing his wisdom. So he got away from his father's presence; he was really going to enjoy himself; he would not allow himself to be fettered by the restraints which that father's presence might impose upon him, and "he went into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living."

There is many a man who regards himself as a sensible sort of fellow *just because he does the same.* You tell me honestly and bluntly you do not trouble yourself about religion; you have taken the way of Cain, that leads out from the presence of the Father, and in doing so you think you have been demonstrating your own wisdom, whereas the truth is you have been exhibiting your lunacy.

The effect of spiritual lunacy is that we are continually losing all that is really worth having, continually depriving ourselves of all that God will enrich us with until we end our miserable career in

THE DIRE BANKRUPTCY COURT

which we call hell. As we look upon the prodigal son in a far country, see him at the festive board, and listen to the laughter of fools, what does th world say to it, or the fast young man of London "I wish I had the chance, I would do the sam If my father would leave me a fortune, as that fe low's father did, I know what I should do with it. He just played the part of a sensible man, yo think. When God looked down upon him H thought him *a fool.* When the blessed ange looked down upon him they thought him *a foo* When the devils of hell looked at him they thougl him *a fool,* and when he looked at himself l thought himself *a fool.*

Ah! my friends, our opinions of ourselv change strangely when once the light of truth b gins to flash into our souls. But he wasted h substance, and it was gone, and then the next thir this sensible young man did was to try and subs tute labor for pleasure, and to find in a life of to what he had *not* found in a life of delirious excit ment. Many a wise, sensible man does that. H runs after all kinds of phantasies in his early year Life had been anything but satisfactory, and no what is he to do? Gray hairs are beginning to a pear; it is high time he should make his way life, and get into a higher social position. Wh do you do it for? Well, really, in order that th wants of your souls may be gratified by the toil they never having been gratified by the pleasur you have been seeking. It sounds very natura but this is only

ANOTHER PHASE

of the man's lunacy.

The man was just as much a lunatic when l went and hired himself out to a citizen in tl country as when he went down to that chambe When he began to feel the terrible pinch of fami there was only one course for him that was real wise—to go back to his father's house if haply h father might yet forgive him. He gazed arou him, and wherever his eye fell there was desol tion; he saw his fellow-men carried away towa the grave by scores day after day. He kne sooner or later he must perish for want. Surel surely wisdom might have suggested to him t necessity of not losing so much as one hour. H surely ought to have felt, "I dare not trifle li this. My strength is waning; the fever is eati out my life." He ought to have argued so; b he went and joined himself to a citizen of th country, who sent him into a field to feed swin and no man gave unto him.

That is just what many a young man does. Y have found that youth with all its excitement a lures has not really satisfied you, but the heart still empty. Well, what is to be done? Plun into worldly business? Substitute the excitemer of commerce for the excitements of the billiar room, or if you will, gamble on the Stock Exchan instead of at the horse-race? Let it be a lit soberer kind of dissipation; or, perhaps, take t yoke upon your neck of an industrious life, a work so hard that you shall have no time for ar thing else.

So men plunge into a life of activity, and imagi that if they feel they can get away from themsel it will be all right, while all the time they a trifling with their own soul and sinning agair their own nature, and when God looks down up them He still thinks them *mad—mad—mad,* blin ed by the great deceiver, the god of this wo casting a cloud of deceit around them, and leadi them on further from their own interests becau further and further from God. Well, now, su were the steps which this wise man had take as the world would have considered him. Su were the steps which this lunatic had taken, God considered him. Who was right?

II. THE CRISIS.

There comes *a crisis in his history*—the migh famine is raging all round; there he sits lonely a desolate in the field, his hopes are blighted, l joys are gone, his heart is aching, his body stricken, his strength is waning—himself! he already beginning to die. There he sits; he l gins to turn over his life. Ah! it's a grand thi when a man begins to turn over the record of l life. It is a grand thing when men begin *to thin* Oh! if we could only get men to think! It is t miserable wretched thoughtlessness that destr more souls than all the wilful sins you can commit. He has made fine work of it, after all; he turned his back upon his father because he was going to be independent, and now he finds himself a slave, or no better. That is a very solemn discovery for a man to make. You turn your back upon God, my friend, in order that you may take your own way and follow your own course.

Are you a free agent? Go and *ask the drunkard* who staggers through our streets whether *he* s a free agent? Go and ask the young man who ıas pampered his own lusts and passions until at ast they become supreme within his nature. 'Oh!" said a young man to me the other night, vith tears in his eyes, "I have lost all power of elf-control. If I go through the street, and my ye falls on an object that awakens my lust I feel arried away, and have no power of controlling ıyself." "Know ye not that to whomsoever ye ield yourselves slaves to obey, his slave ye are hom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or obe- ience unto righteousness."

And that, my brothers, is the picture of some of ɔu—God knows who. Oh! may He search your earts while I am speaking to you. This young an had claimed his substance and left his father, eling like a very rich man, with all that his father d given him. And now? His only substance e those husks that he looks at, the husks that he gnawing to try and satisfy the cravings of his rrible hunger—the gnawings of his appetite. en so, when we turn our backs upon God, we make fine work of it. We claim our substance, d lo! our substance begins to waste away in our nds; either it disappears from us altogether, or ses to give the satisfaction we thought it was ing to give.

III. RECOVERY.

Then and there it was that the change took ce. Starting up as from a troublous fevered am, the long delirium of life at last lifting up m off him and breaking away, the young man nes to himself, and he finds out this grand and sible career of his, on which he had plumed self—this life which he had elected to live, and the sake of which he had sacrificed so much—t after all it had been *one great tainted lie*, and urns from it with reprobation and disdain!" le came to himself!"

. First of all he came to himself with regard to *past*. What a history it was! What a miser- tragedy! His memory wanders back toward sunny days of his early boyhood. He thinks of t he once was, the innocent days he spent in society of his father and his friends, and then vision travels on until he sees himself starting his father's house, and there rises up in his d the recollection of the tears which stood in old man's eyes—what a fool I am! I might known he loved me. I could not look into ace; I could not watch that hand, as it trem- and grasped mine without knowing he loved and I turned my back upon him. I would not to my own conscience, which told me to stop e I was. Fool that I was!

He came to himself," and now he begins to his own folly. His vision wanders on further ns of profligacy and dissipation; he sees him- n the midst of a mirthful crowd—everybody plimenting him; smiles all round; pleasant , and happy words; and as he looks at it all *tes it*. He turns away from it with revulsion. that I am! Didn't I know that all these ds were merely dancing a masquerade round s it were?

So the light began to shine in upon him, and sion wandered on till the days of adversity be- o come, and he saw friends dropping off, and to be in want. At last the past glides into resent, and as he had come to himself with ct to the past, so he now comes to himself respect to *the present*. Great God! Where ? In a far country, without one soul to be iend; without one hope to cheer me; starv- famishing! dying! and *I have brought it myself!* Yes; he "comes to himself" with to the present. There is that within him tells him his days are numbered, except ow or another he can escape from that terrible region. Death is striking down its victims all around him, and he feels he must come to himself. His strength is going away from him, his eyes are swimming, his head is dizzy; soon, he feels, it will be all over; and if some desperate effort is not made, soon his strength will pass from him, and with his strength his hope, and with his hope his life, and *then*

DEATH CLAIMS ITS VICTIM.

Oh! my brothers, it is a terrible thing to stand face to face with death; and it is a still more terrible thing to stand *face to face with doom*. Now, my brothers, have you come to yourself? As your eye wanders back upon the history of your past life, are you ready, like this young man, to say, "What a fool I have been! My life might have been a blessing, but it has been a curse. The devil himself has numbered me among the bands of his votaries, and sent me forth into the world to be his own tool and cat's-paw, to do his own detestable work, scattering damnation wherever I have gone. My time is lost, my affections have been squandered, my talents wasted. What a fool I have been?"

Oh! it's a solemn moment in a man's life when he finds out his own folly, when the long delirium of a lifetime is actually lifted up, and we begin to see things as they actually are, and we cry out, "Oh God, oh God, I have been walking away from Thee, and have lived in vain."

3. But once again. He came to himself with respect to *the future*. One thing he saw clearly—it was no use going on like that: he was dying; he had been gnawing and gnawing at those husks long enough, and the result was

STARVATION.

Something must be done, or else death must be faced. The inevitable had to be contemplated; but what was to be done? Should he go back again to his old friends? Ah! they had already turned their backs upon him. It was no use going to them. Should he endeavor to find some other employment? Nay, but in that famined land there was no friend to give him any. Should he sit there and die? It was a hard thing to come to that decision. We none of us like to give up life; we cling to it very tightly; very reluctant are we to part with it, though life may be burning with agony, as his was. What was to be done? Was there any other alternative?

Then it was that there rose up in his mind, like a dream of the past,

THE VISION OF HIS OLD HOME.

He sees the happy faces of the servants passing to and fro in his father's mansion; he hears the voices of song among those with whom all was bright, and sunny, and fair, and joyful. Then there rises up once again before him his father's face—that venerable countenance, with the same look of love upon it which it bore when first his younger son turned his back upon him. He loved him then; peradventure he loves him still. And so a ray of hope pierces through the gloom. "If there is any choice for me at all, any door of escape, any possibility of redemption, it lies in that one word, *father*. Perhaps he *does* love me still; perhaps he still would be ready to hold out a hand to me. If he do, I am saved; if he do not, I perish."

Then and there, as he turns the matter over, my friends, there is yet a further change takes place in him. He has come to himself with regard to his own life; at last he comes to himself with regard *to his father*. "What! It was a lie after all. I thought him a tyrant; he was my best friend. I thought he grudged me happiness; he only wanted to make me happy. I remember he never crossed my will unless it was for my good. He never denied me anything unless it would be for my harm to have it. He was always tender, always kind. I have belied him. I have libelled his character. I have denied his true self. My father! My own dear father! I have been a black-hearted base fellow, but

NOW I SEE IT ALL!

The fault all lies with me. *He* is not to blame. I have painted him in false coloring, and represented him as being what he never was. *Father!*"

As he utters that word, the old associations rush into his mind, and visions of his infancy rise upon him, and he thinks of those sunny days he spent playing on his father's knee, and there and then the long weary illusion passes away and he begins to see things as they actually are.

Well, that is what I am praying for and hoping for concerning you and many more. Oh! my friends, I want you to come to yourselves, *not only to right views about yourselves, but about your Father*. The Devil told you He was a tyrant. I want you to see that He is a friend. The Devil told you He does not want you to be happy. I want you to see that He desires your happiness supremely. The Devil told you He grudged you what is good for you. I want you to see that He gave His own Son that you might have all that is good for you. Do you believe it? Oh, if I could conclude this sermon by bringing every man and woman who hears me just to believe that God loves you, what a meeting we would have! What joy there would be in heaven and in your own hearts!

Some years ago

A YOUNG LADY OF RANK

and fashion, moving in the highest circles in Paris and leading a poor, gay, butterfly life, was ill, and lay on her bed greatly distressed. One day her sisters came bursting into the room: "Marie! Have you heard the news?" No, what is the matter?" "Oh, there's some mad fellow come here, preaching the Gospel; he can't speak a word of French, and a Frenchman has to interpret for him. We are going to hear him, it is the greatest fun in the world." And then they bounced out of the room and left her. But they had hardly done so before there arose in the poor invalid's mind an irrepressible desire to go and hear the preacher, too, and at last her curiosity became so strong that she rang the bell, and said to her maid, "I want you to dress me, and order the carriage—I am going out." "My dear lady, you are really not well enough to go out." "Never you mind, I want to go out." And she went, and the coachman drove her to where the service was being held. There was a vacant seat near the platform, and after some little difficulty she succeeded in reaching it.

Prayer was offered, and a hymn was sung in her own language, and by that time she was somewhat solemnized. Then the preacher came to the front of the platform, looked her full in the face, as if there was no other person in the hall, and remained perfectly silent for a moment or two; then he said: "Poor sinner! God loves thee." She afterward stated, "I don't know what more the preacher said. I dare say he said a great deal. All I know is I sat there sobbing as if my heart would break, and all the time those words kept ringing in my ears—'Poor sinner! God loves thee." It seemed to me as if the whole of my past life was moving before my eyes, all my worldliness, my gayety, my sins, my folly. Oh my God! I thought, have I been turning my back upon Thee all these years, and yet Thou hast been loving me! Art Thou loving me still?" She said,

"THOSE FEW WORDS BROKE MY HEART,

I got back to my own chamber, I know not how, but I found myself kneeling and sobbing by my own bedside, the tears were flowing down my cheeks, and I kept repeating over and over again the words, 'God loves me; in spite of my sin God loves me.' 'Oh my God! my God!' I cried, 'if Thou lov'st me, then from this time forward I give myself to Thee; from this time forward I am Thine.'"

God grant that *we* may thus come to ourselves to-night. Sinner! God loves you. You may be a proud-hearted sinner, but God loves you in spite of your pride; you may be an impure sinner, but God loves you in spite of your impurity; you may be a worldly minded sinner, but God loves you in spite of your worldly mindedness; you may be an indifferent and careless sinner, but God loves you in spite of your indifference and carelessness. Oh! that you may come to yourself now, and see that love as it really is, fall on your knees in adoring gratitude, grasp the Saviour's feet, wet them in your contrite tears, as you rejoice to own that God loves you, *even you*.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, $1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

President Hayes, in his Last Message to Congress discusses an unusually large number of topics but they are all of national importance. Prominent among them is the subject of *Mormonism*, on which the President urges that vigorous measuresbe promptly taken. During his recent western tour Mr. Hayes personally investigated the state of the Utah Territory, and was astonished at the progress the pernicious and immoral doctrines of Mormonism are making. He expresses his belief that the United States authorities have made faithful and zealous efforts to suppress polygamy but despair of success while Mormons have control of the juries. In this position the President says: "I recommend that Congress provide for the government of Utah by a governor and judges, or commissioners, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. If, however, it is deemed best to continue the exing form of local government, I recommend that *the right to vote, hold office, and sit on juries in the territory of Utah be confined to those who neither practice not uphold polygamy*. If thorough measures are adopted, it is believed that within a few years the evils which now afflict Utah will be eradicated, and that this Territory will in good time become one of the most prosperous and attractive of the new States of the Union."

"The Spoils System" in the Civil Service received emphatic condemnation in the Presidential message. Referring to the system of competitive examinations established in New York Mr. Hayes expressed his approval of it, and recommends an annual appropriation of $25,000 to defray the expenses of a commission to devise a scheme for extending the system throughout the country. He would have each public officer free to express his political opinions and to use his means for their advancement, but he would also have him feel safe in refusing all demands upon his salary for political purposes. The first step in the reform of the Civil Service he believes must be "a complete divorce between Congress and the Executive in the matter of appointments."

Other Topics of the Message Refer to the Indian question, in which the President concurs in the view taken by Mr. Schurz, to which we alluded last week. On the subject of *the Panama Canal* Mr. Hayes still adheres to the opinion he expressed some time ago and which is known as the Monroe doctrine; but as it is proposed to construct the canal with private funds, it is difficult to see what ground the President has for his misgivings. On *maritime questions* the President appears to realize the need for reform, but suggests no scheme which touches the main cause of the trouble. On the troublesome *silver dollar* question Mr. Hayes advises that the bullion value of the silver dollar be made equal to that of the gold dollar, but fails to perceive that the silver dollar cannot be made popular by that process, and that the gold standard is at present the only one available in dealing with other nations. He advises the withdrawal of the greenback dollar from circulation. On both recommendations he is at issue with Mr. Sherman.

A Sensation in Political Circles was Produced last week by the appointment of Mr. Allan Campbell as Comptroller of New York, in the room of Mr. John Kelly. Recent events give a national significance to this local appointment. Mr. Kelly was known in New York as "the Boss," and his downfall is the topic of general interest in other large cities where there are also Bosses, Democratic or Republican. His exclusion from office was effected by a coalition of Republicans with Irving Hall Democrats and some disaffected members of Tammany Hall. Mr. Kelly's popularity in the Democratic Party has rapidly waned since the Presidential election, and the opposition to him has been daily gaining strength. The Governorship of the State was lost to the party through his direct action, and it was charged against him that in the Presidential contest, the vote of New York State, to which Gen. Garfield owes his election, would have been cast for Gen. Hancock had Mr. Kelly been prudent, and faithful to his party. To the responsibility for these party disasters was added the charge of arrogance and a dictatorial spirit displayed in the Tammany organization by which he alienated some of his supporters there. Then a leading daily journal asserted that in the record of the city expenditure, there were items as fraudulent as those of the days of Tweed, and contended that the present disgraceful maladministration of the city's finances was due to Mr. Kelly's influence. Under the combined attack, the man whom the members of Tammany have been accustomed to call "our honored leader" has fallen. Two lessons should be learned from the event. First that the position known as "Boss" is alien to our institutions; and second, that no official, however powerful, is safe if his character for integrity falls under suspicion.

The Prohibition Clause in the Kansas Constitution was carried by a woman's influence, as Governor St. John related the occurrence at the Congress of the New York State Temperance Society, in Cooper Union, on December 6th. In order to submit an amendment of the State Constitution the law requires the votes of two thirds of the members of the Legislature. But when the Legislature met to propose the absolute prohibition of the sale of intoxicants, after a two hours' debate, it was found that the ayes wanted one vote to make a two thirds majority. The party of temperance were in doubt what to do when *a little black-eyed woman* hurried along the aisle and going up to her husband pleaded with him with a woman's energy to change his vote from *no* to *aye*. He yielded, the amendment was submitted to the people, and passed triumphantly.

The City of Pensacola, Fla., was Destroyed by fire on the night of December 10th. The fire originated in a confectionery store, and might have been easily extinguished, but the steam fire engine in the vicinity was out of order and was in the machine shop undergoing repairs. Before it could be set to work the fire spread rapidly; the Custom House, Post-Office, the newpaper and telegraph offices, the principal bank and five blocks comprising the chief stores of the city were destroyed. All the Custom House papers were lost but Mr. Larne, the county clerk, saved the records of his office, though while he was so engaged his own house and all it contained was consumed. The brief telegram announcing the disaster says: There is not a newspaper office, job office, drug store or stationery store left in the city.

The Fishery Dispute known as the Fortune Bay outrage forms the subject of a dispatch published last week from Lord Granville, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, to our government. It will be remembered that Lord Salisbury, who preceded Lord Granville as Foreign Minister, rejected the American claim with some asperity. Lord Granville's letter is worded more courteously, and admits that the American fishermen whose nets were destroyed are entitled to compensation, which the British Government is ready to make. To avoid future troubles of the same nature Lord Granville wishes it to be clearly understood that the treaty gives the same rights to American as to colonial fishermen, but both must submit to the same local regulations, any infringment of which will be punished in the one case as in the other.

The Week of Prayer. 1881.—The Evangelical Alliance, as representing Protestant Christendom throughout the world, have for years suggested a programme for the Week of Prayer, so that, as far as possible, all praying people might unite on the same day in the same petitions. The Branch Alliance of the United States adopt, with slight modifications, its programme, and suggest the following themes and order for the approaching Week of Prayer, January 2–9, viz.:

JANUARY 2.—Theme: Christ the only hope of a lost world.

MONDAY, 3.—Thanksgiving for the blessings, temporal and spiritual, of the past year, and prayer for their continuance.

TUESDAY, 4.—Humiliation and confession on account of individual, social, and national sins.

WEDNESDAY, 5.—Prayer for the Church of Christ, its unity and purity, its ministry; and for revivals of religion.

THURSDAY, 6.—Christian education: Prayer for the family, Sunday-schools, and all educational institutions, for Young Men's Christian Associations, and for the Press.

FRIDAY, 7.—Prayer for the prevalence of justice, humanity, and peace among all nations; for the suppression of intemperance and Sabbath desecration.

SATURDAY, 8.—Prayer for Christian missions and the conversion of the world to Christ.

SUNDAY, 9.—Theme: On the Ministration of the Holy Spirit.

The Meetings of the Temperance Congress in the hall of Cooper Union last week were attended by large and enthusiastic audiences. Dr. L. D. Bevan, who presided on Thursday evening, proclaimed himself a convert to prohibition. He said that although in England he belonged to the party of moral suasion, he believed the evils of intemperance to be so widespread that a last appeal must be made to the power of the State. Next week we hope to publish the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Johnson, to whose exertions the success of the Temperance Congress is largely due.

The Sermons by Rev. Dr Talmage and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, published this week in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, deserve especial notice. That by Dr. Talmage was delivered last Thanksgiving Day and is published now because Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Tabernacle last Lord's day. In it the preacher contrasts the present condition of the nation with its state on former Thanksgiving days, and points out how great cause we have for thankfulness to God for our national blessings. His graphic personal reminiscences will be read with interest and amusement. Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, of which the title does not convey an accurate conception, is commended to the perusal of any Christian reader who may be in doubt or in trouble. Its forcible arguments and apt illustratons cannot be read without a consoling and inspiriting effect.

Bible and Prayer Union. The lessons for the ensuing week are the consecutive Psalms; that for to-morrow, Dec. 17, being Psalm 137. The following requests for prayer have been received: For a poor consumptive in the last stages of his disease, and who is unprepared for death—For God's blessing on united efforts now being made at Tower City, Pa., for the rescue of souls—From a subscriber who has long suffered from painful illness, that his faith may be so increased that he may trust the Lord only, for recovery, and that he may have health and strength to work in the cause of Christ—Also that two brothers may turn to Christ and be saved—For a church in Virginia now in a state of great spiritual torpor that both pastor and people may be quickened—For two Christian sisters, one of whom is heavily afflicted, that they may receive more grace—From a subscriber anxious to resume work in the mission field, who has been laid aside by disease of the lungs that, if God will, he may be healed, and blessed in his work.

Chang, the Chinese Giant, Who Has Been well known in Europe for years past, arrived in New York by the steamer City of Berlin on December 1st. His height has never been measured, as the Chinese have a superstition about being measured before they are dead and laid out for burial, but it s known to be about nine feet. A reporter of a daily paper, whose height is 6 feet 3 inches, called upon him and stood under his outstretched arm, but did not reach within two inches of it, although he had a high silk hat on. On board the steamer wo staterooms had to be made into one for his accommodation, and a berth eleven feet long specially built for him. He wears *a watch chain* nine feet ong round his massive neck and bulky shoulders. The presence of such a man should give people an dea of the armed warrior Goliath, whose height was "six cubits and a span," or nine feet and six r eight inches.

A Christian Lady Living near Raymond, Pa., described by one of our subscribers as an affectionate wife and mother, patient and hardworking, was very suddenly called away from this world n Thanksgiving Day. At nine o'clock on the revious evening she was knitting by herself, aparently in her usual health, her husband absent his work and her three children in bed. Then e was suddenly seized with a fit, which was reeated fifteen times during the night, and she died bout eight in the morning. The most painful oss in her life was said to be the rebellious disoedience of some of her children. Unless they are ast feeling altogether, those children must be painlly affected at thus losing their mother without a ance to ask her forgiveness and be reconciled her.

Lending a Pie to the Lord.—"Mother," said ohnny, "haven't you a pie that you would e to lend to the Lord?" "Why, Johnny, at do you mean?" she asked; for she ought at first it was a joke. "Don't you remember," said he, "that the Bible says, 'He at hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the ord?' (Prov. 19 : 17) I don't believe old tsy has had a pie for a long time, and I ought perhaps you would like to have me take e over to her; then you would be lending to e Lord, you know."

One of mother's best pies went to old Betsy, owing to the boy's practical view of an old t.

"Jack, will You Show Me the Line when cross it?" asked a boy who was on a voyage h his father to South America, and who ought it would be a fine thing to *see* the equaial line. "Oh, yes, my boy," answered the lor to whom he put the question. After a days the boy asked whether they had crossed line. The old tar said, "Yes, my lad." Why didn't you tell me and show it to me?" e sailor replied, "Oh, we always cross the line *the dark.*" This absurd answer would not absurd if applied to the man who drinks a ss of spirit occasionally, and thinks he can e up the practice whenever he likes. Some he may unconsciously *cross the line* where -restraint becomes impossible.

he Largest Counterfeit Capture ever Effect- vas made public last week. Much surprise was ifested that Brockway, the notorious forger, released by the judge of the Brooklyn court, is own recognizance, after pleading guilty to the ge of extensive forgeries. It appears that his ase was purchased by valuable revelations. kway, accompanied by several United States ers, went to Jamaica, L. I., and drove to the ds near Richmond Hill, previous to being set berty, and although the ground was covered snow, directed the officers where to dig for plates. Bond plates were dug up; they were d wrapped in tin-foil and covered with asphal- Next $45,700 in $100 bills was found. The age was sealed up in *a glass pickle-jar*. The -note plates were found near the same spot. nother place $4000 was found inclosed in a of lead pipe. Fibre-paper for printing banks was found sealed up in a lead case. Couplates, seals and numbers for notes, and other articles were also pointed out by Brockway, concealed near the Southern Railroad track.

In addition to surrendering the plates and money, Brockway has made a clean breast of his connection with the forgers.

A Fortune has Resulted from a Misfortune in Colorado. Albert Bristol, one of the wealthiest men in that State, recently related the circumstances which ultimately led to his acquiring his immense property. He is a native of Vermont, but he went to the Far West in the hope of improving his prospects. He was disappointed in his first efforts, and was wandering, weary and dispirited, on the plains near Fort Collins, when he was overtaken by one of the deadly north-eastern tornadoes, and in his imminent peril he sought shelter in a cattle-shed. There the proprietor found him, some hours afterward, nearly frozen to death. He was a generous man, and succored the poor wanderer and nursed him back to life. On his recovery Mr. Bristol entered the service of his preserver, and acted with so much fidelity and discretion that he was taken into partnership, and now owns more than *ten thousand sheep*, besides land. The condition of the wanderer when found in the cattle-shed was not more desperate than the spiritual state of some men who are now rejoicing in everlasting riches they have secured through Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

Mr. Moody's Work in San Francisco Commenced with an address in the First Congregational Church. "We have met," he said, "to pray, and consequently I shall not make a long address this evening; but I want to say that if all the Christian people who are here to-night will just, at the commencement of these meetings, *adopt one rule*, and carry it out all through these services, you will not be disappointed, I think, at the end. Let that rule be this: That you keep your heart open to receive all the good things that God wants to give you, and that you won't lock up the door of your heart and bolt it with prejudice, or scepticism."

The Semi-Millennial Celebration of the Translation of the Bible into the English language, held in New York on December 2d, was attended by a numerous body of distinguished men. Clergymen, statesmen, judges, and presidents of colleges united in doing honor to the noble reformer whom God raised up five hundred years ago to do the great work. Dr. Storrs in describing Wycliffe's work compared it to the building of the cathedral of Cologne, which has recently been completed, six centuries after its commencement. Dr. Storrs said: "I think the work we celebrate the nobler of the two. To us at least the voice of God becomes articulate through the Book; while the building only shows us the magnificent achievement of human genius, patience, and wealth, bringing to Him their unsurpassed tribute."

A Child's Gospel Message to her Sick Uncle was described at a recent meeting of the Norfolk County, Mass., Sunday-school Union. The child was only six years old. Her uncle was sick unto death. The little girl crept up to his bedside, put one little hand on the cheek of the sick man, and reaching up pressed her face to his and whispered, "Cast your sins on Jesus, the Spotless Lamb of God." He burst into tears. The little girl went about her play, not telling any one that she had been in the room. His mental anguish was as great as his bodily suffering. All through the night he lay praying for mercy and forgiveness. The next day the little messenger again went to the sick man, and whispered, with winning tenderness, "Did you do as I told you, Uncle William?" "Yes, I did, I did! He has washed away my sins."

Among the Instances of Immorality which the depraved Mormon system encourages is one that occurred only a few weeks ago. A man in Nevada holding a fair position in society lost his wife by death. The widower, after a short interval, conceived a wicked passion for the four sisters of his deceased wife. He took them all to Salt Lake and married them. Thus the laws of God as well as those of the United States are openly defied in the modern Sodom.

THE BELIEVER CATECHISED.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

"Believest thou this?"—John 11 : 26.

A Key for all God's Locks—Often Unemployed—Through Ignorance—Through want of Appreciation—The Saviour's Searching Question: "Believest thou this?"—I. This Particular Doctrine?—A General Faith Defective—Unused Faith like a Sluggard's Farm—Stages of Martha's Faith—II. This Distinct Doctrine?—A Collier's Comprehensive Faith—A Faith fit for Idiots—Definite Faith Necessary for Comfort—III. This Difficult Truth?—An Old Woman's Capacity of Faith—IV. This Truth Connected with Jesus?—V This Truth Applicable to Personal and Presents Needs—VI. This Practical Truth?—Bed-ridden Truths—Answers to Prayer not Wonderful.

THE Saviour said to Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. *Believest thou this?*"

When believers are sorrowful they may be assured that a consolation is provided exactly adapted to their cases. *For every lock that God has made He has provided a key.* As every blade of grass has its own drop, so every grief has its comfort. I doubt not that for every pain which racks this mortal frame there is an anodyne among the herbs of the field, and for every disease there is a remedy in God's wondrous laboratory if we could but find it. As for us who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, we may rest assured that if we are borne down by excessive sorrow it is almost always our own fault, and arises from a defect in our faith; for if our faith were as strong as it ought to be we should "take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, and in distresses, for Christ's sake"; we should find that as our tribulations abounded so would our consolations also abound by Christ Jesus.

It will be well, therefore, when we are greatly distressed, not so much to look to the apparent cause of the present trouble as at the condition of our own hearts; it will be wise to inquire wherein our faith is wanting, and what it may be which prevents our laying hold upon the comfort provided for the present distress. It frequently happens that our faith is defective because of slender knowledge. *A man cannot believe what he does not know.* My dear, tried friend, there is a promise in the Scriptures which would exactly meet your case, and if grasped by faith it would immediately cheer you, and you know nothing of its efficacy because you may never yet have read it, or, having read it, you may never have paused over it and considered its meaning, and so you are needlessly distressed; for your relief lies close at hand, and is easy of application.

It may be that as yet you have not learned the whole

CIRCLE OF GOSPEL DOCTRINES,

and this also deprives you of comfort. You have laid hold upon the vital and saving part of revelation, but the strengthening and exhilarating part of it you know not. You have fed on the necessary bread of Christ's house, but not upon the luscious fruits of His garden.

Faith may be defective through ignorance, and it may also be defective through *a want of appreciation* of the person of Christ. It was so in Martha's case; she did not know enough about her Lord to perceive His power to meet her sorrow. The apostle Paul says, in the passage which I just now quoted, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," as if the knowledge of Jesus were indeed the most important knowledge which a believer can obtain, and so it is. If we are but half instructed as to our Lord we shall be but *half comforted*.

It is not to be supposed that every true believer in Christ is assuredly a perfect believer. Martha truly believed in Jesus, but she did not perfectly believe in Him. I do not know how many here have, or *think they have*, perfect faith; such good people will get very little from the discourse of this morning; but then, happily, they do not need it. Those of us who have an imperfect faith—and I suspect that this would describe most of us—may gather instruction from the Saviour's question to Martha: "Believest thou this?" May the Holy Spirit cause it to be so.

I. Our first head will be:

BELIEVEST THOU THIS

particular doctrine? I will not just now suggest any one doctrine above another, but merely advise your putting the question about every revealed truth. You, who are believers, have faith in the Scriptures in general; you can boldly declare that from the first word of Genesis to the last word of the Revelation, you believe all that is written in the inspired volume. Now the point is to take out of this general mass of things believed, or supposed to be believed, each one separate item, and look it over in detail, and then say with your heart and conscience, "I believe this."

It is easy *to talk in the gross*, and it is very easy to think that we have a vast amount of faith, and yet we may have little or none worth having. We may fancy that we embrace within our arms the whole of revealed truth, and yet when we come to a quiet examination of our soul we may find that much is slipping away from us by a process of *questioning and doubt* which we hardly dare acknowledge. Things believed and never used are like *a sluggard's farm* which lies fallow, and is never tilled; we hardly call such ground a farm, and can we call such belief real faith? Why, some truths taught in the Word are not even known by numbers of professors, and we cannot believe what we do not know. If we do not see the surface meaning, which is within our reach, we cannot be said to believe in any real sense.

Martha, when our Saviour questioned her, had already expressed her faith in certain great truths. She said, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died"; she believed in the Saviour's power to heal the sick. She believed that so long as her brother yet breathed, the power of Christ could have kept him alive; for she was convinced that Jesus was master of disease, and could restore the suffering to health. This was something worthy of her faith, but it was not enough. Our Lord set a further fact before her, and asked, "Believest thou *this?*" It is for us to grow in knowledge, and to exercise faith in proportion as we do so.

Next, Martha believed that though her brother was dead, such was the efficacy of Christ's prayer that He could do something, she does not quite say what, to comfort the bereaved—"I know, that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee." She had faith in our Lord's prevalence with God in prayer, and that to an unlimited degree. She believed in Jesus as a mighty intercessor, one who had but to speak with the Most High and His request would surely be answered; this is a very commendable measure of faith; I wish that we all had as much. So much faith was something admirable, but it was not enough for her present comfort, and therefore Jesus puts before her a fact even more honorable to Himself, and then adds, "Believest thou *this?*"

I would to God, dear friends, that all of us who call ourselves Christians would every now and then go over the Bible, and rehearse the great doctrines in order before our minds; stopping over each one of them, and saying to your heart and mind, "Believest thou this?" Take, for instance, that great and earliest of doctrines, the election of grace, "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son." Pause over this and other similar texts, and consider their evident meaning, and then say to your own hearts, "Believest thou *this?*"

Some believers in Christ do not attempt to accept this doctrine, but even call it horrible, and others speak of it as so mysterious and unpractical that it is not to be preached in public. I would invite such honestly to look the doctrine in the face, and see whether they do believe it or no; for if they do not, they may as well take a pen and cross out of the Word of God all passages which plainly teach it. They would not like to do this, and yet they do that which amounts to the same thing. When a man is afraid of a doctrine, or ashamed of it, he has grave cause to suspect that he does not believe it.

Take another grand truth: "A man is justified by faith, and not by the works of the law." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." "He that believeth in Him is not condemned." The perfect pardon of the believer, the complete justifying power of the righteousness of Christ to them that believe, is plainly taught in the Bible—"Believest thou *this?*" If thou dost, why dost thou go every day and perpetually call thyself a "miserable sinner," when thou art so no longer, but a blood-washed saint, and a happy child of God?

It may be that brethren will say of a certain truth that this is a high doctrine, or a mysterious doctrine, which seems almost too good to be true; but all this is wide of the mark. The one question is—Is it revealed? "King Agrippa," said Paul, "Believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." So would I say to each one of you—If you believe the prophets and the apostles, why do you not believe one by one those great truths which God has spoken by them? And if you believe them to be revealed, how dare you cast a slur upon them, as being this, that, and the other?

How this inquiry, well managed and pressed home, will enlarge the range of faith! How will it strengthen its grasp and hand-hold! How rich would our souls become! Search the Scriptures and take the teaching of the Word of God in detail, line by line, and word by word, and say to your soul, "Believest thou this?" Ask for an anointing from the Holy One that you may know all things and understand with all saints what are the heights and depths, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. There will be profit connected with this our first point if each one will conscientiously catechise his mind and say, "Believest thou this particular doctrine of the Word?"

II. Our next division shall be briefly handled. *Believest thou*

THIS DISTINCT DOCTRINE?

I find, and especially among members of certain churches, *great cloudiness* as to their faith. I would not judge severely, but I notice that those converted persons who come to us from certain quarters, which I will not now name, believe the gospel, but it is too much after the manner of *the collier in the old story*. When he was asked, "What do you believe?" He answered, "I believe as the Church believes." He was then questioned, "But what does the Church believe?" He replied, "The Church believes what I believe." Being further asked, "And what do you and the Church believe?" he answered, "We both believe the same thing." There was no getting further with him. Is not this kind of faith common enough at this day? Many who are called Christians have this blind faith and little more.

This doting faith in you know not what *is fitter for idiots* than rational beings. Let those delight in it who are of slavish mind, or too idle to think for themselves; as for us, so long as we have eyes we shall not yield to walk blindfolded. We like a man to do his own thinking. *Put your garments out to wash*, if you please; but your thinking you should do at home. There is no reaching the land of truth unless you will work your passage by thinking over the teaching of the Lord. What *I* tell you, you may believe or not at your pleasure; but I beseech you do not accept it for any other reason than that in your own judgment it is in accordance with the mind of God as unveiled in holy Writ. The Church of Rome says, "Yield an implicit faith to the church"—this is a fine platform for priestcraft, and you see through the scheme in a minute; but we say the very reverse, and charge you not to believe a single word that any one of us, or all of us put together shall say to you if it be contrary to the Word of God.

Our Saviour puts a certain truth before Martha in distinct terms; He left the general haze of the resurrection in which she believed, and said, "I who stand before you am the resurrection and the life. Believest thou *this?*" Do you believe the doctrine put in this clear form and shape? He gave her *crisp, sharp, definite teaching*, and said, "Believest thou *this?*" He brought before her mental vision, not an impalpable, shadowy image and spectre of truth, but a solid, substantial statement that He Himself was the resurrection and the life, raising those who believe in Him from the dead, and keeping in life those who, being alive, believe in Him; and then He demanded: "Believest thou this?"

A great many persons see doctrines in a kind of dim, hazy light, and in that

"DARKNESS VISIBLE"

they exercise a sort of faith, but they will never get comfort out of truth in that fashion. We must believe revealed truth as we see it, in its own clear, well defined, and accurate form as Scripture shows it. For instance, the doctrine of the atonement is robbed of half its delight if indistinctly stated. Thousands of Christians believe in a kind of atonement, a means of reconciliation, a sort of propitiation made by Christ, which in some way or other brings us to God; but, beloved, I would have you believe that "He His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Believest thou this?

Read the 53d of Isaiah, in which you have substitution set forth most clearly. Yes, read the chapter through and pause over such a verse as the eleventh, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied; by His knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for He shall bear their iniquities." And then put it to yourself: "Believest thou *this?* The very life and soul and sweetness of atonement will be found in the substitution of the innocent Saviour for the guilty sinner in the actual bearing of the penalty of sin, the real payment of the debt; for then I know that I am clear, because He, in my stead, has vindicated justice, honored the law, and glorified God. Believest thou this? Have a quick and true answer to the question "Believest thou this distinct and clear truth?" Answer, "Yea, Lord."

III. We will now go a little further, in the third place, to ask, "*Believest thou*

THIS DIFFICULT TRUTH?"

Certain truths are hard to grasp. There are points about them which almost stagger faith till faith rises to her true character, and is no longer dwarfed into carnal reasoning; but these difficult things are to be believed. It was not easy for Martha to understand how the Lord Jesus could himself be the resurrection and the life, and yet her brother was dead. It was not an easy truth for her to believe, for it is not easy for us.

But, my brethren, when we become Christians we cease to consider difficulties of belief, for we take the Scriptures upon divine authority and submit ourselves implicity to their teaching. At any rate, I have done so. What the Church is to the Romanists, that the Bible and the Holy Spirit are to me. This done, no difficulty remains one half so great as those which I have surmounted. I believed, first of all, that God was in Christ, that He who made the heavens and the earth came down below and took upon Himself human nature, was born at Bethlehem, was cradled in a manger, and did suck His nourishment from a woman's breast: after having believed that *I can believe anything*. An incarnate God once accepted, no difficulty need stagger my faith.

Martha's speech—"I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world"—proved her readiness to believe all else that Jesus might teach. The incarnation, to begin with, without believing which a man can be no Christian at all, is so profound a mystery that other teachings are simple in its presence. "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." Once rejoice in the light of this which is the very day-star of hope to us, that God has taken into union with Himself our human nature, and you are ready for all light.

Only let me know that God says anything is true, that is enough for me. I do not quite join with the poor old woman in her words, but I agree with her spirit, who put her implicit faith in Scripture in the most unguarded way. When some one ridiculed her for believing that the whale swallowed Jonah, "Dear," said she, "if the Word of God had said that *Jonah swallowed the whale* I should have believed it." Brethren, prostrate yourselves before the utterance of God. Not before man's dictum or dogma, not before the utterance of priest, presbyter, pastor, or philosopher, but before God, who cannot err, we prostrate our souls.

Believest thou this, then? This difficult truth? I put this very earnestly to some of you, because it may be that at this moment you are in trouble from want of faith in a promise or a doctrine which seems hard to you. You have a promise, "When thou passest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Believest thou *this*, though all things appear to be consumed in the heat of thy affliction? It may be that you are under a peculiar cloud and dense gloom, and yet Jesus declares, "I am the light of the world, he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life"; and, again, "Whosoever believeth Me shall not abide in darkness." Believest thou this?

Canst thou laugh at impossibility, and say it shall be done, for God hath said it? Knowest thou not that things impossible with men are possible with God? Can thy faith leap over the head of carnal reason? Can present circumstances and the deductions of thine own judgment all be waved aside by the left hand as thou sayest, "Let God be true and every man a liar?" If so, thou hast the faith which will comfort and bless thee, but if not, like Martha, thou wilt be bowed down with sorrow, since thou hast not yet believed the truth which can cheer thee.

IV. Fourthly, to pass on: "Believest thou *this?*" that is, *Believest thou*

THIS TRUTH AS IT STANDS CONNECTED WITH JESUS?

I called your attention just now to the fact that Martha believed that there would be a resurrection. "Ay," saith Christ, "but I am the resurrection; believest thou this?" Now it is one thing to believe doctrine, but it is another thing to believe that doctrine as it is embodied in the person of Jesus Christ. "Believest thou *this?*" There the comfort lies: in believing the truth as you find it in Him who is the truth.

Martha was called upon to believe first in Christ's personal power. "The dead will rise." "True, Martha; but dost thou believe that *I* shall make them rise, that it is through Me the dead shall live? Yea, that I am the life and resurrection. Dost thou believe that?" She was to believe, moreover, in His present power. Mark that. "Even now," said Jesus, "*I am* the resurrection and the life; he that liveth and believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die." It is one thing to believe that Jesus *will* have power, at the last day, to raise the dead; but do we believe that He is even *now* the resurrection and the life?

Moreover, she was called on to believe in the nion of Christ with His people; that they are so ne with Him, that they are partakers of His life, hat if they should come under the power of death hey should be delivered out of it; and that being ut of the power of death they shall never come nder it: in Christ the dead shall live, the living hall not die. "Oh," saith one, "but I myself o not comprehend this, for I see good people ie." Yes, you see what you think is death; but hey do not truly die, they rise into a higher life. hat which is the essence of death never touches elievers—they "depart out of the world unto the ather"; they go "to be with Christ, which is far etter," but they do not *die*. Believest thou *this?* Come now, let us each say, do I really believe at Christ Jesus has all power in heaven and in rth? Do I worship Him as God over all, blessed rever? Able to do exceeding abundantly above l that I ask or even think? And when I come in ayer before God do I so believe in Christ that I member His promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask e Father in My name *I* will give it you"; not e Father, but *I*. Even Christ himself will give u all things. Have you such a notion and idea your Lord that you know that *He* can do all ings for you now, and that in answer to your ayer *He* can grant you any blessing and save you t of any trouble and every trouble: believest ou *this?*

V. We must now pass on to a fifth head. Believest thou this?—that is to say, *Believest thou*

THIS TRUTH WHICH IS APPLICABLE TO THYSELF NOW?

That was the point with Martha, and this was the place wherein she fell short. She believed that all would rise. But Jesus virtually says—"Believest thou that I am the resurrection and the life, because if it be so, I am able to raise thy brother at once. Believest thou this?" Now, observe, that we sometimes receive great truths and yet we are staggered by lesser truths, because, it may be, the great truth has no practical bearing upon us just now, while the present truth, though it be somewhat less in other respects, has a greater practical bearing upon ourselves and our condition. We doubt the promise most necessary to our comfort.

For look, she believes that all will rise; well, then, it was a much smaller thing to believe that one would rise. She doubts whether Lazarus can rise because he is in the grave, yet she believes that millions upon millions will rise from the ground. Doubtless that was because of the distance of the time and the scene. Some such feeling must have operated on her mind, for the general resurrection is *the greater difficulty*.

I beg you to see whether you are not often walking in the same path. Yonder is a poor soul who believes that Jesus Christ can wash away all sin. Now, my dear friend, dost thou believe that He can wash thy sin away? That is the point, because all the sins of millions are much greater than thine can be, and if Jesus can take away the sin of so many, surely He can take away thine. Believest thou this? Wilt thou come and trust Him for thyself? And thou, Christian, thou believest in general that all things work together for good to those who love God; dost thou believe that all thy ills, little and great, are working good for thee? Will

THAT TOOTH-ACHE

of thine work for thy good? Dost thou believe that yesterday's bad debt will work for good? Dost thou believe that the death of thy child will work for good? You know it must be easier to believe that the events of one day will work for good than to believe that all things in the world throughout life will do so; and yet it may be you are staggered at your present trials, and you confess your misgivings.

Have you faith in everything but that which would comfort you? Have you everything but the special requirement of the hour? How odd! How sad! The carpenter needs to drive a nail, and he has all his tools with him except his hammer! What is he to do? What is the good of all his other tools? If you can believe everything except the truth which would cheer you at this present moment, you are depriving yourself of comfort and strength. Believest thou this present promise, given for this very day? The Lord hath said "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Believest thou *this?* "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Believest thou *this?*

VI. The last point shall be this: *Believest thou*

THIS PRACTICAL TRUTH?

Martha said that she believed it; but her after acts did not prove it. She comprehended the belief in the Lord's Word in her declaration, "Yea, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." But yet she did not believe so as to act on the belief. Coleridge says, "Truths, of all others, the most awful and mysterious, and at the same time of universal interest, are too often considered as so true, that they lose all the power of truth, and *lie bedridden* in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors."

How true is the remark, Do you not know people who are better than their creed? Why is that? Why, for the very same reason that many people are worse than their creed, because their creed is asleep, and is not operating upon them: they believe as though they did not believe. This is a poor imitation of faith. There is at this moment *a house on fire* in London. I will suppose that I know the fact, and tell you of it, and you believe it. But what do you care? Not one of you stirs. Ay, but if you saw the engine hurrying along the street and believed that your own house was blazing, I warrant you you would bestir yourselves. Your belief would come a little more home to you as your own concern. So there are certain truths which do not seem to concern us to any high degree, at least for the present. They are true and important, but they operate no more upon us than if they were fictions.

Martha says she believes in Jesus as the resurrection and the life; yet what is her action? Christ commands the bystanders to take away the stone from the sepulchre, and she interposes with her cry, "Lord, by this time he stinketh!" She fears the obnoxious consequences of uncovering such a mass of corruption, though He who is the resurrection and the life stands at the grave's mouth. Ah! Martha, where is thy faith in Him? Dear heart, she says that she believes in Jesus as the resurrection and the life, and yet she is afraid that her brother will not rise though the Mighty One stands there to raise him. Is she not just like you and me? We believe that God hears prayer, and therefore we pray; but if the Lord desires to surprise us He has only to answer our requests.

I have seen God's children running with vast astonishment to tell their friends, "*Here is a wonderful thing!* Oh, such

A MARVELLOUS EVENT

has happened to me! I offered a prayer and God has heard me." An amazing thing that God should do as He said He would! They put these things in books as marvels, and call the volume, "*Remarkable* Answers to Prayer." Dear me, is it remarkable that it is cold when it freezes? Do we speak of the remarkable warmth of the sun's beams at midsummer? Is it remarkable that the fires in our houses should warm us when we put our hands to them? Is he a remarkable God because He says He will hear prayer and does it? An answer to prayer should be remembered with gratitude, and yet it should be regarded as the most natural thing in all the world that our heavenly Father should fulfil His promises to His children. It is a great wonder that God should promise, but not a wonder that He should perform. It is marvellous that God should promise to hear prayer, but *no wonder at all* that when He has promised to do so He is as good as His word.

Brethren, we are to a great degree unpractical in other respects also, and we may take up many and many a truth that we do not act upon and say to our heart, "Believest thou *this?*" Might I not step outside the door this morning, and putting my hand upon a fainting believer as he left the house say, "Believest thou thy God?" Thou sayest, "I am so faint in spirit that I shall utterly fall and perish at the last." But the Lord hath said, "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." Believest thou *this?* I might go to another who is sighing and crying because of his poverty, and say to him "God hath said, 'No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.' Believest thou *this?*" What would the complainer say?

My brethren, let us, then, go over these matters with our souls. We call ourselves believers, but are we believers at all? If it be so that one after another we doubt the precious things of God when they come before us in detail, where is our faith? Let us entreat our God to grant us grace that we may put our finger on this doctrine, on that promise, and on the other assurance, and say of each one, "Lord, I believe *this*, and I believe *this*, and I believe *this:* for I believe whatsoever thou sayest in Thy Word, and I know that it shall be even as thou hast told me." God bless you, beloved, and be ever with you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read Before the Sermon
John 11 : 1-46].

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

UNCLE ROBERT'S HAMPER.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas eve. The air was so frosty and keen that the good folks of Beveril might well move quickly. It was no time to stand still, when the thermometer was at freezing point. And considering that everybody felt alike the imperative need of rapid motion, that there was a large number of people abroad, and that the horses, of which there was a goodly number too, held precisely the same views as their masters (to judge by their movements), a scene of considerable life was presented to the eye at this particular time and place. Packages and hampers of all shapes and sizes were lying about; messengers, little and big, were laden to the utmost of their physical capacity; and carts and carriages rolled about in all directions.

As we are concerned with the fate of but one hamper out of the great multitude, we will dismiss all the others once and forever, and keeping our eye upon this, follow it to its destination. It was one of those exceedingly interesting hampers whose contents are generally as acceptable as they are mysterious. When it is set down at the door, and we catch sight of the straw packing, as it is just ever so slightly presented to our view, we feel a wonderful little throb of happy expectation, and are quite confident we shall find it worth the opening.

As to the contents of this particular hamper, we must stifle our curiosity until it is opened in a proper and lawful manner by the person to whom it is addressed:

"JAMES GREX, Esq.,
"Aston House,
"Beveril.
"This side up. With Care."

Up drives the railway cart to the above-named house. Down jumps the driver; and in a very few minutes the hamper is laid down in the hall, and opened. How the little Grexes did stare, to be sure! How the bigger Grexes tried to look indifferent, and failed! How the biggest Grexes of all held up to the delighted view of the curious circle each article as it was taken out, until there was nothing left!

"Nothing," did I say? so the eldest Grexes thought and said. But one small, sharp boy, with a talent for discovery, managed, by much groping and at the cost of many pricks, to pull out of its hiding-place a bottle. It was a black bottle, very cobwebby and dirty. It seemed for all the world like a castaway bottle, which had been lying in some out-of-the way corner for a very long time, and had been picked out again to help to fill up the hamper and keep the things from shaking against each other. The little Grexes were disgusted beyond measure with it at first. But their feelings veered quite round when they heard their father say,

"Why, if Uncle Robert hasn't sent us a bottle of his old port! How good of him! It's worth I don't know how many pounds a bottle."

The dirty black bottle became from that moment the most interesting and delightful of all the hamper's contents.

Christmas day soon came. There were a good many empty pews in the parish church that day; but the Grex's pew was full from one end to the other. And a very earnest sermon did they hear about the Lord Jesus and His great love; and how God's own Son took the form of a little baby, and was born in a stable because there was no room for Him in the inn; and how the shepherds heard the song of the angels when they were watching in their fields by night, and what the song was.

I feel bound, however, to state, that when the younger Grexes were asked to give an account of the sermon, or at least to repeat the text, they failed most miserably, and were obliged to confess that their thoughts were hovering over the good things coming, and especially over a certain black bottle and its contents.

How the Christmas dinner passed off, and how the sharp appetites, young and old, did ample justice to the liberal spread, and how at last the youngest Grexes were obliged to give in, I have not space to tell. Let us rather leap on to the arrival of the eagerly looked-for treat of the old port which Uncle Robert had sent. At the proper time the black bottle was produced, and the glasses were well filled. Mr. Grex held up his glass to the light, and remarked approvingly on its mellowness and richness of color, and the effect of time on good wines.

And then, in order to give moral elevation to the young minds surrounding him, remarked that good people grew mellow too with time, and expressed his most earnest desire that they all would find it so in their own experience. And then, as a special favor, and because it was Christmas time, or to point his moral the better, or, perhaps, because his heart was benevolently disposed, he poured out another glass for each.

They had just come to the bottom of the black bottle when there came a sound of voices from the street—the voices of men singing. They were singing "Hark! the herald angels sing." They were not singing it well. They were not singing in tune. And when one of the little Grexes looked out of the window she brought back the report that one of the men did not seem to be singing at all, and that he was leaning against the gate as though he were ill, and that two or three of the others looked as if *they* ought to lean against the gate too, for they could only stand upright with a great effort. She expressed her wonder at it, and her sympathy as well, and wished she had kept her last glass of the old port wine for them.

Mr. Grex, somewhat surprised at her statement, came also to the window. He soon turned away. It was with such a sad, shocked face that he returned, that Mrs. Grex asked him the reason of it. He told her that nearly all the singers were the worse for drink, and that the one leaning against the gate had the top of a black bottle sticking out of his pocket. Ringing the bell he told the servant to order the men to move off, which, after some grumbling and a demand for drink, they did.

Now it was the custom of the Grexes on Christmas day to send to some of the poor near them a supply of good things from their own table. And as the gifts were more appreciated when brought by the master of the house, he was in the habit of going himself, where it was possible. So, ordering a basket to be made up, and assuring the family circle of his speedy return, he departed on his charitable errand.

An hour and a half passed away before he returned; and this was so long a time that Mrs. Grex began to feel uneasy. She looked at her watch again and again, and was constantly going to the window, or sending one of the children, to see if their father were coming. She was afraid that something might have happened to him. At last his well-known step was heard, and soon he was with them again.

If he looked sad when he returned from the sight of the drunken choristers, he looked sadder than ever now. An expression of extreme pain was stamped upon his face. He went silently to his place in the corner and sat down, and for a few minutes looked intently at the fire. For a lively, cheery man like Mr. Grex there was something very extraordinary in this behavior. No one, however, asked him why he looked so, though all were wondering. Mrs. Grex began very wisely to talk on another subject altogether.

At last he turned to the subject himself. He began in a strange and almost a startling way. Rising up, and going to the table, he grasped the empty black bottle, and deliberately laid it down on the hearth-rug in the midst of the whole circle. Having done which, and returned to his seat, he said, looking around upon them all,

"You have all noticed my sadness and depression. I feel more even than my looks show. And now I want to tell you why. You know I've just been to old Widow Suggins. She lives at the top of the house, and as no one came to the front door when I knocked, I was obliged to go up to her. There were three families in the house besides the widow herself. I had to pass all their doors on the way up. As they were partly open, I was able to look in, and see how they were spending their Christmas.

"The first room I came to was that of an old man and his older wife. Indeed, they were both so old that they seemed to be on the very margin of the grave. Surprised to hear no voices within, I looked more intently, and at last went in.

"What I witnessed I hope I shall never see again. They lay both of them on the floor before their extinguished fire. They were silent, I found, because they were both stupefied with drink. There they lay, moving neither hand nor foot. As I looked upon their white hair and shrivelled faces, my blood grew cold in my veins, for I thought of the very few days which remained for them on earth, and of the awful way in which they were spending them. I thought, if no drunkard can enter into the kingdom of heaven, what must be the awful fate of this hoary old couple!

"There was a black bottle on the table, not unlike this one at our feet. I took it up, and found it, as I expected, drained to the very dregs. Some one, apparently, had made them a present of it, thinking to cheer their old hearts, and help them to spend a merry Christmas. They had consumed it in honor of the giver, and stupefied themselves with drinking his health. I lifted them both up, placed them on their bed, and then left them. Who would not be saddened at such a sight as that?

"The next room I came to presented a very different view to my eyes. There was as happy a family circle as ours. A capital fire was burning in the grate, and on the top of all was a great log, which crackled and blazed away most cheeriily. The faces around it literally shone with happiness. On the table there were but few Christmas delicacies—a few oranges and nuts—but they were as much pleased as we were just now, and seemed to enjoy their fare quite as much.

"I was attracted to the room by the sound of singing. And I found, when I was near enough to catch the words, that they were singing a hymn together. It was the very same one that the drunken men tried to sing just now outside our gates. They made sweeter music by far. One omission, for the first time in my life, I was glad to see. There was no bottle on the table, black or white. At the conclusion of their hymn I took the liberty of knocking, and their welcome was both prompt and hearty. The husband told me that they were all teetotalers, and took no strong drink of any sort. Last Christmas, he said, however, was spent in a very different way. His wife was appealed to in proof of this, and even the children looked assent. She said:

"'My husband was out all Christmas day last year, rambling from one public house to the other, and I was going after him trying to get him home and keep him out of mischief. We had no fire in the grate then, and not a single scrap of anything on the table to eat. All the money was spent on drink. And it was the same for a good many Christmas days before that too. It was about nine months ago that he signed the pledge, and since then he hasn't touched a drop of strong drink. We have never spent such a happy Christmas day since we were married.'

"Then said the husband, 'I don't care for the public house a bit now. I'd rather stay here and sing hymns with my wife and little 'uns, about the blessed Lord who died for our sins, and made Himself poor that we might be rich. Ah! to think of the Lord loving a poor drunkard of the likes of me, and putting it into my heart to give up the drink, and giving me the strength to do it; and then leading me on further still to the cross, and teaching me that my sin was all nailed and put away there.

"'I believe, sir,' he added, striking his great hand down upon the table, 'that the blessed Lord died for me, and for my wife, and for my children, and I do trust in His merits with all this 'ere heart of mine. And so do my wife, too, thank God. And we're trying to teach the little 'uns to trust the Lord Jesus too.'

"I told him how glad I was that they were spending such a happy Christmas day, and kneeling down with them, I offered up a prayer to Him who had done it all. Then shaking them all by the hand I left them.

THE MENACING COMET AND THE BURNING OF THE EARTH.

By Mr. R. A. Proctor, the Astronomer.

The Comet Visible in Australia—Possibility of Collision with the Sun—Consequent Increase of Solar Heat—Identifying the Comet—A London Astronomer's Opinion—Sir Isaac Newton's Theory—The Meteoric Mass of a Comet—The Ultimate Collision Certain—Changes in Another Stellar System—The Sun might Afterward Resume its Ordinary Influences.

THE menacing comet is the one recently visible, in 1880, in the Australian heavens, and which is one of the most interesting comets ever seen by man. Views respecting it, not by fanciful theorizers, but by mathematicians of eminence by no means prone to adopt wild and startling ideas, suggest the possibility—nay even some degree of probability that this comet may bring danger to the solar system. Like the comet of 1843, it passed within about one hundred and ninety thousand miles from the solar surface, and on a path very similar to that pursued by the comet of 1843 while in the neighborhood of the sun. The comet of 1880 is, in fact, identical with that of 1843, but its period is diminishing rapidly, so that at an early date *it may fall into the sun*, with this alarming immediate result—that *all the higher forms of life at least will be destroyed* off the surface of the earth.

The idea that the comet of 1880 may be identical not only with that of 1843, but with that of 1668, the period having been reduced from 175 years to 37, was suggested at the Astronomical Society last April by Mr. Marth, a mathematician of great skill, and well known for the zeal with which he attacks problems relating to the movements of the satellites of Saturn and Mars. He says: "Supposing the comet of 1843 is the same as that of 1668, it would not be very wonderful that it should reappear after 37 years instead of 175 years. The velocity of a body moving in the solar system depends simply on its distance from the sun and on the period of revolution. If the velocity is reduced by a resisting medium, there will be a reduction of the period, and there is nothing whatever unreasonable in the supposition that, however weak the corona may be, its resistance would have a very great effect upon the motion of a comet which rushes through it; so that I should not be at all surprised if it should turn out that this comet of 1880 is the same as the comet of 1843 and that of 1668, and that its revolution has been so much affected that possibly it may return in, say 17 years."

Now if this theory of Mr. Marth regarding the comet of the present year be the true one, we are somewhat more nearly interested in the matter than we are in most theories respecting comets. If already the comet experiences such resistances in passing through the corona when at its nearest to the sun that its period undergoes a marked diminution, the effect must of necessity be increased at each return, and after only a few—possibly one or two—circuits, the comet will be absorbed by the sun.

It will be remembered that SIR ISAAC NEWTON recognized the possibility that this might happen o a comet having such an orbit as that of the comet of 1680 (generally known as Newton's comet), and that he considered the consequences might be full of danger to this earth. Yet he only welt on the danger arising, as he judged, from he addition of so much *fuel to the solar fires.* We know now that the real danger lies not from he absorption of so much matter as may exist in comet's head and nucleus, but from the *conver-ion of the momentum* of the swiftly rushing mass f the comet *into heat*, the thermal equivalent of s mechanical energy. Now, at present, assuming the period of the comet to be thirty-seven ears, the velocity of the nucleus when nearest o the sun must exceed 300 miles per second. As to the mass of the comet's head we can form no opinion. But we know that the relatively insignificant comet of 1866, called *Temple's*, which required a telescope to make it visible, is followed by millions of millions of meteoric masses, and that when our earth passes through this system of meteors, though they enter her atmosphere with a velocity of only about 39 miles per second, they are converted into glowing vapor in their passage through it.

If we consider how far more densely aggregated the meteoric masses must be which form the nucleus, head, and train (not tail, *bien-entendu*) of the comet of 1843, how much larger the individual meteors, and that the velocity at the time of their final absorption could not be less than ten times that with which the November meteors enter the earth's atmosphere, it will be evident that *the danger of which Sir Isaac Newton spoke* so impressively in his celebrated letter is by no means altogether fanciful. I have, for my own part, been long of opinion that the periodical increase of such stars as Mira (the Wonderful Star) in the Whale, and Eta of the ship Argo, is due to the motion of some large comet followed by a meteoric train about these two stars.

I have indicated fully, in my "Pleasant Ways in Science," the reasons which induced me to believe that the outburst of the so-called "new star" in the Northern Crown in 1866 is to be similarly explained. Without saying that I consider there is absolute danger of a similar outburst in the case of our own sun, when the comet of 1843 shall be absorbed by him (a result which will, in my opinion, *most certainly take place*), I will go so far as to express my belief that *if ever the day is to come "when the heavens shall dissolve with fervent heat," the cause of the catastrophe will be the downfall of some great comet on the sun.*

I believe the passage even of the head of a comet over the earth would do comparatively little harm, for if the shower of meteoric masses were very dense, the meteors themselves being of the larger sort, and so able to break their way through the earth's atmosphere, the shower might kill a few of the earth's inhabitants, or even many hundreds. But there would be no widespread destruction of life. *But it would be altogether otherwise, I believe, if a comet of the larger sort fell into or were absorbed by the sun.*

The danger would lie in the sun's own might, not in the comet or its attendant train. The bodies forming the head, nucleus, and train of the comet would fall in immense numbers with enormous velocity, and each with mighty momentum on the sun's fiery surface. Possibly and in my opinion, *probably*, their most destructive work would be accomplished below that surface, under the still more stupendous attractive energy of that smaller because more condensed orb within, which I take to be the true ruling centre of the solar system. It might well be that the effects thus produced would be but transient. In a few weeks, possibly in a few days or even hours, the sun, excited for a while to intense heat and splendor, would resume his usual temperature, his usual lustre.

Such, indeed, was the nature of the change which affected the so-called "new star" in the Northern Crown. For a day or two it shone out with several hundred times its usual lustre, and doubtless it poured forth during those few days several hundred times its usual heat. Then gradually its fires cooled, its lustre diminished, and, after a few weeks had passed, it shone as it had shone before for hundreds of years, with the lustre of a ninth magnitude star only.

But it is certain that, if there are planets circling around that remote sun, and if the ordinary light and heat of that orb sufficed for the requirements of the inhabitants of those orbs, the abnormal light and heat during the outburst in 1866 must have destroyed all living creatures from the face of each one of those worlds. *It is equally certain that if at any time a great comet, falling directly upon the sun. should by the swift rush of its meteoric components, excite the flame of the sun to a lustre far exceeding that with which he at present shines, the sudden access of lustre and of heat would prove destructive to every living creature*, or at any rate to all the higher forms of life upon this earth. And though in a few days the sun might resume his ordinary lustre, and no longer glow with abnormal heat, he wouldpour his rays on a family of worlds in which *not one of the higher forms either of vegetable or animal life would remain in existence.*

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

By Mr. Thomas Cook, the English Excursion Manager.

I BEGAN in business as a cabinet-maker and turner. I had in my employ a youth in whom great interest was taken, and he was placed under my care in order that he might be well protected. He came to me at about the age of fourteen. He engaged the attention of the people where I then resided, as a singer, and interested them very much in various ways. After three or four years I found that he had been allured by bad company into the public house.

During that time I had become an abstainer. Singularly enough, the last barrel of beer we brewed was on the day on which I signed the total abstinence pledge; but what to do with the drink became a great difficulty. Well do I remember taking the last barrel of beer into the public yard, where there was a gutter, drawing the tap out of it, and letting it all run away. This lad was so vexed at this that he determined he would go and get more drink at the public house, and he did so. I felt very much concerned about him. On one bitterly cold February day, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, he had quarrelled with us about this drink. We always were saying we would not allow it. My wife was as good a teetotaler as myself, and perhaps something better. The boy declared he would go and enlist. I knew it would break his mother's heart if he did so. He left the house.

The next I heard of him was that he had found his mother's home, and that he had gone into a workshop in Derby. I could have called him back, but I was afraid to do so. I knew that if I demanded his return it might be his ruin, and, therefore, I let him stay under his mother's observation. He continued to drink for a considerable time.

One night there happened a serious and most interesting event. His mother in the night dreamed that he was sitting in a certain public house drinking. She got up, dressed herself, and went to the public house which had presented itself to her in her dream, and found him there at three o'clock in the morning. She called him out. The proprietor of the house attempted to repel her. She insisted upon it that she would have her son. She called him out, and he said, "Mother, mother! I shall have one day's drinking more, and then I will sign the teetotal pledge."

He did so. He kept his word. He became a consistent abstainer, and when, a short time after, I heard of him, he had joined the Baptist Church at Derby. The next I heard of him was that he was engaged in the advocacy of temperance in the villages. He was afterward engaged in going from place to place at greater distances and advocating the cause; and the next I heard of him was when I sent a letter to him—*to my dear brother, Simeon Smithard*, who was then at Derby, to ask him to go forth as a temperance advocate. He complied with the request, and for *thirty years* he labord in connection with the temperance cause. He was known in London; he was known throughout the country, and he was esteemed wherever he was known.

And Simeon Smithard, after more than thirty years' active labor in connection with this cause, at the commencement of 1878, suddenly passed away. He had lectured in the north, and the next morning got up suffering intensely from severe cold, and on that day he died. That incident alone would have made me a devoted adherent to the temperance cause, even if there had been no other reason.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page 799.*)

A New Life.

EVELYN for a few moments pondered my question. She apparently could not understand what the dying thief obtained by looking to Jesus. At last she said, "I don't know."

" Well," I answered, " my book puts it in this way. Both thieves deserved to go to hell because of their sins ; both of them before they were nailed to the cross had sin *in* them, for they both had sinful hearts ; they were born in sin, and they were both sinners. And they had also both of them sin *on* them, the burden and guilt and punishment of their sins resting on them ; they both must suffer the consequences of their sin—both must go to hell."

" Yes," she said, " I see that."

" But now let us look at them again some hours later. They have been nailed to the cross, and one thief has looked to Jesus, but the other thief has not. Just look at the three crosses now. First, here is the thief who would have nothing to do with Jesus. Has he still sin *in* him ?"

" Yes," she said.

" Has he still the guilt of sin resting *on* him ?"

" Yes, he is just as he was before."

" Now, then, look at the middle cross ; look at Jesus. Has He sin *in* Him ?"

" Oh, no," she said, " He never sinned ; He was quite holy."

" But was there no sin *on* Him ?" I said.

" Was there, May ?" she asked.

" Yes," I answered, " don't you remember it says, ' The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' It was not His own sin that was resting on Him, but ours."

" Oh, yes," she said, " I see what you mean."

" And now look at the third cross. There hangs the thief who has looked to Jesus. He still has sin *in* him ; till he gets to heaven, his heart will be sinful still. But he has no sin *on* him, for he has laid his sin on Jesus ; it is no longer resting on him : it is taken off him and put on to Jesus, and therefore this thief is saved. Now, do you see what looking to Jesus means ? It means that the thief looked to Jesus as the One who was being punished for his sin, and who was suffering in his place. Do you see ?"

" I think I do," said Evelyn.

" Well, all the people in the world die as one or other of those thieves died. All without exception die with sin in them, for the Bible tells us that ' If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves.' But those who look to Jesus as the One who has been punished in their place, though they have sin *in* them till they die, yet they have no sin *on* them, for the guilt and responsibility of their sins no longer rests on them, but on Jesus. You remember that hymn :

" ' I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.' "

" Yes," she said, " I like that hymn very much. I do wish I could do it, May ; do you think I can ?" she asked.

" I am sure of it, darling ; Jesus is willing, Jesus is longing for you to cast your sin upon Him. He says to you, ' Look unto me, as the One who died instead of you ; look unto me as the One who was punished in your place ; look unto me, and be ye saved.' "

" Oh, May, I should like to do it at once," she said.

So I went down-stairs and left her alone, and yet not alone.

I did not see Evelyn again till I went up-stairs to her room for luncheon. She was lying quietly on the sofa where I had left her, but she called me to her side and whispered, " Oh, May, I am so happy now. Sin is still in me, but no longer on me, for I have laid it on Jesus."

I need hardly say how very thankful I felt to God for answering my prayer. It seemed almost too good to be true. A blessing that we have been waiting for, anxiously longing and waiting for, is always of double value when it comes.

From that day I began, as it were, a new life in Alliston Hall. Before this Evelyn used to dislike and avoid any approach to what she considered " religious talk ;" but now her great delight was to read a chapter with me in the Bible, and to ask me questions about anything which she did not quite understand.

I shall never forget that summer ; it was a very peaceful and a very happy one. I had every reason to believe that Evelyn's heart was indeed changed. Every one noticed the difference in her, and many, who did not understand what is the power of the Holy Spirit in the heart, wondered what was the cause of it.

There was one who rejoiced in this change in Evelyn quite as much as I did, and that one was Miss Irvine. She spent nearly the whole summer at Alliston Hall, and Evelyn, instead of avoiding her company as she had so often done before, delighted to have her with her, that they might talk together about heavenly things.

Day by day Evelyn grew in grace, and seemed more anxious about the welfare of her own soul, and of the souls of those around her. She was much braver than I was, in speaking to others about their eternal welfare. I often felt ashamed of myself when she told me how she had spoken to Clemence, or to one of the other servants ; and she did it in such a simple, natural way, that it was always well received, and never gave offence.

But, though Evelyn was growing in grace day by day, she was not growing in bodily strength. Indeed, as the summer went on she seemed to get weaker instead of stronger. The trouble she had had about her cousin Donald had been so sudden and unexpected that she had not recovered from the effects of it.

Evelyn never, so far as I knew, mentioned her cousin's name in Sir William's presence, and only once did she name him to me, when she asked me if I knew whether anything had been heard of him ; but I noticed how anxiously she asked for the newspapers every day, and with what trembling fingers she turned over the pages. There had been an account of the affair in the *Times* the same week that it happened, and Evelyn was continually expecting to find that Mr. Trafford had been apprehended. But there was no further notice of it in the newspapers, and, one day, Sir William told me that his nephew had evidently made his escape to some foreign land, and he did not think that he would ever be heard of again.

As the summer passed away, and the days became shorter and the nights cooler, Evelyn became no stronger ; she had a very troublesome cough, which kept her awake at night, and she looked pale and fragile.

Sir William was very anxious about her, and had many consultations with the doctors, and at last it was agreed that the best thing possible for her would be to leave England for a time and to spend the winter abroad.

The doctors said that the warmer climate would be good for her health, and Sir William felt that the excitement and pleasure of travelling would turn her thoughts, more than anything else, from her trouble and disappointment.

" And where do you think we are going, May ?" said Evelyn, when she had told me with great joy what her father had decided.

" I do no know at all, Evelyn," I said ; " I thought perhaps it would be to Mentone, or perhaps somewhere in Italy."

" Oh, no," said Evelyn ; " nowhere so commonplace as that ! Guess again !"

But I could not guess, so she told me, with great delight, that Sir William's plan was to go down the Mediterranean to Egypt, and then, if Evelyn was well enough, to go on in the early spring to Jerusalem.

" To Jerusalem ! Oh, Evelyn," I said, " you will enjoy that."

" Yes, and so will you, May," she said. " I know how you long to go there ; I was quite as glad for you as for myself, when papa told me."

" Oh, Evelyn," I said, " do you mean to say that I am going too ? I never dreamt of that."

" Of course you are going," she said, indignantly. " Do you think I could do without you ? Oh, May, isn't it delightful !"

It seemed to me far too good and too wonderful to be true. To go to Jerusalem, the city which our Lord loved, and over which He wept ; to see the hill-sides where He so often sat, and to tread the mountain paths on which His feet had so often walked—this seemed far too great a joy ever to be mine.

But there was very little time to sit and dream over it, for we were plunged at once into all the bustle and confusion which a departure from home for a long time causes in large households as well as in small ones.

We were to start in three weeks' time, for Sir William was anxious that we should get the sea-voyage over before the weather became colder and more unsettled. He very kindly gave me leave to go to the Manor House at Branston for a few days, that I might say good-by to my little sister before being parted from her for so long. I should never have thought of asking for a holiday at this busy time, but Sir William proposed it himself, and was good enough to say, when I began to suggest difficulties, that he should insist upon my going whether I liked it or not.

It was indeed a pleasure for me to see my dea little Maggie again, and the three sisters wer kindness itself to me. But they did not at all lik the idea of my going to Jerusalem ; indeed, at firs they even wanted me to throw up my situatio because of having to go abroad. However, whe they saw that it was of no use trying to persuad me to do this, and that I was looking forward t the proposed journey as to a most delightful an pleasant thing, they all united in trying to warn m of the consequences. Miss Jane had a very ancient book, describing the adventures and narro escapes of some travellers in Palestine many year ago, and she brought this book out from her book case, and read all the most alarming passages fo my edification, till poor Maggie was quite frigh ened, and clung to me, and said she would neve let me go.

I assured them that travelling in Palestine twent years ago was a very different thing, and that no the dangers were much less, and the difficulti not nearly so numerous. But Miss Jane did nothing but shake her head mournfully, and said sh should indeed be thankful if I came back alive while Miss Hannah and Miss Louisa actually she tears at the bare thought of the perils I was abo to undergo. However, I comforted them by promising them to write often, and I told them that would give them an account of all my adventure though I did not think they would be so excitin or remarkable as those of the gentlemen in Mi Jane's book.

When I returned to Alliston Hall I found th all necessary preparations were made for the jou ney. Sir William was anticipating it quite much as we were. He had travelled a great de when he was a young man, and he was very mu looking forward to taking Evelyn to some of t places which he had visited so many years befor

At length the last night came, when everythi was packed, and we had nothing to do but to sit the window and to talk of the journey before us.

I was feeling the reaction, which so often com after the excitement of preparations for a journe and was almost wishing that, after all, we were r going so far away. Who could tell whether should all return again ? Who could tell wheth I should ever see my little sister again ?

At this moment the door was opened, and a l ter was brought in which had come by the eveni post. The letter was from dear Miss Irvine, to s how much she should think of us while we we travelling, and how often she should turn the te which she inclosed, into prayer on our behalf.

" What is the text, I wonder ?" said Evelyn, she put down the letter. " Oh, I see ; here two cards in the envelope : one for you and one me."

She handed me mine, and the text seemed an swer to my fears : " The Lord shall preserve t going out and thy coming in, from this time for and even for evermore."

We left England, and began our delightful journey at the end of October. Evelyn improved in health and spirits from the moment that we started, and Sir William was thoroughly happy in witnessing the enjoyment of his child. I need hardly say what a treat this journey was to me. I had never been out of England before, and, therefore, everything abroad was quite new and strange to me, and I felt as if I was having a very pleasant and delightful dream.

We spent some time in Paris, and went about to all the places of interest both in and near the city. From Paris we went to Turin, where we rested for more than a week, before undertaking the long and tedious journey from Turin to Brindisi.

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for December 26th. Golden Text, Heb. 11 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE three patriarchs, with whose history we have been occupied during the past quarter, are all named among the men of faith in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and it is said of them, "These all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise." What is *the* promise which they did not obtain? Purely the Son of God, His "unspeakable gift," whose coming was still in the future. But having faith, they had, as our golden text assures us, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." There was in their communing with God some seeing of the day of Christ, but how far, and in what measure, we cannot understand.

Isaac, whose name means "laughter," inherited the fruits of his father's faith; he had no struggles such as Abraham passed through, no such a trusting of God in the dark as that to which his father was called when he had to leave his country, his kindred, and his father's house. Isaac was born in an atmosphere of faith, and came into an inheritance of blessing both spiritual and temporal. But even he must pass this fiery trial; and when God called upon Abraham to offer him up in sacrifice, it may be that Isaac learned the great lesson of his own condemnation as a sinner by nature, and through the substitution of the ram caught in the bushes he may have caught a glimpse of the future atonement of Christ.

The lives of Jacob and Joseph form a striking contrast. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much" (Luke 16 : 10). The home life of a child of God is his school and apprenticeship for a wider sphere either here on earth or in the future reign with Christ to which we are called. Family life is always the crucial test. A preacher may be an angel in the pulpit, but is he so to his wife, children, and servants? A writer may express the highest Christian principles, but does he carry them out in all business transactions, in his social life, in his journeys, n his comforts and discomforts? A lady may pay in her mother's meetings, and the poor mothers may hink, "What a gift in prayer she has?" But is every little incident—the delay of the butcher, the undone meat, the broken china, the torn dress of a child—really carried to God, and left with God n prayer, or does she make exceptions in her life of trust? An evangelist may weep over the souls of a town where he is laboring, but is the soul of a hall-keeper who forgets to open the doors to time, cabman who fails to keep an appointment and who loses him a train—are those souls so precious o him that the inconvenience is as nothing in re- pect to it?

Jacob failed in his home life. First he manifest- d the most utter selfishness with regard to his rother in the matter of the birthright and the pottage, and later in the unworthy and sinful way in which he obtained his father's blessing; it was of o account to him how much Esau might be the loser in soul or body, so that he himself obtained is object. Like many a one in all times, he ought the gifts of God rather than the Giver, and ishonored God by the way in which he sought fter the very blessing which He had promised im. Self was the centre of Jacob's life, and at first the centre of Jacob's religion, and thus he had such severe lessons to learn during his life of many changes.

With Joseph it was far otherwise. In his home life he maintained his integrity, although he stood alone; he sought nothing for himself, but God promised him much. While Jacob's idea was to grasp greedily after future blessing, as though it had to be taken from God by violence, Joseph communed with his God and received the assurance of blessing direct from Him. While Jacob, who was not his father's favorite, took advantage of his brother, Joseph, who was his father's favorite, was ready to serve his bretheren, bearing no malice to them notwithstanding their ill-will. Jacob fled from the face of his brother whom he had sinned against, and on his return to the land of Canaan feared to meet Esau; while Joseph, who was driven away guiltless by his jealous brothers, when he saw them again sought to do them good. The fear in this case was on their side, not his.

What, then, was the issue of these two lives? Jacob left no holy influence behind him in Padanaram, and although God had blessed Laban for his sake, yet he did not leave blessing behind him. On returning to the land of Canaan, we find strange gods more than once among his family. There was no high tone of godly life about him which could have led men to say, as they said of his father, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee." We find him constantly in doubt of God as to whether He would really be as good as His word, and fulfil to him the promises which He had made to him and to his fathers, and in his unbelief he always took means of his own to secure their fulfilment.

Again we find him always pressed down with the weight of circumstances, laboring under, struggling against them, often discouraged almost to despair, and he was a man of many fears. He was afraid of Esau, and afraid of Laban: afraid of the anger of the inhabitants of the land. When his sons told him that they could not go down a second time into Egypt except Benjamin went with them, he was afraid of loosing his darling son. And this was a man of God, and a man of faith too, yet one of little faith. His communion with God was fitful and varying, sometimes intense, as at Bethel and Penuel, sometimes lax when we find strange gods in his house; and that he who was called to dwell in tents built himself a house at Succoth (Gen. 33 : 17), which paved the way for the sad history of the thirty-fourth chapter. What so likely, when he abandoned the life of a pilgrim, as that his daughter should seek the acquaintance of other girls of her age? and thus friendship was made with the ungodly, and sin entered into his family.

With Joseph it was very different. However much in his home life his brethren hated him, they could find no ground for hatred in any sin of his; it is probable that their hatred was augmented by the very consciousness of his real superiority to them. Wherever he went, even among those who knew nothing of God, he left behind him the conviction that the Lord was with him. There was a dignity about the life of this young man which raised him above his youth and above his circumstances, which gave ruling power to the younger son, the slave, the prisoner. God had given him the commission to rule, and no force of circumstances could make him other than God had made him.

Far from being pressed down under the weight of circumstances, which in his life were far more difficult and discouraging than in his father's, Joseph seems to have learned beforehand that "all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8 : 28), and he could have said with the Psalmist, "As for God, His way is perfect: the Word of the Lord is tried; He is a buckler to all those that trust in him. . . . It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect" (Ps. 18 : 30-32). There was a wonderful dignity about the way in which the young Joseph rose to the command of the house of Potiphar. He left all so quietly and trustfully in the hands of God that instead of forcing, as it were, the fulfilment of His promise from the hands of God, as his father did, Joseph gave his full attention to his daily work, as though there were nothing else to occupy him. This is the true life of faith. If our trust in God is not sufficient to make us calm and confident under any circumstances which may arise, it is not real trust; elements of unbelief are mixed with it, and we are doubting God for some things while we are trusting Him for others. We could not do a greater wrong to our Father's heart.

Joseph did not give way to fear, because the Lord's presence was nearer to him and more real to him than any other presence. Once only did he make an effort to help himself, when he besought the chief butler to remember him; but this effort was unsuccessful, and he continued his labors in the prison with the same zeal and patience as before. There was no fitfulness about his communing with God. He did not need to put away strange gods in order to build an altar to the Lord; he did not drive a bargain with God, as Jacob did when he promised to give the tenth of all he should have, if God fulfilled His Word. He did not need to be overcome and weakened by the wrestling of God during a whole night. Joseph lived, breathed, walked, worked, ruled in the presence of God. Jacob only in his last days attained the rest of soul which belongs to a man living with God. Joseph's whole life was lived in it. Thus Joseph was made a blessing wherever he went, for wherever Joseph was there the Lord was, and that which he did the Lord made it to prosper."

Reader, is your life a Jacob life or a Joseph life? Are you a believer, and do you yet seek your own? Are you always struggling against circumstances and against your own heart? Are you not yet persuaded whether your cause is really in the hands of God or not? Is there still uncertainty as to what will be the issue of temptation? Then the Lord is to you as "a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night" (Jer. 14 : 8), and not yet as an abiding presence in you? But have you once given yourself fully over to the Lord to be His property that He may do what He wills with you? Have you ceased to will either for joy or sorrow, honor or dishonor, riches or poverty, work for God or suffering? Is it all one to you whatever may happen, so only it is the will of God? And are you quite sure that He is able to keep that which you have committed unto Him (2 Tim. 1 : 12)? Then you cannot but be blessed, although, like Joseph, you may have to undergo much suffering, much shame, much injustice from men, and you cannot but be a blessing, because the Lord will fill all the space which self evacuates, and in the most unconscious way you may bring blessing everywhere with you.

In these last days, before our beloved Lord comes to seek His bride, there is a special call to whole-hearted consecration to Him. It is not the open opposition of infidels, it is not the gross sins of the openly ungodly, which stay the progress of the Gospel. But when professing Christians fail to be upright, to "provide things honest in the sight of all men," (Rom. 12 : 17), when they enter into speculations with other men's money, when they become rich not by "honest trades for *necessary uses*" (Tit. iii. 14. margin), but by the accumulation of public houses or by large distilleries, by theatres, by tobacco, but anything which is not for necessary use, this is a stumbling-block to the progress of the Gospel. Again, when professing Christians show just the same anxiety about business, health, reputation etc., as the unconverted, how can these latter believe that the threads of their life are in the hands of Him who doeth "all things well" (Mark 7 : 37)?

It behoves us to raise again the standard of Christianity to its normal level by a life of trust and consecration—a life in which man may have no fault to find with us but that we are too unworldly, too like our Lord, in which His Word may be justified in our experience and in our lives, and He be glorified in our body and in our spirit which are His (1 Cor. 6 : 19). Self-interest is God's enemy; we need not fear for our interests if we are occupied with His. Let the world see once again a disinterested "little flock"—"one heart and one soul whose main feature is that they love one another, that all bitterness, malice, evil speaking is done away from them, that they live, yet not they—Christ liveth in them."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Situation in Ireland Grows more Ominous every day. Deeds of violence, intimidation, and reckless disregard for law and order characterize the operations of the Land League, and the local authorities are unable to check or punish the crimes, as witnesses fear to testify and juries will not convict. In four months 698 indictable offences have been reported in Connaught alone. For these only thirty-nine persons have been rendered amenable. Five hundred and seventy-seven persons, against whom offences have been committed, have through terror, or desire to shield the offenders, refused to give evidence, prosecute or assist the police. Lesser offences are also numerous. In Mayo there were 888 lesser and 236 indictable offences. The tenants have—for the present at least—confiscated the property of their landlords. A branch of the Land League now holds its own "courts" in various parts of the island, assuming to administer justice; this is equivalent to the establishment of Lynch law, in defiance of the government.

The indignation of the loyal portion of the people at the apathy of the government is freely expressed, and even the constituencies of England are astonished that the administration should suffer anarchy to prevail in Ireland without taking prompt measures for its suppression. Mr. Parnell having stated openly that no concession short of legislative separation from Great Britain will satisfy the League, Mr. Gladstone's hope of conciliating the people by a liberal land bill seems baseless.

"The Three F's" is the Watchword of the Irish Land League, and some curiosity has been excited as to what words the letter represents. They are: Fixity of Tenure, Fair Rents, and Free Sale. The demands of the League embodied in the watchword are, Fixity of Tenure: a tenant shall not be evicted so long as he pays his rent; Fair Rents: the rent not to be raised except at regular intervals and by public authority; Free Sale: the tenant desiring to leave his farm may sell his lease to any man who will buy his lease and stock, and the landowner shall accept such tenant. The advanced members of the League would not be satisfied with these concessions, as they are agitating for the abolition of rent altogether, but if the three F's are embodied in a Government bill and enacted by Parliament the moderate members of the League profess that they would be contented. When complaints are made of the high rents exacted for land in Ireland, it should be remembered, in order correctly to estimate the justice of the complaint, that the Irish measure of an acre of land is as one and three quarters to one acre statute or English measure.

Decay of Turkey.—Mr. Rosenberg Writes from Adrianople, in Turkey. This country and its people have been fearfully desolated by the war of 1877-8. Widows and orphans, the aged and the young, are running about the streets begging for a piece of bread. But since the late war the Christians have taken the reins into their own hands, and are making wonderful progress in every department, whereas the Turks are gradually degenerating, so that in a few years they will quite disappear as a power and nation from Europe. Christian preachers, Scripture readers, and colporteurs are working very hard among Bulgarians, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, and doubtless much good will in due time result through God's blessing. In this lies our hope.

A Distressing Mining Calamity Occurred in a pit in Wales, on December 10th. About one o'clock in the morning the neighborhood was aroused by a loud explosion, and a shock like an earthquake was felt for several miles around. The mouth of the Penygraig pit was soon surrounded by an anxious throng of men, women, and children, eager to discover what had occurred. The pit was 450 feet deep, and upward of one hundred men and boys were known to be at work there. A volunteer party descended the shaft as soon as the attempt could be made with comparative safety. It was then found that there had been an explosion of fire-damp, and that nearly all the miners must be dead. Four men were found alive who had sheltered themselves in stalls when the first alarm was given, and they were brought to the surface in an exhausted condition. The entrance to the mine is choked with fallen rubbish, which it will take a long time to remove. Latest accounts state that at least a hundred lives have been lost. Only half a mile from the Penygraig pit is the Dinas Colliery, where a similar disaster occurred in January 13th, 1878, and in which the bodies of the dead miners still lie unextricated

Prince Jerome Napoleon has commenced the issue of a newspaper to advocate his claims as the representative of the Napoleonic dynasty. The journal is called *Le Napoleon*, and in its first number makes a vigorous attack on the present government of France. The programme it proposes is an appeal to the people on the question of the form of government they desire, and it demands at the same time that the system of taxation now in force should be reformed so as to give relief to artisans and peasants.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts's Wedding with Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett is spoken of as likely to take place during the present month, but *not* in London. The negotiations with Coutts' Bank continue. It is stated that if Lady Burdett-Coutts marries her American suitor her income will be much reduced. Her existing income is said to be chiefly derived from her connection with Coutt's Bank; and, having been always charitably disposed, she has put by comparatively little. Her inheritance of £100,000 from a brother was due to an accident. He died intestate. His sisters, therefore, took out letters of administration. On investigation it was discovered that he had about £90,000 at his bank, and above £200,000 in bank notes which were hid away in different drawers in his house. Lady Coutts was never, it would appear, *a partner* in Coutts' Bank. A share in the profits was placed in the hands of trustees by the Duchess of St. Albans, and the annual proceeds went to Lady Burdett-Coutts during her lifetime. This is her sole connection with that celebrated establishment. This share was some years £100,000, and seldom under £60,000.

The War Between the Basutos and the British colonists in South Africa is proving much more difficult and extensive than the colonists expected. Their troops have made little headway, and one serious reverse has opened their eyes to the courage and able generalship of the Basutos. The Dutch, who form politically a powerful section of the colonists, while prepared to give energetic assistance in crushing the rebellion, unanimously condemn the disarmament of the Basutos which caused it. Now that the financial burden of the conflict is beginning to tell upon the colonists, they are not slow to utter complaints which make it sufficiently plain that they went to war without counting the cost. It is to be hoped that their present experience will make them rather more careful how they provoke the hostility of powerful tribes. The British Government agreed with the desirability of disarming the Basutos, but consider that the colonists have been too precipitate in trying to carry out that measure.

Mr. John Bright, the Eminent British Statesman, has been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University. The event furnishes another illustration of the irony of circumstances. Mr. Bright began his career in the buttonless drab clothes, and broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, usually worn at that time by members of the Society of Friends, but he has now been elevated to an academic rank of which the traditional costume is a flowing robe of scarlet. It is certain that he does not hold titles of honor in very great favor, yet he is Chancellor of Lancaster, and a Rector with the title of Lord.

A False Alarm Caused the Death of a Criminal in Vienna lately. A young man, about twenty-five years of age, lately took a room, No. 22, at an hotel known as the "Hotel Union," at Vienna. A deputation of the Vienna Town Council visited this hotel for the purpose of seeing whether some apartments in it would suit as chambers for a sanitary commission. They visited several rooms, and at length came to one marked No. 22. The manager threw open the door, announcing "the commission." Upon the entry of the strangers into the room, the young man became excessively pale. He passed his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, and then across his mouth. The visitors did not remain more than a minute; but as they were retiring, the young man fell to the ground, and, after a short convulsive struggle, died. A smal vial, in which a few drops of prussic acid remained, explained the cause of his death. It is presumed that upon hearing "the commission" announced, he thought it was the police com to arrest him for a murder, of which he had bee guilty, and in despair poisoned himself. Ho true is it that "the wicked flee when none pursueth."

A Remarkable Dream, Vouched for by a Correspondent of the London *Daily News*, is thu narrated: The Rev. John Monkhouse, incumben of Newlands, near Keswick, dreamed three times i one night that Forster's Bank, in Carlisle, ha failed. This dream so preyed upon his mind th though Forster's Bank was supposed througho Cumberland to be "safe as the Bank of England," he determined to go next day and withdraw a lar sum of trust money (I think some £5000) which had deposited in the bank for security. The mon was paid without the slightest demur, in ha cash, which rather staggered his belief in the tru of his dream. He went about his other busine in Carlisle, and hearing no whisper in the course the day as to the instability of the bank, and ha ing no other investment ready, he actually we and put the money back again. In a few days t bank failed, and he lost it all, except some ve trifling dividend.

Missionary Trees.—A Good Man in Bershire, England, had a cherry orchard. He thought himself what he could do for the missic ary cause, and at length selected two cher trees, the fruit of which he would devote most credly to the cause of missions. When h friends occasionally visited him, he allowed th the full range of his orchard. "Of every tree the garden you may freely eat," said he, "but these two trees you shall not eat—they belong God." The fruit was carefully kept separate a brought to market, and the proceeds remitted the Church Missionary Society.

A Lifeboat Capsized and Eleven of Its Cr were drowned at Wells, during one of the fe ful storms on the east coast of England recent Two were saved, and one of them relates: " tremendous sea broke quite over the top of boat and fell into her. It turned the boat qu over. All the crew had on their cork be The boat did not right for a quarter of an ho I saw them all drown, with the exception of t *I shall never forget it. The cries and shr were terrible.*" What a blessing it is to kn that the lifeboat of the Gospel cannot be c sized, nor those who are in it lost.

The debt on Dr. Talmage's Church. One lar has been received for this fund from Mrs. T. Seawell, Nashville, Ill.

The Second Volume of The Christian Her comprising Nos. 37 to 62 (July to Dec., 1879). ma procured, elegantly bound in cloth, at this of Price $1.75.

A Beautiful Christmas Gift: Spurgeon Bi day Book, richly gilt and illuminated. See next p graph.

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Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London. Edited in London by the Rev. M. Baxter, in New York by Mr. B. Aitken

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. D. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M HAY AITKEN, DR. DEEMS, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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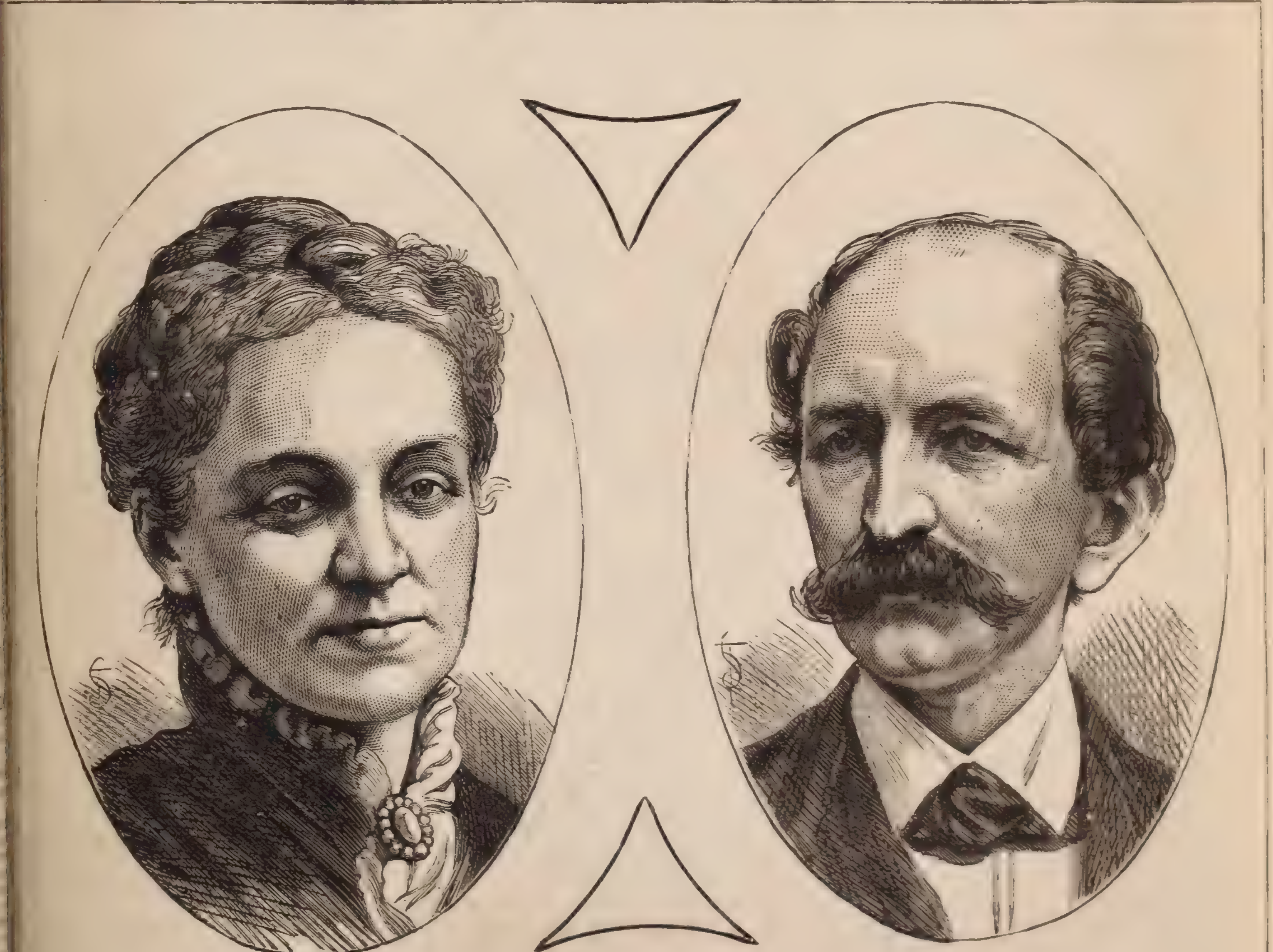

Mrs. MARY C. JOHNSON.
President of the First Brooklyn W. C. T. Union.

Mr. ELI JOHNSON.
Secretary of the New York State Temperance Society.

MR. ELI JOHNSON.

The Secretary of the New York State Temperance Society.

His Ancestry—Early Struggles—Commercial Success—The Bethel Sunday-school—Removal to Chicago—The Great Fire—Almoner for the Cincinnati Relief Fund—A Severe Accident—The Direction of God—European Tour—An Answer to Prayer—A Hopeless Drunkard—A Mother and a Golden-haired Child in a Prison.

MR. ELI JOHNSON was born in the State of Ohio in 1830, and his early years were passed on a farm in Warren County, on the Little Miami River. He is a kinsman of the well-known English philanthropist, Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, being a descendant on the maternal side from *the first* Earl of Shaftesbury.

At the age of fifteen Mr. Eli Johnson was

THROWN UPON HIS OWN RESOURCES.

His father died, and it was discovered that by some oversight the terms of his will precluded his son from deriving any benefit from the bequests in his favor until he should attain his majority, six years later. His nature, however, was not one to be overwhelmed by difficulties of this kind, and being firmly bent on gaining an education he spent the next few years in alternate periods of work and learning, earning in a few months a sum sufficient to maintain him other few months at school, and so by his own efforts acquiring a sound education.

Thus early taught habits of self-reliance, he was fitted, when he received his father's bequest, to use it wisely. He embarked in the dry goods business, and at a later period added to that enterprise a partnership in another business in Cincinnati, both of which prospered to a remarkable extent. During this period of worldly prosperity, Mr. Johnson underwent the great change which through all the vicissitudes of his subsequent career was, as it is to every earnest, sincere Christian, the controlling influence of life.

The Sunday-school was the scene of his earliest labors, but an event occurred which turned his attention to a class then much neglected. In his employ was a colored woman, who acted as cook for the establishment. Mr. Johnson interested himself in the spiritual welfare of his employés, and he learned with astonishment, from conversation with his colored servant, that in all Cincinnati there was no Sunday-school for colored people. "This must be looked into," said Mr. Johnson ; and the result of his investigation was the establishment in his own house of a colored Sunday-school.

During the following fall Mr. Johnson, while distributing tracts, came upon a boat in which

THE BETHEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL

was held. The object of the Bethel Sunday-school was so near akin to his own effort that he at once entered with spirit into the work, and soon became its chief manager. The effort was blessed of God, and from the small beginning when Mr. Johnson first became connected with it, comprised in thirty people assembled in a boat, it grew until, when circumstances severed his connection with it in 1868, it consisted of 2630 persons, who met in a building which cost $150,000, all paid, and having besides a trust fund of $100,000—probably the most important mission school in the country. The institution still flourishes, and is doing a good work ; it is chartered and permanent, and includes, besides its direct operations, a branch school, a reading-room, a lecture-hall, and a temperance restaurant.

In 1868 Mr. Johnson removed to Chicago, where his business increased and prospered. In that city his philanthropic Christian spirit was active, as it had been in Cincinnati, and he specially interested himself in the Home for Sailors, to which enterprise he contributed largely of both time and money. He also labored zealously in the work then being carried on in Chicago by Mr. D. L. Moody, and assisted in the efforts in which Mrs. Johnson was engaged, in company with other Christian ladies, for the rescue of friendless and fallen women. But God had other work for His servant to do, and the call to that work came, as it often does, in the guise of events which the world denominates misfortunes. Mr. Johnson parted from Mr. Moody one night on the Chicago street, a prosperous merchant noted for his munificent gifts to all religious and philanthropic enterprises ; the next few days saw him penniless—all the fruits of his worldly labor reduced to ashes in the great fire.

During the next three months all Mr. Johnson's time was taken up in the work of relieving his distressed fellow-citizens. Cincinnati no sooner learned that Chicago was burning, than, without waiting for any appeal to be made for assistance, thirty car-loads of cooked provisions were dispatched to the devoted city, with $200,000 in money. Mr. Johnson's name was well known in Cincinnati, and his late fellow-citizens displayed the confidence they felt in his integrity and wisdom by constituting him the almoner of the fund. Mr. Johnson selected New York as the scene of his future work, and commenced business there soon after the fire. But Providence had ordained that his life should be consecrated to a mission higher than commerce, and a severe accident, by which Mr. Johnson suffered the breakage of both knees, confined him to a bed of sickness for several months. There he lay in enforced idleness. He could not stir, and as he significantly said, he could but "look up." In those days of pain he believed he heard the voice of his Lord calling him to a great work. That work was a fight against the liquor traffic. From that hour Mr. Johnson has never faltered in the war. He has lectured in thirty-six of the United States, and in Canada, twice over England, twice over Ireland, once through Scotland, and once over Sweden.

In his work Mr. Johnson has lived, like George Muller, a life of faith. He has never bargained for payment for his labors, nor ever demanded money as his reward. But, like Mr. Muller, he has found that his bread has been given to him and his water has been sure, according to the promise. When he has been in need he has told his need to his God, and in no case has that need gone unsupplied. In this connection several interesting incidents have occurred. Among them is one deserving special notice as

A SPECIFIC ANSWER TO PRAYER.

During one of his visits to England a Swedish minister made an earnest appeal to Mr. Johnson to visit Sweden, where there had not been a total abstinence pledge signed for more than twenty years. He accepted the invitation, and Mrs. Johnson, who was laboring with him in England, having returned to America, he prepared for his journey. But he had not sufficient funds to pay his passage across the North Sea. According to his usual custom, the matter was laid before the Giver of all Good, and the mail brought a letter from a gentleman whom he had never seen, but who had seen an account in the journals of his intended expedition. The letter contained a pass to Sweden and back. Mr. Johnson set out, and on his return he called upon the donor to thank him, when to his surprise a second pass was handed to him, defraying his charges for his American voyage.

During his career as a temperance worker his faith has never wavered. Opportunities have presented themselves for obtaining a permanent income, but Mr. Johnson has always declined them.

PRESIDENT HAYES,

who has known him for many years, offered him a Government appointment, at home or abroad, but, while grateful for the confidence implied, Mr. Johnson preferred to work as he had done throughout, in simple dependence on the love of God. The following expression of the President's esteem was, however, accepted as an introduction which might increase his opportunities of usefulness :

> "EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.
>
> "Mr. Eli. Johnson is about to go abroad to labor in the interest of Temperance. I have long been personally acquainted with him, and it gives me pleasure to recommend him as a worthy, devoted, and very effective laborer in the cause. I trust that all who feel an interest in the mission will encourage and aid him."

During Mr. Johnson's

TOUR IN EUROPE

he was the means of converting the Archbishop of York to total abstinence principles. That distinguished prelate, who occupies the second position in dignity in the English Church, extended a cordial welcome to the American temperance advocate ; he embraced the doctrines of the temperance cause, and is now one of its most conspicuous advocates in Great Britain. While in Sweden the king o that country not only showed his sympathy by attending Mr. Johnson's meetings, but gave a donation of a thousand crowns to the cause. No less than 4393 persons signed the pledge during tha Swedish crusade, and of the nine interpreters employed by Mr. Johnson, every one became a tota abstainer.

The special work to which Mr. Johnson is now devoting his energies is that which has lately secured so triumphant a success in Kansas. It i that of obtaining a Prohibition

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION

of the different States. We have mentioned i previous numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERAL the plan of this new departure, and its advantage in point of permanence and efficiency. During the agitation in Kansas Mr. Johnson, on the invitatio of Governor St. John, gave energetic assistance t the movement, and the New York State Temperance Society has secured his services as corresponding secretary for a like campaign in this State.

The distinctive feature of Mr. Johnson's labor i his unwavering conviction that there is

NO HOPE OF A DRUNKARD'S PERMANENT RECLAMATION

without the operation of the grace of God. Th pledge is a subordinate feature in the work. It i useful and necessary, but his strong confidence i in the power of God to deliver the enslaved man Many instances are related by Mr. Johnson i proof of this belief. He was summoned on on occasion out of a prayer-meeting in Brooklyn t speak to a drunkard who had been given up b temperance societies as a hopeless case. He ha signed the pledge repeatedly, and had broken as often. He was persuaded to attend the prayer meeting and ask for the prayers of those present In doing so he said he had been a member of Christian Church, had occupied a high position i society in Charleston, having all the comforts an luxuries that money could purchase ; but owin to his drunken habits he had lost all his property and his wife had left him in despair. Prayer were offered for his restoration and conversio Those prayers were answered, and he is to-day after five years of total abstinence, a respected cit zen of Brooklyn. His wife has returned to him he is prospering in business, and *his craving fo liquor is wholly taken away.*

Some pathetic incidents necessarily occur almos daily in the life of a worker so earnest and devote as Mr. Johnson. From a host of such cases w select one, as showing how the intervention of philanthropist may save many lives from wreck.

A GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD,

nestling beside a wretched-looking woman in th iron cage of a prison, enlisted Mr. Johnson's syn pathy and commiseration during one of his visi to that abode of sin and misery. He was prompte to inquire into the cause of the woman and chil being in that sad plight. He found that the woma had a drunken husband, whom she was obliged i his worst moments to *tie to his bed* to prevent hi procuring liquor, while she went out to work for living. A fire had occurred next door to the hous where she had lived, and in assisting her neighb to remove her goods she had stolen a package money and secreted it in her cellar, where it wa subsequently found by the detectives. The pres ure of her hard life was upon her, and she wa carried away by the sudden temptation to comm the grievous sin.

Mr. Johnson had an interview with the judg and urged him to commit the woman to his ca rather than to the penitentiary. She was release from prison on Mr. Johnson's bail, and after sever remands was finally given into his charge upon h giving security that she should appear before th Grand Jury, if called upon. The issue was or calling for deep thankfulness to God ; for not on the woman but the husband also was reclaimed both were converted, and have led consistent live since that day.

MRS. MARY C. JOHNSON

r Ancestry of Eight Centuries—A Norman General—Elijah Coffin—Mrs. Johnson's Girlhood—Carrying the Bank Bag—Marriage—Conver-ion—Work in Cincinnati—A Great Infant lass—Homes for the Fallen—Literary Work—A Remarkable Incident—Becomes a Teetotaler—The Women's Crusade—Seven "Fear Nots"—The W. N. C. T. U.—Visit to Great Britain—Aristocratic Parlors—Thieves' Kitchens—Work in Brooklyn.

IRS. JOHNSON belongs to one of the old families o England whose ancestral history dates back to 10. There are only a few estates now in Engl that have remained in one family since that ti, and that still retain their old names; but one o em is *Portledge*, a large estate in North Devonsl e, close to the sea. Old family portraits, showi the successive generations for nearly 400 years p t, hang on the walls of the ancient Manor House. he first proprietor of Portledge was Sir Richard C fyn, Knight, a Norman General who accomp ied *William the Conqueror* into England.

lany years ago a branch of this family emig ted to New England, and in conjunction with P er Folger, the grandfather of Benjamin Franklii and several other persons, forefathers of wellk wn New England families, purchased from the I ans the island of Nantucket, off the coast of M sachusetts, and there established the first fleet o *whaling-ships* in America. The family had a n erous posterity, and Mrs. Johnson is one of the d cendants.

er father, the late Elijah Coffin, Esq., well k wn in the banking circles of our country, was a S thern gentleman, and went from North Caroli to Cincinnati, Ohio, where the subject of this s ch was born, and where many years of her life o active Christian usefulness have been spent. W en Mrs. Johnson was a little girl her parents m ed to Richmond, Ind., and there her girlhood passed till her marriage. Her father conti ed for twenty-five years cashier of a bank in R mond, and achieved no ordinary success by hi "methodical business habits and careful mang nent.'

r. Coffin paid much attention to the training his daughters, and used to delight in letting th accompany him when his business engage ts took him to neighboring towns. Miss y was his most frequent companion on those s. In the old days specie was usually car by hand from place to place, and the girl's de t used to be to bear the heavy "bank bag," er her father's eye, he meanwhile inwardly con ulating himself that she was learning lessons of onsibility and thoughtfulness. The same les laid the foundation of her capacity to under the far different responsibilities of her subse t public life.

rs. Coffin is said to have been "possessed of narkably well balanced mind and quiet force of acter joined to a deep Christian experience. attended faithfully to the guarded home-train of her children."

e have said that Mrs. Johnson lived at Rich d till after her marriage. In 1857 she returned incinnati with her husband, and in the follow year they were both *converted*, and joined the byterian denomination. Previously to that had been members of the Society of Friends. Johnson's father was during thirty years the f officer of the Society in Indiana, and being an active member of the American Bible So , and in other ways a public-spirited and large led Christian, his teaching and example could fail to leave a strong impression on her char r.

ne of M s. Johnson's first occupations as a stian worker, and one at which she continued en years, was the instructing of an infant class *hree hundred children* in a Sabbath-school, re her husband also was a teacher. She was , when a very young wife at Cincinnati, made a ager of the Home for the Friendless and en, and in a short time was elected correspond secretary of the same institution. Subsequent e was called to fill the president's place, and ough she declined the official position, she discharged the duties for two years, when her health failed and she gave up the charge.

During all that period of service, when the Home in Cincinnati was the only institution of the kind west of the Alleghany Mountains, Mrs. Johnson *wrote* a great deal and labored in other ways with the view of exciting interest in this particular species of reform; and she had the satisfaction of seeing Homes for the reception of outcasts opened in all the cities and many of the larger towns of the West. But her active mind and sympathizing heart led her to participate in many other labors of charity in Cincinnati. The

UNION BETHEL CITY MISSION

was the scene of her constant and arduous work for several years; while, as a member of the Woman's Christian Association of Cincinnati, she diligently rendered help to various churches. She was president of the branch Ladies' Union Missionary Society, and saw its work extend to every part of the city. She also taught a "mothers' class" of one hundred women.

Mrs. Johnson accompanied her husband to *Chicago* in 1869, and there she engaged heart and soul in labors of the same kind with those that had occupied her in Cincinnati.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT

occurred in connection with her work in that city. She accompanied Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock, the Elizabeth Fry of America, by invitation, to Springfield, Mass., and there the two ladies went on a mission of mercy to visit a dying woman in a house of bad repute. In a room adjoining the sick-chamber there was a girl, still young after thirteen years of a life of sin. This girl through a partly open door listened to Mrs. Johnson as she pointed the sick woman to the Saviour of the world; and as we read in Acts 16 : 14 the Lord opened her heart so that she attended to the things that were spoken, abandoned her dissolute life, and afterward found a refuge in the Home at Chicago.

But she had not taken a sight of Mrs. Johnson, nor shown herself to her; so when that lady returned to Chicago and went to conduct the usual service at the Home, although the girl was in the room, they did not recognize each other. But when Mrs. Johnson began to speak, the girl knew her voice, and astonished her by telling her story. That young woman is still living, and is not only a consistent Christian but a remarkable example of the power of the Holy Ghost to regenerate the heart.

Mr. Johnson's house was burned up and all his goods were destroyed in the Chicago fire of 1871, after which he and Mrs. Johnson moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., and they were in Brooklyn when the *Women's Crusade* began. By that time Mrs. Johnson had been restored from her long and nearly fatal illness. She had come out into the world again, *a pledged total abstainer*, the pledge being between herself and God, for she had told nobody her convictions concerning what she conceived to be her own duty in the matter. Up to that time Mrs. Johnson had *never seen a temperance meeting*, and had been in the habit of using stimulants herself and of keeping them openly in her house. She had never given the subject of total abstinence a serious thought until it was forced upon her attention by private letters from the West. But having prayed for light on the subject, and having received light (see Phil. 3 : 15), she formed her resolution, and then became at once one of the foremost workers in the temperance cause in Brooklyn. She was the first officer nominated to lead the new movement in that city, and she conducted the first public prayer-meeting of the First Brooklyn Woman's Christian Temperance Union after its separate organization, and has been elected its president each succeeding year At that first meeting she read the

SEVEN "FEAR NOTS"

of Isaiah, chaps. 41, 43, and 44, which became the watchword of the Union. In less than *three weeks* she delivered an address before the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was soon overwhelmed with invitations to speak in other towns and cities, over all the country east of the Missouri River.

She attended the first convention of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, in November, 1874 at Cleveland, Ohio, and was there appointed recording secretary of the Union, to which office she was re-elected five successive years. She also became a member of the Publishing Committee which started *Our Union*, and she is now one of the special contributors of that vigilant organ of the W. N. C. T. U. She has attended all the National Conventions of the Union, save one held during her absence in Europe.

Mrs. Johnson has *twice visited Great Britain*. Her first visit was in 1876, when her husband and she addressed great meetings in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Belfast, and other cities. Perhaps their most important meeting was held on the 4th of July in that famous gathering-place of evangelicalism, Mildmay Park Hall, when the Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and three thousand people listened to Mrs. Johnson's graphic and interesting account of the ladies' temperance work in this country. At another meeting, held at Belfast on the 22d of August, three hundred persons consented to sign the pledge.

At Sunderland and at York Mrs. Johnson was invited to *drawing-room meetings* in the homes of the wealthy, and deeply stirred the hearts of many ladies of the upper classes, leading them to see their individual responsibility in the temperance cause, and to realize the powerful influence God has given to Christian women to exert for the well-being of all whose homes are touched or threatened by the rum-curse. In one of the lordly mansions the lady who had opened the parlors was observed to be weeping profusely during the meeting. The fact afterward transpired that that lady had never before heard the welcome gospel hymn,

"The great Physician *now* is near."

She had never heard a voluntary prayer offered, although she had attended divine service from her childhood; for she belonged to the "high" or ritualist party of the Episcopal Church. It was shown to her that Christ had "broken down the middle wall of partition" (Eph. 2 : 14), and she went boldly to the throne of grace and believed with all her heart.

Two nights of Mrs. Johnson's most interesting labor in London were spent until near midnight visiting *thieves' kitchens*. In those dark, shadowed, hidden places, she addressed mostly groups of from thirty to one hundred and fifty persons, whose principal means of subsistence was stealing. Thieves and drunkards of every description were present, who, after skulking about the great city during the day, had come in to prepare the meagre allowance they had obtained by pilfering, over one large fire, which they all used in common, previously to going out again for their midnight depredations. These miserable characters listened to the gospel temperance message with close and respectful attention.

We will close with a short account of the

FIRST BROOKLYN W. C. T. U.,

with which Mrs. Johnson's name is so closely associated. Last year's annual report shows a total of *above one thousand* meetings held and visits paid by the officers of the Union, besides much and varied work done in the "systematic and wise distribution of tracts, Bibles, and temperance literature, responding to calls for temperance work in Sunday-schools and organized juvenile temperance work." Some of the meetings were of the most important kind, *e.g.*, 130 visits to Raymond Street Jail, 89 meetings and visits in the Hospital and Woman's Prison of the Kings County Penitentiary, and 52 Reformed Men's meetings. Eighty-six thousand handbills of invitation to the Sunday meetings in *Court Square Theatre* were personally distributed. Those meetings were conducted by ministers and laymen of various denominations, followed by earnest addresses from Mr. James Sutherland, *a converted actor*, "whose deep experience of the power of Christ to save has qualified him to be a witness to the people." They were crowded to the utmost capacity of the house, and consisted largely of words of testimony by men who had been themselves saved from the habit of drunkenness. Inquiry meetings and personal conversation with scores of men followed every meeting.

WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.

A New Sermon by Dr. Talmage, Preached on Sunday Morning, Dec. 19, 1880.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation."—PROVERBS 14: 34.

The Lessons of Decayed Nations—What an Excursion Teaches—I. Two Thousand Miles of Good Cheer—The Wave of Prosperity—Pharaoh's Vision Reversed—II. Political Regeneration—The Old Issues Superseded—Tariff the Coming Question—Nationalities Merged in the Future—III. Hearty Support Awaiting Garfield—National Infantile Disorders—The Republic on its Trial Trip—Unfulfilled Prophecy—The Trip Safely Over—What Unsanctified Prosperity Means—IV. Spiritual Dearth—Vast Machinery but no Fabrics—A Great Earthquake of God's Power Coming—A Lost Soul Denouncing a Preacher—The Old Revivals Wanted—What Prayer has Done—The Ladder of Three Rungs.

THEBES perished. Tyre perished. Nineveh perished. Babylon perished. Their sins slew them. Great Britain and the United States stand in the front rank of nations, mightier and mightier as the years roll on. Why all this? Because every official oath taken under either government *recognizes God.* Every session of Congress or of Parliament is opened with prayer. Although these nations have sometimes done grievous wrong to the race and outraged the Lord, the main drift of their history has been in the right direction. Not their warehouses, not their shipping, not their commerce, not their worldly fortunes; righteousness hath exalted these nations.

Once a year, and for many years, at the opening of December, I have been accustomed to take ten days' absence. I find it invigorates me for the severe work of the winter, enlarges my ideas of public affairs, and allows me to touch shoulders with a great many people of many sections, and so my sympathies deepen and enlarge with the great masses of men.

What we ministers of religion want is not less acquaintance with books, but more acquaintance with men. It is a very small part of the world we see from our library window. The reason we do not reach the masses better is because we do not understand the great masses. The vast multitude stand aloof from our churches and shiver at the idea of a sermon, and go on with aching heads and fevered tongues and blistered feet and broken hearts uncomforted and unsaved; but when we go down among them, or up among them, as you please to call it, our grudges against certain classes of people are all gone, and we find that there are in the world

VERY FEW BAD PEOPLE.

The most of the recalcitrants of society are its victims. Only here and there after a day's ride will you find one man inherently determined to be vicious. As men fall off the platform of a rail train and break their necks, so men fall off the swift revolving vicissitudes of life and fracture their souls. The vast multitude of people who do wrong are the victims of society, not its antagonists, and so our indiscretions die in giving birth to helpful, healthful, and loving sympathies.

After ten days of absence I am always impatient to get to my pulpit and cry aloud the Gospel deliverance, for in about two thousand miles of travel I have had my eyes and ears and heart opened, and I come this morning to report to you, first as patriots and then as Christians.

I. And first I have to report to you

TWO THOUSAND MILES OF GOOD CHEER.

I have crossed the more thickly populated States some twenty times, and I never saw so much sunshine on the faces of the vast populations. For many years there were two words heard oftener than any other, and sounded through the rail trains and through the streets and across steamboat decks—two words so thoroughly married that when you saw one you expected to see the other—"Hard times."

Now you may travel many days in any direction and you will not catch a glimpse of that unhappy pair. Merchants of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky declared large sales, great demands, illimitable resources opening before the people. The three years of consecutive and almost fabulous harvests, together with the skilful management of the United States Treasury at Washington, under God have lifted the wave of national prosperity to a higher point than at any time in our American history. The rushing up of prices in 1862 was not a healthful prosperity; it was only the swelling of a tumor which had afterward to come out. The rising tide now is not lashed in by a tempest, but lifted by *the full moon of the dollar* of specie payment. The merchants, the great bargain-makers, the manufacturers, and the bankers all through the country tell me that the commercial prosperity of the land is going to stay; it is going to be thrifty livelihood for all classes of people, plenty to do, plenty to eat, plenty to wear. Yea, a surplus for those who have healthy brain and healthy hand that they may care for those who are decrepit and aged and sick.

It seemed to me that the freight trains laden with corn had no end as we saw them switched off on the side-track to let our fleeter express train pass. I saw hundreds of farmers at this late time in the year husking the corn in the fields simply because the product was overpowering. The seven years of business famine to be followed by seven years of business success. The vision of Pharaoh reversed; the seven lean kine to be swallowed by the seven fat kine.

I preceded these harvests to the seaboard, and this great crop of grain to the seaboard, and I tell you they are coming—coming the corn, coming the wheat, coming the cattle, coming the herds, coming the flocks. Get ready your stock-yards, open the holds of your ocean steamers, bring out your drays, enlarge your expectations; the dearth in business is to be followed by a kind of success such as we have never had. Starving a fever is no better rule for an individual than for a nation, and our nation was heated and in wild delirium, and it was necessary to put it down on small diet. Now healthful economies have come, and it is safe to put it on the full diet of prosperity.

The merriest Christmas table that was ever spread is going to be set next Saturday from ocean to ocean. More luxuries on it, more guests around it, more angels of joy flying over it. Chorus! Chorus of mountains—Alleghanies, and Rocky, and Sierra Nevada. Chorus of rivers—the Hudson, and Ohio, and Mississippi. Chorus of States—Northern, Southern, Eastern, and Western. Chorus—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men"

II. I have also to report to you as a result of my observation the prospect of the

POLITICAL REGENERATION

of this country. I saw on the banks of the Susquehannah, and the Kentucky, and the Ohio the wrecks of a great many of *the old political hulks.* More professonal politicians have gone out of business in the last few months than ever in the same length of time, and the old parties which seemed to vie with each other in corruption, it is the general opinion they have quitted their old issues. The line of fracture is not to run any more between the North and the South. There is great danger it will run between the East and the West.

The question of Northern or Southern supremacy which ran along Mason and Dixon's line is to be superseded by the question of tariff or no tariff, running from the great lakes to the Gulf, and there will be no fracture, there will be no split. It will be a question of peaceful ballot-boxes and of corresponding legislation. The majority of the country will rule. If the majority want a stout tariff they will have a stout tariff. If the majority want free trade they will have free trade. That which the majority want the nation will have. And so I have heard the opinion on all sides where I have travelled that the old questions of nationality and of caste and of class are to be changed and adjusted.

It has been the great damage of this country that the German vote went solidly in one direction, and the Irish vote went solidly in another direction. Now, in the readjustment of parties, part of the German vote will go one way, and part another way; part of the Irish vote will go one way, and part another way. The salvation of the nation depends upon it. These questions must be changed. Because one man is born in Hamburg and another man is born in Dublin is no reason they should vote in opposite directions.

And so the question of the negro vote is to be settled. When both parties come to contend for the suffrages of the blacks, the blacks in all parts of the land will be rightly treated. All questions of foreign nationality, and all questions of color and race, are to be swallowed up in *the intense question* of the financial and moral welfare of the whole country. I report, therefore, the bright prospect of the speedy political regeneration of this country.

POLITICAL MATURITY.

III. Again, I have to report as a result of my observation the determination on the part of the people of the Southwest to give to the incoming administration at Washington, although the most of them voted against it, hearty support, and there is everywhere a belief that there will be good results. I heard on all sides the opinion that never since the days of Washington and Jefferson has there been such an opportunity for any man to do well for all classes of the country, North, South, East, and West—to do well for the nation—never such an opportunity as that which will open before the incoming administration, and there will be no obstacle put in the way. I did not hear one evil prophecy, not one prognostication of damage. Well, my friends, and as Christians I address you, it seems as if our radical troubles are to be gone forever.

Just as a child it seems cannot come to manhood until it has gone through all the infantile diseases, so it seems as if this nation could not come to stout manhood until it had one through *a graduation of disorders.* War of 1776, war of 1812, Aaron Burr's treason, Dorr's Rhode Island rebellion, South Carolina nullification, Civil War of 1860, Hayes and Tilden electoral commission, and other croups and scarlet fevers, until now the nation has come to full manhood, and I put my hand on its pulse and pronounce it well—well. Now, my friends, let us take one long breath of grateful satisfaction.

We used to be under the delusion that we were at peace. Why there is not a man under sixty years of age in this house that has ever seen any peace in this country until recently. Burning of the Pennsylvania Hall, in Philadelphia, through political agitation—was that peace? The throwing of the *Alton Observer* into the river because its sentiments were not admired—was that peace? In 1820 the whole air hot with political imprecation because of the admission of Missouri as a slave State—was that peace? In 1835 a school-house burned in New Hampshire because colored children were educated in it—was that peace? The great Methodist Church and the great Presbyterian Church split in fragments from North to South until the whole earth felt the shock—was that peace? Ah! no. On both sides it has been irony, Billingsgate—abuse, slander, blasphemy, war of tongue, war of pen, war of type, war of church, war of State, war of Congressional dispute—was bitter, furious, and relentless.

Thank God, at last the trouble is gone, and if you have read the proceedings of this opening Congress in Washington you have the intimation that the great educational and moral influences of this country are now to be discussed. For the first time in my life, for the first time in your life, there is perfect peace. Do you not see in what a different position all this puts our nation?

Republics and governments, like steamers, must have trial-trips. No prudent man wants to go in a ship when it makes its first voyage. He wants the machinery to be tested first. So was

OUR REPUBLIC ON ITS TRIAL-TRIP.

Some said it would go down. Others said it would sail on. *The prospects were against it.* Other republics had started and failed. Sensible men said, "Can it be possible that you can allow twenty millions of people to know there may be political preferment for them, and there not be a scramble for office that will swamp the Government as certainly as five hundred shipwrecked passengers rushing on one life-boat?" They said isn't possible that the State and the Federal orities should not come into collision perpetu- ; it isn't possible that the centripetal and the trifugal forces of the nation can balance each er." And this Government seemed a wild ven-

len as wise in literature as Thomas Carlyle pro- nced it an absurdity. Men as wise in states- ship as Lord John Russell pronounced it a ble-bursting nationality. Men as wise in the- y as Sydney Smith declared it to be an incon- ty. The least friction in the working of our onal machinery was deemed on the other side water as a sign that the whole fabric was go- to ruin, and they pronounced our election day eat mob and a great riot. Thank God, *the trial has ended.* The stokers, the engineers, and pilots all declare her seaworthy. All the na- of the earth are beginning to see that if a can go through so many storms without er it must be *a very staunch craft*, and now he political dock-yards of the world are begin- to ring with the hammers that are construct- ree governments.

e have graduated from our severe school disci- , and we are going forth to preach the Gospel berty and justice to all nations. Hear it, ye gn nationalities, and know there is one bubble will not burst. Hear it, ye enslaved nations urope and Asia, and rejoice at coming deliver- . Tell it to the winds. Thunder it to the Shout it amid the Alpine crags. Carve it ll the Norwegian rocks. Thunder it along arren beach of the great waters. God is just, nan was made to be free.

t, my friends, suppose all this prosperity h I report to-day, and which stirs your grati- as Christian patriots —suppose it is unsanc- ? Well, then, it means voluptuous ways, it s riot, it means magnificent woe, it means *did rottenness*, it means *gilded death.* Woe for the wine-vats if drunkenness wallows in . Woe to us for the harvests if greed sickles . Woe to us for the merchandise if avarice vs it. Woe to the cities if misrule walks . Woe to the land if God-defying crime de- es it. Oh! shall we not to-day pray God that e has given us such vast prosperity as a na- He would give us at the same time a spirit of ude, a spirit of consecration. He hath not so with any other nation. Praise ye the

. I have also to report to you to-day in re- to the

LIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

ed one question in every city, and received the same answer. "What is the religious tion of Pittsburg?" I asked. They ered, "*Dead.*" "What is the religious con- of the cities of Virginia?" They answered, *d.*" "Of Cincinnati?" "*Dead.*" "Of gton?" "*Dead.*" Here and there a soul gling into the kingdom of God, but the vast ude going right on their way. An eminent man of Kentucky told me during the last "If some sweeping revival does not come this country the church of God will go un- I found beautiful churches wherever I rapturous music, eloquent ministers, but the ork of saving souls seems to be *going out of n.* As though there were a factory with machinery and skilful employees, and vast ment of capital, yet producing no carpets, awls, no screens, no nails, no fabrics. We enough churches in this country to save the land in five years. Yet how little practical as compared with the costly machinery! s it with our own beloved denomination? In here were 48,000 converts. Last year 26,- nd notwithstanding we have 300 more minis- nd 400 more churches. I suppose it is cor- dingly so in other denominations of Chris-

I have to report to you that right along with iritual dearth there is a grand, deep, enthusi-

ANTICIPATION OF GREAT REVIVALS.

t into the ministers' meetings everywhere, hey were discussing revivals, and when a meeting was done they adjourned to resume the same subject next week, and in many of the churches there will be extra services by the pastors or by evangelists. Innumerable supplications to God and innumerable exhortations for the people. So I do not want you to have any idea that I take a doleful view of the spiritual condition of this country. God can by one stroke of His Almighty Spirit undo the satanic work of a quarter of a century. It took years to build a Spanish armada; it took the Lord Almighty one hour to destroy it.

There is going to be a great earthquake of spiritual awakening, there is going to be a great tornado of spiritual power. I found everywhere that is the anticipation, and the anticipation always precedes the coming of the Holy Ghost. What is the simple state of things in this country? Now we may deceive ourselves, but we cannot deceive God, and we cannot change the state of affairs by deceiving ourselves. What is the state of things? If there be a church with a thousand members, nine hundred of them are sound asleep; if there be a church with five hundred members, four hundred of them are sound asleep; if there be a church with a hundred members, ninety of them are sound asleep, and if they are wide enough awake not to drop the chalice on communion day, it is considered that will do: "it will do very well."

I suppose there are a great many whose names are on the books of the church who are deceiving themselves in regard to the things of eternity, and in the last day it will be found out that they made religion the second rate thing, the third rate, the tenth-rate thing instead of the first thing—the primordial thing. Well, *we want a great awakening in pulpit and in pew.* Alas! if in the day of judgment any one should say to any minister of religion, "I heard you preach five hundred times, and I admired the profundity of your discourses, and your well-rounded sentences, and your gestures, curvilinear, and stelliform, and I thought you were the prince of propriety; but you never told me about this great day for which I am not ready. Cursed be your rhetoric, cursed your art. You never told me of this day, and now I'm going down, and I'm going to take you with me. Hear, ye hosts of heaven, and ye hosts of darkness. It is his fault." And all the worlds will bring up the chorus, "His fault."

Oh! we must be aroused for Christian work, those of us who stand in pulpits, and I see many Christan ministers before me.

"'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
If filled the Saviour's hands.

"We watch for souls for which the Lord,
Did heavenly bliss forego,
For souls which must forever live,
In rapture, or in woe."

O! that God by His gracious Spirit would set on fire the pulpits of England and Ireland and Scotland and America. Come, Holy Ghost! and hear, all ye people. What are you doing for yourselves and what are you doing for others? I address you in all love and kindness. Since some of you came to the stage of action a whole generation has passed off. They moved right on. You met them in business circles and in churches, but you brought no practical influence to bear upon their soul. They are gone—passed clear off the stage.

"Oh!" you say, "where is the fountain where I can wash off from my hands the blood of immortal souls." My Christian brother, do not waste your energy in that direction. That generation has gone. Now the question is what you would do for this other procession marching out of our stores hundreds of thousands of clerks—marching out of our factories hundreds of thousands of operatives, and marching out of our fields hundreds of thousands of husbandmen—marching on,

OH! LET US AROUSE

to our work. We want a great awakening in the United States. All the clergymen and the Christian workers I talked with in all the cities told me that, and I feel it to be true. We want a revival like that of 1831, when Chatham Street Theatre was opened for religious services, and a committee went to the lessee of the theatre and said, "We want to use your theatre for a church." "A what?" said he. "For a church." Then the man burst into tears and said, "You can have it, and here are a thousand dollars to start with." And Mr. Finney preached eighty nights in the theatre, and thousands of souls entered the kingdom of God.

We want a great revival like that of 1857, when Burton's Theatre was used for religious services, and there were prayer-meetings in the old barroom, and for eighteen nights and days the place was thronged by people crying for God and heaven; and James Hall, Philadelphia, had mid-day prayer-meetings week after week, attended by three thousand souls, praying, singing, seeking pardon, rejoicing in mercy, and Philadelphia telegraphed to New York, "What hath God wrought?" and New York telegraphed to Philadelphia, "Praise the Lord, a hundred souls this day found peace;" and Cincinnati telegraphed to Charleston, and New Orleans to Boston, and city to city, and State to State, and there were ships that came into our harbor where on the one voyage, from captain to cabin-boy, all had been converted. Two hundred and sixty thousand souls reported saved that year. Oh! we want that multiplied by two, by five, by ten, by twenty. Eternal God, help us.

We want some praying such as has never been done in this country. If John Knox could get the lever of prayer under Scotland until he shook it from end to end, it seems to me there ought to be enough energy in a Christian church to put the pry of prayer under this continent and shake it from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is where it will begin. It will begin in your heart, and in my heart, and in the hearts of God's people—earnest, importunate prayer.

There is no need of my going back and rehearsing in your hearing instances where God heard prayer. There is no need of telling of Hezekiah and his restored health, or of Elijah and the great rain, or of the *post mortem* examination of the apostle James, which showed that his knees had become callous through much prayer, or of John Welch and his plaid, or of Richard Baxter, who stained the walls of his study with the tears of prayer, or of George Whitefield, who again and again was found flat on his face crying unto God for the salvation of the people

There is no need, my brother, my sister, that I go back to those historical instances. I turn in on your own consciousness at that time when you felt your soul was guilty, and you cried for pardon and got it; or the time when you thought your child was dying and you cried to God, and He cured it; or the time when your fortune failed, and you cried to God for bread, and He put into your empty pantry the cruse of oil and the measure of meal. But why need I bring any illustrations either from history or your own consciousness. Rather than that I just put

A LADDER OF THREE RUNGS

down at your feet, and tell you to mount it. "Ask and it shall be given you. Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Put your right foot on the lower rung of that ladder, then your left foot on the middle rung, then bring your right foot again to the top rung of the ladder, and hold on until you see the wave of divine blessing dashing clear above the top gallants. I do not know how you feel, my friends, but I feel I must have the blessing, the overwhelming blessing of God on my own soul and on your soul. Whether by my life or by my death, Oh! Lord, save the people.

If from the mound of my grave more souls can step into the kingdom of God than by my life, let me die now. Oh Lord! it is sweet to live for thee. Methinks it would be pleasant to die for thee. If in the Napoleonic wars six million men fell for worldly ambition, and if in the wars of the Roman Empire one hundred and eighty million fell for worldly glory and for the renown of the empire, shall there not be one regiment of us who would be willing to die for our Captain of salvation, for the Hero of the ages, for the Champion of our redemption? Come, Holy Ghost. Come, the rushing, mighty wind. Come, the tongues of fire!

ROCHESTER TOWER.

By Miss M. A. Paul.

(Continued from page 805.)

The Cafe Breakfast at Rochester—First Visit to the Castle—Salome's Sorrow—Mrs. Fleet's Interposition—Cecil's Visit.

CONSTANCE ANERLEY and her little friends noticed in Rochester a small, foreign-looking establishment, marked "*Café*," where everything appeared clean, neat, and tasteful.

Here at least the shutters were down, and from the room within came the sound of singing and of busy preparation for the expected guests. After standing a few minutes in the outer room quite quietly, Constance, with an amused smile on her face, knocked on the floor with the end of her parasol. This proceeding stopped the song abruptly, and immediately brought forward a good-looking young Italian, sweeping brush in hand, with the brightest of dark eyes, and a red glow on his somewhat swarthy cheeks, even features, and white teeth that shone as he smiled, and looked as if they, too, were subjected to plenty of vigorous brushing and cleaning.

"Can we have some tea at once, if you please?" asked Constance.

"Yes, madame. Tea will you have, or chocolate?"

All the children declared in favor of chocolate, as a novelty, and the little party were ushered into the pretty inner room, where the floor was painted like a tesselated pavement, and the whole arrangement of the place bespoke other than English hands. It therefore occupied the attention of the children agreeably enough till, in an incredibly short time, four cups of delicious chocolate, made as only foreigners can make it, bread and butter, and half a dozen boiled eggs were placed on the marble-topped table before them, while their young Italian waiter attended to their wants with the utmost politeness. Between this service he set the room in greater order, kindled a fire of coke in the brass-fronted grate, and increased the general air of comfort every minute. Robbie partook of breakfast with the utmost satisfaction, which was increased by the fact that a railway bridge was to be seen from the window. He said he considered the meal far exceeded in quality and style any other meal of the kind of which he had before partaken, for the novelty in itself was to him a charm.

Having settled the very moderate amount of their bill, the four excursionists proceeded to the castle, to have an early view of the place, which they had determined to investigate more fully later in the day.

Gundulph's Tower of Rochester Castle may very properly be described as the home of the doves; the number of pigeons and doves which have their habitat in the noble old ruin must be very large indeed.

Their soft cooing notes remind one forcibly of music, as it were a living Æolian harp. It charms the listener, and fits in with the beauty of the scene, just as in the ancient castle of Baden-Baden the winds from the Black Forest sweep over the chords of the harps stretched across where the windows formerly had their place, and tell weird legends to the listening ear attuned to hear them.

The children, and Robbie in particular, wished to ascend the tower at once and explore every nook, but Constance decided that they must forego the present and very great attraction of the hundreds of pretty birds, and go first to Fern Cottage to announce their arrival. She accordingly made a few inquiries of the female custodian of the castle grounds, and was directed to the pretty little residence beside the Medway, where Salome still lodged with her worthy friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fleet.

Three months had passed since the sad death of her husband—months that she had spent in extreme retirement, seldom walking out till dusk, shrinking from the notice that she dreaded might attend her through the publicity respecting Orlando Stanley's death.

There had been such conflicting evidence respecting the alleged assault, there had been such sad proof that he himself had begun the quarrel with his assailant which had ended so tragically, so fatally, there had been so much indirect influence brought to bear upon the case, and such clever counsel enlisted for the defence, above all, Salome, feeling her ignorance of the truth so keenly, had so persistently refused to prosecute, that the punishment awarded to the officer had been simply imprisonment for six weeks for aggravated assault. Salome earnestly desired that he might profit by the quiet hours and days which he must spend alone, in which he might think over the part he had had in a fellow-creature's death. She knew, alas! only too well, that it would have been just as possible for the assailed to have been the assailant, and she felt thankful, indeed, that she had been spared this still deeper misery.

Poor Salome! there was considerable danger lest the extreme apathy which was creeping over her more and more day by day should sap her physical powers, and gradually lead to utter nervous prostration or premature decline. Mrs. Fleet, after pondering the matter a long while, ventured again, as she had done once before, to write to Eglinton Terrace and suggest a visit from Emily Anerley.

Emily would gladly have gone at once on receipt of this letter, but Mrs. Anerley was wholly averse to her doing so.

"I am very sorry for her, my dear," she said, "of course; but since the death of her miserable husband matters are wholly changed. If we make advances it might seem as if Cecil were inciting us to do so, and I shall be very sorry indeed if Cecil is so foolish as to determine to marry her after all that has occurred. It would be much better in every way for a young man in his position, and with his increasingly good prospects just now"—and Mrs. Anerley smiled complacently—"if he kept himself altogether aloof from a young woman who has been so unfortunately circumstanced, and who has placed herself, by her false representations as to her condition, in a very odious light in the eyes of many, myself included. You are very partial to her, Emmie, and far be it from me to blame your generous devotion to your friend; but I feel it my duty, as in some sense the head of this household since your dear father's death, to be particularly careful not to seem even to sanction or pass over the deceit that was practised upon us all. Don't interrupt me, Emmie; I was going to add, turning from this painful subject, that I can but think, from the quick promotion that has come to Cecil, that Mr. Robins's daughter has very likely taken a fancy to him. And think what an eligible match that would be."

"Yes, mamma, but—" Emmie hesitated, unwilling to offend her mother by expressing her real opinion.

"But what, my dear Emmie? I wish you would finish your sentences, said her mother, with just a shade of annoyance in her tone.

"I can hardly fancy," said Emmie then, "that any one who has ever loved such a woman as Salome Stanley could possibly be content with Miss Robins."

"What do you mean, Emily? What is the matter with Miss Robins, pray? She is, I am sure, extremely ladylike, and has a grand style about her that I should have thought young men would admire. If she be a little imperious, Cecil would easily put up with that, he is so good-natured."

"She is so different to Salome—as different as it is possible for one woman to be to another I *feel* the difference, mamma, though I cannot describe it."

"You are perfectly right in that, Emmie, but so much the better for Cecil's prospects. If she were like Salome he would compare them, and there would be an end of the whole affair, I have no doubt, young men are so foolish."

Cecil's entrance put a very summary end to this conversation.

"Have you any message for Salome Stanley, Emmie?" he asked, very much to the surprise of both his mother and sister.

"Why, Cecil?" asked Emmie.

"There are some business papers I have attended to for her, which she must sign in the presence of a witness I have thought it will save trouble if I take them to her myself in the morning. Have you heard from her lately?"

"I should think you must have done so yourself, Cecil," said his mother, in a tone and manner that were certainly not expressive of pleasure.

"You are right, mother," replied the young man not noticing, or not at least appearing to notic this; "but she has confined herself to purely business matters, merely answering some formal questions I had to send to her, and not taking any notice whatever of my queries respecting herself."

"I had a few lines from Mrs. Fleet to-day, Cecil," said Emmie.

"Then she is ill?" he asked, so hastily and s anxiously that Emmie thought her mother coul not possibly mistake the state of his feelings toward Salome still and in spite of all.

"Not ill, I hope, but very sad and dull, an spiritless."

"I was afraid so," he rejoined; "how could be otherwise? How much I wish she had you wit her, Emmie, or even that she could go on with h old work to ever so small an extent. Don't th little ones at the crêche want anything she coul make for them? Do commission me with a message to that effect."

"A few clothes, frocks, and aprons, and litt boots for the babies would be very acceptable ju now, for our stock is almost exhausted, and som flannel garments, for before long winter will be approaching, and nothing keeps sickness off the delicate ones like new flannel," replied Emmie, wh entered at once with ready sympathy into h brother's scheme for prosecuting two good aims once. "Oh, and Cecil, if she could make a fe more scrap-books, like she did before, they woul give the children ever so much pleasure."

"I will be sure to remember, Emmie," he sai with a smile. Cecil had looked graver and old of late; his mother had interpreted this gravity mean business cares, but perhaps she knew to well in secret how much it had to do with his an iety and perplexity about Salome.

So it came to pass that when Constance Ane ley opened the gate at Fern Cottage, and entere the garden with her three little companions, Ce Anerley was sitting beside the window in Salon Stanley's sitting-room, into which he had not ke before been introduced, and neither Salome n himself were quite in the mood for the interruptio though both would have been slow to acknow edge it.

"Who is this coming in? Why, what on ear is the meaning of this? Here are Constance a some of the Mitchell children, I suppose," said C cil in a tone of blended amusement and vexation.

Salome looked puzzled and surprised, but did n speak, though Cecil noticed that into her pale fa came a beautiful flush of rosy light, as exquisite the effect of sunrise on a snow mountain.

"Things must take their course," said Cec not quite clear what he meant by this observatio "Don't trouble, Salome," he added, smiling ir sistibly as he thought of his sister's extreme su prise to meet him there.

Constance's clear, cheerful voice could be hea without. "Is Mrs. Stanley at home?"

"Yes, miss," replied Mrs. Fleet, with evident some slight hesitation.

"Is she engaged?" queried Constance.

"Well, yes, just at present, miss."

"What time do you think I could see her? W you say Miss Constance Anerley has come o from Canterbury?"

"Anerley!" repeated Mrs. Fleet, "Anerle why, Mr. Anerley is only—"

But before she could finish Cecil opened t parlor door and caught Constance in his arm "My dear sister, how glad I am to see you!"

"Cecil, you here!!!" exclaimed Constan as soon as she had at all extricated herself fro his warm embrace, and in a tone that would r quire quite a regiment of notes of admiration to e press the depth of its amazement.

"Yes, I am here, my dear girl," said Ceci "surely that is self-evident; and what a love day you have chosen to give your young folks sight of Rochester Tower! Now you must intr duce me to these charming little ladies, and th sturdy young gentleman, who I quite believe will prove to be the Master Robbie of whom I have heard so much."

The children were delighted with Miss Anerley's brother at once, and he very soon proposed to take them out and show them the wonders of the town and the marvels of the shops, while Salome and Constance enjoyed a quiet chat.

"Then, in the afternoon," Cecil said, before he left them, "as I have business with Salome, I shall propose that you, Constance, take them to the old castle for a full examination of its beauties."

All concurred willingly in this arrangement. If either of the adults felt just a little chagrined and disappointed at a mutual though unintentional inteference with preconcerted plans, neither of these feelings were shared by the children, who were delighted with kind Mr. Anerley, charmed with the pretty little garden of Fern Cottage, and especially interested in the bridge and the river, while they deemed the excellent dinner Mrs. Fleet had quickly planned and cooked the very nicest they had ever eaten.

(*To be continued.*)

PROPHECY ABOUT BRITAIN.

By an Irish Rector.

THE Rev. Dr. Hales, an Irish rector, and an able and voluminous writer on chronology, dated the 1260 years from Mohammedanism in 620 to 1880, about or soon after which period he expected the slaughter of the witnesses to occur, as predicted in Revelation 11 : 3 to 11. He said in his "Synopsis of the Signs of the Times," in 1817 :

"From the days of Mede this tremendous prophecy has been generally understood literally to indicate a final suppression of the reformed churches and massacre of their pastors for a short time of three and a half years, before the expiration of the persecuting period of 1260 years ; during which every religious establishment shall be apparently extinguished, to the great joy of the apostate faction and infidel persecutors. The uncommon atrocity of this last persecution is marked by the refusal of the persecutors to permit the burial of the witnesses after their massacre, which was usual in other persecutions ; thus the bodies of John the Baptist, of Christ, and of Stephen were given up to their friends to be interred by Herod, Pilate, and the High Priest.

"There is abundant reason to dread that as the persecution of the witnesses by the Jews, and by the Pagan Emperors of Rome, *began* with the house of God, with Stephen, James the elder, James the Lord's brother, Paul and Peter, as Peter himself foretold (1 Peter 4 : 17), so will they *end* with the house of God under the reign of bigotry, infidelity, and their common offspring fanaticism, so strongly implied in our Lord's desponding question, 'Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh (in the clouds of heaven at his next appearance) shall He find faith on the earth?' or Christianity anywhere established in its primitive purity.

"This last persecution is to take place within the precincts of 'the great city,' or territories of the mighty Roman Empire ; We are afterward told that in the ensuing judgment and earthquake 'the tenth part of the city fell' whence we may collect that this persecution will take place in one of the ten kingdoms into which the Roman Empire was split. Of these kingdoms the most eminent for vital religion is unquestionably Great Britain, where the remnant of the faithful witnesses that survive the dreadful persecution of the superstitious and infidel powers, which have so long ravaged and are still ravaging on the Continent, may be considered as now collected.

"To England, therefore, 'the tenth part of the great city,' are we compelled to look for the last scene of persecution, and principally to her 'street,' or most populous region. And the 'street,' by way of eminence, may perhaps chiefly denote London and its environs—that greatest seminary of religion and vice ; where we verily believe there are to be found more intelligent and enlightened witnesses to suffer persecution than in any part of the world, and a multitude of bigots, infidels, and fanatics to inflict it. And where, from her boundless commerce as queen of the ocean, spectators cannot be wanting of 'peoples and tribes and languages and nations,' from the four quarters of the world, to witness the catastrophe. The resemblance indeed is so striking that though we shudder thereat, and deprecate the doom, we are forced most reluctantly to profess and maintain it.

"However gratifying, therefore, it would be to our own and the public feelings to say with some that England is secure, that Great Britain and Ireland have nothing to fear from this fatal persecution of the witnesses, 'because (as erroneously alleged) the time of this great persecution is already past,' *we* dare not 'speak smooth things,' nor 'prophecy deceits,' because 'the Lord is against the prophets that smooth their tongues,' and 'Woe to the prophets that see visions of peace' and 'sew cushions under every pillow."

"These countries and their united church we are strongly and irresistibly persuaded have much to endure, much to suffer, under the remaining vials of wrath, though we humbly trust they will pass through their last trial like gold, purified and refined in the furnace of affliction. *A little while and we shall not see her* during a short suppression beneath the troublesome waves of this world, and again *a little while and we shall see her* emerging much purer and fairer than ever, after her last baptismal purification."

[Dr. Hales' prophecy will be fulfilled probably within about ten years, so that, considering he published it sixty-three years ago, he is not far wrong. Fenianism and the Land League will prove potent factors in producing disorganization, which will at last culminate in such disturbances and troubles as he predicts.—ED.]

ANTICHRIST'S COMING COVENANT WITH THE JEWS.

By Rev. Andrew Bonar, D.D.

The Seven Years' Covenant—Antichrist will be Worshipped—The Last Half of the Week—The Unequalled Tribulation—The Raising of the Two Witnesses—The First Napoleon an Illustration—Indications of Antichrist's Programme.

AS the times of the Gentiles draw to a close, Scripture indicates the return of the Jews to Palestine as a nation, although in unbelief, and it is then that Antichrist, called *the Prince that shall come*, will make a seven years' covenant with the Jews according to Daniel 9 : 27.

Although it is only with the Jews that this Antichrist will "confirm the covenant for one week," yet ultimately the whole ten kings of the Roman earth will join together in giving their kingdom to him until the words of God shall be fulfilled" (Rev. 17 : 12, 13, 17). Finally, Antichrist will "plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas (the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean) ;" in the glorious holy mountain (a name given alone to Mount Sion at Jerusalem), and there shall come to his end and none shall help him" (see Dan. 11 : 44, 45).

His coming is declared to be with all "deceivableness of unrighteousness." He will adapt himself, just as the first Napoleon did, to the prevailing system of the godless times he appears in, and especially to the prejudices of the Jewish people, who, replaced by His help in their own land, once more as a nation, with their great wealth, will rise into importance there. In this "deceivableness" also, it is that the covenant is made with them for the *whole remaining week*. *All the world* will (Rev. 13 : 3-8) wonder after him, and not only wonder after, but *worship him*, and the Dragon too, "who gives him his power and great authority." How fearful to think even of such an apostasy as this ; well may it be called "The Apostasy," connected as it is with this prince that shall then have come, and shown himself to be that "Man of sin," for in the midst of the week (although his covenant, such as it was, had been made for the whole), he throws off the mask and shows himself "that he is God," with a false prophet, working miracles before him in the power of Satan himself—the mock Trinity of Hell, the Dragon, Beast, and False Prophet, then shown in opposition to the Trinity of Heaven.

The last half of the seven years, when the covenant has been broken, are the times of

THE UNEQUALLED TRIBULATION,

of which so much is said in Scripture. God has mercifully shortened those days, and told His people in every different mode of expressing it what the limit is—viz., "the midst of the week," or hebdomad of seven years, that is, *three years and a half ;* the "1260 days ;" the "42 months ;" the "time, times, and half a time ;" all expressing exactly the same duration, and all, if taken with the context, pointing distinctly to the same dreadful period. During it God will raise up Two Witnesses, doubtless individual men from what is said of them, whom He will miraculously protect during the three and a half years of their testimony, inasmuch as He has never left Himself without a witness on the earth.

In France, before the Revolution of 1793, a well-known "falling away" or "apostasy" occurred, following upon the doctrines taught by Voltaire, when a *national decree* was passed that *death was a perpetual sleep*. The scenes of the Reign of Terror which followed showed what man will dare to do if left to himself, and called forth Napoleon Bonaparte, who showed the features of the Antichrist, flattering at first the system he found prevailing, while using it all the while to establish himself in power. . . . So the Antichrist will not at his first appearance shock the prejudices of those whose faith he at last overthrows, for he is to come in "by flatteries" (Dan. 11 : 21).

In France, Napoleon Bonaparte was a Roman Catholic, and in Egypt a worshipper of Mahomet, till finding himself, *as by and by Antichrist will do*, fairly established in power, he dropped the deception under which he had entered, proclaiming himself the monarch and only source of authority. "La France ! c'est moi" (France ! it is me), was the laconic way in which he announced it. What *the successor to his name and authority* may be raised up to accomplish is yet to be seen, but already the tendency is clearly toward a still more *extensive development* of the clay-iron principle of government which is to prevail in both feet of the Image, *before* the ten toes of it are developed. Such an instance as this should cause us to ponder well, when we read of a still *future and more fearful "falling away,"* which is to distinguish it from others. In the original it is styled emphatically "*the* apostasy" (2 Thess. 2 : 3), with the revealing after or *out of it* of "that man of sin, the son of perdition, who will oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped : so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

We are told, in Daniel 7 : 24, that the ten horns out of this kingdom (the Roman Empire) are ten kings that shall arise, and another (the Little Horn) shall rise *after* them. The ten kingdoms must therefore appear *before* Antichrist, inasmuch as he rises *after* them. . . . The remarkable division of the Roman earth into ten kingdoms *has not yet taken place*, and the Antichrist, who arises *after* them, is of necessity future also. The limits of the Roman earth are sufficiently known to all ; and no division of it, which does not include the *whole*, can be said to have fulfilled its division into the ten toes or kingdoms predicted at the time of the end. The iron legs of Daniel's prophetic image (Dan 2 : 31-45) mean the Eastern and Western divisions of the Roman Empire, and the Eastern embraces the portion most important in Bible history—namely, the Holy Land, Syria, Egypt, Turkey, and Greece.

In Dan. 7 Antichrist is foreshown rising out of the ten kingdoms into which the Roman Empire will then have been divided, while in Dan. 8 he is shown as rising out of the four horns or kingdoms into which the Grecian Empire was divided under Alexander the Great's generals (namely, Greece, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt). In this there is no discrepancy, for the Roman Empire received its most valuable additions from the territories which it wrested from those successors of Alexander ; all, therefore, will be accomplished should Antichrist rise out of the *Grecian portion* of the Roman earth in the latter time of their kingdom when the transgressors are come to the full (Dan. 8 : 23).

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The Christian Herald for 1881.

SEE LAST PAGE.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress has Commenced the Consideration of the refunding question, and the debate that has already occurred indicates that the subject will not be settled without a considerable conflict of opinion. The bill as reported from the Committee on Ways and Means does not embody Secretary Sherman's recommendations. It is the opinion of the committee, indorsed by some bankers and commercial men who have facilities for gauging the tendencies of the money market, that there will be no difficulty in disposing of the new bonds at par if they pay only three per cent of interest, and it appears probable that the Secretary will be limited to that rate. There is some apprehension felt lest in effecting the operation a sudden contraction of the currency may be caused. The banks, being large holders and issuing notes against their deposits, would probably find it to their interest if the bonds failed to pay adequately to sell them and withdraw their notes from circulation.

A Commission to Confer with the Poncas has been appointed by the President. It will consist of five gentlemen, who are instructed to ascertain the facts in regard to their recent removal and present condition so far as is necessary to determine what justice and humanity require should be done by the Government of the United States in regard to them, and to report their conclusions and recommendations in the premises. The names of the three commissioners already appointed are General George Crook, United States Army; Bishop Clarkson, of Nebraska, and Walter Allen, of Massachusetts. It may be hoped that the commission will be the means of doing justice to this injured people, whose removal Mr. Schurz admits to have been unwise.

The Education Bill Passed by the Senate on December 17th gave rise to considerable discussion on the feature known as the Teller amendment. By the provisions of the bill the proceeds of the sale of public land and the earnings of the Patent Office are to be funded at four per cent, and the interest divided among the States for educational purposes in proportion to their illiteracy. The bill is projected in the interest of the colored race in the South. The Teller amendment which was adopted in committee was lost by a tie vote in the Senate. It would have largely increased the present usefulness of the measure, as it provided that the proceeds themselves of the land sales and patents, and not the interest, should be given to the States. It was urged by the supporters of the amendment that the colored people now need the benefits to be derived from this money much more than future generations will need it, while the interest upon the money will not be sufficient to confer any appreciable benefit until the proceeds of several years' operations shall have accumulated.

The Sales of Liquor in the United States in 1871 were estimated by the Bureau of Statistics at $600,000,000. The aggregate wages paid by all the manufacturing establishments in the country, as shown by the census of 1870, was only $775,584,343, an excess of less than thirty per cent over our drink bill. The same census gives these annual values of leading manufacturing industries: Flour and grist mill products, $444,985,143; molasses and sugar, $119,325,279; cotton goods, $177,489,739; woollen goods, $155,405,358; boots and shoes, $146,704,655.

The total value of *church property* in the United States is $354,483,581, or the cost of seven months' drinking. Or, again, the census states the total aggregate of *State* taxation in 1870, including therein all State, territorial, court, and municipal taxes, as $280,591,521—not half the direct tax the liquor consumers lay upon themselves.

The Apprehension that Polygamy, if not promptly checked, would spread to other localities receives confirmation in the message Governor Neil, of Idaho, sent to the Legislature on December 16th. He says that polygamy is being rapidly introduced from Utah. The Territory is in danger, and *is becoming like Utah.* He expresses the hope that the Legislature will adopt measures to crush out the practice. He also advises the punishment of those who preach the doctrine of polygamy.

Among the Disastrous Fires of the Past Week the burning of a wall-paper factory at Buffalo, N. Y., on December 17th, is exceptionally distressing. It was a five-story building, and 150 men and boys were in it when the fire broke out. The inflammable nature of the contents of the factory caused the fire to spread rapidly, so that in less than twenty minutes after the alarm was given the building was a mass of flames. The walls crumbled and fell, and buried probably fifteen of the employes. The doors to the different rooms were hung to swing in, and each had a heavy spring closing it, thereby retarding the egress of the occupants. The building was without fire-escapes of any kind. The terrified workmen took to the windows, and many of them escaped with broken bones and bruised bodies. Those in the upper stories, unable to escape, appeared for a moment at the windows, and then sank back suffocated in the smoke and flames.

Next Saturday and Sunday, Collections will be made in the various places of worship and the business houses in New York in aid of the hospitals of the city. Last year the collections in one hundred and eight places of worship amounted to $15,145.64. Other contributions called out by the occasion raised the sum to $25,430.07. It is hoped that this year even a larger sum will be raised, and that the example of the Empire City may be followed in other cities. In Manchester, England, Hospital Sunday this year resulted in collections amounting to $39,000, and in London to over $150,000.

Public Interest in Foreign Affairs is still concentrated on the grave condition of Ireland. It is undeniable that the nation is on the verge of civil war. The magistrates throughout the country, in replying to a circular of the British Government explaining their duties, say that it is impossible under present conditions to execute the laws. The reports of newspaper correspondents prove that the Land League exercises supreme rule in Ireland. If any of its members are prosecuted by the authorities, the judges, juries, and witnesses are threatened with assassination, and all obnoxious persons are subjected to the process of excommunication called Boycotting. How the government will deal with a situation so serious is not known, and, indeed, there are indications that the Cabinet is divided as to its future policy. One section is said to advocate severe coercive measures, while another section urges the introduction of reform in the land laws and a policy designed to ameliorate the condition of the poor. Grave issues hang on the decision at which they may arrive, and we may hope that, as the Cabinet contains many godly men, many prayers will ascend to the Giver of all wisdom that He will guide them in their difficult path.

The Turkish Government has Appealed to the European Powers against Greece. It invites intervention on the plea that Greece is making vast preparations for war, and offers as the basis of negotiation to surrender a portion of the territory agreed upon by the Berlin Congress. As this territory does not include Janina and two other important cities, Greece refuses to accept the proposal, and it is believed that war is imminent unless the united action of the Great Powers forces Turkey into submission.

Among the Foreign Topics of Interest, is the intelligence that the British troubles in South Africa are again becoming serious owing to the disaffection of the Boers.—The death of Madame Thiers, the widow of the distinguished French statesman, occurred December 12th.—The Marquis of Ripon, the Roman Catholic Peer, appointed by Mr. Gladstone as Governor-General of India, has been seized with serious illness, and is expected in the event of his recovery to resign his appointment.—The French Government is being attacked on all sides. The returned Communists, the Bonapartists, and other sections of political society, agree in denouncing it, while duels and challenges to duels are common among the upper classes of society.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Meetings in San Francisco continue to grow in interest and usefulness. They have been crowded from the first, and now overflow meetings are regularly held. A correspondent of a New York journal writes: "There is, perhaps, no hymn that Sankey sings that so touches the heart as 'Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?' for there are so many wanderers here." The influence of the meetings will extend directly to China, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands, as people are constantly going from San Francisco there, either for business or pleasure. Chinamen also attend the meetings. The Gospel is presented so simply that the Chinese, with but a slight knowledge of our language, can understand enough to save them; many speak excellent English. A summons for a Christian convention, to include the ministers and Christian workers of the Pacific coast, has been issued.

Rev. Thos. Harrison, the Boy Preacher whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 24th, will commence a series of evangelistic services in Indianapolis on January 2d.

Bible and Prayer Union.—The Lessons for the ensuing week are the consecutive Psalms, that for to-morrow, Dec. 24, being Psalm 144. The following requests for prayer have been received: For a minister suffering from an affection of the eye, that he may be restored to health and usefulness if God will.—From a subscriber in Maine for the restoration to health of his invalid wife.—By a lonely widow woman in Georgia for the conversion of a brother, a backslider.—From a minister in Ohio that his church may increase in spirituality, and that he may be endued with the power of the Spirit, and God glorified, and souls saved.—From a subscriber who has been ill and is out of employment, and who has a wife and four children depending on him, that his way may be made plain and his affliction blessed to his soul.—From the father of a large family that his children might be converted and kept from falling under the power of intoxicating liquors.—From a Christian whose brother was once a zealous preacher, but who has now become a sceptic, that the Saviour would follow his straying sheep and bring him back to his fold.—For a minister who is becoming worldly-minded.—For a son who has wandered from God.—For a poor Christian who has been blind for eleven years.—From a mother in distress about her son, who has hitherto borne an irreproachable character, but who recently imbibed sceptical opinions, and suddenly left his family, now in ignorance of his whereabouts; that God would follow him and convince him of his sin and restore him.

A Police Court Case tried in New York on December 9th should be a warning to families living in rural districts. A woman was placed in the dock charged with keeping a disreputable house in this city. The facts were brought to light through the evidence of a girl discovered there, who came from White Mills, Pa. A young man had induced ner to come to New York to obtain employment, and had then conducted her to the house in question and *had received five dollars from the proprietor as his fee.* The girl's father became alarmed at not hearing from her, and sent her photograph to the police. A thorough search was made of the city, and the girl was found and returned to her home. She had been kept a close prisoner and subjected o ill-treatment.

Fifty Million Worms in the Muscles of a Livng man was the diagnosis two physicians made of he case of a patient in Bellevue Hospital last veek. The man was a butcher nineteen years of ge who obtained admission to the hospital to be reated for rheumatism from which he was supposed to be suffering. As the ordinary symptoms f that disease were not apparent, a careful examnation of the patient was made, and ultimately a mall portion of muscle was extracted from his houlder and placed under a microscope. It was ound to be full of the worms called Trichinæ, and he disease had been contracted by eating small ortions of raw diseased meat. Medical treatment ailed to effect a cure, and the patient died from xhaustion on December 6th. A post mortem exmination by the two professors revealed the fact hat over fifty millions of these minute creatures ad existed in the body of the miserable man. The ase, which is extremely rare, recalls that menioned in Acts 12 : 23.

Some Years Ago a Group of Students Stood onversing in the recreation grounds of Penningon Seminary. Among them was a lad of sixeen, of pleasant, but feminine features, spoiled om early childhood by over-indulgence. Drinkg was the subject of conversation in the group. ne of the young men, now the Rev. E. A. Day, eely expressed himself in reprobation of the abit, and said he never drank. "Do you never ink?" inquired the other youth. "Never," said r. Day, "have I drank a glass of liquor in my e." The other's lip curled with ineffable scorn he replied, "Why it has been three years since began to drink *fashionable drinks* of brandy"; d he walked away in disgust. A few years lar a cloud as black as midnight fell upon a New rsey home. That young man, the son of doting rents, who loved their boy well but not wisely, as picked up in the streets of Philadelphia, dead, victim of drink.

A Small Boy, Ten Years of Age, has Begun ork in earnest as a preacher, in Greenville, N. J., ving fitted up part of a chicken-house for the rpose. An old wagon serves him for a pulpit. number of young neighbors gather there and ten to the exhortations from their youthful comnion. Before dismissing his juvenile congregan, the boy calls their attention to some Bible exacts, a portion of the Sermon on the Mount, or e of the commandments, and requests them to ink over the subject during the week. At the se of the meeting he tries to answer questions ich may be asked in relation to the Bible. He s a regular and deeply interested attendant at a ies of meetings held in the Reformed Church in eenville some weeks ago. Since then he has en a studious reader. He entered on his work th the remark that he wanted to see if he could t do some good in the world.

Thora's Death in Paris.—"So Beautiful to here!" were the words of a dying girl on being ought to "the Home" in Paris established by ss Leigh. Some three years ago she was one of inmates, when the earnestness with which she ened at the Bible readings, and the eagerness h which every opportunity was sought of attend- them, marked her as one who was seeking to Jesus. Had she now any fear? No; the ment of death would be the most longed for of in her life—"to be present with the Lord," l the ghastly features relaxed and lighted up with a beautiful smile as she anticipated that glorious transition! She expressed a wish to receive the Lord's Supper, which was administered. The scalding tongue was put out, that drops of water might slake the consuming fire within. "I would like to drink, but I dare not; never mind, I'll try and bear it: soon I shall be with Jesus, and the fountains of living waters." At last death came. A few minutes before she breathed her last, she asked, "Is this the end? Is it all over now?" On her sister answering, "I think so," she added, with great emphasis, "Thank God!" Turning her head as if to sleep, she passed away.

Dream of a Preacher's Success.—In a Recent address in London, Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, an Evangelistic preacher, said: "Some twenty years ago I was preaching in Scotland. I dreamed that an uneducated and illiterate man came to the same town to preach along with me; and I saw in my dream that the crowds were leaving me and going across to him, until his congregation became an immense multitude, and my congregation dwindled away. In the dream I had his name given to me. Immediately afterward—I do not know whether it was the very next day—an illiterate man *did* come to me in Edinburgh, whom I knew well, and whose name was the same as I dreamed about. I was preaching and he came to preach, too. I had had crowds before he began, according to my dream, and it was literally fulfilled. They speedily left me and went to my friend, until at last there was no place in the city to contain the crowds who flocked to hear him, and he spoke to them on the Calton hill."

An Incident in Church.—An Amusing Incident took place recently at St. Clement's Church, Manchester, England. The Rev. D. Ellison preached the anniversary sermon, and specially addressed the young on the importance of a thorough and honest devotion to duty. He illustrated his subject by an anecdote of a railway pointsman whose duty it was to turn an approaching train on to a certain line of rails, but who saw his own child playing where the train would run. Mr. Ellison graphically pictured the momentary struggle and the inevitable catastrophe, and asked how it was possible for the child to avoid his fate, what must he do? A youth in the congregation, some ten or eleven years of age, wrought up to the highest pitch of interest by the story, cried out, "Lie down." "And he did lie down," said the preacher, "and was saved."

The Bishop of Caledonia, writing to his British friends, in June last, on board a canoe on the Skeena River, British Columbia, says: "My hearers have been sailors, traders, loafers, miners, Greeks, Germans, and Norwegians; French, Maltese, and Britons; Russians, Kanakas, and Americans; Chinese and Canadians; Jews and Gentiles; Caucasians, Semites, and Mongolians; Indians of the salt water, and fresh-water Indians; hunters, fishers, packers, and nondescripts; roundheads, flatheads, and peaked heads, all beautifully supplied with hair as black as jet, sometimes short and clean, sometimes foul, greased, and matted. I have preached on the beach and on shipboard in the miner's cabin and the trader's log; in the Indian branch-built hunting lodge, and his larger but less agreeable village home, where the smoke fails to subdue the pervading ill-odor; also amid the tangled forest on the coast, and clouds of mosquitoes on the prairie. My churches have been decorated in season and out of season, but have had neither pulpit nor prayer-desk, belfry nor organ. The care of nature called for no help or scrutiny from archdeacon or rural dean, churchwarden or verger. And oh, the joy of it! There have been no church expenses, no collections or painful pleadings for subscriptions."

A Temperance Regulation has been Adopted by the Old Colony Railroad Company which should be incorporated in the rules of every other company. At the last general meeting the directors decided that in future no subordinate shall be employed on the line who is not a total abstainer from intoxicating liquor. So many accidents have resulted from the carelessness of railroad employees that the suspicion is aroused that drinking habits may account for many of them.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JESUS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"When he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it."—Luke 19 : 41.

The Three Occasions when Jesus Wept—The Sovereign of Sorrow—I. Our Lord's Inward Grief—1. Too Intense to be Restrained by the Occasion—2. It Overmastered Natural Feeling—Admiration—Sympathy—3. It Reveals His Nature—His Great Tenderness—God's very Heart—4. His Grief an Encouragement—5. An Admonishment to Workers—6. Instruction to Seekers—II. Our Lord's Verbal Lamentations—1. Their Fault, Ignorance—2. The Bliss Lost, Peace—3. The Persons who where Losers, even thou—4. Neglected Opportunities—5. The Spiritual Blindness—6. Approaching Ruin—The Tragedy According to Josephus—The Death of a Soul—Two Words in Contrast—A Brighter Light.

On three occasions we are told that Jesus wept. You know them well, but it may be worth while to refresh your memories. The first was when our Lord was about to raise Lazarus from the dead. He saw the sorrow of the sisters, He meditated upon the fruit of sin in the death and corruption of the body, and He groaned in spirit, and it is written that "Jesus wept." Those who divided the chapters did well to make a separate verse of that simple sentence. It stands alone, the smallest and yet in some respects the greatest verse in the whole Bible. It shines as a diamond of the first water. It contains a world of healing balm condensed into a drop. Here we have much in little: a wealth of meaning in two words.

The second occasion we have before us, and we will make it the theme of our discourse: at the sight of the beloved but rebellious city Jesus wept. The third occasion is mentioned by the Apostle Paul in the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Hebrews, where he tells us what else we might not have known, that the Saviour "in the days of His flesh, offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared." That passage relates to the Gethsemane agony, in which a shower of bitter tears was mingled with the bloody sweat. The strength of His love strove with the anguish of His soul, and in the process forced forth the sacred waters of His eyes.

We will now turn to this second instance of our Saviour's weeping, and here we find, when we look at the original word, that it is not exactly expressed by the word used in our admirable English version. We there read, "He beheld the city, and *wept* over it;" but the Greek means a great deal more than tears, and includes sobbings and cries. Perhaps it may be best to read it, "*He lamented over it.*" He suffered a deep inward anguish, and He expressed it by signs of woe, and by words which showed how bitter was His grief. Jesus is here a king by general acclamation, but king of grief by personal lamentation. He is *the sovereign of sorrow*, weeping while riding in triumph in the midst of His followers. Looked He ever more kingly than when He showed the tenderness of His heart toward His rebellious subjects? The city which had been the metropolis of the house of David never saw so truly royal a man before; for He is fittest to rule who is readiest to sympathize.

I. First, contemplate

OUR LORD'S INWARD GRIEF.

1. We note concerning it that it was so intense that *it could not be restrained by the occasion.* The occasion was one entirely by itself: a brief gleam of sunlight in a cloudy day, a glimpse of summer amid a cruel winter. His disciples had brought the colt and had placed Him thereon, and He was riding to the city, which was altogether moved at His coming. The multitudes were eager to do Him homage with waving boughs and loud hosannas, while His disciples in the inner circle were exulting in songs of praise which almost emulated the angelic chorales of His birth night. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will toward men," found its echo when the disciples said, "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in

heaven, and glory in the highest." Yet amid the hosannas of the multitude, while the palm branches were yet in many hands, the Saviour stopped to weep; on the very spot where David had gone centuries before weeping, the Son of David stayed awhile to look upon the city, and to pour out His lamentation.

That must have been deep grief which ran counter to all the demands of the season, and violated, as it were, all the decorum of the occasion, turning a festival into a mourning, a triumph into a lament. Ah! He knew the hollowness of all the praises which were ringing in his ears; He knew that they who shouted hosanna to-day would, ere many suns had risen, cry, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" He knew that His joyous entrance into Jerusalem would be followed by a mournful procession out of it, when they would take Him to the cross that He might die.

See, then, your Lord surrounded, as it were, with billows of praise in the midst of a tumultuous sea of exultation, Himself standing as a lone rock, unmoved by all the excitement around Him. Deep was the grief which could not be concealed or controlled on such a day, when the sincere congratulations of His disciples, the happy songs of children, and the loud hosannahs of the multitude everywhere welcomed Him.

2. The greatness of His grief may be seen, again, by the fact that *it overmastered other very natural feelings* which might have been, and perhaps were, excited by the occasion. Our Lord stood on the brow of the hill where He could see Jerusalem before Him in all its beauty. What thoughts it awakened in Him! His memory was stronger and quicker than ours, for His mental powers were unimpaired by sin, and He could remember all the great and glorious things which had been spoken of Zion, the city of God. Yet, as He remembered them all, no joy came into His soul because of the victories of David or the pomp of Solomon; temple and tower had lost all charm for Him; "the joy of the earth" brought no joy to Him, but at the sight of the venerable city and its holy and beautiful house He wept.

Modern travellers who have any soul in them are always moved by

THE SUBLIMITY OF THE SPECTACLE

from the Mount of Olives. Dean Stanley wrote, "Nothing at Rome, Memphis, Thebes, Constantinople, or Athens can approach it in beauty or interest;" and yet this is the poor, mean Jerusalem of modern times, by no means to be compared with the Jerusalem of our Saviour's day. Yet the Lord Jesus says nothing about this city, "Beautiful for situation," except to lament over it. If He counts the towers thereof, and marks well her bulwarks, it is only to bemoan their total overthrow. All the memories of the past did but swell the torrent of His anguish in the foresight of the doom.

Something of *admiration* may have entered the Saviour's holy breast; for before Him stood His Father's house, of which He still thought so much, that even though He knew it would be left desolate, yet He took pains to purge it once again of the buyers and sellers who polluted it. That temple was built of white marble; much of it, the roof especially, covered with slabs of gold. It must have been one of the fairest objects that ever human eye rested upon as it glittered in the sun before Him. But what were those great and costly stones? what were those curious carvings to Him? His heart was saying within itself, "There shall not be one stone left upon another that shall not be thrown down." His sadness at the foresight of the city's desolation mastered His natural feeling of admiration for its present glory. His sorrow found no alleviation either in the past or the present of the city's history; the dreadful future threw a pall over all.

More striking still is the fact that His grief for others prevented all apprehension for Himself. As He beheld that city, knowing that within a week He would die outside its gates, He might naturally have begun to feel the shadow of His sufferings, but no trace of such emotion is discoverable. You and I in such a case, with the certainty of a speedy and ignominious death before us, would have been heavy about it; but Jesus was not. In all that flood of tears, there was not one for His own death; the tears were all for Jerusalem's doom, even as He said afterward, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children." It is not, "Woe is me, the holy city will become an Aceldama, a field of blood by my slaughter," but, "Oh, if thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day."

HE GRIEVES FOR OTHERS,

not for Himself; yet it must have been a very intense emotion which thus swept away, as with a torrent, everything else, so that He had neither joy for joy nor sorrow for sorrow, but His whole strength of feeling was poured forth from one sluice, and ran in one channel toward the devoted city which had rejected Him, and was about to put Him to death.

3. *This great sorrow of His reveals to us the nature of our Lord.* How complex is the person of Christ! He foresaw that the city would be destroyed, and though He was divine He wept. He knew every single event and detail of the dreadful tragedy, and used words about it of special historical accuracy which bring out His prophetic character, and yet the eye so clear in seeing the future was almost blinded with tears. He speaks of Himself as willing and able to have averted this doom by gathering the guilty ones under His wing, and thus He intimates His Godhead.

I believe it is the Christ, *the entire Christ*, that both foretells the doom of Jerusalem and laments it. Some have even been staggered at the statement that Jesus wept. Certain of the early Christians, I am sorry to say, even went the length of striking the passage out of the Gospel, because they thought that weeping would dishonor their Lord. They ought to have had more reverence for the inspired word, and a truer knowledge of their Master, and never to have wished to obliterate a record which reflects the highest honor upon man's Redeemer.

Our Lord's lament gives us an insight into *the great tenderness* of His character; He is so tender that He not only weeps while weeping is of any avail, but He laments when lamentation must be fruitless. He reminds me of a judge who, having aforetime been a friend, warning, perusading, pleading with the prisoner, at last has the unutterable pain of condemning Him; He puts on *the black cap*, and, with many a sigh and tear, pronounces sentence, feeling the dreadful nature of the occasion far more than the criminal at the bar. He is overcome with emotion while He declares that the condemned must be taken to the place from whence He came, and there die a felon's death. Oh, the tender heart of Christ, that when it comes to pronouncing the inevitable sentence, "Your house is left unto you desolate," yet He cannot utter the righteous word without lamentation.

In this our Lord reveals the very heart of God. Did He not say, "He that hath seen *me* hath seen the Father"? Here, then, you see the Father Himself, even He who said of old, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." The doom *must be* pronounced, for infinite justice demands it, but mercy laments what she was not permitted to prevent.

4. For a practical lesson we may remark that *this weeping of the Saviour should much encourage men to trust Him.* Those who desire His salvation may approach Him without hesitation, for His tears prove His hearty desires for our good. When a man who is not given to sentimental tears, as some effeminate beings are, is seen to weep, we are convinced of His sincerity. When a strong man is passionately convulsed from head to foot, and pours out lamentations, you feel that He is in downright earnest, and if that earnestness be manifested on your behalf you can commit yourself to Him. Oh, weeping sinner, fear not to come to a weeping Saviour! If you will not come to Jesus it grieves Him; that you have not come long ago has wrung His heart; that you are still away from Him is His daily sorrow; come, then, to Him without delay.

5. This, too, I think is an

ADMONISHMENT TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

Some of us long ago came to Jesus, and we now occupy ourselves with endeavoring to bring others to Him; in this blessed work our Lord instructs us by His example. Brothers and sisters, if we would have others come to Jesus, we must be like Jesus in tenderness: we must be meek, lowly, gentle, and sympathetic, and we must be moved to deep emotion at the thought that any should perish. Never let us speak of the doom of the wicked harshly, flippantly, or without holy grief; the loss of heaven and the endurance of hell must always be themes for tears.

6. Let me add that I think the lament of Jesus should *instruct all those who would now come to Him as to the manner of their approach.* While I appealed to you just now, were there any who said, "I would fain come to Jesus, but how shall I come?" The answer is, come with sorrow and with prayer, even as it is written, "They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them." As Jesus meets you, so meet Him. He shows you in what fashion to return, in what array to draw near to your Redeemer, for He comes to you clothed in no robes but those of mourning, adorned with no jewels but the pearls of His tears.

Come to Him in the garments of humiliation, mourning for your sin. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Penitential sorrow worketh life in men. Only come to Jesus and tell Him you have sinned, and are ashamed, and fain would cease to do evil, and learn to do well.

God bless these feeble words concerning the inner emotions of my Lord, and may the Holy Spirit again rest upon us while we further pursue the subject into another field.

II. We are now to consider

OUR LORD'S VERBAL LAMENTATIONS.

These are recorded in the following words: "Oh, that thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

1. First, notice, He laments over *the fault by which they perished*—"Oh, that thou hadst known." Ignorance, wilful ignorance, was their ruin. "Oh, that thou hadst known." They did not know what they might have known, what they ought to have known: they did not know their God. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." *They knew not God*, they knew not God's only Son, they knew not Him who came in mercy to them with nothing but love upon His lips. Oh, but this is the pity, that light is come into the world, and men will not have it, but love darkness rather than light.

2. The Lord laments *the bliss which they had lost*, the peace which could not be theirs. "Oh, that thou hadst known the things that belong unto thy peace." The name of that city was, as we know, Jerusalem, which being interpreted signifies a vision of peace. They that looked upon it saw before them a vision of peace. But, alas, Jerusalem had lost its "salem," or peace, and become *a vision only*, because she did not know and would not know her God. Oh, men and women that know not God, you have lost peace; even now you are like the troubled sea that cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. "There is no peace, saith my God, unto the wicked." Oh, what joys you might have had! The delights of pardoned sin, the bliss of conscious safety, the joy of communion with God, the rapture of fellowship with Christ Jesus, the heavenly expectation of infinite glory, all might have been yours; but you have put them away from you.

You are losers, you are awful losers by not being reconciled to God, and you will be worse losers yet, for that false peace which now stands you in the stead of true peace, and beguiles and fascinates you, will depart like the mirage of the desert, and leave you on the arid sands of despair, to seek for rest and find it not.

3. But our Lord also lamented over *the persons who had lost peace.* Observe that He says, "Oh, that *thou* hadst known, *even thou.* Thou art Jerusalem, the favored city. It is little that Egypt did not know, that Tyre and Sidon did not know, but that *thou* shouldst not know!" Ah, friends, if Jesus were here this morning, He might weep over

some of you and say, "Oh, that thou hadst known, even *thou.*"

YOU WERE A LOVELY CHILD !

Even in your earliest days you were fond of everything good ; you were taken to the place of worship and sat on your mother's knee, pleased to be there. Do you remember the minister's name that you used to lisp with delight, the texts you repeated, and the hymns you sang? You grew up to be a lad right full of promise, and all felt sure that you would be a Christian. What exhortations your father, who is now in heaven, gave you! And she that bare you and loved you till she passed away, how she prayed and pleaded for you!

Some of you have been sitting here, or in some other place where Christ is preached, for a very long time, and you have often been very near to the kingdom, and yet you are not in it. You have come right up to the edge of the border-land, but you have not crossed the line. You are not far from the kingdom of God, but you lack one thing —the one essential point of decision for Christ. "Oh, that thou hadst known, even *thou!*" You are always ready to help the cause of God with your purse, for you take an interest in every good work, you cannot bear blasphemy or infidelity ; and yet you are not saved. There are a thousand things that are hopeful about you, but there is one thing which damps our hope, for you always procrastinate, and know not how to use your present opportunity.

Jesus bids you use "this thy day," but you linger and delay. To-day is God's accepted time ; postpone no longer the hour of decision. Alas, that *thou* shouldst perish! Shall the child of such a mother be lost? Shall the son of such a father be driven down to hell? I cannot bear it. God have mercy on you, sons and daughters of Christian parents! You that have been enriched with Christian privileges, why will ye die? Young man, so promising but yet so undecided, it makes the Saviour Himself weep that thou, even thou, shouldst still refuse to know the things that make for thy peace.

4. Our Lord wept because of the *opportunity which they had neglected.* He said, "At least in this thy day." It was such a favored day : they aforetime had been warned by holy men, but now they had the Son of God Himself to preach to them. It was a day of miracles of mercy, a day of the unveiling of gospel grace ; and yet they would not have Christ, though He had come so near to them, and it was a day of merciful visitation such as other nations had not known.

Perhaps to-day also may be a day of visitation to some of you. Shall we have to lament, "Oh that thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day"—in this Sabbath day, this day of power, this day of the Spirit. Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel some tender touches of the Spirit's power ; do not resist him, and cause this day also to pass away unimproved. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved ;" and has the autumn closed, and shall the winter come and go, and shall these days in which the Spirit visits men all depart till God shall declare that it does not become the dignity of His Spirit always to strive with flesh, and therefore He shall cease His operations and leave men to their own devices?

5. The Lord Jesus mourned again because *He saw the blindness which* had stolen over them. They had shut their eyes so fast that now they could not see ; their ears which they had stopped had become dull and heavy ; their hearts which they had hardened had waxen gross ; so that they could not see with their eyes, nor hear with their ears, nor feel in their hearts, nor be converted that he should heal them. Why, the truth was as plain as the sun in the heavens, and yet they could not see it ; and so is the gospel at this hour to many of you, and yet you perceive it not.

6. Lastly, we know that the great floodgates of Christ's grief were pulled up because of *the ruin which he foresaw.* It is worth any man's while to read the story of the destruction of Jerusalem, as it is told by Josephus ; it is *the most harrowing of all records* written by human pen ; it remains

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES ;

there never was and there never will be anything comparable to it ; the people died of famine and of pestilence, and fell by thousands beneath the swords of their own countrymen. Women devoured the flesh of their own children, and men raged against each other with the fury of wild beasts. All ills seemed to meet in that doomed city ; it was filled within with horrors and surrounded without by terrors. Portents amazed the sky both day and night. There was no escape, neither would the frenzied people accept of mercy. The city itself was the banqueting hall of death.

Josephus says : "All hope of escaping was now cut off from the Jews, together with their liberty of going out of the city. Then did the famine widen its progress, and devour the people by whole houses and families ; the upper rooms were full of women and infants that were dying by famine, and the lanes of the city were full of the dead bodies of the aged ; the children also, and the young men wandered about the market-places like shadows, all swelled with the famine, and fell down dead wheresoever their misery seized them. For a time the dead were buried ; but afterward, when they could not do that, they had them cast down from the wall into the valleys beneath. When Titus, on going his rounds along these valleys, saw them full of dead bodies, and the thick putrefaction running about them, he gave a groan, and spreading out his hands to heaven, called God to witness this was not his doing."

There is nothing in history to exceed this horror, but even this is nothing compared with the destruction of a soul. A man might look with complacency upon a dying body if he knew that within it was a soul that would live eternally in bliss and cause the body to rise again to equal joy ; but *for a soul to die* is a catastrophe so terrible that the heavens might be clothed with sackcloth for its funeral. There is a death which never ends, the separation of the soul from God, which is the completest of all deaths. The separation of the soul from the body is but, as it were, a prelude and type of the far more dreadful death, the separation of the soul from God.

BANISHED FROM HOPE,

Existing but not living, and that forever ; what a condition must this be!

I shall draw no picture : words fail ; but oh, my hearers, shall it be that any one among *you* shall ever know the meaning of the Saviour's words : "These shall go away into everlasting punishment"? Will it ever be your lot to hear Him say —you who hear me this day, I mean—"Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire in hell, prepared for the devil and his angels?" If we could mark any here to whom this doom will happen, we might make a ring around them and bear them home, rending our garments and tearing our hair ; for it would be a far greater grief than if we knew that they would die by the sword or by famine in a foreign land. All ills are trifles compared with the second death.

Just a moment, while in conclusion I set forth our Saviour's grief, as it expressed itself in other words ; for those other words may help us to fresh light. You remember the passage in the twenty-third of Matthew, which I read in your hearing, where the Lord said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Do you see his grace and grief? These people killed the prophets, and yet the Lord of prophets would have gathered them. His love had gone so far that even prophet-killers He would have gathered.

Is not this wonderful that there should be grace enough in Christ to gather adulterers, thieves, liars, and to forgive and change them, and yet they will not be gathered? That He should be willing even to gather such base ones into a place of salvation, and yet should be refused? The pith of it lies in this : "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

See, here the case stands thus : I would, but ye would not. This is a grief to love. If it had been a fact that *Christ* would not, then I could not understand His tears ; but when He says, "I would, but *ye* would not then," I see the deep reason of His anguish. The failure of will is in you that perish, not in Christ who cries, "I would, but ye would not." Ay, and He adds, "How often would I." Not once was He in a merciful mood, and pitiful to sinners for that time alone, but He cries, "How often would I have gathered." Here is a painful sentence. Set the

TWO WORDS IN CONTRAST :

"Gathered," that is what you might have been ; "desolate," that is what you shall be ; and Jesus weeps because of it. "Gathered"—it is such a beautiful picture ; you see the little chicks fleeing from danger, when they hear the cluck of the mother hen ; they gather together and they come under her wings. Did you ever hear that little, pretty cry they make when they are all together, with their heads buried in the feathers? How warm and comfortable they are! This is where you might have been, gathered under the warm breast of the eternal God, feeling His love with the rest of the people, joying and rejoicing in a communion of complete security ; but inasmuch as you would not be gathered, see what you will be, "desolate," without a friend, without a helper. Desolate! Desolate! Desolate! Because you would not be gathered! Well doth the tender Saviour weep over men since they will perversely choose such a doom.

I do not feel as if I could close in gloom ; I must flash before you

A BRIGHTER LIGHT,

though it be for the last minute. The day hastens on when Christ will come a second time, and then He shall behold a new Jerusalem, a spiritual Jerusalem, builded by divine hands. The foundations thereof are of jewels, and the gates thereof are of pearl. How He will rejoice over it! He shall rest in His love, He shall rejoice over it with singing. He will shed no tears then, but He will see in the Jerusalem from above the travail of His soul, and He shall be satisfied. When Zion shall be built up the Lord shall appear in His glory, and *the marriage of the Lamb* will have come. Meanwhile, if any one of you who are not yet saved will come to Jesus, He will rejoice over you, for He takes pleasure in the stones of Zion, and favoreth the dust thereof, and if you are as little as Zion's dust and as mean as her rubbish, He will rejoice over you.

It is written that "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Now, angels stand in the presence of the Lord Jesus, and there is joy in His heart over a single penitent. If only one sinner shall repent because of this sermon, my Lord will rejoice over him. I, His servant, am, in my measure, intensely glad when a soul repents, but he shall have the chief joy, for His is the chief love. Who will now come to Jesus? Would God it might be the beloved son of a godly mother! Would God it might be you, my long-hesitating hearer, for years a hearer but not a doer of the word. May the Holy Spirit decide you at this very moment.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE THE SERMON —Isaiah 1 : 1–20 ; Matthew 23 : 34–39 ; Luke 19 : 36–44.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it ; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Cardinal Manning is said to Rule the Roman Catholic priests of his diocese in England with severe discipline. He disapproves of any priest in his diocese smoking, and encourages all to take the pledge. That which he preaches he practises ; and Cardinal Simeoni, when on a visit to England, occasioned no little consternation at the "Archbishop's House" by lighting a cigar after dinner and passing round his cigar-case. Cardinal Manning carries his asceticism even to condemnation of pudding.

TALES OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

By a London Clergyman.

UNCLE ROBERT'S HAMPER.

(A Tale in Two Chapters.)

CHAPTER II.

"I HAD only got up to the next floor, "said Mr. Grex,"when a great noise of scuffling and swearing reached my ears. There seemed to be some terrible struggle going on. Fearing lest some injury might be done, I made haste toward the room from which the sounds proceeded. I saw at a glance that it was a row between husband and wife. He was pursuing her round the room, trying to strike her with a black bottle he held in his hand by the neck. If he had struck her, I fear he would have killed her.

"She seemed less drunk than he, and so easily eluded him. Despairing at last of reaching her, he threw the bottle at her, but happily it fell upon the edge of the bed. They became quiet when they saw me. When I spoke to them they began to accuse each other. It seemed that the quarrel arose from the one consuming more than a fair share of the drink. The room was nearly empty of furniture. Three poor little children were huddled together in one corner of the room, only half clothed, and looking almost starved, trembling in every limb, and weeping most bitterly. And this was their way of spending Christmas. I soon found I could make no impression upon their sodden minds, and left them.

"At last I reached Widow Suggins and delivered into her hands her share of the basket. One thing, however, I kept back—a black bottle.

"Do you know, my dear," continued Mr. Grex, turning to his wife, "all the way back I was lifting up my heart to God in prayer, to show me what I ought to do in this terrible matter? And I think I see my duty now. I put the black bottle on the hearthrug, that in the face of it we might take, this very afternoon, some very decided course.

"Now, wife and children," said Mr. Grex solemnly, "let us remember that all the cruelty and scandal and degradation and sin that I have seen this afternoon came from drinking the contents of a black bottle like that. Can it be a good and healthy thing for men, women, and children who are in good health?"

"No, decidedly," said Mrs. Grex.

"No, no, papa," echoed all the other Grexes, very warmly.

"Now, listen again," continued Mr. Grex; "that it is possible to be happy and well without the drink has been proved to me beyond question. The brightest smiles, the healthiest cheeks, and the most religious hearts I found in a room where there was no black bottle.

"What say you, wife? What say you, children? Shall we give up taking strong drink altogether? shall we become teetotalers?"

A chorus of "Yes" immediately rose. There was not one who hesitated.

There was a pleased look upon Mr. Grex's face when he heard this enthusiastic assent to his proposal. And he capped it all by saying,

"And I say 'yes' too, with all my heart. But," he added quickly, "let us not take this step without asking the Lord's blessing on it."

In a moment they were all on their knees, and the voice of the husband and father was pleading for the poor drunkards, and that they themselves might be kept firm and steadfast, and be enabled to do all in their power to assist the poor needy ones.

The first thing Mr. Grex did when they rose was to take the famous black bottle in one hand, and a poker in the other, and with one smart tap to break its neck.

"May the broken bottle, children, be to us all a picture and a type of what we have this day done. From this day forth we break with the drink."

"But what about Uncle Robert, and his next year's hamper?" said Mrs. Grex. "As sure as next Christmas Eve comes, and Uncle Robert is alive and we too, will another black bottle put in an appearance."

It was a very knotty question indeed, and must be decided somehow or other. At last it was determined that the children should write him a letter, and tell him what they had made up their minds to do in reference to strong drink.

"No time like the present," said Mr. Grex; "go over into the corner, and put your heads together, and see what you can do."

It was a long time before the writing materials were ready, and a much longer time before the letter itself was ready. At last, however, it was finished, and submitted for approval. It ran thus:

"Dear Uncle Robert:

"We thank you ever so much for the beautiful hamper. We hope you won't feel hurt, but we have broken the black bottle; and please don't send any more, as we are not going to like black bottles again. Papa and mamma and all of us have become teetotalers. You won't feel hurt, will you, please, dear Uncle Robert?

"With very kind love,
"Your affectionate
"Nieces & Nephews."

Mr. Grex having provided the stamp, the letter was directed, and sent off that very day.

Do you think the Grexes were less happy the latter part of that day than they were at the beginning? Were their smiles less beaming and their laughter less hearty? Nobody ever noticed it. And to tell the truth, nobody could have noticed it, because as a matter of fact, instead of damping their feelings, the step they had taken brightened them considerably. Unselfishness ever brings its own reward. Even the smallest Grex of all had such a warm, cosey feeling about the heart that she couldn't help referring to it, and wondering where it came from. Indeed, they all felt so very comfortable that there was a general regret expressed that they had not taken the step long ago.

One incident which happened a little later on in the day gave such an increase to their joy that I cannot refrain from mentioning it. It seems that the news had reached the kitchen, and had raised quite a lively discussion there. From what Mrs. Grex was told after, the information as to the revolution up-stairs was brought when they were in the very act of consuming a bottle of wine—their Christmas treat.

"Master and mistress turned teetotalers!" they all exclaimed; "who'd have thought it?"

The news so affected them all that, when they lifted the glass again to their lips and sipped, the wine had quite changed its taste. It wasn't half so nice. Somehow it had got to be quite unpalatable; and then they all became quite quiet. Nobody spoke for full five minutes. At length the silence became so painful that it was plain somebody must break it.

Said the cook, "I don't enjoy this wine a bit now." And so said the rest.

Said the cook again, "I think I won't take any more."

"Nor I either," responded the others. The cook then solemnly corked the bottle and pushed it to the farther end of the table.

"If master and mistress," they said, "can do without it, why can't we?"

You know now what it was that increased the happiness of the already happy Grexes. The kitchen had followed the parlor, and had become teetotalers too.

It was wonderful how smoothly everything went after this step. Tempers were sweetened, hours were more regular, advice was more readily received, and the kitchen, instead of being a thorn in Mrs. Grex's side, was all that could be desired. There was not a brighter, happier household in all Beveril than that of the Grexes. And this was not all. It extended to other households too. Friends who came to the house carried away the infection with them, and became centres of influence themselves. And to add one more fact before I resume the thread of my story, it was remarked that not a single household who had followed the Grexes in their change of habits ever repented and returned again to the use of strong drink.

Though Uncle Robert wrote many times to the children during the next year, he never referred to their letter. It was the next Christmas Eve that his reply came.

The hamper arrived as usual, and as usual was opened in the presence of the whole family. The first thing which met their eye was a black bottle of the very same shape, and labelled in the very same way, as that of last Christmas.

"It's too bad of Uncle Robert to send us a horrid old bottle again, cried out the little Grexes, one and all.

"It feels very light," said Mrs. Grex, weighing it in her hand; let us open it."

When it was opened it was found to be empty as regarded wine. The only thing it contained was a slip of paper, on which these words were written:

"Uncle Robert has joined his little nieces and nephews, and his brother and sister, in giving up strong drink. A happy Christmas to you all, and no black bottles."

EPHRAIM FORD'S NIGHT-WATCH.

Thinking Over his Past Life on Good Friday Night, Ephraim Discovers How it it could be Forgiven—He is Converted, and Becomes a Useful Missionary.

It was the night of Good Friday, fine and clear, and the grim, defiant outlines of the citadel of Gibraltar loomed up majestically. Nothing disturbed the stillness of that midnight hour save the measured tread of each sentry and the occasional challenging of the officer of the night as he went his rounds to see that each sentinel was at his proper post. Good Friday was almost gone. In another quarter of an hour the chimes of the clock-towers would ring out the hour of twelve. That Good Friday had been full of services of one kind and another, and Ephraim Ford had strolled from place to place, seeing in these services only matter for "fun." But now that he stood alone under the midnight sky, or paced his solitary beat, memory began to recall other scenes and other times. He could remember, very distinctly, the parents, in the midst of their little family group; the girls, with their quiet, maidenly winsomeness; and the boys, of whom he was the roughest and noisiest, perhaps—full of fun, daring, and tricks.

And there was another recollection which seemed to strike him hardest of all. In those days of long ago, Ephraim had, along with his brothers, sisters, and playfellows, attended a Sunday-school; and the anniversaries of the Sunday-school were held on each recurring Easter Sunday. These anniversary meetings were still kept up—at least, so his sister told him in her letters; and while he had turned out "wild" and headstrong—finishing up a course of folly with enlistment into a regiment bound for foreign service—some of the lads who had been his class-fellows had become useful men. Half a dozen or more had taken the posts of the former teachers in that very Sunday-school, while two or three more were preaching the Gospel, either in their own or in foreign lands. And as Ephraim recalled all these particulars, he grew nervous and spellbound, as it were.

Such seasons come sometimes in a man's life. The voice of conscience, unfettered at last, speaks loudly of a *past* which is full of sin, of privileges despised rather than improved, and of offences committed against the light of God's Word. Then, too, frequently the still small voice of God's Spirit speaks, and the sinner is drawn toward his only remedy.

This was how it happened with Ephraim Ford. Somehow—he could not tell how—the memory of the *last* anniversary at which he ever attended rose up before him. Fresh as yesterday, rose up before his mental vision the picture of the gray-haired preacher announcing as his text the glorious words, "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" How full of sin and unhallowed pleasure had the four years been which had succeeded that service; and in all those intervening years he had given small thought to any of these things; yet they rose in his mind as if he had listened to them only that very day. What could it mean?

"Pshaw! I think I'm getting nervous!" said he to himself; and shouldering his musket he paced more vigorously to and fro, as if he would fain banish all serious thought. But a man's thoughts stick close to him. Outward voices may be silenced, but the inward monitor speaks more loudly in solitude. So his pacing to and fro only served to make his mind more active.

"I shouldn't wonder if the old folks at home ain't praying for their soldier-son! I know they think great things of their anniversary day, and maybe when they hear other folks talk about it, they think about me." Thus his soliloquy went on, for Ephraim Ford was as yet far from being hardened, and some of these recollections cut him to the quick.

"Can't think what's come to me to-night!" he soliloquized again. "Why, it all comes up so fresh that I'm sure they must be praying for me at home. That's the secret! What a queer text, '*Delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification!*' That old preacher is dead and gone, but I don't forget his text. My offences! *My* offences! This is the day on which Christ died for *my offences!* Ah, I wish I were a boy again in that Sunday-school! I hadn't half as many sins to answer for then as I have now. It wouldn't have been half so hard to repent then as it is now. That's what my old teacher used to tell me. I don't know what he would say now, if he knew all! Ah, but *God knows all!*"

He stopped, and in his ignorance he *tried to pray.* It was the first prayer which he had offered since his entering the service; and he stumbled and stammered over it, like a child just learning to talk. And this was what he said: "My offences, Lord, are dreadful—so many that I cannot number them. Oh, Lord, forgive. How shall I be forgiven? I've wandered away from the teaching of my youth—from my pious father's prayers; and I have sinned against Thee. Is there nothing that can blot out my sins?"

Footsteps in the distance! Instantly, the soldier's senses were on the alert. Seizing his musket more tightly, he advanced and called out, "Who goes there? Advance, and give the password!"

"*Behold the Lamb of God,*" replied the soldier who came up. Then, recovering himself immediately, he added, with some confusion, "I beg pardon. Those words slipped out. They were in my mind as I came up, so I unconsciously gave them. The password is '*Bravery.*'"

"Right! You may pass on. Where do you go?"

"To relieve guard at the east fort." He passed on, and was soon lost to sight.

"*Behold the Lamb of God,*" Ephraim Ford soliloquized again. "Why, that is the very thing that I want. I know the whole verse runs thus, '*Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.*' I used to say it in Sunday-school. *That* will suffice to blot out my sins. That's the meaning of Christ's death on the cross. He died there for me! I remember it all now. I remember, too, another text—'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' How well I recollect learning that as a boy! Why, it all comes up so fresh now. '*Cleanseth us from all sin!*' That's what I want. Indeed, my life and my conscience too has been stained over and over again with sin. I know that there are a great many offences down against me in the regimental black-book; but that is nothing to God's Book. Nothing but this can wash out my sins, I know. I think I understand now the meaning of that text, '*Delivered for our offences.*' If Jesus had not died, there would have been no chance for me."

At this moment the soldier who was to relieve Ephraim Ford drew near, and the two exchanged places. As Ephraim returned to barracks and turned in for the night, his thoughts still kept him company; and when morning broke he was still pondering anxiously over the questions which the Holy Spirit had suggested. And as the awakened soldier remembered the home of his youth, he tried to pray.

But peace did not come *so.* On Easter morning Ephraim went eagerly to a place of worship, wondering if some message of mercy would reach him. Two days previously he had strolled with his comrades from place to place, wandering into different haunts in search of sensational performances; now he only sought to hear about Jesus as the Saviour of men, especially of himself. Almost in every church the joyful news of Christ's resurrection was the theme of discourse. Specially was it in the church to which Ephraim went. Strange to say, the text selected for the sermon was that very one which had flashed across Ephraim's mind as being the text of that anniversary Sunday years before, "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Ephraim was all attention now. Like cold water to a thirsty soul came the good news of the finished work of Christ for *him.*

Henceforth all became changed. In place of swearing, drunkenness, and Sabbath-breaking, he became noted for sobriety, prayer, and Bible-reading; while in the room of his bad companions of old times he sought out all the praying men in the regiment and kept company with them. It was not long either before the good news went back to Ephraim Ford's old home; and the feeble, gray-headed parents echoed again the grateful language of the father in the parable: "For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

Ephraim Ford remained in the army for some little time longer; but God in His providence had designed better things for him. His regiment being ordered to Ceylon, he engaged shortly after in missionary work, and became so useful among the natives that special efforts were made to obtain his discharge. That point being gained, he received an appointment as missionary laborer among the Cingalese, and worked in their midst for several years with great acceptance. Finally, after translating the Bible into the Cingalese language, he laid down both life and labor, and entered the heavenly rest. Yet Ephraim Ford won many a heathen to the cross during his lifetime; and how many more, by means of his translation of the Bible, found Jesus, only the records of eternity will tell.

Now the truth which was the ground of hope to the soldier may be also the ground of joyful hope to us. The resurrection of Christ is a solemn verity. If He rose not, neither shall we. If He rose not, our hope is also vain, for we are yet in our sins. But He triumphed over death, and ascending up on high pleads for us before His Father's throne. Having risen, He became our Mediator and prevailing Advocate; and by Him "we are justified from all things," from which we "could not be justified by the law of Moses."

The Tower of Repentance.—In the neighborhood of Hoddam Castle, Dumfrieshire, Scotland, there was once a tower called the "Tower of Repentance." What gave the tower its name, we are not told, but it is said that an English baronet, walking near the castle, saw a shepherd lad lying upon the ground reading attentively.

"What are you reading, lad?" he asked.

"The Bible, sir," replied the boy.

"The Bible! indeed!" laughed the gentleman; "then you must be wiser than the parson. Can you tell me the way to heaven?"

"Yes, sir, I can," replied the boy, in no way embarrassed by the mocking tone of the other; "you must go by way of yonder tower."

The gentleman saw that the boy had learned the lesson of his book well, and, rebuked, walked away in silence.

Adoniram Judson, the Famous Missionary to Burmah, once had his attention called by his wife to two newspaper articles, in one of which he was likened to the apostle Paul, and in the other to the beloved John; but he exclaimed with a sorrowfulness which made her regret having shown them to him: "Oh, how little—*how little do they know me.*" "It is very evident that they do not know you," remarked she; "one day you are Peter, or Paul, or Luther, and the next gentle John, or mild Melancthon." "I do not want to be like any of them," he said, energetically, "Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas, nor any other mere man. I want to be like Christ. We have a great many aids and encouragers along the Christian path; but only one perfectly safe Exampler—only One who, tempted like as we are in every point, is still without sin. I want to follow *Him* only."

A PRIZED LOCK OF HAIR

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me. "Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God." "It is not. It is a lock of *my own hair;* and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head." "But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?" "It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God, and of His special care, than anything else I possess. The story is this:

"I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks which, in sun or rain or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the wood to cut down a tree, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment *my curly head lay upon the log.* I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused he thought he had killed his boy.

"We soon recovered—I from my fright and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass, and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe, and *found a few hairs on its edge.* He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.

"That curl he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That curl he left to me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust Him forever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my three-score years and ten, but this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

A Zulu Restitution.—A Kaffir Girl in South Africa went to a missionary and dropped four sixpences into his hand, saying, "That is your money." "You don't owe me anything," replied the teacher. "I do," she answered, "and I will tell you how. At the public examination you promised a sixpence to any one in the class I was in who would write the best specimen on a slate. I gave in my slate and got the sixpence; but you did not know then that another person wrote that specimen for me. Yesterday you were reading in the church about Zaccheus, who said, 'If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' I took from you one sixpence, and I bring you back four."

The Hostile Attitude Assumed by Several religious bodies in Great Britain toward the Church of England is liable to be misunderstood in this country, where we have no established church. It may be mistaken for hostility to the Church itself, which is not the case. The foremost place in the ranks of those who agitate for the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church is occupied by the Congregationalists, and at the recent meeting of the representatives of that sect it was declared that the objection to an established church is not against any particular church, but against the continuance of a national establishment of religion, independently of any consideration of that kind; that Congregationalists think well of the Church of England and its work, and would be sorry to see its spiritual force weakened.

A CHOICE VINDICATED.

(*Continued from page* 815.)

Under Eastern Skies.

We arrived at Brindisi late on Saturday night; we were all very tired and worn out, and exceedingly glad to get to our journey's end. We stayed at an hotel near the sea, such a curious Eastern-looking place, with bare stone floors and whitewashed walls, and only just as much furniture in the large rooms as was absolutely necessary.

The next morning I awoke early, and went to my window and looked out. It seemed a perfect fairy-land to me. The harbor was as still as a lake, and covered with the reflection of the ships and boats, with their pretty latteen sails. And beyond the harbor there was the blue Mediterranean sparkling in the morning sunshine.

It looked very unlike Sunday, for work was going on just as on any other day; and the people of Brindisi were buying, and selling, and hurrying along, as though it were the busiest day in the week.

I took my Testament, and sat at a little distance from the window, and had a quiet time alone before Clemence came to say that Evelyn was dressed, and was going down-stairs for breakfast.

We were to go on board the steamer that night, as it was to sail early the next morning; but Sir William arranged that during the day we should stay quietly at the hotel.

The weather had been very cold when we were at Turin, and we found a great change of climate at Brindisi. The sky was a deep, unclouded blue, and the sunshine was so hot that we found it difficult to keep cool. Evelyn and I discovered a seat on the flat roof of the hotel, where we were shaded from the hot sun and could read together quietly. We read aloud the Psalms for the day, verse by verse. One of these was Psalm 122 and it was with a wonderfully strange feeling that we read those words: "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

"May," said Evelyn, "can you believe that verse is really true of us?"

When we had finished our reading, Sir William came out to us, and persuaded us to venture out of the shady corner in which we had been sitting, and to walk to the other end of the roof, that we might look at the view to be seen from thence.

To our surprise we found that we were not alone on the roof. An English gentleman was leaning over the parapet with a book in his hand, looking toward the sea. He turned round as we came up, and slipped his book into his pocket. I fancied that it was a Bible.

Sir William and the strange gentleman soon got into conversation about Brindisi and its surroundings, and he pointed out to us several objects of interest in the neighborhood. He was not a very young man, though I fancied that he looked older than he really was. There was something in his face, when it was at rest, which made me think that he had been through a great deal of trouble, and yet, when he smiled, his whole face was lighted up in a moment, and he looked perfectly different. He was not exactly a handsome man, and yet his was a face which, having once seen, you could never forget, and which you could not help liking. That was my first impression of Mr. Stanley, so far as I can now remember.

Sir William was very charmed with him, and said afterward that he had seldom met such a well-read, sensible man. We sat together on the roof, and Evelyn and I acted the part of listeners, while the two gentlemen talked.

"You are going to Jerusalem, I think," said Mr. Stanley, as Sir William was unfolding his plans to him, "I have been there several times."

This led to many inquiries on Sir William's part about the [illegible] to be found in Jerusalem, etc., etc. But Evelyn and I wondered very much how Mr. Stanley knew that we were going to Jerusalem. Could he have heard us reading that Psalm, and saying that it was soon to be true of us?

"I am afraid you will be disappointed in Jerusalem," said Mr. Stanley, turning to us; "you must remember that though it is still 'beautiful for situation,' yet Jerusalem is no longer 'the joy of the whole earth.' It is, indeed, beautiful at a distance, and every one is charmed who sees it for the first time; but when you go inside the walls, and know it well, you cannot help feeling depressed and saddened."

"But there are brighter days coming for Jerusalem," I ventured to say.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Stanley, "Jerusalem will be a hundredfold more than she ever was before—the City of the Great King."

But Sir William always regarded the study of prophecy as a mixture of presumption and romance, and he quickly led the conversation into a different channel; but I longed to hear what Mr. Stanley's views were about the return of the Jews and the restoration of Jerusalem.

That evening we went on board the steamer which was to take us to Alexandria. There were a great many first-class passengers, and we had some difficulty in obtaining a cabin to ourselves. At length Sir William managed to secure a small one for Evelyn and me, in which there were only two berths, and as soon as *table d'hote* was over we went to our cabin.

There were very few passengers present at dinner; Mr. Stanley was there, and a few others whom we had seen in the hotel at Brindisi; but most of the people came on board as we were going to bed. They had just arrived by the late train from Turin, and had secured their cabins beforehand by telegraphing to the captain.

Evelyn and I were undressing when we heard a voice in the saloon, which we were almost sure we knew. It was a lady's voice, and she was giving orders to the stewardess in an imperious tone, with regard to the arrangement of her cabin.

"That must be Lady Eldridge," said Evelyn to me; "it is exactly like her voice."

Clemence went at this moment, to get some hot water, and returned with the information that it was Lady Eldridge, and that she had taken the next cabin to ours.

"Oh dear!" said Evelyn, "I wonder where she is going. I hope not to Cairo; I remember she often spends the winter there. Well, we shall hear in the morning!"

As Lady Eldridge's voice had been the last thing we heard at night, so it was the first thing that we heard in the morning. She had brought no maid with her; and, as she was utterly unable to do anything for herself, she was constantly calling the poor stewardess, who had already more work than she could get through, to help her in the various stages of her toilet.

"Oh dear!" said Evelyn, as Lady Eldridge's voice was heard again and again, "I do hope she is not going to Cairo; we must find out at once."

We met Lady Eldridge at breakfast; she professed herself delighted beyond measure at meeting Sir William and Evelyn, and wished to know where they were going, and how long she would have the wonderful pleasure of travelling in their company.

"It is such trying work travelling alone, my dear," she said to Evelyn, "and I am naturally very nervous; it is really quite miraculous my meeting you. Sir William, I feel sure, will not refuse to take me under his care."

Sir William bowed, and said he would be very glad to help Lady Eldridge in any way he could; but I did not think he seemd particularly glad of the addition to our party, for such Lady Eldridge, from that moment, considered herself to be. She turned over all responsibility about her baggage to Sir William, and she used Clemence as freely as if she had been her own maid.

"But," said Lady Eldridge, as we were finishing breakfast, "you have never yet told me where you are going, Evelyn, my dear."

Evelyn was about to answer her, when, to my surprise, Sir William prevented her.

"Our plans are not yet formed, Lady Eldridge," he said; "I am going to consider this morning what our tour will be, and then I shall be able to let you know."

"Oh, you must come to Cairo," said Lady Eldridge decidedly; "there is no place like Cairo in the winter. The climate is simply perfect, my dear," she said, turning to Evelyn. "Now, Sir William, you must decide to stay at least three months at Cairo, and then we can all spend the winter together. Now come, I think that is a capital plan!"

Sir William smiled and said he would consider the matter; but there were many other places that he wished to visit, and he could not make up his mind hastily. We did not see much of Lady Eldridge after breakfast, for she remained in the saloon the whole day reading a French novel, and seemed to think us very extraordinary girls because we chose to go on deck.

Evelyn and I found a sheltered seat, where the cold wind did not reach us; and here we sat with our books and our work until the evening. The steamer had started early in the morning, and though a fresh breeze was blowing, still the sea was not uncomfortably rough, and we were beginning to think that sea voyages were not half so disagreeable and uncomfortable as people made them out to be.

Sir William paced up and down the deck with Mr. Stanley nearly all the morning, discussing his future plans. Every now and then they stopped to examine a map or a guide-book; and at length they sat down on a seat, and Sir William took a pencil from his pocket and wrote at Mr. Stanley's dictation.

"I wonder what papa has settled!" said Evelyn. "I wish he would come and tell us. I am sure he does not want to go to Cairo, now that Lady Eldridge is going there. Did not you notice that he would not let me say where we were going?"

When Sir William had finished writing, he and Mr. Stanley came toward us, and Sir William told us, to our great joy, that we were going at once to Jerusalem. Mr. Stanley had told them that there was a clean, comfortable hotel there, and that the climate in December and January was generally beautiful.

"So I think we will stop in Jerusalem a month or two," said Sir William, "and then decide where we go next. What do you say to that, Evelyn?"

"Oh, papa," said Evelyn, "it is just what I wanted. I am longing to get to Jerusalem!"

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem," said Mr. Stanley with a smile. And then we were sure that he had heard us reading the Psalm.

At sunset the wind became very strong; the ship rolled heavily, and the passengers were glad to go to their cabins. It was a dreadful night. I shall never forget it. Every hour the storm became more terrible. I had never thought that a storm at sea could be so dreadful. The waves were beating over our heads, and, every now and then, the cabin was lighted up by a vivid flash of lightning, which was followed almost immediately by a terrible clap of thunder. Every two or three minutes we heard the crash of breaking crockery, and the broken cups and jugs and glasses were thrown backward and forward on the floor, as the ship pitched and tossed.

I wonder that so many people have such peaceful ideas of the Mediterranean Sea, after reading the Bible accounts of it. Oh, how often during that dreadful night we thought of St. Paul in the storm, probably just in this very part of the Mediterranean; and we could so well picture that scene in Jonah's life when the sailors, unwilling to cast him overboard, made a last mighty effort to bring the ship to land, but the sea wrought and was tempestuous, and they were not able to manage it.

And then David's description of the storm, in Psalm 107, must refer to this very sea. How often we repeated those verses to each other that night: "*He* maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

"Oh, May," said Evelyn, as I crept to her side when the storm was at its height, "what a comfort it is to know we are safe, isn't it?'

"Yes," I said, "I cannot think how any one dare travel, and go through all the perils by land and water, without knowing that."

"I should not have known it if we had come a year ago," said Evelyn. "Oh, May, I should have been terribly frightened then."

We did not sleep once the whole night, and very long the hours seemed to us.

At about three o'clock in the morning we heard Lady Eldridge's voice loudly crying for help. She was calling, first for Clemence and then for the stewardess, but their cabins were at the other end of the saloon, and neither of them heard her.

"What can she want?" said Evelyn.

I put on my dressing-gown, and managed to go as far as the door of Lady Eldridge's cabin, that I might see what was the matter.

"Just look here, Miss Lindsay!" she said; "the porthole burst open, and the water has come over my bed. Do go and call the stewardess, and tell her to bring me clean linen and blankets."

(*To be continued.*)

ZACHARIAS AND ELIZABETH.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 2d, Luke 1 : 5-25. Golden Text, ver. 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

It is most important to notice that the parents of the only child mentioned in the Word of God who was filled with the Holy Ghost from his birth were both of them wholly devoted to the Lord. We read, "There was in the days of Herod, the king of Judea, a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia: and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name was Elizabeth. And they were both righteous before God, walking n all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." "Righteous before God." There are many who are righteous in their own eyes, but not before God. The Lord Jesus found occasion to speak a parable "unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others" (Luke 18 : 9). "Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight" (Isa. 5 : 21). The Apostle Paul writes, "Be not wise in your own conceits" (Rom. 12 : 16). But Oh, how blessed it is to be righteous before God, to have no occasion to shrink from, but, on the contrary, to welcome, His scrutinizing gaze.

Thus was it with both Zacharias and Elizabeth. They were wholly given to do the will of God; there was a true symmetry in their religious life, no exception in their piety; they walked "in *all* the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." There are sometimes children of God who are exceedingly conscientious about certain things, while n other things they are lax and careless. Some, or instance, who are very unworldly as far as external worldliness is concerned, but who have never learned by love to "serve one another" (Gal. 5 : 13), and who, consequently, have little scruple as to how much trouble or inconvenience they give to other people, and often they are unconscious that Christianity enters into the small details of daily ife. Of how few Christians can it be said that they are blameless! and yet it is our calling to be "blameness and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke" (Phil. 2 : 15).

Again, how often do we find a minister of God who lives for his Master whose whole being is laid upon the altar of the Lord in living sacrifice, but who, instead of being helped and strengthened by a wife who is like-minded, and who lives the truth her husband preaches before the parish, is really obliged to bear the burden of his wife as well as he burden of his parish. Blessed, indeed, is the minister of God who meets with a helpmeet like-minded. In the evil times in which they lived, when ittle true religious life existed in Jerusalem, and here was only an humble few who "looked for redemption in Jerusalem" (Luke 2 : 38), Zacharias must have been especially blessed in the sympathy and succor of his wife. They had no child, and probably the spiritual need of Israel lay strongly on he hearts of them both.

It was at the time that Zacharias was burning ncense unto the Lord, whether as in Exodus 30 : , the daily burning of incense, or, as might be imgined from the fact of "the whole multitude of the people . . . praying without," the offering of ncense on the great day of atonement—s not learly stated. "And there appeared unto Him an ngel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense. And when Zacharias saw him he was troubled, and fear fell upon him." Oh, how strange it is that sometimes what we most desired, when it comes causes trouble and dismay! God's visitation is not what we have expected, and instead of trusting His way of dealing with us, believing that He knows best, we sometimes have feared as though He were not to be trusted. The angel reassured the trembling priest, and said unto him, "Fear not, Zacharias: for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John."

What was this prayer of Zacharias which was heard? Was it that he might have a child? Oh, surely it was something greater. From the words which follow we should gather that this aged couple had been sighing during many long years for a better and holier state of things in the Lord's land. The coming of the Messiah was probably the burden of their prayers alone, together, and when assembled with the little group who were steadfastly looking out, with a single eye, for God's great deliverance. Selfish motives found no place in these noble souls; they lived to bear the burden of the Lord, the burden of Israel.

The angel continued his message. "And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth. For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb. And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God.' This latter clause was, perhaps, the very core of the answer to the old priest's prayer. From how many faithful ministers' hearts the cry goes up, "How can I turn this people to the Lord their God? What means can I use, what arguments can I employ, to bring those who are dead in trespasses and sins in contact with Him who is their life?" More and more is it the experience of those who win souls, that more work is done alone with God than by all the efforts which they put forth. It may be that Zacharias had wept and prayed over the people throughout his term of priesthood, and had seen little fruit of his labors; and now came the answer to his prayers in a way he had not looked for.

The message was not yet ended. "And he shall go before them in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." The priest would recognize in this last part of the angel's message the last prophecy of the then written Scriptures—a prophecy which, perhaps, lay nearer to his heart than almost any other, because it gave him a sign by which he should know when the Lord the Messiah was at hand. But the angel added a clause which was not contained in the prophecy of Malachi, "he shall turn . . . the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." The old priest could pray, but he saw no conversions; he could mourn over the disobedient, but he knew it needed a power stronger than his to deal with them; in the depth of his heart, blameless until now, there lay a vein of unbelief.

While God carries out His own purposes, He carries out at the same time, the education of His children. A faith which seems to be peerless, when tried only in the ordinary way, may yet be found to fail when applied suddenly to something most unexpected. The man who hitherto was blameless began now to be blameworthy. God was leading him a step farther than he had gone hitherto, and he had to learn how little was his faith. Perhaps he looked too much to experience, and the whole message was so improbable. Such blessing as the angel foretold was quite beyond his expectations, and if he himself had so little fruit to his ministry, even if God gave him a son, was it likely that his son could do more than he had done? For the first time it may be a strong doubt arose in the heart of Zacharias, and although it probably included the whole of the angel's message, yet its fastened more especially on the first part of the promise, and he "said unto the angel, whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife well stricken in years." "Whereby shall I know?" Was it not enough that the Lord had said it? This is the real meaning of every doubt of God. Whereby shall I know that the Lord means what He says? Whereby shall I know that He is in earnest?

"And the angel answering said unto him, I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to shew thee these glad tidings. And, behold, thou shalt be dumb, and not able to speak, until the day that these things shall be performed, because thou believest not my words, which shall be fulfilled in their season." It is as though the angel had said, "My office as God's messenger to thee, and the presence in which I stand is the guarantee that my words are true." But just because Zacharias was no ordinary man of God, he could not be guilty of unbelief without receiving chastisement. God is most exact with those who live nearest to him. On account of one failure of faith, because God was not sanctified in him before the congregation, Moses was forbidden an entrance into the land of promise (Num. 20 : 12), and here the hitherto blameless priest of God must be rendered dumb for the sin of unbelief, for he who was to be the father of Christ's forerunner must be fitted in all respects for such a responsibility. John the Baptist must be born into no atmosphere of unbelief.

"The people waited for Zacharias, and marvelled that he tarried so long in the temple. And when he came out, he could not speak unto them; and they perceived that he had seen a vision in the temple; for he beckoned unto them, and remained speechless." But although they were conscious that God had been communicating something to his servant, they knew not what had passed in that interview with God. Oh, how near unconverted people, or weak believers, may be in bodily presence to those to whom God is making communications about His purposes, and they have no ears to hear, no heart to understand them! "Surely the Lord will do nothing; but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets" (Amos 3 : 7). While some men are striving about petty personal advantage, about some fancied honor, about some imaginary grievance, God is opening to some of His servants His own great thoughts of holiness and power and love, and making them understand the signs of the times.

We notice that dumbness is not mentioned among such blemishes as would render priests unfit for their office. Could it be that during "the days of his ministration" (ver. 23), which were not yet accomplished, the aged priest offered the sacrifices mute, and thus was humbled before the people for whom he ministered to God? or was dumbness included, although not mentioned in God's prohibition? We read, "No man that hath a blemish of the seed of Aaron the priest shall come nigh to offer the offerings of the Lord made by fire: he hath a blemish; he shall not come nigh to offer the bread of his God. He shall eat the bread of his God, both of the most holy, and of the holy. Only he shall not go in unto the vail, nor come nigh unto the altar, because he hath a blemish; that he profane not my sanctuaries: for I the Lord do sanctify them" (Lev. 21 : 21-23).

When the days of his ministration were accomplished, he departed to his own house, which was not in Jerusalem but in "the hill country" (ver. 39). "And after those days his wife Elizabeth conceived, and hid herself five months, saying, Thus hath the Lord dealt with me in the days wherein He looked on me, to take away my reproach among men." Among the Jewish women it was regarded as a chastisement if they were childless. Thus when Rachel bare Joseph, she said, "God hath taken away my reproach" (Gen. 30 : 23). "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is His reward," or, as is better expressed in the Prayer-Book version, "Lo, children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord" (Psalm, 117 : 4). Perhaps Elizabeth hid herself that she might be alone with God and receive from Him the wisdom and grace necessary for the charge which He had promised to give her. Too often we rush into positions of great responsibility without the preparation which a time alone with God might have wrought in us, and thus so much of our work both as mothers and as workers for God is ineffectual and unfruitful.

To Our Readers.

IT is again our privilege to acknowledge the favor of God in the success which has attended the publication of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Neither expense nor exertion has been spared to increase the circulation of the journal; but the blessing of the Most High, by whom all circumstances are controlled, has been entreated on every effort, and our duty now is humbly and distinctly to ascribe the result to Him.

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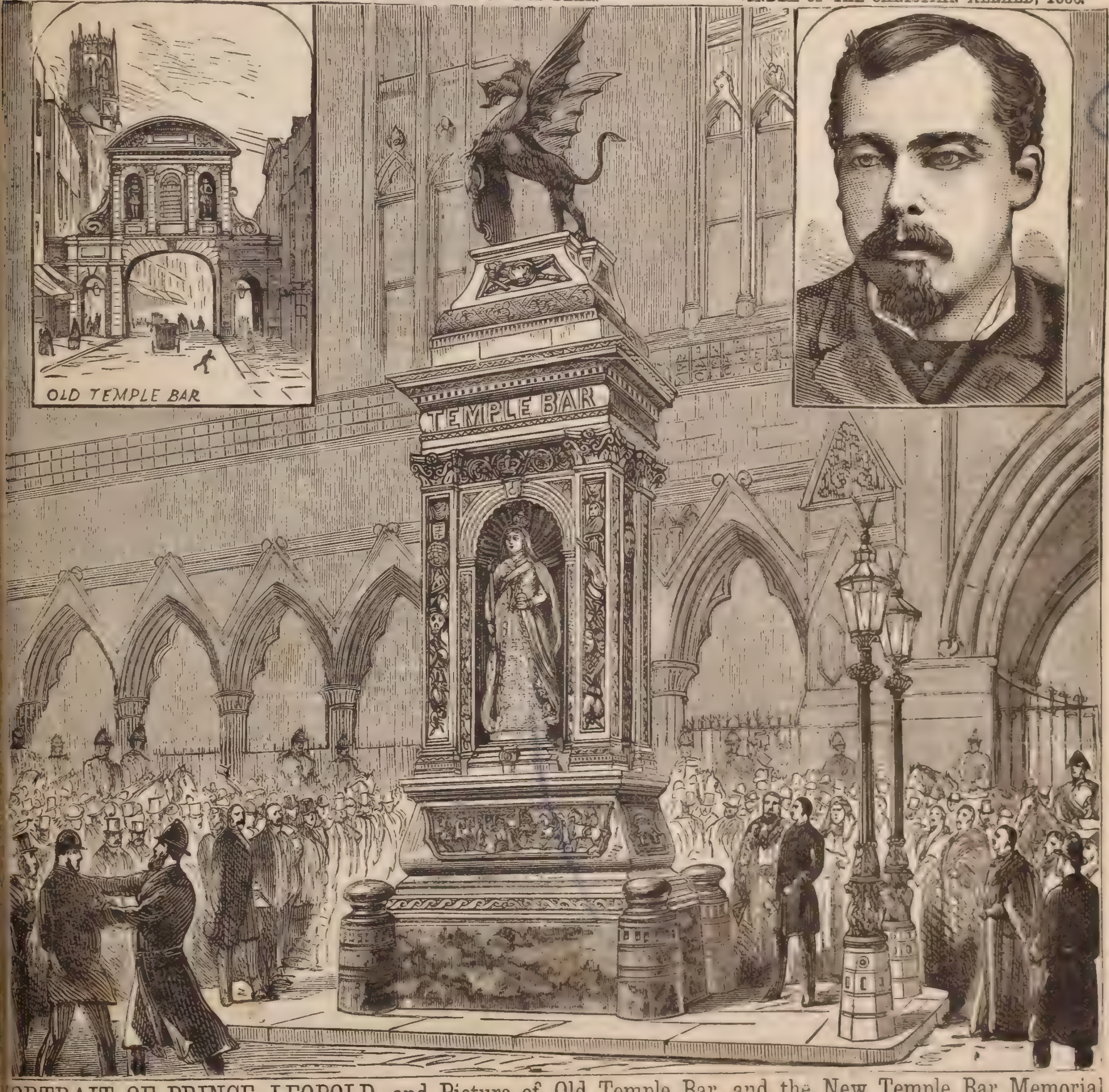

ORTRAIT OF PRINCE LEOPOLD, and Picture of Old Temple Bar, and the New Temple Bar Memorial

H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD,

The Royal Scholar.

Birth in 1853—His Accident at Darmstadt in 1878—His Visits to the Empress Eugenie at Chiselhurst—Studious Habits and Public Speeches—Is made a "Freeman" of London—Opening of Firth College, Sheffield—Unveiling of the Temple Bar Memorial.

Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, the fourth and youngest son of Victoria, Queen of England, was born at Buckingham Palace, April 7, 1853. Within a few days after his birth the Queen wrote to her uncle, King Leopold of Belgium: "I can report most favorably of myself, for I have never been better or stronger. Stockmar will have told you that Leopold is to be the name of our fourth young gentleman. It is a mark of love and affection to you which I hope you will not disapprove. It is a name which is dearest to me after Albert's, and one which recalls the almost only happy days of my sad childhood. To hear 'Prince Leopold' again will make me think of all those days. His other names will be George Duncan Albert, and the sponsors the King of Hanover, Ernest Hohenlohe, the Princess of Prussia, and Mary Cambridge. *George* is after the King of Hanover, and *Duncan* is a compliment to dear Scotland."

The young Prince was not baptized till the 28th of June, when the service was performed at the chapel in Buckingham Palace, and the sponsors named by the Queen were present in person.

Prince Leopold has never enjoyed robust health, and an accident he met with by slipping while stepping into a carriage has not tended to improve it. It prevented his attending the wedding of his brother, the Duke of Connaught, in March, 1879. He was to have been one of the Duke's "groomsmen" on that happy occasion, but while at Darmstadt, whither he had gone after the death of his sister, the Princess Alice, in December, 1878, this accident befell him, and his condition for some time occasioned no little anxiety. Occasionally paragraphs appear in the British papers giving somewhat exaggerated reports of his illness. The truth appears to be that the sprain of the knee-joints, which he received in the casualty referred to, has never been thoroughly cured, and that occasionally unfavorable symptoms present themselves. On the best authority, however, it is stated that these symptoms are generally of so trivial a character as to justify no apprehension.

After the crushing blow which fell upon the Empress Eugenie by the loss of her only son, Louis Napoleon, in 1879, it will have been noticed that in the visits of her Majesty the Queen to Chiselhurst she has generally been accompanied by her son, Prince Leopold. The Queen has long been known to be the intimate friend of the Empress, and was naturally among the first to offer all the consolation which in so sad an hour could spring from true friendship only. Prince Leopold went with the Queen on her first visit of condolence, and both his Royal Highness and the Princess Beatrice were admitted to the chamber of mourning. The Queen was observed to be in the deepest grief, shedding tears as she entered the saloon, while Prince Leopold and his sister were also overcome by emotion. It was evident that a friend had been lost, and that his early death had occasioned the profoundest sorrow.

It has been generally understood that Prince Leopold has, for several years, been a close and earnest student, and the speeches which he has delivered on public occasions have given no slight evidence of the breadth of his reading and of a certain enthusiasm in his pursuit of the pleasures of literature. It is said, indeed, that in this respect he more closely resembles his lamented father than either of his brothers, and that his mental characteristics also are very much those of the late Prince Consort.

One of Prince Leopold's more recent speeches was delivered at the annual meeting of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, held, by permission of the Duke of Westminster, at Grosvenor House, London. There was a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen present, and it was exceedingly interesting to note that the addresses of Prince Leopold and other speakers on the occasion were interpreted to the deaf and dumb by the sign language as they were delivered.

In October, 1875, Prince Leopold, to use a common expression, "took up" the freedom of the city of London. It will be remembered that he was entitled to this privilege; his father having been a freeman of the city, it became the son's by right of patrimony. It is required of those who are admitted formally to declare their obedience to the Lord Mayor, and to express their readiness to preserve all the rights and privileges of the City. In the case of personages of high rank the day on which the freedom of the city is conferred upon them is usually one of popular rejoicings in the city, and on the occasion of Prince Leopold's admission the court in Guildhall was filled with one of the largest assemblies of the year. Mr. Chamberlain Scott, in addressing him, said that his Royal Highness was the last of the sons of the revered father who had enrolled themselves as freemen in right of citizenship.

Prince Leopold, in reply, said that, although it was true that, according to the constitution of the city, he was entitled by right of birth to the privileges of the city of London freemen, he did not on that account feel less inclined to set a high value on the kind and courteous manner in which these privileges had been conferred, nor could he omit to thank them most heartily for the handsome casket in which that freedom was bestowed, and which, he assured them, he should ever prize as a memorial of the honor that day done him. "Were I not," said the Prince, "immediately connected by family traditions with your ancient and honorable Corporation, I must, nevertheless, have esteemed it a high honor to be associated with the long list of illustrious men who have, from time to time, been placed upon your rolls, and to be connected with a body which has ever been so remarkable for its loyalty in the truest sense of the word, and for its attachment to the laws and institutions of this country."

His Royal Highness is in great demand for opening ceremonies and the inauguration of public buildings. Apart from the unveiling of the Temple Bar Memorial, on November 8th this year, the most prominent service of the kind he has rendered was in September, 1879, on the occasion of opening Firth College, Sheffield. This magnificent building, which cost more than £20,000, was given to the town of Sheffield by Mr. Firth, one of its most successful and benevolent manufacturers. Prince Leopold also takes a deep interest in the work of literary and scientific institutions, and in 1879 presided over an important meeting held at the Birbeck Institution, London.

TEMPLE BAR.

The Ancient Western City Boundary—The Monarch's Entrance into the City—Public Exposure of Traitors' Heads—Lord Nelson's and the Duke of Wellington's Funerals—Reception to the Princess of Wales.

Among the relics of ancient times which stood as landmarks in the city of London streets, but which are one after another being swept away by the tide of modern improvement, was old Temple Bar, a small picture of which appears on the upper left-hand corner of our frontispiece.

The ancient structure has been removed to accommodate the ever-increasing traffic of the city of London, and its site is marked by the *Memorial Monument* which was unveiled by Prince Leopold on November 8th. It consists of a basement of blue Guernsey granite and pedestal of red granite. On the pedestal are four basso-relievos in bronze, representing incidents in the life of the Queen, viz.: Her progress through the city, and visit to the Guildhall in June, 1837, and Her Majesty *en route* to St. Paul's in 1872, to return thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from a serious illness. The whole is surmounted by a small pedestal, with an heraldic *griffin* holding the city shield. Our picture shows the niche on the south side containing a statue, in Sicilian marble, of the Queen. On the north side is a similar statue of the Prince of Wales. The total height of the Memorial is 31 feet 6 inches.

The Bar divided the city of London from Westminster, and was of considerable antiquity. In early times the bounds were marked by posts and a chain, or *bar*, which, from its contiguity to the Temple, accounts for the appellation that it bore. Early in the seventeenth century this *bar* was superseded by a wooden house erected across the street, with a narrow gateway underneath. This having been burned down in the great fire of 1666, the late structure was erected by Sir Christopher Wren. Having been built not long after the Restoration, when the Stuarts were again popular with the people generally, three out of four niches were filled with statues of members of the royal family. The fourth recess was occupied by an effigy of Queen Elizabeth, who had always been a favorite with the citizens of London.

Temple Bar used to mark the western boundary of the Lord Mayor's authority, and was associated with ancient and pompous ceremonies that usually attended the monarch's entrance to the city. Before entrance the gate of the Bar was closed against the sovereign, and he was required to ask the Lord Mayor's permission to enter within his domain. The origin of this particular custom cannot now be traced. The Mayor, upon receiving the request, acceded most complacently, and with all respect handed the king, on bended knee, the key which would admit him within the precinct. He also gave up his sword and mace, in token that he was not a rival, but a loyal subject, and the king as readily returned the same, in token that he had confidence in the Mayor's integrity, and was willing to retain his services as his lieutenant. At the present day such formalities are useless, for Londoners now possess the goodly heritage of constitutional freedom that has been so dearly bought and faithfully handed down to them by the vigilance and valor of their heroic sires.

The double tide of State pomp and civic ceremony often met and mingled at Temple Bar at some of the great epochs of modern English history. Thus, after the *destruction of the Spanish Armada*, Queen Elizabeth and her court passed in magnificence to St. Paul's Cathedral, there to offer up a nation's thanks for its signal deliverance from the weapons and menacing hosts of Rome.

But assocations of a ghastly character are connected with this celebrated gateway. For more than a century after its erection it was known as a sort of "City Golgotha," where the bleaching skulls and decaying limbs of traitors were *publicly exposed* for the purpose of gratfying the loyalty of the adherents of the reigning family, and striking a salutary terror into the hearts of the disaffected.

The *first* instance of the now demolished Temple Bar being used for these purposes occurred toward the close of the reign of Charles II., when one part of the quartered body of *Sir Thomas Armstrong* was barbarously exhibited to the public gaze. He was the last remaining victim of the conspiracy known in history as the Rye House Plot. His head was affixed to an iron rod on the top of Westminster Hall; two other quarters of the body were impaled on Aldersgate and Aldgate, in the east of London, while the fourth portion was sent down to Stafford, the borough which he had represented in Parliament.

The next "*ornaments*" of Temple Bar consisted of the head and limbs of *Sir John Friend* and the headless trunk of *Sir W. Parkins*, who, in connection with about forty other conspirators, in 1695, had been engaged in a plot to assassinate King William III., on his return from Richmond, where he was accustomed to hunt on Saturdays. They were executed on April 3, 1696.

The next grim tenant of the old frowning gateway was the head of *Colonel Henry Oxburg*, who, in the insurrection on behalf of the Pretender, in 1715, just after the accession of George I., had joined the rebel forces in the north. The campaign terminated most disastrously, and Colonel Oxburg was captured and executed. Among the enthusiastic adherents of the Pretender was *Christopher Layer*, who hoped to accomplish, by assassinating George I., what armies in the field had failed to effect. His plot was, however, discovrestless away from Constance as it is in the nature of an unsatisfied man to be, came once more to Rochester, to seek the interview he longed for.

Constance felt painfully nervous and shy, and very much inclined to escape from her companion. But good breeding conquered the inclination to leave her visitor alone, or was it love? They had only exchanged a few brief sentences with much hesitation and awkwardness on both sides, when Constance said, "May I ask you a question, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Anything you like to ask me," he answered.

"I have wondered how you came to be in Rochester that day?"

"And I have wanted to explain to you," he replied. "Constance, I wanted to see you again, so I decided to indulge myself with a run to Canterbury to have a chat with my good friend Roland Mitchell. Imagining you would be in the schoolroom till evening, I concluded to stay a few hours on my way at Rochester, which I had never visited before. Just imagine, if you can, what were my feelings when—. But you *can't* imagine, Constance, for I have not told you yet how passionately I have loved you for years."

"I was so proud of your cleverness when you were almost a child, Constance, and I grieved so when you seemed to resent the interest I felt in you, though I told myself it was natural in you, feeling your own strength and fine powers, and ability to run alone without my aid. I did not know I loved you, dear—I mean I did not call it love even to myself, till you returned from Germany. But when I saw you matured, ripened into just what I wished and most admired in woman, even that first moment when I met you at London Bridge Station, and saw you first before Cecil, I knew my life's love was fixed forever, whether for my weal or woe. Constance, since then, until these last few happier days, you have been like a fair, beautiful icicle—pure, shining, lovely, but cold—ah, so cold! What made you repel me so? And are you thawed at last."

Constance was battling in her own mind as to the perfectness of the confidence she ought to repose in him before she owned her love for him.

"Shall I tell you," she asked at length, "why I did not quite like you long ago, and why I did not want to obey you?"

"Do," he answered, wondering at her words.

"I thought—" she hesitated—"I dont like to say so, but I believe I ought to tell you, Mr. Ferguson, I thought you liked mamma."

"Liked mamma!" he repeated, and a pained expression crossed his face, and then involuntarily he smiled. "My precious girl, my dearest Constance, such a thought, I frankly and unhesitatingly state, never entered my mind for one moment till now that I hear it from you. It was utterly impossible, because, you see, I loved 'mamma's' daughter."

Constance could not help smiling.

Again his playful tone changed to solemn entreaty, as he added, "Constance, can you not love me *now?*"

For answer she turned her radiant face toward him with a smile, and he clasped her to his heart.

THE END.

REMARKABLE CASE OF HEALING BY FAITH.

A Tumor of Five Years' Growth Cured by Prayer.

MRS. LUCY A. LEAR, wife of a colored minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Anacostia, Washington, D. C., gives the following account of the cure recently of a tumor of five years' growth:

"In 1875 the tumor first appeared, and increased up to June, 1880. I became entirely prostrated, physicians giving me up to die, but while exercising faith in prayer and trust in God there was a sudden and unexpected change for the better. I kept praying every day that God would strengthen me and give me that faith that I could take hold of Him in believing prayer; and I prayed until I had that faith to believe that I could trust my life and all things into His hands, and that He would heal me of the tumor if it was His will, and make me a well woman, which I am to-day, in answer, I believe, to faith and prayer.

"I was so much better that I was able to go out and commune in my church, when I was spiritually blessed. After that I remained for a month or two decidedly better, when I was taken suddenly worse. Physicians were called in, and gave me up for death. When I came to myself after a fit of unconsciousness, my first thoughts were, How good it was to wait upon God, and trust in Him. My husband, upon coming home that night, thought the medicine was killing me, and discharged the physician the next morning, so that I was left with neither physician nor medicine. Then I said, 'Lord, here I am in thine hands for thy will to be done; either to heal me or to take me; make me perfectly resigned to Thy will whatsoever it may be.' And I felt perfectly willing and resigned to His will whatsoever it might be.

"I got up after that feeling much relieved, and continued to improve up to last June (1880), when I was again taken worse, and thought that death would ensue. I threw myself right upon Christ for His will to be done. I took no medicine then, nor had a physician. Next day, however, *the tumor passed from me*, and I became, it seems to me almost in the twinkling of an eye, a well woman, and I gave praise to God, and felt as if my soul was converted over again that day, I was so filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost; for indeed it was a great day, and it was a happy day in this house. My appetite returned, and I eat a hearty dinner; and it seemed as if with every mouthful that I eat I gave praise to God; and I am to-day as well a woman as I ever was. Praise be to the Lord!"

Mrs. Lear's husband adds the following:

"During my wife's suffering I prayed that the will of God might be done in her case, waiting patiently for Him and watching. When I returned to my house on the day that she was relieved of the tumor I found her rejoicing, and we were both lost in wonder and surprise; and our hearts were melted with gratitude to God for His wonderful dealings toward her.

The above statements are fully corroborated by the Rev. S. Blagden, who was mainly instrumental in urging Mrs. Lear to put faith in God's power to heal the most desperate and incurable cases. He prayed frequently in the sick woman's household; and in private spent many hours in prayer for her, when, as he says, his whole being wrestled in prayer that *if it were in accordance with the will of God* He would grant their request, and forgive and heal for His name's sake.

THE NIOBE OF THE NATIONS.

Ireland's Woe—The Famine Appalling—Feeding the Children—"As Good as an American."

ON Monday, December 20th, the Rev. George Hepworth, D.D., delivered a lecture on what he saw in Ireland during the late famine. It will be remembered that Dr. Hepworth was selectd has one of the gentlemen who were charged with the distribution of the fund raised for the relief of the sufferers in the famine by the New York *Herald*. There were three funds raised. The contributions sent to the CHRISTIAN HERALD were sent to the New York *Herald* fund, and were regularly acknowledged in that journal. Dr. Hepworth in the course of his lecture made the following remarks:

During the latter part of February of the current year, during a day's journey through Germany, I found myself in the sleepy little town of Darmstadt, hoping there to obtain rest. I no sooner halted there than there was put into my hand a telegram from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, saying that Ireland was smitten with *a great misfortune*, that a large sum of money had been collected for its relief, that I was chosen for its disbursement.

The first question which met me in London was, Was there a real famine or was it the usual cry of Irish distress? The British Government had taken no cognizance of the fact that they were starving across the Channel, for governments work slowly. I found, the very moment I touched Ireland, the exact facts of the case. The crop of 1877 was a great disappointment, that of the year 1878 was almost a total loss, and that of 1879 had been smitten by blight. From Donegal in the North to Kerry in the South one half of the population was actually without food.

The banks, whose custom it was to lend on good security, had closed their doors. With everything mortgaged, with tenants hopelessly in arrears, with no crops to live on, and no food for the future, the condition of Ireland seemed horrible indeed. A hungry nation (*strange and alarming spectacle*) knocked at the world's doors and asked for a crust to satisfy its hunger. A generous host within answered the call at once.

THE THREE FAMINE FUNDS.

There were three funds in the field. The first was that of Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, the second that of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the third the New York *Herald* Fund.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, that the funds you sent to Ireland saved that country from a repetition of the dreadful scenes of 1847 is beyond all manner of doubt. If there were few deaths, if there were not more, it was because generous men and women from all quarters of the globe prevented their possibility. There were some

DEATHS BY ACTUAL STARVATION,

and a large number were occasioned by want of nutritious food,—that is beyond peradventure. I visited the western and southern parts of the island, and I never saw such inexpressible misery; thank God, as a man coming from America never can see, and God grant he never may see!

I have been among hundreds and hundreds of families where their little all to eat consisted of the Indian meal *you had sent*. The family had parted with its cow, had sent its pigs to market, had pawned its clothes—both of the body and bed—and then stood in almost utter nakedness and supreme despair, face to face, apparently, with inevitable death.

Two classes excited my pity. To one I could afford little relief; but of four millions of people a certain proportion must be sick, and these sick people must almost surely die. To be sick was the sign of death. I could give them meal, but their tender and delicate systems rejected such coarse food, and they lingered on until at sundown the life went out. Next I was stirred by the aspect of

THE CHILDREN,

and I think I can see strong men in a hungry condition and not be moved, but when I see the little child famishing my eyes fill with tears. I have myself seen little children on the wayside halfway to school lying down on the road in a dead faint because they had tasted nothing for twenty-four hours, and I went back to Dublin and said to the committee, "If we can save no one else, let us save the children." In the course of four weeks your committee were giving breakfasts to more than *fifty thousand children* every day, and in a fortnight's time further we received hundreds of letters telling us the bright bloom had come back to the cheeks and the light to the eyes of the little ones.

Again I was disturbed by the inhabitants of the islands adjacent to the mainland, who were in a very sad plight, without clothes to wear, or food to eat, or medicine. I went to Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, and she promised to enlist the sympathy of Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, and I received a request to meet her at the castle, and I conferred with the Duke on the state of Ireland. He very kindly said he would place at the service of the American committee the seven vessels at his command for the relief. I ought to speak a kind word for this gentleman, who undertook the personal distribution of the cargo, under the direction of the committee. I found him practical, and with especial enthusiasm in this particular cause, forgetting the title of nobility he possessed and going into the rudest cabins just as I would.

I said one day to a friend that the Duke was *as good as an American*, and when he met me subsequently at dinner he smiled at the repetition of the compliment; but I think it was a compliment. When one has been two years absent from his native land he loves the flag that waves over the best government and the best people on the globe.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter.

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This is the closing number of the year 1880. Therefore all of our subscribers who took the paper till the end of this year, and who have not renewed their subscriptions, are reminded to send their remittances at once, if they wish their papers continued.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress Adjourned on Wednesday, December 22d, until January 5th. The Refunding Bill was not passed by the House, and it is probable that after the holidays there will be considerable delay before it is sent to the Senate. As some time must necessarily be taken up in preparing paper and plates for the printing of the new bonds, even after the bill has passed every stage, the delay of the measure in the House will cause the Government some embarrassment.

An unseemly altercation occurred in the House during the debate on December 21st. General Weaver, the ex-Presidential candidate of the Greenback party, and Mr. Sparks, of Illinois, became involved in a personal dispute, in which abusive epithets and oaths were freely used. It at length became so violent that the two men were only prevented engaging in a fight on the floor of the House by the intervention of their friends, who forcibly separated them. The Speaker rushed to the chair, and seizing the gavel from the hand of the chairman, shouted for order, and sent the sergeant-at-arms to enforce his commands. The two men subsequently apologized to the House for their disgraceful conduct.

Two Bills to Promote Civil Service Reform were introduced in the Senate on December 15th by Senator Pendleton, of Ohio. One of them provides that all appointments in the several departments, except the chiefs, are to be made after *open and competitive examinations.* A board of five commissioners, to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, is to prescribe regulations for examining and dismissing applicants and appointees. The board is to report annually to Congress, and to keep records of all their proceedings and examinations. Appointments and promotions are to be made in the order of merit assigned by the board upon the examinations, having regard also to seniority in service. All male citizens are eligible to examination and appointment, and with a few exceptions in the case of unsuitable offices, all females are to have the same opportunity.

The second bill is directed against political assessments. It is very stringent in its details, and subjects any office-holder who contributes to a fund for political purposes to instant dismissal. It also enacts that no person holding any office or employment of profit or trust shall in any manner, except by giving his own individual vote, or by public speech, intermeddle with the election of any member of either House of Congress or of the President or Vice-President, or any appointment or office, or awarding of any contract, *under pain of prosecution for a high misdemeanor, and fine.* The same penalties sha [illegible] who shall attempt to induce any of the persons mentioned in the act to in any way disregard it.

The Interoceanic Canal Scheme is Assuming a practical shape. The De Lesseps' Panama Company finds favor in the money markets of the world, and is being successfully floated. Some of the leading financiers of Europe have identified themselves with the project, and an American syndicate has succeeded in disposing of $6,300,000 worth of stock. Secretary Thompson has accepted the presidency of the company. Simultaneously with the revival of this scheme comes that of the Nicaragua Canal route project. A bill has been introduced in Congress to incorporate the Inter Oceanic Canal Company, and the name of General Grant appears among those of the promoters of the enterprise.

The Liquor Prohibition Bill, which is Styled the Nuisance Bill, has passed both Houses of the Vermont Legislature. The bill is exceedingly stringent in its provisions, and if executed efficiently will put a stop to liquor selling in the State. It makes any place where liquor is sold or given away, or where gambling is allowed, a nuisance, and the place is shut up, the keeper being liable to be fined from $20 to $200 and imprisonment for three months.

An Extensive Jesuit Immigration is in Progress. The members of this society expelled from France and Germany are settling in large numbers in America, especially in the West. Superintendent Warren, of California, writing to a friend, says: "Their schools are everywhere, and number probably 2000 in the State. Their new College of St. Ignatius is the largest, finest, best equipped of its kind in the United States. Three years ago the property of the Roman Catholic Church in San Francisco outvalued the sum total of the Protestant churches, parsonages, asylums, schools, and Young Men's Christian Associations by $47,000. To-day the excess is probably more than three times as much. They blow no trumpets, are sparing with statistics, but are at work night and day to break down the institutions of the country, beginning with the public schools. *As surely as we live so surely will the conflict come, and it will be a hard one.*"

A Canadian journal says: "A number of Jesuits who were expelled from France have lately arrived in Montreal and taken up quarters temporarily with their brethren in that city. The Seminary of St. Sulpice has provided a farm of 800 acres for these exiles at Oka."

An Armed Insurrection was Expected to break out in Ireland on Sunday last. The government received information of the impending outbreak, and hurriedly dispatched a large force of picked troops to the districts where danger was apprehended. Either the government was misled, or the presence of the soldiery overawed the people, for the day passed without disturbance. There are now more than 30,000 men under arms—all regular soldiers—in Ireland, so that any open demonstration of rebellion would be promptly suppressed.

It is generally believed that projects of armed hostility originate with Irish Americans who have gone to Ireland in considerable numbers lately. The Land League is said to be opposed to any such suicidal measures, and prefers placing its dependence on the process of Boycotting, which is being rapidly extended. The process is dreaded chiefly because it is difficult to punish it under existing laws. The victim cannot sell his produce, and no one dare sell him a loaf of bread, or shoe a horse for him; but as there is no law compelling men to sell or buy if they do not wish to do so, the sufferer has no remedy in the courts, and is forced to leave the country or die of starvation. With this weapon at command the Land League practically rules Ireland, and Queen Victoria's Government is ignored by the people.

Mr. Gladstone is Deterred from Applying coercive measures to Ireland by the opposition of Mr. Chamberlain and other advanced Liberals in the cabinet, who believe that the Irish malcontents have substantial reasons for their hostile feeling toward England. It is rumored that a compromise has been effected, the terms of which will be disclosed when Parliament meets next Thursday. Journals supposed to be in the confidence of the ministers assert that a bill to redress the grievances of the people will be introduced. It will not be such a bill as the Land League demands, but sufficiently comprehensive to satisfy Mr. Chamberlain and his friends. When that is passed it is believed there will be no opposition to any coercive measures Mr. Gladstone considers necessary to enforce obedience to the laws.

Foreign Topics.—The Cable Reports Among other intelligence that a proposal has been made to Turkey and Greece to submit the questions at issue between them in relation to the frontier to the arbitration of seven statesmen, the decision of the majority to be accepted as final by both governments.—Miss Marian Evans, a novelist, whose works are extensively read on both sides the Atlantic, died suddenly December 22d. She assumed the name of George Eliot in her works and by that name she is best known. Her most popular novels are "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." She was born in Warwickshire, England, in 1820.—A British court has decided that the telephone cannot be used in England without the payment of a royalty to the government, as it is an infringement of the government telegraph monopoly.—The St. Petersburg *Herald* says that before the Czar left Livadia the police found a newly-dug-out tunnel running from a barn near the railroad. The owner of the barn, who has a son exiled in Siberia, shot himself after the discovery.

Fifty Thousand Dollars are Already in Hand toward the establishment of Mr. Moody's new school for boys at Northfield. "My plain is," says Mr. Moody, "to take boys of unfortunate parents who are not able to educate them; but the boys shall be promising ones, and such as, if educated, would make good preachers and missionaries." The tuition bills are to be graduated according to circumstances. When it seems necessary, the boys will be taken without cost to themselves or their friends. The plan adopted is that of Mr. Spurgeon's orphanages, where the family influence is exercised. It has been found more efficacious than that of herding the boys in large numbers in one building.

Bible and Prayer Union.—The Lessons for the ensuing week are the first seven chapters of the Book of Proverbs; that for to-morrow, Dec. 31, being Prov. 1. The following requests for prayer have been received: *From a young lady,* that she may, if God will, be cured of an infirmity, the one dark cloud of her life.—*From a wife,* whose ill-health has been a source of financial trouble to her husband, that faith and patience may be given to both of them.—*From a minister,* that the spiritual and financial help needed for effectual work may be vouchsafed to him.—*For a young man,* an occasional reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that he may be led to feel his need of a Saviour.—*From a wife and mother,* suffering from spinal disease, that she may be strengthened in faith and patience, also that her husband and sons may be converted.

Vol. III. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times, containing all the numbers for 1880, with a complete index, will be ready next month. Price, $3, including postage. Orders may be sent now.

A Contribution of $3.50, in Aid of Jerry McAuley's Mission, has been received from Mr. John W Wyman, Los Angeles, Cal.

A Surgeon has Lost his Life in an Attempt to save that of a patient at Greenpoint, L. I., who was suffering from diphtheria. It appears that three weeks ago Dr. Sanford, of Greenpoint, was called to the bedside of a sick child. It was a very malignant case of diphtheria, and Dr. Sanford watched the child day and night. At last the air-passages were filled up, and the child would have been choked to death had not Dr. Sanford, who had his knife in hand, immediately made an opening in the windpipe, through which, with a small rubber tube, he drew out with his own mouth the poisonous fluid. He was soon afterward himself seized with the dreadful disease, and notwithstanding the efforts of skilful medical friends, he died in acute suffering. The surgeon knew the risk to which he exposed himself in making his experiment, but there was a possibility of his escape. But Christ in the vicarious sacrifice He made knew that He must die, yet He voluntarily gave His life to ransom ours (John 10 : 18).

An Aged Debtor's Honesty was Demonstrated some time ago in Boston. The incident is related by a Boston journal, and illustrates the freeness with which God for Christ's sake forgives our great debt to Him. A Boston merchant, dying, told his sons that certain accounts he named must never be collected; they were to be placed on "*the forgiven list.*" Shortly after his death an old man came to the office, and placing a roll of notes on the desk, said he had come to pay a bill he owed. He had owed it, he said, for twelve years, but had been unable to discharge it before, through many business disasters; but he had now brought both the principal and interest. His name was found in the forgiven list, and the merchant, gathering up the notes, replaced them in the old man's pocketbook, saying, "For the sake of my father's memory I will not take the money." The old man, who, in order to make the payment, had used all the money he had, and had sold his cow to complete the sum, went away saying, while the tears coursed down his cheeks, "What will my old woman say when I tell her this good news? She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hand on my shoulder as we parted—'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread.'"

Lost on a Dangerous Reef is the Report brought by the captain of the Edith, which arrived at New York last week, concerning a vessel he had met in his voyage here from Jamaica. It appears hat the British bark Fontabella, when leaving Montego Bay, Jamaica, was becalmed, and the current carried her toward a well-known and much-dreaded reef just off Falmouth. Her danger was noticed not only by those on board, but by the captains of two other vessels, who heroically went on board to assist the crew of the imperilled vessel. All that seamanship could do to save the vessel was done, but without avail. The ship crashed on the rocks, and nearly all on board including the captains who risked their lives in the vain attempt to save the ship, were drowned. There are many such dangerous reefs in the voyage of life, on which in the calm of prosperity young people suffer shipwreck and lose their souls.

A Never-Forgotten Text.—An Incident Re-ted the other day by Mr. Moody at one of his eetings in San Francisco shows the danger of eglecting the appeals of the Holy Spirit. Mr. oody said that one day before he became a hristian he worked in the fields with a young man ho appeared under deep distress. Mr. Moody ked him the nature of his trouble, and he said at his mother, who was a Christian, took him by e hand when he was leaving home to seek his rtune and spoke these parting words: "My son, ek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto ee." When he got into the town to which he as going he went to church, and the minister ok this very text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of od." He thought it very strange. Well, he id *he would not seek the kingdom then;* he uld wait until he got a start in life. Yet that it troubled him. Again he went to church, and his amazement the sermon was on the very same text. He did not attend church for some time. At last he was induced again to enter the church, and, behold, he heard the preacher take that very same text. He thought then it was *God speaking to him.* But he coolly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not be a Christian until he had made his fortune.

Many years after, Mr. Moody, when on a visit to his old home, inquired after the young man, and was told he had lost his reason and was in a lunatic asylum. He went to see him, and the first words the lunatic addressed to him, as he did to every one he met, were, "Seek first the kingdom of God."

"My Boy."—Some Years ago the Late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only *one* boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that.

After the exercises had closed, in private conversation a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him,

"Did you not color that a little when you said all the expense and labor would be repaid if it saved only one boy?"

"*Not if it was my boy,*" was the solemn and convincing reply. How precious are the interests bound up in a single child! How great the value of a single life, which runs on *forever!*

An Extraordinary Disease which Puzzles physicians has attacked a youth in Chicago. The *Daily News* says that the son of William Crawford, captain of a tugboat, has for seven years been sweating blood at times, and lately has had severe attacks which alarmed his parents. Great black patches appear on his body, from which blood-drops the size of a pin-head exude. Blood flows from his mouth, nose, eyes, and stomach. Sudden fright or excitement affects the flow of blood. The physicians who have taken an interest in his case propose sending him to Edinburgh and London for examination by the Academy of Surgeons. This is clearly a physical disease, but on reading of it we are reminded of the the agony of the Saviour in the garden when in his sorrow "he sweat as it were great drops of blood."

A Life was Lost for a Coat During the Recent fire at the St. Louis Smelting Company's works. The fire was caused by the bursting of a cupola of one of the furnaces, in which about twenty-five tons of lead was being smelted for refining. The engineer was standing at the door of the engine-room when the cupola burst, and as he saw the stream of molten lead flowing toward him he realized his danger, and prepared to fly. He could easily have made his escape, but thought he should have time to get his coat, which hung at the farther end of the engine-room. He stepped over the burning lead and got his coat, but on returning, the stream of liquid metal had become too wide for him to cross easily, and in endeavoring to leap over it he fell and was burned to death by inches in the lead. How many sinners have put off accepting the offer of salvation for some such trivial cause until it has become too late, and they have died in their sins (Prov. 27 : 1).

Death Resulted from the Prick of a Pin last week in Brooklyn. As Mrs. Mary Ferguson was washing some clothes she pricked the forefinger of her right hand with a brass pin. The pin penetrated the flesh about a sixteenth of an inch and produced a painful wound, but she went on with her work. The next day her finger swelled, and then her arm began to swell. It became feverish and she suffered from sharp, shooting pains in it. On Wednesday the swelling extended to her shoulder, and she was prostrated by the pain. On Wednesday night she died, and soon after death her body turned black. A physician's post-mortem examination yesterday showed that she died from blood poisoning. The spread of the poison from the small wound in the finger to the whole body illustrates the action of sin in spiritual matters. One cherished sin may harden the soul against the Spirit until often repulsed He departs, leaving the soul to eternal death (Isa. 1 : 6).

THE JOY OF JESUS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight. All things are delivered to me of my Father: and no man knoweth who the Son is but the Father; and who the Father is but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him."—LUKE 10 : 21-22.

The Record of Jesus Rejoicing — Expression Unique and Emphatic—I. His Joy was in the Father's Revelation of the Gospel—That the Father was Working with Him—That Men were being Enlightened—Through such Humble Instruments—Because of their Character—The Manner of Salvation—II. His mode of Expressing His Joy—The Eloquence of Joy—In Declaring the Father's Sovereignty—III. Our Lord's Explanation—Jesus does not Need Prestige—Human Wisdom cannot find out God—Comparative Religion, Stolen Clothes—Human Wisdom a Hindrance—Philosophers Refuting Each Other—Practical Lessons.

LAST Lord's Day morning we considered the lamentations of Jesus; we will now turn our thoughts to the joys of Jesus. It is remarkable that this is the only instance on record in the Gospels in which our Lord is said to have rejoiced. It stands alone, and is therefore the more to be prized: "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit." He was the "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" for our sakes, and therefore we are not astonished to find few indications of joy in the story of His life. Yet I do not think it would be fair to infer from the fact of a solitary mention of His rejoicing that He did not rejoice at other times; on the contrary, our Lord must, despite His sorrow, have possessed a peaceful, happy spirit.

He was infinitely *benevolent*, and went about doing good; and benevolence always finds a quiet delight in blessing others. The joy of the lame when they leaped, and of the blind when they saw, must have gladdened the soul of Jesus. To cause happiness to others must bring home to a sympathetic bosom some degree of pleasure. Sir Philip Sydney was wont to say, "Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life;" and assuredly it is hard to see how Jesus could refrain from rejoicing in blessing those around Him.

Moreover, our Lord was so *pure* that He had a well of joy within which could not fail Him. If it be indeed true that virtue is true happiness, then Jesus of Nazareth was happy. The poet said,

"What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy
Is virtue's prize."

Such calm and joy must have been the Saviour's, though for our sake He bowed beneath the heavy load of sorrow.

Nor is this all, for our blessed Lord lived in *unbroken fellowship* with the Father, and fellowship with God will not permit a soul to abide in darkness; for, walking with God, he walks in the light as God is in the light. Such a mind may, for certain purposes, come under clouds and gloom; but light is sown for the righteous, and it will speedily break forth as the dawn of day. Those nights of prayer and days of perfect service must have brought their own calm to the tried heart of the Son of God.

Besides, Christ Jesus was a man of *faith*—faith's highest exposition and example. He is "the author and the finisher of faith," in whom we see its life, walk, and triumph. He it was who "for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame." His faith must therefore have anticipated the reward of His passion, and have brought the joy thereof home to Him even while He sorrowed here. His joy was a light from

THE LAMPS OF THE FUTURE,

which were to be kindled by His death and victory. Be sure of this, that our Lord felt beneath the great waterfloods of outward affliction an undercurrent of joy. For He said, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." What meant He by this if He had no joy in His people? Could He have spoken so many happy words, and so often have said to His disciples, "Be of good cheer," if He had been always downcast Himself?

But still it is remarkable that our text should be the sole recorded instance of His joy, so far as the evangelists are concerned. It is clear that joy was not a distinguishing feature in our Lord's life, so as to strike the beholder. Peace may have sat serenely on His brow, but nothing of the exuberant spirits which are seen in some men, for His countenance was marred with lines of care and grief. We do not hear that He laughed, though it is thrice recorded that He wept; and here for once, as quite unique, we find the inspired assurance that He rejoiced. Because of its singularity the record deserves to be looked into with care that we may see the cause of delight so unusual.

The words here used are very emphatic. "He rejoiced." The Greek word is much stronger than the English rendering; it signifies "*to leap for joy.*" It is the word of the blessed virgin's song, "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Strong emotions of delight were visible upon our Lord's face, and were expressed by the tones of His voice as well as by His words. It is clear that He was greatly glad.

I. First, let us look at our Lord and note that His joy was

JOY IN THE FATHER'S REVELATION

of the Gospel. "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." He rejoices in His Father's revelation of the Gospel. It was not joy in the fame which had gathered about His name insomuch that John heard of it in prison. It was not joy in the manifest tokens of power that went forth with His commissioners, though they rejoiced that devils were subject unto them; but it was joy in God's revealing the Gospel to the sons of men.

I call your attention to the fact that He ascribed all that was done to the Father, *and joyed that the Father was working with Him.* His disciples came back to Him and said, "Even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name;" and they spake not amiss, for the name of Jesus was their strength, and deserved honor; but the Lord, with that sacred self-abnegation which was so natural to Him, replies, "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast revealed these things." He takes no honor unto Himself but ascribes [illegible] glory unto the Father, who wrought with H[illegible] Him

Imitate Him, O ye wh your joy. Lord! Let
us any success in the preaching of the [illegible] gives
our joy be that the Father's power is goin[illegible] let
with the Word. We are not so much to joy i forth
instrumentality as in the hand which uses th ur
strument, and works by it. Oh, misery! misery
to be attempting Gospel ministry without God!
But oh, bliss, bliss unspeakable, to feel that when
we lift our hand God's hand is lifted too, and
when we speak the Word the voice of God is ring-
ing through our feeble speech, and reaching the
hearts of men! It is to true believers a great joy
that the Father is bringing home His wandering
children, and receiving penitents into His bosom.

The Saviour's joy was that through the Father's grace *men were being enlightened.* The seventy disciples had been from city to city, working miracles and preaching the Gospel, and their Master was glad when they returned with tidings of success: "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit." It pleases Jesus when the Gospel has free course, and God is glorified thereby. Then, in measure, He sees of the travail of His soul, and is filled with satisfaction.

Shall we not find our joy where He finds His? Shall we not enter into the joy of our Lord? Whenever we hear good news of a village evangelized, of a township moved by the glad tidings, of a country long shut up from the Gospel at length opened to the Word, let us feel our highest and deepest joy. Rather let us rejoice in this than in business prosperity or personal advantage. Wh
if we can find no joy in our own circumstan at
what if even spiritual affairs within our s[illegible] ices,
full of difficulty; let us joy and rejoice tha[illegible] ul are
Father is revealing the light of His G[illegible] God the
pel among

the sons of men. Be this our highest wish, "Thy kingdom come," and in that coming kingdom let us find our utmost happiness.

Further, our Saviour's joy lay very much in this, that this revelation to men *was being made through such humble instruments.* We read that "He lifted up His eyes on His disciples and said, Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God." There was not among the twelve, or the seventy, one person of any social status. They were the common people of the field and the sea. In after years Paul was raised up, a man richly endowed in learning, whose great abilities were used by the Lord, but the first ministers of Christ were a band of fishermen and countrymen, altogether unknown in the schools of learning, and regarded as "unlearned and ignorant men." The grandest era in the world's history was ushered in by nobodies; by persons who, like their leader, were despised and rejected of men.

Observe carefully that the persons whom our Lord had been employing were not only obscure in origin, but they were of a low degree of spiritual understanding—were in fact babes in grace as well as worldly wisdom. Their joy when they came back to tell what h[illegible] been done was evidently childish as well as gracious. They joyed in their success as children do in their little achievements; but their Lord was thankful, because He saw the open-heartedness and the simplicity of their characters in the gladsome way in which they cried, "Lord, even the devils are subject to us through thy name," and He thanked God that by such babes as these, such childern, such true-hearted children, and yet such mere children, He was pleased to make known His word among the sons of men.

Rest ye sure that our Lord even at this day finds a delight in the weakness of the instruments He uses.

"He takes the fool and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace;
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase."

Not you, ye scribes, who have counted every letter of the Old Testament, does He elect to be filled with the Spirit. Not you, ye Pharisees, who so abound in outward religion, does He choose to spread the inward life and light. Not you, ye Sadducees, who are versed in sceptical philosophy, and boast your cleverness, does He call to preach His Gospel to the poor. He hath taken to be the heralds of His glory men from the sea of Galilee whom ye despise; men, simple-hearted, ready to learn, and then as ready to tell out again, the message of salvation.

Our Lord was by no means displeased with the absence of culture and learning in His followers, for the culture and learning of the period were utter vanity, but He was glad to see that they did not pretend to wisdom or astuteness, but came to Him in all simplicity to accept His teaching, because they believed Him to be the Son of God.
sus rejoiced in spirit about this.
"And yet further His great joy was *that the con-*
prude *were of such a character* as they were.
is true hast hid these things from the wise and
"Have and hast revealed them unto babes." It
lieved in at certain persons sneeringly asked,
lightly of Je of the rulers or of the Pharisees be-
to be learned?" There were some who thought
to His caus s because those whom they imagined
that direc men had not signified their adhesion
the scrib e; our Lord Himself had no concern in
Other tion, but called the Pharisees blind and
these [illegible] hypocrites, as they assuredly were.
conv voices may have inquired, "Who are
are [illegible] hat follow Jesus? Of what class are His
he rts?" The answer would have been, "They
o rustics, fishermen, and common people, with
w and there a woman of substance and a man
means. The bulk of them are the poor to
whom for the first time the Gospel is preached.
Such have gathered to Christ and received His word." Some even said that a parcel of boys and girls were in the streets crying "Hosanna," and this showed how commonplace the Preacher was. At this day I have heard the Lord's people spoken of as a poor set—people of no position, a lot of persons whose names will never be known, a mere assembly of Jack, Tom, Harry, Mary, Susan, and the rest. This was the very thing to which Jesus refers with thankfulness. He was glad that He was surrounded by unsophisticated, childlike natures, rather than by Pharisees and scribes, who even if they be converted, are sure to bring some of their old manners with them.

If those who are reckoned to be learned profess to come to Christ they are generally

A TRIAL TO THE CHURCH.

All the merely human learning that has ever come unto the church has, as a rule, been mischievous to it; and it always needs great grace to keep it in its right place. At first came the Gnostics with their philosophy, and into what perils they dragged the Church of God I cannot stay to tell you; then arose others out of whose wisdom grew Arianism, and the church was well-nigh withered to her very heart by that deadly form o heresy. The schoolmen did for her much the same, and to this day whenever any of the would be-thought-wise men meddle with religion, they tell us that the plain word of God as we read i must be interpreted by modern thought, and tha it bears another meaning which only the cultured can possibly comprehend.

When philosophy invades the domain of revelation it ends in perverting the Gospel, and in bringing in "another gospel which is not another." I is with human wisdom as it is with human riches, how hardly shall they that have it enter into the kingdom of God! True wisdom is another thing that is a gift which cometh from above, and causeth no puffing up of the heart, for it adores the God from whom it came. The wisdom which is true and real the Lord is prepared to give to those who confess their unwisdom, to those who will be babes in His sight. *It is not ignorance which God loves, but conceit that He hates.* Knowledge is good, but the affectation of it is evil.

Our Lord's joy sprang from one other source—namely, His view of *the manner in which God was pleased to save His people.* It was by *revealing* these things to them. There is, then, to every man who is saved a revelation, not of anything over and above what is given us in the word of God; but of that same truth to Himself personally and with power. In the word is the light; but what is needed is that each man's eye should be opened by the finger of God to see it. Truth in the Scriptures will never save till it becomes truth in the heart; it must be "revealed" unto the most unprejudiced and true-hearted.

There must be a work of the Father through the Holy Ghost upon each intellect and mind ere it can perceive the truth as it is in Jesus. Hence, when unregenerate men tell us that they cannot see the beauty of the Gospel we are not at all astonished —*we never thought they could;* and when boastful men of "culture" declare that the old-fashioned Gospel is unworthy of the nineteenth century with all its enlightenment, we are not surprised, for we knew that they would think so. Blind men are little pleased with color, and deaf men care little for music.

Human wisdom cannot make a man without eyes see the light. What do you know about the Gospel, oh, ye blinded wise men? What judges can you be of the light of the revelation who seal up your eyes with the mud of your own cleverness, and then say you cannot see! Christ never intended that you should. He will only reveal Himself as He pleases, and He hath pleased to do this to another kind of persons from what you are. Oh, you that are wise in your own conceit, the gate of true wisdom is barred against you! You cannot by searching find out God, and when He graciously reveals Himself you refuse to see Him, and therefore it is just that you should *perish in the dark.* Well do you deserve this judgment. Let justice be done.

II. I have thus tried, as far as I am able, to explain the cause of the Saviour's joy; I would now call your attention to

HIS MODE OF EXPRESSING THAT JOY.

I have noticed some kind of joy in conversions which has not been wise in its expression, but has savored of glorying in the flesh. "Oh, we have had a wonderful time, we have had a blessed season! We have been visited by those dear men, and we have exerted ourselves in downright earnest to get up a revival. We have done wonders." Such talk will not do. Hear how the Saviour speaks; His joy finds tongue in *thanksgiving*—"I thank thee, O Father." He ascribes the work to the Father, and then renders all the praise to Him. This is *the eloquence of joy*—"I thank thee, O Father."

Brethren, whenever you are happy sing hymns of thanksgiving. "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." The fittest language for joy, whether it be on earth or in heaven, is adoration and thanksgiving to God. Blessed be the name of the Lord that we are gladdened in the harvest-field of Christian work; for it is He that giveth seed to the sower and causeth the Word to spring up and bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

Our Lord found expression for His joy in *declaring the Father's sovereignty*. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth." Some shrink back from the idea of God as Lord of all things above and below. To them the free-will of man seems the greatest of all facts; and lest there should be the slightest intrusion upon man's domain they would have God limited as to His absolute power. To magnify man they would minimize God. You will hear them talking against those of us who magnify divine sovereignty, and imputing to us the notion of a certain *arbitrariness in God*, although such a thought has never entered our minds. Jehovah, who gives no account of His matters, but orders all things according to the good pleasure of His will, is never arbitrary, unjust, or tyrannical; and yet He is absolute and uncontrolled, a sovereign who reigns by His own self-existent power, Himself

THE SOURCE OF ALL LAW.

I will go the utmost length as to the absolute supremacy of God, and His right to do as He wills, and especially to do as He wills with His own, which Gospel grace most certainly is. He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy, and He will have compassion on whom He will have compassion, and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest thou? When Christ was gladdest He expressed that gladness by ascribing unto God an infinite sovereignty, and shall that truth be gloomy to us? Nay, rather we will each one view the work of the Father's grace, and cry, "I thank thee, O Father, and I thank thee all the more because I know that thou art Lord of heaven and earth."

Dismiss from your minds all caricatures of the doctrine, and receive it in its purest form—"The Lord is king for ever and ever. Hallelujah." Your joy, if it be deeply spiritual and very great, will never find room enough for the sweep of its Atlantic waves till you delight yourself in the absolute supremacy of God. The deep ground swell of delight within the Redeemer's soul could find no grander space over which it could expand its force than the unlimited power and dominion of the Lord of heaven and earth, whose key it is which opens or shuts the kingdom of heaven, whose word it is which hides or reveals the things of eternity.

Our Lord *delighted in the special act of sovereignty* which was before Him, that the Lord had "hid these things from the wise and prudent, and had revealed them unto babes." He communed with God in it, He took pleasure in it, and said, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." His voice, as it were, went with the Father's voice; He agreed with the Father's choice, He rejoiced in it, He triumphed in it. The will of the Father was the will of Christ, and He had fellowship with the Father in every act of His sovereign choice; yea, He magnified God for it in His inmost spirit. He says, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight;" for He knew that what seems good to God must be good.

Some things seem good to us which are evil; but that which seemeth good to God is good. Jesus praises God about it for no other reason than it is God's pleasure that it should be so. Oh, what a state of heart it will be for you and me to get into when we can express our highest joy by a perfect acquiescence in the will of God, whatever that will may be. See here, brethren, the road to contentment, to peace, to happiness, yea, heavenly life this side the grave. If you ever come to feel that what pleases God pleases you, you will be glad even in affliction and tribulation. If your heart is ever schooled down to accept as your will that which is God's will, and to believe anything to be good because God thinks it good, then you may go through the rest of your days singing and waiting till your Lord takes you to His own bosom.

III. Thirdly, and briefly, I want you to see

OUR LORD'S EXPLANATION

of the Father's act. The Father had been pleased to hide these things from the wise and prudent and to reveal them unto babes, and Jesus Christ is perfectly satisfied with that order of things, quite content with the kind of converts He has and the kind of preachers that God has given Him.

For, first, *the Lord Jesus does not need prestige.* Read the twenty-second verse—"All things are delivered to me of my Father." A mere pretender, when he begins to prophesy and set himself up for a religious leader, how pleased he is when some learned doctor indorses his claims! If some man of wealth and station comes to his side how he plumes himself! The Saviour of our souls sought no such aids. The verdict of the world's *literati* could not make his word more truthful than it is, nor more convincing, for its power lies in the Spirit which reveals it. If great men say "Aye," they will not make His doctrine more sure; nor will they make it less truthful if they all say "Nay." Prestige for Christ! It is blasphemy to think of such a thing. "All things," saith he, "are delivered to me of my Father."

Jesus needs no imprimatur from scholars, no patronage from princes, no apologies from orators. The pomp and power and wisdom and cunning of the world were not with Him, and He thanks God that He is not incumbered with such doubtful gain, but that this truth has been revealed to those who are not wise in their own eyes, nor intelligent in their own esteem, but, like children, willing to learn from God, and glad to believe all that He reveals.

See how the Lord explains it yet further by showing that *human wisdom cannot find out God.* "No man knoweth who the Son is but the Father, and who the Father is but the Son." No man, though he be a master in Israel. Men of science may puzzle their brains, and with great ingenuity they may try to thread the intricacies of the unknown, but they must err from the truth if they refuse revelation. Such a thing as *natural religion*, spontaneously born of man's intellect, does not exist. "Oh," say you, "surely there is much of it." I say that whatever is truly religious in it was borrowed from revelation, and has been handed down by tradition.

Talk of comparative religions—there is but one, and the other pretenders have *stolen certain of its clothes.* Men see, no doubt, much of God in nature, but they would not have done so had there been no revelation. First came the light through revelation, and then afterward, when men saw it reflected from various objects, they dreamed that the light came out of the reflectors. Men hear something of revealed truth, and when their thoughts run in that line, that which they have heard is awakened in their minds, and they think themselves inventors. God is not known except as He reveals Himself, nor can He be discovered by human ingenuity. Carnal wit and thought tend not that way, but tend from God unto blackest darkness.

The power, then, which lies in merely human wisdom is a force which often hinders men from coming under the influence of revelation. Only by revelation can they know, and by a revelation personally receive. But the man is so wise that he does not want to be taught; he can find it out for himself. Yield himself to an infallible book or an infallible spirit? Not he! Well, then, because of his very wisdom he becomes incapable of learning.

Truth to tell,

WHAT IS HUMAN WISDOM?

The supposed wisdom of man is folly; that is the short for it all. They write a history sometimes of religious thought, and of the various phases through which Christianity has gone, and on this they ground remarks; but I should like somebody write a truthful history of philosophy. The history of philosophy is a record of the insanities mankind, *a catalogue of lunacies.*

You shall see one generation of philosophers busily engaged in refuting those that went before them, and doing it very well indeed. But what will the next generation do? Why refute this! The philosophies that were current one hundred years ago are all exploded now, and all the teachings of to-day, except such as are clear matters of fact, will be exploded ere I go down to my grave, if I live to be gray-headed. There is not a philosopher now living that can be sure but what there is some other fact to be discovered yet which will upset every hypothesis that he hath sent forth into the world. Philosophers who conceitedly glory over believers in revelation are fools, for they know nothing with certainty, and absolute certainty appertains only to divine revelation.

Brethren, simple teachableness is

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

for the reception of a revelation from God, and if you have it to-day, if you are seeking after truth, if you are crying after her, and if you are willing that God should reveal her to you, if you are anixous that He should reveal truth to you in Christ, you are the sort of person upon whom God in sovereignty looks with divine favor, and unto such as you are will He reveal Himself. What is wanted is faith—a childlike, receptive faith; not faith in a pope, not faith in a man, not faith in an old established creed, but faith in God.

Now a lesson or two, and I have done. The first lesson to be learned is this. If great men, if eminent men, if so-called learned men, are not converted, do not be cast down about it—it is not likely they will be. In the next place, if many converts are obscure persons—persons without note or name—do not be at all disgusted with that fact. Who are you that you should be? Who are you that you should despise any upon whom God has looked in favor? Rather rejoice exceedingly with your Lord that God hath chosen the despised, and you with them.

Next, learn that the sovereignty of God is always exercised in such a way that the pure in heart may always rejoice in it. God never did a sovereign act yet that the loving Christ Himself could not rejoice in. Be you content, therefore, to leave everything in the hand of God that you do not understand, and when His way is in the sea, be quite as glad as when his way is in the sanctuary; when His footsteps are not known, feel that they are quite as righteous and quite as holy as when you can perceive the path in which He moves.

THE ULTIMATE HONOR OF THE GOSPEL

is secured unto God alone. When the wind-up of all things shall come there shall be no honor to any of us, nor would we desire it; but out of it all, out of the choice of each one, and out of the revelation made to each one, will come up, multiplied into a thousand thunders, the voice as of Christ in His whole mystical body, "I thank thee, O Father." This shall be the song of heaven concerning the whole matter, as well concerning the lost as the saved. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth." There shall be no cavils among the pure in heart, nor questions among the perfected spirits, but the whole family reviewing the whole of the Father's government, the hiding as well as the revealing, shall at the last say, Christ leading the utterance, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

Brothers and sisters, let us learn our need of a personal revelation, let us seek it if we have not yet received it; with a childlike spirit, let us seek it in Christ, for He only can reveal the Father to us; and when we have it let it be our joy that we see Him revealing it to others, and let this be our prayer, that the God of Jacob would yet bring others unto Christ, who shall rejoice in the light that has made glad our eyes. The Lord be with you. Amen.

[Portion of Scripture read Before Sermon—Matthew 11.]

RETROSPECT OF 1880.

National Prosperity—The Year's Events—Political—Social—Religious—Foreign Topics — Obituary.

THE feelings of the Christian who, at the close of this year, recalls to memory its leading events, must be in unison with those of the Psalmist when he said: "One generation shall praise thy works unto another, and declare thy mighty acts. They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness." To the American citizen especially does the year now nearly closed appeal for such an expression of praise. The goodness of God has been manifested throughout our land, and the blessing of God has been abundantly poured out upon us. National prosperity, unprecedented in extent, must be gratefully acknowledged, and to the Giver of all good we give all the glory.

POLITICAL.

The year opened amid the excitement and uncertainty which usually characterize the year of the Presidential election. Indications were not wanting that the coming struggle would be one of unprecedented severity, and though every patriot felt that the Constitution was at present safe, yet fears were entertained that we might witness an innovation which might be the precursor of a change in our form of Government at some distant day. The condition of affairs in the State of Maine, where the result of the elections as announced by the Governor was disputed, occasioned some apprehension. But the difficulty was ultimately adjusted without the conflict which at one time seemed inevitable. The action of the Sand-lots party in San Francisco also excited considerable anxiety, but the party of order succeeded in checking an uprising which, it was feared, might ultimately assume a character allied to socialism and communism.

As the Presidential question took shape in the State Conventions, it became manifest that the Republican party was divided on the subject of its candidate. At the time the National Convention assembled at Chicago it was impossible to predict its issue. The names of Grant, Blaine, Sherman, and others were prominent, but of the candidate finally chosen nothing had been said leading to the expectation of his success. Later, as the candidates of both parties were before the constituency, a feeling of relief prevailed, for both had selected a standard-bearer worthy of the high position to be filled. There was much in the conduct of the election to regret, notably the resurrection of the sectional issue on the one side, and the personal attacks on the other, but when the result was announced, it was acquiesced in on all sides, and we were spared a repetition of the period of uncertainty and apprehension which agitated the country four years ago.

As is usually the case in the Presidential election years, the legislative work of Congress has been of the smallest. The payment of the Federal electoral officers was again the subject of dispute, and some inconvenience was caused by delay in making other appropriations.

The most prominent political result of the year in its bearings on the future has been in relation to the position of men who had acquired a leading position in their respective States, and were popularly supposed to control the parties to which they belonged. In New York, in Pennsylvania, in Maine, and elsewhere, it has been demonstrated that the people rule, and that arrogance and arbitrary rule will never be tolerated under our flag.

SOCIAL TOPICS.

The temperance cause has made rapid progress during the past year. In every State an active campaign has been carried on, and it is evident that while much remains to be done, the principle of total abstinence has gained a hold on a large section of society, and is increasing and extending through the community. The adoption of a prohibition amendment in Kansas is a distinct triumph, and the important position prohibition occupied in the Maine election, indicates that in that State, too, the friends of temperance are still numerous and active.

The immense flood of immigration which, throughout the year, has flowed into our ports is an auspicious circumstance which must not be overlooked. The number of the immigrants from all lands, their character, and their pecuniary resources, are all gratifying evidences of the present as well as of the future prospects of the United States. The English colony of Rugby in Tennessee is one of the most remarkable features of this influx of population. It is an experiment which has in it many of the elements of success, and which will probably, after a time, lose its peculiarly distinctive features and become absorbed into the general-mass of the American people.

The tendency to speculation which generally accompanies a period of prosperity has not been lacking during the past year. Corners in wheat, in coffee, and other articles of daily consumption have been made, but in nearly every instance have failed, and in some cases have brought disaster on those who sought to thrive on the necessities of the people in general. Individually, too, speculation has worked harm to prominent members of the business community. There have been many painful disclosures, from which it has become apparent that in the haste to grow rich men are liable to misappropriate the funds committed to their care by others, and to wreck character and postion in their unholy greed.

The return of Lieutenant Schwatka from his Arctic exploration will render the year memorable in the annals of geographical science. In clearing up the sad mystery which hung over the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions he did a work which elicited praise from both sides the Atlantic, and he and his gallant party have registered their names on the pages of the world's roll of honor.

RELIGIOUS.

The religious condition of the country calls for increased activity and earnest prayer to God, for an outpouring of His Spirit. The rate of progress in commercial prosperity finds no parallel in the churches. While infidelity, scepticism, and spiritualism grow and thrive, the various denominations of Christians report but little if any increase. The dangers which accompany prosperity are obviously in operation, and it may be that God will visit us with some serious financial disasters, if that discipline is necessary to revive the spiritual life of the people.

The revival which followed the work of Mr. Moody at Baltimore, and attended him at St. Louis, and is now going on at San Francisco, are evidences that God is willing—is waiting to bless efforts put forth in His name and for His glory. Mr. Harrison's work at Philadelphia and at Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle are other bright spots in an otherwise gloomy retrospect, and they should be an encouragement moving us to prayer and labor.

CASUALTIES.

Every year brings with it calamities which distress the public, and render its memory in many households one of desolation and bereavement. This year has been no exception. The calamity at Madison Square Garden, New York, on April 21st; the burning of the Narragansett, on June 11th, quickly followed by that of the Seawanhaka, on June 28th; and later, the loss of the Alpena on Lake Michigan, and the Rhode Island in the Sound; the fatal disaster in the tunnel between New York and Jersey City; the terrible railroad catastrophe at May's Landing, on August 12th—are only a few of the many calamities which have made the year a sad one to families who were thereby deprived of their loved ones.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Turning now from domestic topics to the affairs of the old world, we are struck by the uneasiness and insecurity which is a characteristic of almost every land. The nations are troubled. Nation has risen against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; there have been "famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places." The condition of the world is such as our Lord said would indicate the nearness of His second coming, and it is remarkable that the tendency of the policy which European statesmen are pursuing, is toward the rapid development of that partition of Europe which students of prophecy have been led to expect.

In *Great Britain* the year has been fruitful of momentous events. Lord Beaconsfield, who at the opening of the year held the reins of power, was unseated by the vote of the people, and Mr. Gladstone, who had ostensibly abdicated his position as leader of the opposition six years before, was placed at the head of affairs. The Liberial administration has been confronted with a problem which has taxed its resources to the utmost, and which has during the last few weeks increased in the gravity of its character. Ireland was stricken with famine, and though through the generous benevolence of sympathizing friends, among whom Americans occupied a distinguished place, some of its worst features were alleviated, that unhappy country underwent a period of bitter suffering.

The horrors of famine were succeeded by political agitation. Unhappily for Ireland, crafty men possessed the ear of the people, and held up before them, as the best means of improving their position, a movement of hostility toward England. A social war on landlords was inaugurated, and the refusal to pay rent became common among tenants. An organization under the title of the Land League assumed control of the movement, and under its management intimidation, persecution, and assassination have been utilized as means to effect its purposes. Not for many years has a state of affairs so ominous prevailed in Ireland, and those persons who have observed the situation most closely, are filled with apprehension as to the future.

The Afghan difficulty, in which Great Britain was engaged when the year opened, and which even then caused much uneasiness, issued in new disasters to the British arms. General Roberts, however, finally overcame all opposition, and a new Ameer of Afghanistan was appointed, with whom the British hope to maintain friendly relations.

European attention was during many months concentrated on the *affairs of Turkey*. The process of depletion ordained by the Congress of Berlin was resisted by the Sultan, and it became a question whether he would not succeed in defying the united will of the European Powers. Combined action, however, aroused fears which prompted concession; and although the arrangement drawn up by the Powers has not been realized, yet the Sultan has learned that it is unsafe to trifle with public opinion, and may eventually discover that his wisest policy is to carry out the remaining articles of the programme.

In Russia the plots of the Nihilists during the early months of the year caused general uneasiness. They were planned with so much ability, and executed with so much boldness, that it was feared a general overturn of the government would be effected. On February 17th a portion of the Czar's winter palace was blown up, and although he escaped injury, his escape was so narrow as to create serious alarm among his family and friends. It was the fifth deliberate attempt to assassinate him, and was obviously the work of desperate and reckless men. Since then, by surrendering to his minister Louis Melikhoff, the virtual control of the government, he has succeeded in escaping from the direct attacks of the conspirators.

Among other conspicuous foreign events of the year have been the famine in Persia, the earthquakes at Agram in Austria, and at Manila in the Phillippine Islands, the expulsion of the Jesuits from France, and the anti-Jewish movement in Germany.

We have chronicled these events as they occurred in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but in this rapid summary can only mention them briefly as among the topics which will make the year memorable in the history of the world.

OBITUARY.

Death has been busy among all ranks and conditions of men. The Church on earth has lost during the year Drs. Keith, Hallock, Gilbert Haven, William Adams, Bush, Rufus Anderson, Plumer, Vail, and Nathan Bishop. Among other eminent persons who have passed from the scene of their labors are General Myer, Mr. James Lenox, Dr. Ripley, George Eliot, the Indian Chief Ouray, Judge Sanford Church, the Empress of Russia, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.